

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XV

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1936.

STUDENT OFFICIALS

Captain of School : Michael R. Seymour.
Senior Girl Prefect: Miss J. Ingleton.

Prefects :

Girls	Boys
Miss M. Stagbouer.	G. V. Green.
Miss J. Tyrer.	P. W. Fox.
Miss D. White.	L. Webster.
Miss T. Phillips.	H. A. Hugall.
Miss D. Callahan.	

Faction Captains :

Blue

Miss M. Stagbouer. M. Seymour.

Red

Miss J. Ingleton. A. Waters.

Kingia

Miss J. Payne. K. Withers.

Gold

Miss D. Sturm. H. Hugall.

Sports Prefects: Miss M. Stagbouer, K. Withers; Librarians: Miss J. Tyrer, Miss D. Callahan; History Librarians: Miss P. Medlen, Miss J. Tyrer; Geography Librarians: Miss M. Stagbouer, Miss J. Ingleton; Editors: Miss R. Crouch, R. L. Nelson; Business Manager: K. Withers.

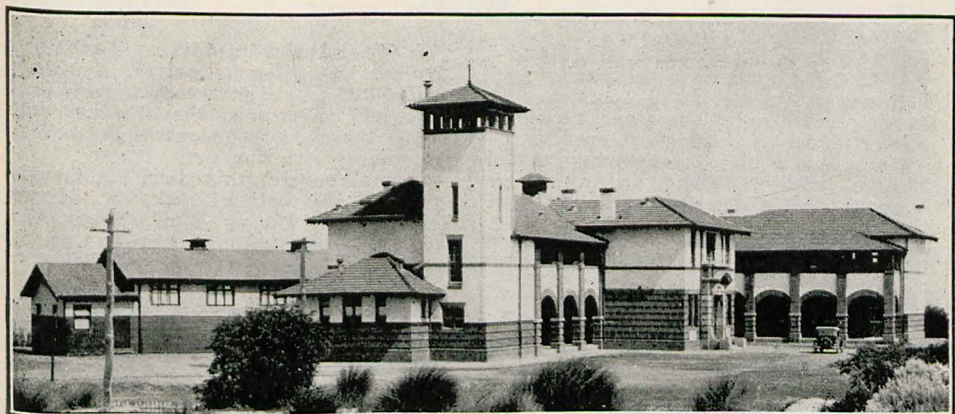


PREFECTS, 1936.—Back Row: Miss M. Stagbouer, P. Fox, Miss D. White, H. Hugall, Miss T. Phillips, G. Green, Miss D. Callahan. Sitting: L. Webster, Miss J. Ingleton (Senior Girl), A. J. Irvine, B.A., Dip. Ed., (Headmaster), M. Seymour (School Captain), Miss J. Tyrel.

CONTENTS



Editorial	3
Prefects' Notes	3
Faction Notes	4, 5, 6, 7
Results of 14th Annual Sports Meeting	7
Hockey Team	11
Critique of Hockey Team	13
Critique of Football XVIII	13
Badminton Notes	14
Ferm Notes	15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Applied Quotations	20
Popular Duets	21
Popular Songs	22
Plain Plane Geometry	22
The Spring Dream	22
Evening Lullaby—Cradle Song	23
The Autumn Elf	23
On the Green Moss	23
A Revised Version of the Origin of Scandal	23
The I“D” Girls	23
Our 1937 Prefects	23
Mermaids	24
ID Alphabet	24
Studying	25
An Appreciation	25
English Assignments	26
Modern History Society	26
The Library	27
Bed Time Stories from the Fourth	27
On Going to the Theatre	27
Hospital Fund	28
Labour Saving Devices	28
The Scandal Club	29
Armistice, 1936	29
An Experiment Called “Swot”	30
Energy in a City Churchyard	30, 31



THE KINGIA

Vol. XV. No. 2.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1936.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL

At the time of writing one might conclude, from the number of articles which have been submitted, that literary talent among the students is more conspicuous by its absence than its presence. Persons may believe this statement unjust but the editors feel that the dearth of articles must be due either to lack of talent or to a great laziness which has descended inopportunely upon students. Pope in his "Essay on Criticism" wrote the following line:—

"True ease in writing comes from art,
not chance."

It would be unfair to say that any one form is more afflicted with laziness than the other, although excuses could be made for Junior and Leaving candidates who are now doing their extra three hours per night. Notwithstanding, a large percentage of the articles already submitted has come from these forms. The contributors from these forms may be writing for practice but, even so, we thank them and wish that other forms would follow their good example.

Perhaps the feelings of some contributors are somewhat similar to these:—

"Twas said to me in tones both low and deep,

"Write things!" "But do you really know,"

I asked with anguish, as I took my stand,

"Authors must have titles to expand?"

"I try to write, the thoughts flow thick and fast.

But even as I grasp my pen to write,
The moment's heat dries up my fountain's might.

'Tis sad that inspiration does not last."

However it is hoped that next year will show a vast increase in the quota of articles and a slight lifting of the laziness. So, now, to prevent wasting more of the reader's time we will conclude by wishing Junior and Leaving students the best possible success.

R. CROUCH,

R. NELSON,

Editors.

PREFECTS' NOTES

Since our last appearance in the "Kingia," we have had a rather quiet time, with very few dances owing to the ban placed on such by the staff earlier in the year.

The annual Sports dance, held on October 14th, the night of the sports was a great success financially and socially, aided by the profitable cool-drink bar. This is the only dance held in the gymnasium since the prefects' dance in July. Preparations are being made for another prefects' dance to be held after the Leaving and Junior examinations, and this should prove to be as great a success as the last one.

With the Leaving appearing menacingly before us, our whole time is devoted to study and some of next year's prefects have been chosen to take over our duties. Those elected so far are K. Withers, R. Nelson, E. Lane, A. Waters,

and C. Green, M. Brown, J. Wood and J. Powell. We wish them the best of luck in their work and have confidence in them to come up to our standard which, all will agree, is the highest possible.

Our sympathies rest with Athol McGhie, who sustained an injury by accident and which unfortunately cost him an eye. We hope this will not affect his school career.

Before bidding everyone adieu we

wish the Junior candidates and the Leaving, including ourselves, the very best of luck in the forthcoming examinations and trust that the students will uphold the good traditions of the school by passing with honours.

Not "au revoir" this time, but "good-bye," all, the best of luck, a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.—We are,

---THE PREFECTS.

FACTION NOTES

KINGIA FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Sports Day—the great day of the year—was very successful, at least from the students' point of view. We wish to congratulate Misses D. White and B. Prichard on being Senior and Junior Champion respectively; also the Boy Champions, A. Seymour and A. Lindsay. As usual Blue gained the great number of points but Kingia came a good second. The Kingia girls were more successful than they have been for some years, P. Graham being runner-up for Junior Champ.

The hockey team after remaining unbeaten throughout the season, gained the pennant after exciting finals against Blue faction. We are all looking forward to the grand finals in baseball and of course we hope to be successful but judging by the poor hitting and fielding when we played Gold in the semi-finals the hope of gaining a baseball pennant is very slight.

At present, since we have no hope of rivalling Blue for first place in faction points we are doing our best to keep our points ahead of Red for second place.

Start training now girls and see if Kingia can't come out on top next year in all sports, but one thing always to remember is to take each defeat in as sportsmanlike a spirit as the victories.

We conclude by wishing all Junior and Leaving candidates every success in their exams.

KINGIA—BOYS

Motto:—

"Ours not to reason why
Ours but to do or die."

What tales of honour, valour, and heroic strife have we to relate? We are ashamed to admit it but we have done very little.

On Sports Day we exerted ourselves fairly well and obtained the greatest number of points in the boys' events, but were beaten in the total for the Athletics Pennant, by Blue. We did our best but we were not quite strong enough to win. However, we ran Blue quite close in points.

We would here like to congratulate the athletic champions. Congratulations, firstly, to our Junior Boy Champion, A. Lindsay and, secondly, to the Senior

John Birchall

TAILOR

Stephen Street - Bunbury

Champion Boy, M. Seymour. We would also like it to be known that we tender our congratulations to the girl champions—Misses D. White and B. Prichard, Senior and Junior Champs. respectively.

We are at the time of writing rather concerned over the possible fate of our Athletics Champion. He has been lodging away from home quite a lot lately. Consequently we are watching him with growing anxiety as to his safety.

As all know the cricket season is once again here and three matches have already been played. We have done passably well in First XI matches as we have only lost one match to Blue and have drawn with Red and Gold. In second eleven cricket we have a rather disastrous record. So far this season we have not won a match. We will of course in future correct this failure.

It is quite apparent that our cricket teams are not as strong as they might be. Our cricket captain will have to be approached about occasionally holding cricket practices, and demonstrate to us how to wield a willow in true Kingia style.

Even if we do not hold many practices, material may be obtained from Ken Withers with permission from Mr. Andrews. He says he will be only too willing to allow boys to have material, as long as they look after it. So don't be backward in taking advantage of this magnanimous offer. You may practise at the oval during the lunch hour or after school if you like, but don't be late for periods and get your poor unfortunate faction captain into trouble. He has quite enough of it now.

So too, with tennis. Here again Kingia has not gained a very ample store of points. The first match this season, against Red, indicated a clear-cut victory for Kingia but the following week we were forced to forfeit to Blue due to the fact that half the team was away from school.

The last match of the round, against Gold, we lost very narrowly by one game, as we had some substitutes in the team for those regulars who were absent. With our usual team we should have won.

Here is a strange fact. Although we have won no pennants it is admitted by other factions that they, secretly, envy the Kingia boys. Blue seems to be particularly envious. Why this is so we fully comprehend. Who wouldn't be in Kingia faction if the chance were given him? In fact they would rather like, they will say confidentially, to change their faction and fly the "Green Standard of Kingia." Is this a compliment to

Kingia or is it not? We are doubtful but perhaps the school at large will be capable of answering the question.

One faction lately was rather envied by Kingia. This was Gold who, in the grand finals for the football pennant, by defeating Blue won the pennant for this year. We still firmly believe that it rightfully belongs to us, but like fatalists we will have to submit to the inevitable.

Next year we hope to do much better and win a pennant or two ourselves. We should have improved fortunes next year as our faction has no Fifth years and in fact only one member of the Upper School.

The main strength of this faction lies in the Third year and they have done their best to make up for the lack of seniors. If they will only make sure that they, all of them, come back into the fold again next year the resultant distribution of the sports pennants may be different.

Nevertheless a few will leave and, to those who are going, we extend our thanks for their work for the faction, and hope that they do well in the sphere of life into which they are about to enter.

For the coming year we have hopes, high hopes, and we ardently desire that every member of Kingia throughout the school, will do his or her utmost to help us realise our aspirations. Even if this faction lacks strength it possesses plenty of spirits which will, one day make Kingia the leading faction of the school.

So, come on Kingia!

BLUE FACTION NOTES—BOYS

Since last our notes appeared in print we have passed through the hectic trials of football finals and the annual athletics meeting.

Though weakened by the temporary loss of two members of the team, the Blues won their right to play in the final with ease. However, in the final when we met the same team, we were narrowly beaten in a most exhilarating match. Congrats Gold, honours are even as far as pennants are concerned. In the athletics meeting the Blue boys worked very hard but failed to collect as many points as did the gallants who represented Kingia. We here take the opportunity of congratulating—

M. Seymour (Senior Champ.) Blue.

J. Prichard (Runner-up) Red.

A Lindsay (Junior Champ.) Kingia.

W. Magi (Runner-up) Gold.

Once again the Blue girls by their fleetness of foot added such a percentage of points to our score that the Blue-ites finished the day by winning the Athletics Carnival. Good old Blue!

Thanks girls, you did well, especially
 D. White (Senior Champ.) Blue.
 M. Stagbouer (Runner-up) Blue.
 Also we congratulate
 B. Prichard (Junior Champ.) Red.
 P. Graham (Runner-up) Kingia.

With the opening of the new cricket season Blue at once took her accustomed place as victor. In the first match we inflicted a crushing defeat on Gold and in the second we defeated Kingia with only five minutes to play.

The play against Gold was extremely ragged and spasmodic, the bowling very mediocre and the fieldsmen did not seem to take the necessary interest in their work.

