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**BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL**



**THE**

# **KINGIA**

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**DECEMBER, 1947**

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## STUDENT OFFICIALS

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### SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Eric Salter

### SENIOR GIRL

Miss J. Saunders

### SCHOOL PREFECTS

Miss A. Doornbusch  
Miss J. Elias  
Miss S. Gibbney  
Miss R. Loney  
Miss B. MacLeod  
Miss P. Robinson  
Miss P. Saunders  
Miss S. Summers

Jack Broockmann  
John Cooper  
Mark Clifton  
Robert Forrest  
Philip Nelson  
Gordon Smith  
Harvey Smith

### MAGAZINE STAFF

Co-Editors: Miss R. Loney, David Allen

Committee: Alastair Campbell, James Carpenter

### FACTION CAPTAINS

**Blue:** Miss A. Doornbusch, Philip Nelson

**Gold:** Miss J. Symes, John Cooper

**Red:** Miss P. Robinson, Harvey Smith

**Kingia:** Miss S. Gibbney, Gordon Smith

### SCIENCE CADETS

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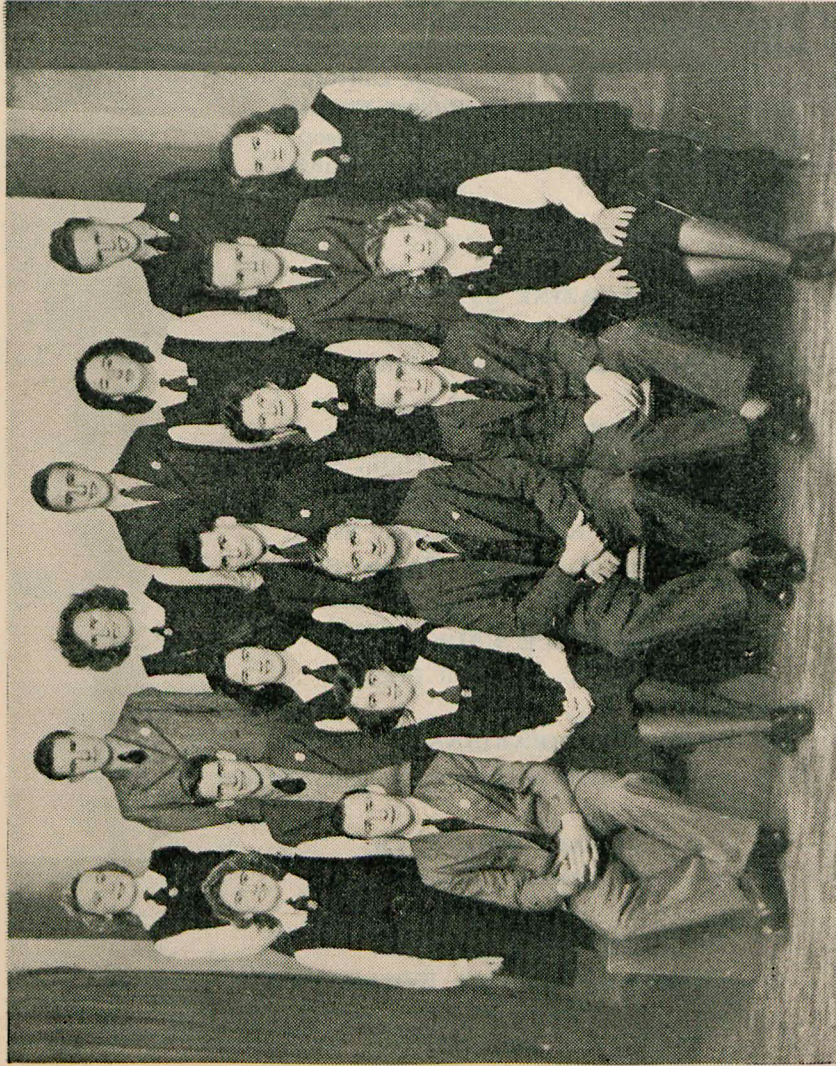
Keith Nix

### OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SCHOOL MAIL DEPARTMENT

Robert Clementson

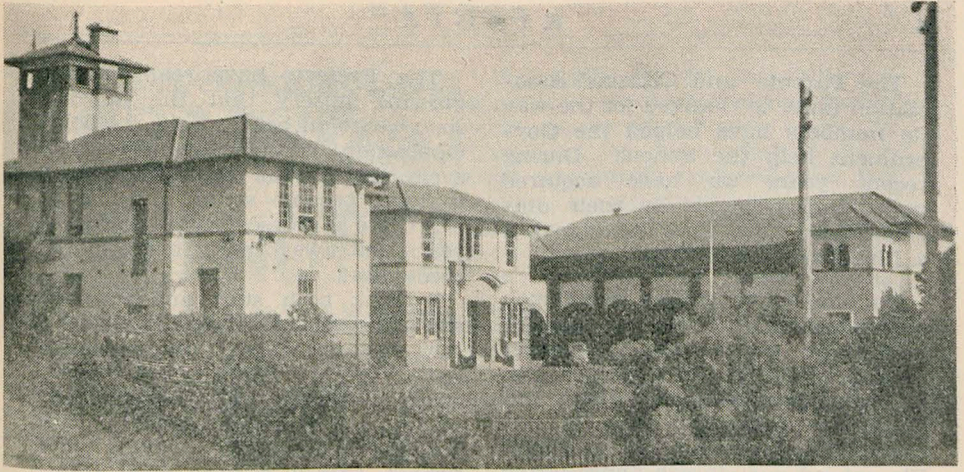
### SPORT PREFECTS

Miss L. Logan, Miss H. Wilkes, Lionel Dobson, Archie Sweeting



1947 PREFECTS

Back Row: Miss A. Doornbusch, Mark Clifton, Miss E. Loney, Philip Nelson, Miss J. Elias, Harvey Smith. Second Row: Miss P. Robinson, Gordon Smith, Miss P. Saunders, Robert Forrest, Miss E. MacLeod, Jack Broockmann, Miss S. Summers. Front Row: John Cooper, Miss J. Saunders (Senior Girl), Mr. F. G. Brackshaw, B.A., B.Sc., Dip.Ed. (Headmaster), Eric Salter (School Captain), Miss S. Gibbney.



# Bunbury High School

DECEMBER, 1947

## EDITORIAL

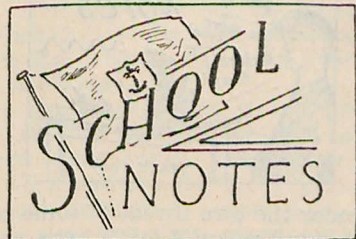
To introduce our second "Kingia" for 1947, we would like to extend our appreciation of the School's response to our appeal for original articles. We leave it to you to decide whether they are up to standard or not. There is not much for us to tell you about the School in this paragraph, as all school news is printed here under separate heading. Anyway, we all know ourselves what a successful year the twenty-fifth anniversary has been—socially, that is. It is left to the results of Junior and Leaving Examinations to prove the academic success of 1947.

To the Editors of 1948 our hope is that they meet with as much co-operation as we have enjoyed this year.

From the Co-Editors,

R. LONEY,

D. ALLEN.



As it is really not very long since the last "Kingia" was published, we have not very much to say to the School, except that we hope they enjoy the following pages.

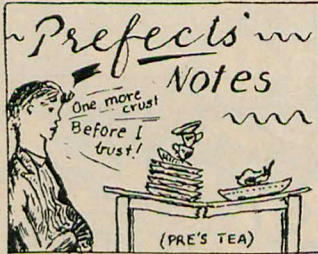
As it is the occasion of the School's 25th Anniversary, we planned a specialty in magazines, but owing to financial difficulties, the idea has not eventuated.

However, after a quarter of a century's progress (six years during war), time has left no detrimental mark on the School. Relationships with our sister secondary schools have been strengthened by the visit of B.H.S. to Modern School, and the return visit of P.M.S. to Bunbury, and the inter-school carnival in the Metropolis.

The Parents' and Citizens' Association must be thanked for the way its numbers have helped the Government help the School. During recent years we have acquired many improvements by their diligence, and now, their next goal is a film projector.

No one quite realises how much our caretaker, Mr. Horne, does for us around the school. Whenever anyone is in difficulties with lockers or doors, windows and desks, Mr. Horne is dragged in from his already full timetable to fix things. We extend our sincere appreciation of his untiring efforts to improve the appearance of our school.

One black mark against us is the fact that we cannot be trusted to use the gymnasium properly. Fancy High School students having to be locked out of a room to preserve the equipment!



Under the dire threat of some terrible punishment I have been compelled—compelled, I say—to compose something that will, for appearance sake at least, be the Prefects' Notes. My humble attempt to review the busy (ahem) lives of we popular (we hope) people is given below in all its modesty and originality.

Like all the Prefects before us (and the ones before them) we cleverly mix lots of hard work with a spice of pleasure—those famed Pre's teas. From the sweat and toil of arranging for the success of the many dances, socials and dancing practices that have been held during the year, we all gladly look to those wonderful Pre's teas for refreshment. Having partaken over freely from this "refresher course" we are

The Prefects have realised with growing misery that the newness soon wears off being a school official. Opposition is so concentrated in every aspect that all of them seem to have become soured old fogeys. But there is no escaping it, so fourth years, put away those rose coloured spectacles!


I think both staff and students will agree that this year has been a very full one. Many improvements have been noted and every effort seems to have been made to combine study with pleasure. To those leaving the School, this is a very good thing, for the happier memories of their latest school life will make them loth to part from the joys and understandings of learning. As many students who have passed on before them, they will be saying: "Your school days are the best days of your life."

then able, with all the strength of our iron hand to crush and to reform those many unruly members of our tiny domain.

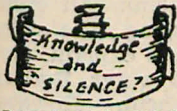
I think that I am quite safe in saying that all of our dances and socials held during the year have been great successes both socially which is our primary aim, and financially, which is our secondary concern. We thank all those kind members of the Staff who have chaperoned functions held by us and assisting us to make those functions successful. Whilst we are in a thanking mood we take this opportunity to give our heartiest thanks to Miss Winter, Miss Bounsell, and Mr. C. Clifton for spending so much time in teaching the younger and for that matter the older dancing enthusiasts of the school just how to dance.

Already my brain is beginning to waver under the strain of writing this mighty epistle and slowly. I am beginning to realise that the Prefects have chosen the wrong man for the job. Before I disgrace myself and my fellow officers I shall bring this chronicle to a close, hoping that I have not bored you overmuch.

# LIBRARY



# NOTES



After a long struggle we have been conquered, and the victorious editors now have some Library Notes. Please do not blame us when you set your eyes upon these pages; rather blame the hungry-eyed editors who forcefully extracted them.

Some people bemoan the fact that the fiction library sadly lacks interesting reading matter. This is not the fault of those in charge, but the fault of the students themselves who will persist in removing the books without notifying the Prefects and without thought of returning them. For instance, six new books were added at the end of last term. We seldom see them on the shelves now, and more seldom do we remember marking them down in the files. How is the Library to be a success if no one obeys the rules or shares the books with fellow students?

Reference books are another source of annoyance to us. Quite often one enters the Library to see the pages of the older history books scattered from one side of the room to the other. These books are for reference, not for throwing at your friends' heads. You have lost the use of the "West Australian" through this same carelessness, so please reform in this aspect as well.

Sir John Forrest has usurped our place of dominance by gazing with austere dignity upon all in the Library. We were glad to have some adornment replaced upon the walls, as our other pictures have been exiled to a dusty existence under a table. Mona Lisa's glass was shattered during the house-painting phase, but she still came up smiling. Something must be funny about the Library, because the old cavalier still laughs, despite initials, etc., drawn in the dust on his face.

The Craddock Trophy is another addition to our list of ornaments, and the photograph of the 1947 Prefects. The latter was put on an already overcrowded mantelpiece, and despite its success as a thing of beauty, the mantelpiece is beginning to groan, as an amplifier has been added to its load during the last week.

The clock is now enjoying its 10th anniversary, as it was presented to the School by the Prefects of 1937. Disregarding the fact that it only goes for three or four hours at a time, after one has set its hands and shaken it wildly, one might say that it has withstood its ten years quite admirably.

Just one more growl, if you will kindly observe it. The Library is not a public rendezvous. People who use it as a gossip room must realise that the Library is essentially a study room—but then every authority in the School has told you that, so why do I waste paper?

I am becoming heated so I must conclude, wishing our successors of 1948 more peace than ever we had.

Library Prefects,

NANCE, RAYMA, GWEN.

## FACTION NOTES

### RED—BOYS

This year our Upper School boys unanimously agreed to rest on their laurels for once, thus graciously allowing the girls to shoulder the total responsibility of winning for us the Faction Shield.

In both football and cricket we have not won one match although many times we have given our opponents good, hard opposition, thus causing them to fear for their side. We hope, however, to give the other factions a chance to prove their

sportsmanship by putting up good scores in the remaining matches for us to beat, as we indubitably will—sometime.

I am glad to say that our Lower School teams have, since they have no laurels to rest upon, won most of their football matches, while it is well known that on the cricket field, they have won every match but one. These lads of the first and second year are the rising stars of the boys of Red Faction. They will bring the boys faction points up to their usual prominent position with regard to those of other factions.

En avant, Red boys!

### RED—GIRLS

This year Red girls results have not been as encouraging as those of last, but we are all very proud of our second position on the faction chart. The various teams began the year badly, but have improved marvellously. We missed carrying off the swimming carnival and our heartiest congratulations are extended to Blue Faction on their success. Our one wish is that it won't be necessary to congratulate any other faction but ourselves on the results of the forthcoming sports day. All factions are practising hard including Red, and we are all holding high hopes of carrying off the laurels.

Perhaps the least said about faction collection the better, but girls, the response to this appeal has been most unsatisfactory. You all know that our faction collection room is "X," so in future, for the good of the faction, please try to be there on time.

We farewelled Miss Tate and Miss Payne from the faction at the end of last year, but this year we extend a welcome to Miss Bounsell, who has entered our fold, and hope that she sees many Red successes during her stay here.

The School "A" Hockey team sports four of our girls and the "B" team six of them. We are also well represented in the Basketball, and our congratulations go to all these girls who have reached school teams.

In conclusion, I would like to wish all factions the best of luck in the future.

### GOLD—GIRLS

All that glitters is not gold—that's what you think. What a team! Stupendous, astonishing and magnificent, the cream of the factions—but one must not omit—all cream turns sour at times, e.g., the swimming carnival. I must explain. Gold girls are allergic to water. Perhaps it might tarnish them. However, maybe(?) it will be a different story on sports day, for attendances at practices have been rather astounding.

