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BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL

THE  
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. 1.

No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1923.

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## STUDENT OFFICIALS.

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Captain of the School : W. McEvoy.

Senior Girl Prefect : Miss V. Kealy.

### PREFECTS.

Miss L. Tobitt.	K. McKenna.
Miss E. Leeson.	J. Woodhead.
Miss S. Elliott.	J. Macaulay.

### FACTION CAPTAINS.

#### Blue.

Miss E. Leeson.	K. McKenna.
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#### Kingias.

Miss L. Tobitt.	W. McEvoy.
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#### Red.

Miss S. Elliott.	J. Woodhead.
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#### Go'd.

Miss V. Kealy.	J. Macaulay.
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### SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Editors : Miss N. Johnson. J. White.

Business Manager : K. Hough.



PLANTING PINES.



THE PLAYING-FIELD.



VIEWS OF GROUNDS.



# THE KINGIA.

Vol. 1. No. 2.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1923.

Price 1s. 6d.

## EDITORIAL.

WE are glad to be able to provide an enlarged magazine in this, the second issue. This desirable result has been brought about by the combined efforts of the whole school, and we wish to thank all enthusiasts who have done their bit to make this magazine more successful.

Readers will note several new features of the present issue. No advertisements have been included, the margins are wider, and the printing better, while, owing to the greater support received from the school and the larger number of contributors, it has been possible to increase its size. We claim, too, that in other ways the "Kingia" has been improved. The new cover design is certainly a valuable addition. It takes the form of the school porch, and was the work of one of the Fourth Form students.

An unfortunate aspect of the "Kingia" at present is the price which we are forced to charge for it. We recognise that this is excessive, but crave your indulgence for this issue. With the increased number of subscribers that we expect, we hope to enlarge the magazine, and at the same time reduce the charge to one shilling, perhaps by next year—but we make no promises.

In conclusion, we desire to thank all contributors who have assisted in making this issue of the "Kingia" a success. It is gratifying to note the interest which all students take in their magazine, and we trust that this enthusiasm will increase rather than abate, as time proceeds.

NORA JOHNSON.

JOHN WHITE.

1-12-23.

### OUR VIEW.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

Although we of the High School are prone to make light of the never-failing remark, “What a magnificent view you have from here,” made by visitors who stand upon our balcony for the first time, yet I am sure that there is not one person in the school who does not fully appreciate the beautiful panorama.

On a bright summer’s day we gaze on the calm blue ocean stretching away to the west, and see it break upon the sandy shore in a line of white foam, which the restless waves roll ceaselessly out to sea and dissolve immediately another white border has edged that glorious stretch of blue.

Before the eye reaches the ocean, however, it must traverse a range of sand-hills, whose motley appearance forms a pleasant contrast to it, for in places they are covered by a verdant green, while some of the slopes are left as barren and hopeless as the Sahara. Around the school itself are restful green terraces, where revolving sprinklers continually send forth a spray of cool, refreshing water on the grass.

Looking toward the North we perceive the lighthouse, set on the summit of the high sand-hill which overlooks the ocean, and upon which it sheds at night its beneficent rays, while always it stands as if in supreme disregard to the lower-lying buildings at its feet.

Viewed from a distance a river is always a pleasant sight, and our river seen winding away, first peacefully side by side with the ocean, and then disappearing amidst a thicket of trees, is no exception. Several yachts sail idly over the waters, throwing up their trim white sails in utter contempt for the less pretentious fishing boats anchored close by.

At the neck of the bay the breakwater is thrown into the sea, and over the top of this grey wall of granite a light shower of foam is continually being thrown by the restless ocean, while on the nearer side we have the calm interior of

the bay, scarcely ruffled by the light breeze.

Further along the shores of the bay the jetty runs out towards the breakwater, and both together appear like two huge arms stretching out to grasp the opposite shore. When there are no boats in the harbour the jetty bears a peaceful air, but at other times the trains, sending up clouds of smoke, are visible, puffing along it, accompanied by the hurry and bustle usual to a wharf.

The town itself reposes quietly beneath the sand-hill upon which our handsome school is situated, and no sound of its life can reach our ears to disturb the peace and calm obtained by our position.

I have walked to the school in the evening, when to the east the city lights twinkled, but to the west the moon threw a golden path over the sea, and but that duty called me it would have been a pleasure, a privilege, an experience to stay there for an hour to assimilate completely the glorious scene, so often admired in pictures; but rarer and dearer a thousand times was this real representation.

In the late afternoon I have seen the sun sink slowly to rest over the ocean, accompanied by myriads of gorgeous clouds, and in the east the sky has borne a rosy blush which gradually faded as the great sun disappeared.

In the winter we have the grey sky over a grey ocean, which sends thunderous waves on to the black rock of basalt, and throws up a huge tower of foam, which we see fall on the rocks, then disappear as the water trickles back from whence it came.

We glory in our position. We simply cannot help it. We love the ocean, we love the bay, but we worship our school, and though some of us are forced to leave it behind us next year, yet our memory will never lose its grip on the remembrance of our happy school-days, and a tear will be shed at parting for the friends, both students and teachers, from whom we depart.

ESTLE.



OUR VIEW.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

Few incidents have occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the school this term, and its progress both in sport and study has been marked. Now that the University exams. are so close, the thirds and fifth year students are working hard, and we wish them all the very best of luck and hope that they will maintain the high standard set by previous scholars.

Much has been done this year towards the establishment of a good fiction library in the school. New books are arriving weekly, and, judging by the crowd of eager readers to be seen around the library on Monday and Friday afternoons, this is much appreciated. The need for a reference library is still sorely felt and students are handicapped by its absence. However, we have a good nucleus in the splendidly bound "Encyclopædia Britannica" which recently arrived at the school, and hope that by next year many other reference books will be added.

Recently it was decided to organise a school orchestra, and quite a number of musicians responded to the call. Members now meet for practice every week in the Gymnasium, and we feel sure that our orchestra will be something of which we may be proud.

Owing to the kindness of Dr. Rootham and Mr. Hart, we have had two musical treats this term, which were much appreciated by both staff and students. Dr. Rootham, who was on a visit from England, gave us a most interesting lecture on folk songs and music in general, while in the following week we had the pleasure of listening to a violin recital by Mr. Hart.

We must not neglect to mention one of the school's latest acquisitions—the piano. This was purchased towards the close of last term and is a fine instrument, a "Wertheim" by make. Needless to state it is being tenderly cared for by all.

Preparations have been commenced for the holding of a grand concert at the

end of this term, when it is proposed to stage an operetta "Princess Ju-Ju." Scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It," will also be included in the programme.

There is nothing remarkable to record in the way of sport. Faction competition has been very keen and sports day is always eagerly awaited. Football, netball, hockey, and baseball have been enthusiastically played during the term and everyone is now looking forward to swimming and tennis again.

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### PREFECTS' NOTES.

Since last term nothing of much import has befallen our unhappy band except, of course, the inevitable thrills arising from approaching examinations and the also inevitable abuse of the various members of our honoured staff.

No matter how violently we quell any disturbance in a Form-room or the porch, we are met by infuriated masters who demand in impassioned tones our reasons for allowing such riots to continue—continue! mind you, after we have suppressed them.

Many such episodes make up the daily routine of our life, and the horror with which the students regard us would, in itself, be sufficient to daunt any less hardened or less callous people than ourselves, who bear it all with cheery and optimistic serenity.

However, despite these small inconveniences, we intend to have quite a gay time after the Leaving (if our excellent staff approves, of course)—picnics, concerts, socials, and such like being included in our programme, and, indeed, it is not without deep regret that we see our sojourn here drawing to a close.

During our stormy, yet seemingly short, term of office, we have managed to enjoy the life, and are even so resigned to it that next year, when we are scattered far and wide, and our footsteps no longer



echo in the familiar Form-rooms, we will not be without some twinges of—what shall we call it?—school-sickness.

To conclude, we tender our best wishes to the unfortunate Third Formers who are taking the Junior examination this year, and to the other Forms who have to undergo the tortures of the yearly examinations. The best of luck to the Editors of this magazine, and a Merry Christmas and a Happier New Year to the whole school.

Yours till Ragnarok,

THE PREFECTS.

### GUARDIANS OF THE SCHOOL.

The master's brow was sad,  
And the master's speech was low;  
Darkly looked he at the stairs,  
And darkly at his moe.  
Said he, "You girls do tease and vex,"  
Then, with a dreadful frown,  
"You certainly will break your necks,  
If you come tumbling down."

Then outspake warlike Lucy,  
A Prefect bold was she:  
"I, with two more to help me,  
Will keep the stairs for thee."  
Then outspake Roni Kealy,  
A Prefect proud was she:  
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand,  
And guard the porch for thee."

And outspake Elsie Leeson,  
Of English blood was she:  
"I will abide at thy left side,  
And watch the hall for thee."  
Thus stood the dauntless trio,  
And did their duty well;  
For all that day those girls did see  
That not one student fell.

—Q.P.

### OUR VERSION.

"Utopia!"

Out rang the guard's clarion voice.  
From the swift, comfortable carriage I stepped down on to the platform. As I gazed bewilderedly around, a porter, neat and efficient-looking, hurried up and relieved me of my trunk, and, at the

same time, a youth, wearing the colours of The Utopian High School, advanced toward me with a hearty greeting.

"Welcome to Utopia!" he cried, seizing my hand and shaking it energetically.

