

**BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL**

**THE
KINGIA**



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. II.

No. 2.

AUGUST, 1924.

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STUDENT OFFICIALS.

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

PREFECTS.

Miss N. Johnson, R. Stephens.
Miss E. McCall, J. Dean,
Miss L. Johns. K. Hough.

FACTION CAPTAINS.

Blue.

Miss N. Johnson. A. Trotman.

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Kingia.

Miss L. Johns. J. Sunter.

Red.

Miss T. Eaton. J. White.

Gold.

Miss E. McCall, J. Dean.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Editors: Miss N. Johnson, J. White.

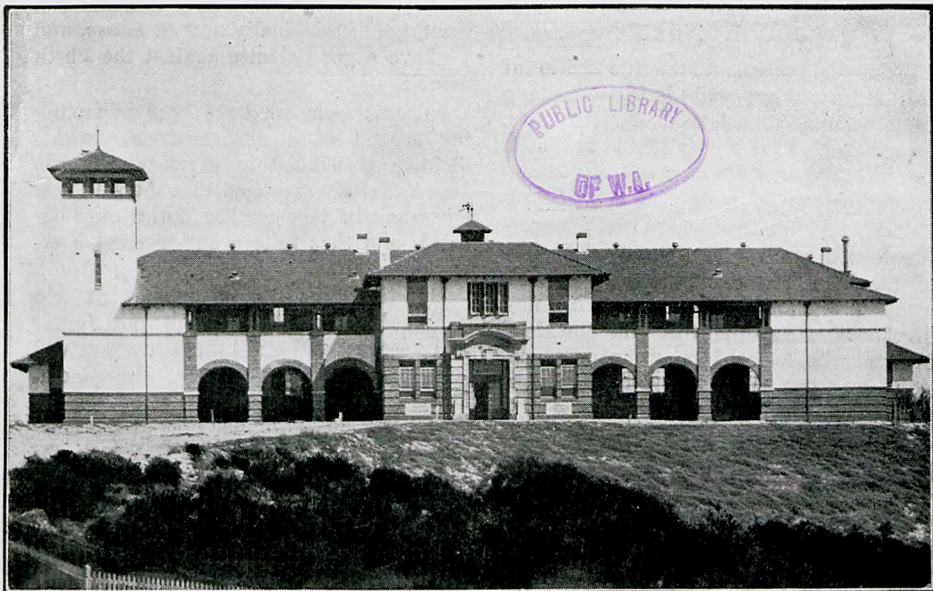
LIBRARIANS.

Reference: Miss D. Carroll, R. Grace.

Fiction: Miss H. Withers, L. Clarke.



Views round Bunbury.



THE KINGIA.

Vol. II. No. 2.

BUNBURY, AUGUST, 1924.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

WE are pleased to note that the number of students is steadily increasing, and shows a marked improvement on last year's record. Several new members have entered our ranks during the term, and we hope they will enjoy life among us and learn to love the old school.

Now that the second term is drawing to an end, and the dreaded examinations loom not far ahead, students of the third and fifth forms are studying hard. They must realise that theirs is the responsibility of keeping up the traditions established in previous years, and of raising the standard of scholarship within the school. We wish them all the very best of luck, and hope that the results of this year's University examinations will show that the school is not deteriorating in the production of students able to take high

place in life and do their full share of work for their country.

In connection with Sport, we are glad to find such keen interest being shown in every branch. Faction matches are keenly contested, much friendly rivalry for the position of leading faction being shown. The forthcoming secondary school sports carnival has been an added inducement to practise this term, and we are all eagerly awaiting the event.

In conclusion we would like to thank all contributors for their help in producing this magazine. Without the support and co-operation of the school, more especially that of the senior students, the magazine cannot be a real success, and must fail in its aim. On the other hand, if students take a genuine interest in it, it can become an important adjunct to their school.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Excitement seems to be the motto of this term. What with lectures, coming examinations, school concerts, influenza, measles, and inter-school sports at Perth, the poor students are in a bewildered and excited frame of mind.

This year we have been very unfortunate with our winter lectures. The date of the First Master's lecture on "Forest Products" coincided with the opening of the influenza epidemic, and the Head Master, who lectured on "Cheap Education," was just too soon for the convalescent stage.

On Friday we held our great concert in the Lyric Theatre, and were greeted with a packed house. For the past six weeks all of the students have been working overtime to perfect their parts. Altogether four scenes from Shakespeare were presented—the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and three scenes presenting the workmen of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Japanese Operetta "Princess Ju Ju." The English Master was able to get some very fine acting from the talented fifth form, while the Science Master's musical abilities readily lent themselves to the staging of "Princess Ju Ju." We must not fail to mention the great and difficult work done by the Sports Mistress and the girls in producing the elaborate costumes necessary for the concert.

Besides the work for the concert, most students have been training hard for the coming inter-school sports at Perth at the end of the term. On Tuesday, instead of football, a meeting was held on the Recreation Ground and the various teams were picked to represent the school. As all the tennis courts here are grass we were somewhat at a disadvantage, but fortunately the Harbour Board kindly gave us permission to practise in their concrete-floored grain shed. This will be a great help, and we cannot thank them too highly for their generous action.

So far we have played two football matches with the ex-students, both of which we lost. This year there has been a great improvement in the football

team, both individually and *en masse*, and we have a good chance against the Perth schools.

All this term we have been expecting the arrival of a new mistress, whose identity is clothed in mystery. It has been definitely arranged that the said new mistress will take up her duties on August 1, and thus relieve our worried over-worked staff.

By the time the next issue of the "Kingia" is out the Leaving and Junior will be over, and our toiling workers will relinquish their heavy task. In conclusion, we hope that every member of the school will do his or her best at the coming examinations, and will keep up the school's reputation and motto—"En Avant."

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

A hurried tea, followed by a quick walk to the theatre; a rapid change into your costume in a room six by six and shared by eight other occupants; and you present yourself, after much pushing and pulling, at the door of the "doing-up" room. School boys and girls enter this apartment, but the variety of characters who proceed from that little cubicle is astonishing: dukes and their ladies; doctors of law and slant-eyed Japs; old Jews and rough old Athenian workmen; some with grizzly moustaches, others with big red beery noses, another with a large corporation, and here one whose face is covered with "knobs and whelks and flames of fire." An inspection of the room shows in one corner Shylock receiving a better hump than any camel, in another a sweet-faced youth quickly growing an Italian moustache and a "Van Dyke" beard, while some other fine personage is having his locks daintily powdered.

Then on to the stage you go, where all the finished characters are gathered. There some of the principals are standing with knocking knees and sinking hearts, while their less timid companions

are grouped together talking and laughing, and one nonchalant individual is even lolling back in the Duke's chair trying to understand the intricacies of the modern range finder.

"All off the stage!—Lights!—Are you all ready?—Righto. Then—CURTAIN."

The actors walk (?) on to the stage amidst thunderous applause. "What, is Antonio here?"

The play has begun.

If one glances over at the left wing of the stage he would see a microscopic little gentleman with dilated eyes covered with a pair of rimless glasses, alternately digging his teeth into his lips and biting his finger-nails. If these little antics helped the actors at all, this individual certainly did his work well: for Shylock and Portia are to be congratulated on their performance.

The next scene, taken from "Midsummer Night's Dream," was exceedingly funny, judging by the mirth of the audience. Sinclair made an excellent Peter Quince, and perhaps the best part of his make-up was the comfortable appearance of his middle-aged spread. The school captain was certainly a "sweet youth and tall," and if our school walls were only as beautiful (?) as Sally's impersonation, the school indeed would be an ideal establishment. But oh! would that we had some more girls like Thisbe! The poetic Robert looked very much like a warlike Trojan of the olden days, but his legs did not look as if they could support the weight of a Hector; while the lion had a peculiar tendency to pick grass seeds out of his tail.

At the termination of Thisbe's passion these Shakespearian scenes finished, and the noises that usually betoken interval—the cracklings of chocolate bags, the scraping of feet, and the general chatter—were heard; while behind the scenes the actors were being congratulated by their fellow-students on their excellent performance.

After the interval, the main performance of the evening, "Princess Ju Ju," was staged. In the first act of this piece the three wandering minstrels are thrown into prison by a "peppery potentate with

a long name," who thinks that they are impostors and have come to steal his daughter. We wish here to congratulate Miss Ada Peacock on her excellent performance and the magnificent way in which she sung her solos. She made a charming Princess, and, considering the time that she had to practise, left nothing to be desired.

"Stumpy" was the true king of the show, and made an excellent Jap; but we must say that his slim (?) features, crowned by a red and yellow chrysanthemum, were certainly not "a thing of beauty and joy for ever."

The second act was perhaps the prettiest of the piece, being a forest scene by night. To an enchanted glen, which is the abode of a mighty magician and is reigned over by the beautiful queen of night comes Princess Ju Ju, to find the gems lost by her lovers, and so establish their innocence.

