

The  
Kookaburra



Presbyterian Ladies' College

August, 1926

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# School Officers, 1926.

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## **Prefects:**

F. Gates (Head Prefect), H. Forster (Second Prefect), A. Blurton, E. Builder, C. Cornish, J. Craik, A. Cunningham, J. Harris, J. McLarty, K. Rowe, H. Stang.

## **Editorial Committee:**

H. Stang (Editor), J. Harris (Sub-Editor), F. Gates (Secretary), A. Blurton, E. Builder, Y. Dale, H. Forster, K. Grieve.

## **"A" Tennis Team:**

H. Cramond (Captain), J. Andrews, N. Forbes, D. Forbes, K. Grieve.

## **"B" Tennis Team:**

M. Murray (Captain), H. Vincent, D. Armstrong, E. Builder.

## **"C" Tennis Team:**

B. Browne (Captain), R. Disher, B. Mackintosh, E. Oliver.

## **"A" Swimming Team:**

G. Nunn, L. Morrisby, A. Blurton, D. Forbes.

## **Net-Ball Team:**

J. Andrews, D. Forbes, B. Browne, P. Roe, R. Black, M. Anderson, G. Nunn (Captain).

## **Form Captains:**

VI—F. Gates.  
Up. V—H. Stang.  
L. V—J. McLarty.  
Up. IV—D. Armstrong.  
IV. R—C. Cornish.  
L. IV—G. Church,

Up. III—A. Wood.  
L. III—J. Wittenoom.  
II—M. Church.  
I—N. Chapple.  
K.G.—D. Anderson.

# The Kookaburra.

AUGUST, 1926.



As I sit here, with the magazines of past years strewn around me on all sides, the enormity of my task suddenly dawns on me; the fact that last year's Editor gained distinction in English complicates matters still further. But here goes.

It seemed very strange when we returned at the beginning of 1926 to find so many of the old familiar faces replaced by those of doleful 'new chums' (since then, however, they appear to have brightened up considerably). Apart from any personal regrets; their loss is felt throughout the whole school—more especially on the sports field. At the end of last year our "A" Tennis Team came home victoriously bearing the Sandover Shield. Although the tennis results of this year seem, so far, somewhat disappointing, when compared with the brilliant successes of 1925, we must remember that we are now depending on last year's "B" Team, who have been called upon to fill the four vacancies in the "A". Doubtless they only require time in which to gain confidence and prove their true mettle: we have great hopes for victories in the second round. The tennis court was not the only place where losses were felt. Of a band of nine prefects, at the beginning of the first term, only two remained. Nine more have since been elected, six of whom are boarders, so that the 'fects are now eleven in number.

Last year P.L.C. acquitted itself very well in the University examinations. Of the eight girls submitted for the Leaving, four gained the full certificate, one of them with distinction in English; while from thirty Junior candidates, twenty-four were successful. We only hope that this year's examination girls will do their best to live

up to the reputation their predecessors have left behind them. Perhaps it is as well to remember that that reputation was only gained by stern, hard, work.

We felt rather lost when Miss Finlayson left us in the middle of third term for a well-deserved holiday to home—sweet home. The thoughts of having "Break-up" without her rather appalled us, but Miss Sterne, who acted as Principal during Miss Finlayson's absence, and Miss Jaques, who returned to our midst for "Break-up," ably filled her place. On returning at the beginning of 1926 we found that Miss Finlayson was still missing from our midst, but she joined us a few hours later. As is so often the case, it was not until she had left that we realised how much we really missed her; and the only thing to mar the joy of her return was the absence of so many of the old girls, who left at the end of the year, and consequently were not there to welcome her back.

This year has witnessed the opening of several societies, which are upheld with great enthusiasm. Among them is the Horticultural Society. This was not originated this year, but it was never the flourishing concern it is to-day until the coming of Miss Gee, who completely re-organised it, with the happy result of our being able to buy many new gardening implements. The Debating Society is also a recent acquisition. We have never had a Debating Society in the school before (not from lack of orators in our midst), and it is already extremely popular; it was originated by the Guides, but is now a school concern—we all wish it a long life and a merry one.

It was with very deep grief that we heard of the death of Stella Clarke, who was drowned during the Christmas holidays. Stella was extremely popular at school, and all who knew her loved her for her bright, happy, nature.

This year the Cot Fund does not

seem to be progressing quite as well as formerly. We hope to raise a grand total of £100 by the end of the year, and to do so we'll have to buck up somewhat in the number of our contributions. Last year we raised over £80, and this year, at the end of second term, we have not raised nearly that amount. Of course there is time yet—but not much!

But "time draweth onward fast" and we must stop. Before closing we all wish to tender heartiest congratulations to Miss Summers on the attainment of her M.A.

Best wishes to the staff of next year's good old "Kookaburra!"

## SCHOOL NOTES.

### October 23rd, 1925.

Miss Finlayson left for a holiday to England, via the Eastern States. Unfortunately, owing to the shipping strike, Miss Finlayson was forced to leave earlier than she had anticipated. We missed her greatly at the "Break-up," though Miss Sterne and Miss Jaques did much to fill the vacancy. We were more than delighted to welcome Miss Finlayson back at the beginning of 1926. October 23rd also witnessed the departure of Miss Jaques from the ranks of active service; but, to our great relief, she returned to render assistance at the "Break-up." She is at present sojourning in her native England.

### December 11th.

Last prize-day we were honoured by the presence of Sir Talbot and Lady Hobbs, who distributed the prizes. The entire programme went off very successfully, even to the songs of the Upper School, over which there had been some anxiety.

### March 18th, 1926.

The Rev. Duncan McDiarmid, Secretary of the Sudan United Mission, addressed the school. His address was most interesting, and his accounts of some of his work among the natives raised shrieks of laughter from the whole school. We wish Mr. McDiarmid the best of good fortune in his work, and are looking forward to hearing him when he returns to the State.

5

### March 23rd.

On the 23rd, which was a Tuesday, the school broke up early in the afternoon, and the girls were taken to see the film—"Wonderful London"—with a view to enlarging their knowledge of the famous city.

### April 1st.

On April 1st we departed for the Easter holidays. We were allowed four days, which were greatly appreciated by us all. Fortunately the weather was beautifully fine, so we were able to make the very most of our time. Unfortunately, some of the girls, desiring to extend their period of liberty, came back late, therefore depriving us of our second week-end off in the following term.

### April 27th.

Miss Behrens, County-Commissioner of Girl Guides in England, addressed the school. Miss Behrens is on a health tour, and remained in our State for several weeks, during which time she did very good work among the Guides.

### June 14th.

The first Eurhythmic Class was held. Miss Wittenoom previously taught the girls, but she left in 1922, and since then there has been no class at all, until Miss Hinrichs, who has lately arrived in this State, and who is an excellent teacher of Dalcroze Eurhythmics, offered her services. Unfortunately, she is unable to take a large class, greatly to the disappointment of many of the girls.

## IN MEMORIAM.

A cloud was cast over our holidays just before Christmas by the news of the death of Stella Clarke, who was drowned while bathing at Bunbury on December 21st. Our deepest sympathy goes out to her parents and brothers and sisters. We know that Stella was one of the sunniest members of the School, and realise what the loss of her must mean in her home. Stella's garden is still being tended, and her name will be commemorated by the prize for gardening, which has been very kindly promised by Mrs. Clarke.

## COT FUND.

## Committee:

Form VI.—A. Cunningham.  
Form Up. V.—A. Blurton.  
Form L. V.—K. Grieve.  
Form Up. IV.—N. Forbes.  
Form IV. R.—M. Hibble.  
Form L. IV.—K. Tilly.  
Form Up. III.—V. Evers.  
Form L. III.—N. Church.  
Form II.—D. Roe.  
Form I.—O. Bennie.  
Kg.—V. Oliver.

At the end of 1925 we had in hand £85/10/10, which was distributed as follows:—

Children's Hospital . . .	£50	0	0
School for the Blind . . .	4	0	0
School for Deaf & Dumb . . .	4	0	0
Daily News Xmas Fund . . .	3	0	0
Parkerville Home . . .	3	0	0
Anglican Orphanage . . .	3	0	0
Fairbridge Farm School . . .	3	0	0
Ministering Children's League . . .	4	0	0
Forrest River Mission . . .	5	0	0
<b>TOTAL . . .</b>	<b>£79</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>

The receipts for 1926 to July 30th are as follows:—

Balance from 1925 . . .	£6	4	4
Form Up. V. and VI. . .	4	19	0
Form L. V. . . . .	3	11	0
Form Up. IV. . . . .	2	10	0
Form IV. R. . . . .	3	2	3
Form L. IV. . . . .	2	5	0
Form Up. III. . . . .	1	14	4½
Form L. III. . . . .	2	7	6
Form II. and I. . . . .	14	5	
Kg. . . . .	6	5	
Old Girls' Society . . .	5	0	0
Dramatic Society . . .	9	2	0
Junior Girls . . . . .	3	15	10
Cocoa Club . . . . .	10	0	
<b>TOTAL . . .</b>	<b>£46</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1½</b>

Of this £5 has already been sent to the "West Australian" Victorian Bush Fires Fund.

The Cot Fund Committee takes this opportunity of thanking the Old Girls' Society for their generous subscriptions to the Cot Fund.

## UNIVERSITY RESULTS.

## LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1925.

- D. DIVAL.—English, History, Geology, Drawing.  
F. GATES.—English, Maths., Biology, French.  
M. FORBES.—English, History, Maths., Biology, Drawing, French.  
L. HOCKING.—English (dist.), History, Maths., Physics, Drawing.  
E. SEWELL.—Maths. (completion).

## JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

- J. ANDREWS.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Biology, French.  
R. BLACK.—English, Maths., French, Music.  
A. BLURTON.—English, History, Biology, Maths.  
C. BUNBURY.—English, History, Biology, Maths., French, Drawing.  
J. CRAIK.—English, Maths., Biology, French, Music.  
Y. DALE.—English, Geography, Maths., French, Drawing.  
M. ELLERSHAW.—English, History, Geography, Maths., French.  
P. GRIFFITH.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Physics, French, Drawing.  
J. HARDIE.—English, History, Geography, Maths., French, Music.  
S. HOLT.—English, History, Geography, Biology, French, Drawing, Music.  
R. KEIGHTLEY.—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing, Music.  
M. KENNEDY.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Biology, French.  
J. OTTO.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Biology, French, Drawing, Music.  
D. PEARSON.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Biology, French.  
N. RIDDELL.—English, History, Geography, French, Music.  
J. SAYER.—English, History, Geography, French, Maths., Drawing, Music.  
H. STANG.—English, History, Geography, Biology, French.  
G. THOMAS.—English, Maths., Biology, French.  
M. THRELKELD.—English, Geography, Maths., Biology, French, Drawing.  
J. DUFF.—English, Geography, History, Maths., Biology, Drawing.  
M. HOCKING.—English, History, Geography, Maths., Physics.  
J. MACKINTOSH.—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing.  
P. THEL.—English, History, Maths., Biology, Music.

## PRIZE-DAY.

"Prize-Day" came upon us last year with even more than its usual rapidity, being held on Tuesday, December 8th.

During the morning we went to the Hall to have a final practice, and, by no means less important, to find out

just where we were to sit at night. Worried mistresses juggled with us a good deal, in an endeavour to overcome the difficulty of "six (girls) into five (chairs) won't go." But at last order was produced out of chaos, thanks largely to the organising ability of Miss Jaques, and we all came away quite ready for dinner and an afternoon's rest in preparation for the evening.

From 7.30 to 8 o'clock there was a continuous stream of people into the Hall, and we could not help feeling thankful that we did not have to join in the hunt for seats!

Eight o'clock! The Council and Sir Talbot and Lady Hobbs arrived, and the programme began.

We were feeling rather like orphans, without Miss Finlayson, though Miss Sterne made a very good step-mother and appeared to be enjoying her position on the platform, whatever she may have been feeling. However, when Mr. Hogben stood up to read Miss Finlayson's Report, he first read a cable from her, wishing us good luck. We appreciated it very much, and felt pleased to think that amidst the excitement of home-coming (or rather, going) she had not forgotten us.

The most popular item of the evening was the two Kindergarten songs: "Merry Are the Bells," and "The Little Nut," which were so loudly applauded that both had to be sung again.

The little fairy play "The Best Wish" was also a great success—some of us wish we could be as unselfconscious on the stage as the small actresses in the Lower School seem to be!