We don't like to skite (much!) but for once we are heading the faction list and faction collection. The boys have certainly upheld their reputations in the water and on the football field, but somehow—we wonder where all their money goes every Friday morning; they just aren't financial!

Again (not boasting) we haven't lost a hockey match (Upper School that is) although most games have been drawn (certainly the fault of our allies!)

On the athletic field we are doubtful about the quality of the running but anyway some of the legs are quite promising—ahem!

Really and truly, however, Golds have certainly created a new name for themselves. Apart from their many successes they have proved themselves to be good winners and good losers. Remember, girls, it doesn't matter whether we win or lose—but how we played the game.

### GOLD—BOYS

Throughout the year Gold Faction boys have been amongst the leaders on the sporting field. Possessing the School and Junior champions in Lionel Dobson and John Abbot we managed to finish third in the swimming carnival.

During the first term our cricket team finished the season without the loss of a game. John Cooper, our faction, cricket and football captain, led us to this success. Fortune was still with us when the football season commenced, our colours only being lowered by the second meeting with Kingia.



Faction collections have been resumed once more but so far we have been disgraced by the enthusiasm of the girls. Collections ranging from the large sum of 3d. to 2/- have been made, although Gold is heading the list. Good work, girls! We are hoping to raise larger sums of money in the future though with the approach of sports day we are looking through the ranks of the Upper School for coming champions, but in this field we shall depend upon the Lower School to scrape together a few points.

Lower School have not been so successful on the sporting field, but cheer up, boys, you are doing fine! Why, we might even redeem the shield at the end of the year.

#### BLUE—GIRLS

On reading this, all Blue members should be duly proud as this year we have maintained the high standard of previous years by winning both the swimming and athletic carnivals in combined points—the girls did their share in each.

Among the newcomers this year we have first of all Miss Palmer, to whom we all convey our thanks and appreciation for her useful help given; also many first years who sustained us in both carnivals—the relays consisted of mostly newcomers. Our list of points on these occasions were held high by the persevering effort of many Juniors who should excel next year, and both Upper and Lower School events—here the girls were rewarded for long and vigorous practice.

Our success in basketball, hockey and softball is due to the enthusiasm of the captains and the co-operation of their teams. Our outstanding ability is in basketball as we have only lowered our colours once—to Red. Blue is well represented and comprises almost half the school basketball team. We regret the loss of our hockey star and captain, Violet, and consequently our weakness at hockey. However, the recent scheme of combined faction teams helped to make it obvious, and we have managed to

draw with every faction combination once. Now we have no "A" grade players, but some from the "B" may have earned promotion next year. There are no softball details as the finals are yet to be played. Remember, we've a reputation to keep up, Blue!

Faction collections! O, how many schemes and excuses are invented to support one's poverty on Friday mornings. Thankfully, the active interest of Miss Burgess and most Upper School girls saved us from coming last.

In a fine sporting spirit shown throughout the School, Blues have observed and survived the keen competition offered by Gold, Kingia and Red. It seems suitable then, to conclude by wishing them the best of luck in the coming matches.

#### BLUE—BOYS

In the passing parade of faction sport, Blue has made for itself a record equal to any in the School. It is with this thought in mind that we survey the present position, one which upholds the record.

To date the athletics and swimming carnivals have been annexed, an effort which speaks for itself. The fact that the faction had no champion is an indication that although lacking brilliance there is combined team spirit which is essential for success.

Lower School sport has, this year produced a number of promising Juniors. Already, by their efforts, Blue's football and cricket teams have placed themselves at the top of their divisions.

A different story may be told about the Upper School. In this sphere Gold has completely dominated faction matches allowing Blue to take "middling" position.

This all-round strength of the faction is putting Blue on top, a position where if one might dare to say, it belongs.

#### KINGIA—GIRLS

Kingia once more has its chance to explain away this year's lapse. Firstly, we just failed to carry off the swimming carnival, but we have

one excuse. Our swimming captain, Joyce Maddison, was absent. Second term with the hockey, basketball and softball Kingia fought hard for last place. We hope that third term will show a reversal in our position. After all, such enthusiasm, conscientiousness and willing effort cannot go unrewarded.

Regarding faction collections, the girls' only claim is that we usually double the stupendous total of the boys. Kingia lives up to Dickens' idea of a school-boy, for in Nicholas Nickleby you find, "Hot from school, with everything he learnt there fermenting in his head, and nothing fermenting in his pocket." Still, small as it is our contribution does help and the other factions need the encouragement of heading the list.

If we are to be deprived of winning anything we can at least lose with as good a spirit as our opponents win. Here's hoping that October 3rd will mark our turning point, and even if we can't win we may be proud of our effort.

### KINGIA—BOYS

Once again it is time—really past time—that I got to work on these notes, because the editor has been at me for weeks to write a few lines on our triumphs.

In our cricket matches we have

met with a little more success than usual—we have won a few games and drew with Gold once. Led by "Smut" we added a few precious points to our tally. Of course, we must not forget some other noted members of the team, Arch, "Spud" and "Mossy."

We excelled ourselves in the football sphere by managing to win most of the games. This was probably due to "Big Pete's" influence in ruck while the other seventeen did all they could. Pete is still complaining about his broken ribs from his collision with Bushy.

The faction collections have been rather low—we received threepence once—but we still manage to beat Gold boys (they got nothing one collection). We had better not brag too much because this happened to us on one noted occasion.

Possessing the two athletic champions in "Smut" and A. Walters, we feel justly proud in saying we ran a close second. The boys won their side of sports' day but the girls failed us; however, if the girls had done better we may have won the shield.

With the approach of the new cricket season we are full of hope and determination to gain the points necessary to carry off the shield.

## HOCKEY NOTES

### B.H.S. 1

The B.H.S.1 hockey team has been endowed with the following "stars":

Left Outer: Dobson stars on this wing and must be credited for his unsuccessful attempts at goals. Included in B.H.S. 1st XI.

Left Inner: Here, Fisher is improving with every game.

Centre Forward: In this important position Sweeting must be commended on scoring our second goal for the season. Is inner for the B.H.S. 1st XI.

Right Inner: Here, David Allen is forever trying his skill.

Right Outer: Spurge has achieved

his success here, and on the former position. He seldom loses a bully off.

Right Half: Simmonds is a starring half-back, but must keep his stick down and watch his man more.

Centre Half: One of our best players in Salter fills this important pivot position in the team. He has also scored our first goal. Has been picked for B.H.S. 1st XI.

Left Half: Hard-hitting Cliff Dennis stars in many of our association games. Salter will tell you how hard he hits.

Left Full Back: Prichard has not



### BOYS' HOCKEY XI

Back Row: H. Smith, P. Nelson, C. Spalding, G. Smith, L. Dobson. Middle Row: A. Campbell, A. Hill (capt.), Mr. W. Speering (coach), M. Prichard (vice-capt.), E. Salter.  
Front Row: A. Sweeting, J. Murray.



**GIRLS' HOCKEY XI**

Back Row: B. MacLeod, P. Saunders, R. Loney, H. Wilkes, J. Saunders. Middle Row: J. Symes, F. Robinson (captain), Miss P. Palmer (coach), S. Summers (vice-capt.), M. Schorer.  
Front Row: L. Logan, S. Gibbney.

yet skippered his team to success, but we'll win soon. Also in 1st XI.

Goalie: Spalding's form has outwitted many an attacking forward. A champion indeed. Goalie also, for 1st XI.

Right Full Back: Murray has played a consistent game throughout the season. He is one of our six in the B.H.S. 1st XI.

### HIGH SCHOOL 2

This season, eleven broken-down hacks were given sticks, told a few rules, and pushed on to a hockey field. As time went by, the team blossomed under the name of High School 2, and have as yet not played a game, in a manner as befits the name.

Although the boys can push the ivory balls into the nets, when it comes to a rather larger ball, made of leather, it doesn't even venture into an area where the nets are. But, though the boys are green, a weekly run stops them from rotting altogether. So that you will know the hacks that are mentioned above, their positions, and their play, the following is written.

Campbell runs at centre forward position, has a good hit, plenty of wind, and has even forced the ball into the net more than once.

Smith, on the left wing, is one of the few members of the team that actually keeps his position, at the same time keeping outside.

Gavranich, left inner, also runs well, has a strong hit, occasionally in the right direction, but is in-

clined to wander a little.

Nelson, running right inside, possesses good judgment and a handy hit, but is rather susceptible to the rule concerning three players.

Delves, who commands the right wing, has plenty of wind, and good staying powers, runs well, and handles his stick confidently.

Clifton, the left half, never hits without much thought, sometimes the ball travels in the right direction, sometimes even to advantage.

Smith, the second of that name that the team possess, plays well at centre half. Of late he has been leading confidently to the forward line, possible only through hard hitting, and excellent stickwork.

Carpenter, looking after the right half position, has improved and rolls the ball well when the need arises.

Palm, who plays right full back, uses his stick to advantage when he becomes tired, otherwise has a strong hit, and even kicks the ball to advantage.

Hill, helps in the backline, also yells a lot—to no advantage—and often helps Palm where his stick is concerned.

Chapman: Need you be told where Chapman plays, and how he can run? But he must be complimented on his short corner tactics, which he judges to a nicety.

Robinson plays any position at all, for he has a strong hit and plenty of wind, which, after all, is all that any good player needs.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY NOTES

1947 has proved a very successful year for the hockey teams. Although we weren't successful in reaching the final four we put in a very good season. For the first time the School formed an "A" and a "B" team to play in the association matches and valuable training was given us by our coach Miss Palmer.

The landmarks of the season were our visit to Modern School, their return visit to us, and finally to top

the season off, our visit to Perth during the first week of the holidays to participate in Inter-High School Sports against Eastern Goldfields, Geraldton and Albany.

Modern School proved to be the victors in our match at Perth, but on our home ground they found us too good for them. Unfortunately, when we visited Perth for the Inter-School sports, our full "A" team was not available, but their places



**CRICKET XI (Craddock Trophy)**

**Back Row:** H. Smith, S. Fry, L. Dobson, G. Smith, A. Hill. **Middle Row:** P. Nelson, J. Cooper (capt.), Mr. W. Speering (coach), E. Salter (vice-capt.), J. Brockmann. **Front Row:** D. Moss, B. Buswell.

were ably filled by Morag Campbell, Judy Macnish, Elsie Thompson and Nance Loney, four young "B" graders who must be congratulated on their very good performances. Here again, we were not able to carry off the honours, but without being unduly conceited, I say that we gave a very creditable performance with

a draw with Geraldton and a victory over Eastern Goldfields, only to go under to Albany.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Miss Palmer for the work she has put into coaching us, and hope that we came, or nearly came, up to her expectations.

## CRICKET CRITIQUE

### 1st XI

J. Cooper (capt., by the vice-capt.). A good skipper who uses his bowlers to effect. Left arm spin and break bowler with an occasional deceptive "wrong-un." Clever pace variety although length slightly erratic. Useful batsman who plays well all round the wicket, with the exception of the gully shot.

E. Salter (vice-capt). The School's mainstay as a batsman. A brilliant opener who is a prolific run-getter. Has all the shots and runs excellently between wickets. The best fieldsman in the team at mid-off.

P. Nelson. Fast, heady bowler, bowls skilfully to his well-set field; his peculiar action, turning the ball, slight change of pace and length, concentration on batsman's weakness, make a headache for anyone to face. Solid batsman, runs well between wickets.

H. Smith. Sound run-getting opener with forceful strokes all round the wicket, executed by brilliant wrist work. Useful change bowler whose "slows" have trapped many a good batsman. Excellent slip field.

S. Fry. Forceful bat, if he chose the right ball. Fast bowler who turns the ball well, but concentrates too much outside the leg stump. Utility fieldsman who returns well.

G. Smith. Good medium-fast change bowler when he finds the right length. When runs are needed quickly his sixes are a treat to watch; weak defence, but if improved should become a spectacular run-getter. Brilliant mid or out field.

J. Broockmann. Batsman with a sound leg shot, firmer shots to the off would make him an ideal opener. Match winning innings in the final during the first term.

L. Dobson. Forceful batsman inclined to lift the ball too high in the long field; clever wrist shots backward of point. Should be a good all-rounder if he put more energy into the game.

A. Hill. A good reliable batsman, slow but sure run-getter. Could afford to be more forceful and speedier between wickets. With a little more life he could become an excellent mid-field.

B. Buswell. A young player who has kept his wicket intact for many valuable partnerships. A little over-anxious, needs experience.

D. Moss. Left arm medium-fast bowler, erratic by trying too much pace. His tricky "nip" off the pitch would be more valuable with a good length. Needs more experience as a batsman, but has a good hook shot.

# ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Friday, March 7, 1947

## GIRLS' RESULTS

Faction Points: Blue, 96; Red, 90; Kingia, 46; Gold, 14.

30 Yds. Breaststroke: J. Smith (B.), 1; Marg. Pearce (K.), 2; M. Reilly (G.), 3; Joan Riley (G.), 4. Time: 31½ sec.

55 Yds. Junior Backstroke: Lyn. Hough (R.), 1; Joan Teede (B.), 2; Morag Campbell (B.), 3. Time: 52 1-5 sec.

Form I Championship: Joan Teede (B.), 1; Pat Smith (B.), 2; Jennifer Smith (B.), 3; J. Guppy (G.), 4. Time: 41 2-5 sec.

30 Yds. Freestyle: Glennis Willcott (R.), 1; Pat Smith (B.), 2; J. Riley (G.), 3; Marg. Pearson (K.), 4. Time: 24 sec.

55 Yds. Open Championship: C. Lowe (K.), 1; A. Thomas (R.), 2; M. Campbell (B.), 3; Jean Forrest (B.), 4. Time: 44 2-5 sec.

55 Yds. Junior Breaststroke: Pat Smith (B.), 1; Ann Teede (B.), 2; R. Vanavides (B.), L. Hough (R.), 3.

30 Yds. Backstroke: A. Thomas (R.), 1; Betty Merritt (K.), 2; Rita Kirk (R.), 3; Ann Teede (B.), 4. Time: 30 3-5 sec.

55 Yds. Junior Freestyle: Judy Smith (B.), 1; M. Reeves (K.), 2; C. Lowe (K.), 3; Joan Teede (B.), 4.

110 Yds. Open Championship: A. Thomas (R.), 1; Pat Smith (B.), 2; Lyn Hough (R.), 3. Time: 1 min. 15½ sec.

Life-Saving Race: Audrey Thomas, M. Spalding (R.), 1; Ann Teede, M. Burrell (B.), 2; M. Reeves, L. Carrigg (K.), 3; E. Scouler, L. Hough (R.), 4. Time: 52 sec.

55 Yds. Open Breaststroke: L. Hough (R.), 1; Rose Varnavides (B.), 2; L. Carrigg (K.), 3; R. Loney (K.), 4. Time: 55 2-5 sec.

