

1935-7 (3 years)

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



15-JUN-1935
OF WA.

CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XIII

No. 1

JULY, 1935

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THE KINGIA

Vol. XIII. No. 1.

BUNBURY, JULY, 1935.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL

The contents of this magazine may be criticised from many angles, but the editors ask all critics to please remember that it has been written by students for students, and that it does not aim to impress adults by stupendous learning and appreciation of the arts. We hope that its contents are a sincere expression of some phases of student opinion and feeling.

The fact that the newspapers, at present, are devoting much space to letters and articles on the lack of employment for youth, and that there seems no unanimity as to how work is to be found for young people, is not calculated to make students look forward with eager anticipation to the future, which appears rather more full of unpleasant problems than the present. Hence young people can hardly be blamed for criticising the past and enjoying, as far as maybe, the present, provided they do, to the utmost of their ability, the tasks which lie immediately to their hands.

To them we offer this comfort. Future woes are usually less than present fears, and those who can face with courage and surmount the difficulties of to-day, may have great hope, if not positive certainty, of emerging triumphant from the troubles of tomorrow,

SCHOOL NOTES

It is with much pleasure that we speed Mr. Fowler on what we hope will be a long and most enjoyable holiday, and welcome to the school his locum, Mr. Barton.

For the most part, the affairs (so far as the students are concerned) of the school have run fairly smoothly and it is pleasant to see how the social activities have been resurrected from their slump of last year.

School dances have been run fairly regularly every two or three weeks, the gymnasium material has been renewed, and gym. is again being taken by the whole school.

The Stamp Club has also been revived, under Mr. Davies-Moore, and appears to be enthusiastically supported, more especially by the Lower School, the members of which seem to be perpetually sorting and "swapping."

Mr. Stanbury has collected a number of enthusiasts and has formed a Dramatic Society, with the intention of presenting a programme at the end of this term. A decided boost was given to this Society by the visit to the school of those two talented dramatists, Mr. and Mrs. Max Montesole, who kindly gave the school one or two selections from their repertoire.

Those students who take French (and who are moderately good at it) will be glad to observe that Miss

Newton has formed a French Club, and has, we understand, every form working up a concert for presentation on the night of Monday, July 15.

During first term this school received visits from Sir James Mitchell and then from Dr. Jiri Baum, of Prague, Czechoslovakia, both of whom have left behind pleasant memories. Our thanks are very much due to Nicholson's Ltd., by whose kindness we were enabled to hear the Jubilee broadcast to schools on the occasion of His Majesty's birthday.

It is also pleasing to note that the lawn in front of the school is slowly but surely beginning to merit its name, thanks to the tender care of Mr. Howieson, and we, all of us, hope that his doubtless heavy duties as Acting First Master will not mean the curtailment of the generous work he has done in this respect.

PREFECTS' NOTES

We, the Prefects of 1935, are wearing a smug self-satisfied smile, something between that of a business man who has made a successful transaction and that of the fat man who has just fed well at someone else's expense. All last year the prefects and the school pined for regular dances—this year we have been permitted to have them—hence the smile. While on this subject we feel that it would be appropriate to thank the staff who have so willingly sacrificed their evenings at home by the fireside to come up to

the gymnasium and to sit in the cold and supervise our dances.

The proceeds of these dances have gone towards the provision of new gym. material, so that if we continue to receive the support of the school in these ventures, we hope, in time, to have the gym. looking something like how a gym. should look.

The prefects' dance, run on Friday, June 14, though unfortunately hardly a financial success, was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a social one, and we wish here to express our thanks to Mr. Ron Jones for his kind help with regard to the supper.

So far our "term of office" has been, for the most part, pleasant and our duties light, so much so that were it not for the creative genius (chiefly in the way of pea-shooters and home made bombs) of three or four first and second years, we should have practically nothing to do. Incidentally we hope these few words of recognition will not spur them on to further efforts.

Though we have not as yet run any pre's. teas, or any similar functions, we hope, in the not very distant future, to run a bridge evening in the library, with a dance afterwards in the gym.

Well, by the time you are reduced to reading these notes it is fair to suppose that you will have read all the rest of the "Kingia," and be feeling a bit weary—so just to buck you up, we finish by reminding you to look up the calendar and to see how far off is the Leaving (also the Junior).

Yours for the next six months,
THE PREFECTS.

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FRENCH DRAMATIC CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

On Monday, July 15, a programme of French plays and French and German songs was presented to a large and enthusiastic audience of about 250 people in the gymnasium of the High School. Almost every boy and girl in the school whole-heartedly co-operated in the evening's success, either by acting in the plays, or singing, or helping in the stage management, and there is no doubt that they all thoroughly enjoyed doing it.

After a spirited rendering by the school of the "Marseillaise," conducted by Mr. Stanbury, the headmaster gave a short address to the parents. He briefly outlined the importance of July 14, 1789, in French history, and also mentioned that 1935 was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Victor Hugo, the greatest of French dramatists and poets. To celebrate the occasion the teachers of French at the High School had formed a Dramatic Club to produce short plays in French by the students of the various classes, and to present them during the school hours for students only. From this modest beginning resulted a very successful public performance. To encourage the work of the Dramatic Club at the school and to facilitate the production of either English or French plays, very handsome red curtains and other necessary equipment were purchased at a cost of about £12. The proceeds of the entertainment were £6/7/6, which far exceeded expectations, and leaves a similar amount to be obtained from the next entertainment at the end of the term.

The Headmaster stated that one of the great problems at the present time is education for leisure time, and that much attention is being given by educational authorities to this problem. The Acting Director of Education, Mr. J. A. Klein, M.A., visited the school last week and strongly advised students who wished to become teachers in the Department, to study music and singing. Special consideration would be given to applicants who, in addition to scholastic attainments, had qualifications in these subjects. The headmaster thanked the parents for their attendance and, as he was acting as prologue to the entertainment, asked them to be kindly and sympathetic towards the players.

The French teachers at the school

deserve much credit for their untiring efforts in preparing the students for the performance. Miss Dorothy Newton, B.A., was mainly responsible for the plays, and was ably assisted by Miss Stella Mitchell, B.A., and Miss E. L. Burgess, M.A. Mr. E. Stanbury, stage manager, Mr. J. Barton, B.Sc., Mr. F. Davies-Moore, B.A., and Mr. E. Chapman spared no efforts to convert the platform of the gymnasium into a stage with curtains, footlights, etc.

The First Year girls presented "La Galette," a little play showing the old French custom of finding the bean in the cake at Epiphany on Twelfth Night. Then followed "Peter Pan," given by the Second Year boys, in which a smart Frenchman came to an animal shop to buy a pet. The animals from which he had to choose were truly weird and terrifying. Following this came "Afternoon Tea in Town," by the Second Year girls and boys, which was realistically portrayed. (Strange to say there was an inordinate number of meals in the night's performance, all of them real ones).

A very amusing little piece was the "Witch and the Children," played by the First Year girls, telling how the wicked witch stole the seven days of the week, intending to boil them in oil, and how they escaped her malevolent designs. Another play by the First Year girls was "Cinderella," which, except for some difficulties with the coach, was the old favourite just as we had always known it.

Then followed the piece de resistance of the evening, played by the Fourth Year girls and boys, "Nous Verrons," or "The Tale of a Little Dog," told, in three acts, how a pretty little maid was circumvented from leaving her loving Jacques with a very little dog. Miss Jean Tyrer was very charming and capable as the maid Yvonne. Master Pat Fox, the cook, was her humble and devoted lover Jacques, and Miss Dorothy Callahan, as their mistress, Madame Dupont, was most convincing. Her nephew and niece, Paul and Louise, were played by Master Alex Bentley and Miss Edith White, who, together with the others, played their parts exceedingly well. Miss Mavis Stagbouer, as the English lady who wandered into the Bois de Boulogne in search of a button hook, was highly diverting and no doubt an intense relief to those of the audience unacquainted with French. The part of the policeman was ably played by Syd. Green.

Another play by the Second Year girls and boys was "Breakfast at Home," showing a true picture of French domesticity.

A shorter play, but no less well done, was "Doughnuts for Two," which told how hungry American soldiers, unable to speak French, on asking for doughnuts in a provincial French inn, received instead from the fervently patriotic innkeeper, who could not understand them, a motor tyre. The part of the voluble innkeeper was taken by Barney Verschuer who, in spite of a lame leg, looked and acted his part exceptionally well. Miss Dorothy Hepton and Catherine Daniel, as Marie and Colette, the servants, were animated and thoroughly entered into the spirit of

their parts, while Dick and Bob, the soldiers (Master Cedric White and Miss Mavis Stagbouer) were responsible for many laughs from the audience. Miss Shirley Anderson played her role of young French serving-boy quite well.

Two musical items, much appreciated by the audience, were two songs, "Cloze Props" and "Tradewinds," stirringly sung by Mr. Stanbury, and Schubert's "Serenade," appealing sung in German by Miss Jean Wright. The rest of the musical numbers were French and German songs sung by the whole school, or by groups of students, between the various play items in the programme.

Thus concluded one of the most successful entertainments that have ever been held in the school.

Sports Notes

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The twelfth annual swimming carnival was held at the baths on March 13, before a good attendance of visitors. The sky was overcast and a sharp breeze marred the day. Verschuer, with 23 points, gained the distinction of being the champion swimmer for the third time in succession. K. Teede (14 points) was runner-up; D. Teede (36 points) was junior champion, with Barboutis (15 points) runner-up.

Details:

Senior Events

200 Yards Championship.—I. Verschuer (R), 1; K. Teede (G), 2; MacIntosh (G), 3.

100 Yards Championship.—I. Verschuer (R), 1; K. Teede (G), 2; C. White (R), 3.

50 Yards Championship.—I. Verschuer (R), 1; R. Teede (G), 2; MacIntosh (G), 3.

50 Yards Breast-stroke Championship.—I. Verschuer (R), 1; MacIntosh (G), 2; Barboutis (B), 3.

50 Yards Back-stroke Championship.—K. Teede (G), 1; I. Verschuer (R), 2; Barboutis (B), 3.

Neat Dive.—Williams (K), 1; R. Teede (G), 2; W. Chamberlain (K), 3.

Junior Events

200 Yards Championship.—R. Teede (G), 1; R. Mercer (R), 2; W. Franklyn (R), 3.

100 Yards Championship.—R. Teede (G), 1; R. Mercer (R), 2; N. Wendt (B), 3.

50 Yards Championship.—R. Teede (G), 1; W. Franklyn (R), 2; S. Barboutis (B), 3.

50 Yards Breast-stroke.—R. Teede (G), 1; Trendall (R), 2; S. Barboutis (B), 3.

50 Yards Back-stroke.—R. Teede (G), 1; Lewin, 2; S. Barboutis (B), 3.

Neat Dive.—R. Teede (G), 1; S. Barboutis (B), 2; P. Hands (B), 3.

