

**BUNBURY  
HIGH SCHOOL**



**THE**

**KINGIA**

**JUBILEE YEAR**

**NOVEMBER, 1951.**

**CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS.**

# BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL

— † —  
**STUDENT OFFICIALS**  
— † —

**SCHOOL CAPTAIN**

Donald Ellis

**SENIOR GIRL**

Miss J. Ladyman

**SCHOOL PREFECTS**

Miss J. Grigg

Miss J. Honey

Miss N. Laurie

Miss D. Muir

Miss I. Willmont

Brian Cummins

Chris Hodge

Roger Kelly

Jack Murdoch

Roger Smith

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Adrian Peck.

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**Gold:** Miss J. Walker, Brian Cummins.

**Blue:** Miss J. Honey, Charlie Evens.

**Kingia:** Miss D. Muir, Ron Carrigg.

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Roger Smith, Jack Murdoch.

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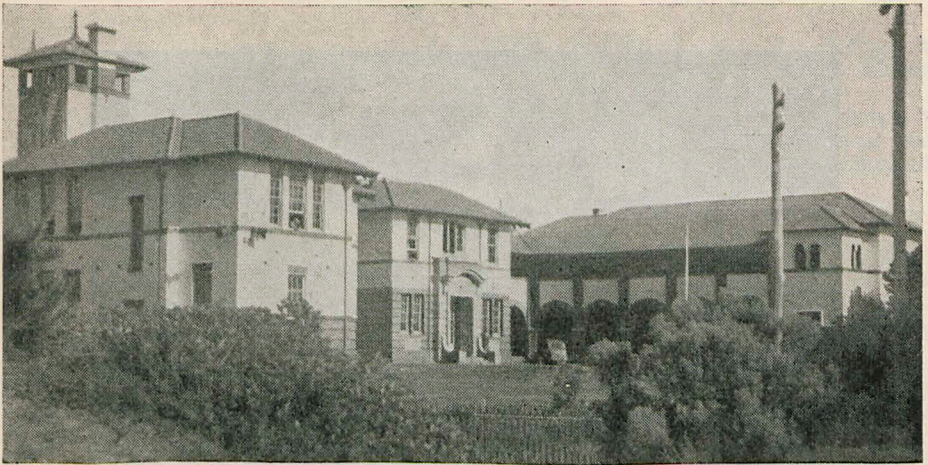
**SPORTS RECORDER**

Adrian Peck.

**SPORTS PREFECTS**

Miss W. Reid, Miss N. Webb, Brian Jenkin, Rex Linto.





# Bunbury High School

VOL. XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1951.

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## Foreword



The committee apologises for the late publication of this magazine, but it has been delayed by the lack of response from those responsible for the writing of sports columns. Owing to this we found it necessary to send the magazine to the press, temporarily omitting this section.

The response for general articles was good from the first and fifth forms but the remainder of the school did not appear to exert itself to any great extent. We would, however, like to thank those students who compiled articles whether their efforts were published or not, but we hope that next year the members of the second, third and fourth forms will show appreciably more interest in the preparation of articles for THEIR magazine.

The committee would like to extend its thanks to Mr. Fowler for his co-operation, to Mr. Stallwood for his constructive criticism and excellent advice, and to all other English teachers who extorted articles from unwilling students.

## Editorial

At last we present to you the Jubilee issue of "The Kingia". By now you are all aware of the importance of the Federation and of the progress made since we passed that great milestone in our history. This issue of our magazine is therefore dedicated to those who fought so long to pave the way to Federation; to those who have since then toiled unselfishly to create a better Australia and lastly to those (especially former students of our school) who have made the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of our ideals and freedom. So, fellow students, when you read—and we hope enjoy—this "Kingia" spare a thought for those great men to whom we are so deeply indebted.

JIM JEWELL,  
Editor.



## SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row (l. to r.): Brian Cummins, Judy Grigg, Roger Kelly, Nancie Laurie, Chris Hodge, Daphne Muir.  
 Front Row (l. to r.): Roger Smith, Judy Honey, Don Ellis (school captain), Mr. R. A. Fowler (headmaster)  
 Jocelyn Ladyman (senior girl), Jack Murdock, Isabel Willmott.





The year started off well with the students making a great success of the Jubilee celebrations. It will be long remembered that this was the last appearance of the late Sir James Mitchell who was Governor of our State. The manner in which the public received the students' efforts speaks for itself.

Our sporting teams acquitted themselves well while playing in Perth. Even though Bunbury failed to win the Staff Cup they put up a creditable performance by gaining second place. Congratulations go to the girls' hockey team who remained undefeated.

There has been keen competition among the factions this year. The honours go to Red who won the Swimming Carnival. Strong rivalry is expected from the forthcoming athletics.

It appears that the development of the School Oval has reached a stagnant stage. Lack of piping has retarded the surfacing of the ground. Meanwhile the walking hills are quite content to reclaim the area.

Judging by attendances the socials have proved very popular. We thank the students who co-operated with the prefects to make these socials and dancing practices a success. In after years this experience will stand them in good stead.

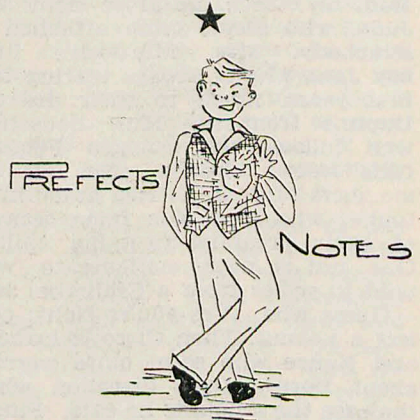
The library which is now under the capable supervision of Mrs. Stallwood has been completely reclassified and improved. The shelves are constantly being replenished by the addition of new books. These reference books will prove invaluable to the discerning reader.

We deeply regret the untimely passing of Mr. Pearce. In the near future a memoriam will be placed outside the library to commemorate this beloved friend of the students.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Leahy, Mr. Mangini, Mr. Phillips and

Mr. Gravenall into the School and we hope their stay will be a pleasant one.

In closing, the School extends the best of luck to the Junior and Leaving students in their forthcoming examinations.



We have nearly reached the end of our office (hear the cheers), much to our sorrow. At the beginning of the year we began a programme of social revival. Due to the lack of co-operation our efforts have become rather spasmodic and at the present have almost fizzled out. It is our sincere hope that our successors will reap more satisfaction in this regard than we have. With no intention at boasting we think we can safely say that the socials have been as good, if not better, than the ones of previous years. We have tried to bring the Lower School socials on a par with the Upper School functions. In this, we have succeeded and we only wish that the Gym. had been big enough to have socials for the whole school. For the way in which the students responded to our request for a parting song for Miss Maidment at the end of the Second Term Social, we offer our heartiest thanks.

Switching from the serious to the lighter side of things we would like to give a few details concerning the (in) glorious twelve who attend that monthly ceremony, the Pre's Tea. First and foremost is Donald (Judy for short) who is the big chief of the tribe. His second-in-command is the redoubtful Ladyman known to a select few as Jocelyn. Then there



are the ten other poor souls who receive most of the mud which is flung in the Defects direction (Mr. Stallwood loves alliteration). Bornworthy Bru who is renowned as a consumer of delectables—for the ignorant this means, good food. Our Hon. (ey) Sec., the afore-mentioned Judy, who seems quite attached to somebody. Mrs. Murdoch's little boy Jack who is always tearing into first years, much to their distress. Daphne from the Muir household who follows the Subiaco Football Club rather closely. Not all the members of course. Ned and Christopher: who have won fame because of their breaking-up-fights ability. Our unfortunate confederate who used to suffer from a Crab (be) bite—Guess who, Yes you're right; collect a peanut. Then there is Isabella and Nance who seem quite worried about Bornworthy's digestion when they see the amounts he eats. Finally but not least we introduce the invincible Smith who spends the greater part of his time serenading the girls.

In conclusion we would like to thank the teachers who attended the socials as chaperones and also guests. Their help has certainly been appreciated. For those who have aided us socially and generally we also extend a hearty vote of thanks. Wishing the 1952 Prefects the best of luck we, the 1951 Prefects close this short epistle.



### AUSTRALIA IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS

1951. This is an important year in Australian history, being the fiftieth anniversary of the federation of the States and the establishment of a Commonwealth Parliament of Australia.

What a great meaning lies behind these few words. Australia has become a nation and the continent has been developed by agriculture and industry.

Firstly let us take agriculture and see how it has progressed in these years. The sheep and wool industry which has always had a great part in supplying Australia's wealth has

brought in this year £622,300,200, in contrast to £13,348,441 in 1901.

The production of wheat has risen from 50,000,000 bushels in 1900, to 200,000,000 bushels in 1950.

The cattle industry has made great progress, owing to the opening of the "outback" by such men as John Flynn, founder of the Flying Doctor Service, and Sir Sidney Kidman, who established many cattle stations and stock routes in the interior.

The recent installation of the "beef air-lift," which has now proved itself as an invaluable aid in transportation of cattle has also done a great deal to help this industry.

Let us now look at Australia's secondary industries and their progress. Throughout these last fifty years many factories and workshops have come into being, so much so, that statistics now show Australia to have 17 per cent. more of her population engaged in secondary industries and building than in 1901, and 15 per cent. less engaged in primary production and mining. The reduction of labour in agriculture and mining, however, is mainly due to use of machinery for work which was formerly performed by hand.

During this half century, many other interesting and beneficial happenings have occurred.

Parliament House was opened in Canberra, Australia's new federal capital, in 1927 by the Duke of York.

The Trans-Australian Railway from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie was installed providing a definite link between West Australia and her sister States. This link has now been supplemented by daily aeroplane services operating between all States.

C. Y. O'Connor planned and laid a water pipe line from Mundaring to Kalgoorlie thus making it possible for the "Golden Mile" to be operated.

Free education has been developed. Universities have been established in all State capitals, and it is with pride, that we in West Australia say, ours is the only free University in the Commonwealth. There is also the prospect of a medical school being established in this State in the near future.



A giant water project has been started in the Snowy River Scheme, which in time is intended to generate electricity for Sydney and the surrounding countryside, and to provide the means for irrigating the nearby land.

As if in acknowledgement of Australia's want of populations, two sets of quadruplets were born, Australia's first, but unfortunately only three of the second family survived.

These are only a few of the many occurrences in fifty eventful years and I think it may safely be said Australia has established herself as a nation by the high standard of her armed forces, on air, sea and land, in two world wars.

A.Y.



### MORNING AT SCHOOL

When I am coming up the hill  
 The school bell starts to ring  
 The bell boy rings the bell on time  
 In spite of everything,  
 As I go tearing through the gate  
 I give up in despair  
 I come in last most every day  
 It really isn't fair.  
 I run into the locker room  
 Give one glance at my wig  
 A frenzied push a hurried pat  
 And give my tie a dig.  
 Then to my locker I do scoot  
 And open up the door  
 More haste, less speed, my dear, I  
 fear  
 They're all down on the floor.  
 Then I pick up the books I want  
 The rest are thrown inside  
 Is it History or Music first  
 It is hard to decide.  
 I run into my form room then  
 And can't see anyone  
 They must be in the Gym. to sing  
 Golly I must run  
 The singing master steps in then,  
 And walks to the seat with me  
 He does not growl he does not speak  
 A jolly chap is he.  
 At last the singing lesson ends  
 We all troop through the door  
 Through the waiting ranks we go  
 Mr. Murray's got some more  
 We all go to our form room  
 To learn about the past  
 History is a boring thing  
 The bell it goes at last.

