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BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XVII

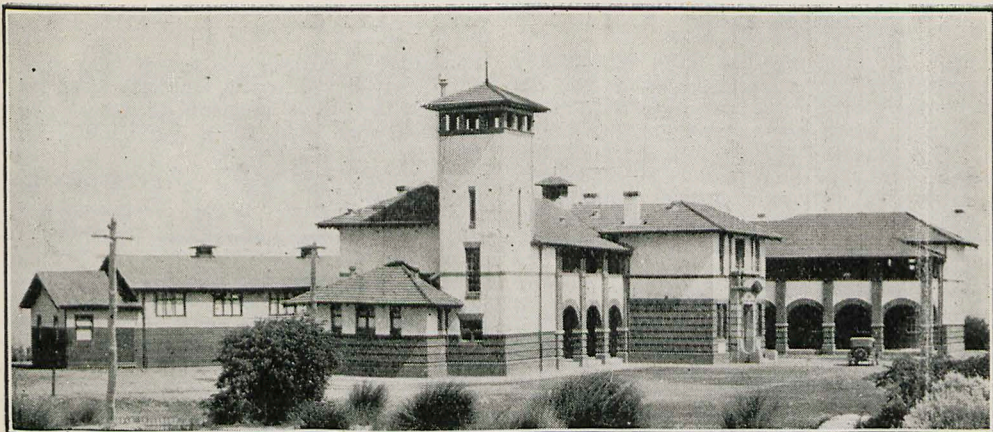
No. 1.

AUGUST, 1938.

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THE KINGIA

Vol. XVII. No. 1.

BUNBURY, AUGUST, 1938.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

So many editorials have been written for previous Kingias that it is impossible to write an original one, and knowing that this part of the Kingia only bores its readers, we will abbreviate it as much as possible.

We hope this Kingia will meet with the approval of the students, but if this is not the case then it is the students themselves who are to blame for their lack of zeal in writing articles. Some members of the upper school did their bit but the lower school rendered little assistance.

We find that most effective method of extracting articles from students is by daily reminding them, gently or otherwise, according to the size and pugnacity of the offender. Lack of originality weighs heavily upon us so, to save our reputation, we will close before making any more blunders, hoping that this will inspire students with the ambition for a much finer effort next term.

A. RYALL,
C. VALLI,
G. PRICE,

Editors.

SCHOOL NOTES

The first term of the year 1938 began on February 8, with great promise of being one of the most successful years in the School's history. In both the scholastic and sporting fields it

seems that fortune has indeed smiled benignly upon us.

The beginning of first term saw a record enrolment of 340, which rose to 341 in the third week, and although these numbers have fallen to 320 since then, they nevertheless show the unbounded faith which parents are placing in this school. They show also that people's outlook on life has perceptibly broadened during the last few years, and that most parents now aim at giving their children at least one year in a High School before they have to face the hardships of earning a livelihood.

But such an enrolment, although very gratifying, has certain obvious disadvantages in a school of this size. The main difficulty is, of course, the problem of space, and although this has been solved to a certain degree by placing classes in the gymnasium and locker-rooms, the congestion is still felt.

Unfortunately this year the Headmaster, Mr. Irvine, has not been enjoying his usual good health and consequence the school has suffered much by the loss of his services. We are extremely glad to see that he is back at school after an absence of several weeks, and we hope that next term will find him completely well again.

Since last year we have lost the services of Miss Newton and Miss Mitchell, both of whom have taken a well-earned long-service leave. To replace them and to cope with increased duties we were joined at the beginning of the

year by Miss Lyons, Miss McCartney and Miss Coates, and recently by Mr. Barton. We hope that their stay with us will prove a pleasant one.

The studies of the first half of the year have been relieved to a certain extent by various activities among the students. Sport has occupied much of the time, and several strong clubs have been formed. The Senior Camera Club, under the guidance of Mr. Davies-Moore and Mr. V. Moor, was a particularly flourishing concern during the first term, and early this term it was decided to set aside eighth period on Thursday afternoons for the furthering of club development in the Lower School. In consequence there is now instituted a Camera Club, a Stamp Club, a Public Speaking Club, a Debating Club, a Gymnastics Club, a Mechanics Club, a Music Club, and others, and judging by the enthusiasm shown by the members this period is greatly appreciated.

Probably the most marked change in the school this year is seen in the library. No longer is this room a meeting place for students who wish to carry on any conversation. Each period is now supervised by some member of the staff, and at last "private study in the library" has come to mean just that. The effects of this supervision are felt by all and appreciated by most.

Mr. Howieson has been unsparing in his efforts to improve the library, and for his work in this direction our highest thanks are due.

And now, with but a few weeks before the Inter-School sports in Perth, it is only natural that our eyes and thoughts should be in that direction. Judging by the last performances of the school's representatives, and on the

amount of training the teams have had this year, it seems not unlikely that we are at last in a position to wrest the coveted staff cup from Perth Modern School.

So come on School! We can do it, and we will!

PREFECTS NOTES.

This is the first occasion on which we have been called upon to contribute to the school magazine.

As is usual among Prefects we have found the first term rather busy owing to a large number of troublesome First Years. Now, however, they seem to have settled down and the life of the school goes on in an orderly fashion. We have only had one assembly this year for the purpose of being hauled over the coals, so that is not too bad.

A number of dances have been held this year but by far the most successful both financially and socially was the one held at the end of last term.

We have only had one pre's tea this year. That was a success even though two of the boys thought that they could find better entertainment elsewhere. It was decided that the next tea would end earlier, and all who wished would be able to go to the pictures.

We take this opportunity of welcoming the new members of the staff and also Mr. Irvine after his sickness, and we trust that he will be back to good health in a few weeks.

Also we wish to thank Mr. Davies-Moore for his co-operation and help.

In conclusion we only hope that all will progress as well in the future as it has in the past.

—THE PREFECTS.

FACTION NOTES

KINGIA.

At the general meeting at the beginning of the year the following office bearers were elected:—

Faction Captain, P. White.

Vice-captain, C. Sykes.

Cricket Captain, P. White.

Tennis Captain, A. Lindsay.

Football Captain, R. Jennings.

Athletics Captain, A. Lindsay.

Swimming Captain, R. Jennings.

Our faction has done moderately well

in all sports during the year and our players in the different games have all done their best. In cricket the faction was successful in winning three games and drawing one. In the tennis we met with more success being second on the list to Red. Our tennis captain has great hopes of leading his team to victory and confidently expects to walk up for the pennant at the end of the year. With regard to swimming—well we did much better than usual and next year

we will be on top for sure. Athletics is our strong point and if we don't come out victors it won't be our fault. This year we hope to crack a few records, especially the record for the relay race. Kingia football team has great hopes of battling its way into the Grand Final and the faction that fights it out with us will have to bring Joe Louis along to scare us.

Come on Kingia-ites get under the shower bright and early and come out fighting. Don't forget your Ovaltine and Enos and if we don't show the three other faction a nice clean pair of heels we'll send you all to China to fight the Eskimos.

GOLD FACTION NOTES (BOYS).

In the field of sport Gold has this year, shown itself to be a source of annoyance to the other factions. We began the year well when in the swimming carnival Don Johnson and Bob Filsell tide for Senior Champion. However we had poor support from the opposite sex, and finished runner-up to Blue. We must congratulate Theo Joel Freeman and Nichols as Junior Champion and runners-up respectively and also Misses Joan Wilson and Winnie Connolly as Champion and runner-up in the girls.

In the cricket Gold has not yet lost a match. Red was the only team who gave us any opposition, but after drawing with Red several times we crushingly defeated them in our last encounter. We will miss the services of Pat Gallagher when the cricket season begins again this year. However, our sincerest congratulations go to Pat on landing a good job in the Railway Department.

Gold is also doing very well in the winter game, football. At the commencement of the season Gold won every match when the teams were playing on their own. When the teams combined Gold also did very well, being the only team to win a match with Blue, as yet. We also won the other matches played so far when in combination with Red and Kingia.

Our football team is not a very heavy one, but it is fast, more evenly balanced than the other teams, and also our players are not afraid to go in and get the ball. The other teams seem to make the mistake of putting all their big men on the ball or in the back line, instead of placing them fairly evenly about the ground. The placing of the

team in the most suitable positions is one of the most important factors in football.

While on the subject of football we must congratulate Don Johnson and Iver Robertson as being selected as captain and vice-captain of the school eighteen. We feel sure that, Don with the help of "Robbie," will do his job in leading the team to victory.

The less written of our athletics the better. We could not field a good team, but this year we have some promising juniors and should provide more opposition.

In conclusion, I must express the hope, that the school will emerge victorious in Perth this year. We have every chance of doing so as we have almost the same athletics team, which did so well last year, and the football eighteen is solid, with players capable of producing really good football, while the hockey XI, if it can reproduce the form shown on Saturdays, will give the opposing schools some interesting duels.

BLUE FACTION (BOYS)

Officers, 1938

Faction captain, J. Brown.
 Faction vice-captain, R. Stuchbury.
 Faction Tennis Captain, C. J. Barbetti.
 Faction Football Captain, J. Brown.
 Faction Athletics Captain, J. Brown.
 Faction Swimming Captain, R. Dedman.
 Faction Cricket Captain, R. Stuchbury.

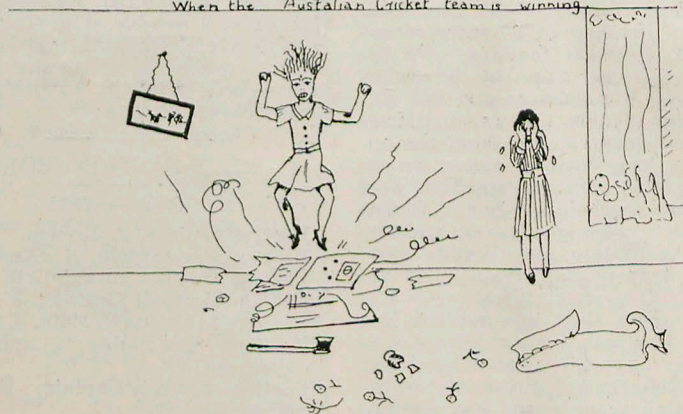
"Things ain't what they used to be" is to our sorrow painfully correct when applied to Blue this year. We have tons of enthusiasm, but sad to relate, little experience. This has expressed itself most in cricket and football, since the tennis team managed to hold its own.

At the swimming carnival we were only runners up, but, with a little support from the girls, won the honours of the day in the Combined. May we take this opportunity to congratulate all champions, junior champions, and form champions, and others too numerous to be mentioned. We are very proud of the fact that the Champion Girl, Joan Wilson and the Junior Champion Boy, Theo Joel, both grace our faction, and since they will probably both be here next year, hope that they will do just as well, then.

Returning to cricket, we did, for the edification of the more ignorant, win some matches, and we also had three



When the Australian Cricket team is winning



When the English cricket team is winning

members in the school first XI. This does not reflect any credit on the First Eleven certainly, but it just shows what can be done. It was here that we missed our veteran "Blossom" so renowned as a batsman, but we have recovered from the blow.

The school tennis team was also strengthened by the inclusion of two members of Blue faction, further proving that a good faction can't be kept down.

