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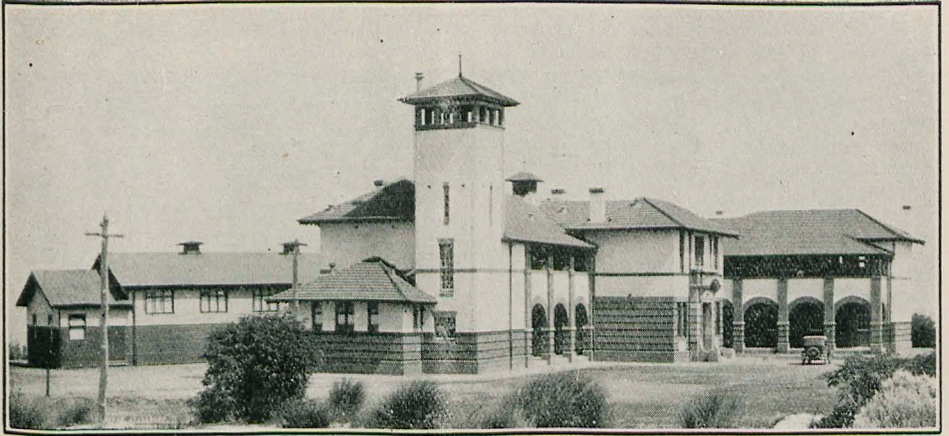


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SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1938.—Standing: D. Davies, Moore, E. Hulcup, R. Thrum, L. Henning, W. Connolly, P. White, L. Jones. Sitting: A. Turner, B. Brockman, N. Stockhill (Senior Girl), Mr. A. J. Irvine, B.A., Dip. Ed., (Headmaster), J. Brown (School Captain), P. Baird, J. Frichard.





THE KINGIA

Vol. XVII. No. 2.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1938

Price..1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

After a little delay, caused by either shyness or laziness on the part of the contributors, we again present the Kingia and wish that it may give enjoyment to all who read it.

This year is distinctive by the number and success of social activities energetically organised by this year's prefects, and we hope that next year may be as successful. It is with regret that we bid adieu to those who depart at the end of this year so we wish them success in their new vocations.

We wish to thank those who supplied articles, especially Upper School students as Lower School students are very deficient in either talent or enterprise. A word for those who are dissatisfied with the Kingia. Suggestions for new ideas would be welcomed from you, but it is noticeable that those who complain are they who do the least to help.

ATHALIE RYALL.
CEASAR VALLI.
GEORGE PRICE.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Once again the Christmas holidays are drawing near to bring to a close the scholastic year for 1938.

In many ways this year has been a successful one for the school. The attendance, which was mentioned in the last issue of the Kingia, has remained

well above that of any previous year, while the entries for the Leaving Certificate examination, 33 in all, approach the record.

It is expected that both the Junior and Leaving candidates will continue to uphold the school's reputation in the exams, and we have no doubt that they will do so.

In sports also we have fared extremely well, having carried off the honours at the athletics meeting in Perth and having been second in the football at the same time.

The social clubs of the school have again been very active this term, great interest having been shown by all members and those in charge of the various clubs.

Such activities form the lighter and consequently more popular side of school life and they are also instructive and useful to the students. For this reason much credit is due to those teachers who have given their time and attention to the running of these clubs, and it is hoped that next year even more may be done in this direction.

An exhibition of stamps and snapshots was held recently with the object of raising funds to buy a stamp catalogue for the school and it proved very successful both as an exhibition, and financially.

The library continues to be very popular, and judging by the ever-changing appearance of the shelves the books are circulating freely.

Next year is intended to increase the scope of the library by including in the list of books such periodicals as the "Western Mail," the "Bulletin" and others. In this way the library will be made much more attractive to those students who prefer a lighter fare in reading matter.

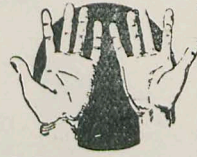
The only addition to the staff this term was Miss Mitchell, who returned from her long holiday to take the place of Miss Lyons. We take this opportunity of welcoming back Miss Mitchell who has returned only to leave us again. We wish her every happiness in her new life.

And now in conclusion, a word to those who will soon be walking out of the school gates for the last time. For most this will be a sad moment although some may pretend that they are glad to be finished with the school.

"In future years when the time spent at the Bunbury Tigh School will be a pleasant and cherished memory, you will recall little incidents, at the thought of which you will laugh or smile, a little sadly, and you may perhaps wish to live them over again.

"But wherever you may be, and whatever may be your vocation in life remem-

ber the honour of the old school and try always to live up to the traditions and standards which the school has set."



**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.

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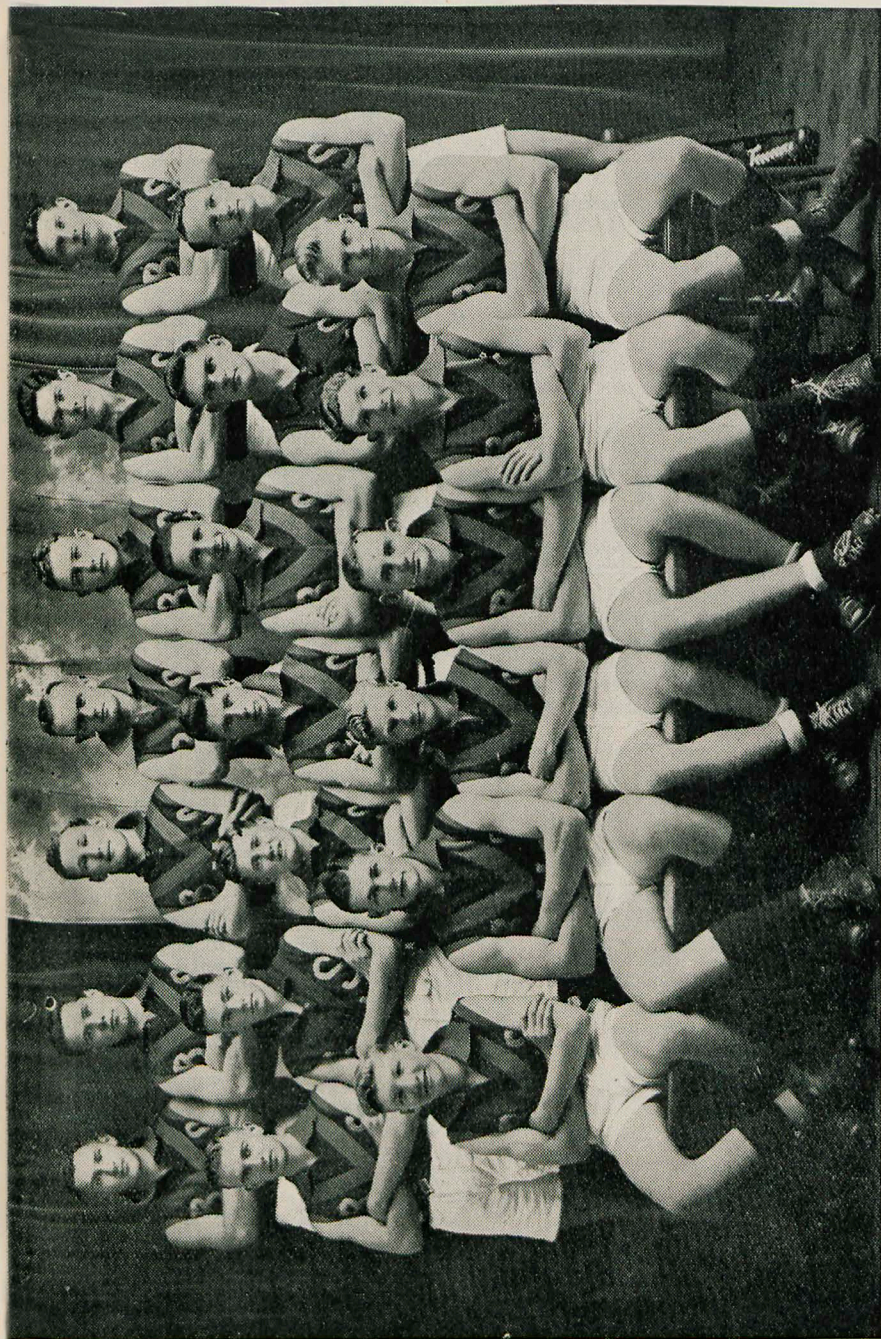
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everything at reasonable prices.

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FOOTBALL EIGHTEEN, 1938.—Back row: C. Valli, E. Hulcup, P. Grapes, A. Lindsay, K. Clifford, R. Filsell, E. Tucker. Middle row: J. Gibson, N. Lindsay, C. Campbell, A. Richards, D. Davies-Moore, J. Brown, J. Pritchard. Front row: N. Dawson, I. Robertson, D. Johnson, R. Jennings, R. Stuchbury, C. Sykes.

