

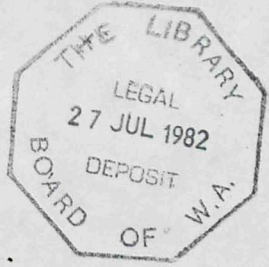
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BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL

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# THE KINGIA



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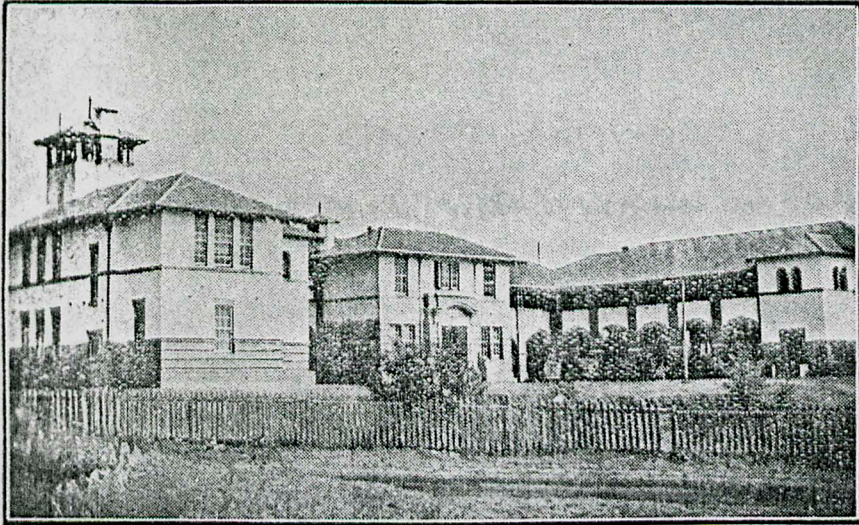
AUGUST 1941

VOL. XX



*62. Dunlop*

# View of the Bunbury High School



Vol. XX. No. 1

BUNBURY, AUGUST, 1941

Price 1s. 6d.

## Student Officials

School Captain: Stan. Richards.

Senior Girl: Miss J. Trotter.

### PREFECTS :

Girls: Miss F. Dodson, Miss M. Dolley, Miss M. Forrest,  
Miss V. Hanekamp, Miss R. Carroll.

Boys: F. James, N. Lindsay, D. Malden, N. Teede, A. Wilson.

### FACTION CAPTAINS :

Blue: Miss M. Forrest; N. Lindsay.

Gold: Miss M. Dolley; D. Malden.

Kingia: Miss V. Hanekamp; N. Johnson.

Red: Miss J. McEwan; S. Richards.

Sports Prefects: Miss D. Mander, C. Prichard, N. Johnson.

### SOCIAL PREFECTS:

Miss G. Washer, Miss J. McEwan, P. Davies-Moore, P. Howie.

Science Cadet: Phil. Brown.

14th Year Biology Monitor: Don Overheu.

### LIBRARY PREFECTS:

Miss G. Washer, Miss M. Crouch, N. Bromilow, and H. Hall.

### MAGAZINE EDITORS:

Miss J. Bignell, Miss G. Washer, D. Tyrie and D. Overheu.

Business Manager: N. Bromilow.



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## Editorial

We, the Editors of the "Kingia," present the first 1941 edition of the school magazine, in the earnest hope that it fulfils everyone's expectations. In self-defence, however, we should like to add that it is not entirely satisfactory, that is scarcely the fault of the Editors. The response to an appeal for contributions was anything but whole-hearted, and, although some people, by prolonged and honest labour, produced some excellent material, they scarcely counter-balanced the number who, either through modesty or through laziness, withheld the fruits of their industry and genius. To our faithful contributors we extend our heartfelt gratitude, and to the less commendable section of the school we present an attitude of pained reproach. It is to be hoped that this attitude will bring results in the shape of articles for the next "Kingia."

Having made our apology, and stated our only defence, we should like to conclude by extending a belated welcome to the new members of the staff—Miss Beckett, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Waddell and Mr. McKendry. We hope that they find their new surroundings congenial.

—THE EDITORS.

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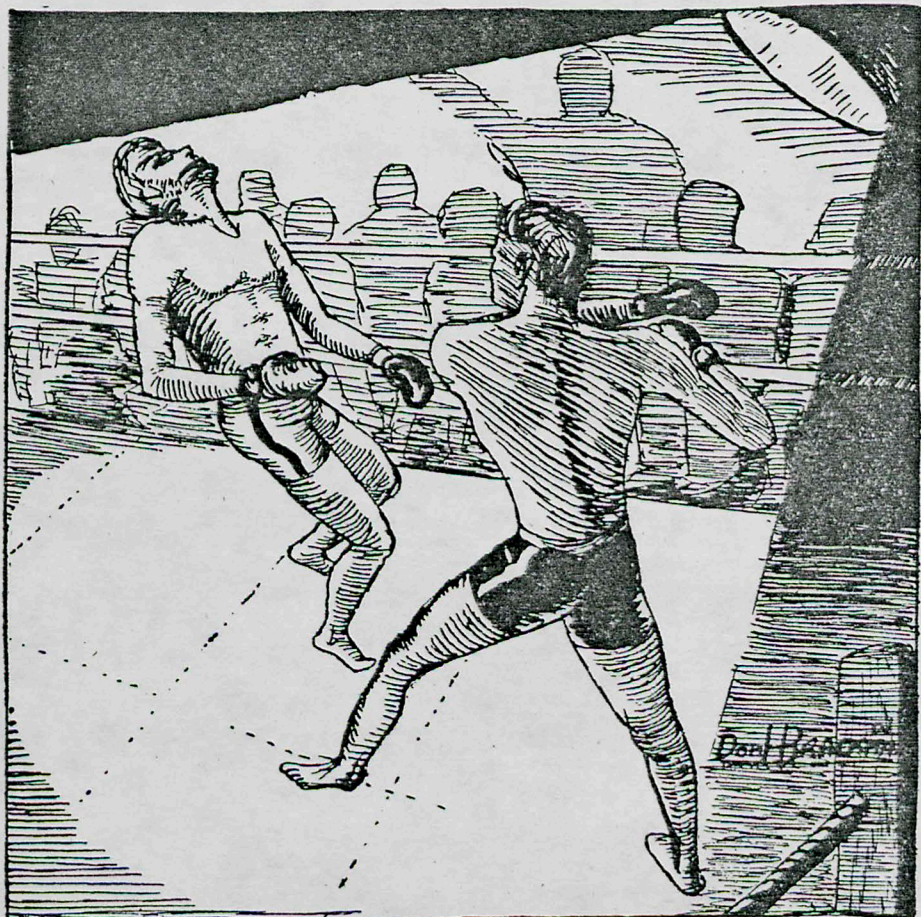
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## —Richards at Work—

### SPORTS NOTES

Congratulations to those who represented the School in the boxing tournaments held in Perth in May, and particularly to Stan Richards, who was welter-weight champion of the State.

One of the things looked forward to most each week by us poor, overworked boys, is the gymnasium class each Thursday afternoon. This has been made possible through the generosity of Mr. Jenkin, who, as our instructor, devotes each Thursday afternoon after school to our physical well-being.

### GIRLS' SPORTS NOTES

The difficulty of arranging sporting fixtures is becoming greater, as the number of girls increases and the number of available grounds decreases. Even with Lower and Upper School girls going to sport on different days, the problem is still there, and has been especially felt with regard to hockey, which can be played only once a fortnight when



the girls have the use of the Recreation Ground.

In the summer, with over one hundred girls attending the Swimming Classes, the rest could be absorbed at Tennis or Games. It is good to see such large numbers at the Swimming Classes, and also to know of the many candidates who were successful in the Life-Saving Examinations.

The Swimming Carnival was held on March 11, when the weather was too cold to be pleasant. Jacqueline Clarke, a First Year girl, is to be congratulated on winning the Championship with 48 points, and on setting up two new records. Largely owing to her efforts, backed up by others in the Faction, Kingia girls experienced the thrill of coming first, after many years of occupying a more humble position.

A Tennis Tournament was organized by the girls, but unfortunately the weather prevented its completion, though in the singles event, only the final match between D. Mander and G. Washer remains to be played to decide the 1941 School Tennis Champion.

The weather has interfered with sport on several occasions during the second term and none of the competitions is very far advanced.

The School Hockey team is, as usual, playing in the local Association, and though it started off rather badly, practice and experience have brought about a considerable improvement.

As in 1940, the annual Sports Carnival will not be held in Perth in August, owing to the war. While disappointing, this decision was expected by the students.

Faction points at the time of writing are: Kingia, 129; Blue, 91; Red, 69; Gold, 52.

## SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

### GIRLS' EVENTS

100 yards School Championship.—J. Clark, 1; A. Macdonald, 2; G. Nottle, 3; time 1min. 40 4-5secs.

55 yards School Championship.—J. Clark, 1; J. McEwan, 2; A. Macdonald, 3; time 39 4-5secs.

55 yards Breaststroke Championship.—A. Macdonald, 1; S. Bennett, 2; D. Teede, 3; P. Denney, 4; time 1min. 1 3-5secs.

55 yards Backstroke Championship.—J. Clark, 1; C. Christian, 2; E. Stretton, 3; J. McEwan, 4; time 44 3-5secs. (record).

55 yards First Year Championship.—J. Clark, 1; D. Teede, 2; M. Macdonald, 3; S. Bennett, 4; time 40 3-5secs. (record).

55 yards Second Year Championship.—A. Macdonald, 1; B. Urry, 2; N. Paton, 3; C. Christian, 4; time 45secs.

55 yards Third Year Championship.—P. Ladyman, 1; L. Jilley, 2; E. Johnson, 3; time 50 2-5secs.

55 yards Upper School Championship.—J. McEwan, 1; L. Osborn, 2; F. Dodson, 3; E. Stretton, 4; time 43 4-5secs.

30 yards Championship.—M. Marston, 1; P. McClymont, 2; W. Goss, 3; D. Pike, 4.

30 yards Breaststroke Championship.—R. Woods, 1; N. Paton, 2; L. Piggott, 3; N. McLoughlin, 4.

Life-Saving Race.—J. Clark and L. Terrell, 1; D. Cole and W. Ellis 2; G. Harris and M. Macdonald, 3; C. Christian and B. Carroll, 4.

Neat Dive.—J. Clark, 1; J. McEwan, 2; S. Bennett, 3; L. Jilley, 4.

Relay Race.—Blue, 1; Kingia, 2; Red, 3; time 3mins. 15 3-5secs.