In the third act the Princes are about to be beheaded, when Princess Ju Ju rushes forward with the jewels and documents, proving their identity. Then the "mighty Hokipokitipitoptop" thinks that perhaps his "drooping spirits" will be enlivened just as much by a wedding as an execution, and accordingly confers on the hero Prince the hand of Ju Ju.

The concert went off exceedingly well and was a great financial success, well worth the trouble of the masters and students. We here wish to congratulate all the actors—principals and chorus—on their splendid performance; and also, on behalf of the school, to thank the staff concerned for the amount of work they did to make the affair so great a success.

L.C.

IDEAL EXAMINATIONS.

One by one the students entered the examination room, selected a neat arm-chair and desk, and prepared to make themselves comfortable. Looking round the room they perceived many of their friends chatting across to one another, others hurriedly referring to books, while the

rest were patiently waiting. There was no undue commotion or noise, and everyone seemed cheerful. They were waiting for their examination. Not an examination as we know it, but one which to us would be ideal. The room was not surrounded by four bare walls, nor were there any obstructions like Roman rings, etc., hanging from the roof, or a ladder over the entrance to make the superstitious tremble when they passed under it. No, it was a great terminal event for which faction points were awarded and keenly contested for. (Golds now leading.)

When all was in readiness the supervisor, a jolly, genial-faced man, whose beaming smile conveyed confidence to any student's quaking heart, began the examination with a short address.

"Boys," he said, "you have been assembled together to sit for your terminal exam. The subject selected for to-day is English. There are three questions. You may do three, two, one, or none at all, but if anyone should do more than two I would be obliged if he left the third answer in the waste-paper basket. The questions are:—

1. Give a general analysis of Peter Piper picked a peck of pickling pepper.'

Pick out the alliterations.

2. Repeat the first four lines of that exquisite poem, 'Mary had a little lamb.'

Describe its beauties and figures of speech.

3. Write a criticism (about 10 lines) on Shakespeare's 'Paradise Lost.'

On each desk are supplied a number of reference books which may be useful to you, and also a few refreshments which will prevent any weakening of your constitution. You may now start."

At this command a hidden orchestra (not the school's) filled the air with drowsy, gentle music which pleased the ear and soon lulled the supervisor, as well as several students, to peaceful slumber.

Some eager students hurriedly set to work, each intent on gaining the award and helping their faction. Many thought

more of their constitution than their faction and rapidly devoured their own refreshments as well as those of other individuals. Others leisurely set to work, alternatively eating and transcribing from the reference books, while the rest threw down their pens in disgust and left the room to play football.

In due course the examination was over and the students, except those asleep, left the building and prepared themselves for a fortnight's holiday.

This was an ideal exam, which gave the students little trouble and the examiners less. No one ever suffered any ill effects, except those who ate too much, and the questions were easy. There is no doubt that an examination of this sort, when once introduced, would become immensely popular among all those who are in any way connected with it.

M.C.

"THE ROARING FORTIES."

Far from the steaming tropics
The "Roaring Forties" blow;
They rage o'er mount and river
In the land of ice and snow
And toss the foaming torrents
Wherever they do go.

While tropic heat is beating
On Afric's burning sands,
On India's rain-soaked rice fields
And thickest jungle lands,
Then, then the "Roaring Forties"
Rage o'er the ice-bound strands.

Blizzards of the icy poles,
Tempest of the open plain,
Conqueror of the swaying pine,
Messenger of snow and rain;
Thou dost benefit and harm
In the land where thou dost reign.

—Q.E.D.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

(Office Boy included).

Behind a table littered with papers, a worried frown creasing their noble brows, their hair disordered, and their eyes desperate and impatient, sit the two editors and their assistant, the office boy. Beside them reposes a large waste-paper basket

to which their hands go out with horrible frequency—particularly those of the office boy. To this haunted cave come occasionally pale young persons, who silently proffer their efforts towards the glorious record of their beloved (?) school. The great ones receive their offerings with casual nods, tossing the precious manuscripts upon their littered desk, whereat the hearts of their luckless creators sink like lead, with the horrible premonition of the coming fate of their beloveds. Then the door is closed upon them, and they go forth to await, with or without patience, for the result of their labours.

Will they be extolled to the highest degree, their name shining in the pages of the famous "Kingia"—that superb paper, which even the great "Uni" literary high priest has condescended to praise, or will their hearts be with their darlings in the unhallowed grave of the rubbish box, east there by those hateful creatures—the Editors, egged on by the office boy.

At a certain time, known only to the initiated, the famous mag. leaves its home in the office boy's locker and goes forth on a great journey from which it returns clothed in its gorgeous dress of red and gold. As this time approaches a change takes place in the demeanour of the great ones, their haughty and distant manner vanishes, and their worried and desperate air increases. At this time they also journey forth from their celebrated home, making short journeys to different class rooms where the office boy makes many an impassioned and moving speech on behalf of his beloved magazine. Does he ever consider the pangs suffered by the anxious author? But of course he doesn't; his mind is too occupied with the weight and responsibility of his position.

His oratorical endeavours are evidently successful, and expectant geniuses present the children of their minds for further dissection for the accomplishment of which the great ones once more retire to their lair. Then the great volume goes on its journey and all is Peace—for a time.

E. McC.

FABLE OR FACT.

I was sure of my death, positively certain of that, for my spirit saw my bodily form disappear in a cloud of smoke. What was to be done? Nothing—except look for another abode.

Accordingly and with many apprehensions I launched myself out on the vast sea of uncertainty. My recollection of the journey, although hazy, is remarkably clear in recalling the craft in which the voyage was made. It was a weird cockle-shell arrangement having a flat bottom. A sail and a splintered pine mast stood at the bows. I have heard this described as "Whitey's Flatty," whatever that may be.

A strong breeze soon drove the crazy vessel on a pebbly beach where my disembarkation ensued with surprising suddenness. Collecting my scattered thoughts I wandered aimlessly about until two roads, one broad and leading down to deep recesses, the other narrow but inclined upwards, appeared before me. An age-old commonplace taught me which to follow.

After I had toiled upwards for a few yards—the hill seemed terribly steep—a strange sight presented itself to my astonished vision. A disordered mass of bricks, plaster, lime, mortar, and other things, reared up toward the heavens. This has been called "Hogue's Contract." "Hogue's Mad Act" seemed more applicable. With the fear that a rabbit has of the collapse of his burrow, I hurried past the—er—building and continued my ascent with a fervent prayer that I should have to pass no more such edifices. At a turn in the road one could enjoy a beautiful panorama of Neptune's domains. "Surely," I soliloquised, "this cannot be the far-famed Kalsoorie Baths," but the force of the wind at this point necessitated rapid movement on my part before I could decide the question.

Planks of timber now flanked the road, causing one to feel like a piece of meat being introduced to a sausage machine. But this terrible sensation was short-lived, for I soon arrived at the imposing portal of what seemed a heavenly abode

in comparison with the previously mentioned structure. I noticed that the drive leading to the great edifice was of more favourable inclination, and meditated on how much leather had already been used in ascending the hill.

A silvery tinkle of bells sounded—not dinner bells—No! they sound differently, therefore the call was not urgent, and I strolled along at my leisure until the great entrance loomed before me. What did that raised lettering above signify? — — — “High School”? It seemed strangely familiar. Instinct caused me to direct my steps to the series of arches on the left and by this means I entered the building.

A flight of stairs before me led to the next floor, and under the influence of the same instinct I found myself at the head of the stairs. A heated harangue on the conjugation of some dreadful French verb sounded uncomfortably near, presumably in the room close by, so I left the affected area and traversed a corridor until a crash of broken glass drew my attention to a laboratory on the left hand side. Opening the door I stepped in and almost immediately my senses became riveted upon a shadowy form with obsolete ear-phones on his head. I gazed into his eyes—What!! My dear old Blanko!! He beamed upon me and attempted to direct my attention to the fact that he was enjoying Westralian Farmers’ broadcasting concerts. I turned away in disgust and departed. Just prior to my decease I had been jazzing to the music of Martian Jazz Orchestra, broadcasted from Mars by ultra-violet wave transmission.

In the room opposite it was practically self-evident that an English lesson was in progress; not exactly in progress since Fourth Year were being instructed. I sauntered in, apparently unnoticed, and recognised among the shadowy forms of students such old acquaintances as Johnny, Bluey, and Janet. I walked out faster than I had come in; it was no place for me. There seemed to be too many unpleasant recollections in the presence of such a number of friends.

