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HIGH SCHOOL

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THE
KINGIA

JUNE, 1947

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1946 STUDENT OFFICIALS

School Captain:
D. DOWNING.

Senior Girl:
Miss M. JONES.

School Prefects:

Miss J. HART

Miss J. MURRAY

Miss P. ROBINSON

Miss M. STANIFORTH-SMITH

Miss J. THOMAS

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WILLIAM DODSON

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Co-Editors:

WILLIAM DODSON, LAWSON HOLMAN.

Faction Captains:

Blue:

Miss M. STANIFORTH-SMITH

J. ANDERSON

Gold:

Miss J. HART

D. DOWNING.

Kingia:

Miss M. JONES

G. SMITH

Red:

Miss P. ROBINSON

T. BLAND

Science Cadets:

P. NELSON, J. SANDERS

Social Prefects:

Miss P. HENDERSON

Miss S. SUMMERS

DAVID ALLEN

ROBERT FORREST



1946 PREFECTS.

Back Row: W. Dodson, J. Hart, G. Stout, M. Staniforth-Smith, P. Gavranich.
Middle Row: A. Williams, J. Murray, L. Holman, J. Thomas, K. Robinson, P. Robinson.
Front Row: J. Anderson, M. Jones (Senior Girl), Mr. F. G. Bradshaw, B.A., B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Headmaster),
D. Downing (School Capt.), J. Winter.



Bunbury High School.

JUNE, 1947.

EDITORIAL

"EN AVANT" -- FORWARD!

Bunbury High School has observed this motto rigidly since 1923, so that now, in the year of the twenty-fifth anniversary, we students are privileged to enjoy five years' happy education in one of the best High Schools in the State.

Not only in educational standards do we improve as the years pass. It is generally agreed that a more beautiful school is hard to find in Western Australia. And now with our Sports Oval on the way to completion, the school is nearing perfection.

The present students must realise that this edition of the Magazine is specially for the benefit of last year's students. We sincerely hope that the ex-students who receive a copy of this "Kingia" are satisfied that the literary standards of Bunbury High have not deteriorated since they left. Later in the year we will issue another "Kingia," so with both issues we farewell the old students and welcome the new.

From the Co-Editors—

R. LONEY.

D. ALLEN.

SCHOOL NOTES

During the past four terms, considerable changes, worth noting, have taken place in the school and staff.

* * *

Through the combined effort of each form the loudspeakers and radio were obtained for the intercommunication system, which was installed and officially opened in the second term of last year. The opening ceremony was attended by the Minister for Education, the Honorable J. Tonkin, M.L.A., supported by the Director of Education, Mr. M. Little. Parents and citizens were invited to the ceremony, and to see an interesting display of school activities given by the students

* * *

We had the sorrow of losing our old friend and benefactor, Archdeacon Adams, who for many years past had capably held the position of President of the Parents and Citizens' Association.

* * *

The Council kindly loaned the bulldozer to begin the levelling of the School Oval, and the work has now almost been completed.

At the beginning of 1947 a detachment of the Cadet Corps was formed, mainly by the work of Captain Pittman. Classes for those who wished to become N.C.O.'s were held, through the co-operation of Sgt. Edwards, and general training has been given to the 90 cadets. Now, with thorough training, and even a camp holiday at Swanbourne, the boys are enjoying their life as fledgling soldiers. Congratulations to Sergeants Chapman and Hill, W.O.II Abbot and Staff-Sergeant Allen for their achievements of highest promotion.

* * *

Another organisation new to the school is the formation of two boys' hockey teams. The girls have formed another team, so that now, with four High School hockey teams to play in the Association matches, we ought to be able to maintain the high sports standard shown by our cricket team this year.

* * *

During this term collections have been made for the Food Relief Appeal for Britain, the total amount collected being £22/0/3. Keen competition between the factions resulted in Gold's commendable victory in raising £7/18/5.

* * *

There has been a great change of staff this year. We would like to welcome Miss Bounsell and Miss Thomas, who took the places of Miss Burton and Miss R. Smith, whom we were sorry to lose. We also farewelled Miss Stevens and Miss Tate, and welcomed Miss Palmer, Miss Watson, and Miss Falls, who took the place of Mrs. Fitzpatrick. We have back with us, only in a different sphere, Miss Winter, who replaced Miss Payne.

* * *

Mr. Potts left us after a short stay, and Mr. Colgan, an old friend of us all, left for Albany after ten years at B.H.S. Mr. Hitchins must feel quite at home here, as he shares with Miss Winter the title of Ex-Student-Staff. Mr. Pearce is the only other new member of the men's staff.

* * *

The Prefects have settled into their difficult position under the capable administration of Joan Saunders and Eric Salter.

As only one term of 1947 has passed, it is impossible to remark on any of this year's achievements, but in the November issue of the "Kingia" we hope to be able to mention many more improvements in our school.

★

SPORTS RESULTS

1945 ATHLETIC FACTION RESULTS.

Points:

Blue.	Red.	Kingia.	Gold.
355	330	147	110

School Champions: D. Fryer, Y. Adams. **Runners-up:** G. Smith, J. Fishwick.

Junior Champions: B. Williams, Y. Adams. **Runners-up:** T. Bland, tied, P. Robinson and A. Doornbusch.

1946 SWIMMING CARNIVAL FACTION RESULTS.

Points:

Red.	Blue.	Kingia.	Gold.
188	170	98	75

School Champions: J. Anderson, Sheila Hough. **Runners-up:** W. Dodson, Doreen Thomas.

Junior Champions: A. Campbell, Doreen Thomas. **Runners-up:** D. Kent; Lynnette Hough and Nancy Trott tied.

1946 ATHLETIC FACTION RESULTS.

Points:

Red.	Kingia.	Blue.	Gold.
247	183	119	91

School Champions: G. Smith, M. Jones. **Runners-up:** T. Bland, A. Doornbusch.

Junior Champions: C. Green, J. Anderson. **Runners-up:** G. Sortras, G. Collins.

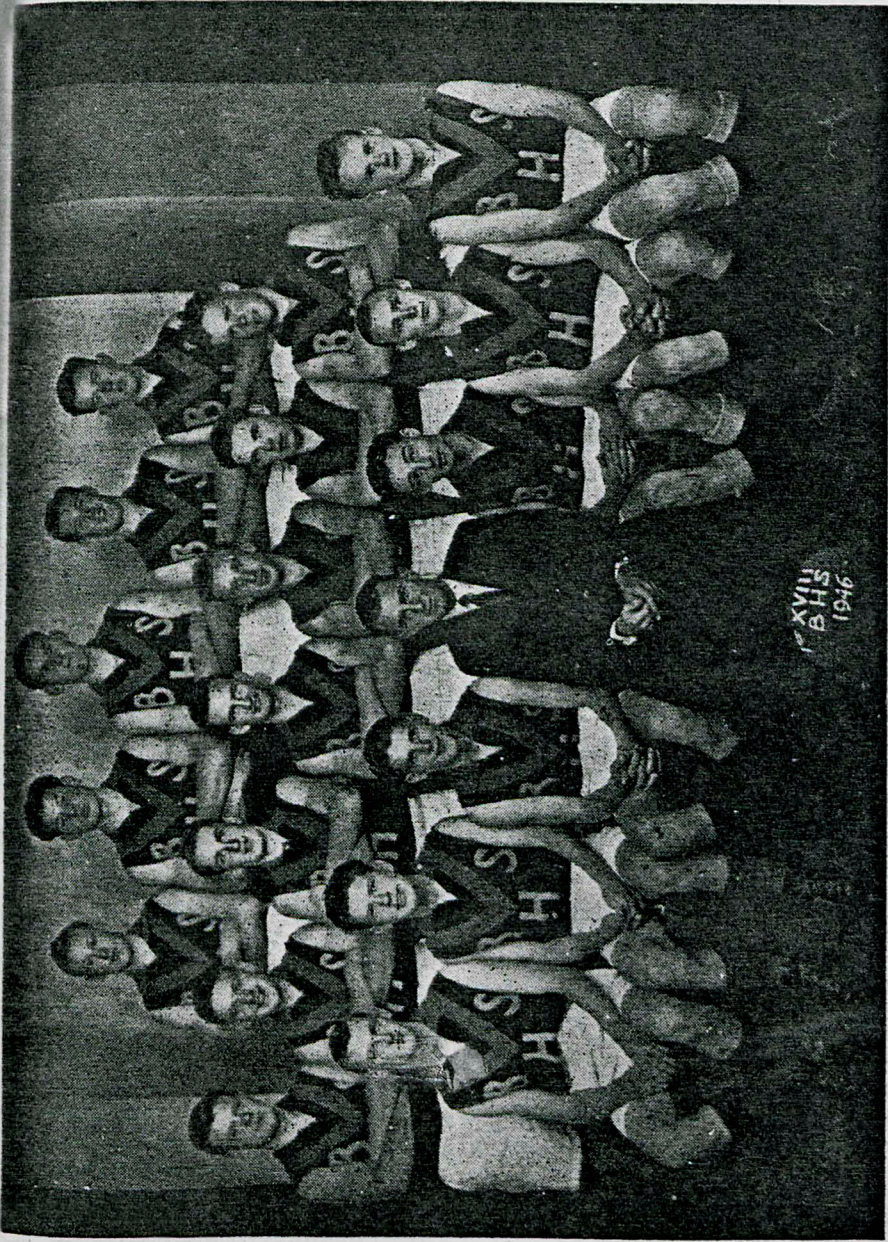
1947 SWIMMING CARNIVAL FACTION RESULTS.

