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Bathurst High School

Headmaster ................................ Mr. C. O. G. Thomas, B.A.
Supervisor of Girls .................. Mrs. W. McNamara
Deputy Headmaster .......... Mr. K. S. W. Easton, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND HISTORY
Mr. R. Learmonth B.A. (Master) Mr. A. B. Casimir, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mr. L. De Carlo, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mrs. T. G. Mason

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE
Mr. C. E. Lavis, B.Sc. (Master) Mr. K. I. Rae, B.Sc.Agr.
Mr. K. J. Abbey, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Mr. C. Martin, H.D.A.
Mr. H. Cave Mr. B. Larkin
Miss J. Thompson

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
Mr. R. H. Darke, B.A. (Master) Mr. J. Laird, B.A.
Mr. J. R. Breen, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Mr. B. Larkin
Miss Y. Ivery

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS AND GEOGRAPHY
Mr. E. I. McQu. Pulley, B.Ec. (Master) Mr. A. R. Kneale, B.Ec.
Mr. N. Ironmonger, B.Ec.
Mr. H. Morrow, B.Ec.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES
Mr. J. Frederick, B.A. (Master) Mr. H. van Wiert, B.A. (Lond.)
Mr. A. G. Worthington, B.A.
Miss M. Rose, B.A., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS
Mr. J. Howman, A.S.T.C. (Master) Mr. A. Sleman
Mr. R. H. Dool
Mr. A. Sandiman

DEPARTMENT OF HOME SCIENCE
Mrs. W. McNamara Mrs. J. Lindsay
Mrs. L. M. Oldham Mrs. E. Whiteman

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Mr. W. H. Conell, Dip.Phys.Ed. (Sportsmaster) Mrs. R. Jones (Sportsmistress)

GENERAL ACTIVITY CLASSES

MUSIC TEACHER: Mrs. J. Murphy
LIBRARIAN: Mrs. T. G. Mason
SCHOOL COUNSELLOR: Mr. J. Casick, B.Ec.
CAREERS ADVISERS: Mr. K. Rae, Miss M. Rose
EDITOR 'THE BURR': Mr. L. De Carlo.

PREFECTS
CAPTAINS: L. Gregory, J. Wheeldon
VICE-CAPTAINS: P. Willott, R. Wallace
L. Freeman, B. Rutter, W. Warburton, G. Toole, E. McLean, W. North
B. Goodfellow, J. Long, J. Allsopp, Y. Bonham, H. Coutts, B. Ballam, B. Pollard, J. Pollard, P. Swanson
Captains' Message

So much has been written by captains of former years that there are really only three things we can say — "Thank you," "Farewell," and "Best wishes for always." And yet, how much we are saying in those few words!

Thank you to our School for having been another home to us for five years; for changing us from irresponsible children into citizens prepared, intellectually and emotionally, to meet the challenge of our civilisation; for showing us how to take defeat with victory, and giving us such a wonderful mixture of hard work and fun. Thank you to Mr. Thomas and the rest of the Staff for your help and guidance, and to Mr. Lavis, in particular, for the great inspiration and assistance you have been to us, especially in gaining for the Prefects those much-appreciated privileges. Then, too, it is thank you to our Prefects, and you, our fellow students, for the wonderful co-operation and friendliness you have displayed throughout the year.

We say "Farewell," but what we are really saying is that "as long as memory holds a seat in this distracted globe" we will re-
member you, our School, and its traditions, the friendships we made, the lessons we learnt, the camaraderie we enjoyed—and hope that we fulfilled our duties as captains worthily.

And what do we mean when we say ‘Best wishes for always’? May you expand not only in the number of your buildings and pupils, but in your outlook, you aims and your achievements. May you be successful in schoolwork and sport, and may you all grow to love your school and its fellowship as we do, so that you may never blot its name and traditions or forget its motto—your motto—"Altiora peto".

And so we confidently leave the School in your hands, with those simple words—"Thank you, farewell, and best wishes for always."

JANET WHEELDON and LANCE GREGORY.

HEADMASTER’S REPORT

In presenting his report for 1957 Mr. Thomas pointed out that enrolment had grown from 414 in 1947 to 727 in 1957. At the same time the Senior School (Fourth and Fifth Year) had increased from 47 to 127 and the teaching staff from 27 to 40. Increased accommodation had been and is still being provided to cope with this increased enrolment.

The school is proud of its academic results over the past ten years with 49 honour passes and with two pupils having been placed top of the State in individual subjects. On the sporting field we have had many successes.

During the year we had six Malayen students enrolled and the school is pleased that we have gained a favourable reputation in this area and look forward to further enrolments in 1958 (ten new students were, in fact, enrolled in 1958, Ed.).

Mr. Thomas announced that as from 1958 the school would be used as a Demonstration and Practice School for students doing a Junior Secondary Course at the Batyruth Teachers’ College.

Mr. Thomas again urged parents and children to give serious thought to continuing to Fourth and Fifth Year where, he pointed out, the school is able to give that wider education that is not always measured by examination results.

BUSHFIRE ASSISTANCE — KATOUMBA HIGH SCHOOL

After the disastrous bushfires they swept through the Blue Mountains area last year, the students and staff of the School took up a collection for the assistance of students at the Katoomba high school.

The sum of £59.16/- was sent to the Headmaster for distribution. Early this year we received a letter of appreciation from the Captains of the Katoomba High School, on behalf of those assisted.

The following is the message sent:—

"Would you please convey our sincere thanks to the members of your staff and pupils who so generously sent money to help the pupils of our school who lost their homes in the bushfires last December. This money was equally divided amongst us, and helped considerably in replacing the things we lost. Our parents have had heavy expenses replacing the essentials in our homes, and this has relieved them of much expense and worry about school things. We appreciate this thoughtful gift, and send thanks from ourselves and our parents."

This Page donated by M. Ryan, Butcher, and B. A. Dwyer, Confectioner.
ANZAC AND EMPIRE DAYS

As in other years, the two main patriotic occasions, Anzac Day and Empire Day, were celebrated at school assemblies.

On Thursday 24th April the whole school was assembled in the hall for the Anzac Day ceremony. We were fortunate to have an inspiring Anzac address by Major Keith Kate, Commanding Officer of 4 C.O.D., Bathurst. Vicki Clarke recited Leon Gellert's verses, 'Anzac Cove', and Gai Kilby led the school in the singing of 'Land of Hope and Glory'. In the commemorative part of the ceremony the school captains, Janet and Lance, laid a wreath on the Honour Roll, the School observed a period of silence in memory of those who gave their lives. The Headmaster read appropriate lines from Laurence Binyon's poem, 'For the Fallen', and the Last Post was sounded by Bill Deveson of 2D. The ceremony ended with the singing of Kipling's 'Recessional', and the National Anthem.

On the morning of the 25th April, the Headmaster, captains, prefects, and a good gathering of other students and members of the staff, took part in the Dawn Service at the Carillon, and once again Janet and Lance placed our wreath on the memorial.

Another assembly was held for the celebration of Empire Day in the School Hall. We were fortunate in having an inspiring speaker to address us on the occasion. This was Mr. P. W. Beckenham, M.A., B.Ed., Director of Education, Western Area, who was paying his first official visit to us as a school. Gai Kilby again led the singing of 'Land of Hope and Glory', Rosalind Forrest recited Wordsworth's 'British Heritage', and Mr. Thomas read a message to all schools from the president of the Empire Day movement. The singing of the National Anthem closed the assembly.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

The annual Agricultural Society's school quiz competition was held again last March. Teams from The Scots School, Bathurst High School, and All Saints' College participated in the annual quiz, which was held in the rooms of the local Bowling Club.

The competition resulted in a win for The Scots School, with a point score of 46, to the High School score of 45 points. The Scots School won the competition, All Saints' College, occupied third position with 40 points. Judges for the quiz were Mr. B. Ament and Mr. V. Gidley, and the questioner was Mr. T. Stockley. At the conclusion of the quiz appreciation and thanks was extended to these gentlemen by a representative from each team.

Members of the High School team were Malcolm Newman 5th Year, Neville Miller 4th Year, and Brian Sherman 3D. On awarding the Scots School team the winners, Mr. Ament personally congratulated the Captain of the Scots School team, and Neville Miller, for their expressive knowledge of agriculture. As the contest was so close the judges called for another round of questions to separate the winners.

On behalf of the High School, the team congratulates The Scots School for their close and deserving win. The same team congratulates both opposing teams for their display of good spirit and sportsmanship throughout the day. The High School team would also like to convey its thanks and appreciation to the Society for making this competition possible. We are looking forward to such a useful education quiz again next year.

—N. MILLER.

This Page donated by Elizabeth Cake Shop, and Davies Bros. Electrical Dealers.

BATHURST TEACHERS' COLLEGE SHAKESPEARE LECTURE

On Wednesday, 16th July, 1958, members of the Fifth Year class attended at Bathurst Teachers' College to hear a lecture on the Shakespearean play set for study this year. The lecture, which has become an annual feature was, this year, given by Mr. R. C. Cartell, B.A., on the subject of 'Hamlet'. The School is very grateful to the College, and to Mr. Cartell personally for a stimulating and informative lecture.

2BS

Our thanks go to the management and staff of Station 2BS, whose co-operation has made the organisation of the weekly school broadcasts possible. The skill and willingness of the technicians has reduced the difficulty of arranging the transmissions to a minimum.

PUBLICITY

We would like to thank the local newspapers and Radio 2BS for their willing co-operation at all times in the matter of giving publicity to the many functions which the School has organised. This ready co-operation brings the School into close contact with the people of Bathurst, whose support is always forthcoming.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The Student Christian Movement has continued to function this year under the guidance of Mr. Abbey. To begin the year, seven of us—three girls and four boys—went to a School's Camp at Oxford in the January holidays and had a very enjoyable time. Throughout the year, we have had weekly discussion groups, discussing such topics as: 'Who is God?', 'What is Man?', 'Jesus Christ in Whom God Meets Me', 'Free Will With Which God Trusts Me'. We held a social just after Easter, which featured an address by Dr. Owen Chapman, who spent thirty years as a medical missionary in China. We also had tea, games, singing and dancing. We do hope that more people will become interested in our doings and that some will be able to go to camps in September and January.

THANKS TO DONORS

The Editor wishes to thank all those who have responded to the appeal for financial assistance in the publication of the 'Burr'—the names of many have been noted throughout the pages—but he also extends his thanks to the following for their support:— Johnson and Dixon, Storekeepers; Bathurst Hardware; Basha's; Lasky's, Mersers, Burke, Barber; G. A. Stirling and Co.; McIntosh, McPhailly and Co.; Atkinson's Bookshop; Cooney's, Chemist; Ritz Cafe; Sharah Bros.; Parker's Butcher; Modern Beauty Salon; Cooke and Sons Pty. Ltd., Jewellers; Bathurst Paint Store; H. Dillon; De La Rose Salon; Land Supplies Pty. Ltd.; Bathurst Trotting Club; Gardiner Caffin; H. A. Jago; Mrs. Keyes, Commercial Bank; K. Smith; Thompsons; W. A. Lloyd Storekeeper; M. Dilby; T. Fox, Barber; Jenkinson's Sheet Metal; B. J. Smallgoods; Larkey's Pie Shop; Bathurst delicatessen; Shermans; Mrs. Love, Dress Shop; J. Palmer; Den and Readmore; Macauere Motors; Osborne's Disposal Store; Mrs. G. E. Simpson; Gaiety Grill Room; Singer Staff; Mr. Rainey, Nursery; Thos, Marsh, Bootmaker; R. Reece Baker.

This Page donated by Sheppard's Dry Cleaners, and Tippings Garage Pty. Ltd.
### SUMMARY OF SCHOOL'S FINANCIAL POSITION
(For Year Ended 31/12/57)

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### TENNIS

The Astley Cup team played well against Orange and Dubbo High Schools, and, with more experience, could have won both matches.

R. Weaver and G. Cooper later in the year developed into a particularly strong doubles combination and defeated Scots School and St. Stanislaus' College representatives in the Doubles Championship held in October.


They had numerous successes at several important country tournaments at Parkes and Cowra.

G. Toole and E. McLean, leading footballers, also developed into a good doubles pair.

The girls after a weak start improved considerably and N. Willard, H. Prattley and F. Whitton, finally attained a very pleasing standard of play.

The top dressing of the school courts, and the permanent marking with plastic lines have renewed interest in this sport, and many young players are showing considerable promise.

This Page by K. B. and G. E. Coleman, Newsagent, and L. Sheehedie, Dry Cleaners.

### DEBATING NOTES

Once again the art of debating had a successful year in our School. One of the main things leading to this success was the keen interest shown in the Junior School. This was especially pleasing as it is from the Junior ranks that future Mulvey Cup teams are chosen.

The House debates caused keen rivalry. The final debate on the topic "That the modern law breaker is too well treated", was an exceptionally good one, and resulted in a win for Lawson, with Evans second and Blaxland third.

In the Mulvey Cup series, we were represented by Janet Wheelon (Captain), Warwick Maloney, Diana Parnham and Roslyn Forrest (reserve). The team had a dress rehearsal before the Rotary Club. We would like to thank the Rotary Club for this chance, and Mr. J. Campbell, B.A., for his adjudication.

We met Orange in the first round of the Cup and debated the topic "That there is too much emphasis on scientific education today". Orange won this debate. In the second round Dubbo defeated Orange on the topic "That pupils should have a greater part in school government". The third round produced a most enjoyable debate between Bathurst and Dubbo on the topic "That we talk too much". Bathurst won by a narrow margin. Orange won the Mulvey Cup on a count of points.

We must thank Mr. J. Gunn, M.A., for his very capable and helpful adjudication in this series.

Finally, the School thanks all those who attended the Debating Classes and those who gave the Mulvey team practice. Among the latter we would like to single out Ruth Spicer, whose co-operation and assistance was exceptionally praiseworthy.

This Page donated by S. Cundle, Smallgoods, and Harold Weal, Dry Cleaners.
Fifth Year:
Holman Prize for Dux of the School .......................... Albert Hodge
Ralph Sutton Prize for Chemistry ......................... Albert Hodge
Second Prize in Chemistry ................................. Kay Duffy
Mervyn Tobin Prize for Economics ....................... Kay Duffy
Third in Fifth Year ............................................ Anne de Carle
Winston Sutton Prize for English ......................... Anne de Carle
Mrs. Chifley Prize for French .............................. Anne de Carle
C.W.A. Prize for Modern History ......................... Peter Pulley
Windsor Prize for Geography ............................... Peter Pulley
Len Nixon Prize for Leadership, Scholarship and Sport Peter Pulley
Ashelford Prize Mathematics I and II ..................... Walter Gregory
Ashelford Prize for General Mathematics ............... Mary Kitto
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology (Aeq.) .................... Mary Kitto
Ex-Students’ Prize for Agriculture ....................... Robert Gorman
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology (Aeq.) .................... Betty Symonds
Margaret Stirling Prize for Leadership, Scholarship and Sport Elaine Howard
Prize for Girl Captain ......................................... Elaine Howard
Prize for Boy Captain ......................................... Douglas North
Ex-Students’ Prize for the best pass in the Leaving Certificate 1956 .................. Brian Holbeche

Fourth Year:
R. G. L. Baillie Prize for Dux of Fourth Year ........ Graham Harvey
Second in Fourth Year ........................................ Janet Wheelendon
C.W.A. Prize for Modern History ......................... Janet Wheelendon
Ex-Students’ Prize for best pass in Intermediate Certificate 1956 .................. Janet Wheelendon
Third in Fourth Year .......................................... John Tilgals
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology (Aeq.) .................... Elizabeth Roughley
Mervyn Tobin Prize for Economics ......................... Elizabeth Roughley
Mrs. Chifley Prize for English .............................. Ruth Wallace
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology (Aeq.) .................... Lorraine Garrett
Ralph Sutton Prize for Chemistry ......................... William North

Third Year:
Holman Prize for Dux of Third Year ...................... John Garrett
Winston Sutton Prize for English .......................... John Garrett
Second in Third Year ......................................... Bronwyn Ballam
Third in Third Year .......................................... Austen Knight
Mervyn Tobin Prize for Business Principles ............ Beverley Bush
Bathurst Brick Works Prize for Mathematics .......... Betty Winslett
City Council Prize for Science Essays .................. Margaret Moore, John Hannell
Bathurst District Agricultural Education Society Prize for Agriculture .......... John Howarth
General Proficiency in 3AC ................................ John Howarth
General Proficiency in 3C .................................. Anne Black

Second Year:
Dux of Second Year ............................................. Rosalind Forrest
Second in Second Year ....................................... Warwick Moloney
Third in Second Year ......................................... Robyn Sheppard
Mervyn Tobin Prize for Business Principles ............ Jennifer Roberts, Desree Garlick

Class Proficiency Prizes:
2B ................................................................. Rhonda Catterall
2D ................................................................. Janet Stiefele
2AC ............................................................... Carol Deverson

First Year:
2EF ......................................................... Lawrie Killey
Dux of First Year .............................................. Peter Erdman
Second in First Year ........................................ James Holbeche
Third in First Year ........................................... Janice Owens

Class Proficiency Prizes:
1B ................................................................. Ian McAllister
1AC ............................................................... Les Strong
1D ................................................................. Graham Paterson
1E ............................................................... Donald Robens
1F ................................................................. Lindsay Ovington

Don Ross Cup for all round effort and service by First Year Boy ............... Lindsay Ovington

Prizes for Social Service:
Barbara Blanch, Helen Overy, Barbara Pollard, Gai Lynch, Robert Marks, Pamela Swanson, Helen Hughes, Ruth Wallace, Carole Hockley, Margaret Baillie, Leila Redding, Ian Freeman, Les Lovell, Janet Wheelendon, Paul Willott, Brian Druitt.

Inter-House Debating Trophy ................................ Lawson House

Sutton House Banner for Champion House of the School for all activities (Barbara Blanch, Douglas North)

SCHOLARSHIPS

Teachers’ College Scholarships to University.—R. N. Cant, Anne M. de Carle, Kay L. Duffy, D. E. North, P. B. Pulley.


