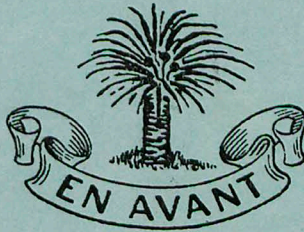


BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL

THE  
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XIV.

No. 1.

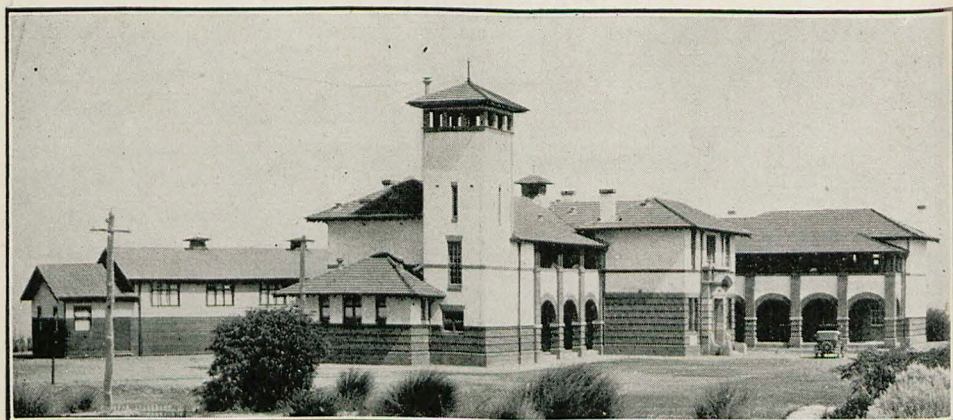
AUGUST, 1936.



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## THE KINGIA

Vol. XIV. No. 1.

BUNBURY, AUGUST, 1936.

Price 1s. 6d.

### THE EDITORIAL

For many of us the closing of this year will mean good-bye to some of the happiest hours of our youth. Old Father Time will write "finis" with a heavy hand across our school days.

Our sagacious elders tell us that our school days are the happiest. We have yet to find that out, but there are few students who, though they might not be prepared to admit it, will not feel some pangs of regret when the time comes to leave the old school.

In future years we will remember all our school songs, our rags, sports, work and play, and perhaps we will even spare a benevolent thought for the teachers, and being good Christians forgive their unseemly behaviour towards us poor innocents.

As far as we can see it has been the habit of preceding editors to take this opportunity to chide the erring scholars about the scarcity of articles. We, however will, like the martyrs of old, suffer in silence. However, experience teaches us all that, while criticism is easy, creation is not, and therefore all those who feel at all inclined to criticise this magazine and its contents, stop for a moment and recollect whether they did their fair share towards it, and then talk.

At the end of the term we will all blossom out for one night into strange characters, notorious and otherwise. Fancy dress balls are great fun, and

so far the students seem very enthusiastic.

A number of the students are looking eagerly forward to the forthcoming trip to Perth. Here's hoping they meet with success.—The editors,

M. SEYMOUR.  
E. WHITE.

### SCHOOL NOTES

July, 1936. Two whole terms have almost slipped away but during these eventful terms many notable happenings have taken place.

Our first duty is to welcome to B.H.S. Mr. Victor Moore who we hope is quite happy in his new situation and we assure him of our best wishes and earnest co-operation in study.

We also wish to congratulate Mr. Stanbury on the birth of a son and heir to whom we send our best wishes.

During the year we have been honoured by visits from several notable people to whom we gave a hearty reception and who were kind enough to give us a short address. Early in the year Sir James Mitchell, the Lieutenant-Governor, paid his annual visit to the School, and a little later Colonel Sleeman, who opened the local branch of the St. John's Ambulance, visited the School. While on his tour of W.A. His Excellency Lord Gowrie, the Governor-General of Australia, accompanied by the Earl of Ranfurly, visited the School and for his stirring address to the students we feel greatly indebted to him,

Of late years the school staff appears to have been smitten with the craze for taking long leave. During 1935 Mr. Russel Fowler, the present acting headmaster, took his long leave in the form of a trip to Japan. At the time of going to press Mr. Irvine whose place has been so ably filled by Mr. Russel Fowler is on his way back from a trip to the Eastern States, while Mr. Robertson, the school caretaker, is spending his six months' long leave in his native land. Who will be the next? We wonder.

During the preceding terms there has been formed in the school a Camera Club, a Modern History Society and a Badminton Club. We wish these clubs the best of success and would like to remark: "Keep it up, School, we'll have an Aero Club yet."

—M. R. SEYMOUR,  
School Captain.

### PREFECTS' NOTES

Owing to the limit put upon the number of dances per term by the staff this year, the prefects have not run so many as did our predecessors of 1935. I will say, however, that those which have been held so far are superior to those of last year.

We now take the opportunity of thanking Thomsons Ltd. for installing an amplifier at the last dance. This instrument proved a remarkable success and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Gibbons for his kindness.

The annual prefects dance was held on July 9 in the school hall. The evening proved a remarkable success both socially and financially and we wish to thank the Parents and Citizens' Association for the assistance rendered us in the arrangement of supper.

Of late the prefects have been very busy confiscating catapults from the lower school who contracted the elastic craze and had a nasty habit of shooting paper pellets at unwary people. Happily the craze has now almost disappeared and the hard worked preservers of order are again able to relax.

We take the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Stanbury upon the birth of a son.

One of the most successful evenings that we have had this year is the prefects' tea. The girls should be congratulated for the excellent repast which they provided though we suggest that next time they whip the cream before

bringing it to tea. The tea was a memorable occasion for one of the prefects especially and it must be a very comforting thought to him that we intend to repeat this event before the end of the year.

Adieu, kind friends, adieu.—We are,  
—THE PREFECTS.

### EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION Perth Branch

#### Officers:

Patron: Mr. Irvine.

Vice-patron: Mr. Sherlock.

President: Mr. John Shurmann.

Vice-presidents: Mr. Jack Vague, Mr. Harry Giese.

Secretary-treasurer: Miss Jean Goland.

Assistant Secretary: Miss Ruth Jay.

Assistant Treasurer: Mr. Bob Dalby.

Committee: Gent's, Mr. L. Shaw, Mr.

J. Lake, Mr. C. White; Ladies', Miss Ida Backer, Miss Gladys Walker.

Since our last appearance on paper in this magazine we are able to report many happy gatherings of Ex-students in the metropolitan area.

The branch is still very active, and has held several cabaret dances, bus picnics to the hills and beach, not forgetting a very enjoyable bridge evening some few weeks ago.

It has been, for a long time, the ambition of the branch up here, in conjunction with the Bunbury Ex-students to hold a re-union of Ex-students in Bunbury and arrangements are now being made by both parties to hold this event towards the end of November. It should be a great success.

Our 8th annual dance will take place this year at the Stirling Institute, Perth, on Wednesday August 26. The date has been arranged so as to coincide with the visit to Perth of the Schol sports' teams, and we take this opportunity to advertise the fact that all students are issued a cordial invitation to be present.

In conclusion we wish the students of the school every success in the Leaving and Junior examinations and the inter-school sports which will be taking place next month.

#### Personal Pars

John Shurmann has now joined the bands of the married men.

A long trip has been taken by Reg "Stump" Stephens and his wife (Jean Muir that was) to New Guinea, where

he has taken a position with his brother, Captain Stephens, who is in the aviation world there. We wish them the best of luck in their new abode.

Among the engaged parties are Miss Joan Pailthorpe to Mr. M. ? ? ?, of Guildford.

Rex Prider will, so it is believed, leave shortly for England, where he will enlarge his knowledge of science.

Among those attending the University at present are:—Leila Hansen, L. Mc-

Cornack, C. White, E. Siggs, B. Price, R. Schlam, G. Inkster, R. Cook, R. Hit-chens, A. Hicks, H. Giese, A. Fisher, N. O'Connor, H. Pearce.

Banking staffs have as supporters, C. Kilian, Kent Hughes, R. Young, G. Davis, J. Shurmann, H. Smith, R. Fullerton, Lyall Hawter, P. Chant, G. Taylor, W. Williams, L. Hands.

