

**BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL**



**THE
KINGIA**

AUGUST, 1948

CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL

STUDENT OFFICIALS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN:

Malcolm Prichard

SENIOR GIRL:

Miss S. Shepherdson

SCHOOL PREFECTS:

Miss J. Forrest

Miss L. Logan

Miss N. Loney

Miss E. Thompson

Miss V. Timewell

Miss M. Schorer

Miss H. Wilkes

William Asser

Victor Broockmann

Fred Chapman

Kenneth Courthope

Alan Hill

John Macleod

John Robinson

MAGAZINE STAFF:

Editor: Miss R. Hurst

Committee: Miss D. Armour, Miss G. Neville, Miss F. McIver,
Fred Chapman, Alan Hill, James Scott

FACTION CAPTAINS

Blue: Miss E. Thompson, Alan Hill

Gold: Miss M. Schorer, Vic Broockmann.

Kingia: Miss E. Palm, Peter Spurge

Red: Miss J. Welsh, Malcolm Prichard

SCIENCE CADETS

James Scott, Sam Todhunter

LIBRARIANS

Miss A. Austin, Miss M. Sutton

LIBRARY PREFECTS

Athol Walter, Bill James

SOCIAL PREFECTS

Miss A. Dowling, Miss M. Campbell

SPORTS RECORDER

Donald Neville

OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SCHOOL MAIL DEPARTMENT

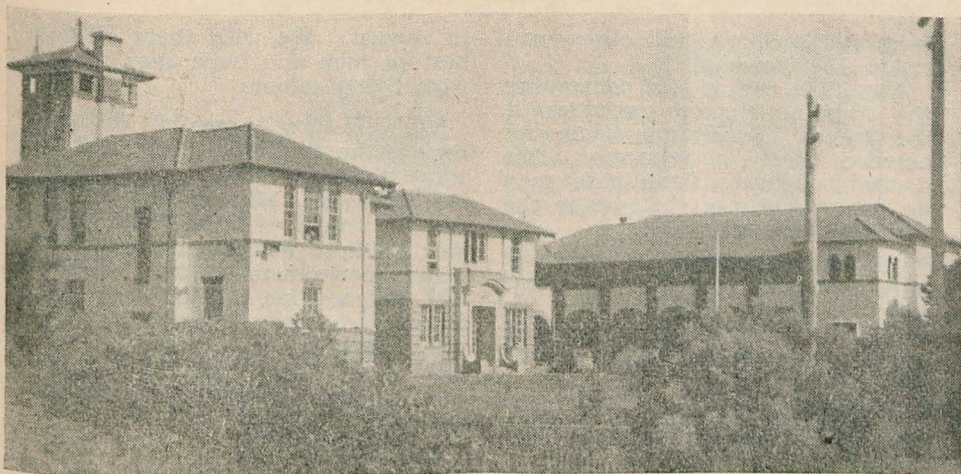
William James

SPORTS PREFECTS

Miss M. Baxter, Miss E. Scouler, Clyde Adams, Lambert Jackson



Back row: H. Wilkes, F. Chapman, L. Logan, K. Courthope.
 Middle row: J. McLeod, J. Forrest, V. Brookman, M. Schore, J. Robinson, V. Timewell.
 Front row: E. Thompson, A. Hill, S. Shepherdson (Senior Girl), Mr. F. Bradshaw, B.A., Dip.Ed., M. Prichard (Captain),
 N. Loney, W. Asser.



Bunbury High School

AUGUST, 1948

Editorial

Through twenty-six years "The Kingia" has come to be as much a tradition as our motto, "En Avant." The School has a tradition to uphold and it is to be hoped that the contents of this "Kingia" will show the extent to which it has been upheld.

Last year the editors wished the future editors as much co-operation as they had from the School in the matter of contributions. I can only hand on to the editors next year the wish that they, too, will have as much enjoyment from the compiling of the magazine as I have had.

In this connection I should like to thank the committee for their help, and also to thank all contributors, especially Valma Halvorsen, who spent so much time on the drawings which are the headings for the various sections.

RAYMA HURST.



Although as yet only one term has passed we feel sure this year of 1948 will be one of success and happiness. The fact that the students have settled down, determined to provide competition for others, was to be seen in the fine results read out by the form masters at the school assembly following the final results of the tests which now replace examinations.

The Prefects appear to be carrying out their duties with a conscientious thoroughness of which they may be justly proud.

The manner in which the first year girls have passed inspection for badges is very heartening. They, and many additions from other years, have shown their pride in the School by wearing full school uni-

form and we hope that others will follow their example.

Very little can be said concerning the social and sports activities of the School. Recreation being an excellent means of relaxation after a strenuous mental strain these may be marked down as successes in the year's programme.

The film projector which was only a thought last year, has come nearer to reality this year and the idea of a war memorial has formed. These are both worthy of high places in the School.

School teams hope to take part in the inter-school carnival at Perth

in August. We wish them all the best of luck and hope they return with flying colours.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Pittman during the first term, and will be sorry to lose Miss Beckett when she leaves us. Miss Perkins left us on the return of Miss Flynn. We would like to welcome her and also other newcomers—Miss Hebiton, Mr. Murray, Mr. Lucich and Miss Symes, who is not really a new-chum having been a student here last year. We would like to wish Miss Thomas every happiness in the future.



In 1947 out of thirty-two wild, unruly fourth years, sixteen unfortunates were chosen to take up the duties of 1948 Prefects, and already the responsibility has subdued their ego.

The Carnival Dance was our first social attempt, but it seemed to go off well, both socially and financially. At the end of term both the socials and dance proved to be an enjoyable method of relaxation.

We have already had several Prefects' teas which involve plenty of work for the committee, but everyone has their share of fun.

We would like to extend a hearty welcome to the new members of the staff, namely, Miss Hebiton, Mr. Murray, Mr. Hudson (who returned to us from Northam High School), Miss Symes (who now holds a different position), and Mr. Lucich (who took the place of Mr. Pittman

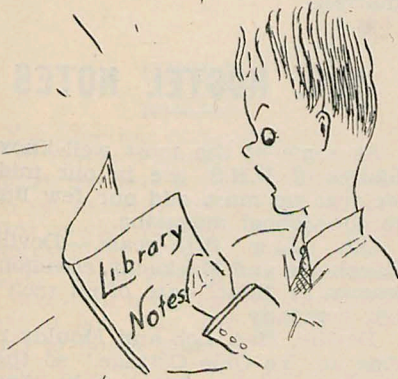
when he left us to go East—not West). Miss Perkins temporarily replaced Miss Flynn who has now returned to us after a well-earned rest.

In closing, we would like to wish the future Prefects as much fun and happiness as we have had, and hope to have together this year and that they will meet with as much cheerful co-operation as we have.



HAPPY DAYS

I wish I could,
I really do,
Understand a thing or two.
As it is
I'm much afraid—
I seem to sit and dream all day.
I'll have to change,
I really must—
Because Leavings don't come out of
dust.
The other day,
I'm glad to state,
I did not make one mistake.
The day before,
I must confess,
I got into an awful mess.
School's all right,
I have been told—
When you've left and have grown
old!



As you know we have only been in the Library for a few weeks so we do not know much about it yet, but we have already realised why the previous Library Prefects have been nervous wrecks for the first term of fifth year.

Already we have found it necessary to throw out several huge hunks of humanity for a "fortnight," but they don't seem to take us too seriously although Athol and Billy seem to remove them from the Library fairly quickly.

No doubt some people like collecting their own libraries but I do wish they wouldn't choose the School's best books to furnish them!

I have often been told how quiet it is in libraries. That is why I sometimes think the Library is wrongly named in the High School.

We noticed that the last year's Prefects considered the clock worthy of mention. Well, it still goes (occasionally) but I am learning that you have to have the right shaking technique to start it. Evidently Hague considers that he alone has that skill.

Several of the fourth year boys have been very helpful. Clyde and Lambert managed to tear themselves away from four periods of school to mend the fiction library doors. You did a good job, boys! Thanks, boys, I hope you didn't overwork your able minds doing it.

It seems to be much more satisfactory to lean through the Library window to talk to the not so studious students outside than to talk without the window in between—just a hint.

We do not have much need to complain only the students seem to prefer to pore over "Superman" than Chaucer in the Library.

Well, before we close we wish to thank Miss Smith for all she has done for us, and thank Gwen, Nance and Rayma for helping us learn the rules and regulations of being two of those poor belated humans called "Library Prefects."



(To the Editor)

Dear Madam,

Firstly, a little about myself. I visit the Library every day to study (?) and for reference from history and English books. I am quiet, unassuming and not the least bit troublesome to anyone (Cough!). That rude noise was someone looking over my shoulder.

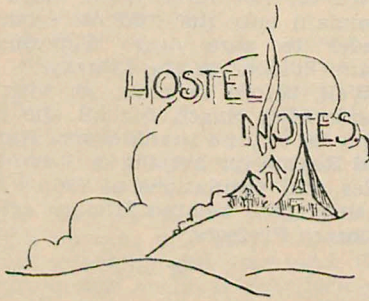
The girl Library Prefects try hard to keep things quiet and orderly. Because they get not the slightest bit of help from the boy prefects they are helpless against such second-year pests as "Sandy" and "Bony." These people dash about the Library deliberately antagonising the girl prefects and studious students like me (?) They are seriously thinking of using D.D.T.

The boy Library Prefects do not take their work seriously, hence such pests as I have mentioned are wrecking the Library beyond recognition. These prefects have a liking to "bash" anyone they dislike. For instance, I was busy minding my own business when four hands encircled my neck and started to throttle me. Eventually one of them put his hand through the collar of my shirt. Another instance of their childish ness. Every morning, in recess and dinner-time, a ping-pong game takes place between the two Prefects with additional utterances such as this: "Forty-love," with a great stress on "love." This is followed by a coarse guffaw from one of them. You will agree that this may be very disconcerting to students studying close by. I hope these faults will be remedied in time.

