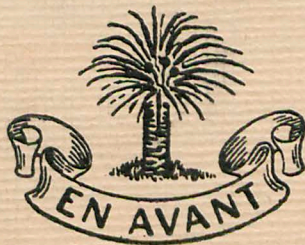


296
BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL

THE
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

SEPTEMBER, 1944.

STUDENT OFFICIALS.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN :

D. Chapman

SENIOR GIRL :

Miss C. Ritchie



SCHOOL PREFECTS :

Miss A. Eckersley
Miss W. Ellis
Miss E. Higgins
Miss P. Robertson
Miss J. Ross
Miss M. Turner

R. Bradshaw
G. Johnson
C. Jones
D. Murray
J. Preston
T. Smith



LIBRARIAN :

Miss L. Summers

ART PREFECT :

Miss J. Smith

SCIENCE CADET :

G. Johnson



LIBRARY PREFECTS :

Miss V. Broockmann
W. Poole
J. Leece

SPORTS PREFECTS :

Miss L. Summers
D. Fryer



GEOGRAPHY PREFECTS :

Miss D. Ayliffe
Miss J. Pell

SOCIAL PREFECTS :

Miss D. Ayliffe
Miss V. Broockmann
R. Green
W. Poole

MAGAZINE EDITORS :

Miss J. Ross
R. Bradshaw



FACTION CAPTAINS :

Red.

Miss W. Ellis
T. Smith

Kingia.

Miss E. Higgins
C. Jones

Blue.

Miss C. Ritchie
D. Chapman

Gold.

Miss M. Turner
M. Smith



Back Row: D. Murray, E. Higgins, J. Preston, M. Turner, G. Johnson, A. Eckersley, C. Jones, P. Robertson.
Front Row: W. Ellis, T. Smith, C. Ritchie (Senior Girl), Mr. Bradshaw (Headmaster),
D. Chapman (School Captain), J. Ross, R. Bradshaw.

Bunbury High School

S E P T E M B E R, 1 9 4 4.

En Avant

Go forth into all the world and love it. Mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows. Try what you can do for men, rather than what you can make them do for you. Then you will know what it is to have men yours, better than if you were their king or master.

Editorial.

EVER since our school commenced there has been a "Kingia" magazine. It has become part of the tradition which is continually growing up around the school, a medium through which every student, past and present, is able to have an insight into the lives and activities of their fellow students. True to its motto the school has gone forward until to-day, twenty-one years after its foundation, it is a place of happiness and harmony, an achievement of the students who have built between themselves and their school an everlasting bond of pride and sympathy. It is fitting that we should therefore in this first "Kingia" from the adult school pay tribute to those who built up the school during its early years, who overcame the initial difficulties and finally, when they left, took with them something of the spirit they helped to inspire. They have built about our motto a code of love and honour which has carried them far into the world, helping them to mingle kindly with its hopes and failures and to take their places in the ranks of achievement.

To those who have gone before, the present students look with pride. Many are fighting for the code which they learned at their school, many have made the highest sacrifice for the same cause. But so long as there remains a Bunbury High School and so long as there remains a motto "En Avant" we know that students both past and present will remain loyal and true themselves and to their ideals, striving continually to fulfil the task set by those words

"En Avant"—"Go Forward."

School Notes.

Since the last issue of the "Kingia" the school has celebrated what is, so far, the most important anniversary of its career: namely its twenty-first birthday. On the eleventh of December last year the entire upper school and some ex-students gathered in the Bedford Hall where a dance was held in honour of the occasion. Unfortunately very few ex-students were able to be present but the numerous telegrams and letters received showed that many of them remembered their school.

A number of visitors were present on behalf of whom Mr. Thomas and Archdeacon Adams made suitable speeches. Mr. Irvine also addressed the assembly and it was with regret that we heard him announce that he would be retiring at the end of the year. After three cheers had been given for Mr. Irvine and the school a sit-down supper prepared by the ladies of the P. and C. was served by the upper school girls. Each guest received some of the three-tier birthday cake which had been on show earlier in the evening. A pamphlet describing the progress of the school since it opened was also given to each person as a memento of the occasion.

At the conclusion of third term last year the prefects of 1943 presented the school with two flags. The flag pole had previously been presented by Theo Hall, an ex-student of 1942 and the flags were unfurled, one by his mother, Mrs. Hall, and one by the school captain, M. Piggott.

Mr. Bradshaw who has succeeded Mr. Irvine as headmaster is now well known to the school. Coming from Modern School he was very welcome and the good work he has already done for the school is greatly appreciated.

For the first time since 1941 it was possible this year to hold a swimming carnival. Unfortunately the weather was cold and windy, but both swimmers and spectators enjoyed the events. Later in the term a picked team of girl swimmers who had been specially trained by Mr. Benson competed in life saving events at Crawley baths. They won the Barron Trophy and gained third place in the competition for the Halliday Shield.

The Friday collections for the Red Cross continue in the form of a faction competition. Last year £173 9s. 9d. was raised in this manner. Since it was introduced in 1940 this scheme has resulted in £412 7s. 8d. being collected and donated to the above organisation.

During first term a collection was made for Beryl Brennan's birthday. A total of ten pounds was brought in, some of which was spent on presents, the remainder being sent to help provide her clothes and school necessities. Keith Lindley, the boy whom the school has adopted with Beryl, will have his sixth birthday soon and a similar arrangement will be made. As last year the fourth year boys will make a suitable gift for him.



Mr. F. G. Bradshaw, B.A., B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

At the commencement of second term a bus service started which brings students from Busselton. This resulted in several more students being able to attend the school. The number now enrolled is three hundred and ninety-eight, compared with three hundred and forty-eight of last year. Were it not for the shortage of boardinghouses a still greater number would be able to attend.

We have been fortunate in having so few changes in the staff this year. Dr. Graupner came and left after only a few weeks, being replaced by Miss Smith. Unfortunately Miss Burton also left, her

position as Art Mistress being filled by Miss Bodkin. To these and all other newcomers we extend a warm welcome and the wish that their stay at Bunbury High may be a happy one.

The Prefects' Notes.

This time, twelve months ago, we were members of a fourth year class, but with the coming of the new year a fresh chapter of our school life has been opened. This year's comparatively large fifth year class allowed the number of Prefects to reach fourteen, a number which is easily adapted to meet the demands of the school. At our first fortnightly meeting Miss Elsie Higgins and James Preston were elected secretary and treasurer respectively, while Miss Winifred Ellis and Douglas Murray assumed the laborious duties of Pound Prefects. Our adoption of a roster of particular duties overcame the necessity for further appointments, so that the year's work was immediately undertaken, the results up to date being satisfactory and in some ways almost pleasing.

Early in the year we were pleased to discover that our presence at a Parents and Citizens' meeting had been requested in order that we might receive our badges, a surprise we welcomed heartily after the nervous tension which had settled upon us on receipt of the invitation. Mr. Davies-Moore has also made an application for our Prefects' shields but so far we do not know if they are procurable.

One of the most far-reaching discussions which has arisen during our meetings was concerned with the lack of uniformity in the boys' dress, and when the matter was referred to the Headmaster he immediately took interest in the idea and, as a result, a boys' uniform has been planned. It will take several years for the complete uniform to become general throughout the school, but it is hoped that the senior boys will be able to wear it towards the end of this year. Those boys who are anxious to complete their uniforms gradually are reminded that the summer uniform will consist of a short-sleeved grey shirt with the maroon school pocket and either grey slacks or grey shorts with long grey socks, while for winter a grey suit will be worn with the same shirt and tie. Such a uniform will be greatly appreciated by the whole school, especially since the existing honour pockets will be available for all boys—and girls, too—upon completion of their particular uniforms.

The more widely known of our activities, however, lie in the social direction. Up to date we have held two Upper School dances and corresponding Lower School socials, all of which were pleasantly successful, and it is expected that three more such evenings will have passed before the "Kingia" is printed. The first social was in the form of a welcome to the new students and our new Headmaster. Mr. Colgan assisted in the actual management of the games and dances, but on this occasion his gym. squad of eight boys and a hilarious "shadow-show" by Reg. Bradshaw and his fellow-stars completely overwhelmed the other items. Our dancing practices have been designed to overcome the difficulties in modern dancing and it is fervently hoped that under the expert guidance of the fifth year girls and boys the remainder of the Upper School will be able to discover the technique of the quickstep and the modern waltz, which Mrs. Kenrick has been explaining to the Prefects and others of the fifth year for the past few weeks. Altogether there is every reason to believe that by the end of the year these classes will have benefited the learners.

Whilst speaking of these money-making concerns, we cannot go further without paying due tribute to the Pound Prefects and our treasurer. For some weeks our only source of income lay in the pound from which we were able to produce sufficient money for two Pres' Teas, but when Jim collected Mr. Johnson's hoard of lost clothing and commenced to sell it (aided, of course, by Grant Johnson) the funds rapidly rose to a happier height.

The Pres' Teas are, nevertheless, the greatest privileges we enjoy. It is not permissible for us to disclose the actual sequence of events at these exclusive functions, but we may, perhaps, mention the fact that our four chefs keep us in prolonged suspense before they open the door to admit the remaining hungry ten, and that Doug. is quite capable of disposing of any surplus food when the feast is over.

Despite the continual vigilance imposed upon our Pound Prefects by their taking dispositions, they volunteered to conduct a waste paper collection. The boxes provided for the purpose are rapidly filled and frequently emptied, but they are a serious contrast with a neighbouring receptacle for old magazines. We fully appreciate the fact that there are endless calls made upon the magazines of the town, but that is hardly an excuse for the poor response, especially

when the basket is emptied every few weeks.

Before concluding our notes we wish to express our regret in losing one of our original number, Ken Midgley, who is now taking a special course at the Technical College. Miss Burton's transfer has affected the Prefects' social organisations, but our manifold thanks are readily extended to Mrs. Kenrick for her valuable assistance with the Upper School dancing, and to Miss Bodkin who will be filling Miss Burton's place at the Lower School dancing practices. Mr. Davies-Moore has faithfully remained the "father of the prefects," and in expressing the appreciation we feel for his undivided interest in everyone's welfare, we cannot forget Miss Stevens, Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Johnson, whose advice and help have always been readily given. We thank the staff, we thank the School and, above all, we thank the Prefects of earlier years for the honour and the privileges we entertain in our final year at Bunbury High. To the Prefects of the future we say, "En Avant," and to the School of to-day we repeat this motto.

M.C.R., D.F.C.

An Ex-Student's Letter.

[By kind permission we print below an extract of a letter sent home by an ex-student, a member of the R.A.A.F. The article is all the more remarkable when it is known that only two people survived the crash which placed the writer in hospital for some months with leg injuries and that it was written while the author was still in pain. By reason of its exceptional interest at these times the rule of contributions only from actual students has been relaxed to enable it to be printed.—Ed.]

Our 'plane has always been E-easy and she had an elf carrying a bomb painted on her nose, but this night she had a bilious attack and refused to function. As a matter of fact we were attacked head on by a night fighter the previous night and the blighter knocked off one of her radiators, so at the last moment we were transferred to V-Victor, a beautiful spick and span new 'plane which had been delivered to the drome that day to replace a V-Victor lost the previous night. We were delighted with some of the new gadgets aboard and were looking forward to a speedy trip. After taking off we commenced climbing at about 200 feet a minute or probably less and when at 3,000 feet noticed streams of petrol flowing out over the starboard wing from one of the nacelte tanks. De-

bating amongst ourselves for a while we decided to use those tanks first and continue on the trip. All went well for about an hour, then some of our navigation instruments went for a Burton and prospects weren't looking so bright. However we reached the target O.K. and dodging flak, searchlights and goodness knows what else (it's a little hell over some of those targets believe you me) dropped our eggs and out as fast as we could go. Whew! It seems to take years to get over those targets. We reached our own coast without any mishap at 1.30 a.m. and settled down to have a smoke while heading for home when things began to happen. First the starboard outer engine cut, so that was feathered, then the port inner began to splutter. According to our gauges we still had 200 gallons of petrol but something was going cuckoo.

Len, the pilot, was fighting the stick and I pushed the throttles and pitch as far as they would go. We were then at 3,000 feet and falling like a brick. I yelled to Bob and George who were down in the nose and the remainder of the crew to get back to crash positions, then kept yelling to Len which way to turn if possible. By this time all the engines were spluttering, hopelessly sucking for petrol like hungry calves at an empty milk bucket. About 200 feet from the ground I braced myself with hands and feet against the dashboard pushing myself back into my seat (second pilot seat). Len had not said a word all this time which was no more than a minute, but was fighting the controls like mad. Then we hit the ground, bounced and came down again travelling it seemed like a comet, tearing, screaming towards all types of objects. The engines had stopped and the crashes and smashing mangling sounds created as we struck trees were like maddening thunder.

