

**BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL**



THE

KINGIA

NOVEMBER, 1950.

CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS.

BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL

STUDENT OFFICIALS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

Max Scott.

SENIOR GIRL

Miss Susann Scott.

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Miss M. Earl.

Michael Rice.

Miss M. Scott.

Fred Finch.

Miss A. Edwards.

Clem Clementson.

Miss V. Green.

Finlay MacRitchie.

Miss C. Lowe.

Laurie Woolf.

Miss W. Mountford.

Neville Paisley.

MAGAZINE STAFF

Editor: Jack Murdock.

Committee:

Miss J. Grigg, Miss J. Ladyman, Miss A. Young, Roger Smith, Chris Hodge.

FACTION CAPTAINS

Blue: Miss W. Mountford, T. Shearer.

Gold: Miss M. Earl, A. Walker.

Kingia: Miss C. Carpenter, M. Rice.

Red: Miss J. Ladyman, D. Linto.

SCIENCE CADETS

Laurie Woolf, Alan Walker.

LIBRARIANS

Miss Jocelyn Ladyman, Miss Annette Young.

LIBRARY PREFECTS

J. Iles, Brian Cummins.

SOCIAL PREFECTS

Miss J. Grigg, Miss E. Livingstone.

MAIL OFFICER

Alwyn Scott.

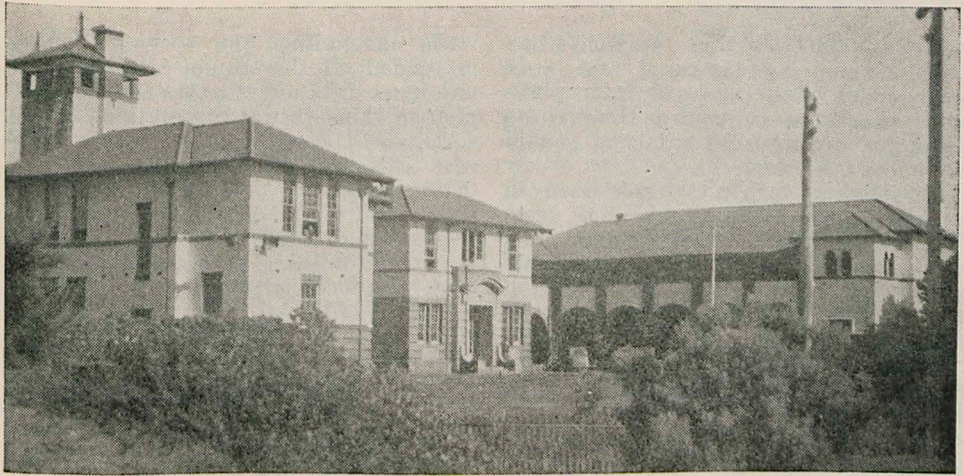
SPORTS PREFECTS

Miss C. Teede, Miss D. Muir, Roger Smith, Don Ellis.



1950 PREFECTS

Back Row: V. Green, M. Rice, M. Scott. Centre row: L. Wolfe, W. Mountford, N. Paisley, C. Lowe, C. Clennison, A. Edwards. Front Row: F. Finch, M. Earl, M. Scott (School Captain), Mr. R. A. Fowler, BSc., A.R.I.C., A.R.A.C.I. (Headmaster), S. Scott (Senior Girl), F. MacRitchie.



Bunbury High School

VOL. XXVI

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Editorial

Throughout the years the standard of "The Kingia" has been gradually improving, and I sincerely hope that this, the 26th edition, will be the best of all. But I cannot help feeling that something is missing. You, as readers, may not think so, but it is painfully clear to the members of the magazine committee. The school lacks the true co-operative spirit it has had in former years. This is evident in our factions, our sport teams, our social groups, and the attitude of a majority of the students to "The Kingia." If this state of affairs is allowed to persist, then the standard of "The Kingia" will deteriorate and with it the prestige of our school.

On reading through the magazine it will soon become apparent that certain articles which have enjoyed an almost permanent place in "The Kingia" have been either shortened or deleted. We have done this because it has been found from experience that these articles have not been very popular or widely read.

In closing I would like to wish future editors of the magazine the best of luck and hope that they receive as much support from their committees as I have from mine. The committee has done its best, and we now present for your approval the "Kingia" for 1950.

JACK MURDOCK



Although there was a record number of 531 students on roll this year and a shortage of staff, the programme of work has not been affected greatly. The wide variety of subjects being taken caused difficulty in the construction of the main timetable, nevertheless conditions for study have been made as comfortable as possible. Under the circumstances no cause for dissatisfaction should arise.

The students leaving this year are probably showing disappointment, in that the school oval is nearing com-

pletion. The levelled surface has been loamed and grassed and next year should see the oval in a playable condition. (By the time these notes are printed the oat crop should have been harvested.)

The School projector has been in constant use throughout the year. With the acquisition of more films and materials to prepare a suitable projection room, students will find the movies an entertaining relief from school work.

Social activities in the school are still prospering, although a decline in interest has been shown. The inadequate space in the gym. has made overcrowding at functions hard to avoid. Due to this factor, dances have been confined respectively to upper school and lower school only.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Ryan, Mr Donovan and to rewelcome Mr. Stanbury, who has returned to the school after several years absence. We hope their stay will be long and enjoyable. Mr. Jenkins has resumed teaching after six months long service leave and Mr. Davies-Moore is due back in a week or two. Their return is undoubtedly welcomed.

Sport is still regarded by the students as the major factor in school life. Keener interest could not be shown in the various sections. Teams that have been playing in association fixtures have generally acquitted themselves well. With the arrival of the Inter-High-School's Carnival held in Perth during the August holidays, Bunbury High School is expected to achieve recognition as victors and sportsmen. Congratulations must be forwarded to Kingia faction in winning the Swimming carnival. Kingia, who won the faction competition last year are expected to meet stiffer opposition this year.

New books are being continually added to the Library shelves and under Mr. Fowler's Supervision, the library has developed into the first class reference section.

The memorial plaque which was unveiled in the Library on Friday, March 3, 1950, stands as a tribute to the lives of former students of Bunbury High School lost in the last war and as a reminder of the honour and faith that has arisen from our ranks.

In concluding, the best of luck is extended to the Junior and Leaving students in their forthcoming exams and in their future occupations.

(Since the receipt of these notes the Inter-school Carnival has been held. Bunbury distinguished themselves with the Basketball team going through the competition unbeaten and the football and hockey coming second and third respectively. ED.)



In avoiding the too common comment about the editors for "The Kingia" getting on one's back for notes an so on, a commencement will be made to disclose a little of what the prefects have been doing and something about the prefects themselves.

The latter need not be discussed fully, as most of the students know more about the prefects than the prefects do themselves.

With regard to what the prefects have been doing (very little as we've been told) well it can be said, judging from the standard of behaviour in the school, that not enough has been done. The "Girls" have been holding their end up but perhaps the "Boys" miss the manhandling and thus reap less enjoyment from duties than before. Nevertheless, quite a good standard of behaviour is found in a small section of the school—but the rest! that's not worth talking about.

By the time these notes are printed there will have been four Upper School socials held this year. We regret, that, owing to the limited size of the gym, an all school dance cannot be held. However, the Lower

School made up for that at their socials. (And how; You should have heard the row). However, the ball at the end of the year will make up for losses and a good attendance is hoped for. Dancing practices have been held constantly, and with the help of Mr. Bennet, Miss Price and several lady members of the staff a great deal has been covered. It must be understood that dancing practices are held for the student's benefit, enabling them to equip themselves better for social enjoyment. Therefore, it is disappointing to the prefects and the members of the staff who assist to see such a small percentage turn up—or maybe some stick to the saying that a penny saved is a penny earned!

We have had quite an enjoyable time this year (wow!)—with decorating and redecorating the gym for dances (ask Foo what goes on then!) and have always eaten in luxury at the pre's teas. Perhaps a disclosing of a few "goings-on" might help.

Most notorious member of our band is Winnie, who let the cat out of the bag when she outclassed the boys at the eating competition. W.M. started off well in this line but faded out. Mick has been the most consistent but Mac is just starting to make good. Margaret is noted for her nylons and tight shoes. Sue is more respectable than that. There's not much new to tell of Clem and Val and we haven't got anything out of Cynthia and Annette yet—only Neville's new Austin. They say he can seat six young ladies in the car beside himself (pardon the pun). Mary is one of the quiet type, unlike Mac of whom we have found out—just a little. Woolf is on the prowl. He's mad about a few burnt out "young ladies," but he's not fussy. Fred is getting along fine—we don't hear much about him but he looks after himself quite satisfactorily.

One must admit that there is quite a collection in our midst (we all hope you don't look hard at the pre's photo.)

To finish, we must thank all those that have helped us both socially and generally.

Best of luck to the 1951 Prefects.

PREFECTS 1950.

HARVEY BUS THEME SONG

Oh we fuss and we cuss in our
Diesel Austin Bus,
Along the road to Bunbury High,
With the radiator leaking
The Nuts and bolts all squeaking
And the speedo racing high.
For there's water in the fuel-tank
And sand is in the gears,
It hasn't seen a garage for ten or
twenty years.
Oh we fuss and we cuss in our
Diesel Austin Bus,
Along the road to Bunbury High.
(With apologies to the writer
of "Along the Road to Gundagai.")



THE MAGPIE LARK

I saw a little magpie lark,
A sitting on a rail.
He said "Oh! Hark," I see a spark,
Has dropped upon my tail.
And there beside him was a fire,
A burning down the frost,
And then he saw a tin for hire,
Just what he needed most.
He then flew over to the pool,
He made an awful din,
And perched upon a nearby stool,
And dropped the tin right in.
He pulled the tin out with his wings,
And feeling very pleased,
He threw the water on the flames,
And thus the fire eased.
The post is burnt but there he sits,
A thinking of a snail,
Enjoying grubs and little bits,
But did not lose his tail.

M. HOLME.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Breakfast at eight, sharp, or none,
Then there's the washing-up to be
done.
We nearly always go home for lunch
To dog's meat and stale bread,
(I really believe she's gone in the
head).
For tea we have snags or maybe a
steak,
Never have bread, biscuits or cake.
No serials for us, off to bed at eight
We've never yet stayed up really late
I'm glad to be home with the pigs
and the cows,
Then I can't get into any of her rows.
JUDITH LEWIS (Form I).

"ON SWEARING"

"That's wot's wrong with our B— Union," is what can be heard every day in the street, generally spoken by gentleman from whom one would have expected a better vocabulary. The Australians, a progressive people in many ways, seem to have no originality when it comes to honest swearing. With some notable exceptions, such as the "Bullocky," they keep to the same conventions that bind the English coal-heaver and other worthy tradesmen of the Mother Country.

It is said—I do not speak from personal experience—that a Frenchman or a Spaniard can abuse a person for ten or even more minutes without repetition or unoriginality. What a glorious record! A whole ten minutes describing a man's ancestry, his past, his present, his future. What woeful amateurs the majority of people must seem to these accomplished folk.

