

BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS.

1923—W. McEvoy
1924—A. Trotman
1925—R. Grace
1926—A. Williams
1927—T. Moss
1928—E. Sanders
1929—M. Davis
1930—B. Coleman
1931—A. Fisher
1932—A. Ferguson
1933—N. O'Connor
1934—P. O'Keefe
1935—I. Verschuer
1936—M. Seymour
1937—E. Lane
1938—J. Brown
1939—L. Brooks
1940—P. Grapes
1941—S. Richards
1942—P. Davies-Moore
1943—M. Piggott

SENIOR GIRLS.

1923—Veronica Kealy
1924—Thea Eaton
1925—Edith Cross
1926—Gladys Swedley
1927—Elsie Kinsella
1928—Norma Young
1929—Nancy Stone
1930—Delys Wilson
1931—Joyce Sherlock
1932—Florence Hulm
1933—Beryl Clarke
1934—Elsa Fox
1935—Hazel Pearce
1936—Joan Ingleton
1937—Joyce Wood
1938—Norma Stockdill
1939—Athalie Ryall
1940—Gwen Blond
1941—Jean Trotter
1942—Marion Dolley
1943—Mary Kernot

STUDENT OFFICIALS.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN :

M. Piggott

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SENIOR GIRL :

Miss M. Kernot

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GIRL PREFECTS :

Miss F. Anderson
Miss P. Gale
Miss G. Lewis
Miss J. Mander
Miss E. Smith

BOY PREFECTS :

J. Connolly
C. Mort
K. Powrie
R. Sherry

•

SPORTS PREFECTS :

Girls.

Miss P. Sibley

Boys.

C. Jones
T. Smith

•

LIBRARY PREFECTS :

Miss C. Ritchie, Miss E. Sears

•

ART PREFECT :

Miss J. Smith

•

SCIENCE CADET :

G. Johnson

•

GEOGRAPHY PREFECTS :

Miss W. Ellis, L. Paganini

•

MAGAZINE EDITORS :

Miss M. Kernot, M. Piggott

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MAGAZINE SUB-EDITORS :

Miss J. Ross, R. Bradshaw

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FACTION CAPTAINS :

Blue.

Miss F. Anderson
J. Connolly

Gold.

Miss M. Kernot
K. Powrie

Red.

Miss G. Lewis
M. Piggott

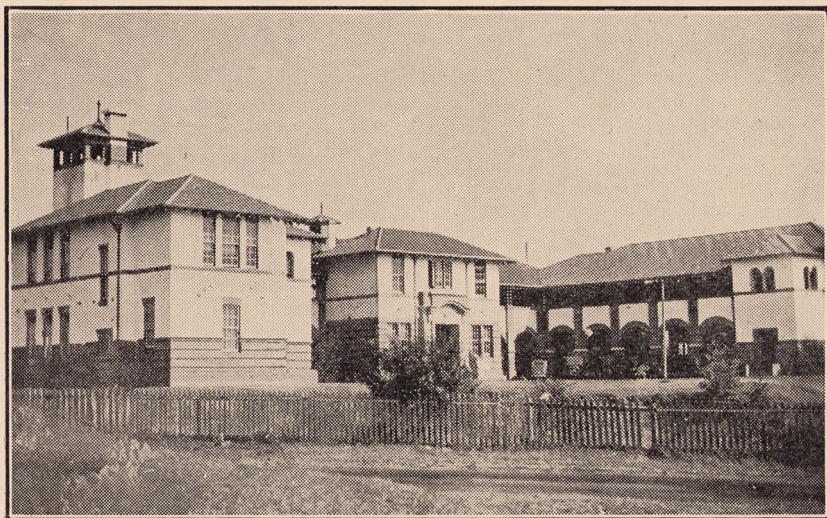
Kingia.

Miss E. Higgins
C. Jones



Back Row (left to right) : K. Powrie, P. Gale, E. Smith, R. Sherry, F. Anderson, J. Mander, J. Connolly.
Front Row (left to right) : C. Mort, M. Kernot (Senior Girl), Mr. A. J. Irvine (B.A., Dip. Ed.), M. Piggott (School Captain), G. Lewis.

Bunbury High School



BUNBURY.

September, 1943.

Editorial.

SO peaceful and so pleasant is everything around us as we write this editorial, it is difficult to realise that, even in our own country, man is engaged in a bitter struggle against man. It is only when we pause to consider what is happening that the cruelty and bitterness of war are brought so grimly to us.

Ever since our school was built twenty-one years ago, an atmosphere of happiness and gaiety has been built up around it, a result of the keen interest displayed by the students in their work and play. Today that atmosphere remains, but beneath it is the pride in the many who have been afforded the opportunity and the privileges of attending the school, and who are now fighting to preserve all that the school symbolises.

Just as those who have gone before us are carrying on and upholding the school tradition (of which we may well be proud) in cities and countries far removed from the scene of their school days, so must we, the future citizens of Australia, maintain the ideals so admirably expressed in "En Avant."

THE EDITORS.

SCHOOL NOTES.

When the students returned to school several weeks earlier than usual they were glad to find that they could again work normal school hours. The authorities considered that the children of the Bunbury Senior School could return to their old buildings, leaving the High School to carry on as of old, with no more afternoons free from lessons. At first the periods seemed infinitely long, and we missed the sudden scurry downstairs as our dispersal practices were discontinued, but we soon slipped back into the old routine. If we did not feel completely refreshed owing to our shortened vacation we were thankful that there was only a seven-week term, no examination at the end of it, and then a six weeks' break when we would presumably help gather the apple crop.

Unfortunately our dreams did not, in the latter instance, materialise. Only a few days before school closed it was discovered that, of the large proportion of students who had volunteered, only thirty were required for fruit picking. These, consisting chiefly of fourth and fifth years, were distributed over the Bridgetown, Manjimup and Pemberton districts, leaving the envious remainder of the school to go to their homes. It is to the credit of the school, however,

that nearly ninety per cent. of those over fourteen were engaged in some sort of rural labour for the greater part of the vacation.

It was while the school was in recess that the electric light system shorted, causing a fire. The buildings were only saved from what would probably have been extensive damage by the efficient efforts of the fire brigade and several of the townsfolk. To all who assisted we extend our gratitude. After several weeks of inconvenience the system was satisfactorily repaired.