This can't go on!

Yours hopefully,

A STUDENT.



BOYS' HOSTEL NOTES

As it is yet very early in the year, nothing of much importance has happened. Yet as this must be written we will attempt in this feeble manner to save our lives!

Let us introduce you to the hostel with a brief summary of a day in our morbid life.

At some weird hour before sunrise you may possibly hear the clanging of a bell. If you lie in bed and debate upon this musical disturbance you may possibly arrive at a queer solution; it is time we get up. On hearing the second bell, you finally decide that it was no joke, and that you were really expected to rise.

The second bell causes a mild sensation among the new boys who rush madly into the tables to eat the delicious west-bix and toast. But after a short lapse of time one may see the older, hardened members stroll in to play with the fodaer.

Fed but not satisfied, the members depart sorrowfully to School.

On arriving back at mid-day one is sure to hear the cynical remark, "Guess what's for dinner today—plums and custard!" But one must bear these small irregularities.

Just a few minutes after school, if one is in the vicinity one may possibly hear another bell. No, it is not afternoon tea, but strange as it may seem—tea!

After many long hours one hears the call "Cocoa!" which is a pleasant snack in the evening. From then on all the noise is made by a certain section of the boys (or so we are told) until ten o'clock when the lights are turned off at the mains, and the day is done.

In closing, we extend our sincere

sympathy to our forty-hour week matrons.

M.C. HOSTEL NOTES

As some of the most well-known figures of B.H.S. are in our midst we feel we must add our few lines to the School magazine.

Our three fifth-years—Deville, Racehorse and Mackacky, commonly known as "Mac"—are often seen in our company.

Deville, Mac, Lob and Mouldy reside at "Ye Olde Cottage," so their presence is not felt—much. Incidentally, they are the "Late Cottage Girls," i.e., never on time.

Racehorse and Old Antsnest rule the "Big Dorm" with a firm hand—er voice. The said big dorm. has nine inmates, some of whom are: Ladybird, Matilda and the aforesaid Antsnest (well known to 1947 I-D-ites). Ripples, Lizzie, Laddie, are three newcomers. Rabbit is the only one who even pretends to be good while Squib is so big you can't see her.

The little dorm. consists of the studying portion of the establishment. Buck Rogers, the Prefect and only IVth year, can often be heard bellowing, "Shut up, you kids!" though I've heard (in the strictest of confidence) that it takes the other three to keep her quiet.

Mouldy and Scotty are working(?) this term, but still find time to make their presence felt. Jo has been transferred from the beautiful precincts of the big dorm. and now resides in perfect content in the little dorm. Last, but not least, comes Patches to whom practice is the "last straw."

We work and play to a series of bells, but those rang at mealtimes are the most promptly answered.

If by any unknown reason you happen to be strolling out South Bunbury at about 6.30 a.m. on Sunday morning you will see 17 perfect "angels" on their way to church.

As another bell is ringing and it has to be answered these notes must come to an end.

Wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates every success.

—The 'Ostel 'Orrors.

FACTION NOTES

GIRLS

KINGIA

The time has come once again for us to review Faction activities. Although the only notable event which has yet passed is the swimming carnival we can already see the marked improvement in our sporting circles. Upper School girls are endeavouring to maintain a higher standard than that of last year, and this also applies to Lower School.

The boys scored the major number of Kingia's points in the swimming carnival in March, but we are sure that the girls will assist them to an even greater extent in the athletic carnival.

Team spirit is sadly lacking and more co-operation and effort is needed, so do your share, girls, and be proud of your Faction.

GOLD

As yet so little of the year has passed that it is very difficult to say much about Gold girls.

We must, of course, make excuses for them concerning the carnival. They just don't seem to like water—or is it that they don't want to break former traditions?

Miss Symes, who captained us last year, has returned as a member of the staff. We were extremely pleased to find that we had not really lost such a valuable member of Gold.

This year we are more determined than ever to carry off the honours on Sports' Day, so beware!

We would like to congratulate Blue on winning the carnival, and wish all other Factions the best of luck on Sports' Day.

BLUE

Only a short time has elapsed since the beginning of this year, 1948, but in that time Blue girls have achieved promising results in the field of sport.

Our success in the recent swimming carnival was due to the constant practice, enthusiasm and fine sportsmanship on the girls' part. Thos worthy of special praise are

Morag Campbell, Elsie Doust, and Judy Cross, who contributed largely to the swimming carnival points.

The number of Blue hockey players in Upper School has dwindled sadly from last year's number, but as this is only the beginning of second term, Faction matches have not yet begun in earnest, and we cannot judge our ability. However, there are many Lower School enthusiasts who will compensate for the scarcity of players in Upper School.

As with hockey we cannot pass a verdict on our standard of play in basketball because Faction matches have not commenced. But we can hope that our players will uphold the standard achieved by last year's players.

In conclusion, we must wish Blue girls the best of luck in their forthcoming matches, and hope that they will set the pace for achieving the highest possible results in the field of sport.

RED

Red girls have begun the year quite well, but there is room for improvement. Although we failed to "carry off" the swimming carnival, quite a number of the girls distinguished themselves in various events.

Lyn Hough deserves mention as she showed a marvellous Faction spirit on entering in both Junior and Senior events. Congratulations, Lyn, on gaining the Junior Champion, and being runner-up School Champion.

In what little tennis that was played, Red girls showed that they were good "tryers." We managed to win several sets, which proves what has been said.

Basketball and hockey have only just begun and so far there is no need to comment concerning Upper School, but Lower School! How about putting more into your basketball? The gravel court is always available for practices.

During the first term we began a "Faction Collection" to be used for the buying of flags, etc., on

Sports Day. The effort shown in this was most disappointing, so try and make a much better effort during the rest of the year.

Faction meetings! Attendances here have been extremely poor, so girls, do your best to attend these meetings in the future.

In concluding, we hope, with the co-operation of the boys, to win the sports in October, or at least be a close second.

BOYS RED

The reduction of the number of Red boys to thirteen in the Upper School has put us in a disadvantageous position. We must now rely on the Lower School boys, who have been very successful so far, and also the girls.

We have as yet not won a cricket match, and with only that small number our football season does not look too promising.

At the recent swimming carnival the boys only managed to put together 33 points, but the girls scored 78, which brought the Faction's total to 111, and gave us third position in the points.

But don't give up, boys, keep on trying!

BLUE

Again this year, Blue have got away to a good start, and are rapidly moving away from all starters.

In the first event of the year, the Swimming Carnival, Blue showed their superiority in all events. Blue is fortunate in having Tchan and Courthope in the Faction. These two performed well, Tchan in being School Champion, with Courthope in second position.

In Upper School cricket, Blue suffered no defeats, although in Lower School we were more evenly matched.

This year, Upper School boys have dwindled in numbers, and I think that it is Blue that has been hit hardest. In Upper School, we have about a dozen members, and it is because of the work of this dozen or so, that keeps our faction

near the top. The saying about "quality being better than quantity" most certainly applies to this faction.

Well, Blue, you're setting the pace keep it up and remember, you've got to be out in front to win.

GOLD

Gold Boys have not kept up to the standard set them by last year's cricket team, but at least we do not think we have disgraced ourselves. Lower School teams have done well in cricket.

Talking of disgraces reminds me of the swimming carnival and Gold Boys' effort. We hope you will not mind if we skip over that.

In the games of combined football which we have played we lost but there is no doubt that the next games will provide a change. The Lower School teams did not win on their first try-out, but with a little practise they hope to give their forwards plenty of work.

In concluding we would like to congratulate those swimmers who won championships on carnival day.

KINGIA

On reviewing the position this year we find that Kingia is right on top. We hope that it is not our weight of numbers that has made our rivals frightened.

For the first time in many years, Kingia Boys confounded the critics, and won their section of the carnival. Of course they received the usual strong support from our members of the fairer sex! Congratulations to our brilliant young captain, R. Carrig, who set his team such a good example, and also to the many solid swimmers who gave him good support.

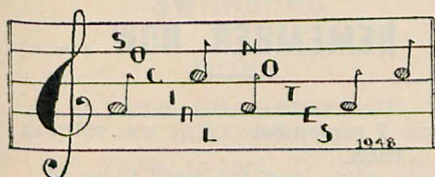
Right on top of the premiership table (?) in the cricket, we are renowned for our friendliness, and we wish to remind our rivals that Kingia is not interested in sheep-stations, or gold mines! Rivals are asked to note the example of friendliness shown by the Spurge trio. Just

a word about our big hitter, Mc-Ritchie, who must learn that "sloggers" rarely succeed in first class cricket, and that a little caution must be exercised! You can read about our other stars elsewhere in "The Kingia."

Similarly Kingia dominates the football, but regrets the fact that the other factions cannot field 18

men; so therefore we must share our players with theirs. Naturally we haven't shown our real brilliance playing on the "Forest," but wait until we play on an oval, or, even a football ground!

It is to be hoped that we lose no more men before the sports, when Kingia will, no doubt, attempt to keep up the good work!



Yet this year's Social Prefects have not been approached for notes, so we're getting them in before the Editor gets onto us.

Being a Social Prefect has many compensations. Firstly, there is the Factor of Food (note alliteration). All of the cakes, sandwiches, etc., which are left over are consigned to the tender care of the Social Prefects. We couldn't bear to see perfectly good food going to waste, so we are absolutely forced to get rid of it in the obvious manner (the dust bin, of course).

Secondly, every day we have any function in the afternoon, we have to miss last period. Of course that also goes very much against the grain. We just hate having to do it. but still, it's for the good of the School, so we will gladly sacrifice our education (and how!).

The only fly in the ointment is the fact that we have to wash up. This, however, is somewhat mitigated by the generous help given by the Sports and Library Prefects (needless to say, they also help eat). This turns everything into a very chummy affair. Has the staff noticed a distinctly crummy look about us after any "do."?

Before we give away too many trade secrets we'd better stop. In conclusion we'd just like to say that we hope the staff won't stint themselves when they order food for their next social afternoon, as we Prefects will find no difficulty in disposing of any surplus.