He conducted me to a small automobile outside the station, in which the porter had already placed my luggage. On my offering that worthy a concrete indication of my appreciation, he politely but firmly refused it. My newly acquired friend then started his car and set off down a beautiful boulevard toward the school.

On the way, however, he was thoughtful enough to stop and conduct me into a café, where, without an order being given, our table was inundated with all the delicacies dear to the school boy. Cream puffs and cool drinks, chocolates and ices, struggled valiantly with jellies and jam tarts. Soon, however, empty dishes and contented faces were all the evidence that remained. My surprise was greatly aroused by the absence of all such 'abdominal phenomena as usually succeed such an orgy. No waiter worried us with his bill, and, on inquiring of my friend, I elicited the fact that no charges were made. I began to appreciate Utopia.

We then adjourned to a large hall at the rear of the café, where "movies" were being screened—again no charge was made. We took our seats just in time to witness the commencement of a wonderful picture, in which blood-curdling adventure and side-splitting comedy—never equalled by Shakespeare—harmonised most desirably. My appreciation of Utopia commenced to rise.

Suddenly, in the midst of my content, the thought of school struck me forcibly.

"Won't we be late for school?" I questioned rather anxiously.

"Not at all," was the reply, "but we will get along."

The picture conveniently ending at this juncture, we quitted the hall, entered the car, and started for school.

We soon entered what I thought to be a park, for on one hand lay a noble lake, fed by a mighty river; on the other, playing fields of emerald green stretched away into the distance.

"The school grounds!" ejaculated my friend. My sense of surprise being thoroughly dulled, I merely grunted in reply.

On rounding a sharp bend in the drive, which was now winding through cool woodlands, the school itself burst upon my sight. A stately edifice, simple yet majestic, wholly of marble; it shone resplendent in the glory of the morning sun. My appreciation of Utopia rose still higher.

Mounting the steps we entered a large class room, where a number of boys of my own age were already seated. We took our places amongst them, the master apparently not noticing our entrance. During the remainder of the morning boys entered at various intervals and sat down quietly. It seems one could not come late in Utopia.

Expecting further surprises I was not disappointed when I discovered that the lesson in progress was on cricket.

"What about French, History, and the like?" I inquired.

"What are they?" was the reply.

I breathed a huge sigh of relief and my appreciation of Utopia rose infinitely. Until noon we received lectures on the various athletics, delivered, unlike the lectures to which I was accustomed, in a most interesting and compelling manner.

We then repaired to the dining hall, where we met several other classes, bent on the same errand as ourselves. A sumptuous meal was served, and, when it was over, everyone went to his study—cosy little rooms, enjoying there a siesta. An hour later a musical bell tolled in the tower, bidding all make haste to the playing fields, where cricket, tennis, and bathing were indulged in until a second bell rang.

On re-entering our class-room we received another lecture, this time on the "Uselessness of Mathematics," a subject

unknown to the majority of the pupils. Some time later we once more resorted to the dining hall, where our repast of noon was repeated.

Sunset found us on the lawns, where we rested and chatted in the warm radiance of the dying rays. When the last red beam of light was extinguished, we returned to the school and entered the dormitory. Tired out, I lay down on a bed and was soon asleep.

Bang! I awoke with a start.

"Sleep during English, would you? Now, what did Thomas More write?"

My appreciation of Utopia crashed to zero.

K. McK.

### JIMMY.

Omar Kedusky Jimeny Khan,  
A native of high degree,  
Paced the shores of Bunbury surf  
In the year 53 B.C.

His beautiful features all portrayed  
In the rays of the sun's last light:  
His nose, his mouth, his brow, his chin,  
And all but his jaw was right.

Muhammad Sourindo Jamstjee Dal,  
A native of low degree,  
Struck Omar a blow in his poor lower jaw,  
In the year 53 B.C.

Down fell the noble prince and we  
Thought his jaw was split in twain;  
And they buried him where the Wellardites  
grieve,  
And for centuries there he had lain.

Jeanie Jemimah Strutherum Bam,  
A maiden of no degree,  
Found Omar Kedusky Jimeny Khan  
In 1923.

The High Panjandarum Fowlerum Sham  
A chemist of doubtful degree,  
Received a visit from O. K. Khan  
On the end of a baby tree.

Once more in triumph was he borne  
By this chemist of doubtful degree  
To the school laboratory one fine summer  
morn,  
And scrubbed for two hours, maybe.

Sombre and sad in a locked glass case  
Sits now poor Jimmy alone,  
Staring at students with Physics to grace,  
Minus his lower jaw-bone.

—M.V.

### THE ABODE OF THE WISE.

If you would gain admittance, walk soberly up the girls' staircase and along the corridor until you find at your left hand a door which stands forever closed.

Summon your courage and your strength and knock gently and respectfully. Knock, yes, knock; then knock again, and continue to knock until the last shred of skin has parted company with your knuckles. Then brace yourself for a special effort and knock, knock once more just in case you might get an invitation to enter, and finally knock fiercely with grim determination. Seize the door knob with a majestic twist and enter with great dignity to shrivel in horror at the glares of amazement and outraged authority which greet you from all corners of the room. How dare you enter this extremely private sanctum *without knocking?*

In confused shame at your own disgusting familiarity you endeavour, while listening to a stentorian voice proclaiming some fearsome message unto you, to glance at those who infest—er, occupy the room. Who and what can this be?—this creature of ethereal beauty, reclining gracefully upon the cushioned armchair, his slim ankles rested elegantly upon the corner of the table. Surely no inhabitant of this dull earth; for indeed, never yet was seen such supple grace of form and figure; such hair, into whose long silken ringlets rich sunlight has woven her golden beams; such cheeks; such lips reddened by the kisses of fair Aurora.

But even this wondrous creature cannot hold all your attention, for it is attracted by the black robed figure who has until now been engaged in that elevating pastime so much appreciated by all great men, tying knots in the cord of the win-

dow blind. But now he turns, and you are filled with instant compassion, for he wears an expression of abject misery and despair. The reason? Alas, some cruel tyrant has encircled his throat with a band of some shining immaculate material, innocent and charming to outward appearances, but in reality as hard and unrelenting as steel itself. It chokes him, it pinches him, it cuts him, it obstructs his breathing, but in vain he wrenches at it in agonised hate and fury. Even the great have their discomforts.

And now for him to whom you speak, in fear and trembling. Can it be that you have interrupted his first riding lesson, or is it that he is practising for the Perth Cup. Surely one of these, for he sits astride a gallant-chair and gallops gaily along with a gentle to-and-fro motion. He does not, however, make much progress, but you may expect great things later; even a gallop up the corridor may some day be possible if he takes up the right attitude towards his work and employs the concentration and scientific methods necessary for success.

Such are they: the Dauntless Three. Your next interest is the room itself. In the various corners you observe different forms of recreation to soothe and amuse the inhabitants. There are cricketing sets which are, of course, used to kick around the room when working off fits of annoyance, and footballs which may be flung into lockers to relieve impatience, not to say, anger. Nor is the recreation of the mind forgotten, for in one corner stands a large cupboard filled with every kind of lovely book from "Grimm's Fairy Tales" to "Alice in Wonderland," and besides these there is another shelf with lots of big flat books that all look alike and have long names, but have such heaps of pretty pictures in them.

Your curiosity is aroused on seeing draped gracefully over the back of the armchair, a table centre of exquisite lace. Surely, you think some feminine hand has once added its refining touch here. Yes; there was indeed a time when these then fortunate three were tended by beautiful damsels who brought bowls of roses

and violets and placed them round the room, enriching the air with choicest perfume. But alas, these beauteous damsels were not well received and their gifts were spurned and cast aside, and so there came a day when even the last lingering of them passed out the door never to return, and now only this fragment of lace remains to tell the story.

But your conversation has come to a close and it is time to make hasty exit, for a soft musical voice courteously suggests that you might—

“Hurry up and get what you want without kicking up such a row, and shut that door after you when you go out.”

And so you sadly take your leave.

M.K.

### A FRIENDLY GAME OF FOOTBALL.

We were challenged by the Blues—they were never very sound—

To a friendly game of football on the recreation ground;

And we went along in guernseys, sworn to triumph in the game,

For the honour of the Kingias and the glory of the same.

The umpire was a homely man, no stranger to the school,

With a sweet deceitful calmness and a policy of “keep cool.”

He declared he knew the game, and promised on his oath

To see fair play between the teams or disqualify them both.

Then we bounced the ball and started, and for twenty minutes quite

We observed a proper sportsmanship and a heavenly sense of right,

Until young Squirt tripped Trotty in a handy patch of mud.

And the hero rose up eating earth and famishing for blood,

But the ever-ready umpire got between the happy pair,

And then gave his best attention to the kicking and the match;

But Robby and the Copley boy adhered with rage and pain,

And wild horses could not part those ancient enemies again.

Well, we played the friendly match out, but I couldn't say who won;  
We were all as tired as could be when the great game was done.

—KINGIA.

### THE BEST WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

What recollections! What memories come to us when we see this familiar heading.

From the time when we have at length struggled through our alphabet, and have just arrived at the unhappy stage when neither “Kat” nor “Kitten” satisfy our exacting teachers, we are asked to write on “the best way to spend a holiday.” Pollyanna would most probably “go to a farm and see al the kows and the dues and ride a hawse and drinc milk and hav noe shoos on,” while William would “stai home and make a cite and fli it in the padik.”

All through the long years of school life it is the same. After having spent a most enjoyable and well-earned holiday, we return but to have this essay thrust upon us, in the laborious composing of which all our late joy vanishes.