Tandem Breaststroke (Novelty): Ann Teede, B. Merritt (B.), 1; Angela Clarke, M. Schorer (G.), 2. Time: 39 2-5 sec.

Cork and Spoon Race (Novelty):

Rita Kirke, 1; H. Carlson, 2; R. Loney, 3. Time: 52 1-5 sec.

55 Yds. Open Backstroke: L. Hough (R.), 1; L. Carrigg (K.), 2; A. Thomas (R.), 3.

Form 1 Championship: Joan Thomas (R.), 1; L. Hough (R.), 2; Ann Teede (B.), 3; J. MacNish (G.) 4.

Form II Championship: A. Relay: Blue, 1; Kingia, 2; Red, 3; Gold, 4.

Champion Girl: Lynette Hough, 19 points; runner-up, Audrey Thomas, 16 points.

Junior Champion: Lynette Hough, 10 points; runners-up, Judy Smith, Pat Smith (B.), 8 points.

## BOYS' RESULTS

### School Championship

220 Yds.: Campbell (B.), 1; Dobson (G.), 2; Tchan (B.), 3; H. Smith (R.), 4. Time: 3 min. 33 3-5 sec.

110 Yds.: Campbell (B.), 1; Dobson (G.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3; Tchan (B.), 4. Time: 1 min. 27 4-5 sec.

55 Yds.: Dobson (G.), 1; Campbell (B.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3. Time: 36 sec.

55 Yds. Breaststroke: Dobson (G.), 1; Campbell (B.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3; Tchan (B.), 4. Time: 36 sec.

55 Yds. Backstroke: Dobson (G.), 1; H. Smith (R.), 2; Tchan (B.), 3. Time: 51 1-5 sec.

### Junior Championship

220 Yds.: Abbott (G.), 1; Hough (R.), 2. Time: 13 3-5 sec.

110 Yds.: Abbott (G.), 1; Viner (B.), 2; Palmer (G.), 3; Fishwick (K.), 4. Time: 80 sec.

55 Yds.: Abbott (G.), 1; Viner (B.), 2; Ross (R.), 3; Buchanan (B.) 4. Time: 32 3-5 sec.

55 Yds. Breaststroke: Abbott (G.), 1; Ross (R.), 2; Stallwood (K.), 3. Time: 49 2-5 sec.

55 Yds. Backstroke: Abbott (G.), 1; Fishwick (K.), 2; Gibson (G.), 3. Time: 43 3-5 sec.

### Second Year Championship

Palmer (G.), 1; Ross (R.), 2; Buchanan (B.), 3; Snell (K.), 4.

### First Year Championship

Davy (R.), 1; Goodlad (K.), 2; Morrissey (R.), 3; Moss (R.), 4.



**SPORTS DAY, 1947**

October 3, 1947

**GIRLS' RESULTS**

100 Yds. Junior Championship (record: A. Rowston (R.), 1939, 12 sec.): J. Anderson (K.), 1; G. Larsson (R.), 2; E. Mansfield (B.), 3. Time: 13 2-5 sec.

100 Yds. School Championship (record: D. Hughes (B.), 1943, 12 sec.): J. Symes (G.), 1; P. Robinson (R.), 2; E. Mansfield (B.), 3. Time: 12 3.5 sec.

75 Yds. Form I Championship (record: M. Rowston (R.), 1940, 9 3-5 sec): C. Wansbrough (B.), 1; V. Lofthouse (B.), 2; J. Appleton (G.), 3. Time: 10 2-5 sec.

75 Yds. Form II Championship (record: B. Holloway (G.), 1938, 9 1-5 sec.): E. Mansfield (B.), 1; G. Collins (G.), 2; M. Bazzo (G.), 3. Time: 10 1-5 sec.

75 Yds. Form III Championship (record: A. Rowston (R.), 1940, E. Lofthouse (B.), 1941, 9 2-5 sec): G. Larsson (R.), 1; Y. Roberts (R.), 2; M. Sutton (G.), 3. Time: 10 sec.

75 Yds. Form IV. Championship (record: D. Hughes (B.), 1943, 9 2-5 sec.): M. Schorer (G.), 1; L. Logan (G.), 2; V. Halvorsen (G.), 3. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

75 Yds. Form V. Championship (record: D. Hughes (B.), 1943, 9 2-5 sec.): P. Robinson (R.), 1; J. Symes (G.), 2; A. Doornbusch (B.), 3. Time: 10 4-5 sec.

50 Yds. Form I Handicap: J. Appleton (G.), 1; V. Lofthouse (B.), 2; M. Reilly (G.), 3. Time: 7 sec.

50 Yds. Form II Handicap: J. Anderson (K.) and M. Bazzo (G.), 1; G. Collins (G.), 3. Time: 6 4-5 sec.

50 Yds. Form III Handicap: G. Larsson (R.), 1; B. West (K.), 2; B. Govan (R.), 3.

50 Yds. Forms IV and V Handicap: V. Halvorsen (G.), 1; S. Shepherdson (B.), 2; J. Forrest (B.), 3.

50 Yds. Junior Skipping Championship (record: R. Woods (K.), 1941, N. Campbell (B.), 1942, 7 2-5) M. Schorer (G.), 1; M. Bazzo (G.),

2; V. Lofthouse (B.), 3. Time: 7 3-5 sec.

50 Yds. School Skipping Championship (record: E. Seymour (B.), 1932, M. Green (K.), 1941, 6 4-5): J. Symes (G.), 1; P. Robinson (R.), 2; A. Doornbusch (B.), 3. Time: 7 sec.

50 Yds. Junior Championship (record: E. Lewin (R.), 1933, A. Rowston (R.), 1938, 6 2-5 sec.): J. Anderson (K.), 1; M. Schorer (G.), 2; G. Collins (G.), 3. Time 7 sec.

50 Yds. School Championship (record: L. Hansen (B.), 1933, 6 4-5 sec): J. Symes (G.), 1; P. Robinson (R.), 2; A. Doornbusch (B.), 3. Time: 6 4-5 sec.

Faction Flag Race, Lower School (record, Gold, 1 27 3-5 sec, 1945): Blue, 1; Kingia, 2; Red, 3; Gold 4. Time: 1 min. 30 3-5 sec.

Faction Flag Race, Upper School (record: 1 min. 27 1-5 sec., Red, 1945): Red, 1; Gold, 2; Blue, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 1 min. 29 sec.

Faction Pass Ball, Lower School (record: Red, 1932, 1 min. 4 3-5 sec.): Red, 1; Blue, 2; Gold, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 1 min. 11 3-5 sec.

Faction Leapfrog, Upper School (record: Gold, 1942 and 1944, 1 min. 40 sec.): Blue, 1; Red, 2; Gold, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 1 min. 2 2-5 sec.

Faction Circular Pass Ball, Lower School (record: Gold, 1945, 1 min. 40 sec.): Red, 1; Gold, 2; Blue, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 2 min. 4 4-5 sec.

Faction Corner Spry, Upper School (record, Gold, 1944, 1 min. 11 1-5 sec): Red, 1; Blue, 2; Gold, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 1 min. 8 3-5 sec.

Circular Relay, "A" Teams Faction (record: Red, 1940, 59 1-5 sec.): Red, 1; Gold, 2; Kingia, 3; Blue, 4. Time: 60 2-5 sec.

Faction Circular Relay, "B" Teams (record: Gold, 1942, 1 min. 4 sec.): Blue, 1; Red, 2; Gold, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 62 4-5 sec.

Faction Leader Ball, Lower School: Blue, 1; Gold, 2; Red, 3; Kingia, 4. Time: 53 1.5 sec.

Faction Dribbling Hockey Ball, Upper School (record: Kingia, 1944, 11 min. 1-5 sec.): Red, 1; Kingia, 2; Blue, 3; Gold, 4. Time: 1 min. 21 sec.

### BOYS EVENTS

#### School Championship

Broad Jump (record: P. Crabbe, 1941, 20ft. 5½ in.): Y. Smith (K.), 1; P. Nelson (B.), 2; A. Walters (K.), 3. Distance: 19ft. 2½ in.

Hop, Step and Jump (record: W. Scott, 1933, 42ft. 1½ in.): A. Walters (K.), 1; G. Smith (K.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3. Distance: 38ft. 10½ in.

Mile (record: T. Joel, 1940, 4 min. 48 1-5 sec.): H. Smith (R.), 1; J. Abbott (G.), 2; A. Campbell (B.), 3. Time: 5 min. 6 4-5 sec.

880 Yds. (record: T. Joel, 1940, 2 min. 10 4-5 sec): H. Smith (R.), 1; J. Abbott (G.), 2; A. Campbell (B.), 3. Time: 2 min. 23 2-5 sec.

120 Yds. Hurdles (record: W. McEvoy and T. Moss, 1933, 17 4-5 sec.): G. Smith (K.), 1; S. Fry (B.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3. Time: 18 2-5 sec.

440 Yds. (record: J. Gibson, 1939, 52 4-5 sec): S. Fry (B.), 1; G. Smith (K.), 2; H. Smith (R.), 3. Time: 1 min. 4-5 sec.

220 Yds. (record: W. Scott, 1933, 24 sec.): G. Smith (K.), 1; S. Fry (B.), 2; P. Gavranich (K.), 3. Time: 25 sec.

100 Yds. (record: F. Faithful, 1945, 10 1-5 sec.): G. Smith (K.), 1; S. Fry (B.), 2; P. Nelson (B.), 3. Time, 11 3-5 sec.

Boys "A" Relay (record: 1933, 1 min. 43 sec): Blue, 1; Kingia, 2; Red, 3.

High Jump (record: T. Smith, 1944, 5ft. 6¾ in.): P. Nelson (B.), 1; L. Bowman (B.), 2; G. Smith (K.), 3. Height: 5ft. 3in.

#### Junior Championship

Broad Jump (record: P. Crabbe, 1930, 19ft. 4in.): A. Walters (K.), 1; J. Pickworth (K.), 2; R. Repacholi (B.), 3. Distance 19ft. 6in. (record).

Hop, Step and Jump (record: T. Smith, 1942, 38ft. 2in.): A. Walters (K.), 1; C. Adams (B.), J. Pickworth (K.), 3. Distance: 38ft. 8in. (record).

Mile (record: T. Joel, 1938; 5 min.

11 3-5 sec): J. Ellis (G.), 1; I. Viner (B.), 2; D. Moss (K.), 3. Time: 5 min. 29 1-3 sec.

880 Yds (record: B. Williams, 1945, 2 min. 18 1-5 sec.): D. Moss, I. Viner, 1; J. Brooksby, 3. Time: 2 min. 32 sec.

440 Yds. (record: T. Bland, 1945, 57¾ sec.): A. Walters (K.), 1; R. Repacholi (B.), 2; H. Hernaman (B.), 3. Time: 1 min. 4 3-5 sec.

220 Yds. (record: T. Bland, 1945, 26 4-5 sec.): A. Walters (K.), 1; R. Repacholi (B.), 2; M. Prichard (R.), 3. Time: 26 2-5 sec. (record).

100 Yds. (record: A. Lindsay, 1935, J. Gibson, 1938, 11 sec.): A. Walters (K.), 1; R. Repacholi (B.), 2; H. Hernaman (B.), 3. Time: 12 sec.

120 Yds. Hurdles (record: G. Gil- lon, 1940, 17 4-5 sec): A. Walters (K.), 1; M. Prichard (R.), 2; Y. Fishwick (K.), 3. Time: 19 2-5 sec.

Faction Relay (record: Blue, 1930, 49 1-5): Gold, 1; Blue, 2; Kingia, 3.

High Jump (record: M. Powrie, 1943, 5ft. 2¼ in.): L. Bowman (B.), 1; A. Walters (K.), 2; R. Repacholi (B.), 3. Height: 5ft. 1¾ in.

#### Under 15 Championship

Broad Jump: N. Scott (G.), 1; D. Palmer (G.), 2; M. Rice (G.), 3. Distance: 16ft. 5½ in.

Hop, Step and Jump: M. Rice (K.), 1; D. Palmer (G.), 2; D. Ross (R.), 3. Distance: 32ft. 7½ in.

High Jump: D. Palmer (G.), 1; N. Scott (G.), 2; Y. Fishwick (K.), 3. Height: 4ft. 7½ in.

880 Yds.: I. Viner (B.), 1; D. Palmer (G.), 2; W. Buchanan (B.), 3. Time: 2in. 45 1-5 sec.

220 Yds.: W. Buchanan (B.), 1; D. Palmer (G.), 2; N. Scott (G.), 3. Time: 27 1-5 sec.

100 Yds.: D. Ross (R.), 1; D. Palmer (G.), 2; I. Eakin (K.), 3. Time: 12 4-5 sec.

440 Yds.: D. Palmer (G.), 1; W. Buchanan (B.), 2; C. Mulvay (B.), 3. Time: 1 min. 7 sec.

#### Under 14 Events

Broad Jump: R. Kelly (K.), 1; J. Turner (K.), 2; N. Roberts (R.), 3. Distance: 15ft. 9½ in.

Hop, Step and Jump: R. Kelly (K.), 1; M. Scott (K.), 2; J. Turner

(K.), 3. Distance: 33ft. 9½in.

High Jump: R. Kelly (K.), 1; N. Roberts (R.), 2; J. Turner (K.), 3. Height: 4ft. 4½in.

880 Yds.: N. Roberts (R.), 1; A. Walker (G.), 2; G. Adams (K.), 3. Time: 2 min. 54 2-5 sec.

440 Yds.: R. Anderson (R.), 1; A. Walker (G.), 2; R. Kelly (K.), 3. Time: 1 min. 14 sec.

220 Yds.: R. Anderson (R.), 1; J. Turner (K.), 2; V. Horne (B.), 3. Time: 29 2-5 sec.

Handicap Mile: V. Horne, 1; J.

Murray, 2; P. Hough, 3; A. Campbell, 4.

### Champions

Senior Champion: Gordon Smith (K.), 45 points; runner-up, Harvey Smith (R.), 25 points.

Junior Champion: Athol Walters (K.), 53 points; runner-up, Ray Repacholi (B.), 21 points.

Under 14 Championship: Roger Kelly (K.), 30 points.

Boys Final Faction Points: Kingia, 246; Blue, 187; Gold, 112; Red, 94.

## BASKETBALL NOTES

With the conclusion of this year's basketball by the inter-school week at Perth (where we came second) I think that we have cause to feel proud of our achievements. Certainly our match against Modern school proved an overwhelming victory for them, but with the re-arrangement of the team, the return match played in Bunbury, though Modern School was still the victor, was a better game.

