

BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL

THE  
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. III.

No. 1.

APRIL, 1925.

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## STUDENT OFFICIALS.

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Captain of the School: R. Grace.  
Senior Girl Prefect: Miss E. Cross.

### PREFECTS.

Miss D. Carroll.	N. Sinclair.
Miss J. Muir.	K. Hough.
Miss H. Withers.	M. Cooke.
Miss M. Kealy.	R. Biggins.
	J. Sunter.

### PUBLIC LIBRARY OF W.A.

### FACTION CAPTAINS.

	<i>Blue.</i>	
Miss E. Cross.		K. Hough.
	<i>Red.</i>	
Miss M. Howie.		G. Hill.
	<i>Kingia.</i>	
Miss D. Carroll.		J. Sunter.
	<i>Gold.</i>	
Miss H. Withers.		N. Sinclair.

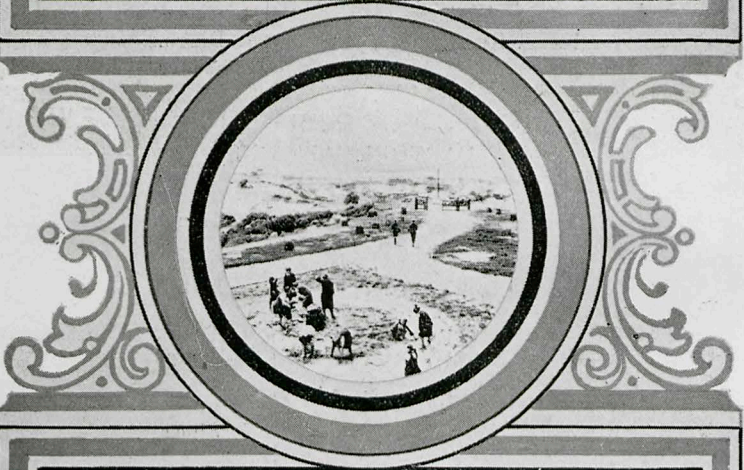
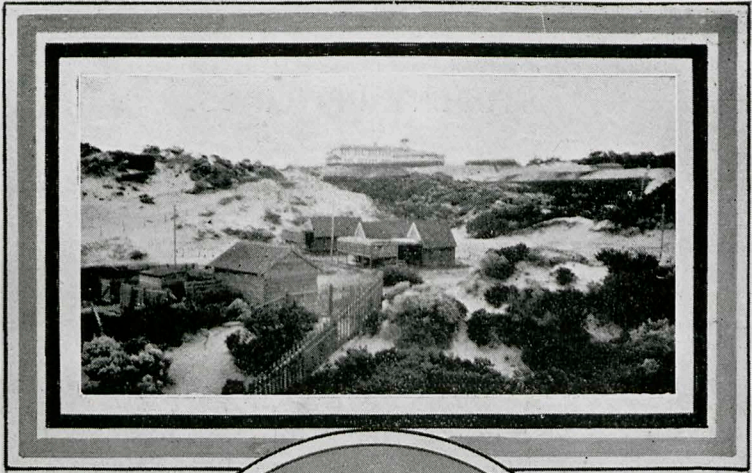
### SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Editors: Miss Kealy, R. Grace.  
Business Manager: N. Sinclair.

### LIBRARIANS.

Reference: Miss Howie.  
Fiction: Miss G. Smedley, N. Haines.

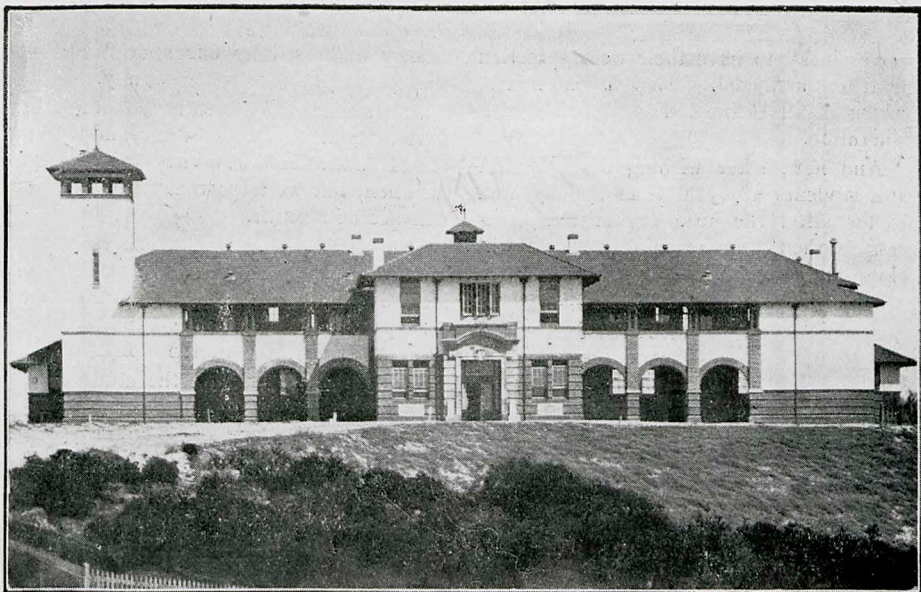
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1. School from Back Beach.

2. The Drive.

3. Bunbury from School.



# THE KINGIA.

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**Vol. III. No. 1.**

**BUNBURY, APRIL, 1925.**

**Price 1s. 6d.**

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## EDITORIAL.

In preparing once again an issue of the "Kingia," now commencing the third year of its existence, we hope to produce an edition which, if not eclipsing, will at least equal all previous ones. While thanking all those who have fulfilled their duty, and contributed this term, we would like to remind the Lower School that the "Kingia" is very much theirs, and contributions from them are most welcome. As things are at present, most of the work devolves on to the shoulders of the members of the Upper School, whose scanty numbers render it difficult to obtain a sufficiently wide selection of articles. We ask you all to make an attempt, and even if your article should be rejected, to comfort yourself with the thought that it is only to make room for a better one.

But for one or two alterations in the staff, the School continues much the same as last year. We are proud to say that in the University Examinations a good result was obtained, two of our leaving candidates winning for themselves and the School the honour of a University Exhibition. Gradually, we are winning for the yet newly-established Bunbury High School a worthy reputation, which we hope the first years, whom we had the pleasure of welcoming to our midst at the beginning of the term, will all do their best to sustain.

It is most unfortunate that since the beginning of the year we have had no sports mistress, for, while the sports-master arranges some outside match almost every Saturday afternoon for the boys, the girls have to consider them-

selves lucky to have their weekly faction matches arranged. This is a matter which in all fairness deserves early consideration.

And now, after wishing to both staff and students a joyful term holiday, and to the latter the necessary adjunct, success in their term examinations, we will close our editorial.

MOLLY KEALY.

ROY GRACE.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

The Bunbury High School has now celebrated its second anniversary, and has now commenced the third year of its prosperous existence.

The regrets of saying "au revoir" to our old school fellows have given place to pleasure at welcoming so many new students to share our many privileges.

Two changes have taken place in the staff of the school this year. Miss Marshall, the girls' sports mistress, and Mr. Fowler, M.A., our English master, have both left us to take up other positions, and in their places we must welcome Miss B. Hunter, B.A., and Mr. H. Laing, M.A. To both our old and new teachers we wish the best of luck and prosperity, and hope that success will meet them in every effort.

Great interest was manifested by the students at the arrival in Bunbury of the Foreign Missions' Exhibition, and it was visibly increased when it was known that, through the forethought of Mr. Batchelor, we were to have an official invitation to attend it. A most enjoyable time was spent listening to the lecturers and examining the many curios which were displayed.

Beautiful weather has permitted the sports programme to be carried through practically without a hitch; but misfortune befell us in choosing the day for our swimming carnival. The competitors found the dull day and chilly atmosphere not at all conducive to first-class swimming, but nevertheless, owing to the

energy displayed by our sports' master, the events passed off successfully.

The school was recently honoured by a visit from the Minister for and Director of Education. The visit was of short duration, but we hope that great benefits will accrue from it.

The equipment of the school has been greatly improved by the arrival of superior scientific appliances, not to mention the appearance of the long-expected electrically-driven lathe in the workshop.

It gives the staff and the students of the school much pleasure to congratulate Miss Johnson and J. Lugg on their success at the recent University Examinations, when both were granted General Exhibitions.

### PREFECTS' NOTES.

For two short months have we been prefects, yet, even that length of time has served to impress us with the realisation of the responsibilities which fall to the lot of the prefect. [Ed.: Pass the salt, please.]

Endeavouring to quell riotous juniors is by no means an easy matter, especially when the juniors happen to be third-formers. It is a peculiar thing that every year, since the opening of the High School, the third form has "never" been regarded as the noisiest form in the school, and this year it does not fail to live up to the reputation gained by former third forms. Luckily, by this time we have lived down our reputation as third-formers, and it now falls to our lot to subdue the rebellious spirits which comprise this year's junior form.

We have held quite a number of meetings this term, and various matters relating to school life and school affairs have come up for discussion on these occasions. There is no doubt that this year's prefects are keenly interested in their work, and have the interest of the school at heart in all things. Mr. Fowler is usually present at these meetings. At the beginning of the term the school captain was elected chairman, whilst Miss

Withers was appointed secretary of these meetings. Many and varied are the matters discussed, and at times excitement rises to a high pitch when one of the non-oured band brings forth a pet scheme for discussion.