Nursing staffs: Miss Ida Becker, M. Eyres, O. Goland, R. Knight, H. Appleton, D. Steere, G. Larkin.

## FACTION NOTES

### GOLD—BOYS

This year we have done far better than anyone expected of us. Firstly, our swimmers emerged victorious from the carnival on March 18 and we wish to congratulate Dick Teede on his fine performance on being Senior Champion. Our congratulations are further extended to Stanley Barboutis who swam his way to Junior Champion and Senior Runner-up.

In the cricket Gold did well to finish at the top, but we were narrowly defeated by Blue in the grand final after we had shown our superiority by trouncing them in the semi-final. Blue also just managed to defeat us in the tennis final. We boast the School Tennis Champion in our faction—congratulations, Keith.

With the winter sport in full swing we are running fairly well with the other factions as regards points and we hope to go very close to winning the football pennant. Play up Gold!

We regret the loss of Dick Teede who shone so well at swimming and who played a fair share in cricket and football. However, we still possess strength to win the football and we call on all our members to do their best. By the next time of reporting for the "Kingia" we hope to have established a good position in the Boys' Faction Competition.

Faction Captain, H. A. Hugall; Cricket Captain, H. A. Hugall; Tennis Captain, K. Holten; Football Captain, H. A. Hugall; Swimming Captain, R. Teede; Athletics Captain, H. A. Hugall.

### GOLD FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Faction Captain, D. Sturm; Vice-captain, D. Malden; Hockey Captain, M. Scott; Tennis Captain, A. Turner;

Basket Ball Captain, C. Clarke; Baseball Captain, E. Short; Swimming Captain, D. Malden; Athletics Captain, D. Sturm.

At present our faction is still occupying its unenviable position at the bottom of the list but we are doing our level best to better it.

Congratulations to the hockey and baseball teams for having at last succeeded in winning a match.

We have had exceedingly bad luck this year in losing several of our junior athletes but our hopes have been raised since the lower school has shown great enthusiasm on sports' day. Keep it up Golds!

As far as tennis and basket ball are concerned we have not done badly having only been beaten by Kingia and Red.

### BLUE FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

At the faction meeting held on February 14, 1936, the following officers were elected:—Faction Captain, M. Stagbouer; Vice-captain, D. White; Tennis Captain, A. Brett; Hockey Captain, M. Stagbouer; Baseball Captain, M. Stagbouer; Basket Ball Captain, E. Mack; Swimming Captain, D. Tatham; Athletics Captain, D. White.

Even if we do not do well this year we at least started well by gaining the most points at the swimming carnival. We congratulate Cynthia Hands, Champion Girl Swimmer, and Winnie Connolly runner-up; we are proud to say they are both Blues. A great number of our points was due to the capable way in which Dot Tatham captained her team. We also congratulate D. Teede (Gold) and S. Barboutis (Blue) who were Senior and Junior Champs, respectively.

The tennis finals are yet to be played, but our chances for the pennant are few,

as we have lost our captain, Amy Brett.

Our hockey and baseball teams have only been defeated once and we hope that by practicing we shall be able to keep up this standard and maybe—improve.

I am afraid the basket ball team is not quite what it should be, and is not bringing in the points for Blue, which we expect it to do.

The athletics team has not yet been beaten and I can assure you we want to see the Blue flag come home first every time.

I must conclude by asking all the teams to practice as much as possible, and bring the points and pennants to the most deserving faction—Blue.

#### BLUE—BOYS

This is us, The Faction, at least such is the case in 1936. After our disappointment last year at losing the cricket pennant to Kingia we are very pleased to say that this year there was nothing that could prevent us from carrying off the honours in this branch of sport. In the swimming carnival Blue again proved invincible thanks to the efforts of

Stanley Barboutis whom we congratulate on swimming his way to Junior Champ. and runner-up to Senior Champ.

The football and hockey pennants are yet to be won and for the former we anticipate a very hard battle, but the latter we should win fairly easily.

The athletics competition this year should be very closely contested by all factions and I will here take the opportunity of urging the Blue-ites to train with a will. If this is done we may hope to have some measure of success.

Keep it up Blue and we will again carry off the faction shield.

Faction Captain, M. Seymour; Faction Vice-captain, S. Green; Cricket Captain, M. Seymour; Tennis Captain, P. Hands; Football Captain, M. Seymour; Athletics Captain, S. Green; Swimming Captain, S. Barboutis.

#### RED FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

Although more fortunate this year than last in the number of upper school members in our ranks, we are not as strong as we should like to be. The lower school show very good promise, and are to be congratulated on the way

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they have upheld us in the basket ball.

We reaped more points than had been expected at the Swimming Carnival this year, although we were by no means brilliant. Taking things all round it does not appear as though Red Faction takes kindly to the water. Here again our prestige was preserved by our lower school members.

Our hockey so far, leaves much to be desired, but we are not giving up the ghost. One thing, our "kids" are all triers, which is something. So far our biggest success has been a draw with Gold, and we are looking forward to a lusty fight next time we meet.

We hope to obtain some measure of success in the weekly relays which have commenced again, and in all events will have a jolly good try to win.

So here's to a rosy red future.

The following are the captain's of the various branches of sport:—Faction, J. Payne; Baseball, M. McEvoy; Hockey, J. Payne; Basket Ball, ? ? ? ?; Athletics, J. Payne; Swimming, E. White; Tennis J. Payne; Vice-captain, E. White.

### RED—BOYS

Red boys have not done as well in sport this year as might be expected. We reached the finals of the cricket but were unfortunately defeated by Blue who succeeded in winning the pennant. Congratulations, Blue!

Red did very badly in the swimming carnival. Our congratulations go to Gold who gained the most points. Also we congratulate Teede and Barboutis who were Senior and Junior Champions respectively.

The football has not gone very well for us so far but we hope to improve by the time the finals are started. Buck up Red, and don't forget to train for the athletics in October.

At the beginning of the year the following officers were elected:—K. Withers Faction Captain and Cricket Captain; J. Prichard, Tennis, Athletics and Swimming Captain; I. Robertson, Football Captain.

### KINGIA FACTION NOTES—GIRLS

A meeting was held at the beginning of the year for the purpose of electing captains for the various branches of sport. The elections were as follows:—Faction Captain, J. Ingleton; Vice-captain, T. Phillips; Hockey Captain, P. Medlen; Baseball Captain, C. Green; Basket Ball Captain, B. Stockdill; Tennis

Captain, T. Phillips; Swimming Captain, C. Green; Athletics Captain, J. Ingleton.

The report of our swimming activities is anything but brilliant, so we will slip that chapter and pass on to better things. We wish to congratulate C. Hands for gaining the Girls Swimming Championship.

The tennis team succeeded in defeating all their opponents but unluckily the finals were not played. The new girls are shaping well, but most of them could give greater attention to the art of catching and throwing the ball during baseball matches. This also applies to other members of the faction. The basket ball team could do with a little more practise but we are hoping to see an improvement before the close of the season. Hockey has so far been successful and although we rank only third on the list in the matter of faction points we are hoping to add to our score before the year ends. So buck up Kingia and don't let them beat you!

### KINGIA FACTION NOTES—BOYS

This faction, as can be seen by looking at any one of the members, has not met with the success which it merits.

Reviewing the results of the sport this year, from Kingia's point of view, we realise that we are not as far on the road towards the Faction Shield as we desire.

In cricket we only won one match and although that fact can be put down to our constantly disfavoured suit to the proverbial coin yet we were a little disappointed at the little reward which our determined efforts provoked.

Before we proceed further let us congratulate Blue on their successes this year. Blue, consider yourselves congratulated.

Now to return to our own case.

Our fortunes in the tennis field were no better than in cricket but with our weakened team this season, nothing more could have been expected.

Anyhow we did beat Red which was a taste of victory. A Bitter Sweet Victory though. The swimming carnival for Kingia was a disaster. There are not many famous swimmers in Kingia but they did what they could and bravely breasted the foamy wastes of sea 'twixt one end of the baths and the other.

We heartily thank them for their efforts.

Then came the football season which opened with Kingia hopeful and jubilant.