The "Elocution" Play this time was scenes from "The Tempest," and it, too, went off without a hitch, thanks to the untiring efforts of Miss Durlacher in drilling us beforehand, and the skill of Mr. Schubert, whose wigs, moustaches and other facial additions converted even the most feminine of us into quite realistic gentlemen and contributed not a little to the success of the play.

Altogether we thoroughly enjoyed the evening, and hope the audience did too.

## Some of the Prize Winners:

DUX of the School.—L. Hocking.  
DUX Upper V.—E. Builder and J. Harris.

Lower VA.—M. Kennedy.  
Lower VB.—K. Rowe.  
IV. Remove.—B. Cheyne.  
Lower IV. A.—E. Carbarns.  
Upper III.—P. Roe.  
Lower III.—N. Brickhill.  
II.—J. Hicks.  
I.—M. Munro-George.

TRANSITION.—J. Cronshaw.  
PREPARATORY.—W. Munro-George.  
KINDERGARTEN.—J. Evers.  
ENGLISH ESSAY.—E. Builder.  
FERGUSON PRIZE.—E. Sewell.  
SEWING.—D. Armstrong.  
CHAMPION ATHLETE.—M. Forbes.

## SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS.

A. Cunningham  
F. Gates.  
H. Forster.  
J. Harris.  
E. Builder.  
B. Cheyne.



## BOARDERS' NOTES.

The Boarders this year are so strong in numbers that two new beds had to be squeezed into "Korrawilla." Where would P.L.C. be without us? Are we not the back-bone of the school? Of course we do not wish to arouse the indignation of our worthy day-girl sisters, for it takes many different parts to make a whole, but we are always on the spot and there is no mistaking it. True we are the trial of the teachers;—"those tiresome, noisy girls!" What would the teachers do without us though? The poor boarders who tear themselves away from the land of nod in the damp, dark, disagreeable dawn to strum on an old

piano; the Boarders who so energetically chew pieces with grins wide-spread even though the jam is not; the Boarders who overcome their natural bashfulness and heroically act their annual play to increase the "Cot Fund"; the Boarders who contribute so loyally out of their menial amount of pocket-money to the A.I.M., even making small articles for Sales of Work in the sparest of spare time at their disposal; to say nothing of the athletic boarders in the Netball Team, and of the eight noble Prefects, who, although rumoured to have always a scarcity of food in the "carrot patch" appear to have sufficient weight behind their arguments for the apprehension of their less noble colleagues.

We have had a particularly exciting year. Firstly, the "Break-up" 1925 was the last for nearly all the old Prefects, and, of course, we had to give them midnight feeds in their various dorms. Between the dorms, there is much friendly rivalry, and, in the Tennis Tournament, 1925, Murrin-Murrin being the Head Prefect's dorm, proved its superiority. Each dorm, however, has its qualifications. Dug-out is of a poetical turn of mind, doubtless it is but a proof of the saying: "poetry can only be written when in fear of being blown up." Judge for yourself:—

"Winter dawns in Dug-out  
The shower it does get cold.  
We lie in bed till five to eight,  
For none of us are bold.  
We fear the icy water,  
That pelts into the bath,  
We'd rather be beneath the clothes,  
Or by a nice warm hearth."

There have been changes on the Resident Staff. Miss Jaques, our gym. mistress, who has for so long presided over the Junior House, found that she could remain here no longer and tore herself away from our midst to return to England; but not before she, and Miss Smith, her successor, coached us through the Sports. We returned to school in 1926 to find that both Miss Sterne and Miss Wood had deserted us, and that Miss Gee had come; we also found Miss Robertson,

an assistant matron, who has become very popular among the tiredest of our members when she gives the time-signal at 10 minutes to eight each morning. Then, at the beginning of second term, our old friend, Miss Mann, left us, with many regrets, for her native Scotland; and Miss Burnside has taken her place.

However, you will be wanting to know some of our doings this year. Of our Saturday night "charades," "dress-ups," and "musical bumps" little need be said; reader, if you have ever been a Boarder you will know well enough, if not,—well, "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after!" One evening several of us went to a concert in aid of the Presbyterian Church Funds; it was a musical programme followed by a playette, which was very amusing. On Anzac Day we went to a service at Keane's Point, where Sir William Lathlain gave the address. Our "dear leader" will tell you of our picnic at Keane's Point, and how the "bonza boarders" kept up their reputation for great tugging strength and healthy appetites; and our stage accomplishments will be mentioned in the B.D.S. notes.

We Boarders are the gardeners of the school. Our Horticultural Society is a flourishing concern—we have already bought many strong and useful tools, and hope, one day, to plant wattle trees all round the paddock.

Perhaps the greatest event of the year for us was Miss Finlayson's birthday party, when the Mistresses displayed their skill in "The Bathroom Door," a screaming farce, which convinced us that should they find that their present vocation does not lead to rejuvenation they have always the call of the "foot-lights" open to them. With the aid of Miss Mann and the "Fects," games were most successfully organised between the dances. After supper and many songs and cheers, tired but happy Boarders retired to bed to dream it all over again.

Oh! who would not be a Boarder? And who, having been one, could ever tear herself away from this happy republic? And as for holidays,—ask a Boarder what a real holiday is like!



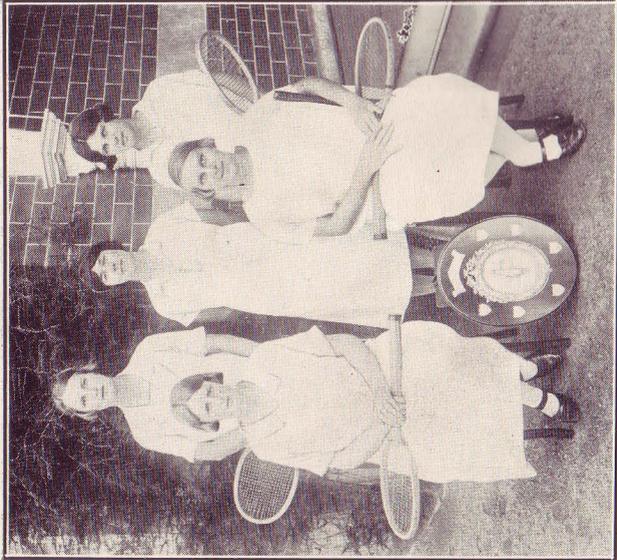
J. CRAIK, A. BLURTON, H. STANG, C. CORNISH, J. McLARTY, J. HARRIS, K. ROWE.

PREFECTS:  
E. BUILDER, H. FORSTER, MISS FINLAYSON, F. GATES, A. CUNNINGHAM.

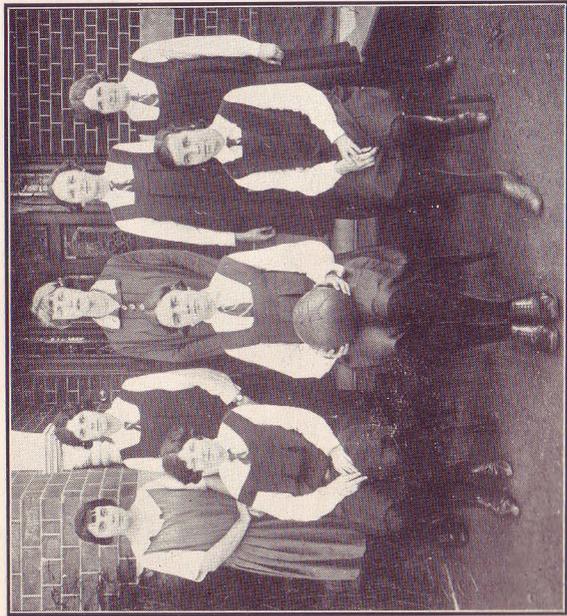
J. CRAIK, A. BLURTON, H. STANG, C. CORNISH, J. McLARTY, J. HARRIS, K. ROWE.



PREFECTS;  
E. BUILDER, H. FØRSTER, MISS FINLAYSON, F. GATES, A. CUNNINGHAM.



WINNERS OF SANDOVER SHIELD.  
L. HOCKING, M. FORBES,  
MISS LOWE,  
P. HUMPHRY, G. THOMAS.



NET BALL.  
B. BROWNE, J. ANDREWS, MISS SMITH, M. ANDERSON,  
R. BLACK,  
D. FORBES, G. NUNN, P. ROE.

**A.I.M. NOTES.**

Owing to the departure of our late leader Miss Hocking, Mr. Curlewis has been forced to turn his affection and complimentary remarks in another direction.

The Boarders are still keeping up their reputation by their regular subscriptions, but to quote Mr. Priestley, "if everyone made a special effort and paid up" the A.I.M. funds would benefit even more.

Our picnic this year was dated for the 25th of March, and we were determined that it should be a successful day. Shortly after dinner we set off in croc. for the Keane's Point Reserve. Everyone was equipped with tennis shoes and the highest of spirits.

We arrived at the grounds to find that another picnic party was in possession, but we decided that there was plenty of room for all to enjoy themselves. Immediately upon our arrival we were greeted by Mr. Curlewis, who insisted that we should partake of large quantities of ice-cream while recovering from our long walk.

Then our energetic host decided to test our speed in running and several heats were run. The winners were presented with small brooches which, while making them members of the Empire Loyalty League, exempted them from the usual admission fee.

Several games were played, including rounders and two's and three's in which our runners were prominent. During this merriment the "Sunday Times" representative arrived to take our photos as an example of a jolly Western Australian Inland Mission Group. Tea was then hailed with delight as we had good appetites; afterwards we stood about in excited groups waiting for the most important event of the day—the Tug-o-war. Now the "bonza" boarders were to show their worth and the thin and wiry athletes be in the background. Even sides were chosen and we had several well organised tugs for which the laurels were eagerly contested. We at last dispersed to play a less strenuous game of French and English.

The time came (as it has a habit of doing) for us to go, and we un-

willingly sought our belongings; but as usual Mr. Curlewis brought smiles to the clouded faces by producing a huge bags of nuts which he distributed liberally.

After same rousing cheers and a short talk from Mr. Hogben, we again formed two-deep and marched happily homeward. We wish to thank Mr. Curlewis and all others who helped to give us an exceedingly enjoyable afternoon.

During the last few weeks the Boarders have been busily preparing articles for a Sale of Work to be held in Oodnadatta in aid of the A.I.M. Hospital there. We are hoping that our few contributions will be acceptable.

This year's subscriptions:—

March 7th . . . . .	£3 3 2
June 20th . . . . .	£2 11 6
<b>TOTAL . . . . .</b>	<b>£5 14 8</b>

**JUNIOR HOUSE NOTES.**

Dear Editor,—

Here we are again, the jolly old Junior House!

This year we have increased our number which is now nearly twenty-three.

We are very sorry to say that we have lost Miss Jaques who went back to England, but Miss Smith has taken her place and we all like her very much.

This year we have had some very successful bazaars of which some of the proceeds have come to over a £1.

Mrs. Munro wasn't very well this term so she went away for a holiday for a fortnight. Miss Robertson has taken her place until she comes back.

We have all gardens over here, and some of our sweet-peas are all blooming and our violets also, but we are sorry to say our gutters get filled right up after the rain lately.

This term there has been a slight alteration in our Sunday School, one Sunday we have it with Mrs. Munro, and on the other we have it with Miss Finlayson.

We will end now having nothing more to say.

V. C. and J. W.



NET BALL.  
 B. BROWNE, J. ANDREWS, MISS SMITH, M. ANDERSON,  
 R. BLACK.  
 D. FORBES, G. NUNN, P. ROE.



WINNERS OF SANDOVER SHIELD.  
 L. HOCKING, M. FORBES,  
 MISS LOWE.  
 P. HUMPHRY, G. THOMAS.

## PREFECTS' NOTES.

"Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage," these words in the original open Kipling's Song of the English, but finding the sentiment expressed in every degree appropriate—with the same phrase we open the Prefects' Notes.

We still have Miss Finlayson's grant of a Prefects' study, but early in the year it was moved upstairs, where we can enjoy better light; and where, if Samuel Johnson's reasoning in his essay "Inspiration in a Garret," can be taken as sure proof we enjoy improved mental abilities, on account of our higher elevation and the accompanying benefits.

Last term Miss Finlayson very kindly took the Prefects to see the Alan Wilkie Company's representation of Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals." Needless to say, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, as all must, who heard Mrs. Malaprop's atrociously misplaced and mis-pronounced words.