Handicap Events

50 Yards, first year.—K. Rose, 1; B. Chamberlain, 2; R. Gates, 3.

50 Yards, second year.—R. Heathcote, 1; Hulcup, 2; Dolley, 3.

50 Yards, third year.—Franklyn, 1; K. MacIntosh, 2; Davies, 3.

50 Yards, Upper School.—Salvaris, 1; A. Bentley, 2; N. Wendt, 3.

100 Yards, open.—K. Teede, 1; N. Wendt, 2; W. Chamberlain, 3.

50 Yards Breast-stroke.—K. MacIntosh, 1; R. Clarke, 2.

50 Yards, Ex-students.—H. Hicks, 1; R. Teede, 2; W. Teede, 3.

Senior Champion: I. Verschuer, 23 points; runner-up, K. Teede, 14 points.

Junior Champion: R. Teede, 36 points; runner-up, S. Barboutis, 15 points.

Points: Gold, 70; Red, 61; Blue, 23; Kingia, 8.

FACTION SPORT

Cricket

Red gained the most points in this branch of sport, but were unfortunately put out of the final by Blue. The finals resulted in a decisive victory for Kingia against Blue. In the Second XI. Red had the strongest team. The total points gained were: Red, 64; Blue, 48; Kingia, 40; Gold, 12.

Tennis

Red, by winning the finals, brought a successful season to an end. The faction went through the season without losing a match, thereby gaining 28 points. Blue came next with 20 points, followed by Gold and Kingia, with 8 and 4 points respectively.

Football

This season it was decided to play three rounds of combined football, so as to give more boys a game. The games so far have been fairly even. Blue, however, have a slight lead. The points to date are: Blue, 43; Red, 41; Gold, 31; Kingia, 25.

Swimming

The carnival this year resulted in a win for Gold, owing chiefly to its junior members. I. Verschuer and D.

Teede were senior and junior champions respectively. Points gained were: Gold, 70; Red, 61; Blue, 23; Kingia, 8.

Faction Shield

At the time of writing the positions of the factions are as follows:

- Red, 194 points, 1.
- Blue, 134 points, 2.
- Gold, 121 points, 3.
- Kingia, 77 points, 4.

GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

Last year was one of triumph for Blue Faction, as besides winning the Faction Cup, the girls carried off every pennant. The final faction points for 1934 were: Blue, 333½; Kingia, 233½; Red, 137½; Gold, 97½.

At the swimming carnival in March, 1935, Blue girls were again successful by a very large margin, giving themselves a good start for the faction cup. B. Minchin gained the position of champion swimmer, while two other members of Blue Faction contested very keenly the runner-up's place, D. Tatham finally beating W. Connolly by one point. All three performances were very creditable.

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In the tennis, Blue again showed themselves superior, with Gold as runners-up. Several outside matches were played, against Rathmines and Waterloo, and were won by the girls.

The winter sports are now in full swing, with one round of matches completed.

In hockey, Blue have defeated all-comers, with Kingia their chief rival. As these two teams contain practically all the members of the first eleven, it is natural that they should prove rather too strong for the others, who, however, are improving as the season goes on. The first eleven has played several matches against Ex-students, Dardanup and Elgin, in all of which they have been successful. They are greatly hoping that the sports carnival will be held in August, so that they can meet the teams from the other High Schools, but definite information is not yet to hand.

In baseball Kingia seems to have the best team, while in basket ball, the Red girls have beaten all the others in the first round. Close competition for the pennant in these games seems probable.

In the competition for the faction cup Blue has a substantial lead at present, but the other three factions are having an interesting struggle for second place. The points at the time of writing are:

Blue	148½
Red	80
Gold	72½
Kingia	69

SWIMMING CARNIVAL—GIRLS

100 Yards Championship.—B. Minchin, 1; D. Tatham, 2; B. Turnbull, 3. Time, 85 2-5secs. (record).

50 Yards Championship.—B. Minchin, 1; W. Connolly, 2; B. Turnbull, 3. Time, 38 secs.

50 Yards Breast-stroke Championship.—D. Tatham, 1; B. Minchin, 2; W. Connolly, 3. Time, 44 1-5 secs. (record).

50 Yards Back-stroke Championship.—B. Minchin, 1; D. Tatham, 2; D. Malden, 3. Time, 46 3-5 secs (record).

First Year Championship.—G. Walker, 1; M. Piggott, 2; J. Black, 3. Time, 42 1-5 secs. (record).

Second Year Championship.—W. Connolly, 1; B. Turnbull, 2; D. Tatham, 3. Time, 41 secs.

Third Year Championship.—J. Woods 1; J. Powell, 2; C. Green, 3. Time, 46 2-5 secs.

Upper School Championship.—B. Minchin, 1; D. Maldon, 2; E. White, 3. Time, 37 secs. (record).

30 Yards Championship.—Y. Spencer, 1; G. Inman, 2; M. Knight, 3. Time, 31 secs.

30 Yards Breast-stroke Championship.—L. White, 1; B. Pritchard, 2; D. Lowe, 3. Time, 35 1-5 secs. (record).

Neat Dive.—W. Connolly, 1; B. Minchin and J. Black, 2.

Life Saving Race.—B. Minchin and W. Connolly, 1; D. Tatham and D. Callahan, 2; D. Maldon and J. Black, 3.

Lower School Handicap.—R. Anderson, 1; M. Wishart, 2; V. Levy, 3. Time, 49 secs.

Cork Race.—G. Appleton, 1; W. Connolly, 2.

Cork and Spoon Race.—B. Minchin, 1; D. Tatham, 2.

Relay Race.—Blue, 1; Gold, 2; Red, 3. Time, 3 mins. 14 secs.

Faction Points: Blue, 71½; Red, 28; Gold, 26½; Kingia, 10.

Champion Swimmer: B. Minchin, 30½; D. Tatham, 16; W. Connolly, 15.

TENNIS NOTES

Faction tennis competition for the season 1934-5 resulted in Red Faction winning the Guy Cup, for the third year in succession. Red was well ahead on points at the end of the final round, and had no difficulty in defeating Blue in the final. The total points were: Red, 28; Blue, 16; Gold, 8; Kingia, 4.

The annual tennis tournament was successfully organised by Verschuer and White, during the first term, but unfortunately two of the events were not finished. However, these events will be finalised next term. The final results of the tournament were:

Singles Championship.—White beat Verschuer.

Doubles Championship.—White and Verschuer beat Holten and Hands.

Doubles Handicap.—Holten and Hands beat White and Verschuer.

Singles Handicap.—Holten beat Verschuer.

Although considerably weaker than that of last year, the school team did well in outside matches. Matches were played against Waterloo and Rathmines and both were won easily by the school. The usual trip to Burekup could not be arranged, but it is hoped that it will take place early next term.

At the end of the season the school team consisted of White, Verschuer, Mercer, Bailey, Hugall and Wendt.

C. WHITE, School Tennis Captain, was successful in winning the singles championship. Possesses a powerful service and a strong forehand drive, but is erratic and lacks confidence in his backhand. Covers the court well and is useful at the net, but has a bad tendency to remain half way. His volleying is fairly accurate, but he should pick the right ball to hit, and learn to toss deeply.

I. VERSCHUER, ranked No. 2 in the school, has a very fast service and frequently serves aces, but is too erratic due chiefly to mis-timing. Has a strong forehand drive, but is too anxious to hit a winner, and his backhand is erratic. To improve his game he should concentrate on volleying, and should also try to pick the right ball to hit. He has any amount of dash, but is too anxious to set the pace, and so does not exploit his opponent's weakness enough.

R. MERCER plays a good steady game, and possesses a reliable service, which is, however, lacking in sting. Has a good forehand drive, but does not make enough use of it. He lacks confidence in his backhand, and vol-

leys erratically. His game would be improved if he took the ball at the top of the bounce instead of waiting back.

A. BAILEY plays a very heady game, and possesses a reliable service and a solid forehand drive, but his backhand needs more attention. He volleys and tosses well, but has a tendency to chop instead of driving. With more practice he should do well.

H. HUGALL plays a very steady game, being content to let his opponent make the mistakes. He has a sliced service and a reliable forehand, which is, however, lacking in pace, while his backhand is a chop stroke. His volleying and net play are not very good. To strengthen his game he should concentrate on a full swing to all his strokes.

N. WENDT: His forehand shows considerable force and nip, but is erratic, and his backhand requires patient practice. He is inclined to angle his volleys too sharply. He covers the court well, and has a useful service which is, however, not reliable enough. With more practice his game should improve a great deal.

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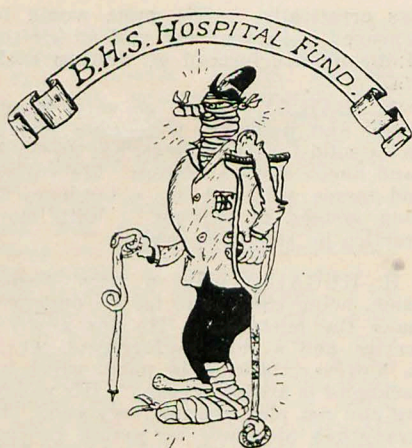
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HOSPITAL FUND

This year the fund has gained a firmer footing due to the increase in membership, which now totals 55. As secretary, I would like to see this number increase. More students should benefit by the fund. The receipts for this year have totalled £14/10/-, which is nearly double the amount received for the same period last year.

Those students who have not realised the cheapness of the insurance should note that the cost is 1/- to join and 3d. per week. Many students have benefited by this fund. The treatment including X-rays, dressings, hospital expenses, etc., can be obtained at the local Government Hospital.

GOLD—BOYS

This year Gold is not quite so strong as usual, only excelling in one branch of sport, namely, swimming. Here we annexed 70 of the 162 points given. K. Teede and D. Teede are to be congratulated on their success as runner-up to senior champion and junior champion respectively. In cricket we failed to score any points for the First XI. matches, and the Second XI. matches only yielded us 12 points. Tennis gave us another 12 points. However, in football we have done better, and at the time of going to press, we are running third. At present we are lying third in the faction shield points, with 135 points to our credit.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

This year our faction has not been very successful, but even though we are not fortunate enough to win, we do our

best and enjoy the sport. The hockey team is improving and promises to be quite good next year. Baseball does not seem to be in our line, although the second baseball team generally manages to uphold their faction. We were quite successful in the tennis, reaching the semi-finals, but lost to Blues in the finals—congrats. Blues!

The swimming carnival was quite a success, Gold heading the list in points—thanks to the boys. Congratulations to Betty Minchin, who was swimming champion, and to Dorothy Tatham, runner-up.

We are gradually losing our position on the list of faction points, but don't give up hope, Golds—keep on trying!