Unfortunately we were severely beaten by Blue and Gold and, although we



managed to dump Red in a match which will go down in history as a farce, our ardour somewhat abated.

Then, it was decided to restart combined faction sport and this seems likely to improve Kingia's fortunes a little. We therefore are not despairing of acquitting ourselves quite creditably in the future. There is yet next season and the athletics meeting to be contested and we hope to be able to approach the Athletics Pennant. So here's to hoping that our desires are granted.

All Kingia members therefore are earnestly requested to get into training ready for sports day next term.

Kingia has not been accustomed to take, this year, much interest in the social life of the school and here, again, are asked to buck up and help make the social life, as well as the sporting life of this faction a success.

Kingia-ites are also desired to pay a little attention to their school work so as to uphold the dignity of Kingia in that respect too.

Surely to uphold the faction is the desire of every Kingia boy. Those, new to the faction, must bear this in mind for they will in years to come be the ruling

members of this great fellowship.

Kingia is a faction with a history. Cast your minds back to the time when Australia first rose above the ocean.

Scientists say that shortly after its birth, on Australia grew the Kingia. What a history!

Since then the Kingia has developed and now it has changed into lively human beings. In other words those boys and girls who belong to Kingia faction.

Kingia is indeed a fitting name both for the school badge and this honoured faction. Therefore O Kingia-ites remember your ancestry, and even if you cannot show particular talent in any definite line, we can by all round performance demonstrate to other factions how a generous, discreet and humane faction may behave itself under difficulties almost insurmountable.

So although Kingia has not yet won laurels for herself and for that reason slightly envies those that have, her turn will come if her members only do their best or worst as the case may be. So with "Here's to Ourselves" as our toast. Let us drink to the one and only faction of value in the school—Kingia.

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### BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL HOSPITAL FUND

The depression is lifting, football and hockey have started, so bring along your pound notes and join the Hospital Fund. This year the Hospital Fund has twenty-five new members and has collected over £10. By joining the fund a student may receive free treatment at the Government Hospital. For such benefits the charges are modest—one shilling to join and thereafter three-pence per week. It is a good idea to pay well in advance so be wise and join the Hospital Fund as soon as possible.

### CRITIQUE OF GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

A. BRETT (captain): Has captained the team very satisfactorily. Has a very fast serve and a good range of strokes but is inclined to foot-fault and finds difficulty in net play.

P. GRAHAM: A newcomer to the School who has met with well-deserved success. Plays a steady consistent game. Winner of School Championship.

M. STAGBOUER: Possesses a strong forehand drive. Places well.

T. PHILLIPS: Plays rather an erratic game. Has a strong drive and serve but should try to improve her backhand strokes.

A. TURNER: Has not reached her usual form this year. Plays a steady game.

C. HANDS: Has improved considerably this season but would do better if she took the game more seriously.

### STAMP CLUB NOTES

The Stamp Club has not progressed as well as it might have done, but those who are members are very keen. We have had several competitions. The first was won by T. Joel, another by A. Turner, and a third by P. Gallagher. This last competition proved to be very interesting, the subject being Australian Commonwealth commemorative stamps.

Only one new stamp has been issued this year—that which commemorates the opening of the cable between Victoria and Tasmania.

Next term the competitions will be made more interesting in order to prepare for the forthcoming exhibition.

—A. H. TURNER.  
Hon. Secretary.

# SPORTS NOTES

### BOYS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

50 Yards Open Championship.—R. Teede, 1; S. Barboutis, 2; B. Davie, 3. Time, 29 4-5 secs.

100 Yards Open Championship.—R. Teede, 1; S. Barboutis, 2; L. Webster, 3. Time, 69 2-5 secs.

200 Yards Open Championship.—R. Teede, 1; L. Webster, 2; B. Davie, 3. Time, 2 mins. 39 1-5 secs.

50 Yards Open Backstroke Championship.—R. Teede, 1; M. Wilson, 2; L. Webster, 3. Time, 41 4-5 secs.

50 Yards Open Breaststroke Championship.—S. Barboutis, 1; R. Teede, 2; B. Davie, 3. Time, 41 2-5 secs.

Open Neat Dive.—R. Teede, 1; P. Hands, 2; A. Vaughan, 3.

50 Yards Open Handicap.—M. Wilson, 1; J. Forrest, 2; L. Webster, 3.

100 Yards Open Handicap.—K. Bradshaw, 1; B. Dolley, 2.

50 Yards Open Breaststroke Handicap.—J. Lewin, 1; R. Teede, 2; K. Bradshaw, 3.

Senior Relay Teams.—Gold, 1; Blue,

2; Kingia, 3. Time, 2 mins. 16 secs.  
Junior Relay Teams.—Gold, 1; Blue,  
2; Red, 3.

School v. Ex-students.—Ex-students,  
1.

Ex-students Handicap.—Franklyn, 1;  
K. Teede, 2.

50 Yards Freestyle Championship.—S.  
Barboutis, 1; D. Johnson, 2; A. Vaughan,  
3. Time, 31 4-5 secs.

100 Yards Freestyle Championship.—  
Vaughan, 1; Johnson, 2; S. Barboutis, 3.  
Time, 74 1-5 secs.

300 Yards Freestyle Championship.—  
S. Barboutis, 1; A. Vaughan, 2; D. John-  
son, 3. Time, 2 mins. 54 secs.

50 Yards Backstroke Championship.—  
J. Lewin, 1; S. Barboutis, 2; A. Vaughan,  
3. Time, 41 2-5 secs.

50 Yards Breaststroke Championship.  
—S. Barboutis, 1; A. Vaughan, 2; J.  
Brown, 3. Time, 42 secs.

Neat Dive.—S. Barboutis, 1; P. Hands,  
2; J. Lewin, 3.

50 Yards First Year Championship.—  
J. Brown, 1; A. Freeman, 2; E. Eccle-  
stone, 3. Time, 38 3-5 secs.

50 Yards First Year Handicap.—J.  
Brown, 1; Ecclestone, 2; Nicholls, 3.

50 Yards Second Year Handicap.—  
Gates, 1; Fox, 2; Dolley, 3.

50 Yards Third Year Handicap.—R.  
Jennings, 1; Birmingham, 2; A. Vaughan  
3.

### CRITIQUE OF THE BOYS' HOCKEY

**WITHERS** (right inner): Has shown his remarkable ability as a forward on several occasions. He combines well with the other forwards and is in the thickest of the fray whenever the opportunity presents itself. He plays a very open game and seldom gives a free hit to the opponents.

**BROWN** (goals): Plays a consistently good game. He shows very good judg-

ment in stopping and clearing. He has a very hard hit which he uses to full advantage and also possesses a well-judged clearing kick. He has played in goals for Bunbury on several occasions and has always proved he is worthy of the position.

**SEYMOUR** (centre half back): Tackles very well. He has a good turn of speed and does not often come out of a

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scrimmage without the ball. He covers his man well but occasionally lacks anticipation.

McGHIE (left inner): In his new position shows promising form as a forward. He has good control over the ball but at present he does not combine very well. A few more games will overcome this defect.

BARRETT (left full back): Is a very solid player who is seldom beaten. He tackles well and effectively but should clear the ball quicker. When taking a free hit he should concentrate more on not giving sticks.

HUGALL (right full back): Is rather erratic with his stick work on account of being left handed but he has an excellent reverse hit which he uses to good effect at critical moments. He combines well with the goalie.

GREEN (right half back): Has improved greatly since his first match. He shows considerable dash when tackling and even when beaten he keeps trying which is a valuable asset to a back. He should hit harder when leading to the forwards.

WEBSTER (right outer): Is fairly speedy when in possession of the ball. He is inclined to keep the ball too long without combining with his other forwards but despite this he has shot several good goals.

PRICHARD (left outer): Is a good trier and is worthy of his position. He combines well with the other forwards but frequently overhits when nearing the goal circle.

JOHNSON (left half back): Plays a good game in his new position which is the hardest one to play on the field. He tackles in good style but frequently obstructs.

TEEDE (centre): As captain plays a very unselfish game. His stick work is good and he has a very good scoring hit. He has the best goal average. He combines well with the other forwards and makes the best of all opportunities. He has played for the Bunbury hockey team on several occasions.