Cork Race.—A. Macdonald, 1; P. Ladyman, 2.

Dog Paddle Race.—P. Denney, 1; D. Cole, 2.

Faction Points, Kingia, 99; Blue, 64; Red, 44; Gold, 20.

Champion Swimmer: J. Clark, 48 points, 1; A. Macdonald, 24 points, 2; J. McEwan, 19 points, 3.

### BOYS' EVENTS

Boys' total points: Blue, 40; Gold, 74; Kingia, 43; Red, 122.



**Boys' Open Championship.**

110 yards.—T. Hall (G), 1; C. Prichard (R), 2; D. Evans (K), 3; N. Bromilow (B) 3; time 11 2-5secs. (record).

55 yards Backstroke.—T. Hall (G), 1; C. Prichard (R), 2; D. Evans (K) 3; N. Bromilow (B), 4; time 41 4-5secs.

55 yards.—T. Hall (G), 1; C. Prichard (R), 2; D. Evans (K), 3; N. Bromilow (B); time 31secs. (record).

220 yards.—T. Hall (G), 1; C. Prichard (R), 2; D. Evans (K), 3; N. Bromilow (B), 4; time 2.49 3-5 (record).

Neat Dive.—C. Prichard (R), 1; T. Hall (G), 2; D. Evans (K), 3; Tony Hall (K), 4.

55 yards Breaststroke.—T. Hall (G), 1; C. Prichard (R), 2; N. Teede (B), 3; D. Evans (K), 4; time 40 4-5secs. (record).

Boys' Faction Relay.—Red, 1; Gold, 2; Kingia, 3; time 2.39 1-5.

**Boys' Junior Championship.**

220 yards.—G. Crouch (R), 1; J. Connolly (B), 2; P. Davies-Moore (R), 3; Morgan Smith (G), 4; time 3.41 1-5.

110 yards.—G. Crouch (R), 1; P. Davies-Moore (R), 2; N. Barber (K), 3; J. Connolly (B), 4; time 1.33.

55 yards.—Heat 1: T. Smith (R), 1; P. Davies-Moore (R), 2; J. Connolly (B), 3; time 38 4-5. Heat 2: G. Crouch (R), 1; N. Barber (K), 2; G. Watkins (R), 3; time 36 2-5secs. Final: G. Crouch (R), 1; N. Barber (K), 2; P. Davies-Moore (R), 3; T. Smith (R), 4; time 37 2-5 secs.

55 yards Breaststroke.—T. Hall (G), 1; G. Crouch (R), 2; T. Smith (R), 3; J. Connolly (B), 4; time 41secs. (record).

Neat Dive.—B. Driscoll (K), 1; J. Connolly (B), 2; T. Smith (R), 3; T. Hall (B), 4.

55 yards Backstroke.—J. Connolly (B), 1; G. Crouch (R), 2; P. Davies-Moore (R), 3; time 49 4-5secs.

**Under Age Championship.**

Under 13 years Championship.—Heat 1: J. Anderson (B), 1; D. Clarke (R), 2; W. Dodson (B), 3; heat 2: N. McKenna (R), 1; G. Currie (G), 2; K. Sack (R), 3. Final: J. Anderson (B), 1; W. Dodson (G), 2; N. McKenna (R), 3; D. Clarke (R), 4; time 44 4-5secs.

Under 14 Championship.—Heat 1: R. Dalrymple (G), 1; M. Scouler (R), 2; M. Tetlow (R), 3; time 47 1-5secs; Heat 2: D. Grapes (R), 1; J. O'Byrne (G), 2; W. McArthur (G), 3; time 43 4-5 secs. Final: J. O'Byrne (G), 1; D. Grapes (R), 2; W. Carter (G), 3; M. Scouler (R) 4; time 42secs.

Under 15 years Championship.—T. Smith (R), 1; B. Driscoll (K), 2; J. Wilson (R), 3; G. Martin (R), 4; time 41 1-5secs.

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## A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Goodbye Australia, I'm leaving now, for far across the sea,  
To join my many comrades who are waiting there for me.  
I'll never once forget you, I don't see how I could  
With your wattle blossoms waving and your many scents of wood.

I've worked many a weary day in fields of ripening corn  
Or in the sorting and the grading before the sheep were shorn,  
I've hauled great logs of timber, carted loads of sand  
But whatever I did I was happy, no one's not in Aussie land.

There's always time for pleasure, no matter where you be  
And, like most Australians do, I spent mine around the sea;  
There's plenty other pastimes for those who do not surf,  
Such as fishing in your rivers and hunting on the turf.

I love to go a-droving, on your vast and endless plains  
To get my stock to Wyndham before the flooding rains  
I've dived in crystal waters for treasured pearls below  
And gone ski-ing in the winter on Mt. Kosciusko's snow.

My life has been a happy one, but always busily spent  
And no job has been as great as the one I've now been sent.  
Although I'm going of my own free-will, I'd hoped to leave you never  
But I realize I must pull with the rest, to help  
Advance Australia ever!



### " IF "

If you can keep your books, when all about you  
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you,  
If you conceal your guilt when all men doubt you,  
And prove that their suspicions are untrue.  
If you can beat all comers to the back seat  
And, having got there, not be dispossessed,  
And, settled there, a pile of books before you,  
Enjoy a well-earned forty minutes' rest.

If you can dream, and not be caught while dreaming,  
If you can think, not less than once a day,  
If you can foil your neighbour's crafty scheming  
To transfer your books to somewhere far away.  
If you can bear to see the works you've slaved at  
Slashed with red pencil till it disappears,  
And stand and wait while you are being raved at  
Remembering, one believes not all one hears.

If you walk with Lower School, and keep your virtue,  
Or with Prefects, nor yet lose the common touch  
If neither foes nor paper wads can hurt you  
If all things count with you, but not too much.  
If you can soothe the unforgiving pedant,  
After endless weeks of homework left undone,  
Yours is this school, and everything that's in it,  
And you've certainly got a darned smooth tongue, my son!



## PREFECTS 1941

No matter what anybody says to the contrary, we, the Prefects of 1941, continue to consider ourselves the finest that B.H.S. has yet produced. Of course, we may be wrong, but then, the real secret of success is an unshakable belief in oneself, don't you think?

We have set our hands to several new tasks this year and, adverse criticism notwithstanding, have tackled them manfully and achieved a good deal of success. For instance, the balconies are so bare that one is apt to believe himself late until he remembers that they are not now occupied before the bell goes. Personally, I think a few students draped about the School gives it a much more friendly look.

During the first term we held two dances from which the Lower School was excluded, and a social evening for the First and Second Years. All these functions were pleasingly successful. Almost overwhelmingly so. We were nobly and ably helped in these efforts by the latest innovation—the Social Prefects, Misses Gladys Washer, Jean McEwan, and Peters Howie and Davies-Moore, and this help was gratefully received and duly appreciated. At the Junior School Social Mr. Waddell very kindly played the piano and Messrs Wheeler and Quinn assisted in curbing the multitude.

This term, acting on the advice of Mr. Quinn, we have held dancing classes on alternate Monday afternoons, for the benefit of non-dancers in both the Lower and Upper Schools. It appears that the Upper School does not need teaching as they are not always as enthusiastic as the juniors, so it has been suggested that we cut out Upper School practices altogether and just continue with the Lower. The price of admission is only 1d. and the juniors have profited much from our teaching. The music for these classes has been provided by Mr. Waddell and several of the Students.

Those who have attended the classes were given ample opportunity to display their prowess at the dance held on Wednesday, June 25, to which no ex-students or outsiders were invited, and at which music was provided by a professional orchestra.

It was with much regret that last week we said "goodbye for the present," to one of members, Miss Viola Hanekamp, who has been called home for a while. We are all hoping to see her back again next term so that she can share with us and the rest of Fifth Year, the uncertain pleasures of Third Term.

"EFELDI," Honorary Secretary.

### SUPPLEMENT TO PREFECTS' NOTES

Thunder: Enter six witches (hurriedly).

1st Witch: Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch: Rating first years.

3rd Witch: Sister, where thou?

4th Witch: A barber's son had apples in his hands and munch'd and munch'd and munch'd. "Give me!" quoth I.

Buzz off, you noxious nuisance, the knavish lad replied.

His case is up upon the lockers and he gone . . .

6th Witch: Footsteps! footsteps!

Malden doth come.

Malden: So beastly nice a day I have not seen and to-day but Friday.

Wilson: What are these strange beings?

So wet and wild in their attire;

For I perceive that they do stockings lack,

You should be women, yet your years

Forbid me to interpret you as such.



Malden: Good morning, girls.

5th Witch: All hail, Malden, hail to the keeper of the corridor.

1st Witch: All hail, Malden, hail to the watcher of the stair!

2nd Witch: All hail, Malden, thou shalt be ringer of the bell hereafter.

Wilson: What's the trouble, Dave?

Malden: That worm Teede's late again.

Wilson: No, his case is here

(a tall black clad figure enters).

Figure: Malden; That bell's five minutes late already. Ring it, will you? (exit)

Witches: Hail, give us five seconds; we've got to get downstairs.

#### PRE'S TEA:

All: Double, double, toil and trouble

Fire burn, kerosene tin bubble.

1st Witch: Tail of good hot-dogs

In the tin above the logs . . .

(Enter Teede and Richards).

Teede: Hhow now, you black and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

3rd Witch: Hags, indeed, I like that! I'm a blonde.

4th Witch: So would you be, if you'd been out as much as I have this week.

1st Witch: There was hockey on Saturday and . . .

Richards: Show me what smells so good.

Teede: Yea, show.

Witches: Show, show!

(One hauls forth an entrancing vision of half-cooked saveloys).

6th Witch: Not nearly done, plonk them back again.

Teede: Filthy hags! Why do you show me these?

2nd Witch: But look ye here (uncovers bowl of fruit salad): Feast your eyes, but not your tongue.

5th Witch: Put it away, it offends my artistic sense!

(It disappears; a vision appears in the doorway).

Witches: All hail (They seem fond of saying that).

Malden (entering): How ya, Robbie?

Vision: Hah, mind you clear the mess up afterwards. Do you hear?

Teede: Yeah, we hear (without notable enthusiasm. An awful shriek off. A black cat enters).

Richards: Good Lord!

Dave: Just witch of you does this belong to?

# BOULTER'S

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AND TONEY MEN'S WEAR

TO SUIT.

