

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XIII.

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1935.

STUDENT OFFICIALS

Captain of School: Ivan B. Verschuer.
Senior Girl Prefect: Miss Hazel Pearce.

Prefects:

Miss L. Hansen	W. Williams.
Miss S. Anderson,	G. Inkster.
Miss K. Daniels.	C. White.
Miss E. Minchin.	N. Wendt.
	V. Minchin.

Faction Captains:

Blue

Miss L. Hansen. N. Wendt.

Red

Miss K. Daniels. I. Verschuer.

Kingia

Miss H. Pearce. W. Williams.

Gold

Miss D. Hepton K. Teede.

Editors: Miss E. White M. Seymour;
School Sports Recorder: C. Mosedale;
Treasurer, Hospital Fund: M. Seymour.

Librarians:

Miss E. Minchin.	C. Mosedale.
Miss H. Pearce.	J. Rudd.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1935.—Back: G. Inkster, L. Hansen, N. Wendt, B. Minchin, V. Minchin, S. Anderson, C. White. Front: K. Daniels, B. Verschuer (Senior Boy), Mr. Irvine (Headmaster), H. Pearce (Senior Girl), W. Williams.

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THE KINGIA

Vol. XIII. No. 2.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1935

Price 1s. 6d.

STUDENT OFFICIALS :

EDITORIAL

This magazine, owing to the fact that it will be published towards the end of the term, should contain an accurate account of all the happenings of social, sporting and scholastic interest.

We sincerely hope that this magazine, though the second edition of 1935, will not fall short of general expectations, owing to the fact that of late many events of universal interest have occurred.

At the time of publication we expect that the candidates for the Junior and Leaving are industriously studying or at least I imagine this from their reluctance to give any of their time to the writing of articles for the Kingia.

Nevertheless we wish them the very best of luck in their impending examinations and hope they will acquit themselves nobly even if it is only to uphold the honour of their school, dear old B.H.S.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Since the last publication of this magazine the School has, at least from the students' point of view, prospered exceedingly. For this we have to thank chiefly Mr. Stanbury, and those members of the staff who so willingly helped in the production of the concert at the end of last term. The concert

itself, with all its excitement, is now a thing of the past, but it is felt that this opportunity should not be allowed to pass without tendering congratulations to all those who helped to make it the success it was.

At the inter-school sports at Perth this year we were not as successful in the football as might have been hoped, not so much, I think, because of the reasons so admirably set forth by some anonymous, but not unguessed at gentlemen in Perth, as from the lack of training facilities in Bunbury, and the consequent lack of co-ordination in the team. Nevertheless our runners are to be congratulated for their courageous display against the superior talent of Modern School, as are the girls for their most successful display in the hockey.

An item that we miss at present in the school curriculum is the lecture period. This has been discontinued either for the want of lecturers or of subjects and as it used to be an amusing and edifying way of spending three-quarters of an hour on Friday afternoons, this loss is keenly felt.

During this term life at the school has been very quiet, partly due to the imminence of the public examinations. We have, unfortunately, had no eminent visitors and there seems to have been fewer interruptions inside the school than in previous months.

The school wishes to convey to Mr. Stanbury, who was recently married, best wishes for future happiness,

PREFECTS' NOTES

These notes, our readers will be glad to observe, are necessarily short. Time, and to be conventional, space, will not allow us to expand upon our eccentricities, which have been remarkably restrained since last "Kingia" as we have been living a life of retirement and of work. Of course there have been little incidents, things that everyone knows about and which need hardly be mentioned here, such as Betty having her hair curled and Cedric going "Lower School", but on the whole we have been working hard and, most of us, getting results.

We have to thank the Fourth Years for their most timely and welcome aid in the running of our dances. Though the dances earlier in the term were not as lucrative as could be hoped, the Sports' Night Dance was a decided success both financially and socially, and our financial position is now quite sound and it should remain so, provided that we don't go getting our photographs taken too often.

To finish, whatever Mr. Howieson might tell you to the contrary, we would ask you to believe that we lead an existence of nobleness and high ideals and thus, hoping that you may live to be as libelled and yet as pure as we, we sorrowfully bid you adieu.

—THE PREFECTS, 1935.

STAMP CLUB NOTES.

The B.H.S. Stamp Club, whose affairs are controlled by a committee consisting of Mr. F. Davies-Moore, president, M. White and Miss A. Turner, hon. joint secretaries and treasurers, Miss Marion Brown and A. Roberts, has proceeded favourably since its revival early in the year.

The club has joined the W.A. Philatelic Society and receives a monthly magazine in which considerable interest is shown.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to Mr. F. R. Honey, the hon. secretary, of the Philatelic Society of W.A., for his interest in our activities and the donation of very useful additions to our library, to Mr. Johnston, of Gosnells for placing at our disposal quite a number of interesting sheets of stamps at a very modest cost, to Mr. Kieth Fowler, an ex-student, for the presentation of a stamp trophy which was won by Miss Amy Turner, whose entries were adjudged the best in our exhibition held last term. Other members who have distinguished themselves in club competitions are: Miss Marion Brown, Miss Amy Turner, Arnold Roberts and M. White.

HOSPITAL FUND NOTES.

A very good policy for any new student on coming to the Bunbury High School is to join the Hospital Fund, not that the school is a notoriously rough place, far from it, but from a coldly economic point of view any person in the hospital fund is assured of free treatment for any ailment at the Government Hospital.

The entry fee to join the fund is one shilling, and from thence the person pays threepence per week, and is by this assured of medical treatment, free.

This year the fund can muster fifty-seven members, all of whom are, I think, well satisfied with their investment, and were able to receive full treatment for any hurt.

—SECRETARY.

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GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES.

CRITIQUE OF HOCKEY ELEVEN.

The winter sports are nearly over, though some of the concluding matches still have to be played.

The hockey season provided an interesting competition between the two leading teams—Blue and Kingia. Blue lost the final to Kingia by one goal, but defeated them in the challenge match by the same margin. Both were good matches, although the teams were not at their full strength, owing to illness.

In baseball the semi-finals and finals still have to be played and again, apparently the struggle will be between Blue and Kingia, who have each won five matches during the season.

The basket ball competition is also unfinished as yet, but Red are minor premiers and so have a good chance of gaining the pennant.

The hockey team came out on top of the local association, having won most of its matches. In Perth it did very well against the other State secondary schools, playing a particularly fine game to beat P.M.S., with one player short. It met defeat at the hands of A.H.S., doing very well, however, to lose by one goal only to this champion team.

The girls' events on sports day were very keenly contested, the entries being pleasingly large. In both senior and junior sections the competition for the title of champion was very close and winners and runners-up are all to be congratulated on splendid performances. M. Payne won the senior title with 14 points, closely followed by L. Hansen with 12 2-3 and J. Payne with 11 1-3. In the junior G. Walker (25 points) narrowly defeated J. Townsend (23 points). In the aggregate, Blue girls proved too strong for the others, winning the pennant by a substantial margin.

Blue Faction girls have such a lead for the Faction Cup that it cannot now be wrested from them and they will thus have gained it for the second year in succession. Competition among the other factions for second place is fairly close, the points at the time of writing being: Blue, 231 1-6. Gold, 174½; Kingia, 168; Red 142 1-3.

L. HANSEN (captain): Has led the team well; a tower of strength as centre half-back which is her position, and can play almost equally well in any other position if called on to do so. Tackles well and is very fast on the field.

D. HEPTON (vice captain): A very capable goal-keeper; uses her feet well and keeps her head in an emergency.

T. PHILLIPS: A very good and reliable full-back with a strong hit; tackles very successfully and is very sure.

D. CALLAHAN: Has made a good full-back although inclined to be slow; owing to practice as goal-keeper has a tendency to kick the ball.

D. WHITE: Plays very well in the difficult position of left half-back; anticipates well.

P. MEDLEN: A reliable right half-back who tackles very well; also useful in other positions.

C. GREEN: A very good right wing; takes the ball down the field well and has a good centring shot.

A. BRETT: Has shown great improvement as right inner; passes well and shoots well for goal; has a good goal average.

J. INGLETON: Plays well on the left wing; centres well, but needs to be careful to keep out on her wing.

M. STAGBOUER: As left inner, tackles well in the circle, but is inclined to hit the ball too far in front; an energetic forward with a good goal average.

M. PAYNE: A very good centre forward, who is very quick; passes well, but sometimes hesitates when in the circle; has a good goal average.

B. MINCHIN: A full-back with a strong hit; tackles well; should not stop the ball before hitting; has not played much this season owing to an injured knee.



HOCKEY ELEVEN, 1935.—Back: J. Ingleton, C. Green, F. Phillips, A. Brett, B. Minehin, M. Stagbouer.
 Middle: M. Payne, L. Hansen (Captain), Miss Burgess (Sports Mistress), D. Hepton, D. White. Front: D.
 Callahan, P. Medlen.

FACTION NOTES

BLUE FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

Throughout the season Blue has not met with very much success, although they were able with a "little" support from the girls to be champion faction on sports' days. We here take the opportunity of congratulating C. White (senior champion) and A. Lindsay (junior champion). Perhaps the Blue boys would have met with a great deal more success if they had realised the necessity of training. However, they did not take any notice of the good advice and the fine example set by their athletics captain.

Now that cricket once more predominates the hopes of Blue faction have soared to a great height. They say that pride is the forerunner of a fall but not so in the case of Blue. With a fair share of luck we should end the year with colours flying. Blue's tennis team is, with the exception of Red (the keenest rival) the strongest in the school. At present the combined

points for girls and boys faction shield are slightly in favour of Red, but we hope to be at the top of the pole when the competition is finished.

BLUE FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.

Up to date Blue Faction heads the list of faction points and we hope to remain in this position until the end of the year and also next year, so keep it up Blues!

Blues have been very successful as regards hockey and managed to win the pennant from our rivals, Kingia, who defeated us in the finals.

The baseball finals have not yet been played and here again we have to meet Kingia, whom we hope to defeat.

So far our basket ball team has done well and we gladly welcomed Cynthia Hands, who has proved a great asset to the team, and was also a prominent member of Blue in the sports.

On sports day Blues retained their position as champion faction and we wish to congratulate Misses M. Payne

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and G. Walker on their outstanding performances. Also C. White and A. Lindsay, who were senior and junior champions respectively.

In conclusion we extend our best wishes to the other factions for success, but we hope that Blues will always remain top of the list.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

This term we have not distinguished ourselves in any branch of sport and in these notes we can only congratulate the other factions, especially Kingia and Red, on their good luck in winning the football pennant and athletics (boys) respectively. We also desire to congratulate C. White and A. Lindsay on being senior and junior champion respectively. In the paper chase held on September 17, we have to thank H. Huggall and Gallagher for the eleven points that we received, out of a possible fifty, while in the athletics our junior members were again responsible for the best part of our forty-six points. Gold is at present lying third in the Faction shield points, with 204 points. But our turn will come some day, and we are all hoping that it will be in the near future.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.