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

March 18, 1936, much to our surprise, was a fine day which added greatly to the success of our Annual Swimming Carnival.

Girls' Events

We take this opportunity of congratulating Cynthia Hands and W. Connolly who were Girl Champion and runner-up respectively. The faction points were as follows:

Blue . . . . .	74
Red . . . . .	41
Gold . . . . .	28
Kingia . . . . .	3

The individual points being:—

C. Hands (B) . . . . .	20
W. Connolly (B) . . . . .	13
D. Tatham (B) . . . . .	17

Result of Events

100 Yards School Championship.—C. Hands, 1; B. Turnbull, 2; Y. Wilson, 3.  
50 Yards School Championship.—W. Connolly, 1; C. Hands, 2; C. Clarke, 3.  
Record time, 37 4-5 secs.

BOULTER'S

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MEN'S WEAR

50 Yards Breaststroke Championship.—D. Tatham, 1; C. Hands, 2; W. Connolly, 3. Record time, 44 secs.

30 Yards Breaststroke Championship.—R. Minchin, 1; M. Piggott, 2; A. Dodson, 3.

30 Yards Championship.—P. King, 1; L. Smith, 2; P. Symes, 3.

50 Yards First Year Championship.—C. Clarke, 1; Y. Wilson, 2; D. White, 3. Record time, 41 secs.

50 Yards Second Year Championship.—M. Piggott, 1; B. Turnbull, 2; B. Prichard, 3.

50 Yards Third Year Championship.—W. Connolly, 1; C. Hands, 2; B. Tatham, 3. Record time, 35 4-5 secs.

50 Yards Upper School Championship.—D. Malden, 1; E. White, 2; J. Wood, 3.

50 Yards Backstroke Championship.—D. Tatham, 1; W. Connolly, 2; C. Hands, 3.

Life Saving Race.—D. Tatham and J. Powell, 1; W. Connolly and R. Anderson, 2; C. Hands and R. Minchin, 3.

Lower School Neat Dive.—B. Prichard 1; C. Clarke, 2; Y. Wilson and D. Linscer, 3.

Upper School Neat Dive.—B. Turnbull, 1; D. Malden, 2; C. Hands, 3.

50 Yards Lower School Handicap.—V. Levy, 1; D. White, 2; Y. Wilson, 3.

Relay Race.—Blue, 1; Red, 2; Gold, 3.

Cork Race.—R. Minchin, 1; D. Tatham 2; Y. Wilson, 3.

Cork and Spoon Race.—Y. Wilson, 1; R. Anderson, 2; J. Wood, 3

rivals. The second round was not completed before the weather broke, but Kingia were undefeated as far as they had gone. The school tennis team played several matches, viz., against Rathmines, Burekup and the Staff—in the latter, particularly, they proved too strong for their opponents.

During the winter months it is not possible to include every girl in a faction match every week, but the captains try to see that everyone has a turn and a game is always arranged for those left out.

In hockey, Kingia again has the strongest team, though Blue, their most formidable opponents, have improved greatly with practice. The other two teams consist largely of beginners, but are improving with experience.

In baseball also, Kingia and Blue are the strongest, but in basket ball the Red girls are having things largely their own way. It is far too early, of course, to prophesy the destination of any of the pennants, as much may happen before the end of the season.

The practice of holding faction relay races has been revived and is creating a good deal of interest. Other races are also run on Thursdays and Fridays and this should improve the athletics of the girls.

The School hockey team has had a fairly successful season, having beaten all their opponents except Dardanup who have so far proved too strong. Perhaps it is just as well to have this stronger team in the association, as it provides splendid practice.

Just at present, the visit to Perth for the Interstate Secondary Schools' Sports Carnival is the thought uppermost in the minds of many students. We all hope that the hockey team and the runners will be victorious, but we are sure that, whatever happens, they will show themselves as good sports and worthily uphold the name of the school they represent.

In the competition for the Faction Cup, Blue has a substantial lead, but is not too far ahead to be caught. The contest between the other three factions is very close. Faction points at the time of writing are:—

Blue, 196½; Red, 139½; Gold, 128½. Kingia, 119½.

## GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

Owing to the increased number of girls in the School, the factions are numerically stronger this year, and this should make for keener competition, as there is a greater choice for the teams.

The Swimming Carnival in February was a great success, four records being broken. Blue faction ran out easily first, thanks largely to the work of their three Champions, Cynthia Hands, Winnie Connolly and Dorothy Tatham, who scored 20, 18 and 17 points respectively. Congratulations to Cynthia and the two who followed so closely!

At tennis, Kingia girls proved the strongest, Gold being their only real

# FORM NOTES



ID.

Form ID is in an uproar. First bell has rung and the first year girls are pouring into the classroom.

Somebody starts whistling the "Isle of Capri"; another makes a poor attempt at yodelling; four or five begin chanting, "Au Clair de la Lune" or "Excelsior"; and one over-excited student jumps on a desk and shouts, "Kingia! Kingia for ever!" A roar of protest is raised, "No Red!" from that faction, and from the Blues, "Blue for ever; the best faction going!"

There's Skeeter nobly defending Gold, but is finally obliged to take refuge behind the sheltering skirts of some taller girl.

Sammy heroically roars, "On Kingia! On!" and then scornfully "Anyway we beat you poor Blues at basket ball last Thursday!" until all these sounds grow and multiply into an ever-increasing roar.

The poor prefect is well nigh distracted by then. Her eyes are flashing, her face an angry crimson, her voice hoarse and dry. Wildly she gazes at the door, expecting the teacher to stalk in at any moment.

Suddenly, a dead silence falls over the room, for it is our French mistress who has seated herself at the table. There is nothing else for it but to be quiet, and silence reigns once more over ID.

En classe:

If you wish to learn good manners come to ID. when a prefect is about.

We are getting on well in class, but there are some questions that are puzzling us:

1. Why does Laurel pose as Shirley Temple?
2. Will Chinamen come after our "Rice"?
3. Why does Shiela Toe-the-Bridge? Mickey has determined to swot this term but—

Francais I is always swotting French. Ninnie was asked how to pronounce P'hiver. "Liver!" she cried without thinking. When she laughs Mickey is sent from the room by a Freezing Person.

Skeeter has taken to biting in French periods. We have a fly-catcher in our room who "Roles" the poor unfortunates round her tongue.

A lot of fun has been lost in our class, now that one of the "Giggling Gerties" has left. We have a mozzie who stings in class and loses herself in the dust which rises from the gym. mattresses.

Norm And-er-son took her dolly for a walk.

Boo! Hoo! but we're still alive and living.

Cheerio,

ID.

IIB.

As the second term has started and a "Kingia" is to be published, we students of IIB. feel it is our duty to contribute an article containing a summary of the feats performed by the most brilliant fern in the school.

At the Swimming Carnival we were well represented by White, Chamberlain and Lewin. We offer our congratulations to Cynthia Hands, Champion Girl, Dick Teede, Senior Champion, and Stan Barboutis, Junior Champion. By the way, many of us never realised how positively dangerous swimming in the baths may be, until we saw the demonstration of life saving given by the B.H.S. Life Saving Club.

We also welcome five new arrivals to our class; and it is with regret that we wish Robby a long and happy holiday. Also we bid farewell to "Pooee" who has left school.

In sport we met with fair success. Although we lost to IA. at cricket we inflicted a crushing defeat on them at football.

From then on school was rather dull; however a lusty exhibition of the arts of boxing by "Grabber" and "Wilf" entertained us a little. The said exhibition was the result of a "Scots" feud.

White's leg muscles have developed greatly recently and we understand he is rapidly becoming a champion "walker."

Major has been converted from a gramophone to a wireless with an "ever ready" battery. He is famed for his broadcasting of romantic tales of the night before.

Bradshaw, Dolley and Co., fervently wish that the Road Board would repair the North Boyanup Road as we are given to understand, that it is in a very bad state of repair.

"Megs" it is rumoured will have to pay a special tax, to provide for the upkeep of the road out to the Hostel. However we think that Major too, should share the tax.

