



CONTENTS



Editorial	3
The Prefects' Notes	3
School Notes	4
Sports Notes	4, 6
Photo of Girls' Hockey XI.	5
Faction Notes	7, 9, 10
School Football XVIII.	8
Form Notes	11 to 17
Applied Quotations	17
The Beauties	18
Biology Notes	19
Out of the Dim, Dark Past	19
Star Rise	20
The Dead Tree	20
Restlessness	20
A Sample	20
The Perfect Day	21
Random Reflections	22
A School-day in Spring	22
A Model Synopsis	23
Exams.	24
In Search of Beauty	24
Drama Behind the Scenes	24
Tragedy	25
Interlude in Composition	26
It's a Fact	27
Riddle-me-ree	28
Rendez-vous	28



PREFECTS

Back: Misses Struck, Stockdell and Piggott.

Middle: A. Dawson, R. Filsell, C. Valli,

R. Jennings, W. G. Walker.

Sitting: Misses Knight, Ryall, Mr. A. J. Irvine, Misses Schinzig and Chapman.

(Photo by Restella Studio).



THE KINGIA

Vol. XVIII. No. 2. BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1939. Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL

Yes, here we are again, we poor, long-suffering Editors, with a Kingia to produce once more. We forgive the Junior and Leaving Certificates for not writing much, as we know how very hard they swot. They have no time to write anything except exam. papers. We hope you all have very pleasant surprises when the results come out, as a reward for your labour.

We thank most heartily the people who sent such a rush of articles at the last minute; it must have been the persuasion of the 7/6 prize. Good luck to the winner!

THE EDITORS.

THE PREFECTS' NOTES.

It might have been expected, that, this term the prefects would have neglected their duties, owing to the proximity of the Leaving Certificate. However, this was not so, for during this term the prefects have held meetings with the teachers, and have discussed many things, concerning the school socials and have received interesting suggestions from them. Owing to the fact that the Sports Dance was not a very great success, either socially, or financially, the prefects have decided to hold two socials for the end of this term; one for the lower school, and one for the upper school. The latter function will, most likely, include bridge and table tennis in the evening's entertain-

ment. Besides, as this is the last social, which we will attend as students, we are doing our utmost to make it a success, and we would like as many students as possible to attend.

We all regret to hear that Mr. Irvine was not appointed Headmaster at Perth Modern School, but we are sure that the students are inwardly pleased, that they are not losing such an excellent headmaster. We also hear that Miss Stevens is leaving us at the end of this year, and we know that it will be hard to find a teacher to fill the position of first Mistress, as well as she has done during the period that we have known her.

While speaking of Miss Stephens leaving the school, we must not forget that this is our last year, and our last time of greeting you through the "Kingia." Nevertheless, we are sure that no matter what walk of life we adopt in the future, we will have happy memories of our life at Bunbury High School. We also hope that we have carried out our duties as prefects, successfully this year, and we wish to congratulate the prefects elected to carry on those duties.

As we walk out of the school grounds for the last time, and glance back over our shoulders, it will be with a feeling of regret that our High School life has ended. Now, before leaving, we want to say goodbye and good luck to all who follow us on in the years to come.

—THE PREFECTS.

SCHOOL NOTES

Many exciting things have happened since our last Kingia, among the most exciting being, of course, Sports Day, which was a complete success, partially, of course, through "Bubs" giving the results, with wisecracks in between, of the races through the microphone. Congratulations, all you school champs!

It seems the authorities are determined to keep us an A1 school physically, as a drill master and mistress drilled us mercilessly, in the hope, I suppose, that one day we shall be interstate champs.

The new Prefects have mastered their duties, and are keeping those little First Years in their place (I have my doubts).

There was some talk of having fortnightly dances once more, but the idea seems to have dropped, as it was decided such dances would interfere with students' swot.

Quite a number of girls have joined the Knitting Brigade, and are knitting yards of scarfs, and socks by the hundred (?).

On Show Day quite a number of girls and boys took advantage of the holidays to have picnics. 4th and 5th years journeying to Collie Bridge, where they had a very enjoyable time.

We regret to say that Miss Stevens is leaving us at the end of the year. Good luck for the future, Miss Stevens. We hope you will still keep a friendly interest in us all.

SPORTS NOTES

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

During the first week of the August holidays the usual Inter-school Sports Carnival was held in Perth. This year, owing to the inclusion of the youngest of the High Schools, Geraldton, whom we were very glad to welcome, six schools took part. It was a very interesting competition, and we wish to congratulate the Eastern Goldfields High School on their success in winning the Staffs' Cup. Our girls did well, gaining third place in each of the athletic events, while the hockey team won two, lost two, and drew one of the matches.

The Annual Athletic Meeting was held in beautiful weather on October 10th. Red girls carried all before them, winning by a margin of 34 points. B. Holloway is to be congratulated on winning the title of Champion Athlete with 22 points, while R. Forsyth did well as runner-up with 16 points. Among the Juniors, A. Rowston, with 24 points, won the title from D. Savory with 18.

As the Hockey Final between Blue and Red resulted in a tie, and no time could be arranged for a replay, honours in this sport were shared for the 1939 season.

Kingia were the victors in the baseball, while the Red team, which was unbeaten throughout the season, carried off the honours in basketball.

The competition for the Faction Cup has been very uneven this year, and the

final points are as follows:—Red, 370½; Blue, 278½; Kingia, 212; Gold, 109.

The Swimming Classes have started again, and while a number of girls are taking advantage of this opportunity, we should like to see more in the classes, as there should not be a girl in this school who cannot swim well.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC RESULTS

100 Yards Championship: B. Holloway 1; R. Forsyth, 2; P. Knight, 3; V. Bunce, 4. Time, 12 2-5 sec.

100 Yards Junior Championship: A. Rowston, 1; D. Savory, 2; J. Trotter, 3; M. Green, 4. Time, 12 sec. (record).

50 Yards Championship: B. Holloway, 1; P. Knight, 2; R. Forsyth, 3; R. Lodge, 4. Time, 6 33-5 sec.

50 Yards Junior Championship: A. Rowston, 1; D. Savory, 2; J. Trotter, 3; M. Green, 4. Time, 6 33-5 sec.

50 Yards Skipping Race: B. Holloway, 1; R. Forsyth, 2; E. Dolley, 3; R. Lodge, 4. Time 6 4-5 sec. (equal record).

50 Yards Junior Skipping Race: A. Rowston, 1; D. Savory, ; R. Hastie, 3; M. Green, 4.

75 Yards 1st Year Championship: J. Colton, 1; C. Trigwell, 2; M. Green, 3; V. Smith, 4. Time, 10 1-5 sec.

75 Yards 2nd Year Championship: A. Rowston, 1; P. Skevington 2; R. Hastie 3; J. Spratt, 4. Time, 9 3-5 sec.

75 Yards 3rd Year Championship: D. Savory, 1; B. Holloway, 2; J. Trotter, 3;



GIRLS' HOCKEY XI—1939

Standing: R. Forsyth, J. Ellis, F. Burgess, M. Piggott, G. Washer.
Sitting: D. Savory, P. Knight (captain), Miss E. L. Burgess (Sports Mistress), A. Ryall (vice-captain), R. Struck.
Reclining: A. Rowston, E. Phillips. Absent: N. Barrett.

J. Ball, 4. Time 9 3-5 sec. (record).

75 Yards Upper School Championship: R. Forsyth, 1; P. Knight, 2; R. Lodge, 3. Time, 10 sec.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Senior: G. Blond, 1; P. Knight, 2; M. Dolley, 3; B. Chapman, 4. Distance, 71 yds. 1 ft.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Junior: J. Ellis, 1; N. Barrett, 2; J. Major, 3; J. Trotter, 4.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Senior: L. Lenton, 1; V. Bunce, 2; R. Lodge, 3; F. Burgess, 4.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Junior: N. Turner, 1; G. Washer, 2; J. Ellis, 3; N. Rudd, 4.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Senior: S. Trobridge, 1; B. Schinzig, 2; N. Anderson, 3; M. Piggott, 4.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Junior: M. Turnbull, 1; M. Rea, 2; J. Trobridge, 3; N. Turner, 4.

Flag Race: Red, 1; Kingia, 2; Blue, 3. Pass Ball: Kingia, 1; Gold, 2; Red, 3. Relay Race: First Teams: Red, 1; Kingia, 2; Blue, 3. Time, 1 min.

Relay Race, Second Teams: Kingia, 1; Red, 2; Blue, 3. Time, 31 3-5 sec.

50 Yards Senior Handicap: G. Blond, 1; B. Schinzig, 2; C. Scott, 3.

50 Yards Junior Handicap: A. Rowston, 1; M. Green, 2; J. Ellis, 3.

50 Yards Year I. Handicap: M. Green, 1; J. Colton, 2; B. Brown, 3.

50 Yards Year II. Handicap: A. Rowston, 1; R. Hastie, 2; F. Scott, 3.

50 Yards Year III. Handicap: J. Ellis, 1; J. Ball, 2; N. Barrett, 3.

Sack Race: M. Green.

