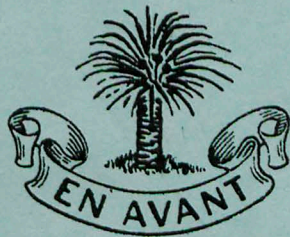


BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XVI.

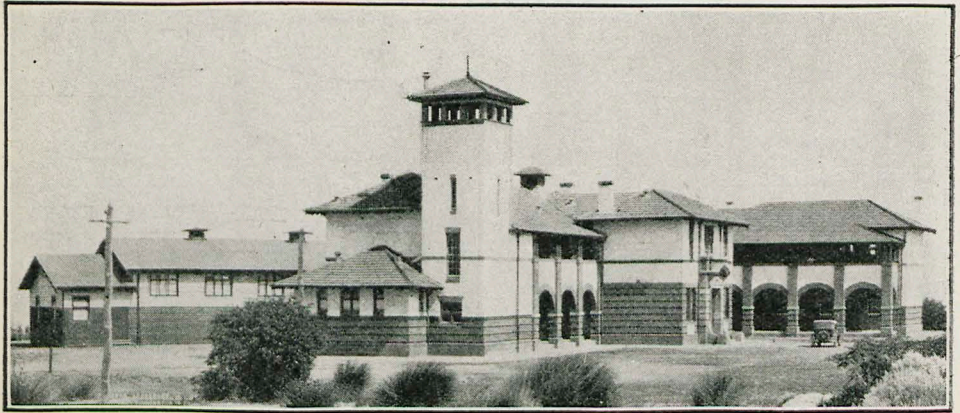
No. 1.

AUGUST, 1937.

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THE KINGIA

Vol. XVI. No. 1.

BUNBURY, AUGUST, 1937.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

After a slight delay, due chiefly to the fact that our contributors, though promising much, produced very few articles which were suitable for publication, we are presenting this magazine. The response made by the Lower School to the appeal for articles was not at all encouraging and we hope that the younger students will mend their ways before the next "Kingia" is issued.

We feel justified in stating that we have done our utmost to produce an interesting and amusing edition, and we fervently hope that it will meet with the approval of all readers.

As this magazine will be published towards the end of the second term we can sit back and regard the first eight months of 1937 in retrospect. That it has been a fairly successful period is the only logical conclusion that can be drawn.

Owing to an increased number of students the school is rather overcrowded this year, but nevertheless the scholastic and sporting records show that the school has benefited rather than suffered on this account.

Speaking of scholastic records we take this opportunity of congratulating last year's candidates for the Junior and

Leaving exams upon their fine performances, and we hope that this year's candidates will continue to uphold the high reputation which the school has. The editors, together with the staff and students, wish you "all of the best" in your forthcoming exams.

From the social point of view this year so far has not been a distinctive one. Dances have been too few and far between for the peace of mind of the average student. However there is a whisper afoot of an early improvement in this respect, so we may look forward to brighter and happier times.

Since all eyes and thoughts will soon be on the teams which are to represent the School in the Inter-school sports in Perth, it is fitting that we should join with the staff and students in wishing every member of those teams the best possible success.

In conclusion the editors wish to give a few words of encouragement to those contributors who have submitted articles only to find that they have not withstood the test of the editorial or censorial pencil. Remember that, "small beginnings have great endings," and "nil desperandum." In other words, try again in the next "Kingia."

M. RODDA,
M. LANGLANDS,
P. WHITE,
Editors.

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

PERTH BRANCH

Once again we report a year of success and enthusiasm due mainly to the unflinching efforts of the members of the committee.

The social activities began with our annual dance which was held during the week of the Inter-School Sports in August last, and the event was accorded an excellent response which was very gratifying to the organisers.

September 3rd of this year is the date fixed by the present Committee to repeat this fixture, and it is the sincere wish of members that they receive the same support as last year from Ex-Students, Students and their friends.

Another outstanding function held during 1936 was the Re-Union of Ex-Students in Bunbury. Members from Perth travelled to Bunbury by "Bus" on Saturday, November 21st last, and, in conjunction with the Bunbury Association, held a Re-Union Dance that night followed by a picnic to Turkey Point on the Sunday. It was a great opportunity for Ex-Students to renew old friendships of their school days, and as it was decided to make it an Annual Function, members are already looking forward to a still brighter week-end this year.

As well as these two main attractions a "Bus Picnic" was held at Rockingham and another evening was enjoyably spent in playing cards and dancing.

The Committee Meetings are held monthly by the Perth Branch and it is their ambition to please all members in their choice of social gatherings. The present Committee will be pleased to hear from any Ex-Student who could offer any suggestions, and likewise Students who are leaving School at the end of this year and who are thinking of residing in Perth, are asked to notify the Secretary of this Branch.

The forth-coming year, it is hoped, will be another of social success and it is the following Committee who will do all in their power to make it so:—

Patron: Mr. Irvine.

Vice-Patrons: Mr. Sherlock and Mr. Horace Minors.

President: Mr. J. Vague, Statisticians Department, Perth.

Vice-President: Mr. J. Shurmann, c/o Commonwealth Bank, Perth.

Secretary-Treasurer: Miss J. Goland, 1298 Hay Street, Perth.

Assistant Secretary: Miss R. Joy, c/o Nicholsons Ltd., Perth.

Assistant Treasurer: Mr. T. Malden,

1257 Hay Street, Perth.

Ladies' Committee: Miss J. Sherlock, 138 Hampden Road Hollywood; Miss Elsa Fox, c/o Training College, Claremont.

Gents' Committee: Mr. A. Hicks, 46 Venter Avenue, West Perth; Mr. C. White, c/o Customs Office, Fremantle; Mr. J. Lake, 131 Grosvenor Road, Mount Lawley.

In concluding these notes we wish the School every success in the forthcoming Sports and Examinations.

PERSONAL PARS

Mr. Harry Hicks—has recently left us to take up a position with the Main Roads Board in Sydney; before leaving he married Miss Margaret Somerville.

Mr. Jack Knott—upholding his position as Secretary of the Peppermint Grove Road Board.

Mr. R. Prider—undergoing further studies at the Cambridge University as the result of his gaining a two year Hackett Scholarship.

Mr. Alec Fisher and Mr. Alan Hicks—have recently received their engineering degrees.

Mr. C. White—upholding his position in the Fremantle Customs Office and continuing his studies at the University.

Bankers All—Mr. Shurmann, Mr. Chant, Mr. Geoff Taylor, Mr. G. Davis, Mr. W. Kennedy, Mr. R. Young, Mr. R. Fullerton, Mr. L. Hawter, Mr. H. Becker, Mr. K. Hughes and Mr. C. Kilian.

Teachers All—Misses G. Annesley, Miss A. Northwood, Miss J. Sherlock, and Mr. Harry Giese.

Nurses All—Miss M. Eyres, Miss Ida Becker, Miss O. Goland, Miss G. Larkin and Miss N. Abrahamson.

At Training College—Misses E. Fox, Q. Bidmead, F. Hulme, I. Miller, and Messrs. A. Rowe and R. Hitchens.

University Undergraduates—Miss K. Pearce, Messrs. I. B. Verschuer, G. Inkster and C. White.

State Honours—Congratulations to: Mr. Harry Giese (Rugby), Mr. G. Farquharson (Rowing), Miss P. McKenna (Hockey).

Marriages:—

Mrs. Chambers nee Miss E. Sunter.

Mrs. Waldeck nee Miss J. Pailthorpe.

Mr. R. Prider.

Mr. J. Sunter.

Mr. Ross Jarvis.

Mrs. Davies nee Miss Gwen Gale.

Births:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Shurmann—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Prider (now in England)—a daughter.

HOSPITAL FUND NOTES.

Owing to the influx of new students into the school it is with great pleasure that it is announced that the Hospital Fund is now a more or less flourishing concern.

Many new members have joined and the amount of subscriptions paid in is well in advance of those of previous years.

Members are strongly advised to keep their subscriptions well in advance as free hospital treatment is not granted to those who are in arrears. Also, all members of the football XVIII should join for football is a rough game.

The Sec. has been rather bothered lately by the members who **must** pay 3d. every week and he asks them if they could possibly pay 1/- at a time, or more if possible for he has quite a lot of swot to do, and continually doing books may account for some of his low marks.

So once again I beg members to have pity on

THE HON. SEC.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The School resumed work on February 9th with a record enrolment of 293 which gradually increased to 302 in April, but which has now fallen to 290. The increased enrolment and the transfer of Mr. Andrew to Modern School necessitated new members of the staff and we were pleased to be joined early in the year, by Mr. Downing, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Freind and Miss Purser, as new members of the staff, and Mr. Victor Moor who returned to the School after some months' service at Albany High School.

During the first term Mr. Pearce and Miss Purser were transferred and replaced by Mr. Colgan and Miss Evans, who has taken charge of the newly instituted commercial course. To those who have left us we wish happiness in their new positions and those who have joined our staff we welcome. May their service at Bunbury High School be pleasant.

During the first half of the year the School has been interested in many things besides studies. Sport has occupied much of our time and major sporting events were the Swimming Carnival on March the 24th and cricket trips by the first and second elevens to Busselton and Brookhampton. There has been much enthusiasm for dramatic work and, with the help of Mr. Stanbury and Mr. Colgan, many students are engaged in producing short plays to be acted in the School Hall early in August. The Camera Club, under the guidance of Mr. Victor Moor, has recently been very active, and to judge by the number of stamp albums seen in lower form-rooms Mr. Davies-Moore has inspired much interest in stamp collecting.

Eighty-five new books have been added to the Fiction Library and, to judge by the few that are ever to be seen on the shelves, they are being read assiduously.

The providing of sufficient typewriters for the commercial students still remains a problem. Three have been purchased out of school funds and we are much indebted to Miss Mitchell for the gift of one.

Many students are looking eagerly forward to the sporting competitions in Perth in August and are indebted to Mr. Downing and Mr. Jenkin for much help in training.

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FACTION NOTES

KINGIA FACTION.

Once more the factions are in fierce contention over that much desired prize called the Faction Shield, and the lesser prizes known as the pennants and cups.

Undoubtedly Kingia is in the running but she does not seem to be doing very well, for during the cricket and tennis season she didn't win a match at either game, although she valiantly scored a draw or two.

The cricket played by Kingia was of an exceptionally sporting type, as she never made too high a score to prevent other factions from having a chance of winning the match. Her sportsmanship, however, did not result in her obtaining many points, which only showed how opposing factions will take an unfair advantage of this faction's generous spirit.

The tennis was a farce in the full sense of the word, for Kingia did not even succeed in drawing a match let alone in winning one.

No blame, however, can be attached to the captains of these various branches of Kingia's sporting activities, for they did their utmost to uphold the game, and were the guiding life and spirit of the faction. Then came the football season carrying in its train an unpleasant load of memories of last year's reverses.

To our joy (?) we lost the first match, although the fault was not our own. We were combined with Blue, which will, to any sensibly discerning individual, be sufficient reason of our reverse of fortune.

The following week we were combined with Gold; and apparently there is much more harmony between these factions, for they made a glorious progression, with the airfilled, leather component of the game, from the centre-line to behind the goal posts. A signal victory was obtained.

Then came the week, in which Kingia condescended to allow themselves to be allied with Red, against the heavy artillery of combined Blue and Gold. A decisive victory was scored by Blue and Gold, contrary to general expectations.

Thus for Kingia the football season was a revival, although yet faint, of its former superiority over other factions and, before the season is finished, she should have partially regained her position on the sporting-list. At any rate, here's hoping!