### AT THE PICTURES

I am settled comfortably in my seat, the handsome hero is about to leap from the roof of one building to another after the villain when—blot! A huge shape appears in front of me, the screen disappears, my legs are crushed, the figure, who is puffing and apologising all at once, plops into the seat next me. I leer sweetly and murmur something about being "quite all right."

Once more I settle down as one of the "bad 'uns" is on his death-bed, and saying—"The boss—(gasp)—is—" CRASH! I am deafened as a huge pain strikes my head and large neighbour whispers, "Oh sorry! Fearfully hot in here. Just removing my coat." Peace and quietness till interval then I race outside for refreshments.

Five minutes later I am back licking an ice-cream and relieved because my friend is gone, but, alas; his coat is there, can it be true, is he going to come and annoy me next half, too? Unfortunately it is.

After the picture has begun, sure enough he come lumbering in, spoils my white shoes, drags my jacket on the floor and smothers my dress with ice-cream.

But, he eventually gets settled. "Whew!"

I settled down, listening to my favourite film star making love when—crackle, I look to my friend and in dismay find he has got peanuts.

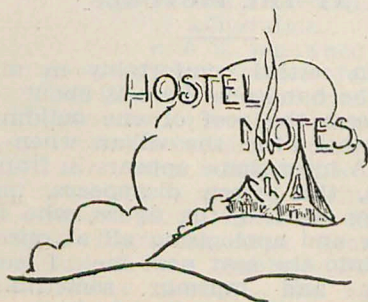
He actually offered me one but I very coldly refused and turned to watch the film.

Alas fate intended no peace for me, as he cracked and munched his peanuts, I grew more and more angry, until at last, I got up and stamped out of the theatre (hoping he noticed my fury).

I got home to bed and fell asleep, but all I had was nightmares, of him chasing me.

My legs feel like lead—he's getting closer—I can't run—he's just above me—HELP! I wake in a sweat. Where am I? I remember. Never again!





### GIRLS' HOSTEL NOTES

Silence reigns supreme?! I thought it was too good to be true! Suddenly legs appear from every available window (closely followed by the rest of the body). Noises of every category issue forth from the happy throng. Winnie and Lynn stagger out carrying the eats. (This is the seniors' privilege). Ah! I'm beginning to see the light—the hostel girls are going for a picnic to Turkey Point.

We mount our (un) reliable iron horses and rattle off—Hawkey's Aprilla and Peggy's St. Peter creaking in the rear, not being able to keep up with the break-neck speed of the others.

On arriving at "skelly" bridge we are faced with the horrible problem of crossing. Steve and June decided that it was safest to crawl. We reach the other side and "Cow's Tail" Larsen bounds ahead while Judy and Barbara puff, and blow some hundred yards behind.

After about half an hour Stew and Les enquire after the dinner. Surely it's about five hours since breakfast! We all agree on this point and seat ourselves beneath the shade of a Reid to devour the "lush-slush." Dixie, our honey-pot sweetens up our mucky, morbid meal. Betty is so thrilled about the trifle. (We only have it six times a week and twice on Sunday). Helen and Jeanette bagged the lettuce because they like the extra meat ration which crawls around it.

After the delightful spread had been absorbed, we decide on a swim. We disappear into the mozzzy molested mulga to reappear adorned in the latest (?) French bathers. As square dancing is the fashion, "Ye

olde 'ostel girls," always original, attempt "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" in the water. However this turned out a flop as some of our weaker members of our population suffered from asphixia due to repeated mouthfuls of algae.

As it seems to be getting late we begin our homeward trek. Before long we discover the "wreck." "Cow's Tail" Larsen announces her intentions of digging up buried treasure but is hastily howled down. Then we spied three handsome hunks of horseflesh in the distance but to our disgust they wouldn't even whistle. (How annoying).

"Skelly" bridge is again reached and we totter sleepily back to the Mental Concentration Hole, only to find we are late for tea and have to wash up for two weeks as a penalty!

This is Ye 'ostel 'orors of the M.C.H. signing off and wishing every Leaving and Junior candidates the best of luck. ('Cause believe me you'll need it!).

### HOSTEL NOTES (BOYS)—1951

Here I am again writing my 1951 news from the eighth wonder of the world (wonder it hasn't fallen down). Since last year many new interesting specimens have been added to our unique collection. For instance such marvellous types as "Bushman," "Monk," "Plucked" and "Bo" are certain to carry on the excellent example set by the rare lads in the Upper Dorm.

"Ape" has won the title of "the queerest boy in the camp." It is quite a struggle to drag him down from the rafters for tea.

I cannot go any further without mentioning our new Rec' Room (Cell 7) which seems to have had quite a battering. The dear boys sometimes run riot which is probably the cause for this. Recently the citizens of the town may have noticed a glow in the northern skies. This was due to the boys having a little campfire chat. Unfortunately the campfire got out of hand and became a bushfire. This led to confusion until a brilliant thought by one of the chatterers led to an avalanche of sand (from willing hands) to be poured onto the blaze.



To everyone's joy the flame was quelled.

There are listed below the lads who have gained entry to the Notorius Notorites Club. "Had a farm"—for showing extreme courage when faced by a slice of toast. "Fruss"—for leading the list of "number of straps across posterior." "Water"—for conquering the urge to faint when he saw Gloria. "Egg"—for disregarding the fact that his egg might be smashed while playing hockey.

Well, all things must end and this is my last effort at writing this piece of satire. Hoping that future writers of this article have the same interesting material as I have had to write about, I say cheerio for good.

SASHA.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOSTEL

"You're lucky you came here when it was a bit tidy," he said as I was lead through a long dormitory, making my way through piles of clothes, towels, pillows and sundry other junk. Tidy!! How it could be less tidy is something for the imagination alone, and most of the locker doors being open did reveal a "pin-up" or two but did not at all make the place look any more in order. Several of the industrious 5th formers were sick in bed—very sick I must say.

Through a few dark passages I was lead out to the sweat room where a very strict supervisor was keeping perfect order amongst the 1st, 2nd and 3rd years while the fourth years in a different room managed to control themselves. Here, I'm told, they swot till the early hours of the morn—well half past ten at least.

After a while there I was taken back to the dorms, and shown where so and so threw a cricket ball at somebody but missed, as the wall held witness, and told what happens when — sleep-walks, and also how someone fell off the top bunk and with what results. Then a bell announced supper and 57 boys—or was it 157 — rushed in, grabbed a cup and a "sandwich" and queued up for a "cuppa." I was told to "get in line and get your cocoa, just like

the hostel boys," so I did as I was bade and so finished up my first visit to the hostel.

X.Y.Z.—IV.

#### BREAKFAST AT THE HOSTEL

The bell rings loudly through the night

And gives the neighbours quite a fright.

Amid the snar's and grumbles and groans

One may distinguish mumbles and moans

The sound of pillows being thrown And—"Okay horseface, give it a bone."

We manage to haul ourselves out of bed

Though how this is done cannot be said.

We wash ourselves in a heck of a hurry

Then off to breakfast we all do scurry.

Judy, feeling in an extra grouse mood,

Decides to let others have some of the food,

Which we devour—nothing to waste And finish it off with peanut paste.

Bags the butter! Pass the cheese! What! no-one even saying please!

Hawhe suddenly sits up with a jolt As she finds in her tea the remains of a bolt.

A c-a-h—a groan—a sudden freeze A sweet toned voice saying —"2/6 please."

Whacko! a bowl of grannys on the table

Quick. Grab the biggest while you're able.

All of a sudden she (?) stands in her place

Lo and behold! It's time to say grace.

"SPINIFEX."



#### CHAUCERAN QUOTATIONS

His head was balled, that shoon as any glas. (Egghead.)

He knew the taverns wel in every town. Sea-boots.

And he was not right fat, I undertake. Soup.

And gladly would he lern, and gladly teche. Upper school chem.

And French she spak ful faire and fetisly. Miss Wale.

With lokkes curled, as they were leyd in press. Clem's perm.



## "BIG BEN"

The history of Big Ben, the great clock of the House of Commons, goes back more than a century. Today it is the world's most famous and best loved timepiece.

After the old Houses of Parliament were burnt down in 1834, Sir Charles Barry was appointed architect for the construction of the new buildings. He decided it was appropriate that such a building should have a grand clock tower. His friend, Lewis Vulliamy, watchmaker to the Queen, prepared a design of a clock which would go eight days with one winding, show the time to all London on four dials, each being thirty feet in diameter, chime the quarter hours on eight bells, and strike the hours on a bell weighing fourteen tons. Parliament, however, turned down his design.

For the next two years, no progress was made. It was then decided that the designing of the clock be a competition. The rules set out by the astronomer, Professor George Airey, were so that the project was shelved for another five years.

In 1851, a Queen's Counsellor named Edmund Denison—who later became Sir Edmund Beckett, and later still, Lord Grimthorpe—took charge of proceedings. He, Airey and an expert chronometer maker called Dent, racked their brains. But in the winter of 1852-53 Dent died, and because of health reasons, Airey retired from his post. Dent's stepson helped Denison complete the clock by 1854. But the building which was to house it was still unfinished.

The next problem was the casting of the fourteen ton hour bell. The task was carried out by Warner's engineering firm and the bell was transported from Stockton on Tees where it was made, to London by steamer. The tests then began. At first a moderate weight hammer was used but this failed to bring out the best tones, so a heavier one was tried. This was successful in bringing out the tone, but it was too heavy and cracked the bell beyond repair. However, in 1858, a man named George Mears, recast the bell. This one proved satisfactory

and weight thirteen and a half tons. It took over a week to assemble the hour bell and its four smaller companions into their permanent position.

But when tension was at its height, the clock refused to go. Denison soon discovered that its two and a half ton cast-iron hands were too heavy for the mechanism to drive. These were soon changed. The clock came into service on May 31, 1859.

It was yet unchristened. The last of many speeches and arguments in Parliament on the matter was made by Sir Benjamin Hall, a man of large dimensions commonly called "Big Ben." His speech was just another suggestion to the problem. A tired M.P. shouted "Call it 'Big Ben' and have done with this nonsense," and so the name remained.

After two months' service the voice of Big Ben weakened and the bell was found to have developed a crack. So for the next three years the great bell was silent, the largest of its four companions carrying on its duties. Then it was decided to turn the bell round so that the hammer would strike on a different place. Holes were drilled in the metal to prevent the crack from spreading and a lighter hammer was used. All was well now, and Big Ben has never looked back.

The grand clock is not driven by electricity, but by weights, which almost reach the ground when run down. The weights for the chiming and striking apparatus alone weigh nearly two and a half tons. Some of the delicate parts are as light as those present in a high class wrist watch. The pendulum weighs 685lb., is thirteen feet long, and swings once every two seconds. The swing is regulated by pennies on a small dish on the pendulum, one penny making the difference of one second per twenty four hours. The dial measures twenty-two and a half feet in diameter, the numbers are two feet high and the spaces between the minutes are one foot square. The minute hands each measure eleven feet from centre to tip, and each point travels 100 miles in a year. The clock tower is 320 feet high.



Over its eighty-five years of service, Big Ben has stopped only about half a dozen times, these being mainly due to frozen snow clogging the great hands. It has never varied more than four seconds with Greenwich time, a record no other public clock has ever been able to achieve. When the House is sitting at night, a light is shown at the top of the clock tower.



### THE FLAG

The four most famous statesmen connected with the founding of the Commonwealth have since died. There was Sir Henry Parkes who died four years before Federation, Sir Edmund Barton and Alfred Deakin, the first and second Prime Ministers, and Sir George Ried who was the first Leader of the Opposition and the fourth Prime Minister.