Our position on the list of Faction points shows everyone how well we have done this year; but next year promises to be much better. Among the younger ones are some very promising athletes. We are very proud to have Gwen Walker in our faction and congratulate her on being junior champion. We also wish to congratulate Mavis Payne who was senior champion. Blue gained the highest number of points (congrats, Blues!) but on the whole our faction did much better than was expected.

We lost the semifinals in baseball and so did Red. Now we are wondering whether Blue or Kingia will win the pennant, and wish them both the best of luck.

Don't forget, Golds, to do your very best next year as the prospects for a successful season are very good.

RED FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

This year has indeed been an unlucky one for Red. In both cricket and football we were successful in winning nearly all the matches played during the season, but were defeated in the final. However we take this opportunity to congratulate Kingia on their performances.

In the athletics we did well and easily gained the most points. We regret to say our girls did not show their usual form, and consequently we did not annex the coveted title of champion faction. This was gained by Blue due largely to the excellent efforts of the girls of that faction.

Cricket and tennis are now in full swing. Only three tennis matches have been played, but all these have been won by our stalwarts. We have only won one cricket match and drawn two, but hope to do much better next round.

The boys' faction shield is now safely in our keeping. We have a sufficiently large lead to retain it without gaining further points, but as we hope to win the combined faction shield it will not do to ease up.

Next year the Faction will be seriously depleted of seniors, and it is to be hoped that our juniors will show more interest and enthusiasm than at present, for on them the success of the Faction will depend.

RED FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Our notes appear once again, though there is not much to report.

At hockey we have played a fair game, having won a couple of matches. Our efforts have been sincere and we really ought to have done better. Congratulations to Blue who won the pennant for this year.

In baseball matches we have not been very successful but our young players are showing signs of skill and by next season we should have a strong team.

The basket ball team has been the most successful this season, the new Reds being very keen and strong players.

Next year it is to be hoped the enthusiasm of this season will continue and lead to improvement. Let "Excellent" be our motto, girls.

KINGIA FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Congrats. Blue on your success on Sports Day. Kingia ran a close second. Our girls, much to our surprise, upheld the faction honour exceptionally well. We congratulate May Payne on being senior champion, and Leila as runner-up; Gwen Walker as junior champion and Joan Townshend as runner-up. Sports Day this year proved a great success owing to the enthusiasm of the competitors and onlookers, and, of course, the weather.

Hockey finals resulted in a win for Blues. Unfortunately we lost to Blue in the challenge, thereby losing the pennant for this year. Better luck next time.

Baseball is lagging out to a poor finish. As yet we have the semi-finals and finals to finish. While there's life there's hope, and we still have hope to win. Basket ball has yet to be finalised.

We hope to hold our own next year as we have some promising juniors. Our tennis team is a promising one, as we have not had much hope of winning previously. We look to our team to win next year, so keep it up Kingia!

KINGIA FACTION NOTES—BOYS

Since the publication of the last "Kingia" the Faction has made good progress. Although we were not successful during the whole season, we succeeded in gaining the football pennant. This, I must say, was chiefly due to the rapid progress made by some of the younger members, who "pulled their weight" well in the finals. We hope their keenness will continue and

endeavour to put the Faction in a better position.

Kingia was well represented at the annual school sports meeting. In the senior section Bailey and Inkster were responsible for many points. We congratulate these two for their work, especially "Aussie" whose total points (14) made him runner-up. We will take opportunity in congratulating C. White on his very good performance in being senior champion. In the junior section Lindsay, Waters and Jennings together gained many points. Lindsay found some difficulty in being junior champion, but next year he should not find much difficulty in gaining this honour. He also broke the hundred record which deserves much praise, and we sincerely hope he will train hard and continue to break more records next year.

As a number of the senior members of the Faction will be leaving at the end of this year, the teams will seem weakened for a time. But if the younger members take a keen interest in their Faction we are sure that the green ribbon will be floating on top at the end of the season.

GET IT AT —

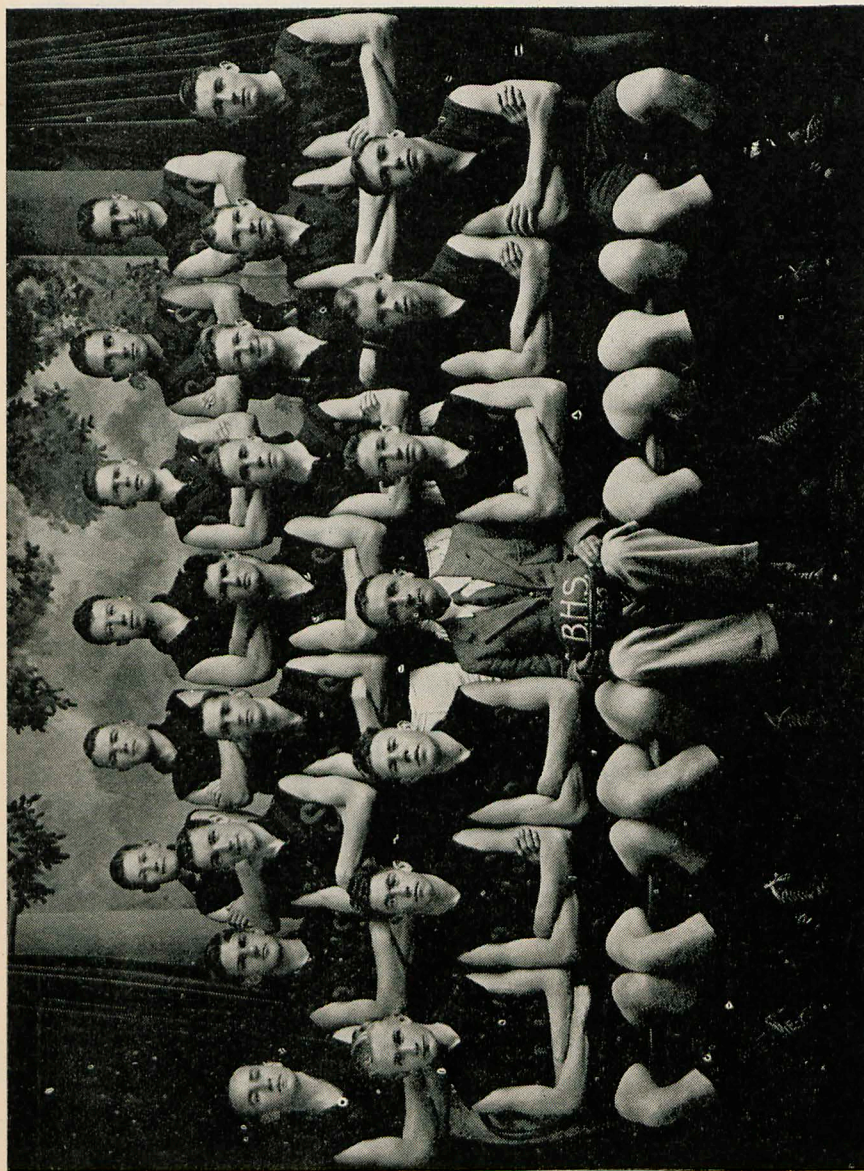
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— BUNBURY —



FIRST EIGHTEEN, 1935.—Back: I. Robertson, H. Hugal, W. Williams, V. Minchin, S. Barboutis, K. Teede.
 Middle: P. O'Connor, Brown, B. Mercer, C. White, B. Verschuer, B. Franklyn, Meredith, K. Withers, S. Evill.
 Front: L. Webster, B. Davie, N. Wendt (Captain), Mr. Andrew (Sports Master), A. Bailey, M. Seymour, G. Inkster.

SPORTS NOTES

HOCKEY XI—BOYS

The School has just completed its second season in the Association hockey competition. Although the team met with very little success, all the players thoroughly enjoyed the games played throughout the year. We, that is, the members of the hockey team who will be leaving school this year, will do our best in the interests of the hockey eleven, and make an effort to uphold the fine reputation of the school.

G. INKSTER (goalie): As goalie George has played with consistency throughout the season. He uses his feet to advantage and knows when to attack an opposing forward. He has represented Bunbury on several occasions.

L. WEBSTER (left inner): This player has proved his worth because of his shrewd advice and his good work in the forward line. He keeps up with the game well and passes well to his centre.

B. FRANKLYN (left outer): As left outer Bill has filled this position very well. He has plenty of dash but should tackle his opponent more.

K. TEEDE (right inner): A player of great ability and experience. Has most of the requisites of a first-class forward, including the ability to combine with other forwards, and to shoot hard and straight.

D. TEEDE (right outer): Has a good turn of speed and hits cleanly, but is apt to take the ball too far down the wing before centring. He co-operates with his forwards very well and therefore forms a very strong attack on the right wing which has been the principal source of the goal scoring throughout the season.

C. WHITE (left half back): Has given good service to his team. He moves up to support the forwards and he is able to pass the ball very accurately.

W. WILLIAMS (centre half back): Shows good judgment and precision in taking free hits and invariably moves up to support the forwards. He is occasionally guilty of obstruction.

B. MERCER (right half back): Has filled his position admirably throughout the season. He is apt to stay too far

back and does not follow up clearances with sufficient speed.

V. MINCHIN (right full back): One of the most consistent players in the team. He shows excellent judgment when clearing the ball and is equipped with a good solid hit. Taking it all round he is a very hard player to beat.

P. O'CONNOR (left full back): Has played very well throughout the season. He tackles the opposing forwards well and disposes of the ball to the best advantage. He could hit the ball harder when clearing.

N. WENDT (captain, centre): Has filled his position exceedingly well, and has carried out his duties of captain in the best possible manner. His stick work is very clever and this combined with a fair turn of speed makes him an excellent forward. Wendt plays centre for the Bunbury Association which proves his high standard of play. He was the team's chief goal scorer.

FIRST XVIII FOOTBALL NOTES.

Owing to the lack of competition first eighteen football was sadly neglected. Before going to Perth for the annual inter-school sports the eighteen was only able to play several scratch matches against the ex-students. Therefore it was only natural that the team was unable to perform to the best of its ability.

The following represented the school in Perth:

W. WILLIAMS (ruck): As ruck man he has been of great service to the team. He possesses a very good kick and is able to mark fairly well.

A. BAILEY (rover): As vice-captain of the team he carried out his position admirably. He is a good nippy little rover and because of his shrewdness and his ability to pass the ball he has been one of the outstanding players in the team.

C. WHITE (centre): He is a good mark and kick. He keeps his position very well.

G. INKSTER (right wing): He has plenty of pace and leads well to his forwards. Could concentrate on his marking.

K. TEEDE (left wing): Is able to kick and mark well. He is renowned for his straight ahead policy. He possesses a good pass kick,

V. MINCHIN (centre half back): Has been a tower of strength in the back line. He has a good clearing kick and is also a reliable mark. He is able to watch his man very well. On the whole he is a very hard man to beat.