When the second term arrived our troubles really began. Playing as a first Eighteen in the faction football we scored one win, but sorely missed the services of such champions as "Spiro," "Blossom," "Lupe," "Dusty," "Cocky" and even "Borry." At the time of writing we have just won our first combined match with the aid of Gold. It is the first win in seven matches, but we are now inspired, and not at all down-heart-

ed. We will not monopolise places in the First Eighteen like last year, again, only having two or possibly three candidates. But they can be relied upon to pull their weight to some advantage.

There are two Blues in the School Hockey Team this year, and there may possibly be one Blue in the Athletics Team for Perth. Thus all Blue-ites can see that they are at least represented by the boys in the school teams, and inspired by the slogan,

"Blue expects every member to do his or her duty"

they should try and put Blue on top again this year. With their usual determination all Blues are out to try and win on Athletics Day, so beware all other factions who have like ambitions.

Let us wish the members of the Girls' Hockey Team the best of luck for Perth,

This is needless in the case of the Eighteen and the Athletics Teams, since they are training hard, and feel confident of winning. With happy thoughts of Perth, new jerseys, and victory, unmarried by the approaching nearness of exams, we take our leave, bidding all "au revoir" and not "adieu."

RED FACTION NOTES (BOYS).

Before we begin we must mention the office bearers who were elected as follows:—

Faction captain, John Prichard.
 Vice-captain, D. Davies-Moore.
 Cricket Captain, I. Robertson.
 Football Captain, I. Robertson.
 Tennis Captain, J. Prichard.
 Swimming Captain, J. Prichard.
 Athletics Captain, J. Prichard.

We began the year well by asserting our superiority in the two major sports of that time of the year, cricket and tennis. The tennis team lost only one match. In cricket, Gold is ahead of us in points but it is generally known that our team is stronger than theirs, so we are fairly confident of winning the cricket pennant. In football, however, our tendency to generosity may assert itself enough to permit our good friends in Gold faction to carry off the honours in that branch of sport, that is, if they can. But we hope to be in the picture again at the athletics next term.

Before going any further we take off our hats to:—

Don Johnson and Bob Filsell for sharing swimming champion points.



**One Pair
to each
Person.**

That is all Nature has given us. So when you find you have neither time, inclination, nor ability to

**Dry Clean and
Press Your Clothes,**

put the job into our capable hands.

New garments dry cleaned at proper intervals seldom grow old in appearance.

**SOUTH-WEST
DRY CLEANERS**

Victoria St., BUNBURY.

J. Brown for reaching the tennis final and being school captain.

Ourselves for being second to Gold in football and cricket points.

Miss Joan Wilson for being champion girl swimmer.

Ourselves again for being first in tennis points and last in soccer.

Anyone else who deserves it.

We conclude by wishing ourselves and you the best of luck in all coming sport and exams.

Prosser's Stores

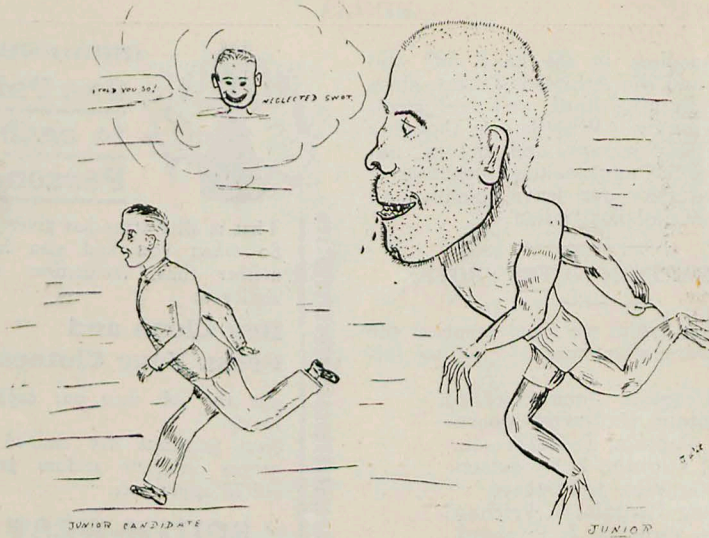
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SPORTS NOTES

CRICKET NOTES FIRST XI.

This last season we have only played four matches. Two of these were against the second XI who were beaten both times and so we must come to the conclusion that either the first XI has improved or that the second XI has deteriorated this year, as the second XI managed to beat the first last year.

The other matches were against the Cosmopolitans who decided that Robbie was a man-slaughterer instead of a bowler. This team was also defeated by our team. The last match played during Easter was against Hale School to whom we owe our thanks for coming so far, and also to the residents who billeted them and provided the afternoon tea. I am sure our team will be glad to return the compliment next season.

In this last match the team was beaten for the first time, but it was a good game and everybody enjoyed themselves immensely. I think that thanks are due to Mr. Jenkin for his great interest in the team, and for the hard work which he did to arrange and attend matches.

The following is a summary of the matches played:—

School v. Cosmopolitans.—School (132) defeated Cosmopolitans (75). Leading performances: Robertson 50, (retired), Filsell (3 wkts. for 21), Robertson (3 wkts. for 40).

School v. Hale.—First innings, Hale (108), School (44). Second innings, School (6 for 69), Hale (6 for 59). Leading performances: Barrett (22), Robertson (6 wkts. for 47), Barrett (6 wkts. for 49).

CRITIQUE OF B.H.S. CRICKET XI.

I. ROBERTSON (Vice-capt.): A good right-hand opening bat with good scoring strokes all round the wicket. Distinguished himself as opening fast bowler, breaking the ball both ways with success. A sure field at any position.

D. DAVIES-MOORE: A reliable right-hand batsman with some good knocks to his credit, especially against Hale School. One of the best in the field.

R. FILSELL: A good medium-paced bowler with a nasty swerve from the leg on occasions. Is a good right-hand defensive bat.

R. STUCHBURY: Has tried hard as the School keeper, and has been fairly successful in that position. A fair left-hand bat, but he lacks confidence.

D. JOHNSON: A good left-hand defensive batsman, but lacks interest in the game. A reliable slip field.

A. RICHARDS: A fair defensive bat, with some powerful leg shots,

G. WHITE: A fair medium-paced change bowler. Inclined to be erratic on occasions.

A. DAWSON: A very reliable field at fine leg who throws the ball in well. Tries hard with the bat.

E. TUCKER: A fair right-hand bat of some ability. Should endeavour to master fast bowling, to improve his batting.

N. DAWSON: Has the makings of a good left-hand bat. Shows promise with the ball and is exceptionally keen in the field.

N. HOPKINS: A fair right-hand bat who should meet with more success in later years. Is inclined to be lazy in the field.

P. J. WHITE (Capt.): Has handled the team well in the few matches played. A sound right-hand batsman with a variety of off-shots. A good change bowler, turning the ball well from the off, and is a very reliable slip fielder. Having taken some good catches.

CRITIQUE OF B.H.S. HOCKEY XI.

D. DAVIES-MOORE: Plays consistently well at l.f.b. Has good clearing hit and tackles well.

J. BROWN: Has stopped many fine goals and can always be relied upon.

B. FILSELL: Has improved greatly this season, but should be more careful with his stick.

HULCUP: Plays a good hard game and is a reliable reserve goalie.

STUCHBURY. Has also improved this season but should concentrate on hitting harder.

D. JOHNSON. Takes the ball down well and has a very good centering hit. He has scored several excellent angle goals.

C. SYKES: Plays well either at half-back or forward but should keep his place more and take the game more seriously.

P. J. WHITE: Plays well at l.i.w. and has scored many fine goals with good hard shots.

S. GILLON: Plays at h.b. or forward. He tackles well but lacks hitting power.

I. ROBERTSON: Leads well to forward but is inclined to be careless with his stick.

L. RYDER: As reserve has only played on one occasion. He acquitted himself well at half-back.

A. LINDSAY: Has only played two matches but showed up well in them as a l.o.w. He is very fast.

J. PRICHARD (Capt.): Plays a good game as centre. His stick work is good and he keeps his position well. Has scored several very nice goals.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The annual swimming carnival was held at the Bunbury baths before a moderate attendance of spectators.

Don Johnson and Bob Filsell tied for Senior Champion, both being in Gold. Ryder, from Red faction, was runner-up. Joel, from Blue, was Junior Champion, with Nichols (Kingia) and Freeman (Gold) tying for runner-up.

The boys' faction points were as follows:

Gold, 67; Blue, 56; Kingia, 41; Red, 24.

Results of Boys' Events.

220 Yards School Championship.—Johnson (G), 1; Filsell (G), 2; Ryder (R), 3; Dawson (B), 4. Time, 3.23 4-5.

110 Yards School Championship.—Filsell (G), 1; Johnson (G), 2; Ryder (R), 3; Dawson (B), 4. Time, 1.23 4-5.

55 Yards School Championship.—Filsell (G), 1; Johnson (G), 2; Ryder (R), 3; Jennings (K), 4. Time, 35sec.

55 Yards Backstroke School Championship.—Johnson (G), 1; Price (K), 2; Ryder (R), 3; Prichard (R), 4. Time, 48secs.

55 Yards Breast-stroke School Championship.—Filsell (G), 1; Prichard (R), 2; Johnson (G), 3. Time, 49 3-5secs.

Neat Dive (School Championship).—White (B), 1; Prichard (R), 2; Nichols (K), 3; Horsborough (K), 4.

220 Yards Junior Championship.—Joel (B), 1; Wilson (B), 2; Campbell (major) (G), 3; Freeman (G), 4. Time, 3.20.

110 Yards Junior Championship.—Joel (B), 1; Wilson (B), 2; Freeman (G), 3; Reat (R), 4. Time, 1.26 1-5.

55 Yards Junior Championship.—Campbell, major (G), 1; Freeman (G), 2; Joel (B), 3; Wilson (B), 4. Time, 36 3-5secs.

55 Yards Backstroke Junior Championship.—Price (K), 1; Joel (B), 2; Wilson (B), 3; C. Prichard (R), 4. Time, 46 4-5secs.

55 Yards Breast-stroke Junior Championship.—Joel (B), 1; Nichols (K), 2;

Annear (K), 3; C. Prichard (R), 4.
Time, 54secs.

Neat Dive.—Junior Championship.—
Annear (K), 1; Nichols (K), 2; Ander-
son (B), 3; Horsborough (K), 4.

Handicap Events.

IA Championship, 55 yards.—Flay, 1;
Eiggon, 2; Crouch, 3; Connolly, 4.

IC Championship, 55 yards.—Wilson,
1; Smith, 2; Timewell, 3; Reat, 4.

IIB Championship, 110 yards.—Camp-
bell, 1; Cox, 2; Anderson, 3; Williams,
4.

3rd Form Championship, 55 yards.—
Joel, 1; Freeman, 2; Annear, 3; Hocg-
kinson, 4.

Relay Teams, Junior.—Gold, 1; Blue,
2; Kingia, 3.

Champion Swimmer.—Don Johnson
and Bob Filsel tied, 18 points each,
by Ryder, runner-up, 6 points.

Junior Champion.—Joel, 20 points;
and Freeman and Nichols tying for run-
ner-up, 11 points.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES.

The factions are numerically stronger
again this year, which should improve
the standard of the faction teams.

Owing to the lateness of the Swim-
ming Carnival the Faction Tennis Com-
petition was not held, but a tournament
was conducted.

Events completed resulted as follows:
School Championship Singles, A.
Turner.

School Championship Doubles, A.
Turner and M. Forrest.