So far we have had no complaints from the staff—and that speaks volumes. According to the accounts given us by former prefects, we fully expected the wrath of the teachers to descend upon us every day. We therefore take it that we have succeeded in keeping the riotous members of the school in fairly good order. Among the girls we have to thank Miss Cross for a great deal. Her stern glances and still sterner words have proved successful in subduing the lower forms who sometimes, in the interval between first and second bell, do not maintain a funereal silence.

As yet, we have only held one social function, which took the form of a picnic at Turkey Point. All the staff was invited, and I'm sure that all those who accepted spent a most enjoyable time. After displaying their athletic powers (both staff and students combined) at a thrilling game of baseball, we all retired to a cosy summer-house to make great inroads on all the good things provided by the girls. In his speech, Mr. Fowler described to us the great need for staff and prefects to work together for the welfare of the school. We are all looking forward to such another day, and are certain that events such as these serve to bring the staff and students together in a closer union.

In conclusion, it is our greatest wish to uphold the praiseworthy traditions established by former prefects. Not only do we wish to live up to their standards, but hope also to make even a brighter record. It is the work of the prefects to set a good precedent for all successors, and even in our sphere of life it does well to follow the advice of Bacon, who so wisely wrote:—

“In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples . . . . Neglect not also the examples of those

that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid . . . ., but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them.”

J.M.

### FRENCH CLUB.

Since our last notes were written in October, 1924, the French Club has held one meeting only. This took place on Tuesday, 11th November. The evening passed off very pleasantly. M. Collot D'Herbois, who was present, gave us an amusing little talk about examinations and things in general.

The fifth year presented a short play, entitled “Dans un salon d'hôtel.” Unfortunately, one of the performers failed to put in an appearance, and his part was acted impromptu.

Miss Smedley and Miss Tobitt sang several pretty songs in French. Several French games were played, the prizes for which were kindly presented by M. Collot D'Herbois.

The annual general meeting was held on 27th March. The following officials were elected for the year 1925:—

President—Miss Newton.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Hunter.

Committee—M. Kealy, H. Withers, N. Sinclair, G. Hill, E. Buggenthin, L. Sweet, P. Boucaut, R. Hallett, G. Smedley, A. Williams.

Two committee meetings have been held to date to discuss the holding of the first soirée. This will take place on Tuesday, 5th May, after the school examinations.

It has been decided to levy a subscription of one shilling per annum on members to provide supper at the soirées, and to subscribe to a French comic weekly paper.

A letter has been received from M. Antoine, the President of Alliance Fran-

gaise, of Perth, announcing that we are now affiliated with the Central Alliance Française, Paris, and can now call ourselves the Comité de Bunbury de l'Alliance Française. Names of Bunbury members will be printed in the "Quarterly Review" of the Alliance, at Paris, as soon as we can transmit them to France. So Bunbury boys and girls, and ex-students, send in your names and shillings to the secretary as soon as possible.

Correspondence between French and Bunbury students goes on apace. Anyone, student or ex-student, wishing to correspond with a student in France can do so by communicating with the secretary. It is not compulsory to write your letters in French always, so don't be afraid to join the scheme.

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#### CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

*President*—Mr. F. Davies-Moore.

*Joint Secretaries*—Miss D. Carroll, N. Haines.

*Treasurer*—N. Haines.

*Committee*—Miss U. Sherlock, Miss E. Buggenthin, R. Biggins, E. Sanders, E. Sedgwick.

So far this year the activities of the Camera Club have been very limited. The above officers were elected at the annual meeting on 12th February, and since that date several committee meetings and a general meeting have been held. The suggestion has lately been raised by the president that a benefit dance should be held when the worry of exams is over, and we hope that this will stir the club to greater efforts. Monthly competitions have been arranged, and it is to be hoped that they will create a competitive spirit that will stimulate an interest in the club. New members are cordially invited to join the club, and for the fee of one shilling (1s.) half-yearly they will have free use of dark-room and chemicals.

#### SCOUT NOTES.

##### *Sea Scout Troop.*

A Sea Scout Troop for first and second year students is now in process of formation. Acting on the principle of "making haste slowly," only a few students have been recruited for the present, and these are being trained so as to form a nucleus when the troop is ready for a fresh influx of "tenderfeet."

Until other arrangements can be made, Mr. Chas. C. Sedgwick has undertaken the duties of acting Scoutmaster, and meetings for instruction in elementary scoutercraft have been held each Friday evening. On one of these occasions Major R. Maxwell-Channel, M.B., late of the Air Force, gave an interesting and instructive talk on first aid.

On Saturday, 21st March, the Head kindly took the scouts in his motor-boat up to Turkey Point, where swimming, tracking, and other scout games were practised. The trip was most enjoyable.

Capt. Donaldson, senr., has promised to give practical instruction in seamanship, and we look forward to having in the near future a flourishing and highly successful troop.

E. S.

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#### EX-STUDENTS' NOTES.

Well, here we are again, with a new year well commenced. Time seems to fly after leaving school. Truly, school-days will take a lot of beating.

Since the new year we have held two very successful social evenings. The success was in a measure due to the decorations so kindly done by the students of the school, and we sincerely thank them.

We congratulate the school on the swimming carnival held. Despite the bad day all events seemed to run like clockwork to time.

We have had great pleasure in defeating the school team at cricket, but



wish them better luck next time. We trust they can also be beaten on the football field—in fact, we intend to do it thoroughly.

The annual reunion will, in all probability, be held in August, and we expect to have a grand affair this year.

Although the year is one quarter gone we note there are very few financial members on our list: still, it is never too late, so please hurry up and communicate with the secretary.

C. M. FERGUSON,

Hon. Sec.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1924.

Issued 27th February, 1925.

	Receipts.	Expenditure.	Credit.	Debit.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Book Account ... ..	16 7 5	21 3 8	...	4 16 3
Magazine Account ... ..	50 19 2	57 5 0	...	6 5 10
Lecture Account ... ..	20 10 0	4 10 0	16 0 0	...
Concert Account ... ..	85 4 10	26 16 11	58 7 11	...
Sports Account ... ..	189 15 2	217 1 11	...	27 6 9
Petty Cash ... ..	[5 16 2]	[5 7 10]	0 8 4	...
Interest, Bank ... ..	0 19 0	...	0 19 0	...
Total ... ..	£363 15 7	326 17 6	75 15 3	38 8 10

Bank Account :	£ s. d.
Balance in Bank, 1923... ..	17 0 4
Cash deposited, 1924 ... ..	345 16 3
Interest ... ..	0 19 0
Total ... ..	£363 15 7

Credit Balance—£37 6s. 5d.

Cheques drawn ... ..	326 17 6
Bank Balance, less cheques	...
£1 10s. (outstanding) ... ..	36 18 1
Total ... ..	£363 15 7

27th February, 1925.

C. JENKIN.

R. A. FOWLER.

FORM NOTES.

I. A.

Though we were rather nervous at first owing to our new surroundings, and the fact that we were meeting so many strangers, we soon settled down. By our pronunciation of French and our liking for singing we have proved ourselves dinkum members of the Bunbury H.S. We are also able to reason as we never reasoned before. Possibly it was his training in geometry that enabled one of our boys to plead that he was unable to sing because his foot was sore. The high (?) reputation we have won for ourselves in school subjects has been more than maintained by our prowess in sport. We have played two cricket matches this term against our contemptible and unspicable opponents of II. B.

In the first match we beat them by over an innings. The second match we are unable to report as the score-book has been lost. Several members of our form, notably one Marshall, distinguished themselves at the swimming carnival. Everyone admired Marshall's dexterity in getting out of the way of the starter's torpedo-boat. Roberts of I.A. has played for the 1st XI., since which time he has taken a rooted dislike to fast bowlers, sweets, and flying baills.

There is a great deal of argument as to which is the best faction subject, etc. It all amounts to this, that I.A. is not inferior to any form in the school, and is not afraid to say so. Wishing everybody a good holiday, we are,

I. A.

## I. C.

Though many of us were homesick and lonely and all of us nervous at the beginning of the term, we feel quite at home now. In fact, we have been accused of being too much at home between periods. "Being at home" here means being very quiet and studious (?).

Shortly after the beginning of the term we had a picnic, at which we enjoyed ourselves very much with surfing, games, and riddles.

Gym and sport periods are hailed with delight. They enable us to free our cooped-up spirits.

During a "Shakespeare" period one of us was told to "set her heart at rest." She was somewhat astonished as she was not aware of its being restless, nor was she aware that its disquiet, if there had been any, could have been so obvious as to attract attention.

Another member of our famous form was offended on being asked to act the part of the skeleton, being convinced that there were others quite as thin, if not thinner.

We are quite sure now that iodine turns starch blue, and some of us are wondering what the effect of iodine on I.C. would be. Would it mean a large increase in the number of the Blue Faction?

With which we wish all an enjoyable holiday.

