

The Kookaburra



I.L.C. Aug. 1923

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School Officers, 1923.

Prefects:

N. Horgan (Head Prefect, 1st Term), I. McCulloch (Head Prefect), A. Thiel, N. Martin, A. Baird, D. Solomon, L. Hocking, M. Mitchell, N. Rolland, M. Mountain, M. Drake-Brockman, P. Rose, E. Ellershaw.

Editorial Committee:

N. Martin (Editor), A. Thiel (Sub.-Editor), A. Baird (Secretary), E. Ellershaw, N. Rolland, M. Mountain, L. Hocking, M. Mitchell.

"A" Tennis Team:

J. Loton (left), J. Duncan, A. Baird, J. Paterson (Capt.).

"B" Tennis Team:

D. Solomon (Capt.), L. Hocking, M. Brockman, Maisie Mitchell,

"C" Tennis Team:

Mary Salmon (Capt.), Helen Blythe, Greta Thomas, Joyce Harris.

"A" Swimming Team:

M. Forbes (Capt.), J. Paterson, P. Manford, R. McGibbon.

Basket Ball:

School Captain: J. Paterson. Team: J. Duncan (Capt.), B. Hobbs, B. Hibble, B. Humphrey, M. Draper, M. Salmon, D. Cullen, E. Pope (reserve).

The Kookaburra.

AUGUST, 1923



"All things come to an end"—even quotations, and this particular Editorial appears doomed to start without one.

Life has proved eventful at P.L.C. since the publication of the last "Kookaburra." The Third Term of the year always seems the shortest, and school life is seen then at its busiest. With the University Exams, and the Inter-School Sports on the near horizon, both "Athletes" and "Brains" scurry here and there, each intent on her own particular bent, and fully conscious of the fact that "Time flies."

The Third Term, 1922, proved no exception to the rule, being packed with events from beginning to end.

The Inter-School Sports Day passed off very well, although we hope that this year's results will be even better.

The next item of interest was a lecture given by Professor Ross, for which the College was exceedingly grateful—the subject being the "Eclipse and Wallal Expedition."

During the term the School was also visited by the Moderator, the Rev. J. R. Blanchard.

We were all very sorry at the end of the year to have to bid farewell to Miss Nicholson and Miss Munro, who sailed for England by the "Jervis Bay," Miss Robertson, who left us to get married, and Mrs. Proctor. Miss Munro has returned to Scotland, while

Miss Nicholson has deserted us in order to continue her studies at Oxford.

Last, but not least in the record of Third Term events, comes Speech Night—the most important night in the year—for some people. This particular Speech Night was a great success, in spite of the underlying feeling of sadness that makes itself felt at the end of every year, when many of us find that we have reached the end of our school life—that school life that we so repeatedly grumble at, but prize and enjoy so thoroughly nevertheless.

We were all sorry to find how many of the "Old Familiar Faces" were missing when School re-opened in February, 1923, but we have every hope that the "New Arrivals," whose number is correspondingly large, will be filling their places by this time next year.

The College was unfortunate in losing an old and valuable friend at the beginning of this year, when the Rev. Huey Steele left W.A. for Victoria. Mr. Steele had been a member of the Council and a strong supporter of P.L.C. since its opening in 1917, and the School was exceedingly sorry to say farewell to him.

We would like to take the opportunity of welcoming our new Mistresses—Miss Sterne, Miss Summers, Miss Nicholson, Miss Wauchope, Miss Wood and Miss Jaques. Miss Summers is not really new to P.L.C., as she was with us in 1921, but deserted us for South Africa. We may feel proud

of the fact, however, that the memory of P.L.C. evidently prevailed and Miss Summers returned and rejoined our staff.

Miss Summers brought us news of our late Principal (Miss Scorgie), who, by the way, is no longer Miss Scorgie, but Mrs. Malcolm Smith. We hope her future life will be a very happy and prosperous one; and judging from the "snaps" taken by Miss Summers while in South Africa, it has every prospect of being so.

1923 promises to be a very successful year—and a busy one. So far P.L.C. has won the first round of the Tennis Matches; the Basket Ball results are very promising; and the swimming team were successful in gaining third place for the College in the Girls' Secondary Schools' Event—the Barron Trophy.

We only hope that the end of the year will be as successful as the beginning, and that the girls entering for University exams. will manage to supply the School with a lengthy pass list. We wish them the best of luck in their forthcoming trials.

Before concluding, we would like to thank all those, who, by sending in either snaps or other contributions, have helped to make the Magazine a success; and also to thank Miss Summers for so kindly undertaking the nerve-wracking duties of Censor.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Junior House.—The Council have purchased "Duff's property," just opposite the School. This is now the Junior House, where all the "younger fry" are lodged, thus dispensing with the necessity of boarding girls at "Craig Royston."

Two Mistresses and a Matron take charge of the inmates of the Junior House.

Another grass court belonging to this property is now added to the School, and we are the fortunate and proud possessors of three grass courts, and three gravel courts.

Gymnasium.—The School is very proud of its new wall bars and booms just lately sent out from England. Gym. classes are very interesting, and very often amusing (especially to the onlooker). They also tend to do away with any form of snobbishness. One cannot feel dignified (though it is quite possible to feel "stuck up") when one is upside down or in some equally queer position.

We are very lucky in having Miss Jaques, a fully trained Gym. Mistress, who arrived during the last term of last year. She has given us many new exercises and we hope that by the time she has finished with us, we will be half as graceful and light as she is.

Miss Jaques is being constantly besieged by girls who have hurt themselves in one way or another. Girls with sprained or twisted ankles, weak wrists, rheumatismy-toes, and other weird complaints, all go to her to be "mended."

Any girls who do not stand up straight, have to go to Posture Parade. Most of them would rather stand up than submit to this indignity, so we find that our backs are becoming quite straight.

Library.—The Library is growing rapidly. New shelves have been built and though they are by no means full, we hope by degrees they will lose their empty look. The Library funds have already provided many new books, while various friends have kindly lent us others to help on the good cause. The Chief Librarian, Miss Summers, and her two aide-de-camps—Nancy Martin and Maisie Mitchell—are doing splendid work for the Library, and we are all very grateful to them.

Gratiae.—We wish to thank sincerely Mr. Finlayson for the two pictures which he donated to our Library. We have just received a very kind letter from him, written in reply to the Prefacts' letter of thanks. The pictures were chosen from the war collections by Miss Finlayson and therefore their associations mean much to us.

of our gratitude to him for all that he has done for us.

Inland Mission.—Rev. John Flynn came last term to tell us about the work of the Inland Mission. As a result of this Form VI. gave an impromptu concert on the last day of the term. They collected £1 12s. and this,



MISS FINLAYSON.

Rev. H. Steele.—In the first term of this year we bade farewell to one of the School's oldest friends, namely, Rev. Huey Steele, who left W.A. for the Eastern States. We were all very sorry to see him go, and when he came to say good-bye to us, we presented him with a wallet and books as a token

with 8s. collected by the Junior House Boarders at their entertainment, and £1 4s. 6d. from various other collections made a sum total of £3 4s. 6d., which was given to the A.I.M.

Cocoa.—Miss Finlayson has decided that it would be pleasant for day girls to have a cup of hot cocoa with their

lunch. Accordingly, three Prefects—D. Solomon, A. Thiel and E. Ellershaw—make and serve cocoa at one o'clock. They charge one penny a cup and whatever profit is made will be devoted to some worthy object.

Clubs.—The three most flourishing Clubs are the Science, the Music and the Camera Clubs. Several expeditions have been organised by the Science Club, the Music Club holds a meeting every month, while the Camera Club holds one each week.

The Council has given a show case to the Science Club, and this is becoming filled rapidly.

Why, oh why will the members not bring their subscriptions to the respective Treasurers? It would make things so much more easy if members would bring along their money quicker.

Sports.—At the beginning of the year swimming and tennis took first place in our affections. Now we are playing basket-ball. An occasional game of "footie" is enjoyed (especially by the parrot from next door), when some kind day-girl brings along a football. Until we were made to realise that football was not exactly conducive to its good health, we used to kick the basket-ball, but that was soon stopped.

Several of our girls have entered into the Junior Tennis Tournament. We wish them the best of luck.

Congratulations are due to the Basket-ball team on winning their first two matches. Carry on and show them what we can do, old beans!

Guides.—In the last term of last year two Guide Patrols were enlisted. This year two more patrols have been made, and perhaps even more will come later. The girls look very smart in their uniforms, and when we are not doing home-work, we like to hear them singing. It is no uncommon sight to see a Guide showing to an admiring crowd, the right way of tying bowline knots, etc. Miss Jaques is their leader, and under her they are making great progress.

FORM NOTES

FORM VI.

Form VI. consisted at the beginning of the year of eleven girls, both charming and clever (which, of course, goes without saying), but since Nessie, Mud and Andy left at the end of last term, our numbers have dwindled to eight. However, as everyone knows, quality is better than quantity.

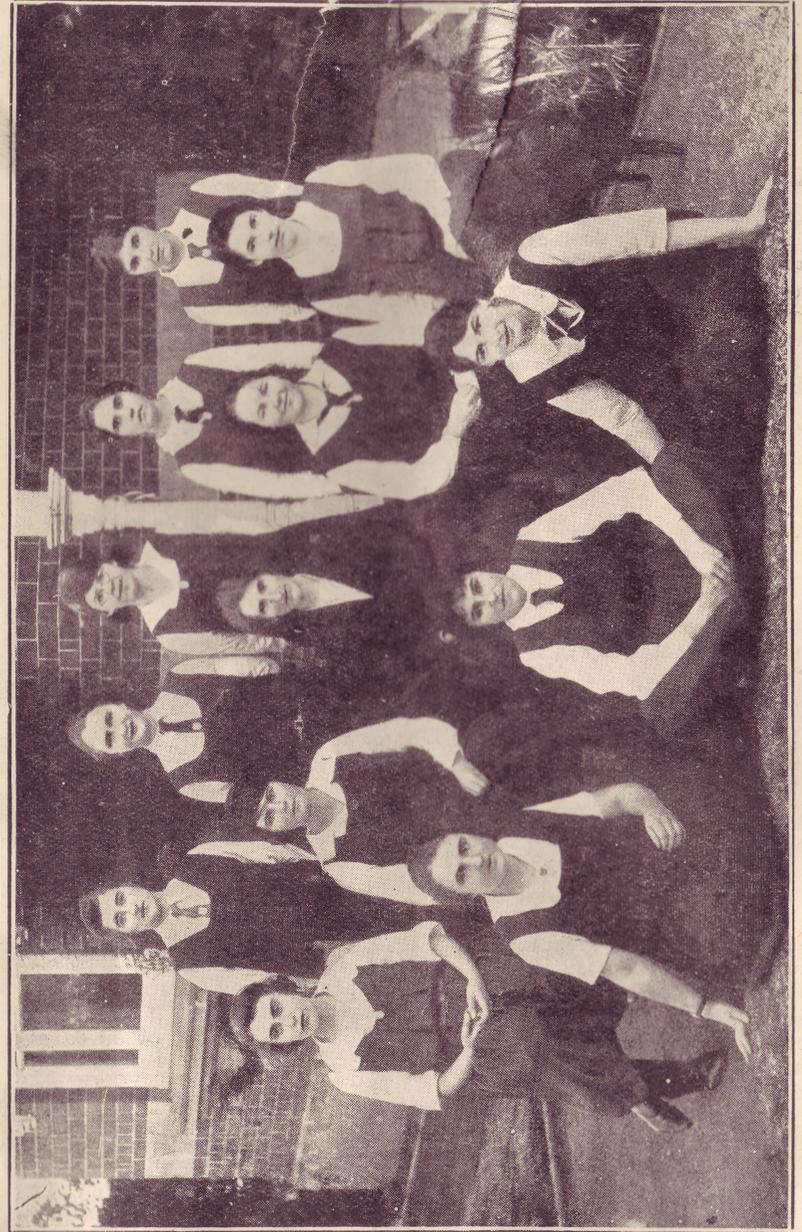
We hope Form Lower V. will note this, as they seem rather to pride themselves on their numbers, and like to think they possess both.

We were all sorry to lose those three of our members and find it hard to struggle along without them, especially in basket-ball. Nessie still visits us on Fridays, to have a game, but unfortunately she cannot play in our Form team.

Our Form Mistress is Miss Sterne, who teaches us Maths. and Geology. We are very interested in Geology, which had not previously been a school subject, and have been on several expeditions. One to Swan View was a great success, and we would like to thank Miss Sterne for going to the trouble she did, which helped to make it so successful. We hope to go on some more expeditions next term, and are looking forward immensely to an all-day one to the Serpentine Falls.

Another subject in which we take a great deal of interest is Biology. Especially do we enjoy cutting up poor unfortunate little frogs and sheep's hearts, etc. I fear we are a blood-thirsty lot.

When we wish to inspect our own blood under the microscope, some girls who are willing to suffer in the cause of knowledge, make heroic efforts at stabbing their thumbs with pins and



PREFECTS
 Back Row—M. MITCHELL, L. HOCKING, N. MARTIN, M. MOUNTAIN, N. ROLLAND,
 2nd Row—D. SOLOMON, N. HORGAN, Miss FINLAYSON, J. McCULLOCH, A. BAIRD. Front Row—A. THIEL, P. ROSE, E. ELLERSHAW



PREFECTS

Back Row—M. MITCHELL, L. HOCKING, N. MARTIN, M. MOUNTAIN, N. ROLLAND.
2nd Row—D. SOLOMON, N. HORGAN, Miss FINLAYSON, J. McCULLOCH, A. BAIRD. Front Row—A. THIEL, P. ROSE, E. ELLERSHAW

compasses. Great is their disgust and many are their wailings when they discover that someone else is before them and that their perfectly good blood is wasted.

We have two very select classes in this Form—the Physics and the Latin. The former class consists of three members and the latter of two only.

Great progress is being made, however, as the girls each do the work of a dozen or so to make up.