Lower School Championship Singles,
B. Watson.

At the Swimming Carnival, Blue girls
were easily victorious, thanks mainly to
the championswimmer, J. Wilson, and
the runner-up, W. Connolly, who scored
more than half of Blue's total points. One
noteworthy feature of this year's carival
was the improved showing of Kingia
girls who nearly beat Red for second
place, after quite a spell of occupying a
humbler position.

None of the winter competitions are
over, but enough matches have been
played to show up the strength of the
different teams.

In hockey, Gold and Kingia have the
best teams, having won three matches
each and drawn with each other.

Thanks to Miss Lyons' enthusiasm
the baseball teams are now playing with
proper hats and ball to which the girls
are gradually becoming accustomed.
Kingia seems to be holding its own
among the first teams.

Blue is on top so far in the Basket
Ball competition. Now that one court
is available for practice every Thursday,
the standard of the teams should be bet-
ter than it is.

Some athletic events have been held on
Thursday afternoons and have been well
contested.

The school hockey team has had a
varied career this year, consisting of
victories, losses and draws, but they are
at present at the top of the list in the
local association.

All the girls join in wishing their re-
presentatives for the inter-school sports
the very best of luck.

Faction points at the end of the sec-
ond term are: Kingia, 185; Blue, 166;
Red, 128; Gold, 115.

BOULTER'S

THE PROGRESSIVE MERCERY STORE

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FORM NOTES

IA FORM NOTES

The life of IA is, sometimes, quiet, but while there is no teacher in the room it is almost noisy, in fact it is almost impossible to hear yourself thinking. Certain people as Scrap, Friesia, Chidzeye, Chester, and some feminine creatures, make this so. Friesia takes one of the girl's hats and runs round the room, with them chasing after him, or else he will draw their attention by doing what he specialises in, playing the goat. As a matter of fact he has no need to play it—it comes naturally to him. When Chester and Scrap see him being paid attention to, they get annoyed or jealous, and they start throwing paper, and chalk, and taunting Friesia, who is not effected by them in the slightest. Chidzeye then tries to attract their attention by drawing something on the blackboard, then Friesia acts up again.

Chooky Cahill seems to always have a piece of chewing-gum in his mouth. Almost every teacher makes him get rid of some. Mousie Angove is the same, but he does not attend less to his work than Chooky. He's always

designing some monster aeroplane or battleship. One teacher told him he ought to apply for a position as Lord Nuffield's chief designer. One geometry day the teacher asked Mousie how he got a certain line. "With a piece of chalk, sir," Mousie answered brightly.

(Signed) THE IA DARLINGS,
OR THE PERFECT PUPILS.

IC FORM NOTES

A chatter of voices is the opening chorus of IC. A peep inside shows several desks empty and others overloaded. There are some studious ones, but they are few and far between. All of a sudden a mistress enters and there is a hurry and a scurry for seats. We are not quite as happy as we used to be, because Gwen will "Grieve," and she gives us all the blues. Another one of our members is Prefect, alias Silver Fox, who always gets a greeting of barks from the boys.

Our form swot is O'Byrne, but just lately he sprained his wrist, and so he cannot, to his great sorrow, work like he used to. We are not really curious

but there are several questions we would like to know the answer to:

Who was Roy's guest?

Did Tony ever haul (Hall) logs?

Why does Allan make merry in a field (Merifield)?

Does Keith sell hoss-skins (Hoskings)?

We hope you will join us in congratulating Misses J. Wilson and Connolly for their success in swimming, also D. Johnson.

Our Form extends a hearty welcome to all new teachers in the school, and hope they enjoy their stay here.

IC NITWITS.

ID FORM NOTES

Following an urgent request from a harrassed editor, the ID-ites have produced the following notes:

Having lost our only bright spark (J.B.) to the noisy IA-ites, we have only one small Rea of sunshine to cheer us. This is the form of that well-known and distinguished Royal couple, Simpson and Windsor.

Always a studious class, we submit the following questions:

1. Why did Ilma Byrne?
2. Why is Grace Jolly?
3. What is Anne's Main-wareing?
4. Did Priscilla get the Leece?
5. Why is Jessie White?
6. What did Edna stretch on (Stretton)?
7. Why does Florence ask for Moore?

We are sorry to lose our poetess; she misses our cheery though somewhat rowdy circle very much.

It is also necessary to congratulate the swimming champions, Joan Wilson and Johnson. We hope they will continue their success.

We must extend, also, our best wishes

to all those participating in the inter-school sports in August.

And so we say au revoir, hoping that as the years go on we will receive our rights, and go to the dances and socials. But for the present we remain in the back-ground, the long-suffering,

FIRST YEARS.

II.B.

Since you heard of us last many changes have taken place. We have since then risen from the lowly ranks of the first years. The class II.B. is a mixture of I.A. and I.B. though the I.A. elements prevails. The new prefects, contrary to the general opinion, are in reality a very mild lot.

Possum is a real pug. Since our friend Burton beat him in physical combat his reputation has waned. But following the incident concerning the defeat of Spuddigger Jarge his name is once more unstained by dishonour as they say in "Three Musketeers."

Brother, the tough mobster, is another bad egg. Many will recall that dear old basket which met such an untimely end.

Thanks to the help of Robby and the fire we do not feel so frosty in English periods.

And Teedy is slick with the women. He knows how to get 'em.

We did not know Minor was a dog fancier until he showed a special liking to Pointers.

The following are stories and songs heard by Second years:—

"If you were the only girl in the world."—Sung by Moggy serenading.

"On a cold and frosty morning."—Sung in chorus by Second years, first period, Tuesday morning.

"The Bushland Babies."—Told by Possum.

TRY—

SHERRY'S

For Your Next Grocery Order.

"The Water Babies."—Related by Worcestershire.

"The Gumnut Babies."—Told by Miss Lyons.

"Of all the queens that ever lived I choose thee."—Sung in chorus to Cluggy.

"How to be an Artist without Water."—Lecture by La Grenouille.

I.I.S.

. . . Hail! The Commercial Cruiser in distress is sending out an S.O.S. . . . It is birthing at the Gymnasium Quay.

The crew are fading away either preferring land work or refusing to be "Sea Devils." Perhaps the reason for the fading away of good sailors is shorthand tests.

Now to introduce our good "Sea Devils":—

We have our King who we think has a Queen in I.I.E. Then there is our "Glen" who we are sure, must tie cotton on all his fingers to remember to arrive on duty at all. We have a budding "Rose," a rare specimen, unusually dark. Perhaps he has some blood curdling seafaring tales behind him. Our "Gangster" must live in a tent when he goes on shore because he hates closing doors when he gets back on the ship. That's what all Gangsters do. We also have our bonny Scotch Highlanders, being McKennas, Campbells and Scotts. We are proud of them. We also have that "Elusive Scarlet Pimpernel." We caught him in the (Margaret) River with his toes turned up. We have two lolly legs, very precious, the only pair on board, insured. Then there is Elaine who has just returned from Bond-street? We have a saveloy on board, very skimpy though. I doubt if it will go round the lot of us. We have the only nose that grows in "Greenland." We have a little Silver girl who, although very dainty, almost manages to do the form work. We wish we had some chooks on board for we have "Bran" (son) all over the place. Mousy Hazel trees are sprouting all over the deck probably having taken root in the bran. Last of all we have our little toe dancer (?) who finds book losing easy, may be for not putting "Williams" in them. We have now finished introducing our "sea devils."

We welcome our new teachers although perhaps some will be leaving, when this is published.

We hope our Junior and Leaving candidates are swotting hard. We will leave them to that. We will have our turn next year, if our crew do not die, while down in the Arctic Seas.

Well we must be sailing now, for the crew has been training so we do not

need the hands we did, before.

Ship ahoy there! We must be sailing now. Cheerio, ye land lubbers.

Happy holidays.

I.I.G.

Hulloa Ever body,—

How're popping. If visitors care to call we are at home.

We welcome to our midst, Fritz, Scollups, Daft-ney Chapman, Kecker and Helen Mainwaring, and we hope that they fully appreciate the great privilege bestowed upon them in being allowed to join our class.

News in General.

Detty Balrymple, whose loving face we thought we would ne'er see again, turned up about half way through the term.

Ethel has gone grey from over-swotting (perhaps).

Betty Boop, our famous little friend, although quite "frisky" is always declaring "The world is against me."

We are now going to tell you a story and hope you will not be bored.

Rufus sat under a birch and carrolled in the forest, as best as she could. Suddenly through the forest came the lilt-ing notes of a squeaky soprano. It was the glamorous Ladye Gummy who lenton the arm of Sir Polony Teedus. At this moment P.C. Capornicus all lonely was bouncing along through the forest. Spotting the lovers, he quickly bobbed behind a birch (ears flapping). Rufus had already departed being vanquished by the squeaky soprano. "Wilt thou be mine?" pleaded the robust knight. "No, I cannot, you know that my wicked guardian, Baron Dutchy will never consent," tearfully replied the Ladye Gummy, "We must never meet again." So taking a garnet ring from her slim white finger, she gave it to the disappointed Sir Polony. He raised it to his lips and then sorrowfully mounted his coal black charger and rode away.

"Shucks" whistled P.C. Capornicus and coming from behind the birch, he toddled out of the forest.

Hoping we have created a good impression.—We remain,

I.I.G.

I.I.E.

Would anyone hearing this message please communicate with the Bunbury High School and inform them that we have just received I.I.E.'s Form Notes for the Kingia and will now broadcast them.

Firstly we wish to congratulate those

who were successful in the Swimmin^o Carnival, (especially Flambard and his big splash), also those who passed their Elementry or Sufficiency Certificates or the Bronze.

Our class is very sorry to relate that our big, rosy, bonny boy who is noted for his well meaning smile, has left.

If any master or mistress is listening in they will be glad to hear that after a few weeks of absence, our dearly beloved lad, who is generally known as the "Red Terror" has returned as studious as ever.

A shrewd gymnasium student has dodged the oncoming exams. by falling "Hasti"-ly off the rings.

We have here a wonderful fire-lighter who, on these cold mornings has managed (with a basket full of paper and two boxes of matches) to produce a flickering flame. The same specimen is looking worn and thin after a few minutes of swot.

A slight romance between a "parrot" and "winkles" (during geography) is clearly shown by carefully folded, well written paper, with many crosses, passing stealthily under the desks.

If hair sticks out of place on "Jarvis" you conclude he is eating Irish moss and Cookie wants some. (Especially during Stocks and Shares.)

When loudly muttered, cheap wit is heard we know that Don is trying to be funny for Max's benefit, who tries to go one better.

Our curly haired boy sits back on Elsa's desk and jumps, as though on a pin, when she is doing Bookkeeping or Shorthand.

Peggy tries to hush the room when a master is arriving by a long loud Sh-h-h-h

A loud voice will pipe up when a question is asked. The answer is always wrong and the owner is "Maz."

With these we will have to close.—
From hard working,

—I.I.E.

I.I.E. GIRLS.

A girl named Glor—
Must work much more.

Sweet, little Cooke,
Shouldn't read a book.

Teeny, weeny Jean,
Can always be seen.

Dear little Roberta,
No one can hurt her.

Dark haired Peggy,
Cannot be steady,

Poor little Evie
Will never be ready.

One handed Roma,
May win a diploma.

From Wilson Joan
Is always a moan.