BEHAVIOUR!

This school's reputation
Requires the deputation
Of a mistress and a master,
To teach us etiquette,—
As well as strict reminders
Of manners left behind us,
Which must be recollected
(If we really did forget).
An over-hackneyed platitude
Concerning "faulty attitude,"
Used by certain of the teachers,
Just doesn't mean a thing.
It's plain consideration
And more co-operation,
From both sides of the argument,
Will ultimately bring
That state of understanding
—Of asking, not demanding
That state of happy unity,
Absolutely necessary
If this school is going to be
A place of perfect harmony.

—Jayn L.

A VOTE OF THANKS!

I doubt whether we, the students, realise our good fortune in having a school, so pleasantly situated in a town, whose citizens are so wholeheartedly helpful. If there is need of proof one has only to refer to the hard work done in order that we should have a projector.

In an assembly less than one and a half years ago, Mr. Bradshaw told us that "our next project was a projector," and since then the Parents' and Citizens' Association and the staff have worked ceaselessly in order to fulfil that project.

Money was raised by social functions and generous donations were received. One effort, which was doubly appreciated by the students, was the ball, held at the end of last year, when our own entertainment was a source of money for our own benefit.

A town projector committee, which plans to provide projectors for several schools in this district, has, however, included the High School in its plan, and so the money collected by the Parents' and Citizens' Association, is now to be used in buying a school war memorial.

Recently a specimen projector was brought from Perth to demonstrate its use at an Association meeting. Several typical films were shown, displaying the importance of visual education as a part of everyday schoolwork.

It is plainly seen that much time and thought is spent on making our school days easier and more interesting. Each week there is in the local newspaper news of activities concerning the projector.

One Friday a street appeal was made and various clubs have promised to help. There are, in fact, constant proofs of the unflagging interest taken in our education by people who realise the necessity of progress and who do not sit back and say "What was good enough for us is good enough for our children."

Therefore, we take this oppor-

tunity to thank the many people who have gone to so much trouble for our sakes, and also to thank Mr. Bradshaw, who has shown us, by his enthusiasm for the progress of the school, the true meaning of our motto, "En Avant!"

—N. Loney.



I REMEMBER NOW . . .

Now I remember . . . it was raining
then,
Grey rain; and the grey faces of
men,
Hurrying from work. The lilacs were
in bloom
And the oil from a car spread a gay
loom
Of rainbow colours on the steely
road,
While a turgid stream of water
flowed
Muddily down the gutter. On the
hills
Shadows of rain—blue-grey and
purple—trills
Of rain-birds from the shelter of a
nearby tree.
Black rocks, black jetty, and the
pallid sea.
The wan electric lamps gleamed
bright
On the road, spilling rivers of light
On the wet footpath. The wind
whined
In the stiff sea-grass. The seagulls
lined
Along the rail, communed in angry
clucks,
And, overhead, an echelon of
ducks—
An elusive, earthy smell of musk,
A gradual fading from day to dusk
—Yes, I remember now.

—Gemini.



BOYS

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

220 Yards (record, T. Hall, 1941, 2 min. 49 3-5 sec.): E. Tchan (B.), 1; K. Kerr (K.), 2; K. Courthope (B.), 3. Time, 3 min. 41 1-5 sec.

110 Yards (record T. Hall, 1941, 1 min. 11 2-5 sec.): K. Kerr (K.), 1; K. Courthope (B.), 2; E. Tchan (B.), 3. Time, 1 min. 35 sec.

55 Yards (record, T. Hall, 1941, 31 sec.): K. Courthope (B.), 1; E. Tchan (B.), 2; J. Robinson (B.), 3; K. Delves (R.), 4. Time, 38 1-5 sec.

55 Yards Breaststroke (record, T. Hall, 1941, 40 4-5 sec.): E. Tchan (B.), 1; Keyser (B.), 3; K. Courthope (B.), 3; K. Delves (R.), 4. Time, 57 sec.

55 Yards Backstroke (record, T. Hall, 1940, 41 1-5 sec.): J. Fishwick (K.), 1; K. Delves (R.), 2; E. Tchan (B.), 3; K. Courthope (B.), 4. Time, 47 3-5 sec.

Relay Race, "A" Teams (record Blue, 2 min. 31 4-5 sec): Blue, 1; Kingia, 2. Time, 2 min. 40 2-5 sec.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

200 Yards (record, K. Wilson, 1940, 3 min. 5 sec.): R. Carrigg (K.), 1; T. Garton (R.), 2; J. Fishwick (K.), 3. Time, 3 min. 15 sec.

110 Yards (record, K. Wilson, 1940, 1 min. 16 4-5 sec.): R. Carrigg (K.), 1; J. Fishwick (K.), 2; T. Garton (R.), 3; Goodlad (K.), 4. Time, 1 min. 27 2-5 sec.

55 Yards (record, C. Prichard, 1940, 35 4-5 sec.): First Heat: J. Fishwick (K.), 1; T. Garton (R.), 2. Second Heat: R. Carrigg (K.), 1; K. Sear (B.), 2. Final: R. Carrigg (K.), 1; J. Fishwick (K.), 2; T. Garton (R.), 3; K. Sear (B.), 4. Time, 43 sec.

55 Yards Breaststroke (record, T. Hall, 1940, 45 2-5 sec.): R. Carrigg (K.), 1; K. Sear (B.), 2; T. Garton (R.), 3. Time, 43 1-5 sec.

55 Yards Backstroke (record, K. Wilson, 1940, 44 sec.): K. Sear (B.), 1; Fishwick (K.), 2; Carrigg (K.), 3; T. Garton (R.), 4. Time, 44 sec.

Relay Race, "B" Teams (record, Blue, 1944, 2 min. 55 sec.): Kingia, 1; Gold, 2. Time, 2 min. 58 2-5 sec.

YEAR CHAMPIONSHIPS

Under 14 Years

Freestyle (record H. Cook, 1946, 38 sec.): Keyser (B.), 1; T. Rudler (K.), 2; G. Foale (R.), 3; B. Smith (G.), 4. Time, 40 4-5 sec.

Breaststroke: B. Keyser (B.), 1; P. Stallwood (K.), 2; G. Foale (R.), 3. Time 58 3-5 sec.

Under 15 Years

Freestyle (record, J. Pickworth, 1946, 37 2-5 sec.): A. Goodlad (K.), 1; J. Mitchell (R.), 2; R. Colter (K.), 3; R. Gard (B.), 4.

Breaststroke V. Holmes (B.), 1; A. Goodlad (K.), 2. Time, 60 3-5 sec.

Junior Champion

R. Carrigg (35)

Senior Champion

E. Tchan (27)

Under 14 Champion

B. Keyser

Under 15 Champion

A Goodlad

GIRLS

110 Yards Open Championship: Joan Teede (B.), 1; Morag Campbell (B.), 2; R. Varnavides (B.), 2; L. Hough (R.), 4. Time, 1 min. 42 2-5 sec.

Open Championship 55 Yards, Freestyle: M. Campbell (B.), 1; Joan Teede (B.), 2; Ellen Scouler (R.), 3; R. Varnavides (B.), 4. Time, 44 1-5 sec.

Junior Championship, 55 Yards Freestyle.—First Heat: E. Doust (B.), 1; J. Cross (B.), 2; time, 38

2-5 sec. Second Heat: B. Buchanan (B.), 1; J. Rowberry (R.), 2; time, 42 2-5 sec. Final: E. Doust (B.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), J. Cross (B.), 2; J. Rowberry (R.), 4; time, 41 3-5 sec.

Form I Championship.—First Heat: E. Doust (B.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), 2; time, 41 sec. Second Heat: Judy Merritt (K.), 1; Leonie Watson (B.), 2; time, 44 1-5 sec. Final: E. Doust (B.), 1; J. Merritt (K.), 2; B. Buchanan (B.), 3; L. Watson (B.), 4; time, 43 sec.

Open Championship, 55 Yards Backstroke: L. Hough (R.), 1; C. Lowe (K.), 2; M. Campbell (B.), 3; E. Fenn (R.), 4. Time, 50 4-5 sec.

Form II Championship: Joan Teede (B.), 1; J. Rowberry (R.), 2; J. Riley (G.), 3; L. Carrigg (K.), 4. Time, 43 4-5 sec.

Open Championship, 55 Yards Frog Kick: L. Hough (R.), 1; E. Palm (K.), 2. Time, 1 min 9 3-5 sec. (inaugural record).

30 Yards Freestyle.—First Heat: D. Stewart (G.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), M. Johnston (R.), 2; time, 27 sec. Second Heat: J. Teede (B.), 1; G. Willcott (R.), 2; time, 23 sec. Third Heat: J. Merritt (K.), 1; J. Cross (B.), 2; time, 23 1-5 sec. Fourth Heat: E. Doust (B.), 1; J. Rowberry (R.), 2; time, 22 1-5 sec. Final: J. Teede (B.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), 2; G. Willcott (R.), 3; J. Merritt (K.), 4; time, 23 sec.

Junior Championship, 55 Yards Breaststroke.—First Heat: M. Reilly (G.), 1; L. Carrigg, 2; time, 58 1-5 sec. Second Heat: L. Hough (R.), 1; E. Doust (B.), 2; time, 52 3-5 sec. Final: L. Hough (R.), 1; M. Reilly (G.), 2; L. Carrigg (K.), 3; E. Doust (B.), 4; time, 54 1-5 sec.

Junior Championship, 55 Yards Backstroke.—First Heat: J. Teede (B.), 1; L. Hough (R.), 2; time, 53 4-5 sec. Second Heat: J. Cross (B.), 1; E. Scouler (R.), 2; time, 50 2-5 sec. Final: J. Cross (B.), 1; L. Hough (R.), 2; J. Teede (B.), 3; E. Scouler (R.), 3. Time, 55 3-5 sec.

