

**BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL**

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THE

KINGIA

NOVEMBER, 1952.

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BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL

†

STUDENT OFFICIALS

†

SCHOOL CAPTAIN:

Ron Carrigg

SENIOR GIRL:

Miss Win Reid

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Miss Judith Watson

Jim Jewel

Miss Jean Walker

Paul Hunt

Miss Myrna Rickard

Rex Linto

Miss Ann Gibbons

Joe Galati

Miss Jean Yates

Adrian Peck

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John Fleming.

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Gold: Win Reid, Don Walker.

Kingia: Myrna Rickard, Ron Carrigg.

Red: Morwenna Gane, Rex Linto.

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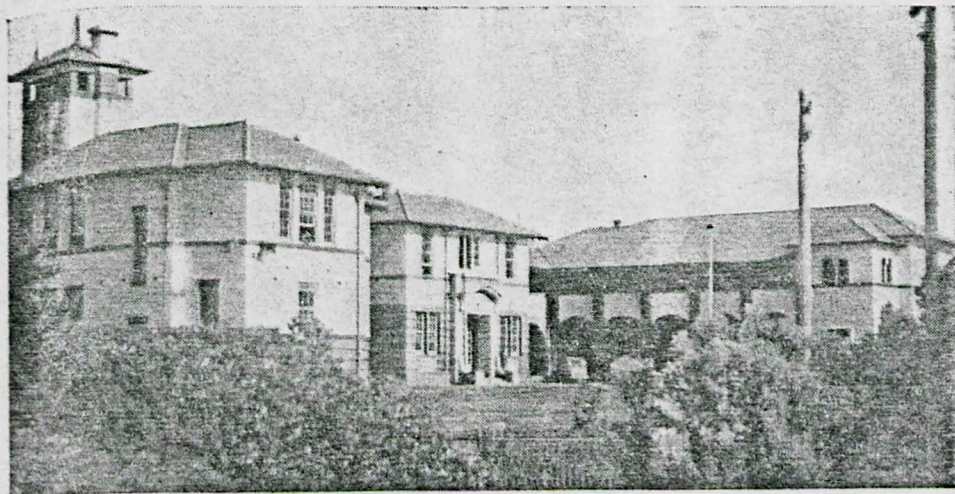
SOCIAL PREFECTS:

Miss Margaret Chapman, Miss Jennifer Edwards.



SCHOOL PREFECTS 1952

FRONT ROW: J. Galati, J. Walker, R. Carrigg (School Captain), Mr. R. Fowler (Headmaster), B.Sc., A.R.I.C., A.A.C.I.; W. Reid (Senior Girl), P. Hunt, J. Yates.
BACK: ROW: Rex Linto, J. Watson, A. Peck, M. Rickard, J. Jewell, A. Gibbons.



Bunbury High School

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1952.

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Editorial

This year, 1952, marks the conclusion of the 30th year of the school's progress. It is a time, I think, to rejoice that the Bunbury High School has accomplished so much in only 30 years. It has lent its staff and students to the Commonwealth for one world war and has ex-students fighting for peace in Korea to-day; it has, for many boys and girls, been the staircase to the excellent position which most of them now hold; it has given Australia some really fine citizens and is now helping to promote better understanding between us and those who come from overseas to live and be Australians with us. However, although school tradition could fill many volumes of books, the customs that the students have adopted throughout the years of school life have not changed and we continue on in the same old way.

In other years editors have complained that the students lack co-operation. This year, however, I am happy to say that students have

learnt to co-operate with one another, to assist one another, and to try to make one another as happy as possible. This, I am sure, is due to the excellent guidance of the Headmaster and staff. Those ex-students who paid the supreme sacrifice during the war have set us the example and it is up to everyone of us to do our utmost for our fellow students and the community in general, that by so doing we will achieve something worthwhile; something which will help us all to better living.

In closing, I would like to wish future editors of the magazine the best of luck and hope they will receive as much support from their committees as I have from mine. We regret that we were unable to provide a new cover for the "Kingia" this year. With the cost of printing as it is now, the expense of a new cover was too much. The committee has done its best and we now present the 1952 "Kingia" for your approval.

DON WALKER, Editor.



OUR HEADMASTER Mr. R. A. Fowler

B.Sc., F.R.A.I.C.

RETIRES



It is doubtful whether many of the students of our school, particularly the First Years, know very much about the long and interesting career of their headmaster, Mr. Fowler. As he is leaving this term, this is a fitting opportunity to enlighten them.

Mr. Fowler was born in the little town of Hemelhemstead, just outside London, and it was not until he was a lad of 10 years that he first saw Western Australia. Here he attended Perth Boys' whence he passed into Modern School. At the early age of 14, whilst monitoring, Mr. Fowler commenced his studies for the Bachelor of Science degree, a title he now holds. His teaching career was interrupted for two years during the first world war, when he served as a chemist in the Gretna-Green nitro-glycerine factory, Scotland. Whilst there, he devised a unique graphical method for calculating involved in the acid-making processes. England honoured his services by making him an associate of the Royal Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain (A.R.I.C., G.B.). Since, he has also been made an Associate of the Royal Australian Chemical Institute (A.R.A.C.I.). In 1921 he returned to W.A., but did not start

teaching again until 1923, when he recommenced as 1st master at B.H.S. In 1939 he was promoted to his present position of headmaster. As such he has taught in Geraldton, Albany, and, since 1949, Bunbury.

Mr. Fowler's first long service leave was spent in Japan, where he compared the schooling systems in that country with those here. He was the first headmaster in this State to introduce our present book scheme, which has proved such an advantage to us.

Under his headmastership we have had a considerably larger amount of freedom than many other schools, and the barriers between staff and student have been broken down somewhat. Many of the duties and tasks—previously performed by the staff—have been transferred to the hands of the students, who, I think, have risen to the occasion quite admirably, and carried them off very ably indeed. Many changes have been wrought in our school curriculum by Mr. Fowler, most of which, we are sure are beneficial.

In closing, on behalf of the students of this school, we would like to wish him a very happy and prosperous retirement.



As the main function of our magazine is to give a brief but concise summary of high school activity throughout the year, these notes appear unnecessary, but, unfortunately, matters of great importance tend to be disregarded at the time, because they are common knowledge. As a result, no written record is kept, and they are soon forgotten. The Chinese proverb aptly states: "The palest ink is stronger than the greatest memory."

Many events have taken place to fill the 30th page of the high school's history book—the main one being the retirement of the Headmaster, Mr. Fowler. We all hope he has a long and happy time left as a fitting reward for his services rendered in the cause of education. Mr. Collins now occupies the position of Acting Headmaster, with Mr. Davies-Moore as first master. A welcome is also extended to all those new students who helped create a record enrolment, and the many new teachers on the staff. Miss Burgess and Mr. Murray recently returned from long service leave, and are also heartily welcomed back.

To cope with the ever-increasing number of pupils, the cloak rooms were used as class rooms, until, at the beginning of the third term, a prefab. building was erected near the gymnasium.

Because the oat-crop on the lower oval failed this year, the committee is seriously considering a transition to sheep-raising, with the aim in view of someday irrigating the pasture—a project with an eye to the far future! It might so happen, that with the position of permanent gardener filled by Mr. Volrath, some development in this direction may take place.

Social functions, though requiring a lot of hard work from our capable Fifth Years, have shown considerable profit. No doubt the enthusiasm for dancing may be attributed to the ef-

forts of Miss Wale, Miss Kudrnac, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Cohen in teaching us no-hopers at dancing practice.

Special mention must be made of the establishment of the Girls' Hostel, which enables 14 extra girls to have a secondary education. (Another achievement of the Country Women's Association.)

Vocational guidance from Miss Langridge, the newly installed officer, is another of the many facilities provided for the students, and should prove a great help for prospective teachers, plumbers, carpenters, doctors and and those who enter countless other professions and trades.

Congratulations are extended to the four boys who represented the school in the State Schoolboys' Football Carnival, and to Barry Shepherd on obtaining his third State blazer—this time in hockey.

In concluding, it is to be hoped all the Third Years come out tops in the Junior, and that we carry off our usual number of exhibitions in the Leaving—plus a few more.



No matter what anyone says to the contrary, we, the 1952 Prefects, firmly believe that we are the finest crowd of kids we've ever come across. Naturally with the Leaving exactly eight weeks and three days away we haven't had a great deal of time to look around, and everyone may not agree with us, but nevertheless we are convinced and no one is going to change our minds for us.

We have tackled manfully and with success the many great tasks which have been set before us, the most important of which (Hostel

boys agree heartily) are the Pre.'s Teas. These marvellous inventions occur once a month and consist of two loaded tables, one bottle pickled onions and large cups of steaming coffee, which are enjoyed by everyone but Gibby and Jimmy "Dear," who consume quantities of tea.

To conclude these exciting functions we bravely climb aboard Joe's-er-truck!!! Well, that is all except Bunny who is quite independent with his bicycle built for TWO!! Then there is Rex who also somehow seems to drift away after these social gatherings—Where to, you ask?—Well I just can't imagine. Maybe he goes up to the Hostel to study!!

The rest of our clan very trustfully allow Joe to drive them to a definitely educational film namely, "Roy Rogers Daring Escape from the Injuns," starring Alan Ladd.

Obtaining seats in the crowded theatre is no difficulty. We extend our thanks to the bottle of pickled onions.

Dancing practices are another of our very notable successes. We must extend our gratitude to Jean W. for her great assistance every Wednesday afternoon—also the Hostel boys! Despite these hindrances it is with great pleasure we are able to see so many budding Fred Astaires—well—with great pleasure we see everyone gallantly mastering the art of the Barn Dance. And boy! Have you seen us Upper School kids do the Modern Waltz? We would like to thank Mr. Bennett, Miss Wale and Miss Kudrnac for conducting these classes and making them such a success.

Pre.'s meetings are also conducted in the best possible manner. Apart from Win looking out to see if—er—er—has gone or is still waiting, and all the boys fighting about whether we shall have "tooters" at the next school dance or not. Judy, Ricky and Adrian attentively listen to Paul's continual suggestions for another Pre.'s Tea.

We also think we ran the swimming and athletics carnivals jolly well, and we could spend many hours and pages enlarging on our successes (?) but as all those silly Kingia committee mob are on our backs to get these notes in we are unable to tell

you all we could wish.

Still we would like to welcome all those members who are new to the staff this year and hope their stay with us will be long and enjoyable.

In closing, we would wish all our Leaving stu.'s all the best of luck and we hope we all pass with distinctions. We also wish the Junior candidates all the best. But they don't really need it because Junior is a walk-over (sez us wots parsed that herdle).



A DEED OF HORROR

The night was dark, the rain came down,

Amidst the loud and roaring wind
There stood a man, with a look as though

Some heavy weight was on his mind.

With fearful stare he gazed around
He starts, and from his lips there come

These fearful words with anguish wild,

The deed it must, and shall be done.

With hurried step he onward glides, and soon gains the cottage door. Forth from his pocket draws a key, he enters midst the thunder-roar, he gropes his way across the room, for all inside is dark and gloom. He strikes a light, then round the room with stealthy step, does slowly creep. He nears the bed, and there upon, two little children sleep. He fondly gazes on their forms, then turns away quite overcome. "I willingly would yield, but no! the deed it must, and shall be done."

He then draws forth a hideous knife, and roughly stirs the sleeping babes, who all shriek loudly with affright—Yet neither one for mercy craves. He drives the children across the room, again those fearful words does utter. Raises the knife—and cuts—for each—a nice thick slice of bread and butter.

A. NUTT.



Instructor: Private Bilkins, what steps would you take if you saw a person affected by gas?

Private: Long ones, and plenty of 'em.

A TRAVELTALK

(With apologies to James A. Fitzpatrick)

Oh to be in Hades
Now we're home from home!