Every class has its knitwits and IIB. has its in Fox and Gates. Bird and White also excelling themselves in French and Geography periods.

Bon nuit,

IIB.

IIC.

All day long the noise of voices rolls. Among the sandhills by the winter seas. (With apologies to Tennyson).

The cold weather has set in again but all the rain in the world could not dampen our high spirits.

We consider ourselves dignified second years and we hope we fill the roll? (Although we still hold our reputation of being the noisiest class in the school.) On Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays we look down on the first years. (These are the only times when we have periods upstairs.)

Several changes in class work have taken place. We now have bio. and ag. sci. We have already learned—that a "mosi" larva breathes through a siphon. A siphon is also used for taking water out of a trough and depositing it on the floor. Aerial roots help plants to climb. We suggest that we should develop these roots. Then we might succeed in getting to school earlier than we do. Some of our "fairer ones" take Chem. and Physics (we wonder why?).

The knitting craze has captured our thoughts. During English or Maths.

# J. DEAN

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



## Dental Surgeon

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Hours:—

9.30—6 Week days

9.30—12 Wednesdays

9.30—8 Saturdays

(EX-STUDENT B.H.S.)

some of us itch to have the feel of wool between our hands and to turn a page of our pattern books. We are then happy because some time in the far distant future we "may" wear the article we have knitted.

Some of us have taken a dislike to French or French has taken a dislike to us (which way?). Hark! We wonder what is wrong?

All is hushed, our chatter is silenced, our faces have turned white—our kind maths. master has written a geometry test on the board. We turn away sad at heart because of this.

Hoping the Junior and Leaving students hold up the School's reputation we wish them the best of luck.

IIC.-ites.

### IIIE.

"Our hearts ache and a drowsy numbness pains our senses, as though of too much (?) swot we have had!" That is the general feeling throughout room E. Heaven only knows whether the teachers think the same or not, but we're leaving it to Heaven! If we delve for the answer our eager minds may not even be satisfied and, after all "Curiosity killed the cat!" Some people may ask why the teachers don't think the same as we do concerning swot, at least the too much part of it. The answer is fully stated in the book "Teachers woes and worries after associating with IIIE."

The main reason is because too many queer things happen between and during periods to make the beginning of these notes perfectly truthful. This reason can be well divided into smaller ones:— (a) One young lady finds time to yawn instead of giving the formula for  $x$  in an Algebra period; (b) Our chatter is still "as constant as the Northern Star"; (c) We strongly believe that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." (With this comforting thought ever before us we'll hope to pass our exam.)

And now we turn to the sad plight of many of the members of IIIE. "Progressive People's Club." In nearly every row from back to front (not of the row but the classroom) there is to be found a "double-eyed" damsel—namely one wearing spectacles. These bits of gold wire and additions go from desk to nose every time some unwary unforgivable one meets the eagle eye of a relentless spectator in the foreground. Immediately the said spectator with the said eagle eye disappears, the piece of gold or silver "helpfulness" descends rapidly desk-

wards again. One sorely afflicted member declares she is getting out between now and November so we're waiting for developments. And just one other descends to the gymnasium every Friday and vents her wrath upon the world in general by sending out choruses of wails from some instrument (the said instrument remaining a mystery entirely and absolutely!).

We meet with very much brighter things on the social side of life. "Les Mains," being an ambitious maiden, has started wearing angels footwear—silver sandals. She is much too modest to wear a halo, but, thinking she is applying early for the position of an angel, and footwear being a more sure means of getting her there than a halo, we don't say much.

"Townie" is constantly haunted by shadows.

"Conk," another ambitious youngster, has started getting more intimately acquainted with the film stars, "Wita," "Woffie," "Tat" and "Mac" largely helping to expand her knowledge of their ways, with the "Picturegoer" for a guide.

"Washout" has "blossomed" out very much since last week.

We must, before closing, welcome Pat McArthur to our sturdy band of young hopefuls and wish her all the luck the same as we're wishing ourselves.

Cynthia Hands must be congratulated on braving a dip in the briny for Blue faction and becoming School Champion Swimmer. We hope she'll do it again next time. Also congrats. to Winnie Connolly and Dot Tatham and better luck next time.

Now we shall send everybody our best wishes in exams. and sports and remain, until the publishing of the next Kingia,

Cheerily yours,

IIIE. GIRLS.

### IIIQ

Stop! Look! and listen

To what we have to say,  
About us lads of Form IIIQ.  
Who swot by night and day.

We are proud to have in our form the School Tennis Champion, Keith Holten, and the Junior Swimming Champion, Barboutis. We hope that "Adam" will uphold the traditions of our form in October.

This term we have played no cricket or football. We are sorry to say that cricket and all other sports have deteriorated owing to a lack of opponents.



Most of the students in Q say that Biology and Geography are two very interesting subjects but those who take Latin and Chemistry miss the amusement.

Do you know:—

That someone called "Adam" a shiek. We are led to believe that someone has a grudge against Arabs.

"Wallace" another smack in the eye for Arabs. Also neck-roll expert.

"Flambard," musician, singer, swot and scholar.

"Willie's" books are solely devoted to furthering the cause of science. They afford fine objects on which to show acceleration due to gravity. Putting this in plain words, "Willie's" books are often found under Q windows.

Owing to our English master's very revealing comments on slavery in Africa we feel glad to be living in the age of anaesthetics and science.

Having related to you all the ins and outs of our form we will close these notes wishing ourselves and the fifth years best of luck in the exams.

### IIIQ. ANGELS.

#### ODE TO THE DEPARTING RICHARD

Oh! Donner and Blitzen! No more shall we hear,

The voice of our Richard, so shed a sad tear.

He's leaving us, Fourth Years. No more shall girls vie

To win his sweet glance as they quite often try.

Such guttural "Hundts!" Ah! Most grand epithets,

Which sound very fierce when he's voicing his threats.

How we miss you! I add, though it sounds rather mean

We now must find someone the black-board to clean.

And thus my sweet Richard, we bid you good-bye,

And hope we may see you some time, bye and bye.

### VF.

It began thus. There had entered into the room one of the celestial beings who had unfolded unto me the mysteries of hashish and I at once decided to furnish me with a pipe and the necessary. A whiff and I had taken the advice of the fabled he and had crawled through the fabled keyhole.

The keyhole successfully navigated, there was unfolded before me a marvellous panorama of beings some of whom came before me and made their obeisance before continuing to their work which appeared to be an endeavour to be more idle than their neighbours.

The first to float before my vision was a damsel of questionable proportions and with a look in her optic which bespoke the superhuman. "Exalted," she blubbered, "I am sorely pressed by one who pursueth me with all the fervour of an inspired botanist; he regardeth me as a beetle or bug of some rare variety and yet I believe that his design is truly questionable. Yea, mine is a hard lot." And amid such wailing she passed on.

Then into my vision sprang one whose mien was wild and whose gestures were excited. Beneath a halo of golden hair his coal black eyebrows curtained a pair of glistening eyes. "Truly" thought I, "this must be a saint—look at his hair," but his speech belied this fact for this demented being was dancing about and yelping something about the amount of comfort he could find at the dead of night on a cold grey tombstone and he thought it wrong for people to emit shrieks as they passed

He, despite his bulk, was unceremoniously pushed aside by one who ogled and blinked at me with mouth agape and bearing in his arms a bag of sawdust. Stretching out my foot I spurned this vision aside and it departed murmuring of peg factories and barn dances.

A vision, beautiful to behold stood before me, and, with a sigh on her lip and a tear in her eye, she made a deep obeisance and spoke. "Exalted" she sobbed, "Oracle of fate, I am sorely troubled for he is so good and yet they persecute him without mercy. The way was long and a weariness seized me. He but comforted me and helped me to finish that weary journey and for such he suffers greatly. Advise me so that I may help him."

"Damsel" spoke I, "truly thou art sorely troubled but go thy way and comfort him in return."

Scarcely had she departed when my attention was drawn to a curly headed youth with a perky look who was wildly dashing around the room, leaping over any obstacle that came before him and emitting whoops of "Stop her! block her! she's getting away, whoopee!" while a lad with a perpetual frown stood and watched him.