Billy Hughes, who was a member of the first Parliament and later a Prime Minister, is still an active Member of Parliament. The Jubilee celebrations must bring back many memories of his life and work.

But there is another man, living in Melbourne, to whom the Jubilee celebrations have a special significance. He is a canvas goods and flag manufacturer and his name means nothing to most of us. He is 64-year-old Ivor Evans. He was a 14-year-old schoolboy in 1901 when he designed the Australian Flag.

His design was placed first among 30,000 entries in an international flag designing competition arranged by the Federal Government and a Melbourne newspaper. The prize was £250 but he had to share it with four others who submitted similar designs.

His firm has since sold thousands of copies of the flag he designed. The only alteration to the original was the addition in 1908 of a seventh point to the large star to represent the external territories which were placed under Federal Administration that year.

N.F.P.

### TEMPLE OF BEEACHESS

(Continued)

And they that were called the IV Years didst enter in to that lesson that is commonly called Economics i.e., the art of handling money and once they were there they didst argue with him that didst hop about with his walking stick foremost in which were the fat one called James from yon house on the hill and Smith who didst argue with the small one who was called Sir Artie. And the big woman, commonly called Clems did argue lustily with the dairywomen from Capel on the price of butter and many other matters.

And many didst annoy the keepers of the temple and many were evicted with great gusto. Foremost among these being Saggers, and Clueless Cole and Dimwit Dean and many of those juveniles called third years didst enter in and loiter about chattering, eating and telling jokes including Boofhead Boothing, Monkey Moore, Fly Face Fleming, Drongo Dyer and many other.

(To be continued).

(PADRE).



### SPELLING

Spelling is a subject which some people simply can't master, but at which some people excel.

I for one have always been rather puzzled by the seemingly superfluous use of letters in many words and have been in trouble more than once for leaving such letters out; so I was amazed the other day when I came across the word

"Ghaughptheightteau."

Some bright person had compounded it from the complex methods used in our spelling, to express a single sound.

It is actually claimed that it spells potato and is derived this way.

"gh" for p—in the last letter of "hiccough."

"ough" for o—as in "dough."

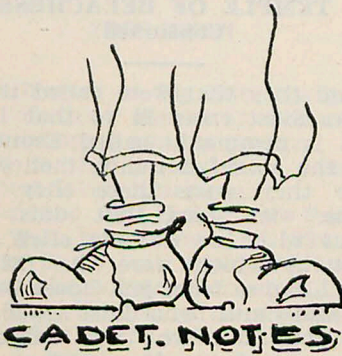
"phth" for t—as in "phthisic."

"eigh" for a—as in "neighbour."

"tt" for t—as in "gazette."

"eau" for o—as in "beau."





This year has seen great progress in the Cadet Corps—not only have we a record number enrolled but there has been much advancement in both practical and theoretical subjects. The standard of training is remarkably high, which says a great deal for the leadership of Capt. Lucich and his staff as well as the keenness displayed by the boys themselves.

The main functions carried out by the cadets this year were the Guards of Honour on Anzac Day and Jubilee Day. On Anzac Day eight cadets under the command of Lieut. Murdock stood guard at the war memorial and performed the "Reverse Arms" during the ceremony. I think everyone who saw this ceremony will agree with me that the cadets concerned well earned the praise they received. On Jubilee Day the cadets again turned out—this time as a Guard of Honour for the late Sir James Mitchell. Once again the standard of the drill displayed was commendable.

The best feature of the year as far as the cadets were concerned was the annual camp at Northam. Here valuable fieldcraft experience was gained by all who attended. (In fact was not the only kind gained by some cadets).

At the last Christmas N.C.O. course cadets who attended acquitted themselves with flying colours. First and foremost of these was Staff Sergeant Roger Smith who topped the 3in. mortar course in the State. This is the second consecutive year that Bunbury has had this honour. During the same camp Ron Carrigg earned his commission

while several others were promoted to N.C.O. rank.

In October the unit is sending a team to Perth to compete for the Commonwealth Challenge Cup. With a bit of luck I think we will win it, too. In closing I would like to wish Captain Lucich, Ron and the 1952 cadets the best of luck from the retiring boys.

J.F.M.

★  
JUNIOR

To my alarm and growing fear,  
I find the swiftly passing year  
Drawing quickly to a close.  
The Junior! Right before my nose.  
My Prac. books are still incomplete  
And I'm afraid, not very neat;  
My last term's maths. not up-to-date,  
My history, too, is very late.  
With teachers ever at their heels,  
The boarders have no time for meals  
And Bunbury-ites are scared to meet  
A teacher passing in the street,  
Because they might be told, "My  
dear,  
Your work is much behind, I fear."  
I say with every waking breath,  
As witches said in old "Macbeth,"  
"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Junior makes me froth and bubble."  
—VION.

★  
THE SOCIALIST PSALM

The Government is my shepherd,  
I need not work.  
It allows me to lie down on good  
jobs and leadeth me beside still  
factories.  
It destroyeth my initiative; it leadeth  
me in the paths of a parasite for  
politics' sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the val-  
ley of laziness (deficit spending) I  
shall fear no evil for the Govern-  
ment is with me. Its doles and its  
vote-getters they comfort me.  
It prepareth an economic Utopia for  
me by appropriating the earnings  
of my grandchildren.  
It filleth my head with baloney, my  
inefficiency runneth over.  
Surely the Government shall care for  
me all the days of my life and I  
shall dwell in a fools' paradise  
forever.



# FACTION NOTES

## BLUE GIRLS

The Blue girls are to be congratulated on their success in the swimming carnival, especially Pat Cross, who carried away the honours as junior champion, and Betty Buchanan as runner-up. There are also a number of Blue girls in lower school who show promise for next year's carnival and whom I wish success. (Buck up, Blue boys! Surely you can produce another "Invincible"!)

Now we have the annual athletics carnival only a week away and I am pleased to note the enthusiasm among the girls to make this day a great success.

Congratulations to the Bunbury teams who did so well in the inter-school carnival during August and also to the younger teams who competed in the Jubilee carnival week-end.

## BLUE BOYS

I feel myself bound to congratulate Blue swimmers in gaining a very creditable fourth place in the swimming carnival.

As far as cricket and football are concerned, I am led to believe that the second year were outstanding and won remarkably little. The first year, however, acquitted themselves well and did not disgrace our faction.

In cricket our upper school team performed more creditably than had been previously expected. The driving force was of course our captain, Charles, whose demoniacal bowling held the opposition in awe.

In football we were undefeated throughout the year (a whole two games). Although we were equal leaders the game did not particularly resemble football and several of the players left early to catch buses—fictitious or otherwise.

In the athletics we hope to provide a little opposition to the other factions and we wish them the best of luck.

## RED BOYS

It must be admitted by all opposing teams that the boys in Red faction have acquitted themselves extremely well. Congratulations go to our swimmers who combined exceedingly well to carry off the cup in the swimming carnival. Bad luck, Kingia. The football and cricket teams proved far superior to those of other factions, remaining undefeated throughout the year.

Much to our satisfaction, all teams in lower school have not by any means disgraced our colour. They have proved strong opponents to the opposition and definitely deserve mention in our honour roll (such as it is). It is only to be hoped that the girls have not failed us, but you never could trust women.

In conclusion, we wish the other factions all the best in their frantic bids for second place behind Red in the athletic carnival. We also wish to announce that Red will also win the cup to be presented at the end of the year.

"Forward to the fray," (upper school football).

(By Faction Captain)

## RED GIRLS

This year, I think credit must be given to the lower school girls of this faction. At the swimming carnival, quite a large percentage of our points were gained by some of these lower school girls and we extend hearty congratulations to those who were so successful.

With the new sport arrangements, it was very pleasing to notice that most of the girls did keep on with sport and that only a few do not go regularly.

By the time these notes are printed, the athletics carnival will have been held and I can only hope that each person will try and do something towards making the carnival a success. We are unfortunate to have lost so many of our upper school girls, so we shall have to leave it to the lower school to bring home the laurels.

It is quite evident that we are get-



ting a very enthusiastic group of girls in the faction now, so I hope that this attitude keeps up in future years and that Red will show the school both how to be good sports and how to be good at sport.

### KINGIA GIRLS

Although the Kingia girls were not very successful in the swimming carnival, we hope to do better in the coming sports day.

The enthusiasm and team spirit in the lower school is exceptionally noticeable and I hope they keep it up.

I would like to thank Annette Young for her co-operation and help especially in connection with the swimming carnival.

Kingia congratulates the girls who took part in hockey and basketball teams that competed in Perth and in the Jubilee carnival.

Wishing Kingia girls the best of luck in future years.

### KINGIA BOYS

At Kingia's faction meeting at the beginning of 1951 the following captains were elected: faction captain, R. Carrigg; cricket captain, A. Peck; athletic captain, R. Kelly; football captain, R. Carrigg; recorder, P. Stallwood.

During the past year Kingia boys have not been as successful as might have been hoped. The first year football team has been soundly beaten in most of its encounters, the second years have done little better, while in upper school in the few games we did play, we found it most difficult to even field a team. This state of affairs will improve, we hope.

Although our football standard was not the best, we have a few promising young athletes, with whose help we hope to do well on sports day. Also there are a lot of less talented young boys who are entering in the events to help make sports day a success and to support their faction. With our members showing this enthusiasm, we are sure, even if we do not win, we will show fine team spirit and go down fighting.

With the cricket and swimming seasons coming on, it reminds us that we must begin to think of practice, for, although they seem a long way off, time flies. In this field we

hope to improve on our so far not-so-good record. In last year's swimming carnival, we proved our strength by coming a close second to Red and it was seen that we have a wealth of young talent coming on. So beware Red, Blue and Gold for this year's cricket and swimming.

There were many disappointed members of our faction when they heard that there would not be any skating event on sports day, for we have some classical exponents of this art among us. We have heard that Red has one outstanding performer who, incidentally, took to running on ice before skating while in Perth with the school football team (we wonder why).

### GOLD GIRL

Another Kingia! More grey hairs for faction captains! Write the faction notes—write the faction notes. All right! All right! Editors make me sick!!

Well, as we all know, Gold girls are a credit to any school. The girls this year have been very co-operative and I would like to thank them very much for making my job as easy as it has been.

We all would like to congratulate Marg Day on being senior swimming champ. Of course it was only a mishap that Gold came where they did in the carnival—but wait till sports day!

Congratulations, Red faction, for your success in the swimming carnival—but wait till next year!!



### ODE TO THE KINGIA

Every year it's the same old thing,  
An entry for the Kingia must be in.

If I were Shakespeare, Shelly, or  
Keats

I'd number lyrics amongst my  
feats.

But Phoey the dark lady who graces  
the page

Of Sonnets in 'Lizabeth's age,  
When subjects abound at Bunbury  
High

Like Murray our master of har-  
mony.

But it's late now and I must be off  
Please at my attempt do not scoff

For so long as something is hand-  
ed in

What do I care if it goes in the  
bin?  
S.F.





His attacks of flu were all too frequent.

Head Boy.

Eighteen little High School players trampled in the dust.

B.H.S. v. Modern.

They were lost in a fog of integrals.

Calculus 5th Year.

He snoops to conquer.

M.B.

Not a stir in the air,  
Not a stir could he see,  
The class was as quiet as quiet  
can be.

4th Year Geometry.

His hair was lustrous, long and black.

Joe G.

The old blue car she ain't what she used to be.

Jenk-alopy.

Never in the field of human conflict, has so little been done by so many.

Kingia Contributions.

Ful big he was of braun and eke of bones.

The man on the B.S.A.  
I think we'll have a quick step,  
Head Boy.