As a parting message to Blue boys I wish to say, "Always play the game. Take an interest in your sport and even go as far as to make a study of it. Then, and only then, can you hope to compete successfully with the other factions."

BLUE FACTION—GIRLS

Swimming time is here again and while Blue still holds its head above water, we extend our heartiest congratulations to: Dot White and M. Seymour, Senior Champs.; Mavis Stagbouer and J. Prichard, Runners-up; Beatrice Prichard and A. Lindsay, Junior Champs.; Pauline Graham and W. Magi, Runners-up; on their performances and success on Sports Day. We are very pleased to think that Blue gained most points on this occasion, and we sincerely hope that we shall maintain our position, as top of the list, for at least the remainder of this term.

In hockey we met our expected doom and we congratulate Kingia on winning the pennant. Yes! Kingia if you beat Blue you certainly must have played a fine game !!!

The baseball team is not playing as well as it should, and we would sometimes appreciate an informal Guy Fawkes performance in the centre of the field, to rouse a few of our fielders out of their apparently deep day dreams.

All we seem to be striving for now is to see the Blue captains carry off the cups, shields and pennants at the end of the term.

We sincerely hope that there will be few who leave school this year, because we want to see Blue carry on its success throughout next year.

Even if you are not top, Blues, never give up hope. Remember it is you who have to make the faction. If you neglect to take an interest in your sport and faction you cannot expect success.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

With third term drawing to a close we find that Gold has had a reasonably successful year. The hockey season has finished; the pennant going to Kingia—congratulations. We hope for better things next year.

Sports Day has passed with its usual excitement. We extend our hearty congratulations to the champions, D. White and M. Stagbouer Senior Girl Champion and P. Graham the Junior Girl Champion and Runner-up.

Baseball has suddenly been raised to a higher level in our regard. For the past few weeks we have proved victorious and have actually won the semi-finals against Kingia. After a season of learning how to lose matches these successes are encouraging. We have plenty of energy and spirit so let's go on and win the pennant.

Our junior members are doing well at basket ball and baseball. We wish them every success in the basket ball finals.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—BOYS

Since our report in the last "Kingia," Gold faction has met with well-deserved success, defeating Blue decisively in the grand final of the football to carry off the most important pennant in boys' sport. We showed great tact in allowing Blue to win the semi-final, as our extra match against Kingia was of great benefit to us, and we were able to face the grand final in fine form and training. Part of our job was done before the match, as Blue were suffering from exalted minds and self-pride and an easy victory to this faction was predicted by the form-followers and critics. The final scores indicate fairly the result of the game, 5.7 to 2.10. Congratulations, Blue, in getting even that close to us. At the same time, all the members of this faction who played in that memorable match must be congratulated and the other factions must stoop to the conquerors, especially Blue, who have been degraded from their own exalted position to take their place among the defeated.

In the hockey, although the issue could not be decided till the final match, Gold soundly thrashed Blue in the semi-final, 4-0. It was unfortunate that the round was unfinished, as Gold was practically certain to carry off the laurels.

The athletics was a triumph for the better half of Blue, the girls. We congratulate Blue and also M. Seymour and Miss D. White for running out Senior Champions and J. Prichard and Miss M. Stagbouer for being the Runners-up. Our congratulations are extended to the following who shone on sports day:—

A Lindsay, Junior Champion.
W. Magi, Runner-up.
Miss B. Prichard, Junior Champion.
Miss P. Graham, Runner-up.

The sympathies of not only Gold faction, but of all the students in the school are conveyed to Athol McGhie, a member of this faction, who met with an unfortunate accident which resulted in the loss of one eye. We hope that his school days will not be curtailed by this serious mishap.

We urge Gold on for there are excellent prospects of a successful next year. Play up, Gold!

RED FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Our only successes this year have been due to the basket ball team which so far has not lost a match. Live up to your reputation girls and try to make up for our failures in the other branches of sport.

Our attempts at hockey and baseball have been anything but successful but we can't do well at everything. Perhaps it will be our turn to shine at these games next year. We hope so.

On the whole our girls took a keen interest in the athletics on Sports Day and our performances were up to the mark. We offer our congratulations to the School Champions and the runners-up, D. White and M. Stagbouer in the seniors, B. Prichard and P. Graham in the juniors. Also to Blue faction which obtained most combined points.

Good luck for the future, Reds! Success will be ours if we work for it.

RED FACTION NOTES—BOYS

Since the last Kingia went to print many important events in faction sport have taken place.

Firstly there were the football finals in which Red did not do very well. We

were put out by Kingia who defeated us in the semi-finals. Gold and Blue played off in the finals for the pennant. After a hard and good game Gold came out successful. Congratulations Gold.

Secondly, there were the semi-finals of the hockey. We succeeded in defeating Kingia but it was decided that the hockey should be cut out altogether. We were quite certain that we had the hockey trophy up our sleeves too.

Thirdly, came Sports Day. It was a good day and all the events were keenly contested. We congratulate Blue, who succeeded in getting most points. Our congratulations go to M. Seymour, J. Prichard and A. Lindsay who were Senior Champion, Runner-up Champion and Junior Champion respectively. We also congratulate D. White and B. Prichard on being Senior Champion and Junior Champion respectively.

However we are quite certain that Red will be the faction to be congratulated in 1937. It is about time Red began to shine again and when the Reds start no one has a chance of stopping them.

Before closing our notes we utter the hope that the Junior and Leaving exam papers will be "tripe."

RESULTS OF 14TH ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING

Girls

Hitting the tennis ball (senior): M. Stagbouer 1, C. Green 2, A. Turner 3, no distance; (junior), P. Graham 1, P. Baird 2, M. Scott 3.

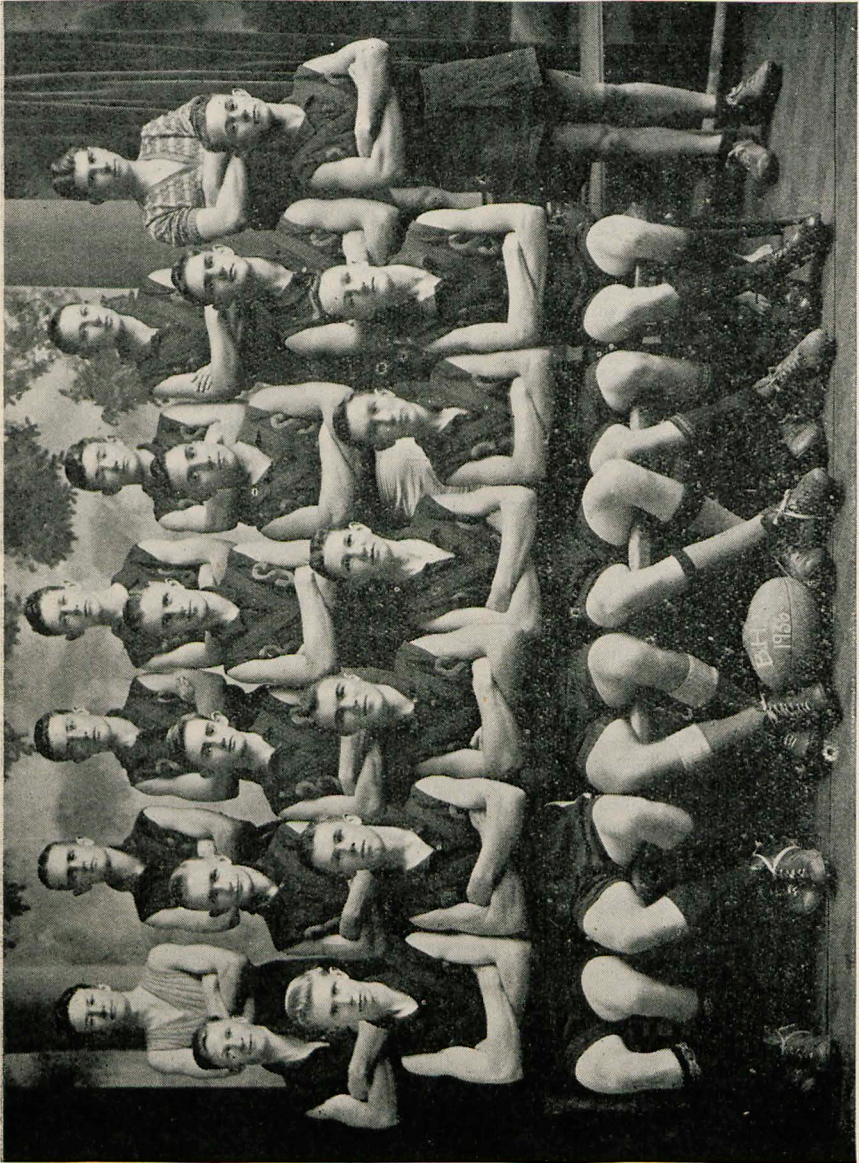
Shooting the basket ball (senior): C. Hands 1, J. Ingleton 2, D. White 3; (junior), M. Rice 1, A. Dodson 2, M. Piggott 3.

100yds. senior championship: heat 1, J. Payne 1, J. Townsend 2, E. Clapp 3;

BOULTER'S

— for —

Sports Wear



FOOTBALL XV, 1936.—Back Row: G. Green, A. Lindsay, W. Magi, P. Fox, A. McGhie, D. Davies-Moore, B. Dolley. Second Row: D. Johnson, L. Welister, R. Jennings, R. Nelson, S. Bar-bouttis, J. Brown, K. Barrett. Sitting: W. Sykes, M. Seymour, H. Huggall (Captain), K. Withers (Vice-Captain), R. Watkins, J. Prichard.

heat 2, D. White 1, M. Stagbouer 2, E. Hands 3; final, D. White 1, J. Townsend 2, J. Payne 3; time 12 3-5secs.

100yds. junior championship: heat 1, E. Dolley 1, R. Lodge 2; heat 2, J. Jarvis 1, C. Clarke 2; heat 3, P. Scott 1, F. Burgess 2; heat 4, B. Prichard 1, L. Thomas 2; final, B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, J. Jarvis 3; time 13 secs.

50yds. senior championship: heat 1, D. White 1, J. Townsend 2, J. Powell 3; heat 2, J. Payne 1, M. Stagbouer 2, C. Clapp 3; final, D. White 1, J. Payne 2, M. Stagbouer 3; time 6 3-5 secs.

50yds. junior championship: heat 1, B. Prichard 1, M. Scott 2; heat 2, C. Forrest 1, P. Stott 2; heat 3, J. Jarvis 1, D. Campbell 2; heat 4, R. Lodge 1, L. Thomas 2; heat 5, E. Dolley 1, P. Taylor 2; heat 6, P. Baird 1, C. Clarke 2; final, B. Prichard 1, P. Stott 2, E. Dolly 3; time 6 4-5secs.

50yds. form championships, Upper School: heat 1, J. Payne 1, M. Stagbouer 2; heat 2, D. White 1, M. Scott 2; heat 3, C. Clapp 1, J. Powell 2; final, D. White 1, J. Payne 2, M. Stagbouer 3; time 6 3-5secs. (equalled record).

Year III championship: heat 1 J. Townsend 1, D. Levy 2, C. Hands 3; heat 2, P. Baird 1, W. Connolly 2, L. Henning 3; final, J. Townsend 1, P. Baird 2, C. Hands 3; time 6 3-5secs.

Year II championship: heat 1, G. Forrest 1, D. Linscer 2; heat 2, B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2; heat 3, R. Minchin 1, P. Graham 2; heat 4, M. Piggott 1, M. Williams 2; final, B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, C. Hands 3; time 7secs.

Year I championship: heat 1, L. Thomas 1, H. Page 2; heat 2, E. Dolley 1, P. Stott 2; heat 3, C. Clarke 1, M. Rice 2; heat 4, P. Taylor 1, J. Gibson 2; final, P. Stott 1, E. Dolley 2; M. Rice 3; time 7secs.

Hitting the hockey ball (senior): M. Stagbouer 1, D. White 2, T. Phillips 3; distance 59yds. 2ft. 8in.; (junior), P. Graham 1, E. Eckersley 2, P. Baird 3; distance 63yds.