Miss Beryl Shaw;
Your singing is poor.

Short legged Ruby,
Was never a booby.

Bad Barret Norma,
You can't reform 'er.

Curly haired Betty,
Cannot be petty.

A Dorothy Bird
Can always be heard.

Tall Judy D'raine,
Is absent with pain.

Calm Elsa Ryall,
Can write with style.

—BY CORNER SEAT.

I.I.R. HISTORY DIARY.

Our History Diary consists mainly of exceedingly important events which have occurred in our divine room.

1066, Oct. 3rd. Battle of I.I.R.

Country v. Towns.

Country was led by the honourable Sergeant Ssegrub and the Town party by Major Mick (the lunatic). The battle was interrupted by the entrance of our Superb Geography Master, therefore we called it a draw.

1215, April 1st. We signed a charta which forced us:—

(1) To wear hats in the street.

(2) To clean our shoes before ascending the stairs.

(3) Walk about like ladies (as we always do.

(4) Not to stand on the balcony between periods.

1453, August 3rd.:

The fall of "a las," when a certain inmate of I.I.R. proceeded down the stairs in a "head-first" manner.

1558, November 5th:

The Accession of Captain Aderf Ssegrub to the throne of Prefect. She has so far filled her post very satisfactory.

1588. February 19th:

The arrival of the Armada (Nardana) in port. When the Drakes (Ducks) defeated the Cadets!

1649. Sept. 15th:

One of the Chickens from the Hen-Coop was taken for Christmas (?).

1789. May 3rd:

French Revolution (?) No. Resolution. We resolve to get French in the Junior !! We resolve to learn Quest. Vocab. ! To learn Prosaic sentences and Verbs!

1789. August 15th:

The storming of the Stairs after French lecture, in spite of the prefects.

1802. March 29th:

Piece of Ah me 'n between III.R. and III.Q. Perhaps!

1840. June 1st:

Transportation of children to "G" ceased. We have turned over a new "Page" since becoming supreme Upper School ladies. Ahem!

1850. March 20th:

"School Tie Act"

An act which passed the Upper House with no objections, stating that all girls must wear sixpenny school ties.

1863. Jan. 14th:

III.R. Great Biology Expedition in order to find the chief haunts and lairs of kittencushions, lepidoptera, and Peace. Also other Insecta (bane).

1867. July 3rd: III.R. Reform Bill.

A fire every day in Winter !!

Stay upstairs in spite of Pre's !

Demand for morning tea during Junior !

1918. Aug. 30th:

End of school battles and fights for many soldiers.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair.

Dull would he be of SPIRIT who could pass by

A room so silent in its great study."

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard. In winter from the magpie bird."

"The- gazed and gazed and still their wonder grew

That one small room could emit so great a din."

As we go we blot out our tracks with tears, as the one who upholds our reputation is departing from us. To her, we wish every possible success and happiness for the future.

Wishing ourselves and V.F. "bonne chance" in the Junior and Leaving respectively.

We are, the "pride" of the school,
III.R.

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THE BIG STORE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

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— BUNBURY —

III.Q.

In spite of the fact that we have been buffeted from the balcony and room Ω innumerable times, we still maintain our existence, and are able to contribute our indispensable notes. We consider this to be an achievement for it takes a fair amount of stamina and pluck to survive the might of a prefect's arm, whose motto is usually hit first and do all the talking afterwards.

Although nearly two terms have elapsed since we celebrated our annual Swimming Carnival we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the girl swimming champion, Miss J. Wilson, and also B. Filsell and D. Johnson who shared between them the honour of senior champion and T. Joel the junior champ.

The Junior, which is beginning to loom ominously above the horizon, has not yet dampened the spirits of the majority of the inmates of II.Q. who continue to do nothing in a conscientious and painstaking manner. However there are a few who have decided to settle down to swot. Among the latter is of course, Robby who we fear will suffer from a nervous breakdown unless he discontinues to labour night and day unravelling maths. problems and doing English assignments, etc. By the way we believe that this man has fallen to the wiles of Cupid. We hope that neither his *va* "nor-ma" will find out about it.

Since we have been promoted to the dignity of third year we have not considered the three pointed idea but there are still a few who steadfastly continue action with the ginga. Most of us consider chalk to be a more refined and accurate way of expressing one's feelings. "Stocky" is an expert at this pastime.

"Staff" still continues to delight us with his inane remarks and we dread to think of the consequences if he were ever overheard. After a lengthy consultation among ourselves we have decided to present Crocos with shin and knee guards upon which we will inscribe:

"To be worn while crawling."

We hope he will like his present and appreciate our kind action.

Before closing down we would like to mention "Twerp": he of the inane grin and wise saying. Now "Twerp" we want to assure you that you do possess a sensible voice if you chose to cultivate it and we promise that we will not forget you when you retire.

And now we must say adieu, wishing the teams that are going to Perth the best of luck and hoping that they will

be successful in securing all honours for Bunbury High School.

IV.K.

"O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done."

These lines may appropriately be applied to us fourth years who have weathered the storms of the junior, and come through unscathed. This year at least will have no greater terror for us than term exams, and so we can sit back and sympathise with this year's Junior and Leaving classes, at the same time wishing them the best of luck.

Before commencing the real work of writing the form notes, we will take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Wilson, girl swimming champion, and B. Filsell and D. Johnson, who tied for boys' senior champion. Also T. Joel, junior champion.

And now, though rather late, we take great pleasure in welcoming the new members of our class. Pearson and Dawson in pursuit of knowledge left Collie, the merits of which town they are willing to defend against all-comers, to take up residence with us. Clifford, finding that Perth did not suit him decided to improve his environment by joining us. After a term's absence, Tubby has come back to us to take up his position as chief swot. Among the girls, Miss White has come to grace the class with her beauty, while last but not least "Bot" has come to liven up the social activities of the class with her many love affairs. Sad to say we have lost many of our old friends of last year, and our numbers are sadly diminished. Ethel Fitzgerald left us during second term for reasons unknown.

Although nominally our form room is K we are a roving class visiting practically every classroom in the school, in the course of a week. We are now getting pretty expert at shifting from room to room, and there is generally a fight over the right to sit in the back seats. You may think that this is a sign of laziness in the class, but that is not the case as we are only giving the more backward ones a chance in letting them have a seat nearer the master.

At the beginning of the year we thought that we had got rid of "Twit" for good, but sad to say at the beginning of second term, he turned up again like the proverbial bad penny, to annoy the class with his unearthly chatter. Pearson is another one, with many proverbs and sayings, wise and other-

wise. Dawson on the other hand is a strong, silent, man. Brooks of the long legs and vacant stare holds position as our expert mathematician, in which he is ably helped by Price. The main occupation of White and Richards is entertaining the ladies, and they get very annoyed when "Twit" butts in.

All the girls have settled down to steady swot, and Struck is evidently the leader in this direction. It is said that she is seriously thinking of starting a "Swot Club" with Miss Ryall as secretary. The boys, on the other hand, are taking fourth year as the easy year and are not over exceeding the swot limit except in a few cases.

And now before we close we would like to wish the best of luck to the teams visiting Perth, and we hope that this will be the year in which the coveted cup will be brought back to B.H.S.

Till the next Kingia comes—

AU REVOIR.

V.F.

Alas! Alack! Oh woe is me,
What shall we do with this poetry?

Already we are beginning to feel that that approaching trial is too much for some of the more feeble minded members of our class. Several students have been giving vent to their feelings by composing nonsense rhymes, odes, ditties, love-ballads and every other conceivable form of verse, while others with the same aim in view have been seen tramping up and down corridors and round and round the classroom table in a sickly spoony manner. One of our minor poets of the self-supposed "lady-killer" type has, we hear, recently joined the ranks of the Romanticists. We wish him all the best. He deserves it.

Another of our poets has evinced a sudden interest in nautical matters, and has entered into negotiations to take charge of the "Nancy Lee." He tells us that no poultry will be allowed near the vessel as he particularly dislikes all hens.

Enough of this puerile, piffling poets, plus poetry theme. Let us tell you something about the general goings-on of the inmates of F.

We hear that the "milkmaid" has taken an unreasonable dislike to sailing ships and caterpillars. The cause of the latter dislike was a regrettable, but amusing incident in F, when caterpillars were used as a form of decoration to her blazer. We do not venture to explain the first dislike. It is just one of those things that happen,

M. le Brun has recently shown great interest in the butter factory. He tells us that his studies on this subject include skim-milk, sour milk, condensed milk, milk-bars, plain milk and "clerks."

We were all of the opinion that "Doc's" conduct in class was of an unimpeachable character, but a recent incident with a powder puff and mistress caused us to momentarily change our good opinion of him. In fairness to all concerned we feel that it is necessary to mention that the powder puff definitely did not belong to the mistress. Neither did the puff belong to "Doc" so once again he has recovered his former status.

Flambard, as usual, sets us a very good example in French periods. His interest in French poetry is astounding, and we all feel very sorry that we do not have to learn his favourite poem "Dianne" for the exam. Flambard finds consolation in singing "Dinah, is there any one finer."

The female element this year has been rather subdued, and we believe this indifferent attitude to be caused by excessive swot.

Needless to say we are all looking forward very much to a pleasant trip to Perth in August, and we feel sure that the representatives from this class will all do their bit to uphold, as well as the honour of the school, the honour of our class.

And now with the Leaving fast approaching we must conclude these notes by wishing all those in other schools, as well as ours, the best of luck in the coming exams. May they be easy.—
Yours,

—V.F.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Many an afternoon, of the summer
day, dreamin' here I lay."
(The Slope.)

—Bridges.

"No nightingale did ever chaunt,
More welcome notes to weary bands."
—Wordsworth.
(Orchestral notes at School dance.)

"Earth has not anything to show more
fair."
(Estelle.) —Wordsworth.

"The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy sumits old in story."
—Tennyson.
(B.H.S.)

"Old, learned, respectable, bald heads."
—Yeats.
(B.H.S. Sta.?)

"Everyone suddenly burst out singing,
And I was filled with such delight."
—Sassoon.
(When we heard there was to be a
school dance.)

"His hair was yellow as hay."
—Longfellow.

(Our new arrival.)
"Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."
—Wordsworth.
(Rhythm).

"So all day long the noise of battle
rolled.
Among the mountains by the winter
sea."
—Tennyson.
(Faction football.)

"There was a rustling, that seemed like
a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling, and pitching
and hustling."
—Browning.
(Station on break-up day.)

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots."
—Tennyson.
(A late-comer.)

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."
—Tennyson.
(A certain Mistress.)

"Not a sound disturbs the air
There is quiet everywhere."
—Harpur.
(P.S. in the library.)

"She walks in beauty like the (K)night."
—Byron.
(Bot.)

"For time means Tucker and tramp you
must."
—Lawson.
(To Nanga Brook.)

"Out where the 'grinning skulls' bleach
whitely."
—Boake.
(In cemetery last year.)

"Work! Work! Work! While the cock
is crowing aloof."
—T. Hood.
(Brother.)

"I'll come to thee by moonlight, though
Hell should bar the way."
—Noyes.
(Flambard to Bot.)

"So stately his form and so lovely her
face."
—Scott.
(Kecker at the Flicks.)

"Fixed was her look and stern her air."
—Scott.
(A certain supervisor in the library.)

"He faltered thanks to heaven for life."
—Scott.
(One the Pre's missed.)