"Hold!" yelped he of the frown, "what aileth thee, dolt?" "Idiot!" howled

back the perky one,' my kangaroo hath now made good her escape through thy slowness, thou barnacle, thou bunion . . . then trailing off into mutterings . . . my luncheon, what will it be without the Ruth-ter-tail soup?" "Bah!" muttered the frowning one, "you've got an egg, Toodle-oo."

The conversation was shattered by a stentorian "fore," which rang through the morning air as into view there strode one in whose hand was a golf club. "Gad, eh!" he muttered, "over-shot things a little, what!" and with that he strode on.

As this fiend strode away a voice I knew well fell through the startled air voicing the words, "What do you think of that, Fox?" I gulped, for was this not the voice of the celestial being who had told me about the hashish. Then I realised that I was sitting in my desk with the handle of my pen gripped firmly between my teeth. Had I dreamed? I wonder. Anyway it was the end of the period.

#### IVR.

Many of the companions of our happy third-year days have left, but the ranks have been filled by the several new members. To these new members we extend the heartiest welcome and hope they enjoy themselves during their sojourn here.

Although we exhibit a certain amount of dignity and decorum while walking about the school, this is to impress the- well everyone in general, but when at home in its private precincts, to wit Room R, the form eases off in dignity somewhat. At times its members may even descend so far as to have a chalk fight. As a matter of fact it is nothing to be met with quite a volley at times. Never leave your case lying about or it is an absolute certainty that it will be mysteriously lost and when found, the books in it will be anybody's but yours.

Now the cold weather has at last arrived, we are allowed the privilege of a fire. As in the first year, everyone makes a dive for the best positions. A fight ensues. At intervals the body of a boy flies from the midst of the melee, until at last the girls are left victorious.

Quite often boys are missing in French periods, I wonder what the reason is? Perhaps this is why.

One boy had just left the school, heading for the nearest barber to buy a wig. He wished the girls wouldn't take so many of his hairs as souvenirs. Another had just eaten a "stomach turn

over" and was not feeling the best. The rest were in hiding lest they be made to take part in a French play. In the play there is bell(e), but 'sad to say it is cracked and nobody likes the noise it makes.

I feel it is very necessary to congratulate the class prefect on the excellent manner in which he upholds his office. He has attained the perfect action for cleansing the board. Cows happen to be his specialty. Also it is imperative that people of the form should be warned against visiting hen houses at night. It disturbs the hens.

We close now, wishing the Perth teams the best of luck. Also we feel very concerned over the Junior and Leaving students. They are not working nearly hard enough. Nevertheless we convey to them our most hearty wishes for success.

—IVR.

#### TITLES OF FILMS, AND POPULAR SONGS

- "Top Hat"—Example set by Headmaster.  
 "Here Comes Cookie"—And you can't see Spid for dust.  
 "Teddy Bear's Picnic"—Prefects' tea.  
 "You're a Comfort to Me"—Blanc.  
 "Curly Top,"—Smirk.  
 "Bad Girl"—Tood.  
 "Good-night Nurse"—But Jo says "Toodle-oo."  
 "Look Up and Laugh"—At our auctioneer.  
 "Then He Took Up Golf"—Mickle.  
 "Every Night at Eight"—Time to finish swot.  
 "Dancing Cheek to Cheek"—A IVth year youth in the moonlight jazz.  
 "Roll Along Covered Waggon"—Returning from hockey.  
 "Gentlemen Are Born"—So we are told.  
 "It's a Boy"—Heard during singing period.  
 "The White Sister"—Comfort.  
 "The Lady in Red"—A brunette in F.  
 "The Green Grass Grew All Round"—Mick.  
 "I Love a Lassie"—Often muttered by Smirk.  
 "So Early in de Morning"—We hear the rooster crow in VF.

## THE MODERN HISTORY SOCIETY

The Modern History Society has been revived after a lapse of three years. At the first meeting it was decided that the meetings should be held every Friday at 4 o'clock in "F," and the following officers were elected:—Miss E. Burgess, president; Miss D. Callahan, secretary and treasurer; and Miss J. Tyrer and P. Medlen, history librarians. The annual subscription was fixed at 1/ and it was proposed that various trips to historical places would be undertaken. We are now a member of the League of Nations Union and from them we receive their monthly paper "Headway."

Our first excursion was to the Picton Church which has recently been renovated. The old structure still remains and a part of the original wall can be seen through a glass slide. Other interesting features were the old glass windows, the Bible, and the stand, but Father Fryer expressed his regret at the loss of the font, and the destruction of the old bird's nest, which used to be lodged above the door. Most of the

graves are very old, and we saw one tombstone which was erected as early as 1844, but the lettering was almost obliterated.

We spent a very enjoyable day, having afternoon tea by the river, and we arrived home about six o'clock. Australind is the next place we propose to visit, but it is rather more difficult to reach, as 12 miles is too far to walk. We hope to be able to spend a whole day there as there will be many interesting places to be seen.

Meetings have been held regularly and the current events of the previous week are discussed. The value of the history society should be realized by the students, especially those of the Junior and Leaving classes. Lord Gowrie advised us to read the papers, and more of them than the sporting news. This society affords the opportunity of being able to understand every day happenings, and we hope that the number of members will increase and that it will be continued next year.

D.C.

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### SWOT CLUB NOTES

The Swot Club met early in the year to elect officers and prepare a programme for the year's swot.

Office bearers:—

President: Seymour le Mickle

Secretary: Oscar Hugh-Comfort-all.

Treasurer: Smirky Ruthertail.

Committee: Mowglio, Toodius.

The club has met twice since then but little progress has been made. At the last meeting there was again an agitation for the inclusion of females in the club. The president, secretary and treasurer were very strongly in favour of women being in the club and the remainder of the committee had a very hard fight. The secretary declared that the amount of comfort that could be obtained on certain slabs of stone was remarkable. But he declared that perhaps a line could be drawn so as to include only the Fifth Year or, as a special concession to the president, to include the Fourth Year. But at this the treasurer became perky and declared that he could not have his kangaroo hunting spoilt by somebody else's line, if there was any line he would do it himself.

Then Toodius declared in a very strong speech that the traditions of the club must be upheld. Besides it was against his bachelor ideals to see the club corrupted with jokes about stags, boars and bugs. It was really a marvelous piece of oratory and was plainly from the bottom of the bachelor's heart. It was applauded by Mowglio with such gusto and interminable length that it was soon apparent that he was at last really mad, so he was forcibly ejected from the meeting with the advice to go fishing and cool himself. Mowglio being now absent the meeting was considerably quieter and after a short discussion the important decision was deferred.

The next item on the agenda was the hours of swot that the club should set itself. Toodius suggested seven hours a day but the president declared that he could not fit in his round of golf and his brassy and jigger would grow stale. It was unanimously decided that the president spent too much time at golf and instead of the brassy growing rusty it would wear out or become perpetually straight.

The secretary then apologised for losing so much swot after the Pres' Feed. He said although the feed made him ill, he derived much comfort from

another source. It was very comfortable, although it was somebody's grave.

The treasurer said he thought he could manage seven hours a day and still have time for a little indulgence with his Ruthertail Soup. The bachelor member said he would set himself seven hours as a minimum for he must uphold the traditions of the club, if nobody else would.

On the matter of Mowglio the treasurer was instructed, as a gesture of sympathy from the club, to buy a straight jacket suitably inscribed.

It was suggested that the club should have a motto. The secretary suggested "Many a mickle makes a muckle" which is an old Scotch saying, but there were several variations in the translation, one of which would hardly be encouraging to swot, so it was abandoned. In retaliation the president said something about swot being a comfort whereupon the two officials began to exchange compliments and when the secretary called the president a "thauthage on a thauther" it was decided that the discussion had progressed far enough, so amid confusion the meeting was brought to a close.

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### A FAIRY STORY

Percival Prudence the Dragon awoke, yawned, and stretched himself. He had been asleep for nearly two thousand years, and now, very naturally I suppose, was feeling rather peckish.

"Hm! methinkst I will hie me forth and partake of a few knights in chain mail to ease mine hunger."