Points:

Blue.	Red.	Gold.	Kingia.
145	129	96	65

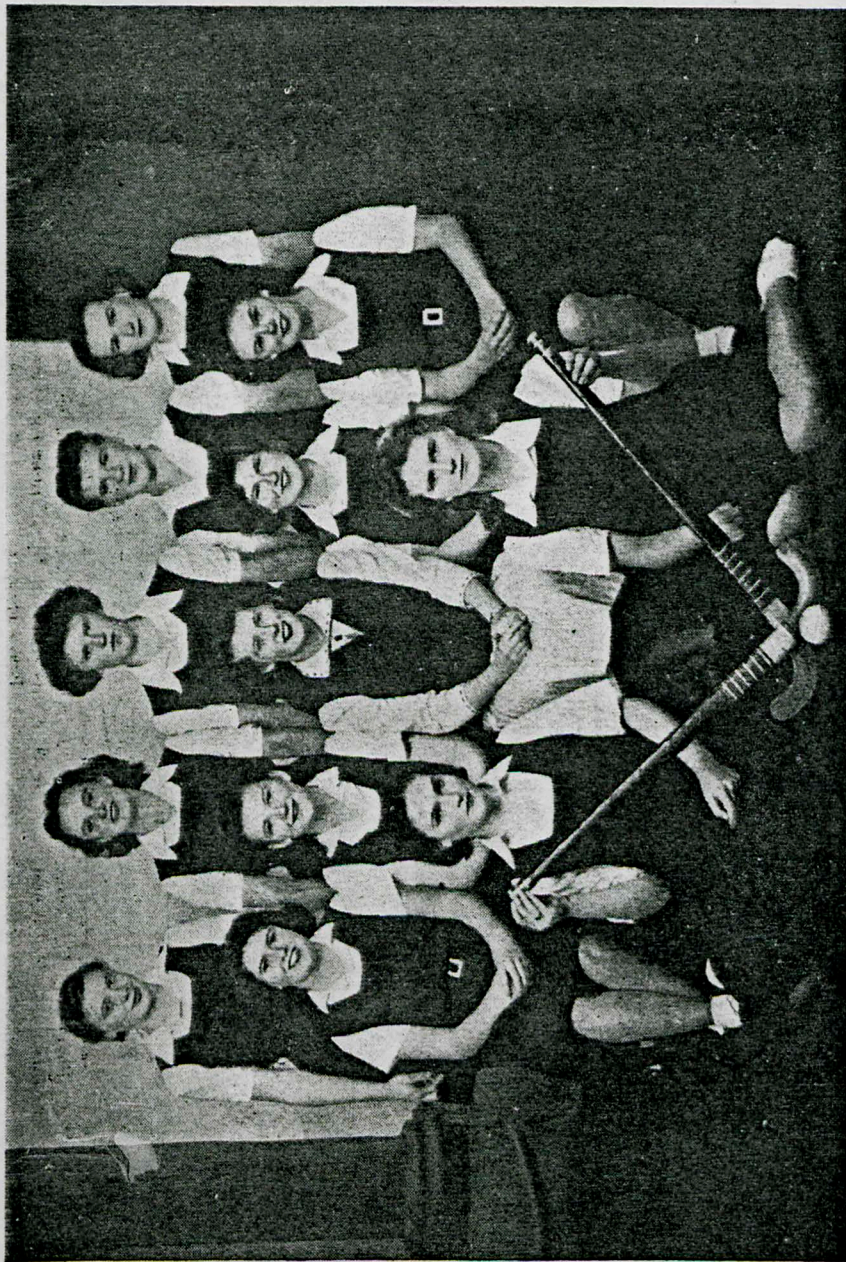
School Champions: L. Dobson, Lyn Hough. **Runners-up:** H. Smith, Audrey Thomas.

Junior Champions: J. Abbot, Lyn Hough. **Runners-up:** I. Viner; Judy Smith and Pat Smith (tied).



1946 FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row: C. Green, P. Gavranich, W. Dodson, V. Cooper, K. McNish.
Middle Row: D. Downing, E. Cross, S. Fry, J. Anderson (Capt.), E. Salter, C. Spalding, H. Smith.
Front Row: D. Kent, K. Robinson, G. Smith (Vice-Capt.), Mr. Speering (Coach), T. Bland, J. Cooper, J. Broockmann.



1946 HOCKEY TEAM
Back Row: A. Doornbusch, B. Pollard, R. Loney, V. Pascoe, S. Summers.
Middle Row: P. Robinson, J. Hart (Capt.), Miss R. Smith (Coach), M. Jones (Vice-Capt.), J. Winter.
Front Row: L. Logan, J. Thomas.

"BEWARE OF THE WEATHER"

A LESSON. By C. FAW.

Here beginneth the first book of the School, beginning even at the first line of the chapter of the year 1947.

The time of great rejoicings was completed, yea, even until the next feast of Christmas was to come to pass, and a great multitude of students gathered together that they should study the works of the great masters. Lo, even unto Shakespeare the Dramatist, and the immortal Chaucer didst they prepare to study.

So it came to pass that, in the time of Eric the Salter, many persons foregathered together unto the sea shore. Behold, it was even that day which it had been decreed by the powers that be was to be the day upon which the annual carnival was to take place. Thus it was that a great multitude of students and more learned men went down rejoicing unto the sea shore.

They swam. Even until the sun rose high above their heads didst they swim; and behold, the water was rough, and undulated in great turmoil and tumult. Then the man called the Bradshaw said unto the Prefects:

"Lo, the sun rises high in the heavens and the water becomes greatly disturbed; surely this is a sign."

And the multitude heard him and cried out, saying:

"Behold, it is now time that we shall eat," and singly and collectively they made their ways, each unto his respective Boarding House, and partook of much meat. Yea, for the North-West wind didst blow exceeding strong, and he who was to withstand it must have great stamina.

And when they were full a Bright Spark said unto them:

"Gather ye up all that remains of our feast that we may feed the Sea Gulls upon the fragments." And they gathered up the fragments, and behold, many pockets were filled even unto the tops, and fragments were fed to the Sea Gulls.

Since it was then past one of the clock, the multitude reassembled, saying:

"Let us go again unto the sea shore that we may observe which of the factions has persevered in the struggle for points."

And behold, when they had gathered

together on the landing, the North-West wind did blow exceeding cold and bitter. And at this the multitude donned coats which they had severally brought even against the hope that the sun would shine and that all would go well.

And then one of the Prefects, even Bushy the Forrest, didst take up the microphone and say unto the multitude:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness which of these striving factions of low-bred yokels shall predominate, even unto winning that coveted honour of the Swimming Shield."

Whereupon, he proceeded to recite the points which the factions had severally gained. Yea, even unto half a point did the conscientious Bushy discriminate the number of points, such was his accuracy.

And the North-West wind didst then blow exceeding bitter and strong, and the multitude murmured, saying:

"Brrr, it becometh exceeding cold. If the weather continues to become cold we shall return unto the places from whence we came, even unto our beds shall we return."

Thus murmured the multitude, and whilst they were in this extreme ugly mood one Alastair Campbell was seized with a cramp unto his leg, even unto retiring from the race was he seized, and the multitude murmured against the elements and betook themselves even further into their coats.

And, Lo and behold, the storm broke, and the fury of the elements was heaped upon the multitude below. Even upon Chippy the Carpenter, yea! even upon the great Bradshaw himself didst the rains from heaven pour. And the multitude did panic. And behold, they ran and gained shelter. Thus it was that the shelters became extremely humid, even unbearable, through the heat of the bodies and the words of the people.



And when the rain ceased the North-West wind still blew exceeding strong and bitter, and the multitude said:

"Behold, this Carnival is a flop, even akin unto a washout, and so saying they made themselves exceeding scarce. And didst complete the afternoon playing Snakes and Ladders and Ludo.

During the night (when it came to pass) the multitude had exceeding great fun at a dance, organised even by the School Prefects, which was even akin to an unparalleled success.

Here endeth the first lesson.

LIBRARY

NOTES

Hush! This is the Library, where silence must be observed. We, the Library Prefects, are past-masters at quelling the fiercer members of the school with the aid of psychiatry (see Ingrid Bergman in "Spellbound"). You may have noticed this in the way we forcibly eject Bowyang from the Library every day with the soothing words:

"Gerrou of here. Don't darken our doorstep for the next fortnight—or else!"

In fact, we've thrown him out so often that I doubt if we'll ever see him again. This technique is also used on Mouldy (a person you may wot of).

You may or may not have observed that our lesser half has conscientiously fixed the blinds, though we still experience the ghastly feeling of throwing a window up and seeing it slowly close before our eyes. (Evidently the force of gravity still holds if window cords do not.) If you were fortunate enough to see the above-mentioned miracle you will have seen Blondin of the Blinds and his stupendous act. This performance was only billed for one day, as the other Library Prefects could not stand the suspense. Aided by his co-partner in crime, the redoubtable Hill, he dared dastardly death by gyrating on top of two chairs and a table, waving a blind in either hand. Hilly supported the swaying column in a demonstration of Herculean strength.

To gain a further knowledge of ourselves, you must refer (if interested) to the fourth year form notes. Here, under the respective most flattering headings of Looney, Deville and Racehorse, you will acquire all necessary information as to our merits. One does not even have to go so far as that to get the "low-down" on Hill and Dobbin—they broadcast their own values.

We must close by voicing our appreciation of Miss Smith's help during this term with the intricacies of Dewey's

Filing System. You need a University degree to understand it fully. Don't forget to look at the beautiful Library Rules, painted up by Margaret Broomhall. Also—don't forget to observe them.



GADETS

(FROM THE ART ROOM)

Squad — atten-n-n-whoof! Right Tur-hoot! Qui-i-ik march! Left, right, left, WRONG! Left (crunch), left . . . Halt! ? ! (One - two.)

My curiosity won. Under the pretext of changing my paint-water, I sauntered to the sink in Room G. While waiting for my Marmite jar to refill, I took a surreptitious glance out of the window. There I saw some ninety bronzed and beautiful Australians sweating on the gravel-patch, and I was lost in admiration.

"Ay, are you having a bath?" I turned to see a class-mate (presumably with the same evil intentions as my own) staring in a hypnotised manner at the sink.

My Marmite jar! It was lost to sight. I plunged my arm elbow-deep into the sink. Splosh! She overflowed. I groped for the plug, and the situation was saved—unnoticed. Anyway, I had my paint-water. I'd better leave my rapt meditation on Australians for a more suitable time, and do some more work.