The most exciting event of this term was the challenge match between Prefects and Staff Team. The teams were very evenly matched, although the Staff had quite the best shooting side, but no doubt our concentrated bumping and jostling did a great deal towards weakening their shooting capacities. It was a very hard match up to the finish, when the Prefects just won by one goal. Our acceptance of the Staff's return challenge has been sent in, but they seem rather tardy in fixing a date—perhaps memories of the last match are too young.

At the end of the last year the Prefects closed their school careers with a most wonderful week-end spent at Kalamunda. Monday was given them as an extra day in which to repair waste tissues after Leaving. There can be no doubt that every minute of the precious holiday was enjoyed, and already our prospective Leaving Candidates begin to wonder if such good fortune will also be theirs.

In closing we wish the Prefects of 1927 all success and hope that like us they can echo Kipling's song—"Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!"

## FORM NOTES.

## VI. and Upper V.

Oft has it been said: "Thou shalt take up thy pen and write thy Form Notes," but never before has it worried us two poor mortals. This stupendous task has fallen to the lot of two members of Form VI. this year, while last year the honour of the Form Notes was upheld by two of our dear departed V. Uppers.

Much to our sorrow Miss Sterne left us at the end of last year for Home, Sweet Home; but her place has been sternly filled by Miss Summers, who keeps us up to the scratch from straying sandshoes to tardy home-work.

To add to the joy of being back between the four familiar walls of our class-room, our comfort has been increased by the allowance of an extra room in which to spread out. If everyone were to have their rights in this wicked world, room "F" should belong to the serenely smiling Sixth. Unfortunately, at times we have to share our celestial class-room with V. Upper! Only are we happy when our companions in a few lessons have departed next door and we are once more able to concentrate our minds on our work. (Upper Vth. think likewise.—Ed.)

In connection with the community of brilliant historians in V. Upper, we have heard from a reliable source that His Majesty, the King of Spain, is an inmate of the hospital and at the same time is a spectator of the Tennis Tournaments at **Wembley**. We venture to inquire from the same source if he is capable of omnipresence; also, if the liquidators of the now defunct Wembley Exhibition intend assessing him as one of their assets. (Obviously somebody is an ass—we won't enquire who!—Ed.). If he were not immediately snapped up as a bargain curio by an antique-hunting American, doubtless some of his subjects would be found willing to retrieve him from the fate of remaining as a "permanent fixture."

We are naturally of an athletic turn of body and with most of us the love for gym. seems to have been one of our primal instincts. But we seem to have heard vague murmurings of "ex-

tra maths," "music lessons," etc., etc., as the hands of the clock point to the fatal hour of 11.30 a.m. But soft—remember, you should reduce sanctily—exercise is your best friend. It is our ambition to have a gym. display like the boys, but this seems hardly feasible at present as we still think it safer on the ground than on the boom. However, it has been whispered abroad, that, as a result of the present gym examinations, we have, in all probability, a very good chance of winning the gym shield. (With the amalgamation of Upper Vth. Yes.—Ed.). We are all very optimistic.

We do wish that there were diamond rushes here. We are perfectly certain that as we are acknowledged to be fine athletes, P.L.C. would be able to peg out the best claim. At any rate, if the entire school ran, those who are not—er—in the pink of condition for running at present, could at least use their superfluity for putting the other competitors out of action, thus leaving the way—and the claim, clear for our own heroines. We have not the slightest doubt that this plan would be anything but successful.

It has been said to a member of the Sixth (we are only six sylphs) that she has an "inferiority complex," real or assumed we know not which.

Our French conversation periods are strengthened by a seraph, who comes "just to please teacher." This seems to be her mission in life, we wonder what for?

We will now draw our notes to a hasty conclusion (we suppose you realise that we could write a lot more) as they should have been in long ago.

## PUZZLED.

When first I learnt Arithmetic,  
I found that two and two made  
four;  
But this I could not understand,  
I really thought they should be  
more.  
Now Maths., I've done for several  
years,  
But soon I think I'll need some  
specs.;

For I am told that I must see,  
That two and two are really X.  
—Jim.  
VI. and V. Upper.

## LOWER V. NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Please accept our humble contribution. We are always supposed to be cheerful and we are endeavouring to find out what "esprit de corps" means. We are told to cultivate this, but, being ignorant of its meaning, we find that we are unable to live up to it.

This term we went to the beach for a Biology Excursion with Miss Le Souef. It was very interesting as there had been stormy weather previously, and consequently there were many specimens of seaweed and sea-creatures to be found.

Our class work appears to be disappointing, but sport is our speciality. (Is this on the field or in the classroom?—Ed.). Last term we won the Inter-Form Tennis Tournament, and we have four representatives in the Tennis Teams, including the captains of "A" and "B" Teams. We also have a sole representative in the Netball Team.

Our weekly tests have not been very successful up to date, but it is hoped they will improve. Last term we **did** get a B+, although unfortunately our deserved credit was overlooked.

We are very proud indeed to have amongst our happy throng one of the school prefects, who is also our Form Captain.

We have learnt that a storm can "debate," and that tears are salt. Also that Western Australia is quite a lot larger than England. We are plentifully blessed with "copper-tops," and our favourite books are:—"The Art of Wearing Goggles," by Barney, "How To Worship," by Ginger, "The Observations of a Motor Bike," by Cram, "The Dimensions of a Room," by Brick, and "A New Version of Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," by herself.

We are on tenterhooks owing to the Junior which is approaching with unusual rapidity. After the results have appeared we shall be invading the milliners' shops of Perth for head-

gear with which to cover our ridiculously swollen heads. By this time next year we will have recovered our normal sized heads. Till then—

Au Revoir,

Lower V.

#### UPPER IV.

"We happy band of pilgrims"—or should we say "prisoners," in regard to the boarders, have sailed through the first term without any great disturbances, and have successfully managed to receive quite an awe-inspiring remark from the Principal concerning the work and behaviour of the Form.

Our attendance of late has been truly remarkable, we might add also, that we hope we are living up to the reputation of our good behaviour which we gained last term with the exception of one unruly, whom we will excuse, as perhaps excitement was the cause, for the lucky one at present is tossing on the briny.

At last we have conquered the gate vault, we hurl ourselves on to the boom with a remarkable display of agility. Double somersaults are the latest and greatest achievement which we have yet performed: we exert ourselves with great zest and vigour. One unfortunate gracefully (?) sliding o'er the boom seated herself on the mistress's head, however, all was well, as both escaped injury. The afternoon was most sensational when a would-be acrobat managed to twist her body into weird contortions and then hang suspended in the air.

Upper IV. is proud to be able to boast of three girls in various Tennis Teams, indeed there are not a few geniuses in the Form. There are many more touching little incidents which we will refrain from repeating, as we consider we have said enough.

#### LOWER IV.

As it is raining outside and proper sport is impossible, the time is not wasted in telling you about the Form.

The brains of the form are at times dull. One young lady cannot see why the alternate angles are equal in a

theorem and must argue about it, till it is a wonder that Euclid himself doesn't rise from his grave.

There is one girl in the singing class who persists in yawning. When asked why she yawns so often, she replied that she couldn't sing without yawning. Some people have peculiar ways of producing sound. A mistress was illustrating an experiment in two ways. When she drew the second a bright young voice exclaimed, "That's not bad!" The mistress bowed her thanks.

Some of the girls will be judges yet. One budding scientist when asked what a man coming out of a mine, and one coming out of an ice-chest would do or say, each thinking differently about the weather naturally, replied: "They would have a quarrel!"

Well, as the sun is shining now, let's have some better sport.

Lower IV.

#### Form IV. Remove?

The notes of this Form appear to be conspicuous by their absence. Why?

#### UPPER III. NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

At the beginning of the second term, we were sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Mann, our Form Mistress, who sailed for Scotland on June 1st, and we have since welcomed Miss Burnside, as our new Form Mistress.

We received a very interesting letter from Miss Mann, telling us about her trip. She told us that there is a monkey and a young panther on board the boat.

She had a lovely time at Colombo, and, to enter the temple of God Buddha, she had to take off her shoes.

During the last term, our Form went to see "As You Like It," and, as we were reading it in class, we enjoyed it very much.

We were rather talkative (only rather?—Ed.) during the First Term, and found our names in the conduct mark book frequently, but now we are quite good (?).

One member of our Team is returning to babyhood, for when asked a question the other day, she queried: "Me Tell!"

Another history "swot" said that in the fourteenth century, the famous battle of Waterloo was fought, and a budding mathematician said that there were ten francs in a metre.

Last term we played tennis matches against Upper IV. and Lower III. We were not successful in winning either, —but better luck next time.

As we have no more news, we will close.

Upper III.

#### GUIDE NOTES.

Form fours! eyes right!

This is the Guides' Corner!

The Second Cottesloe Company began the year in the right spirit.

On Sunday, July 5th, the Company attended a Church Parade at St. George's Cathedral, Perth. A Guard of Honour for the Governor was formed by Scouts and Guides, and afterwards we were addressed by the Archbishop, who dedicated several flags, which aroused our envy.

Great therefore was the rejoicing when Miss Jaques made known her intention of purchasing King's colours.

On August 16th, the colours were dedicated at St. Columba's Church by the Rev. Hogben, and in spite of the palpitation of the raw Colour Party, —which had been feverishly practising slow-motion marching without vacillating—the ceremony was quite successful.

Great excitement prevailed among the Guides during the last few weeks of second term, 1925, for Miss Jaques was making a great effort to arrange a final camp previous to her departure.

At last the auspicious day dawned, and in due time our char-a-banc arrived at the gate; we all packed in with kits underneath, or in some instances on top of, us. Though many exciting incidents—failures and successes—are firmly fixed in our memories, we cannot relate them here.

Have you ever ardently longed for "something" which you thought you would never get? And have you ever had the joy of having that wish fulfilled? Then if you have you will know what we Guides felt like when the Council very kindly had the Club

House built for us. There was a great deal of speculation as to what this building was to be, but on October 20th the Council formally opened it as a Guide Club Room.

#### THE CLUB-ROOM.

Our club-room is a jolly hole,

It's rather gruesome too,  
You see we have the coffin there,  
As well as cushions blue.

Our dear old captain's photo stands  
Upon a cupboard small;  
The hat-pegs on the workshop side,  
Were fashioned by us all.

It really was a big surprise,  
When the club-room was erected.  
The Council came to open it,  
A thing we'd not expected.

And now on every Tuesday,  
We gather in full force,  
And sometimes we do company-drill,  
And sometimes games in Morse.  
—(B. Browne.)

The opening of the Club House was the last official occasion at which Miss Jaques captained our Company. Owing to the diminutive size of our empyrean abode the presence of our new captain could not be overlooked.

On December 10th, the Company once more retired to the site of the old Club House which was indeed a forlorn sight. Having prepared a camp cooker we commenced our culinary operations and having browned (or blacked) to a nicety, an enormous quantity of sausages, we sat in a circle and ate, drank and were merry, quite without the aid of Bacchus.

At the end of last year half the Company found it necessary to commence their careers elsewhere. Our numbers were reinforced this year by the addition of thirteen new recruits and three former guides. On April 20th they were enrolled by our Secretary, Miss Brown, who kindly remained for the usual meeting.

The following Saturday, April 24th, a rally was held at Government House to welcome Miss Behrens, and the Company—the tenderfoots very smart in their new uniforms—attended in full force. After inspection and the March Past we formed a circle for a

sing-song, to which our Company's melodious voices contributed the "Koo-kaburra."

Miss Behrens, who is a County Commissioner in England—and what is much more important to us, an acquaintance of Miss Jaques—told us that she intended paying a visit to our

school. We welcomed her warmly on the 27th, and the entire school thoroughly enjoyed her amusing address. Afterwards she made us very proud by attending our weekly meeting and her presence lent zest to the proceedings.

Thus endeth the Guides' Log!



### RUNNING.

On October 17th, 1925, amongst great enthusiasm, frenzied barracking, and bustling young damsels, the Annual Interschool Sports were held on the Claremont Show Grounds.

All the six schools competing had great expectations and were confident of their own prowess.

Nearly all the races were most exciting—various over-enthusiastic barrackers found themselves on the floor after several exciting races. Of course, the noise would have shocked our grandmothers, but the occasion seemed to demand the enthusiasm, so great was the competition, and so close the races.

The only relaxation we seemed to obtain was during the lunch hour, and we took advantage of it in which to ease our throats, and rest our voices.