His overcoat never got wet—it was summer-time.

Seen round the school.

Hail thee Blithe Spirits.

4th Year Girls.

He heard, but did not understand.  
"Haybags."

Old, learned, respectable, bald heads.

Men's Staff Room.

Blossoms in the dust.

Exam Results.

"I would that my tongue could utter,

The thoughts that arise in me!"  
4th Year Girl in English.

"She wore a red scarf for her lover far away."

Guess Who?

From harmony, from heavenly harmony.

Mr. Murray's Choir.  
Dryden.

And he shored the sheep for a penny each.

"Hostel Haircutter."

And a Man-Genie rode up upon an iron horse.

Chem. Master.

Pass the Feeg Jarm.

Funnel.

Herring boxes without topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine.  
Lean were their looks, stark hunger had worn them to the bone.

Hostel Boys.

Mayhap she is a relation of Jane Russell.

5th Year.

One of the Roving Kind.

R. Smith, 5th Year.



## EPILOGUE

It has been reported in "The Kingia" for August, 2070, that the school oval is nearing completion. Although work is still being carried out on it, its original use has long been forgotten. It will stand forever as a memorial to the ingenuity and stupidity of our forefathers.

Excavations have been carried out beneath the pigweed to further scientific knowledge. One of the heaps of bones found has been identified as the remains of one James Jewell, a former Kingia editor.

It should be noted that the dark room is no longer dark because the wall has fallen down. It came as a surprise when the two electrons L and B, lost in 1950 were found in the ruins. They have been returned to the Chemistry Laboratory.

Now that we have daylight saving again, it has been suggested that the cells at Craig House be shut an hour later and that the food be increased to 20 calories per day.





### RESULTS OF ATHLETICS CARNIVAL, 1951.

	FACTION POINTS			
	Gold	Red	Blue	Kingia
Girls .....	225	195	126	116
Boys .....	219	225	118½	61½
Totals .....	444	420	244½	117½

#### BOYS' CHAMPIONS

Open—Ron Smith.  
 Runner-up—R. Linto.  
 Junior—D. Dyer.  
 Runner-up—P. Boothey.  
 Under 15—A. Murray.  
 Runner-up—J. Daley.  
 Under 14—R. Riley.  
 Runner-up—E. Watson.

#### GIRLS' CHAMPIONS

Open—N. Laurie.  
 Runner-up—D. Muir.  
 Junior—J. Walker.  
 Runner-up—E. Sholl.  
 Under 15—E. Murray.  
 Runner-up—J. Lewis.  
 Under 14—J. Turner.  
 Runner-up—M. Cuttriss.

### A GRADE BASKETBALL CRITIQUE

This year, unfortunately, the basketball team left it a little late in the season before starting to show our true form, but during the final round we were much more successful and missed a chance in the semi-finals by one point. However, we have enjoyed all our matches and hope that next year's "A" grade will do so, too.

I think I can say that the team was far from disgraced at the inter-school carnival, although we lost one

match to Modern School. In connection with this carnival, I must mention the good sportsmanship of the reserves, Judy Watson, Jennifer Edwards and June Whiteaker, who did not have an opportunity to play at all.

I would like to thank Miss Ryan for her splendid coaching throughout the year and Mr. Horne for his frequent umpiring and helpful tips.

Now a little about the players:

*Val Richards* (goalie): a player who is capable of showing amazing form, but who is a little erratic at times. With more practice at goal-



**"A" GRADE BASKETBALL TEAM**

Back Row (l. to r.): Janice Dowling, Flora Tonkinson, Myrna Rickard.  
 Front Row (l. to r.): Nancie Laurie, Jo. Ladyman, Miss J. Ryan (sports-  
 mistress), Daphne Muir, Val Richards.

throwing, she should be a valuable asset to the team next year.

*Janice Dowling* (assistant goalie): Another player who is inclined to be erratic at goal-throwing, but nevertheless plays her position exceedingly well and I think still more practice at goals should make her an excellent player.

*Jocelyn Ladyman* (capt. attack wing, by vice-capt.): A very enthusiastic captain who works well with the goalies and plays an excellent defence game. She needs to be congratulated on her fine performance throughout the season.

*Daphne Muir* (vice-capt. centre): Has proved a very reliable member of the team throughout the year. Quick and alert, she can always be depended upon to do the right thing.

*Myrna Rickard* (defence wing): Definitely the most improved player. Since the beginning of the year she has become much faster, jumps for the ball more and fits in with the moves much better. Still further improvement could be shown by catching the ball more, rather than knocking it.

*Nancy Laurie* (assistant defence): Another very reliable person whose change from centre to defence seems

to have brought about marked improvement. She works very well with her defence and the two have a very strong combination.

*Flora Tomkinson* (defence): A new player this year, who has also improved very much during the latter part of the season. She needs to jump still more and keep her eye on the ball more, instead of her opponent. She has a very calm disposition, an asset in a hard match.

#### **"A" RESERVE BASKETBALL NOTES**

The "A" reserve basketball team has not been very successful in the association games this year, but we enjoyed every game and hope to do better next year.

The team consisted of Judy Watson, Nicolette Perides, Jennifer Edwards, Rosilyn Mort, Wendy Miller, June Whiteaker, June Welsh and Judy Honey. Congratulations go to Jennifer, June Whiteaker and Judy Watson who were reserves in the inter-school team and who played very well throughout the season. We were unfortunate in losing a valuable goalie in Betty Buchanan at the beginning of the season.

Best of luck next year, "A" reserve!



## A GRADE GIRLS' HOCKEY CRITIQUE

This year the "A" grade was not successful in gaining any points in the B.W.H.A. but this did not dishearten the team for their week in Perth. The girls were in their best form and went through undefeated. The emergencies who did not get a chance to play, must be congratulated on their fine sportsmanship.

Thanking Miss Palmer and Mr. Bennett for their valuable coaching throughout the season, also Mrs. Carrigg who spent so much time with us while in Perth and whose "tips" we found to be of great value.

*Lillian Dyer* (centre forward): Is a consistent forward but inclined to be selfish. Lillian has missed several matches but proved herself an asset to the team when present.

*Norma Cuttriss* (full back): A newcomer to the team who is rather slow in tackling and should clear harder. Will improve with more confidence.

*Ann Gibbons* (left half): A player who should develop a harder hit and should watch her wing more. Will improve with practice.

*Delores Lee* (vice-capt. right wing): A hard-hitting, reliable wing with clever tactics and a good centre shot. Unfortunately she was unable to compete in Perth.

*Cecily Nelson* (left inner): A much improved player who is rather slow and inclined to crowd the centre and wing too much.

*Yvonne Pegrum* (right inner): The backbone of our forward line has shot most of our goals this season. Should pass more on the wing. Did exceptionally well in Perth and Collie. Congrats!

*Coral Taylor* (right full back): Our rock of Gibraltar! Never fails to play a consistent game. Coral was outstanding at both Perth and Collie and should do well with the team chosen to play the Metropolitans.

*Jean Walker* (left wing): A speedy player with clever stick work, masters her position well, but is inclined to carry the ball too far.

*Norma Webb* (centre half): Needs to watch her centre more and clear to her wings. Is a consistent tackler.

*Mavis Wallace* (left full back): A new player, injured early in the sea-

son. She formed the left half of our clever full back line.

*Pauline Webster* (right half): A consistent tackler but should follow up more. Pauline herself a reliable half back.

*Win Reid* (captain goalie): Winnie has proved herself efficient as both captain and goalie. A clever and consistent player who we have all enjoyed having as captain.

## B GRADE HOCKEY CRITIQUE

*M. Day* (captain right wing): Has proved herself a speedy wing, as well as an excellent captain.

*Jane Terry* (goalie vice-capt.): A good goalie who has proved herself both reliable and consistent throughout the season.

*M. Gane* (full back): A player who tackles well but could strengthen her hit. With practice she should make an ideal full back.

*R. Hanley* (full back): Has proved herself an excellent full back playing well and consistently. She has proved her high standard of play in Perth.

*M. Dunning* (left wing): A speedy wing who carries the ball down well but should pass hard into the centre before being tackled.

*B. Newman* (right inner): With a little more practice at stick work she should improve her play, as she is both enthusiastic and consistent.

*Maureen Cuttriss* (centre forward): A reliable player who dribbles and passes the ball well but who could get more into the circle and shoot for goals.

*Cynda Joel* (left inner): An energetic inner who could improve by strengthening her hit and following the ball into the goal circle.

*Audrey Beers* (centre half back): Is consistent and has proved herself to be an asset to the team but at times is inclined to be erratic with her hitting. Proved herself to be an efficient player in Perth.

*Margaret Coles* (right half back): A consistent, reliable tackler whose stick work is unequalled by anyone else in the team. Also proved herself to be an efficient player in Perth.

*Ann Stewart* (left half back): A player who tackles well and has a strong hit but could be more consistent with her play.



## "A" GRADE HOCKEY TEAM



Back Row (l. to r.): C. Webster, C. Nelson, J. Walker, M. Wallace,  
 Second Row (l. to r.): C. Taylor, A. Gibbons, D. Lee, Miss P. Palmer  
 (coach), W. Reid (capt.), N. Cuttriss, R. Hanley. Front Row: Y. Pegrum,  
 N. Webb.

*M. Holmes* (left inner): Although she has played only a few games this season, she has shown herself to be a promising player and, with more practice, should do well next season.

*Vena Stevens* (half back): A player who will improve with practice; needs to develop a harder hit and to watch her outer wing.

### CRICKET CRITIQUE

The "B" grade competition in which the High School eleven plays, last season proved a disappointment to all concerned. At the beginning of the season there were three teams in the competition. After a very short period one of these pulled out leaving two teams to play off each week. This, as can be imagined, was very unsatisfactory, but it provided a good opportunity for new players to gain valuable experience. We hope that more satisfactory arrangements will be made for the forthcoming season.

We wish to thank our coach, Mr. Speering, for perseverance and sound coaching.

### TEAM

*R. Linto* (capt., written by vice-capt.): He is a forceful right hand

opening batsman who is inclined to take too many risks in trying to score quickly. As a fast medium bowler, he can swing the ball both ways. He is a keen fielder and is the deputy keeper.

*B. Cummins* (vice-capt.): A solid defensive type of opening bat. Plays most fast bowlers with extreme confidence and has been used as a change bowler. Should develop defensive strokes for balls on the leg stump. An energetic fielder.

*P. Hunt*: A solid defensive batsman, who is capable of aggression. Plays slow bowlers with confidence, drives and hooks well. A slow leg break bowler who worries most batsmen, should develop a "wrong 'un."

*A. Peck*: A stylish batsman with a good bag of strokes. Plays shots behind the wicket delicately but still lacks power in execution of his strokes. Should move more to the bowler. Also XI wicket keeper in which position he is reliable and capable of classy work. Should develop greater stumping ability.

*G. Carter*: A correct defensive batsman with a limited amount of strokes. Should move more to the



pitch of the ball. Bowls erratic medium pace off breaks.

*C. Evans*: A fast medium bowler whose off break action results in an inswinger. His accuracy worries the batsman. A daring and forceful batsman who should concentrate on strokes.

*R. Carrigg*: Medium pace bowler capable of bowling good out-swingers. Should endeavour to change his pace. An enthusiastic but defensive batsman who should attempt to stroke the ball more freely.

*K. Stott*: An extremely capable run-getter who drives extremely well. Should develop more strokes behind the wicket. An erratic medium pace bowler.

*R. Smith*: A batsman who relies on delicate wrist strokes to gain runs. Lacks confidence. His forward play is handicapped by lack of reach. Is also a safe slip field.