"Squad — pres-e-e-nt arrghf ! ! !" Hec—the old nerves ain't what they were. I nearly dropped my Marmite jar. I might as well have, for all that I used it. Through the window floated the queerest medley imaginable.

SQUAD! Present arms.

Squad, PREEsent arms.

Squad, preeSENT arms.

Squad, present ARMS!

Sometimes the professional bark would issue from a budding general, but in the main, high falsetto squeaks or uninspired remarks would result. There followed a stream of very swift (and, I imagine, very florid) language from which I ultimately gathered that there would be a route march for punishment.

"Squad, for-r-rl iaooy ! ! !"

Crash! Crunch! That's done it—now I've got bits of Marmite jar as well as water to clean up!

R. M. L.

MY ESCAPE

(With exculpations to those who do not take French.)

The bell rang—and it was with the utmost consternation that I regretfully bade adieu to the Maths class, and, what was more important, my “Penny Dreadful.” To think that perhaps I might never know if the illustrious hero succeeded in escaping from the big, bold, bad bandits (please note alliteration) in his yellow racy sports car!

On entering F, piles of French books and the Master met my gaze, the Master being, we hope, the more valuable asset. “Bonjour,” he said, as we sat bolt upright in our hard, wooden seats. “You will now answer questions on the reading you were given yesterday. We all looked aghast at each other, until some bright person piped up, “Oh, but we thought you meant us to have it prepared for the next reading lesson, so we didn’t do it for today.”

Everything was then agreeably settled and all proceeded smoothly once more. French is, I believe, the most classy subject in a High School, but it is an extremely difficult one, as I have found, much to the sorrow of my Master and myself. Everything has to be either feminine or masculine to complicate matters still further. Why a table should be feminine and a pencil masculine is just beyond my reasoning powers. Again, there is a silly practice of writing à or de after certain verbs for no apparent reason at all. I am sure that whoever made those rules never thought of we poor students.

However, we were asked to write down the word for mother-in-law, and as a result my brain worked overtime. After considerable thought and pencil chewing, I triumphantly wrote, “une mère-en-loi,” which seemed quite a logical thing to me. Imagine my indignant surprise when the correct answer was “une belle mère” (for the benefit of the ignorant “belle” means beautiful and “mère” mother) “That,” said our philosophical Master, “is the art of disguising one’s thoughts with language.”

After much consulting of my neighbour’s watch, the period somehow slipped away, when, unfortunately, our well-meaning Master returned to the delicate matter of our poem, which was supposed to have been learnt during the holidays.

“The rest of you may read,” he kindly conceded, “while I hear one of you. Venez ici, Marie.”

I opened my eyes in sleepy astonishment, and shifted my carcass vite. A tremble spread from my toes upwards, black spots and printed words danced before my tired eyes; I felt sick, violently sick, and my whole being fairly quaked as I repentantly stood before him. Have you, mon ami, felt as insignificant as I did then?

Slowly and carefully he took the poem . . . “Commencez, s’il vous plait,” penetrated my fuddled brain. I opened my mouth, but no words came and then—and then—the bell rang.

Saved! I had survived the terrible catastrophe. A wave of relief passed over me, everything relaxed, I turned over a new leaf, and resolved to learn French poetry until I felt like a French frog. I felt like a man who had just escaped the atomic bomb.

Dazed, I returned to my hard, wooden seat. One must be thankful for small mercies.

“Ah!” said the Master. “Now you know what a boxer feels like when he regains consciousness just as the referee counts nine — and the gong sounds.”



BIRDS

When you look about at night,
You never see a bird in flight.
They have always gone to rest,
To guard their warm and precious nest.

I love to watch the twenty-eight,
He goes to bed so very late;
Over hill and dale he flies,
And he is happy until he dies.

The tom-tit is a happy bird,
All night and day he’ll sing,
And never is he heard as much
As he is heard in Spring.

The silver-eye’s a tiny bird,
The hummingbird is less;
The ladybird is least of all,
But beautiful in dress.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Poor reckless, rude, low-born, un-
taught,
Bewildered and alone."

—First Year.

* * *

"I know a thing that's most uncom-
mon."

—Prac. Books Up to Date.

* * *

"They were a phantom of delight."

—Modern School Grls.

* * *

"Old couples cried, 'God bless my soul,
I thought that man was a telegraph
pole.'"

—Bowman.

* * *

"The ball is in, the ball is out,
The ball is out without a doubt."

—School Hockey Team.

* * *

"A chip off the old block."

—J.C.—V.F.

* * *

"For always roaming with a hungry
heart."

—Boarders.

* * *

"It is a lovely way to spend an even-
ing."

—Snooker Room.

* * *

"And stared and saw and did not
understand."

—Pythagoras' Theorem.

* * *

"The leaders are fairest,
But all are divine."

—Last Year's IV. Year Gym. Display.

* * *

"Hear am I, sweating, sick and hot."
—Sweeping the path.

* * *

"Moans of the dying and voices of
the dead."

—P.T.

* * *

"Never before in the history of man-
kind

Have so many sat for so long
Writing so little about so much."

—Exams.

* * *

"The engine pants and hums."

—Mr. Jenkins' car.

* * *

"It's not what it does, but it's the
way that it does it."

—First Master's Jalopy.

* * *

"An'tl immediately I regretted it,

I thought how paltry, how vulgar,
what a mean act!"

—Pound Prefect.

* * *

"Something that is beyond the reach
Of human power to learn to teach."

—Applied Maths.

* * *

"His style at cricket was simply
stunning."

—English Master.

* * *

"And we bitterly thought of tomor-
row."

—Reports.

* * *

"Put your feet down upon him that
our peace may be on earth."

—Prefects.

* * *

"Where all men speak."

—Library.

* * *

"The mighty atom."

—Ray Mills, 2nd Year.

* * *

"It's a lovely day tomorrow."

—Saturday.

* * *

"No can do."

—My French Verbs.

* * *

"It had to be you."

—When caught by a Prefect.

* * *

"The five o'clock whistle never blew."

—Latecomer's excuse.

* * *

"We hate to leave you."

—Lament of Form V.

* * *

"I had the Craziest Dream."

—That I'd passed my Leaving.

★

X

X is the Roman notation of ten,

X is the mark of illiterate men.

X is a crossing as drivers should note,

X in a circle may count as a vote.

X is a quantity wholly unknown,

X is a ruler removed from his throne.

X may be Xenon, a curious gas,

X is a ray of a similar class.

Xmas is Christmas, a season of bliss,

X in a letter may count as one kiss.

X is Xerxes, the monarch renowned,

X marks the spot where the body was
found!

M. BAXTER.

SILENCE

By A. C.

Today I was "chucked" (yes, literally chucked) out of English for alleged loquacity. For punishment I was ordered to write an essay on Silence. Fancy giving me that! It's a subject I know nothing about.

Silence! A number of people ponder over it and I am no exception. So I accosted an intelligent looking Fifth Year Boy, and enquired if he could enlighten me. This worthy youth looked dumb, but so as not to stain his reputation, he answered like a professor: "Well—er—now, a silence—well, silence is a strange atmosphere that occurs when a Master stalks into a room."

Then he added, as an after-thought, with an air of superior indifference: "Of course, it's a subject about which girls are ignorant."

I marched away from him in search of another victim, who happened to be a small, squinted being in pigtailed and glasses.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it's the sort of thing one hears when a teacher asks for homework."

"But that's not silence," I insisted. "Everyone just ignores the question."

"Oh, no," she said, "everyone looks dumb—dumber than ever, I mean."

"Thank you, but that won't do" I muttered.

Feeling rather downed I meekly went to the brains of the school and put my question.

"Well, as a matter of actual fact," she said, "the science of silence is very intriguing. It goes back to the days of the Early Britons, when it was revolutionised into the language of common and understanding people. It is based on a fact of equilateral conception, and is non-existent in these troublous times. You will be able to acquaint yourself with it in the Oxford Dictionary among the S's—I think it is page 400."

During the delivery of this sermon, I had attempted to look at least intelligent if not understanding, but the Early Briton part was beyond me, so I scooted.

Feeling just a little frustrated, I stared vacantly into space, trying to decide whether another try would be worth it. To my dismay, the "space" into which I was gazing had a voice.

"Do you want something?"

Solicitous tones fell on my ear, and I realised with a jolt that I had been staring straight at the face of the Library Supervisor.

Automatically my question came to the rescue: "Do you know what silence is?"

After a great deal of umm-ing and arr-ing, and head-scratching, an inspiration dawned.

"Silence. Oh, yes, I know. Silence—um—silence—er—is— Silence is—yes, that's right. This is silence."

★

BUSSELTON BUS NOTES

Hi, Ho, everybody, this is (not Jack Davey) but the Busselton Busites, inviting you to become one of us in our journey from Busselton to Bunbury.

Before anyone else, you would meet our driver, Stan, whose sweet (?) voice may occasionally be heard asking: "What's going on down the back, there?" First of the crowd to be introduced is "Binna," our bus Prefect (?), who lives at the Vasse Hotel. "Ginger Meggs" has an unquenchable habit of talking about Cooling and his corny jokes. Erch is just a wow, but he doesn't think so. A certain member of our bus reckons that he has as much life as an empty whisky bottle; in fact, he's dry. Blog is our professor, who is always reading or making nasty remarks such as "Capel stinks." If he is not doing that, he is doing something else. At 7.35 a.m. the bus leaves behind "Sleepy Hollow," and after about four miles picks up Willie Wilkes, who may be one of these days (if he's lucky) a future Bromwich, and gives everyone a hearty "Hi!" Sometimes he begins a technical conversation with "Binna" or a different type with one particular female.