Teachers’ College Scholarships for September 1958.—Dawn Atkinson, R. J. Gorman, Helen M. Overy.

Don. Forrest was awarded a scholarship from Broken Hill Proprietary Ltd. to do Science at Sydney University, and Peter Pulley won a scholarship from the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture for Study of Agricultural Science at Sydney University. Anne Mari de Carle was awarded the Ellen Bundock Memorial Prize tenable at the Women’s College at Sydney University.

HONOURS LIST
At the Leaving Certificate Anne Mari de Carle was placed second in the State in English, Kay Duffy was tenth in History, and John Wyatt was 100th in Chemistry. In the aggregate for all papers Anne Marie de Carle was 73rd in the State.

This Page donated by Weal and Son, Boot Repairers, and Bathurst Deli-Meatman.
LEAVING CERTIFICATE 1957

Atkinson, Dawn A., 1B 9B 17B 18B.
Bass, David J., 1B 7B 9B 16B 17B.
Brandon, Pamela M., 1B 7B 9B 17B.
Brown, Murray, 1B 6B 16B 18B 36B.
Callan, Joy, 7B 9B 17B 18B.
Cambridge, Keith A., 1B 5A 6A 12A 13H (2).
Cant, Richard N., 1B 3B 5B 6B 12A 13H (2).
Cavanough, Peter J., 1B 7B 9B 12B 13A 17B.
Chong, Thay C., 1B 7B 9B 13B 17B 31A.
Croucher, Ronald J., 1B 7B 9A 12B 13B 17B.
Cutts, David T., 1B 3B (o) 7B 16B.
de Carle, Anne M., 1H (1) 2A 3H (2) (o) 5B 6A 13A.
Duffy, Kay L., 1A 3B (o) 7B 9H (1) 13A 18B.
Forrest, Donald, 1A 4B 5H (2) 6A 12A 13A.
Gallagher, Kaye, 1A 4A 9A 18B.
Gorman, Robert J., 1B 9B 16B 24B 36B.
Grahame, Bruce G., 1A 5A 6B 12B 13B 17B.
Grahame, Eva J., 1B 7B 9B 16B 17B 18B.
Gregory, Walter F., 1B 5A 6A 12H (2) 35A.
Hamer, Murray O., 1B 7B 9B 16B 18B.
Ho Chee, M., 1B 7B 9B 13B 16B.
Hodge, Albert L., 1B 5H (2) 6A 12B 13H (2) 17B.
Hounsell, Faye M., 1B 7B 16B 17B 18B.
Howard, Elaine L., 1B 3B (o) 5B 6A 12A 13B.
Howard, Judith M., 1A 3B (o) 7B 9B 16B 18B.
Hughes, John E., 1B 7B 9B 16B 17B.
Katto, Mary E., 1B 4B 7A 9B 16B 18B.
Logue, Barbara J., 1B 2A 3A (o) 7B 9B 13B.
McManus, Donald B., 1B 7B 9B 16B 35B 37B.
Mapstone, Gail L., 7B 9B 16B 17H (2).
Mould, Marion U., 1B 5B 6B 13B 18B.
North, Douglas E., 1B 5B 6B 12A 13H (2) 17B.
Ooi, Frank K. L., 1B 7B 9B 12B 13A 16B.
Ooi, Robert K. L., 7B 9B 13B 16B 24B.
Overy, Helen M., 1B 7B 9B 13B 17B 18B.
Pulley, Peter B., 1A 7A 9H (2) 12B 13A 17H (2).
Roughley, Ian R., 1B 7B 9B 13B 17B.
Schofield, Daphne, 1B 7B 9A 16B 17B 18B.
Smith, Alan M., 1B 7B 9A 16B 17A 18B.
Stubbbs, Elaine, 1B 7B 9B 16B.
Stuve, Donald S., 1B 7B 9B 16B 17B 18B.
Symonds, Elizabeth, 1B 7B 9B 16B 17B.
Tong Lee, H., 9B 16B 17B 31B.
Trubachew Anthony, 7B 9B 12B 17B.
Wyatt, William J., 1A 5H (2) 6A 12A 13H 17B.
Yeoh, Choo L., 7B 9B 12B 13B 31B.

Key: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Maths. I, 6 Maths. 2, 7 General Maths, 9 Modern History, 12 Physics, 13 Chemistry, 16 Biology, 17 Geography, 18 Economics, 24 Agriculture, 31 Chinese, 35 Descriptive Geometry and Drawing, 36 Woodwork, 37 Metalwork.

This Page donated by The Blue Bird Cafe, and Carlton Cafe, Keppel Street.
INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1957

Bailie, Anthea J.; Bailie, Delma M.; Ballam, Bronwyn; Bant, Joan L.; Barnes, Barrie; Bass, Graham L.; Bennett, Yvonne; Bestwick, Edward H.; Black, Anne; Bland, Dayle; Brettell, Garry; Brown, Annette; Buesnell, Delia B.; Burrow, John R.; Bush, Beverley; Byrne, John K.; Cant, Malcolm; Carkeet, Janice M.; Cavanough, Ronald; Collins, Michael; Cook, Robin N.; Cox, Beverley M.; Cox, Nelson A.; Crawford, Andrew G.; Crofts, Valerie; Cundie, Anne; Evers, Ronald G.; Falconer, Daile M.; Forster, Terence; Frost, Patricia J.; Fryk, Lydia; Gaden, Sandra; Garrett, John D.; Gibbons, Robert J.; Gorman, Keven J.; Grahame, Dawn M.; Gresser, Gregory H.; Griffen, Raymond R.; Hallett, Kenneth; Hannel, Milton J.; Hanson, Robyn; Harris, Pamela J.; Hearth, Anne L.; Hood, Garry W.; Hollis, Murray J.; Kates, Raymond K.; Kitto, Jean D.; Knight, Austen L.; Ladden, Valerie; Long, Judith E.; Lupp, Beverley J.; Maclean, Hector E.; Marshall, Brian; Matthews, John; Mayo, Patricia M.; Meyer, Rodlyn; Miller, Neville J.; Mitchell, Robyn J.; Moore, Margaret L.; Monies, Judith; Murray, John D.; Parnham, Winsome R.; Piper, Annette; Redden, Paul J.; Ricci, Beverley C.; Rich, Trevor T.; Roach, Jennifer; Roach, Jillian; Robb, Janette N.; Shute, Pauline J.; Simpson, Douglas H.; Smith, Geoffrey L.; Smith, Thelma F.; Sutton, Howard V.; Sweetnam, Gordon E.; Taylor, Rosa E.; Toole, Garry; Waddell, Jill L.; Wallace, Mary H.; Webb, Helen J.; Wharton, Faye; Wilkinson, Kerry G.; Winslett, Warren H.; Wright, Roslyn J.; Berry, William A.; Cox, Rodney E.; Fenton, Audrey J.; Flanagan, Paul J.; Howarth, Robert J.; Hughes, Tom; Hurst, Jeanette M.; Irving, William M.; Kilby, Serba J.; Knebel, Shirley; Savage, John H.; Sparks, Doreen; Tomlinson, Janet C.; Turner, Graham; Winslett, Betty.

Ex-Students

BATHURSTEANS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY

Ex-students of the Bathurst High School may be found scattered all over Sydney, each pursuing his or her own career. Needless to say the N.S.W. University of Technology has on its enrolment a few of these ex-students, each pursuing a course which will in the near future enable them to take part in the advancement of technology in Australia or other countries, as the case may be.

Peter Yong is down here at the U.T. doing a full time Civil Engineering Degree course. Peter, a Malayan, is helping Australia to help his country in the field of technology. Another ex-student of B.H.S. at the U.T. is Rodger Evans, who is doing a full time Electrical Engineering Degree course with the Australian Iron and Steel at Port Kembla. I am doing a part time Radio Engineering Diploma course with E.M.I. (Australia)

It is possible that there are other ex-students of the B.H.S. down here at the U.T. whom I have not yet heard of, due to the fact that the U.T. is not yet centralised, and that students come and go at all hours of the day and night. It is rather difficult, therefore, to keep in touch with each other, so if I have omitted anyone, I apologise, and would be glad to hear about them.

On behalf of all the ex-students of the B.H.S. at the U.T. I take this opportunity to congratulate the B.H.S. on winning the Astley Cup for 1958, and to wish all at the B.H.S. the best for the future.

—EDMUND J. SPICER, R.E.I.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW ENGLAND NOTES

Bringing you the news from the North, short and sweet. Laurie Ingersole, Terry Shute and Stan Schofield, having received their degrees, have joined the revered ranks of the time honoured profession. Now, with no food to do, the boys have time on their hands, and are consequently found on the football field, in the 'Revue', playing cards or amically reviewing 'Freshettes'.

Helen James and Ruth Harris are in the last lap, their III and final year of the B.A. course. Ruth is doing a good job as External Students' Representative.

Second years are Anne Geaves, Helen Grigg and Seow Kee Ying, and it appears we have at last given Science a break, with Chemistry the principal subject.

Our numbers here have again dropped, we, the undersigned, being the only new entrants from Bathurst, greatly outnumbered by Orange, who have five or six reps. We have entered wholeheartedly into Uni. life since being introduced to 'Raid's' and 'Rorts' during Orientation Week. Neil is being gradually persuaded to give up that roughneck game and hang up his jersey in place of the billiard cue, the universal sport up here.

Well that just about winds it up, hoping to see a few more Bathursteans up here to swell the ranks, toodle oo for the present.

—N. CANT, C. CAVANOUGH.
NOTES ON EX-STUDENTS

We are pleased to note that the school is kept in touch with the doings of many of its ex-students and we often have visits from pupils of the past. Apart from those who have gone on to University or Teachers' College and who are mentioned elsewhere we hear that students of 1957 Fifth Year have gone into various positions in Bathurst.

Keith Cambridge and Jucy Howard are both working at the City Council and are, we hope, helping to see that the rates are spent efficiently. When we last heard of Pam Brandon she was doing a Technical College course. Pam, with her parents, has gone to live in Sydney. Helen Overy was working at the Post Office till she went down to Sydney for Teachers' College. Joy Callan is working at the Dairy Farmer's. David Cutts was apparently not satisfied with one Leaving Certificate and is repeating the year at Orange High. Kaye Gallagher is working in the Office of Mcintosh McPhillamy. Robert Ooi is doing medicine at Hobart University and Harry Tong and Chick Yee are doing Commerce at Newcastle and Perth respectively.

We hear that Gall Mapstone has not yet ventured out into the hard world and has had the year at home. We have had Ivan Baillie, Yvonne Bonham, Malcolm Newman, Graham Reynolds and Elaine Stubbs back at school this year.

Corporal Warren Hollis is in America with other R.A.A.F. personnel doing a course of training in engine maintenance on the new C1-30 Lockheed Hercules planes, which are being imported for R.A.A.F. service. His wife and two children reside at Canberra.

L.A.C. Colin Hollis is stationed at Williamstown. He is an Electrical Fitter and is working on Sabre Jet maintenance. He was married in August and is now living at Nelson's Bay near Newcastle.

Shirley Hollis continues to make good progress in her training at Sydney Hospital. She has passed all her interim exams and will sit for her finals in May next year.

Many High School Ex-Students have been in the news lately with engagements and weddings.

During the August vacation Brian Booth was married in Sydney. Kevin Chew also took unto himself a wife and like Brian chose the Gold Coast in Queensland for his honeymoon.

John Lindsell and Dawn Riddiford were married at Bathurst on August 22nd also, and went tripping north for the honeymoon. Neil Adamson and Diana Coxhead were also married in August.

Jill Pollard and Cam Ross celebrated their wedding, too, during the past term. Anne Pollard and Doug Graham have announced their engagement.

Corporal Andrew Kernie has been received from our Malayan ex-students at present doing University studies in many parts of Australia. In August the Headmaster received a letter from Seng Kam Yong who is doing second year Engineering at the University of Technology. It was a letter of congratulations in the successes at the Astley Cup games. He has also been out of the Asia Week programme which he had organised at Armidale for the Overseas Students' Organisation. Kee is the secretary. Kee is also a representative on the S.R.C. at the University.

The Page donated by Morcom's Engineering and Machine Works & Kenterson & Co.
SYDNEY UNIVERSITY

The “cloistered calm” of the ruins of the University is occasionally broken nowadays by a whoosh, a streak and a cloud of dust. Earnest students shrug their shoulders—"Oh, that’s just an ex-Bathurstian running late for (a) lecture; (b) meal; (c) trial appointment in Manning; (d) Ex-student’s notes. Taking it all round, there are a few good of us now but we can always take more. After all, what better place could you get.

At present Jill Forrest and Ian Bowmaker are in Med. IV. Jill, at Women’s College has done two things of note this year—passed her exams and, become engaged.

Ian Newman is now well on the way to becoming a real “legal eagle” in between his many affairs of the “heart”–Ian has not changed any. Mike McKellar, of the same vintage, hasn’t been sighted off Nobby’s (or should I say Hobby’s Yards). Last heard of, he was busy poisoning animals in Vet. Science.

From the 1956 5th year we find Harry Harris, Georgina Hindy, Brian Holbeche, David Lewis and Geoff Windsor. Everyone who came up from 1956 passed first year, which is quite an effort considering our fatality rate.

Harry Harris is at Wesley, doing Engineering II, and has put his engineering knowledge to good use in the construction of all manner of ingenious water traps and bombs. He discarded (temporarily) his Ivy League outfits to don the black Wesley football uniform for the Inter-Collegiate football. Brian Holbeche is also at Wesley, in Arts II, but about him we can find nearly as much to say; the point is, Brian is a sleeper, or so we’ve heard. Rumour hath it that Brian is woken for meals, lectures and work. Whatever the truth of this rumour however, Brian woke up for long enough to play opening bat in Wesley cricket team.

Georgina Hindy, also in Arts II remains the Barbouristian bohemian and enlivens the dull old quadrangle to no small extent with her stovepipe pants and her bright red coat. Georgina’s exam. results in first year would however, lead one to believe that she works! David Lewis, interviewed while sucking rather a messy orange, gave the writer to believe that his only all-absorbing pastimes are Engineering II and standing outside the Engineering building “watching Arts I go by.” Since this is a normal Engineering pastime, we believe that he, too, works.

Geoff Windsor was even more uncommunicative but grinningly informed me that I could say he liked his short while in the Army and that he was working hard. Further enquire brought forth only a wide grin, so it is evidently all to be left to us to decide.

From 1957, eight came up, and all appear to be enjoying it. There’s a moral to this—we’d like to see the number of new Bathurst recruits increasing. You really shouldn’t miss this place. Perhaps we’ll think about this year’s new bunch in faculties. Albert Hodge and Doug North are in Science, and have a great life, but begged me not to perjure myself by saying they worked hard. Albert has been invited (?) to join the old national institution “Nasho” for a few months and this seems about his best achievement all year, while Doug seems quite set in the idea that he does nothing notable but enjoy himself. David Chong, Jim Ho and Frank Ooi are in Medicine and are leading a hard working life (They have too). Medicine is a “killer” for first years. They are, however, unanimous in stating that the University is a wonderful place, and huge quantities of

work don’t hinder them from enjoying themselves. Then come the “lone birds”. Don Forrest is caught up in the unbelievably hectic environment of St. Andrew’s College and Engineering I. He played for the College in tennis and represented the College on more widely publicised occasions—he has been seen in Hyde Park dressed in pyjamas with orange curtains and coffee. Peter Pulley is in the “dry” but interesting atmosphere of Wesley College, and leads a reasonably quiet, hard-working life in Ag. Science I. We did hear (from the opposing team) that he played golf for the College, and he ran in the athletics. He remains uncontaminated by some of the seedy aspects of University life, particularly in respect to beer. There remains the one Arts I representative. Leading a “quiet studious” life in the “cloistered secluded calm” of Women’s College—Yours truly.

—ANNE DE CARLE.

(My spy tells me that Anne can always be found at College between 3 a.m. and 8 a.m. and at meal times.—Ed.).

BATHURST TEACHERS’ COLLEGE

There are a number of ex-Bathurst High School pupils attending the Bathurst Teachers’ College this year. In second year there is Vivien Freeman who represented her College in tennis and hockey in the recent Inter-Collegiate against Sydney Teachers’ College, Colin Bass who gained a place in the athletic team for the summer Inter-Collegiate, John Dickman who is in this year’s first football team. Elaine Emmanuel is working hard, and Meg Campbell’s dramatic work deserves credit.

In first year, there is David Bass, who was in the Inter-Collegiate men’s hockey team: Don Stuve and Alan Smith who are both in the second football team and, who, with Peter Duffy, deserve mention for their extra-curricular activities such as ping-pong, five hundred schools, billiards and an interest in the racing side of college life.

Marion Mould and Barbara Logue both represented the College in the Inter-Collegiate hockey team, while Elaine Howard deserves mention for a good performance in recent (half-yearly) exams, as do Alan Smith and Peter Duffy.

The other two “day girls” are Mary Kitts and Kay Duffy (External Studies’). Some of the more recent College ex-students are Barbara Beardswood, now at Binnalong, Mary White at Marsville and Judith East at East Grandville.

—KAY DUFFY

SYDNEY TEACHERS’ COLLEGE

Judy Bridekirk reports that Eleanor Windsor, School Captain 1954, is now teaching Physical Education at Pennith, while Barbara Farrell, Jennifer Clarke and Marie Spicer are all teaching Needlework, Barbara at Cowra and Jennifer and Marie at Dubbo.

Joy Graham went to Sydney in 1958 to begin a Physical Education course and has done very well at hockey, being in the College First team. Congratulations, Joy.

Don McManus and Bruce Graham are both at Sydney doing Manual Arts, and are both doing well. (We saw a little too much of Don this year playing with Railway). Judy Bridekirk is in her second year of a Physical Education course, and was looking very well when she gave the editor this report. Thanks, Judy.
House Notes

EVANS

House Masters and Mistresses: Mr. Martin, Mr. Cave, Miss Ferguson, and Miss Riddiford.

Vice Captains: Janet Wheeloon, Ernie MacLean.