At the end of the corridor I noticed the door of “K” room. Before I had thoroughly decided to intrude there, the door opened, a yell followed, and then came a dull thud. A person I at once recognised as Bruin alighted on the end of his backbone half-way across the corridor, and, as the door was not closed after his exit, I walked in. A shade was growling and dusting himself down. I stared at him, and, as he recognised me, a broad grin overspread his features—Sally—Yes! I once knew Sally well, but in shadow form he was difficult to recognise. Oh, how I had missed his pleasant demeanour during my last moments on earth. Just then in strode another personage, whose “eyes twinkled in his head aright.” Was he of my acquaintance or indeed a total stranger? No!—I had heard of him; he was reputed to have eaten six dozen oysters in fi—— Bang!! I found myself on the floor of the Physics Laboratory of the Bunbury High School. Some maniac had been preparing a few decigrams of nitro-glycerine, but of his retort there was no trace, except a mist of nitrous fumes. Surely my wonderful experience had not been a dream. Do not torture my intellect with such a suggestion, but, dear readers, I leave the question to you.

J.L.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES.

On Tuesday, 29th April, a very enjoyable soireé was held in the School Gymnasium. The most important item of the evening was a highly interesting and successful lecture given in French by Miss B. Cahill on the Life and Works of the great French playwright Molière. Several short plays were acted in French. “Les Trois Ours,” played by Miss D. Shaw, Miss E. Buggenthin, Miss M. Taylor, Miss C. McGeary was most amusing. “Chez le Dentiste” was played by Miss M. Bell (patient), Miss M. Blechynden (dentist), Miss E. Becker (nurse). “Les trois Souhais” was performed by Miss

C. McGeary (old woman), Miss M. Taylor (old man), and Miss D. Robinson (fairy).

Miss J. Struthers and Miss D. Cunningham gave a dialogue in French.

Miss C. McGeary related a short story in French, and gained a prize. In addition to the lecture and plays, games were played in French. Miss L. Tobitt officiated at the piano.

On Tuesday, 24th June, another soiree was held in the School hall, but owing to the influenza epidemic the attendance was lower than usual.

Miss Jean Muir delivered a lecture on the life of Daudet, the French novelist. The fourth year presented a short play entitled "Après la Soirée." The players were Miss Jean Muir (Madame Quicheron), Neill Sinclair (Monsieur Quicheron), Miss D. Carroll (Léonie), Miss M. Kealy (Mlle. Quicheron).

Games were played and prizes won by Miss D. Carroll (who formed fifty-seven words out of "chevalier"), Leslie Sweet, Miss E. Buggenthin, and Lewis Dunham.

There will be one more soiree before the midwinter vacation, which will celebrate the first birthday of the French Club. A hearty invitation is extended to students and ex-students to be present.

A RUSSIAN BALLET

(in three acts).

(By Stevenski.)

Act. (i.)—*Scene*: A large room, set about with seats and desks.

Enter eight males, clad in garments of grey and black. They execute a weird, slow dance, in and out among the seats, following each other, with expressions of hateful anticipation, and waving their arms in a rhythmical fashion.

The dance ceases, and there enter five females, clad in garments of divers colours. These perform a slow dance, indicative of weariness and resentment.

They stop, and one of the males, performing the same step as previously, advances towards three buttons, which he presses. There is a sound of a bell, and the whole of the players become seated at once. The one who has pressed the button dances slowly to his place.

Act (ii.)—*Scene*: Same as in Act (i.).

The door opens with a rush of wind, and there enters a small being, with a high forehead, wearing a short black cloak, and carrying three books; one of green, one of pale blue, and the other of red.

He dances in a slow, methodical fashion from one side of the room to another, holding up the books in turn, and all the time gazing at the rest of the players in a questioning manner.

Act (iii.)—*Scene*: Same as in Act (i.) and (ii.).

The others show signs of irritation and resentment, and begin to sway from side to side in a rhythmical fashion.

The being in the cloak continues his dance and his questioning gaze, till finally, the others rise, still continuing the rhythmical motion, and with faces expressive of exasperation, advance upon the being, and slowly bear him to the centre of the room.

Around him, they execute a wild, fantastic, whirling dance, expressive of triumph, till the being collapses upon the floor.

Suddenly the dance stops, and the players resume their first rhythmical step, and slowly file out.

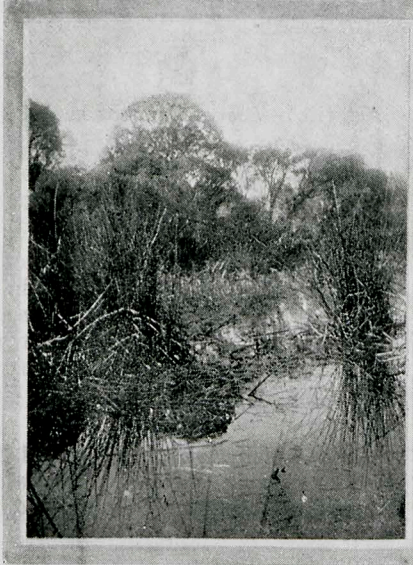
(Curtain.)

UP THE LAKE.

I suppose most of the children going to school have used the expression "Up the Lake" at one time or another. I can imagine some young hopeful putting forth some brainy statement and being greeted by derisive shouts of "You're up the

pony to be shod, and he was asked where he was going. He politely replied "Up Muddy Lake."

I will now try to describe part of this wonderful place to the readers of the



Lake." Many children use this expression, but I don't suppose that many of them have seen the place known as Muddy Lake. Another use for this expression is when one does not wish to tell any inquisitive where one is going. The other day my brother was taking the

"Kingia" magazine. Firstly, I will try and tell you as nearly as possible the position of this magic lake. It lies about nine miles to the south of Bunbury, between the sea and the Capel road, and in beautiful forest country timbered with tuarts, peppermints, and banksias.

Now let us pretend we are just arriving at its northern shore. Suddenly, from around the base of a small roundish hill-ock, the huge trees seeming to recede into two ranks like those of two opposing armies, we see its pale gleams from among the rushes and water weeds at its margin. Muddy Lake lies calm and undisturbed at our feet! It looks so tranquil and innocent under its amber-coloured water, that one almost wonders why it received its somewhat strange name. But poke this long stick into the water, which looks to be only about six inches deep. Down, down, down goes the stick. Will it never reach the bottom? Only at a few places can the bottom be reached—it is indeed a treacherous and unsafe place.

Let us proceed with our walk along its shore, over-hung with the willow-like peppermint trees, which languidly dangle their long branches nearly to the water's surface. As we go along we hear the sweet, but often melancholy, melodies of the birds, and the soft mysterious rustle of the tiny water-rats, as they seek a hiding place from curious eyes. But look up the hill-side. What do you see there? Small wattle-bushes springing out of patches of golden-green moss which makes a good hiding place for thousands of small brownish orchids; scarlet-clothed shrubs of *Templetonia Pea* grow further up the steep slope; while on top, rearing their stately and majestic forms higher than any of the surrounding trees, we see the proud white-stemmed tuarts. This is the pleasantest part of Muddy Lake, where every detail is reflected in the mirror-like surface of the water, which is disturbed, however, from time to time by the circles produced by some water bird, rising to the surface to breathe. All is sunshine, warmth, and colour. A place of happiness and kindly feelings.

Now we have passed this pleasant spot and have entered into a gloomy dark wood, where there grow many black-boys with huge black trunks and wide green tops. We have to thread our way carefully between these grim sentinels before we reach the sunny slope of the next

green hill. The path is narrow; the thin spear-like leaves of the black-boys interlace a few feet above our heads; and there is a continuous rustling noise reminding us very much of snakes. No wonder we hurry through! No wonder we heave sighs of relief when we reach the other side! It is a very awe-inspiring and disagreeable place, and somehow makes me think of ghosts.

But straight away another picture is placed before us—that of a tiny green island all hidden by huge paper-bark trees, with long strips of their bark hanging down to the water's edge. The water is as clear as glass, and the reflections are marvellous. All at once, as if becoming suddenly aware of our presence, a small flight of birds rises from the trees on the green islet. It is a sight worth remembering; and I am sure every one in the school would appreciate Wordsworth's poetry if it were read by the shore of Muddy Lake. But every one is not so fortunate as I am, and I hope my attempt at describing some of the most beautiful country I have ever seen will help others to notice the wonders of Nature. A beautiful picture lasts in one's memory many years, and may serve to lighten one's mind in hours of depression and melancholy.

S.V.I.

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‘IT’S FASCINATING.’

“Listening in!” A coined word of this modern illiterate world, and one which we are sure, dear old Will Shakespeare would never have used in his rhythmical masterpieces; but one which, to everybody—old and young, from the baby to the grandmother—spells of fascination, mystery and romance.

We sit down before a little cabinet which seems to us to contain a multitude of knobs, switches, brass plugs and figures, and adjust the headphones to fit our ears. But this takes some adjusting, not because our ears are too big, but because the headstraps will keep catching in our

hair, and the cord seems as if it must be tied about our arms and legs to ensure good results. When, however, we have become as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we try to *imagine* music, from noises which differ in pitch from the screech of a baby to those typical of the fifth of November. Ah! but that's better. From the confused *mêlée* of harmonies we can now distinguish something *resembling* a human voice, and as the instrument is tuned correctly it becomes extremely clear, so that we hear: "Well! wasn't that a nice story children? Goodnight." Then all is quiet.