Her success in football is due largely to the improved condition of her faction vice-captain, who has now achieved the high honour of kicking a most glorious goal. His popularity at that moment was plainly widened by the tumultuous shout of applause from not only Kingia but all other factions as well. We hope he continues his heroic efforts to save us from defeat.

Kingia now has a few members who are considered fit enough for the School XVIII, and so this year in Perth the team should do well.

She extends her sympathy to all who are going to the slaughter and hope that her members "do their bit" towards obtaining possession of the Cup. She is not (?) at all anxious about them, for Kingia-ites can, at least, take care of themselves.

These notes cannot be written without giving honourable mention to her athletics team which, it is hoped, will again romp home an easy winner in the sports gathering in October. If keenness counts for anything she should do well for she has an athletics captain with two aims in life. Firstly to win the Athletics Pennant and secondly—well perhaps he could tell you that better himself.

Now it will have been observed that so far nothing has been said of the Swimming Carnival. Kingia thinks that the less said about it the better. It, however, may be stated that she did do better than last year. We would also like to congratulate those who obtained the coveted Senior and Junior Champion positions. Since "the old order changeth yielding place to new" Kingia will welcome her new members this year, to the faction. It is for the youngsters of Kingia that the future is dedicated. She hopes that it be a future wherein the bright evening star shines freely and with that pious sentiment Kingia concludes her notes.

BLUE FACTION—BOYS.

This year the school has a far greater number of students attending than it has known before and sport has become much more popular than it has been lately. Hockey has been dropped by the boys as faction sport and in its place we have soccer, played by the lower school. Combined football is played by the factions and the matches are very

keenly contested. This term we have played three matches and sad to relate Blue have only won one match but that does not imply that Blue are going to win but one match in three. Far from it. Starting from now Blue members are determined to win every match they play and they are going to do so.

A sports committee was formed and it decided that the finals of the cricket should be contested at the end of the year, which means that Blue has had to postpone the winning of the cricket pennant until then, but cheer up, for as an ancient philosopher once had the sagacity to remark, "A pleasure waited for is a pleasure doubled." The tennis finals were postponed until the same time as the cricket finals, but Blue members do not consider themselves optimistic in saying that at the end of the year their tennis team will triumph, thus winning another pennant.

As usual Blue faction heads the list with the greatest number of points toward the faction shield and it is determined to retain this lead and win the shield again, as it was won last year as well as the year before and the year before that.

Last term was held the swimming carnival and although in the boys, Blue was just beaten by Gold, Blue was the victor of the day, due mainly to the good effort by the girls, for the girls' winning margin of points exceeded the boys' losing margin.

At last, since Blue has congratulated itself on everything it is going to do, let it spare a line to congratulate others on what they have done. Taking the events in their order we first see the results of the swimming carnival and convey hearty congratulations to Don Johnson (Gold) and Kevan Bradshaw (Blue) on gaining the titles of senior and junior swimming champions respectively. Also to Joan Wilson who put her best leg backwards and became champion swimmer of the girls in her first year at school.

Next on the list are the tennis championships and, much to everyone's surprise, Ken Withers became energetic and decided to play tennis for the first time since he came to school. In doing so he won the title of Singles Champion from Don Struthers, runner-up. Congratulations both. Ken is also to be congratulated on being elected cricket captain, football captain and hockey captain.

Now to congratulate someone from Blue and at the same time to end these notes. Mr. Fowler belongs to Blue faction and to him we tender heartiest

congratulations on the recent addition to his family circle.

RED FACTION—BOYS.

The election of office bearers for 1937 resulted as follows:—

Faction Captain: K. F. Withers.
Vice-Captain: J. Prichard.
Cricket Captain: K. F. Withers.
Football Captain: K. F. Withers.
Tennis Captain: J. Prichard.
Swimming Captain: J. Prichard.
Athletics Captain: J. Prichard.

This year Red showed to more advantage in sport than was the case last year. We finished up second in the cricket points and were very close to Blue in the tennis. No doubt we would have been top in tennis if our school champion had not taken up his time at cricket.

The Swimming Carnival was not a success from our point of view but no doubt our time will come. While on the subject of Swimming Carnivals we must congratulate D. G. Johnson of Gold, who was Swimming Champion.

Needless to say everyone is expecting Red to capture the football and athletic pennants so we will rest on our laurels.

Before we close we must ask the other factions to do some intense training so that the school shall be able to give the spectators at the Sports Meeting an exciting day.

RED FACTION—GIRLS.

At the beginning of the year the following captains were elected:—Faction captain, D. Clarke; vice-captain, M. Forrest; baseball captain, G. Forrest; tennis captain, M. Forrest; athletics captain, B. Prichard; hockey captain, E. Eckersley; swimming captain, B. Prichard.

Up to date Red faction leads the list of faction points, and we hope to remain in this position until the end of the year, and also next year, so keep it up Reds!

Our hockey team is gradually improving and promises to be quite good next year.

Baseball does not seem to be in our line, although the second baseball team generally manages to uphold their faction.

In basketball we have not been quite so successful as in previous years but the team is improving, so we still have hope for the pennant.

Our juniors also have shown great enthusiasm in their sport, and we hope they will continue to do so.

Play up, Reds!

GOLD FACTION—GIRLS

At the meeting held at the beginning of the year, the following were elected to fulfil the various offices:—

Faction Captain: M. Scott.
 Vice-Captain: R. Longman.
 Hockey Captain: M. Scott.
 Baseball Captain: M. Scott.
 Basketball Captain: C. Clarke.
 Tennis Captain: A. Turner.
 Athletics Captain: M. Scott.
 Swimming Captain: C. Clarke.

Here we are more than half-way through the year, and though Gold has not excelled herself except in basketball, we are not bottom.

Although it is a bit late we congratulate the winners of the Swimming Carnival, also the champion swimmers. We are proud to have Don Johnson, the

senior swimming champ. in our faction.

We did not do so well at tennis, but managed to scrape in a few points, from that direction, anyhow better luck next year Gold.

So far we have done fairly well at baseball, especially second. In hockey we did nothing startling in the first round, but hope to do better in the next. This year we have two members in the first eleven—an improvement on last year when we only had one.

In regard to athletics, we are depending on the Lower School who must do well to counteract the brilliant Upper School (?) who gain a whole point weekly, in the relay.

We will conclude now wishing the First Eleven and the Eighteen the best of success in Perth.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1936.**Leaving.**

Patrick Fox: Eng., Fr., Geog., Maths A, Maths B and Physics.

Sydney Green: Eng., Fr., Maths A, Physics, Dr.B.

Harry Hugall: Eng., Geog. (D), Maths A (D), Maths B (D), Dr. A, Ap. Maths.

Michael Seymour: Eng., Geog. (D), Maths A, Maths B, Ag. Sc., Dr. A (D), Ap. Maths.

Lindsay Webster: Eng., Geog. (D), Maths. A, Maths B, Physics, Dr. B, Ap. Maths.

Olive Bartlett: Eng., Geog., Maths A, Maths B, Dr. A, Music.

Dorothy Callahan: Eng., Fr., Hist., Maths. A, Maths. B, Bio., Dr. A.

Joan Ingleton: Eng., Geog., Maths. A, Bio., Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Dorothy Malden: Eng., Fr., Hist., Maths. A, Maths. B, Dr. A, Music.

Molly McEvoy: Eng. (D), Fr., Bio., Ag. Sc. (D).

Pat Medlen: Eng., Hist., Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Joyce Payne: Eng., Bio., Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Jean Pearce: Eng., Maths. A, Maths. B, Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Thelma Phillips: Eng., Fr., Geog. (D), Maths A, Bio., Dr. A.

Jean Tyrer: Eng. (D), Fr., Hist., Maths. A, Maths. B, Bio., Dr. A.

Elsie Short: Eng., Hist., Maths. A, Maths B.

Mavis Stagbouer: Eng., Geog., Bio., Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Dorothy Sturm: Maths. A.

Dorothy White: Eng., Fr., Geog. (D), Maths. A (D), Maths B (D), Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Edith White: Eng., Fr., Hist., Bio., Ag. Sc., Dr. A.

Jean Wright: Eng., Ag. Sc., Dr. A. German.

Junior.

The following students passed the Junior Examination in:—

Ten Subjects: W. Connolly, Margaret Rodda, E. Hulcup.

Nine Subjects: K. Beatty, D. Curnow, L. Jones, J. Prichard, C. Sykes, L. Henning, D. Levy.

Eight Subjects: C. Barbetti, J. Birmingham, B. Brockman, D. Davies-Moore, R. Dedman, R. Duncan, N. Elkington, W. Richardson, E. Thew, P. White, R. Anderson, J. Edwards, D. Greep, M. Langlands, N. Stockdill, R. Thrum, J. Townsend.

Seven Subjects: R. Heathcote, K. Holten, A. Lindsay, G. Rose, P. Baird, P. McArthur, D. Tatham.

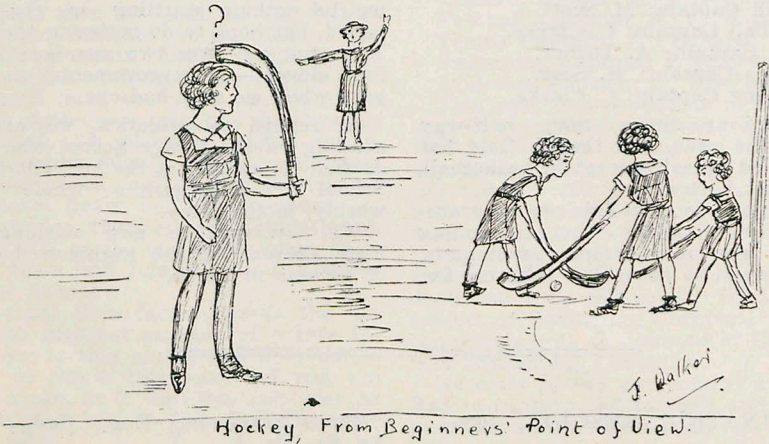
Six Subjects: J. Brown, W. Magi, L. Ryder, Y. Spenser, S. Tough.

Five Subjects: P. Gallagher, P. Hands, D. Clarke, M. Forrest.

Four Subjects: G. Forrest, C. Hands, N. Hislop, M. Wishart.

Three Subjects: S. Barboutis, F. Dyke, R. Jennings.

Two Subjects: S. Doust, W. Forrington, A. Vaughan.



Hockey, From Beginners' Point of View.

SPORTS NOTES

SECOND ELEVEN SPORTS NOTES.

The first term of this year marked the beginnings of a School Second Eleven Cricket Team. The team consisted of those boys who were keen cricketers, although not quite up to First Eleven standard.

Under the able captaincy of R. Watkins the team secured two wins in some five or six matches. With the exception of a little "discus" throwing at the last match, the players conducted themselves very well. But perhaps Mr. Downing was more responsible for the "discus" throwing than we were, when he gave us that interesting talk on the Olympic Games.

The first match played on the Recreation Ground was won narrowly by the First Eleven, whose scorer must have thought it fit that no record of the team's scoring should be kept, and so to avoid humiliation the scores were accidentally lost. On the following Saturday another match was played against the First Eleven at the Show Ground, which

was easily won by that team.

Some weeks later both Elevens travelled to Busselton under the management of Mr. Jenkin. It was there that the Second Eleven won their first match, played against Busselton State School, and won by an innings. The most outstanding players were R. Watkins, S. Payne, G. White, and M. Brittain. The only other match played away from Bunbury was at Donnybrook, where we were easily beaten by an innings and twenty runs. This downfall was brought about chiefly by a youngster named Murdoch, who introduced to us a very fine display of bowling. At the two towns which we visited we were treated with extreme hospitality.