Other eventful games played during the term were those against Collie, Busselton and Harvey. From the point of both spectators and players, the games against Collie were most exciting and we concluded by coming a draw. Played by the second years, amongst whom we have some promising players, the match against Busselton proved contrary to the rule at Busselton, Bunbury girls were victorious, while the return match at Bunbury resulted in a victory for Busselton. The match against Harvey, played at Bunbury by our junior team, though being a win for Bunbury, was not as good a game as had been expected.

Apart from inter-town games, we also played Saturday matches against the local teams, Convent and ex-Students. These teams proved quite formidable opponents, and such former School basketball stars as Doreen Thomas and Joan

Fishwick showed that they had lost none of their skill. There was one flaw to these otherwise enjoyable games, and that was that the constant use of our courts caused them to deteriorate rapidly. Indeed, they would have become mere sand-patches were it not for the wonderful attention given to them by Mr. Horne. Some improvement will have to be made next year because we cannot expect Mr. Horne to give up what little spare time he does have.

Among the players to prove their ability this term were:—

J. Cowan: An accurate goalie who must learn to work with her assistant.

J. Welsh, who shows a fine temperament, is well suited to her position on the field.

I. Sacristani, easily the most improved player of the year. Fast and constant.

B. Martin, has greatly improved since her change from defence to centre.

G. Larssen, the most promising of our players. She has the knack of playing any position with ease.

A. Doornbusch, a very quick and reliable player who has adapted herself well to her change of position.

P. Henderson: Her dodging makes her well suited to her position as defence but who has a bad habit of shepherding her opponent.



**FOOTBALL XVIII**

Back Row: E. Salter, S. Fry, J. Abbott, P. Spurge, C. Spalding. Middle Row: A. Sweeting, P. Nelson, S. Palm, P. Gavranich, H. Smith, R. Clementson, J. Brockman. Front Row: L. Dobson, J. Murray, J. Cooper (capt.), Mr. W. Speering (Sports' Master), G. Smith (vice-capt.), E. Repachol, E. Buswell.

J. Elias, a consistent player though lacking in self confidence.

Thanks to the assistance given to us by our capable new sports mistress, both by coaching and by giving us strong moral support, basketball has come much to the fore. Indirectly, too, we are indebted to Miss Palmer, who by relieving Miss Thomas of the coaching of the hockey team, has allowed her to concentrate her attention to the basketball. This she has done even to the extent of giving up Saturday afternoons to umpire our matches. Her work has resulted in keener interest being displayed in Basketball by Junior students many of whom have every chance of being included in next year's School team. Proof of the eagerness of the younger members to participate is the fine

spirit shown by Colleen Teede, who, with her sister Anne accompanied the team to Perth as emergencies. Though she was unfortunate in not getting a game, Colleen attended every match regardless of the bleak weather. Val Halvorsen and Yvonne Roberts, who were included in the school team for the inter-school matches, played remarkably well considering what little practice they had had.

As many members of this year's team will not be with the School next year, they would like to take this opportunity to wish the School basketball every success. I can only conclude by hoping that next year's team have as much fun together as we have had this year.

P. HENDERSON, Capt.

## FOOTBALL CRITIQUE

G. Smith (vice-captain): An excellent centre-man whose disposal and kicking for goals is usually good. Although he handles the ball well on either the ground or in the air has yet to learn how to bump an opponent to advantage.

H. Smith: An ideal type of centre half-back whose only fault is his erratic disposal. One of the School's best players, if not the best.

P. Nelson: Even though he does not handle the ball surely he is a come-through type of goalie who saves time and time again.

L. Dobson: On a half-back flank this player is the ideal backman. He always keeps the ball before him and makes many clearing dashes. His marking and disposal are not the best.

S. Fry: Usually an excellent high-mark, he gives good service on a half-back flank. Should dispose of the ball to advantage and not wildly.

S. Palm: Has plenty of weight but does not know how to use it. Although fairly slow and a player who does not handle the ball at all

well, he has done creditably in back pocket.

J. Abbott: A rugged ruckman changing in the left full-back position, who marks and kicks fairly well. At times he pays too much attention to his opponent and not enough to the ball. Has served the team well.

J. Broockman: Changes in ruck with Abbott. His determination has been a lesson to his team-mates. However, he does not handle the ball very well as yet, and his disposal is a little erratic.

P. Gavranich: The School's best ruckman. Rugged, fast and a good ball handler, and a player who disposes to advantage. He has rendered excellent service to the team.

B. Buswell: A small but speedy wingman who has everything that a young footballer should possess. A fine mark and kick for his size; he shows definite promise.

J. Murray: A good left kick, and one who handles the ball surely, this right winger did not come up to early promise. His lightness probably forced him to avoid the bumps.



### BASKETBALL

Back Row: E. Palm, M. Doornbusch, R. Waters, T. Gibson, Y. Roberts, J. Welsh, Middle Row: I. Scaristini, G. Larsson, B. Martin, M. McCulloch, J. Cowan, J. Elias, Front Row: A. Doornbusch, P. Henderson (capt.), Miss M. Thomas (Sports Mistress), C. Lowe, S. Henderson.

Should go in after the ball more often.

P. Spurge: A reasonably good mark whose ground play is a little slow. On a half-forward flank he kicked accurately for goals or disposed of the ball well. Is prone to become flustered.

R. Repacholi: Fast to the ball but is hampered by his inability to control it once it is reached. His disposal has to be improved.

E. Salter: Brilliant upon the ground and sure in the air he rendered fine service at centre half-forward. His disposal and kicking for goals is usually excellent although he does have lapses. Our leading goal-kicker.

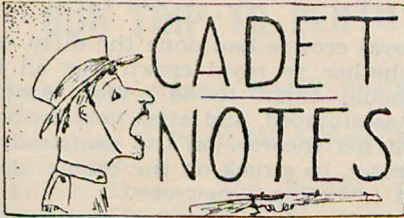
A. Sweeting: Sneak and change rover. A left-footer who is an excellent kick. Handles the ball deftly but his slowness and over-confidence lead him into trouble. Valuable ser-

vice rendered to the team.

D. Palmer: Another left-footer of the rugged type who is a sure mark and good in his ground play. As yet a little inexperienced in his disposal. Plays well in a forward pocket.

C. Spalding: In a full forward pocket this player keeps position well. Kicks well for goals. His ground play is slow and his aerial work could be improved. A clever player who always disposes of the ball to advantage.

J. Cooper (capt.) (by the vice-capt.): Congratulations "Coop," on being chosen in the Bunbury First XVIII against West Perth. Our star footballer; a brilliant high marking rover and change sneak with clever ground play and good handball. The responsibility of captain has unfortunately somewhat subdued his brilliance, but nevertheless he is still an inspiration to the team.



The Cadet Unit at Bunbury High School has provided some amusement for some (see "Cadets," last edition). However, it is hoped that the Cadets themselves will always remember "the cadets" as a great training ground for them. Under the leadership of Captain Pittman and the instruction of Sgt. Edwards, especially early in the year, great progress has been made. The N.C.O.'s have earned praise, too, as they have had little experience to guide them in instruction and management of their sections.

Various squads have been formed in the year, both temporary and

permanent. There is the Vickers squad (under Sgt. Edwards), who have already had the experience of operating that weapon, and the Signals corps, which was lately formed when signals equipment arrived.

For the guard ceremony the personnel practised hard to raise the standard of their drill and learn the procedure in the short time they had. Their success is a good example for the whole unit.

Tactics and section command were practised during the year on the sandhills. Experience was gained by most cadets by practice at the drill hall miniature range, and at the open range at the Bunbury Rifle Club. A team went to Perth to shoot in the challenge cup, and here K. Delves deserves mention.

For a report on the annual camp you may read other articles on the subject in this magazine, which, if not all-embracing, should give an idea of some activities there.

## HOSTEL NOTES

Let us introduce to the students of Bunbury High School the boys of the C.W.A. Hostel (more commonly known as the Belsen Horror Camp).

Our ancient ancestors Adam and Eve who try unsuccessfully to keep law and order among the boys. We are awoken every morning by Adam frantically ringing a bell. No one stirs, so Eve rushes in and says, "Get up or I will ring up Mr. Bradshaw!"

After much pleading and threatening, Eve finally manages to get us up and have breakfast (if that's what it can be called). During the day while travelling per Henderson's bus service you would meet up with Max the Murphy Man whose cynical laughter is heard every day of the week. Also there is "little Headache"

who causes many other headaches talking about his uncle's new "Maple Leaf" Chevrolet and a certain Green in IIE. Cock Sparrow's pipy voice is often heard issuing from behind the door. Sparrow sleeps next to Superman, who has a globe fixed on a torch battery with which to amuse himself. Chas, who, whenever he gets hurt, threatens to stop the offender kicking his football. The "girl chasers" are battling for a certain first year girl. Flies, whose two brothers are the place knows (or thinks he knows) a lot about locomotives. Bike Rider, D.J., Willie Fennel, Termite and our milkman are always complaining about their gravel rash.

This is the C.W.A. Hostel signing off. "Revenge is Sweet."

## ARCHIMEDES

Archimedes was a chummy old joker—I knew him well, before my first attempt at Junior Physics. Unfortunately some of my classmates didn't appreciate his genius, wherefore Archy is now extinct, deceased, defunct, in other words, dead. He was a handsome old chappy, with a long white beard and a short white bath-robe.

I suppose you've all heard about Archy and his Principle. That was his masterpiece, although he was a brainy guy, and had all sorts of natty ideas, some of which worked—but the majority remained just ideas.

Most people have heard the story of how the Principle first struck him, but for the benefit of the ignorant (which is all the B.H.S. Students except the IVth years, I will relate it.

A royal pal of Archy's had given him a little problem—to find out whether ye Maker (or Faker) of

royal crowns had done the dirty, or whether ye royal crown was all it should ought to be. Well, Archy was stumped, and after he'd broken all his theories on the confounded crown, he struck on the brainy idea of inventing a new one.

Well, after umpteen-and-three-quarter tries, he found it was rather hot work, so he cooled off in the bath. As soon as he dumped himself in the bath, he noticed that all the water sloshed out. Naturally the old boy was a bit puzzled, and as he scientifically hunted for the soap (Lux, for his complexion) he saw daylight.

Without waiting to drape even a bath towel round his slender form, he leaped out of the bath and shot off home, re the crown. When he got home, the first thing he did (apart from replacing the bath-robe) was to dump the crown in a dish of water. After considerable juggling with Mrs. Archy's kitchen



scales, he let out a yell, and tore off to denounce ye Faker (not Maker) of royal crowns.

King was a bit annoyed at Archy for tearing around minus bathrobe, but when he heard the joyful news he cooled down and decided not to chuck Archy to the lions after all. (In fact, I think he split that week's royal pocket money with him, or he may have shouted Archy to the flicks.)

Then my classmates got hold of him, and the poor chap didn't have a chance against forty enraged students.

Yes—Archimedes was a nice old chap—but he met an untimely end, three or four years too late.

M<sup>2</sup>C<sup>2</sup>.

P.S.—I have just been informed that Archy was in the public baths, when he got the notion, but I don't believe it—he was always so modest. Also, he was a Greek, and therefore should not be having a bath. Anyway he was an old nuisance, wherever he had his bath.

## OUR TRIP TO PERTH

The long awaited Friday finally came  
To go up to Perth for a basketball game;  
Misses Thomas and Palmer, who were in charge of us  
Were running around making a terrible fuss.  
The clock on the station said the time was two,  
But, alas, no teachers came into view;  
The hand of the clock was on figure one,  
When along came the teachers with a pant and a run.  
With tickets in hand they scrambled aboard,  
When up bowled Jude in Dr. Mac's Ford.  
"Woo! Woo!" cried the train. "Hang on!" yelled Jude,  
"Good Heavens, I've come without any food."

We all settled in as the train drew out,

Then some started talking, while others did shout;

The Prefects try to sing, but, alas, how they swoon

When Butch jumps up and begins to croon.

Brunswick, Harvey and Yarloop went past,

Not too slow and not too fast;

"Pinjarra!" yelled Waters. My how she can eat!

So out she scrambled all over our feet.

Once again on the train we all got going,

And made more noise than the roosters crowing,

Some people were crowding around more and more;

When a gruff voice called out, "Out of the corridor!"

As Perth was at last drawing quite near,

We decided to finish off our ginger beer;

And leaned out the window, from our bags we took

One half-penny to drop in the "Babbling Brook."

We had arrived at last and as it stopped

The train gave a jerk and we thought we were shot

All out on the platform. Oh! What a gang.

Then the engine pulled out with a terrible clang.

And so our rhyme we must end

As to the billets our way we wend;  
 Hoping that after a good night's rest

We would rise in the morning feeling our best.

## WHY?

The more you study,

The more you know;

The more you know,

The more you can forget;

The more you can forget,

The more you do forget;

The more you forget,

The less you know,

So why study?

## FORM NOTES

### IA FORM NOTES

Hi-Ho! everybody! This is station E.G.C.A. (extra grouse class A) calling.

Anyone heard the whereabouts of our little professor? He usually forgets something, so I suppose he's forgotten to get up.

There is some bad news coming up. Lion Heart has killed someone with his ging.

Merino is still looking sheepishly at one of our prize hens, I mean regularly.

Our little Renner-duck is a beaut, girls. She is a handsome lass and usually carries a six-gun loaded with silence.

Gilbert our young foal (Foale) is growing nicely and his face carries the expression of one who studies she usually hatches her answers at

the wrong time.

Bucktooth Bob, who sits near the front, is our English master's favourite. We people up the back never get a chance.

It must be French because the Keyser is blowing out French again.

Robot Roberts is still stinging the Page on the ear.

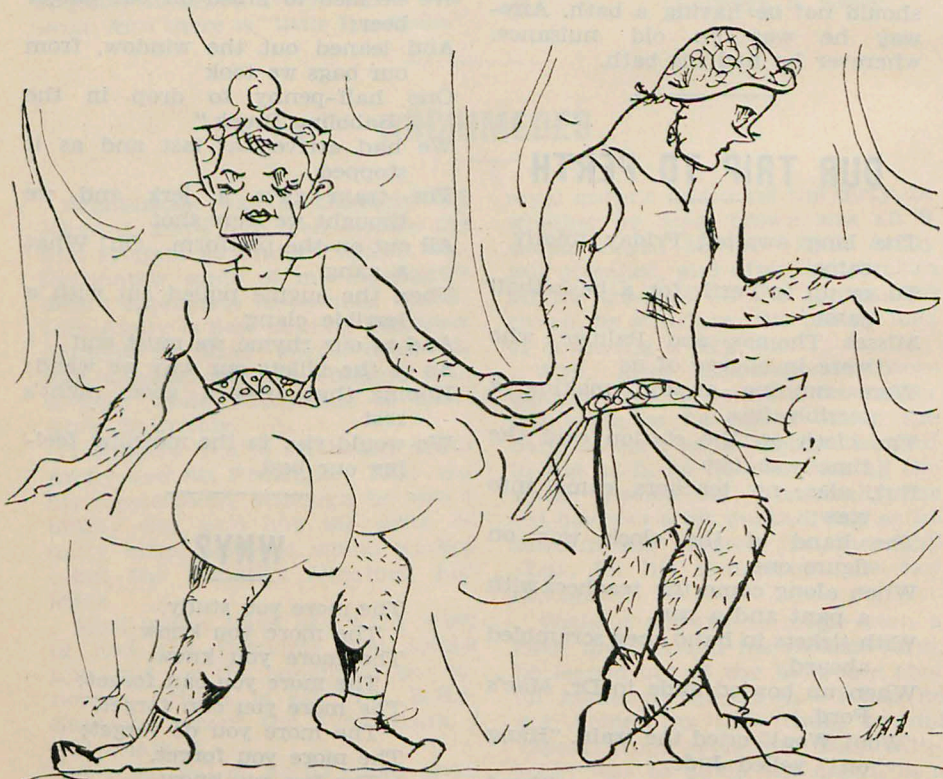
The professor gets tired and starts to draw faces until teacher clips him on the ear.