Second term was commenced much as if it were the beginning of the year. After the long outdoor holiday it seemed as if there had never really been a first term. The staff which, in first term, was lacking several members, was now complete, classes were reorganised and time tables were rearranged as the students settled down for a long term of hard work. Owing to the length of the term many students took the opportunity offered by a long week-end and travelled to their homes in the country, coming back refreshed to complete the term.

During third term last year the school "adopted" two of Sister Kate's children—a girl, Beryl Brown, and a boy, Keith Lindley. Socials were held, faction collections taken, and donations of clothes and toys given, all to help these children. At the beginning of the year a collection was taken for Beryl, the proceeds of which helped to equip her for attendance at East Perth Girls' School. In second term there was a collection for Keith's birthday. It was gratifying to see the generous way in which the students contributed to these collections and the interest they took in the son and daughter of the school.

Other weekly faction collections have been equally well supported and last year £92 was handed over to the Red Cross to help them carry on their good work. So far this year (30th June) £55 has been collected for the same society.

Owing to war conditions it has become increasingly difficult to procure school clothes. Because of this the High School students this year do not show the same distinction as in previous years. The newcomers are, however, to be congratulated on their efforts to appear as nearly as possible in the complete uniform. It is expected they will continue to show their pride in their school by wearing their full uniform if they are able.

The numbers of the school have risen again this year to over three hundred and fifty, compared with three hundred at the end of last year. There have been several alterations in the staff since the last publication of the "Kingia" and to the new members we offer a hearty welcome and hope that they will always hold pleasant memories of their stay at Bunbury High School.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

For the first time in many years there are only ten school prefects. At the beginning of the year eleven were appointed, but in the middle of the second term we said good-bye to Jim Connolly who left to join the Air Force. We were extremely sorry to lose Jim, for he was a valuable asset in many ways, but we wish him the best of luck in his new career.

At the first meeting of the year it was decided that prefects' meetings should be held once a fortnight. This arrangement has been extremely satisfactory, largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Davies-Moore, who has so kindly presided over them. Prefects' teas are regular monthly occurrences and although owing to the first term being so short we have only had three, each has been even better than the one before it.

Two school dances have been held, one at the end of first term and one at the beginning of this one. Contrary to the usual custom, no ex-students have been invited, and the whole school except the first year has attended.

The girl prefects have been finding it increasingly hard to enforce the wearing of the regulation school uniform for, while they realise the difficulty which students have to obtain it, it seems a pity for the present students not to uphold the good record of the school.

Aided by Miss Burton, Mrs. Kenrick, and the fourth and fifth year students, dancing classes have been held regularly and it is pleasing to note the progress which the school as a whole has made.

By the time this "Kingia" is published we prefects of 1943 will almost have finished our term of office, and will be paving the way for our successors of 1944. To them we give our best wishes in the earnest hope that they will carry on with those things which we have tried to do, and perfect those things which we have managed to achieve.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES.

Last year's Dramatic Society did not have its concert in the evening as has usually been the practice, but, owing to black-out restrictions, the concert was held in the afternoon. We had a very good attendance and cleared £6 10s., which was given to Sister Kate's Home.

"Aunt Matilda's Collar," one of the two sketches which were presented, although short, was very pleasant, and remarkably well acted by members of Miss Bridge's elocution class. The other sketch was presented by our hilarious comedians, Reggie Bradshaw, Ross Dalrymple, Monte Lister, Doug Murray and Dick Anderson. "The Villain Still Pursues her to the End" certainly was a success and the audience, I think, will never forget the tragic announcement that Doug, our baby, was "wasting away to a shadow."

A more serious play, "The Unnatural Scene," was successfully presented by the upper school girls under Miss Tate's untiring efforts. Jean McEwan took the leading role as a charming young teacher, while Dixie Clarke, Peggy Gale and Beverley Urry played other leading parts. Minor parts were played with equal ability by Noreen Worthington, Joan Donovan and Pat Warner.

There were many other items including an unusual one rendered by sixteen first year girls and Ena Micale. It was a combination of folk dances and a gypsy solo.

In concluding we would like to thank, once again, the members of the staff who gave us valuable help, and the fourth year boys who were stage managers. We should also like to wish the present Dramatic Society every success in the future.

F. ANDERSON (Pres.)

LIBRARY NOTES.

In writing this article the most important point which must be dealt with is the facility which the library presents to the whole school. There are over three thousand books, including reference and fiction, which are always available for the use of the students.

In the reference section there are books dealing with languages, chemistry, physics, biology, physiology, geography, engineering, history, and an extensive collection of English references for writers and their work, besides sets of encyclopædias and diction-

aries. With this wide range of subject matter it is probable that there is no subject taught or mentioned in the school about which further information cannot be gained. In order to assist students locate a book or subject the reference library has been catalogued in such a way that the names of each book and author may be readily found by referring to the boxes of cards which have been completed for the purpose. Although it is necessary to keep the reference books in the library, those students who require them for a longer period may obtain permission to borrow the books for one evening. This precaution must be taken for the obvious reason that a great many students use the same books in the course of one day. A number of reference books are scattered throughout the school and are never found in the library—for instance, many geography, biology and chemistry books are found in the respective rooms and are the responsibility of the teacher in charge, from whom they may be borrowed. Those students who have been, until now, under the impression that all the books are on the library shelves are advised to make further investigations if they are unable to find the desired book in the usual place.

The new stock which has been added to the library this year includes new French and German stories and a collection of Australian literature, but so far there have been few books added to the fiction section, although it is intended that some additions will be made next term. During recent months several requests have been made for new reading matter and it is now desired that those students who have any suggestions will make a list of the books or authors whom they prefer and hand them to the librarian before the new stock is purchased. On the whole there is a good collection of fiction which includes the work of many well known authors, but there are some students who find time for a great deal of reading and consequently wish for new books.