"Still would'st thou sing and I have
ears in vain."
(Prima Donna in 2.S.)

"While her mother did fret and her
father did fume."
—Scott.
(After tales from boarding houses.)

RESULTS OF LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION 1937.

John Forrest: Geog., Bio., Ag. Sc.
Eric Lane: Eng., Fr., Maths A.,
Maths B., Ap. Matls., Phys., Drawing
B.

Athol McGhie: Maths A., Maths B.,
Ap. Maths (D), Phys.

Robert Nelson: Ap. Maths., Drawing
B., Latin (Junior).

Stanley Payne: Eng., Geog., Maths
A., Bio., Drawing A., Physiology.

Arthur Waters: Eng., Fr., Geog. (D),
Maths A., Maths B (D), Ap. Maths.,
Phys.

Robert Watkins: Eng., Hist., Ag. Sc.
Ken Withers: Eng., Drawing A.

Marion Brown: Eng., Fr., Bio., Ag.
Sc. (D), Drawing A.

Connie Clapp: Eng., Hist., Bio., Ag.
Sc., Drawing A.

Rose Coyle: Eng. (D), Bio., Ag. Sc.
Ruby Crouch: Eng. (D), Hist., Ag.
Sc., Drawing A.

Chrissie Green: Eng., Fr., Drawing
A.

Elsie Eckersley: Eng., Hist., Maths
A., Drawing A.

Jessie Jarvis: Eng., Bio., Ag. Sc.,
Drawing A.

Beryl Lowe: Eng., Hist., Bio., Ag. Sc.
(D), Drawing A.

Ruth Longman: Eng., Geog., Ag. Sc.,
Drawing A (D).

Joyce Powell: Eng., Maths A., Draw-
ing A.

Mavis Scott: Eng., Hist., Ag. Sc.,
Drawing A.

Amy Turner: Eng., Hist.

Joyce Wood: Eng., Fr., Geog., Draw-
ing A (D).

The following students passed in:—

Ten subjects: K. Bradshaw, W. Chamberlain, M. Chapman, J. McLernon.

Nine subjects: D. Bird, L. Brooks, J. Fox, Robert Gates, A. Richards, G. White, P. Graham, A. Ryall, M. Williams.

Eight subjects: G. Price, C. Valli, A. Dodson, M. Piggott, B. Schinzig, B. Stockdill.

Seven subjects: S. Doust, G. Kessell, F. Yull, E. Fitzgerald, C. Scott, J. Struck, J. Walker.

Six subjects: R. South, D. Struthers, W. Thompson, P. Gallagher, P. Jackson, S. Withers.

Five subjects: R. Lodge, E. Mack.

Four subjects: John Clarke, R. Jennings, G. Forrest, P. King.

Three subjects: B. Prichard, M. Smith.

SPORT.

Sport is a healthy recreation, as well as affording vast pleasure to both spectators and players. That is how everyone always starts off on an essay on sport.

I cannot see, myself, where the pleasure for the players comes in. I know I would rather listen to a game of cricket over the wireless, than be turned out to play myself, as the cricket ball is invariably hard, and bounces gaily about the field with the amiable intention of exterminating the players. When you are batting you feel as if you are protecting a haystack from a cannon-ball with a matchstick, and when you are bowling, the wickets seem to shrink to the size of a postage stamp. When you are fielding, there is no knowing from which direction danger will come.

In winter, rougher games are played. Last year I joined a hockey club. There were twenty-eight of us, all equally bad, and there was great difficulty in picking a team. The club idiot voted that we all stand in a line and someone would go along the line jabbing with a hat-pin. As the President seemed rather struck by this idea, the rest of us hastily voted against it.

At length, after much debate, eleven were chosen, and went gaily off to play in our first match. We emerged with the following casualties:—Five black eyes, two bleeding noses, one sprained ankle, and minus three teeth. The other side had the goals.

At B.H.S., I am surprised to see, there are rules. There were never such things at home, or, if there were, they were kept dark secrets in the background,

their hiding-place known only to the captain and the president. I always thought that captain looked guilty. No doubt the secret weighed on her conscience.

Baseball is another winter game. This has the advantage of not being so rough.

Winter is too cold for sport and summer is too hot. The ideal recreation in winter is to sit by a fire with a book, and that of summer, to be under a nice shady tree—with a book. Of course, I am notorious as a bookworm. You might prefer a box of chocolates.

—E.J.W.

THE FREIGHTER.

Being an account of the wanderings of the School's adopted ship, s.s. "Beatus."

From our position on the hill we watch the ships from all parts of the world "making port," and "taking their departure." Over the horizon they appear and disappear and as they are lost to view they become but a memory.

Follow them in imagination, these freighters carrying the merchandise of a complex world; watch them nosing their way between coral reefs of the south seas, or under easy steam, lifting and 'scending to the long ocean rollers as they make a passage, or again with churning screw and smoking funnel fighting with a westerly gale in the Great Australian Bight, taking them green over the bows. The officer on the bridge ducking behind the dodger as the stinging spray flies high.

Wanderers of the world, the men who handle these ships, picking up the pilot, and dripping him again, taking their observations, and finding their position, reading the log and plotting the course, and always the long wet miles astern.

Our school ship the "Beatus" is one of these freighters wandering over the heaving surface of the world's great oceans. Let us imagine that Capt. Eller^v has invited us aboard to voyage with him to distant lands where new experiences await us.

Having stowed our dunnage in the spare cabin under the bridge, where the smiling Chinese steward assures us we are welcome, we wander out on deck to find the lights of Bunbury fading astern. We are heading north to Fremantle to discharge the remainder of our cargo of phosphate. It's only ten hours to Fremantle, and in the early morning we pick up the pilot from the Lady Forrest, and nose in through the moles to tie up at the north wharf.

Even in port one is not always absolutely safe—a sudden drop in the barometer and a squall of wind causes the forward lines to part, and the *Beatus* is hanging on to the wharf, and her dignity, by a couple of lines from the stern. A friendly tug comes fussing along (it's always the little steamers that make the biggest noise) and noses us back again into our berth.

The phosphate has been unloaded, and now in ballast we are ploughing our way round the Australian coast to Sydney. All land disappears as we drop Breaksea Island astern, and head out across the Bight.

Sydney—the Harbour City—an impressive entrance between the heads up harbour, past Garden Island, and under the famous Bridge. Here we go into dry dock to have marine growths scraped off the plates. After days of hammering, chipping and painting, the dock is filled with water, and *Lady Beatus* is sea-borne once more.

Feeling quite frisky in her new clothes, and with her nose freshly powdered, we are off to Newcastle to take in enough coal to see us to Nauru and back again.

And now that we are really getting away from home please take out your atlas so that you will be better able to follow our wanderings.

We have our coal trimmed in the bunkers and now we are heading almost north-east on a course which will take us between the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides, and on up to Nauru. This "phosphate" island lies just south of the Equator in longitude 175 deg. east (approx.). Here we make fast to a buoy by a slip shackle so that if the wind should suddenly go round to the wrong direction, we can let go in a hurry, and steam for the open sea. Very rapid loading arrangements have been developed at Nauru, in consequence of the dangerous position in which ships have to lie while loading. An enormous cantilever is swung over the hatches and the phosphate poured in at the rate of 1,000 tons per hour.

We load 8,200 tons of phosphate in eight hours, and then set sail for New Plymouth. (Atlas please.) West Coast, North Island of New Zealand. Near the famous Mount Egmont. Here we discharge part of the cargo, and then set a course to round the Taranaki peninsula, and head south east to Wanganui, where the remainder is unloaded.

And now our coal is getting low, the nearest coaling port is Westport, South Island, at the southern end of Karamea Bight. Here we replenish our bunkers

and then once more head out into the Tasman sea, that stormy stretch of ocean, and round the north of New Zealand up into the Pacific to Ocean Island.

Five days we spend here taking in another cargo of phosphate and then back to New South Wales discharging at Port Kembla, and Newcastle, and taking on more coal to feed the hungry boilers.

Once more we drop the pilot and head north to Townsville to load sugar, for the United Kingdom. We finish loading at Cairns, and on August 14, 1937, four months after leaving Bunbury, we face the passage up inside the Barrier Reef to clear Cape York and swing east through Torres Strait, into the Arafura Sea. Tricky navigation this, threading the passages of the reef, careful watching and sleepless nights until we are round Cape York, and into reasonably clear water. Now we are making our way in the steamy heat, through the Arafura Sea, north of the island of Timor and into the Flores Sea, just five degrees south of, and practically parallel to the equator, until we reach Batavia on the North-West corner of Java.

Had we been calling at Batavia for cargo it would possibly have been copra, tapiaco, flour, coffee, rubber, or spices, but our holds are full of sugar from Queensland, and what we require is coal to carry us on our voyage to England.

Once again our bunkers are full, and *Lady Beatus* noses her way through Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra and sets a course W.N.W. for Aden, a long run of 3,200 miles. The long days pass monotonously now, no sight of land, and only a smoke smudge away on the horizon tells of another ship on rare occasions, till at long last Socotra shows up just where it ought to be away on our starboard bow, and the coast of Italian Somaliland closes in to port and we know we are approaching Aden.

More coal here, and the sooner the better. Heat, dirt and flies is sufficient to describe Aden.

Through the Red Sea and the Straits of Jubal to Suez. Here we pick up the pilot for the canal, and as part of the canal will be traversed at night, a huge searchlight is fixed up in the bows of the ship.

Even though the Suez Canal is probably the most important in the whole world, it is not very wide, ships being able to pass only at certain spots, and it is quite a simple matter to run aground on one of the banks. Through the Canal to Port Said, where we receive

instructions to follow a definite route in order to receive naval protection from the piracy which is at present being carried on in the Mediterranean as a result of the war in Spain. The shipping is now getting much thicker—every day we pass vessels of all nations until we pass through the straits of Gibraltar, and call in at the rock port for more coal. Here we had a narrow escape from trouble, just grazing a rock in the attempt to avoid a fisherman without lights.

Bunkers replenished, and we are off again on our course for the Lizard. We receive orders to proceed to Liverpool, arriving there on October 15, 1937. We discharge our sugar and then receive orders to proceed to Cardiff—our home port, where the ship is to undergo her third survey.

We have now been away from Bunbury for six months, and during that time have travelled roughly 27,000

miles, round the Australian coast, through the lonely stretches of the Pacific, past the Palm girl atolls of the south seas, down to picturesque New Zealand up to Tropical Queensland, past Java with its humid heat, jungles, and temples, across the Indian Ocean and through the Suez Canal and Mediterranean to the busy shipping lanes converging on the hub of the universe. I often wonder what the captain feels like, after spending so long on the lonely seas, the "back blocks" of the oceans, to find himself pinched for elbow room, or maybe running into fogs which compel him to feel his way along to the accompaniment of his own and the other fellows fog horns.

Even though it means leaving home again, I would say he would welcome orders to sail south again—outward bound to warmer water and bluer skies.

(To be Continued.)

Central News Agency

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FOR ...

FOUNTAIN PENS

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— and —

All School Requisites

A FIFTH YEAR CLASSIC.

Scene: Seat of learning, Room VF.

Time: 8.55 a.m.

Enter variously Winnio, Rio Rita, Mlle Laitier, Adamanius, Brunnio, Bestius, Charlemagne, Flambardio and others.