For originality we must turn to literature. Recently a particularly ingenious mathematician, having been sworn at by the hefty hawkers and having no stock of similar phrases at his command at all suitable to the situation, used the technical terms of his calling with quite remarkable effects.

"Out of my integral way, you pair of parallelopipeds. What the metamorphic function do you mean by it? You curvilinear tetrahedral rotary sons of an isotherm. Out of my way this binominal minute. Out of my binominal way or I'll make you hyperbolically sorry for yourselves. Put down your homologoas, dodecahedral sticks. Put down your pseudoanatomorphic baskets. Yes, put them over there, spherically quick, too! By the linary quantic, stand out of my way."

Truly a mighty effort. Few could withstand such a stream of invective. This is only an example of what might be achieved. Think what a biologist could say:

"What in the natural order of bacteriological parasites are you doing? Out of my butterfly net and collecting box, you tepidopteral verabrata. Organisms such as you are as fungus on the petibles of the lichens. Go into the kingdom of tubers and earthworms, O carnivorous biped."

Or again the chemist would have quite a wide field:

"O infintestimal molecule with your electron, go! You are indeed like a mixture of unclassified sulphurous gases from a gushing test tube. Out from elements must you go, unfinished experiment in subleriation. Combustible are my formulae but inadequate. Go to the incandescent thermal regions, where you haemoglobin shall become changed and perhaps less vile."

Infinite variety could be introduced without having our own language. When using foreign languages it is seldom necessary to say more than the ordinary words to provoke terror and amazement in the ignorant. Let me close this appeal with the plea that we do not confine ourselves to the conventional but branch out into fresh fields and pastures new. So next time you hit your thumb with the hammer don't say the usual "Damn!" but, "You metamorphic ferrous complement of curvilinear proportions."



SMART TALK

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary."

Customer: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia table. What'll you Harve?"

Customer: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica a little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji fast as that, but the cook's here, Alaska."

Customer: "Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

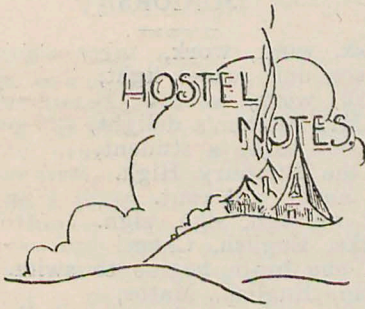
Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Serbia."

Customer: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorous. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Carribean. You Ararat."

Customer: "That's Norway to talk. What's Got India?" Do you think this Alps business?"

Waitress: "Samoa your wise-cracks!"



BOYS' HOSTEL NOTES

The Editor has informed me that I have to write these notes (or else!) so I'll do this yearly character-killing right now. As there are forty-odd boys in this establishment . . . sorry, place, I shall only mention the notorious notabilities.

First and foremost in the list is that dashing caballero "Tosser Boof" who is always pecking at the "Gray Ham." His close ally in this interesting occupation is "Bru" who is forever experimenting on new scientific punches. "Percy Bysshe," "Tony," "P" and a few other brave (chuckle!) boys ("Bi" and "Brawny" Bick in particular) complete what is known as the "Tiger Gang." The victims of this ferocious gang are innocent "Garge," "Harve" (gargle the ar), "Whistles," "Twang Twang Twaddle" and any other dumb animal who is near at hand.

"Tony" is the Glamour Boy of the hostel. His very words are as smooth as Honey. "Booth" and "Nicco" tie for second place in this competition ("Tony" coaches them, no wonder). To protect us from burglars, swag-gies and adoring females (further chuckles) we are indeed fortunate in having that Muscle Man "Halbert" and his tough assistant, "Hay Bag." As a contrast to their Herculean frames is sweet "Sully," "Dude" "Skippy" and lovable "Doctor."

We have a newcomer to our high society, namely, "Isaak" Walton. It seems that he is slightly crazy; reason—he takes Maths. A few last-minute inclusions are those hare-brained 1st Years, "Booda," "Hacky" and Rowberry who are never out of trouble (similarly "Clueless Clews" and Thompo"). I will say nothing to condemn anyone else except that they live here.

Here I end this piece of scandal and leave it for your disapproval. Cheerio until next year.—Sasha.

(All boys not mentioned can consider themselves lucky to have escaped my slandering pen.)



GIRLS' HOSTEL NOTES

"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. Time to get up, girls. No excuses for being late now!"

The still sleeping beauties of the big dorm. arrive one by one for a 7.30 breakfast at approximately 7.45.

Vina—whose first love is sleep.

Barbara—who has taken up tating to see her through her old maiden-hood.

Anne—a descendant of the "Stew It" Kings.

Lesley—who adores certain hostel boys (brothers, no doubt?).

Joan—who once went to Perth and has not yet regained her heart.

June—who is unfortunately following in her sister's footsteps!

Jane—who is our aristocrat.

Betty—who has trouble with a hair and Yvonne who never does her's because of a certain teacher prolonging her hours of slumber.

The inmates of the little dorm. are still trying to decide whose clothes they will wear.

Pheobe—arrives wondering who will be her man today, closely followed by Winnie—who is the black sheep (??) of the little dorm.

Judy and Lyn tail the field; Judy is still dreaming of her (tr) ellis while Lyn is dreaming of her best beloved (—the bike!).

Crash! Bang!! Wallop!! Here comes Desma—she is altogether too devoted to Hercules (her bed) and her wild Irish-man. Now for a grouse meal of peanut paste and slashing stale bread, washed down by health saline. And then off to catch the bus which "never" (?) has to wait! False alarm, it was only the Forrest Ave. bus. Hark! Delicate music issues forth from the cyclists. Lyn and Judy are harmonising that "12th Street Rag" accompanied by Winnie plus comb and paper—Oh! How sweet on the ear!

So we leave the Sisters to a day of peace and make towards the Federal (??)—and pass on to school.

A CONTRIBUTION BY HELIOGABALUS

The following is a letter received from a friend of mine who has spent many years away from Australia. As I found it most difficult to read, you will find a copy of my translation below.

My dear intimate associate,

I ensnare my small enclosure for sheep after these tedious periods, occupied by the earth in making its revolution around the sun, of disconnection, since we were a shoal of fish in union.

I have performed a journey in a circuit, since I, a serrated edged instrument for cutting wood, You.

I give a verdict that it is industrious, therefore I am forming characters on paper with the support of a collection of alphabetical words.

I am now existing at the pear shaped child's toy of a breaking out of a skin disease in India. I expose to view the condition with regard to heat and cold most quietly impudent. I desire with some good you are having slender state of the atmosphere.

As a particular period of duration is entering a short race and I have drained off the end of the collection of alphabetical words, I shall shut none. With a belief in a possibility of obtaining a present return in words of writing,

I am,

Yours being reality in what it happens to be,
Heliogabalus.

Here is the translation:—

My dear friend,

I take up my pen after these long years of separation, since we were school mates together.

I have toured many countries since I last saw you and find it very difficult to write my own language, therefore I am writing with the aid of a dictionary.

I am at present visiting the top of a mountain in India and I find the temperature rather cool. I hope you are having fine weather.

As time is running short and I have exhausted my dictionary, I shall close now, hoping for an immediate reply,

I am,

Yours sincerely,
Heliogabalus.

JUNIORS

Work, work, work,
In the dull school light,
Work, work, work,
To Mr. Hitchen's delight,
It's oh! to be a student,
At the Bunbury High.
We never will rent.
But we sigh, sigh, sigh.
Maths, English, Chem!
Till our brain begins to swim.
Chem, English, Maths,
Till our eyes are heavy and dim.
Then over the Maths we fall asleep,
And do them in our dream!
When we waken from our sleep,
We think of school and scream!
Work, work, work!
While the clock chimes aloof.
Work, work, work!
Till our stars shine on the roof.
It's oh! to be a student
At the Bunbury High!
Our brains we never dent,
But we try, try, try!

MARIE BOURKE,
FAY GREEN.
Form IIIS.



THE BLACK SHEEP OF BUNBURY

Bunbury town's in the Sou' West,
By famous Australind city,
The Collie River deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the northern
side;

A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But children here are witty
In High School on the hill you know,
To see the teachers suffer so,
From students is a pity.

By collaboration of a student
and Robert Browning.



TWO SNAILS

Two snails,
From Wales,
Went for a walk,
Up a stalk.
Slow and sure,
Very demure,
Reached the top.
Could not stop.
Next were found,
On the ground.
Two snails,
Back in Wales.

BUTTER AND THE "COWS" THAT MAKE IT

"Here they come," yelled Dick, more commonly known as Boy.

Yes, it's the first two cream trucks racing for first place. With a screeching of brakes the winner glides to a standstill, as might a snowball on hitting a brick wall.

Within a split second the driver has the side down and is unloading the cans at breakneck speed. Ten a minute is the standard and there is the boss, with his stop-watch, just coming out of the office. The first of the gang takes the lids off and places them in a shute which carries them to the canwasher. This he does most efficiently with the aid of a solid rubber hammer and some saintly adjectives. A sample of the cream is then taken for testing. Next the cream is graded and weighed and here we come to the spokesman of the gang.

Above the roar of escaping steam and the clattering of full and empty cans, a voice can be heard bellowing like a mad bull. This most horrifying noise is translated by the booking-in clerk and a receipt is made out for the farmer to tell him how much cream he sent in. I personally think this a waste of time for never, to my knowledge, has a farmer agreed with the factory as to how much cream he sent in and it is this that causes countless arguments between the factory manager and the farmer.

But let us move on or we'll lose our ten a minute, then there will be a row—and how.

The cream is tipped and the cans are placed in the straight-through canwasher, which occasionally returns the can clean and dry.

From the tipping vat the cream is pumped through a machine called a vacreator, which consists of one to three legs depending on the size of the factory. This bright, stainless steel object kills all the unnecessary bacteria. Don't ask me how it does this, for I am at a total loss as to how it could possibly tell the difference between a necessary bacteria and an unnecessary one. However, the cream must get an awful bashing in one of these contraptions, for it gets that hot under the collar about

it that it has to be run through two or three coolers to bring it back to normal. The cream, as might be expected, is now very fatigued so, in order that it might recover, it is pumped into storage vats where it spends the night.

At approximately 3 o'clock in the morning, the butter-makers appear on the scene to start their day's work. They run cream into a big barrel which has inside it big rollers with corrugated edges. This massive thing is called a churn and the biggest churn in use today is capable of producing one hundred 56lb. blocks of butter. (If you would like to know just how many pounds of butter that is, I am sure Mr. Carpenter would oblige.)

Before you were rudely interrupted, I was running—I am sorry—the butter-maker was running cream into these churns. A churn is regarded as being full when half of its volume is occupied by cream. The barrel is then set in motion for quite some time, during which the cream is thrown about until it becomes a mass of little balls which look just like a round of butter only very much smaller. At this stage the churn is stopped rotating and a yellow, milky substance is drained out of the churn. This substance is called buttermilk and is very much appreciated by pigs and dyspeptics.

