

... The ...  
Kankaburra



Presbyterian Ladies' College

August 1927

1999/34-4  
COLLEN

**PREFECTS, 1929**



**Back Row—P. ROE, B. HOLLAND, M. FRASER, N. SADLER.  
Second Row—E. PARSONS, J. BENNETT, F. TUPPER, B. WORTHINGTON, M. BIRD.  
Front Row—P. INVERARITY (Second), Miss PHEMISTER, G. DRUMMOND, (Head Prefect).**

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# School Officers 1929

## Prefects:

G. Drummond (Head Prefect), P. Inverarity (Second), M. Bird,  
J. Bennett, M. Fraser, B. Holland, E. Parsons, P. Roe, N. Sadler,  
F. Tupper, B. Worthington.

## Editorial Committee:

G. Drummond (Editor), J. Bennett (Sub-Editor), P. Roe  
(Secretary), B. Browne, G. Dean, M. Henderson, N. Heterick,  
I. Millington, N. Sadler, B. Worthington.

## "A" TENNIS TEAM.

B. Holland (Captain), H. Serjeant, P. Roe, N. Sadler.

## "B" TENNIS TEAM.

B. Wylie (Captain), B. Browne, B. Worthington, P. Nunn.

## "C" TENNIS TEAM.

K. Baird (Captain), P. Crampton, M. Henderson, N. Henderson.

## "A" SWIMMING TEAM.

P. Nunn (Captain), I. Ackland, B. Jeffrey, S. Rowley.

## "A" NET BALL TEAM.

P. Roe (Captain), B. Browne, V. Hall, N. Heterick, M. Roper,  
B. Walsh, B. Wylie.

## "B" NET BALL TEAM.

M. Church (Captain), I. Ackland, V. Anderson, K. Baird,  
V. Evers, M. Henderson, N. Henderson.

## Form Captains:

VI. A—G. Drummond.	IV. B—O. Stone.
VI. B—B. Worthington.	IV. C—D. Dingwall.
V. A—M. Roper.	III. A—M. Meakins.
V. B—E. Parsons.	II. & I.—S. Crampton.
IV. A—H. Ick.	

# The Kookaburra

AUGUST, 1929



This is the year in which Western Australia celebrates her centenary, and the great preparations which are being made naturally lead one's thoughts in the direction of time and change. It would be interesting to return to P.L.C. 'n centenary year, 2018, to see what differences a hundred years had made—that they would be vast and varied is certain, for we have only to look from one year to the next to realise that "the old order changeth."

At the end of the second term last year Miss Gee left us to be married, and thus freed herself from the cares of Maths. In her place we welcomed Miss Stevens from the East, whom, judging by some of the "howlers," we must have tried sorely at times.

At the beginning of 1929 there were two more changes in the staff—Miss Swain arrived from England to take the place of Miss Smith as gymnastic and sports mistress, and Miss Ruth Stevens has taken charge of Forms I. and II. It was with many regrets on all sides that Miss Smith sailed for England and home, but we are looking forward to a visit from her within the next few years.

This year the progress of the school has been greatly hindered, owing to an epidemic of measles. The first case appeared during the first term, and the number of patients increased until the school was obliged to close a week earlier than was anticipated. Special precautions were taken at the

beginning of this term with regard to health certificates, but the measles still persist, and we would like to extend our heartiest sympathies to Miss Haxell.

It is to be hoped that the measles will not interfere with the examination results at the end of the year. The results last year were most satisfactory, and it seems probable that this year they will be considerably better. We wish every girl the best of luck in her examinations, and hope to see the school come through with colours flying.

So far as sports are concerned, a good deal of enthusiasm has been shown, although the results have not always been as pleasing as they might be. Much to our delight, we now play hockey, and every Wednesday and Friday afternoon a small band, armed with hockey sticks, may be seen speedily pursuing its way towards the Cottesloe Oval. We have not yet mastered the game sufficiently to join in the interschool matches, but it is rumoured that a team is in the making for a friendly game with some of the other schools.

Last year the Cot Fund was considerably augmented by the proceeds from the fancy dress dance held at the end of the second term. With the same end in view, a second dance was held in the school gymnasium at half-term. Everyone enjoyed herself immensely, and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Phemister and the staff for all the trouble they took to make it such a success. The proceeds helped the fund on its upward path, and, with the Form collections, we should be able to play the good fairy most successfully again at the end of the year.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**

**October 20th, 1928—**

On this first date of interest, the Girls' Interschool Sports were held at the Claremont Showgrounds. Everyone wakened the previous night to hear the sound of rain, and hopes were very low, but the weather did brighten a little in the morning, and we roared as cheerfully as usual, P.L.C. gaining fourth place.

**November 28th—**

Junior House, with the help of some of the Junior House Old Girls, presented "Snow White." The cantata was a great success and a credit to the performers, who were able to give £7 to the Cot Fund.

**December 8th—**

We were regaled by another play, "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," this time presented by the Guides. The Cot Fund was augmented by £14/13/1, as a result, a great deal of which was made by the innovation of selling penny ices between the acts.

**December 11th—**

Prize Day! As usual we all trooped down to the hall for a final rehearsal in the morning, and were then sent home to prepare for the excitement of the night. Dr. Andrews kindly consented to present the prizes, and the programme was carried through from beginning to end, without a hitch. Afterwards the boarders repaired their wasted tissues at the feast, which, from all accounts, more than equalled the occasion.

**March 9th, 1929—**

The Royal Life Saving Society held their swimming sports at Claremont Baths. The races were hotly contested and were even more exciting than usual, C.E.G.S. finally securing the Baron Trophy for the year, and P.L.C. coming fourth.

**March 16th—**

The Inter-School Swimming Sports were held in the morning, apart from the Life Saving sports, for the first time, P.L.C. again coming fourth.

**March 28th—**

A date particularly interesting for the boarders, who packed up their bags and went off for the Easter Holidays. The weather was perfect and all returned with renewed energy after the break.

**April 5th—**

M. Saville came in the evening to give us a lecture on "Life in France." The lecture was most interesting and we are all looking forward to his second visit, arranged for July 19th.

**April 24th—**

We were visited by the Moderator-General, Mr. Crow, who told us a parable and suggested that an interpretation should be written by the girls and sent to him to be judged, the three best to be presented with a copy of "Gum Leaves," his own work. We arrived back this term to find that the prizes had been won by Isobel Millington, Margaret Henderson and Olive Mann.

**May 31st—**

A lecture in aid of the Parkerville Homes was given by Captain Sheffield on "Africa." The lecture was illustrated by many interesting lantern slides, and we were able to send £1/15/- to the Homes.

**COT FUND.**

Owing to the willingness of the subscribers, this year's Cot Fund is progressing rapidly.

The representatives for 1929 are:—

- VI. a & b—J. Bennett.
- V. a—B. Walsh.
- V. b—E. Parsons.
- IV. a—L. Mews.
- IV. b—U. Pascoe.
- IV. c—M. Mahon.
- III. a—D. Anderson.
- II. & I.—B. Hunter.

Receipts for this year up to June 17, are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1928 . . . . .	6	6	3
VI. a & b . . . . .	5	0	0
V. a . . . . .	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
V. b . . . . .	1	10	0
IV. a . . . . .	2	10	0
IV. b . . . . .	1	10	0
IV. c . . . . .	2	0	0
III. a . . . . .	1	10	0
II. & I. . . . .	1	0	0
Cocoa Club . . . . .	1	0	0
Lecture in aid of Parkerville Homes . . . . .	1	15	6
Fancy Dress Dance . . . . .	8	14	0
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>£37</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>9</b>

The total receipts for 1928 amounted to £124/19/3, from which the following amounts were distributed:—

	£	s.	d.
Como Appeal Fund . . . . .	5	0	0
Fremantle Hospital Appeal . . . . .	1	2	0
Parkerville Homes . . . . .	7	6	0
Children's Hospital . . . . .	50	0	0
Refrigerator for Children's Hospital . . . . .	5	0	0
Cancer Appeal . . . . .	10	0	0
Cancer Appeal (Guides) . . . . .	10	0	0
Mission for Lepers . . . . .	7	0	0
School for Blind . . . . .	5	0	0
Kindergarten Union . . . . .	3	0	0
Xmas. Presents for Children's Hospital . . . . .	2	0	0
Perth Hospital . . . . .	5	0	0
Infant Welfare Society . . . . .	3	0	0
A.I.M. . . . .	5	0	0
<b>Balance . . . . .</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>3</b>

**PRIZE DAY.**

The prize-giving last year took place on Tuesday, December 11th, in the Cottesloe Hall. We were glad to welcome Dr. Andrews, who kindly consented to present the prizes.

The programme began with the school song "Land of our Birth"; this was followed by a pianoforte solo "Fantasie Impromptu," played by D. Ick, one of the winners of Mrs. Plais-towe's music prizes. The chairman was the Moderator-General, the Right Rev. Alexander Crow, whose address contained a story illustrating that sympathy is even brighter than diamonds. The part songs of the Upper School, "The Square Peg," and the "Gipsy Chorus" were good, although our singing mistress had had many

doubts previously, founded on the result of our rehearsal. The next item was a pianoforte solo, played by J. Hughes, followed by two part songs: "Sweet Brier" and "Sleepy Time," Mary Wittenoom, who also gained a music prize, played a solo entitled "The Moon," by Swinstead.

After the Principal's report, which was the first Miss Phemister had made at this school, came the distribution of prizes. Dr. Andrews' story of the clergyman's son was much appreciated, but as he said he wished to see his daughter, unlike the boy in the story, arrive home with no bones broken, he did not speak long.

The "Masque of the Shoe" performed by Forms I., II. and Lower III., proved entertaining both to the audience and the rest of the school, especially as several budding "Madame Melbas" took part; and the amusing characters, such as Johnny who "went to bed with his trousers on," contributed a great deal to the success of the play. The last item was a masque from "The Tempest," acted by the Elocution Class.

Altogether the mistresses and the girls enjoyed the result of their efforts, and we hope the audience did also.

**PRIZE LIST — 1928.**

**FORM VI.**

- DUX Medal . . . . . J. Bennett, G. Drummond
- Mathematics . . . . . J. Bennett
- Science . . . . . G. Drummond
- English and History . . . . . J. Bromell
- French . . . . . J. Andrews

**FORM UPPER V.**

- DUX . . . . . P. Inverarity
- Science and Mathematics . . . . . P. Inverarity
- Proficiency . . . . . B. Holland, E. Kerr, P. Martin, F. Tupper

**FORM LOWER V.**

- DUX . . . . . I. Millington
- English and French . . . . . I. Millington
- Mathematics . . . . . B. Worthington
- Science . . . . . V. Crawford
- Proficiency . . . . . A. Kennedy, R. Disher, B. Macintosh, D. Fowler.

**FORM UPPER IV.**

- DUX . . . . . M. Henderson
- Mathematics and Science . . . . . M. Henderson
- Proficiency . . . . . G. Dean, V. Evers, M. Roper, J. Campbell, B. Walsh, V. Thomas, T. Stewart.
- Sewing (given by Mrs. Oats) . . . . . B. Wylie

**FORM LOWER IV.**

DUX ..... K. Baird  
 Mathematics and Science ..... K. Baird  
 English and French ..... R. Craze  
 Proficiency ..... S. Cox, D. Bold, B. Holgate, J. Hicks.

**FORM MIDDLE IV.**

DUX ..... L. Oats, M. Wright  
 Drawing and Handiwork ..... J. Twine  
 Domestic Science ..... E. Parsons  
 Proficiency ..... M. Brown

**FORM UPPER III.**

DUX ..... J. Oats  
 Proficiency ..... M. Church, M. George, M. Holt, R. Marshall, L. Mews, P. Holland.  
 Sewing (given by Mrs. Oats) ..... J. Oats

**FORM LOWER III.**

DUX ..... M. Fawcett  
 Proficiency ..... I. Cronshaw, M. Church, H. Pilgrim, N. Henderson, O. Stone, L. Doonan, E. Ledwick.  
 Sewing (given by Mrs. Oats) M. Church

**FORM II.**

DUX ..... P. Ellershaw  
 Proficiency ..... B. Henderson, R. Hardie, M. Hughes.  
 Sewing (given by Mrs. Oats) ..... D. Anderson

**FORM I.**

DUX ..... P. Church  
 Proficiency ..... P. Hopson, J. Bowman, J. Boulton.

**KINDERGARTEN AND TRANSITION.**

DUX ..... J. Cruthers  
 Proficiency ..... J. Meakins, P. Gibbs, S. Church.

Sewing (given by Mrs. Oats) ..... J. Cruthers

Special Sewing Prize (given by Mrs. Plaistowe) ..... S. Church  
 "The Finlayson" Prize for Head Prefect (given by J. R. Finlayson, Esq.)

..... R. Keightley  
 "The Ferguson" Memorial Prize, (given by Miss Freer) ..... R. Keightley

Gardening (Stella Clark Memorial) ..... M. Wittenoom, R. Roe

Gardening (Mrs. Gates' Prize) ..... U. Pascoe, M. Miller

Pianoforte (Mrs. Plaistowe's Prize) ..... D. Ick

Pianoforte ..... M. Wittenoom, M. Miller, M. Shannon, H. Pilgrim

Sewing (Mrs. Stewart's Prize) ..... G. Fawcett

Dancing (given by Miss Wilson) ..... B. Piessie, W. Sheppard, U. Pascoe

English Essay (Mrs. Blackall's Prize) ..... J. Andrews

The "John Stewart" Literature Prizes ..... B. Holland, M. Henderson

The "John Stewart" History Prizes ..... J. Bromell, I. Millington

Elocution (given by Mrs. Torrance) ..... P. Nunn

Progress Prize for new girls ..... P. Tracey

Old Collegians Trophy for Athletics ..... D. Forbes

"Tupper" Trophy for Tennis R. Disher  
 Gymnastics (Mrs. C. Andrew's Prize) ..... M. Smith, D. Anderson

Drawing (given by Miss Saunders) ..... R. Grieve, B. Worthington

Commercial Subjects (given by Miss Glyde) ..... V. Thomas

The "Forbes" Shield for Gymnastics ..... Form Upper IV.

The "Lowe" Shield for Games ..... Form Upper V., VI.