I. C.

## II. B.

The members of II. B. have worked exceedingly hard (?) during the first term. We have no hesitation in stating that II. B. is without doubt the best form in the school, being studious, well-behaved, and entirely satisfactory to our gratified teachers. We have a new prefect, as the previous one had a nervous breakdown owing to his strenuous efforts to keep us quiet. The new prefect, Rocket, keeps order in the form by the frequent and severe corporal punishment of offenders. In addition to the new prefect we have much pleasure in welcoming two new boys.

The following dialogue was heard in a French period in II. B.:—

Teacher: Have you learnt La Marseillaise?

Pupil: N—n—no, Miss.

Teacher: Why?

Pupil: Please, Miss, I—I only know the f—f—first two l—lines.

Teacher (some time later): Hands up all those who will join the French Club. (No hands go up.) Good gracious! it's only a shilling!

Mischievous pupil: Please, Miss, what's the good of it?

Teacher (on recovering from her astonishment): Why, it teaches French, and there is a good supper after the evening is over.

At this last remark all the hands shoot up with lightning rapidity, and one keen student of French (?) puts up both hands.

The celebrated "Hobbs" has developed a great reputation in the cricket world.

We have so fulfilled the expectations of our teachers that we are given very little homework to do now. Consequently we have actually as much as ten minutes to spare some nights.

Among the more prominent members of II. B. is one who is often addressed as follows: "Aye, choom, ar long yer bin oot?" which, in good Australian, means, "Well, chum, how long have you been out?"

The latest change in the time-table is ten minutes daily drill, in which we are instructed by Mr. Jenkin, our form master, and in which we take a great delight (sometimes).

Most members of our form, especially those who are offensively termed "the Duds," are eagerly waiting the coming football season.

By the interest taken in algebra and geometry, it is plain the results in the examination will be startling.

Wishing everyone the best of luck, we are,

II. B.

## II. D.

"Portentous silence, time keeps breathing fast,

Say, O say, that this marvel may last."

The blinds are drawn, silence reigns supreme, except for the busy scratching of pens. What has happened to II. D.?

We are still alive, in spite of all the tests we have undergone, but if the curious strains which issue from the gym every Monday morning continue, we doubt if II. D. will exist much longer.

We sincerely regret the departure of Gladys Mort, who "took the sunshine from our schoolroom when she went away." But our drooping spirits are beginning to revive, and we wish to welcome Flora Keirle to our midst.

So far, this term has been very uninteresting—for us, the only break in the monotony being the swimming carnival.

Our knowledge of history is rapidly increasing, for some of our brainy students inform us that Charles of Germany was Katherine of Aragon's aunt. If that is so, we begin to wonder how it was that Richard II. became Bolingbroke's niece.

We are all looking forward to the exams (?????) and wishing the other forms success, we now say adieu.

## II. D.

## III. E.

We of the third year should now be taking work seriously, for the shadow of that ghastly Junior, the dread of all third-formers, already looms dark on our horizon. We who are taking the Junior this year were the first first-formers of the school, so it is up to us to make a record.

At the beginning of March the first school swimming carnival was held, and third year was well represented. We have the champion girl swimmer of the school, and several others who did very well.

We very much bewail the fact that we are debarred from playing net-ball this year, and have to resort to baseball and swimming.

Several of us have established a correspondence with French school girls, and already a few interesting letters have been received.

Our hearts have been lightened by the fact that the teachers have consented to let us have a gym period, which was denied us at the beginning of the year.

Every Friday morning our arithmetic period is rendered more pleasant than usual by the sweet (?) strains that are wafted up from the gym.

One day during an English lesson we learnt that while David Livingstone was travelling in Africa "the paddles of his boat were cleaned by corpses caught during the night."

Much amusement was caused one day over the entrance of a popular master to the strains of "Welcome to the Princess Ju-ju." The songsters were evidently of the opinion that the fair princess had come to life in the form of the bashful one.

An epidemic of whitewashing has cropped up in our ranks. Apparently the third-formers are bent on keeping up the reputation of their predecessors.

We were exceedingly delighted when we learnt, at the beginning of the term, that our old form mistress of I.C. would be with us again.

The term has been unusually uneventful, so we will close our notes, wishing the B.H.S. the best of success in the coming year.

## III. E.

## III. G.

It has been the custom of our predecessors to moan about the amount of work expected of the third year. We mean to depart from this tradition and be lenient to the much-abused and kindly-intentioned staff, whose efforts and industry are as praiseworthy as our own! Behold a new and entirely unforeseen mutual admiration society.

In school subjects we have been very successful, and we are assured of a record number of passes in the Junior. Everyone seems full of the will to work

(points?). More than one member of our noble band of brothers has been known to refuse an invitation to have a "spider" on the ground that he was anxious to do his French sentences or learn English poems. Our pride in ourselves is therefore something that is entirely justified, though we hate to talk about it.

Several tests have found their way into our midst, as if it were necessary to test our knowledge. All acquitted themselves nobly with the exception of poor harassed Soup, who was heard to declare with large tears in his voice, "I didn't have time to swot it up, as we were given no warning."

Our record in sport is equally creditable. At the beginning of the term we met and defeated a combined XI. from the IV.'s and V.'s. Contributions of 34 and 28 by Sinclair and Roberts helped our opponents to a score of 98, after three wickets had fallen very cheaply. Sweet again proved a destroying angel, taking six wickets at a very small cost. Our innings realised 113, nearly everyone getting into double figures and Dyer scoring 33. We have also defeated the I.'s and II.'s combined, and therefore hold the "ashes" in the summer sport. We have no doubt we shall be equally successful in football.

#### IV.

On commencing school this year we discovered that our hitherto rather large form had been reduced to seven girls and six boys. Since then, yet another girl has left to attend the Eastern Goldfields High School (we wish her the best of luck), and there is a new male member, so we seem destined to have the lucky number, thirteen, in the form.

I think the most trying (?) times we have had this year have been in the trigonometry periods, yet, we still endeavour manfully to puzzle out the solution of sums of weird arrangement and even more weird answers. Later on, no doubt, we will be able to consider ourselves clever mathematicians, but just at present trig. is a sore subject.

The girls of the form display a marked preference for shingled hair, as there is only one who lacks the courage to have her's shingled. We sympathise with the unfortunate girl, who always manages to be making her "toilette" just as a master or mistress enters the room.

French homework we admit is quite alright when delivered in moderation, but the learning by heart of one poem every fortnight and the writing of a French letter, not to mention proses and exercises besides, has completely overwhelmed the form, and numerous are the headaches and heartaches every Monday morning.

But if we suffer in French we enjoy the agriculture periods. One student kindly supplied us with the recipe for ice-cream, viz., common salt mixed with ice. We are really grateful for the information, not as a recipe, be it understood, but as a diversion in an otherwise unexciting period.

We are the proud possessors of the champion swimmer, although there are rumours that he has now left. Some of the girls also entered for a few events, but only managed to get places in the heats.

Wishing the "Kingia" the success it deserves, and the whole school success in the coming exams.

#### V.

Despite the many accusations hurled at us during the past months of our school life we continue to prosper, and our little band now is comprised of six sedate girls perfect(?) models and eight industrious, sober-minded young men.

But we have our woes. If the tyrannical teachers (please excuse the alliteration) will continue with their periodical tests, stern measures must be taken. Already one of our band is becoming weak-minded, for Bob can often be heard babbling incoherently at each prefects' meeting.

Nevertheless the age of miracles cannot be passed, for our form has actually survived two French tests within the short space of seven weeks.

However, with all the ingenious minds of the fifth form, we have some means of alleviating our burdens; for rumour hath it that being a competitor in tournament tennis is an excellent way of evading French and Agricultural Science tests.

Before this issue of the "Kingia" magazine comes out, we shall already have passed through the torture of the terminal examination, so the members of the much-despised and over-worked fifth-formers unite in expressing the hope that the results will be favourable to all.

We remain,  
your unfortunate  
Fifth Form.

### FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

#### *Gold.*

So far this year success has crowned our efforts, and we now find ourselves at the top of the faction list. Up to date we have played eight cricket matches, and have been successful against Reds and Blues in the three rounds played. Kingia have beaten us on two occasions, but we expect to vanquish them on the next occasion we try conclusions.

Our successes are mainly due to the batting of Carter, Martin, Dyer, and Sinclair, and to the bowling of the latter pair.

The averages for the matches played are as follows:—

#### *Batting—*

Dyer—134 runs for 7 innings: average 19.1.

Sinclair—137 runs for 8 innings: average 17.1.

Carter—58 runs for 6 innings: average 9.6.

Martin—73 runs for 8 innings: average 9.1.

#### *Bowling—*

Sinclair—39 wickets for 188 runs: average 4.8.

Dyer—32 wickets for 193 runs: average 6.0.

Martin—5 wickets for 52 runs: average 10.4.

At the swimming carnival, mainly owing to the efforts of Tobitt (champion swimmer of the school) and Scott, Gold faction won the honours of the day.

The captains for the various branches of sport are as follows:—

Athletics—Captain, L. Dyer.

Tennis—Captain, L. Dyer.

Swimming—Captain, G. Tobitt.

Cricket—Captain, N. Sinclair.

Football—Captain, N. Sinclair.

Faction—Captain, N. Sinclair.

#### *Red.*

Up to the present Red faction has not attained its former high position in the faction competitions.