The races in which we gained up to fourth place are as follows:—

LONG JUMP (under 15).—1st: D. Forbes.

"B" TEAM FLAG RACE.—1st: P.-L.C.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.—2nd: B. Hobbs.

75 YARDS (under 13½).—1st: P. Roe; 3rd: Win. Sheppard.

HITTING THE HOCKEY BALL.—4th: K. Rowe.

100 YARDS (under 15).—4th: D. Forbes.

LONG JUMP (OPEN).—1st: B. Hobbs; 3rd: D. Forbes.

SCHOOL RELAY RACE.—2nd: P.-L.C.

"A" TEAM FLAG RACE.—2nd: P.-L.C.

50 YARDS (under 15).—4th: D. Forbes.

After a long and fierce struggle, Perth Modern School gained first place with 44 points, Perth College close behind, and P.L.C. with 28 points.

We are all training hard now, still determined to get beyond 3rd place, and bring P.L.C. to the fore by being the proud possessors of the Shield.

### SWIMMING NOTES.

Last term witnessed the Swimming Competitions of Girls' Secondary Schools.

On account of returning to school a week later than usual and several other minor delays we had very little practice before the great event finally took place.

Never a swimming school, this year we seemed even less so. In the 50 yards under 14 our two competitors did not distinguish themselves by gaining places, but in the 50 yards open,

Grace Nunn gained second place, being only just beaten for first by Dora de Witt, of Cottesloe High School. We were all very pleased to hear Grace had gained a place and next year we will expect even greater deeds from her.

In the Barron Trophy we entered only one team which, however, did not come very near the top of the list. Next year we hope to see a great improvement in the swimming results.

In last year's magazine the swimming notes boasted a great number of successful entrants in the Life Saving Exams, and this year we hoped to have even more. Miss Mabel Smith, our new gym mistress, coached this year's "life savers," but as the unseasonable weather prevented the holding of the exams, our hoped-for list of successful names in elementary, proficiency, bronze and silver, is so far merely a myth. However, lest so much good training should go unrewarded we hope to have these Life Saving Exams late in next term.

Contrary to our expectations Miss Lowe, who has for many years been our sports coach, stayed on with us for another year, but we are afraid that such good fortune will not be ours again next year. In closing we wish next year's swimmers victorious speed.

### NET BALL NOTES.

Looking at the lists of matches won and lost, it appears that the Net Ball Team has done badly during the season; this, however, is not the case. The goal scores show: 151-117 in our favour—a result of which no losing team may be ashamed.

When we play a game that is obviously ours, we play brilliantly, even making allowance for the fact that there is no opposition. Perhaps it will be clearer said in this way: the passing and shooting in a match which we win by a large number of goals are confident, thoughtful and assured, but an even game or a losing fight produces uncertainty and erratic playing. A fight against odds or a hard struggle should make everyone more enthusiastic and alert—should make the game so much more worth while. Without strong opposition there would be no progress in anything, it is some-

thing that makes a game into an important battle of brains, fleetness of foot and accuracy. This slight feeling of doubt and nervousness lost us more goals than need have been lost.

There has been some difficulty over practices owing to the weather, and the fact that it was not always possible to use the hall. But I think much more could have been done. The work done during a team practice was not always as good as it should have been; our practice times were few enough and it was a pity to have wasted one minute of them.

We had one or two new players in the team this year, and we are sorry so many people will be over age next year as there was great promise, both in individual play and team work together. A little more knowledge of each other's ability would have given us a very fine team.

Results:—

	For.	Ag'st.
P.L.C. v. M.L.C. . . . .	42	9
P.L.C. v. C.E.G.S. . . . .	17	23
P.L.C. v. G.H.S. . . . .	40	5
P.L.C. v. P.M.S. . . . .	20	22
P.L.C. v. S.H.H.S. . . . .	13	37
PL.C. v. P.C. . . . .	19	21
Total . . . . .	151	117

### TENNIS NOTES.

At the close of last year, with some misgivings, we said good-bye to the four girls who composed the "A" Team, for an entirely new team had to be picked. However, it was not so difficult as we expected, and the "A" Team were soon practising for all they were worth.

The first "A" Team match was played on March 17th, and the "B" and "C" Team match on the following Thursday. Joan Eyres, Madeleine Forbes, and Margaret Stewart gave the "A" Team some hard practice, and we have to thank Mrs. Stewart for the use of her court, which she kindly placed at our disposal.

This year's "A" Team is a much younger team than it was last year, and perhaps that is why we did not do so well; but remember "Rome was not made in a day." We have a good reputation to live up to and if we work

hard, concentrate on every stroke we make, and, withal, be good sports, we may yet continue to bring honour to the school.

In April the Annual Secondary Schools' Tournament was held at Kitchener Park. Several of the girls entered, but none were successful. Everyone is indebted to Miss Lowe for the hours she has spent with us improving our play. Next year we hope to have a better result to show her.

The following are the results of matches played:—

- "A" Team—
- MARCH 17th.  
P.C. v. P.L.C.—  
3 sets 23 games; 1 set 14 games.
- MARCH 24th.  
P.M.S. v. P.L.C.—  
4 sets 24 games; 11 games.
- APRIL 13th.  
S.H.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
4 sets 24 games; 7 games.
- APRIL 20th.  
C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C.—  
2 sets 15 games; 2 sets 21 games.
- APRIL 27th.  
M.L.C. v. P. L.C.—  
3 sets 39 games; 1 set 9 games.
- MAY 8th.  
G.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
1 set 15 games; 3 sets 22 games.
- "B" Team—
- MARCH 18th.  
P.C. v. P.L.C.—  
3 sets 23 games; 1 set 15 games.
- MARCH 25th.  
P.M.S. v. P.L.C.—  
2 sets 17 games; 2 sets 17 games.
- APRIL 16th.  
S.H.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
3 sets 23 games; 1 set 15 games.
- APRIL 30th.  
M.L.C. v. P.L.C.—  
1 set 18 games; 3 sets 21 games.
- MAY 9th.  
G.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
3 sets 23 games; 1 set 16 games.
- C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C.—  
(scratched).
- "C" Team—
- MARCH 18th.  
P.C. v. P.L.C.—  
1 set 9 games; 1 set 10 games.
- MARCH 25th.  
P.M.S. v. P.L.C.—  
1 set 7 games; 1 set 9 games.
- APRIL 16th.  
S.H.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
2 sets 12 games; 5 games.

APRIL 30th.

M.L.C. v. P.L.C.—  
3 games; 2 sets 12 games.

MAY 9th.

G.H.S. v. P.L.C.—  
7 games; 2 sets 12 games.

C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C.—  
(scratched).

### MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

Again this year important changes have taken place in the music-teaching staff. At the close of second term, 1925, Miss Martin came to us in place of Mrs. Jones, who found it necessary to resign owing to ill-health.

Early this year Miss Lodge also left us and realised her ambition by sailing for England. Miss Nyman filled her place first as a resident mistress, but evidently the thought of home was too much for her, and she has now joined the ranks of the non-residents.

In third term, 1925, Miss Lodge gave a gramophone afternoon at her home in Forrest Street, which was greatly appreciated by the members of the club.

At the beginning of 1926 the Club seemed to have faded out of existence there being only five of the 1925 members left, at least five were all that attended the meeting. After much discussion it was decided to hold a public recital on May 10th, but on second thoughts no outsiders were to be invited, much to the performers' relief. Everybody was expected to perform, but a few managed to wangle out of it, much to the envy of the afflicted.

There were whispers of a new piano for Room III., instead of the charming Shanghai instrument. It was spoken of with bated breath, but contrary to the general opinion a new piano certainly did arrive a few weeks later. Miss Hutchinson is the proud possessor and excellent care is taken of the instrument. The Shanghai piano has been relegated to the box-room, adjoining Bottom Dorm bathrooms, where one may bath to music at any hour during the day.

On Saturday, July 3rd, Miss Martin gave a gramophone afternoon at her home in order for us to hear how "runs" should be played—rather different from our conception of runs.

We all enjoyed the afternoon immensely and wish to thank Miss Martin for her kindness in having us, also in singing to us.

Miss Martin's afternoon was a success financially as well as musically. The Secretary had been having an apparently hopeless task to collect the subscriptions until the threat of being debarred from the meeting was held over all unfinancial members.

The music pupils who benefited by Miss Edgecombe's lessons wish to thank her for coaching them during Mrs. Jones' absence. Her lessons certainly kept them up to the mark, although she was a little too kind to some of them, so they think.

The 5.30 a.m. practice girls find it a great effort to get up these chilly mornings, and great are the moans to say the least of it when suddenly the clothes are whisked off and "Five to six, hurry up, the alarm clock didn't go off!" is hissed into one's ear.

Then sleepily we crawl down to practise lightly clad in pyjamas, dressing-gowns, coats and slippers, but not too sleepily to revile the alarm and everything else for making us practise at 6.0 a.m.

Sometimes an indignant voice demands if we intend to practise at all when we arrive at 6.30 instead of 6.0. (N.B.—The alarm's fault, not ours). If we had our way we wouldn't, but we are victims of circumstance and what can't be cured must be endured.

How drear the morning practice sounds,

To girls who want to sleep,  
It makes them dread their daily rounds,

And almost makes them weep.

We wish to congratulate the following girls on their success:—

AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITY EXAMS.

PRACTICAL.

GRADE II.—F. Gates.  
GRADE III.—N. Hoile, P. Manford.  
GRADE IV.—M. Humphry.  
GRADE VI.—M. Miller.

THEORY.

GRADE IV.—P. Thiel (Hons.), K. Mitchinson (credit).

ASSOCIATED BOARD.

HIGHER.—M. Moule, B. Sparke.

LOWER.—P. Inverarity.

ELEMENTARY.—M. Wittenoom (d.), M. Hibble, J. McLarty.

PRIMARY.—J. Wittenoom.

With best wishes for the coming exams, from the Music Club.

### DANCING.

Miss Kilminster was welcomed once again at the beginning of the term. The class is somewhat larger than that of last year and we hope, equally or more proficient. The majority of the new dances are not extremely difficult, and form an agreeable variation for Saturday evenings.

It may be a sign of our individuality, that contrary to the opinion of the world in general, we do not appreciate the Charleston and it does not share the popularity of the Fox Trot and the Tango.

In spite of our protests that we are not in the least suited to any airy-fairy stunts, Miss Kilminster has been instructing us in Rhythmics and Plastic Poses, the most effectual of which is undoubtedly the Greek and the Amazon. The class has been very successful, the smaller children being ably taught by Miss Boucher.

We wish to thank Miss Kilminster for the very enjoyable afternoon, many of us spent at St. George's Hall last year, and are looking forward to the prospect of such another afternoon.

### Eurhythmic Notes.

At the beginning of second term the Eurhythmic Class was revived. As Miss Finlayson had heard that Miss Hiarichs, a teacher of Dalcroze Eurhythmics had arrived in the State, she decided that it was a good opportunity for the renewal of the class.

Two classes each of fourteen girls were formed and on Monday afternoon, June 14th, spirited music was heard issuing from the gym and many a girl wailed "Why did I join that Class, Why! Oh! Why! Oh! Why?"

Then the romantic, hopeful ones could see themselves with a figure

which would captivate not only Australia but the world, after a few lessons.

We were very nervous at our first lesson as we had a spectator as well as Miss Henricks present, but the majority of the girls are quite (?) at their ease now.

We wish the ignorant would pass fewer remarks about us because they really know nothing, but then "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

I am afraid there is no more news because we cannot possibly go into detail about all our leaps and jumps, crotchets and contortions. We hope to do credit to Miss Hinrichs' teaching, if we do not it will not be through lack of teaching on her part and enthusiasm on ours.

### "COME AND TRIP IT."

Much enthusiasm was aroused last term by the proposed innovation of Folk Dancing, an exceedingly energetic pursuit. Miss Smith, who was to be our instructress, extended an invitation to the members of the Upper School to attend the first class. On Wednesday evening, the 7th of April, we were initiated into the mysteries of Folk Dancing, mysteries indeed they are, and as a result about thirty decided to become permanent members. The following week we settled down to mastering the intricacies of dances which were the delightful pastimes of mediæval country bumpkins.