Little John is very Bent but on his side it is a bit straighter.

He is a bit of a bookworm, always reading, even in English (poetry) he finds time to read some interesting thing.

Livingstone is a rock, she sits there and does something that most other people don't. She actually listens.

This is station E.G.C.A. signing off. Bing! Bing! Bong! The time is time to stop work. Cheerio! See you next "Kingia."



Two Ballet Beauties

**IB FORM NOTES**

"Here she comes! Here she comes!" is the usual cry of the boys and girls in this room as a certain mistress comes swinging gracefully down the aisle.

"Sh-h-h! Quiet everyone! Shut up Walmsley and Hart, will you?"

First of all we introduce Brooks and Walters who are our room Prefects. They have a hard job to keep us kids quiet as we are awful pests to them.

Our clown of the room is "Ginger," who is always ??? with Bugle.

Olly has always the same stale excuse. "The 'bus was late, Miss."

Little Finigen, who is like a mouse, has never brought his right materials with him. "Gosh, he's cute."

Our best looking girl of the room is always looking out the door at the ??? that go past.

Here comes "Butcher" man, late as usual. I guess he's been down seeing his girl under the apple tree.

Burrell, the laughing jackass of the room, is always laughing at her own witty jokes.

"Wow! Look at that handsome ?? that just walked past. Well, let's get on with the Form Notes."

Our basketball thrower, "Gap," gets a hundred goals every time we play a match, that is why we won at Kent Street.

Well, I'm afraid we will have to close now for Dunstan, O'Brien, Roach and Jan are making so much noise we can't concentrate. We wish you the best of luck in your exams.

From the breezy, busy bees of IB.

**FORM NOTES OF IC**

Here we are again still happy as ever, that is, until the teacher walks into the room and tries to quieten us. They tell us we are the noisiest room in the School, and I think so too!

A few outstanding people are:—

Dorothy, who is always laughing, talking or fighting. (It's a wonder she doesn't lay an egg.)

Ted is so familiar with all the girls, that all the time you look at him he's talking to one of them.

Beverley is always thinking up some brainy ideas. (But they never work.)

Every time you speak to Appleface she says "Gee, I'm hungry!"

Johnny, Garry and Vaughany are dreamers. They never bother to learn anything, they just let the words go in one ear and come out the other.

Bill is another dreamer. He picks a back seat for a nice quiet snooze. Two newcomers came in IC not very long ago and they both think "French" is a terrible language to pick up.

Everyone loves Latin—I must say! Miss Smith tries to teach us, but it is useless. Lucy is our little Latin fan. She likes Latin 100 times better than French.

"Bouldie," the girl prefect, is not very strict. She has quite a busy time telling the "ladies and gentlemen" to pick up papers. They don't take any notice of her, so she decides to pick them up herself.

The Form IC will now say "Good-bye."

—The Duties of IC.

**ID FORM NOTES**

Here we are, the wonderful wizards of D, otherwise the dopey drips of first year. I expect you will have "heard" us by now, although we are the quietest Form (you only have to ask a prefect!).

Let us now introduce some of the inmates of the Form:—

Izzy and James our fizzy and famous prefects who put down the noise with a terribly firm hand (ahem!).

Lofty and Mudrake our class brains, also our well known French professors "Baa-baaara" and "Swilne," who are "beginning to see the light."

Anne our Jewell of a girl, who is not such an angel as she appears to outsiders.

We are all well supplied with jests

by Barry our clown, who seems at his best during "Le Lecon de Francais," and "Bits," our midget, who seems fascinated during geography.

We also have a freak in the corner—Ladyman ??? who is very good at writing poetry.

We appreciate the efforts of Mr. Pittman to teach us French, even though we are not half as good as "My class last year," especially at verbs (pouvoir and vouloir).

Miss Palmer has great hope for us, especially when she sees the beautiful flowers adorning the mantelshef of our room.

Mr. Stallwood evidently thinks we have not enough homework to do, and he remedies the fact with many impositions.

Well, we must sign off now, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates every success.

We are the doubtful, dubious, delirious, dear, ducky ID-ites.

### I I K FORM NOTES

Hello everybody! this is I I K boys signing on.

Well, folk, there are a few good chaps amongst us but the majority of them are very bad.

Jim P. is what girls call a flirt. A different girl every Friday night is his motto.

Peter Soulos is the class hooligan.

David Palmer is a nice quiet boy who sits in the Harvey bus and whistles girls just to make them blush.

I I K is a great class at football and cricket. Many a time we have beaten other Forms, but no one has ever beaten us at football.

Well, my friends, I I K has one great musician. May I introduce Fatty Marks.

Of course we must mention Hoc-kley, our wagger. Shall we say he plays truant?

We must now say cheerio for the time until next "Kingia."

—Form I I K.

### I I Q FORM NOTES

Crash, bang !!!!! (censored).

Oh, beg your pardon. Is it our turn to appear?

This is I I Q. We suppose you have guessed by now.

During the term our Form had the misfortune of enduring two accidents. (1) One pane of glass in the door was shattered to smithereens; (2) the other pane in the same door was knocked beyond repair.

We have great news! The garden which we commenced first term has yielded four flowers. Not that we have ever seen them. Some of us do not even know where the garden is. Besides, the vases have been mislaid (?).

A certain teacher has been heap-ing the homework on. Not that we do not get enough, but why do we get it all at once? Need we say more?

Drawing curved lines on squared paper is not in our line. If we were asked to draw curved lines elsewhere, the result would probably be stupendous.

A running commentary was given by a certain person. It ran like this:

Mulvay with his 2/1 red and gold Woolworth's tie would never be lost among the multitudes of the "Temple of Beeaychess" (end quote).

Felix never has enough privacy (or room) with her needle and black cotton. Cynth has lost her entire sole, too.

Spurge is King of all he surveys (like smoke).

Flossy keeps wondering about the mysteries of the converse of Theorem 40.

Win, the wonder girl, in French gets us all puzzled when trying to distinguish between le and la.

Fishwick with all his microscopic (micro from Greek micro—small) sight is always found fishing for his pencil.

Lana Turner's brother, John Turner, has not yet found his heart's content.

Two of our butter fingered girls caused the barometer to fall (never to return again) in Physics the other day.

The Biology students were taken for an enlightening hike to Timbuctoo, and we collected many interesting specimens (Millsy). We were chaperoned by one man, Sir

Bernard Raymond Mills. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Palmer for the very pleasant time we had.

Wishing all the Leaving and Junior candidates the very utmost in their examinations, we wish you au revoir till next "Kingia" time.

--IIQ.

### IIX FORM NOTES

Here we are again,  
Rowdy as can be;  
(or are we?)

Our Form is progressing marvelously with our commercial work, and could call ourselves without hesitation, first class secretaries. So if you hear that Mr. Chifley's secretary has been sacked just look up IIX and they will readily supply a reliable, irresponsible, up-to-date, attractive secretary.

Now don't think for a minute that we have all work and no play. No, Sirree! That's not IIX. We have some expert hockey and basketball players amongst us and we are often requested to play in the State team but we would rather win matches for our School.

We are also top of the bill for entertainment and the casts of our modern plays are all set to go to Hollywood.

By the way, have you seen our Physiol. class at work (or rather at play)? Our technique at dissecting, otherwise hacking at bull's eyes, is really astounding.

Here are just a few of our marvels. First of all, there is Titch (don't think I'm sneezing) our prefect, who is always trying to crack a witty joke, but never succeeds because Barb or Bazzo think of something better. She also has a peculiar hobby of catching birds, especially Finches. Nelly, our other prefect, helps Titch to try and keep the class in order.

We have also some fair athletes for example, "Billy," who although she is all brains and no brawn, can break records getting to her seat when a mistress is coming.

You know we are quite popular

with the prefects. They're always visting us and receiving bribes from Jessie or Rita, as we know Bushy has quite a sweet tooth.

Well, we'll see you next "Kingia" time in IIIS.

--IIX.

### IIIP FORM NOTES

Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, the Form Notes of IIIP were absent from the first edition of the "Kingia" this year.

As we make our debut into the social life of the B.H.S. we are in the throes of swotting for that long awaited examination—the Junior. We would like to wish other third year and fifth year classes success in their coming exams.

As the spring slowly arrives there is an increased number of IIIP-ites loitering in the sun after the second bell has rung their knell. The main offenders are a short dark, a short fair, and two tall dark and handsome members of our Form.

Among the motley collection, a few stand out for their wit and humour, viz., Bruce, Lit. and Clarke. These members of the Form are often seen discussing avidly the various females who decorate the opposite balcony. The largest members of the Form are two moranic characters noted for their temperamental observations of the world in general and the masters in particular.

To our prefect, Prof., we pay our respects (r.i.p.). Also our Form master comes in for his share of slander contributed by various English students who declined to oblige him with a few English assignments.

Oddy is often to be seen staring at the bush with a light in his eye. No doubt his amours were successful. Pick may be seen constantly moaning about the winter and wishing the summer was here. When asked why he wants the summer to come, he looks at you vacantly and decides that you are a definite "yokel."

Abbott, the Scotch boxer, is to be

seen in the company of the School barbarians, Tchan and Claude, who retire gracefully when one of the staff arrives on the scene of their misconduct.

Spurge is an interesting object; he, with the other Hostel boys, marches in about ten minutes late every morning. When asked why they were late, Spurge mutters "The 'bus was late, sir." Then, giving the class an expansive grin, he rumbles to his place beside Little who is generally deep in conversation with Jacko or Pick.

We think you should have had our very wet notes by now, so we remain—

Yours till the sphinx winks,

IIIP.

### IIIR FORM NOTES

Ye honourable ladies and gentlemen of ye staffe, ye laddes and lassies of ye Bunburye Highe Schoole, we hereby dedicate to oure forme autobiographye since ye "Kingia" of laste terme. Ye persuasive vocal chordes of Wonge Allene thatte issue at variose intervals over ye mike, have induced us to helpe the poore soule of ye aforesaide Wonge Allenne inne its perseverance.

Welle, ye folkes—having gotte over ye formalities, here we goe—

Since ye laste "Kingia" our Form has been doing muche swotte (aske ye teachers to confirme this) for ye so-called Junior. Among ye sweating swotterse are Buzza, Tiche ande ye Nuttie, who overrunne themselves withe ye worke. (Butte whatte kinde of work?) Of course we have some who doe notte strain themselves.

We are gladde to have ye Ellene backe withe us after ye fewe dayse illness. We wonder iffe itte was ye "hamburgers" thatte made her sick.

Ye Joyce, notte being contente withe the missinge muche schoole because offe ye badde legge, decided that she hadde ye fewe too many teethe and gotte ridde of some of thehme. Dailye we expecte her to contracte another mysteriose (?)

maladye; but asse yette oure feares have notte been realizedde.

Several female members of thisse wonderfulle Forme have ye violente crushe onne—noe—we are notte allowedde to tell, butte come to Room Y ye firste periode onne ye Thursday afternoon, and ye'll soon finde outte.

One Mondaye morninge at ye beginninge of ye terme, half of our masculine members were tolde thatte they were noe longer requiredde inne ye Historie. Ye Dashere, much annoyed atte notte being amonge ye chosene few, managedde after much persuasion to be includedde in ye liste of ye bolde, badde boys.

Ah, welle, ye swotte is callinge, ye Juniore entrye formes are lookinge reproachfullye atte us reminding us thatte we have ye mere foure monthes, "To ye ende of Tyme"—ye Junior: we muste close nowe tille ye nexte yeare, whenne ye Junoir will be behinde us (we hope).

Ye roaring, raging ragamuffinnes of ye Forme IIIR.

[What will their Form Notes be like in Vth year when they have been learning Chaucer?—Ed.]

### IIIS FORM NOTES

This is the last message from the senseless saps of IIIS.

Already we have signed our passport to Heaven (the Junior Entrance, ignoramous). At least we'll say they are to Heaven, but—

We think you know the members of our form by now (but we bet you don't know us as well as you think).

Why does Butch always sing "The Martins and the Coys," dash her!

Why does the Suicide Blonde love English so much?

Why is it Rich is always admiring the scenery, particularly Hilly regions?

Doesn't Hig love 5th and 6th periods on a certain afternoon in a week?

Where did Gibbe leave her voice?

We all feel Streak is still a hunk of fighting fury. Ask Babs?

The four Pieces can proudly

after Sports' Day?

We four Pieces can proudly boast that they have the brains of the form. Only in one Piece though.

We are sure we passed in our Domi. Prac. as Miss Grey sampled everything and is still on deck, though someone told us she had a sleepless night. Whether that was due to the agonised look of some one when they saw the result of their work, or to the taste, we don't know.

This is IIIS saying Goodbye and Good Luck to those taking the Junior and Leaving. (They'll need it.)

#### IV G, X, Y (Don't Know Which) FORM NOTES

Form IV? Form IV you say? Not those ruffians? Well—how's their form! We, the martyred, misguided, misjudged, miscreants of Form IV present themselves.

Can we help it if we are a little too noisy, if spirits are a trifle too exuberant, and minds a little-er-dumb? OF COURSE NOT. Our motto is "Drink and be merry for tomorrow we die."

It is believed that if the Leaving consisted of an exam of last week's trots, extracts from the Turf notes or who won the Football, B.H.S. would pass with distinction and Form IV with honours. What a class!

We must congratulate our sign-writer "Foo," not forgetting his notorious colleague, on their amusing—pardon—amazing efforts on Sports Day. By the way wasn't one flag upside down?

One of our fairer sex distinguished (or was it extinguished) herself in the Form Handicap. Never mind "Salome," we can't all be good at everything.