*B. Jenkin*: His improvement is impeded by his fault of stepping away from fastish bowlers. Plays slow bowlers in a confident and correct manner.

*D. Ellis*: An enthusiastic batsman who is capable of scoring runs. Is also a very energetic fielder.

## HOCKEY CRITIQUE

(By Captain)

This season we began with two players who had had previous experience. By steady perseverance, our coach, Mr. Bennett, has had the satisfaction of witnessing the formation of a formidable hockey XI. On behalf of the team I should like to thank Mr. Bennett for the time and advice which he has given willingly. The standard of hockey played by the team has been commendable. In all matches so far concluded we have met with fair success, having high repute for our stamina and determination. All in the team are determined that our object, "the final four," is well within our ability. We even have hopes for the final. All persons concerned in this critique are informed that criticism is offered for their benefit.

*R. Linto* (captain, written by vice-captain): A brilliant centre forward who captains his team well. His hard shots in the circle often pay dividends.

*P. Stallwood* (goalie): Has adapted himself to this position admirably. At first lacking confidence, he has shown in recent performances a considerable improvement.

*C. Evans* (right full back): One of our best and most consistent players, the brilliant feature of his game is hard hitting. Should refrain from under-cutting the ball.

*B. Jenkin* (left full back): The second player of our brilliant defence line. His steadiness and pace enable him to clear consistently. Could be more aggressive.

*J. Jewell* (centre half back): A consistently good player, who continually feeds the forward line with opportunities. Is inclined to be over-aggressive and should take more care to hit the ball instead of surrounding feet.

*R. Meagher* (right full back): Is a determined and useful half back who tackles and defends well. Could improve his hit and stick work.

*E. Tacoma* (left half back): A player who has shown considerable improvement. His hit could be improved and he is handicapped by lack of pace.

*C. Tacak* (left wing): Has only recently taken up the game with success. Centres the ball to the advantage of the forwards, but is inclined to crowd the inner.

*R. Smith* (left wing): A fast and nippy winger, who centres the ball efficiently. He has mastered this difficult position extremely well. Is inclined to crowd the inner.

*A. Peck* (right inner): This player combines well with other forwards and can be relied upon to keep his position. Is a little slow and could improve his dribbling.

*B. Hardie* (left inner): A small but very effective forward, whose dribbling and general stick work is of high class. Could exert himself to a greater extent.

Other players who have figured prominently this season are:

*M. Brown* (utility): An average player who plays well either in the back or forward lines. He has a solid hit, but his interest is inclined to wander.

*R. Carrigg* (right wing): Has played consistently in this position with success. His centring of the ball is



## B.H.S. FOOTBALL XVIII.



Back Row (l. to r.): N. Skipworth, P. Boothey, A. Hay, R. Kelly, Ron Smith, D. Ellis. Third Row (l. to r.): Mr. Carrigg, J. Murdock, R. Carrigg, R. Meagher, B. Skerman, Mr. A. Zuvela (sports master). Second Row (l. to r.): G. Carter, Spice, R. Linto, B. Cummins (capt.), K. Stott, A. Murray, D. Dyer. Front Row (l. to r.): R. C. Smith, J. O'Sullivan, R. Cox, C. Evans.

effective but he is inclined to wander from the tram lines.

Other players who regularly attend hockey practice are Darnell, Padman, Wells and Myers, all of whom show promise and are advised to continue to participate in these practices.

## FOOTBALL CRITIQUE

### B.H.S. Football XVIII

After an eventful weekend, students from the various schools assembled at Langley Park for the official opening which was performed by the Director of Education, Dr. Robinson. In our first match against Geraldton we received quite a shock, but in the face of defeat our players rallied and we ran out winners by a small margin. The next match against Northam raised our spirits considerably, as we were untroubled to win. Then came Wednesday, the day of the big match against Modern. In this game we acquitted ourselves admirably, against a side of superior height and weight. All reserves played in the match on Thurs-

day, many showing considerable promise. Eastern Goldfields provided little opposition in this match. Next day we played Albany, a team which provided more opposition than expected, being the better team on the day. On behalf of the team I wish to thank Mr. Zuvela, our coach, who really proved to be a good and popular coach. Mr. Carrigg also came to Perth with us and gave of his valuable services to the team.

*B. Cummins* (captain, by vice-captain): A safe and spectacular high mark, whose clearing dashes continually relieved the pressure in the back line. The manner in which he led the carnival team was highly commendable, as he often inspired our players by his own brilliance.

*R. Linto* (vice-capt.): Is an ideal goal sneak with his fast leading, safe marking and straight kicking. He also plays well in the back line and in the ruck.

*R. Kelly*: Is the team's leading ruck man. He has a powerful knock, marks and kicks well.

*Roger Smith*: An excellent rover



who opens up the play with accurate disposals. Scores many goals while resting in the pocket.

*Ron Smith:* Is a speedy ruck man whose long kicks initiated many forward moves.

*D. Ellis:* Lack of match practice handicapped this player but he acquitted himself well in the centre and in the back pocket.

*B. Gaines:* With his safe marking, clearing kicks and cool play he makes an excellent back man.

*B. Skerman:* Played his best football when shifted to the centre. He is a speedy, bustling player who concentrates mostly on ground play.

*R. Carrigg:* A fast, elusive forward, sometimes too elusive, whose stab passing to forwards leaves nothing to be desired. He is a fair mark and his long punts are suited to a half forward position.

*J. Murdock:* A bustling half back who uses his weight to advantage. He is a safe mark but could improve the direction of his kicks.

*J. Jewell:* Another half back who uses his weight well when clearing. His kicks are long but erratic.

*C. Evans:* "Whiskey" is the outstanding utility player. With his speed and good marking and kicking he is equally at home as a forward, back or rover.

*K. Stott:* A consistent rover with an accurate disposal but he should overcome his nervousness at the start of the game.

*B. Shepherd:* His cool, consistent play at centre half back proved a stumbling block to our opponents on many occasions. Congratulations on your success in Melbourne, Shep.

*C. Hodge:* This player fails to hold a lot of his marks but rucks well, using his weight and big kicks to advantage.

*P. Boothey:* A solid ruck man who should use his weight to more advantage. He is a sure mark but his kicking is slightly erratic.

*J. O'Sullivan:* Although small, he is a capable winger who isn't scared to go after the ball. His marking is sure but his kicking lacks distance.

*T. Spice:* Has an excellent mark and accurate pass but tends to wander too far from his position.

*D. Dyer:* One of the few left-footers in the team. His disposal is erratic but his ground play and marking are commendable.

*J. Cuzins:* With more experience should become a very useful ruck man. His marking is good but some of his kicks lack distance.

*G. Carter:* Takes many fine marks and has the ability to play well but fails to go in hard enough.

A. Hay, R. Meagher, A. Murray, R. Cox, N. Skipworth and J. Fleming didn't have sufficient opportunity to prove their worth, but next year their experience should stand them in good stead.



### DONNYBROOK BUS NOTES

Perhaps, in your travels, you have noticed a bus, painted blue and bearing words to the effect that it travels between Donnybrook and Bunbury. This bus performs the duty of conveying a small proportion of students to B.H.S. This is a very worthwhile service, although it doesn't seem to be appreciated by most, especially on a Monday morning.

Perhaps you would like to know something about our passengers—you will know anyway if you read much further. Our most interesting specimen is Michael—you'll always recognise Michael owing to the fact that he wears glasses and a most peculiar smirk and in every other way is peculiar.

Shep is our notable newcomer and he is obsessed with the idea that he would like to travel to Kalgoorlie. The King boys are making a thorough study of chemistry for they seem to have been handling nitric acid excessively lately.

Enough of the boys; we'll now tell you about our weaker sex—in mind as well as body "Dobbin" is like the old grey mare—"she ain't what she used to be" although she can still produce a wicked backhand especially if you mention the word "bandy." The latter's sister is well up in her methods of flavouring although she is inclined to use spice to an excess.

These are only a few examples of



what travels in our bus. There are many more too numerous to mention and we travel as one big happy family (except after a certain football match).

Proof of the community spirit is the use of Wendy's "Daily New" by the whole bus. To tell you the truth she never has time to read for Sharman keeps her too occupied while Slim (sarcasm) is content to eat stolen fruit.

Well, seeing that "The Kingia" costs so much this year we had better close. (Be careful not to step on Herb when alighting from the bus).

See you in school.

(If we get there).

### THE DONNYBROOK BUSITES.

P.S. If any description or descriptions used in these notes applies to any person or persons except those that travel on the Donnybrook to Bunbury bus—they have our deepest sympathy.

D.B.K.

### HARVEY BUS NOTES

1951 and here we are again (worse luck) and the old Enterprise (Jubilee Special) Bus Service is still on the run—but I don't know how! after the bashing it's had. We have had five different drivers this year.

We often start a riot when Ozane or Dave are at the wheel, but, when Tarzan (Mr. Cooper) is driving we are like angels.

In the morning all is quiet because we are too tired to move, but, in the afternoon it is a battle ground. When the bus pulls in to the stop all the kids are on in a matter of seconds. Then we get on our way.

Titch and Mary (the dear little souls) are too busy in their love affairs to even know what's going on around them. Toff just sits and thinks of his piece at Donnybrook while Lesley (Battleaxe) Simms knits all the way home. Connie and Lovable just sit down and don't say a word but Barky and Crazy Clifton laugh at nothing every inch of the journey. If someone says good-day to Crazy he just laughs his head off. Joe, our hairdresser and prefect, talks to the girls about stupid things like love, tractors or Phebe. Fergy, Mutchy, Moey, Bruno and Mingo

are the terrors; they just fight all day, especially Moey and Fergy. If Fergy asks Moey if he can sit next to him, Moey say "No," then Fergy just hoes into him and then the others join. A battle-royal starts. During all this Gaggles, Margaret and Moira start a conversation which lasts until the bus stops to chuck 'em out. They don't even stop for a breath, especially Gaggles, her mouth's as big as the Collie Open Cut and her tongue as long as the Perth-Bunbury Highway.

Then once again Fergy or Moey does their block and **once again** a riot starts, this time bigger than the previous one. Cases, boots, shoes and fists fly through the air and usually someone stops one of them, preferably Fergy. Even little Bruno lets go with a few upper-cuts and haymakers. Pegleg Papalia (Mingo) often the innocent critter cops the lot, hook, line and sinker.

Three miles from Brunswick we drop Bruno (and are we glad), then things quieten down slightly until we reach Brunswick, and then "it's where in the—did I put my case." Eventually things are sorted out and Tarzan says "Come on I haven't got all day" and Fergy pokes his tongue at him then cops the punishment on Monday, an earbashing. When the Brunswick angels alight Barnes jun. is very sad indeed as his loved one has now gone. The rest of the trip is as silent as a graveyard right to Harvey.



### PASSING YEARS

It matters not if passing years  
Bring furrows to your brow,  
Nor if times fingers gently frost  
The hair that's golden now.  
Don't worry if fate seems unjust,  
And upsets every plan.  
Don't fret if on life's winding road  
You walk when once you ran.  
Ignore the calendar and clock,  
They are but hollow jests  
From those who think they can un-  
lock  
The futures treasure chests.  
Live for the day, from dawn to dusk,  
Keep memories apart,  
Remember time can never hurt  
The cheerful young in heart.  
BETTY McDONALD.