At the annual swimming carnival we succeeded in gaining third place. Good performances, in the championships, were recorded by Lorraine, Heather and Christine Wheeloon, Caroline Fry, Janet Muir, Margaret King, Sonja Morwinkle, Lorraine Garrett, Clive Young, Tony Payne, David Smith, Bill Meekan, Ian Trevena, Robert Marks and Ernie MacLean. Helen Coults did well in the handicap events. Congratulations to Lawson on a very fine win—you certainly deserved it.

In the athletic carnival Evans was placed a good second, being defeated by Wentworth, to whom we extend our congratulations. Of the girls, Janet Wheeloon, Janet Muir (sub-junior champion), Julie Smith, Lorraine, Heather and Christine Wheeloon, were the best, whilst Robert Marks and Robert Cohen (sub-junior champion) ran well for the boys. This year a girls' tug-o'-war was introduced, and we were placed second, whilst we were placed second again for the ball game pennant. A number of our boys also competed in the Burlington Pacey athletic carnival.

Although only one member of Evans gained a place in the Mulvey Cup team, we were well represented in the House debates by Janet Wheeloon, Ruth Spencer, and Graham Harvey.

We had many members in the Astley and Mulvey Cup teams. The representatives in individual teams were:

Athletics: Janet Muir, Robert Cohen and Elvon Long.
Football: Ernie MacLean, John Phillips.
Basketball: Helen Courts, Rodyn Meyer.
Tennis: Jill Cohen, Carol Gorman, Ernie MacLean and Kevin Windus.
Debating: Janet Wheeloon.

We were also well represented in the Willman Cup teams, there being far too many names to record.

This year five of the School Prefects came from Evans. They are Janet Wheeloon (Captain), Jill Cohen, Helen Courts, Robert Marks and Ernie MacLean.

In conclusion, we would like to thank our House Masters and Mistresses for their help and co-operation throughout the year, and all the members of Evans House for their keen support.

LAWSON

House Masters and Mistresses: Mr. Laird, Mr. Darke, Miss Rose, Mrs. Oldham.

Vice Captains: Nodene Meadley, Bruce Rutter.

This year we surprised everyone by winning the swimming carnival. Some of our better swimmers were Wendy Watson, the breaststroke champion; Ann Watson, the senior; Ian Pollard sub-junior, Doug Hughes senior champion. Other people worthy of special mention were Val Liddon, Rosalind Forrest, Reg Dong and Ian Freeman.

The Burr

In the Combined Secondary Schools we were well represented by: Ian Pollard (who set two new records—50 metres under 13 and 100 metres sub-junior freestyle): Doug Hughes, Ian Freeman, Reg Dong and Rod Keir.

In the Combined High Schools Carnival in Sydney, Ian Pollard and Doug Hughes were our representatives. Many Lawsonites have gained Life Saving Awards. Keep it up kids!

In Athletics we came third, but we still managed to give the other runners some keen competition. Notable performances were given by R. Went, Reg Dong, R. Kates, Bob Cooper, Marie Wilson, Wendy Watson, R. Cassilis, and R. Forrest. Marie Wilson is the senior champion.

In the Combined Secondary Schools Athletic Carnival we had a few representatives, namely, J. Tilgals, E. Winchester, R. Kates, W. Warburton, R. Dong, R. Went and R. Lindsay.

We were well represented in the Willman Cup series, but there were too many to mention here.

In the Annual Cross Country Run, Winchester, de Carle, Crowe and Cooper scored for Lawson.

Lawson had many representatives in the Astley Cup. They were: Athletics, Wendy Watson, John Tilgals, David de Carle; hockey, Marie Wilson, Val Liddon, Diana Parnham, Margaret Dickman; basketball, Wendy and Ann Watson, Betty Goodfellow; tennis, Gary Cooper, Fay Whitton; football, Ian Freeman, Doug Hughes, Bruce Rutter; debating, Diana Parnham, Warwick Maloney, Rosalind Forrest.

The debating team won the House debating competition, as we did last year.


Brian Doffitt, late of Lawson House, is an Honourary Prefect, and is now at the Hawkesbury Agricultural College.

We thank the House Patrons for the time they have spent, and the interest with which they have taken.

BLAXLAND HOUSE NOTES

Captains: Lance Gregory, Ruth Wallace.
Vice Captains: Ivan Bailleite, Judy Ilsopp.

House Masters and Mistresses: Mr. Casimir, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Morrow, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Murphy.

Blaxland had a good sprinkling of players in all teams this year, but apparently the other houses felt it was their turn to win the swimming and athletic carnivals. After coming first in both carnivals in 1957, we went down to fourth place in both in 1958. Rally, Rally, Blaxlandites! However, we are proud of Judy Ballam, who was sub-junior champion, and of Bronwyn Ballam, Janet Talberg, Roger Windsor, Earl McIntosh, who did well in the finals. In our athletic carnival, our distinguished members were: Lance Gregory (senior champion), Austin Knight (fastest mile), Bill North, Earl McIntosh, J. Bonham, and among the girls: Sandra Gately, Judy Ballam, Pam Swanston and Winsome Parnham.

We also were well represented in Inter-school teams. Our boys in the Combined High Schools Swimming Carnival in Sydney were: Bill North, Earl McIntosh, and Roger Windsor. At the similar Girls' Carnival we had: Judy Ballam, Bronwyn Ballam and Janet Talberg. In the annual Bathurst Secondary Schools Athletic Carnival Blaxland boys were:

This Page donated by The Old Curiosity Shop, and Noel McGrath Motor Industries.
Lance Gregory, Earl McIntosh, Austin Knight and Bill North. In the annual cross-country run, Austin Knight came first, and in the Combined High Schools cross-country run, again topped the list. Our congratulations go to all these successful competitors.

Many of our boys and girls were represented in sporting teams. In the First Eleven were: Ian Sutton, Ivan Baillie, Lance Gregory and Malcolm Newman. In the girls' second cricket team were: Heather Browne, Judy Allsopp, Beverley Shute.

In the Astley Cup teams we had many members. Hockey: Bronwyn Ballam, Judy Ballam, Ruth Wallace. Basketball: Sandra Gudney, Judy Allsopp. Tennis: Helen Prattley, Judy Allsopp. Football: Gary Tootle, Lance Gregory, Earl McIntosh, Bill North, Ivan Baillie, Malcolm Newman, Ian Sutton and Roger Windsor. Athletics: Lance Gregory, John Pulley, Earl McIntosh, Austin Knight. Tennis. Gary Tootle, Blaxland's debaters—John Pulley, Sylvia Blomfield, Neil Harting, Gordon Sweetnam and Ruth Wallace—were no match for Lawson's strong team, but we are proud of three first-year debaters—Helen Hearne, Christine Durie, Dawn Baillie—who at their first assembly debate put up a very good performance. We look to these and other junior debaters to provide our future Mulvey Cup teams.

The prefects in Blaxland for 1958 were: Lance Gregory (boy captain), Ruth Wallace (girl vice-captain), Judy Allsopp, Pam Swanson, Bronwyn Ballam, Ivan Baillie, Bill North and Gary Tootle.

We extend our thanks to house-masters and mistresses, and to all boys and girls, successful or unsuccessful, who did their best for Blaxland.

WENTWORTH

House Mistresses: Mrs. Whiteman and Miss Ivery.
House Masters: Mr. Rae, Mr. Ironmonger and Mr. van Wierst.
House Captains: Judith Pollard and Paul Willott.
Vice Captains: Barbara Pollard and Ian Bourke.

Wentworth this year again has proved very successful in many of the fixtures. The first event of the year was the swimming carnival, in which we came second to Lawson. We congratulate Lawson on their brilliant and well-earned win. Our best swimmers were (senior girls) Marian de Graff, Norma Willard, Leila Redding, Janet Graham and Gai Kilby. The sub-juniors were M. Butcher, —, Hand, B. Barnes, G. Graham. Senior boys were M. Cant, I. Bourke, P. Martin, K. Graham, and the sub-juniors were K. Bourke, A. De Graff, J. Roberts, J. Redding. All other swimmers who are not mentioned above, pulled their weight ably, and should not be forgotten.

The next event was the athletic carnival, in which we won with comparative ease. We were lucky enough to be given several good athletes, and with these and with what we had before, we made a very good team. Our best girls were Lola Rivett, Helen Logue, Margaret Moore, Gai Kilby, Rosalyn Gibson, Lola Summerfield, Robyn Osborne and Pat Mann. Helen Logue was the girls' junior champion. Our best boys were Paul Willott, Les Lovett, Robert Bedwell, Jim Holk contemporary, G. Bromfield, —, MacAndrew, and others whose names are not known. Paul Willott was boys' junior champion. We also won the ball games pennant after weeks of hard training. We wish to congratulate all pupils who took part in the athletics.

This Page donated by Sheriden and R. B. Fitzgerald, Architect.

We were not so successful in the debate, which was the next event. However, it looks very promising for the future, as we have many promising juniors who fought bravely. We again congratulate Lawson on winning.

Many of Wentworth's men went away with Astley and Willott Cup teams, and acquitted themselves as ably as possible. Those who went to Orange for the Astley Cup were: Athletics, Lola Rivett, Helen Logue, Margaret Moore, Rosalyn Gibson, Paul Willott and Robert Bedwell. Basketball, Yvonne Bonham (Capt.), and Norma Willard. Hockey, Judith Pollard (Capt.), Janet Graham, Barbara Pollard, Janet Hurst and Genny Edwards. Tennis, Norma Willard.

We next turn to summer sports, and we are represented in the girls' cricket by Barbara Pollard, Judith Pollard, Yvonne Bonham (Capt.), and Genny Edwards, and Janet Graham. Our boys were Paul Willott (Capt.), and Peter Martin, in the School 1st XI. Many other boys are in the lower grade teams.

Barbara Pollard was selected to play with Bathurst against the English touring cricket team.

Paul Willott has been selected for the State junior hockey team to go to Adelaide in September. He is captain of the team.

Four of the Prefects are in Wentworth. They are Yvonne Bonham, Barbara Pollard, Judith Pollard and Paul Willott, who is vice-captain.

We would like to thank the House Mistresses and Masters for their advice and help in the various events.

EDUCATION WEEK

The two main events in the School's celebration of Education Week were the Open Day on Wednesday, 6th August, and the School Assembly broadcast on Thursday 7th.

A number of parents accepted the invitation to visit the School, inspect the buildings, and watch classes in operation. Films were being shown in the hall, and Mr. Darke had arranged a practical mathematics display.

The broadcast this year was shared by four departments in an attempt to show the subjects taught, special methods used, and outside activities available. The Science Department gave two short talks—one on "Blood Groups and Transfusions", by Helen Hughes, and one on 'The Place of Agriculture in the School', by Malcolm Newman, both of fifth year. Special methods were dramatization of a short, humorous scene from 'Henry V' by 3A, and the singing of a bracket of three songs in French and German by another 3A group. The Commerce Department concluded the programme with a talk by Deane Davies, of 2D, on the "Pupil-Operated Bank", and Carolyn Evans, of 2E, on a visit to the Commonwealth Bank by some of the second year girls.

On the first Sunday of Education Week special services were held in the churches, and these were attended by many pupils and teachers. Some also attended the public meeting on the Tuesday night at the Demonstration School Hall. We were fortunate in having the special speaker for this occasion, A. J. Warburton, of the Radio Physics Division of the C.S.I.R.O., to visit the school on Wednesday morning to speak to the fourth and fifth years in the Science lab. His visit was much appreciated.

This Page donated by A. A. Page, Jeweller, and Allan Sparks, Electrical Store.
The Burr

Original Contributions

STAFF VERSUS GIRLS — AN EPIC OF THE FIELD

I sing of gallant action on the field,
Of age and youth, and hope that will not yield;
Of doughty warriors girding up their socks,
And fair young maidens giving knocks for knocks.

Soon after noon the battle royal began,
And crabbled old age forgot his years and ran.
The fleet-foot nymphs of youth in gold and blue
Could not with all their several arts break through.

The solid wall of hoary-headed aged,
And so for half an hour the battle raged.
Then lo! behold a brightly coloured half
Scattering the blue and gold like so much chaff:

But still the goalies stood, the last resort
Against this battering ram, this half who thought
By force to win this skirmish, so he raised
His weapon high — his army stood amazed —
And then he drove with all his fatal force
Straight at the goal, who stopped it well, of course.
But fatal triumph! slow it trickled in
While no-one watched — youth must get two to win.

The play moved up and down until half-time,
Stopped only by the ref. in search of cr. me.
A break then while the aged gloomed with pride,
And youth planned how to beat the other side.

The trace was o'er, the battle raged anew,
'Til joy! at length a youthful wing broke through
And scored. One-all. Salute and start again.
Both teams determined now to score — in vain
The ball flew up and down from goal to goal.
For Age a free hit, then for Youth a roll.
Then lo! an aged wing, miraculous fast,
Came down, passed in, and centre scored — at last
The final whistle — Age had won the day.
Now praise to valiant Age — Hip! hip! hooray!

— D. PARNHAM.

THAT CRAZY HIT PARADE

The Little Blue Man and his friend the Witch Doctor, who were all shook up, went behind the Green Door and met the Purple People Eater, who was doing the Jailhouse Rock.

They all went to Doomsday Rock, which was 26 miles from the pub with no beer. In the middle of the island they met the only man on the island, and they went for a moonlight swim.

"Let's have a party, and by twilight time we'll be at the hop," Geisha Girl and the Teenage Queen, who was sweet little 16, were both wearing long black stockings. The next day they went to the Lollipop Fair, where Kathlene won a teddy bear and Julie a kewpie doll.

"You know what I think?" said the Purple People Eater. "I think Tommy ought to tell Elvis he's nothin' but a Hound Dawg."

"See you later alligator." "Bye, bye love." — ROSELYN MEETH, 3B.

MY HOBBY

I have a number of interests in life, but my only real hobby is a little different from the next person's. Quite a few people keep a diary in which they put all the happenings of their lives. My hobby is something like a diary. Perhaps I had better explain how it began — almost two years ago.

When I was in hospital (which was for a considerable time) I read my brain for something interesting to do to fill in time. After some time I happened to have what I considered a brilliant idea. I obtained a thick exercise book, and in it put the names of the nurses, doctors, sisters, and all my visitors. Under each I wrote down as many particulars about them as I could muster. The colour of their eyes and hair, their weight, height, age, where they came from, whether they bit their nails, their occupation, whether they had a quick temper, and things like that. Then from this, and what I could observe, I tried to define the characters and personalities of these people. I may have been wrong in a few, perhaps all the cases, but it was, and still is a fascinating occupation. I put them in my book as I meet them, and now find I have almost a book full which I can look back on with interest and not a little pleasure.

— KAREN NORTH, 2A.

TALKING

Talking is the act of making speech, i.e., speaking. To talk successfully one must be careful to see if the teacher is watching, and if he is, to wait until he is not. The possibility of his suddenly turning around and catching you in the act only adds an enjoyable spice of danger to this otherwise simple pastime, and, as well, your senses become noticeably sharpened, which helps when one in "cutting" classes, disappearing when a certain vengeful teacher looms ahead, etc. Talking in itself is innocent and pleasant, but being caught is inexcusable.

One's audience is also important, because often the topic of conversation depends on it. For instance, most of what you say to your classmates at school would definitely not be considered a fit topic to discuss with your mother, and vice versa.

But talking can often be hypocritical and can lead people to think things of you that they otherwise would not. For example, if you are overheard to say, "My goodness, Suzie has become a really frightening cat lately," it is ten to one the person will think you are a scoldamonger, and it will not occur to them that your kitten may be called Suzie and have mange or something.

And again, if someone hears you saying "I love school," they are liable to think you are bad, when you are really only being most horribly sarcastic.

Talking is also most beneficial, physically and mentally. Some physical effects of talking are:
1. A strengthened jaw (chewing gum helps achieve this).
2. The ability to do more than one thing at a time (e.g., talk to neighbour with mouth, watch teacher with eyes, clodle with hands, listen to other neighbour with ears, etc.).
3. More air (this is caused by the enlargement of lungs — reasons for enlargement of lungs are obvious).
4. And many more.

The main mental benefits are:
1. An exhilarating feeling of power (it does one good to see the frustration of someone else trying to get a word in edgewayes).

This Page donated by Moran and Cato, grocers, and E. J. Hughes, Jewellers.
2. Sharpened wits (the advantage of these have been detailed before; another is disappearing at washing-up time).
3. An enlarged vocabulary (Rosalind, where did you pick up that word? !)
4. Etc.

Some people are of the school which believes that speaking slowly, with much attention given to correct diction and pronunciation, is desirable, but I am of the opinion that to be able to talk fast and to flabbergast your argument. (Size, too, is useful in helping to dominate anyone).

Talking has a number of great advantages over note-writing. One of these is speed. Another is the fact that teachers cannot intercept and confiscate words, although they invariably make many varied and futile efforts to stop them. Another, and I think the most important, advantage, is the fact that much more emphasis can be given to spoken words, e.g., talking loudly when annoyed, shouting when angry, shrieking when infuriated and screeching when incensed. In this way many delicate (?) shades of meaning can be portrayed, and one can better understand what is meant to be conveyed, even when the person trying to convey it is incoherent or so furious he simply gibbers.

So, because talking is such a beneficial and pleasant pastime, and because it has so many advantages, I appeal to all students to launch a campaign against the teachers’ blitz on the harmless and enjoyable occupation.

—ROSALIND FORREST,
Third Year.

THE MAN FROM "LITTLE" MOSCOW
(With apologies to "Banjo" Paterson)

There was movement up in Russia, for the word had passed around, That the pup from old "Sput-nik" had got away.
He had joined the Yankee "Alpha", to America was bound.
So all the Reds had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted scientists from the stations near and far,
Had mustered at the Kremlin overnight.
For those Russians love hard working where the Yankee "Alphas" are,
And the Yanks, they sniff the battle with delight.

There was Molotov who took the power when Stalin "bit the dust,"
Khruschev with his hair as white as snow.
But few could stay beside him when his blood was fairly up;
He would go wherever vodka was to flow.
So the Man from "Little" Moscow came down to lend a hand,
No better "Red" had ever held the land,
For never Yank could throw him while the satellites would stand:
He learnt to fight without the Kremlin "band."