Leaving and Junior candidates—you poor mugs—anyway all you have to say is "I can and I will," and you'll succeed—perhaps!

Form IV.

#### VF FORM NOTES

By the time this is published, the school will be observing one and thirty wan and wasted spirits, roaming restlessly about the school, seeking a peaceful refuge in which to curl up and die. So while we have the health, beauty and strength to do so, I suggest we leave a detailed account of our present selves as VF, for the edification of future generations.

Let us begin with those necessary evils—the Prefects, who form two-thirds of our class. Perhaps if I took you to a Pre's meeting in Room S any alternate Friday afternoon and showed you a candid picture of each one, you would follow my story better. Did I say "meeting"? I really meant "rough house." This is how it is:—

Perched in prominent positions are Joan and Eric—the latter trying to keep order with such persuasive pleas as "Shut up you rowdy dogs"—but as these two are far above the pale of my humble criticism, I will leave them to private opinion.

Look around for an obscure corner, peer close, locate a pair of neat boots and socks waving gracefully in the air, and you will have found Smut, nominally in Room S, but spiritually in Kalgoorlie.

Roaming discontentedly about are Gib and Pat, a pair whose chief delight is showing off their pretty hair to everyone in the street, with the exception of a certain lady. Incessant grumbling resentment issues from these two, proclaiming that "everything they suggest is no good"—perfectly true in most cases.

Far away is Horse, our pacy three year old, gazing into space with a beatific grin on his equine physiognomy, dreaming about night mares.

(My extensive vocabulary is getting the better of me—let's come back to earth).

Here we see Rae, the Loon, whom we have learnt to recognise behind a big stack of Pound books or Kingia entries, sprawled on a table, drawing every five minutes with maddening monotony—"Ay Eric, is the meeting closed yet?"

(which has disastrous effects on E.S.'s somewhat unstable temperament).

Jack—well Brooky just sits and downs everything that is said, moving or seconding as often as possible in the hope of getting his name in the "minutes."

Things occur in a funny way to Mac, who giggles hysterically at one of her corny cracks.

Johnny, the secretary, looks wise, says nothing and does a fair bit of useless scribbling.

The only person who takes Pre's Rough Houses seriously is Shirl S., and even she spends her time condemning the abused authority of one President.

Phil makes wise suggestions which aren't appreciated, and so retires to assuming responsibility of polishing the gym floor, or some other dirty work round the school.

Anne hardly ever attends these meetings—she has the strength of will to put her afternoons to something better than a free fight.

One would hardly realise June's presence. She listens, with a sick look which increases in intensity every five minutes, and then will suddenly attack poor Eric in a way which makes the majority laugh, but which reduces Eric to pulp.

Mark and Bushy seem to be mere accessories. Mark is the peace-loving sort, and Bushy is afraid of invoking any wrath which would be unfairly piled upon him during Chem.

Pat Robby, here last but not least, has very definite ideas, and influences decisions to no little extent. But then she sowed her wild oats last year, I suppose, and has grown more responsible.

There are still fourteen inmates of V F to consider, only two of whom are girls, but nevertheless quite distinguishable. The name of Symes speaks for itself if anyone can remember Joan chugging up the 100 yards School Championship, to win by yards.

That leaves our Patsy—"always hungry, grinning like a rat-trap"—(apologies to Kipling). Patsy races

round, losing things, forgetting things, and filling her spare time writing remarkably good English. In all things, Patsy is a Paradox—to illustrate—"Why is her favourite subject her pet aversion?"

The remaining boys have at least one outstanding attribute each. Clem is "something posh" in the Cadets (arf arf—pardon my mirth). Naylor can't choose which of his three diversions holds the greatest interest; a box of matches, Cadets (here I go again, arf, arf, ARF) or a certain Prefect.

Here are some more of the Young Army—James C. and Wong—something obscure about their connection, though. We know Wong better by his raucous bleatings over the Amp. set, begging for Kingia contributions.

Stan is noted for his ability to foil a certain master with an astounding working knowledge of synonyms.

Whether Jules is "inventing something" or has just gone into seclusion I cannot tell, but one rarely sees him around lately. Did I hear the suggestion—"Swotting"? No, no, my friend, Jules is a 5th Year.

Gav's British History has gone to his head—defending the weaker cause etc., (usually with a knife). What other reason is there for his devotion to poor henpecked Cliff who can never for one moment forget the agony of the French Class?

Has anyone noticed a certain docility about Scotchy? This is undoubtedly the result of a Chem. essay and a few "screws." Poor Scotch just missed the thumb-screws when it came to the showdown.

The personal attributes of Bill S., Jimmy M. and Steve P. can readily be learnt by spending five minutes with any one of the three. They have their good points, however. Bill is a talented tennis player, Steve comes from Harvey, and Jimmy must be commended on the admirable way he shaped up as competitor to the Boy's Hockey Concert.

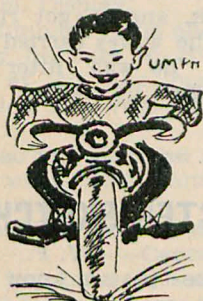
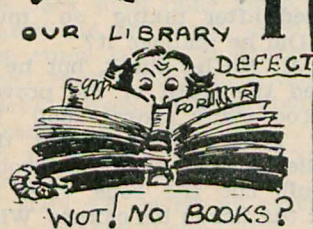
Well, there are the thirty-one of



us, down on record for all time. Our fifth year is the 25th Anniversary of B.H.S., but that hasn't seemed to make us any more virtuous. To close, may we venture the sug-

gestion that all fifth years, on looking back, have cause to offer—that those staying on make more of their remaining years than we did in our five.

# FORM IV NOTORIETIES.

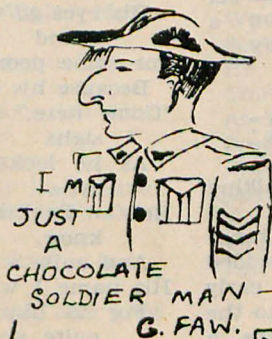
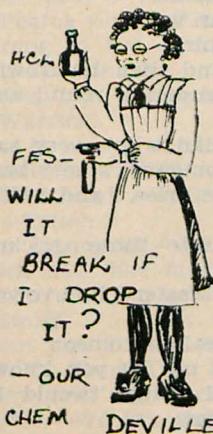


DOUBLE DEUTSCH IF YOU ASK ME!



ALL NAMES ARE NOT FICTICIOUS AND MAYBE RELATED TO WELL KNOWN & DISTINGUISHED PERSONNEL

I REALLY THINK IT'S TIME I HAD A SET



I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE



NO OFFENCE MEANT

## MOTOR ROAD AROUND THE WORLD

The longest road in the world is the global highway which is now nearing completion. Soon it will be possible to drive a car practically around the world using this route, with a final ferry to go across from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope. This road is one of the few amenities that benefited by the war instead of being hindered.

Only two sections of the road remain to be completed. These are in Siberia, and a part through the South American Jungle.

The first ferry on the route is from Dover to Dunkirk. Then the road takes in hundreds of miles of Hitler's "Autobahren." This was designed to carry 70,000 troops an hour as far as European Turkey. From there, the road follows the World's most ancient highway through Syria, into Arabia and Iran. The next stage of the road is the most romantic in history, for it is the road by which Marco Polo travelled to China. Marco Polo the road turns north into eastern Russia.

The 53 mile Bering strait, has already a regular ferry service, which will take the motorist of the future into Alaska. Then, the road leads down the Alcan Highway into any part of America.

All that remains is for U.N.O. to straighten out the position for passports, money exchanges and interpreters, and the whole world will be open for the modern motorist. The trip could probably be done in six months, with a car attaining a steady speed of 200 miles a day.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. are talking about suicide.

Mrs. A.: I knew of an instance where a young Frenchman decided to kill himself. He got up early one morning and went down to the beach, taking with him a rope, a

pistol, a bottle of poison, and a match box. On arriving there, he climbed up to the top of a pole which marked the tide. Just as the sea rose to the top of the pole, he fastened one end of the rope around the cross-piece, and the other around his neck. He set his clothes on fire with a match, swallowed the poison, let slap the pistol at his head and jumped into the sea.

Mrs. B.: He certainly should have succeeded after taking so much pains. Did he manage it?

Mrs. A.: No he didn't, but he illustrated the truth of the proverb that "Too many cooks spoil the broth." For it so happened that the bullet, instead of going through his skull, cut the rope. The sea put out the fire in his clothes. When he happened to open his mouth, he swallowed some sea water which made him sick, and so got rid of the poison. The waves carried him ashore, where he was fitter and fresher than when he started.

## CHARACTER SKETCH

—V. F.

With hawk-like eyes we know him well,

And a crafty grin—strange to tell  
He gives us home-work quite a lot,  
And if it's not done, you're on the spot;

When he uses his voice  
You have no choice  
But to do your work  
And do not shirk  
First he grins and then he frowns  
His eyes go wandering round and round

For some poor lad who's very sad  
Because his homework's very bad.  
"Come here," he cries, and softly sighs

As he looks into those stricken eyes.  
He's an English Master I'll have you know,

And quite a jealous romeo;  
His name I will not let you know  
For to him I think 'twould be quite a blow.

## Applied Quotations

Silence makes a fool seem wise.—  
Nixie.

Just Willyum.—English Master.

And "I'm damned if I see it," he  
said.—Geometrical Proof.

How Jack lived none knew, for he  
rarely did any work.—Slee.

True study is not in books but in  
me.—High School Girls' Motto.

Violet's purple.—Exasperated Latin  
Teacher.

And peals of thunder shook the  
firmament.—Tragedy in H.

I'm good all round at everything,  
as everybody knows.—Hill.

How ashamed I was—IV Girls'  
Gym. Display.

The funniest thing about him is the  
way he likes to grow,

Not at all like proper children,  
which is always very slow.

—Bowie.

He had ten thousand men,  
And when he'd marched them up  
the hill,

He marched them down again.

—Captain Pittman.

"I'm beginning to see the light."—  
IVG German, after third explanation.

Grace and Beauty.—IVG Boys' Ballet.

Paint changes all things.—Herr  
Monsieur Pittman's car.

You are too many for me!—Mr.  
Pearce versus I.K.K.

Strong in the arm: weak in the  
head.—Charlie.

Doing the Lambeth Walk! Hoi!—  
Warrick.

And he answered, clouded in his own  
conceit.—"Hill."

A loud laugh bespoke a vacant mind.  
—Tchan.

Our signwriter.—Foo.

With hair like mouldy hay.—Spud.  
Where did you get that hat?—Miss  
Smith.

Stout and brown, without a hat.—  
R.H., Form IV.

They meet together, talk, and grow  
wise.—Wooly's Corner.

His heart is wider than his purse.—

Scotch, Form V.

I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace.  
—Prefects.

Who ever is fickle is freckle.—James,  
Form V.

If you can keep your feet when all  
about are losing theirs.—Hockey.

His hair, the atmosphere dallying.—  
Spud.

The thundering line of battle stands.  
—Cadets.

Flying, running, leaping, puffing,  
blowing.—IVth Year Girls' Gym-  
nastics.

Fast they come, see how they  
gather.—Someone's got lollies.

My mind's distemper'd and my  
body's numb'd.—After Hockey.

Eureka! I've found it!—Microscopic  
work.

So many went so far for so little.—  
Our Travelling Sports Girls.

He has his fits and freaks,

He smiles on you—for seconds,

And frowns on you—for weeks.

—G.P.

## LIFE

Life is a funny thing,  
For every nation in the world  
Speaks entirely differently;  
How much better would it be  
If everybody in the world  
Spoke the same as me?  
Now, take tall sky-scrapers,  
A hundred odd storeys high,  
Why be kept up in the air  
Watching the birds go flying by  
When you could be down below  
Seeing an even better show?  
Ha, me! But I suppose  
That's the way it's supposed to be:  
As life goes on and even back,  
People come and people go  
Never to return.  
Some people are famous,  
Some are not, but all the same,  
Why can't they be  
Just the same as me?

## THE STORY OF A GOOSE

This goose made its first appearance near Quebec over ninety years ago, when some British troops had been sent out to put down a rebellion of the colonists. A certain farm in the neighbourhood, suspected of being a resort for the enemy, was surrounded by sentries placed at some distance apart, and one day the sentry whose post was near the gate of the farm heard a noise. A fine plump goose soon appeared at a run, making directly for the spot where the soldier stood, and close behind in pursuit came a hungry fox.

The sentry's first impulse was to shoot the thievish animal and rescue the goose; but since the noise of the report would have brought out the guard on a false alarm, he was obliged to deny himself this satisfaction.

The fox was gaining on his intended prey, when the goose, in a frantic attempt to reach the sentry-box, ran its head and neck between the soldier's legs just as the pursuer was on the point of seizing it. Fortunately, the guard could use his bayonet without making a disturbance, and he did this to such good advantage that the pursuit soon ended.

The rescued goose, evidently filled with the liveliest gratitude, rubbed its head against its deliverer's legs, and performed various other joyful antics. Then, deliberately taking up its residence at the garrison post, it walked up and down with the sentry while he was on duty, and thus accompanied each successive sentry who appeared to patrol that beat.

About two months later the goose actually saved the life of its particular friend in a very remarkable way.

The soldier was again on duty at the same place, and on a moonlight night, when the moon was frequently hidden by passing clouds, the enemy had formed a plan to surprise and kill him. His feathered devotee was beside him, as usual, while he paced his lonely beat chal-

lenging at every sound, and then "standing at ease" before his sentry box. The goose always stood at ease, too, and it made a very comical picture.

But some undesirable spectators—at least, of the soldier's movements—were stealing cautiously toward the place under cover of the frequent clouds and a line of stunted pine trees. Nearer and nearer to the post they crawled, till one of them, with uplifted knife, was about to spring on the unsuspecting man.

Then it was that the watchful goose covered itself with glory by rising unexpectedly from the ground, and flapping its wings in the faces of the would-be enemy. They rushed blindly forward; but the sentry succeeded in shooting one of the party and bayonetting another, while the goose continued to confuse and worry the remainder until they fled wildly for their lives.

The brave bird was at once adopted by the regiment under the name of "Jacob," and decorated with a gold collar on which his name was engraved, in appreciation of his services.

Ever after, during his life of twelve years, he did sentry duty at home and abroad, for he was taken to England at the close of the war in Canada, and greatly lamented there when he died. His epitaph reads, "Died on Duty," and no human sentinel could have been more faithful than poor old Jacob.

—B.C.

## FREE VERSE

Is there a man with a brain in his head,

Who, while swotting, to himself hath said:

"I've had this homework, I'm off to bed,

I'm overworked, and underfed"

This is a result of the life I've led,  
A Highschool life; a life of dread;

A life of work with an aching head.  
Good-night children, I'm off to bed.