The next match was played against the Bunbury State School and Stratham combined, and resulted in a comfortable win for that team. The last match of the season was played against a School Eleven, which we easily defeated. The scores of this match we regret to say were also lost.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held at the Bunbury Baths on 24th March before a moderate attendance of spectators.

Don Johnson, of Gold faction, was the champion swimmer, with Filsell, of the same faction, runner-up. Kevin Bradshaw, of Blue faction, was junior champion with 25 points.

The faction points were as follows:—

	Blue	Gold	Kingia	Red
Boys	72	43	19	30
Girls	59	13	8	66
Total	131	56	27	96

Results of Boys' Events

50yds. School Championship: Johnson (G) 1, Filsell (G) 2, Ryder (R) 3, Jennings (K) 4.

200yds. School Championship: Johnson (G) 1, Ryder (R) 2, Filsell (G) 3, Jennings (R) 4.

50yds. Backstroke School Championship: Johnson (G) 1, Nelson (B) 2, Ryder (R) 3.

100yds. School Championship: Johnson (G) 1, Filsell (G) 2, Ryder (R) 3, Nelson (B) 4.

School Neat Dive: Kilgren (K) 1, Prichard (R) 2, White (B) 3, Horsburg (K) 4.

50yds. Breaststroke School Championship: Filsell (G) 1, Prichard (R) 2, Nelson (B) 3, Ryder (R) 4.

Junior Events.

50yds. Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, Chamberlain (R) 2, White (B) 3.

200yds. Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, Chamberlain (R) 2, Bird (B) 3, White (B) 4.

Junior Neat Dive: White (B) 1, Nicholls (K) 2, Horsburg (K) 3, Kilgren (K) 4.

100yds. Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, Chamberlain (R) 2, White (B) 3.

50yds. Backstroke Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, Price (K) 2, Bird (B) 3, White (B) 4.

50yds. Breaststroke Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, Price (K) 2, Bird (B) 3, White (B) 4.

50yds. Breaststroke Junior Championship: Bradshaw (B) 1, White (B) 2, Clarke (K) 3, Chamberlain (R) 4.

Handicap Events.

1st Year 50yds.: Kilgren 1, Campbell 2, Anderson 3.

2nd Year 50 yds.: Freeman 1, Joel 2, Annear 3.

Ex-students 50yds.: K. Teede 1, S. Barboutis 2, Hunter 3.

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3rd Year 50 yds.: Chamberlain 1, A. Richards 2.

1st Year Championship, 50yds.: Campbell (G) 1, Williams (B) 2, Anderson (B) 3, Kilgren (K) 4.

Relay Teams: Junior, Blue 1. Senior, Blue 1, Gold 2, Red 3.

Champion Swimmer: D. Johnson, 20 points; R. Filsell, runner-up, 13 points.

Junior Champion: K. Bradshaw, 25 points; runner-up, G. White, 14 points.

Results of Girls' Events

100yds. School Championship: J. Wilson 1, W. Connolly 2, M. Piggott 3, C. Hands 4. Time, 79 4-5sec.

50yds. School Championship: W. Connolly 1, J. Wilson 2, M. Piggott 3. Time, 37 2-5sec.

50yds. Breaststroke Championship: B. Evans 1, J. Wilson 2, C. Hands 3, W. Connolly 4. Time, 53 1-5sec.

50yds. Backstroke Championship: W. Connolly 1, J. Wilson 2, B. Evans 3. Time 49 1-5sec.

50yds. First Year Championship: J. Wilson 1, L. Black 2, P. Hastie 3, P. Wright 4. Time, 37 4-5sec.

50yds. Second Year Championship: C. Clarke 1, D. White 2, P. Bradshaw 3, H. Page 4. Time, 45sec.

50yds. Third Year Championship: M. Piggott 1, B. Prichard 2, A. Dodson 3, V. Levy 4. Time, 43 2-5sec.

50yds. Upper School Championship: W. Connolly 1, B. Evans 2, C. Hands 3, J. Powell 4. Time, 38sec.

Life-Saving Race: B. Prichard 1, J. Wilson 2, B. Evans 3, W. Connolly 4.

30yds. Breaststroke Championship: D. Knight 1, P. Bradshaw 2, P. Hastie 3, D. Bird 4.

30yds. Championship: N. Anderson 1, R. Carroll 2, P. Poller 3, P. Dodson 4. Time, 33sec.

Neat Dive: B. Evans 1, M. Brown 2, B. Prichard 3, J. Wilson 4.

Relay Race: Red 1, Blue 2, Gold 3.

50yds. Lower School Handicap: D. White 1, P. Symes 2, C. Clarke 3.

Cork Race: J. Wilson 1, C. Hands 2.

Balloon Race: M. Brown 1, B. Evans 2.

Faction Points: Red 66, Blue 59, Gold 13, Kingia 8.

Champion Swimmer: J. Wilson (23) 1, W. Connolly (20) 2, B. Evans (17) 3.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES.

This year, with over 140 girls in the School, it is more difficult to occupy them all on Thursday afternoons, but with two basket ball fields in use, every girl is able to play some game, even though she may not be in a faction match. In the summer, of course, swimming was the popular pastime, though the capacity of the tennis courts was also fully taxed.

The Swimming Carnival was held rather later than usual, and the weather was rather chilly for the competitors who greatly appreciated the innovation of a tuck shop where they could obtain hot tea or coffee with biscuits. There was close competition between Red and Blue factions, the former winning by seven points. The championship was won by Joan Wilson, who put up a splendid performance for a First Year student. With 23 points, she was three ahead of the runner-up, W. Connolly.

In the faction tennis, Kingia won all their matches, and have to play Blue in the final, which has not yet been arranged.

The tennis team made two trips, in company with the boys' team, to Brunswick and Burekup, the combined team being successful in each case.

Kingia hockey team has won all its matches this season and should have a very good chance of carrying off the pennant in the final which it is hoped

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to play before the holidays. The school hockey team is showing improvement, having recently defeated two of the teams which beat it earlier in the season.

In baseball also, Kingia seems to have the best team, while in basketball Gold has won most matches, last year's premiers, Red, not being nearly so good this year. The Basketball Association has been revived, and the School has entered a team. They have played well and, though they have not won many matches, are showing improvement. The girls who play basketball are very much indebted to Mr. Howieson and Mr. Stanbury for the greatly improved fields and the fine new goal posts.

An Upper School Relay Race has been run of recent weeks on Thursday afternoon and, although the finishes have been very close, Kingia girls have managed to win each time.

At present the Sports' Carnival in Perth is prominently before our eyes and the best wishes of all the girls go with the hockey and athletic teams which will uphold our honour against our sister Schools. To the boys also we extend good wishes.

The faction competition has provided some excitement, as Kingia has been struggling to overtake Red (which had a good lead from the Swimming Carnival) and has just succeeded in doing so. Blues and Gold are close contestants for third place. This keen competition is much more interesting for all than a runaway victory such as frequently occurs. The faction points at the time of writing are:—Kingia, 128; Red, 117; Gold, 90; Blue, 88.

CRICKET NOTES—FIRST ELEVEN.

During the last season the First Eleven has played no less than five matches, and although only one match was won all the members are very keen and next season the team should meet with more success.

The following is a summary of the matches played:—

February 26th: School (49) were defeated by Cosmopolitans (89). Leading performances: Moore 17 not out, White 2 wickets for 8.

March 6: School (68) defeated Busselton (56). Leading performances: Robertson 6 for 13, Filsell 4 for 17.

March 13: School (93) were defeated by Brookhampton (157). Leading performances: Brown 41, Filsell 25, Withers 7 for 45.

March 20: School (94) were defeated by Busselton (220). Leading performances: Robertson 25, Withers 2 for 12.

April 2: School (90) were defeated by Brookhampton (200). Leading performances: Brown 24, Filsell 4 for 22, Withers 3 for 26.

The First Eleven wishes to thank Mr. Jenkin for his keen interest in the team. Mr. Jenkin gave up a great deal of his valuable time to attend the matches and we are duly grateful.

The thanks of the team are also due to D. Johnson (scorer) and P. White (sport-recorder).

CRITIQUE OF THE FIRST XI (1937)

P. WHITE (Vice-Capt.): A good right hand batsman with some strong off shots. He is rather weak on the leg. Is a fair change bowler. He has taken some good catches in slips.

I. ROBERTSON: A good, forceful opening bat who has been rather unlucky not to make big scores. A good opening fast bowler who breaks the ball both ways.

J. BROWN: A good right hand batsman who can make the runs come quickly. A fair change bowler and a good fielder.

R. FILSELL: A good defensive bat and a good medium pace bowler, but is sometimes rather erratic.

R. STUCHBURY: A good fielder and a fair defensive bat, but is inclined to poke the ball through slips.

K. BARRETT: Has done well as the school wicket-keeper. Is a good opening bat with good shots all round the wicket.

E. LANE: Has improved a good deal. He is a fair right-hand batsman.

D. DAVIES-MOORE: Has done well this year in the batting. He is rather slow in the field.

P. GALLAGHER: A good left hand bat and a fair change bowler.

A. WATERS: A fair left hand bat. A good fielder who throws the ball in well.

K. F. WITHERS (Capt.) (by the Vice-Capt.): Has filled the position of Captain successfully, being very popular with

the team, and capable of handling his men well in a difficult situation. A good left hand slow-medium bowler who breaks the ball both ways. Has met with well deserved success during the last season. He is a sound right hand batsman with good shots all round the wicket. A keen fielder at any position, who has taken some very good catches.

CRITIQUE OF HOCKEY XI (1937).

D. JOHNSON (Vice-Capt.) (R.O.W.): Has played well in this position. Takes the ball down the wing in good style and centres well. Has shot some good goals. Plays good combination with his inner wing.

J. PRICHARD (R.I.W.): Has scored some very good goals. Is inclined to take the ball through too far on his own, but he usually centres well.

P. WHITE (L.I.W.): Has improved a good deal but when tackled he is inclined to hit the ball too far ahead.

GILLON (L.O.W.): Keeps his position and plays a fair, steady game. He does not centre hard enough.

E. HULCUP (reserve-goalie): Has done well in this position. Has a good clearing kick.

K. BARRETT (R.F.B.): Has played well stopping many moves of the opposing forwards. Has a good clearing hit.

J. BROWN (C.F.B.): Has done very well in goals. Has good judgment and a good clearing kick.

D. DAVIES-MOORE (L.F.B.): Has improved a good deal but should tackle his opponents more quickly.

I. ROBERTSON (R.H.B.): A good half back but should be more careful with his stick.

R. WATKINS (C.H.B.): Keeps up well and leads well to his forwards. Has a good eye and is hard to beat.

SYKES (L.H.B.): Has played fairly well in this position. Should take the game more seriously.

K. F. WITHERS (Capt.) (by the Vice-Capt.) (centre): Is a good captain having complete control over the team. Plays a good game at centre combining a good knowledge of the game with a cool head. His stickwork is a great asset to him and might be used to more advantage if he attempted to take the ball down himself. His scoring shot is strong, and he has scored many goals this season.

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"A FEW PAGES FROM A DIARY"

Woke up at the unearthly hour of 8.15 a.m. this morning and was just in time to save my breakfast from being put away until tomorrow. After putting sundry books in my case, I strolled leisurely to school and after being told by a prefect to report, I went to my room which was in an uproar, the cause of it being the non-arrival of a teacher so I concluded it must be a poetry period. The master did actually arrive and was just about to send the form-prefect to get a book when the bell rang, and all those who had had the good sense to drop French, left the room. As soon as the French mistress entered, she was greeted by the usual question concerning the desire to go in the sun. We knew what the answer would be but we always asked her, it helped to waste time. I was asked two questions during the period and would have been asked the third had it not been for good judgment on the part of the bell-boy.