A pinch of salt is added at this stage (about one bucket full) and then the churn is set rolling again but this time the rollers go to work and crush those tiny balls into a solid mass.

When this is done to the satisfaction of the buttermaker, the churn is stopped and the butter is unloaded on to tables.

There we meet up with our friends the "cream gang" once more, only this time they are known as the "packing gang." Two of them cut the butter into pieces big enough for one man to carry. This job usually involves a butter fight which is very similar to an ink fight, the only difference being that butter is substituted for pen and ink.

"Look out, fellas, here's the boss."

I don't know what those chaps would do without Dick.

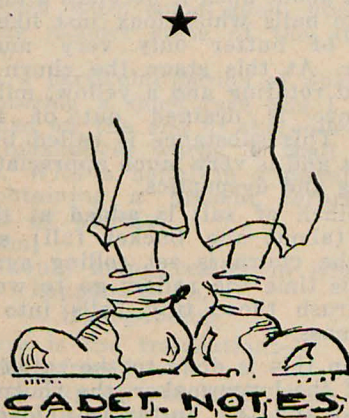
Every man is at his post and the work is on.

One chap throws the butter into the packer which squeezes the butter out a hole, which is approximately one foot square. The operator of this machine lets 56 lbs. of butter get squeezed out and then he cuts it off, weighs it and passes it on to the next chap who wraps it in parchment paper and slips it into a box. The lid is then fastened down and it is sent into the cold room, where the box is dated and stacked ready for export.

I might add that the boss has been standing in the corner all this time, seeing that the boys keep at it. Two hundred and forty boxes an hour is the standard and it's look out for the "guy" who can't keep up.

Now you know a few of the ordeals that that yellow substance which you spread on your bread and which recently was rationed, has to go through before it is subjected to your digestive system.

BY "CHEESES."



Because of more co-operation and interest in the Cadet Unit this year, it was possible to continue on to more advanced training which should ultimately prove beneficial to all personnel concerned. A factor also contributing to the deviation from the normal syllabus of cadet training was that Lts. S. P. Lucich and N. A. Paisley both attended an Officers' Refresher Course during January and were very much impressed with the possibilities of the suggested advanced tactical and weapon train-

ing. Every effort has been made to materialise these suggestions and it is felt considerable success has resulted.

The two Cadet Lieuts., J. Simmonds and J. Murdock, have adapted themselves very well to the administrative side of the cadet training—a step not easy to take successfully. J. Simmonds must also be congratulated for his successful attendance of the January Cadet Officers' Course and J. Murdock for his outstanding performance at the 3in. Mortar Course. (Jack gained top marks with 93 per cent.)

One of the most outstanding performances of individual cadets was on Anzac Day when a Guard of Honour of four Sergeants under the command of Cadet Lt. Simmonds performed the "Rest on Arms Reversed" salute. The four Sergeants, J. Iles, J. Crabb, R. Carrigg and F. Finch, are to be congratulated.

The unit's riflemen accounted favourably for themselves in the Easter shoot at Dardanup. Several of the Collie cadets and militia representatives were present and the day was made memorable by the tasty picnic lunch, conjured from numerous boxes and bags by the Dardanup Rifle Club, enjoyed by all present.

Valuable experience in military methods was gained by all those attending the May camp at Swanbourne. Highlights of the camp were miniature and open range shoots, night firing demonstrations and movements at night. Worthy of mention for outstanding off-the-rifle results on the open range, are Sgts. J. Iles and R. Carrigg who easily qualified for their "Crossed Rifles" badges.

Some of the weapons introduced this year are the 3in. Mortar, 2in. Mortar, Piat and grenades. We would like to take this opportunity to thank W.O. McKenzie and Cpl. Driver, from the local Area Office, for their co-operation in making the above weapons available to us for training purposes and for their help and suggestions throughout the year.

The all-day parades, which were organised periodically this year, proved excellent local training. It was quite a change from our normal rushed afternoon training, to visit the rifle range and combine our

shooting practice with our elementary work.

Before our time is up, I would like to mention the remainder of the N.C.O's. for 1950. W.O.2 J. Brooks-by capably filled his position and improved greatly throughout the year. Sgts. B. Skerman, P. Stallwood, C. Clifton and those already mentioned, carried out the majority of the instruction.

Well, it is time to conclude these notes and in the traditional manner, all the retiring 1950 cadets, Jim and myself will join together in sincere and hearty wishes, to Mr. Lucich, Jack and their 1951 cadets, for the best of luck and success in the future.

NEVILLE PAISLEY.

(Since the writing of these notes Lt. Lucich has been promoted to the rank of Captain. Congratulations!—Ed.)



BOARDING HOUSES

I hate boarding houses because—
I have to wash my feet at night,
And even do my hair,
I don't know if you think it's right,
But I don't think it's fair.
For breakfast I have hard-boiled eggs
And sometimes I have tea.
But even then I get the dregs,
Well! wouldn't you like to be me.
At night I sit out in the cold,
For homework I have to do.
But when that nagging gets a hold,
I can't add two and two.

A BOARDER.



WISHES

I wish I wore a fairy ring
Which for me would always bring
My wishes true at any time
By simply rubbing with a dime.
I'd love to paint the autumn leaves
With water from the stream that
weaves,
It's bubbling way 'tween grass and
flowers,
Whether it be sun or showers.

D. BRADLEY.

THE DONNYBROOK BUS

The sun upon the hills was low,
As the energetic children throng;
The bus had conked out once again,
And the driver tarries long.
Again and again he tries to crank,
With force so brutal the old blue bus,
But never a splutter utters forth,
And so he continues to fake a fuss.
With hurried orders to push behind;
The children do it as never before.
And up the hills pushing strenuously

on,

No harder workers has anyone seen,
Bang! Crash! Away she goes,
The kids all hurry to the door,
Pushing and shoving by the score,
They sink down exhausted in their
seats,
'Cause it's homeward bound once
more.

BY ONE OF THEM.



HOCKEY

Hockey is fast and hockey is fun,
There's plenty to do for everyone,
We play with strength, we play with
fun.

It takes off fat and makes us slim.
It matters not, or if at all,
If we get hit by the ball,
Whether we win or whether we lose
Hockey is the game I'd choose.



IN THE SWIM

We went prepared to do or die
We were all ready for the fray;
We wanted it "Kingia" wet or dry
We were ready for salty spray.
Excited we cheered our champions
on.

Thrilled as they strove on to win
Talked the last event over again
Anxious for the next to begin.

Cheered for "Bunny, our Senior
Champ,"

Cheered the amateurs who made us
damp.

Cheered the triers who tried in vain
Cheered for "Kingia" with might and
main.

FISHY.

FACTION NOTES

KINGIA GIRLS

1950 marks yet another year in which Kingia girls strive hard to gain a winning position. Whether they gain it or not is another matter.

Our congratulations go to Cynthia Lowe, Madge Skerman, Margaret Day and Judy Merritt for gaining honours in the swimming carnival. Also congratulations to the Inter-school Teams, with particular reference to the undefeated basketball team; and we take this opportunity to congratulate Daphne Muir, who seems to be doing well in that sport—she's a Kingia, you know!

With a bit of solid practice we hope to do some good on sports day in the team events, and we would also like to see a champion amongst us.

Best of luck to Kingia faction for 1951.—Yours, remembering our old motto, "We don't play for sheep stations, but for fun."

KINGIA GIRLS, 1950.

KINGIA BOYS

"Get off my back for a few minutes, Editor, and I'll write those faction notes!"

Kingia boys have more than held their own in the sporting sphere. Having won the "sheep station" early in the cricket season, the holding of it throughout was no small feat. It is only fair to add that, however, Gold took it over late in the football season, after soundly beating us with a dashing display of team work (?). (Mac. and Scotty were off their games while Ned was resting in the library) . . . (Are you trying to discredit Gold?—Ed.)

Having already won the swimming carnival (in which the girls played no small part) we are eager to win the athletics carnival also and are relying on the girls to give plenty of support.

In the lower school sport, Kingia has done well. With champions like "Nicho," it seems as though the good work will be kept up, and the good name Kingia has established is in capable hands for years to come.

RED GIRLS

After having been asked on an average of about fifty times a day for the past six months to write these notes, I suppose, to ensure a little peace of mind, I had better do so.

We were all extremely sorry to lose our captain, Jo. Rowberry, some months back. She proved herself efficient and enthusiastic during the time she was here, and was a great asset to the faction at the swimming carnival.

I think that the second year basketball players are to be congratulated on having a strong team which is seldom defeated. Unfortunately, in upper school, there has not been much chance to have real faction competition, but I am sure Red girls have been holding their own during the mixed faction matches.

I think there could still be more co-operation and enthusiasm amongst quite a large percentage of the girls. The first years, on the whole, are noticeable for their willingness to attend sports day practices.

In conclusion, I will say that I am hoping that Red will be able to stand up to, and surpass, the other factions in the forthcoming carnival; and remember, girls, it's far better to try—and fail—than not to try at all.

RED BOYS

This year Red upper school are holding their own in football and cricket, while our "crack" tennis team are undefeated. The second years are providing the other factions with some opposition, but not enough. Although our first year footballers have not been very successful, the cricket team are setting them an example which they might endeavour to follow.

Even though we failed to win any laurels at the swimming carnival, we will atone for those results by winning the athletic carnival, so "up and at 'em, Redlegs" and show them what we can do!

BLUE GIRLS

What! Faction notes not written? What's the matter with you other factions? Blue's have been written

a whole week before the "Kingia" was to be sent in, but—well—you see owing to certain circumstances, they are only being touched up now.

Well, howdy, everyone! This is blue faction giving you a hearty welcome. This year has been quite promising for us so far, although points have not been given for faction sport.

At the swimming carnival we must admit that Gold and Kingia had the champs, but Blue girls certainly made up for it by their excellent team work. Special mention must be made of Betty, Leona, Anne and Colleen, who showed great enthusiasm and were the backbone of our teams.

Sorry to say, the boys let us down a bit at the swimming carnival. But we are sure they will make up for it at athletics with their captain "the Invincible Shearer."

With sports day rapidly approaching Blue girls have begun their practices, so look out, other factions, because we are out to win and live up to some of our achievements of the past.

We would like to welcome Miss Ryan, who has shown interest in our sports, and whose coaching at basketball has been of great value. We must also congratulate the hockey, football and basketball teams which went to Perth and brought home the cup, or should I say won the cup—it hasn't been found yet! At the same time we will remind you that Blue was well represented in all of those.

Well, that's all, you other factions. Best of luck on sports day 'cause you'll need it.

BLUE BOYS

This year Blue faction boys have been fairly successful considering that there are only a few members of the upper school in the faction.