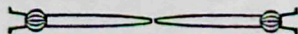
## JUNIOR AND LEAVING RESULTS

We should like to congratulate all those who did so well in the Junior and Leaving Certificate Examination last year. Following is a list of those who received certificates:

Anderson, Norma Gwendoline.  
Blond, Gwendoline M.  
Bunce, Eleanor V.  
Dolley, Evelyn G.  
Forsyth, Olive R.  
Hodgson, Frank  
Jeffery, Sylvia M.  
Nichols, Lindsay  
Smith, Robert G.  
Stockdill, Donald A.  
Taylor, Phyllis  
Torrissi, Lucy  
Trobridge, Sheila L.

### JUNIOR

W. Angove, J. Bignell, K. Birchall, N. Bromilow, M. Butterly, C. Campbell, E. Chester, B. Clifton, D. Cole, D. Couch, J. Craghill, W. Crouch, N. Davie, P. Davies-Moore, N. Dawson, C. Earl, A. Fox, G. Gillon, R. Hardisty, R. Hastie, L. Hodgkin, A. Hough, P. Howie, N. Johnston, P. Leece, L. Lenton, J. McArthur, J. McEwan, M. McKenna, K. Mort, G. Nottle, I. O'Byrne, L. Osborn, E. Pearce, C. Prichard, E. Rea, A. Rowston, B. Ryall, F. Scott, N. Sherlock, W. Sloan, J. Smith, J. Spratt, E. Stretton, G. Washer, W. Wheeler, K. Wilson and N. Worthington.



## SENSATION!

While walking home from school on a certain night (17th day July, A.D., 1941) I was attracted by a column of smoke arising from behind Dr—'s hedge. I soon reached the corner, and on the side of the road was a small lorry in a state of heat and light. (Authorised version of "fire.") Quite a crowd had collected to watch the process of combustion, and B.H.S. was well represented. A camera man was busily engaged in taking photos., while the owners of the truck stood by.

"'Urry an' take those snaps before th' Brigade comes, Bill!" I heard someone yell.

On turning my head to look at the speaker my eyes were dazzled. There, in all its glory, was the Bunbury Fire Brigade!! The force itself was arrayed in brightly gleaming helmets and black suits. One half of the force rang a bell with pride and pomp, and put out his arm, and the truck swung around the corner and halted.

Jumping out quickly the (two) men of the Brigade adjusted the hose and a jet of water extinguished the fire. Rather too soon for the Brigade I imagine, for it looked peeved at not being able to display its professional skill to a great extent.

The crowd soon dispersed.

—Spectator.

N.B.—The writer is not under the impression that the Bunbury Fire Brigade can only muster two men!



## FACTION NOTES

All factions join in offering their congratulations to the following boys and girls, who did so well in the annual Swimming Carnival held during the first term:

- J. Clark: Girls' Open champion.
- A. Macdonald: Runner-up.
- T. Hall: Boys' Open Champion.
- C. Prichard: Runner-up.
- G. Crouch: Boys' Junior Champion.

### BLUE—GIRLS

The members of Blue Faction still continue to uphold their reputation being now second on the list of points.

Swimming is not one of our specialties, but in spite of this we managed to gain second place in the carnival.

We met with a great deal of success in tennis, but we were, unfortunately, unable to finish the final because of the weather.

Our juniors are certainly doing their share of work in basket-ball. The "A" grade team has excelled itself by winning every match they played. Keep up the good work, juniors.

The baseball team is not very strong at present but with more practice and a small amount of luck we should be victorious in the finals.

Owing to a team of inexperienced players the hockey team has not yet been very successful but the team is beginning to shape well and should show good form in the coming matches.

One consolation is that we have the Sports Day to look forward to and should come out with flying colours. Please take note of this, you Blue athletes and start training immediately.

Blue's faction collection does not come up to the standard of the other factions, but I think we can blame this on to the boys who are very forgetful (or will we say too mean?). So turn out your pockets, Blue, and bring along all those spare pennies. Remember, it's all for a good cause.

I must conclude by wishing other factions the best of luck in the future.

### BLUE—BOYS

Although our success this year has not been as marked as previous years, we are still battling on determinedly.

Our greatest success this year has been in cricket, both the Senior and Junior XI's pulling their weight. The Senior XI, ably led by Frank James, has proved too tough a proposition for the other factions and finished well up in points. Blue Junior XI deserves the greatest praise in going through the season without loss. Although the batting and bowling was of high standard, there were several weak positions in the field, and to become a premierships team we must rectify these weak lines.

Our tennis team, captained by Don Bradshaw, and well backed up by L. Sangster, has only lowered its colours to Red, despite the fact that it fought with tooth and nail on both occasions.

Owing to the fact that Upper School football is played every second Tuesday, there have been only three matches. The matches showed there was plenty of room for improvement, the football produced being of a sluggish and scrappy nature. The Junior XVIII, unfortunately, does not show the form it showed at cricket and finds the going rather hard. It will be a stiff fight to the top of the premierships position and because we are Blue, I feel confident we can do it.

It has not been a very satisfactory half year, and every boy must pull his weight if we are to look forward to a brighter final term.



**RED—GIRLS.**

So far we have not done much to keep up the reputation gained in former years, but we still have the sports carnival to look forward to. We do possess a couple of runners, whereas we are practically devoid of swimming champs.

Earlier in the term we were last on the Red Cross collection list, but we have managed to pick up lost ground wonderfully; whether we are improving or whether the other factions are deteriorating is a matter of opinion. However, keep it up, girls; we'll win yet!

Well, here's luck to the other factions.

**RED—BOYS**

Red was very unlucky last year in missing the shield for combined points, by half a point only, but with a small amount of luck we will collect it this year.

As usual, our most successful branch of sport has been tennis. For many years we have been premiers and during the last three years we have not lost a match, a record that will take some beating. We have been well supported in this honourable game by the Junior team, which evidently intends to carry on the old traditions.

At cricket, Red has not been outstanding, but I think that under the present leadership, the cricket team cannot fail. Anyway, from the latest reports, they have been pulling their weight.

We had a very successful Swimming Carnival, in which Red was victorious with 166 points, 122 of which were gained by the boys.

Owing to the system of combining factions for football teams we have not been able to display our ability to the full extent, but even under these trying conditions, we have done well, only having lost one match so far. Our juniors have supported us well in this branch and have gained some very valuable points.

Before I close, I wish the other factions the very best of luck.

**GOLD—GIRLS**

So far 1941 has been a year of only partial success for Gold. We met with disaster in the swimming carnival, since we had no really outstanding stars among the girls, and our less brilliant swimmers were not sufficiently numerous to atone for this lack. In basketball Gold has had very little success, since apparently we did not get much new talent at the beginning of the year. First baseball has been more successful for us, however, particularly in the upper school, where Gold has won every match so far. We have been unfortunate in being unable to make much use of our greatest asset this year—the hockey team. Our faction team is for once the strongest in the school, but we have only played one match so far, which was a victory for Gold.

Therefore, although basketball and swimming have prevented us from obtaining a uniformly good record, hockey and baseball are sufficiently promising to provide considerable encouragement and reasonable hope of success in the third term.

**GOLD—BOYS**

So far this year Gold has not distinguished itself in any field of sport, but, hoping for a change for the better during the remaining months, we will strive desperately and shall perhaps see the reward of hard labour. It will, however, require an exceptional amount of hard work, as our faction records for this year contain a rather overwhelming number of losses.

In the Swimming Carnival, held during last term, we succeeded in gaining third place among the boys, due principally to the efforts of T. Hall.

Our cricket captain, Barry Hogg, has also distinguished himself in the field of cricket, as far as the school is concerned, and much of the



rather small success Gold did have in cricket during the first term was due to his efforts.

At the time of wrting we have not won any of the three football matches played so far, but I must add that this has been partly due to the lack of support given us by our "allies" each week, though perhaps they may have different views on the subject!

The juniors, though they have done better than the upper school, still have much room for improvement, and so I appeal to every member of our worthy faction to put his best foot forward, to do his utmost and to uphold the honour of our faction.

### KINGIA—GIRLS

Kingia girls are nobly upholding the traditions of their faction. We are top on the list of girls' faction points but I am afraid our combined boys and girls' points are not quite so good, the boys being disgracefully lazy in this important matter of gaining points.

Kingia girls won easily on Swimming Carnival day, largely owing to the untiring efforts of J. Clark.

Although we have played only two hockey matches this term we are undefeated. We managed to draw with Red and to beat Blue. Cheer up, you other factions, it's not your fault that we are too good for you.

Tennis is not one of our strongest points, but in time we will excel in that sport, too. Meanwhile we have to give the other factions a chance in some sports.

Our junior girls are doing very well, and if they keep on improving at their present rate we can look forward to a strong faction in the years to come.

Our baseball team has been more or less successful. We don't seem to have started properly yet, so we can look forward to more victories there.

Another cheerful event is the Sports Day which looms close. It's high time all you budding champions started training because we are certainly going to come out on top. Our collection on Friday mornings is quite good but could be improved greatly if the boys would remember their pennies more often.

We conclude by wishing all the other factions the best of luck.

### KINGIA—BOYS

At certain sports we have not done too well, but in others we have excelled. Our Upper School cricket team was most successful, finishing on top with a fair margin of points. Our Lower School team was not too good, but they are a good team.

We had no swimming talent in the carnival, but the girls made up for our efforts, so that Kingia finished second. Our other weakness is tennis. The team, unfortunately, did not win a match, but the law of averages should soon come to their assistance. At football we have shone. If it wasn't for combining with other teams we would certainly come out on top, but as it is, we can't complain.

In concluding these notes, we would like to wish the other factions better luck in their future opposition against Kingia.





## EXCUSES

---

The maths. Master came into the room with the howl:  
 "Come, pass up your homework to me."

The class looked at him with an answering scowl,  
 And "Well, hurry up, class, then!" yelled he.

Not a movement was made, not a stir in the room,  
 The class held its breath for his wrath  
 The master, it thought, will soon cause its doom  
 But they found their mistake when he quoth:

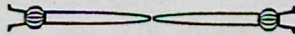
"Well, up with it! Give your excuse  
 And if it will pass my inspection  
 We'll forget this event and fly flag of truce  
 Now none can start raising objection."

The class was surprised at the master's fair play  
 But they soon started stringing some tall ones  
 Such as "Sir, it's with regret that I say  
 I was too busy by far to do mere sums."

But, chiefly, though many a tall 'un was spun  
 The cry "In my Locker" was heard  
 Or just plain "Forgot" and by much more than one  
 Till teacher said "That takes the bird."

"In finding excuses—well, I congratulate you  
 You're marvels beyond all denial  
 I might as well say, there was no homework to do—  
 That was just a well thought-up trial."

—A First Year.