Algebra was next but I must have gone to sleep as I was very rudely awakened by someone yelling "BROTHER" in my ear. Physics and applied maths. followed but these were done in silence, no one wishing to express his ignorance in them.

Went home for dinner and was served with the usual "Hash" which might or might not consist of anything that may or may not have died with lead-poisoning or over-heated blood. Anyhow I didn't have anything else. Went to school early and was congratulated by the first master on my wonderful effort.

I was on the verge of going to sleep when the gramophone rolled in and of course that put the "hat on" having a sleep. It never rains but it pours, for to make matters worse another tabby entered and commenced broadcasting, in sonorous tones, on all possible wave lengths. The combination would have done justice to any zoo.

First period was a free so I went down to the library where a fight was in progress. By second period I began to feel "crook" so I went home. Must have been the Hash though goodness knows I should be immune to it now, after having had four years of it.

Unfortunately I was well enough to go to school in the morning, but I made sure that I missed drill and Religious instruction. A free period followed so I swotted Punch. Physics was again "in session" and I was glad when it was "in recess." Managed to get a seat near

the fire during this recess but soon had to give it up owing to the fact that some tabbies came and commenced to take, slowly but surely, the possession of the fire. German was next and the only new word I learnt was "Der lange." That word cropped up frequently during the period. Algebra was next and the teacher commenced talking about Combinations, Permutations, Arrangements, Ways, Manners, Groups, etc., and as I could not distinguish between them I didn't try and had a well earned rest. English was next but fortunately I was not asked for my assignment book. French followed but I could not go to sleep as some one incessantly kept on speaking Greek. If it was not Greek, it was Greek to me.

A lecture followed and it must have been interesting because it was applauded with gusto, or else the lecturer had encroached on the bell and his audience were glad to see his back.

Went home and had a sleep as I intended to go to the pictures in the evening. At 7 p.m. I went round the rooms attempting to float a loan and was advanced $1\frac{1}{3}$ on my bicycle plus the bell. The first picture was terrible, the news-reels rotten, the comedy weak, and the second picture putrid. I was so angry that I kicked the land-lady's Fu-Fu into the next door's but one's back yard and after waiting a few minutes to hear if it had had a successful landing, I went to bed. Woke up in the morning and missed my breakfast by several minutes. I reckon it is downright roguery on the part of the landlady to refuse to serve breakfast after 10.30.

Au revoir—that is le fin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rube: The name of the song is "Lovely Lady."

Inquirer, Anxious and Others: The noise heard in Room C on Friday mornings is not caused by the things you suggest. It is merely the School Orchestra practising.

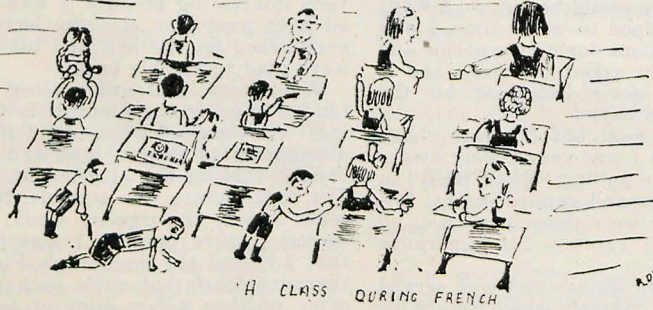
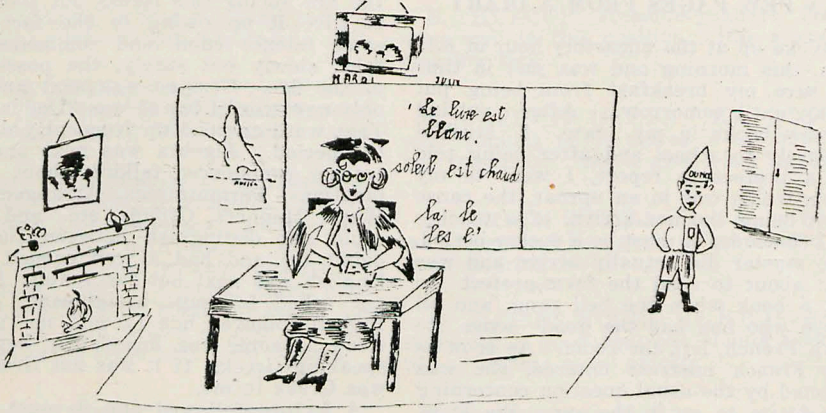
Boris: Unable to treat Matrimonial subjects here.

Curious: No, there is no special attraction in the Sports Shed.

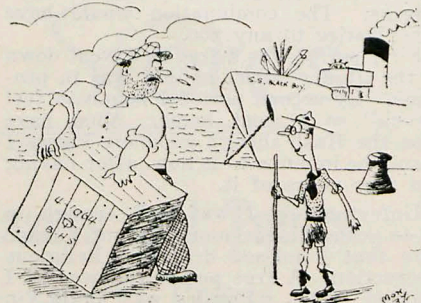
Spot: The song Harry Lauder sings in his latest picture is "A Wee Doc and Doris."

Spicer: Beefsteak is the only recommendation we can make for black eyes.

Blossom: The picture was "Redheads on Parade."



THE OXOTRIO



CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE

FORM NOTES

I.B. (GIRLS).

"Howdy" everybody,—Just a little verse to introduce ourselves:—

"Angelic I.B."

Will you stroll into our classroom?

Said an inmate to her chum,
"Twill be quite a change, if they are not
At lessons: every one.

But to brag was her undoing,
For a sorry tale to tell,
When the door of I.B. opened,
The boaster's countenance; it fell!

For a tussle was in progress
In the middle of the floor,
And the air was thick with flying chalk
Which flew towards the door.

Poor unsuspecting boaster,
She was hit upon the ear,
And the last we saw of her in there,
Was that boaster running clear.

Well, would you like to have a squint
at the inmates of our domain, now?

We have among our numbers, a descendant of a wiry Scotch highlander (McKenzie) who declares that although her kisscurls come out in the rain, they are quite natural. We harbour, also, a "polar" bear, who is said to resemble Friar Tuck.

A highly spirited animal, whose fame has spread among the "trotting" circles, amuses us, as court jester, with her capers.

One of the twelve is a criminal with dark "staines" of crime on her character. Of course her ruler serves as a dagger, and pellets of paper, as bullets.

The forrest is spreading rapidly; although, so far, the trees are rather thin and stunted in growth.

Our class prefects are nearly driven grey, with trying to keep us in order.

We originally chose them because they were the biggest and therefore looked strict. Sometimes, however, we get a wrong impression, for although Joannie is as big a bully as she looks; (perhaps) her fellow prefect or "mate" is as mild as a lamb.

Our next door neighbours are not of the most peaceful types, and there is always a certain rivalry between us and them over different subjects, and between them and the boys in other matters.

Enough said.—Cheerio,

I.B.-ites.

I.D.

Well here we are bright and gay (I must say). Joyce and'er-son are well.

Here are a few questions that have been flying round the class:—

When is Marjorie "Green?"
Why is Peggy "Hastie?"
Is Betty Wright (right)?
Why is Ethel Gray (grey)?
Ask Evlyn what's on (Watson).
Are Doreen's savouries good?
We wonder if "Lollylegs" was born in a candy shop?

Is Elaine, Charlie's (Chaplain) sister?
What did Violet tease?
Why can't "Whoops" do gym?
Why don't they drown Ruby in a well?
Isn't she a bonnie dolly?
Why did "poppy" pop?
Who let "Birdie" loose?

We are classed as one of the quietest forms in the school!!! We'll be seeing you next term.—Toodle-doo,

I.D.

I.I.C.

Apart from us being the rowdiest class in the school, this year has been to a certain degree, uneventful (so far). Our room must be a terror to the prefects because apart from the fearless "Lupe," they have not visited us.

At the beginning of the year our numbers were increased by the arrival of "Beefy" Evans, "Doc" Chapman, young "Wog" Dyer and at Easter time Gillon. Another arrival was "Branson" McLernen. At the end of the first term young "Wog" returned to his previous abode in Perth.

We are too strong for the first years at cricket but at football one result was questionable, and the other result ended by our defeat in an exciting finish. This win is only our giving to them the chance to regain their lost honours.

The class was somewhat rowdier than usual (if possible) because of the absence of our friend "Ted" the class prefect. He was defeated in physical combat by a member of the Calf Club. On his return however he was compensated by feminine attention. "Mr." O'Neil cannot restrain his mirth while reading important History facts. Our bird-like "Stafford" with his innocent expression is another member of this class. He is helped by our lad with the insolent smirk. Occasionally the stillness of the Geography period is disturbed by the sound of, "Boo-Boo!" which comes

from the mouth of our unsquashable Nichols. Having exhausted our general news column we say "Good-bye," till next Kingia.

III.E.

"What men or Gods are these? what maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? what struggle to escape?"—SWOT.

With knocking knees, and quaking limbs, we have in mind the knowledge that the Junior draws nearer and nearer each day.

With hands trembling, so that we can scarcely pick up a pen (as if we want to) we gaze in a wistful, pleading, manner at our maths. master. But alas! he is stern and unrelenting. One consolation is that we are now important third years, and have the privilege to attend prefects dances.

But away from this morbid, and gloomy subject, and let us introduce to you, the ever popular lady—the Honourable Mrs. Gossip.

Of course you know that guineas are in circulation again, and you should see how our class mascot the "prize guinea pig," is blossoming again.

II.C.

By the way, we heard that "Smiffy," had quite a lot of "Tucker" at the school dance. We have adopted a piccaninny, and one is able to trace the origin of her name, "Topsy," back to her fuzzy black hair.

While this epistle is being written, we hear our class prefect exercising her vocal chords with "Kevan, I'm in Heaven," and Prich' harmonises with "A Strut, strut, here, and a strut strut there." We are not surprised to hear that our wobbly legged form mate, is quite "STRUCK" by the appearance of a fiery headed third year lad (Megsie).

Wishing all Leaving students, and ourselves the best of luck, we will bid you adieu—not with a Jimmy Woodser, but with a "Wee Doc" and "Doris" all round before we gang awa'.

III.E.

III.Q.

Hello everyone! You are now listening to a programme from III.Q. At the beginning of the year we were broadcasting from our studio in the gymnasium, but owing to these premises being unsuitable we shifted to III.Q., where we were soon firmly established.

We hope you will join with us in congratulating Joan Wilson, who showed

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great swimming ability in being the champion girl swimmer, Don Johnson senior swimming champion, K. Bradshaw a member of III.Q., who was junior swimming champion, and the runner-up, G. White, another member of III.Q. We also wish to congratulate Ken Withers who won the school tennis championship.

Excuse us if there is a slight interruption in the programme, but another station is cutting in, or is it only Bird. If your wireless seems to be oscillating, don't blame your neighbours poor tuning ability, because it is only "Dusty" screeching as Jennings applies the latest ju-jitsu, or "Barnie" trying his vocal powers on "Poor Little Angeline" (poor III.Q.).

We have here a cheerio for "Wilf" whose beloved bike was seriously injured in a regrettable mishap. We understand that "Wilf" put too much faith in his nice new bike and expected it to stand up to a cement kerb at full speed. The result was disastrous both to the front wheel and to "Wilf," who took a half holiday to recover from the shock of his parting from his dear love in such unforeseen circumstances. We hope you are better now "Wilfie."

Stand by for the bell.

Station III.Q.; the time is five minutes to nine. We now present the highlights of the class.