Two of our members have very strong ideas about ventilation, and on days when a tearing wind is howling outside, they open all the windows and then wonder why others object. Some very heated arguments occur and many are the struggles that take place at the windows. During the stormy weather we also experienced some thrilling times getting up and down

our class room steps, and through the door, the lock of which, by the way, turns backwards. Unless a hefty person kept back the door one was liable to get squashed by it in getting through. Ignorant people, seeing us going up and down these steps, might have imagined we were learning to fly, but we assure them that this was not really the case, though it may have looked very like it.

We Sixth Form girls are rather proud of ourselves, though we are not all absolutely perfect. Antiphlo and Nancy are, of course, quite above reproach, and we think the rest of us could not do better than follow their example. At times they seem to create a disturbance, but this may be due to the influence of others.

Most of us should realize we are no longer infants and become less frivolous, and whatever we do we must uphold our dignity.

We advise Audrey to join the happy throng of boarders, as she would then soon lose her "tired appearance," which we greatly fear is due to "outside interests." As a whole, we are really quite bearable, and manage to get though quite a respectable amount of work (in our own opinions

at least). It is due to the enormous amount of work we have to do that these notes are not all they should be, but we've done our best. Most of the present members of the Sixth will not have another opportunity for writing Form Notes for the Mag., for our School days are nearly done, and much as we curse at having to write them, somehow we hate to feel it may be the last time. At any rate, we hope there will be some old Sixth Form girls still here next time the good old "Kookaburra" comes out.

Till then, Editor, Vale!

—FORM VI.

FORM UPPER V.

We are as usual in disgrace for not working hard enough, but then, we worked so hard last year to try to pass the Junior that our brains are quite worn out and we are not fit for work. I think we all realize this.

We are really a select little class, consisting of seven very nice damsels (?) and although we are put in the same room as Form VI, we are quite happy, despite the quarrels which we have about homework with Form VI.

"Yes, Prec and Muriel, you are capable of doing much better work than you do, even if mumps are around, and Prec is busy hunting bargains at about 5d. or 6d. each."

Miss Nicholson, our History Mistress, I think, must often feel desperate about our ever learning any history, especially when the discussion turns in the directions of fur-coats or the peculiar habits of the negro races.

The Form Basket-ball matches begin shortly, and owing to one of our members not being able to play we will have to borrow someone to make up our team.

Biology is our pet subject, and our tender hearts are smitten with sympathy for the unlucky one who, after being bisected, trisected and dissected,

if found to be alive and kicking. He is not alive for long, however, as amid screams and cries a few gallons of chloroform are poured on top of him. He is, in truth, "The frog who would a'woooing go."

We are all very fond of Gym., especially the part where we walk the tight-rope and hang ourselves on the wall-bars, the result of which is a stiff neck for the rest of the week.

Well, Au Revoir to you all, and best wishes for the holidays.

—FORM UPPER V.

FORM V.

This form consists of some thirty girls, some clever, some otherwise. (Mostly otherwise.—Ed.). Miss Summers is our Form Mistress, and well we like her, too. She teaches us English, French and Scripture.

English we find is not so difficult as some subjects. We are, of course, doing Junior books—"Peacock's Essays," "Merchant of Venice," "Ivanhoe," and that endless poetry book by various poets. French is a subject in which we all shine. By our French (except for verbs and vocab.) if one could not see our wonderful complexions, etc., one would immediately think we had spent all our lives at Versailles, which many find hard to pronounce.

At Maths., the girls have improved wonderfully, and are feeling quite hopeful about the Junior and strongly recommend a little bit of Queensland.

We regret to say Physics is not a strong subject. "Possibly we could improve, but it's not probable." The exempts from this lesson always remark on our squashed appearances after the ordeal twice a week. We thank the school for the new apparatus, which makes us feel quite bucked.

Very few conduct marks are given in this class (touch wood), as you see we are very well behaved. The two "Joans" are popular with order marks. In the order book you find Joan E., for various other reasons (unmentionable), and Joan S. for wearing those grey stockings, but at last she

has black ones, or perhaps the grey "died."

Sad was the day when one poor unfortunate was darning her stocking and was caught. The darning needle was confiscated and she was told later that she would be able to get the needle out of pound. So even the darning needle has been pounded.

Soon we are to play off for the Form Basket-ball Shield, and hope to win it, as we have won it each time so far. In both Basket-ball and Tennis Teams our Form is well represented.—Quite natural, though.

We have Gym. with Miss Jaques, and we all love it. It is very amusing to see some of the "heavy weights" trying to balance on the boom. Also the "long necks" on the wall bars. We really wish we had more of it.

Hoping many younger who are ambitious will be able to climb the ladder to the good old Fifth—the best class of all. Even the Sixth come into our class for lessons, and leave their books, so that they will be able to run in and have a glance of what and where they would love to be! (We don't think!—The Sixth). Good-bye, dear Editor.

With best of luck for the Junior,

—FORM V.

FORM UPPER IVa.

Dear Editor,—

As P.L.C. would not exist without us, we will have to let you know a little of our doings.

All our work is pleasure, and comes quite naturally (to some).

Biology is a noted subject. All pay special attention and get all they can from these lessons. While talking of plant-life, one enthusiast asks: "Do flies have kidneys?" (No, but some kidneys have been known to have flies.—Ed.).

Drawing is held in our Form every Wednesday afternoon. We are all budding artists. Some day Curly hopes to be a famous designer, while others hope to be architects.

Our history is always known. One

historian says that Napoleon was a great Admiral.

It always delights our Mistress to come to our room for Geography; and she always declares that she learns something in our class, especially when she is told the Danube is the largest railway in England, and Jamaica is a Holy City in Jerusalem.

We may often be seen running here, there and everywhere in the paddock. The Sport's Captain of this class hopes soon to see us great athletes.

Being only a little class we are only able to give little notes, but it's the little things that count.

We hope that those people who will be lucky enough to follow us into our room will keep up its reputation.

—UPPER IVa.

UPPER IVb.

Dear Editor,—

Upper IVb. are very pleased to contribute their share of rubbish to the Mag. We will begin by telling you some of the idiosyncrasies of the members of our happy little community.

Cuckoo Luce is unexcelled at Maths. She is very fond of giving us new ideas concerning Geometry. She has lengthy disputes with our Mistress, much to her chagrin and our boredom. We sigh with relief when she eventually retires vanquished.

One of our comrades boasts that she is of Danish descent and hopes to return to "Dane" sometime in the future. Two periods during the week Upper IVa. molests our class-room; these periods never go too quickly.

We have a very good linguist in our Form, as well as a mathematician. She enlarges our vocabularies by telling us such things as: Spain is a Spanish word meaning united, etc.

We are quite sure that one person will soon have brain fever, when she suddenly tells us, after a great deal of contemplating, that the Black Forest is made into Cuckoo Clocks.

Some very speculative person asked

if the King would be kicked off the throne if he levied a tax without consent of Parliament.

When the class was asked what battle song the Royalists sang when going into battle, one genius answered: "John Brown's Baby's got a Cold upon its Chest."

We are great athletes as you may suppose. We quite enjoy (?) swinging on the wall bars and wobbling on the booms. At Basket-ball we are without equal, although other people may not think so. Someone, when asked if she hit the ball with one hand, answered quite innocently that she ended up with two on it.

It is time for us to cease singing our praises, and give someone else a show.

Wishing you a happy holiday,

Yours,

—UPPER IVb.

LOWER IVa.

Dear Editor,—

Cheerio friends! Once again we write to you to give you the latest news. We nearly all have had a rise from Form III. to Form Lower IVa., with Miss Nicholson as our Form Mistress, but we are afraid she has not the good opinion of us that we have of ourselves (?).

We are still talkative, and find our name in the Disorder Book, or ourselves in Detention copying out a few paragraphs of Ivanhoe.

Latin is a new subject to us all this year, and with both French and Latin some of us ought to become quite distinguished linguists.

We have a few brainy historians in Form IV, one of whom would like very much to know whether the men of the Bronze Age were at all brassy looking in appearance. Also we have gained some information on the subject of how the Egyptians first measured how many days made a month by simply counting backwards.

There is one person who is not very fond of brain work, but contents her-

self entirely with collecting rare "specks," and among those rare "specks" are many weird and wonderful things.

Well Editor, we have given you all our news, so we must close.

We remain,

LOWER IVa.

LOWER IVb.

Last term, with the exception of our Form Captain, we were all new girls. Perhaps this fact helped us to be very good and work hard.

This term we are undoubtedly still unequalled, but the "disturbing influence" which has come down from above has rather unsettled us.

This term we have been forced to change class-rooms with Upper IVa. The noise and behaviour of our old neighbours was quite unbearable. Whenever poor Miss Mann tried to teach us about Circumpolar Whirls or split infinitives their disorder seemed to reach its height, and we had to reprove them through cracks in the dividing doors. This was rather over the fence, so we decamped, and left the field to Upper IVa., who, we may safely say, are more hardened warriors than we.

From one of the windows in our new residence, we have a splendid view of all that goes on in the Gym. We never before realised how funny people look wobbling on the booms, or what weird noises a singing class can make.

The only thing against our new room is the door that divides us from the Sixth Form. These high and mighties are forbidden to use it, so they invariably make a point of doing so, and the poor girl sitting with her back against it gets many pats on the back.

There are a great many clever and persevering people in our Form, although some do not seem to realise it. One girl gives her lunch every Thursday to be cut up for Botany; another, when doing problems in the metric

system, measures by "hairs"; someone else insists (in French) that she is a fresh egg, and the rest of us go fishing for bloaters off the coasts of Sardinia.

Our numbers are now sadly reduced by that terrible disease—Mumps. Six have them, and a seventh can feel her face visibly swelling. Two more of our members are absent this week, but as far as we know, they have only the "morning after" feeling.

This is all our news for the present, and no other class can grow hogs, leeks, ginger and ottos in the same plot as we do.

With kind regards from

—LOWER IVb.

FORM III.

Dear Editor,—

Once again we start our welcome notes and the most important thing is that we have changed our class room, and have gone to the new one which has just recently been erected; although our Form Mistress does not think we deserve it, as we are a very naughty class.

We are proud to be the possessors of the largest class in the School, but that is not to say we are the best by a long way.

All our girls are filled with knowledge. One girl informed us that Japan was in Italy. Another tells us that five away from five leaves two. That same person says in her composition: "There were hailstones all over the lorn"; but we think she means lawn.

Another girl who was writing a composition on "The Loss of the Trevesa," put that when the boat was sinking the Captain gave out the wife's belts to all the crew.

We also have budding artists, who draw all over their books, and sometimes on other girls' books.

It is quite usual to hear the girls fighting over the boys' schools. One girl remarked that High School would never fade—we wonder if she means the colours or the boys.

Well Editor, I am afraid we will have to close our notes until the next term, when we begin our jokes again.

Cheerio Editor,

—FORM III.

FORM II.

Hullo Editor,—

Here we are again with even more knowledge than we had last year.

Betty Browne, Helen Vincent and Joan Beaton went up into the next Form at the beginning of the second term and, of course, made our number smaller. (Larger, child! Larger.—Ed.)

The other day we had a lesson on pot-hooks, which we did very well for the first time.

We know we are supposed to be Juniors and we must be, as we play with dolls during a French lesson.

We have one most brilliant scholar who simply loves Dictation to the delight of our Mistress (?). Also, we have an excellent writer, who, we are sure, will get the neatness prize (?), which we would all love to have.

One afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to some simply beautiful music from a little dog which came to visit us.

History is loved by all of us, especially a girl who told us that the first Prince of Wales is the one living now.

As we are all so good, there isn't much to write about, so we must end. So good-bye until this time next year.

—FORM II.

FORM I.

Here we are again. We are just an out-of-door class as before. There are still some Woods, but the Flowers have withered away and the Church is moved to a more suitable place. In the woods you see a Daphne-tree and beneath it lies a Mackintosh. A little

farther on you find a Shepherd, but he has lost his sheep like Bo-peep.

We have not much news, except that seven sevens are fourteen, and seven fours are twenty-one.

Cheerio, from

—FORM I.

KINDERGARTEN.

Dear Eadotour,—

Our room is such a bright, clean room. Our captain cleans it every Friday and it looks new. The Gym is so nice now that the wall bars and booms are there. Miss Jaques gives us drill and sometimes I nearly fall off the booms. We each clear gardens, and the flowers in it look pretty, because of so many colours.

Yours truly,

AILEEN JOHN.

Miss Wood's room and our room have gardening together. Miss Wood takes us for gardening, and Miss Warner takes us for games on Monday. If it is wet we go into Miss Wood's room and we have putting the pig's tail on. It is drawing in our books on Friday, and on Wednesday the top class have drawing on the big board—only the girls who got four out of four, or three out of three, or if there are one or two over the girls who had the best writing. Reading is my best lesson. I am the captain of our room and Bidy John helps me.

—MOLLY CHURCH.

There are seventeen in our class now that Pat. comes to school. We have paper cutting and now we have to paste in our own animals. We have pasted in a cow and a horse.

For sewing we are making hankichiff sashay, and we are going to pad it with wadding. Miss Jakes takes us for drill and Miss Wood's class have drill with us. I am the leader of our line. We have gardening with Miss Wood. Molly and I share a garden.

From KATHLEEN BAIRD.



A BASKET BALL TEAM, 1923.
Standing—D. CULLEN, M. DRAPER, B. HUMPHREY, B. HOBBS.
Sitting—M. SALMON, J. DUNCAN (Capt.), B. HIBBLE.



A BASKET BALL TEAM, 1923.
Standing—D. CULLEN, M. DRAPER, B. HUMPHREY, B. HOBBS.
Sitting—M. SALMON, J. DUNCAN (Capt.), B. HIBBLE.



BOARDERS' NOTES.

We are a happy old crowd now, much nicer than the day-girls, really (?). The Junior House across the road is the new home for the little ones, and they like it immensely; but we are the bigger girls; not larger, please! Although, much to our dismay, we thrive and grow fatter each day. Needless to say, we work from morn till night—perfect slaves in fact; but this is good for us. I suppose you know the proverb about Satan and idle hands.

In the morning the lazy girls rise to the good old dressing bell—the others have been up and working for hours; then there is a ferocious rush for the bath rooms. We are great hands in the art of getting dressed in a few seconds, although sometimes our appearance does suggest haste.