Brun: S'blood, 'tis time for the bell.

Best: Methinks yon knave who dost mount the path with much haste will ring it.

Enter a Prefectus—one Phillipos who is hot and sore pressed.

Phil: A timepiece! A timepiece! My kingdom for a timepiece. Ho varlet?

Adam: Thou knave, thou knave, thou knaughty knave, dost know perchance thou art late.

Phil: Sayest thou so? (Exit in haste and rings bell.)

Enter more scholars and a pedagogue, followed leisurely by Phillipos. The pedagogue takes his place at the table, and the scholars commence work.

Mlle L.: Woe is me! I am stricken with a grievous malady. I pray you, tell me where is the sweet youth who sitteth behind me for these periods? Truly he is a lovable rogue.

Winnio (aside): Thou hast a rival fair lady. (To Mlle. Laitier): Marry sweet Coz!

Rio R.: 'Tis indeed a loving answer.

Enter Prichius.

Adam: Haw! (Develops a violent cough). Mlle Laitier blushes and subsides into silence.

Phil: My brain refuseth to function. I am unable to overcome these accursed cipherings. Methinks I shall ring the bell. (Exit.)

Exit pedagogue and several scholars.

Char.: In truth 'tis a fair thought, I shall draw the animal.

(Draws a cow, causing much merri-

ment among scholars, Mlle Laitier blushes.)

Exit Charlemagne.

Enter a pedagogue.

Ped.: Forsooth, you do grieve me much. Knowest thou, thou hast an exam. but four months hence? Desist from sporting thus playfully Flambardio. Flamb.: I shall in all my best obey you Madam. (Aside: Ah! She stares at me with murderous looks. I liketh it not.)

The pedagogue ciphers on the board.

Rio R. (to pedagogue): In sooth Madam, thou art mistaken methinks.

Ped.: Sayest thou?

Rio R.: Marry, I pray you look—

Ped.: Choolest thou to contradict me?

Rio R. But 'tis true.

Ped.: S'wounds 'tis unbearable.

The bell rings. Exit pedagogue in haste.

The seat of learning becomes an uproar as a pitched chalk battle begins.

Mlle L.: Zounds! I am sorely smitten.

Prich. (flourishing deadly weapon): A bold blow in sooth, a bold blow. Your expressions of pain much do please mine ear.

Mlle L.: Dost they so? There, thou varlet. (Smites him with a number of books.)

Prich.: Farewell, farewell. I swound. (Expires.) The bell rings. Exeunt all severally.

Act I.—Scene II.

A School Dance.

Enter Winnio, Rio Rita, Mlle Laitier, Flambardius, Prichius and Phillipos.

Flamb. (shaking a tin of money): Truly the sound of this spondulix doth gladden mine heart exceedingly.

Prich.: Alas, alack, and fie for shame that thou shouldst say so. Mine heart is otherwise.

Phil.: 'Sblood! A maiden hath done

John Birchall

TAILOR

Stephen Street - - Bunbury.

this.

Mlle L. (wringing hands): Woe is me. I am undone. His affections do not my way tend. (Exit sorrowfully.)

Enter Bestius.

Best.: In sooth these wenches much do please mine eye. Methinks I e'en will tread a measure with the best. Dances, watched by Winnio and Rio Rita.)

Winnio: Forsooth the varlet doth step exceedingly upon her, much in the fashion of a sweet youth I do know.

Rio R.: In sooth she is sorely pressed.

Enter Mlle Laitier.

How now fair lady?

Mlle L.: I prithee make not mockery of me. Soft! He approacheth.

Prichius enters and dances with Mlle Laitier. At the conclusion of the dance he retires, with Phillipos, to a corner.

Prich.: Yon wench with the plaided locks doth tickle mine ribs exceedingly.

Phil.: 'Tis true. But lookest thou who comes among us.

Enter Brunnio.

See how he doth stare and mark each wench in turn, as one demented.

Brun.: What ho! I pray you tell me, hast seen the beauteous Clarkius?

Prich.: I' faith, I have not.

Brun.: You do grieve me much. Farewell. I go. (Exit slowly and sorrowfully.)

Enter several scholars bearing edibles. A silence falls, broken only by the sounds of eating.

Best.: Woe is me. My stomach is weighted with lead.

Prich.: Marry, thou art a glutton. Knowest thou we partake in the game of hockey but a few short hours hence? Desist thou varlet.

After supper the dance continues until a familiar tune is heard.

Phil.: 'Tis indeed late. We must depart in haste.

All:

In joyous realms of dance and song,
We've passed away a night so long;
On swiftest wings the time has sped,
Goodnight, goodnight, and so to bed.
—P. J. leB.

"HOW TO SWOT."

(From "Swotto's" Diary)

6.30 p.m.: Bring out about two dozen books (various assortment).

6.31: Realise that you require a draught of water before beginning same.

6.35: Resume seat. Find that aid of pillow from bed would improve situation considerably.

6.36: Have obtained comfortable swotting position. Now take up largest book from stack. Realise that you have left exercise book at school. Take another subject with language interspersed by frequent blanks.

6.45: You now come to most difficult French exercise in lesson. After tearing hair for several minutes decide to go and obtain information from another room.

6.50: Gossip to informant for ten minutes on incidents of the day.

7.0: Decide to swot in earnest. Hold council of war with self.

7.1: Accordingly dive for bottom book of pile and upset approximately two dozen books on floor. Result: Use of more language with blanks.

7.5: Have finished picking up books.

7.5 to 7.10: Actually learn a dozen words from "Slim Kerrigan."

7.10 to 7.15: Try and think what would be next best subject.

7.15: Neighbour asks you to accompany him to post a letter.

7.45: Arrival home.

7.45 to 7.46: Take off overcoat and scarf.

7.47: Decide to swot history. Learn that Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1914-1918.

7.50: Suddenly remember about Test Match. Tear into sitting room and listen to cricket till nine o'clock.

9.0: Realise that sitting room is rather cold. Decide that bed is best place, and retire accordingly.

Result: Amount of swot done exceedingly small!

WRITING ARTICLES.

Writing articles originated when some poor misguided individual suggested that the Kingia should be written.

Of course the only people in the school capable of editing a magazine were the long suffering Fourth years.

Consequently an editor and an editress were elected and every Fourth year was expected to contribute an article.

After the election I wandered homeward with great thoughts of articles-to-be turning over in my mind.

That night with the aid of the traditional tennis shade, paper and pencil, I strove valiantly to put my horribly confused thoughts on paper, but the only result was a prolonged nightmare.

After a sleepless night I staggered up to school and confided my sorrows to the editor who promptly "bashed" me, and informed me that unless I wrote the

article in two days he would personally show me what a wreck looked like.

The sub-editor was more sympathetic, and suggested that I should write an article on cricket or the political situation.

I received this suggestion with joy and the same night I surrounded myself with huge volumes on politics and cricket and set to work.

After half an hour's work I read my effort and was horrified at the result.

I found out that I had got the two subjects so horribly mixed that I had written, "Hitler, displaying his characteristic mastery in his latest innings of 188 not out, made in 110 minutes against the Spanish Loyalists, had equalled Mr. Neville Chamberlain's record for the fastest century of the year made against the famous Chinese 8th Route Team at Bilbao."

Next morning, with knocking knees, I interviewed the editor again, and by the time I had collected the bits of myself together I decided to write this article as a warning to all future article writers of the trials which lie before them.

—TU WHIT, TU WHOO.

THE SWOT CLUB.

Motto: Swhot-ho.

Patron: Gymee Browne.

President: Prichardio.

Secretary: Flyppety Flyp.

Treasurer: Lodging Lindsav.

Instructor: Le Docteur.

Mess Boy: Daniel Bestiaux Moore, Esq.
Sundry members.

The regular terminal meeting of the above club was held some weeks ago. After much biting and backscratching, and after the usual nominations had been accepted and refused, the above officers were selected at random by the dishonourable secretary. We wish them a happy term of office in their useless duties.

The President opened proceedings with the motion, that as the club was not very well supported by the male inhabitants, the weaker sex might be permitted to attend.

This age old question was strongly objected to, and the secretary in a spirited speech brought everyone's attention to the fact that this was a confounded club not a budding dairy council.

The instructor (Le Docteur) then put a motion to the chair to the effect that special night classes be held for the edification of those who did not object to

using the midnight oil. Personally he said, he could swot much better when well oiled.

The mess boy then arose and replied that although he did not quite understand the question, it sounded like more work for him and this he could not do to the best of his ability and also attend to the joys of life. The motion was put to the vote but was defeated on the grounds that the funds of the club would not permit the buying of sufficient oil.

At this stage it was noticed that the treasurer was reading some obnoxious literature under the table. In the resulting scramble he was forcibly ejected minus the mag., which was found to be very interesting not to mention having educational value. For some time there was a deathly silence, broken occasionally by a restrained titter from various members as the pages were eagerly scanned. The motion was at once put forward by the instructor that this was swot for men and should be passed on to those in charge for their approval.

For once in the history of the club the voting was unanimous. At this moment the Treasurer who had quietly entered, made a dive for the table, but his retreat was cut off by the patron.

Attention was then drawn by the secretary to the apparent reluctance of a certain member, by the name of Ryderio, to begin the manly duties of shaving. Continuing, he said that he would like to put a motion to the chair that the offender should be officially dealt with. This was received with loud cheers and various punishments were suggested.

However as the accused promised to remain a bachelor for the rest of the year and fulfill the club's schedule of three hours swot a week the case was dropped.

The Treasurer now presented his report. He said that the finances of the club were in a very good condition. Although the Treasury was empty (due as was afterwards discovered to his wild betting on the Tests), the club's credit was still excellent, and the debt at the end of the year could be written off as a good thing.

Although only a small amount of the business in hand had been dealt with, it was found that the fire had gone out, so the meeting was hastily closed.

NASTIMAN.

Three boys called Tom, Dick and Harry owned a yacht called the "Fire-fly." One day they decided to go sailing up the river for the weather looked good.

They took a good supply of oranges with them, for they were all very fond of oranges, and they set off in the early morning, for they were good boys and did not want to get home late, and cause their parents any anxiety.

Tom was in high spirits, for he had just come into a legacy of £200 and Dick and Harry were in high spirits too, for they were going to help him spend it. Everything went well for a while, and by noon they were far from their homes.

It was then that a crook called Nastiman decided to strike. He had been following the trio since the morning in his speedboat, and now he charged them with a spiteful look on his face.

Tom, Dick and Harry sprang for the mast, for all had heard it was the safest place in a storm. Tom and Dick gained the mast, but Harry, chiefly because there was no more room on the mast, chose to remain and meet his fate in the boat. Just then, however, the mast, which was made of bamboo, collapsed, and Tom and Dick fell into the water. Nastiman seeing that the yacht was temporarily disabled, turned his boat aside and contented his spiteful disposition by merely laughing nastily at their discomfiture. Tom and Dick clambered back into the boat, to await their fate with what little dignity they could mus-

ter under the circumstances.

Just then Nastiman came up and addressed himself to Tom, "Unless you give me enough money to take my girl to the pictures tonight, I will tell your father that you did not change your shirt last week." "Oh! ruin," cried Tom burying his face in his hands, but Dick and Harry being more versed in the ways of the world, merely murmured, "Ah so it's blackmail, huh!" Just then Tom, seizing his opportunity and an orange hurled it at Nastiman. "A tough guy, huh!" snarled Nastiman in his nastiest tone, but before he could shut his mouth after this hat-laden speech, Dick had managed to stuff an orange in his mouth, and he jumped in his speedboat and rushed away, spitting orangepeel right and left, and followed by a barrage of oranges.

