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SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row (reading left to right): D. Stockdill, F. Hodgson, T. Joel, L. Nichols.

Middle Row: Misses E. Phillis, E. Dolley, V. Bunce, P. Taylor, R. Forsyth.

Front Row: Miss S. Trobridge, K. Prichard, Miss G. Blond, Mr. A. J. Irvine (Head Master), P. Grapes,
Miss N. Anderson, R. Smith. Absent: Miss J. Major and W. Moyle



THE KINGIA

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EDITORIAL

When writing—even an editorial—it is hard, almost impossible, to write anything original. Every phrase and every telling sentence has been said before. In fact the only person who had the slightest chance of being original, was Adam. How very fortunate for us that he was not a prolific writer. Did he ever write anything? Of course he must have. But as it is difficult to be original, we do not esteem highly the excuses of all the brainy people who did not contribute to our magazine.

The most striking thing among our school activities during the year is the vigorous manner in which the school has turned to raising money and knitting articles for the School's war effort and Red Cross. Early in the year a junior branch of the Red Cross was formed amongst the upper-school girls but was soon extended to include the whole school. At first the raising of funds was not done very systematically but thanks to Mrs. Johnson's oft repeated, "penny per week per student," the money is collected every week by the faction captains. The newly formed Dramatic Society gave two concerts, the proceeds going towards the war effort. Many of the High School's Ex-Students are serving in the Australian Forces overseas while some are with the nurses who are also abroad.

For some time now disturbing sounds have come from all parts of the school but by now we are all used to the noises made by the workmen. The additions to the school will, we hope, compensate for the distraction. The school, itself seems unfamiliar with all the heaps of wood, bricks and other signs of construction. We feel we are losing an old friend and hoping to find a new one.

We should welcome all the new staff but they are already old friends, and need no such welcome as we would extend to strangers.

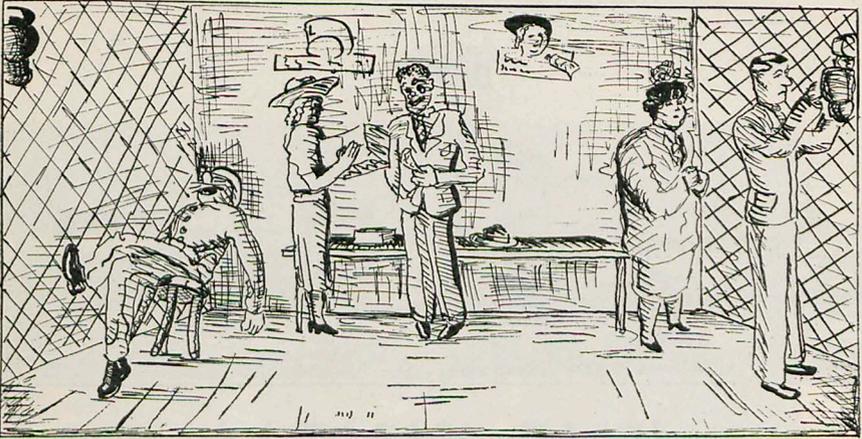
This editorial should, by precedent, close with some prosy quotation which bids us work to bring fame and honour unto ourselves and incidentally others. But we prefer to repeat our school motto, "En avant."

—THE EDITORS.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES

(By Connie Beauclarke)

Spencer Tracy, Greta Garbo, Mickey Rooney . . . why they aren't in the same street as the members of the Dramatic Society! Talent! Why the society is oozing brilliant talent. That, of course, is the reason why our concerts have been such successes. But seriously, this Dramatic Society has unearthed a great deal of talent. The club was formed to provide funds for the Red Cross and now we have in hand quite a nice sum for this purpose.



A Scene from the "Liftman."

Apologies to B.H.S. Dramatic Club.

The committee are Miss Ruth Carroll (president), Miss Jean Trotter (treasurer), Neville Teede (secretary), Miss Connie Beauclarke (producer), Theo Joel, Miss Winnifred Adams, Miss Margaret Rea, Noel Barber, Miss Carol Ritchie (Form representatives).

The society wishes to thank Mr. Colgan and assistants for expert stage managing and hope he will accept our appreciation and gratitude. Also various members of the staff by whose co-operation the concerts have been successful, we wish to thank most sincerely.

Although there are a number of very keen members already, we hope to double, and possible treble, the members' list, for it is not only by acting that you qualify as a good member, but by helping in various ways. Ingenious ideas for properties are always welcomed.

Our last concert was a great success, both financially and as an entertainment. Miss Bridge produced half the programme with an elocution class, while the society produced the other half. The crowd in the audience was far beyond expectation and the evening opened with an overture played by Miss Margaret Forrest, whose talent is undoubted. Miss Jean Trotter and Mr. Alan Wilson sang a much appreciated duet. Miss Betty Hugall and Miss Lorna Scott sang very charming solos. Two sketches were produced by Miss Ruth Carroll, these being "Miss Prendergast" and "At Dead of Night." The characters in "Miss Prendergast" were Miss Frances Dodson

as Jane. "The elder jilted sister" or "maiden aunt" part is usually allotted to Frances, but she excels at it. Alice, the younger sister, as played by Miss Margaret Forrest, was undoubtedly a success; James Bootle, by David Malden, was very good and deserves much praise; the maid, Mary, acted by Miss Betty Rice, was small but well done.

"At Dead of Night": This sketch was acted by debonair Morgan Smith, as Dick the convict, while Theo Hall made an impressive Jasper Beeste; Miss Carol Ritchie, as Millicent, was very lovely, while Reggie Bradshaw, as Two-toed Thomas, was a scream. Rex Towie, the really tough detective, was the additional flavour to the stew and must be congratulated. This cast was well chosen and well acted.

Miss Tate produced "Five Birds in a Cage," and must be congratulated upon a good production. Miss Ruth Carroll played the part of Susan, the Duchess of Wiltsaire, excellently, and looked most effective even during lift shakings. Noel Barber played very well the part of Leonard, the dimwit suitor of Susan. Noel was given the part at a week's notice but proved himself a true Aussie and did that part admirably. Miss Connie Beauclarke took the part of Nellie, the shop girl, and proved herself an actress of some talent. Bryce Clugson took his part of Bert as one born to the stage. The tired lift-man, 'Orace, who acted marvellously by laconic Dave Evans.

The other production by Miss Connie Beauclarke was a credit to her. "The Man in the Bowler Hat" was a

success. Miss Jean Trotter took excellently her part of Mary, a very ordinary person. Alan Wilson took his part as John, Mary's ordinary husband, very well, and deserves a great deal of praise. The "hero" was acted splendidly by our faithful Stanley Richards. Stan looked quite handsome with all that grease paint hiding his face. The villain was a pearl! The ferocious, ruthless tyrant was acted by Norman Lindsay. It is a pity that marvellous moustache got smudged, isn't it, Linds? The "bad man" was splendidly taken by D. Murray. The "heroine" was very charmingly taken by Winnifred Adams.

The evening finished very pleasantly with a presentation of bouquets to Miss Bridge and to Miss Tate.

HARVEY-BUNBURY BUS NOTES

It is not usual to write bus notes, but as the "bus-ites" comprise a large proportion of the school, I think they are necessary.

Our bus has been a source of annoyance to the teachers, owing to its habit of arriving late (especially Monday mornings).

We are all very interesting, or so thought the horse who put his head through the window to see us better. Unluckily the horse was attached to a cart, the shafts of which were smashed and our window broken. Thanks to our level-headed driver no other damage was done—except to the pocket of the horse's owner.

Another exciting event was when the bus caught fire. We piled out, but the fire soon disappeared and a new cable was obtained from the garage in front of which the bus had conveniently set up combustion, and we sailed merrily on, arriving, of course, rather late.

In our new bus we have much more room, but also, unfortunately, a lot more passengers. In wet weather this bus is badly afflicted with a disease called "constant dripping," but is quite comfortable for those who know its wet spots.

Even some of our passengers are amusing—notably the debonair young man who opened the door too soon and added a definite angle to the electric light post, putting the main street lights out of action for the night. One passenger seemed to have come to stay

—with three large suitcases, a tennis racquet and golf kit.

We have a nice set of gentlemen who manage to secure seats by hook or by crook and who are always eating lollies bought by the girls, while they never buy any for themselves (or other people). Our public nuisance No. 1 pays for his masculine inferiorities by the amusement he causes, especially when pestering the young lady who is scared stiff of him.

If our hats blow out the window our driver tells us that it costs 6d. every time he stops. But how does he account for the fact that he only charges 4/- to the passenger for whom he stops 20 times a week? The bkes fall off the back nearly every time there is one to do the trick. We nearly had an umbrella taking wings, too, when the public nuisance hung it out the window.

We had a delightful time during the epidemic of measles with only a few passengers. On Friday nights, however, we are packed in like sardines with all the week-enders and passengers on board. So if you wish to join us just let us know and maybe you will find your seat reserved.

"BUS-ITE."



**One Pair
to each
Person.**

That is all Nature has given us. So when you find you have neither time, inclination, nor ability to

**Dry Clean and
Press Your Clothes,**

put the job into our capable hands.

New garments dry cleaned at proper intervals seldom grow old in appearance.

**SOUTH-WEST
DRY CLEANERS**

Victoria St., BUNBURY.

SPORTS NOTES

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

SEVERAL RECORDS BROKEN

The annual sports meeting of the Bunbury High School was held on the recreation ground on Tuesday, October 9, and passed off very successfully. A high degree of athletic prowess was shown. In the senior boys' events, the mile and the 880 yards resulted in records being broken, the respective details being: T. Joel (4.48 1-5) and T. Joel (2.10 4-5). In the junior boys' division a record was established in the 440 yards by G. Gillon, time 58 seconds. The title of school champion went to K. Wilson, with 23 points, with T. Joel only one point behind, with P. Grapes (19 points) in third place. The junior championship went to G. Gillon (44 points), followed by J. McArthur (26 points) and J. Connolly (14 points).

Faction points resulted as follows: Blue 133, Kingia 120, Gold 60, Red 40.

Main results in the girls' events were:

Faction points: Blue 30, Gold 85, Kingia 42½, Red 129½.

Senior championship points: A. Rowston 30, R. Forsyth 18.

Junior championship points: M. Rowston 20, J. Trotter 15.

Details:

BOYS' EVENTS

(B) Blue, (G) Gold, (K) Kingia
(R) Red, * Record.

Seniors

100yds.: L. Nichols (K) 1, N. Dawson (G) 2, P. Grapes (G) 3, T. Joel (B) 4; 11secs.

220yds.: L. Nichols (K) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, N. Dawson (G) 3, T. Joel (B) 4; 25secs.

440yds.: T. Joel (B) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, N. Lindsay (B) 3, R. Smith (R) 4; 55 4-5secs.

880yds.: T. Joel (B) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, N. Lindsay (B) 3, R. Towie (R) 4; 2.10 4-5secs*

Mile: T. Joel (B) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, S. Richards (R) 3, N. Lindsay (B) 4; 4.48 1-5secs*

Broad jump: P. Grapes (G) 1, G. Gillon (K) 2, K. Wilson (B) 3, L. Nichol (K) 4; 17ft. 10in.