Football is a sport into which the Blue boys have entered with keenness and enthusiasm, and as a result have lost only two games this season. In the lower school the faction has done well in all the sports. At cricket Blue went through the season suffering only two defeats. The swimming carnival held early in the year proved to be rather a fail-

ure, mainly owing to poor representation.

In conclusion, we would like to congratulate Kingia on winning the swimming carnival and we wish everyone tons of luck for sports day.

GOLD GIRLS

Here we are again, the gay girls of Gold, introducing themselves to the school for 1950. Firstly we would like to welcome Miss Ryan, who takes a great interest in all our sporting activities, but of course, Miss Ryan, you must agree that Gold is the best faction!

Gold this year did much better than in the past five years, in the swimming carnival. I believe it is a well-known fact that Gold, especially the girls, are not aqua-minded. Anyway, aqua-minded or not, we must congratulate Kingia on a very good result, and remind them that we were only a few points behind them.

Very little faction sport has been played in hockey this year, but in the matches played Gold has proved itself superior. The inter-school teams had their fair share of Goldites, too! Basketball matches have been mainly A and A reserve grades, so as far as our faction is concerned, there is little to say in that direction. All that can be said about lower school sport is that the girls are enthusiastic and do their bit for the faction.

Sports day is approaching quickly, so practices have begun. So far attendances at these have been inspiring (Webster's Vol. 2) and everyone seems full of hope.

To finish up, while wishing the other factions the best of luck on sports day, we wish to inform them that Gold, after being so close to winning the swimming carnival and also having discussed the subject, has decided to win on sports day.

Goodbye from the gay, goal-winning Goldites.

GOLD BOYS

At a meeting held at the beginning of the year the following captains were chosen: Faction captain, A. Walker; cricket and football captain, B. Cummins; athletics and swimming captain, A. Walker; tennis captain, F. Phillips.

Gold boys have not done well in

the inter-faction competitions. This year the cricket and tennis teams had no success and the footballers won only their first match.

We did better at the swimming carnival. Both the under fourteen and under fifteen champs. were in Gold and also the under fourteen and open runners-up.

We are unlucky there is no inter-faction hockey, because this year seven boys from Gold have played in the school eleven.



"I'd not give room for an emperor.
I'd hold my road for a king."—
Cdt./Lt. J.D.S.

"Do you think there is truth in them."
IV Year Maths.

"And never was heard such an
outrery wild."
Music Master.

"And even though defeated he could
argue still."
Smith in Applied Maths.

"If golde rustes, what must iron do?"
Rifles in "Q" Store.

"Praise is the best diet for him
after all."
Head Boy.

"Meagre were his looks
Sharp misery had worn him to the
bones."
Dick, IV Year.

"The cackle rises, the cackle falls,
And then like a run-down alarm
clock—it stalls."
Heard through the School.

"There was a laughing devil in his
sneer."
English Master.

"I feel as if an ox had trodden on
my nose"
Linto V Year.

"The young especially should be
suspicious."

Advice to Wouldbe Cadets.

"But there are left delights as high
as these."

V Year English Appreciation.

"Give me your favour; my dull
brain is wrought
With things forgotten."

Applied Maths.

"Give me again a good' tea,
A crust of bread and liberty."

A Boarder.

"He liked to show his uniform so
gay."

E. T. (IV) Year

"Indeed, it did completely vanish?"
C.S.M's Cap.

"The knocks are too hot."

Inter-faction Football.

"For who so will, from Pride released
Condemning neither man nor beast."
Capt. Luccih.

"And he laughed at the student's
reply."

Maths Master.

"And lo—Grass grew where nothing
has grown before!"

The Cat Crop.

"And wonder of wonders—it grew."
—IV Year's Pigweed.



THE HIGH SCHOOL

The High School is up on top of a
hill,

The very sight of it makes some
people ill;

But a better sight I have yet to see—
The wonderful scenery, including the
sea.

In the very early spring,
You can see quite a lot from the
wing;

When they have a dance at night,
The children dance with all their
might.

The lawns are so very green,
And they make the school look so
clean;

While the red and orange tiles,
Make it one of the modern styles.

E. Mountford (Form I).



SPORTS DAY RESULTS 1950.

FACTION POINTS

	Gold	Kingia	Blue	Red
Boys	121	168	158	136
Girls	299	133	141	111
Total	<u>420</u>	<u>301</u>	<u>299</u>	<u>247</u>

GIRLS' CHAMPIONS

Senior Champion: J. Ladyman, 27 points.
 Runner-up: V. Green 21 points.
 Junior Champion: J. Walker, 30.5 points.
 Runner-up: N. Lawrie, 18 points.
 Under 15 Champion: J. Walker, 32 points.
 Runner-up: W. Quaife, 15 points.
 Under 14 Champion: D. Gersback, 21 points.
 Runner-up: J. Smith, 16 points.

BOYS' CHAMPIONS

Senior Champion: N. Paisley, 45 points.
 Runner-up: T. Shearer, 37 points.
 Junior Champion: R. Smith, 59 points.
 Runner-up: J. Crabb, 42.5 points.
 Under 15 Champion: P. Boothey, 34 points.
 Runner-up: D. Dyer, 23 points.
 Under 14 Champion: A. Murray, 28 points.
 Runner-up: P. Clews, 24 points.



Cricket Critique

“So near and yet so far”—the “B” grade premiership. As most of you know, the team went through the season suffering only one defeat, and that in the vital semi-final—which was lost by one run through bad luck and perhaps nervousness.

With the loss of Ron Brown and Bill James early in the season, we lost two of our best players.

Many thanks to Mr. Speering for his valuable coaching.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PLAYERS.

F. Finch: A fine all-rounder. Batted consistently well to record big totals and easily headed the batting average. He is a good opening bowler and fieldsman.

F. MacRitchie: A solid opening bat who chooses the right balls to score from. A consistent spin bowler who claimed many wickets. Always keen and reliable on the field.

T. Shearer: Rose to the occasion with an attacking innings to get us out of trouble, but can still improve his batting. The best fielder in the team.

P. Soulas: Unlucky not to have been able to finish the season as he showed exceptional form as wicket-keeper. Still room for improvement with the bat.

D. Linto: Batted well throughout the season but had a lot of bad luck. His fielding is good.

R. Linto: Played a never-to-be-forgotten innings of 49 to win a game for us. He usually showed good form with the bat and is an energetic nelder. Bad luck in the semi, Rex!

C. Clementson: Another player who dragged us out of the fire with a dazzling innings. He will develop into a good batsman. As a left-hand bowler he is one of our best.

M. Scott: "The Rock of Gibraltar." Never ruffled. He laughed when we needed a run to win and he was the last man in. He stayed (and laughed) until that winning run was in the book.

A. Scott: With more experience should develop into a good cricketer. He always fields well.

P. Hunt: Lacks confidence but with more experience will turn out a good batsman. A little slow when fielding.

M. Rice (captain): Congratulations, Mick, on a fine job as captain. Never critical of the players' efforts, he has always been full of encouragement and confidence. Though not always reliable, his attacking, bowling and aggressive batting provides a fine example for the rest of the team to follow.

Football Critique

J. Crabb: A strong player who fills the position of full-back capably. His ground play is solid and he gets plenty of distance with his kick-offs from goals.

B. Cummins: Has a sure pair of hands and rucks well. His clearing dashes from the back line are a treat to watch.

F. Finch: An intelligent ruckman whose sureness in the air and long kicks stamp him as a good footballer. Showed much more dash this season.

D. Linto: His cool play at centre half back makes him an asset to the

team. Marks well and disposes of the ball to advantage.

W. Skerman: Has plenty of speed and plays well on the wing. Needs to improve his kicking.

R. Kelly: Rucks well and usually does the right thing with the ball. Fails to hold a lot of marks but puts a lot of power in his kicks although they are sometimes erratic.

Ron Smith: Is a speedy player but doesn't use his weight. He would do much better if he put more purpose in his play.

J. Nixon: Plays particularly well on the wing and is always in position to receive the ball. Marks well and has solid ground play.

C. Clementson: Although a little slow he rucks and marks well. One of the few left-footers in the team, his kicking is good.

C. Evans: A speedy rover, his ground play and kicking are particularly good.

T. Shearer (vice-capt.): A dashing centre half forward and a brilliant mark. In dazzling form against Albany he kicked ten goals. Is inclined to crowd the full forward too much.

P. Moore: A utility player who shows good promise. Another left-footer who marks and kicks well.

J. Simmonds: Plays well in a back pocket. Has plenty of dash as well as good kicking and marking.

P. Soulas: An outstanding rover who never gives up. Opens up the play well and is dangerous while resting in the forward pocket. Always disposes of the ball to advantage.

F. MacRitchie: As full forward or a forward pocket player he leads well. His marking and kicking are both of a very high standard.

R. Carrigg: A speedy footballer who is best suited to the half forward line. Marking and kicking could improve. He turns well but overdoes it at times.

R. Linto: A fearless type of forward who takes some beautiful marks. His kicking for goal is accurate.

D. Ellis: Does a great job in the back pocket. Has all the dash and determination that makes a good back man.

W. Fitzgerald: A nippy little rover who has a good kick and isn't scared to get the ball for himself.

Roger Smith: A very neat little winger. His turns are delightful to watch and with his deft marking and accurate disposal is a fine footballer.

T. Abbott: Shows remarkable anticipation and is a good mark. With improved kicking he should become a good half forward.

D. Dyer: Another young lad who, with improved kicking, will become a good player. Needs to overcome his nervousness while going for a mark.

M. Scott: Lack of practice found this player out of form during the carnival. However, he is a speedy player who marks well.

B. Connaughton: Although small he is a capable forward pocket player as his snap-shots are rarely off the target.

M. Rice (captain, written by vice-captain): Very speedy; his fast leading and play-on tactics are continually opening up scoring moves from his position at centre. Needs to develop his punt kick more.

Hockey Critique

N. Paisley (by vice-captain): Plays a fast, forceful game at the vital centre forward position. Is the spearhead of our attack, using his stamina and clever stickwork to advantage. Has hard, accurate shot at goals and is leading goal-scorer. His displays always inspire the team at crucial moments.

D. Linto (vice-captain): A very fast right wing. Starting point of many of our successful goal-scoring manoeuvres. His hard centre shot is an asset to the team. :

T. Shearer: Another fleetly forward. Tends to wander from his right inner position but nevertheless plays a forceful game. One of our most consistent goal-scorers.

G. Harvey: A newcomer to the team. Plays a very tenacious game in the inner position. Has plenty of stamina and, although slightly handicapped by being left-handed, is a very useful forward.

M. Bergl: On the left wing he plays an ever-improving game. Experience will help him to give less obstruction and in time he will also be a very useful forward.

A. Walker: An old hand at the game, he plays very strongly in a left half position. Has a good clearing stroke and uses it to advantage.

L. Woolf: An excellent centre half. Does his job well and has prevented many centre forwards from breaking through. One of our most experienced players.