Scholarship Winners ..... G. Drummond, P. Inverarity, M. Fraser, I. Millington, B. Mackintosh.

Dressmaking (given by Miss Dunn) ..... D. Ick, M. Sadler

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS.****LEAVING CERTIFICATE.**

N. BAIRD—Drawing, Biology.

J. BENNETT—English, History, Mathematics, Biology.

J. BROMELL—English, History, Biology.

G. DRUMMOND—English, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Applied Maths.

M. EDWARD—English, History.

L. FRASER—English, Physics, Biology, Geography.

R. KEIGHTLEY—English, History, Biology, French.

**JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.**

M. BIRD—Mathematics, Latin.

L. BAIN—Geography, Drawing, Domestic Science.

P. CLIFTON—English, Geography, Biology.

V. CRAWFORD—English, French, History, Physics, Biology, Mathematics.

J. CHURCH—Drawing.

R. DISHER—English, History, Physics, Biology, Music.

M. EVANS—English, French, History, Biology.

D. FOWLER—English, History, Geography, Physics, Biology.

F. FRASER—English, French, Physics, Biology.

R. GRIEVE—English, French, Biology, Mathematics, Drawing, Music.

B. HOLLAND—Mathematics.

J. HUGHES—English, Geography, Biology, Drawing, Music.

O. KEIGHTLEY—English and Geography.

A. KENNEDY—English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Music.

J. M'LARTY—Mathematics.

I. MILLINGTON—English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing.

P. MARTIN—Drawing.

B. MACKINTOSH—English, Physics, Biology, Drawing, Music.

N. SADLER—English, Biology, Geography.

B. RIPPER—English, History, Geography, Physics, Biology, Drawing.

F. TUPPER—French, Mathematics.

M. WITTENOOM—English, History, Geography, Biology, Music.

M. WILKIE—French.

B. WORTHINGTON—English, Mathematics, Drawing.

A. WOOD—English, History, Geography, Physics, Music, Mathematics.

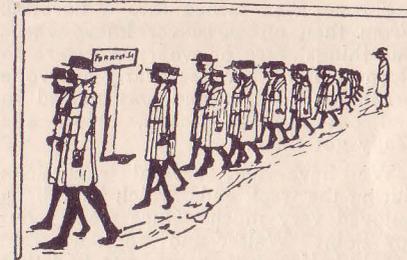
the cynical views of the day-girls on the subject, nevertheless we know that we are not greedy. After all we provide the "baby Lindas" of the school, you see it is merely our way of sitting up and taking nourishment. Anyway, although the day girl has her little daily portion allotted her, we know that many pantries experience numerous unwarranted intrusions.

It will prove a trifle strenuous endeavouring to remember what has happened during the year, for after all boarders do many things. It seemed as if at the end of '28 all our shining lights would depart, leaving but smouldering coals; but lo and behold, '29 proved a year of surprises. The quality and quantity of the Freshman, many of whom have already proved their valour, is amazing (we hope all the strenuous training indulged in at present by the boarders is not merely in order to get thin!)

Of course, the boarders have their fair share of brains; this is to be proved any night of the week by merely peering into the library and seeing the heads of "faire damsals" bent over prep. Even when the less studious youngsters are delighting in the art of dancing to varied strains in the Gym., the scholars still delve into Wordsworth's "Philosophy of Life," or Jane Austen's exquisite pen paintings in the book-strewn library. Of course, we like dancing too, you know, but—

Saturday night has usually meant a bored reaction on the part of those fortunates who have sorrowfully had to drag themselves away from the pleasures of the wicked world to school once more, and a fatigued boredom on the part of those who have participated in a long afternoon walk. Lately, however, we have felt imbibed in us the desire for something more satisfactory than pretending one is a man and dragging a fair partner round and round the gym., or lying curled in a rug in a corner eating, reading, or sleeping.

Consequently the gym. on Saturday nights is the scene of enjoyable vaudeville turns by variety artists (of course

**BOARDERS' NOTES.**

Shakespeare is said to have had an exceedingly extended and accurate general knowledge, but it is really to be wondered at that his knowledge extends (ahem!) to the present day and most remarkable of all—to Korra-willa bathrooms. Far be it from us to criticise our bathrooms, but really no one who has experienced the disturbing anticipation of gazing up at the shower in nervous anticipation of whether our shower "is to be or not to be" can doubt the truth of Shakespeare's words "small showers last long, but sudden showers are short."

"Poor hungry boarders!" cries the day girl sarcastically between mouthfuls of luscious "Granny Smith," as she witnesses the usual sight of girls, more girls, and yet more girls, surging threateningly round a small table on which, reposing precariously, is a plate (or two!!) of appetising "pieces," over which stands an imposing prefect zealously watching each hungry mortal grab her "piece." Whatever may be

each dorm. takes its turn), being performed before highly appreciative audiences.

Owing to the fact that one does become too old for Sunday School (why even the mistresses think so!) those who have reached the age of discretion no longer attend the afternoon classes, but go to a night service. (Those, however, who cannot stand late hours and those who have not reached the age of discretion, still attend Sunday School and are thus enabled to retire to bed at a respectable hour).

Well, we boarders are just longing to see our notes in print (sounds like an Aunty Nell column, doesn't it?) we really must finish this article and go in search of the Editor and Co., to give them a few good hints to hurry the "Kookaburra" to press.

Impatient you say! Why should we be patient?

Patience is the virtue of an ass  
That trots beneath his burden and  
is quiet."

### JUNIOR HOUSE NOTES.

We have had a most exciting time since the last "Kookaburra" appeared; we were nearly deserted in the third term of last year, and in the first term of this year we were surrounded on all sides.

At the beginning of last term in 1928 we came back to find that Mrs. Munro who had been with us so long, had left and that Miss Robertson had taken her place.

Miss Mellor had also left and Miss Evans was in charge of the Kindergarten, but only as a non-resident mistress, so we made the most of our chances at night.

We produced a play called "Snow White," which was a great success and which was acted in the Gym. The small dwarfs were hiding behind a screen before they went on the stage, and there was one long scuffle and fight all the evening while one of their number tried to keep them in order. Altogether we made £8/17/6 and were very pleased with ourselves.

We were most surprised when we came back this year to find that Miss Ick, who was at school last year, had come to live with us; there were also two new mistresses—Miss Swain and Miss Stevens.

We were nearly eaten alive with mosquitoes and we spent nearly all the term moving beds.

Dorothy Roe distinguished herself by being the first and last case of mumps; she was much envied at first as being the first infectious case for years.

Before Dorothy was out of quarantine, measles started, and the big dressing room was turned into a hospital. From then on we never knew where our things were or where we were to sleep at night, because nearly everyone became a suspect and was moved in and out of the kitchen, before she really got them.

We have had several excursions during the week ends, which have been enjoyed very much. Once we set out for Point Walter and took a tram nearly half way there, only to find that it would be hours before another one would take us to our destination. We eventually arrived at South Beach.

Another time we went to the Museum and two girls fainted in there and had to be taken back to school in a Yellow Cab.

We have not visited any places of note this term, but hope when we do, nothing will happen to terminate the day in such an unworthy fashion.

### A.I.M. NOTES.

Owing to the departure of our late "dear" leader, Miss Joan McLarty, Mr. Curlewis has been forced to transfer his affections and complimentary remarks in another direction.

We are feeling rather distressed this year, for so far we have not had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Curlewis who has, in the past, granted us this favour once a term.

Without a visit from Mr. Curlewis at the beginning of the year, whose task it was to explain carefully the

motives of the A.I.M. Group to the "new" girls, we found it rather difficult to extract subscriptions from them. However, after much gentle persuasion, and a patient but long explanation, we found them rather interested and quite willing to become members. We also found a new method of extracting subscriptions from the old boarders and it has proved quite effectual.

The following are the subscriptions for this year:—

First Term . . . . .	£3 0 0
Second Term . . . . .	£2 6 0

### PREFECTS' NOTES.

"What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over," so why should disdainful damsels lament that the Prefects enjoy afternoon tea on Friday afternoon, while they hungrily eye their meagre pieces? If they could but see the magnificent repast which is enjoyed in the "Carrot Patch," their lamentations would increase tenfold. However, if those mortals, who criticise the appetites of the Prefects, lived on the same unappetising duties as they, every day of the week, there would be less jealousy revealing itself at 3.30 p.m. on Friday afternoons. Most girls seem to think that orange peel strewn on the school ground enhances the beautiful scenery, and refuse to spoil the artistic effect by removing it. We, however, cannot look through the same rose-coloured spectacles, and thus it is our own painful (?) duty to remove the ornaments so loved by the "artists" of the school.

Let it also be remembered that, although the Prefects occasionally indulge in a little light refreshment, they possess several athletes who are willing to give the underfed (?) critics a few hints on how to keep fit. It is no light boast when we say that there are three members of the "A" Tennis Team who hail from the "Carrot Patch," as well as one member of the "B" Tennis Team, and numerous efficient net-ball players, one of whom captains the "A" team. It may also be realised that

several excel themselves at hockey and that many will show their ability to run in the Inter-School sports (ahem! 'nough said).

Of course, we shine not only at eating and sports, but also at brain-work. One of our brightest stars said that her spider was religious and had "bibles" instead of "lung-books." Another shining light, in an essay on "Toothache," said that cats do not like being held up by their middles. What the connection is between cats' middles and toothache, we leave you to puzzle out for yourselves.

It is no wonder that we have such brilliant scholars among us, when we have so inspiring a room in which to study. We owe some of the comforts of our improved surroundings to Mrs. Bird, who kindly presented us with a delightful Oriental tablecloth and a cretonne curtain. We also welcomed from the mistresses, a bookcase, the shelves of which, we hope, will soon be full of books for the further improvement of our own already highly polished minds.

### FORM NOTES.

#### Forms I. & II.

Many changes have taken place since the last Form Notes were written. This year we have a new Form Mistress. There are eleven in Form II. and thirteen in Form I. Sydney Crampton was elected Form Captain and Joan Bowman Sports Captain. We do not look forward to the winter term because it is generally wet and we cannot go outside to play.

The girls in the Form take a great interest in nature study and collect all the insects they can find.

Miss Stevens reads to us every Friday afternoon. She has read us "Wind in the Willows" and "The Blue Bird," and is now reading "Helen's Babies." The girls have formed a library. Judith Pestalozzi is the librarian. All our Form hope everyone is having a happy and prosperous year.

### Form III. A

Form III. A consists of twenty-seven girls, but at the present time several are absent with measles.

Two girls from Form III B. were welcomed into III A. at the beginning of second term, and both are making good progress.

Arrangements are now being made for the Junior Club bazaar, which takes place third term. Quite a large collection of articles has already been made by eager members of the club, and it is hoped that the bazaar will be as great a success as last year.

This being second term, every spare minute is given up to practising basketball. So far III A. have not played in any matches as the team is not quite up to the standard, but we keep on practising, thinking that only practice makes perfect.

### Form IV C.

Hullo! Hullo!—IV C. speaking.

We were all, with the exception of three girls, new recruits to this school at the beginning of the year. There are twenty-six girls in the Form and each has her likes and dislikes for the subjects of the daily routine. During a history lesson, one brilliant young student, on being told that King John died in 1216, inquired if that ended his reign. There are several girl songsters in our Form and one budding young poetess, whose wonderful accomplishments have so much effect upon us, that the tears roll down our faces, forming great pools about our feet—perhaps. But the budding young poetess does not see the joke and smiles delightfully when we admire her work.

At 2 p.m. on Thursday is our sports period. How eagerly we await that time, so glad are we to escape from the rather gruesome four walls of the Form room, or perhaps prison, and indulge in three quarters of an hour's good netball. During the Gym. lesson, one girl fails to jump sideways over a high rope, and many groan inwardly when made to touch their toes and perform other back-aching movements. A few of

our number take Domestic Science and some tasty dishes are made, at least, the boarders seem to think so.

Every pleasure must have its end, so we shall cease from the pleasure which we take in writing these notes to the Editor.

### Form IV B.

Two or three new girls were to be seen amongst us when we moved from our old Form to IV B. From Junior to Middle School is a big change and we have to work hard in every subject.

There are twenty-three girls in the class, two of whom are in the "C" Tennis Team and one in the "B" Net Ball Team.

Last term we sent 30/- in for Cot Fund, but this term we have collected only 10/-. Miss Burnside, our Form Mistress, thinks we are disgraceful, but we can't help that, when most of us, especially the boarders, spent all our money in the holidays in enjoying ourselves.

All our Mistresses agree that we are a brilliant class of pupils, as is readily proved by the answers we give to questions on any subject.

One of our members said that a **pessimist** was a man who looked after one's eyes. Another one said that a quadrilateral was a four sided triangle, while a third, endeavouring to remember all the scripture she had learnt said that **Moses** asked his eleven brethren how they felt after the vacation.

Now that you know what a brainy class we are, we must stop talking before you gain a worse opinion of us.

### Form IV A.

The girls in our Form are an industrious crowd, who try to please the teachers, but do not always succeed. Nevertheless we progress by leaps and bounds and we hope to be on the list in many things, especially Cot Fund.

Biology lessons are quite interesting, especially seeing the insides of fish being sorted out. In hygiene hearts are

"A" TENNIS TEAM



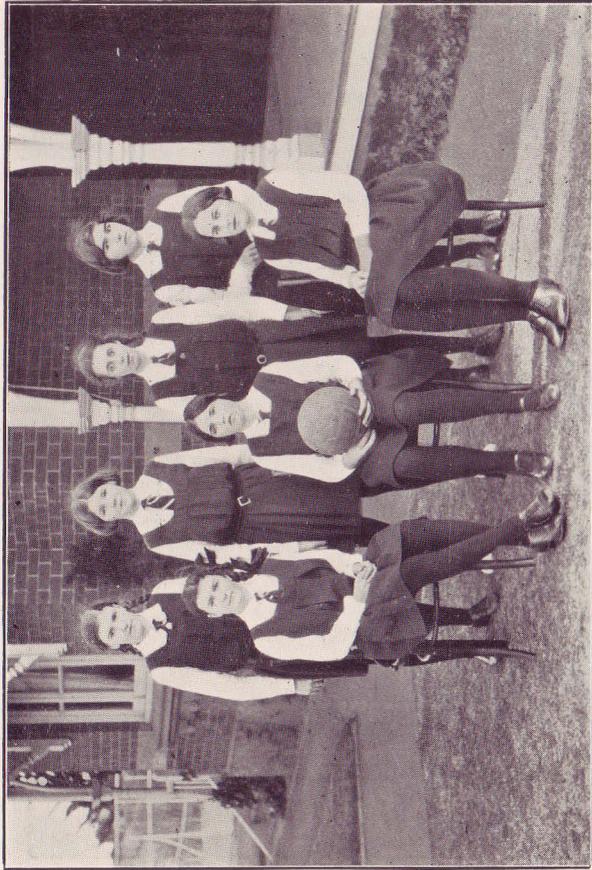
B. HOLLAND (Capt.), N. SADLER, H. SERJEANT,  
Miss SWAIN, P. ROE.