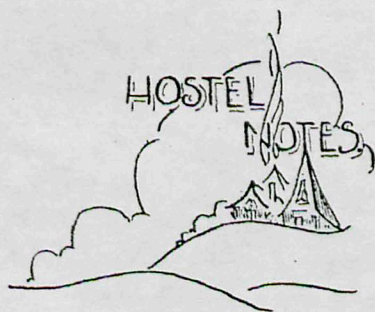
Let me take you through our mighty building on the ever verdant summit of Scotchman's Hill, Bunbury. Dominated by towering sand-hills, this colossal edifice stands as a monument to the once remembered sanity of the occupants during 1952.

As we saunter up the winding asphalt drive, our eyes behold the wondrous sight of sour grass, orange peel—and First Years. Once seen never forgotten. From the wrought iron balcony of this stately home (painstakingly worked in the Hoo Flung Goff Dynasty) our charming hostess beams a toothless grin. Behind her in the alcove, some of the 57 inmates are taking in the breathtaking grandeur of the sand-hills. There's no doubt it must hold enchantment for them, when they squabble over a pair of binoculars! So much for the exterior.

Now, come fumble your way through the cells with me. Since the new power scheme from the S.E.C. has been gratefully accepted by the boys, it has been noticed that the size of the light globes has greatly diminished. On your right you see the famous hole in the ceiloyd through which an historic member put his toe. To your left you see the dent in the partition, where a clumsy workman slipped from the scaffolding. And at the other end of the dorm, a scar reveals itself on a delicately hand-carved locker—the mark of R.T.L.

We then grope our way past the abode of one Bennett, a fortunate escapee to the happy hunting grounds of Bot and Ratlike, while we notice once more, familiar landmarks on the pastel-shaded walls. Here our party pauses for a mighty inhalation of sea air—passing through the broken windows!

But all fine things must come to an end and we pass into the dungeon-like darkness of the first year menagerie, caging the most ferocious species of our times. Ranging from "fearless" apes to chinks, weasels and spiders, it must be noted that



GIRLS' Hostel Notes -----

No stir in the air,
No stir in the sea,
The Hostel was quiet,

As quiet could be—until—"Twenty past seven, girls. Time to get up." This is greeted with groans from everyone except our genius, Helen, who springs out of bed with amazing alacrity, and begins her daily dozen. We are all very sad at present, because Helen is suffering from dropsy—that is, until she gets some more elastic. Lorette, our glamour girl, on awakening, still lingers in the rapture of some vision she has been dreaming about, but is rudely interrupted by Lois serenading us with something about "Waiting Around the Corner for Henry Lee." A couple of happy little souls in another room are arguing over how many times England will fit into Australia, while someone in the piano room is banging out "Quicksilver" in the wrong key.

Study is a rare occurrence. Someone sitting next to Buschy offers her a caster-oil seed, saying it was a peanut. The results were somewhat startling!?!

So nearly starved to the bone are we, that at dinner time, lean, hungry looks are passed around, accompanied by "bags yours if you don't want it." Helen and Hanley are the general rubbish-bins. They "cop the lot" from Pam and Lorette, who are in so much of a daze they can't eat. Isy also has a crush on someone, and when we mention his name she gets very wild.

Oh, well, time waits for no-one, and these notes have to be in, so I will sign off now, and in doing so wish all candidates for the forthcoming Junior and Leaving Exams. the very best of luck.

these animals, having led a precarious existence in the natural surroundings, are being broken into the carefully selected diet of weet-bix and toast.

In this mansion P. M. Hunt is reputed to have constantly worried about his overweight interfering with his feminine interests. Other foundation notorieties were Jeerme Knob (whose ambition was to improve the structure of naval vessels by installing larger guns) and Frag (who now has his vocal chords insured with Lloyds).

B. Soup—the limey's famous B.B.C. comedian, used often to quote his hero, Dick Bentley, in the very room in which ah'm standing. And so with his ghostly voice of the past echoing—What did Cleopatra say when mumble mumble?—My brief glimpse of collegian boarding life, comes to a close.—Sasha III.—R.T.



LIBRARY NOTES

Since we are the library prefects, one would no doubt expect us to branch out into Johnsonese and highflown verbose. But out of consideration for the common herd, we will use everyday language, fit for "Philistines"!

We like to see those friendly meetings around the librarians table at lunchtime. We feel it promotes good feeling among the fourth year—So would you if you could hear it—But fix your attention on the fact that under the babble, the librarians are vainly endeavouring to take down some poor First Year's name and book number.

During the year we were pleased to see the number of books being read by the lower school and rather astonished at the number read by the upper school. We were also amazed at the speed with which they were returned. (Nasty, aren't we?). All the books have been looked after exceedingly well, and only a few failed to be returned to the shelves. This is no doubt a school record.

There is also a particular case on record of six books being returned at once, when, to our knowledge the person in question only took one out. We must take this opportunity to acknowledge the fact that Mr. Moor

has spent a terrific amount of his valuable time in assisting us in every possible way. Also we wish to thank Mr. Fowler for the numerous new books which are now in circulation.

We might add that the library is absolutely a study room only and those people who are frequently found labouriously gazing (hopelessly) at a swot book, will agree with us, I'm sure, that the noise could be considerably lessened. It is most disconcerting to have your book whisked from under your "fiz" and having severe blows delivered upon your cranium with the same books.

In conclusion, we wish all the public examination candidates (you lucky people) every success and also next year's library prefects—you'll need it.

JEN, CHAPPO and PEG.



SOCIAL NOTES

Everyone knows what a lot of fun the social pre's. have, but we would not like you to think that all we do is dispose (?) of the left-overs from afternoon teas etc. There is quite a bit of labour attached to this business, but it's all good fun, as some of you will find out later.

In the first part of the year we had several functions and afternoon teas to "do" for, and, with Miss Palmer's supervision; I think we can say they went off quite smoothly.

The biggest job of the year is of course sports day. How would you like to pack and unpack millions of cups and saucers, not to mention plates and other things? How would you like to stagger around under back-breaking loads? Don't answer! We don't like it either (much). We find however there are always willing helpers to carry our loads for us—the eatable part of it anyway. Just think of the compensations though! It's not a good job for anyone on a diet. (Hint?)

In closing, we would like to thank Miss Palmer and Miss Burgess for their patience with us and for being so liberal with everything. We are sure that, if it had not been for them, we could not have managed as well as we did. Hoping next year's social pre's. have as much fun as we have had, we will have to sign off.

THE SOCIAL PRE'S.

NOTES FROM THE SPORTS SHED

We are glad to be able to write that the sporting equipment has been well kept again this year—the best yet so we are told. Naturally, of course! Two new cricket bats were brought into use in the beginning of the year, and quite a few basketball and football bladders have been purchased.

On special occasions new footballs were used in matches. I think it must have been the way the football was pumped up that enabled our school football team to defeat the Victorian schoolboys so easily. The school team did quite well up in Perth, too, but failed against that abiding rock, Modern School. The hockey team has done quite well also in the local competitions and up in Perth—the same can be said for the girls' basketball team, although the school No. 1 team has not done so well in the local competition we seem to have some budding stars in the junior teams. We of the sports shed would like to congratulate Mike Klastorny, Dick Riley, Jim Cuzens and Jim Rowberry on their selection in the State schoolboys' football team—and also Barry Shepherd on his unique distinction at being selected for the State schoolboys' team in yet another branch of sport—hockey this time. The main event in the school's sporting calendar, Sports Day, is being looked forward to with keen rivalry and anticipation, and should be a great success, for we—the sports prefects—have put a lot of work into it. Ahem!

In signing off we would like to thank the students for their co-operation in helping to keep the sporting equipment intact—some of it anyway. Undoubtedly we will go down in the school's history for we are the 1952 sports prefects. In any case, our names are all over the sports shed.



It must come as a shock to most mothers when after struggling for years to civilise a son, a little five-foot girl with a sweet face tames him in a week.

RULES FOR DRIVING (Memo for our V Years)

Always drive fast out of laneways. You might hit a policeman. There's no telling.

Always race with trains to crossings. Engine drivers like it. It breaks the monotony of their job.

Always pass the car ahead on curves or turns. Don't use your horn because it might un-nerve the other fellow and cause him to turn out too far.

Demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can turn right round.

Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather. Dry cleaners will erect a monument to your memory.

Never sound your horn on the road. Save it until late at night for a doorbell. Few homes have guns.

Always try to pass cars on hills. It shows your bus has more power, and surely you can turn somewhere if you meet a car at the top.

Take the shortest route around right hand turns. The other fellow can look after himself if you can.

Never look around when backing. There is never anything behind your car.

A few spots will enable your car to do real stunts . . . For real results, quaff often and deeply of the flowing bowl before taking the wheel.

Drive as fast as you can on wet pavements. There is always something to stop you if you lose control . . . often a heavy truck or a plate glass window.

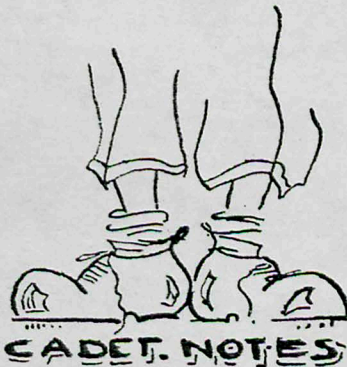
Never yield the road to the car behind. You lose prestige.

Never stop, look or listen at railway crossings. It consumes valuable time and besides no one believes in signs.

Let your insurance lapse. Your family will remember you kindly anyway.



One teen-ager to another: "I just love charge accounts—they sure go farther than money!"



The Bunbury High Senior Cadet Corps started out very well this year, with a record number of recruits, and uniforms arriving fairly promptly for a change. However this standard was not maintained, and gradually things deteriorated until the Upper School parades were being attended very poorly. The Lower School parades did however hearten us with well-attended training periods.

A lighter side however does exist, the most outstanding being our annual camp held at Northam, at which a great deal was learnt and a great deal of fun enjoyed by all. We entered the camp with a unit of nearly all rookies, held together by a few N.C.O.'s. and four officers. We stayed in camp for 14 days, at the end of which we marched out with a fine, efficient group of keen cadets. It was a great effort, boys, and I think it is a pity that there are not a few more as keen as you.

Other activities have included quite a number of rifle shoots, at which the boys proved their exceptional skill in attaining many high scores—ask Mr. Hitchens or Mr. Speering. Another event, which is becoming a part of tradition to the school cadets, was the guard of honour on the memorial on Anzac Day. Once again the boys, under Lt. Chapman, did a fine job. Congratulations, boys, and see that you do as well next year!

Finally, on behalf of the unit, I would like to extend a hearty welcome to Capt. Goulding and Lt. Chapman who have joined us this year, and are helping our O.C., Capt. Lucich, to run the cadet corps.

In closing, I would like to wish Capt. Lucich, Capt. Goulding, Eddie and the boys all the best, and hope you have as much fun as we retiring cadets. So long.

R.H.C.



THE GOOGOL

Puldeleg House,
Catchem St.,
Passfeather.
Feb. 30th.

Mathematics Master,
Bunbury High School.

Dear Sir,

I wish to advise you that my recently published book, "Mathematics and Imagination," is now on sale and may be obtained in any quantity from my office at the above address.

It is highly recommended by all the professors of Nutthead College, who thought it so marvellous that they called it a "Googol."

Full of puzzles and paradoxes, some of which may give your students a slight sinking feeling, the book goes from huge and tiny numbers to topology or rubber-sheet geometry, which deals with things like one-sided strips of paper, the fact that the hole in a doughnut is not inside but outside, how to take off your waistcoat without taking off your coat on topological principles . . . It tells why part of a train is always moving backward, gives clues for visualising the fourth dimension and leaves readers to worry out the answers to problems like this: A hunter tramped south five miles, east five miles, shot a bear and walked five miles home. What colour was the bear? . . . White.