The Golds have up to the present gained most points. However, we hope to prove "Reds are the best." We have already played seven matches, of which we have only won two, both of them from Blues.

Also at the swimming carnival we did not have much success, only gaining four points. We can only explain our bad performance by the fact that one of our best players injured himself at the beginning of the term. However, the rest of the team have played their hardest—Williams, Sweet, and Sanders being our best men. Next term, when football comes in again, we hope to make up for our bad luck this term. Another of our hopes is that at the next school sports our team of sprinters will rake in some points.

There have been very few changes in the captaincies of the various sports, which are as follows:—

Faction—Captain, G. Hill.

Cricket—Captain, A. Williams.

Football—Captain, A. Williams.

Swimming—Captain, E. Bickerton.

Athletics—Captain, A. Williams.

*Blue.*

At present the faction occupies an inconspicuous position in the faction competitions; but it is in no way due to lack of energy and enthusiasm on the part of the members of the faction.

A bad start is very discouraging, but we hope that the end of the year will find us well in the running for faction honours.

At the swimming carnival our team displayed its abilities to great advantage, and we secured second place, mainly owing to the efforts of Napier, the runner-up for the swimming championship.

Cricket has been our downfall, and up to the present we have only been successful in one match. The Blues had great misfortune in losing so many of their good players of last year, but nevertheless, they hope to make their presence felt when the football season arrives.

The captains elected for the various branches of the sport this year, are as follows:—

- Faction—Captain, K. Hough.
- Cricket—Captain, K. Hough.
- Football—Captain, K. Hough.
- Tennis—Captain, R. Grace.
- Swimming—Captain, G. Napier.
- Athletics—Captain, R. Grace.

*Kingia.*

The elections at the faction meeting, at the commencement of the year, were as follows:—

- Faction—Captain, J. Sunter.
- Cricket—Captain, A. Roberts.
- Tennis—Captain, R. Hough.
- Football—Captain, A. Roberts.
- Swimming—Captain, K. Steere.
- Athletics—Captain, A. Roberts.

Up to date, we have played seven cricket matches, and have succeeded in winning six of them. The matches played resulted as follows:—

- Kingia v. Red*—  
Kingia, 95; Red, 50.

- Blue v. Kingia*—  
Blue, 110; Kingia, 79.

*Kingia v. Gold*—

Kingia, 93; Gold, 67.

*Kingia v. Red*—

Kingia, 62; Red, 36.

*Kingia v. Blue*—

Kingia, 78; Blue, 77.

*Kingia v. Gold*—

Kingia, 88; Gold, 77.

*Kingia v. Blue*—

Kingia, 130; Blue, 47.

At present our faction marks, including the girls', are 80, beaten only by Gold, who hold a lead of three points. Of the 80 points already gained, 58 have been won by the boys at cricket. As is seen, we have more than held our own in the faction matches, and it is hoped that we shall continue this well-earned success through the football season.

**FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.***Blue.*

At the annual faction meeting the following captains were appointed:

- Netball—L. Kruger.
- Baseball—J. Struthers.
- Tennis—J. Caldwell.
- Swimming—C. McGeary.
- Athletics—P. McKenna.
- Hockey—E. Cross.

Owing to the inability of the school to provide a sports' mistress, faction matches did not start till late in the term. Up to the time of writing, Blues have been victorious in the netball field, having defeated both Gold and Kingia, and we have to congratulate the captain for such a good beginning. In baseball we have been less successful, being beaten by Gold, but feel sure that with a little practice, we can reverse this result. We are fortunate in having some intelligent first years in our team, and feel sure that they will soon learn the finer points of the game.

Swimming is our strong point. At the carnival, Blue girls headed the list with

17 points, and were rather disappointed when the boys failed to keep up the reputation of the faction. In conclusion, we wish to congratulate Celia McGear, our swimming captain, and champion girl swimmer of the school.

#### *Gold.*

At the commencement of the year the following were appointed captains of the various branches of sport:—

Netball—E. Teede.  
Baseball—E. Buggenthin.  
Hockey—H. Withers.  
Tennis—J. Muir.  
Swimming—J. Barnard.  
Athletics—J. Muir.

So far, this year, we have been fairly successful, and instead of being at the bottom of the list, we are now second.

We have played three baseball matches, and won two. We have beaten Reds and Blues, and lost to Kingias after a very close match. We have also played three netball matches, and won two of them. We were beaten by Blues, and we won against Reds and Kingias.

We were not very successful at the swimming carnival, however, and this put us near the bottom of the list at the beginning of the term.

In conclusion, the faction would like to thank the netball and baseball captains, E. Teede and E. Buggenthin, for their good work during the term. We hope to do as well at hockey next term.

#### *Red.*

This year we have made anything but a brilliant beginning, being now for the first time at the bottom of the list. At baseball our luck seemed to have deserted us until our recent victory over Blue. At netball we have defeated Gold and tied with Blue.

We would like here to congratulate the girls of the Kingia faction on winning the cup last year. At the same time, although we did not live up to the reputation our faction won in 1923, we by no means disgraced ourselves, for at the end of the year we stood second to Kingia.

The sports captains for this year are:—

Hockey—G. Smedley.  
Netball—M. Atherton.  
Baseball—G. Smedley.  
Swimming—M. Shaw.  
Athletics—H. Norton.  
Tennis—G. Smedley.

#### *Kingia.*

At the first faction meeting the following were elected captains:—

Netball—Q. Treloar.  
Baseball—C. Lugg.  
Hockey—D. Carroll.  
Tennis—A. Peacock.  
Swimming—G. Gale.  
Athletics—M. Kealy.

The first annual swimming carnival took place on the 4th of March. The Kingias came a good second with 12 points, while Blue were first with 17 points. Our success was chiefly due to the relay race team, which consisted of G. Gale, U. Sherlock, D. Leede, and W. Delaney.

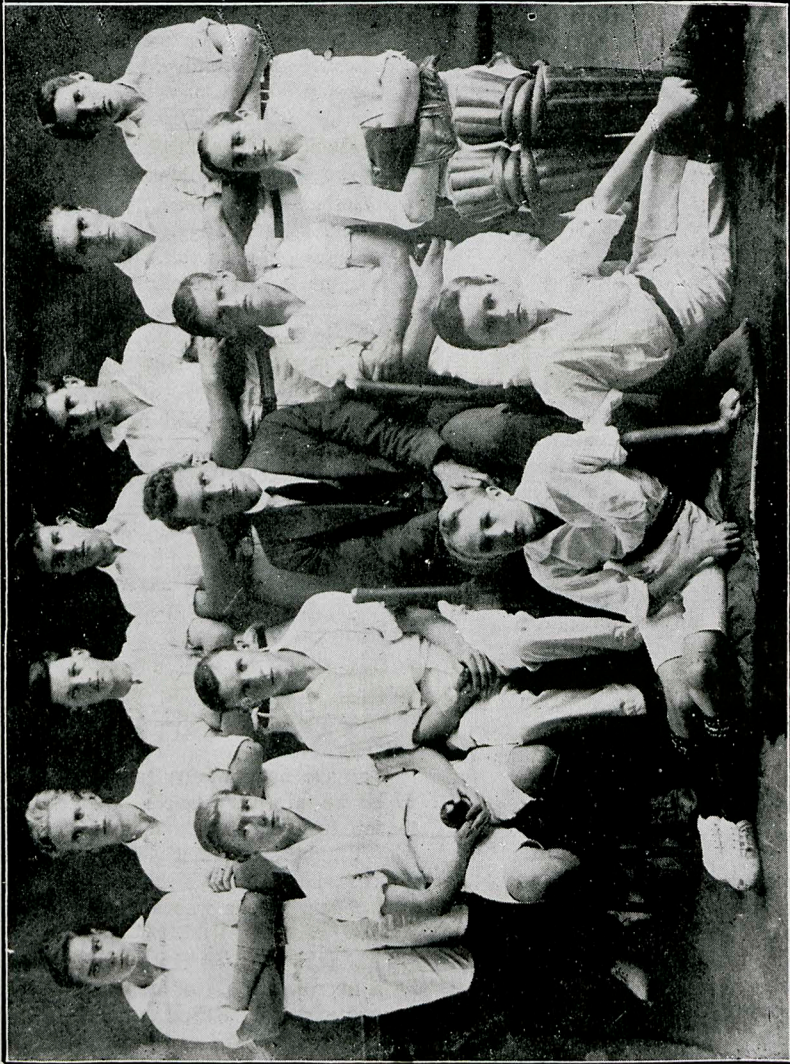
At netball we have been very unfortunate so far, losing matches to both Reds and Blues.

This week we are playing Blues at baseball, and as this is our first match this year, we hope to make a good beginning.

We have not had any tennis this year, which we miss very much. We are sorry to say that our tennis captain, "Frizz," who fought so valiantly in the faction matches, has left. We regret her leaving, very much, as she was a good all-round sport.

Last year we won the cup from Reds by a narrow margin of nine points after a most exciting baseball match. At hockey our faction was easily first, and only lost four points for the whole season. We must repeat this performance again this year.

It is up to every girl in the faction to do her best in any branch of sport in which she may take part. Last year the Kingias were known as "sports"—they must keep that title this year.