One of our outstanding artists is "Blossom," who can come in to a period five minutes late without being chatted. We think Blossom has been thinking of starting a late-comers class, so if there are any nice young things in E, well . . . Anyhow see "Blossom."

Another talented artist is "Twit," who has the art of "twitting" in just at the right moment.

We also present "Robbie," champion fisher (?), cricketer and general basher.

Another person worthy of note is Yull who likes hiking on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Charlie," another artist, is the champion footballer. (We wonder how he managed those two goals one Sunday.)

Equalling "Barnie" in vocal ability is "Gerry," who also plays a mouth organ and dances for our amusement (or otherwise).

We also introduce "Tubby," chief swot and apple eater.

That concludes our "highlight" session. The time is exactly one minute to nine and we will give you a running commentary of the last minute before the bell.

"Tubby" is finishing his last apple as

"Barnie" rushes in and knocks it flying. "Jimmy" follows straight after him and treads on it. "Tubby" curses and grabs a book, but "Jimmy" puts his finger in his mouth and rushes out, followed by "Barnie." Suddenly a piece of chalk whizzes through the air and smites "Robbie" on the ear. "Robbie's" bashful blood is up, and he bashes "Gerry," who breaks off "San Francisco" at the "golden gates," and retaliates with a "stab" at "Robbie's" "floating rib." "Robbie" steps back and treads on "Grabber's" toe. "Grabber" yells and throws "Robbie's" book across the room. The book is swerving through the air. It hits "Gordie" with terrific force. "Gordie" returns it with gusto to the sender. He misses and collects "Tut" on his most prominent feature. "Tut" heaves a piece of chalk and suddenly the mob bursts into a struggle "fierce and fell." The "Jennings Bros." attack "Dusty," who rends the air with his screams. (Don't blame your wireless, it's not oscillating.) Suddenly there is a rush at the door; the fight ceases, "Dusty" is released, and he stops "oscillating" just as a master enters the room, and the bell goes.

Station III.Q; the time is nine o'clock and we are closing down till recess.

Good morning every one.

IV.K.

Writing Form Notes is almost as tedious as passing Junior Examinations, but seeing we have performed the latter task and come through with flying colours, we set about this task with light hearts.

For your benefit, dear reader, we are still the happy-go-lucky crowd of yesterday plus several new students. We take this opportunity of welcoming them all, and we hope that their days at school here will, in future years, be pleasant memories.

Of course, as the great French philosopher has it, "Where there's women, there's noise," and K is no exception.

Most of the disturbance is caused by one fair headed damsel who is forever singing—"He left me for a damsel dark." Did I hear someone say Evans?

At all events "Adam" does not seem to object to the female element, although he is now in a spot of trouble with a certain young lady concerning a French play.

Of course one can only expect trouble when one is a drunkard and father of four children.

Talking of plays the Dramatic Society

seems to be making great demands on our class to provide budding actors and actresses for the concert at the end of the term "Flambard" enjoys himself as a woodcutter who likes the forest.

Our prefect seems to be in rather a serious fix. We "spotted" him running towards the woods with some ginger-nuts. He lost the gingernuts in the woods, but soon found them again.

After this he was spotted again at a party and as far as we can gather he is still spotted.

By the way, before we close can anyone tell us:—

Why Sykes was fined?

Where does Adam lodge?

Why did Stuch conk?

And why did Dedy get Powerful at the same time?

Well, leaving you to think out some answers to the above questions we must say, Au Revoir!

P.S.—Third and Fifth Years copy our shining example, "Don't worry, work like—!"

V.F.

This year the form has been too busy to bother about much, except swot. With the leaving so close we think that Swot is the only solution to our troubles. Thus these notes will not be very interesting mainly due to the efforts of our English instructor whose talks on jargon have caused us to be very careful what we say. We are not to blame.

This class has no social life whatever. We do not fool round in class, but spend all our time in hard study. Our motto is "All work and no play will get us the Leaving," so with fond farewells from V.F we close.

V.E.

There was once a little room where dwelt a curious collection of nitwits. So the story goes, but perhaps you know. This is our first appearance in the sacred realms of this celebrated magazine. We are still trying to live up our (good or bad?) reputation. Alan the perfect prefect keeps himself occupied trying to rule his very unruly subjects. "Baldy" the dumb specimen fancies himself since he has acquired his "long-uns." Dumb Dawson, Chiggers and little Doey can be noted for their peculiar antics. Among our population there are many more for whom we fear there is no hope.

The team which represented the 2nd years at the Rec, deserve to be congratulated on the gallant attempt they made the day they got licked. To the umpires also we would like to extend our thanks

for their services.

We would like to welcome Joey Gibson who has taken the place of Ian Everingham who we now hear is attending the Modern School at Perth.

Meanwhile a grim battle is on. New arrivals charge headlong into the melee and proceed to dodge the numerous missiles which fly in all directions and at the same time they do their best to contribute their share of the general row. The object is to hit any opposing person and promote much physical suffering thereon. Shortly Lupe attracted by the noise frames his majestic figure in the doorway. As they become aware of his presence the asailants rush terror-stricken to their respective seats where they sit white and silent for what is coming.

I.B-ites.

I.A.

Hello everybody, I.A., speaking from station B.H.S. We wish to announce that we were the object of a favourable mention at an assembly for the first time since B.C.

Of course we have no ink-fights now since Possum, Huge and Oigle had to clean the walls after a notorious battle.

A battle royal has just been finished—the peashooters having been confiscated by the masters and prefects. Oigle, alias Haw Haw, alias AA but really Jack Shaw was the crack shot with this particular weapon.

Teede is our nearest object to a Frenchman and is progressing very favourably in his French studies. Bongy is our best attempt at a trouble-maker and makes a great hit with the masters. Noir Pierre is our scientific genius in the way of constructing electrical machines.

Horsburgh is a bag of wit but as yet cannot be a candidate for room jester, a position which is at the present moment held by the honourable Moggy.

Stanley Richards mistook a puddle for his bed and consequently went home with a pair of very muddy trousers.

Prickles, our honourable class prefect has often wondered whether he would retain his high position.

We have to congratulate Bradshaw, Johnson and Joan Wilson on their successful swimming efforts. Hush, here comes the master.—Au revoir,

I.A. ANGELS.

I.I.R.

Well, once more we are called up to put our notes in the good old "Kingia." We are still practically all together with only a few minuses. We have to wel-

come four newcomers, all of whom come from the country.

Last year we thought we had a large number of "twits," but this year the epidemic has spread widely throughout the first year and the number seems greater than ever. Faction loyalty seems to be running very high lately although it has to be done in a subdued tone. A few weeks ago, a stroll along our balcony would have given a deaf person the "jimmies." Only the very daring would pluck up enough courage to enter R. After much straining of the ears these sounds, or rather shouts would be audible:—

"Good old Gold!"

"Go on! Kingia's much better!"

"Rubbish. Blue's best!"

To put more force into these utterings the defendant would brandish a turban feverishly.

Unfortunately, all of this is a scene of the past. At present hardly any noise is heard. Should we get the slightest bit rowdy a very kind (?) teacher puts his head in the door and politely tells us to be quiet. We will all be crazy soon.

We have many budding young typists who have only shown themselves up since the advent of the typewriters. To make them perfect we only need a few "bosses."

At the rate we are going at gym we shall soon be all crocks. "Loll" has already had two falls and "Chicken" seems a bit too reckless. We must lay the blame on these two for the standard of I.R. gym. AND rhythm.

We have most generously been given permission to have fires in our rooms. That we have to get a teacher's permission seems to us very hard. The first teacher we ask does not think it worth while, so of course we ask the second, and he thinks that because the fire is not alight at present the first teacher has said no. So we get no fire at all. What are we to do? As far as we can see, we can't do anything, because we can't alter the teacher's minds.

Pining away under the new rules, we are.—Yours,

I.R.-ites.

IVth YEAR TALES.

Once upon a time a IVth Year of the B.H.S. was told by the "Doc" that he was very White. Naturally he was rather alarmed at being told this, and so he decided to go for a walk every day in

the Forrest, hoping that it time he would become Brown.

Because he was not very Tough he asked Lindsay, Prichard and Gallagher to go along with him, and accompanied by one or two Moore they set out for the Forrest.

On the way they picked up Stuchbury who agreed to go along with them.

Soon after they entered the Forrest they heard a horse Winnie, and in spite of the attempts made by the others to help him, Stuchbury "Conked," and as he remained "Conked" they left him like a Dedman.

They walked on a little further when suddenly a "Boomer" bounded across in front of them. "Can you Ryder 'Boomer?'" asked a Stocky member of the party. "Certainly not," replied Lindsay, "It isn't done."

On the other side of the Forrest they came to a town. "I say," said Lindsay, "let's go down to the Townsend and see if we can find a tea-rooms."

And so they proceeded along the street until the Stocky member stopped with a gasp. "'Evans," she cried, "here's just the place we are looking for."

They entered the tea-rooms and ordered tea. A waitress, whose name sounded like Henning, brought it to the table where they were sitting. "I'll bet you can't drink a Hulecup of tea in one breath," said Prichard to Gallagher, but before he could accept the challenge the proprietor entered and said sternly, "Don't you know the Johns Barbetting in this town?" "No," replied Lindsay but we Woodall like a little entertainment if you could provide it."

"Certainly," said the proprietor, "we have a girl working here who can croon, play the saxophone and Thrum on the guitar. I will ask her to play for you."

After the girl had played several of the latest jazz-hits they all clapped their Hands except Prichard, who said, "I'm tired of this Thrum-ming; I suggest we go home now, before our friend becomes too Brown."

As they were all tired they decided to go home by train, but sad to relate the Clarke in the booking-office told them that the last train had gone and so our adventurers had to make their way homewards on foot, tired but as cheerful as ever.

Bright Ideas—P. J. le B.

Abridged Edition—R.S.

A COMPLAINT.

We poor overworked IVth year students with piles of French, Maths., etc., confronting us, whenever we open our cases feel that the time has come for us to make a complaint.

Please don't misunderstand us and think we are unhappy and discontented. On the contrary we are, for the most part, cheerful and light-hearted.

But now we feel that our good nature is being imposed upon. We do not object to burning the midnight oil in order to keep up with the aforesaid homework, and in fact we rather welcome a few extra French exercises and such like because they keep us at home at night, which is just what we like.

You may have read of the strange dislike of work which IVth Years are said to possess. We are proud to announce that we have broken away from convention and we now work harder than ever before.

But to return to the point. As we have said it is not the amount of work that we object to. Certainly we do have

more homework than we can conveniently do in a night, but our time table is, or rather was so arranged that we had a number of free periods during which we were able to do any work which we had not had time to do the night before. But for some vague reason the "powers that be" decreed that we were to be deprived of at least half of our cherished private studies or "frees" as we like to call them. Gone now is all hope of keeping abreast of the homework. It is a bitter thing to have to give up one's "frees" especially when they are put to such good use.

It is extremely difficult to settle down to a good hard set of algebra examples when all the while something is whispering in our ears, "This is your private study period which the foreign overlords have taken from you. Arise if you are men and claim that which is lawfully yours."

Therefore as gentlemen of spirit we must fight to recover that which is the heritage of all IVth Years—namely ten private studies a week.

P. J. le B.

Central News Agency

— Victoria Street, Bunbury —

For . . .

FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL DRAWING SETS

— and —

All School Requisites

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

- "Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horses."
(Rhythm.) —Meredith.
- "Changed not in kind but in degree."
(Trig. ratios.) —Browning.
- "But the music is lost, and the words are gone."
(Singing period.) —de la Mare.
- "An idiot blithe and bold."
(IVth year piper.) —Brown.
- "Yet, when I would command thee hence, Thou mockest at the vain pretence."
(Conjugation of irregular verbs.) —Mary Coleridge.
- "A spirit haunts the year's last hours."
(The ghost of the Leaving.) —Tennyson.
- "In vain, all in vain, They beat upon mine ear again."
(Oft repeated rules in French.) —Arnold.
- "They have no song, the sedges dry, And still they sing."
(Two melodious (?) fifth years.) —Meredith.
- "There is sweet music here that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass."
(The School Orchestra.) —Tennyson.
- "And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear."
(From a powerful fifth year female.) —Arnold.
- "Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures."
(The plaint of Athol.) —Browning.
- "A lady not so queenly, As to disdain my hand."
(Says Adam.) —Cory.
- "Young love lies dreaming, But who shall tell the dream?"
(Somnolent Juniors.) —Rosetti.
- "Her passing touch was death to all."
(Vows everyone but the sports prefect.) —O'Shaughnessy.
- "She is steadfast as a star."
(The Head Girl.) —Meredith.
- "Subtle wiles are in her smile To set the world a-wooing."
(Rube.) —Meredith.
- "She can talk the talk of men."
(Hands.) —Meredith.
- "Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee."
(Farewell greetings of fifth years.) —Bronte.
- "I take my heart in my hand."
(Quoths K.F.W.) —Rosetti.
- "Till flesh must fade for heaven was here."
(The general cry of all gentlemen.) —Browning.
- "But once or twice we met, touched hands."
(Yes, and were promptly whacked by Withers.) —Dobson.
- "What is he buzzing in my ears."
(A master in poetry periods.) —Browning.
- "They styled their house 'The Lodge.'"
(Adam, and Eve?) —Browning.
- "The brooding East with awe beheld Her impious younger world."
(The Upper school surveys the Lower.) —Arnold.
- "With Dorothy in Green."
(A certain fourth year's lighter pastimes.) —Dobben.
- "The crouching lion there I saw."
(In V.F.) —Stephens.
- "If thought can reach to Heaven, On Heaven let it dwell."
(She needs it.) —Kipling.
- "Riches I hold in light esteem, And Love I laugh to scorn."
(Athol has somewhat revised his ideas lately.) —Bronte.
- "Art thine eyes weary."
(Need you ask says V.F.) —Morris.

- "I warm'd both hands before the fire."
—Lauder.
(Students on cold mornings.)
- "My mind has thunderstorms,
That brood for heavy hours." —Davies.
(After Applied Maths. expositions.)
- "Very old are the woods."
—De La Mare.
(But our stoic doesn't seem to think so.)
- "Let me go forth and share
The overflowing Sun." —Watson.
(Students' wishes in warm sunny weather.)
- "And the merry love to dance."
—Yeats.
(But don't get the chance.)
- "But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eye." —Hodgson.
(A third year damsel.)
- "Her hair which lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn." —Rosetti.
(A fourth year girl.)
- "I climbed a hill as light fell short."
—Hodgson.
(A student on his way to a dance.)
- "At his work you may hear him sob and
sigh
In the walks." —Tennyson.
(Robby mowing the school lawn.)
- "No coward soul is mine." —Bronte.
(Flambard gets tough.)
- "But even for them awhile no cares
encumber." —Bridges.
(Junior and Leaving students after last bell goes.)
- "Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine
fare." —Wordsworth.
(Boarding house rations.)
- "Up! Up! My Friends and quit your
books,
Or surely you'll grow double."
—Wordsworth.
(Fourth year to the swot.)
- "Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells of despair!"
—Poe.
(Especially to late-comers.)
- "With half a mile of sandhill 'twixt the
leaders and the last."
(Kingia contributions.) —Ogilvie.
- "We were a noisy crew."
(Fourth period Wednesday—4th form.)
- "This child runs, as child ne'er ran to
rest."
—A Meynell
(Damsel of Blue on Sports Day.)
- "Good-night; the fire is burning low,
Put out the lamp." —F. M. Ford.
(Swot's finished for the night.)
- "We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances." —Yeats.
(At a School Dance.)
- "Not one now to mock your own grin-
ning."
(The Grinning Skull.)
- "And trains of sombre men, past tale of
number,
Tread long brown paths, as towards
their toil they go."
—Robert Bridges.
(Students on way to School.)
- "But I was young and foolish, and now
am full of tears." —Yeats.
(Excuse of student who tried to miss drill.)
- "And idly pencilled names and jests
Upon the walls within." —E. Blunden.
(?)
- "And freshly crowned with never dying
fame." —Newbolt.
(Prefect who suggested a dance.)
- "Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn."
—Emily Bronte.
(Duckie.)
- "Say not the struggle, nought availeth."
—Arthur Hugh Clough.
(Leaving Students.)
- "Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well,
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf."
—Keats.
(Brown.)
- "One blow, and he was down."
—Walter Thornbury.
(At a football match.)

- "Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding
through the brake." —Noyes.
(After a school dance.)
- "It's the White road westward is the
road I must tread."
(?) —John Masefield.
- "And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
—Lord Tennyson.
(Student who tried to miss drill.)
- "There was a movement at the station."
—Paterson.
(2 p.m. Break-up day.)
- "My mind has thunderstorms,
That brood for heavy hours."
(Boris.) —W. Davies.
- "Was there love once? I have forgotten
her."
(Flambard.) —R. Nicholls.
- "Was it a vision, or a waking dream?"
—Keats.
(Asks Charlie.)
- "What thou art we know not."
—Shelley.
(Evans.)
- "And there's many a league of the bare
brown hills between my love and
me."
(Says a Hostel Student.) —Wright.
- "Joyous, and clear and fresh, thy music
doth surpass."
(School Orchestra.) —Shelley.
- "But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want."
(Boarder after dinner in a certain
boarding house.) —Shelley.
- "Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure
brow."
(A certain Mistress.) —Byron.
- "With wealth to spend and a power to
roam."
(Members of Football and Athletic
teams in Perth.) —Proctor.
- "Hence loathed melancholy,
Of Cerebus and blackest midnight born."
—Milton.
(Third-year talking of the Junior.)
- "I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise."
(Overheard in conversation between
Brun and Boris.) —D. Mackellar.
- "And the thick heavy spume-flakes which
aye and anon,
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-
ing on."
(A certain member of Red faction
training.)
- "Oft rebuked, yet always back return-
ing."
(Boris.) —E. Bronte.
- "While thou art towering in thy strength
of heart."
(Bill.) —J. Clare.
- "Just when I seemed about to learn,
Where's the thread now? Off again."
(IV-year French.) —Browning.
- "All night sleep came not unto my eye-
lids."
(Before examinations.) —Swinburne.
- "It was not like your great and gracious
ways."
(Said a girl to Bill.) —C. Patmore.
- "What is he buzzing in my ears."
(Students at English.) —Browning.
- "Say not the struggle nought availeth."
(A poor dancer.) —A. H. Clough.
- "Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn."
(Says Bill.) —E. Bronte.
- "Last night beneath the mockery of the
moon,
I heard the sudden startled whisperings."
(Student going home through the
cemetery after School Dance.) —Adams.

PERHAPS !

Many years ago when the world (so we are told) consisted almost entirely of beautiful princesses, handsome princes and ugly, wicked witches, a lovely young princess was stolen away by a witch.

Of course the whole country was upset, but what could they, poor mortals, do when up against a witch. (The princes, you see, though handsome and gay, were not really brave).

For several years the unfortunate princess was kept a prisoner. From time to time different people tried to release her. One day a prince, after paying his life insurance, rode up on his fiery steed to the castle gate. He knocked and knocked but all in vain. He searched the wall for holes by which he could enter but alas, found none. Now he could have climbed over, but he would not risk his dignity, for one does not look graceful clambering over a wall. It became a fad for people to make attempts to soften the witch's icy heart. From all over the world came politicians whose lengthy speeches and huge words astonished the witch, but she merely laughed mockingly, for she could no more understand those speeches than an ordinary person.

At length the village tailor was struck with a brilliant idea. Several days later he stepped from his coach with his professional smile, and held up a charming cloak for the witch and helped her try it on, all the while passing dazzling compliments. Perhaps his warm words melted the witch's icy heart. At any rate, when, with evening came a gorgeous bouquet of flowers, the witch was quite won over.

On the following morning she sur-

rendered the princess to the tailor saying a little bitterly "There, take the princess for your bride!"

"Oh, no" said the tailor "not the princess but you, madame dear." And there and then he wooed and won her.

The princess was their chief bridesmaid.

RIAL.

A FIFTH YEAR SCENARIO.

Scene V.F. Time, 8.30 a.m.—9.0 a.m.

Characters: Der Klatschen, Amios, Mavius, Rubina, Karloffski, Athol, Powerful, Lupinius, Wivvers, Silva, Rufus, Roberta, Lecrutius.

Present in the room: Klatschen, Amios, Mavius, Rubina, Karloffski, Athol and Powerful.

The scene opens with Athol flourishing a camera snap in front of Powerful who emits squeals and petty oaths as she vainly tries to obtain possession of the incriminating evidence.

Karloffski watches, with a grin spread wholly over his features, the tantalising Athol who is thoroughly enjoying himself.

Rubina is seated at a desk studiously occupied with some volumes of English literature, while Klatschen regards Athol and Powerful, her beautiful blue eyes silently reproving them. Nevertheless, a faint smile flickers over her face as Powerful makes a vicious swipe at Athol and hits her hand on the wall instead. Powerful leaves off chasing Athol to nurse her injured member, and all the gibes of Athol fail to give her any comfort, for she moans piteously, crooning a Chinese lovesong to herself meanwhile.

Amios is in her desk knitting, appar-

John Birchall

TAILOR

Stephen Street - - Bunbury

ently taking no notice of what is going on. She gets up and goes away for a while, to come back muttering about the fact that to work in the library would be impossible, which certainly is true enough.

On her return Mavius raises her eyebrows a shade or two and looks fixedly at the wall beside her. She again lowers her eyes and goes on playing noughts and crosses between her left and right hands.

Enter Wivvers with his mitts in his pockets and a rapt look on his face, as if debating the varied anodynes given to his worshippers by the god Fumeus. With him is another streak, called Lupinius by his best friends, who regards everything from a scientific point of view.

Lupinius makes a gracious salutation to all present and to Rubina in particular and goes to the window to collect his thoughts. He rediscovers himself and goes silently to his seat.

The weather is bitterly cold and soon cries of distress begin to emanate from those present.

A nonentity now enters and is exhorted to go and get some fuel for a fire which, being cold himself, he does. Soon he returns with a load of wood and applying to Wivvers for a match, lights the fire which shortly burns merrily. Immediately chairs miraculously appear from everywhere and all other arguments are dropped before the question of a seat by the fire. The nonentity discreetly retires to the back of the room.

The news that a fire is going spreads rapidly and soon other members begin to drift in.

Silva is the next member to appear on the scene and she uses her persuasive genius with such success that one of the gentlemen gives up his seat and joins the nonentity to commiserate with him in silence. Silva having firmly established herself Athol smiles innocently and dreams of buses, bets, Sundays, stars and such like, all mixed up together. He is soon reminded of his position as ex-chief-stoic and to such an extent that he gets quite peeved and Silva blushes.

Then the door again opens gently, this time to admit a glorious being who is suddenly greeted by a welcoming shout of "Rufus!" At this she puts her case down softly, smiles angelically, and goes to the fire.

For a moment or two quiet reigns then Rufus is put through the daily queries. She colours at first and then takes no further notice. Athol snaps off his eyes

from their eager scrutiny with a loud clap and goes to get more fuel for the fire, which owing to so many absorbing it, is getting rather low.