Perhaps I, more than most people, am prejudiced against this essay, but the memory of one essay which I wrote on this subject still lingers to haunt me.

I had decided to vary the essay slightly by introducing a sarcastic element into it, and consequently my favourite holiday, I said, was spent in doing homework. Imagine my horror when my teacher accepted my statement in all good faith and held me up to the class as a model student!

Worse was to follow—When our next holiday drew near, my kind teacher, thinking to render it more pleasant, gave me some half-a-dozen maps to draw besides quantities of other work.

In later years, having studied more closely the various characteristics of teachers in general, in this way obtaining

a greater knowledge of their peculiar traits and habits, I have arrived at the conclusion that I had been taken advantage of by my former teacher in a most outrageous manner.

However, "teachers will be teachers," and we poor students must perforce accept this edict of fate in the most philanthropic and courageous spirit possible under the circumstances.

But enough of philosophising—I am wandering from the subject and must begin again.

For some people, of course, this essay would not require any laboured preparation, so fixed are their ideas of an ideal holiday, and among these people may be classed those unique mortals known as lovers.

All that is necessary for their holiday is a lonely village, or perhaps a deserted coastal town; spring weather, not hot enough to encourage those annoying freckles; and—each other. Above all, no annoyance from superfluous aunts or kind friends or ancient dowagers. By the way, I heard "dowager" defined in a most original manner the other day—but again I wander.

The other great body of humans who have no second thoughts on their ideal way to spend a holiday is—the students.

What true student does not welcome a holiday as a time when he or she is at leisure to indulge in the full delights of study?

To be left entirely alone with a whole army of books—English books, history books, French books, science books—books of all sizes and varieties—such is the one wish of the student.

What could be more delightful than a holiday spent in following the intricate adventures of the poor laws of England, with their string of dates; or perhaps the engrossing journeyings of the plant food through the vascular bundles of the stem; and then the excitement arising from the solution of some of those peerless problems of mathematics; and, finally, not forgetting, of course, the fascination of

irregular French verbs, the enchanting study of English!

The latter subject may be much enhanced if Chaucer be included among the writers studied, and a hint may be given that Professor Keat's admirable "Concise Dictionary of Middle English" will render the interest in Chaucer even more keen.

Other less fortunate folks than the lover and the student will, when confronted by this essay, ponder perhaps whole days on end, painstakingly endeavouring to decide on a favourite holiday.

Finally, in desperation, they will seize on some idea such as "a holiday in the country," and, in a most brazen fashion, they will describe a holiday which they would do anything in the world to avoid spending. Indeed, it is quite safe to say that there have been more falsehoods told, more tears dropped, and more lives made miserable through this much abused essay than through any other, and there is no more familiar nor foreboding phrase known to the majority of mankind than—

"The best way to spend a holiday."

L.T.

#### FRENCH CLUB.

If the unwary happened to wander inadvertently into our midst his ears would be assailed by such a strange conglomeration of sounds that those which arose from the Tower of Babel would sound in comparison quite intelligible. If the stranger understands us not, "we understand one another." In August last was formed the latest branch of the Alliance-Francaise. We have myriads of members but the committee is sadly afraid that all are not financial. We put this down to the fact that times are hard. The Committee wishes to thank the following ladies who so kindly placed their "salons" at our disposal—Mrs. Verschuer (who has entertained us on five occasions),

Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. George Clarke. We appreciate very deeply their interest and generosity.

We disport ourselves in many and varied ways in a perfectly French atmosphere. The English language is a most unwelcome guest and is strictly forbidden to enter our foreign domain. Nevertheless he will not take a snub, and, being a most pushing person, is always endeavouring to slip in unobserved. The evening is beguiled most pleasantly by songs and music, stories, games, literary lectures, dramatic performances, and discourses delivered by such noble personages as M. Collet d'Herbois, and M. le Capitaine Destancheo of l'Avenir. The former gentleman gave us a most interesting talk in French on his experiences on first learning English. He kept everyone greatly amused and interested. The captain lectured in French on his native Belgium, her history and geography, political, physical and economic, her literature and legends. Other lectures have been delivered on Molière, Hugo, Chénier, and Daudet, and certain members of classes IE, IID, and IC, have performed short plays in French. The Club has purchased a Cassell's Dictionary for the School Reference Library and intends to purchase other books also. Before our activities cease for this year we hope to hold in the School Hall an important soirée that may be a fitting close to a series of most successful functions.

### SCHOOL DAYS.

"Oh! your schooldays are the best days of your life." How many times have not each one of us been told that and how many of us, being told, have believed.

When at last one overcomes the desire for sleep and rolls out of bed, spurred on by the thought of the history homework somehow to be done before second lesson, and the fact that it is already after eight o'clock; when one has dressed, swallowed a little breakfast and frantically searched the house for books which

should have been collected the night before; when one has raced up the sand hill in the face of a strong sand-laden wind and arrived panting at the school; when one has stopped for a moment to gain breath, and congratulate oneself on being at least three minutes before second bell, only to be immediately disillusioned by the cold voice of some heartless master saying behind you, "Please report to the First Master at recess. You're late"; when, after running up the stairs and being confronted by an outraged prefect and ordered to walk, one at least reaches one's Form Room and vainly endeavours to invent a reasonable excuse for being late, in the midst of which painful process one remembers that the French homework which should have been given in yesterday is still in the sideboard drawer, one groans and murmurs, "Truly, school days are happy days."

After a stormy morning, the bell at last rings for dinner. One grabs one's hat, fights valiantly for half an inch of mirror and then rushes out and hastens homewards—on the way getting one's shoes filled with hot sand—but in one's happy school days such things are but trifles.

School again in the afternoon—rather boring usually and almost unendurably long when one is watching the clock all the time and longing for the quarter to four. Of course, occasionally one has a really interesting lecture, sometimes even two in one day, and then one rejoices, mainly because it makes the time go quicker.

One goes home eventually, tired of racing up the hill, tired of doing homework, tired of school, but if one is wise one says nothing. The invariable reply to any complaint is, "Your school days are the best days of your life, my dear!"

One notices that this statement always comes from people whom one can easily believe have forgotten their school days, at least the worst part of them.

They forget the suspense and anguish of exams., the fear, and then the patient resignation with which one awaits the

announcement of their doom and failure or possible success.

Of course there are the holidays. Think of the weeks spent in joyful anticipation, and then "breaking up" day comes, and everyone is happy. Everywhere "Best wishes for a happy holiday" are being exchanged and one leaves school with a pleasant sense of expectation. Those days of school life, a scholar might be induced to believe the happiest of his life—after he had left school.

When at school, studying, doing homework, trying to concentrate one's thoughts on such interesting subjects as Maths. or French, each time one hears the oft-reiterated statement concerning the quality of one's school days, one feels inclined to exclaim—"Oh, rubbish!" "How perfectly ridiculous!" "Fancy, if this were to be the happiest time of my life." But time will show perhaps.

N.J.

### THE TRIALS OF A FACTION CAPTAIN.

(By One Who Knows.)

All young boys aspiring to become captains of their factions should "mark, read and inwardly digest" this treatise, which throws a new light on the life of a faction captain. Hitherto it has been supposed that a captain's life was one of ease and luxury, but a few facts about the other side of his life will serve as a guidance for poor demented youths who are contemplating succeeding to this position, and perhaps their ardour will have diminished when they have finished perusing this epistle.

Most young fellows imagine that your only trouble is in being elected, and as soon as this trial is over you can sit back and give orders right and left; but such is not the case. As soon as you are elected your troubles begin. Take the football season, for instance. If you

happen to be a football captain you are besieged by a crowd of small boys anxious to know if they are playing, while the team has been on the notice board for several days. If you are not football captain it makes no difference, you are still bothered with questioners. X— seems to think that he should have a game in preference to Y— who, in his opinion, cannot play football for toffee. Even when you manage to get the team on to the field, your troubles are not finished. You line the team up, give the men their places, and just as the game is about to commence some poor idiot wants to know which is the left wing. You send him to his position, and immediately another chap wants to know if he is in goals, when you have already placed him forward.

In the cricket season it is the same. Of course you have wisely declined to be cricket captain, but you might just as well have taken the position, as, besides worrying the cricket captain, the boys worry you too. They are continually asking about cricket practice and who we play to-morrow. The day before the match a whole crowd of them walks up to you and asks "Do you think we can beat the Blues to-morrow?" You then show them how foolish their question is: for, seeing that the Red faction could beat all the other factions put together, the match is a foregone conclusion.

At cricket practice you give the captain a hand. You tell the batsman to make a certain stroke, and after he has vainly tried to perform it, walk up to the wicket to demonstrate. The ball comes down the pitch, you swing the bat lustily, and bang goes the ball—on to the middle stump! You wish that the earth would open up and swallow you, beat a hasty retreat, and leave the cricket captain to demonstrate the strokes.

As faction captain you are also expected to make most of the runs, take most of the wickets, and in fact win the match. If not, your life is not worth living. Mutterings are heard, and your

position feels unbearable: "The captain is useless," "He ought to go and play marbles"; such are a few of the phrases passed from mouth to mouth. Your position among the boys rapidly falls, and they do not look up to you with reverence, as formerly.

Such are only a few of the trials and tribulations of a faction captain, and if readers, after perusing this, are still anxious to attain this position, then they should be hailed as national heroes and a monument set up to their memory.

J.W.

#### "AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAG."

Articles for the Mag! Articles for the Mag!

