

1121

J. Stephens



The Kookaburra



P.L.C. Dec. 1921

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SCHOOL OFFICERS.

Prefects :

A. Plaistowe, G. Higgins, E. Andrews, M. Steele, B. Rosman,
A. Lamont, J. Tassie, E. Rose, M. Officer.

"A" Tennis Team :

A. Plaistowe, M. Stewart, M. Officer, E. Andrews.

"B" Tennis Team :

B. Rosman, A. Baird, J. Tassie, B. Salmon.

"A" Swimming Team :

M. Oldham, M. Mann, E. Andrews, M. Forbes.

"B" Swimming Team :

P. Curlewis, M. John, M. Sholl, A. Baird.

Basket Ball :

School Captain, M. Officer. Vice-Captain, M. Stewart.
Team: M. Stewart (Captain), P. Curlewis, M. Forbes,
J. Paterson, M. Mann, A. Baird, N. Horgan.

Editorial Committee :

M. Officer (Editor), M. Stewart (Sub-Editor), A. Plaistowe,
E. Andrews, M. Steele, B. Rosman.

The Kookaburra.

DECEMBER, 1921.

EDITORIAL.

The publication of this magazine signals the approach of the end of another year of school—to many of us the last. This year of 1921 has seen many changes in the school. We

to the dormitory, while music rooms and a gymnasium were nearing completion. The gymnasium is a great improvement on the science room, as the whole school can now come into Assembly, whereas before only the upper school could attend.



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Standing: E. Andrews, B. Rosman, M. Steele.

Kneeling: M. Stewart (sub-editor), M. Officer (editor), A. Plaistowe.

came back at the beginning of the year to have the excitement of meeting a new principal, Miss Dumaresq, as Miss Scorgie had left for a year's holiday. We also found an addition

A number of teachers left last year. Miss Coutts left us to be head mistress of a school in Victoria. Miss Armstrong has taken up nursing. Miss Goadby went to the East, and

Miss Munro left us to be married. As the school has grown, so has the staff, and we have more teachers this year than last. We welcome Miss Smith, Miss Rotenberg, Miss Robertson, Miss Freer, Miss Burgess, Mrs. Procter, and Miss Lowe, who came to us at the beginning of the year. At the end of the first term Miss Summers left and Miss Bassett came to take her place.

This year the senior girls and the tennis teams were taken to see the Interstate Tennis, which was played between South Australia and Western Australia, on the courts at Kitchener Park. We all enjoyed it very much, and wish that Interstate tennis matches would come more often.

This year Miss Burgess is trying to revive the Christian Union Association in the school. A few years ago this association was in full swing, but somehow it died out. Miss Duncan, the travelling secretary, came down and spoke to us about the Union. A schools' day was held at King's Park on Saturday, 13th August, and was very much enjoyed by those who went.

More interest has been taken in our Library this year. Some of the girls organised a play, the proceeds of which came to £7. With this money and some very generous donations we were able to secure a great number of books.

At the end of the second term Miss Dumaresq and the staff gave an afternoon so that the parents of the different girls could see the work that had been done by them during the year, and also to allow them to see the grounds and buildings. To entertain the visitors there were songs, recitations, piano solos, and an eurythmic display, held in the gymnasium.

As this is the last year for many of us, we will take the opportunity of

wishing them the best of luck for the future.

We would like to wish those going in for public examinations a big "Good-luck," and remind them that we are relying upon them to bring home a good pass average for the school.

Before concluding, we would like to thank Miss Nicholson for so kindly undertaking the task of censor.

FORM V NOTES.

Form V was a new institution at the beginning of last year, and although we share our classroom with Form IV, we ourselves believe that it has been a success. We are, of course, still few in numbers owing to the division of the Leaving Form, but in knowledge and dignity we make up for any deficiencies in the other direction. In our conduct we report great progress. We have taken a serious interest in all our studies, and especially in Wordsworth's poems, which have an especial charm for us—so much so that we have re-edited several of the poems. Although these alterations have not yet been published, we expect them to be warmly welcomed by the reading public. Do not these achievements prove our knowledge. As for our dignity, surely there is enough said when it is announced that the form consists of prefects! Why? Well may you ask it!

The nomadic tendency which characterised us last year has now somewhat diminished, although one day in the week we wander in search of a class-room. But as these wanderings are made in the company of the staid and respectable Form IV, there are none of those weird and wonderful happenings of last year.

Our chief amusement lately has been hop-scotch, which fact seemed

to cause the lower forms much amusement, until they themselves realised the value of the game on a cold morning.

One of our members has for some time suffered from a troublesome disease, which, it is feared, has now become incurable. We are not aware of the more correct name of the trouble, but it is known among us as the "giggles." Several remedies have been tried, without success. As the patient's mental capacity is somewhat clouded when she is under the influence of the "giggles," we would be glad of any suggestions for cures.

The love-birds continue to annoy the community. Their mutual affection increases daily, and they seem quite hurt when the mistresses ask them not to caress one another in class.

Owing to our reformed character, our expert at missing exams. is unable to use her brilliant talents, which have now become somewhat rusty from long disuse. Last term she was actually present at an exam. which she has been unable to attend for the last two years.

Editor, the only drawback to goodness is that it is entirely uninteresting. We give you the advantage of experience, wishing everybody a merry Christmas, and extra good-luck to those entering for the University exams.

Form V.

FORM IV NOTES.

Form IV sometimes leaves its pernicious height to join in youth's joys, pastimes and frivolities, but not to such an extent as Form V. Perhaps it would be best to explain what Form V is. It happens to be a form consisting of four girls who have passed

the Junior (we do not know how) a year ago, and are now vainly endeavouring to pass the Senior. They happen to possess a quarter of our room, so we have to exchange an occasional word with them.

The furniture of our room is the cause of many complaints. The seating accommodation lacks safety. Where the seat of one desk slopes gently heavenwards, that of another slopes dangerously the other way. These desks are movable, and in one especial corner the sensation of sitting on a desk, in front of two particular people, is like that of sitting on the deck of a ship sailing far from safety on a choppy sea, and watching the railing of the deck gradually touch the horizon, then the water, and back again to the sky.

One day we happened to have a dictee given to us. Now these dictées are very rare and ridiculously short (?). This day one of our friends watching the mistress writing the dictee on the board in order for us to correct it, upon finding that especial dictee quite different from her own, she was heard to exclaim, "My fat aunt!" This exclamation is very harmless and emphatic, but it is found better to leave it out where French lessons are concerned. She was told politely but firmly that it would be better for her to correct her work than to pass rude remarks about her aunt.

In English, one week a sentence containing the words "a dormant table" came to light. Upon being asked what it meant, one of our community told us that a dormant table was an operating table after the patient had received anaesthetic.

In botany we have, after much toil and trouble, at last arrived at the flower.

When the geometry homework is not written no one is able to do it, but when it is written it is found that

most of the exercises can be done owing to a geometry lesson held before Assembly. The blackboard duster forms a good substitute for a powder-puff in cases of bad complexions. Our drawing-room furniture is artistically carved by means of hob-nailed boots, which have become fashionable in the select society.

On Tuesday afternoons we have our French conversation. In one of these lessons Dot had a very interesting conversation with our mistress on how she kept hippopotami in the pepper-trees.

On April Fools' Day several of our members were caught beautifully. The best joke of the year was played upon us. In the afternoon some went to drawing and others to dressmaking. An evil spirit lurked among those who remained in class. If there was to be an essay for the following day it was to be written upon the board. After school was over a little group collected in our form in order to see what our essay was. It was written up on the board in flaring colours: "A Treasure Hunt." There were many groans and sighs, but our girls dutifully did it. On the Monday they were informed that there was no essay, and the one on the board was only made up on the spur of the moment by a few girls.

For our French grammar book we have Heath. He explains all the difficulties in the French language and then half-way through the book he teaches us what the definite article is. One day our mistress said when speaking of cleaning the board, "Will you rub this off after you have cleaned it?" Our mistress's voice is generally accompanied by the squeaking of the swing doors, which divide our room from that of IIIa. This squeaking proclaims it to be deficient of oil.

The latest duty of our form is to try and teach one young lady to say "present" instead of "good-bye"

when answering the roll-call. The delivery van from IIIa arrives at our form every Friday afternoon. It delivers a few combs, then passes on.

Wishing you a merry Christmas.
Form IV.

FORM IIIa NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Well, I won't begin by saying that we are the best and most interesting class in the school, because there may be a few who would dispute the fact! But if I said that one of our girls caused a great deal of annoyance among the teachers (and amusement among us) by asking the most absurd questions, I am quite sure that it would not be disputed. This same girl is also either ahead or behind the times, but on no account with them. Whatever lesson we happen to be doing, she is doing homework for the next, or if by any chance she is following the lesson (to outward appearances at least), towards the end she will suddenly wake up and ask something that has been most carefully explained a few centuries ago.

We have just finished our mid-term tests, and before we recover properly from them the exams will start. Then time will drag in one sense and fly in another. The Junior! Ah! what joy! Of course we will all pass—no one questions that!! Especially as one mathematician who is taking that subject comes out with excellent marks of 3 per cent. for geometry and 5 per cent. for arithmetic in the exams.

We have lost two of our girls this year. Molly Browne went to Ireland at the end of the first term, and Joan Blackall left a few weeks ago for England.

"Skee" rises by leaps and bounds. Her average is two classes a year. Her latest move is into our class. We wonder how long she will remain with us.

