

BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL

THE  
KINGIA



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

DECEMBER, 1945



# STUDENT OFFICIALS

---

SCHOOL CAPTAIN:  
D. Fryer

SENIOR GIRL:  
Miss V. Brookmann

\* \*

Miss D. Ayliffe  
Miss S. Crozier  
Miss J. Pell  
Miss A. Poole  
Miss L. Summers  
Miss W. Willmott

SCHOOL PREFECTS :

W. Dodson  
R. Green  
J. Leece  
W. Poole  
R. Yates

\* \*

LIBRARIAN :  
Miss M. Jones

ART PREFECT :  
Miss M. Stephens

SCIENCE CADET :  
D. Fryer

\* \*

LIBRARY PREFECTS :  
Miss M. Jones  
Miss J. Murray  
K. Robinson  
G. Stout

SOCIAL PREFECTS :  
Miss M. Jones  
Miss J. Winter  
G. Stout  
A. Taylor

SPORTS PREFECTS :  
Miss J. Hart  
Miss B. Pollard  
J. Anderson  
A. Williams

\* \*

MAGAZINE EDITORS :  
Miss L. Summers  
W. Dodson

\* \*

FACTION CAPTAINS :

Blue:  
Miss S. Crozier  
J. Anderson

Gold:  
Miss V. Brookmann  
D. Downing

Kingia:  
Miss M. Jones  
J. Leece

Red:  
Miss L. Summers  
L. Paganini

STUDENT OFFICIALS



Back Row: W. Dodson, L. Summers, R. Yates.  
 Middle Row: A. Poole, W. Poole, S. Crozier, J. Pell, J. Leese, D. Avliffe.  
 Front Row: R. Green, V. Brookmann (Senior Girl), Mr. F. G. Bradshaw, B.A., B.Sc., Dip.Ed. (Headmaster),  
 D. Fryer (School Captain), W. Willmott.

# Bunbury High School

DECEMBER, 1945

## 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

This is the year of Victory and of Peace for which the freedom-loving nations of the world have been working and dying. It took six years to arrive at this end, six years of death, agony and suffering—are we going to allow it to happen again? are we going to allow the terrible price that the world has paid for its newly-won peace be in vain? Do not think that these questions are no concern of yours. They are. It will not be many years before you, our fellow-students, will be responsible citizens and you will have to answer these questions and decide for yourselves the type of world in which you wish to live.

While you consider the points raised above, think of the students who have passed through the school before you, note the high standard they set, strive to better it. Many former students of Bunbury High School have actively served their country and some of them have died in doing so. The ideals for which they fought were, many of them, formed while attending this school and this is a point to remember. They fought for principles which they thought were, if necessary, worthy of death: you can work for a place which will uphold their principles.

You will be helped in your endeavours for an Australia, and a world, whose character incorporates the spirits of co-operation, human kindness, justice, decency and of freedom before the law for everyone everywhere if you act upon the words "En Avant", meaning "Go Forward."

Bunbury High School is helping you to find the right direction in which to go forward. While you are here you are forming your character and it should embody the best, only the best should be good enough for you. Let these high principles be your goal in life, a life in which you, as an individual, can achieve a satisfying purpose, a life which will be the torch for students following you to

hold and which they in their turn pass on. Develop the qualities of understanding, patience and tact for your dealings with all other people and you will be truly living up to the principle of "Go Forward".

Fellow Students of Today, Citizens of Tomorrow, we, the editors, wish you luck!

—:—

### PREFECTS' NOTES

Since writing for the "Kingia" appears to be the age old custom of Prefects, handed down through countless years, the Prefects of 1945 are now taking up the pen. Now do not allow yourselves to be misled by misapprehending our meaning, for we have all been working consistently with our pens throughout the year, even though some may have only been chewing the ends. Nevertheless we are actually going to give you a small idea of how Prefects occupy their spare time. Of course as you all know, for want of something better to do, we pounce on evildoers and ring bells, but this is not all by any means. However, we will return to this matter later.

As you all must have noticed we have "taken up the torch," in fact we took it up many months ago, in February, but unofficially we started much earlier while last year's Prefects were preoccupied with the Leaving Examination. Happily, however, as yet we have managed to escape from scorching our hand, but one never can tell what lies in the near future. Now, when we mention the passing of the torch we do not necessarily infer that it was passed from failing hands indeed, we feel that last year's Prefects did quite a good job. But we must not break faith with those who are gone, so we will strive to hold it high.

We feel that a suitable way to begin our business is by welcoming to the school those members of the staff who have arrived since the "Kingia" was last published. Mr. Downing, as you probably all know, was teaching here several years ago, so we cannot altogether include him as a newcomer. But we hope that he has a happy stay at Bunbury High and that he remains here for years to come. Another of the Staff, Mr. Potts, has only been with us this year, and the Prefects take pleasure in welcoming him to the school. But we feel sure that by the time the "Kingia" is published Mr. Potts will have established himself well with the students. Mr. Davies, who has only been

with us for a short period, arrived to fill Mr. Everingham's position, and his coming was greatly welcomed by the boys, many of whom had been deprived of manual shed subjects. We also wish to extend a warm welcome to Miss Judge who has taken such a keen interest in the sporting and social side of the school. In conclusion we should like also to extend a word of welcome to Miss Payne, who has arrived at the school only recently.

The school is also glad to see back again with us Mr. Horne, who had been serving with the forces, but has taken on caretaking duties again.

Mention has been made already of new members of the staff, but we must not forget those who have left. I think you will all agree that Mr. Everingham was not only a special friend and a valuable asset to the school but also to the Prefects. He was always ready with his help or suggestion, and spent many hours of his time in setting up or repairing the amplifier so that the school dances would be a bigger success. Even though Mr. Everingham only taught the boys, he was very popular amongst the girls, and the school was sorry to lose him. We wish Mr. Everingham every success in his new position.

We were also very sorry to lose the first master, Mr. Johnson, while he was very reluctant to leave, but we feel that he has by leaving achieved something better, for Mr. Johnson is now Head Master at the Eastern Goldfields High School.

The school owes quite a debt to Mrs. Kenrick, who many of you will remember departed hurriedly from one of the school dances in the first term to catch her train. The Prefects are especially indebted to Mrs. Kenrick for her valued assistance at the school dancing practices, in showing the students the correct methods and steps. We sincerely hope that Mrs. Kenrick is having success wherever she may be now.

Getting down to business, however, we wish to inform you that the Prefects hold their meetings once a fortnight, these meetings being presided over by Mr. Davies-Moore. Naturally enough we cannot disclose all our secrets, but we can tell you a little of what ensues at these meetings. At the beginning of the year, certain duties were imposed. Adrien Poole was elected treasurer, Ron Yates, secretary, while Sheila Crozier and John Leece were made Pound Prefects. Also while we think of it, we would like to remind all the students to leave their books lying around, for the pound has been a steady source of income all the year. We also discuss various other ways and means of punishing evil-doers, at these meetings, while discussions about various dances, socials and practises take a great deal of our time.

We have during the last term written letters to, and received letters from, other State High Schools. The idea was to receive information from other schools as to their activities, but as yet we have not heard from all the schools to which we have written.

Already this year we have held four school dances and two school socials, but by the time the "Kingia" is issued we will have had another dance, while the lower school may have had another social, organised by the fourth year. All these dances, we feel were quite successful and everyone attending had enjoyable evenings. Mr. Clifton with his drums, accompanied by Miss Ellis were good enough to attend several dances, helping to brighten up the programme, while at the end of the second term arrangements were made for procuring a band.

Dancing practises have been carried on with, even though they have not been as frequent as everyone would have liked. At these practises we were very glad of the help rendered by Miss Judge and Mr. Wheeler, while Mr. Clifton was often present to assist us.

The Prefect's funds have been holding out fairly well all the year, but suffered a little lately, since the photos had to be paid for, and also the hiring of the band was no small matter. Luckily, however, Mr. Downing very kindly presented to the Prefects quite a large number of books which had evidently congregated in the lost property office, a large number of which have already been sold. This has naturally helped the fund, and we would like to thank Mr. Downing.

We now come to the most pleasing aspect of a Prefect's life—the Prefects' Tea. So far we have had four Prefects' Teas and each one has been an improvement on the preceding one. Generally these functions are held up at the school in room K one Friday night every month, but the last tea was held at Mr. Davies-Moore's home. This was a great success, and after the tea we had a card evening, followed by supper. At the time Peter Davies-Moore, who was school Captain in 1942, was home, affording us good company. It was very kind of Mr. and Mrs. Moore to invite the Prefects to their home, for which we would like to thank them both. With regard to these teas, however, we have a sad tale to relate, for we very much fear that we have a second Doug. in our midst. It is hardly fair to mention any names, as we are not yet quite certain, but this person seems to have an enormous capacity for storing food; for whenever there is any food to be disposed of after the meal, this person is quickly sought after, and he seldom disappoints us. We have noticed him to be much worse of late, and can hardly think that this reflects upon his boarding house, or is due to the approach

of the Leaving, you know gathering up energy or something. Nevertheless we would rather see the food eaten than thrown away.

Well, this time next year will find another group of Prefects attempting as we are doing to fill a few columns of our "Kingia" magazine. By that time we will have been "thrust upon the world" as you might say, or should we say the world will be "thrust upon us." But never mind, we wish the Prefects of 1946 every success, in fact we wish success to all those Prefects who will come to follow after we have gone. We would like also to be remembered by the school after we have gone, as we will remember the school in later years.

In concluding, we would like to thank all those members of the staff who have been such a big help to us. We would like especially to thank Mr. Bradshaw and Miss Stevens for their co-operation and advice, while Mr. Davies-Moore who has been untiring in his efforts to help the Prefects in every possible way, is to be thanked most of all. We can honestly say he has lived up to his name "The Father of Prefects" in every possible way. In a last word to the school and its inmates, we wish them every success in the coming years, and we hope that they may live up to the name of the school, forever preserving its motto "En Avant."

—:—

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES

Last year, in spite of many seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the Dramatic Society managed to stage quite a successful concert in the gym. The greatest difficulty was the lack of interest on the part of the students. Another, almost as bad, was the gift of argument with which most of the members of the club were lavishly endowed.

Before we proceed further, we should like to thank Miss Tate, Miss Bodkin, and Mr. Wheeler, the producers of our four plays and Mr. Colgan for his difficult job of stage managing. Mr. Colgan was very ably assisted by Bill Myers, a member of the Fourth Form.

The plays were "The Miracle Merchant" "She Was No Lady", "The Death Trap", and "The Tall, Tall Castle", a delightful fantasy rendered by the second year girls under the direction of Miss Tate. Though none of the players were by any means professionals, they were well suited to their parts and played them confidently, earning plenty of applause from the visitors.

The overture preceding the concert took the form of a piano duet and was competently played by Evelyn Brown and Barbara Dunkley. Between the plays, individual items proved very enjoyable. Unfortunately I was behind the scenes

during the piano solo by Ena Micale and so could not hear it. I did, however, hear very hearty applause. Joan Donovan delighted the audience with her "Kerry Dance." Derry pleased the younger generation by playing a series of popular tunes on the mouth organ and Laurie Turner, in his own inimitable style, reproduced one of Mr. Churchill's stirring speeches. He almost had the audience convinced that they were listening to the Prime Minister himself.