B. VERSCHUER (left half back): A much improved player. He is solid in defence and is also a reserve ruck for the school. He has plenty of speed but is not a good kick.

S. BARBOUTIS (right half back): He is good mark and a fair kick, but should learn to speed up his ground play.

M. SEYMOUR (left full back): The most improved player in the side. He has plenty of dash and clears well.

J. BROWN (centre full back): Has been very reliable in this position. He is able to watch his opponent very well and prevent him from doing very much damage. He has a very good clearing kick.

B. DAVIE (right full back): Co-operates with the half forwards very well. He is able to dispose of the ball to the best advantage.

B. MERCER (centre half forward): He is the key to the forward combination. He possesses a very good mark but his kicking is very inaccurate.

H. HUGALL (right half forward): He is able to elude his opponent very well and feeds his full forwards with good pass kicks.

L. WEBSTER (left half forward): Has plenty of dash and passes well to the forwards.

I. ROBERTSON (left full forward): He is fairly accurate when shooting for goals. He is somewhat inclined to be lazy on the football field. He would do a lot better if he improved his ground play.

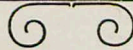
S. EVILL (centre full forward): He is able to kick goals fairly accurately. He is very unselfish and plays for the team and not for himself.

K. WITHERS (right full forward): Being a left foot kick Ken has filled this position very well. He is able to kick goals from a good angle. He centres the ball when the opportunity presents itself.

N. WENDT (captain, ruck): As captain of the team he has filled his position with such zest and capability that has left nothing to be desired. He is the most outstanding player in the team and by far the most popular. He has a very accurate kick with either foot, and with the ability of good marking and ground tactics, is able to win clear from the most awkward position.

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INTERSCHOOL CARNIVAL

Boys

Although the school team created a very good impression in its first match against the strong Northam team it was successful in winning only one game.

Against Northam the team played very forcibly. The match was noteworthy for brilliant flashes of team work and accurate marking. The heavier and better trained Northam team however, was successful in securing a lead in the third quarter which gave them a victory.

On the following day Bunbury played Goldfields and secured a victory but the strenuous play of the preceding day had played havoc with the team. Wendt and Minchin, who were prominent, suffered from badly bruised legs and had to be moved out of the key positions. Excellent play however by Bailey, Brown, Mercer and Barboutis made up for any deficiency.

In the succeeding matches against Modern School and Albany, the school team was badly beaten. Our ruckmen were all suffering minor injuries and the superior play of both the teams was soon apparent.

The athletics meeting was disastrous for the boys. Places being gained in only the 440 yards and high jump.

Girls

The first event in the much longed for sports held in Perth in August was the athletics meeting on the Saturday afternoon. There the girls acquitted themselves very well, L. Hansen gaining second place in the 50 yards, and third in the 100 yards, while the relay team (L. Hansen, M. Payne, M. Stagbouer and D. White) gained second place.

Then came the hockey matches, awaited by the girls with some anxiety, as the other teams were unknown quantities. In the first match, against N.H.S. the school team played a good game and showed themselves superior to their opponents, winning 5-0.

Next came the match against E.G.H.S. which seemed to be the weakest team. M. Stagbouer was unfortunately injured during the first five minutes and the team played one short for the rest of the match, winning 7-0. M. Payne was outstanding on the forward line.

On Thursday when they came to play P.M.S., the girls found themselves without the services of M. Stagbouer and M. Payne, two of the mainstays of the forward line. Playing S. Anderson as emergency, the team took the field one player short. However, their spirit was irresistible, and, playing as they had

never done before, they achieved what seemed impossible and, after a most exciting match, defeated P.M.S., 3-2. The whole team played splendidly, but special mention must be made of T. Phillips, who was almost impassable in defence, C. Green, who made many brilliant runs on the wing, and L. Hansen, who played in the unaccustomed position of centre-forward.

With the team at full strength on Friday, they went onto the field against A.H.S., determined to do their best. They played a splendid game, but the champion team proved too good for them, winning 2-1.

ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING

The thirteenth annual sports was held at the show grounds on October 16. The day was perfect and was reflected in the record number of entries and the keenly contested events. This year we were honoured by having the company of Mr. J. Blair (Inspector of Schools) and Mr. Parsons (Headmaster of Modern School) who acted as judges.

Only two records were broken, one in the boys' sections and one in the girls. We congratulate the new holders of these.

We also congratulate Miss M. Payne (senior champion) and Miss L. Hansen (runner up) also Miss G. Walker (junior champion) and Miss J. Townshend (runner up) as well as C. White (senior champion) and A. Bailey (runner up) and A. Lindsay (junior champion) and G. Stone (runner-up).

The athletics pennant was gained by Blue, who won the day with a total of 155 points.

Boys' Athletic Results

Junior Championships

Mile: G. Stone (G) 1, J. Prichard (R) 2, D. Johnston (G) 3, A. Lindsay (K) 4, time 5mins. 36 1-5secs.

880 yards: G. Stone (G) 1, A. Lindsay (K) 2, J. Prichard (R) 3, D. Johnston (G) 4, time 2.25

440 yards: A. Lindsay (K) 1, G. Stone (G) 2, J. Prichard (R) 3, D. Johnston (G) 4, time 64secs.

220 yards: A. Lindsay (K) 1, G. Stone (G) 2, D. Johnston (G) 3, J. Prichard (R) 4, time 28 1-5secs.

100 yards: A. Lindsay (K) 1, J. Brown (B) 2, D. Johnston (G) 3, J. Prichard (R) 4, time 11 secs. (record).

120yds. Hurdles, J. Prichard (R) 1, A. Lindsay (K) 2, A. Waters (K) 3, G. Stone (G) 4, time 18 1-5secs.

Long Jump: J. Brown (B) 1, R. Mercer (R) 2, A. Lindsay (K) 3, J.

Prichard (R) 4, distance 16feet 0½inches.

High Jump: R. Mercer (R) 1, Meredith (B) 2, A. Waters (K) and Prichard (R) tie for 3, height, 4ft. 10½in.

Hop, Step and Jump: G. Stone (G) 1, Jennings (K) 2, A. Waters (K) 3, A. Lindsay (K) 4, distance 34ft. 1in.

Throwing Cricket Ball: A. Waters (K) 1, Jennings (K) 2, S. Barboutis 3, B. Mercer (R) 4, distance, 85yds. 2in.

Faction Relay: Kingia 1, Red 2, Blue 3, time 1min. 57 secs.

Senior Championships

Mile: C. White (R) 1, J. Rudd (R) 2, M. Seymour (B) 3, W. Franklyn (R) 4, time 5mins. 18 3-5secs.

880yds.: C. White (R) 1, M. Seymour (B) 2, W. Franklyn (R) 3, J. Rudd (R) 4, time 2mins. 16 4-5secs.

440yds.: C. White (R) 1, G. Inkster (K) 2, K. Teede (G) 3, M. Seymour (B) 4, time 60secs.

220yds.: I. Verschuer (R) 1, K. Nevile (B) 2, A. Bailey (K) 3, C. White (R) 4, time 26 4-5secs.

100yds.: A. Bailey (K) 1, G. Inkster (K) 2, K. Nevile (B) 3, C. White (R) 4, time 11secs.

120yds. Hurdles: K. Teede (G) 1, C. White (R) 2, V. Minchin (R) 3, Hugal (G) 4, time 21sec.

Long Jump: C. White (R) 1, V. Minchin (R) 2, Hugal (G) 3, N. Wendt (B) 4, distance 16ft. 8½in.

High Jump: N. Wendt (B) 1, R. Mercer (R) 2, A. Bailey (K) 3, G. Inkster (K) 4, height, 5ft. 2½in.

Hop Step and Jump: N. Wendt (B) 1, A. Bailey (K) 2, I. Verschuer (R) 3, C. White (R) 4, distance 37ft. 0½in.

Throwing Cricket Ball: N. Wendt (B) 1, A. Waters (K) 2, A. Bailey (K) 3, J. Rudd (R) 4, distance 96yds. 1ft. 4in.

Faction Relay: Red 1, Blue 2, Kingia 3, time 1min. 51 secs.

Relay, School v. Ex-students: School 1.

Handicap Events and Novelties

100yds. First Year Handicap: Rose 1, Bradshaw 2, Ecclestone 3.

100yds. Second Year Handicap: Brown 1, Sykes 2, Hulcup 3.

100yds. Third Year Handicap: Nevile 1, Waters 2.

100yds. Open Handicap: Prichard 1, Green 2, Brown 3.

Siamese Race: Jennings and Johnston 1, Thomas and Reilly 2.

Egg and Spoon Race: Riley 1, Bird 2, Lewin 3.

Sack Race: Rose 1, Sykes 2, Lewin 3.

One Mile Handicap: Richards 1, G. White 2, Thomas 3.

220yds. Open Handicap: Hulcup 1, Jones 2, Heathcote 3.

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440yds. Open Handicap: Minchin 1, Jennings 2, Teede 3.

100yds. Primary Scholars: Porter 1, Inman 2, Earnshaw 3.

Senior Champion.—C. White, 31 points; A. Bailey, 14 points.

Junior Champion.—A. Lindsay, 30 points; G. Stone, 27 points.

Faction Points.—Red, 101 1-3 points, 1; Kingia, 90 1-3 points, 2; Blue, 54 1-3 points, 3; Gold, 46 points, 4.

Girls' Athletic Results

100yds Championship: J. Payne 1, D. White 2, M. Payne 3, L. Hansen 4; time 12 4-5secs.

100yds. Junior Championship: J. Townshend 1, G. Walker 2, J. Edgar 3, J. Powell 4.

50yds. Championship: L. Hansen 1, M. Payne 2, D. White 3, J. Payne 4; time 6 2-5secs.

50yds. Junior Championship: G. Walker 1, J. Townshend 2, B. Prichard 3, K. Parham 4; time 6 4-5secs.

50yds. First Year Championship: G. Walker 1, K. Parham 2, J. Edgar 3, B. Prichard 4; time 7secs.

50yds. Second Year Championship: J. Townshend 1, B. Turnbull 2, D. Levy 3; time 7 2-5secs.

50yds. Third Year Championship: J. Wood 1, G. Appleton 2, J. Powell 3, J. Jarvis 4; time 7 2-5secs.

50yds. Upper School Championship: M. Payne 1, L. Hansen 2, D. White and J. Payne tie for 3; time 6 3-5secs (equals record).

50yds. Skipping Race: J. Townshend 1, G. Walker 2, M. Payne 3, J. Payne 4; time 8secs.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Senior: C. Green 1, D. Hepton 2, L. Hansen 3, M. Stagbouer 4; distance 72yds. 2ft.

Hitting the Hockey Ball, Junior: P. Baird 1, E. Short 2, J. Powell 3, G. Walker 4; distance 65yds.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Senior: B. Minchin 1, C. Green 2, A. Turner 3, L. Hansen 4; distance 76yds. 2ft.