You begin to wonder at the romance of the thing, and seem to see the little ones in a thousand different homes—sitting with headphones on their tiny ears, with eyes staring, mouths wide—listening for the first or hundredth time, to the thrilling adventures of Jack when he climbed the Beanstalk.

"The next item will be a selection on a sonora." Our meditations have been rudely interrupted, but we forgive and forget the injury and sit listening for the first strains of music. "Ah! Yes. It is the opening bars of Tosti's "Good-bye," and the deep rich voice of John M—— is only very slightly changed even after being reproduced from a gramophone, changed into electric current, transmitted through one hundred and fifty miles of space, and rechanged once again into sound. Next come the World's news, market reports and the latest cable news, and then from eight o'clock till ten we "tune in" to a concert or social talk.

Fascinating? Yes, fascinating it certainly is; and humorous too at times. To see two boys with headphones on their ears, listening—and then to burst out into that popular ditty "Three Blind Mice;" to see our headmaster look disgusted when the voice says: "Bedtime now, children! Good-night"; and to hear one of the pupils, in Bunbury, politely inform the lecturer, in Perth, that he is childish, is truly funny.

But now the concert is over and the operator switches over on to Applecross. Dot-dot-dash-dash-dot you hear a station

calling, and fainter (diminished by distance) comes the reply from the boat at sea. Sometimes one can hear as many as four or five ships at once tapping out their invisible tidings into the ether. We hear them calling upon someone to answer, but whence these messages come and what they say we know not, but are content to sit and listen.

To hear those coded messages gives one a peculiar feeling of being Prospero's Ariel; we seem to be above this world, looking down upon seas and continents. There is a ship calling to Applecross; away in the misty west is another, but fainter it calls, far away, near the shores of Java. Another is speaking but its voice is not heard above a whisper.

"Ooooooh! What was that?" A screech, which is a cross between the squeal of a baby and the noise of a Ford, is—our operator informs us—"Only a valve howling." We thank our fates that it is not very often one does howl, and sit in trembling fear lest it should be so—er—nice as to howl again.

"Is it all joy?" Oh, no! Instal a set yourself; erect a mast; fix your aerial; carry your 70 pound batteries down a hill to have them charged and then carry them up that hill again; allow a valve to cry soothingly in your ear. By no means is listening-in all joy, but at any rate it is fascinating.

L.C.

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES.

Some months have passed since last contributing to the School Magazine, but very little seems to have been done.

A most successful social was held in June. Everyone seemed to have a most enjoyable time and are all looking forward to the next Evening to be held in a few days' time.

The School has at last been taken down a peg. A team, composed of two-thirds ex-students, has had the pleasure of defeating the School twice in the muddy game of football.

Matches between School and Ex-students are being arranged in football and tennis, and the ex-students are doing their best to raise a hockey team.

The financial membership roll is at present very small indeed. All intending members please get in touch with the secretary or the treasurer, Mr. Power, as soon as possible.

At the last social held we were all sorry to bid farewell to our fellow-member, Miss M. Becker. Miss Becker worked on our committee most enthusiastically, and was very popular with all. We wish her the very best of luck and hope she will soon be back among us.

Best wishes from ex-students.

W. C. FERGUSON,
Hon. Sec.

LINES SUGGESTED ON THE PASSING OF THE FLEET.

Long ages past, a bard of ancient Greece,
Sang cunningly and clear a wistful song
Of Faun, with goatlike leaps, and grey-
beard long

That danced, and made sweet music without
cease.

Till shades of evening lured to flowery bed.
Had I the skill to wake the lyric string
Of a greater, nobler creature would I sing,
The British sailor would I praise instead.

He chants no mournful lay beside the stream,
He trips no gentle step with mincing
motion,

But borne on the bosom of the restless
ocean,

He strongly fares far out where sea-gulls
scream.

Braving the raging seas, the flying seud,
He stands for strength and courage—
fighting-blood.

—*Stump.*

THE FIFTH FORM'S OGRE.

Behind the table in the fifth form classroom he sits, this dreaded ogre; his well-known black robe is gathered closely around him, one hand clutches his staff of office with which he frequently bangs

upon the table to emphasise his remarks—which are many and varied. His other hand, clenched with the force of his emotions, rests in silent warning upon the table top. Before him crouch the awed students huddled together like frightened sheep. The silence is intense except when some unfortunate overstrained creature gives a convulsive gasping gurgle which abruptly ceases when the evil eye falls upon him.

Between this dread being and his luckless captives there stands a table. Oh, that "Beloved" table, so nice and thick and heavy, restraining his meditated attacks upon the luckless—and brainless ones—before him.

It is not permitted that the doomed ones keep their distance. Their captor kindly invites them to occupy the front seats well within the sunshine of his smile—and within reach of his claws.

The "being" takes an intense delight in asking impossible questions and then withering the unhappy ones with his scorn when they fail to answer.

On Thursdays he lectures on an ancient one, by name "Bacon," and the slaughter of the innocents commences in earnest unless some courageous youth draws the renowned herring across his trail in the shape of a question on Shakespearian acting.

It often pleaseth this "perfidious wretch" to set traps for the female element in the class by making disparaging remarks concerning their sex, but they have long lost the spirit necessary to defiance, and let his thrusts pass with dull and emotionless silence.

At certain times his thirst for blood seems to be greater than others, and then we get ——— Tests. Need I describe the carnage which follows.

Should any hapless person mention "science" to him, his doom is inevitable. A red mist obscures his vision, and he is for a few seconds in imminent danger of strangling and then——then the explosion comes and the demise of the unfortunate follows.

When, however, he is fully embarked on some beloved literary subject like Swift or Dr. Johnson we see the better

side of his nature. His eye softens and glows; he becomes absolutely eloquent while his whimsical beaming smile includes the whole class. At such times we forget our usual awe and terror of him and we pass a delightful period, the pleasant memory of which remains with us for many days, and helps us over the succeeding "Bacon" days.

E. McC.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Sh——! They've started!" The whisper, fraught with tension, runs through the dressing-room upstairs. The curtain has risen on the Fourth, who have the unenviable job of breaking the ice. For a moment the buzz of voices ceases; shades of Bottom, the weaver, and his cronies halt in their tracks, slant-eyed easterners check themselves in the act of yelling for someone to get off their pigtail, and listen. From far below, faint voices can be heard—the imperial tones of the Duke, the harsh accents of the Jew, Shylock, the measured speech of Portia.

Then Babel breaks loose again. The drama being acted below is forgotten in the rush for the mirror and the paint-room. After much pushing and squeezing, and, I fear me, the use of a few Rugby tactics, sadly out of keeping with the character of a stately oriental, one finally reaches the paint-room, and, breaking through the last of the rabble at the door, emerges into the comparative freedom of the room, and an annoyed voice snaps: "Get back, for Heaven's sake, and give a man a chance!" and the poor victim slinks into the back-ground, and essays to hide behind a youthful disciple of Nippon. When he recovers his *sang froid* sufficiently to make another attempt on the door, he is admitted, painted, and pushed out.

This ordeal over, he is free to go downstairs to watch the rendering of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Through a gap in the scenery, and over the heads of a crowd of self-possessed First Form

females, he catches glimpses of a fearful lion, of a "sweet-faced youth" draped in the Grecian fashion in a pink robe, and occasionally of a tow-headed damsel, who wails.

That scene is finished, and amid loud claps from the audience, out rush the actors, barging into all and sundry, paying no respect to rank, or the fact that one's moustache is not as firm as might be wished. Congratulations are given and received, and the stage is in an uproar till the Shakespearians disappear, and the audience begin to return.

Now excitement among the Ju-Juians grows tense. Everyone, with the exception of several First Form girls, whom no stern glares will abash, is silent (more or less), and in position. The overture is being played, and one's moustache begins to feel a little less firm than before. The chorus shuffles in, and the moustache grows still heavier, till, when the cue comes, it feels like two huge weights. But escape is impossible, so taking a deep breath, muttering a silent prayer, fervently hoping that the moustache will stay on, one enters.

STUMP.

THE HABITS AND INTRICACIES OF THE FEMININE SEX.

No one of to-day understands, or professes to understand, the fickle natures of women; it is a problem that has not been solved, and will probably remain unsolved. Their actions are so unreasonable and unexpected that it is hopeless to try.

Anyone who has had anything to do with the fair (?) sex will agree with me when I say that it is perfectly useless to argue with a woman. In the first place, her intelligence is limited, and I advise you, if you want to talk business or important matters, don't confide in a woman. In the second place, as I mentioned before, their actions and emotions are entirely unexpected, and if you persist in arguing, your features, and your life also, are in imminent danger.