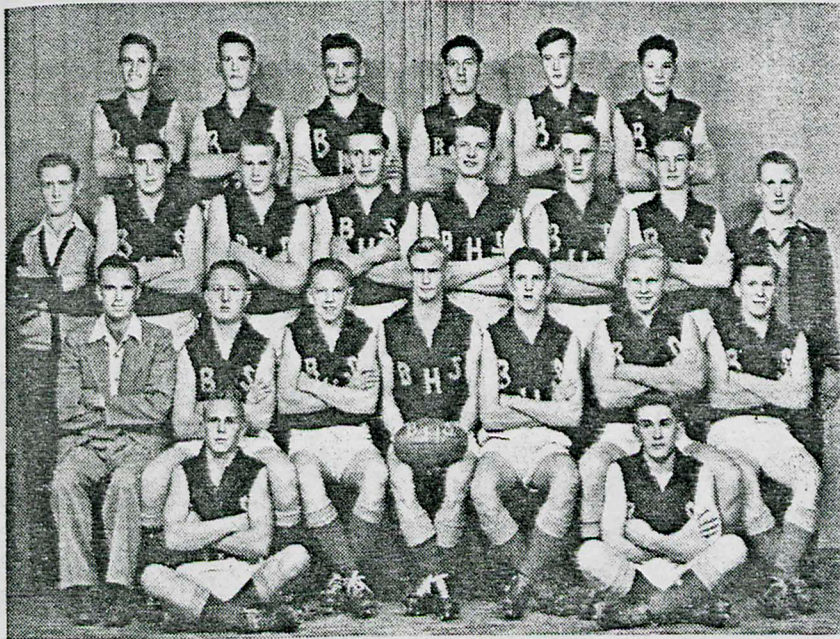
So you can see that the book is really a masterpiece and you would be foolish to let your students miss the opportunity of possessing such a book.

Yours untruly,
PROF. BOLONEY.



The man who can make a woman listen usually does it by talking to someone else.

SCHOOL XVIII



BACK ROW: R. Carrigg, J. Fleming, J. Jewell, P. Hunt, G. Carter, P. Clews.
 MIDDLE ROW: R. Morgan, B. Darnell, J. Cuzens, C. Tucak, R. Graham, R. Smith,
 A. Peck, R. Crabb.
 FRONT ROW: Mr. T. Preston (Coach), G. Gardiner, B. Sellick, R. Linto (Capt.),
 J. Rowberry, M. Klasztorny, T. MacTavish.
 SITTING IN FRONT: D. Riley, J. O'Sullivan.

BHS FOOTBALL XVIII CRITIQUE

(By Capt. and V.-Capt.)

In the football carnival in Perth in August our team performed reasonably well, the fact remains they were capable of better things. Once again we were "dumped" by the bigger and faster Perth Modern XVIII, although we were not disgraced. One lesson learnt is that the coach can not be a success without complete co-operation from all team members, they must be prepared to practice regularly and vigorously to do him justice. While on the subject of our coach, Mr. Preston, we should like to thank him for his persistence and highly valuable advice. It is to him that we owe our success in helping to win the "superintendent's trophy," and also the school trophy for the team which performed best in Perth. Before commencing the critique, we would like to congratulate all team members on their brilliant exhibition against the

Victorian schoolboys, it was a well deserved success.

BARRY SHEPHERD (V.-Capt.): This player performed brilliantly on all occasions especially when playing in the full forward position. He also played in the central and half-forward position. "Fat," although a little heavy is not lacking in pace, is a brilliant mark and an accurate kick, and as vice-captain was an inspiration to his team.

MICHAEL KLASZTORNY: A solidly built ruckman who is a driving force either on the ball or resting in a pocket. This player is a spectacular mark as he showed us against the Victorians. Congratulations on success in State team, Mike.

TED MCTAVISH: A winger who is possessed of a good pass and who usually disposes to advantage. He is a left footer, and does a equally good job on the ball.

GEOFF CARTER: This player is considerably handicapped because of

lack of weight. He is possessed of a safe mark, and performs creditably on the half-back flank with long clearing kicks.

PAUL HUNT: This player is an exceptionally good pass and mark. He usually disposes well to his forwards, but is a little slow on the ground.

RON MORGAN: Ron is extremely consistent and on the half-back flank his long kicks, with both feet, often turned defence into attack. His sureness was a feature of our defence.

ALEC MURRAY: Always played a solid game either on the ball or in defence. His clearing dashes often relieved the pressure on our back lines.

JIM JEWELL: This player never gives up and always keeps well up with the game while in ruck. Although his kicking is not accurate his marking is safe.

ADRIAN PECK: Has a very good punt kick and plays his position well as a half-forward flanker. He is a sure mark, but his ground play is inclined to be slow.

ROBERT CRABBE: A young player who showed great promise. His ground play and disposal are both commendable.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN: A left footer who is capable of good football on the wing position. He is elusive but a little slow and his disposal could improve.

CHARLIE TUCAK: This player keeps his position well and does not give his opponent any latitude. He usually plays in the back pocket and is also a follower.

EDDIE CHAPMAN: A solidly built ruckman who kicks rather awkwardly. This player also plays well in defence.

REX LINTO (capt.): His cool, consistent play at the pivot instituted many of our forward moves. He is both spectacular on the ground and in the air. He is a very able leader.

RON CARRIGG: This player gave his best display at half-forward. He has an abundance of speed, is a good kick and a reliable mark.

RON SMITH: Is a fast robust follower, who uses his weight to advantage. He can also be used in the half-back line.

JIM ROWBERRY: His handy displays on the half-forward flank were a credit to him. He is a spectacular mark and accurate kick. Congrats. on State selection, Jim.

JOHN FLEMING: This player was used most effectively on the half-forward flank and in the ruck. He has a good kick.

BRUCE SELICK: His roving and forward work were very good. He should develop into a high class rover.

RICHARD RILEY: Gave faultless exhibitions of roving. His play in Perth justified to us his inclusion in the State schoolboys' team. Keep it up, "Pud."

BARRY DARNELL: This player has become a very handy ruckman. His spoiling tactics were a feature of his play.

GRAHAM GARDNER: Is a very reliable back pocket player who should improve as he gains experience. He is also a very capable centreman.

PETER CLEWS: His play in the team's defence was very sound. This player can also be used as a follower.

JIM CUZENS: Is a capable half-back who proved many times a stumbling block to our opponents. He's a good kick and a very reliable mark. Congrats to you also, Jim, on your football success.

ROSS GRAHAM: Gave good displays at centre-full-back. This player is a good mark and his busting tactics stand out.



GUEST

Guest, you are welcome here.
Be at you ease;
Get up when you're ready,
Go to bed when you please.

Happy to share with you
Such as we've got
The leaks in the roof
And the soup in the pot.

You don't have to thank us
Or laugh at our jokes;
Sit deep and come often,
You're one of the folks.

GIRLS HOCKEY XI



BACK ROW: A Stewart, A. Beers, N. Cuttriss, J. Walker, J. Paisley, M. Wallace.
 MIDDLE ROW: M. Coles, Y. Pegrum, Miss G. Taylor (Coach), W. Reid (Capt.),
 P. Webster.
 FRONT: N. Webb, R. Hanley.

GIRLS HOCKEY CRITIQUE

"A" GRADE

This year the team has been unlucky from start to finish. Two of our regular players were unable to play and several suffered minor injuries. The "B" grade players who were promoted to "A" grade proved their worth. Despite this we had a fairly successful year. I would like to thank the girls who went to Perth for their co-operation and the good spirit in which all games were played.

In the local association we were unlucky to be absent when the semi-finals were played and we had to forfeit our match. During the season we proved the equal of the premiers, South Bunbury, as we met twice and drew both matches. Also I think we proved that we were better than Exies, the scores being 2.2 and 3.2 in our matches against them (Exies were runners-up to Souths).

In conclusion, we would like to thank Miss Taylor and Miss Palmer

for the interest they showed in our team and also Mrs. Carrigg, who was extremely helpful in Perth.

Individual players:—

ROSSLYN HANLEY (full back): A little slow at tackling. Has an erratic hit which she is inclined to undercut, but is extremely reliable in falling back.

MAVIS WALLACE (full back): Reliable tackler with a rather weak hit. She should drop back sooner.

PAULINE WEBSTER (right half-back): Very consistent tackler, very reliable, but should fall back more quickly. Combines well with her wing.

NORMA WEBB (Centre half): Needs more direction in free hits. Sticks to her opponent well. When changed to full-back plays exceptionally well.

ANNE STEWART (left half-back): Needs to stick on her player and keep her stick down. Clears well along the wing but should watch her footwork.

JEAN WALKER (left outer wing): Very fast, she is inclined to retain possession too long of balls which get stuck in left pocket. Has a good hard hit and excellent stickwork.

AUDREY BEERS (left inner): Unsuitable for forward position but excels on half-back line. Consistent player with hard hit.

MAUREEN CUTTRISS (utility forward): Handicapped by broken wrist but recovered to play in Perth. Needs to keep stick on the ground and not to be so polite (!) to opponent?

MARGARET COLES (right inner): Clever stickwork, also more suited to half back line where she is almost impassable.

JUDITH PAISLEY (right outer): Very fast and consistent. Should be more careful with her left hand "slash" and she should pass sooner. Is a little goal-shy; played well in Perth.

CECILY NELSON: Unable to play much this season owing to back injury.

Reserves for Perth:—

OLWYN TURNER: Very consistent left half back with a hard hit and clever stickwork. Should watch her free hits more.

VAL SHIPLY: A little slow, should keep with her opponent. Drops back well. Is a good utility player.

JANE TERRY and **MORWENNA GAIN** did not play in Perth but represented us in a combined emergency team against Modern School "B" team.

WIN REID, captain (goalie): Excellent leader. She is a little slow and should use her feet more. Worries about the full backs too much and attaches too much blame to herself when goals sneak through. She has a brilliant clearing hit.

YVONNE PEGRUM, vice-captain (centre forward): Fast hard hitting forward with clever stickwork but should watch the direction of her hits. Should not fall back when beaten at tackling. Is a good goal scorer.

THE TEMPLE OF BEACHESS

Here beginneth the 30th lesson of the Temple of Beachess—which beginneth as usual. "And, lo! it came to pass that the town of Bunbury received yet another honour. Yea, and it was an occasion of great excitement for the house on the hill, for had not a big bus pulled up at the front of the all high ruler? and had not all the female residents of ye olde temple rushed out to view the prospective guests? Yea! even so you have guessed it first pop—the Vic. footy kids had arrived. So it came to pass that the great personages from afar off did appear famished, and he of the Pressed Ton did declare that they should be removed to their divers residences. Yea, and they were.

And behold, the next day, the all powerful guests were escorted to view the exceeding beautiful caves at Yal-lingup, and they did praise them exceeding well, yea, as they shouldst, for are they not finer than anything in their far off land? (And they are not.) And behold yet again, the guests did get in free at the flicks, as also did the 18 antagonists from Bunbury—and also it came to pass that on this night—even one Friday—much mucking about did take place, and many Beachess boys were deserted for the visitors. Yea, and they certainly were.

Lo! and the next day when the all important match did take place, there gathered about in a vast open space an exceedingly great multitude who did cheer loudly for those that defended us. And even so the Vics. were stiffys and the students from on the hill did dish them up with great ease, yea, and it was even a feather in their cap.

Then they did repair even unto their various abodes to array themselves for much dancing, but it was discovered that the visitors were not Fred Astaires, and the Beachess boys did laugh up their sleeves, saying unto the girls 'Heh! heh!' At length however, the revelry did come to an end, and the students and visitors did wend their devious—yea, and it is even 'divers' that I mean, not 'devious'—ways home. And that was that."