As a precaution against "naughty" mumps, etc., we gargle every morning after breakfast. This is great fun, and the most delightful sounds are wafted out. Of course, there are some people who do not like the noise—we can't please all.

There are the usual lessons during the day and then we are free once more. After school there are millions of things to do. There is gardening—we are awfully good at this; in fact, we are thinking of cultivating vegetables for the School. Then there are matches, and the eternal music practising—it is one big flurry till tea time. After tea we go to prep., where we work diligently for two hours.

We notice the Boarders' home-work is much better done than the day-girls'. After prep. we have some more fun. On Tuesday nights Miss Jaques gives country dancing lessons; watching the sets is the greatest joy. Poor things! How often we look funny without knowing it!!

Much to our joy, the Library has at last received attention. Besides a rapidly growing fiction library there is a good reference library springing up. Here I take the opportunity of advertising the empty shelves in the fiction library. You know they look much nicer when full.

The whole of Saturday morning is taken up with darning, etc., and then games. There are some Dorm. Basketball matches now on. The result of the first match between Murrin Murrin and Allowah v. Korawilla and Dugout resulted in a win for the latter. Each Dorm has a name like the above names, and in nearly all cases the inmates have subscribed to a polished jarrah name plate—they are awfully smart. Besides the name, each Dorm. has colours, and these are flaunted at the matches.

It's fearfully exciting playing a Dorm. match, we all get so worked up, that the poor umpire has a strenuous time.

A Prefect and another girl trot down the village every Saturday morning, dragging a tremendous roll of parchment—the list of sweets, etc., to tickle the palates of the Boarders. Please don't labour under the impression that we are allowed to spend £s.d.—nothing so reckless, merely a shilling—but you cannot believe (until you have to carry them back), what a delightful array of sweetmeats you can buy with that mighty sum. On Saturday afternoon we chew our lollies (lovely word), and read library books for half the time, and then we go for a walk. By the way, I beg to say, on behalf of all, that the ocean is preferred to the river, when we go a-walking. It appeals to our poetic temperament, don't you know!!

In the evening we dance.

Sunday is spent in Sunday School, Church, writing letters and reading. Altogether, a day of rest, to equip ourselves for a gloriously busy week.

Thanks to Miss Finlayson, many comforts have been added. Radiators have been placed in the class rooms used for prep., and we have hot cocoa before bed. Both of these things make life more homely, and everybody is very grateful to Miss Finlayson for studying our comfort so assiduously.

We tried hard to have a "New Girls' Concert" when the new girls first arrived. It was not a success. We managed to drag some items out of the sporty ones—but the others!! We are not mule-drivers!!! Of course, as a result of their success in withstanding our demands for items they were unbearable until their heads had regained normal size. We are sorry they were too ignorant to realize that it is the ones who are decent enough to sing, etc., that win our hearts, not the mules. They probably know better now.

As P.L.C. is not old enough to have many traditions, the very few we have are sacred. One is, that on the last night of each month, directly after "lights out" ("lights out" has two meanings, the French is *Tenebris*; the Latin, *nonus talkum*), each girl, Prefects excepted, should cry out, in a loud voice: "Hares!" The operation is repeated in the morning, directly you wake, but "Rabbits!" is substituted for "Hares." Each time some unlucky child is picked on to bear the righteous wrath of a Mistress, not always, of course, but sometimes.

We have the most ripping fun, and we are very sorry for the poor day-girls, who can't possibly enjoy life as we do. But, of course, we can't all be chosen to be the lucky ones, or what charm would lie in being lucky?

PREFECTS' NOTES.

"Once more unto the Mag. dear 'Fects." Again we are asked for notes

—and we have been having tests. Cruel Editor!

Since the last issue of the "Kookaburra," great changes have come over our dignified Assembly of Prefects. At the end of the last term of 1922, we said farewell to Annie Lamont, and Jean Lamont, E. Andrews, M. Steele, B. Mountain, J. Lassie, J. Wingrove, L. Kempton, M. McGibbon and M. McKenzie.

During the first term of the year the Prefects were: A. Baird, M. Drake-Brockman, N. Horgan (Head Prefect), L. Hocking, I. McCulloch, N. Martin, M. Mitchell, N. Rolland, P. Rose, D. Solomon and A. Thiel.

At the end of the term, N. Horgan left, and J. McCulloch was made Head Prefect. Later in the term M. Mountain and E. Ellershaw were received into our company, and we wish them success in their new work. We have now several deputies, and we find that they are a great asset, especially to the Boarder Prefects during the week-ends.

The inhabitants of Allowah and Arcadia feel very aggrieved because they have two Prefects to look after them (They thought that as they were so very good one was quite enough. The Prefects think otherwise, and deal out lines accordingly).

Bottom Dorm. rejoiced to think that they were going to have peaceful (?) week-ends, without any Prefects, but they were sadly disillusioned; when they found themselves harbouring two 'fects and a deputy in Arcadia, and two deputies in Gondolas. Therefore, although there are two weekly Prefects, no dorm. is prefectless during the week-ends.

One afternoon during the first term Miss Finlayson gave the Prefects a tennis afternoon, which we all enjoyed very much, and for which we thank her.

This term we are to have a picnic somewhere in the hills, similar to that of the second term of last year. It will take place at the end of the term, after the exams., when we will all require something to revive us.



Tennis.

We are sad, very sad, at the loss of our first player, and we all hope that whoever takes her place will prove just as efficient.

So far the "A" Team has been successful in winning the first round of the Sandover Shield. We are desirous of winning the second round, and also of retaining the Slazenger Cup next term. There is a rumour, however, that representatives are coming from Kalgoorlie to try to defeat us. Anyhow, we are not going to let them, and we've really got quite a lot of determination when we make up our minds, you know.

Some credit is also due to our "B" Team, as they carried on well against the other schools, and succeeded in defeating all of them. This year we also have a "C" or "Under Fifteen" Team. This four was not quite so successful, but as they are new to the game, and only young, we can make allowances for them. Anyway, they played good, steady games, and were real sports when they lost.

At the end of the term we will lose Dot. and Maisie, two of our "B" Team. This will spoil the "doubles" partnership established in the Teams.

There was to be a tennis match between Old Girls and Present Girls, but evidently our fame has reached their ears, and they have decided to try their h'm—weight against ours at basket-ball. Last time we played them at tennis we defeated them, so no wonder there is to be a basket-ball match.

During the second term, tennis is generally not so popular as at other times, but this term the tournaments held at Kitchener Park, Subiaco, are the centre of interest for all tennis

enthusiasts. Many of the girls have entered for the different events, and quite a number of them have succeeded in winning their first, and even their second rounds. The wet weather, however, has stopped much of the play.

Just lately there have been some very nice compliments about our girls as tennis players in the "West Australian." P.L.C. will be sending in a team for the Davis Cup next. At any time we are expecting Janet to challenge Mmle. Suzanne Lenglen. In fact, we are all second Suzannes. It is rather a good thing to know that our younger members are promising players, as they will be able to carry on successfully the "wars" against other schools in years to come.

The following are the teams as they were during the first term:—

"A" Team.—Jean Loton (1), Jean Duncan (2), Alison Baird (3), Janet Paterson, Capt. (4).

"B" Team.—Dot Solomon, Capt. (1), Lily Hocking (2), Mary Brockman (3), Maisie Mitchell (4).

"C" Team.—Mary Salmon, Capt. (1), Helen Blythe (2), Greta Thomas (3), Joyce Harris (4).

Vital Needs of the Moment.

"A" TEAM.

- J. Paterson (Capt.)—An aggressive backhand, and more care in her service.
- J. Duncan.—More pace on all her strokes and length in her second service.
- A. Baird.—More sting in her "places" and quicker recovery into court.

"B" TEAM.

- D. Solomon (Capt.)—More effective volleying, and more careful foot-work.
- L. Hocking.—Better placing and more careful backhand practice.
- M. Mitchell.—More freedom in both forehand and backhand strokes.
- M. Brockman.—Needs to keep her balls lower and faster, and to take more opportunities to volley.

UNDER 15 TEAM.

H. Blythe (Capt.)—A backhand.
M. Salmon.—More attention to detail.
G. Thomas.—Length, pace, and better placing.

J. Harris.—A freer style.

The first round of the tennis matches consists entirely of doubles, and there at first lay our difficulty. Three of the "A" Team are essentially singles players, but enthusiasm, and steady practice have made a marked improvement. To be a good doubles player you must have all the essentials necessary to a good partner in any enterprise, and chief among these are good comradeship and mutual confidence. Tactics and court strategy alone will do very well, but combined with perfect confidence and understanding, they are invincible.

One of the principal faults the team has to overcome is a tendency to volley from the service line, instead of going to the net. It is a most awkward position to be caught in, and fully earns the consequences it brings.

All the teams, "A," "B," and Under 15, need careful backhand practice. Try first to acquire perfect ease, and control, then gradually increase the pace. The "B" and Under 15 teams especially, should take more advantage of opportunities for winning a rally by volleying at the net. Never volley on the back line, as many of you do. It is a lazy man's stroke. If it bounces in, toss it, if it bounces out, the point is yours.

There are many vacant places in the teams, which everyone should aspire to, so that by mutual competition, the standard will be raised, and the team for the next round will consist of the very best the School can give.

—M. LOWE.

BASKET BALL.

Owing to the Magazine having to be in at an early date, we will not be able to write as much about the matches as we expected to.

Only two of the Pennant Matches

have been played, and the Form matches do not begin until the half term.

We have not played as much Basketball as we would have liked, owing to the bad weather we have had. If the weather is not fine we play in the Gym., where it is impossible for the ball to go out of bounds, unless through the windows.

Miss Jaques has introduced to us a new game, much the same as Basketball, called Net Ball. There are fewer lines, much to the relief of some girls, whose feet always seem to be where they shouldn't.

It has not been played very much this term, as the team has to practice Basketball, but we expect that it will be played instead of Basketball in a few years at every School.

So far we have played three matches:—Against C.E.G.S., won by P.L.C., 19 to 10 goals; against P.M.S., won by P.L.C., 26 to 23 goals; against P.C., won by P.C., — goals; against M.L.C., draw, 11 goals all.

We only hope that our team will keep it up and carry off the Pennant.

Miss Jaques has taken over the management of the Basketball this year, instead of Miss Lowe, and we should like to thank her for all the trouble she has taken in making the team such a success.

Team.

- Shooter.—Betty Hobbs.
- Attack.—Bessie Hibble.
- Wing Attack.—Barbara Humphrey.
- Centre.—Margaret Draper.
- Wing Defence.—Jean Duncan (Capt.).
- Defence.—Mary Salmon.
- Goalkeeper.—Doreen Cullen.
- Reserve.—Edith Pope.
- Sh. and Att.—Are playing well, their combination is very good.
- Wg. Att.—Plays a good game. Must remember to keep to the side line, or to return there after any necessary work is done in the centre.
- Centre.—Has been playing more steadily, though is still too wild and clumsy; needs to be more thoughtful.

Wg. Def.—Should not encroach on Centre, but guard the side line. Has shown adaptability in changing position in field.

Def.—Is inclined to elbow her opponent; might mark closer. Gets free, and promises to play well later.

G.K.—Has not played in every match; plays carefully and marks well. More jumping for the ball would be an advantage.

Reserve.—Promises to be a good player; she should practise to defend efficiently.

Owing to much rain, the team has been unable to play together between one match and the next. This would have been a serious handicap if our opponents had not had the same drawback. This also explains the lack of combination in the team as a whole, but given fine weather, and a right playing spirit, it is hoped this weakness may improve before the season ends.

We are very glad to be winners of any game, but must always remember that it is better to play a good game than a winning game.

D. M. JAQUES.

SWIMMING.

Although the weather this summer was as hot as usual at this time of the year, and quite suitable for swimming, the swimming teams were unable to have much practice, owing to the presence of sharks in the river.

Walking to Claremont Baths every afternoon for swimming practice we all managed to reduce our weight by a few pounds, and at the end of our journey we were very glad to revive ourselves in the water.

The Swimming Carnival, for which we were practising, was held at Crawley Baths on Saturday, March 9th, in the presence of many supporters of the various teams.

The weather was fine, but there was a strong wind blowing, which made the swimmers very cold and uncomfortable.

The competition for the Barron Trophy resulted in a win for C.E.G.S., with G.H.S. second, and P.L.C. third.

The Lapsley Cup was won by the Y.A.L. Team.

One of the most exciting events of the day was the Girls' 50 Yards Championship, which was won after a struggle by Muriel Woodhouse (P.C.).

Although P.L.C. did not do well this year, it is to be hoped the results will be better next year.

The teams represent P.L.C. were as follows:—

Barron Trophy.—Madeleine Forbes, Janet Paterson, Peggy Manford, Rita McGibbon.

Lapsley Cup.—Tessie Nunn, Maud Sholl, Mary Salmon, Eulalie Ellershaw.

In closing we wish to thank Miss Lowe for the keen interest she has taken in the teams, and for her kind instructions during the preparations for the events.

RUNNING.

As the Editor has deemed it necessary to make the "Kookaburra" as big as possible, we thought Running would be a pleasant addition to it.

We all look forward with great interest to the Running as one of the principal events during the year.

A few weeks before the great event comes off, all the girls wishing to enter for the sports are taken down to the end of the paddock to run off the various events.

During this term many girls can be seen running round the drive, vainly trying to get their "second breath" and wondering why it doesn't come.

If this cold weather continues we should be more successful, as the girls try to make themselves warm by running and jumping in their spare moments.

Last year all the girls that were to take part in the events were on the grounds by 10 o'clock, feeling terribly nervous (at least they said so).

The sports were opened by the long jump, but our girls failed to get a

place. We were not to be discouraged by a bad beginning, but held on to the saying: "Bad beginning—good end."

The following results in the Inter-School Sports, may be of interest:—

Janet Paterson.—4th in 50 Yards Championship.

Jean Duncan.—1st in netting the Basket-ball.

Betty Hobbs.—1st in Long Jump (under 15).

Janet Paterson.—1st in Hop-Step-and-Jump (Open).