Egg and Spoon Race: P. Skevington.

Siamese Race: D. Bird and R. Hastie.

Thread the Needle Race: B. Hugall and G. Lewis.

Faction Points: Red, 105; Kingia, 71; Blue, 62; Gold, 33.

Champion Athlete: B. Holloway, 22; R. Forsyth, 16.

Junior Champion: A. Rowston, 24; D. Savory, 18.

HOCKEY XI. CRITIQUE

P. Knight (Capt.): A good, unselfish player, who plays a brilliant game as centre half-back. Uses her stick to advantage. As captain, has led her team very well.

A. Ryall (Vice-Capt.): Has played a good game in goals. Defended the team well in Perth on several occasions. Is inclined to let slow balls creep into goals whereas fast but dangerous ones are effectively stopped.

F. Burgess: A very reliable, fine back, with a very good clearing hit. Undercuts ball occasionally.

J. Ellis: A great asset to the team. Plays a good full-back game, and combines well with other full-back. Clears ball well down wing.

N. Barrett: Has improved greatly since last season. Shows determination in tackling her opponents. As right half-back she plays well with the wings.

M. Piggott: Has improved greatly, but still lacks a decisive hit. A useful player in the difficult left half-back position.

R. Forsyth: Is a rather erratic player though sometimes plays a very good game as left half-back.

D. Savory: A clever centre forward, who takes the ball down the field well, but does not follow in enough. Could use her wings more. Owing to sickness did not play up to her usual standard in Perth.

R. Struck: Right inner wing. Plays a good steady game, but does not shoot often enough. Scores some difficult goals.

E. Phillis: A very determined player, who puts every effort into the game. Is still inclined to get offside frequently and needs to develop a stronger hit.

A. Rowston: A good outer wing, though much practice is needed. Carries ball down wing speedily, but needs a better centering hit.

G. Washer: An experienced outer wing player, who possesses a good centering hit, but does not follow the ball in and shoot for goal herself.

FACTION NOTES

RED FACTION NOTES (GIRLS).

Red Faction girls, this year, have been very successful in all branches of their sport. We have won almost all our matches at hockey, having a very good team, including six players from the first eleven. However, we had bad luck in not being able to defeat Blue in the finals of the season and had to be content with a draw.

We were also defeated at baseball in the semi-finals by Kingia, but hope for better results next year.

At basketball Red have been very good, winning most of their matches and the finals.

On Sports' Day we did very well for ourselves by winning the girls' section of the sports from Kingia. This was due to the great efforts of Audrey Rowston, whom we wish to congratulate as Junior Champion; and to R. Forsyth, who was runner-up for Senior. Also we wish to congratulate Joe Gibson, of Red, who drew for Senior Champion in the boys with Theo Joel.

Good old "Peeping Joe."

Our total points this year are well ahead of the other factions, being 370½ points. We hope next year that we shall be able to do as well during the year and on sports' day.

BLUE FACTION (BOYS)

Calling all Blue boys! We have gone through a fairly successful year, winning the swimming and athletic carnivals and being well up in points on the faction list. But we must do better. Football is our weakest point. We must put everything we have got into the game next season and finish better than last.

At cricket we have overcome all factions except Gold. If we practise hard we will soon be at the top of the list. Despite our shortage of cricketers this season, we have the best coach and supporter in the school, and have managed to dig up eleven enthusiastic players and although losing the first match to Gold, did well in

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SCHOOL FOOTBALL EIGHTEEN

Back row: F. James, N. Lindsay, A. Dawson, A. Scott, G. Dempster, P. Grapes, C. Valli, S. Richards; middle row: N. Dawson, J. Gibson, R. Smith, W. Walker, N. Hopkins, K. Wilson, C. Campbell, L. Nichols, K. Pritchard; front row: K. Mort, T. Joel, R. Filsell, I. Robertson (capt.), A. Richards, R. Jennings, C. Campbell.

gaining a double points victory over Red.

Our tennis team must pull itself together and aim at higher goals. We have been lying dormant long enough.

Don't forget the swimming carnival next term, Blue. Don't try and get all your training in the night before the carnival. Start right now.

We offer congratulations to Joe Gibson, of Red, and Theo Joel, of our faction, in gaining equal points after a keenly fought contest for champion athlete. Also to Norm. Dawson, runner-up, and to Ken Wilson and G. Gillon, junior champion athlete and runner-up respectively.

Don't forget, Blue, that our aim must be to improve and keep on improving.

KINGIA FACTION (BOYS).

Since the last publication of the magazine Kingia boys have not fared well. In fact as we review our efforts in the keenly contested faction fight, we must inevitably recognise our weakness.

In the Athletics, held in October, Kingia did not do as well as in previous year. Usually we are in the running for first place, but this year the athletes of Kingia faction were unable to stand against their stronger opponents. We must congratulate Geof. Gillon, who was the only outstanding athlete in Kingia, he being runner-up for Junior Champion. While on this theme we must tender our congratulations to T. Joel and J. Gibson, of Blue, and Red factions, who tied for Senior Champion, and K. Wilson, Junior Champion. We also take the opportunity of congratulating Betty Holloway for achieving the distinction

of being Senior Champion and to Audrey Rowston for attaining the distinction of being Junior Champion.

As these are last faction notes for 1939, the faction captain would like to congratulate those other faction captains on their faction's successes.

Kingia, it is hoped by every member, will excel herself in every branch of sport in this coming year. She hopes that "Lady Luck" will turn her face towards Kingia, and with this hope Kingia concludes her notes.

GOLD FACTION NOTES BOYS)

Although we have not done very well in some branches of sport, we have done exceedingly well in others. At football we succeeded in winning the pennant from Red, who gave us a very good match although several of their men were ill at the time. As usual Gold managed to field a fairly solid and balanced team who knew how to work with one another.

Enough has already been said about Gold's performance at the Athletics, and our only likely entry, Grapes, contracted the mumps at the last moment. However, it is not through want of trying that we did not succeed, but we must admit that athletics are not our strong point.

As regards cricket we have done very well and we hope to be able to carry off the pennant. Owing to Filsell's absence while in camp, Dawson was elected as cricket captain. We may say that Gold was the only faction who gave a good response when asked to pick a cricket team.

Tennis, like athletics, is another weak point with us, and we will miss Pearson, who was our tennis captain at the

STUDENTS! Try . . .

REG DING
GENT'S HAIRDRESSER

13 Stephen Street
(Next Boulders)

For a Good Haircut.

beginning of the year. However, I am sure that here also Gold is trying hard, and we hope soon to raise tennis and athletics to the same standard as we have raised football and cricket.

Well, Gold, we can't complain and we can't always win; at least we can be good losers. We still have some hopes for the combined boys and girls' shield, but we have received very little encouragement from the weaker sex so far. There is no need for me to tell you to keep trying because there is not a member who is not always trying his hardest, and whether on top or on the bottom don't forget that Gold's motto is one big grin.

KINGIA FACTION NOTES (GIRLS)

On the whole Kingia has not done too badly at sports since the last issue of the magazine. We managed to uphold our honour very well as regards baseball—that is, we gave Blue a severe thrashing in the finals, winning by an innings.

We did not do so well at hockey, although we were not as bad as anticipated. Some players in the lower school look very promising.

The less said about athletics the better but I must say we are not ashamed of our prowess.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the Senior and Junior Champions, both boys and girls, who did so well on Sports' Day.

The Lower School did very well in basket ball, by finishing up in second place.

I am absolutely hopeless at trying to write notes but as this job was forced on me, I have done my best.

So here's hoping Kingia. Go to it! And see what can be done in the New Year.

GOLD FACTION NOTES (GIRLS).

First of all we wish to congratulate the champion athletes of the school on their performances on Athletics Day, although none of the honours came our way.

The faction, as a whole, was not as good as it could be owing to lack of interest in sport. The captain hopes that the new members

next year will buck up the team a bit, although our first years this year did their best.

Owing to a small number of senior members our hockey team was very feeble: we lost every match, but some of the younger girls seem to be very promising players. We hope to show an improvement in hockey next year.

In baseball we played fairly well, winning a few of the matches. When the finals came along we flopped and naturally were easily beaten by Blue and Kingia. Congrats., Kingia, for winning the finals—even if you did give us a licking.

We wish to say goodbye and best of luck to Factionites leaving this year and we sincerely hope to have a better faction next year.

This year Blue girls have been fairly successful, at least at the beginning of the season, in both our baseball and hockey although the basket ball is far from last year's standard.

We had the good fortune to draw with Red in the finals of the hockey matches, which was a great surprise to use as we expected to be "licked holler" as some would say. Red, this year, have a very good team. In the baseball however Kingia proved too strong for us, winning the finals and also a challenge match which we played off.

On Sports Day we had good luck in being able to win, combined, the sports although the Red girls beat us. Good luck to them.