—Here endeth the 30th lesson of the Temple of Beachess (as usual).

GIRLS "A" GRADE BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: J. Watson, J. Webber, G. Fowler.
FRONT ROW: J. Bell, J. Edwards, Miss P. Wale (Coach), M. Rickard (Capt.),
A. Gibbons.

BASKETBALL CRITIQUE

The team this year contained quite a few players who were new to the game and at first had very little knowledge of it. It was noticed, however, that they very soon adapted themselves to their positions, and formed a strong part of the team. But we lacked experience, so that while in Perth the team was not able to carry off any more than two victories in Perth. Nevertheless, we all enjoyed the games we played.

JUDY WATSON (Defence):

Is a very solid full defence, who can be relied upon to stay in her position. She needs, however, to be a little quicker when handling the ball.

ANN GIBBONS (Assist. defence):

This player, who is new to basketball this year, shows promise. She is very consistent in her defending, but could use her jumping abilities to better advantage by staying back on her opponent.

JENNIFER EDWARDS (Defence wing, v-capt.):

Is a very consistent player who has plenty of dash. She is a sound de-

fender as well as a quick attack, but tends to play out of her position at times.

JANICE BELL (Centre):

She can usually be relied upon to give leads in her position, as well as fit in with the two wings. Her main weakness is in defending, when she should try to watch the ball more.

JEAN YATES (Centre):

Definitely the most improved player in the team. Since the beginning of the year she has learned to defend very well, but still wants more practice in accurate passing.

MYRNA RICKARD (by v-capt.)—
(Attack wing):

As captain, Myrna worked hard and encouraged the team both in association matches and in Perth. She is the mainstay of the team, and if anyone makes a wrong move, Myrna always seems to be in the right place to fix it up. She plays a fast game and is always reliable.

JOAN WEBBER (Goalie):

She is also an improved player, with respect to dodging and passing, but should concentrate more on her goal throwing.

GLENIS FOWLER (Assist. goalie):

Is a most unselfish player, who, with more confidence, should improve greatly. She has learned to jump and catch a lot better since the beginning of the season.

SONDRA DUNN (Assist. goalie):

Is a very good goalie who played very well indeed in Perth. She still tends to stand back, however, instead of coming forward.

Jan Harvey and Margaret Radford must be congratulated on their fine sportsmanship when they did not get a game in Perth this year.



BOYS' HOCKEY XI CRITIQUE

The B.H.S. hockey IX competed in the Bunbury Hockey Association competition with mediocre success. Although we were not in the final four (this being mainly due to matches forfeited during school holidays) we achieved some outstanding performances during the season. We also gained representation in several association teams, which speaks well for the individual standard of our players. During the first week of the August holidays we competed in the inter-high school hockey carnival in Perth—which was inaugurated this year. In this carnival our team went through undefeated, and was presented with the Cruickshank Cup on behalf of the Western Australian Hockey Association. All team members thank Mr. Bennett, our coach, for his time and perseverance which were instrumental in our success. During the carnival we received enthusiastic support from certain members of the staff—thanks!! After our final victory we were shouted to some well-deserved refreshments at the Mint Grove. Now to get down to that delightful job of giving “helpful hints”—

CHARLIE TUCAK (goalie): Played some really good games in Perth, effecting many good saves. Needs to concentrate more fully on the game, as it was noticed that sometimes during a match, especially when it was raining, he ran for the cover of a Geraldton Wax.

ADRIAN PECK (left full back): A player with a good, solid hit, who forms part of our strong back line. His tackling and disposal are well up to standard, as also are his tactics of playing well forward.

BARRY BICKFORD (right full back): Combines well with his team by hitting well to the wings and by tackling his opponents right back.

JIM JEWELL (centre half back): This player is favourite for the S.W. “leg chops.” Is renowned for his ability to cover the opposing centre forwards, while at the same time continually feeding the forwards with passes. He is the vice-captain of the team.

MERVYN BROUN (left half back): A reliable player who could use his pace to more advantage. Has played regularly in this position, combining well with the backs in defence and the forwards in attack. Seems to like red shorts (?).

EDDIE CHAPMAN (right half back): This player has adapted himself to this position, and plays extremely well in defence. Does not keep well enough up behind the forwards.

PAUL HUNT (right wing): His dribbling down the wing lacks stick work, but is reliable. When centring the ball he does so to the advantage of the forwards, thus giving them numerous chances to score. Has scored some good goals himself.

GEOFF CARTER (left wing): Has played some valuable games in this useful position, but has not yet overcome the difficulty of centring from this wing. He could come into the circle more to pick up any rebounds that may come from the pads of the goalie.

BARRIE HARDY (right inner): This player has good stickwork, but is a little slow with his disposal. When in the circle needs to rely on hitting the ball hard at goals; in midfield he combines very well with the other forwards.

BARRY SHEPHERD (left inner): Adds much-needed weight to our forward division, giving it that extra push required. Has very good stick-

BOYS HOCKEY XI



BACK ROW: A. Peck, B. Bickford, E. Chapman, G. Carter, P. Hunt.
FRONT ROW: Mr. M. Bennett (Coach), R. Linto (Capt.), M. Broun, C. Tucak,
J. Jewell, P. Clews, B. Hardie.

work, combining well with the forwards, and is an outstanding goal-getter.

REX LINTO (centre forward and capt) by Vice: "Don't first time, Egghead, you — !!!" Such encouraging constructive criticism is often heard from our captain Rex. When he is not protecting the "leg chopper" from some furious forward, and protesting that it was not really done on purpose, he is endeavouring to raise our rapidly diminishing goal average. Though our average was never raised, Rex made sure that it never disappeared altogether, and throughout the year he proved to be the mainstay of the forward line, with his lightning shots for goals.

UTILITY PLAYERS: Peter Clews has played in the inner and half back positions. He appears to play a better game while playing half back, where he tackles well and dis-

poses to the team's advantage. In the inner position he is extremely reliable. Norman Meyer and Colin Woodrow also showed great promise. Norman McNess usually plays in the half back line where he tackles energetically and has good disposal. These players should provide a strong basis for next season's XI, which we feel sure will be moulded into a strong combination.



But when he got there, the table was bare.

Joe arriving late to Pre's. Tea.
The only thing we can remember about the speed of light is that it gets here too soon in the morning.
Physics.

A crash, a bang, a muffled sigh—
"It's a pity Wilkes didn't die."
Sgt. Major.

SCHOOL

ATHLETICS, GIRLS—

OPEN EVENTS:	HOLDER	YEAR	TIME
100 Yards	J. Walker	1952	11.9 sec.
75 Yards	F. Robinson	1945	9 sec.
	L. Hanson	1933	
50 Yards	Y. Adams	1945	6 sec.
50 Yards (Skipping)	J. Welsh	1948	6.6 sec.
Broad Jump	N. Lawrie	1951	14ft. 8in.
	F. Goodrum	1952	

JUNIOR EVENTS:

100 Yards	A. Rowston	1945	12 sec.
	Y. Adams	1939	
75 Yards	Y. Adams	1945	9 sec.
50 Yards	Y. Adams	1945	6.2 sec.
50 Yards (Skipping)	J. Walker	1951	6.8 sec.
Broad Jump	Y. Pegrum	1950	14ft. 8in.

UNDER 15 YEARS:

100 Yards	M. Cuttriss	1952	12.2 sec.
75 Yards	J. Walker	1949	9.8 sec.
	E. Murray	1951	
50 Yards	J. Lewis	1951	6.2 sec.
50 Yards (Skipping)	J. Smith	1951	6.4 sec.

UNDER 14 YEARS:

75 Yards	A. Rowston	1940	9.6 sec.
50 Yards	J. Turner	1951	6 sec.
50 Yards (Skipping)	J. Turner	1951	6.8 sec.
100 Yards	W. Whiteaker	1952	12.3 sec.

ATHLETICS, BOYS—

OPEN EVENTS:

Mile	T. Joel	1940	4 min. 48.2
880 Yards	T. Joel	1940	2 min. 10.8
440 Yards	J. Gibson	1939	52.8 sec.
220 Yards	W. Scott	1933	24 sec.
100 Yards	F. Faithfull	1945	10.2 sec.
120 Yards (Hurdles)	W. McEvoy	1923	17.8 sec.
	T. Moss	1933	
Hop, Step and Jump	W. Scott	1933	42ft. 1½in.
Broad Jump	F. Crabb	1947	20ft. 5½in.
High Jump	N. Paisley	1950	5ft. 7½in.

JUNIOR EVENTS:

Mile	T. Joel	1938	5 min. 11.6
880 Yards	B. Williams	1945	2 min. 18.2
440 Yards	T. Bland	1945	57.6 sec.
220 Yards	C. Woodrow	1952	26.4 sec.
	A. Walter	1947	
	R. Smith	1950	
100 Yards	A. Lindsay	1938	11 sec.
	J. Gibson	1938	
120 Yards (Hurdles)	C. Gillon	1940	17.8 sec.
Hop, Step and Jump	N. Scott	1943	42ft. 1½in.
Broad Jump	A. Walter	1948	19ft. 6½in.
High Jump	M. Powrie	1943	5ft. 2½in.

RECORDS

BOYS—

UNDER 15 YEARS:

440 Yards	J. Cuzens	1952	64.6 sec.
220 Yards	R. Smith	1949	26.4 sec.
100 Yards	R. Smith	1949	11.2 sec.
Hop, Step and Jump	G. Gardiner	1952	36ft. 6in.
Broad Jump	D. Dyer	1950	17ft. 2in.
High Jump	R. Smith	1949	4ft. 11½in.

UNDER 14 YEARS:

440 Yards	J. Cuzens	1951	66.6 sec.
220 Yards	J. Crabb	1949	26.4 sec.
100 Yards	J. Crabb	1949	11.6 sec.
Hop, Step and Jump	R. Kelly	1947	33ft. 9½in.
Broad Jump	R. Smith	1948	15ft. 11in.
High Jump	D. Skipworth	1951	4ft. 7½in.

SWIMMING, BOYS—

OPEN EVENTS:

220 Yards Freestyle	T. Hall	1941	3 min. 49.6
110 Yards Freestyle	T. Hall	1941	71.6 sec.
55 Yards Freestyle	T. Hall	1941	31 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	T. Hall	1941	43.8 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	R. Carrigg	1952	40 sec.
Under Water Swim	A. Walker	1950	127ft.

JUNIOR EVENTS:

110 Yards Freestyle	K. Wilson	1940	1 min. 16.8
55 Yards Freestyle	J. Abbott	1947	32.6 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	J. Fleming	1952	42.4 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	D. Walker	1952	42.3 sec.

UNDER 15 YEARS:

55 Yards Freestyle	R. Linto	1950	33.4 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	T. Green	1952	45 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	J. Cuzens	1952	43 sec.

UNDER 14 YEARS:

55 Yards Freestyle	B. Repacholi	1952	36 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	M. Merritt	1952	47.8 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	B. Repacholi	1952	48.8 sec.

SWIMMING, GIRLS—

OPEN EVENTS:

110 Yards Freestyle	M. Day	1951	1 min. 34½
55 Yards Freestyle	M. Day	1951	39.1 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	J. Paisley	1952	53.6 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	M. Day	1951	50 sec.

JUNIOR EVENTS:

55 Yards Freestyle	E. Doust	1948	38.4 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	M. Day	1950	49 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	C. Joel	1952	51.8 sec.