High jump: N. Dawson (G) and P. Grapes (G), tie 1, N. Lindsay (B) 3, C. Richards (R) 4; 5ft. 2¾in.

Hop, step and jump: P. Grapes (G) 1, N. Dawson (G) 2, T. Joel (B) 3, K. Wilson (B) 4; 39ft. 9in.

Cricket ball throw: N. Lindsay (B) 1, I. McBroom (R) 2, C. Earl (B) 3, K. Wilson (B) 4; 85yds. 1ft. 9in.

Football kick: L. Nichols (K) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, N. Lindsay (B) 3, K. Mort (B) 4; 55yds. 2ft. 6in.

120yds. hurdles, first heat: C. Prichard (R) 1, N. Dawson (G) 2, 19secs.; second heat, K. Wilson (B) 1, K. Prichard (R) 2, 19 secs.; final, C.

STUDENTS!

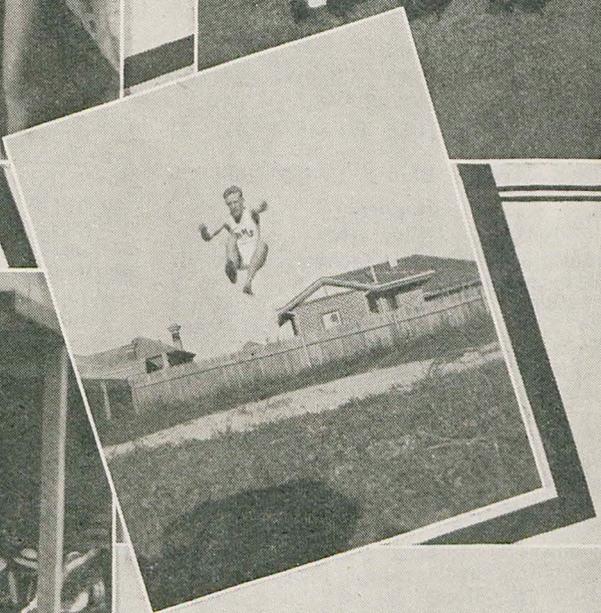
Have Your Next Haircut from
REG DING, GENT'S . . .
HAIRDRESSER

13 Stephen Street

(Next to Boulters)

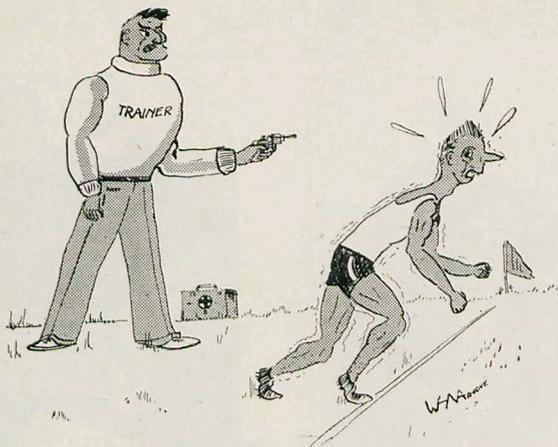
NO LONG WAITING

NO LONG WAITING



TOP LEFT: Miss R. Forsyth (left) runner-up and Miss M. Turnbull senior swimming champion. TOP RIGHT: Miss R. Forsyth, senior athletics, runnerup, Miss A. Rowston, senior champion and Miss M. Rowston, junior champion. CENTRE: G. Gillon, junior champion athlete; LOWER LEFT: A group at the swimming championships. LOWER RIGHT: Messrs N. Lindsay, L. Nichols and R. Smith (loud speakers).

TRAINING FOR SCHOOL SPORTS



Trainer: "I'll give you 10 seconds to get out of range."

Prichard (R) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2; time 19secs.

Senior relay: Blue 1, Red 2, Gold 3.

Juniors.

100yds.: G. Gillon (K) 1, J. McArthur (K) 2, E. James (K) 3, M. Moyle (B) 3; 11 1-5secs.

220yds.: G. Gillon (K) 1, K. Mort (B) 2, J. McArthur (K) 3, E. James (K) 4; 26 2-5secs.

440yds.: G. Gillon (K) 1, J. McArthur (K) 2, L. Sangster (B) 3, K. Mort (B) 4; 58secs.*

880yds.: J. McArthur (K) 1, J. Connolly (B) 2, L. Sangster (B) 3, T. Hall (B) 4; 2.21 1-5secs.

Mile: J. Connolly (B) 1, J. McArthur (K) 2, G. Gilon (K) 3, G. Crouch (R) 4; 5.20 2-5secs.

120yds. hurdles: first heat, C. Earl (B) 1, K. Mort (B) 2, 20 2-5secs.; second heat, G. Gillon (K) 1, E. James (K) 2, 17 4-5secs.*; final: G. Gillon (K) 1, E. James (K) 2, C. Earl 3; time 18secs.

Broad jump: G. Gillon (K) 1, K. Mort (B) 2, J. McArthur (K) 3, C. Earl (B) 4; 16ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

High jump: G. Gillon (K) 1, K. Hogg (G) 2, J. Connolly (B) 3, G. Myles (R) 4; 5ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.*

Hop, step and jump: G. Gilon (K) 1, J. McArthur (K) 2, J. Connolly (B) 3, K. Mort (B) 4; 37ft. 6in.*

Football kick: J. McArthur (K) 1, B. Hogg (G) 2, G. Barboutis (B) 3, C. Earl (B) 4; 50yds.

Boys under 13: L. Meredith (R) 1, B. Beggs (B) 2, N. Platell (R) 3, L.

Turner (G) 4; 13 2-5secs.

Boys under 14: J. Simms (R) 1, E. Moyle (B) 2, T. Golding (G) 3, T. Smith (R) 4; 12 2-5secs.

Boys under 15: E. James (K) 1, N. Barber (K) 2, J. Kinsella (K) 3, M. Moyle (B) 4; 11 4-5secs.

Junior relay: Blue 1, Gold 2, Red 3.

Siamese race: Nutley-Barboutis 1, O'Byrne-Higgon 2.

Wheelbarrow race: Malden-Noske 1, Bromilow-Connolly 2.

Sack race: Brown 1, N. Earl 2.

Egg and spoon race: Smith 1, N. Earl 2.

Handicap mile: J. Kinsella 1, L. Higgins 2, K. Ecclestone 3.

School champion: K. Wilson, 23 points; T. Joe, 22 points; P. Grapes, 19 points.

Junior champion: G. Gillon, 44 points; J. McArthur, 26 points; J. Connolly, 14 points.

Faction points: Blue, 133; Kingia, 120; Gold, 60; Red, 40.

GIRLS' EVENTS

100yds. junior championship: first heat: M. Rowston 1, R. Hastie 2, C. Trigwell 3; second heat, J. Trotter 1, E. Lofthouse 2, J. Grist 3; final, M. Rowston (R) 1, J. Trotter (G) 2, J. Grist (K) 3, E. Lofthouse (B) 4; time 12 3-5secs.

50yds. school championship: first heat A. Rowston 1, R. Forsyth 2, V. Bunce 3; second heat, E. Dolly and C. Beauclarke tie 1, C. Green 3; final, A. Rowston (R) 1, R. Forsyth (R) 2, E. Do-

ley (G) 3, C. Beauclarke (R) 4; time 6 2-5secs.

50yds. junior chapiionship: first heat P. Kitchen 1, P. Crane 2; second heat, J. Grist 1, N. Cogdon 2; third heat, M. Rowston 1, E. Lofthouse 2; fourth heat, J. Taylor 1, L. Osborne 2; fifth heat, J. Trotter 1, R. Hastie 2; sixth heat, M. Green 1, W. Ellis 2; first semi-final, M. Rowston 1, E. Lofthouse 2, N. Cogdon 3; second semi-final, M. Green 1, J. Trotter 2, R. Hastie 3; final, M. Rowston (R) 1, J. Trotter (G) 2, M. Green (K) 3, N. Cogdon (G) 4.

75yds. form championships: Upper school, first heat, R. Forsyth 1, C. Green 2, D. Mander 3; second heat, E. Dolley and J. Trotter (tie) 1, C. Beauclarke 3; final, R. Forsyth (R) 1, E. Dolley (B) 2, C. Beauclarke (R) 3, J. Trotter (G) 4; time 9 3-5secs. (equals record).

Third form: final, A. Rowston (R) 1, R. Hastie (R) 2, E. Stretton (B) 3, L. Osborn (K) 4; time 9 2-5secs.*

Second year: first heat, M. Green 1, D. McSwain 2; second heat, E. Lofthouse 1, P. Gale and M. Brennan tie 2; third heat, L. Scott 1, C. Trigwell 2; final, L. Scott (G) 1, E. Lofthouse (B) 2, M. Green (K) 3, D. McSwain (B) 4; time 10 1-5secs.

First year: first heat, N. Cogdon 1, P. Sibley 2; second heat, P. Kitchen and M. Turner, tie; third heat, M. Rowston 1, J. Taylor 2; fourth heat, — Grist 1, J. Scott 2; fifth heat, N. Paton 1, J. Dye 2; sixth heat, V. Wansbrough 1, G. Kilpatrick 2; first semi-final, M. Rowston 1, N. Cogdon 2, J. Taylor 3; second semi-final, J. Scott 1, G. Kilpatrick 2, V. Wansbrough 3; final, M. Rowston (R) 1, N. Cogdon (G) 2, J. Scott (G) 3, J. Taylor (K) 4; time 9 3-5secs.*

Hitting the hockey ball school championship: A. Rowston (R) 1, M. Couch (R) 2, R. Forsyth (R) 3, E. Trigwell (K) 4; 54 yards.

100yds. school championship: final, A. Rowston (R) 1, R. Forsyth (R) 2, E. Dolley (G) 3, C. Beauclarke (R) 4; time 12 1-5secs (equals record).

Hitting tennis ball junior championship: H. Venables (G) 1, M. Couch (R) 2, M. Green (K) and N. Ferguson (R) tie 3; 61yds.

50yds. Upper School handicap: J. Ball 1, P. Taylor 2, G. Blond 3.

50yds. skipping race, juniors: first heat, P. Sibley 1, P. Crane 2; second heat, M. Rowston 1, J. Trotter 2; third heat, M. Green 1, R. Hastie 2; fourth heat, J. Taylor 1, M. Turner 2; final:

J. Trotter (G) 1, M. Green (K) 2, M. Rowston (R) 3, P. Crane (B) 4; time 7 3-5secs. (equals record).

50yds. first year handicap: first heat J. Jenner 1; second heat B. Rice 1; third heat, R. Woods 1; fourth heat, J. Dye 1; fifth heat, J. Roberts 1; final: R. Woods 1, J. Roberts 2; B. Rice 3.

50yds. second year handicap: first heat, G. Lewis 1, P. Gale 2; second heat, B. Earnshaw 1, P. Ladyman 2; third heat, L. Dusting 1, B. Browne 2; final: P. Gale 1, P. Ladyman 2, B. Earnshaw 3.

50yds. third year handicap, first heat E. Stretton 1, R. Hastie 2, J. McEwan 3; second heat, F. Scott 1, M. Rea 2, M. Couch 3; final, R. Hastie 1, E. Stretton 2, F. Scott 3.