When the points were added up at the end of the day Perth College came first, Modern School second, Methodist Ladies' College third, Presbyterian Ladies' College fourth, and Girls' High School fifth.

As we have lost some of our good runners and jumpers, we hope that the younger girls will try their hardest to fill their places.

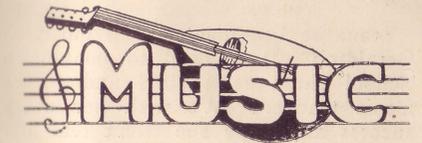
JUNIOR HOUSE NOTES.

The Junior House is situated opposite the Old School. This is the first time that the Junior House has contributed towards the "Kookaburra," as this is our first year here. We all like living here very much. The gardener made us a lovely sea-saw, where we spend many enjoyable afternoons, and we often fall off; but do not hurt ourselves very much. Miss Squire very kindly gave us prizes for the tidy drawers. We all seem very fond of giving plays, as we have one nearly every Saturday. We have a big cubby-house in which we are very fond of playing, and receiving some very amusing guests, such as Mrs. Spiffkin and Mrs. Jellybean, who, we hope, will visit us in a week's time. We all sleep out on the verandah, which we like—when the blinds are up. One person has developed a very pudding face lately. One little person among our

company represents a snail. On returning from our holidays we were all very pleased to find that Miss Finlayson was living with us at the Junior House.

Well, good-bye Editor.

From JUNIOR HOUSE.



Since the last publication of the "Kookaburra" a Music Club has been started at School. It is making great progress. The members now number about twenty-seven and there is usually a full attendance at the monthly meetings. Miss Harvey, Miss Hutchinson, and Miss Lodge in turn take an afternoon, when they read us articles on the life and works of great composers. Then, with the aid of other members of the Club, they play selections from them, and point out to us the chief characteristics of the pieces. Miss Harvey often sings to us, and needless to say, we enjoy her songs very much.

Since the Club has started we have had afternoons on Grieg, Chopin, Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert, and also a waltz afternoon, when each member played a waltz. All these afternoons have been very much enjoyed and the Club is very grateful to the Mistresses who have made them such a success.

There are four Committee Members, besides the Mistresses, namely: N. Rolland, President; A. Thiel, Treasurer; J. Duncan and B. Humphrey. Norma was at first very nervous, but she has quite recovered now. At our first meeting she was so afraid that she would forget the much rehearsed closing speech that she made it before the meeting was finished.

The Secretary declares that she will be forced to use hair dye if the members do not pay their subs. more readily.

We have lost two of our budding musicians: B. Mountain and J. Norman. Betty comes down to school on Tuesdays to music lessons, but unfortunately she cannot attend Club meetings.

Jean, we hear, is teaching music at Geraldton. It is hard to imagine a School chum as a staid and severe music teacher! We wish her every success and hope she won't tear her hair too often.

Our sympathy is with the 6 a.m. practising girls who have been complaining that the alarm clock refuses to go off. Perhaps it will act better now that practising on Saturdays has been introduced as a punishment for late rising. Many of us went to hear Jean Gerardy, the celloist, and we are looking forward to hearing Moiseiwitsch, who starts his season on July 26th.

The following are the results of the Music Examinations for last year:—

Associated Board, 1922.

Qualifying Examination for L.A.B. Rudiments of Harmony.—Jean Norman.

Advanced Grade, Practical. — Lila Kempton.

Rudiments of Music.—Muriel Gourley. Lower Grade, Practical.—Eleanor Barker, Phyllis Collison, Peggy Manford.

Australian University Music Board.

Division 2, Practical.—Betty Mountain (with credit).

Division 3, Practical.—Jean Duncan (with honors), Barbara Humphry (with credit), Janet Paterson (with credit).

Division 4, Practical.—Jean Loton. Theory.—Jean Duncan (with honors).

Division 5, Practical.—Margaret Moule, Phyllis Thiel. Theory.—Jean L. Anderson, Joan Eyres, Joyce Harris, Joan Hearman, Barbara Humphry, Jean Loton, Tessie Nunn, Phyllis Thiel.

Division 6, Practical.—M. Humphry, D. Forbes, N. Forbes.

GUIDE NOTES.

For the first time Guide Notes appear in our Magazine. Last time it was published there were no Guides, but since then four patrols have been enlisted, two of which have passed their "Tenderfoot," and are now working for their Second Class Badge. The other two are but recruits as yet. We welcome them in. Miss Jaques was Captain of the Guides at Altrincham, in England, quite a short time ago, and we are very fortunate in having her for our Captain. We all wish to thank Miss Jaques for the kindness and help we have received throughout.

To increase our funds for the improvement of our Guide House and for future expenses we decided to give a concert. The "Court Scene," not from the "Merchant of Venice," but from "Alice in Wonderland," was chosen to fill the last half of the programme, but we were at a loss for items for the first half. We were instructed to give in a few items from each patrol, but even four days from the eventful night we had no idea of what to do. At length after much discussion, the programme was filled. The Bantam Patrol contributed a song by D. Dival, a recitation by A. Sanderson, and a small play, "The Swinherd." The Magpie Patrol presented two songs, "Polly-Wolly-Doodle," and "Cock Robin," by the Patrol, and the overture by J. Duncan. To open the concert the Guide Song was played while the Guides marched in from the back in

twos, and sang it on the stage. Excitement prevailed when the leaders reached the curtains across the stage—they were each supposed to pull one back while the others marched on, but in the rush the pins fastening the curtains had been forgotten and as a result we couldn't get on the stage. The Patrols marked time in a very steady manner while the leaders fumbled at the safety-pins—the strain was awful; giggles began to ascend from the back. At length a brain-wave struck us, and the whole curtain was pulled back and we marched on amid sighs of relief from the audience. The incident slightly spoiled the grand entry, but it broke the ice. Roars of applause greeted all our efforts; the items were really good—judging by the clapping. I suppose we did look rather funny in "Polly Wolly" and "Cock Robin," we certainly felt it under our disguises. Judging by the time the Bantams had to prepare their play it might have been a failure, but not so—it was good-oh. There was a rush in the dressing-room after "Polly Wolly." We were blackened, at least our hands and faces were, and though we had applied grease in profusion before blackening, the black refused to come off. We could hear the people clapping in the hall—the interval had made them impatient—we could hear the overture being repeated (Jean you were a sport) and we could feel the skin coming off our faces, but still the awful black stayed on. At any rate, tragedy was averted and we managed to remove just enough to deceive the audience, the lights and powder helping the creamy effect. Apparently the "Court Scene" was acted by white people. During the play poor Alice nearly fell off the stage—the chair on which she was standing had mysteriously reached the extreme edge of the stage—and just as she stepped from it the chair fell off; it gave her quite a shock!

The proceeds of the concert were £9. You will all agree when tickets were 1s. for reserved and 6d. for common seats it was jolly good.

We have appeared in public a few times—once at a meeting in Perth, and once at the Anzac Service. We can't help knowing we look smart, because we were told so. We were just a little bashful, because it is unusual to see Girl Guides over here, but we recovered.

We hold meetings every Wednesday afternoon. The next meeting will be the first appearance of the recruits, and we all wish to express our pleasure in receiving them amongst us, and hope they will strive to pass their "Tenderfoot" soon, that under our Captain we may make our Company "the" Company of Western Australia.

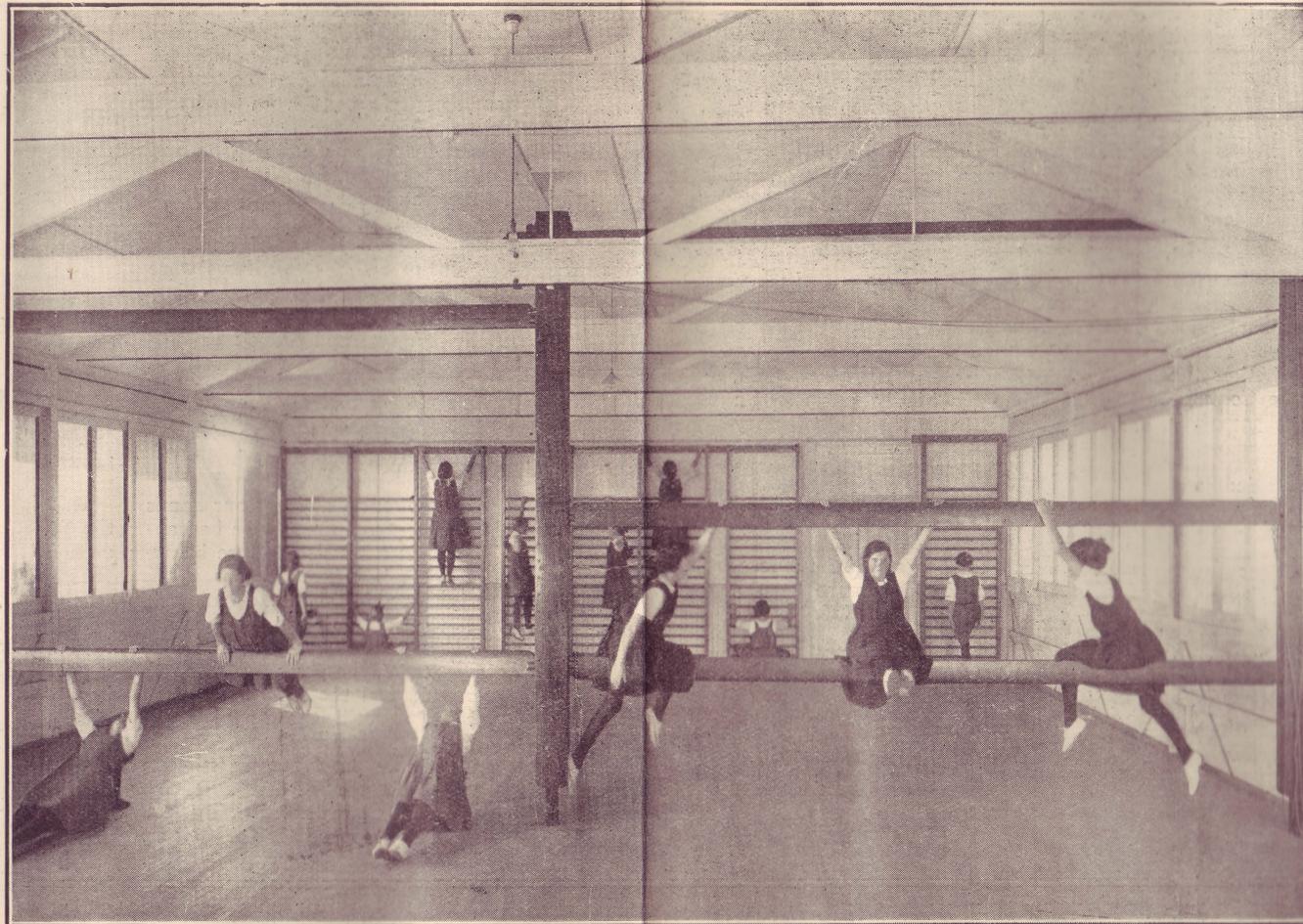
SCIENCE CLUB.

This is the first appearance of Science Club Notes, in the "Kookaburra."

This is the most flourishing Club in the School, there being about one hundred members, some of whom, unfortunately, have not paid their subs. Our poor harassed Assistant Treasurer being rather flurried one day, tore into a chemist's shop and asked the chemist if he would make up a subscription for her.

We have acquired, thanks to the generosity of the Council, a glass cupboard, with sloping shelves, which we have to share with one Geology Class. On the shelves are found many wondrous articles, ranging from paper money and shoes to beetles stuck on pins.

On different occasions various members of the Science Club have been on expeditions, all of which have been very enjoyable, the only drawback being the essays we have to write when we return. We have been to the Glass Works, Woollen Mills, and nine members to the Mint. Oh, the money!!!



"THE GYM."

We have bought a rain gauge, but the rainy weather seems to be over, which is unfortunate. A newspaper is bought each week, which is full of interest to the junior members, and perhaps to some of the seniors. For the benefit of the older members, we are purchasing a series of magazines entitled "Outlines of Science."

When the Weather Clerk favours us with another big storm, the residents of Cottesloe Beach will see a number of young scientists accompanied by Mr. Glauert, one of the authorities of the Museum, searching the beach for the treasures of the deep.

Miss Finlayson has kindly consented to be our President, and we have an able Committee, under the leadership of Miss Sterne, Vice-President, Miss Freer, Secretary, and Miss Mann, Treasurer. It is optional whether the Prefects are members of the Committee or not, but they have to pay their subscriptions all the same.

We wish to thank our President and Committee for the help they have given us since the club started.

Wishing the other Clubs as much success as we have had.

We remain,

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

"Self-reliance and Economy."

Since at last we have obtained a room our Club is progressing favourably.

Our Committee spent many hours toiling laboriously in order to darken the room. The room is the fortunate possessor of three troughs and a copper, the latter being specially fitted for depositing rubbish; while it also possesses two lights, thanks to friends.

We hope in the near future to be able to rebuild the front of the Club Room, owing to the presence of the white ants, who seem to live there a very happy and prosperous existence, and cannot be killed by hypo or developer.