During the recent stocktaking it was found that some reference books are missing, together with approximately half the fiction books which have been entered in the files. This record is not at all encouraging; nor does it do justice to the high standard which the school has set and wishes to maintain. The loss of these books has been spread over a number of years but it is certain that a large number would be found if a thorough search was conducted in all

homes and boarding houses. The library has been built up (with great expense to the school and little to the students) and it is naturally expected that an effort will be made to keep the books in circulation. Appeals are frequently made requesting the return of books which may have been found, but it is felt that more interest could be taken in this serious matter and once more an appeal is made for a determined effort to replenish the library by returning every book which bears the school stamp, no matter what kind of book it is, or what condition it may be in. The way in which school books are handled is another point which must be stressed. If any student should find a book which is in need of repair it is his duty to report the matter to the librarian in order that some improvement may be made. Without the co-operation of every student, from first year to fifth year, the task of the librarian is made increasingly difficult, for he or she finds that far too much time must be spent in tidying the shelves and furniture, leaving little opportunity to deal with other matters.

One more term remains before the end of the year and it will be a hard term, particularly for the examination students. More and more use will be made of the library for private study and the reference books will be in greater demand than at present. Knowing this, it is our duty to help in keeping the books in order, in keeping the shelves full and in preserving quietness and order in the library. Our library is one of the best of its kind in Australia and it is our responsibility to maintain its reputation. Let us keep this in mind during the remaining term of this year and concentrate upon rebuilding those sections which have been depleted.

THE REPORT FOR THE FIRST AND SECOND TERM OF 1943.

This year has shown an increase in the number of students who use the fiction and reference libraries in both upper and lower school. The loss of books this year has not been so serious since the netting doors have been made for the fiction section, and several missing books have been returned. The general conduct of students in the library has improved during the current month, thus allowing a greater number of students to study there between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. each day. The library prefects for this year are Miss Elaine Sears, Ken Midgley and Douglas

Murray, but others from the fourth form are also to be thanked for rendering their assistance in the management of the library. Sincere thanks are extended to Mr. Wheeler for his advice to the library officials and students on all matters concerning the library.

CAROLE RITCHIE,
Librarian.

HISTORY SOCIETY NOTES.

After several years of recess the Modern British History Society has again become active, and with added zeal, largely owing to Miss Burgess who suggested that the society be resumed this term and to the keen interest of those Fourth and Fifth Form students who are members. The society has two major objects, one to assist those students who are studying history for the Leaving Examination with their study of modern affairs, and the other to help all those students interested to understand current events more thoroughly. It is quite evident that many students neglect to follow up the news because they either think it has no bearing on their work or they are only intent upon passing examinations; and so it is pleasing to know that this society has been revived.

The officers elected were President, Miss J. Mander; Secretary, Miss G. Lewis; History Librarian, J. Preston, and a committee comprising of six. Several members volunteered to follow up topics on which they report weekly and these include the Russian campaign, the South-West Pacific warfare, North Africa, Italy, and the Mediterranean, China, India, air offensives over the continent, the U-boat warfare, French affairs, Argentina, Russo-Polish relations and the Governmental affairs of the country. As new affairs come into the news they are taken up by students and lectured on if they are considered important enough.

Mr. Irvine has commenced a series of lectures on Russo-Polish affairs, beginning from the early history of both countries. His aim is to provide the society with a better understanding of the present Russo-Polish relations especially as there was some unrest there a few months ago. Indirectly this is helping the students with their course.

Let it be hoped that the foundations have now been firmly laid for a permanent society and that future students will carry on as enthusiastically as the present ones.

DANCE PRACTICE NOTES.

Since the introduction of dancing practices the function has become one of the most popular in the social life of the school. They were organised in an effort to assist those students who had previously been unable to join in the school dances and socials, and the results have been highly gratifying.

Until this term Miss Burton taught the whole school, taking certain forms each week. The music was provided by students who were able to play the piano, but eventually this problem was solved by the amplifier which enabled the use of the gramophone. In these lessons Miss Burton concentrated mainly upon old time steps, but as the standard of dancing improved, modern steps were introduced.

The actual tuition in modern ball-room dancing was begun this term when Mrs. Kenrick took an interest in the classes, and at present both Miss Burton and Mrs. Kenrick take special classes of the Lower and Upper School respectively. It has been made possible for three afternoons each week to be set aside for these classes, the fifth years helping Miss Burton on Mondays, and the fourth years helping Mrs. Kenrick on Tuesdays, while on Fridays the fourth and fifth year students receive further instructions in the quick-step, fox trot, and modern waltz.

Altogether a high degree of interest in these classes has developed throughout the school, but we wish to urge those students—especially the boys—who have not already attended the classes to make an effort to do so. The instructors are eager and willing to help any newcomer with the fundamental steps, but since the classes are so large it is necessarily the duty of these students to find someone who is able to help them and then to persevere until the difficulties have been mastered.

In concluding these notes we desire to thank Miss Burton, Mrs. Kenrick and the other members of the staff, especially Mr. Everingham, for his assistance with the music, who have devoted so much of their own time in providing such an excellent opportunity for this extremely important instruction.

1923-1943.

As this year, 1943, completes the twenty-first year of the school, it is only right that we should recognise those families whose names have been almost continuous on the school roll since February, 1923.

Perhaps the most outstanding amongst these are the Withers. Hazel Withers entered the school as a third year in 1923, Edna in 1924, Fred in 1926, Linda in 1929, Sylvia in 1935, Reg in 1937, and Marney in 1939. When Marney, the youngest, left in 1941, the name of Withers was absent from the school roll for the first time except for the years between 1930 and 1935, when Linda left and Sylvia entered.

Three other families who have also had seven members in the school are the Ray Clarkes, the George Clarkes and the Brett Clarkes. The Ray Clarkes from Roelands, Georgina 1932, Bob 1933, John 1935, Dan 1937, Bruce 1939, Marjorie 1940, and James 1942, although not students in the school in its very early days, have an unbroken line.

The George Clarkes of Bunbury, Les 1923, Freda 1928, Beryl 1928, Janette 1929, Cynthia 1936, Betty 1939, and Judy 1942, almost equal them. Another Bunbury family, the Brett Clarkes have been in the school since 1924, except during 1930 and 1933. Sybil, the first, entered in 1924, Jean in 1927, Olive in 1928, Ted 1931, Dorothy 1934, Trixie 1938, and Pat 1940.

Now at the end of our twenty-first year only James Clarke and Judy Clarke are left here to carry on the traditions of this fine body of students and even though the majority have passed through, their names and associations will remain.