Sack race: E. Stretton 1, M. Rea 2.

Egg and spoon race: B. Gamble 1.

50yds. junior handicap: P. Ladyman 1, P. Sibley 2, P. Robertson 3.

Thread the needle race: B. Gamble and B. Lange 1, H. Darby and W. White 2.

Flag race, upper school: Red 1, Gold 2, Kingia 3; time 58 2-5secs.

Flag race, lower school: Red 1, Kingia 2, Blue 3; time 1min. 32 2-5secs.

Pass ball: Gold 1, Red 2, Kingia 3; time 1min. 15 3-5secs.

50yds. skipping race school championship: A. Rowston (R) 1, V. Bunce (B) 2, R. Forsyth (R) 3; time 7 4-5 secs.

Siamese race: G. Harris and A. McDonald 1.

Relay: "B" teams, Gold 1, Red 2, Kingia 3; time 30 4-5secs. *

Relay: "A" teams, Red 1, Gold 2, Blue 3; time 59 1-5secs. *

50yds. skipping race junior championship: J. Trotter (G) 1, M. Green (K) 2, M. Rowston (R) 3; P. Crane (B) 4; time 7 3-5secs. (equals record).

BOYS' SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The swimming carnival held last March met with great success and by the enthusiasm of the spectators it appeared that a very enjoyable day was passed.

Many records were broken and the honours of the day were shared by T. Hall and K. Wilson, open and junior champions, respectively, and also by Miss M. Turnbull, girl champion swimmer.

The results were as follows:

Open Championship

220yds. open: T. Hall (G) 1, T. Joel (B) 2, D. Evans (K) 3, I. Reat (R) 4;

time 2.53 1-5 (record).

110yds. open: T. Joel (B) 1, T. Hall (G) 2, D. Evans (K) 3, I. Reat (R) 4; time 1.15 2-5 (record).

55yds. open: T. Hall (G) 1, T. Joel (B) 2, D. Evans (K) 3, N. Teede 4; time 31 4-5 (record).

55yds. open breaststroke: T. Hall (G) 1, E. Pearce (B) 2, K. Prichard (R) 3, L. Nicholls (K) 4; time 45 3-5 (record).

55yds. open backstroke: T. Hall (G) 1, T. Joel (B) 2, E. Pearce (B) 3, N. Teede (B) 4; time 41 1-5 (record).

Neat dive: D. Evans (K) 1, K. Prichard (R) 2, K. Mort (B) 3, J. Smith (R) 4.

Open faction relay: Blue 1, Red 2, Kingia 3; time 2.26 4-5 (record).

T. Hall, open champion, with 23 points; T. Joel, runner-up, with 14 points.

Junior Championship.

220yds.: K. Wilson (B) 7, J. Smith (R) 2, D. Evans (K) 3; time not taken.

110yds.: K. Wilson (B) 1, C. Prichard (R) 2, J. Smith (R) 3, D. Evans (K) 4; time 1.16 4-5 (record).

55yds.: C. Prichard (R) 1, K. Wilson (B) 2, T. Hall (G) 3, J. Smith (R) 4; time 33 4-5 (record).

55yds. breaststroke: T. Hall (G) 1, E. Pearce (B) 2, K. Wilson (B) 3, C. Prichard (R) 4; time 45 2-5 (record).

55yds. backstroke: K. Wilson (B) 1, T. Hall (G) 2, C. Prichard (R) 3, E. Pearce (B) 4; time 44secs (record).

Neat dive: T. Golding and C. Prichard (dead heat) 1, K. Mort (B) 3, J. Smith (R) 4.

K. Wilson, with 20 points was junior champion, and C. Prichard, with 15 points, was runner-up.

Form Championships

55yds. I.A.: T. Hall (G) 1, T. Golding (G) 2, T. Smith (R) 3, P. Willmott (K) 4; time 34secs.

55yds. I.C.: Higgon (K) 1, Tetlaw (R) 2, Martin (B) 3, Keesing (K) 4; time 48 2-5.

55yds. I.B.: Barboutis (B) 1, Cook (B) 2, Chapman (B) 3, Scouler (R) 4, time 44 1-5.

55yds. I.X.: O'Byrne (G) 1, Clapp (R) 2, Birch (B) 3, Dehring (G) 4; time 46 4-5.

55yds. I.D.: Clifford (G) 1, Hutton (R) 2, Higgins (R) 4, D. Gibson (G) 4; time 46 4-5.

55yds. II.G.: G. Barber (K) 1, Smith (G) 2, Ness (G) 3, Forrest (M) 4; time 38 3-5.

55yds. II.: S. Johnson (K) 1, Patterson (G) 2, Driscoll (K) 3, Earle (B) 4; time 38 4-5.

55yds. III Form: Prichard (R) 1, Wilson (B) 2, Smith (R) 3, Reat (R) 4; time 34 1-5.

55yds. Upper School: Joel (B) 1, Evans (K) 2, Teede (B) 3; time 33 2-5.

Faction points: Blue, 81 points, 1; Gold, 65 points, 2; Red, 55 points, 3; Kingia, 40 points, 4.

FACTION NOTES

GOLD FACTION (BOYS).

Well, Gold, we are not on top, but we try, and we try hard and that's the main thing after all. It's just as good to be a good loser as a good winner and we can't win always.

Although our swimming is not marvellous we can proudly say that we possess a champ. in Theo. Hall and we are very glad to have him in our Faction.

Football is not our weakest sport and both Junior and Senior teams have not done too badly during the past season. We were only beaten by a narrow margin in the senior football premiership, which incidentally was lost to Blue.

The less we say about our Athletics, the better, for had it not been for Grapes, Dawson and a few junior members, we would not have obtained many points at all.

Tennis is another weak spot and it takes us all our time to show a team, let alone win anything; but keep trying, that's the main thing.

Our cricket is on a rather higher standard, especially in the Juniors, who always put a good team on the field and managed to get many valuable points.

We can see, therefore, that there can be improvement in all lines of sport and we hope to see you trying hard in the seasons to come.

GOLD FACTION GIRLS

We are pleased to say that our sporting efforts this year have been more successful than usual. Thanks to the combined efforts of the girls on Athletic's Day, we came next to Red and did not let the boys down as on other occasions. The Juniors are very promising and we hope that next year's newcomers will be as good.

Owing to the fact that faction matches have been short, we usually lost points in hockey and baseball. The usual problem of training new players was overcome partly by the practices preceding the faction matches.

The Juniors took part in the finals of both basketball and baseball and their efforts in the summer sport were also commendable.

Owing to the re-organisation of tennis arrangements much more interest was taken in the competition. Gold Faction did tolerably well but there is room for great improvement.

Before concluding we wish to congratulate the swimming champions and athletes of the school.

Having reviewed our efforts we say "au revoir" with hopes for better luck next year.

KINGIA FACTION—BOYS.

When reviewing our efforts of this year, with those of the other Factions, we must admit that we, as a faction, are not outstanding, although we did show several strong points.

As regards cricket, we have some fair players, but not enough to make a good team, therefore, let's see an improvement in this respect. Tennis and swimming are not our strongest points, but we are able to hold up our

spirits and keep trying.

About Football: we are able to say that we have two good teams or rather our representation of seniors and juniors is of a very good standard.—Although the might of the Blue Faction footballers in the senior grade was too great, we did very well throughout the season and were very glad to welcome our new and promising member, John McArthur. We take much pride in congratulating our junior football team for winning the grand final and the title of premiers of their grade, from Red Faction.

In considering the recent sports meeting our position for the faction championship was third, but we were very close in points behind Red, winners and Blue, second. Most of the points were earned by our juniors. The only senior boy to show any form was "Nick," who kept his ability rather dark prior to the occasion.

Now we take this opportunity to congratulate Geoff Gillon (junior champion), and John McArthur (runner-up for junior champion), both of this faction, for their splendid efforts on Sports Day. While on this subject, we as a faction, wish to congratulate K. Wilson (senior champion) and T. Joel (runner-up), both of Blue, on their success, and also Audrey and Merle Rowston, of Red Faction, for gaining the distinctions of senior and junior champions, respectively.

From the results of Sports Day it is quite easily seen that, if Kingia had only been supported by the seniors, we would have won the faction championship; but there you are. We didn't and that is all. However, if we are only able to improve as we have done in the

JOHN BIRCHALL

TAILOR

Stephen Street - Bunbury.

past, we will be a faction that will take some beating next year. Therefore, remember Kingia, don't lose heart and keep trying. 'Tis just as good to be a sporty loser as a constant winner.

KINGIA FACTION—GIRLS

Even though Kingia does not head the list in points, we have put up a good fight, and should do well next year, as we have many promising juniors coming up, as shown in our last Sports Day. Keep it up Juniors!

It was very unfortunate for Kingia that we did not keep up our lead on Sports Day; still, we must console ourselves with the fact that it was a very honourable loss, we being only a few points below Red and Blue. So let's hope that next year's students will carry us the whole way to victory.

Our hockey this year was not very good owing to the fact that the team was composed mainly of beginners, and because of the strength of the Red Faction team.

In basketball we excel (thank goodness we can say that about something) with the Rices endeavouring to keep up family traditions.

Baseball, if worthy of mentioning, can be said to be just middling.

The swimming carnival day could have been much kinder to us, both in points and amount of sunshine. We congratulate Margaret and Bobbie on being School champion and runner-up respectively.

Before closing, Kingia Faction would like to congratulate Ken Wilson and Theo. Joel on being school champion and runner-up, and Jeff Gillon on being junior champion, and Audrey and Merle Rowston on being school and junior champions on Sports Day. Cheerio.

RED FACTION NOTES—BOYS

Officials, elected at the beginning of the year are:

Faction captain S. Richards.
 Vice-captain K. Prichard.
 Cricket captain P. Moore.
 Tennis captain S. Richards.
 Athletics captain . . . C. Prichard.
 Swimming captain . . . J. Smith.
 Football captain S. Richards.

Come on, Reds; we mean to get that combined shield this year, so pull your socks up.

At football (to get the worst over first) we have not been very successful, but we can take a licking any day

with a grin, and we hope to do better next year.

At cricket we have not really excelled ourselves, but with the inspiring captain that we have, I think that the matches next year will be much more in our favour.

In the swimming this year we did well, and with the help of the girls, we managed to collect the combined shield.

In the field of athletics we managed to get a few points and these enabled us to help the girls win the athletics. Good work, girls!

At tennis; ah! This is where we shine. Last year we managed to go right through the season without losing a match. We intend to do likewise this season.

Before closing we would like to congratulate all successful competitors in the branches of swimming and athletics. Also we wish the other factions the best of luck, as they'll need it.

RED FACTION—GIRLS

Despite the setbacks we have experienced this year, caused by the measles epidemic, we have done remarkably well in all branches of sport.

We must congratulate ourselves on gaining points in the swimming carnival and also congratulate Miss M. Turnbull for winning the title of school swimming champion.

Our efforts on the hockey field were most startling, for we went through the whole season without being defeated. In the finals, we played against Blue. I don't know if this was because of the strength of our team or the weakness of the other factions.

Congratulations are extended to Audrey and Merle Rowston on their fine efforts displayed on Sports Day by winning the honours of school and junior champions respectively. With the aid of the boys' forty odd points we were able to win the day which didn't seem at all possible earlier in the competition.