At Capel we pick up five members of "our gang," who are always willing to argue over Capel's supremacy over Busselton. Consequently the din increases at this spot. First to board the bus here is Betty, who is nearly always telling somebody, "Aw, shut up!" or endeavouring to spifflicate some boy. Joyce seems a bit of a flirt with (?) but maybe she isn't. Anyway, she is not too bad, and maybe she will be Junior Champ. at the sports again this year. Good luck, Joyce, in any case! The Mighty Atom has some punch

(ask ?) which, much to our relief, is only occasionally brought into action. Pagey is the Baker's son (whack-o—what bread!). Apparently he has something to hide—the crook—because he destroyed the original copy of the bus notes. (Pity he hadn't destroyed this one, too.—Ed.)

Mac has a laugh like the engine of a T-model Ford being started up, and is always ready to argue over any topic whatsoever.

Bogal has a craze on radio, but because he is too lazy to make one, he buys one. We discovered one day, to his dismay, that he had a line out for — and her son. (How's the fishing, or isn't the worm tasty enough? Try bailes; the "abos" say they're good.)

Till the next "Kingia", we remain,
THE BUSSELTON BUSITES.



DONNYBROOK BUS NOTES

Hi-ya, folks! This is the Donnybrook busites introducing themselves to you. But first let us present our bus driver—Mr. Bill Rudd, our hair restorer, Mr. Leonard Horatio Trigwell, who is mercilessly hounded by Dopey Desma, and Mr. Martin, our speedster.

Now for the presentation of the "contents" of the Red Terror. Firstly, there is our substantial little Rock of Gibraltar, who generally seems to knock about certain members of the bus without being caught. Then follows Jacky (Baker), our back-seat driver; also Alie, our giggling girl, who has her special failure—Boys! At the first stop we collect Sago, or Streak, who is always forgetting to bring something; Frod-rock, our master mind, and Lanky Leith, who polishes his apples so beautifully, but—N.B.:

"There's many a slip
'tween cup and the lip."

Crabby Jack is always eating an apple. Betty is our pique-faced big-inner (in something, perhaps!).

The Red Terror roars on—it turns a bend—Gwendinup—but, stop, we forgot what was around the corner. Race-horse and Dopey Desmy. My! What a contrast! "Morning, Mr. Rudd," is the demure greeting from our charger. "Goo-ood morning, Mr. Rudd!" This from—guess who?

Then we reach Boyanup, where we pick up Maureen and Bev. When we

arrive at the main stop we collect James, our only face contortionist. We will admit we were hiking coming into Boyanup, but you should see our m.p.h. at her best—we just aren't in the race!

Judy is our swimmer. Congratulations on your success, Judy. We cross the white bridge. Whee! Just missed a lamp-post. But wait! Sorry, folks, it's Will. Crack! The top of the door again! Between Streak and Will it ought to have a ventilator.

Half-way to Dardanup something walks out of the trees. Screech! goes the brakes. It's quite all right—it's only our bedstead. At Dardanup Len looks around. "Now, where will I sit?" But his eye doesn't go much farther than Will.

We gather speed, and are soon in Bunbury, where we retire to our home on the hill.

Well, Cheerio, folks.

DONNYBROOK BUSITES.



BOOKS:

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—After studying your bookshelves in the library for the past six months, I have come to the conclusion that the standard of books in Bunbury High School must be very low. That is why I have taken the liberty to suggest that the following books be purchased forthwith:—

"The Washing," by Dryden Aired.

"Suffocation," by Edna Bag.

"How We Get Our Money," by Robin Banks.

"Starvation," by Nora Bone.

"The Sick Jew," by Issy Crook.

"Marriage," by Celia Doom.

"A Wedding," by Marian A. Dope.

"The Highwayman," by Anne Dover.

"Lost Love," by Harriet Onions.

"The Housing Problem," by Rufus Quick.

"The Fisherman," by Courtney Goodens.

"The Flea," by Ivan Itch.

"The School Teacher," by Mona Lott.

"Cannibals," by Henrietta Mann.

"Sticky Beak," by C. Moore.

"Drink"—Rex Holmes.

Hoping to see these on your shelves in the near future.—Yours faithfully,

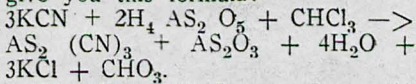
IVOR NUTT.

SCIENCE NOTES

(By Professors Jules and Flip.)

"Make it, take it, and die!"

We dare you. Medicine fit for the teachers; a mixture guaranteed literally to "make 'em see the bright lights and hear the little birds sing." For the welfare of students, we of Form V give you this formula:—



(Fly Killer—All Patents Reserved.)

Dose: One bottle is sufficient for the average teacher.

N.B.—The above must be used immediately or it will be oxidised to phenyle.

Some Cynical People sniff and make remarks to the effect that our scientific knowledge has not progressed, but we, the Atom Controllers of Tomorrow, protest against this accusation, with the proof of the following experiment:—

Experiment No. 005.

Aim: To convert a brunette into a blonde.

Method: Add a solution of hydrogen peroxide to the hair of the unsuspecting R. B. Forrest. (See diagram.)

Result: R.B.F. placed his head under a running tap, causing amusement among the boys and amazement in "Ada and Elsie," for he refused to be known as the "bombshell blonde" Visible and violent reaction then took place as the human guinea-pig grunted and swung his massive fist at the retreating experimenter.

$\text{H}_2\text{O}_2 + \text{Hair} \rightarrow \text{Tap and murder.}$

A delayed precipitate of protein de-luges the experimenter.

(The method referred to is liable to be dangerous, so the revised Simmonds

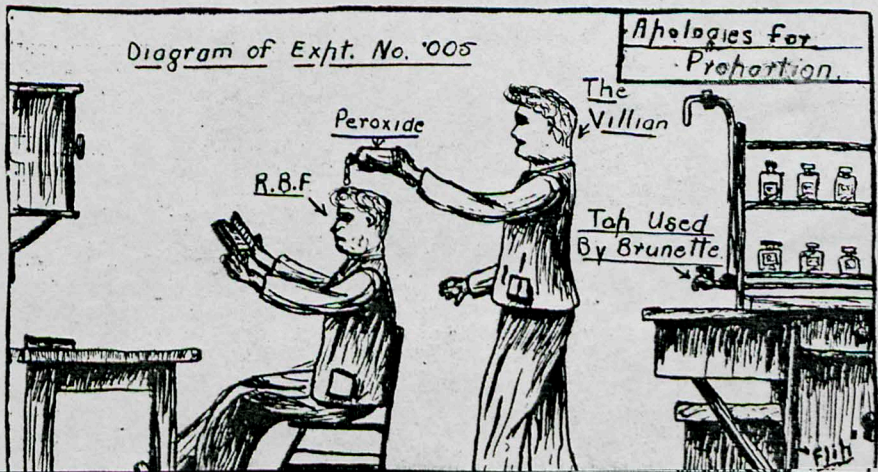
method should be used. "Apply liquid at a safe distance by means of a pipette.") (End of Experiment.)

Hard luck that our "dilute" Scotsman has to "concentrate" to gain an exhibition. Better ask Smut what to do for a weak head, Al., otherwise the Sandridge Park Stakes might be run without you knowing. Is Mr. Barton still the favourite?

Before we progress further, honourable mention may be made to acquaint you with our science notables, namely, Flip-me Man, Carclipper, the bottle-snatching fellow, and those perpetual motion machines—the girls. The latter have their own radio station featuring those old-fashioned girls, Ada and Elsie, giving a non-stop commentary of world affairs and gossip. Incidentally, Anne and Pat are always very cautious about adding "things to things" for fear "the darn things might blow up." The notes would not be complete without our telling of a Fellow whose very annoying habit is taking re-agent bottles. With eagle's eyes and monkey's grasp, this Fellow swoops upon anything that anyone is about to use, and takes it to his lair, while the irate student loudly expresses his intentions of "what he won't do to that Fellow."

Oh, we nearly forgot Wong. Best we tell you about same. Mr. Davies Moore mistook him for a Biology specimen, and Mr. Barton was on the point of discovering, by experiment, which acids he reacted with!

Most of the class noticed that the level of mercury in the "Barton Barometer" dropped suddenly some time ago. It was thought that weather conditions were affecting it, but the weight of some pennies increased . . . As our



Master remarked, "It makes them nice and shiny."

Another trade was formed when the members of the class became intensely interested in dry tests for metals. Their dreams of becoming millionaires led them to engage in the ancient craft of silversmithing. With their tools of trade—i.e., spirit lamp, blow pipe, charcoal blocks and silver nitrate—they diligently set to work, and after days of blowing would obtain a little lump of the precious metal. One notable, after having collapsed his lungs, burnt his fingers and lost his voice, succeeded in producing a fragment worth about ninepence. Unsightly black marks appeared upon the smithies' hands after several vain attempts, so all decided it was cheaper to wait for the weekly allowance.

To our Science Teacher, Mr. Barton, we might say that he has more than proved his interest in the progression of B.H.S. in the way he has practically rebuilt Room H. Our thanks go also to the boys who helped him.

Well, I, Professor Flip, must end this writing, as Professor Jules is clamouring to show me something which he claims to have invented. At the moment he is very excited, jumping around as only Jules can jump, and howling all the time that he has something which rivals the atom bomb. Personally, I think he is . . .

? ? ! ! BOOM ! ! ? ?

(Owing to circumstances unforeseen, the writer was unable to finish these notes, and to him and others who perished we offer the following epitaph.—Ed.)



THE ROSE

The English medieval baron who held his estates on condition that he presented to his sovereign a snowball on midsummer day, and on midwinter day a rose in bloom, probably cared little for the size of the snowball, or for the quality of the rose, so long as his land rights were not challenged.

But those who cultivate the rose for its own sake gain something more than land rights; even, they say, a kinship with the poet who looks into the heart of things and weighs the imponderables.

He catalogues the flowers in his songs, but, like Joachim du Bellay in a century long past, he lingers over the rose:—

"J'offre ces violettes,
 Ces lis et ces fleurettes,
 Et ces roses ici,
 Ces vermeillettes roses
 Tout fraîchement écloses,
 Et ces oeilletts aussi."

Those glowing roses!