The other day, when our French compositions were given back, our teacher asked one of the girls what she meant by "The rain came down in table cloths." It appears that the above girl had looked up the expres-

gutta-percha is a metal, also that Holyrood was a forest in the North of England.

Time has flown since my last notes, and as the term is drawing to a close and the notes must be given in soon, I must hurry and rake my brains for something else to say.

The exams. are over at last, and the results—well, I think it is just as



PREFECTS.

Standing: A. Lamont, E. Andrews, M. Steele, E. Rose, J. Tassie.
Sitting: B. Rosman, A. Plaistowe, M. Officer, G. Higgins.

sion "The rain came down in sheets." and quite happily put the next best thing she could find.

On being asked one day during a geography lesson how rubber is extracted from a tree, one brilliant scholar, looking very intelligent, jumped up and said, "It is peeled off."

Form IIIa is getting very intelligent. A few days ago we were told by one of the Junior candidates that

well that we've not heard them all yet.

In the French paper, the phrase, "Troue au coudes" had all sorts of wonderful meanings. One girl even said "True to the backbone," the original meaning being "Out at elbows."

As soon as the papers have been given back we all most anxiously count up the marks, with the hope

of scraping up a few extra ones that may not have been counted, but when a certain girl discovers that she has ten too many it is indeed a blow, and she wishes she had not been so doubtful. (Apologies and sympathy to the unfortunate one.)

Wishing you a merry Christmas and good holidays.

Form IIIa.

FORM IIIb NOTES.

As notes are required from each form, we'll do our best to scrape up a few.

We are all very brainy, as we are informed by our mistress.

One day our mistress informed us that a gerund nearly always ended in "ing," whereupon one of our star pupils said she knew of an example. It ran thus: "All men wear leggings." During a lesson on Warren Hastings one girl declared that the Mogul's name was on all musical instruments. When our mistress looked to see what she meant, she discovered that the words were "Public Instruments" or "Public Documents." Another person does not like being called a native of Bunbury, because she declared she is not black.

We export quite a number of things from this "clever" form, such as honey, fish (mostly salmon), clothes pegs, a dog that is a regular barker, roses and office clerks. We have also two shops—a barber's shop with a good supply of false curls, and a vegetable shop where carrots are brought in daily.

Some people manage to get ten and five-eighths per cent. out of ten per cent. for French. We all wish we could do as well as this.

On Thursday afternoons, while we are having a lesson in botany, our rival, Form IIIa, has sports: we sit

in school and watch the artistic serves of some weird and wonderful players, until our mistress finds it necessary to close the shutters. A slit in the canvas has now been made and we want to know if it was "accidentally done on purpose."

Two professors in the class (who say they are taking the Leaving, and who are not very fond of working for exams.) have inscribed a motto on the wall: "Trust to luck," but "luck" cannot always be trusted to, according to results.

These professors have also three mascots, "Topsy," "Toby," and "Sambo." They should by all means pass the Leaving with so many emblems of luck.

Certain girls are very fond of eating biscuits behind their cases, but when our mistress asks them to do algebra, we find they have forgotten (or else they can't speak).

We find physical geography a very amusing lesson, and we have learnt quite a number of things this term. For example: if wire-netting is put across a river it will stop the flow of the water, and if people bathe in the river it will cause it to flow much faster.

One girl, when told that a river often deposits a lot of mud at its mouth, calmly asked if it would ever return!

Another brilliant scholar wrote in an essay, "The earth was once a firm, solid mass, but the weight of the air caused it to slip. This is why the earth is now liquid in the middle."

We wish those taking exams, the best of luck, and also wish everybody a happy Christmas.

Form IIIb.

FORM II NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

We have a new form mistress this

year, and our late one seems to prefer her new life to teaching us.

Biology seems to interest some of our inmates, as the late caterpillar collections have been numerous, but these do not seem to hold the same interest to our mistress, and consequently most of them had to be thrown out of the window. This worried the girls who had gardens, because they thought of the plants.

One girl said that hydras can travel from pond to pond suspended on birds' feet.

Geography is one of our strong points and we are sure that our teacher enjoys (?) teaching us because we give such brilliant answers, such as: Petrograd is the capital of Norway, and the Cape of Good Hope is in the South of Italy.

One of our enthusiastic athletes, in explaining a game of basket ball, said that there are five internals during the game.

In history we also shine. One brainy girl said that Caesar defeated the ancient Britons at the battle of Crecy; and another, while describing a certain king, said that he was "a bit gone."

Some girls find it easier to do geometry by giving the points people's names, instead of letters. In arithmetic we are told that three times five equals twenty. It is no wonder we get such good marks and please (?) our teacher.

One of our inmates has fallen in love with Charles I, and loves to read about his death.

Many and varied are our remarks in grammar, but they are too numerous to give them all. One was that a complex sentence is all muddled up, and another that a child is an "infinite."

There is a proverb that says "Pride comes before a fall." We found the truth of it when we heard that one of the teachers was ill after correcting our exam. papers. We are very sorry and hope that she will soon recover.

Two girls who were in our form last year have left us. One has jumped to IIIa and the other to IIIb. We miss them very much, especially as one always came top of the class.

We have Miss Bassett for French this term, as Miss Summers has left.

One girl came in from a music lesson greatly worried because she said that she had seen a teacher on fire down in the garden. But she did not speak the truth, for the teacher appeared very soon afterwards, much to our surprise, for by this time we firmly believed that she was in ashes.

Three members of our form go to eurythmics, and come back and tell us all the wonderful things that they do, but we are not sure how much they say is true, because all we hear them doing is jumping about on the floor.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and good holidays.

Form II.

FORM I NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Since the beginning of the year many new girls have become members of our form. Most of us are brilliant, or think we are. Some of us are thirsty for knowledge and are never happy except when we are asking questions, and I think our form mistress has a great deal of patience, because somehow she manages to put up with us.

Our pet subject is grammar, especially French grammar! One brainy member of our form, when asked what part of speech is "speak," innocently answered, "A noun." Another girl remarked during geography lesson that Fremantle was famous for its jam factories, and also that lime-juice is made from lime. The same girl also wanted to know why the large wheat areas of the North could not be watered by sprinklers.

In history we are slightly deficient. For instance, our cleverest girl thought that our soldiers had to fight the horned wild boar in the South African War.

"Curly Locks," in our form, would do well to join the happy band of boarders, who would have much pleasure in dressing her hair in the morning.

We have form teams in basket ball, but so far we have not won any matches, but still we hope to have better luck in the future.

The exams are now over, and we are all very glad. We have one or two brainy specimens who get over 90 per cent. for an average. We others can't see how they get it.

Our drill is really beautiful. We are like a crowd of rheumatic old women, but our leader is not quite as bad.

Our mistress used to disapprove of the girls learning eurythmics, but she went to the display which the girls gave, and said she would like to learn herself.

One of our friends hurt her leg while playing basket ball. We miss her in class, for she has been unable to attend for several days.

We all wish you a merry Christmas and very pleasant holidays.

Form I.

JUNIOR NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Here we are again in 1921 for a little friendly chat. We have six new girls to add to our little flock, and we now number twenty-two in class. We are a fairly good class on the whole, and this year we have gone through a considerable amount of arithmetic, English, French, geography, and history.

A certain girl in our class was asked what an ordinance was; she replied by saying it is people who come to watch (audience). One of the girls on being asked said that a soldier picket was the same as that of a gate.

I am sure the senior classes, after what they have seen of our compositions, will be improved in their English.

We seem to afford both education and amusement to the seniors with our drill.

We all hope that the sticky paper between "Lassie and Laddie" will never come unstuck (we also hope they will always bring their bikes).

One of our girl's skirts I think has a quarrel with her knees, as they are never seen together.

Another of our brainies went to sleep with her head on the desk, and the girl sitting beside her was told to wake her up. The first attempt was useless, but on trying a second time the effects were startling.

We pride ourselves on our honour and conscientiousness, and hope that the rising Classes IV and V will keep it up.

One day, when we were stewing away at English, a girl was in a difficulty about the pronouns; she asked

if there was an indicative pronoun.

We were in the middle of nature study on ants one day, when a girl said she once saw an ant attacked by a hop-grasser.

Quite a few girls from Class III take sports, namely, basket ball and tennis, and we all feel quite sure they

muddled in her geography, because she said the capital of Western Australia was Australia. Another said that the Andes were islands.

We are sorry that we have nothing more to add to the magazine, so wishing everybody a merry Christ-



"A" TENNIS TEAM.

Standing: M. Stewart, A. Plaistowe (capt.)

Sitting: E. Andrews, M. Officer.

will some day be our "A" and "B" teams.

There are two males in the kindergarten and one is especially fond of crawling under the gymnasium.

One girl must have been very

mas and happy New Year, we will close.
Junior School.

TOP DORM. NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

After very deep consideration (very

unusual) we have decided to scrape up a few notes. It is very hard, because no one seems to want to be very bad up here! Probably because it is nearer heaven than the other dorms.

When we arrived back from the holidays we found the Campbells had arrived in full force, and the Dottie one had departed. It was not long before the Campbells had departed to the Black Hole of Calcutta—our consciences pricked, but they are pretty well hardened by now.

The rain washing the roof every day has decided to take a hand in the washing of some of our timid ones, and thinks the best time to carry out this plan of action is at night, consequently nightmares ensue.

Some very delicate little girls whose Mas said that they must be petted have taken to wearing sweetly and perfectly blended (?) bedsocks, etc. It is highly amusing to see peeps of chocolate and white woollies over crimson slippers. Evidently the results of cold feet are drastic—very! Sweet sights greet our very delicate organs—the eyes—as we wend our way around one cubicle: back views, etc., of people intent on reducing their form and their weight.