Down by Pennsylvania where the pine-clad ridges raise Their torn and rugged battlegrounds on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal and the Reds "moons" fairly blaze, At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around old Leningrad the reed beds sweep and sway To the breezes, and the flying moons are bright.
The Man from "Little" Moscow is a household word to-day,
And the spacemen tell the story of his flight.

"A BUDDING POET", 2B.

ABOUT SHOES

Yes! As the walrus said, the time has come to talk of shoes: and I intend to do so by talking on their behalf. Have you ever thought how many needless trials and indignities you subject your shoes to. For without doubt, the shoe is the most maltreated and downtrodden garment used to-day.

A shoe must be downtrodden in the literal sense, for this is in the course of duty, but certainly not in the metaphorical sense. For many of the hardships that shoes are subjected to are avoidable, and therefore needless.

The shoe is deserving of our consideration. Its very creation is a long, arduous, painful process. The leather is tanned, cut, pierced, bent, stretched, pinned, and sewn down. This process being finished, the right shoe is then placed in the shoe box with a left one (and we of this age know that rightists and leftists are not on good speaking terms).

So after this first stage of the life of a shoe, we find it still sore and bewildered from the painful usage of its birth, lying in a dark, stuffy box, with an uncommunicative companion. But does this poor twisted (mentally) shoe get any consideration? Definitely not!

The shoe is reeled from the box, only to have its signs of joy at once more seeing daylight, stiffed by having a far too large a foot (dainty feet being the fashion, people seem to see their feet at least one size smaller than they are), forced into it with th aid of a cold, hard shoe-horn. If the style of the shoe is fashionable, then probably it will be bought by the owner of this gross foot.

So, we now see that the shoe has been forced to commence life on the wrong foot. The foot hates the shoe, for it (the shoe) is too small, while the shoe hates the foot, for it (the foot) is too large. The mutual hate must lead to friction, and as it is between a shoe and a foot, so to blisters.

Having bought new shoes, the owner feels compelled to wear them, and so begins the "wearing in" process. The shoe begins to stretch and the foot begins to collect blisters. Mechanical means are also used by the owner to stretch the poor shoe—imagine—now the shoe must spend nights on a rack.

Two months later the shoe has been stretched to the dimensions of the foot. The foot signs with relief and the owner with despair, for now the shoe has lost its shape and is therefore no longer fashionable, and so he discards it.

Shoes that stretch fashionably are worn out into a world not amicably disposed to footwear.

Have you ever thought how frightened your shoes must be at a dance. Imagine yourself in the place of a shoe at a dance. You are surrounded on all sides by viciously-wielded fellow shoes, shoes of all shapes and sizes—big heavy ones, small sharp ones—contact with any enough to cut your leather open to the stitching. No wonder the shoe finds no delight in the "graceful" movements of the dance. And the long, menacing daggers called heels are enough to deter the most intrepidly ardent male shoe from seeking solace in feminine company. So next school dance, think of your shoes.

There are many other needless trials to which the shoe is subjected—far too many for me to enumerate. Such things as being used for an ashtray, as an outlet for anger through stamping and kicking), thoughtless scuffing of feet, kicking of stones and—Oh, so many more.

So therefore I appeal to you to take better care of that maltreated shoe. The article that you have appointed as the sole protector of your feet against the harshness of terra firma, put your best foot forward to help.

—G. REYNOLDS.
CABBAGE — CURSE OF A COUNTRY

Possibly the most noticeable quality of cabbage is its smell. It has many clearly defined effects on civilization, but its persistent lingering odour is the most obvious.

This inescapable characteristic is gently wafted to every corner of a house. It hangs around ceilings; it drapes its invisible, but quietly insistent veil over all doors and windows, allowing none of its intensity to drift outside and so to be dispersed.

So we see proof of the saying:

"Cabbages may come and cabbages may go,
But their smell goes on forever."

Dreams, common to thousands, in which boiled cabbage plays an important part, are a direct result of this all-pervading odour. It creeps around your bedroom, caressing your nostrils and twining itself ingratiatingly around your dreams until they have no option but to include it. Results of this are broken sleep, nightmares and various complexes such as persecution complexes.

Another of cabbage's properties and one truly horrifying to all cooks, is the fact that its taste can be camouflaged but not concealed, disguised but not hidden. Shredded, sauced, spiced, sweetened or soured, cabbage still tastes like — cabbage.

Also the look of the stuff lying limp and soggy on the plate is nauseating to anyone with delicate sensibilities, and is liable to put them off the rest of their meal. If cabbage could be stiffened a little, given a little more backbone as it were, it might be more palatable. But this was not to be. Cabbage is always cabbage, looks like cabbage and tastes like cabbage.

But, you must not think that cabbage has no redeeming features. Now that it has become an integral part of our civilized diet, it acts as a great strengthener of character. The ability to eat cabbage without flinching, indeed to even look as if one is enjoying it, requires a great deal of self control: the ability to cook cabbage without being overpowered is doubtless what makes our womenfolk what they are, and the courage needed to look at cooked cabbage (particularly boiled), makes me glad I wear glasses.

Mothers, doubtless thinking that they are helping mould their children into strong characters who can take anything, often subject their offspring to the rigours of cabbage consumption at a startlingly early age.

Parents who act thus probably do so because they believe that what was good enough for them is good enough for their children. In this way one generation of cabbage-eaters succeeds another, and at first glance it seems as if there is no way to eradicate this scourge.

But nothing is hopeless. Perhaps if our botanists were to discover a new smellless vegetable pleasant to both eye and taste-buds . . .

Or if there is not one to be found, perhaps if our scientists were to give up splitting atoms and concentrate on something really important such as inventing one . . .

A vegetable to replace cabbage ! ! Surely this, if anything, could be used as a lever to bring the nations of the world together. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Why let it stop at men?

— D. PARNHAM.

A FROSTY MORNING

Before me stretched the panorama of a sleeping city, cradled by the surrounding hills.

Frost covered everything, even the trees which, having lost their coats of many colours, now clung stark to the hills.

Smog and smoke mingled as they twisted upwards towards the heavens, vanishing in the grey of the dawn.

Nothing seemed to have escaped the mischievous work of Jack Frost, for all detail of the buildings was skillfully obliterated.

The rivulets formed by the thawing frost, dripped monotonously on the window pane, where previously the lacy pattern of frost existed.

A white mantle covered everything, till the sun put out one lovely hand, and with this magical touch the world changed its colour and resumed its characteristic, natural and cultural loveliness.

— COLLEEN ADAMSON, JANICE LLOYD, 2AC.

This Page donated by J. Donovan, and Mrs. Max Crofts.
PEACE

"If only they knew about it," he was thinking, "they would come flocking in from miles around, and perhaps—no—that would ruin the whole beauty of the place."

Greedily he stretched out and let the warm sand trickle soothingly through his fingers. He was completely alone on the dazzling expanse of sand, just a small brown blob in the midst of goldiness. Overhead, in the blue summer sky, a bird circled lazily. The sonorous boom of the surf echoed through his head. Everything was warm—comfortably warm. He had no worries now to disperse this idyllic peace.

He was totally alone, forever, in the world. The typhoon that had wrecked the ship had also disposed of any human ties he had, in the form of a nagging wife, a snivelling girl-child and a most obnoxious mother-in-law. So far as he knew, he had been the only survivor of the wreck.

As he lay there visions of his past life came before him—the dirty streets, crowded tenement houses, his own grimy bootmaker's shop, and noise—everything had been noisy.

Now he was free, able to live in peace with nature, with all the ties of civilisation sharply broken. But—?

It was stupid of him, he knew, but he was beginning to feel strange, very strange! There were a lot more birds now, circling above him, swooping down, emitting harsh sounds from their curved beaks. Suddenly he knew what was happening! With a half-strangled scream he tried to rise, but he could not.

Then, ever so slowly, the silence began creeping over him. Now, at last, after so many years of strife and worry, he had found peace, eternal peace.

The milling birds were circling lower now—lower and lower—but the man never heard their screeches.

—JACQUELINE CAMPBELL, 5A.

FATHER AGAIN

"Leg rope him, Mum: just look at that hair. No son of mine will sport a square. Get clippers, kids, and bring the shears— I'll re-shape that tatter about his ears."

"Oh, help me, Sis. I cried in vain. 'Don't stand by and see me slain.' But father's mind had one intent— To Bodee sons he'd not relent.

I yelled with pain and crouched with fear, As scissors hacked both hair and ear. I squirmed and cried with all my might, But father saw the end in sight.

The struggle ceased, he let me go, He'd only left a potential me. A square cut head might suit some fine, Rain a square's no good with a father like mine.

—JOHN MEYER, 2A.

OUR REPUTATION

We live in an age of automation, Of jets with delta wings. At school we have a reputation For doing crazy things.

A civilian who looked in on us Would really get a shock To see the paper air-planes fly, Just after nine o'clock.

Some teachers say we're hopeless, Others say we're pearls. The boys' eyes aren't on the blackboard— They're winking at the girls.

The end of the day can't come too soon For all the girls and boys. And the staff room's filled with thankful sighs After a day of 2D noise.

—JOHN DUDLEY, TONY TOOLE, 2D.

CABBAGES

"Is this the Complaints Department? Well, I want to lodge a complaint against those barbarians who write space fiction stories. Have they got a hide! Using us as heads for Venetians and Martians and things! Hmph—cabbage heads. I'll have them know that we are not going to be humiliated just because they want some sort of different heads for their weird old space-men.

"And it's not as if this is the first time those humans have had a sniff at our dignity and our freedom. Just think! Once upon a time they used to find their babies under our leaves—beautiful little pink babies, washed in the sparkling dew, and with pieces of blue sky for eyes. Then they said we were slacking up on the job, the population was going down, and so they hired the storks to bring their babies for them. Look at the result!—Elvis Presleys and J.D.s, and Squares and Witchdoctors and Purple People Eaters and Goodness—Knows—What—Elses. Just serves them right, that's what I say.

"They weren't even content with that, either. They had to go and start driving our friends away with that awful spray stuff and their silly wire fences. As if the rabbits and snails and slugs and butterflies did any harm! Sure they had a little nibble here and there, but a slug doesn't have a very big appetite—you must admit that. Selfish, that's what they are, and unappreciative, too. The rabbits and all our other friends would eat us just as they found us, but do you think those human beings would be content to do that? Not they! They strew us up in salty water (ugh), and then drown us with butter and pepper, and the result is a frightful mess, as you may well imagine.

"Oh well, you will see what you can do, won't you? The shame and tension is turning all our wifes into neurotics, and if things get too bad there'll only be more complaints, and the J.D.'s and fences and butter will be turned on with more force than ever. So long."

—JANET WHELDON, 5A.

This Page donated by A. Casey, Butcher, and George Nash.
MANNERS

Unfortunately only a very few of us folk
Have been blessed with politeness, while the rest of us grope,
And have to obtain this most difficult thing
Called "manners", by bitter experiencin.

Yes, unfortunate I, seventh period to-day,
Was called to attention when I felt rather gay,
For I got the giggles, and if there's one thing
That a teacher dislikes, it's a girl giggling.

So as punishment, teacher, in one of his rages,
Made me write on the subject of manners, two pages.
And now I've decided, by foul means or fair,
To get such good manners that people will stare.

I must get some manners, from where I'm not sure:
Maybe from fairyland, or behind the Green Door.
I might go to the river, with line and with rod,
And fish for some manners, instead of for cod.

I don't think they ever sell manners in shops,
I don't even think they're given free by the cops.
But whenever I finally manners obtain,
They'd better be good—or I'll be sued again.

—MARY WALLACE, 4th Year.

THE PERFECT STUDENT

The perfect student is an individual of iron constitution and a much-used brain. His chief occupation is studying. Apart from occasionally taking time off for that seeming luxury—sleeping and eating (if he is able to get out from the history class in time)—he devotes his time to little else but study.

The perfect student is never seen without a textbook. He will always have "Senior Organic Chemistry" on the outside, even if he is reading "Mickey Mouse's Adventures on Mount Duckling" underneath.

He quotes Shakespeare freely, shows his overwhelming knowledge of English literature, and is able to talk intelligently with even the most learned (he is often found in the company of the Science Master).

The perfect student is never late for school (you've guessed—he isn't in Fifth Year), and never packs up either physically or mentally before three-thirty on Friday afternoon.

He rarely contradicts the Physics teacher (which I believe is quite a achievement and a real test on his self control), seldom speaks in class and, most amazing of all, hardly ever writes notes. If he is ever forced to report to these wicked teachers he will do so only in another language. This could be so the teacher cannot read it if he or she gets it, or it could be because he wants to exercise his German and French. (Which it is we are not sure, but we think it could be the latter case).

He "grows to his desk and the wood enters his soul," he is the teachers' idol, he is an example, he is everything to be expected, and when results come out we also realise that he is a wonderful actor!

—HELEN HUGHES, 5A.

SCHOOL IS MAD

How many pupils in our school will agree that school is a good idea or that it is any use at all except to keep children off the streets and out of everyone's way till they are old enough to get a job? Not many will.

What do the teachers think of the rest of them? "Johnny isn't serious" or "Billy isn't old enough to realise its use," is the probable answer.

However I claim, as the majority of the pupils do, that school is mad!

I propose to show that our education system is a complete failure as far as it goes in preparing its pupils for their own futures, which I think is the general aim of the school.

Our education system is completely out of date and old fashioned, and is becoming even more out of date by idiotic growth in the wrong direction. Comparing the school to-day with that of ten years ago, we can easily see that the main difference between then and now is the tremendous increase in academic facilities, with a corresponding decrease in physical and recreational space. That is, there has been such an increase in the number of classrooms that there are now more rooms outside the main building than in it, while many sporting areas have been eaten up by this growth and, the meagre facilities left are in such a state of disrepair that our recreational and sporting areas are completely and utterly inadequate.

You will probably disagree with my claim that this growth is idiotic and in the wrong direction, so I will attempt to show why the claim is made. That is, I will show that the facilities for, and the extent of physical education should be greatly increased, and the classroom subjects such as English, History, Languages, and especially Maths. and Science, should be cut down greatly.

We realise that science has nearly reached the stage of complete understanding in many fields of research, so there is little need for research in any of these fields, but if there is any, it will be carried out by electronic brains rather than mere humans. Thus if we continue to educate learned scientists we will only see them turning to the fields of nuclear weapons and guided missiles, of which they don't have a high level of understanding, and will, by some small error, ultimately destroy the earth.

To prevent this we must revolutionise our education system. We must stop producing mathematicians and scientists and start producing a being physically capable of surviving in a world where our only work will be pressing buttons, and hence a world of unlimited recreation. It indeed will be this, as all our time-taking manual tasks will be handled by our electronic slaves. If we were not very adequately provided for physically our health and sanity will be broken by the monotony of pressing buttons, and the lack of necessary physical exercise. In using our unlimited leisure time we will need a physical rather than a mental preparation and build-up.

Thus we can see we are a race doomed to destruction at our own hand unless we change our education system by drastically cutting down our academic subjects at school and building up our standard of physical culture. Until this is done we are producing a race unable to survive in the future civilization in which it is destined to live.

As this is the case, then as I earlier said, our education system completely breaks down when we examine it closely enough to see whether or not it fulfils its aim of preparing school pupils for their later life. While our education system does this, then very definitely school is mad!

—ROGER WINDSOR, 5A.
THE CREEK

The creek bed's dry and sandy, in the long, hot summer days,
But one or two small waterholes shimmer beneath the haze.
The cattle die of thirst, except the ones that tread the pad
Leading to the waterhole where water can be had.

But slowly turn the seasons, and when winter's nigh,
The cool, life-giving rain teems from the wintry sky:
The creek goes hurrying, gushing through the land now green and lush,
And the river gums sway gently, and joy is in the bush.

On the torrent rushes until summer's turn comes round,
And all the grass is dead and dry upon the scorching ground.
The cattle die, the gum leaves droop, the creek again is dry,
Waiting for the thunderclouds to spread themselves on high.

And so the seasons come and go, the creek bed's wet and dry,
There's lush green grass, then all dries up, and so the cattle die.
But when the wattles bloom in spring, the loveliest play I know
Is where the river gums sway gently and the water gurgles slow.

—MARY WALLACE, 4th Year.

PUPS IN TROUBLE

One fine summer day Mrs. Collie told her children that she was going
to visit Auntie Collie on business.

"Now don't go in to the Mistress' house, for heaven's sake," she
said, shuddering, and remembering things the pups had done.

"No, Ma," they chorused.

Down the path she waddled, and as soon as she was out of sight, one
pup said to his brother, "Brownie, let's explore the house."

"No," replied his brother, thinking of his mother's last words.

"Well, you can," said the first one.

"Alright, give me all the dirty work," said Rover.

One by one they crept into the house, and came upon a large box of
eggs. Suddenly Timmy said "Buu!" in his loudest voice, and Rover, in
his fright, toppled into the eggs!

Blackie found a flour bag, and without thinking, jumped in. He came
cut a sad and sorry sight! Blackie was white from head to foot, and he
scampered away, leaving tell-tale white marks behind him!

Timmy got caught in a string bag and couldn't get out.

Brownie crept away and hid, washing sorrowfully that he hadn't
thought of exploring.

Just at that moment The Mistress, Miss Jane, came home. Walking
in the back door she suddenly saw Rover, a gooey mess of egg and hair.
She took him out and turned the hose on him.

Returning once again to the kitchen, and spying the white foot marks,
she followed them, and came back with a floury Rover.

Then she untangled Timmy, and found Brownie. When they left
Miss Jane's presence they were sadder and, I think, wiser pups than before.

—JEANETTE GRESSER, ID.
Though unusual to you Australians, the Malay women and men both wear ‘sarongs’. The only difference between them is that the males wear ‘songkoks’ while the females wear scarfs, or tiaras, when they are brides in matrimonial ceremonies. The women do wear high heel shoes as the Australian women do, and the men do imitate the ‘James Dean’ and ‘Rock Hudson’ haircuts to a great extent.

