

BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

OCTOBER, 1942.

STUDENT OFFICIALS.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN :

P. Davies-Moore



SENIOR GIRL :

Miss M. Dolley



GIRL PREFECTS :

Miss B. Charlton
Miss M. Couch
Miss J. McEwan
Miss G. Nottle
Miss G. Washer

BOY PREFECTS :

N. Bromilow
P. Howie
N. Johnston
W. Sloan
D. Tyrie



SPORT PREFECTS :

Girls.

Miss J. Mander

Boys.

J. Connolly
G. Bloor



LIBRARY PREFECTS :

Miss N. Lewis, Miss P. Ladyman, Miss M. Kernot



ART PREFECT :

Miss G. Lewis



SCIENCE CADET :

P. Brown



GEOGRAPHY PREFECTS :

Miss J. Mander, Miss G. Lewis



MAGAZINE EDITORS :

Miss M. Kernot, M. Piggott



BUSINESS MANAGER :

C. Mort



FACTION CAPTAINS :

Blue.

Miss G. Washer
N. Bromilow

Gold.

Miss B. Charlton
D. Overheu

Red.

Miss J. McEwan
P. Davies-Moore

Kingia.

Miss L. Osborne
N. Johnston

THE KINGIA.



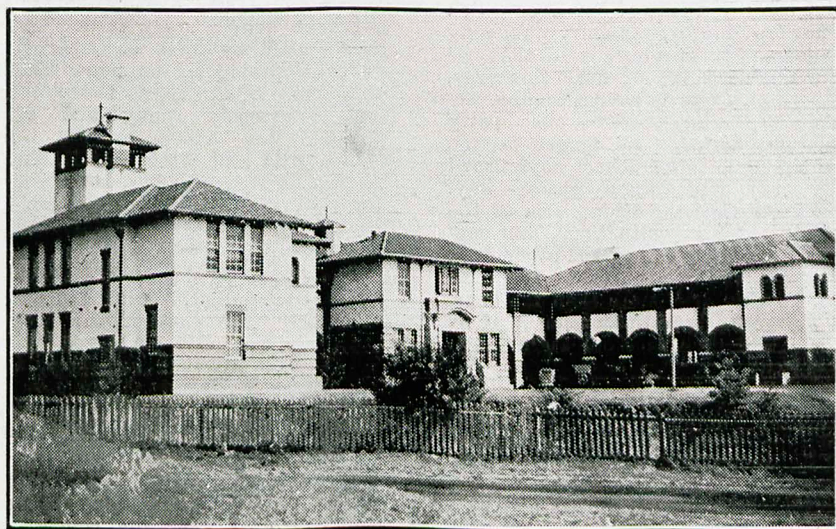
PREFECTS, 1942.

Back Row (left to right): N. Bromilow, N. Johnston, P. Howie.

Front Row: W. Sloan, M. Dolley (Senior Girl), Mr. A. J. Irvine, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Headmaster), P. Davie-Moore (School Captain), G. Washer, D. Tyrrie.

Middle Row: J. McEwan, M. Couch, B. Charlton, G. Nottle.

Bunbury High School



BUNBURY.

October, 1942.

Editorial.

Again we present to you an insight into our school life. This "Kingia" portrays a different atmosphere from that of "Kingias" which have gone before. It is a "Kingia" of evacuation and air-raid practices, of black-outs and of first-aid. It is a "Kingia" which tells of a long list of old students who are serving their country in the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. Many of them have climbed our hill for the last time and have seen the school where they learnt the first lessons of the great thing for which they gave their lives.

War has come to our shores now and we realise that it is our duty to fit ourselves for the great task which lies ahead. It is in our hands that the world of the future rests, so let us make ourselves better prepared to meet these tasks, well equipped with the right ideals and the knowledge on which the foundations of the post-war world will be built.

Let us, therefore remember and live up to the ideals set us by our school motto "En Avant."

M. KERNOT,
M. PIGGOTT,
Editors.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

At the beginning of the year it was impossible to hold any evening functions as has always been the custom in preceding years. To overcome this difficulty, the prefects conducted afternoon dancing lessons for two hours every Monday.

By blacking-out the gymnasium it is again possible for evening entertainment to be held. However, the dancing lessons were improved so much that they almost made up for the inability to hold evening functions. The introduction of the amplifier and modern gramophone records, together with the novelties, attracted the students in great numbers to weekly afternoons of profitable enjoyment.

Perhaps the most notable form of attraction to the dance lessons is the interest which Miss Burton is taking in teaching the latest steps. We have very much pleasure in welcoming Miss Burton to the school, and hope she is enjoying herself. Miss Burton and Mr. Malden are very generous with their demonstrations of how to dance correctly, but I think they find it very much easier to demonstrate than to teach. We also wish to thank Mr. Everingham for his invaluable help

with the amplifier and Mr. Davies-Moore for his keen interest in the social side of the school.

But there is a side of our lives which is not so bright, namely, punishing evil-doers. It has been said that we are a trifle lax in our duty this year, but I think there is a considerable decrease in crime since our party came into action. No longer do the grinning little lower school boys brawl when they meet in a passage-way. They know that the strong arm of the law will catch up with them, and consequently, prefer to look the other way, and yield not to temptation. The girls are reforming even more than the boys, and prefer to wear their hats on their heads rather than face our stern judge and jury.

We sincerely hope that by the end of 1942 there will be no need for punishment of students, and that we can hold another successful social for the lower school.

HON. SECRETARY.

B.H.S. DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

As we have not yet displayed our talent and as there was no opportunity last year of writing about the concert held in the gymnasium, we take the opportunity of letting you know about it now.

There were three plays and a sketch, interspersed with items presented by Misses J. Trotter, C. Beauclarke, D. Cole, and J. McEwan. The overture was ably rendered by Misses M. Forrest and W. Adams.

The sketch ("The Wrong Aunt Jane"), produced by Miss J. McEwan, was very humorous and the cast took their parts exceedingly well. The title role of the elderly spinster (Aunt Jane), was excellently portrayed by Miss D. Cole, supported successfully by Miss C. Beauclarke, D. Tyrie, and D. Murray. The first play ("Here Lies Matilda") was produced by Miss Tate and, judging by the applause, was a great success. Matilda was played by Miss N. Worthington, who excels in this type of role. Her young granddaughter Hetty was competently played by Miss C. Ritchie, while a touch of humour was added by Misses P. Denney and O'Byrne, and A. Poole. Miss L. Mende, as the Scot woman, maintained her accent well throughout the play, and as the leader of society in the village Miss D. Clarke gave a creditable performance.

"Safe Custody," a farce produced by Miss Bridge, was received with much applause and laughter. The leading role of Maria Kettlewell (the post-mistress with a very strong dialect) was played by Miss L. Osborne, who revealed previously unknown talent in this line. D. Evans, as the policeman, was hilariously funny and further humour was added by the burglar (Theo Hall and his helper N. Paton); Misses C. Ryder and J. Clarke as the Lady of the Manor and the maid, respectively, also gave creditable performances.

The climax of the entertainment was "The Stepmother," produced by Mr. Wheeler. The part of the eccentric authoress was ably portrayed by Miss R. Carroll, and her secretary, Christine (Miss J. McEwan), in love with Adrian (Neville Teede), N. Barber gave a good interpretation of the doctor in love with the authoress.

I feel quite safe in saying that the concert was very successful and I sincerely hope that the concert next term will be equally successful. I would like to thank the teachers for their invaluable help in the production and the boys for their good work as stage-managers and hands. In conclusion I would like to wish the new President and Committee the best of luck in their work.

J. McEWAN (Pres. 1941).

RESULTS OF LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1941.

Hazel Adams—English, Geography, Biology, Drawing A; Jean Ball—English, History, Geography, Biology, Physics; Connie Beauclarke—English, Biology, Physics, Drawing A; Don Bradshaw—English, French, Geography, Drawing A; Erica Birch—English, French, History, Geography, Biology; Mary Caporn—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A; Ruth Carroll—English (D), French, German (D), History (D), Agricultural Science, Drawing A; Daphne Chapman—English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A; Francis Dodson—English (D), French, German, History, Drawing A; David Evans—English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science, Physiology, Drawing A; Margaret Forrest—English, French, Geography, Mathematics A, Mathematics B, Drawing A; Christine Garnet—English, Geography, Biology, Drawing A; Kath Green—English, Geo-

graphy, Agricultural Science, Physiology; Viola Hanekamp—English (D), Latin, Mathematics A, Mathematics B, Physics, Applied Mathematics, Chemistry; Judith Horrocks—English, History, Geography, Biology, Physiology, Drawing A; Beryl James—English, Geography, Biology, Agricultural Science; Frank James—English, History, Geography, Agricultural Science, Drawing B; Violet Leece—English, French, Geography, Mathematics A, Mathematics B, Biology, Drawing A; David Malden—English, French, History, Physics, Drawing B; Dulcie Mander—English, Geography, History, Physics; Stan Richards—English, French, History, Drawing B; Cecily Ryder—English, French, German, History; Ormond Speck—English, French, History, Physiology; Neville Teede—English, French, History, Geography, Mathematics B, Drawing A; Phyllis Thompson—English, Geography, Biology, Physiology, Drawing A; Jean Trotter—English, French, History, Geography, Mathematics A, Mathematics B, Drawing A; Alan Wilson—English, French, History, Geography, Mathematics A, Physics.

THE JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATION, 1941.