## A DERELICT MILL

---

Ghostliest of shades, the old mill now,  
 Since fire has taken its toll;  
 Gone are the cutters, gone to plough  
 Some plain or verdant knoll.

Dreary quiet now prevails  
 And Nature reigns supreme,  
 Dreary Night alights in vales  
 Where "Memory" is the theme.

Active life caused former days  
 To echo sharp beats  
 As keen axes carved clear  
 The way of future streets  
 For people on this little sphere  
 To live in Earth's next phase.

—D.H.B.



## BUS NOTES

### DONNYBROOK-BUNBURY BUS NOTES

This is us. Yes, just us. Perhaps you'd like to meet us and know where we come from, etc. Well, we start from the Noble Home of Mr. Martin, Esq., where "The Boys" i.e., "Trig," our war expert (?); "Bowly," our debonair young "man about town," and "Cliff," our mourning lover, get on. Also our "Barrels" Junior and Senior, who are always greeted with "Roll Out the Barrel" from the boys.

As the bus proceeds, it picks up "Sniper," also "Baker Bill," our bouncing infant nuisance. Then in the town of Donnybrook we pick up "Fergie," pardon, Miss Ferguson, the 1st year lass who thinks she's an Upper School lass, and our one and only "Helen, of Dreamland," or otherwise "Auntie."

Then, as we move out of the colourful (?) little town of Donnybrook we pick up that Prince of Arguers, "Fritz."

We continue quietly enough except for an occasional song from "Fritz," or the sound of voices raised in argument when "Trig" airs his knowledge (?) until we pick up "Rene," our silent blonde. Continuing in this manner, we pick up that Prince of Idiots, and King of Fools, namely "Gitch" and "Titch" respectively. "Gitch" certainly has always got some idiotic joke or question to put forward, but "Titch" just sits with an evil smirk on his face, evidently thinking up evil schemes to be used at later dates.

And so we travel onward, until we take aboard a pretty lass named "Connie," who is neither shy nor bold and is such a good little girl, we're sure. Onward, ever onward we rush, picking up a sly fellow named "Eckie."

The next important stop is Boyanup where our own "Gunner" steps on. You might think the person we refer to is a boy but you are wrong, he is a she, I mean it is a girl with an outstanding liking for soldiers, sailors and airmen. Then there is "Little Arthur," "Eckie's" boon companion in crime, etc. Oh, mustn't forget "Phillis," whom one might almost call the dormant member of the bus.

We don't stop to pick up any fellows until we reach Dardanup, where "Otto" joins us. "Otto" is only a little chap but they say he's the biggest nuisance in the world on a fishing expedition.

The last person to be collected into the bus is "Edna," of Picton.

## One Pair of Hands 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.

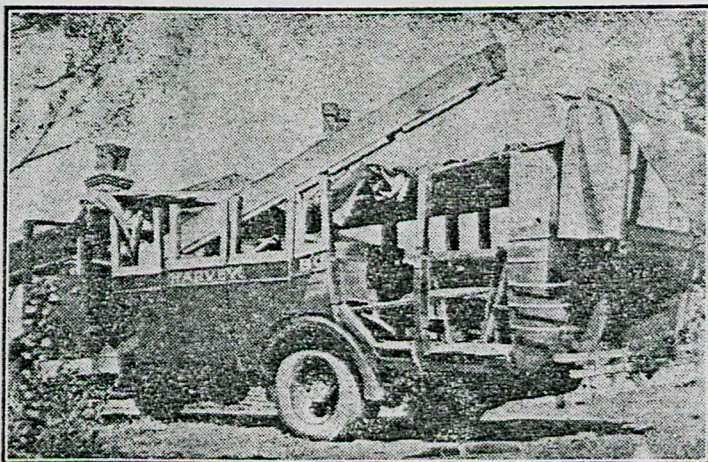
**South-West Dry Cleaners**  
Victoria Street, Bunbury.



"Edna" is rather a shy little girl, so we don't know much about her. In fact, we often forget that she is there at all. We musn't forget our bus driver "Cyril," who comes in useful at times for certain things and our noble bus conductors, Mrs. Martin and Miss Martin.

Well now, you've met our little band,  
I'm sure you'll all agree;  
That all of us are simply grand,  
Three cheers for you and me.  
Poetry, by Gad!

(Signed) THE DONNYBROOK BUS-ITES.



On the home journey on March 24th, the Harvey-Bunbury Bus was involved in an accident. Travelling between 25-30 m.p.h., the bus was approaching Waterloo, when a truck, travelling along a side road, turned into the main road in front of the bus. Our bus was forced off the road down an eighteen inch embankment, where it continued for some forty yards, before striking a telegraph pole, which knocked the back and side out of the bus.

The students suffered from shock, minor cuts and abrasions. There was only one serious mishap and he recovered after eight weeks in hospital.

o ————— o

### HARVEY-BUNBURY BUS NOTES

After weeks of breath-taking experiences in the bus, one bright afternoon when our guardian angel was looking the other day, we smashed up our nice (?) bus to matchwood, as shown elsewhere in the magazine.

There then followed a period of complete tranquility with our steady-going driver, Mr. Hall. The only trouble was, however, that one spent rather too much time propping up public buildings and buying questionable pies.

Our old bus heralding winter, and fully equipped with overhead showers and complete lateral ventilation, once more took to the road after being several weeks in the Police Station, where it showed signs of taking root.

The back of our bus is reserved for "boys only" and is the origin of weird and wonderful noises which characterise our bus.

Commencing from Harvey, the bus occupants have a very studious air, especially when "Connie" enters with her biology specimens. This



atmosphere is, however, shattered when we reach Benger. We all know what comes from Benger (Spuds and Nuts).

Approaching Brunswick, we pick up another notable identity in the form of "Donald Duck" with his familiar "Howdy Folks." After great grating of gears, we proceed to Brunswick proper, where we take on our road hog, "S.P. Edie," "Noker" Nokes, and "Pixie" and company, not to mention, of course, our ven(er)able scales-breaker and the red-scarfed screw-driver. Winding our weary way south we come to Roelands where the company is joined by an advertisement for "Curley-Pet" and our hero "Jerry," who must be congratulated upon his hard head. Next on the list are the more and more surprising "Moores." This is where Mr. Nash lets out his clutch and almost leaves half the bus behind. After labouring up the hill our driver applies the brakes (often to no avail) to pick up "Little Lionel," from whence we have almost a straight run to Bunbury.

Around about Picton Bridge, we usually manage to strike a herd of sheep or cattle which are displeased by the combined shoutings of Mr Nash and several bus occupants. The horn on our bus might well have been that one employed by Henry Ford on his first model, and has deteriorated rather rapidly of late. If this deterioration continues it will very soon resemble a familiar soprano voice.

Speaking generally, the Harvey bus is making a great war effort, which will soon be greatly augmented by the gift of some footgear to be re-conditioned by the Admiralty as aircraft carriers.

Also two certain Blondes are finding life boring, there being an absence of scandal into which to pry.

### CAPEL BUS NOTES

"We are up each morning bright and early," to catch the Capel bus to Bunbury. My! It is cold in the Capel district at 6 a.m., but still we hardy country lassies are used to that. The time flies to 7.30 a.m. and that is time to ride or walk a few miles to catch the "bus." It is lovely, especially when the rain and wind help one along.

Since going via North Boyanup route we have five new members in our happy grumbling society. Two certain young ladies are not very much in favour of having to ride three miles over a wet, slippery road to catch the bus now it takes this route.

Anyway we are on our way over a twisting bumpy road—too numerous to mention. There is usually a warning, "Hold on! Here is the culvert." Sometimes we are very disappointed if we do not hit the roof. Everyone likes the back seats of the Capel bus for the simple reason that one gets a longer uncomfortable ride. When "it" stops either to let someone in, or out, we usually slip off the seat with the jolt.

Our society is a very quiet one, consisting of a "book-worm" and a person who insists on eating all the way home and another who insists it is bedtime. We are also accompanied by a few croonerettes, not forgetting to mention some young Joe Louis, who will not refrain from showing their Tarzan grips.

In the morning, when we are nearing Bunbury, the bus society all wish for the rain so that our kind bus-driver will take us up the hill to school in the bus.

As soon as the last period of the day at school is over, there is a rush to get to the bus—"Bags this seat," is the password, but there are no such things as reserves in our good old rattling bus. Then Home Sweet Home.

"THE CAPEL BUS SOCIETY"



## GAPS IN GRANDMA'S EDUCATION

It must be admitted that in Grandma's day they were taught plenty; I'm not complaining about that. It is the kind of thing they were taught, or rather not taught, which interests me. Certainly she was taught how to procure a husband and how to look after him when she had procured him, and she knew only too well that two-million-dollar brides do not hang, but there were left in her education, certain gaps.

Postively scandalous I call it, the things they weren't told. How were the poor things expected to have a balanced outlook on life if everything that was not absolutely respectable was carefully kept well beyond their ken, until they themselves learned by experience, perhaps painful, perhaps not, and then it was probably too late. For instance, I'll bet my Grandmother, if she thought about it at all, thought that Henry VIII married each one of his six wives for reasons of state, which, as you and I know, is not the fact at all. And I also bet that she had no idea what a naught old johhny Wordsworth really was or else she would not have been half so enthusiastic over his poetry, and that she undoubtedly was. He must have had an enormous opinion of himself, you know, to be able to do some of the things he did and then go home and write his stuffy and sanctimonious poetry on top of it all. I wonder if his conscience ever pricked him. I suppose not, as it seemed to be the accepted view those days that if one said his prayers religiously and read his Bible ostentatiously, one was good and virtuous and free to commit any iniquities, just so long as —