We think them, read them, dream them, and criticise them—that is, when other people write them. But Nemesis has overtaken us at last and we are faced with the horrid task of writing one ourselves. For the English Master is on the war-path.

"What shall I write about?" That is the first question that penetrates the paralysed mind of the unhappy would-be student. While discussing the subjects of contemporaries, ideas fairly raced across his mental horizon; but now it is as devoid of such things as ideas as the famous Torricellian vacuum.

In vain he rearranges his paper and savagely chews the end of his pen. His only reward is an intense desire to leave the beastly thing alone and go over to the beach for a surf.

In spite of valiant efforts to overcome this fell desire, it is too strong for him, and salving his conscience with the thought that it is too fine a day to be spent indoors, he hastily collects up bathers and towel and departs in search of his chum and freedom.

On the way home, however, his friend rashly inquires if the other has written his article yet. He is rewarded with a

few comprehensive remarks about the stupidity of such institutions as School Magazines and energetic English Masters. After this outburst the unfortunate author-by-compulsion feels temporarily relieved, and regains sufficient presence of mind to inquire what his friend has written about.

To his horror and amazement that worthy rudely advertises the fact that he has brains—of a sort—by answering "Oh, you know, that stupid saying about your school days being the best days of your life." Our hero's faith in him is shattered forever. He had modestly thought of writing about the show or some equally prosaic event. But your school days being the best days of your life! Oh Horrors!

On arriving home he wisely decides to wait till after tea before again attacking his problem. He resumes a particularly exciting novel he has just got out of the School Library.

"The Library's a pretty decent institution anyway," he meditates, as he munches an apple.

"Happy thought! I'll write about the Library."

But the "Fallen Idol's" triumphant face as he pronounces the well-known "Your school days are the best days of your life" rises up before him, and dismissing the idea with a sigh he plunges into "Treasure Island."

After prolonging tea until the last minute, while the outraged landlady glares with hungry eye, he finally takes up his pen once more.

With a sinking heart and an empty mind he sits chewing his pen and thinking of last Sports Day for about half-an-hour, emitting lusty sighs every five minutes or so. At last his weary head sinks upon his manly breast and he sleeps.

Dreams come, beautiful, rosy dreams. Exams. are over, and it is the week before break-up; tennis, picnics, dancing, and swimming fill the only too brief days.



He is just diving into the heart of a big green wave, when, Oh——o!

That last dive upset the wretched ink-well, and the contents are making a beastly mess on the table.

Wearily he wipes it up, wearily he wends his way to bed—after seeking light refreshment in the kitchen—leaving the making up of a fairly reasonable excuse and the facing of an irate English Master till the morrow. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," but his whole day has been shadowed by the thought of that beastly "article for the Mag."

E. McC.

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### ODE TO THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Cob'ey, Williams, Wallace and Black,  
Musicians bold and free;  
Flaherty, Sinclair, Rooney and "Dick,"  
Musicians as well, you see.  
Musicians all for the High School's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame,  
And honour, until your instruments break,  
To the Orchestra's peerless name.

—W.H.M.

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### AN ALLEGORY.

Once in an ancient city whose name I no longer remember, aloft on a wind-swept mountain stood a great and noble edifice. And behold! in this noble edifice were there high priests and their disciples, some young and beautiful, some mature and wise, and some of whom the high priests despaired. And of the last was there one, who, for extreme beauty of his fair hair, and the innocent blushes of his roseate cheeks, his friends and fellow disciples called Salina. And 'tis recorded in the legends of the ages that the Great High Priest of that community was possessed of three names; and the first of these was Franconia, by which did his fellow Great High Priests speak unto him. But none other durst.

And lo! It came to pass that a discussion arose, in which the fair Salina contended against his fellow disciples, and being annoyed, bent his steps from the room, raising his hand aloft to impress the truth of his contention. And he spake as he did so, saying: "I know truly, yea, truly do I know, the truth of what I say."

But as he did so, the second of the High Priests approached, and the unhappy youth lowered his hand forcibly into the High Priest's face. And he spake as he did so, saying: "I know truly, yea, truly do I know, the truth of what I say."

And it is recorded in the legends of the ages that the High Priest replied, saying:

"Do you?" . . . . .

And behold! It occurred on a day the fellow disciple of the wayward Salina rebuked him with the words, "Wherefore, oh wayward one! wherefore remove you our possessions from their rightful places, taking them unto yourself?"

But the culprit answered naught and bent his steps from the room. At the door thereof he encountered a maid, and he addressed her, saying: "Comest thou also to chide me, oh cruel one?" And before him he flourished a reproving hand. But the maiden had stepped aside and in her place stood the Great High Priest, and in his face was it that the disciple shook his reproving hand, and to him spake he those words of reproof.

And in the annals of the ages have I read that the beautiful Salina swooned away. . . . .

And it came to pass that one day as the disciples assembled in a vast hall the seductive Salina came unto the damsels, addressing unto them these words: "Wherefore, oh most beauteous damsels, wherefore purchase you rouge, when I have here the wonderful carmine. Behold!" And the wicked youth did anoint his cheeks with the hue of the rising sun, saying: "What more

canst thou desire than this, oh! beautiful ones?"

And a dry voice made reply, answering "Nothing."

And he who spake was the Great High Priest, and he chid the wayward one, saying: "Go, remove this vile contamination from thy cheeks, then hie thee hither and apply thee to thy work. For hath not the sagacious Chaucer proclaimed, "Of studie took he most care and most hede?" And so saying he departed.

But it so happened that when he was gone one of his fellow students cast jibes at the discomfited one, who retorted, saying: "Close thy lips, vile one, or I shall minister unto thee with my footdress."

But as he spake he had wended through the door, and the juvenile whom he addressed heard not, but the words were spoken into the face of the Great High Priest Franconia, who had returned, and he replied, saying:

"Wilt thou, oh! abandoned one?"

And in the legends of the ages is it recorded that the unhappy youth did hurriedly depart.

And the days passed peacefully away, but the legends of the ages tell us that there came a day when, as the fair Salina wended his way through the door of the laboratory of physies, there came thither one whom he loved as a brother. And the name of that fellow disciple was Franconia, and round his shoulders did the ill-fated Salina throw his arms exclaiming:

"Ah, Franconia, my beloved friend, I greet thee!"

And a voice answering said unto him: "Indeed!"

And that voice was the voice of Franconia, the Great High Priest.

And in the legends of the ages it is recorded that unhappy Salina departed in a cloud of vapour, and that thenceforth that noble edifice and that ancient city knew his face no more.

V. K.

### CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

During the last term the Camera Club has made considerable progress, both in the increase of members and improvements to the Dark Room. Many difficulties have been overcome, and now the Club is firmly established, with happy prospects for next year.

It is difficult to recognise the Dark Room since the Spring cleaning. Oiled floor and benches, the introduction of several small tables, and the purchasing of an excellent red light have made printing and developing a pleasure.

Great success was attained by several members in taking a number of interesting snaps during the School Sports, and these now grace the Notice Board, which is being moved from room to room of the School.

Considerable enthusiasm has also been aroused by the photo. competition which took place with regard to the Magazine. A handsome prize of 10s. 6d. was offered for the most attractive collection of snaps for one page of the Magazine, and the various competitors await anxiously the decision of the judges.

R. G.

### GREATER BRITAIN.

In these days when the world is in a paroxysm of pain, suffering the aftermath of the whirlwind which was sown by a power-drunk madman, one naturally wonders what part in the great reconstruction of civilisation, which must arise from the present flux of international passion, is our great Empire going to play.

The British Empire, shaken to its foundations by the Titanic burden which was laid upon it by the mad pranks of a self-appointed Caesar, has probably, in the re-building of the world stability, a greater problem to solve than ever it has had since its birth as a nation. Bereft of the flower of its manhood; forced to

squander its national treasure, it finds itself creditor to nations who can never repay it, and whose only thought of repayment appears to be in terms of hate.

Faced with smouldering fires of hatred in India and Egypt fanned by the spirit of Bolshivism, and every day confronted with the danger of fresh outbreaks of war fomented by countries financially ruined, and whose only hope of redemption appears to be another world upheaval, one cannot wonder that the statesmen of the Old Country find their position in seeking to solve the problem almost desperate.

Where does the solution lie? It is unthinkable that Britain should retire from her position as the Greatest Power on earth to the position of a second class nation. Turning in every direction one comes back to the same viewpoint—the fate of the British Empire rests with the overseas dominions.

As the parent, finding with increasing age his energies and faculties becoming less effective, turns to his children as a staff and help to lean upon, so must the Mother Country turn to her overseas children for the aid which in her hour of travail she so badly needs. Each dominion a young virile nation in the making, where could better help be found? Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand, worthy daughters of a great parent, worthy homes of virile manhood—it is of these that Kipling wrote: "Truly ye come of the blood," and it is upon these that the hope of the English race rests to-day.

We in Australia must take up the duty which has been laid upon us. We did not seek it, but when our forefathers left us this glorious country, they left us also to carry on the work which they so nobly began. A great heritage, and thanks to Old England we have reaped it in peace! Ours may it be to preserve this grand young country and build up a glorious white nation in the Southern Sea. How can we do it?

We can only, each in our humble way, do our best, and, here in school life, we have the beginning.