BLUE—(BOYS)

Although the Blue girls have distinguished themselves in the various branches of sport, the boys have not as yet met with very much success. Therefore, in these notes, we can do little else but congratulate the other factions on their victories. Blue had a remarkable run of successes in the cricket, but were badly beaten by Kingia in the final. Fate also overtook Blue Faction on Swimming Carnival Day, and it was only owing to the fine achievements of the Blue girls that blue faction was able to win the day. We congratulate B. Verschuer and D. Teede (school swimming champion and junior champion, respectively) on their successes. So far this season Blue has met with only moderate success in the football.

Blue has some very good supporters in the lower school, and therefore we hope that in the near future Blue's notes when appearing in the "Kingia" will be able to boast more of success and contain fewer congratulations to other factions.

The captains of the various departments in Blue faction are: Faction captain, N. Wendt; athletics, N. Wendt; cricket, N. Wendt; football, N. Wendt; swimming, S. Barboutis; tennis, S. Green.

BLUE FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

At the swimming carnival, held in May, Blue girls succeeded in gaining the highest number of points, mainly due to Betty Minchin and Dorothy Tatham, who were champion and runner-up respectively. We offer our congratulations to Betty and Dot, also to Ivan Barnes and D. Teede.

In tennis this year we were successful, but we had to play very hard to beat Golds in the final. We have not

yet finished the hockey rounds, but so far our hockey team has not been beaten—keep it up, Blues!

In basketball, however, we have not been quite so successful, as we have been beaten by Kingia and Red, but the team is improving, so we still have hopes for the basketball pennant.

We have also lost one baseball match to Kingia, but we are patiently waiting for the time when we have to play them again.

Our position on the list of faction points need not be mentioned, and we hope that next year this position will be maintained.

FACTION NOTES

RED—BOYS

We of the Red Faction are pleased to be able to report to our supporters that we are now heading the faction point list. This happy condition is due largely to the excellent co-operation of the captains of the different branches of sport.

At the faction meeting held early in first term, the following officers were elected: Faction captain, I. Verschuer; vice-captain, V. Minchin; cricket captain, K. Tucker; football captain, V. Minchin; tennis captain, C. White; swimming captain, I. Verschuer; athletic captain, J. Rudd.

Unfortunately we suffered from the loss of Ken Tucker, who left school early in the season, and credit to due to "Minch," who has ably filled his place during the remainder of the season. Though leading in points, we were unlucky to be beaten in the cricket finals by Blue, who, in turn, succumbed to Kingia.

Although we started off the football rather disastrously, we have now picked up to tie with Blue for first place.

We were unhappily beaten for first place in the swimming carnival by Gold and we feel we must here congratulate K. Teede (G), D. Teede (G), and S. Barboutis (B), for gaining runner-up, school champion, junior champion and runner-up junior champion, respectively.

We won the tennis by a fairly comfortable margin, as it is supposed we should have. Incidentally the tennis championship was won by "Sketch" White, which was, and still is, a "good thing."

Well, as it is but half way through the year, we cannot say definitely who will win the Faction shield, though, of course, we will. Did I hear someone say something?

RED FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

This year we have not shown the enthusiasm which has been evident in our faction in former years. For this reason we have not been as successful at sport as we would have liked.

Our tennis team is not brilliant and we had little success in that branch of sport last term, although the members of the team did their utmost to uphold the honour of the faction.

The Reds, in Form I, are showing great promise this year, especially in basketball. Keep up the good work, girls!

In conclusion, we wish all hockey, baseball and basketball players a jolly term of sport.

KINGIA FACTION

At the beginning of the year the faction elected its officers. They were as follows:

Faction captain, W. Williams; cricket captain, G. Inkster; football captain, W. Williams; tennis captain, A. Bailey; swimming captain, W. Williams; athletics captain, A. Bailey.

The swimming carnival was rather a failure from Kingia's point of view. We hope that members of the faction will enter for more events with the off-chance of gaining a few more points. We take this opportunity in congratulating Barney Verschuer on being school swimming champion.

During the cricket season we gained little success, but the winning of the pennant from Blue gave us much satisfaction. In the tennis Kingia stood third on the list at the close of the season. We sincerely hope that members will make special efforts for supremacy in the future.

As regarding football, Kingia is steadily but surely taking form. We hope to finally get into the running and win the football pennant.

Closing, we hope that all members of the faction are training hard for the athletics meeting in October.

KINGIA FACTION NOTES

Cheer up, Kingia! We "might" beat Blue yet for the pennants, if not for the shield.

Our girls showed very poor form during the swimming carnival. The marks for each faction gave Blue especially, a good start ahead, but if one were to look at the record sheet he would see that our marks are gradually creeping upon Red and Gold, and we hope to catch up Blue someday—but we'll have to work hard.

In hockey we have so far only lost

to Blues. With our new players we have most worry. They seem afraid to tackle their opponents, and are just beginning to enter into the spirit of the game.

Baseball players call for some comment from their captain, owing to their erratic play. We have not yet lost a match in first baseball, but next time we meet Blue we hope they will have their full team. Our last match with them was one of the most nerve-wracking and exciting for both teams. Second baseball matches we leave to your imagination. I do believe we have won one match.

Basketball players have room for improvement, and we hope they will show better form in the next round.

We leave our future success for the future to decide, and wish all factions the best of luck and, of course, our own especially.

FORM NOTES

I D.

"Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques."

"Who is that person?"

"A person; no! It is Form ID trying to rehearse."

Our form is still cheerful and able

to sing, although mistresses and masters fret and frown over our maths, English, and also our French, much to our disgust.

All is still when our prefect is about, but as soon as she disappears "Prickle" and "Squaker" begin an argument; "Dodo" and "Beat" begin French exercises—sometimes—while "Jen" tries to draw "faces." All of a sudden "Gic" says, "Here she comes." Then what follows? The girls run in all directions, and within two seconds silence reigns. Our prefect has returned.

French plays are very popular, the "ugly sisters" in "Cinderella" suiting their parts well.

All is still. What has happened? Oh! it is our maths master writing some problems on the board. So we must say "Fare Ye Well."

II Q

"Hello, everybody!" where's that dashed microphone?

Ha! here it is. Now: Station B.H.S. calling; Section II Q.

Well! well! Here we are again, with a few additions in the way of new girls; at least they were new, but we can't call them that now.

J. DEAN

B.D.Sc. (Melb.), L.D.S. (Vic.)

Dental Surgeon

17 Stephen Street, Bunbury

Hours:—

9.30—6 Week days.

9.30—12 Wednesdays.

9.30—8 Saturdays.

(EX-STUDENT B.H.S.)

Another change—but a sad one this time: Owing to Mr. Fowler's sad departure, our maths teacher has left us too. Too, hoo! Now girls, is that quite alright?

You know some people do have queer ideas, don't they? Two of our dashing lasses went hunting "foxes" the other day! Something makes me wonder if they had any luck. And girls are not the only ones, 'cause I believe a certain young man of III E was seen with an ornamental article which made him look rather effeminate. But "boys will be girls!"

We didn't know that "gins" were allowed at High School dances, but Nora seems to find that tennis shoes give dancing a bit of gin(g)er.

Some few of us will be literally brought into the limelight in July, owing to the fact that we simply can't let everyone else take the praise (?) for the coming concert. Personally, I have never been able to "ryde," but someone has to do it in our rehearsals.

They say: "Something borrowed, something blue, something old, something new" brings luck, and these "borrowed plumes" are very good, but what is the result of "a borrowed racket?"

We have several new subjects this year, and if you come along the corridor sometime you will hear "shrieks of agony" and "hysterical wails" emanating from Q, and you hear the terrified cries of the mosquito larvae in its death throes under the microscope.

And now we'll bid you adieu, and will introduce our "Megaphone, "La Grippe," "The Streak," "The Rowdy Five," etc., again. Wishing everyone the best of luck, especially the Juniors and Leavings.

P.S.—We'd just like to complain about having no lectures this term, but we hear that we shall have a spot of talk on art pretty soon, so all's well that ends well.—Love, II Q.

II B

Once again we war-like companions of II B spread forth before you our display of form notes.

A miniature battle is now progressing and "Matches" received many unsavoury remarks from both staff and students who received bruises from his stupendous actions.

In our French periods we see H. Gubler, Esq. v. Miss Newton in heated debates, which will soon seal his doom.

Nick and Pip often amuse themselves by having slight skirmishes with prun-

ing knife and compass, against our sturdy boil carrier Robby. Holten gets into hot water often enough, and the undesirable note of his voice sounds forth as he gradually warms up. Turkey also has a nicely formed comb and is fattening in readiness for Christmas.

Since the French Operatic Society is putting forward several plays, we are looking forward to seeing some amateur Mae Wests and Clark Gables. IIB is not to be kept out of the limelight, for Tubby Littleton is preparing for a meaty act as a sheep. He must have been missed when the flock was being killed for mutton. Also Ph'lip White will take the role of a dog, but we prefer him as Flip the Frog, because he has a buccal cavity.

IIC have had some new stock introduced to their herd, so we did not win any sport whatsoever.

Here endeth the first lesson.

II C

Once more we were assigned to room C, and through the arrival of twelve new second years we lost our former prefect. We now suffer under the ruthless tyranny of Admiral Beatty, the boy with the hat. Much to his annoyance many comical caricatures of him appear on the black board. Most of these portray Ken staggering under the cumbersome weight of his tropical head-gear.

Adam, THE aristocrat of our class, now parts his hair on the side, but it has not yet lost its modern, streamlined appearance.

"Jenks" seems to regard "Dusty" as a source of amusement in our math's and physics's periods. If the period is at all dry we look to these two to provide us with a little entertainment.

It was recently noticed that during our supervised study periods the second year girls often made a rush for the vacant seat in front of "Merry." This caused "Adam" to become green with envy. Locking his books in his case, "Adam" resorted to "Merry's" desk to borrow the necessary books for his study. It was also noticed that "Adam" has a very forgetful mind, as he had to make several trips for the books.

Let us now tell you of the sporting activities of our famous form. The Admiral's ability as a cricket captain was proved by the continuous string of victories. The first years and IIB both suffered defeat at our hands, while inside our own form Geography overwhelmed the Latin students.

The arrival of winter, however,

marked a defeat of our football team at the hands of IIB. The fact that they only beat us by five points, and that IIB had the services of Withers and Hugall, shows a very good display on our part. On a challenge for a return match they failed to respond, chiefly because Withers and Hugall were unavailable. Our taunting remarks and disdainful scorn, moved IIB to such a pitch of fury that they replied to our challenge. The match was a match of matches, IIB suffering a crushing defeat at our hands. The game by half time had developed into a civil war. Our umpire retired, and from then on the services of Dave Wilson somewhat quietened the game. This did not, however, stop a brawl between two infuriated players. The brawl ended in an insincere hand-shake.

We are proud to say that nine of our form-mates received excellent reports after the first term exam.

We are very sorry that Mr. Fowler has left us, and we wish Mr. Barton success in his new position.

