

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XVII

No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1937.

STUDENT OFFICIALS.

Captain of the School: Eric H. Lane.
Senior Girl Prefect: Miss J. Wood.

Prefects:

Girls.	Boys.
Miss C. Green.	K. F. Withers.
Miss J. Powell.	R. L. Nelson.
Miss C. Clapp.	A. W. Waters.
Miss M. Brown.	J. Forrest.
Miss A. Turner.	A. J. McGhie.

Faction Captains:

RED

Miss D. Clarke. K. F. Withers.

KINGIA

Miss C. Green. A. W. Waters.

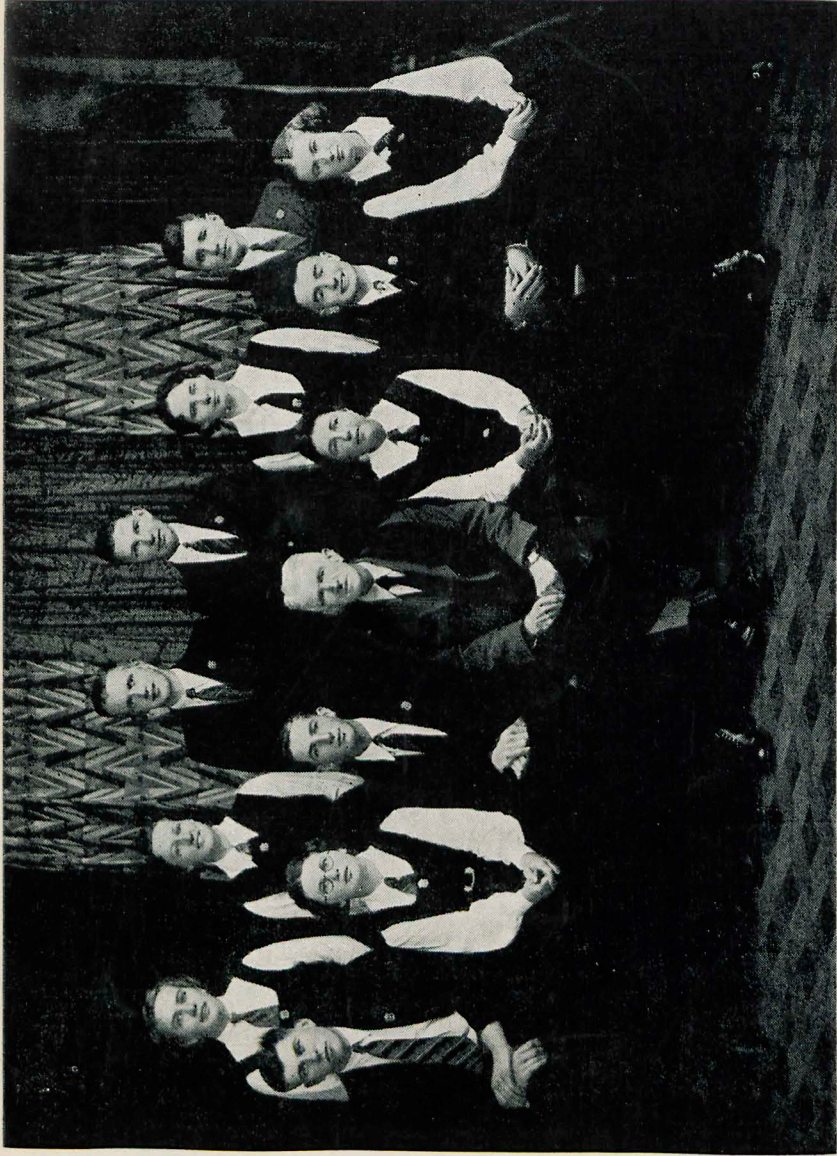
GOLD

Miss M. Scott. D. J. Johnson.

BLUE

Miss C. Clapp. E. H. Lane.

Sports Prefects: Miss C. Green, J. Prichard; Magazine Editors: Miss Rodda, P. White; Business Assistants: D. G. Johnson, A. C. Lindsay.

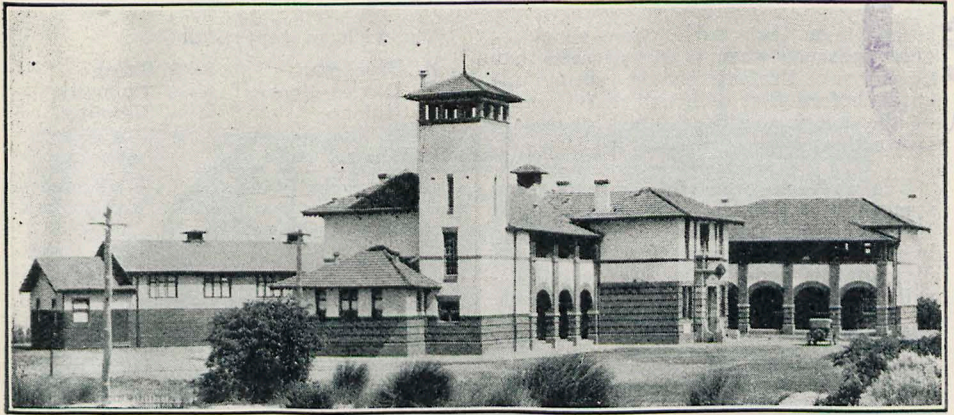


SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1937.—Standing: J. Powell, C. Green, R. Nelson, K. Withers, C. Clapp, A. McGhie.
Sitting: A. Waters, A. Turner, E. Lane (School Captain), A. J. Irvine, B.A., Dip. Ed., (Headmaster), J. Wood
(Senior Girl), J. Forrest, M. Brown.

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THE KINGIA

Vol. XVII. No. 2.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1937.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

Once again we are presenting the Kingia Magazine with the hope and conviction that it will meet with the approval of all who read it.

After the publication of the last issue a few readers complained to us that all Kingias are the same, and that once you have read one you have read them all. While agreeing with this statement, which in essentials is perfectly true, we would like to point out to those people, the fact that it is one thing to criticise a magazine in one sweeping statement, but quite another to improve the magazine with the aid of such criticism.

If the dissatisfied readers wish to improve the Kingia they should endeavour to write at least one article which they consider to be more suitable for publication in a school magazine than the present type of article, about which they complain so much.

As usual the Upper School Students have contributed the bulk of the articles, and while thanking those who rallied to our appeal we would like to urge the Lower School students to also lend a hand in producing the Kingia, for after all it is their magazine and it is quite definitely "Controlled by the Students," in spite of everything one hears to the contrary.

Now that the school year is rapidly drawing to a close many of our friends who are third and fifth years will soon be going from our midst forever.

We hope that their sojourn here has been a happy one, because, after all, school-days are undoubtedly the best time of our lives, and, although at the moment we may not believe this, as the years go by it will become increasingly apparent, and the three to five years spent at the Bunbury High School will be pleasant and happy memories.

It is with genuine regret that we say, not "Au Revoir" this time, but "Adieu" to our fellow students, schoolmates and friends whom we have come to regard as part of the school itself. May they, in their new vocations in life meet with Health, Wealth and Prosperity, and at all times, in business or in pleasure, during good times or bad, whether Fortune smiles or frowns, may they remember the school motto, "En Avant," and all for which it stood, and will continue to stand.

And now since the season of Goodwill is almost with us again, we join with the students in wishing Mr. Irvine and his staff a Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

M. RHODDA

P. WHITE,

Editors.

PREFECTS NOTES.

During this year the "pre's." have not been hard pressed in their duties, save perhaps for the beginning of first term when there was a big increase to the usual influx of first years. During

second term their duties were considerably lightened when it was decreed that no one save Prefects should venture upstairs before first bell, and disturbances in the lower corridors were severely frowned at.

The Prefects wish to express their sympathy to Mr. Downing on his recent bereavement. Although Mr. Downing has only been with us since the beginning of this year, he is already universally liked, and known as one of the best.

Several dances have been held this year, all of which have been moderate successes. Unfortunately the First Years have only attended two of them, but their solace must lie in the fact that they still have four more years in the School, during which time they can have all the Dances they desire.

A Prefects' Tea was held at the School late during the second term. It was voted a roaring success, which was only darkened for a brief instant by the smell of burnt milk. We hope to repeat this social before our shadows darken the doorways of VF for the last time.

We wish to congratulate—

B. Brockman,	Miss Baird,
D. Davies-Moore,	Miss Connolly,
E. Hulcup,	Miss Henning,
J. Prichard,	Miss Stockdill,
P. White,	Miss Townsend,

on being recently elected School Prefects for the coming year. We wish them luck in their new duties.

The School wishes to thank Mr. Davidson for so kindly polishing and re-erecting the school bell.

Looking back we find that we are now able to form our own opinions on school life, and it is, we think, with regret that we see our school days swiftly drawing to a close.

—THE PREFECTS, 1937.

“Never ending, still beginning.”

—Dryden.

(Walking home from a school dance.)

“Come, and trip it as you go

On the light fantastic toe.” —Milton.

(Rhythm.)

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— and —

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ATHLETICS TEAM, 1937.—J. Brown, C. Sykes, P. Baird, B. Prichard, R. Jennings, R. Watkins. Sitting: R. Lodge, A. Lindsay, Miss E. Burgess, M.A., (Sports Mistress), Mr. T.Downing, B.A., (Sports Master), J. Townsend, J. Prichard.

SPORTS NOTES

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING.

The fifteenth Annual Athletics Sports Meeting of the Bunbury High School was held at the Recreation Ground on October 20th. The event was well attended by scholars and supporters, and some close racing was witnessed.

Two records were equalled while John Prichard established a new School High Jump record of 5 ft. 5 7-8 ins.

Senior Boy Champion was John Prichard, of Red faction, with 44 points, while A. Lindsay (Kingia) was runner-up with 32 points. Junior Champion was K. Barrett, of Blue faction with 36 points.

Details of the Boys' Events were as follows:—

Lower School handicap: J. Gibson 1, Washbourne 2, Mort 3.

880 yds. Junior Championship: White 1, Joel 2, Struthers 3, Gillon 4; time 2.21 3-5 (equals record).

100 yds. School Championship: Lindsay 1, Prichard 2, Sykes 3; time 10 3-5 secs.

120 yds. Junior Hurdles: Barrett 1, Prichard and White 2, Washbourne 3.