Efficiency means greatness, and by doing our best to profit by our teaching, and to become as efficient as we possibly can in the particular vocation to which we may be called, we shall be doing our part to build up that great collective national efficiency which will make the name of Australia as great as it was made by the immortal deeds of the Australians of Gallipoli and Flanders. "The bravest thing God ever made," was written of the Anzac, and it is this tradition we have to live up to, and no young country since the birth of the world, ever had a more glorious.

Ours may it be to keep the lustre bright. It is no light task; if it were, the standard would not be so high, and, in a true Australian spirit, let us thank those who made it so, and gave us something to attain worthy of ourselves.

In a few short years we shall become the citizens of Australia upon whom the welfare of our young nation depends.

Let us do our best by hard work and cleanness of body and mind to build up a womanhood and manhood, which, thoroughly efficient, mentally and physically, will build up a spirit of love and tolerance that will keep the Australian national standard where it is to-day.

Our parents will leave us in this young country a great inheritance, preserved for them by England. Upon us falls the duty of carrying it on and building up a Great Australia which, with the other dominions and the parent country, will again stand four-square to the world, defying none but fearing none; whose motto will be "Peace and love to all."

BIBLIC LIBRARY OF W.A. J. M.

#### A FORD'S A CAR FOR A' THAT.

Is there for several hundred pound  
That's made of tin and a' that,  
The Lizzie car, we pass it by,  
But it's a car for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
It toils through mud, and a' that;  
The name is but the guinea's stamp,  
The Ford's the gowd for a' that.

What though with common oil it runs,  
Painted slate-grey, and a' that:  
Gie Dodge its springs and a Buick its  
speed,

A Ford's a car for a' that;  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their electro plate and a' that,  
The honest man, though ne'er sa poor,  
He buys his Ford for a' that.

Ye see yon Essex called a car,  
Wha runs and glides and a' that;  
Though hundreds pay to hire it out,  
It's but a car for a' that:  
For a' that and a' that,  
Its enamel, paint, and a' that.  
Our car of independent parts,  
It rattles and shakes at a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense of worth o'er all the earth  
Should bear the gree, and a' that:  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that:  
That car to car the world o'er  
Shall good Fords be for a' that.

—D.S.

### EXAMINATIONS.

There is an examination feeling in the air, that is, a feeling of exams. to be held, not of examination results. One feels it everywhere; the excited students show it in their actions, the teachers show it in their unusually quick movements. Whispers are going round fraught with examination terms—"Do you think we'll have this?" or, "They say we may have that." Everybody is talking to everybody else, asking questions which no one thinks of answering. Truly, examinations are almost as thrilling as shipwrecks.

From the time one goes to bed the night before the exam. until the time the results are given out one is all excitement. True, the excitement dies down a little as the "nightmare" nears its close, yet—is there anything so interesting as exams. to students? Not the play, cantata, or dance thrills the students so much as do the exams. while they are on. There never was and never will be

such excitement to the students of any school as on exam. occasions.

And now it has started. All the rooms are full of scared-looking students eagerly scanning the papers. Isn't there anything they can do on the paper? Ah! here is something. "Write an account of the life of Louis XIV." They can all do this—yet stay, in what year was Louis born? Was he king of France or Austria? and the student wakes up to find that when it comes to putting out and dried facts on paper he knows next to nothing. He consoles himself, however, by saying, "I never was any good at History," and earnestly hopes the English will be a little easier.

In the afternoon the English paper is given out, and sighs of relief can be heard in all parts of the room, these being quickly quelled by the master in charge as he raps on the table for silence, and the examination proceeds. At last the tired students come out all exclaiming on the extreme easiness of the paper.

Not much time is wasted, however. Everybody hurries home to study—yet how much study is done? A few anxious glances into French books, a few vague mutterings of angles and circles, and then kind Nature lulls them to sleep. The student generally expects to learn the necessary number of French verbs in one night, never realising it will take longer, and then—he hasn't time.

Next day there are more exams. They continue all day. Their effects continue most of the night in the students' dreams, for how many of us do not dream of exams. in examination time? Only the very few who know (or think they know) everything, I'm afraid. The remainder of us poor "necessary swotters" have varied and horrible dreams during exam. time.

I often pity those clever students. What a life they must lead to keep up their reputations! What nights they must spend in doing homework, and what days in working to give the impression of knowing everything. To my

mind the "don't care student" who is generally naturally clever is the type who has the least work to do, yet does as well in the long run as the apparently abnormally clever student.

But, while discoursing on the various types of students, the exams. have finished and the results been given out, much to the consternation of the students who failed. Let us hope, however, that there will be no failures this year at the Bunbury High School.

G.S.

### FORM NOTES.

#### I.A.

Since the last issue of the "Kingia," IA has gone down in the estimation of some of our teachers and is now reckoned as a noisy class. But we look at it this way: boys will be boys, and as a matter of course they want amusement, and amusement cannot be found in Algebra books.

We are still in mourning over the loss of two of our prominent sportsmen and scholars who have departed from this world (we mean class) for a higher one. This sudden loss of our best footballers is a sad blow to our football team, but for all that we can still defeat our next-door rivals, I. E. But now the cricket season has come, tables are turned and we are bottom dog.

Now though we are such an amusement loving class, we do not wish you to think that we are altogether lazy—we do do work now and again when we are forced. We also desire you not to condemn us utterly as there are a few students for whom the yearly exam. has no special terrors. These hard-working students get exceedingly annoyed when some other scholar places a few double-gees, points upwards, on their seats as they are about to sit down. The result of this experiment we will leave the I. E. students to tell you, for from the

rumours we hear, this is one of their favourite pastimes.

We sincerely request sympathetic third-formers not to leave presents for us on the floor as it annoys our prefect considerably. We would also ask all studious persons who use our room, and who carry so many books about with them, not to leave their belongings on our desks. Though we realise that we have much to learn, their books are as yet of little use to us.

We will now conclude, wishing Good Luck to all who are sitting for University exams.

#### I.C.

Every day, in every way, I.C. is getting more and more noisy.

At least so the teachers tell us, but it is not the general opinion of the class itself. Lately, we have had a bell attached to our room, and it is our pride. Whenever its whirr is heard the prefect dashes to the door to answer the summons, but we suppose the novelty will soon wear off.

One of our youthful masters has a great wish to have some of his extremely witty speeches printed, for it is his habit, when anything slightly amusing occurs, to say, "When the next 'Kingia' comes out you must tell them this and that, etc," and as we are an extremely obliging class we will satisfy him. For instance, the other day he entered I.C. with a smile on his countenance, and said, "When the next 'Kingia' comes out you had better tell them that I.C. enjoy playing engines, for, as I came down the stairs, I heard "Sh! sh! sh!" (The fact was that someone was trying to get the class in order.)

We wish to extend our hearty thanks to the members of the third year, who, what with scraping chairs and tramping feet, succeed in making a terrible noise upstairs. Our master sits and gazes heavenwards waiting for the noise to subside, and thus we waste most of our maths. periods.

One of our masters, after making several fruitless attempts to work out a contracted multiplication sum, exclaimed in an exasperated voice, "How can a person work with a lot of grinning girls staring at him." Poor I.C is blamed for every trivial occurrence.

Everyone is now busy revising for the final exams. The oral French exam. was looked forward to with anxiety and fear, but now "all is over," as the poet said. With long faces, the candidates entered the examination room, but everything was so easy that when they came out they were, so to say, wreathed in smiles.

In conclusion, we wish the Junior and Leaving people, and the other forms the best of luck in their examination.

#### I.E.

Now that the yearly examination is approaching, one would naturally expect to find I.E diligently studying, but the case is completely the opposite, as some stupid and self-admiring persons will persist in bringing into our form sharp objects, thereby disturbing the comfort of others.

We have some supernatural beings in our form, who are awfully smart at answering questions. One day the following question was asked, "Can any boy give a full definition of a diagonal?" "A diagonal is a thing that cuts a thing with two sides into two equal parts," was a smart boy's reply.

Now that the football season has passed, and I. A have lost two of their best sportsmen, we triumph over them in the greatest of all summer games—cricket. We would also hold the laurels in tennis, but as the game is not being played we have to uphold our position with mere words. The majority of the staff tell us that we are far superior to the other first year classes, but, in the opinion of others, we are a most consistently disobedient rabblé. On this account teachers have come from downstairs to pay us a visit, but we would advise them to visit our noisy neighbours, the third year.

Our French mistress established a record last week by taking us for a period, and not using the chalk. Other days the board is covered with French hieroglyphics, causing our Prefect much work in cleaning them off.

Now, Mr. Editor, we must conclude our short column, wishing you every success with the Kingia. Good luck also to the third and fifth year in their University exams.

#### II. B.

Since the first edition of our School Magazine, we have been taking some of our lessons together with the girls of II. D, and, of course, our studies in those particular lessons have greatly deteriorated. For the welfare of ourselves as well as our studies, we suggest that our form should remain essentially masculine.

Except for the First Annual Sports and the Exhibition, nothing of note has happened this term. In the sports we were well represented, especially in the High Jump, in which we secured 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places. Alex Roberts was successful in winning the Form Handicap.

Five boys from this form have had the honour of playing for the School 1st XVIII., and when cricket gets a good start, we hope to challenge the 3rd Form to a match, thus wiping out the slur which they cast on our reputation in the last Magazine by stating that *they* showed us the finer points of the game. Why, there's not a cricketer amongst them!

In the boxing competition, which was held in conjunction with the Exhibition, we had two contestants, one of whom, W. Kelly, gained distinction by winning the medal for his division. This has changed his soubriquet of "Kelly the Mug," to "Kelly the Pug." Two of our members were also successful in gaining prizes in the School Work.