50yds. skipping race (juniors): heat 1, R. Lodge 1, R. Minchin 2, L. Thomas 3; heat 2, M. Scott 1, G. Forrest 2; heat 3, B. Prichard 1, F. Burgess 2, M. Rice 3; final, B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, R. Minchin 3; (seniors): heat 1, J. Payne 1, M. Stagbouer 2, C. Clapp 3; heat 2, J. Townsend 1, J. Powell 2, D. White 3; final, J. Townsend 1, J. Payne 2, M. Stagbouer 3; time 7secs.

Sack race: G. Hands 1, B. Spencer 2. Egg and spoon race: D. Tatham 1, M. Scott 2, J. Gibson 3.

Relay race (second teams): Blue 1, Gold 2, Red 3, time 29 3-5secs; (first teams), Kingia 1, Red 2, Gold 3; time 1.54.

Pass ball race: Red 1, Kingia 2, Gold 3; time 1.10.

Flag race: Blue 1, Gold 2, Red and Kingia tie 3.

50yds. junior handicap: heat 1, H. Page 1, E. Dolley 2; heat 2, L. Smith 1, M. Rice 2; heat 3, L. White 1, P. Taylor 2; heat 4, G. Blond 1, P. King 2; heat 5, G. Forrest 1, D. White 2; heat 6, F. Burgess 1, B. Spencer 2; final, B. Spencer 1, B. Blond 2.

50yds. senior handicap: D. Levy 1, L. Henning 2; E. Short 3; time 6 3-5secs.

Siamese race: R. Lodge and M. Rice 1.

Boys

Hop, step and jump (senior), P. Fox 1, Hugall 2, Waters 3; distance 37ft. 10½ in.; (juniors), Lindsay 1, Magi 2, Jennings 3; distance 35ft. 10½ in. (record).

Broad jump (seniors): Hugall 1, Lindsay 2, Brown 3; distance 16ft. 10½ in.; (juniors), Brown 1, Lindsay 2; Jennings 3; distance, 16ft. 5in.

880yds. championship: Seymour 1, Prichard 2, Webster 3; time 2.19 2-5.

Junior mile championship: Magi 1, Richards 2, Barrett 3; time 5.29 2-5.

Junior cricket ball throw: Jennings 1, Dolley 2, Barrett 3; distance 92yds. 2ft.

220yds. open handicap: heat 1, Ecclestone 1, Forrest 2, Nelson 3; heat 2, Barboutis 1, Watkins 2, Fox 3; final, Barboutis 1, Ecclestone 2, Nelson 3; time 26 2-5secs.

880yds. junior championship: Jennings 1, Magi 2, Lindsay 3; time 2.21 3-5 secs. (record).

100yds. school championship: heat 1, Green 1, Lindsay 2; heat 2, Prichard 1, Seymour 2; final, Lindsay 1, Seymour 2, Prichard 3; time 10 3-5secs.

120yds. hurdles, junior championship: heat 1, Brown 1, Magi 2; heat 2, Barrett 1, White 2; final, Brown 1, Magi 2, Barrett 3; time 20 2-5secs.

Year I: 100yds. handicap, heat 1, Shoesmith 1, Driscoll 2, heat 2, O'Neill 1, Nichols 2; heat 3, Parker 1, D. Jones 2; heat 4, Grapes 1, Freeman 2; final, Shoesmith 1, Driscoll 2, O'Neill 3.

120yds. hurdles, school championship: heat 1, Waters 1, Hugall 2, heat 2, Prichard 1, Seymour 2; final, Hugall 1, Seymour 2, Prichard 3; time 20 2-5secs.

Year II, 100yds. handicap: heat 1, Barrett 1, Bird 2; heat 2, Rose 1, Dolley 2; final, Rose 1, Barrett 2, Dolley 3; time 11 2-5secs.

440yds. school championship: Seymour 1, Prichard 2, Webster 3; time 58 3-5 secs.

100yds. school championship (juniors): heat 1, Lindsay 1, Jennings 2, Magi 3; heat 2, Brown 1, Sykes 2, K. Barrett 3; final, Lindsay 1, Sykes 2, Brown and Jennings tie 3; time 11secs. (equals record).

Year III, 100yds. handicap: heat 1, Hulcup 1, Barboutis 2, Dyke 3; heat 2, Jennings 1, Dedman 2, Brockman 3; final, Hulcup 1, Jennings 2, Barboutis 3; time 11 2-5secs.

Sack race: Bradshaw 1, Dolley 2, Richards 3.

100yds. open handicap: heat 1, Forrest 1, O'Neill 2, Jones 3; heat 2, Ecclestone 1, Grapes 2; final, Ecclestone 1, Grapes 2, Forrest 3; time 11secs.

Cricket ball throw (seniors): Waters 1, Jennings 2, Barboutis 3; distance 101 yds. 2ft. 8in.

High jump (junior): Lindsay 1, Dolley 2, Fox 3; height, 4ft. 9½in.

440yds. junior championship, Jennings 1, Magi 2, Brown 3; time 61secs.

One mile championship: Seymour 1, Webster 2, Payne 3; time 5.27 2-5.

Siamese race: Nelson-Lane 1.

High jump (senior): Prichard 1, Waters 2, Hugall 3; height 5ft. 1¼in.

Egg and spoon race: G. Rose 1, Gates 2, Annear 3.

Sack race: Rose 1, Dolley 2.

220yds. junior championship: Lindsay 1, Jennings 2, Magi 3; time 26secs.

Open mile handicap: K. Prichard 1, T. Joel 2, Ecclestone 3; time 4.24 3-5.

Faction relay (seniors): Kingia 1, Gold 2, Blue 3, Red 4; time 1.49 2-5.

Faction relay (juniors): Kingia 1, Red 2, Gold 3, Blue 4; time 1.54.

440yds. open handicap: Watkins 1, Bradshaw 2, Ecclestone 3; time 61secs.

220yds. school championship: Prichard 1, Seymour 2, Green 3; time 27 1-5secs.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

With the end of the year in sight, most of the faction competitions are over, and the destination of the cup and the pennants decided.

In hockey, Blue beat Red in one semi-final, while Gold forfeited to Kingia. The final was a very good match. In the first half, Blue held Kingia very well, but Kingia proved too strong after the interval and won 6-0. The Blue defence played well to keep the score as low as that, but the Kingia defence was too strong for the Blue forwards to score at all, although they frequently attacked.

Blue and Kingia had won most of the baseball matches, but at the end of the season Gold improved very much, first beating Blue and then winning the semi-final against Kingia. Blue defeated Gold in the final, and then Kingia, the minor premiers, won the challenge match.

Among the second baseball teams, Red seems to have been the strongest. It is unfortunate that these matches have not usually had an adult umpire, but girls should remember that, whoever is

umpiring, her decision is always final.

The basket ball is not yet completed, but Red having won all their matches and defeated each of their opponents three times, should be able to carry off the pennant.

During the winter months, relay races were run, for the Upper School on sports afternoons and for the First and Second year on Fridays. In the Upper School, Blue is to be congratulated on having won every time, as also did Gold in the First year, while in the Second year things were more even, though Red had slightly the best of it.

Sports day on October 14th was a great success and the entries for the girls' events were very good. In the Senior Championship there was a keen contest, resulting in D. White (25 points) as Champion, with M. Stagbouer (20 points) Runner-up. Congratulations to both girls on good all-round performances. In the junior events, B. Prichard had the races all her own way, being champion with 24 points, P. Graham, the Runner-up (14 points) gaining her points mostly in other events. One record was broken by P. Graham in the junior tennis ball hit, with a distance of 80yds. 2ft., while D. White equalled the record of 6 3-5secs. for the 50yds. upper school championship.

In the local Hockey Association the School team did well during the 1936 season, defeating all the other teams except Dardanup. They drew the last game played against that team and had hopes of beating them in the final, but this could not be arranged, so Dardanup were the winners of the competition, with B.H.S. as runners-up.

In Perth, the hockey team also did well, winning its matches against N.H.S. and E.G.H.S. and losing to P.M.S. by only one goal after a splendid game. In athletics too, the girls held their own, as Joan Townsend gained third place in the 50 yards, and the team won the relay race in fine style.

Blue faction are so far ahead in points that there is no possibility of their being overtaken, and so the faction cup goes to them for three years in succession. Congratulations on the hat trick, Blue! Now you other factions, don't let them have it again next year! There is an interesting struggle between Red and Kingia for second place. The faction points (incomplete) are at present:—Blue, 395; Kingia, 306½; Red, 285½; Gold, 242.

CRITIQUE OF THE FIRST XI (1936)

M. SEYMOUR (vice-capt.): A good medium pace right-hand bowler with

an off-break. He is a fair batsman but should pick the right ball to hit. He is very keen in the field.

I. ROBERTSON: A good opening bat and bowler. He would do much better if he took the game more seriously. He has some good off shots and is a good slip fielder.

F. WHITE: A fair right-hand batsman with some good shots. He should not pull away from a ball on the leg. A fair change bowler.

D. DAVIES-MOORE: A good defensive right-hand batsman. He is rather slow in the field.

K. BARRETT: A good opening bat. He has some good shots all round the wicket. He is a fair slow bowler with a leg break, and a good fielder.

B. DOLLEY: A fair bat but would do much better if he picked the right ball to hit. He is rather slow in the field.

W. BARRETT: The youngest player of the team. He is a good wicket keeper and good bat. He should do well later on.

K. BEATTY: A fair right-hand batsman. A good slow bowler. He is a fair fielder.

S. MAJOR: A fair bat, but should take more interest in the game. He is slow in the field.

K. WITHERS (Capt.): As captain he has handled his team well and is very popular with the members of the team. A good left-hand slow bowler, breaking the ball both ways. He is a sound right-hand bat with some especially good shots on the leg. A very keen fielder with a sure catch.

HOCKEY TEAM

The first XI this year has, in the Association, succeeded in defeating all the teams except Dardanup which has proved too strong although after our experience in Perth we were able to draw with them 2-all.

In the Inter-school Sports the team won two matches and lost one.

B.H.S. v. Northam, 5-nil.

B.H.S. v. Goldfields, 13-nil.

B.H.S. v. Modern School, 1-2.

Thus although Modern School proved too strong for us our defeat was only by a very narrow margin.

The forwards next season should pay particular attention to accurate stopping of the ball and goal-shooting. The backs must all take care not to leave their particular opponents uncovered and thus free to shoot goals.

GET IT AT —

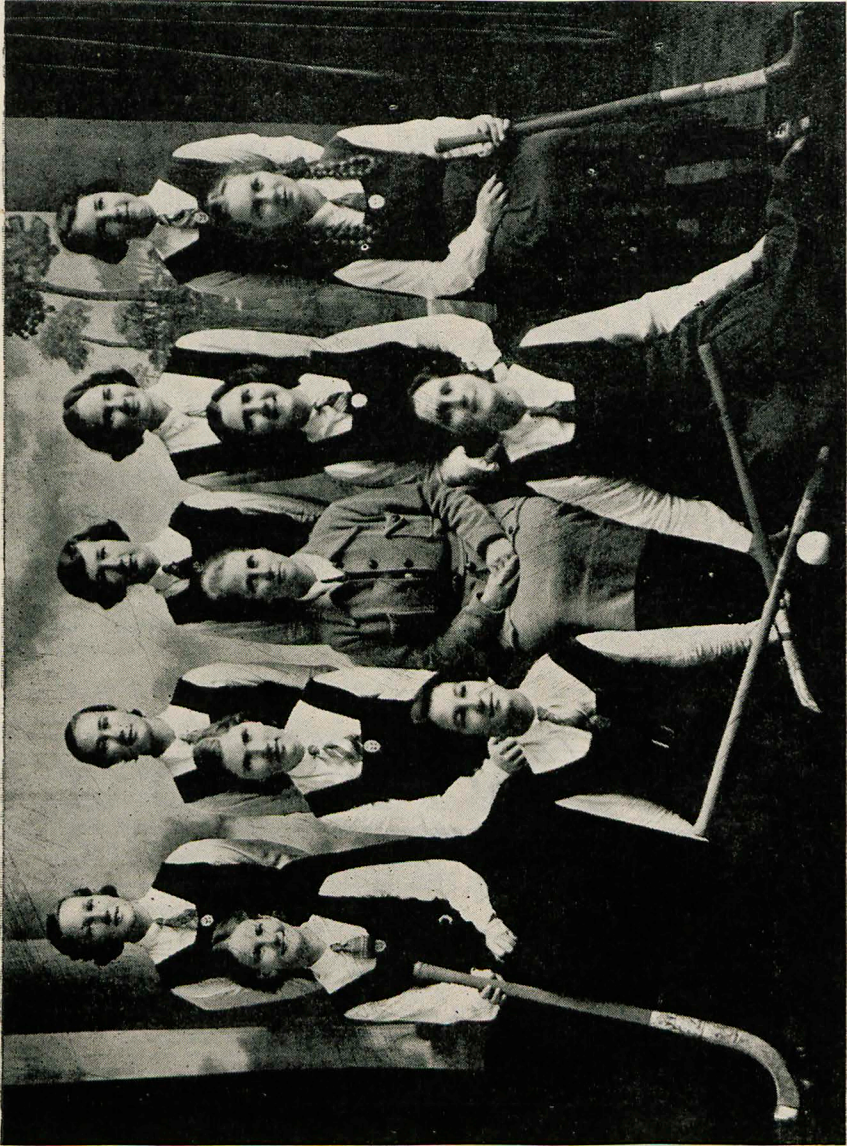
HAYWARD'S

THE BIG STORE OF THE SOUTH-WEST

Who have the largest stocks of
everything at reasonable prices.