### IX FORM NOTES

- A is for Anne with hair so short  
 B is for Bill who can't be taught  
 C is for Clem who has quite a height  
 D is for Don who is so light  
 E is for Eivers who ain't made of glass  
 F is for Fleay the brains of the class  
 G is for George tall ancestors had he  
 H is for Hanley brainy is she  
 I is for ink many accidents have we  
 J is for John—a fat boy is he  
 K is for Kevin a cadet brave and strong  
 L is for Lindsay he never goes wrong  
 M is for Murray our form master so gay  
 N is for noise which we make all the day  
 O is for ought, our typical mark  
 P is for Peter a handsome young lark  
 Q is for quick but we are so slow  
 R is for Roach with a golden halo  
 S is for Summers whose name is June  
 T is for Teasdale who isn't a goon  
 U is for Upper School—words cannot express  
 V is for voices heard at recess  
 W is for Watson so far was he hurled  
 X is for our form—the best in the world  
 Y is for yell! now that we're here  
 Z is for Zuvela our P.T. teacher.

### 1C FORM NOTES

Once again we bring you news of that rowdy room downstairs. Trevor Luck and his girl friends (especially Glenda Winter) who are always sending notes to one another do not help to make the room very quiet. We all get a good laugh when Mr. Bennett gets hold of one of their love notes, as he reads it out to the whole class. Until one of the teachers stop him, Barry Littlefair sits down the

back trying to make queer noises—then he innocently opens his books. Ron Fich, who we all think has the slowest human brain in the world, always comes in half-way through first period—and takes the rest of the period to open his books.

Kevin Allen and Ellery Watson are always trying to have a little brawl. Lance Smith is the clown of the class and, because of his little "jokes," is often being told in no uncertain terms to "GET OUT!" His cackle can be heard all over the school—like Mr. Fowler's.

By the way the boys try not to sit next to the girls in singing you would think they did not like them—don't believe it. Glenda, Jill, Beryl and Jean have plenty of admirers—especially Masher. Of course there are the usual number of harebrained girls who do nothing but giggle and make themselves nuisances. Of these, Wendy, Rosalind and Audrey are by far the worst (that's what all the teachers say, anyway).

There are many other interesting animals in our class but I am afraid they shall have to be let off until next year. Until then, this is 1C saying so-long, kids, and don't swot too much.

### 1D FORM NOTES

Hello, everybody, this is 1D calling. As everybody knows, we are not the brainiest class in the school, but we do have a lot of fun (especially when the teacher has gone out). Chalk fights and pellets fly thick in the air and the floor always looks about as clean as the inside of a rubbish bin.

Now to introduce a few of our worst. There is Thomas whose main pleasure seems to be that of catching flies. Camden who works so hard reading comics and Hitchcock the big boy who is always eating or wabbling something around in his mouth. Rapacholi and Smith are the bright sparks of the class and can usually manage to be happy—even in English! Abbott, Adams, Wood and "savage" Wild are good boys and never disturb the teachers (coff, coff). Of course our mathematician-electrician Scott is very quiet; he is too busy trying to work out 1 and 1 to muck around.

Our perfect prefects, Robert and



Stella, tried hard to accomplish this hopeless task of keeping these hoboos in order—but now they have given it up completely.

### 1A FORM NOTES

Let me introduce you to the quietest, brainiest class in first year (hem, hem!!). Our prefects are Kath and Ken. They try their hardest to keep the class quiet, but I often wonder why they don't give up.

The drips, or rather hooligans, of the class are Littlefair, Smith and Swansen who are always in strife although Littlefair can be brainy.

Micky is a big show-off and tries to attract the girls' attention (whacko, Micky!!).

Mac is always calling out the silliest things in school.

Bosco is a big drip who is always talking to the girls.

Tony, our glamour boy, has a beautiful broad smile, hasn't he, girls?

Janet, our glamour girl, is struck by a certain boy at B.H.S. Have you noticed her bright yellow cardigan?

Aude, our figure girl, is always telling off the boys about their behaviour.

Maureen, our energetic girl, sits between two boys, P.T. and K.P.

Thelma is a nice girl but most of the boys call her "Parrot Nose." I wonder why, Thelma?

Glenda is the tall, slender figure with the dazzling maroon cardigan.

June is our folk dancing star.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of our geography teacher? I suppose he's given us up as hopeless.

Our English teacher has a wonderful time trying to get us to work.

Croak, croak, here comes Miss Maidment for biology.

The whole class is in an uproar when Fiery Feary (Kath) sits with Janet.

Max and Bill brought some frogs to study but accidentally (ahem!) one of them escaped and did we get an ear-bashing!

Bob Ness is our bookworm. He sits in the back row with the girls (especially our little birdie) around him.

Pts. Gordon, Waugh, Parker (Jessie Moo), Tournay and Fishwick (Rubber Neck) are a few others in our form.

In closing, I would like to wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their too swiftly approaching exams.

### 1Q FORM NOTES

Hello, B.H.S.! Get ready, get set, go! for delicious Ovaltine. Oh! beg pardon, we meant for the news of 1Q. We now introduce some of our inmates.

First comes "Proff," the cause of some of the most craziest inventions made by man!! His most recent, "The Brain Detector," was actually tried by Miss Flynn.

Robbie is the class angel, but when the teacher's back is turned, low and behold, angel becomes a devil.

Mad Mac the boy prefect, is always creating trouble, while his opposition, Teddy Jim, is three times as bad.

6" Davis, our prefect, tries most gallantly, but in vain, to keep our hectic class in order.

Mary is walking on clouds. She has just received a note from a boy friend who likes her!!!

Fitchie, our little, big, giant, out-sizes all the other boys in our class with his 36 inches.

We've told you all the news now, so we're going to bye-byes till next year's Kingia.

### 1B FORM NOTES

We must start by welcoming to our class Miss Leigh, who lays on the work, and how!

This year 1B will tell you what happened when they went for an imaginary picnic.

We set off early, heading South for many Miles till we came to a Gan-field in which there was a Cole mine but Little else. Des was rather disappointed as his history goes back to gold! Coming across a beehive, the boys robbed it of its Honey after which everyone began to Phil their mouths with.

Coming to a patch of G(clover) we set down the tucker Box (sorry, Cox) and began to eat — being a generous soul, Ruth went and got some water. To amuse themselves, our Smith twins (?) played with some Celu-Lloyd they happened to find. As it is her habit, Betty seated herself comfortably near our genius,



John, who was busy with our geog. fanatic, Lynette, studying the upper Ayers.

During our afternoon wanders we came across the two Brock-men (rare race) whose histories are worth skipping. Not looking where she was going, Jennette stepped into some Cow Muir!! which caused much laughing. A little later we saw Ian and Ted crawling over a thin log which didn't look as though it would Stand-a-ton, merely to take some Williams apples. However the alarm Bell rang and they did not have any time to get the apples for they had to flee.

Having said all there is to say about the 1B picnic, we will sign off and leave the good work to be carried on by the 1B formers to come.

### 2P FORM NOTES

As you all probably know—2P is the most angelic class in the school. Just ask Miss Palmer. This peaceful gathering is sternly supervised by our defect prefects, Peter and Vina. They contribute most of the noise.

The next in line are Jim and Alex. Kevin—the model of the school—is a great favourite among all teachers.

Ken Raines is most unfortunately absent. We hope he will return soon.

Moyra, Manando, Dominic, Clyde, David and Teddy are our bus-ites and are invariably late. Others are Mark, Valentine, Barry and Deric, Deric who is forever forgetting to get his late marks.

Among the girls are the two Mavis's and Dorothy who are giggling all the time; others are Janet, Diane, Rosie, Cynda, Norma and Lola. Norma is our hockey star and Lola has just taken up geometry.

Well, this is 2P saying goodbye till next year when we will be third years (we hope).

### 2E FORM NOTES

Clang! Clang! There goes the bell. Lilley and Brawn are trying to get into the room before Mr. Jenks arrives. Medina is always standing outside the door, waiting for a certain person to come out of 3G (here comes Margaret; it must be late).

Joe, Moore and Fergo are very quiet when a certain teacher comes into the room (I wonder why?).

The brains of the class go to Me-

dina, June if she's lucky and Margaret (if she's here).

Scotty is among our star basketball players. I bet she missed Jackie when she was in Perth. One of our most popular glamour girls (especially with the boys) always has a "True Story" under her desk. If Des and Stan would only leave Morgan alone, I'm sure he would be able to work better.

2E is one of Mr. Murray's most popular music classes (no doubt).

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

### 2K FORM NOTES

Howdy, folks, this is 2K calling, Mr. Jenks' favourite maths class. Mr. Hitchins, who is our form master, enjoys taking us for English (ahem!). First of all come our pres., Lewis and Lesley. Then comes the brains of the class, Thompo and Poppy. Our glamour students are Rowberry and Eunice Mountford. Joan Webber is the one who always brings the specimens for Miss Maidment. Silvia, Kay, Eleanor, Barret and Tichbon always creep in halfway through first period and to any query the answer is always, "Why, the bus was late, sir!" Our only newcomer lately is Judy Mickle. The quiet ones are Irene and Coral while their opposites are Sondra, Elsie and Norma. Next come our language profs., Judith and Joyce, while Pix, Twaddle and Gardiner are our only members of the cadet corps. Now come our redheads, Dean and Tuthill, BUT, if you value your eyes, do not look any further down as their hair is warning enough. If you would like some lessons on giggling go to Parke as he excels in this subject. Rowe, Lansbury and Wilson are our three and only rat-bags (spelt with a capital "R"). Crikey, I nearly forgot, Barry Shepherd our sport champion.

Cheeric, wishing all factions the best of luck in the sports carnival, but I hope blue wins.

### 2H FORM NOTES

This is 2H calling Bunbury High. Firstly in this brainy form is glamour boy Bruce, our prefect, who is the idol of special girls, eh what? Secondly, jumboes Poller and Payne. Thirdly, "Budda," the idol of his partner, Welsh, alias Taffy. Savage



is the comic expert and "Chewy" Yates who gives lessons in chewing. Wallrodt has a pet excuse when he is late which is: "My horse got lost and I had to catch it." Coutas is the boy who likes throwing stones among other things. Houghton is our little English twerp who admires Australian girls (who doesn't?).

Now we have girls in this sweet-smelling form, prefect of which is Dawn whose habits are too numerous to list. Next is Blondie and our Toni heart-throb with a new fringe (hubba). Two quiet, attractive Margarets (did I say quiet?) and two rowdy redheads, Sylvia and Rusty, alias Dorothy Dix on all love affairs including her own. Then molly-handed June who loves biol. and thin, though thrilling, Joan. Lora is never a nuisance, seems to be badly influencing Glenis, our new girl. Doreen, or should I say John, looks ravishing in her new green waistcoat, doesn't she, boys? Speaking of boys makes me think of Coral and Anne. Why? Ask them if you're interested. Mary is the beauty of this form.

In closing, we would like to wish all Junior candidates every success in their coming exams.

### 3G FORM NOTES

Howdy, folks! This is 3G contributing their bit to help fill the Kingia of '51.

As usual, Mike and Lloyd are perched on their own in the centre of the room with the girls on their right; the rest of the boys are scattered about in the back seats.

I really wouldn't know why, of course. Ahem!

Mr. Phillips, our form master, seems to think other teachers haven't a very good opinion of us 3G-ites; why, I wouldn't know, as with Waight and Bell in the form, we *should* pass for the best third year form, but unsuccessfully Mr. Phillips tries to reform us.

Betty, Colleen and Nicolette are it again; it's a wonder the teacher doesn't go mad. I suppose everyone can guess why he doesn't.

Poor Jennifer, she never gets here early unless the clock strikes an hour fast. Sometimes she tries to meet Terry on the way up to school.

Well, I think we'd better close now or we'll need a Kingia of our own, but in closing, we wish all the luck in the world to other Junior and Leaving students during their examinations.