We will now finish these notes by wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates success in their exams.

Au revoir till next time,

II C.

III R

Here we are again! A little quieter than before—perhaps due to the thought of the Junior ahead of us.

Here are what we consider to be the most important happenings since the publication of the last "Kingia."

Early in first term we had a visit from a celebrated botanist and his wife, of Czechoslovakia. The next event of importance was the swimming carnival, which caused great excitement, and in which Blue was victorious. Later came a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Monteso, the dramatists. These, and an occasional school dance, are the main events which broke the monotony of the term.

We all envy Mr. Fowler his trip to Japan, and we hope he will have some interesting adventures to relate to us on his return.

Do you know that:—

We are famed for dropping utensils at Dommi Sci?

That the path of Tidal Waves is one of desolation?

That our Head Mistress seems doubtful of the value of the contents of our tetes?

That a tiny member of our Form flies to the weekly physical culture class "comme un perroquet"?

That there is a conspicuous lack of rivalry between the authoresses?

That girls who have dropped Maths do very private study?

That there was a "Hitch" at a school dance when the drums stopped?

That the curls of two girls have migrated for the winter?

That our blooming Rose is well embarked on her literary career?

That Pinkie is still in the pink?

That the inane laugh of a redoubtable wit of our form is the crow's idea of music?

That we have been threatened with extinction if we include "an intoxicating liquor," namely, Toddy, in these notes?

That the zeal of an autograph hunter was damped by an autograph she received, which also applied to the author?

That one of the Low(e) girls is very high in her ideas of quietness?

That Stilts has had no further accidents?

That we have been commended by our English Master for our punctuality when the bell ends a period?

Ever yours,

JUNIORITIES.

III E

Scene (seen): Halfway in and halfway out of the classroom.

We are still on the whole the merry and frivolous class as of old, and we still find much amusement in baiting the masters and mistresses. We have almost earned ourselves a name in the school, we honestly think.

In class we are slightly rowdy, especially during French and geography periods, but nevertheless, we are gradually progressing towards the Junior certificate. The class hopes that all its members will attain a pass in at least seven subjects, and through several brainy specimens like Clarke and Lane we hope to beat the girls in the Junior results. So much about "Juniors."

During the course of the year many dances and social affairs have been conducted by the Third Years, girls and boys, among themselves. They have been, on the whole, enjoyable to those who have participated in them. The parties were, we think, informal. We do not know for sure, for those who took part in them seem rather inclined to be secretive.

Last term 1934, the first party was held, and it was fairly well conducted by those present. The boys were afterwards said to be "slow" though. The party was organised by Bob Nelson

(Boris) and Miss Joyce Wood. The class thanks them for their efforts in bringing it about. Also we thank Mrs. Kaeshagen and Mrs. Teede for the privilege of being able to use their houses for dances and parties.

Last term the class had a good rest from hard work, and our examination results were bad, except those of Lane and Clarke. Lane, for the first time in the history of the class, topped with an average of 85; Clarke was a close second with 84. We congratulate them and hope they keep up those till the Junior examination.

During the first term we were stationed in Room K, for the benefit of science students. The room, however, did not suit us very well, so at the beginning of second term we were transferred to Room E. Perforce, the Fourth Years, then inhabiting the room, had to move the site of their residence to Room K.

Not much interest is taken in sport by the members of this form, but nevertheless we have a few good sports. A. Bailey, R. Withers, R. Teede and B. Mercer are in the school eighteen. Withers is also in the cricket eleven, Bailey and Mercer in the tennis team. Biology, by the way, is indeed an

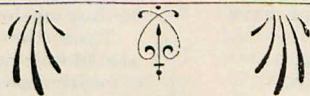
interesting subject, and we are much attracted to the last chapter of the book. Chemistry is very popular with McGhie and Lane. Many a time the school has jumped on account of loud explosions. These, when traced, however, only lead to McGhie surrounded by fumes and gases. Latin classes in Q and R seem to be appreciated by some of the Latin students. Several of these were in the habit of writing their names in the books of the Third Year girls. In due course a message was delivered to us warning up that if the aforesaid *isin* did not cease we should feel the sharp fangs of the rattlesnake band. "S . . . s . . . beware" sort of stuff. Naturally enough not much notice was taken.

Enough has been said about the history of the class this year, we think, so we will recall to your minds a few of our characteristic members:

First: McGhie, knitwit and general fool; then Lane, the class' authority on chemistry. Mercer, one of our romantic members; Boris, we might say, also has intrigued us, and we feel, with Noves. "Love is in the greenwood building him a house of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs."

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Wallace, our dear Terence, flirts with all and with none in particular. Oh! he would much like to know the author of an anonymous script in his book of poems. (What next!).

Not much is now left to be said by us, and what is can be kept for the next publication of the "Kingia." We are also all really tired out with constant labour. We, therefore, are, till the Junior is gone and done, yours merrily,

III E.

IV.

Everyone says that we'll be real "duds" next year. But wait till we introduce some of our "stars," and I'm sure you'll change your mind, and in all probability think we shall be better than the present Fifth Years. (We are allowed to think, on condition we don't think too loudly).

Stop! Look! Listen! Here they come, one after the other, like the visitors to the small house on the hill.

Mick—who is rather brainy and likes a lark,

Despite the fact he can't see in the dark.
Oscar—who has the beauty specialists in despair,

By having dark eyebrows and fair hair.
Fat—who has all the class marked

When he carries out his assignments to be marked.

Blanc—whose one aim in life
Is to be a fishmonger's wife.

Tyrer—who plays the part of Yvonne,
And when speaking to Pat

About the English cat,
Oh, my! She's tres bonne.

Jo-Jo—who without worry or care
Can make paper stand

No, not straight in his hand,
But vertically up in his hair.

Edith—who uses paper and pegs
And hopes that one day

She'll go far away
And be able to draw better legs.

Spid—who likes new felt hats,
Oh! are they the cats?

The reason, without qualms,
Is that one belongs to Barnes.

Ingy—who often says, "Oh, fie!"
I'm sure Mick's mistake was a lie.

Billy—our rolling Jad,
Who wants to obtain

Without worry or strain
A wonderful figure like Sax.

We shall close now, hoping that these few introductions will raise your hopes for next year.

Yours without a form room,
Those who will next year be a boom.

VF.

Lo! I did fall asleep and did dream. And, behold! before mine eyes did rise an Oracle, which sat on high in F, and Lo! there came unto him one and all, the students, and paused before his face and questioned him, each after his kind and hers. And there came unto him one, black and sleek of hair, with full four days' growth and nasty mien, and Lo! he did come before the Oracle, who sayeth:

"Wherefore art thou and why?"

And he replied, this object of opposites: "My name, indeed, doth contradict my hue, being thereof indeed the reciprocal."

Whereunto the Oracle sayeth: "What wouldst thou?" And he replied, saying, "Is it written that it shall come to pass that I, for one night in Paris, will step the light fantastic with a suicide blond?"

After deep thought, the Oracle made reply, saying, "Allah Akbar! It is written that gentlemen prefer blondes, wherefore art thou indeed stiff?"

And behold, the student did depart, saying "Behold! It is no Oracle; neither shall I believe it; nor shall my children incline their ways towards it."

And, behold, another came and stood before the Oracle, which saith, "Wherefore art thou and why?"

Then, with reverent obeisance did this worshipper question it, speaking thus, "O, All Mighty, O Omnipotent, give me grace; enlighten me. To some useless object have I consigned all my thoughts, for Alack! I am destitute of my cerebral functions. O, Magnificent! I am sore in woe, for, though he be but useless, I love him!"

Then the Oracle: "O, woman, thou are blond; waste not thy time; go find a gentleman."—and so it shall come to pass.

And then there came another, and the Oracle said, "Wherefore are thou and why?" And this one, eek he was frizzy haired and tongued as a bull, and as it seems full ambitious, bellowed, "Tell me, O, Most High, will my race continue even as it arose, from out the Rock?" And the Oracle, looking on him, cried, "Yea! When thou reachest the age of two score years, thy children shall be as the houses of thy town, and in thy ripe old age surrounded by thy wives, thou shalt see thy children's children. Yea, verily, and their children flock about thee as the sands of the desert, and claim thee, ancestor. Yea, by the Beard of the Prophet, they shall!" And this one passed out from

the sacred presence in happy mood and cheerful.

Then to the Oracle came a trying woman. Aye, even was she a pain, and the Oracle said, "Wherefore are thou and why?" To which she made reply, "Alack, that I know not, O King of Kings, but tell me this: My fate shall it come to pass that I shall contrive by aid of fuming explosives to harry my soul from out my body?" And she was answered, "Woman, know thou that such blessings are but rare, but ever make thee sure that all thy husband's cartridges be blanks."

And then there came before the Oracle a thing eek small and fair, and of wicked complexion, and bearing in his palms a cockatoo, and the Oracle did wax full wrath, saying, "What is this thing that sullies my view, this — ! By the five points of my beard, what is it, and how?" Beholding which wrath, the thing did turn and swiftly go.

And there came a stalwart eek, he was unhappy. Thus spoke the Oracle: "Wherefore art thou and why?" And was answered thus, "Lo! I am the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for Death." "Go thou then and die," roared the Oracle, still enangered by reason of the "thing."

Approached another, burly but na'theless full holy, and the Oracle cried, "Wherefore art thou and why?" With deep obeisance began the episcopal, "Tell me, good Sir, is it written that I shall become a bearer of the Chalice and a swinger of incense?" And it looked on him, and smiled, and said, "Aye, my son, thou shalt verily be holy; aye, a very anchorite, and many shalt thou baptise, and thou shalt be forever blessing and cursing."

And then there came another, full sulky and surly, brooding and mumbling "fum" and "foeey," and the Oracle did spurn her with his foot and cast her out.

Lastly there came, humbly and in search of knowledge, one, dragged from the kicking of leather and the smiting with the willow, and the Oracle sayeh. "Wherefore art thou and why?" And he spake thus, "Reverend Sir, I come, a humble student in search of knowledge; I am sore perplexed. Wilt answer me fair, O, Upholder of Down-trodden?" "Speak on, my son." "Tell, me, O, Protector of the Faithful, why one, set in power over us, of biting tongue and sarcastic, possesses a mind full skilled in adverse interpretation?" Then spake the Oracle awfully: "My son, rest content, and strive not for

that which is not to be. The wonders of the world are not for such as thee, and I answer not the unanswerable. Go in peace."

And then I did rudely awake to hear a voice thus: "Thou hog wallowing asleep in thy corner, awake and learn to grunt in good King's English."

