

BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL

THE  
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. II.

No. 1.

APRIL, 1924.

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## STUDENT OFFICIALS.

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Captain of the School :           A. Trotman.  
Senior Girl Prefect :           Miss T. Eaton.

### PREFECTS.

Miss N. Johnson.           C. Kilian.  
Miss E. McCall.           J. Dean.  
Miss L. Johns.           K. Hough.

### FACTION CAPTAINS.

#### Blue.

Miss N. Johnson.           A. Trotman.

#### Kingia.

Miss L. Johns.           J. Sunter.

#### Red.

Miss T. Eaton.           C. Kilian.

#### Gold.

Miss E. McCall.           J. Dean.

### SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Editors : Miss N. Johnson, J. White.

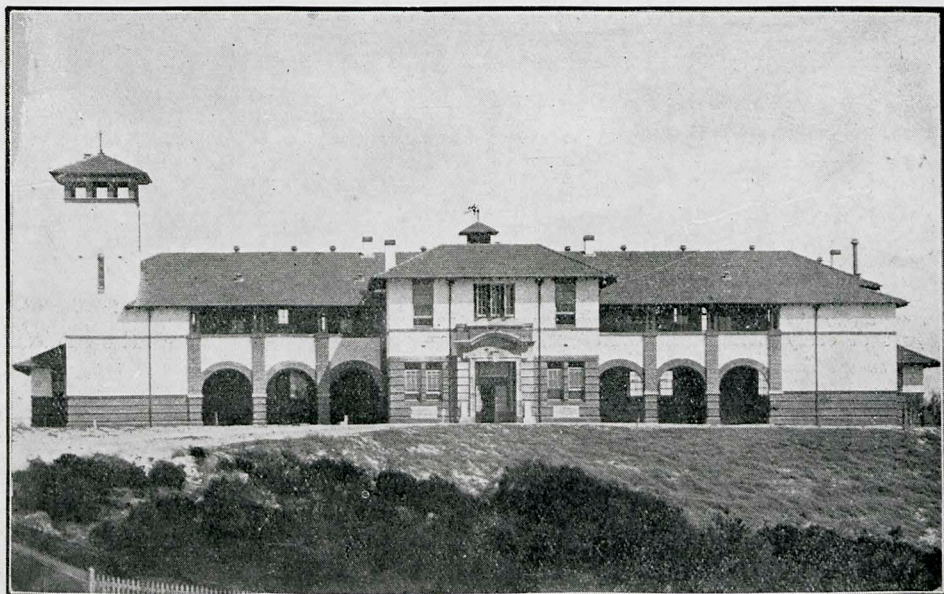
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Reference : Miss D. Carroll, R. Grace.  
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Views round Bunbury.



# THE KINGIA.

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Vol. II. No. 1.

BUNBURY, APRIL, 1924.

Price 1s. 6d.

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## EDITORIAL.

Once again we are preparing an edition of the "Kingia"—the first for this year—and anticipate a still larger volume this issue.

The number of students has greatly increased this term, and as the "Kingia" is their own magazine we hope they will all contribute to it and do their best to make it a still greater success than it was last year. We would like to thank all old students who supported their "mag." so enthusiastically, and who, through the co-operation and real interest they showed in it, helped to raise it to its present standard.

The ordinary secondary school magazine is not concerned so much with places and their interests as with the students themselves and personal matters relating to them. It does stimulate pride in the institution itself, but can really be of little interest to Australian feeling at large. Could we not in pro-

moting a knowledge of the districts in which we live; in discovering their beauties and in stimulating the local pride which is the real basis of good citizenship and true patriotism, make our magazines of lasting benefit and a valuable adjunct to the system of education?

We regret that up to date we have been unable to reduce the price of the "Kingia." Still, we strive to give our readers the best value for their money, and hope that in the near future the charge will be lowered, though the standard of the contents will rise higher.

Before concluding, we wish to thank all students for their help in making this edition a success. If we all co-operate and really support our magazine it cannot fail to improve, and so we will in one sense at least live up to our motto—"En Avant."

N. JOHNSON.  
J. WHITE.

### THE JOYS (?) OF ERECTING A WIRELESS MAST.

The Labourer wakes at 4.30 a.m., and—like Leigh Hunt on a similar occasion—contemplates for a considerable time the temptations of the feather mattress before reluctantly turning back the bed clothes. And when at last this brave deed has been accomplished, and the young enthusiast has experienced all the joys of early rising, has hurried through his usual Saturday morning duties, and trudged up the sand slopes, he presents himself at the school entrance—at 10.30 instead of 9 o'clock—to be greeted by a cheery "Good morning! Hurry and change into your 'evening clothes.' Must wear a 'white tie.'" He struggles into his "evening clothes," which were last used when he went fishing one night on the jetty, and finds that they are not only so stiff that he can stand off and take a running jump into them, but that the pockets are laden with such impedimenta as fish hooks and sinkers. After mounting the steps from the Physics Lab. he finds himself in a dark void: a place only suitable for the meetings of such notorious clubs as the M.H.S. But no! it is not quite so dark as at first appeared, for one little ray of light penetrates the blackness far to the East.

Towards this beacon he makes his way, first knocking his head against a ventilator, then scraping his knees on the boards of the catwalk; now tripping over live electric wires; now putting an unwary foot through the fibrolloid ceiling. Somehow, the rafters seem to be alive as well as the wires, for the different joints of his spinal column will keep catching awkwardly upon the sharp corners of every cross-member.

But all good things come to an end, and he again emerges into the bright daylight, only to be confronted by polite inquiry from the First Master, if he would mind getting a brace and bit from the Physics Lab. Of course he does *not* mind! Returning with the required tools, he is asked to bore a hole, with a bit that is about half as sharp as a

tooth brush handle, in a 4-inch piece of jarrah. *Again* he does not mind!

Then comes the erection of the mast. With two other unfortunates, he is given a wire to hold, with the instructions, "to pull as hard as possible when the word is given."

"Pull!"

He commences to pull; and hearing a lot of noise behind him pulls a little harder, taking no heed of the babble of commands. "She's stuck! Stop pulling! Push her down! Hold this rope!"

A minute passes, and still our hero is pulling his wire. Two minutes; two and a-half—booh!! A hard piece of tile has come into contact with his tired head. He drops his wire and jumps around. There facing him, with a red face radiating waves of anger and heat, beads of perspiration glistening on his shining head and hands upraised as if trying to tear out what little hair he possessed, stood the irate form of our B.Se.

"What do you mean by pulling that wire, you XYZ—? You nearly pulled us off the roof." The XYZ—puts his hands behind his back, looks at his feet, and traces circles on the tiles with his toes.

At last the mast stands erect. Then the wireless specialist, who is very little better looking than either our Scientist or Blacksmith, politely asks, "Would you mind taking this wire around that chimney? It is quite safe. The wall goes right to the edge of the tiles." The helper takes the wire, and then goes to see how close the wall really is to the edge of the roof. He looks over and sees that his whole weight—which by the way exceeds fourteen stone—has been supported by a single tile resting upon two battens. *He* does not mind!!!

The job is nearly finished when the unhappy boy is told to get three tiles to mend the roof. He commences to crawl through the valley of darkness, when

he is met by the school Blacksmith, who wants two jarrah blocks 3in. x 2in. Going down the steps he collides with the Wireless Specialist, who asks to have the aerial insulators brought up. In due course with much hard work, the required articles are dragged, thrown, pushed, and at last pulled on to the roof, where the other members of the working-bee are quietly gazing at the cricket match.

He is now asked to fix the aerial, replace the files, and bolt on the jarrah blocks. The first two tasks are completed without accident, but when the blocks are being screwed into place one

unfortunately slips and crashes through the ceiling. This is not noticed until the workers are leaving for dinner, and then the poor lad is so cruelly treated, that he leaves the building without changing his "evening clothes," and not even the sight of that imposing flag pole itself can blot out the scenes of the morning. He walks away from the school, angrily, kicking at every stone which is likely to wear out his shoes, and he swears two things: firstly, that he will never become a sailor: and secondly, that he will never again help to erect a wireless mast.

(NEUTER.)



#### THE STAFF.

*Standing:* Mr. F. Davies-Moore, Miss E. Burgess, Miss E. Davidson, Mr. D. Malden, Miss D. Marshall, Mr. C. Jenkin.

*Sitting:* Miss D. Newton, Mr. R. A. Fowler, Mr. F. Sherlock, Miss C. Stephens, Mr. H. Fowler.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

This year there has been a great increase in the school roll, for the newcomers were so many that, in spite of the loss of scores of our old students who had finished their term, there are eighty more students here than there were last year, the daily attendance being about two hundred and thirty.

Scarcely had the staff and students settled down to the new year's work than they were given a rare and unexpected musical treat. Mr. Solomon, agent for the "Eseriphone" happened to be in town with his "sample" and he very kindly consented to come up to the school to give a recital of this wonderful phonograph. Many and varied were the records played during that pleasant hour and a-half, and there was not one student, who did not appreciate the matchless beauty of the pieces and the wonderful mellow tone of the instrument.

On hearing of the series of Shakespearean plays which are at present being acted in Perth, the English Master quickly formed a theatre party to visit the metropolis on Friday, the 4th of April. The visitors will spend two and a-half days in the city, will spend two nights at the theatre, and will return home by the midnight train on Sunday, the 6th. The latter is not a very encouraging thought, neither is it cheerful, yet the whole party is looking forward to the trip, and expect a fine time, for arrangements have been made to see over the "Modern School" and probably the Art Gallery, the Museum and the Zoo.