**"A" TENNIS TEAM**



**B. HOLLAND (Capt.), N. SADLER, H. SERJEANT,  
Miss SWAIN, P. ROE.**

"B" NET BALL TEAM



Back Row—M. HENDERSON, V. EVERS, K. BAIRD, I. ACKLAND.  
Front Row—N. HENDERSON, M. CHURCH (Capt.), V. ANDERSON.

trumps. We have a number of sparkling geni at netball. The tennis stars among us are budding, but have not yet bloomed. We expect, shortly, some marvellous tennis to be performed by Form IV A.

One of the best girls at gym. is Doughy, quite a wonderful leader. When a teacher entered our room during a prep. period, she did not see the waste-paper basket; consequently the floor came to meet her. Fortunately, she caught at a table in time to save herself.

We're sure that all the teachers remark about our tidy classroom (ahem!) Moses is captain of the netball team, and a very good captain she makes at that. We toil and labour with great ambitions for "The Junior," which is a year ahead of us. You can see that with all this brain-fag, we have not much time for fun; but we manage somehow, to find it all through the term, and we also collect order and conduct marks.

#### Form V B.

Dear Editor,—

Our Form consists of the lucky number of thirteen. At the end of the first term two of our members departed hence, much to our mortification. One of the studious damsels worked so diligently that she was compelled to visit the optician and returned with a pair of horn-rimmed specs, finished off with gold trimmings. We are not only studious, but shine brilliantly in gymnastics and sports, exactly five of us taking part in the latter. This accounts for our brilliancy.

We are very glad to notice that Domestic Science has a great influence on those who take it. In essays we cannot resist the temptation of using such words as "rice," and "currants," and people getting "mixed" together.

This year we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Stevens as our Form-Mistress. We chose Elsie Parsons as our Form Captain. We are sure she finds us a **very** orderly Form. Betty Wylie is our games captain, and Elsie Parsons is responsible for the Cot Fund

#### Upon Form V A.

School has not anything to show more rare,  
Deaf would he be of ear who could pass by  
A din so frightful in its intensity;  
This Form now doth like a garment wear  
The gaiety of youth; noise, blare,  
Brains, talent, manners, room and porch alike  
Open to inspection, and to the eye  
Of visitor and mistress fair,  
Never did room more cheerfully keep  
In their worst stages gilgie, frog or snail;  
Ne'er knew I, never smelt, an odour so deep!  
The Form worketh at its own sweet will:  
Dear me! the very teachers may seem to sleep;  
But all that noisy Form is learning still!

—"The By-stander."

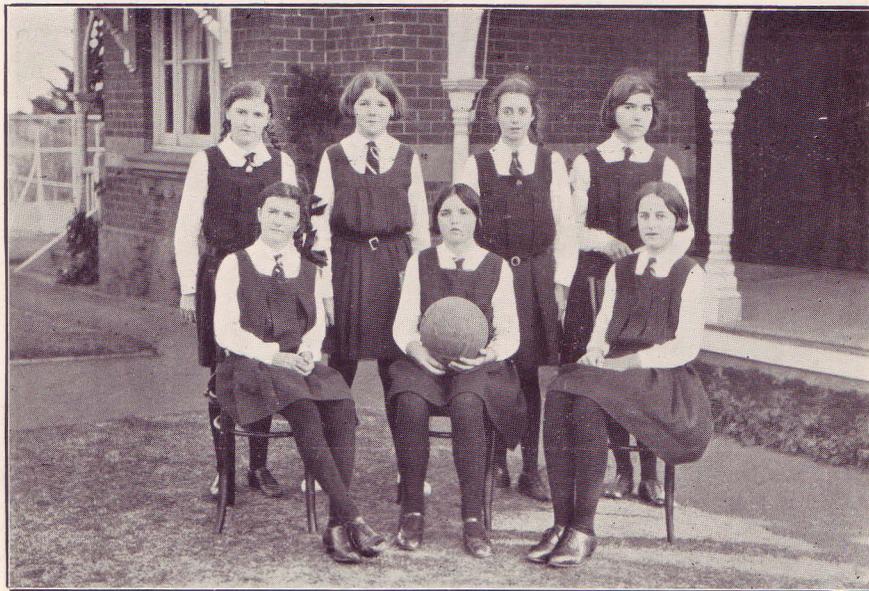
#### Form V A.

Although the above-mentioned Form appears to take its responsibilities lightly, it is in reality an extremely hard working and hard-worked Form. Included among its members are the plums of the two fourth Forms of last year, by which reason the Form average is considerably higher than formerly. It is the larger of the two Junior Forms, and, **of course, the superior!**

This year, V A. has been housed in the traditional Junior class-room, but, owing to the perspicacity of one of P.L.C.'s intellectual instructresses, the title of "Laboratory" is to be bestowed upon our hitherto humble (but tidy?) establishment, and the Form is about to be transferred to another more central position. (I hope you admire our extensive vocabulary).

The most worthy and efficient Marjorie Roper fills the responsible position of Form Captain, but her gentle remonstrative voice is generally drowned in continuous vocal reproduction, which issue forth from our over-worked larynxes! When a hand of

**"B" NET BALL TEAM**



**Back Row—M. HENDERSON, V. EVERS, K. BAIRD, I. ACKLAND.**

**Front Row—N. HENDERSON, M. CHURCH (Capt.), V. ANDERSON.**

iron ruthlessly seizes one from behind, when the said individual is vainly striving to follow and learn the teachings of Euclid, or some such occupation, one knows that Betty Walsh is on the trail for Cot Fund. It was due to her untiring efforts that this Form subscribed the greatest sum last term. As yet, our athletic sports captain, Peggy Nunn, has had no opportunity in which to demonstrate the prowess of her team, as there were no inter-form matches last term, but V.A. has grimly resolved, that, in the net-ball inter-form matches, it will be victorious or die.

As Miss Nicholson, our admirable Form-Mistress, has been on the war-path after stray "pot-hooks" and other elements of handwriting, it can be seen that it is not up to the same high standard as our intellect.

Latest news from the biological world informs us that adventitious roots are now avaricious and that pigs resemble skulls!

In conclusion, we wish the other examination Forms the same success that we hope(?) to have ourselves at the end of the year.

#### Form VI B.

Dear Editor,—

Please allow us to occupy a very small portion of your valuable, but spacious magazine, as this year we have decided to contribute our own Form notes and not have them combined with V.I.A., owing to the fact that certain persons in that Form have an overpowering verbosity as regards their importance.

We are only ten in number, but we are a very jolly little party. At the beginning of the year we welcomed Jean Murray, Stephanie Butement and Mary Shepherd into our midst.

Of course, we quite agree with Form V.I.A. that we are not the brainiest of specimens, but one must remember that the shining V.I.A. of next year exists in the present V.I.B.

We all excel in English and especially in the wonderful works of Chaucer. To illustrate this, one of our bright and shining lights translated:

"His eyen twinkled in his head aright,  
As doon the sterris in the frosty night"  
into—

"His eyes twinkled in his head alright,  
As down the stairs on a frosty night."

Of course we expect everyone to understand our ignorance of Maths. and Biology. As each day for "the test" comes round, we are all neurotic.

Each Friday we indulge in a General Knowledge lesson, and if our knowledge increases as we grow older, by the time we are octogenarians we shall know all the ways and wiles of the nefarious world.

We hope to give a helping hand to V.I.A. at the end of this term and the next, by bringing forth all our champion sportswomen and enabling V.I.A. to retain their position as Champion Form for 1929.

Now, dear Editor, we must apply the brakes, but first wish the "Kookaburra" success.

Yours, etc.,

—VI B.

#### Form V.I.A.

Dear Editor,—

Once again our weary minds must be taxed. We have procrastinated and procrastinated, but in vain; at last these Form Notes have to be written. However, by the way of an explanation, we are—at least we think we are—a model Form. Even these lines might be applicable to us—

"There is some effort on our brow  
And though we strive we do not weep;  
We work pretty hard even you'll allow  
With a little time to eat and sleep."

To begin with—our notables: There's Joan! The whole Form is a trifle suspicious of her hair. It looks so natural that we think we know a thing or two. Even our Form Mistress is beginning to doubt too, for she asked on one occasion, "Joan, do you have your hair marcelled?"

The Sixth Form finds it a fascinating study and pastime trying to trace and prove the authenticity of Mr.

#### GUIDE NOTES.

"A little consideration, a little thought  
for others makes all the difference."  
—Eeyore.

Since last year, 2nd Cottesloe Company has been quite unfortunate, firstly by losing Miss Smith, our Captain, who has returned to England after spending three years in Western Australia; and secondly in not easily finding another captain to take her place.

Miss Phemister and Mrs. R. T. Robinson have spent much of their valuable time trying to find a captain for us, but so far, they have not been very successful. At the beginning of the year, Miss James kindly came down on Fridays and presided at the meetings, but she was forced to leave before the end of the first term. At the beginning of second term, Miss Griffith, a P.L.C. old girl, continued to take the place of captain and is continuing until a new captain can be found.

During first term Miss Bayes, a great Eastern States Guider, came down to school to speak to us all. Then she went down to our club house and pried into the corners and then asked us to try to keep them tidy. Some weeks later she had a Field Day at King's Park and all who were able, attended, and, although it rained at short intervals, it did not mar our high spirits and we had a very happy day at Sir John Forrest's Look-out. In the evening we had a campfire near the main entrance of the Park, and Lady Champion came. She was greeted with much enthusiasm by some very melodious voices singing "Hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, we're pleased to meet you, we're pleased to greet you, hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo!" Lady Champion was very pleased and after she had given us an address, we learnt some new songs and very soon we left to go home.

At the beginning of the second term Mrs. R. T. Robinson came down and enrolled the Brownies, and afterwards enrolled our Tenderfoots, who were not expecting it. This made it necessary

Hogben's theory of Evolution using Pattie as a subject. We are convinced that she was previously an "oss." For one day recently, while the rest of the Form were munching and digesting History in the sun, our little pacer galloped into our midst. On being asked where she had been, she responded with a neigh—that she had just had her photo taken as a curio!

We don't wonder; you just ought to see her in gym.

Some of us exercise our scanty supply of brains in the Lecon Francaise by volunteering the most ripping suggestions, but our ardour is damped with an excruciatingly crushing "Nonsense!" but—we show our tact by not combating the statement that "Napoleon gagna la bataille de Waterloo."

At English we excel,  
And Nesfield is our joy;  
Some essays make us yell,  
When purged of their alloy.

By the way this stanza is called a "doggerel quatrain," riming a b a b in iambic trimeter.

Our Form indulges in a friendly (?) rivalry with V.A.; for we are both trying to head the lists of the Cot Fund subscriptions. Our Cot Fund representative practises copy writing on the board every morning in a frantic effort to remind us that we are ten shillings behind V.A.—even when we are not. She's a cunning critter, is Joan.

We are an athletic Form, as well as a brainy one and at the end of 1928 we captured the coveted Games' Shield from Lower V.; and naturally we intend to keep it this year.

We must apologise, Editor, for the brevity of these notes, but it is better to be brief than tedious, and exquisite than ample.

Lately we have been initiated into the mysteries of the poems of William Wordsworth, and with apologies to that gentleman, we have come to the conclusion that this effort of ours is "emotion recollected in tranquillity and is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." (Very powerful).

for the P.L.'s to tie bowlines round their waists in order to be able to find them when they were wanted.

This year our Company is very small, and instead of having one of the largest, as we had a short time ago, we now have a very small one, and the club house will really hold about ten more—especially at recess and dinner time.

On Saturday, June 29th, the 1st Perth Company celebrated their fourteenth anniversary at the Claremont Show Grounds, and we attended and took part in the competitions, although we did not win the shield.

In conclusion we would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Phemister, Mrs. R. T. Robinson, Miss James and Miss Griffith for the interest which they have taken in the Company during this year.

### BROWNIE NOTES.

The Second Cottesloe Brownie Pack has set sail, in the frail ship Good Adventure, to brave the storms of the sea called Experiment, in order to reach that far off and enchanting land of Discovery, where each path leads to the hills of Greater Knowledge, on which burns the beacon of Service.

Since the Pack commenced its career on March 22nd, 1929, Junior House gardens have been transformed, each Friday, into a Brownie world circling round the mushroom. The Brownies, eight in number, worked and played energetically so that they were ready, by the end of first term, for their Tenderfoot examination, which all were successful in passing on Wednesday, May 1st.

The first Pack ceremony was the enrolment on 31st May, when Mrs. R. T. Robinson, the Division Commissioner of the Guide Association, enrolled the first P.L.C. Brownies. Mrs. Robinson complimented the Pack on its appearance and behaviour, adding that she hoped it would grow considerably. Since then the Pack has been increased to ten, so that there are now two "Sixes," the Elves and the Sprites.

Owing to the weather becoming so wet and cold, the Pack headquarters has been removed from the garden to the Kindergarten Room, which is the nearest possible approach, at present, to a permanent Brownie abode. The Pack is connected with the Guide Company to which the Brownies will fly when Brown Magic no longer appeals to them.

### THE GUIDE RALLY.

On Saturday, June 29, the First Perth Guide Company held a Birthday Rally at the Claremont Show Grounds to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of their foundation and invited all the Metropolitan Companies to attend, and, although it rained heavily during the afternoon, it kindly stopped while the competitions were in progress.