Siamese race: Brown and Stuchbury.

100 yds. Second Year Championship: Tucker 1, Smith 2, Shoemsmith 3; time 12 secs.

440 yds School Championship: Prichard 1, Jennings 2, Nelson 3; time 55 1-5 secs.

100 yds. Junior Championship: Barrett 1, Gibson 2; time 11 3-5 secs.

Egg and Spoon Race: Bradshaw 1, Struthers 2, Jennings 3.

Sack Race: Mort 1.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, Seniors: Waters 1, Jennings 2, White 3. (95 yds. 1 ft. 1 in.)

High Jump, Juniors: Barrett 1, Struthers 2, Winter 3. (4 ft. 7 3/4 in.)

220 yds. School Championship: Lindsay 1, Prichard 2, Sykes 3; time 25 2-5 secs.

440 yds. Junior Championship: Joel 1, Gibson 2, Barrett 3; time 1 min. 2 4-5 secs.

One Mile School Championship: Stuchbury 1, Jennings 2, Ryder 3; time 5 mins. 24 secs.

High Jump, Seniors: Prichard 1, Lindsay 2, Waters 3. Height 5 ft. 5 7-8 ins. (Record.)

220 yds. Junior Championship: Gibson 1, Barrett 2, Bradshaw 3; time 28 secs.

Wheelbarrow Race: Richards and Bradshaw 1.

120 yds School Championship: Prichard 1, Brown 2, Lindsay 3; time 18 4-5 secs.

One Mile Open Handicap: Richards 1, Hulse 2, Gillon 3.

880 yds. Faction Relay, Senior: Kingia 1, Red 2; time 1 min. 46 4-5 secs.

Faction Relay, Junior: Blue 1, Red 2, Gold 3.

Girls' Athletic Results

100 yds. Championship: J. Townsend 1, P. Baird 2, C. Clapp 3, J. Powell 4; time 12 3-5 secs.

100 yds. Junior Championship: B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, E. Dolley 3, J. Gilard 4; time 12 3-5 secs.

50 yds. Championship: J. Townsend 1, P. Baird 2, C. Clapp 3, J. Powell 4; time 6 3-5 secs.

50 yds. Junior Championship: B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, E. Dolley 3, N. Rice 4.

50 yds. Skipping Race Championship: J. Townsend 1, C. Clapp 2, J. Powell 3, G. Inman 4.

50 yds. Junior Skipping Race Championship: B. Prichard 1, R. Lodge 2, G. Forrest 3, M. Rice 4; time 7 3-5 secs.

75 yds. Upper School Championship: J. Townsend 1, P. Baird 2, C. Clapp 3, J. Powell 4; time 9 4-5 secs.

75 yds. Third Year Championship: R. Lodge 1, B. Prichard 2, G. Forrest 3, P. Graham 4; time 9 4-5 sec.

75 yds. Second Year Championship: B. Spencer 1, E. Dolley 2, D. Knight and M. Rice 3; time 10 1-5 secs.

75 yds. First Year Championship: B. Holloway 1, J. Gillard 2, C. Ryder 3, P. McKenzie 4; time 10 1-5 secs.

Hitting the Hockey Ball: J. Wood 1, M. Forrest 2, M. Scott 3, E. Eckersley 4.

Hitting Hockey Ball, Junior: P. Graham 1, C. Clarke 2, P. King 3, B. Prichard 4.

Hitting the Tennis Ball: P. Baird 1, M. Scott 2, J. Wood 3, C. Green 4.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Junior: P. Graham 1, L. Lenton 2, B. Watson 3, J. Trotter 4.

Shooting the Basket Ball: C. Hands 1, J. Wood 2, E. Eckersley 3, A. Turner 4.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Junior: M. Rice 1, B. Prichard 2, J. Gibson 3, M. Piggott 4.

Flag Race: Gold 1, Blue 2, Red 3.
 Pass Ball: Kingia 1, Gold 2, Blue 3.
 Relay Race, First Teams: Blue 1, Kingi 2, Red 3; time 30 1-5 secs.
 Relay Race, Second Teams; Kingia 1, Red 2, Blue 3; time 31 1-5 secs.
 50 yds. Senior Handicap: J. Dowling 1, G. Inman 2, E. Eckersley 3.
 50 yds. Junior Handicap: B. Spencer 1, D. Knight 2, M. Rice 3.
 50 yds. First Year Handicap: B. Holloway 1, J. Gillard 2, P. McKenzie 3.
 Thread the Needle Race: E. Mack and R. Longman 1, L. Henning and P. Baird 2.
 Siamese Race B. Prichard and J. Townsend 1.
 Sack Race: B. Spencer 1, P. Graham 2.
 Egg and Spoon Race: M. Scott 1, J. Major 2.
 Champion Athlete: J. Townsend (24) 1, P. Baird (18) 2.
 Junior Champion Athlete: B. Prichard (27) 1, R. Lodge (18) 2.
 Faction points: Kingia 98½, Blue 71, Red 59½, Gold 43.

"ROWING—BY AN UNAPPRECIATED NOVICE."

Rowing, according to Webster's Dictionary is the act of propelling a boat through water by means of oars. Since a recent picnic expedition. I have revised my ideas somewhat, and I have no doubt that if Mr. Webster had been present on that occasion he would have done likewise.

From my first impression of rowing, I came to the conclusion that it was an act of propelling water over all the other occupants of the boat except myself. I have revised this idea since, also. I now think that rowing is the act of trying to propel a boat through water, with a minimum of splash. I say trying to propel a boat for this reason. It is one thing to row in still water or even

against the current, but when there are two anchors out without your knowledge, it is an entirely different case. The fact that you cannot move from the one spot, should not evoke such candid opinions, of your rowing, from the other occupants of the boat.

Rowing, when there are two good oars may be the simplest means of propulsion, which has yet been exploited. When one oar is on the point of breaking, and the other is in almost the same condition, it is too much to expect, even from a novice that the boat moves at any considerable speed. That is also counting the aid of the current.

My first attempt at oarsmanship ended somewhat abruptly, when a unanimous vote of no confidence, allowed a more experienced beginner to take my place. I am of the opinion that a novice oarsman never receives full consideration for his extended labour. Nor does he receive a warm vote of thanks for his efforts. His thanks are generally in the form of veiled threats of what would happen if he should attempt such a thing again, and the impression is gathered that his efforts have not been appreciated.

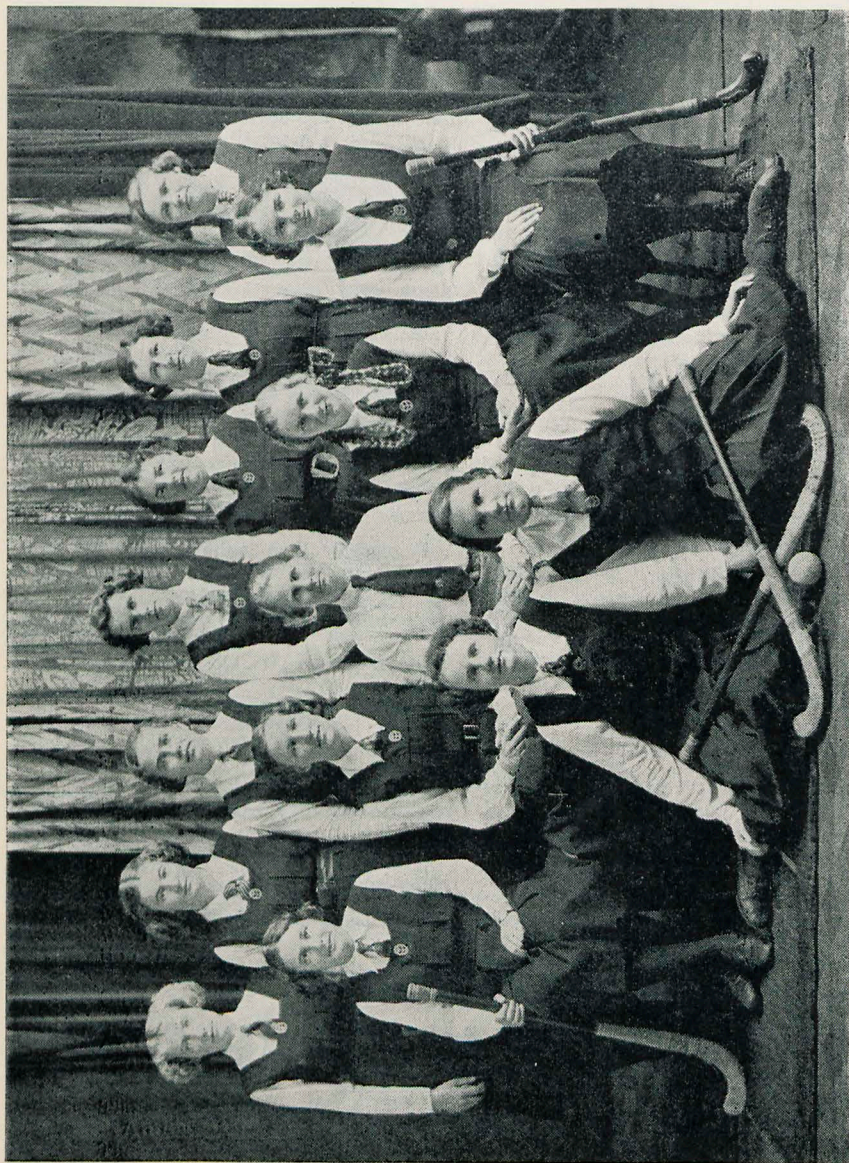
Personally, I do not consider this fair, since, after all, beginners do their best, believing they are getting somewhere, even if it is only into the middle of the stream. Beginners probably never try to explore islands, and run the boat aground.

There is only one more fact I should like to add. All novices I have ever come in contact with since, agree with me, that if ever it should be their misfortune to go on another cruise, they will see the boat is a motor boat, or at least that there are experienced oarsmen in the party. This would prevent any occasion arising when they would have to try and lend a helping hand and receive jeers rather than thanks for their efforts. —H.S.

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FOR BETTER SHOES.



HOCKEY ELEVEN, 1937.—Top row: J. Townsend, M. Brown, J. Powell, M. Forrest, J. Wood, P. Graham, J. Roles. Second row: C. Clarke, C. Green (Captain), Miss E. Burgess, M.A., (Sports Mistress), M. Scott, C. Clapp. Sitting: B. Prichard, P. Baird.