The boys rushed home and got a party of men, who followed the trail of orange peel and found Nastiman in his hideout, thinking out schemes to get money to take his girl out. As soon as he saw he was trapped, he conveniently committed suicide. Tom looked at Dick, and Dick looked at Harry. "You won't tell will you," said Tom. "Never" said Dick and Harry squaring their shoulders and throwing out their chests. "Your secret is safe for ever."

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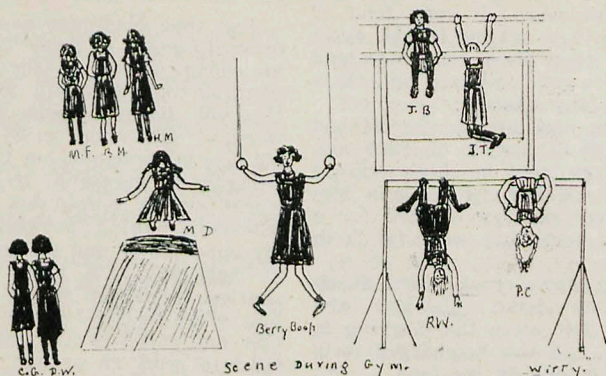
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Scene During Gym.

PLEASURES OF YOUTH.

AUTUMN IN BUNBURY.

A common idea—but nevertheless a wrong one—is that youth is a time of continued bliss. People talk glibly of the joys of youth, carefree youth, its enthusiasm, its zest for life, until one feels like saying with old Scrooge, "Oah! Humbug!" I have a sneaking sympathy for Scrooge. Perhaps people's expressions of good will appeared to him as this talk of youthful bliss appears to me—meaningless.

When people don't know what they mean, or don't mean anything they talk in abstractions and clichés—carefree youth, the citizens of the future, to whom the nations look to carry on the glorious heritage (what this is nobody is quite sure—I presume it means the glorious mess the world is in today).

Old people when asked why they consider youth so happy, reply vaguely that we have our whole lives ahead of us. What advantage this is I don't quite know—a whole life in front of each of us, in which we can look forward to making all the mistakes it is possible to make, and learning by bitter experience all the things we do not know.

We are carefree, nothing worries us they say. Have they never heard of that menacing bogey, that ever-present nightmare, the bane of our existence, the slave driver that flogs us on to swot when we crave for relaxation—in a word (as Micawber would say) the Leaving Exam?

Have they forgotten the infinite list of "don't do's" and "must do's" that the average child has to contend with, from teachers and parents—or landladies if one is unfortunate enough to be a boarder?

I have been young for seventeen years and never yet have I come across the bed of roses our life is supposed to be; but still they prate of youthful bliss. Once again, "Bah! Humbug!"

To be strictly truthful there is no such delightful happening as autumn in Bunbury. The commencement of that season—and the others—is marked by the change of styles in the shop windows. Flowers give way to furs, filmy hangings of pastel shaded summer materials are replaced by a more substantial background of felts and tweeds, and the flimsy, multi-coloured summer footwear is triumphantly displaced by the formidable ranks of brown brogues and black boots.

To the unskilled observer (and the sorely tried breadwinner) this change of attire is entirely unnecessary. The sun still shines from a cloudless sky during the day and throughout the night that despised creature known in biological circles as *Culex fatigans*—and in domestic circles as mosquito—continues its activities with unabated fervour.

From the country districts reports of straitened circumstances, due to drought, still continue to come in, and the feverish efforts to distribute small amounts of water over large areas go on with distressing continuity.

To the connoisseur, a slightly lower temperature in early mornings and imperceptible shortening of the days are unquestionable proof of the proximity of winter—and hence the presence of autumn.

A word too should be said for that section of the junior population who suddenly realise that they are being called upon to spend a little longer time each day in baleful contemplation of an axe and a pile of faggots.

But perhaps I have been a little too harsh in my denunciation of the existence of this equinoctial change. After all, even the most disinterested spectator cannot fail to note the dejected ap-

pearance of that section of vegetation which fails to come under the heading of "evergreen." The lingering despair with which these foolish prodigals silently slip off the remnants of their tattered coverings and load up gaunt arms of supplication to the unresponsive heavens, would surely arouse some small measure of pity, even if it were only in the heart of a passing poet.

To the more sympathetic observer other slight changes are visible. The nearer line of hills is often more purple than blue in colour and the farthest horizon is frequently veiled with a hazy, grey mist. The sea is not quite so intensely blue and there is a nameless feeling of impending change in the air. All nature seems to be subconsciously waiting. There is an indefinable difference in the feel of the wind.

Yet, to the normal person, these intangibles are too fanciful to be worthy of notice. Hence the only visible change is the plight of the prodigal poplars—and the colour scheme of the shop windows. Autumn is not autumn in a land of evergreens.

AN "ELIZABETHAN" TALE

Once, in the days of "ELIZABETH," there existed a "VALLI," where the "BROOK" flowed by a "CLIFF" and where sweet "WILLIAM" grew and "BIRDS" chattered in the trees.

There was a "LODGE" in this "VALLI" where there dwelt a "TUBBY" "CHAMBERMAID" and her faithful cow, "BESSIE."

A villain who was not a "WHITE" man brought the "CHAMBERMAID" a bunch of "MYRTLE" to prove his "CONSTANCE"-y.

She "BOB"-ed away from him when he tried to show his affections and said, "Get out or 'RYALL' hit you with my 'ROD.'"

A "KNIGHT" who happened to be riding by, heard her, and went into the "LODGE." He took out his "LANCE" and said, "Go through that 'DAWSON' or by 'GEORGE' you'll pay the 'PRICE.' " So the "PIGGOTT" out.

The "KNIGHT" took "STOCK" of the "TUBBY" "CHAMBERMAID" and he was "STRUCK" by her pink and "WHITE" beauty. "JOY" filled his heart, and as he was "RICH" she let him stay, and they lived happily evermore,

—J.P.M.

FIRST RAIN.

I was living on a farm in the vast area of bush. It was in February that the dams began to lower, and father shortened the rations of water for stock and garden. The sun beat pitilessly down day after day until all the grass had dried and become brittle; creeks had either shrunk to a thin weak trickle or vanished altogether. Usually during February one or two thunder showers replenished our supply of water, but this year when we most needed it, none came. The previous winter had been frighteningly dry and none of the dams had completely filled. February faded into March, and March into April, still no rain. Things were becoming serious very serious. Two of the four wells had gone dry. Only two of the five dams had any water, and one of those was being rapidly reduced to a mud-hole. If the worst came to the worst, water would have to be carted from the nearest river, about twenty miles away. That river occasionally became salt during drought seasons, and if it did disaster would follow.

The lines under my father's eyes deepened until they were regular valleys, and the corrugations on his brow became almost like a ploughed field.

One day, about the fourth day of April, a tiny cloud crept shyly over the horizon, followed by several more fluffy ones. We looked hopefully on these, but they traversed the sky with no result. Father sighed, but said nothing. The poor garden received only the bath water now. Mother looked sadly upon it, when she had time, but could do nothing. The creek's tiny thread had broken and dried for the first time in grandfather's memory.

That evening we noticed smoke, about sixteen miles away, father thought. We silently prayed that it was no bush fire. But it was. The following day was hot, but a north-easterly breeze had sprung up. It hustled and pushed the fire closer. That afternoon the fire reached our large bush paddock about two miles away. Father telephoned my uncle and they and their men fought that fire as only bush men can fight, but still the fire gained ground. The wind changed round slightly and I noticed father looking at the horizon. I followed his gaze; yes, there were some clouds at last, dark and heavy. The wind lapsed and the night hung heavy and sultry. In the distance came the ominous rumble of thunder. Ah! we breathed in hope. Early that morning, after much flash-

ing and swooping of lightning, and thunder the rain fell. I said fell, but I mean tumbled down, drops falling over drops in their hurry to reach the earth. The smouldering remains of the bush-fire were extinguished. I saw my father's face relapse into a half smile as he turned and waved his hand, when riding off through the rain to move the sheep to shelter and to inspect the catchments.

Mother and I stood on the verandah and listened to the water running loudly into the tanks, and watched it drip on the edge of the verandah. After several hours it eased. The flowers in the garden proudly raised their battered heads. We raised ours and smiled.

—RIAL.

MURDER, DEEP AND DARK.

There was a loud, booming noise, like thunder, which sounded as if innumerable cans were rattling along. It was thunder. There was a pattering noise against the window like rain, which kept going off and on, like an old wireless set. It was Dad watering the sweetpeas outside the window. Things about me were almost in darkness. I could barely see the front gate. Along the lonely road an old man was riding a horse home from work.

But what is this that comes stealing in upon my tranquil mind? Mum telling me to finish washing up.

Now that is all over, I'm telling the kids a story—a murder story—when Mum's not looking. The murderer creeps around, and prepares to murder someone. There is tense quiet—he is wiping his knife—he lifts up his arm. "Geel! look at Willie's hair standing on end!" pipes up Bob. I take no notice. "He lifts his arm—he strikes—"

But what is this that steals upon Our bed-time story bright,
Oh, Gosh! it's Mum, she likes no fun!

My ears are very sore tonight. But here at last is peace, beautiful peace—staring me straight in the face. Have I been dozing?—A noise in the dark startles me—a slight rattle.

Did I hear a voice saying my hair was on end? I think not—but it is on end all the same.

Another rattle—heavier than before. A muttered curse. Metaphorically speaking my eyes are on end also. You know what it is like trying to hear a lone mozzie in the dark. Then that which I had been expecting for a long

time happened. It came out of the darkness with a suddenness that startled me. Yes, it was a dull thud and a cry, followed shortly by a chugging noise like a motor boat.

With a feeling under my breastbone similar to that experienced by a love sick boy. I dashed forward to effect a gallant and noble rescue. Unfortunately I tripped and fell down—down—was it never going to stop—? Someone said "You silly ass! You've fallen out of bed!"

—L. RYDER.

VERSEMANIA.

I have just been chatting to the very harrassed editress of the Kingia. She confided to me that the budding poets of the school are either very bashful or very few. Seeing her great distress, and noticing the grey hairs and worried lines on her face, I have decided to do my utmost to ease her mind. In other words, I have promised to try and write some poetry. I am doubtful of my skill, but she has assured me that somewhere in my dark interior I have a poetic inclination and that this is my great chance to bring it to the surface.

I suppose she is right, because she is really a very knowing little miss.

Now to work! What will I write on? I think I will write on something simple. You know what I mean—after the style of Coleridge. Here goes:

Polar Joe
Was an Eskimo
With tons of dough
Who lived in the snow.

Perhaps our editress is right. I'm sure that my first effort is equal to anything of Coleridge. Now for the next verse!

I think the atmosphere is too chilly. My brain refuses to work under such conditions. I think I'll try a little light descriptive verse:

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When sweet Lucy found her way
Among the lanes, where in the trees
The birds were twittering in the breeze.

Now, personally. I think that's just swell. Unfortunately I can't think of anything nice to happen to Lucy—at least not anything that I can put in verse.