The following were successful:—Alex Bayle, Alan Barber, William Bowman, Wilfred Boyce, Gordon Clarke, Brian Driscoll, Neville Earl, Keith Grapes, Walter Handmer, John Hogg, Brian Hotchin, Eric James, Ray Midgley, Colin Mort, Robert Mowday, George Myles, Max Piggott, Henry Riatti, Lionel Sangster, Lionel Smith, Morgan Smith, Oswald Trigwell, Arthur Wilson, Florence Anderson, Beryl Brown, Vivian Clarke, Katherine Clifton, Enid Dolley, Betty Earnshaw, Marjorie Gaines, Margaret Gale, Gwendolyne Gardiner, Marion Green, Olive Harris, Elizabeth Hugall, Lilian Jilley, Kath Johnston, Mary Kerrot, Irene Knight, Patricia Ladyman, Gwyneth Lewis, Dorothy Lofthouse, Joan Mander, Dorrie McSwain, Dorothy Rice, Shirley Spenser, Norma Thurston, Connie Trigwell, Hilda Venables.

SUPPLEMENTARY RECORD OF EX-STUDENTS SERVING WITH THE VARIOUS FORCES.

Bartle, Jack, R.A.A.F.; Ellison, Geoffrey, '28, A.I.F.; Filsell, Robert, '39, R.A.A.F.; Ingleton, Neil, 19th Garrison Battalion; Larsson, Colin, '32, A.I.F.; Mosedale, Cecil, '36, Home Defence;

Prosser, Mervyn, '32, A.I.F.; Rose, Colin, '34, R.A.A.F.; Rose, Donald, '37, R.A.A.F.; Rose, Fred, '35, A.I.F.; Rose, Arthur, A.I.F.; Richards, Arthur, '39, R.A.A.F.; Riley, Albert, R.A.N.; Salvaris, Alex, '35, A.I.F.; Shaw, J., '38, A.I.F.; Teede, J. R., '36, R.A.N.; Teede, Ken, '33, R.A.A.F.; Towie, Rex, '40, R.A.A.F.

SCHOOL NOTES.

When the school re-opened in February we looked forward to the future with a great deal of uncertainty. Originally we did not know whether we would be forced to evacuate or not, but as the authorities did not think this necessary we were at least determined to be prepared. Arrangements were made for students to be billeted in the country in case of any emergency, while we had daily evacuation practice from the school building itself.

With the staggering of hours, however, these practices were less frequent, but we still had one each day. When it was announced, at the beginning of April, that owing to the vulnerable position of the Bunbury High School, it had been decided that they should have the use of our building in the afternoon, our hours were limited from 8 a.m. to 12.30. At first we were taken aback by the idea, but the novelty of it appealed to us and we soon adapted ourselves to the early rising. Having the afternoons free, we were able to give more time to such subjects as practical chemistry and physics, while Monday afternoons were devoted to dancing lessons, for which we owe a great deal to Miss Burton.

No swimming carnival was held this year because of the serious war situation, but races were held on sport afternoons for the sake of Faction points. Naturally we missed this event but we missed even more the swimming carnival dance, which was also barred owing to the wartime blackouts. This difficulty has been overcome, however, by blacking out the gym in preparation for the end of the term dance.

The Faction Red Cross collections have, on the whole, been very satisfactory, and the rivalry between the Factions is keen, both in this cause and in sport. A fair amount of Red Cross knitting has been done, but mainly by the same section of girls. With the number of girls in the school who can knit we should be able to turn out a record number of articles.

The girls' hockey team has been very successful this season because, although our team has played with the town only, we have not yet been defeated. As there are no inter-school sports held now, we have little opportunity to play with outside teams, but we make the best of things with inter-Faction matches. Even Faction matches are difficult to organise now, as so many students have left owing to wartime conditions. The number of students attending the school now is just over three hundred compared with the four hundred at the commencement of last year.

Notwithstanding the present world situation and its relative effect on our school life, however, we must be prepared to forgo many more pleasures associated with school activities, if necessary.



Sports Day Results, 1941.

Girls.

100 Yards Junior Championship.—1, R. Woods (K.); 2, M. Marston (R.); 3, P. Sibley (R.); 4, J. Clark (K.). Time, 12 2-5 secs. Record, 12 secs.

50 Yards School Championship.—1, E. Lofthouse (B.); 2, M. Rouston (R.); 3, M. Green (K.); 4, C. Beauclarke (R.). Time, 6 1-5 secs. Record, ? ? ? secs.

50 Yards Junior Championship.—1, M. Marston (R.); 2, R. Woods (K.); 3, E. Woods (K.); 4, M. Macdonald (B.). Time, 6 4-5 secs. Record, 6 2-5 secs.

75 Yards Form Championships—Upper School (IV and V).—1, J. Trotter (G.); 2, C. Beauclarke (R.); 3, E. Stretton (B.); 4, V. Hanehamp (K.). Time, 10 1-5 secs. Record, 9 4-5 secs.

Third Year.—1, E. Lofthouse; 2, M. Green; 3, D. McSwain (B.); 4, B. Brown (G.). Time, 9 2-5 secs. Record, 9 2-5 secs.

Second Year.—1, M. Rouston (R.); 2, R. Woods (K.); 3, P. McClymont (G.); 4, R. Robertson (G.). Time 9 3-5 secs. Record, 9 1-5 secs.

First Year.—1, M. Marston (R.); 2, E. Woods (K.); 3, J. Clark (K.); 4, E. Marston (R.). Time, 9 4-5 secs. Record, 9 3-5 secs.

50 Yards Form Handicaps—Upper School (IV and V).—1, M. Dunn; 2, D. Maunder; 3, B. James; 4, W. Adams. Time, 6 4-5 secs.

Third Year.—1, E. Johnson; 2, B. Earnshaw; 3, B. Brown; 4, K. Johnstone. Time, 7 secs.

Second Year.—1, M. Clarke; 2, M. Turner; 3, P. Robertson; 4, P. Sibley. Time, 7 secs.

First Year.—1, E. Marston; 2, M. Lofthouse; 3, B. Harris; 4, M. Macdonald. Time, 7 secs.

100 Yards School Championship.—1, M. Rouston (R.); 2, E. Lofthouse (B.); 3, J. Trotter (G.); 4, C. Beauclarke (R.). Time 12 1-5 secs. Record, 12 1-5 secs.

50 Yards Skipping Race—School Championship.—1, M. Green (K.); 2, E. Lofthouse (B.); 3, M. Rouston (R.); 4, J. Trotter (G.). Time 6 4-5 secs. Record, 6 4-5 secs.

50 Yards Skipping Race—Junior Championship.—1, R. Woods (K.); 2, P. McClymont (G.); 3, M. Dunn (G.); 4, M. Marston (R.). Time, 7 2-5 secs. Record, 7 3-5 secs.

Hitting Tennis Ball—School Championship.—1, M. Couch (R.); 2, G. Smith (G.); 3, D. Mander and J. Trotter (G.). Distance, 61 yards 5½ feet. Record, 92 yards 1 foot 10 inches.

Hitting Tennis Ball—Junior Championship.—1, M. Turner (G.); 2, M. Robinson (K.); 3, D. Brockman (B.); 4, B. Harris (B.). Distance, 54 yards. Record, 80 yards 2 feet.

Shooting Basketball—Junior.—1, Merle Turner (G.); 2, Betty Rice (K.); 3, Dieder Teede (G.); 4, Margaret Macdonald (B.).

Hitting Hockey Ball—School Championship.—1, G. Washer (B.); 2, D. Mander (G.); 3, M. Couch (R.); 4, M. Dunn (G.). Distance 65 yards 1 foot 4 inches. Record, 80 yards.

Sack Race.—1, E. Stretton; 2, P. Torrisi.

Egg and Spoon Race.—1, G. Harris; 2, R. Woods.

Thread the Needle Race.—1, B. Gamble and R. Woods; 2, C. Green and J. Birch.

Siamese Race.—J. Handley and B. Rice.

Faction Events:

Flag Race—Lower School.—1 Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Blue. Time, 1 min. 29 3-5 secs. Record, 1 min. 32 2-5 secs.

Flag Race—Upper School.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 58 3-5 secs. Record, 58 2-5 secs.

Relay Race—Upper School.—1, Blue; 2, Kingia; 3, Gold. Time 1.0 1-5 secs, a record.

Relay Race—Lower School.—1, Red; 2, Kingia; 3, Gold. Time, 1.0 4-5 secs.

Circular Pass Ball.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Red.

Pass Ball.—1, Red; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. Time, 1 min. 21 3-5 secs. Record, 1 min. 4 3-5 secs.

Leapfrog Race.—1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 8 1-5 secs.

Senior Champion.—1, E. Lofthouse (B.), 26; 2, M. Rouston (R.), 24.

Junior Champion.—1, R. Woods (K.), 26; 2, M. Marston (R.), 23.

Total Faction Points (Girls).—Kingia, 129; Red, 122; Gold, 116; Blue, 109.

Boys.

School Championship Events—Broad Jump—(Record, P. Crabbe, 1931, 20 feet 5½ inches).—1, S. Richards (R.); 2, C. Prichard (R.); 3, B. Hogg (G.); 4, D. Overhue (G.). Distance 17 feet 6½ inches.

Hop, Step, and Jump—(Record, W. Scott, 1933, 42 feet 1½ inches).—1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, S. Richards (R.); 3, M. Lindsay (B.); 4, J. Connolly (B.). Distance, 38 feet 3 inches.



C. Prichard and S. Richards—open champions.

One Mile—(Record, T. Joel, 1940, 4 min. 48 1-5 secs.).—1, S. Richards (R.); 2, M. Lindsay (B.); 3, J. Connolly (B.); 4, C. Prichard (R.). Time, 5 min. 5 3-5 secs.

880 Yards—(Record, T. Joel, 1940, 2 min. 10 4-5 secs.).—1, S. Richards (R.); 2, M. Lindsay (B.); 3, J. Connolly (B.); 4, T. Hall (G.). Time, 2 min. 13 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (heats)—(Record, W. McEnvoy, 1923, T. Moss, 1933, 17 4-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, Richards (R.); 2, B. Hogg (G.). Time, 21 1-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, R. Towie (R.). Time, 19 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (Final).—1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, S. Richards (R.); 3, B. Hogg (G.); 4, R. Towie (R.). Time, 19 secs.