Lady Champion came down and took the march past, which was reported to have been very good, and then she stood in the rain and talked to us until one of the other officers, who thought that Lady Champion's cold was too bad to allow her to stand in the rain any more, put a coat round her shoulders, and Lady Champion realised that she had better stop. We all wish that it had not rained just then, because Lady Champion was passing some very favourable remarks about the Guides of W.A.

After the address the competitions were carried out, and although 2nd Cottesloe did not shine, it did not disgrace P.L.C. There were four heats and each heat had to be tested in Morse, knots and ball throwing. We did not obtain a place in the Morse and ball throwing, but in the knots we obtained the most points for our section. Many of the Companies gave displays and the Methodist Ladies' College gave some folk dancing.

The 1st Mt. Lawley and 2nd Victoria Park tied for the shield, which is being kept by each of them for six months. After a very hilarious tea, we had an imitation campfire underneath the grandstand, where we were entertained by various other companies.

The only sad thing was that we had to say goodbye to Miss Wilson, who has now returned to Scotland after re-visiting W.A.; Miss Anderson, who did not accompany Miss Wilson when she visited us last year is returning with her to Scotland.

When we at last dragged ourselves away from Miss Wilson, we joyfully sang and marched at a good pace to the Claremont Railway Station, where we had to wait for half an hour for the train to bring us back to Cottesloe. When we left the station, the rain simply streamed down, but we all cheerfully continued on our way after the storm had abated.

### MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

At the beginning of the year an inaugural meeting for the Music Club was held. As a result, it was resolved to form an entirely new club with a good constitution and a sound aim. Official members were elected and the results were unanimously carried:—President: Miss Phemister; vice-presidents: Miss Martin, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Nyman; treasurer and secretary: Nancy Sadler; committee: H. Serjeant, D. Dingwall, P. Inverarity, A. Glick.

Meetings of the club are held on the first Tuesday of each month, and this method has proved an excellent one.

At each meeting Miss Martin delivers an address on a subject of musical interest and plays a selection of records, by prominent composers, on a gramophone.

A Cantata was held in the School Gymnasium on July 13th, the proceeds, £12, going towards funds for buying a gramophone for the club.

We were all very sorry to lose Miss Nyman at the end of the first term, after having her with us for a long period, and now we take the opportunity of welcoming Miss Parker who came in her place.

This year the girls taking music exams are working vigorously, and hoping that their efforts will be rewarded with good results.

Last year the results for the examinations were splendid, a 100 per cent. of passes being gained.

Examination list for 1928:—

### ASSOCIATED BOARD.

**Intermediate**—(Distinction), M. Shannon; 138 and rudiments.

**Higher Grade**—J. Wittenoom (Hon. Mention), 127; M. Miller (Hon. Mention), 124; M. Leake (Pass), 102.

**Lower Division**—H. Ick (Hon. Mention), 120; A. Trotter (Pass), 116; J. Campbell (Pass), 115; J. Hicks (Pass), 102.

**Elementary**—H. Pilgrim (Distinction), 130; U. Pascoe (Hon. Mention), 123.

**Primary**—B. Rees (Pass), 102.

### UNIVERSITY.

#### Practical.

**Grade II.**—D. Ick (Honours).

**Grade III.**—M. Wittenoom (Honours), J. Hughes (Credit), R. Disher (Credit).

**Grade IV.**—A. Trotter.

#### Theory.

**Grade III.**—D. Ick (Credit).

**Grade IV.**—M. Wittenoom (Credit), J. Hughes (Credit), R. Disher (Credit).

### JUNIOR CLUB NOTES.

In the second term of 1928, members of the Junior Club, with the help of Miss Freer and Miss Hendry, began working for our bazaar. The idea of the club is to make us unselfish and to help others who are not so well off as ourselves. We had a small concert to get enough money to buy sweets for the stall. From the concert we collected £2/12/9.

On Friday, November 20th, we held our bazaar in the Gymnasium and had five stalls, and afternoon tea in the Domestic Science room. There were over a hundred people present and the proceeds amounted to £21. This we sent to the P.L.C. Cot at the Children's Hospital.



### RUNNING NOTES.

Already one may notice a marked improvement in the figures of the boarders, thanks to their energetic training in the morning before school. Surely the desire for greater beauty will, before long, lure them on to running the length of the paddock two or three times in addition to jumping; surely it will lead to something greater—let us say, for instance, first place in the Inter-School sports, or second at least.

Last year, although we did not distinguish ourselves, we managed to keep up our end, and finally gained fourth place, with 18 points; P.M.S. heading the list with 49 points, S.H.H.S. following with 35, and P.C. with 34.

The following are the girls who won points for the school:—

- D. Forbes**—3rd in 50 yards, open; 1st in 100 yards, open.  
**R. Marshall**—1st in 50 yards, under 15.

### SWIMMING NOTES.

On Saturday, March 9th, the Claremont Baths was crowded with numbers of excited children and adults, who had come to see the life-saving sports, organised by the Claremont Swimming Club.

The Girls' Secondary School Championship, 50 yards, open, was won by Dorothy Oliver from C.E.G.S., who, being under 14, naturally won the under 14 championship also.

No wonders were accomplished by P.L.C., who only managed to secure a third place in the open championship.

The Barron Trophy was won by C.E.G.S., and many other life-saving events were held by the various clubs and State Schools.

The following Saturday, March 16, the first Inter-School swimming sports took place at the Claremont Baths, and in spite of the rain and cold, a number of interested spectators witnessed them.

The greatest honour of the day, the title of Champion Swimmer, was bestowed upon Pat Drake-Brockman from M.L.C. The winning school was M.L.C. with 42 points; then came P.C. and C.E.G.S.—tie, with 23, and P.L.C. with 14 points.

Four individual places were secured by P.L.C.; P. Oldham 2nd and B. Henderson 3rd, in the under 11 race of 25 yards championship; P. Royce 3rd in the under 13½, 50 yards championship, and P. Nunn 3rd in the neat dive championship, while both the open and under 13½ relay teams came 3rd.

When most of the excitement had died down the prizes were very kindly presented by Lady James, and P.L.C.'s only prize-winner, Pat Oldham, who received a silver medal, was so surprised when her name was called that she nearly fell over herself with excitement.

#### Swimming Examinations.

**Instructor's Certificate.**—P. Nunn, 1; S. Rowley (2); B. Wylie (3).

**Bronze Medallion.**—I. Ackland (1); B. Browne (2); M. Church (3); E. Glyde (4); H. Ick (5).

**Proficiency.**—K. Baird (1); M. Church (2); J. Dargin (3); M. Fawcett (4); B. Henderson (5); L. Mews (6); P. Skuthorpe (7).

**Elementary.**—R. Hardy (1); D. Menzies (2).

### TENNIS NOTES.

The tennis team did some good work last season, and the girls took an enthusiastic interest in their practice. There was plenty of good, hard hitting, but too little attention was paid to finer points, such as placing and variety of strokes. Tactics are as important in tennis as in any other game, and only by experience from constant practice can you determine the right moment to come up to the net without being caught mid-way with the ball at your feet. When you decide to come up, do not hesitate, run hard, and try to anticipate your opponent's return. Service has been erratic and needs hard and careful practice.

#### "A" Team Criticisms.

B. Holland (Captain):

Service somewhat inconsistent. Still finds difficulty in determining the right moment to come up to the net. Should practise a firmer volley. Sums up her opponent well and plays to her weak points.

H. Sergeant:

A hard hitter, service good when in form; inclined to foot fault. Should cultivate a follow-through to her forehand drives.

P. Roe:

Works hard for every point. Backhand has improved, but still needs practice. A very fair all-round player, N. Sadler:

Rather disappointing; must practise hard, and more seriously to cultivate quicker foot work. Backhand and service need special attention.

#### "B" and "C" Teams.

The play of both these teams has been affected by lack of confidence which can only be overcome by continual practise and further experience in match play. They should try to cultivate more initiative and self-reliance.

Hints to beginners:—

Remember **now** is the time to learn how to play. Try to cultivate a good style from the very beginning. You will never get very far unless you make your strokes correctly. Watch the ball

all the time and seize every opportunity of practising your forehand and backhand strokes, either on the court or against a wall.

Never serve a double, and beware of foot-faulting.

Try to get into position before the ball reaches you.

Keep your racquet in good order.

The results of "A" team matches are as follows:—

P.L.C. v. M.L.C.—M.L.C., 6 sets, 36 games; P.L.C., 14 games.

P.L.C. v. P.M.S.—P.L.C., 4 sets, 29 games; P.M.S., 2 sets, 27 games.

P.L.C. v. G.H.S.—P.L.C., 6 sets, 36 games; G.H.S., 9 games.

P.L.C. v. P.C.—P.C., 4 sets, 32 games; P.L.C., 2 sets, 24 games.

P.L.C. v. S.H.H.S.—S.H.H.S., 5 sets, 35 games; P.L.C., 1 set, 17 games.

P.L.C. v. L.C.—P.L.C., 6 sets, 36 games; L.C., 8 games.

P.L.C. v. C.E.G.S.—C.E.G.S., 4 sets; P.L.C., 2 sets.

### NET BALL NOTES.

So far this year net ball matches have not been a great success. Of the four matches already played by the Junior Team, three have been lost to G.H.S., M.L.C., and C.E.G.S., respectively, and the fourth was a tie with P.C.

None of the girls in the Junior Team have played in a team before, and were naturally nervous at first, but they will soon get over that.

The catching and passing is still far from good, as is the footwork of the entire team, although the girls are learning to co-operate more and should improve in their next matches. The shooting is fairly steady, but like that of the senior team, this also could do with some more practice.

The Senior team has played only two matches, and has unfortunately lost them both.

Here, again the passing and catching are not strong and the footwork needs care, but there is more sense of combination amongst the players.

Both teams need a great deal of strenuous coaching if they are to achieve any great success, though it is rather late now, with more than half the matches played, to think about it, but there is next year to think about and next year's team must benefit by this year's mistakes.

We wish both the teams the best of luck in the rest of the matches, but if they meet superior teams they can only do their best and grin and bear their defeat in a philosophic frame of mind.

Junior Team:—P.L.C. v. G.H.S., lost; P.L.C. v. M.L.C., lost; P.L.C. v. C.E.G.S., lost; P.L.C. v. P.C., tied.

Senior Team:—P.L.C. v. L.C., lost; P.L.C. v. C.E.G.S., lost.

### HOCKEY.

The advent of hockey has caused much enthusiasm throughout the school. We fear we are still novices at the game and hit our opponents more often than the ball. However, we do our best, and it is not through lack of trying that we are not experts.

The cricket pitch affords much amusement, especially when, like the "Brother of St. Francis," one of us revels in the mud. It was not the girl's fault when she felt her legs flying from under her, and that she sat suddenly in the slime. Imagine her embarrassment when next day her clothes stood stiffly out as though they had been starched. Nor was it the fault of another girl when she plastered her opponent's face with the clay-like substance. Most likely she thought it was a good substitute for her other toilet requisites.

Despite these various mishaps, we really have had an enjoyable and exciting time. It is hoped that, after several special practices such as we are having now, we shall become efficient players. Perhaps some of us will be represented in a future W.A. Hockey team. Who knows? Anyhow, we are looking forward to the hockey matches against the other girls' schools, in the near future.

### FANCY DRESS DANCE.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," in the school gymnasium on Friday, 5th July, when a fancy dress dance was held in aid of the School Cot Fund. The Gymnasium was decorated in the school colours by the senior girls, and Miss Phemister and Mrs. Whitaker superintended the floral decorations. At seven o'clock the Gym. presented a most unusual spectacle. The school itself was unrecognisable. Dashing sheiks and fierce Turks jostled dainty Victorian Ladies, and pirates danced with Harem maidens.

At eight o'clock the Kindergarten Grand March was held. The costumes were so attractive and original that it was very hard for the judges to decide which were the best. The ladies judging were Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Clifton, and they chose Ruth Mawley, a dashing cavalier clothed in scarlet; and Ilma Sherwood, who was a red and green jester.

Dancing filled the interim between the Kindergarten Grand March, and that of the Middle School which took place at half past eight. The prize winners were Ena Ledwich, who was dressed as a Dutch girl; and Ida Cronshaw who made a realistic Dick Whittington, minus the cat. The third prize winner was Zoe Weir, who impersonated a foppish "dude," complete from top hat to "swallow tails."

The Kindergarten then gave a charming display of eurythmics, in which they had been coached by Miss Hendry. At nine o'clock the Senior School Grand March commenced. It was a lengthy and complicated affair in which the mistresses as well as the upper school took part. Eventually the judges decided which were the best costumes. The first was Peggy Nunn, who was attired in the flowing white robes of a sheik, with even a sun-bronzed face and black moustache. Next came Gwen Dean, who had disguised her usual self in the garments of a particularly fierce looking Turk. The third prize-winner, however, was totally different from the first two, Queen Victoria, accompanied by her

two ladies, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Burnside had brought up the rear of the grand march, and Miss Nicholson reminded one so much of Queen Victoria that she was awarded third prize, and walked up to receive it amidst the applause of the whole school.

After the Grand March, the Senior School left the gym. for supper. The school would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Council for presenting us with the prizes, and the parents for providing the supper.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and competitions. One competition being won by Betty Holland, and the others by Joan Bennett, Brenda Royce, Peggy Nunn, Barbara Jeffrey and Margaret Brown.

All good things must come to an end, unfortunately, and eventually Miss Phemister announced the last dance, after which everyone joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem, and the school regretfully dispersed and "plodded its weary way homeward."

### INDIAN PEOPLES AND CUSTOMS.

It is difficult to write on the life and customs of people in India as there are so many different tribes and races, and each one has its own way of living; but I will endeavour to relate some of my experiences with the natives near and about the Ganges River in the Central Province.

These dark-skinned people live in tiny huts, whitewashed and made of stone. They contain only one room which is bare but for two or three grass mats, used as mattresses.

The men work all day in the rice-fields, but for one or two hours after the mid-day meal, when they sleep; this meal is the only one they have in the day and usually consists of curry and rice. During working hours, only a scanty loin-cloth is worn by the men, while most children go naked.