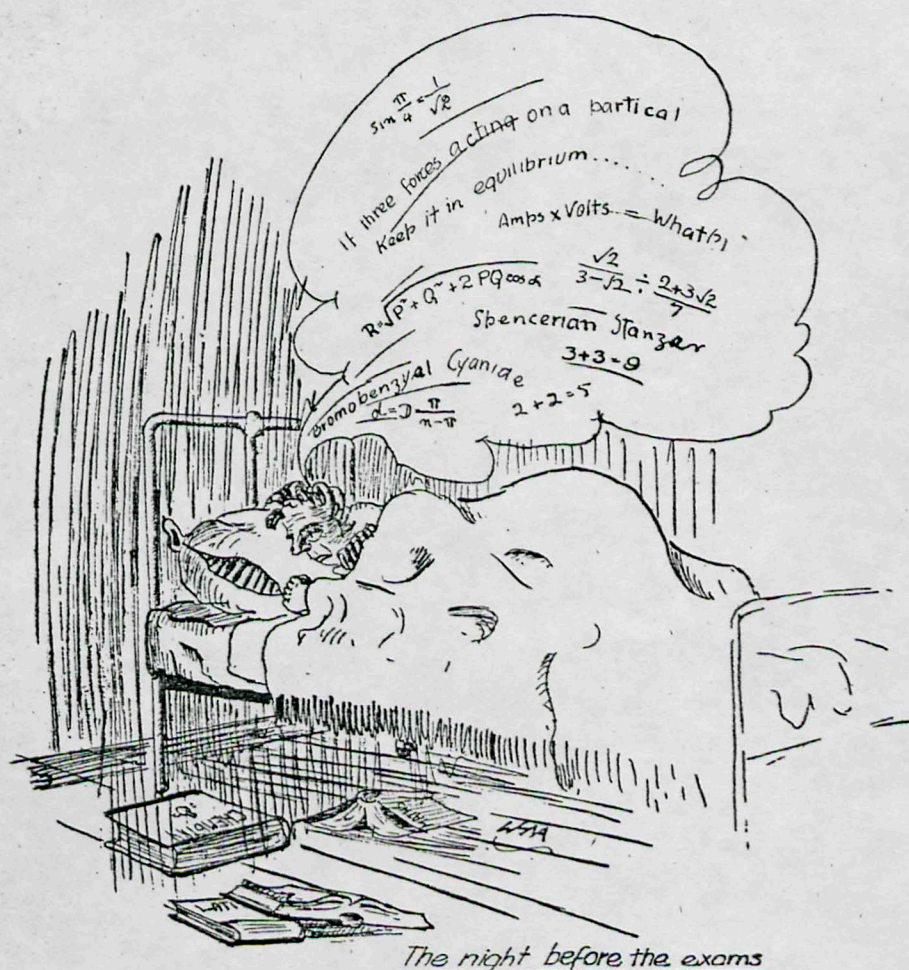
To get back to Grandma. She was kept so busy learning to be a good wife and then being one, that she never had the time or the inclination to discover what it was that comprised those periods in Byron's life that are always described in the text books as, "and now we come to an unhappy or an unfortunate period in the life of this poet." Perhaps, once, she did venture to inquire. I can just imagine the look on the face of the average teacher of that time. Shelley, too, was always represented as a writer of beautiful poetry, and there I will grant them that they were perfectly right, but at the same time he was a great advocate of reform and he did some rather funny things in his life now that I come to think of it.

They even do it in the Bible. Deliberately mislead one, I mean. When we read the story of Ruth and Naomi, it takes quite a while for most of us to realise that Ruth stood in that field for one reason and one reason only and that to catch her male. And I, poor humble thing that I am, thought that it was the modern young flapper who was all out to catch a man. Even with her warpaint and other aids which have been provided her by benevolent scientists, she would have a hard time beating some of those beauties. And another thing about the Bible, or rather an illustrated Bible. Why must the story of Abraham and Isaac be illustrated by one picture only and that containing a hillside, a stream, two bushes, two sheep and Abraham holding a crook. Why, it took me years to realise that Ur was a huge city and that Abraham was not a poor shepherd.

Yes, as I said before, in Grandma's education there were many gaps, and I could go on enumerating them all night, but I don't think I had better or I won't be able to get into the Library for students industriously reading up "Private Lives."

"EFELDI."





## FORM NOTES

### I.A FORM NOTES

How, fellow students of B.H.S., is life treating you? We're finding it just divine. Most of us have got used to doing a bit of hard work for a change, but we've also discovered that "a bit" is not enough. What we would like to know is, why did the person who invented geometry ever invent it? It's the chief snag in the whole term's work.

I.A., folks, is the voice of the B.H.S. (1st year, s I mean. Some of the 2nd yeas classes beat us hollow). We rather pride ourselves on being rather renowned, even if it's only for the noise we raise. Quite often a master, with a piece of chalk in his hand and a black-looking frown on his brow, stalks in with a:

"I say! What's all this noise about? We can hear you at the other end of the school."

But, of course, we are only doing our work aloud (??) and therefore consider it unfair to be disturbed.

Apart from an occasional (?) outburst of voices, our class is very



still. No mischief is even heard of in I.A. Yessir—we're just a mob of Amiable, Angelic, Able and Active students.

Occasionally, however, Currie becomes hotter than is wanted; Gibson "gibs some" cheek, lip, tongue or anything you like to call it; Holtzmann halts men (the teachers) in the act of giving us some new work, in order that they can tell where he gets off; and our pit man, for a brief moment feeling like some Operatic Star, starts humming Brahms's Hungarian Dance No. 5, or Schubert's Serenade—anyway she does it, only succeeding, however, in obtaining a very black look from the Summery girl who sits in front of her, or from the bull man behind.

Well, cheerio, folks, I.A. has some study to do so naturally they are going to do it, and, as the saying goes, now is the time for everything.  
THE I.A. ANGELS.

### I.B. FORM NOTES

Hullo, everybody! This is I.B. broadcasting and the time is—er—well, time we did more swot!

I am now going to give a few comments on happenings and persons in the form.

"The Rains Came" one gym. period, but he, a certain member of our staff, spoilt our P.S. with a pile of Latin books. I deeply sympathise with the boys of another form who happened to be with us at the time and suffered the same fate.

If it was not for the good nature of our history Mistress, three or four members of the form would not be with us now. They would be strangled!

And now for our "Quiz" session.

Who is the great actor of the form? And does he chase the girls!

Who is "the boy with the apple?"

Who will soon be able to take out his false teeth during lessons?

Who are Hoppy and Windy?

Did Hugh Kilpatrick?

Is Don Hastie?

Is Alan a Page?

Did Guy Palmer (palm her) off on to someone else?

Is Neville any Moore?

Is Len Green?

Is Frank an Alderman (older man) than the fellow sitting behind him?

And now we must say "au revoir," friends. We'll see you in the next "Kingia."

## STUDENTS!

### Have Your Next Haircut from

# REG. DING, GENT'S HAIRDRESSER

13 Stephen Street

(Next to Boulters)

NO LONG WAITING

NO LONG WAITING



## I.C. FORM NOTES

Again the time has arrived to write contributions for the famous "Kingia," and the saintly students from that exceedingly superior form I.C. consider it their duty to put forth their small effort for this cause. Work as usual has been proceeding extremely well except for the sword and chalk fights which arise during the periods.

The unfortunate prefect tries in vain to obliterate the noise but his cries for "silence" are only greeted by a more noisy tumult.

Our masters and mistresses moan about the lack of fires in our room, but as I.C. is an exceptionally tough class, composed of several He-men and a not much less ferocious bunch of females, we do not mind the intense cold that comes through the open windows.

"Killie" is our noted expert in sword fighting and is constantly walking from desk to desk looking for someone to "run through." Whereas the notable "Rulie" is always going for his imaginary six-guns in an endeavour to "plug" someone. If his hands are not in this act he is occupied in reading "Wild West" novels concerning "Black-eyed" senoritas.

The singing period is not a great success owing to the weakness and poor quality of the females' voices; the boys on the other hand would have good voices if they refrained from talking and remembered to sing.

Owing to the discordant notes that we produce when we burst into some unknown rhapsody, our mistress gets "slightly" annoyed and almost ends in dismissing the class in disgrace.

Valerie has, we all admit, the superior brains of the noble class and is thus asked all the questions.

French is another very favourite subject of ours although some of the pronunciation which is emitted from the mouths of some of the pupils when they are endeavouring to get their tongues around some awkward word is rather foul.

We're pretty hot stuff at doing our swot and those who do slack on it, always have some ready excuse such as "I left me book in the locker."

It is hardly ever the boys who forget to do the set swot, but mostly the girls. A glaring example of these are Doris and Shirley, who nearly drive the Geography teacher out of her wits by saying that British Columbia is west of Greenwich.

Hark! There goes the ever-welcome bell that brings ecstasy to our hearts, so wishing you au revoir for the present, we will "scram" to our classroom "pronto."

## I.D. FORM NOTES.

"Hi-ho everybody," this is I.D. calling from the top of the hill.

"Munch, munch, munch," that is the C.W.A. (Chin Wagger's Association), starting their daily wax-chewing routine. The association consists of Pat, Deirdre, Mavis and Eileen. Judy may be a member, I do not know. At any-rate, she would do her best to uphold the standard of chin-wagging. Of course, I.D. knows where the noise originates, but an innocent stranger must think he or she has stumbled upon a dairy farm.

During the last exams. there was an earth tremor, and I have since found out it was Judy doing a rumba when she had found out she had passed in History.

You mightn't think it, but I.D. has a musician, and it is Parker. The only time he is tuneless is when he is thinking out a sum. Now and then he receives a very rude interruption from the C.W.A. who are not musical.

We must not forget dear little Jimmy. The teachers all adore him (when he is asleep or outside), but I really think they do not know him very well.

The other Margaret and Rose Marie are busy comparing notes on



class notes on calves and hygienic methods of dairying. They have a huge exercise book and propose to a very doubting class to fill it entirely on nothing but cattle. I wonder.

Dear me, I almost forgot, it is 7.30, and I have to catch the train to Timbuctoo. Homely place for refugees, you know, so I have been informed by other unfortunate form-note writers.

Yours in haste, Form I.D.

### FORM I.X. NOTES

Hi, Ho, everybody. This is Form I.X. calling. We have a message for you and you, and especially you. We have the prettiest classroom in the school, but, according to several masters and mistresses, the dumbest and noisest set of kids in the whole wild world in it. When this form laughs the school buildings shake and other scholars think that another earth tremor is in progress. Now I'm sure it is not so bad.

Our class has gained the honour of having a fire at last. For weeks we have shivered and chattered with cold until last week, much to our delight, we had a fire.

Bang! Crash! Don't be alarmed, that's only our class Dumb Dora dropping and throwing her books around. This girl's so dumb she does not know when anyone speaks to her.

Since the beginning of last term we have acquired a new girl, our first, and she is a widely travelled lass who can even translate Chinese. Yeah, and no kidding.

A famous tenor is Geoff Rider. You should hear him singing those coon songs.

Did you know that Paton's wool, etc., was good at languages? Well, it is a fact.

If anyone could tell us if Lawrence Tibbet was fond of Joy we would be delighted.

Well, folks, there is a war on and we must economise if we want to win. Here is the best of luck to all other students in the coming exams. The Xcellent, Xasperating Xtras.

### II.G. FORM NOTES.

Hello, B.H.S.