Last Saturday a solid thirty-foot mast was erected on the lower end of the School, for the purposes of holding up the new single wire wireless aerial, which now stretches from it to the top of the tower. It was no mean job to hoist this "toothpick" forty feet to the school roof and, in the limited space available to make it stand up properly and securely, not only for the present but for future;

for the fierce gales of winter will soon be here, and the cold wind from the sea will howl about the red tiled roof of the building. Nevertheless the task was successfully carried out under the direction of the Science Master and the well-known radio expert, Mr Wishaw. The set seemed to work much better afterwards, at least the harmonics from the power station came in much louder and clearer than usual, and great hope is entertained of receiving some real (Sic! Ed.) messages.

On the Saturday that the British Special Service Squadron came to the port the wide balcony of the school was crowded with spectators, who were thoughtfully allowed to enter within the sacred grounds of the building, and an excellent view of the manoeuvres of the boats was seen. Several pairs of field glasses were available, and the boats were thus brought much closer. It was even said that the wireless worked, and that message was received from the squadron, or rather messages, for the noises were said to be intermittent. However as nobody chose to dispute the matter it was duly accepted as the truth—and duly forgotten.

There was a slight change of staff this year: we lost our Sports Master, Mr. Marshall, whose place was taken by Mr. Jenkins. The new master is Mr. Davies-Moore. The school wishes the best of luck and prosperity to both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Moore, and hopes that success will meet them in every effort and will follow them everywhere.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—"Collegian," "Swan," "Cygnet" (2), "Sphinx" (2), "Kangaroo."



**SUNRISE.**

The mist round the hills hung heavily,  
 As the dawn began to break;  
 And the night-owl flew off wearily  
 To its nest beside the lake.

The morning star grew paler,  
 As the golden orb of day  
 Rose higher and still higher  
 O'er the hills so far away.

Higher and higher still he came  
 At a slow, majestic pace;  
 Till all the heavens were aflame,  
 And still he rose with grace.

But now from leafy bough and bush,  
 Forth comes the soft, sweet song  
 Of blackbird and of spotted thrush,  
 Breaking the silence long.

R.B.

**SPORT.**

With the opening of the new Bunbury High School, one short year ago, a new world, the world of sport, was opened to the majority of the students. Hitherto sport for us had but comprised a few elementary games of hockey and football; but, under the new régime a system of sport has been set up which tends to make us efficient in all branches of it. Needless to say it is with the greatest interest and enthusiasm that most of the girls and boys enter into all games. It is very necessary, however, to inculcate a real, sincere sporting spirit, for without this, sport is not true sport.

Friendly competition constitutes real sport. Our one great obstacle lies in the fact that we have no contemporary schools to whom we can demonstrate our prowess in sporting activities. Therefore, in order to instigate a spirit of friendly opposition amidst our ranks, we have divided the school into four factions. In this manner, enthusiasm and ambition are aroused in all patriotic breasts. When we fight, it is to gain a sought-for object; in this case we strive for the honour and the fame of our faction. Certainly not a material prize, but one infinitely more dear to a true lover of sport itself. It is the pride for posses-

sion, the possession of the laurels of victory, which stirs us on to endeavour to obtain for our own faction triumph over all other parties.

One has only to wander to any one of the various playing fields of the school to observe the popularity that sport has already gained in the school. Let us proceed to the tennis courts. Evidently a faction match is in progress. Note the tense, determined looks on the faces of the players. As for the spectators, though their great excitement is quite apparent to the most casual on-looker, their eager faces also betray emotions alternating between pride, joy, and despair. And what a happy scene it is! The golden glory of the sun, the bright intense blue of the sky, and the happy excited faces of both players and on-lookers. Ah! the match is over. How will the losers act? Certainly, they are disappointed, but are they envious of the good fortune of their conquerors? Not a bit of it; they accept defeat in a sportsmanlike manner, with a smile, a handshake, and a word of praise for their opponents.

Thus it is in all branches of sport. No matter how hardly fought the cricket, football or hockey match, it is with good feeling that the defeated meet defeat, with no other feelings than happiness in the realisation that they have played the game cleanly and well, and admiration for the superior skill of their victors.

Let us now consider the many benefits conferred upon us by sport. The foremost and most important lies in the fact that it broadens the mind. If we live up to a real sporting standard, we cannot possibly remain narrow-minded and self-centred. We must consider others besides ourselves in all sporting activities. If we engage in any important match or tournament, we generally play the game not for ourselves alone, but also for the honour of our country, town, or school. If we win praise for ourselves, why, then the honour is doubly sweet, for if we win admiration for ourselves,

we win it for the rest of the team also. Involuntarily we carry the traditions of sport into other parts of life as well, and learn to take a broader, more lenient view of the failings of our fellowmen. Sport develops the body and gives to us the healthy man and woman—good to look upon and well able to carry on the business of the universe. Sport teaches us to accept defeat with a smile, to fight for the goal of our ambition with grim determination and to lead an honourable, upstanding life, bearing no ill-will to our neighbours.

Let us rejoice when we realise that school sport has not degenerated, has not

been contaminated by vice. Always it has remained the same—clean and honourable. It is our duty, and the duty of succeeding generations, to uphold true sporting traditions. We, of Bunbury, are but commencing our career of sport, therefore we are fortunate that we can firmly establish the foundations of a sporting record which we hope will remain clear and unblemished. Let us do so, and by all our actions endeavour to ensure for our school, so young and yet already so dear to us, a name that will be revered and honoured by coming generations.

J.M.



#### SCHOOL PREFECTS.

*Standing:* Miss L. Johns, J. Dean, Miss N. Johnson, K. Hough.

*Sitting:* C. Kilian, Miss T. Eaton, Mr. F. Sherlock (Head Master), A. Trotman, Miss E. McCall.

## PREFECTS' NOTES.

The younger fraternity of the school may think it is very nice to be a prefect and to have some authority, but let us assure you a prefect's life is not a bed of roses. Every morning you have to dash to school so as to arrive before the first bell. Then you parade the porch and attempt to shepherd the seething crowd to their rooms, but most of them always seem to have a plausible excuse for hanging round their lockers; or perhaps you have to stand on the top of the stairs and watch for any unruly youth who dares to ascend or descend in an unstately manner. Yet another worry, although at present a minor one, is the thought of the Leaving Examination, which, although over six months distant, makes you tremble whenever you think of it.

However, there are some events which do help to make a prefect's life a little enjoyable. For instance, during the term a beach tea was arranged, and, needless to state, everyone present thoroughly enjoyed it. Of course, having been to several other picnics with the First Master, we were not at all surprised at the rapid, not to say marvellous disappearance of the food. In fact, the tin of sandwiches seemed to be continually resting on his lap. Finally, however, his appetite was satisfied, and political discussions and musical items, which were much appreciated, were interspersed until 9 o'clock, when we wended our weary footsteps homeward thinking that it was indeed "The end of a Perfect Day," and wishing that beach parties were everyday occurrences.

Well, I think our space is up, Mr. Editor, so we will conclude our notes by hoping that this edition of the "Kingia" will fully maintain the previous high standard of the Bunbury High School Magazine.

## "THE JOYS (?) OF PHYSICS."

"Whose odours haunt my dreams."

On the top storey at the extreme west end of the sky-scraper known in the records as the Bunbury High School is situated the well-beloved (?) physics lab. On entering we see a long glass tube extending from a jar to the roof, used, according to a fourth-former, for the purpose of blowing daddy-long legs from the ceiling.

The student walks to his seat at the rear of the room and is greeted by an array of skulls, teeth and jawbones arranged artistically in a smell-proof (?) case. He takes his seat, and when interested (very occasionally) in a physics lecture, the gentle scent of  $H_2S$  floats across and assails his scandalized nasal proboscis. He glares at the 5th form tame scientist wishing for an extra strong puff of the gas to envelop and finally kill the manufacturer of the obnoxious effluvium.

He then goes to the beach, trots up and down, and wastes energy just to see if sound does travel 1,120 feet per second. Personally, we are content to take the French scientist's word for it, and have no wish to disagree with him.

He returns to the physics lab. to record the fact that he walked five miles, lost seven pounds weight, and proved nothing. Some idiots of the 5th form (by the way, they're all idiots) uncork pickled bunnies, and place under his nose a conglomeration of praying mantis, frogs, toads, and other odoriferous and defunct specimens.

Truly the joys of a physics period are great, especially when spent with the fifth-formers.

**CRICKET.**

Stephens, Roberts, Perrin, Bignell,  
Members of the Kingia team,  
Thought the mighty Blues they'd vanquish,  
But their thoughts were but a dream.

Steere and Taylor, even Scottie,  
Thought that they would win the fight,  
But they were very disappointed,  
And they spent a sleepless night.

Pictured they their great home-coming  
When the Blues were vanquished quite,  
But alas! the picture's shattered  
For the Blues have won the fight.

Cheer up, Scottie, also Alick,  
Fate may smile on you some day.  
Stephens, Perrin, Steere, and Bignell  
Did not want to win, they say ? ? ?

When again you meet the proud Blues,  
Don't leave anything to chance.  
Learn to catch, and practise often,  
Try to lead the Blues a dance.

A Blue.

**FRENCH CLUB NOTES.**

At the annual general meeting held on Friday, the 7th March, officers were selected for the forthcoming session. These were Miss D. Newton, President; Mr. Davies-Moore, Secretary; and Miss B. Smedley, Treasurer. The Committee consists of Misses M. Bell, T. Eaton, and H. Withers, and Masters Stephens, White, and Sinclair.

The first soirée of the year was held last Wednesday at Mrs. Dunham's residence, Spencer Street, where an enjoyable evening was spent. Various games were played in French, for one of which Miss Elsie Buggenthin carried off the prize. Miss G. Smedley and Miss Caldwell entertained the company with a short dialogue in French. It is hoped that every member of the club during the year will do his or her share towards making these soirées a success. When you have given a lecture, recited a poem, sung a song, told a story, or taken part in a dialogue or a play, you will have acquitted yourself generously and hon-

ourably, and you may then sit back with a clear conscience to enjoy the performances of others.