So he stood up, not without great difficulty, upon his four short legs, and tried to breath forth fire. But although he rolled his eyes, poked about his tongue, and wagged his tail with all his might and main, no fire came forth.

"Dear, dear dear!" said Percival Prudence "those last knights in chain mail could not have agreed with me; for I can not raise one spark. But no doubt a little exercise will restore my fire again."

So forth he shambled from his cave, down the hillside, his old bones creaking and groaning with every step. "How my corns ache," he muttered, "methinkst 'twill rain 'ere long."

At last he came to a broad highway and there he sat down to wait for some knights to come riding along. He had not been seated long when he heard a loud humming sound which gradually

increased. "Dear, dear, these bumble bees do make a noise these days!" Whizz, a motor car shot past him. The dragon jumped six feet in the air. "Zounds!" quoth he, "here is a strange animal. Methinks I know him not, I will hie me away!"

So he galloped off with as much pace as he could muster until he found himself in Professor Nitwit's backyard.

The professor's little son Horace was at play with a wooden horse. "Aha," quoth the old dragon "here is a dainty morsel for my breakfast!" So he crouched down upon his hind legs, rolled his eyes, wagged his head and breathed forth fire—at least that's what he meant to do, only no fire came. The dragon was astounded. He took a deep, deep, deep breath and tried again but still no fire came to demolish the infant. "I am undone," he cried, and sitting down upon his tail he sobbed outright. Great salt tears rolled down his scaly cheeks and splashed upon the ground.

Just then Horace Nitwit happened to look up and perceived the dragon. Of course being a professor's son he wasn't in the least surprised. "Yah, look!" he cried, "look at the silly old dragon!" and he rudely pointed his chubby pink finger right in Percival's face.

Being subjected to such an indignity only increased Percival's sobs, and his tears flowed faster than ever.

Horace put Percival in a stable and made a pet of him. He fed him on bread and porridge, and once a day took him for an airing in the park on a leading string.

But the poor old dragon wasn't at all happy and very shortly afterwards he died. He never could get over losing his fire, or eating bread and porridge instead of knights in chain armour.

THE END.

### ANTICIPATION

The words rang in my ears with an happy sound of foreboding. They hammered at my brain till it felt as if tiny red-hot hammers wielded by satanical workmen were driving them further and further in. And the letters they seared into my quivering memory spelt;

"Four o'clock, four o'clock, four o'clock."

The little devils were pitiless in their task as they were tireless. I gripped my throbbing head with both hands, but they hammered and hammered, till my brain was one whirl of hysterical terror. Visions arose before me, terrifying visions of torture chambers, dark and horrible, of racks and irons, and bonds and silent screws. And still the red-hot letters were burnt into my brain.

Raising my head in a desperate attempt at self-control, my burning eyes encountered the unsympathetically shining face of the clock. Its long hand pointed to nine, its little one was nearly touching four. With a half-sob bordering a hysteria, I rose and walked unsteadily down the street, floods of nervousness and sheer fright almost overwhelming me. I saw a hearse pass slowly, and almost screamed at the sight, suddenly fraught with menacing portent.

"Where are you going?" asked a blatantly cheerful voice. I looked up with a start, gulping spasmodically. "To the dentist," I answered, and rang the bell.

**"—New suit, Jim?"**

**"—No, it's my old suit**

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of your suits! Send them to—

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## GOINGS ON IN G

One day we had a little frog,  
 He came from far away,  
 He served the purpose, th' he wasn't  
 large  
 And we buried him that day.

Another day we had a fish,  
 Or should I say some parts?  
 We cut him up on a dusty dish,  
 And found he had two hearts.

We changed our victim to a cray  
 It blushed bright red to think  
 That half of him would be cut up,  
 And the rest go down the sink.

Another day we had a rabbit,  
 Poor thing was shot on Sunday  
 When we got him the smell was high  
 Because 'twas after Monday.

We often cut things up in G,  
 Including poor sheep's hearts,  
 But Tyrer never likes to be  
 The actor of the parts.

Day by day these things occur  
 And soon we will be gone,  
 But we have hopes our memories  
 Like the rabbit, will linger on,

## THE ORCHESTRA

If you muster up your courage,  
 And sustain your trembling hand  
 You may hear on Friday mornings  
 Our famous High School Band.

There's one who plays the 'cello  
 And one the violin,  
 But the ones who play the whistles  
 Are the ones who make the din.

When we are swatting quietly  
 In our rooms on Friday morn,  
 Those mellow notes waft o'er us  
 Like a nightingale at morn.

So the ones who dare to listen  
 With no wadding in their ears  
 Will foretell the band's successes,  
 And its fame in later years.

—ELIZABETH MACK, IIC.

### OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Though the hockey team is excellent  
and the cricket team is good  
And the tennis forms the medium be-  
tween

You may search the dunes of Bunbury  
and all the neighbouring woods,  
And never find a team like our  
eighteen.

There's Blossom in the goal mouth and  
there's Mowglie on the wing.

Barbouts centre, Oscar in the ruck.  
Young Watty as our rover—believe me  
he's a king—

Just try to stop him and you see him  
duck.

Half forward of the centre young  
Withers crouches low  
And Jennings plays the opposite half  
back.

Old Borry as the goalie should make a  
pretty show  
And Lupe will shine when coming  
through the pack.

If fortune goes against us we've a doc-  
tor in the team

And a nippy little follower he'll make.  
A good man too, is Daniel, the prophet  
of the team

And Pritchey is the botanist to date.

Young Payne is in a pocket and Sykes  
will back him up

With Seymour always ready for a  
lead.

And Brownie is determined that we'll  
finish with the cup

If it costs him all his gore to do the  
deed.

There are numerous other players, in-  
cluding the reserves

Whose aims like Brown's are fixed  
upon the cup.

And a team with such a spirit, quite  
honestly deserves

To carry all before it with a rush.

So while we are in Perth my lads you  
take this sound advice:—

Sleep early, rise with eagerness aglow.  
From the narrow path be not allured by  
things appearing nice

And then the stuff we're made of we  
can show.

So with all respect to N.H.S., and all  
respects to Mod,

I'll say its time we won the carnival.  
So take your places tigers and go at  
them from the nod

"Come on the School! we mean to win,  
and shall"

—M.R.S.

# John Birchall



## TAILOR

### Stephen Street, Bunbury

### THE SURF

On a gleaming sea the morning sun,  
Falls with softly tinted rays,  
While steadily rolling, one by one,  
The glistening breakers rise and fall.

From out the shimmering sea they rise  
Swelling as they near the shore,  
Pausing, arch'd, while at their greatest  
size,  
The glassy monsters break as snow.

Another before the first has beached,  
Follows on regardlessly,  
But e'en as ambitions height is reached,  
It crashes to a thoughtless end—

And yet, peaceful in its ample breast,  
With some secret of its own,  
While great waves loom up and come  
to rest,  
The tranquil ocean smiles at us.  
—Written by S. TOUGH.

### "BILL"

A swag on his shoulder—a waterbag,  
A manner strangely wild,  
The face, the form, the heart of a man,  
And the eyes of a suffering child.

He cursed the weather, he cursed the  
flies,  
The water made him ill;  
Yet the roving spirit that never dies  
Was deep in the soul of Bill.

The world, he found, was very wide,  
And "tucker" very short;  
He'd slaved and starved—he might have  
died—  
If he'd been the dying sort.

But life, he said, was very short  
And coffins very dear,  
And the little money he did acquire  
He preferred to spend on beer.

Although he had heard arguments  
(That mostly parsons use)  
About "the sin" of drunkenness  
And "the awful harm" in "booze."

He hadn't noticed "the harm," he said,  
And he didn't really care,  
For after all men couldn't live  
On water and empty air.

He'd learned to rove and he'd learned to  
live  
In the mighty school of men;  
He'd learned to love, and take, and give  
That same love back again.

For love, he said, had deserted him,  
(But I have to add that still  
There's a lot of loving kindness left  
In the secret soul of Bill.)

—M. LANGLANDS.