The pulped nose of the aircraft came back to meet me, showers of rainbows and sparks flew through my brain as I fought to keep myself conscious.

For one split second it was like a terrible nightmare. I seemed to be suspended between two worlds and I had no idea which I would return to. My mind was quite clear but I could not feel anything about me. I felt all alone in an atmosphere void of oxygen. Then I knew the 'plane had stopped its grinding, ripping journey and I was lying twisted awkwardly amidst a tangled mass of bars, wires, throttles, deal seats, etc. My brain was muddled but my subconscious mind kept telling my limbs to work and I fought my way out as the 'plane slowly sank down over me. I managed

to crawl clear except for my left ankle which became trapped between bars at the bottom of the pile.

Sister tells me it is time I was asleep and her word is law. Should be O.K. soon.



The School Life Saving Team.

Several years have passed since a swimming team has represented the school in the inter-school events held in Perth. Much enthusiasm was aroused in the school, however, when for the first time in five years a girls' life-saving team entered in the competitions for the Barron Trophy and the Halliday Shield, which were held at Crawley on the 11th March, especially when the team returned with the coveted trophy and credit for third place in the Halliday.

Seven girls went to Perth with the team, two of them swimming in both events. The Barron included land drill and water work, where the High School gained highest marks in the drill and a number of the water-work sections. Nancy Campbell, Judy Denny, Nellie White and Betty Brown, with Carole Ritchie as instructor comprised this team and competed against three other teams, one of which represented Modern School who won the trophy last year.

The Halliday Shield event was more particularly concerned with speed and our girls did exceptionally well in gaining third place, especially in consideration of their short training and the number of entries. Betty and Nellie swam again in this team, with Catharine Martin and Shiela Hough to complete the number.

Mr. Benson spent several afternoons during the previous fortnight in training the girls for water work, and the Barron Trophy team made use of every opportunity during lunch hour and at recess to practise the land drill, a process which seemed extremely tedious at the time but which eventually proved to be thoroughly worth while.

The actual day of the Carnival was particularly pleasant. Our girls were outstanding in their identical red bathers and red and white caps, and they were lustily supported by ex-students amongst the crowd. Miss Miriam Piggott and Miss Frances Dodson, now members of our swimming staff and once students of this school, travelled to Perth for the Carnival, the first in which we have been represented since Miss Piggott herself went to Perth with the team.

The trophy was presented to the school by Mr. Benson and at the same assembly the girls were each given a swimming badge to wear on the Honour Pockets to which they are now entitled. Even though this is the first time that the school has won the trophy there is every reason to believe that it will not be the last, and it is to be hoped that next March will see a second successful team returning with it.

Library Notes.

We are afraid that the library notes for this year's "Kingia" may appear as what they really are, namely, very last minuteish.

On the whole we are pleased with the number of books read and enjoyed by the students and by the number of reference books used by the first years. We could wish, however, that the third form boys would find a little more time to read.

We have been cheered up immensely this term by the return of the pictures to the library, especially our Laughing Cavalier who dominates the library once more.

Of course all students are proud to note the precious Barron trophy hanging at the end of the room and won for our school by our team of champion swimmers.

Now one word with regard to the care of books. As you all must have noticed, our dictionary is very dilapidated and as a result needs careful handling. This it does not always receive so we shall appeal to you to treat it as kindly as possible in future terms.

With this request we shall wish you good reading from the library prefects.

Examination Results, 1943.

The following students passed the Junior Examination in 1943:—

Dorothy Ayliffe, Shirley Bennett, Betty Bridges, Valarie Broockmann, Betty Clifton, Shiela Crozier, Pat Denny, Margaret Gibbings, Joyce Hodgson, Beryl Horne, Diana Irvine, Helen Lyons, Muriel Lofthouse, Beryl Mason, Ina Micale, Edith Moore, Roberta Murray, Mavis Nixon, Nancy Paton, Joan Pell, Margaret Phillips, Adrien Poole, Elspeth Richardson, Marie Rose, Betty Sara, Esther Stephens, Edna Story, Lorna Summers, Wendy Willmott, Beryl Wikon, James Anderson, Ronald Bell, David

Clarke, John Currie, Ross Dalrymple, William Dodson, Kornelius Doornbusch, Derry Fryer, Eric Gibson, Ronald Green, Donald Hastie, John Leece, Ivan Mac-Millan, William Myers, William Poole, Malcolm Powrie, Laurence Turner, Philip Watson, Neville Wilson, Ronald Yates.

The following students passed the Leaving Examination in 1943:—

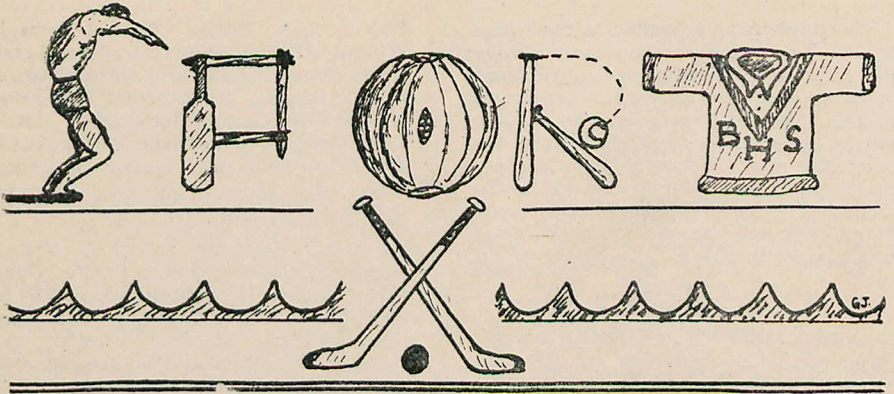
Florence Anderson (English, French, History, Biology), Beryl Brown (English, German, History, Physics, Physiology d, Drawing A), Peggy Gale (English, History, Biology, Drawing A), Daphne Hughes (English, French, Geography, Biology, Drawing A), Mary Kernot (English, Maths A, Physics, Chemistry, Biology), Joan King (English, Geography, Biology, Physiology), Gwyneth Lewis (English, French, German, History, Geography, Drawing A), Joan Mander (English, French, German, History, Maths B), Colin Mort (English, Maths A, Physics, Drawing B, d), Max Piggott (English, German, Maths A, Drawing B, Applied Maths), Eileen Smith (English, Geography, Maths A, Physics, Biology, Drawing A), Kelvin Powrie (Maths A, Physics d).

Dance Practice Notes.

This year the dancing practices were not started until the second term when a new system was introduced, whereby Mrs. Kenrick, assisted by a number of the fifth year students teaches the Upper School the modern steps, while Miss Bodkin has agreed to undertake the instruction of Lower School in old-time dancing.

Mrs. Kenrick spent about six weeks in training the senior students to assist her and now that the regular weekly practices have commenced the number of learners is divided amongst the instructors. The scheme is progressing well, each pupil being sent to practice with a partner upon mastering the steps. In this way an hour's concentration on the quickest and modern waltz is sufficient to produce some result, so that even now an appreciable accomplishment is apparent in the students to whom the steps were quite new.

The music for the practices is provided by the school's amplifier, which Mr. Everington constructed some time ago, and it has been found that the afternoons not only provide the students with an excellent opportunity to gain tuition which will not only assist them in their later social life, but also forms an enjoyable break in the week.



BOYS' ATHLETIC RESULTS.

School Championship Events.

Broad Jump (Record, P. Crabbe, 1931, 20ft. 5½in.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, C. Jones (K.); 3, K. Powrie (G.); 4, M. Smith (G.). Distance, 17ft. 6in.

Hop, Step and Jump (Record, W. Scott, 1933, 42ft. 1½in.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, D. Fryer (B.); 3, K. Powrie (G.); 4, C. Jones (K.). Distance, 39ft. 1in.

Mile (Record, T. Joel, 1940, 4 mins. 48 1-5 secs.).—1, R. Bell (R.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, C. Jones (K.); 4, D. Fryer (B.). Time, 5 mins. 28 1-5 secs.

880 Yards (Record, T. Joel, 1940, 2 mins. 10 4-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, R. Bell (R.); 3, C. Jones (K.); 4, D. Chapman (B.). Time, 2 mins. 17 2-5 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (Record, W. McEnvoy, 1923, T. Moss, 1933, 17 4-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, C. Mort (B.); 3, J. Smith (R.); 4, K. Powrie (G.). Time, 20 4-5 secs.

440 Yards (Record, J. Gibson, 1939, 52 4-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, R. Bell (R.); 3, D. Chapman (B.); 4, J. Smith (R.). Time, 58 1-5 secs.

220 Yards (Record, W. Scott, 1933, 24 secs.).—1, R. Bell (R.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, C. Mort (B.); 4, J. Smith (R.). Time, 25 2- secs.

100 Yards (Record, W. McEnvoy, 1923, 10 2-5 secs.).—1, R. Bell (R.); 2, C. Mort (B.); 3, T. Smith (R.) and D. Chapman (B.). Time, 11 secs.

Boys' Relay "A" (Record, Red, 1933, 1 min. 43 secs.).—1, Red; 2, Kingia; 3, Gold; 4, Blue. Time, 1 min. 48 2-5 secs.

High Jump (Record, B. Hogg, 1941, 5ft. 6¾in.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, M. and K. Powrie (G.); 4, R. Bell (R.). Height 5ft. ¾in.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Record, J. Needham, 1933, 105yds. 2ft.).—1, R. Bell

(R.); 2, J. McMillan (K.); 3, R. Millar (G.); 4, C. James (K.). Distance, 83yds. 2ft. 1in.

Junior Championship Events.

Broad Jump (Record, P. Crabbe, 1930, 19ft. 4in.).—1, R. Dalrymple (G.); 2, R. Loton (G.); 3, R. Millar (G.); 4, M. Powrie (G.). Distance, 16ft. 5½in.

Hop, Step and Jump (Record, T. Smith, 1943, 38ft. 2in.).—1, Trigwell (K.); 2, D. Adams (K.); 3, Dalrymple (G.); 4, R. Miller (G.). Distance, 37ft. 1in.

Mile (Record, T. Joel, 1938, 5 mins. 11 3-5 secs.).—1, R. Trigwell (K.); 2, G. Gilmore (G.); 3, D. Williams (R.); 4, B. Beggs (B.). Time, 5 mins. 47 secs.

880 Yards (Record, T. Joel, 1938, 2 mins. 21 secs.).—1, R. Trigwell (K.); 2, D. Williams (R.); 3, R. Dalrymple (G.); 4, G. Gilmore (G.). Time, 2 min. 27 1-5 secs.

100 Yards (Record, A. Lindsay, 1935, 11 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, D. Loton (G.); 3, R. Trigwell (K.); 4, L. Holman (B.). Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Hurdles (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 17 4-5 secs.).—1, K. Becker (R.); 2, D. Adams (K.); 3, R. Dalrymple (G.); 4, A. Williams (R.). Time, 20 1-5 secs.

440 Yards (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 58 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, R. Dalrymple (G.); 3, D. Williams (R.); 4, K. Hannaby (G.). Time, 1 min. 2 secs.

High Jump (Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 5ft. 1¼in.).—1, M. Powrie (G.); 2, K. Dalrymple (G.); 3, K. Sanders (G.); 4, D. Adams (K.). New record, 5ft. 2¼in.

220 Yards (Record, P. Crabbe, 1940, 25 3-5 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, R. Trigwell (K.); 3, D. Loton (G.); 4, R. Dalrymple (G.). Time, 27 secs.

Faction Relay "B" (Record, Blue, 1930, 49 1-5 secs.).—1, Gold; 2, Red; 3, Blue; 4, Kingia. Time 54 4-5 secs.

Under Age Championships.

Under 14 (Record, J. Simms, 1940, 12 2-5 secs.).—1, B. Rennick (K.); 2, P. Nelson (B.); 3, R. Fishwick (K.); 4, J. Broockmann (G.). New record, 12 1-5 secs.

Under 13 (Record, R. Longwood, 1941, 13 secs.).—1, P. Nelson (B.); 2, R. Fishwick (K.); 3, J. Hoskings (B.); 4, J. Howlett (G.). Time, 13 secs.