Betty Holloway, our fleet-footed runner, distinguished herself by becoming senior champion of the girls. Congratulations to her and also to B. Forsyth on being runner-up and Audrey Rowston, junior champion. Also we wish to congratulate T. Joel and J. Gibson, as boys' senior champions and K. Wilson, for junior.

Our basketball goal thrower this year is Sheila Trobridge, who won the senior goal throw, and at the tennis ball hit, Lesley Lenton showed her prowess by winning the senior.

Well, altogether we have done very well for ourselves being now second in the total points, with somewhere about 278, Red being first. We hope next year to be able to do equally as well, or perhaps better.

FORM NOTES

I.D FORM NOTES

Well, here we are again, and it's nearly Christmas, too. Happy Christmas, everyone, and a prosperous New Year.

I bet everyone is looking forward to the Christmas holidays. I also hope that the Junior and Leaving students succeed with their exams.

We'll be missing our old Prefects next year, but the new ones aren't too bad.

We are still in our good room, nice and tidy, and quiet. Of course, we have to be extra quiet these days, because of the Junior exam. going on at one side and the Leaving at the other.

The Gale is still as strong as ever. The Murray is also still running as deeply. The Rice is nice and big now, after the mumps, but the pigs often come in and spoil it. One of our students has just been to Java, and we were greatly entertained by the tales she had to tell. We have lost one of our best students because his father was in need of a bright spark on the farm.

One of the teachers says that we're losing our good standard because some of us only get four or five for some subjects, but that subject is so tongue-twisting, with its irregular verbs, and exceptions, don't wonder we only get four or five.

Well, as long-suffering First Years, we will say au revoir, but when next year comes we will be able to hold our own with the nobs of the upper school. So here's wishing everybody a Happy Christmas.
—I.D.

IIB—FORM NOTES

Once again the infamous IIB present their appearance, or rather their form notes. As the term rapidly draws to a close we look forward to next year, but not to the Junior. So next year we have resolved to have as good a time as possible before this horrible calamity befalls us—saying nothing, of course, of the weeks after the Junior has ended.

And so we wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck, realizing how much they need it.

While we are in a serious mood we join in congratulating the sport's champions Betty Holloway, Joe Gibson, Theo Joel, Audrey Rowton and Ken Wilson.

Enough said! Now for a real bit of IIB gossip. Quite a few IIB-ites have fallen foul of that distressing malady, the mumps. And we have just welcomed back one of our smallest members, who was greatly missed mainly for his melodious voice, which would be constantly raised when he was in a merry mood.

Throughout the term IIB has swatted hard especially at Geography, in which a certain mistress, having nothing else to do (or so we presume) gave us such a lot of work that a geography strike was organized, but with not much success, although our burdens have been lightened to a slight extent.

With reverence we wish to present to you some esteemed and dignified members of our form.

"Ross" keeps time, well with a dark haired damself of IIB.

"Shirley" whose curls are the envy of all the girls.

"Brain-Spark"—We are all wondering which of our IIB sheiks doesn't like plaits.

"The Jolly Roger"—Is still flying the skull and cross bones.

"Our Convict"—The strains of the "Prisoner's Song" often come from his corner.

"Milly"—Our speech training and singing star.

"Gawky"—He has been very quiet since the beginning of the Junior

"Our Hockey Star"—Has had a dreamy look in her eye ever since her visit to Perth.

"Our Very Popular Prefects" (?)—They keep up IIB's reputation for swots.

Having exhausted our personalities we close, wishing a Merry Christmas to all.

—II B.

IIG FORM NOTES.

Well, here we are again. Not quite as cheerful as we might be because we're getting mighty close to the dreaded Junior year and are loth to leave our "baby" days behind and settle down to some real hard work.

Like most of the other forms we have suffered greatly from the various epidemics. Being nearly recovered from mumps we have now begun on Ger-

man measles. (Didn't know they still imported such things!)

We never do such drastic things as the IIP and IIS inmates do, for we have in our midst two descendants of clergy, whose influence is felt greatly by all poor, misguided creatures.

Although we are not such a "terrible" form as the notorious II B, we are creating quite a name for ourselves by the marvellous carrying power of our voices (not in singing).

We are told that our form has some quite good singers but most of the male performers are much too bashful to wish their voices to be heard.

We are beginning to wonder how certain members of the form are always able to produce chalk from their pockets when the teacher's piece "runs out."

"Some of you boys could be quite good actors," says a certain mistress. "If you would only let yourselves go." Wish they would; B.H.S. would be a much better place without them!

Big Joy is a clever as ever and the incredible part is that she never swots. (We wonder).

Singing Sally still lives up to her name and always gives us some cheer-

ful songs in between periods.

Hints

O.C. should learn to catch buses.

Could P.S. learn to work without talking quietly (?) to her neighbour?

N.T. should learn ju-jitsu. It would be useful when fighting the boys.

Why doesn't "Hoppy" train his voice?

It isn't loud enough (when he's acting anyway).

Couldn't our male prefect try a different coiffeur? We're tired of his wings—Did you say he looks like an angel? Well, he isn't one, we can assure you.

Wishing the future second years as good a time as we've had we conclude with a weary "Cheerio," the result of our hard labours of the past year.

—II G.

I.A. FORM NOTES.

Good morning, everybody!

This is Station I.A., calling on 220 metres, at a frequency of about once every two years; if that often.

We are keeping up our reputation of being by far the best (?) class in school, but of course we are far too modest to say so.

We have a pretty good assortment

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in I.A. There is good old Streak, who got an "Excellent Student" in the exam. Streak stands about 15ft. 6ins. high when he is on stilts with his umbrella up.

Dixon: Romantic actor No. 1.

June: Our fair senorita.

Dris.: Clark Gable II.

Kim: Lord Forrest II.

Pearl: The priceless gem (?).

Nell: The blushing mirror cracker.

Bill: Small, fair and handsome.

Moskovi and duck for Xmas dinner.

Frank: Little hope of recovery after Soap Box Derby.

Mary and Florence: Our budding orators.

Nary (Alan): What price is canary seed since war broke out?

Lyla: Our champ "Dunno'est."

Beautiful Bowry: Our bashful buz-zard.

Bruce: Handsome, but hopeless.

Campbell: Our budding comedian.

Curly: I believe the price of perms has gone up.

Neville: A scientist of great renown.

Noel: Our poetic inspiration.

Beryl: Small, quiet and brainy.

Hotch: A mixture of brawn and beauty.

We hope Pearl's connection with I.U.X. will remain as firm as ever, and we congratulate her upon her ability to get what she wants.

Nell, our mirror cracker, is also a heart cracker. (Ask Dusty.)

Having written I.A.'s Form Notes

Dris and I will start to run,

For as soon as they have read them,

There's bound to be some fun.

For my part I am taking

First train to Alice Springs,

So now my way I'm making

To pack up all my things.

Cheero, till Niagra Falls.

The I.A. Guys.

I.A. wish the best of results to the Junior and Leaving students.

I.U.X. FORM NOTES

Since the beginning of third term we have missed Leslie's bright presence (?) and all his stale jokes. But we soon got over this misfortune and have contented ourselves with Alan's humorous ones, instead. You would'nt recognise the little "dears" when a certain teacher is in the room, they are so very busy making paper aeroplanes and pellets, to throw at the unfortunate girls at the end of the period. All they need is a halo around their heads

and the picture would be complete. The girls on the whole are not so bad, except for the usual amount of talking expected from females. Ray is reforming if you could call being put outside (by the end of the ear) for the rest of the period, reforming. Jack and Cecil still find History a little tedious, poor chaps, and don't know (or care) whether the Magna Carta was some sort of an animal, or was an ancient Briton's name.

Seeing we haven't much room in this magazine we had better not make any more (c)rude remarks, but all I.U.X.-ites would like to take this opportunity to wish teachers and fellow students a Merry Christmas and Hapy New Year. A few might even go as far as to say "au revoir," as they will be leaving good old B.H.S. this year.

I.U.X.-ites (X, the mystery class). I.U.X.-ites would like to know,

Where does Valmai hide (Hyde)?

Is Bonnie a high hill (Hill)?

If Mervyn platts (Platts) his sister's hair?

Was Rodney right (Right)?

Did Cookie grow hay (Hay)?

I.C FORM NOTES.

This is I.C calling. We still think that I.C. is the quietest first year class (?) except for a few noisy cases like matney, minnie, dentie, dustbin and a few others. Some delight in shooting seeds out of hollow glass stalks while others in sticking pins into one another. The usual mess is on the floor when certain teachers arrive, but, of course, the second years did that.

This term has been worse than the other two as there are continual fights between Strucky and Vinesy for the much coveted lass Jessie. Smithy is one of the lucky young lovers as he has no rival who wishes to take Ginger out so he is peaceful (barring when she bites).