The members of this particular sex have evidently special habits and intricacies which are reserved for their use only. The childish habit of screaming seems to be a general favourite with them, particularly when they are excited.

To realise this you have only to watch a baseball match in progress, and soon you begin to wonder if you have made a mistake and wandered by chance into a bears' den or an asylum.

Another favourite with them is the very diverting pastime of giggling in the Form room, in the presence of a master or mistress. No one knows whether there is any joke to amuse themselves with, or whether it is merely done because it has become a permanent habit; we do know, however, that the stern eye of the master or mistress present does not have the effect of silencing them; in fact, I think the majority of the masters have given it up in despair, and now they always make allowances for them when giving a lecture.

We now come to another divergency, or shall we call it a gift, of women, namely, the gift of talking. I think it is a well-known fact that the members of the fair sex spend most of their time gabbling, and it has now evidently become one of their chief pastimes. How interesting it is to gabble and talk like a crowd of newly wed magpies! and how amusing to their small intellect!

No doubt they have their reasons for doing most of these things, but how anyone could shed tears when they are happy, is a mystery to me; but then, as I said before, the weaker sex has always been, and is still, a source of endless mystery and worry to the more intelligent and stronger male.

K. H.

FORM NOTES.

III.

In this, the second term of the year, when we are supposed to do the bulk of our Junior work, we have been at a disadvantage with our studies, as we have not been able to settle down to continual

work, but have experienced several interruptions.

To begin with, our time-table was altered and the Form divided into two classes. Naturally, a few days elapsed before we again settled down into our *smooth* channel of *work*. Secondly, the 'flue germ found its way into the school, and most of us had our share of the complaint, which in most cases necessitated a week or so in bed. Next, we had to endure the plaintive wails that issued forth from the Gym whenever the Ju-Ju people held practices; also the everlasting question which the English master put to the Princess: "Well! have you married the Prince yet?"

At present four of the girls and one boy are enjoying the measles and their after effects, and, naturally, we take all precautions against the disease. One of our members appeared to possess the symptoms, but he was promptly isolated in the corner of the room until it was proved that our fears were groundless.

The inside handle of our room door has acquired the habit of twisting round without working the catch. Several visitors to our room have experienced great difficulty in manipulating it, and have found it necessary to apply to one of us for the combination before being able to make their exit. I suppose the action of the door-knob is really due to the fact that our esteemed caretaker uses a little too much oil and polish on it.

Well, Mr. Editor, we conclude our notes with all good wishes to the School and our Magazine.

IV.

Thirteen strong are we: a very joyous troop; no worries, no troubles, and no examinations to undermine our constitutions—a very happy band indeed. Forced to bear insults from all quarters, we smile bravely and earnestly endeavour to prepare ourselves for the forthcoming year of great responsibilities.

Those haughty Fifth Formers, how proudly do they bear themselves, and yet how stupid do they look when, in answer to a mistress's urgent demand for home-work, they reply in turn,

"Please, Miss, I forgot the question," or "Please, Miss, my book is lost" (a week was given in which to do the question). However, that is a detail in their eyes, no matter in what light other people regard it; for they are the Fifth Form.

We have passed over the term's work with many sighs of relief, after having undergone the usual painful ordeals so common to the average student who does not believe in working overtime (namely, two hours per night). Often do we part company to go to our respective lectures (some prefer the odours of the laboratories to the musical harmony of a History lecture); yet we all unite for the common cause of studying our native language. Only two girls face the terrors of the "Maths" periods, the remnant meanwhile revelling in hours of slothful idleness. Three of our apparently gallant band even fail to respond to the call of our revered French mistress. To think we only pass three and three-quarter hours per week in the study of that simple yet fascinating language! No wonder we make such little progress. Often do we discuss among ourselves the happy times we shall spend during our visit to France in the dim future.

Physics carries us into another realm of mystery, where the "tame scientist" of the Fifth delves with seeming knowledge. To judge by the silver tie-pins which are becoming so common around the school, it would appear that the Fourth and Fifth are some jewellers.

Our Form was well represented at the School Concert, as all the members endeavoured to portray the Court Scene from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Following upon the conclusion of the Concert come the exams, which mark the close of the term. We hope all will be successful, and as no other issue of the *Kingia* comes out before the Public Examinations we wish the candidates the best of good luck.

We also hope that the School representatives will distinguish themselves at the approaching Secondary School Sports.

V.

We have nearly exhausted our period of indolence in Fifth Year. The work for next term will be a brain-fagging ordeal, nearly all work and no recreation. We could trade on the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," if we were not so mature in mind and years, like Fourth Year, for instance; not insinuating, of course, that its members would do such a thing: certainly not.

Some have described our lives in the realm of scholarship this term as exceptionally dull. Perhaps they have forgotten some amusing incidents that occurred during the term. We might recall the unpleasant but wholly entertaining ordeal of one of our male members during an English Period, when Francis Bacon was the chief subject of interest. The incident connected with the dissection of a whale also provided a little amusement, this time the laugh being on the feminine portion of our members.

Then, again, radio circuits, especially reflex circuits, are very interesting. Two of our fraternity were of that opinion, and considered it a profitable pastime, regaling themselves with blackboard diagrams. A third person became intensely interested in the proceedings, and, as it is alleged, much to the discomfiture of the two victims.

We have lost our Charlie, dear old Thisbe, that pinnacle of humorous excellence on our low plane of dejection. How we bemoan our loss. If an Upper School fire-eater felt in the mood for murderous designs, we would solemnly beg him to crave an interview with Thisbe. Since Thisbe's departure, Sally has been found a most efficient substitute.

The words "Skim-milk" hold some baleful influence over us. The words have no resemblance to "Open Sesame," "Heigh Presto," or even to the mystic utterances of Merlin; however, their influence is profound. In addition, it is very doubtful if the substance referred to should cause trouble, for it is usually regarded as a healthful and refreshing beverage. No! The question is entirely beyond the limited comprehension of our reporter.

but Fourth Year might supply information on the subject.

In conclusion, we wish the school success in its forthcoming examinations and in the sports meeting which will eventuate in Perth shortly.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN PARTY.

Three hundred and sixty years is a long time ago. But in the year 1564 the greatest literary genius of all time was born. In 1564 William Shakespeare first saw the light of day, and when we stop to think, it is a remarkable thing to realise that some three hundred years after the birth of the poet a party of students from our school should visit Perth to witness the plays of the immortal dramatist. Small though the incident may be in proportion to the extent of Shakespeare's world-wide fame, it is yet an eloquent tribute to the greatness of the man. Most things, with the passing of time, fade and perish, but the genius of Shakespeare seems destined to shine for ever, and it is significant that, in a small school of Australia, such as ours, those directing our literary efforts should deem it of educational value to take us 130 miles to witness what we could of the great plays of the Bard of Avon. It goes to prove that the contention of a great German scholar, that "Shakespeare belonged not to England, but to the world," is being borne out by latter-day history. Just as there is only one sun in the solar system, so there is only one Shakespeare in the literary world.

To pursue the subject in lighter vein. Our party duly left for Perth accompanied by certain members of the Staff, and, after a rather uproarious journey, arrived in the busy city.

The first play we witnessed was the great historical drama "Henry V." Much to our surprise, the difficult part of the chorus was acted by a woman. The wonderful, impassioned lines were

spoken in a clear ringing voice, full of expression and left behind a lingering sense of the beauty of the language of this opening speech.

Henry V., acted by Allan Wilkie, was the living embodiment of "the warlike Harry." Kingly in his nobility of bearing and gracious dignity of manner; wise, just and honourable in his every action.

Where there is shadow there is also light, and in Shakespeare there is a mingling of laughter and tears, of humour and pathos, and serious scenes are relieved by scenes of mirth and sunshine. Thus, in "Henry V." we meet those three humourous rascals, Pistol, Nym and Bardolph. Clad in ragged, disreputable garments, shouting vainglorious threats, and in their attempts to utter high-flown sentiments and boastful speeches appearing so ridiculous and absurd, they are the very essence of humour.

The Boy, servant to these three knaves, was acted by a girl, and naturally appeared as a vivid contrast to these three bragging swashbucklers. Endowed with all the freshness and light spirits of youth, the Boy is shrewd enough to realise the weaknesses of the three boon companions, and unerringly points to each of their numerous vices, or, shall we say, peculiarities.

Great praise is due, I think, to the person who appeared as the Dauphin. This part is not an important one, yet we saw it acted with such an airy nonchalance, such a disdainful irony of manner, that it must always remain a clear picture imprinted on our mental eye.

If we were greatly impressed by "Henry V." we were as greatly amused by the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

On the appearance of Falstaff, the huge, fat, jovial knight, the audience shook with laughter, and the sound of his queer, deep-throated rasping chuckle caused more mirth, impossible to restrain, so infectious was the merriment of the fat rascal.