Under 15 (Record, E. James, 1940, 11 4-5 secs.).—1, R. Trigwell (K.); 2, D. Loton (G.); 3, L. Holman (B.); 4, D. Adams (K.). New record, 11 2-5 secs.

**GIRLS' ATHLETIC RESULTS,**

1943.

100 Yards School Championship.—1, D. Hughes (B.); 2, N. Cogdon (G.); 3, A. Eckersley (R.); 4, A. Burrows (K.). Time, 12 secs (record).

50 Yards School Championship.—1, D. Hughes (B.); 2, N. Cogdon (G.); 3, A. Eckersley (R.); 4, B. Clifton (K.). Time, 6 2-5 secs.

50 Yards Skipping Race—School Championship.—1, D. Hughes (B.); 2, M. Turner (G.); 3, N. Cogdon (G.); 4, E. Adams (B.). Time, 7 2-5 secs.

100 Yards Junior Championship.—1, R. Ferrier (K.); 2, H. Bell (K.); 3, L. Summers (R.); 4, V. Brookman (G.). Time, 12 2-5 secs.

50 Yards Junior Championship.—1, R. Ferrier (K.); 2, H. Bell (K.); 3, V. Brookman (G.); 4, L. Summers (R.). Time, 6 4-5 secs.

50 Yards Skipping Race—Junior Championship.—1, H. Bell (K.); 2, R. Ferrier (K.); 3, L. Summers (R.); 4, M. Thompson (G.). Time, 7 2-5 secs. (equals record). Heat 1: Y. Adams, 7 1-5 secs. (record).

75 Yards Fourth and Fifth Year Championship.—1, D. Hughes (B.); 2, A. Burrows (K.); 3, N. Cogdon (G.); 4, A. Eckersley (R.). Time, 9 1-5 secs. (record).

75 Yards Third Year Championship.—1, B. Clifton (K.); 2, V. Brookman (G.); 3, M. Lofthouse (B.); 4, E. Adams (B.).

75 Yards Second Year Championship.—1, R. Ferrier (K.); 2, L. Wright (R.); 3, J. McRobb (B.); 4, M. Jones (K.). Time, 9 2-5 secs.

75 Yards First Year Championship.—1, J. Symes (G.); 2, A. Doornbusch (B.); 3, Y. Adams (B.); 4, B. Dunkley (K.). Time, 10 1-5 secs.

Hitting the Tennis Ball—School Championship.—1, B. Bridges (B.); 2, J. Me-

Robb (B.); 3, M. Turner (G.); 4, B. Clifton (K.). Distance, 57yds. 2ft. 6in.

Hitting Tennis Ball—Junior Championship.—1, A. Doornbusch (B.); 2, W. Willmott (B.); 3, D. Hetherington (K.); 4, L. Wright (R.). Distance, 69yds. 2ft.

Hitting Hockey Ball—School Championship.—1, A. Burrows (K.); 2, P. Sibley (R.); 3, J. Mander (G.); 4, E. Higgins (K.). Distance, 57yds. 2ft.

Shooting Basketball—Junior Championship.—1, B. Brown (R.); 2, N. White (R.); 3, P. Warner (B.); 4, V. Bingham (R.).

Flag Race—Upper School.—1, Blue; 2, Red; 3, Gold. Time, 55 4-5 secs.

Flag Race—Lower School.—1, Red; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. Time, 1 min. 32 secs.

Pass Ball.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 14½ secs.

Circular Pass Ball.—1, Red; 2, Blue; 3, Gold. Time, 2 min. 28 secs. (record).

Leapfrog Race.—1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 15 2-5 secs.

Relay "A" Teams.—1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 58 2-5 secs. (record).

Relay "B" Teams.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Kingia. Time, 61 1-5 secs. (record).

50 Yards First Year Handicap.—1, Y. Adams (B.); 2, N. White (R.); 3, M. Hurst (B.).

50 Yards Second Year Handicap.—1, J. Clarke (G.); 2, N. Walker (R.); 3, J. Walters (K.).

50 Yards Third Year Handicap.—1, B. Clifton (K.); 2, V. Broockmann (G.); 3, E. Adams (B.).

50 Yards Fourth and Fifth Year Handicap.—1, P. Sibley (R.); 2, A. Eckersley (R.); 3, N. Cogdon (G.); 4, A. Burrows (K.).

Egg and Spoon Race.—1, B. Leece; 2, I. Palmer.

Thread the Needle Race.—1, B. Brown and L. Wright; 2, Y. and E. Adams.

Siamese Race.—1, J. Denny and B. Dunkley tied with Y. and E. Adams.

School Champion.—1, D. Hughes (B.), 32 points; 2, N. Cogdon (G.), 16 points; 3, A. Burrows (K.), 15 points.

Junior Champion.—1, R. Ferrier (K.), 29 points; 2, H. Bell (K.), 18 points; 3, A. Doornbusch (B.), 13 points.

**BOYS' SWIMMING RESULTS.****School Championship Events.**

220 Yards (Record, T. Hall, 1941, 2 mins. 49 3-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, G. Bloor (K.); 3, R. Harris (G.); 4, J. Leece (K.). Time, 3 mins. 26 secs.

110 Yards (Record, T. Hall, 1941, 1 min. 11 2-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, G. Bloor (K.); 3, M. Smith (G.); 4, T. Hewby (B.). Time, 1 min. 26 1-5 secs.

55 Yards (Record, T. Hall, 1941, 31 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, G. Bloor (K.); 3, R. Harris (G.); 4, D. Chapman (B.). Time, 36 1-5 secs.

55 Yards Breaststroke (Record, T. Hall, 1941, 40 4-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, J. Leece (K.); 3, W. Dodson (B.); 4, G. Bloor (K.). Time, 55 secs.

55 Yards Backstroke (Record, T. Hall, 1940, 41 1-5 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R.); 2, J. Leece (K.); 3, G. Bloor (K.); 4, M. Smith (R.). Time, 42 secs.

Neat Dive.—1, D. Chapman (B.); 2, T. Smith (R.); 3, J. Leece (K.) and D. Downing (G.).

Relay Race—"A" Teams (Record, Blue, 1939, 2 mins. 31 4-5 secs.).—1, Gold; 2, Blue; 3, Red. Time, 2 mins. 43 4-5 secs.



Junior Championship Events.

220 Yards (Record, K. Wilson, 1940, 3 mins. 5 secs.).—1, J. Anderson (B.); 2, G. Gilmore (G.); 3, W. Dodson (B.); 4, R. Green (R.). Time, 3 mins. 21 2-5 secs.

110 Yards (Record, K. Wilson, 1 min. 16 4-5 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, J. Anderson (B.); 3, W. Dodson (B.); 4, R. Green (R.). Time, 1 min. 25 secs.

55 Yards (Record, C. Pritchard, 1940, 33 4-5 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, J. Anderson (B.); 3, W. Dodson (B.); 4, R. Green (R.). Time, 36 secs.

55 Yards Breaststroke (Record, T. Hall, 1940, 45 2-5 secs.).—1, R. Anderson (B.); 2, W. Dodson (B.); 3, R. Green (R.); 4, J. Anderson (B.). Time, 56 1-5 secs.

55 Yards Backstroke (Record, K. Wilson, 1940, 44 secs.).—1, G. Gilmour (G.); 2, J. Anderson (B.); 3, R. Yates (K.); 4, R. Green (R.). Time, 44 secs.

Neat Dive.—1, A. Campbell (B.); 2, R. Miller (G.); 3, J. Cooper (G.); 4, R. Green (R.).

Relay Race—"B" Team.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Kingia.



Age Championships.

Under 13 (Record, J. Anderson, 44 1-5 secs.).—1, A. Campbell (B.); 2, D. Trigwell (K.); 3, W. Simmons (R.); 4, R. Pickworth (K.). Time, 42 secs.

Under 14 (Record, J. O'Byrne, 1941, 42 secs.).—1, J. Platts (K.); 2, J.

Bougle (B.); 3, W. Simmons (R.); 4, Tchan (B.). Time, 45 1-5 secs.

Under 15 (Record, T. Smith, 1941, 41 1-5 secs.).—1, R. Green (R.); 2, T. Kernot (G.); 3, G. Smith (K.); 4, J. Bougle (B.). Time, 41 2-5 secs.

Under 16.—1, G. Gilmore (G.); 2, J. Anderson (B.); 3, W. Dodson (B.). Time, 34 4-5 secs.



B.H.S. SWIMMING CARNIVAL,

Results of Girls' Events.

110 Yards Championship.—1, N. White (R.); 2, N. Campbell (B.); 3, E. Sears (B.); 4, J. Denney (K.). Time, 1 min. 37 secs.

55 Yards Championship.—1, N. White (R.); 2, N. Campbell (B.); 3, E. Sears (B.); 4, C. Martin (B.). Time, 42 1-5 secs.

55 Yards Breaststroke Championship.—1, N. White (R.); 2, C. Martin (B.); 3, J. Denney (K.); 4, M. Hough (R.). Time, 55 secs.

55 Yards Backstroke Championship.—1, M. Hough (R.); 2, N. White (R.); 3, J. Denney (K.); 4, S. Hough (R.). Time, 1 min. 18 4-5 secs.

55 Yards 16 and over Championship.—1, E. Sears (B.); 2, J. Smith (G.); 3, B. Clifton (K.); 4, M. Gibbings (B.). Time, 43 2-5 secs.

55 Yards Under 16 Championship.—1, C. Martin (B.); 2, M. Hough (R.); 3, S. Hough (R.); 4, I. Palmer (R.). Time, 46 secs.

55 Yards Under 15 Championship.—1, N. White (R.); 2, C. Martin (B.); 3, V. Farquhar (G.); 4, J. Donovan (G.). Time, 45 secs.

55 Yards Under 14 Championship.—1, N. Campbell (B.); 2, J. Denney (K.); 3, J. Rogers (R.); 4, M. Green (R.).

Life Saving Race.—1, N. White and M. Wilson (R.); 2, M. Hough and J. Pell (R.); 3, J. Denney and R. Cook (K.); 4, J. Midgley and L. Rice (G.). Time, 33 secs.

30 Yards Championship.—1, B. Foale (K.); 2, P. Reed (B.); 3, E. Hawkins (K.); 4, E. Holtzman (B.).

30 Yards Breaststroke Championship.—1, M. Thompson (G.); 2, Rae Loney (K.); 3, E. Thompson (B.); 4, J. Rogers (R.).

Neat Dive.—1, M. Wilson (R.) and M. Thompson (G.); 3, N. White (R.); 4, J. McRobb (B.).

Relay Race.—1, Blue; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 2 min. 58 secs. (record).

Faction Points.—Red, 94½; Blue, 82; Gold, 36½; Kingia, 35.

Champion Swimmer.—N. White (R.), 48 points; M. Hough (R.), 20 points.



Faction Notes.

RED—GIRLS.

It is hard to find what to say about Red girls this year, as so far, we have not had very much chance of showing our outstanding abilities.

The only sport that we have really had is swimming, finished by the swimming carnival. Here, although we only came second, we provided some good opposition and we wish to congratulate Nelly White and Toll Smith on gaining the championships.

We are only just starting faction matches in other games and already some talent is coming out, so we hope to equal last year's results and come out on top once more. Sports day is approaching, so start training everybody and keep up our four years' record.

In the faction collections we are pleased to say that so far, we are leading. We broke the other faction's hearts with our record collection last week, but it's all for a worthy cause, so keep up the good work.

In conclusion, we will just say that even if we can't win everything, we can take a defeat just as well as a victory.

So here's wishing the rest of the factions and ourselves, the best of luck for the forthcoming year.



RED—BOYS.

Although Red has been well on top during the last few years we have not been doing so well in nineteen forty-four. I suppose it is only fair that the other factions should have a win sometimes. Nevertheless, they have been winning for long enough and we will have to play very hard to catch up.

Last term the valiant cricket team played gallantly and did quite a good job against heavy odds. The softball teams have tried hard too, but they would do a lot better if the members concentrated on their catching and the fielding in general.

We are finding the football a hard battle this term, but with more practice and development of teamwork, as well as an improved kicking and mark-

ing, we have still a good chance of coming out on top.

The lead we have gained in faction collections is something of which we may be jointly proud. Keep it up, chaps.

The athletics next term will be a deciding factor in the faction competition, so start training early and do your bit for Red. Anyone who gains one point for his faction helps it along. You may be better than you think. Try it and see.

Red Faction has a record to be proud of. Let's keep it that way.



BLUE—GIRLS.