The Persian poet might lament that Spring should vanish with the rose, but the rose does not depart with Spring in Australia; it blooms through the summer heats, and is at its finest in the autumn. And unless it is planted on the wind-swept edge between land and sea, the winter resting time is short.

On the sunny southern slopes of the Balkan Mountains in Bulgaria, over 12,000 acres were devoted to the cultivation of roses, and these vales of perfume for many years gave the world most of its attar or oil of roses.

And the rose loves our sunny southern clime. No blooms are finer than those which grow in South-Western Australia, and even the roses of the lands of old romance could breathe no richer perfumes.

Bud and blossom of the crimson which fires the clouds in a tropical sunset, or pale primrose deepening to gold; delicate pink to glowing scarlet, or white as the floating clouds of a summer noon; satin petals flecked with dewdrops of the morning, and the mystery of time itself in the opening heart of the flower, for "no man knows through what wild centuries roves back the rose."

FORM NOTES

I. C.

I. C. stands for cute-ites.

We are cute but also clever.

I hope you like our noise, but remember, we are only new yet, and you don't know us.

We like our languages fairly well, but aren't very good at them. We usually have to be bullied to say our French, but once we are bullied we are all right.

Among our crowd we have a few surprises. For example:

"Bouldie," who is our girl Prefect, and is a very smart lass. She always sets a good example to us naughty children.

"Mavis" is the ratbag of the room, and is always joking.

"Boney" is a clever chap, and is always making some witty remark.

"Kate" is one of the bright sparks of the room, while "Long" is also another who always has his hand up.

"Mutt" is a smart lad, and likes to torment the delicate girls.

"Bats" is the tiny tot of the room, and can be intelligent when he so desires.

Because we don't like school very much we were doubly pleased to attend the Swimming Carnival, where Dorothy Stewart distinguished herself by carrying I. C.'s name across the baths at a gallant pace.

The girls are fairly well dressed on the whole. In their full uniforms they look rather nice, although they haven't all got their badges yet.

We will sign off now, wishing the Leaving and Junior candidates all the luck in their coming exams.

We are, The Form, I. C.

I. B.

The I. B children are becoming brighter now as the exams are over, and the holidays are close. They are coming on well with their school work. They like all the teachers, especially Mr. Hitchens, who is our Form Master.

The I. B-ites are all busy buzzing around cleaning up their room ready for

inspection. We always have girls bringing flowers to decorate the room. We all like Mr. Pearce, who takes us for General Science. We like experimenting on the barometer, and other small objects. We also like to study flowers.

All the children like Miss Burgess, and Mr. Bradshaw as our Head Teacher. We don't take French, so we haven't much to say. We have a few queer children in our room, but still the funniest one there is called "Ginger Top." This name suits him, as he has ginger hair. He is fairly good at school work and is always laughing and joking.

The girls of I. B all enjoy Domestic Science very much. Miss Falls, our teacher, is very nice to us all.

The children also have good fun at gym. It has not been raining on our gym days, so we are able to go out on the lawn.

We can see a good view from I. B room, and we enjoy watching the ships coming and going.

The I. B children are saying good-bye to the "Kingia" until next time.

Cheerio for now.—Form I. B.

II. Q.

This is station 2Q calling the B.H.S.

Work begins with a little mental—
"√8816·51327. Easy, isn't it?"

Miss Beckett, our Form Mistress, is continually trying to reform (re-form) us. Some day she'll succeed (maybe).

As yet our room has not been painted but we adorn its shelves with flowers, etc., and try to make it look respectable. The pleasant view of the ocean which we see from the windows makes up for its other faults.

We have started a garden, and when the flowers begin to bloom we shall sell them to raise funds for the decorating of our "salle de classe."

Our members work diligently (?) at all subjects, especially at History (H-m!). Our excuses for the neglect of our homework are renowned. There are never enough front seats to accommodate the amount of offenders, but seats are offered generously.

There are no prima donnas in our class, except for a few Sinatras, like Brooksberry, Worcestershire, Seer-

sucker, Mountcher, Catfish, Creek, the mighty atom, and an accomplished musician in Greendown.

Our Prefects are notoriously popular, especially for forgetting chalk (hired labour).

We wish to compliment all the swimming stars on their achievements gained in the Carnival.

We handsome (?) males are quite perfect examples of true physical strength (Puff! Puff!—That's a good speech!). The girls are our helpless victims when we choose to throw bits of paper at them, and all they do is to look very surprised (tut, tut!). Oh! there goes somebody's head; no peace for the wicked.

Well, folks, will all stations please resume their own programmes.

Cheerio for the present.—

Your (N)ever Working Quizzzy Quiet Qu-ites.

II. E.

Well, the Extra Excellent Etc. E-ites are clamouring to be heard, so we're going to put in a few words for ourselves. As well as being pretty near the noisiest class in the school, we are a most wonderful one. If you are in doubt as to this, ask any of the teachers, especially our deeply respected Form Master.

Our little room is full to capacity. Near the window cower seven girls, while eighteen tyrants outnumber them. Have pity on the poor few! Our Prefect, Willie, sits on them all except perhaps Beer-Barrel and the Birdie of the class. I'd advise you against sitting on these two—the results may be disastrous!

The brains, I guess, go to a Scott, of Irish descent and temper, while a Moreton Bay Fig-tree waves its leaves wildly and regrets ever hearing of a language called French.

Charlie Coke sits in the front, and adores Geometry propped upside down, much to our disgust; H², another Irishman—sorry, woman—sits next Charlie—arguments galore! A famous one from 2Q joined us some time ago. Says a lot for 2Q, doesn't it? But actually it was H₂S, etc., that captivated our Maggie. Abel is another addition—M.L.C. was glad to be rid of her, I bet.

Blondie still talks, and still adores French. Mac and C² are the only quiet boys in the room, but whether they work or not is a different matter. A blonde, blue-eyed goat with his tongue out is —, well, you can guess.

Little Willie Bovril is not deaf—just dumb. Irwin can do as he likes—except stop talking. You know, when Rice Rose we thought there'd be a fight; sometimes we think a rose by any other name wouldn't be so sweet. But that, too, is up to the teachers.

Our Deed-a-Day Danny has head-attacks. Ever noticed? And, believe it or not, there's a dreadful wolf on the prowl. Calm yourselves, girls!

The Runner—sorry, Walker—has the curliest black hair; poor Adam is still looking for Eve. Red for danger—look out, duck! Here's Tricia. The class Ornament is Little Headache (note initials). There's not much to say about him. A certain Master endowed our mantelpiece with a nice box. Thank you, kind sir!

Well, we've run out of topics, so to finish off we wish all 2nd years the best of luck in exams. Maybe they'll need it, to beat II. E.

II. Y.

Hush! Hush! This is 2Y calling, the docile darling of the upstairs rooms. 2Y is made up of little gangs of two to four girls. The teachers who take us for any subject try to break them up as much as possible, especially Miss Smith, so that the lesson can be taught quietly.

Miss Smith is our Form Mistress, and while she is writing on the board or out of the room we continue our studies in silence.

Nearly every day the School Captain comes into our room to try to control us, but we like him coming into our room (being an all-girl class), so we make more noise.

Shorthand, typing and bookkeeping are in our line, and we can take all the credit for being the best commercial class in the second year (knowing that we have no opposition).

Some of us have hobbies, such as dancing, singing, piano playing, stamp collecting, snap-shot collecting, and boy collecting.

Nell and Ann, being the Prefects of

this sweet form (Haw! Haw!) have to keep the others quiet, so just before the second bell they stand up and say, "Girls, will you please keep quiet?" When lo and behold, the teacher comes in and says in a disgusted voice, "Who was that calling out?" Then there is a giggle all round the class. After they have explained, the Prefects think it is their turn to giggle.

Well, friends, we will have to leave you now, so Cheerio until next "Kingia."—Form II. Y.

III. R.

When Form III. R begins to shout, The English Master says, "Get out!" Our form consists of quite a few, For instance, fools like me and you. Our tall streak "Bowie" has luscious hair,

Daily he visits the salon "Maeder." Our back row midget during French Relieves monotony of futile tense. The deep bass voice of "Skipper" Paul Competes with that of "Dasher" Hall. Our Prefect, Marg, is quite a dear, But makes more noise than the rest, I fear.

The blondie beauties, Maureen, May, Do mix, but swot and swot all day. In History periods "Nuttie Hat" Does nothing else but give back-chat."

Our wee Scotch lassie, Morag C., Excels when she's at Cookery. At Art we do not wag our chin, For if we do we get kept in. When into Maths walks Mr. J., He's greeted by "No Maths today!" The bell has rung, the day is o'er, There's one mad rush towards the door.

III. S.

Howdy, folks! These are the sweeties of III. S contributing their "widdle bit" in making the first "Kingia" of 1947 a success.

Our form this year is comprised of 19 giggling girls; no wonder our Prefect, "The Suicide Blonde," has quite a time trying to keep us in order.

Now, to introduce you to our form mugs:—

Ginge, our correct blonde.

Streak, our handsome hunk of fighting fury.

Babs, the receiver of Streak's onslaught.

Maddie, our delicate dearie.

Gibbe, the geography genius, who is always being scared stiff by the instructor.

Rich, our adventurer, who recently climbed into the heart of a "Hill."

Butch, our he-man, who thinks Rice "is a very good menu."

Vonnie, who likes "Fish" now and then, and last, but no means least,

Mousey, who recently had a craze to study the British "Isles."

Every Thursday morning, as one passes the Dommy Centre, a delicious odour emerges. At once one realises that III. S is trying out new recipes.

Once a week we go to the Gym to strain our vocal chords. The noise that escapes is not like that of nightingales.

In closing, we wish all Junior and Leaving candidates best of luck in their examinations. —Toodle-Pip.

The Sizzling, Senseless, Successful Saps of III. S.