"Jeanius"

## WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

What a hustle and a bustle at the station, Friday night.

Yes, the B.H.S. Cadets were going to camp in all their might,

Their uniforms looked spick and span, I could not fail to see;

And the impression they were happy was the one they gave to me.

I travelled on that train, you see, but I could not go to sleep,

And I don't see how they could have, lying huddled in a heap;

While the noise of vicious singing drowned the gale's harsh moaning cries,

And at all refreshment stations I saw them buying pies.

Here comes a boy from that same mob, let's ask him what he did,

He looks a wild old soldier and a brawny-muscled kid,

Though it might be quite a lengthy tale that he will full relate,

We might glean out some secrets from his skinny looking mate.

Oh, Corporals or Sergeants, or whatever rank you be,

Come hither to this cafe while we slurp a cup of tea.

Tell us of your adventures at the camp from which you've come,

Of all the things they made you do, the happy and the glum.

Oh, what a life the army gives to all that want to fight,

But of many things I still don't know, the wrong way or the right;

Tho' I've tried my hardest every day to slope my arms with speed,

The officer on the darned parade shouts "It's practice what you need!"

"I ask you tho', how could one march on porridge without milk,

Or after sleeping 'tween rough blankets, that certainly were not silk,

After stalking smoky lanterns through dark bush 'til late at night,

Or after scrubbing out the mess hut, which I'm sure was not so bright.

The shoot was quite a change I thought, tho' my shoulder soon was sore.

I wouldn't have been the least upset if we had've had some more;

But we had to clean our rifles on a piece of "fourby" small,

'Cos Staff would give us just two bits, and say "Now that is all!"

I nearly died at Reabold Hill, that place so high and steep,

To march a distance many miles, then under cover creep,

While blanks rained down from up above (I tell you I was scared),

Was just plain murder in my eyes; in my heart fierce hatred flared.

The canteen was a blessing and did trade with us galore,

When Violet Crumble bars ran out we thought things pretty sore;

For we thought the food they dished us up was sometimes fit for swine,

And not half with all the trouble of queuing in a line.

One thing I think we all enjoyed was being out on leave,

For many marvellous sights were round for all men to perceive;

Some like to go to Luna Park and rid themselves of wads,

But most of all I liked the Zoo with lions behind thick rods.

And now, my lads, I've heard enough, the old ex-soldier said,

Tho' times have changed, the army life is the same as that I led,

I'm out of barracks now for good, and I'm sure that you'll agree,

The army's too uncomfortable for blokes like you and me!

## CHAUCERIAN QUOTATIONS

"And of his porte as meke as is a maide."—Claude.

"With Lokkes crulle, as they were laide in presse."—School Captain.

"His resons he spak ful solempnely."—Latecomer.

"Of studie took he moste cure and most hede."—James C., VF.

"That if goldre ruste, what must iren do?"—Rifles in Q. Store.

"Ful big he was of braun and eke of bones."—Gav.

"Ful lange were his legges and ful lene."—Male Editor.

"And in a glas he hadde pigges bones."—Biology Master.

"Tales of best sentence and most solos."—Heard in corridors.

## FACTION COLLECTIONS

It is hypocritical that the Staff should solicit and burden students with the weekly Faction collections, the proceeds of which are donated to various charitable institutions, when they themselves do not contribute toward this worthy fund.

We all have the knowledge that certain members of the Staff are assigned to respective Factions to foster and spread the competition spirit which we all know can result very keenly.

How can a student be expected to subscribe revenue when no leadership is shown by the contributions of the Staff who are on a weekly salary? The example set by them does not promote the donating spirit, but tends to function in the reverse manner, and because of this, students decline to subscribe a percentage of their weekly allowance.

Evidently it is not appropriate that collection should be held while the Staff are adopting this attitude of exemption and privilege. And until such a time when these doctrines are reformed the advocacy is that the collections should be procrastinated.

## BUNBURY'S WRECK

Not many people know about "The Wreck," so I'm going to write about it.

First of all, I'll have to tell you its name. Most people know of it as "The Wreck," but its real name was the "Corbet Castle," and it was a steel sailing ship which was in port. Not being able to get near to the jetty as there were too many other ships unloading, she was anchored in the bay with her cargo of railway lines and other articles.

One night there was a storm and she broke away and drifted on to North Beach. Next morning she was found washed up on the shore, and being a steel ship in an awkward position to remove, she was left there and her cargo salvaged.

Later on in the years it was de-

ecided to scrap her, but all of her didn't disappear. Some was left as a landmark.

If ever you go over to North Beach, go north of the Groyne and approximately 300 yards along the beach you will find her. It is almost covered up by sand but there is still enough showing to be of interest.

## PORTION OF AN UPPER SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCH

P-H-E-E-P! "Line up, boys." The boys line up.

"Hey, where's Pick? Oh, there. Stop mucking around, James. One . . . two . . . three . . . mumble. That's only fifteen. Where's the rest? Hey, P.C. (Polony Crust), Maschette, hurry up! C'mon Frosty. That's right. Now take a look at your places, you can see where you are."

P-H-E-E-P! The game's on. Ben Hall knocks it out to someone. I can't see him, and this man kicks wildly out to the wing. The field surges after the ball, but Little sends it spinning down the field. Whoa! Whistle! "Get off his face, Fisher!" That's a free kick. Away it goes, a nice high torp., to be marked by—nobody. Poor Freddie was under that. I can see him under the scrum and bodies.

Ha! Ha! Gurk landed on his neck and skidded for a few yards, and—Fisher again—"Get out of the way, you beetle brain, that's your own man."

Well, things are beginning to happen now. "Righto, Charlie, leave Claude's pants on him." James, who plays for Railways and has always got a cow-like expression on his face, makes a dash, but forgets to bounce it. Another free kick. Back comes the ball, and—well—Jeans actually marked it. He takes a mighty swing and the ball slips off his boot into Frosty's arms. Go it Frosty! Good kick. It goes out to the wing where Walter passes it to James. James kicks towards the goals, a stupid kick. Right through the points.

## WILL GEOMETRY EVER COME TO THIS?

Corollary View,  
Point Perpendicular,  
Greece.

The Mathematics Master,  
Bunbury High School.

Dear Sir,

We, the firm of Pythagium and Bolonius, wish to advise that a new School Geometry is in the course of being published. We are under the impression that your school uses an old fashioned book written by some cranks called Hall and Hank (their names might have been Dogrot and Stevens; I cannot remember which is correct). With the advent of the atom bomb our firm has decided to modernise geometry, so we have put out this new book. The following improvements are to be noted.

(i) Everything has been carefully faked so that nothing can be proved (the advantages of this are obvious).

(ii) The firm has received notice that the three characters A, B and C have retired (as a matter of fact, they have been compelled to retire by their union; see page 18, section 5, sub-section 16, line 1, of the Union of the Federation of Figures). This is a welcome relief to us, for we are sick and tired of lettering figures A. B. C. etc. In future, figures will be lettered as follows: Let Z5Q be a triangle and 5Q2P be a rectangle. One will readily appreciate the value of this. If we cannot enlist the services of Z, 5 and Q, 5, Q, 2 and P, etc., then we will have to use those three foreigners Alpha, Beta and Delta.

(iii) We have included a few sample definitions and theorems. They are set out below and we trust that you will appreciate their highly mathematical structure.

### A REVISED SCHOOL GEOMETRY

A Prefect is that which flies off at a tangent whenever a student misbehaves.

A Teacher may be likened to any inhuman figure which is equal to anything.

A curve may be seen on any good figure; a judicious selection may be had from Hollywood.

If a student, when ascending or descending the stairs takes  $(n + 1)$  steps when he or she should have taken only  $(n)$  then he or she will find himself or herself descending or ascending the stairs respectively.

A problem in X may be produced any number of times.

The Loci of all teachers at 10.30 a.m. may be represented by Room K as centre of a circle passing through the Masters' and Mistresses' Rooms respectively.

A frog may be bisected by a sharp line which passes through its stomach.

If there are two lines of students in the lobby, one of which is ten times as long as the other, it may be proved that the short line contains boys whilst the long line contains girls.

Thank you, my dee-ar Maths master, there you have enough to fool anyone into despair. Therefore we ask you to burn all of those obsolete books written by Dogrot and Hank—try ours, even if you only have to use it once. Hoping to get an order for a million books.

I remain,

Yours tangentially,

Q.E.D. EUCLID.

P.S.—The authors wish to thank those noted Mathematicians Bradygon and Carpentagon for their aid in proving the theorems.

## WHEN I START TO DREAM

When I switch off the light,  
And in bed at night,  
I think of cats  
And dream of rats,  
I hear the cats howling on the wall  
And the rats taking cheese, however  
small!  
I think of cats with shiny eyes,  
Taking chicks and stealing cook's  
pies,  
And being chased by Dad and cook,  
But getting away, and eating in a  
dark nook,  
And chasing poor rats,  
Oh! you naughty cats.

## THOUGHTS AND REALISATIONS MADE WHILST ON A TRAIN JOURNEY

Train journeying is an attractive sport, but, like all others, you must first have what is called experience. I commenced train journeying at the age of six months, and I had my first experience of travelling alone when I was seven. Since then I have pattered about all over the State in trains, and I have rarely been bored.

Motor car travellers boast how they came down a certain hill at seventy miles an hour, or how they took corners on two wheels, or, in some cases, how many people they have injured. But on a train you forget all that, you speak of the beauty of the countryside and how the vacuum brake works, and how to work it.

I recently spent a pleasant two and a half hours travelling over the Darling Range by train. There being no passenger compartments I accompanied the guard in his van. For the first ten miles I did all the preliminary work, that is, how far are we from Perth? how many tons of material have we? what type of engine? and all the incidentals too numerous to mention. I sat on the floor of the van and hung my legs freely over the side, and prepared to enjoy myself.

The line, I discovered, was solidly ballasted, and the rails were extremely heavy, weighing 60lbs. per yard. Following with my eyes the contour of the surrounding range, I made a resolution that some day I would see a film of it shown in the local theatre. From there I drifted off to thinking what type of film it would be, and which studio would make it, until I chanced to see the river near by which we were travelling, and sat enchanted with the musical babble of the water over the rocks as it harmonised with the rattle, bump and whirr of the train. Far out ahead the engine added its

motley of sound. I remembered that all train journeyers along the same way heard the same tune, and for the sixth time in my life I sat enchanted at it.

At one of the wayside halts I was joined by an old chap whom the guard addressed as "Arthur," and in twenty minutes he and I were great pals. He exhorted me to travel by rail, and told of dozens of incidents where someone had travelled by train all his life, and died of heart failure on his first car ride; and he told how "Joe" had been trying for twenty years to keep the road well drained; how the 7.35 had to wait an hour for the 2.29 out of Narrogin when the roller rings broke on the big "R"; and how old he was when they brought in superannuation.

When I reached my destination we were discussing the merits of the 4-6-0 and 2-8-0 as "P" and "F" class locomotives. Thus I had learnt a little more of trains and of men, and, if I am lucky, I will meet more men whose lives have always been trains and their maintenance during my life.

I will leave on the 2.10 p.m. from Bunbury on the day we break up for yet another adventure in a train.

## HOMeward BOUND

After the game is over,

After the match is won,

While travelling in the buses

We have a lot of fun.

The argument starts in earnest,

When red is better than blue,  
And while the fight is raging,

Gold joins in against the two.

The Donnybrook bus speeds onwards

With the quarrel mounting apace,  
Till the driver looks in his mirror

And we see the disgust in his face.

The journey is nearly completed,

The boys are quite peaceful now,  
We are dismally thinking of our homework,

And we wipe the sweat from our brow.



**BEWARE O' BRAD****ANOTHER LESSON**

By C. FAW

Here beginneth the twenty-fifth book of the school, beginning even at the first term and at the ninth week.

Here beginneth the next lesson.

Now it came to pass during the reign of Eric the Salter that a great multitude, of number one score of scores, didst go up onto the mountain. Yea, and much shoe-leather was expended, as the multitude didst climb and descend the mountain even twice a day, and full five days a week. And much sweat was also expended, in quantity about four gallons a week.

And behold, the professors who didst teach the multitude had given unto them an original idea. Yea, it did occur unto them even whilst they didst drink in an hotel, and the Chippy, son of Carpenter, saith unto them:

"Verify, verify, I say unto you, the birds of the air do fly, the fish of the sea do swim, and the men of the Earth do walk about."

And another did answer, saying:

"Yea, and behold, the Brad., our all-high Boss, doth move from place to place in a private and fiery chariot."

"And tomorrow is the first day even of the fourth month," saith Chippy, and he did laugh hearty.

And when the sun didst rise on the next day it shone with exceeding brilliance and with great heat. And the multitude didst discard their several overcoats and went rejoicing up the mountain, which was near unto an hundred feet high. And lo, 'ere the first bell didst summon the multitude to study, a fiery chariot didst ascend the mountain and stop near unto the reading room which even was part of the place of great learning.

And behold, it was a square model, even a Wolseley, such was its antiquity. And the flame and fire didst cease, yea, even the All-High Brad.

himself did step from the chariot, and he didst light his tobacco pipe and retire even unto his holiest place.

Lo, when the day was done, the Boss didst enter into the Wolseley, and the multitude did say:

"Gittest thou an eyeful of the chariot. Is she any good?"

And the fiery chariot didst proceed at one score miles to the hour down the mountainside.

And the multitude did reverence the All-High, saluting to their several noses and crying as he passed, "Ugh! Yah!" which, being translated, is "Phew, kerosene!"

And the chariot didst go exceeding fast down the mountain. Lo, the Boss didst work a miracle in even keeping it on the highway. And behold, even as the fiery chariot didst turn into the cross street it did lurch, yea, and even sway exceedingly. And the chariot was near unto an accident.

And, lo and behold, a wheel, yea, even the rear left wheel of the fiery chariot, didst detach itself and did career away down the mountainside with extreme speed. And the All-High did apply the brakes, yea, even hard enough to bring the chariot to a halt were the brakes applied.

And the chariot didst stop safely, and the multitude did gather round and did laugh exceeding hearty, even until they did weep tears. And the Boss didst light his tobacco pipe and did cogitate exceedingly. Yea, for behold the wheel had even completely left the chassis, and it was akin unto a marvel that the All-High had not been overthrown.

And the Boss didst give order to a man of the multitude to go down into the great city and bring even an technician. And the man did even as he was told.

And when he was done the All-High didst reward the technician, and did light his tobacco pipe even anew, for behold, it had gone out. And the multitude murmured, saying:

"Behold, this has even been akin unto a great joke, we will all laugh."