Every effort will be made by the Committee to introduce to the club any French speaking person who happens to be in town. We are all looking forward to a most entertaining series of soirées this year.

We must not forget to mention the grand finale of our activities last year. This took the form of a social and dance on the afternoon of 12th December. The first half of the programme consisted of four French plays, interspersed with musical items rendered by Mr. Fowler and Miss S. Elliott. The plays and the performers were as follows:—

La Dinette.—E. Buggenthin, N. Reid, C. McGeary, and E. Kinsella.

Avant la Soirée.—A. Williams, G. Smedley, J. Caldwell, and D. Cunningham.

La Soirée.—J. Muir, E. Kilgren, D. Bickerton, M. Kealy, J. Dean, L. Clarke, M. Cooke, K. Denny, and N. Sinclair.

For the loan of the drawing-room furniture we extend our thanks to Mr. Sanderson and Mr. Robertson. The collection at the door, which amounted to £1 5s., was handed over to Mr. R. Fowler as a donation to the Magazine Fund from the French Club.

After afternoon tea, dancing was indulged in until tea time.

For their services to the Club last year we desire to thank most heartily our retiring secretary (Miss Burgess), who cannot carry on owing to the pressure of her work, and treasurer (Lucy Tobitt), who is now an ex-student.

One other word. All ex-students interested in French and desirous of joining the Club are earnestly requested to communicate with the Secretary. We noticed several ex-students present at the last soirée. We want you all. So join up.

**THE SEA.**

The waves dance up to the golden sands,  
 Where do they come from, far off lands?  
 What is within that deep blue sea?  
 O, rocks and shells and a coral tree.

On the sea are all sorts of crafts,  
 Men with boats and boys with rafts.  
 People are fishing for lobsters and plaice,  
 With eager looks on every face.

Now 'tis night, the stars are free;  
 Now 'tis a perilous, treacherous sea.  
 The waves, they toss the fishers' boats,  
 The spray soaks through the poor men's  
 coats.

The storm has passed, the morn has come,  
 The fisher boats are safely home;  
 The sea is as calm as calm can be,  
 And washes serenely around the lea.  
 I.J.C.H.

**PERSONAL.**

Last term the school bade farewell to Mr. Marshall, Sports Master and Lecturer on Mathematics. Mr. Marshall had been on the staff for several years, and was very much liked by all. His work as Sports Master last year was greatly appreciated, and it was with regret that we learned he was leaving the school. However, we extend to him our very best wishes for his success, and hope that we will some day see him again at the High School.

We are very glad to welcome to our school, Mr. Davies-Moore, who has joined our staff this year. Although he has only been among us a short time, he has already won a high place in our esteem, and we heartily hope that his stay in Bunbury will be a pleasant one.

Through the medium of this column, we would like to tender the heartiest congratulations of the school to our late Senior Girl, Miss V. Kealy, who was successful in winning the medal for English in the Leaving Examination. During the last year Miss Kealy also won a picture for the school, for the best essay on the Exhibition of War Pictures,

and a collection of books as a prize for her French essay on "Australia's Part in the War."

We congratulate her, and hope such success will crown all her efforts.

We also wish to congratulate Mr. Jenkin on his appointment as Sports Master. Mr. Jenkin was with us last year as Junior Maths. Master, and has made himself very popular. His work in connection with sport this year is very much appreciated, especially by the senior boys.

The candidates for the Leaving last year are to be congratulated on their splendid success. We are glad their efforts were so well rewarded, and wish them all the best of luck during their careers.

To all students who have entered the University this year we proffer our congratulations, and wish them all the greatest success in their pursuit of knowledge.

**FACTS ABOUT A SECRET SOCIETY.**

Immediately we learned that a new secret society had been formed in the school, four special detectives belonging to the editorial staff were despatched to investigate the matter, and they so far intimidated the President of the Club that she was compelled to contribute an article in defence of it. We publish also the views of our special correspondents, but the mystery does not seem quite solved yet.

We realise that we print the following articles at great personal risk, but this magazine has always stood for truth, and we willingly accept the danger incurred on behalf of our readers, as we feel they should know the facts about this new secret society.—[Ed.]

## THE M.H.S.

(By the President.)

The curiosity of woman is a well-known fact; at least that is what we are informed by the so-called superior sex of the world. Yet it is a peculiar fact that it is because of the burning curiosity of a mere man, that I, the overworked president of a popular society, am called upon to write an article concerning the formation of our new club. But stay! do not for one instant imagine that the influence of man has impelled me to write this article. Nay, it is because my sister members wished me do so for the benefit of the school in general, that I have consented.

Lately there has been a social rising in the school of manifold importance and benefit to humanity. Far be it from me to disclose the rules and name of this newly formed club. I do not wish to call down upon my head the vengeance of thousands, but I will, without disclosing too much, endeavour to give you a slight inkling as to the nature of our society.

First and foremost, the club is composed only of members of the fair sex. I am thankful to say that the great cry for us women to band ourselves together has at last been heard throughout the school, and, in response to the call, many have flocked to swell our numbers.

Of course, diplomacy advises us to exclude the ones and twos from our select gathering; from their more common nickname, "the brats," it may be rightly inferred that they are much too immature to join such an all-important society. As for the fives, they do not show the slightest inclination to unite with us; but of course this may easily be accounted for by the fact that they have reached a stage of sentimentality which will not allow them to share our noble impulses. Therefore, we of the fours and threes are left unaided to carry on the great work.

We held our first meeting the other day. I did not advertise this fact to the staff, as one of our members informed me that the "Head" might erroneously denounce me as an agitator. The gathering, then, was of an informal nature. By stealth, the knowledge that it would be held "round the barrel on the bank," was circulated round the school, and those interested in the movement congregated at recess time, at the meeting place. Short as was the space of time allotted to our first meeting, it yet sufficed to convince many of the greatness of our scheme. After the all-ready elected secretary of the club had read the rules, we were confronted by many of the most leading citizens, all eager to be enrolled as members of the M.H.S. We chose for our badge the head of a demon, realising that under the veneer of civilisation our enemies possessed the instincts of one.

Our society has realised that we have been down-trodden long enough: we are now about to assert ourselves. Everywhere we go we meet with insults and scorn. Why, only the other day, we were informed that "an effeminate man is not a man's boot-lace; he is only a woman!" We offer suggestions concerning sport and we are promptly squashed—we know nothing about such subjects! We enter a picture-show, and before we have been there long we are confronted, on the screen, by a most absurd, ridiculous query, "What's wrong with the women?" Yes, we would indeed like an answer to that question. Were it asked about the men, doubtless dozens of answers would be immediately forthcoming.

It is a vital question now as to whether the club will survive. I am, however, very sanguine as to the result. Many of our members are strong and determined, but the weaker members are terrified by the fact that if they break the rules three times they will be compelled to forfeit a packet of "life-savers" (without being allowed to partake of them); whilst six lapses mean expulsion from the M.H.S.

Thus we are determined to carry on our work until everybody is fully conscious of the power and superiority of our sex. We are fully confident of success, and, in conclusion, we issue to the foolish ones of the community the following warning—

“Take heed to yourself, lest ye incur our righteous wrath and indignation.”

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### THE M.H.S.

Much curiosity and envy have lately been excited in the male section of the school as to the meaning and purpose of the letters M.H.S. For the satisfaction of their curiosity the boys have been informed that these dread letters do not stand for the Mad Hatters' Society, while their envy has been considerably lessened by the formation of a club of their own.

Not only have the students been rendered curious by the secret whisperings of certain of the fair sex, but the complaint seems also to have stricken the teachers. Various masters have been so imprudent as to show their emotions by asking questions, which, of course, have not been answered. It has also been reported that the dodging of the History Mistress, by girls exhibiting a Red Demon, has become universal.

Such excitement has been aroused that not even the theatre party arranged by our most worthy English Master, who by the way, is also prone to curiosity, causes so many thrills as the M.H.S.

It may be mentioned, by one who knows, that the society has not been formed with the intention of harming anyone. Indeed, it has been noticed that none other than the members themselves seem affected by the society rules as shown by their plain evasion (?) of the boys. Yet the latter remain optimistic and even dare to hope that they will be asked to join the society.

A few whisperings have been let fall as to the procedure of the society. It has been discovered that many rules and regulations have come into force—banquets, meetings, and conferences are to become everyday affairs—pockets are to be emptied in the purchase of life savers, etc.

It is necessary to dwell for a moment on the leaders of the estimable society. It was formerly a fourth form affair and as such was managed by the fourth-formers. Gradually, however, the third-formers drifted in, and although the Prefects have hitherto displayed no curiosity, it is expected that they will soon ask to be allowed to join.

Although wishing the society no harm we must say we consider the formation of such a club, especially with an unknown name, a dangerous game, as the curiosity of the teachers is liable to overcome them, and they may be led to inflict more homework on the unfortunate members in punishment for their continued secrecy.

DISINTERESTED.

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### M.H.S.

Have any of the readers of this article seen at one of our theatres lately a picture-serial which goes by the engaging name of the Vanishing Dagger? It seems to me (correct me if I am wrong) that some of the female members of the school have had what might be termed an overdose of this sort of thing.

Serials have never appealed to me, and now one cannot walk in any passage or room without being confronted by bands of these winning damsels, standing muttering unintelligible pass-words and making secret signs. It has been discovered from certain of the gang—pardon me, society—that the sign is something after this style: the left hand is placed under the nose, thumb on one cheek, fingers on the other, and drawn with a quick abrupt movement down over the chin. If danger is imminent, the action is repeated thrice.

Indeed a most ingenious plan, requiring no doubt much thought and labour to perfect.

These same damsels wear a picture in red ink, of what seemed to me at first sight to be a vivid likeness of a cow's head, but which I have since learned is a flaming devil (the red ink to represent the flame). Might I, by the way, suggest a more appropriate badge for the society, one more indicative of their announced ideas—a piece of red rag, drafted round the neck, or pinned on the dress, or worn in the manner which would best suit the member.