IV. G.

We have been told ever since the beginning of our year as IV. G that we have to present an example to the first years. You will have noticed how we have endeavoured to lead the unsuspecting infants in the straight and narrow path. For instance, we ignore all April Fool jokes that are not within the school rules, as witness a certain Tuesday, when the teachers didn't have their tea in the morning recess. Upon consultation with members of our form, who ought to know, I find that we are the models of politeness, perfect examples of an upper school. In fact, we are a class any school could be proud of (no reference of this passage to teachers is required, as our word is perfectly trustworthy).

We might as well introduce a few of our models of perfection:—

Deville and Looney: The budding scientists of the era, whose one regret is that they didn't have a hand in the atom bomb.

Tchan: Our (un)convincing orator, who would create a riot in any debate.

Racehorse Rayma: Our famous literary critic, who offers free advice on nothing worth while.

Nixie: Who is, no doubt, a Prime Minister in the making. He's our only real bushfire blonde.

Vella: We have been raging since a Chemistry lesson prevented us from hearing her sing.

Hilly: Our Clark Gable, who has escaped from Hollywood. Since we've seen Frankie Sinatra and actors like him on the screen, we hope he stays escaped.

Chappo: We haven't liked to ask him if it's cold up there, or if he'd reach us down a star, but we'll pluck up enough courage some time.

The sounds you may have heard on orchestra practice days are the wailings of his cornet. Don't blame anyone else.

It would take a whole "Kingia" to describe the other members of our class, so we'll leave it to your observation and imagination.

We have been told that steady and continuous mental work fatigues the brain. We wouldn't know. Perhaps that explains why some of our members are allergic to swot.

Some of our poetry has been really out of the bag lately (personally, we hope it will be put back in again).

A few of the fairer members of our class have decided that pigtails are definitely the fashion. We wonder why?

Have you seen pieces of deal approximately a foot long and marked off in inches, lying around the school lately? They are a rarity in our class. The boys' and a few of the girls seem to find it a trial of strength in breaking them. Perhaps they're just training for the time when they'll challenge Superman for the world's title.

Some of our feeble brains find a certain pleasure in hurling books through the windows, not to mention soulfully gazing through said windows. I wonder what attraction Archibald found out there, anyway?

One of the members of our form has decided that there is safety in numbers. In short, South went West.

Also we have heard that a certain member of our form is contemplating swimming the Channel, after crossing the baths in such grand style.

It seems that we are not to be trusted with a Form Master this year. Perhaps the school finds Mr. Pittman so invaluable that he is not to be surrendered to our tender mercies. I'm sure we'd be careful with him (even it's only for the sake of the Cadets).

After having had our say for once, we will hand over to someone else. So signing off with our theme song (you'll hear it every time we don't do our homework), we are the IV. G-ites.

Oh, woe is me. Oh, woe is me.

This life is full of misery.

Vth YEAR.

It is traditional see our form notes put inconspicuously at the back—last of all the form notes—but we wish to remind you that the best is always last.

From our amazingly intelligent class we produce those necessary evils called Prefects. As you can easily see, they are the mainstay of the school, for who is it who attends to all delicate school matters and the smooth running of all social functions, the organisation of which no inconspicuous student is acquainted?

However, we do not intend to bore you with such deep thinking, but it is not much use introducing you to our members, for we feel that, besides being too numerous, they are too well known already, falling so much under the public eye. Maybe that is the reason why we all co-operate so willingly among ourselves, as it is generally agreed, we all have a good time, both in school and out.

In school we revel in such delights as Chaucer, whose stories contain such characters as cruel-looking squires (for details apply Stan Fry). No class can compete with ours when it comes to making stinks in Chem, such as manufacturing patent organic alcohols from grapes. As for the Biol class—if you want a glorious holiday, just pay us a visit.

On the sports field and in the dance hall, many of our community excel. Who's better than Stan when it comes to hitting short-pitched balls when they just seem to fall out of the blue? And whack-o for the Vth year boys when it comes to a dance!

But what about that influential minority—the girls—The hockey team would be useless without them, and someone has to do all the dirty work around the school.

In mournful conclusion, we express our relief that there is still another "Kingia" to come in which to leave our memories with you before we depart for evermore.—Form V.

THE HISTORY EXAM.

By The History Swot.

Upon the sound of the bell, I wandered leisurely, yet with a clear conscience, to my examination seat (Number 18 in the library) for the History exam.

History had never appeal to me, but it was another Leaving subject, so I looked idly about the room for something that would relieve my mind. Relief came quickly, for I perceived a beautiful blonde coming into the room.

My eyes almost rudely followed her to the seat, which was two away on my left. I could have sat there filling my mind with thoughts of this beautiful thing—this blonde—but the second bell, marking the commencement of the exam, broke into my musings.

There were four questions to be answered out of five. I glanced through the paper to pick out the one I could not answer, and found that I knew two questions; had a faint (very faint) recollection of one; and knew nothing whatsoever about the others. From this result I permitted myself to vent a sigh of relief, for it seemed as though I would be greeted with success, and at least of pass in my History exam.

The first question was easy to a man of my high intellect: "In what year did William the Conqueror land in England?"—the answer, of course, being twelve hundred B.C. The second question proved another easy problem to me: "Of what were the weapons in the bronze age made?" Without thinking at all, I knew it was iron.

At this stage I looked across at the blonde to see how she was making out. She looked as though she was reading a horror story, but seeing me looking at her, she gave me such a glorious smile that I decided I had something better than a History paper before me.

An icy stare from the supervisor froze me to my paper. The third question was: "What caused the War of the Roses?"—but not being a gardener in my spare time, I did not know. Question four was another hard one: "Where was the battle of Waterloo fought?" Judging by the foreign name, I guessed it was Germany. In masterful style, I answered the last question: "In what did the cave men live?"—prefabricated houses being my successful answer.

Summing up my results, I decided that I would have at least seventy-five per cent. as a mark to show off my brilliance to the fair maiden. On the sound of the final bell, I went to my locker amid visions of how her brown eyes would sparkle at the mention of my success.



THE USUAL MORNING RUSH

I reach the school gates in time to hear the "Clang! Clang!" of the bell, the dreadful bell, the horror of all first years.

I rush up, take off my hat, and after a wait of a few minutes am able to get to my locker. After hunting and rummaging into the debris of my locker, I manage to find the books needed for the following periods.

I dismally look at my hair in the mirror, but consider I haven't got time to do it, and rush to my class-room.

Once safely installed in this room, full of noisy and rackety children, whom our two poor unfortunate Prefects have no hope of hushing, I settle down to look at my homework—if I've done it—only to be stung on the cheek by a paper pellet. A search for the culprit ends in a short conversation of unwritable grammar, but this is put to and end by a —?— Prefect's head appearing round the door.

I hurry to my place, but as soon as the Prefect disappears, commence a conversation with my neighbour, who happens to be a very studious person, and who doesn't indulge in conversation with one of the room's chatter-boxes, and doesn't answer me. Getting tired of talking to myself, I look around for some fresh occupation, and, seeing our schoolroom clown unoccupied—for once—we start a private talk at the top of our voices.

At this the bell goes, but no one pays any attention to it, and we continue with what we were doing—which isn't much. The appearance of our Master—or Mistress—for the next period puts an end to our fun. We bend innocently over our books, and the day begins.

A FIRST YEAR.

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS

I have just finished perusing an excellent essay on cricket, which I read with the rather vain notion of gathering a little technical information about this very vague but fascinating game. However, do not despair, for there is one thing I have learnt. Cricket exercises a sort of magnetic attraction over players and spectators alike. Even if you have not the slightest idea of the more or less traditional rules of the game, the slow somnolent movements of the players and—as a contrast—the amazing velocity of the ball, must captivate your whole attention. In England, I am told, it is unnatural for a rustic game of cricket not to be in progress on a Sunday afternoon, for the villagers would not dream of missing their favourite sport—it's fascination is inevitable. Can you wonder that I am tempted to believe it was a relic of this fine old tradition, which rekindled for one brief afternoon on a Bunbury playing field? The grand event was the cricket match between the School Eleven and the Staff Eleven. (I think the latter captain had a struggle to find his eleven cricketers!)

Eventually, after a great deal of agitation and very little intelligent conversation, the players agreed to start the game, although one member of the staff apparently thought it more dignified (this is only a suggestion!) to make a late appearance. Perhaps I had better apologise now for criticising the staff with such energy; but it is the quite candid opinion of the spectators that this co-operative team's play was far more startling and erratic than the efforts of the amazingly steady boys.

Fortunately—or, maybe unfortunately—the staff were destined to field first, which information they received with gusto, but no perceivable enlightenment. While the captain vainly endeavoured to sort out his fieldsmen, the spectators may have noticed a cold wind which gradually increased in velocity during the afternoon, much to the detriment of our meagre enjoyment. Such are the discomforts one will endure to watch a novelty cricket match!

But cricket is, or should be, a game of great co-operation between the members of the team, so before very long (reluctant as I may be to admit it) the staff were acting as a united body—indeed, almost like a machine! A fast ball would leave the bowler's

hand, be missed by the batsman, caught by the wicketkeeper, who would triumphantly return it to the bowler. However, even such veterans could not maintain this startling regularity, for with a swift, decisive stroke the daring batsman sent the ball hurtling down the field to a place, about which—strangely enough—nobody seemed to be bothering. Then an awe-inspiring deed! Almost without hesitation a member of the staff team, who persisted in playing in a military cap, realised the desperate situation, and accordingly sped over (at least, I suppose he sped, although he looked just like a small, slowly-moving blob on the huge green field) in the direction which the ball had previously taken. Needless to say, for this gallant effort he saved a boundary, and received a due amount of encouragement!

The onlookers, having been roused by this brilliant performance, returned again to their lethargy, and interest in the game flagged once more. The boys were making countless runs, but what could be done? The bowler was doing splendid work, although some dubious and ill-informed watchers considered that too much energy was given to polishing the ball on his shirt before he bowled. (By the way, I was one of those ignorant non-cricketers, so would someone mind volunteering the necessary information?) The wicketkeeper also contributed well to the team's effort, and certainly several other fielders had performed seemingly impossible feats. However, slowly one after another the boys were bowled or caught out. Perhaps the staff were rusty; but their attempt and fair results were to be admired!