RESULTS OF ATHLETICS CARNIVAL, 1952

FACTION POINTS

	Gold	Red	Blue	Kingia
Totals	506	252½	162	237½

RESULTS OF SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1952

FACTION POINTS

	Gold	Red	Blue	Kingia
Totals	107	180½	103	245½

ATHLETICS

BOYS' CHAMPIONS

Open—R. Smith.
 Runner-up—M. Brown.
 Junior—C. Woodrow.
 Runner-up—J. Cuzens.
 Under 15—R. Riley.
 Runner-up—J. Cuzens.
 Under 14—G. Teasdale.
 Runner-up—D. Stockins.
 Under 13—R. Woodrow.
 Runner-up—G. Price.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONS

Open—J. Walker.
 Runner-up—J. Paisley.
 Junior—J. Lewis.
 Runner-up—J. Smith.
 Under 15—R. Murray.
 Runner-up—P. Birnie.
 Under 14—W. Whiteaker.
 Runner-up—L. Conner.

SWIMMING

BOYS' CHAMPIONS

Open—R. Carrigg.
 Runner-up—L. Smith.
 Junior—J. Cuzens.
 Runner-up—D. Walker.
 Under 15—J. Cuzens.
 Runner-up—R. Hitchcock.
 Under 14—B. Repacholi.
 Runer-up—L. Smith.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONS

Open—N. Lloyd.
 Runner-up—A. Gibbons.
 Junior—C. Joel.
 Runner-up—N. Lloyd.
 Under 15—J. Foale.
 Runner-up—E. Earl.
 Under 14—R. Hanley.
 Runner-up—M. Coles.

FACTION NOTES

BLUE GIRLS

The day is not far distant when the greatest faction of all times will prove its superiority in the forthcoming Athletic Carnival. Admittedly we cannot boast of having won a carnival for quite a while, but this year we feel certain of success. The

obvious enthusiasm with which the girls are practising is a sure forecast of victory. So beware all ye rival factions—Blue is determined.

We are sorry to say the swimming carnival this year was not graced with the honour of Blue's Championship, but nevertheless we really

would like to congratulate the Blue girls on their very fine effort, especially Cynda Joel, who carried off the junior championship.

We would also like to take this opportunity of wishing those who follow us in this faction, every success in years to come and we hope every captain has a team as co-operative as Blue has been this year.

In closing, we would wish all other factions the best of luck in their frantic struggle for second place behind the inevitable winners—Blue.

The carnival results now being to hand, it seems that it might have been more correct to substitute "first" for second, "in front of" for behind, and "losers" for winners in the above.—Ed.)

BLUE BOYS' FACTION NOTES

The greater part of the year has now elapsed and as the only event of considerable importance—the Athletic Carnival—looms nearer, all Blue Faction must realize that to gain its rightful position on the faction table (and I don't mean last) we must strive harder than we seem to be doing at present. To realize this we have only to look at the results of the Swimming Carnival—Blue came a poor third and congratulations go to Cynda Joel, under 15 girls' champion, who had the unique distinction of being the only one in Blue Faction, so far this year to be a champion or runner-up. Wake up, boys!

Looking towards the Athletics we may say that although other factions seem to have all the potential champions, we are quite ably represented in all divisions and with a combined effort we may wrest the laurels from the other factions.

In both football and cricket first year boys came out tops while second years also performed creditably but upper school failed rather dismally.

Compensation from the fact that Blue has not done remarkably well this year may be gained by realizing this at the football carnivals at Perth and Collie, and the hockey also at Perth, Blue was well represented.

RED GIRLS

Another "Kingia" Editor growling: "Hurry up with those faction notes!" I say "Bah!" to faction notes anyway.

Red this year was unlucky to be beaten in the swimming carnival. Congratulations also to our Red champions June Foale (under 15), Ross Hanley (under 14) and Marg Coles (runner-up) on their excellent performances. The team's thanks go to all those who entered in any events, and helped to make the carnival a success.

Red girls are now preparing enthusiastically for Sports Day, when they hope to do well, particularly in the team events. Every girl is asked to enter in at least one event. If you cannot run, then train for team events. However, we are glad to say that all the girls are doing their best for their team.

We wish to thank the Red girls for their co-operation throughout the year, which has made our job very easy, and to wish the Red Faction girls every success for the coming years.

BOYS RED FACTION NOTES

Red faction boys have competed with great success in all sports, thus maintaining their good reputation. Firstly, we were unlucky to come second to Kingia in the swimming carnival, at the same time we must congratulate that faction on its well deserved success. Having shed a glory on our faction in this carnival, we now look forward to similar successes in the forthcoming athletic carnival. This time we wish to avenge our previous defeat by Gold and show other factions that we are a faction of athletes. To do this all competitors must train hard and consistently, if they do this I have full confidence in their ability to carry off the honours. Now in closing, we wish all other factions success in their fight for second place and at the same time hoping Red Faction members will carry on the good work next year.

KINGIA GIRLS FACTION NOTES

Surprising as it may seem, Kingia girls were the best faction in the Swimming Carnival this year. We had one champion, Norma Lloyd,

who must be congratulated on her success, as the open champion girl of B.H.S. for 1952.

Of course Kingia girls are training hard for the Sports Carnival at the moment. This year we hope to surprise everyone by repeating our success, and making it a double Carnival win for 1952. (Nothing like hoping!).

Although it has become almost a tradition that Kingia boys always do all the work, we are determined not to let them down this time.

Congratulations must be extended to those girls from Kingia who were selected to go to Perth in the teams this year—Glenis Fowler, Norma Webb, Janice Bell, Mavis Wallace, and Myrna Rickard. It shows we have a few sporting personalities among our number.

In closing, we would like to thank all the girls who have co-operated with us in entering and training for the various events, and wish next year's office-bearers as happier year as I have had.

KINGIA BOYS

To begin with we must congratulate the members of our faction on its fine effort in the Swimming Carnival—winning by quite a considerable margin. Look out for Sports Day you other factions, as we hope to do just as well in the athletic field.

This year owing to combined football, our Kingia stars have not shone with their usual brilliance, but have still excelled themselves admirably on the footy field. We are however looking forward to the cricket season when our sportsmen in this field can show their skill to the opposing faction—and in many cases show their heels to the opposing bowlers.

As the lower school has been running its sport on a one form or class basis, we cannot report how our sportsmen in the lower school are progressing. We believe however we have several promising colts—one of whom is Mike Klastorny—congratulations Mike for your State selection—and also Jim Cuzens, congratulations on your State selection—not bad; two State footballers in Kingia!

In closing, we would like to wish

Kingia all the very best in the future, and remember our motto—“Never fear, Kingia's here!”

GOLD FACTION NOTES

1952 marks yet another year when Gold girls will strive hard for honours at the athletic carnival which is, by the way, looming ahead very closely now. So far enthusiasm at practices especially lower school, has been most encouraging and we feel sure every Gold girl is going to give a fine display.

Even though we did not excel in the swimming carnival there were individual girls who did help to gain many points and it was not through lack of trying that we came proudly 4th.

Very little faction sport has been played this year in either hockey or basketball but Gold representatives have been numerous in the mixed teams. Also the inter-school teams, it may be noted, had a strong representation of Gold girls who all did well especially Jean Walker, Y. Pegrum, Judith Paisley, Jen. Edwards and our head girl Winnie Reid.

In conclusion we would wish all future Gold girls the best of luck.

GOLD BOYS FACTION NOTES

At a meeting held at the beginning of the year the following captains were elected:—

Faction Captain: D. Walker.

Cricket Captain: B. Sellick.

Football Captain: R. Riley.

Tennis Captain: P. Maiden.

Athletics Captain: M. Broun.

Swimming Captain: D. Walker.

During the year the boys in Gold faction have been rather unsuccessful on the sports field, but have shown the right spirit throughout the year.

On the field, although we did not excel, we always gave our opponents a hard tussle, and win or lose we held our heads high.

Our ability to swim is not excellent, but a member of Gold faction gained runner-up to the Junior Championship in the Carnival.

Our best chance of gaining honours is in the athletics carnival which is to be run shortly. We have a very strong team of Junior runners and should do well.

Stick to it Gold. Do your best.



FORM IA NOTES

This is IA before the public once again. Our prefects are Kay and Greg and they have a hard time trying to keep us quiet. And you'll understand it when you know some of us. With much pleasure we introduce a few.

There are Glen, Ken, Bryn and Merritt who are always doing something they shouldn't and distracting the attention of the girls in arithmetic. There is our glamour boy, Bill, who sits near the front to amuse us. Brocko talks all day at a great rate. Greg, our blonde boy stands at the door, but not just looking at the scenery, while Bevin and Lorraine sit and take everything in. Lois is in fits of laughter for six periods of the eight and is serious only in geography. Lynette and Margaret have best fun upstairs—I wonder why? Nothing much up there girls! Ruth, Dorothy and Shirley are the quiet ones—sometimes, while Doreen and Bob like maths lessons. Or is it the teacher?

Now we would like to wish every student good luck in their exams and especially those taking the Junior and Leaving. And IA says cheerio!

FORM IB NOTES

These are the IB form notes. We have the best Form Master in the school, Mr. Gravenall. He teaches us, or tries to teach us English, but sometimes he doesn't succeed. We are a very good class (cough, cough!!). Gibson, Leonhardt and Main never disturb the teacher (repeat above coughs!) they're little angels. Sometimes they're good, and don't worry anybody. We have two hens in the class, Esla and Lyn, but they never cackle (more of above)—they've very bad colds you see.

Fortunately there are more boys than girls in our form—that helps to keep us quiet—one of the girls is liable to Pillage anything she can, another is rather Stony. We have an Iron-Monger too, while another tries to Byrne us up; but we wish Desley would Dry-up, as she's often told to do, and not turn us different Hughes.

The boys occasionally Harris their teachers—one of them is a Coleman, and another is a Tester of any teacher's patience. We think that Johns may pick up one or two of us, while some are on the Brink of trouble. Only one is a little Darling, though he's not like our mountain, I mean Hill, but he's bigger than our Gorman-d.

Our Maths teacher, Mr. Hitchens, often says we're better than 1Q—one of his other Maths classes. We also have a new boy in our class, who name is Ranson, and he's one of those blokes with a ring around his head (not like me). There is also a new girl—Fay, but we've hardly got to know her yet. We all like Metalwork, and have great fun soldering and belting hot, mild steel—(except the girls—who cook instead—so they say).

Well, until next year we had better end this, wishing all examination candidates all the best—1B.

FORM NOTES 1C.

Howdy, kids! Now you just sit back in your comfy chairs and listen. Mary seems to enjoy herself most when she's mothering the small children at the State school. Faye giggles and giggles all the time, and John Bartlett seems to think the place is a rodeo, the way he bucks around.

I know 1C. hasn't a very good reputation, but don't believe a word they tell you. We're not as bad as we're made out to be.

Well, I have told you about a few of the abnormalities in our class, and now I must say cheerio everybody, you'll be hearing of us in years to come.

1D FORM NOTES

This is 1D, the rowdiest room in the school. Helping us to earn that reputation is Rod Smith, Peanuts and Cyril Summerton. Rod's dearest

ambition is to be the biggest idiot in the place.

Geoff Sagers seems too well occupied in conversation with a certain person to know anything, but Shirley Williams, Jean Brennan and Faye Peterkin are rapt in study.

Marian and Joan, those two loving sisters, have always something amusing to talk about. Jim Kingswood is our bright historian. Jim Hornbrook is pretty good at everything. Graeme Prentice and Barry House are both good artists, though Graeme is always talking to himself. Ray Pond, Ray Bourne and Glen Cummings are all good workers when they want to be, and Kay Hutton and Ian Burton are the quiet ones of the class.

I CAN'T HELP MY GOOD LOOKS

In spite of when,
Ever since I was ten,
My appearance has been perfectly charming,
And the way it effects
The opposite sex,
I can only describe as alarming.