Thos. Hayward & Son Limited

— BUNBURY —



HOCKEY XI, 1936.—Back Row: C. Green, D. White, P. Graham, C. Clapp, J. Wood. Sitting: J. Ingleton
 T. Phillips (Captain, Miss E. Burgess (Sports Mistress), M. Staghoner (Vice-Captain), M. Scott. Reclining:
 J. Payne, P. Medlen.

CRITIQUE OF HOCKEY TEAM

T. PHILLIPS (Capt.): Has captained her team well during the season, and is a tower of strength in the back line as right full back. Has a tendency to undercut the ball and should note the position of her team before taking a free hit. Has a very strong hit.

M. STAGBOUER (Vict-capt., centre): Very strong shooting hit in circle and off corners; should keep her position more, not following the ball into other positions and not call for the ball.

J. INGLETON (left outer wing): Centres well with hard hit. Should watch off side.

C. CLAPP (left inner wing): Is very fast and has a strong shooting hit; should not follow the ball into other players' positions.

J. PAYNE (right inner wing): Very fast and would do better if she carried the ball into the circle more herself and shot hard.

C. GREEN (right outer wing): Centres well; should combine more with her right inner wing.

D. WHITE (left half back): Plays well in this difficult position, covers her opponent and is not afraid to tackle.

P. GRAHAM (centre half back): Strong hit, stops accurately. Should keep more on the opposing centre forward; play sometimes spoilt by getting downhearted.

M. SCOTT (right half back): Would improve her otherwise good play if she conquered her tendency to come into the circle.

P. MEDLEN (left full back): Should concentrate on keeping to her opponent; has a good clearing hit.

J. WOOD (goalie): Shows good foot work and hits hard. Should in future, with practice and experience, become a goalie very difficult to score against.

CRITIQUE OF FOOTBALL XVIII

KEN WITHERS (Vice-capt.): Plays a good game and possesses a fine high mark and an accurate left-foot kick, but is rather slow to the ball and would do better if he exerted himself a little more.

MICK SEYMOUR: Has shown marked improvement and is very fast with a good accurate kick but his marking is still weak and uncertain. He was very unfortunate in being injured in Perth.

PAT FOX: Has also shown great improvement and his kicking is consistent, but his marking is uncertain. He is a very fast ground player.

DON JOHNSTON: The team's best rover, who is always in the thickest of the fray and is hard to tire. Kicks and marks well.

STAN BARBOUTIS: A tower of strength in the ruck with a good mark, but a rather inconsistent kick. He uses his weight to advantage, but should get rid of the ball more quickly.

ALAN LINDSAY: A very fast player whose marking has shown improvement, but his kicking is atrocious.

DAN DAVIES-MOORE: He possesses a good kick but should speed up his game.

JOHN PRICHARD: He has shown steady improvement, but is inclined not to keep up with the game. A fair kick.

BOB NELSON: His height aids his marking, which is good, but he is rather slow to the ball and should watch his man more closely.

ATHOL McGHIE: Should not hang on to the ball so long. His marking has steadily improved, but his kicking is poor.

LINDSAY WEBSTER: Very fast wing player who dodges well and is always in the thick of the play. His kicking is good and his marking has shown great improvement.

KEN BARRETT: The goalsneak of the team who scouts well for leads and whose marking is fairly good, but his kicking sadly lacks consistency.

BOB WATKINS: Second rover of the team who dodges well and who is very fast and nippy, but he is inclined to hang on to the ball too long.

JIM BROWN: A very good ruck man with plenty of dash and a strong kick. His marking is good although it is a little uncertain at times.

BILL MAGI: Uses his weight to very good advantage but is inclined to give too much away in free kicks. His kicking is very inaccurate, but has shown gradual improvement as has his marking.

CHARLIE SYKES: As the goalie he plays a fair game. His kicking out is good on most occasions but he should watch his forwards more closely.

BOB JENNINGS: A fast rugged back who comes through well but he should concentrate on his marking and kicking to improve.

BERN DOLLEY: Solid back with a fair kick, but should speed up his game.

HARRY HUGALL (Capt.): Plays an excellent game in the centre half back position. Also a good ruck. Has a good right-foot drop kick and kicks fairly well with his left foot too. He is a good high mark and uses his weight to the best advantage. He played well in Perth and did his job as captain very well.

BADMINTON NOTES

At the end of the first term a general meeting of students who were interested in introducing badminton into the school was held and there was a good attendance. It was decided to run the club separately from the ordinary school sport organisation so a committee was elected to manage the club. This committee was given the entire management of the club and during the season it has made rules and settled disputes at its own discretion. The committee consists of:—H. A. Hugall (president), P. W. Fox (treasurer), G. S. Green (secretary), Miss Stagbouer, Miss Ingleton, J. Prichard and M. Seymour.

At the meeting Mr. Roberts and Mr. Andrew were elected patrons of the club.

The committee decided to charge a small entry fee to the club and a shuttle fee for each time a member played and under these conditions about fifty members joined.

Early in second term the club was officially opened by Mr. Fowler by hitting the first shuttle over the net. The club is greatly indebted to Mr. Roberts and his friends who came to school and showed the club how badminton should be played.

The main difficulty of the club has been financial but we were generously supported by both the boy's and girls' sports funds. Once on its feet the club proved very popular and many wet afternoons and Saturday mornings have been enjoyably passed.

During the season the club conducted a tournament for the champion mixed doubles pair and this was won by Miss White and Hugall from Miss Hands and Holten. For the winners of this event two handsome cups were presented by the patrons. The committee take this opportunity in thanking Mr. Roberts and Mr. Andrew for their generosity.

The first season of badminton has been a very successful one. The students have found a new social side of the school in the gatherings in the school hall.

The retiring committee sincerely hopes that next year the club will continue to be carried on successfully and that there will be a large increase in the number of members.

Quality - Economy - Service

— AT —

BON MARCHE

**General Drapers, Dress and Silk
Importers**

High Grade Goods — Lowest Prices

**WE NOW STOCK THE BEST QUALITY HIGH SCHOOL
BLAZERS, CAPS AND HONOUR POCKETS.**

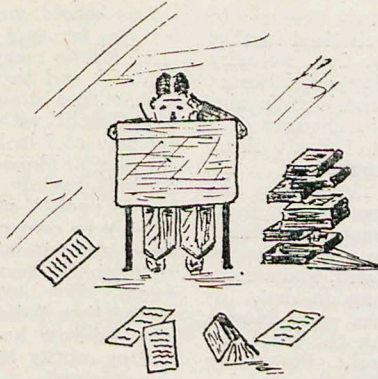
Satisfaction and Service Assured

The House of Quality

— BUNBURY —

Telephone 146

Telephone 146



FORM NOTES

ID

"The more we are together
The merrier we shall be."

Well here we are again all gay and healthy. How's everybody? All right? That's good. Now let's get on with the business.

We never run short of problems and here are a few that are still bothering us:—

Why did "Cookie" fall for the "major" of the band? Why does "Garlic" take to posting letters so frequently? Why does "Braddy" flare when she sees a "cracker"? "Sandy" and "Danny," are they made for one another? We wonder if our "Rice" is wholesome?

We wonder if "Ninny" was born in a tomato bush?

Why is Gwen "Blond"?

On the whole we think that we have done very well in our work this term. It's third term and we are preparing to be second years—not like the present 2nd. years you know. (As mentioned in a previous "Kingia.")

Just of late we have taken the prize chimpanzee (in a picture of course) for a mascot. We have not yet likened him unto anyone yet. Now we will close our notes wishing the Juniors and other scholars the best of luck.

We are very sorry about June Miller's illness and hope she will soon be well again.

IA

We had no form notes in the Kingia last term so this is our first appearance. To start with we would like to congratulate Ken Prichard, Ernie Ecclestone and Arthur Shoesmith on winning races in the sports.

We have had several new boys added to our form since the last issue of the "Kingia." When "Whiskers" Winter came along everybody laughed! (It must have been his?)

"Spartius," our ancient Roman, can stand anything including being ducked at Forrest Park and being a target for remarks in the school.

Porky D'Raine is our light-heavy-weight pug and he seems quite friendly with the fat one of the class.

Other characters are "Tinny," our fiery headed model of the form, Lidde-low and Shoesmith the nitwits, also "Nicky," our form gramophone, who never seems to need winding.

Barrett has conquered the appendix trouble and has returned to school.

We do not seem to have much trouble in keeping the new prefects busy. When "Boris" and "Ducky Dan" start using their feet it is time to close down. We seem to still have trouble in keeping one of the old prefects busy. That one is "Mowglie."

The latest craze in the form is a three pointed craze. Double gees seem to be unlimited for their quantity in our room.

We will now say "finish" to our notes as examinations are fast approaching and we have yet a little "swot" (?) to do.

IIB

This article was submitted for the second edition of the "Kingia" by IIB, or rather, IIB's saintly inmates, and we feel quite proud to have written something, even if it is only the form notes.

Earlier in the term, Robbie returned from his holiday in England, and we are quite assured, from what he has told us, that he had a good time there.

Since he returned we have begun to think that they must be civilised in that part of the world because Ivor actually parts his hair (every day) and wears a collar and tie (sometimes). We sincerely hope these drastic changes will not affect his swot, but I don't think there is any danger, somehow.

Talking about danger, many were the risks that our valiant form prefect took, while the Education Department's chalk was hurled lovingly from one person to another, but his force of will, and strong right arm soon put the cap on that.

The two main offenders were Meggs and Twit but we can't in the least see why they should quarrel. Personally we support Meggs, we like the way his hair is waved.

Regarding sport, we think IIB is well represented in cricket and other games. We played a challenge match with IA one week, and the result was rather indefinite. It always is. We should think a better plan would be to toss up beforehand to see who was to win.

We were deciding the other day, what we would do when school was left behind. Blossom was emphatic on the point of his being a doctor. He's charging his fees by the guinea already, while Dol will probably keep a "hen" yard—we mean poultry farm. Caesar says "I will be a Dictator," and Boeuf replies with "I'm gonna be a farmer." In this he is supported by Clarkey (not Gates) who holds the same ideas.

It's nearly bedtime now, so I think we'd better go to bye-bye, but before we go to sleep, we wish to give the usual well wishes to the Junior and Leaving candidates, and the sincere hope that the students will enjoy the Christmas holidays.—Your darlings,
IIB-ites.

IIC

And lo! and on a certain morn I was privileged to behold the IIC class room afore the master did put in an appearance. And when mine ears did become accustomed to the din, I did see and hear a certain young damsel with a head clothed in fire. And she did chant about a copper-nob which I thought exceedingly vain of her, and mine eye did pass on to yet another damsel and this one did torment a poor maid and continually borrow pencils and rulers. And then mine eyes did perceive the aforesaid gentle maiden who now did retaliate. Then there was a lull in the storm which was more like a cyclone. And a voice which did sound like a nutmeg on a grater broke the golden silence,

"What doth ail thee, Bushy?"