After an interval—during which the staff endeavoured to regain the breath they shouldn't have really lost—the play was resumed, but not even the outstanding performance of one member of the staff could prevent the spectators from shivering, so cold had the wind become. However, I feel that the undoubted merits of one very fine player should not be neglected, in order to lament about the bitter sea breeze. Other batsmen were being caught out or bowled out (I have a vague recollection that there is a distinction between these two terms); but quite unperturbed he stood defending the wicket—his whole attitude and expression suggesting that—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever"

(Apologies to Tennyson for these very appropriate lines.)

At the height of his triumph an ill-omen descended upon this fated team. After a long line of rather ashamed but smiling men had marched off the field, having gone out for a "duck," a very ordinary and not very elegant white duck alighted—seemingly from nowhere—on the field. What was its significance? Did it merely object to the use of its name in this rather degrading connection, or did it scorn those unfortunate beings who had already paid once with scarlet faces for their unavoidable crimes? Whatever the reader's opinion, this duck cast a gloom over the batsmen's play, if not their invincible spirits. Consequently the whisper, "Out for a duck," rang around the onlookers more frequently than before.

Was this spirited game going to end

so lamely, one man having made almost the entire staff's score? With hardly any commotion, the last man was bowled out, after an almost futile attempt to bring up the score. Thus ended a cricket match which might have been exciting to those who shared the shame and triumph of the game, but which was just a trifle too slow for those who sat and shivered. Perhaps it would be unfair to mention the scores—anyway, I can't remember them!

I cannot—indeed must not—conclude without an apology to those who have probably recognised their achievements in this somewhat crude interpretation of a wonderful sport, and also to those who consider that their noble attempts to entertain us have not been appreciated.

A FROZEN SPECTATOR.



BRAD- " WAS NOT SO " **SHAW** "

MY SOCIAL STUDIES TALK

One bright afternoon I sat in school in our Social Studies period revelling in the fact that there was no work to be done. Suddenly I became aware of the fact that the Master was asking for someone or other to stand up. Thinking it might be some treat in store, I stood up, only to find that it was for all those who had not yet made a speech over the microphone. I had never done this, and had not intended to, but now I was trapped, hopelessly trapped. I looked around for some way of escape, but the Master's eye was on me, and he said, while my knees chattered and teeth knocked, that I would have to have one prepared by next time.

Horrified, I fell into my seat. Only a week in which to prepare a speech!

At once I fell to meditating what it could be about. After much thought I decided it would be on "Animals."

So that night as soon as I got home I set to work, intending to do at least five hours a night on it until I finished it. Well, for five nights and in all my P.S.'s I worked on that speech, and

I got what I thought was a pretty good one. Maybe you can tell me why I'm not allowed to do Social Studies now. Anyway, here it is:—

"ANIMALS."

"Animals are found everywhere in the world, even where there are icebergs.

"They are shaped like a square longer than it is wide, only they are round. They have four legs, one in each corner, and a head at one end and a tail at the other.

"There are several types of animals: dogs, cats, snakes and lizards, and things like that. Snakes are very funny because they have no legs and two tongues.

"The funniest of the lot is the elephant. It has two tails, only one of them is hollow and called a trunk. It don't run about on the ground. They've got two wings, and they fly. They eat grubs and birds and bits of bread and a lot of other things. Some birds are cannibals. They eat other birds. Because they are cannibals it doesn't mean to say that they are black. The birds they eat are generally smaller than they are.

"Some birds fly as high as they can, but others fly near the ground.

"Well, that's all there is about ani-

mals. Good afternoon, everyone!"

I think that is a really good attempt, and I'm sure it isn't fair that I should be in the library. In fact, I feel quite hurt.

A 2-ITE.



TEN LITTLE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS

Ten little High School Kids,
Going down a mine,
Smut saw a certain Wulff,
Then there were nine.

Nine little High School Kids,
Swinging on a gate,
Bergl had a haircut,
Leaving only eight.

Eight little High School Kids,
From the School Eleven,
Eric saw some second-years,
Then there were seven.

Seven little High School Kids,
Going to the flicks,
Spurgie saw a certain miss,
Then there were six.

Six little High School Kids,
Going for a drive,
Jim heard the traffic cop,
Then there were five.

Five little High School Kids,
Didn't know the law,
Till Christy copped it on the jaw,
Leaving only four.

Four little High School Kids,
Rowing out to sea,
But Cooper spied some widdle fish,
Then there were three.

Three little High School Kids,
Were feeling rather blue,
But Bomber found some pigeons,
Then there were two.

Two little High School Kids,
Having lots of fun,
'Til Bowie spied a peroxide blonde,
Then there was one.

One little High School Kid,
Feeling rather glum,
Went inside to do some swot,
Then there was none.

A FISHY FAIRY STORY

Do you believe in ghosts? If you don't, then to you this is just another fairy story. Anyway, believe it or not—it's true; but, of course, Doc Sellers hasn't got hold of it yet.

I presume you don't believe in ghosts, so I will begin this story in the usual fashion.

Once upon a time there was a small town in Australia which was fortunate enough to possess a haunted building. Now, a haunted building is a very interesting place, because a thing called a ghost is liable to roam about it and scare the living daylight's out of people.

Anyway, I happened to be travelling through this sea-port, but the place seemed so silent and ghostly that I thought it must be deserted. Full of curiosity, I marched boldly into a pub, but all I found there was a shivering and pale hostess. Apparently all the citizens were in their homes, although it wasn't Sunday nor a public holiday.

The whole business puzzled me.

After a few schooners the barmaid said in an awe-struck whisper: "Do you think IT will come tonight?" A vibration went down my spine (what was IT?), but I managed to ask her what she meant.

"Haven't you heard about IT?" she cried, and proceeded to tell the story before I had even finished shaking my head.

Now, the whole story is centred around this building, which is situated near the sea, and fantastically enough, holds rather a dominating position, as it is built on rather elevated ground. It is about the only landmark in the town, and probably for that reason it is still standing. It appears that a ghost visits this building once every ten years, and I had unintentionally arrived at the town on the very day of the tenth year, which is, don't you think, a very interesting fact? The ghost was supposed to visit the place at approximately midnight (very convenient time, isn't it?), therefore to relieve my doubts about the story, I made up my mind to visit the old humpy myself that night.

About half-past eleven I began my journey up the silent street. My courage was running for the lick of its life the other way; but my body was cautiously trudging up the dark footpath. For a second only I contemplated flight, but my better feelings rose and I pro-

ceeded. Every few minutes I turned completely around to ascertain that I was not being followed, but all I could see were the long shadows sweeping the desolate street. The town was dead. There was not even a cat to cheer my drooping spirits.

I reached the front door just as the town clock struck twelve. Icy shivers began to envelope my whole being, but I wasn't really scared.

Creeping through a gap in the old ivy-covered wall, I surveyed the well-beaten staircase. I took a deep breath. We (the ghost and myself) were alone in this place. After a long climb up the creaking stairs, I found myself peering down a dark, silent corridor, when suddenly a light appeared. I froze.

It was a figure dressed in white and carrying a lighted candle. It approached me. (Who is scared of a ghost?) It was within ten yards of me, when it let out an unearthly scream, and fled, crying: "This old school at Bunbury is haunted!" Was it the ghost? No, it definitely was not, for the first time I realised that I was the ghost!

★

AFTER THE TERM EXAMS.

I am thinking of my class-mates

As I pen these lines today,
Thinking of the happy times

They are having, far away.

For the term exams are over,

And the school is now at rest,
But I, the poor unfortunate,

Have a weight upon my chest.

For French has proved my failing,

And François's "en colère,"
From the tallest tree in the country
He will hang me in despair.

For him the holidays are ruined

By the memory of my paper,
But no more French for eighteen days
Makes me want to do a caper.

I'm sure he thinks that I like French,

I'll tell him his mistake;
To me the language is the same
As a rather dreadful stomach ache.

IN THE TEMPLE OF BEEAYCHESS

1. In the days of the age of learning, there was a Temple in the Land, and the Temple was called Beeaychess. The place was fine to behold, and built upon a mountain, and each day many people came to the place, and they learned mysteries from the priests of the Temple.

2. And the Elders of the people were exalted and they sat in the place, and they directed the multitude. Their number was not great, and they were less than one score.

3. It came to pass that the multitude had many benefactors from those who had been exalted, which was pleasing in the sight of the priests, who were the teachers of the people.

4. So it was that the exalted became the lieutenants, even prefects, of the priests, and they rejoiced together.

5. Now, the people who came daily to the Temple carried with them books of the mysteries, and they were careless and left them in the place.

6. And the lieutenants of the priests made a tax of the careless that they might be taught prudence, and for every book that was found they took one penny, and they waxed rich.

7. Now, when the priests ordained that there should be a feast, the lieutenants prepared the place as was the custom, and there was dancing, and the number of the dancers was an hundred, and there were musicians.

8. In order that the musicians might be paid, the lieutenants took a tax of the people, but some money remained, and this they collected, but that which they took for their own use was about one-tenth of what was collected. When the lieutenants left the Temple they gave the remaining nine-tenths that the Temple might be made beautiful.

9. But the priests were displeased and ordered that the lieutenants take less money for their own use.

10. Now, the lieutenants were angry, and among them there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth, for they had taken only what they believed was their due, and there was much disquiet in the Temple.

11. But the priests took their lieutenants to them and spoke to them and showed them the error of their ways. Now, the lieutenants respected the priests, and they listened and beheld their errors, and repented.

12. When they had repented the priests were again pleased with them, for they had done their bidding.

13. And the multitude was also pleased, for the tax was not so great, and the people of the Temple were made one, and the Temple of Beeaychess prospered and became great.

14. And all these things happened as they are written in the time of Brad.



STAFF CHATTER

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Scene: The Mistresses' Room. Enter three Witches. Oh, excuse me, I meant three Mistresses.)

(A bell rings.)

1st Mistress: Where hast thou been, Sister?

2nd Mist.: Bi-secting newts!