Now, let’s get on with the party. Poor Mr. Mutthia Thiararajasingham Arulampulam (an Indian—not a Red Indian—he is BLACK), was really a stray sheep among a midst of talkers. He was quite a fellow though, but I could never be a good conversationalist with him. All I could utter was ‘Chothe charperu ah?’ and nothing more in his lingo. I was asking about his food, because I was curious, and so are you, about the way his wife cooked his food.

Unusual as it may seem, the Indians are very economical, as far as their food and kitchen are concerned. They use banana leaves instead of plates, hands instead of forks and spoons, floors instead of tables, rice with curry and other condiments instead of fancy, intricate foodstuffs. All these symbolize the simple life of an ordinary Indian, with no worries to burden and no family budget to consider.

Mr. Chow Chee Choe (a Chinese celebrity) was so drunk that he went thisaway and thataway but never seemed to get away thataday. He was smartly dressed, with tuxedo and bow and all that can be found in a lover of society. Here is a tip. Mr. Chow is an expert with ‘chop sticks’ and rice bowls. I was amazed when I saw him shovel rice and all into his mouth within barely five minutes.

Someone at the far end of the room was all the time moaning about Somerset Maugham. Another insisted that Malaya would win the 1958 Badminton Championship (which Malaya didn’t), and that Malaya would attain her ‘Merdeka’ (Independence) in 1957 (which Malaya did, on 31st August, 1957).

But the conversation of Salvador Dali took the cake. The wife of Mr. Benjamin Backbreaker, a ‘leader of society,’ started it by merely saying: “Do you know Salvador Dali?” “Yes,” said everybody. (You must say ‘Yes’ or be considered uneducated, culturally deficient and conclusively barbaric).

“He’s a realist,” Mrs. Backbreaker ventured.

“No. He’s a surrealist. You know, one who endeavours to interpret the phenomena of dreams and similar experiences into something one can comprehend,” retorted Gurublachan Singh (a Panjabi) pedantically, lifting his head, which was neatly crowned with a lavishly coloured turban, with a manifestation of extreme erudition and arrogance.

He was back-fired. “I don’t mean what he is doing. When I say he’s a realist I mean his ravishing moustache,” she explained, rather annoyed by Singh’s statement.

From then on Dali went hilly-dilly, leaving behind his moustache dangling over the brims of cocktail glasses.

Gossip is the life-blood of a cocktail party. Without it, a cocktail party is like beer without the kick, Romeo without Juliet. Its chief purpose is to run down someone and, if possible, everyone. It lacks intellect, and in an effort to prove it, no less than ten reputations are torn to bits.

If you are a wanderlust in bondage don’t ever miss a cocktail party. You can cross the five continents and seven seas within an area of three hundred square feet. A little well-chosen word here and there, a few sips while others tippole theirs, just drop your weight in the midst of four or five, and there you are, you have covered practically everything you want to know.

Truly, you don’t have to spend a penny. There is plenty of food and drinks. Drink, drink, drink: talk, talk, talk, and after the party, believe it or not, you are still thirsty.

This, indeed, is really a Malayan cocktail party without a fitting finale.

—(ELVAN) TONG LOH KAH, 5th Year.

RED PACKET DAY

The Chinese word ‘ang pow’ means, in English, ‘red packet’, and this is very often connected with one of the most important days of the year to the Chinese. The younger people, especially, consider it very important, and that is Chinese New Year day, when everyone tries to look his best, and the house is swept clean and made to look spick and span.

New Year’s Eve, too, is important, because it is the night of feasting and family gatherings.

On the morning of the long awaited day, everyone is up early, and dressed in their best. The children eagerly go round visiting relatives and friends, and their aim is to visit as many grown-ups as possible. This is indeed very strange, as children seldom like to visit grown-ups when they would rather be with people of their own ages. But they have a reason for that, and a very good reason, too. Not only do they go visiting to convey good tidings, but also because they expect packets, the bigger and heavier they are, the better, as the red packets contain money. It is customary that the money should be in even amounts like 20 cents, 40 cents, 60 cents, and so forth, up to dollars. The only accepted odd amount is 1.10 dollars.

Children of rich parents are often very lucky because they frequently get packets containing red notes. A red note is a 10-dollar bill.

The Red Wrappers, as the grown-ups say, count a lot more than the money they contain, but it is hard to convince children of the fact. What money they can get is spent on crackers, or for giving themselves a good time.

New Year’s Day is the only time that the young children gamble (parents do not scold their children on that day), and everyone joins in the fun. All are out to make more money, and they will be lucky if they still have a little red packet money left after that.

Older people do not give red packets to one another, but they present oranges instead, as a symbol of goodwill and prosperity. The red packets are given only to young children.

Everything about New Year’s Day is red, which is the colour signifying goodwill, happiness and prosperity. Young people consider the best shade of red to be that of a ten-dollar bill, naturally.

Besides packets, good tidings and wishes are exchanged beforehand, with the use of New Year greeting cards, as for Christmas. No work is done on that day, as it is a time for the family to enjoy themselves, and a day of good wishes, kind thoughts and packets.

—RICHARD OH JOO HONG, 5B.
CHINESE WOMEN UNDER FEUDALISM

About half a century ago women in the Asian countries, especially in China, did not have equal rights as the men. The community life was wholly played by the men, and women were to be the slaves for the men. In China, under the savage feudal family system, when a girl was born, she was considered to be a worthless creature, and a big burden to the family. The parents' only duty was to bring her up and find a husband for her. She was regarded as a belonging just to work servilely for her husband for the latter part of her life. Thus during her childhood no proper education, except some domestic science, could be given to her. It was nonsensically suggested that ‘fate’ would arrange the life for her.

There was no freedom in marriage in those days. The marriage was fixed by the parents without the girl's consent. She might be asked to marry a man whom she had never heard of in her life; he might only be a small boy, or a disabled old man. Sometimes she might be given as a present to the old landlord as one of his concubines. Usually the girl was forced to marry into the landlord class, and expected to live luxuriously, as this was always the hope of the parents. It might be arranged that she marry a dying rich man, as they always had a superstitious belief that the wedding would triumphantly sweep away the evil spirits. Once the choice was fixed, even if the man died before the wedding, the girl had to become the widow for life in the man's family. And if the bridegroom could still survive until the wedding day and was too ill to wed the girl, then he would be represented by a rooster carried in the hands of one of his male relations in the wedding ceremony. Under these superstitious beliefs and tyrannical forces, the poor "widow" could only die of grief or seek her final rest in the well or commit suicide by hanging herself in her bedchamber. It was customary for the bride to be carried off in a sedan, together with one roasted pig, to the bridegroom's house. On the wedding night, if she was suspected to be not virgin, then immediately the roasted pig would be returned to the bride's family with the tail being cut off. It was an utter disgrace to the bride's family, and under the family feuds, the father would present a rope to his own daughter and banish her from the village. She would not even be allowed to commit suicide in her own village.

Many young educated people struggled in vain to overthrow this horrible feudalism in the beginning of the twentieth century. It was not until the 1911 revolution that the women of China began to realize their importance and to struggle successfully with the help of the students, for freedom.

—STEVIE NG.

MALACCA, AN HISTORICAL TOWN OF MALAYA

Malacca, the oldest town in Malaya, is situated on the west coast, at the mouth of the Malacca River. It has a population of nearly 70,000, comprising Chinese, Malays, Indians, Ceylonese, Eurasians and Europeans. The name "Malacca" is derived from a kind of tree called the Malacca tree, which is famous for Malacca cane.

Malacca was conquered by the Portuguese at the end of the 16th century. It was a busy port then, dealing in spices of the East. Merchants and traders from all parts of the world called there to trade. The Dutch seeing the huge profits reaped by the Portuguese, captured Malacca. It was finally exchanged for one of the British Spice Islands in the East Indies. Although various governments had come and gone, the Malaccan's ways of life do not alter much. It was not until the invention of steamships that Malacca's importance as a port was taken over by her sister port, Singapore. A survey of the town will generally tell you that Malacca is very ancient, with narrow streets, uneven houses and historical sights. Hardly two cars can pass through in some parts of the smallest streets. Although taxi trucks and motor cars have replaced the old, slow way of travel, we do still find a few bullock carts rambling along the roads. It is the only place in the whole Malay Peninsula that bullock carts are still used for transport.

St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary of the East, landed in Malacca at the end of 1600. He converted a great number of people into Christians, and churches, hospitals and schools were set up. He then set out on his journey to China and Japan to continue his work. While in China, a disease carried him off near the island of Sunshine. His body was brought to Malacca and laid in the St. Paul's Church for sometime. It was then transferred to Goa, on the east coast of India, for burial. He paved the way for the Christian influence in the Far East. Malacca is really very proud of the saintpaint, and of the many local priests and brothers she produces every year.

At about the same period, Sam Poh Kong, a Chinese foreign minister of the Ming Dynasty, visited Malacca. He was given a rousing welcome, and a well was named after him. It seemed that the well was blessed, and it was said that if a person suffering from any disease, drank the water out of it, they would be cured of the infirmity. After Sam's visit, the Chinese, particularly from South China, emigrated to this region in great numbers.

Now, Malacca is no more an important commercial port, yet she is still a busy centre carrying on an intra-trade. The people of Malacca are of a very friendly, easy going and peace loving nature. There is not much gangsterism and hooliganism in Malacca as in other parts of Malay town.

Malacca is a land of many different customs and traditions. Each community lives its own way of life and practice its own religion. In other words, there is religious toleration for all.

The Straits-born Chinese, or ‘Babas’, although in every respect they look like Chinese, do not speak their own mother language. They speak the native language instead of Chinese, and in some cases put on the Malay national costumes, such as ‘sarongs’ and ‘kebayas’. Yet some of the wedding ceremonies are conducted in the oldest Chinese fashion, e.g., bridegroom and bride are dressed in long gowns embroidered with silvery and golden colours. Sedan chairs are used to carry the married couple for procession. The pompous and gay celebration usually takes place between sons and daughters of the rich families of the ‘Babas’. Most of their ancestors are rich land and property owners, and by their intermarriage their wealth has increased considerably.

Another interesting thing is the Chinese medium originated from China. This is a ceremony to please the spirit of the medium. Men selected to be mediums are pierced by long, sharp pointed needles through their cheeks. After the end of the programme are walking over the burning charcoal and sharp, keen knives.

The Malays consider ‘Visak Day’ a great occasion. In this ceremony, they gather before their religious heads by the seaside. A few animals are sacrificed to appease their gods. Then a long procession of bullock carts, accompanied by the beating of drums, gongs and songs, parade the town.

The Indians celebrate their ‘Deepavali’ in an entirely different way altogether. There is the pompous and gay ceremony. They observe their day silently, but there is merry making and feasting.
The Malay Customs I Know

The major races living in Malaya are the Malays, Chinese, Indians and Eurasians. Each race has its own religion, language and customs, and it is through mutual understanding and cooperation among the people that peace and prosperity are achieved. Therefore, it is rather essential for a Malay to know some customs of his brethren. The following are some of the Malay customs in Malaya, with special reference to the State of Negri Sembilan.

To begin with, the Malay word for customs is “adat perpatih”, which has an Arabic origin. The Malays are Muslim, following the teaching of the Prophet Mohammed. They go to the mosques as the Christians going to the church, on Fridays, instead of Sundays. The mosques are built facing Mecca, their holy land, and on entering the mosques, shoes or other footwear must be taken off. It is the ambition and pride of the religious Malaya to pay a visit to Mecca or stay there for some years, and when they return to Malaya they are known as “Hajis”, a special religious title. These “Hajis” are distinguished from the other Malays by their white head-dress.

As Muslims the Malays are not allowed to eat pork, for they believe that pigs are dirty animals. Similarly, they do not touch dogs, particularly when the dogs are wet, and as a result of this, dogs are seldom seen in “Kampongs” (Malaya villages).

During the “Puasa month” (fasting month) from March to April, they do not eat from sunrise to sunset. Instead, they eat at night, and it is quite often the case for a Malay to get up two or three times to eat at night. Such is the challenge to their faith and endurance. However, it is not compulsory for children under twelve to fast, but the adult offenders of this “fasting” will be punished in a civil court by the Muslim laws accordingly. The “Hajis” fast about fifteen days longer than the ordinary Malays.

After the “Puasa month” is the Malay New Year, called “Hari Raya Puasa”, and this date is not definitely fixed, for it depends on the appearance of the moon. A certain mosque authority will set out to observe the first appearance of the moon immediately after the fasting, and when the moon is seen, the following day will be proclaimed as New Year’s Day (Hari Raya Puasa). The beginning of the “Puasa” also depends on the sight of the moon.

As mentioned before, the Malays do not eat pork, but, instead, they slaughter cows, buffaloes, goats and fowls, and they also make many types of rice cakes to celebrate their New Year. It is customary that the butcher must be a Malay or a Muslim, and he chants before he kills the cows or fowls.

When they eat, sitting on beautifully plaited straw mats on the floors of the houses built on stilts, they use their right hands, and only the more Westernised Malays use forks and knives. Because they use their right hands to eat, it is often considered as bad manners to receive things from a Malay using the left hand.

Another conspicuous custom of the Malay is that, during their festivals or other important occasions when they are in full national costumes, they usually stick a “kris” (a Malay dagger) with skillfully carved handles and sheath, in their belts. The “kris” is often taken as a symbol of nobility, and it is now used more as an ornament than a weapon.

In the case of a Malay burial, the corpse is bathed by its close relatives and then it is wrapped in white cloth. The ceremony is conducted by religious “Hajis” with chants and prayers. The corpse is buried without a coffin, in a recess dug by the side of a rectangular hole, and a tomb erected at the place.

As far as marriages are concerned, the Malay husband goes to live in his wife’s house, and, consequently, females have the most say in the house. In this particular State, Negri Sembilan, lands and houses are inherited by the daughters only. Moreover, marriages are not allowed among the members of the same tribes. In other words, men from one tribe have to look for their wives in other tribes. In this way, the females are made to remain in that particular “Kampong” (Malay village). In the case of a divorce, the property earned is divided between the couple, but the wife’s heritage still remains hers, and the husband is entitled to have only what he brought. However, this is not altogether so in the other States, where marriages come under different rules or customs. But, by the Muslim law, a man is allowed to have four wives at a time. As men do not like to walk under flying cups, saucers and bottles, the law is very rarely practised.

—T. K. LEE, 5th Year.

This Page donated by F. Hearne, Chemist.
The Fijian Military Force is composed mainly of Fijians and Indians, and they make very good soldiers, especially in jungle fighting, because they are the right kind of people for the purpose.

There are many different races in Fiji, and the most amazing part of it is that there are no racial troubles, and there are many intermarriages between races. The half-castes are treated like any other person in the Colony, and they have the rights of any other person. The people in Fiji are religious, and believe in what the Church teaches them.

In the sport side of view, the Fijians are very good footballers, especially in Rugby Union. Most of you may have seen the Fijians playing the Western District at Orange in 1954. Although they did not win by much, they played a very good game. Back at home, they practice in summer, even if the temperature is about 90 degrees. The Fijians are very enthusiastic in sports.

There are many different types of sport other than football. In school, children play soccer, basketball or table tennis. Outside school, people play hockey, golf, football or cricket.

In Lautoka we have our own hockey team, the Blue Stars. This team has been very successful for the last few years, but in cricket and golf we haven’t been so successful, but in the future I think that they will be better than they are at present.

—DAVID YONG, 4th Year.

MALAYAN STUDENTS

Back Row: Yeoh Eng Keong, David Ah Yong, Lee Cheng Chaw
Seated: Richard Oh, Timothy Ho, Ng Chin Seng, Mr. C. O. G. Thomas, Lee Ting Kiam, Ng Siew Hiok, Tong Leh Kah
Absent: Phang Wing Chong.

This Block donated by Harry’s Fruit Shop.

HONG KONG

Nearly a hundred per cent. of people in all the civilised countries know of or have heard about Hong Kong, but very few have any knowledge of it and what it looks like.

Hong Kong is a British colony. In 1830 the Ching dynasty was beaten by the British Empire in the Opium War, therefore Hong Kong became part of the reparations to the British Empire. Hong Kong is an island of thirty-two square miles, lying off the south coast of China, about ninety-five miles from Canton, which is one of the biggest commercial cities in China. The channel between the north coast of Hong Kong island and the mainland forms a magnificent harbour, where big liners and many cargo ships can pass through as well as anchor there. Owing to its geographical advantages, Hong Kong now is used by the British Empire as a trading outpost.

Most of the inhabitants of Hong Kong are Chinese, nearly half of them inhabiting the Kowloon Peninsula, which was leased to Britain for ninety-nine years in 1898. It is an area of three square miles on the mainland, facing the Hong Kong island, and is the terminus of a railway from Canton. Obviously, Kowloon is a very important place to Hong Kong, because of its facility in trade between Canton. Nowadays, Hong Kong has grown to four hundred square miles of land, if we include Kowloon and some territories.

Hong Kong is especially prominent because of its industries with factories scattered everywhere, and chimneys growing like mushrooms. In cheapness of production it rates next to Japan, and most of these productions are exported. Shipbuilding yards, from which ships of over ten thousand tons have been launched, are numerous. Buildings, mostly four and five storeys, but some over ten storeys, bank buildings, decorate the skyline of Hong Kong with their wonderful structures. The famous Wu Man Fu garden is also an attraction to tourists.

Hong Kong has approximately three million inhabitants. This immediately shows that it is terribly over populated. One can just imagine how three million people crowd into four hundred square miles of land. That certainly is a crowd, isn’t it? This over-population was caused by the changing of China during the communist imperialism. Refugees are ceaselessly streaming from China, and at present the inflow of refugees is still a serious problem to the Hong Kong government. There the result is that land becomes very valuable, and a housing shortage and unemployment are untreated problems which create, literally, a large floating population living on the harbour in Chinese sampans.