Thanks are given to all members of the Faction who helped to gain points either by individual efforts or by their combination in the various teams, or their encouragement by their cheering.

The juniors are doing well in their basketball. Keep it up, kids!

As the basketball and baseball finals have not yet been played off it is very hard to say how we will get on—but we're still full of hope.

Congrats. to all others who did well

in athletics and swimming.

We have started a tradition now and it is up to later Reds to carry on.

BLUE FACTION—GIRLS.

This year Blue Faction girls have not kept up to their usual standard, owing, perhaps to the measles, but still they have played the game in all their sport and so have accomplished their aim.

Our congratulations go to the winners of the championships in the recent sports carnival: Audrey and Merle Rowston, who carried off school and junior championships respectively.

The hockey team this year, all new players, except about three, have improved their game wonderfully during the season and should become quite good players with practice.

The baseball team has played exceptionally well on occasions, but at times the play has certainly been lacking effort. However, if it can produce the form displayed against Reds last time, it has a good chance of being in the final.

The basketball team certainly has not been keeping up to the standard of play produced last year and the year before, and we can only hope that next year the teams will improve.

The best of luck to all the teams next year and may they play their game well and uphold the Blue banner with true sportsmanship.

BLUE FACTION NOTES

During the year we have done remarkably well in the field of sport. It has been a very successful year and we have a good reason to feel proud of ourselves.

At football Blue proved her fighting qualities by battling through the season

and finally winning the premiership. This is indeed a feather in our caps as it is the first time we have attained this honour for six years. The team was ably led by Norman Lindsay and well backed up by Kevan Mort, Theo Joel, Ken Wilson, Frank James, and the rest of the team. The players showed sportsmanship in every match. Well done, Blue.

The athletics meeting was another success, and we finished runners-up for the shield. We must congratulate K. Wilson, who was senior champion, and Theo Joel, the close runner-up. The successful day was topped off by the junior and senior relay teams winning both events.

Our tennis team has met with stern opposition in Red and Kingia, but is proving its sportsmanship in battling on. K. Mort, the captain, is a real worker and deserves better luck, but the tide will turn.

During the season our cricket team met with great success, winning eleven out of twelve matches. All the players showed keenness in the field, which resulted in winning more than one match. Players who deserve mentioning are C. Earl, F. James, N. Lindsay, D. Bradshaw.

Last, but not least, is the swimming.

This was a great day for Blue boys, but not Blue girls. Again K. Wilson, who was junior champion, and Theo Joel, runner-up in the seniors, are in our faction.

It is with great regret that I finish these notes, because I could speak at great length about our efforts this year, but please remember that even if we have had a successful year, don't slacken up, because we may have a lean one to come.

FORM NOTES

I A.

Howdy, everybody? This is IA, calling on an unknown wave length, certainly not known to us. Before we go on to tell you our grievances and misfortunes we would like to wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their exams., which are coming off soon. We all hope these students get their certificates.

We are not high up in the society

of the school, but we at least have the privilege of voicing our opinions. Certain Prefects of the Upper School have been known to look upon us with contemptuous sneers. Some, however, get looked down upon and laughed at with contempt as soon as their backs are turned. These certain Prefects have the tremendous audacity of bursting into our quiet and orderly room (?) and forcing the nearest to CLEAN

those scrupulously clean blackboards!

We now have several questions to ask. We would like to know why Cecilia turned Christian? Is Ken a free Mason? Are the Murray and the Preston Australian rivers? Why did they heave Eva North? Did Peter want Moore? Is Taylor one of the fish species? Is Philip Brown?

We also have several prominent men of society in our little IA. Johnson, of Johnson's Baby Powder; Moore, of Moore's Stores; Cole, of the nothing over 2/6 store; Smith, of Smith's Buildings; Jones, the famous film star; Briggs, of Briggs' Trousers Store; and our radio star, Reggie, who comes to you over 6TZ at 7.30 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays in "Oh, Reggie."

However, folks, here we must close for even draweth nigh. Here endeth IA's agony column.

Signed:

THE ANGEL-FACED GANGSTERS.

IB. FORM NOTES

IB's reputation for (I needn't tell you the rest) is steadily growing.

"Tarzan" revels in swinging from desk to desk by his tail, while "Honest

George" still persists in giving such excuses as "Forgot it," "Couldn't do it," and "Lost my book." In fact everybody says the same, especially in French lessons.

IB. is never adorned with flowers as some Saint's rooms are; instead, bits of squashed chalk lie about, and someone usually adorns the table with a design made from the blackboard duster.

Our methods of pastime between first and second bells consist of chalk fights and very absorbing occupations such as making paper aeroplanes. Very often paper pellets whistle through the air, often painful to the victims. Of course, when members of the staff appear everyone assumes an innocent appearance and fin's sudden interest in books.

The periods are passed between fits of giggling and dozing, while attention is given by some. When the bell goes there is a wild stampede for the door.

In spite of being a brainy community the following questions puzzle us:

Will Joan Dye?

What has Syd Guest?

Did Hilda win the Darby?

Will Luton have a Meredith (merry death)?

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Did Ray get caught in a Webb Why is Victor Long?

We should like to congratulate Ken Wilson and Miss Audrey Rowston on being senior champions in the athletics held on October 8 this year, also Geof. Gillon and Merle Rowston as junior champions.

FORM IC.

Bonjour, everyone, bonjour!

This is I.C. calling you, in the first and last edition of the 1940 Kingia.

After a lot of worry (?) we managed to scrape together a few items of general interest (we hope).

By the way, if you desire any information on the art of mathematics, just call in or phone (I forget the number) our three much-talented professors—the Right Honourable Michael Sofilas, B.A. (our professor of history), the Most Honourable Lord Tetlowe (inspector of kindergartens), and last, but not least, comes Sir Douglas Higgon (advisor on punctuality). So, be wise and do not hesitate to use this remarkable offer.

We all think that Form I.C. is the quietest, tidiest and (mebbe) the most talented of all first-year classes. Anyway, we beat I.D. by miles, and if any proof is wanted, just sneak up to their dugout and spy around for a little while—ink, noise, lollies, apples (squashed), etc.—“of course must make these . . . the angels of First Year Students.”

We have within our room a man of great rank—he is General Noske (our Prefect), and he is the idol of the room. Ah! but 'tis very suspicious and mysterious. Now, when a teacher calls out “Prefect, chalk!” General Noske meekly hauls out a huge stick of the desired commodity.

In our class room we never run short of gossip, or at least “Smithy” doesn't, as the last-named is always on the spot with the news of the town. (Marvelous where all this information comes from, isn't it?) Our very brainy “Nuts” is always growling at something or other; roaming about the room telling everyone to be quiet, whilst he takes no notice of the order himself. But really “Nuts” is a wonderful baritone, and when Turner (our great musician) plays a melody, poor old “Nuts” sends everyone in to deep slumber by his painful tenor(ing). Only the other day the teacher observed two lads put to bye-bye in the back seat by the singing (this time by the whole class) of a

familiar song. Enough on that. Tetlowe and Sofilas are frequently in hostilities until they feel the boot of “Nuts” making contact with their fleshy part. (In the meantime Turner vainly tries to referee).

In the back seat of the second row sits “Little Lionel,” a pen between his ears and his eyes are fixed on his history book. Indeed, many students would do well to take an example from him

Well, I guess it's time for a laugh and the following is a recent incident that we not forget in a hurry:

One of our members turned up one day with some imitation chocolate. Several girls nearly broke their teeth before first bell. A boy was kindly given a piece during the period and after tasting it, cut it into bits and handed it around to each other boy. Nearly all were tricked and they managed to swallow the (bitter) sweet. Chuckles and other peculiar noises issued from various parts of the girls' side of the room and the unfortunate teacher suffered greatly, as our feelings were almost beyond control, and only by supreme efforts did we keep reasonably quiet (?) and manage to bury our very red faces into text books.

And now here are some popular books and authors in the news:

“Hungry Dog,” by Nora Bone (gnaw a bone).

“Fatal Clif,” by Eileen Dover (I leaned over).

“The Treacherous Quicksand,” by Iva Footstuck (I've a foot stuck).

“Mystery of the Moorlands,” by Iva Clue (I've a clue).

“Jungle Drums,” by Ima Black (I'm a black).

And now, in conclusion, we would like to hand out congratulations to all successful students in the 1940 sports meeting. Especially do they go to “Nobby Grapes,” Geof Gillon and Theo Joel, who must be considered the outstanding athletes of the year.

And we also wish success and the best of luck to all Leaving and Junior students who will be saying good-bye to the good old B.H.S. for ever where they have made many friendships.

And now, after wishing the staff and students of B.H.S. a very happy Christmas and a prosperous new year from Form I.C., we are now saying au revoir (till we meet again), and may the coming first year have just as successful a time as we first years have had in the year 1940.

IX. FORM NOTES

Despite our gallant efforts this term we seem to be looked down on in every subject—except metal-work.

Whether it is because more loafing can be done in the metal work shop, or whether it is because iron filings can be produced for use in the making of sulphuretted hydrogen no one knows.

Teacher's despairs are as follow:

(1) Whether they are speaking to Tom Noakes, our Cheshire cat, or Ron Stokes, our brainy lad; or

(2) Our well worn excuses for not doing such and such a piece of work. These are as follow: "Forgot my book," "Couldn't do the 'last four out of the five,' "

Now this is what is puzzling the form:

Why did Beverly Urry ?

Did Merle Turner down? or did Bruce Begg(s) ?

Why did Ron Clapp when we escaped French ?

A great triumph over the common foe (I.A.) was when first and third places in the mile were filled by our champion athletes. Of course they could have filled second place, too, but not wanting to disgrace the other forms utterly they did not exert themselves. Of course the champions must be congratulated, especially the ones of our form, Merle Rowston and Jim Kinsella.

By the way, talking of Jim Kinsella. Being our official chalk-carrier the perpetual task of fetching chalk which has been mysteriously spirited away (probably for chalk fights), must become monotonous.

The buzzing sound which proceed from our room when no teacher is present is explained, perhaps, by the fact

that our form is a hive of industry.

Desmond Birch and the back seats are now strongly connected in every teacher's mind.

A certain personage is quite worried over the quantity of sweets consumed among us since Woolworths opened in Bunbury. A lesson would not be complete without a rustling of paper and munching of hungry jaws. There are two methods for conveying sweets to the mouth in use at the present time. They are:

(1) Turn the head away to scratch an imaginary itch on the ear and slip the forbidden luxury into the mouth;

(2) Drop a pencil under the desk, stoop to pick it up, and under cover of the desk slip the sweet into the mouth unseen (perhaps).

THE IX. MUGS (Oh, yeah!)

FORM II P.

"Life is a blob!" believe it or not, by II P., not Ripley, judging by the death-like knells which come from the gym.

We are very lonely without the other sex, but our neighbours—II S., console us with their continuous shrieks and yells.

This Form has been trying to find out which is the most suitable hospital. There have been three students out on expeditions but a suitable one has not been found yet.

Our prize teacher would like to know why it is in book-keeping Betty and Gwen, Thelma and Jessie, Marjorie and Connie always get their "trial balances" the same but not always right.