FORM NOTES

I.A.

Ici! ici! roll up for the I.A notes, telling the tragic story of the term. Our reputation still holds well and the laurels swing around our necks (perhaps a little too tightly with a cannon ball at the end). It seems like a dream that we will be some of the Second Years and not the "First Year Brats" next year.

"Help.!!!"

"What's that?"

Only Gillon sitting on a double-gee. Did I say one No, I meant six. Prichard is still wondering and saying, "Shall I be prefect?"

"Le Gros Melon," otherwise "Little Les" has suffered his reputation to come unto him.

Some mysteries which have arisen are:

1. Who really crowned "Dutchy?"
2. Who spreads double-gees on Gillon's seat.
3. With what does "Lollies" disinfect himself to keep away the weevils.
4. Does "Lollies" use Dutchy's" disinfectant.
5. Are "Moggy" and "Burg" nuts "Panooka?"
6. "Has 'Possum' an inane grin?"

We will now endeavour to describe the Coronation of our little cheeser, "Dutchy," which took place at the Manual Sheds one bright spring morning. The members who had the honour to perform such a valiant deed were "Potty" who acted as the Archbishop of Canterbury and "Possum" the Master of Ceremonies, the doer of the action. He minded a bit at first (from concussion) but afterwards got over it with a mere weep. We rejoiced at the tidings of the coronation of King of Squealers.

I.A's Future.

Oh I.A is a merry class,
A merry class is she;
And all day long, her pupils,
Are out upon the spree.

The prefects for next year are picked,
And a stingy lot they'll be;
They're going to spoil our merry
Fun and laughter, as you'll see.

There's Pritchey, our school runner,
With eyes like eagles bold,
And White, the very editor,
He'll knock us till were cold.

So mercy, O you prefects,
And let our games go on;
And if you do not interfere
We won't come to too much harm.
Oh yea!
? Phantom.

We have two new pupils for the last term—Alan Scott and Ted James. We wish to congratulate Barrett and Prichard for becoming the athletic champions. Also we wish to congratulate Miss Prichard and Miss Townsend for becoming the girl champions.

Well! thank goodness, that's over for this term at any rate.

Yours most affectionately,

—THE LAURELLED ANGELS.

I.B (BOYS).

There goes the bell for the eighth event of the day. It is French Nous adorons le francais mainly because we get plenty of homework. Most intelligent people know what a French period is like but for the benefit of those who are not intelligent and who have no imagination it is just like a French period. The bell goes again and the teacher is out of the room. No, she isn't. She is standing on the platform checking the eager starters. Must have been a false start. They are off again. Doey the nit is first through the door. Bony Boucaut and Jenner the rival mugs, are goir hard for second place. Our buck-jump champ. alias Rooster, gets third. The room is soon empty except for the necessary furniture, an old case and a sandshoe in the corner.

Now a little description of the field. "Hoot" Gibson our nine-toed runner is a good "trotter." Also Kilgren is a good actor (? ? ?) a rival to Clarke Gable. Dawson, the woman hater, has recently changed his religion. He says fox-hunting is very exciting. Another of our starters is Gros Pierre. We wonder How-ie gets up the hill every day. Chiggers has been looking "Black" lately. Cluggy is—well, queer people are attracted to one another. When anything drastic happens our tough prefect "Brother" says "Hullo," blinks and resumes his swot. She sat down Anderson Lent-on her arm. Bob Maslin, late of Perth, is a versatile all-round athlete

(and runner). "Gammy" Porter (of I.S) tried conclusions with our future Jack Sharkey. We hope he will soon leave the hospital.

For many months we were recognised as the best behaved class in the school but if we can believe some members of the staff we are now on the downward grade. The first years have now beaten the second years at football and cricket. They have a good opinion of themselves so the first must be pretty good. Before we conclude we would like to congratulate Hoot and others who did well on Sports Day. Well, cheerio till next issue.

—US.

I.B (GIRLS).

Station I.B calling,—

The first item on the programme is a modern song-hit by our nifty little warbler (J.T.) accompanied by our talented violinist (M.F.).

An elocutionary number is the next item by our clever little jam-spreader, Miss P.S. (Mind your P's and Q's.)

Number three a talk by "Lesley" on "How To Soften the Heart of a Prefect." (A.W.)

Next a rhythmical item by our accomplished waddler Fat-one (Grecian Frieze).

Another lecture by an experienced

speaker Miss Colton on "How to do Nothing."

Items of Interest.

The wiry Scotch Highlander of last Kingia has unfortunately lost her natural coy kiss curls (must have taken the hint). But "Detty Balpimple" has stepped into the breach and is wearing the duplicates. The stunning "Black Beauty" (B.W.) has entwined her way into the heart of the boy with a nez retrousee so that he declared with much gusto his devotion for her on her desk.

Birthday Calls.

There is only one birthday cheerio to Miss J. Trotter, the eighth of November. Good luck to you Jeanie, may you hook the fish you're looking for, and live to a ripe old age.

Before closing down, we would like to congratulate our budding prefect on her capture of the Prince. We hope her high rank will not swell her shapely noddle, and that she wont forget her I.B. pals, when she makes her debut into Russia.

Cheerio everybody, our session is closing.

I.D. —I.B-ites.

We I.D-ites usually have very little to say, but for this issue of the Kingia we thought we had better bestir ourselves.

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Hence these notes. In our room we have (we are proud to note) the most notorious nuisance anywhere—our dearly beloved Ruby.

Also, as pointed out by one of our doting masters, a wireless station of our own, namely, 6PG (we should add H). The notorious nuisance and 6PG (H), also the little Bird, are nearly always in the wars with one or another of our honoured masters.

As yet there has been only one casualty as a result of Guy Fawkes night and that was when one of our members was mistaken for the Guy, but her protests were so vigorous that no one was in doubt.

Our form is not, on the whole, artistic but a few of us got into a stew about the Show. For the most part, however, we spent our time at the Show winning boxes of chocolates and generally wasting.

Going still farther back we come to Sports Day, a notable event as we received a whole holiday. The sports themselves were quite commonplace but the ices were good. We have nothing else of importance to review.—So we remain,

The much slandered,

—I.D.

I.S (BOYS).

Hullo! Here we are for the first time, Station I.S. calling Station B.H.S.

The Royal Battle that was raging has now died down, a prefect is in charge.

Basil, our champion fat boy, lets out a shriek of agony and hops about six feet clawing madly at his double-gee studded pants. Nobby sniggers behind him. Basil's suspicions are aroused and flicks ink over Nobby's cash book.

Thos. looks sidewardly at a Triumph concealed under his book swotting hard, oh yeah! Jerry is honestly swotting shorthand "and how."

Bang, there goes Sangster bullying Spud again. Gammy, the interested spectator receives some of Spud's ammunition and he sits upon Sangster also. Sangster gets a trifle annoyed and retires an easy victory for Spud & Co.

Crazy Crews is having a snooze,

Not caring about his work.

A book on the head put him into bed

And now he isn't a shirk.

(Shakespeare.)

I.S time is just 3.45.

I.S Commercial Specialists now closing down.—Toodly Pip.

I.S (GIRLS).

Hello Everyone!

This is I.S calling from Station B.H.S. This is our first appearance in the "Kingia" Magazine so we must make the most of it as we have all last term's work to make up for.

First of all, congratulations to Blues for winning the Annual Sports. Also we would like to congratulate the champs. of the Sports Day. Congratulations Joan Townsend, Beatrice Prichard, John Prichard and Ken Barrett.

Now that is off our chest we'll get down to real business. Can you answer these?

Is Roma nutty?

Why doesn't Bernice like strawberries?

Can Beryl Cook?

Does Connie pick?

Is Beryl Sure?

We would like to mention that the junior champion fidgeters competition was won by Thos. Inman, better known as "Red Rufus." The runner-up was Miss G. Gibson, otherwise known as "Lactogen Baby."

The time now is 29½ minutes past twelve. Apart from being the most well behaved class in the school (?) we are also champion commercial students (?) as Miss Evans will confirm. Now for another brain puzzler.

Quest.: Why will I.S never starve?

Ans.: Because they have Cookies, Nutties, Pickles and Braund.

Well, the car is running out of juice and we're travelling uphill so we will have to close down as it is about time the bell went.

Before we go we wish the staff and students of Bunbury High School a Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.—Cheerio, Everyone!

—I.S ANGELS (?).

I.I.C.

Once again the infamous I.I.C. present their news to the Kingia. We have to congratulate J. Prichard and K. Barrett on being senior and junior athletics champions respectively, and also the members of our form who were successful in their events.

The paper pellet craze soon came into action and when this was stopped the three pointed idea was again introduced. At the time of writing we are looking forward to a visit from the new prefects.

"Hua Spud" is the highlight of the class. "Stafford" and "Porky" continue to annoy because they always persist in startling "Joey" from his slumber. This of course stirs him to action and he

proceeds to express his mirth in an extremely disturbing way. The "Gem of the Ocean" is another prominent figure because he makes himself extremely conspicuous with his raucous voice that reaches to all corners of this quiet room. We have no more highlights of great ability except the steadfast Nichols. So we will now close the notes wishing success to the Junior and Leaving candidates.

—II.C.

II.R.

Hello, everybody! II.R? Yes, that's us, the beauties of Bunbury High. First of all we must join in congratulating J. Townsend, B. Prichard, J. Prichard and K. Barrett for their strenuous attempts on Sports Day.

Next we must consider ourselves. Although summer is here we still feel the chill of frost. In maths, we occasionally feel industrious and indulge in a snoring "B," only to be rudely awakened by an unsympathetic person.

Form Highlights.

It is with much regret we announce that our beloved prefect commonly known as "Snuffie" has most conveniently broken her right arm (the exams. approach).

"Garlic" and "Nicky" have most reluctantly taken the order of the boot for the rest of the year.

The engagement between "Chicken" and "Hodge" is off, owing to certain meetings after school. (Who with?)

The "Shiek" has fallen for a very sweet person (loquats).

It is noticeable that our ravishing "blond" beauty always enjoys her 'grapes.'—Tout devoue,

—II.R-ites.

III.Q.

Hello everybody! III.Q approaching. We are still the happy-go-lucky crowd of previous times, despite the ominous note of the approaching Junior.