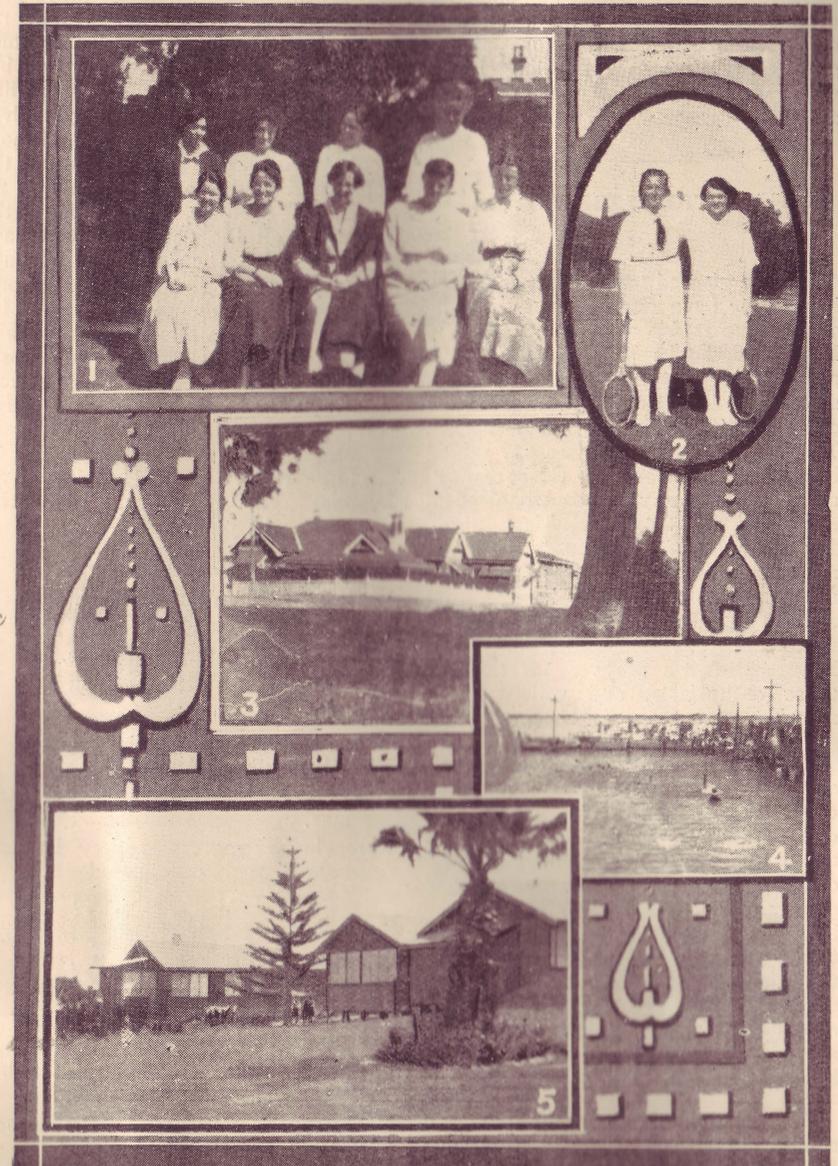
We regret to say that the door and the excessive down-pouring from the heavens do not agree, the result being the door has become too big for its boots. On these occasions we find it necessary to borrow the coats of the interested spectators to block up the cracks.

We take this opportunity of thanking the numerous people, who have helped us to begin by giving and lending the various necessities, which help to make a successful Club.

On Wednesday evening, June 27th, Mr. Knapp very kindly came down and gave us a lecture on Elementary Photography. We all found it most interesting, and wonder if any of us will ever gain such results as he expects. Mr. Knapp brought down some of his beautiful photos to illustrate his lecture. His drawings on the board, for which he apologised, were beyond reproach, and much was left to the imagination.

The Committee this year comprise the President, Norma Rolland, who is so small that Mr. Knapp could not see her; the Treasurer, Precious Rose, who works so hard at the books that she has little time for School work, but the result of her labours always seem to be a minus in the Treasury. The other two members, Joyce Stephens and Madeleine Forbes, have assisted the Club by giving articles, and also giving excellent advice.

We must add that the Treasury is a pink striped bag, made from the remains of a pair of pyjamas owned by the President. It is very serviceable, but unfortunately the only sound it gives forth is a hollow, empty groan.



CAMERA CLUB.

We are sure, dear friends, that no one will doubt the success and sincerity of this Club, and the good work it is doing to improve the future photographs of Western Australia. Down with professionals! we are all for amateurs.

FICTION LIBRARY.

We are pleased to find that this year has so far been one of the most progressive years for our Fiction Library. Numerous books have been added, partly by the timely subscription of a shilling, and partly contributions from concerts, etc., raised on our behalf. The latest subscription was 6s., gained by the hard labour of Grace Grant, and her company, who organised a small concert on Saturday night. Everybody agreed that they received more than their 2d. worth of amusement, and we were all amazed that such a hastily prepared programme would run so smoothly, etc., etc. Nevertheless we are very grateful to these enthusiasts, and will welcome any more who venture forth.

The shelves of the Reference Library are the source of our admiration and envy, of course; we are proud, etc., etc., of our Reference Library, but as the Fiction Library is our particular charge, we would be even more proud of nice big brown shelves to hold the books, which will be contributed after this is published. The nice kind people that donate books need not be afraid of their gifts not being shown up to advantage, for the Library has been newly calsonimed, and a new carpet has been added.

The gleaming books amid the more sombre shelves of the Reference Library lend an added dignity to the scene, but above all on the walls hang the two war pictures presented by Mr. Finlayson, as an Anzac Day Memorial.

In quite a short time, if the generous spirit with which we have always met, still prevails, our Library will be renowned. It requires very little stimulant (of any sort!!) to conjure up before me a large Library, somewhat like the present one, surrounded by shelves filled with books, and books, and more books. A blazing fire lights up the room, and throws a ruddy glow on an enormous volume, containing the names of all the generous, who have contributed to the Library. In huge comfy armchairs sit some of the Committee, dashing off notes of thanks for books received, while every now and then the door opens, and a huge parcel is brought in, with the announcement, "A dozen books from Mrs. X.Y.Z."

Thus on and on until I suddenly remember a list of books, bought this year, must be published:—

Swiss Family Robinson.
 Little Lord Fauntleroy—F. H. Burnett.
 The Spinster Aunt—Herbert Jenkins.
 The Lamp Lighter—Cummins.
 The Flaming Forest—O. Curwood.
 Chatterbox.
 Chums.
 The Girl Guides' Annual.
 The Three Musketeers—Alexandre Dumas.
 Peregrine's Progress—Jeffrey Farnol.
 The Water Babies—Kingsley.
 The Light That Failed—Kipling.
 Tom Kenyon, School-Boy—H. Kelly.
 A Dominie Dismissed—A. S. Neill.
 A Girl of the Limberlost—G. Stratton Porter.
 The Master's Violin—M. Reed.
 Tom, Dick and Harry—T. B. Reid.
 Red and Black—G. Richmond.
 Red Pepper's Patients—G. Richmond.
 Tell England—E. Raymond.
 Reginald Cruden—T. B. Reid.
 The Sea Hawk—Raphael Sabastini.
 Treasure Island—R. L. Stevenson.
 Uncle Tom's Cabin—H. B. Stowe.

Peggy's Last Term—E. Talbot.
 The Gentleman From Indiana—B. Tarkington.
 More About Peggy—Mrs. G. De H. Vaizey.
 Penelope's Experiences in Scotland—K. Douglas-Wiggins.

SOLAR ECLIPSE—1923.

The Solar Eclipse of 1922, was an important event in Western Australia; for it was to our shores that scientists from America, India and various other parts of the world came to watch this most interesting phenomenon.

Amongst those who participated in the Wallal Expedition was Professor A. D. Ross, whom we are lucky to have on our School Council. After his return Professor Ross kindly consented to give us a special lecture at the School on the Expedition, and the Eclipse. The lecture was well attended by the girls, with their parents and friends.

A series of typical lantern slides were provided, by means of which the audience was able to follow the party from Fremantle Harbour to Wallal, where the eclipse was viewed, and finally back again to Fremantle.

The members of the expedition, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Campbell from the Lick Observatory, and Mr. Crocker, from San Francisco, arrived at Wallal in the schooner "Gwendoline," and had to travel some distance inland to the site, which had been chosen; the apparatus being conveyed to it by long teams of donkeys.

Once the site was reached, no time was lost, and soon the erection of the necessary apparatus, such as 40, 15 and 5ft. Einstein cameras, telescopes, and spectroscopes, was soon in full swing. Each camera was held in a framework of wood, erected on a cement pier. The frames of the cameras were covered with rubberised cloth, to prevent the ingress of light, and each camera was fitted with a long guiding

telescope. The cameras were sheltered by a canvas house, which maintained the essential uniformity of temperature.

The party, said Professor Ross, consisted of a number of different nationalities, and although the conversation was usually carried on in English, at times of stress during the operations the language became surprisingly varied.

When the day of the eclipse arrived, everything was in readiness, and meteorological conditions were of the highest excellence. At the appointed time the shadow of the moon began to creep across the face of the sun. Gradually the light of common day faded into a sort of uncanny twilight which grew deeper as totality approached. At the moment when the last speck of the sun's brightness was hidden an instantaneous change took place. A kind of semi-darkness, like that about half an hour after sunset, prevailed. The stars rushed out, and the sun was seen to be surrounded by a wonderful luminous ring or corona.

During the short period of totality, the work of the eclipse party was carried on without a hitch; and not a moment of the precious time was lost. After about five minutes the first ray of light appeared, and the great event was practically over.

The next day saw the operators indulging in a well-earned rest. Many of them had scarcely slept during the three days previous to the eclipse, and it is gratifying to know that their efforts had been crowned with success and that the verification of the Einstein theory in which they played a most important part, is one of the greatest achievements ever accomplished in the realm of science.

In a few days the instruments were dismantled and packed, and the party left Wallal, which had become a place of lasting importance in the history of scientific research.

OLD COLLEGIANS' DOINGS.

Thanks to the way in which the Old Girls have responded to the appeals of a few enthusiastic members the Association has taken on a new, and, we hope, a continued lease of life.

At the first meeting an active Committee was elected and a vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Marion Cooke for her past valuable work as Secretary.

The Committee for last year have carried on this year, with the exception of Marje Tilly and Bobbie Carroll.

Miss Finlayson continues as Vice-President. Marje Battye, who was last year's President, has "swopped jobs" with Clare McLintock, who was Treasurer. "Billy Muggins" is still Secretary. Betty Mountain is Assistant Secretary; Margaret Officer is the metropolitan representative, whilst Edna Rose represents the "truly rural."

We very confidently challenged the Present Girls at tennis last year, and picked a lemon. However, we hope to retrieve our reputation this time at Basket-ball.

The next and greatest event of the year was the Annual Dance, which caused quite a flutter. Thanks to an energetic Committee, the decorations, supper and general arrangements left nothing to be desired. Our thanks are also due to many friends who sent welcome donations enabling us to show a small credit balance. We hope to have as good a dance and a larger attendance this year.

Members are reminded that the dance takes place on October 13th (Show Saturday). It will considerably lighten the Secretary's work if members will endeavour to be punctual in forwarding dance subscriptions and name to whom invitation is to be sent.

We have to announce the engagement of Anabel Plaištowe and Marge Tilly, and also the approaching marriage of Ina Tripp. We are wondering who will be the next. The Secretary will be pleased to hear any such

announcements or other news of interest concerning any of the Old Girls.

Betty Mountain has had mumps—a most undignified complaint. Clare is fast within the walls of Claremont Training College. Chrissie Dods is getting brilliant results at the University. By the way, P.L.C. can boast two B.A.'s now, Marjorie Battye and Winsome Noble, and has more going through the mill. The School is also well represented at the Kindergarten Training College.

Among the Old Girls seen and heard of in town recently are Edna Rose and Enid Clarke, from that well-known sea-side resort. Dorothy Davies from Geraldton, and Ngdio Lesham and Bobbie Carroll from quiet little York.

We hope a full complement of country girls will be down for Show week and the dance.

—Secretary.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

"Chalk Economy," by Pithecanthropus Erectus.

"Patent Methods of Calculation," by Antiphlo.

"Form VI," by Lily.

"Bettina," by L'Amour.

"Grey Hairs," by the Editorial Committee.

"How Adipose Tissue adds Beauty to the Form," by Ah Fat.

"How to Write an Editorial," by Nance!

MISSING FRIENDS.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of one Blouse, last heard of three terms ago, please communicate with Science Cupboard, P.L.C.

The Chewing Gum for which we advertised three years ago, has not yet turned up. Anyone knowing its whereabouts please communicate with Pre-facts, P.L.C.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From a Letter from Miss Nicholson.

Hotel Monsigny,
Rue Monsigny,
Paris.
April 20th, 1923.

... We crossed by the Newhaven Dieppe way . . . Dieppe is a pretty little place and the ride to Paris was just lovely, for we went at first through miles and miles of orchards fully out in pink and white, with little tufts of green leaf showing. It was exquisite. The trees in France are nearly all out now, and a bit ahead of England; but even here the old oak trees have not begun much, but the planes and chestnuts, which line all the boulevards, are just beautiful.

On Tuesday we went out to Vincennes, and coming home we wandered through a "Gingerbread Fair." The streets were lined with booths full of gingerbread, and all manner of games, hoop-la, wild animal shows, jugglers, fat men and so on. I was longing to see it at night, when it was in full swing.

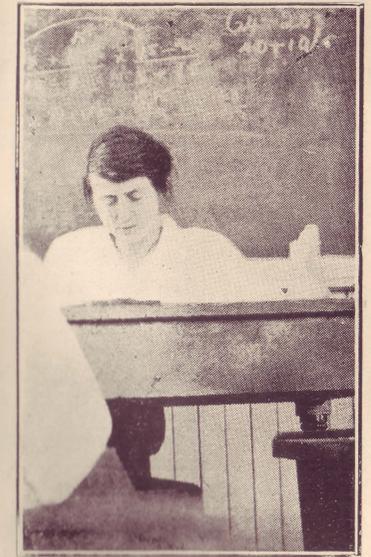
All the boulevards are so wide, with trees down the centre.

Paris was a surprise, it is so bright and full of trees and fine buildings, it seems hard to imagine the days of the Revolutions. I think the part from the Etoile where the Arc de Triomphe is, down past the Champs Elysee, the Place de la Concorde to the Louvre must be one of the most wonderfully laid out parts of any city in the world. I had no idea that Paris is as it is.

On Wednesday we went to the Madeleine and to the Louvre. It was wonderful to see the old Italian painters I had always read about, and they came up to all my expectations. I can quite understand people calling the Venus de Milo beautiful. There is something so human and sweet in the original that does not get into the copies.