A fair headed gentleman admires our attitude towards arithmetic (our only maths) because of our happy faces on

SNAPSHOTS!

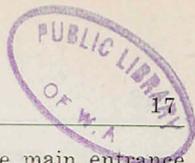
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our Wednesday period. The happy faces by the way are the reason that we can forget arithmetic until the next Monday.

Then comes the eighth event of the second day of the week when (HE?) has the pleasure of our company. He: often wants to know if our English teacher ever gives us any work in that certain period.

The latest member on the B.H.S. staff has been attracted by the girlish titters of IIP.

II G. FORM NOTES

As this is the only Kingia of the year we think that it is up to us to make it an exceptionally good one.

Before mentioning any other affairs of importance we would like to take this opportunity to welcome to our class Miss Joan Mander and also Bob Mowday. Bob has been absent from our class for more than a term and we were all agreeably surprised when we saw him working with us again a couple of days ago.

It is very seldom that one finds a combination of beauty and brains in large quantities. This, however, is the case in II G. Of course, it is a well established fact that we are the choice class of the School! Despite the unavoidable noise, which is due to the alteration of the school, work is continuing as usual. By that is meant that nobody does any assignments in anything, particularly geography.

But still you know we mean well.

They say that all Italian and German mechanised units are being fitted with three reverse gears—they'll need 'em shortly.

We should like to congratulate the Junior and Senior school champions, Ken Wilson, Miss A. Rowston, Geoff. Gillon and Miss M. Rowston, very heartily indeed on their magnificent performances. Many of the older students say that the 1940 annual sports were the best ever held by this school.

The third and fifth year students have our heartfelt sympathy and best wishes for their Junior and Leaving exams. It will not be very long before it will be our turn to go sailing through with flying colours!

We are very pleased to say that 50 per cent. of the famous and renowned team, namely, the Two Dills, has decided to do some work for a change.

We have an announcement to make: A pound note was found about three

yards N.E. by E. of the main entrance of the school. Will the owner please form three straight lines, one behind the other, down the drive on 14.6.1968. Thank you!

IIS. FORM NOTES.

Hullo, everybody! This is the worthy IIS. calling. At any rate the teachers say we're a good class. Of course Ned, Jock and Minnie like their fun, but who doesn't?

We wish to congratulate the Rowston sisters, K. Wilson and G. Gillon on their excellent performances on sports day. As Red is the best faction they naturally won, but the other teams gave strong opposition.

If Australia were to hold chalk-throwing championships, I am sure IIS. representatives would win. We should like to know who puts Curly's hair in rags every morning.

It is quite possible that the IIIS. and V.S. are feeling shaky. Therefore, we wish to give them some encouragement by wishing them good luck in the examinations, a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year as a reward for a hard year's work.

III E. FORM NOTES

Go-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o (morning, everyone! (Yes, what is good about it?) Our third form "chin-wag-on-paper" will have to be a little more snappy than usual for this term as we do not take a Junior exam. more than once, as a rule. (Not that we would like any more!)

Although our class consists of the enormous number of fourteen students, it is not a class that can be passed over without notice. Hardly! Firstly, we must congratulate one of our inmates upon her wonderful performance last sports day—we proudly present "Rubber" Rowston. By the way, I meant to ask her if that was a good slimming exercise.

Our little group seems to have a bit of almost everything to make it remarkable, and I don't think any other class in the school treats hair and beauty with more care than ours. Waves and rolls seem to ripple along the foreheads of all in the room, probably because our knowledge could find no more space to make an impression on our brain-waves.

Altogether, I think we would be quite a hard-working and well-behaved class were certain persons to hide the fact

that they were at school with the measles; other brunettes and red-heads to cease being so rough and quarrelsome; another long, curly-headed morsel of humanity would not ask so many questions and distract our attention by speeches about her penfriends and such like.

I have often wondered why blondes are so attractive to the male sex. By the way, English periods have been very much brighter of late than they used to be, but red-heads don't seem to make Peggy Beagle hold her tongue during arithmetic periods.

As a last request before that horrid Junior, I ask that, with the new wings, they place an English dictionary in all four corners of the rooms. Wishing our fellow Junior and Leaving mates every success, we remain.—Yours faithfully,

COMMERCIAL CLASS III E.

III Q. FORM NOTES

Hello! Hello! III Q. B.H.S., the Voice of the Third Year (at least in the teachers' view) calling. It is time for us to present our feeble effort, "The Doings of the Doers of III Q." Well, here goes:

The first term opened with light hearts and cheerful faces, especially Jarge's perpetual grin, and the air was full of laughter. As the year progressed some of the cheerfulness died down, but do not think we were becoming civilised, for you would be wrong. The craze of "thumping" someone's books and letting the poor, belated creature look half the period for his books while they were balanced outside the window, took the class by storm and it has proved so popular that it has not died out even in the third term.

In the second term our activities were restricted to fighting for a position in front of the fire, and taking someone's wood.

The dawn of the third term gave many hearts a flutter—but not because of its beauty. Nearly everybody's nerves are on the alert, partly or wholly caused by flying projectiles, such as rulers, paper, chalk, rubbers and books. The noise of humming rulers is broken now and again by someone who has received a direct hit. So much for our notes.

To illustrate what happens when everybody is feeling "frisky," which, by the way, is not very often, we give you the following sketch:

Scene: III Q's Class Room.

Time: Just after first bell.

The room is in a state of disorder. A running commentary will now be given on the proceedings:

From where I am standing I can see a grand fight going on; Fritz and Skeeta are into it hard and strong. I see in one corner Red and Shady (alias Clarke, alias Jarge) shaping up. Whack oh! Here's a ding-dong bout in progress between young 'Erbert and Slim (who is about 6ft. 3in.) Ah, here's something unusual: there are two of the female inmates . . . !

Sorry folks for having to break off so suddenly, but the master has just arrived.

Our "study" begins, but now and then the sound of scuffling and gasps, caused by Murgatroyd (alias Brom) breaks the scratching of pens. When any questions are asked they are promptly, if not correctly, answered by the "know-all" young Arfer, and from his remarks some "wise-crack" is made by Goofy. The bell goes for the end of the period, and the beginning of the second round of fighting.

The next two periods pass away quickly. During the periods Mousie has been cautioned for drawing faces and new inspirations; Blue has exercised his knowledge; Weasel has had a continuous "wongy" with Effie; and Mischa Auer has repelled an attack by 'Erbert. Everybody is ready to go out to recess, their cases packed, and they are sitting with ears open waiting for the bell. Ah! There it goes, and what sweet music is it to their ears! It is now every man for himself, and in three minutes the room is empty.

That concludes our little sketch, and with it ends our activities.

We wish all taking the Junior and Leaving the best of luck. We wish to congratulate, firstly, the swimming champions, Miss Forsyth and Theo. Hall, senior champs.; Miss Turnbull and Ken Wilson, junior champs.; secondly, the athletic champions, Miss A. Rowston and Ken Wilson, senior champs.; Miss M. Rowston and Geoff Gillon, junior champs. Of these champions we possess two, one having obtained two championships.

We are now signing off until next year. So long, customers!

III Q.—The Terrible Three.

III R. FORM NOTES

Although the terrible nightmare of the Junior Public is fast descending upon us poor ignorant creatures, we have found a little time during recess to write these notes. But don't tell the Prefects we wrote this upstairs as we will never hear the end of it.

Before giving the details of the form's activities during the past year we must extend to the new members of the staff a hearty welcome to Bunbury High School. Although rather late, we would like to congratulate the swimming champions and runners-up for their fine efforts last March. To the senior and junior champions of sports day go out congrats also.

III R. has the reputation of a studious if not quiet class. Unlike our neighbours (III Q.) one visit from a teacher silences us.

Every class has its Jack, but none as fine a Jack as ours. Blunden's words have born fruit, for Jack has proved himself an expert runner. Good old Kingia! Herr Smitsch and Frau Connol (Romeo and Juliet) are as affectionate as ever, while our Hielander, "Macbrinle," keeps us guessing with his accent. The geography morale of the class has gone down this term owing, no doubt, to the "bon mots" of "Murgatroyd." What a boy! Wallace, our bright spark during English shows a morbid craving for spoonerisms, which our popular English master only partly satisfies. In singing periods the star items have been given by "Nellie" (of the Cole-Stretton combination), "Joan" Crawford and Wallace. These items were well done and appreciated by the rest of the class, who were either too modest or lacked the talent to give an item themselves.

The Ten Commandments, which were suggested by our Maths master, have now been installed as our only rules, "Thou shalt not revise thy theorems more than a thousand times," being our favourite.

In Fisher's (alias the Convict) departure we have lost one of our most famous members. Known as the "Saver of Souls," he has rescued several people from drowning. Besides the loss of the Convict, III R. has had to say goodbye to four other well-known form-mates, namely, John Kerr, Florence Moore, Isobel Sinclair and Roy Guest (65% brain, 35% ambitious? dreams!).



Burning the Midnight Oil.

Good luck to you all from III R.

There goes the bell! Our Maths teacher will be ramping in soon, so the discussion on the prospects of a paper fight will have to be postponed until geography. We have just heard that "Jinny" believes in making the girls run. She has been handing round the most delicious lollies, which are really Woolworth's latest disguises. Good old "Jinny"!

And now we say "au revoir," but for some of our form it is "goodbye." But what ever it is here's wishing all Leaving and Junior students the best of luck in the coming exams, and a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all

V F FORM NOTES

"So we ripe and ripe, so we rot and rot," until at last we come to write our final form notes.

This year seems to have flown, or rather, nearly flown, and we are realising that our school days will soon be over and we will be turned out on the world to use our long-sought knowledge.

During the year there have been more activities about the school than usual. The first thing that strikes the ear, and the eye, is the additions to the school building, from which we will not receive any benefit, but we hope to come back and see other students enjoying the convenience of these extensions.

The Red Cross activities have been numerous and various and provided very enjoyable entertainment as well as welcome funds.

The annual sports day was a great success and one we will always remember, for many records were equalled and broken and the faction points caused great enthusiasm as it was hard to foretell which would be the champion

faction. We wish to congratulate the senior and junior champions and runners-up. Although it is rather late we also wish to congratulate the swimming carnival champions.

We see around us every day brother companions with fevered brows delving into encyclopedias seeking final knowledge for the advancing "horror"—the Leaving. In most of the periods now we are given encouraging or disheartening words about our prospects. The French skill in the class is not at all brilliant, but we put this down to France's downfall lessening our interests.

We take this first and only opportunity of welcoming the new members of our staff and trust their sojourn here will be a pleasant one.

This year our class has diminished, for we lost Joan Major and Wally Moyle who, we trust, will have every success in their future. We must also welcome our new, yet old, member, Speck, whose ability in French holds us in bewilderment.

Well, these notes are being written by a flickering midnight taper, so we will have to conclude wishing all the students the best of luck in the near examinations, and trusting we will uphold the best of Leaving Traditions Cheerio!

V F.

I D FORM NOTES

This is the brainiest class in B.H.S.: of course it is I D.

This year we are rather a mixed up class, a few honest workers, a giggle society, and an expert on gorillas who knows so much about them that she won't say a word because, we think, they're her ancestors.