Standing (left to right): G. Richards, N. Haines, J. Perin, L. Dyer, A. Roberts, J. Carroll.  
 Sitting: L. Sweet, A. Williams, Mr. Jenkin, N. Sinclair, J. Higgins.  
 Reclining: R. Hough, P. Carter.



**SCHOOL CRICKET.**

During the 1924-25 season the school eleven has played more matches than in any previous season. In spite of the difficulty in making fixtures, many first-class matches were arranged. At all times the team was pitted against good talent, and always acquitted itself well. The performances of some members have been of outstanding merit. Sweet claims the bowling honours, with 53 wickets at the cost of 6.64 runs each. He is to be heartily congratulated, especially when it is remembered that he bowled against some really good batsmen. Sinclair, with 20 wickets at 11 runs each, has something to be justly proud of, while Roberts has proved his usefulness by taking 10 wickets at 16.9 runs each.

The batting averages are not high, but at the same time indicate some very consistent scores. In general, while high scoring was not evident during the season, many members batted soundly and show great promise for the future. K. Hough captured the batting average (18.5), while R. Hough (15) and N. Sinclair (14.3) were close runners-up.

The fielding on the whole was keen, but towards the end of the season seemed to lose a good deal of its smartness. Perhaps this was due to end of the season staleness.

Trotman (1924) and Williams (1925) are to be congratulated on the way in which the school team was handled.

Whilst the team was not always successful it did well, and has set a good standard for future seasons. Let the future first elevens maintain this prestige.

During the season the first eleven played 12 matches and was successful in five, lost five, and drew two. Two trips were made to neighbouring towns—Dardanup and Ferguson—and a royal welcome was always extended.

Following is a list of matches played:—

*School XI.*

- Won *v.* Ex-Students—111-73.
- Won *v.* Pastimes "B"—60-28.
- Drawn *v.* Town—67-67.

- Won *v.* Haywards—8 for 219-35.
- Lost *v.* S. W. Club—106-131.
- Drawn *v.* Ex-Students—109-3 for 73.
- Lost *v.* Ex-Students—56-97.
- Won *v.* Ships in Port—87-36.
- Won *v.* Ferguson "B"—141-22 and 125.
- Lost *v.* Dardanup—138-192.
- Lost *v.* Ferguson "B"—100, 2nd 2 for 73-103 and 160.
- Lost *v.* Dardanup—57 and 2 for 58-135.

*Batting averages—*

- K. Hough—18.5 for 8 innings.
- R. Hough—15.5 for 8 innings.
- N. Sinclair—14.3 for 12 innings.
- A. Roberts—10.5 for 11 innings.
- L. Sweet—10.3 for 9 innings.
- Sanders—10.1 for 8 innings.
- Williams—9.7 for 14 innings.
- Dyer—9.7 for 9 innings.

*Bowling averages—*

- L. Sweet—53 wickets for 352 runs: average 6.6.
- N. Sinclair—20 wickets for 220 runs: average 11.
- A. Roberts—10 wickets for 169 runs: average 16.9.

The school second eleven only managed to secure one match, and in that was successful:—

Ships—76.

Second eleven—6 wickets for 162.

It is hoped that during the next season more matches will be arranged for the second eleven.

**FIRST ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL.**

On Wednesday, 4th March, the first annual swimming carnival was held at the local baths. In spite of inclement weather a good day's sport with close finishes was the result. The girls carnival was run off in the morning and the boys in the afternoon.

Amongst the girls Cecilia McGeary was outstanding, whilst among the boys G. Tobitt easily gained the title of school champion swimmer.

Although no remarkable times were established the general standard of the swimming was good, and close finishes were frequent. The popularity of the fixture promises well for future carnivals. The results are appended:—

#### *Girls.*

100 yards School Championship.—1, C. McGeary; 2, E. Cross; 3, M. Taylor. Time: 1 minute 50 seconds.

50 yards Breast Stroke Championship.—1, C. McGeary; 2, D. Teede; 3, E. Cross. Time: 53  $\frac{3}{5}$  seconds.

50 yards School Championship.—1, C. McGeary; 2, U. Sherlock; 3, E. Cross. Time: 47  $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds.

50 yards Upper School Handicap.—1, E. Cross; 2, I. Powell; 3, A. Jones. Time: 51 seconds.

50 yards Lower School Handicap.—1, K. Lewis; 2, P. Thompson; 3, J. Barnard. Time: 62 seconds.

50 yards First Year Handicap.—1, P. Thompson; 2, K. Lewis. Time: 56  $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds.

50 yards Open Handicap.—1, E. Cross; 2, I. Powell; 3, M. Taylor. Time: 52  $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds.

50 yards Breast Stroke Handicap.—1, D. Williams; 2, M. Taylor; 3, C. McGeary. Time: 67 seconds.

Neat Dive.—1, D. Teede; 2, E. Teede; 3, C. McGeary.

Faction Relay Race, 200 yards.—1, Kingia; 2, Blue; 3, Red.

Faction Point Totals.—1, Blue 17 points; 2, Kingia 12 points; 3, Red 3 points; 4, Gold 2 points.

Champion Girl Swimmer.—C. McGeary 10 points; 2, D. Teede 5 points; 3, E. Cross 4 points.

#### *Boys.*

200 yards School Championship.—1, G. Tobitt; 2, R. Napier; 3, P. Verschuer. Time: 3 minutes 8 seconds.

50 yards Upper School Handicap.—1, C. Scott; 2, G. Hill; 3, L. Sweet.

50 yards Breast Stroke Handicap.—1, Abrahamson; 2, Schurman; 3, Lloyd.

100 yards School Championship.—1, Tobitt; 2, Napier; 3, G. Hill. Time: 1 minute 22  $\frac{4}{5}$  seconds.

50 yards First Year Handicap.—1, Carlisle; 2, Ancombe; 3, McLeod.

50 yards Open Handicap.—1, C. Scott; 2, Wass; 3, Sweet.

50 yards Breast Stroke Championship.—1, Tobitt; 2, Steere.

50 yards Lower School Handicap.—1, Wass, 2, Hicks; 3, Robinson.

Neat Dive.—1, Sunter; 2, R. Hough; 3, Abrahamson.

50 yards School Championship.—1, Tobitt; 2, C. Scott; 3, Napier. Time: 37  $\frac{4}{5}$  seconds.

Faction Relay Race, 200 yards.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Red.

Champion Faction.—1, Gold 17 points; 2, Blue 10 points; 3, Kingia 8 points; 4, Red 4 points.

School Champion Swimmer.—1, Tobitt 12 points; 2, Napier 5 points.

### **FACTION COMPETITIONS.**

#### *Position of Factions.*

As usual faction competition is very keen, and the final results for the year cannot be predicted with any surety.

Up to the time of going to press the results were as follow:—

Gold—Boys, 57 points; girls, 26 points; total 83.

Kingia—Boys, 56 points; girls, 24 points; total 80.

Blue—Boys, 19 points; girls, 32 points; total 51.

Red—Boys, 20 points; girls, 18 points; total 38.

#### *Faction Cricket.*

Three rounds are to be played. Of the matches already played—Kingia has won 6, Gold has won 5, Red has won 2, and Blue has won 1.

Two matches of the third round have still to be played, and the position of premiers still remains in doubt at the time of going to press.

*Shield presented by the Ex-Students.*

Last year the Ex-Students' Association presented a shield for the Boys' Faction Competition. This has at last arrived. In 1923 Blue Faction Boys and in 1924 the Red Faction Boys were successful in winning the shield.

The arrival of the shield has added greater zest to the already keen rivalry, and the end of the year promises a hard tussle for the 1925 honours.

*Criticism of the First Eleven.*

K. Hough.—Captured the batting average. Plays sound cricket, and has a fair variety of strokes. Will make a first-class bat at the present rate of progress. Usually accurate in the field, only blot on his scutehon being a partiality for the bat and ball at practice. Has a fair ball, but inclined to be erratic.

R. Hough.—Runner-up in batting average. Plays a good bat, but has at present too little strength in his strokes. This will come later. Usually nippy in the field, but at times indulges in a day dream. Has a little too much to say at times. Has the same disease as his major. Has proved himself a fair change bowler for a few overs.

N. Sinclair.—Third on the list of batting average. Has some good strokes, but apt to give too many chances. Has saved the team from ignominy at times. Has second best average in bowling, and is excellent in the field. Has a future before him if he "sticks" to it.

A. Roberts.—A hitter. Has developed a few more strokes lately. Expensive but effective change bowler. Smart fielder when not indulging in a day dream. At times inclined to take things too easily. Not always prompt in obeying the captain's instructions.

E. Sanders.—A useful member of the eleven, and developing as a batsman. One of the best at fielding, though he would do better at times by getting two hands to the ball.

A. Williams.—Captain. In this capacity has handled his team well. Has not

yet struck good form in batting. Sometimes plays too far forward, and frequently chops an off ball down instead of driving it. Might perhaps do better by hitting a leg ball rather than trying to glance it. At times very good in the field.

L. Dyer.—Has proved a good opening batsman with Sinclair. Inclined to remain too much on the defensive. Without being really aggressive could make his strokes much more crisply. Will make a fine batsman if he will only play more vigorously instead of being content to place the bat in front of every ball. Is developing a good bowl, and is active in the field.