However, we can have nothing perfect in this world, and we must perforce let the high and useful aims of the Man Hating Society counteract the little ridiculous things which necessarily go with it, the society being composed entirely of females.

From an earnest perusal of the rules, I gather that the chief aim of the society is to relieve us boys of the sweet company of the members of the M.H.S.

Alas! what have we done to deserve all this?

It has been whispered that only those who are disappointed in love, or who stand not in favour with the stronger sex, become members of the club, but it has been vehemently pointed out to me that this is not so; and I have been convinced.

Permit me to congratulate the organiser on her wonderful plan, and to hope (faint though the hope may be) that she and her earnest band of followers will succeed in their high and worthy aim.

STUMP.

### A BUSH FIRE.

Great tall trees with towering limbs  
Bustle their leaves to the soft winds whims,  
Lizards bask in the blazing sun,  
And kangaroos hop by one by one.

Hotter and hotter grows old Sol,  
And o'er the trees grey smoke clouds roll.  
Fairy tongues of cruel flame  
Of Nature's beauty make a game.

With a mighty crash a tall tree falls;  
The air is filled with the frightened calls  
Of birds as they flit from tree to tree,  
Trying in vain from the smoke to be free.

Still and dry and barren and bare,  
Free from the mighty scorching flare;  
Where it was bright and pretty and green,  
There is nothing now but burnt land to be seen.

I. J. C. H.

### CELEBRITIES OF THE B.H. SCHOOL.

It will be observed by any visitor to our school that there is a certain small class of people there which is remarkable for its method of array, being clothed in flowing gowns of some black shiny material, and as these people are perhaps the most celebrated of any attending the school we shall attempt to describe some of them to you.

Coming through the porch is one of these persons of the black gowns. It is a man, of very erect and noble appearance. From his dark eagle eye, his closely cropped head and his clipped moustache, we receive an impression of severity, of unbendingness and of power. The sea breeze sweeps along the porchway, but hurls itself in vain against the majestic figure—not a hair does it disarrange—seemingly because of its extreme shortness.

However, on looking closer at this masterly figure we find his severity of countenance somewhat diminished, for lo! on his rugged face dawns a half-smile causing him to resemble, in a startling degree, a particularly sportive lion.

This fascinating demi-smile, we find, is meant for another black-gowned figure approaching, who is not so tall, nor yet so commanding as the other, but of neat and elegant figure. It also is a man, but now we observe with sorrow that this



one has none of the stern one's care nor precision of movement, for one of his sleeves hangs in sad disorder at his side, ragged and tattered, and as he advances towards us with long swinging strides, his sleeve catches in one of those inevitable doorknobs, and alas! the rent is lengthened. The unfortunate owner of the sleeve stops short and gathers his gown about him with a slightly annoyed gesture. The breeze is still blowing, and it blows still harder when it finds the smaller gowned figure to annoy, so that we are entertained by watching the antics of the playful wind.

To begin, it gently breathes upon his head, causing the long hairs, each one, to stand upright, thus giving a curious air of sprightliness to the frowning face. Ah! now the frown has gone and leaves the face thoughtful and pre-occupied, a look which agrees well with the high forehead and deep eye, but does not agree with the absurdly comical hair. But he has changed again! The sight of a red-faced youth chasing his elusive head-gear across the scorched grass has evidently amused him, and with a sudden movement he throws back his head and laughs—a hearty scale-wise and invigorating laugh. He stops as suddenly as he began, but a little imp of laughter still remains on his face, twisting his lips and upturning one eyebrow in a most droll fashion when, off goes the lithe figure, his gown flying loose, his head set at a waggish angle, his step jaunty, and his hairs wildly blowing about his head.

We now make our way upstairs, and look in through the glass door at one of the forms having a lecture.

The lecturer is a woman in a black gown—a tall person and not at all plump; the most striking part about her being her hair, which is golden in colour and most extraordinary in appearance, looking as if the owner has been dragged through a particularly thorny bush. The front strand of hair especially attracts our attention, being slightly fuzzy and always hanging downwards, presumably in obedience to gravity.

At this moment the person turns towards us, and we see that for some reason she is annoyed—her blue eyes are flashing, her pink lips are pouted together quite petulantly, and altogether she has the appearance of a much wronged person.

We pass on sorrowfully from this tragic picture, and immediately see coming towards us another man in black.

This man is tall and slim, and is approaching with an easy springy step. His figure, at a distance, resembles that of a young Apollo, and this resemblance increases as he draws nearer, for his beautiful flaxen curls, and the delicate contour of his face, are certainly those of a young Greek god.

However, it is a rather heated Apollo whom we see before us—that quick walk up the hill and up the stairs has sent a wonderful flood of crimson over his face, giving him a most becoming look of modesty, which look increases as he sees our curious eyes fixed upon his graceful form.

He turns abruptly to enter a door, and as he does so he almost knocks flat a small person in black who is emerging from the room.

The “almost knocked flat” person gives the retreating figure a most upbraiding look with a pair of serious blue eyes, and we see that this is another woman. From her appearance we decide that she is rather strict; her pale gold hair is drawn severely back, her eyes are level and serious, her lips are set primly together, and her whole appearance is somewhat puritanical, with a decided suggestion of capability and determination about it.

However, like the small man in black, this person is transfigured on smiling. Her eyes become very kind, and there are little wrinkles of laughter about them, while her lips curve charmingly, the whole smile softening and lighting up her small features.

But hark! a laugh echoes through the corridor—a hearty scale-wise laugh, like a deeper edition of the ragged one's, and up the stairs, coming by huge strides (three steps at a time!) is another man in black.

He is not exactly a youth, but his twinkling blue eyes, his brown cheerful face, and his active movements are certainly suggestive of youth. His hair, which is dark and inclined to be fuzzy, stands up on end and adds to the length of the already long features. It is indeed an extraordinary face—instead of being round and cheerful, it is long and cheerful, but cheerful it certainly is, when smiling, and as he disappears from sight we again hear his laugh—loud, deep, and echoing.

There are other people in black at our school, but we have no time nor space to describe them now—let it suffice to say that if, in any of the above descriptions, there is any sign of the cloven hoof, we apologise humbly and assure the reader that it was not done intentionally, and to believe that

“If we offend it is with our good will  
That you should think we come not  
to offend

But with good will.”

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#### MODERN PORTRAITS IN MEDIÆVAL SETTING.

*Sally*—His berd as any sowe or fox was reed.

*Franky*—His studie was but litel on the Bible.

*Keith*—A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.

*Albert*—His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.

*Blanko*—Nowher so bisy a man as he ther was.

And yet he semed bisier than he was.

*Slom*—And he was nat right fat, I undertake.

*Stumpy*—He was a lord ful fat and in good point.

*Thisbe*—No berd hadde he, he never sholde have.

*Esther*—Hir gretteste ooth was but “by Hec.”

*Nora*—Of studie took she most eure and most hede.

*Mona*—For frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

*Thea*—In felawschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.

*Lorna*—Hir mouth ful smal and ther to softe and reed.

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#### EX-STUDENTS' NOTES.

With much pleasure we again contribute to our old school's magazine.

Since last issue we have all had a more or less pleasant Xmas holiday. This long Xmas vacation comes as a pleasant break from the monotony of school routine, as we ex-students know well. Still, as the usual thing, we tell all present students that there is no more enjoyable time than one's school days.

But to get on with the business—strange things have come to pass. For instance the High School has beaten the ex-students three times on the cricket field. We must congratulate the school on their fine cricket team—due perhaps to the coach. The part that always beat us was the tail, or lack of tail, to the school team. Everyone seems to be able to make a good score. Of course, most of us ex-students can knock up a good “round” score. But don't forget—we will beat you yet.

Just recently a pleasant little social evening was held at the school. The company—small but select—appeared to enjoy themselves immensely, and did not want to go home when the clock struck twelve.

Thanks are due to Misses Hough and Becker for the supper and table decoration, which looked extremely dainty.

It is to be hoped that all old ex-students, and students just left, will communicate with the secretary or treasurer, Mr. J. Power, as subscriptions (5s.) are now due.

Best wishes from ex-students. Cheerio till next issue.

M. C. FERGUSON,  
Hon. Sec.

### EXAMINATIONS.

Some months ago much violent argument was heard on the subject of examinations. Critics, learned and otherwise, rushed to the attack. The whole system was censured, ridiculed, vituperated, subjected to the most scornful abuse.

But the very existence of the system necessarily indicates some virtues. It is an old established thing, and is now considered as, if not the most desirable, at least the most imperative test of knowledge. As an incentive to study it is highly useful.

Thinking it over, where does all this ultimately lead? If we begin to regard examinations as too important, it would mean that there would be established a class of men, who, having passed the all-important examinations, would be regarded as in a rank above others. Thus would be established an aristocracy of intelligence or diligence, not of character.

To return to the system itself. If one looks closely into it, the results disclosed are not very satisfactory. Written examinations do not necessarily demonstrate intelligence but diligence, not intellect but knowledge. That is, a student of indifferent intelligence might by perseverance attain that amount of knowledge required for the course, while a question set outside this sphere, demanding the use of a little reasoning would, to be colloquial, stump him. Thus the chief defects of the system are the establishment of an aristocracy of diligence, and the inability to discriminate intelligence from hard work.

Unfortunately written exams form the only standard by which to judge the capabilities of students. Oral tests have been suggested, but these would not be entirely satisfactory, and at present, owing to the large number of candidates who enter for all public exams, the idea would be impracticable.

At present it is impossible to discover another system to replace the old, which, strengthened by the support of custom and age, promises to remain to haunt us for many years hence.

STUMP.

### PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

The approach of the day on which a public examination is to be held seems to have a peculiar tendency to lower the candidates' opinions of their own capabilities. A few months before the exam. is to take place they may be perfectly sure that they will be successful; a few weeks before it, they begin seriously to doubt whether they will be able to pass quite as easily as had been formerly imagined; a few days before the exam. they begin earnestly to wish that the thing were over and done with; and when the fatal day arrives and they are actually seated in the examination room, they find themselves utterly convinced that there isn't a hope in life of their passing. Public exams. are distressingly disturbing to one's peace of mind.

The gentleman selected to supervise a public examination is usually of the grey or bald-headed type, with piercing eyes peering over his spectacles in a manner calculated to strike terror to the heart of the boldest candidate. Who could dare to cheat whilst those eyes are roaming searchingly around the room?—and yet, to make doubly sure, the supervisor usually descends from the platform at intervals, and with soft and ghostly tread solemnly walks down the aisles and peers over one's shoulder in a truly disconcerting fashion.

These gentlemen usually have a most annoying propensity for wasting time and keeping the candidates waiting in breathless suspense. When all the necessary preparations have been made some excuse is generally found for delaying the distribution of the exam. papers, in order that the candidates may work themselves up into the necessary state of nervous excitement. At length the fateful papers are handed out and a deathly silence settles on the room—a silence broken only by the clock as it ticks out the precious and fast-fleeting moments.

Generally, when one is desparately endeavouring to recall some half-forgotten fact or figure, the supervisor remarks, with evident satisfaction, that there are three minutes to go; or when one has just had an inspiration and is busily engaged in writing it down, he remorselessly snaps his watch in one's face and makes the triumphant announcement "Time's up!"

Almost invariably the supervisor seems to be feeling (inwardly) a malicious delight, or at least amusement, at the strained expressions on the faces of the candidates. But if he happens to be a humane man, he may look round the room with pity in his eye, and thank Heaven that the days when he was eligible to sit for public examinations are far behind.

M.H.

### SPRING.

Spring is here! Spring is here!  
 Birds are singing soft and sweet!  
 See the hill-sides far and near  
 Clothed in green, 'tis Spring to meet!

Hark! the bees a-humming!  
 'Tis with pleasure and for joy.  
 Now the swallow's coming,  
 Drowsy Winter to destroy.

Welcome skies of azure blue!  
 Welcome freshness of thy morn!  
 Welcome to thy songsters, too!  
 Sadness dost thou ever scorn.

R.B.

### WHAT I WANT TO BE.

My great aim in life is to be an M.P. I like the look of M.P. after my name. Of course I am not boasting when I say that Australia needs me—no M.P. ever boasts.

I have a lot of friends who advised me not to take it on as I would make a fool of myself, but I only laughed. I make a fool of myself! Impossible! Besides, my country calls, and I must obey the call.

I have heard that it is best to be poor, because the poorer you are the less tax you have to pay. They say that if you are very rich, you sometimes have to pay thirty shillings in the pound, but I do not understand it. That is one of the reasons why I want to be an M.P.

I can look ahead and seem to hear myself being cheered when I finish a great speech. But that's looking too far ahead. Let us return.

Now there are three main parties in Australia at present, (1) Labour, (2) Nationalist, (3) Independent. I have already decided to take the side of Labour. This is how I decided. I tossed up. I did not want to be Independent, so if it came tails I would be Labour, if it came heads I would be Nationalist, and if it stood on its edge I would be Independent. Well, I had to toss up five times before it came Labour.

When I make speeches I shall use tact. It is no good telling the people that your opponents are wrong. You have to prove it. In Julius Caesar, Antony told the people that Brutus was in the wrong without saying it straight out. That's what I shall do. I shall have to practise my speeches two hours every night for six months before I shall be able to say it decently before a crowd. I have already got a small passage in mind which will be part of my first speech—"My opponents are in the wrong and are not doing the right thing; they tell lies about me, but the Prime Minister says they don't, and sure he is an honourable man." I think I can win the people over like that.

All you need is a bit of common sense—and in time I'll probably be Prime Minister myself. So do not be surprised if in later years you hear of me as being Prime Minister of Australia.

S.O.

### THE IDEAL SCHOOL.

[Below we publish various ideas on the subject of an "Ideal School." We hoped that these would lead to some valuable reforms being made, but as the suggestions are so diverse, we fear that nothing can be done at present.—Ed.]

#### I.

An ideal school! What does that imply? This question obviously demands an answer, for the alterations which are necessary to make B.H.S. the model of excellence and the standard of perfection are many and varied; and after the perusal of this essay we hope that the reader may have some idea of what is meant by an "ideal school."

Every unfortunate who has toiled up that terrible hill would welcome the suggestion that cars be parked at its foot for their immediate convenience.

After passing through the ivy-covered arches (which of course would form the main entrance to the grounds) all the surroundings would be cool and green and inviting. The smooth lawns bordered with flowering shrubs and aromatic trees; in the right hand corner, the blaze of colour made by the stately dahlias; the cool delightful arbours, with their sparkling, laughing fountains bidding the weary enter, would all co-operate to further the comfort of the students. Free periods spent in this haven of peace instead of in the stuffy physics lab., where often prevails some noisome odour, would become a bliss hitherto unknown.

The staircase would be greatly improved if furnished with carved banisters and covered with a carpet of pleasing pattern, while the landings would be

adorned with graceful palms and pretty flowers artistically arranged in dainty jardinières.

Of course the balcony would be equipped after the usual conservatory style. Electric fans, easy chairs and cushioned lounges, the latter well supplied with reading matter of a slightly more interesting type than that already current in the school would, with the help of liveried lacqueys and iced drinks, do much towards the comfort of the students.

Oh! stiff and uninviting class-rooms! To be sure they are never intolerably hot or insufferably cold, but their furnishings are enough and more to break the heart of any beauty lover. Upholstered seats and carved writing desks should accompany the hanging of lacy film-like curtains at the windows which are now stark and bare.

The staff, of course, would be most careful to *underwork* our esteemed worthies, and Mademoiselle of course would not expect the preparation of any "devoirs."

Examinations would be things of the past; in fact, they would be looked upon as prehistoric evils of the day when man knew no better.

Let us now refer to the length of the school week. Five days! Rather too many, we should think, to be spent at the toilsome labour of brain-work. An "ideal school" week would as a matter of course consist of three days; and the greatest amount of time to be spent in work per day would not exceed four hours. Homework would follow the example set by examinations and become extinct. In this last arrangement masters and mistresses would profit as much as the students, for we are sure there is not always joy without alloy to be found in marking homework.

Doubtless to these improvements many others could be added, but we are sure all would be satisfied for some time to come if only those alterations already mentioned were carried out to the letter.

MIRANDA.

## II.

(By a Gold.)

The ideal school we can picture with the greatest ease, and I am afraid it would be entirely different from our present "Bunbury High" in spite of all "M.P.s." may say about our beautiful view and position.

To commence with we should certainly not have it perched upon the highest hill in or around the town, or if we were forced by circumstances to have it there, we should make it a rule to arrive late every morning, just by way of protest.

Exams. of course we should never have to think of, particularly that odious Leaving—we shouldn't even mention them except to scare unruly first formers.

With most of the staff, too, we could easily dispense, particularly the members of the Maths. and Science department. We say "most" because we would probably retain the English and History departments so that they could take us trips to Perth to see Shakspearian plays and give us nice lectures on "fun at the war" which the history teacher could supplement.

French lectures, however, would not be tolerated for an instant, and any disciples of that hated and loathed language would be instantly driven forth from our midst.

Unlike Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenford" of studie we would not take the "most cure and most hede," but would devote all our time to sport and amusements. Which reminds me that the sports department would have to be enlarged, and a new singing teacher procured instantly. Perhaps we could even afford a dancing master for the boys, provided they were not too much occupied with cricket.

A good oval and numerous tennis courts would of course be indispensable—not to mention a grass net-ball field which would be a veritable paradise to the sore-footed members of the lower forms, who suffer stoically on their present gravel bed.

The neighbouring beach would always maintain a placid calm, or at least would always give fair warning when it intended to be rough; so that the more

timid members of the school could enjoy an occasional dip without fear of instant and horrible death by drowning or broken neck.

Prefects would be unnecessary, as the lower forms would be possessed of an angelic spirit the moment they entered the gate, and so there would exist a heavenly peace between the third forms and the rest of the school.

We would also employ a gardener—probably the deposed science master, provided he could induce pine trees to grow in a salt-saturated atmosphere—who would make a magnificent garden for the express benefit of the students—more particularly the girls.

Of course, gold faction would be always in the lead and we should wage Homeric but triumphant matches to maintain our position against all comers.

But, alas! What use is all this dreaming? We have not yet succumbed to the effects of too much swot—although certain students of our form feel the symptoms of homicidal mania—and we must "endure all things" "even unto the end."

E. McC.

**HOME WORK.**

Oh! what a pleasure it is to go home after a day's work at school and think, What home work have I to do to-night?

Remember, to-night, not this afternoon—for how many times have we been told never to do our home lessons after school, but wait until the hands of the clock point out only too plainly—seven o'clock.

Yes, seven o'clock, that is the hour when we poor students of learning once more resume our studies, and plod on undisturbed for two hours.

Is two hours enough? "Yes, that is quite enough for a scholar of the lower school. Give half an hour to four subjects each night—but choose your subjects wisely, and you are sure to pass your examinations."

Now, English is a very important subject—quite the most important in the “Junior.” “Please give three-quarters of an hour every night to English,” is our distracted English Master’s request.

“But, sir——” half a dozen voices chorus out.

Our English Master looks at us in surprise. “Well?”

Our troubles are explained in a babble of confusion, but to our amazement our determined master refuses to yield. “Quarter of an hour is only a little more, and remember it is for your own good.”

We leave the room at the end of the lesson, decided to spend three-quarters of an hour as directed; after all, it is “only a little more.”