The two pretty matrons, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, planning and scheming for the downfall of the enamoured knight, made a charming scene; and the sight of them bundling the ungainly Falstaff into a clothes-basket of none too generous dimensions, was one of the funniest things in the play.

Slender, the effeminate prig, was portrayed in a delightful manner. Even now I can see him mincing across the stage in his inimitable way; even now I can hear him exclaim, in his affected love-lorn voice, "O sweet Anne Page!"

Two more characters I will mention. The fiery little French doctor with his furious ejection—"I said follow on my 'eels, not tr-r-read on my 'eels," and the quiet Welsh parson. It was like Shakespeare to make these two widely differing natures such close friends but on the stage we realise the common sense, the fittingness of it. The ire of the little Frenchman sometimes stirring the too-placid calm of the Welshman, whilst the composed manner of the latter often softens the irritable wrath of the quick-tempered doctor.

These two plays not only gained our deep appreciation, but also whetted our appetites for more. However, it was impossible for us to remain for any of the other plays, so we returned home, well pleased with our trip and grateful to our English master and mistress for arranging such a treat.

There are some who are inclined to scoff at Shakespeare, to declare that his power is over-rated, but to those people we would reply that "Time has only given us one Michael Angelo, one Wagner, and one Shakespeare."

J.M.

THE EVILS OF SCHOOL MAGS.

What vile person invented school magazines? Would that he (it must have been a male) had died in infancy!

It is all very well for the students in the 1st and 2nd forms to sit back until

the Mag. comes out, then buy one and leisurely read through it. But oh! the torture that many of the upper school students have to go through.

Just when you think that it is too late for contributions, and you are enjoying a private study period, there is a knock at the door, and in walks the English master. "May I speak to these people?" is his first request, and, with a premonition of what is coming your heart sinks, and cold shivers run down your spine.

Then comes the great moment. The English master swoops down with a dilapidated file in his hand, and "What about the magazine, you people?" are his next words. We all gaze at one another confusedly (except those who have done their duty, and who face the lion bravely). "Silence is golden," and we obey this old adage.

The file, containing about a dozen sheets of closely-written paper, is next laid on the table, and the E.M. says, "These are all the contributions up to date, and they would only fill about 12 pages. Now what about you, So-and-so, you haven't written an article yet?" So-and-so gazes despairingly round the room, and then groans out, "I can't write an article; there's nothing to write about." Next-door neighbour thinks she has solved the riddle, and suggests writing about the weather. The weather! you know.

You try to get out of it, but the English master begs of you to be a sport, so you mutter ungraciously, "Oh! alright." He beams at that, and passes on to the next student (the one who suggested the weather), who also complains of having nothing to write about. What of the weather? But the English master forces a promise from her and from all the other students who have not yet contributed, and adds as a parting shot, "All articles must be in by to-morrow morning." And you have piles and piles of home-work to do.

After groaning for a couple of hours, you happen to meet the Editor, and you ask, "What shall I write about?" But that person merely grunts and says, "Think I'm an information bureau?" So

you spend all day racking your brains (if you've got any) for a suitable subject.

When night comes, and you should be in bed enjoying a well-earned rest, there you are, at a table covered with paper and ink-bottles, dashing off an article for the Mag.

But the worst is yet to come. When the Mag. comes out, you are approached by the Business Manager for one shilling and sixpence for a Mag. One shilling and sixpence for a Mag., and after all the time and trouble it took to write *one article* for that same Mag.! Alas! such is life.

W.E.H.

SELLING TICKETS.

"May I speak to these boys a minute, please?" Now lads, we're having a lecture on Friday night. The last one was a great success, but we want this one to be even better. You can do your part by selling tickets and buying at least one yourself. Now don't, whatever you do, take more than you think you can sell.

"Please call out very loudly. Andrews, how many for you?" "Five, sir." "Black, you?" "Eight, please." "That's very good! Blobs, you're next." "One, sir, please, sir." "Did you say two, or three?" "One only, sir." "Oh!"

"Sir, will you buy a ticket?" "What for, sonny?" "Bunbury High School Library and Sports Fund." "How much each?" "One shilling, but I've only got one ticket. I could easily get you another one, though." "Could easily get me one! What d'yer mean?" "Oh—er—nothing." "Well, get out of my way, or I'll make you!"

"Anyone here with money for me? Yes, what's your name? Andrews, isn't it? Seven shillings? That's very good. Blobs, what about you?" "Please sir, I c—couldn't get anyone to buy them." "Bring them here then. What? Only

one? Why, couldn't you sell them? Now boys, before I go. We want everyone to make a special effort to-night—don't go to bed until you sell a ticket. You know, we don't consider anyone to be worth their salt if they don't sell at least two tickets! Thank you."

Oh! dear, it's a hard world, don't you think? I do.

B.B.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form."
—Mrs. Hemans.

Fifth Former.

* * *

"That place of fear . . ."
—Wordsworth.
Examination Room.

* * *

"He never smiled again."
—Mrs. Hemans.
Receiver of a bad report!

* * *

"I'll make a commotion in every place."
—Hewitt.
Some 2nd Formers.

* * *

"I come, I come, ye have called me long;
"I come o'er the mountains with light and song."
—Mrs. Hemans.

Term Holidays.

* * *

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear."
—Tennyson.

A Brunswickian.

* * *

"'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow."
—Cook.

The missed train.

* * *

"For 'twas a famous victory."
—Southey.
Gold *versus* Blue, football.
* * *

"And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes."
—Longfellow.
1st Mistress.
* * *

"I know a maiden fair to see."
—Longfellow.
Member of 1c.
* * *

"The champions had come from the
field of war."
—Mrs. Hemans.
Gold *versus* Blue Football Match.
* * *

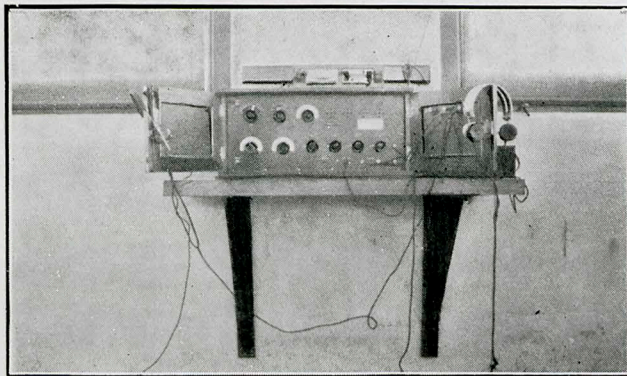
"They want no guests: they needs must
be
Each other's own best company."
—Longfellow.
Two 2nd Formers.
* * *

"Short was his gowne, with sleeves longe
and wyde."
—Chaucer.
English Master.
* * *

"Hence loathèd Melancholy."
—Milton.
4th Form motto in Private Study
periods.
* * *

"An angel with a radiant face."
—Longfellow.
— To be seen in room E.

WIRELESS WHISPERS.



THEY SAY

That it is the ambition of a Fourth
Form damsel to become an actress.
* * *

That our hockey champion was unable
to go to Perth for reasons known only
to 1A.
* * *

That Fu-Shu was a general favourite
at the concert.
* * *

That one of the Fourth Form lads may
sing "Lovers now united."
* * *

That a certain fifth former tries football
as a weight reducer.
* * *

That the loud speaker so far only pro-
duces weird noises.
* * *

That Lysander objected to his Grecian
costume owing to the cold.
* * *

That strange sights were to be seen on
the school oval on the day that the photos.
were taken.
* * *

That skipping is recommended as a good exercise for those in training for the coming sports carnival.

* * *

That the rising biologists in the school rejoiced when a whale was washed up on the beach.

* * *

That Bacon's Essays are the worry of fifth formers' lives.

—————

THE TRIALS OF A WARDROBE MISTRESS.

"Will you please show me how to make my slippers stay on?" "Have you any tacks for my scroll?" "Shall I use yellow or red for the Emperor's shoelaces?" "Should this moon have its points sticking up or down?" These questions, half-shouted, half-screamed above the general tumult, and pieces—red, green, pink, and yellow material—thrust into her hands: the poor distracted teacher acting as wardrobe mistress at the concert toils on her momentous task of providing about seventy gala costumes for about seventy little Japs.

Weeks beforehand excursions have been made to all the local drapery establishments, and even to the city, whence returned a very full suitcase and a very empty purse. And then one saw groups of sewing students, their needles moving presto and their tongues prestissimamente, this one lining the sleeves of Portia's robe, the next embroidering the mighty Hoki-poki-tippy-top-top's slippers, and a third stencilling the gown of Theseus, Duke of Athens.

Then think of all the minor problems which confront the already overworked mistress. Where, for example, will she find stockings large enough to fit the Duke of Venice, a particularly fine advertisement for Glaxo? Who will pro-

vide the wherewithal to fill Bassanio's money bags, so that they may chink, as all good money bags chink? How will the Emperor be able to fold his arms without pulling his moustache off? and such-like perplexing questions.