I suppose one might
Say my looks are just right,
For I haven't a single bad feature.
I've studied them all
And I am what you'd call
A beautiful breathtaking creature.

But I should make it plain,
That I'm not the least vain;
As the fact that I'm handsome
Just bores me.
As does the clamour
Of the girls who love glamour,
Each one of whom simply adores me.
GUESS WHO?

1U FORM NOTES

How there everyone? Got room in the "Kingia" for us? We hope so because we only came into existence this year. If there isn't room it wouldn't make us sad, not even E's or DD's make 1U sad. Suppose we had better start to tell you about the class.

As usual, pellets are flying, kids are talking and teachers perspiring.

Snaggers, our comedian, is still laughing over the latest cowboy book. Teasdale, the blonde-haired, blue-eyed angel, is still getting her

maths right (sweet little thing, always asking for more algebra). Black-eyed Barbara tries to tell us what we should do. Our two doe-eyed beauties, Heather and Wendy, *never* get into trouble (not much!). Brewer is always brewing up more trouble and our two prefects are continually fighting over who is going to take the roll back (neither of them wants it). Don and Gary, our muscles, just can't keep out of trouble for using their gruff voices too much. The two Judilines always singing love songs are a pretty pair. Rosalie, our genius at English, is the solemn one of our class. Louis and Moore, our midgets, always pop up at the wrong time. On the whole we are just exploding with fun. That reminds me, all the other classes are jealous because Mr. Goulding let us have a hydrogen explosion.

All who don't get mentioned under this scandalous column are too good . . . ? sorry, I meant, goofy to put in.

If you want to hear more of this brilliant class, look into the 1953 "Kingia." You might even be lucky enough to read about us again.
—(Still in 1U?—Ed.)

FORM IV NOTES

A majority of the kids at B.H.S. are of the opinion that the Fourth years are a lazy crowd of hooligans, but this masterpiece is to prove that we excel in . . . er . . . well, we excel anyway. Now to get on with the job.

"When I was in Collie . . ." Oh, sorry, sorry, kids! Chapman is still trying to get someone to listen to him gab on his pet subject—Collie; he doesn't have much hope, though, with Flemo butting in, "Don't you think the nicest girl in the school is . . .", but we think that he is prejudiced.

Hold everything! Guess who's just arrived: The Harvey bus mob—Geraldine in the lead by half her length (moan!) followed closely by Jenny and Gae—quieter types—with Itchy bringing up the rear. We haven't a hope of keeping the requisite silence now!

Jen, Marg. and Peg, with lots of other help, have managed, so far, to keep the library books in order—*not*



AND THEY GET PAID FOR IT

so many people could do that these days, when they're so valuable.

The latest craze in our higher circles is the use of the Marvellous Meyer, Wonderful Watson, Digest Dabble—in other words, Norman and Peter have picked up some amazing ways of expressing their emotions. Speaking of these two, they were the ones who gave Tug-boat Annie her name—not really fitting, as most of her tow lines break. (Mmm Yung yung—wet joke!)

Peter and Sully are the next couple to attract our attention—they're conspicuous by their absence in English classes—over at the Sports Shed as usual. I'd like to know what's the big attraction over there, unless, of course, the basketballs and soft balls need repairing and Jan and Annette are doing their bit. Continuing on the subject of sport—Peg and Slug are the two who most deserve a mention. There's no great sporting body amongst the boys—the only thing to say for them is that they try!!

Our form was well represented in Perth in August, by Peg, Slug, Pauline, Jane, Jen, Glenys and Jan amongst the fairest sex, and Sully, Darnell, Graham, Eddie and Flem-

ing of the boys—there's no need to ask if they enjoyed themselves.

As well as being duly proud of all those who went to Perth, we are also proud of Margot and Colleen, who are good with the paints; and Lionel, who, though small in size has the power to quicken the heart beats of many a Lower School lass with his rendering of Al Jolson's songs. Congrats. are extended to Rita for her excellent mothercraft results.

Gwenda, Coral, Glenice and Judy are all members of our happy clan, and played a big part in making the library the best, and by the most orderly, form room in B.H.S.

Our greatest disappointments are Ross S. and Chris who evidently can't find any charm among our "femmes fatales," and find it necessary to look to other forms for their love affairs. Lyall is another romantic boy, who, not content with schoolwork, spends most of his time gazing at . . . ?

Colin Woodrow has returned to this great place of learning again, after two years' change of scenery; accompanying him came about eight new kids, including Barry Kendell, John Smith, member of a great clan presumably, and Geoff Brand.

Well, we can't sign off without mentioning our perfect prefects—Joyce and Don, who are really the best ever, or so they think. (Modesty is a cardinal virtue!).

Best of luck to all those who are in the same position as we were in last year, and also to those who are in the position we'll be in next year.

FORM IX NOTES

Hullo folks, here we are again! That "angelic" Form IX which has kept up the tradition of being the most well behaved class of first years in the school (Ask Miss Leahy—she'll tell you we are-n't). That looks too much like Algebra.

The brainwaves in Geometry are—!?? Pardon me, I quite forgot we hadn't any. Brian and Janet are the clever ones at speaking French—"real Paris like."

Bang! bang! crack! Come out from under your desks kids, it's only Professor Jones trying out some experiment with his pencil, ruler and desk. Murray and Peter are the great writers of the class—at least they will be the very next time they talk during a French lesson.

Gordon is the boy prefect of the class, and manages to keep the boys rather quiet. Method:—he talks so much himself without stopping, that he never gives any other boy a chance to say anything at all.

"Angus" and "Chooky" aren't very formal, they hold hands under the desk in class. Ranson is the silent laugher, who laughs at poor old George who doesn't know the difference between "I beg your pardon," and "Excuse me."

Heavens, I nearly forgot to mention that very studious girl "Percy"—er, I mean Verna, and the book worm of the class Helen, who never stops reading. Ohhhh! No need to be alarmed kids, it's only Jill, moaning in agony after she tasted her scones which she made at Domi Sci.

We all wish the people taking their Junior and Leaving exams, the best of luck and close with a cheerio.

FORM IIE NOTES

As you probably know IIE is the most intelligent class in the school. Jast ask the Form Mistress. This

small gathering is kept in good order by the two prefects (I wonder—Ed.). But we are a happy crowd; let me introduce you to a few of our number.

Among the girls are Glenda, Elaine and Snap Fear, who always sit in one corner of "E" and indulge their loquacity about the one absorbing topic. The girls have a very popular name for the boys—Gas Bags—and they mean—Gas Bags.

As for the boys I must mention our cadets—can't leave them out or they will be annoyed. The way these fellows parade in, you'd think it was the regular army. So far they have not put up any stripe. (I wonder why?)

And then there's "Barnes." They say that everybody has brains, but whatever he has must be in his boots. There is Crabb, the cricketer, but not a very good footballer and I almost forgot—Abbott who is a great favourite of our maths teacher.

We are naturally a very brilliant class in English as we are quite used to being told.

Our best wishes go to the Junior and Leaving candidates in their swiftly approaching exams—poor things!

III

After many weeks of research, we are now about to put a new luxurious product on the market . . . our form notes. (They'll probably be used to light the bath heater with, anyhow.) Having been unable to procure the usual fanfare of trumpets—or soapy voiced radio announcer—to herald them, we must fall back upon the feeble pen (ball point) of a Second Form literary genius and, with this apology for the presence of such an article in such a magazine, we will proceed.

If at any time you are overwhelmed by uproarious laughter echoing through the school you may be sure that IIE is in the neighbourhood; we have all the necessary contributors. The leaders in every escapade are usually Sears (sound effects) and the two clowns, Rep. and Woods. The latter pair usually take their places at the back of the room but gradually work their way to the front for exit. Felix is our dark

horse, so quiet at school but . . . ! And should you happen to be disturbed by imbecile gibbering in a quiet corner, don't panic, it's only Neville poring over a text book, and poor Megs! Mr. Speering has such a way with him, hasn't he, dear? Fancy telling you to sit under the window. That's where Norma is to be found, gazing with such dreamy eyes. But let's leave her; we all understand how it is, Norma. We hear that Madge was caught by a famous Bunbury official for double-dinking. Poor Madge, and it wasn't her fault either. Morris has a watertight excuse for lateness after dinner; we'll try it some time. And has anyone noticed the new bell boy? He's a "bomb"—ask Helen. But, like all forms, we have our brainy specimens, too. What about Norm, Des, Ray, Ian and Terry? And even Ted and Lyn can be relied upon to come out with an unexpected answer at times. Oh! I almost forgot our Bob. Posh! Fancy being prefect for two years running.

Rena and Joan are our two quiet girls. Then last, but certainly not least, comes Jeanette, so angelic that there's nothing more to be said and I must leave it at that.

Now this is I1H closing down until next year when it will reopen with a new and brighter lot of boys and girls. But how utterly impossible!

I1J FORM NOTES

Hi, everyone! Here is Mr. Preston's favourite geography class, I1J. It is such a quiet class that usually by the end of the period, half the boys—never the girls—are down in the library. Lance, the Lunatic, and Masher, the Marvel, are perhaps the main offenders, while Ted the Troublesome, and Tiger, the Terrible, are not far behind. Lucky, the Leech, has been rather quiet this term—he has a new obsession and he believes that "when you're on a good thing, stick to it." Colin, the Culprit, and Rastus, the Redhead, are always filling in their spare time fighting until something happens to discourage them. Loveable Lyndsay and Meggs, the Menace, are the angels of the class (black ones), while Harem-scarem Bill, Flea the Fool, Luscious Lyle and Bashful Barry are just the

opposite—their trade is making aeroplanes to amuse the rest of the class.

Now for the girls. Cuttriss, Coles and Keddie are very well behaved until the teacher exits . . . Scottie and Fuzz Walker are our shorthand typists and Rosalind, Cowstail and Audrey are the sopranos of the class. Marg and Beryl are worried stiff, trying to keep the non-geometrists quiet with lollies (Wednesday, 4th period). Val and Isobel are our "Little hostel girls," while Marg McKenzie is the glamour girl for 1952.

And with this delightful presentation we close, hoping that the I1Js of next year will be as good as we are and wishing all the Junior and Leaving Swots the best of luck.

FORM I1K NOTES

When one talks of brains one usually refers to I1K with all its bright (?) students—always ready, and early in the room for morning periods. Geoffrey Becker (good old Rebecca!) is always early—for second period.

Everyone seems to know where we are—must be the air of quiet study we carry around with us.

Mr. Johnson, that lucky man, is our Form Master, but by November we regret that either he or I1K will be a nervous wreck—probably he.

We extend our congratulations to Michael Klasztorny for getting a place in the W.A. Schoolboys' Football Team and for achieving the distinction of being elected vice-captain.

In closing, we remind you to bring all your problems to us. We'll get them in a bigger mess than you ever could! Best wishes to Junior and Leaving Students in the coming exams.

It's all over! the floor ceases shaking!!! the roof resumes its natural position.

I1K has gone.

2M

This is 2M, so named because it goes to roll call in what used to be the Boys' Cloak Room. If you don't see the connection, never mind. Our prefects are Audrey and Max (poor souls!); they have little enough control over us.

Still we are a sensitive and impressionable crowd. You should see

the way our girls form a guard of honour for our Form Master after roll call, the way he marches with a—"Thank you, girls"—down between them, the way they blush—and then rush like lambs! to their next class.

The boys are different. There's Delicate Ted always deep in conversation—who is that dark-haired First Year Girl?). And what quantities of hair oil he must use! Then Bill who regularly makes his entry into class half-way through the lesson: "Get back to the Sunday Times! Back to the forge, Charcoal!" Who's gonna make me?" says B-d.

And what a whirl we live in: "Hurry up those English units aren't coming in, and I haven't had any at all from you, Bill!" (Poor Bill again!).