And so it came to pass,

A STORMY BEACH

The sullen grey robed sky loomed low
O'er the heaving bosom of the sea;
The dying rays lent a mystic glow
To the waves ere the sun was set.
In the blue-green waves no sparkle
shone

As they came rolling on and on.
Behind the hill, what glittered bright?
With its radiance showering every-
where—

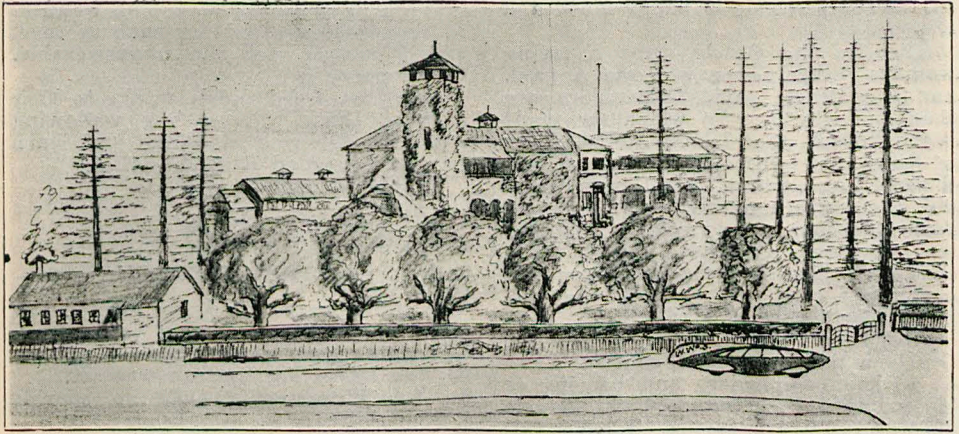
A gorgeous rainbow met the sight,
Giving hope to the darkening sky.
It painted the clouds a lovely hue,
Lightening the dull sky's greyish blue.
—S. TOUGH.

KNITTING—A MAN'S VERSION

The first thing I did was to buy a book, from which I got the directions; and also purchased some wool. The wool I then had to wind, but after tangling three skeins I still did not see the art of doing it. So for any man who anticipates knitting, I advise him to get a girl to do it for him.

I looked at the book, which gave me the instructions, and saw confronting me something of this sort: P1, K2 tog, W.O.N., or K6, W1, fwd, K3 tog, K9. Then I had to puzzle out what all these hieroglyphics meant in English. Tog naturally means togs, which you wear; W.O.N. is the ejaculation you utter when you have won the match; K.6 is that you have to play well and kick six goals; W.1 fwd. is the abbreviated form of the order that the captain gives during the game to keep well forward; M.1 is mileage 1, so by this time I had done one mile of knitting, or I had wasted one mile of wool—more likely the latter.

I attempted about six rows and by that time I was supposed to have finished one pattern similar to the accompanying diagram, but it looked to me more like a tangled fish net. By then I had worn out all my patience, so I attempted what is called "casting off." My method was just pulling out the needle. Later I asked someone to untangle me from the surrounding wool and my sister to knit me a pullover,



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

After a delightful drive of some twenty minutes from Western Australia's capital, Perth, I arrived at the old city of Bunbury. As I drove through the old narrow street, I wondered if my great, great, great grandfather had ridden along them on the early "Gillie" push bicycle. This ancestor of mine attended the old school which, I am informed, is situated on the highest hill in the city.

I stopped and asked the police pointsman, standing on the busy intersection near which is the towering sky-scraper owned by Thos. Hayward, where the old school was to be found. He informed me, and I straight way drove up to "the old school in the woods." Arriving at the school gates, I waited a short time to watch the students passing through the old gates. There I saw many neatly dressed young men and women gliding up the hill on the escalator. This, I may mention, was installed by a late Prime Minister of Australia, who was once, I am told, an editor of the famous school magazine. Another feature of interest was an old gun which was used some hundreds of years ago in the Great War (1914-18).

Being unable to obtain a good view of the school, because of the huge Norfolk Island pines and peppermint trees which lined the school boundary, I walked through the gates and then strolled on to the enclosed green. There stood the old school, with its walls covered with ivy, and old mossy colonades on the side of which sat cooing doves. A gentle breeze whistled through the aged trees; I felt as though I had walked (in a dream) back to times a hundred years before. Then

a series of bells were rung, similar to what is heard on the ships at sea. Walking up to the door I rang a small bell. A small girl answered the ring and inquired if I wished to see the headmaster. On my replying in the affirmative, she led me to a spacious office just inside the entrance. There, seated at an old writing desk, was an elderly man, to whom I was introduced. Later I learnt that he was a descendant of a student who was once educated in this scholastic establishment only ten years after its commencement. I asked to be shown over the school.

With a consenting nod of his head we walked into the lobby. He said that this had been the place the girls had parked their head covering ever since the beginning of the school. Before passing out of the lobby he drew my attention to a quaint old clock which hung over an archway. I noticed that the hands had been nailed to its face. On asking the reason he informed me that this was done when the first head mistress finally resigned from duty. A slab of marble beneath the clock gave a short summary of this noble person's career. My eyes still wandered around the walls of the lobby, and finally they were attracted by another small slab of marble. Beneath the summary was a peculiar hieroglyphic writing. The Principal told me that it was a late lamented's signature. In short, the summary said that this master had served as a scientist at Gretna Green during the few years quarrel between Germany and a few other nations.

However, we passed on, walking among the colonades until we reached the entrance of a large room. This, he told me, was the library. The room had a musty smell of aged paper and

manuscripts. A few large pictures being on the walls, and around them were hundreds of small pictures. I ventured closer to make a detailed examination. I noticed that each picture was of the same setting. The head explained that each picture was of the Prefects of each year since the school had commenced. I asked if my great, great, great, great-grandfather was in any of the pictures. The old student pattered across to one of the corners of the room, and he began to shake the dust from the pictures in order to obtain a decent view of the ancient photographs. Coughing and spluttering, he announced that he had found it. I was delighted to see my great, great, great, great-grandfather as a youth, and I wondered if he was brutal enough to make the lower school boys polish their shoes before going into their respective classrooms.

Leaving the library, he led me up a flight of stairs. Glancing into one of the rooms I noticed many skeletons of wild animals, among which are human remains. The principal told me that this was the science lab., and that the human skeleton was the remains of a noble mistress who had kindly donated them. Continuing, we came to a row

of lockers on which a large bell was lying. He told me that this bell had been rung by the prefects for hundreds of years. He also said they intended polishing and swinging the bell so that it would be much easier for the prefects to handle.

By now it was evident that the head was a little restless. I tried to make some excuse that I was worrying him, but he said he must go and teach his English students a remarkable poem.

So ended the inspection, and I departed from the old school with a feeling of wonder.

A PERSONAL RECORD

Now the other day when I was nutting out a shrewd reason for staying home from a school dance so many reasons occurred to me why I should go that I could not resist. In fact, it was not until many hours after the dance that a reason why I should stay home struck me. This striking phenomena became apparent between the times of 9 o'clock and 9.40 on Monday morning, and recurred at regular intervals.

Anyway, this is what I thought, and if you are no wiser when you have read it, accept my apologies. My thoughts do wander!

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Firstly, of course, a dance is to promote the social activities of the school, to raise funds for ship's bells, and to teach people to dance.

Now consider the case of unfortunate individuals who do not learn to dance when at school. This may be caused by one of several things, which are probably well known to the reader, if not to myself.

We will now consider the passage of the non-dancer through life, depending whether he moves in the upper circles, the middle oblong, or the lower rectangle, and also whether he is of the two ages (a) Too young to be afflicted with lumbago, sciatica, or arthritis; or (b) Old enough to be her father.

In the best circles where gyrate head gangsters, ex-Princesses and high class confidence men, he is like a fish out of water, more or less. That is, the chances are that the fish couldn't dance in any case, and even if he could many people wouldn't dance with him. He is therefore reduced to watching his successful rival cynically from the door and mixing with professional bumpers-off.

In the middle oblong oscillate parsons, school teachers, auctioneers and owners of the latest model. This is the safest way to live for one can escape one's obligation by (a) pleading one's clergy; (b) quoting Shakespeare; (c) talking loudly; (d) taking people for a ride. In the lower rectangle move bricklayers, miners, Scotchmen and people who are reputed to have a bit. Here a non-dancer is regarded as sympathetically as the lions did Daniel in their den. I mean he is just as far away from the lions as Oliver Twist was when he asked for more, and had about as much chance of getting it.

The non-dancer is, therefore, in a bad way. Also he has little chance of being remembered in history, like Louis XIV., Lochinvar, and Dick Turpin. These people, however, in defiance of laws of decency, used to refer to dancing as treading a measure, proof, if any were needed, that these dances were very agricultural.

Now here is the moral or point of the story: Is there such a place to learn to dance as school? What I meant to say is, where more pleasant to learn to dance. You can learn the graceful Boston Two Step, a ballroom waltz, or a Polka. In the first place you take two steps and kick your partner, in the second case one, and in the third you kick all and sundry.

Dances go till about 10 o'clock usual-

ly, but sometimes longer, depending on one thing and another, but never after that. The chap who goes and asks for a further extension might as well use a cigarette lighter filled with water. I mean, the chances are that it wouldn't work in either case.

Once upon a time people used to do the same thing at the same time. Thus, the Scotch performed the Gay Gordons, the Canadians the Barn Dance, and the Americans the Boston Two Step. Nowadays at some dances traffic blocks occur. In olden days these were handled by a person who for some reason or other was called the *M.C. Having become as his name suggests, with the invention of the Charleston, jazzing and the Rhumba, he is now a rarity.

That is about all I thought of, and now, for heaven's sake, don't tell me you don't understand it!

*The ignorant lay reader may be unaware that Macmillan, Skeat and Blackie all place this as meaning "Mental Case."

THE STRUGGLE

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain."

We are rapidly nearing the end of our great struggle. In fact, I may say the great event is nearly over. We do not know whether to be pessimistic and sigh, "Alas, our doom is sealed; we cannot learn all we are expected to know in so short a time; or to be optimistic, smile cheerfully, and be glad as we leave each day behind us.

Of course, it will not do to lose sight of the fact that the Leaving is a struggle. A certificate is not a thing to be found in the streets or in the pictures on Saturday night. But for myself, I must confess the optimistic view has a much greater appeal than its alternative. In support of my confession I quote the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I sincerely hope I have quoted correctly, for I have been told that to quote incorrectly is not only a sign of ignorance but is worse than not quoting at all. Of course, I do not agree with this, but what does my opinion matter against those held by other great minds.

One cannot play with oneself and enjoy the game very much. Consequently, in order to derive the maximum amount of pleasure from our pastime, we are obliged to postpone our playful moments until we can congregate in mass. Naturally, the time most convenient is during school hours. It is,

however, extremely unfortunate and disconcerting to find that we usually time our outbursts of pent-up emotions so as to be nicely "copped" by one of the staff. It is not because my vocabulary knows no synonym, that I use the word "copped," but because it is the one word which gives the desired effect. Moreover, the "copping" invariably seems to be done just as the fun is approaching its zenith. We may be caught in the midst of a musical outburst, a mournful rendering of the latest song, or perhaps someone is telling a new story, when a well-known footstep is heard in the doorway. Any dignity we may have possessed is immediately lost. The "copper" never says very much, a few sarcastic remarks, or sometimes nothing at all, but we can imagine the thoughts arising in his mind.