Do not think for a moment that we have forgotten Reg, our announcer, who provided the crowd with plenty of laughs. We should like to offer our thanks to Miss Flynn and the students who helped in typing scripts. Mr. Johnson, too, proved a great help by offering us some very sound advice and in straightening out a number of "rows."

It is time, now, for the Dramatic Society to say goodbye until next "Kingia". May our next concert be as successful as our last.

—:—

### LIBRARY NOTES

During the year the students have welcomed the addition of a number of new books to the library. We have been pleased to see the amount of use which the fiction section receives. Especially keen readers are the lower school boys and girls, while in the upper school the girls do plenty of reading but the boys are evidently too interested in their studies to read, or, perhaps they have other interests.

Something new in the library is the music section, carefully arranged by Miss Tate and Mr. Wheeler. They are to be congratulated on their choice as the music is proving very popular.

While appreciating the interest the students take in the library, we would like to ask that they take more care in remembering to put things back in their places. At present Library Prefects have a full time job clearing up after students who have had magazines and books out. As we have made this request before, we can only suppose that it is due to amnesia—a terrible thing which should be seen to at once. While complaining there is just one more thing we would like to bring to your notice. That is, we have noticed that as the size of the holes in the wire frames increase so the number of books behind them decreases. We presume that students borrow books during private study and then forget to return them. Please when taking a book out remember to have the number recorded.

Books in the English Reference section are beginning to show signs of wear. We do not mind this as it shows that students are making use of the excellent

references there. It has been said that B.H.S. English Reference Library is second to none in this State and it is all there for your convenience, so make good use of it.

In closing we wish to thank Mr. Wheeler for his unflinching interest and help. It is to him all thanks are due for making this library what it is.

The library prefects wish you "Good luck and pleasant reading."

—:—

### "A DAY IN III.S."

Upon arriving at school early any morning, a visitor is bound to hear and see a scuffle at the foot of the boys' stairs. This is the favourite haunt of the III.S boys as it is a convenient space directly in front of their lockers. As soon as "Smut", Eric, "Brookie" and Alf have detached themselves from certain members of the opposite sex, they chatter merrily all the way to their respective lockers where they, unsuspectingly, pull open the doors only to see a pile of books cascade to the floor. (Alf and Eric are the only ones who escape this stacking for they are the only ones with suitable locks, making their compartments impregnable to the would-be stacker.

Following this amusement, the laughing face of the stacker is seen to be withdrawn from a shady corner in a hurry, but "Smut" is quicker and, without difficulty, succeeds in capturing the offender and having him suitably punished.

The bell clangs its warning, the boys rush for their books, and, after a good deal of squabbling and threatening, stamp up the stairs with the books for the next two periods. At the top of the stairs, Stan is invariably heard to groan, "Oh, but this is the second time I have been sent back, can't you ever give a bloke a bit of a break? What we need is an eight cylinder tractor for this!" Nevertheless, he thumps down again.

When we arrive outside the "stinks" room, we hear Bill and Geoff in argument as regards who is to be first through the door. However, Bill leaves Geoff when "Jules" arrives to have an ardent conversation about a new type of receiver. Phil, who is just learning, likes to hear all about it, too. Half way through this period, "Gunner" strides in, free and easy, remarking casually as he passes the master, "Oh, the 'bus was late!"

Chemistry over, the boys meet the French students who have been having a good loaf, and troop noisily to their form room where they listen in a half hearted manner to their Geography master while Tommy titters and makes life more bearable in the back realms. "Squeak" tries to hide behind an empty Geography note book but Eric gives him a nudge every time he has been seen.

The comfort of recess next appears and we notice "Scotchy" and "Spald" enjoying a "Scotch Joke" as they stroll down the stairs. The "Inseparable Four" are to be seen around a pillar, discussing certain domestic problems. Bob is seen to be roughly shaking "Doug" for 11½d. which has been owing for some time but the Scotch blood is stubborn! Having failed with "Doug", he passes on to Bill for a further 3d. A miser is Bob!

The mechanics of Physics are next delved into but "Sertius" doesn't believe that speed is the rate of change of position, he only knows him as a quarder of the rate of change of licenses! In the Maths period which follows, the teacher usually springs a little test on us. He very rarely misses obtaining devastating results.

The bell which follows is very welcome, and, as soon as possible, the inmates of the class stream in a never-ending flow to their lockers, hastily fling their books untidily in and then merrily flee homewards with their friends of other classes, with whom they impart experiences.

There is hardly a member of III.S who has not partaken of his lunch and arrived back at school by 12.40 p.m. A good deal of "Horse play" helps pass the time away until school starts and the History and German students have their nightmares.

English follows, and it is discovered that Jimmy has a bigger assignment book than all the others and therefore does not have to do the required amount of pages, but Clem is quick to inform us that his is bigger so he has to be excused also.

When we arrive out in the fresh air for recess, one of the smaller members of II.X happens to be around and, having been dragged into our clutches he is given a rough time until he is saved by the bell and the boys rush to see their form master and delve into the mysteries of Spring and the Neap tides.

We find in this period, that Peter would sooner watch the tides out of the window than listen about them.

In History, which follows, Edgar is the only one who has done his exercise, therefore the German students hear the yells again. Among the "Sons of Adolf", "Secundus" is sitting next to Mark as he has no book of his own. Invariably Harvey starts violating the law of silence and, when asked to refrain, he informs the mistress that Mark has taken his ruler!

So ends the perfect III.S day and the students, having dutifully performed one days labourious studies, carry their heavy cases homewards intending to do a diligent evenings' swot.

—One of the Selected.



# :: Sport ::

## GIRLS' SWIMMING RESULTS, 1945.

100 yards Open Championship. Record 1 min. 26  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs. 1, N. White (R); 2, N. Campbell (B); 3, M. Hough (R); 4, S. Hough (R). 1 min. 37  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

30 yards (Beginners) Breaststroke Championship. 1, N. Fawcett (O); 2, M. Birnie (O); 3, G. Robinson (B); 4, E. Thompson (B).

55 yards under 14 Championship. 1, M. Martin (B); 2, J. Maddison (K); 3, D. Thomas (R); 4, E. Branson (B).

55 yards Breaststroke Junior (under 16) Championship. (Record—inaugural) 1, N. White (R); 2, M. Wilson (R); 3, E. Branson (B); 4, M. Campbell (B). Time, 52  $\frac{1}{5}$  secs.

30 yards (Beginners) Freestyle Championship. 1, Y. Roberts (Z); 2, J. Maddison (K); 3, M. Birnie (G); 4, N. Fawcett (G).

55 yards Backstroke (Freestyle) Open Championship. 1, N. White (R); 2, M. Hough (R); 3, S. Hough (R). Time, 54  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs. Record 50 secs.

Junior (under 16) Neat Dive. 1, M. Wilson (R); 2, M. Martin (B); 3, B. Dunkley (K); 4, J. Smith (B).

Life Saving Race (4th Method). 1, N. White (R); 2, N. Campbell (B); 3, E. Branson (B); 4, S. Hough (R).

55 yards Junior (under 16) Championship. Record 46 secs. 1, (ie) N. White (R); N. Campbell (B); 3, M. Martin (B); 4, S. Hough (R). 44 secs.

55 yards Open Championship. Record 38 secs. 1, R. Ferrier (K); 2, N. Campbell (B); 3, N. White (R); 4, M. Hough (R). Time, 41 secs.

55 yards Breaststroke Open Championship. Record 50 secs. 1, N. White (R); 2, N. Campbell (B); 3, M. Hough (R); 4, J. Thomas (R). 54  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

Open Neat Dive. 1, (Tie) N. White (R) and M. Wilson (R); 3, N. Campbell (B); 4, R. Loney (K).

Novelty—Dog Paddle. 1, M. Martin (B); 2, D. Thomas (R).

55 yards Backstroke (Life-Saving) Junior Championship. 1, M. Wilson (R); 2, S. Hough (R); 3, M. Martin (B); 4, R. Hetherington (R). 1 min. 11  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

Faction Relay Race. Record, 2 mins. 58 secs. 1, Red; 2, Blue; 3, Kingia. Time 3 mins. 15 secs.

—::—

## CHAMPION SWIMMERS

Open: Nellie White (33  $\frac{1}{2}$  points).  
 Runner Up: Nancy Campbell (18 points)  
 Junior (under 16): Margaret Wilson (21 points).  
 Runner Up: Nellie White (14  $\frac{1}{2}$  points).

## BOYS

### SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

220 yards (Rec. T. Hall, 1941, 2 mins. 49  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.) 1, J. Anderson (B); 2, R. Yates (K); 3, W. Dodson (B); 4, J. Leece (K). 3 mins. 19  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

110 yards (Rec. T. Hall, 1941, 1 min. 11  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.) 1, J. Anderson (B); 2, R. Yates (K); 3, W. Dodson (B); 4, J. Leece (K). 1 min. 25 secs.

55 yards (Rec. T. Hall, 1941, 31 secs.) 1, J. Anderson (B); 2, W. Dodson (B); 3, R. Yates (K); 4, J. Leece (K). 36  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

55 yards Breaststroke (Rec. T. Hall, 1941, 40  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.) 1, W. Dodson (B); 2, J. Leece (K); 3, R. Yates (K). 49 secs.

55 yards Backstroke (Rec. T. Hall, 1940, 41  $\frac{1}{5}$  secs.) 1, J. Anderson (B); 2, R. Yates (K); 3, W. Dodson (B); 4, J. Leece (K). 47 secs.

Neat Dive: 1, J. Leece (K); 2, D. Downing (G); 3, J. Anderson (B); 4, R. Yates (K).

Relay Race "A" Teams: (Rec. Blue, 2 mins. 31  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.) 1, Blue; 2, Kingia; 3, Red. 2 mins. 36  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

—::—

### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

220 yards (Rec. K. Wilson, 1940, 3 mins. 5 secs.) 1, R. Green (R); 2, E. Tchan (B); 3, L. Roach (G); 4, F. Faithful (B). 3 mins. 17  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

110 yards (Rec. K. Wilson, 1940, 1 min. 16  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.) 1, T. Naylor (G); 2, R. Green (R); 3, E. Tchan (B); 4, G. Smith (K). 1 min. 27 secs.

55 yards (Rec. C. Pritchard, 1940, 33  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.) Heat 1: 1, D. Kent (G); 2, G. Smith (K); 3, A. Campbell (B); 40  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Green (R); 2, T. Naylor (G); 3, F. Faithful (B). 36  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs. Final: 1, T. Naylor (G); 2, R. Green (R); 3, G. Smith (K); 4, D. Kent (G). 35 secs.

55 yards Breaststroke (Rec. T. Hall, 1940, 45  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.) 1, F. Faithful (B); 2, A. Campbell (B); 3, R. Green (R); 4, E. Tchan (B). 50 secs.