SPORTS NOTES

GIRLS' ATHLETIC RESULTS.

100 yds. Championship: P. Baird 1, R. Lodge 2, M. Forrest 3, W. Connolly 4. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

100 yds. Junior Championship: B. Holloway 1, J. Trotter 2, C. Ryder 3, D. Savory 4. Time, 12 3-5 sec.

50 yds. Championship: P. Baird 1, R. Lodge 2, M. Forrest 3, W. Connolly 4. Time, 6 2-5 sec.

50 yds. Junior Championship: A. Rowston 1, J. Trotter 2, B. Holloway 3, D. Savory 4. Time, 6 2-5 sec. (equals record).

50 yds. Skipping Race: R. Lodge 1, P. Baird 2, M. Forrest 3.

75 yds. Junior Skipping Race: A. Rowston 1, R. Struck 2, R. Wells 3, I. Platts 4.

75 yds. First Year Championship: A. Rowston 1, F. Moore 2, I. Platts 3, P. Skevington 4. Time, 9 4-5 sec (record).

75 yds. Second Year Championship: B. Holloway 1, J. Trotter 2, R. Struck and D. Savory 3. Time, 9 1-5 sec. (record).

75 yds. Third Year Championship: E. Dolley 1, M. Rice 2, P. Ellis 3, L. Smith 4. Time, 10 sec.

75 yds. Upper School Championship: P. Baird 1, R. Lodge 2, C. Scott 3, M. Forrest 4. Time, 9 3-5 sec.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Senior: P. Baird 1, M. Forrest 2, E. Appleton 3, J. Ellis 4. Distance, 59 yds. 2 ft.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Junior: J. Ellis 1, A. Jones 2, R. Struck 3, H. Page 4. Distance, 60 yds.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Senior: P. Baird 1, M. Forrest 4. Distance, 74 yds. 1 ft.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Junior: G. Nottle 1, N. Turvey 2, J. Trotter 3, L. Lenton 4. Distance, 70 yds.

Shooting Basket Ball, Senior: M. Piggott 1, M. Forrest 2.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Junior: M. Rice 1, J. Trotter 2, M. Eanshaw 3, P. Tavlour 4.

Relay Race, First Teams: Kingia 1, Blue 2, Red 3. Time, 26 1-5 sec. (record).

Relay Race, Second Teams: Kingia 1, Gold 2, Red 3.

Flag Race: Kingia 1, Red 2, Blue 3. Time, 1 min. 22 sec.

Pass Ball: Gold 1, Kingia 2, Red 3. Time, 1 min. 15 sec.

50 yds. Senior Handicap: B. Nottle 1, M. Piggott 2, C. Scott 3.

50 yds. Junior Handicap: L. Smith 1, E. Phillis 2, R. Wells 3.

50 yds. Second Year Handicap: R. Wells 1, P. McKenzie 2, J. Williams 3.

50 yds. First Year Handicap: A. Rowston 1, F. Scott 2, G. Brainbridge 3.

Egg and Spoon Race: P. Beauglehole 1, F. Moore 2.

Sack Race: F. Moore 1, C. Windsor 2. Thread the Needle Race: H. Page and B. Nottle 1, R. Hastie and D. Bird 2.

Siamese Race: B. Holloway and P. Ellis 1, M. Rice and R. Lodge 2.

Faction Points: Kingia, 110½; Red, 66; Gold, 58; Blue, 36½.

Senior Champion: P. Baird, 34; R. Lodge, 18.

Junior Champion: A. Rowston and J. Trotter, 18 each; B. Holloway, 14.

SPORTS NOTES (BOYS)

I think that the school ought to be thankful to the teams which held up the honour of the good old Bunbury High School so well at Perth. Undoubtedly the football and hockey teams were the best entered for a long time. The athletics team too, was very good considering that two of our best runners were unable to run.

Well, good old Bunbury, keep at 'em!

The sixteenth Annual Athletics Sports Carnival was held on the 5th October at the Recreation Ground before a moderate attendance of spectators.

There was one record equalled by Joe Gibson (Junior 100 yds.) and three records broken by Joel—Junior Mile, 880 yds. and Hop, Step and Jump.

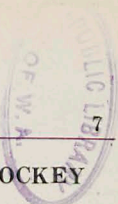
Senior Boy Champion was John Prichard (Red) with 36 points and Sykes (Kingia) was runner-up with 18 points. Junior Boy Champion was T. Joel (Blue) with 33 points and N. Gillon (Kingia) was runner-up with 24 points.

The boys faction points were as follows: Red, first, with 102½ points; Kingia second, with 84 points; Blue, third, with 74 points; Gold, fourth, with 28½ points.

Details of the boys events are as follows:—

One Mile School Championship: R. Stuchbury (B) 1, S. Gillon (K) 2, A. Richards (R) 3. Time, 5 min. 14 4-5 sec.

880 yds. School Championship: R. Stuchbury (B) 1, C. Sykes (K) 2, L. Ryder (R) 3. Time, 2min. 18 4-5 sec.



CRITIQUE OF GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM.

440 yds. School Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, C. Sykes (K) 2, K. Clifford (K) 3. Time, 57 sec.

220 yds. School Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, C. Sykes (K) 2, I. Robertson (R) 3. Time, 18 4-5 sec.

120 yds. Hurdles School Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, J. Brown (B) 2, C. Sykes (K) 3. Time 18 4-5 sec.

100 yds. School Championship: A. Lindsay (K) 1, C. Sykes (K) 2, L. Robertson (R) 3. Time, 11 sec.

Broad Jump, Senior Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, A. Lindsay (K) 2, L. Ryder (R) 3. 18 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

High Jump, Senior Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, P. Grapes (G) 2, R. Filsell (G) 3. 5 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Hop, Step and Jump, Senior Championship: J. Prichard (R) 1, L. Ryder (R) 2, A. Lindsay (K) 3. 42 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Faction Relay, Senior Championship: Kingia 1, Red 2. Time, 1 min. 43 3-5 sec.

Senior Championship, Cricket Ball Throw: K. Clifford (K) 1, R. Jennings (K) 2, J. Birmingham (B) 3. 102 yds. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

One Mile Junior Championship: T. Joel (B) 1, N. Lindsay (B) 2, S. Richards (R) 3. Time, 5 min. 11 3-5 sec. (record).

830 yds. Junior Championship: T. Joel (B) 1, N. Lindsay (B) 2, S. Richards (R) 3. Time, 2 min. 21 secs. (record).

440 yds. Junior Championship: T. Joel (B) 1, J. Gibson (R) 2, N. Lindsay (B) 3. Time, 60 4-5 secs.

220 yds. Junior Championship: J. Gibson (R) 1, T. Joel (B) 2, N. Gillon (K) 3. Time, 26 3-5 sec.

120 yds. Hurdles Junior Championship: N. Dawson (G) 1, N. Gillon (K) 2, K. Prichard (R) 3. Time 20 secs.

100 yds. Junior Championship: J. Gibson (R) 1, N. Gillon (K) 2, C. Campbell (K) 3. Time, 11 sec. (equals record).

Broad Jump, Junior Championship: N. Gillon (K) 1, R. McKenna (R) 2, J. Gibson and A. Scott tie for 3. 16 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

High Jump, Junior Championship: N. Dawson (G) 1, T. Joel (B) 2, N. Gillon (K) 3. 4 ft. 10 7-8 in.

Hop, Step and Jump, Junior Championship: T. Joel (B) 1, N. Gillon (K) 2, R. McKenna (R) 3. 37 ft. 3in.

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

Cricket Ball Throw, Junior: A. Scott (G) 1, D. Williams (B) 2, J. Gibson 3. 88 yds.

M. FORREST (Captain): Has handled her team well. A very reliable full back with a strong hit. Inclined to hit the ball across the goal.

P. BAIRD (Vice-captain): A very useful member of the team, with a strong hit. Played a splendid game in the difficult position of left half back. Inclined to give sticks.

N. STOCKDILL: Right outer wing. Has improved greatly during the season.

A. RYALL: Has played a good game in goal. More reliable with her stick than her feet. Has a good hit.

P. KNIGHT: A very reliable centre half-back. Very fast and good with her stick. Had the misfortune to be injured before the Perth matches.

F. BURGESS: A useful full back with a good clearing hit. Inclined to undercut the ball and has a tendency to hit across the goal.