Of the forty-five girls in Blue Faction let it be said that the majority have the enthusiasm which, even if it does not lead them to victory, will at least instil pleasure into their year's sporting activities. The loss of our School Champion, Daphne Hughes, has seriously affected our outlook in regard to Sports Day, but our Athletics and Swimming Captain, Jean McRobb, may well be encouraged by the memory of last year's Sports Day when Blue Girls came first in the points, and also of this year's Swimming Carnival when the girls definitely helped Blue Faction to its final victory. Nancy Campbell will be competing again this year, her absence last year having been unavoidable, but nevertheless disappointing, so that with continual practice our teams and individuals should be up to standard.

Turning now to the particular sports we find Betty Pollard endeavouring to produce a hockey team from a number of girls, only six of whom have played before, while Yvonne Adams and Wendy Willmott are still hoping for basketball and tennis equipment. Carole Ritchie, on the other hand, has many old players eager to compete in Faction base-ball matches, so it is to be hoped that these teams will be successful.

Although no Faction matches have been played so far, the practice matches have revealed new talent, especially in members of the Lower School, one newcomer, Violet Pascoe, having already earned an enviable reputation in base-ball. It is, however, far too early in the season to comment upon all the outstanding individuals, but it is evident that the Blue Faction of the future will become increasingly stronger.

It is said that Faction Notes are identical and that they should, as a

consequence, be as brief as possible, but I hope the Editors will permit my final tribute, a tribute which is well deserved by our girls. I am referring, of course, to the Faction collections. We are not leading the barometer but we have been consistent in our weekly subscriptions of about fifteen shillings, and at present we are steadily gaining on the other factions. It seems obvious that the girls are more financial than the boys of our Faction—or perhaps, more generous.

In conclusion I extend the Faction's thanks to Mrs. Grenfell for her interest in its progress, and to Miss Burgess for the attention she has always paid to the girls' outdoor life.

Good luck and keep striving, Blue Faction, this year and every year!



BLUE—BOYS.

This year Blue has proved far more successful in the field of sport than in previous years. If it can only maintain the present standard, the Faction should do well this year.

The cricket team did very well during the first term. There were only two matches in which we were not victorious, and one of those was drawn. Much promising form was shown by several members of the team. Unfortunately, owing to the shortage of cricket balls we were unable to practice. The example of the cricket team was followed by the softball teams, who gained many valuable points for the Faction.

We were successful in winning the swimming carnival, thanks to the fine efforts of Jim Anderson, John Viner, Bill Dodson and others. It is to be hoped that we will do equally well in the athletics in October.

The football team has not yet proved itself outstanding, but it has had little chance to prove its worth owing to the few number of matches it has played. There has been no soccer played up to date, because of the difficulty in obtaining material.

In conclusion, we would like to wish the other Factions success in their valiant but vain efforts to contest Blue Faction.



KINGIA—BOYS.

At the commencement of the year it seemed as though Kingia Boys had that certain combination that would be hard

to beat. But, this was not to be in certain parts of sport. The cricket was rather disastrous as we were not at all successful. I am afraid it was left to the same few members of the team to do all the work. At the same time as the cricket we had softball. Here, I am pleased to say was a decided improvement. In our "A" softball team we possessed a team that was certainly hard to beat. Throughout the first term this team was only beaten twice. Well done, boys. Occasionally our "B" team performed the unexpected, but these cases were few and far between. The remainder of the faction contributed to another softball team and even if they did not win any points they did at least gain some experience in the game.

Then there was the Swimming Carnival. This matter does not seem to be at all popular amongst certain members of the Faction, so perhaps the less said the better. At least we had the runner up for School Champion amongst the boys.

When second term commenced members of the Faction looked forward to the commencement of the football competition. The first matches were combined scratch matches. We were successful in winning both the first XVIII and the second XVIII matches. In the first match for points we were narrowly beaten. The following matches till the time of writing have both been of value in the way of points. I am pleased to say that the football team is worthy of all expectations. The combination between the players has shown improvement and there are some players who are doing their job well. This combination is shown remarkably well by the two brothers in the team. It is hoped that the poorer players in the team can improve in some way.

The response to the call for the Faction collection has been outstanding this year. Compared with previous years I think Kingia Boys have done extremely well. The amount of money collected each week is fairly high and fairly consistent.

It is to be hoped that all members of the Faction do their utmost to make a name for themselves on Sports Day and that they uphold the good name of Kingia. Start training early and keep training, boys.

In conclusion we wish all of the other Factions the best of luck in the field of sport against Kingia.

KINGIA—GIRLS.

This year Kingia needs to work hard to claim a front position in all spheres. Although last year we didn't do very well on Sports Day, it is sincerely hoped that our competent competitors of this year are looking forward to a successful day for Kingia and are going to do their best on this auspicious occasion.

At present we are third in Faction collection, but there is still time to top the list. If the boys would give a little more financial assistance we would be much better off. Keep up the good work, girls and we'll see if the boys can't do better.

By all appearances our hockey and baseball teams will quite justify themselves in a short while. Just now the majority of girls are new to the game of hockey, but they are learning how to use the stick very quickly.

There aren't any successful notes to be told from Kingia as we haven't achieved anything up to date, but we are going to try all the harder so as we can have a prosperous year.

Cheerio, with luck to the other Factions.

GOLD—GIRLS.

It is rather difficult to write anything about the work Gold girls have done so far this year, as we have only just commenced our Faction competition. We have, however, made a good start in hockey, winning the first match, so here's hoping we continue this way. Our teams are fairly hopeful, for although we have lost some of our best players, we have managed to fill their place.

We did not show outstanding ability in the swimming carnival held at the beginning of last term, as I am afraid Gold girls do not readily take to water. However we all can make up for that by entering enthusiastically in the events on sports day in October, and we hope to be able to hold our own and if possible do our best to win the day.

I am afraid our Faction collections have not kept up to the standard of last year, as we are now dropping further behind. Roll along with those pennies, girls, every one will help, and remember that the little sacrifice you make in giving what you can is being used to give comfort to those who are making a much greater sacrifice.

We would like to take this opportunity of bidding farewell to Miss Burton, rather regretfully I am afraid, as she was a great asset to our faction. However

we have her place equally filled in the persons of Miss Bodkin and Miss Smith. We welcome you both to Gold Faction and hope you will enjoy your stay at Bunbury High School.

Well, girls, let us put our best efforts forward and see what we can achieve. Let us aim to take the cup away with us this year. There is nothing like having a good try anyway.

GOLD—BOYS.

Although Gold Faction has experienced bad luck during the year we have maintained a good record as far as points are concerned. Malcolm Powrie, the vice faction captain, left during first term. That weakened our cricket and football teams considerably, but the arrival of Ray Harris gave us renewed hope. Ray was a good cricketer, swimmer and footballer, but alas, the faction was making good headway in picking up the points lost in the swimming carnival, when Ray Harris and Roy Chamberlain left. It remains to be seen how the teams fare now that these two strong players have left.

As already mentioned we did not excel in the swimming, although the boys gained second place. Unfortunately when the combined Faction points were obtained Gold gained third place. Our football team is doing good work, together with the softball teams. Soccer has not been played this season so many boys have to rely on softball for sport. We are, however, in spite of the diminished teams, still very formidable. Not very much need be said about our Faction collection. We went through a stage of heading the list but that unfortunately is a thing of the past. We are now looking forward to athletics day when Gold should gain a little over the other factions. Until then we go on winning every match we play.(?)

Form Notes.**I.A.**

Having a form room situated in such a position as to make it necessary to have a map stick on hand always, we are at a disadvantage. Being so kind-hearted we cannot bear to see our fellow students refused the use of this article, hence it is never in the room. Even this is naturally optimistic minds, but—our real worry comes when we are interrupted in an interesting Maths. lesson by a request for this tool. All first year take note.

After several *very* cold days we notice that the wood is appearing in our fireplace. Unless great attention is paid to our room by teachers this will accidentally ignite.

Our already over-worked prefects find it difficult to cope with the window problem. We find that almost every instructor who visits our room requires an adjustment of these windows. We are thinking seriously of employing a man from down town to perform this irksome duty. Proof of this statement is in the fact that on most of our time tables you can see "Period 1 up 6in." or "Period 2 up or down 2 feet," as the case may be.

We believe that Mr. Johnson was amazed at the mentality of some of the first year. During a gym. period the other day it appears that gym. was taken in the gym. for shelter from the rain and clothes were left in the open to face the elements.



I.B.

This is the Bs (bees) calling from their hives at the B.H.S. building. Our queen bee is a masculine-looking youngster named Ken Quarterhope but really we have only about an Eighth hope in him. The drone bees of our squadron, or swarm as you may call it, who do the most buzzing are Leaf Boughy, Burn-em Growley, Erect Cross, Ted Kill-em, Cave-in alley and Barry Cow-woman. The workers of our swarm, and they do work mind you are Rip Scoot, Jo-han Meck-cloud, Booby Simmonds and De Wreck of Trigger Well.

Our prefect Scooty is an obstinate fellow, always bucking up courage to stand up and keep law and keep order over the deafening buzz of the bees but is always met with a hail of compasses, ink pellets, rulers and a variety of other articles so he quickly scoots back to his desk for protection. Hence the name "Scooty."

Our motto is "Play up, play up and play the game," the game being "Hang the Man" and "Noughts and Crosses," which are two popular features of the bees in private study.

Another period we like is general science. This reminds us how one day the teacher tried to show us how air pressure is heavier than water pressure. So, taking the apparatus and filling the glass with water with cardboard on top, he turned it upside down. Immediately the water rushed out, showing us that water was heavier than air. This commenced a great buzz from the bees.

Well, readers, this is the B.H.S. bees signing off, and remember, in playing football and any other sport they have a great "ching." Ask I.A.



I.C.

I.C, I see! Do you see? We don't see! Actually, we seldom see anything. But by the devious means of bouncing, of stuffing and of concentrated attack employed by our instructors in this fine old art of gleaning knowledge, we sometimes see something which is, after all, not so amazing when one stops to consider.

As a matter of fact, quite a few people stop to consider just at our threshold, but they do not stop to consider the fine old art I have just mentioned. Rather to the contrary, they seem to consider us, and in doing so practically do hand-stands and elongated neck-rolls in the profanity of their excessive wrath and indignation. To say it plainly, we completely overwhelm our prefects and enjoy a day-long course of cultural voice production and projection—particularly projection.

Our class is the only first-year room where girls and boys exist together and enjoy the mutual benefit of doing so. Look at our super-dope, John Fisher, who keeps everybody in a state of internal combustion; John Jenkins practising for a jazz band; one of the back-seaters (none other than Ted Nisbett) who is not too bad at singing and thinks he is pretty good at footy; then one of the fair ones, Jean Scott, our overworking enthusiast; and Shiela Hough, who went to Perth with the school lifesaving team. A noteworthy collection of specimens you will agree, and such varieties as would find a place in any museum (or should I say zoo?).

Since we do not delve into the horrors of Latin or French we have become the stars of the manual training centre and the art room. We may safely leave the boys at this point, dashing around in their domesticated attire, and look in at the girls while they stich their fingers to the cloth, stab their neighbours with their scissors and generally carry on a process of mass production of school pockets which the students will wear on their school uniforms.

It seems as though we are to untangle our clumsy legs at last and learn to stagger the light fantastic. But that is a thing of the future, our most thoroughly developed art at present being that of transporting chairs hundreds and hundreds of miles for no apparent rea-

son other than the amusement of the prefects. We generally figure well as floor polishers, risking our necks on flimsy pieces of hessian as we skate round the gym. between intervals of sailing through the air—a process which invariably deposits us as a mangled mass in the centre of some highly perfumed sawdust.

This seems to be an opportune position to splutter our farewell, and I.C. from the midst of its Sawdust and Sorrow bids you "Good-bye."



I.D.

*"Here we are again,
Happy as can be;
All good pals
And jolly good company."*

Hallo, everybody! This is station I.D. calling again from the sanctuary of I.D. classroom.

Form I.D., in our estimation, is the best form in first year. As for I.C.—that's not in the race. A and B are boys (dunderheads) so what could one expect? (nothing).

We seem to have quite a number of authors—pardon me, I mean authoresses—in I.D., and several of our efforts have been accepted. Of course we don't blame the editors for accepting them for they're jolly good (?!?!).

Nearly everybody knows the I.D.-ites, at least they ought to, for we're a pretty clever class (?). Now, now, don't be too hasty we're only going on what Mr. Jenkins says. At any rate some call us comical cards, but that's needed in a class to make hard work, happy and cheery. Well—to introduce a few I.D.-ites.