Although most of the prodigies of our class are well known, we will again enumerate them for the benefit of the uninitiated.

"Dusty" has a position in which he pronounces garments dry or otherwise.

"Reynard" has been severely "Struck" and has suffered greatly.

"Barney" is wearing himself away trying to break Tubby's swot records.

The odds are three to one against but he is putting up a lusty effort. In this respect Richards and several others are trying to distinguish themselves.

It is confidently reported that "Looney

South" will suffer a complete breakdown before the exams.

"Megs" was handsomely complimented by our English Master, when he was told that it didn't matter much what part of the paper he did first, as it probably wouldn't make any difference.

Young Jerry has ceased his annoying vocal efforts since the Junior has intruded its presence upon him.

"Spicer" clings tenaciously to his motto of "Old Faithful."

Jennings has ceased persecuting Doust and has devoted his attention to swot.

Gates has also showed signs of industry by contriving to arrive early occasionally.

"Robby" alone seems unaffected by the turmoil of approaching exams. and still worm-dangles industriously.

We will close now wishing the Leaving and Junior (including ourselves) candidates, all the Best.—Hail and Farewell,

—III.Q.

III.E.

"Life is a blob"—believe it or not by III.E—not Ripley, and judging by the deathlike knells and groans issuing forth from V.F, they also are in the throes of a malady of despair, now that the Junior and Leaving loom so closely.

Now for the Form Gossip.

Introduction to our members is unnecessary—that does not mean they are notorious—but you know them all according to their nationality—the Siren Society, or Swaggering Swots. The latter are still in mourning for their honourable Jewish member who departed this year.

We will follow with the Personnel of Form III.E.

Samson 2nd has lost her strength with the loss of her hair—most noticeable in the Gym.

Willylonglegs' legs lengthen still.

Prime Minister "Forrest" was "Struck" off by "Fox."

Last week the second anniversary prevented our two old Faithfuls from attending a Carey-street Party.

We were unaware that there are two fifth year heroes who rescued a third year maiden in distress.

Another chivalrous rescue took place when our Yellow Prince was carried off by Charles Sykes to a neighbouring taxi.

A "modern" lass's curls (an apology for curls) occupy much of her leisure hours.

Among our members are several noted athletes and we congratulate the Girl Junior Champ. and runner-up also

Prichard, Lindsay, Barrett, White and Joel in the boys and J. Townsend and P. Baird for their remarkable efforts on Sports Day.

"Swot to was our motto" but for the benefit of the staff it has been altered to "Silence and Algebraical Concentration."

We all wish that the exams. were over—

"So much for idle wishing—how it steals the time! To business now!"

—III.E.

IV.K.

Time marches on! This do we realise only too well for another year has slipped (or should I say marched) away; and in a very short time, approx. 12 months we shall find our five years schooling coming to a finish as we sit for the Leaving. But let's not talk of such things. We have ample other subjects to tell you about.

We were all sorry to hear that a little time ago Allan Lindsay, deciding to see if bitumen is as hard as is made out, took to flying (off a bike) and finished in the road. That road was hard Adam, n'est-ce pas? If you are sued for damaging municipal property don't forget that all K will back you up.

Saw some-one "Flip"-ping around the other day crooning "Pennies from Heaven." Having permission to shoot all crooners and saxophone players "Flip" was immediately brought before the court. "Flip" was most apologetic and promised if he was let off he would

not croon again. Nothing doing! Flip has to shoot himself and having promised to do so was allowed to continue. It is also said that this same person has taken a liking to hikes recently. There must be a reason.

There are not many personal pars this term. We have been unusually quiet, but of course there are always questions which require answering. For instance, can you help with any of these:—

1. Is Sykes' supply of jokes unlimited? They certainly seem to be.

2. Why have Leith's books suddenly become filled with names or rather with a name?

3. For girls only. Exactly how many did learn to make an apple pie in one morning?

4. Why does Stuch like Saturday nights?

We hope that nobody tries to answer these questions in the hearing of any of the persons concerned. Things might happen.

Now Christmas is coming and with it the holidays. But there is a blot which mars this fair thought—namely, the exams. Still there is nothing we can do really, except what a fair damsel with blue eyes does in French, swot, swot and swot. What a girl!

Let us conclude this very fine year, for us anyway, by wishing Mr. Irvine, the Staff, and the rest of the School, including ourselves, a Merry Christmas,

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and a really happy New Year.
And so for the present Au Revoir.

—IV.K.

V.F.

"And what may all thee knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering?"

Little did the writer of those lines realize how one day they would apply so well. V.F. is the living example of the picture presented in those few lines, for we go like one that is afraid to turn his head lest he see some demon behind him following in the echo of his footsteps.

In fear and trembling do we awake in the morning to face the dawning of a new day and anxiously do we regard the calendar to see how far off is the fateful day. A little sigh escapes us as we think that soon our happier days will be over.

Happy days! Will those days ever occur again in our lives? We think not and it is with envy that we regard the Fours, who have yet another year to go.

We have, though, the consolation that our days have been happy. We have been carefree until just lately, and though this form has not taken such a frivolous lead in the school as most fives do we have done what we could to make school as gay and merry as was consistent with our dignity.

Our class is noted for its gaiety during periods and our witty remarks have done a lot to take the burden of boredom from the shoulders of the teachers.

If you doubt us, ask them yourself.

And what of this class? Well that's a long story but one which can be summed up in a few pages. Here you are (!?).

The class has been quiet publicly but noisy privately. Voici une description de cette classe et ses enfants!

"Lupe," a tall streak of misery in despair. Cupid you beast, stop making this man sad. If this last remark annoys you ask Lupe why explaining maths. sums to blondes is such a pleasant pastime!

"Kenny Freddie": A noted celebrity in sports items and quite "handy" with a racquet.

"Karloffski": The class swot, authority on Latin, dance maniac and with fair hair and a liking for "blue eyes."

"Connie": This is derived from Boris' old verb connio—I clap (p) and stands for mouth organs and the like (ask Athol).

"Powerful": A strong blonde person-

ality with a ten guinea smirk on her features.

"Athol": A red-haired Scotsman whose daring romance startled the school and who causes much laughter by timely use of toy aeroplanes, etc.

"Rufus": Of variable disposition, noted for her versatility and ability to take everything as it comes.

"Christina": A brunette with ideas of her own and a forceful character to match.

"Mavius": A quiet fair-haired young thing with plaits and a pleasant smile.

"Boisee": This person is of a shy disposition and dislikes being talked about, so the less said the better.

"Roberta": Dark, handsome and debonaire.

"Hon. John": A tough character this. Beware of him. He is a little "bats" on account of his having been "struck."

"Lecrutio": This individual gives us a "Payne" every time he enters the room.

Other notables include: Rubina, our English hope (?), Jessie our conversationalist, Beryl another swot, Rose that strong silent girl, Amius and Elsie such is V.F. at its best.

At present with the Leaving weighing heavy on our minds our gaiety is forced, not spontaneous, so forgive us if these notes are a little dull to read.

The last effort at Form Notes unfortunately was left lying round and coming under a certain person's eye was banned immediately as unsuitable.

This was a shame as they were better than these and full of sparkling wit (?) and sarcastic remarks and they would have delighted the readers. Still "let sleeping dogs be" and "prudence being the better part of valour" they may stay under that person's careful supervision till Judgment Day demands their presence as a witness for the prosecution.

The Leaving takes up all our energy and thoughts but wait till after the exams are over.

We will then do our best to have a good time and enjoy ourselves for a while. We ask all "fives" to join under the banner of freedom and help us make those last few weeks a success.

V.F. wishes its inmates the best of luck in their coming exams, and hopes they enjoy themselves after it is over, so bestowing a "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year" on the school, students, teachers and all associates V.F. bids everybody goodbye.—Yours,

—V.F.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

In August, the teams went to Perth for the long-anticipated Sports Carnival, feeling that B.H.S. had a chance to do fairly well. The results, however, were beyond our highest hopes, as B.H.S. came top of the Country High Schools and second to P.M.S. In the athletics, particularly, our representatives did very well, being beaten by P.M.S. by only a couple of points. We would like to congratulate Joan Townsend on winning the 50 yds. and tying for first place in the 100 yds. The relay team also did very well to win. The hockey team suffered defeat in the first match, at the hands of P.M.S., but thereafter was successful in the other three matches, even although emergencies had to be used. We should like to congratulate the boys on doing so well in the athletics and on a better performance than usual in football.

In the faction sport Kingia has had a very successful year, winning the faction cup by a large margin of points, and also being successful in the hockey, baseball, athletics and tennis competitions. The final faction points are Kingia 298½, Red 209½, Gold 193, Blue 176. The results show how fortunes vary, as Red have worked their way up to second place and last year's winners, Blue, have sunk to fourth. So each faction has its turn of success. The Gold team was successful at basket ball.

It has been decided to discontinue the use of pennants for faction sport, and replace them by some form of honour boards to be hung in the Gymnasium. It is thought that, in this way, it will be easier for students to trace their faction's success.

Arrangements have been made for the School to join the Education Department Classes for Swimming and Life-Saving, and it is to be hoped that all girls will take advantage of this splendid opportunity to acquire this very necessary knowledge.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

Until recently, when our bell was temporarily out of use and a jangle of weird and ear offending sounds was substituted, we did not realize what a boon it really was. It has a good tone and the sound carries well, so that there can be no mistake about the beginning and end of the various lessons, nor yet the complaint that, "I did not hear the bell," from late comers or others.

Our bell has not always called students to and dismissed them from studies. Originally, its sound was the signal for sailors to change watch. For the outgoing watch it may have meant a meal and bunk afterwards, while for the oncoming watch perhaps it meant leaving warm bunks for a wet, cold deck during a howling gale. Besides it has called worshippers to church and farm workers from the field to meals.

It is fairly common knowledge that our school bell inscribed "Cingalee." Dundee was at one time a ship's bell.

The boat to which the bell belonged was the "Cingalee" built at Dundee, Scotland, in 1872. She was termed a "barque rigged" vessel. Her skipper was Captain John Pringle; her mate, Mr. F. R. Logue, is now an old man who supplied me with much of this information.