Lorna is very sorry. David has gone away though Cecil is nearly as good. This term I.C. has been very mumpy and a few have pleased Hitler by getting his measles. This term we have annoyed Robbie by the breaking of desks and spilling of ink. We are afraid our reputation is dropping from bad to worse. Just before we close we wish the Junior and Leaving Students the best of luck. Also to congratulate the outstanding athletes. We wish to ask a few questions: (a) How is it that I.C. is the dirtiest room in the

school, thought no C-ite ever drops any paper?; (b) What happens to our chalk?

We hope everyone has a very happy Christmas and comes back to B.H.S. more prepared than this year.

The I.C. ANGELS.

VANITY IS A SIN.

I looked in the room of my sister

And seeing an open drawer
Gazed spell bound at all its contents,
So quietly closed the door.

There were tubes and heaps of tablets
Containing cosmetics galore

Lipstick in every known colour
And rouge I had not seen before.

Well, being a girl, I was tempted
So spread them on eyebrows and nose
With powder, I dusted my forehead
Though some I spilt on my clothes.

And just to look like an actress
I finished with glycerine tears
When my sister came in unnoticed
And promptly boxed my ears.

I.M.C.

THE BOYS OF I.D.

The boys of I.D. are not so very bad,
Although we make a row, which makes
the prefects glad

To leave the room at second bell.
Why we make a noise is really hard
to tell.

The girls think the class has come down
a peg or two
Which, I hope you believe, is very far
from true.

Then there's girls like —, who are
such terrible pests.

And when it comes to keeping quiet,
we are set to awful tests.

The class prefect waves her hands
around and cries, "O please shut up"
And because we get her wild, she often
will erupt.

As for the boy prefect—well he never
says a word

For he knows jolly well that he never
will be heard.

So now, for the boys of I.D., I must
say goodbye.

Wishing you a happy Christmas from
them, and from I.

—M. Piggott.

MORT D'I.A.

So all day long the sound of voices
rolled

Across the sandhills by the summer
sea.

Until the teachers would their wrath
unfold

And lay about them, into you and
me.

But nought could stop the mighty noise
that day,

And civil war was waged in our I.A.
While rowdy students shouted "That's
the way,"

And everyone, it seemed, was feel-
ing gay.

A Francis One whizzed past a student's
ear

To hit another who was standing
near.

There issued forth one high-pitched
yell of pain

But soon he plunged into the fight
again.

But Driscoll's fortune soon began to
change

And, one by one, his comrades hit
the dust

BOULTER'S

Certainly

FOR MEN'S WEAR.

And just as Dris began to get his range

He was smitten by old Dick upon the crust.

And then old Dris, because his wound was deep

Sat down upon a student's nearby seat

And with a shout he called his soldier round

For only two of them were safe and sound

And so old Streak has surely won the day.

So then we all trooped out to have some play,

Nursing bleeding noses and black eyes

To pick a fight with those stupid I.D. guys.

—N. Barber.

FORM NOTES FOR S. AND P. (GIRLS)

B.H.S. expects every form to do its duty!

Presenting the combined efforts of our worthy Pres. of S. and P.

Before we go any further we offer our congrats. to Sports Day champs. and wish the juniors and leaving students all the best.

Now that the summer has come we are beginning to thaw a little although we are not quite as bright as we could be. When will come the day of awakening. (Ask our book-keeping teacher).

It's has actually condescended to our efforts. They are getting rather combine with our efforts. They are getting rather uppish having two champs, both running and bookkeeping.

There are several things we should like to know. (Answers kindly considered).

1. Does Joan use Gibbs?

2. Why did a certain "dame" give Spencer-street as an address in book-keeping?

3. Does "Fairie" ever dance in the moonlight on the beach or in the woods?

4. Why does the women hater hate women? (I wonder!)

5. Do our form pre's like writing form notes? Definitely not! !

Owing to the war and paper being dear we are going to follow everyone else's example and take advantage by writing short notes.

Wishing you a happy Christmas.

The Coming Juniors.

IV.K FORM NOTES

Once again that band of badly-treated and overworked students, the IVth years, tender a report on their scholastic and social activities. At present the fifth and third forms are undergoing the tortures annually inflicted on them, and we are enjoying just a little gloating at their expense. However, not a few of our own members have joined the Junior ranks for odd subjects owing, no doubt, to the examiners' short-sighted policy in failing them last year. Six of our number have been appointed school prefects, and we would like to congratulate them on their success. The lucky six are "Nobby," "Nick" and "Theo," and Miss Taylor, Miss Blond and Miss Bunce. Incidentally, "Nobby" has been showing how the school bell **should** be rung in his new capacity as guardian of that instrument.

The end of the current term and year will see the exit from B.H.S. of one of our most—let us say interesting—characters. We refer, of course, to "Sparks," the "darling" of all the staff, the mascot of IV.K, and the biggest brain-wave this side of the S.A. border. He leaves us for Wesley College, Perth (poor old Wesley!) where he will continue his—er-ah!! er studies. We sincerely hope that the staff and students of that institution will bear up under the strain of "Sparks'" success, and feel that the form will be poorer, in laughs at any rate, after his departure.

Another student to leave this year will be "Aderf." Although not enjoying as much prominence in the field of wit as "Sparks" she has, nevertheless, ably upheld IV.K's reputation for "a short life, but an extremely merry one."

We notice a number of triplets about the school these days; two sets being found in K, the "Dumb Trio," and the "Three Troopers" who have three friends in E, the "Three Musketeers." The first two consists of "Boisterous Bill," "Gooing Geo," and "Deep-Sea Fisherman Donald," whose big ones don't always get away. The second trio is comprised of "Bobbie Dugite," "Dicky bird Eileen" and "Clucky Shiela." The "Three Musketeers" are of less respectable repute, especially where the open-air bathing sheds are concerned.

We wish to congratulate our Forstyed runner on her efforts on sports day, but we regret to say she was not fast.

enough to escape from our scaly friend of the amphibian family.

Well, at last the year to which we have all been looking forward, the Fifth, is almost with us. But three weeks remain, and then we enter the straight for the last time.

Before closing we would very much like to congratulate Theo, and also "Gibby," on their great efforts on Sports Day.

And so it is with this thought that we say farewell to free and easy fourth year, and also end these notes.

IV.K.

V.F. FORM NOTES

"The old order changeth yielding place to new." Perhaps we had never realised the significance of this statement until now that our time has come to make place for others. Most of us have at one time or another discussed the school in far from complimentary terms but now that the time has come to leave it; well, we look at it in a different perspective. We begin to think of the friends we will be leaving behind, and of the class-mates whom we shall probably never see again, and then of the good times we have had at school, and believe me the parting does not seem so happy.

Already the Leaving is a thing of the past, and we have now only the results to look forward to, and of course nobody is worrying about them. As may be expected the social life of the class has been practically dead this last term but two or three of the brighter sparks have prevented the inmates of F from doing too much during school hours.

Perhaps the school will not miss anyone as much as it will Walker, who, although here for only a year, became one of the best known figures at school. Filsell, the only boy who is a member of the Militia, was away in camp, but luckily was able to obtain leave to take the Leaving. Bob can tell some interesting yarns about stew and other such things.

We need say nothing about Richards, who absolutely disgraced himself by the way he swotted this last term. In this he was run a close second by Miss Struck, who is however, very modest and will not admit it. By the way, what is this we have heard about someone reading history notes at the pictures? According to Miss Stockdill the Leaving maths. B paper was very easy.

The mumps epidemic did not leave us untouched, and even Jennings, the toughest member of the class, was afflicted by them. The fifth year French class has had some rather stormy periods judging by sounds, and we are still wondering who was the cause of them.

The fifth years had quite a memorable time on bonfire night, and it may be said that the fifth year crack or party was a great success, despite what the third years say.

In closing we must say that the school as a whole has treated us exceedingly well and I am sure that these years at school will be remembered with pleasure by all of us in later years. Thanking both staff and students for the really pleasant time that they have given us and hoping that we will uphold the traditions of B.H.S. in the outside world, we say to you sorrowfully not au revoir, but
Goodbye.

III.Q FORM NOTES

Toodle-loo! bang! bang! hee-haw! grunt! grunt! This is merely Richie's zoot and circus. He provides all the necessary animal noises, both for ours and his own amusement.

This is the usual noise in III.Q, plus several bangs and groans from Lindsay's "one-man orchestra." First we wish to congratulate all the sports champions, especially Betty Holloway, senior champ. of the girls, who is a member of our form.

For all local scandal and gossip apply at the "Private Information Bureau" run by Ruth and Co. They know all the secrets and vices of our society leaders.

Joan has been suppressed by the girls of our form and she no longer pipes up in class. Her streamlined "page-boy" varies daily in size and shape. This offers great entertainment for Peggy and her pal, who are budding hairdressers.

Frank James, a quiet and sober lad, says "swotto is my motto."

Gillon demonstrates his brute strength by bending other people's rulers, and "bashing" poor, unsuspecting girls on their heads with books. Gillon, where were you brought up?