30 Yards Backstroke.—First Heat: J. Merritt (K.), 1; E. Palm (K.), 2; time, 29 4-5 sec. Second Heat: E. Doust (B.), 1; J. Rowberry (R.), 2; time, 27 1-5 sec. Final: E. Palm (K.), 1; E. Doust (B.), 2; J. Merritt

(K.), 3; E. Fenn (R.), 4; time, 29 3-5 sec.

Open Championship, 55 Yards Breaststroke: C. Lowe (K.), 1; M. Campbell (B.), 2; R. Varnavides (B.), 3. Time, 55 315 sec.

Junior Championship, 55 Yards Frogkick.—First Heat: L. Hough (R.), 1; E. Doust (B.), M. Boulden (G.), 3; time, 1 min. 24 4-5 sec. Second Heat: L. Carrigg (K.), 1; M. Baxter (K.), 2; time, 1 min. 13 4-5 sec. Final: L. Hough (R.), 1; L. Carrigg (K.), 2; E. Doust (B.), 3; M. Baxter (K.), 4; time: 1 min. 10 4-5 sec.

30 Yards Breaststroke.—First Heat: J. Merritt (K.), 1; E. Doust (B.), 2. Second Heat: L. Watson (B.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), 2; time, 30 3-5 sec. Third Heat: J. Rowberry (R.), 1; M. Johnston (R.), 2; time, 30 sec. Final: L. Watson (B.), 1; B. Buchanan (B.), 2; J. Merritt (K.), 3; M. Johnston (R.), 4; time, 31 1-5 sec.

Life-Saving Race (4th Method).—Finals: E. Doust (B.), 1; J. Merritt (K.), 2; R. Varnavides (B.), 3; M. Campbell (B.), 4; time, 55 sec.

Dog Paddle Race, 55 Yards.—L. Watson (B.), E. Palm (K.), 2; M. Johnston (R.), 3; K. Hodgson (K.), 4.

220 Yards Open Relay.—Blue, 1; Red, 2; Kingia, 3; Gold, 4; time, 3 min. 1 sec.

Medley Relay.—Blue 1; Red, 2; Kingia, 3; Gold, 4; time, 2 min. 36 2-5 sec.

School Champion

Morag Campbell (B.), 21 points
Lyn Hough (R.), 18 points

Junior Champion

Lyn Hough (R.), 21 points
Elsie Doust (B.), 13 points

First Form Champion

Elsie Doust (B.), 26 points

Second Form Champion

Joan Teede (B.), 19 points

FACTION POINTS

	Girls	Boys	Total
Blue . .	173	104	278
Kingia . .	66	123	189
Red . .	78	33	111
Gold . .	16	12	28

CRICKET CRITIQUE

B. Buchanan: A forceful player and with more experience has the ability to become a good batsman. A fast bowler who mixes with his "swingers" a deceiving off-break. Erratic by trying too much pace. Fields well in slips, also did a good job relieving the wicketkeeper.

F. MacRitchie: A slow run-getter but generally held his wicket intact long enough to wear down the bowlers. Needs more experience as a batsman, but has a good leg glance. Spin bowler with clever pace variety. Also proved the XI's best wicketkeeper.

J. Macleod: His fast scoring in some of the games was good to watch, although his batting was erratic at times. A medium paced bowler with a slight break and also a good fielder.

C. Clemenston: A medium paced bowler with an excellent leg break, though sometimes erratic. In time he should become a good all-rounder.

P. Soulos: Batted well during the season but had a lot of bad luck. An excellent outfielder with a good return.

T. Shearer: His batting was quite good. He is a little over-anxious to make runs. Bowls at a medium pace with a good length. If he developed a break he could do much better at bowling. An excellent fielder at on-drive.

N. Boyce: A forceful bat, although very erratic. Would be better if he concentrated more on defence in front of the wicket. Fields well at mid-off.

M. Tunney: Shows promise and with more experience should become a good cricketer. Fields well although his returning could be improved.

L. Hanrahan: With more experience in both bowling and batting, should become a much better player. Fields well on the off.

N. Scott: Needs a lot of practice on defence. His off-break would be effective with a better length. A reliable outfielder.

M. Rice (by the Vice-Captain):

Has proved both a splendid captain and player for the School. The team's best and fastest bowler. Has learnt to swing the ball and should become very effective. A reliable batsman who usually makes a good score. His excellent fielding sets a good example to the team.

SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

The opening of the Hockey Association's fixtures found High School with an almost brand new team, all ready to go. At the end of last year a good percentage of last year's players left us, but their places were quickly filled.

The first game of the season came along and we were trounced, but since then we have shown steady improvement. Why, the time is fast approaching when we will win our first game!

From here, a little introduction wouldn't go amiss:

Soulos, small with plenty of go, will improve with age.

Buchanan, unafraid to use his stick, should end up with quite a bag of goals.

Courthope, a newcomer to the game, plays a good stick and opens the game considerably.

Robinson runs and hits well, ties in with the forward line, and is continually improving.

Delves, an old hand at the game, knows all the tricks yet just misses out on the ounce of luck that is necessary.

Woods, in the left half position, plays a very good game, hitting with a great deal of judgment.

Prichard, at centre half, is an old hand, hitting well to feed the forward line.

Turner has the right idea, but needs a great deal more experience.

Macleod, a tower of strength in the back line, hits strongly and plays the game.

Hill, one of last year's players, continues to play his hard-hitting game.

Chapman, the keeper of the sticks, has the most difficult job of the team, endeavouring to keep the opponent's score to a minimum.

BASKETBALL NOTES

With the beginning of the winter season, Association basketball commenced. High School is represented in both grades, "A" and "B." Although the latter was originally graded as an 'A' team, it was decided by the selection committee that it would be more fair to other teams if one were graded "B" as there was already one "A" team representing Bunbury High School.

CRITIQUE

"A" Grade

Joan Welsh (captain): Goalie; a very able captain and goalie.

Evelyn Palm (vice-captain): Attack wing greatly improved. Works well with centre and goalie.

Rae Waters (centre): A speedy player whose accurate movements make her well suited to her position.

Valma Green (assistant goalie): Much improved in her goal throwing and works well with Joan.

Millie Austin (defence wing): Very sure handling of ball, and a player who will improve with continual practice.

Lexie Greenup (assistant defence): Has greatly improved in her new position as defence.

Sorrel Henderson (defence goalie): Is adjusting herself well to her position but should watch occasional casual throwing.

Dorothy Armour (emergency): A reliable player who will benefit from further opportunity of practise.

Ruth Stevens (emergency): Plays a good assistant goalie, but there is room for improvement in goal-throwing.

Kath Hodgson (emergency): An oncoming player who will improve with more experience. Plays strongly in a defence position.

Although not available for Association matches, Beth Fenn and Kath Aylmore work well together as defence goalie and assistant defence goalie.

"B" Grade

Cynthia Lowe (captain): Goalie; has shown a great improvement in foot work. Considerably more lively than last year.

Valma Halvorsen (vice-captain): Attack wing; shaping very well; uses her head this season; is proving herself to be a capable vice-captain.

Betty Govan (centre): A quick keen player who keeps with her opponent well; is well suited to her position.

Colleen Teede (assistant goalie): An accurate, alert assistant goalie who plays well with Cynthia. Improved with new season's practice.

Coralie Carpenter (defence wing): An active, little player, who seems well suited to her position.

Vella Timewell (assistant defence goalie): A reliable player who has improved much since last season's play.

Sue Scott (defence goalie): A consistent player whose coolness is an asset to the team. Has rallied well considering the few months she has been playing.

Heather Webb (emergency): Seems better suited to goal throwing positions. Should improve with more practice.

Jocelyn Ladyman (emergency): A very enthusiastic new player, who seems fairly well adapted to any position.

Laurel Cattach (emergency): Has not yet had much experience, but should improve during year.

From these players will be selected a team to represent Bunbury High School at the inter-High School sports to be held in Perth during August.

HOCKEY CRITIQUE

(By the Captain)

L. Logan (capt.) [by the vice-captain]: Centre; capable captain; gives great encouragement to her youthful team; passes and bullies well. Needs to practise goal shooting.

M. Schorer (vice-capt.): Centre half; plays very well and is always where she's wanted; is the star of the team but her feet and body often stop the ball.

L. Hough (right outer): Tackles and passes well; is very fast but needs to keep a little more control of ball; has strong hit.

M. Campbell (right inner): Drib-

bles well and is always in position; picks ball up well but is inclined to be a little selfish with it.

P. Suraski (left inner): Has hard hit and is a reliable player; needs more goal shooting practice; follows up well.

J. Walker (left centre): fast player and good dribbler, but she takes the ball too far down the wing and does not pass enough.

N. Loney: Usually manages to get the ball out of tackles. Is a reliable player; needs to pass more.

E. Thompson (right half): Keeps position well and tries very hard; needs to hit harder; has played well this season.

M. Bazzo (left full back): Keeps good control of ball and gives many surprises with her scoops and flicks; passes too much to the left.

J. McDonald (right full back): Has hard hit and good control of the ball but is also inclined to use her left wing too much.

H. Wilkes (goalie): Forceful hit and tricky kick make her play her position like a "champ." Leaves her goals unprotected sometimes, however.

"B" Grade

Betty Merritt (capt.): Centre half; flicks well; is a very creditable captain; always in position but inclined

to hit to a player instead of a space. E. Scouler (vice-capt.): Right centre; fast wing; passes well but obstructs frequently.

S. Shepherdson (left outer): Speedy outer; finds difficulty in centreing the ball from her awkward position; is improving rapidly.

F. Charteris: Plays well on field but seems to lack self confidence in the circle; should attend more practises.

M. Turner (centre): Passes and tackles well; needs to run in on ball in circle and watch off-side.

J. Forrest (left inner): For her first season she has shown remarkable talent. Is very reliable; needs more "go" in the circle.