And lo, and behold, in the next week they didst laugh exceeding more hearty. Yea, for Chippy the son of Carpenter hadst indeed gotten his dates mixed. For lo, the dirty deed did hap on the seventh day before even the first day of the fourth month, and the Chippy was exceeding stiff.

But the All-High didst pardon him and the multitude did laugh exceeding even at the memory.

For lo, and behold, it is extreme rare, yea, even that the All-High Boss, our Brad., doth make the multitude even laugh such.

Here endeth the Second Lesson.

## FIRST YEARS

### FROM THE FOURTH FORM POINT OF VIEW

By "Pegasus"

First-years are of all shapes and sizes, and can be divided into (a) boys and (b) girls. The girls can be subdivided as follows:—

(1) The sort who gaze at you in awe, and ask in hushed voices, "Are you a Prefect?" (These, unfortunately, are few and far between.)

(2) The sort who knock over anyone who happens to be in the way, as they come hurtling down the stairs, three abreast, and three steps at a time.

(3) The sort who tear up to you and say, "I know you, you're Mary Smith—I'm Polly Jones—got any lollies?"

(4) The sort who approach you timidly, and ask, "Please, can you do French?" (Poor kids!)

The boys can also be subdivided into numerous classes.

(1) The sort who get into school early. These are public nuisances, but there aren't many of them, and they soon get out of the habit.

(2) The ones who arrive late, and are no trouble, except to Mr. Carpenter and the Pre's.

(3) The sort that fight in the middle of the corridor and cause a traffic jam.

(4) The sort who appeal to you to get their books out of the Pound because "They don't know the Pound Pre." (Really, the ignorance of these little wogs is appalling. Fancy not knowing our remarkable Fifth Form boys!)

(5) The ones that congregate in the Library, and, assisted by Mouldy, disturb the peace (such as it is). When the Library Pre's attempt to quieten the rumpus, they are inveigled into doing the offender's algebra homework.

(6) The sort who collect outside the Gym. and whistle the girls in Gym. tunics (the girls are wearing the Gym. tunics, not the boys, just in case anyone gets "mixed-up.")

Most first-years are little nuisances, but I have found several with a never-ending supply of pencils, pens, rulers, etc., so some of them may be of use to B.H.S.

## TIES

By "Tums"

The students of B.H.S. have comparatively little opportunity for exhibiting very marked changes of fashion or styles of dress, but let one small opportunity present itself, and it is immediately seized upon and made use of, even to the point of abuse. An opportunity which is always present and seems to have received additional attention is the wearing of ties.

The latest craze in this fashion is the flaunting of those ties which most resemble Scotch tartans. Some are extremely artistic, others are striking, the majority merely colourful. But none of them are common enough to pretend beauty, either of colour or design.

Then there are ties with stripes—the wrong kind of stripes. There is nothing quite like a blue tie decorated with yellow stripes, or a black tie with multi-coloured zig-zag lines upon it, and only one thing worse, namely, ties with big round spots on them. Small light dots on a dark background are quite re-

spectable, but big bold yellow moons glowing in maroon sky have a com- placently ugly look that calls for swift and complete annihilation.

The more artistic student has a leaning towards the floral patterned tie and the effect of little white flowers sprinkled on a red or brown background is truly delightful. The more daring styles have large red or green blooms scattered between various queer markings, which, perhaps represent the foliage. The owner of such a tie wins distinction anywhere. In fact, the attention received is a definite tribute to the taste of the owner.

One custom seldom adhered to (and therefore attracting instant attention when observed) is that of matching one's tie with one's socks. The harmonious effect produced by a purple striped tie and mauve foot- wear is not to be overlooked and has a definitely "finished" effect not aspired to by, say, a green spotted tie and blue striped socks.

As varied as the patterns are the ways of wearing ties. Some are tied in large loose knots, the shape of flower pots, and cause one's fingers to wriggle with the desire to jerk them tight; others are screwed into tight little knots that look as though they will never come undone, while others which seem to strike the happy medium, seem determined to make full reparation for such a mis- take and are twisted around side- ways in an attitude of defiant joviality. The ends of the tie are either left to take care of them- selves, pushed well out of sight, or pinned firmly into place with the first thing that comes into hand— usually, but not necessarily a tie- pin.

Ties themselves have definite personalities which are invariably in accordance with those of their own- ers—which may or may not mean the persons wearing them. There are solemn, dignified ties with solid squares, or heavy lines across them to suit their stolid, unimaginative owners; black ties with little white dots to match their "smart" own- ers; neat, clean ties with neat methodical owners (Note: These ties

have a strong sense of duty and sel- dom stray); bright orange and green ties to prove conclusively that the wearers are definitely "modern." and last, but not by any means least, the weirdly marked and coloured ties that so shamelessly proclaim the complete lack of taste in their respective buyers.

In consideration of the wearer's feelings it should be remembered that this last named type of tie often comes from the generous hands of juvenile members of the family in the last minute Christmas gifts and is to a certain point ex- cusable.

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## FAIRBRIDGE FARM

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Kingsley Fairbridge first decided to found Fairbridge because when visiting Rhodesia, he was instructed to see if he could find some boys to help on the farms there.

Amazed to see the condition they were in, he decided to start a place where they could grow up healthy.

The first settlement he made was near Coolup, he had brought twenty boys, and they spent the first few weeks living in tents and roughly built huts. Before they were really settled another batch of forty came out. Then Fairbridge decided to go over the river. He bought some land and started again. Nothing seemed to go right here. One stormy night he was woken up by a knock at the door. He opened it to find a boy dripping wet who had come to say that one of the huts which was made of mud, had collapsed. Fair- bridge hurried out and spent the rest of the night digging a drain to save the other huts.

First of all only boys came out, but as the farm grew bigger, girls came too. Fairbridge began to be worried financially, but he kept on going. He was rewarded, for the Government decided to give him five shillings a month for each child. This helped him considerably and the farm began to flourish once more. At one stage there were 420

children on the farm, but then it was very crowded.

The farm now consists of about 3,000 acres, most of which is farmed. In the centre of this, like a small town is situated the school. This consists of 27 cottages (each of which is named after some famous person, e.g., Raleigh, Shakespeare, Wolfe, Cook). A post office, a hospital, a church, a store, a steam laundry and a power house where the electricity to run the refrigerator, pump and the electric light is generated. Besides these there are three or four private houses, a guest house, a rectory and a club house where old Fairbridgians can stay, and last but not least, there is a large State school and domestic science centre.

The children go to school until they are fourteen then the boys are taught how to manage a farm, and the girls are taught housework. At the age of sixteen they earn their own living.

During the war Guildford Grammar School was evacuated to Fairbridge. They filled up the empty cottages with boys and the empty roads with bikes. When they went the farm remained empty until the arrival last year of some Dutch evacuees from Java. The Dutch stayed for some time and were much missed when they had to return to Holland.

There are very few children there at the present time, but it is to be hoped that the farm will be filled up again soon.

During the war there were over 400 Fairbridgians in the Services.

## BOYS' STAIRS

By "I. Noah Boutem"

The bell rang. Wire gates clanged open. We were marched up the stairs under the watchful eyes of the warders (prefects), some of whom were amusing themselves by knocking somebody back into line—much to his discomfiture.

I was walking peacefully up the

stairs when some goat grabbed my foot. I hit the floor suddenly. Trying to collect my confused wits, I was walked upon by half a dozen of the multitude. On reaching half-way, I was ordered to go down again. I, thinking I knew my rights, started to argue. I was seized by the throat, swung around and hurled down the stairs. My fall was broken only by a teacher who was ascending the stairs.

Cursing blindly I vowed revenge. Half-way up, I grabbed somebody's foot. This ruse did not work, and I was again kicked down two steps to land into somebody else's face. This somebody hit me, so with a yell of pain, I gave up, and thoroughly cowed, slunk into line.

Nearly to the top, I saw two first-years scurrying down stairs. They could not negotiate the corner. I shuddered and turned away. Two loud thuds echoed as they hit the wall. Later I learned that "Bushy" had pushed them. (By the way, when you look at the creaseless shiny seat of his, it reminds you of the west end of an east bound elephant.) At last I reached the top and crept sullenly to my locker.

## MATHS

Mathematics is a thing

As dumb as dumb can be;  
It's killed all blinkin' engineers,  
And now it's killin' me.  
All are dumb who write it—  
Dumber still who like it—  
Most are dead who learned it—  
Lucky dead! They earned it.

Charlie.

Of all the useless bloomin' things,  
Mathematics takes the cake.  
Drawing squares and lines and rings,  
It's just a blinkin' fake.  
Jumbled figures, what a mess!  
Why all the bloomin' show?  
Two and two make four, I guess,  
That's all I want to know.

Claude.

[You ought to be in Vth year, boys.—Ed.]

## TO THE DENTIST

By "Aecce"

I sat with bated breath all through the last period, I was in the depths of despair. I watched the seconds slide away. Suddenly the bell rang. Two minutes before time. How unfair! Walking down the stairs in a dazed dream my mind re-enacted the futile excuses and I realised that I must go.

Go? Where? Oh! To the dentist.

If one had been walking in a certain street, one might have seen a stealthy, trembling figure glide into an enticing (?) door, and, if curiosity took the better of one, might have seen that fugitive sitting in a chair—a hard chair, waiting.

Ever noticed as you sit in the waiting room, the strange noises that issue from the fatal room?

A nurse enters . . . "Your name, please? Oh, yes, you're a bit early. Wait for five minutes, please." Then she leaves. You are left. Left alone. The only soul in the room. In other words, by yourself. My trembling hands picked up a magazine, opened it and . . . buzz, buzz, buzz (no, don't listen) . . . oww . . . aah! (yells and screams) ooh . . . aaa! Then a mighty, evil cackle emits from the torture chamber. "Ha Ha! Ha!" and it rises and falls with its malignant joy. "Just one more leetle pull. Ah! Ha! That's got it."

I was rising to leave when the nurse entered, rubbing her horny hands in expectation. "Come in now, dearie." Then she gave a little laugh, just big enough to give me the shudders which ran up and down my vertebrae like a cold worm. I followed her into the fateful room where, arrayed on the white walls, were his shining weapons.

A great machine with hanging needles and cruel drills towered over a chair. The chair, worse than any of the Gestapo's tortures. It is enough to de-nerve a person. It

stands (I think) like some monster, with arms wide open to receive its victims. The nurse draped a white shawl over me, and I felt like a body in the morgue. Hey Presto! enter the dentist.

A truly evil man with an even eviller smirk across his awful countenance, twisting and rubbing his hands at the pleasure. "Hello! Hello!" says he; "how good of you to come. Open wide," and he launched into the attack. "Keep your mouth open," cackles he. "Now, which one hurts . . . no, keep your mouth open. Has it been giving you much trouble?" And so on, never giving me time or opportunity to answer.

"Ah! Ha! I see one." I certainly hoped he did see one tooth in my head. "Come in a week's time."

I felt so weak that I could hardly make my exit, and as I left, I heard him say to the nurse, "What a pity she didn't have two or three for me to yank out."

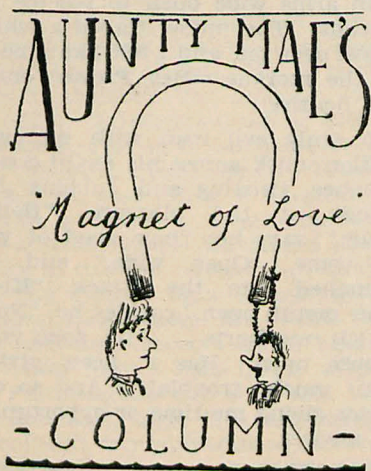
## FRENCH LEAVE

Alas! Alas! Alas!

A sorrowful tale is this.  
It happened on a bright spring day  
A day all full of bliss.  
The hop and jump was in full swing,  
We wanted much to go,  
We had to work 'cos Juniors  
Don't grown on trees, you know.  
Rebelliously we took "French  
Leave"

And were captured for our pains.  
Our master was so furious,  
His anger blocked his brains.  
He sent us to the first mistress—  
I think she was amused,  
But she tried to sound disgusted  
While loudly she refused  
To let us go and see the jump.  
This no one would believe  
Till she gave us word to write for  
her

An essay on "French Leave."



In the "Kingias" of 1943-1945 was a column which had the intriguing heading of "Auntie Mae's Column." In this, the dear old lady offered helpful words to many students of this school. Well, last year she did not appear, but is now back again with more words of wisdom that should be followed.

\* \* \*

Dear Auntie Mae,—I am a young boy of 13 who, until lately, has greatly admired the Head Girl; but she does not appreciate it as she is now making sheep's eyes at the Head Boy. What can I do?—Perplexed Percy.

Dear Perplexed Percy,—Either use Lifebuoy, or grow up a bit.—Helpfully yours, Auntie Mae.

\* \* \*

Dear Auntie Mae,—Lately we had a French exam., and in it I failed to answer seven out of the ten questions. But while I was enjoying my fortnightly bath all the answers came to me. Do you detect something strange, because it will be rather a nuisance taking all my

exams. in the bath, not forgetting the supervisor.—Modest Mary.

Dear Modest Mary,—Don't forget Archimedes—after all, you may be another genius in the making.—Yours cheerfully, Auntie Mae.

\* \* \*

Dear Auntie Mae,—I am a third year and find it impossible to concentrate on school because of a male member of our class. He is always getting mixed up with my work, and even my P.S.'s are disturbed by notes from him. I like him fairly well, but I do wish he wouldn't spill his dinner on his tie. Do you think it would be too pointed if I presented him with a natty plastic bib for his birthday?—Fussy Fanny.

Dear Fussy Fanny,—I am definitely against the idea of a bib, but why not buy him a new tie.—Yours emotionally, Auntie Mae.

\* \* \*

Dear Auntie Mae,—I am a Fifth Form girl and am greatly interested in a First Form boy who is exactly 6.54321 of my height. He regards me only as a foster mother, and won't let me kiss him good-bye after school. I am heartbroken.—Nearly 19.

Dear Nearly 19,—It beats me how you got to fifth year—you're beyond all human aid.—Auntie Mae.

\* \* \*

Dear Auntie Mae,—I am in love with a bushfire blonde, and as I have a purple and orange coat, we clash a bit when I take him out, especially when he wears his maroon and pink tie. Should I get a new coat, make him dye his hair, or ditch him and get someone else?—Colour Conscious Clara.

Dear Three C's, — Wear dark glasses and oh! boy, what an effect. I've tried it.—Yours faithlessly, Auntie Mae.

# Bunbury High School

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## SCHOOL CAPTAINS

1923—William McEvoy  
1924—Albert Trotman  
1925—Roy Grace  
1926—Astley Williams  
1927—Thomas Moss  
1928—Eric Sanders  
1929—Mervyn 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 Piggott  
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 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 Broockmann  
1946—Mavis Jones  
1947—Joan Saunders