"The muscles of his brawny arms, Stand out like chicken's insteps"

We think perhaps this is the reaction after writing heart-rending appeals and epistles to a certain maiden.

We have missed the childish prattle

of Max, who left before the Junior. Wise Max.

Keith, the bright boy of our form, is also our Public Nuisance No. 1. He never fails to remind our French mistress about forgotten homework and tests. We are afraid that it will be a halo, harp and wings complete for Keith.

In a few years' time Ted James will be our local "cop." He has all the necessary qualifications, even to taking a large size in boots.

And now we will say goodbye. This is the last time that we shall appear as III.Q. Many of our inmates are leaving school this year, to work. We wish them luck and every success in the future.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"A poor life this if, full of care
We have no time to stand and stare"
W. H. Davies.

—Poor Students.

"Let the blow fall soon or late
Let what will be o'er me." R.L.S.

—Fond hopes, after exams.

"Every school has it's Jack
But no school ever had such a mad Jack
as ours."

Apologies to Lucas, but none to
"Bubs."

"No good to contradict
What he says he'll say again
Dry facts like biscuits." Sitwell.

Good advice to our spokesman.

"Everyone suddenly burst out singing."
S. Sassoon.

Best Leaving and Junior results ever.

"'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years

If the students lost their senses
And the teachers came to theirs."

Apologies to both Ralph Hodgson and
members of B.H.S. in general

"They stretched in never ending line."
—Wordsworth.

(Staff going to assembly).

"With monstrous head and sickening
cry and ears like errant wings."—
Chesterton.

("Hoppy" of IIG.)

"I am a stranger from the distant
town"—Monro.

(The newcomer).

"And hushed the maidens' voices as
cowering down they lie"—Ferguson.

(A teacher appears).

"Dream of fighting fields no more."—
Scott.

(Leaving B.H.S.)

"Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim"—
(Hood).

(Swotting).

"Bring the comb and play upon it."—
R.L.S.

(Break up concert).

"They saw me at last, and they chased
me with cries."—R.L.S.

(To tell me I had a 100 per cent.)

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"—
Procter.

(View from Q window).

"We watched the children, our suc-
cessors, play"—Stevenson.

(First years).

"As long as I live and where'er I may
be,

I'll always remember my town by the
sea."—R.L.S.

(A Bunburyite.)

"But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring."—Wolfe.

(Recess time).

"Sweet sounds rose slowly through
their mouths."—Coleridge)

(Singing lesson).

"A change, a change, forever and aye
Blue and purple, and black and grey."

—E. H. Hickley.

(Artists's efforts).

"And hacked and hewed as a great
god can." —E. Browning.

(Analysis).

"The mirth and fun grew grim fast and
furious."—R. Burns.

(Frog escapes at Bio.)

"I swore to bury his mighty book,
That never a mortal might therein look
And never to tell where it was hid."

—Scott.

(Trist is confiscated).

"Higgledy, piggledy, packed we lie."
—Browning.

(Inmates of gym.)

"Then swiftly did they leave the dread-
ful place." —Wm. Morris.

(After Leaving and Junior.

"He could not whisper with strong,
coarse voice." —Clare.

(Results).

"He makes me keep the gravel walk"
—R.L.S.

(Robby).

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes." —Shakespeare.

(Joel).

"The steam hissed—someone cleared
his throat." —Thomas.

(Explosion in Chem.)

M. C. S.

"THE BEATUS"

This account of the wandering of our adopted ship will probably be the last until after the war, for the very good reason that information regarding her movements will not be received until the sick world has regained its sanity. Censorship is necessary and particularly so in the case of shipping, for Britain's life depends upon her sea-borne trade, and the sailings of her freighters must be kept a well-guarded secret. For that reason as well as for the safety of his ship Capt. Ellery would not be at liberty to write us on his past and projected movements, much as we would like to hear from him.

It is quite possible that our own particular ship has already had her narrow escape from trouble. When we think of the many dangers to which all ships are exposed, in approaching and leaving the British Isles, it would indeed be surprising if the "Beatus" had not narrowly missed mine or enemy submarine, to say nothing of possible raiders, and in this connection it would perhaps be a good idea for the whole school to keep its fingers crossed, or touch wood every Friday, for after all

there is little else we can do to help our friends on our freighter.

However, be that as it may, something else is being done. Among the friends of my youthful days was a canny Scot who was something of a picture fan. He also exhibited an inclination for the company of the gentler sex, but he was never guilty of ever inviting any one lady to accompany him to the "talkies." No Sir! He used to make up a party, and take along three or four at a time, his team he used to call them. Now, at first sight this may appear to have been a costly procedure, and being a Scot one wonders at it, but I rather think he had it all very carefully worked out, and was quite content to regard the expense as the price of safety; for believe me or believe me not, he is still single, and to the best of my knowledge, quite happy. What the procedure was after the show I do not know, but I imagine he would pilot them along to the nearest bus, or tram, and wish them a cheery goodnight. Of course he may have engaged a taxi to deliver them safely to their respective homes, but I doubt if his nationality would stand the strain.

Central News Agency

Victoria Street, Bunbury.

FOR . . .

FOUNTAIN PENS
MECHANICAL DRAWING SETS

— and —

All School Requisites

But why this digression?—merely to prove that there is safety in numbers (provided the numbers are kept together), and that's the something else that is being done.

The "dignified old lady" as Capt. Ellery delights to call her, is no longer making her lone voyages. She now has to wait in port with what patience she can command, until a number of other ships are ready to sail with her in company. A convoy; here it is in the terms of the dictionary.

Convoy, verb transitive, to escort for protection, as ships, war supplies, etc.

Convoy, noun (a party of troops, ships, etc) conveying or conveyed.

All of which means that a number of ships sail in company under the orders of and protected by light cruisers, or destroyers, until they are out of the danger zone, and like the girls in the picture party, are permitted to proceed to their various destinations. Homecoming ships receive coded instructions to rendezvous at sea where they are met by the navy and escorted to port, the rendezvous position being constantly changed just to keep the elusive submarine guessing, for it would be just too bad for a number of homeward bound ships to assemble at a position only to find an enemy submarine awaiting them instead of the navy escort.

It is under these conditions we now leave the *Beatus*. Since our last issue of the *Kingia*, her movements were from England to Huelva (Spain) where she shipped 7700 tons of pyrites for Philadelphia and Claymore, on the Delaware River. On this trip Mrs. Ellery and the "young captain" aged seven years, made the voyage.

From Claymore to Freeport in Texas, for sulphur and then on to Auckland, New Plymouth and Dunedin. Then across the Tasman to Sydney to load bulk wheat for the United Kingdom.

Since then we have had no news, and can expect none until it is easier to sail the seas. Until then we all join in wishing Capt. Ellery and the *Beatus* good steaming and happy landfalls.

BIOLOGY NOTES

This note concerns mainly the Fourth Year Biology Class. Great appreciation, I am sure, has been felt by the

class itself and Mr. Davies-Moore for the assistance which was rendered to them by Mr. Whitlock, an entomologist with whom quite a number of the students are acquainted.

On November 11th, a trip was made to a spot in the vicinity of the race-course, where an enjoyable morning was spent in gathering different types of insects. Those who went were conveyed by Mr. Barton and Theo Joel, to whom they are extremely grateful.

The school is also deeply indebted to Mr. Whitlock for the most interesting collection of beetles which he has so generously presented to the school museum.

It is to be hoped that further trips will be possible next year.

OUT OF THE DIM, DARK PAST

From the summit of Mt. Olympus the earth looked bright and green, a truly pleasant seeming dwelling place for persons so lowly as humans. It looked so peaceful and happy that the gods thought their Elysian Fields could hardly be more fair. They also began to understand why the number of heroes who reached the fields was rapidly declining—the earth was so pleasant that in the field of heroes the champions had nothing to die for. At least, this seemed to be the general idea of that age.

This general uneasiness among the exalted ones reached a climax when Jupiter called a conference.

"The earth is too happy and too peaceful," said the gods. "Men have nothing to look forward to." "True," replied Jupiter, "but it shall not continue. I will afflict men with a dread disease and they will spread it among their fellows. They will call it Mathematics. Men thirst for learning; they shall have it!"

So one by one the Greeks became afflicted. Euclid followed Pythagoras, and still the science spread. The gods, from snowy Olympus, watched it with something akin to satisfaction in their lofty minds.

Many centuries passed, and we watch the effect on Mediaeval England, known in the more frivolous of these documents as "Merrie England." The reason it was merry was because most of the Greek mathematical doctrines had never reached England. Many of these which did arrive were forgotten. The now weakened gods saw this with dismay, and in consequence a fresh wave of activity swept over mathematical circles. A hundred years later arithmetic books were

written, later still a new branch was added to the already flourishing shrub of Mathematics; Newton discovered his Laws of Motion and Gravity. By one of his wonderful laws, a person running out of a room at forty centimetres per second collides with another person (perhaps a teacher), the—er—resultant is most forceful.