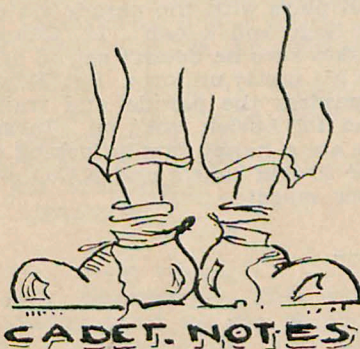
A. Thomas: Plays a steady game; has very good roll in and strong hit but needs to use long passes.

M. Baxter (full back): Improves with very game; tackles well but needs to hit harder and pass more.

R. Varnavides (full back): Hits and passes well; must tackle more and keep to her own side of the field.

A. Clarke (goalie): Has played a very good season's hockey in such a difficult position; hits well but needs to use her feet more.

M. Bouldon: Fast little half-back; tackles well; needs to use more long passes.



(By "Washout")

The Cadet unit this year has a total strength of 66. Last year the strength was 81. Efficiency is above previous standard, and the A.E.M.E. cup is not out of our reach. For the

ceremonial guard mounting the unit was in third place, but we were only 50 per cent. efficient on the range, consequently B.H.S. finished in ninth position in 1947.

Forty-one cadets attended a ten-day camp in May and four of them survived a special training course of fifteen days. Cpl. N. Paisley gained top marks (69%), and Cadet D. Neville (63%) was runner-up. It is understood they will attend another training camp and become cadet officers.

On Anzac Day, 1948, the unit marched in the ceremonial parade and favourably impressed Bunbury. The unit was led by Lt. Lucich. We are indebted to Sgt. A. Edwards for his interest and assistance with parades and shoots.

Capt. G. Pittman left B.H.S. after four parades in 1948, but the unit

he started has continued to flourish, mainly because of his thoroughness and foresight. Lt. S. P. Lucich is now O.C., and Cdt.-Lt. F. W. Chapman is second in command. We hope to have our full complement of three cadet officers before October.

NOTES ON THE DETACHMENT No. 1 Platoon

We are the second-year and senior cadets of the detachment, commanded by Sgt. J. Robinson. We have the three best shots in the unit: Cadet W. Asser and Corporals K. Delves and N. Paisley. The latter has actually scored a seven-shot possible. We have a lot of laughs at Lt. Chapman's expense (90% trivial and the rest didn't matter!). Tchan, Kerr and Prichard are also witty. Cadet J. MacLeod wins the honours as our best cadet; his slope is really snappy. That's all for No. 1.

No. 2 Platoon

Here we are, the dumbest platoon in the B.H.S. Senior Cadet unit, led by our regular marker Cadet Coulter. In charge of this awkward platoon is Sgt. Jim Scott, who has done a lot of good work on us. He is also the detachment's Bren specialist. Have you noticed how well our tunics fit? Chaff bags look neater! Note also our extra grouse slopes. Sgt. Scott grouses about them something awful! You've had it!

No. 3 Platoon

Sgt. P. Spurge has us well controlled and it is generally recognised that we are the best disciplined platoon in the detachment. It is also recognised that our rifles are the best kept, but our range results don't show it. Ours is the best attendance record; it is always "23 present, sir!" when the roll is

called. We sound quite a nice lot, don't we? Bill Buchanan and Mick Rice are our best all-round cadets; they are assisted by H. Shier and M. Reilley. Boy, did we have fun in camp!

Sigs.

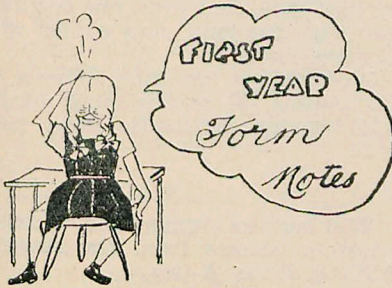
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C.Q.9; C.Q.9. This is B.H.S. Sigs calling anyone on the 9-metre band with the 108 wireless. We are the select few who play with the queer gadgets while the footsloggers stagger around the parade ground. We have fun under the guidance of Mr. Truman. Cadet V. Broockmann did a special sigs. course in camp, but we don't think he learnt much—he has too many sidelines when he is there. Sgt. Robinson, Cpl. Paisley and Cadet D. Neville did sigs once, but they have so much instructional duty to do that we never see them these days.

H.Q.

The H.Q. is run by Lt. Lucich, who, incidentally, runs the rest of the detachment as a sideline. His 2 I/C, Cdt.-Lt. Chapman, assisted by W.O. II A. R. Hill, gets in his way as much as possible. The Q side is run by Acting-Cpl. J. Smedley, who muddles about and does nearly nothing in the greatest possible time; he is assisted by Cadet Rutherford. The moron just referred to gets the rifles in a hopeless mess and then he and Smedley buzz off to catch a bus. Sar.-Major Hill plays with the parade state for an hour and a half. Lt. Chapman makes sure he doesn't get oil or dirt on his pretty uniform. Sgt. Edwards organises the parade and training, and Lt. Lucich looks on. In short, we are a happy family looking after our 60 odd cadets and N.C.O.'s—the poor mugs!

FORM NOTES



IC FORM

When a person says a cow is neuter gender it must be coming from IC. This is IC calling the rest of the School. First thing after French a frosty atmosphere comes over the class.

Gateway, who has the biggest mouth in our class, talks, eats and laughs all day.

Legsy, they say good things come out of little parcels, but they're wrong this time. She is determined to settle down and really work hard this time (but we have our doubts haven't we, girls?)

Barry, the latecomer, has always the same weak excuse. "Please, Sir, the chain on my bike came off."

Frankie, our little star of the class in French, hails from the bonny South-West town of Burekup, so noted for its scholars—hm!

Ryland, our handsome hero, comes from Donnybrook, and is nearly always looking towards the girls' side of the room.

Our class average in French is 44 per cent.—very good, isn't it! Miss Burgess thinks so.

IC is noted for its Latin. You just ask Miss Smith.

IC signing off.

IB FORM

Howdy, everybody! This is IB introducing itself to the Bunbury High. It has been great to be here. Everybody seems friendly—even the Prefects (although they think it a relief every time they leave us).

We like all our teachers, even our French master (that's when he's in a good mood, and is wearing his cadet uniform. He looks ever so nice in it.)

Not boasting, we think we are the busiest class in the School, because that's how we got our name of the "IB Busy Bees." We never have time to talk, not even time to use our elastic bands and paper pellets. But we do not waste our small bits of chalk, we make good use of it by throwing it at each other. We know that teachers have to pay tax for the chalk and we can't possibly see it go to waste in the bin.

Apart from that we would like to tell you something about our class. To commence with, we'll tell you the brainy kids. First of all we have our outstanding French girl whose name you must know. She's Dorothy Stewart. Our Mathematical genius, Joe Galati; our English expert is Esme Ganfield. Apart from the rest of the class we have a few people like Ian Merrells, Noel Guthrie, Keven Scott, Peter Moor and Brian Smith who never work more than two minutes without talking. The rest of us are nearly all solid workers.

Well, I think that's all you would like to know. So, until the next issue of the "Kingia," we say good-bye, from the IB classroom. Good luck to Junior and Leaving candidates!

ID FORM

ID stands for Intelligent Disciples. We follow our teachers through the strenuous (?) maze of study with furrowed brows and palpitating hearts. We look out upon the sea to soothe our shattered nerves when our teacher is in distress and yells "Get out—before I lose my temper!"

We are a happy lot such as Giggling Garth and Brainy James, whose brow is never furrowed, and Tommy, who shows his Herculean muscles in the gym.

Miss Palmer, our form mistress, comes from that home place of many of our members—yes, the country. She tries to hammer arithmetic and algebra into us without much success we fear.

From Mr. Pearce we learn the secrets and marvels of science, while Miss Smith transports us to bygone days in Latin.

Our class numbers thirty-six—twenty girls and sixteen boys. [Do you like being outnumbered, boys.—Ed.]

When the bell goes at recess-time we all rush to our lockers like a herd of elephants. After second bell the talking is supposed to stop, but much to the disgust of prefects and teachers alike it seems to in-



2A FORM

High ya' folks! We are the inmates of Form 2A. This form of ours has a fine reputation, you just ask Miss Smith, she'll tell you!

Our progress in commercial is slow and maybe sure, but that's no fault of Miss Perkins. We are just dumb, e.g., Wendy and Margo. Our dear friend Wendy's progress is slow, and may not be sure as we don't know a thing yet.

Glenyse is our bright spark when it comes to shorthand, but it's really amazing how it comes because she never pays attention.

Little Dottie, she's our angelic example.

Laurel is always watching the dor to see if one of her many big heroes might happen to pass (there really are plenty of them).

Maxine, Crystal, and Glenyse get arranged neatly across the back of the room and giggle until one has to sit in the front row or "go outside and waste your own time."

A few of our forthcoming dress-makers have been removed from our presence, but we still have reunions in English and geography.

Betty often finds an attraction to go to the typing room at lunch time, but we wouldn't know why!

We think we are very hardly done by because we don't have any P.S. or Form periods and we occasionally get one gym. period a week.

crease as the seconds tick by.

When the boys in metal-work are told to draw a line one quarter of an inch long, they draw one one inch and a quarter long, and wonder why it looks wrong.

Well, this is the dilly dilberts of I D signing off and wishing Junior and Leaving candidates every success.

Wishing the Junior and Leaving students success from the Angelic Athletic Form A-ites.

IIK FORM

This is the brainiest class of the School, the room of the Infected Detectives. The chief managers are Barmy Babs and Two-gun, ex-criminals who are after the desperadoes Toothless Pouch, Deadward Dick Daniels, Kidy Lolibars and his jester, Bunny Benstead.

The Master Mind of the class is Professor Marsden, who is a general menace to the public, but who is now inventing a ratchet back-pedal brake, which is quite harmless except when anyone gets in front of him.

By the way, we have an extra grouse Prefect who is only good for standing at the door and telling us when the masters are coming.

Now, all ye other ignorant Forms, if ye should lose anything come to us and borrow one black tracker.