J. Higgins.—The school wicket-keeper. Has done well in that position, and bids fair to make a name for himself if he keeps improving at the present rate. His batting is improving.

L. Sweet.—A good all-round cricketer. Has made a great name for himself as a bowler. Has taken 53 wickets at a cost of 6.64 runs each. His bowling is deadly, and of great variety. With constant practice will take his place in first-class cricket. A solid bat and improving fast. Inclined to pull. A successful slip fielder.

Richards.—A hitter. Inconsistent in the field—sometimes shows flashes of brilliancy and then fails unaccountably. Will make a cricketer if he concentrates on the game more.

Carroll.—Is improving his batting every day. A good fielder. Sometimes has too much to say.

Carter.—Probably shows better batting technique than any member of the team. He only needs to make his strokes more vigorously and his scoring will be greater. A good fielder usually, but does not believe in exerting himself unnecessarily.

Haines.—Was unfortunate in being unable to play for part of the season. Bats well, and will improve with practice. Fields well.

Perrin.—Bowling is promising. Keen fielder. Batting will be better when he can keep an off ball down.

### BATAVIA.

It seemed the land of the "Arabian Nights." The gorgeousness of the operas Mikado and Chu Chin Chow does not exceed that of Batavia, this living Eastern city. We felt ourselves in a dream, so unreal it all seemed. Between the canal and railway line which connect it with the port, Tanjong Priok, runs a smooth, hard road lined with shady tropical trees on either side. As far as the eye can see extends the jungle, dense with cocoa-nut palms and myriads of strange trees and shrubs. But it is the canal that fascinates. We long to capture the passing scenes in their own glorious colours and take them away with us across the sea. Upon the yellow waters of the canal glides a Malay canoe shaped like a Venetian gondola painted red and green. In the darkness the eyes painted at the prow enable the spirit of the boat to see its way. At the stern stands a statuesque figure brown and glistening in the sunlight, clad in gorgeous sarong only. With deft and graceful strokes of the oar he guides his gondola up stream. Next a barge appears with cabin of palm leaves, towed by a Malay on the green tow-path above. The scene is still and calm, and every reflection enhances the beauty of the picture. No less beautiful is its setting, for the tall and graceful cocoa-nut palms spring upwards to the sky in their countless thousands on every side.

Here stone steps lead down into the canal where a group of Javanese women and children stand knee-deep in the water washing their vividly-coloured sarongs and shawls. With shoulders bare and glistening and their black, sleek hair drawn back and fastened with gold pins, the Javanese women are grace personified. We see them all along the canal in hundreds rubbing the clothes on the stone steps and spreading them to dry upon the green grass, for the grass is always green in Java. When the washing is finished they proceed to wash themselves in the yellow canal waters. Shapely brown limbs, black shining hair and sarongs, bajus and shawls quaintly and

artistically worn, form the more striking features of this never-to-be-forgotten scene.

They live in a Garden of Eden. They cannot starve, for the tropical fruits and cocoa-nuts grow wild. They cannot freeze, for the temperature never falls below 85 degrees. Therefore there is no need to work hard, and they take life more philosophically than we do. All along the road-side or on the canals they are to be seen at any time washing, drinking, eating, buying and selling—in fact, doing anything at all in full view of the passers-by. The vendors of tropical fruits, cool drinks, and paper flowers carry on a brisk trade, as do also the travelling restaurant keepers.

The Malay prefers to live on the road-side in the daytime. So do his turkeys, geese, goats, and chickens. The roads are then an open book for the traveller. There is an incessant stream of traffic up and down the road. We pass motor-cars, motor-lorries, bicycles, bullock-wagons, countless little gharries drawn by Timor ponies with bells tinkling at their necks. One never sees a rickshaw or a horse in Batavia. Hundreds of gharries pass us. Sometimes the passengers are Dutch ladies; sometimes a Japanese family with bare heads and gay kimonos; sometimes a Chinese family, the women dressed in black trousers; sometimes a Malay lady, dressed in gaily patterned sarong and baju and shawl upon her head. Often it is a solemn, dignified old Dutchman. The driver is generally a Javanese or Malay.

Batavia is a silent city. These sedate, graceful people seem to make no sound. Even the children never seem to laugh or shout at their play. And yet the city is teeming with life. One can feel the throb of it, for the little island of Java holds forty million people. But if it is soundless, Batavia is by no means scentless. Frequently the scents are disagreeable. At other times one merely smells coffee. Again, an ineffable, intoxicating perfume creeps up from the gardens in which the city is embowered.

All along the roads beneath the trees, beside the canals, we see little travelling restaurants where the Malays can buy something to eat and drink. The vendor can dump it anywhere, make her food, tea or coffee, sell it, and move on again. The restaurant consists of a bamboo pole with a small brazier slung on to one end and the provisions on to the other. The whole concern is carried on the shoulders of the bearer, who moves along with short, hopping steps, a hand on each end of the pole. Everything is carried in this way, from a banana to a four-poster bed and mattress!

The roads in Java are well-nigh perfect—hard, smooth and straight, lined by tall tropical trees casting a grateful shade all the way. There is a group of natives by the road-side sorting out stones of a certain size, mending holes in the road by hand.

We pass the most dignified people clad in motley garments. No matter what they are engaged in, whether dressing or undressing, walking or washing, they are most decorous and solemn in their every movement.

No one wears hat, shoes, or stockings. Both men and women wear the coloured tubular sarong deftly twisted at the waist and the baju or jacket over it. The women wear also a coloured shawl gracefully arranged on the head. Everybody carries a coloured oiled silk sunshade which serves as protection against rain and sun. One fashionable black gentleman with bare feet wore a pair of short scarlet trousers, a long black coat, a scarlet cap, and a black umbrella! Another instance of the infinite variety of Batavia is that men can frequently be seen carrying infants slung in a corner of a sarong passing over one shoulder and under the other.

We speed on through the Chinese quarters, through the Japanese quarters, and the native quarters swarming with native shops, past the beautiful Weltevreden or residential area, where the Dutch colonial houses nestle amid a wealth of tropical foliage. They are built of white

stone with a porch in front, marble-floored, and a wide flight of marble steps leading up to the loggia, which is always furnished with several chairs, a table, beautiful Javanese ornaments, and pot plants growing in great painted stone urns arranged in rows. There is something Grecian about the appearance of these fairy palaces with their marble pillars and steps, the whole building buried in a tropical garden. Each house is an exquisite gem of architecture in an exotic tropical setting. Many of them are occupied and owned by Malays, who may be seen sitting round the table in the loggia at the mid-day meal. The museum of Batavia contains some marvellous native curios, models of houses, villages, gods, fishing boats, native carving and brasswork. But more wonderful still is the Penang Gateway, a great triumphal arch built, some say, by the Chinese long, long ago.

Just near it is the sacred cannon. Around it are piles of paper flowers, the offerings of women who pray for sons. At its end burns an everlasting fire. The legend goes that there is another sacred cannon on the other side of the island, and when the two are fired together the island will be restored once more to the Javanese. A Malay vendor at the gate was plying a lucrative trade selling his paper offerings to the Javanese women.

Through old Batavia we go, passing the interesting garden walled in stone, deserted, and accursed since 1722. On the top of the wall is the skull of the traitor, Peter Elberfeld, and his body is built into the stone wall of his own garden. A Dutch inscription on the wall tells the tale for ever more. It is this: In 1782 a half-caste Dutchman, Peter Elberfeld, plotted with his confederates to murder every Christian in Batavia, and thus gain power for the Javanese. Only just in time was the plot discovered. The traitor was caught and hanged, and his body built into the garden wall with only the head protruding. The inscription reads, "Let this spot be for ever accursed and let no man ever build in this garden more."

To-day the garden is rank with wild trees and plants. Banana leaves wave above the walls, and there the inscription and skull still remain. But, to be just, one's final impressions of Batavia should not be concerned with skulls and death, but rather with life and growth in all their colour and vigour, and with beauty which will never fade.

D. N.

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### OF SLANG.

What would Francis Bacon say of our present modes of expression? Would he write a short, pithy essay showing the stupidity of slang, or would he praise it? We cannot tell. It is a pity that Bacon did not write about slang—but perhaps there wasn't any in his time.

Let us imagine that Bacon is sitting down writing an essay on slang. There we see him, his rich surroundings, his ringed fingers, and his unsympathetic face. Such a hard little face, not a tiny bit friendly, but cold and forbidding. Bacon had no real friends! The sharpness of his expression is intensified by his pointed brown beard—beards were fashionable in those days.

He would probably begin his essay by saying that slang is vulgar, stupid, and not very expressive. He would apologise for the use of it. If he had written on (in?) slang it would undoubtedly been his most popular essay. Somehow the semi-vulgarity of slang seems to appeal to most people. At the end of his essay he would declare that even slang had its good points and that it was a most expressive means of communication. Bacon is just like that, really, though few people take the trouble to find his good points.

He seems to have been a curious character, or rather a combination of several. He could give many opinions on one subject but we rarely find that he "speaks from the tiny callous kernel of his heart." He is not an honest man.