Rosemary Cook, that's our talented child, is also a prefect and she tries to keep the girls quiet from 9 o'clock to 4 o'clock. But most of the kids think she's nice.

Take a giggling lesson from Doreen. She's quite an expert at it as we poor prefects have often found out.

When you're in the blues come and meet our Dulcie. Yes, we own that laughing, twinkle-eyed ball of mischief. She makes our lessons a perfect riot with the silly questions she asks.

We're not bad at singing either. What melodies are heard when I.D. is having its singing lessons. Enough to make one's hands go (where) and one's heart go out to us in (what).

Everything has to come to an end sometimes so we conclude with giving Miss

Beckett hearty thanks from the girls of I.D. for the help she has given us throughout the terms as our form mistress.

Cheerio, and the best of luck for the following term, from the glamorous?? I.D.-ites.



II.F.

Here we are again, asking you from the top of B.H.S. for a few moments of your time, which we presume is valuable. However, it is not too valuable to be wasted on we of II.F. Was that somebody suggesting we are not worth your attention? We'll leave that to you to think about, with the consolation, that you are missing something—and something worth while at that!

Well, now, to get down to business, for you who are interested—a little explanation about the form these notes are going to take. We intend to tell you a little about everything, that is, something for everybody. Even you, who decide we are not worth your attention, may read on from sheer curiosity. When you have finished you will, most probably be envious of II.F, for after all everybody agrees, it is the best room. Even if you don't, II.F. does! We might add, that is all that matters.

We all wish to acknowledge our thanks for form periods—something different in the way of school life. Hard working students like us of II.F. should not find school work hard; but even we can't help admitting it does get tiring, and a little variation receives a hearty welcome. You who don't agree need not bother to express your opinions. What we have just quoted about variation is by now—we hope—an accepted rule.

In these form periods we have so far managed to get through quite a lot of work. When we say work, we do not mean work—as applied to labour, such as school work. Again we all agree, it is good to come back to school after a prolonged holiday, although when term exams are near, we despise it. Included in this work is a play, which we imagine, will be a great success if it is acted properly—that's the only trouble with plays—things seem to go wrong at the last minute. We have decided not to tell you any more about it, as it may dull your curiosity, which at the moment, we know, is bubbling over. If it isn't it should be!

Penny concerts also form a variation—something to be looked forward to in school life—and when all other sources of amusements have finished, we resort to this happy pastime.

When any one of you sees another piece of paper anchored to the wall by our door, your curiosity tempts you so strongly, that you cannot resist peeping round the door, just to see, "what I.I.F.'s up to now." We are always brimming over with new ideas. Most of them are usually a success. They should be in any energetic class. If you all followed in I.I.F.'s footsteps, you would all be as enthusiastic as we are about school. Again, another trouble appears. It's very hard to persuade anybody to follow us, but you must realise after reading this what a class we are!

There's really not much more to suggest to you. We are all satisfied with the position of our room. Don't you, of other classes, envy us? Again—you should!

We will leave you now, to consider the fact, that—judging by what you have just heard about us—we are a crowd to be envied by all of you who are capable of envy. We guarantee that, without knowing it, you will suddenly find yourself wishing you were taking part in all that has to do with I.I.F.

As time and paper are running short we will bring these notes to an end, sincerely hoping that all who have read them have gained some note of interest, at the same time realising what a class I.I.F. is, and intends to be in the future!

Here's saying goodbye to everybody—until you again chose to read more of our interesting notes which we hope you will enjoy as much as these above—

From an extremely studious I.I.F.!



I.I.Y.

Hello, everybody, greetings from a new form room. We, the second year commercial beauties of the school introduce ourselves to the "Kingia." Well, having introduced ourselves as a body, we will now take a few of the really brainy specimens and give you an idea of the contents of our class.

First and foremost (and favourite with all the teachers on account of the free and easy style which she converses with her neighbours, near and far) is "Biddy." Then comes our tall, slender "Lady of Song" from Donnybrook. A few other notables are "Murphy," more commonly known as "Spud," whose Irish smile would melt one's heart; the husky-voiced arithmetic genius; and of course we mustn't forget the Swimming Champion, Miss White.

The position of our class is generally liked among the class, owing to the fact

that the breath-taking, muscular Tyrone Powers of the school march past between each period with many friendly salutations.

Troublesome though we may be to some teachers, there are still a few who refer to us after four months of constant contact as young ladies of charming manner and disposition.

We wish to welcome our two new students, Jacquie and Velma, to the school. They are two valuable additions to our class, we're sure.

Every member is wholly grateful to Miss Flynn for her friendly advice, and her unending patience in teaching us how to write so simply such "horrid" looking outlines and explaining the deep mysteries of trial balance, crossed cheques, etc.

Well, friends, we will have to leave you now. "Cheerio," till next "Kingia."

From, I.I.Y.



I.I.P.

I.I.P. Calling, I.I.P. Calling. "Over to you."

This is I.I.P. calling you again through the "Kingia." This year's I.I.P. is even better than last year's I.I.P. at making a row. Our chief items of interest are the class members.

Now, who is that down in the corner? Oh! It's the bright and breezy coin flippers, Daniels and Co., who make a roaring trade out of two-up. Then there's "K" our maths. expert. According to his deductions of mathematical calculations, twice two are equal to four. How on earth he worked it out, I don't know, although I daresay he's right. Also, there's the "Runt." To avoid misunderstanding amongst those who qualify for the title, I won't mention any names.

There's Maskall—he's the wandering Jew, and well known too. We mustn't forget the Bus Boys who saunter in at any old hour, with an innocent look on their faces. Their one and only excuse, "Sir, the bus (such as it is) was late." The leader of this band is the well known Trigger (the fellow with the big chest).

I.I.X challenged us to a football match. Nothing daunted the brave I.I.P. boys utterly defied the I.I.X crowd and by winning the match rather put the hat on things. We shall be challenging them to a return match in the near future. Our footy star is going to turn a (tur-

ner) new leaf. (It's about time. He's behind in Bio.)

Well to round off our notes we take this opportunity to wish success to all Junior and Leaving candidates in their final tests.

This is II.P. signing off from the "Kingia" radio network of Bunbury High School.



II.X.

Hello! readers. Here we are once again proclaiming our world known knowledge (known all over this school at least). As you already know we are the brainiest class in B.H.S. so it is no wonder why you turn over the pages of the "Kingia" so rapidly until you come to the form notes of II.X. Well, to begin with, it was with pride this collection of boys (II.X.) took up their form room at the beginning of the year, although it was a bit dirty from the last year's II.X., but it is now spotless (?) and well worth looking into if you are around our way some time. Most of our class is very well bred, too, for last year we were mostly all I.A.-ites but we hear that this year's I.A. is not as good as last years. (We don't doubt that either.) More proof of our worthiness is that Mr. Bradshaw has asked us to finish off the new path (the II.X Terrace) of which we have accepted the responsibility because we know it would not be as good as it is now if we left it to some other class.

At the beginning of second term we had "Gilly" leave us, and Johnny Cooper took over his responsibilities as prefect, but bad luck befell him and he is now in hospital as a result of a poisoned leg. Moysie also had bad luck in breaking his arm. Other renowned members of the form are Alf with his nine kids and £4 10s. per week; "Gunner," our bus-ite who makes a past-time of breaking rulers; Tommy S. who wanders around the room looking for Indian ink during geography period, while Smutt throws paper pellets at Gunner. Of course we cannot leave out our two old women, Vinny and Tom K. who chatter all day long.

Now our time for play is over and II.X. must resume the swot for which we are noted???

II.X. signs off by wishing all the third and fifth years luck in their coming trials (let's hope that they will not be trials).

Yours 'till the sphinx winks,
The Excellent, Excusable,
Exact, X-ites.

III.R.

Gentlemen and er—ladies, we now present III.R, brought to you at this time each year by the proprietors of the mental home for demented teachers.

There is no need to extol upon the glories of this magnificent form—the greatest assemblage of geniuses ever to enter B.H.S. You all know how quiet we are (please see D.K. for reference), how masters enter the class with a sigh of relief for its calmness and compos (ask Robbo if that's right). Yes! not every class has a human dictionary—that is apart from him, a certain member of the staff—like our Robbo.

Then, of course, we have "My dee-ar little friend Leonhardt," who stays in the front seat out of sheer pity for the teaching brethren to assist them in their daily toil. (Jargon, Mr. W.?)

Also we have "Squeek," whose nose furtively appears above the edge of his desk. Lawson J. (note the J.) adrift with superiority grunts from his abode behind the studious Viner, who never fails to spell "no" as "know" to the great disgust of his English master. Donovan grins from there to there over his Algebra as Mr Colgan dwells upon his future November disaster. Downing often mutters some technical terms of science to his chem. companion Sara, who always forgets to remember to remind himself to do his English assignments.

Driseol, H.; Hardy, M.; Johns, Foxy and Joe, who formerly occupied the rear seat, don't live where they used to. They are now in the front seats at the will of the Maths. master who thinks he can make them work there. Personally, he hasn't a hope.

Our ears are now very accustomed to Googsey's common utterance, "Cripes! Pagey; you're stingy. Give!" as the latter fumbles for his treasured back-tin of chalk.

We are undoubtedly honoured by the presence of some of the last year's third-years. Back for another dose. The mugs! The very first day of our year was brightened by a certain male member of the staff exclaiming with much enthusiasm, "I'll crown you, King."

Wham! There goes our completely new flying invention (the paper basket) as Robby throws it to Riley, M., who is engrossed in the intricacies of dangling a smaller member of the form out of the upper-storey window. By the way, where's Squeak?

I can see D. And. dreaming of HER over in his seat.

There goes the fire alarm. Sorry, dasist die bell. Three forty-five—that means the day's work begins.

"Clean the board, please!"



III.S.

Howdy, folks! This is IILS calling, the class of dignified darlings. We, of course, being superior to the other classes, do not deign to lower ourselves to that common occupation of work. We much prefer the higher occupation of star-gazing and gazing into space, thinking beautiful thoughts the while. We have, however, our brilliant professors of Maths., etc. Lois and Dora being our Commercial Arithmetic leaders. How they work out those queer problems is entirely beyond our mental ability. The boys are even more mystified when the girls show them examples of their short-hand, however, they are no more mystified than the girls themselves.

Adam is said to be our historian. (He does look a bit historical, doesn't he?) Lately we have noticed that our brilliant boys have become suddenly terrifically interested in their English. They go regularly into the library every afternoon and work like fury. What happened, boys,

Of course, you all knew that poor Cathy has been heart-broken since a certain lad suddenly departed from us last term. Never mind, Cathy, there are plenty more fish in the sea. Pat and Gwenda are still as inseparable as ever. We wonder what would happen if they were parted. Would they pine away and die?

The boys' gym. period is the most hair-raising period of the week. The idea of flying over obstacles appeals to our boys. They actually are trying to break their necks so as to be excused from the following Physic period.

Our Angelic Prefect, Forrest, of course, never does any wrong. He is always in the right. Or so thinks he. We let him think so, anyway, just to humour him. The girls think they are more intelligent than the boys, therefore nearly always do their homework. The boys think they are superior to the girls, so never do theirs.

Before we entirely lose our reasoning we would like to wish all unfortunate fifth and third years good luck for the coming trials by ordeal. We would also like to wish all the ex-B.H.S. students who are in the fighting forces good luck, and "Carry on, fellows!"

So long until next time, and thanks for being so patient in reading this.

We are,

The IILS Swats.

III.Q.

"Here she comes, down the wing,
My, Oh, My! Can't she sing."

It's alright, we are only talking about Poll. She entertains the select few in the aristocratic portion of our sweet-scented Airy room with the very latest in hit tunes. You may have noticed that we said AIRY room, although our analytical English master (untrue to his name) upon entering our AIRY room dashes forth and after several unsuccessful leaps into the air he finally manages to grasp the lower edge of the offending pane. He then lowers it as far as possible. On the rare occasions when he neglects his duty the calamity is recorded on the dado of our Airy room with a scrap of the school's most treasured possession—chalk!

Perhaps you have noticed that we have mentioned one window only. This is due to the fact that only one of our windows is in working order. One of the other windows on the seaward side has a broken cord, while the other, due to the clumsy action of one of our predecessors who decided that for these austere times there was too much glass in the window, is now not quite all there.