We would like to congratulate John Walters and Barry Connaughton in their achievements in the sporting field as captains.

There was no really good mark last term in II K, but we hope our brain, Doyle, and a few others will carry through with a distinction this term.

FORM II Q

The cutest, quietest, clever room of B.H.S.—with brains of a nation stored in those thirty-five beautiful skulls—is that dazzling II Q.

Mr. Pearce, of whom you may have heard (!) is our most lenient form master. Next is our (n)ever popular boy Prefect, Ron Smith, and, of

course his partner in "quelling crime"—Izzy.

Made most welcome to the class are our newcomers of whom a few are Micky, Tas., Judith and Jo.

Living in the female quarter of Q is that band of giggling girls who can never be silenced by fair means or foul. They are ably led by Janice and Anne (the ever-fighting comrades).

Roachy and Kaiser are for ever burrowing into books. So studious and yet so ?

End of term I draws near and our averages are flying high and low. Must say "Cheerio!" now. Good luck, Junior and Leaving candidates, and this is that unquenchable Q class signing off until once gain we get together next "Kingia" time.

IIP FORM

Are you tongue-tied? Well, follow the IIP time-table and learn the gift of the gab. Where? IIP, of course. Yes, IIP.

Of course every one knows we are a very learned and studious class. We also have some very out-

standing ones among us including: Griggo, as she is commonly known, who very meek and angelic seems to be when you look at her, but when you know her you will change your opinion altogether.

Professor Murdock, who is all brain and no brawn. Reg Smith is like him also. Pagey tries to be smart but somehow doesn't seem to be succeeding very well, but he is coming on.

Foale and Stinky, well, everyone knows them (if they don't, you lucky thing, you). I guarantee every teacher who comes into the room tells them not to sit next to each other (well almost).

The grandfather of our class is a good French student but that is about all.

His cobber, Ned Kelly, a mighty man is he; sits at the back of the room and only answers questions when called.

The boys, very well mannered always let the girls out first, but the last girl out almost gets swept off her feet.

Well, don't forget to follow the IIP time-table and learn the gift of the gab, the easy way.



III R FORM

Hello, everybody! Here are a few lines presented by the hen-pecked, hard-worked, disillusioned Junior misfits of the Invincible RRR's. We've got a surprise! We're going to take you for a ride in the country. We've boarded the bus and now we're off on the ride.

John (that's our bus driver) lacks ability occasionally to Turn-er cor-

ner. Along the roadside there is a lot of "pretty" scenery, for instance, a tall, scraggy "Briar" bush. It's botanical name is the "Hague Briar." Oh, look at those sweet little burges over there; oh, sorry, we meant birds. Their name is the Spurge Birds.

Eh, John, stop a moment, Rae's fallen out of the window into the Waters. We've stopped! She's a bit wet—now! [Isn't she always.—Ed.]. We'll Walker-bout while Geoff Fishes for some Taylor. Lexie and Val. are arguing about the colour of the Darling Ranges. Val reckons they're Green-up the top and Lexie reckons they're Green down the bottom.

We'd better get back to the bus. Gee, Ann Ransom(e) to catch it! Lynne, get Hough my toe! We're off! Bevin's girl-friend just crossed the road. We can se-ar out the window. A wood-Pecka has flown

through the back window, and has begun to Peck at the branches of a Palm tree. (Flossie says how can a Palm tree be in a bus, but that doesn't matter.)

We stop at the Federal Corner and come out hearing Angels and (C)larks in our heads, but don't be misled, it was the bus we came out of.

Well, the Invincible RRR's have had it(so well) go back to our studies (ahem!) Too-roo! for now!

III E FORM

"Happy, Stacey?"

This is Form III E introducing you to its members of which a few have changed since the distribution of last year's "Kingia."

The bright bird of our class is Stacey, who is always happy. Poor fish! He had the misfortune to have his key cord cut. Several of our boys have been troubled by sickness. Tony has "falling disease" and Ron is becoming slightly insane, due to the inhaling of methyl-alcohol fumes. Dear Freddie of the "Longpants Legion," of course has his usual ailment of lovesickness, while Mac, or "Pinhead," is coming a close second. I hear there is some scandal between him and a certain girl. Is it true, Mac?

Messieurs Doodle Rule and Roughhouse Rose are our chemists. They reckon that acid does leave brown stains on fingers. Mick is our silent fisherman, while Nathan and "Slops" are collectors of girls' photos. That Hostel pair, Geoff. and Max are always teasing our girl chaser, Lionel, about his cricket. Footy's best, isn't it, Lionel?

Our water-pistol brigade, consisting of Moreton Tunney and Clem Clementson, is getting short of targets with bullseyes. Walker has found his comb. What a hairdo! They never make a noise. I wonder if Irwin has lost any of that Murchison humour yet?

Of course we must not forget the felines of the class. Dear Pattie was chased by a fire engine yesterday. I think hydrogen peroxide is the cure. Margaret is our prefect and bathing beauty. I hear she's lost some of her photos. I wonder

who's got them? Wilma, our tall streak of misery, is still after Millsy. Sorry, it's Bowman! Our two talkers, Handlebars, who was recently nickelplated and, Coralie, our prize goat, have to refrain from speaking. Poor cats!

FORM III S

This is the brains trust of Form III S calling you from that well known room on the right wing.

We haven't many notables this year, as most of our elite left last year. However, among the remainder there is "Billy," our giant shorthand expert; "Baz," our book-keeping but who is especially good at "Bills," and speaking of "Bills," "The Voice" is also pretty good at this sort of thing.

By the way, did you know that "Ferrits" have taken to catching "Finches" and "Goldie Locks" now prefers "Fishes" to porridge? Also, that our main Olympic hope is a "Busselton Mermaid"?

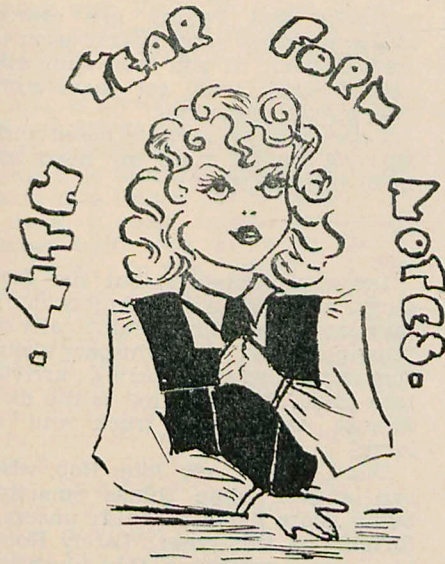
As we occupy the Geography room we often have visitors. Whenever an outstanding male enters our den the general chorus of "Hubba" can be heard with an undercurrent of "tres bien" from our only French student. So males, beware!

Our "Brunette Bombshell" never seems to make much headway over the rainbow between "S" and "R." Someone suggests she should borrow one of her father's buses.

Our efficient Prefect (don't tell me I've got a splinter) performs her duties so well that the "Second" exclamation from the teacher is, "Wot! No chalk?" We say second because, of course, the first is a remark concerning our angelic behaviour. We still keep up our reputation for being such quiet little lassies (?) because, needless to say, we have no boys to encourage us to talk.

We hate to have to leave you in peace now, or maybe "pieces," and as this will probably be our last year at school, we have pleasure in taking this opportunity to wish you all farewell. This is III S saying—"So-long, saps, so-long!"

P.S.—Don't you think the "finch" is a very popular bird with Commercial classes?



IVth YEAR

From the lowest of all possible depths of misery that we can attain we interrupt this gay magazine with a sombre thought, did you enjoy the murder? Yes, as you rightly guessed, this epistle is the happy (?) IVth Year Form Notes.

The reason for our gloom, you ask? How terribly 'iggerant" you must be. Have you not heard of Walter, the babyish-minded child with the jarring voice, that interrupts the more studious ones of the class in their work? And have you not heard of Joan R. Baxter, who is a lucky charm (?) aboard a yacht?

Of course, if you have not heard of these famed people, you would never know the rest of our motley gathering. For reasons over which I have no control, I will only describe a few of the personalities who adorn the honourable IVth Year Form room.

Numbering from left to right:—
 "Sooper-man" Midgley, a great little fellow, in fact, Mrs. Midgley's baby. He, of course, as the name implies, is our gymnastic expert. [P.S.—If you look hard enough in the "gym" you will find pieces of our Sooper-doopeman.]

Naturally, we must not forget 'Fish' Campbell. Not only is Campbell in Blue, but she insists on being Senior Girl Swimming Champion. What shall we do with her

Then there is Jackson and Adams, whose much overworked excuse of "We're the Sport Prefects," as they slowly sidle into the class, is gradually becoming ancient in the eyes of the teachers.

Also, there is our class A1 beauties. We're not letting on their full names as we well remember that there are two girls to every boy. But we will tell you their Christian names, which are Betty G., Betty W., Amelia A., and Ellen S.

To forget Sam and Brian would be a crime, for they are the only brainy ones in the dozen boys.

Talking of crime, there is a certain person in our class who has just had a mix-up with a certain traffic inspector. Not mentioning any names, but he's generally referred to as Bill (sometimes) or James (most times).

The immortal prattling Ravens, Rogers and Webb still find plenty of time to talk about nothing.

Of course, Maureen Turner will well remember a certain incident when a certain chair which she was certain she was going to sit on was whisked away by a certain boy named—yes—you're right—Athol Walter. (Boring, isn't it?)

But enough, this nonsense has gone far enough. This is the happy IVth Year wishing everybody the worst of luck and hoping that nobody gets on.

THE END.

P.S.—Any characters referred to in the preceding paragraphs are not fictitious and have some resemblance to persons living (I hope).

IX FORM

"Hi-ho, everybody!" This is not Jack Davey, but the Xcellent Xites calling you from the rowdiest room in B.H.S.

Our class consists of many noisy but brainy (?) persons. Some of these persons are Moggy the Prefect (prefect do you call him?);

Skeggs, Shorty, Whit, Yates Apples and many others.