But to leave Bacon and go back to the subject in question. Slang is very prevalent, with boys more than girls. What is the cause of this? It is not regarded as very becoming for girls to talk slang, and if they can leave it to their brothers they ought to do so; nevertheless it is a very catching habit.

Slang is humorous: you can't help laughing at it. When you fail in a French test you are certainly "'orribly stiff." A favourite one with boys while playing cricket is, "Ain't a man stiff now?" If you want to say anyone has gone away, you merely say they are "boundary riding." Quite a funny idea, isn't it?

The Australians use plenty of slang, but not nearly as much as the Americans; and it is a strange thing that the American slang is, in many cases, made from words which the Pilgrim Fathers brought over from England in 1620. Bacon could therefore have written about the language of the people. Probably he was too busy to do it, or else he forgot about it.

C.

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### WORRIED.

Worried, yes, that's what I am, absolutely worried. But how can one be otherwise when he has started a High School career.

Why am I worried to-night? Simply because of that Mag. to which we all must try to contribute, and, of course, we must think, which is another form of worry, what our contribution will be. It is certain we all love to have our "Kingia" issued every term, and in a worthy manner, but why cannot someone with brains sit down and write the whole Mag. for us?

Then, there are our school subjects. Some of them are new to us; we determine to try hard, and do well in our new subjects, but good resolutions seldom hold; we find ourselves losing ground day by day, until we decide we dread the subject, and then it, too, becomes a worry to us; for subjects we do not like we can-

not do, hence, when we come to do them, all we can do is put on a puzzled look as if resigned to hardship.

How lovely, how tempting it is to go out at night! All outside is cool and refreshing, and the sea sparkles in the clear moonlight. Inside, a blazing electric light and a stuffy atmosphere. From somewhere comes a voice, "Do come for a walk." How glad we would be to obey. "Oh, bother!" we exclaim as we look at the pile of books heaped in front of us, "I have my home-work to do, and I know I can't do it." Yet if we try we soon find we have made a mistake, for after all it is not so hard as we imagine. Perhaps it is a winter's night. We look at our younger brothers and sisters sitting by the inviting fire, either telling stories or reading some interesting books. How envious we grow; we think of ourselves; books we have in plenty, it is true; but, are they interesting? Then, suddenly comes an exclamation, "Oh, what do I care when Napoleon lived or died!" "Oh, John, stop talking so loudly, how can I learn my work."

Then twice a day comes our greatest trial, when on our way to school a huge mountain appears before us, and on top we see our destination, the High School. "High School, indeed," we think as upwards we trudge. Why can't they have trams or motor cars waiting to take us up? Perhaps some of us might then arrive early.

Despite our many perplexities, however, we are a jolly school, and after all it is quite true that our school days are the happiest and best days of our life.

G.

#### ON THE UPPER CORRIDOR AT 10.40.

Biff!! Something whizzed past me, and for a moment I was deafened by the crashing footfall, diminishing gradually in the distance, and ending suddenly in the dull, sickening thud of human body against brick wall. Then again loud

crashes, supplemented now and then by choking, half-stifled human cries, expressive of the most extreme agitation, and once more that "something" flashed before my eyes in a whirl of white and blue.

Having witnessed several repetitions of this uncanny performance, in which all ideas of speed limit were sublimely disregarded, I eventually decided that, owing, presumably, to exams., my nerves were not all they used to be, and retired from the scene, intensely curious, but feeling somewhat as though all the ices of my past had suddenly come back to take up their abode along my spine. But the instinct of curiosity is strong in mankind, and, one sunny morning, feeling extraordinarily courageous, I again mounted the long dark staircase to endeavour to probe the mystery. The hour was identical with that of my last visit, and in the best of spirits I sauntered along past the scene of my previous experience.

Suddenly a strange sight met my eyes, bending this way and that, stretching out their arms, beseeching, and occasionally flinging them above their heads as though in despair, I beheld a group of extraordinary beings, apparently making oblation to one apart from the rest and clad in a different and more dazzling garment. About eleven in number, there was a certain distinct similarity about them all, especially as each wore a remarkable garment of blue, merging into white at the upper extremity; some were tall and slender, others short and not so slender, and to me they seemed to taper off towards the other end of the line, but, may be, that was merely perspective, making the distant ones look small.

Suddenly my hair began to stiffen in my scalp! my blood froze! At a word of command from the "one apart" the whole eerie troop had turned and was advancing upon me slowly, silently, but horribly surely. Step by step they approached, in a manner that was glastly in its soundless rhythmical motion, evenly, slowly. They came closer! They were almost upon me! The leader had but to

stretch out her long, cruel-looking arm . . . . Oh! I'd such an urgent appointment down stairs!

I have recently decided that I do not really believe in deportment for girls of the Upper School. Do you?

M.

CHEMISTRY.

Bang!!! A thunderous roar shakes the building. Nervous students jump to right and left, and gasp in terror stricken voices: "What the Dickens—?" etc. But a gentle voice floats to our ears, saying:

"O-h, it's all right, only some impure hydrogen explo-ding." I hear some one mutter in a low, but highly sarcastic voice: "Oh! is that all?"

The gentle voice continues: "De-ar me. All that expensive apparatus broken. Some one, please gather up the broken glass," and we all feel thankful that there are no broken skulls to gather up as well.

All is peaceful for about three minutes, but suddenly there is a hair-raising "Sppzzzurrreerr," which somewhat resembles the final of a cat fight. It is only someone who has dropped his burning taper into the melted potassium chlorate. The gentle voice is somewhat quicker this time, and urgently entreats the owner of potassium chlorate to "hold it over the sink, you silly boy." The "silly boy" does so, and all grows calm.

Presently the gentle voice is again heard: "Now boys, I must ha-ve your Pract-ica-l bo-oks for next Wed— Good gr-ac-ious! C—, what are you putting cr-ystals down that sink for? Haven't I told you time after time that no-thing but li-quids should go down those sinks?"

Phew! What in the name of fortune is that awful smell? At the end of bench is a studious youth gazing with a rapt expression at some blue liquid bubbling in a test tube, whence issues the most horrible gas it has ever been my bad fortune to smell. Windows are hastily thrown up, and we begin to feel a bit better.

"Now look this way, please. I am waiting for a pair of eyes. You have five minutes to clean up. I want volunteers to clean out the sinks. You may go n-ow," and we thankfully make our escape.

—One who knows.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

Be it right or wrong, these men among  
On women do complaine. (Anon.)

(Boy Prefects.)

\* \* \* \* \*

And zif him wrattheth be ywar and his  
weye shonye. (Langland.)

(The Head.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The mirth and fun grew fast and  
furious. (Burns.)

(Ex-Students' Dance.)

\* \* \* \* \*

There is sweet music here that softer  
falls

Than petals from blown roses on the  
grass. (Tennyson.)

(Singing in the Gym.)

\* \* \* \* \*

His voice was thin as voices from the  
grave. (Tennyson.) A prefect.

\* \* \* \* \*

But they smile, they find a music centred  
in a doleful song . . . .

Chanted from an ill-used race of men  
that cleave the soil. (Tennyson.)

(IA, at singing.)

\* \* \* \* \*

But although I take your meaning 'tis  
with such a heavy mind.

(Browning.)

(Fifth Years at French.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Still let my tyrants know, I am not  
doomed to wear

Year after year in gloom and desolate  
despair (my gym dress).

E. Brontë.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, my tan-faced children.

(W. Whitman.)

(First Master to Botany Students.)

\* \* \* \* \*



As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage

The eyes of men

Are idly bent on him that enters next.

(Arrival of new English Master.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

(Keats.)

(New students.)

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish  
Hildebrand. (Keats.)

(V. Form at sight of Room Prefect.)

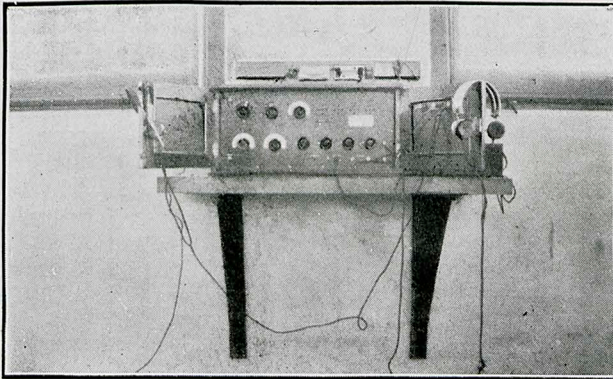
\* \* \* \* \*

With that ran there a route of ratons at  
ones

And smale mys myd heur mo than a  
thousand. (Langland.)

(Children coming up to school.)

WIRELESS WHISPERS.



That a pound of peas consists of a  
number of similar peas.

\* \* \* \* \*

That K. H. of the Blue Faction is re-  
ported to have discovered a new kind of  
bowl in the Ferguson Match. We are  
glad to hear that Keith is an inventor.

\* \* \* \* \*

That Captain Cook led a missionary  
expedition to Tahiti.

\* \* \* \* \*

That a Fifth Form student has seen  
"young and beautiful flying pigs."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tennis is a great attraction on Friday  
afternoons.

\* \* \* \* \*

That the Ferguson trip is popular with  
the 1st Eleven. Why, oh why?