Boys' Hockey Critique

J. Brooksby: A new player, he has adapted himself quickly to the right half position. Has plenty of stamina and a useful clearing shot. More experience and few football tactics should help him to improve his game.

R. Linto: Forms the right half of our very strong defence line. Sometimes finds he has a hole in his stick but usually plays to advantage. Tends to be a little over-confident at times; is a little slow at returning to the ball when beaten.

A. Scott: A solid left full back and the other half of our strong defence line. Sometimes draws back instead of going in with confidence. Has played in several representative teams for Bunbury, which speaks for itself.

A. Midgley: A very capable, level-headed goal-keeper. Adapted himself conscientiously to this new and difficult position. Kicks and hits well and has achieved considerable success under some very adverse conditions.

M. Scott: A very reliable centre half. Could use his energy and stamina to more advantage.

P. Soulas: A small but fast left wing. Circumstances permitted him to play only a limited number of games this year.

E. Tacoma, B. Darnel and B. Nixon: Are all newcomers to the team and should improve with more experience. They should be an asset to the future school teams.

On behalf of the team, I will take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation for the attention and advice given to us by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Speering. The patience with which they coached and fashioned us into some semblance of a team is beginning to show some promising results, as the premiership this year is not beyond our reach.

“A” Grade Hockey Critique

A. Arbuthnot: A clever reliable goalie who has shown good form during the season but should come out more.

D. Thomas: Has proved herself to be an excellent full back, playing well and consistently, but must watch hits near the sideline.

V. Thomas: Always a solid support to the team, Val uses her strong hit to advantage but should watch her opposing inner more.

J. Webster: A quick, active half-back, always a reliable hitter and tackler but must keep on her opposing wing.

D. Lee: Has shown excellent form at half back and proved herself a speedy right wing, but must keep out and up with the forward line.

M. Skerman: Hindered by illness but when playing has proved herself an asset to the team. Very good roller.

J. Walker: Speedy, polished and consistent left wing who is always anxious to get into play, but carries the ball a little too far.

L. Dyer: Keen, energetic centre forward who bullies well, has good stick, but should pass quickly when tackled.

Y. Pegrum: A fast improving young inner with clever stick work and a hard hit, but should keep calm and level with the forward line.

P. Smith: A quick, enthusiastic inner, with plenty of dash and stamina and clever stick work. A good Vice Captain but should hit harder in the circle.

M. Earl (by the Vice Captain): Has proved herself the pivot of the team, is a consistent hitter and tackler; watches her centre-forward well but must watch sticks behind. An excellent captain.

We are pleased to say that this year, the standard for hockey has improved and both school teams have played well in their respective grades of Bunbury Women's Hockey. This fact was brought about by the splendid coaching and interest in the game by our coaches Miss Palmer and Mr.

Bennett. The “A” grade was sorry to lose Josephine Rowberry a clever player who was an asset to the team. Faction hockey has become keener. Blue and Gold proving themselves to be the strongest teams.

Girls' Hockey Critique “B” GRADE

Rhonda Duke: (Captain, by the Vice Captain). (Left full back). A staunch defender, has improved in hitting and tackling, but still obstructs.

Peggy Dorsett: (Vice-captain) (Right Inner) An energetic inner who is good at following up the ball. Must pass before she is tackled.

Win Reid: (Goalie) An excellent goalie who has been consistent throughout the season.

Norma Webb (right full back). A player with a hard hit and who tackles well. Needs to watch obstruction.

Ann Gibbons: (Centre half back) A reliable player who does not hesitate to tackle. Hindered by injury.

Pauline Webster: (Right half back) A good, fast player who must follow the ball when tackling.

Val Webber: (Right half back) A keen, enthusiastic hockey player. With more practise will improve.

Flora Charteris: (Left Wing) A much improved player, but who carries the ball too far before passing in to the centre.

Cecily Nelson: (Left Inner) An excellent forward, good at goal shooting, but who tends to be selfish with the ball.

Waveney Cox: (Centre Forward) Can dribble the ball well. Could improve her play by following up the ball.

Margaret Day: (Right Wing) A good wing, but needs to pass the ball sooner before being tackled.

Faye Green: (Goalie) With more practise will become a good goalie.

Laurel Carrigg: (Right half back) A player who has greatly improved by moving into half back position. Inconsistent hitter.

Daphne Low: (Right full back). Although Daphne has not played many matches, she is showing improvement. Needs to watch her position.

"A" Grade Basketball Critique

Jocelyn Ladyman (Attack Wing): Is a reliable player and is one who can be depended on.

Daphne Muir (Centre): Is a new player to the team, who needs congratulating on her fine performance throughout the year.

Coralie Carpenter (Defence Wing): She fills her position well but needs to watch her opponent more.

Margaret Scott (Defence): Is one of the most improved players in the team but wants to watch "batting" the ball.

Lexie Greenup (Defence Goalie) (Vice Capt): Is a dependable defence and plays her position well.

Winnie Mountford (Goalie): Is another of the teams most improved players. Is an alert and accurate goalie, who needs to watch her obstruction.

Colleen Teede (Capt by vice) (Assistant Goalie): Has captained the team well. Is a reliable and accurate goalie.

Reserves: Leona Watson and Judy Drake Brockman have been very good reserves as it is difficult to be able to play any position on the court.

I would like to congratulate the team on reaching the finals in the "A" Grade Association. I feel sure we would not have done this if it had not been for the teams co-operat on and the fine coaching Miss Ryan has given us throughout the season.

Miss Wale is also to be thanked for her coaching at the beginning of the year. I don't know what the school would have done if it hadn't been for the basketball team in Perth. It was really a most successful and enjoyable week for everyone concerned.

Here's hoping we do as well next season. Cheerio t'll then.

"BEHIND THE SCENES"

(By the Candid Cameraman)

- "The Great Waltz": Dancing Practices.
- "Happy Landing": Gekko on the rings in the Gym.
- "Gone With the Wind": Hats.
- "The Big Bang": Stinky Making Hydrogen.
- "Pennies From Heaven": Pound Prefects.
- "The Great Lover(s)": Clem and Val.
- "Uncle Silas": Aunty Mae's Husband.
- "Trouble in the Air": Prac. Books aren't up to date.
- "The Big Hangover": After the Leaving.
- "The Heavy Brigade": Basketball VII.
- "Fast Play": Upper School Football.
- "The Stars Look Down": After the dances.
- "Make Believe Ballroom": The Gym.
- "Walking Hills": Lower Oval before the oats were planted.
- "Too Late for Tears": The Leaving results are out.

JUNIOR FARMERS

The Junior Farmers' Club which commenced last year, continues to function under the capable leadership of Mr. Bennett.

New office bearers were elected, namely: President, Charlie Evans; vice-president, Alwyn Scott; secretary, Ann Maughan; treasurer, Bryan Stacey, who are carrying on with the good work.

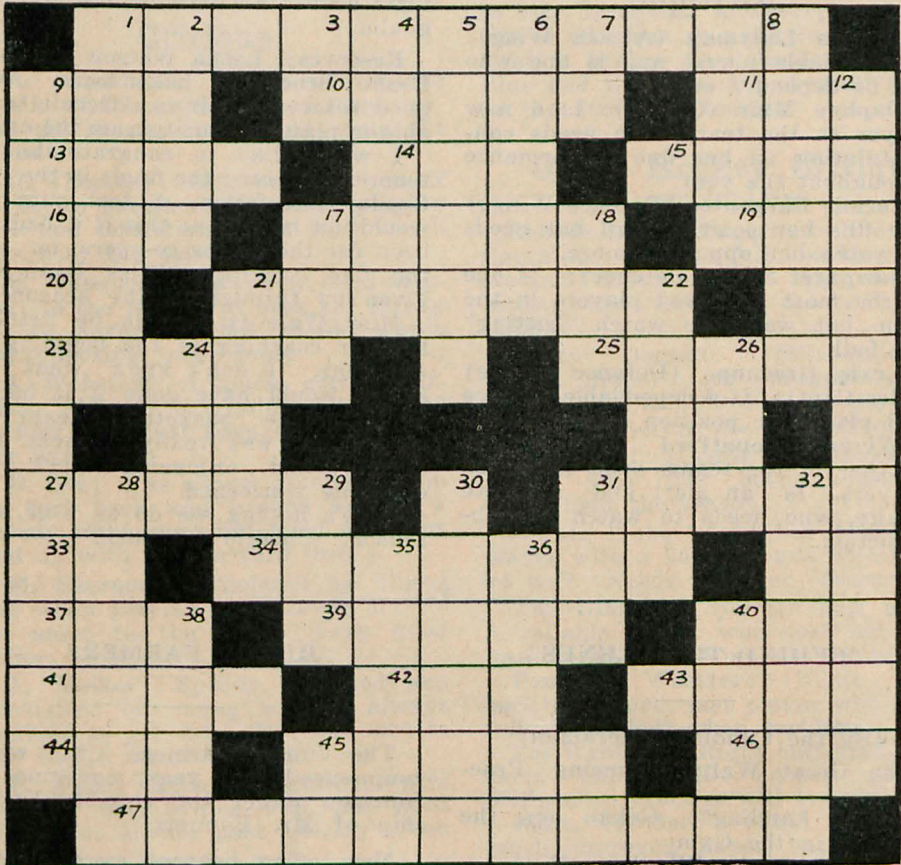
Early in the year a trip was made to Mr. Johnston's farm at Dardanup, where the members were shown over his property which is situated in an irrigation area.

Several trips are to be made to Mr. Rose's farm at Burekup where the club is carrying out experimental work.

We have decided to compete again in the Debating Competition with other clubs.

Many thanks to Mr. Bennett who has helped in every way to make the club the success we hope it will always be.

CROSSWORD



DOWN

1. Drinks to a person's health.
2. One of the compass points.
3. Dad.
4. Very fond of honey (4th Year).
5. Perches for hens.
6. Ire.
7. Pronoun.
8. A kind of thin paper.
9. Places where bleaching is done.
12. Occupied exclusively by one person.
18. A word used in printing a quote, when an original error is reprinted.
21. Very inert gas.
22. Parts of operas.
24. Possessive pronoun.
26. Even.
28. To annoy.
29. Came across.
30. Trade mark.
31. Abbreviated girl's name.
32. The one thing for which Donnybrook is noted.
35. Pertaining to a wall.
36. A favourite pastime.
38. Girl's name.
40. Swerve.
45. Bare (French masc. adj.).

ACROSS

1. Mental character of an individual.
9. A kind of water serpent.
10. Quite by one's self.
11. Purpose.
13. Final.
14. A big chunk off a tree.
15. In addition.
16. Is (French).
17. Goes up.
19. United States Navy (abbr.).
20. Preposition.
21. A country south of Germany.
23. Initials of an Australian Research Group.
25. To sneak.
27. A kind of salts.
31. Artificial channel for navigation.
33. Business term, also a prefix.
34. The goddess of revenge.
37. Mountain in Queensland.
39. Short for turpentine.
41. A volcano (Sicily).
42. "What do they do on a rainy night in —?"
43. Very stubborn animal.
44. Short for senior.
45. Mother-of-pearl.
46. A colour.
47. Rules.