55 yards Backstroke (Rec. K. Wilson, 1940, 44 secs.) 1, L. Roach (G); 2, T. Naylor (G); 3, R. Green (R); 4, F. Faithful (B). 49  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

Neat Dive: 1, (Tie) B. Simmonds (R), H. Smith (R) and D. Downing (G); 2, G. Smith (K).

Relay Race, "B" Teams (Rec. Blue, 1944, 2 min. 45 secs.—inaugural) 1, Gold; 2, Red; 3, Blue. 2 mins. 46  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

## AGE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Under 13 (Rec. A. Campbell, 1944, 42 secs.) 1, B. Simmonds (R); 2, F. Clarke (K). 49 secs.

Under 14 (Rec. J. O'Byrne, 1941, 42 secs.) 1, A. Campbell (B); 2, J. Pickworth (K); 3, Stain (K); 4, Tie, B. Clarke (R) and H. Hernaman (B). 43 secs.

Under 15 (Rec. T. Smith, 1941, 41 1/5 secs.) Heat 1: 1, D. Kent (G); 2, A. Campbell (B); 3, R. Hancey (K); 4, T. Bland (R). 39 3/5 secs. Heat 2: 1, E. Tchan (B); 2, M. Moore (B); 3, L. Gardiner (G). 40 3/5 secs. Final: 1, A. Campbell (B); 2, E. Tchan (B); 3, D. Kent (G); 4, R. Hancey (K). 42 secs. (Heat 1 is a record).

Under 16 (Rec. G. Gilmore, 1944, 34 4/5 secs.) 1, T. Naylor (G); 2, L. Roach (G); 3, D. Downing (G). 39 secs.

School Champion: 1, J. Anderson (35 points); 2, R. Yates (23 points); 3, W. Dodson (22 points); 4, J. Leece (21 points).

Junior Champion: 1, R. Green (24 points); 2, T. Naylor (21 points); 3, F. Faithful (12 points); 4, L. Roach (11 points).

—:—

## FACTION TOTALS

	Blue	Gold	Kingia	Red
Girls:	75½	18	29	141½
Boys:	128	79	76	59
Total:	203½	97	105	200½

—:—

## GIRLS SPORTS DAY RESULTS, 1944

100 yards School Championship: (Rec. 12 secs.) 1, N. Codgen (G); 2, R. Ferrier (K); 3, A. Eckersley (R); 4, A. Burrows, 12 2/5 secs.

100 yards Junior Championship: (Rec. 12 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, A. Doornbusch (B); 3, M. Hurst; 4, M. Jones (K). 12 2/5 secs.

50 yards School Championship: (Rec. 6 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, R. Ferrier (K); 3, A. Eckersley (R); 4, H. Bell (K). 6 4/5 secs.

50 yards Junior Championship: (Rec. 6 2/5 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, A. Doornbusch (B); 3, (Tie) J. Fishwick (R) and M. Hurst (R). 6 3/5 secs.

75 yards IV. and V. Year Championship (Rec. 9 1/5 secs.) 1, N. Codgen (G); 2, A. Eckersley (R); 3, A. Burrows (K); 4, B. Clifton (K). 9 3/5 secs.

75 yards III. Year Championship (Rec. 9 2/5 secs.) 1, R. Ferrier (K); 2, M. Hurst (R); 3, M. Jones (K); 4, J. Clarke (G). 9 3/5 secs.

75 yards II. Year Championship (Rec. 9 1/5 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, A. Doornbusch (B); 3, N. White; 4, J. Fishwick (R). 9 2/5 secs.

75 yards I. Year Championship (Rec. 9 3/5 secs.) 1, R. Cook (K); 2, T. Ball (B); 3, G. Foss (G). 9 4/5 secs.

Hockey Relay: 1, Kingia; 2, Red; 3, Gold 1 min. 32 secs.

50 yards Form Handicap. Form I. 1, S. Hough (R); 2, R. Irvine (K); 3, J. Rogers (R); Form II. 1, R. Hetherington (K); 2, D. Campbell (B); 3, E. Holtzmann (B). Form III. 1, B. Leece (K); 2, C. Martin (B); 3, J. Clarke (G). Forms IV. and V. 1, A. Eckersley (R); 2, N. Codgen (G); 3, B. Clifton (K).

50 yards Skipping Race, Junior Championship (Rec. 7 1/5 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, F. Ferrier (K); 3, S. Hough (R); 4, J. Denney (K). 7 1/5 secs. (equal to own record).

50 yards School Championship (Rec. 6 4/5 secs.) 1, Y. Adams (B); 2, M. Turner (G); 3, P. Roberts (G); 4, H. Bell (K). 7 1/5 secs.

Corner Spry, Lower School. 1, Blue; 2, Kingia; 3, Red. 1 min. 14 secs.

Siamese Race 1, J. Denney and N. Campbell; 2, E. Holtzmann and H. Prichard.

Egg and Spoon Race. B. Pach.

Thread the Needle Race. 1, Elaine Burrell and Pauline Murphy; 2, Sheila Hough and Nancy Rose.

Flag Race, Lower School (Rec. 1 min. 29 2/5 secs.) 1, Gold; 2, Red; 3, Kingia. 1 min. 31 secs.

Circular Pass Ball. (Rec. 2 mins. 28 secs.) 1, Red; 2, Blue; 3, Gold. 1 min. 51 secs. (Record).

Corner Spry, Upper School 1, Gold; 2, Red; 3, Blue. 1 min. 11 1/5 secs. (inaugural record).

Pass Ball (Rec. 1 min. 4 3/5 secs.) 1, Gold; 2, Red; 3, Blue. 1 min. 10 secs.

Flag Race, Upper School. 1, Red; 2, Gold; 3, Kingia. 1 min. 28 secs. (inaugural record).

Relay "B" Teams (Rec. 61 1/5 secs.) 1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. 67 1/5 secs.

Relay "A" Teams (Rec. 58 3/5 secs.) 1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. 65 secs.

School Champion. 1, Y. Adams (24 points); 2, R. Ferrier (18 points); 3, N. Codgen (16 points).

Junior Champion. 1, Y. Adams (32 points); 2, A. Doornbusch (15 points); 3, M. Hurst (10½ points).

—:—

## BOYS'

## SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

Broad Jump (Rec. P. Crabbe, 1931, 20ft. 5½ ins.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, C. Jones (K); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, D. Chapman (B). 18ft. 5ins.

Hop, Step and Jump (Rec. W. Scott, 1933, 42ft. 1½ ins.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Fryer (B); 3, G. Bloor (K); 4, D. Chapman (B). 39ft. 6½ ins.

Mile (Rec. T. Joel, 1940, 4 mins. 48 1/5 secs.) 1, D. Fryer (B); 2, G. Bloor (K); 3, C. Jones (K); 4, R. Griffiths (G). 5 mins 42 1/5 secs.

880 yards (Rec. T. Joel, 1940, 2 mins. 10 4/5 secs.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, C. Jones (K); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, S. Fry (B). 2 mins. 28 2/5 secs.

120 yards Hurdles (Rec. W. McEnvoy, 1923, T. Moss, 1933, 17 4/5 secs.) Heat 1: 1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Chapman (B). 19 4/5 secs. Heat 2: 1, D. Fryer (B); 2, L. Paganini (R). 21 1/5 secs. Heat 3: 1, J. Leece (K); 2, I. Sheppard (K). 22 secs. Final: 1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Chapman (B); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, J. Leece (K). 20 secs.

440 yards (Rec. J. Gibson, 1939, 52 4/5 secs.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Loton (G); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, C. Jones (K). 62 3/5 secs.

220 yards (Rec. W. Scott, 1933, 24 secs.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Loton (G); 3, G. Bloor (K); 4, D. Chapman (B). 26 secs.

100 yards (Rec. W. McEnvoy, 1923, W. Scott, 1933, J. Gibson, 1939, 10 2/5 secs.) 1, D. Loton (G); 2, G. Bloor (K); 3, T. Smith (R); 4, J. Preston (B). 11 1/5 secs.

Boys "A" Relay (Rec. Red, 1933, 1 min. 43 secs.) 1, Kingia; 2, Red; 3, Gold; 4, Blue. 52 secs.

Open Cricket Ball Throw (Rec. J. Needham, 1933, 105 yds. 2ft.) 1, R. Miller (G); 2, K. Foley (G); 3, G. Bloor (K); 4, D. Downing (G). 84 yds. 1ft. 4ins.

High Jump (Rec. B. Hogg, 1941, 5ft. 6 3/4 ins.) 1, T. Smith (R); 2, K. Miller (G); 3, J. Preston (B); 4, D. Adams (K). 5ft. 6 7/8 ins. (Record).

—:—

### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

Broad Jump (Rec. P. Crabbe, 1930, 19ft. 4ins.) 1, D. Adams (K); 2, R. Trigwell (K); 3, T. Bland (R); 4, J. Johnson (B). 17ft. 8 1/2 ins.

Hop, Step and Jump (Rec. T. Smith, 1942, 38ft. 2ins.) 1, D. Adams (K); 2, R. Trigwell (K); 3, R. Miller (G); 4, K. Hannaby (G). 37ft. 4 1/2 ins.

Mile (Rec. T. Joel, 1938, 5 mins. 11 3/5 secs.) 1, R. Hogben (K); 2, E. Salter (G); 3, D. Williams (R); 4, H. Smith (R). 5 mins. 26 2/5 secs.

880 yards (Rec. T. Joel, 1938, 2 mins. 21 secs.) 1, D. Williams (R); 2, D. Adams (K); 3, E. Salter (G); 4, T. Bland (R). 2 mins. 28 secs.

110 yards (Rec. A. Lindsay, 1935, J. Gibson, 1938, 11 secs.) Heat 1: R. Miller (G); 2, T. Bland (R); 3, J. Johnson (B); 4, G. Smith (K). 11 3/5 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Trigwell (K); 2, T. Kernot (G); 3, L. Holman (B) and D. Downing (G); 4, E. Tchan (B). 11 3/5 secs. Final: 1, R. Trigwell (K); 2, ?.

Miller (G); 3, T. Kernot (G); 4, D. Downing (G). 11 1/5 secs.

120 yards Hurdles (Rec. G. Gillon, 1940, 17 4/5 secs.) Seven Heats. 1st Semi Final: 1, R. Miller (G); 2, R. Trigwell (K). 19 secs. 2nd Semi Final: 1, G. Smith (K); 2, B. Turner (R). 20 secs. Final: 1, G. Smith (K); 2, R. Trigwell (K); 3, R. Miller (G); 4, B. Turner (R). 19 secs.

440 yards (Rec. G. Gillon, 1940, 58 secs.) 1, R. Trigwell (K); 2, R. Miller (G); 3, D. Williams (R); 4, T. Bland (R). 66 4/5 secs.

High Jump (Rec. M. Powrie, 1943, 5ft. 2 1/2 ins.) 1, R. Miller (G); 2, D. Adams (K); 3, P. Nelson (B); 4, K. Hannaby (G) and J. Johnson (B). 5ft. 1 1/8 ins.