3rd Mist.: Sister, where thou?

1st Mist.: A student had peanuts in her lap.

And munched, and munched, and munched.

"Give me," quoth I.

"Nothing doin', miss!" the rump-fed rascal cried.

His father's to Melbourne gone, master o' the home.

But in a letter my word 'll sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and he 'll rue.

2nd Mist.: I'll give thee an idea.

1st Mist.: Thou'rt kind.

3rd Mist.: And I another.

1st Mist.: And I myself have all the other.

And the very eyes that see
All the nasty words from me

I the poor fellow's guard,
I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle peak and pine.

Though his son cannot be bossed,

Yet he shall be much homework tos't.

Look what I have.

2nd Mist.: Show me, show me.

1st Mist.: Here I have what's called a gong.

A girl jumped many times in pain

Till I confiscated the thing.

3rd Mist.: A gong, a gong!

The bell hath gone.

THE LUCKY "LAWHILL"

There are very few students at our High School who have not seen or heard of the "Lawhill." In fact, it is not so long since that gallant barque graced our harbour. In view of this fact, I would tell you a little of her history.

The "Lawhill" quitted the slipways of Thompson and Company in the year 1892, and glided into the waters of Dundee harbour. There she was completed with her sister ship, which, incidentally, is Britain's largest sailing vessel, the "Garthport." The "Lawhill" during her career has, to date, made no record-breaking runs, but, she is certainly not slow. Bordeaux to Port Lincoln in seventy days and Hobart to Sydney, wharf to wharf, in five are proofs of that, when we consider that she must wait upon favourable winds.

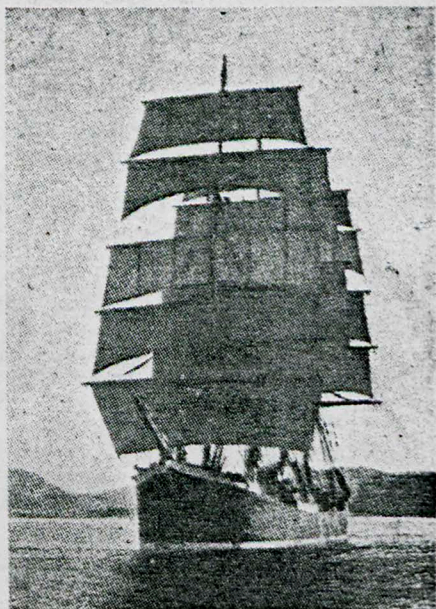
During the vessel's whole career, excepting a two-year spell at Brest during World War I, she has seldom sailed without cargo. For this reason she earned the title of "Lucky Lawhill," a title which she well deserves and which will be forever engraved in her history after her epic-making voyage from the Azores to Brest in 1917, when, unarmed and depending on sail only, she ran the submarine blockade, which was then at its height.

When World War II was begun, the "Lawhill" was owned by Gustaf Erickson, who flew the Finnish flag. The vessel was then trading to South Africa. When Britain declared war against Finland, "Lawhill" was seized by the South African Government. From then until peace was declared the "Lawhill" sailed for Britain, and many were the times she had lucky escapes. Once she was considered lost, and, as the report went to press, she was seen sailing up the Derwent to Hobart.

Here, in Bunbury, for many weeks Dame Rumour said that this outstanding ship had been torpedoed, but "Lucky Lawhill" saw it through and arrived, somewhat overdue, to fill her carrying space of approximately 4,500 tons. Now, it is understood, she will be trading between Western Australia and South Africa, so in all probability High School ship-lovers will have plenty of opportunities of seeing the old-timer in local waters.

The "Lawhill" is captained by A. Soderland, whose wife accompanies him on the majority of voyages. Until very recently the captain's daughter was also aboard. She, however, remained in Capetown to complete her education. Don't you envy her, girls? Around Cape Horn in a windjammer—what a story you could tell!

Apart from the officers, mostly Finns, the crew are all young men, the majority under twenty-two years of age. Australians, South Africans, Finns, etc., living under conditions which would make the old lime-juicers turn in their graves—excellent quarters, good food, a captain second to none, and a ship whose name (even though women are aboard) will always stand out in sailing history—the "Lucky Lawhill."



ELEGY ON PAINT

By "FLIP"

Cold, cold walls of greyish hue,
Dusty blackboards, so few, so few,
All gave rise to the Government's plan
To rejuvenate the school again.

They came, as the Assyrian on the fold,
And attacked the job with hearts so bold.

The school changed colour, the wonder grew;

What happened in class? Well, the painters knew!

The walls were fast coated with coloured water,*
Which gave the effect of yellowing mortar.

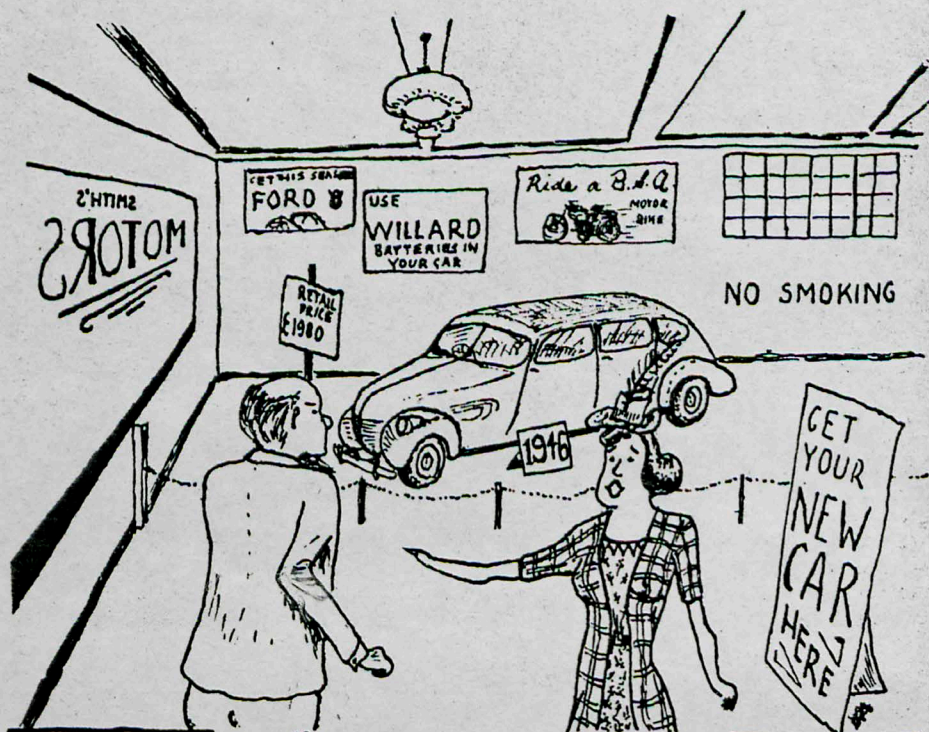
The paint rather dazzling, we sorrowfully confess,

We became rather attached to. Oh, what a mess!

Shimmering walls of a creamy hue,
Greenboards and greenboards, wonderful view,

All gave rise to the aweing rate
With which we gained our certificates.

* Apologies to Kalsomine.



"Oh, but the brakes—
They're a scream!"

LAST PERIOD ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON

With a mighty thump we enter the
dump,

Our assignments now to write,
But our attention will stray, and the
boys will play,

Or start a modernized fight.

The ink is flying, the girls are sighing,
The chalk is dropping like lead,
The rulers are clashing, the boys look
so dashing,

As they swipe at each other's head.

In the midst of the din the Master
walks in,

To a row that's nothing like bells;
For an hour he ramps and around he
stamps,

"Write an essay on 'Mercy,'" he
yells.

KNOW HIM?

I am the foundation of all business.

I am the source of all prosperity.

I am the parent of genius.

I am the salt that gives life its savour.

I have laid the foundation of every
fortune.

I can do more to advance youth than
his own parents, be they ever so
wealthy.

I must be loved before I can bestow
my greatest blessings.

Loved, I make life sweet, purposeful,
fruitful.

I am represented in the humblest sav-
ings and in the largest block of
investments.

All progress springs from me.

I am Work!

Bunbury High School

SCHOOL CAPTAINS.

1923—WILLIAM McEVOY
 1924—ALBERT TROTMAN
 1925—ROY GRACE
 1926—ASTLEY WILLIAMS
 1927—THOMAS MOSS
 1928—ERIC SANDERS
 1929—MERRYN DAVIS
 1930—BRIAN COLEMAN
 1931—ALEC FISHER
 1932—ALEC FERGUSON
 1933—NEIL O'CONNOR
 1934—PHILLIP O'KEEFE
 1935—IVAN VERSCHUER
 1936—MICHAEL SEYMOUR
 1937—ERIC LANE
 1938—JAMES BROWN
 1939—LANCE BROOKS
 1940—PHILLIP GRAPES
 1941—STANLEY RICHARDS
 1942—PETER DAVIES-MOORE
 1943—MAXWELL PIGGOT
 1944—DONALD CHAPMAN
 1945—DERMOTT FRYER
 1946—DONALD DOWNING
 1947—ERIC SALTER

SENIOR GIRLS.

1923—VERONICA KEALY
 1924—THEA EATON
 1925—EDITH CROSS
 1926—GLADYS SWEDLEY
 1927—ELSIE KINSELLA
 1928—NORMA YOUNG
 1929—NANCY STONE
 1930—DELYS WILSON
 1931—JOYCE SHERLOCK
 1932—FLORENCE HULM
 1933—BERYL CLARKE
 1934—ELSA FOX
 1935—HAZEL PEARCE
 1936—JOAN INGLETON
 1937—JOYCE WOOD
 1938—NORMA STOCKDILL
 1939—ATHALIE RYALL
 1940—GWEN BLOND
 1941—JEAN TROTTER
 1942—MARION DOLLEY
 1943—MARY KERNOT
 1944—CAROLE RITCHIE
 1945—VALERIE BROOCKMANN
 1946—MAVIS JONES
 1947—JOAN SAUNDERS