Time passed again. England is no longer merry, for fresh burdens fall upon her shoulders. The scene is the middle of the twentieth century—a schoolroom. Contained in it are various persons of more or less tender years. (a plus b)² equals a² plus 2 ab plus b², cries the teacher, in a tone of mortal anguish. The class gazes stolidly in front of them. The exponent of this intricate science gazes round in exasperation, "Oh, carry on," he mutters resignedly. The enthusiasm which carried the science triumphantly through the years seems to have deteriorated sadly.

The only relics of the gods are their statues mouldering in museums, but the seed which they placed in the mind of Pythagoras has grown and flourished into a rival to the tree of knowledge.

—R. CARROLL.

STAR RISE

The birds came singing home to rest,
And left the forest still.
The light was fading from the sky,
And from the eastern hill,
And dew came silent on the grass,
And all the air with moths' pale wings
was filled.

The first stars came out of the sapphire
east,

The bare skies to adorn,
And peep into the lake's unruffled glass,
And coldly light the shadowed earth
forlorn,

To rule the sky till they were forced to
flee

Before the blinding arrows of the dawn.
—E.W.

THE DEAD TREE

Upon the hill it stands,
And holds its withered hands,
Beseeching to the sky.
Before it, miles of pleasant valley lie,
And after, miles of lonely forest lands.

Traced black across the dawn,
Rose-stained at rise of morn,
It stood against the sky.
At dusk it hath a purple mantle worn,
And silver starlight draped it lovingly.
—E.W.

RESTLESSNESS

I never never see the sunshine
That follows after rain,
But I feel my heart astirring
With a strange wild pain.
For the hazy blue horizon's call—a call
that mild and sweet—
And the wet road beckons to restless,
seeking feet.

I never see a rainbow,
A-tremble in the sky,
But my heart it surges to it
With a noiseless cry.
But the end of the rainbow is very far
away,
And the rainbow slowly vanishes to join
the fading day.

I never see the brown road
A-winding up and down,
But it beckons me and lures me
To regions yet unknown.
And pleasant 'tis to follow the curving,
straying way,
With arched blue skies above me from
dawn to dark each day.
—E.W.

A SAMPLE

I was at once surprised, shocked and disgusted to discover, in the last edition of the school publication, an article (if one could call it such) commenting adversely upon the discourse of several of our revered and respected scholars. I resent that. I might even say that after suffering that atrocity he dared designate an article, I dislike the author intensely. I defend the characters so libellously slandered in our last magazine, and should that feeble effort influence in a derogatory way the opinion of the English language of any foreigner who chanced to read it, I submit this effort.

My designation is James Cafoops, and I reside at the residential establishment of Mrs. I. Killequick. I attend an educational edifice situated on the summit of a small protuberance which elevates itself above its environments to the height of approximately ninety feet. My purpose in dwelling in such a place may seem rather obscure to the casual spectator, who may find it difficult to associate my various actions with that ancient custom which is reputed never to have inflicted any harm upon the perpetrator, namely, study. However, the blessings attending this seemingly unremunerative occupation, although not immediately apparent to the unsophisticated observer, are manifold. At

lengthy intervals the desire manifested by immoral worshippers of that exercise, known in the vernacular as dancing, have their desire to exercise their locomotive appendages in company with members of the female sex satisfied.

Thus it is that one may occasionally see some signs of animation amongst the students as they cluster around that board reserved for public intimations, precipitated from their customary sedentary legarthy by the information that a dance is shortly to eventuate and that several of their number, namely, one Willy and Sheilah, will soon have the opportunity of displaying their latent (?) talent in diverse gyrations.

The display of these mortals is viewed in silent approbation, and with no little awe, by the spellbound audience, who desparingly question themselves as to the probability of their ever becoming as efficient at the pastime as the objects of their regard.

To those to whom this effort has appeared an aimless literary (?) ramble, let me again repeat: It is intended only as a sample of the literary genius of this ancient seat of learning, and that the narrative has been submerged in the masterly manipulation of rhetoric.

—A.H.

P.S.—A thought as to the possible reception of my slight self-approbation has just occurred to me, so that, in fairness to myself I feel bound to add I am not given to boasting, or, in other words, not a skite.

THE PERFECT DAY

Waking, I sat up in bed, rubbing my eyes, and found my landlady standing by with a cup of tea and biscuit. On the dressing table my eye fell on a bunch of roses (my favourite flower),

giving out a lovely scent.

"Good morning, my dear," said she, "and how are you this morning? Here's your tea; hurry up or your bath water will be cold."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Brown. I've got that horrid Monday feeling, and we have a rotten French test this morning."

"Oh! you poor dear; you do have a lot of work up at that school. Never mind, I'll get you an aspirin. That'll buck you up."

"Thank you. Aren't the roses lovely?"

"Yes, I got them from Grandpa's prize bush."

Hurriedly putting on a kimono and slippers, I proceeded towards the bathroom, where, upon entering I found the room filled with a sweet perfume.

"My," I thought, "she has been extravagant on the bath salts this morning."

Two poached eggs, followed by strawberries and cream with "loads" of sugar awaited me at breakfast.

After breakfast, I collected my scattered books from all imaginary corners, and made my way downstairs, where at the foot I met Mrs. Browne.

"Here's something to keep your 'pep' up during lessons," said she, as she handed me a half-pound block of chocolate.

During lessons my hand went continually under the desk, and each teacher looked suspiciously at me. Somehow I managed to keep in their respective "good books."

Dinner found me getting through pea soup, roast beef, with all its vegetables, followed by plum pudding.

After school Mrs. Brown informed me that she was unable to go with her husband to the pictures, and would I and my friend (Anne) like to go. Eagerly I accepted, knowing that there had been

JOHN BIRCHALL

TAILOR

Stephen Street - Bunbury.

a rush on the tickets, and the picture was going to be a great success.

We left in a taxi she had specially ordered for us. Form mates looked enviously at us as we drove along the main street. Then suddenly the car gave a bump and I was thrown on the floor—Anne grabbed hold of my hand, saying, "Get up, I haven't all day to wait."

Then I opened my eyes and found myself confronted by my landlady, who looked like "scalded milk." Thus ended "the perfect day."

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

I have been asked to write something for the Kingia. You may say that is nothing to make a song and dance about, as it happens twice a year to you. But I have a good excuse. There have been so many Kingias printed and so many articles written that it has come to that stage where there is nothing original yet left untouched. Anyway, that's what I think.

At one stage in my few moments of deep thought I weighed in mind an essay on "Sunday Night," but there immediately cropped up several questions, the most prominent of which was concerning one of our most argumentative students.

I remember some of my school friends trying to find out what "bridge" this young fellow liked to fish on. He always seemed to get a good haul, or what else could account for his Monday morning appearance? However, as nobody could give an answer to this question, I decided to forget it.

Someone then suggested to me to write on police cars. I thought this idea a good one, and immediately set about finding some person who had had experience with this type of conveyance. This task was easily completed, because a certain member of my class, so I was informed, had ridden in one of these amazing things and would be glad to let me have all the details I needed. However, I found my informer to be a liar (excuse my expression) because on mentioning the subject to this experienced one, I was clipped over the ears and told to mind my own business.

The next idea that came into my magnificent brain was to write on Swot, but again I drew a blank, remembering the reason for which that wonderful man Sparks is going to be taken from our midst to be placed in one of those awful Perth colleges. I would hate to embarrass the poor chap.

I have an idea now. Why not write

on the art of room-wrecking? No! no! I have just remembered who was responsible for wrecking our worthy captain's room while we were in Perth, and I should hate to have him wallop me.

Don't you think an article on the Manual Shed would be original? I do. But, as the circumstances are at present, this would be impossible. You may ask why. This is why. Well, our class's reputation at this centre is not very pleasant. We are known as the "Slipper Fourth Years."

I did want to write about South Bunbury boarders, but I don't know much about this section of the community! And I hear the Hostel is to mount double guards after the lights are out.

Well, my efforts are apparently futile, so please forgive me, dear Editors. You of all people must understand.

—T.H.J.

A SCHOOL DAY IN "SPRING"

I wake up—or half wake up—at about half-past seven, and very wisely decide to give myself a little more rest, as the sun is not yet up. I turn over sleepily and doze off once more, dreaming terrible dreams of exams, until I am roughly awakened by a very inconsiderate person shaking me vigorously, and hauling the blankets from me.

"Whatcherwant?" I drawl, preparing to resume my disturbed repose.

A distant voice exclaims, "Get up or you'll be late for school. It's eight o'clock."

"Tisn't," I murmur. "You're kidding!"

"No, I'm not. Look at the clock, if you don't believe me."

I hear the rain coming down in torrents and realize why the sun was not up before. I get out of bed on the wrong side, and get dressed as hurriedly as my tired limbs will permit. I eat my breakfast quickly, and start for school in the pouring rain. Several cars pass, but none offers a lift. The result is that I arrive at school looking very much like a huge raindrop myself.