220 yards (Rec. P. Crabbe, 1930, 25 3/5 secs.) Heat 1: 1, R. Trigwell (K); 2, L. Holman (B); 3, K. Hannaby (G); 4, B. Turner (R); 5, D. Downing (G). 27 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Miller (G); 2, E. Tchan (B); 3, D. Williams (R); 4, G. Smith (K); 5, C. Williams (R). 28 1/5 secs. Final: 1, R. Trigwell (K); 2, B. Turner (R); 3, R. Miller (G); 4, D. Downing (G). 27 secs.

Boys "B" Relay (Rec. Blue, 1930, 49 1/5 secs.) 1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. 59 2/5 secs.

—:—

### UNDER-AGE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Under 13 (Rec. R. Longwood, 1941, P. Nelson, 1943, 13 secs.) 1, J. Pickworth (K); 2, G. Rumens (R); 3, T. Carlson (R) and M. Prichard (R). 13 secs. (Equal to record).

Under 14 (Rec. B. Rennick, 1943, 12 1/5 secs.) Heat 1: 1, D. Hudson (G); 2, J. Hosking (B); 3, J. Scott (R). 12 4/5 secs. Heat 2: 1, E. Tchan (B); 2, G. Sorras (R); 3, K. Monkhouse (R); 12 2/5 secs. Heat 3: 1, P. Nelson (B); 2, E. Bracknell (K); 3, M. Prichard (R). 12 4/5 secs. Final: 1, E. Tchan (B); 2, P. Nelson (B); 3, E. Bracknell (K). 12 secs. (Record).

Under 15 (Rec. R. Trigwell, 1943, 11 2/5 secs.) Heat 1: 1, T. Bland (R); 2, P. Nelson (B); 3, M. Smith (G). 11 3/5 secs. Heat 2: 1, E. Tchan (B); 2, B. Rennick (K); 3, J. Hosking (B). 12 1/5 secs. Heat 3: 1, J. Brookmann (G); 2, E. Bracknell (K); 3, K. Foley (G). 12 2/5 secs. Final: 1, T. Bland (R); 2, E. Tchan (B); 3, J. Brockmann (G); 4, B. Rennick (K). 12 secs.

—:—

### NO POINTS EVENTS

Siamese Race: J. Hosking and D. Loton.

Wheelbarrow Race: J. Hosking and D. Loton.

Egg and Spoon Race: 1, W. Simmonds (R); 2, R. Powell (G).

Open Handicap Mile: 1, T. Carlson (R); 2, B. Simmonds (R); 3, G. Sortras (R); 4, G. Campbell (K). 5 mins. 7 2/5 secs.

School Championship: 1, T. Smith (59 points); 2, D. Fryer (25 points); 3, D. Loton (18 points).

Junior Championship: 1, R. Trigwell (39 points); 2, R. Miller (27 points); 3, D. Adams (26 points).

—:—

#### FACTION TOTALS

	Blue	Gold	Kingia	Red
Girls:	122	141	119	118
Boys:	73	110	158	117
Total:	195	251	277	235

### FACTION NOTES

#### BLUE—GIRLS

This year Blue Faction girls have done very well in both sport and faction collection. Yvonne, our athletics captain and champion, is working hard for sports day. We all wish her the best of luck and also Nancy, who is a champion, both in athletics and swimming.

Blue has been much more successful in the faction matches this year, especially baseball and softball. Our hockey team is not very strong, as very few of our girls have played before, but we give enough opposition to make a very interesting game. We are still hoping to be able to hire tennis courts for the approaching summer.

The swimming carnival of last March was very successful for Blue, as we gained most points. We are also hoping for another such victory on October 9th.

In the Faction Collections we are at present leading, but Red is gradually catching up to us, so don't slack girls.

On the behalf of all girls in Blue Faction, I should like to thank Miss Burgess for her keen interest and the help she has given to the captains of the various sports, and also Miss Judge who has given much valuable assistance in arranging practises for sports day.

In conclusion I would like to say "Good Luck Blue Faction, and if you can't win, have plenty of fun."

—:—

#### BLUE—BOYS

During the year all faction events have been keenly contested and as a result the four teams are all within striking distance of one another, so that Sports Day in October appears to be the deciding factor as to who will win the faction shield.

We began the year well, we narrowly won first term's cricket by sheer determination and practice. To top this off, we won the Swimming Carnival and our prospects for a successful year seemed bright. However our football team, although of moderate strength, met with stern opposition and consequently we won only half of the matches played. Softball and soccer have met with a similar fate as the football, although in every game the players distinguished themselves.

Faction collections are also keenly fought and it is good to see that no particular faction has the monopoly of the collections. Blue has gradually worked its way from third position to the top, but Red is again drawing near and, at the time of writing, we may be deprived of that position very soon if the boys do not give more support to the girls.

As athletics day is not far off, we expect all of Blue Faction to participate in the events and not only win the points shield but also the faction collections as well.

—:—

#### GOLD—GIRLS

There is very little to say this year concerning the efforts of the Gold girls, since very little winter sport has been played, owing to wet weather. In fact we played only three hockey matches, when we won two. Many of our players were beginners and should prove a valuable asset to the team next year, as a result of valuable instructions given by Miss Judge, our new Sports Mistress, on wet sports days.

Little or no talent was exhibited among our girls at the swimming carnival held earlier this year, but it is to be hoped there will be many outstanding swimmers among the first years next year, and that many of them come into our faction.

It is to be hoped we do much better on Sports Day which is very close. The girls are very keen and attend practises regularly, so that we hope their combined efforts will be fruitful, for our faction lacks individual champions. Perhaps the day will prove otherwise. We thank Miss Judge for her hints on training.

During the year we have had the usual Friday morning collections for the Red Cross. Gold faction is near the bottom of the list, but the girls have always contributed to the cause well.

In concluding, Gold faction wishes the other factions the best of luck on Sports Day, for they will need it.

—:—

#### GOLD—BOYS

Here we are again with a chance to boast of the prowess of Gold Faction. Considering the fact that we have no

male representatives of Gold faction in the Fifth Year, we have so far put up a good show against our rivals in the other Factions.

During the First Term our Softball teams were on their toes, and they won first place. I am sure we are all proud of their effort, but our fall comes when cricket is mentioned. In spite of the enthusiasm of our team, especially the captain, Eric Salter, we were unsuccessful in this game—we even had to battle for last place!

Second Term, however, Fortune beamed upon the boys of our Faction a little more brightly. The records are as yet incomplete and totals are unavailable, but results so far show Red and Gold running neck to neck towards the missing winning post in all of Football, Softball and Soccer. Unless someone quickly installs that post we may never know who really won last term.

The third race has just started, but Gold has come away with a good start and may finish well. The Sports Day is looming near and we have begun well by gaining 8 points in the Junior Broad Jump through Don Kent. I hope our other promising athletes follow this good lead.

Now regarding our Faction Collections. It is well known how large sums of money come rolling in from Gold boys on Friday mornings—sometimes as much as 2/-—while the Girls come to light with a measly 15/- now and then! Anyhow, cheer up boys, you are doing fine. Why, we may even get the Shield again this year—if Red or Blue or Kingia don't want it. But we have still got it Gold, so fight to keep it in our Faction!

—::—

### KINGIA—GIRLS

Kingia girls have not as yet excelled themselves this year, but we are hoping for better results on Sports Day.

Faction collection seems to be the girls' strongest point, but here we are let down by the boys. Good as our collections are they would be better if all girls would remember their contributions instead of leaving them all to the same generous few.

A great loss to us was the departure, at the end of first term, of our faction and athletics captain Ruth Ferrier.

We have noticed a slight lack of interest amongst our younger members. Perhaps this is due to the fact that they are still a little shy. If so, we hope they will soon feel at home. Enthusiastic interest has always been a characteristic of the girls of this school as far as sport is concerned. We hope Kingia girls will be no exception.

Remember girls, this faction is named after our school emblem of which we are very proud. Let us make our faction one of which we can be proud also.

### KINGIA—BOYS

Well, friends, here we are again to dwell on our achievements, or rather the lack of them, in the past year. Do not be mistaken we are not downhearted but glorying, I hope, to know we can lose with as good a spirit as our opponents can win.

At the beginning of the year with a strenuous effort, and perhaps a good cricket team, we gained victories in many of the matches. We were thus hopeful for the remaining portion of the year. Our hopes were soon destroyed for our football team could hardly stand up to their opponents while the soccer team was inadequate.

With regret we announce that Ron Trigwell, our former athletics captain and hope of our side, after a period of illness, has left us to our fate. We also might mention the loss of our promising cricket captain Ross Smith, who was instrumental in leading us to many victories at the beginning of the year.

We must close now hoping that Kingia is not as bad as she appears but will, with a superb effort, show the school on Sports Day that she can lose or win.

—::—

### RED—GIRLS

Once again it is time for Red Girls to give voice to their triumphs and downfalls, few as the latter have been, through the pages of the "Kingia." Since the last "Kingia", we have lost one of our firm supporters, Mrs. Kenrick. Her place has been filled by Miss Payne.

After a good start at the beginning of the year, Red has fallen into second place on the faction contribution list. This is largely due to lack of support on the part of the boys. What we have failed to attain in the financial sphere, however, has been atoned for on the Hockey field. Since, we have, in Red faction, seven players from the School XI, it is not surprising that we have won all the matches. Though Red girls are not over enthusiastic concerning Baseball, we are, as yet, unbeaten. Softball has not, however, fared quite so well.

Thanks to Nellie White, our senior champion, and many other Red girls, we managed to gain first place in the girls' contest at the Swimming Carnival.

We have yet to see what our newcomers can do on Sports Day which is not far off. Dare we suggest here that the boys make a very determined effort to back us up on the 9th for, we feel sure that, with their co-operation we shall be able to hold our own.

—::—

### RED—BOYS

Throughout the present year Red Faction boys have been in a foremost position in all kinds of sport. Having a lack of

senior swimmers, we were unable to back up the highly successful Red girls sufficiently and we were beaten into second place by a bare margin of three points. Nevertheless many of our junior swimmers showed some promising form and Red will have a better outlook for next year's Carnival.

Although there have been some fine individual performances by members of our cricket team, it has not actually done as well as it might have and, as a team, we have shown some unreliability. Providing our team plays in a more reliable and determined manner during this coming term, we have every chance of coming out winners. Softball has proved a great aid in giving Red faction valuable points, and both A and B grade softball teams have had an extremely good season, having won the majority of their games.

After an interesting and keenly-contested series of football matches, Red boys have shown their quality by winning the last three matches and thus defeating Gold by two points. This result is highly encouraging and is due largely to the consistent efforts of the younger members of the team.

Another point worthy of note in the male section of our faction is the manner in which the weekly contributions towards the Red Cross fund are collected. We began the year rather discouragingly but we are now steadily overhauling the leading faction. Red has won several times during the war years in this monetary competition, and we will certainly do the same this year if everyone does his share.

The boys of Red Faction have taken up the last few weeks with quite intensive training, and this should well serve Red in the nearby annual sports. To complete our sports record in a fitting manner, we will have to strive hard to gain a prominent place on Sports Day, train harder, Red, and show your athletic prowess.