Hong Kong people are mostly interested in soccer, and so am I. After school or on holidays, we can see kids dashing, kicking and shouting in the street with a soccer ball, but some are even using a can or tennis ball. This compares with Australians’ enthusiasm for football—there is really not much difference. Swimming also is one of the sports we like best. Hong Kong’s natural beauty is seascapes, which are everywhere. When summer comes, the seashore is always dotted with people, and those attractive girls wearing Bikini swimming costumes, walk about, or lie on the sand in the same way as on Sydney Bondi beach.

Though smoke and dust cover a great part of Hong Kong, her scenery is clearly and beautifully shown, especially at night time, when we view her from the harbour. We can see numerous colourful festoons of bulbs glittering like millions and millions of glow worms. It is really a marvellous sight!

—TIMOTHY HO.
THE HOWICK FAMILY

Players: Mr. and Mrs. Howick, Jan, John, School Teacher I, Sgt. Drake, Teacher II

Scene I: The Howick's dining room. Mr. Howick is taking it easy in an arm chair. Jan and John are doing their homework.

ACT ONE

Mr. Howick (stretching his arms): What a supper! It's made me quite sleepy.

John: Bloomin' teachers! They'd make you sick.

Mr. Howick: What's wrong with you?

John: That silly teacher told us to write a story about a trip to Japan and back.

Jan: He must be crazy!

John: There's no must about it—he is!

Mr. Howick: Which teacher is crazy, John?

John: Oh, old Henry Quackbottom.

Mr. Howick: Why, he's my best friend.

Jan: He is! !

John: Gee, Dad, you must be as crazy as he is.

Mr. Howick: That's enough out of you, or you'll go to bed straight away!

(Doorbell rings).

Jan: I'll answer it, John.

John (looking out the window): Get, it's the crazy atom bomb himself.

Mr. Howick: Well, you had better finish your homework.

John: I suppose I had better.

(Jan and the teacher enter).

Mr. Howick (shaking hands with the teacher): It's good to see you again, Henry.

Teacher: It's good to see you again too, Ted.

Mr. Howick: It's time you children went to bed. Off you go!

Jan: O.K. Dad. (They go out).

Teacher I: I came to see you about John, Ted.

Mr. Howick: Well, go on, get to the point.

Teacher I: Well, he's been giving too much cheek.

Mr. Howick: Is he now?

ACT TWO

Scene II: Jan and John's bedroom

John: Come on Jan, think up some ideas to teach the sour lemon a lesson.

Jan: Righto!—Say, how about leaving one of my roller skates outside the front door?

John: That's a good idea, but we don't want to kill him.

Jan: That's right, we don't, do we?

John: I should say not, or Whacko!

Jan: I know. Let's get your rope. You crawl out so they don't see you. Tie it gently around Sour Lemon's leg, then tie it to the leg of the chair, and crawl back here. So when he walks away, he'll trip!

John: Sis, you're a marvel!

Jan: I always thought I was.

John: Alright, no time to pat yourself on the back. Let's get moving!

Jan: O.K. Get your rope.

John: I don't know where it is.

Jan: You wouldn't, would you!—Get my skipping rope. Then.

John: Where is it?

Jan: I don't know; you should know, you had it last!

ACT THREE

Scene III: The dining room

Teacher I: It's been nice seeing you again, Ted, so long till next time. Good night, Mrs. Howick. (The teacher stands up).

Mr. and Mrs. Howick: Same to you, Henry. (They shake hands). (The teacher starts to walk, and trips, because of John's trick).

Mrs. Howick (astonished): Oh, heavens, what happened?

Teacher I: I seem to have tripped.

Mrs. Howick: No wonder—those pesky children again!

Mr. Howick: John! John! Come here! (They enter).

Jan (innocently): Yes, Daddy?

Mr. Howick: Did you trip Mr. Quackbottom?

Jan: Yes, Dad. (Turning to the teacher). Sorry, Mr. Quackbottom.

Teacher I: See that you don't do it again!

Jan: Yes, teacher.

Teacher I: I'll see you children to-morrow. (He gives them a nasty look).

Jan and John: Yes, sir.

Jan: (to John): Sis! Did you put the roller skate outside the door?

John: Yes, sire! (The teacher goes out—there is a crashing sound heard off stage, accompanied by bad language).

Jan: Hooray! It worked! Mr. Quackbottom cracked his -- er -- er -- leg.

Mrs. Howick (rushing to the window): Good heavens, Henry's slid on one of Jan's skates!

Mr. Howick: Oh no!

John: Oh yes (hopefully). I wonder if he killed himself?

Jan: Hope he did (scornfully). You had better go and see, Daddy.

Mr. Howick: Yes, I think I had better. (He rushes off).

Mrs. Howick: John—you should have put your skates away.

John: I'll say she should have!

Mr. Howick (dragging the teacher in): He didn't kill himself.

Jan: What a pity!
John: Look, Dad, that's not Mr. Quackbottom!
Mrs. Howick: You're right, John, it's not!
Mr. Howick: Then who the devil is it?
Jan: I know! He's an imposter and had plastic surgery to make himself look like Sour Lemon.
John: You're right, Sir; look at his face; it's back to normal.
Jan: Wonder who he is?
Mr. Howick: I know who he is. It's the escaped convict Dan Dapper.
John: Dad!
Mr. Howick: Yes, John?
John: Wasn't it you who sentenced Dan Dapper to a life's imprisonment?
Mr. Howick: Yes John, I did.
Mrs. Howick: I had better call the Police. (She walks to the telephone and rings the Police). Hello. Is that you Sgt. Drake? Could you bring a Squad Car over here right away; we have a surprise for you. (She puts the receiver down).
Mr. Howick: Is he coming over?
Mrs. Howick: Yes.
Jan (the doorbell rings): I'll get it. (She goes off).
Mrs. Howick: Probably Sgt. Drake.
John: It isn't the Sergeant. It looks like Mr. Quackbottom er-er-Mr - Quackbottom.
(Jan and the stranger enter).
Teacher 2: Well if it isn't Ted Howick. How are you, Ted?
Mr. Howick: James! James Quackbottom.
Teacher 2: Yes Ted, that's me.
Mrs. Howick: Where have you been while this imposter's been impersonating you.
Teacher 2: I received a telegram saying my mother was ill, but as usual, it was a fake.
Janice: No wonder we thought this guy was nuts.
Teacher 2: I don't blame you. He was put into hospital as a mental case, and escaped from the hospital two weeks ago.
John: But why did he try us.
Teacher 2: Promise you won't tell anyone?
Janice: We won't.
Teacher 2: Well, there's treasure at the school hidden in the library, behind a false wall.
John: I'll get it. (The front door bell rings). (He goes off).
Mrs. Howick: Sgt. Drake's coming over to get the crazy fool. It's probably him now.
Janice: Sir - - how do you know the treasure is there?
Teacher 2: Because it was my father who put it there.
John: And the Sergeant enter.
Sgt: Drake: Where's the crazy fool you spoke of?
Mr. Howick: Over here, Sergeant.
Sgt: Drake: So it is him. I wondered how long it would be before we caught up with him again.
Teacher 2: Well it was smart thinking on your part.
Teacher 1: Too smart.
Sgt: Drake (sternly): Quiet!

THE END
(Curtain fall)

—ALAN NANCARROW, I.E.
FROSTY MORNING

Frosty morning,
Cold, frosty morning,
While children at bus stops cry,
If the bus doesn't come we'll freeze.
Then out of the mist,
We see it approach,
Its tiny white frame
Bouncing up and down.
Then we see the smiling faces,
Welcoming us aboard,
While the bus driver sings his cheerful song,
Tickets, Please!
Tickets, Please!

—SHIRLEY CLOUT, 1D.

FROM SYDNEY TO BATHURST

Fond farewells are said through tears,
And thoughtless neighbours are quick to leer
When folks from miles around do hear,
We dare to journey to Bathurst.
Dad starts the trip at a funeral pace,
'Cause he sees we are caught in a deadly race
In which everyone but himself doth chase,
As we begin our journey to Bathurst.
Through Sydney town we desperately drive,
Charged at by drivers who would rather suicide
Than let the unwary pass them alive.
Oh why did we journey to Bathurst?
Upon reaching the mountains we begin to relax,
Still furtively watching the car at the back,
Lest he should try to renew the attack,
And stop us from getting to Bathurst.
Once over those hills and onto the plain,
We begin to hope we might get home again.
And upon arriving, rejoice in God's name,
Our success in getting to Bathurst.

—W. MOLONEY, 3A.

MY CAT

I had a cat called Pat,
Who was always fed on bread and fat.
One day when we went out to play,
My cat called Pat just ran away.
Over the hills and down the dales,
I chased my cat, but with no avail.
I've never seen her from that day to this,
And my cat called Pat I dearly miss.

—ROSS TURNER, 1E.

THE TRAIN

A great black train goes whizzing by,
Clickity, clickity, clack.
It has passed with a wink of an eye,
Clickity, clickity, clack.
As it passes the station its whistle it blows,
Clickity, clickity, clack.
To where it goes, somebody must know,
Clickity, clickity, clack.

—PAULINE BAKER, 1D.

I AM A SCARECROW

I am a scarecrow living on Farmer Gray's property, where I stand in a corn paddock on a big steep hill. I am a tall, lanky scarecrow, with a big, plump stomach that is made of straw and fresh grass. On my head I have a big black hat. Also I am wearing pants with bright colours in them, and a red shirt which I think was Farmer Gray's. If I have any brains, they are sawdust.

My adventure started one fine morning in July, at daybreak, when all of a sudden, I heard a snort coming from behind me. I looked around, and there I saw a raging bull. It was pawing the ground with its feet. The next minute I saw nothing but flashes as the bull raged past me.
I got very scared and closed my eyes just as the bull came past me the second time. Every time it went past it grew angrier and angrier.

The fifth time he got accurate and pierced one of my legs and ripped it off. With my leg on one of his horns, he went racing around the paddock. Whilst this was going on Farmer Gray was watching with interest.
I said to myself, "Why was the bull raging at my pants?" When the bull was up the paddock a fair way Farmer Gray climbed over the fence and had a look at me. As he felt my leg stump something cut his finger. He stared with a queer and happy look in his face.
He said, "Why, this must be the lost diamond from Tokyo. I'll take it to the palace." So he pulled me down off my post and took me to the police station.
When we arrived there we were awarded twenty-four thousand pounds for finding it. I got my share in a new pair of pants, a new leg, a new post, and fresh straw for my stomach.

—NORMAN SCHOFIELD, 1G.

SPUTNIK

Sputnik, Sputnik, up on high,
Wandering about o'er the sky;
Beep-beep, beep-beep your mournful song,
You cry it out loud as you travel along.

Sputnik, Sputnik, up afar,
High up yonder like a star.
Circling the earth, oh, what a sight,
You wondrous little sat-ell-ite.

Sputnik, Sputnik, circling the earth,
With transmitters and receivers round your girth.
Scientists receive the knowledge you've sown,
And near and far your fame has grown.

—P. J. OWENS, 1A.
MY CACTUS ROCKERY

I have a rockery
Full of cactus plants.
Wouldn’t do to sit on them
When you’re in a trance.

What’s their use, people say.
I really do not know.
But it gives me lots of pleasure
Just to watch them grow.

Some of them have flowers
As pretty as can be.
To get a new cactus
Is a real thrill to me.

—PAMELA NEWMAN, 2E.

MARREE TO BIRDSVILLE

Marree is a small town about fifty miles south of Lake Eyre, in South Australia. The town consists of only a post office, an hotel, a store and a very small police station. There would not be more than fifty people living at Marree. Marree is about six hundred feet below sea level.

The majority of people live on cattle stations. These stations are up to one hundred miles apart.

The train takes mail and foodstuffs as far as Marree. The goods for Birdsville, which is two hundred and fifty-six miles north of Marree, are delivered by a lorry. The track from Marree to Birdsville is just the wheel marks of previous trips. On this trip it is necessary to cross the Warburton River, Barcoo River, and Cooper’s Creek.

Birdsville is slightly larger in population than Marree. The topography of both Marree and Birdsville is very sandy and flat. The people are lucky if they receive ten inches of rain a year.

There are no wireless or telephone outback. They use pedal radios to send and receive messages.

Both Marree and Birdsville have flying doctor bases.

—DON. MILLER, 2E.

THE GOBLIN

Down in a toadstool paddock the other afternoon,
I met a little Goblin singing a joyful tune:
“Here I sit and sew all day, sewing them very neat.
Making little petal shoes for little Goblin feet.

“Yellow for the pixies and brown ones for the gnomes,
Green for the elfmen who live in toadstool homes.
Silver for the fairies who dance upon the green,
But where shall I find Gold ones for the Queen?”

“Why not take a petal from a golden buttercup?”
I told the little Goblin, and he laughed and jumped right up.
“The very thing,” he chuckled, and picked one right away.
“The Queen shall have her slippers of Gold this very day.”

—JUDY O’CONNOR, 1D.

IMPRESSIONS

The vasty stillness of dim caverns,
Frosty stars in lost blue spaces,
The echoing, lingering depth of music,
Pinks and greys of early morning,
A field of wheat disturbed by breezes,
Storm trees sweeping, tortured, downwards,
A fireside nook of warmth and comfort,
Things that live and are not spoken,
Unforgotten, still remembered.

—R. FORREST, 3rd Year.

AN ESSAY ON THE ESSAY

On this subject I am not an expert, but it seems the essayists were not either, so we have something in common. The title of this “essay” may seem somewhat peculiar, but I am of the opinion that all essays are peculiar, so the title is fitting.

A dictionary defines an essay as “a literary composition on any subject.” With reference to such essays as “On Lying in Bed” and “Doors”, to name just two, I find this remark quite true. However, the dictionary goes on to say that a literary writing is one “whose value lies in beauty of form or emotional effect.” I find it quite difficult to see any beauty or emotional effect in a door.

Quoting from my literature book, “Essays can be entertaining...” I have yet to find one which is the least bit entertaining. I must admit I have not read many, but the first few are enough to put one off them for life. I am sure this essay is far from being “entertaining”; however, we must persevere to the end.

Essays range from subjects such as “On Getting Up On Cold Mornings” to “Meditations in Westminster Abbey”, two entirely different subjects, yet no matter what the subject is, one is always left in the same state of mind—boredom.

In my opinion an essay is written for the sheer delight of the author to see people squirming in their seats, trying to puzzle out what is meant by the so-called “literary composition”. I feel this is very unfair, and something ought to be done to relieve High School students from the suffering and mental strain caused by an overdose—or any dose at all—of an essay.

—PAT MAYO, 4th Year.

GRAMMAR

Nouns are just the names of things,
Like boys and girls and ducks and rings.
Prontons take the place of nouns,
Like he for boy and they for clowns.

Adjectives describe the nouns,
Like singing birds and funny clowns.
The verb has action just like these:
Hop and jump and cough and sneeze.

Use conjunctions instead of pauses,
And or but to join the clauses.
Adverbs add meaning to;
Verbs and adjectives and adverbs too.

—LILLIAN ZAVOROVICH, 3B.

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The Burr

WHO?
She had much work, she knew she had;
She knew, and yet she still was bad,
But out she went without a thought
Of doing what she knew she ought.

Next day in class, she had the ‘flu,
Could cough and sneeze at any cue.
At “Hands up those who’ve not done this yet,”
She’d cough and sneeze (poor little pet).

She’d cough and sneeze, and sneeze and snort
When there was mention of her report.
It worked so well, at a time like this,
Although the act was not quite bliss!

In this way the girl went on
Until the whole of the day was gone.
How do I know? You’ve got it, yes;
It was me, of course. You’re a mighty good guess!

—HELEN HUGHES, 5A.

SUNNY CORNER, MY HOME TOWN

I would like to dispute the article in last year’s “Burr” as to how Sunny Corner derived its name. Undoubtedly the article could be one of the many tales told, but mine is altogether different.

In early days Sunny Corner was called Mitchell, and up until large deposits of valuable ore were struck, it carried this name. The company which was formed called their show “Sunny Corner”, and from there the name carried to the township.

In a westerly direction from Sunny Corner a “suburb” or the ghost town still holds the name West Mitchell.

The town has now dwindled from a peak population of over 70,000 to a mere handful of people.

Although some leases are still held, there seems very little chance of Sunny Corner regaining life in the immediate future.

—JUDITH STAIT, 2E.

THE SCHOOL UNIFORM

The boys have to wear blue shirts.
Girls aren’t to wear pretty skirts.
All boys wear grey trousers;
The girls, naturally, wear white blouses.

The teachers don’t like flash socks,
The girls seldom wear nice frocks.
All the girls wear tunics;
We boys like our jumpers to be crew necks.

For P.T. we all wear shorts.
P.T. teachers aren’t good sports.

—JOSS BROWNE, 2B.

The Burr

RIVALS

Now in our lovely city fair,
The touch of spring is in the air.
While new-born lambs, and rabbits play,
Our day is like any other day.

But the quarrel of the price still blooms
Among shops’ brightly coloured rooms.
There’s Watons-Sears and Western Stores,
Who coax the people to their doors.

If mats are six bob in one shop,
They’re sure to be five and six next stop.

So life goes on with busy hands
Of people working behind shop stands.
But let me add one word for your thought:
Please add up what your pounds have bought.

—BRENDA JAQUES, 2B.

THE SCHOOL WEEK

When I set out for school on Monday morn,
My mother states I look forlorn.
But I have a reason for looking blue.
When I realise we have Science first two.

So through the week, school every day,
I feel as if I will decay away.
Along comes Saturday, at last, a rest.
But to make me work, Dad is such a pest.
Sunday’s a rest, and it is good to be born:
But, along again comes Monday morn.

—D. SMITH, 2A.

ALONE

There stands a small and lonely child:
Alone and cold and frightened;
He cuddles close to him his dog,
As fear and panic heightened.

There comes a noise not far away,
And boy and dog start howling:
The noise has passed and now he knows
‘Twas just a cat a-prowling!

The tears stop running down his cheeks,
And his heart begins to pound:
His name he hears from some place near,
He cries two words: “I’m found!”

—VAL LIDDEN, 4th Year.