We're trying to improve before the exam., but we may not be able to do it in such a short time.

We are glad that last term we were good enough to get a few excellent students and we hope to get more this exam.

One of the good things we have done is a good bit of knitting. One of our girls is rather good at crocheting and does quite a lot in school.

In conclusion we wish to congratulate all athletes and we're very glad that two first years filled places in the open mile.

Well, cheerio everyone.

—"TOODLE PIP."

IV K FORM NOTES

Cooee. The gentle unearthly breezes of Hades were broken by tremendous tumult. Even Mephistopheles swung round and hurried to his vantage point, a pointed crag which hung broodingly over the oily surface of the Styx. "This place is becoming infested with the tourist traffic nowadays." He mumbled and then as an after-thought added, "I shall complain to the management about it." There was another uproar which cut into his reflections like a knife into butter. As it came nearer a heavily laden boat ploughed into view. This, gentle reader, is where IV K enters the picture. In the boat itself there seemed to be a little rivalry. One faction was chanting "A Heart That's Free" probably to help the aged boatman, while the others were derisively singing "Scatter-brain." As might be expected, the combination was-er-unusual. With popping eyes Mephistopheles viewed the unruly throng as they were landing. Suddenly they saw him, "What in the Mephistopheles are you doing here?" yelled Lindsay. "Shut up!" yelled some-one from the back, "can't you see it's Him?" Upon this terrifying statement several said, "How Jolly!" while Jimmy flung herself on a nearby brawny arm screaming for protection. At these ribald remarks Mephistopheles disappeared in a clap of what sounded like broken glass. "Sounds like one of our chem. periods," remarked Cluggy. "Say, look where our guide is!" said Joan. Charon, being diplomatic, was half-way across the river before he was missed. As the party was deprived of a guide, it began to split up. Viola, being an animal lover of the first order, had soon made friends with Cerebus despite his three heads, and soon had to paddle in the Styx to prevent being knocked over by his affectionate leaps.

The palace was not on view so that it was a toss up between the Hades Chamber of Horrors and the Elysian fields, or fishing. Moggy and his confederates, not wishing to view the Heroes, went off to pick up some new ideas or possibly to renew some old ones. A couple of our more frivolous members dashed off to see the Elysian fields (or the Heroes). Jean, being runner-up for Junior Champ., was leading the way when they turned the bend. Fancy torn between the Muse and fishing, sat down and composed a couple of sagas while deciding. Brother Margaret and Bonny went off to see

some of the composers, or perhaps to hear the Town Band of Associated Shades which played in the New Albert Hall from two until five on week days and was said to be particularly fine. Connie, after making eyes at some of the guards, was taken into custody for skatching the palace without permission. "You wouldn't recognize it, anyway," remarked Lindsay helpfully. Upon this guarantee, and on the promise of good behaviour Connie was released and went to help a quartette of biology enthusiasts to catch a little Dinosaur for Biol. on the next Monday. Rufus had gone off to confer with a couple of the dramatists concerning the production of their plays next year.

Just then a stir was caused by Tex, who had climbed on to the tree of Knowledge, and overbalancing, fell onto Jenner who was collecting some of the fruit which had fallen onto the ground. Tex escaped lightly with a broken neck and minor abrasions. Hastily the First-Aid Class dashed up, tore up somebody's skirt for bandages and having had practice on Ernie the previous week, went into action patching up Tex while Frances, ably aided by Frank, sat on his head to keep him down. At this critical stage, Richie ran round in circles while Moggy collected pins. Fancy started to write out a suitable epitaph while Cecily, Poppy and Daphne chanted the "Ode on the Death of a Mad Dog." When harmony was once more restored and everybody was just leaving the scene of the mishap, a dreadful clanging started. "Gosh, that sounds like the dinner bell at the hash-foundry," remarked Pegasus. But instead it was the bell which warned visitors that their time in Hades is over. Hastily grabbing their guide-books and other sundries they departed. There was but little diversion until in mid-stream Charon struck for higher wages whereupon he was knocked on the head with the Dinosaur and pushed overboard. As Doughy and Dawson possessed very humanitarian feelings, they fished him up and trailed him behind the boat, but the Dinosaur was never recovered. As the boat disappeared into the gloom our friend Mephistopheles again appeared on his look-out and removing his cap, he solemnly wiped his brow saying, "These tourists are the limit!"

P.S.

It has been said that the pith of a woman's letter is contained in the P.S. This, however, is a gross libel, in many

cases, but on reading through the Notas we find that there is one person not mentioned, namely, Loney. Having deserted our form for several weeks he is now back in full farce, but alas not soon enough for it was his duty to write what yours truly has had to, and so we leave you, or more probably you thankfully leave us.—IV K.

HOME-SICKNESS

I'm sitting here and I'm thinking, and I should be studying rhyme.
But I've worked till my brain is whirling—
so I'm dreaming for a time.
How the sun will be shining golden out
on my own loved home,
And the light will be dancing brightly
on the ripples and the foam—
Of the silver shining inlet, whose moods
are many and free,
And whose every mood seems calling,
calling out to me.

How dark it will be in the night time,
with the soft stars shining above!
How gray it will be when the storm
blows as grey as the back of a dove!
How glorious in the sunset with its
flaming banners thrown,
And laughing, cool, in the sunshine,
with a fish hawk gliding alone!

And the Bush behind will be shady and
I not there to see
The beautiful shy bush flowers that
come out expecting me.
And the dew on the grass will be
shining, untouched by my bare
brown feet,
And what would I give to listen to the
wee blue wrens' "tweet tweet";
To breathe in the fresh, sweet air and
to climb my friend the tree,
To lie on the moss and listen and smell
and feel and see.

For the bush is full of beauty for those
who have time to stay,
The golden air and the rough brown
bark and the clouds of smokebush,
grey.
And Oh! everything will be lovely and
it's calling, calling me.
But I can only sit here and dream of
the bush and the sea.

—PHYLLIS L. M. THOMPSON.

JUNIOR EXAMINATION RESULTS 1939

The following students succeeded in passing the Junior examination in:

Ten subjects: Ruth Carroll, Viola Hanekamp.

Nine subjects: Harry Chamberlain, Allan Wilson, Jean Trotter.

Eight subjects: Andrew Clugston, Donald Jenner, Daphne Chapman, Betty Holloway, Violet Leece.

Seven subjects: A. Boucaut, K. Dempster, N. Gillon, W. Hodgson, W. Kite, D. Rowston, N. Teede, J. Birch, J. Ball, M. Dolley, M. Forrest, M. Hastie, C. Ryder.

Six subjects: A. Burton, J. Gibson, E. James, E. Moyle, S. Richards, N. Barrett, P. Bradshaw, N. Branson, D. Dean, J. Ellis, C. Garrett, D. Savory, G. Witford.

Five subjects: D. Clarke, D. Malden, P. Rose, P. Caporn, B. James, R. Struck, D. Willcox, P. Wright.

Four subjects: Colin Edward Campbell, E. Chidgzy, F. James, N. Lindsay, A. Smith, L. Sexton, M. McKenna, E. Ryall.

LEAVING EXAMINATION RESULTS 1939

Lance Brooks: Eng., Geog., Maths A, Maths. B, Drawing, App. Math. (D).

Myrtle Chapman: Eng., Fr., Hist., Geog., Maths. B, Draw.

Arthur Dawson: Eng., Geog., Maths. A, Maths. B, Ag. Sc. (D), Draw. (D), App. Maths.

Robert W. Jennings: Eng., Geog., Maths. A, Bio., Draw.

Pamela Knight: Eng., Geog., Bio., draw., Physics, and Hygiene.

Rona Lodge: Eng., Geog., Bio., Ag. Science.

Miriam Piggott: Eng., Fr., Geog., Bio., Ag. Sc., Draw.

George Price: Eng., Geog., Maths A, Maths. B, Physics, App. Maths.

John A. Richards: Eng., Hist., Geog., Maths. A, Maths. B, Physics.

Athalie Ryall: Eng., Fr., Hist., Geog., Maths. A, Draw.

Bessie Schinzig: Eng., Maths A, Draw.

Constance Scott: Eng., Geog., Maths. A.

Beryl Stockdill: Geo., Maths. A, Bio., Draw.

Joy Struck: Eng., Hist., Geog., Bio., Ag. Sc., Draw., Physiol. and Hygiene.

Caesar Valli: Eng., Fr., Hist., Geog., Physics.

William G. Walker: Eng., Fr., Hist., Geog., Draw.

Elizabeth White: Eng. (D), Hist., Geog. (D), Bio., Ag. Sc., Draw. (D).

Robert Filsell: Geog., Ag. Sc., to complete certificate.

THE QUEST.

As Aurora kissed her finger tips,

The veils of dawn flew wide,

And I wandered in the dewy morn

With a tinkling sound at my side.

Was Pan then, piping abroad so late

Filling the wood with his tune?

But I knew 'twas **her**, the one I sought,

Or had sought since the set of the moon.

I saw her through the leafy boughs,

And how my heart turned over.

'Twas one of my father's red, prize cows,

Just newly strayed from the clover.

—R.A.C.

BOULTER'S

HYTONE SUITS

AND TONEY MEN'S WEAR

TO SUIT.

AN ADVENTURE

My landlady simply adores me! She is a grumpy old soul—with a heart of gold—and likes nice, tidy boys and chocolates.

Whenever I want to go out for the evening she makes a terrible fuss and asks me a whole catechism before she will by any means let me go. And the questions she asks! Some of them are really offensive to a person of my finer sensibilities and good breeding. It's partly my people's fault, because they told her to keep me well in hand and not let me out more than once a week.

I well remember one night when I wanted to go to a dance. I approached her in fear and trembling, remembering how she had overhead me that afternoon, describing her with gusto to a friend. I thought I had done fairly that week—I had only been out twice but they were both Red Cross functions so they didn't count.

Well, as I say, I approached her presence in no little trepidation. She eyed me up and down with a cold eye and said, "Well?"

"Please, Mrs. Thomas, can I go out tonight?" I said, assuming a look of supreme virtue and shining innocence.

"What!!??" she exclaimed with heat, her three chins quivering.

I was just commencing to voice my request in pleading melting tones, when she cut me short. "Where is it this time?" she snapped.

"Oh-er, I want to-er-go to Ron's to get him to help me do my French."

"Huh!" she said sourly "I've heard that before, and it's like the fish—fishy."

I was insulted.

Raising myself up to my full height I fixed her with my steely eyes—I think they were steely, anyway. I demanded in dignified, measured tones, "Mrs. Thomas, "Have you ever known me to tell a lie?"

Her eyes tried to meet mine in denial, but they faltered and fell before their narrow glitter. I know instinctively that they were narrow and glittering.

She tried another tack. "How long will you be?" she said.

"Not very long," I answered vaguely.

"I'll sit up till ten and then lock the doors," she said in a burst of goodwill.

"Thank you," I said trying not to look as disappointed as I felt.

I went to the dance and had a jolly time, and returned at — well, the usual time. I climbed through by bedroom window and went to the kitchen. In the middle of the table I put a large box of chocolates addressed to "The kindest Landlady in the whole World." She ought to see them first thing in the morning.