### 3Y FORM NOTES

Hi there, kids — don't faint, it's only 3Y. You needn't start looking out the door yet, Kev, 3G hasn't gone past.

Tournay and Myers are trying hard with their winking at all the girls. (They still don't know what it means, but keep trying, boys.)

Fay seems to get along fairly well with King. She's always kicking up a row down the back when a voice says: "There's a seat down the front, Fay." (Curses.)

The door opens—Gay enters: "B was late, sir" (as usual). It's about time you changed your excuse, it's wearing thin.

Oh! and we mustn't forget Gers, our prize stickybeak and comic expert. Here comes Ray. They say everyone has a secret; his must be in his boots. He'll die of work, anyway.

Oh! we nearly forgot John. They sit up there with their trig and geometry and trig, and wonder how to do the exam. They're asking Mr. Speer for help (as if either of us could).

We're naturals in our class and in Form 3Y. It's a pity to being told that we're not good enough to you the boys. They're from a different school.

Oh! quiet, please. Yours truly,



the time for a class collection for some good cause. Their eager hands reach out frequently for "Just three-pence more."

Our form master, Mr. Zuvela, does a gallant job each roll call to quell the never-ending discussions on maths. or football.

Some of the real brains of the class are set working occasionally by Nicco, who had several stays in hospital last term. (How were the nurses, Nicco?) Dyer, Val and Yvonne G. and Dal comes good with a brilliant answer now and then.

In "S," each Friday, a crowd of cadets trudge into the room wearing their "well kept" uniforms. Two of the N.C.O.'s. come from our form—our mortar specialist and the sergeant-major.

Pegrum has maintained her did work at hockey again this she certainly can wield that

ry is always telling us of ocean voyages or those caught over the week-

wood's pet giggling Lampard and Elaine had a stylish hair- be relied upon to during a poetry

ns mentioned, ious members make 3S the

Leaving exams,

1st Assistant: Is tha-at so?

2nd Assistant: Do you think you should, doctor? I mean he really is in good health.

3rd and 4th Assistants: Maka more room and maka less noise.

(While the doctor and his assistants are arguing around the table, the audience of operation S.O.U.P. become restless. They begin to chatter.)

1st Voice: Do you love me?

2nd Voice (weakly): Yes.

3rd Voice: P-p-passionately?

4th Voice: Ever heard the joke the big, fat, juicy banana?

5th Voice: Oh!

6th Voice: Oh, I only heard it but I didn't quite see it, if you'll just . . . .

7th Voice: Kill!

hada farm, one of our brainy birds. As well as these things we have Oats, our Kalgoorlie hombre, and our blind-fixer when in English, Sully, a firm friend of "Jack," a foreigner, and our fair maiden who is very fond of Sully, girls and school work. Ahem. All other "birds" (English master's favourite word) form our brain league; distinction collecting during exams is their hobby. "Specs," our boil boy, has the best collection.

Besides these weak stronger sex, there is our strong weaker sex, who seem to keep themselves to themselves, however they all laugh at the scribbling on the board. Their hobby is tongue-wagging, which is very popular. Among the fastest, strongest and loudest is Janette "Orr" Harvey who is the main communicator with the boys. She is also a famous musician.

Well, I suppose that is enough, and I had better pipe down, so this is station KRR signing off from the Jubilee Kingia.

4th YEAR FORM NOTES

OPERATION S.O.U.P.

Act 1, scene 1.

Scene: Room E. There is a medium sized table in the centre of the room on which lies the patient of operation S.O.U.P. A doctor is preparing his instruments (of torture) while his assistants prepare the body.

Doctor: Really, this is going to be a Gorgeous operation!

1st Assistant: Is tha-at so?

2nd Assistant: Do you think you should, doctor? I mean he really is in good health.

3rd and 4th Assistants: Maka more room and maka less noise.

(While the doctor and his assistants are arguing around the table, the audience of operation S.O.U.P. become restless. They begin to chatter.)

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7th Voice: Kill!

Gay enters: "B...  
did work at hockey again this  
she certainly can wield that  
ry is always telling us of  
ocean voyages or those  
caught over the week-  
wood's pet giggling  
Lampard and Elaine  
had a stylish hair-  
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6th Voice: Oh, I only heard it  
but I didn't quite see  
it, if you'll just . . . .  
7th Voice: Kill!



5th Voice: Thanks! I've just eaten your lollies. They were good.

6th Voice (sarcastically): Help yourself.

5th Voice: I can't any more.

Then there is an uproar from the table as the doctor moves towards his victim. With many flourishings of the hand, the doctor probes, digs and squeezes.

Doctor (to patient): I hope I have reached the Bone(s) now!

Patient: Let me up! Let me up! Get out of my way you fools! Look out! I've still got muscles left you know, I might hurt one of you.

5th Assistant: Yes? Weeell!

6th Assistant: Look out, men, he's getting restless. You know how he can fight once he starts.

Doctor: It's all right, my good fellows, I'll just give him a little injection.

At this moment the doctor takes from his pocket a brassy object with a pointed edge. With one sharp movement the needle is in. The patient screams.

No sooner did the victim scream than in rushed two breathless girls, followed by a boy who had just held the door for them.

The Two Girls: Hurry up! Finish it off quickly, "Hamlet" is coming.

"Hamlet" then enters. He is a queer cove with lots of queer ideas.

Hamlet (looking at the patient who is now, with the rest of the group who were standing around the table, scrambling into some kind of order): Tu be or not, Tubby? No! Good gracious! It's Soup Bones!

#### CAST:

The Doctor, Paul Hunt; 1st Assistant, Adrian Peck; 2nd Assistant, Joe Galati; 3rd Assistant, Brian Jenkin; 4th Assistant, Geoff Carter; 5th Assistant, Ron Smith; 6th Assistant, Jim Jewell; 1st Voice, Jean Yates; 2nd Voice, Mervyn Broun; 3rd Voice, Jean Walker; 4th Voice, Norma Webb; 5th Voice, Myrna Rickard; 6th Voice, Ann Gibbons; 1st Girl, Cecily Nelson; 2nd Girl, Morwenna Gane; "Hamlet," Mr. Jenkin; The Patient, Barrie Bickford.

#### 2J FORM NOTES

Hi-ho, everybody! Here's 2J signing on for the first time. Spare a few moments to listen to a descrip-

tion of our newly-formed class, will you?

First of all come the most important members, the prefects. These are Coop', and the President of the C.W.A. (Chin Waggers' Association), Lynn Gillespie. The other members of the organisation are Jan, Les and Olwyn.

We have two newcomers to the brainiest class in the school, Lesley Ireland (who hails from good old Oireland) and Shnozzle, or nosey, from the East.

Mick Tomas is the greatest marker of all times. You can hear him click his heels down at Busselton!

Goosey is always late, but, of course, it was the bus. Sceeta is our great lover. He's always after the girls. He's an offspring from Lockey.

Then last, but not least, comes our one and only redhead, Alma.

Best of luck to Junior and Leaving students from 2J.

#### 5th YEAR FORM NOTES

As they gaze sorrowfully at our backs, departing sadly (or gladly) through the school "posts," the students left on the balconies will remember, gaze tearfully at one another and say: "They were a fine lot, the 1951 fifth years."

(Is this an epitaph or form notes?) But, as a last gesture, let us introduce the prefects, the superfluous minority.

Our sweet-toothed head boy still likes his honey—and not in moderation.

Lyn and Chris have an unending appetite for biscuits, even though it is supposed that when "en amour" one has no appetite. Perhaps the surroundings—or hostel food—gilds the ordinary. Anyway, it hasn't affected the champ's sporting form.

On the subject of sport, Daphne seems to excel. She can talk of nothing else but Shearing and Sandovers. This connection is not lost on those who spent long hours in Perth, while Daph enquired at Sandovers sporting counter for special types of shearers.

The quietest three of the holy 12 are Issy, Nance and Judith, though as they protest, people just don't realise it.

Rumours have been heard of the amounts consumed at the pre's. tea,



by the hostel boys and Ned. Jack apparently is having too much trouble with numerous heart diseases to eat. However, judging by one of his more distinctive features, he must eat plenty of crusts. (At the time of going to Press the current affliction was Turner's disease, but when published it might be anything.)

One of the female members of our throng is writing a "killing" book entitled "How to turn corners without the use of a steering wheel." This title was demonstrated to assorted spectators at Moorlands. It's the first time fifth years have been known to move fast. Have you ever heard of dangerous curves?

The flower of the form has an unusual hobby—rabbits! Steph, however, goes in for the more lucrative type, Pence we believe.

Unfortunately for the girls, the boys are well outnumbered. The latter do the best with what they have and try to put forth a good face. Anyway, who wants beauty—look at the brains!

Another of our gifted females is Helen. Have you heard her play? Wait till end of term.

None of us have been quite the same since Lillian left. Perhaps we miss the educating chats on the T.O.M's. of life!

Have you noticed the dazed looks on Sybil's and Del's faces on Monday mornings? We are assured that it's just the amount of swot and, with the Leaving coming on, can't afford to . . . but who hasn't heard that before!

As we're all brilliant, it's hard to decide the most brainy, but Eunice, Annette and Flora aren't far behind, while for French the password is, "Ask Judith or Nance."

The fifth form's prowess on the dance floor is famous (or should it be notorious?), while it's a certainty that in the future we shall be known as the "sporting fives" (basketball and football especially). It's not often you get brains, beauty and brawn combined.

Bill seems to have developed an avid interest in sunsets and "morns," not to mention a permanent interest in manures.

Peter manages to combine being

a class prefect and collecting rolling stones—or is it living stones—quite well.

After sporting her leg in plaster for far too long, we are pleased to hear that Issy's limb has finally settled down.

We hope that you'll understand if these notes are a little short, but November draws nearer and prac. books are still not up to date. Must go and find Mr. Stallwood—he's sure to be in the library!



### THE SCHOOL DANCE

At intervals to break the monotony, we hold, in this haven of learning, a school dance. It is really an astonishing affair. Several industrious maniacs, more often—we hope—referred to as prefects, gather round them some helpers and they proceed to prepare the spacious hall. There are the usual sundry debates as to how the decorations will be arranged and invariably the same fashion is selected. We are becoming quite familiar with it. No doubt this lack of variety is not due to shortcomings of ingenuity but merely to a lack of time.

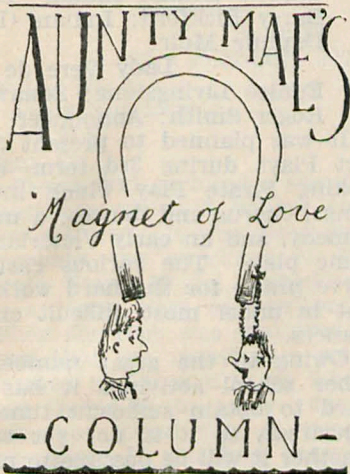
At last all is in readiness. The floor is prepared, the steamers arranged, the drinks arrayed for dispensing, and the hour for the commencement of the great event arrives. Unfortunately it is the only thing that **does** arrive! Some half an hour later the band turns up and the dance commences. After the fourth or fifth dance the noble males escort their partners back to their seats. To do so they have to grope their gasping way through swirling clouds of dust, but of course that deters nobody.

At the extraordinarily late and unseemly hour of eleven o'clock (as a general rule), the gyrating mass of humanity comes to a standstill and the dance is over. No one ever stays for a farewell drink for the simple and obvious reason that there is no drink. Most of it, no doubt, has been consumed by thirsty prefects and their aides.