P. ELLIS: Left inner wing. An improved player who does well except in the shooting circle.

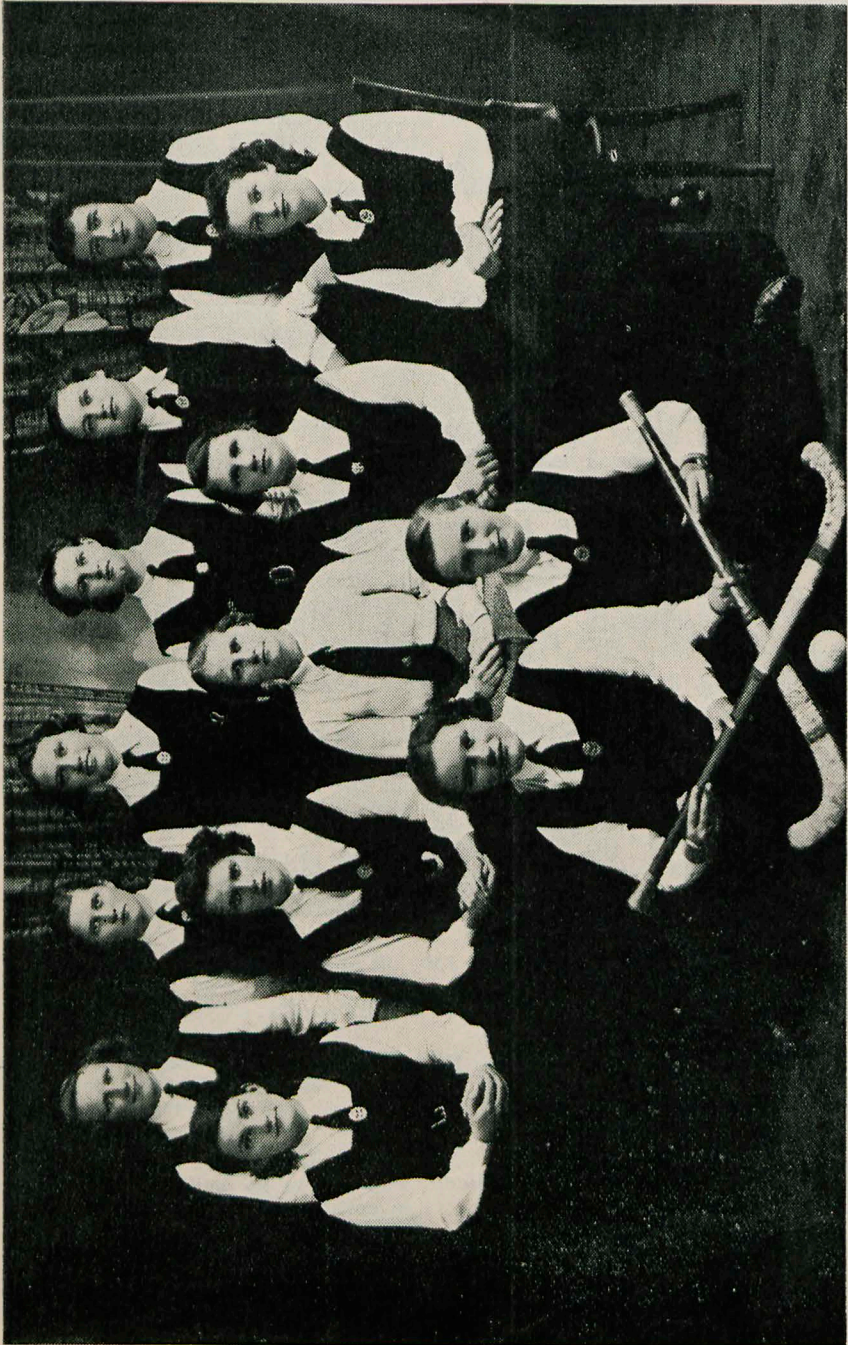
R. STRUCK: Right inner wing. A useful forward who tackles well but does not often score.

D. SAVORY: A very effective player on the left wing. Takes the ball down well and has a good centring hit.

N. BARRETT: A very fair half-back who follows up well but is rather slow in getting the ball.

A. JONES: A good forward with a splendid hit which frequently scores. Would do well to keep more in her place.

J. ROLES: A much improved player who did well as left-half back in the matches in which she played.



HOCKEY ELEVEN, 1938.—Back row: A. Ryall, A. Jones, F. Burgess, N. Stockdill, J. Roles, P. Ellis, Middle row: P. Knight, M. Forrest, Miss E. Burgess (Sports Mistress), P. Baird, D. Savory, Front: N. Barrett, R. Struck.

FORM NOTES

III.Q.

Here we are for the last time (that is most of us). Before continuing, we wish to congratulate J. Prichard (senior champion) and T. Joel (junior champion) for their success on athletics day.

Early in the term we were glad (??) to see Nick back amongst us. He is running a very close second to Clifford as the "fat boy" of the school. As the Junior is approaching fast we have very little time to spare for this article. We are swotting hard, especially Robbie (??) He is a physical and mental wreck owing to his arduous toil.

Joel lately seems to be rather struck by a certain second year. Gillon's favourite poem is "A Hymn to Diana." It is also noticeable that "Nobby" gets riled at certain insinuations which often greet him as he gazes thoughtfully over the balcony. Freeman has turned over a new leaf since the Junior is overtaking him. Our old friend "Twirp" continues to keep the class in a merry mood with his practical jokes and occasional tee-hees. If he is not writing notes he is expressing his opinion of some other member of the class. Lid-delow is finding life a little lonely after his romantic journey in the Perth-Bunbury express? So you see the class isn't quite bereft of amusement.

It isn't expressing any honour in saying that our English master's opinion of us is not as good as it might be, but still most of us are taking it seriously and hope to improve.

I think we shall away to our beloved (??) swot. We wish the Leaving students the best of luck in their forthcoming ordeal and have some hopes for ourselves.

Tili we meet again, Adieu,

III.Q.

III.R.

Here we are again, but we're not as happy as can be; we are, as Keats says: "Having our winter of pale misfeature."

For this reason, no doubt, these notes will be short.

We greatly miss Marjory South, and hope that she and Audrey Pearce will both do well in their Junior as they must find it very hard to keep up their studies when they are not at school.

We wish to congratulate the First Eleven Hockey and First Eighteen Football teams on their successes in

Perth. Also the athletic team which did great work.

Now, while we are in a sporty mood, we will congratulate the champions of sports day which was held in October, namely, Patsy Baird (senior champion), Jean Trotter and Audrey Rowston (tied for junior champion), John Prichard and Theo Joel who were senior and junior champions respectively.

III.R. contributed to the fleet-footed on sports day, being represented mainly by Chicken, Pegleg and Eve, so of course we are justly proud.

Lately we have been going gay—coming out of our shells, so to speak. We threw a party one night which was a great success. As a result of this party and also the erratic bon-fire, held on November 5, certain III.R-ites have become very friendly with certain inmates of III.Q.

Before it started to rain at the bon-fire, there raged a terrible war between the Lidnicpamites and the Jodgilites. The latter were victorious and succeeded in driving off the former who narrowly escaped being turned into Guys.

As time for the horrible exams draws nigh, I think we had better draw to a close.

We sincerely wish the Leaving and Junior students (especially ourselves), all the best of luck in the coming exams.

The school, next year, will lose many of its best students, namely the majority of III.R so it's—

Au revoir for some, but good-bye for many.

III.R.

5TH YEARS (REVISED EDITION).

As usual the modest fifth years were again diffident regarding the writing of the form notes and so the assistance of the English Master was sought by our imbecile prefect (I won't mention name). (It is curious to note, however, that they were all willing to be censors). For some reasons unknown, the lot fell to poor Isaac and so, if the notes are not up to the usual standard, please excuse me.

At the commencement of the term the members of the form formed three clubs to wit, Curers Club, Bachelors Club and Swot Club. I will not deal with these in detail but I will just give them a passing mention. (Some might not like

the publicity.)

The Curers Club were the victims of a most unfortunate accident this term. However, they weren't conspicuous by their absence as it was an English period.

I am sorry that I find it impossible to quote Bones' idea of "Vimen." Bones' untiring efforts for the club ought to be a lesson to the other members. By patronising it every now and again, Brun has been elected patron.

The Swot Club is honoured by having a professor in its midst. (Let me introduce me to him, Mr. and Mrs. Readers, Professor P. C. Flatfoot.) This notable gent from the Nertz University, was the originator of the new physical unit of work, namely the "Flat-foot poundal." This curious unit unites profit and loss, the triangle A.B.C. and the Binomial Theorem. Also he has been (or should I say "elected himself") the timekeeper of the Prefects because his grandfather clock (I mean his grandfather's watch) is correct to four places of decimals. In fact, he is the man of the hour.

Well, that finishes the clubs, and so now I will speak about the doings of the various members of the form which (we hope) will be the last you'll see of us.

I am sure the rest of the form join with me in expressing deep sympathy for the unfortunate "accident" that caused Brun to lose the rest of the party at a recent bike hike.

"Buzzing," a word of curious meaning has been kindly added to the language and will appear in the next edition of Webster's. I cannot quite comprehend the meaning of it myself but if at all interested, P. J. Le Blanc will be pleased

to enlighten you.

Bob and Doc keep to themselves a great deal these days. Have they a common interest?