If, on rare occasions, the prefects decide to forget momentarily that they are the dignitaries of the school, and become a little emotional, surely the staff can realise that it is due to the immense strain under which they are labouring. Psychologists have realised for a long time that pent up emotions will at last find an outlet, usually in some violent form. Moreover it is an old instinct to use brute force to settle an argument, and certainly this instinct will break out some day. It is at moments like these that the staff appear, and bring the argument to an abrupt end. Surely it would be better for everyone if they allowed these trivial incidents to settle themselves. I am sure that it is injurious to a person when these emotional outbursts are suddenly restrained.

As there have been several cases lately, I am going to enter a plea of guilty on behalf of all those concerned, pointing out, however, that it was only under the greatest provocation that these offences occurred. If the authorities were to consider the great strain under which we are labouring they would understand, and pardon, these offences. For after all they are only lapses into the customs of the "good old days," and must be expected in all branches of school life.

MEMORIES AND MORALISINGS

I must confess to having pirated a title in heading this article "Memories and Moralising," but it so typifies the mood I'm in to-night that I can think of nothing better, and I'm sure the previous writer will forgive me—chiefly because he will most likely never read this.

Five years ago a number of little boys came up the hill to this school, most of them struggling with unwieldy and as yet lamentably empty cases, feeling rather scared and not knowing quite what to expect. A bell was rung, and they went into their classrooms in a somewhat subdued manner and waited for things to happen. Prefects (disgusting creatures) came in and scowled ferociously. Faction captains and others came to give them "the once over" with an eagle eye to try to discover any promise of new talent, and sundry masters popped their heads in the door and smiled benignly on them—certainly for the first and probably for the last time. Then another bell rang, and they still waited though apparently everyone else was at work.

Presently the door opened, the Headmaster entered, said a few kind words, and went out again, leaving them to wrestle with the surprising fact that there were three kinds of triangle, the isosceles, the equilateral, and scalene. By now whisperings were to be heard and they were beginning to feel quite "what are you chaps so quiet about-ish" when there was the sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor above and of the squeaking of boots descending the stairs. The door opened and a Presence appeared. The newcomers, so to speak, sat tight. He or it (or whatever a Presence is called) looked them over smilingly, sleepily and sarcastically, nodded his head sagely, sat down at the table, and left them more or less to their own devices.

Three weeks later the nice quiet little boys were a rowdy young mob spending most of their time in fighting in the corridors and putting drawing pins to nefarious purposes. The remainder of their time was occupied in cheeking those of the upper school whom they knew wouldn't hurt them (a distinct minority) and in giving the prefects a wide berth. Even the Presence failed to terrify now, merely bringing peace and quiet and, except for a wagging fist and a dig in the ribs, they never suffered much therefrom. Gradually they learned that walking on the grass (do I hear a laugh? Any any rate, scoffer, there was grass then) was foolish, and that running up the stairs was not worth while (not to say they didn't). They were also experiencing preliminary training in how to get out of scrapes and qualms of conscience (soon, alas, to vanish) for having reported sick yesterday afternoon when they were really over the hills, shooting divvies.

Incidentally, if you are ever tempted to offer the excuse that you were "sick in bed"—don't (unless, of course, by some fell chance you really were). It's too easily verified. Always remember that the world loves a good liar—hence, if you're going to tell a lie, tell a good one. If you arrive twenty minutes late, don't say: "Please, sir, the clock stopped."

If you do, he will most likely say, if he has any discernment, "Laddie, you must think I'm a fool."

Then, if you really want to make matters worse, just say, "Oh, no Sir; I'm sure."

On the other hand he might merely think, "Young fellow, you're lacking in imagination." Or possibly something brilliant, like "If you had a few more brains, you'd be a half wit." In any case you will have created a bad impression, which is a notoriously difficult thing to eradicate.

On the other hand, when you think you have at last concocted a good excuse, take it to a fellow (preferably senior) student for approval. If you receive this, then make the whole thing three times as long, and hop along and deliver it "a la Mark Anthony." Ten to one, by the time you have got half

way through it the master will have become tired of hearing your voice and (if you ramble enough) so tangled up that he will say, "All right, laddie." And holding his pen like a dagger, and looking as though he'd love to stick it into you, sticks it instead viciously into his Diary, makes a fierce tick against your name, and dismisses you.

Another thing, never, if you can help it, present the same excuse more than once or twice. A stale excuse is like an old pair of pants—you begin to see through them. Anyhow, put yourself in the other's place, wouldn't you, now be honest, be more liable to be lenient to some bright young spark who comes up smiling with some new excuse backed by a good tale (which you could even pass off on the wife at some later date) than to some dullard who says, "Please, sir, the clock stopped"; when all the time you can see by the circles under his eyes that he has been out to the pictures last night and overslept.

It is well to remember, however, that there is a limit to everything, and don't make your excuse too voluminous and rambling (especially when reporting late) or your conversation will, most likely be restricted to "You f-o-o-o-l!" (You don't say that). What to do in

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such an unfortunate eventuality is to "Git along, little doggie, git along," and pretty fast, too, because inkwells are such messy things—especially over the ear.

Well, there is little more I can relate here regarding memories. I have plenty more, but upon due consideration shall wait till I leave school before I publish them.

Suffice it to say that, after four and a half years at B.H.S., I am beginning to realise why the prefects scowled at us, and why the sarcastic "smile on the face of the tiger." And just as a word of warning to any newcomers, I might say that there are two things not allowed within the precincts of the school—cigarettes and—er, saxaphones.

CRITICISM OF FIRST XI PLAYERS

G. INKSTER, as vice-captain of the team, has filled his position very well. Possesses a wide range of strokes, of which his favourite shot is a strong cover drive. Could improve his fielding.

W. WILLIAMS bats right-handed and scores freely all round the wicket. With steady batting has finished the season at the head of the batting list. He also bowls medium off breaks. Could be smarter in the slips.

V. MINCHIN, reserve wicket keeper. Although possessing many good strokes has not met with very much success. Reliable fielder in any position.

D. WILSON, fast bowler of the side. He is able to swing the new ball effectively and make it bump at will. Being the only left hand batsman of the team he is therefore a great asset to the side. Good, forceful bat, who scores with powerful off and on-drives.

K. WITHERS is the slow bowler of the school. Bowls left handed, with natural left-break. Can also bowl off-breaks when necessary. A good defensive bat.

I. ROBERTSON, good all rounder. A good opening bat. Bowls a good length, medium pace. He is able to swing the ball both ways. An excellent slip field.

P. WHITE, good change bowler; could be faster in the field. He is also a good steady bat.

K. BARRETT, a promising first year. A good defensive bat, but should put more vim into his strokes. A reliable fielder.

B. MERCER is noted for his hard hitting. A very good out-fielder,

B. FRANKLYN has the makings of a good bat. Should concentrate more on his defence.

N. WENDT (By. vice-captain), has proved a very popular captain. Knows how to keep up jolly spirit in a team. Scores all round the wicket with some fine shots behind point. A strong pull has brought him many runs, but has also brought about his downfall. He is second in the batting averages, and has the distinction of being the only member of the XI. to score a century. Fast stumper, and generally useful behind the wickets. Has done well with Pastimes.

THE GIRLS IN 1D

In a well-lit and airy form-room
That is known as Room 1D,
Reside the babies of the High School,
That is built beside the sea.

When we arrived at High School,
Everything was new;
We wandered aimlessly around
With nothing much to do.

And though we're rather noisy,
And are sometimes scornful to a pre.,
There is ever a friendly spirit
Amongst the first-year girls in D.

And so whoever reads this,
I hope our qualities you'll see,
And think very, very kindly
Of the first-year girls in D.

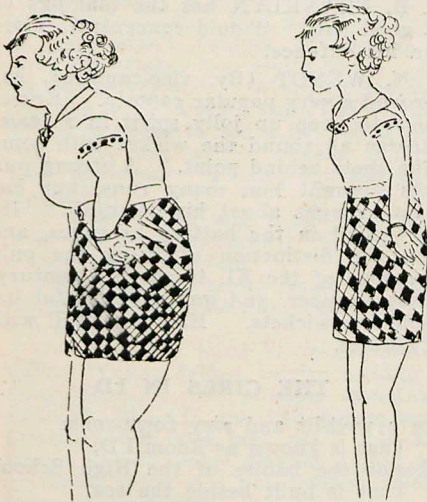
—E. MACK.

THIS CARELESS PEN !

I wish my pen would not delight
(For fun, or else for spite)
In making blots each time I write.
Paper or pen must have a kink,
But, oh! it's sad, I often think,
The way I waste my bottle of ink.

A LITTLE CONTRIBUTION

Just a little poem about our form IIIR.
We really are a happy crew,
We'll introduce a few gay sparks to
say "hullo" to you:
Rubies red, with feet so light,
Makes no more curls, just for spite!
Chestnut, with her blondish locks,
Is slimming, fast and sure;
Lilies white, of grace, and light,
Is teaching pals to walk aright;
Parrot spouts her French so well
It really is an awful sell!
Oh, now—that's all I've got to tell,
So, au revoir, and fare ye well.
—"Skeeter,"



THE PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS

The first sketch you see
Is a picture of me
Before I—to look nice
Took a girl friend's advice—
And joined The Physical Culture
Class.

The second produced
Is when I reduced
My terrible weight
Down to six stone eight—
Through joining the Physical Culture
Class.

So now, readers, you see
It won't hurt you to be
Every Tuesday by four
At the old gym. door—
And join The Physical Culture
Class.

—E. MACK, I D.

PSALM OF THE SCIENCE MASTER

1. I am the owner of an Olds. I
shall never want another.

2. It maketh me lie down in damp
places; it strandeth me beside empty
bowsters.

3. It destroyeth my soul. It leadeth
me into paths full of ruts.

4. It runs down into the valley of
the shadow of death, and I have to
push it up the other side. It is forever
with me. Its gear-lever and brake-
pedal anger me.

5. It anointeth my head with oil, and
giveth me of grease to eat.

6. Surely trouble and worry shall
follow me all the days of my life; and
I shall dwell under the body of the
Olds forever.

ARITHMETIC EXAM.

Behold me as I'm sitting now,
With earnest frown on heated brow;
Behold me as I try to cram—
Revision for the Maths Exam.
Oh, see the sums I have to know,
"Proportion?" Yes! and Ratio;
Oh, reader, if you only knew
Of all the maths I've got to do!
Relieve your elders when you're told
That wisdom better is than gold,
And ignorance, is it not bliss?
When you've to do exams like this.
—M. LANGLANDS.

WE WANT TO KNOW

Is it a habit of Mick's to make mis-
takes in the dark?