We are very pleased to notice that the 3rd Form Prefect took the gentle hint which we dropped him in the last Magazine, and nowadays he cleans the board—sometimes.

Some of us were looking forward to a High School Social on the night of the Sports Day, but a violinist came along to the town that night, and so our entertainment was cancelled. Of course, we were disappointed, and someone suggested that the fiddler should have been "lynched."

We close our notes by wishing the best of success to the school, and to all things connected with it.

## II. D.

This term our class has been enlarged by the addition of four new scholars, and I think everyone will agree that we are all friendly and progressing favourably. Unfortunately we have the disturbing element of II. B entering our sacred domain several times during the week, and one of these remarkable scholars remarked that Leghorn, on the Danube River, was noted for that unfortunate bird so named. We and the Kingia faction, have the honour of possessing the champion girl of the school, sometimes known as Frizz. Two of the most enjoyable days during the term were the boys' and girls' Sports Days, and although the Gold faction by no means headed the list, this fact did not mar the enjoyment of the members.

We commenced the term with two new vases in the room, but now we are reduced to a "beer bottle." We were visited recently by one of the staff, who was immediately struck by the outstanding beauty of the decorations of our mantelpiece. Needless to say it was soon removed and replaced by two graceful vessels for holding flowers. We are still trying to add to the beauty of our room by procuring the "beer cask" which was recommended.

Some of the girls seem to consider the complexion a great deal, but one of the masters does not appreciate their taste in perfume. It can easily be seen that he has not had much experience in choosing such requisites, for the perfume in use was best on the market and the most expensive.

It is quite the usual thing for a master or mistress to enter the room and find us day-dreaming, but we consider this our principal duty, for one teacher kindly informed us that we were past praying for, and now we are earnestly trying to prove this speech to be incorrect.

Our Form is exceedingly proud of its success on Show Day, for we carried off quite a number of prizes. One of the girls divided the object of her prize (a fruit cake) among us. It is evident that it was harmless because, up to the present, we have felt no ill effects. We heartily render our thanks to the giver.

During the disturbance of the French exams. we are endeavouring to study for the yearly exam. that is approaching rather too quickly for our peace of mind. We will all try to show some of our capabilities in this test, but as we mentioned before, a great deal of our time is taken up by praying.

Now, Mr. Editor, we must conclude, wishing everyone success in the exams.

## III.

Work—work—work!  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work—work—work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Work—work—work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
Work—work—work!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!

Lately there has been an alarming rumour going round the school and it has even reached the ears of the teachers. It has been said that we have begun to settle down and take the coming exams. seriously, but even if we are occasionally frivolous what else can be expected when the teachers make such erroneous statements as this:—

Teacher: "What did you have?"

Student: "I didn't have anything."

Teacher: "Well, that's worse than nothing."

Another of our masters indulges in a different species of humour—namely, irony. He either doesn't appreciate the

careful attention we pay to his lectures or else the sound of his own voice grows monotonous, for he generally seeks diversions from the subject.

Maths. Master: "What are you doing?"

Student: "Nothing."

M.M.: "Well, don't do it so industriously."

It is said we are frivolous! But can we help ourselves? In our midst we have "one of the weirdest mortals." Ah! this reminds one of another teacher who has lately been overworked. Certainly when one has "too many irons in the fire" one is inclined to become a trifle muddled, but why not use an electric iron?

To the inmates of I.A we send a formal warning, duly signed and witnessed: "Beware, bold sirs! There are more points than those on doublegees."

Despite the fact that we are all so well versed in the French language, it was with shakings and forebodings that we awaited our turn for the oral French exam. Having been told that Monsieur did not like long faces we entered the exam. room with a cheerful grin and came out with sighs of relief.

Alas! Alack! It is with misgivings that we watch the boys in their daily toil. We would remind them that "Manners makyth gentlemen" and that snails are sufficiently disagreeable in the garden but when brought into school—  
— — !!!

Our Geography teacher has been exceedingly kind of late. He even took the trouble to explain that rolling stock did not mean stock rolling home under the influence of intoxicating liquor nor did it mean lawn-mowers as one of our class thought, but simply goods that rolled on wheels.

Wishing everyone Good Luck in their exams. and jolly holidays, we remain,

Your tired and overworked

3rd FORM.

#### IV.

"When we have fears that we might cease to be," as a result of the terminal examination, we make frenzied efforts to learn endless geometry enunciations and French idioms. This studious atmosphere lasts, however, only during the supervision of a master or mistress, for on the advent of their absence, the Debating Society (comprising one argumentative member *versus* the rest of the form) holds discussions on important present day problems, such as "Home Rule for Ireland" and "Our Evolution from Monkeys." As a result of recent heated debates, the above-mentioned member challenges the opposition to accompany him to the tank hill, there to die fighting.

Two members of our form are at present giving us some uneasiness. Every time one of them enters the room, whispers of "Spud" and "Skimmy" are to be heard. The fifth form wonder why. The other—our mathematical genius—breaks into song at the most inopportune moments. Usually it is "Welcome to the Princess Ju-Ju" that he can be heard singing. We put this down to his eagerness to secure a part in the forthcoming play.

Two students in our room are still chaffed for attempting to escape work. A certain mistress came into the room and asked for volunteers to do some work. Naturally every hand was raised, for not often does such an opportunity for escaping school work present itself. The two selected students were, however, very crestfallen when they heard that they would not be wanted until after school.

To remind us in our leisure moments that all good things have an end, and that examinations and therefore trouble lie ahead of us, a skull, to take the place of the proverbial skeleton, has been placed in our midst. Every time one enters the physics laboratory this gruesome object stares at one from its glass case.

Great regret is felt by the form and especially by members of the "Gold"



faction, at the loss of Lowel Richards who left school a few weeks ago. His absence will mean the diminishing of the hopes of his faction of gaining the highest number of points in sport.

In concluding our notes, we wish both 3rd and 5th year students the very best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

### V.

Oh, yes! one's school days are certainly the happiest days of one's life.

So, at one time or another, all our elders moodily philosophise. If such is now the case, we willingly forfeit all our rights to future life. For the Leaving is but one week ahead of us. Our study-blurred perception allows us to comprehend but three periods. Firstly, one week of solid swat, beside which Hercules' twelve tasks appear pathetically Lilliputian. Then the exam.; the culmination of all our years of study. What fears, what hopes it holds for us? We feel that with a certain amount of luck we ought to pass, and that, should the tide of good fortune overwhelm us, we may even gain an exhibition. We would not like to wager on the chance; but still, *Qui sait?*

Next comes the period known as "After the exam.," pictured as golden, care-free days spent in some ill-defined Elysium. 'Tis but the thoughts of this which will enable us to bear up through the ordeal to come. By the time that these, our cogitations, appear in the Magazine the Leaving will be but an unpleasant memory. We will then be in a position to agree with the above-mentioned elders.

However, all things considered, we have, these last few weeks excepted, passed a most pleasant term. The Annual Sports Day, the Industrial Exhibition, and the Agricultural Show have all assisted in brightening our lot. The French Club's soirées have been both most amusing and instructive. The students and staff have worked together with a rare good will, and even if it should happen that we do not obtain the Leaving Certificate, the

term will have been by no means wasted. New knowledge being acquired, valuable friendships formed, a little of life's discipline—who could desire more?

This is our last appearance in the "Kingia" as Fifth Formers. Next year, to use a hackneyed but nevertheless suitable expression, we will launch our frail craft on the sea of life, to be shattered to fragments in the inevitable tempests, or to rise triumphant above all our trials, guided and assisted by our school training. For, after all, that is the real purpose of our course; not to fill our heads with pedantic nothings. And what pleasant memories we will take with us? What thoughts of cricket, hockey, and football matches, of socials, of picnics, of private study periods, of lessons, and—yes, even of examinations rise up in our minds? What have we not fought and triumphed over together? Old school, 'tis sad we'll be to leave you.

In closing, just a word to the Threes and Fours. Speaking with much feeling and the wisdom begot of experience, we say, where the Leaving is concerned, don't leave everything to the last minute. We know! It doesn't pay!

Well, good-bye and good luck to the school and all its ventures.

THE FIVES.

### APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"A golden medal was voted to me."—  
Southey.

(First Form "Pug.")

\* \* \*

"A gentle boy with soft and silken  
locks."—Longfellow.

(Fourth Former.)

\* \* \*

"Forth he came with martial tread,  
Firm his step, erect his head."—  
Longfellow.

(First Master.)