At the beginning of second term it was decided that Friday evening would be more suited for the class as we would then have the week-end in which to finish our surplus prep. Unfortunately this arrangement incurred the loss of the weekly boarders, round whom the witchery of Folk dancing did not wove a spell sufficiently strong to prevent their being enticed by the delight of Friday evening's amusements. In order to reinforce our numbers, an invitation was extended to Upper IV. and IV. Remove, but very few joined, presumably the others suffer from shyness.

Since then we have had uninterrupted evenings, Miss Martin officiating at the instrument of torture, for without

that we should not be able to maintain even a semblance of time. Miss Smith has been teaching us various dances, seemingly the most energetic, and it is greatly to be feared that she is somewhat inconsiderate of the heftier members of the class—or perhaps she has a fellow feeling and is desirous of remedying the super-abundance.

However, dancing does not form the entire sphere of our activities as singing is not neglected. In fact, it is a very agreeable digression when weariness has at last overwhelmed us, and we refresh ourselves with Folk Songs, such as "No John" (the favourite), and "Billy Boy."

Miss Smith is very keen on folk dancing and has communicated her keenness to others, if we may judge by the latest, unexpected additions to the class, of whom the most audible is Jessamy.

She is anxious for us to improve and assures us that we have made rapid progress, which indeed, seems to be proved by the following dances: Peascods, Goddesses, Black Nag, Childgrove, Butterfly, Galopede, and Bonnet so Blue, which we have completely (?) mastered.

Perhaps in the far distant future we shall be tempted to have a display of our prowess, and show the world what we can do.

### B.D.S.

Not many weeks after school opening the remnants of last year's B.D.S. had many a weighty conference at which they chose the subject and actors for the great event of the future. Days passed with early morning rehearsals—rehearsals where steady seriousness and high hilarity prevailed. Then at last, one fine evening at the end of term, with creditable punctuality, the curtain of the long-anticipated play was raised on the spectacle of a number of poor orphans making a meagre meal of gruel (?) Before long a slender boy takes his empty plate up to a most awe-inspiring figure reading the "Daily News," which was meant to be "The Tatler," of 19th century England, William Bumble, Esq.,—in private life Helga Stang, our President and dramatist of the play—although reading

"The Tatler" was also presiding over the top of the laundry copper.

"Please sir, I want some more!" at these words all is explained, for they immediately recall to us the story of Dickens' *Oliver Twist*. Through the succeeding scenes we follow Oliver's experiences, with the rogues—Fagin, displaying all a Jew's proverbial craftiness, Bill Sikes, Artful Dodger, and the care-free, but loveable Charley Bates.

Nancy's murder by Bill Sikes was rendered most realistic by the former, prior to her death, wielding a silver paper-knife in self defence against her bullying overlord. The would-be dagger proving useless she confined herself to uttering the most blood-curdling of shrieks.

The burglary of Mailey's house was also very true to life, but for the fact that owing to an incomplete caste, Charley was forced to die an untimely death so that he could appear later in the guise of the afore-mentioned Bumble.

A somewhat impromptu arrest of the remaining villains was made by Harry Mailey and Bumble, who this time represented the arm of the law. Fagin and the Artful Dodger were successfully escorted off the stage—presumably to prison—after much chasing round the table on the part of Fagin and Bumble, but Sikes made good his escape—per window!

The last act contains the climax in the discovery of Oliver's real identity as the brother of Rose, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Mailey. After a scene or two of ardent wooing Harry Mailey at last persuades Rose to be his prospective bride. Bumble is the next to re-appear—but not alone—for in his own words he and Mrs. Corney of the workhouse "Have ventured into the great unknown." On this happy ending the curtain falls.

After the performance the mistress and prefects adjourned to supper—provided and prepared by the company. As usual the supper was helped along by much cheering and toasting, and then at last bed was thought to be the best place in the early hours of the morning.

By this performance £9/2/6 was raised for the School Cot Fund. Before closing we wish the best of luck to

the B.D.S. of 1927, and hope that they spend a time as equally enjoyable and successful as that spent by us.

### THE LIBRARY.

This year we have nothing of startling note to report of the Reference Library, but that is not to say progress has been at a standstill; on the contrary, by steady contributions our shelves are gradually being filled. At any time we can look at the library with a sure feeling of pride. Most of the credit for this happy state of affairs is due to numerous contributions from Miss Finlayson. Miss A. Smith we also wish to thank for the collection of books presented early in the year.

#### Fiction Library.

When looking at the shelves of the Fiction Library we can safely say with the old woman in the fairy tale—"Be this really I!" We have grown out of all recognition, our shelves are becoming rapidly filled, in short, we have fallen upon happy days.

Thanks to the promptitude with which all Fiction Library subs have been paid the librarians have been able to purchase divers new books, which do their best to fill up the yawning chasms in the shelves, rather, what used to be yawning chasms.

During the winter terms reading is popular with all, and the number of books read by a girl during one term is amazing—therefore our war-cry—"More Books!" The cry has been answered very well so far, despite the fact that the termly subscription had been reduced to 6d. per head—luckily, 6d. is not beyond any of our purses.

Among the books added to the Fiction Library are:—

- "In a Shantung Garden."
- "Joseph Vance"—W. de Morgan.
- "Conrad in Search of His Youth"—A. Merrick.
- "The Flirt"—B. Tarkington.
- "Seventeen"—B. Tarkington.
- "Head of the House of Coombe"—H. F. Burnett.
- "Robin"—H. F. Burnett.
- "River's End"—O. Curwood.

"Last Frontier"—O. Curwood.  
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"—B. Tarkington.  
 "Nonsense Novels"—S. Leacock.

My Dear Girls—Past and Present.

I have just thought of a very good way of answering all the letters and messages you sent me before and after I went home last year. I am always very glad to have letters from you, although I am afraid I do not always show my appreciation in the orthodox fashion of sending a reply by return of post!

It is difficult to know what to say about my journey, as every bit of it was wonderfully interesting to me. I must try to give you some "snapshots" in words, for if I once begin to tell you all I can remember, our Editor will raise a protest.

I spent Armistice Day in Colombo, and I shall always remember seeing the red poppies shining out in the brilliant sunlight and adding still more colour to the motley, dark-faced crowd that stood reverently in the streets at the bugle's call.

Altogether I had about six days in Colombo and by the end of that time was quite an old friend of many of the Ricksha runners and sellers of jewels—in fact I created quite a stir on my return journey because I walked up the main street wearing a dress which I had bought in one of the shops three months before. The shopkeeper and all his relatives followed me in a procession calling out "Ladly buy dress!"

The Cingalese are a very courteous people and are quick to notice the different ways in which Europeans treat them. I heard one newspaper seller say, "Thank you, lady, for your kind words" because my friend had said "No thank you," instead of ignoring his proffered "Sydney Bulletin!"

I wish you could take lessons in running from the Ricksha men; I thought of you as I admired their straight backs.

The village schools in Ceylon look very much like the Australian ones, perched up on the hillside, with a tea plantation or some cocoanut palms as a background instead of your vine-

yards and gum trees. The little Cingalese boy has to be able to speak two or three languages, and his English is a good deal better than your French. My motor-driver could speak five languages, and his hand-writing would probably have inspired some of you to imitate it!

Colombo is a very busy town and there are traffic blocks of bullock carts instead of buses, with rickshas and motor cars darting to and fro amongst them in a most surprising manner.

I suppose one could scarcely find a greater contrast to the Spice Isle than Aden, which is reached after a six days' voyage.

Sheer behind Aden rise barren hills, very rugged and most unusual in outline. Not a blade of vegetation shows upon their slopes; only in the sunset light does their dull brown shale take on a beauty of its own.

There is practically no rainfall in Aden, though when I paid my second visit I saw what looked like grass about an inch high at the foot of the hills and was told they had had three hours' rain since I was there before. Sea water is distilled for drinking, and mounds of crystallised salt add to the desolation of the scene.

In the place of the cheerful, bustling streets of Colombo there is one long, blazing road, on which one meets slow-moving camel carts; a tawdry statue of Queen Victoria stands in the strange surroundings of dirty Arab shops and pathetic little shrubs, with the hills frowning behind. As I was passing here I saw a man drawing water from the well and filling his truly Biblical goat-skin, and then, turning round, came upon two of the quaintest little Eastern babies, with jewelled caps and rings through their noses, being pushed out in the latest type of folding pram.

The most extraordinary thing to see in Aden is the "Tanks." One drives about two miles inland up into the hills, through the real native quarter, where one sees goats and camels and little black children in one happy confusion, and indescribable shops whose wares repose in the dust of the streets.

Up in a gully between two hills are about six huge stone basins, small at the top and gradually increasing un-

til the lowest one has a capacity of 200,000 gallons. Each one is connected with the one below, a wonderful scheme for conserving the rare rain when it comes down from the hills.

All we saw in these tanks were Somali boys, who slither down the sides in a most indefatigable way in pursuit of pennies, and utter a mournful wail as they beat time upon their little fat tummies: "Me no fader, no moder, no sister, no broder."

The number of orphans in Aden, and in fact all through the East, is most alarming!

The origin of these tanks is wrapped in mystery; tradition associates them with King Solomon, but, however that may be, they were discovered by a British officer in the middle of the nineteenth century, after having been buried in debris for hundreds of years.

Sailing up the Northern end of the Red Sea one feels very near to the children of Israel, and the barren heights of Mt. Sinai with the everlasting sands beneath make one realise afresh the courage of the man who led his people through that wilderness.

Far more recent history is recalled in the Suez Canal, where one sees the remains of barbed wire entanglements and a few desolate dumps of ammunition and stores, with here and there a small company of "Tommys" waving to the boat as she passes by. There is the terminus of the Jerusalem railway, and it does not need much imagination to picture our troops setting out along the world's oldest highway towards that city of many sieges, the City of David.

Now in true P.L.C. fashion I must say that I am sorry I cannot write more as time is up!

Yours affectionately,  
 E. R. FINLAYSON.

#### FOLK DANCES AND SONGS.

Many of us are keenly interested in our folk dancing and folk singing class, but I wonder how many of us really know just what are these songs and dances we are learning. Do we all realise that earlier even than Chaucer's time all over England, there was country dancing and singing on the

village greens? To a large extent these greens are preserved, and it is easy to imagine that our dancing forebears enjoyed their open-air frolics even more perhaps than we do our Fox-trots and One-steps.

The dances are our national dances, and are divided into three kinds:—

- (1) The Morris Dance;
- (2) The Sword Dance;
- (3) The Country Dance.

The Morris and Sword dances formed parts of old religious ceremonies, taking place in great open-air temples, such as Stonehenge, with solemn procession at great seasons of the year. A dance might celebrate a good harvest, the awakening of spring, or any other happening worthy of thanksgiving. Especially was the sword dance used on occasions of solemn sacrifice, when a victim was slaughtered to appease an angry power.

These dances then were solemn ceremonies and not for pleasure, and so we find that men alone took part in them. The Country dance was the dance for enjoyment, and in it partners were taken, as at dances nowadays, but instead of keeping the same partner throughout the dance, the dancers had to share their pleasures—that is to interchange their partners. Whether the set be "square," "round" or "long-ways," all could join in and dance to the jolly tunes, and while they danced they sang the folk songs we learn, and which are acknowledged to be a most precious part of our national musical heritage.

We might wonder how we have so fortunately acquired these dances and songs, for our ancestors could not go to shops for copies of their music, as we do nowadays. The tunes have been handed down, year after year, a son perhaps learning by ear from his father. It is to Mr. Cecil Sharp that we are indebted for our present knowledge. He spent many years of his life travelling through the villages, listening to the crooning of these tunes, writing them down, setting them to music and gathering them into the very wonderful collection we have. In his memory a hall is being built, where his songs are to be sung, and his dances danced, and this does not seem any too great an acknowledgment of his life-work.

—J.W.M.

### P.L.C.

Some ignorant and most spiteful people have had the bad taste to nickname our college the "Place for Lost Cats." To some of us this seems to be a gross insult! Our illustrious college that we are all so proud of to be thought no more of than a home for cats! How amazing that people should have so little knowledge of our successes, both sportive and otherwise, that they should dream of saying such a thing.

But let us look farther before we condemn these thoughtless ones. We, who are well acquainted with the place know in our hearts that this is true, our seat of learning is in reality a home for felines. They come within the gates and if they succeed in avoiding the dog (for we cannot depend upon the politeness and deference of this quadruped on such an occasion) no one else has the heart to turn them away. We take compassion upon their pitiful cries—what animal can call forth more compassion than a cat by its helpless wailing and its grief-stricken eyes!