Kek and Sons (1938) have been declared a limited company. Deddy is a dark horse. He flirts with all but none in particular. "Bill," a "gentleman of fortune," has been more fortunate this term. He is only waiting until the Boyanup-road is repaired. (Even _____ used to complain about it, and that was some time ago.) P. J. LeBlanc tried to tell us that he only went to the bike hike out of courtesy. Well, what was his reason for going to Brunswisk? We sincerely hope that he did not have the dire misfortune to miss the train.

"Xmas B." a person who prefers to remain anonymous, owing to his inferiority complex shall we call it (?), seems to be very popular, what with normals, telephone calls and 'elens. Prich was a long time striking form but we are pleased to announce that he has met with decided success.

The dignity of the fifth years was decidedly hurt when they were forced to sit in the front forms. The boys must have been in a draught as a serious fit of coughing and nose blowing ensued.

Boomer was forced to use "domestic duties" on his case. He used steel wire.

The last thing I will draw your attention to are the numerous dances and socials that we have had this term. The person in charge should "take a tie-pin."

Stop Press.—I hear the Brun has been re-admitted to the B.C.

N.B.—These notes are not an attempt at wit but are the observations of a casual observer.

TRY—

SHERRY'S

For Your Next Grocery Order.

I.D.

It is with much sorrow mingled with joy that we write these notes. For next year we will no longer reside in our worthy class room, as this position will probably be filled by fresh clamouring first-years. But we are looking forward to our second year, as we hope to obtain more invitations to dances, and to be released from the "mothering eyes" of the prefects.

And now, having expressed ourselves on the general state of affairs, we shall proceed to give you the form's news.

Several of our more enterprising members have founded a "Do you know" club, gathering the following remnants from I.D. gossip.

(1) Why does a certain master object to a well-known member of the insect order of Orthoptera? In plain English a grasshopper.

(2) We are also very curious to know if a certain fair-haired maiden can refrain from the worst of feminine ailments—talking!

(3) Continued repeated giggling from a certain corner of our room is leading us to believe in that quaint rhyme:—

"Most jokes were old and mellow
When we were seventeen,
But when we are old and mellow
They will still be evergreen."

As we have but few enterprising students we have not received any more questions from the "Do You Know" Club.

In concluding our notes we wish to congratulate the senior and junior boy champions, J. Prichard and T. Joel; also the senior and junior girl champions, P. Baird, J. Trotter and our own form-mate, A. Rowston, on their success on sports day.

But we could not leave these pages without wishing the newly appointed prefects success, hoping they will be as popular as the old ones, and regretting that they will not be superintending us as first years next year.

I.D.

I.C.

Hullo, I.C. calling from B.H.S.—
During the double-gee season "Tubby" walked in with those bull like steps of his. Seating himself heavily he began work. It was not till fully ten minutes after that he, suddenly with a yell, discovered his pants studded with double-gees.

In walked a handsome young G.G. (not a horse). He tormented the pet fox

till Dave came and put him in his stable.

The baby of the family is Hough, who not only thinks he's the only one of his kind not in captivity, but has to look round to see if the teacher is referring to him.

Hoppy has kept up his "hard luck" reputation by recently falling from a tree and injuring his cranium.

Poddy and Donald Duck strive to keep their so-called motto "Silence is Golden" but in vain, for no sooner is it up than Doc rubs it down.

Among our farmyard friends we have:—Lizard, Hoppy, Jersey Bull, Sparrow, Donald Duck, G.G., Hos-skins, a dog (Kerr).

Owing to the frosty breeze we don't feel so hot in the English period.

We would like to ask some questions.

Have you ever seen a G.G. that is not a horse?

Did you know Dave was a girl?

Is Donald a duck without any pluck?

Is Kerr a dog?

We extend our congratulations to John Prichard, senior champion, Theo Joel, junior champion, and the runners-up, Charlie Sykes and Norm Gillon.

I.C. wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

"THE I.C. DARLINGS."

P.S.—We still maintain our noted silence.

I.I.E.

I.I.E. calling the world from headquarters on the second floor. We were a nice "litle" class owing to the retirement of several members during the year, when the "class" I.I.S. intruded on our domains. The time at present is 8.50 o'clock. We are expecting the teacher any minute to give us our first lesson for the morning, but I will try and give you a resume of our doings. "Gibbie" is trying to get shorthand homework finished and as you may have noticed his good looks have not been improved since the quarrel with the cricket ball which, in our opinion, must have come off best. He must have decided to take a few days holiday to compensate for the injury done as this is his first day here for a week or more. Gibson the "Twit" and his "life" friend, Max, the "never-do-well," as far as shorthand is concerned, have just strolled in, Gibson walking as though a bone is missing in his leg. This walk often amuses the class. "Buzalong," who is not looking his best has been running in the "straight" for some time for he has always just managed to get his homework done the night before. James, alias

Jerry, who is our board cleaner, is preparing same, but has in mind to retire and leave the job to someone else, whilst "Bandy" Bocaut is wistfully gazing out the door in the hope the teacher may be coming so that he may be able to sit in peace for a while and collect a little more knowledge and perhaps brood over the "one" who left him not long ago. "Blossom" has not yet arrived, and she has been rather lost without "Gibbie" to show her how to get her arithmetic right.

Joan, owing to the recent heat wave has been driven, with the rest of us, to the ocean wave. Peggy between "ums" and "ahs" is trying to count us to check up on the diary. Her younger sister is engrossed in talking and Elsa still remains the mystery of the class as she seems to always have the homework done while we are attempting to do same between periods owing to having gone to the "flics" the night before.

That concludes a brief resume of the "Immortal Class."

"Sh-h," here comes the commercial teacher.

"!?!;?!;," commercial subjects.

I.I.G.

Howdy Everybody,—

First of all we wish to congratulate all sports champions especially Jean Trotter and Betty Holloway, who are members of I.I.G.

We are now going to tell you about I.I.G.'s adventures in Hollywood.

When we arrived at the city of Los Angeles, we were welcomed by a brass band playing "They are Tough, Mighty Tough, Out the West." Then we were ushered into waiting Rolls Royces and Fords and conveyed to the Hotel Splendiferous. Our champion, Gummy, desirous of keeping in training "Trotted" behind. As we were looking out and cheering her on what did we see but the abnoxious I.I.B, also in Rolls Royces decorated with double-gees, wild oats and a Kingia (blackboy), bringing up the rear. The I.I.B Rolls-Royce had caught us up and our champ. was wedged in between the two cars. (Mathematician Dempster was calculating our champion's rate of feet traversed per hour.) She was getting panicky as the radiator of the I.I.B Rolls-Royce got nearer and nearer. Polony, who was sitting next to the driver, wrenched the brake back in time or our poor champ. would have been nowhere. The Rolls-Royce pulled up with a jerk and double-gees, oats and kingia shot off on to the road. We stopped the driver of our last Ford and pull-

ed Gummy into it. By this time we had caused a traffic jam and some impatient motorists were loudly protesting, by making a din with their horns. We hurriedly started again and arrived at the Hotel Splendiferous.

Next morning we went in our Rolls-Royces to a reception, where all the famous film stars were present. On being introduced the reactions were various. At this moment the morning was spoilt by the arrival of I.I.B. Anyway our Bonnie basket ball centre lost no time in mobbing song-bird Nelson Eddy with her latest attack method. Nelson Eddy looked squashed and accomplished a weak smile. Witty was trying to look coy and spoiled the effect by winking at Erroll Flynn. Our Tasmanian element bagged Deanna Durbin, who cast a beseeching look at Bing Crosby, who started crooning and Deanna made her escape. Lady Patricia was trying to imitate Sonja Henie's airy grace. Being near lunch time P and G departed.

In the afternoon we visited the studios. We saw Polony in ecstatic contemplation of a love scene between Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. Rufus had gone off to visit Walt Disney.

After many exciting adventures we had to return home by the night plane (we are wondering whether some of the stars were glad to see the last of us.— We remain, divinely thrilled,

I.I.G.

I.V.K.

Once again we send in our contribution to the Kingia and it leaves us practically in the same position as our last form notes left us. Acting upon the advice of one of our masters and contrary to the orders of all the rest, we have had a fairly easy time this year. Living as we are among the perpetual gloom of the third and fifth years, it is a wonder that we have been able to keep up our spirits. The worn and haggard apparitions coming out of the library remind us of what next year has in store for us, so we have been making the best of life while we can. Incidentally we wish all Junior and Leaving students the best of luck.

We offer our congratulations and sympathy to those members of our class who have been elected prefects. We wish them a pleasant term of office, and hope they suffer no after affects from "ore's teas." We also congratulate J. Prichard, senior athletics champion, T. Joel, junior champion, Miss P. Baird, senior girls champion, and Jean Trotter and Audrey Rouston who tied for girls junior champion. To make up for the

deficiency of work being done by it, the female element of the class (excepting "Moytle") has turned its attention to gossip consisting mainly of scandal, true and otherwise. "Bot" and "Struck" are the chief originators of this "false, malicious and seditious libel" which is for the most part, aimed against the stainless characters of the boys.