The coast of Western Australia seemed destined to be the doom of the "Cingalee" because previous to her final wreck at Bunbury she went ashore at the Lacapede Islands, opposite Beagle Bay on our North-West Coast. However, a gang of men sent by people interested in shipping at Fremantle, succeeded in getting her off. She was again driven ashore at Bunbury during a gale in the winter of 1887. There was no loss of life as far as I know.

Her cargo at the time of her going ashore was an interesting one. She was carrying railway material for the railway line between Bunbury and Dardanup. Excluding the short, privately owned lines about the timber mills this line was the earliest beginning of the railways in the extreme South-West of this State.

After the inquiry into the cause of the vessel's wreck her equipment, which remained undamaged, was sold. My grandfather (Mr. Thomas Hayward) bought some of it including the bell. For many years this bell was hung at his farm at Wokalup and used regularly for calling men from the fields to meals.

Later, when the Church of England at Harvey had no bell but needed one, it was loaned to the Church on the understanding that when it was no longer needed, it would be returned. It remained for many years at Harvey until it was replaced by another bell, when it was sold to the Bunbury High School where it was erected and has worked efficiently ever since.

The other day we were rather concerned to see the bell being taken down, but were relieved when we were told that it was to be polished and re-erected with

a rope attached in order to make the prefects' work light.

(Should the bell from the "Cingalee" be replaced or not wanted by the Bunbury High School, the descendants of Mr. Thomas Hayward asks that it should be returned to them solely because of its sentimental value.)

—BERYL V. LOWE.

(The Headmaster recognises the sentimental value of the bell to the descendants of Mr. Thos. Hayward and would certainly return it to the family if at any time in the future it is no longer wanted at the Bunbury High School.)

TIES.

The students of B.H.S. have comparatively little opportunity for exhibiting very marked charges of fashion or styles of dress, but let one small opportunity present itself and it is immediately seized upon and made use of even to the point of abuse. An opportunity which is always present and seems to have received additional attention of late is the wearing of ties.

The latest craze in this fashion is the flaunting of those ties which most resemble Scotch tartans. Some are extremely artistic, others are striking, the majority merely colourful. But none of them are common enough to pretend beauty, either of colour or design.

Not quite so prominent or so favoured are the ties which match one's shirt. At first sight these may appear slightly unorthodox but if the design of the shirt is not offensive then, upon further acquaintance, neither is the tie.

Then there are ties with stripes—the wrong kind of stripes. There is nothing quite like a blue tie decorated with yellow stripes or a black tie with multi-coloured zig-zag lines upon it, and only one thing worse, namely, ties with big round spots on them. Small light dots on a dark background are quite respectable, but big yellow moons glowing in a maroon sky have a complacently ugly look that calls for swift and complete annihilation.

The more artistic student often has a leaning towards the floral patterned tie, and the effect of little white flowers sprinkled on a red or brown background is truly delightful. The more daring styles have large red or green blooms scattered between various queer markings which, perhaps, represent the foliage. The owner of such a tie wins distinction anywhere. In fact the attention received is a definite tribute to the taste of the owner.

One custom seldom adhered to (and therefore attracting instant attention when observed) is that of matching one's tie with one's socks. The harmonious effect produced by a purple striped tie and mauve footwear is not to be overlooked and has a definitely "finished" effect not aspired to by, say, a green spotted tie and blue striped socks.

As varied as the patterns are the ways of wearing ties. Some are tied in large loose knots the shape of flower pots and cause one's fingers to wriggle with the desire to jerk them tight; others are screwed into tight little knots that look as though they will never come undone while others, which succeed in striking the happy medium, seem determined to make full reparation for such a mistake and are twisted around sideways in an attitude of defiant joviality. The ends of the tie are either left to take care of themselves, pushed well out of sight or pinned firmly into place with the first thing that comes to hand—usually, but not necessarily a tie pin.

Ties themselves have definite personalities which are invariably in accordance with those of their owners—which may or may not mean the persons wearing them. There are solemn, dignified ties with solid squares or heavy lines across them to suit their stolid, unimaginative owners; black ties with little white dots to match their "smart" owners; neat clean ties with neat methodical owners (note: These ties have a strong sense of duty and seldom stray), bright orange and green ties to prove conclusively that the wearers are definitely "modern" and last, but not by any means least, the weirdly marked and coloured ties that so shamelessly proclaim the complete lack of taste in their buvers. In consideration of the wearers' feelings it should be remembered that this last named type of tie often comes from the generous hands of juvenile members of the family in the form of last minute Xmas gifts and is to a certain point excusable.

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS.

Act 1.

Scene: The Library.
Time: Friday, 4 o'clock.
Character, An English Master.
Monologue: Unprintable.

Act 2.

Scene: Gymnasium.
Time: Friday, last period.
Characters: Same, plus students.
Monologue: Same, printable.

Author,

—UNANIMOUS.

LIVING LIKE THE LILIES.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin."

From observations of B.H.S. students one may conclude that the lilies of the field have not the monopoly of living without toiling or spinning. In some people the art of living like the lilies, and not being found out, is only perfected by long and continued practice. In a few—very few—this practice is a stumbling block to success in the art, for a tender conscience sometimes forbids such an idle life, which, for some obscure reason, is frowned upon by teachers.

In others, however, the art has reached such a degree of excellence, that one cannot but conclude that the practiser has been endowed with the gift from birth—it is something which, like a baby's capacity for crying, is born with him.

For instance, to the eye of a casual observer (and students fondly cherish the hope that teachers are easily gulled) a student may be wholly engrossed in working out maths. problems, or learning chemical formulae; or some such studious task, but on a closer examination those blue-covered mirth provokers may invariably be found nearby.

It is considered among the "master idlers" to be a very useful acquisition for one to be able to look wise and understanding during a lesson, when, in reality one's thoughts are straying elsewhere. This particular art I am told (having had no personal experience myself) is mastered by a few only, it being too difficult for ordinary mortals to appear to learn and understand the processes of anabolism, katabolism and metabolism while they are really contemplating means of shepherding their pecuniary resources to

allow of an extra visit to the cinema; or considering a simple means of defeating their neighbour at that time-honoured game of "noughts and crosses."

Unhappily—for the student anyhow—such wanton shirking cannot continue indefinitely. Sooner or later realities, in the shape of accumulated homework and dire threats from teachers if it is not done, must be faced.

The only solution to such a predicament as this, loathsome as it may seem, is to begin at once and do all the work it has been found impossible to escape. But be cheered; after that one burst of energy one can always return to the idle life of the lilies of the field—that is, until circumstances again prove too strong for one, and another burst of energy is called for.

Novices at this method of living, not having the skill to hide their doings, are often discovered dreaming when no adequate protection in the shape of a textbook is handy. Theirs is the problem of how to retreat gracefully from such a delicate predicament. Of course one can always adopt an innocent air and declare that one was engrossed in the contemplation of higher things. Indeed we have been told that dreaming is an excellent thing at times, and have been given permission to do so—advice by Dr. Ensor.

BEAUTY SLEEP.

Beauty sleep is indulged in to quite an extent at B.H.S. Perhaps I should omit the adjective because the intention in the minds of our numerous sleepers is not, I think, to improve their physical beauty.

By my opening sentence I do not mean to conjure up in the reader's mind a

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vision of class rooms or library filled with recumbent forms and reverberating snores. Oh no! We have much more subtle means of "sleeping" than that. Do not retain the idea that one cannot sleep with the eyes wide open—I assure you one can. I have seen students gazing fixedly at a book and all the time they are fast asleep, their minds oblivious to the words their eyes are reading.

Lecture periods on Friday afternoons were regarded as excellent opportunities for "forty winks." Although the hard chairs and probably someone's elbows prodding into your ribs from the side and their feet pushing from behind were not very conducive to slumber, these disadvantages were counterbalanced by the somnolent voice of the lecturer.

Occasionally these sleepers would arouse themselves to laugh with counterfeited mirth at some joke which they had not heard. Students are not alone in this as teachers have been seen to hastily arrest nodding heads and compose their features in to some semblance of interest in the lecture.

There are some who are always tempted to indulge in a little extra beauty sleep when the time for arising comes in the morning. (This, however, I consider to be unwise as it may result in a tingling ear which no man can say is beautiful.)

Sleep often creeps upon us during the execution of our homework, to the detriment of the homework; but what matter so long as we are becoming beautiful?

The question often puzzles me whether the sleep during periods is indulged in through sheer exhaustion after the toil which is forced upon us, or whether the sleeper wishes to escape the pricks of conscience for work undone. Neither solution appeals to me and I am inclined to put the "sleeping" habit down to laziness—sheer unadulterated laziness.

FANTASY.

Quarter to twelve. All the house quiet and in sleep. It is full moon, and through my open window a stream of silvery light illuminates the opposite wall. Outside I can hear the swish of willow boughs as they yield to the rising breeze.

The night is too wondrous to lose its enchantment in sleep. Propped on the pillow I dreamily watch the leaves as they arrange and re-arrange their pattern against the sky. First there came

a ring of girls and boys, leaping and frolicking. I could see the laughing eyes and frilled frock of a little tot, and the grubby face and tousled hair of her sturdy cavalier. Then these dissolved into busy little Japanese, with queer shaped hats and solemn mien. Now a lovely thoroughbred colt with a white face stood like an ebony statue, or pranced and reared restlessly.

Now the wind increased in force, and for a few minutes the boughs rocked too violently to form any picture. But presently, reclining in a cushioned lounge, there appeared a lovely lady. Her smile was gracious and her eyes serene. Her frock was full and long, and from beneath it peeped tiny silver buckled shoes. Behind her stood a dashing gallant, with blue and gold brocaded coat and powdered hair, but as he bent to her they were suddenly transformed into a scene that may be taken from the pages of mediaeval romance. There stood the knight in his silver armour, with a star on his shield, and his bright blade held poised above a horrible shapeless mass that lay at his feet. But suddenly the mass reared its head and struck savagely, and the little knight went down, his sword flying from his mailed fist.

Now there appeared a huge jovial giant of a fellow—his hair dishevelled and his dress in wild disarray. In his hand was a huge flagon, and as he tilted back his head to drain down his wine I could see the strong muscles of his neck, and the reckless gleam of his black eyes beneath their lids.

But he vanished, and in his place arose a scene of frosty stillness and fantastic loveliness. Six maidens appeared, willow-wondrous maidens, with long stranded hair and slender graceful forms. They wound in and out of whitened tree trunks and ghostly gleaming ferns, in and out of tall flower-stems and nodding boughs, until they vanished beneath the shining surface of a forest pool.