Record-breaker—Barry Hogg at the High Jump.

440 Yards—(Record, J. Gibson, 1939, 52 4-5 secs.).—1, S. Richards (R.); 2, C. Prichard (R.); 3, M. Lindsay (B.); 4, L. Sangster (B.). Time, 58 secs.

220 Yards (heats)—(Record, W. Scott, 1933, 24 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, R. Davidsons (R.); 3, M. Lindsay (B.). Time, 25 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, L. Sangster (B.); 2, S. Richards (R.); 3, D. Overhue (G.). Time, 26 3-5 secs.

220 Yards (Final).—1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, M. Lindsay (B.); 3, S. Richards (R.); 4, L. Sangster (B.). Time, 25 1-5 secs.

100 Yards (heats)—(Record, W. McEnvoy, 1923; W. Scott, 1933; J. Gibson, 1939; 10 2-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, F. James (B.); 3, R. Davidson (R.); 4, B. Hogg (G.). Time, 11 secs. Heat 2: 1, M. Lindsay (B.); 2, L. Sangster (B.); 3, S. Richards (R.); 4, D. Overhue (G.). Time, 11 1-5 secs.

100 Yards (Final).—1, C. Prichard (R.); 2, M. Lindsay (B.); 3, L. Sangster (B.); 4, S. Richards (R.). Time, 11 secs.

High Jump (Record, J. Prichard, 1937, 5 feet 5¾ inches).—1, B. Hogg (G.); 2, C. Prichard (R.); 3, M. Lindsay (B.); 4, S. Richards (R.). Height 5 feet 6¾ inches (record).

Open Cricket Ball Throw (Faction points only)—(Record, J. Needham, 1933, 105 yards 2 feet).—1, B. Hogg



C. Prichard—Runner-up in the High Jump.

(G.); 2, S. Richards (R.); 3, M. Lindsay (B.); 4, R. Davidson (R.). Distance, 91 yards 1 foot.

Open Faction Relay (Record, Red, 1933, 1 min. 43 secs.).—1, Blue; 2, Red; 3, Gold. Time, 1 min. 49 2-5 secs.

Junior Championship Events—Broad Jump (Record, P. Crabbe, 1930, 19 feet 4 inches).—1, G. Myles (R.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, E. James (K.); 4, J. Kinnell (G.). Distance, 16 feet 7½ inches.

Hop, Step, and Jump (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 37 feet 6 inches).—1, G. Myles (R.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, E. James (K.); 4, M. Scouler (R.). Distance, 36 feet 5 inches.

One Mile (Record, T. Joel, 1938, 5 min. 11 3-5 secs.).—1, K. Ecclestone (B.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, R. Stokes (R.); 4, T. Smith (R.). Time, 5 min. 43 secs.

880 Yards (Record, T. Joel, 1938, 2 min. 21 secs.).—1, K. Ecclestone (B.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, E. James (K.); 4, T. Smith (R.). Time 2 min. 26 secs.

100 Yards (heats)—(Record, A. Lindsay, 1935; J. Gibson, 1938, 11 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, G. Myles (R.); 2, J. Kinnell (G.). 11 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, T. Smith (R.); 2, K. Ecclestone (B.). 11 4-5 secs. Heat 3: 1, E. James (K.); 2, C. Jones (K.). 11 4-5 secs.

100 Yards (Final).—1, E. James (K.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, T. Smith (R.); 4, K. Ecclestone (B.). Time, 11 4-5 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (heats)—(Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 17 4-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, E. James (K.); 2, K. Ecclestone (B.). 25 secs. Heat 2: 1, G. Myles (R.); 2, T. Smith (R.). 20 2-5 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (Final).—1, E. James (K.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, T. Smith (R.); 4, K. Ecclestone (B.). Time, 19 2-5 secs.

440 Yards (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 58 secs.).—1, E. James (K.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, T. Smith (R.); 4, K. Ecclestone (B.). Time 1 min. 2 secs.

High Jump (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 5 feet 1¼ inches).—1, G. Myles (R.); 2, J. Kinnell (G.); 3, T. Smith (R.); 4, D. Bailye (R.). Height, 4 feet 9½ inches.

220 Yards (heats)—(Record, P. Crabbe, 1930, 25 3-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, G. Myles (R.); 2, K. Ecclestone (B.); 3, N. Barber (R.). 27 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, E. James (K.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, C. Mort (B.). 27 secs.

220 Yards (Final).—1, E. James (K.); 2, G. Myles (R.); 3, K. Ecclestone (B.); 4, T. Smith (R.). Time, 26 3-5 secs.

Faction Relay (Faction points only)—(Record, Blue, 1930, 49 1-5 secs.).—1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time 55 2-5 secs.

Under-age Championships (Faction points only).

Under 14 (Record, J. Simms, 1940, 12 2-5 secs.).—1, E. Hoskins (B.); 2, D. Rule (G.); 3, R. Dalrymple (G.); 4, L. Meredith. Time (equals record), 12 2-5 secs.

Under 13 (Record, L. Meredith, 1940, 13 2-5 secs.).—1, R. Longwood (G.); 2, T. Upsom (B.); 3, J. Anderson (B.); 4, T. Casserly (K.). Time (record), 13 secs.

Under 15 (Record, E. James, 1940, 11 4-5 secs.).—1, J. Kinnell (G.); 2, N. Moore (G.); 3, C. Jones (K.); 4, T. Smith (R.). Time, 12 secs.

Other Events (no Faction points).

Siamese Race.—P. Brown (G.) and P. Moore (G.).

Wheelbarrow Race.—J. Connolly (B.) and N. Bromilow (B.).

Sack Race.—P. Brown (B.) and G. Martin (R.).

Egg and Spoon Race.—T. Hall (G.).

Mile Handicap.—1, Brian Mitchell; 2, R. Longwood; 3, P. Watson; 4, P. Dedman.

Faction Notes.

KINGIA—GIRLS.

As it was not possible to hold our annual Swimming Carnival in March we cannot tell which Faction would have been supreme, but in the races which were held on each individual sports day our Faction gained third place with 37 points.

As yet we have not been able to play many Faction matches, because of unfavourable weather conditions, but in a hockey match with Red we were narrowly defeated by one goal. On the whole the teams are good and we are sure that there will be no "walk-overs."

As regards the weekly Faction collection the Faction captain is terribly proud of the immense sum which is collected each day, the total being so high that it is hard to count. This matter is one which brings unnecessary shame to Kingia, and although no one expects a legacy, there is absolutely no excuse for the shocking response, especially in the lower school.

Please, Kingias, see that you improve next term, for surely it is up to everyone of us, rich and poor, to



Back Row (left to right): E. Higgins, M. Dolley, L. Osborn, J. Mander, B. Bridges.

Middle Row (left to right): P. Sibley, G. Washer (Capt.), Miss E. Burgess, M. Couch, E. Ryall. Front: B. Charlton, M. Dunn.

give what we can, and that means NOW. Let us see an improvement in the financial question during the third term.

Best of luck to all the Factions.



KINGIA—BOYS.

Compared with previous years, Kingia boys have improved considerably this year. We are, however, still plugging along in third or fourth place.

In the first term our cricketers performed admirably, but, unfortunately, our tennis players let us down. This term, at football and soccer, our efforts have been very well rewarded, so that, for the term, we are in second place regarding the points competition. Fortunately, no points are allotted for Red Cross collections, otherwise this would have floored Kingia boys months ago.

To conclude, it is earnestly hoped that many Kingia boys will be seen training on the Rec. for the coming sports, and that those returning next year will do their utmost to further the efforts of the Faction.



BLUE—GIRLS.

It is true that Blue is not leading in the matter of Faction points, but what opportunities have we had? Fortunately there were no tennis matches this year as we have no outstanding players.

So far we have had only one hockey match, which was against Gold. We were defeated 6—2, owing to the fact that a lot of our team were absent with flu, and we were obliged to substitute players who had had little practice.

Our baseball team has proved itself fairly strong in the practice matches but when we played against Gold we were defeated by a narrow margin.

The basket-ball team does not seem to be a strong one, judging from the practice games, but as no Faction matches have taken place we cannot be sure. It seems, however, that the Blue teams need a great deal of practice.

So far we have managed to lead the other Factions in Red Cross collections, but Red is not far behind so keep up the good work Blue.



BLUE—BOYS.

This year Blue boys have not been so successful as in previous years and this is mainly due to the few members

of the upper school in the Faction. Though the football team lacks strength, we have not been unsuccessful in the other sports. Luckily we have been able to find several promising first and second years who, though small, show good form and style in their football.

Turning to the financial side of the school, we find that Blue is slightly behind Red in the Faction collections and next term we hope that the boys will make a greater effort to support the girls in this direction.



GOLD—GIRLS.

So far Gold girls have done remarkably well and have managed to hold their own amongst the other Factions.

The hockey team, led by Miss Dunn, is very promising and has shown that it is quite equal if not better than our opponents. The baseball team has proved itself equally good, and is ably led by Miss Mander. The girls did not show outstanding prowess at swimming, but, when our points were added up we did not come very far behind the winning team.

The juniors are playing quite well at basketball and two or three of them are showing themselves to be quite good hockey players. Keep it up girls!

Although the Faction collections have not been as fruitful as those of other Factions, they have been consistent, which shows that most of the girls have been contributing regularly.

The Gold girls all welcome Miss Burton to the Faction, who has taken the place of Miss Bergin.

Well, girls, let us keep up the reputation we have obtained this year and show the other Factions just what we can do if we try.



GOLD—BOYS.

Although our Faction has not a great number of outstanding sportsmen, we have not done too badly this year.

Through the efforts of Theo Hall we managed to gain a third place in the swimming carnival.

In cricket we also took third place. No doubt Mr. Wheeler's coaching helped all the cricketers to play a better game last season.

In football we seem to have done better up to date, for out of the nine matches played Gold has, so far, with

the aid of its allies, won five. Approximately mid-way through this term we had second place in the football, but at the time of writing it seems as if we will be in third place.