1A FORM NOTES

After much rustling and hustling, our two prefects, "June" and Tadpole, manage to quell the quarrels of the class before Big Ben tolls.

Roll-call starts and rolls on fine till a few slight interruptions from "Buz" and "Monkey."

Our comrades, Moore and Joe, excel at maths; you only have to ask Mr. Carp. (Please not after maths, or all you'll get is Mo(O)re.)

Sherlock and Smithy are the larks of the class, and many a song they sing, with poor classmates moaning on with them and sound pleasant to hear (like cats and cows all trying to reach E flat).

Eggs are short and pricey, but there should be a plentiful supply near Munro and Phyllis.

The brains of the class go to Lewis and Taylor, who seem to have no end of inspiration. Well, as here comes "Scarlet," we must all try to be angels once more.

(Impossible.—Ed.)

1B FORM NOTES

Hail, fellow sufferers! Meet 1B.

Clang! Clang! (that's the bell) and that rush of air you just felt is 1B strolling in. Thunder and lightning pierce the sky as Margaret and Janice come rushing in.

June, our hair style artist, is reading a book on "Beautifying the Hair," while Jim, our glamour boy, has just finished reading a note from a fascinated girl.

Iris, our glamour girl, sits primly thinking, while the brain of our class, Joan, is thinking hard over a gigantic problem—1 plus 1 equals ? Maur- een, our girl with the "Toni," is a perfect idol for any boy's heart, while Phyllis and Ann, our two very

quiet girls, sit and think and look from their corner. We always expect Prof about half past nine, when he usually strolls in.

Well, kids, this is 1B saying good-bye for now.

1C FORM NOTES

We are sure you would like to meet our two prefects, Jacko and Rod. Wonder why Marcia likes sitting near the door—maybe it's because of a certain blonde with a big smile who passes! Rod sits as quiet as a mouse in teacher's presence—but when they are absent—!?!?

Our giggle artists are Joy Baham, Laura and Norma, while Taffy and Kev are the trouble makers.

Judith found that freckle doesn't work, but we like her as she is. Delys and Margaret Ashley are the two glamour girls. Dawn Gersback tops the pole with her toothpaste smile.

Maira and Cynda are our two Blushing Beauties, while Margaret Radford and Dawn Webster are the quiet girls.

Little Crewsy is among our star basketball experts. Pat always looks so innocent, even when there's a Girl's Crystal under her desk. WE think, by Doreen's walk, she's practising to be a mannequin.

Sylvia and Elsie are the two French experts.

Neil Twaddle is the clown, while Robert and David are the brainy boys, even in geometry. Bill Barnes is asleep again! Oh, wake him up, Malcolm. Garry and Jim are the Jumbos who tramp in and out, nearly crushing our two grinning Georges who seem to always be grinning, even at the girls! Why Ron got all those distinctions in his Junior is still a mystery. Jim Bell sits in his little corner frowning all day, while Ian

Parke expresses all his thoughts in two little words, "Erf Cherf!"

Cheerio, form mates!

1D FORM NOTES

This is 1D tuning in. Peter the detective gave me some Clews to write about, but of course we can't take any notice of him, as he has his eye on Miss Briggs.

We've got quiet in the class this year, there's a few joke crackers, a couple of hard workers, and some big, muscular chaps. There's a secret society called the Skull Gang, but they take after their ancestors, the gorillas.

Prof. Clyde has been working very hard lately, so hard he almost went through the wall this morning in his hurry to get back to his desk and study.

There's never a din in 1D (not much) with our glamour girl, Joyce, trying all the new hair styles and wolf calls—well, what could you expect?

A few mysteries:

Why does Kevin always wear his Coate (coat)?

Why is David always Wright?

Where does Peter get his Clues from?

How ever did Anthony become a Bishop?

Why is Barry so Hardy?

Can Jack Rowe?

Why is Alan Thomson? (Tom's son.)

Does Michael wash Daily?

IX FORM NOTES

You lucky people! This is 1X calling. You won't have to strain your ears because you can hear us (the girls, rather) everywhere.

Our class defects (pardon me!) prefects are Alex Murray and Joan Stanbury. These two are bright young souls, and Alex has a great amount of knowledge stored away in those landing barges of his.

Of course we have the brains in our class, scholarship winners by the ton, and Gibson, our maths specialist.

Joan, Desley and Lola (how do you pass those notes so cunningly?) and some of the others have a common female association—the C.W.A. (chin wagers' association). Every-

one knows that Lynn Gillespie (Mrs. 'Obbs) is president. Can they talk!

Helen and Elsie (Toof) are always late ("the bus was, naturally") whilst Jan and Lynn are noted for the fine game of dots they play.

Keith Davies (1X giant) is trying to nut out a great problem. He tried eating super, but it didn't help. Does anyone know how to grow fast?

The less you know of Bubblegum Bellet (note that watch), Gabble Gabble Gibson, Stormy Weather, Jacky-the nig, Olly and Desley—the better!

Cheerio!

2E FORM NOTES

Here we are again, happy as can be—

All good children of our form—
2E.

Trust 2E to have the best prefects of the year—Ken and Pat, who are not at all strict (and are we glad for that!).

Jen and Lesley are the chatter-boxes of the class, while Flanders and Waight plus Kimpton are the teacher's pet aversions.

Our Donnybrook mugs are Walker, Crouchie and Leonhart, also Wilma, who is our hockey star and comes from Boyanup.

The brains are Hotchin, Bell, Fear and Janice, who shine in maths, but Mr. H. just gives the others up in despair. Goodrum is really good, as he has just learnt what x plus x makes.

Helen, who is our English expert, is always happy, while Dot and Pete, for some reason, like biology best of all.

Well, as there is no one else to pull to pieces, this is from

The (n) ever silent 2E.

2H FORM NOTE S

For your entertainment we present a few notes on 2H. In case you are not sure, we are the rowdy mob found in the Chem. Lab. (the students here are always bright and early here, always ready for work).

There are, however, a few exceptions, notably Spalding, Russell and Littlefair, who slink in five minutes late usually. We perhaps should not mention the name of the person who sits on the corner of the form try-

ing most unsuccessfully to trip someone.

Beaglehole, Scott and Italiano always rush to the back of the room, where they proceed to play knuckles or promote a fight. Some most rude teachers will insist on breaking our little bouts up, and we think something should be done about it.

Whilst this happens, the girls, who are better talkers than any others in the school, have entered and started their big discussion on their big subject—boys. The best madders are sent to sit in the middle of the class, and Pam and Janice Viner are quite keen on this form of punishment. Nor do Colin Atkins or Trevor Spice dislike the idea of these fair visitors coming their way.

Although they sit rigid in their seats, Hodgkinson, Skipworth and Hal can always be relied on to give a couple of hearty laughs now and again, joke or no joke, and with the other characters I have mentioned to you, they make 2H what is it today — a monument to — well, a monument to something!

Good luck, everyone!

2P FORM NOTES

Gather round, children, and listen to the story I'm going to tell you. Once upon a 1950, there was, in the far off land of Bunbury High School, a form called 2P.

Now, like all other forms, this one had a ruler, in this case a princess called Miss Palmer. She had a most beautiful green carriage.

Anyway, at ten minutes to nine one morning, all 2P streamed up to their lovely room (beautifully decorated with tapestries) to be called over.

"Miracle! Everyone here!!" "What's today?" "Oh! No! Maths three times! Oh, well, it could be worse. Come on up to R."

Mr. Speering, who was lucky enough to teach them maths, entered to hear cries of "Come, Jan, I've saved a seat for you!" from one of the bad members of the class, but this stern eye quelled any disturbances, and soon algebra was under way.

All day long 'Sullivan argued with teachers, and Judy toiled with her work (usually getting it right, the

lucky thing!) till, at ten to four, the deliverance bell rang.

Everyone rushed out of Q, down the stairs at breakneck speed, crashed into their lockers, seized their cases, and fled down the hill. That is, all except Walker, who always walks.

A few of the good ones like Rodney went home to swot (mostly flies) but the rest skylarked around all over the place.

Well, that is the end of my little tale, except to say that the whole form lived happily ever after, till they got into Third Year, and failed in their Juniors.

2Q FORM NOTES

Howdy, B.H.S. hombres!

This is 2Q calling your attention for a while. As I dare say you already know, we are the best and quietest form. Cher, cher!!

First we will introduce our prefects, Chappo and Pete. As they both enjoy talking in class, especially Chappo, we are able to have some interesting discussions amongst ourselves, much to the teacher's objections.

The brains of the class go to Nixon (who is also a champion footballer) and Dyer, not to mention the walking dictionary of the class — Miss Murray.

Giggling Gertie and Lillian are the main trouble makers and when things get dull, they are cheered up by our menace, Dennis, who often has a chalk fight with the girls' thrill.

Dennis says he's sure to get his Junior in at least seven subjects, as he's been saving his pocket money for quite a while for bribing purposes.

Our handsome scholars are Rupert the Rabbit, (Tom), Dal and that muscular chap, Stanley.

The Kingfisher of the class is Berdie.

In our form we have the chairman of the Jew Society — Harvey, and secretary Ma—(Ron).

Well, till next year, this is 2Q signing off.

2K FORM NOTES

Hi, folks! This is 2K calling the rest of the school.

If you haven't met us before, well do so now.

Our hard-working prefects are Betty and Terry, who rule with a heavy hand, and of course we have our share of the giggling Gertie type—for instance take (you can take them literally if you like) Trebly and Brocko.

Nooky, our red-head, is very fond of cadets, one especially. Nor is Rosalind a manhater, for she is often seen around 2Q — we wonder why?

Pietre Myers is very fond of geography—but we are afraid that the attraction is only the teacher. Gae, in her second childhood, is still very fond of “Teddy” bears and “Gibsons” Toffees.

Of course, Barbara, our fair enthusiast of the Isle, was so sorry to see a certain 5th year leave last year, and we offer her our sympathy. Our newcomer is Shirley Johnson and Sagers is our French student; he really does “parle francais” (much to Mr. Lucich's joy).

Ray Simmonds was very unfortunate to have had an accident, and we hope he'll be better soon.

Lewis, our brainiest (and wettest) spec. is always quoting history dates at us (not to mention the attractions of the class).

All the others are so studious, and deeply involved in books, so they are not at all interesting.

Last, but definitely not least, are Tournay and Fleming, our chief angels who are always in Mr. Donovan's good books (did I say something?).

As time, news and patience are running short now, this is 2K wishing you a fond farewell.

3Y FORM NOTES

Yabber! Yabber! Yah! Yah!

Don't fret, that undecipherable whirr which you can hear in the genius class 3Y is merely one of its many intelligent and industrious learners giving a lecture on “The Fact That Juniors Don't Grow On Trees.”