Most of the boys have been behaving themselves more or less, but there are some exceptions, Dawson being the "major" one. It is said that White is very peeved with a certain third-year spark, but he has not quite given up hope yet. Good-luck Horace. We heard a very "rich" story about a bathroom the other day and we wonder if it is true or not. Pearson's store of wisecracks has not run out yet, while Brook's turn for mathematics has become greater if anything. We wonder if it has not turned too far. While we are about it we may mention that we have the "fat boy No. 1" of the school in our class. He and Pearson are always whispering funny jokes. We have learnt some of the finer points in the art of self-defence by watching the physical and verbal fights between two of the girls.

Besides these few exceptions the rest of the boys are behaving themselves admirably.

I.I.B.

"Hv-ar eyewash!"

"Garn yer screwy! Go pull!"

This is my beloved I.I.B carrying on. Such language! And the floor! You should just see it. We are up to our necks in paper. I think I.I.B should be given an apology, because we do not make the mess. It is usually the girls from the other sections who do it all. We have, of course, tried decorating our room but not like I.A (sops); we have to resort to dandelions, double-gees and jack-jacks. Owing to the scandal highlights being disallowed, our form notes are the tamest ever handed in.

Although we've had bad luck, we still hear Chidz wisecracking while "Moggy" and "Burg" try to look innocent (try to imagine it) after laughing at "Little Audrey" or "Mae."

Nothing memorable has happened this term except we have had a social. Of course, we live in hopes of going to the next dance.

Last but not least, we wish the Leaving and Junior candidates the best of

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luck and also congratulate John Prichard, Theo Joel, Patsy Baird, Jean Trotter and Audrey Rowston for being champions all on the last Sports Day.

So long.—Abyssinia Somoa,
I.I.B HOPEFULS.

I.A.

Since the last notes an almost miraculous change has come over I.A. This happened after it was mentioned to us, by one of the masters, that wonders could be wrought with a few flowers and an appreciation of cleanliness. Though the appearance of our room has improved other things are the same as they were when the last notes were written. Although students from such a praised class could not be inquisitive, there are certain questions which still puzzle us.

Why does George crouch?

When does Les shiver?

Is Kathline all birch?

Where can we buy birming ham?

When can you hear the peal of a camp-bell?

Every morning one of our masters pays us his compliments on our bouquets of flowers and our shiny desks.

Thus concluding, we extend a hearty welcome with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

(Signed) I.A (MUGS).

I.U.

Urrgh, Oooomph. We have just peeped into that noble domain, I.A. The terrifying noises which I have endeavoured to describe above are only a certain I.U boy's gorilla roises. He is always making them, but is really quite harmless, and the greater part of his—not to mention the teacher's—time is taken up with drawing aeroplanes.

We are really an angelic crowd in I.U and our main pranks—apart from chalk, and sarsparilla bean fights—are scattering double gees of course, and also, we have two unique privileges. These are: Placing a plug in a wash-basin and allowing water to trickle slowly into it. In the middle of the period there is a sudden "SWOOSH!!" as the plug is pulled out. The other is stacking lockers—a criminal offence. And in class a voice says: "Please sir, may I go to my locker?"

After a few preliminaries the request is granted. Silence—"CRASH!!" as the black cascade of schoolbooks, comes tumbling o'er his breast, the embarrassed victim creeps sheepishly to his seat.

In conclusion we should like to ask:—

Why and where did Johnny Wheel'er?

Which book did Mark Read?

Who did Lionel the Gangster rob?

Why did Owen go South?

Why did Stan pick-a-school where he couldn't learn?

Who did Ray Shield (s)?

Who kithed John 'th Mith?

Whose heart did Ted Pierce (Pearce)?

In French why did "Bongie" put Par ham, instead of Par Contre?

Whizz! "Look out we'd better scam before we get hit in the eye with a piece of chalk.

I.A SAINTS.

P.S.—Never ask us a question which needs "No" for an answer, because when we shake our heads, the halos fall off. Most annoying.

ARTISTS OF B.H.S.

To the unenlightened student the artist, except for doing a sketch in the autograph album, is entirely useless. They overlook, however, the honour and glory which is brought to the community by the prowess and successes of the artists present. The High School is almost entirely ignorant of the beauty and dignity of Art that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever" except perhaps for the autograph. It is with delight that enlightened "elite" learn that there are members of that rare species, namely the artist, in our midst. Of them, two hopefully sent studies to the Perth Royal Show and were gratified to learn that each was successful. Ruth Carroll was awarded first prize for her "Six studies of Australian wildflowers," second prize for her "group of three kinds of fruit," and "study of three wildflowers." Betty Dean received second prize for her entry of gladioli. These enterprising artists were also successful when competing at the Bunbury Show, where there was of course, a greater number of High School entrants. Among those to be congratulated on winning prizes were: Betty Dean, Ruth Carroll, Peggy Hastie, Neville Teede, Norma Stockdill and Nell Paterson. In the juniors Ruby Wells and John Exeter were prizewinners.

These are the triumphs of this year's entrants, no mention being made of the amount and quality of art produced in past years. These successes should encourage those previously mentioned and other artists to further attempts in future days. We wish them success.

SOME ARTISTS.

LIFE AT SCHOOL.

(From the Viewpoint of a Week-end Boarder.)

On Monday morning we arrive back from home, with a weary body and depressed spirit, gloomily awaiting the tolling of the bell which will bring us to another laborious week. We drag our wearied selves to the highest point of the famous Boulter's Heights, with many a compliment to the one who chose the site of the school; these compliments being derived from our Mondayitis. Nevertheless we eventually reach our destination, just in time to be late. Who should we observe on the balcony but our worthy English master—the terror of all late comers? Despite this fact we are able to escape with a reprimand on pleading a headache, the bus was late, a sore foot, a stomach ache in the big toe, or whatever suitable complaint reaches the tips of our tongues.

The first three periods pass with ever increasing slowness, but, on the last point of endurance, we are liberated for a whole quarter of an hour! Soon we hear the bell ringing us from the sunshine again to the unwelcome class room. Two periods are passed between fits of dozing. Home to dinner next and relaxation until a quarter to two.

The three periods of the afternoon are passed with reflections on the events of the week-end and the making of resolutions by which the next week-end will be passed in swot (Ahem! study.) Much rejoicing is experienced as the bell goes and the worst day of the week is passed. We hurry home and tear down to the beach for a couple of hours—unless encumbered by the duties of music. We return to partake of tea, rather I should say, in most boarding houses, an evening meal. Notwithstanding our weariness during the day, we wish to go to the flicks, but on the landlady's refusal we find ourselves too tired to study and make for bed, filled with anger and disgust.

Tuesday passes more brightly,—sport in the afternoon, from which fact we are unable to study on Tuesday night, being too busy relating our personal exploits of the afternoon. Wednesday passes quietly. On Thursday we further our plans for the forthcoming week-end. Friday, the longed-for day arrives at last, and our eager expectations are fulfilled.

And so our laborious twenty-five hour week is ended. I might add that a little work is done between times by some.

A SCHOOLBOY'S CONUNDRUM.

(Or, How to Make Ends Meet.)

Most people who are not well acquainted with High School life seem to consider that it is a delightful kind of life in which the participants spend a few hours of the days in the pursuit of knowledge and then the rest of the time is all their own.

However, the idea which is most rife amongst these unversed people is that High School students always have pots of money to spend. I suppose the idea originated way back in the middle ages when one had to be very rich before one could afford to go to school at all, but it is certainly not true in these modern days.

I find that trying to live and amuse myself on 2/6 a week is almost an impossibility. As soon as I get my allowance I have a milk-bar to celebrate its arrival and then hurry off to pay the slight debt which is generally left over from the preceding week. That is one part of my good money gone and another 1/2 is spent, that night at the pictures. This leaves me with very little with which to face the week. This naturally does not last very long and I soon find myself living, as it were, upon my wits. I find that I can generally get 2/- with my overcoat as security and another 1/6 on my bicycle. However, the thought of having to pay back these loans the next week deters me from borrowing too much. I find that judicious hints to elder brothers and other relations sometimes bring forth some of the desired metal, but relations are notorious for not being able to take gentle hints.

However I generally manage to leave a neat little debt at the end of each term which has to be settled in nefarious ways. One time it is some new books to be bought which I bring up as an excuse at home, while another time it is some special manual or laboratory fees which have to be paid. It is whenever I am in such a precarious financial position that my blood boils to hear people hint, that being a High School student I should have plenty of money.

THE TRIP TO PERTH.

Impressions gained by those who listen to the wondrous tales told by girls who went to Perth.

Journey to Perth.—Carriages crowded. Mild eats and drinks partaken of in

train and at every station. Few new romances but plenty of smoke (train of course).

State in which girls reached Perth.—Extremely heavy around the belt, no make-up left, and a few shillings poorer.