Once at school I wander around trying to borrow a pair of sandshoes to wear until my own shoes dry. And after a great deal of trouble find myself attired in a gym. outfit, minus socks.

I wander around all the morning, looking very miserable with my dripping locks and bare legs. I am rather glad when lunch-time comes at last, and I once more don my wet clothes and set off for home.

I decide that it would be unwise to go back to school, and so stay home to swot hard.

At last I crawl wearily into bed, very glad that the dreadful day is at an end and hoping the next will be better.

A MODEL SYNOPSIS

The hero of this enthralling drama is a remarkable mixture of all feelings under the sun, moon or stars. (Pardon me, dear Maths Master.) His name is—three guesses. Yes! right first go—so common, he doesn't at all fit his name—er, just a minute—what is it now? Oh, yes! It's Smigglington Tickle-dribs. Very short, but no matter, let us proceed.

Oh, my! is he strong? Well, I'll say he is. The author has depicted him in scenes where he tears up hills and streets, looks as though he carries the cares of the world on his shoulders, and gatecrashes into a skyscraper, right into the drawing-room of Miss Snobelia Uppish, and departs none the worse, carrying off her heavy heart.

By now you must have realised that Snobelia is the heroine. A most remarkable young woman. Ah! girls! How you must envy her! The author tells us that she sweeps him from head to foot with a glance. What eyelashes! But that is nothing to her eyes. They are astounding. They must either be glass or detachable ones, for she occasionally casts them round the table. Then, too, they must have central heating and a freezing apparatus, for she often indulges in melting and icy glances. Oh, yes! Do any of you know if silence is like an ice-block? For I vividly recollect that she "froze him into a deadly silence with a glance."

Oh, and another thing. She must have a gas stove in her voice, for I remember this sentence: "Her warm voice caressed his ears." Did it spring out and perform the aforementioned action?

Snobelia is a bit of a contortionist, and her mouth must be over-large, or her feet over-small, for I recall an incident where, poor girl, she "opens her mouth and puts her foot in it."

My! She's marvellous. She can fly. "She flew down the hill." "She flew down the stairs." Hey! I thought she was an airwoman, but no, she must be one of those detestable females who have wings of an angel.

Did I admire her when I read she sailed? But, alas! upon finishing the sentence, I read that she "sailed into the room." The wind must have blown her in, or else she got the wind up.

I suppose the author felt it was necessary to make a striking contrast with the hero's strength, by bringing in lame excuses and such like.

For the story, there is another character. He only enters once, poor fellow. "Fear laid a cold hand on his heart, but he brushed it impatiently aside." Did Snobelia make the hand cold with her freezing apparatus?

And this is the most fetching piece out of the whole story: "She was scanty of breath, for after a short run her breath came in short pants." (Turned 'em out wholesale, in fact.)

A tragic end for the hero and heroine finishes this interesting tale, for she leaves him with a crushing retort (so much for his strength), and once by herself dissolves into tears (so much for the freezing apparatus).

The book is "The City Garden," by Ivy Ann Rose. —Agn.

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EXAMS.

When I wake up in the morning—or, rather, when I get up in the morning, having lain awake all night—my spirits are so low that I have to look under the bed to make sure I haven't lost them altogether. When I go to breakfast I eat several slices of bread and half a dozen oranges, until a lump rises in my throat and I leave my scarcely-touched breakfast and stagger in search of my exam. card, pen, and a bit of knowledge.

When we arrive at school we have half an hour to wait, so I drape myself gracefully around a pillar with my toes turned in to stop my knees knocking together. When we are gathered in the room and the papers are given out (face downward), I find my pen doing figures of eight on the book. Then the signal is given to start work. Bang! Crash! Is that an earthquake? No, it is students fainting wholesale as they see the questions. With a supreme effort I pull myself together and start to write. It may be the Lord's Prayer for all I know. What is that the Supervisor is saying? Is it the service for the burial of the dead? No such luck. He is only saying, "Time's up."

With my companions in misfortune, I stumble out, and a volley of questions rains upon us. Was it easy? Oh, yes! Will I get a D? Oh, sure—D stands for Donkey and also for Dunce. "Did you say Bismarck or Garibaldi invented the Reign of Terror in France?" "Well I didn't know, so I tossed up, and the penny rolled down a crack, so I put General Botha instead." "Oh, dear, I knew it was something to do with a man whose name began with R, so I put Roosevelt, and now I'm sure it should have been Rousseau."

These doubts and mistakes! Who is right? Well, some time in January we shall know—perhaps.

And so home, to forget our worries in swot for the next exam., and as I regretfully tuck "The Murder in the Milk Bar," or "The Mystery of the Six-toed Cat," under my pillow and turn off the light I wonder drowsily if it was Milton or Chaucer who wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

—E.W.

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY

From six to ninety-six most people spend their lives in the process of beautification, and a whole army of experts

must be engaged in discovering new beauty hints.

Personally, I consider my own efforts the most reliable ones, and for their genuineness I am a walking advertisement.

But to get the best results one must start off with a high quality face. If yours is one of those cheap specimens on which no two features match, give up hope and put it under a steamroller.

Now for my infallible beauty hints.

Freckles.—It is strange that so many people allow themselves to be disfigured by freckles when the remedy is so simple. Blacken the face and the freckles will not be visible! Could one ask for an easier remedy? Yet many people rub lemons on the visage, which they hope will have the effect of making them disappear, but this has no result but to lead to those sour expressions of which one sees so many in the street these days.

Slimming.—When one weighs 15 stone it is time to do a spot of slimming. My way is this: Run half a mile before all meals and skip for an hour after. On rising throw the contents of 20 boxes of matches on the floor and pick them up singly, without bending the knees. On passing through a door, endeavour to kick the top with your right leg and touch your left knee with your nose. Cut down all riding in buses.

Diet.—Your rations should be considerably cut down. A suitable menu is as follows:—

Breakfast: One quarter of an orange, a square of wholemeal bread 2in. by 2in., and half a glass (wine glass) of water.

Lunch: One spit pea, boiled till tender, with a sprinkle of salt. A small lettuce leaf, and as a treat on Sunday a tiny slice of bread with the butter scraped off.

Tea: This meal should consist of half a glass of water, a cabbage leaf and one stick of rhubarb.

The above diet is one that can be recommended for all stout people.

Now, my dear beauty-seekers, if the above does not do the trick—well, as I said before, put yourself under the steamroller.

—BEAUTY EXPERT.

DRAMA BEHIND THE SCENES

The Great Night draws nearer! The Great Night is here!! The teeming multitude seated in the auditorium—in other words, the audience in the gym.—knew nothing of the tragic events which

Prologue.

took place during this mighty display of talented juveniles—in other words, the students of B.H.S.

The story of this drama is a secret. but I trust you will not tell anyone, as it was only with tremendous bribes that we were able to worm the truth from the powers-that-be.

Seated in the dressing-room were six girls, who were taking the part of the Seven Dwarfs. The seventh, a boy, was outside, and his beard still hung on the wall waiting for him to put it on.

Think! Concentrate! Surely you can recall that one of these Dwarfs, the boy, was beardless when he came on the stage! Here, in graphic words, is the Truth! Stupendous, remarkable, stranger than fiction!

The cold wind blew, the white sand flew, and the noise of clapping hands rang through the school. In the dark, dim Purple Room, the B.H.S. Skeleton stretched, yawned, and creakingly got up.

"What's all this hullabaloo?" he wheezed, for he had no lungs. "I think I will investigate." He heaved himself down the stairs with many a groaning bone, and slid stealthily around to the dressing-room door. "B-r-r" he shivered, his bones rattling like castanets. "I am feeling the cold very much now I am getting so old—O-o-oh!" He blushed, and turned his gaze quickly to the other side of the room, where he encountered a thick, bushy rope beard, which was hung on a nail. "Just the very thing to keep my old bones warm!" he thought. He was too shy to go through all those girls, so he quickly swallowed the contents of a jar of vanishing cream, and went unseen towards the beard.

Six pairs of eyes gazed spellbound as they saw the beard floating in mid-air towards the door, accompanied by loud rattling noises.

The Skeleton retired to his cupboard—pardon, Purple Room—the beard retired draped round his bony shoulders, but the Seventh Dwarf refused to retire.

So you have the inside story of why the Seventh Dwarf appeared without the beard.

—TIP.

TRAGEDY

Dramatis Personnae.

- Lady Juliette Trotter
- (alias Gummy) Rutherford.
- Deanicus Fritz.
- Ryderio Pegasus.

(Enter Deanicus arm in arm with Ryderio. Rutherford and Pegasus follow.)

Rutherford: Indeed noble Ryderio is't true that one who lodgeth with thee hath the dreaded disease?

Ryderio: Yea, verily, for his face doth swell to exceeding size.

Deanicus: (drawing away hastily): Woe is me. Indeed I do seem fated to catch this dangerous malady.

Ryderio (making a pass at Deanicus's tie): Comfort thyself. What comfort is in me? Drat! I did miss ye tie. I do grow old.