Why Hitch gets tired of playing the
drums so early in the evening?

Why "Blossom" is such a good
"Walker"?

If "Sketch" has been taught the cor-
rect way to handle a hockey stick?

Why "Spid" has taken a sudden dis-
like to dogs?

If George is still acquainted with the
inhabitants of a certain painter's shop?

Why Mercer has become so "Green"
looking lately?

Why Merredith is so interested in the
"Town's-end"?

AN EPISODE IN "F."

What a deafening roar emits from the
door

Of the stately fifth-formers' domain!
Webster, you dolt, I'll be forced to
revolt

If you call me Dumb David again.
Williams, he shakes; and Inkster, he
quakes,

And Wendt, he crawls under a chair;
But Webster, too late, awaits his dire
fate.

From this monster out from his lair.
This long-legged beast hasn't finished
his feast,

And he wanders in search of fresh
prey:

With gleaming glass eyes he casts looks
of despise

On his class-mates, standing at bay.
Not a soul dared to speak till this master
of Greek

Had desisted, and taken a seat;
Then Oppy, the fool, arose from his
stool

And said to this eater of meat:
" 'Lo Dave! I've got news, that will
drive off your blues,

And make you from liquor abstain;
The fair, your b'loved, your intended
betrothed,

Has returned—your love to retain."

At this there's a scuffe, and a one-sided
tussle,
On the floor of Form F then ensues:
A pitiful shout! the sound of a clout!
Followed by storms of abuse.
With endurance at end, his way he does
mend;
To the office, where masters conspire;
And there this mystique, learns Latin
and Greek,
Till his fire and his ire do expire!
—A. N. ONYMOUS.

IMPRESSIONS

Bifel that, in that scole upon a day
In classroom at my English as I lay
Redy upon my swynken to bigin
A mayster of the forme a-walked in.
A man he was, ful fat and in good poynt
And eek his visage shone as 'twere
anoynt,
Wel koude he dresse his knowledge
scholarly,
Which he kept in his hede ful
thriftily.
A hobby of employment hadde he,
At which he called for helpe ful merrily,
It semes that he so earnestly was
served
He now his swynken has to him re-
served.

Sownynge in moral vertue was his
speche,
And gladly wolde he learn and gladly
teche,
Of his array, tell I of what I saw
(It nas nat worth the mentioning
before).
Shorte was his gown with sleves long
and wyde,
His fete were set in shoon of brown
carf hyde,
Full fetis was his coat, as I was war,
And baggy were the trousers that he
bar.

A FIFTH FORM PERSONALITY

A student ther was a wantone and a
merye,
In sooth he was as browne as is a berye,
And since in riden out he spent his
tyme,
Wel! loved he by the morwe, a sope
in wyn.
Well koude he know a draught of Collic
beere,
Though yet his age was barely seventeen
yeere;
Though more than even lengthe and
well he dresse
His lokkes crulle were as they were
leyed in presse.

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SAME ADDRESS :—

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So hoot he loved that (so I've heard the
 taylor)
 He sleep na more than dooth a night-
 yngale;
 Well koude he sing, of noote he had
 a merye,
 And every tappestere he knew so
 very.
 Well in alle the taverns severn
 That eek I feere he nas nat get to
 heaven,
 Sownynge in moral vertue was his
 speeche.
 And of yeddynges bar he outrely the
 pris
 For this worthy ful well his wit bisette
 On maydens whom he prised so deare
 and yette
 Ful loude he song "Come hither love to
 me"
 And openly for alle the world to see
 His wake was oft bisette with may-
 s'ters sterne
 For gladly wolde he teche but would
 nat lerne.
 Well koude he daunce and eek playen
 the cartes
 For liken poure scolers was hard of
 herte.
 And oft he dealt a straight flush unto
 him
 And eek as oft the spondulicks
 woulde win;
 Right popular is he with scholars alle
 But sad to say I noot how men hym call.
 Bright Ideas: C. A. White.
 Verse Plan: M. Seymour.

I A.

This is the first article from the dim-
 witted crowd who inhabit Room A at
 the end of the corridor.

Fifth Years, and others who regard
 themselves as our superiors, are con-
 stantly telling us what a marvellous
 place the High School would be without
 us. However, as we hold much the
 same views about the rest of the school
 our exclusion has not yet been carried
 out.

However, I suppose we are just an
 ordinary mob in most things, although
 here and here are individualists such
 as "Pooee" (we are not responsible for
 the handle). He is the crack shot of
 the class with glass tubing and wheat.
 Other reliable long range marksmen are
 "Wisdom" and "Ginner."

So fierce were the battles in the room
 between periods that the wheat had to
 be swept up by the master's orders. As
 the sweeping somewhat damped the
 lads' enthusiasm, wars have lately died
 out.

In the class we have a "fish"-monger

who is constantly striving with Bird.
 Major is the class gramophone, needing
 no winding, however. "Arco" and
 "Pooee" are the wags of the class,
 always "up to something." Despite
 setbacks we are a happy crowd, and
 everything runs smoothly.

Our sporting ability is very low, the
 State School being able to defeat us at
 football. However, we are looking
 forward to a win against the convent.
 We did better in the swimming carnival.

Our swimming champions are "Bar-
 ney" Bradshaw, Doug Bird and Gordon
 White.

Gym. has been taken up enthusiasti-
 cally by several members of our class.

"Ginger Meggs," the quarrelsome lad,
 broke his wrist during a fight. This
 is a great relief to his neighbours, but
 a sore trial to Ginger, as he is unable
 to use a long piece of elastic with a
 pellet on the end.

DISASTER

(To Vth Form, Minus One)

Ten little High School Boys basking in
 the brine,
 A sword-fish swallowed "Gargy," and
 then there were nine.
 Nine little High School Boys looking
 for their mate,
 King Neptune spotted "Minch," and
 then here were eight.
 Eight little High School Boys gazing
 up to heaven,
 Athena saw "Moses" blush, then there
 were seven.
 Seven little High School Boys going to
 the "flix,"
 "Wallace" saw the ticket-girl, then
 there were six.
 Six little High School Boys came upon
 a hive,
 A bee perched on "Oppy's" nose, then
 there were five.
 Five little High School Boys sliding on
 the floor,
 "Jimmy" slipped and broke his neck,
 then there were four.
 Four little High School Boys walking
 by the sea,
 "Norky" saw a mermaid—and then
 there were three.
 Three little High School Boys walking
 in the Zoo,
 Hurney neared the monkeys' cage—
 then there were two.
 Two little High School Boys sitting in
 the sun,
 A flame burnt the "Maggot" up, then
 there was one.
 One little High School Boy sitting all
 alone,
 Up came his piccaninny, then there was
 none.

(The fate of this last unfortunate High School Boy—"Sketch"—was due to his lover's remarkable ability to draw her victims off to the land where dreams come true—his heart, like many others, burst with over-excitement.)

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

PERTH BRANCH

Since our last contribution to these pages our 1935 annual general meeting has been held. This meeting was well attended, and the secretary gave a good report of successful social activities of the past year. Those who attended these functions will agree with this report, and those who are residing in the Perth district, and who have not already communicated with the above branch, are asked to do so and make the functions all the merrier.

A very enjoyable "Tennis Evening" concluded last year's activities, and the present committee have things well under control for a certain success of events for the forthcoming year.

The first event of the new year was a "Bridge Evening," held in the Overseas' League Rooms. This met with great support. The next event will be our annual dance, which promises to be a gala night. To follow the dance will be a "bus picnic" to the hills, and as summer approaches it is proposed to hold a day of tennis and swimming combined at one of the beaches.

It is the desire of the Ex-Students in Perth to hold a Re-union of Ex-students from Perth, Bunbury and the surrounding districts, in Bunbury before very long, and it is hoped that with help from the Bunbury Association, this function will take place.

We must now take the opportunity of thanking Mr. John Shurman for his untiring and successful efforts for the Perth branch last year. Mr. Shurman acted as Secretary-Treasurer last year, but owing to his being pressed for time he has been forced to resign.

We would also like to offer our congratulations to Gordon Davis on his meritorious winning of the Championship Singles at the Easter Tournament held at King's Park. Bill Kennedy and Keith Hough also did exceptionally well in this tournament, and the latter has again made another entry into the State football team.

In conclusion we wish the present students every success with their forthcoming exams, and to announce the following engagements.

Mr. John Shurmann, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shurmann, of Bassendean and Leederville, to Eileen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, of Midland Junction.

Mr. Harry Natt Hicks, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hicks, of Boyup Brook, to Maggie Laird (Margaret), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Somerville, of Buckland Hill.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases."

—Keats.

Norky.

"The God-like Hero sat on his Imperial throne."

—Dryden.

Headmaster at Assemblies.

"A lunatic, lean witted fool."

—Shakespeare.

Mowgli.

"There passed a weary time;
Each throat was parched, and glazed
each eye."

—Coleridge.

Applied Maths period.

"And when their souls were satisfied
with wail."

Prefects' meeting.

—Arnold.

"Vain wretch! Canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee."

—Sewell.

Mick.

"Not a sound disturbs the air;
There is quiet everywhere."

—Charles Harper.

VF.

"I am he that is so love-shaked."

—Shakespeare.

Scotchey.

"They glide like phantoms, into the wide
hall."

—Keats.

Assembly.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"A gentle sound, an awful light."

—Tennyson.

(An incident during a moonlight jazz).

"Oh, what can ail thee, knight at arms,
Alone and palely loitering?"

—Keats.

(After a school dance).

"Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued."

—Scott.

(A first eighteen match).
 "And leaning back, he fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant, monotonous and
 deep. —Longfellow.

(Students in English).
 "We few, we happy few, we band of
 brothers." —Shakespeare.

(IV. Year Males).

"Ful byg he was of brawn and eek of
 bones." —Chaucer.
 (Dave).

"I woed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid."
 (Norky). —Longfellow.

"For even though vanquished he could
 argue still." —Goldsmith.
 (George).

"I am here for thee;
 Art thou there for me?"
 (Mike). —Dixon.

"Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die."
 —Tennyson.
 (5th Years in some English periods).

"I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me."
 —Tennyson.

(ID-ite to Jo).

"There dwells a loved one
 But cruel is she."
 —Arnold.

(Says Nork).

"When I look into a glass
 I see a fool."
 —Davies.
 (Squeak).

"MY LAST SIXPENCE"

It's hard when pay day only comes
 once a week, especially when one's pay
 only consists of the small amount of
 one and sixpence. Perhaps I should
 say pocket money, but after all, in my
 opinion, a week at school is a week of
 hard work, and so I call it pay.

Saturday morning had come round
 and I possessed the time-honoured one
 and sixpence.

Church on Sunday, and there goes
 threepence!

Of course an exceptionally good pic-
 ture must come on Monday night, and,
 with a sixpenny ticket (yes, we're

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under twelve), and threepence-worth of sweets—a shilling is gone.