Sports.—Those who were not wounded managed to amble along for a few yards and win a few points. Hockey girls also managed to do a little with their weapons and won all the matches except one.

Meals.—Three breakfasts, one morning tea, two dinners, one afternoon tea, three teas, at least five suppers and four early morning snacks, and a drink of milk with the milkman. In between meals much rubbish in the way of fruit, lollies and drink (soft) were disposed of.

Amusements.—Two picture shows every day, one dance every second night and a stroll alone (?) by the river every other night.

Way of exit from boarding house.—Front gate.

Way of Entrance.—Over locked gates and high lattice fences, along muddy gravel paths, up puddly steps, stand in rain five minutes while accomplice opens window. See matron coming, dive through nearest door.

Hour of Departure.—Between six and eight

Hour of return.—Between eleven and dawn.

Bed Accommodation.—One bed to each girl. Bed usually short-sheeted and filled with obnoxious obstacles such as wire-brushes. Found room in other beds or night spent on floor.

Complaints.—(i) Doors locked too early. (ii) Weather too wet. (iii) No parking areas except doorsteps of irate householders' who objected to being disturbed at two in the morning.

Journey Back.—Everyone broke, less food consumed, more room. Definitely new romances and one particularly touching farewell.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"The while they pelt each other on the crown."
—Keats.

(At a certain picnic.)

"And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be;" —Keats.
(Bunbury after "Flying Fifty.")

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains my sense." —Keats.
(Trying to swot.)

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MY HOPES FOR AN IMMORTAL NAME.

As I am no gardener and cannot hope to gain immortality by that means, I have sought for others. It occurred to me that it is much easier to become known by one's bad deeds than good so I looked round for a vice that I might take up. How about eating? No. Like smoking and drinking it was too common. Anyway it was not ladylike. Why not a very bad temper? That seemed a good idea until my father threatened to withdraw me from school. Whatever could I do?

Someone of whom I begged suggestions kindly gave me a little help—to form an original sin club. The only drawback was that we soon became destitute of ideas for the new sin.

Firstly we tried going out at midnight climbing through window, bought supper and ate it. Then as we could think of nothing else to do, we went to bed. I suffered such intense agony of indigestion and overslept myself so badly that I decided never to repeat that escapade. There seemed such difficulty in thinking of something original to do that I concluded I was born naturally good—or else without imagination. Then I had a bright idea. No-one made a vice of work so this I tried, but was so howled down by my compatriots as a "swot," and suffered several dips in a bath of cold water, that I gave up that vice before it became too painful.

Original sin did not appear to be as successful as I had hoped, so this time I tried the opposite, to be angelic. When I arrived home from school I washed up the afternoon tea dishes. Mother started, but said nothing. I then cleaned my bike with unabated energy. My sister asked if she might borrow it; I acquiesced. Presently she returned. "I say," she gasped, "surely that shiny blue bike is not yours!" That was just too awful. Now I have decided to be neither good nor bad. When bad I am made to suffer, and when good my virtuous intentions are either misunderstood or pass unnoticed. However do people become famous?

Some write books, others explore or break speed records. I have very little hope of attaining these levels, but it does seem necessary to become famous to acquire an immortal name.

Anyway what use is an immortal name? None whatever before death!

RIAL.

METHODS OF PASSING TIME.

I know that this article is rather futile because most students of the Bunbury High School are so wrapt up in their school work that they have no spare time. However, there may be some black sheep in the fold who, like me, object to doing more work than they can possibly help, and to these people this article may be of some interest.

I suppose that to begin at the beginning I should commence in the morning, but what sane person has any time to spare in the morning. Personally I find that I have a hard struggle to have some breakfast and still get to school in time for the bell although I get up at the unearthly hour of quarter past eight.

During school hours of course one does not have much spare time, but it will be found that during an unsupervised free period a chalk fight or a game of indoor cricket with a ruler and some chalk or even a bug-race will help to pass the time less tendiously.

After dinner I find that a short nap lasting till school-time (sometimes longer) helps the digestion very much indeed. Some people might infer from this that I am lazy but I lok at it from the point of view of health, and how can one be healthy if one does not digest one's dinner properly.

When I get home from school in the afternoon, I like to have afternoon tea served straight away but the landlady does not seem to agree with me in this. If I am in a financial position, I find that a milk-bar goes down very well at this time. If I am not financial I find that I can generally get a 2/- mortgage on my bike plus the best part of my school books.

The period between four o'clock and tea-time is essentially a period of rest and I find that this is most easily achieved by lying on the beach or on my bed with an interesting book (nothing heavy).

After tea I retire to my room nominally to swot, but I generally find that there are many things to divert my attention. Generally I get into a heated discussion with my room-mate just as I am about to start work, and as these discussions generally last about half an hour and then finish up with a fight, swot is, for the time, thrust on one side. Another thing which annoys me greatly is the landlady's dog which comes and barks outside my door. I generally end up by chasing the brute out of the back, and as the landlady objects to this rough

treatment, more time is wasted arguing with her.

To my mind nights are best spent out of doors altogether, on the beach if the weather is warm or at the pictures if it is cool. Then all that is needed is an elder brother to pay for the entertainment, and one gets very near to the perfect night.

THE UN-FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Scene I.

Scene: A cave in a wood. In it sits a witch over a small fire. A cat sits close by.

Witch (to cat): Well, well, pussy, I'm afraid the days of witches are over. I threatened to turn Princess Primrose into a frog for stepping on my fairy toadstools, and she laughed in my face! Who ever heard the like? But I'll make one more effort! Let me see . . . (ponders) I could turn the palace into an ant-bed, but I'm afraid I've forgotten the magic verse. H'm, I could make Princess Rosebud's nose grow but you can't get magic apples now for love or money. Let — me — see! (Starts up.) A-ah! I know, Ill' turn the castle moat into glue! That's it. Brainy—that's me!

(Exit.)

Scene II.

The castle at night.

Enter witch. She taps the moat with her wand and mutters:—

Giaza, gioza, gia-gio

Into glue the waters go

Giaza, gioza, gia-giu

Let water turn into glue, glue, glue!

(Disappears.)

Scene III.

The castle by moonlight. A small boat lies near the bank.

(Enter Prince Fiadle and Princess Marita.)

Prince: Enter my boat, O beauteous lady, and around the castle walls we'll skim. I will row. Jenkins! (Enter servant.) Hand me yonder oars, O saucy varlet. (He takes them and hands Princess into boat, then enters himself. Servant goes off.)

Princess: How too, too romantic.

(Prince pushes off from bank.)

Prince: Yea, fair lady. A boat on a moonlit lake. A lady with eyes like pools of starlight, and hair like softest strands of moonlight . . .

Princess: O, la! Fiadle, how you do romance!

(Prince digs his oars into lake.)

Princess: What is the matter, Prince? You are not used to rowing?

Prince (tugging at oar which will not move: I assure you — dear lady — I am — excellent with — the oars. But there's — something wrong — I think. (He tugs frantically. Boat lurches.)

Princess: Oh! Oh! I beg of you, Prince, be careful, oh! (In a scream as boat lurches dangerously.)

Prince: I really can't move it! Jenkins! (Servant enters.) Come here and get this boat along. (Servant rolls up trousers and puts one foot into lake.)

Jenkins: Oh! Oh! I'm stuck. (Hops about frantically, one foot on bank.)

Prince: Alas, it's a spell! A spell!

Princess (jumping up): Help, help! Fire! Murder! (She overbalances, falls in, and sticks on top like a fly on treacle.)

Prince (in wailing tones): Alas, alas. Help, help! (Servants come running—

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cook first, then butler, then others.)

Cook: What is it? Where is it? Call out the life boat and the fire brigade. (All servants run off except cook.)

Prince (yelling after them): Come here and help us! Dolts! Fools!

Princess: Alas! I am sinking in this strange water.

Cook (wringing her hands): Oh! What shall we do. (Sees Jenkins.) Ah, I have it. (Runs to castle, and returns with kettle of boiling water. Pours into lake. Immediately glue dissolves, and Prince is able to row to Princess, pull her into boat and row to bank.)

Prince: O, most noble cook! You have saved our lives! Ask anything you desire and it shall be granted.

Cook: Oh, Sir! (Falls on her knees.) I ask only a little house of my own, and a maid and myself to cook for. And O, just enough money to live on.

Prince: It shall be done.

Princess: Oh, you were so noble, my Prince!

Prince (eagerly): Do you think so? Will you marry me?

Princess: Yes.

Both (to cook): And you shall be a bridesmaid.

Cook: Oh, your Royal Highnesses!
The End.

SYSTEMS.

Lately, there has been much talk of System. Systems for backing winners, systems for cards, water cisterns, I beg pardon, systems, and the like have all been much discussed. But the New System that has been introduced, is in the game of cricket. Now, in any class of cricket there are always systems; of attack, of defence, of rungetting, and of course, of getting the opponents out. But the new innovation, introduced into Faction cricket, by an eminent authority on the game, a First Eleven player, and what not, is something of a mystery. Nobody, excepting, of course, its inventor, has yet seen it work. It has been kept very dark indeed, its inventor no doubt meaning to produce it at the crucial moment, and snatch the pennant from the next best faction, there-by proving his ability as an inventor, a player and an artificer.