I then crept noiselessly to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous.

GIRLS' STAMP CLUB

1940 saw the opening of the Stamp Club, after the many meetings, notable for absent members, which were held last year. We are a jolly band of enthusiastic philatelists, although not many in number.

At the first meeting Margaret Rea and Edna Stretton were chosen as secretary and treasurer respectively. We have greatly benefited by the help of Mr. Davies-Moore, who was the founder of our present club. He has also donated many of the competition prizes.

Meetings have been held every Wednesday fortnight and much pleasure has been derived from competitions arranged. Debates, lectures and swapping of stamps have also been successfully carried out.

The stamp exhibition which was to have been held this term has been postponed until early next year, when we hope to get a good response to our efforts.

The boys haven't yet formed a club of their own. Although we have invited them to join with us they're rather shy we fear, and haven't yet put in an appearance.

We were recently honoured by a visit from Miss Bridge to one of our meetings and we hope she thoroughly enjoyed herself. So roll along all you budding philatelists. We hope to see you all in the New Year.

BLOTTING PAPER

What on earth shall I write about? Sunsets? Scenic beauties? No! they've all been done before. The sparks flew from my nimble fingers as they tore the glossy, raven locks out from its roots, like the next door's gardener getting down on the weeds, as I concentrated furiously upon the question in hand. I must think. My thoughts descended from somewhere on the slopes near Pannassas with the swift.

swoop of a ski bird, and I looked despairingly round my table. I am not a person of tidy habits. Few gen-uses are, so I read. Shakespeare rubbed shoulders with Lane Grey and Euclid with Professor Murdoch, while pens, pencils and rulers flourished in luxurious profusion (or is that only flowers?) My jaundiced eye runs wearily over everything. Then it brightens (at least I think so). Would the love story of that round ink bottle be suitable? No, he's too bourgeois and not at all suitable, but that aristocratic piece of blotting paper. Now . . .

An excellent subject, refined and not too plentiful, the very thing—a true patrician. To my mind came the definition of this person, which one of my exasperated, though still learned colleagues, let fall—such wasted pearls of wisdom, “a blotter is an object for which one looks while the ink dries.” An excellent piece of work, right to the point, which reminds me of a very important fact which must never be forgotten when dealing with blotting paper. Never, never under any conditions whatsoever, insult a piece of blotting paper. If you do, and you do so at your own risk, you have done not only a foolhardy, but a dangerous action. You may stare at a bottle of ink, even note down its colour and proportions, without offence, but blotting paper—never. Blotters are extremely sensitive and their feelings are, I fear, hurt many times without cause. If stared at vulgarly they will retire, only themselves know where, and remain there until weeks later when they are not urgently wanted. Here you see the danger. When next you want blotting paper, it will be nowhere to be found and you are quite liable to suffer untold tortures in a vain endeavour to find it. Meanwhile the ink has dried of its own accord, which is the way of the world. Can you wonder at this retiring attitude? Blotting paper turned out by the tens of thousands of sheets, but eventually possessed by few. Oh dear, there's a blot! Now WHERE is my blotting paper? Where HAS it gone?

EN AVANT!

Ex-Students! In the fifth year I considered the word to carry dignity and maturity. Ex-student! How one straightened one's shoulders unconsciously and how one's eyes looked less

fearfully into the future, as yet a dim whirl of unknown happenings and unforeseen circumstances. How the word was as a rock under my feet, the assurance of sound and wholesome education as a foundation on which to build whatever I might be enabled to build, from the material of brain and intelligence that was my portion. How I resolved to remember fairly, with neither petty animosity nor mawkish sentimentality, my every experience at the school which soon I must leave. How I would strive to overcome, if ever its ugly head reared itself, the disgusting self-superiority towards students that characterised some “Exies” I had seen and heard. How at length, when the assembly was dismissed for the last time, when for the last time I had walked out from the lobby, down the path and through the gates, did I cling thoughtful, sad, yet dry-eyed, to the only status now remaining in connection with school days—Ex-student.

Ex-student! It hurt sometimes, that first year, in spite of the experience of independence at the unfamiliar weekly pay, in spite of the freedom of no homework, in spite of all things that had seemed, once, desirable. It hurt sometimes to remember the P.S. periods of reading and the studious quiet of the form room. It hurt to turn from theory to practice, to metamorphose oneself from grub to moth, and keep one's head and one's self esteem throughout the process. It hurt sometimes to hear students spoken of evilly, yet truthfully, perhaps, as though these things were a personal reproof, a personal insult. It wasn't an easy year, the first year as Ex-student.

Ex-student! A little more adapted to life at work in the next year. A little more confident in classing the various temperaments and characteristics of other people, instead of miserably wondering why I was seemingly so different from everybody else. A year of surface calm, the calm of obstinacy often, of unproved inner knowledge of the right way.

Not much interest, this year, in the old school life. Somehow the realisation of maturity, the experience of facing life with character and training, against the forces of degrading influences and associations, the stern struggle to think clearly, to act straightforwardly, to do justice to one's own standard and still not evidence any sign of strain, is rather inclined to make

one cautious of looking back too much, of remembering and theorising to any great extent. A numbness of feeling now concerning the name of Ex-student.

Ex-student! That name is almost three years old. I can carry it easily, rememoeer more clearly the associations of school life, appreciate more deeply the work achieved by the staff, realise more fully their task, their aim, their difficulties. It is easier to understand students and students' natures now than heretofore. Perhaps the distance of time has given a truer perspective to things pertaining to school life. But I can sympathise with the occasional glum moodiness of the third year, the callous "cock-of-the-walk" attitude of fourth-years, the serious, even desperate energy of the fifths. Now I can easily discern the new student the giggles and witticisms of the second years, and know that year after year these all are being moulded and prepared to bear worthily, to uphold honourably, the name of Ex-student.

—E S.

ON SWEARING

"That's wot's wrong with our b—— union," is what can be heard everyday in the street, generally spoken by gentlemen from whom one would have expected a better vocabulary. The Australians, a progressive people in many ways, seem to have no originality when it comes to honest swearing. With some notable exceptions, such as the "bullocky," they keep to the same conventions that bind the English coal-heaver and other worthy tradesmen of the Mother Country together.

It is said—I do not speak from personal experience—that a Frenchman or a Spaniard can abuse a person for ten, or even more, minutes without repetition or unoriginality. What a glorious record! A whole ten minutes describing a man's ancestry, his past, his present, and his future. What woeful amateurs the majority of people must seem to these accomplished folk.

For originality we must turn to literature. Recently a particularly ingenious mathematician having been sworn at by two hefty gipsy hawkers, and having no stock of similar phrases at his command at all suitable to the situation, used the technical terms of

his calling with quite remarkable effect:

"Out of my integral way, you pair of parallelopipeds. What the metamorphic function do you mean by it? You curvilinear tetrahedral rotary sons of an isotherm. Out of my way this binomial instant! Out of my binomial way—or I'll make you hyperbolically sorry for yourselves! Put down your homologous, dodecahedral sticks; Put down your pseudoantomorphic baskets. Yes, put them over there, spherically quick, too! By the linary quantic, stand out of my way."

Truly a mighty effort. Few could withstand such a stream of invective. This is only an example of what might be achieved. Think what a biologist could say:

"What in the natural order of bacteriological parasites are you doing? Out of my butterfly net and collecting box, you lepidopteral vertabrata. Organisms such as you are as fungus on the petibles of thelichens. Go unto the kingdom of tubers and earthworms, O carnivorous biped."

Or again the chemist would have quite a wide field:

"O infinitesimal molecule with your electron, go. You are indeed like a mixture of unclassified sulphurous gases from a gushing test tube. Out from elements must you go, unfinished experiment in sublimation. Combustible are my formulae but inadequate. Go to the incandescent thermal regions, where your haemaglobin shall become changed and perhaps less vile."

Infinite variety could be introduced without leaving our own language. When using foreign languages it is seldom necessary to say more than the ordinary words to provoke amazement and terror in the ignorant. Let me close this appeal with the plea that we do not confine ourselves to the conventions but branch out into fresh fields and pastures new. So next time you hit your thumb with the hammer don't say the usual "damn!" but, "You metamorphic ferrous implement of curvilinear proportions!"

MEDITATIONS OF A III Q INMATE

To anyone of an observant nature, it must be apparent that a school would be a far happier place if there were either no teachers or no students. When these two warring elements are

separated, peace reigns supreme, but, once they are brought into contact, a series of misunderstandings seem bound to occur, which culminate in a mighty explosion similar to that obtained by putting a match to a gas leak.

It may be rather disconcerting for a teacher who hopefully propounds a question involving only elementary knowledge, and is met with the sight of rows of open mouths, and blank, glassy stares, slightly reminiscent of dead fish. On the other hand, it is quite as disconcerting for the student, who has probably been gently snoring at his desk, imagining himself secure from attack in a back seat in the corner. It is always hard to be roused from a blissful dream of what you were doing last Saturday night and confronted by an irate individual, whose one aim appears to be the proving of that vital truth: "The square on the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides"—and who, most unreasonably, expects you to be worried about it!

The victim of the unprovoked attack collects what few wits remain to him, and tries to look intelligent—a gallant effort, but foredoomed to failure! After deeply cogitating on the problem—or pretending to—he announces brightly, with the air of one inspired, that he doesn't know. The teacher, who has been quite sure of this fact since the question was put, most unreasonably goes up in smoke and proceeds to annihilate the offender, who, after all, has but emulated the immortal George Washington, and spoken the undiluted truth.

After a period spent in this manner, as frequently happens in that abode of genius, III Q, the teacher dashes out mopping a perspiring brow, and makes a beeline for the headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers, to lodge a complaint. Meanwhile, in the classroom which he has just quitted, a battle royal is waged, and the dire shortage of chalk throughout the school becomes more and more acute.

—J.B.

OUR GROWING WINGS

With our new wings we expect to soar upwards and become the best school in the State. But whether the inmates will also develop wings and fly upwards is dubious.

So far we have suffered very little inconvenience due to building activities, but perhaps the study-wracked nerves of our third and fifth years are feeling more strained. The battering noises heard in some rooms affect our teachers, who, with worried brows, attempt to make themselves heard; but they delight the pupils, especially in oral French. Other disturbances, such as a builder requiring admittance into a room in order to crawl through the manhole, provides a restful break for the pupil as well as entertainment at the expense of the self-conscious workman.

Since the boys' stairs are out of action, there has been triple wear and tear on the girls' stairs and at such times as lunch and recess there is generally a hold up at the stairway, where some of the gentlemen let the ladies descend first, and sometimes vice versa. One may also observe a few inches of debris on the girls' stairs now.

Daily, throughout the school is wafted strains of some new hit or an old sentimental tune, mingled with raucous instructions, such as, "Here, Bill, give us a hand."

Up to the present the extensions have been progressing steadily without any hindrance from pupils, with the exception of a few irrepressible first years. This fact was impressed upon us at a recent assembly, with congratulations and warnings. We should have reached some discretion, and perhaps we have.

QUEER, WASN'T IT ?

Marie Devenham looked out of the bright window. She did not feel like writing today. She didn't feel brilliant or witty or satirical; she just felt dull.