A woman does not work in the fields, and is always dressed in a long white gown, reaching to the ankles, and a

a sari—a piece of material several yards long and about a yard wide, thrown over the head.

Domestic servants usually wear the uniform of the household in which they work, or white breeches, a coat, and a turban.

Most natives are very superstitious; monkeys, for instance, being sacred and any individual missing the celebrations of the Gods is cursed for ever. Thus it is when these celebrations, which are usually a feast and a dance, are approaching, hundreds and thousands of natives can be seen, all travelling to the same place, the Ganges River.

It makes no difference if a native is ill; his friends and relatives carry him to the river, and that is why so much disease is met with at that time.

Everyone bathes in the river and washes their clothing there, and then they proceed to drink the water. It is considered lucky if a crocodile devours some of the bathers, so that these pests have a great feast as well. As soon as it is dark everybody gathers on the banks and the priests distribute little clay dishes with candles in them, to the people. These candles are then lit and the dishes placed on the water. Each person watches his candle eagerly, anxiously, while it floats with the tide and gradually sails away to the sea. If a native's candle keeps alight until it is out of sight, it means that he is to be lucky all the following year; but if it goes out, great is his fear for the future. Weeping and wailing is heard when some poor wretch's light has failed, but the joy of the lucky ones attracts the attention of the observer most.

After the festivals, the natives go back to their homes, but most of them live hundreds of miles away, and the sick usually die through thirst or exhaustion. The heavy Gods which have also been washed in the river, have to be carried back, and many a native dies doing this.

A most repulsive sight is India during a plague. The natives die in the fields, in the streets, everywhere, and all the dead are thrown into the

river. The Ganges, therefore, is used in quite a variety of ways by the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

—Thora D'Arcy-Evans.

### A LITERARY LAPSE

(with apologies to Leacock).

Please pardon this literary offence, it is merely to help the Editor remark "Oh, the waste paper basket is quite full, ahem!"

"Oh! Yes, we learn Physics."

From my earliest childhood I had lived in fear and trembling of boarding school—partly because of my overwhelming shyness and partly because of my nerve-wrecking dread of Physics. Physics, my learned pater had informed me, was part, and a big part, of one's education. "Think of gravity," he would remark knowingly. I thought! that was all, it did not take me far.

Eventually I arrived at school—the boarders proved, as I had expected, perfect ogres (who yelled "my bath" when I sought the icy friendliness of the shower) but were lambs compared with the day girls, who looked upon me as a not-to-be-considered trifle. I was informed (on meekly inquiring) that Physics lessons occurred every Wednesday and Monday, and extended over two periods. Horrors! It was to be worse than I had anticipated.

Tuesday was the day on which I started my notable scholastic career, and it was a drawn-out miserable affair, tho' I was glad because Wednesday meant Physics. That evening I had managed to force my trembling legs to carry me as far as a back inconspicuous seat in the prep. room and then I saw two prefects—they were sitting on a seat immediately in front of me and I was consequently able to hear all they were saying. They both had the air of girls who considered themselves profoundly interesting; it was evident that each laboured under the impression that she was "just it."

One had been reading a physics book which lay on the desk (a sight which filled me with trembling). "I've been learning some very interesting statistics," she was saying to the other girl.

"Oh, statistics!" said the other. "Quite thrilling, aren't they?"

"I find, for instance," the first girl went on, "that a drop of water filled with little . . . with little . . . I forget just what you call them . . . little . . . er . . . things, every cubic inch containing . . . er . . . containing . . . let me see . . ."

"Say a million," said the other thinker encouragingly.

"Yes, a million, or possibly a billion, but at any rate, ever so many," she assented.

"Is it possible?" said the other. "But really you know there are wonderful things in the world. Now coal . . . take coal."

"Very well," said her friend, "let us take coal," settling back in her seat with the air of an intellect about to feed itself.

"Do you know that every ton of coal burnt in an engine will drag a train of cars as long as . . . I forget the exact length, but say a train of cars of such and such a length and weighing, say so much . . . from . . . from hum! for the moment the exact distance escapes me . . . drag it from—"

"From here to the moon," suggested the other.

"Good'io! yes from here to the moon, wonderful isn't it? But the most stupendous calculation of all is in regard to the distance from the earth to the sun. Positively, a cannon . . . er, fired at the sun . . ."

"Fired at the sun," nodded the other approvingly as if she had seen it done.

"And travelling at the rate of . . . of . . ."

"Of three cents a mile," hinted the other.

"No, no you misunderstand me—but travelling at a fearful rate, simply fearful, would take a hundred million—in short, would take a scandalously long time in getting there—"

—And then it turned seven o'clock and I had to wend my scared way to an uninspiring music room which looked more like a cell than anything else, and

over the laborious strains of elementary five finger exercises and the metallic beat of the metronome my enlightened brain was repeating," "Hensth bathful cunning! Ith that Physics."

—"RAT."

### THE CANTATA AND PLAY.

Several notices, posted about the school and all to the effect that a cantata and play would be presented in the gymnasium on Saturday, July 13th, were the centres of inquisitive groups of girls during the weeks preceding the event. Consequently a large number of parents, relatives and school girls took their seats to hear "the Gall-Curcis" and see "the modern Oscar Asches and Nellie Stewart's" as one poster announced.

The entertainment (the proceeds of which are to go towards the buying of a gramophone), was opened by a piano duet, charmingly rendered by A. Glick and M. Shannon, while the next item, a recitation by P. Nunn, was much appreciated.

The cantata "Sea Fairies," which came next on the programme, was a splendid success, for although the whole choir had acquired colds and was extremely nervous, the girls excelled themselves in the pretty and stirring songs. Praise must also be given to the soloists who sang their respective songs charmingly.

Scenes of wild joy were witnessed when Miss Martin (P.L.C.'s prima donna) rose to sing.

Her song gained so much applause that Miss Martin had perforce to sing the "Perfect Prayer," which was even more beautiful than its predecessor.

A violin duet which also gained an encore was next played most expressively by D. Dingwall and M. Miller.

Then "Ah, at last!" breathed an extactic voice in my ear, "the play!" and a hush fell over the audience as the curtain rose on the first and only act of the play.

It was very amusing and each member of the cast portrayed his (or her) role exceedingly well. Special praise,

however, is due to P. Tracy, who played her role in a style above that of the average amateur.

After the girls had taken their calls, a very enjoyable evening was concluded at the opening bars of "God Save the King."

In conclusion, the girls who took part in the cantata and play wish to extend their heartiest thanks to Miss Martin and Miss Nicholson, who worked so hard to make the entertainment a success.

### THE PLOVERS.

One day during July, I was walking through a grassy field, when I was startled by a plover, which rose from the ground a few yards away from me. It flew up into the air and then swooped down at me, uttering fierce cries.

This roused other plovers, and they came to the rescue. Now seven or eight plovers swooped down at me, often touching my hat with their wings. Looking about, I at last espied a nest containing three eggs. The nest was no more than a few blades of grass put together in an impression made by a horse's hoof. The eggs were oval in shape, being bigger at one end than the other, and a greenish-grey colour, lavishly spotted with black. In the centre of the nest the smaller ends were arranged. Some people say they fit in the nest better that way; no doubt they do, but I think the breast bone of the sitting bird is more comfortable resting in the hollow thus formed.

In about a week's time I returned. This time the bird fluttered away from the nest, pretending to have a broken wing. This is quite a common thing, so I took no notice. Coming upon the nest I saw only one egg, and thinking that the others had been pushed away, I began searching in the grass. Suddenly I caught sight of a brown and white speckled chick crouching on the ground; a few yards away was the other. These little birds are very strong, and leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. If they are chased, they will run for a little way and then crouch down, in which position they are difficult to find. The nests are also hard to

discover. I have ridden round a place dozens of times looking for a nest, and then often find it nearly under the horse's feet.

Plovers are cunning, and will often sneak twenty or thirty yards away from the nest and then rise up with a cry. Their diet consists mostly of caterpillars and worms, etc., and often their cry can be heard during the night as they fly from place to place.

During nesting time the birds pair off, but at other times twenty or more fly about together.

—M. A.

### THE CENTENARY FIREWORKS.

We had just returned from our Easter holidays and were not feeling at all pleased, for we had another five weeks to wait before our term holidays. But "something always happens," is the joyful saying. At least the news that we received that night was joyful to us. We were wandering down to prep., when we heard that we were going to the fireworks. Such a hustle and bustle you never saw. Things did fly that night, but we heeded it not, for we were so excited.

After a large number of questions, such as, "shall we take blazers?" or, "do we have to wear hats?" or, "do we need gloves?" we were ready to start. We all walked to the station, and all found room in the first train that came into Cottesloe Station. Every one talked during the journey down, and thought that the train would never find its way to Perth Station.

Having arrived at Perth, we once again formed a "croc" to make our way down to the Esplanade. The crowd that had ventured out was immense. It was impossible for us to walk in an unbroken line along the pavement, and we then had to walk in the street. Finally, we arrived at the Esplanade and were permitted to break "croc" and wander around in small groups. Immediately six of us made our way to a spot where we could conveniently view the fireworks. When once they started, we were greatly disappointed, because they were going on all around us, and we consequently only saw half of them, but what we did see

were glorious. The gorgeous colours that vanished into the sky before our very eyes were marvellous.

Having wandered around to our heart's content, we made our way back to the meeting place where a few of the girls were waiting for us. Gradually, in small groups the girls returned, and, when we were once again all assembled together, we proceeded to make our way back to the station, and from thence to School.

It hardly seemed possible that these same girls who had just a few hours before been talking and laughing over the prospects of what lay before them, were now too tired to talk.

On arriving back at School, we were all quite ready for our beds, and even too tired for the pieces of bread and jam that were, at other times, welcome refreshment before bed. We will never forget our experiences at those fireworks, even though the hooligans did spoil them.

### THE FLIPPANT FROLIC.

Please do not think that this article has been misplaced, and that it was intended for the "Chit-Chat among the Tea-Cups," or "Personal Pars on Prominent People" columns. P.L.C. would not be at all pleased to think that any of its hard-working (and, I will admit, versatile) students had suddenly become social butterflies, and were flitting hither and thither on gossamer wings. No! leave such columns for the delightful dance of the de Smythes—at which Mrs. de Smythe looked charming in a gown of old tulle, with a stomacher of passementeris—or the dinner party at Mrs. Archibald Gushalot's residence, or the smart pink tea given by Miss Dawn Buttin—such events as the "Flippant Frolic" deserve more honour than being so "damned with faint praise."

It is difficult to say what exactly suggested the idea of a party given by those-who-were-coming-back in honour of those-who-were-not-coming-back this year. Perhaps it was the thought of "Auld Lang Syne" (we hope so), or perhaps the boarders were feeling a trifle — ('tis best left unsaid). Anyway, it happened; and those who participated in the revelry were exceedingly glad, and those who did not were exceedingly envious that it did happen.

But, no doubt, you are in a thorough maze as to what all these meanderings are about, so I shall certainly not withhold from you any longer the true import of those two inspiring words—"Flippant Frolic."

Well, first and foremost, after the numerous trials and tribulations of Leaving and Junior were over, the girls in those forms who were coming back this year decided to give a—well I've said that before, so let's go further afield.

It was decided to hold an evening in the School Gymnasium, and after the necessary permission was obtained, the would-be entertainers enterprisingly set about drawing up a programme, including dancing, games, novelty dances, and supper, and issuing invitations and seeing to all necessary arrangements.

Let me no longer detain you with the uninteresting preparations. The evening arrived eventually, also the guests, whom the hostesses were glad to see, had obeyed the instructions on the back of the invitation, and had worn a fancy head-dress.

After supper (ah, yes, of course, there was a supper! Could an evening be complete without a supper. "The true essentials of a feast are *only* fun and feed") the witchery of the star-spangled firmament and gleaming moon enticed us out into the open on to the cool, glistening, dew-besprinkled lawns, where we finished our revelry.

"Glad till the dancing stops and the lilt of the music ends;

Laugh till the game is played, and be you merry, my friends."

### BIOLOGY EXCURSION.

We shall not waste words in getting there—let it be sufficient that we, the Leaving and Junior Biology classes, arrived at Hovea sometime after mid-day one Saturday, last October.

We soon discovered a suitable camp beside a brook, and everyone promptly made herself at home. The billy was boiled, thanks to Miss Hendry, and we all sat round on a rock to have a snack before starting on a ramble through the bush. I cannot recollect exactly how

many specimens were brought back from that ramble, but I expect there were quite a number which were successfully hidden from view—the girls must have been finding something, because they were nearly all late back. That meant a wild struggle to gather cases, cups and coats together, but, eventually, much-bedraggled-looking damsels could be seen plodding their weary way to the station, struggling beneath large armsful of wild flowers. At first we all sat round on our cases, but the train was late, and this pastime became somewhat tedious. Some of the more energetic then started a game of "fly," which led to "leap-frog" along the platform (much to the interest of the station master). And then, somehow, we found ourselves playing "cross-tiggy," "French and English," and similar childish games—some of the Prefects seemed to lose all sense of decorum, and we found to our amazement that they could yell with the best.

We concluded by regaling ourselves with a little music(?). How Miss Martin would have glowed to hear our girlish trebles floating off into the bush with the gathering dusk—we quite excelled our Friday morning efforts. And so to the tune of "John Brown's Body" the train came rushing in with many puffings and apologies for causing our delay.

By this time the stars were beginning to twinkle, but who cared? We had all thoroughly enjoyed the day, and begged to be taken again in a few weeks' time. Miss Le Soeuf kindly agreed to bear with us for another whole afternoon, and we wish to thank her very much indeed for taking us on two excursions.

### "THE WINTER'S TALE."

"The Winter's Tale" is "Much Ado About Nothing," and merely "A Comedy of Errors."

"The Tempest" was raging one "Twelfth Night," when "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" went to "King Lear" concerning the death of "Cymbeline," their brother. "Romeo and Juliet" were also at the Court to obtain some information about "The Merchant of Venice," who had cheated "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of a large sum of

money. The King said that "Macbeth" had murdered "Cymbeline," and that Skylock should have "Measure for Measure."

"All's Well that Ends Well," and I awoke to find it was only "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

—ANNIE GLICK.

### M. SAVILLE'S VISIT.

Friday is said to be an unlucky day; people do not like to be married on a Friday, or to have birthdays on this particular day.