Gold seems to have had a run of third places this year, for we were also third in tennis. Unless some athletes appear among the juniors we won't be able to show anything in this field of sport.

Even if we cannot be winners we can be good losers and play sport for sport's sake.

There has been a noticeable difference in our Faction collection.

At one time Gold headed the list, now it is a good third. With a little effort this can be remedied; so we appeal to all of you to do your best to put Gold in the lead next term.



RED—GIRLS.

Owing to there being no Swimming Carnival this year Red girls have not gained as many points as we expected. In the races which were held every week, however, we gained quite a few very valuable points.

No hockey matches have been played for points, as yet, but our team shows promise of becoming fairly strong with a little more practice.

Baseball matches have not yet been played for points, and as our team is very weak this is perhaps to our advantage. Practice makes perfect we are told, so we still have hope of winning a match some time this season.

Last but not least, is the junior basketball. I have not seen any basketball matches this season, but the captain told me that we have an excellent team, so we can look forward to the time when the juniors will bring in points for us. Good work juniors! Keep it up and we'll soon have the other Factions licked.

We are gradually catching up to Blue in the Red Cross collection. Most of our members are doing very good work in this matter but some still say "I forgot." These collections are a serious matter, so let us see a marked improvement every Friday from now on. No more "forgettors" and soon we'll be pounds ahead of everyone else.

Do your best girls—every penny helps!

Well, so much for the preaching.

Before I conclude I would like to wish all the other Factions the best of luck—they'll need it!

RED—BOYS.

Under the able leadership of P. Davies-Moore (capt.), and G. Watkins (vice-capt.), Red boys are in a position to feel proud of themselves.

Keeping up the old traditions Red has not lost a single game of tennis to date, and in cricket, although we are not super-cricketers, our Faction shares the honours with Kingia.

Football is a sport into which the members of the Faction have entered with keenness and enthusiasm, and as a result we have lost only two games this season.

Red did not obtain a chance to display its swimming talent this year, as there was no Swimming Carnival, but it was doing quite well in the Faction competitions held at the commencement of the first term.

We are waiting to find out how many athletes we possess on the longed-for Sports Day; but in any case Red may be expected to acquit itself well.

Despite successes in all branches of sport there is still room for improvement, and with the realisation of this, we must spur ourselves on to even greater efforts.



Form Notes.

I.A.

As our class consists wholly of boys our main source of recreation between periods consists of shooting paper pellets. You can never tell how many you are likely to collect as you enter the portals of the "Great I.A.," but, so far, there have been no fatal accidents.

"Good morning, sir." That's what some of the good boys think as a master enters the room. The others remain silent.

"Heppingstone"—this name is heard in nearly every period of the week, but still he hasn't done his homework. One of these days the name will not be shouted quite so loudly, because half of his work may be done. Everyone is hoping for that day just as much for our sake as for his.

Occasionally, as you enter I.A you may find "Butcher" hacking at someone with a ruler as though it was a meat axe. It has become quite a habit with him.

Sometimes Gardiner is seen digging into Murray Hardie's back with a pen. The poor fellow does not realise that he is not using a garden realise.

We are not a popular class by any means, but we do try.



I.B.

Hello—It's I.B., the noisiest class in the whole school, and as there are about twelve others in the competition we take for granted the congratulations you will surely lavish upon us. And there's no need to tell us to keep it up, because we couldn't possibly stop.

There is a strange collection of students, or, as some may be more adequately described, holidayers and tourists in our famous classroom. No "Kingia" would be complete without mentioning some of them. First of all, our prefect (Jackie) deserves attention. From others in her boarding house we hear that Jackie spends her spare time absorbing the contents of a "Hopalong Cassidy" or a Zane Grey; her extensive knowledge of U.S.A. geography confirms this.

Thelma and the brainy boy (Rob) will be pleased to demonstrate the latest methods of settling an argument, if anyone is interested. By force, we believe.

Lake never misses an opportunity to air his stock of knowledge, while Geof. (the man of the chalk supply, but not so hot on the homework), and Colin, who is a pal of Geof's, concerning homework, irritate the worthy English master, who does his best with the boisterous twenty-nine.

Of course there are a few of the less noisy type scattered throughout the class and here we must mention Anne and Betty, who probably are not so angelic when beyond the four walls, which doubtless accounts for their subdued natures.

Several girls are generally able to supply a wide variety of town, country, and school news. Aren't they Judy, Pat, Thelma, and Joan? We expect that you would know.

Those whose names have not appeared in this column must forgive us for appearing to neglect them, but in reality, we are very proud of everyone in I.B., and we are also proud of our floral decorations above the roaring fire (if we persuade it to burn). The Inspector must have been suitably impressed by our preparations—but where did Jackie get those flowers? Just ask her, but don't be put out if she doesn't tell you.

With best wishes to you all, this is your first class Form Room signing off till next "Kingia."

I.C.

It's rather a difficult task to write form notes when you have never, ever read a "Kingia" before.

As far as our form work is concerned we are not taking such subjects as French and Latin, we are really doing quite as well. Perhaps we do not appreciate the extra English and arithmetic we are having, but probably will when the end of the year comes.

Term Exams. were an ordeal, but it was rather exciting when the results came out, especially finding out who was the top (we weren't quite so keen to know we were bottom). However, we were all very glad when it was over and the holidays began.

As far as sport is concerned, it is not so good for many of us who live in the country and have to travel backwards and forwards by bus, but those who are lucky enough to stay appreciate the basketball and hockey practice. If they don't, they should.



II.P.

Well! Here we are again, the hard-worked genii of II.P.

We are nearly on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Several members of the class have already gone away for fear of having to call in a brain specialist.

Certain members of the staff come in very distressed when they find no windows open. It is generally thought that we belong to the Stale Air Brigade.

The first thing that you see on entering II.P. is the entrancing vision of a boar's skull. On looking around you notice a few cows' skulls and bottled snakes, not to mention various zoological specimens in the process of dissection. It is really too gruesome for a class of such intelligent girls. Then, of course, there is our famed killing jar. Some people think that it would be a rather good idea to leave the top off while we were all in there, and to keep the windows closed, but we have such strong wills that there would be no effect. Well, the best of luck until the next "Kingia."



II.X.

Darling—, oh-er pardon me, wrong number.

We welcome you to that high-riding, hard-working (???) , always laughing (you're telling me) Class II.X. They

say that the brightest (brainy or otherwise) girls in the whole school were chosen for this renowned class, but the results were rather disappointing, according to several well-known teachers. In fact we are establishing a record!!

We used to be the famous H.G., you know, and then we were always having the last year's reputation (good of course) thrown up at us, but luckily for us they have changed us to X—mysterious, thrilling, heart-breaking Miss X (emphasis on the "heartbreaking").

I do not know about other classes, but the war jitters have made quite a mark on our class—ten of our illustrious members have departed into the void of lost and forgotten students. They said "Ta-ta" to us and another neat black line appeared on the roll. (We hope it was neat but we doubt it.)

We wish to thank V.Y for organising the weekly dance lessons. Most of our members have attended and enjoyed them very much. We are very sorry night dances have been cut out, owing to the black-out, but I suppose we must remember that there is a war on.

Personal (strictly): One of the professors of man-hunting (late of Claremont) is our most talented Gigglophonist—of course you all know who I mean. She is never without her Horny friend and they are often seen with their latest Morris model.

Could anyone tell us why Judy Rose? It is quite a puzzler—we suppose she sat down again. Also, why is Pam a Fisher? She never caught anything that we know of.

There goes the bell and at last our mathematics period is over (thank goodness).

Now for the torture period—we are off to the science room. Cheerio to you all and best of luck in the coming exams.

From the

Devastating Dazzling Damsels.



II.Q.

We are now well advanced in our second year and have made a fairly good name for our class in all subjects. We hope that the present first year's will keep up the reputation we made for our respective classes last year.

Pete, the tough lad of the class, is an authority on America; while Joek thinks that he is Bing Crosby (Junior), but unfortunately for us, he is three times worse. Mac has a bad habit of having

nitric acid on his fingers. When German becomes boring Otto amuses himself with a piece of string. We all keep our eyes on Don H— as he is the renowned class sheik. Derry seems to enjoy himself collecting cards from Weetie packets, while John L— looks on and wonders if he will give them to the waste paper collectors. Tich sits quietly with a grin on his face and watches Fatty M— having a snooze in his back seat.

Our favourite subjects are those on which we can sit and watch practical chemistry and physics, but we also like manual very much. We are very proud to say that we are the best second year class at physics.

We thank all the teachers who have taught us since we have been at the B.H.S., and we hope they have not suffered too many headaches or grey hairs.

III.E.

Since we only consist of six inmates, III.E can hardly be expected to make a very loud noise. This is true. We are a very subdued, hardworking class, with a reputation of being lazy and very dull.

Among our members there is a very "hossy" (horsey) person, who frequently forgets she is sitting in a desk, and becomes a little frisky. Slightly of French origin is "Baby." She is of a very meek and mild temperament, especially in geography when she gives a running commentary on Archangel. Goldilocks was very inhuman a few days ago, when she nearly gave a mistress heart failure by handing in an assignment! Always called upon to quote hymns is Faith, who has a faint hope that the examiners will have charity.

But we must not forget our dutiful prefect, who does all our dirty work for us. She keeps a foot in everything that is doing, especially running, and is an ardent fan of Diana the Huntress, when assignments are due. We could not end our notes without reference to our one and only studious inmate who delights the teachers by constantly handing in her work at the proper time.

We close our notes by wishing ourselves and others in the same dilemma, success in the near future.



III.F.

In this age of science and inventions, too little credit is given to that small contrivance which sees and records indelibly all that comes into range of its one glassy eye—the camera.