All goes well for the next two days, and then our plans are once more disturbed, when in pleading tones our Science mistress puts forth the claims of Agricultural Science, with the result that we promise to devote more time to the compelling needs of this subject.

Alas! this is far from all, for, with visions of burning the midnight oil, the demands of history are presented to us. Of course, it is quite natural that history is unlike any other subject; it must be learned; no hard or fast rules are laid down as for Maths., and, indeed, if we do not treat history more seriously we are doomed, for history requires very earnest attention for the “Junior.”

Hence, we frail mortals of humanity, assuming an air of saintly patience, hope to please one and all, endeavouring to lose “the duty in the joy.”

“A MARTYR.”

### SUNSET ON THE BEACH (BUNBURY).

A ball of red fire sinking in the West;  
Around it heavy dark clouds dully gleam;  
A path of molten metal cleaves the sea;  
The sun’s last beam.

The rippling wavelets hiss along the sands  
With peaceful thoughts and fancies in their train;

And then a great wave rears its crest on high,  
And breaks in twain.

Anon, a silver crescent, pale and wan,  
Emerges from the hazy afterglow;  
And from the sea, on balmy West wind borne,  
Come murmurs low.

Soft voices which entrance and mesmerise,  
And lift the soul above its normal plane;  
Then, for a while, all care and pain forgot,  
Content doth reign.

KAYMAC.

### FORM NOTES.

#### III. G.

This year most of us returned to school with the excellent resolution that we would start right from the jump, and study, study, study, till we could recite whole text-books by heart. But, alas! we know not why, our good resolutions seemed to fly to the winds when we had laboured only a few times up the well-known hill. It must be something in the Bunbury air that affects us, for here we are, with one term almost completed, with the Junior looming darkly on the horizon, and yet they tell us we haven’t settled down to work in earnest. We do our share of homework (some of us do more), but the only praise we have received has come from the English Master.

Most of the teachers emphatically inform us that their particular subject is the all-important one; that we should give at least an hour each night to it; and that, if we don’t, we have only faint hopes of passing the Junior. If we follow their good advice, and also read the required six books a term for the English master, and one hundred pages of “parley-vous” for the French Mistress, we can see ourselves before long in the hospital suffering from acute brain fog.

We have been informed, on excellent authority, that a sure and speedy cure for insomnia is a revision of the geometry book. One of our fellows, who was suffering from that complaint, happened to try it, but decided to leave it severely alone after experiencing a rather bad dream, in which numerous demons sat on his chest digging him in the short ribs with acute-angled triangles, and treating him to various kinds of Chinese torture with tangents and chords as weapons of cruelty. When one particularly persistent demon essayed to prove that one ear, an eye, and the nose were an example of Simson's Line, the dreamer awoke with a yell and landed with a bump face downwards on the floor, which action went close to proving that proposition. "That remedy might cure some," said he, "but it nearly killed me."

In spite of the numerous allegations hurled at our heads, we are not a bad lot—some of us are quite good, in fact. In sport, for instance, we are very necessary, for we contribute four members to the school 1st XI., we take an active part in football, and we possess two or three first class swimmers and tennis players; so, you see, we are good at some things.

We close these notes by wishing the school and the magazine the best of good luck in the future.

### III.—E.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,  
And the man that getteth understanding."

No matter how true the above saying is, we are sure that the man who wrote it, to gain his understanding, had never to go through such a torture as the Junior, which awaits us unfortunate third-formers at the end of this year. Most of us came back to school, I think, with the fixed determination of studying hard for the exam. In school we work hard, and at home our studies are continued far into the night. The amount of homework

we are given is overwhelming; half-an-hour on each subject every night for six nights, at seven subjects, which means twenty-one hours of study per week. I fear a breakdown will ensue. It is expected that all who are taking study as a serious matter will not continue till the wee hours of the morning without five minutes' recreation at the close of each hour, as it is quite possible and natural that the brain of any normal person would otherwise become fagged.

Yet study does not form the only important characteristic of our duties. Sport is essential, and to this we must devote a certain portion of our time.

Although we are doubtful as to whether all will pass in history, we can hardly think that there will be any failures when new history facts are daily arising in our class. The latest are that Henry VIII. married his dead brother's widow, and his daughter to Mary Queen of Scots. Also Mary Queen of Scots was the son of James V. However, such answers as these are liable to distract even the most studious of the class, and it is at these disturbed times that we are promised a lesson after school. Immediately, as may be expected, the mistress is able to continue her teaching without any further interruptions.

One of the Maths. masters seems to treat algebra too lightly, much to the dismay of the students. During this period we frequently have jokes, and although we don't always know when to start algebra, we have learnt when a joke has started and when finished. Another period also seems to cause amusement to some of the male members, for although they have been informed that the teacher is supposed to be the most important person in the room, they still find much pleasure in discussing this point when it deals with the person when out of the room.

French, to our form, seems a word of reproach. Always homework, but unfortunately one never hears of it until it is



time to hand in the work, and then Mademoiselle will say, "This all counts on your report. You can't go on like this any longer if you are taking French for your Junior." Such it is that Mam'selle says to us, and yet the English Master can afford a half-hour's lecture on the difficulty, necessity, and in some cases impossibility of getting the Junior without concentration. Is English the most important subject?

Thus the first term is nearly at an end, and we wish everybody success in the coming examinations.

#### IV.

Here we are again, or, at least, twelve of us, which is a "goodly companye." In fact, sarcastic people might say that we are the pick of a bad lot; but we would have them remember that we are 4th form students now, and should be treated with all respect. This remark we would have the 1st and 2nd forms in particular "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," and we take advantage, Mr. Editor, of the space you afford us in your valuable magazine, to warn them that, when entering a room which anyone of our esteemed class is occupying, they should knock at the door and meekly wait until asked to enter. One day one of our teachers said he (or she) would run through limestone caverns!! Could anyone imagine a more hair-raising stunt than that? Those of us that have been through the Yallingup Caves and knew that one place was "a tight fit" through which one is obliged to crawl, were on the point of collapse when we suddenly remembered that there might be caves in which such feats could be performed, we did not consider it advisable to ask whether the stalactites and stalagmites would be injured in any way.

We also deplore the frivolity of the 5th form, at the same time venturing to suggest that they should take a pattern from us (the Editors are requested not to add any sarcastic remarks), for if

they don't they have no hope whatever of passing. In speaking of our revered elders, we would add that they are blessed with a science maniac who is perhaps the perpetrator of all the—er—unwholesome odours which issue from the Chem. and Physics labs.

At French, as per usual, we excel, as Mademoiselle well knows. Everyone will admit that "elle se précipita dans ses bras," when literally translated, means "she chucked herself into his arms." Also that, as our book carefully informs us, letters in italics are *not* to be pronounced, one of our members was quite right in refusing to say "Gazette" when reading. At another lesson Mlle. again refused to take a literal translation, declaring that "il s'installa soigneusement dans sa maison" did not mean "he carefully installed himself in his house," and the student who made this mistake tried to improve matters and caused much merriment by persisting in saying "Mrs." for "Madame," although for sure it was quite correct. From experience we can warn all other students that Mlle. would not like them to waste their time, and that if they think French is a waste of time they are at liberty to "get out" and do something useful.

We much regret that our honourable prefect, Roy Gace, is on the sick list, where he has been for several weeks. At the present time he is living a life of ease in the hospital, and doesn't seem at all anxious to leave the pretty, young nurses, but we wish to remind him that his duties are awaiting him.

We wish to congratulate Kevin Denny, an ex-member of our form, on the praise which he received from Professor Paterson. When a member of the poor abused 3rd form of last year, he did very good "sketches" in his Agricultural Science Book.

In conclusion, we wish everyone "Good Luck" in the coming exams., and hope that they will show the teachers that the latter are bad prophets.

## V.

Two new members have come among us this term, each of them brightening the dullness of school life with their new ideas.

“Great minds think alike.” That is the reason why very few could do their science question, one week this term. Several female members of our form have suddenly changed; they are man-haters. The game seems more to be an effort to win “life-savers” from others of their society than what one would infer from their name.

Adorning our notice board are numerous papers, and if you read them, you would read our fate. English homework, booked up to the end of April, and Maths. appearing every week. It is alarming, but we are told it is for our own good, and as the term exams. are in the offing, we work to lessen the dreadful consequences which would await us in the event of our failing.

Still, we do have some enjoyment. One of the pleasures we are looking forward to is a trip to Perth in the near future, where the English Master tells us we shall see two Shakespearian plays and also trams. Another longed-for joy is the approaching holidays, but what an awful gulf lies between now and then, and what dreadful torture in the shape of exams. we have to pass!

French still holds its place with us, not by choice, but by compulsion. Mathematics is progressing favourably, though we have some stormy periods, due mainly to neglect in learning certain wearisome lists of formulae.

One member of our form evidently bored by the lesson in progress, tried to kill Time by knocking the clock off the desk on to the floor. However, his attempt was unsuccessful.

In concluding, we must wish the editors the best of success for the magazine, and all students the best of luck with their exams.

## ALL IN A DAY.

A day in our class is an interesting one, witness the following specimen. It is Monday, and the first lecture is Geography. We are, on the whole, well-behaved in this period although some of the boys delight in interrupting the teacher's efforts to give some notes on Ireland, Japan, and Timbuctoo, by making childlike puns on words which tie your tongue in knots trying to spell them.

The next lecture is Maths. of some sort, and these lectures are enjoyed by all, as we excel at them. For Geometry in-marches the torturer with book, compass, and coloured chalks, so that our dull minds may see more clearly the sides, angles, lines, and circles with which he literally obliterates the blackboard (much to the annoyance of our prefect). Then he asks us to prove that this green angle here is equal to that red one over in that corner. Of course we feel green, blue, yellow, and red all at once, and manage to stammer out that we can't quite follow. Then with a satisfied air he says he had been watching us and knew we were asleep. Geometry does make one feel terribly sleepy.