R. M. SEYMOUR, D.F.C.

An award for valour, no matter on whom bestowed, arouses in all of us a feeling of admiration, but when it is bestowed on one of our own ex-students, that admiration becomes equalled by our pride in his achievement. Flight-Lieutenant Michael Seymour of Dunsbrough has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He entered Bunbury High School at the beginning of his fourth year in 1936 and was made school captain in 1937, an achievement of which anyone of us might be proud. At the end of 1937 he passed his Leaving and in 1938 entered the Education Department as a teacher. He has been on active service with the R.A.A.F. since December, 1941, and has many night bombing raids over Japanese territory to his credit.

Although we present students did not know Michael Seymour personally, the good name he left behind him in the school and his record since he left are something we all admire.

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITION.

A student of outstanding ability, Joy Bignell, was awarded a University Exhibition in English and Geography on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examinations of 1942.

Ever since she entered the school, Joy's work was always of the highest standard. In 1940 she passed the Junior in nine subjects, English, French, German, History, Geography, Mathematics A, Mathematics B, Chemistry and Drawing A. Last year she sat for the Leaving Certificate in English, French, German, History, Geography and Drawing A, and passed with distinction in all of them. She was also awarded the English medal for the highest marks in English in the Leaving Certificate Examination.

1942 EXAMINATION RESULTS.

The following is a list of those who passed five or more subjects in the 1942 Junior Public Examination:—

Anderson, Christine; Charlton, Sybil; Clarke, Francis; Daw, Patricia; Eckersley, Audrey; Ellis, Winnifred; Higgins, Elsie; Jefferies, Betty; McKenna, Jean; Morphet, Dorothy; Palmer, June; Peacock, Dorothy; Rice, Betty; Ritchie, Carole; Robertson, Phyllis; Ross, Joan; Rowston, Merle; Sibley, Pamela; Smith, Joan; Trobridge, Yvonne; Turner, Merle; Urry, Beverley; Wansbrough, Valda; Bradshaw, Reginald; Brown, Phillip; Bryant, Allen; Chamberlain, Roy; Chapman, Donald; Crombie, Osborne; Griffiths, Arthur; Hewby, Edward; Kinsella, James; MacRitchie, Donald; Midgley, Kenneth; Moore, Bruce; Morris, Fred; Munro, Neil; Murray, Douglas; O'Byrne, Joseph; Pagannini, Leonard; Platell, Noel; Preston, James; Roberts, John; Smith, Talbot; Jones, Cyril; Johnson, Grant; Stokes, Ronald.

The following is a list of students who passed the Leaving Examination, 1942, and the subjects they passed:—

University Exhibition—English and Geography:—

Bignell, Joy—English (d), French (d); German (d), History (d), Geography (d), Drawing A (d).

Couch, Margery—English, Geography, Biology, Agricultural Science, Physiology, Drawing A.

Dolley, Marion—English, History, Geography, Biology.

Dunn, Marjorie—English, History (d), Geography, Physiology (d), Drawing A.

Flavelle, Ivy—English, French, History (d), Geography (d), Physics, Drawing A.

Leece, Pricilla—English, French, History, Geography, Maths A, Biology (d), Drawing A.

Nottle, Gwen—English, Geography, Physiology, Drawing A.

O'Byrne, Ilma—English, French, History, Geography, Drawing A (d).

Osborn, Loras—English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A.

Ryall, Brenda—English, History, Geography, Drawing A.

Stretton, Edna—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A.

Torrisi, Pat—English, French, Biology, Drawing A.

Washer, Gladys—English, History, Geography, Physiology, Drawing A.

Worthington, Noreen—English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A (d).

Johnston, Norman—English, French, History, Geography.

Marshall, Ronald—English, History, Geography, Drawing A.

Overheu, Donald—English, Physics, Biology, Applied Maths, Chemistry.

Tyrie, Douglas—English, Physics, Applied Maths, Drawing B (d).

Watkins, Glynn—English, French, History, Geography, Physics, Drawing B.

Sports Day Results, 1942.

Boys.

School Championship Events—Broad Jump—(Record P. Crabbe, 1931, 20 feet 5½ inches).—1, N. Johnston (K); 2, J. Connolly (B); 3, T. Smith (R); 4, T. Hall (G). Distance, 18 feet 1 inch.

Hop, Step and Jump—(Record, W. Scott, 1933, 42 feet 1½ inches).—1, N. Johnston (K); 2, J. Connolly (B); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, T. Hall (G). Distance, 38 feet 7 inches.

Mile—(Record, T. Joel, 1940, 4 min. 48 1-5 secs.).—1, J. Connolly (B); 2, J. Kinsella (K); 3, R. Bell (R); 4, M. Piggott (R). Time, 5 min. 23 secs.

880 Yards—(Record, T. Joel, 1940, 2 min. 10 4-5 secs.).—1, J. Connolly (B); 2, R. Bell (R); 3, M. Piggott (R); 4, P. Davies Moore (R). Time, 2 min. 24 secs.

120 Yards Hurdles (heats)—(Record W. McEnvoy, 1923, T. Moss, 1933, 17 4-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, J. Connolly (B); 2,

R. Bell (R). Time 20 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, N. Johnston (K); 2, P. Davies Moore.

120 Yards Hurdles (final).—1, N. Johnston (K); 2, R. Bell (R); 3, J. Connolly (B); 4, P. Davies Moore (R). Time, 20 3-5 secs.

440 Yards—(Record, J. Gibson, 1939, 52 4-5 secs.).—1, J. Kinsella (K); 2, J. Overheu (G); 3, R. Bell (R); 4, R. Bell (R). Time, 59 3-5 secs.

220 Yards—(Record, W. Scott, 1933, 24 secs.).—1, J. Kinsella (K); 2, D. Overheu (G); 3, R. Bell (R); 4, N. Johnston (K). Time, 26 3-5 secs.

100 Yards—(Record, W. McEnvoy, 1923; W. Scott, 1933; J. Gibson, 1939, 10 2-5 secs.).—1, J. Kinsella (K); 2, R. Bell (R); 3, D. Overheu (G); 4, M. Lister. Time, 11 secs.

Boys' Relay "A"—(Record, Red, 1933, 1 min. 43 secs.).—1, Kingia; 2, Blue; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 51 secs.