Personally, I can find no foundation for such a superstition, because Mr. Saville came to see us on that day of days, and his visit was anything but unlucky, in fact, I think his was the most interesting lecture that has even been delivered in the School Gymnasium.

Mr. Saville began his lecture by a description of part of the French Riviera, and, because it was the part of France in which he had been brought up, he was able to punctuate his remarks with various anecdotes, which, if not keeping strictly to the point, were decidedly interesting.

Mr. Saville's accent, aided by his powers of vivid description, made his lecture all the more fascinating, because one felt that he was imbued with the spirit of the place of which he was speaking.

From the coast, Mr. Saville took us journeying up the Rhone Valley past Avignon, past the place from whence both Nero's mother and Pontius Pilate are supposed to have come, and so on up the beautiful river.

In passing, Mr. Saville compared the celebrated beauty of the Southern French women to that of Scottish women; here again the lecturer's remarks were not strictly on the subject, but I distinctly remember that this one caused a considerable amount of mirth.

For half an hour Mr. Saville continued in this strain, enumerating the beauties and historical interests of his native land, and at the end of that time he prepared to retire, but the blood of

the School was up, and a clamorous roar greeted him when he announced his intention of stopping.

It was then that Mrs. Whitaker rose and asked for what everyone had been waiting, the question of "food" (I might mention as a digression that a majority of the boarders pricked up their ears).

Mr. Saville apparently did not understand Mrs. Whitaker's aim, and after a few moments' careful reflection, he informed us that he had first eaten porridge in New Zealand, and potatoes in some other place, I forget where, but suddenly it flashed upon his inward eye that what Mrs. Whitaker was really trying to get at was the subject of "frogs and snails."

Shaking an admonitory finger at the offender, he proceeded to eulogise the joys of those delicacies—rose-fed snails, and small frog's tender pink legs.

We listened with great enjoyment, though with many an inward shudder, but Mr. Saville was quick to pounce on anybody with a too-disgusted face, and his explanatory gestures and forcible arguments made some of his hearers believe that the French *table d'hote* was perhaps not so weird as they had imagined.

I must add, too, that Mr. Saville retaliated to Mrs. Whitaker by saying that a great number of snails are imported into England annually for consumption by the English.

Everyone who heard Mr. Saville that Friday night thoroughly enjoyed their evening's entertainment, and great was the joy of many when, a few days ago, we heard that on July 19th, we would again see Mr. Saville. The matter must be laid before Mrs. Whitaker that she may find some more leading questions by then.

### UPPER IV CONCERT.

At the end of third term last year, Upper IV gave a short concert. Beyond the fact that the proceeds were to go to the Cot Fund, the affair was simply humorous. A penny was charged, no seats were provided, and the fun began. The gym. piano heroically responded to

the efforts of the brilliant players, and several short and light recitations were given by budding elocutionists.

There is no fun without a calamity, and one soon happened. At the beginning of a charming dialogue between a loving husband and wife, the curtain refused to go up. The cord or some such what-not had broken, and a much embarrassed wife, garbed in a uniform, was half seen peeping from behind a paper. A certain long-armed, long-legged member of the form came to the rescue, and held up one side of the curtain, and the other went up properly—for a while! The husband bounded in, in a short shirt and long black stocking—just home from the city, and full of news.

Unfortunately, wifey got her questions mixed; she forgot her part, and hubby tried nobly, but vainly, to make conversation. However, everyone laughed just the same. There was a short song, and someone called out, "Encore," but the songsters were away dressing for the climax.

It was a short play called "Raleigh's Romance," written by one of the girls. The frocking was exquisite, though it took three "ladies in waiting" to get "Queen Elizabeth" into her frock. The scenery was delightfully artistic, by reason of its absence. Queen Elizabeth stepped on, with shingled hair, and skirts which definitely did *not* reach her ankles, with her hand on Raleigh's arm. The Earl of Leicester appeared in a suit of questionable age and period, and the minor characters were almost modern.

The shrubbery in the second act was delightful, and the noiseless (?) way in which it was arranged, and taken off, was admirable.

A small peeping page should have been the strong man, for he suddenly pushed half a tree away from where it was tickling his nose.

There was a thrilling love scene, and then disclosure to the Queen, who, in wrath, sent Raleigh to the Tower. About six months later she relented, and went to the Tower to tell him so, and to pardon him. Raleigh, on bended knee, thankfully murmured that "words were too weak to express his gratitude," and the

Queen retired, to leave Raleigh and his pretty wife alone in a loving embrace as the curtain fell.

—P.T.

### WHY?

If the present is "bind," and the past tense is "bound,"  
Then why shouldn't "mind" have a past tense of "mound"?

If the past tense of "fights" is always "fought,"  
Why shouldn't the past of "he plights" be "he plought"?

You may find that "he flies" and often "he flew,"  
But the past tense of "dies" would never be "dew."

"She takes" in the past is certainly "took,"  
But who ever found "rakes" with a past tense of "rook"?

You speak of "he seats" and often "he sat,"  
But when did "he beats" have a past tense of "bat."

It is written thus, "swim," "swam," and "swum,"  
But imagine the use of "dim," "dam," and "dum"!

Again, "come" may be "came" and "sell" may be "sold,"  
But "quell" in the past would never be "quold."

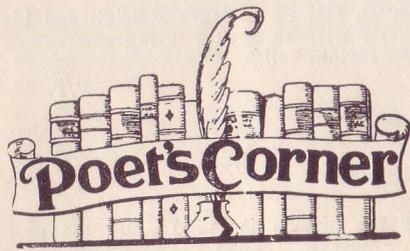
We often say "I do," and also "I did,"  
But one never sees "coo" with a past tense of "cid."

You may say that "he makes" and also "he made,"  
But when did "he fakes" have a past tense of "fade"?

The most usual of verbs are "has," "have," and "had,"  
But imagine the use of "was," "wave," and "wad."

So if "thought" in the past has a present of "think,"  
Why shouldn't "bought" have a present of "bink"?

—Helen Serjeant



### TO THE KOOKABURRA

It is not that we do not wish thee great,  
Our KOOKABURRA ripening for the  
press;

Our thoughts, our pride in thee are  
none the less;

Our hopes in thy yet undecided fate.  
Our wit is insufficient to create

Things worthy of thy great and lofty  
aim.

Through our aid thou canst never rise  
to fame.

Our trials thy creeds would merely vio-  
late.

Thus, in our humble pride, by giving  
naught,

We surely give the greatest gift to  
thee;

By keeping to ourselves our every thought  
We are the guardians of thy purity.

And when thou hast our talents vainly  
sought,

Refusal's shown our love's intensity.

*(Written in dejection near P.L.C. on be-  
ing worried to the verge of insanity by  
the Editor.—P.M.)*

### HOMework

*(With apologies to A. A. Milne)*

There's sun on the ocean and sun on the  
beach . . .

If you stand very still you can hear the  
gulls screech;

They are joyously wheeling o'er foaming  
white waves,

Which break on the seashore and whisper  
in caves.

But then I have my homework  
(Homework, homework!),  
All of us have homework, till of books  
we hate the sight.

The teachers pile on homework,

Maths. and French and Physics,  
While calling us are green waves, and  
sands of dazzling white.

There's wind in the grasses and wind in  
the trees . . .

I know a low bush where's a new swarm  
of bees.

The tall, swaying lilacs have started to  
bud—

In the pond baby tadpoles are swimming  
in mud!

But then I have my homework  
(Homework, homework!),  
All of us do homework, and we start be-  
fore it's light.

The teachers pile on homework,  
Maths, and French and Physics,  
While calling us are fresh winds that  
sweep from mountain height.

### SCHOOL AND SPORT AT P.L.C.

There are some girls at P.L.C.,  
Lovable, true, and gay,

Who play the game in wind and rain,  
And keep all foes at bay.

There's tennis and netball, hockey and  
gym;

They play them all with zest.

But in the summer's scorching sun,  
At swimming they're easily best.

When winter comes in June's cold weeks,  
Netball they keenly enjoy;

Hockey is played 'midst puffs and pants;  
And races—all tests employ.

Work must come before all sport  
Some teachers think—"Eh, what!"  
All girls must master the lessons taught  
To be a first class "swot."

—V. H.

### A TRIALET.

A Poor student came, experience to gain,  
To P.L.C.'s Junior Class.

Brimful of knowledge, up to the brain,  
A poor student came, experience to gain.

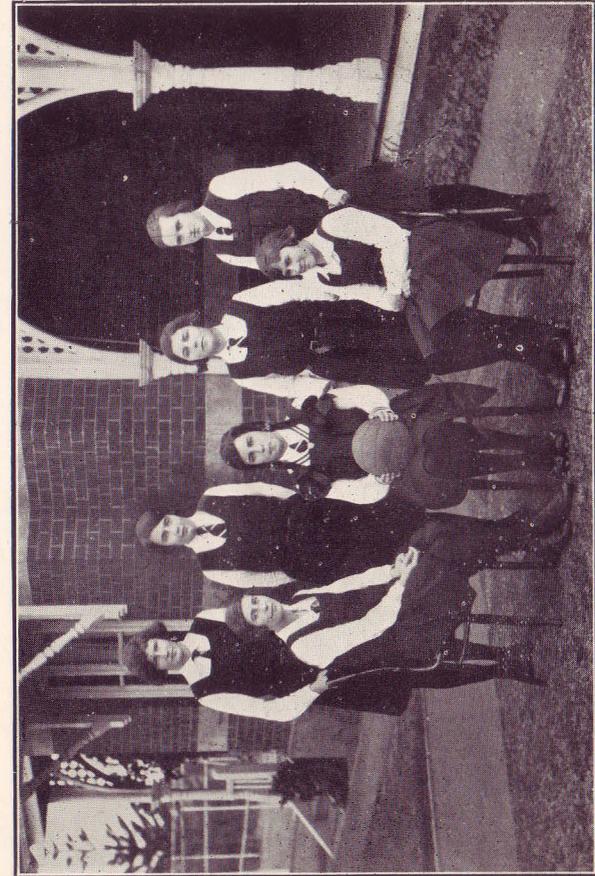
We all felt our stars must be on the  
wane,

Though the work she gave us could not  
be called farce!

A poor student came, experience to gain,  
To P.L.C.'s Junior Class.

—P. T.

### "A" NET BALL TEAM



Back Row—M. ROPER, B. BROWNE, V. HALL, B. WYLIE.  
Front Row—N. HETERICK, P. ROE (Capt.), B. WALSH.

"A" NET BALL TEAM



Back Row—M. ROPER, B. BROWNE, V. HALL, B. WYLIE.

Front Row—N. HETERICK, P. ROE (Capt.), B. WALSH.

## SWIMMING TEAM



Back—S. ROWLEY, B. WYLIE, B. JEFFREY,  
P. NUNN (Capt.)

## SWEET HOURS OF TOIL.

Labouring every minute  
For five long days a week,  
We fail to see what's in it,  
Labouring every minute.  
The prize, we strive to win it,  
And knowledge we aim to seek,  
Labouring every minute,  
For five long days a week.

## DAWN.

If you wake up early as the dawn be-  
gins to break,  
Come into the garden, for the birds are  
all awake.  
The east is tipped with orange as the  
sun gives forth its light;  
The air is sharp and misty, and a good  
day is in sight.  
The thrushes all are singing, and the  
sparrows rising high;  
They stand out like some tiny specks  
against the great, blue sky.  
Out upon the garden lawn, the wagtail  
looks for food,  
And even mother duck is up with all her  
yellow brood.  
The flowers are awakening, too, from out  
their cosy beds;  
And all the little pansies bloom, but  
droop their purple heads.  
So, if you wake up early, as the dawn  
begins to break,  
Go into the garden, for the flowers are  
all awake.

—MARY HOLT.

## UPHILL.

Has Junior brought the end of all our  
fears?  
No! After Leaving will your troubles  
end.  
And will the Leaving take two whole  
long years?  
For you perhaps it may take more, my  
friend.  
But is there not a holiday between?  
One long enough for all that you  
should need.  
Wouldst grieve if I should die at just  
sixteen?  
The work you do to no such end will  
lead.

Shall I meet those who learn without  
my pains?  
Yea! Truly, those with skill, who work  
apace.  
Must I explain I am not blessed with  
brains?  
No need! 'Tis too apparent in thy  
face.  
Think you that all who enter will suc-  
ceed?  
No! Heaps there'll be who back to  
school will go.  
And with distinction do you think I'll  
lead?  
Alas! How much I fear 't will not  
be so.

—S. R.

## A ROSEBUD.

'Twas on a sunny morning,  
In the month of May,  
That a tiny little rosebud  
Opened to the day.  
The sunbeams came and kiss'd it,  
The wind blew softly by;  
And fleecy clouds went sailing  
Across the bright blue sky.  
The birds sang in the tree tops,  
A bee buzzed round and round,  
While a tiny baby squirrel  
Ran hard, across the ground.  
But life lasts not for ever—  
That night a storm raged hard,  
And in the morn, the rosebud  
Lay broken, dead, and marred.

T. D'ARCEY-EVANS.

AN ORIGINAL "JUST SO" STORY.  
How the Cat Got Its Purr.

A long while ago, a wild cat lived in  
a wild wood, and this wild cat only ate  
mice and rats. It would touch nothing  
else. And so, at last, O Best Beloved,  
all the rats and mice went to live at  
the other end of the wood, beside the  
Quondong River, where it was too damp  
for the cat.

After two days and one night, the cat,  
having had nothing to eat, was feeling  
very hungry. It was just thinking it  
would starve, when a bee flew out of a  
hole in a hollow tree. The cat gulped it  
down, but to its alarm, it heard it buzzing

inside. This continued until the cat became quite used to it, and it rained so much, O Best Beloved, that the river overflowed, and the mice had to go back to the wood, so the cat had plenty to eat, and ever since cats have purred.

P. CHURCH,  
10 year 2 months.



### KINDERGARTEN'S CORNER

#### THAT NAUGHTY PETER THE GNOME

Peter, the Gnome, lived on the edge of the Windy Common, in a little round, green house. He had just bought this house from the Applewife, and it had no furniture in it. After looking at it and thinking how empty it was, he decided he needed a chair, a table and a bed. Early next morning he locked his front door and set off across the field to the house of Trippy, the Elf. Trippy was not home, as it was market day, so Peter opened the door and walked in.