If a strange dog enters the sacred portals he is greeted with menacing shouts and stones are thrown as he makes a cringing retreat. But who would dream of insulting a cat by throwing stones or using harsh words? Not I. Her soft furry body could be so easily hurt, a recklessly thrown stone may cause some mortal injury.

It gives us such a feeling of peace and security to think that here, if nowhere else, it is quiet enough for a poor harmless cat to find a place of refuge. We go quietly on our studious way and in our few (?) moments of turmoil we are confronted by this feeling of repose.

In. Com?

### THE DIARY OF Mr. J—Y S—H.

#### Sunday.

Up early and had a good walk in the garden. Everything outside was wet and muddy, and I had a hard time rubbing myself dry when I got back into the hall. After breakfast had nothing to do, so I strolled over to Senior Kennel. The girls were just starting for church, having nothing else to

do I went too. Had rather a boring time.

There was a most horrible box in one corner, and a woman kept putting her front paws on it, whenever she did it the box groaned horribly and everyone howled. It was horrible! They must be a mean lot there, they took round the dinner-plate with **nothing on it!** Feeling upset (the howling made me quite sick) and hungry, I left half-way through. No more church for me!

#### Monday.

This morning I hurried into the Gym Kennel to find "her"—and saw Upper V. and VI.'s Gym Exam. My word, they say I'm fat and wobble, all I can say is, they should have seen themselves! They made me bark with laughter! Dug up that knuckle bone I buried two months ago and had a good feed.

#### Tuesday.

Went into Upper V. and got a book shied at my head. Awful manners those senior girls have! The book nearly hit me too, she'd have got into a nice row if it had. Tore up somebody's Latin exercise book; no one seemed to care though. They gave me some ink to drink—didn't think much of it—it made me sick. Slept in the Correcting Kennel all the afternoon.

#### Wednesday.

Went into Sixth Form Kennel to a Latin lesson—had a good sleep during the lesson—Miss Finlayson has an awfully soothing voice.

Had a run on the Perth-Fremantle Road this afternoon—everyone was looking for me!—it was great fun! Came back about six o'clock. My word! I got a reception from "her!"

#### Thursday.

An eventful day! Had a fight with Miss Chubb's cat—came off second best, too! It's a horrible animal! Went to a Scripture lesson at Senior Kennel; there was a man there talking to the girls. Cheek! I just walked up to him and began to tell him what I thought of him, he didn't like it either, I can tell you. I talked to him for about five minutes; everyone was holding her ears, so my language must have been pretty strong. They shut me up though, before I'd half finished. Foul play I

call it! This afternoon I went down to the Basket-ball field, and had a ripping game. Caught the ball several times, and tripped up two girls. Left at last to look for that mutton-bone I buried when I first came to school.

#### Friday.

I was wandering round this morning when I heard most awful shrieks coming from the Gym Kennel. Hoping that I'd be in at the death I bounded into the Gym. All the girls were there, and there was a woman on the platform holding a stick in her front paws and waving it at the girls. I found that no one was being killed so I left in disgust, the noise got on my nerves so. To-night I went into the Gym again. The girls and "she" were all there. My word! they looked funny. They were holding each other by the front paws and jumping round. I started dancing myself after a time; looked pretty good, too, I can tell you. Not everyone can dance like me. Bed very late.

#### Saturday.

Heavens! to-day is my bath-day. Why, oh why, are there such things as soap and water? They spoil a perfectly good world. Gosh! here "she" comes lookin' for me! I'm off! Ta-ta!

H.S.

### THE JUNIOR CLUB.

We, that is, Forms I., II. and Lower III., have started our Junior Club again. We are sorry to have lost Miss Wood, but have Miss Hendry in her place.

Altogether we have about forty members. Every second Wednesday we meet in Lower Third's class-room to sew, and we generally talk a good deal!

At our first meeting Miss Hendry unfolded a plan to us, which was as follows:—that every girl should be given back her sixpence which she had paid for her subscription, and see how much money she could make out of it. Olive Bennie was the winner, having made 16/—, but Ruth Marshall came second with 14/6. The prize was a box of note-paper.

For our next competition we have to see who can make the best cake or box of sweets. As the Junior House cannot enter for this, they have to see who can make the prettiest sweet-basket to hold the sweets. Next term we hope to have a bazaar, as we did last year.

We wrote to Miss Finlayson asking her to be our President, and she graciously accepted the offer.

Joan Hicks.

### MY GARDEN.

That wondrous spot—the embodiment of all that is good and pure in life—the helper and sympathiser in distress—the friend to whom one may always turn—the inspiration to nobler ideals—the thing the most wonderful and beautiful in the universe—my garden.

True, it is not very large, but—what matter? Its soil is of the finest white beach sand; its plants of the species described by the unworthy as noxious weeds. But it is a garden. People laugh and mock. Why? Because they know in their heart of hearts that it is a wonderful garden, and they can never hope to have anything to equal it.

Why do I love my garden? you ask. How can I help but love it. The little weeds grow so lustily and try as much as possible to please me by overwhelming all the horrid flower plants I have put in. The soil pleases me by becoming most wonderfully dry and inferior in quality.

As I have said before, I have put in some flower plants—pansies, violets, stocks, phlox, poppies and such like pests—but I am afraid I shall have to take them out again. They are retarding the growth of the dear little weeds. Those sweet little cherubs, I do love them! They look up at me with their innocent, child-angel faces—how can I help but love them. My favourites are the beautiful stinging-nettles. You have seen them no doubt. Their delicate green leaves covered with fine fur that tickles the skin so delightfully, and their tender stems also covered with fur, are truly adorable.

At one end of my garden is a tree

—a magnificent tree, with leaves speckled with green and yellow, like a tiger's coat. When the wild winds come the leaves are blown all over my garden like a yellow cloud—they have become yellow for they are dying, poor things! How my heart aches to see them lying there with no one to care for them—no one to mourn for them. I gather them up tenderly and cherish them forever with all my sacred treasures.

And I must not forget my snails and caterpillars. In the middle of my garden is a shrub and there they live. Every day I look and there I see them clinging to the leaves and branches. They look so pretty. My bush is becoming renowned as the "home of snails." Often I go there and find quite fifty snails and then how I rejoice. They look so happy, clustered there together. I wish some more would come and make my garden their home. I long for the time when I shall see them walking over my garden enjoying themselves in the sunshine and resting in the shade of the weeds.

I know you envy me my garden—I know you long to see it and rejoice with me in its beauty. Perhaps some day you will behold it and then you will fully realise the wonders of the earth and the marvels of creation. Until then, wait patiently and dream of the joy and happiness in store, and if you have faith, before long you will surely see it!

E.L.M.

### THE COMING OF 1926.

"Call little 1926 to me," said old Father Time as he sat in state in his white cloud. One of the old years, 1923, hastened to obey his lord, and soon baby 1926 was brought into Father Time's presence, where he stood blinking sleepily up at his master.

"Well, 1926, here you are," said Father Time, "are you ready to descend to earth to take the place of 1925, who is now too old to reign any longer?"

"Yes, your majesty," lisped 1926, standing to attention, "I am quite ready!"

"Are your wings strong enough for the descent to earth, 1926?" asked Time.

"Oh, yes! your majesty, they are quite strong," said the little New Year, proudly fingering his wings.

"Very well, come with me and I shall show you where to go," said Father Time, and stepping to the edge of the cloud, he pointed far below, where the earth was rolling round. All the stars were out and the planets could be seen quite distinctly beneath little 1926 and Father Time.

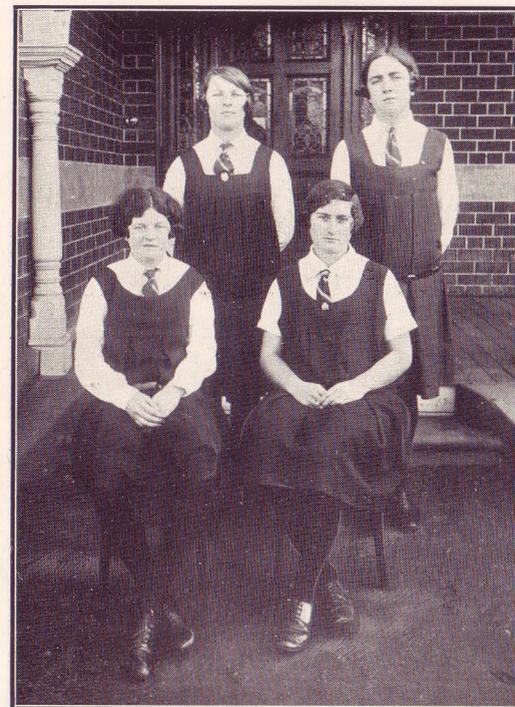
"That is where you have to go, 1926," said Time. "Which one?" asked 1926, "this or that," and he pointed to the planet of Mars and then to the Earth.

"The one you last pointed to is the one to which you have to go," said Time. "Now if you are quite ready I shall call up a shooting star and he will deliver you safely to earth and take back 1925 with him!"

So saying Time called a shooting star to him, and giving the star full directions where to go, Time placed 1926 on the star. "Good-bye, 1926! rule well and good luck!" said Father Time as he pushed the star off the cloud.

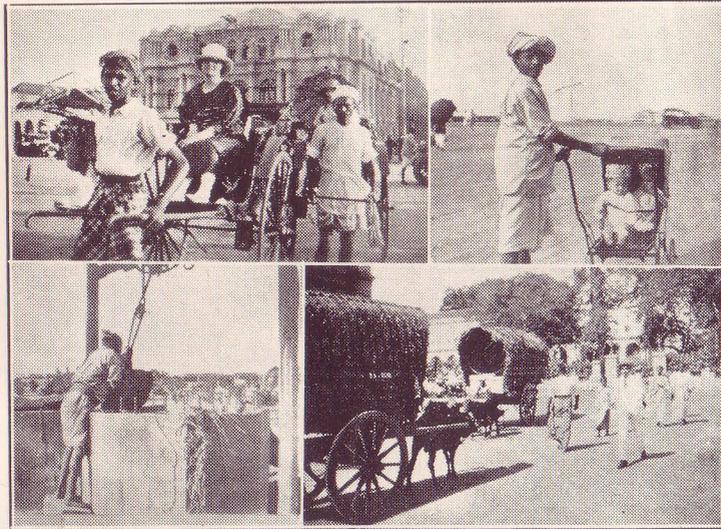
Down, down, like an arrow, shot the star and before little 1926 had time to realise it, he was on earth and feeling rather queer. The star told him where to find 1925, so the little New Year flew to a mountain whereon resided 1925, an old, old man, with white hair.

"My time has come, 1925," said 1926. "Our master bids me tell you to go

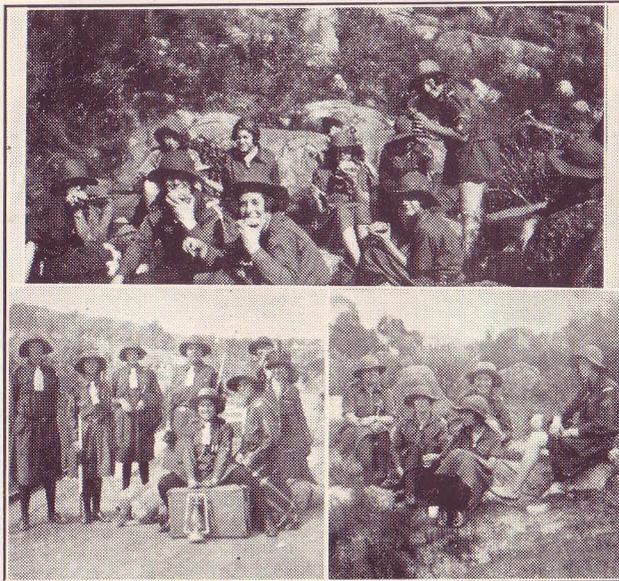


SWIMMING TEAM.

A. BLURTON      G. NUNN  
D. FORBES      L. MORRISBY



SCENES IN COLOMBO AND ADEN.



GUIDES

back on the shooting star, while I live here till I too grow old."

"Yes, my young friend," said 1925, in a thin old voice, "your time has come, rule well!"

So saying 1925 flew to the waiting star and was taken up to Father Time's abode, far up in the clouds.

Down on earth little 1926 reigned, ruling as he was meant to do, as wisely and well as he could. If anything went wrong in the world, it was the people's fault, not 1926's, because he tried very hard to make everything happy.