High Jump—(Record, B. Hogg, 1941, 5 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.).—1, J. Smith (R); 2, N. Johnston (K); 3, D. Overheu; 4, P. Davies Moore (R). Height, 5 feet 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Throwing Cricket Ball—(Record, J. Needham, 1933, 105 yards 2 feet).—1, R. Bell (R); 2, W. Sloan (K); 3, N. Wilson (B); 4, P. Davies Moore (R). Distance, 80 yards 1 foot 9 inches.

Junior Championship Events—Broad Jump—(Record, P. Crabbe, 1930, 19 feet 4 inches).—1, T. Smith (R); 2, R. Stokes (R); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, C. Jones (K). Distance, 16 feet 7 inches.

Hop, Step and Jump—(Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 37 feet 6 inches).—1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Fryer (B); 3, C. Jones (K); 4, R. Stokes (R). Distance, 38 feet 2 inches.

Mile—(Record, T. Joel, 1938, 5 min. 11 3-5 secs.).—1, R. Stokes (R); 2 and 3, T. Smith (R), D. Fryer (B); 4, M. Scouler (R). Time, 5 min. 36 3-5 secs.

880 Yards—(Record, T. Joel, 1938, 2 min. 21 secs.).—1, T. Smith (R) and R. Stokes (R); 3, D. Fryer (B); 4, M. Scouler and K. Midgley (G). Time, 2 min. 28 secs.

100 Yards (heats)—(Record, A. Lindsay, 1935, J. Gibson, 1938, 11 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, M. Lister (K); 2, C. Jones (K). Time 11 1-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Stokes (R); 2, D. McRitchie (K). Time, 12 secs. Heat 3: 1, J. Smith (R); 2, T. Smith (R). Time, 12 secs.

100 Yards (final).—1, M. Lister (K); 2, R. Stokes (R); 3, J. Smith (R); 4, C. Jones (K). Time 11 2-5 secs.

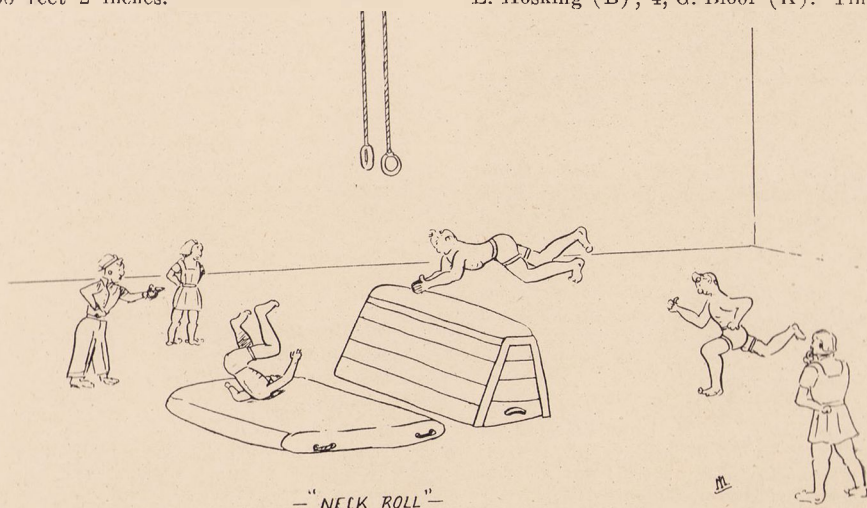
Hurdles (heats)—(Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 17 4-5 secs.).—Heat 1: T. Smith (R); 2, G. Bloor (K). Time, 20 1-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Stokes (R); 2, G. Martin (R). Time, 19 secs. Heat 3: 1, C. Jones (K); 2, D. Fryer (B). Time, 21 secs.

Hurdles (final).—1, T. Smith (R); 2, R. Stokes (R); 3, C. Jones (K); 4, G. Martin (R). Time, 20 1-5 secs.

440 Yards—(Record, G. Gillon, 1940, 58 secs.).—1, R. Stokes (R); 2, T. Smith (R); 3, M. Scouler (R); 4, R. Dalrymple (G). Time, 64 secs.

High Jump—(Record, G. Gillon, 1941, 5 feet 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches).—1, T. Smith (R); 2, D. Chapman (B); 3, M. Scouler (R); 4, D. Fryer (B). Height, 4 feet 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

220 Yards (heats)—(Record, P. Crabbe, 1930, 25 3-5 secs.).—Heat 1: 1, M. Lister (K); 2, T. Smith (R); 3, E. Hosking (B); 4, G. Bloor (K). Time,



— "NECK ROLL" —

26 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Stokes (R); 2, D. Chapman (B); 3, J. Smith (R); 4, C. Jones (K). Time, 27 3-5 secs.

220 Yards (final): 1, M. Lister (K); 2, D. Chapman (B); 3, R. Stokes (R); 4, T. Smith (R). Time, 26 3-5 secs.

Faction Relay "B"—(Record, Blue, 1930, 49 1-5 secs.)—1, Red; 2, Kingia; 3, Gold. Time, 56 secs.

Under Age Championships (Faction points only).

Under 14 (heats)—(Record, J. Simms, 1940, E. Hosking, 1941, 12 2-5 secs.)—Heat 1: 1, L. Holman (B); 2, A. Kinmel (K). Time, 12 4-5 secs. Heat 2: 1, R. Casserly (K); 2, N. Watson (B). Time, 12 4-5 secs. Heat 3: 1, R. Dunstan (R); 2, J. Johnson (B). Time, 12 1-5 secs. (record).

Under 14 (final)—1, R. Dunstan (R); 2, R. Casserly (K); 3, L. Holman (B); 4, N. Watson (B). Time, 12 2-3 secs.

Under 15—(Record, E. James, 1940, 11 4-5 secs.)—1, T. Hosking (B); 2, R. Dalrymple (G); 3, N. Wilson (B); 4, R. Dunstan (R). Time, 12 1-5 secs.

Under 13—(Record, R. Longwood, 1941, 13 secs.)—1, J. Leeman (B); 2, M. Peel (B); 3, K. Foley (G); 4, G. Sara (G). Time, 13 1-5 secs.

Other Events (no faction points).

Siamse Race.—P. Brown and P. Moore.