On Thursday we went to Versailles. We had lunch there, and a benevolent waiter decided all we were to eat and

almost fed us. The palace is weird, but very wonderful. It was a dull day, and rained a little bit, which made it seem all the more vast and empty and sorrowful, in spite of the crowds of tourists. Suddenly, whilst we were looking at one of the enormous pictures a lot of water began to trickle down through the roof, and the whole place was damp and musty. What miles of paintings there are; I can't imagine how they all got done, and the ceilings are glorious. It is a pity it cannot be used for something, but they



"Just Nick"

are evidently repairing it again, for some parts had workmen in them.

I have never seen anything like the new spring green as we walked to the Trianons. The Trianons are lovely little places. You almost seem to see those ladies with hooped skirts and men in silks walking about there, and the gardens are just like themselves, and it's all so different from Australia; it's like another world.

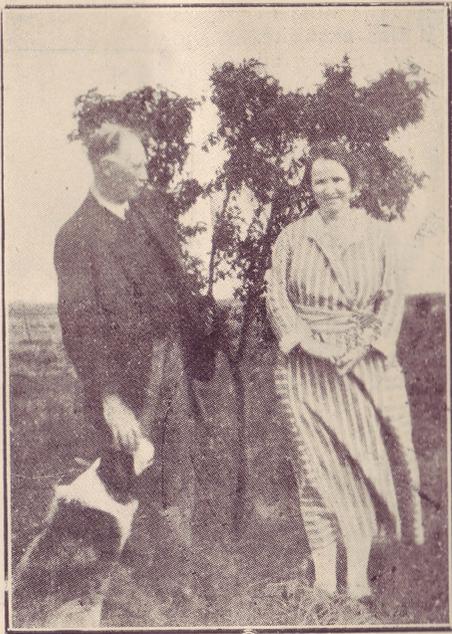
On Friday we went to Notre Dame, and St. Chappelle and the Palais de

Justice. I saw the rooms where they tried Marie Antoinette and threw Robespierre out the window.

Notre Dame is magnificent with its tall pillars and the outside is very quaint. I was amused at the picture over the centre of the front facade. It has Peter and the Devil, who is most hairy, having a tussle—one is leading off the sheep, and another is following with a very dejected lot of goats in chains; whilst below is a number of

We walked up to the Etoile to the Arc de Triomphe, and went up to the top. The view is wonderful, and so is the arch. The unknown soldier is buried there. I think Napoleon was a jolly clever man when he laid out Paris as he did about there—fancy twelve roads, wide as they are too, coming in at the Arch.

After lunch we went to the Bois de Boulogne, in company with the rest of Paris, examined the Zoo place, and



MR. AND MRS. MALCOLM SMITH.

every kind of person rising out of tombs. All this is in lovely stone. Inside is dim, but so lofty and severe that I was greatly impressed; it forms a great contrast to St. Chappelle near which is the tiny little church built by Louis IX. It has inside not an inch left unpainted in gold, red and blue, but not a scrap crude, and it is all windows, which are of blue and crimson glass, so that the whole thing is rather like rubies and sapphires.

went a tram ride right round the woods to the racecourse, near the Seine. Then we thought of going home, but the rest of Paris had the same idea and were waiting in lines four deep and yards long for trams—we decided to go and have some tea. It was late afternoon and just on the edge of the Bois by the Seine we found a restaurant which we entered rather fearfully. It was in a garden in which were beds of blue forget-me-

nots, with edges of pink daisies. We found inside large white rooms with a few tables and a number of waiters dressed like dukes. It was lit with pink shaded lights and there were a few lights among the trees; and a man played most beautifully on a violin. It was just like fairy land. The waiter wafted "Madame" tea in beautiful little cups and crisp toast, and about half a dozen other people were there—mostly Americans. I've never felt like a millionaire before nor been so enchanted with tea. We sat for half an hour and listened to the music and watched the twilight in the trees outside.

Extracts from Letters of an Old Collegian.

"Queenscliff,"

2/7/23.

I have lately been devoting a little (though I grieve to say very little) of my spare time to the study of a book called "Calculus made Easy," by Silvanus P. Thomson. Yesterday I was reading your admirable dissertation on Infinity, and while I was pursuing my studies to-night I made a discovery which I thought might interest you, bearing on that subject.

There are no such things as straight line and circles. They're merely curves. At least, so Silvanus P. says. A straight line is merely a small fraction of a curve—even if it is indefinitely long and straight—it has to curve sooner or later. But at the same time there is no such thing as a circle—it is merely an infinitely large number of infinitely small straight lines (otherwise curves, I s'pose) placed together, and each of these infinitely small straight lines may be produced each way, and is then a tangent to the curve at the particular point where the curve it the straight line. But if all the tangents are infinitely produced (as straight lines) they must develop into curves sooner or later, and the curves they form must all have tangents all round them, and those tangents produced till they are curves, must have

still more tangents to be produced into curves and so on AD INFINITUM. I simply hate to think about it. What an awful lot of curves there must be in the world. The universe must be simply stiff with them. It's a wonder we can move at all. I think atmospheric pressure is light, considering. But then everything is infinitely small by comparison, with the whole curve that it resembles merely a point, and points all have tangents. And if an infinitely long line is merely a point, which may have a tangent infinitely produced in both directions, which in turn is infinitely small compared to its curve, what must THAT curve be like???

I'm afraid I couldn't possibly take up even five minutes to think of writing anything for the "Kookaburra." The days simply fly (we don't think). Besides, it would spoil the effect of the Mag. on you. You see, I very charitably want someone else to feel about it just the way Evelyn and I did. We had to take to Holland's hair restorer, etc., in order to disguise our suddenly whitening locks towards the end of the Second Term.

Sometimes serious thoughts come to me, and I feel as if I had left school ten years ago, and I examine my conduct and my behaviour dispassionately, and I realize that I did some dreadful things. Do you remember how my pen squeaked? Though that is a very minor thing. However, I don't intend to bore you with a recital of my misdeeds, but I get most beastly school-sick sometimes. You don't know what a lucky "dog" you are still being there—and still being in W.A.

As soon as the winter arrived the mosquitoes arrived with it. They have simply no notion of the proper season for them. For that matter, nobody here knows the proper season for things. They grow sweet peas in January and dig potatoes in March, and have all their thunderstorms in summer, and if by any chance the sun happens to shine for an hour or so in winter it is talked about for weeks.

As far as I can see there isn't any bush in Victoria. At least, there were a few patches on the top of the hills at Alinda, but they were mostly burnt out or dried up or devoted exclusively to the cultivation of tree-ferns, and I didn't see any flowers anywhere. Not one. Certainly all Victoria except the hill tops is cleared, and planted with wheat and barley, and sheep and rabbits, and box-thorn hedges.

ON DIT.

That to find the locus of a point,
you shove it up and stick it in the middle.

That Iguana is the latest name for French Guiana.

That if a baby in China picks up a gilt button from a number of things on a table, the people know that it is a sign he will become a mandolin. That the Pithecanthropus Erectus kept its floating ribs in a different position from that of the ordinary human being.

That a certain Junior played as a tack at Basket-ball.

That there is more in Tennis than appears on the surface.

That some players find it amusing to get into a ball.

That King John was not allowed to call taxis without the consent of the people.

That a visitor is a person for whom you've got to get afternoon tea.

That—

Permutations are vexatious,
And Surds are just as bad;

Logarithms are botherithms,
But parallax drives you mad.

That by the aid of gargling several girls are rapidly becoming Melbas.

That we wonder why?—

Helen persists in wearing that yellow georgette on freezing nights.
The bougainvillea has moved.

Certain two people live for Sunday afternoons at the ocean.

Doris' one aim in life is to be a man.

A certain girl prefers "rickety boots" to shoes.

SOCIAL NOTES.

(By Mme. Jevostrop).

At the recent rencontre of our team and another celebrated Western team, nearly all the elite turned out to support the home side. The frocking was interesting, diverse styles being worn. In some instances, the new fashion of long skirts was particularly noticeable, but one of the chief actresses in the drama showed her abhorrence of social conventions to a startling extent.

The home team was led on to the field by the charming Miss Duncan, who was strikingly garbed in a unique creation of blue serge pleats.

The visiting team were particularly noticeable by their unassuming little toques of brilliant yellow sateen.

At one time we could hardly believe that that popular character "Punch" had not come to play for us. Once the onlookers held their breath in suspense, when they beheld the extreme proximity of the ball to the chin of Miss Hobbs, whose energy was surprising. "Dust to Dust"—evidently Miss Draper anticipates the worst.

The Pithecanthropus Erectus was particularly lively and had to be held down by two guardians.

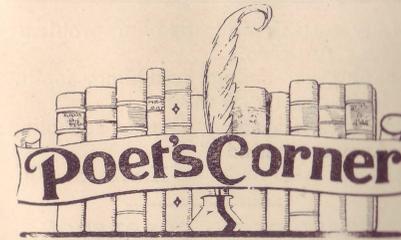
Altogether the meeting was a great success, and the daintily served refreshments, consisting of orange quarters and cake, were greatly appreciated at each interval.

The many friends of Miss Kath. Morrisby will be pleased to hear that she has fully recovered from her serious illness. She has returned from that charming hospital, Junior House. "Thro' all the world is heard a dripping noise.

Of all things weeping to bring Nessie back.

P.L.C. is heaven no longer, for the twins have departed.

The many friends of Miss D. Solomon and Miss M. Mitchell will be pleased to hear that they are leaving School at the end of this term. We will never forget them.



DOGGEREL CORNER.

Gym.

There's a groaning in the Gym,
And the air is full of cries,
As the girls are vainly striving
To reduce their weight and size.

There's a stretching on the wall-bars,
There's standing on the boom;
There are creaks and groans and sighing
Re-echoing through the room.

There's bending of our stiff old limbs,
When creakings loud resound;
There's doing rabbit crouches
When o'er the floor we bound.

At springing we are experts,
And at swinging on the bar;
At balancing some heavy-weights
Our noble efforts mar.

When standing on the shaking booms,
'Tis hard to stop our laughter,
But anyhow, it makes us straight
For quite ten minutes after.

Our marching is a joy to see;
But oh, how low our hope,
When mercilessly our Mistress
Brings out that dreaded rope.

Now you will all with me agree,
A famous lesson's Gym.,
And we all hope thro' striving long,
To grow both light and slim.

M.M. N.R.

Arcadia.

Our Norma is a Prefect,
The head of all the Dorm.;
She goes away on Fridays,
And leaves us all forlorn.

Our Bessie is a lobster,
Who dresses all in green,
And suffers from a swelled head
Now she is in the team.

Our Corry is a spoilt child,
Who loves her own sweet way,
And she and Joy cannot agree
On anything they say.

Joy, she is our optimist,
Whatever that may be,
Who liketh muchly her "bon bouche."
And sugar in her tea.

Our Rita is a weekly,
Who lives for going home,
And much bemoans that she is forced
So oft from there to roam.

Our Kathleen is a "Deputy,"
Who's had a touch of 'flu;
And stayed in bed for umpteen days,
With not a thing to do.

Our Mary is a Prefect,
Who rises very late;
Then goes unto the bath-room,
And showers with much debate.

Our Betty has the end cube—
She is a lucky dog;
It has the nicest looking glass,
So we go there and "tog."

Thus we give you all our dorm.,
A very happy set;
We muchly hope we wont get mumps,
So no-one's got them yet.

—B.S.

The Jim-Jams.

Some say they are felt when you're nervous—

Some say they appear when you're tired!

Perhaps they'll arrive when you're feeling alive,

Or perhaps when you've nearly expired!

Some say that they come at the dentists;

Some say they arrive in exams.
Whatever they say—they can say what they may;

We know what they are—the gym-jams!!

—N.M.

The Cocoa Brigade.

Half a step, half a step, half a step
onward!

On to the cocoa stall, poured the Half
Hundred.

"Backward you Cocoa Parade!
Keep back your cups," they said—
Still toward the cocoa stall
Pushed the half hundred.

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to take and fly;
Theirs but to drink and sigh—
Stormed at by word and yell,
Boldly they served and well,
E'en though the cocoa fell,
All the world wondered.

Cocoa to right of them; milk to left
of them—

Cups all round them, broken and sun-
dered!

Was there a "Feck" afraid?
No! tho' the cocoa sprayed
All over the whole Brigade—
And the Half Hundred.

Go it you brave brigade!
Make sure they have all paid;
Count up then all you've made,
From the Half Hundred.
Then make some poor kid stay,
Clear all the mess away;
Say then, "Hip-hip, hooray!
Thank goodness we've done it"!!

By the Modern Tennyson.

N.M.A.T.E.E.D.S.A.B.

"The Sixth."

Aren't they silly, aren't they childish?
Even at their best.

Come to us and call us selfish,
Like the rest.

Have they marks of dignity?
If they be our Sixth.

No! nor the simplicity
That marks the Fifth!

Is there one who'd have a lark,
Midst that luckless few;
There's no Noah, there's no Ark—
Rum ole crew.

If we match them, if we follow—
Where shall we all end?

Yes! their sins will be their sorrow
Lest they mend.

If we still hold strongly 'gainst them,
What have they to show?

Many a task and many a problem—
Plus Antiphlo.

Loafing, screaming, scribbling, fooling,
Is it not tres sad?

Boarders, Day-girls, meekly schooling:
Answer—"Mad!"

X.Y.Z. of Vb.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K.E.M.M.—Do not attempt the impos-
sible. Responsibility is a talent
granted to few, and is exceptionally
rare in your present environment.

A.T.—There are many so-called reme-
dies for indigestion, but remember
that "Prevention is better than
cure." Allow yourself more time to
digest the knowledge you devour. A
cessation of gaiety and outside in-
terests may be necessary.

A.M.B.—As far as we can see, my
child, your greatest hope is deter-
mination; but the following remedy
may prove beneficial, if continued
for some time. Every night, while
undressing, recite to yourself the
multiplication tables, and on rising
in the morning, count in two's,
three's, four's and so on up to a
hundred, for ten minutes. An occa-
sional visit to the Kindergarten might
be an improvement.

D.S.—Your's is a bad case, my child.
Laziness is one of the worst vices—
and hardest to cure. As in the case
of A.M.B., determination may help
you—but if this fails, your only
hope is corporal punishment. Re-
member: "Spare the rod and spoil
the child."