And behold, and yet a voice did answer for the foresaid Bushy and it did say, "Lo! She is recuperating from the night before," and the fight was worse than ever. And then it developed into a sword fight with rulers. But my time did pass so I looked at fresh faces and I did see a blonde maiden whose school burdens, mainly geography had brought her to such a state that in despair she did try to drown herself in the inkwell, which unfortunately was at low tide, so all that did result was a much needed wash.

And then I did visualize a sweet maid who did toss her long dark tresses and mutter murky threats in her throat and she did say,

"I will brain that 'Cockatoo.'"

And I did draw my person away from her lest she should vent her wrath upon me. Then there did enter a young girl with pensive eyes and she did climb on her desk and cry "Spring as depicted in flight."

And she did flap her arms madly and I hastily withdrew. And at this juncture there did appear a master stern of mien, and silence reigned supreme in

IIC.

IIIE

"O did you see a troop go by
Way-weary and oppressed?"

Well, that's us, the haggard skeletons of IIIE!!!! (a week before the Junior). Par example — "Washout," "Fat," "Mains" and "Great Pat the Silent!" These are merely a few examples but they suffice to let you know the fateful condition of the Juniors of 1936, i.e., IIIE ones.

Since being in 3rd year we have learnt:

(1) "To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame"—apply that "Smirking Ru."

(2) From Julius Caesar that to kill a man at twenty-five cuts off many of the evils that he might have committed, whereas to cut out the fortnight's Junior exams. would only add to our misery (? ? ?).

(3) Swotting until the early hours gives us that milky school girl complexion so much admired in the Victorian era—but not in the modern age. To verify—apply D.M.L.

(4) To make up our own equations as being much more convenient than learning other peoples', e.g., Photosynthesis equals $\text{CO}_2\text{-C}$ equals O_2 as stated by our expert "Conk" in an absent-minded moment.

And having learnt such a lot we are always thirsty for more knowledge so

we would greatly appreciate answers to the following:—

(1) Why a certain IIIQ-ite always lodges at the Hostel fence?

(2) Why does Towny find so much that is interesting in the feathered flock?

(3) Why does "Creeps" intend taking up a biologist's career? We think that it might have begun from the first page of the "good book."

It is very hard to write brilliantly as we are all hard at it swotting for the Junior, and all the air a solemn stillness holds where III E are concerned (especially in class as the teachers can fully verify).

Please note how beneficial a poem like "The Elegy" is to III E! Perhaps some day we'll write one ourselves (we are so inspired!!).

We will conclude by congratulating Senior Champ. and runner-up and Junior Champ. and runner-up of both boys and girls in their running successes and also to be like the "Sinn Fein" party we wish all Juniors the best of luck and what's left we convey to the Leaving students, doubled and redoubled.

We remain, the very intelligent (with all due apologies to those who think we aren't!),

III C's

IV R

Since the last issue of the school magazine this class has been an example of a model class. No longer is the room devastated by a one-sided war between the females and the more upright members of the form.

The change has, however, been very subtle. We are still puzzled at the altered state of affairs.

Perhaps, some would suggest, the change is due to the Fourth years having at last discovered that they are really Fourth years and not insubordinate Juniors. Others, and they are more likely to be correct, will maintain that too much of a good thing brings about a reverse. Such seems to be the fact. the Fours have up till lately had just one gloriously lazy life. Most of their time was spent in the library or in other places suitable for the negligent Upper School. The Fourth is like a rose surrounded by thorns—namely the Third and Fifth years who, poor wretches, have dreadful examinations like the Junior and Leaving to face.

But let us tell you something about the class when at home in its official place of residence—room R.

If you enter R one thing immediately strikes you—no, not a duster or a piece of chalk—but the generally intel-

ligent appearance of its inmates. When a question is asked them, say for example a question in French, they immediately shake off their drowsy aspect, prick up their ears and answer in faultless English—a really remarkable achievement for a Fourth year class.

In fact in the eyes of the school there seems to be only one blemish on the Fours. That is the school considers that, that end of the balcony which is so much frequented by us, is degraded by our presence. Actually they are only jealous of us—for they know that they cannot adorn their own balcony so beautifully and so, out of jealousy, revile the "sensuous beauty" (?) of the Fourth years.

Another noticeable thing about R lies in the fact that nowadays the floor is always absolutely destitute of paper, chalk and other rubbish, mainly due to the firm measures taken by our all-powerful class prefect.

He rules the room with a puissant hand, and no belligerently inclined individual is allowed to gain any sway at all. What a class and what a prefect!

It has been noted, too, that several of our members have dropped biology for the catching of reptilians seems to have suddenly gone quite out of fashion. It used to be a very popular pastime.

Several amusing incidents have happened during our life as Fourth years. We will narrate one as an example.

An exceptionally amusing incident was as follows. Our English master decided that it would be a good idea to get a decent editor and editress for the Kingia. Naturally enough he tried the Fourth year, with good results.

The editor was soon decided to everybody's satisfaction. The editress, however, was a little bit more difficult to choose. Finally, after conflicting voting, our aforementioned English master decided the question for us; and the editress was installed.

Having thus mentioned two of our illustrious members we might as well introduce you to several of the others.

Firstly, there are two others of our lengthy specimens. Who they are nobody knows. Some other members are our sports recorder and the class optimist.

Unfortunately Athol has had the misfortune of losing an eye. We are extremely sympathetic and hope to see him back at school as soon as possible for the class misses him as he was the life of the Fourth year and kept up the drooping spirits of the class. His plight has somewhat saddened us and curbed our exuberance of spirits and we would be exceedingly glad to have him, once again, in our midst.

We suppose, for safety's sake, that we had better mention one or two of the lesser inhabitants of IVR. They are, of course, the females of the class, and among their frivolous crowd we have some rather queer specimens.

First we have an assortment of colour like brown and green. They are not comple(i)mentary colours.

One day our prefect was a bit annoyed and started, in his own language, making things lively. He was restored to normal by the repeated arguments of our village school-mistress. Someone went to the windows and with flushed face began clapping vigorously. Why she clapped none could understand.

Very soon silence reigned supreme for a few minutes. Then suddenly a faint squeak was heard. We discovered afterwards that it had only been a demure miss trying to imitate the voice of a mosquito in full flight.

Soon another member went to the front of the class, bowed and made a violent protest against the state of affairs in far off China. Why China we wonderingly asked?

Not very long ago several prefects were chosen and were, by those of the Fifth year, set immediately to get used to their prefectorial duties. Though they may be a withered and a coloured lot their influence has been widely felt (?) and despite the fact that the Fifth years look dubious they will, in the coming year manage, the school to the satisfaction of everybody. We hope so anyway and in that hope we will leave what remains yet to be said of IVR to the next publication of the Kingia.

Wishing the Leaving and Junior students the best of luck, we are—
IVR.

N.B.—If Third or Fifth years wish to know anything about any exam subject we are only too willing to impart to them the knowledge which they require.

IIIQ

Now that the Junior is only one week away, most of the form have suddenly realised that it is high time they started to swot. We are, however, passing through the ordeal with smiling faces. Perhaps it is the thought of the happy days after the exam. which prompts us to put our shoulders to the wheel with light hearts.

Let us leave behind us these depressing thoughts embracing swot, test, and Latin, etc., and tell you of the more important happenings during the past scholastic term.

Although, with great burdens of swot hanging over us, several members of the

form figured prominently in the annual athletics meeting. Once again "Adam" carried off the Junior Championship while Bill Magi, another of our form was only a little way behind at the finish. The School Open Championship was nearly brought to IIIQ by John Prichard who lost the title in the last race. While on the matter of athletics may we extend hearty congratulations to Miss D. White, Miss B. Prichard and Mick Seymour, all champions in their respective divisions.

Thanks also are due to Mr. Andrew and other members of the staff who made the sports meeting the roaring success that it was.

It is with sorrow and envy that we regard our prefect. Sorrow because he is so seriously ill and envy because he is unable to undergo the severe mental strain which we are about to suffer. All the members of Q wish you a quick recovery, Doc.

Next year we hope to see most of our members back at school again and to those that are leaving school we send hearty wishes, hoping they have success in their new mode of life.

Time presses, and with much swot to do and little time to do it in we say "au revoir" and to some "good-bye."

IIIQ wishes you all a merry Xmas and for the Third and Fifth years a happier new year.

IIIQ.

VF

Hence vain deluding joys
The brood of Folly without father
bred
How little you bestead
Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys
Dwell in some idle brain—

And we might add "But come not into F again!" for ours is the abode of Melancholy, or at least some people seem to think it should be. However as this is our last appearance in the Kingia we will not burden readers with our lamentations. Rather let us dwell on the brighter side of the picture. One often hears the remark "After the Leaving—"; to us that just sounds like Promised land to the Israelites or Valhalla to the Vikings. "A land flowing with milky bars and honey kisses."

Those of our members who participated in the Interschool Sports enjoyed themselves immensely, in spite of the fact they didn't give an outstanding performance, but then they usually do enjoy themselves. Unfortunately it rained the night of the Modern School dance, and some of the fairer sex had their frocks spoilt. That was a jolly shame wasn't

it, but dresses weren't the only things that were spoilt.

Some of us also attended the Ex-students dance whilst in Perth and enjoyed ourselves very much. We should like to take this opportunity to congratulate those responsible for the outstanding success of the evening.

So far as social activities are concerned we have nothing special to report, the Leaving having put a damper on all such frivolities. However we believe that in spite of adverse conditions certain little things continue to flourish—grow in the dark so to speak. Now class sit up, and hands up.

How many "chooks" in Webster's fowl yard?

Come on Spid!

What is comfort?

What colour is Saymore Green?

Add this up. One long chain, one perch, dot and carry one.

Who is responsible for Smirk?

Who were the Tutonic (k)ights?

Now you German students, surely you can answer that!

Why did Mowglie "conk" out?

What is a fool's paradise?

F!!!

Qu est ce que une petite "Colin(ne)"?

And now as we come to the final phase of our notes, we must wish you goodbye. This term is the last and most important of our school days—and very happy school days they have been. During the five years we have been students of the school we have not been so entirely engrossed in our work as to be unable to find time for a "little" play. Of course we were entitled to this as "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and we are by no means dull. Ask the teachers if you don't believe us. Now we are almost at the end, and we are sorry—very sorry to leave the old school for good. It is needless to say that we will always have pleasant memories of our school days. How could we have otherwise? And so three cheers for the good old school and all it stands for, and "Au revoir."

It is a long journey before us. We are all wondering what is around the bend in the road before us; we cannot see, but we can hope for the best.

Adieu,

THE FIFTH FORMERS.

Central News Agency

— Victoria Street, Bunbury —

For . . .

FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL DRAWING SETS

— and —

All School Requisites

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

- "Of his visage even children were
afear'd." —Chaucer.
(Danny.)
- "A voice had he as small as hath a
mouse." —Chaucer.
(Payne, IVR.)
- "Full long were his legs and full lene."
(Boris.) —Chaucer.
- "I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry." —Wordsworth.
(Vth years.)
- "They glide, like phantoms, into the
wide hall." —Keats.
(Last period Friday.)
- "Sorrow and doubt and crying,
Upon all sides." —Salmon.
(Junior week.)
- "Here rise up the clangorous sounds of
battle.
Immense and mournful."
—Duncan Campbell Scott.
(IVR.)
- "And were they pale as pale could be—
Death pale with haunted eyes?"
—Roderic Quinn.
(Leaving students.)
- "My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."
—Tennyson.
(Waters, IVR.)
- "All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud."
—Shelley.
(J.J., IV form.)
- "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife."
—Gray.
(Beach parties.)
- "Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,
The sweetness withered out of him."
—Adams.
(Lupe.)
- "His heart a sudden tropic flower;
He loves and loathes within an hour."
—Adams.
(Blossom.)
- "Stiffen the sinews, summon up the
blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favoured
rage."
—Shakespeare.
(Before faction matches.)
- "I see you stand like greyhounds in the
slips,
Straining upon the start."
—Shakespeare.
(Relay races.)
- "Water, water all around
And not a drop to drink."
—Coleridge.
(IV year mascot.)
- "And I am black, but oh my heart is
white."
(Oscar.)
- "And wel neigh for the Ruth almost
he deyde."
—Chaucer.
(Perky.)
- "And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green."
—Milton.
(Muckle on the first hole.)
- "Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes."
—Keats.
(Rube.)
- "That she would regard the brass, and
would bend away,
With a drooping sigh."
—Thomas Hardy.
(Muckle de la Green.)
- "Who comes for the beer and the
woodbines of the never closed
canteen."
—Frankau.
(Hugalloff.)
- "He went like one that hath been
stunned."
—Coleridge.
(Boris after a slight accident at foot-
ball.)
- "Were it not better done, as others use.
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade?"
—Milton.
(Junior and Leaving students.)
- "But the fair guerdon when we hope to
find,
And think to burst out into sudden
blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorr'd
shears
And slits the spin-spun life."
—Milton.
(Examinations.)
- "Hence loathed melancholy."
—Milton.
(Junior and Leaving student, again.)
- "While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin."
—Milton.
(Returning home after a dance.)

"Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."
(Form III.E.) —Milton.

"And may at last my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage."
—Milton.
(Aspirations of a Fourth year student.)

"A little learning is a dangerous thing
Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian
spring."
(Teachers' doctrine.) —Pope.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be."
(Except examiners.) —Pope.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting
day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
lea."
(Bell signifying end of last period.) —Gray.

"Let not ambition mock their useful
toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure."
(B.H.S. students.) —Gray.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll."
(Students taking examinations.) —Gray.

"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one
forlorn
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hope-
less love."
(Results of Perth trip.) —Gray.

"While secret laughter tittered round
the place."
(Entrance of maths master into IVR.) —Goldsmith.

"He holds him with his glittering eye."
(Lupe on prefect's duty.) —Coleridge.

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."
(A visit to the Upper School.) —Coleridge.

"My heart aches and a drowsy numbness
pains my sense."
(A student's eternal complaint.) —Keats.

"Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf."
(Realisations of French students.) —Keats.

"My first thought was, he lied in every
word."
(First lesson in plane (plain) geome-
try.) —Browning.

"Now the lady was fair as any the eye
might scan."
(I wonder who?) —Hardy.

"And as a man with mighty loss dis-
mayed
I would have followed."
(One who missed his start in the 440
yards.) —Shelley.

"Her touch was as electric poison—flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came."
(Ask Adam.) —Shelley.

"With veiled eyes,
Mid listening Echoes in her Paradise
She sate."
(Ag. class in G.) —Shelley.

"Invisible corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling
place."
(Habits of some of our First years.) —Shelley.

"Wan, they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their
youth."
(Vth years after the Leaving.) —Shelley.

"And he scorned them and they scorned
him
And he scorned all they did."
(Duckie.) —Shelley.

"Or let my lamp in midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower."
(Prayer of a Vth year.) —Milton.

"The dancing pair that simply sought
renown."
(Smirky in the Spot Waltz.) —Goldsmith.

"O! for a draught of vintage that hath
been
Cooled a long age in the deep delved
earth."
(Cry of our cricket XI.) —Keats.

"In hat of antique shape."
(Our first master.) —Arnold.

POPULAR DUETS

Go pretty Rose (in G).
—Theo Marzials.

Hark, the Lark (in F).
—Theo Marzials.

Love has turned his face away.
—Arthur Foote.

Dear love of mine (in F).
(To Spid.) —A. Goring Thomas.

My embarrassing distress (in G).
(Poor Frog.) —Edward German.

POPULAR SONGS

"Solid, Substantial and Thick."
—G. Robey.
(Boarding-house bread.)

"I Was Out in Half-a-tick."
—H. Champion.
(When the bell went.)

"Lucinda Wiggle."
—W. Evans.
(Upper School in rhythm.)

"Poor Little Fly."
—W. Hare.
(On G window-pane.)

"The Mansion of Aching Hearts."
—F. Forde.
(B.H.S. after Pre's ball.)

"I've enough and a little to spare."
—D. Lyric.
(Never heard from students.)

"If your hair were not so curly."
(To Ruby.) —H. Jacobsen.

"They do like their Little Bit of Red."
(On sports day.) —F. Forde.

"In the Days of Adam and Eve"
—J. Archer.
(After essay on "Clothes and Fashions.")

"Is the Old Home in the Same Place?"
(In letter home.) —L. Lennox.

"Where Are You Going To, Charlie?"
(Heard in IIIQ.) —J. Archer.

PLAIN PLANE GEOMETRY

Plane geometry's plain to some people,
But the pain plain plane G. gives to
me,
Would curl a round square in convul-
sions,
For it's plain, plain plane G. shouldn't
be.

It would even make Nero cease fiddling,
Or Mirage stop laying his eggs,
In the words of the wise its a (nuisance?)
And makes one feel weak on his legs.

'Twas said about this plane geometry,
By a person who'd seen all the world,
That the ——? stork that fetched
along Euclid,
Should far into space have been
hurled.

I have no great wish to be famous,
Nor huge pterodactyles to see,
But I'd give all I have in creation,
For an hour with Euclid, to be.

I imagine him now, as I'm writing,
With a dirty big leer on his mug,
If only my dream were reality,
I'd welt the dog under the lug.

But instead I stay here with my studies,
Devoted to maths evermore,
Still longing for Euclid's appearance.
Whose souvenirs make me feel sore.
—"LEXFORD."

THE SPRING DREAM

Amid the honeysuckle boughs
The climbing rose and clinging moss,
I wandered, where the early showers
Sparkle on the summer grass.

And as I gazed upon the scene
Sweetly wild yet sanely still,
I wondered if I could have been
Nor born, but in a heaven still.

For all was wondrous fair—unsoiled,
Unmarred by any human hand,
Where none have sown or sternly toiled
Or reaped the lustre of the land.

And as I pensive gazed around
Beheld me in a shadowed bower
(Rising as incense), from the ground
A heaven made immortal flower.

Entranced by all its simple grace,
Blushing with the glow of spring,
I cried: "What is this wondrous place?
And who hath made this perfect
thing?"

For after death men find their rest
In some vague heaven here unknown—
But I, I have been doubly blest
Here is a paradise mine own."

And strangely, in the early dawn,
And muffled thro' the stirring breeze
I heard a voice from out the morn—
Crying in the bowing trees—

"Mortal, thou hast spoken well
This is heaven here on earth.
Behold the wonder of this dell!
Why thinkest thou of second birth?"

For fools are men, who being such,
Feel no paradise is nigh;
He who on earth finds Heaven, much
Blessed is before he die"

And thro' the honeysuckle screen
That twined its way thro'out the dell.
Came there a sound, and fled my dream
I heard the toll of dinner bell!

And then in haste I left the bower,
The solemn charm, the spirit fair,
I saw how brief, how late, the hour
And fled and left my heaven there.
—M. LANGLANDS.

EVENING LULLABY—CRADLE SONG

The birds sing,
The flowers smile
Under a sunny sky
And I have seen a wondrous thing
That princes have passed by.

I have seen the butterfly nestling in the
roses
I have found a lady bird asleep.
On a bed of silver dew, when the pale
day closes;
I have watched the moonlight elfkins
creep;

Creep amid the chilly moss
Hide within the flowers;
I have watched them trip and toss
In magic hours.

I have seen a wonderous thing,
Princes have passed by,
When a mother used to sing—
My evening lullaby.
—M. LANGLANDS.

THE AUTUMN ELF

I need not introduce him, you have met
him oft ere now,
Dancing in the woods at break of
day;
Perched upon a leaflet, with his pig-
ments on a bough,
Painting summer's emerald tints
away.

On his leafy canvas paints the colours
of the dawn,
Smears the soft grey shadows of the
eve,
Mixes all his pigments with the dews
of early morn,
And stirs them with the wand of make
believe.

O! oft I've wandered with him by his
palaces of gold,
And wondered at the glory of their
wealth;
And e'en when I grow sadder, wiser,
yes! and old
One friend shall still be mine—the
Autumn Elf.
—M. LANGLANDS.

ON THE GREEN MOSS

Slipping down, sliding down
On the green moss;
Tripping down, dropping down—
Silver fairies, elfkins brown,
Dancing prancing, up and down.

Ev'ry sweet immortal clown
On the green moss.

Swinging by, swirling by,
Above the green moss;
Leaping by, flying by—
Ev'ry midget brownie sly,
Creeping in and tripping by,
To a love bird's lullaby
On the green moss.
—M. LANGLANDS.

A REVISED VERSION OF THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL

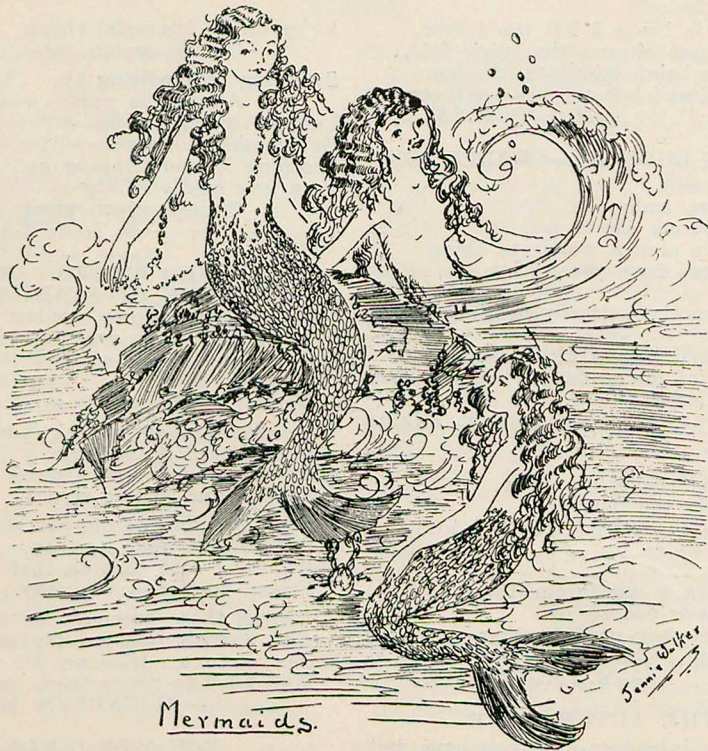
What is that whisper circling round
Upon the air so cool?
Why? That so-and-so took what's-her-
name
Home from the dance at school.
The scandal-mongers took it up
And altered it for luck
Until the rumour got around
That so-and-so was struck.
At this the rumour did not stop.
But onward went its way
Until 'twas said that on that night
Friend so-and-so was gay.
Although these rumours were not true
And weren't believed for long,
'Twas quite an irksome job for those
Who tried to prove them wrong.
—ELIZABETH MACK.

THE "D" GIRLS

The teachers of the High School
Simply love the "D" girls,
For they always pay attention
And are quick at apprehension.
That's true about the "D" girls.
The prefects are such dears
And adore the "D" girls
For they're always in their places
With bright and cheerful faces.
It's good to be a "D" girl.
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

OUR 1937 PREFECTS

Our pre's for nineteen thirty sev'n
Will think they're in the seventh heav'n,
When they can keep us all at work,
For most of us are apt to shirk.
A little lecture now and then,
A promise that we'll be kept in,
Then all is silence in our room,
For the teacher will be coming soon.
Then as they vanish from the door
The class is in a wild uproar;
For do you think we take it in?
Why, no! We just sit there and grin.
We know they're jolly scared of us,
That's why we kick up such a fuss.
And when they say, "Go, brush your
shoes."
We just walk on, and say, "Sez youse."
—"UNANIMOUS."



MERMAIDS

The sullen roar of the grey-blue waves
Has a terror for you and me
"All right to stay on the land," we say,
"But little we care for the sea."

The force of the breakers surging up,
Sends spray, feet high, to the rocks,
The misty clouds hang o'er the sky
And the sea wind howls and mocks.

Calm is the sun on a hot, bright day,
When the ripples glisten and break.
We dive in and out of the water clear,
Quite willing our pleasures to take.

But far from our sandy beaches
'Way out in the mystic isles,
The mermaids play in the glorious sea
And greet the great breakers with smiles.

Far from our sight on the ocean wave
Away from our mortal view
Playing in gleeful happiness
There's no room for me—nor you.

When the moon rises o'er the coral reef
And the wild winds raise their moan
The mermaids slowly sink to the deep,
And the waves roll on—alone.