It is only with the aid of this truly ingenious gadget that we bring to you this remarkable record of our fellow students at work. One Monday morning an enthusiastic amateur photographer brought his small Brownie into the form room and just before second bell secured a snap of the class. The film was rushed to the chemist, and the result was really astonishing. We now endeavour to bring to you some of the outstanding points of this black and white portrayal of this room on a typical day.

The first thing in the picture which strikes the eye is a figure at the back of the room with tousled hair, extended arm—claspng a ruler (Woolworths, Id.) and a look such as the knights of old may have worn on their faces before entering mortal combat. This is L. Knickerbocker Turner, the gay gladiator who challenges all and sundry to battle with him (victor to receive loser's ruler).

The next item of interest is M'sieur R. L. S. (Stokes, not Stevenson), our perfect (?) prefect, in his position of honour at the front of the room. We may remark that his look of chagrin when asked for chalk is due to the fact that his private collection is beginning to assume large proportions, but is still not sufficient to keep pace with the increased usage which an unruly class necessitates.

In the picture our prefect can be seen leaning towards Piccaninny—sorry, Pag—as if some dark and fearsome plot (which would not be surprising) is being hatched between the terrible two.

To the left, and considerably in the rear of the plotting pair, is a large smile, beneath which it is just possible to recognise the features of Beggsie, usually hard at work, but now for some reason he is apparently occupied in some object of interest beyond the glass panels of the door, or perhaps he is thinking of a suitable reply to the latest fan mail, of which he and Longie receive huge quantities. He is quite an inoffensive little chap, but sometimes the animal noises which issue forth from his dainty mouth are very alarming to inexperienced ears.

Two seats in front of this character, Griffo cannot be missed. With a perpetual grin which rivals Beggsie's, and a very quiet manner, although he is not one of the shining lights of the class, he is trying hard, and is in the running for his Junior. (It's amazing how one can speak that dreadful word without a qualm.) In the photograph a book (probably Chemistry) seems to be taking all his attention.

Coming across to the right of the picture we find Carole Ritchie, who makes the remainder of the class more amazed after each terminal examination. However, she considers her limit reached and owns her doubts of the future.

Behind Carole, Joe's handsome features meet the eyes of the beholder. Although he is a great trier, we are sorry to say that Joe is not exactly what may be referred to as a model student. In his hand rests a small object, commonly known as a paper ging. This is an instrument of novel design, being extremely accurate and capable of propelling a missile with considerable force for a distance of over twenty yards. At the time of the snap, this lethal weapon, terrible though it may seem, appeared to be aimed somewhere in the region of the prefect's head.

The magic lens has been successful in catching Munnie, who is seated in the right-hand back corner, in a strange position. With his hand dug into his belt, he appears to be drawing a hidden six shooter. It is rumoured that Niel is a grandson of Buffalo Bill, and he's mighty proud of the fact. In fact, he claims to be faster on the draw than any other tenderfoot in the class.

Another notable member of the class is Winnie Ellis, who delights in appearing diligent while surrounded by books, but unhappily for her the artful little camera has caught her in a weak moment, for she is seen to be in animated conversation with Phil Brown, the cheerful guardian of the door, who never fails to rouse his class-mates from the depth of despair by ceaseless contortions of his countenance.

Others who cannot be forgotten, and whom the camera caught in their usual positions are Fred Morris, the handsome lady-killer; Grant Johnson, the over-industrious Chemistry student, who finds time during other periods for further investigations of the contents of Oldham's dry text book; Dorothy Morphet, whose trilling gurgles of laughter never fail to penetrate the deafest ear; innocent Matt Scouler; hard-working Mick, who can always find time between periods for ardent conversations; Pam Sibley and Sybil Charlton, who help to swell a certain collection of fan mail (already mentioned); Roy Chamberlain, who always has a miscellaneous collection of other people's pencils; Jim Kinsella, who is definitely making up for lost time; Midge, the Maths. spark; quiet, and equally charming Betty Jefferies, and all the others who help to make III.F what it is. To Pam Wheeldon and Ervin Moyle, who have recently left us, we say, as to all of you, "Good Luck."

III.R.

We feel it is our duty to tender an apology to those bright little damsels in II.X. From what one gathers our effect on the Domestic Science teacher is not of a beneficial nature. By the time of their arrival we have unfortunately rendered her unfit to convey to them the mysteries of the art of peeling potatoes.

At the end of first term the peaceful atmosphere of our Form was disturbed by the arrival of Miss Daw. Her interesting contributions to our geography lessons are not appreciated by the majority.

Our singing mistress has been heard to make several uncomplimentary remarks on the vocal efforts of five certain girls. However, our prima donna (Merle Turner) provides ample compensation for their lack of volume. One memorable Friday morn she distinguished herself by giving vent to a glorious effort in E flat major. The Gym shook and our eardrums have yet to recover.

The boys appear worried over the result of their patriotic efforts. It appears they have been collecting, among other things, the padding of chairs. Their astounding brains have already invented a remedy; pneumatic cushions placed in the seats of their trousers and inflated by a cylinder of hydrogen carried behind the ear. Anyone using same is advised not to sit on anything sharp.

Of late there has been a new organisation among our numbers. Several of the girls, together with one of the staff, have united in their own Fresh Air League. For two whole periods on Tuesday we sit in a room with every window and the door open. It's a belief, on the part of the League, that fresh air is good for the body and mind—as if our minds need improving. Luckily, without the support of the staff member, the remainder of the League is overruled and the atmosphere becomes comfortable once more.

Well, here our activities come to an end, like all other things. In conclusion, however, we would like to say we have not noticed any symptoms of "General Swotitus" among the boys, although several claim to be affected by it. Many signs are seen among the girls, if one looks hard enough.



IV.K.

As it's nearing the end of the term our English master reminded us (rather tactfully) that it is the usual practise

to publish the "Kingia" at this time, and I, being the muggins of the class, have been raked into writing our notes.

After looking at the same faces for three solid years it is a relief to welcome a few newcomers to our very select little circle of scholars. Perhaps the word "scholar" is not quite the correct one to use, as I have heard that the staff is near to bordering on a nervous breakdown, owing to certain members of the upper school, but of course this may be caused only by the high and mighty fifth years.

Considering all things, we are a very quiet class, with no startling romances to talk about, but Florry's brother has provided no little amusement and he, together with his "boss," has enlightened quite a number of rather dull English and Geography periods. Of course there is no offence intended by this remark, but one is apt to visit dreamland during the life of Henry Esmond or while talking about America, or imagining we are roving on the Great Lakes. Unfortunately, the opportunity for falling asleep is not granted to us during period 6 on Monday, as this is the period when the fourth and fifth years turn choristers. The melodious sounds which float out to the eager listeners upstairs are not quite so pleasing to the ear when heard from inside the Gym itself, for when baritones, contraltos, and all intermediate singers endeavour to sing "Star Spangled Banner" or some other equally popular song, the sound produced much resembles squeaking army boots.

Our weekly Gym period is another time when we have no chance to sleep. On the coldest of days we are expected to shed as much clothing as possible and do exercises, such as the "cat stretch," "caterpillar walk," and other animal antics. Our strenuous efforts are usually met with peals of laughter from the gallery (in other words the master's room). Of course, this period is not nearly so humorous as Thursday afternoons, when we go in for the more serious pursuits of learning first-aid to the injured and how to treat hysterical first years in the event of an air-raid.

You readers (if any) have probably guessed that the notes written up to date have been written by the girls but as they have passed them on to us (the boys) we are going to do our best.

Had you strayed some few months ago down the hill on which our beloved school stands, you would have been presented with the sight of the

fourth year boys slaving laboriously (very laboriously) over rather antiquated shovels with which we dug air-raid trenches, which have since fallen in. At that time, however, there were seven (yes, a whole seven) of us, but now, unfortunately, our number has been reduced to six by the leaving of one of the most humorous and popular members of the class—"Triggy." Triggy had been with us for more than three years before he left and consequently we miss him considerably, although he threatened to leave many times before he eventually did. It certainly will be a small class that finally struggles into fifth year—the fifth year.

It has usually been the duty and the privilege of the IVth years to manage the social side of the school, to keep the library in order, and to present the "Kingia." Unfortunately, the war situation necessitated a "black-out" which, in turn, necessitated the cessation of school dances and concerts, owing to the fact that the Gym could not be blacked-out. In reference to the library, although we have three most efficient library prefects, everybody will agree that there does not seem much for them to do. "Kingia" contributions have been pouring in at the rate of one per week and if this little effort of ours does not go to press, owing to the shortage of contributions, it will be through no fault of ours.

If ever you see Joan and Gwyn standing around in deep conversation you will know that they are swotting German, and if you look a little further you will see Mary and Beryl (our Latin experts) walking side by side with far-away looks in their eyes whilst repeating difficult verbs to one another. "Handsome Morgan" and Morty are constantly arguing about the identity of unknown chemical compounds given them by the Science master, while Jim spends his time cutting up frogs in the Bio. room. As we are discussing members of the class, we would like to welcome to the school the four girls from Collie and George Bloor from Perth.

Having passed through an agonising period last year we are in a position to offer the Leaving and Junior candidates our deepest sympathy and all the luck that we had.



V.Y.

Before writing about our prowess in the field of sweet and trouble we would like to congratulate those of our mem-

bers who have attained that standard of perfection—being a prefect.

If you were to ask any of the teachers about our prowess they would perhaps mention the swot, and deal at great length on the trouble. According to them our main trouble is going to be passing the Leaving, but at least they say they have never had a Leaving class like us before. A change is as good as a rest!!