Hitting the Tennis Ball, Junior: J. Wood 1, G. Walker 2, D. Tatham 3, J. Townshend 4; distance 63yds. 1ft.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Senior: J. Ingleton 1, B. Minchin 2, M. McEvoy 3, J. Payne 4.

Shooting the Basket Ball, Junior: C. Hands 1, M. Brown 2, J. Wood 3, M. Littleton, 4.

Pass Ball: Gold 1, Kingia 2, Red 3; time 2mins. 20secs.

Flag Race: Blue 1, Red 2, Gold 3; time 53 4-5secs.

Relay Race, First Teams: Blue 1, Gold 2, Red 3; time 27 2-5secs (record).

Relay Race, Second Teams: Blue 1, Kingia 2, Gold 3; time 29secs.

50yds. Handicap: D. Greep 1, H. Pearce 2, S. Anderson 3.

50yds. Junior Handicap: K. Parham 1, G. Inman 2, D. Levy 3.

Siamese Race: B. Prichard and A. Dodson.

Thread the Needle Race: L. Hansen and M. Payne.

Egg and Spoon Race, M. Payne.

Sack Race: C. Hands.

Senior Champion.—M. Payne, 14 points; L. Hansen, 12 1-3 points; J. Payne, 11 1-3 points.

Junior Champion.—G. Walker, 25 points; J. Townsend, 23 points.

Faction Points.—Blue, 100 2-3 points, 1; Gold, 69 points, 2; Kingia, 56 points, 3; Red, 32 1-3 points, 4.

FOOTBALL

By winning the football pennant, Kingia brought a very successful season to an end. Kingia and Red contested the final, which was very evenly played until the last quarter, when Kingia managed to win by five points. The teams this season were combined, so as to grade off players and to even up the matches a little. The points gained by the different factions at present are:—

Blue, 73.

Red, 65.

Kingia, 61.

Gold, 57.

CRICKET

Cricket recommenced on October 22 and up to the time of going to press, only three matches have been played. Red to date has not lost a match in either first or second eleven, while Gold has had the misfortune to be beaten each time in both elevens.

The points are:

Red, 92.

Blue, 68.

Kingia, 56.

Gold, 12.

TENNIS

Up to the time of going to press, only three matches have been played this season, Red having won three, Blue two, and Kingia one.

The points gained this year, to date, are:—

Red, 40.

Blue, 24.

Gold, 8.

Kingia, 8

The points gained by the factions for the faction shield are:—

Red, 377 1-3 points.

Blue, 263 1-3 points.

Kingia, 223 1-3 points.

Gold, 204 points.

FORM NOTES

IA

We are trying to live up to the reputation of being saintly first years although we always manage to induce the teachers to our usual corroboree. Our class has quietened down considerably but still has a fair amount of unofficial history. We want to know whether K. Rose was born under a lucky star as he has been successful in dropping French, much to our jealousy. Thomson, commonly known as "Tomcat," is always striving in vain attempts to catch Bird, his chief worry.

We have been fortunate enough to have the League of Nations in our mob; for Frewin is the French representative, Struthers the German, Yull the Scotch and above all, Fox the Scandinavian. Unfortunately we have no Abyssinian representative. Hough is the Mussolini, very rebellious and often breaks the peace with his loud guffaws. Robo, the mechanical marvel, is constantly striving with Mussolini but draws apart with his cheeks slightly

dinted. In spite of these hindrances law is kept sometimes.

Chamberlain, Bird, Bradshaw and Riley must be congratulated in obtaining distinctions in the last exams and we wish success to all those who are going to sit for the Junior and Leaving.

ID.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
As a perfect down-stairs flies"
into D.

Slowly the curtain of lack of knowledge of school rules has lifted although it has taken us two terms to realize that we're to be "Young Ladies?" in future. We can understand a little of what to do and what-not-to-do and have decided to tuck-in and learn a little. We like other people, have our worries which are:—(1) A machine is wanted to do our maths for us; (2) A translator for our French; and last but not least an automatic washer to wash our dishes at "Domie Sci." If any of the other forms can invent or tell us where to obtain one or all of the above mentioned we

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would be very much obliged.

P.S. is a period in which you see most of us at "work." It is quite different from last term.

The greatest happening in our form is that we are to have a form "mag" and are now eagerly awaiting the first edition.

Measles this year only affected one of the thirty-one inmates of D which shows that we are a very "hardy" lot, mainly due to the sea breeze which is often wafted through D windows.

Hark! the bell sounds, and we are about to scatter and wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck, we will bid you adieu,

IDites.

IIB

Once again the problem of a contribution to the "Kingia" has arisen and we of IIB feel that it is our duty to contribute some small article.

Work with us is progressing quite favourably as usual, although French continues to be a sore trial to many of us. Mr. "Gub-Gub" still annoys our French mistress by knowing absolutely nothing about the subject and we find their arguments a pleasant relief from the usual dull routine of French periods.

Sporting activities in our form have been very low during this term. So far we have only played two hockey matches both against IIC. We were able to defeat them fairly easily in the first match but they just succeeded in gaining a victory in the final encounter. Lack of combination in our team enabled them to defeat us, more than their own good play as they believed it to be.

Now that the cricket season is coming on we are looking forward to a match against IIC and as we consider ourselves superior in this branch of sport we are fairly confident of victory.

We were not particularly well represented in the annual athletic sports except for "Bricky" Stone, Charlie Sykes and Don Johnson, who distinguished themselves, "Bricky" being runner up for the title of Junior Champion. We also take this opportunity of congratulating the Senior and Junior Champions, C. White and A. Lindsay, for the boys, and for the girls, Miss M. Payne and Miss G. Walker.

We are all greatly interested in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute and here again "Gub-Gub" comes into prominence by being chief commentator on the subject, while "Kek" gives us all the war news direct from Addis Ab-b-b baba.

We are sorry that the school's football and athletic teams did not meet with more success than they did in the

inter-school sports, but we console ourselves with the knowledge that Robbie, who was our representative in the football team, learnt the art of parting his hair while in the metropolis. This newly acquired parting gives him a "streamlined" appearance not unlike that of "Adam," of IIC. But the wind resistance is still very great owing to his rotundity and it is noticed that he sits behind "Tubby" probably to make himself look small in comparison to our fat friend.

"Boomer" the Oracle of the class was incapacitated for a few weeks during this term by an attack of measles and although we sympathised with him we had hopes of his being cured of his "bump of knowledge," but unfortunately we find his knowledge has increased somewhat during his forced holiday.

Charlie Sykes is still our main source of amusement and even the strictest teachers make allowances for his over-exuberant sense of humour and also for his "dawg," "Bitzer," who is really the class mascot.

"Sykee" finds "Flambard" a worthy opponent for his fistic prowess and at all times a battle of some description is raging between them.

Other notorious IIB personalities are "Matches," the lad who is always in trouble with the teachers.

"Ricky," a very garrulous person.

"Gub-Gub," our argumentative member who, "Even though vanquished he could argue still."

"Kek," the war correspondent.

"Squeaker" the "crooner"; banjo etc., and last, but not least, our overgrown friend "Tubby," who continues to fatten up nicely despite the fact that he climbs the school hill twice daily.

As the Junior and Leaving examinations are drawing near we wish the best of luck to all candidates and hope they pass in the maximum of subjects as we feel sure they will.

But, ah! What is that? Our maths master has just kindly informed us that unless we do some work immediately we will be remaining behind after a quarter to four so we think the time has come to say "au revoir."

IIB-ites.

IIC

The end of our second year is close at hand and we are told that we will have to work in Third year—not that our present efforts are quite fruitless.

Certain members of our form are finding French a difficult subject and we notice that the eager correspondence taken up in first year has practically ceased. This can be readily seen by the

small number of students who receive letters from France regularly.

Our history is now of high standard and some of the great people we learn about are:—

King John II who signed "Magna Garter" because things were getting low. We believe this famous document was signed at the Battle of Waterloo in 1066.

William Shakespeare, who was presented with a casket full of small buttons after the production of Henry IV.

Although we do not learn a great deal of modern history we do know something about the present war—"Mussolony," as you know, has a large chest, and wanting to expand chose abo-land as a likely place. He is now intent on capturing Ali-Baba. Ahem! I mean Abbis Addada. Anyhow, it's something like that.

"Musscloony's" chief general and political leader is "Baron Al-lousy."

The annual sports day was a glorious affair and the second years were well represented by Lindsay, Stone and Prichard. Lindsay gained the much coveted position of Junior Champion with Stone as runner up. Prichard showed himself to advantage in the hurdles.

We wish to convey hearty congratulations to Senior and Junior Champions—boys and girls. We believe that a member after doing fairly well at the sports had continued success at the dance. (We'll have to see a J.P. about that.)

This term hockey was the chief attraction of the sports field and after a certain amount of practice in this interesting game we resolved to play a match of some sort. We challenged IIB and concluded a very interesting season with one match to each form.

With the advent of summer our energies have again turned in the direction of the tennis courts. The IIC team has only played one match. This was against a IIB and IA combination and we won by two games. Inside our own form however the Latin scholars overwhelmed the Geography students, first, by three games and secondly by six sets to nil.

Before closing these notes we want to thank the Fifth-years—especially Wally Williams and Barnes Verschuer, for all they have done for the lower school in regard to gymnasium and sport. We will now close these notes by wishing the Third and Fifth years, the best of luck in their coming examinations.

Yours till we write again,

IIC.

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(EX-STUDENT B.H.S.)

IIQ

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your— Here, I say, use the proper word there. General yells and laughter issue from Q door, from those rowdy second year maidens.

Who is it that causes all that unholy din? A dark girl with plaits, I guess, and yet another sans plaits. A good hint—keep quiet at the end of second period Friday morning. Ghostly footsteps heard outside the door—a scuttle, then silence fit for the dead.

Just think how we'll feel this time next year with the Junior very close. We will be a little quieter then, I hope. But let's forget about the future and think only of the present.

We congratulate Joan on being runner up for the Junior Champ., but, better luck next year, when we hope to see you Senior Champ.

We also welcome our new member, Cynthia Hands, and wish her the best of luck.

Wishing best of luck to the Junior and Leavingites, we say good-bye.—Yours ever,

IIQ.

IIIR

"Here we are again
Happy as can be."

Such is the song we are still able to sing even though the Junior is very near now. This form seems to be much smaller just now. The reason is that many of our members are either stricken with measles or 'flu, or some other disease. Still we can only hope that we will all be present again by November 25.

With the coming of summer we welcome back "The Summer Waves." We still find however, that they are still a bit rough for us though. What say you Ruby?

"Pluto" should really have been a character of ancient Greek history considering the amount of attention he receives, during Ag. periods, from "the three Goddesses."

The labours of *domme-sci.* have brought a certain young lady of this form "Bretta" by name to definitely decide to marry a—sh, nudist. The explanation is, sad to say, stiff collars and other branches of laundry work.