The worst thing about these dusty, rowdy, late-starting, early-finishing revels is that they are far, far too infrequent.

"DICH."





Dear Auntie Mae,

I am a lonely Fourth Year boy, with my eyes on many girls. But I don't know which one to take out. All the girls are beaut. Can you help me decide which one to take out?

Signed,

SAD SACK.

Dear Sad Sack,

Find the one with most money and best looks. If she refuses, jump over the balcony.

AUNTY MAE

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am a 4th year girl. I am rather good at sport (running), but I can't catch a boy. Neither can my girl friends (five). Can you help me?

SLOW TROT.

Dear Slow Trot,

You suffer from the complaints of many girls of today. You are too slow; you must change from a Walker to a runner. With the help of your friends, get a boy in the corner and make him see reason.

AUNTY MAE.

Dear Auntie Mae,

I have been perpetually pestered by the attentions of a certain "Frances." She will insist on accompanying me wherever I go, and as I am interested in a much nicer girl, I find this very embarrassing. Being a very polite boy, I find it very difficult to drop her a hint without seeming rude.

Yours in strife,

A 4th YEAR BOY.

Dear 4th Year Boy,

Perhaps it is your brand of sweet-

smelling hair oil and your larey ties that attracts this determined female??? I suggest that you scrap both hair oil and ties and forget about being polite.

Hopefully yours,

AUNTY MAE.

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am a lonely High School girl. I have tried every means in my power to encourage a boy (any boy would do?) to accompany me on the way home after school dances.

Any solution to my problem would be heartily welcomed.

DISAPPOINTED DORA.

Dear Disappointed Dora,

First make it your business that the medley is a "lady's choice," making certain of a male partner. You should also be supplied with the necessary funds for at least *two* milk shakes.

If this bait has no effect on the desired one, I can only conclude that you are beyond all help.

Hoping you have success,

AUNTY MAE.

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am a 4th Year teacher and am faced with a very difficult problem. There is in my class a group of girls who will insist on talking to one another, while a group of boys will sketch eggs and skeletons on the boards. Thus their maths suffer. What can I do?

Yours . . . .

GUESS WHO?

Dear Guess Who?,

I appreciate your problem and agree that your task is very difficult. You have my sympathy.

I must agree that constant talking is tiresome; fill their mouths—chocolates preferably!! Also I suggest that you ignore the boys' childish pranks. The novelty will soon wear off.

Best of luck,

AUNTY MAE.

Dear Auntie Mae,

I am hopelessly in love with a 4th Year boy. He is very fond of sport. How can I interest him in me?

FRANCES.

Dear Frances,

I can see this needs some horse-play. Either you become a champion athlete, or cripple him in some way so that you can sympathise with him.

AUNTY MAE.



Dear Auntie Mae,

As my feet suffer from the effects of the 4th Year boys' number 10's at the school dances, I am very anxious to find a boy friend who has the use of a car. How nice it would be to rest luxuriously in a sleek, super de-luxe automobile with some handsome hero at my side, as we speed onwards through the night towards my home.

Any suggestions?

FOOT-SORE FREDA.

Dear Foot-sore Freda,

What's wrong with B.J.?

AUNTY MAE.



### DRAMA CLUB NOTES, 1950-51

On August 1st, 1950, the B.H.S. Drama Club began with a membership of 15. Meetings were held every Monday afternoon from 4-5 p.m. Great keenness was shown by all members.

Very successful performances were given on November 14th and 15th, 1950, in the afternoon in the school theatre to large and appreciative audiences.

The programme consisted of:

#### One Act Plays:

"Grand Chams Diamond."  
"Alicia Disposes."

#### Sketches:

"Manpower."  
"Just Supposing."

The social side of the club was not neglected. A picnic was held at Turkey Point early in December to terminate the year's activities.

The drama club resumed activities in 1951 with a meeting on March 14th when 24 members were present.

The business was the election of officers and arranging for the year's activities. The officers elected were:

President: Roger Smith.  
Vice-presidents: Jim Jewell,  
Jocelyn Ladyman.

Hon. Secretary: Ted Gibson.

As part of the Jubilee Celebrations May 2nd the Drama Club presented a lively mime entitled "Wild Nell of the Mountains," which was well received by the large crowd assembled.

The cast was as follows:

Mervyn Broun: Cactus Pete.  
Jocelyn Ladyman: Wild Nell.  
Roger Kelly: Indian Chief.

Charlie Evans: Indian (Drip).  
Barry Bickford: Indian (Drop).  
Daphne Muir:

Lady Vere de Vere.

Eunice Livingstone: Squaw.

Roger Smith: Announcer.

It was planned to present 3 One Act Plays during 3rd term—a rollicking Pirate Play which includes songs, chorus and dances; a modern comedy, and an early Victorian costume play. The various casts deserve praise for the hard work they put in under most difficult circumstances.

Owing to the great number of other school activities it has been hard to obtain sufficient time for rehearsals so it is not yet certain whether it will be possible to present these at the end of the year.

Before concluding these notes we wish to express our thanks to Miss Flynn for the hard work she has put in and the encouragement she has given to us; and also to Miss Wale for her work.

THE SECRETARY.



### TERRA AUSTRALIA

There is no other land can claim  
The heritage of ours  
The toil, the blood, the ceaseless  
work  
That came to mean our power.  
No other land can claim as hers  
Such rolls of fearless men  
That Australia now calls her own  
Who'll forget **their** names—and  
when?

"The Great South Land" has come  
to mean

Australia—nothing more  
A mighty nation are we now,  
With strong men as our core.  
Such men as Sturt and Kennedy  
Macquarie, Burke and Wills  
They are not dead—their life is  
gone—

But their spirit lingers still.  
While they yet live, we need not fear  
This land of ours shall fall  
She has a wealth of gallant men  
To hasten at her call.

Terra Australis—The Great South  
Land,

The land we live in, you and I  
Terra Australis, our home land  
The land in whose defence we die  
J.E.



## A NEW ELEMENT

Bunbury,  
23rd February, 2074 A.D.

To the Head,  
Analytical Dept.,  
B.H.S.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed a sample of a substance which I believe to be a new element. It was discovered underneath the wreckage of the old Craig House Hostel, embedded deep in a large piece of fossilized rock. When the rock was shattered it was found that the substance was unharmed, so I took it to my laboratory and tested it in every conceivable way, but found that it was indestructible. If you find that it is a new element, I would like you to call it T.O.A.S.T. which are my initials.

Yours faithfully,  
T. O. A. S. TOD.  
Bunbury,

28th February, 2074 A.D.

To T. O. A. S. Tod, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

We have studied your sample carefully and are sorry to inform you that it is not a new element, but a substance called Toast, which was abundant at Craig House in the early 1950's. Although it is indestructible we have on our records instances of people even trying to eat it.

Yours sincerely,  
B.H.S. Analytical Dept.



## THE SCHOOL JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

At the end of first term, on May 2nd, the School held their Jubilee Celebrations. The weather was very pleasant for the event and large numbers of parents and citizens gathered on the lawns to witness the proceedings. The whole school was proud to have as its guest of honour, Sir James Mitchell. Among other guests were the Mayor and Mayoress of Bunbury (Mr. and Mrs. Payne), Mr. Guthrie, M.L.A., and Mr. Rourke, the South-West district school inspector.

Sir James was welcomed by a guard of honour of the school cadets which he inspected and complimented in his speech.

Following the opening speech of the headmaster, several of the students gave an outline of the progress made by Australia in the last fifty years in subjects such as Literature, Science, Music and Agriculture.

The school choir conducted by Mr. Murray, rendered about four Australian songs. The mime "Wild Nell" presented by the members of the drama club was one of the highlights of the afternoon, and provided a great deal of amusement for the visitors. There were two Physical Training displays by the boys and three from the girls. That of the fifth form boys aroused numerous comments of praise. The sailors' hornpipe was well performed by a group of girls.

Afternoon tea was served on the balconies. All funds made by its sale were donated to the Red Cross. The visitors then inspected the arts and crafts displayed in the library and the woodwork and metalwork centres.

This day is one that will long be remembered by the students of the school, which was officially opened by our guest of honour, Sir James Mitchell, in 1922. To the delight of the students, he gave a holiday on the first day of second term.

HELEN STANDRING



## ONE WORLD?

Once upon a time, before towns began to form, people were very dependent upon village and tribal life. They were born, found all their needs—food, clothing, and little pleasures—and died within the little community. Gradually, however, towns, ports and factories appeared and people, working in them, began to rely on others to produce their food and clothing. Whereas, originally, every man, woman and child in the village knew about everyone else in their life, now goods were produced by unknown hands, and came from unknown centres, unknown lands.

Just think of the countries that satisfy some of our needs. The cotton we use might come from America, India or Egypt; the linen from Ireland, perhaps Russia; silk from Japan or China. Although we pro-



duce in Australia most of our food, we might import our wheat from Argentina, our rice from Malaya, our cheese from Holland. We obtain our tea from Ceylon, our cocoa from West Africa, our coffee from Brazil. From these few examples we can realise that we have become very dependent upon the world as a whole today.

In 1947 a plague of cholera broke out in Egypt. Tens of thousands of people, not only in Egypt, were faced with death, for plagues know no boundaries. But within 6 months the disease had been overcome and remarkably few lives had been lost. What had happened? Why, scientists and doctors from many parts of the world flew to Egypt and, with 32 tons of vaccine and other medical needs brought in by aircraft, quickly confined the disease to a small area. Today, in Korea, scientists from about 40 different nations are fighting disease amid the starving, war-devastated land.

Think of any scientific discovery, any invention, and you will note that not one man but many—from many lands—have had a part to play in making it. Take, for example, the work of Lister, the great English surgeon who solved the problem of healing wounds. His discovery depended on work done by Pasteur, the Frenchman, and Semmelweis, the Hungarian, and many other men, particularly Germans. Music, art, literature is of no one country. Yet how little we know of the peoples of other lands!

Did you know that only one half of the world's population can read and write? Did you know that by the time the last war ended very few schools remained in the war-torn countries? Did you know that we, who are being educated, are the people who should set an example towards International Understanding?

People differ very much on the surface. The colour of their skins, the shape of their heads, the curliness of their hair—all these vary between countries and often within countries. But, from whatever part of the world they come, people are bound together by ties that are

far more real than are their differences. In spite of this, international understanding is not easy. In fact, different customs, different ways of life, different traditions, and barriers of language, make it extremely difficult. Everywhere people want peace; but they fear war. Nearly always this fear is due to ignorance of each other's ways and lives.

What can we do about it? Don't you think we can learn to see the other fellow's point of view—the other fellow's problems? Perhaps you can start by telling a pen-friend something about yourself and country. Perhaps you may have the opportunity to correct another person's wrong ideas. Remember, a small beginning may lead to a glorious end.

U.C.Y.



### HITLER IN LONDON

They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace,

Adolf Hitler went down with Alice.

They watched the changing of the guard.

"A soldier's life is terrible hard," says Alice.

Hitler should know—he was a corporal.

They're painting the walls of Charing Cross.

Hitler went down to advise the boss.

Before he went he said, "Herr Hess,

Are you sure I wear my morning dress?"

Hitler should know—he was a painter.

They're bringing the budget before the House.

Hitler went down to storm and rouse.

Before he went he told Her Goebbels,

"I am sure I take precedence over nobels."

Hitler should know—he was a politician.

For Hitler had come to London town.

Hadn't he said he'd wear the Crown

After conquering Europe, amassing great gains?

Hitler had come all right—in chains.



# 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  
1951 Donald Ellis

## 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 Susan Scott  
1951 Jocelyn Ladyman