One night about thirty minutes after “lights out,” when all was still and dark, a voice was heard. It was practically indescribable and was discovered to belong to our “Tomato.” Whilst endeavouring to sing herself to sleep, she woke everyone else! Singing by amateurs is rather painful at any time, but when heard when everything else is quiet it is pathetic. (Hear, hear!)

“Small things amuse small minds.” Some of the girls are greatly amused by the fact that we have new canvas in some of our windows.

To justify themselves, asphalt paths were laid not long ago. At last the fire-escape came into use. The builders were rather sweet: instead of letting us be burnt alive in case of fire, they gave us the alternative of breaking our backs. (Very kind, eh?) This day they provided a ladder. One of our substantial young ladies climbed over the wall at the top. So far, so good! Then, breathing very heavily (one might say abnormally), she looked for the ladder. Tragedy of tragedies! It was not in sight. What a situation!—too young to break her neck; too fat to reach the dorm! At last a good Samaritan tenderly lifted her and carried her to safety.

When sending her shoes to the bootmaker one of our inmates, who dabbles in the Muses, wrote on her shoe, “Please put an eyelet in the left-hand shoe.” She loves to be uncommon, it is noticed, especially in the decoration of her cube.

Good-bye, Editor!

Top Dorm.

BOTTOM DORMITORY NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Much improvement has been noticed in the behaviour of our dormitory this year. We only break minor rules, such as speaking in the bathrooms. On one occasion most of the girls in the dorm. suffered from “black marks” for this offence.

Great sympathy was felt towards the weeklies when we saw them sitting at the breakfast table on Saturday morning.

The part of the dormitory where girls get up to practise at six o'clock is very densely populated during exam. week.

Great relief is being felt because a certain person has gained her letters, and we are not disturbed by music near the dormitory all day long. But everyone is not so lucky as to have sweet music to listen to while they have their baths.

Everyone enjoyed the “Awakening of Australia” one Saturday afternoon, but when the wind and rain came at night, and our canvas split, it was the “Awakening of the Dorm.,” as two or three people had to move their beds to a drier part of the establishment.

Some people say that Friday nights of the week-ends are popular because the prefects are away. Please don't let me give you the idea that the prefects are in the way or unpopular, for we would be quite lost without them.

We were very sorry to hear that three of our 1919 girls had left us. Their cubicles were taken by three Little Dorm. girls.

Who is the attraction in the Bottom Dorm. for black animals? First a stray cat and then a stray dog came down to spend a few nights with us, but they were both turned out after much trouble.

Although we are all very fond of one another, only one person shows it to such an extent as to walk in her sleep and get into bed with another girl.

To talk in your sleep often gives away secrets, but you sometimes learn things that you did not know before. For instance, one night we heard a voice in the distance saying that there was no difference between Saul and Paul, because they are fundamental units.

We hope to stay in peace till the end of the year, when quite a number of the elder girls will be leaving.

Wishing everyone a merry Christmas.

Bottom Dorm.

LITTLE DORM. NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Here we are again, as merry as ever after spending nearly another joyful (?) year at P.L.C. We are looking forward to the holidays, especially a couple of us who haven't been home for what seems years and years. Dear old K., our prefect of the first term, has left us for Burma, and her parents. We were all very sad when she left. Now we're in the charge of “Cinderella.”

We have welcomed many newcomers to our midst, and now we consist of sixteen bright and promising young girls. (Eh, what?) “Peterkin” is one of these, and she proves a valuable companion for “Wilhemine.”

Before “lights out” we have quite a lively time. Some of the younger members are evidently preparing themselves for a padded cell, and the story of a lady and a pair of scissors proves quite a joke when told by Jean the Eighth.

Tennis balls are too hard for baby fingers, so woollen ones are being made, and they cause quite a lot of enjoyment.

One night someone evidently mistook the rafter as the owner of a small white garment. Needless to say, it won't happen again, as it was espied by—er, well, it wasn't one of the girls—and the guilty one was reprimanded and told not to do it again. (But just fancy, taking the rafter for Helen!)

Belle also has left us for a much higher region, namely, the Top Dorm.

The early risers have found it very uncomfortable to crawl out of their beds on these cold mornings, especially when one feels the cold water trickling on to one's face from a sponge.

"Cinderella" has had a hard time of it lately trying to get us to be quiet after "lights out." Good-nights are heard from every bed—we are such a loveable family, you know.

Playing "Jacks" or knucklebones is another great pastime. Now, as twenty-five of these have been confiscated, the clicking of bones is not such a nuisance to one of the teachers who lives near by.

Next door (in the Dug-out) lives a solemn judge. Frequently some of our inmates are summoned to attend court while in the middle of their toilet. The trial is held, and because the smallest are supposed to be the naughtiest, the verdict is practically always "Guilty."

Another of our girls felt so funny that she wished to jump out of the Dug-out window. By some efforts we managed to save her from this terrible death. Our efforts were not fruitless, but had they been, some more of us were down below ready to catch her on the bounce.

Well, our small supply has come to an end, so we must bid you farewell until next year. Wishing you a merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year. Cheerio!

The Little Dorm.

DUG-OUT NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

These notes have not appeared before, as the Dug-out is only a modern

building. It does not resemble the dug-outs of Gallipoli, for it has a peaceful and serene appearance, the faces of the occupants being likewise. It shelters nine young ladies from the storms in winter and the nice cool breezes that blow from the equator in summer.

Except the "perfect," we are all new inmates, and lucky, too, as the prefect is a sleepy individual. Do not think any of us break rules, because we never do anything behind her back that we would not do in front of her. "Honesty is the best policy."

One not being used to this kind of life would find it very difficult to sleep, as one of our children snores all night, even until the 7.30 bell sounds through the halls and passages.

There are two tribes of sisters. The ones who are direct descendants of William of Normandy have the brains of the dorm. The first night they arrived at school they were offered some sweets, but they looked up and said in a puzzled tone, "Are they jokes?" No one saw the "jokes" after that.

It is very peculiar, but when things are missing they are always to be found in the bottom drawer. Engagements are being announced by the dozen.

When a cup of tea and a fat piece of bread and butter go past at 7.15 a.m. everybody feels empty (but would sooner feel Robur tea). This sort of thing is good for the contrivance of oneself.

It is very trying when lying asleep at 4 a.m. to be suddenly blinded by the electricity fizzing out its glow. This is not good for the optics, although it may suit one "pupil." A little tapping on the globe with a hammer is a good remedy for the

glow. If anyone would kindly lend us a sledge-hammer we would be much obliged.

Any of the parents wishing their children (although fat) active and fairy-like, may send them along on Wednesday and Thursday evenings to

OLD COLLEGIANS' NOTES.

The Old Collegians' Association of the Presbyterian Ladies' College has been in existence for two years. Last year we had twenty-five members, this



"B" TENNIS TEAM.

Kneeling: B. Rosman (capt.), A. Baird.
Sitting: B. Salmon, J. Tassie.

join our world-renowned circus. It will be included as one of the events at the Royal Show in the coming years.

Good-bye, Mr. Editor! Hoping you have a merry Christmas, also all the dear children at boarding schools.

The Dug-out.

year the membership has increased to forty.

The aim of the Association is to keep the girls in touch with the school and their school friends after their studying days are over. They have the opportunity of meeting twice a year and renewing old friendships.

We have had one reunion this year in the form of a tennis party. This was a great success, as nearly all the members were present. At this meeting Miss Dumaresq was appointed president and Miss Marjorie Battye vice-president of the Association.

As most of our members live in the country, we try to arrange the meetings for a time when most of them are likely to be in town.

We have not been able to arrange anything definite about the badges and sports coats, but hope to have them ready for the members before long.

Girls leaving school and who wish to join the Association are requested to send their name and address to the secretary, Marion Cooke, Grass Valley.

In concluding these notes, we congratulate the members of the tennis team on their victory last year, and wish them good-luck for the coming season.

M. J. C.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It is with great regret that we have to say that our Principal, Miss Scorgie, will be unable to come back to us next year. Her many friends will be sorry to hear that an illness from which Miss Scorgie has not recovered is the reason why she resigned.

Miss Summers, who left us at the end of the first term, is now in South Africa, where she is teaching.

We are all very pleased that the school came second in the Inter-School Sports, and as so much of this honour is due to Miss Lowe, who trained us, we would like to thank her. It was through her enthusiasm and work that we did so well.

The Boarders would like to take this opportunity to thank those people who so kindly donated to their library.

Form IIIB was presented with a pennant which was beautifully worked in the school colours by Miss Lowe. This form won the inter-form matches of the school. They would like to thank Miss Lowe for the trouble she took in working the pennant.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

This is the Prefects' first contribution to the "Kookaburra," but as our doings are so well published by word of mouth, we have nothing much left to write about. This year it was decided that we should have a badge—a silver shield with "P.L.C." embossed and "Prefect" engraved on it. We have grown from three in 1919 to ten in 1921—far too many, in the opinion of some people.

At the beginning of the year only two of the ten were "old campaigners," and we raw recruits had an arduous task when getting broken in, considering we were not always as virtuous as we now have to be.

One of the most annoying incidents was, that when two or three old friends of years' standing, now become prefects, met together to have a yarn about nothing in particular, it would go the cry, "Prefects' meeting," and the news would spread like wildfire through the school. Fortunately for us, public interest in our meetings (?) has now died down.