From liberal use of propaganda pinned to a notice board, it seems possible to infer that this crafty inventor intended to use his system on the weakest of factions, just to prove its worth, and to perfect its finer details. What an excellent

chance, he thought, to gain immortality in the realms of sport. And such a system as this can never come to such an end as the bodyline system did. So to the showgrounds he did hie one Tuesday, full of confidence in his system, in himself, and in his team. There could be no possible flaw in his reasoning, and there were no dark clouds on his horizon. What chance did he have to foresee impending danger, in the midst of such bright thoughts.

The scene is set at the showgrounds. The time, three p.m., or thereabouts. The day, warm but cloudy. The players, majority keen and eager. The weakest team bats. Runs come slowly, wickets fall fast. The system in its embryo stage seems infallible. But what is this? There enters two villains. One, a one-eyed supporter: with a loud voice, on a green ruin, wrongfully misnamed at some date, a bike. The other, a fourteen stone cripple, lately declared medically unfit by reason of a broken thumb, by a doctor, suffering it seems under a misapprehension, as further events prove. What two more harmless creatures could possibly have entered this sports ground at such a time?

It is perceived that the weakest team lacks one player. The fourteen stone dignitary offers himself. Does anyone object? No, only the disillusioned doctor, and after all what does he know?

As a wicket has lately fallen this X.O.S. in cripples decides to get it over. He dons a pad, selects a good blade, and prepares to receive the first ball. The bowler, none other than the Systematic inventor smirks, and calculates the number of balls necessary to dislodge this new arrival. Why, he is a cripple. He is also noted for nibbling at well-disguised long hops, and full tossers, and above all, the system cannot fail. He bowls the first ball. Not disguised enough. Nearly a good length ball, but it is lustily smitten to the boundary. He tries some more, with a variety in every ball, but it appears that this prodigy cares nothing for system, or rules either, and proceeds forthwith to break everything he can. Bats, records, and hearts.

As time passes, the noble inventor takes on a grimmer look. Surely this wonderful system cannot be failing? Yet try as he may, he cannot make it work. He tries all methods he knows, fair, foul or otherwise, but it appears impossible. There is one bright spot. By devious means, the inventor without recourse to his system, has the devastator's partner caught. A truly magnificent effort. But the devastator remains. Broken thumb

and all, he proceeds to lift good, bad or indifferent balls, over heads, boundaries and fences. Soon the coveted century is reached, and though the fourteen stone is reduced to a mere thirteen by this time, the system breaker is good for many more runs.

Returning to the inventor. He is, by this time, nearly bald. Wrath and worry have been the cause of this. As solace to his wounded pride, he has had recourse to tearing his hair, and to scratching his head. He makes many desperate efforts, all of no avail, and after invoking many unknown deities he is further mortified to find that the champion is to retire undefeated. His system has failed, and he is doomed to remain a non-entity for the rest of his life. This together with many more morbid thoughts, probably caused his ultimate downfall, when opposed to this wrecker of systems. Perhaps he was busy working out a new system and was taken unawares.

It is needless to add, after this, that the weakest team proved itself superior to even a carefully thought out system, thereby proving itself to be not so weak. This is perhaps the cause of the suppression of the actual features of this wonderful system. If they were revealed to the work, and placed in capable hands, they might not provide such an orgy of run getting, as they did.

There is a moral to be deduced from this interesting chronicle. Systems, even the most perfect, are like cars, woman or children. They cannot control themselves. When placed in incapable hands they are apt to go astray, especially in a cricket match. Moral, to play safe, and conform to convention is better in the end for everyone.

—By an Unsystematic Writer.

EXAMS.

Clean sheets of paper,
Bottle of ink,
Biting of pen,
Trying to think,
History first. Now! Let me see,
William the Conqueror, ten sixty three.
Doesn't look right, somehow,
What can it be?

Geography next.
Thing I can't do,
Gold in Shanghai
Doesn't sound true.
Where is this place? (Name I can't
say.)
Where in the world is Foochacha Bay?
Dash it, my brain won't
Function today.

Algebra now,
(Pain and despair)
Gnashing of teeth,
Tearing of hair.
ABCD add LMOP
What's the result? 'Tis beyond me, I see.
Divide it by Z (Great Scott!)
What will it be?

Now for the marks
(Hope I'm at top).
Get out of my road,
I don't want to stop.
Eighty per cent.—that can't be me,
Oh! here we are. WHAT? 23!!!
So I'll crawl away home to my
M u u u u m y ! ! !

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XMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

JUST AT THE MOMENT, THE MATTER THAT
INTERESTS MOST PEOPLE IS NOT WHAT THE
FUTURE HAS IN STORE, BUT WHAT THE
PRESENT IS GOING TO BE.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

The golden morn of a summer's day
Lies over the woods while the shadows
play

Under the waving leaves.
The breeze creeps up from the hollow
And the dancing butterflies follow
To kiss the crimson poppies aglow
And sway on the red rose leaves.

The sun sheds wide his treasure of gold
And the sky lights up with his wealth
untold;

The clouds are as white as snow.
Open the window, Lady Fair,
Let the light shine in your golden hair.
Come into the garden with glorious
step,
As sweet as the flowers that grow.

A SONG.

Golden is the morning upon Australian
hills
Where murmur in the shadows a thous-
and hidden rills,
Where birdsong fills the branches with
golden melody
And from the dim horizon white clouds
are blowing free.
Here life is gently pulsing through all
the dreaming land,
And springtime in the wodland takes
summer by the hand.
'Tis cool beneath the shadows of the
swaying sheoak tree
With fallen leaves a carpet and vines a
tapestry
Where spring's last flowers are bloom-
ing and summer's buds unfold.
To scatter through the forest their
golden hoard untold.
And softly harr the breezes in the
branches overhead
And brush from all the flowers the dew
that night has shed.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

The ocean wrinkles and rolls in fun
And twinkles and sparkles in soft sum-
mer sun
And gurgles and slides and slips up the
shore
To slink and slither aback once more.
Its waters are green and cool and deep;
Now it rolls and stirs as if in sleep.
But have you heard the ocean roar
As if in rage or pain
As, beaten on some rugged shore,
It writhes and froths in vain.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES.

Since the last notes were written, the main interest has been the Interstate Secondary Schools Sports' Carnival in Perth. B.H.S. did well to come second to P.M.S. and top of the country high schools, the final points being:—P.M.S., 83½; B.H.S., 67½; N.H.S., 33½; E.G.H.S., 21½. The hockey team defeated N.H.S. 3-1 and E.G.H.S. 3-2, but had to lower their colours to P.M.S., 2-4.

Sports' Day was held on October 5th, and in spite of rather unpleasant weather the competition was keen, and three records were broken and one equalled. Congratulations are due to P. Baird on being champion athlete and to J. Trotter and A. Rowston who tied as junior champions.

The hockey final was won by Kingia after a close match against Gold. In baseball Gold had their revenge and won the challenge match against the minor premiers, Kingia, while in basket ball Blue were the winners without losing a match during the season.

The final faction points are:—Kingia, 345½; Blue, 240½; Red, 228; Gold, 208.

GIRLS STAMP CLUB.

During the year the Girls' Stamp Club has been very active. Regular meeting have been held at which discussions and competitions were held, the former especially being greatly beneficial to the junior members of the club. This year the club is comparatively small, but those who belong to it are exceptionally keen and have spent many pleasant afternoons together.

One enjoyable afternoon was passed with Archdeacon Adams, inspecting his various collections. Recently quite a successful exhibition was held in conjunction with the Camera Club, and was greatly appreciated by other interested students.

The members of the club wish to express their sincere appreciation of the close co-operation of Mr. Davies-Moore, president of the club.

"THE FREIGHTER."

Being a continued account of the wanderings of the school ship, the "s.s. Beatus."

In the last issue of the "Kingia" we were in Cardiff undergoing our third survey. That was in October, 1937—more than a year ago. Since then we

have made two voyages, visited many strange places, and carried a variety of cargoes; coal and phosphate, salt and sugar. I have often wondered why the coal doesn't make the phosphate black, and why the salt doesn't taint the sugar. There must be a lot of work for someone cleaning out the holds after every cargo.

On the 15th November, 1937, we sailed from Cardiff with 4,000 tons of Welsh coal for Papeete, Tahiti, and Makatea in the Society Group, Mid Pacific, 18 deg. south, 149 deg. west, 2,000 tons for each place.

And now the *Beatus* is heading south-west on the long run of 4,400 miles to Colon on the Caribbean end of the Panama Canal. Colon is reached on December 8 and after a passage through the canal occupying about nine hours we are at Balboa on the Pacific side. Heavy rain was experienced during the passage through the canal, but this is just as it should be according to the canal authorities because they rely on the rain to replace the evaporation in the Gatun Lake.