Another branch of Maths. is Algebra, only about three times as bad as Geometry. Before starting our noble instructor takes his perch on the mantle-shelf and is monarch of all he surveys. Half-way through the lesson when something very important is being explained, our “king” climbs down from the mantle-shelf and takes up a position from whence he can speak better, viz., a seat made by placing the back of the chair to the table.

At last the bell goes, however, and your spirits rise, only to be dashed to earth a few minutes afterwards by the appearance of another torturer robed in “the latest from Paris.” Down she sits. “Everybody should be at work now. Get out your books now. Page thirty-seven.” Several times we have struggled to page forty only to start at thirty-seven again. This we hasten to explain, but for our pains we get the following result:—“Is

that you calling out again. You'll do three pages of translation before you leave this room to-night." You smile and try to look pleasant. But really! and its cricket this afternoon, too. Ah, well, its a hard life.

Then there's Physics. Into the lab. we march and take our seats with due noise and confusion. You take a look around. In one glass dish is Johnnie's rabbit, which died the other day, a wild cat, a large jar containing mainly pickled frogs, grasshoppers, and mantis, for use I suppose when such delicacies are not to be obtained. In other jars are eels, no, not eels, snakes. We hope they can't get away, though they look very much alive. On cards on the mantelshef are sundry insects large and small, stuck on with pins to keep them from flying away, we conjecture. On turning you recoil with a start. "What's that!" "Oh, it's only Jimmy," some wiseacre will tell you. Jimmie! Some poor victim of this insane scientist, you think. "In what experiment was he killed?" you innocently ask. This provokes a roar of laughter, and then, "Look up the last mag. for his life story." One bottle marked "Chloroform" you uncork, and take a whiff. They say "curiosity killed the cat"; it nearly kills us this time. We feel funny for quite a while and resolve not to take Physics.

Chemistry is a nice lesson, much after the style of Physics. Once you get fairly going its quite all right. A pipette is a tube up which you draw liquids. I drew some sulphuric acid up into my mouth and am still suffering from it. Test tubes get very hot, you would hardly believe how hot! I was asked to hold a hot one the other day, and of course immediately dropped it. It broke, bringing some complimentary remarks from the teacher. Spirit lamps are nasty things. The flame gets inside the lamp and blows wick and all over the floor with a bang. One day a boy asked me to put a lighted taper he had into a jar when he took the lid off. I did so, and the noise was deafening. I thought a bomb had landed near me. Another time I was asked to get

some phosphorus. I did so with my hand, and as I held it, it burst into flame, burning a hole into my hand. No more Chemistry for me.

Manual is not a bad lesson, only one has such a lot of trouble. First you sharpen a plane and leave it. When you return the plane has disappeared, and any amount of search will not find it. It's the same with chisels. Metal work is not so bad. But you get your face black with charcoal dust. Then some kind person rests a piece of red hot iron against your leg, a capital cure for sleepiness.

Our form is capital at drill. We have to march down to the recreation ground, where we drill in the sun for ten or twelve hours at a stretch (in reality about half an hour). Our marching is tip-top. The boys are more or less out of step, but still, its marching (I often find that I am the only one in step).

I will not mention anything about the Head or the coach of the mag. as for obvious reasons this would be unwise.

J.C.

#### APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Come, dear children, let us away."

(Arnold.)

—The English Master and his company off to Perth.

\* \* \*

"Welcome my old friends." (Longfellow.)

—Last year's geometry props.

\* \* \*

"Awake, arise, the hour is late."

(Longfellow.)

—The Monday morning call.

\* \* \*

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

(Byron.)

—Ex-student dances.

\* \* \*

"Does the road wind up the hill all the way?"

Yes, to the very end." (Rossetti.)

—The way to school.

\* \* \*

"While words of learned length and  
thundering sound  
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around.  
And still they gazed and still the wonder  
grew,

That one small head could carry all he  
knew." (Goldsmith.)

—English Master.

\* \* \*

"Do you forget yourself to speak thus  
rudely?" (Longfellow.)

—English Mistress to a member of IIB.

\* \* \*

"Do thy duty, that is best."

(Longfellow.)

—Advice to Form Prefects.

\* \* \*

"His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan."

(Longfellow.)

—New Master.

\* \* \*

"Deeper, deeper do we toil  
In the mines of knowledge  
Where we delve for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems."

(Montgomery.)

—III E's.

\* \* \*

"Deafened with tumults. How cans't  
thou hearken?" (W. Watson.)

—Pupils endeavouring to attend while  
boys have gym.

\* \* \*

"And on this earth are lovely souls  
That softly look with aidful eyes."

(Watson.)

—A Form Mistress.

\* \* \*

"Her finger was so small the ring would  
scarce stay on." (?)

—Sports Mistress.

\* \* \*

"While secret laughter tittered round the  
place." (Goldsmith.)

—Agriculture periods.

\* \* \*

"A brotherhood of venerable trees."

(Wordsworth.)

—The Pines.

\* \* \*

"But they, while their companions slept,  
were toiling upward in the night."

(Longfellow.)

—III E.

\* \* \*

"Labour with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone."

(Longfellow.)

—Third Formers on homework.

\* \* \*

"Every footstep fell as lightly as a sun-  
beam on the water." (Longfellow.)

—Girls' hatroom.

\* \* \*

"Ripe in wisdom was he but patient,  
simple and childlike." (Longfellow.)

—Sports Master.

\* \* \*

"A man of such a genial mood."

(Longfellow.)

—Manual Master.

\* \* \*

"Serve yourself." (Longfellow.)

—Third Formers at the Cooking School.

\* \* \*

"Tresses flowing like the water  
And as musical a laughter."

(Longfellow.)

—III E Prefect.

\* \* \*

"Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all."

(?)

—Sports Master.

\* \* \*

"Then a burst of wild thanksgiving."

(Whittier.)

—IIIrd Formers when Mademoiselle for-  
gets the homework.

\* \* \*

"Talk not of wasted affection; affection  
never was wasted." (Longfellow.)

—Advice to one of the Mistresses.

\* \* \*

"What I most prize in woman is her  
affection, not her intellect."

(Spanish Student.)

—One of the master's views.

\* \* \*

"Bring not here an idle fellow."  
(Longfellow.)

—Headmaster's wish.

\* \* \*

"With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red."  
(Hood.)

—End of the terminal examination.



CRICKET TEAM.

*Standing:* L. Hawter, L. Clarke, A. Williams, R. Stephens, J. Lugg, R. Copley, K. Hough.  
*Sitting:* L. Sweet, A. Trotman, Mr. Jenkins (Sports Master), A. Roberts, N. Sinclair.  
*Reclining:* P. Dyer, N. Haines.

BOYS' SPORT NOTES.

Since the beginning of the year great improvement has taken place in the first eleven. It is especially in the batting that this improvement has manifested itself, and if the present enthusiasm continues the standard of the cricket should rise considerably.

During the season five matches have been played, two against the "Ex-Students," two against a team from "Banks and Law," and one against "Modern

School." In the four local matches we were successful, but in the latter we were beaten by fifty-two runs. It is hoped that an eleven will try conclusions with this team before the end of the season, and this time we shall try to give a much better account of ourselves.

Thus far great enthusiasm has prevailed in the faction cricket matches. The new students show promise of becoming cricketers of the first water, and judging by the attendance at practice all are

anxious to improve their play. Perhaps one of the most exciting matches of the season took place when a team from the Collie High School tried conclusions with an eleven selected from the first three forms. The school came out winners with five wickets and seventeen runs to spare. A fixture has been arranged between a team from Dardanup and our first eleven this coming week, when we hope to prove ourselves formidable opponents to this association team.

The following is a list of the averages, both batting and bowling, of this season's first eleven:—

#### *Batting.*

Copley 14.75, Clarke 14.3, Stephens 11.5, Roberts 10.8, Williams 9.0, Haines 9.0, Trotman 8.0, Sinclair 7.0, Lugg 7.25, Lloyd 4.0, Sweet 4.5, Hough 3.76, Dyer 1.5.

#### *Bowling.*

Copley, 8 for 34. Average 4.25.  
Lugg, 7. Average 10.43.  
Roberts, 10. Average 10.3.  
Stephens, 6. Average 4.5.  
Trotman, 12. Average 5.5.

There has been no tennis this season on account of the lack of courts, but with the beginning of next season it is hoped that this branch of sport may be resumed, and that we may be in possession of courts of our own.

At cricket the Blues are far superior to the other three factions, who, however, when they meet, provide a very even game; but here again the Golds generally suffer defeat, having won one game only. Out of the six games that so far have been played by each of the teams, the Blues have won six, the Kingias three, Reds two, Golds one, while one game was drawn between Red and Kingia.

Boys who do not take part in the cricket occupy their time with swimming. It was hoped that a team could be sent to Perth to compete in the life-saving competitions. With this aim in view the

team was selected and training commenced, but the idea was abandoned on account of the shortage of time.

#### POSITION OF FACTIONS.

The points scored by the factions to date are as follows:—

<i>Girls.</i>			
Kingia	..	..	24
Red	..	..	12
Blue	..	..	7
Gold	..	..	7

<i>Boys.</i>			
Blue	..	..	56
Kingia	..	..	36
Red	..	..	12
Gold	..	..	8

<i>Total.</i>			
Blue	..	..	63
Kingia	..	..	60
Red	..	..	24
Gold	..	..	15



Blues are the Best!!!

#### FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

##### *Blue.*

During this term the Blue faction has succeeded in gaining the lead. Up to the present we have not been defeated in any of our matches but several close games

have been played. At the beginning of the term the various captains were appointed, for different departments of the sports, the election resulting as follows:—

Faction Captain—A. Trotman.  
 Tennis and Football Captain—K. Hough.  
 Swimming Captain—H. Lloyd.  
 Cricket and Athletics Captain—A. Trotman.