"Go and prove that"—(Ah, never mind). "And what about that algebra assignment?" "Test today . . ." "What is this." X^3 plus 8. No! No it isn't!! No!! No you don't Robin! Ian! Yes John! Ah yes, the sum of two cubes.

"Ten men take fifty days to . . ." "Hurry! Get it done!" "Finished!" "What's the answer?" Too many cooks spoil the broth. Where's that prac. book? "It's not up to date; you're miles behind." "What is the pressure at a depth of 30mms in mercury?" Who wants to go down 30mms in mercury, anyhow. "I can't do that. I'm going to drop Physics." "Don't mix those two; you'll blow up the whole place!" "Good riddance, then!" "Raconte l'histoire du Petit Chaperon Rouge, Guillaume." E.T. Guillaume replies: "Me non speaker dat lingo!" And so it goes on.

But we have our relaxations and distractions. Who is it makes all the boys swoon? Not W—. surely? And what is it that is always going on between K—, J— and M—? And that other I— and M— who are so quiet—sometimes. To tell you all about them would take too long, and so we close with good wishes to all and a cheerio from all in IIM—(Now Q. Ed.).

FORM IIP NOTES

Have you ever noticed any intellectual angels in this school? Then you have seen the members of IIP.

But for fear they may have escaped your notice, we will proceed to introduce some of them to you.

Starting from the front row. They are Bushy and Monk. At the beginning of the year, the latter was found swinging from the light globe, so he was naturally adopted as the class mascot.

Then there are those class nuisances in the persons of Tom, Brownie and Clem, plus the greatest threat ever known to mankind, Prof. Simpson.

Perhaps at this stage, mention should be made of our humorous prefect—Clifton and his hench-man Podge, for the Clifton-Simpson feud has been going on for some time.

No reference to IIP is complete without mention of Buzz and Moggy (Dossiers 210446 and 210447 respectively) and they can usually be found at the back of the room. (Up to what? Ed.).

Changing the sex, and starting from the back, we bring you to our Gabbling Group comprising of Rosslyn, Anne and June. Anne also has a reputation for eating chewing gum. (Favourite brand is probably Spearmint.)

Then of course we mustn't forget that C.W.A. McGeachin, Hulm, Berry Group. At one stage, they were even using sign languages.

The front row is usually taken up by Margaret and Beverley. (This is also the Gabbling Group Department.

Our message concludes with the news that Mr. Bennett, our form master, considers us to be the (almost!) best class in the school. And our main wish is that the Junior and Leaving candidates will have the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

FORM IIIG NOTES

Once again it has come time to bring you news of the happenings in IIIG which has Mr. Phillips as its form master.

The various members of this room are controlled by Delys and Hislop the competent prefects and of course the room is always very quiet (Ahem!).

Dow is the boy with the mechanical mind who is always making new explosives to blow up high schools

and such bateful institutions.

Our two old-fashioned girls are Mariel and Thelma who just can't keep up to June, our athlete.

Morgan and Oliver have many a rosy day dream in the back seats and often find even comics in P.S. too hard a subject.

Iris reads all the Paris fashions and usually her ideas work when she raises her eyebrows at the boys. While Nance sits in her desk and manicures her finger-nails.

Of course Medina and Lindsay are studious students and even Welch and Rowe can't distract their attention from their studies.

Three of our cadet representatives are Yates, Lee Steere and Sellick. They can wield their guns as nonchalantly as they do their pens.

Dick spends a lot of his time on the sports field but like a lot of other students Lilly visits the library frequently.

As the end of the year is quite close I would like to wish all pupils taking the Junior and Leaving examinations the best of luck, and we hope that at least a few of us will see you again next year.

FORM IIR NOTES

Hallo there, fellow students! This is IIR calling. Although we may not be the brainiest form, we try hard and combine together to make up a fun-loving form. We are just tops at maths!! Yes, wasn't it a scream when we beat IIS the other week; the strain was too much; we haven't been the same since.

Now on this particular Friday morning there is a terrific row going on, but that is to be expected as Peter is up to his inane jokes and Twaddle up to his annoying pranks.

But take note of this, we had quite a big crowd of students from this wonderful form, picked to travel to Perth, to represent the school in the forthcoming sports. Among them we have the famous Barry Shepherd and of course Jim, the boy who represented the State in football last month. Don't for one moment think we are skiting, will you??? Joan, our famous basketball player, averages nine goals out of 10 shots, not bad, is it? Then there's Sten, our expert hockey player. Gee, I'd hate to be

that ball; she certainly uses her muscle power.

Well! Did you see that smile our pin-up girl, Pearl, flashed glamour boy, Ian?

Apart from having sport experts in our midst we also have some who specialise in just being brainy. There is Eunice, our geography expert, who spends a good part of her time laughing, and there's Doreen and Peter, our two brainy specs. Doreen always seems to be worried over her Trig. and Geometry.

We are also proud to admit that we sent from our form three boys, Jim, Peter and Gary, to shoot with the cadets. Gary was very successful. Jim and Mary, the two Prefects, keep perfect order (I don't think).

Next in line comes our two red-heads, Ross and Brian, neither of whom have I heard lose his temper. Good heavens, I've written nearly two pages and still have Robert, Lyndin, Graham and Amando. We have not heard much from these boys this year, but they combine in making the form what it is. Then, of course, comes our last students, Coral, Margaret, Mavis and Kay. These four girls are seen and not heard. Well, that's the lot, so we will sign off, hoping next year's IIRs have as much fun as we have had.

FORM IIS NOTES

"IIS," says Mr. Bennett. "No! not again!" This is quite a usual saying amongst the teachers, although I can't see what's wrong with us. But before we continue to describe our Form, we would like to congratulate Mr. Davies-Moore on becoming First Master. We also want to welcome Mrs. Collins who is now our Form Mistress. Congratulations from our class go to Peter on becoming Staff Sgt. and Jim on getting into the State school-boys' football team, too.

Our hard-working prefects are Cynda and Alex (Cynda doing all the work!). Our hostel gang is made up of Alex, Jim, Alan, Barry, Mark and Peter. The last four are our best lady killers (except for Jim). Busites are Dominic, Michael and Clyde. (Ask Dom. why he is always later than the rest). Derrick and Val are the only two in whose vacuum the waves of the brain do

not beat. Michael and Ken are the quietest of our form. We hear Jim (or is it Alan) often looks at a III Y. girl. (I wonder who?). Norma is our pin-up girl, whereas Sondra, as a close second, could be an advertisement for Pepsodent toothpaste. Poppy always comes late (?), while Lola is mar-vel-lous at Geometry (??) and also excels in Art (what Art?). One who has improved immensely at hockey is Judith. Anne also plays hockey quite often for the "B" Grade, and is our constant fount of knowledge. Moira with her pleading eyes often walks up to school with another busite—guess—who? Margaret's pastime is basketball, at which she's great, and Margie—poor Marg, is just recovering from a fall.

Last, but certainly not least by a long shot, are Judy and Diane, who will break forth into peals of laughter, especially during Maths "B", much to Mr. Bennett's annoyance. No one has yet discovered why, but we can guess.

Well, we want to wish all the students of the 3rd and 5th year the best of luck in their exams. We also want to congratulate the other three third year classes who have been gamely fighting for 2nd place in the term exams, behind IIIS.

FORM IIIY NOTES

So you decided to read these! Don't blame us if they prove to be not worth the effort, it's Square-head's fault—he made us.

As you know, IIIY, the brainy class (our average has never been below 20 per cent. YET) always puts in the best form notes so we have to keep up the reputation.

We have many notorious personalities, among the worst of whom are Skeet, Coop, Bellet and Flambard. Of course, we prefects have the job of quelling their restless spirits, but what chance have I?

Of the girls, there is not much to choose between them. Naturally, they are all hard workers (who isn't in IIIY) but more of the teachers seem to recognise it. Our high jump champion is Joan. She says she can do 4ft. 6in. but I'd like to see her try. Janice is the pet lover; with rats as the top favourites. The

group comprising Lyn, Joan and Olwyn must be one of the quietest in the school. They are never late and they wouldn't dream of wasting time instead of working.

So what with rat lovers, high jumpers and unhappy prefects, we have a collection of people, who, though all striving with the same end in view, have widely differing characters and personalities. If you don't know what that end is—it's the Junior. And I really mean the end.

In closing, I should like to wish all the other Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in the coming exams. I only hope they do not need it as badly as we do.

FOURTH YEAR HARMONISTS

I strolled into the library last Monday,

At approximately five to one,
When came to my ears a terrible sound,

I turned and started to run.

But curiosity at last won me over,
My footsteps I carefully retrod;
I poked my nose through the wide portal

And my heart turned as cold as a cod.

For seated around in a circle,
(Like the Staff in their sanctified holes),

Were a dozen deep basses and tenors,
Attempting to warble—poor souls.

At last I deciphered the lyrics,
'Twas a song that is known to us all,
The voices were blended in singing
"Ten Green Bottles on the Wall."

Now, I've long been a lover of music
And I appreciate all works of art,
But I'm sure everyone will admit it
(Fellows, don't take this to heart.

That things have their time and
their places

And music is sung in the hall,
So forget Johnny Ray and Old Bing
And have sympathy for one and for
all.

SPINIPHEX.

Vth YEAR ANNUAL PICNIC AT THE ZOO

Naturally our forerunners were the beloved (??) hostel horrors, and as they sauntered through the turnstile, it swung with a big CLIQUE. Closely following were our Victorian hostesses in the form of Waa-waa, Kitten and Bow Wow (Ricky).

Jean W. made for the duck-pond, hoping to catch sight of the H.M.-A.S. Mildura heading for the Monte Bellos, while for his entertainment Dark Horse was chosen by Charlie on the merry go round—by the way, Chas., Blue Gillette are satisfactory when in a razor. Close by Cecily was seen in a frolicking mood as she chased the zoo train at a wild canter. At this stage Joe came rampaging and complaining because somebody had hooked his rake and "Fadden" was lecturing the gate-keeper on the present prices. Pfooomph!!! Allen and Dick disappeared in a puff of smoke.

Shapely Shipley was seen making acquaintance with the milkman's horse, and while we are on the subject of animal experts, Judy and Clem say that it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so to prove it by experiment they both piled on. Result—camel crushed—fertiliser. Then it was noticed that three of our number were missing. Morwenna was sick, having Peared her heart (Don?), Ron Smith—fortunately had an engagement with his secretary, and Win, sad to relate, was appearing before court on a charge of cradle-snatching.

Ann was sedately sitting under a tree reading literature (in picture form) and Mavis was after the game keeper—for a peanut of course, poor chap. Mervyn was patiently waiting for Bunny, who was stuck to his toffee apple (Yates) who also is the apple of his eye.

To our chaperone, Miss Kudrnac, we extend our appreciation, especially for her patience and guidance throughout the year.



HARVEY BUS NOTES

Heigh-ho! everybody. Here we are again, 1952, and for some of us bus-ites on the Harvey run it will

be "Au Revoir." So let's make the most of this year.

Notice one puddle less this winter between Brunswick and Bunbury? So long, Else, keep those match makers . . . sorry, mincemakers going strong.

Tich, one of our prefects, is smarter in more ways than one. Just ask anyone who knows!

Loveable Lindsay raises the morale of our bus; and how we need it raised at times.

With Geoff. it's not a matter of "an apple for the teacher," as our lovely Geraldine could tell you. Perhaps this idea might catch on boys. (This news was forwarded to me by my chief spy, Applestarved).