Then as I slid luxuriously between cool sheets I saw the knight rise up in wrath, his sword miraculously restored to him, and I heard the wind echo again the scream of the monster, as he savagely dealt it its death blow. Brave little knight.

"THE CURSES OF CLARENCE"

It was with considerable annoyance that I heard the news. Some distant relation whom I had never seen or even heard of until then had decided to spend a short holiday in Bunbury and was go-

ing to stay at my boarding house.

Except for one eccentric uncle who is kind enough to donate ten shillings per year towards "extras" for myself, relations as a class, do not interest me. I do not approve nor object to them, providing they do not write long letters inquiring after my health and well-being, but never offering to contribute that which makes this happy state possible—namely, coin.

But this relation of mine was breaking every known rule by arranging to stay at the same boarding house as myself. What I mean to say is that such a thing simply isn't done. It isn't cricket. You see, as a rule my landlady and I are on more or less friendly terms, at present mostly less, but still, at other times, more—if you understand what I mean. Now I have noticed that the dear old lady, in the presence of people who know me, is inclined to recall unpleasant little incidents which although quite trivial in their way are best left shrouded in the gloomy past.

Therefore, as I say, I was very annoyed and not a little dubious as to the result of this uncalled for visit. Still, I was powerless to prevent this calamity so with true dogged British determina-

tion I made up my mind to see the thing through, though it should take me years to live down the reputation which would accrue from it.

At last the fateful day arrived and after fortifying myself with a couple of stiff milk-bars I made my way to the station.

The relation proved to be a kindly old lady who is, as far as I can make out, a combination between my second cousin and great aunt. With she came—horror of horrors, an angelic looking boy of tender years who answered to the name of Clarence, and was, as I learned later, a nephew of the old lady, though what his exact relationship to me I never troubled to work out. It would be a complicated business anyway.

I have had previous experience of angelic-looking boys of tender years and I must confess that I quaked internally at the sight of this one. However two days in his company convinced me that my fears were groundless. Clarence was a model child in every way, doing nothing which could in any way make things unpleasant for me, and soon I began to flatter myself that I had a good influence on the boy.

Then the bombshell fell. I had just

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returned home from school and was for once feeling at peace with the world. So much so, in fact, that I even condescended to speak patronisingly to Clarence.

"Where's Auntie?" I asked kindly, to open the conversation.

"Gone to get a ——— tooth out" replied Clarence with emotion.

Now ordinarily that speech would have been highly amusing to me, but in this case, unfortunately, the landlady was present and also heard Clarence's sudden lapse into blasphemy, so I was forced to appear horrified at the thought that so small a child could utter such naughty words.

Then Auntie arrived home and it was just a matter of seconds before she too was fully acquainted with the facts of the case. Her reproachful glance at once told me that she held me responsible for her darling's wickedness. It would have been useless for me to protest my innocence, so again with dogged British determination, which is always useful on such occasions, I accepted the blame in silence, though mentally vowing to give Clarence a good talking-to concerning his language in general.

With this view in mind I borrowed a book from the library on "The Art of Child Management," but after reading it through several times, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that the author had never encountered such a child as Clarence, and therefore his book was of little use to me. However I decided to accept his advice to appeal to the better side of boy's nature, and one evening after tea I called Clarence outside, and spent a busy half hour pointing out the disadvantages of the trend his language was taking.

"After all," I concluded persuasively, "Gentlemen don't swear, and you want to be a little gentleman don't you?"

"Too ——— right," replied the young hopeful.

A week passed and Clarence had made a wonderful improvement. On one occasion he began to say ——— but remembering my advice, he stopped at the last moment and merely said ———. And of course ——— is a very mild word compared to ———, which shows that Clarence was making an effort to become a gentleman.

Of course he had one or two serious lapses and said ——— several times in rapid succession before he got himself under control, but under the circumstances I chose to ignore these slips of the tongue, and once more I began to

flatter myself on my good influence on Clarence.

Then came calamity number two. One Thursday afternoon the landlady's best friend—a Mrs. Montague—dropped in for a chat, and of course, much against my will, Clarence was led inside (much against his will) and introduced to her. "What a lovely little boy," she said, "do have some cake."

Clarence considered the suggestion an excellent one, but in making his selection he knocked the dish over Mrs. Montague.

"Dead, dear," exclaimed that embarrassed lady, "how very provoking!"

Clarence went one better. "——— the thing," he said.

There followed one of those silences which you can carve with a knife.

"I think I had better be going," said Mrs. Montague, and strangely enough, I had the same idea.

For some unknown reason it was I, and not Clarence, who was held responsible for this incident, and to myself I made a vow that if he ever swore again I would deal drastically with him, aunt or no aunt, and I even went so far as to show him the razor strop. Clarence was duly impressed and promised to completely reform at an early date.

On the following day he was invited to go to a neighbour's house for a party, and before leaving for school that afternoon I gave him a comprehensive survey of the things I would do to him if he did by any chance swear at the party. I left Clarence at the neighbour's front door after explaining to the host that he was to be sent home at the first sign of any strong language.

That afternoon upon returning home to go to sport, I was greeted by the sight of Clarence playing in the garden.

"So," I cried properly enraged, "you were sent home from the party you little ruffian." "But—," he began when I interrupted him for long enough to tell him a few home truths about himself, and, as his Aunt was out at a bridge afternoon I locked him in the bathroom until I was ready to deal with him.

After ten minutes or so I expected to hear Clarence crying for forgiveness, but everything inside the bathroom was quiet, so I decided to carry out the punishment there and then. No sooner had I opened the door than the reason for the quiet became apparent. Clarence was sitting in the middle of the floor, while both the bath and wash basins were overflowing around him. He had cut up all the available soap as well as his shoes, and a new pair of his

Aunt's, while at the moment he was busily engaged carving the razor strop with my best and only razor.

"Hullo," he cried happily, "Look what I'm doing."

It was too much. "So you did swear at the party you little hound," I accused in what I considered to be a dangerously quiet voice.

"No," replied Clarence with an angelic smile, "the — party was put off until next week." Somehow I crawled outside, feeling that suicide was the only way to rid myself of the curse of Clarence.

Naturally, I came in for all the blame but I was so completely broken-up that nothing mattered.

Now, I am pleased to say, Clarence has gone, and the world looks a little brighter, but with him has gone my greatly valued reputation, as well as what is far more important, my ten shillings a year. Evidently Clarence's aunt corresponds regularly with my eccentric Uncle. Oh well, such is life.

—P. J. leB.

"ELECTRICITY."

Electricity is an unknown force proceeding from an unknown source and liable to take an unknown course on unknown occasions.

It travels at 186,000 miles per second, or otherwise slightly slower than the speed an unruly first year to reach his seat upon the entrance of a master at the beginning of a period.

It, like the modern female, is liable to shock one, and is sometimes out for most of the night.

Like Hitler's moustache and Don Bradman it is one of the most important developments of modern times. Electricity like applied maths. is definitely with us for better or for worse.

—TWO-PHASE

A TEST PAPER FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS.

General Intelligence.

Time allowed: As long as you like.

Note: Leave a margin as wide as the paper, on both sides. Write on two sides of the paper only, and begin a new question on each page. Marks will be added for all irrelevant matter. No more than six questions to be attempted.

Question 1:

- (a) What were "Knock Knocks"?— Give examples.
- (b) At what period were they in vogue?
- (c) Do you consider them (i) Educational; (ii) Amusing. (Give reasons.)

Question 2: Write on the following:—

- (a) Saturday afternoon matinees.
- (b) The sports shed.
- (c) Health lectures. (Be brief.)

Give 3: Give causes and results of:—

- (a) The upper school picnic.
- (b) The Orchestra.
- (c) The trip to Perth.

Question 4: Have you ever heard of:

- (a) Bradman.
- (b) The Trump.
- (c) The "Beatus." (Be truthful.)

Question 5: State your attitude towards:—

- (a) Crooning.
- (b) The Junior and Leaving Exams.
- (c) Examiners in general. (No detailed accounts required.)

The paper will be censored.
Turn to page 34 for answers.

—ANNY S.W.

JOHN BIRCHALL TAILOR

STEPHEN STREET, BUNBURY

WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

The other week while reading H. G. Wells' book, "The Time Machine," I thought it would be a good idea if someone would invent a "Seebackroscope" for we IVth year history students. Ryder and Gallagher, the eminent scientists of the rising generation, could far better utilise their lab. period to the furthering of this wonderful invention, than to the manufacture of abominable odours. But this literature and these thoughts do not help a chap to pass his history examinations, so I laid both aside and proceeded to swot Napoleon. Then it happened—

We (the IVth year history students) were sitting in a comfortable lounge room. The room was dark and we were watching a small screen. The tick-tick of a machine could be heard, and on the screen was Napoleon, engaging the Spanish troops in the Battle of Agincourt. He was wearing a purple coat with platinum buttons. Unfortunately he started using profane language in his exhortations to his men, whereupon the history teacher turned off the machine.

The lesson was adjourned for a five minute respite, and we went down to the milk bar—via the escalator. After several soft drinks we once more assembled to continue our lesson.

This time the teacher adjusted the machine so as to show the life of King Henry VIII. Henry was having a row with his fifth wife, so the teacher apologised and turned to the Battle of Trafalgar. Very interesting—but not so interesting as some of Queen Elizabeth's life history. The way Sir Walter placed his coat on the muddy road for his Queen was particularly amusing. After a few scenes from old English history the teacher turned the machine to the Great War. A bomb came skimming over the horizon, and appeared to explode right on the screen itself—

I woke up with a start. I had a sore head. Behind me stood the landlady with a book in her hand and a glint in her eye. Hurriedly I grabbed my books and departed for the bed room. The time was eleven o'clock—half an hour past bedtime.

As I lay in bed that night I thought about my dream. What a boon a "Seebackroscope" would be to lazy history students! Perhaps the time will come—too late to be of any benefit to us; but what an aid to future students!

—L.J.

"AUSTRALIA SINCE 1066 AND ALL THAT."

(By Professor Enos Nothin.)

Many years ago when Bill the Conqueror was in England busy living up to his name, Australia as far as the civilised people were concerned, **did not exist.** And in any case it was not very important since it was inhabited chiefly by kangaroos, emus and grass-trees, with a few natives thrown in for good measure.