---

## FORM NOTES

Students of all forms wish to extend greetings to new members of the Staff, and to express best wishes to third and fifth forms for success in the forthcoming Junior and Leaving Examinations.

---

### I.A.

Hello, everybody! This is I.A., or, according to our standard A1, calling all readers of the "Kingia" Magazine.

No doubt you have heard of our extensive knowledge in Algebra and Arithmetic (?). Many teachers have remarked on the studious silence which greets them as they enter I.A., the brightest class in B. H. S.

We have great hopes in our future language expert, Cookie, who has won the admiration of our French and Latin instructresses. Sleeping Beauty, Dickie, is often rudely awakened from his peaceful slumber by "What is the principal clause?" fired at him.

The Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet does not admire the tactics of our submarine enthusiast "Georgie Porgie," as much as he would like.

And perhaps you have heard of our elastic-necked parrot, I.A.'s domineering prefect.

Thanking all our teachers for their generous help and understanding, this is I.A. signing off, and saying, "Cheerio," for the present.

—:—

### I.B.

Hello everyone! These are those "busy bees" asking for a few minutes of your precious time. It is precious isn't it? Especially to the third and fifth year; best of luck for your coming exams.

As I.B. is a mixed class it becomes quite noisy at times. One of our mistresses remarked recently that if she fails to hear the bell she hears the noise issuing from I.B. She then knows that the period has ended. Quite a pleasant remark isn't it?

Ask a certain master's opinion of our maths. Then you will know why we hate you to mention Algebra and Arithmetic to us. Geometry isn't so bad. We passed last term.

"Ninny", "Richy" and "Spitfire" are our shiny lights at French and Latin. The damsels seem to be beating the boys. Pull your socks up boys and see if you can't obtain better results than they do in this term's exam.

We also have a very quiet girl in our distinguished room. She is so quiet that she can't hear herself speak. We call her "Ginge" for she has lovely locks. Maybe you know her?

Beth is another lively member of our class, who is always busy running in and out when she shouldn't be doing so. Better luck next time Beth.

"Bunny", "Toshe", "L Jacks" and "Mr. Big" are our bright ones among the boys. Don't sit in front of one of them because by the end of the day you feel more like a pin cushion full of double-gees than an ordinary human being.

When any flowers are brought into the room, the boys all make sure of getting a button-hole each so you can well imagine what the flowers look like before long.

Well folks, I think I have told you plenty of rubbish but best of luck to you all for this term.

From the breezy, busy bees of I.B.

**I.C.**

Laughing and talking comes from the room of noisy cites. Teachers and prefects come to stop us but they very rarely succeed. We certainly have some saintly and brainy nuts in our class. I must admit that a few—not to mention names—could pay more attention to the teachers instead of talking and giggling. Our form is high in the estimation of some teachers, I hope—but I am sorry to relate that others do not think so. Mainly because it is lack of swot on our part. We like the happy go lucky way, and at least we enjoy ourselves—The I.C.-ites.

—:—

**I.D.**

Here come the form notes of the diligent first year class (such as they are).

It is a pity that paper is restricted, for reams of it could be filled concerning our merits, an undertaking that no other first-year class could accomplish.

Work in I.D. has been proceeding according to routine extremely well, except for occasional riots, on which a teacher has to intrude.

Viner missed out on the chewing-gum that Woolworths were selling the other day. Otherwise the teachers would have to stand his mastication powers all over again. Mr. Wheeler's comparison of Viner and his chewing-gum and a cow and its cud seems to still hold.

The Hon. David Alfred Crompton Daw claims unhesitatingly that his powers of French articulation exceed that of certain other members of the form, while two advanced students modestly claim—"Non, je ne parle pas fran cais bien".

"Rappara" disdainfully tried to sing a solo in "singing" period, only to find his deep manly vocal chords decided to change to soprano.

One of our company (feminine) has been absent through mixing with a certain person (masculine) with the mumps. We hope she has a "swell" time.

We are well represented by "Billy Bunter" and "Skeeter" Spalding. Our two odd boys who inhabit the back seats of the room must be very decided to enter the funny side of life. We think they would do very well as a pair of comedians, the only hitch being one of the pair goes extremely red in the face when he laughs and his mirth sounds like water making a hurried exit from a bath.

We think it is time for our departure from these pages.

In haste your dashing darling, dazzling, decided, desirable, dignified, delightful.—D's.

—:—

**II.E.**

This year there is another form to add its name to those in the pages of the

"Kingia". Let us introduce ourselves—the II.E.—ites, late of II.Y.

At the end of first term we received a shock when our form mistress blandly remarked that our day as II.Y.-ites were numbered. For such a small form in Y, was but like a drop in the ocean. So, despite our protests, we were shunted into E.

The inmates did not settle down to the hard grind, nor recover their brightness and intelligence, until a fair portion of the term had elapsed. This accounts for the few pages of English Assignments done up to this date (English master, please take note.)

Geometry is one of the few periods in which we shine, but our efforts at this particular subject have even been called "pathetic." Our reciting of his theorem would make dear old Pythagoras do back neck-rolls in his grave. If they did bury him, we could think of much better ways of disposing of the body. In fact I think his life span would have been extremely shortened had we lived then.

We also excel at art, where our architect-ural (?) instincts are put to good use. Woe-begone faces may be seen, whose owners have discovered that either the bed room would get no light the hall is four times as big as the living room, or that they have a square acre of space in the centre of the building (?), which just does not seem to fit in with the rest of the muddle.

Although E is supposed to be an all-girl class, we have several boys, namely Don, Jeff, Ray, Pat, Neddy, Micky, Dave, Neville and, last but not least, Laurie. Other queer objects belonging to our illustrious form are one camp-bell, one poloney, one hall, one silly King, one morgue, one hearse, one lorry, one foale, one miller, one smithy, one suit of armour, and one sheppherd's son.

Well, as our brains are a little tired after this over-exertion, we'll say good-bye for now.

The Elegant, Excellent, Exotic E-ites.

—:—

**II.F.**

Hello everyone! This is the industrious II.F.-ites demanding a few moments of your undoubtedly precious time (we say 'precious time' presuming that you all take after us).

You have all heard the term "raining cats and dogs," but have you heard "raining windows?" We are still wondering what Mr. Downing thought when our window came peacefully to rest outside his office. This happened, owing to the fact that some careless individual, (obviously not one of us) left it unclatched.

Now, let us introduce a few of our most prominent characters (!!!).

From one section of the room issue forth many weird sounds, which some may call giggling. We will let you use your own discretion as to whom we are referring.

Joyce arrives occasionally for a brief visit. We presume that this is only to relieve the monotony for our diary prefect.

Jean tries (at least she did, but has given up as impossible) to keep us quiet. Of course this is only between periods, for we are quite a pleasure to teach (in our estimation).

We have some really delightful voices among our beautiful collection of females. Anyone disbelieving this statement, just make point of listening on fourth period of any Friday.

We also have talent (?) among us. We spend our form periods acting (and how) one week, and knitting singlets for Cecile—pardon me, sock for soldiers the next. We thank Miss Burgess for her help in these periods.

So now, until next year, we E-ites say Cheerio!

—:—

### II.X.

This is II.X calling the other classes of the Bunbury High School, which is said to be the best in W.A. Our class, which consists of boys who are of course far more sensible than girls, has only about 22 brains excluding a very dumb, dumb student who only managed to scrape up a percentage of 83. Our Femasculine-looking perfect, Tomb and R.I.P. (Rise If Possible) attempt to keep order in the room. The boys nearest the windows are constantly kept bust altering the windows to suit each teacher's idea of fresh air. Our Physics master is often led astray by the class, and the period often develops into a general discussion.

The room was full of Tom's Geography book one day when he took it out to be inspected. Although ten pages of assignments are expected per week, we only succeed in doing nine and a half (shem). When a teacher leaves the room things get a bit disorderly sometimes, it all depends which teacher we have next period.

A certain boy in the class was awarded the Purple Heart because of his craze for usina purple ink, which made some of the teachers see purple spots after marking his work. Another boy has a craze for motor bikes which he draws and describes during the maths lessons.

This is II.X of the Bunbury High School signing off.

—:—

### II.Y.

"Heigh! Ho! everybody!"

"This is Jack Davey (er pardon me wrong no). This is II.Y contributing

their little bit to 'The Kingia'."

Well, as most of the teachers know we are the cleanest little boys about the school.

By the way, nineteen forty five II.Y is solely a boy's class, which might account for the cleanliness of the room (?).

In this wonderful form we have forty two bold, boisterous, beautiful, brown, bad boys and when our mastiff, mighty, mugged mouth, mammal Kon Dent, stands up to quieten the rumpus he is met with an uproar of boos.

Over on the right, closest to the door, is Teeney, little Hat Painway, his tiny body protruding amid a pile of books. Of course our old friend Ted Kill'em, Erect-a-Cross, Fax Misher, Mohn Joore, Jachael Means, De Wreck of Trigerwell, Small Part, and we must not forget our champions, Biff'em Brown and our super-super dope John a-da Biff'em are also there.

This wonderful form is excellent at Mathematics. For instance a member of the staff asked one of our bright students, "forty times nothing," "Forty came the prompt reply." (Wouldn't it).

Our friendly rivals (I don't think) II.X thought they could play "foota" till we came along. We toweled them up easily.

Before I finish I would like to tell you about a certain child in our form. He is coming into the lime-light. One of the teachers called him a bold bad boy! This little chap is the notorious Neath Kicks.

Cheerio from the Youthful Y-ites.

—:—

### III.Q.

This is the Invincible, Incorrible, Industrious, Intelligentsia of the Third Year here again to delight the souls of its fellows with several paragraphs of Airy Nonsense. Please, dear readers, pardon the brevity of this epistle. As you will surely realize, we are approaching the turning point of our short lives—i.e. the Junior, so we hope you will appreciate the thread-bare excuse of "ot having enough time" for such trivial affairs as form notes.

We must make one bid for fame, however. We proudly display the most intelligent of our amazing Intelligentsia, Joan Saunders, who fulfilled our breathless expectations by producing an 82% average in the term exams. Following closely comes our former "Din all subjects" girl, Barbara Dunkley, with an average of 78%. There were several Credit passes, all of which we are duly proud.

Several famous sportsmen (mostly women) are enclosed within our shining bounds. One needs very keen eyesight to locate our Yvonne as she shoots like an arrow across the Rec. Only her bright eyes and flashing heels give evidence of



her presence. Nancy Campbell noted both for running and swimming, is another of Blue faction's blessings. One gasps with amazement as one sees our departed Triggie thundering through the "mile," calling in from all directions point after point for Kingia faction. Ah! woe is Kingia for the loss of so fast a sprinter. The hockey and basket-ball teams are well represented in our form. Billie, Vonnie, Annie, Patsy and Nancy are by far the best players in their own respective teams—(with apologies to the rest!).

We warn you, dear Readers,—if you are so inclined to vent sarcastic remarks at our literary efforts—to remember that the female portion of the form at which your cynicisms are directed, consists of Film Stars! On Friday, September 7th, we, together with our estimable friends from next door, produced a glorious, breath-taking film. It is not the usual, hackneyed theme of "boy, girl, rival, murder," but is a quick-moving drama, packed full of thrills, chills and horrors—an exciting extravaganza of active, easy-going life on the gym-field. Do not miss this master-piece when it visits your town!