Of course we're not exactly in the know concerning the doings or mis-doings of "Meggie" here in Bunbury while we were absent.

One of the quietest members of our form disturbed the general peacefulness of the whole room a few days before the end of last term when a little mistake

turned "our little turtle dove into a game cock."

Another of our form, Joyce, who if she was as her name is, would be rather a hard case, has gained these last two terms the name of "a dark, silent worker."

So far this term has been pretty dull, but after the Junior we will have to recuperate and get gay as we did last term when quite a number of the students met at the Arcadia for a most enjoyable evening.

Well, best of luck to the Leaving students.—Yours cheerily,

IIIR.

IIIE

Form IIIE has been urgently requested to contribute some form notes so, although we are really too busy to attend to such matters of minor importance we well condescend, for the special edification of those who read these, our notes, to insert our last literary efforts as 3rd years in the Kingia.

This Kingia, following on so closely after the last one has left us very little material from which to draw our notes, especially as we have been doing nothing but swot. Ah me! 'Tis a weary round—swot, sleep, swot, eat, swot, ad infinitum. It seemeth very true, that old adage "Spare the swot and spoil the child." Me seemeth that the swot spoils the child.

A bit more recreation, more dances for instance, minus certain prohibiting restrictions would be a great improvement. Even sport is hard work nowadays. There! It cannot now be said that some of us didn't work anyhow, and we learn that those who really worked (by winning sport events) pride themselves on their self-administered special diet, as is indicated by their (c) ravings, oft heard. But we also learn and observe that this diet is a costly business.

And again by the process of "force on swot" this form has not had the time for energetic amusement except periodical, annoying little ventures of some people in placing books at odd intervals round the room from a person's case or throwing them over the balcony. This affliction is oft visited upon one IIE-ite by other vengeful members.

Touching on dances as afore mentioned why-for these sudden changes in the diplomatic relations of some IIIE-ites? Seemeth that the afore-mentioned members cannot be too diplomatic. The sports dance seemed to start this change of (relations)? At least so it seemeth to a certain member who saith "Huh!" and studies human reactions with the zeal of a scientist. The peculiar man-

ners of this person too! Hastily hidden scraps of paper, etc.!

We have learnt to our sorrow that a certain lanky freckled personage who whistleth in his speech has gone Dotty. This is the very latest inside information let loose by the talkative tongue of his colleague as certain other things of personal and intimate natures were let loose by other people.

Insinuations too, very clever ones, have been falling from somebody's lips and he who rejoiceth in the name of "Ducky" senses murky work aloft!

The excuse of "Measles, Sir" has been severely abused by several persons or was it one person? Perhaps the printing sheet might have something to do with it!

We would like to know before concluding—What happened to a Fifth year and II year? What happened to a Third year and Second year? (sports night). What happened to a Third year and Third year? (sports night).

We will conclude with the age old custom of wishing the Fifth years good luck in the Leaving and ourselves good luck in the Junior.

FORM IIIE.

Yours truly for the last time,

FORM IV (NOWHERE).

The court waited breathlessly for the judge to pronounce the verdict. The atmosphere was tense and strained, people were on their tip-toes with excitement. The judge, a venerable old gent, after removing and carefully polishing his horn rimmed spectacles, took out a gaudy pocket-handkerchief, which was first-cousin to a tablecloth, and blew his nose so violently, that the crown prosecutor dropped his books. Bang! they landed fair and square on the end of the inkstand, and this, being a rickety old thing, flew up and sent a shower of ink red and blue over the pious visage of the district attorney; whereupon the district attorney swore fluently; and the warden, who bore a grudge against the district attorney, cackled outright, and had to clap his hand over his mouth to stop. Meanwhile the judge replaced his spectacles and pocket-handkerchief, and picking up his mallet, banged so hard on the desk that it shook, and shouted "Order in the Court." Immediately a general uproar followed.

After the Court had again settled down the judge proceeded to pronounce the judgement.

"I hereby find you guilty of having wasted a year in seeking after pleasure and amusement and I convict you to a year's hard labour, commencing February, 1936."

The guilty prisoners grinned and winked at each other. They were a motley crew, being mostly young wenches while here and there a youth could be discerned, principally by the fact that he wore trousers. In short, they were the Fourths!

Yes, it was us!

We are rapidly drawing near our fate. We look up—instead of seeing angels, as they tell us are up above, we see Fifths swottings; we look down—Thirds swotting. We look around—nobody swotting, that is, nobody in Fourth year. And to think of next year. But why cross bridges and spoil the broth? That's wrong, but never mind, it's a gay life and a merry one!

From all we can gather those of our crew who attended the trip to Perth had "a ripping time," to use their own words. Chish and fips, or some such expression has become quite a bye-word with certain of our fairer sex.

And as for the Mod. dance! What a hall! What a floor! What an orchestra! What a supper! As soon as the last mentioned came round everybody knew the Bunbury fry.

We are sorry to say that several of our members have been stricken down by measles, chicken pox, flu, tonsillitis, love and such illnesses which were rather painful while they lasted. We are glad to say that all have quite recovered once more.

"Punch" has proved very popular to fill up our spare time in the library. He has even ousted "French" and Maths. Remarkable! Although one of our fairer sex was overheard to say, "We can tell better jokes ourselves." Hm, no doubt!

Yours to the last "ash,"

IV.

VF

Caste:

Ceddicus—As a love sick swain.

Garcus—As a poor student.

Ivanus—As St. Peter.

Margarita—As Companion to Normanius.

Mowglio—As Pistol.

Normanius—Successfully: Little Lord Faulteroy; Lothario; Falstaff; Beelzebub.

Waltro—As a clown.

Wilscio—As a monk.

Hansia—As a woman.

Various Paragons of Virtue—To whit, Masters.

Act I—Scene: VF and Environs

(Alarums and excursions without. Sounds of rushing winds and mighty feet. Enter Waltro.)

Walt.: "Ho!" Springs viciously at the table which collapses with a splintering crash.)

Hansia (who seems somehow to have entered already): "Fum" (as an afterthought) "Hee Haw!"

Walt.: "Sayest thou! Take care how thou angerest me. I am mighty when roused—Lo, I am magnificent—Behold the table."

Voice from the door: "Yea! Truly! Behold the table!" (Enter a Paragon.)

Parag.: "What, Buffoon, is this? Thou art little but an idiot."

Hansia: "Truly said, 'tis so—but little."

Parag.: "Clear away the wreckage but re-erect it at a later date."

(Walto tries to forcibly remove Hansia but the paragon points coldly to the table with which Walto exits.)

Scene II—The Same

(The class quietly at work. Enter Garcius breathless and flushed, pauses before table and makes deep obeisance, seats self.)

Parag.: "Oaf, why didst thou not render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's?"

Garc.: "Huh!"

Parag.: "An apology, fool! an apology."

Garc.: "Didst."

Parag.: (hastily): "Make it louder next time."

Garc. (aside): "Yea! Truly! Wilt kiss thy feet and besprinkle thy brow with Manna. Like — I will."

An interval of peace.

Hansia (from rear): "Oah Fum! I can't do this . . ." (Trails off into mutterings).

Walt.: "Haw! Haw!"

Hansia: "Sayest thou?"

Parag.: "Silence please." (Elaborately sarcastic), "Some people are trying to work." (Little Lord Fauntleroy and Wilscius are quietly fighting aside).

Parag. (rising): "Wilcius, thou art always a disturbing factor" (stroking Little Lord F.'s locks) "Why can't you be a nice little boy."

(Wilscius curses him elaborately and in detail (but sotto voce) and maliciously excommunicates him.)

The period ends with an eruption from Hansia who declares she "Can't do it, won't do it and doesn't care who knows." (Applause. Exit Paragon. More applause.)

Walto and others try to pour ink down Little Lord F.'s back, but he is saved by Little Lady F., a suicide blonde (died by her own hand) and to show his gratitude he gives her the ink.

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Act II—A school Dance

Cedricus pining in a corner. Enter Lothario, gorgeously attired and fit to kill.

Loth.: "Ha! what talent?" (looks around) "Very poor, what Cedricus."

Ced.: "She is not here."

Loth.: "What of it?"

Ced.: "I am in love."

Loth.: "Pah! Boy 'tis a testy habit." (Espies Hansia sheathed in white draping elegantly over a seat in company of a languid blonde.) "Ha! I must to work." Leaves Ced.)

Ced.: "Ah had I his S.A. 'twere all well—but what luck—here is my charmer herself: Now I must to work."

(Enter, a sweet young thing.)

Enter Waltro (who seems to have just found a lucky spot): "What Ho! Ho what!—A moonlight jazz select your accomplices."

(Music: They dance.)

(Cedricus is left making cows eyes at himself in the dark.)

Voice from Dark: "Fum! This is no lucky spot—lights!" (Lights come on.)

Walt.: "On with the dance. Ho! Ho! What, what!" (Enter second paragon.)

Second Parag.: "Doubtless, O Waltro, for you the dance would be step't all night—yet out of kindly thought and consideration for your youth and your future in this noble Pile I fear I must cry: Bring on the King Ho—'tis past eleven."

(The King is brought on and they all depart. Lothario and his swain together and Hansia in a state of "splendid isolation.")

Ced. (alone): "What a damsel. Have wasted half the night. Let me to bed." (Exit.)

Act III

(Enter Falstaff and Wilscio, the latter crawling in his cassock on the floor searching in nooks and crannies.)

Fals.: "A flagon of sack Ho!"

Wils.: "I have lost it."

Fals.: "Lost what?"

Wils.: "Or rather it has lost me."

Fals.: "S'blood Brother. Speak not in riddles. A flagon of sack Ho!"

Wils.: "It has profaned the sacred vessels and has been seen within my cloister and I am wrath."

(Exorcises the Devil and excommunicates his pet aversion.)

Fals.: "Fough! Balderdash! Two flagons of sack!"

Wils.: "Blight on him and all his tribe. May all his offsprings be albinos."

(This curse impresses Falstaff.)

Fals.: "Three flagons of sack! Ho! Ho!" (Enter Pistol.)

Pist.: "Good sir . . ."

Wilscio (frantic and delighted): "Eureka—I have it '!:);?1(1½ . . .!!" (Springs upon Pistol whom he suppresses and exits.)

Fals.: "A magnum of champagne. Ho-ho-ho . . ." (Sleeps.)

Act IV—Scene: The Pearly Gates

Enter St. Peter and Beelzebub who sit as judges on a dais. Exit Garcius

Beelz.: "He is mine!"

St. Pete.: "Not so fast brother. I think not. Where is his ticket? Ah! Here, it says 'Poor student.' Nay brother he is mine for he has had his Hell on earth."

(Enter, Waltro)

Beelz.: "Then this is mine."

St. Pete.: "Nay not so fast."

Beelz.: "O come, come, brother! Where is your artistic temperament. Think how he would frizzle—and the incongruity of him with wings! Come, he must be mine!"