\* \* \*

- “With eyes severe and beard of formal  
cut.  
Full of wise saws and modern in-  
stances.”—Shakespeare.  
(Maths. Master.)  
\* \* \*
- “A sceldre colerik man.”—Chaucer.  
(Our English Master.)  
\* \* \*
- “Frensche of Paris was to her un-  
knowe.”—Chaucer.  
(Our Maitresse.)  
\* \* \*
- “Music do I hear?”—Shakespeare.  
(School Orchestra.)  
\* \* \*
- “What sholde he studie, and make  
himselven wood.”—Chaucer.  
(War-cry of the Fourth.)  
\* \* \*
- “He goes on Sunday to his church,  
And sits among his boys.”—Village  
Blacksmith.  
(The Headmaster.)  
\* \* \*
- “We few, we happy few, we band of  
brothers.”—Henry V.  
(The Masters.)  
\* \* \*
- “As love and valour wandereth.”—  
O’ the Shamrock.  
(Third and Fourth Former.)  
\* \* \*
- “They came back to ask what we had  
found,  
That was so large and smooth and  
round.”—Battle of Blenheim.  
(Jimmy.)  
\* \* \*
- “This other Eden—demi-paradise.”—  
My Country.  
(“G” Room.)  
\* \* \*
- “To combat born and bred amidst  
alarms.”—Pope.  
(Gold Faction.)  
\* \* \*
- “Whose odours haunt my dreams.—  
Tennyson.  
(The Physics Laboratory.)  
\* \* \*
- “The storied prince, with wondrous  
hair.”—Beeching.  
(The Geography Master.)  
\* \* \*
- “Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation.”  
(The Orchestra.)  
\* \* \*
- “Je vous aime mieux que l’or et  
l’argent.”—Musset.  
(Fifth year boys to their French books.)  
\* \* \*
- “The tempest of their sorrow  
Shook the bosoms of the brave.”—  
Aytoun.  
(When Leaving papers are given out.)  
\* \* \*
- “He seemed busier than he was.”  
—Chaucer.  
(Our Sports Master.)  
\* \* \*
- “A good hard-working man.”—Anon.  
(Our esteemed Caretaker.)  
\* \* \*
- “I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”  
—Tennyson.  
(On seeing the Maths. paper.)  
\* \* \*
- “Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such  
a sort  
As if he mocked himself and scorned  
his spirit  
That could be so moved to smile at  
anything.”—Shakespeare.  
(The Head.)  
\* \* \*

"Sweet youth and tall."—Shakespeare.  
(Cheerful Charlie.)

\* \* \*

"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs  
like its tide."—Lochinvar.  
(The School Captain.)

\* \* \*

"Sore smitten were both captains and  
many lads besides."—Corey.  
(Gold *versus* Kingia—Football match.)

\* \* \*

"Why flyest thou away with fear?  
Trust me there's nought of danger  
near."—Walcot.  
(French Examiner.)

\* \* \*

"Round her eyes her tresses fell.  
Which were blackest none could tell."  
—Hood.  
(The Shadow.)

\* \* \*

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."  
—A thing of beauty.  
(The cultivated moustache.)

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**EX-STUDENTS NOTES.**

Again we are very pleased to insert a few notes in our old School's paper.

Since last issue we have become quite a going concern. Two very successful socials have been held, and both evenings were patronised by a fair sprinkling of teachers and students. The Committee are to be complimented on the artistic manner in which the Hall was decorated and great credit is due to the ladies for the dainty supper which was provided. We all know that in the opinion of many this is the best part of the programme. In the near future we intend holding another social—the final one for this year—and expect a large attendance.

At the School Sports Day held on October 17th, great competition was shown in the Old Boys' two events. We congratulate Mr. Wm. Delaney on winning a double in record time.

We regret to say that as yet we have very few financial members. This fact greatly handicaps the Association, and we ask all intending members to communicate with the Treasurer, Mr. J. Power, as soon as possible.

Now that summer is approaching we hope to arrange several cricket matches with the students. We trust that, although none of us have played much cricket since leaving school, we will do better than last year.

In conclusion, we wish all students who are swotting for the coming exams., the very best of luck and hope that they will continue to keep up the traditions of the school.

M. C. FERGUSON,  
Hon. Sec.

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**SPORT.**

As everyone will agree, that part of a school life which is enjoyed the most is the sport. But for five years, since 1918, when our High School first began, the conditions were such as would not foster sport to any great extent. However, upon the removal to the new building this year there has been a marked improvement in the spirit shown towards this department of our work. Both girls and boys take a keen interest in it, especially when the Faction competition grows keen.

The girls, more than the boys, should be particularly interested in this Faction competition, as, besides the honour of gaining the highest number of points for the year, there is a beautiful silver cup to be won. As two of the four Factions are running each other very close for top, the girls, in accordance with their natures, are becoming very excited.

As with other things in connection with this School, so with sport, this year has only been the paving of the way for the future. We have been most unfortunate in obtaining very little outside competition, but we hope that in future years the school will try conclusions more frequently with the neighbouring towns. One new venture for the School this year was the holding of an Annual Sports Meeting. This meeting, held on the 17th October, was an unqualified success, good performances having been recorded in both Junior and Senior events.

Some time ago the girls' hockey team, sent to Perth to compete in the country week, was more successful than was anticipated. A trip of this nature in connection with cricket or football we are sure would be hailed with much enthusiasm by the boys.

At present the results of the Boys' Sport are as follows:—

	Points.
Blue . . . . .	255
Kingia . . . . .	146
Red . . . . .	124
Gold . . . . .	84

In conclusion, as a parting request, we who are leaving the old School sincerely wish that those who remain will take a firm interest in any branch of sport which they may take up, devote themselves whole-heartedly to their practice, and make traditions which students of the future will be proud to uphold.

W. McE.

### OUR FIRST ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

On Wednesday, the 17th of October, at the Recreation Ground, we held our First Annual Sports. A big and varied athletic programme was rolled off in fine style, thanks to the capable organisation of the Sports Master. Every event was keenly contested, and several very fine performances were put up. The Bun-

bury Band was in attendance during the afternoon, while the acceptable cup of tea was provided at half-time; arrangements for the latter being under the very capable management of Miss Davidson. Beyond the shadow of a doubt the day was a great success, and all those officials and assistants who toiled to make it so were amply repaid by the results.

The following were the officials—

#### *Starters.*

H. L. Fowler, Esq., C. Prosser, Esq.

#### *Assistant Starter.*

J. White.

#### *Time-keepers.*

C. Guy, Esq., R. A. Fowler, Esq.

#### *Judges.*

F. Roberts, Esq., Geo. Clarke, Esq., W. Kaeshagen, Esq., G. Spencer, Esq., H. T. Minors, Esq., T. Prosser, Esq., W. Dunham, Esq., A. Muir, Esq., H. Trenoweth, Esq., F. Slee, Esq., D. Malden, Esq., A. Murray, Esq., F. Young, Esq.

#### *Assistants.*

N. Sinclair, M. Cooke.

#### *Result Steward.*

C. F. Jenkin, Esq.

#### *Assistant.*

H. Beeker.

#### *Committee.*

W. McEvoy, K. McKenna, J. Macaulay, J. Woodhead.

#### *Sports Master.*

D. R. Marshall, Esq.

The following are the results of each event:—

Mile School Championship—

- (1) J. Macaulay, (2) Wm. McEvoy,
- (3) G. Black. Time—5 min. 8 3/5 sec.

Mile Junior Championship—

- (1) L. Hawter, (2) J. White, (3) L. Clarke. Time—5 min. 30  $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

880 yards Open Handicap—

- (1) H. Lloyd (24 yards), (2) G. Black (scr.), (3) K. Denney (18 yards). Time—2 min. 18  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

440 yards School Championship—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) J. Macaulay, (3) A. Trotman. Time—54  $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

High Jump Junior Championship—

- (1) G. Tobitt, (2) R. Copley, (3) J. Coleman. Height—4ft. 5in.

High Jump School Championship—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) R. Grace, (3) J. Dean. Height—5ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. (unfinished).

220 yards School Championship—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) A. Trotman, (3) J. Macaulay. Time—24  $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

440 yards Junior Championship—

- (1) R. Hill, (2) N. Copley, (3) J. White. Time—1 min. 1 $\frac{1}{5}$  sec.

120 yards Hurdles School Championship—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) K. McKenna, (3) R. Grace. Time—17  $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

220 yards Junior Championship—

- (1) A. Williams, (2) N. Copley, (3) K. Denny. Time—26  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

120 yards Hurdles Junior—

- (1) A. Williams, (2) K. Denny, (3) G. Hill. Time—19 sec.

100 yards School Championship—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) R. Grace, (3) A. Trotman. Time—10  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

100 yards Junior Championship—

- (1) N. Copley, (2) A. Williams, (3) A. Roberts. Time—11  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

Faction Relay Race—

- (1) Blue, (2) Red, (3) Kingia.

440 yards Open Handicap—

- (1) J. Macaulay, (2) G. Black, (3) Wm. McKenzie. Time—57  $\frac{3}{5}$  sec.

220 yards Open Handicap—

- (1) J. Macaulay, (2) R. Grace, (3) Wm. McKenzie. Time—26  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

100 yards Open Handicap—

- (1) Wm. McEvoy, (2) J. Macaulay. Time—10  $\frac{1}{5}$  sec.

Sack Race—75 yards—

- (1) R. Hough, (2) Stafford, (3) Sunter.

1st Year Handicap—100 yards—

- (1) C. Scott, (2) E. Bickerton. Time—12 sec.

2nd Year Handicap—100 yards—

- (1) A. Roberts, (2) A. Williams, (3) R. Murray. Time—11  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec.

3rd Year Handicap—100 yards—

- (1) N. Copley, (2) N. Sinclair, (3) R. Grace. Time—11 sec.

100 Yards Old Boys' Handicap—

- (1) W. Delaney (6 yards), (2) P. Verscheur (5 yards). Time—10  $\frac{3}{5}$  sec.

440 Yards Old Boys' Handicap—

- (1) W. Delaney, (2) J. Ward, (3) P. Hough. Time—55 sec.

Siamese Race—75 yards—

- (1) Trotman—McKenna, (2) Hough—Bickerton, (3) White—Woodhead.

Egg and Spoon Race—

- (1) R. Grace, (2) Sunter, (3) R. Hough.