But in the year 1605 a Dutch cove by the name of Horrors appealed to the Board of Control for time off, and although Philip of Spain objected most strongly his appeal was granted, and the war had to get along without him.

He sailed southwards in his auxiliary yacht hoping to have a pleasant holiday cruise, but unfortunately his charts were slightly inaccurate and it is doubtful if he did actually sight our shores. Some authorities assert that he did, and saw the native signals which are said to have been as follows:—"By crikey boss, mine tink it you gibbet baccy or we stickum plenty quick," and as his supplies of the Virginian weed were already getting low, he placed the telescope to his blind eye and sailed away.

From that time onwards navigators were busy landing on our coasts, although nobody seemed to know what they were after.

Dirt Warthog landed at Sharks Bay in order to give his crew some shooting practice, and the tin plate used as a target is still in existence. Marks on it indicate that the shooting was of a rather poor quality.

Another Dutch johnnie by the unusual name of Peter Nuts had the misfortune to sail too far eastwards and so collided forcibly with the southern coast over which, being a very vain person, he wrote that peculiar name of his.

Then Tasman, having a crush on his Governor's daughter Henrietta, and eager to show what a smart chap he was, sailed from Bavaria and had soon placed Tasmania on the map. History does not relate whether Henrietta accepted his suit or not, but as he only had the one and had been wearing that for over a year it is more than likely that she did not.

In the year 1770 Captain Cook was leaning over the rail of his ship, the "Endeavour," wondering how he could get his own back when he saw some unknown land on the starboard side. Quickly a boat was lowered. On approaching the shore Cook saw that a large number of natives were gathered

on the beach, and as the boat grounded their orchestra struck up the tune of "Lookie, lookie lookie, Here Comes Cookie," which was accompanied by melodious crooning.

Cook was very pleased with this reception and particularly with the "Botany Bay Ballet Belles," so that when he sent home his report he recommended Australia as a suitable place to park England's surplus bad eggs.

His advice was accepted and in 1788 Captain Phillip landed at the spot which Sydneyites now call "Our 'Arbour." With him came some handsome young soldiers, and about six hundred "wrong-uns," as well as a few mugs who thought that Australia was the answer to the poor man's prayer.

Without further hesitation Captain Phillip laid the foundations of the present Sydney Harbour Bridge. Unfortunately the ceremony was interrupted by a soldier chappie named De Goat who dashed up on his horse and slashed the ribbon before the astonished eyes of the Governor, who for at least a whole week refused to speak to the ignorant bouncer. Another ribbon was quickly obtained, and in the joy of slashing at it with his sword Phillip soon forgot his annoyance.

Apart from the fact that most of the people were starving Phillip's reign may be said to have been fairly successful.

When Hunter arrived he found the baby colony needed careful nursing, and not feeling equal to the task he gave it up as a bad job and returned to England.

King, the next Governor arrived in 1801, and found that the settlers and convicts alike had already acquired the taste for strong liquors which has ever been Australia's claim to world importance.

But rum and milk was the chief liquid refresher at that time and King rather disliked rum and milk, although he had a corresponding love of the pale ale. Consequently he tried manfully to stamp out the rum and milk trade, and even built a brewery at Paramatta, which however, was for various reasons, a flop. So very reluctantly King closed the brewery and imported his three per cents. from England.

Captain William Bligh, famous as Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on the Bounty" was the next Governor to fight the rum and milk trade, but the soldiers had one too many for him and after a bit of a scrap with a mutton-butcher named MacArthur he was arrested and put inside the cooler for a few weeks be-

fore being recalled to England.

His successor, Lachlan Macquarie, promptly squashed the soldiers who had control of all the milk bars, by bringing his own regiment—the Cameroon Highlanders, while the other soldiers were recalled home.

At first the Highlanders had trouble with the inquisitive natives who were always trying to find out what the Scot-ties wore beneath their kilts, but having once heard the magical notes of the bag-pipes they were completely subdued and gave no further trouble.

From Macquarie's time onwards Governors took a back seat while bookmakers and politicians fought for supremacy. There is little doubt who finally gained the upper hand, but still Politics is quite a paying concern, particularly when such things as Coronations are taking place.

Unfortunately many people now believe that we are not half as good as they were in the "good old days," when men were men and women were—well just about the same as they are now. This, of course, is a mere fallacy. It is only that our interests have changed.

Probably the most important events of the year as far as the average Australian is concerned are the Test Matches, the Melbourne Cup, Saturday afternoon racing results, Pay Day, Oh, and I almost forgot—of course, the filling in of income tax returns.

You don't agree with the last? Well if you are over the age of sixteen just ask your father. His reply should convince anyone that in at least one respect we Australians are every bit as good, and I might say even better than our tough he-men ancestors.

Finis.

—P. J. leB.

JEST IN CASE.

Now Andra' had his niece to stay,
A gay and spritely lass,
She said "Can I bring my baggage in?"
He said "No ye canna
Jest in case.

Now Andra' couldna' see a joke,
A smile ne'er toched his face,
Niece put a tintack on his chair,
But Andra' didna set on it,
Jest in cass.

Now Andra' liked his whisky well,
Some Scots weren't in the race,
Niece said "Do you get it by the bottle,"
Andra' said "Nay lass
Jest in case."

—R. CARROLL.

DIGRESSION.

Well, half of my pencil is chewed away, and the clock has almost ticked its slow way round the dial, and still no ideas will come. None at least that bear fruit. Many thoughts have flitted through my brain (dulled by the warm air and the irritating buzzing of flies) and being ill received have vanished. What can I write about? I ask the editress for her advice and suggestions. "Anything," she rejoins with an expansive and engaging smile, and with this specific and concise answer I must perforce be content.

"The Horrors of Exams?" No, my vocabulary is not sufficiently elastic, and anyhow they might be abolished soon. In a thousand years time our age may be called the "Exam, Age" and historians will class us as little better than the Stone Age men. Let us be grateful for small mercies, and anyway its something to be remembered at all.

"Emotions of a First Year?" There again words (and memory) fail me. "The Library," "The Slope" and other hackneyed subjects are rejected. Now what is left for a sleepy student to write about?

What a pity it is that there is a law against libel in this country, and such a strict censor in the school! Besides, even the most precocious student-writer stands in fear and trembling of the frowns of members of the staff. Otherwise the said members would probably receive several very helpful tips with regard to their methods of teaching. Not in most cases from upper school students of course, who are as a rule wise and mature enough to admit the wisdom of such methods.

The caretaker too, whom we regard as much as an institution as a human being, might possibly receive honourable mention in these columns. His barbed witticisms and general demeanour remind one of Captain Leach at times. Can you imagine him swallowing glass? And his handling of his keys is truly masterful—as well for we miscreants that a dagger does not hang at his belt!

However, let that die and receive burial. Inspiration has not yet fallen from the heavens, and shows no signs of doing so.

"Anything." Well, that's easy. Let's see now. Shall it be "Sports Day?" No. Let the sporting enthusiasts enthuse and the champions do their best to crow factually but modestly—such strenuous

forms of physical exertion are not in my line.

Well, that's about all there is to write about—seeing that, to quote our master "You must have experience of human emotion and knowledge and understanding of character." And what do we, mere infants, know of that?"

"Human Emotion."—At least we've experienced wild exhilaration and the terrible gloomy depths of despair, when we pass or fail in the examinations. And what feeling of fear can compare with that endured when climbing reluctantly G-wards.

Well I hope this satisfies the editress. "Anything" she said didn't she, and this very adequately fulfils all requirements. I'll leave her to read it and decide its fate. I'm going for a swim.

"THE BEATUS."

On April 28th a unique ceremony was held in the saloon of the s.s. *Beatus*. The Headmaster formally adopted the ship as the "School's Ship" and the Captain adopted the Bunbury High School as the "Ship's School."

The practice of adopting ships by schools and schools by ships originated in Great Britain. Schools all over England and Scotland became interested in the movement and according to latest advices there are at least thirty Secondary schools which are following with keen interest the movements of the ships of their adoption. As far as we know, there is only one other school in Australia which has followed this interesting custom—a Girls' High School in Melbourne.

The "*Beatus*" is a freight steamer which visited Bunbury with a cargo of phosphate from Nauru. Her movements since her departure from our port, last April, are given in two letters which have been received from Captain Ellery. They appear in this issue of the "*Kingia*."

An excellent map of the world has been drawn by Charles Sykes, one of our fourth year students, which shows the places visited by the *Beatus* on her various voyages. The scheme has a high educational value as it helps students to acquire a knowledge of geography from a keen observer who has travelled widely.

It also fosters an interest in the British mercantile marine which has played so important a part in the building up of Great Britain's resources and strength. The Captain has supplied us with very interesting and instructive in-

formation which will be of value to all students, and in the course of time we hope to collect a great deal of valuable knowledge regarding peoples and places. The postage stamps on all letters received from the "Beatus" will also be of interest to our stamp lovers. By the last mail to reach London before Xmas the school sent a parcel of Australian magazines and weekly papers to Captain Ellery. We propose early in the New Year to send further packages—not only of papers but cigarettes and other things.

We hope that the "Beatus" is well named. It is a Latin word which means happy, fortunate, wealthy, prosperous, blessed. Let us hope the Captain, officers and crew of our adopted ship, from their experiences, think that "The Old Lady" (as they call her) is well named.

S.s. Beatus, At Sea,
August 24th, 1937.

Dear Mr. Irvine,—

I expect you have long given up the "Beatus" and her Commander as a bad job, and thought that we had completely forgotten our adoption. My apologies if this appears so, but since leaving dear old Bunbury on April 29th last we have been kept employed between the Colonies and Ocean Island and Nauru carrying phosphate.

I will give a brief resume of our movements since the day you gave us the delightful surprise in coming on board and wishing us bon voyage. We proceeded to Fremantle with the balance of cargo after leaving you. Do you remember a puff of wind about that time lasting about thirty-six hours wrecking telephone wires, etc.? Well, the Beatus was treated shamefully, and the poor old lady broke her moorings

and was hanging on to her dignity and the quay wall with just two wires. In the morning an offspring in the guise of a tug-boat led the old lady back to her seat.