The first thing he saw was a little round table standing under the window, with a white cloth upon it. "Ah!" thought Peter, "Trippy will not mind if I borrow it for one night," so he picked up the table and walked out across the fields to his own house. Half way home he met the witch-woman, who said to him: "Where are you going with that table, Peter?"

"I have just borrowed it from Trippy for one night, because I have not one of my own," said Peter. The Witch looked at him and murmured a spell under her breath, while Peter laughed and walked on.

After laying the table in his own home, he visited the Nonsense Gnomes. The Gnomes were out, so Peter borrowed one of their best parlour chairs. He put it on his shoulders and set out for home. As he was going along the path, the Witch, who was sitting beneath a tree, asked him what he was doing with the chair.

"I have just borrowed it from the Nonsense Gnomes, for one night," said he. The Witch-woman muttered another spell as Peter walked across the fields.

When he arrived home he lit the fire to cook his dinner. Then again locking his door, he flew away to borrow a bed from the fairies. All the fairies were at market, so he picked up one little bed and made his way home. The Witch saw him and muttered another spell.

Arriving home he made the bed and set his dinner on the table ready to be eaten. He pulled up a chair and sat down—and bump! he fell on the floor. He got up and sat on the chair again, and the same thing happened, so he stood up to eat. When he went to reach for his knife and fork, they moved away from him. He though he needed a rest, so he lay down, and the bed collapsed beneath him. Immediately he heard voices outside. Voices that said, "Where is my table?" "Where is our chair?" "Where is our bed?"

Peter was so frightened that he cried, "Here are your table, chair and bed. Take them quickly, for they are not kind to me."

The Witch Woman put her head through the window and said, "When I saw you borrowing those things, Peter, I put a spell upon them, to teach you not to borrow."

Peter said he was very sorry, and next day went to market and bought some furniture.

—S. BUTEMENT.

#### THE WIND

When I was out a-walking  
Upon a windy day,  
I heard the North Wind talking,  
And he said, "Come out and play."

So back I went and called my friends:  
"Oh, do come out and play;  
We'll play until the noon-day ends."  
And while they played, they sang a song  
And clear their voices rang;  
They skipped and hopped and jumped  
along;  
And the Wind, a song he sang.

—Shirley Church (aged 7)

#### FRIDAY

As I walked out on Friday  
Between the garden beds,  
The pretty, pretty flower-folk  
Were shaking all their heads.  
"Hush," said the lupin;  
"Hush," said the rose.  
I suddenly remembered why,  
And smiled at them as I passed by,  
And walked on tippytoes.  
For Friday night in Fairyland  
Is much the best of all,  
For Friday night is Queen's night,  
And then they have a ball.  
And every Friday afternoon  
The fairies like to rest;  
They creep inside the friendly flowers  
And there they sleep for hours and  
hours

That they may look their best.

—Ailsa Pestalozzi (aged 9)

#### THE STORY OF AN ORANGE TREE

There was once an orange tree covered in white blossom, which had a most beautiful scent. By and by, when the blossoms were gone, little tiny green oranges could be seen.

When the sun and rain came the oranges began to get bigger and bigger, and soon the sun shone so much that the oranges began to get riper and riper, and then one day somebody came to see if they were ripe enough to go to market. The next day a man came and picked all the oranges off the tree and sent them to market and the case was bought and sent away.

—Marjorie Lissiman (aged 7½)

#### What I Saw.

One day while roaming in the dell,  
I heard the sound of a far-off bell.  
And then it seemed to my listening ear,  
The sound drew nearer and ever clear;  
And soon before my wondering eyes,  
A procession marched in fairy-wise:  
Oberon with his mischievous Puck—  
The farmhand's bane and the shepherd's  
luck—  
Oberon with Puck by his side,

Walked with Titania, his fairy bride.  
Elves and fairies, a happy throng.  
Behind them both came dancing along,  
In rainbow hues and cloth of gold;  
They brought to their Majesties treasure  
untold,  
Dew from the cowslip and meadow-  
flower,  
Brought to Titania in fairy bower.  
Sugar-sweet honey from the blundering  
bee,  
Butterflies' wings blown from the sea.  
On a mossy stone, was the table laid,  
Graced with cream from the small milk-  
maid.  
And there in the heart of the leafy dell,  
The drudging goblin served them well.  
And then a bird with a rush of sound,  
Fluttered by them, near to the ground;  
And in a twinkling the dell was bare,  
Just as it was when I wandered there.

—ANON.

#### VALETE

- J. ANDREWS (1918-1928): "C" tennis team (captain), 1924; "B" tennis team, 1925; "A" tennis team, 1926-28 (captain, 1928); netball team, 1925-8; Editorial Committee, 1927; sub-editor, 1928; Prefect, 1928; scholarship, 1927-8; Junior, 1925; Leaving, 1927.
- L. BAIN (1926-28): Netball team, 1927; Prefect, 1928.
- N. BAIRD (1925-28): Junior, 1926.
- J. CHURCH (1919-28): Junior, 1927; Scholarship, 1928.
- R. DISHER (1926-28): Junior, 1928; "C" tennis team, 1926.
- M. EDWARD (1925-28): Junior, 1926.
- D. FORBES (1918-28); "C" tennis team, 1925; "A" tennis team, 1926-1928; "A" swimming team, 1926-28; netball team, 1925-28; interschool sports, 1920-8; champion athlete of P.L.C., 1927.
- N. FORBES (1918-1928): "C" tennis team, 1924; "A" tennis team, 1926-8; netball team, 1927-28.
- D. FOWLER (1925-28): Junior, 1928; Magazine Committee, 1928.
- L. FRASER (1927-8): Prefect, 1928; Leaving, 1928.
- R. GRIEVE (1922-8): Junior, 1928; Magazine Committee, 1928; "C" tennis team, 1927.

J. HUGHES (1926-8): "C" tennis team (captain), 1927; "B" tennis team, 1928; Junior, 1928; Magazine Committee, 1928.

D. ICK (1927-8): Prefect, 1928.

R. KEIGHTLEY (1920-8): "B" tennis team, 1927; captain, 1928; Junior, 1925; Leaving, 1928; Prefect, 1927-8; Head Prefect, 1928; scholarship, 1928; Magazine Committee, 1928.

A. KENNEDY (1927-8): Junior, 1928.

J. McLARTY (1923-8): Junior, 1928; Prefect, 1926-8.

B. RIPPER (1926-8): Junior, 1928.

M. SMITH (1925-8): Netball team, 1928.

M. WITTEOOM (1923-28): Junior, 1928; "B" tennis team, 1928.

### HOWLERS.

The oil industry of America is derived from wails of the Arctic Ocean.

The maximum and minimum thermometer donates the highest and lowest temperatures of the day.

A rectangle is one in which the sides are longer than the top lines.

A rhombus is a quadrilateral triangle.

A rectangle is a little more than a right angle.

The sides of a square are all equal, each side being 90 degrees.

As it was Michaelmas Day he felt like a roast dinner.

By whom, to whom, and on what occasion, were the following words spoken:—"When you came away from home at the end of the vacation, were they all well?"

Answer.—Moses said these words to the eleven brothers when they came to buy corn in Egypt.

### ON DIT.

THAT the age of chivalry is *not* dead. THAT Dame Fashion does not interfere with schoolgirls (appearances must be deceptive).

THAT red ink is sometimes used as an adornment for the face when nothing else is available.

THAT New South Wales produces excellent sheep for beef.

THAT Fanny Tuppence and Co. are excellent bird-catchers.

THAT Polynesians come from Poland.

THAT mattresses soak up medicine beautifully.

THAT modesty compelled one youthful authoress to sign an article "unanimous."

### WHAT CHAUCER THINKS OF VIA.

P.M.—For hardil she was not undergrowe.

G.D.—What sholde she studie and make hir selven word.

S.R.—Ful longe were hir legges and ful lene.

P.L.—So hote she lovede that by nightertale, she sleep no more than dooth a nightingale.

J.B.—With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse.

B.H.—Hir studie was but litle on the Bible.

P.R.—Hir nose tretys her eyen greye as glas.

B.B.—A hote somer had maad hir hewal broun.

N.H.—Benigne she was and wonder diligent.

H.S.—Heer as yellow as wex. But smoothe it heng as doth a stryke of flex.

M.B.—Of studie took she most care and most hide.

E.K.—Sickerly she hadde a fair forheed. It was almost a spanne brood I trowe.

F.T.—Hir resons spake she ful solempnely.

—ANON.

### LAMB'S ESSAYS

"A Chapter on Ears."—A singing lesson on a Friday morning.

"All Fool's Day."—"The Flippant Frolic."

"A Quaker's Meeting."—Scene in the "Carrot Patch" on Friday afternoon.

"Old China."—P.L.C.'s crockery.

"Dream Children: a Reverie."—P.L.C.-ites who obey the rules.

"The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple."—The Prefects.

"My First Play."—"Raleigh's Romance."

"The Genteel Style in Writing."—Sixth Form English essays.

"Imperfect Sympathies."—The lecture of a mistress to a scholar who has not done her prep.

"Modern Gallantry."—The rescue of "Glorious."

### THREE ONE-WORD PLAYS

(Presented by Form VI)

#### I

SCENE: VIA FORM ROOM

(Curtain rises on VIA sitting placidly at desks during biology)

Miss Le Soeuf (annoyed): Phyllis!

Phyllis (surprised): What?

Miss L.S. (more annoyed): Face?

Phyllis (bewildered): Face?!?!

Miss L.S. (still more annoyed): Natural?

Phyllis (indignant): Qu-quite!  
Curtain!

#### II

SCENE I: PREFECTS' ROOM

(Several Prefects seated round bare table; general air of expectancy)

[Enter Glorious]

Glorious (undecidedly): Meeting?

Nancy (eagerly): Cakes?

[Enter Lizzie with small parcel]

Lizzie (triumphantly): Yes!

Rat (hungrily): Biscuits?

Bucket (revealing several packets gloatingly): Yes!

Tupper (thirstily): Tea?

Bunny (knowingly): Kitchen!

[Enter Elsie rubbing her hands]

Elsie (with broad smile of satisfaction on her rosy face): Made!

All (joyfully): Meeting!

Curtain

SCENE II: PREFECTS' ROOM

(Table littered with cups, plates, teapot, edibles, etc. All Prefects seated round table munching contentedly, except Joan who is lying in the depths of the one and only armchair with minute-book perched on her knees and pencil in mouth.)

Joan (wrathfully): Minutes?

Glorious (authoritatively): Yes!

Nancy *Pause for a* : Next

Rat *moment to utter* : Week

Elsie *a word decidedly,* : We

Bunny *and then continue* : Want

Tupper *their satisfying* : To

Pattie *occupation* : Eat

Bucket : Now!

(Arm chair collapses. Glorious manfully rises to the occasion and goes to Joan's assistance.)

Curtain

#### III

SCENE I: GYMNASIUM

(Miss Martin on box; Singing Class regarding her obediently. Enter Molly wrapped in blazers, etc., holding large handkerchief. Lesson begins. Miss Martin, after first verse has been sung, stops the music and addresses Molly.)

Miss Martin (angrily): Sing!

Molly (dolefully): Can't!

Miss M. (menacingly): Why?

Molly (nosily): Cold!

Miss M. (disdainfully): Hump!

Molly (protestingly): Miss —! !

Miss M. (disparagingly): Try!

Curtain descends amidst renewed effort.

## OLD COLLEGIANS' PAGE

### Office Bearers:

*President:* Miss A. Thiel.  
*Vice-President:* Miss J. Phemister, M.A.  
*Secretary:* Miss N. Martin.  
*Asst. Secretary:* Miss J. Wingrove.  
*Treasurer:* Miss J. Beith Wilson.  
*Committee:* Editorial Member, Miss D. Davis; Social Member, Miss L. Kempton; Metropolitan Members, Miss D. Ick, Miss D. Armstrong, Miss S. McClelland; Branch Secretaries—Bunbury, Miss P. Rose; Geraldton, Miss K. Morrisby.

Once again we old girls take up the pen to chronicle our doings, and to give some idea of the whereabouts of "the old familiar faces." And if some of us have not done all the things we intended to do, and if life has not turned out to be the wonderful dream that it promised when we gazed through the top dorm. windows at the great liners sailing away into the sunset—yet, there are compensations. Some of us have found that *work* is wonderful and brings undreamed of satisfaction; some are discovering that real joy lies in the little daily happenings and in service to others; others again still feel—"something I must do individual, to vindicate my nature, and to give proof that I also am a—woman," to misquote slightly. We hope that these will go far and become builders of the Empire; but most of us, I think, have found that the splendid Spanish castles built during the long dusky Sunday evenings in the old gardens at P.L.C. have not materialised, and realise that it is perhaps better so. We cannot all be giants.

To strike a less mournful note—some of the girls have been doing great things in the travelling line; England is no longer a vague spot on the map to many of us. Also, in the matrimonial line P.L.C. has been keeping her end up, which only goes to prove that the peacock feathers which adorned the mantlepiece of the drawingroom at P.L.C. for so many years made no difference after all!

Since the KOOKABURRA last went to press many changes have taken place, and many Old Collegiate functions have

been held, the main event as usual being the annual dance. This was well attended and voted a great success—due in no little measure (according to the male members of the party) to the orchestra!

On the 26th February, a bridge evening was held at the home of the president, Miss Nancy Martin, to augment the association's funds, and was also a great success. About fifteen tables were organised.

The annual tennis match—School *v.* O.C.A.—was played at the School on April 27th, resulting in a win by 5 to 3 sets for the Old Girls. The O.C.A. team was as follows: C. Dodd, G. Thomas, J. Andrews, and K. Grieve. It was intended to arrange a tournament during the afternoon amongst the other Old Girls present, but, owing to the poor attendance, it was found impossible to do so.