He returns with an armful of wood, puts some on the fire, and claims a seat by it as a reward. This is at first resented but gradually his claim is allowed and he gazes pensively at the fire (?).

Now enters Roberta carrying a small attache case filled with magazines. He shows one to Karloffski and is nearly knocked over in the resulting rush. He dumps his case and jumps for a seat by the fire. His stratagem proves successful and while the others survey the magazines he warms himself.

While the mags. are under discussion another member enters. His name is Lecrutius and he has most ladylike manners and customs. Having disposed of his books he also seats himself by the fire and confers in low tones with Roberta.

By this time the magazines have been perused and all try to regain their chairs but finding them occupied the unfortunates execute a war dance to vent their feelings on the subject.

Der Klatschen now takes an active interest and by force of conquest is soon seated by the fire. Her success emboldens Powerful who tries to also gain a chair. She meets with considerable resistance and is forced to appeal to Karloffski for aid. He, at first, looks a bit glum at this request but she looks at him so appealingly that he seizes Roberta by the collar and parts him and his chair. Powerful thanks him prettily and sits down. As she does so all the others but Der Klatschen get up and Karloffski seizing the opportunity seats himself between the two ladies and enters into heated conversation with Powerful. The three of them blissfully continue thus for five or ten minutes.

The rest of the class seat themselves in their desks and watch the trio. Now and then one or other of them laughs for the master enters quietly and stands behind the trio listening to their conversation with an amused grin on his features.

Finally deciding that the joke had gone far enough he asks, "Karloffski, do you find life amusing?" This wakens the offenders. Karloffski blushes guiltily, Klatschen flushes with agitation, and Powerful grins as they each make their way to their desks. This happy and carefree scene ends and the curtain falls on a scene now studious in the extreme.

THE END.

DICTIONARIES.

Dictionaries, I understand, are compiled to aid those students whose chief delight is looking up the meanings of words which they do not understand. As most teachers are optimistic, and the Bunbury High School staff proves no exception, there is an overwhelming number of dictionaries to be found in the library.

This, of course, is very useful sometimes, for even the most disinterested of students must occasionally refer to one or other of the various encyclopaedias for some reason. Generally it is a matter of compulsion.

Recently I had cause to delve into one of these stores of knowledge, and the result was both annoying and bewildering. The word of which I desired to ascertain the meaning was "anarchy." Seizing that volume of the "Everyman's Encyclopaedia" labelled "A to BA," I turned to the page headed "anar-." There was no anarchy, only anarchism. Thinking that both words meant the same thing I prepared to imbibe some small amount of knowledge.

The first five or six lines painstakingly explained that anarchism was a very difficult word to define because—but I forget the reasons given. Anarchy, I eventually learned, was quite a number of things—the said things being described with the aid of impossibly long nouns and adjectives. Also, the discussion of anarchy often engendered more heat than light. When I reached the place at which the compiler of the dictionary stated: "Briefly, anarchy may be described as the negation of government, as a state of society without central government, and in which individual autonomy is allowed its fullest development." I subsided weakly. Anarchy may have meant a modern form of Bolshevism for all I knew. What is "negation of government" and "individual autonomy?" Ridgway and Holmyard (Editors of the Everyman's Encyclopaedia) may have known but such cryptic expressions are beyond the average student. Later, I referred to Webster's and, with commendable clearness and precision, it stated that anarchy was a state of non-government and lack of central power resulting in lawlessness and disorder in a country. Perhaps it does mean Bolshevism.

You realise that those dictionaries which are reasonably easy to understand merely represent the exceptions which prove the rule, the rule being that to find

the meaning of one word students must look up the definitions of some half-dozen others. Doubtless these, in turn, involve still more research work, and so the game proceeds apace.

The chief cause for complaint lies in the fact that the more modern a dictionary, the worse it is. The first dictionary published was compiled by Dr. Johnson who took seven years to complete the work, and the finished article must have been worth reading. Such definitions as the following appeared in its pages:—

Patron—One who offers his help when it is no longer needed.

Oats—A grain which, in England, is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Lexicographer—a harmless drudge that busies himself in detailing the significance of words.

If this type of definition was used in our modern encyclopaedias there would be much less confusion, and a greater number of students using the correct words in the correct places. But modern dictionary writers do not perform their work in a garret. Dr. Johnson did, so perhaps that explains the reason for his sharpened wit.

As no one is likely to succeed in making the present generations compile dictionaries in attics students must, apparently, continue their bitter searches for the definitions of single words which are hidden between the protecting syllables of numberless others.

STORMS AND STUDENTS.

Much discomfort—not to mention a few embarrassing situations—was experienced recently owing to an excess of H₂O in the air. Mr. Ackeroyd must have been experimenting with the height of the barometer.

The lobbies were plentifully strewn with dripping overcoats, shoes and stockings—and dripping children who noisily compared degrees of wetness with their neighbours, and passed nonsensical remarks about the weather being fine—for ducks.

The shedding of stockings, an essential part of schoolgirl modesty, was the source of temporary embarrassment to a few, and caused an alarming array of bare legs of every possible shape and size to be displayed. One student was heard to remark that it was easy to understand why the girls wore black stockings. Like the virtue of charity

they cover a multitude of—not sins, but defects in locomotive appendages.

Although all the form rooms had fires in them many students had difficulty in even catching a glimpse of them—partly because their size was not colossal and partly because of the numbers of wet trouser legs obscuring the view. The age of chivalry is indeed dead—

Five minutes after entering the library (it took that long for the eyes to pierce through the dense clouds of smoke issuing from the fireplace), one could see, hanging in front of the fire, a row of long black somethings which, on closer inspection, were found to be the stockings that once graced the legs of the female students. One ignorant of the ways of B.H.S. students could be forgiven if he imagined that the girls had slipped a few months of the year and were anticipating a visit from the good St. Nicholas.

From the balcony one could see solitary individuals toiling up the hill—no doubt cursing its steepness mentally, if not verbally. They arrived, short of breath and puffing like grampuses. Grampuses are popularly supposed to “puff” but I cannot speak from any personal experience of these short winded animals.

It has been said that the boy whose case flew open while he was battling with the elements, and whose books were scattered in the mud, did not murmur, “How very provoking!” I have no definite information as to what he did say.

But let us not forget the sad plight of a certain fourth year girl, whose tunic was made of a material which shrank alarmingly when its owner was caught in the storm.

Storms have one redeeming feature, however, in the eyes of students—they allow one to arrive at school as late as one pleases. The bug-bear of late-coming is temporarily, at least, banished; the ghost is laid.

SWOT CLUB, 1937.

President, Widdy Wibs; Secretary, Lupinus; Chairman, Borico; Treasurer, Lucrutio; the Swot, Willie; Hon. Member, Oojah; the Mascot, Whatho; Other Member, Hon. John.

Realizing the tremendous responsibility placed upon his shoulders and thinking deeply of the faith and trust placed in him by the members of the Swot Club, the President sighed gustily and com-

menced perusing a novel, one which happened to be very entertaining. I conclude it was entertaining for although it had a simple and uninspiring title, something about doorways and rain, it had the power of drawing forth from the said President very many obvious signs of merriment, such as chortles and quite often loud and prolonged guffaws.

Fate had decreed that this tranquil state of affairs should not last for at the portals of his domain came a thunderous knocking. Without taking his eyes from his novel the President called “Who’s there?”

“Lupinus,” came the answer.

“New one on me but it sounds alright,” muttered the President, then absent-mindedly, “Lupinus who?”

“Tonerre!” snarled Lupinus, “do I have to kick my heels while your dark thoughts pursue obscure channels?” and entered without more delay.

Glancing casually up the President gasped, somewhat like a fish out of water and took a deep breath. Becoming daring he opened them again but first made sure he was not looking in the direction of the vision, one which would have seared his brain, if he had had it with him. However his actions went unnoticed, for Lupinus, who is said to be chollie-eric, was gazing abstractedly out of the window. Soon his eye became more vacant, his jaw dropped with a loud creak and his teeth fell out. This last incident brought him back to earth with a jolt and collecting his far-away thoughts and his teeth, he confabbed with the President. Having exchanged the usual pleasantries, they decided to call a meeting and then immediately called.

The Hon. John is the only one to be punctual and announces himself with a haughty “Hey, hey, what’s the meaning of this, no one here?” He is pacified and led inside where with no apparent effort he assumes a perfectly bored expression.

The rest were not long in arriving, for soon there strolled along Whatho, Oojah and Lucrutio. Oojah lovingly clasped an instrument, to him a thing of joy and beauty forever but to others an instrument of torture, represented in the form of a decrepit and wheezy mouth-organ which should have been scrapped years ago. This so-called mouth organ he alternately produced noises from and raved about, calling to the notice of all and sundry its charm and beauty by remarking, “All bakelite too, believe me it’s the cat’s.” And did it sound like it! These three are a very aspiring musical

trio, for what with Oojah's efforts on the mouth organ, Lucrutio's syncopated hiccupping and Whatho's appalling crooning it is a wonder they didn't expire instead of aspire.

Well and now who has arrived? A taxi rolls to a standstill and there intrudes upon the vision of anyone silly enough to be looking, three members, two of whom, Boricio and Lupinus have great length, the other Willie, well will he or won't he-er-stop talking to the driver. To Lupinus, who is still dropping his teeth you have already been introduced, he is easy. Boricio is a puzzle though, for due to the fact that he is an ethereal being, it is hard to say when he is going to vanish from your sight. Willie has a pencil behind his ear and a notebook in his hand. He walks slowly up the steps with a long face and a silly look in his eyes. Oojah greets him vociferously and they retire to a secluded corner to talk scandal.

All members being now present the President stops reading, Lupinus adjusts his teeth, Boricio comes back to earth, Oojah replaces his mouth organ in his pocket, Willie opens his notebook and with a ferocious look prepares to take notes, Whatho stops crooning, Lucrutio ties a wet towel around his head and the Hon. John becomes interested. The chairman declares the meeting open and Oojah sets the ball rolling by declaring that as each member makes a speech or something is done all present should applaud loudly with the hands, in the usual manner. "Motion disapproved of," growls Willie, writing furiously in his notebook. Having been thus squashed Oojah becomes quite stoical.

Next there is the usual discussion, moved by the Hon. John, as to whether women should be allowed into the club. This is put to the vote by the chairman and rejected by an overwhelming majority of negative votes, Willie being the only one to agree with the Hon John.

This discussion stirs a chord in the memory of the President and waving his hands distractedly in the air he gives a heart-rending description of all the hard work he has to do. When he demands another secretary, preferably female, only the efforts of Lucrutio and Whatho prevent him from being lynched.

Here there is a slight pause and several danger signs appear, for Lupinus starts dropping his teeth, Oojah looks lovingly at his mouth-organ and Boricio shows signs of fading. These signs are noted by the rest and the meeting is hastily closed. Then in groups or singly

the members fade away, leaving the President standing alone in his domain. Once again this person sighs gustily and picking up his book recommences reading.

TO DO—OR NOT TO DO.

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

To do, or not to do—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and voices of outraged
conscience,
Or to wield pen against a sea of studies
And by thus doing, end them? To do—
to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The head-ache and the thousand natural
woes
That we are heir to—'tis a situation
Devoutly to be wished. To do—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay,
there's the rub,
For in that brief sweet sleep such
dreams may come,
When we have finished with this stolen
joy,
Must make us pause; there's the result
That makes calamity of self-indulgence.
For who would bear the brunt of mas-
ters' hate.
The oppressors' hand, a tutor's inference,
The pangs of guilty thought for home-
work left,
The sternly meted punishments and
stares
The shrinking evil-doer humbly takes,
When he, unmindful, leaves his work
undone,
To go to pictures? Who would burdens
bear,
And toil and strain under a musty book,
Unless the dread of something yet to
come—
That once discovered country to whose
verge
Few travellers return—decides the act?
And makes us rather learn those verbs
we have
Than fly to others that we know will
come.
Thus teachers do make students of us
all;
And thus the bounding joy of recreation
Is blotted out by the pale face of swot,
And enterprises of young men and
women
With this regard are changed into toil,
And lose the name of pleasure in the
change.