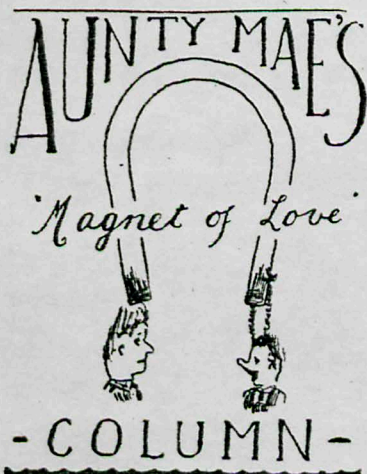
Camden, Barnes, Frizy and Kay, our quartette from the Spud Swamp are alternately brightening up our dreary hours with a new romance and keep the pot boiling with their witty humour. Last but not least off climbs Onner . . . Oh! I mean on climbs Offer another boy from the Murphy patch.

We now come to Brunswick, that most delectable town of the South-West whence all nice girls come and where all bad boys depart. There's Mut Minnie (Mouse)—I really think there must be more than just chance resemblance to her serum counterpart. Keep us laughing, Minnie, especially around November.

Warren Plover . . . sorry, Glover, failed to impress the Olympic committee aboard our bus when he tackled the 800 metre solo event from Galati's corner. Practical jokes are not appreciated on the bus, are they Jenny? Ask the driver. There's Amando forlornly watching a cloud of dust disappearing along the Australind road. But he was speedily joined by two more dust spotters of the fairer sex.

All good things are saved till last. Here comes Dr. Joe, our bus heart throb (if you have any doubts, Joe, try the pulses of some of our fairer sex any morning).

Well, so long. This is your roving reporter signing off for this year with the hope that you will forgive him if he has roved too far in his ramblings.



Dear Aunty Mae,

I am heartbroken and there are two reasons for my state. Firstly, Bunbury High very unsportingly beat the Victorians, and secondly, the Vic. captain has gone home to Mumma. What can I do?

FLUTTERBYE

Dear Flutterbye,

There seems only one solution to your problem. Book a passage on the Trans. I'm sure your action will be appreciated by all—barring the Vic. captain.

Regretfully yours,
AUNTY MAE.

Dear Aunty Mae,

As is usual with boys of my tender years, unmarred character and sweet nature, I am very shy—especially of girls, since I have not any sisters and up till now I have lived in an isolated part of the S.W. You can well imagine my horror and agonised fear when my landlady announced that a girl was coming to board here. I was going to run away—no, I like the comforts of my residence too much. I would break a leg and go to hospital—no, the pain was not worth it. There was nothing I could do. I just had to suffer. Well, she looked "nice enough," but who was I to judge? I, the inexperienced! How could I avoid her? A fellow has to eat. She was shy, too, and blushed when she caught me slyly glancing at her, and I blushed a deeper red—for shame on me for being so forward! Time went by, I succumbed

to her charms and now, at the time of writing, am literally paying the consequences. Pictures 1/10, milk bars 9d., sweets 1/- upwards, flowers (sourgrass) cost nothing, but an effort is required to gather them, and so the list mounts up. I am broke, I hate women, oh, how I hate them! How am I going to break it to her that our entwined hearts must unloop themselves? Being Scottish by ancestry I find my nerves cracking. Help me or I die.

TAD MAC.

Dear Tad Mac,

I can see that you finally have taken the best attitude. My sympathy envelopes you like a bad smell. You say you love her but you cannot afford the expenses she expects. This being the case, I suggest as a first solution that she does all the paying, or secondly that you confine your attentions to her to meal-times only, or thirdly that you shift your place of residence, or lastly that you turn blind eyes, deaf ears, a cracked voice and empty pockets upon her. Results guaranteed—especially when all are applied together.

Yours emotionally,
AUNTY MAE.

Dear Aunty Mae,

I am an attractive girl, well sought after by the boys. In fact I can take my pick of the school, fifth years downwards, and I have done so. After much trial and error, I have at last selected a boy friend who suits my tastes in all way but one. He is handsome; he speaks nicely, and is witty; he has a sense of humour; his manners are so nice; and, most important of all, he gets a good allowance. Unfortunately he is afflicted with a craze for slop-stick expressions such as "Ram the ham, Pam," "Pass the kidney, Sydney," "Wot's cookin', good lookin'?" and "What's buzzin', cousin'?" To speak mildly, it is a bit wearying on one's brain after the tenth repetition. This painful habit is the one gravy-stain on the tablecloth; apart from that I do not know the meaning of anguished sorrow. Please guide me, old girl, will you?

Trustfully yours,

Dear _____,

Dot him on the bean, slap him on the kisser for a sixer, and if he yaps too much, sling him by his mits against a brick wall, then kick him in the teeth. He should come round (lucky if he does) to your point of view.

Yours cheerfully,
MISS/MRS. A. MAE.



TOURISTS!

Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to conduct you on the first organised tour of the underworld. No, no, not the crime underworld of the footling U.S.A. cities, but the real underworld, where boiling water is supplied without a hot water system, and the steam is so solid you can lean on it. Ah, we have now reached the Styx. In a few moments you will see the celebrated Charon rowing his equally celebrated craft across this river of genuine, first class, unadulterated lava. You will note that the steam rising from the surface is pure sulphur—dear, dear, have I carelessly pushed that gentleman in? He was a scientist, I believe.

Yes, madam, that is Charon's boat pulling into the jetty now. What's that? You don't like sitting on spikes. My dear miss, if you care to swim across, no doubt the red hot cannibal fish will be charmed to keep you company!

On our arrival, you will see straight before you the Fiery Gates—madam, please keep your little boy away from the Vampires! They're very timid indeed! As we pass through the gates, on the left can be seen the Pillar of Fire. That's where they light the crackers on bonfire night. Cosy little spot, isn't it?

Behind the bars on the right, we keep the more fractious of our clientele—sir, teasing the humans is not permitted. They are liable to burst into floods of tears, and the consequent lowering of the temperature is very serious indeed—my, has that lady fainted? I'll call the nearest devil to stick her on his toasting fork and dip her in the Styx. That ought to bring her round. Perhaps

she saw a relative behind the bars.

As we proceed—yes, little girl, I know the path's hot—we come to the Blazing Pit. In this interesting abode we keep the more muscular section of our guests. They are employed in shovelling hot coals, which are used for various purposes, the building of all roads being one. Of course, the roads are afterwards strewn with inch long tacks. Pardon, sir? But really, I assure you, brimstone is a very sustaining diet.

And now we approach the pit in which all breakers of the rules are held. What! You want to go home? But this is the highlight of the tour! Lovely dark dungeons and lots of red hot irons—I say, come back! Really, Meph, old boy, some people are absolutely incomprehensible!



IIP MANIAC

As I walk slowly up the hill towards the school in the morning, I usually see a small, odd looking, bespectacled urchin waving his arms like a windmill. If it were not for this insect life might be bearable at the school. As soon as I arrive at school he trots up to me leering sardonically, calls me names, prods me with his fingers and to crown it all cracks some extremely wet joke. Having finished with me he moves round to some other poor individuals (usually the girls on the west wing) and carries out the same routine.

During roll call he is comparatively quiet but he wastes no time in starting again in the next period. He somehow, despite all my efforts, contrives to sit behind me. He then bores into my back with his knuckles, bashes me over the head with his books and rolls off strings of feeble jokes. After about twenty minutes of this he is usually kicked out (thank heavens). And so it goes on through the day. By the end of the day I'm usually pretty mad and fit to do anything to end the agony, but I say to myself: "Tut, tut, you must control yourself," and I manage to get home without doing anything drastic.

IIP PREFECT.

ARCHIMEDES

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

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

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

A royal pal of Archy's had given him a little problem—to find out whether ye maker (or faker) of royal crowns had done the dirty, or whether ye royal crown was all it should ought to be. Well, Archy was stumped, and after he'd broken all his theories on the confounded crown, he struck on the brainy idea of inventing a new one.

Well, after umpteen-and-three-quarter tries, he found it was rather hot work, so he cooled off in the bath. As soon as he dumped himself in the bath, he noticed that all the water sloshed out. Naturally the old boy was a bit puzzled, and as he scientifically hunted for the soap (Lux, for his complexion) he saw daylight. Without waiting to drape even a bath towel around his slender form, he leaped out of the bath and shot off home, re the crown. When he got home, the first thing he did (apart from replacing the bath robe) was to dump the crown in a dish of water. After considerable juzzling with Mrs. Archy's kitchen scales, he let out a yell, and tore off to denounce ye Faker (not Maker) of royal crowns.

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

with him, or he may have shouted Archy to the flicks).

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

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

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



"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we
wound him."

(A Dissected Frog)

"And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,

And his head swam and he sank
down to earth."

(A Student passing the Lab.)

"And, he said, 'Fight on; Fight on!'"

(IIIIY Civil War).

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice?" (Keats).

New Students.

Such a race, I think, was never seen
before.

Junior Mile.

Two thirds of the journey at least
are done—let us now take a spell.

IVth Years.

Bacteria of various sorts and other
low forms of life.

1st Years.

And suddenly the unruly mobs were
changed to creeping dwarves.

First Mistress Returns.

Oh, Mavis! Isn't it romantic—just
you and I.

5th Year French Class.

HOLLAND

We'll travel together several miles until we arrive in the low part of the country on the North Sea. The Netherlands, better known as Holland, the name of the province which was the most important in former days.

Holland is a very small country enclosed by Germany on the eastern side, Belgium on the southern side and the sea on the west and north sides.

It is indeed a low land for the surface lies below the sea level. Therefore it is protected against the sea by huge dykes, where there are no dunes. Also along the rivers there are dykes, for otherwise a big part of the country would be flooded by them during a certain part of the year.

Water has always been Holland's greatest enemy. The Dutch people fought against it for several centuries, but it is also its greatest friend; without water Holland would never be the fertile country that it is now. The Dutch farmer cannot go without the water. When there is no more land the Dutch bring up the land out of the water.

Because Holland is so small, everything has been provided very abundantly.

Large well-paved roads cross the whole country, most of them with two or sometimes four traffic lanes, two in each direction, and with a small path for bicycles on both sides of the road. Many bus and rail services make it possible to reach even the smallest villages at regular times. But all this service and comfort is only possible in such a small country; it would be much too expensive in a large country like Australia.

The climate in Holland is not very agreeable. Long cold winters last from about October to April, with a great deal of rain, hail, snow and ice. The summer is short with also much rain and very few sunny days and never very hot. It rains throughout the whole year. Because of this the life of the Dutch people is quite different from the life of the Australian people. The Dutch live more at home and therefore the houses are arranged differently,

more storeys with more rooms and other furniture. All the houses have at least two storeys and most of them even more. They usually have a kitchen, a corridor, two or more rooms and a staircase downstairs on the ground floor. The bedrooms are all on the second or third storey and there is also a bathroom on this floor. When people have a shop in Holland, they live at the shop. The house is built with the shop in it on the front.

Although Holland is a small country there are different sorts of people; the inhabitants of the northern provinces are quite different from those in the south, the west and the east; who are again different from each other.

The children go to school when they are six years old. They attend the same school until they are twelve years old. Then there are different ways to go on, such as secondary or industry schools.

The secondary schools are of two main kinds. There are the three or five year high schools or a four year high school. You cannot go to University with a four year high school certificate but you can with a five. Both of these schools have seventeen to twenty-five subjects, which all the pupils have to take. So you can understand that they have to do quite a lot of home work and have to work very hard. They also do not have the Saturday holidays, but most schools have Wednesday and Saturday afternoon free.

But I prefer the Australian way of learning because you can give all your time and energy to those subjects which you like and you do not have to work and work for those you do not like and can't do very well. The result of the Dutch way is that there are quite a number of students who have to do one form twice, and who don't pass the Leaving and therefore have to do the fifth or fourth form a second time, this occurs quite frequently.

Holland is a good and beautiful land but it is becoming too small for its ever growing population and it is fortunate that there are possibilities to go to a new country for those people who have the courage and energy to start a new life.

RITA TEUNE.