Wheelbarrow Race.—E. Hosking and D. Hastie.

Egg and Spoon Race.—O. Leonhardt.

Male Open Handicap.—1, D. Robertson; 2, K. Hammaby; 3, T. Jarvis; 4, N. Peel.



Girls.

Shooting the Basketball—Junior Championship.—1, B. Bridges (B.); 2, B. Brown (R.); 3, V. Bingham (R.); 4, P. Crofts (G.).

Hitting the Tennis Ball—Junior Championship.—1, H. Bell (K.); 2, P. Warner (G.); 3, L. Wright (R.); 4, J. Dennis (G.). Distance, 61 yards 2 feet. (Record, 80 yards 2 feet.)

Hitting the Tennis Ball—Senior Championship.—1, E. Higgins (K.); 2, J. Bond (B.); 3, G. Nottle (K.); 4, M. Couch (R.). Distance, 68 yards 1 foot 6 inches, record.)

Hitting the Hockey Ball—School Championship.—1, M. Dunn (G.); 2, M. Couch (R.); 3, P. Sibley (R.); 4, E. Higgins (K.). Distance, 61 yards 1 foot 6 inches. (Record, 80 yards.)

100 Yards School Championship.—1, M. Rowston (R.); 2, E. Stretton (B.); 3, A. Eckersley (R.); 4, B. Clifton (K.). Time, 12 1-5 secs. (equals record).

100 Yards Junior Championship.—1, M. Clarke (G.); 2, N. Cambell (B.); 3, A. Eckersley (R.); 4, L. Summers (R.). Time, 13 secs. (Record, 12 secs.)

50 Yards School Championship.—1, M. Rowston (R.); 2, E. Stretton (B.); 3, L. Osborn (K.); 4, B. Clifton (K.). Time, 6 2-5 secs. (Record, 6 secs.)

50 Yards Junior Championship.—1, D. Hughes (B.); 2, N. Cambell (B.); 3, L. Summers (R.); 4, H. Bell (K.). Time, 7 secs. (Record, 6 2-5 secs.)

50 Yards Skipping Race—School Championship.—1, M. Rowston (R.); 2, E. Stretton (B.); 3, M. Dunn (G.); 4, L. Osborn (K.). Time, 7 secs. (Record, 6 4-5 secs.)

50 Yards Skipping Race—Junior Championship.—1, N. Cambell (B.); 2, M. Turner (G.); 3, P. Robertson (G.); 4, W. Ellis (R.). Time, 7 2-5 secs. (equals record).

75 Yards Upper School Championship.—D. Hughes (B.); 2, E. Stretton (B.); 3, M. Dunn (G.); 4, L. Osborn (K.). Time, 9 4-5 secs. (Record, 9 3-5 secs.)

75 Yards Third Form Championship.—1, M. Rowston (R.); 2, A. Eckersley (R.); 3, B. Clifton (K.); 4, P. Sibley (R.). Time, 9 3-5 secs. (Record, 9 2-5 secs.)

75 Yards Second Form Championship.—1, L. Summers (R.); 2, V. Broochmann (G.); 3, M. Lofthouse (B.); 4, B. Bridges (B.). Time, 10 secs. (Record, 9 1-5 secs.)

75 Yards First Form Championship.—1, N. Cambell (B.); 2, L. Wright (R.); 3, M. Jones (K.); 4, J. Brandli (K.). Time, 10 1-5 secs. (Record, 9 3-5 secs.)

50 Yards Fourth and Fifth Year Handicap.—1, D. Hughes; 2, P. Gale; 3, G. Lewis; 4, M. Kernot.

50 Yards Second Year Handicap.—1, J. Dennis; 2, M. Lofthouse; 3, E. Moore; 4, H. Lyons.

50 Yards First Year Handicap.—1, L. Wright; 2, P. Warner; 3, N. Walker; 4, N. Snell.

Egg and Spoon Race.—M. Vaughan; 2, N. Paton.

Thread the Needle Race.—1, D. Hetherington and I. Palmer.

Siamese Race.—1, J. Denney and N. Cambell.

Faction Events:

Flag Race—Upper School.—1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. Time, 57½ secs. (Record.)

Flag Race—Lower School.—1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 25 2-5 secs. (Record.)

Pass Ball.—1, Kingia; 2, Gold; 3, Red. Time, 1 min. 22 2-5 secs. (Record, 1 min. 4 3-5 secs.)

Circular Pass Ball.—1, Red; 2, Gold; 3, Blue. Time, 2 min. 49 secs.

Leapfrog Race.—1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Blue. Time, 1 min. 6 secs. (Record.)

"A" Relay Race.—1, Kingia; 2, Red; 3, Gold. Time, 59 secs. (Record, 59 1-5 secs.)

"B" Relay Race.—1, Gold; 2, Kingia; 3, Red. Time, 64 secs.

Senior Girl Champion.—1, M. Rowston (R.), 32; 2, E. Stretton (B.), 20.

Junior Girl Champion.—1, N. Campbell (B.), 26; 2, D. Hughes (B.), 16.

Total Girls' Faction Points.—Red, 130; Gold, 128; Kingia, 120; Blue, 98.

Faction Notes.

RED—GIRLS.

So far this year Red Girls have done well to maintain that standard of which we have been so proud. Today there are two fields for competition, sporting and Red Cross collecting, which makes the rivalry between Factions even more keen. For the first time in many years Red Girls now have two women members of the staff representing their Faction, Mrs. Kenrick having recently joined the staff and been appointed to the Faction, to which she has proved to be a valuable asset.

At the moment inter-faction competition is particularly rife as Gold Girls are leading to Red Girls only by a very narrow margin at this time of writing, Gold Girls having sixty-two points to our sixty. Since we have been so closely contested thus far for Faction supremacy that at least the end of the winter sports will not see us beaten. The Lower School have proved themselves supreme as basketball although they have had losses at baseball, yet, with practice they are improving satisfactorily. So much for sport.

Recently we had the honour of collecting the largest Girls' Faction collection on record which is extremely gratifying. Incidentally this has helped considerably to bring us within reasonable range of the two leading Factions, Kingia and then Gold. So financially we are not on top at present but it is to be hoped that our recent

admirable effort will be repeated not only in Red Faction but in the others too.