When we were issued with our new timetables (no coupons) we found one period marked "Miss B." Ah, we scented mystery! When this anxiously awaited period arrived we were overjoyed to see the delightful form of Miss Burgess appear in our doorway. During these periods we "do our bit" by knitting and toy-making. Already we have conducted two very successful concerts to assist our fund. In these concerts we have discovered a lot of really "great talent." Thank you very much, Miss Burgess and Miss Flynn, for your valuable assistance in our war effort. Especially we would like to thank Miss Burgess for everything she has done; she is really the nicest form mistress we know.

We seem to have retained last year's reputation for our quantity and quality of gossip. This is probably the reason for a certain master considering us as a lot of loquacious females—for the benefit of ignorant readers "loquacious" means "talkative."

Our cooking successes have been rather limited and after having eaten our porridge-like broth, leathery scones and dish water stew we find that we are fading away to shadows.

We are very proud to have in our class Nancy Campbell and Judy Denney, who, with two others, ploughed across Crawley baths with such grace and style (?) that

they won the Barron trophy. Well done, girls!

We have a new headmaster, who we hope will be very happy here, and new reports. The latter, while novel are not so convenient as the old ones as they cannot be "lost" on the way home.

Before the beginning of the period we are aroused from our slumbers by a form creeping around the corner of the door and suddenly letting us become aware of his presence. Our books, which appear apparently from nowhere, suddenly become visible and we study industriously until he migrates.

We have adopted that famous film personality, Marsha Hunt. (Yes, fringe and all.)

Although we are a rather fast-working crowd we find it a little difficult to keep pace with a certain mistress.

We would like to convey our best wishes to the Junior and Leaving candidates, especially III.Q (we'll need it).

Cheerio from the Quaint, Quixotic, Quotable, Quick, Quiet, Queenly Q-ites.



IV.K.

It is with much pain and sorrow (which will soon be yours) that I take up my pen in the accepted manner and commence to bore you with the IV.K form notes.

We are not an extra large class this year and as we are usually rather scattered we all have a decent chance to display our vocal abilities. The whole form rejoiced to find that most of our talented students had returned. Please don't adhere to the mistaken impression that I mean talented as regards school work—definitely not.

Derry can still warble as merrily as ever about hard riding Mulga Bills who run over pins and get terrific punctures or words to that effect anyway. You want to be careful on those high notes Dermot.

Willie has been a little out of hand lately; what with his knitting, or should I say Lorna's knitting, and practising his country dancing till the sinister midnight hour. Bit tough on Adrian eh Bill.

Beryl has been suffering from a rather severe case of "legitis" of late and Ned certainly knows how to use threepence to the greatest advantage.

Bill, in spite of his hardened exterior still gets a bit scared in History when Ginge stays away. By the way, did you know that an application of blue ink on

Ginge's hair turns it purple—remarkable isn't it?

We have been at a bit of a loss lately as our secret weapon has performed the disappearing trick. When are you coming back Dorry?

Bill, number three, has also taken his country dancing to heart. I say, Bill, you'd never guess what Jim dreams about every night.

I have just re-read the above, crossed out three spelling errors and come to the conclusion that I have not as yet written one sensible thing. I'm afraid it is not part of my nature to do anything sensible.

However, it was with real regret that we discovered the absence of Nix as we have now only one brainy individual left, but I suppose we shall have to resign ourselves to fate and be satisfied.

It really is time to start my slimming exercises so I must fly with a cheery goodbye on behalf of your old friends.

The rare specimens of IV.K.



V.G.

This is our last contribution to our school magazine "The Kingia," so we hope that when we pass from the school gates for evermore, you shall not quite forget us.

Introducing you to our class, first of all we would like to welcome the two newcomers of the form, Beryl and Ray. As yet they have not become accustomed to our unusually rowdy class, therefore they remain the silent members. Already Ray has taken "French leave" and made a mysterious disappearance, apparently not to return to partake in our great venture in November, no here's wishing him well.

All told we began this fatal year with twenty-eight members in the form, having lost Pam and Ken from fourth form last year. At present the numbers are diminishing with astonishing rapidity. Already we have said "au revoir" to Ray and to our happy, frivolous Elaine who left us first term. We now hear that Roy has given up the ghost also, but his future we do not know. (Neither does he incidentally.) So much for the contents of our form, we now turn to the remaining old faithfuls.

Any time of the day, any room, any period you'll find us manfully sticking to our motto "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." For, with the exception of first period Tuesday and Thursday, we begin the day with a smile and a song, only I am afraid that life is

not like a bright sunny day when it comes to Chaucer. "Chaucer," the very word is like a bell to toll us back to those rhyming iambic, pentameter couplets, of which we have made a worse hash than even Chaucer himself did.

If you are feeling the least bit in the blues we invite you to enter the realms of V.G where Pag and Laurie will soon cheer you up with "O baby I'm crazy over you," or some other latest hit tune. In Geography there never is a dull moment, for if George and Pag are not seeking to be the centre of amusement, Laurie is arguing with everyone at once on the relative political outlook of all the countries of the world. We are still wondering if the French class will ever get home for lunch on Thursdays. Their over-enthusiasm for the language is still a constant source of amazement.

Mr. Hudson now suffers a great state of nervous tension during Physics practical periods. Since the day Toll evolved a novel method of washing the floor, he has eyed us with distrust. The class, however, still manages to use its genius, producing dubious music and seeing fantastic visions. As usual the chemistry students wander aimlessly about with crammed notebooks and vacant expressions, muttering of the work unlearned and the coming tests. We presume they have great futures, but their most noteworthy achievements so far (as outsiders see it) is the re-labelling of the mysterious bottles on the shelves in H.

During certain periods after lunch in P we always wonder who will be next to go out on his neck. Already our male representatives have deteriorated to a very small minority, needless to say one insistently returns until his exuberant tit-bits throw him out again. We think he has cooked his goose this time. If you're to know who he is it is that certain gentleman, young, true of eye, straight of limb, steady and aglow (with music).

When it comes to the Vth Maths we stare vacantly with disbelieving eyes, and hope we might understand next time. We are still wondering what the worries of life really are when we have to worry in how many ways five sparrows can perch on three trees with no restriction to the choice of trees. That is just Maths B from Maths A point of view.

Did you mention girls' gym? We faintly recall the far dim distant days that used to be when we could leap over the horse after our gym. mistress, amid shrieks of laughter. We were quite experts at neck-rolls and were even allowed to have leap-frog. But now, although we

have had gym. for four years at B.H.S. we are still in the process of "preliminary training." This consists of hopping from one leg to the other or side-stepping along the lawn, etc. So far it looks as though we have said sayonara to the gym. apparatus.

Much to our bitter disappointment the boys prefer gym. to our highly qualified (?) singing lessons. We are now at liberty to serenade Lady Moon without an undercurrent issuing forth. Usually you will hear us making horrible discords singing rounds and part songs, but occasionally our trio of prima donnas enter into the realms of "My Hero."

The four amateur scientists of our form (viz., Ag. Sci.) are not exactly what you might say, trusted in Mr. Hudson's eyes. They have a particular liking to dabbling in the various acids, whose chemical symbols they abhor, hoping some day to discover something spectacular, even if it is only to prove the book wrong. They are always surveyed with an eye of distrust when the above-mentioned staff member intrudes upon their experiments.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Kenrick and hope she will accept our sincerest thanks for all the time she has given us towards making the social side of the school more pleasant and our dances more successful. We also wish to thank the other staff members who have assisted us with social activities in the school. Even though we have had various violent eruptions with some of the staff members we are thankful for the untiring patience each has shown to us during our five years' stay. Our form extends a very hearty welcome to Mr. Bradshaw as headmaster of our school this year.

As this is the last opportunity we shall have of wishing you luck, we say, "Best of luck to all our successors." Also we hope the juniors reach the goal for which they have worked.

Goodbye, good luck and carry on,
B.H.S.

From Form V.G.

◆◆◆

In the Space of Sixty Seconds.

A thundrous roar burst over the timorous gathering. Its swiftness was like the crack of a pistol; its intensity like the roar of a cannon. They rose to the occasion. They cheered. In fact they grew almost hysterical. The roar sobbed to

a final hiss and died in a burst of silence. Someone had hit the ball

All day these nine brave and august optimists had slashed the air right and left with their waddy; all day they had blamed the pitcher; all day the pitcher had blamed the ball. Then it happened. It was magnificent. The atmosphere was stunning. The ball soared into the air, the veteran of the day gazed in wonder for a breathless second, then flung the bat to the ground and tore towards the first base, the short-fields woke from their stupor and allowed their eyes to search for the whirling ball, the long-fielders felt the weight of their responsibility and rushed furiously in the same direction. The crack of the ball had scarcely died over the startled field when an even more vicious bang resounded through the frigid air. The heads of these fielders, each storming forward, had eventually come into violent contact. They crumpled in stunned unison, whereupon the first, second and third bases were instantaneously forsaken, the base-keepers racing side by side with the short-fielders, ploughing over the mangled bodies of the unfortunate long-fielders and collecting the care-taker during their flight. Seeing everyone running in the same direction, the remaining eight of the waiting team, together with the back-stop and pitcher, threw caution to the winds and spurred across the field, closely pursued by the umpire. Everything was in a state of chaos. Emigration had set in on a large scale. It was not until fifty seconds after the ball had first careered into the blue that the leader of the chase suddenly leapt into the air and came to an unexpected halt. The pack, bearing close behind, collided with their leader and three of them somersaulted to the ground, while the others hurdled this new obstacle and, planting their feet squarely on the field, turned their eyes heavenwards.

Meanwhile, the innocent cause of all this agitation, namely, the batsman, manoeuvred her way skilfully through the maddened crowd from one base to the other until finally she entered the home stretch. It is doubtful whether realization of what was happening had percolated her skull when a shadow crossed her path and, starting forward, she flew into the air, her legs streaming behind her as she caught the offending missile and returned to earth, one foot settling itself firmly in the middle of the home base before the exertion of this major achievement threw her forward into the encircling mud.

A sheepish crowd surged slowly back towards the breathless, mud-caked hero-

ine. Caught and home in the same stride. Yes, it was a great game.

. . . As a matter of fact, it was baseball.

“One Who Knows.”

Geometry Simplified.

STAGE 1, ACT 2, SCENE 3.

Thagpythorus and His Theorem.

To ascertain as fact, showing the correctness of the statement by offering evidence, that a figure bounded by three sides and containing three angles, is more lamellar and flat and having three sides than a plane figure bounded by a single curved line, called its circumference, every point on which is equally distant from a point within called the centre is in the form of a circle.

[Authorised translation by the management: To prove a triangle is more triangular than a circle is round.]

Construction: Erect the figure, a quadrilateral with a side equal to a base of a triangle. Drag a circle around the figure and the completed construction, a pentagonal-oblique-regular-right-hexagonal-tetrahedronical-sphere or vice versa as the case may be, is complete.

Additional construction: Drop AT. Let MN be any straight line with a slight bend, passing through the figure and carefully faked to touch E and D.

[We are now ready to prove the circle more round than the triangle is triangular and this can clearly be seen to be true if—

$$AB = \sqrt[3]{AC} = \text{£ NM.}$$

References are plainly marked as each point is proved and should be consulted if there is any doubt in the student's mind. The particular case of a student without a mind will be treated separately.]

Proof: Because O is the centre of a circle—

$$OC = OD + DB + AB + ED + AE + AC. \text{ [Euclid, page 3.]}$$

and therefore

$$OC = AC \text{ [with a little bit left over.}$$

This is neglected.]

Because T is a point on the circumference—

$$AC : AT : TC = CAT. \text{ [See “The Life of the Cat,” by Schnozzle, page 1.]}$$

But no animals are allowed and hence this very important fact may be ignored entirely.

We now have one avenue of escape.

Because ABC is any triangle it can instantly be seen that—

OC does not equal AB. [No reference—an actual fact.]

But this is impossible for—

$$AB/ + \text{£}OC = T$$

and hence—

AB = AC = MN which is highly improbable.

Therefore—

$$AB = \sqrt[3]{AC} = \text{£}MN.$$

[by juggling with a few signs.]

The student may now pause to enable this highly remarkable fact to penetrate the brain.

Positively no correspondence will be entered into concerning this simplified lesson.

REGO.

The Matter of First Principles—and Principals.

Go past the door of that alluring room ‘‘H’’ almost any period of the week and you are sure to see strange sights, smell strange smells and wonder strange thoughts. But go past the magic kingdom while the fifth years are pursuing the intricacies of Applied Maths and you will see a decade of chosen students engaged in the engrossing matter of proving, without any apparent aim, method or result, the astounding declarations of Mr Loney. But wait a minute—that is a thing of the past. Now they have made an astounding discovery: a method has been revealed which has been proved time upon time to be superior to all formulae, theorems and definitions.