We were all sorry to lose Kathleen Campbell, who departed for Burma in the middle of the year. The girls gave her a great send-off, and we all

wish her the best of luck in her future life, while we congratulate and welcome (also sympathise with) Jean Tassie, who has been chosen to take her place.

One of our privileges is to go shopping. Two of us have cultivated the art to a high degree. They know exactly where all the bargains are to be had and how to employ themselves sight-seeing until train time. These same two accomplished people could show one how and where to have the cheapest afternoon tea in Perth.

The day-girl prefects say that their most strenuous task is telling small girls to put on their gloves. The boarders would be very pleased if they could relieve them at prep. duty every now and again.

Wishing everybody who are going for exams. the best of luck.

The Prefects.

TENNIS NOTES.

In the first round of the competition for the Sandover Shield we succeeded in defeating all the opposing teams. The team for the first round was (1) A. Plaistowe, (2) M. Officer, (3) M. Stewart, (4) E. Andrews. As M. Stewart was ill and unable to play in the match against Perth College, G. Lee Steere took her place. This prevented G. Lee Steere from playing in the remaining matches of the "B" team.

The team for the first round of the "B" team matches was (1) G. Lee Steere, (2) D. Davis, (3) B. Rosman, (4) J. Tassie. After G. Lee Steere left the "B" team, D. Davis took her place and B. Salmon took fourth place.

In the first round of the "B" team

matches we were successful against Methodist Ladies' College, Girls' Grammar School, and Perth Modern School, but were beaten by Perth College.

The matches for the second round of the Sandover Shield begin on October 19th, and the Slazenger Cup competition begins about the same time. The second round of the "B" team matches begins on October 20th.

The following are the scores for the first round of the Sandover Shield:—

M.L.C. v. P.L.C.—0 sets 11 games to 4 sets 24 games.

P.C. v. P.L.C.—0 sets 7 games to 4 sets 24 games.

P.M.S. v. P.L.C.—0 sets 9 games to 4 sets 24 games.

At the beginning of the year the girls in the tennis teams and the seniors went to see the Interstate Tennis, which was played at Kitchener Park. One girl obtained a very valuable hint—not to throw her racquet across the court when she lost. It was most exciting to watch the play, particularly as we did not all support the West Australians. We all regret that there is not more interstate tennis to see.

Great excitement is being caused this term concerning the "B" team, owing to the fact that there are twenty-six applicants for four places. At present they are playing for positions.

Whenever it is fine weeding detachments repair to the grass tennis courts, as this season there seems to be a great quantity of clover. It has been remarked that although four girls are on the court supposed to be playing doubles, only two play at the same time, as the other two are weeding. We have great hopes of having one court in satisfactory order by the end of the week.

Well, Editor, we all regret that we have nothing more exciting to tell you, but we sincerely hope that before the end of the year we will have won once more the Sandover Shield and Slazenger Cup, which we are sure are most necessary ornaments for the school.

BASKET-BALL NOTES.

In the second term of this year the prevailing sport was basket-ball. Much more interest has been taken in this sport this year than in previous years, as the Girls' Secondary Schools' Sports Association decided to hold inter-school matches for girls under sixteen.

As we had not very much knowledge of the proper rules of the game, Dr. Moir, of the University, very kindly came down to the College one afternoon at the end of the first term, and as she had seen the game played in England, she was able to tell us most of the main rules.

At the beginning of the second term we set to work in earnest to train for the coming matches, and, with the help of a book of rules, which we had obtained, we were soon able to play the game moderately well.

Miss Lowe, our sports mistress, decided that a school basket-ball captain and vice-captain should be chosen, but these girls would not necessarily have to play in the matches. One Wednesday afternoon, when it was too wet to have our usual sports, all the girls who took sports were assembled together. They were given the names of nine girls, from whom they were to pick two. The vote was taken and Margaret Officer was chosen as captain, and Margaret Stewart as vice-captain.

The next thing on the programme was to pick a team for the matches. This was a very difficult proceeding as many of the girls seemed to be about the same as regards playing. However, the following team was finally decided on:—

Margaret Stewart (goal thrower),
Peggy Curlewis (goal attack),
Madeline Forbes (wing), Molly Oldham (centre), Molly Mann (wing), Alison Baird (goal defence), Nessie Horgan (defence).

Unfortunately, after the third match Molly Oldham had to leave, but her place was taken by Janet Paterson. In the match against Girls' High School, Eulalie Ellershaw played in place of Alison Baird, who was not allowed to miss dancing for the match. Alison also had to miss the match against Modern School, and this time Peggy Smith took her place. Against Grammar School, Doreen Cullen played in Alison's place.

M.L.C. won the pennant, and we would like to congratulate them on doing so. High School came second, and we tied with Modern School for third.

The following are the results of our various matches:—

P.L.C. (19 goals) v. G.H.S. (21 goals).

P.L.C. (12 goals) v. P.M.S. (12 goals).

P.L.C. (39 goals) v. P.C. (10 goals).

P.L.C. (18 goals) v. M.L.C. (20 goals).

P.L.C. (28 goals) v. G.G.S. (7 goals).

Besides these matches, we had five friendly matches with M.L.C. The first of these was held at M.L.C. a week or two before the regular matches started. P.L.C. won it by one goal. Later on a second team

match was played at P.L.C., and it was won by us. An "under twelve" match was also arranged. This was played at P.L.C. and was won fairly easily by M.L.C. Just before the end of the season the M.L.C. team paid us a visit. We just played a practice match and no scores were kept. The last of these friendly matches was

The following is a table of the form matches played:—

	Played.	Lost.	Won.	Drawn.	Pts
Form IIIb ..	5	—	4	1	9
Form IV ...	5	1	3	1	7
Form II	4	2	2	—	4
Form IIIa ..	4	3	1	—	2
Form I	4	4	—	—	—



BASKET BALL TEAM.

Standing: A. Baird, M. Stewart (vice-captain), M. Officer (captain).
P. Curlewis, M. Mann. Sitting: M. Forbes, N. Horgan, J. Paterson.

a second team match, played at M.L.C. and won by us.

Great interest was taken in the inter-form matches which were arranged. Every form in the senior school entered for these, Forms IV and V combining, as Form V is not yet large enough to form a team of its own. Forms IV and IIIb had the strongest teams, and they tied for first place. They played off again and Form IIIb succeeded in winning.

This year we used one of the gravel courts, as the grass courts needed a rest.

This seems to be all the basket-ball news for this year, so we will now close in hoping that we will do better in the pennant matches next year.

SWIMMING NOTES.

In this department of sport, as in others, P.L.C. has upheld her position

as one of W.A.'s leading secondary schools.

This year two teams were entered for the Baron Trophy, and a third for the Lapsley Cup. These teams were:—1st Team: M. Mann (captain), M. Oldham, E. Andrews, M. Forbes. 2nd Team: P. Curlewis, M. Sholl, A. Baird, M. John. 3rd Team: B. Hobbs, R. Salmon, M. Salmon, R. McGibbon. We also entered M. McMillan—who, owing to granulated conjunctivitis, could not take part in the life-saving—and M. Oldham for the 50 yds. Secondary Schools Championship, and M. Forbes for the under 14 50 yds. Championship. The Carnival was held at the Claremont Baths on March 5th. The fortnight previous to the Carnival was spent by all the competitors in hard practice. At length "the day" dawned hot and cloudless, and the hopes of the swimmers rose high. A great deal of excitement was caused by the non-appearance of the captain. At the last minute she rushed in hot and breathless and cross with the world in general. It appeared that she had entered an apparently harmless train at Perth station; but appearances are always deceptive, and the ferocious beast had carried her straight to Fremantle without stopping once!

Unluckily, our efforts, though fairly satisfactory, were not crowned with the success for which we had hoped. Our 1st team gained third place in the Baron Trophy competition. M. McMillan and M. Oldham came second and third in the 50 yds. championship, and M. Forbes gained first place in the under 14 championship. However, we pride ourselves on being good losers. We all agreed that it had been a perfect day. At the end of it our complexions were perfect, too. They were described by one unfeeling non-swimmer as "dark mahogany with patches of turkey red—notably on the noses."

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to extend our heartiest thanks to Miss Lowe for the time and hard work which she has spent in training us, also for the amount of interest she showed, which was much appreciated by us all.

We wish you all a merry Christmas and hope that we will succeed in carrying off all the honours next year.

Yours sincerely,
The Swimmers.

MUSIC NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Once again the year is drawing to a close and as music notes are required, we will rack our brains for a few important items.

We were all very sorry to lose Miss Harvey through illness last term, but we are glad to hear that she is now progressing favourably. Her place has been filled by Miss Cottrell. The most important change this year was the building of the new music rooms. There are eight in number, each containing one piano and a chair. A new piano has been bought to put in the eighth room, and its sweet odour greets us as we open the door.

The girls are supposed to arise at 5.30 a.m., but occasionally the alarm clock is too sleepy to go off, consequently the girls proceed to their practice in night attire, plus a few other garments, and then all the windows have to be shut so as not to disturb the peaceful slumbers of members above.

We wish to congratulate the following girls on their success in the Associated Board music examinations:—

Advanced Grade: J. Norman, P. Adkins.

Higher Division: R. McGibbon, B. Humphry.

Elementary: P. Collison.

Quite a number of girls have entered for University music exams. Those who entered for Junior music are:—M. McGibbon, M. Davis, M. Gourley, J. Tassie, N. Rolland, L. Kempton, I. McCulloch, B. Mountain.

Grade IV: L. Hocking, L. Short.

Grade V: B. Hobbs, E. Crooks.

Grade VI: H. Beaton, E. Trigg, N. Blanton.