Her young, bright-eyed secretary entered: "A reporter's come to interview you, Miss Devenham. Shall I send him away?" she asked, cheerily.

"No!" said Marie, with sudden inspiration. "Send him in."

So the reporter from the 'Ladies' Reader' was shown in to the popular authoress.

He asked her: "Miss Devenham, what is your main interest in life?"

Marie leaned forward enthusiastically: "Work!" she told him. "I have always worked energetically, ever since my cradle days."

"And to what do you attribute this

amazing energy?" the diligent reporter asked.

"Why, work itself!" cried Marie. The more you do, the more you can do. It's wonderful! I do regular amounts both of brain and body work. Exercising as I do, I expect to live to at least one hundred and ten."

"Oh!" he said, looking hard into Marie's earnest face. But Marie continued in this strain and the reporter was shown out a little later planning a perfectly splendid article.

Mavis, the secretary, turned with dancing eyes to her employer: "Marvellous!" she said.

Marie laughed, and turned to her last story. Work really was very dull.

Suddenly Mavis announced with a giggle: "The reporter from the 'Women's Home Affairs' wants to see you," pleading eagerly. "Do let me bring him up."

"Of course!" said Marie in delight.

The reporter from the "Women's Home" loathed interviewing authoresses. "How did you rise to such fame?" was his leading question.

Marie turned large, emotional eyes upon him: "I have always been dreamy and impractical, from a child, reaching for the moon. And perhaps, as I have grown older"—she smirked modestly—"I have, in striving for the moon, reached a star lower down."

At which ridiculous statement Mavis giggled hysterically and the reporter smiled wearily.

"And how do you explain your so natural beauty and charm?"

"Oh," said Marie, "I have always taken heed of all the advertisements for increasing good looks and vitality, that one sees in the papers. I never keep on one treatment long enough for it to really work, for it might be a fake and injurious to my wonderful human machine; but I find with their use I keep healthy and, well—you mentioned beauty, you know."

"Queer cattle, authors, each one worse than the other," thought the reporter.

* * *

In her comfortable home Mrs. Osbourne counted her stitches and then turned to her daughter who was reading in the window seat:

"Did you read the articles in the 'Women's Home' and the 'Ladies' Reader' on Miss Devenham, Lucy?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lucy, without looking up. "Interesting!"

"Quite contradictory," murmured Mrs. Osbourne. "It was queer. But then, being an authoress and temperamental, you know, I suppose she's not very reliable and changes her ideas daily."

"Yes," said Lucy, absently.

Phyllis L. Thompson.

HINTS TO STUDENTS B.H.S.

REGARDING ETIQUETTE

To some of the "students" of this godly institution, namely, Bunbury High School, this title may mean nothing, but sad as I am to state the fact, there's not a little lack of, O shame to tell! Courtesy and manners.

One member of the staff had the misfortune, earlier in the term, to have to reprimand several of the male members of the Fourth Form (perhaps I should say "he" men of the school) for being a little late for a French lesson, without explaining courteously and without being asked, the cause of their delay. A very appropriate lecturette ensued, which has, undoubtedly, improved our manners considerably. There was also a second useful point—some of the "good" students who were not in the least concerned, were able to study meanwhile that most delightful French play "Gringoire" and thus further increase their already abundant knowledge thereof. Since that unfortunate episode it may be observed that all students of the said class always offer a suitable explanation of their lateness.

Regarding this subject it seems that the worst malefactors are contained in the Upper School, for 'twas rumoured but a few days ago that one of the most saintly inmates of the Fourth Form Room did carelessly bump into a member of the staff at the top of the stairs without even making an apology! The mater was reported by victim to a form of the Lower School. What a degradation!

To all students of B.H.S. therefore, I dedicate this epistle with the view of keeping them from unnecessary "hot water"; so remember, fellow students. "Tojours la politesse."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

MY FAVOURITE GAME

It is extremely difficult to decide upon one's favourite game, or perhaps one's favourite anything, book, hobby and what not. With many people their favourite game is no game at all, meaning, of course, that they patronise all sports with equal avidity. On the other hand, and every person has two hands, there are many people who specialise in one branch of sport, whether physical or mental, and that sport is the one they're best fitted for—bodily.

I consider myself (as no illustration is supplied you, my reader, need not). My chief occupation on sports afternoon is soccer, for which I am better fitted than for Australian football. For one thing the soccer field is considerably smaller both in area and number of opponents, for as you know I was not intended by nature for speed: durability, perhaps, but not speed. Secondly, by Isaac Newton's third law of motion, action and re-action are equal and opposite. According to this excellent rule, when I am continuing due north with a momentum of several hundred foot-pounds per second,

and come into contact with a smaller member of the opposing team, coming due south, I continue to continue. I thereby gain point two. Thirdly, the layers of fat on my body naturally protect it from violence, especially that part of the tibia above the ankle commonly known as the shin. This last advantage enables me to inflict contact upon some person or persons without injury to myself, which, you will agree, is a decided asset.

Well, to return to the subject under discussion. Soccer is a game, played by two opposing teams which is so often the case in sport of all kinds, there being eleven members in each, every member trying to propel by means of the foot a globular rubber bladder covered with leather. How easy it sounds!

The art of the game is known and practised by few in this school, myself not being included. The main idea is to keep in one's own place but that, of course, is optional until one gets into trouble. Not more than two members of each team should be 'on the ball' (to use a technical term) at the same time. This method of course aims to produce more individual talent and

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THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
— BUNBURY —

Telephone 146

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less of the pack method. This latter method is perhaps in our school more dependable than individual brilliance as the talent procurable is rather inconsistent. For the sake of convenience I will call soccer my favourite sport.

“AVOIR DUPOIS.”

Note: The writer of the above was soccer captain for Blue twelve years ago so that the game changes but little.

DEATH IN THE DARKNESS

The moon shines forth in all its glory,
The stars come one by one,
The mountains tower, old and hoary,
Against the soft, moonlit skies;
A night breeze springs up—and on
From peak to peak it gently sighs.
The sleeper's cheek is drawn and white,
The form is cold and stiff:
Death is written on the face
Of the corpse beside the cliff.
Hush! There's a rustle in the bush—
A figure steps into the light
And kneels before that inert form
Stretched there upon the ground;
A wailing cry breaks the silent night
And echoes in the hills around.

MOONLIGHT MELODY

Sweet, silvery and silent moonlight,
Shining snow-like in the startlit
garden;
Peace is riding on yon soft beams
And warm darkness is its warden.
Softly o'er the silent night
Ring the bells of evening prayer
Summoning those who follow Christ
For the sacred service there.
Bell-like, tolling are the glorious voices
Gently wafted on the breeze
That flows on, and over all
Zephyr-like amidst the trees.
Yuletide hymns are holy songs
And sweetly, softly like heaven's
bells
Come the Convent's humble voices
O'er the mountains, lakes and dells.

“I DUNNO !”

There lives a youth named James
McBrass
Who is the joke of every class;
He makes his teachers growl and bark
Because his favourite remark
Is “I dunno!”
No use asking where's Japan?
Or where the Trojan war began?

Or what's the Latin alphabet?

The answer you are sure to get

Is “I dunno!”

“Googs” may dance and tear his hair,

“Jenks” may groan in dire despair,

“Stooner” may bark and grab his cane

But still his answer is the same:

“I dunno!”

When exam time comes along

He never gets a question wrong;

Not he! The task is easily done:

He simply writes against one

“I dunno!”

PREFECTS ON THE BALCONY

Upon our sunny balcony, the Prefects
great and wise,
Love to stand and nod their heads,
watched by our envious eyes.
And far down here beneath them, we
little children stay,
And sometimes a contemptuous glance,
is cast upon our way,
By some great, stately Prefect, with
such a haughty air,
Who always gives our boots a look, as
we come up the stair,
And if they are not strictly clean, then
down at once we go.
And it is always wisest to rub them
till they glow.
These prefects are unbearable, but
bear them we just must,
And we can all look forward to, with
very ardent lust.
That cherished, distant, far off time,
when we may be,
Great and stately Prefects on the High
School balcony.
I.A.'s Budding Poet.

OUR CENSOR

When Australia was settled
In seventeen ninety three;
Men were of the opinion
The Press it should be free.
Today—to the Kingia editors
Your masterpiece you tip;
But ninety nine per cent. returns
By Order—Censorship.

In Germany by muzzling Press
Of victories they bragged.
But the paper there has freedom.
To the way our Press is gagged.

They return poetry that would raise
A nobody to fame.

And drawings that would make
An angel writhe in shame.

N.B.: This has not been suppressed.
Has Liberty become Licence?—(Ed.)

MUSSO'S MINES

Don't go outside your mines, Musso,
 Dreams very often come true;
 And I dreamed that the British bulldogs
 Are waiting to get at you.
 Stop behind your mines, Musso,
 It's safer in Naples bay;
 Don't take any silly risks, Musso,
 You'll find that the game won't pay.
 Stay behind your mines, Musso,
 Remember Napoleon's fate;
 For old Nelson's blood still lives today,
 Cry off, before it's too late.
 The big grey ships art waiting, Musso,
 On the Mediterranean blue;
 They never sleep, and are long ng,
 Musso,
 For a chance at you.
 Behind your mines there's peace, Musso,
 You can rave and bawl and shout
 Defiance, because you's safe, Musso,
 God help you if you come out.
 They're waiting behind the guns, Musso,
 That fire a "sixteen" shell,
 And they know how to find the range,
 Musso,
 Adolf Hitler knows it well.
 Be contented behind your mines, Musso,
 Wait till the war is o'er;
 It's better than facing the bulldogs
 When the guns begin to roar.
 We've always come out on top, Musso,
 And whatever the price we pay,
 The old Union Jack will be flying
 When Hitler and you pass away.
 —"Ringneck."

THE CONCERT

Last night, just as the curtain rose,
 Things went all awry,
 Nothing would go right at all—
 I'm darned if I know why.
 The night was dark and stormy,
 But still the show went on,
 Even when we discovered that
 The bad man for a walk had gone.

A villian sneaked in by the back door,
 He was as bad as man could be;
 Of course, you know, we weren't afraid
 For the crook was Norman Lindsay.
 The Duchess ambled on the stage
 Surrounded by her fur;
 Bert just looked the other way,
 So that soon ended her.
 Handsome playboy James
 With cigar had marvellous grace
 Until he tried the draw-back
 And became a hospital case.
 Dave Malden was bad tempered
 And was not fit to hear,
 Trying to get his make-up off
 With a second wash for the year!
 After the show was over—
 I know this sounds absurd—
 But villain and shop-girl disappeared,
 And Bertie got the bird.

A FOREST RAINSTORM

Deep-throated thudding, rush of wind in
 trees,
 While snapping branches strew the
 forest floor.
 Overhead the rolling clouds sweep
 fiercely on,
 Not rosy fluffy clouds are these,
 But pent with lightning, pregnant, too,
 with rain.
 While lightning flash is followed hard
 by thunder's roar.

But over, under, through the surge of
 sound
 A deeper booming note is heard, which
 grows
 Until it dwarfs the raging of the winds.
 And teeming rain upon the thirsty
 ground
 Comes falling thick and white in sheet
 on sheet,
 And soon a rivulet in every hollow
 flows.