St. Pete.: "Granted—take him."

Beelz. (prodding Waltro with his pitchfork and jerking his thumb over his shoulder): "Scram laddy."

Enter, Margarito.

St. Pete (sweetly): "Yours I think, brother?"

Enter Wilcuis (leading Pistol on a string).

Wil.: "Get thee hence Satan."

Beelz.: "Oh Yeah."

(Wils. sprinkles him with holy water.)

Beelz.: "'Nough of that, I bathed this morning."

Wils.: "Squib! You should vapourize under that."

Beelz.: "Fashions is changing kid."

St. Pete (taking Wilscio under one wing): "Mine definitely I think—and yours." (Hands the end of the string fastidiously to Beelz.)

Enter, Hansia and Cedricus together.

Hansia: "Fum."

Ced.: "I'm in love."

Beelzebub and St. Peter both despair and send them back to earth as Cedricus, being still in love at the Pearly Gates was obviously destined to be immortal and Hansia was still too "splendidly isolated."

A noise without. Enter a crowd of Paragons.

St. Peter and Beelzebub (together)

Yours I think, brother."

FINIS.

THE SWOT CLUB

Motto: Swhot-Ho.

The annual meeting of the above club was convened at the beginning of the current term, and after the usual nominations had been accepted and refused and the habitual bickering had been bickered, the following officers were selected at random by the dishon. secretary and we wish them a happy term of office in their negligible duties.

Patron: Gee Gee Blancety.

President: Rose E. Thole.

Secretary: Ruddy W. James.

Treasurer: Wal Wal Whopper

Instructor: Come again Wendt.

Seculary Advisory: Rev. Dumb David.

Co-respondent Sec.: Pockonner.

Mascot: Mag Gotty Mowg.

Official Chauffeur: Toulon C. Edric.

Mess Boy: Vermin H. Minck.

Member: Guiseppi Guessler.

The motion was put forward by the patron (Mr. Gee Gee Blancety) that the club should be developed into a Correspondence Club. It appears that this gentleman had upper in mind the advancement of his own ends with a certain young metropolitan cliner. This motion was seconded by the Co-respondent Sec. (Mr. Pockonner) but was defeated after

strenuous representations for the use of local products put forward by the Honourable Member.

The Instructor (Mr. Come-again Wendt) then put a motion to the chair to the effect that special night classes be held for the edification of those who did not object to using the midnight oil. Personally he said he could swot much better when well oiled.

The Seculary Advisory (the Rev. Dumb David) in a spirited speech explained that though he did not quite understand the motion he considered that late hours were bad and that he thought "the Ruddy old motion should be dashed well rescinded." After the applause had subsided the President (Mr. Rose E. Thole) rebuked the Instructor for having tried to lead the rest of the Club astray and decided that the motion should be put to the vote. There was much spirited argument on this question but it was finally defeated on the grounds that the funds of the club would not permit the buying of sufficient oil.

The Mascot then arose but was put down with a squishy noise before he could speak.

The next speaker was Mr. Wal Wal Whopper. He suggested, howbeit rather timidly, that Miss Curl Minchy be instituted as official Reader of Minutes.

C. R. COLLETT

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Amidst a deathly silence the Hon. Member arose and denounced Mr. W. W. Whopper and scarcely had he resumed his seat when the Official Chauffeur arose and stated that he, for one refused to chauffe Miss Minchy anywhere as he required silence for his chauffeing. This clinched the matter and the motion was rejected by all except the Mascot who was incapable of doing anything.

The Secretary (Mr. Ruddy W. James) then arose and said that he had a serious charge to make against the Honourable Member (Mr. Giuseppe Guessler) namely that was breaking the rules of the Union by swotting in excess of the Regulation five hours per night. The Hon. Member pleaded Guilty but said that extenuating circumstances, namely the Leaving, warranted this action. On due consideration it was decided to uphold this view, though the Instructor (Mr. Come-again Wendt) violently opposed it and advocated a return to the conditions of last term when the nightly period was limited to thirty minutes.

At this stage it was again necessary to suppress the Mascot. This task was admirably executed by the Secular Adversary.

Attention was drawn by the Honourable member to the apparent reluctance of the Official Chauffeur to shave more than twice a month. This offence was regarded as most serious by the Committee and it was unanimously (except for the O.C. and the Mascot who was busy stealing the ink from the inkwells) decided that he should be made to shave at least three times a week.

The Treasurer (Mr. Wal Wal Whopper) then presented his report. He said that the finances of the club were in a very good condition, for, though the Treasury was empty, the Club's credit was still excellent and the debt at the end of the year could be written off as a good thing.

Though only a modicum of the business had been dealt with it was found that the Mascot had absconded with the Club's credit and in the ensuing confusion the meeting broke up and the Mess Boy (Mr. Vermin H. Minck) was left to clean up everything (including the Mascot which was later found drowned in an inkwell).

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"And one who licks his lips for thirst
With fevered eyes shall fear."
(Last lap of the mile.)

"Circlewise they sit with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded."
(Masters at Assembly.)

"Their arms in stiff contortion strained
and bare."
(Drill.)

"A berry red, a guileless look."
(Boris.)

"I'll follow thee a month,"
(Said to Sax in the mile.)

"Souls of Poets dead and gone."
—Keats.
(Then why keep raking up their
bones?)

(Quoth a Junior to a Leaving Student)
"One more unfortunate."
—T. Hood.

"A child's a plaything for an hour."
—M. Lamb.
(What a lovely game the teachers
must have!)

"Where art thou my beloved son?"
—Wordsworth.
(“Swotting, mother dear!”)

"Sweet Highland Girl—"
—Wordsworth.
(A Fifth year student.)

"Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine
eye!
—W. Wordsworth.
(Thought the student as he reported
for being late.)

Heard in IA.)
"Jenny kissed me when we met!"
—Leigh Hunt.

(The student who punctuated styles
wrongly.)
"Swallow my sister; O sister, swallow,
How can thine heart be full?"
—Swinburne.

(The night before the Leaving.)
"All night sleep came not unto my
eyes."
—Swinburne.

(Thoughts of a student endeavouring
to read "Paradise Lost.")
"Milton thou shouldst be living at this
hour."
—Wordsworth.

"He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires."
—Carew.
(Moses.)

"Awake, awake, my lyre" (liar)
(Mowglie.) —Cawley.
"I loved him not!" —W. S. Landor.
(“Rose.”)

"There is delight in singing tho' none
hear."
—Landor.
(Especially to those who don't hear.)

THE DIARY OF A MUG

Well folks, having nothing much to do, I have decided to give you an account of what I do each day. Therefore, you see I won't be able to write much.

Monday: Wow, what a life—and what a headache I've got. Well, I was disturbed from my sleep at the ridiculous hour of 8.15 this morning. Arrived at school at 9.5, and was roared up by the First Master, and told to report after school. Ah—geometry first period. I hadn't brought my geometry book, but I didn't need it as there was a test. I answered one question out of four, and spent the rest of the period thinking what I'd like to do to the blowfly that deposited "Webster" in our room. Next period was English, and another test, but I didn't need to do it as I got chucked out for telling the English Master that the pride of Coriolanus was his false teeth. (There is a certain inmate of F, whose pride must be his false teeth—or perhaps they are just buck teeth—because he certainly loves to display them in such a manner, that it is impossible to miss seeing them—positively annoying. Next period was one of those glorious free periods. Then followed five-minutes of hip-developing, and leg-shaking on the gravel square; (excellent for those curves, girls). Next came my favourite period, French. French is the only period in which I can never manage to get a bit of sleep. For instance, to-day, I was just dozing off, when a shrill female voice penetrated my dreams, and said, "Who hasn't done their homework?" and I said, "Mussolini!" and opened one eye, just in time to have it shut again by a piece of chalk, about the size of a coughdrop, fired straight from the shoulder. We had drawing this afternoon, but my drawing developed measles during the afternoon, so I put it in the incinerator to cool it off. Well, it's ten o'clock and I'm going to lay my lump of lead, on the weeping willow, and plough the deep; so Abyssinia folks—sleep tight.

Tuesday: Boy, was it cold as I crawled out of bed at 8.10? I'd sooner sleep in these cold mornings. Late as usual. Chaucer first period, and I'm blown if I can remember who it was that could, "Spak Frenssr ful faire and fetisly"—a bit better off than I am anyway. We had applied maths. this morning, and I'm still trying to work out, how much cork is required to make a man of specific gravity 2.6, float in salt water of S.G. 1.02, with seven-ninths of his total volume immersed, considering the man before having fallen into the water, to have imbibed five pints of beer, S.G., 1.34 together with sixpenneth of fish and

chips, S.G., .8, and after having fallen in, to have imbibed three bucketsful of muddy salt water, S.G. of mud being 1.7—think I'll ask Norka; he ought to know. We played basketball to-day for sport. I don't see where the basket comes in, but anyhow, we got six in our basket; but the other blokes got seven. Well, bon-swoot everybody.

Wednesday: Am I tired, or am I just tired. Wouldn't you be if you'd had three maths. periods, two French periods, and only on free period in one day. I learnt a lot of French to-day, but I've forgotten it all, now.

Sort of:—

French words—and other words beside,
Are dashing in my brain.
But when the mistress goes outside,
They all dash out again.

Well, as I said before, I'm almost about to collapse, so I'm going to bed. Au revoir.

Thursday:

I didn't go to school to-day, school to-day, school to-day,
I didn't go to school to-day.
'Cause I couldn't wake up this morning.

Yes, it's a fact, and if you ever want to use the little ditty above, just sing it to the tune of "Here we go gathering—," but you've heard that one before. Anyhow, as I just said, I didn't wake up till the early hours of this afternoon, so I decided that it would be much more healthy for me if I stayed home; so I took my own advice for once and stayed home. We had our photos taken this afternoon, but I don't think they'll be a success as a certain Fifth year, wearing outside in teeth, had his mouth open—completely obliterated the charming features of the rest of the eighteen—most annoying. Everybody was hoping hopefully that "Squeaker" would not turn up, and we had ready a substitute for him in the form of a rubber mouse, but as Fate would have it, the slimy thing crawled in at the second-last minute.