Rudiments of Music: J. Norman.

Grade IV, University Theory: M. McGibbon, M. Davis, M. Gourley, J. Tassie, N. Rolland, I. McCulloch, A. Thiel, B. Mountain, L. Kempton, M. Browne.

Grade V: P. Collison, J. Burnside.

We must close now, wishing everyone the best of luck in the coming year.

DRAWING NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

As everyone has to send in notes to the magazine, I suppose we will have to send in our contribution.

Our lessons take place on Friday afternoon, much to Nancy's sorrow, as she has to miss her favourite lesson, French.

I am glad to say that designs are not given out regularly this year, but only when we have nothing else to do.

Mr. Van Raalte says if he had a twisted nose he would certainly put his head on one side. This was said

about one girl's design which had three girls' heads on it.

One day our budding Car(r)ot(s) was given a design to do, on "Humor." She did not do it, as she did not know how to, and she was then told that she should be able to draw all she can do.

One day, the same girl wanted to draw Medusa in the act of yelling. To show this, she put smoke coming out of her (Medusa's) mouth. She was asked if Medusa was smoking, or if it was a cold day. To these questions she answered in the negative. She was then advised to stick a pin in someone, and even if she got a detention, she would have found that which she desired to know.

It has been said that portraits could be drawn in some girls' outlines, and gum-trees grow in others, while others look like moth-eaten fur mats.

When the lowest form has nothing better to do, they have rubber fights, much to Gwennie's sorrow, when her lip happens to be between Flora's arm and Lily's head.

During the year we have observed two very good rules:—

(1) If you have something very important to say to a friend at the other side of the room, ask if you may borrow a knife. (Unfortunately, the master usually has one to lend.)

(2) When drawing from real life, models wander about anyhow, but it is best not to encourage casts to do so.

If you follow this rule you will one day be a celebrated artist (?). Anyhow, if we cannot become artists, we can always perform in a circus. We are very good at this, but not so good at drawing.

We have been told that artists are always lazy, and from this we have concluded we will some day be artists.

Wishing all the Junior candidates the best of luck, and everyone a merry Christmas, from—

The Artists.

ELOCUTION NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

We have changed our old pozzey this year from the playroom into the gym. This is really much better, as we can exercise our vocal organs more without fear of disturbing the household, but now the small fry outside disturb us. Their latest hobby seems to be hop-sotch and knuckle-bones, and they cause so much disturbance that sometimes our elocution master is obliged to ask them to remove themselves.

Our latest pieces are musical monologues. We have not attempted them with the music yet, but Mr. Logue has recited several, and we wonder what our attempts will be!—especially the time! Our favourite piece seems to be "Trouble in the Amen Corner." Everyone likes "Peach Pie," too, although only one girl is brave enough to say it.

The other day two of our elocutionists recited at a social evening. One said "Trouble in the Amen Corner," but the rain tried to, or at least very much succeeded in reciting, too, so between the two the recitation was "Not Understood." When the rain ceased, the other girl said "Peach Pie," and the encores nearly brought the roof off. She collapsed on the floor about six times.

One girl has made a record. Can it be broken? She has never been known to say a piece right through since she has been learning. Last year at the break-up we acted "The

Critic." I wonder what we will have this year.

I must close now and apologise for such short, tame notes. Wishing you a very merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

The Elocutionists.

DANCING NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

I suppose we must tell you what we have been doing, as per usual, though I am afraid it is not very interesting.

Most of the day girls have their lesson with the boarders this year in the gymnasium. The gym. is very much bigger than the science room, so we enjoy dancing class much more than last year. We believe it was originally intended for a gymnasium, and though it is not used as one, the name sticks to it. The lancers, we are very sorry to say, still seem to be in the fashion, and we are tortured with them every Thursday. Some of us seem to get some fun out of them, especially down in the far corner of the room. Mrs. Rolls is continually casting black looks down that way. We are still puzzling our heads how to be graceful in the minuet, which our teacher can do with the greatest ease.

The latest attraction is the "Sir Roger de Coverly," and everyone slips over the room with the lightness of a fairy, or perhaps a hippopotamus would be more appropriate.

One or two of us have been told that we are not to dance men's parts, but as we are all girls, we fear that it will be rather hard to always manage to be a "girl."

Mrs. Rolls is getting up a dance

Wishing you a merry and dancy Christmas.

The Fox-Trotters.

EURYTHMIC NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

As notes are required from every form and dorm., etc., it certainly

for all the schools, both boys and girls. We were all looking forward to it very much before she told us she could only get the holidays, so the boarders who live a long way away became very sad.

The fancy dancing is just as good as it used to be, and we are wondering if the youthful members are getting tired of the "honeymoon march"



"A" and "B" SWIMMING TEAMS.

Standing: M. Forbes, E. Andrews, M. McMillan, M. Oldham, M. Mann (capt.)
Sitting: A. Baird, M. Sholl, M. John. Absent: P. Curlewis.

(though the old girls don't seem to know it yet). A couple of times this term we have had dancing exercises—very likely meant to make us graceful, though we are not likely to gain that virtue ever. Our antics are really quite funny, though when we laugh Mrs. Rolls tells us that she doesn't think they are funny; and the way we use our hands is, really, to say the least of it, excruciating, just like lumps of lead that don't belong to us.

would not do to leave out this brilliant class. As we are such a very interesting band (at least, the numbers of curious people who ask such endless questions about our actions make us think so), you may expect lengthy notes, but we are really hard workers, and seldom have time to indulge in the wickedness you would like to hear about. Some forms hardly appreciate us, though, for many are the personal questions from

people who wish to know if we are imitating elephants.

The display, which was looked forward to with hopes and fears alike, has passed, and we begin to breathe freely once more, thankful it is all over.

It would be just as well for one of our members to be visible when she is called upon to do an exercise by herself. There seems to be a wonderful attraction behind the piano, so that is the most frequented spot at these times.

We are being taken to see another eurythmic display, and we are all very anxious to see other people doing the exercises we have learnt.

Thanking Miss Wittenoom very much for the patience she has taken with us all, we must close.

The Eurythmic Class.

SINGING NOTES.

I don't know why we are called a singing class. No one sings. Some of us bawl, one or two squeak, about 4 per cent. squawk. The rest are simply indescribable. But one of our songs is a great favourite, "John Peel." Through it, some girls take the part of dogs, and yelp and howl dismally, while others reproduce the hunter's horn. The result can be better imagined than described. But it is very exciting, and gives some scope for our talents.

We are all fond of the "Lullaby." It is so drowsy and restful that we all go to sleep and act the part only too well.

But in the "Bells of Aberdovey" the excitement ranges so high, that towards the end it is a race to see who will get home first, regardless of the piano. Rossy generally wins by a canvas.

Chairs are in great demand. There are only enough for about a quarter of us, so boxes and collapsed desks are utilised. But when we do get chairs we are not allowed to sit on them. Our instructress thinks they are strictly ornamental. A "sweet and low" conversation is carried on the whole time, which is often cruelly spoilt by our mistress telling us to be quiet. Why aren't there talking lessons, too? I am sure we'd all get cent. per cent.

The back line, composed of the tallest girls, keeps guard like a row of sentinels. That's all it does—keeps guard, no singing connected with it. At last our teacher ordered these poplar trees up to the front to exercise their vocal chords, which were getting rusty.

Sometimes in the middle of "Rolling Down to Rio" a free fight begins in the middle of the class, and there is a terrible row. We can never find out what is the cause of the disturbance. "Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie."

Weird and wonderful are the noises when we are learning a new song, and "sight reading." Every girl is singing a different note, which she fondly imagines to be a flat. In the distance it sounds like curlews having a fight. Close up—well, I advise you to beat a hasty retreat.

This year we have been transferred from the old science room to the new gymnasium, where there is far more room to stretch ourselves, no desks to fall over, and no fascinating scientific instruments and quicksilver to play with.

We now have Miss Tessa Richardson teaching us, instead of Mrs. Sutherland Groome.

We have told you all the news of our highly interesting class, so we will close with luck to the "Kookaburra."

The Singing (?) Class.

DRESSMAKING NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

As you want news from the dress-makers, we will do our best to find you some. This will be the first news you have had from us, as we are only a new class this year. We all look forward to Friday afternoons, so when our mistress comes we are all ready on the spot with our precious bundles over our arms.

One of the smaller pupils (?) is very fond of doing disappearing tricks. For instance, one day she mistook the dressmaking room for a skating rink, and went for a most exciting skate, much to the amusement of the class.

Extraordinary language is used at times when things go wrong or will not set properly.

The machine has very erratic habits. Sometimes it goes well and sometimes it does not, and as there is only one among twelve of us, the work is often held up.

When our Drake cannot get things to set right, she waddles round the room like a wet hen.

One girl who seems very anxious to help her mother when she leaves school is always bothering our teacher for a pattern of boys' trousers. She is quite sure it will be useful.

Every Friday afternoon two of us have to stay and do the room, pick up the threads, and leave it perfectly tidy. As there are always plenty of volunteers for this work, the room is tidy in a few minutes.

When a new girl comes in it makes us feel quite old, and our greatest delight is watching her begin and put her sleeves in the wrong way. Of course we have got to the stage when we do everything right.

One of our pupils, while playing basket-ball, hurt her ankle, and she

informed us she liked "basting" in the sun while convalescing on the teachers' verandah.

Well, Editor, as we have just had the last dressmaking lesson this term, and the notes have to be given in, we will come to a full stop. Wishing you a happy Christmas.

The Toiling Tailors.