In the football we have been unfortunate in losing several of our best players, but nevertheless we mean to uphold our last season's reputation.

The leading averages in cricket, both batting and bowling, are:—

Batting Average.			
Copley	..	..	.. 34
Trotman	..	..	.. 17
Clarke	..	..	.. 8
Hough	..	..	.. 5

Bowling Average.	
Copley	.. 24 wickets at 6 runs each.
Trotman	.. 33 wickets at 2 runs each.

At the beginning of the term we all experienced some anxiety concerning the division of the new boys into factions. Now that the matter has been decided, however, we can consider ourselves fortunate in our allotment. We were left rather weak this year by the departure from the school of some of our main supporters, but we can say with perfect truth that we are stronger this year than last.

As soon as the factions were arranged it was decided to hold a meeting for the purpose of electing Sport Captains. Williams was elected Captain of Cricket and Football, Moss Tennis Captain, Minors Athletics Captain, and Power Captain of Swimming.

Although our cricket results are as yet not very promising, we are now on the road to victory, and we are confident that the future matches will cause our score of faction points to rise considerably. Up to the present bad luck has attended our efforts, and although we are the second strongest team, we have only won one match this year.

### *Kingia.*

At the beginning of the year the election for Sports Captains resulted as follows:—

Faction Captain—J. Sunter.  
 Cricket Captain—R. Stephens.  
 Swimming Captain—F. Hewitt.  
 Football Captain—A. Roberts.  
 Athletics Captain—R. Stephens.  
 Tennis Captain—A. Roberts.

We now hold the position of second on the list, but have hopes of soon passing the Blues, who are on top. The games have been played with a good deal of interest, and have been eagerly looked forward to.

Cricket will soon pass from the limelight, and during the football season we shall, I think, all do our best to win our games. We wish each player to keep up our place and name, which, no doubt, will be cheerfully done.

### *Gold.*

Although we have not had any great loss in our cricket team, as have the other factions, we again remain with the least number of points among the factions. This can, of course, be attributed to the fact that our players have not taken the full advantage of cricket practises. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that our cricket captain—Sinclair—intends to enforce the rule that Golds attend practises; for by teaching them the rudimentary principles of catching and of stopping the ball, he might, by the end of the season, be able to turn out a team worthy of the faction.

In football we shall experience the loss of two players—Richards and Macaulay—and in the new students we hope to find football geniuses, for certainly it is necessary to make up by football the deficit left by cricket, which, it may be noted, would have been greater if we had not the invaluable aid of Lugg.

Before closing, by giving the leaders of the various sports, we may hope that good luck be the lot of the girls belong-

ing to our faction and that they give a better account of themselves than they have heretofore given.

The following have been elected as captains of the various boys' sport:—

Cricket—N. Sinclair.  
Football—J. Dean.  
Swimming—G. Tobitt.  
Athletics—R. Murray.

### FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.

#### *Kingia.*

Once more we members of the Kingia Faction are called upon to give to the Editor of our famous magazine an account of our doings in the field of sport this term.

Bearing the name of "Kingia" our Faction must necessarily distinguish itself. So far we have upheld our reputation nobly, winning most of our matches. Perhaps we will not strike such a cheerful note next term when we are confronted by powerful hockey teams, but we are nothing if not triers. The Kingia girls are trying particularly hard to wrest the Cup from the Reds this year.

Our success so far has largely been due to the efficiency of our fiery young tennis captain "Frizz," and in netball to our tall and powerful leader, Edna Scott. Up to date we have met the Blues and Golds at netball and were victorious, and have had just as good fortune at tennis, having defeated all three teams.

#### *Red.*

After our brilliant success of last year, our luck seems to have changed. But it is only for the time being. If we keep on striving we must succeed. We have sustained several severe losses; the most terrible of which are Grace Gregson, our goal thrower at basketball, and Doris Beckerton, centre forward at hockey. It is hoped that some of the first and second year students will practise goal throwing

at basket ball and aim to reach a standard equal or somewhere nearly equal to that of our late goal thrower.

In tennis we have not done anything to distinguish ourselves as yet. At netball we have been more fortunate, having defeated Gold and Blue.

#### *Blue.*

So far this year we have scarcely lived up to our reputation, having been defeated at both netball and tennis by "Kingia." Still we hope to retrieve our position when the hockey season commences, as we have every promise of a good team.

At tennis we managed to defeat the "Reds," and will meet the "Golds" this week. Our netball team is not up to standard this term, and we have lost matches to both "Kingias" and "Reds," but drew with "Gold." It is plain that we must practise solidly in this branch of our sport if we intend, as we do, to win the Cup from "Red."

At the commencement of the year the following were appointed captains:—

Netball—D. Robinson.  
Baseball—J. Struthers.  
Hockey—E. Cross.  
Tennis—N. Johnson.  
Swimming—E. Kilgren.  
Athletics—P. McKenna.

In conclusion, the faction tenders its thanks to the captains of the various departments for their work during the term, and hopes for the best of luck during the next round.

#### *Gold.*

At present our faction is still occupying its unenviable position at the bottom of the list; but we are doing our level best to better it.

At net-ball we haven't been too successful, having been beaten by both Reds and Kingias; but perhaps we shall have a run of luck after our tie with Blues last Thursday. We devoutly hope so. Per-



haps a little practice would help us. It has been noticed that both Reds and Blues are enthusiastic practisers. Cannot we take an example from them?

As far as tennis is concerned, however, we haven't done too badly up to date, having only been beaten by Kingias so far—and who could hope to face "Frizz"—but we expect a trying time from Blues next Thursday. Perhaps we shall have more luck when the hockey season arrives, as we anticipate having a fairly good team. Would anyone like the position of "goalie"? It is still vacant.

Before closing, the whole faction would like to thank the tennis and net-ball captains, Miss J. Muir and Elsie Buggenthin, for their good work during the term, and to wish for the best of luck in the future.

**WIRELESS WHISPERS.**

They say:—

That the erection of a wireless mast is a far more complicated undertaking than one is led to believe.

That after all a cake of soap is not an expensive item.

That experiments in sound are sometimes attended by grave dangers, and that people seen prowling around with a rifle should be regarded with suspicion.

That members of the M.H.S. should be dealt with summarily.

That some doubt was felt as regards their general sanity until their object was disclosed.

That the said doubt was due to a misunderstanding of the name of their society.

That some surfers see more sand than water, and that after a sandy encounter, may be seen combing sand and grit from the curly locks.

That a certain girl delights in telling the Headmaster how slow the form is progressing in Algebra.

That the masters have no consideration for the students when they race up the stairs two and three at a time.

That Bacon and Buckingham are identical.

That the King of Spain marched his soldiers overland into Portugal. (Everyone hopes they were not all drowned.)

That after the Treaty of Vienna, the outline of France was removed.

That since Australia was first discovered Cape Leeuwin has shifted from the mouth of the Swan to its present position.

That science has improved. It is now possible to boil soils in cold citric acid.

That Life Savers are now very popular with the Fourth Form Prima Donna, whose favourite song is "Darling, I am growing old." (By the way that is made the sooner she gets old the better.)

That Mlle. apologised for leading a certain form astray.

That the members of the cricket eleven were lately asked to take boys from Collie to breakfast.

**FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.**

He was told off with a message,  
To a certain ally camp;  
A bold and brave young soldier,  
With fourteen miles to tramp.

He had straightway been instructed  
To leave at dead of night,  
For the parchment that he carried  
Held the details of the fight.

So he started on his errand,  
God alone was then with him,  
This man so brave and fearless,  
Full of courage and of vim.

Twelve weary miles he travelled,  
With tired and blistered feet,  
Not knowing nor suspecting  
The fate that he would meet.

But hark! he hears the tread of feet!  
It surely is the foe.  
And the contents of the note he holds  
They must never, never know.

Then straight he seized the papers,  
And burned them near the road;  
And by his act this noble lad  
His love for England showed.

Next day he stood erect and still  
In front of German guns,  
Whilst midst hoarse shouts and loud guffaws  
He was murdered by those Huns.

No greater man or soldier  
Did England ever breed,  
As he who stood so brave that day,  
Cruelly martyred for his deed.

X.Y.Z.

sufficient in the last fortnight to get you through. It is unreasonable. Yet how many of you are doing it?

Of course, homework is tiresome. We all agree on that point and know that there are lots more interesting things to do, but put them aside for awhile. There will still be picture shows, dances and amusements when the exams are over, and you will all be free to enjoy them.

It is much easier to do an hour or more work every night through the year than to cram the last few weeks, and it is far more valuable. No exam. is hard if one knows the work. Therefore if one wishes to pass, the obvious thing to do is to learn the work.

Homework is a necessary evil, and no one can pass exams. without doing some private work at home. You are advised to "get down to solid work," for the longer you hesitate about following this wise counsel the harder will be your task.

Take your work seriously, determine to pass, and work. Then you will have no cause to worry.

J.M.N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,

As the cricket is played now only the best boys are picked for a game. The others, who have paid their sports fees, are left out. I think that the cricket captain should pick two teams—"a" and "b," and let them play alternately. As it is, those who are termed "duds" do not get a chance. Some of the best have not paid their fees, yet they always get a game. If everyone had a turn more would go to practise. All I can say is that it is not fair to the "duds."

I am, yours etc.,

A "DUD."

## ADVICE TO EXAMINEES.

(By One Who Knows.)

Most examinees get heaps of advice, good, bad and indifferent, showered upon them, and most of them ignore the greater part of it. It is not until the exams. are over and they find that they have dismally failed that they realise the folly of their ways.

You who are taking the Leaving this year, who are taking the Junior, or who have merely term exams. ahead of you, profit by the experience of those who have gone through the ordeal. Don't leave everything till the last week. You can't loaf all the year and then expect to learn