What else can I write on? I don't know how Wordsworth and other poets managed to write so much. I think

I'll go in for quality, not quantity as they did.

I'm not going to try any more now, as it would be a sin if I was to suffer from brain-fag. Just think of all those who would not benefit in the years to come, by my wonderful verse.

So, sweet readers, I'll say adieu,
Before my efforts I 'gin to rue.

—J.P.M.

POETS AND POETRY.

Poetry we once considered to be an art confined to a few geniuses. Our opinions, however, have lately been forced to suffer a complete revision. It appears that any fools—even fifth year ones swotting (?) for the Leaving—can write poetry. Far be it from us to disparage these would-be poets, but, well

Of course it is necessary to have the cerebral stimulus before a poet can:

“Pour his full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”

The stimulus sometimes takes the form of a dark-haired lass—parting is such a painful thing. Absence evidently makes the heart grow fond enough to write an ode—at least in some cases.

One of the masters was unkind enough to name this same Divine Passion which stirs the hearts of men(?) as mere “calf love.” O! unsympathetic man! They who experience this uplifting love, this sublimity, will writhe at the injustice of the misnomer.

A few examples are necessary to show you the results of their efforts. Such lines as:

“With legs 'cased in silk,
All bespattered with milk,

In the fields she braves mud and
the wet.”

A verily a revelation. What perfection of rhyme, of rhythm; what choice of words! Byron himself was never so great a poet. His genius would probably have led to something like this:

“She wears stockings of silk
On which is spilt milk,

And she ain't scared of mud and
the wet.”

Another example of the art of these poets runs thus:

“Then someone said out very loud,

“When I'm around then three's a
crowd.”

How perfectly these simple words are spoken! Who but a born poet

could have thought of expressing himself thus?

These poets who class themselves on the level of Byron are, if only they realised it, far above that level. They possess something of the grand style of Milton. So much so that there is no need here to mention these same poets' names. It would only be insulting to them to suggest that their style is not marked enough to distinguish them. How our hearts would break to think that we had insulted anyone of such great fame. We would be filled with unrest for all time—our consciences would never let us be free from the obsession of this mistake we had committed.

Perhaps we, who are writing this satire, appear unsympathetic to those who—

“Look before and after,
And Pine for what is not.”

But never having experienced this feeling which obsesses them we cannot be expected to write of it with sympathy. We girls appear to have escaped this wearing malady—Heaven preserve us from ever writing odes, at least not ones whose

“Sweetest thoughts are those which
tell of saddest thought.”

(Signed) “YOURS TRULY.”

A REPLY TO “POETS AND POETRY”

“CRITICS AND CRITICISMS”

Before starting I would like to make it clear that critics, as mentioned in this essay, are only those who recently degraded, from a standard of literary esteem, a poem, a masterpiece written by me. So in using the word “critic” freely, I will not offend any one other than a few biassed commentators on my own work.

Most poets are geniuses, and criticisms are usually degrading (or at least criticisms of me are) but people who suppose themselves to be critics are usually jealous. Who could suspect anything less from such low species of the self-called journalist as is found among the critics of V F.

Sarcasm has been called the lowest form of wit. What shall we call the critics who combine sarcasm and jealousy and make a feeble attempt at criticising a poem which Neville Cardus would undoubtedly claim as being

worthy of being classed with the "Immortality Ode."

Do they claim I am "pixilated?" Anyone who has a mind capable of logical reasoning (critics haven't) can easily see that this claim is jealousy and fanaticism joined together to form a factor which would certainly influence normally feeble minds (critics' minds).

POPULAR CONCEPTION OF A POET.

Material: Fifth Form Boys.

Apparatus: An individual with brown marcelled hair, green eyes, and a skirt to match.

Little or no brains.

Plenty of giggles.

A dark maiden with curls.

A romance.

Method: Stimulate the individual with a dark maiden. Take the dark maiden a hundred miles away. Set the individual inside to cool down.

Result: A maniacal poet writing odes which are a concatenation of obscure words.

THE WIND IN THE PINES.

The wind in the pines makes a wonderful sound—

A sound like the song of the sea.

It tosses the branches and swings them around,

And sings that it's tameless and free.

It swoops to caress the grasses below,

Then springs to the coolness above,

Where long shafts of sunlight creep in aglow

And shine on the spots that they love.

The wind sings a melody soft in the pines,

It sings of the haunts it has seen,
Of cool leafy glades where the waterfall shines

And boulders are mossy and green.

It sings of the sea with its murmuring waves

Of the shells that lie strewn on the shore,

Of the far rocky headlands where cool water laves

And where coolness abides evermore.

It tells of white sails it has driven along,

Of sea-gulls that skim o'er the seas,
Of deep forest vales where the bell-birds' sweet song

Echoes clear through the isles of the trees.

Now softly, now loudly it murmurs its tale,

And the pine branches listen asway,
And the leaves are entranced; till the

wind sources fail,

And the wind in the pines dies away.

—E.J.W.

THE "BROOKS."

I come from haunts of Forrest Brown,
I make a sudden Stretch,

And "Sparker" out among the Green,
Through the Birch and down the Valli.

By thirty Shaws I hurried down

Or slip between the Pages,

By twenty thorns, a little Townsend,

And half a hundred (Tro) Bridges.

Till last by Joel's farm I flow

To join the darkening Knight.

For days may come and days may go

But Winters go on for ever.

Students Trot by lawns and grassy plots

They slide by library doors

They move the Best Roses by the

Grapes,

That grow for happy lovers.

—Apologies to Tennyson.

OUR MEALS.

Boarding houses of great renown,

In this famous Bunbury town,

Are not as good as they're said to be

With bread and scrape and jam for tea.

For breakfast, tea and toast and jam,

And sometimes just a piece of ham,

Occasionally a lonely fish,

Jumps out of the tin and on to the dish.

Dinner is a meal we dread,

And we just wish that we were dead,

When we come home and see the meagre spread

Of watery mince, potato and stale dry bread.

On Saturday we have a treat,

A mysterious pie all burnt complete,

Perhaps it's apple, perhaps it's peach

But we never get two helpings each.

Our Sunday feast in moderation,

Consists of remains of Saturday rations,

Cold meat, hot veg, in exceeding small fraction,

Broken pie, watery sauce for variation.

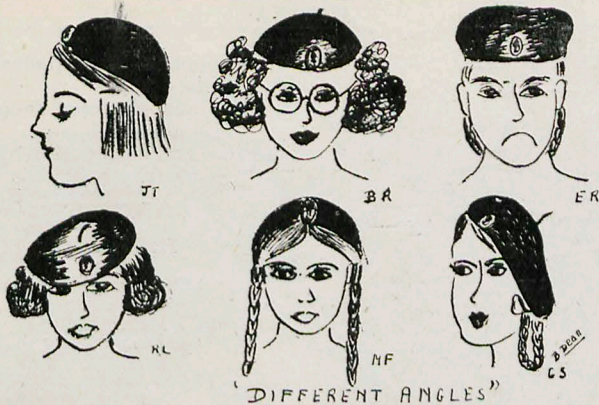
Thus behold our boarding house.

Quite good if you've an appetite like a mouse,

But after swotting up at school,

One comes in hungry, as a rule.

—EXPERIENCED.



TRADITION.

Intended for the cloth, young Orpington-
 vere-Brown,
 At Harrow and at Cambridge was the
 mildest lad round town.
 He took his fellow creatures as the
 mildest in extreme,
 And always carried prayer-books
 round as if in a waking dream.
 But he woke. Oh, how he woke, never
 again to dream,
 When they took him down and showed
 him a training cricket team.
 And, with a start, he knew he'd play
 the game,
 Although he's swotted for the cloth,
 he's never been the same.
 He threw up all his studies, his chances
 good galore,
 Then played in county cricket and found
 he'd never lived before.
 They put him in a Test match 'gainst
 Australia, first to bat,
 Talk of Bradman! Why, vere-Brown,
 He simply swiped the bat.

—R. CARROLL.

MEMORIES.

Grandmother sits by the fire alone,
 Alone, at the end of a winter's day
 Her hands she has folded upon her lap,
 And the sock she is knitting is put
 away.
 Five minutes she'll give, no more, no
 less,
 To dreams of the days that are dead
 and gone;
 But the fire burns low and the lamp is
 dim,
 And Grandmother still by the fire,
 dreams on.
 Full many a scene of the long ago
 She sees in the embers, red and clear:

Full many a face that has long been
 gone—

The faces of friends that were free
 and dear.
 Oh! Stay for a while to gladden her
 heart,
 But dreams have an end, and vanish
 they must:
 The lamp has gone out, and the night
 has grown chill,
 And her dreams, like the white
 ashes, crumble to dust.

—J.W.

IN HOLIDAYS.

I swing along the high road,
 I sing a lazy song,
 'Tis now I bear the lightest load,
 And nought can now go wrong.
 I climb through lots of fences
 And scramble up the hills
 And slither down the roughest rocks,
 For joy my heart now fills.
 For my report is off my chest,
 I've shown it to my father;
 He asked me had I done my best—
 Of course, I answered "Rather!"

The sweetest scent, a hum of bees,
 A fragrance from some almond trees
 That with the breezes bend and sigh,
 Clad in bloom from earth to sky.
 From some brown twig a blossom gay
 Tinged with pink, as though some fay
 Had caught the light of dawning day,
 Came floating by, in fluttering flight,
 On greenest grasses to alight,
 And there to shiver in the breeze
 And gaze with me on almond trees.

—RIAL.

BLUE HILLS.

Blue hills in the distance, so far, far
 away,
 With your shadows of purple, of blue
 and of grey;
 With the blue sky above and green
 forests below,
 As you soar to the skies and the white
 clouds that blow.
 Clear, clear in the distance, Blue Hills
 of my home,
 Where a little house shelters my loved
 and my own,
 Where my happy haunts are, and the
 brook that I love,
 With its deep pools below, and its
 rapids above.
 Were the first flowers bloom, in the
 valley I know,
 Where the wattle, the daisies and wild
 orchids grow;
 And the long slopes I wandered, light
 hearted so far,
 And I know the green glade where
 the first orchids are.
 How I love the Blue Hills and the
 forests below!
 All the hills I have wandered, my val-
 leys I know,
 With my dogs at my side, I have
 followed the trails
 That beckoned me onward through
 woods and through vales.
 Now the sun has gone down, and the
 dusky night grey

Has deepened the shades, and the hills
 fade away,
 The long shadows deepen o'er moun-
 tain and fell—
 Blue Hills in the distance, farewell,
 then, farewell!

HALLUCINATIONS

I thought I saw a lofty tree,
 Far down the road from "G."
 I looked again, and found it was
 None else but our Mill-y.
 I thought I saw a dairymaid
 Whose looks betrayed she feared,
 For on the lawn someone had laid
 A grinning skull, which leered.
 I thought I saw a mullet large,
 With glassy eyes protruding.
 I looked again, and found it was
 Just White, who had been brooding.
 I thought I saw a handsome lad
 With "long-uns" creased and trim:
 I looked again—I had been had—
 'Twas only Nick—just him.
 I thought I saw a bag of chaff
 Walk slowly into gym;
 I looked again, and did I laugh,
 For "Slops" had got quite thin.
 I thought I saw two bottles flee
 As if they had been on the spree;
 I looked again and saw with glee
 The legs belonged to none but me.
 —B.O.T.