But at last everyone is "fixed," from the soldiers, in their—er—negligées, to the magnificoes of Venice in what might be taken at first sight for particularly gay bathing costumes in blues, greens, reds, and purples. The great night has arrived, and with it the climax of our heroine's troubles.

The first part goes off fairly well, with a few pats and pulls, and an occasional pin, though some difficulty is found in coaxing Shylock's beard to keep close company with his face, and there are several "scraps" over neutral property, such as belts. But then the multitude arrive—the dreadful seventy, who must be sent on to the stage looking a credit to any Jappy family.

Loud and unhappy whispers are heard on all sides: "Oh, who'll do my hair for me? it keeps on falling down"; "Can I have a pin? my sewing's all come undone!" and from a hot and angry boy across the corridor: "How on earth am I to get into this beastly thing; I'm not used to dresses!" While all the time the noise grows louder and the time grows shorter.

At last!! What a sigh of relief accompanies the words! The last pin has been adjusted, the last hat set at its correct angle, and the only sign left in the dressing room of the recent free-fight is a confused mixture of clothes, pins of all kinds and descriptions, and a few accessories of various costumes which at the last minute just would not be fixed.

What a consolation it must be to the overworked and underthanked mistress of costumes, that she will never be called upon to perform such a strenuous duty again—until our next concert.

M.K.

THE R.A.A.S.

One of the Bunbury High School's chief deficiencies, regarding clubs, is a society for the benefit of unfortunate students whose articles for the magazine have been rejected on account of their unsuitability and pleonasticity.

With such an association, or more correctly speaking, a lyceum, students who have experienced the great blow of having their MSS. declined, like myself for instance (I had six out of half-a-dozen rejected last issue), would be encouraged and inspired to try again and write further articles for the magazine.

Perhaps one of the most essential acts would be to study the art of euphuism, or the delicacy of telling the editor what one thinks of him if he again rejects one's articles.

I would venture to propose that the aforesaid society be named the Rejected Artists' Advancement Society, and be privileged with a plenipotentiary or president to preside over the gathering and direct the arrangements, etc., for the advance of literature and learning.

With such a coterie of learners I think that in the future the magazine will bulge with educational matter and otherwise, and be a pleasure to all and sundry, who, at the present time, object to paying one-and-six for a mere nothing.

W.K.

ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

It was on a day in the August holidays, several years ago, that the incident which caused me so much pleasure took place. I was spending my holidays at a farm situated in the foothills of the Darling Ranges.

During the morning there had been several heavy showers of rain, so I employed the hours until lunch-time in reading and letter-writing, etc. After lunch the weather cleared up and the

day turned into one of those beautifully clear, cool days, when one can see so clearly for such a long distance.

After the morning's inactivity I felt like taking a long walk. The midday meal being over I started almost immediately on my ramble. The air was crisp and fresh, the sky cloudless, and raindrops sparkled on grass and shrub. Very shortly I discovered that I had left the cleared home paddocks behind me and was wending my way uphill, following the narrow sheep track between huge gnarled monarchs of the forest.

I topped ridge after ridge and then descended into a deep shady valley, and after pushing through a regular forest of bracken fern for some distance, heard the murmur of running water not far ahead. Very soon I came upon the bank of a swift running brook. On looking about me I perceived that the steep slopes surrounding the brook were clothed by a thick growth of "black-boys."

Pushing on further down the brook, I suddenly became aware that the air was resounding with a hundred bird voices. Here the stream ran much swifter and took a sudden bend to the right. Quite suddenly I came upon the prettiest sight I have ever witnessed. I was in a perfect fairy dell. The brook was hemmed in by a dense growth of feathery-like shrubs. Through the branches of this shrubbery there flitted hundreds of tiny birds of every conceivable colour. Sitting down on a fallen log, I watched and listened, spellbound. Above the rush and gurgle of the little stream rose the shrill chirping of these tiny warblers. They hopped about and seemed so happy and bright that for the moment one could agree with Wordsworth that perhaps it is Nature's plan that all things should enjoy the life they lead.

Taking a more careful look at the ground I was delighted to notice that among the long grass and rushes at the brook's edge, and at the foot of the shrubs, there grew great clumps of deli-

cate maidenhair fern. This I could not resist. I was not satisfied until I had gathered a large bunch of the long delicate sweet-smelling strands.

By this time the sun was getting low and it was time I should return to the homestead. Reluctantly I turned away from the glorious scene, and as I slowly walked back the way I had come, carrying the tender strands of fern which I had snatched from the little dell, I felt that it really was worth while being alive, but I felt sad when I thought that

“The tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.”

T.E.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

President—Mr. Davies-Moore.

Treasurer—E. Scott.

Secretary—R. Grace.

Committee—C. Scott, M. Cooke, Miss E. Buggenthin, Miss D. Carroll.

Although the Club has done very little work during the first half of the year, it is looking forward to a prosperous future. Under the energetic leadership of Mr. Davies-Moore, picnics are to be arranged during which the members shall be shown what points to look for in the selection of views for competition. From time to time snaps of general interest to the school will be exhibited on the notice boards.

Any new members are heartily welcomed to the Club, and upon paying the entrance fee—one shilling and sixpence (1s. 6d.), they are free to use the dark room, and are supplied with chemicals both for developing and printing.

SPORTS NOTES—BOYS.

The season of 1924, if viewed from the standpoint of mere results, is not (so far) entirely satisfactory. We have lost both matches which we played with the ex-students, the elements on both occasions being against good football.

The standard of the football has greatly improved, due mainly to our energetic sports-master, and, with the present enthusiasm continuing, we should have a team that will be a credit to the school.

The chief topic of interest in the school now-a-days is the coming State Secondary Schools competitions. Every afternoon students may be seen on the oval training for the athletics, or else practising football. We hope to be able to put out a team in both departments of sport that will make a name for itself.

On April the fourth, about forty members of the school journeyed to Perth for the purpose of seeing some of Shakespeare's plays. While in the City the opportunity of playing Modern School, cricket, was taken. Incessant rain fell throughout the afternoon, and consequently the game was not very inspiring. High School batted first and were all out for 41. Modern School declared at eight wickets for 81. The game was a new experience for the High School eleven, being the first time that they had played on a turf wicket, but with the coming season we hope to have a couple of new pitches which will do away with our present inconveniences.

POCKETS AND BADGES.

The following Pockets and Badges were awarded at the end of the term:—

Cricket.

Roberts.
Stephens.
Copley.
Williams.
Lugg.
Sinclair.
Hawter.
Trotman.
Clarke.

At the end of the cricket season the trophies presented for the batting and bowling average were won by A. Roberts and A. Trotman, respectively.

Thanks are due to the Harbour Board for their courtesy in allowing the school to use the grain shed for the purpose of

a tennis court. This court is very convenient for playing during the winter months, as it is sheltered from the weather, and with this added facility, the members of the tennis club should be able to improve the standard of their play.

FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.

Once more we are called upon to give an account of our doings in the field of sport. Keen competition exists between the factions and all are striving for the Cup.

Much excitement has been caused by the prospect of sending representatives to Perth for the Inter-Secondary State School Sports. It is a pity, certainly, that there is no actual competition in hockey. What does it matter about points? We have not yet established ourselves to the outside world as a hockey team to be reckoned with. It is to gain experience for future purposes, and to try to establish ourselves as a hockey team that we are going to Perth in August. As for our tennis team, we wish them all the best of luck and we sincerely hope that they will make a name for themselves.

The position of the factions is as follows:—

Kingia—83 points.

Red—65 points.

Blue—52 points.

Gold—46 points.

Kingia.

This term the girls of our faction have been very successful in all three sports: hockey, netball, and baseball. We have suffered very few defeats, and on no day have failed to gain some points. The sport has improved a lot this term, 83 points being gained at the end of the second round, as compared with 48 points at the end of first round. Our shining lights at hockey are the Misses Dorothy Carroll, Ada Peacock, and Mollie Kealy, while those at netball are Misses Winnie Delaney and Jessie Austen. The baseball captain is also to be congratulated for the

manner in which her team has acquitted itself during the term. At the faction competition for the sale of tickets the "Kingia" faction showed the school that it was not only at sport that it excelled. We still have great hopes of receiving the Cup at the end of the year, and will try to uphold our sporting record next term.

Red.

So far we can scarcely claim to have lived up to our reputation. At this time last year we were heading the list. This year we are only second with a long space between ourselves and the leading faction. Girls! this is not our place. Our faction should be second to none. Surely we change this state of affairs. We were able to maintain our place last year, so we can do it again this year if we try.

At hockey we have been fairly successful, as we have only been defeated once, and then only by one goal. At netball, too, we have not disgraced ourselves, as we have had several victories in that direction. Baseball seems to be our long suit, as we have only been defeated once, and that by "Kingia." I'm glad to say that in the second round we were able to retaliate on the aforesaid faction.

Blue.