L.H.—You have not the gift of writ-
ing poetry. You had better try to
improve yourself in writing correct
English Prose, and in mastering the
difficulties of spelling.

T.U.V.—We warmly appreciate the
most splendid originality, not to men-
tion artistic talent displayed through-
out this "Crimson Mystery," but
strongly advise the author to try the
colours on the palette before mixing
on the paper.

"BREAKFAST AT BROWN'S."

"The hardest part of everything is
the beginning," thought Mr. Brown, as
he sat down to breakfast and eyed his
boiled egg, which he knew from ex-
perience, had been boiling either one
minute or six, but certainly not three.
Decapitating it, he surveyed the hard
mass inside with a "thought so" sigh,
then, without further loss of time, be-
gan to demolish it.

His eldest daughter, Anne, seventeen
without the sweet, arrived.

"Oh Daddy, I'll get you another,
if you like; that's as hard as a brick."

Mr. Brown shook his head. With
eggs at 3½d. each one couldn't afford
to be too particular.

From Bill, at the other end of the
table: "Bread please."

From Jack in the same region:
"Me, too, please."

Mr. Brown cut some bread, took
another mouthful of egg, and, from
Dick at his side:

"Bread, please, Dad."

Mr. Brown, a little irritably: "Why
didn't you ask before."

Dick, in haste: "I couldn't, I had a
mouthful."

Jack (sarcastically): "Must have
been a big one."

Mr. Brown passed the bread, took
another mouthful of what was by now
cold egg.

Mrs. Brown arrived on the scene.

"Oh, dear, why didn't you ask for
another? Stone cold, too, but I had
just put it on when Baby started
coughing."

It was quite true Baby had whoop-
ing cough, and it had been quite ten
minutes before Mrs. Brown had had
time to think of such things as eggs.

Mr. Brown refused an egg, and Mrs.
Brown was prevented from replying by
the kettle in the kitchen boiling over.

It might be said in passing that Mrs.
Brown kept no help at all. She had
tried the type known as lady-helps, but
had found that as a general thing she
was the help and they were the ladies,
which wasn't quite what was wanted.

Mrs. Brown had then tried maids, but
had found that the first thing she had
to do was to teach them the rudiments
of housework, and she had had quite
enough of teaching in her youth; she
and her maids parted company, which
was rather unfortunate.

Mrs. Brown returned from the
kitchen and seated herself at the table,
not, however, to have her breakfast.

Dick, who left earliest, and who had
already finished his breakfast and left
the room, came flying back again:

"Where's my lunch? My hat,
where's my lunch? Isn't it ready yet?
Anne, where's my lunch?"

Anne again appeared indignantly.

"If you looked you might find it,
and, anyhow, what are you looking for,
your hat or your lunch, or both? I
haven't finished Betty's yet, so you'll
have to wrap it up yourself."

Dick: "Where's a serviette, then?
Where in the dickens are the ser-
viettes?"

Mrs. Brown rose.

"Here you are, dear, I'll wrap it up.
Careful, you're breaking the sand-
wiches."

Dick was about to fly off again when
he was arrested by his father: "Just
ring up Thornton, will you, and tell
him I won't be around this afternoon."

Dick, fairly flying away: "Give's a
chance, Dad, I've only got about half
a sec. as it is."

Mr. Brown (worriedly): "You, then,
Bill."

Bill, rising hastily: "What's the
time? I have to fly, too. Where's my
bag, Mother; do you know where my
bag is?"

Mrs. Brown (per usual): "Here you
are. Why don't you look for things?"

Anne reappeared from the kitchen,
having cut all the lunches.

Mr. Brown: "You ring up, then,
Anne."

Anne, indignantly: "Oh, Daddy, you
know I haven't had my breakfast yet.
I have to go for my life as it is.
Where's the toast? Gone? Of
course, they haven't left any."

Mrs. Brown: "There's some in the

oven. It's alright, dear, I'll ring up, I want to speak to Mrs. Thornton."

Mrs. Brown went to the 'phone and rang up. She had just delivered her message, and was enjoying a conversation, when Betty banged into her.

Betty: "Do I have to wash my neck-an-ears, Mother? Didn't you do them last night?"

Mrs. Brown: "Run away, dear."

Betty: "I don't, do I Mother?"

Mrs. Brown (who hadn't a very large idea of what had been said): "No, dear, of course not."

Betty, to Anne: "There, I told you so."

Anne: "She didn't hear, did you, Mother?"

Mrs. Brown: "He's terribly awkward now. Always in a hurry. Always knocking things over. I don't know what to do with him. I thought of dancing lessons."

(Giggles from Betty, Jack and Anne).

Voice: "Wilfred's just like that, too. I think it's a stage they all go through."

Mrs. Brown: "Yes, I suppose he's just at that age, you know."

Jack (with a sniff): "Always at some sort of an age or other. Last time Bill was at the sentimental. Time before that I was at the contradictory. Anne was at the sarcastic, and now Dick's at the awkward. Poor chap, he's got a long way to go yet."

Mr. Brown (rising from table): "Where's the paper, Anne, where's the paper?"

Anne: "You run on, Betty. Where's your hat? Of course, you would." (This in reference to snapped elastic). "Get me some cotton and a needle. Quick!"

Mrs. Brown (from the 'phone): "Anne, run and take Baby down quickly."

Mrs. Brown commanded from the 'phone a view of an open door, a path, a picket fence, a step-ladder and her small son of some eighteen months.

Anne rescued the baby, sewed on the elastic, looked at the clock, and decided that if she omitted cleaning her shoes

and her teeth, didn't make her bed, and ran all the way to school, she might get there in time. So she flew after Betty.

The baby, left to its own devices, set up a howl which ended in a violent fit of coughing. Mrs. Brown flew from the 'phone, turned him upside down, and finally, having restored his breath and his colour, did the same to his equilibrium.

Jack, who all this time had been collecting his books, came tearing back to his mother.

"Mother," he yelled, "have you done that excuse yet?"

Mrs. Brown (faintly): "What excuse? Surely you don't want another to-day."

Jack (indignantly): "I haven't had one for ages. Anyhow, how could I help it if the old warship went out on Friday instead of Saturday? Of course, if you haven't time it doesn't matter much. I'll only get the cuts."

Mrs. Brown (hastily): "Oh, alright then. Get me some paper and a pen."

Jack produced a pen that scratched. thick ink, and paper that ran, and placed them before his mother.

Mrs. Brown: "Now, what am I to say?"

Jack: "Just say, 'Wanted at home, that'll do.'"

Mrs. Brown (horrified): "Jack."

Jack (indignantly): "Well, what did you ask me for?"

Mrs. Brown hastily scribbled something to the effect that as her son intended to join His Majesty's Navy, she had thought fit, for the good of his education, to allow him to visit the warship in harbour; prompted at intervals by Jack, who finally found her an envelope and instructed her exactly how it was to be addressed, and then fled.

Mrs. Brown then found Mr. Brown's paper and hat, and finally, when she had the house to herself, her own breath.

Then she said, as she looked at the breakfast table: "Now I can really set to work."

And so she did, except for interruptions from five tradesmen, two salesmen, four telephone calls, and the postman.

—E.E.

A WINTER'S TALE.

I awoke one morning at what I thought was dawn, and I lay in bed blissfully thinking that I had another hour at least before I would have to get up. For some time I lay in bed in a dreamy state, when a terrible thought struck me with startling suddenness—I hadn't finished my Latin homework! I jumped up as though someone had stuck a hatpin into me, and went to the dressing table and looked at my watch. Oh, great Caesar, what a shock I got! It was really eight o'clock, and I had exactly half an hour in which to bathe, dress, pack my books, do my Latin homework, have breakfast, and cut my lunch; for at eight-thirty I had to leave for school. Those treacherous clouds had made everything dark, so that I thought that it was quite early.

The way I got to school that morning was laughable, but very wonderful.

I seized my towel and soap, flung on a kimono, and made my way to the bathroom. Of course, the tap would not run, and though I spent quite three minutes talking sweet nothings to it, and even swearing at it, not a drop of aqua pura—or rather impura—could I get. I ended by having to go out into the backyard to get some water out of the rainwater tank. I had no sooner arrived back in the bathroom with the water, when the taps began to run. By this time I was a bit annoyed, so when, after I had had a lick and a very vague promise, the cat jumped on to the window-sill and meowed at me in, what seemed to be a very mocking and tantalising manner, I threw the whole contents of my basin at it dirt and all. The dripping cat retaliated by jumping off the window-sill on to a chair, on which I had placed my one and only clean blouse! Tableau.

I was just about to dart across the hall back to my room when, oh, horrors! I saw the parson, who had dropped in to speak to father. The two of them stood in the hall gossiping just like two old women. But old women would at least have gone into the sitting-room, which these two did not. I made frantic attempts, through a crack in the door, to draw Dad's attention, but no such luck—I was doomed. It would have given me great pleasure then to have had a bomb to throw at them. I doubt, though, if even that would have moved them. I paced up and down the bathroom, just about tearing my hair so great was my rage and impatience. At last I heard the gate slam, and I streaked into my room and finished dressing in double-treble quick time.

Luckily I found that my lunch had been cut, and after cramming down half a slice of bread and jam, most of which adhered to my face, I put on my coat ready for departure. However, Fate seemed against me, for just then came a shower of rain that would have drowned me had I ventured into it. Happily, it did not last long, and I fled up the street as though there were a million demons at my heels.

When at last I reached school, I found that the bell had rung earlier than usual, and that there had been no assembly that morning. Everyone was in class, so I made my way to the cloakroom, where I divested myself of coat and hat as quickly as possible.

I thought that at last I was ready to go into school when a gentle tap on my head showed me that about six hats and several pairs of shoes had been attracted to me in some extraordinary manner, and had fallen on top of me. These I had to pick up, and by the time I fell into my seat I was thoroughly exhausted.

The girl who sat next to me looked at me sympathetically, and remarked in a most intelligent voice: "You've been running!" I gave her such a gaze that she had doubts about my mental powers for quite a long time, and I was just about to deny the impu-

tation in a very sarcastic voice when I suddenly thought of my Latin. I tried to do some then, but all I managed was to get a disorder mark for doing Latin in Math's period. Several times during the morning I attempted to do it, but towards lunch time all I had to show for my efforts was a line of Latin, three black marks, and a blot.

At lunch time, however, I was successful, and just before the Latin period I was waving the finished homework triumphantly, when a surprised voice asked me why I had done the exercise a day too soon.

I collapsed.

—A.T.

"SUNSET."

The day had been warm, in fact, rather too warm, but now the sun seemed to be having its final triumph over all worldly things. Everything was glorified by the sun's splendour.

The mountain hung suspended from the sky. It seemed a mighty, queer, opalescent pink jewel in the evening sunlight. It must have been uninhabited by humans, only sunbeams, moonbeams, and dancing little elves and fays composed of liquid gems and bits of fallen sky gambolled in myriads in its purple and red-tinted mystery. Below it was a mortal world of green forest, and here and there a few scattered trees, which brayed the neutral zone and tried to reach the dreamland above. But even these were transformed. The very trees themselves were tinted with the glorious shades of the glowing sky. The leaves as they caught the sunlight, glowed a fiery red, while the silver ribbon of the river shone and sparkled, dazzling the eye in its splendour. It flowed on down the mountain slope, leaping over precipices and dashing down on to the rocks below, only to quietly meander across the valley.

The sky nearest the sun was one blazing crimson mass, while silhouetted against it were banks upon banks of rose-pink clouds. The little village that nestled lovingly against the side

of the mountain seemed as a fairy kingdom. Everywhere the sun's rays seemed caught and reflected until, one would have said, the houses were built of precious gems. Despite all this brightness there was just one spot where the sunlight did not go. This was a dark and gruesome chasm hidden from the glittering orb by the mountain.

It was a wonderful scene; just such a place as would be inhabited by the gods. The mountain was even more glorious than Olympus, and Jupiter and Juno, along with their attendant gods, would fit into the harmony of such a scene perfectly. There in that dark chasm Pluto could establish his underworld, close to his fellow-gods, and yet remotely distant.

Only for a few moments, however, did this scene last. All too soon its blazing colours faded to warmer, softer shades, and then the silver-greyness of the twilight descended and enveloped all.

—T.U.V.

UNCHAPERONED.

Scene.—Sitting-room of cottage in Darlington.

Occupants.—Arabella, Florabella, Matilda, Prudence, Patience, Susan, Jane and Sara.

Arabella (curled up in an armchair, reading): "Oh! I'm sure there's a mouse in that cupboard!—I heard it squeak! Oh!—There it is again—Ooh!" (Quickly finds room for her feet on the chair).

Florabella: "Mouse, your grandmother!—Baby!"

Susan: "There is one—Listen! There it is again."

Arabella: "O-o-o-o-h!—"

Sarah: "I believe there is one, really—though. I'll have a look."

Arabella (whose chair is near the cupboard): "Oh! Don't open that door!—O-o-h! Ow!—"

Sarah (opens door and peers inside): "Gracious! There is really one—and—it's in the teapot—Look!"



A SWIMMING TEAM, 1923.

R. MCGIBBON.
M. FORBES,

J. PATERSON.
P. MANFORD.

Arabella: "Oh, don't bring it near me!—Please! Don't! Oh, don't! Stop it!"

Jane: "Are you sure it's a mouse?—Sounds more like a rat!—It's making too much noise for a mouse—"

Patience: "Go on, Sarah! Take it right up to her, and show her what a rat is—"

Prudence, Susan and Matilda: "Yes, go on! Do!"

Sarah: "I'm coming—Look out, Arabella!—Oh! I can feel it wriggling—"

Arabella: "Ow!"—(jumps up and flies from room. Sarah takes lid off tea pot, and discloses—a perfectly empty interior. The tea pot is replaced in the cupboard, amid howls of laughter from the onlookers).

Prudence: "You can come back, Arabella!—It's quite safe!"

Arabella (returning): "Oh! It wasn't one at all.—You Pigs!!"