—J.W.

THE DEED OF A HERO

'Twas morn, the hour was two and the
stars were shrouded with a veil of
mist.

The lightning flashed and threw its fury
all around.

'Twas then, a member of our High
School staff

Crept softly round his room with murder
in his heart, a hockey stick in hand.
And as the stormy passions raged within
his bosom, he clenched the weapon
with a firmer grasp.

He grated his teeth and with a demoniacal
smile upon his lips,
Pounced with a yell of triumph upon his
victim and remorselessly and with
cold fury killed

"A TINY RAT."

ID ALPHABET

A is for Alphabet at which I'll have a
shot.

B is for "Braddie" a rather big swot.

C is for "C.C." who is now in the boom

D is for Din from our class-room.

E is for English at which we excel (?).

F is for French "qui est tres belle."

G is for Geography another subject.

H is for History to which we object.

I is for ink with which we write.

J is for "Joycie" a rather small sprite.

K is for "Knight" who is learning to spar.
 L is for Learners, which we all are.
 M is for Mess after the fight.
 N is for Ninnie who needs not a light.
 O is for Order which seldom is found.
 P is for Prefect whose words are profound.
 Q is unsolved, a mystery which remains.
 R is for "Roles," the lass with the brains.
 S is for "Sammie" our buxom young lass.
 T is for "Tomcat" found on the grass.
 U is for Unity for which we're resolved.
 V is unknown, also unsolved.
 W is for "Willie" much like a colt.
 X
 Y are the finish so we'll have to belt.
 Z

STUDYING

Studying is, apparently, one of the things that few folk can do really well. The average student at any rate finds it extremely irksome to be forced to spend the evening poring over books, while around him there are so many more pleasant occupations. For instance, there is that book from the library; it looks rather interesting, with its lurid red and green covering, and the dagger held poised above the shrinking victim. But the student's gaze returns mournfully to his dull-coloured "Heath's Practical French Grammar," and from thence to "Concise Australian History." Of course these books are all very well at school, but after a substantial tea, and a hectic rough-and-tumble in the yard, no one feels like being either practical or concise. Rather the tendency is to continue the rough-and-tumble in the dining-room or kitchen.

Then it's such a glorious night to go for a brisk walk—there's not a cloud in the sky and the moon is a pale golden disc, with the evening star accompanying her in her course. But on the student's left elbow there stands a pile of books. On the top "Nature in Farming," and "Primer of English Literature," lie in unconscious mockery. The student sighs, mutters to himself and proceeds to read with savage concentration.

After about ten minutes his attention wanders from Pope and Dryden, and he begins to listen dreamily to Perth National's broadcast of the Community Concert. Someone is singing "In An Old-fashioned Town," and an outline of Milton's work is dull and uninteresting in comparison.

There's a fight in the next room—the little boys are getting ready for bed. It'd be lovely to go to bed now, and listen

to the wireless. The student moves as if to rise. His hand falls on the English Assignment Sheet, and he sighs heavily and very audibly.

For about twenty or thirty minutes the intricacies of Gray's and Goldsmith's style occupy his attention, with only a few short pauses owing to noise. Then he hears the clock strike nine. He stretches, yawning, and some silly ass makes a dive for his ribs. In bringing his arms down hurriedly in self-defence, his elbows strike the table-edge. He yelps, and the other chokes himself with his merriment.

It's a quarter past nine before things settle down again. There's only some Botany left to do now, and he's finished for the night. Repeated sly glances at the other fellow's flushed face, crooked collar and dishevelled hair make the student feel quite friendly towards bacteria and protococcus. Even the process of photosynthesis, in detail, holds no terrors.

At last the pile of books is transferred to his right side. He is about to migrate to the bedroom when he remembers he has to write home. He pulls a pad towards him and begins his weekly duty.

"Dear Mum," (he writes neatly) I've just finished my homework for to-night. We call it swot, you know, but that doesn't mean we dislike it. In fact I'm rather keen on studying now. You sort of 'acquire a taste,' I suppose. Anyhow I won't overdo it, so don't get worrying. And I say Mum, ask Dad if he'll send a postal note will you? I want _____."

Studying! Piffle! In fact, utter rot!

AN APPRECIATION

The Scripture lessons which our First Master has conducted during the first period every Monday have ended for this year, and we would take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Fowler very sincerely for his talks. At present we are looking forward to eight weeks of glorious freedom from lessons. Yet there are many students who will feel regret that these periods have finished, and who hope fervently that next year they will be continued. The help we have received from the lessons is very considerable, and our knowledge of the Scriptures, and our understanding and appreciation of the character and personality of our Lord, has been greatly deepened and intensified. So we hope, that next year Mr. Fowler will see his way clear to continuing the Scripture periods, and that the seed he is now sowing amongst us may bear fruit "some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold." To him we convey

our heartfelt thanks for the time he has given to us that could perhaps have been spent in other spheres with more immediate and apparent results. And we hope that his words may not be lightly forgotten, but receive the serious thought and meditation due to them.

ENGLISH ASSIGNMENTS

When, at the beginning of the term, the English master distributes sheets covered closely with more or less legible writing, and informs you that those are your assignments for the next few months, the student virtuously resolves to work through them steadily and consistently, and thus have left, at the end of the term, a couple of weeks for revision.

Well, for the first fortnight the assignment paper is read, but no assignments done. The student excuses this by saying that he is still settling down. Then, in real though hasty repentance of his failure to keep his resolution, he works off the first three feverishly. The glow of self-satisfaction and conscious virtue lasts for easily a week, and during this period he does not feel bound to do any further assignments. He takes a holiday.

Unless the holiday lasts till the end of the term, as is usually the case, the student discovers one day that he is several assignments behind schedule.

He reads through the questions, assures himself that there is really no need

for him to write down the answers, and passes over the next four in the same manner.

Then he gathers, from the conversation of other students, that only mugs do any assignments at all. He is really quite ashamed to admit that he has done a little work in this direction, and declares that it was merely to fill a few idle moments.

After this change of opinion, he of course is automatically released from his resolutions. Now is the time when, to the great and unreasonable annoyance of the English master, he conveniently loses his assignment book, or leaves it at home, or at any rate it is never at school.

When the exam. is so near that repentance of laziness is entirely useless, as is also last-minute "swotting," the student realises the error of his ways. This is further driven home by the figure on his report, and the disparaging remarks written underneath by a nasty sort of man. Now is the time when, either travelling homewards, with the report burning his pocket, or furtively presenting it at night-time before scuttling bed-wards, the student "resolves to do his assignments" next term. Let us suppose—we are not cynics—that he keeps his resolution.

MODERN HISTORY SOCIETY

The members of the History Society have attended the meetings held this term fairly regularly. We were glad to welcome back Mr. Irvine, who has attended several of our meetings. This term we made an expedition to Australind, where we saw the old church and found the first cemetery. Some of the graves had no tombstones and the earliest of the dates was 1848. We spent an enjoyable day, and we noticed too, the English style of architecture in the old house, which was first erected when the settlement was made. The old place has been renovated, but I think some of the original bricks and wood can still be seen.

The Modern History Society has been a great help to the students and we still regret that the male members of the school are not interested enough in world affairs, to join. We hope that in the new year they will realise the value of the society.

We wish to thank our president, Miss Burgess, who has devoted a great deal of her time to help us during the past year.

D. CALLAHAN,
Secretary.

DRESS UP



You may be capable. Yet if you do not look capable you handicap yourself.

You'll go ahead in life if you

use our DRY CLEANING

and PRESSING SERVICE

to keep your Suits and Clothing shapely and new looking. We help others—let us help you.

**SOUTH-WEST
DRY CLEANERS**

Victoria St., BUNBURY.

"THE LIBRARY"

The usual "Rendez-vous" for students who "don't take" subjects is the school library. The willing workers descend the stairs very slowly and enter the library, where there are books strewn about everywhere on tables and chairs. In one corner a student is trying to select a book suitable to his taste, and in the other are four or five girls airing their views on the frocks worn by Greta Garbo in her last film, and the respective merits of Dick Powell and Robert Taylor. The student seats himself at a table, opens a French Questionnaire book and sets to work.

Meanwhile a tap-tapping in poor imitation of the efforts of Fred Astaire is heard issuing from the upper classrooms. Heavy footsteps are heard on the balcony above and the tapping ceases. Now for some work! Five minutes concentrated effort, and your head having stopped a loquat seed in its path of destruction, you proceed to tell the offender what you think of him. In the midst of this burst of eloquence a master enters.

After this peace reigns supreme for ten minutes, when the clang of the school bell disturbs your studies. Needless to say your Questionnaire is not finished, you pack up your troubles, to whiz your books, in your invariably dilapidated school case, shut the lid down with a bang and proceed to your classroom, where the French mistress waits "en vain" for your Questionnaire. It is not quite finished, you tell her and bear her wrath as best you may. There goes the bell—what a relief! No Questionnaire till next week—and meanwhile another free period.

BED-TIME STORIES FROM THE FOURTH

Once upon a time a long johnny called Nelson was crossed in love. To help him recover from the blow, he decided to go for a hike through a nearby Forrest. The Forrest was very dense, so Nelson took Watkins with him for protection. They set out one morning, and passed first down a long narrow Lane, with dead Brown branches hanging Lowe over the path. Nelson went ahead, Watkins next, and behind them trooped three little nigger-girls, wreathed in smiles and palm-leaves, whose names sounded like Turner, Jarvis and Eckersley. Presently they caught sight of cool Green Waters in a leafy by-way. As it was very hot, even in the midst of the Forrest, they turned towards the delectable Waters for relief. As they drew near, they saw a very Longman Crouching beside them. "Great Scott!"

barked our hero, and grabbed a lump of Wood. His Powell-ful muscle dealt the Longman such a blow that he Coyled up in great Payne. Watkins Clapped in glee, but the three little nigger-girls were horrified. As a leaf Withers in the sun, so they scorched Nelson and Watkins with their contempt. The result was that the two valiant hikers just died on the spot, and for years afterwards that pool was famed for the lusciousness of the fruit growing nearby.

ON GOING TO THE THEATRE

Perhaps the most popular entertainment for the average person nowadays is the Talkie pictures. What would we do if we did not have one night a week at the theatre to spend a few enjoyable hours, having a good laugh or "a nice cry" as some of our sentimental friends say. Not only do the films supply humour, but they are also instructive and help us to broaden our minds. Of course they also greatly extend our vocabularies with nasal Americanisms but as they are obnoxious to our masters we might leave them to our small "film-fans." Some films are very far-fetched but they are witty in their ridiculousness and the lover who bursts into song in the middle of the jungle, yet always manages to have a very good orchestra to accompany him, pleases us no less than the crude quips of the cockneys.

Not only does the success of the evening depend upon the programme but also on the people among whom one is seated. Who can enjoy the picture when there is that fellow in front who is too dull to see the joke at the same time as the rest of the audience, but laughs long and loudly, when everyone else is trying to catch the next piece of conversation! Then we find the person who is rather merry probably because it is his pay day, and who laughs at everything and breathes heavily on the back of your neck in the meantime. At interval the entertainment really does not stop for we hear little snatches of conversation—"I really think she's got appendicitis. of course it's not for me to say, I never pry into other people's business but—"

We all have to admire the babies that are within convenient range of us, but when a very sticky hand grasps the collar of our best frock we are not so amiable. Then when mother has her night out and brings the family with her we are entertained for the first half hour with, "What's he doing now, ma?" Then Miss Six goes to sleep and we all sigh thankfully. How we'd like to kick that person who has seen the picture before but will tell her friends in a very

loud whisper, what is coming next!

But with all these little set-backs we enjoy ourselves and go home thinking our money has been well spent. Perhaps if we did not have the theatre to go to we would gather in the public house as they did in the "good old days" and get our pleasure by becoming gloriously drunk and making a nuisance of ourselves in general.

HOSPITAL FUND

This term shows an increase in the membership of the fund, which now totals 45. The aggregate amount subscribed for the year is on the right side of £20 and still the shekels roll in.