Room "Y" is "chocker-block" full of celebrities. Allow us to present them to you and to tell you a little about them and their habits:

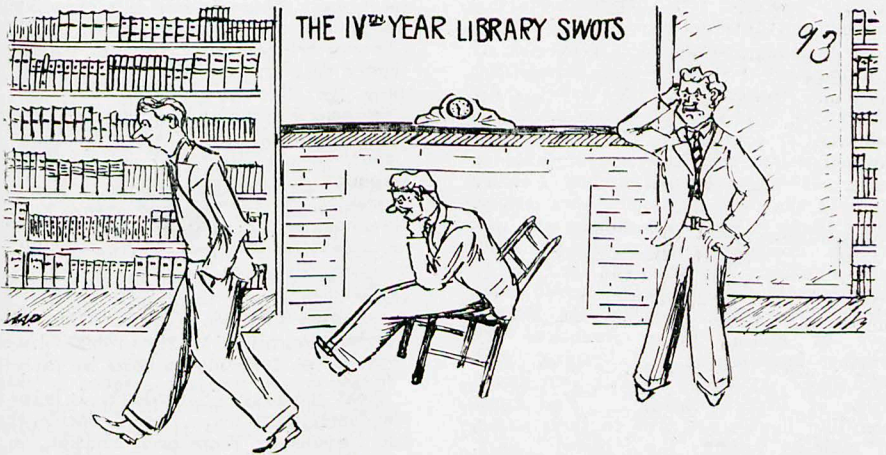
"Kek" has betrayed his secret passion for milkmaids. He invites them in regularly each morning for a "cuppa." Slim is still going strong with his blonde bombshell—nice going Slim! Our singing mistress must have wondered at the subdued groans and distorted faces the other day during a lesson. We feel an explanation is owing. "Bec" produced some of her latest specials—chloroform sweets from Rosebud. Ugh! What a gal! "Fritz" is the forlorn hope of "Y," according to one master (and "Fritz"). He is the only one with any chance of passing the Leaving. Keep going "Fritz," you'll get there yet. Subdued giggles are still coming from the back row. Be careful "Gan"—you'll be caught! The latest news—guaranteed to be authentic—"Jinny" can still talk. Believe it or not it's true. There is always controversy as to the best make of car but certain females have got their eyes on a "Morris." We have just learned that we have a boy scout in our midst. Through a window in the library "Doe" espied a fair lady a-chopping of her wood. Immediately he rushed out and offered his services. Soon a neat pile appeared and we wouldn't be surprised to hear that a halo had also appeared. We didn't know you had it in you "Doe." We regret to say that "Blowy" is still as much of a "drip" as ever. He annoys poor "Pete" by continually bagging his seat (near the back, of course!). They say he was dropped on his head whilst a babe, so we daresay he can't help being as he is! "Pete" and "Woe" no longer ride their "grids" to school. It's strange that they should get a fad for walking soon after "Annie" and "Beat" went to live out that way. Coincidence?? Believe it or not we *have* some quiet members of "Y." These members are girls, of course, and between them they manage to keep up a fairly good reputation for part of "Y" at least. They set a good example, but it doesn't seem to be followed to any great extent. Bad habits are hard to

break (by one who knows!). We have a couple of dark horses too. "Triss" and "Maud" have always appeared to be so quiet, but we've discovered otherwise. "Mary-Ann" has shorn her lovely locks—quel dommage! "Donna" has become very quiet this term; we never hear a quack out of her now.

Well, there is no more news about our famous (or should we say notorious) room, so we will say cheerio for now.

Perhaps you will hear from us again, perhaps you will not. Cheerio, and don't forget to pray for us in November.

[Editors' Note.—All forms have, in their form notes, taken the opportunity of welcoming Miss Burton, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Malden to the staff and bidding farewell to Miss Bridge and Miss Bergin. They also wish the Leaving and Junior candidates success in their examinations.]



Some days ago we were given a compo. that gave us some bother—
"The Art of doing Nothing."



THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A WEEK-ENDER.

“Ah well; it’s Friday to-morrow,” I sigh, as my head drops lower on to the table, my eyes throb because of the flickering electric light, and my brain reels with French. “Passif s’accorde, actif pas”—no, that’s not right, and yet “active s’accorde, passif pas” seems just too alliterative. I gaze at the pile of mathematics assignments before me and sigh wearily. The clock strikes twelve. Anyway, I’ll be home to-morrow and with a different atmosphere will be able to “get down” to it. I think of my present surroundings. Breakfast consisted of stodgy porridge followed by a mixture, so mixed that I was unable to see what it contained. My landlady informed me it was known as “loute la superbe.” As a French student I really thought that my dictionary was wrong. More likely it was the landlady who was wrong. The soup at dinner was flavoured with a spider. You know the big “daddy long legs” variety—well one of that kind. I’ve often heard of the French love of quaint diets. Doubtless my worthy housekeeper, in keeping with such, was trying to exhibit her knowledge of French cookery. You know boarding houses are true to their name, at least as regards the “board” part. The beds—well I’d much prefer the Gym floor, the steak’s as tough as leather and the chance of the board decreasing is as far away as the African forest.

Friday morning I scurry blissfully to school, “head in the clouds” as I compare home and boarding house. It is no wonder that I define bacteria as a lot of little wogs floating around the air (or is it the head).

Hurrying from school for dinner I find a piece of tripe on the table. I attempt to give some to the pet dog of the house. He is, however, only used to the best cuts of meat and I dispose of it in the rubbish bin.

Dinner over, I go to the station. Presenting myself at the ticket office, I ask in a demure little voice for a “half week-end ticket to X.” The official glares at me. “Big for thirteen, aren’t you? Come on, hand over the full fare.” Reluctantly I do. Going away to find a carriage I think over why I should be mistaken for over thirteen. Did not one worthy person, referring to the class as a whole of course, say we weren’t fit to be in fourth standard and as an average child is ten in that standard, I suppose I am to presume that is my age.

Getting in a snug carriage with a number of fellow students there follows a struggle for window seats. I get one and also an elbowing in the eye. The train eventually (???) moves off and a lively conversation is carried on, discussing the various merits (and otherwise) of our well-meaning staff. This conversation ceases abruptly when it is realised that some of the said persons are in the next compartment.

Arriving at my destination I whistle loudly (in order to prevent any other sounds leaving my mouth) at the disgust at finding no car at the station to meet me. There is one big consolation about the open spaces: it is, that no one can tell you that you are whistling louder than anyone else, or even out of tune, for that matter.

Reaching home I’m hailed from big sister by “Press my dress, I want to go to a dance to-night,” while small brother emphatically declares, “You can get the wood in, I’ve got a sore foot.” After tea I decide that I will leave my “swot” until the following morning. I decide to listen to a radio play, but other members of the family outvote me in wanting to listen to Mrs. ‘Obbs (disingusting programme). My protests are all in vain, so I decide to turn in early.

Next morning (Saturday), I help in the house until ten. Then I decide that the Napoleonic Wars need revision, so I start to swot. Small brother, however, decides that playing at wars is much preferable to reading about them. Hence, while sitting on the bough of a tree in the garden, I find from time to time small pebbles coming very close to me. Eventually one hits my head. I jump from the tree and give chase to the culprit, who sprints to safety, the “sore” foot of the evening before having healed apparently.

The afternoon passes in doing the jobs of another member of the family, who decides it is his day off from milking and I am the one who should do it as I never do any work (??). Half the week-end has gone and I have done no homework. I try to remember Pythagoras’ Theorem as I strip one of the cows. “The square”—strip—“on”—strip “the hypotenuse”—bang! Bessy does not know such words and, thinking that I am saying nasty things about her, upsets the milk bucket.

In the evening I resolve that nothing will turn me from my duty. Conscience, little sister, intervenes and I am forced to show her the mysteries of long division and by the time I have her in a muddle, worse than she was before, I decide bed is the best place for me.

Sunday drags by and still there is no "swot" done.

As I walk up the hill on Monday I think, well it is jolly good to be back at Bunbury, and particularly at B.H.S.

SCHOOLDAYS IN CHINA.

Chefoo is situated on the N.E. coast of China, about three days from Shanghai. The school is near the sea and the lands actually extend down to the seashore.

There are three schools. The Prep. containing children from 6-11 years. The Girls' School and the Boys' School, where the students leave after they are 17, even if they have not passed matriculation. These are separate, but have lessons together at the co-educational buildings.

The chief games are hockey, basketball, football and cricket in winter; tennis, boating and baseball in summer. Chefoo used to be the summer port for the American fleet, so the boys would have cricket, football, and, occasionally, baseball matches with the sailors.

In our spare time we would have roller skating and swimming in summer. In winter, a couple of tennis courts would be flooded and in about 24 hours there resulted an excellent skating-rink. We used to skate at night mostly. Every other Monday the Upper School would attend lectures, given either by one of the staff or a visitor. Often there were lantern lectures.

The climate is very hot in summer and freezing in winter. There is always snow and often the sea freezes. One time the sea froze three miles out and the ships had to unload on the ice.

The different nationalities at Chefoo school are English, Canadian, American, Australian, a few Norwegian, one or two Polish, and a German family.

One exciting incident happened a few years ago. When the children were returning to school from Shanghai and Tsingtao after the holidays, the boat was attacked by pirates and captured. At first the kids ran squealing under the tables, but soon they plucked up courage and had a fine time. A piece of pirate's jersey was in the school museum. The boat was in the hands of the pirates for a week, and the children were taken to notorious Bias Bay, the pirates' lair. At last they were rescued by British Naval craft. So you see, we do have some fun. (Note.—Joan included the school song, which we did not have room to print.—Ed.)

PRES' COURT.

Scene—Court Room.

Jury seated around a table with Judge in the centre.

Judge: "Come forth accused."

Enter victim, smiling cheekily.

Judge: "Well, wench, wipe that smile from thy face. You have committed a most foul crime, and shall pay most heavily for it. Will the accuser relate the charge to the court?"

Accuser: "I solemnly declare that the accused paraded the streets flouting her raven hair without a hat, in order to show the residents of Bunbury her rare and singular beauty. The accused continued in this fashion after she had been warned."

Grin disappears from the victim's face and the lachrymal glands come into action.

Judge: "Has the accused anything to say in defence of her actions?"