Old Father Time and all the old years look down on the earth as it rolls round and round, and smile to each other as they watch how 1926, the New Year, rules.

Dorothy Hall, Lower IV.

### "RING-O'-ROSES."

One fine morning in summer, before the flowers had opened, a dusty looking dog came frisking along for his morning's walk.

Just at that moment a pretty little kitten jumped suddenly out of a hedge.

"Good morning," mewed pussy, "you are out early this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes," barked the doggie, "come and have a look for some bunnies in that ditch yonder!"

He spoke in such a friendly way that pussy thought it would be fun to run along the ditches helter-skelter, after bunnies.

"Yes, I would love to," said pussy.

"Come on, then," cried the dog. "I'll give you a race."

"One, two, three," shouted the dog.

They ran like the wind and tumbled headlong into the ditch.

"Oh-o-o-o," cried pussy in tones of alarm, "I gave my poor head a dreadful bump."

"Never mind, puss," said the dog "we haven't looked for any bunnies yet."

In a few moments the cat had her arms around a baby bunny.

"Let go!" cried the bunny.

"I'm not going to eat you all up!" said pussy, "I want to have a game with you!"

"Alright!" said the bunny, "have a game of 'ring-o'-roses'."

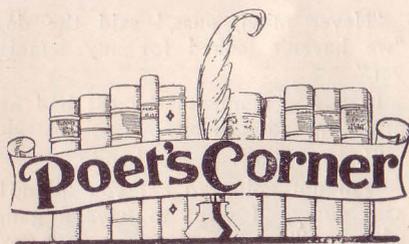
They all agreed to play. After they had played for a long while all three of them tumbled down, unable to play any more.

Shirley Hall, Form II.

### IN THE BUSH.

We are going to the bush in the Christmas holidays. We shall see the lakes and the butler's huts. We shall go in the motor-car across the railway line, and on the bumpy roads, and we shall go by the cliffs. The car will be very dirty when we come back. We shall go to the Peel Estate to our Aunty. We were there last Christmas. They have pigs and horses, and a pussy-cat and a well, and I pumped some water from it, and I had a ride on the horse. When we were coming home, I lost my sand-shoes in the mud, but I got them out at last, and I had to carry my sand-shoes and socks. I saw a great big pig. It was getting dark so we had to go home. We had to walk about a mile before we reached the car, and it was very sandy. Margaret was frightened, and wanted Daddy to go back, but Daddy said he could see the wind-screen of the car, and Daddy told me to run and turn on the lights. Then we all went home in the car, and my Aunty followed us for about a mile. We got home, and we were glad to go to bed. In the morning Margaret and I went to school and we had a long story to tell all the others, and Margaret said she would not go to the Peel Estate again.

William Munro-George,  
7 years.



### LOVE.

She was the dearest little thing  
That ever man had seen;  
She was so very dainty,  
And looked just like a queen.

He was tall and handsome,  
With curly hair so black,  
And he saw the little maiden,  
And fell in love, alack!

But oh! he could not marry her,  
He gave a little sob,  
For she was but a china doll,  
And he a golly-wog.

M.G.

### "TWO LITTLE BIRDS."

Once there were two little birds,  
Who quarrelled within their nest;  
One little bird travelled east,  
And one little bird flew west.

They wandered about the earth,  
All miserable and alone,  
For the sins of hatred and pride,  
Prevented their going home.

One day, when the little boy bird  
Hurt his poor little wing,  
He found how he missed his wee mate,  
And the songs she used to sing.

He cried to God, in his pain,  
To take him back to the nest,  
For he'd hopelessly lost his way,  
In his wanderings in the west.

And the little girl bird in the east,  
Was sad and lonely, too,  
For lost in a country strange,  
She'd nothing at all to do.

And God looked down from on high,  
And pitied these two wee things;  
So he led the little girl bird,  
Where her mate had broken his wings.

Now they are happy and gay,  
And live in their old, old nest,  
Where you may see them to-day,  
Her head on his feathery breast.  
(Jim.)

### BABY.

Two little shoes on two little feet,  
And somebody's toddled out.  
Somebody's taken a bumpity walk,  
Into a garden, no doubt.  
Somebody's seen such pretty things,  
With her two little pretty blue eyes,  
Somebody's seen many birds and bees,  
And gaudy butterflies.

Two little feet are still to-night,  
In baby's sweet little bed.  
And two little eyes are not blinking  
now,  
As the moon shines on her head.  
And the moon fairies are coming down,  
With their dear little silvery beams,  
For somebody's sweet little cherub face  
That smiles at her pleasant dreams.  
Vivienne Evers (Up. III.)

### "THE AUSTRALIAN."

He was a boy in that dread year,  
Who never knew the name of Fear;  
A country lad of manner shy,  
Answered the call—England or die;  
He did not know the depth of war,  
Had seldom heard the word before;  
He went, prepared to do his bit,  
A country lad, just made of grit;  
Ready to go where his land should  
send,  
In Flanders Field he met his end;  
He never stopped and wondered why,  
Why we should live and he must die;  
In that accursed and bloody strife,  
With child-like faith, he gave his life;  
He fell, fell ne'er to rise again,  
His loss proved but his country's gain;  
Before the war she laughed at life,  
Untouched by tragedy or strife;  
Ah! now she is not as before,  
She knows the bitterness of war;  
A country still has much to learn,  
Until she's purged by fire stern;  
True happiness can never be,

In the land that's known no tragedy;  
Australia's star was not, of yore,  
Its birth was in the clouds of war;  
And 'twas her sons who gave the light,  
That keeps the star e'er burning  
bright;  
And though that boy is now laid low,  
His spirit e'er will onward go.  
With shoulders squared and head erect  
He marches on with Fame's elect.

H.S.

### WE ALL WIN.

(By "Splodge.")

Our boarders we hear, are competing  
next year  
To be "Miss Australia," the Queen  
of the West,  
As to which one will win—  
'Twill depend on her skin,  
Her features, her figure, her feet  
and the rest!

Now every morning, the rising bell  
calling,  
Wakens no boarders to rush for the  
shower,  
For clad in "one-pieces,"  
(Without any creases),  
They've been practising sports for  
over an hour.

The boarders no longer, on dieting  
ponder,  
They eat all they can, without quiv-  
er or qualm,  
Beryl's nine stone eleven,  
Can beat me by seven.  
Oh, a pound here and there won't  
do any harm!

The prefect's small room, is their mas-  
sage saloon.  
Crammed full at all hours of the  
day.  
There they stand in a row,  
With their heads bending low,  
And for perfect proportions they  
pray.

It is really quite fine, to see them de-  
sign  
Blue pyjamas, and make them by  
hand,  
Mrs. Smillie's on strike  
For she has a dislike,  
For strange garments that curve and  
expand.

But grieve not, my friends, you'll find  
in the end,  
When all your photos you send to  
the Press.  
You'll not suffer failure—  
There'll be not one "Miss Australia"—  
But dozens and dozens and dozens,  
I guess!

### "PREP."

I am sittin' in the prep-room,  
And I'm working out a sum,  
And I aren't a-working really,  
Though I speks they think I am.

I am feelin' rather lonely,  
'Cos I've not much prep to do,  
And I can't speak to my neighbour,  
And I've broke my pencil, too.

They have a joke behind me,  
But they say they won't tell me,  
'Cos my brain is rather little,  
And works so slow you see.

So I'm sittin' in my own desk,  
An' I think I'm very good,  
I aren't a-working really,  
Though I feel as if I should.

P.G.

### THE FAIRIES.

The fairies live in the orchard green,  
The prettiest place that ever I've seen,  
Their dresses are made of pink and  
blue,  
Their bonnets are made of silver dew.

They build their houses in the trees,  
And so at night they sway in the  
breeze,  
Their horses are the butterflies,  
That take the fairies up so high.

At night the Queen goes down to  
drink,  
Beside the cool blue water's brink,  
Her little maids hold up her train,  
And carefully lead her back again.

The fairies have a lighted hall,  
That's where the trees grow thick and  
tall,  
The glow-worms light it up at night,  
And make the hall all gay and bright.  
Mollie Church (Lower III.)

### "A LULLABY."

Baby dear, baby dear,  
Slumber on my breast,  
Baby dear, baby dear,  
There you gently rest.  
When the stars are peeping,  
When goblins look so sly,  
And shadows dark and creeping,  
There you softly lie.

Baby dear, baby dear,  
Ope' your eyelids soft,  
Baby dear, baby dear,  
Let us play in the loft.  
There the floor is made of hay,  
Come! Let us have a game,  
For now 'tis time to greet sweet May,  
And May shall be your name,

Isobel Millington,  
(Up. III.)

### "A KOOKABURRA."

A Kookaburra laughed at me,  
From our golden wattle tree,  
"Ha, ha, he, he, ha, ha," laughed he,  
"So gay I am, so free, so free."

A Kookaburra I'd like to be,  
So gay is he, so free, so free,  
But worms I would not like for tea,  
So a little girl I'd rather be.

The Kookaburra seems to me,  
To be the gayest bird in our 'tree,  
So like him I must try to be,  
Happy, laughing, jolly as he.  
Lorraine Mair (Lower III.)

### THE WAVES.

The waves roll on towards the shore.  
Pause, swell, then break with thund'-  
ring roar,

On coast of some small bay.  
Then back they slide with gurgling  
sound,

Without a leap, without a bound,  
For waves all long to stay.

Sometimes they find a crowded town,  
Where folks from home have all come  
down

To spend a holiday.  
Some child who's paddling in the seas,  
May feel the water lap his knees;  
For waves all long to stay.

So on they go with roaring tread,  
By tiny streams and rivers fed.  
They cannot stop to play.

Sometimes they find an unknown spot,  
Sweep on, retreat; the world knows  
not;

For waves they cannot stay.  
P. Martin (Lower IV.)

### STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries ripening in the sun,  
Slowly reddening, one by one,  
Down comes the rain to give them a  
drink,  
Reviving the small ones, just turning  
pink.

Little gold dots at last appear,  
Clear and flawless, without a smear,  
Here come the children, happy and gay  
Fresh from the field, and the fresh  
scented hay.

O'er in the sky is one crimson streak,  
Up comes the moon, snow white and  
meek,

Gone is the day, and here is the night,  
Dear little strawb'ries, good-night,  
good-night.

### "THE CREEK."

Winding down the gullies,  
In among the rocks,  
Forming fairy harbours,  
And also fairy docks.

Rippling over boulders,  
And over thirsty ground,  
Trickling through the grasses,  
With a merry sound.

At sunset, on its borders,  
The birds fly down to drink,  
And all its mirrored surface,  
Reflect the clouds of pink.

The birds float on its surface,  
With feathers black and sleek,  
And autumn leaves fall softly,  
On the winding creek.

M.G.

### "THE" MATCH."

With step so firm and faces set,  
Fourteen on that dark field have met,  
For some must lose and some most  
win;

### VALETE! 1925.

There's ne'er a word nor e'en a grin.  
Against opponents were they placed,  
Each by awful danger faced.

The whistle now at last doth scream,  
And only one thing may it mean.  
For each is there to do or die,  
And lowered brow and blood-shot eye,  
Is seen on every mortal wight,  
For to the last they all must fight,  
Some figures scurry on the field—  
Some lie prostrate—others wield  
Their hefty blows on every side,  
Heedless where they are applied.  
Thus raged the conflict hard and fast.  
Thus fought they even to the last.  
When there remained one mournful  
pile

Of tattered serge and shredded lisle.  
The sinking sun now fell upon  
Deserted field, for all were gone.  
Their wasted tissues to renew,  
And bandage up their bruises blue.  
This is for those who could not watch  
The 'fecs and teachers "Pat-ball"  
match!

A.N.C.

### "WHO'S WHO"

Just two feet of cheek and black hide,  
With self-will he's amply supplied.  
He rolls into History and Gym,  
Where he revels, in causing a din.  
On Sunday to Church he now goes,  
And whines out his canine solos.  
But let us no longer digress  
The subject of this theme is "Jess."

A.N.C.

### "A BEAUTIFUL WORLD."

It's a beautiful place—this world,  
With its glorious skies of blue,  
With its sunshine bright, and its star-  
swept night,  
Its neighbourly hearts and true.

It's a wonderful place—this earth,  
With its roses and birds and trees,  
Whenever we stumble, and begin to  
grumble,  
We seem to forget all these.