Our next gathering was in the form of a bridge evening, held at the School, on the 22nd June, when Miss Phemister kindly placed her private sitting room at our disposal. The attendance was small, but those present thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

On 13th July last seven of our members came down off the shelf, threw their dignity to the winds, and did their best to defeat the School on the basketball field. However, the present girls proved too good for us, winning the match at 20-15 goals. Those playing for the Old Girls were: E. Builder (captain), N. Forbes, D. Forbes, O. Keightley, M. Murray, M. Anderson, and G. Numm.

Twelve months have passed and the O.C.A. dance is again on the horizon. This event will again be held on the Wednesday in Show Week, and we hope Old Girls will make a note of the date and roll up.

### Now for our individual members:

Garg Officer leaves England with her mother on October 4th, by the Moldavia. There are many who will be glad to see her cheery face back in Perth again. Garg has had a wonderful trip, staying with relations in Scotland (who, by the way, girls, are the real thing—the men in kilts, etc.!). and she went on to enjoy the warm suns of the Riviera, thereby luckily escaping, to some extent, the

terrible burst of cold weather which struck Europe at that time, now known as the Ice Age.

Helen Beaton is down from her station home, Thundelarra, and has been staying with the Johnstons, at Maddington.

Enid Clarke is nowadays the nurse of Dr. Joel, one of Bunbury's leading medics, and is very keen on her work.

Mollie Davis, who has been in training at Perth Hospital, for the past two and a half years, will have finished her course in a few months, and recently passed her examination for the A.T.N.A., topping the State in marks, for which we all heartily congratulate her. Joan Solomon is also nursing at the Children's, and Alison Sanderson has joined the ranks there recently.

Joan Blackall has been staying in Adelaide, and is now in Victoria, where she hopes to attend some of the winter sports, Joan will fly back to us when she returns to W.A. *En avant* P.L.C.

Beryl Rosman is, as ever, a great golfer, and Perth champions have to look to their laurels when she arrives on the scene. She has been staying for a very long time down near Katanning, but all that is now explained! Her fiance, E. M. Ladyman, owns a farm down there, and, as most of us will remember, was, a few years ago, Perth's junior tennis champion. Congratulations, Rossy!

Joan Darbyshire was home for the Christmas holidays, with her family, in Rheola Street, West Perth. Joan is now a fully-fledged doctor and P.L.C. is proud of her. She passed her finals at the Melbourne University, gaining honours in Medicine, and is now a resident at the Melbourne Hospital.

Lila Kempton is another of the newly-engaged ladies, and we all wish her the best of luck. She, with her family, left her old home in Geraldton last year, and now resides in Walter Street, Claremont. Lila is Doctor Baldwin Gill's nurse, and likes her job immensely.

Dot and Mollie Davis have also moved down with their family to the metropolis, having sold their station near Geraldton. They now reside in Bagot Road, Subiaco.

Dot recently returned from a seven-months' trip to the East, where, among others, she stayed with some very old P.L.C.-ites, whose names take us back to the dim, dark days of 1919—Dot and Isobel Oxer, who have almost grown out of recognition. They live now at Ormond College, their father being a professor there. Ox is doing second year nursing at the "Melbourne," and loves it. Issy was taking a University course, but, unluckily, had to give it up on account of illness.

Norma Rolland was a quaint figure at the historical ball, in a patterned silk dress of about twenty years ago, and a large, rose-bedecked hat. One elderly gentleman came up to her and began speaking, quite under the impression that she was her own mother! Norma has recently been holding down a job as Dr. Syme Johnson's nurse, and liking it, too; but was glad to get back to her garden, which had suffered in her absence. Norma is a great gardener, and what she doesn't know about cutting back and manuring isn't worth knowing.

Two old girls on the School staff are Nessie Horgan and Dorothy Ick.

Among the University representatives Evelyn Andrews gained a Hackett studentship last year and is now demonstrating in biology while continuing her research work for M.Sc.; Edith Builder, who passed first year Arts with distinction; Joyce Harris and Agnes Cunningham, both doing their final year in Arts.

Kath. Piesse, who is engaged to Edgar Grant, is away touring Europe with her mother. She came in for the winter sports in Switzerland.

Hetty Forbes has been holidaying at Atley Station, the home of the Blacks, near Sandstone.

Tissie McIntyre and Mary Edgar were both seen playing in the recent King's Park Tennis Club tournament.

Dot Male and Joyce Stephens are two more who are lately returned from a trip to England. Both are engaged.

Betty Wood has started kindergarten training. Julia Lazarus is doing office work; while Alice Rose daily receives tuition towards that end.

Dot Solomon is to be congratulated on her splendid success in the Filippini Operas this year. She took the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto," and did wonderfully well. Dot is also playing a very sound game of tennis these days.

Lel Barker has been staying with Mollie Hawkins (Bug), whose small son would, we expect, be the chief topic of conversation. Lel also stayed with Enid Drummond (Irgins). Lel is to be married in a few months and already has her home chosen in Claremont.

Mollie Reading has just returned from a trip to Borneo.

Maxine Joel, May Verscher, Edna Slee and Prec. Rose were all in town for the Boat Race. Prec. has just plighted her troth to Eric Johnston. Jean Tassie is also engaged, but we find it impossible to find out the name of the lucky man. Please enlighten us, Jean!

Those of us who were at School with Freda Carter will be interested to know that she is now Mrs. H. Biggin, and living in Kondinin.

A rather jolly Old Collegians' dinner party was held in Bunbury last February at the Prince of Wales Hotel. Mrs. Frank Slee (Edna Rose) graced the head of the table, and Mrs. Congi Drummond the foot. Others who made up the party were: Maxine Joel, Lucie Nenke, Enid Clarke, Julia Lazarus, Precious Rose, Joyce Stephens, and Dot Davis. At each place stood a little black kewpie with the familiar brown, gold and blue ribbons wound round his fat tummy, and a square white card on which was written the subject of a speech which each member of the party had, willy-nilly, to make. As these were on such abstruse subjects as "Bunbury as a Naval Depot," "The Infant: Its Care and Upbringing," "Should Cigarette-butts be Used to Flavour Gravy?," "Deep-sea Fishing," etc., the speeches can better be imagined than described, and, judging from the howls of mirth that ensued, there was not so very much difference between these grown-up young ladies and the school-girls of a few years ago. The party ended with the toasting of the married ladies and the singing of "Oh, Let Us be Joyful," and "Shall we Gather at the River," and so terminated a very happy re-union.

## PERSONAL NOTES

### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hawkins (*nee* Mollie Honey)—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ken Allen (*nee* Annabel Plaistowe)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. Nunn (*nee* Mary Trigg)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Monger (*nee* Kitty Anderson)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas (*nee* May Piper)—a daughter.

### ENGAGEMENTS

Precious Rose, of Bunbury, to Eric Johnston, of Bunbury; Joyce Stephens, of Wooroloo, to Victor Evans, of the Orient Office; Lila Kempton, of Claremont, to Leslie Cowan, of Subiaco; Beryl Rosman, of Kalgoorlie, to E. M. Ladyman, of Katanning; Kath. Cadd, of West Perth, to H. Leiper, of Sydney; Kath. Piesse, of West Perth, to Edgar Grant, of Wagarno Station; Dot Male, of West Perth, to Baxter Enever, of Watsford, Hertfordshire, England.

### MARRIAGES

A recent wedding of interest to Old Collegians was that of Mary Mountain to Mr. Reg. Percy, of Youthapina Station, Meekatharra. It took place in Geraldton, on January 30th, at Christchurch. The bride, whom we all remember as one of the prettiest girls who ever broke rules at P.L.C., was gowned in parchment tinted satin and fine lace, made with a knee-length skirt in front, and the long back dropping away into a graceful train. She wore a wreath of orange blossom on her head and a long tulle veil; and carried a sheaf of deep cream roses. The bridesmaids—Norma Rolland and Betty Mountain (the latter is soon to follow in Mary's footsteps)—wore exquisite frocks of tea-rose colourings—pale pink crepe de chine and pale teal-coloured lace, with wreaths of gold leaves in their hair. They carried posies

of pale pink and darker pink roses, and wore delicate little diamond earrings, gifts of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr. Keith Mitchell, of The Grange, Irwin, and Mr. Leighton Woodroffe carried out the duties of groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Percy motored to Perth and then took passage on board the Cathay for their honeymoon, which was spent in Ceylon.

Another wedding was that of Enid Irgins to Mr. Congi Drummond. They suddenly decided to rush off and be married three weeks earlier than they had originally intended, owing to some mix-up over some cattle of the groom's; so they dashed off to Fremantle and were married by Archdeacon Hudleston, with only seven people present, Enid in a pretty flowered ninon, instead of the beautiful white georgette wedding dress ready for her. They then got into a dilapidated old car, piled into the back of it all their household necessities, crowned the edifice with the dog, and then drove delightedly round telling their surprised friends the joyful news before setting forth for their farm at Kulikup.

A very quiet wedding was that of Shiela Love, of Cottesloe, to Mr. Harold Readhead, of Minninooka Station, Geraldton. It took place in the Cathedral at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 30th March, with just the families present, and Shiela John. The bride wore her travelling dress for the ceremony, an ensemble suit in shades of biege and green, with a felt hat in the same tones, and looked very sweet. The bridegroom is well known in the polo world, and, as the polo season was then in full swing, the honeymoon was spent in Perth.

On December 21st, Ada Cooke cast spinsterhood behind her, and walked up to the altar of St. Mary's Church, West Perth, to meet Mr. Jack Gooch, of Manbury Station, Carnarvon. The Rev. C. L. Riley tied the nuptial knot. The church was decorated by friends of the bride, with palms, blue larkspurs, and

blue hydrangea. Ada wore a dress of primrose coloured net with a long court train, and a veil of old cream lace. She was attended by her sister, Marion, in a gown of pink net with a prettily pointed hem to the skirt, and a beige Ballybrunton straw hat. They both carried bouquets of roses. The best man was Mr. Ronno Hawkes, of South Australia. Dancing was enjoyed at the Karrakatta Club where a reception was afterwards held. The bride left in a powder-blue ensemble with hat to match, and the honeymoon was spent in the Eastern States.

The marriage of Isobel McConaghy to Mr. Ivan Gordon Piper, of Cottesloe, took place on July 31st, 1928, at Trinity Presbyterian Church, East Camberwell, Victoria. The bride looked charming in a sleeveless flesh pink georgette frock, the skirt trimmed with tiny silver lace frills, while from her shoulders, fell a long train of silver lame. A beautiful Brussels lace veil was caught at each side of her head by a cluster of orange blossom while her bouquet consisted of white and pale pink roses. The bridesmaids were Mabel Steele and Joyce Thomas, who wore respectively frocks of shell pink and soft blue chiffon velvet, with tight bodices and long full handkerchief skirts, and matching felt hats. The best man was Mr. Ray Wilkinson, and Mr. John McConaghy was groomsman. A reception was held later at 9 Highbury Grove, Kew, the home of the bride's parents.

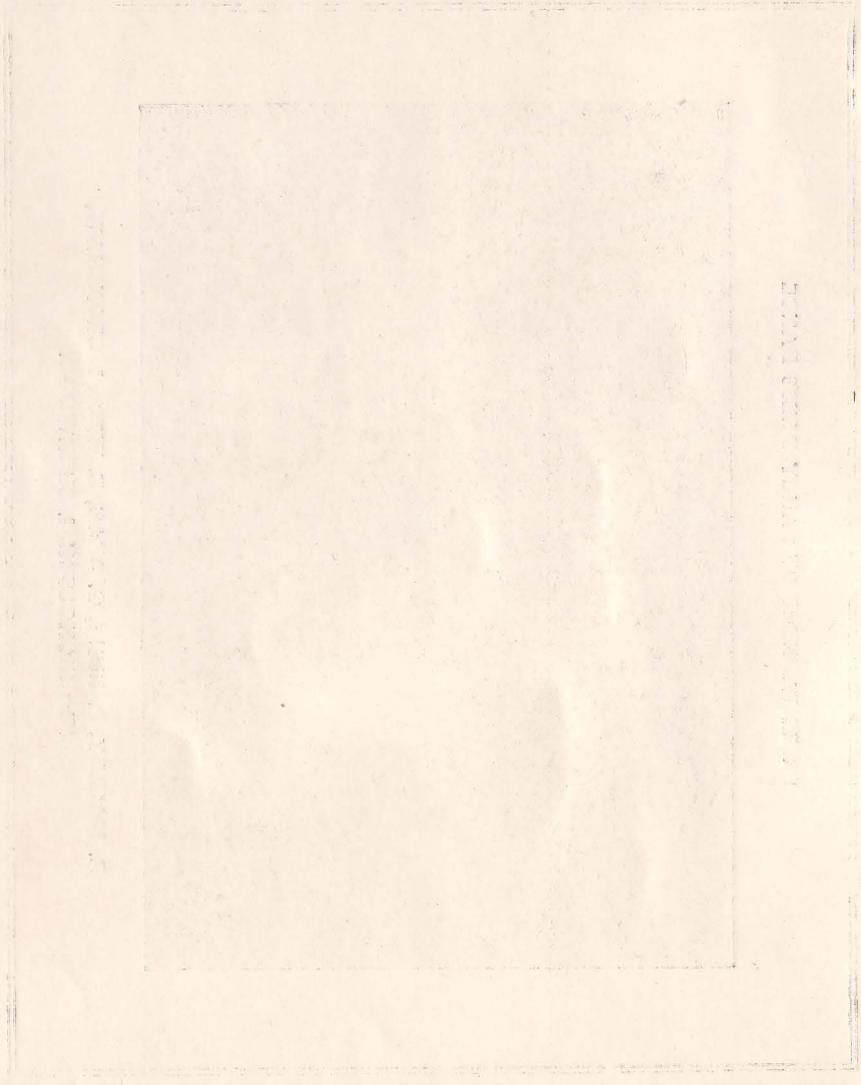
The nuptial knot was tied between Margaret Moule and Mr. Jack Taylor, of Pingelly, in Wagin, on July 10th, at seven o'clock in the evening. Just the two families were present. Mr. Tony Taylor was best man, and Harriet Moule the bridesmaid. Margaret's wedding gown was of white satin and tulle, and she wore the traditional long veil. A small reception was afterwards held in Wagin. Mrs. Taylor left on her honeymoon looking very sweet indeed in a blue and grey ensemble suit with hat to match.

—D.D., Editorial Member.

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