Misguided delinquent, in tears: "Please your Honour, I won't do it again."

The Judge, looking very stern: "I certainly hope not. This foul deed of yours will be recorded in the Doomsday Book. Is the jury capable of giving a punishment to fit the crime?"

Hard frowns and much talk.

Sympathising Juror: "Your Honour, in the case of such singular beauty do you think we could alter the laws a little to suit this outstanding figure, and give her a set of rules all her own?"

Judge, rather annoyed: "I am afraid I do not see your point of view. These laws were set down at the Foundation and the Constitution cannot be altered at such short notice. Has the jury reached its decision?"

Jury ceases collaboration and whispers to the Judge.

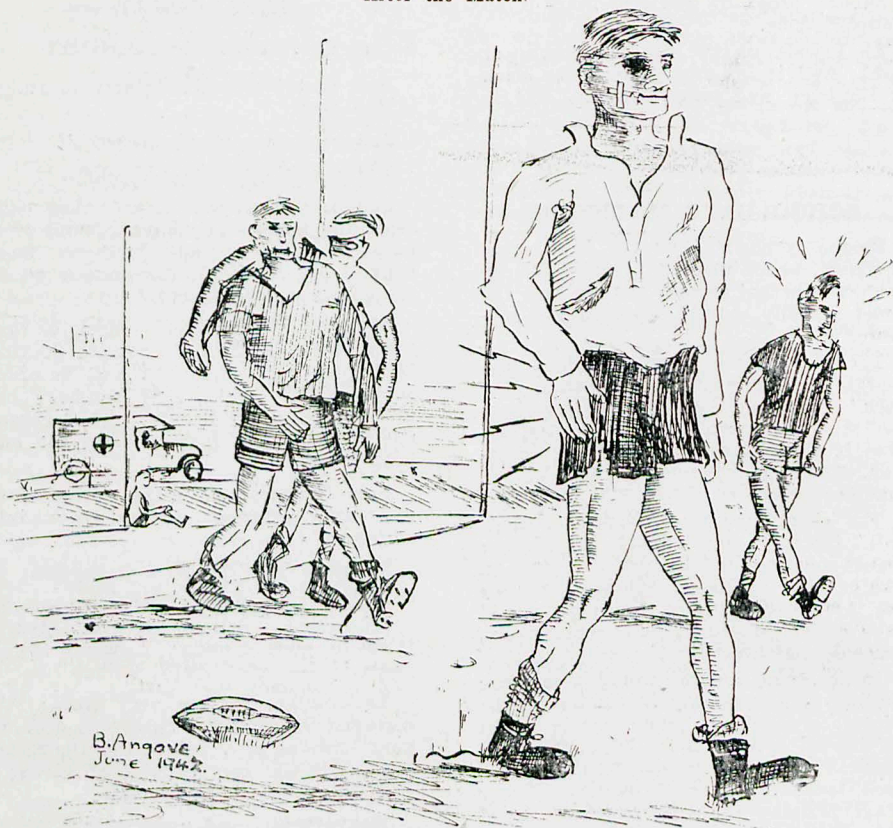
Judge, hammering desk: "Order in the court. The sentence is passed, very lightly I must say. The delinquent will for one month, late and early, 'RELAX' the library table." To the accused, "Sign your name on the dotted line and report for punishment later."

Accused, with lachrymal glands gushing freely: "Yes, your Honour."

Judge: "Court dismissed."

Exit accused—loud laughs from the jury.

After the Match.



A WEEK-END FROM SCHOOL.

On Friday morning there is great excitement—everyone has to make way for us and pardon our little outbursts of bubbling happiness. (That is a peculiar characteristic of happiness—it bubbles!) Well, to get back to the point; there is great excitement. The reason is, of course that we are going away from the stagnant and polluted air of Bunbury to the green freshness of the country to spend one week-end before returning to monotonous school.

At 12.30 we are on the train, comfortably settled in a 1st class carriage. (This is short-lived, for we have only 2nd class tickets.) The miserable rain does not dampen our spirits and after many adventures we find ourselves, at 5.15, in the many arms of aunts and uncles. The aunts exclaim, "Isn't she tiny, but she always was a little bit of a thing," and "Ah! this is your school friend. Isn't she big and tall?" while the uncles examine our spectacles, fountain-pens, and rubber-soled shoes.

The following day we come to the conclusion that we must make the best of our week-end, so, with much thought on the choice of our shoes, we set off down the beautiful green fields damp with the twinkling rainfall (we are ankle-deep in mud and water) and ah!—a brook!—and the prettiest of brooks. There we pluck the maiden-hair fern which grows abundantly; there we splash around in the clear water until we at length, dirty, wet, bruised and tired, wade our way back through the mud, cursing all brooks and the whole desolated farm.

Night comes, and, feeling prepared for something new, and, in spite of rain, sneezes, aunts and uncles, we set out for a dance. At 8.30 we arrive at the town hall (once a billiard-room but now too smelly and much too old and dirty), amongst cases, coats, spare safety pins, and walnut cake.

The hall itself is a stimulant to our wind-beaten hearts for behold! there is a wonderfully decked 18th century piano, a clean though cracked floor, and above

all—seats!—seats of pure wood. The dancing is a novelty, for we go round and round (you see, there is no room to move up and down). The music is something very new, for it stops occasionally to create atmosphere, although the young people don't appreciate this, as they dismiss the music as a bare necessity, and go round and round without waiting for its novelty stops.

So much for dancing. It is now 3.65, and we are sitting with wet feet in front of a dead fire, eating the walnut cake (which we had no intention of showing at the dance) and taking care not to wake the aunts and uncles.

Sunday at last! What great hopes, what noble aspirations lie dead on this dawning day? We lie dead, at least to all appearances, until the early hours of the afternoon, when we partake of our humble food and retire early.

At 5.2½ on Monday morning we say farewell to the green meadows, the little brook, the aunts and the uncles, with tears in our eyes at the parting, with so sweet a memory of happy hours and arrive at school in time for second period. All excitement is gone. Only a sweet yet bitter sadness remains and a cold in the head. We look forward with great anxiety to the next week-end in the country.

MOVING!

In school the other day a certain class was suddenly disturbed by a series of explosive sounds just near the door. A few seconds later the door burst open, and something flashed past, gasping, "Scuse me, sir!" and began frantically piling up chairs and desks in a corner. It turned out to be the head boy making way for a huge chest of drawers and a cupboard which were to be placed in this room. Next we heard a violent grunting and spluttering outside, which announced the arrival of the cupboard bearers.

With many savage exclamations and several injured toes the object in question was at length deposited in the far end of the room. So much for that.

The master, with a suppressed sigh of relief, said goodbye to the "fifths" and settled down to work once more, only to be immediately interrupted by an endless procession of more fifth years, bearing the contents-to-be of the cupboards.

With as little noise as possible, which was, by the way, like some volcanic eruption, they proceeded to empty their arms and fill the drawers. Teacher, smiling sweetly, said something to the

effect of, "Don't let me interrupt, will you?" at which, of course, we all chuckled happily. At length they departed once more, but, as we discovered, only for a few minutes, because our peace was again broken by "Blowie," armed with the huge backbone of some prehistoric monster, advancing upon us with a threatening air, brandishing the bone above his head. He was greeted with our burbles of delight, which were by no means lessened when Fritz, a laddie of generous proportions, came in, staggering under the weight of a whole sheet of writing paper, which he deposited with a sigh of relief, wiping the perspiration from his brow after such an effort. Our master began to be really exasperated when someone else entered bearing a jam-tin and yet someone else with a sheet of newspaper. We were rolling on our desks in helpless mirth and we're sure that even teacher, with his sense of humour, must have enjoyed it too (?).

DIVE BOMBERS OVER B.H.S.

In ye merrie month of May (only it was July), the exalted students of an exalted school were startled from their studies by the sound of a 'plane. AIR RAID! With heroic courage they bolted for windows and doors to look for wounded on which to practise First Aid. No casualties, however, being forthcoming, the studious students proceeded to examine a seemingly bare firmament for the arriving Japanese air-force.

A dark shape shot overhead, making the astonished tiles of B.H.S. dance with rage. The exalted inhabitants fell flat on their faces on the High School lawn, and waited for the oncoming hail of machine-gun bullets. No dangerous missile, however, arrived from the blue so the mighty and intellectual folk removed their presence from the contaminating earthiness.

Another wicked form screeched in exultant triumph over the justly amazed and furious tiles. Once more the startled students acted the bunny rabbit, until an ultra-heroic one lifted her head and discovered no Jap horde, only two harmless Kittyhawks performing for a distinctly unappreciative school. Feeling very much ashamed, the acting earthworms removed themselves from the all-embracing Mother Earth. The females explained that they were trying mud-packs for their complexion, but the poor males had no such dainty alibi. They therefore stoutly maintained their heroic in-

tention of digging air-raid shelters in which the ladies could take shelter in time of need. The ladies, curiously enough, seemed rather incredulous.

ON THE STUDY OF BIOLOGY.

For four periods per week, for three terms per year, we indulge in that science of entrancing knowledge and never-ending depth, commonly called Biology. The bell rings to release us from a period of extreme concentration to one of lighter nature—Bio.; what a relief!

Gathering up our books, we drift along to "The Room of Many Odours," in other words "P." Arriving there we stroll to our seats, sit down, and mechanically open a book, because one never knows who might look in!

Ah, the arrival of our mentor, silence reigns for one brief second! Spirogyra? Where on earth does one find that? Oh yes, we spent a period on it only yesterday. Well, to proceed, we are now about to have ten little questions, everyone ready? And so the lesson goes on.

But it does not go far without interruption. Fritz always manages to unearth something which he considers is worthy of argument, then follows a heated discussion!

We have several new editions to our happy and enthusiastic band of Bio. students this year, but they seem to have overcome shyness and found no difficulties in slipping into a life of Biological routine.