This Page donated by Globe Hotel.
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A HELICOPTER COMES TO SCHOOL

It was about 9.20 a.m. on the 16th March this year, during the Carillon City Festival, that a helicopter landed on the School oval. It had been circling over the town for about a quarter of an hour. Gradually it began to come lower, and as it passed over our house I rushed out to see what it was doing. By the time I had reached our front gate people were running from all directions, and I was just in time to see it sweep over the treetops and telegraph lines and come gently to rest on the School oval.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered to see it. There were people of all ages, sizes and types of dress crowding in on the scene. It looked very much like Browning’s description of the rats rushing after the Pied Piper. Here were men in short trousers, with spindly legs, who looked as though they had just left their Sunday gardening. There were women who appeared to have just left the breakfast washing-up half done on the sink. Children of all ages were there, some in playing or working clothes, and others dressed up ready for Sunday School.

—Photograph by courtesy of Mr. B. Letcher.

The machine itself looked like some strange insect with a transparent, bubble-like body (in which the pilot sat), a long, slightly raised tail and big ungainly wings. On the side a petrol company had a notice advertising its product.

The helicopter stopped for about five minutes and then took off with a lady on board. It swept over Peel Street and just cleared the trees and telegraph wires. It circled the town a couple of times and then came back. It came in very low, swept over the crowd, and flew towards the cricket pitch. For a few seconds I wondered what Mr. Couell would say on Monday, but suddenly it stopped, hovered a couple of feet above the ground, turned round in the air and came back to where it had stopped the first time. After a few minutes it took off again and headed towards Raglan.

As I went home I felt that I had seen History—the first time a helicopter has landed on the School oval.

—PHILIP EASTON, 3A.

THE YOUNG LADY

Her dress was of a beautiful, silky material, in sunset pink. It was full skirted and had a well-fitted bodice with only one sleeve. Her shoes were spike heeled, and her stockings had a black seam in them. Powder, rouge, eye shadow and lipstick were liberally applied to her face. Her hair was pulled back from her face and in a bun at the top of her head. Quite well dressed, yet people were laughing at her. Why, you may ask. Well, the young lady was only 11 years old!

—ROSALIND CASSILLES, 2A.

KALGOORLIE

We learn in fourth class that Kalgoorlie is the gold mining centre of Western Australia. Little do we realise that it is the largest and most important inland city of the west.

Set on the edge of the vast Nullabor Plains, Kalgoorlie has an extremely interesting water supply. Every drop of this precious liquid is pumped from one boosting station to another, across 351 miles of desert, from the Canning River. The immense pipe lines join the train tracks east of Perth and run beside them the rest of the way.

From this supply, Kalgoorlie boasts a beautiful, full-size Olympic swimming pool.

This pool, as with many things in Western Australia, is named after Lord Forrest, surveyor, explorer and statesman, and Australia’s first peer.

The main streets, Hannan and Forrest, are very wide, with evidence of age in the old-fashioned buildings. These streets also contain new chain stores, giving them a modern look.

Hannan Street was named after Paddy Hannan, who found the first gold in Kalgoorlie. There is a statue of him, and a plaque where he found his nugget.

At night the Golden Mile, which runs from Kalgoorlie to Boulder City, is bathed with light from the mines. The derricks and overhead structure make a very impressive sight against the horizon.

Indeed, Kalgoorlie is a very impressive city—a wonderful example of a man-made oasis in the desert.

—S. BLOMFIELD, 3A.

WINTER TIME

I love to hear the wind at night,
When I’m in bed all cozy and tight.
I love the wind to sing me to sleep,
With a lovely voice, so soft and deep.

I love to hear the rain come down
On the roof tops, red and brown.
When the rain patters down on the roofs,
It sounds like a pony’s galloping hoofs.

I love to see the snowflakes fall,
Spreading a blanket of white over all.
It covers the branches of every tree,
And the paddocks look like a pearly sea.

—ROBYN CROWE, 1D.
AGE

I've watched an old man, ah, many a time,
As he sits in his rickety chair,
A'dreaming of times very distant now,
And wishing, no doubt, he was there.

For life must go on, and men must grow old,
Though painful this process can be.
With many a tear, and many a sigh,
The end of a long life he'll see.

He'll dream of past years and be young again,
He'll dream of the joys he has shared
With many a friend; growing weary at last,
He'll think of the fine place ahead.

—WINSOME PARNHAM, 4A.

PRE-SCHOOL DILEMMA

"Mum, mum, where are my clothes?" A frantic shout comes from the other bedroom. "I can't find 'em, Mum . . . ."

By this time I have wakened (in a sort of a way). Staring blankly at the wall, trying to figure out what day it is . . . Sunday . . . no, I remember sitting out a very boring sermon recently . . . Must be Saturday then . . . since when does Saturday come soon after Sunday?

Then, of course, the clock (which unfortunately waits for no-one) starts to strike. Sure, it'll strike seven, because the sun is just over the trees. But . . . it only struck one! Of course, it's only 6:30. Very reassuring, until I hear the clatter of breakfast dishes in the kitchen . . . .

and I'm still not dressed.

Then it starts. I'm all thumbs. Things go on back to front, I can't find my tie-pin. Where's the belt to my tunic? No socks! Oh, there must be! At last everything's in place.

Now I'm waiting for my toast at the breakfast table. My young brother waits next to me. Kicking each other under the table is our favourite hobby (brothers and sisters love each other, you know).

"Come on, stop that!" Dad's voice breaks the silence.

Mum says, "Here's your toast."

Something must have gone wrong somewhere. The toast is black on one side, and not cooked at all on the other.

"Someone go to the . . . ."

"It's her turn." An accusing finger is pointed in my direction.

"I went to the butcher's last!"

"I did!"

"You did not!"

"I did. Well, anyway, look at the clock! Half past eight already. I won't have time before . . . ."

"Go on dear, be a good girl!"

So I go to the butcher's.

On returning home . . .

"Hey, Sis, no school to-day. No-one's going because there's an "academic" of measles, or something."

"Epidemic, you mean," so I settle down to a day at home . . . . with my brother.

—FRANCES PETERS, 2A.

JUNGLE ESCAPADE

Nelson, and Diana, his girl friend, were running wildly down the narrow jungle track. Diana, a blonde of about twenty, glanced back regretfully at her house which was enveloped in flames. It had been raided by wild Mau Mau natives, and they were the only survivors. Nelson, a tall, handsome man in khaki jungle clothes, with a rifle in his hand, pulled her roughly after him. They raced through the thick, steamy jungle.

"Get behind that rock," he ordered, and, giving her a huge pistol, hid behind a bush. With hysterical cries a handful of natives appeared. There followed a hard battle. Nelson felled three, but another circled behind him, and was just about to throw a spear when Diana shot him.

A while later, while running through tall grass, a vicious tiger leapt at Diana. Nelson, his gun being empty, drew his knife, wrestled the tiger, stabbed it, and picked up Diana. They swam across a crocodile-infested river, but were surrounded by natives in the pay of the fat crook, Jonas, who wanted to kill Nelson.

In the ensuing fight red blood stained Nelson's shoulder, and Diana surrendered. However, they had disturbed a great elephant who, in his rage, knocked down a branch covered with monkeys. An enormous boa constrictor and a wild boar joined the party. This gave Nelson and Diana a chance to escape.

A few minutes later they blundered into quicksand, and sank lower and lower. On the edge stood Jonas, the fat crook, laughing at their fate.

"Cut!" yelled the director of "Peril in Africa". The whirring of the cameras died, and "Nelson" and "Diana" walked away for a cup of coffee.

—ANDREW WALLACE, 1A.

ODE TO THE DEAD GUM TREE

O most lonesome sight of woe, great spectacle
Of impressiveness, I see you silent, grey,
Rotting slowly in time: you are majestic
In your death.

Once you were alive, a vital
Great wondrous living thing, awe-inspiring with
Firm, strong white trunk, white branches, liberally
Endowed with olive-green leaves. Perhaps in your
Mighty being animals dwelled, koalas,
Chewing your soft eucalypt gum-tips. Possums
Perhaps swung by furry tails and slept, hearing
The wind murmur softly through your leaves.

But now.
Now, you are dead. No more have you the pleasant
Green leaves, no more the firm white bark, no more do
Animals dwell in your bosom. You are dead.

—JOHN GARRETT, 4A.
RANDOM THOUGHTS ON TIME

"What is this world, if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"

Yet how many of us DO find time to 'stand and stare.' How often do we glance hurriedly at a rich, red sunset, and think to ourselves, ‘No, I haven’t time to look at sunsets! I know it’s beautiful, but...’ and we go on with whatever we are doing, feeling pressed by time and conscious of how fast it goes. How often have we been suddenly struck with the beauty of the river, gliding beneath the bridge, but have bustled shamelessly by, refusing to take in the quiet scene. How often have we looked at the slow mist lifting from the mountains, and have turned back to our work, afraid of ‘wasting time.’

It seems strange that we have so little time to spare, when we consider the incomprehensible expanse of Time itself. Geologists tell us that our earth is between 1,500 million and 3,200 million years old, and this must be a mere fraction of the time that has passed since Time began. Yet we ‘haven’t got time.’

It is a paradox that the faster our life, the less time we have. To-day, the emphasis is on speed, and our time proportionally goes faster and seems shorter. Our trains and cars travel more quickly than any other mode of transport before our time. Our jet planes travel faster than sound. Radio, television and telegraph have revolutionised our communications. Science has invented faster and faster machines, with increasing powers of automation. Every sphere of life—from the home to the factory—has been completely altered by time-saving devices. But the more time we try to save, the less there seems to be of it. Our lives are so full of hurly and bustle we seem to spend them in constant tumult. Life is a series of desperate attempts to be on time. How many boys and girls have a frantic scramble every day to be at school by nine? How many strive to do the washing-up at night before their favourite serial comes on? But surely there is something more to life than this ceaseless round of activity. Blessed is he who has time to be still.

Bertrand Russell, the famous British philosopher, said recently, ‘Governments are busy and they don’t have time to think. Busy people don’t have time to think.’ And yet in the hands of governments lies the future of our world. Their policies and decisions mean peace or—war. The world seems to be racing non-stop towards that inevitable doom. With so much to do and so little time in which to do it, it seems impossible that war can be avoided. The consequences of a world-wide atomic war are too ghastly to think about. It is up to us, the people of the world, to take time to THINK about ourselves and the future, to do all we can to prevent war.

Is it worth the time and effort to build up elaborate defences against a possible atomic attack? Surely there is more positive action to take. Defeatist, defensive attitudes will only tempt aggressors further. Let us do all we can to promote peace. Let us THINK about our governments’ decisions and be ready to criticise. Let us make time in our lives, amidst their everyday bustle and speed, to ‘stand and stare,’” or we, with all the rest of the non-thinking, blinded world, will find ourselves swept from Time into Eternity.

—RUTH WALLACE, 5th Year.

ASTLEY CUP 1958

The draw for 1938 was such that we played the first round against Orange, and the last round against Dubbo at home.

At Orange the weather was excellent and the grounds good. Athletics was first, and in this sport we defeated Orange 62 points to 38. Our points were compiled as follows: First in high jump (5ft. 6in.), second in 100 yards and 220 yards by Lance Gregory, first in the mile by Austen Knight (4min. 48.4sec.), second in the broad jump by Earl McIntosh, first in the girls’ 100 yards by Lola Rivett (11.7sec.), and first place in both boys’ relay (48.6sec.), and girls’ relay (52.6sec.).

Tennis was the next sport to be played. Here Orange made up for their defeat by scoring 34 points to our 26. The boys drew their doubles 4 sets each, scoring 32 games to Orange 31 games. The girls lost 7 sets to 1, Orange getting 43 games to our 18, and the mixed was won by Orange, 5 sets to 3, 25 games to 39.

Basketball was played next day on a greasy field. Orange were really excellent in defence, and beat us 30 goals to 8. The points score was 51 to Orange and 9 to Bathurst. Hockey followed immediately. With neither side being superior, a centre field game was the result. Orange scored a goal and so gained a lead which they held to the end. In the football, Bathurst took a lead of seven to nil, and held it to the end, despite desperate efforts by Orange to bridge the gap. This left Orange winners of the round.

Here in Bathurst we had a really thrilling round. Athletics was first, and we won, 85 points to 15. Our scores were Lance Gregory first in 100 yards (11.0sec.), 220 yards (25.1sec.), high jump 5ft. 9in. (record), and second in broad jump. Austen Knight again won his mile, this time in a new record time of 4min. 47sec. Earl McIntosh won the broad jump with 19ft. 3in., and Lola Rivett was first in the girls’ 100 yards (11.7sec.). We won both relays, the boys in 48.3 seconds and the girls in 53.5 seconds. In the high jump Elvan Jong was second and John Pulley third, both clearing 5ft. 33in. Bob Cohen was third in the 220 and broad jump, and Les Lovell was third in the mile. Helen Logue was third in the girls’ 100 yards.

Tennis that afternoon saw a win for Dubbo with a lot of very close matches. The result was: Boys’ doubles, Bathurst 4 sets 39 games 10 points, drew with Dubbo 4 sets 38 games 10 points. Girls: Bathurst 3 sets 29 games 6 points lost to Dubbo 5 sets 29 games 14 points. The mixed result was Bathurst 3 sets 30 games, 13 points, lost to Dubbo 5 sets 39 games, 27 points. Dubbo gained 51 points to our 29.

Basketball the next day saw a very even game, with Dubbo only being sure of victory at the final bell. Bathurst started well and went to a lead, which they held till half time. Dubbo took over, and went to a three-goal lead. Here Yvonne Bonham was injured and a replacement was put on. Bathurst played well, and at the end of the quarter the score was 15-all. In the last quarter the play see-sawed, finally Dubbo gaining a four-goal lead. Bathurst started a run which finished with the bell, and Bathurst one goal short. The score was: Bathurst 21 goals, 22 points, lost to Dubbo 22 goals, 38 points.

Hockey was even more thrilling than the basketball. Bathurst scored almost at the start—a good goal by Margaret Moore. However, Dubbo came back and scored in a very short time, four goals. The play was even then till half-time. After this Bathurst had the better of play until with
about five minutes to go the score was 4 each. Judy Pollard, Janet Hurst and Jenny Edwards each had scored. Then from play in Bathurst's half, Dubbo took the ball away and scored. This looked like the end, but almost immediately Jenny Edwards took the ball up the field and scored, to make it 5-all. Points were 50 each. A good result to a wonderful game.

Football was lost, and we saw a good crowd down to the match. The field was not quite as firm as one would have wished, but was still alright. Soon after the start of the match the home team sent Lance Gregory in for the first of three excellent tries. Bathurst, always on the attack, had Lance in again shortly afterwards. The try was converted by Garry Toole. A couple of minutes before half-time Malcolm Newman burst through to score, making the half-time score 11 to 0.

For the early part of the second half Dubbo played solid football, and were continually on the attack, but strong defence by the Bathurst forwards kept them out. At this point Ray Ryan landed a penalty goal to make the score 11-2. Gregory, then Baillie, with good runs, both scored to make it 17-2. The cap was put on the match when Hocking ran almost the length of the field to score, the final points being 20 to 2. Ernie McLernon must receive some mention for the good work he did in the five-eighth position. He quite often cut through to put his backs in position.

Points were 93 to 7, and so Bathurst won the round, 279 to 161. As each school had a win, points were totalled, and Bathurst won the Cup for 1958 with 493 points to Orange 436 and Dubbo 391.

BOYS' ATHLETIC RECORDS, 1958

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SENIOR</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yds.—W. Bratton, 1925</td>
<td>10.2 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>220 Yds.—R. Campbell, 1927</td>
<td>22.2 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>440 Yds.—B. Booth, 1929</td>
<td>50.8 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>880 Yds.—G. Evans, 1956</td>
<td>2 min. 5.8 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 Mile—G. Evans, 1956</td>
<td>4 min. 23.4 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump—I. Gregory, 1958</td>
<td>5 ft. 9 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broad Jump—W. Bratton, 1926</td>
<td>22 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shot Put (12 lb.)—L. Gregory, 1958</td>
<td>38 ft. 3 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Relay—H. K. Team, 1951</td>
<td>46.7 secs.</td>
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<th>JUNIOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>100 Yds.—E. Knight 1952</td>
<td>11 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>220 Yds.—E. Bullock, 1934</td>
<td>25 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>440 Yds.—H. Meadows, 1928</td>
<td>55.8 secs.</td>
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<td>880 Yds.—A. Knight, 1957</td>
<td>2 min. 7.6 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump—I. Gregory, 1956</td>
<td>5 ft. 6 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broad Jump—B. Booth 1948</td>
<td>18 ft. 2 in.</td>
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<th>SUB-JUNIOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>100 Yds.—R. Cohen, 1959</td>
<td>11 secs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump—Ron Meyer, 1935</td>
<td>4 ft. 9 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broad Jump—R. Cohen, 1958</td>
<td>18 ft. 7 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>100 Yds.—Under 13, J. Bowman, 1956</td>
<td>11.8 secs.</td>
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SWIMMING

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<tr>
<th>SENIOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>Medley.—M. Cant, 1958</td>
<td>2 min. 57.3 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>200 Metres Freestyle.—N. Cant, 1957</td>
<td>2 min. 28.5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>100 Metres Freestyle.—N. Cant, 1957</td>
<td>1 min. 52 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Freestyle.—N. Cant, 1957</td>
<td>28.6 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 Metres Backstroke.—D. North, 1957</td>
<td>37.1 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Breaststroke.—D. North, 1957</td>
<td>41.5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Relay (4 x 50).—Lawson, 1958</td>
<td>2 min. 7.9 sec.</td>
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<th>JUNIOR</th>
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<tr>
<td>100 Metres Freestyle.—M. Cant, 1958</td>
<td>1 min. 9.5 sec.</td>
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<td>50 Metres Freestyle.—M. Cant, 1958</td>
<td>30.2 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Backstroke.—M. Cant, 1958</td>
<td>37.1 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Breaststroke.—D. North, 1958</td>
<td>40.4 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>100 Metres Freestyle.—I. Pollard, 1958</td>
<td>1 min. 16 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Freestyle.—I. Pollard, 1958</td>
<td>32.2 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Backstroke.—M. Cant, 1957</td>
<td>40.9 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Breaststroke.—W. North, 1956</td>
<td>46.1 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Relay (4 x 50).—Evans, 1958</td>
<td>2 min. 27.5 sec.</td>
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<th>UNDER 13</th>
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<tr>
<td>50 Metres Freestyle.—I. Pollard, 1958</td>
<td>32.2 sec.</td>
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BOYS' BLUES

Athletics A. Knight, L. Gregory
Cricket P. Willott
Football G. Toole, E. McLean, L. Gregory, M. Newman, I. Sutton
Tennis and Swimming Not awarded

TENNIS


This Page donated by Heathcote Cafe.
GIRLS' SWIMMING RECORDS

SENIOR
100 Metres Championship.—90.0sec. (1957) .......... R. Mitchell
50 Metres Breaststroke.—44.5sec. (1958) .......... W. Watson
50 Metres Backstroke.—47.0sec. (1958) .......... A. Watson
50 Metres Championship.—38.0sec. (1957) .......... L. Redding

JUNIOR
100 Metres Championship.—84.0sec. (1958) .......... M. de Graaf
50 Metres Breaststroke.—49.7sec. (1958) .......... M. de Graaf
50 Metres Backstroke.—46.7sec. (1958) .......... M. King
50 Metres Championship.—38.0sec. (1958) .......... R. Forrest

SUB-JUNIOR
100 Metres Championship.—86.5sec. (1958) .......... J. Ballam
50 Metres Breaststroke.—47.3sec. (1957) .......... I. Kongitta
50 Metres Backstroke.—47.6sec. (1957) .......... M. King
50 Metres Championship.—36.4sec. (1958) .......... J. Ballam
4 x 50 Metres Relay.—3min. 25.3sec. (1958) .......... Evans
Junior-Senior 4 x 50 Metres Relay.—2min. 50.0sec. (1958) .......... Lawson

WILLMAN CUP

In our biennial fixture with Lithgow High School, for the Willman Cup, we again came out the all over victors. In the summer series the score was 3 games-all, with Lithgow winning the boys' first and second grade cricket, and girls' tennis, while Bathurst won the girls' cricket and softball, and the boys tennis.