W. McEvoy won the title of champion school athlete with 17 points. J. Macaulay was runner up with 6 points. A Williams was the junior champion athlete (8 points) and N. Copley (7 points) runner up.

The Faction competition resulted as follows—

Red, 25 points; Kingia, 24 points; Blue, 22 points; and Gold, 11 points.

### GIRLS' SPORT NOTES.

At the end of last term the points stood—

Blue . . . . .	55
Red . . . . .	42
Kingia . . . . .	15
Gold . . . . .	12

The points for this term, up to date, stand—

Red . . . . .	109
Blue . . . . .	104
Kingia . . . . .	65
Gold . . . . .	34

As will be seen by the above points, there exists keen competition between the Factions, the most successful in this competition being the Reds and the Blues. There are only two more fixtures before the winner of the Cup will be decided.

On October 4th last, the girls' annual sports day took place. Great rivalry was witnessed among the competitors. Besides striving for Champion Girl Athlete everyone endeavoured to gain points for her Faction. At the end of the day the following points resulted:—

Kingia . . . . .	21
Red . . . . .	20
Blue . . . . .	15
Gold . . . . .	4

Miss A. Peacock and Miss W. Delaney, each gaining six points, were declared the Champion Girl Athletes of the school.

#### Red.

Since the end of last term we have changed places with Blues and now stand in the place of honour at the head of the list. In net-ball we have played eight matches, of which we have won four, drawn one and lost three. At baseball we have won five out of a possible five games, while at hockey we were only defeated once but drew twice. We won three matches out of our six games.

#### Blue.

Although at the present we are only second on the list we are still striving

to defeat the Reds, but they are only five points ahead of us. At hockey we have been exceedingly successful. We have won five games and drawn one, and were only defeated once. We have had fair luck at net ball, having won half our matches and drawn three, but in baseball we have failed to come up to our standard, having lost three of the five played.

#### Kingia.

We still retain our position from last term. We have bravely struggled but find ourselves sadly behind. We have given up all hope of the Cup, but we console ourselves with the thought that we possess both the two champion girls and the Champion Boy Athlete. We have been very unfortunate in hockey and baseball. In net ball we have only lost one match. Even at this late date we will not give up trying.

#### Gold.

Again we appear at the bottom of the list but the cause of it is hardly through lack of trying. Fate has indeed been against us. Our losses are too numerous to count up, but in the two weeks that are left us we will endeavour to make up a few of these.

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### WIRELESS WHISPERS.

They say:—

That Miss X wishes to know if the Prefects have the freedom of the school. If so, why cannot one poor Prefect walk down the boys' stairs without interference?

\* \* \*

That the flaxen-haired Thisbe is rejoicing because the heroic Pyramus has returned, after several days' absence.

\* \* \*

That the cupboard door of room F is quite beyond the control of the English Master, that the table drawer sheds its contents on the floor, and the duster is conspicuous by its absence.

That Mac has been advised to stay up till 3 a.m. to study agriculture. Poor Mac! he has no natural ability.

\* \* \*

That the spondee makes a frequent appearance in English rhythm, but we have faint suspicions that our Master must mean the trochee, as previous experience tells us.

\* \* \*

That Macaulay and Milton are sometimes identical. Did Macaulay write "Paradise Lost," or did Milton write an essay on Macaulay?

\* \* \*

That Puck has a distinct failing in remembering the names of the young ladies in the fourth and fifth. At least half the period he speaks with his finger to his brow thinking out who is who.

\* \* \*

That the cheerfulness of the senior girl was much appreciated by the French examiner.

\* \* \*

That nicknames are coming into vogue amongst a certain element of the school.

\* \* \*

That we should all smile when climbing the stairs, as it has been found out, per medium of the Encyclopædia Britannica, that gravity prevents one from ascending the stairs as easily as descending them.

\* \* \*

That after the Leaving there will be "something doing" in the school.

\* \* \*

That giggles are heard emanating frequently from the far corner of room F, and it does not agree with the dignity of the lecturer.

\* \* \*

That Thisbe has found, in the artist of I.C., an admirer other than her true love Pyramus.

\* \* \*

That the girls in the Upper School have abandoned apparatus work in favour of deportment.

\* \* \*

That loud wails came from a certain young lady of the Fourth when it was rumoured that Trotty had left.

\* \* \*

That Latin makes no stronger appeal to students than French.

\* \* \*

That three weeks before the exam. the languid Master awoke with a start.

\* \* \*

That ART has but few attractions for several Fourth Formers.

\* \* \*

That teachers who are late themselves should refrain from reporting students who come with them.

\* \* \*

That the new cover design for the "Kingia" has caused several members of the staff many anxious hours.

\* \* \*

That the School captain was very surprised when informed that he was not taking History for the Leaving.

\* \* \*

That a sound like the hiss of escaping steam may sometimes be heard issuing from I.C. Evidently the fair First Formers still indulge in the childish game of trains.

\* \* \*

That some young ladies of the twos and threes show a marked preference for certain young gentlemen, to the exclusion of others.

\* \* \*

That it has been noted that the company of the favoured one does not prevent the ladies from casting amorous glances towards the balcony.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is with grave misgivings that I ask you to allow me a small space in your very excellent magazine, as I feel that I am quite unable to voice, worthily, the thoughts which have come to me. But in case no abler pen than mine has taken up the task which I have set myself, I send along a few reflections which have been occupying my attention lately.

You will note, in the first place, that I did not contribute to the last issue of the Magazine; and that for two reasons—I did not wish to appear presumptuous, and I doubted my ability. But maturer reflection has shown me that my attitude was not exactly heroic and the urgency of the matters which I wish to lay before you compels utterance.

I have taken a keen interest in the School since its inception, and therefore when I call attention to the blemishes in its life, I may be forgiven on account of the great love I bear it.

Now, Mr. Editor, I was at a cricket practice the other day, and I found the captains were hard at work putting down the mats and arranging the other material, but were receiving no assistance from the other members of the team. This seemed hardly fair, and I offered my assistance, which was readily accepted. And this led me to reflect—for reflection is a habit of mine—on the tendency which man displays in all ages to do nothing unless compelled to do it. And does it not seem a pity that everyone cannot accept responsibility and give a fair deal to those in authority? There are such things as the way in which one walks round the building, for instance. Quite a number of students do not seem to care whether they interrupt other people at work or not. For example, I was in Room F listening to quite a beautiful lecture on the irregular verbs in French when someone drowned the voice of the lecturer so that I missed what it was she said, and this loss I can never replace. In fact, if we have a question on this

point in the examination, I shall fail, and I do so much want to pass. It *would* be a pity, wouldn't it, if I lost my examination just through that person's fault?

Then again, the other day the poor caretaker spent several hours cleaning walls of boot marks, which labour he would have been spared if everyone only just walked to his desk in the aisles made for the purpose.

And there's the grass in front. You remember how hard we worked to plant it—and now I see that some people are actually walking across the corners and wearing it down.

I think your're just splendid, Mr. Editor, to take the stand you do, and to produce such a beautiful magazine. Do you know, they tell me that the sale of penny magazines here has gone down appreciably since your magazine was produced, and that all the newsagents in the town are bent on ordering as many copies of the "Kingia" as they can get. It is indeed splendid, Mr. Editor, and I congratulate you on it. And we are in accord, too, because I am trying with you to improve the tone of things in this part of the scholastic world, and look forward to that Golden Age which, through our combined efforts, may yet dawn.

And really, just think how nice it will be when all the men folk raise their hats when they meet ladies, and when all the ladies thank them graciously for favours received; when everyone knocks at the door of a room before entering, and picks up the paper from the floor as a matter of course; when gentlemen and ladies are addressed as "Sir" or "Madam" or by their rightful and proper names; in short, when courtesy becomes a matter of course.

In this great task, Mr. Editor, I wish you every success and I shall be pleased to offer in addition my unqualified support.

Yours, etc.,

SPECTATOR.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

Interested.—No! not a retired gentleman; only a boy asked to retire.

Ignorant One.—Yes it is a tie. He has had it since the Ark. Pretty colour??!!

Hopeless.—Oh, yes! Its the fashion to wear collars inside out, especially when one has the name on the inside.

The Fashionable.—Of course! A little splash of colour around the neck in form of a tie is very becoming.

Fretful.—No, we haven't fish bones in our throats, but have just advanced to a new stage of literature.

Science Maniac.—Sorry cannot oblige. Although I have written to several scientists none of them has been able to give me any information concerning wheat crops six pages long.

Hopeful.—Yes, it is becoming quite the fashion for young damsels to cut their eyebrows. Apparently it is the latest beauty craze just come from gay Paris.

Anxious.—It is all right, the odour from the physie lab. is quite healthy (?)

Jilted.—She can't help it. It is the Scotch blood in her.

Anon.—Don't be alarmed. The noise you heard was the boys practising Princess Ju-Ju.

Funny.—Yes, I suppose he muddled "shall" and "shave" because he had forgotten to shave in the morning.

Inquirer.—No! We have heard nothing about the Christian Union since last issue. It is said that they have taken refuge in the catacombs on the Back Beach.

No Wireless Again.—Not "again," but "yet." No we have no immediate hopes about it at all. Further correspondence on this question must now cease.

As You Like It.—We hear that the rehearsals are living up to the title.

Ju-Ju.—Wanted a Princess to marry the Prince. Apply First Master.

Dyer.—Our English Master once told us that a person who lived was a liver, and we have concluded that a person who dies is a dyer, but we can't find out where the weaver comes in.