The prospects for the year's success are promising and so I will conclude by hoping that the end of 1943 will see you the victors.

RED—BOYS.

At the time of writing Red Boys are in third position on the score board, although being but two points behind Blue. It is our hope, however, that before the "Kingia" is issued, we shall catch up and pass Blue and Gold. In the faction collections we are again in third position (this time behind Gold and Kingia) but here again we are determined to come out on top.

It was unfortunate that first term of this year was so short, because, at the conclusion of the term, we were able to say that we had not lost one game of cricket. It was still more unfortunate that Gerald Martin left us at the commencement of second term, as he had proved himself to be a valuable asset to the team in both football and cricket. We have not given such a good display on the football field even though we are second to Gold, and as for soccer—let us pass on to some other subject. In defence of the football team it must be said that we have never yet played a game with a regular team.

These notes, however, are not being written as a means of putting forward excuses for any defeats we may have suffered in the field of sport, but, on the contrary, as a means of expressing our determination to be ahead in Faction points at the end of the year.

BLUE—GIRLS.

It is rather difficult to write anything about Blue's work this year in the Faction events, seeing that we have scored very few points up to date. We cannot find a suitable excuse for this, excepting that we have not had the luck that we expected to have. However, on the whole, our teams should be much better next season, owing to the large number of enthusiastic first year students, who have been added to the Faction, a large percentage of whom are quite good at sport. We hope to do much better on Sports' Day in October, as we have several brilliant athletes who should be successful.

It is surprising to notice how much Blue is behind in the Faction collection

this year, as we were very close to winning it last year. Of course, seeing that most of the Blue Girls are boarders, we cannot expect such a large amount from them, however, they never forget to bring their weekly contribution towards the patriotic fund.

BLUE—BOYS.

Throughout this year Blue Boys have not shown many outstanding qualities in the field of sports, but at least we have to our credit that we are fighting gallantly.

The cricket team was not very successful, for, though we had quite a good team the opposition was too great. At football, however, we have done better. At the beginning of the season we found that we had a stronger team than expected, and started off remarkably well. Unfortunately through bad luck the team has not always been fully represented at every match and we have suffered several defeats. The soccer team, however, has helped to keep up the points and at present we are doing alright.

Recently we experienced a very serious blow when our faction captain Jim Connolly joined the Air Force. The Faction has been considerably weakened not only in football but in other sports as well and it is very unfortunate to lose such a good captain. We all wish you the best of luck and happy landings Jim.

Our Red Cross collections though reasonably good, are not up to the standard and we are dropping behind. This is no good Blue. We have to catch up, so bring along all the spare money you can find.

Athletics day is not far off and we expect Blue to try and win the day. Blue Boys do your best and see if we can secure the Faction shield this year.

KINGIA—GIRLS.

We are gradually working our way to the top, but it has and will be a hard battle. Our efforts have not been without results, however, for we are top of the collection, so keep up the good work Kingia! We must also extend our thanks to the boys who have, much to our relief, given more attention to the collection than last year.

Our weakest point is the baseball team, but we are placing every effort into its improvement. Our hockey team is improving, although it did not make

a very promising start. The basketball results do not seem to be very favourable, so come on Lower School and show them what we can do.

Sports day this year is full of promise, owing to some valuable additions to our faction. We are putting a great deal of hope into these budding champions, whom we trust are training in their every spare moment.

So here's wishing the other factions the very best of luck.

KINGIA—BOYS.

In some sport we have done fairly well, but in others we have not done as well as might be expected.

At cricket, in the first term, we did well in winning a number of our matches. I am sure that if it had not been for the younger members of the team we would not have done at all well.

I think, that the less said about football, the better it is for us all. At the time of writing we have only won one match, but that was because our opponents were poor kickers on that occasion. In the football team we have one or two promising players, from the first year, who play an excellent game.

At soccer we have done a little better than in football but there is still room for improvement.

I know that all the members of the Faction are looking forward to Sports Day and we want all of the young champions to start training early. We want to come out on top, but we don't want to let the girls do all the work, so what about it boys.

A great deal of improvement has been shown this year in the Faction collections. In previous years we have been behind, but this year, I am pleased to say, we are on top of the list. Keep it up Kingia.

In conclusion we want to wish all the other Factions the best of luck.

GOLD—GIRLS.

So far this year Gold Girls have done comparatively well at sport. At the time of writing we are leading, although only by a small margin from Red who have 60 points compared to our 62. Unfortunately the swimming carnival was not held this year so we had little opportunity during first term to gain faction points, but this term when hockey, baseball and basketball began in real earnest we managed to hold our own. The

hockey team has only played two matches and although we have a number of new players it has not yet been defeated. In baseball we have also done well having played three matches and won all three by a considerable margin. Baseball II. and III. although not as successful as baseball I. have won some games. Unfortunately our basketball teams are not particularly strong and we are having a hard struggle especially against Red. We hope, however, that they will improve with practice. Although as yet we have found no champions amongst us we have a number of dependable people who can be relied upon to gain points in the sports and who will make good team players.

Apart from sport, the weekly Red Cross faction collections have been excellent and everyone has been doing her part. We are only a few shillings ahead of Kingia, but we are doing our best to maintain our lead.

This year we hope to do better than in previous years as we seem to have strong support from the boys and enthusiastic co-operation from the girls themselves.

Form Notes.

I.A.

Ha! Ha! Ha! comes from the room of noisy I.A.-ites. Teachers and prefects come to stop us but they very rarely succeed.

One member of our esteemed form thinks that the rubbish in the corner drifts there, but sometimes the corners show some certain abilities.

We are now preparing for the first examination which we have had since entering Bunbury High School. Some members of the staff informed us that it is going to be a "beaut."

Among our members is "Gilly" our prefect, who makes himself hoarse by telling the boys to keep quiet. Another is "Bardie" who takes a daily visit around the class to see his friends, probably the reason for it is because he can't do his work. "Cocko"—"Gonna" Jones fell overboard." (Poor Cocko).

Of course we cannot leave out "Welsly" who tries to brighten up the class and he certainly never fails. He giggles all the time.

Well, to wind up our notes we wish the Junior and Leaving students the best of luck in their coming exams.

I.B.