In the winter series Lithgow only won one event, the boys' 8st. 7lb. football, and Bathurst won the boys' 6st. 7lb., 7st. 7lb. and first grade football, the girls' "A" and "B" grade hockey, and "A" and "B" grade basketball.

SUMMER SERIES — Lithgow 3, Bathurst 3
Girls' Tennis.—Bathurst 3 games lost to Lithgow 5 games.
Girls' Cricket.—Bathurst 8 for 143 defeated Lithgow 56.
Girls' Softball.—Bathurst 35 defeated Lithgow 15.
Boys' Tennis.—Bathurst 3 sets defeated Lithgow sets.
Boys Cricket, First Grade.—Lithgow 149 defeated Bathurst 100.
Boys Cricket, Second Grade.—Lithgow 8 for 188 defeated Bathurst 48 and 68.

WINTER SERIES — Bathurst 7, Lithgow 1
Girls' "A" Hockey.—Bathurst 1 defeated Lithgow 0.
Girls' "B" Hockey.—Bathurst 5 defeated Lithgow 3.
Girls' "A" Basketball.—Bathurst 26 defeated Lithgow 5.
Girls' "B" Basketball.—Bathurst 25 defeated Lithgow 17.
Boys' 6st. 7lb. Football.—Bathurst 6 defeated Lithgow 3.
Boys' 7st. 7lb. Football.—Bathurst 7 defeated Lithgow 0.
Boys' 8st. 7lb. Football.—Bathurst 2 lost to Lithgow 3.
Boys' First Grade Football.—Bathurst 16 defeated Lithgow 0.

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FIR ST XIII
Back Row: G. Young, B. Butcher, R. Windsor, K. Connolly.
Seated: M. Newman, D. Hughes, Mr. R. Learmonth (Coach), G. Toole, Mr. J. Laid (Coach), M. McLean, I. Baillie, B. Hockings.
FOOTBALL
First Grade

This year the First XIII has had a very successful season, although, mainly due to injuries, it has not performed quite as brilliantly as indicated early in the winter, when it appeared we'd have one of the best teams ever.

The list of injuries reads like a casualty ward in a hospital—J. Bailie (torn stomach muscles), G. Tooie (broken nose), M. Newman (cut knee), L. Lovell (concussion), J. Phillips (bruised shoulder), A. Payne (broken collar bone), L. Gregory (pulled leg muscle), and D. Hughes (sprained wrist). At one stage four of the original 13 were available. However, owing to the excellent school spirit of such hockey players as B. Rutter (who turned out to be one of our best forwards), P. Willott, and G. Reynolds, together with staunch support from the Under 16 team, the firsts were able to fulfill all engagements. It was fortunate that we were able to field nearly our strongest side in the three most important engagements—the two Astley Cup features and the Technical High visit. However, the consequent distraction of the team affected the combination which early in the year had been really brilliant.

In the Astley Cup, the team following last year's engagement, won both encounters, defeating Orange High 7 points to nil, and Dubbo High (who had comfortably defeated Orange) by 20 points to 2. In the latter match, the team played really good football. (A fuller account of these matches occurs elsewhere in 'The Burr' under Astley Cup).

Against Sydney Tech. High, the team gave a brilliant exhibition of Rugby League, avenging a number of defeats in recent years. By excellent combination play, they piled up a score of 29 points to 8—a really fine achievement. The scorers were P. Willott 3, McLean, Gregory, Phillips, Toole 2 goals.

In the Under 18 competition (Combined Bathurst and Orange Rugby Leagues), the High School team is at the moment equal second: Railway (mainly B.H.S. ex-students), is leading. The team's best effort in this competition was early in the season, when it defeated C.Y.M.S. Orange by 41 to nil (I. Bailie from lock scoring four brilliant tries). The results to date are as follows: v. Railway, 0-11, 4-25, 0-13; v. S.P.C., 0-17, 7-9, 7-5; v. C.Y.M.S., 41-0, 11-0; v. Emmonco, 14-0, 14-0.

High School defeated C.Y.M.S. 9-8 in the semi-final, but lost to St. Patrick's 10-0 in the final.

We are grateful to the B.D.R.F.L., not only for its provision of good hard football for the team—football which has ensured the team's condition and combination—but also for the generous assistance given in regards travelling expenses and the provision of jerseys for the school team. This help has been greatly appreciated by the School.

In other matches the team has not fared as well. An excellent match saw the team narrowly defeat Cowra High 11 to 7, whilst Orange High beat us 4 to 2 in a curtain-raiser to the England-Western Districts match, and also 5-3 in the Schoolboys' Group 10 carnival.

The side was fortunate to have such a brilliant half as Garry Tooie—probably the best to represent the School in recent years. Garry is assured of a bright future in football, and we look forward to seeing him gain representative honours later. He also led the team very ably after Ivan Bailie's injury against Cowra. Garry was ably supported by E. ("Huk") McLean, who gave many brilliant displays at five-eighth—another player with a future. Lance Gregory as inside centre, was the third of a brilliant combination, and his improved displays late in the season were most impressive. The combination between these players has been a feature of the season's football.

We were unfortunate to lose the services (except for the two Astley Cup games), of Ivan Bailie, a hard-tackling, hard-running lock; however, his place was ably filled by L. Lovell, who is a tireless worker and a good tackler. Ian Sutton, as hooker, gave us an excellent supply of the ball, and has become one of the best forwards in the pack, both in attack and defence.

B. Rutter, J. Hughes and John Phillips gave several impressive displays in the forwards, whilst M. ("Podge") Newman improved during the season to become one of the best props in the district. His displays this year have been marked by excellent school spirit, wirie running, and his non-stop efforts have earned him a thoroughly deserved "blue", the others being the back-line triumvirate of Toole, McLean and Gregory.

In the backs, Ian Freeman improved to become a solid member of the back line, whilst W. North tackled most impressively throughout the season. Barry Hockings, a newcomer, developed into a good winger, whilst E. McIntosh, at full-back, gave many sound displays. P. Willott in his few games showed match-kicking qualities, and we were sorry that his appearances were so limited. We wish him all the best as Captain of the State Junior Hockey XI to tour South Australia in the September vacation.

This report would be incomplete if we did not add a word of appreciation to Mr. Kneale's Under 16 team, whose members filled in so often and so well when regular members of the firsts were injured. This team, together with a few of the "veterans", inspires a good team for 1959. Such players as K. Connolly, C. Young, R. Boyle and others will give us a good start for next season.
SOCCER

An increasing number of pupils are showing an interest in Soccer. For the first time in its short history at the Bathurst High School, Soccer was played in a House competition. A Soccer trophy "The Red Rose Cup", was donated by Mr. G. Kamaratos for the winning House in this competition. It was won by Lawson, and this House is to be congratulated on a very fine achievement.

An inter-school competition was held, in which Bathurst Teachers' College, All Saints' College and Bathurst High School participated. Teachers' College came first, having won all its matches, and All Saints' College was second. Our congratulations go to the Teachers' College Soccer eleven, who gave a high standard display of Soccer throughout their matches.

A Lithgow High School Soccer team played us in a friendly match on the occasion of the Willman Cup series.

In an exciting match in which both sides played very well, Bathurst High School defeated the Lithgow team by five goals to three. Outstanding players were Timothy Ho, Lee K.T., Elwan Tong, and the Captain, Eddie Ng C.S., who inspired the Soccer First XI throughout the season.

The annual Staff versus Pupils Soccer match ended in a victory for the pupils. After an exciting battle, the score agreed upon by the two sides was: Staff 2 goals, Pupils 3 goals.

We wish to thank members of the Bathurst Soccer Club, who showed a great interest in our School, for their expert coaching and kind assistance given to our teams.

This Block donated by Red Rose Cafe.

SOCCER

Sitting: Richard Oh, Phillip Lee, Eddie Ng, Mr. van Wierst, Timothy Ho, Elwan Tong, David Yong.

This Page donated by Motor Tyre Service Pty. Ltd.
ATHLETICS

The annual Athletic Carnival was held on the 8th and 9th of April. Seven records were broken—four by boys and three by girls. Individual champions were: Boys: L. Gregory (B) Senior, P. Willott (W) Junior and R. Cohen (E) Sub-Junior. Girls: M. Wilson (L) Senior, H. Logue (W) Junior, and J. Muir (E) Sub-Junior. The result was a good win for Wentworth House 303 points, with Evans second 204 and Lawson third 187, and Blaxland fourth with 108 points.

In the Bathurst Secondary Schools Competition High School won the Sub-Junior Shield and was second in the Senior, Junior, and in the aggregate point score to S.S.C. in all cases. Six new records were set, of which High School athletes set four. Bob Cohen set a record in the Sub-Junior 220 and broad jump, Lance Gregory set a new height for the high jump, and Eric Winchester set new figures for the shot put.

In the Astley Cup, the High School team defeated Orange by 62 points to 38, and Dubbo by 85-15. Lance Gregory and Austin Knight set new records in their events.

The cross country run this year was won by Austen Knight (B) in 16min. 43sec. This is just three seconds outside Bob Marks' record. Bob Bedwell was second and Les Lovell third. The House result was Wentworth 1st, Lawson 2nd, Evans 3rd and Blaxland 4th.

Six boys went to Sydney to compete in the C.H.S. Cross Country Championships. Austin Knight was fourth in the open two mile, and Les Lovell 29th.

In the under 15 mile David De Carle was 21st, while R. Wheatley was sixth in the under 14 years three-quarter mile, and R. Cooper was fourth in the under 13 years half mile.

HOCKEY NOTES

This year we have had a most successful season. Two teams were entered in the local junior secondary grade competition. The "A" team has suffered only one defeat and the "B" has been defeated by the "A" team each time they have met.

The "A" team is the minor premier for this season, and the final, which will decide the premiers, will be played between High "A" and High "B". So far the results are very pleasing, but as to the results of the finals it will be hard to decide, as the two teams are reasonably equal.

In other matches played this year a High School team played Lithgow in a social game at the Willman Cup. We had a comfortable win here, the scores being 8-3. The boys played the girls later on in the season, and the "A" and "B" teams had easy wins over the girls' "A" and "B" teams.

This paragraph is donated to congratulating High School players who have gained selection in representative teams.

Firstly we congratulate the boys who gained selection in N.S.W. State teams. Paul Willott is captain of the State team. Others are T. Rich, T. Sharwood and K. Hamer. We now congratulate those High School players who have gained selection to travel to Tamworth with the District teams.

There is a marked increase in the number of boys playing House hockey and those playing Saturday hockey, and this is definite proof that "Hockey is the Game that Grows".

—BRUCE RUTTER, 5th Year.

(The "B" team defeated the "A" team in the final, but the "A" team reversed the decision in the Grand Final, and thus became premiers.—Ed.)
GIRLS' SOFTBALL

A few weeks prior to the contest with Lithgow, our team was reduced from 43 enthusiasts to 15, and this squad practised hard and seriously.

Our thanks to the Teachers' College and Miss Jarvie for some outside practice with the College girls. This improved our team and helped them overcome the fear of facing strange pitchers.

All girls played exceptionally well against Lithgow, as the score indicated—35 to 15 in our favour.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Standards did not improve as markedly as in former years, but twenty records were broken, ten by the boys and ten by the girls.

Outstanding performances were put up by Wendy Watson, Marriane de Graaf, Judith Ballam, Malcolm Cant, and Ian Pollard.

Lawson House won the carnival with a total of 188 points, then followed Wentworth 159, Evans 159 and Blaxland 122.

The champions were: Senior, Anne Watson and Doug Hughes; junior, Marriane de Graaf and Malcolm Cant; sub-junior, Judy Ballam and Jan Pollard.

SWIMMING

The School had a particularly good season for 1957-58. Much of this success is undoubtedly due to the interest of the Bathurst Amateur Swimming Club. We would recommend that all aspiring local swimmers join this organisation. Thanks must also go to Mr. Ron Breeze for his assistance to the divers.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS CARNIVAL

The fourth Bathurst Secondary Schools Annual Carnival resulted in a clean sweep for Bathurst High School. Ian Pollard, Clive Young and Earl McIntosh turned in good performances.

In the Charlie Price Cup for seniors, High won with 43½ points. S.S.C. scored 32 and A.S.C. 23½.

The Western Cinemas Cup, for juniors, was won by High, with 55 points. S.S.C. scored 33, A.S.C. 27, T.S.S. 27 and S.P.C. 9. Malcolm Cant and Clive Young each broke records, as did the relay team in its event.


COMBINED HIGH SCHOOLS CARNIVALS

This year we were represented by strong teams at both the girls and boys' carnivals.


Boys: D. Hughes (Capt.), W. North, E. McIntosh, I. Bourke, C. Young, M. Cant, R. Windsor, K. Bourke, R. Boyle, I. Pollard, D. Smith, N. Harris.

The most successful swimmers were Wendy Watson, Ian Pollard and Earl McIntosh.

In all, the School can be proud of their representatives, particularly for their behaviour out of the water.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year the High School entered five teams in the Bathurst Women's Basketball Association's Saturday competition. The School teams played in A Grade and B Grade divisions I and II, and B Reserve Grade.

All teams have shown improvement throughout the season, but some girls think it a lazy game and don't need to move. Once this idea is overcome greater improvement still will be evident. High III team is the most promising of our School teams, and should do very well next season if they stay together.

The School teams express their thanks to the Women's Basketball Association for help and encouragement throughout the season; to Mrs. P. Barnes for umpiring the Astley Cup game against Dubbo, and to Misses Ivery and Riddiford and Mr. Breen for taking an interest in their play through the season.

The 4th and 5th teams were the only High School teams to enter the semi-finals, with the 4th team being successful and entered the finals, to be beaten by Blayney 4, 14-13, in a very exciting game.

This Page donated by Tourist Hotel.
The Burr

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This year we were only able to field three teams in the Bathurst Women's Hockey Association competition. I hope next year a greater interest will be taken in hockey again. These teams played in A Grade, B Grade and C Grade.

The A and B teams played well, and improved greatly from last year. There are still a few bad habits that have been acquired and not got rid of yet. The C team is made up of mostly beginners that are keen, and try each week. Keep this up and improvement next season will be much greater.

The School teams express their thanks to Mrs. Alexander, who gave up an hour of her time each Wednesday to help the girls improve their stickwork and positional play; to umpires during Astley Cup series, Misses B. Jarvie and N. Whitteman, and to officials from the Women’s Hockey Association for help and encouragement to the girls throughout the season.

Results of the School teams taking part in the local competition are:
A team were beaten 3-2 by Swifts Blues in the semi-final; B team defeated Stars 3-2 in the grand final, and the C team forfeited their semi-final to St. Mary's owing to the school holidays. Congratulations to the team winning its division.

In the Willman Cup game against Lithgow, the A team did not play good hockey to win 1-0, and the B team won 5-3 after a hard game.

This Block donated by Bathurst Women’s Hockey Association.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Seated: D. Parnham, J. Hurst, V. Lidben, Mrs. Alexander (Coach), J. Pollard, D. Ballam, J. Graham.

This Half-Page donated by J. Maloney, Chemist.
The Burr

CRICKET

This season, in an effort to build up our teams, we entered teams in lower divisions of the Schools Cricket Competition. We had 1st Grade, 3rd Grade, 5th Grade and Under 13 years teams.

The first grade team at the time of writing, is second in its competition, having been defeated by only St. Stanislaus' College. Paul Willett has captained the team very well, and receives a blue for his cricket.

The 3rd Grade side is not faring as well as the 1st Grade, having lost one of their matches. The 5th Grade team did not fare well in the first round, but won three of the four matches in the second round.

The Under 13 team have lost three of their five matches, two matches being lost by a few runs, and the other outright. We are looking forward to a better season next year from all teams, and hope to do well.

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Parents!

- We carry always a full range of approved School Clothing and Footwear
- Our Prices are Keener — and you can buy everything your schoolagers need in the one Big Store
- Correct Shoe Fitting for growing feet by our expert assistants
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