In case the members do not already know, it is now possible to receive treatment during the holidays and at any Government hospital besides the Bunbury hospital. Should the hospital in question not be aware of the existence of the fund, pay the bill and bring the receipt to me next term when I will have your money refunded. Treatment is only possible if your accounts are up to scratch. Pay in advance to last through the Christmas holidays, thus making sure of free treatment. At present several members are in arrears. They would benefit themselves by remedying this defect.

HON. SECRETARY.

LABOUR SAVING DEVICES

Anyone who has chased reluctant cattle in from frozen scrub on a winter's morning, or become uncomfortably wet herding them in from knee-high clover in the pouring rain, will understand and appreciate the necessity of some change in the order of things. It was in trying to bring about this change that I invented my first labour-saving device.

The water-troughs stood by the well, in a partially enclosed corner of the big clover paddock. Every night after milking, the cows invariably made a bee-line for the trough, and after drinking their fill, wandered out into the bush again.

Well one evening, with father's forecast for the night of "Rain, and plenty of it," ringing in my ears, and gloomily contemplating a chase for the cows next morning in the pouring rain, I had a sudden and glorious inspiration. The cows were busy drinking, the space in the enclosure was not extremely wide, and could easily be built up. Why not imprison the animals in here for the night, and so have them close by in the morning?

Immediately I began to work. The slip-rails separating the orchard from the paddock were pulled out, and laid in

place across the gap in the enclosure. The gate between the big and little clover paddocks was also taken down, and slowly and with great exertion, dragged to the scene of labour.

Strengthening the stoppage by any pieces of timber lying about, I gave a last satisfied look at my handiwork, and at the cows standing, mildly curious, behind the rails. Then, rooting up a few armfuls of long grass, I tossed it to the cows and departed homewards, well pleased.

"Rain, and plenty of it," father had said, but I am sure that he never expected anything like the deluge we did get. If ever the heavens have truly opened since the days of Noah, they did that night. Rain in bucketfuls descended on every square inch of exposed material, drenching it in a few seconds almost, and then trying to wash it apart altogether. Lying snug in bed, I did once reflect that the cows had no shelter other than a solitary gum, and would be feeling uncomfortable about it; but imagining that they would be used to it, and anyhow couldn't escape, I turned over and fell peacefully asleep.

Waking the next morning to find the rain still drizzling from a leaden sky, I congratulated myself on my labour-saving ruse. I plodded down to the cowshed, finding the orchard boggy, and with puddles in the hollows. Where the night before had been a slight hollow and gentle slopes, was a broad and even expanse of water. This was interesting. What, however, was more interesting and alarming also, was the fact that the cows were nowhere to be seen.

There were the bundles of feed I had thrown over. There the troughs brim-full with water. But the rails were down, the gate broken in the centre, and the cows nowhere in view.

Realising even as I ran the enormity of my offence and the probable punishment, I raced up towards the house. As I did so I caught a glimpse of something grey moving through the mist of rain at the far end of the orchard. My heart flew to my mouth, then, falling again with a sickening thud, stayed motionless. For a moment I stood still in my tracks, while the full horror of my deed burst upon me. The cows in the orchard up by the young trees! And all my fault! Terror lending wings to my feet, I tore up between the trees till I reached the scene of action.

Many of the young trees were utterly devoid of leaves, many had branches broken, and two or three were knocked right down. Horrible crime!

We will draw a veil over the ensuing scenes. Suffice it to say I still entertain

a profound regard towards prunings as implements of punishment, and that even now I am slow in following what, at first, appear brilliant ideas for "Labour Saving Devices."

THE SCANDAL CLUB

The other day I heard of a new club which had the unique name "The Scandal Club." Possessing a great curiosity, I made up my mind to enquire further, which accounts for the fact that the next day found me in conversation with the president. This being was pleased with my humble interest and forthwith invited me to attend a meeting that same night, which invitation I was not tardy in accepting. On the way there he spoke as follows concerning the club: "Knowing that all or most people delight in hearing or talking scandal, I formed this club in order that they may bask in scandal to their heart's content. Needless to say there is a large membership which is still increasing. The meetings which are held every night, take place in some ancient ruins, which give them a certain thrill by the fact that any moment a ghost may appear. To make the proceedings even more mystic, everyone is made to take an oath on joining and wear a mask at the meetings."

We had by this time reached our destination, and I was led down several flights of gloomy, winding steps to what was once a mediaeval torture chamber, where once the bodies of rebellious serfs writhed in excruciating agony and uttered gurgling screams which echoed eerily about the room. Now, however, the room was furnished with comfortable chairs and lighted by a dim lamp, around which the members sat and exchanged scandal. This is a story one member told to his audience.

"It was on such a night as this, when ghosts are apt to become inclined towards nocturnal perambulations, and I, a citizen of this town, was passing the cemetery on my way home from the theatre, when a person who might have had intentions of scaring someone, began to wail mournfully from one of the tombstones, 'Comfoorrrt! Comfoorrrt!'

"On rebuking him sternly for his supposed prank, to my amazement I discovered that the poor fellow was weeping bitterly. In no way would he be consoled until I mentioned the word comfort, when he literally sparkled. I was at a loss to account for this sudden change of countenance, until the mystery solved itself by the appearance of a pale feminine shape. Uttering an anguished cry of 'my comforter!' the wailing one fell upon her neck and wept large and

lustly tears down her back. Thoroughly disgusted I left them entwined about a tombstone making gurgling sounds to each other."

This was considered the best story for the night and received great applause. After hearing several other scoops of scandal I left, after warmly thanking the president for his kind entertainment. On my way home I had to pass the cemetery and almost expected to hear the wailing, but evidently the ghostly sojourner had been comforted and I was allowed to continue my homeward walk uneventfully.

ARMISTICE, 1936

We all trooped into "Gym" in the same manner as we generally do, talking, laughing, shuffling our feet to the noise of scraping chairs. It was almost the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year—the twenty-first anniversary of signing of the Armistice, and we were assembled to commemorate the fallen.

When everybody was settled, the Headmaster commenced the ceremony with a short speech concerning the futility, loss and sacrifice caused by the great war. Following on this the English master arose to read a poem written at the time of the Armistice, but he had scarcely begun when the town whistle blew and the whole assembly rose to observe two minutes silence.

Two minutes silence! What a little time to give to commemorate some twelve million men! The whole school was very quiet save where here and there a chair creaked with the pressure of someone leaning on it; a fly was buzzing busily around my head, the notes of a bugle blowing the "Last Post" came floating up from the town below. These sounds and the ceaseless wash of the sea were all that could be heard.

My head was bowed and my eyes fell upon the brooch which held my tie and a queer pang shot through me. The brooch was composed of a ring of forget-me-nots, once blue, but now almost white owing to the fact of their having once got into the weekly wash, and no paint, however good, will stand healthy soap suds. A strange feeling, half remorse, half fear, arose within me, as I thought of all those who had fallen, and then of the war clouds which were now hanging over Europe and the world once again.

I thought of that other flower which is linked with sorrow—the scarlet poppy, "In Flanders fields the poppies grow." The sentence made me think of a picture, which hangs upon the wall of the studio of an acquaintance of mine. It is a

bluish grey print of the fields of Flanders, the long rows of white crosses gradually receding into nothingness, the poppies growing everywhere, and a blindfolded soldier, rising like a spirit out of the graves, holding a torch he is handing on to another of his kind; while down the side the words of a poem, which I have forgotten, are printed. All around the edge of the print someone has attached the scarlet silk poppies which are sold in the streets. There are about ten of these, each a year older and dustier than the other, and I suppose another will be added this year.

"Be seated please," the voice broke in upon my meditation and I sat down, automatically, with everyone else. The remainder of the service consisted of two short addresses given by masters who had been at the war, which told how they received the news of the Armistice; and we concluded the service by singing "God Save the King."

Our National Anthem always sends a little thrill through me. Whether it is the tune or not I cannot say, but I know I always want to sing at the top of my voice, and generally do, much to the discomfort of my neighbours. This morning, however, I could not help thinking of the new king we were acknowledging, with his strong boyish ways and looks and his modern outlook, and I wondered how he felt when he heard our national hymn.

I also thought of the story I heard of some Danish sailors who were in port not so very long ago, and who, on hearing the National Anthem for the first time, laughed. It appeared very strange to them that we should sing to our King and not our country, and when one stops to consider there is much to be said for the Danish point of view.

And so the service ended and we all filed out of the "Gym" again.

We had done a little to honour and commemorate the fallen.

AN EXPERIMENT CALLED "SWOT"

Aim—

To do three years' work in a few weeks.

Apparatus—

Several chairs (preferably soft), books (be careful to exclude anything interesting), pen, ink, notebook, and most important—concentration.

Method—

Select if possible a quiet place. The library is the next best thing. Arrange chairs in convenient positions and place self on the softest.

Take book you intend to swot and open same.

See that your pen is in working order and will write without undue scratching or squeaking.

[NOTE: Always show a little consideration for others. Don't complain unduly if the sun is in your eyes or the ink has been made to combine to form inksium-carbide. Remember, that someone is making use of the sun even if it is only to let off a cracker, and it must be admitted that a small piece of carbide placed in the ink produces amazing results.]

Study book for at least two hours.

By this time you are either very confused or much wiser than previously.

Results—

These are varied but are sometimes as follows:—

Possible pass in Junior or Leaving.

A feeling that the beach is a much better place than the library and a desire to meet the person who invented examinations.

Conclusion—

This experiment is not worth doing.

ENERGY IN A CITY CHURCHYARD

(With apologies to Gray's "Elegy.")

'Twas eventide and by some giant hand
The pine tree tops aswaying all were
set;

A breaker thundered on the distant
strand,

As through the wicker gate myself I
let.

The moon, swinging aloft upon my left,
Had just begun her traverse of the
sky,

Before me stretched, with many a nook
and cleft,

The wastes of a neglected cemetery.

Beneath the moon, to me, this night it
seemed

A place where well all fabled ghosts
might walk,

And, at a glance, my soul within me
deemed,

'Twas not a place where folks would
stop to talk.

Filled with these thoughts and hopes of
solitude,

Between the crumbling stones my way
I tread;

Drinking into my brain, of thought the
food,

The peace and solemn silence of the
dead.

Upon a homely tomb 'neath pine tree
 shade,
 Pensive and steeped in thought I take
 a seat;
 But lo! I am disturbed for through the
 glade
 I see two figures, one large, one petite.

These figures seemed to merge, then
 move ahead
 And cross a path all flecked with light
 and dark;
 And then I knew they were not of the
 dead
 But living souls, with business in the
 park.

Forthwith from me all hopes of solitude
 And chance of peace, were at a stroke
 dispelled,
 I rose and followed, not in happy mood,
 Because my love of solitude they
 quelled.

Some men are happy when they are
 alone,
 Some men their wish for loneliness
 have curbed,
 But who can reach the equal of the
 groan
 Caused by the misery of a soul dis-
 turbed.

The moon was further up the sky by
 now,
 And by its light the way was clear as
 day,
 By tombs and mounded graves where
 flowers blow,
 My way along the cemetery I made.

A pine tree sighed and whispered to the
 moon
 Of how the breeze had deigned on
 her to blow,
 I thought the ghosts might hear the
 pine tree croon
 And softly murmured "In Principio."

'Twas then I heard it, rising up the
 scale,
 Its volume filled the shuddering place
 of death,
 It was an eerie sound, that long drawn
 wail
 That tore the heart and made one
 catch the breath.

It seemed to drip with horror, caused
 perhaps
 By sight of some unheard of grue-
 some thing,
 That well could have existed in the lap
 Of such a place, where cries of sorrow
 ring.

Filled with the thought and hopes of
 valiant deeds
 That I might do, or die for comrades
 true;
 I dashed towards the sound, knee high
 in weeds
 O'er graves, past tombs and by a
 palm or two.

Bewildered by the hurry of pursuit
 I halted then, to ascertain the way,
 A movement caught my eye beside the
 root
 Of a pine that had been pulled down
 that day.

I sprang towards the thing and heard a
 voice
 Which I knew well, and halted as I
 sprang;
 It said "You chump, you worm (and
 something worse)!"
 I thought, Good God! this monster
 knows our slang.

Next day, (I half expected it, you know)
 They told me I'd been in the cemetery;
 I held my peace; I did not wish to show
 That I had guessed what I had failed
 to see.

WANDERER.



“South Western Times” Print.