Pegasus: Shucks! This goeth beyond comprehension.

Rutherford: Say not so. Pegasus, for I did hear that many in thy noble 'hash-foundry' were cut off in their prime of life.

Pegasus and Deanicus: Woe is me!
Ryderio: Likewise I hear that Lady Juliette did court the dread disease at divers times.

Deanicus: 'Twill not be long before I am reached.

Rutherford (heartlessly): Oh! give it three weeks.

(Enter Fritz weeping gently.)

Fritz! Indeed! I am doomed. Yesterday did I drop a bottle of calcium carbonate in ye temple of science. The Gods are angered to-day for I have a sore throat. May heaven aid me!

Deanicus, Pegasus and Fritz: Let us groan.

(Ryderio goes along the line pulling forth ties.)

Ryderio (to Fritz): False traitor. Thou wearest not a tie.

Pegasus (ponderously): Shucks.

Deanicus: Yea, let us make sport of ye Lady Juliette (alias Gummy).

Ryderio: Yea, let us say unto her that she hath 'der Mumps.' (Exeunt).

Scene I

Lady Juliette: 'Tis monstrous dull since this plague did descend. They say white crosses are placed on the doors of the afflicted. (Enter Deanicus Ryderio and 'gang').

Ryderio: What cheer, my bonnie damsel?

Lady Juliette: Right well. I thank thee, Ryderio.

Rutherford: But what, fair lady, of thy distended face?

Pegasus (kindly): Art in pain?

Lady Juliette: Neck! Pain! Prithee what is this?

Ryderio: My poor child! Confined to thy bed for three week!

Deanicus and Pegasus: Woe is me!

Rutherio (recreating in mock alarm): Indeed we shall all be infected, especially thou, Deanicus, under the same roof.

Ryderio (profoundly): S'Blood!

Lady Juliette: I am undone. Truly this looketh strange, I believe thee not (feels), I feel no swelling.

Ryderio: But verily do we see it.

Lady Juliette: S'death, I will hie me to a mirror (exit).

Deanicus (mournfully): Fare thee well!

Prologue (enter all except Ryderio).

Rutherio: Hast heard the doeful news? Ryderio is absent and I hear that she thinks she hath caught of this plague.

Pegasus: Us next?

Deanicus (cheerfully): Who else?

Fritz: I did hear from ye Lady of Bridgetown ye did shamefully trick ye Lady Juliette Trotter.

Rutherio (hurt): Say not so, my hearty Fritz.

Deanicus: Nay Fritz, let it pass.

(A bell tinkles in the building).

Pegasus: Hark!

Deanicus (darkly): More victims, I warrant.

INTERLUDE IN COMPOSITION

I have just endured a lecture on composition. That is to say my classmates have just endured a lecture on composition. I was more profitably engaged. Whilst the poor sufferers around me were absorbing (with apparently avid interest, and actually with bored toleration) the gems of compositional knowledge spattered forth by the esteemed lecturer, I was struggling manfully with the desire to watch a man levelling a house-block near the windows of our gracious educatory edifice, and the righteous, but, I am afraid, weak, desire to improve my, ahem- knowledge. Not that I am lacking in knowledge, mind, I can kick a football or hit a tennis ball with the best of them, but there you are. Some people have queer ideas about the "right" kind of knowledge.

But I am digressing. As I was saying, I was engaged in a struggle, etc., etc. The outcome of the struggle was that the man won. The man with the scoop I mean, not the man with the tongue. I know they've both got tongues, but —, oh, you work it out. About this person with the scoop. He's an absolute phenomenon—in fact, he's

remarkable. It used to be my ambition to have as many cigarette cards as Ginger Morton. Funny thing about Ginger—but that's another story, it's not nice, anyway. As I was saying about ambition and so on, it is now my sole aim in life to become as accomplished at wasting time as the man with the scoop. His talent was amazing, he could—but I will illustrate. He would make a scoop and drive his horse back ready for another drive. He would then light a cigarette, sit down and take off his boots and shake the sand out of them, put them back on and stand up, thus filling them with sand again.

This could go on all day, the boots procedure I mean, not the narrative, but the scooping gent's conscience was apparently pricking him and he apparently could not bring himself to waste more than one quarter of an hour at each scoop, so he would confine himself, for that time, to examine his work, languidly scraping his scoop and patting his horse for a couple of minutes. I was fascinated, completely absorbed, absolutely hypnotized. The thirst for education had positively gripped me, and I gave my complete attention to the object of my admiration. Yet, so comprehensive is my intelligence (like Miss Bingley, I don't



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believe in false modesty) that, at the same time I was capable of fully hearing and understanding the eloquent emanations of the loquacious pedant who was holding forth in front of me. My subconscious mind was registering every detail of his impassioned address. I even heard him order somebody to do an essay on "Asking Silly Questions." I suppose it was me (I am usually the innocent victim), but I simply ignored his sarcastic remarks. I usually treat this homework stuff with magnificent disdain. Another thing the teachers and I don't see eye to eye about. However, I left the class-room just now with clear and coherent ideas about essay writing.

I know that an Aristocrat 250 years ago said "A start must be made on an essay before it can be finished." Talk about my fatuous remarks! I know also, that one must always start an essay gently (not plunge in *medius res*) and in the second person. I can even give the essays quoted: "The Secret Black Man" by Mary Russel Mitford, and "On having a Cold Village Celebration" by Oliver Goldsmith. I think, after this demonstration of the ambiguous capacity of my intellect my friends will now treat me with the respect and deference due to all great thinkers, and refrain from their usual fatuous references to that inane little refrain in the comic operetta "Mikado" about a "bird with a tough inside," or such idiotic patter, and when conversing with me, confine their remarks to intellectual discussions, always remembering of course, that they are in the presence of a superior mind, and, accordingly, at the end of any discussions in which they may become involved with me, remember that in a dissension with one's intellectual superiors one should always give way at the end, a fact, as I pointedly remark, which is always being thrust upon me by the English master who I allow to imagine is possessed of a greater knowledge than myself.

IT'S A FACT

Ah! The ordeal is over! All my tensed muscles and nerves have relaxed. What can I do for a fortnight? Well, first of all how about a beach tea? That will be splendid.

We spend all day preparing some-

thing to eat for it always falls on us capable girls to provide eats. Sano-wiches, savs., sausage rolls, lamingtons and cool drinks, and then we wonder why, after two hours of laboriously devouring such "delicacies," we have to spend two hours or perhaps more rolling each other over sandhills. Then comes the usual heart throbbing pastime of "Kiss in the Ring," played ever since the school opened. How the time flies! One o'clock—one hour after midnight—various fond farewells then bed? — it seems like a few seconds.

Next morning it is cricket against the male members of the class. In rising at 7 o'clock we feel a little fatigued and would rather have a sleep than play, or rather try to play, cricket. The teams are picked and I was told to go to "silly mid on" or something like that. I did not know whether to be annoyed or flattered. I decided to act as it flattered. The male team went in first, and I might add we were so good that we let them bat all morning—no more cricket for us!

I believe it's a party tonight; how will I keep awake? I decide to have a hot bath until my very eyelids are boiled. I think a little cold water might improve matters so a cold shower turns my reddened body blue. A friend of mine then informed me that the above experiment would cause great contraction of my outer covering thus making it cracked like that of an hippopotamus. Well, my aim was accomplished and I kept awake at the party until there was a jumble for shoes, and then the party and its surroundings became a blank for me. On awakening I found myself being feverishly sponged about six o'clock in the morning. The doctor was called in and the verdict was "Gas fever" plus a slight chill. Just fancy ten days in bed—I think I had better do some swot in case I don't get the Leaving.

The fever wore off sooner than I anticipated and I was allowed to go to school for the last day. Oh, how can I ever forget it? Those soothing words which "falleth as the gentle rain from heaven" upon a thirsty soul.

I walked around the old school building and stood in all my favourite spots. Perhaps it is just as well I was unnoticed for at one stage when thinking of Leaving results I found myself on top of the tower.

What a nightmare! I look around me and I perceive a pile of blankets

piled on the floor beside me and my bed looming above like an ogre. Beware, Junior and Leaving candidates. It might turn out to foreshadow the truth.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in joy, but not in sorrow,
 My second is in orderly, but not in tidy
 My third is in young, but not in old;
 My fourth is in song, but not in melody
 My fifth is in try, and also endeavour.
 My sixth is in run, but not in speed.
 My seventh is in under, but not beneath
 My eighth is in courtship but not in
 marriage.
 My ninth is in Kevan, but not in Jimmy
 My whole is a well-known High School
 Pre'.

RENDEZ-VOUS

In a well-known location,
 South from the Bunbury station,
 Is a hostel so swell
 That all the young laddies that dwell
 In the stuffy old town
 Come in crowds to the gate,
 Where in patience they wait—
 Till conscience demands they depart,
 They go in great sorrow—
 They'll wait till tomorrow
 They go in regret
 But they'll see the girls yet!