THE PLAY.

On July 8th the Boarders' Dramatic Society gave a play in aid of the library. The piece chosen was a modernised version of "Cinderella," and it was held in the gymnasium. In spite of the wet night, a good audience rolled up and the gym. was nearly full.

D. Davis, in the name part, made a very timid but delightful Cinderella. The parts of the Ugly Sisters were played by M. McGibbon and E. Clarke. These were amongst the most successful, and they certainly looked their parts. The handsome prince (M. Davis) and his two friends, the courtiers (M. Mountain and J. Lamont) seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, although the prince looked **very** cast down when he found that the princess had disappeared. The king and queen (M. Officer and B. Rosman) seemed to take the whole thing as a great joke, but they both looked very regal, especially the queen, who was wearing a mid-Victorian dress. About the most natural was the baron (K. Campbell), and great amusement was caused when he stalked forward and announced that he had decided to marry the fairy godmother (E. Rose). B. Monger took the parts of a fairy and a page. As a fairy she did a very pretty dance. Great consternation was caused amongst the players when

the clock forgot to strike in time. However, it struck a minute or two later.

We would like to congratulate the B.D.S. on their success in raising £7 for the library by their effort.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

This year in the mid-term a few of us decided to try and give a play in aid of the library. We took ages trying to find a play suited to our very limited capacities, for only one or two of us had ever done anything in the acting line before, and we had to do everything entirely by ourselves. At last, after endless search, Miss Nicholson saved our lives by presenting us with a modernised version of "Cinderella." We immediately applied ourselves to it.

M. Officer was king; B. Rosman, queen; M. Davis, the prince; E. Rose, the fairy godmother; M. McGibbon and E. Clarke made the ugly sisters; K. Campbell was the old Baron Grunthem, their father; D. Davis, Cinderella; M. Mountain, a courtier; J. Lamont, the herald; and Barbara Monger was the page (plus fairy).

We had great fun rehearsing the scenes. We were terribly awkward at first. At the first rehearsal we did hardly anything but glare at our manuscripts, tear our hair, or yell with laughter. We used to act on the teachers' narrow platform in one of the class-rooms, and in a moment of well-acted frenzy would suddenly find ourselves sitting on the floor under a desk, or find ourselves staggering into the waste-paper basket. Those who were not acting in the scene sat on the desks as audience and criticised freely, while the prompter, with book spread in tatters before her, had a strenuous time.

Later we became so confident as to often carry the articles we were talking about in our hands, and gesticulate with them. The Prince, rushing violently on to the stage to tell his parents the heart-rending fact of Cinderella's disappearance, exclaimed tragically, "Alas! she is gone. Here is her slipper. I found it in the hall"—holding out beseechingly a huge waste-paper basket. Cinderella collapsed under a desk and was severely reprimanded for upsetting the rest of the rehearsal.

Later, we removed our rehearsals to the gymnasium stage, and furious arguments took place as to what was the correct way to go on and off, where the piano was to stand, and whether the godmother was to hop through the window or not. As to this last question, we decided that as she had to step on a box with her fairly tight skirts, she would not look particularly graceful, for a staid old lady, especially if the box gave way and precipitated her upon Cinderella below. It might take away the pathetic part of it, somehow (unless Cinderella was squashed).

This settled, some of us sat at the very back of the hall and shrieked angrily at the poor actresses, because they didn't talk loud enough. But this was nothing to when we had to put the songs to music. We spent our lives hunting up old song books to find tunes to fit the words, and then made the night hideous with our attempts to sing them, all cramped into one music room.

Then one of us would go and leave her manuscript lying round the garden, and some girl would kindly bring it up, looking as innocent as a tennis net.

Whilst practising the dancing we all fell over each other, and came to the conclusion we were clumsy elephants. We'd hear a shriek of de-

light in the garden, and would discover we had left the window open, whilst half the school was parading up and down the drive, listening appreciatively to various tit-bits of the play (for let me tell you everything was as yet a secret).

At last, as the dreaded night drew nearer, we commenced making our costumes. Oh! what a job that was! Miss Nicholson again saved our lives (by this time we were getting quite used to being in a constant state of imminent peril), and presented us with all the old dresses she could find. These we fixed and fussed, having the spare music room to ourselves. Soon it was one mass of silver paper, bamboos, flimsy materials, flour-paste, spangles, and cotton, amongst which we all moved precariously, trying to sew. The King and Queen started making their crowns, and woe betide the unwary person who rashly dared to touch them as they lay about covered in bits of paper every colour under the sun! While deep in the interests of your own costume, trying to remove the flour-paste that clung affectionately to it, you would suddenly discover that you were walking on the Queen's crown, followed by a howl of rage from the owner.

Cinderella covered some shoes with silver paper. We thought they looked rather funny, but when she put them on she looked like a gone-to-seed plough-boy in a fit. We decided they wouldn't do.

We had enormous bother putting up the curtains and arranging sheets so that the light would fall on the stage, etc. We spent hours pathetically gazing at the ceiling and a few hooks screwed into it, while the gardener, perched at the top of a ladder, and brandishing a hammer, tried to help us. The woodwork gave way, and down the curtains would come.

The dress-rehearsal night was a chapter of accidents. We collected in

the gym. with various scraps of apparel on trying to escape the eyes of the prep. girls, Cinderella coming last heaped with dressing-cases and looking-glasses, ran down in the dark full tilt into the clothes-line. It caught her between the eyes; she saw the most wonderful fireworks, and ran off to the gym., arriving half-blinded, with three-quarters of her nose left on the clothes-line. There was no time to stick up the scenery. The King's beard flew off every time he moved his jaw. As for the Baron, he had only to sigh and his imperial flew yards. We crawled along somehow, consumed with laughter at the sight of the Baron in bath slippers, smoking cap and straggling grey locks, and with a large pillow stuffed down the front of his dressing-gown to give him a corporation. We roared at his violent efforts to keep on his moustache as he bellowed and swore at the sisters stamping about the stage.

At last the frightful night came. Two of us went up to the kitchen and procured armfuls of utensils from the generous maids. They returned to find the gym. quite rippingly done up with flowers, bunting and greenery, while a small screen composed of rickety clothes-props, string and rugs, in imminent danger of coming to the ground, was covered in ferns. We ate a hurried tea and escaped to the Bottom Dorm. to dress. We were soon struggling knee-deep in grease, paint, rouge and Fuller's earth, while black eyebrows were imprinted wherever you looked, moustaches and beards refused to stay stuck to unaccustomed skins, while, to crown all, the lights on the stage went on—went off—went on—went off, and so on. The line was nearly broken and the electrician refused to mend it! In our despair we even sat on our beds; we rubbed our eyebrows into our hair, and our lips became smudged over our teeth. It

was pouring with rain, and as we had to haul the furniture through the window between acts, things looked cheerful—eh, what? People seemed to be arriving in millions and millions. We fled down the asphalt, with umbrellas, till we reached the gym. It was teeming, so we all climbed into the little side-screen that was meant to hold about two, and listened to the hum of conversation, and shivered amongst that outrageous heap of brooms, suit-cases, pots and pans, coats, looking-glasses, dust pans, rugs, hurricane-lamps, jugs, cups, kerosene running all over the place, stray chairs, match-boxes, water, torches, mud, pepper-pots, etc. . . . The curtain rose! Oh! we gasped in terror lest our small screen would collapse and expose us standing there in mortal fear.

But it didn't. It stopped raining, the lights were alright, and the audience know the rest.

We made about £7, and that's all we worried about.

The Players.

A DREAM.

It could not have been much after midnight when I found myself sitting up in bed and watching a light grow bigger and bigger as it came towards me. Just near my bedside it stopped and by the radiant glow of the light I noticed a sweet-faced little old lady. It was the spirit of Florence Nightingale. This dear old spirit told me that it wandered around at times about midnight and smoothed the pillows of all sufferers. It had seen that I was in bed with a fever and had come to cheer me up, cool my fevered brow and smooth my pillow as it had done to others.

A gentle touch, a pat here and there and I was feeling comfortable. But still my brow was hot. The little spirit lifted me in her arms, and, telling me that we were going to the cool fields of Elysium, floated out of the window.

We flew for miles. At last we reached the green fields. The cooling streams sparkled and the flowers were gay and lovely. There were other people there, too. People who had been sufferers on earth, but were in the fields for a while. These people all looked happy and care-free. Suddenly I myself felt keen and strong again. I passed a stream and noticed my reflection in its mirror-like surface. The glow of health was in my cheeks, and my eyes sparkled. I broke out into song and, gathering an armful of beautiful flowers, was making my way along the stream, when I saw a woman in black on the other side. This woman was sadly gathering flowers, little white daisies, tall golden sunflowers, and others. When I asked her who she was, she answered with a faint smile that she was the Angel of Death. She was gathering the souls of little children and those of grown-ups. Where would they go? Ah! she only knew that if they had been good they would have eternal happiness.

I walked along, pondering, and soon found that I was not with the other children. The little spirit of Florence Nightingale touched me on the arm and I found myself in bed. The sun was shining in at the window and the doctor was at the foot of my bed. He said that I was ever so much better, and with a little rest I should be as strong as ever I was. He said that through the night I took a turn for the better.

N. John.

AN ADVENTURE CONCERNING WM. SHAKESPEARE.