Friday: Just beat the first bell by two seconds this morning. I had a free period first, while the others took scripture. I don't need to take scripture. I know too much already. For instance I know that Moses was found in the rose-bushes and he had all his pants torn—by the thorns I suppose. We had algebra second, and then followed another free period. I started off this period by summarizing some poetry, but I sent myself to sleep, reading the "Lotus Eaters." A very beautiful poem that; ver-rey beautiful—so is the "Fish." The "Fish," besides reminding me of Inkster—and

other things—always reminds me of a person somewhat alcoholised, teaching a crayfish to swim in a pool of beer. This would lead one to think that it was written in "rising" rythm, wouldn't it—Hic! Well, I had supervised study after that, and I spent this period trying to sleep off a headache which I had developed during the previous period. By the way, is there such a thing as an Agricultural poem, or a Mixed Farming poem; because there are Pastoral poems—at least, so the Boss says. I managed to get some sleep during Poetry period this afternoon. The weather was rather drowsy and hot, and the master's soothing voice was droning drearily about such things as the "Scholar Gypsy," the "Fish," and the "Lotus Eaters." Then suddenly everything became peaceful, and I dreamed that the Scholar Gypsy, and myself went fishing on the island of the Lotus, and that we were chewing Lotus leaves all day. It was terribly disappointed when I woke up and found that I'd only been chewing the leaves of my poetry book. We had applied maths, again to-day, and I tried all the period to find the answer to that sum about the man and the cork. By the way, have you heard the one about Mae West and the cork? Well its about time you had. Well folks, this is Friday night, and the end of a perfect week. However, I don't think I'll continue this diary any longer, as it makes me sleepy writing it, so I think I'll shut the gate now, and go to bed. Till we meet again, folks—Abysinia, Samoa, tapioca, Hong Kong, so long,

"THE MUG."

DOGGEREL WRITTEN IN A SPIRIT OF RETALIATION AND UNREST

Although we write reams with good intent,
Composing until our energy's spent
And pass our manuscripts in without stint
Adoring to see our work set in print,
Our efforts don't please very often and so,
They're flung back at our necks marked sternly "No."
We suffer all this, though departing we cry
"What we want to know is, By whom and why?"
For clearly displayed on the cover pink
Is artistically scrolled in printer's ink—
"Controlled by the Students."

The magazine, colloquially's "not so bad"
But we could improve it if only we had
The right to make public all of our aims

Without fear of reprisals or damages claims.

A galaxy of new talent would be
Published for all and sundry to see,
A paper to make the "Times" hang its head

A huge publication, universally read,
A creation that all our world would revere

And read with avidity—if really it were
"Controlled by the Students."

But in this sorry condition of things
There are desires, a dull hope that clings,

That some day, how, we can't hope to guess

We'll enjoy complete "Freedom of Press."

We pine and we weep, we long for that day

When we'll see set in lawful array
Our essays, our verse re the gay young sparks

Accepted with "Thank-you," without hard remarks

'Till of which we acknowledge ourselves in receipt

Must persuade ourselves to believe the deceit,

Of Control by the Students.

Despite the fact that we bear in silence
Without hope of reproof save by physical violence,

We don't want you to think we rest contented

With such dressed up illusions however presented

So don't put much faith in the title page
And elders be kind to this day and age.
Ignore the motto shown on the front

And let us be candid, 'though we be blunt

Whatever they tell you, believe us it's rot

For as is gen'rally admitted 'tis not
Controlled by the Students.

GUISEPPI.

[The Editor begs to remind contributors that a "succes de scandale" is a very low aim. Further, minors are not subject to the libel laws of the land and so, are expected to behave with restraint or to suffer the penalties usually imposed upon unruly children. This article, which has been accepted is infinitely superior to the one rejected largely because the emotion expressed is genuine and not ignoble.]

WE WONDER

Why replacing chairs after a school dance seems so very irksome to a certain Fourth year.

What is the correct use of panama hats.
* * * *

Why a certain coach in Perth could not mind his own business.
* * * *

If sherry is a stimulant.
* * * *

Who suggested the paper chase and why.
* * * *

Why beach parties are so popular.
* * * *

If G2 knows the meaning of Mormonism.
* * * *

Who turned a pale green on Guy Fawkes night.
* * * *

If there was a nigger in the wood pile or why has Ashley got black eyebrows.
* * * *

Did Mr. Chapman's bike buck.

YE SYNCOPATED REVELRY

My friend Launcelot Galahad dashed into the room with a look in his eye which meant one of several things.

"What's up," I asked chucking my book entitled "Winkles Wedding" or "Why did he do it" on the floor.

"Up! up!" he ejaculated, "What's up?"

"Wherefore the worried brow, etc.?" said I.

"Oh! Yes," he said, rubbing his sleeve across his face to remove the worried look, "There's a dance on."

"Oh!" I grunted, relieved; my imagination evidently had been speeding.

"Yes," he said, "We're going to a dance. Wonderful fun dancing, don't you think?" As he was about two feet taller than myself I certainly did think. and besides that, I like dancing for the fact that you lose your individuality and go with the crowd. Otherwise you are bumped off the floor.

Consequently after tea I commenced to struggle with ties and collars and finally arrived at the dance early which of course was neither here nor there.

Eventually the dance started but, for the first lap I merely cooled my heels and hearkened unto Keats' "sounds which are heard," but which in my opinion were not so sweet.

In the second lap I entered the fray and danced with a willowy girl in green, perhaps because she was the only one in green and, after walking on her toes for ten or twelve yards, I got my dancing legs and began to realise that "Oompah! Oompah!" is a series of regular wails therefore music. A few rounds and I was intoxicated and more or less in-

sensible or insane (how pleasant to lose one's individuality) and by the end of the second dance I began to enjoy myself and to see humour in very ordinary things such as the joke about Addis Abbaba. A few more dances, and I began to get sentimental and make comments on my partner's eyes which are large and languid and apparently possess liquid depths (I think that writers of novels with limpid eyed heroines also have sometime gazed into the liquid depths, so to speak).

Being now vastly pleased with the world I dashed hither and thither slapping people on the back and laughing loudly. The next dance began and in an endeavour to put some pep into the steps I kicked my partner's ankle and slid ignominiously to the floor to the intense enjoyment of the other dancers. However, I passed the incident off by laughing loudly and trying to kick Launcelot who gambolled past with a vile grin on his imposing features.

The dance gradually became more exciting until, to the profound disgust of all, on comes "the King" and all is ended. But no, not quite for there is at once a wild dash for the door the main reason being to dodge having to replace sundry chairs and tables which are left peacefully enjoying the starlight.

For some reason the outside is either villainously dark or uncomfortably light and I howl loudly at the moon and amble down to the gate where things suddenly brighten a little and I find what I am looking for. I spend a happy hour when suddenly life is cursed by a downpour of rain and I dash for home in a vile state of mind but soon sink into sweet oblivion.

Next morning I awake at about ten to say professionally to Launcelot G., "Not too bad." —G.G.I.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Catgut is used for musical instruments. It is got from the vocal chords of a cat.
* * * *

Vassals are slaves used in mining vaseline.
* * * *

The Gorgons were like women only more horrible.
* * * *

A hill is a field with its back up.
* * * *

Achilles was the boy whose mother dipped him in the river Styx to make him intolerable.
* * * *

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada.

Algebraic symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about.

When the members of an orchestra are in Harmonic Progression it means that their musical efforts are improving.

The definition of the "moment of a couple," according to Loney's "Mechanics and Hydrostatics" is incorrect.

A caterpillar is an upholstered worm.

A pilgrim of the night is a student who swots till midnight.

A SHORT MODERN HISTORY

This book can be divided into two parts—modern, moderne and ultra-moderne history—that is, of course, if the student is conscientious enough.

Starting from the North Pole: This axis of the earth was first discovered by Peary in April 1909. After naming several outstanding landmarks (mostly large tracts of Greenland ice) such as Peary Land, he set out on his return to a loving family which apparently kept him from making himself any more famous in the annals of history.

Next in position comes Greenland, Iceland and other obvious lands of which no more need be said. Russia was first discovered by the Russians some time before the period taken up by this book. Under Peter the Great it went apace and began to take a place in the politics of Europe; though, at first, only a sitting place, it not doing more than occupy the window seat which no doubt was made when Peter left his card.

England dates back as far as the year nil and then some, when Julius Caesar wiped his feet on the chalk cliffs of Dover. From then onwards England was invaded several times till the present race of people rose. Some of these latter are scions of Roman beauties and gay Stone Age men, who, girt with swords and meataxes of stone, roamed the countryside in search of charming princesses who had been locked up in mighty castles by cruel tyrant Normans. These English people may be proud to say when they show to admiring friends some mouldy-looking piece of stone with a hole chipped out of it: "This is the Holy Grail for which my ancestors fought fierce dragons belching forth fire and brimstone. This is the cup from which my uncle (moved several degrees and very far away in the line of ancestors) drank his cup of wine when he took unto himself his third wife in the year so."

Then there is the land of "donner und

blitzen" where Bismark fertilised the countryside with his famous "blood and bone" mixture. Some years ago, this land engaged numerous other lands in a little scuffle over which was put the rather elevating heading "The World War," very likely because some German boats were seen in Japanese and Australian duckponds, so involving these countries. The Australians, however, had their waters reserved for the children's canoes and splashed the Germans till they withdrew.

All bathers in the Mediterranean are familiar with the dainty legs seen there. One in particular, I think everyone knows—the leg of the notable Signor Mussolini. Unfortunately he has only the one leg and, with his army, is hoping to make his presence felt in the domains of the native princes of Abyssinia.

Talking about Abyssinia naturally brings us to the North of Africa, which, in turn, if we follow the coastline, brings us to the Equator, which is the parlour-name for an imaginary line or belt running round the middle of the earth and serving to keep the latter's dignity up. It was first discovered about the time of Columbus, by some ancient mariners who appropriated parts of it to aid them in their fishing exploits.

When in April 1909, Peary discovered the North Pole, people decided that, to keep the earth from flying off the handle, there must be a similar axle in the Antarctic Regions. As a result Shackleton arrived in the South later in the same year. He was, however, unfortunate in the choice of inclement weather. When he arrived at where the pole should have been, he was unable to locate it, owing no doubt to it having been buried in the snow precipitated during the recent snow storms.

Two years later Scott set out on a similar quest. In the beginning of January 1913, he claimed the last hummock towards Journey's End. Imagine his chagrin and disappointment at the scene he saw. To the right a hill, to the left a hill, in front a hill while in the pit formed by all these hills sat Amundsen calmly consuming his morning toast while he ever and anon glanced at his eggs boiling in a small billy-can, over the red embers of the South Pole. So overcome was Scott, that, if the snow had not been so cold, he would have fainted.

Somewhere in the Southern Pacific is the land where Captain Cook made his debut with the Maori ladies. He soon became unpopular, however, because of his sideboards, and was forced to discover the East coast of Australia.

Australia was first discovered by Tas-

man (1644), De Witt (1682), Houtman (1619) and Dirk Hartog in 1616. It was first thought that there was an inland sea in Australia, but, owing to the hot weather, it had dried up before any of the explorers could find it. This land is now flourishing. Where the aborigine ladies once filled their nully bags with yams and witchedy grubs, now flash motor cars and radiograms. Ports are plentiful. From any of these, huge liners go to all parts of the world daily. Embarking on these one has the choice of several different routes. The one which I would prefer is the route through the South Sea Islands, Hawaii and other islands. Then there is the delightful trip across Canada. Arriving at Montreal we are once more at the land where the most sought after position is the rail—the sea. After some days we see the beautiful scenery of Land's End, which latter is incidentally pronounced.