By using this recently discovered means of attack it is now possible to prove, each in the same identical fashion, that cork will not float if sufficient iron is attached; that a stone dropped from a balloon will eventually reach the ground; that a piece of string will break if an suitable piece of metal is suspended by it. No longer is it necessary to involve the doubtful statements and old fashioned notions of such people as Boyle, Lami and Archimedes. We, the fifth year Applied Maths class, have an infallible and indisputable way of settling all differences. We defy Mr Loney, who wrote a book for our edification on this subject; we defy the Cambridge University Press which printed it; we defy, in fact, almost anyone. Give us our one means of solution and we will an-

swer you any question you desire (always assuming, of course that it has an answer).

After duly considering the sacrifice we are about to make we graciously decided to reveal our secret to others who pursue this fascinatingly grotesque subject. Firstly, however, we must admit that, although we preserve the patent, the idea was suggested to us by our practical and mathematically minded instructor. We are grateful to him.

When, much to our dismay, we found that the answers so thoughtfully provided by the author of ‘‘Elementary Examples of Dynamics and Hydrostatics’’ were not reliable, that to start from both ends of an example and strike an harmonious conclusion in the middle was a matter of extreme good luck and judgment, which we apparently lacked, we decided to put the abovementioned suggestion to practical use. ‘‘Use first principles,’’ we had been told, ‘‘they are bound to come out.’’

We thought over this statement for some time. There was no such chapter in our book; no one could find mention of this curious method in any notes. Then, after several days of fruitless thought, some outstanding child grasped the full sense of the amazing oration. Who was the principal person in the room? Our teacher of course. They are bound to come out? Yes, out to his table.

So now you know why you see us so often gathered around his table. We are using First Principals (short for First Principal’s method). All we do is provide a piece of paper, which is easily removed from a neighbour’s book during his visit to the table. First Principal does the rest. With imposing red letters he writes across the top of the page ‘‘by first principles’’ (we wish he would spell the word correctly) and in no time the required conclusion is reached. Yes, there is no doubt about the fact. It is an amazing principal.

First Year Swimming.

‘‘A beautiful day for a swim,’’ we remarked nonchalantly as we strolled down to the baths, of which we poor innocent first years were happily spared the knowledge. After giving in a reluctant penny we dived into the sheds to re-appear in a few minutes clad in our ‘‘bathers,’’ only to meet our swimming mistress, a person with a smile, which alas, hid a deceiving personality.

"The water is lovely and clear," she remarked, "hurry up and get in!"

Placing complete trust in her we gambolled down to meet the—er—sparkling wavelets which lapped the beach in a succession of dark, weedy, disconsolate ripples. A little doubtfully we stepped into the water, but we were soon at home romping in the water like the innocents we think we are. After three or four unsuccessful attempts at murder by drowning on the part of our mistress a lull took place. This was broken by a girlish treble screaming "a crab!" (I don't know how she saw it through the weed) on a dangerously high note. A scatter occurred and, after trampling the poor unfortunates, of which I was one, underfoot, most of the girls reached the beach. Then our deceiving mistress took a hand. After reproving us she drove us back to the weed bed (no self-respecting ocean would own it). Gingerly we stepped in while our mistress frowned, in awful majesty, from the sands.

No other denizens of the deep were brought to light until—my fate was in the lap of the gods—I first made my acquaintance with a crab, esq. After clearing a small hole in the weed, I attempted to float. Both hands shot to the bottom, both feet rose in the air and Mr Crab with surely amorous intentions rose to the occasion. He pinched my rosy cheeks and eventually fastened on my nose. His advances however, were not favourably received, and he retired to his retreat, for I had swiftly forsaken him. Our parting wrenched his heart strings. (If I had my way it would have been his neck, but that is beside the point.)

While dressing I smugly contemplated half the beach I had managed to smuggle out. I then walked homewards sadly bewailing next week's ordeal, the loss of a penny and a sore nose.

P.S.—I never met the crab again and I am afraid that he will take his own life. Will someone of his acquaintance inform him that I would like to meet him next Tuesday, say at half-past two? I will save him the trouble.

Ills, Chills and the Common Cough.

A few days ago, while rinsing out an old electro-magnet, I came across an extremely battered, worn and neglected parchment of age forgotten. Blowing aside odds and ends of dust and pieces

of machinery I investigated further to discover that the MS (a sign representing manuscript—saves ink, etc.) was nothing less than a list of cures for ailments prevalent in 1617. These priceless remedies are given below, but a word of advice; before you try them, find what size harp and halo fit you.

You suffer from a cold?

"Take unto you a pigges ear and soak in moisture, gathered at midnight from the wings of horseflies. Wait until ye moon is full and massage ye feet with ye fluid, whilst nibbling ye pigges ear. This is good for ye sniffles." (Undoubtedly.)

You have sore feet?

"Rub ye foots three times thrice with a live cates tail, repeating 'catum makum footum goodo.' Ye results be beyond ye wildest calculation." (This is also beyond the wildest doubt.)

You have sore ears?

"Take you an earthworm, chop finely and garnish with radish. Add you one bottle of whale-oil (obtainable from Johnson, ye all American apothecary), simmer ye mixture while ye hour glass runs down, rewind and add to ye fluid three slices of garlic polony. Pour ye fluid into ye ear for instant relief—this should be repeated three to four times." (Certainly not in my ear at any cost.)

Still ill?

A dipper of whisky and two aspirin.

"A Plea for the Contributor."

This matter of writing for the "Kingia" . . . It's not so much the actual mechanics of sitting down (on a chair), taking up a pen (not a pencil), finding some paper (one side only), and some ink (well diluted for the purpose of economy), but the business of compulsion. "Write for the 'Kingia'" is plastered over every square inch of the notice board, "Write for the 'Kingia'" is pounded into every bony skull, "Write for the 'Kingia'" is the hue and cry of every beastly, insipid and exasperating individual who hasn't done so him (or her) self and who wishes to unshoulder the responsibility.

Well, I'm writing for the "Kingia." As a matter of fact I'm telling the "Kingia" what I think of forced contributions and the people who force. Take, for example, those who could be outside pulling weeds or catching rats

or doing something good for the war effort, but who flounder round the building disturbing us and worrying us and still not getting any contributions. That seems to be the general idea. There is no use in having a "Kingia" unless it has something in it. So why not make the writing of the somethings more pleasant? Say, a holiday for the purpose. They have Empire Day, Foundation Day and hundreds of other days, so why not a "Kingia" Day.

If we did have a "Kingia" Day I'm sure we would have hundreds of contributions, and then the Editors would not be so bored and the "Kingia" would not be so short nor so long, for it is always short now and takes a long time in coming to display its shortcomings, which are more apparent than the contributions, which always cause a wretched row.

For this reason and also because I believe the world would be a better place if there were less rows and more writing of high class literature, I want to suggest to the Editors of the future that they make some alteration in the appalling state of affairs, which hangs over the pens of forced contributors of today. And then, I do not doubt, contributions will pour in before wrath has any excuse to pour out.

"Two Martyrs."

Blogg's Infamous Elixir.

"BLITZMORT."

A Message from the Manufacturers.

Kaphoops,
Woopwoop.

Apr. 1st, MDCCCII.

To the users of "Blitzmort."

Dear Sir/Madam,

We, the humble manufacturers of that world-astounding proprietary medicine, "BLITZMORT," send you a message in regard to its properties and manufacture, both of which entirely disregard all the health requirements of the universe, besides only partially conforming with our own very flexible rules for the granting of lightning relief.

Only scientists of the highest disrepute are employed in our laboratories, the head of which concerns is that infamous chemist Dr. Hyde, ably resisted by his co-partner Frankenstein. The preparation is made with only the very worst ingredients obtained from impure residues, and most unscrupulous care is exercised to insert approximately the incor-

rect amount of cyanide, a rare health influenza.

Indeed it seems to us that that famous worthy Sir Walter Raleigh himself had tasted "BLITZMORT" when he said those great words to his executor:

This is an unsavoury medicine but it is a sure cure for all complaints.

Now, having said our fill, we exhibit some of the letters of praise we have received from swindled users, and further, remember, if its a S—y H. product it's a good formula.

Letters from Unsatisfied Purchasers.

Mrs. Offenblokis,
Ratzole,
Texas.

I cannot praise "BLITZMORT" too highly. For years I suffered from shortsightedness but now, after only two doses of your elixir I can see things approaching from behind. Merci.

Yours truly,
BLUEBELL OFFENBLOKIS.

—:—
"Blitzmort" ($H_2(S/SO_4C_2O_4) NaOH$
KCN.

Mr. Knitwitz,
Heathcote,
England.

For many months I was worried by an insignificant pimple on my nose, but now after one dose of your excellent "BLITZMORT" my nose has been completely liquidated. This has been much appreciated.

Ever yours,
HOMER KNITWITZ.

—:—
F. F. Dogrot,
Dilbury,
Canine Hills.

I really cannot fully express my gratitude to the makers of "BLITZMORT"; in my own case it worked an absolute miracle. Before trying your infamous elixir I had a slight rash on the back of my hand, but after only three doses I was completely covered with it. Now, only just finishing the second bottle, I have St. Vitus' Dance and am already displaying marked symptoms of foot and mouth ailment.

All my friends have commented on my wonderful change and I feel a totally different man. Once again, sincerely thanking you.

I hope to remain still,
FORREST F. DOGROT.

Olga Saharazands,
Morrocco.

All my life I have had a hump-back but after two bottles of "BLITZMORT" I find I am a dromedary and can now pick-a-back my two children at once. A thousand thanks.

Gratefully yours,

OLGA SAHARAZANDS (Mrs.).

— :: —

Charles Khornphutz, Esq.,
Batsbrane,
Claremont.

Once I was very troubled by a corn on my toe, but after one dose of "BLITZMORT" it was necessary to have both feet amputated thus completely easing the pain of the resultant bunions. Please accept my (foot) heartfelt thanks.

Faithfully yours,

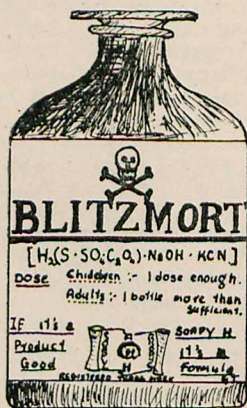
CHAS. KHORNPHUTZ.

— :: —

After perusing these edifying epistles why don't you too try a bottle of the drug. It is sold anywhere at unreasonably exhorbitant prices.

Buy *Blogg's* "Blitzmort," you'll never live to regret it.

[Advertisement by "ERGO."]



A Gardener's Notes.

A WORD TO THE AMATEURS.

Gardening, as one already knows, is the science of raising flowers and vegetables from a very disinterested plot of earth. However, do not be discouraged with your setbacks, but keep on trying, for there is always at least one chance

in a thousand that your radishes will flourish.

Amateurs will no doubt be glad to know that now is the season for the growth of dandyions. Before planting these rare orchids it is necessary to dig out the plot to a depth of six feet, soak the earth in striped paint to heighten the dandyiness, then after completely sieving same, return to hole. Plant seeds to a depth of one foot, then cement over the garden top to assure its not being disturbed and wait for negative results. If these are forthcoming crack cement and plant clover, which is sure to grow unless you happen to possess a hungry cow.

If your plot is troubled by snails or slugs wait for the unsuspecting animals one dark night and severely smite them with a piece of lead pipe, since lead possesses the property of killing snails. On the other hand you might perhaps try ducks. These will keep everything down.

Of great help to the cook is this new idea of my own invention. It consists of crossing potatoes with cabbages; this yields an entirely different vegetable combining the worst properties of each. When cooked to the best advantage it should be fried in butter over a petrol fire.

Runner beans are also now in bloom and as usual they have just the same flavour, BUT, and again I come to the rescue, by planting them with mustard and cayenne pepper, a vastly different flavour will be noticed and the resulting beans will necessitate the new title of sprinter beans.

Lastly, during this present conflict, much anxiety has been caused to restaurant keepers due to the extreme shortage of cutlery. For the especial benefit of these people I have patented a new device whereby, on being attached to a pea pod during its infancy, it produces cubical peas. These practically eliminate the use of forks, for they can be balanced on the blade of a knife, or even a nail-file, for that matter, without any undue embarrassment. No longer will the erring blobs of green fall from the blade and scatter with the wind just when they are about to be devoured, as was their previous tendency.