The long run of 4,000 miles to Tahiti now commences. The course is west-sou'-west, with the Galapagos Island the nearest land nearly 900 miles away, this island lies well to the south of the course.

Xmas day finds us still at sea about 600 miles from Tahiti, and it is not until the 28th December that we arrive.

Tahiti, which was originally called Otaheite, is a delightful spot, thick with luxuriant tropical verdure, and possessing a magnificent land locked harbour, the entrance to which is a mariner's nightmare. Papeete pass as it is named, is only 550 yards wide with coral reefs on either side, and a treacherous current racing through. The "*Beatus*" is put

full speed ahead, while the excitable French pilot shows unmistakable signs of uneasiness until we are through.

Most of the South Sea Islands have their own particular charm, which mariners and authors have extolled ever since they were discovered, but Tahiti is recognised as the gem of them all. Of the Society Group, Capt. Ellery writes:—

"Tahiti, it is generally agreed even by the French, was discovered by Capt. Wallis in 1767, in the 'H.M.S. Dolphin,' he hoisted the British flag and named the island George III after the King. He discovered domestic cats, dogs, fowls and pigs which were doubtless imported by the Polynesians themselves.

"In 1768 the French explorer, Bongainville, reached Tahiti and thinking he was first, took possession and named the island Nouvelle Cythere.

"In 1769 Lieut. Cook was sent out by the British Royal Society, to Tahiti, to observe the transit of Venus.

"A tablet marks the spot from which Cook took his observations, and the point has now a lighthouse on it and is called Venus point.

Cook then discovered the islands of Huahine, Tahea, Raiatea, Borabora, Maupiti, and several others, and named the whole group 'Society Islands,' presumably after the Royal Society."

But now we have discharged our coal, and much as we would like to linger in the lotus land where it is always afternoon, we must on to Makatea, to discharge their 2,000 tons, and pick up the phosphate for Sweden.

Arrived at Makatea, we find that changing cargoes isn't easy.

Here ships moor with their own anchor cable to a huge buoy. The island is open to the west and it is from this

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quarter that the prevailing wind blows at this time of the year; there is consequently a pretty fair strain on the cable, and to prevent it parting a slip shackle is used, which can be let go in a hurry, steam is kept up so that we can steam out to sea and safety if we have to slip the cable. This happened often, we were here for seventeen days and only five of them were spent hanging on the buoy, the other twelve we were standing off the island waiting for the wind to ease up.

At last we have 7,800 tons of phosphate in the holds and the hatch covers on, and on 15th January we sailed for Balboa, back again over the 4,000 miles of empty ocean. This proved to be a long tedious passage buffeted by head winds and held back by adverse currents. The old lady churned on day after day until Balboa showed up on 10th February. Once again through the canal to take bunkers at Colon, and then off again to face the long run of 4,500 miles to Limhamn in Sweden. This port is near Malmo at the southern end of the Kattegat opposite Copenhagen.

Our coal supply is running low and we have to put in to Flushing, Holland, for bunkers, and then on again to Limhamn.

The voyage is now almost over. With the phosphate discharged, we sail from Sweden, running up through the Kattegat, round the Skaw, and down the Skagerrak, South-West across the old North Sea to London. Here the shipping lanes are full of traffic, and what a medley of traffic it is, from the stately ocean liners down to the—

“Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack
Butting through the Channel in the mad
March days.”

London—the crew receive their pay and go ashore after a voyage lasting four and a half months, during which the staunch old vessel has ploughed through approximately 18,000 miles of ocean.

Lying up in London is not a dividend producing procedure however, freighters must carry cargoes, there is no rest for the men who go down to the sea in ships, and so the respite is brief. We receive orders to go to sea again. This time we are to follow more frequented waters.

On 1st April, 1938, we sailed from Barry Dock bound for Assab in Eritrea at the southern end of the Red Sea. The voyage down the channel, past Ushant, and Finisterre, through the straits of

Gibraltar and into the Mediterranean is uneventful.

Passing Spain one of Franco's planes flew over us giving us the “once over,” and after taking a good look at us flew off apparently satisfied.

Port Said is reached on 16th April, and here we were delayed for a couple of days owing to a bad sandstorm. Eventually we pass through the canal and on down the Red Sea to Assab which is reached on 23rd April. What a contrast to the South Seas. Sand and heat, dust storms and flies. It makes one wonder why the Italians spent so much money and energy invading Abyssinia, when they would have been far more comfortable at home. If I owned the country, I would have been glad to have given it to them and wish them joy.

But we are here for salt, and it is interesting to see how it is recovered. The process is simple in the extreme; sea water is allowed to flow into large boxes, and the sun does the rest by evaporating the H₂O, and leaving the N.A.C.L. Nature really provides the “works” on account of the extreme salinity of the water and excessive heat of the sun. When the water has evaporated and only the salt remains the boxes are emptied and the product stacked in the open awaiting shipment. There is only one enemy to the works and that is rain, which of course would dissolve the salt again, and things would be as they were, but as rain is as scarce as ice in Hades this problem doesn't worry them greatly. The work is done by native labour which is plentiful and consequently cheap. They do not work very hard but on the principle that “many hands make light work.” The salt is brought out to the ship in large tubs, and twelve men empty these tubs by means of shovels very rapidly to the accompaniment of a chant which seems to lighten the labour and keep the shovels swinging in time; so that the work is turned into a game which the simple minded native evidently enjoys.

By this simple but effective means 7,900 tons of salt is transferred to the ship and on 3rd May we sailed for Japan. The course is due east until we bring Socotra abeam, and leaving this island to port, the course is changed to east-sou'-east for the next 1,800 miles until we round Ceylon. For the next 1,500 miles the course is a point north of East which brings us between Nicobar Island, and Kota Raja the northern most point of Sumatra. Now south-east down through the strait of Malacca, round Singapore, and then north-east for

1,400 miles through the China Sea until the Island of Formosa is abeam.

We keep east of Formosa to escape bad conditions between the island and the mainland, and then on approximately north-east, up past the Ryukyu islands to Kyushu the southernmost of the Japanese Islands which consist of Kyushu, Honshu, or Nippon, and Hokkaido.

Our port of discharge is Moji, where we arrived on June 3rd just thirty-one days out from Assab.

The currents are very strong here running at seven knots at spring tides. We had therefore to lay with both anchors down, and were not very comfortable owing to the ship swinging round the same way, instead of reversing. This meant that the anchor cables twisted round each other, these twists having to be taken out before we could raise the anchors.

We have discharged our salt which is to be used for the manufacture of glass and munitions, and on the 5th June sailed for Wakamatsu a distance of eleven miles, arriving the same day and sailing again on 9th June for Miike, roughly 200 miles away, for coal. Arrived at Miike on 10th June, and after taking in coal and water, lay in this port awaiting orders.

On the 13th June we received instructions to sail for Nauru which suited us very well indeed as there was now a chance that our port of discharge might be Bunbury. We sailed on the 13th on a south-easterly course with 2,600 miles ahead of us, leaving the Bonin Islands away to the north, and later the Ladrone Islands to the south and so approached Nauru from the north-west, instead of from the south as on our previous voyage.

We made fast to the buoy at Nauru at 7 a.m. on the 28th June and the loading gang came aboard straight away

and moved us under the cantilever. In ten hours 3,100 tons of phosphate had been poured into the holds, and we were away again the same day. A course was laid for Auckland, but four days out from Nauru, we received radio instructions to proceed to New Plymouth, and Wanganui, which we reached after an uneventful voyage on July 11th. From now on the remainder of the voyage back to England is practically a repetition of the 1937 voyage (see August issue of the Kingia). Loading a cargo of sugar at Bowen (20th south parallel) for the United Kingdom. We picked up 2,000 tons here, and then sailed for Lucinda Point on the 4th August. This place is a small village at the southern entrance to the Hinchinbrook passage. On our way up we called into Townsville to pick up a pilot, having the distinction of being the first overseas vessel to visit the point. Arrived on 5th August and sailed again on the 10th southward bound to drop our pilot, and complete loading, arriving at Townsville on the 11th August and finally sailing for the United Kingdom on August 16th via Batavia, Colombo and the Suez Canal.

On a voyage such as this, covering half the surface of the world, with the courses set all round the compass, and making allowances for wind and currents, it is difficult to estimate the actual miles covered; the "distance made good" however (to use a navigation term) is roughly 29,000 miles, covered from 1st April 1938 to the middle of October, 1938.

Capt. Ellery tells us that he is "about as stationary as a seagull." We believe him, but throughout all his voyages, in spite of fogs in the channel, tide rips at Papeete, twisted anchor cables at Moji, and the non-arrival at our own home port, we thank him for his extremely interesting letters and wish him "Bon Voyage" whatever point of his compass the lubber mark indicates.