II.G. steps forward to make her bow—a bow graceful with feminine charm. We are wondering how II.Q. and II.S. are progressing with their notes, for although we could write reams on the merits of our class, we are sure they would be unable to do so.

Speaking of noted personalities we are proud to say that Anne Macdonald, the Second Year Anniversary Champion, belongs to II.G. "Dopey" will be pleased to acknowledge any S.O.S. for help in Geography. Phyllis R. is the Second Year Latin spark while the language master appreciates II.G.'s worthy contribution to his excellent German class. However, there are too many others to mention and though they deserve it we must turn to other matters. It is worth nothing that much of our talent is ignored by the teachers, especially during Period eight on Tuesdays.

We possess a remarkable ability for hiding one or two (sometimes less) historical facts amongst a great many words which often extend over several pages. (The professional name for these words: Padding).

We wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck for the coming examinations. Next year we will be confronting the Junior ourselves and hope to pass with due honours, especially in oral French. Thanks to the School Champion (boy) who displayed much courage in rescuing one of our class from a watery death, we still have our renowned songster.

The news of Miss Bergin's engagement draws from us our heartiest best wishes for her future health and happiness, but we regret that we will be losing our popular art mistress.



We welcome Miss Beckett, Mr. Waddell and Mr. Wheeler to the staff and hope their stay at B.H.S. will be very pleasant. In conclusion we wish everyone what they would wish for themselves.

I.F.

## FORM II.P. NOTES.

Hello everybody.

Once again the time has come for us to screw up our brains and find a pen to give you an idea of our renowned form and its habits.

Really, we are a very worthy crowd, both in brain capacities and appearances, our sizes ranging from three feet high to six feet. A few bright sparks are scattered sparsely among us, but, for the most, we are just a merry happy-go-lucky crowd.

One great thing to our credit is our marvellously ingenious imaginations. These come in exceedingly useful when occasionally (?) we forget to do a piece of homework. Our teachers, even if they do complain ceaselessly about our want of memories, can never complain about receiving the same excuse twice.

Our teachers, perhaps, have a slightly different opinion of our peacefulness, when, walking suddenly into the room, they surprise certain of our rowdy numbers in the act of sending a ball of wool on a downward trip through the windows, or lustily wielding a ruler against a fellow I.P.-ite.

I don't know whether "K" has a special atmosphere or not, but strange to say, every time we have a lesson in that room (which is fortunately not often) we invariably become extra rowdy and mischievous.

Our patient teacher is often ingloriously interrupted in some dry and tedious recital by a merry chuckle from one corner or suppressed giggles from another.

Our eagle eyed teacher soon becomes aware of the guilty ones, when, glancing up she perceives a hanky vanish suddenly into the mouth of a certain lanky morsel, allowing only weird giggles of merriment to escape.

Also our teacher must be slightly curious when suddenly a bunch of heads vanishes under the desks at exactly the same moment in search of imaginary pencils.

We are very proud of our new form room in the new wing, and we think that we are amply rewarded for all the noise and inconvenience we have put up with for so long, by the beautiful new additions to our school, which are the result.

Here we close, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their dreaded examinations which are ever looming nearer.

We are, the exclusive Form II.P.

## FORM II.Q. NOTES

Can you hear us calling, Students, 'cause we're ringing up from jail; at least it's jail to us, except when we're in the chem. lab. While on the matter of the chem. lab., Philip Brown, our noted "Science Cadet," never does his work for he is too busy playing with "Stinks," but, strangely he's not so bright at chem. Toll Smith didn't want to write the "Kingia" notes because he hadn't done enough English. He has only done 100 pages of assignments and only read about 10 novels, so you see he will be occupied with this subject for some weeks.

All the masters who visit us during the afternoon say our room smells like "Wooly's" sweet counter, yet, strangely enough when we ask each other for them each boy says: "You can have every one on me except the one in my mouth." However, when we are in the chem. lab, the molecules of sugar are driven away by the atoms of H<sub>2</sub>S., which is chemistry for "Rotten Egg Gas." This gas is made by the 4th year chemists.

One of our mishaps this year was the loss of little "Higg." His



mate "Munney" was very downhearted because he had no one to fight smaller than himself. "Munney" is very rich and he's often shouting the class lollies.

When a small party of our class returns from Bio., the Germans are surprised to see the blood trickling from their ears. This is due to the terrific noise made by the I.I.S.-ites compared to the stillness and calmness of I.I.Q. Well, at least, it is true to say that I.I.Q. is the best class of boys in the second year.

In our room we have the champion swimmer of the school who delights in telling "fishy" yarns. He is Gordon Theophalis Browning Hall.

Well, we must close and go and make some Diphenylaminechloroarsine and Chloracetophenone in the lab., so don't be surprised if you hear an explosion. Just think of good old I.I.Q.

#### I.I.S. FORM NOTES

Bang! Bang! Calling all cars, calling all cars. Don't be alarmed everybody, this is just I.I.S.

We are very well known around here; in fact we're famed for riots. An inmate of I.I.S. does not need a Time-Table to find his room; he knows where it is as soon as he comes into range of hearing (on clear days, up to half a mile). Compliments for I.I.S. are far apart, but abuse absolutely rains on the heads of the innocent (??) class.

Turner, our blaspheming Hitler-ite, is on parade before the class showing us a new technique in the "Goosestep," while "Pag," our forceful prefect, vainly endeavours to quiet the class.

"Tet" and "Fats" sit calmly in the front row under cover of their books, while "Fidget" and "Stokesie" shower their neighbours with pellets.

# Central News Agency

Victoria Street, Bunbury.

FOR . . .

FOUNTAIN PENS

MECHANICAL DRAWING SETS

— and —

All School Requisites



"Hutt" and "Legga" are companions in crime. They are invariably together when caught at any of their illegal dealings.

We lost one of our most notable members this term when "Nuts" left. He was our one and only representative at the boxing. Although he was beaten we don't care; at least he had a go at the Perth boys.

"Perky," our handsome lad, is seriously thinking of going to Hollywood. "Joey," Roberts and "Cackle" usually have a ding-dong battle. However, as this is just a daily occurrence not much notice is taken of it until articles of furniture start flying round, when the rising is quickly stamped out. Roberts is supposed to be our early bird, but he fails to catch the worms of wisdom.

Our tree-swinging Tarzan has left us for a better place. His merry antics are sadly missed by all.

A few weeks ago about six of our classmates had a penalty imposed on them. This was, that they had to wait at the school gates until first bell. They were appropriately nick-named "Convicts" by the rest of the class.

Every Tuesday, about third period, we have a visit from a master who tells us a few unpleasant truths about ourselves.

### FORM III.E. NOTES

I had my doubts as to whether there would be any "Form Notes" from the praiseworthy III.E. because everyone is so busy trying to do the enormous amount of five pages of English assignments for third period Friday. By the way, most people seem to have some trouble in making that particular subject up to the lightness and flavour expected by their respective teachers, so we now give the rest of the school a very tried and tested recipe for the same.

#### Ingredients:

- 1 sentence of Shakespeare.
- 1 paragraph of Mark Twain.
- 1 adverbial clause of Dickens.
- a word or two of Contrast.
- 1 teaspoonful of tense, past, present or future. All produce equally good results provided they are not mixed.
- 1 ounce of carefulness. This can be omitted if desired although no guarantee is offered if this is done.
- 1 vowel of Ulysses and 1 consonant of Lotus Eaters.

#### Method:

Beat Shakespeare and Mark Twain to a cream, add Dickens and mix well. Flavour with Contrast. Next sift Carefulness evenly through the above, care being taken not to place more in one portion than in another.

After seasoning with Ulysses and Lotus Eaters put in uneven heaps on a ruled page and wait until dry or set.

Nothing spectacular has happened this term except that we are believed to have been the cause of the many headaches and nightmares of a certain lady member of the staff. Owing to the intense cold of our home a wise female suggested that we should buy a sandbag. We fell for this plan and many guests, welcome and otherwise, have had a nasty shock when they tripped over it on entering the room. The injured visitors after picking themselves up, usually stumbled across the room amid the cheers and laughter of the Shorthand-Typists who have frequently suffered the same fate.

We must go and swot now, so cheerio for the present,

"The Shorthand-Typists."

### FORM NOTES III.F.

As this is the last "Kingia" we will see before the Junior we are going to be smitten by a sudden spasm of generosity, and wish ourselves the best of luck. Of course we don't need it as everyone knows. One would hardly find a more studious bunch of scholars in the school?

However, there is one thing concerning Physics which should be



cleared up, and that is this problem of "Ether." Although we have heard many versions of the origin of this unknown gas, we have not yet heard one to satisfy us, so we worked out what is known as III.F.'s law of Ether." It is follows: Some noted scientists were discussing what this gas was composed of, and one said, "It's ether this or ether that," so they just called it "Ether."

Once again the III.F.'s brains have been revolving and have derived a new Law of Conservation of Energy defined as follows: "Do less work."

Ahem! 100%. Go to the top of the class.

It now gives us great pleasure to introduce Mr. Bill Bowman, who will say a few words on the subject of races. (Applause !!)

G-g-good m-morning everybody. I-I-I would like to say that there are three types of races: horse races, motor races and safety razors; but personally I like safety razors because they are so much safer than races that aren't safety.

At this stage someone threw a bottle of ink which hit Bill on the dome and broke his skull. (Much applause).

Then we have Denty, who, given his head, would win the war five times a day.

Good luck to all Junior and Leaving students and all that sort or rot, etc. Cheerio, III.F.

### III.R. FORM NOTES

This is the C-C-Crazy C-C-Corner calling; I mean III.R. on a wave length of five pieces of flying chalk and three of Nevill's rulers!

Hullo, here comes the Maths. Master; stop that book fight while he asks us if we took our trig. ratios to the pictures last Friday or maybe it's under our pillow. This is letting out vital secrets.

Bang! screech! wallop! crash! clatter! hullo! John must be attempting a piece of analysis or maybe it's John working out a recipe for cooking mushrooms. "Donner" and "Blitzen" (reminds me of Max trying to master a German verb) or p'raps his pen has started its daily ordeal. Betty, our budding young baritone, Oh, sorry, soprano. Well, to get back to Betty. She's sitting in the back seat going thirteen to the dozen. Pat can't get a word in edgeways. Crash! bang! hullo, she's started now.

I must ask Jim what it feels like to come down on the springboard the wrong way up. Then there is Drisc, in between his crazy cracks, he is admiring the way in which our "primitive man," Henry, is being bumped on the boko by "Butch" Bellario and his tough cronies "Billy the Bad Lad," and "Bump'em off Bob."