Undoubtedly our favourite subject is Latin, in which we try (?) to take an interest, but I'm afraid we find it impossible as the noise in the room is deafening. Pity the poor teacher, don't you?

Bucky and Polony are always cracking corny jokes which seem to amuse them. If you ever want any eggs I think you'll get them quite cheap from these two.

I dare say you're quite bored with this rot, so I'll "pull my head in" until next "Kingia."



Vth YEAR

The ladies and gentlemen of the Fifth Form have pleasure in presenting their "inside story." We sincerely hope that the School will duly appreciate this gesture of kindness on the part of the "mighty fives."

To begin with, let us introduce the Prefects, who form the greater part of our company. These ultra-efficient beings are constantly at work oiling the cogs of the School and are led by Sadie and Malc., who can be recognised by their deeper frowns and gold-plated badges.

Sadie has also distinguished herself as a pianist and the way she and Marg. put over "Chopsticks" is a delight to the ear.

Malc. is the man who is expert at presiding over meetings and opening Prefects' teas. His resounding "Quiet!" would honour any cadet master or sergeant-major.

Talking about meetings reminds us of Else, the treasurer, who manages the money and supplies financial statements.

Lorrie is secretary, but her frequent struggles with minutes don't take up all her time. Faint calls of "Clang! Clang!" and whispers about "chariots" herald Lorrie's arrival into class. Anyrate, what is the difference between a truck and a lorry?

Don't ask us; ask John Rob, who can answer some things smartly, but is more likely to blush uncomfortably at this poser: Lately Robbie's been practising this blushing habit. As a matter of fact he's likely to break a blood vessel if Hill doesn't stop airing his vocal abilities in class.

Hill (that faithful man) has passed the blushing stage, as one gets used to these things in time; but then, Hill's one of the geni of our time—we can't all be smart.

At least one more smart person in our midst is Marg., whose talents are many and varied. Those posters she draws would thrill any advertising agent; and have you seen her on the hockey field? My word! you've missed a treat! But to top it all, as a pianist she brings down the house.

Chappo is another of our widely gifted throng. Just think, he sings every moment of the day. Not many institutions can boast a perpetual nightingale, and you are sure to know about Fred's cornet playing. It's beyond description! By the way, have you seen Fred's peaked cap, and his new bike? Chappo says he "likes them plump," which shows the communistic trend of his thoughts.

Talking of plumpness reminds us of Hazel, who knows just where to put her weight when it comes to hockey playing. You should see the ball spin up the field when she has a go at it.

Has anyone noticed anything

wrong with Vic? We think it's his sitting posture, but he says it's his "attitude." What's the difference, anyway?

Mac is an expert salesman as far as cool drinks are concerned, but his most outstanding ability is that of being able to argue against any and every idea that is put forward.

Jean is best known as Else's "other half" (we won't say better or worse). In fact, they're just like David and Goliath—pardon—Jonathan. That of course, doesn't imply that they're saints. Far from it. Jean is the very devil for turning your words and wisecracking. She can make something of everything you say. So watch your step, or you'll be putting your foot in it every time you open your mouth.

We don't know how Nance got the poker down her back when the Pre's photo was being taken. Most likely she was using her hockey stick, because no one can remember losing a poker.

Have you noticed the angelic smile on young Asser's face? Well, don't be deceived, Bill is not a saint either. He holds his own quite well.

Vella is another apparently unassuming person, but she has a will of her own too, and a voice that is on its own.

Last, but not least of the Prefects, is Wimpy, who's keen on seconding things, even if he doesn't suggest them. By the way, if you can't keep your locker shut, Wimpy will fix it. The fourth year girls will agree, we're sure.

Now we can tell you about the more interesting (?) section of the class.

First and most important is Dot, who is our Form Prefect. She always knows who is absent, but no one could say whether we're ever all there!

Rayma is next on the list as magazine editor. You all know her. She's always "round," but she seems to have difficulty in making you contribute to the mag.

Tchan, our maths. expert, counts the number of hair styles Lorrie wears per week and arrives at infinity. He is very proud of his ability to get on the wrong side of everybody. Claude seems to be the only one that understands him.

Some people can fathom the deepest problems.

We all agree that the "New Look" doesn't suit Eve, especially when the padding is at the front and back, but they say you can't be beautiful and brainy, and her distinction average deserves congratulations.

Pete manages to maintain a dense growth of hair. We often wonder if it is the only part of his head that is dense.

Although Val has been here for almost a year and a half, she hasn't dragged her thoughts away from Eastern Goldfields High yet. She's here in person but not in spirit.

Micky's innocent face belies his nature and it is when he's up to something that he looks most blameless. He's embarrassingly blunt sometimes, although he makes some pretty pointed remarks.

Marie is the girl with the "widdle fiddle," and she knows how to fiddle with it too. When it comes to dressmaking she also knows How (with a capital letter). In fact our Marie is an all-round practical sort.

Darcy, our gentleman (?) artist, mightn't excel at drawing, but is the best quick-change artist we know—some people even call him fickle. Have you seen him in action? My, what a technique!

We have quite a few "Hostel-ites" in the Form, two of whom are Gwen and Fay. Among other things, they share the headache of the magazine with Rayma. But we all know that Fay, at least, has other diversions.

The last to be mentioned is Scotty, who knows everything (that is about the science laboratories). We wonder if he knows everything about science. He'd like to, and so would we.

Whether or not all you readers would like to know all this detail about us doesn't worry us—for as departing students (we hope) we aren't greatly concerned about immediate impressions, because you already have your private opinions of us, but this epistle is to prove to posterity what a wonderful crowd the "Fives" of 1948 really were.

KORRESPONDENCE

States of the Western
30th day of June.

News mit der Letter

Mine Dear Cousin Hans,

I now take up my pen and ink and write you mit der tipewriter.

We do not live where we used to live, we now live where we haf moved.

I hate to say it, but your old Aunt vot you lofed so well is dead. She died of New Monia on New Year's Day, at New Norcia. Some people tink she had population of the heart. De docktor, he gif up all hope when she died. Her breath all leaked out. They found £10 sewed in her buffle. It was an awful lot to leave behind.

Old Mrs. Offenblockis is very sick. She's just at death's door, and de docktor tinks he can pull her through.

My brudder Gus took our dog Fido down to the sawmill yesterday. He ran into a large circular saw and only lasted one round.

All de Cussenblocks family haf de mumps. Dey are hafing a swell

time.

I'm sending you your overcoat by post. I cut off de buttons to save postage charges; you will find dem in de inside pocket.

My uncle says if you don't pay back the 50 per cent. interest wot you owe him, he will cut off your head and throw it in your face.

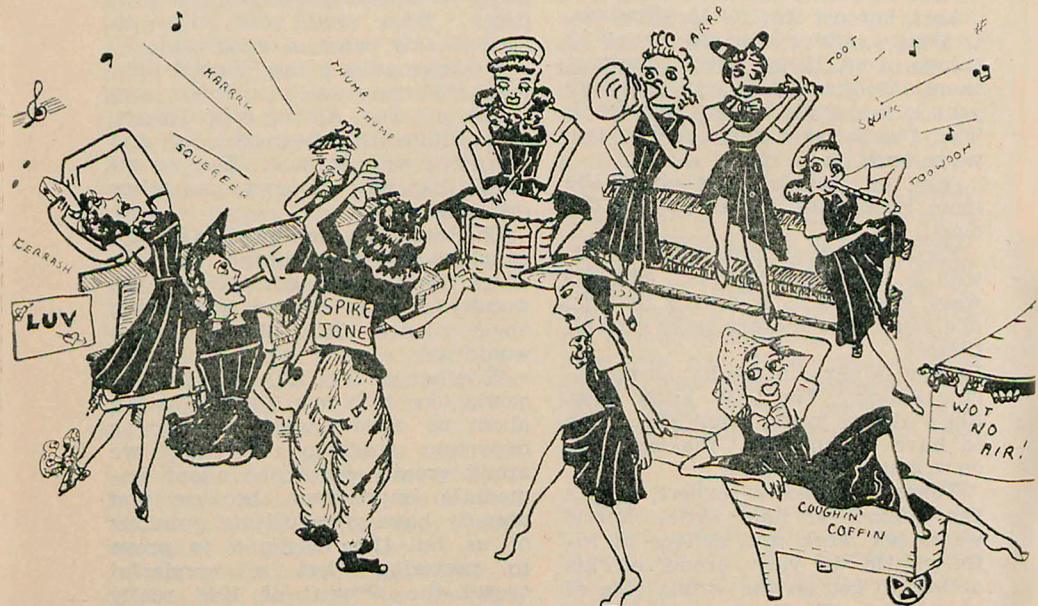
Hans Kratz was sick. De docktor told him to take something so he went down de street and met Ikey Cohen and took his watch. Ikey had him arrested and got a lawyer — de lawyer got de case and Hans got the woiks.

Ve haf 30 chickens and a fine dog. De chickens lay 6 eggs a day and de dog lies behind the stove.

De people are dying here wot haf never died before.

Hans, I wish we were closer apart. I'm awful lonesome since we were separated together. If you don't get this letter, let me know and I'll write again.

Your Friend,
ABIE.



OWING TO THE ABSENCE OF THE COUGHIN COFFIN THIS PART WAS OMITTED — THE DRAFTER'S



"Rather smudgy tho' . . . not so brilliant as of old!"—Textbooks.

* * *

"Book against book!"—Vth Years fighting.

* * *

"That paradise of paradox."—Applied Maths.

* * *

"She scorns to patch what she ignores, with similes and metaphors."—English Student.

* * *

"The young especially should be suspicious."—Advice to 1st Years.

* * *

"And those who read the 'Shakespeare of Romances' Know of what stuff a girl's 'dynamic glance' is."

—Vth Year Boys.

* * *

"The scanty fare of bitter bread and sallet.—Boarding House meals.

* * *

"To left, here's B., half-Communist."—F.C., 5-Y.