Renowned as the principal source of noise in the school, we must endeavour to rectify the error. The intrusion of boys into III.Q at the beginning of the year, provided an excellent excuse for the deafening racket which ensues during the absence of a teacher. This was the excuse made by the indignant girls. Certain members of the staff, however, are possessed of the idea that the traditional loquacity of females is the cause of the upset. This is as it may be. To be quite fair, the girls do their part by gabbling, and the boys punctuate their girlish prattle with paper pellets, un-earthly, heathen yells, murderous fights, and other equally youthful fancies.

We do not propose to broadcast our errors, which, fortunately, are few, but as we are notorious for our ceaseless din, we are running no risk of asking for a bad name. "To sit in solemn silence," is not, in our essentially juvenile estimations, the way in which to spend any unwatched moment.

As our Form Mistress, Miss Judge must be thanked for her help and encouragement given throughout the year. We are sure the whole School will join with us in a vote of appreciation extended to her for the ceaseless efforts which she has made to help us in our Gymnasium and Sport.

Here our ramblings must cease. Loud and distressing cries are issuing forth from our neglected books, so to them we must return, to glean every grain of knowledge which those dear (???) professors of old have poured into them.

On signing off, the annoying question is, "Who are we? Are we III.Q or III.Y?" Well, whatever room we occupy, we remain, as always, yours sincerely,  
The III.Q-ites.

—:—

### III.R.

"Here she comes! Here she comes!" is the familiar cry from the girls in this room, as a certain mistress comes swinging gracefully down the aisle. "Sh! quiet everyone! Shup up Baxter, will you?"

In our glamour room we have several bright and beautiful ????? specimens. First and foremost comes our beloved ?? prefect, Thelma. We can assure you that she knows "how" when it comes to keeping the girls (if they can be called such) quiet. But the commercial enthusiasts do not need keeping in order (not much!).

We have a regular V-garden here in III.R. It contains a small and slender "strawberry" and also a merry "Spud". Also we have a collection of animals and birds. These can be frequently heard without request at all times of the day. A certain "wolf" believes in keeping up the tradition of her ancestors. The bird is noted throughout the "singing" period during which she breaks into the middle of Brahms' Lullaby with the haunting strain of "Cow, cow, Boogie."

On our mantel-shelf one may see the wilting "Daff" odil which cannot prevail in the "Frosty" atmosphere.

The other day we found Mags up a tree looking for her junior which we have been told does not grow there.

Every Tuesday morning one may smell savoury odours issuing from the Domie Sci. Centre, where our cooking ability is noted with "appreciation." Have you ever heard of a "Spud" doing cooking, or a "Church" washing the dishes. A "Fish" wick having indigestion is undoubtedly unique, and as for a "Rose" being reprimanded, well, that indeed is a strange thing. A Wolf went into the butchers shop last Tuesday morning and asked in a small, melting voice for 2 ozs. of meat. As the butcher could not resist such a pleading voice, he gave her the "large" amount desired.

A "Hurst" came to the "Moor" to get the dead "Guest", but the "Heather" prevented the "Good Lad" from entering the "Church" where "Bells" were ringing vigorously.

Au revoir—III.R

—:—

### III.S.

Here we are once again, readers, the selected sophisticated "S"-ites, ready to bring our tale of woe before your consideration. We are rather a small class at present, leaving us a very capable

group, for, early this year, we were a large class, but at the end of first term we said goodbye to several of our esteemed members who were transferred to our rival class—III.Q.

Our social activities have been greatly enlarged this year as we have had several sporting activities divided among other classes and the local Sea Scouts. The outcomes have usually been in our favour, but even so we have had some failures.

In order to buy a loud speaker for our form room in which the boys stage many capers, we staged a collection, and, with all due thanks to our form master, succeeded in collecting the required amount. We are extremely fortunate to have comfortable chairs as our furniture, because great fun is had when boys find that their chairs do not stay put when they wish to sit down. We have been taught a lesson not to hold doors shut as one of our most prominent members had a handle (of the door) broken off, therefore he had to replace it.

First and foremost of our personalities are our hard-working prefects "Smut" and Stan who usually obtain no results from their bellowing. "Smut" and Eric, the colossal Casinovas, accompany each other in all their chases after the "spark (or flame) of beauty" (Birds and wolves are the most attractive to them). Stan is usually contemplating the purchase of a super motor-bike but, of course, tractors are better to fiddle around with. Our two celebrated Scotsmen are "Doug" and "Scotch" who take life easy and enjoy "Scotch Jokes" all day. "Squeak" likes to be left out of brawls so he hides behind a pile of schoolbooks which he hasn't touched for many months. Bill and "Jules" are always broadcasting their abilities to be able to construct a valveless receiver. Lately they proclaim that television is at the tips of their fingers. Late Tuesday afternoons we see Tommy looking rather stupefied. When approaching, we hear him sigh "Oh-h-h, Black Wednesday tomorrow".

In conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity to thank all our teachers for their strenuous efforts in helping us nearer to a pass in our trials towards the end of the year.

So, it only remains for us to sign off as—

The Selected 24.

—:—

#### IV.K.

Having left the worries of Junior far behind us and not as yet feeling particularly worried about the Leaving we have settled down to a year of pleasant study and other interests (mainly other). As well as losing many of last year's friends we have made some new ones. Most of

them have come from Collie; these are unmistakable on account of the faint signs of coal dust which cling to them in spite of the fresh Bunbury air. One member has had a college "edification" but seems more interested in his fish than anything else!

At this point, let us, the IV. year intelligentsia introduce to you some of the Kool, Kalm and Kollected K-ites. As you already realize, we are the pride of the staff. The only light they can extract from their gloomy worries. During only two subjects last term was the whole form in one room. Now there is only one. It is our most delightful period seeing our master serves us literature on a verbal platter plus plenty of psychological gravy to make it tasty!!! Yes he certainly looks after our health even to insisting the windows be opened in all weathers, brrrrr . . . .

Entering the English class (not backwards as some people do) you will find on the far half of the room the husky male members of the form, while nearer the door you will be impressed—maybe—by the certainly acutely frigid atmosphere—feminine of course.

Situated on the male side at the back is one of the combination in the form of the Doc, Robby and Ogle. The first can be often seen rushing down to the local wireless shop—I wonder who his patient is? The second has abandoned his dictionary for other thrillers (not Western) while the third still laments the loss of something vital . . . . his appendix.

Rob, the most critical of critics; Geoff, still maintaining his waterless stretches; Coop and his motorboat; Austin, our prefect, to whom let us now move a vote of thanks for the way in which he has taken the initiative in the execution of his duties—even in S.E. Bomber, who forced landed into a IV. year teaparty earlier in the year; Otto Coeur de Leone and Gav, the incalculable all constitute the "Gang". By the way, if you appreciate good Turf references, go to Gav. He's as good as a Miller's Turf Guide.

It is an honour to have within our fold Jimmy, Captain of the School XVIII.

A certain lady from Collie still has the power of turning her cheeks as red as—even redder than Chappy's hair, although no connection can be made thereof.

In concluding we wish to thank those members of the staff responsible for the emancipation of the IV.th years.

—:—

#### V.P.

Throughout our High School days we have all imagined that the life of a Fifth Year was one of luxury and ease, in which only a minimum amount of effort and genuine study was necessary and in

which examinations passed by unheeded. Having reached the status of a high and mighty Fifth Year class, however, we find that our rosy visions were mere mirages and that the final part of our long school course is undoubtedly the hardest. With our dreaded Leaving Certificate Examination rapidly drawing near and with a sudden overwhelming burden of incomplete practical books and insufficient English Assignments, we are now in a desperate position and at the climax of our entire School career.

Despite the obvious tragedy in store, we are all going casually and blissfully on our way, and are, to all outward appearances, as light-hearted and untroubled as ever. Perhaps the main reason for the bright and happy nature of our class is the influence of Pag, who spends much of his care-free time in crooning in true Sinatra fashion to the fair damsels of our class. In Geography periods it is no unusual occurrence to hear the words of "It Had to be You" or "Close to You" mingling rhythmically with a discussion of the Great Lakes of North America or the economic advantages of rivers. Then there is our own personal Hollywood Glamour Girl (?) who inspires such enraptured glances from the male element of our famous class, and who is the cause of many a day-dream during school-hours (??).

Unfortunately for the boys, they are well outnumbered by the girls in all classes, but are well distributed throughout the various subjects and are quite able to give a good representation of themselves.

A particular member of V.P. has been told many times lately that he is not paying full attention to his work. We wonder what the outside influence is, John? Also, why is Collie such a marvellous town?

It is amazing how much work can be avoided by braving the dangers of being killed in the rush and securing a quiet and secluded position in the rear of the room. In such cases when one is fortunate enough to obtain such a place, one's neighbours make it their business to keep one well awake by rather forceful and painful methods and thus keep a poor, over-worked student from his just deserts.

Dermott seems to find extreme difficulty in translating Chaucer "into readable current English" and our crafty English master, knowing this weakness, frequently calls on him to translate in class. He has got over this embarrassing position by sitting next to Bill D. who has a detailed translation of the text and who is thereby an expert translator of the class. Willie looks on craftily at Bevl's latest romance and recalls many a similar episode in his "wild and woolly" youth. While watching the comical antics of the

two chief gossipers in the class, Dot (who, incidentally, has a great liking for English sailors) and Joan, Lorna idly dreams about her next trip home to her beloved Capel. Bub, the one and only, is having a heated argument with Gibbo and Ina about the latest political development, while Val and Ade, having nothing better to do, look on and wait patiently for the next Chem. period. Last but not least come our less talkative (very strange for V.P. girls) members, Sheila and Esther, who only talk when spoken to and who, like the proverbial three monkeys "hear all, see all, say nothing."

In conclusion we thank all the unfortunate teachers who had the misfortune to teach us during the year and hope that they forgive us for all our wrongs and misdoings in our efforts to gain the coveted Leaving. Perhaps our results may justify many of our actions and wipe away any unpleasant memories.

---

## BUS NOTES

### BUSSELTON

Its a long time since we have had any bus notes, but seeing that "bus-ites" comprise a large proportion of the students, we consider them absolutely necessary. I'll first introduce you to all the members of "Our Gang" and tell you where they join us.

Mavis, our cooking expert, it the first but she is soon joined by "Vaughanie", whose merry laugh can be heard all over the bus, much to the disgust of our so-called passengers. Stoo (or Arch) and Herne then alight, Stoo being noted for "the pictures last night," and Herne being noted for nothing at all of any importance. A few miles are covered and we pick up Geoff (or Wilks), whose pride and joy are his newly grown whiskers.

Then comes Capel, a town noted for its talented students. We pick up Blondie (Both male and female blondes are nice, aren't they, Blondie? Higg or Lil generally enters and sits down—and there her activities cease, for she is the only serious member of "Our Gang", except for Jenks the silent studious one, but you haven't met him yet.

"Fish" and Scottie also get on at Capel. Their chief delight is annoying each other—and everyone else too.