Now, if we cast our peepers to the far side of the room we will probably see the "mystic" three, who are, of course, Maid Marion. Shirley, our accomplished pianist, and last, but not least, our aforesaid mushroom cooker. These three are most likely in deep thought concerning the usual Friday morning "jig," where Alex., our innocent looking "lad" from Albany, receives compliments (?) from our singing mistress. Generally he is seen in class sharing his nasty thoughts with Eric, the ring-tailed tornado of the basket ball field, but Mary begins a confab about ostriches and goats and naturally these two pay attention.

Time Marches On!

### IV.K. FORM NOTES

We brilliant sub-leaving candidates have decided to be so condescending as to write you some notes. Please note and appreciate this generosity. Now that we have lowered our dignity this far we will, I think, let you know something of our exquisitely exclusive surroundings.

Loud and long were the lamentations when we were told to go to "K," but we find that it is not such a bad old room after all. The seats are specially constructed to prevent comfort and sleep.

To relieve the dull routine of school life we found it necessary to hold various beach teas which were all highly successful, also, one picnic



to Turkey Point, which was greatly appreciated by all who attended. It is marvellous how well some people can manage things so that they are left behind on the road home (ask "Beatty" for full particulars).

The first term dance proved a great success, largely owing to the presence of the IVth Years who were the life and soul of the party and who also cleared up the mess afterwards. The dance, held on the 25th of June, was also a great success especially after 10.15. It is very funny how four certain students crawled into bed after 1 a.m. when the dance ended at 11 p.m. (ask "Fritz" and "Murg," for further particulars).

The fourth year English classes are noted for their howlers in the first term exam. paper. "Fritz's" dogs are a very special breed. They rush through forests giving blood-curdling brays! Little "Eggie" had a marvellous cat which had a very hair-raising experience as it was "throne" from a high window and escaped "scot free."

"The strong man" has become "strongerer" than ever, in fact he is the "strongerest" man in the world, according to "Cammy."

Poor old "Annie" is always getting into hot water; this time it is for her slang; her policeman "collected a crack on the head." "Brom." went to a bonfire and when he arrived home he was "literally dead."

We feel greatly concerned about the present third and fifth years, for they are not swotting nearly hard enough. However, we wish them the best of luck in the Junior and Leaving.

There's a war on however, so, to save paper, we will now buzz off.  
"The Overworked Fourth Years."

#### V.Y. NOTES

Well, my student friends, the fifth year almost missed the bus this year. The messenger boy is obligingly waiting for us to finish these notes in order that they may be published in the "Kingia." Our whole trouble has been in doing too much study. When you study a lot it is inclined to make you absent minded. That is why we forgot the notes.

To give an example of the virtue displayed by our form. Lindsay studied until about 10 p.m. on the night of the school social, then graced us with his presence for the remainder of the night. The next morning Mr. Wheeler was hunting for a fair maiden to waken the sleeping beauty.

We have our class divided up very well into the people who sit in front and work, and the people who sit behind and catch up on work which should have been done the night before.

The arts room is the most interesting of all I think. Every day when "perspective" is on the programme there is a riot, everyone trying to put the board straight on. In drawing, if you don't like your neighbour, you are at liberty to caricature him to your heart's content; then if he gets upset or nasty you can say "What? That's a guinea pig, but jove there is a resemblance, isn't there?"

We have a secret police or a device for broadcasting confidential conversations, because whenever there is any scandal whispered, Teede knows all about it. It is uncanny, you know.

The upper school choir is superb or so we think, but I noticed some cotton wool in Miss Tate's ears the other Monday morning, and I have been wondering ever since. The upper school sport is rather good, too. I saw Jimmy hit a hockey ball, after missing it only three times. You know Jimmy is looking up all round lately. It never takes her more than half a day to see a joke now.

Regarding the V.Y. girls, we have one or two shy little daisies who are only waiting for a little sunshine to make them bloom, what do you say, Judy? Christine is getting ready to go fishing, so beware little fishes, you will have something to contend with there.

There is a dual alliance being formed in our form. A nurse and an undertaker. Fancy certainly will be kept busy. In spite of diligent efforts Neville's writing is still illegible. So he has invested in a typewriter. There is one thing about V.Y. We need no artificial ventilation. The ear flapping and tongue wagging keep the air circulating.

"THE MIGHTY MINDED."



## THE BIRD KING

---

Hail to the Fishhawk gliding, circling,  
Sweeping over the sea!  
See the strength in his mighty pinions  
Flapping so steadily.

Watch him circling, gliding, soaring,  
Sweeping along with the breeze.  
Now he swoops to the foam-tipped breakers,  
Now he sinks to the trees.

High is his nest in a far-flung tuart,  
He builds it carelessly.  
Rabbit and snake dread his swift, dark, shadow  
The fish sink deep in the sea.

Blue is the sky, and gold is the sunshine,  
Glides he over the sea,  
Strong is his strength, in his might, in his freedom,  
Proud in his majesty.

—Phyllis L. Thompson.





## ODE TO THE BUNBURY-COLLIE BIKE RIDER

---

(Apologies to Henry Lawson).

A cloud of dust on the long, white track  
And the rider goes creeping on,  
Inch by inch with a breaking back;  
Inch by inch with a heavy pack  
The distant goal is won.

He trundles along on his rusty crate  
Along by the grasses green,  
He turns around and speaks to his mate,  
"Boy, what would I give for a Ford V-8  
Instead of this old machine."

He'll sometimes stop on his weary way  
For a drink at Grapes' store  
He might happen to venture, "It's a lovely day,"  
Or perhaps, "Do you mind if I cannot pay?"  
But he seldom utters more.

He wipes his brow for the day is hot  
And spits to the left with spite,  
He curses Roelands and says, "It's hot,  
I think I would rather be doing swot!"  
And spits to the dusty right.

With eyes half shut to the blinding dust  
And feet to the pedals slow,  
And he is pushing as needs he must  
And the buckled wheels might almost rust  
While the spokes are turning slow.

And at last he glimpses the old home town  
And he calls himself a fool,  
Because it's a thankless life at the best  
And you've gotta go back after two days' rest,  
Back to the dear old school.

—G. Watkins





Mayth the twenty-third,  
States of the United.

News Mit Der Letter  
Mine Dear Cousin Hans,

I now take up my pen and ink in hand to write you mit der triepwriter.

We do not live where we used to live, we now live where we have moved. I hate to say it but your old aunt what you loved so well is dead. She died of New monia on New Years Day in New Orleans at 15 minutes in front of five. Some people think she had population of the heart. De doctor gave up all hope when she died. Her breath all leaked out. She leaves a family of two boys, two calves and two cows. Old Mrs. Offenblockis is very ill. She is just at death's door and the doctor thinks he can pull her through.

She has such a nice little boy, he is just a human beast; I took him to the hospital to see de sick people and we had a lovely time. Your brother has a dog Fido. He took him down to de sawmill to have a fight. He ran up against a big circular saws and he only lasted one round.

All de Gussenblockis family haf de mumps. They are having a swell time. I'm sending your overcoat by post; I cut off de buttons to save postage but you will find them in the inside pockets. Your uncle said if you don't pay back de 10% interest what you owe him he will cut off your head and throw it in your face. I just graduated from college. I took elecution and physical torture. I learnt to stingygraphtoo. I got a job at de livery stables as a stingygrapher or taking down for de horses. Hans Kratz was sick. De doctor told him to take something. He went down de street and met Ikey Cohen and took his watch. Ikey had him arrested and got a lawyer. De lawyer got de case and Hanz got de woiks. He had 30 chickens and a fine dog. The chickens are laying six eggs a day and the dog is laying behind the stove. Just learned they formed an operation on old Mrs. Offenblockis between the dining room and the de conservetry but she died. The people are dying what have never died before. Hanz I wish we were closer apart. I am awful lonesome since we were separated together. If you don't get this letter let me know and I will write you another one soon.

Your cousin, Adolf.

P.x.—Haf just received the 10 dollars what I owe you but closed up the letter and can't put it in.

# JOHN BIRCHALL

## TAILOR

Stephen Street - Bunbury.



## APPLIED QUOTATIONS

---

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Prich.

Creep home and take your place there.  
After the dance.

Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me.  
Jilted.

But oh his talk is so absurd  
His notions are so crude  
Such drivell I have seldom heard.  
"Blowy."

For always roaming with a hungry heart.  
Boarders.

Two thirds of our journey at least are done ——let us take a spell.  
Present IVth Years.

A trusting maiden's modest face  
All innocence and purity.  
Beatty.

And a yowlin' 'owling chorus comes a-floatin' down the breeze.  
IVth Year Singing.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
As of a world left empty of its throng.  
Footsteps.

Unhappy soul with eyes half mad,  
Most sorrowful to see.  
A Leaving Candidate.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
See how they gather.  
Someone's Got Lollies.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play.  
Junior Candidates.

The foam of his gasping lay white on the turf.  
After the Community Mile.

Thou art long and lank and brown.  
(Sloan).



## HOTEL NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

Some writer, whose name I have forgotten, says that one can never be so lonely as in a great crowd of people. Personally I consider this statement only half true. Never have I been so lonely as in a certain hotel lounge, yet I was alone. And since I was alone and lonely, I leaned out the window and started to think deep thoughts about life and death and eternity; then a silly voice said, "Does it look like rain?" Despite lowering clouds, I snapped "No," and turned round. The voice belonged to an apologetic commercial traveller who had appropriated my place by the fire.

The lounge, what a misnomer, was large and airy, so airy indeed that the roaring fire which was belching out clouds of smoke into the room, could not heat it. By way of ornamentation there was a small bookcase, holding a set of well-bound tomes. I investigated; how my malignant fates must have laughed—it was Dickens, in a hotel lounge.

I seized a volume and retired to the next best armchair. One cannot continue to think deep thoughts when someone else is resolved to talk about the weather. It was then that the Bishop made his entrance. He came in furtively as if he thought he was not supposed to be there. He prowled hopefully over to the bookcase, cautiously seized one of the books and subsided into an armchair (only the third best).

Fortunately for me the book I had seized was "Pickwick Papers," slightly less reminiscent of school than "Oliver Twist" or "David Copperfield." The stage was now set for the entrance of the players: the audience of three was in position—it was a poor house this evening. The first we heard was not the orchestra but the sound of voices (off). The Awful English were upon us!