* * *

That is thy charge then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near.

—After Chemistry.

* * *

This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.—French Homework.

Hence and bestow your luggage where you found it.—Pound.

* * *

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

—Trigonometry V-Y.

* * *

Let us not burden our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone.
—After Exams.

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well; awake!—Biology V-Y.

* * *

The strangeness of your story puts heaviness in me.—Latecomer's excuses.

* * *

For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up.

—Gym. exercise.

* * *

You taught me language: and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.

—IV-Yr. German.

THE ART OF GROWING CARROTS

[Readers are recommended to consult a dictionary.—Ed.]

Is gardening an instinctive characteristic of yours? Are you one of the species of humanity which revels in tilling the soil and producing magnificent or artistic results of plant formation? If so, these remarkable paragraphs are not for your organs of vision to peruse. Turn over the page and continue your dallying over the literary instincts of others.

If, on the other hand, you are one of those appallingly ignorant characters, possessing gastronomy, yet knowing nothing of the germination and origin of the vegetables you consume, pore over this with concentrated attention, and learn to grow at least one item of your daily menu.

Well, it is folly to believe that carrot growing is an inheritance from a line of forefathers. Any insignificant personage can grow them if he possesses the required amount of initiative to overcome the following hindrances.

The worst trouble is that obnoxious creature the next-door neighbour. There are several reasons why a neighbour may be troublesome, but the main one is when he is the kleptomaniac type, and his ingenious methods of locating carrots and inexplicably spiriting them away. Do not tolerate this with a few two syllable words murmured under breath, but grab him and detach his oesophagus from his body, or hit him so hard that it is two or three hours before he regains his geocentric bearings. These dubious methods are not as dubious as they sound, and, speaking from experience, they have guaranteed results.

The same principles may also be applied if the neighbour is predominating, lyrical, corrupted, always pragmatical, or a misogynist, and you wish to terminate these malpractices.

I am now going to assume that you have the required area of earth overturned laboriously with a

spade, and that you are ready to begin the process of the germination of carrots. You will then need to acquire sixpence, legally or illegally, and purchase a supply of Yates' seeds—Where? . . . Everywhere!

After the soil has been suitably fertilised with 21 per cent. C.S.M.L. superphosphate, and sufficiently moistened, these seeds are deposited into holes from two to eighteen inches apart, according to the size of the fruit you wish to produce. The seeds are then carefully nurtured daily until they are fully matured carrots.

Continued sampling of the kindergarten carrots is not an advisable practice, as they will probably never get past the 2in. by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. stage, and indeed a microscope is often needed to locate them. Therefore leave them until they have matured sufficiently and are fit for human consumption. On the other hand, do not leave them too long, or the consequent corruption of the longerous plants may result with the in-soluble gardener seeking the comfort of a loved one's shoulder for the expulsion of scalding tears. There is no comprehensible explanation of prevention of this decay, but you should be able to judge the right time by a very occasional sample.

Well, after these ordeals, if the results of your labours are one or two skimpy, worm-eaten carrots, don't come looking for the author. As a precautionary measure, I am leaving these paragraphs in an anonymous condition, as I have no desire to face the furious onslaught of the would-be gardener, or go through the ordeal of braving dangerous missiles humming past my prostrate features.

N.B.—If troubled by snails, a mixture of concentrated sulphuric acid and potassium ferro-cyanide should be effective, in equal proportions.

HAPPY HARRY

When Harry Fisher went to town
His Pa said not to tarry;
He took his plastic bicycle
And said, "I'm Happy Harry!"

He soon was finished buying things
And so to fill in time
He took a glass of shandy gin,
For which he paid a dime.

He started on the homeward trek
With all his bundles laden,
When half way back, who should
he meet
But Sally Gray, his maiden.

Now Saucy Sal, as people said,
Was quite attached to Happy;
They would have married long ago
If it hadn't been for "Pappy."

So Happy lifted Sally up,
Upon his knee so quaky.
She said she'd sit upon the bar,
It wasn't quite so shaky!

They rode along so silently
Till Happy Harry said,
"My darling, do you love me?"
She said "Pull in your head!"

Poor Happy felt quite flattened,
But still, he tried again.
He thought this more romantic
Than two in Lovers' Lane.

"Sweet Sally," started poor old Hap,
"Say, don't you like the ride?"
"I think it so delightful,
That is, with you," she sighed.

Now this is better, Happy thought,
I think I'd better ask her.
If she says "Yes," well, then maybe,
We might get to Alaska!

"Sally, darling, snuggle closer,
Let me tell you this:
I've loved you for a long, long time,
So, how about a kiss?"

This over, they began again,
And took her slender finger,
"I know you'll marry me," he said.
Miss Gray would never linger.

The next moment from in the drain
Hap saw his bike all shattered,
He looked into the other drain,
Then knew his dreams were shattered.

For there, still spluttering with mud,
Cross-legged, sat Miss Gray.
"I'll never marry you," she said,
"I'm through with men! Good
day!"

"I'm through with women, too,"
said Hap.
"But, my! Pa said to hurry!
Oh curse these silly dames," said he,
"Ma will be in a flurry!"

So Hap ran home and went to bed
To dream of mud and gutters,
He locked and barred the oaken door
And slammed down all the
shutters.

He thought and thought, but all in
vain,
How could he win her trust?
"But, hang it all, what is the use,
My brains will only rust."

The next day Hap was out of sorts,
His Ma was really worried
She dressed him in his Sunday suit
And to the quack she hurried.

"My! My! 'tis but a common case,"
The doctor told poor Happy.
"I fear 'tis woman heartbrake,
These dames, they all are sappy!"

"I suggest you get away
And live a hermit's life;
The only curse for this disease
Is womanless, hard, strife."

So Hap went off to buy a farm,
But luck was in his way,
For to whom should it belong
But sweet Miss Sally Gray.

And now they have a dozen kids,
With iron bikes for each,
For Happy quite agreed with Sal,
No plastic bikes apiece!

—"Plastics Fan."

BEWARE, YE STUDENTS!

THE LAST WARNING

(By C.F.A.W.)

This lesson concludeth the history of the Temple of Beeachess for 1947.

Now it came to pass that the Temple of Beeachess was aged, even five and twenty years had the multitudes slaved. And the Head of the Prefects even one Eric, the son of a Salter, saith unto the multitude:

"Yea, we must gather together and celebrate; lo, we will have of the sports even a game of the cricket."

So it came to pass that on the last day but three of the five and twentieth year of Beeachess the staff did play the students of the cricket.

And John, the Cooper's son, for even he was captain of the School Eleven, didst toss with the All High for the honour of who should bat first. Yea, and the Cooper didst win of the toss, for lo, did he not use a double-header?

And he did not.

And the students didst bat, and, behold, they didst bat exceeding badly. And the Brookmann didst fail to score, as did the Salter, Stanley the son of the Lamb's Fry, and one Tubby the son of a Spall Ding before him. Yea, and the students didst score but four score and fourteen runs, being in the Maths ($x^2 - 2y$) where x doth equal 10 and y even 3. And the All High, and William the Spee Ring didst bowl and take of the wickets. And the Horne (even he who blows up when the students walk even on the grass about the temple) didst bowl of the donkey drops and take of the wickets; and Chippy, the son of a Carpenter, did field exceeding well in the slips, and the Pitt Man droppeth the catches even at the point, and

the All High didst take again of the wickets.

And it came to pass that the staff didst bat, and the Students didst chase the ball. And the All High didst score one score and one half of one score — $2y$ (y as before mentioned). And the Spee-Ring didst score two score and seven, and lo, it was even the highest of the scores.

And the Nelson, and the Lamb's Fry didst bowl exceeding fast, and one Edwards, even he who is called Sarge, didst score but one run, and he was dismissed. And the Horne didst go in to bat and the Spee-Ring saith unto him: "So the Fry doth bowl of the hot stuff, and if he smitest thou on the cheek, turnest thou thine other cheek, when thou comest out of hospital."

And behold, the Horne didst turn even his forehead, and the son of the Lamb's Fry didst bowl and smite him, and lo, he went into the hospital, and he played not of the cricket again that day.

And William, even he with the Wood-Stall, didst take up the bat and smite the ball and didst score of the runs. And when the score drew nigh unto the score of the Students, the Wood-Stall keeper did score even four of the sundries that are called the leg-byes. And lo, the Students didst cry unto the umpire "How's that?" and the umpire saith "Not out."

And they were undone, and it was the first time for many years that the Staff didst dish up the Students.

And to make up for the failure, the Students put on an exceeding good ball that night, and everyone was happy. And they should be.

Here endeth the Last Lesson.

TEN FOURTH-YEAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Ten fourth-year High School girls
 Walking in a line,
 Scotchy spied the swimming pool
 Leaving only nine!
 Nine fourth-year High School girls
 Eating from a plate,
 Surask spied a widde-worm
 Then there were eight!
 Eight fourth-year High School girls
 From the hockey team eleven,
 Scouler ran to score a goal
 Leaving only seven!
 Seven fourth-year High School girls
 Going to the flicks,
 Millie saw a certain Spurge(?)
 Then there were six!
 Six fourth-year High School girls,
 Preparing for a dive,
 Rose decided not to wait
 Leaving only five!

Five fourth-year High School girls
 Rushing out the door,
 Satton's steps were far too long,
 Then there were four!
 Four fourth-year High School girls
 Strolling by the Estuary,
 Gov. spied Vee-ess Marie
 Leaving only three!
 Three fourth-year High School girls
 Not knowing what to do,
 Baxter had a haircut,
 Then there were two!
 Two fourth-year High School girls
 Having lots of fun
 May demonstrated the rouge pot,
 Leaving only one!
 One fourth-year High School girl,
 Feeling rather glum,
 Maureen went to do some swot,
 Then there were none!

—A Fourth Year.

Bunbury High School

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 Versehuer
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
1948	Malcolm Prichard

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
1948	Sadie Shepherdson