Blowy is noted for his never failing appetite, and indeed, it is surprising what passes over his bicuspid and down his œsophagus; even prickly pears do not daunt his hungry nature. Those poor specimens! Pris. is a great source of Biological wisdom and from her are extracted many facts we have not yet learnt. One of the Vth year girls always manages to manoeuvre her chair just about on top of her neighbour's—to help him with his work we suppose?

The bright sparks of the class (Peg and Florrie) manage to keep us smiling with their wisecracks and cheerful chirps! We don't hear much from the other Vth years gathered in our midst. We suppose they are fast becoming old and wise as the Leaving draws nigh!

Well, another period is nearly over, so we had better collect our scattered wits and be on the move once again—so, so much for Bio.!

BEHIND THE SCENES.

By

The Candid Cameraman.

- "Merrily We Live."—Students.
 "Say It In French."—Said periods.
 "Sing You Sinners."—IVth and Vth years.
 "Who Goes Next."—Blood grouping.
 "If I Were Rich."—A boarder.
 "You'll Never Get Rich."—Boarder again.
 "Joy Of Living."—End of term.
 "Break The News."—Exam. results.
 "I See Ice."—Morning showers.
 "Escape Me Never."—English master.
 "Keep Fit."—Gym.
 "The Thin Man."—Sloan.
 "Strawberry Blonde."—Florrie.
 "Paris Calling."—Head Girl's Hat.
 "The Stars Look Down."—After our dances.
 "The Great Waltz."—At dancing practices.
 "Fast Play."—Baseball.
 "Gone With The Wind."—Hats.
 "The Crime Club."—Prefects.
 "The Heavy Brigade."—First XVIII.
 "It's a Date."—Pres' tea.
 "Grapes of Wrath."—Bio specimens.
 "The Dancing Lady."—New mistress.
 "Happy Landing."—Cartwheels in Gym.
 "Get Off My Foot."—Dancing practices.
 "Escape."—From stairs prefect.
 "Seven Sinners."—Sloan and Co.
 "Life Of The Party."—Tyrie.
 "Pennies From Heaven."—Pound benefits.
 "Repent At Leisure."—After English.
 "Doctor Rhythm."—Pete H.
 "Shining Victory."—Hockey match.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

- "And all who saw them trembled
 And pale grew every cheek."
 —Juniors spot Prefects.
 —:—
 "Too fast we live, too much are
 tried."—Weary 5th Years.
 —:—
 "Amazed, confused its fate unknown
 The world stood trembling at Gove's
 throne
 While each pale sinner hung his
 head."—Pre's' Court.
 —:—
 "So whilst in fevered dreams we
 sink."—Leaving Candidates.
 —:—
 "Her lips were red, her looks were
 free."—Winnie III.F.

“But I am faint—my gashes cry for help.”—After footie.

“Give me your favour: my dull brain is wrought With things forgotten.”
—Maths Class.

“If it were done when 'tis done 'twere well It were done quickly.”
—French Prose.

“Consider it not so deeply.”—Reports.

“Better late than never.”—Turner III.F.

“Like hell broth boil and bubble.”—At Dommy.

“She comes, she comes! . . .”—A teacher is seen.

“I dreamed . . .”—A period on Thursday.

“Pinned, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threatened, and abused, Their efforts punished and their food refused— Awake tormented—soon aroused from sleep.”—Vth Year English Class.

“Better late than never—”—Tyrice on the bell.

“If I had my way.”—“Deke” on B.H.S. reforms.

“And e'en tho' vanquished he could argue still.”—Fritz.

“Their shoes were clean and neat.”—Strict Prefects on stairs.

“In holy anger, and pious grief, He solemnly cursed that rascally thief.”—The pound benefits again.

“And everything was strange and new?”—The Exam. paper.

“I mind no finer gentlemen.”—The Masters.

“Then in a wailful choir the small quats mourn.”—3rd Years.

“Lost and gone and half forgotten down a long dead yesterday.”—Trig. formulae.

“Will they waken once I wonder?”—An English period.

“Oh that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me—”
—On first reading the Exam. Paper.

“Fair tall his limbs with due proportion joined—”—“Slim.”

“His soul belied the features of his face.”—“Pete.”

“And things divine Must be devoutly seen from distant view.”—Vth Year art.

“A thing of shreds and patches.”—This rationing.

“And it was clear to all who spied, His heart was at its bursting tide.”
—D.C.

“Those watching figures come to life Upon the foot-path, nod askance Or smile, or move a pipe askew To puff out smoke, or to let through A flood of labial resonance—”
—The Masters.

“The powers above, who lounteously bestow Their gifts and graces upon mankind below.”—The Staff.

“And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew.”—“Deke” again.

A POEM.

*As Bard of the form, I was commissioned to write
A poem for “Kingia”—pithy and bright;
No subject was mentioned—we'l, what could I say?
I dar'n't use the Masters—that doesn't pay;
The knitting of scarves; the Air Training Corps?
Or some of the work we were doing for war?
Yes, one could say something 'bout sport or the dance,
Or delicately dea' with a Mistress's romance,
But I lacked inspiration for all the above,
And being too young for lyrics and love
It seemed what I wrote was written in vain;
And I fear that never, and never again
Will the Bard of the Form be commissioned to write
A poem for “Kingia”—pithy and bright.
But, I should say something after four years—
Well—The Masters are darlings, the
Mistresses dears.”*

A VIEW OF B.H.S.

On a hill a building stands
Imposing, set in lovely lands,
A building housing students bold
Who work o'er study books, I'm told.

The shape thereof is like an E,
Enclosed around by many a tree;
Growth of lawn and pine-tree gay,
What a lovely sight they say!

This school they say is built of brick,
The walls, at least, are two feet thick,
No biting winds may penetrate
Where students bo'd do concentrate.

A workshop at no great a pace
"Beautifies" (??) this lovely place:
Students there do sweat and toil
O'er forges, I am told, that boil.

A man in black clothes, with a black
book,
Waits with many a surly look;
Students who are late, they say
Are entered in his book each day.

Thus on a hill stands B.H.S.
O'erlooking quite an ancient place.
Bunbury does praise your name,
And sing afar your lofty fame.

—D.M., III.R.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW.

My mate and I are in the Army now,
To serve our country and to do our bit
To show the blinkin' enemy just how
We'll never stand for it!

If those yellow coxes should chance to
think

That here, for them, a victory will
shine,

We, very soon, those thoughts will sink,
And show 'em, we'll soon get into
line!

Before the war came to our shores,
We were contented with our lot,
But now the times have changed some-
what—
To-day, we fight for you and yours.

We entered camp—my mate and I,
All rough and raw, but keen
To have a shot at learning how to do or
die,

And see what other blokes have seen,
For days we marched—and marched
again,

Two thousand marching feet,
In dust and flies and rain and heat,
Through city streets and country lanes.

My mate and I sat on our beds
With blistered heels and aching heads,
I said, "By cripes, gaw blimey, mate,
I hope reveille will be late!"
Distinct and loud the bugle blew—
Parade and breakfast time were near.
From the cookhouse fresh and clear
Came the smell of army stew.

The weeks went by, our training done
Efficient, hardy chaps we were by now
Tho' life was hard, it sure was fun
Even if our sergeant was a — !

My mate and I went to Greece and Crete,
We saw a bit of Libya too;
And boy! that desert holds the heat:
To think of it, just makes me hot.
Then one day we said away,
We weren't told where—
Our colonel wouldn't say,
But on my lips there was a prayer.

The hopes and prayers of every man
Came true—and hearts were light,
For as we saw our dear homeland
We cheered with all our might!
We're home again to-day
And mighty proud to be here.
We're going to make those Japs pay
If they venture near.

Our camp o'erlooks the sea—
A smooth brown coastline,
Which makes the heart in me
Swell with pride, because its mine.
Well, we've got this war to win,
We've got our country to defend,
It will be hard and long, but we'll grin
And stick it to the end!

—P.A.L.

SERENADE.

(With apologies to J. K. Winters.)

Oh! come unto your window, sweet
And hearken to my song.
Swing wide the darkened casement, sweet,
But do not tarry long.
Oh, throw things not at me, my sweet,
Nor sulk to find me here;
But gaily, lightly, come, my sweet,
And listen to me here.

Get out of bed for me, my sweet,
These times are not for rest.
Oh, keep me not awaiting love,
For I do sing my best,
But come unto your window love,
No longer sweetheart hide,
For it's raining like the deuce, my love,
And I've left my key behind.

—R.B., III.R.

**MY COUNTRY, I LIVE FOR
THEE.**

*Twenty-five years ago they fought;
Suffering, anguish, and sorrow were
taught:*

*With grief so many homes were fraught.
They struggled then to conquer wrong,
Knew the fight would be hard and long,
But died with a glorious cheer and a
song,*

“My country, I die for thee.”

*Twenty-five years ago they said,
When this is over, all wrong will be
dead:*

*How sadly their shining hope has fled.
Then, when the long grim fight was over,
Sweetheart once more came back to lover,
Thinking of those whom soil did cover,
“Dear country, they died for thee.”*

*Now that war has returned again.
Was it for naught those heroes did train,
Were more to go through that same
ghastly pain?*

*Were the dear folks at home to suffer
once more,*

*While anguish and terror at racked
hearts tore?*

*To hear the same song that was sung
before,*

“My country, I die for thee!”

*Now we have fought for two long years,
Years of sorrow and suff’ring, and tears;
We’re torn again by hopes, and fears.
Our dear ones are fighting on closer
ground,*

*Will Australia like France with crosses
abound?*

*Will the heroes say, whom glory has
found,*

“My country, I die for thee”?

*No! for this is God’s way for His world:
The flag shall be free that once was
furled.*

*No longer shall death from the skies be
hurled.*

*Peace shall be won, and every man’s
rights,*

*Blackouts no longer, shine all the lights,
And every man say, when he climbs the
heights,*

“My country, I live for thee.”