In these few lines allowed us by the Mighty Ones we will endeavour to convey to you our class activities of the past two terms.

First is our very (??) efficient prefect, Jean. She is always trying hard to set a good example to the poor unfortunates who do not take geography on Thursday afternoons (perhaps Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Pearce will understand this).

Her better half (?!?!!) is Yatesey who comes from the large city of Capel. Some people wonder why she is so keen on her violin practice these last two weeks, but we know, don't we, girls?

Wave comes next. Her favourite pastime is making faces at people and talking hockey to Webbie. Although Norma is rather “petite” she can stop goals on Saturdays.

Then there's Gibbie who broke her finger so she tells us—of course we definitely believe her (?); anyway, it's been wrapped up very convincingly lately.

Bucky and Leona live in each other's pockets, and have no special abilities except perhaps annoying people.

The early birds of the class (besides Bucky, whose main excuse is “Please, sir, I had to see the Head”) are Jean Hale, Cackly Shackell and Glenys.

Cecily and Bev have been attacked by the appendicitis bug (poor things).

Wendy, Audrey and Ann sit in the darkest corner and work like mad (?). Then there's those awful things they call boys—we have a fine stock.

Prefect Phillips tries to keep the notorious gangsters in order—Whit, Peter, Les, Frank, Ron, Crabby etc. need it!

Our brains are Peck, Bickford and Tusack, and the girls' Frill sits between them, ignorant of his charm.

Ross Wilhelm and Peter Elliott seem to survive on penny Dreadfuls and occasionally sixpenny Horrors; anyway, they are always trying to pour some of the wet jokes they read there into our ears.

We are sure all our names will go down in history as the discoverers of passing exams with flying colours—well, sometimes—without swotting.

Here's cheers—3Y.

3G FORM NOTES

Seeing as no one else will get down to the gruesome task of writing the form notes, I suppose I will have to make an effort to let the school meet Form 3G.

We are a very nice class and every individual has such a sweet disposition, especially Washer, who spends quite a lot of money on those delicious items of food.

The brilliant specimens of the class are Jean and Jennifer whose main characteristic we must not omit—Oh! My!

Valma and Lorna have been absent from school with chicken pox. We hope that no one else will contract this rare disease.

The strong man of the class is "Muscles," who is very good at telling everyone else what to do when it comes to any strenuous work.

Isobel is the quietest girl in the room, never talks or does anything that would lead to a riot among the girls (ahem!) when conversing with Esme and Pat out of school. She is often heard with the uncommon exclamation "you don't say!" Her other virtues cover up this one vice, though!

Daphne swoons over a certain boy all the time! She wouldn't like us to tell you who he is though.

Our form mistress is Miss Baxter and she has quite a job to control the noisy mob during roll-call. She always succeeds, anyway!

Carrigg and Connaughton are the mimics of the class. Monkeys' chattering and "goat" noises are quite common among their accomplishments. Why not fish, boys? They swim and they are wet!

Having said anything that came into my head about the class notables, I now apologise to all readers and victims of this scandalous article and wish the best of luck to Junior and Leaving candidates. Tooroo till next year.

3S FORM NOTES

This is Form 3S calling from yon dungeon on the end of the balcony. Mr. Stanbury has the doubtful honour of being our form master, and seems to have his hands full during call-over counting the fold.

Now to introduce our gallery of personalities.

Firstly there is our able prefect, Clem, whom we hear is one of the rough Busselton Bus Society. Also from Busselton are Zelie, Shirley and Pat, while our chattering Pommie left us in first term.

Next are our Brains — McGrath, Galati and Jenkins.

Hunt excels in Woodwork. I wonder why?

All the 3S Types are great Geography enthusiasts, especially Daphne Low. Porka (some people know him as Adrian Long), got this name from Mr. Donovan, who has an endless stream of gags to put into use.

We are great on ancient history—some of our class are even named after the ancients — Brutus Bergl, Julius Jenkins and Lucius Low.

Our boy 'Ostel 'Orrers are Gentleman Jarvis, our learned professor Wilson and our aforesaid Hunt.

Well, as we may not all be here next year, here's cheers from Mr. Hitchen's Favourite Form.

4th YEAR FORM NOTES

The other day I found my great-grandmother's diary, written in 1950 when she was a fourth year at that broken-down ruin on the hill that used to be known as a High School. Here is an extract:—

"One fine day we set off in the early Maughan, when it was still quite Frosty, on a picnic to Australind. It was a biological picnic for the Biol. class, an art picnic for the art class, a physical picnic for the physics class—in short a picnic!"

"Let's go this way," said Margaret, "and see how the grass is Green."

"I will not," said Isobel. "It looks dark and gloomy in the Lee of those rocks, as if the ghost of Ned Kelly were haunting it."

"It's not, but I am," croaked Ned suddenly.

"I'd Dyer thousand deaths if I had to go that way," remarked Lilian.

"Cummin through here," called Brian. "Steven Stephanie isn't afraid and Evan Charlie could go through without holding hands."

"What's that smell?"

"Only Seaweed and Manure," put in Daphne and Judith.

"They get something for Irish Moss from seaweed, don't they?" questioned Laurel vaguely, "Carrig—something I think."

"Don't Stall-Wood you mind moving on in front," came a squeaky voice from the rear.

"I wonder if this is private property," mused Peter. "I hope they won't Soul the dogs on Us!"

"Someone's coming and he's Gaining," remarked Gunner.

"Lady or Man?" enquired Jocelyn.

"Jess On here, now," this from Ron.

"Oh Murdd—," growled Jack, "just as I was all Teede up for a—"

"What the 'Ell is this?" the newcomer addressed Don.

Our form master stepped into the breach. "We are a biological, physical, mathematical, geographical a—"

"None of that language my fine fellow," interposed the old farmer. See that there notice, read it if youse blokes can!—

Richard Tompkin and Son Trespassers will be prosperticated and I means it, see."

So, rather dispirited, our little group Bent sadLey off to find fresh fields and sweeter Honey, though some of them by now were wishing for a Laurie to transport them to a Heppier land.

5th YEAR FORM NOTES

We have finally managed to tear ourselves away from the swot, in order to present to you current notes and jottings from the hardest-working 5th Form B.H.S. has ever produced. In case you are one of the unfortunates (?) not acquainted with the distinguished members of the form, I will proceed to drag them out on display.

It appears Norm was handling Nitric Acid and got some on his fingers. Or perhaps there is another explanation? I hear that the G.P.O. used to run a special mail service to Rathmines especially for Mick Rice's convenience. Des is still looking for the bloke that broke his nose. From the look in his eye, it is to be hoped that he doesn't catch him.

I hear that Fred has been the cause of a disturbance among the girl prefects. Apparently they are taking their knitting and a glass of water to the next Pre's. meeting. Laurie

Woolf is never without a heap of books and a key, on his way to the pound. His motto is "every little helps." And oh! that look he's got in his eye!

Neville Paisley may often be seen on the balcony outside room F presiding over a meeting of the "Big Three" military powers. There's more to him than those two pips, as all the girls will tell you. Clem should pass his leaving. History has it that all great men were inspired by blondes. Alan Walker is in Gold, and constitutes a one-man team. If anyone knows of something he can't do, we'll be glad to hear of it.

Because of the rising cost of food, Max has relied on the pres'. teas for his vitamins, and has been overwhelmed, especially by cordial.

Finlay is the dark horse of the form—he doesn't say much, but I bet his thoughts are worth plenty. Midge (Mrs. Midgely's little boy) has us all jealous of his prowess on the football field. When there are no rules left, resourceful Midge makes up his own and breaks them.

If you feel the walls shake and the roof tremble on a Friday afternoon, don't panic. It's only Brooko falling in the cadets. Graham Harvey is a newcomer who hails from N.S.W. His playing of "Twelfth Street Rag" is definitely first class. Although much of Jimpy's time is taken with the cadets (so he tells us—Ed.) he still maintains an interest in certain coal-mining towns. I hear that Coal is to be the subject of his Geog. project.

Bryan Stacey must be keen on passing Physiol., as he has seated himself in the front row under the influence of the fairer sex. Always up to date, Tony can often be seen showing us how to samba, or practising a song for his Binge and Swing Club, the latest craze of the fifth year males.

It is not an unfamiliar sight to see Coralie Carpenter dashing around the school with her little bow and arrow. Energetic Flora Charteris is certainly working for her Leaving. I believe she handed in two History essays at an unspeakably early date. Sorry to hear that Lexie has been finding her brooks at Donnybrook hard to cross. Here's hoping you've caught up on the swot, Lex.

Because of a certain photo of

Marg. Scott shown at one of the famous Pres', Teas, the girl in question has decided to buy a new hat. Congratulations, Rhonda, on overcoming your fear of the dentist's chair. Whether for health or enjoyment, Madge Skerman thinks that the hills of Donnybrook are an ideal place for a week-end. Pat Smith, she of the golden voice, hasn't made any more Gains lately.

Patient Sue Scott is well-known to the prefects because of the hard task she has set herself—the supervision of Max's diet at their teas. It is rumoured that Wilma has lost several books which might be found in the boys' pound. June may often be seen in the library with her paints, well on the way to becoming a second Rembrandt. I hear Cynthia has decided to become a florist following her efforts on Anzac Day. Hope you've plenty of "fern," Cyn.

Don't ask Val Green the time, because she won't know. She's too busy deciding whether or not she should barrack for Pastimes. Hard-working Winnie has no interest in Chemistry this year, as a certain element, found here last year, is missing. Our sympathies go out to Annette Edwards who, faithful to her prefect's duties, is often seen straining (in vain) her vocal chords near the girls' stairs. Keep it up, Annette.

Glad to find that Anne Ransom, who usually knows all her history dates, is well up with them again, despite her illness. I've heard a whisper that because of her constant job of keeping that ball away from the school goals, Doris Thomas is short of time. Never mind, Doris, the team is improving. I am sorry to say that a certain absentee from B.H.S. is causing Peggy Dorsett a little inconvenience. Don't worry, Peg, there are plenty more fish in the sea. I have often noticed Heather poring over French books, and I believe she really likes the subject. (There are institutions for people like that.—Ed.) Maybe she gets some French words from the novels she reads.

Since her return to B.H.S., Desma has interests other than reading. She seems to like the cadet corps, no corps, and is fascinated by those two pips. (Is it only the pips?)

Mary seems to object to being told she is too young for fifth year. (May-

be she would like fourth year better.—Ed.) Her ghost was seen haunting the Government Hospital just recently when infectious diseases were on the ramp.

Now, children, behave yourselves! Max, stop teasing Tony, and give him back his pencil. Now all smile, bow nicely and say cheerio from

The Fifth Formers.

(P.S.—If you have a look at the prefects' photo, you will be glad to notice they are not all as queer as they sound . . . Kingia Committee.)