M. RODDA.

THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER.

The woodcutter is singing,
And everything is still.
The woodcutter is swinging
His sharpened axe with a will.

The Princess enters swiftly
And stands, oh! close to his side.
She sighs gently and sweetly,
For she wants to be his bride.

Our hero isn't observing
Our heroine's dark brown hair,
Which she is slowly combing
With gentleness and with care.

He is not even listening
To the maiden's petite voice;
But goes on with his cutting,
Making a terrible noise.

The Princess comments loudly;
"Good morning Woodcutter, dear."
The faggot splitter's angry,
He thinks it terribly queer.

He does not know she loves him;
It makes him wild to see
Such a beautiful creature,
Lovely, unmarried, and free.

And so he goes on chopping,
Chopping, again and again,
Back and forth without stopping,
Singing a lively refrain.

She tells him she adores him,
And he drops his trusty blade.
She tells him not to hasten,
And his countenance is sad.

She tells him she has suitors,
Princes, Yellow, Blue and Red
The King and Queen will choose one,
And that will be that, she said.

Now our ambitious lover,
Tells his beloved a scheme,
A way to disencumber
By means of the King and Queen.

The gawky wooing Princes,
Strutting with dignified pace,
Who wish to wed the Princess,
Beloved daughter of Her Grace.

The crude scheme worked like a dream,
The suitors were rejected;
Everything as we shall see,
Turned out as was expected.

Our hero was called at last,
The Queen asked every question;
He told her of his humble past,
And passed, on her inspection.

Then he heard sounds of singing
And in through the gilded doors,
The proud old king came bringing
His daughter, saying "She's yours."

Of course our hero took her
And kissed her on both her cheeks,
She said I'd like it better,
If you kissed me on the lips.

The cutter was made a knight,
The Princess soon could cook,
Everything turned out all right,
Like the finish of a darn good book.

LITTLE NED.

Father came on little Ned
Smoking in the potting-shed.
As he put away the cane
He said, "I warn you once again:
Leave my cigarettes alone,
Next time take Ma's or buy your own."
C. SYKES.

BOULTER'S

THE PROGRESSIVE MERCERY STORE

RAIN.

The brown dust rose in the valleys,
To shroud the fallen trees;
Dust to dust in the valleys,
Burdened with death the breeze!

The children cried in the meadows
To the sick weeds, "Where are thy
flowers"?"
To the birdlings hid in the shadows,
"Why silent, O swallows, these
bowers?"
"O! waters return from the mountains,
"O! rivulets, where art thou fled?
"Barren the source of thy springing,
"Our playmates the fishes are dead.
"They sleep in thy dust unheeded
"With stiff purple leaves for a pall.
"We will play no more, we have pleaded,
"But the dust hath no ears when we
call."

A spirit stirred in the twilight,
But the children heard not its sighs.
It whispered a song to the rivers,
And thundered with wrath through the
skies.
It awoke the warm clouds from their
sleeping,
And cast forth their billowy bed,
And the children ran to the meadows
And laughing the children said—
"We will dance 'mid the fallen dew-
pearls,
We will list to the waters again,
The birds shall not cease from their
singing
To the tune of the silvery rain;
We will clasp the damp dust in our
fingers
And mould it as toys for our play;
We will search in the stream for our
fishes,
And bid them "God speed on their
way."

M. LANGLANDS.

**HOCKEY (FROM A BEGINNER'S
POINT OF VIEW).**

They told me I had to play hockey,
And 'twas no good to sham I was sick
I was pushed on the field and endeavoured
to wield
A thing which I heard was a "stick."
I learnt that I had to hit out with a will
To follow the ball with my eye
And whenever the enemy team got the
ball
My job was to "do or to die."

To give good advice is all very well
But to me it's a different thing
To keep my good temper and not lose
the ball
When I'm tackled around by a wing.

O! the wind came the words "For good-
ness sake shoot"
I dashed to the fray with a cry
But the only result of my dash was a
hit
Which our captain received in her eye.

So whenever at sport, I again try my
luck
To sweeten the path of this life, so
rocky,
Be it Halma or Ludo or Tennis or Cards
Believe me, it will not be Hockey.

E.M.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

Silver moonbeams light the trembling
leaves,
Which whisper in a gentle monotone
A silver gleaming moon is gliding by;
The dainty blossoms are softly blown
Under a silent, shining, deep blue sky.

The forest becomes a murmuring bed
And lulls her creatures to their calm
repose,
Sweet sleep soothes the spirit, and rest
Brings peace, as day draws to a close.
The gentle, trusting, loving heart is
blest.

This beauty and this tender quietude
Should give delight and grateful happi-
ness.
Should give us overflowing hearts to
love
Nature more and worldly pleasures less;
And bless the smiling moon which
sails above.

Vague troubles rouse the slumbering
soul,
A strange longing for something beyond
the sight.
A throbbing, aching feeling of unrest;
Desire is stirred in the quiet night!
Is there contentment in the human
breast?

SADIE TOUGH.

THE WISE ASS.

The old moke stood on the silvery
sands—

("Sixpence a ride, there! Sixpence a
ride!")—

The old moke stood with his owner be-
side

Blinking his moke's eye, gentle and
mild,

And nodding his head at a fair-haired
child

"I've learnt human nature,"—

(The donkey spoke low,

In the language which kiddies

And animals know)—

"I've learnt human nature—

For do I not stand

The whole summer through

On this silvery sand?

And I saw your mother,"

The moke shook his ear,

"When she and your father

Were courting down here;

I saw, too, your father,

Attentive and gay,

All eyes for your ma

In the masculine way,

And ready to laugh"—

(Said this cynical moke)—

At even her feeblest

And silliest joke.

Yet now I observe

That your father sits dumb,

With hardly a word

For your plump little Mum;

And what is far worse,

Your pa's roving eye

How wistfully follows

Each blonde that goes by."

The old moke stood on the silvery
sands—

("Sixpence a ride, there! Sixpence a
ride!")

The old moke stood with his owner
beside;

And rudely, his eyes were deceptively
mild—

He laughed in the face of that sweet
fair-haired child.

CAP'N BONES.

Cap'n Bones has kicked the bucket

But he's not buried deep below,

And his ghost is still aroamin' round
about.

For they stuffed his poor old carcase

And then put it up for show,

So his ghost is still aroamin' round
about.

They declared he was a pirate

And then hanged him by the neck,

Now his ghost is still aroamin' round
about.

So his ghost rose up and impsheed

When they dumped him on the deck,

And since then it has been roamin'
round about.

Cap'n Bones was once a sailor

So what now, but haunt a ship?

Then his ghost to sea went roamin'
round about.

Having found a ship to haunt in

Settled down to take a trip,

Settled down to haunt, not roamin'
round about.

But the craft the Cap'n lit on

Was a wrong 'un through and through,

So his spirit went aroamin' round
about.

For the ship required reforming

And he knew just what to do,

So his ghost went roamin' round and
round about.

First he drove the skipper crazy

With his mad, unearthly moans,

For his ghost was still aroamin'
round about.

Till the skip dived o'er the taffrail

And sank down to Davy Jones,

But the ghost was still aroamin'
round about.

Then the mate let forth a yell

As the ship swung right around,

For the ghost was still aroamin'
round about.

He said, "What the blinkin' h—— is—!"

Then just made a gurgling sound,

For the ghost appeared, just—
roamin' round about.

Now the ghost has done his duty

As all good spirits do,

And from then has ceased his
roamin' round about.

For I hate to see ghosts restless

And I'm sure that you do too,

Now no more he'll go aroamin'
round about.

BRAINSTORM.

A DANCE.

Long, long ago the school went gay
 The students rolled along
 They brought their wealth and paid their
 way,
 To dance the whole night long.

It's time to start; the music's here,
 Piano, drum and sax.,
 And all are happy, full of cheer,
 Their faces tell these facts.

A dance announced, it was a waltz,
 Too soon its race was run.
 There was not one to tell its faults,
 For sure, a waltz has none.

A moment's pause, on with the dance,
 A jazz it has to be,
 Our first ancestor puffs and pants,
 But there was none to see.

No time for rest, the next dance is
 A two-step jubilee,
 Gents choose their partners, dance in
 bliss,
 They're happy as can be.

And thus they pass, like happy dreams,
 Gay Gordons, Gypsy Tap.
 Now, sad to say, in spite of schemes,
 The dance ends, with a snap.

This rhyme is done, now may I ask—
 I stand but little chance—
 My heart is sad, for, hopeless task,
 Sir, how about a dance?

But what's the use, I only hear
 These words of fateful sound,
 "A dance! Er—well, perhaps next year,"
 My hopes rise with a bound?

R. L. NELSON.

NIGHT.

Deep down in a shady dell,
 By the side of a deep lagoon,
 I hear the tinkle of a bell
 Beneath the silvery moon.

When the world is wrapped in slumber,
 And breezes whistle softly by,
 Thro' the clear night air comes a number
 Of twinkly lights in the sky.

The shadows grow longer and longer,
 The dell grows misty and quiet,
 The darkness grows stronger and
 stronger,
 And the flowers close up for the
 night.

VIOLET LEECE.

WE WANT TO KNOW—

How Athol has grown so "Long"?
 Why "Ronnie" "Conked" out after a
 certain party?
 Why "Brockie" likes kilts?
 What makes "Kennie Freddie" so
 "Handy"?
 Why "Dunc" likes the "Bush"?
 What makes John "Seedy"?
 Why does "Freddie" reckon that Super
 Plume—is the best petrol?
 What made "Guinea" "Blossom"
 again?
 What has made "Duckie" so "Ruth"-
 less?
 If "Flambard" has been eating
 spinach?
 What "Boris" "Lerned" in "Heaven"?
 What "Struck" "Megs"?

"ON DIT."

According to "Bloss" the value of the
 "guinea" changes.

A polygon, according to our geometry
 "students," is a dead parrot.

Like Lady Macbeth, Wal dislikes spots
 on his hands but does not object to one
 on his arm.

A certain Vth year has a very
 a-"crute" payne.

It is believed that Brun found it too
 hot in "Heaven" so he submitted his
 position to Saint Borry.

Most golfers like using the "mid" or
 "mashie" but Athol prefers the "wood."

We believe that a certain J.P. around
 town is pretty "green."

Scientists say that some people's
 "hands" "wither" when the X-ray is
 applied.

According to two 3rd years the track
 up to the rotunda is very sandy and sadly
 needs repairing.

SONGS AND FILM TITLES.

(Compiled by P. J. le B.)

"A Fine Romance."—Stuch.

"Mr. and Mrs. is the Name."—Dedy.

"The Duck Song"—Sung to the first
 XI.

"Never Gonna Dance."—Says Duckie.
 "The Music Goes 'Round."—School Or-
 chestra.

"You've Got to Eat Your Spinach," to
 get tough.—Advice to Flambard.

"The Wearin' of the Green."—by a
 J.P.

"Girl in a Million."—Est-elle belle?

"When You're in Love."—Stuch again.

"The Glory of Love."—Boris.

"The Lodger."—Adam.

"Old Faithful."—Spicer to Fitzy.