But with these words I am forced to tear myself away in order to punish a nasty little grub which has evidently devoured the only remaining specimen of vegetable life in my garden, so, until we meet again, keep plotting.

Respectfully yours,

"ERGO."

First Year General Science.

After hearing a teacher droning on for forty minutes about the ancient Britons we gladly pack up our books and march to room "P," where our General Science teacher greets us with, "I have here a beautiful specimen of a sheep's lungs, heart, trachea and oesophagus which I would like you to look at closely."

We walk slowly up to the table and prod the "beautiful specimen" with cautious forefinger. The silence is punctuated by shrill squeaks from several of the more timid members of our illustrious form, who refuse to touch "that awful thing."

Our teacher looks scornfully in the direction of the squeakers who melt into their chairs under that reproving gaze, and to prove that the long-dead animal's entrails will not bite she fondles them lovingly. (The timid ones try to repress a shudder, but fail entirely.)

However, our prefect and and other studios (???) persons tenderly poke and prod the repulsive mass of blood and gore. (I don't know how they keep the repulsive mass from walking.)

Then we settle down, copying a diagram of organs of the thorax from the board. At least they were lungs and heart on the board, but they look entirely different on my exercise book.

After dropping pens and breaking pencils I finally get the diagram down on paper. Imagine my disgust when our teacher sees my effort and immediately rips it out, saying in stern tones, "Disgusting! Do it again, and make sure you do it properly. I don't know what this class is coming to."



Geography V.

If you ever happen to pass by room "S" and hear either vocal efforts or complete silence you will know that the studious Fifth Year is in occupation. In the former case it will mean that some of the male members of the form are trying to croon. But if there is silence, do not think that it is because every one is working. You are sure to be wrong if you do. It will mean that the surveyors have taken to the fields, or should I say the school grounds. You may even be lucky enough to see them on their way to work (?). Armed with a plane-table, tape measure, alidade, clinometer and a few other instruments of which you ignorant children would know nothing,

they march down the stairs. (The girls' stairs are nearest, so . . . !)

Once on terra firma the table is set down and then the prospective sailor gazes longingly out to sea and tells us that the table is horizontal, but often it looks as though it had been "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Well, we allow for such possibilities and place a set-square on top of it. One of the "higher" minded members of the form then kneels and gazes skywards while a foot-slogger tells us that the tower is at an angle of 18° from the horizontal. We believe them and everyone becomes very busy with notebook and pencil and produces something which looks like a trig. problem that even the Maths master would be unable to solve. Well, we return to our sanctuary and, having reproduced our efforts into our practical books, present them to our master. He is a very learned man and understands perfectly what it is all about, so he puts a stamp at the foot of each page and gives us back our books that we may put them back in our lockers and forget all about it.

Now that this is over we take "The World" in our hands and turn over the pages until we arrive in Europe. (Oh! Oh! Bing's on the air again!) We're tired of the surface of the earth so we decide to dig down and see if any coal can be found. Some is found in Westphalia so atlases are opened and a number of towns with appropriate notes are entered in our notebooks. After a few moments in the bowels of the earth some one suggests a little mountaineering, so off we go to the Alps. Now, from the Alps a number of swift streams run south into the Po Valley, and, in case you are interested, they are used to generate hydro-electricity, so the pencils are busy again. We have now arrived in Italy and see a lot of Fiat cars around, so we question the inhabitants and find that they are made here.

Not being interested in the production of cars, we charter a 'plane and fly to Eire where we land "by Killarney's lakes and fells." We spend a pleasant holiday here (in other words, the heads of the students are beginning to nod). From somewhere to the north a mighty voice comes, demanding an explanation of the formation of lakes, but everyone is so rapt in wonder at the beauty of the surroundings that they cannot think of anything realistic. We are, however, called back from our "lotus land of dreams" and out come our Bentivoglio's and the pages are flicked over until someone sees "Lakes" and calls a number. Instantly there is an expectant silence and

the master asks if someone would mind reading out what this source of knowledge has to say on the matter. The response usually comes from either the N.E. or S.E. of the room.

From somewhere appear what have helped to turn the hair of former students prematurely grey—Leaving Geography papers. All questions concerning lakes are copied into our notebooks . . . never to be answered. Then someone has the bright idea of drawing a contour map of a lake, so a lot of weird shapes are drawn and numbers written on them. To those who understand such things these represent a lake; to the majority they mean nothing.

But I must be giving you the idea that the Fifth Year never do any work. This is entirely wrong. Why! haven't you ever seen one of our members laboriously pouring over a jigsaw puzzle which is supposed to be a map of the world? If you haven't you have seen very little. Others of us can show you mariner's and prismatic compasses which we have drawn. Certainly these were done in the dim distant past but still they remain as evidence that we have been known to work harder than the majority seem to think possible.

"Hark! Is that a bell I hear?" It is. Duty calls us and we must go, but we will be back tomorrow. What I have just told you is just an example of how 10 per cent. of our time is passed. Yet who would miss those heavenly periods of rest. I for one would not. After the trials and tribulations of such things as translation of Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale" and learning to speak properly we are only too pleased to have the chance to relax. Why, such things as geography assignments are rarely seen and then only long enough to be copied into the seldom read book of words (and maps). So I will recommend all who are doubtful as to what subjects to take in the Leaving to select this fascinating one, that some day they may enjoy the pleasures of Geography V.

Auntie Mae's Column.

[Manager = REGO.]

[The last "Kingia" saw the official opening of that source of wisdom and balm to troubled students "Auntie Mae's Column." Although intended as purely a temporary column, so many letters were received asking for wisdom and balm that the dear lady was quite overcome. However after changing her manager she was able to revive a little and answer two

letters. Now with humble pride we present her article.—Ed.]

Dear Auntie Mae,

For some time now I have been the recipient of very marked attention from a young lady. All through school she watches me with devoted eyes and some days ago she began putting notes in my locker asking for dates to the pictures, etc. Two days ago she followed me home and forced me to accept a beautiful bunch of wild oats. My landlady tells me not to worry but to act like a gentleman whatever this girl does. My fellow boarders give me advice I hesitate to print here, so you must help me Auntie Mae. What can I do? Yesterday as I was returning from the "Art of Speech" class she managed to kiss me on the cheek before I could break loose and run home for safety. To-morrow . . . I shudder to think of it. Please help me Auntie Mae as I am quite a nice boy who does not know anything about bold girls.

Yours anxiously,

PURSUED PERCIVAL.

—:—

Dear Percival,

You are obviously in great danger, dear. This naughty bold girl, so typical of the girls of this generation, is attracted to you because of your fresh young beauty and your aversion to physical violence. So be prepared: take a short length of hose-pipe and fill it with lead sinkers, old iron, etc.; wait until she approaches you again, then raise the pipe and hit her smartly between the neck and thorax. She will soon get sick of that. Then speak to her; tell her to "Lie down, good doggie!" She will understand. Why, a pet bacilli I once owned would lie at my feet after I had bashed it once or twice, so the treatment should work for her too.

Yours faithfully,

AUNTIE MAE.

—:—

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am a young school girl whose life has absolutely gone to the races. Until recently I was popular with my school-girl friends and was always asked to join in their simple pleasures. Occasionally a boy took me out, or asked me to play half-back in his place against the Police Boys' Club and my cup of pleasure was full. But now all is changed: my friends look away as I approach, boys back into rooms and slam the doors on seeing me, even my faithful

dog protests when I bludgeon him over the head with a short piece of railway iron. Dear Auntie Mae, can you help me?

Thanking you in anticipation,

PUZZLED PANSY.

—:—

Dear Puzzled Pansy,

Have you tried Lifebuoy, dear?

(Signed) A. MAE.



Applied Quotations.

“The tumult and the shouting dies.”
—“Googs” enters the English class.

—:—

“Thou lovest me for my rosy cheeks
Not for my yellow hair.”

—Our head boy.

—:—

“Write and tell out this bloody tale,
Record this dire eclipse
This day of wrath, this endless wall
This dread apocalypse.”

—Junior Exams.

—:—

“ . . . Pray for this poor soul!

Pray! Pray!”

—An aspirant for Leaving.

—:—

“Ye sound so low and calm,
That in the grave of balm
Seemed to me like an angel’s psalm!
(Maybe)!!!—1st year’s singing.

—:—

“His hair is crisp, and black and long.”—Preston Form V.

—:—

“And it makes his heart rejoice.”—
Someone has done some English.

—:—

“With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thundrous.”

—H.X.

—:—

“Amid the tuneful choir
With flying fingers touched the lyre.”

—Miss Tate at Music.

—:—

“And by the power of green-hide goad
The distant gaol is won.”

—Googs III.R Maths.

“One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but
strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to
yield.”

—The Gallant V’s.

—:—

“Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be.”

—After the Leaving.

—:—

“The fiends in triumph were ringing
his knell.”—Late for school.

—:—

“Here lies the road to Rome.”—IIIrd
year Latin.

—:—

“The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day.”

—Break-up.

—:—

“And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free.”

—After school.

—:—

“Then reposing that night on my
pallet of straw.”—Boarding house.

—:—

“And every shekel which he can
receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.”

—Doug. the Pound Prefect.

—:—

“Called to more superior bliss.”—
Prefects.

—:—

“And what so long in vain and yet
unknown

By poor mankind’s benighted wit is
sought.”

—A little knowledge.

—:—

“Aloft in awful state
The Godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne
The lovely Thias by his side.”

—Head Boy.

—:—

“And peals of thunder shook the firma-
ment.”—H.P.

—:—

“Scanted in space, but perfect in thy
line.”—The “Kingia.”

—:—

“Who think too little and who talk
too much.”—Second years.

“And gently lay us on the spiey shore.”—After footy.

—::—

“Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn.”—First year singing.

—::—

“I heard a thousand blended notes.”
—Vth year singing.

—::—

“As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.”

Reading Junior results.

—::—

“And though my eyes with tears are dim.”—On receiving the term report.

—::—

“Sometimes they seem so helpless and so mild.”—Girl Prefects.

Applied Titles.

“Beautiful Dreamer.”—Ted during poetry.

“Yankee Doodle Boy.”—Grant.

“Pennies from Heaven.”—Pound benefits.

“The Broken Melody.”—Upper school recitation.

“I had the Craziest Dream.”—Mr. Hudson dreams all prac. books are in on time.

“Roll out the Barrel.”—Douglas.

“Coming in on a wing and a prayer.”
—Donnybrook bus.

“The Umbrella Man.”—Science Master on a wet day.

“The Ancient Mariner.”—First Master on a wet day.

“Some Folks like to Sigh.”—Mr. Colgan during 4th year English.

“I’m Nobody’s Baby Now.”—Cyril.

“The Comedy of Errors.”—Maths.
“B.”

“The Wizard of Oz.”—Mr. Jenkins.

“Insanity Fair.”—Chaucer translated.

“Far from the Madding Crowd.”—
Nowhere near the staff room.

“Kitten on the Keys.”—Reg.

“Penny Serenade.”—Dancing practice.

By Ergo, Rego, Woggo and the help of countless V.A.O.C. girls.

BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS.

1923—W. McEVOY
1924—A. TROTMAN
1925—R. GRACE
1926—A. WILLIAMS
1927—T. MOSS
1928—E. SANDERS
1929—M. DAVIS
1930—B. COLEMAN
1931—A. FISHER
1932—A. FERGUSON
1933—N. O'CONNOR
1934—P. O'KEEFE
1935—I. VERSCHUER
1936—M. SEYMOUR
1937—E. LANE
1938—J. BROWN
1939—L. BROOKS
1940—P. GRAPES
1941—S. RICHARDS
1942—P. DAVIES-MOORE
1943—M. PIGGOTT
1944—D. CHAPMAN

SENIOR GIRLS.

1923—VERONICA KEALY
1924—THEA EATON
1925—EDITH CROSS
1926—GLADYS SWEDLEY
1927—ELSIE KINSELLA
1928—NORMA YOUNG
1929—NANCY STONE
1930—DELYS WILSON
1931—JOYCE SHERLOCK
1932—FLORENCE HULM
1933—BERYL CLARKE
1934—ELSA FOX
1935—HAZEL PEARCE
1936—JOAN INGLETON
1937—JOYCE WOOD
1938—NORMA STOCKDILL
1939—ATHALIE RYALL
1940—GWEN BLOND
1941—JEAN TROTTER
1942—MARION DOLLEY
1943—MARY KERNOT
1944—CAROLE RITCHIE