The air was cool and fresh, the sun was shining, and the birds singing, when I awoke one morning from a deep dream of peace. Hastily donning a few garments I went out into the garden to enjoy the glorious morning sunshine. After gazing for a few minutes at the thick cloud of mist which rolled slowly up from the valley below me and vanished into the sky above, I turned, and was about to enter the school-house, when my attention was attracted by a tall figure climbing over the school fence. Thinking he was a burglar or trespasser, I was about to whistle up the dog, but as I looked I began to recognise something in the gentleman's attire which reminded me of my history book.

The gentleman in question had now reached the spot where I stood, and taking off his plumed hat, swept me a bow, which I returned by making a graceful curtsy in Mrs. Rolls' most approved style. Before me stood a courteous looking gentleman with a long thin face and small pointed beard. He was dressed in quite the Elizabethan style.

"Who are you?" I ventured to ask in a very timid tone.

"I," said the gentleman, "am the great William Shakespeare—doubtless you have heard of me."

"Oh! sir," I said, "heard of you! I should think I have! Have I not studied many of your works with that peculiar dogged determination such as school girls alone possess? But pray tell me what are you doing here?"

"I was expecting that question," said William, with a sigh. "Well, only last night Charon rowed me across the Styx. You see, I am a

'good conduct' member of the region where I come from (at this William's face underwent a change of colour). I have been allowed a day's leave as a reward for my behaviour. I am making the best of the day and intend to wander over a large space and see what sights I can."

"But," I said, in a disgusted tone, "what on earth made you come and choose the P.L.C. grounds? I can assure you there are no sights to see here, unless it may be that of the goats at the bottom of this paddock."

"Prithee take me," said William. "'Tis many a long moon since I cast eyes upon that worthy beast."

We walked to the end of the grounds, where several goats were tethered. Upon our approach they raised their heads and gazed at us in a very distrustful manner. William stooped to stroke one small white kid, and at the same time the old mother goat, thinking no doubt he was about to harm her kid, hurled herself head downwards at the stooping figure. William leapt up with a cry of pain, whilst I endeavoured to drive away with a stick the ferocious old goat. Master William was beside himself with rage.

"Hang ye! Trust ye!" he cried. "Canst I not but stroke your kid but ye must come and prick me with yon horns? Hence, old goat! I do distrust ye!"

"Come, come!" I said in a soothing tone. "The poor goat distrusted you and thought you were going to run away with her baby. Perhaps you have had enough of goats; so let us move on and see something else. There is a marmalade factory being erected on the opposite grounds. So let's go over there and take a look at the buildings."

William did not appear to be very enthusiastic (not being a lover of

marmalade). However, he came along willingly enough. He became quite worked up on hearing that all the marmalade was made from the orange peel found about the town.

"Ods bodikins!" he cried. "To think that that sticky substance, jam, should be made from the coats of fruits. Why, 'twas only the homely pumpkin and ruddy plum that the housewives used to make jam of in my time."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Shakespeare," I replied, "but things have changed somewhat since your time."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," he sighed.

I showed him over the building, and he seemed very interested in the construction of the works. A large heap of peel had already been collected and now stood near the building waiting for the time when it should be made into jam.

William promised to send along all the peel he found whilst making his tour during the day. I thanked him for his kindness in offering to help a good cause, and assured him his trouble would be appreciated. At that moment the school breakfast bell rang out on the still morning air.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed William, springing in the air with fright, "what's yon noise?"

"It's only the breakfast bell," I explained, "and now I must leave you or else I shall receive a mark of disgrace for being late. Good-bye, Mr. Shakespeare. I hope we shall meet again on some future occasion, and any time you can come I shall be delighted to see you.

William appeared greatly touched by my warm invitation, and bent low in making his farewell bow. Then, turning, he quietly slipped through the fence and was gone before I

could realize it. I turned and ran as quickly as possible to the house. Was it a dream, or had I really had the honour of talking to that venerable gentleman, Mr. Shakespeare? My head was indeed a whirl by the time I reached the dining-room.

B. M.

THE UPSETTING REPORT.

It was a very dreary looking day and the sun was making gallant but futile efforts to break through the clouds and lighten up the sky. But it might have been one of the most glorious days on record, if one judged by the appearance of a girl as she ran along giving excited jumps at intervals. No doubt these spasmodic gymnastics were caused by the recurring thoughts of the holidays. In her hand she clutched her bag, which contained her fare home, and which she was going to cash at the post office. As she drew nearer her destination, however, her anxiety for the safety of her money was too great for her patience, and she opened her bag and exposed the contents to the mercies of the stiff wind. In another moment her order was blowing along, receding swiftly from her anguished gaze.

As she watched the happy flight of her order, her legs seemed to give way, and her knees turn to water, and it was all she could do to stagger to a hospitable neighboring lamp-post. Established here, she wiped the perspiration from her face (she could swear it was not rain), and found time to wish very impolite things to that fickle jade, Fortune, who had so suddenly deserted her.

"Well, now," she observed to herself weakly, "that finishes my holi-

days!" and there flashed through her mind all the glorious things she intended doing during those blessed holidays. In fact, she even began to follow mentally the journey home of her luckier school fellows, but this proved too much for her over-taxed mind, and large tear followed large tear into the big and growing puddle at her feet.

The people passing by stared in wonderment at the sobbing girl leaning up against a pole, with the tears dripping down off her nose. One old lady indeed, with generous thoughts intent, stopped to speak to her, but was met by such a bereft and dazed look that she hurried away, casting many fearful looks backward.

The knees of our unfortunate, however, had turned solid again (perhaps it was through the cold, for it was pretty chilly) and she came to the conclusion that, seeing it was raining, she had better move on.

Passing the door of the post office, her face lit up in one smile. She would go and see the post master and perhaps—oh! happy thought! She hurried into the post office and rapped on the counter in breathless agitation. When the post master came she poured into his ear her pitiful tale and implored, with fearful glances, that she felt sure would melt a heart of stone, to let her have the money. But evidently this postman's heart was of stone, because he only smiled and shook his head and declared it to be impossible but promised vaguely to do his best.

She went on home and explained matters in a dejected and hopeless tone to an exasperated aunt. In fact, the aunt was so exasperated that she took the bag and looked into it (not that she expected to find anything, but just out of curiosity).

"Good gracious, child!" she ex-

claimed wonderingly, "have you gone mad?" And she held up the missing order.

"It must have been the report," answered the child. "Fancy worrying over an old report. . . . It must have been the result of the exams," she added after a pause.

F. B.

ON DIT.

That Paris hats are now in vogue.

That beards are natural to the feminine sex.

That we have a glorified edition of Milikan and Gale.

That we have our botany notes in a foreign language.

That an optimist is one who makes glasses, and a pessimist is one who breaks them.

That weeklies love black marks.

That Garg. can't run, but she can get a wriggle on.

That the Gulf of Mexico is full of currants.

That sliding up the dorm. 6.30 a.m. in bedroom slippers seems a very great amusement for some people.

That David had a preserved seat for the play given by B.D.S.

That a Man(n) has entered the sacred precincts of P.L.C.

That Rossy will show others how to look piteous and so avoid awkward questions.

That logs. should be learnt by heart.

That some people really should learn to write legibly.

That Meg. to all appearances will become a great diplomat.

That there is something in common between the clocks of "Dearie" and "Darling."

That Peter will not drive other people's horses.

That a certain girl will never again eat a whole cocoanut.

ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC.

Lost, a comforter; last heard of in Form IIIa. Finder please return to same.

Lost, one set of false teeth; last heard of near the telephone. Finder please return Bottom Dorm. Urgent. Good reward.

Second-hand chewing gum wanted; age no object. Apply Form IIIa.

Eat P.L.C. scrambled eggs. You will not live to regret it. No other like it. Ask the girls themselves.

For sale, alarm clock (Big Ben), warranted not to go off. May be had cheaply. Apply Rossy, Top Dorm.

Wanted:

An automatic darning machine, by M. D. D.-C.

A black boy to make beds, by Did-it Junr., Dug-out.

A cheap pair of blue stockings—Professor, P.L.C.

BOOKS JUST OUT.

"How I Became a Dancer," by The Lovebird.

"Perfect Prefectism," by Garg.

"Voice Production," by Rossy.

"Studies in the Scriptures," by Wingie.

"Missing the 'Bus," by Johnny.

"The Effects of Mondayitis," by Billie.

"Hints on Physics," by Jimmy Four-eyes.

"The Best Method of Removing Pianos," by B. D. S.

"How to Give a Choice in Exam. Papers," by Form IV.

"How to Choose a Yolking Jumper," by Canary.

"How to have an Excellent Afternoon Tea," by Rossy and Ed.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HOLIDAYS.

On the 10th December we broke up for the holidays. The morning after we arrived, my brother and I went for a ride round the big paddock. We saw one or two rabbits in the bushes when passing through the scrub, but that was all. When going round Bald Hill we came across a small "boomer" kangaroo. We had two dogs with us, and we set both after it. It is very rocky country round there, and although we were riding good horses, we found it difficult to go very fast. My brother had his gun with him and I had a small rifle. The sheep dogs, which were not accustomed to chasing kangaroos, at last

EXTRACT FROM SOMEBODY'S SCRIPTURE PAPER.

Goliath was a huge and horrible creature. His limbs were strong and hairy. He was five spans in height, and as he stood on the top of the hill he looked like a mountain beside David. He was a great friend of David, and helped David to drive the Phyllistines out of Gilgal.

He was draped in armor of iron and his coat weighed 100 slacks of iron. He also had a hood of iron and had five greaves on his legs. His spear was like a beaver's beam. His helmet was very thick and heavy and would probably have given anyone a headache if they had worn it long.

When David came near, Goliath bellowed at him. Goliath had a big sword, with which David cut off his head, which was very heavy and very ugly, and the bishop kept the sword after he was killed.

THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE.

'Twas in the garden early,
One wet and cloudy morn,
When in bright and curious dresses
We gathered on the lawn.

The grass was very wet that day,
Our shoes were not too dry,
But we settled ourselves down in it
With hardly the slightest sigh.

And then the girls took snaps of us,
Clothes flapping in the wind,
All stumbling over each other,
But, of course, they didn't mind.

The King stood there in all his pomp,
Cinderella on his right;
But when the wicked sisters came,
The whole crowd got a fright.

managed to get it out in the open field. We then set off at full gallop after it. It jumped the fence dividing Bald Hill from the back paddock. This is a large cleared paddock, so that we began the race in earnest. The boomer had about fifty yards start on us in the beginning, but our horses were fresh and we soon got within twenty yards of it. The dogs by this time were getting behind, so my brother, fearful of losing it altogether, fired a shot, but missed, as the horses were still going fairly fast. We had gone by this time nearly three miles. I put my rifle to my shoulder and pointed it at as near its heart as I could, and pulled the trigger. The kangaroo's front leg hung limp, and by the way it went the wound must have been painful. Meanwhile, my brother had loaded again, and seeing that I had missed, and not wishing to leave the beast in agony, he fired. This time his shot was fatal—the kangaroo dropped to the ground dead. We jumped off and examined it. It was a beauty, and I felt sorry that I had helped to kill it. We then undid the saddle-girth and let the horses feed and water and the dogs rest. Afterwards my brother laid the kangaroo across his saddle-bow and, after looking round the sheep, we turned to ride home. As we turned we noticed the big black bull coming towards us. My brother laid the kangaroo on a rock and we charged down on the beast. The bull, seeing us coming for him with stock-whips, instead of running away, as he had expected, turned and galloped back to his own paddock. He had jumped the fence and broken some wires, which Don. mended. Then after going back for the kangaroo we went home jolly tired.

X. Y. Z.

Such really awful creatures!
No wonder we got shocks—
In chessboard pattern stockings,
And fearful coloured frocks!

And so we all posed in a group—
Godmother, Baron, Queen;
The blue-clad Page was standing by,
The sweetest ever seen.

The sun kept getting 'hind the clouds,
We got impatient all;
When suddenly behind us
We heard an awful bawl.

Some old and battered men
Were standing by the gate,
And each enjoyed the fun,
As each stood by his mate.

Their loud and joyful howls
Of merriment and glee
Resounded o'er the grass:
We turned these men to see.

Then one and all we laughed;
In our dresses we felt asses.
The Queen tripped o'er her train,
Marigolda lost her glasses.

The Herald squashed his trumpet,
The old King dropped his beard;
When we turned round again at last,
Those men had disappeared.

One of the Players.

MEMORIES.

As I gazed in the dying embers,
Glowing warm and red,
There came to my mind sweet memo-
ries
Of loving friends long dead.

From the depths of those glimmering
ashes,
Fast growing silver and grey,
There seemed to rise a mansion,
Which stood thousands of miles
away.

'Twas the home of my early boyhood,
As I'd known it years before,
With the fountain in the garden,
And the statue near the door.

On the terrace and lawns were figures
That I loved and remembered to-
day;
Then slowly this fancy grew dimmer,
Until it had faded away.

The next vision that rose before me
Was my beautiful "cottage-home,"
Which stood on the grassy moors and
downs,
Where my children loved to roam.

Around the low porch clambered
roses,
Pure white, blushing pink, and
blood red,
That nodded and danced with the
breezes,
In the light that the sunbeams shed.

On the walls hung dull clinging ivy,
That reached from the roof to the
ground,
And formed a beautiful setting
To the bright leaves and flowers
that abound.

In the centre of this our garden
Stood a lovely shady bower,
Where my beautiful blue-eyed wife
and I
Had spent many a peaceful hour.

The ashes are flickering feebly,
Casting long shadows around,
As I closed the door of my "memo-
ries,"
That ne'er human heart has found.

N. H.

FAIRIES.

All among the flowers, ho!
In and out the fairies go;
Yellow cap and banner high—
A sight to please the saddest eye.

The primrose ladies, soft and fair,
With flowers twined about their hair,
Their dainty dresses, yellow-green,
Through the waving ferns are seen.

The goodmen, carrying their darts,
Which will pierce the evil hearts
Of those who dare to attack
These goodfolk along their track.

And myriad other flower fays,
Who flit about on sunny days,
And if you search very well
Where they have been, you're sure to
tell.

The minstrel band plays a dance
To cheer the elves' slow advance;
The shy harebell ladies blue
Smile, with downcast eyes, at you.

Then two and two the tradesmen
come,
With many a fanfare, many a drum;
Two millers, with their flowery cap,
Nod at you, and dance and clap.

The baker and hosier, too,
Are there, see, quite close to you.
The tiny grocer with his basket,
The buther with his hatchet.

All in order the elves pass by,
Anyone who dares to try
To push them out of the way
Shall live, oh! to rue the day.

The archers, garbed in forest green,
Bringing up the rear are seen.
Thus the fairies pass from sight,
With chatter gay and laughter bright.

N. John.

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST.

Not a sound was heard, not a prefect
saw,
As the grub to the end cube we
hurried;
Not a teacher discovered our goodly
store
'Neath the rug where 'twas care-
fully hurried.

We had it darkly at dead of night,
The feast for which we were yearn-
ing,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty
light,
Not even a lantern burning.

No useless paper enclosed our spread,
For it makes a row, we've been
cautioned,
And we laid it out on the empty bed,
We had it all equally portioned.

Few and short were the words we
said,
And they were not words of sor-
row;
But we steadfastly gazed as we finish-
ed the spread,
And we bitterly thought of the
morrow.

We thought as we sat round the nar-
row bed,
And drew sweets from under the
pillow,
That if the foe heard us, that slept
overhead,
We'd wish ourselves over the bil-
low.

Lightly we talked of the food that
had gone,
And all the cold air was around us.
We gathered the scraps to eat in the
morn,
And drew the rugs tighter that
bound us.

But half of our ample store was done
When eyelids were sleepily lower-
ing,
So we crawled back to bed everyone:
The cocks were beginning their
crowing.

Slowly and heavily we laid us down,
With sighs of content and much
yawning;
We carried not a line, we raised not a
stone,
But the crumbs told the tale in the
morning.

G. H. I.

P.L.C. ALPHABET.

A for Alarm Clock, that never goes off.

B for Banjo, our greatest toff.

C for the Church, where we march every week.

D for the Dug-out, where everyone's meek.

E for the Eatables, not allowed in the dorm.

F for Fish, we have each Sunday morn.

G for the Giraffe, so stately and tall.

H for the Hungry Ones, that throng from the hall.

I for the Ink we spill on the floor.

J for Judy, whom we see no more.

K for Kath, who has gone from our view.

L for the Lockers, so bright and so new.

M for the Mission Box, who roams on the lawn.

N for the Newspaper, which must not be torn.

O for the Orange Peel, which is found near the gym.

P for Peroxide, which is good for the skin.

Q for the Quinces, which are made into jam.

R for the Rat-trap, which caught a young lamb.

S for the Squashes, which come twice a week.

T for Taps, which always do leak.

U for the Uniform, worn by the girls.

V for the Vampire, who always has curls.

W for the Weeklies, who are all very nice (?).

X for Xanthic jumper (ooh! s'nice!).

Y for the Yacht which Betty adores.

Z for Zachariah, who often snores.

IT'S GRAND.

It's grand to wear the colours
Of our school, the P.L.C.,
You must always be so ladylike,
And not stop out for tea.

It's grand to be a boarder,
Of that there is no doubt;
We found it hard to get in,
But, by gum! we can't get out.

It's grand to be a weekly,
That really does delight us;
We go home for the week-ends,
And then get Mondayitis.

It's grand to be a day girl,
And wear gloves up the street,
And bring poor hungry boarders
Something that's nice to eat.

It's grand to be a scholar,
And have a bit of fun;
Have to go to detention class
Just 'coz your prep.'s not done.

It's grand to be a prefect.
Oh! yes, that's best of all;
All the blame's attached to us,
Whatever may befall.

It's grand to come to P.L.C.,
We are a happy band;
But if we'd get a holiday
That would indeed be grand.

G. H. I.

School is mostly rows and trouble;
Two things take the bun:
Tennis, when you serve a double,
School, when prep.'s not done.

G. H. I.

JUNIOR SUCCESSES, 1920.

	English	French	Mathematics	History	Geography	Botany	Physics	Drawing	Music
A. Baird	P	P	P	P	P	P	—	—	—
K. Campbell	P	P	P	P	—	—	—	—	—
F. Carter	—	—	P	—	—	—	—	—	—
D. Davis	P	P	—	P	P	P	—	—	P
C. Dods	P	P	P	—	P	P	—	—	—
J. Elphick	P	P	P	—	P	—	—	—	—
A. Lamont	P	P	P	P	P	P	—	—	—
J. Lamont	P	—	P	—	P	—	—	P	—
N. Martin	P	P	P	—	P	—	P	P	—
G. Miley	P	P	—	P	P	P	—	P	P
M. Officer	P	P	—	P	P	P	—	P	—
M. Stewart	P	P	P	P	—	—	—	—	—
A. Thompson	P	—	P	—	P	P	—	P	P

LEAVING SUCCESSES.

	English.	French.	Maths.	History.	Botany.
C. McLintock	D	P	P	P	—
F. Carter	P	—	—	P	P