\* \* \* \* \*

Boko has announced that he is avail-  
able to play in Gold Faction matches.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hobbs has made public his intentions  
of retiring from the cricket world.

Lamb was very partial to roast pig.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Fourth Form Agricultural scientist  
wanted to know if Boko was merely  
roasting the pigs to burn out all the  
"available" phosphorus.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

(a) *Wide-theory Bowling*, by K. H.—

This is an important contribution to  
cricket literature, and no one is better  
qualified to write on this very much  
neglected department of the game than  
the author. With so many books on leg-  
and off-theory, such a publication as the  
present one supplies a long-felt want. We  
strongly deprecate all attempts to de-  
scribe K. H.'s method as Hough-theory.  
We understand the writer, unlike many  
of his kind, has the courage of his con-  
victions, having actually applied his ideas  
with success in a recent match. Ask any  
member of the 1st XI.

(b) *The Dieting of Cricketers*, by *Astley*, deals in an absorbing manner with another aspect of our great summer game, which has hitherto received insufficient attention. Briefly, the writer considers that cricketers should follow his own example and feed liberally, especially between innings. We think the writer is going to extremes when he argues that, on the field, it is advisable to carry a cake in each hand, one in the mouth, and at least one in each pocket. Still, cricketers *have* been known to faint on the field owing to lack of sufficient nourishment. This is a real danger and must be guarded against. For this reason alone we commend the book to our readers.

(c) *Insect Diseases, with special reference to spider-consumption: by Sinclair and Dyer.*—In this book the authors present in a clear and succinct manner the results of their weekly researches in a subject which they have made peculiarly their own. They may be seen any Saturday night diving into the subject and sucking the heart out of it. The connection between spiders and picture-shows which they insist on is, we venture to affirm, by no means as obvious and natural as they maintain.

There is an introduction by two very learned gentlemen, who do not append their names.

(d) *The New Cricket, or (alternative title) How to get Slogged all over the Place: by Sinclair, Dyer and Roberts.*—Personally we prefer the alternative title as being more appropriate to the contents of the publication, and more truly descriptive of the cricket experiences which the writers so liberally draw upon. After describing their bowling methods at large, they advocate as natural corollaries, (1) that half the outfield should be mounted on horseback and provided with basin-shaped scoops, thickly coated with cobbler's wax, and fixed on long broom-handles; (2) that the other half should be provided with extremely agile baby aeroplanes with an attachment of large crabbing-nets with

patent trap-doors to prevent the ball bouncing out again.

Some such rearrangement of the field would undoubtedly be necessary if the reformed bowling advocated by the authors became general, otherwise the scorers would need to be replaced by automatic adding machines, and an innings would not terminate until the last batsmen either fell asleep or died at the wicket.

To those who have been clamouring for years past for brighter and more picturesque cricket, our reply is, "Here it is."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Black Peter:* We quite agree with you. It was indecent to pursue you all over the town for a paltry English composition. Fancy not accepting your woodwork excuse.

*Jude:* With regard to your query *re* choice of profession, we should certainly recommend poultry farming. Your record in ducks is most impressive, and even without raising other birds, you should make a commercial success of it. Otherwise try spectacle-making.

*Boucaut* (pronounced boko): Yes, we quite see your point of view. But, unfortunately, a cricket team is comprised of eleven players, and there are at least 30 in your faction who have your qualifications. When the game is reformed so that a cricket team includes 25 players, you will perhaps be assured of a game.

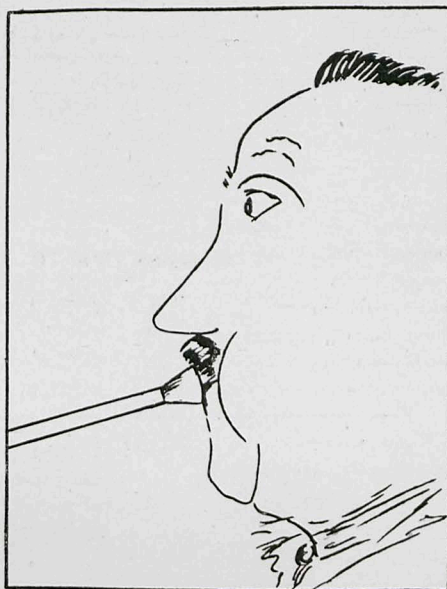
*Janet:* They were horribly old-fashioned in these days, and took no pains whatever to spell words in accordance with really advanced modern taste. We suggest that you should enlist the support of a few well-known musical artists, and inaugurate a campaign with a view to having your spelling of the word recognised as the one and only.

**FOR SALE.**

(a) Two very effective gags, to be worn by bowlers who are inclined to get wild with the field, supplied with specially contracted mouth-traps, which can be adjusted immediately after the delivery of the ball, thereby preventing all forms of cricket-profanity or "chipping." Sold by the sports-master at specially reduced rates, and recommended to Gold faction.

(b) Several dozen small gags, suitable for small boys on the other side of the fence, who think they are entitled to a game and are in the habit of giving advice to players.

(c) A large tin of modestine, warranted to produce the quality which the name implies, even in second year aspirants to inclusion in faction teams.



THOSE OVERTONES!

**THE CALL.**

The light from the flaming sun's red ball  
Sparkled and danced among the trees;  
The glistening leaves in the treetops tall  
Rustled and whispered in the breeze,  
And far away in the misty pall  
Was heard the pigeon's mournful call.

The last weary owl with voice now still,  
Listened a moment from the bough,  
Ere, with one glance at the rippling rill  
Foaming among the ferns below,  
It winged its noisy way o'er the hill,  
Evading the trees with uncertain skill.

Ah yes! (for that call with sorrow deep  
Spoke to the soul of all who heard);  
No wonder is that the wise owl paused  
At the awful cry of the sorrowing bird.  
That cry with terrible anguish beat  
Upon the heart, and stayed the feet.

It told of love that once had been;  
It told of hopes that thwarted were;  
It told of a heart whose joy was gone,  
Of a soul that now oft roamed afar,  
That grieved and yearned at love's locked  
door;  
It told of a mate, lost evermore.

R.B.

**THE PROLOGUE TO F-ROOM TALES.**

There was also a captain cleped Grace,  
Of fyr-reid countenance and hairy face.  
His laser spent he mooche with yonge  
girls  
Along the corridors. His ginger curls  
Did stream and flow like wilde horses' mane,  
Or eek like pennon over vanquished plain,  
Whence alle rivales heade-long and fled  
To leave him conquerour unchallenged.

A cooke there was and that a worthy man,  
 He woned with a parsoun upon land,  
 And verily he sought his lady's grace  
 And aye did kepe her image 'forn his face  
 O'er hill and daill, through good and evil  
 cas.

Long Bob was also of the companye:  
 He could not help his face—it was the  
 onelie

Face he had, though children shewed fear  
 When they hym saw, and to their motheres  
 dere

They ranne and cryed boo-hoo  
 As if Bob were a monkee in a zoo,  
 Who couthe not the madman, Georgie Hill?  
 Ful ofte tyme his visage made us ill.  
 On beefe-steakes, I wot, he aye did fare,  
 Of them he had demolished his share,  
 And eek on saveloys he had no pitee;  
 In soothe to them he was an eneme.  
 When that a sausage-shoppe he looked in,  
 They shrunke in their skins as small as  
 any pin.

With us there was the gentil Squoyer  
 Schram,

From far-off Collee Coalfields he did cam,  
 To Cooke in choir he bar a stiff burdoun,  
 Was never tromp of half so greet a soun.  
 Nor moot I fail to maken mentioun  
 Of Skeat Sinclair, a wolde-be cricketer,  
 In figure was he somewhat thin and bere  
 As if he hadde nought ynough to eat,  
 But eeked out lyf on scrappes and cattes  
 meat.

His check was smooth as if late y-shave,  
 No berde hadde nor evermore sholde have.

N.S.

#### LINES SUGGESTED ON THE LOSS OF THE "TREVESSA."

Mighty grey waters with pent up emotion  
 Hurling thy waves on the desolate shore;  
 Vassal of none on earth—deep thund'ring  
 ocean

Thou hast defied us and shalt evermore.

For when the fleets of our primitive fathers  
 Braved thy dark waters to reach other lands,  
 Often they triumphed but often they  
 perished;  
 Nobly they gave their lives into thy hands.

Offt thou wert tender and kept them with  
 care, while

Many hearts prayed for their dear return;  
 But sometimes in anger thy bosom heaved  
 upwards,

And tossed their frail ashes to an unhal-  
 lowed urn

Now, once again, we have felt that thy  
 power

Is strongest in matching the powers of man;  
 O, that thy waters could grow still for ever,  
 O, but for calm where once dark billows  
 ran.

R.B.

#### THE CONFESSION.

(To a Master.)

There's somewhat on my breast, sir,

There's somewhat on my breast.

The livelong day I sigh, sir,

At night I cannot rest.

I cannot take my rest, sir,

Though I would fain do so;

A weary weight oppresseseth me—

The weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, sir,

Nor want of worldly gear;

My lands are broad and fair to see,

My friends are kind and dear.

My kin are real and true, sir.

Oh! I'll confess to you,

Its your confounded home-work,

I owe, but did not do.

“A.”