OUR HIGH SCHOOL

It stands upon a sand hill bare
 Outlined against the sky,
 And architectural skill is there;
 'Tis known as Bunbury High.
 With walls of white and tiles of red
 And lawns of verdent green,
 The ocean blue upon the west
 And white sand in between.
 Some massive steps the entrance
 grace

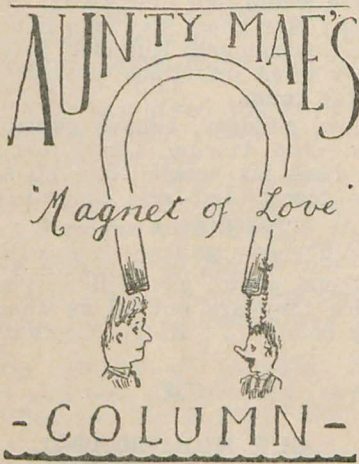
And fancy arches, too,
 Make our High School a splendid
 place

To study wonders new.
 Each morning students hurry there
 Intent on work or fun,
 And many a brow is lined with care
 Because of work not done.
 The teachers are already there,
 The headmaster is, too,
 Each one must shoulder his own
 share,

For there is much to do.
 The history of the land we learn
 And all important dates,
 And French, it causes much concern
 For strange sounds we do make.
 We learn to draw and maps do make,
 And delve in geography.
 We learn of tremors and quakes,
 In physiography.

We learn the parts of humans, too,
 And how to cook as well,
 We sew the seams of dresses new,
 In which we look so swell.
 And when our busy day is done
 And books are packed up tight,
 We board the bus for home and fun,
 Before a busy night.

A. STRUGNELL.



Dear Aunt Mae,

Please help me as I am desperate. I am a first year, the child of highly respectable parents. Since attending this school, I have become increasingly aware of the fact that the young gentlemen of the first and second year whistle and make disgustingly wolfish remarks about my modestly black lised legs. How can I repel the forward little boys?

PERTURBED PRUDENCE.

Aunt Mae: Many are the solutions to your problems. For instance you could buy some nylons, learn to whistle back or even leave school. Personally I think you are rather a misplaced person, and advise you to read "The Art of Whistling," by B. A. Wolffe.

Dear Aunt Mae,

I am fifteen, and my friends tell me I am rather plain. I rather think they are exaggerating, as I am only 14 stone, with freckles and very big ears which stick out. However, as I want to go to the next school dance, can you suggest any way to improve my appearance?

GLORIOUS GERTRUDE.

Aunt Mae: If I were in your position and could not afford a plastic surgeon, I would jump over the balcony.

Dear Aunt Mae,

I am very worried about the shortage of wooden boxes. I used to have a pile outside our front gate, but someone has removed them. What can he do on Friday nights?

TALL TESSIE.

Aunt Mae: I suggest he climbs the fence, or small stepladders can be bought quite cheaply I believe. Failing that I suppose you had better aim higher.

Dear Aunt Mae,

I am one of the crustacea anthopodo group in third year, and I am madly in love with a fourth year girl who is, in turn, madly in love with others. What can I do to get rid of the opposition?

CLAWLESS CLAUDE.

Aunt Mae: You are either a glutton for punishment, or a fool. If you are the former then nothing can be done for you; it will soon wear off. If, however, you are a fool I suggest that you stop chasing this linear agrat, as it is not very sweet and look for some other form of sea life or else stick to dry land.



CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted.

One angle of incidence and many ergs of energy by physics student. 2½ lbs. of organisation, three attentions and several good rifle sights. Inquire at "Q" store for information.

Six similar triangles, one set of parallel lines that meet and alphas, betas and thetas in any number. Need urgently for IV year maths.

For Sale.

One wits end. Poor condition. Apply A.C., this office.

Congruent (in all respects) for making triangles. Third year students are advised to apply early as demand is heavy.

One velocity increase and several noughts and crosses. Apply A.C., this office.

Lost and Found.

Lost: Three electrons answering to the name of Albert, Edgar and Claud. Please return to Mr. H., room K.

Lost from art class: One straight curve and one square circle. Finder please return to Miss B., room G. Reward.

Found near 3in. Mortar: One strained back in very weak condition. Owner please apply to Cdt. Lt. J.T.M.

Found on High School Hill: Several horsepower. No name. Owner can obtain same from the pegs in boys' cloak room.

INVENTIONS

(By Sasha)

A MOSQUITO EXTERMINATOR

(Patent No. 713456;108)

A .303 is carefully erected on a tripod. It is aimed directly at a piece of human flesh nailed to a board opposite. A push button, controlling an electric bell, is concealed in the flesh. The bell is within hearing of whoever wishes to operate the mosquito exterminator. When the apparatus has been set up the operator squats down beside the .303 (with the bell at his side). As a mozzie can't resist human flesh he hurtles at the bait and plunges his sting into it. This action presses the concealed button, the bell rings and the operator immediately pulls the trigger of the .303. This weapon, being aimed at the flesh, naturally projects a bullet at that object. The mozzie, still busy on the flesh, is shot between the eyes and is killed outright.



MATHS IV.

I fail to see
How a plus b
Can ever equal six.
Or even yet,
An answer get,
Mine all come out to nix.
I sit and stare,
Dumbfounded there
Until the gong it rings.
But Mr. Carp.
Still stays to harp
On mathematic things.
Now Cos ec B
Plus sin² C,
To me is meaningless.
While indices
Do always leave me
In an alarming mess.
And then at last
The lesson's passed
And I am free once more
From all the trash
Of fourth-year maths—
And rush straight for the door.

DICK TURPIN AT THE INN

Turpin was at an Inn,
A waiter recognised him,
"Go and get the Bow Street runners,
They will teach highway gunners."
As Turpin did mount.
The Bow Street Runners did come,
Now every shot had to count,
For in prison it was not fun.
He forced Black Bess to jump the
wall,
As soon as Black Bess recovered
the fall,
Away he sped,
Many miles he fled.
On his gallant horse Black Bess.
—Clyde Carruthers,
Form ID.



BEING HELPFUL

A Scotsman was holidaying in Paris. Being err-- r-- most careful with money, he became rather troubled upon discovering that he had lost a franc. Upon sighting a police station, he made for it. He told of his loss, and upon hearing it, the official was very polite and promised that he would do his best to help.

The following morning the Scotsman was taking a walk when he saw a road up. There was a gang of men digging a drain. He went straight back to the official and in an agitated voice said:

"Please don't take so much trouble!"



THE HARVEY BUS

When boarding the Harvey bus,
After much flurry and fuss
We four maids from Waterloo,
Hardly find room to place a shoe.
When the bus begins to move,
We are wedged into a groove,
And there we shall stand
Till in Bunbury we do land.
When alighting feeling bedraggled,
To find our cases, we then struggle;
Falling over both men and women.
For children alone should this bus be
driven.

ONE OF THE MAIDS.

"ODE TO THE JUNIOR"

The hall clock chimed the midnight
hour,
Yet still awake was I;
No soothing thoughts were in my
mind,
I wished that I could die,
You see it was November then,
And this night was the last
Before I had to take my place
And either fail or pass.
My brain in tribulation was,
My misery knew no bounds,
I tossed and turned and made my
weight
Decrease, I'm sure, by pounds.
Ich spreche deutsche, Je parle
français,
Does X plus Y make 9?
Of latent heat, I cannot think,
Are sponge cakes made of wine?
The hours crept on, tormenting still,
The daylight filled the skies:
And then at last, with hopelessness,
I closed my troubled eyes.



A TRIPPER-UPPER

(Patent applied for).

(Used mainly on the football field)

Special boots are purchased which have iron rods at right angles under the toe. A long lever, attached to this runs along the boot and up to the top of the socks. By a system of cog wheels hidden in the sole of the boot the pushing of the lever makes the iron rod protrude out from the foot. When running along beside an opponent the user of the article reaches down and pushes the lever. The iron rod shoots out, catches between the enemy's legs, and he is over! The lever is pushed back into position and nobody is any the wiser.

Inventor's Note.—Care should be taken that this device is only used against small players because larger players have a bad habit of retaliating.

"BILLY'S BEATITUDE"

Blessed iz thee cattie what iz nott
blacke for itt iz nott badde lucke.

Blessed iz thee snaike for it don't
have enny cornes onne its feetes.

Blessed iz thee krystyun sientissed
for hee nevva noes whenne hee iz
hurte.

Blessed iz thee laime manne for
people carnt telle wenne hee iz
staggering.

Blessed iz thee manne with long
wizkers for hee don't have to bie
neckties.

Blessed iz thee manne with a
shorte throate for it iz notte sow
badde wenne it iz sor.

Blessed iz thee manne with small
ize for not sow much duste can gette
inn themm.

Blessed iz thee manne with sighed
wizkers for hee has reeched the limit.

Blessed iz thee womanne who has
lost her head for shee dont need too
bie a nue hatte.

—Amen. D.H., Form V.



Solution to Crossword Puzzle

Across: 1, temperament; 9, boa; 10, alone; 11, aim; 13, last; 14, log; 15, also; 16, est; 17, rises; 19, U.S.N.; 20, at; 21, Austria; 23, C.S.I.R.O.; 25, creep; 27, Epsom; 31, canal; 33, re; 34, Nemesis; 37, Isa; 39, turps; 41, Etna; 42, Rio; 43, mule; 44, sen.; 45, nacre; 46, red; 47, regulations.

Down: 1, toasts; 2, east; 3, pa; 4, Ellis; 5, roosts; 6, anger; 7, me; 8, tissue; 9, bleacheries; 12, mono-polised; 18, sic; 21, argon; 22, arias; 24, it's; 26, e'en; 29, met; 30, Merica; 31, Cis; 32, apples; 35, mural; 36, sport; 38, Anne; 40, turn; 45, nu.

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 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
 1948 Malcolm Prichard
 1949 Clyde Adams
 1950 Max Scott

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 Clark
 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 Brookman
 1946 Mavis Jones
 1947 Joan Saunders
 1948 Sadie Shepherdson
 1949 Morag Campbell
 1950 Susann Scott

INDEX



	Page
Student Officials	1
Prefects' Photo	2
Editorial	3
School Notes	3
Prefects' Notes	4
Harvey Bus Theme Song	5
The Magpie Lark	5
On Swearing	6
Smart Talk	6
Hostel Notes	7
Heliogabolus Contributes	8
Juniors	8
The Black Sheep of Bunbury	8
Two Snails	8
Butter and the Cows that Make It	9
Cadet Notes	10
Boarding Houses	11
The Donnybrook Bus	11
In the Swim	11
Wishes	11
Our Boarding House	11
Hockey	11
Faction Notes	12
Applied Quotations	14
The High School	14
Sports Results	15
Teams' Critiques	15
Junior Farmers	19
Behind the Scenes	19
Crossword	20
Form Notes	21
Our High School	27
Classified Ads.	28
Inventions	29
Maths IV.	29
Dick Turpin at the Inn	29
The Harvey Bus	29
Aunt Mae's Magnet of Love Column	29
Ode to the Junior	30
Billy's Beatitude	30