Although the "Blue" faction as a whole has gained the greatest number of points up to date, the girls have scarcely lived up to their reputation and now stand third on the list.

At hockey we drew two out of the three matches played, and lost one to Gold. Next term we hope for better luck. Owing to the energetic practice being put in at this branch of our sport, and the interest all girls are taking in it, the standard of the game should be much improved next round.

In the baseball matches we were less successful, being defeated by both "Reds" and "Kingias." We managed to win a victory over "Golds," however, and now expect to do great things next term.

Our netball team is improving, and we have had several victories. We thank the

captain for her good work this term. We also congratulate the first year girls on their performances both on hockey and netball fields. If they continue to take up their sport in such an enthusiastic manner we have still a chance of gaining the Cup this year.

Gold.

This term, with the return of hockey, fortune has at last favoured the "Gold" girls, and so far we have suffered only one defeat, and as that was at the hands of the invincible "Kingias," we do not feel so downhearted about it.

The netball captain is to be congratulated on the advance which her team has made this term, and we hope that their successes will continue into the future.

At baseball we have not been so successful, having lost all but our first two matches, but perhaps when our captain recovers from her present illness we shall have more success.

We cannot help feeling jubilant when we contemplate our present number of points in comparison with last year's score, especially when we remember that ours is the smallest faction.

The first year girls deserve our most hearty thanks for the enthusiastic manner in which they have entered into their sport, and they have been absolutely invulnerable throughout the term. We would particularly like to congratulate Ethel Teede on her splendid work as centre-forward in the hockey team.

In spite of the fact that our position for the Cup seems hopeless, with some more support from the baseballers we may yet hope to make a good showing at the end of the year, and with this end in view we will all do our level best next term.

FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

This term the one and only sport for the boys has been football, and, unlike last year, the teams are very evenly matched. It was thought that Blues would

win all the matches of this term, but when the games were played it was found to be otherwise. They have been beaten by the Golds, Reds and Kingias, but have in turn defeated their three rivals. Golds seem to be the weakest team at present, but they are all keenly interested and are becoming stronger every match, having once defeated Blue.

Unfortunately there are so many boys at school that it was impossible for all of them to play the Australian Game, so it was decided to allow the unfortunates to play Soccer. There is, however, only one ground available, so that every sports day two factions combine against the remaining two. Eight points are awarded for Soccer, so that the winning factions obtain four points each. Blue and Kingia are very close now, and their positions change from first to second and *vice versa* almost every match.

The following are the points gained by the boys of the respective factions:—

Blue—132 points.
Kingia—108 points.
Red—94 points.
Gold—52 points.

The total points of the respective factions are:—

Kingia—191 points.
Blue—184 points.
Red—157 points.
Gold—98 points.

Blue.

At the time of writing Blue Faction occupies the head of the list, being 10 points ahead of Kingia. We have not been so fortunate in football as in cricket, having lost two of the matches out of the five which we played. Our only excuse is that we had some of our best representatives missing, but with their return we hope to prove ourselves superior to the other factions. Generally the standard of play has been improved, and with the addition of a couple of first year students, we should have a team that will take some beating.

Kingia.

This term, in football, the Kingias have more than held their own. They have, out of the six matches played, won four, which shows that the spirit of the players has been in the game.

Soon cricket will again be in full swing, and let us make an effort to be as successful in this sport as in football.

ors at the beginning of the term, but a new captain has been appointed, and life rolls on as before.

Next term we mean to make a name for ourself at cricket, for last term we were rather weak in that line, but if each person does his best we are bound, because of our superior skill and intelligence, to triumph over all the other factions.



BLUE AT THE END
OF
FOOTBALL SEASON
SIGNED
A HOPEFUL KINGIA

Red.

After our rather scratchy performance last term we have at last achieved something to crow about. The Blues say that "Blues are the best," but this term we have proved that "Reds are the Best at Football." Of five matches played this term we have won four, losing once to Blues. Great interest has been taken in the football and we steadily rise in points and will soon be second place on the list.

We were rather unfortunate in losing our Faction captain Kilian and W. Min-

There has been very little change in the captains of the various sports, who are as follows:—

- Faction Captain*—J. White.
- Cricket Captain*—A. Williams.
- Swimming Captain*—E. Power.
- Football Captain*—A. Williams.
- Athletics Captain*—A. Williams.
- Tennis Captain*—T. Moss.

The Leaving and Junior Examinations will be over before the appearance of the next magazine, and we wish each person

to do his best to maintain the reputation of the "Reds," both in schoolwork and in sport. In concluding we wish each person the best of luck.

Gold.

At last the popular idea that the Gold Faction points would remain unaltered throughout the football season has been overthrown, and to those persevering spirits who helped to bring about our first victory much credit is surely due. However, perseverance could never be claimed as the dominant trait of our faction, which charge is verified by the fact the team as a whole, having suffered several reverses, has learnt to regard defeat as inevitable, whereby individual players have lost confidence in themselves and in the team.

May this victory be to those of the weaker order an incentive to strengthen their wavering purposes—that they may do what is demanded of every player—to try.

It is to the soccer players that most of the faction points this term are due; at which branch of sport our faction has competed to advantage with the other factions.

The only branches of athletics in which the faction has excelled are in jumping and throwing the cricket ball. In the former branch, the high jumpers will be selected from Tobitt, Dean, and Coleman—three of the Gold Faction, while Coleman has also been selected for the long jump. In the latter branch—throwing the cricket ball—Martin of our faction holds the school's record.

THE BOYS' INTERPRETATION OF MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

Often, while engaged in sport, I have glanced up at our school on the hill and seen, issuing from thence, a long line of youths proceeding down the hill with stately tread. At the head of them, or very often lost in their midst, is the master of ceremonies. Down the hill they

come, heads erect, eyes fixed in front of them, in a long crocodile formation, with a truly martial appearance.

The effect, however, is somewhat spoiled by an over-abundance of equipment in the form of coats and cases. After parading up and down the length of the street and surreptitiously smiling at their friends in neighbouring squads engaged in a like occupation, they enter the ground in which we are playing hockey. There they are drilled by a man who, leastways in stature, is their equal, and who, in a voice calculated to stir even the dead, gives orders which to the girls comprise the most inexplicable jargon ever uttered. The expressions on the faces of the youthful men-at-arms are all the same—fixed, stolid, motionless—fearful lest a mistake on their part should call down upon their heads the anger of their driller of whom—in his military capacity—they all stand in awe.

At last the fearful ordeal is over and the files disperse; the shoulders relax; they fall into their old comfortable walking position, and, at a running pace, set off to array themselves in sporting attire previous to a much-longed-for game of football.

L.J.

EXCUSES.

(For the Lower School.)

"In the first place, I don't owe it to you; in the second place, I haven't got it; and in the third place, I don't intend to pay it."

Such is really the mental cry of many an unhappy student whose ingenuity cannot make up for his rashness in finding a greater attraction in the pictures than in his beloved home-work books, when, next morning, some stern teacher demands "the reason why."

It seems to me that it would be a great assistance to students in general if the first class they attended each morning was a class in "Excuses," where they might be instructed in the art of satisfactorily accounting for their missing "de-

voirs." Doubtless, such a class would record the highest attendance of the day.

When explaining the absence of your work, a fertile imagination is always a great help; but take care not to allow that imagination to have too free a rein. For example, any reasonable person will admit that your exercise *could* have unfortunately been lost, but though we have jewel thieves, automobile thieves, and assorted thieves, I have not yet heard of sentence being passed on a home-work thief, such as one young lady has accused a certain 'bus-driver of being. Also, it is hardly fair to accuse your parents or small brothers and sisters of having burnt or otherwise maliciously destroyed your precious works. May be they were not perfection itself, but still 'twould be a hard-hearted wretch who would so basely encompass their destruction, in sheer malice-prepense.

Sometimes a headache will prove a good substitute for a page of home-work, but this depends largely upon the nature of your teacher, whether kind or gentle or cold and harsh; while the plea of absence is a dangerous one, owing to the ever-readily forthcoming retort, "All the more

reason why you should have done it." Occasionally, if your memory be a convenient one, you may be so unfortunate as to leave your books at school, but in this case it frequently happens that the all too suspicious teacher peers at you in a most disconcerting manner, and inquires in a highly sarcastic tone, "Do you live so *very* far away from all the rest of the students?"

Perhaps the most widely used and generally satisfactory excuse for the unwary student is the brief sentence, "I left it home," whether by accident or by design not being stated. Beware, however, that you are not caught as a member of the present Fourth once was: she had forgotten that she did not live too far from the school to be told to "Go and fetch it." And then the class wondered why it took such a long time ! ! !

But if you can't invent a really good excuse (for the possessor of a keen sense of humour will sometimes accept a really ingenious one, even though he see through it) avoid them entirely—this for the special benefit of 1A boys—for there is nothing I can think of worse than a poor excuse, badly made.

M.K.

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