On Tuesday morning I gazed at my last and only sixpence. There were numerous things I could have done with it there and then, but one is not prepared to go for five days without a penny. "I'm on the rocks," or "I'm stony broke," are already familiar cries among High School boarders.

Then on Wednesday morning a notice appeared on the notice board: "Grand Dance on Friday Night—Admission 6d." "Lucky I saved that sixpence," I mused. "I really mustn't miss this one"—and I am not in the habit of relying on shieks.

"I received a letter from Lady Lawley Cottage this morning, girls," greets us when we arrive at school the next morning. "I would like all those who can to give a small subscription before Friday."

Corks! There goes my last sixpence. But, wonder of wonders! Those in authority forgot to take the subscriptions up; at least they missed me (who said purposely?). However, if Lady Lawley Cottage knew how poor I was it wouldn't dream of asking for "my last sixpence."

Only one more day to go, and I wondered who would try to get my sixpence this time.

Os, yes! Show entries were due but I never win anything, so what's the odds?

I began to wish I hadn't gone to church, but after all, it was quite interesting work picking out the mistakes in Mrs. —'s knitted jumper.

Friday came and went without any mishap, and I attended the dance in high spirits. At the door my last sixpence changed hands. I had certainly used it wisely, for lo and behold, I won the spot waltz, for which I was awarded the enormous sum of threepence. I bought a stamp and weighed myself with the extra penny.

What a horrible week! I had lost two pounds. Yes! I'm too thin to be following the fashionable craze of slimming.

There! That must have been through worrying over the fact that I was pegging along on a last sixpence. How lovely it must be to be rich!

Saturday morning—pocket money arrives. I'm rich!

—T.L.C.

OUR FORM

Our Form IIR. is one most renowned
And the students in it are fair,
But the pres. they all scowl

And when they see us they growl,
And say we're the worst anywhere.
There's Joan, our form prefect, who's
really quite good,

But finds she must say more than
"Hush!"

For when Jessie, so bold,
Gets with Ruby, I'm told,
Things just move along with a rush.
Beryl, our good girl, finds she hasn't
much time

To get all her swot done at night;
So to the teachers she raves,
And of them she craves

To make homework a little more light.
Junior is near, but we're not going to
worry,

'Cos there's plenty of time, so we say,
"Laissez-faire" is a motto,
And to it, we say "Swotto!"

And—we'll swot before that dreaded
day.

But when Junior is past, and our work
is all done,

A good time we're going to enjoy,
With pictures galore,
And parties—a score!

All in pleasure our time to employ.
—"Joscelyn."

GHOSTS AND CEMETERIES

It is rumoured among local residents that ghosts have been seen to walk in the cemetery late at night, and generally on a Friday night.

Being very curious, I decided to investigate this rumour by spending a night in the cemetery, and seeing if anything really did happen. So, accordingly, one Friday night after the fortnightly school dance, instead of going home I strolled down to the cemetery and concealed myself behind an old tombstone, firmly resolved to stay there till morning to prove if the ghosts actually appeared.

It was not necessary, for suddenly I discerned near the gate on the other side of the cemetery a pair of dark figures sitting on a tombstone. I thought that these must be the ghosts, and prayed fervently that my presence would not be detected. It was quite evident that the residents had not been mistaken. There were certainly spirits at large in that old cemetery. Trembling I rose to go home, when suddenly I heard a sharp squeal, as if some one had been pinched and uttered a cry of pain. Where could it have come from? There was no one present save the ghosts and myself.

I began to doubt whether they were apparitions, and crept much closer to them to hear if they spoke. As I

watched, two more figures appeared at the edge of the cemetery, and moved slowly towards the gate. At least I knew these were not ghosts for I could hear their voices plainly, the deep bass voice of a boy and the high pitched tones of an excited girl. When they reached the figures on the tombstone they stopped, and began to talk to them. I was no longer in doubt, they were not ghosts.

The first pair evidently did not relish the company of the others, and soon rose to go, followed closely by the other two. By now I had gained a good idea who they were, but wishing to make sure I followed them cautiously to the gate. To my surprise the supposed ghosts were now seated on the running board of a car, which stood in front of the cemetery. Even as I watched they rose and walked towards "the Gate." After a touching farewell the two boys walked towards the corner. "I'll see you out at hockey this afternoon," said one. "Yes," replied the other, "I'm playing for Surf," and so they parted.

I felt strangely elated and happy as I strolled home, meditating on what I had seen.

The appearance of the ghosts was no longer a mystery to me. It is natural that people seeing dark shapes on a white tombstone will become scared, and imagine them to be ghosts, whereas in reality, if they only investigated, they would soon see the true state of things. Surely students can sit down where they please without people taking them for apparitions, even if they do choose a cemetery to rest in. For after all, a cemetery is not such a distasteful place; it is very restful and gives a vast peace to the soul.

It would not be suitable for me to speak of this event any more, for to do this would lead me into reminiscences which have nothing to do with ghosts or cemeteries. It will suffice to say that it was for me a memorable night, a night I will never forget.

FRENCH CONCERT

The curtain went upon a full house, much to our surprise and pleasure. It was rather terrifying to see the ocean of white faces before us; and loud rattling sounds could be heard behind the curtain, probably the actors' knees knocking.

The concert was opened by the singing of the Marseillaises with the aid of our conductor, Mr. Stanbury.

We did not realise until the next

item that we possessed such a managerie in the school, although we did know there were a few cats (?), perhaps a few asses and may be a tiger, but we were quite oblivious of the fact that there were roosters, lions and sheep.

We sincerely hope that Leith satisfied his hunger when he was in town; he certainly looked as though he would have liked to have remained and finished his afternoon tea.

We must not forget to congratulate the 4th year play "Nous Verrons," and we hope that Pat is not really so shy as he seemed on the stage. It appears that Barrell has had a lot of worry lately, as her hair has become quite silver. We must add that her affection for her nephew "Pud" has not waned with the years of worry. Sax must have been quite jealous when Edith seemed so proud of her new brother. The English tourist, Spid, seemed to think that French policemen were rather rough towards an innocent lady, when she was endeavouring to find a "button hook."

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Jean Wright and Mr. Stanbury for their excellent rendering of their various songs.

In the fifth year play it seemed quite a tragedy that the two American soldiers could not understand the familiar conversations of the coy French maids. Sax says "Nothing makes me sick, not even doughnuts—or M. Crabuchet's kisses." The mouths of the public must have watered when they saw Sax and Spid "tear" into the pies which Bernie had cooked so well.

The concert ended by the singing of the National Anthem, and we hope everyone enjoyed it as much as we did.

Les eleves francaises.

N.B.: We should like to know who was the cause of the queer noises which issued forth from the Arcadia tea rooms after the concert.

Nous Verrons.

FIFTH YEAR TAYLES

THE PROLOGUE

Une morn unto a classe I mayde my
waye,
I strangere une koude not be found
today
Inne F it was assembled at the tyme
And thus ympressed itself upon my
mynde.
A Bunbury native, talle and dygnified,

With hede throne back, a mayden sat
 biside;
 His hede was frayed in hair of curly
 blakke
 And as I looked he semed to reys his
 hatte.
 A rooring laugh juste then my ear y
 caught
 In sooth its gyver was a wondrous sort
 Broad was his foreheed, lippes large
 and wyde.
 His shorte curled lokkes blakke were
 as hadde been dyed.
 The hede of une was straunge tille I
 discovered,
 That itte with parasitic grooth was
 covered.
 A verry parfit sheik was bye the doore
 A lovyre and a lusty bachelere.
 And for his patron saynt he has a knight
 Who really is an angel in his syte.
 Another, broad of shoulder and of
 browe
 Was wearing in his coat, boronia.
 A manly man, to been an abbot able,
 (He wishes to be Pope so ronnes the
 fable).
 A loong and sclendre native, rede of
 coat,
 Hadde haire of sylken blakke, like a
 goot,
 An elder of the forme of lengthy height
 And tho ful dark of hewe is y cleped
 White.
 Among the maydens numerous I saw,
 Une eying much the sheik biside the
 doore.
 Of admirers in many eek hadde she.
 In soothe a fickle mayde she seemed to
 me.
 And then a mayde, the angel of the
 classe
 Supplied the only payne among the laass
 mynd.
 Then came a lad, both lene of limb
 and face,
 A son of Israel as was the case.
 From out the bulrushes he first y come
 His speech was punctuated oft with hum.
 Ful shorte and under growed another
 seemed,
 Of suitable daunce programmes he
 dremed,
 Synginge he was, or floytynge all the day
 Never in payne he always hopes to stay.
 A weasel, nay, I am mistook, a worm.
 Hadde proved the grettest talker all the
 term,
 A vasty nuisance eek he proves to be.
 The abbot him disliked as I koude see.
 Another sat among the ardent lovyres
 Surrounded wyde with books of red y
 covers
 With stamp no bisier man the he ther
 nas

And yet he semed bisier than he was.
 into the roome juste then in sooth there
 walked
 With springy stride alike unto a stork
 A tall and pimply ladde with vacous
 grinne
 Whose roling eye the Daniels all tooke
 in.

—M.S.

ON WITH THE DANCE

Nearly everything moves in cycles,
 and this is so, we think, with dancing.
 Centuries ago when our ancestors
 ruled their wives with an iron hand
 and a piece of flint, dancing was born.
 It is not clearly known whether
 dancing or music was invented first, but
 some learned men are inclined to think
 that music came first, and this music,
 wierd and primitive though it was, in-
 toxicated these cave dwellers to such
 an extent that they began to move
 about doing eccentric movements as if
 in a trance.

The womenfolk danced singly for the
 amusement of their lords and masters,
 doubtless being threatened with some of
 the stone implements (and iron hands).
 This dancing was very primitive indeed,
 perhaps more so than the South Sea
 Islanders' blanc-mange kind of today.

As time wore on dancing became
 more civilised until we come to the
 stately minuet and quadrilles and
 Strauss' beautiful waltzes that thrilled
 the world.
 But all good things have an end and
 the cycle must move on. Professors
 say that the cycle has taken dancing
 back many centuries and it is becoming
 more and more like the movements of
 our cave-dwelling ancestors.

To the sound of saxaphones, couples
 stride and gyrate and stride again a
 manner which leaves Victorian ideas and
 speed records behind.

"Barbarous," learned men are heard
 to call it.

Little men in rusty black, quake in
 despair when hearing the croon of a
 saxaphone and the professor's opinions
 on cycles, when they consider the time
 between the cave ballet and the minuet
 and the rhumba they wonder when and
 how it will all end

Is it that they are afraid of the lure
 of the sweet strains of the saxaphones
 and are hoping to restrain themselves
 from being intoxicated like their grand-
 fathers and from dancing in true cave-
 man style of the future,, dominating
 their partners with a metaphorical rod
 of steel?



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