The door bursts open. They burst in. We do not realise their importance but before long they hold the whole stage. Let me describe them. All told they number four, the fifth being absent: two are children, the remainder play the leading roles. Peggy and Betty from Malaya; they remain in my mind to this day. Peggy is somewhere in the region of six feet tall, plain and beautifully dressed; Betty is small, almost school-girlish, with pop eyes and protruding teeth, glasses, etc. They have a supreme disregard for the fact that there are other people in the world besides themselves, their friends and relations. Perhaps there are not. As all the people in the world have now ceased to exist, the Awful English talk to each other, at the top of their voices, across the room, proclaiming from the housetops their private concerns.

She of the teeth takes out a bulky black diary and starts to write the happenings of the day on its immortal pages, occasionally consulting the little giantess on points which escape her memory. One of the children asks her what is in the diary, she explains that every day she writes down what has befallen her. She then proceeds to look back and find what had happened last year on the same day, and the year before and the year before that—ad infinitum apparently. Her talk then turns to her husband—Shirley. But isn't that a girl's name ask the children. Oh, not always is the reply; you see his mother loved the little village or Shirley in W——shire, so she called her baby Shirley after it, and dear Shirley's getting so bald.

After discussing Shirley they turn to the all-absorbing topic of Peggy—poor Peggy who has been driving all the afternoon and is simply exhausted! I saw a smile flit across the face of the commercial traveller. So Peggy must needs off and have a bath, poor Peggy. The children then decide to play a little game of animal grab.



Fast and furious grows the game, the vision of the teeth watches dotingly while the two clever darlings play. At the height of the tumult a sudden sound cuts the atmosphere like a bread-knife—the Bishop coughs. A rich fruity cough which only belong to a Bishop. He does not glance at his victims or fix them with his “glittering eye”; how futile that would be, no, he merely coughs, expressing all the disapproval of which the Church is capable; many things are hinted at: ex-communication, torture. With frightened mien the children gaze at him and folding their tents depart, Betty following. And on the mere the wailing died away.



## “HOME SWEET HOME”

“All the fourth years go to room K,” pronounced the voice of doom. What injustice. We have had to put up with the discomfort of overcrowding for three weary years, then, when our spirits are rising at the prospect of having one of the new rooms for our own, we are told that the second years are to have the privileges we had hoped for.

Owing to the close proximity of the chem. laboratory where our fourth chemists are making mysterious concoctions with mysterious names, there is always a horrible uncertainty in the air during French periods. We never know when something (or everything) will go wrong next door. I hope our French mistress will take note of this. If ever she gets exasperated at our terrible mistakes, let her turn her thoughts for one moment to the room on the other side of that wall. Maybe she will then understand why we insist on saying “oo” instead of the “ee—w” sound.

One of the beauties of K which has gone for ever was the miniature lake in the middle of the floor. In its clear unruffled surface one could see reflected legs of tables and chairs and perhaps an occasional human leg. Since the roof has been mended, it has disappeared, thank goodness!

Why not pop in one day, just to notice the different queer positions the students have to take up to reach their books with their pencils. Couldn't the legs of the benches be chopped off a bit? It would save the cost of buying higher chairs for us all!

One spot of our beautiful room of which I always hold a certain fear is the switchboard. It looks so forbidding and mysterious. “Don't touch.” What subtle meaning lies behind those two short words? I have often felt an urge to disobey that warning in yellow chalk, just to see what really would happen. Maybe nothing would happen, or, on the other hand—well, who knows?

Even if we miss some of the beauties which are in the new rooms we in K have as good a view as any of them. We can be comforted by this and by the thought that this room will be our “Home Sweet (?) Home” until the end of 1941.





TO OUR EX-STUDENTS  
**GOOD LUCK**

A RECORD OF EX-STUDENTS  
 SERVING WITH THE VARIOUS FORCES

APPLETON, Hilda, Miss	1933	R.A. Red Cross
AVERILL, Ken	32	R.A.A.F.
BARNARD, Jean, Miss	27	R.A. Red Cross.
BARRETT, Ken	37	2/3 Machine Gun.
BENTLEY, B. S.	33	R.A.A.F.
BENSON, A., Frank	23	A.I.F.
BIRD, Paul	33	R.A.A.F.
BIRCH, Hugh	37	R.A.A.F.
BIRMINGHAM, John	38	R.A.A.F.
BLACK, James	29	R.A.A.F.
BROWN, Jack	38	R.A. Navy
Brown James	38	RIF - shot. white P.O.W.



BROCKMAN, Brian	38	R.A.A.F.
CANNY, Guy	33	R.A.A.F.
CARROLL, Robin	28	R.A. Navy.
CHADD, Bill	34	R.A.A.F.
CLARK, Royce	33	R.A. Navy.
CLARKE, Les.	24	R.A.A.F.
CONNELL, Wm.	34	R.A.A.F.
CLIFTON, Bingham	31	R.A.A.F.
CLARKE, Edwin	32	R.A.A.F.
CLIFTON, Allan	34	A.I.F.
COLIN-CAMPBELL, C.	39	R.A.A.F.
DAVIS, Mervyn	29	A.I.F.
DAVIS, Bill	30	A.I.F.
DEDMAN, Roy	38	A.I.F.
DOLLEY, Bernie	36	R.A.A.F.
* DOUST, Shan	38	R.A. Navy. Drowned.
DONALDSON, James, Capt	32	Armoured Div.
DOWRICK, Henry	32	R.A.A.F.
DUNHAM, Lewis	25	R.A.A.F.
DUNHAM, Fred	31	R.A.A.F.
DYKE, Fred	36	R.A.A.F.
DRISCOLL, James	36	R.A.A.F.
EASTMAN, Harry	28	R.A.A.F.
* FORREST, John	35	R.A.A.F.
FOX, Pat	36	R.A.A.F.
FRANKLYN, Geoff	35	A.I.F.
GANNAWAY, Roy	31	R.A.A.F.
GIBSON, Reg.	32	A.I.F. Killed in action.
GREY-SMITH, Guy, Lieut.	34	R.A.F., P.o.w. in Germany.
GRAPES, Phil.	40	R.A.A.F.
GREEN, Allan	31	R.A.A.F.
GORDAN, Alec.	29	R.A.A.F.
HALLO, Mervyn	33	R.A.A.F.
HANDS, Lincoln	34	R.A.A.F.
HAYES, Reg.	31	R.A.A.F.
HUGALL, Robt.	29	R.A.A.F.
HUGALL, Harry	37	Machine Gun. $\frac{2}{4}$ .
HUGHES, Kent, Sq. Leader		R.A.F., Instructional Staff, Eng.
HUNTER, Chas.	34	R.A.A.F.
HONEY, John	34	R.A. Navy.
INGLETON, Bill	29	R.A.A.F.
* INKPEN, Bruce	31	A.I.F. 7th. Div., k. in action
INKPEN, Leo	36	A.I.F.
JAMES, Basil	38	A.I.F.
JOEL, Eddie	33	R.A.A.F., in Malaya.
JOEL, Theo	40	R.A.A.F.
KING, Ron	38	R.A. Navy.
KNIGHT, John R.	33	R.A.A.F.
LANE, Eric, Pilot O.	37	R.A.A.F. K in action
LARKINS, Geoff	33	R.A.M.C.
LINDSAY, Allen C.	38	A.I.F.
* LOUGHTON, H. Lt.	24	A.I.F. Killed in accident.
LIDDELOW, John	38	R.A.A.F.
LOFTHOUSE, Richard	28	A.I.F.
MANN, Ken	27	R.A.M.C.
* MANNS, Henley	34	R.A.A.F. Died from illness.
MORT, H. L.	33	R.A.A.F.
MOWLANDS, Ray	33	R.A.A.F.
McGREGOR, Murray	31	A.I.F., 7th Div.
McKINNON, Murdo	33	R.A. Navy.

Gatzs. B



NICHOLS, Alf. . . . .	30	A.I.F.
NORTH, Tom . . . . .	31	A.I.F.
PAYNE, Stan . . . . .	37	R.A.A.F.
PERKS, Arthur, Sgt. . . . .	29	A.I.F., 6th Div.
POAT, John G. . . . .	27	A.I.F., 6th Div.
PRIOR, Ron A. . . . .	33	R.A.A.F.
PRIOR, George . . . . .	34	R.A.A.F.
READ, Louis A. . . . .	37	R.A.A.F.
REGAN, Jim . . . . .	31	A.I.F.
ROBERTS, Geo., Lieut. . . . .	30	A.I.F.
ROBERTS, Fred., Lieut. . . . .	31	A.I.F. Missing.
ROSE, Brian . . . . .	35	A.I.F.
ROSE, Geoff . . . . .	36	R.A.A.F.
ROBERTS, "Boydie" . . . . .	27	R.A.A.F.
SALVARIS, Michael . . . . .	35	A.I.F. Wounded.
SAYERS, Albert . . . . .	38	R.A. Navy.
* SCOTT, Doug. . . . .	38	R.A.A.F. Killed in accident.
SEYMOUR, Norm. . . . .	29	A.I.F.
SEYMOUR, Michael . . . . .	36	R.A.F. Pilot.
STAFFORD, John . . . . .	28	A.I.F. 7th. Div.
* STAFFORD, Ernie . . . . .	36	A.I.F. Believed killed.
SEDWICK, Eric . . . . .	25.	R.A.A.F.
TAGGART, Colin, Lieut. . . . .	31	A.I.F.
TEEDE, Len . . . . .	29	A.I.F., 7th. Div.
TEEDE, W. H., "Sandy" . . . . .	29	R.A.A.F.
TRIGWELL, Elliott . . . . .		R.A.A.F.
TROTTER, Frank . . . . .	30	A.I.F. Wounded.
TRIGWELL, Walter . . . . .	31	R.A.A.F.
TUCKER, Ken., Cpl. . . . .	35	Machine Gun.
TEEDE, Ken . . . . .	35	R.A.A.F.
THOMAS, Colin . . . . .	36	R.A.A.F.
VAUGHAN, Austin . . . . .	36	R.A.A.F.
VERSCHUER, Jack . . . . .	28	A.I.F.
WATKINS, Robt., Pilot . . . . .	37	R.A.A.F.
WHITE, Stan. . . . .	31	R.A.A.F.
WHITE, Cedric, Sgt. . . . .	35	R.A.A.F.
WHITE, William . . . . .	24	A.I.F. Missing.
WHITE, George . . . . .	30	R.A.A.F.
WRIGHT, Vernon . . . . .	36	A.I.F.
☉ WHITE, Gordon, Sgt. . . . .	38	R.A.A.F. <i>in action.</i>
WITHERS, Ken . . . . .	37	R.A.A.F.
YOUNG, Frank . . . . .		A.I.F.