### TO JOVIALITY

To mirth that makes men free, again!  
To the smiling earth and the sea again!  
Come fill the cup to the God of mirth,  
To happiness and all its worth.  
Come play in the budding field with me;  
Come, lark with Joviality.

Dance to the merry midnight tune,  
Bid Cupid come with the rising moon.  
Fling back to dust the dust of toil,  
And follow me where the breakers coil—  
Their foaming heads on the sleeping  
shore—  
And hide our woes in their kindly  
roar.

To mirth that makes men free again  
Let's fill the cup ye merry men!  
For life is happy and life is free  
On the smiling shore and the tossing  
sea.

M. LANGLANDS.

### WITH APOLOGIES TO RODERIC QUINN

O did you see a troop go by,  
Way-weary and oppressed,  
With cases in their lifeless hands  
In blazers they were dressed?

And were they pale as pale could be—  
Death pale, with haunted looks—  
And did you see inside those cases  
Right full with lots of books?

Did no one say, "The way is long!"  
And crave a little rest?  
"O no!" they said, "It's not far now—  
"We'll easily do the rest."

And how are the wayfarers called?  
And whither do they wend?  
They are the High School students,  
bound  
To school, their ways to mend.

Shed tears for them—they need them  
all  
E'en though they do not work;  
Perhaps some day they will repent,  
And wish they'd never shirked.  
—J.R.F.



## OMNES IN UNO

At the moment of writing the most popular book in the library is "Punch." Even as I write this, a person with gingery hair and an overdose of freckles, disturbs my train of thought with his loud laugh. Quite a large percentage of the bad exam. marks could be laid to the score of Mr. Punch. The volumes are now a little worn, which is further evidence in proof of his popularity. I consider no resolution a good one unless I break it, so every resolution I have made to let Mr. Punch be, has been broken. At least this shows that the resolutions were good ones. Resolutions are like clothes—they get torn and have to be discarded.

There are many different types of clothes. There are clothes, more clothes, evening clothes and bed clothes. Taking the last first, the opinion expressed about these articles depends on the weather. If it is hot, "What silly mug invented these ordinary things?" If, on the other hand, it is cold, they have been handed down as heirlooms from ancient Roman ancestors, such remarks being caused by the texture and undesired tendency of the articles under discussion for roamin' off the bed.

Clothes, as worn by some, are nothing but a necessity for warmth. Others wear them for show, to attract attention or, in the case of rich people, a thing by which the more unfortunates can calculate their wealth. Modern clothes as worn by women, excepting street clothes and including beach outfits and evening dresses, are more things of imagination than reality. Some people say it is hard to look at reality and where the dress of modern women is concerned once more it is found hard, due to the minute quantity. In my opinion the evening clothes of a gentleman are far more suitable than those of a lady. The problem of dress is a problem yet to be overcome.

The greatest difficulty I have encountered yet is that of trying to make ends meet. It is absolutely useless trying to save money, or so I find it. Even if one takes the exact quantity of money required to do something, or even none at all, there usually happens to be some person willing to lend money. At last comes the stage when one has no money but plenty of debts. Instead of taking the usual course and committing suicide, I borrow even more money and drown my sorrows by having a good time with it. One's spirits, in such cases, are like

an electric spark, the further apart the ends are the weaker becomes the spark, till at last it finally stops altogether.

Another way of spending money is paying for broken articles. With me swordfighting and brooms always seem in some way to be connected. At the same time I think of teacups, golf sticks, lampshades and windows. When I do think of these various articles a strange feeling takes possession of me. I seem to be floating in mid-air, due no doubt to the lightness of my pockets. Something I like to see is a huge heap of shekels.

In common with quite a few other people, the one thing I would like to see, and yet it is most likely the one thing I shall never see, is a model class. Classes as I know them, see to be just one big competition to see who can make the most noise. Being, myself, a quiet, studious lad, and enjoying nothing better than the opportunity for studying, I object strongly to the hurly-burly and strife which composes the modern school class. Before I close down children, I would have you know I neither part my hair in the middle nor wear glasses.

—ALTER EGO.

## TRIALS OF A CLASS PREFECT

Due to the fact that the class prefect left, it was necessary to appoint another. Plans were made to elect someone, but all plans are apt to go amiss, as did this one, for there was no electing done. I was given the diary and the donor said, "Vous etes le prefet." I was not even allowed to make a speech.

Misguided people may think this an honour, but looking at it from the point of view of a class prefect I beg to differ. Usually the only trouble experienced with the diary is the energy expended in carrying it up and down the stairs each day. However the class has its fits and the diary is a source of amusement. One cannot conceive the great enjoyment some people receive from scribbling in the diary. The days on which the birthdays of half the class fall, are vividly marked with thick pencil marks. These having been laboriously removed by the prefect, they are immediately renewed, this time with ink.

For the most part, except after French periods, there is very little writing to be cleared off the board.

It is possible, I suppose, to forgive the sins of others, which is probably the

explanation for the kind-hearted manner in which I remove from the blackboard, the results of the artists of the form. People talk of forgiveness, but what would you do if you came in late for a maths. period and found the master cracking jokes about a rickety cow drawn on the board.

While speaking on chalk it may be as well to mention a little more concerning the subject. Everyone, I am certain, possesses a spirit of retaliation.

The shooting of someone once started a war. In class some idler threw a piece of chalk. It was returned. This continued till an unsuspecting victim was hit. In his or her rage the victim failed to pick a winner, this bringing yet another combatant into the fray. Very soon a pitched battle was in full swing, alternative weapons being dusters, rolls of paper, or even the waste paper basket. While trying to preserve order, the prefect was hit by a duster. As any self-respecting prefect should, he allowed his spirit of retaliation to overpower his strong will and returned the duster, plus compound interest of other articles.

Everyday is considered cold enough to allow a fire. Who should everyone pounce on but the class prefect. In order to get a little peace he consented one day, to have a fire lit. This entailed a search for the caretaker but in due time the fire was lit. The fire was the signal for another melee, this time to see who could get nearest to the fire. The boys revert back to their second year and burn pieces of paper in a bottle (Kruschens), and put their hands over it. This results in burnt paper littered over the floor. The girls are almost as bad as the boys but one thing I must say for the boys they do let the girls have most of the fire, but is it through good manners? A further lament. When people with double chins persist in sitting on the upturned waste-paper basket the bottoms falls in and the class prefect has to mend it. What a life!

—A CLASS PREFECT.

### ZE BON HOMME

He had lived in the old shop as long as I could remember and he had never seemed any different. This old man was

a Frenchman who at one time had been an ordinary farm labourer, but he had saved enough to buy this small shop, which he had gradually enlarged.

His shop was a flat-roofed building, the only one of its kind in the street, and some one had scribed "Ze Bon" all over the front wall. He began selling papers and lollies, and gradually he collected a wonderful library. He was very interested in stamp-collecting and made it his hobby. After years of saving he obtained a wonderful collection and was able to insure it for £300. He inspired the boys to form a gymnasium club and though he was over fifty himself, he was one of the leading members.

His living quarters consisted of one room only. In one corner was his bed which was not an ordinary stretcher but a bunk, like that of a ship. In another corner he had his most treasured books, carefully covered and labelled, and only his dearest friends were admitted into this corner. He ate his meals at all hours, usually having his dinner at four o'clock. His favourite dish was boiled rice and raw eggs—the taste for which he had acquired in Australia. Dinner was the only meal I ever saw him prepare, and I don't think he ate very much. He always seemed to be busy, either among his books or his flowers. He had a small piece of ground around his shop and this was carefully laid out, and there were three or four beds of flowers. The paths between the gardens were made of sand, which was carried up every morning from the river bank. In rain, hail or sunshine, he could be seen going down to the river early in the morning. He never missed his daily swim and even now at sixty-three he still continues.

To look at him, one would never dream he was so old. He was a well built man, sturdy though not tall. His hair was thick and white, and there was no sign of his going bald, and to prevent this he massaged his scalp often. I have only seen him wear a shirt once, and that was on a Christmas Day. On the coldest of days he went around in an athletic singlet and he vowed he never felt the cold, and I have never known him to be ill, and his one aim is, after a few more years of saving, to return to France.

—D.C.



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