We proceed a further three miles and pick up a convent lass, "Shorty" or "Lofty" (which are quite contradictory but nevertheless frequently applied to her). She also makes a terrible din, and generally manages to leave all her parcels in the bus, especially bread!

Well as we go on noise increases and we are all "In the Wood". Jenks or

Blue our Junior candidate gets on with a cheery "Ou are you, mate?" This is where the noise and laughter reaches its climax. Our patient bus-driver calls out, "Quiet down the back!" So we try and suppress our mirth—but very seldom succeed!!!

We then take on a crowd of "Staties". Their chief delight is bringing large bunches of spider orchids and perching them in the ears of the unfortunate passengers.

Flying into South Bunbury, we drop the "Staties". Why does a certain member of our bus always peer down Constitution Street?????

We pride ourselves on having a good reputation, (apart from our merry laughter, which seems to be particularly annoying to some hopeless people), because we are never late. The "Red Bus" doesn't arrive so late now—I wonder why? Perhaps "Trig" was too much for it! And we always pull out before our bus friends down the road.

Well, we must say goodbye till next "Kingia", but before we go, we wish to thank Mr. Saxey for his cheery patience towards us in our most mischievous moments.

If you wish to join us, just send along your half crown and we'll have seats reserved for you.

Wishing good luck to all Junior and Leaving candidates, we are—

The Busselton Bus-ites.

—:—

### DONNYBROOK

We are a happy little gathering who travel together to school each day in the perfect Harmony of Comradeship.

Of course there are exceptions—for instance—there was one occasion when two or three of the lads had traces of "Black-eyes" but they (the boys were still under the "Pledge of Comradeship."

We are still plodding along in "The Red Terror" which I'm pleased to say arrives on time these days. This improvement is due to the "Gas Producer" being discarded.

I suppose I had better mention some of our inhabitants. The Bus Driver as you probably know is Mr. Rudd ("Bill" to most of our clever companions).

The first on the Bus these bright early mornings are Basil (Baby Blue Eyes) Bowyang (our tall fair Romeo) Micky (our Wonder boy) Jacko (The Wonder Boy's Companion). Next is our lovely Bright Eyes (Micky's Companion). Then at last we arrive at the Homestead on the Hill where Sunset, with a twinkle in her eye and a cheeky "Good-morning," boards the Bus.

Twice a week (and that is all I'm pleased to say) we have a visit from Gloria (our Conductress) who is some-

times like a "Time Bomb"—waits and when the opportunity arises explodes. Of course we do get a little out of hand at times I'll admit but then that must be expected from such bright young people as ourselves.

The last but not least to be "picked up" in our "Fair and Picturesque" City are Jim, "Sago" (not a pal to Rice) and Brian (our Gentleman from around town).

We then journey on our way to that small but noticeable City of Boyanup, where we receive into our community a "Crowd of Citizens of Tomorrow") Included are "Gunner", "Scotty" (who doesn't seem to keep up to his name), "Trig" (the little chap with all the gags) and "Bunter". Of course there are quite a few lasses who are always very "lady like" but usually like to keep the fun rolling.

After travelling over our Beautiful Plains for three miles, we "pick-up" four charming young gentlemen in the City of Dardonup. One in Particular is becoming quite a "Glamour Boy" but of course we shan't mention names.

The last of our early "risers" is "Porky". Some of you won't know him as he's only a Junior yet but we hope he will follow his brother's and Sisters' footsteps to our "Great Mansion on the Hill" The High School.

And so we say Farewell. Thanking you. We are the undersigned.

"The Weary Travellers."

—:—

### POETRY

The stars that snap in the ageless sky;  
The gums that soar unto the high,  
Blue vault of heaven, scraping gaunt  
fingers

On the moon, that fearfully lingers,  
In the lacy net of branches, black tracery  
Of night . . . wrought on sun, cruel, fiery,  
Dying in gory abandonment, crimson,  
Bespattering the west . . . now gone  
Into the shadows engulfed, sped  
Into the shadows, faintly red . . . dead.

—:—

### DAWN

I love to watch the dawn  
To see the sun creep from the purple  
hills

I hear the joyous note of birds  
As they sing, and I listen from my  
window sill.

I hear the mighty river  
Come rushing down the distant slope,  
It is tinted with the glorious down,  
Charged with wisdom, wonder, hope.

The sky is brightened by the radiant sun,  
Nature, her banner, has unfurled  
The whole land sings with the joy of life,  
The dawn is but one gladness of this  
world.

—A First Year.

## AUNTIE MAE'S COLUMN

As is usual with boys of my tender years, unmarried character and sweet nature I am very shy, especially of girls, since I have not any sisters and up till now I have lived in an isolated part of the South-West. You can well imagine my horror and agonised fear when my landlady announced that a girl was coming to board here. I was going to run away—no, I like the comforts of my residence too much. I would break a leg and go to hospital—no, the pain was not worth it. There was nothing I could do. I just had to suffer. Well, she looked "nice enough," but who was I to judge? I the unexperienced! How could I avoid her? A fellow has to eat. She was shy too, and blushed deeply when she caught me slyly glancing at her and I blushed a deeper red—for shame on me for being so forward! Time went by, I succumbed to her charms and now, at the time of writing am literally paying the consequences. Pictures 2/6, Milk Bars, 2/-, Sweets, 1/- upwards, Flowers (sourgrass)—cost nothing but an effort is required to gather them, and so the list amounts up. I am broke, I hate women, oh, how I hate them! How am I going to break it to her that our entwined hearts must unloop themselves? Being Scottish by ancestry I find my nerves cracking.

Help me or I die,  
Beleaguered Bill.

Dear Beleaguered Bill,

I can see that you finally have taken the best attitude. My sympathy envelops you like a bad smell. You say you love her but you cannot afford the expenses that she expects. This being the case I suggest as a first solution that she does all the paying, or secondly that you confine your attentions to her to mealtimes only, or thirdly that you shift your place of residence, or lastly that you turn blind eyes, deaf ears, a cracked voice and empty pockets upon her. Results guaranteed—especially when all are applied together.

Yours emotionally,  
AUNTIE MAE.

—:—

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am an attractive girl, well sought after by the boys. In fact I can take my pick of the school, fifth years downwards, and I have done so. After much trial and error I have at last selected a boy friend who suits my tastes in all ways but one. He is handsome, he speaks nicely and is witty, he has a sense of humour, his manners are so nice and, most important of all, he gets a good allowance.

Unfortunately he is afflicted with the craze for slop-stick expressions such as "Ram the ham, Pam", "Pass the kidney, Sydney", "Wot's cookin', good lookin'" and "What's buzzin', cousin?" To speak mildly it is a bit wearying on one's brain after the tenth repetition. This painful habit is the one gray-stain on the tablecloth; apart from that I do not know the meaning of anguished sorrow. Please guide me, old girl, will you?

Trustfully yours,  
Dolores the Dream

My Dear Dolores,

Dot him on the bean, slap him on the kisser for a sixer and if he yaps too much sling him by his mits against a brick wall, then kick him brutally and without a let up. He should come round to your point of view.

Yours cheerfully,  
Miss/Mrs. A. Mae.

---

## "LOCKER LIFE"

Ding-a-ling—that is the bell—that means to me, being one of those very unfortunate people with a bottom locker, knocks on the head with the books of the person above me. One gets rather stiff about the knee-joints kneeling down and wondering with a desperation unknown to the goodie-goodies with time-tables on their locker doors, what the next period of slavery can be. Even when that is known and one has at last managed to procure the books required, (usually after a good deal of borrowing and poking behind lockers), there is still the brain-racking trouble of deciding in which room one should be.

For the majority this is simply solved, because amongst the main body of industrious students, there is sure to be one who has a good memory ??? and has learned the names of the said 'work-rooms' by heart. The stragglers who are behind this crowd, have to keep in sight of them or they will spend the greater part of this time of work, peeping into every room as he or she (as the case may be) passes by.

The last and not least of all these troubles and worries of school-life, is the race to see who can reach their lockers first. The athletes, of course, get there first and those who are unfortunate enough to have more weight and fat than the first mentioned, find it harder to slip through the thronging multitude and dodge members of the staff. Then comes the best part of all. The time for which all long and work throughout the day; but of course, there is no need to mention what that is.

## ART

The scene of our battles with pencil and paper is in that much-loved room—G. Here we scribble away, and consider our atrocities as quite good, until the art mistress points out that the human beings would not be three times bigger than the trees, or if a man had no knees it would be rather difficult for him to walk.

Take, for instance, the day we drew hats—my hat! An array of brilliant coloured ellipses waltzed across our pages, with here and there a feather sticking out of the brilliant mass (or do I mean mess?). After aimlessly turning the page from one angle to another we realized that it was useless, so, labelling the page—HATS, to save people the bother of puzzling out their meaning, we turned it over, and started on our skies.

Well, after this experience, I thoroughly agree with the saying—"The Sky's the limit," it is. First we covered our page with a solution, surprisingly like the water used to rinse sheets in on Monday mornings. The next one we tried had a few white blobs, something like an underwater scene of polar bears, rushing madly through the water.

Here we realized the importance of the saying "Turning over a new leaf". If it is the leaf of one's drawing book it is indeed a happy event. So we followed this excellent advice, and found ourselves up to the eyebrows in bricks and mortar. Yes we were planning houses (?). Little squares labelled—"kichen," "dinning room" etc., began to appear on our clean (?) pages. But soon we began to despair for, after careful calculations, complete with diagrams and measurements, it would be found that one's superior-looking building would be in darkness by two o'clock in the afternoon. Of course there is always electricity, but what would happen when there was another coal strike?

Sometimes when one is sitting, smiling smugly at one's fourteen-roomed bungalow, one starts to trace out the course around the house, and realizes, with a jolt, that to get to the dining room from the kitchen, with the dinner, one would have to run out the back door, along the verandah, through the laundry, scramble through the small window, stagger through the flower beds, vault up the front steps, rush madly through the front door and hall, run hysterically through the lounge room and throw oneself at the diner's feet, with a bowl of luke-warm soup, if you have handled it carefully enough.

I have just looked up the word "art" in a dictionary, and there it is said to be—"Skill, applied to poetry, painting, music, etc." Personally I think Mr. Webster has been sadly misinformed.

Rembrandt II.

FOURTH YEAR  
AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE

It would be impossible to allow the "Kingia" to be printed without the mention of the fourth year Agricultural Science lessons.

Most of our Ag. Science periods are spent with our noses buried in our books, on how to be a farmer, although none of us four most studious females have the faintest idea of taking up this most noble profession. Although we know quite a number of the boys intend making farming their life, none of them seem to think they need to learn this most helpful subject. Anyway I guess it is beyond their intelligence (poor things).

These periods in the stink-room are quite the most convenient periods, for catching up on some of the school gossip, which may have escaped the ears of one of our worthy members.

If anyone of us becomes bored with this manner of passing the time, as we often do, we are at liberty to wander around the spacious room, and examine the mysterious bottles that are arrayed on the shelves, avoiding, of course, knocking any over for fear they may cause an explosion.