We are always ready to frown  
When shadows and clouds are rife.  
'Twere better to raise a hymn of praise  
To God for the beauty in life.

J. McL.

**L. Hocking** (1921), Prefect, 1923; Head  
Prefect, 1924-5; Editor, 1924-5;  
"B" Tennis Team, 1923; "A" Team,  
1923-5; Junior, 1923; Leaving, 1925;  
Scholarship, 1924; Dux, 1925.

**M. Day** (1923), Prefect, 1924-5; Inter-  
School Sports, 1923-5; Junior, 19-  
23; Scholarship, 1924.

**D. Dival** (1922), Prefect, 1924-5; Sub-  
Editor, 1924-5; "B" Tennis Team,  
1925; Guide Patrol Leader, 1924-5;  
Junior, 1923; Leaving, 1925; Schol-  
arship, 1924.

**M. Forbes** (1917), Prefect, 1924-5; "B"  
Tennis Team, 1923; "A" Team, 19-  
24-5; Net Ball, 1921-2; Swimming,  
1922-5; Inter-School Sports, 1922-  
5; Champion Athlete, 1925; Junior,  
1923; Leaving, 1925; Scholarship,  
1924.

**B. Humphry** (1918), Prefect, 1924-5;  
"B" Tennis Team, 1924; "A" Ten-  
nis Team, 1925; Net Ball, 1923;  
Inter-Schools Sports, 1923-5; Ju-  
nior, 1923; Grade II. Music, 1924.

**E. Sewell** (1923), Prefect, 1925; Leav-  
ing, 1925; Ferguson Prize, 1925.

**A. Stockwell** (1922), Prefect, 1925; Ju-  
nior, 1923; Scholarship, 1924.

**P. Treadgold** (1923), Junior, 1923.

**M. Verschuer** (1924), Junior, 1924.

**C. Bunbury** (1922), Junior, 1925.

**M. Ellershaw** (1922), Junior, 1925; Cot  
Committee, 1925.

**J. Hardie** (1921), Junior, 1925.

**S. Holt** (1920), Junior, 1925.

**M. Kennedy** (1924), Junior, 1925; Dux  
of Lower V., 1925.

**J. Otto** (1923), Junior, 1925.

**N. Riddell** (1924), Net Ball, 1924; In-  
ter-School Sports, 1924-5; Junior,  
1925.

**B. Sparks** (1923), Junior, 1924.

**G. Thomas** (1918), "C" Tennis Team,  
1923; "B" Tennis Team, 1924; "A"  
Team, 1925; Net Ball, 1924; Inter-  
School Sports, 1924-5; Junior, 1925.

- M. Threlkeld (1923), Junior, 1925.  
 J. Duff (1924), Junior, 1925.  
 J. Glauert (1921), Net Ball, 1924; Inter-School Sports, 1924-5.  
 B. Hobbs (1919), Net Ball, 1923; Inter-School Sports, 1922-5.  
 M. Hocking (1924), Junior, 1925.  
 J. Mackintosh (1919), Junior, 1925.  
 P. Manford (1921), "A" Swimming Team, 1922-5.  
 P. Thiel (1921), Junior, 1925.  
 E. Piper (1918), "A" Swimming Team, 1924-5; Net Ball, 1925.  
 H. Blythe (1922), "C" Tennis Team, 1923; "B" Team, 1924; "A" Team, 1924-5.

#### OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION.

##### Office-bearers:

- President: M. Officer.  
 Vice President: Miss Finlayson.  
 Hon. Secretary: N. Martin.  
 As. Secretary: N. Rolland.  
 Hon. Treasurer: A. Thiel.  
 Metropolitan Members: N. Horgan; J. Paterson.  
 Country Members: J. Stephens; I. Hocking.

The membership of the Association has increased this year by 40, the total number now enrolled being 175, as against 135 last year. Only 98 of these, however, are financial members, and there are still many, who having left school, have failed to join the O.C.A.

The 4th Annual General Meeting of the Association was held at the School on 6th March, 1926, when the above Committee was elected, and the following matters brought up for discussion:—

- (1) Annual Dance.—Owing to the poor attendance, the Annual Dance, 1924, was, financially speaking, not a success, and it was decided that, unless the number of financial members showed a marked improvement, the function should this year be held at the School.

- (2) Note Paper.—It was also proposed to procure Association note paper — both for official and private use. The letterhead, as members have probably noticed is already to hand, and advice will be issued when private note-paper is procurable.

The first social meeting of the year, in the form of a Tennis Party, was held at the School on the 10th April, the attendance being in the vicinity of 30. The weather was obliging and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

The next Association gathering took place at the Prince of Wales Theatre on May 21st, when about 20 old Collegians were present at the screening of "The Man on the Box," and our third "Hen Party"—a Bridge and Mah Jongg Evening—held at the School on July 24th, was voted a great success by those present.

On June 26th, the School v. Old Girls Basket Ball Match was contested, the School (per usual we are afraid), winning—the score being 17-12. The O.C.A. team was as follows: J. Eyres, M. Forbes, B. Humphrey, J. Paterson, J. Duncan, N. Horgan, and D. Cullen. This is the nearest approach to a win that we have managed up to date, so we have hopes of doing it yet!

So much for the Association as a whole. Now for its most important part—the Members.

Maisie Mitchell and Molly Honey have been holidaying on the Continent, and recently returned to Perth together. Maisie, by the way, has been Eton cropped!

Belle Cusack was another "Globe-Trotter," but has now been home some time, and we often catch sight of her and her car in the Terrace—endangering the lives of poor harmless pedestrians.

Freda Carter spent three months in Melbourne last year, and returned to Perth in October, while Joyce, we believe, is still at home.

Dot Lee Steere has been touring the South West, where she met several Old Girls—Kitty Wellard (Brady), at Narrogin, Ada Cook, at Northam, Brownie and Bobbie Carroll and Sylvia and Alice Rose at York, and Faith

Davis, at Gnowangerup. If we had known she was going, we might have lent her a plate with instructions to do a little collecting on our behalf. She also met Precious Rose and Molly Honey in Bunbury, and Molly Wheatley (Browne) and her husband in Bridgetown.

Edna Rose is to be married in September, not August, as most of us thought, and Prec. and Molly Honey are to be her bridesmaids. Edna's next trip to Perth will be on a furniture-buying expedition.

Gladys Lee Steere recently attended the Murgoo Races, where, we believe, she had a hectic time. She evidently backed the right gee-gee.

A very excited Lel Barker left for England in June. She was looking forward to a gay time on her arrival there.

Marjorie Congreve was in town for two months towards the end of last year, and we hear she has again been down for a few days quite recently.

Enid Clarke is another of our Country Members who appears to have felt the lure of the city, and was in Perth in March.

Dot Davis has been in Geraldton spending a few days with Lila Kemp-ton, who is now coming down to Perth where she will for a time be the guest of Nessie Horgan.

Molly Davies is staying in Cottesloe with Joan Blackall, who, by the way, is another of our number contemplating a trip to England next year.

Lily Hocking is teaching at South Boulder, and Molly, we believe, is still at home (at least, we have not heard anything to the contrary).

Kalgoorlie has discovered a new Golf Champion in Beryl Rosman, and judging from the amount of silverware she is reported to be collecting, we think she must be contemplating setting up house-keeping!

At present studying pothooks and hieroglyphics at Kayes' College are Barbara Humphry, Doreen Cullen and Joy Durham. We have to thank Dolly for the number of times she has undertaken the duplicating of the Association Notices. Barbara was a de-

butante at the Hospital Ball, and has been going it gay ever since.

Treasurer Audrey, after running an office for twelve months, is going for a well-deserved holiday, to Geraldton, where she will be staying with Betty Mountain. (Gracious, won't the dust fly!) Betty herself was down in Perth last month, and Mary will probably be with us in August.

Ngaio Ledsham has returned for a few months from New Zealand, whether she is to return just before Christmas to be married. We heard from "Spook" the other day, and she doesn't sound as though she had changed at all.

At present feeling pulses and cooling fevered brows, are Margot McKenzie, Molly John, Jean McLelland, and Joyce Thomas, and we hear that Joan Solomon, Marjory Anderson, and Thelma Black are on the way there.

The last time we enquired, we were told that Melva Day was undecided whether she would take up teaching or not, but she has apparently done the deed, and is now instilling knowledge into the infant mind at Kojonup. She writes that she has had several letters from Joan Hearman, who has been touring the Continent, where she visited London, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, and hopes to go to Italy, and on a walking tour up the Rhine. (We hope she won't get her feet wet!) The latest news from her was, that she had just returned from one of the famous "Battle of Flowers."

There are seven of our number at the 'Varsity at present: Evelyn Andrews, who is in her third year Science, Nessie and Alison, both in Science II., Eulalie Ellershaw and Isobel McCulloch (who is NOT married, as was rumoured), doing Arts II., and Madeleine Forbes in Arts I. Evelyn, Alison and Madeleine constitute three of the four members of the 'Varsity Tennis Team, and Madeleine also did well in the Swimming Carnival, being placed in the Open Championship and Neat Dive.

Phyllis Ellershaw joined the ranks of of the Graduates at the end of the last year, and is now teaching at "Raith."

Mabel Steele is leading a gay life in the Coleraine, where she spends most of her time driving round the countryside in the car, and playing tennis, golf, and the piano. (Unless she has greatly altered since we last saw her, we presume she plays the fool also). She was holidaying in Melbourne a month or so ago, and spent a week with Isobel McConochy, who, she says has not altered a scrap.

Bae Bick is studying Show Card Writing under Mr. Salter, but she still seems to have plenty of time for gaiety.

Marie Anderson has decided to take up Beauty Culture, and is at present training under Mrs. Cannon.

At the Training College, Claremont, are to be found Kath Morrisby, Bety Sparks, and Flora Brook, and at the Kindergarten Training College, Kath Cramond. What with Varsity, Training, and Kindergarten Colleges, it looks as though P.L.C. might yet be self-supporting as regards mistresses some day.

Helen Blythe is keeping up her tennis reputation and recently won the Fremantle Championship.

At present leading commercial lives are Dorothy Solomon, Kath Campbell, and Nancy Martin. Dot is with her father, Kath in the office of Nicholson's Ltd., and Nancy with the West Australian Farmers' Ltd.

Doris Dival is one of the latest recruits to the ranks of "chalk-pushers," and is teaching at Woodanilling.

Leslie McKenzie after a long holiday in South Australia, spent 6 months in Perth, and has now returned to Albany.

We have had news of Dot Oxer, who has been holidaying in New South Wales and Hobart. She is another ardent golfer. Isabelle Oxer recently passed her Intermediate Exam from P.L.C., Melbourne, and another Melbourne P.L.C.-ite is Janet Paterson, who was, until the end of last year, on the staff of that College in the capacity of Assistant Sports Mistress.

Joan Eyres is still leading the life of a lady of leisure, also Hettie Forbes, and Maud Sholl has been spending a holiday in York with her sister, Mrs. Burgess.

Enid Irgens has been staying in Perth, where she has met many of her old school friends, and Eileen Lee Steere left by the "Demosthenes" for a twelve months' trip to England, and the Continent.

Ghita Locke is still with Elder, Smith and Co., and Helen Walker with Goldsbrough, Mort and Co. They both spend most of their spare time riding, and attend many of the meets of the Perth Hunt Club.

Members who remember Phyllis Al-lum, will be interested to hear that she is still studying music in London, and has had her portrait hung in this year's Academy, under the title of "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Our President, Margaret Officer, spends most of the summer playing tennis, and is now the State Champion. She represented W.A. in the last Inter-State matches, played in the East. Margaret also takes an active interest in the Guide Movement, and is at present enjoying a well-deserved holiday at Bruce Rock, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Allen (Annabel Plaistowe).

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#### ENGAGEMENTS.

Meg. McGibbon to Mr. Summers, of South Perth; Dorothy Lee Steere to Mr. M. E. Roberts, of Dandarragin; Mary Trigg to Mr. H. Nunn, of Kojonup; Kathleen Warren to Mr. E. Charsley, of Nyabing; Jessie Isbister to Mr. J. Smith, of Perth; Edna Rose to Mr. F. Slee.

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#### MARRIAGES.

Yvonne Wrench to Mr. C. Harrison; Marjorie Stanley to Mr. L. Worthington; Laretta Watkins to Mr. J. Gill.

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#### BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Waterhouse (nee Marjorie Tilly), a son—John Douglas.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Gill (nee Laretta Watkins), a daughter,