(Prudence and Florabella, who have been trying to, during the hubbub, decide to go and post their letters, and are accompanied by Arabella, who apparently thinks herself safer out of the house.—Matilda settles down to writing, while Patience, Susan, Jane and Sarah play bridge. All is quiet, and then)—

Susan: "Look! who is that outside there?—It's a man!"

Patience: "Oh, don't! I'm scared stiff! It isn't really, is it? Oh, I'm scared stiff. Is it really? Tell me—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Matilda: "No, of course it isn't; it's your own reflection in the glass—Silly!"

Patience: "Well, I don't care! You scare me stiff!"

Susan: "All right—Let's get on."

Jane: "It's your lead, Patience—Go on!"

Patience: "What's trumps?"

Sarah: "Spades, you Gander! How many more times do you want to be told?"

The card playing continues, until Prudence, Florabella, and Arabella return.

Florabella: "I think it's time we went to bed."

Patience: "All right!—but I don't think I'll sleep out, after all. I'm scared stiff!"

Jane: "Well you couldn't, anyway, because we promised none of us would to-night."

All retire to bed, Florabella and Arabella to a double bed, in one room; Prudence, Patience, and Matilda to stretchers in the adjoining one, and Susan, Jane and Sarah to a room across the verandah.

Patience (who is to sleep on a stretcher provided by Jane): "I don't think much of this bed! How ever do you keep the bed clothes on, Jane?"

Jane: "If a large family can sleep out all the year round on stretchers like that, you can surely do it for a fortnight!"

Patience: "I'm sure I can't—the clothes will all come off."

Prudence: "Oh! Come on to bed and don't argue."

Patience: "Oh! I'm scared stiff!" (Collapses on stretcher). "Oh!!" (As stretcher also collapses—on floor).

Enter from different directions, and in various costumes—Arabella, Florabella, Susan, Jane, and Sarah.

Patience (amid general laughter): "I knew that would happen!—I said it would! It's a stupid bed!"

Jane: "Well, you can't expect any stretcher to let you subside with a bump on the end of it.—Sit in the middle, you goat!"

Patience: "I'll jolly well bag someone else's bed in a minute!—Go on out of our room al of you!—Go on!—Vamouss!"

Order is again restored and the disrobing continues.

Florabella: "Talk about a sea-sick green!—Ugh! I won't sleep next to you in those things!—I refuse!"

Arabella: "Well, they're better than your's, anyway!"

From next room:—

Prudence: "Well, I'm going to read in bed, whatever the rest of you are going to do."

Matilda: "So am I!"

Patience: "I will too—when I'm undressed.—Bother these shoes!"

Prudence: "Well, you can't expect to take them off standing on one leg!—Sit down you goat!"

Patience: "Certainly!!" (Subsides with a bump on the other end of the bed).

Thump!!!

Matilda: "Oh, do come and look—everybody! Patience has gone again!"

Patience: "I won't sleep in the thing! I won't It'll let me down in the night.—Come and sleep in it yourself, Jane!"

Jane (as everyone again congregates in the one bedroom): "I've got one to sleep in exactly the same; but it doesn't collapse like yours.—It's treated properly!"

Susan: "Let's find Patience."

Sarah: "What a good idea!"

Patience is hauled out of the mixture of clothes, bed and bed clothes on the floor, and the bed, after being set on its legs once more is re-made.

Susan and Sarah, in the meantime, disappear into the adjoining room—the "Bella's," with a cardboard box, a cotton reel, and a great length of cotton.

Susan: "Put it under the bed, and take the cotton across the verandah to our room—Quick! They're coming back."

Sarah hastily pushes box under bed, and both return to the scene of the accident.

At last all return to bed for good and all—at least they think so—and the lights are turned out.

Voice from the Dark (Arabella's): "Give me some more of the bed clothes!—I haven't got any!—hardly."

Florabella: "Go on!—You've got them all!"

Arabella: "I haven't!—Turn on the light!"

Light is turned on.

Arabella: "Now—I ask you! Do you call that half? It isn't a quarter!"

Prudence, Patience and Matilda (in unison): "Be quiet—you galoots; and turn the light out!"

Light goes out—there is a short period of quietness.

Sarah: "Now!" (in stage whisper).

Susan pulls the cotton and a rattling

noise is heard under the double bed.

Arabella: "Oh!—It's a mouse!"

Florabella: "Be quiet you silly! They're having you!"

Arabella: "Oh! It is! It is!"

Florabella: "It's not!—Be quiet!"

Cotton snaps, and for a short time silence reigns supreme.

Patience (suddenly): "Oh! I'm going! Oh!"

Bed collapses and she slides gracefully head-first into the Bellas' room.

Florabella: "Hullo! What's this?"

Patience: "Me, of course, you Ass!"

Lights are again turned on, and all, once more, congregate round the irate Patience, who is eventually extricated from the ruins.

Patience: "Now the bed will have to be made again! This is the fourth time since we arrived!—Dash!"

After a great deal of argument, and still more laughter, the bed is re-made and all, once more, retire to bed.

A short silence.—

A voice from the Dark: "I say Patience, are you scared stiff?"

A vigorous snore is the only reply, and at last, all sleep "the sleep of the just."

—N.M.

IN MEMORIAM.

GUSSIE.—Dearly beloved son of E.A.C., departed this life one memorable Physics period:

Gussie was my little boy,

Gussie had no bruvver;

Gussie was my only joy;

Gussie was made of rubber.

ADOLPHUS MULLET.—Only son of his Mum and Dad, departed this life 1st Term, 1923. Let him R.I.P.

Adolphus Mullet,

How you could smell-it!

While busily searching

For his gullet.

(Privately interred).

R.—In loving memory of R, departed this life in the Mid Jazzoic Period.

—Deeply wegwetted by his sowwowing bwuvvers.

JUNIOR PAGE.

(Contributed by Juniors).

"Through the Window."

I stood gazing into a window full of beautiful toys. There was everything there a child could wish for. Dolls of every description—bridal dolls, baby dolls, sailor dolls, dancing dolls. As I stood looking so intently, behold the bridal doll smiled and walked towards me; the baby doll began to cry, and the sailor doll sprang forward and popped a dummy into its mouth, and then grabbed the dancing doll and commenced to dance a jig. All the other animals laughed and clapped. The Japanese doll switched on the electric stove, and proceeded to make some cakes, while the maid set out the cups for afternoon tea. The clown came forward and asked me to step in and join the party. I was just about to sit down when—our maid tapped me on the shoulder and said: "It's time to get up and practice!!"

O. KEIGHTLEY,

"Rough and Calm."

Under the ocean, still and green,
The mermaids at their play are seen;
The seaweed waves beside the rocks,
The little mermaids comb their locks;
And all is calm and peaceful,

And sometimes when the breakers roar,
Beating on the sandy shore,
Across the sea the gulls fly low,
The mermaids sit in peace, although,
Above the storm is raging.

P. MARTIN.

Age 11 years.

"The Magpie's Visit to P.L.C."

During the winter one of my most enjoyable flights was to the P.L.C. grounds. There I saw and enjoyed many funny things the girls did. If I go without my companions they think I bring them bad luck. Such a thing I would not do, so I generally take my family, which numbers three youngsters of the feather tribe and their father.

One day whilst the girls were playing in the paddock a white cockatoo flew over the fence. This caused great amusement amongst them, and soon the excited cockatoo gave chase after them. It so alarmed me that I flew to the height of my pet tree.

I always look forward to a tennis or basket-ball match. I think P.L.C. is nearly always successful, but if they are not they never go away disheartened, which is a good thing.

When it is time to build my nest, I take great delight in taking the girls' hats, for their bright colours quite cheer me up. They do not like it, but still I have to do something desperate to get a home.

Sometimes the girls bring me crumbs, which I appreciate very much. Another thing I like doing is searching for worms, which I carry to the young maggies, before they leave their nest.

From the tops of the trees I can see the river, with a number of yachts and fishing-boats on it, with crowds of merry-makers.

N. HOILE.

"A Fairy."

I am a fairy, and my name is Betty; my mother said I was discontented.

I made up my mind to run away. I put on my pink frock with purple binding, and a white wreath of daisies on my head.

I ran to the end of the rainbow, where I saw Mr. Evening Star, and all his companions. They were pleased to see me, and I gave Mr. Evening Star my card, which was made of a sunflower petal; and only elves and all small creatures could read the writing.

I then paid a visit to the Moon, who wanted me to stay and wait until Nokomis, his daughter, came in. I must have waited for hours, and she did not come, and then Mr. Moon asked me to stay the night. Next morning I paid a visit to Mr. Sun, but it was so hot up there, I thought I would come down again to earth.

I soon was tired of wandering, so I went home again. They were all very pleased to see me once more. I never ran away from home again.

B. WOOD.

Age 10 years.

"Betty and the Orchid Gnome."

Betty went to a little country school. She generally walked home with two other little girls, but one day they had colds, and did not go to school. That day, being by herself, she went through the wood. Betty loved flowers, and she ran about picking them. She gave a little cry of joy, and there in front of her eyes, was a beautiful Spider Orchid—the first she had seen that season.

She ran forward, and as she stooped down to pick it, out of the flower there jumped a queer little man.

"How dare you pull up my house!" he cried in an angry voice.

"I—I didn't kn-know it was y-your house," stammered Betty.

"Foolish Child!" replied the Gnome, "Don't you know that Orchid Gnomes live in Orchids?"

The little man then took from his belt a small trumpet, which he blew loudly three times. From all the flowers near by there jumped little gnomes and elves, who made a circle round Betty, holding on to her hands and dress, and shouting at her all together.

"We will take her to the King of the Orchid Gnomes. He will decide what must happen to her," said the little man.

The little gnomes dragged Betty along a track that she had never seen before, until at last they stopped in a shady glade, and the little man blew on his trumpet again.

In a few minutes, out of a big three-headed spider-orchid, came a little man, dressed like a King, with other little gnomes walking behind him.

The King sat down on a toad-stool, and looked very grave; and then he said: "Take her to—"

"Wake up Betty, dear," came a voice.

Betty did wake up to find her mother bending over her.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was streaming in at the window, and Betty realised that it had all been a dream.

P. MARTIN.

Age 11 years.

VALETE.

Andrews, E. C.—1917-1922. Dux of School, 1920; Prefect, 1921-1922; "B" Tennis Team, 1920; "A" Tennis Team, 1921-1922 (Capt.); Swimming Team, 1919, 1920, 1921; Junior Certificate, 1919; Leaving Certificate, 1921, 1922; Editor, 1922.

Steele, M.—1917-1922; Dux of School, 1921, 1922; Prefect, 1921, 1922; "B" Tennis Team, 1922 (Capt.); Junior Certificate, 1919; Leaving Certificate, 1921, 1922; Alliance Francais Gold Medal, 1922; Sub-Editor, 1922.

Horgan, N.—1913-1923; Prefect, 1922-23; Head Prefect, 1923; Junior Certificate, 1920; Leaving, 1922; "A" Basket-ball Team, 1921; School Games Captain, 1922-1923; Inter-School Sports, 1921-1922.

Lamont, A.—1919-1922; Prefect, 1921; Head Prefect, 1922; Junior, 1920; Leaving, 1922.

Lamont, J.—1919-1922; Prefect, 1922; Junior, 1920.

Loton, J.—1913 - 1923; "A" Tennis Team, 1922-1923; "A" Basket-ball Team, 1921 - 1922; Inter - School Sports, 1921.

Mountain, B.—1919-1922; Prefect, 1922; Junior, 1922; School Games Vice-Captain, 1922; Inter-School Sports, 1920, 1921, 1922.

Ellershaw, P.—Leaving, 1922.

McGibbon, M.—1919 - 1922; Prefect, 1922.

McKenzie, M.—1920 - 1922; Prefect, 1922; Junior, 1921.

Sholl, M.—1919-1922; Swimming Team, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922; Inter-School Sports.

Smith, P.—1921-1922; "A" Basket-ball Team, 1921.

Tassie, J.—1919-1922; Prefect, 1922.

Wingrove, J.—1918-1922; Prefect, 1922; Inter-School Sports.

Adkins, R.; Anderson, J. L.; Barker, E.; Barrett, J.; Barry, M.; Barrymore, E.; Black, T.; Blanton, N.; Brook, F.; Burnside, J.; Cadd, K.; Calthrop, M.; Carrol, M.; Clinch, G.; Collison, P.; Cresswell, D.; Crooks, E.; Cobham, F.; Dickson, O.; Evans, B.; Evans, M.; Evans, M. ii.; Finch, N.; Forbes, H.; Hall, B.; Hibble, M.; Hicks, G.; Innis, J.; Jameson, S.; John, N.; Jones, H.; Klenk, M.; Lazarus, J.; Mills, M.; Monger, B.; Moustaka, H.; McDougal, J.; Nathan, L.; Norman, J.; Norman, M.; Pearcy, E.; Piesse, K.; Power, C.; Rose, G.; Runciman, E.; Stevenson, P.; Stevenson, B.; Seabrook, B.; Thomas, J. Wand, V.; Ward, L.; Watkins, L.; Williams, M.; Wilson, B.; Wood, P.; Wrench, B.; Young, M.

SALVETE.

Ackland, I.; Anderson, V.; Bennie, O.; Bignell, V.; Black, R.; Blurton, A.; Carbarns, E.; Church, M.; Cross, R.; Cross, M.; Cronshaw, I.; Cornish, C.; Corteen, E.; Dalton, B.; Day, M.; Dunstan, G.; Easton, B.; Ellershaw, P.; Gibbs, D.; Gladstones, M.; Griffith, P.; Handchin, B.; Hassen, B.; Hodgson, M.; Hudspeth, B.; Inverarity, M.; Joel, M.; Lambert, E.; Leake, O.; Macey, A.; McLarty, J.; McLean, B.; McLean, H.; Nathan, F.; Nenke, L.; Neilson, E.; Oliver, E.; Osborne, N.; Otto, J.; Penny, E.; Readhead, M.; Roberts, E.; Sewell, E.; Sheppard, W.; Sheppard, W.; Powell-Smith, J.; Stang, H.; Sparks, B.; Threlkeld, M.; Treadgold, P.; Turville, L.; Warren, K.; Wittenoom, J.; Wittenoom, M.; Wilson, F.