THE END.

(Uniform with this volume: Seed's Modern History. "From the Norman Conquest to the Equator."—A. A. Seed.)

THE PAPER CHASE

There's gonna be a paper chase on Tuesday afternoon
And all the lads are anxious for the fun that's coming soon
Most of them are wondering who the hares are gonna be
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

And now the hares set out upon their long and joyous run
The hounds are yelling wildly, there never was such fun.
The lot of them are on the trail at exactly ten to three
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

With heads right down and ears pricked back they bound across the plain
The hares cannot be far ahead, they follow might and main
The trail is running very hot and the hounds are fresh and free
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

The scent which had been running well came to a sudden end
And all the poor old foolish hounds sped right back to the bend
To start a search for the trail they before had failed to see
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

The hidden trail is snaffled up and off they go again
But lose it very shortly in a shallow Spanish Main
The hounds are yelling viciously when searching every tree
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

Through deep dark swamps and o'er high hills the scent is going fast
The homeward run has long begun, the end's in sight at last
And now along the beach they go, the school they plainly see
Oh isn't there a lot of fun in a "cross-country!"

Now yesterday the hounds were fresh and not a trifle beat
To-day they're yelling painfully and can't stand on their feet
This stiffness is too great—so no more hunts for me!
But WASN'T there a lot of fun in that cross-country!"

CAT-ASTROPHE

It was an eery night.

The sky was as black as pitch, with not so much as the friendly glimmer of a single star; a sticky drizzling of rain was falling; and the wind was howling, and moaning in the tree tops, and around the corners. Every now and then it would break out in a shrill shriek, and fly at the window-panes and doors, vainly endeavouring to get in. Finding this impossible it would go muttering away, only to come flying back ten minutes later with renewed fervour.

I was sitting crouched over the fire, which shed a cheery glow over the whole room. Outside I could hear the gusty moan of the wind, but inside everything was still. The solemn ticking of the clock seemed to fill the house, empty but for myself, with a multitude of sound.

Glancing at the clock, I saw that the hands pointed to 10.30. Even as I looked its mellow chime sounded the half hour. The sound echoed through the house and died away. I shivered, and went on reading, wondering what time my people would be home.

Half an hour ticked by, three-quarters; the clock announcing its pretty chime. The wind tired of its play, had died down as suddenly as it had come, leaving a dead calm behind it.

I heaped some more wood on the fire, and put the kettle over to boil. Very soon the merry song of the boiling water filled the room, accompanied by the jerky hop-bang of the lid, as it danced up and down driven by the steam.

The clock, not to be out done, ticked

away in its stately manner. Tick-tock, tick tock. Hum, hum-m, sang the kettle, Bump-bang! went the lid. Until at last the kettle overcome with the excitement of it all, bubbled over onto the fire, which hissed and sizzled angrily.

The last sizzle was dying away, as I laid my book down with a sigh to remove the offending kettle, which was promising to repeat his performance if not removed shortly.

Everything was quiet, dead quiet. Suddenly the sharp yap of a dog sounded. Then even that ceased, and the silence came flooding back. I remained staring into the fire for several minutes, wondering at the ominous silence.

It was then I felt the presence of a person in the room. Somebody was standing just behind me; I heard a soft foot-fall. A nameless horror possessed me, I gripped the edge of my chair convulsively; all was silent now but I could hear soft breathing—coming nearer, nearer; I broke out in a cold sweat. Who was it? What was it? I was trembling all over; the book I held, slipped from my shaking fingers and fell with a soft thud to the floor.

The noise awakened me. I swung round, and froze with horror, my hair rose straight up on end. I was staring into the wicked eyes of my murderer: for that my last hour had come I was sure. But such eyes. Wicked, evil leering, menacing, slanting and yellow, with all the evil of Creation written in their foul depths.

My heart bounded about in my chest as though 'twere strung on elastic; my eyes started from their sockets; my mouth was parched; I felt as though I was choking, I closed my eyes and with a convulsive gasp, I crumpled in my chair, and awaited the worst.

Presently a soft thud, and something landed on my knee. I quaked with fear. A delighted purring broke out. I opened my eyes, slowly, and—

Confound y-you p-puss!! If ever y-you f-frighten me like that again, I'll have you drowned!!

A SOLDIER AND A SWAG

I met him by a water-hole "out-back," He said he'd lost the way, just missed the track,
And then we yarned and many a tale told he,

But here's the one that saddest seemed to me.

He told of times when that old dust stained swag

Had been a knapsack, and the water bag A rifle filled with lead.

That's when he was a soldier, and the world played wars, he said.

He'd seen the nights when guns roared overhead,
And o'er the sod lay strewn the noble dead.

He thought on that word "noble" for a while,

And then he turned, with that half-bitter smile

Perhaps it was not noble then to die
To please the fool who could not tell you why—

Your blood was being shed,
But tell you it's a noble thing to die,
with nothing said.

For weeks he'd starved in trenches and he'd seen

The bloss'ming grass turn ruby in its sheen.

He could not see tho' why the blood was spilt,

Why swords, unsheathed, were dripping from the hilt

With blood, that once had made some good man live,

And now he's dead with no excuse to give—

Except, he had been told "it's a noble thing to die through another's greed for gold."

Then after bloodshed there came tales of drought

Of sorrow and of hunger, till he'd doubt
If that great God who made him had been wise

To let those fools, he clothed in human guise,

Tell tales of "righteous strife" and "victory"

About a thing too low and vile to be

In our creator's plan

It is not victory, but vice, to kill our fellow man.

I asked if he'd seen news of recent date,
He said he hadn't (guessed his mail was late).

I wondered then, if I should say that while

He talked of things he thought were low and vile,

Mad grasping greed cried out again for blood

Would wound again fair youth, clip off life's bud

O'er cloud its joy, its flower.

Oh fools! I said, we are, and demons in the quest of power.

—MABEL LANGLANDS.

HIQ AT DOMMY

"Really girls; you ought to know,
The limit for your talking.

If you don't cease you'll have to go,
For someone I'll send walking.

You ought to realise, and see,
That having a large class,
Makes it doubly hard for me
To get the girls to pass.'

A moments 'lectric quiet prevails,
Then girls their work resume.
The voices rise—the teacher wails:
"Girls! Silence in this room!"

Once more, by accents of despair,
Our senses we are brought to
By being told we do not care
For any but—IIQ!

—A IIQite.

FOREBODINGS.

The Junior is looming close,
It will be soon upon us
And when it has at length gone by
We'll find we've passed with honours.

Because the swot we're doing now
Though teachers don't believe us
Will serve us well in that dread time
When wishing can't relieve us.

We're only out four nights a week
And read the other three
We find it's quite the usual thing
To have a weekly spree.

So until all the Junior's past
We'll worry till we're slim
And that with climbing up the hill
Will use up all our vim.

DANDELION.

Common, yea so common that men have
named thee weed,
Have seen thee since their child hood in
every country mead,
And yet through all life's summers
have nothing found in thee
That lovely is or worthy of art or
poesy.

But I have romped among thee, and
plucked with infant hand
Thy young buds in the spring time from
out the luke-warm sand
And wove thee into girdles and chap-
lets for my head
And wore thee till thou perished, then
mourned to find thee dead.

And now I walk among thee with feet
of firmer mould,
Yet can I call thee common, or can my
heart be cold?
When visions come to haunt me of
babies at their play,
And rise again the phantoms of buried
yesterday.

To me thou art a treasure, that tells of
bygone spring
When life was one sweet anthem for
childish lips to sing
And all thy so-called plainness is
changed by memory
Into a portrait blameless of what thou
wert to me.

—MABEL LANGLANDS.

THE SONG OF THE SWAG.

Along the Great Australian Bight,
By miles of treeless plain
We see his camp fire burn at night,
And sitting in its lonely light
He sings his solitary strain—

"From Good Cape York to George's
Sound,
From Broome down to the Bight
From eastern shore to western bound
Where ever white man's foot finds
ground
A swagman's song shall pierce the night
And a white man's swag is found."

He's slept beside the Roper's bank,
He's wandered by the Swan
From countless streams in thirst he's
drank,
And 'neath their mire in mis'ry sank,
But tramping 'still he plods along—

From good Cape York, etc.

In weeks of drought when streams are
dead,
And creeks are parched and dry,
With nought but desert waste ahead
On blist'ring sands we see his tread
And know he still is trudging by—

From good Cape York, etc.

In winter floods when rivers rise
To torrents in their swell
He's waded on 'neath spitting skies z
And wonders, if, when last he dies
By lone camp camp fire he'll still sing
well.

"From Good Cape York to George's
Sound,
From Broome down to the Bight
From eastern shore to western bound
Where ever white man's foot finds
ground
A swagman's song shall pierce the night
And a white man's swag is found."

—MABEL LANGLANDS.

VERSES TO A ROSE

Oh fain would I my feeble pen
 More able were to mould thee true,
 Thy velvet richness, fragrant grace,
 The carmine glory of thy hue.

As ev'ning merges into night
 And dawning into morn will fade
 So blends thy colour and thy light
 Like kingly patterns all arrayed.

The softness of each petal's fold
 The sweetness of each dew-tipped
 shade

Is richer far than purest gold
 Like jewel-decked garments of a maid.

I have a hope within my heart,
 A hope, perchance, too high for me,
 That I may hold a little part,
 Of that rare beauty found in thee.
 —MABEL LANGLANDS.

ODD JOBS.

Odd jobs, old jobs,
 Big jobs, bold jobs,
 Queer jobs and quaint jobs,
 And things that almost ain't jobs,
 There's nothing that "us odd jobs men"
 can't do.

Harvesting and shearing to careful en-
 gineering
 Just to earn a crust or two.
 When they've given us the sack
 And we lump our swags "out back,"
 'Cause we're told there's nothing else
 for us to do.

We throw our dice 'gainst fate
 And our hunger turns to hate
 And the world's a weary place that is
 mighty void of grace
 To him who's starvin' for his crust or
 two.

And does odd jobs, old jobs,
 Big jobs, bold jobs
 Queer jobs and quaint jobs
 To things that almost ain't jobs
 From harvesting and shearing
 To careful engineering
 There's nothing that "us odd jobs
 men" can't do.

ODE TO LIFE.

Strange indeed thou art!
 A thing but moulded out of dust,
 And yet with power to play man's little
 part,
 And then return from whence thou
 camest,
 As needs thou must.

In the soil of time
 Rare flowers bloom, but do not last,
 And that which yesterday did bloom
 sublime,
 Bids life adieu, returneth home,
 And it is past.

Yet how frail art thou,
 Who quickly comes, but fades away
 As some fair scented rose, who blooming
 now,
 Will droop upon its leaves and die,
 Ere ends the day!

Is this all, O life?
 Is but to die man's destiny?
 Nay! he who sees can pierce beyond
 this strife,
 And as he looks beholdeth there—
 Eternity.

—MABEL LANGLANDS.

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