But, of course, all our time is not spent in the learning of Mr. Patterson. Two periods a week are spent in conducting experiments. This is we four fourth-form females, shine of course you will picture us ploughing the ground and planting seeds, by way of experiment. Well, I am sorry to disillusion you, but we do no such thing. Just to give you an idea of the experiments performed, I will outline one of the latest ones; Testing for Sugars. Now don't be carried away with the idea, that we taste the article, and if we detect a sweetness, then the article contains sugar, oh! no! We have quite an exciting method for testing.

Firstly we take from the shelf one of those most important looking articles, a test tube; and then we proceed to fill it, with a little of this, and a little of that; then if that is not enough we add a little more of this. It is amazing the number of colours and smells that we can stuff into one little test tube—. Then comes the brewing. We gather around our spirit lamps with our little tubes of smell, and boil the contents. (Witch craft has nothing on us. If you don't believe me ask our worthy master). While we chant magic words, the liquid turns to many different colours; much to our glee, if it fails to do this, the experiment is a flop.

Having said my say about this most interesting subject, I must now inform all third years, that are thinking of taking the subject in 1946, that this will be impossible as I hear it is being excluded from the Leaving Syllabus.

A Fifth Year Aggie.

## I WILL DIVULGE UNTO THEE

Strangely enough so many students find it very difficult to do all their homework in one night. There seems piles of it—English, History . . . no ! I've decided not to bore you with the remainder, but let you into my little secret of how to do work as I am a perfect student with the right attitude.

At exactly half-past six, I spring up from the tea-table and repair to my room to rest for half an hour. You know I read once, note position of "once," that no strenuous mental work should be done immediately after meals, and sound advice it is too.

The clock strikes seven so I hastily sit before my cupboard of books and contemplate them for a few minutes before settling down to business. It took me some minutes to decide whether to do French or Maths, so, choosing the least evil I did Geography.

Don't you think that the modern student should keep up with the latest news? I am a firm believer in this principle and spend half an hour every night reading the newspapers. Dear me! it's half past seven and I haven't finished reading Mandrake (from the "Daily News." He is so wonderful—fancy being able to "hypopotomise" people) — but I must leave the papers now.

"Bet you two bob I can beat you at draughts," pipes up brother Will (I am "can't") As I never allow a challenge to pass by, I took it only to spend another half hour in losing two shillings and an extra quarter of an hour in wrangling that I hadn't promised to pay it.

Well, to return to my homework. At last I hope to do something so I settle down in my chair, open out my books, rule up pages and open my box to enable me to extract that instrument which is mightier than the sword—a pen.

"Bother! Where is my pen?" so I dash into my room, search frantically through my case a few times and conclude that I have left it at school. I did art!

Mother came in and found me, nose deep in a pile of books. "Poor Jean," she murmured sympathetically, and then added briskly, "Now dear, off to bed. You musn't tire yourself out as you need all your energies for tomorrow." Wouldn't it?

P.S.—I humbly advise all students to start work immediately after tea and risk indigestion in your old age. Anyhow you may not live to be so old so I wouldn't worry if I were you.

"Hopeful Maggie"

## APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Thou art lank and lean and brown".  
—Stiffy.

—:—

"Here am I, sweating, sick and hot."  
—After Forty

—:—

"I will pack and take a train."  
—Exams are over.

—:—

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot."

—B.H.S. Rose Garden.

—:—

"He strides among the treetops and is taller than the trees."

—Doddo, V.P.

—:—

"Little Boy Blue."  
—1st Master.

—:—

"Mairzy Doates"  
—Learnt at Ag. Sci.

—:—

"Trapped behind the grass".  
—Christy in Geography.

—:—

"A thorn amongst roses."  
—Robby in IVth Year French.

—:—

"A nimble squirrel from the wood."  
—Pat IV.K.

—:—

"Though others' purses be more fat  
Why should we pine or grieve at that"  
—Boarders.

—:—

"I see my tragedy written in thy brows."

—After Exam.

—:—

"My minds' distemper'd and my bodys' numb'd."

—After Hockey.

—:—

"The making speedy way through  
spersed air  
And through the world of waters wide  
and deep."

—Jimmy IV.K.

—:—

"Ego swotorum, avoidrum les hommes"  
—IV. K. Girls motto.

—:—

"Put down your feet upon him that  
our place be on the earth."  
—Request for IV. Year English-books.

—:—

"He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls."  
—D.K. on some unfortunate First former.

—:—

"For e'en tho' vanquish'd he could  
argue still."

—Tommy S.

—:—

"A man severe he was, and stern to  
view."

—"Deke"

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew."

III.S Geometry exercise.

"His drowsy flock streams on before him."

—Biol. expedition.

"The wolf that howls in challenging night."

—Junior Candidates' conscience.

"Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for awhile, then closes  
Within a dream."

—Approaching the Leaving.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

—IV. & V. Singing Class.

"Sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

—Betty in French.

"Awake! you are too young to fall asleep for ever."

—IV.K English Class.

"Sometimes I sits and thinks and sometimes I just sits."

—Jimmy.

"What lovely things  
Thy hand hath made."

—Beryl at Art.

"Light she was, and like a fairy."

—Miss Judge at Gym.

"Why did they bring me here to make me,  
Not quite bad and not quite good."

II.F.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

—Wendy.

"Men may come and men may go  
But she goes on for ever."

—Joyce of IV.K is talking.

"My Devotion."

—Lac.

"Be like the Kettle and Sing."

—Pag.

"You're the Dream, I'm the Dreamer."

—Derry and?

"So Dumb But So Beautiful."

—Take Your Pick.

"Time Waits For No One."

—Slackers Especially.

"Treat Me Rough."

—Beryl.

"His Rocking Horse Ran Away."

—Ginna.

"At The Baby Show."

—IV. & V. Girls Doing Gym.

"Sixty-seven Single Sets of Shop-soiled Sheets."

—Dommy Sci.

"Don't Sweetheart Me."

—Bub.

"On The Street of Regret."

—Those Failures.

"We Don't Know Where We're Going."

—Maths. B.

### REVISED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE

How like the great god Pan he looks!

We adore him for he is our English Master

But more for that in low simplicity

He gives out analyses gratis and brings down

The rate of exam marks here with us in-  
If we can catch him once upon the hip,

We'll make him learn the poetry he sets us.

He hates our sacred form room, and he rails,

Even there where teachers most do congregate

On us, our assignments, and our well done homework

Which he calls nonsense. Cursed be if we forgive him!

### THE MASTER OF ENGLISH IV.

He flows through our hushed English and it seems

Like some unheardof thought threading a dream,

And assignment things, as in that vision seem

Keeping up with their eternal rounds.

Prose, poems, psychology, the master pounds,

And mourns for the young world, their glory extreme.

Of frail hilarity, and the ladies' scream

As they jump from their high-pedestal to the modern sounds.

Then comes the mightier silence, stern and strong,

As of a room left empty of its throng

And the void weighs on us, and then we wake

To hear his fruitful stream coasting along

More ethic lines—and think we, how we shall take

His uncalm journey on for quietness sake.

—J. Nile.



## THE RIME OF THE ENGLISH MASTER

(with apologies to Samuel Coleridge)  
and the English Masters

It is an English Master,  
And he stoppeth one of three (Y):  
"By thy dirty look and scowling eye;  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The dinner-bell rang long ago,  
And I am starved to death;  
It is not fair, to stop me here;  
So you might just save thy breath."

He holds him with his leering stare,  
"There's an Assignment Book," quoth he.  
"Oh dear! Please spare me, please, I beg!"  
But ne'er his leer dropt he.

He holds him with his brutal gaze—  
The helpless child stood still,  
And listens with his head bent low:  
The Master hath his will.

The hapless youth sat on a chair:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that cruel man,  
His meaning sure was clear.

"I had your book, I took a look,  
Nearly did I drop.  
I read one page, I read one more,  
But then I had to stop.

The paragraphs are up to mud,  
The sentences are poor!  
The spelling's cruel, you broke the rule,  
That I have made a law.

Harder and harder every day,  
I've tried to make you learn—"  
The frightened child quite near went wild,  
For his tummy gave a turn.

The dinner hour is halfway o'er,  
And still he's had no scan;  
Rebelliously to himself he thought—  
"What'd happen if I ran?"

The starving youth he ground his tooth,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that terrible man,  
These words fell on his ear—

"And now my boy, come here, and see  
Your horrifying work:  
I can't express myself in words  
Which qualify your book!"

With direful glance and fearful rage,  
He demonstrated every page,  
Declaring it was sabotage  
To hand such work to him.  
The boy look on, his hopes now gone,  
His wits and eyes were dim.

And now there came both word and blow,  
(And oh! how they could sting)  
The master's stare raised up his hair  
And sent him shivering.

And through the rain of hurt and pain,  
There came a hungry pang:  
He thought he heard, all dim and blurred  
That: the one o'clock bell rang.

The master's hand flew all around,  
And turned up page and page:  
He bawled and growled, and roared and  
howled,  
Like a lion in a rage.

At length he stopp't, his voice he dropt,  
Like a lull in a storm it came;  
The quaking boy still hung his head  
In undisguised shame.

He thought of the food he ne'er had eat,  
And round his tummy flew.  
His last hope fled of being fed  
Before the day was through.

The master went towards his room;  
The hungry boy did follow,  
Once he was there, he did not care  
Of ought but what to swallow.

The master looked at the English book,  
His face grew deathly green;  
The boy's eyes dropt; when he looked up,  
An awful sight was seen.

"God save thee, English Master!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my hands  
two,  
I've ripped thy book across!

—Unknown.

## LATE AGAIN!

We were going up the steps,  
(Oh, those everlasting steps!)  
When the uninvited bell began to ring,  
So we ran and ran and ran,  
(My, but how we ran!)  
And wondered what excuse today we'd  
bring.

So to the Master's office  
(That dreaded Master's office!)  
We went downcast, our faces drawn with  
worry,  
We gave the same excuse  
(That old, much used excuse!)  
The clock stopped, sir, we saw no need  
to hurry.

We stood ther in a line  
(A long and dwindling line)  
While in his wrath the master stamped  
the floor,  
He scribbled down our names  
(Our much degraded names)  
But we just made a bee-fine for the door.

## LADY MOON

When the grey dusk deepens to twilight,  
And the birds have gone to rest,  
Lady Moon and her attendants  
Come, dress in their silvery best.

She sails high over the tree-tops,  
And reflects herself in the dew,  
Sparkling like little opals,  
With lights of different hue.

All night she guards the kingdom,  
While all the world's asleep,  
And watches tenderly o'er them,  
'Till the dawn begins to peep.

Then gathering up her moonbeams,  
She swiftly glides away,  
And leaves the sky so dark and dim,  
For the dawning of the day.

E.M.  
S.S.

## Bunbury High School

### SCHOOL CAPTAINS

1923—W. McENVOY  
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  
1945—D. FRYER

### SENIOR GIRLS

1923—VERONICA KEALY  
1924—THEA EATON  
1925—EDITH CROSS  
1926—GLADYS SMEDLEY  
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  
1945—VALERIE BROCKMANN