After leaving Fremantle we proceeded to Sydney and Lady Beatus went into dry dock to be dressed up a little, nose powdered, etc. Ships are usually docked every six months in case of shell fouling the bottom and retarding speed.

After Sydney, Newcastle for coal fuel, thence Nauru, for her second cargo of phosphate. I would like to remark here, that the Phosphate Commissioners are out for a record output this year, and hope to produce one million and a half tons which they will do. With the second cargo (8,200 tons) we proceeded to New Plymouth and Wanganui, two delightful places, and finally coaled again in Westport. I had the pleasure of ascending two-thirds of Mount Egmont, and the air was like wine. Some snow there also.

Back again to the islands, but this time we loaded at Ocean Island where we remained for five days as they have a different system of loading there. No canti-lever. We discharged this cargo at Port Kembla and Newcastle. Finally steamer was sent to Townsville and Cairns to load raw sugar for Liverpool, London or Greenock. We left Cairns on August 14th and proceeded through Torres Straits bound for Batavia in Java, where we will refuel. I may remark that the Barrier Reef was an interesting experience, necessitating close navigating and sleepless nights! I took many snaps however. After Batavia, we proceeded to Aden, for more coal, thence through Suez Canal. More coal at Gibraltar to reach our final destination. This

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latter is unknown and we proceed to "Lands End for Orders."

I will write more fully later about Java, the Canal, or any possible excitement with Spanish aircraft in the Mediterranean!

So you see, sir, from the school's point of view it has been an uninteresting voyage—but we hope to do better next time!

One thing is very unanimous and that is our keen anticipation of our next visit to Bunbury, and personally my earnest wish to meet you and your rather nice staff. My first visit is still a very pleasant memory and I am keenly aware of the privilege of being adopted by such a very nice school.

Please accept my kind regards to yourself and staff, and of course the school. Hoping to be re-instated.—Yours sincerely,

—W. H. ELLERY.

P.S.—My address for the present:—
c/o W. H. Seager & Co., Shipowners,
108 Bate Street, Cardiff, Wales.

TITLES OF POPULAR SONGS AND FILMS.

- "A Damsel In Distress"—Mack.
 "Nothing Sacred"—Hands.
 "The Plainsman"—Sykes.
 "There Goes My Girl"—Deddy.
 "Love On the Run"—Brun.
 "The Amateur Gentleman"—Flambard.
 "Ourselves Alone"—Adam and Eve.
 "Girl In a Million"—Estelle.
 "Smartest Girl in Town"—Rube.
 "The Road to Glory"—Spencer-street.
 "The Bride Walks Out"—Mack.
 "History is Made at Night"—Mainly in the cemetery.
 "King of Gamblers"—Adam.
 "Devils Playground"—Cemetery again.
 "Great Barrier"—Leaving.
 "Love From a Stranger"—Conk.
 "Polo Joe"—Flip.
 "Under Cover of Night"—?
 "Woman Wise"—Duckie.
 "Sworn Enemies"—Green and Duckie.
 "Jungle Princess"—Rube.
 "Till We Meet Again"—Lupe.
 "Thundering Herd"—First years.
 "Shipmates Forever"—Ruthless and ?
 "The General Died at Dawn"—Brun.
 "Riff Raff"—Fourth years.
 "Merry Widow"—Clapper.
 "Woman Chases Man"—Unusual.
 "Everything Stops for Tea"—At 11 ack emma.
 "Three Smart Girls"—Fourth year trio.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOMS.

- A gladiator is an iron thing that gives out heat.
 Cereals are films which last several weeks.
 A centimetre is an insect which has a hundred legs.
 The highest mountain in Europe is Blanc Mange.
 Mandolins are high Chinese officials.
 A bacuum is the residence of a Pope.
 The chief minerals of Great Britain are lemonade, ginger beer and soda water.
 The white man's burden is woman.
 Phoenix was the name of a funny cat that used to be popular on the films.
 Algebra was the wife of Euclid.
 A saleroom is where you wait to catch the boat.
 The Mery Monarch is just another name for Old King Cole.
 Extinct is a bad or doubtful odour.
 A coma is what you need to punctuate essays with.
 A handicap is a cloth bonnet of some sort.
 A prospectus is a man who looks for gold.

POPULAR SONGS.

- "Oh Dannie boy! Oh Dannie Boy!"
 (Sung by a 2nd year lass.)
 * * * * *
 "Have you ever seen a dream walking?"
 (Boris.)
 * * * * *
 "Mosquitoes are on Parade."
 (The prefects.)
 * * * * *
 "The Duck Song."
 (Sung by a fifth year girl.)
 * * * * *
 "On a Cold and Frosty Morning."
 (A member of the staff.)
 * * * * *
 "Adam and Eve found 'Withered Hands'
 in the Graveyard."
 (After the dance.)
 * * * * *
 "At Three O'clock in the Morning."
 (Junior and Leaving students still swotting.)
 * * * * *
 "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old
 Kit Bag."
 (After Junior and Leaving exams. are finished.)
 * * * * *
 "How you gonna keep 'em down on the
 Farm."
 (Longy to Ducky.)

"Military Man."
(Adam.)
* * *

"Don't give up the Ship."
(Foxey and Struck.)
* * *

"I wish I had someone to Love me."
(Nightmare.)
* * *

"I Wanna Woo."
(Johnny F.)
* * *

"Love me Forever."
(Ethel to Fred.)
* * *

"Let's Fall in Love,"
(Ducky.)
* * *

"Learn to Croon."
(Flambard.)
* * *

"I feel like a feather in the Breeze."
(Rhythm.)
* * *

"Looking on the Bright Side."
(Of the Leaving.)
* * *

"Show Me the Way to Go Home."
(After the dance.)
* * *

"My Hat's on the Side of My Head."
(Lodge.)
* * *

"One Night of Love."
(Bushy on November 5th.)
* * *

"We're the Tops on Saturday Night."
(Doc and Robby.)
* * *

"Leader of the Band."
(Rube at night.)
* * *

"Melody from the sky."
(6th period Tuesday.)
* * *

"Till We Meet Again."
(December 17th 2.10 train.)
* * *

"Sing, you Sinners."
(School Choir.)
* * *

"Ain't She Sweet?"
(Beryl.)
* * *

"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"
(Grinning Skull.)
* * *

"Celebration!"
(Green and Co.)
* * *

"I went merrily, merrily on my Way."
(To the Hostel.)
* * *

"Oh I hate to get up in the morning."
(Ginger.)

AFTER THE BALL (THEN AND NOW).
(Copied.)

Then

After the ball was over
She packed up her bottle of dye
Put her false leg in the corner
Pulled out her gleaming glass eye.
Put her false teeth in the basin
Hung her false hair on the wall,
And all that was left, went to bye-byes—
After the Ball.

Now

After the ball was over
She combed out her permanent wave
And as a bed preparation
Attempted her beauty to save.
So she washed off her facial foundation
Rouge, lipstick, mascara and all
And all that was left, went to bye-byes—
After the Ball.

—E. MACK.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"And the bright days when I was young,
Come thronging back to me."
—Longfellow.
(A Vth Year reflects.)

"The hours have passed with stealthy
flight;
We needs must part; good night, good
night!"
—Baillie.
(After school dances.)

"What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare!"
—Davies.
(Ask all students.)

"I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Over hill and over plain." —Darley.
(A certain Hike.)

"Let every wind be hush'd, that I may
hear,
The wondrous things he tells the world
below." —F. Tennyson.
(At assemblies.)

"She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan." —Keats.
(Says Duckie.)

"Lock the door Lariston; hold them at
bay."
(Before first bell.) —Hogg.

"But one long bound, and I passed the
gate."
—Thornbury.
(Safe from the late book.)

- “. . . . When the strong command,
Obedience is best.” —Newbolt.
(Say the first years, of new pre’s.)
- “What a tale of terror, now their turbu-
lency tells.” —Poe.
(The school bell.)
- “Rise like an athlete, stripped for the
great test.” —Noyes.
(Oft heard command on Sports Day.)
- “Flatter the night bound Titan, labour-
in~ still,
But slowly, surely sinking.” —Noyes.
(Vth year swotting.)
- “They were staunch to the end, against
odds uncounted.” —Binyon.
(The football team in Perth.)
- “We could not speak, no more than if,
We had been choked with soot.” —Coleridge.
(Oral French.)
- “He followed like a blood-hound on their
track.” —Paterson.
(A senior miler.)
- “And swift as a swallow she sped along.” —Werner.
(A girl on Sports Day.)
- “The night is past, is past and gone,
The moon sinks to the West.” —Clarke.
(As students go home from dances.)
- “A short, sidelong stagger, a long for-
ward lurch.
A slight, choking sob.” —Gordon.
(The end of the mile.)
- “With circles of red for his eye-sockets’
rim.” —Browning.
(After intense swot.)
- “There’s many an eye will see no sleep
till the east grows bright again.” —Wright.
(The night before the Junior and
Leaving.)
- “I love, (oh ! how I love) to ride.” —Proctor.
(Say those in the Upper School bike
hike.)
- “And all the air a solemn stillness
holds.” —Grey.
- “I gazed and gazed—but little thought.” —Wordsworth.
(In the exam. room.)
- “For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.” —Tennyson.
(Says old Robbie.)
- “I steal by lawns and grassy plots.” —Tennyson.
(The one who is late.)
- “Not a sound disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere.” —Harpur.
(In the exam room.)
- “His figure was tall and stately
Like a boy’s his eye appeared.” —Longfellow.
(Lupe.)
- “Is filled with a tender and tremulous
tune
That touches and teaches.” —Kendall.
(Room C, Friday mornings.)
- “In a hieroglyphic ’tis written—’tis
spoken in a tongue unknown.” —Gordon.
(French.)
- “Not very far from this place . . .
He lay, with his batter’d face, upturn-
ed to the frowning sky.” —Gordon.
(Adam, after the accident.)
- “So pass I hostel, hall and grange.” —Tennyson.
(Not Adam.)
- “Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
thin and dies.” —Keats.
(Some boarding houses.)
- “Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest.” —Shelley.
(Boris.)
- “Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
ocean—roll!” —Byron.
(Waters.)
- “My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.” —Tennyson.
(The Woodcutter.)
- “Time writes no wrinkle on thy ‘milky
brow.’” —Apologies to Byron.
(A gem of fifth year.)
- “Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter.” —Keats.
(School Orchestra.)