Hello readers—this is I.B calling you again from Station B.H.S. where the staff are still that cheery lot of hard working souls. Our prefect has at last given up the well nigh impossible task of retaining order and left it to the more impressive teachers.

Our most popular subjects are "The Art of Doing Nothing" and "How to Shoot Paper Pellets." The other day we were told that a member of the staff had remarked on our singing prowess by stating "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." We think that this is probably true. In I.B we have a human saxophone who supplies all the music for our songs. We hear he was dropped on his head

SPORTS NOTES



during infancy so presume he can't help his present state.

To conclude our notes we take this opportunity of wishing the third and fifth forms success in their coming trials (by which we mean exams as the more learned members of the class call them).

Adios till the "Kingia" is again published.



I.C.

Hullo folks! Once again the time has come for the (very) superior form of I.C. to contribute to the famous "Kingia."

Yes sirc-c-e! We certainly have some saintly and brainy nuts in I.C. I must admit that a few—not to mention names—could pay more attention in class instead of digging the unfortunate damsels in front of them with different articles! Such as ? ? ? etc., etc. Of course the damsels—like all feminine creatures—give little squeaks of terror and amongst them they lead the busy teachers a life of despair.

Our form is high in the estimation of a few teachers—I hope—but I am sorry to relate that the others do not think so. Mainly because it is lack of swot on our parts. We, like the happy-go-lucky crowd that we are usually prefer the pictures to an hour or so of swot.

I.C. has some fine artists, but the trouble is that we do the best work out of the art room! During a Geography lesson for instance—when we should be listening to a Geography lesson more than one student is too busy drawing a portrait—trying to at least—of the master as he is talking, to pay much attention to the lesson. Tut! Tut!

Now don't dare get the idea that the boys are always the wrong doers, for that is entirely wrong. The boys are continually up to tricks, it is true, but the girls seem to pick up all the gossip of the school, and their most important aim seems to be to tell it to her pals before anyone else beats her to it.

One of the boys' favourite pastimes in "Music" is to congregate at the back of the hall to have a regular yarn to their neighbours. The mistresses are so distracted by the form of unruly boys who are supposed to occupy the front seats, that no one ever notices charming I.C!



I.D.

"To be or not to be: that is the question." We are in very much the same state as whoever the fellow was who uttered the above statement. To put all that into sensible I.D. English, we are almost deadums, owing to the many difficult (???) spellings which come our way practically every day. Of course there are various other things which help to magnify this state of despair. For instance may I suggest "formulae." But let us continue.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," so that I may introduce to you some of the form's oddities.

As soon as one enters the door, several large, dumb-looking pumpkins with a certain Capelish appearance, hits one hard in the eye. (In case the geography master would be interested, they breed fat ones out there.)

Towards the middle of the class-room sit several people who, if I may quote a certain mistress, have adopted as their motto, "Sometimes I sits and



(Invasion of Manual Set—Through the Workshop Window. — by B.A.)

thinks and sometimes I just sits." However, the majority of the inmates hold as their slogan "Je ne swot pas."

Various pieces of human mechanism throughout the class avail themselves at every opportunity of the art of giggling.

So far we have kept our record quite clear of "swots." This is due to the fact that we faithfully follow our prefect, whom, we believe, acquires the habit of "non-swotting" from an elder sister.

Ah ha! Who is this looming up in the distance. Methinks, "Dunk," it is the son of a suburban leech.

We must be gone.

We remain,

Yours till the Sphinx winks,
The Dumb D'ites.



II.F.

Hi-ho everybody. Here are the second year fairies calling you from our home on the balcony. Calling to give you a glimpse of our quiet, studious, and ordered lives.

Well, to start off, let's see whom we can see. Ah! yes, there is Rosemary with a pencil and paper. As usual she is drawing a sailing ship. Now and again, just by way of a change, she draws a most fascinating young maiden. Next we see another artist, "Shep" by name. "Shep" does not go in for sailing ships, she concentrates on the fascinating young maidens. Now we see our new friend, the "Terrier," who we have heard scampered her way through Presbyterian Ladies' College with flying colours. Had you been with us a little while ago you would have seen "Looney" gazing out of the window at "the sea, the sea, the open sea." But now she has shifted and you see Beryl stretching her small white neck to get a glimpse of the above-mentioned sea. Still, there is a rumour abroad that "Looney" might be returning to her former seat. The Form's gossip club used to hold its meetings in the back corner, but now its four members, Judy, Jean, Nancy and Thelma are scattered out. This does not mean that the Form is short of gossip. On the contrary, there is plenty.

So much for our members, now to tell you about the situation of our home. At first we were delighted when we heard that our Form Room was to be F. We have since found that this room has its disadvantages, so we have changed our minds a bit. For instance, we live

next door to the home of all feminine charm, the mistresses' room, and should we by way of a change (?) decide to make a little noise, the whole lot of it drifts through the ventilators into their room and disturbs their peace and quiet. Another disadvantage is experienced when our friends, the chem. students, start making stinks in H, just opposite our clean, fresh room, sweet with the smell of flowers (that must come from the mistresses' room). The main offenders used to be our dear (?) friends from II.P and II.X, and four members of our own class. That was when they first started taking chem. Then they seemed to take a delight in seeing what vile smells they could concoct and leave there to float across into F, where we would find them on our return from learning about the mysteries of our wonderfully made bodies, or from worrying over the perfect tense of "vouloir." Now the offenders are the wise and learned fourth years. Of course F has its advantages, too, being in the middle of the balcony we can hear approaching footsteps from either end. Frequently the cry of "Here she comes" rings out. That is just to let us know that the next 40 minutes of labour (or day-dreaming) are about to commence. We can also lean out of the window and watch other students hurrying to and fro underneath. Of course other interesting things can be seen out of the window, but we won't mention them here.

You are probably wondering why we are so quiet. Well, we'll let you into the secret: our class is composed entirely of girls. You can now quite easily understand why we are so much quieter than our friends in II.P, which is all boys, or II.X, which is a mixed class.

We wish to thank the prefects, Mrs. Kenrick, and Miss Burton, for the dancing practices which we have every second Monday. II.F is generally well represented and we have a good few girls from X there, but the trouble is that only a few of the most daring members of II.P will venture into the gym. to dance with us fairies. Really we are not as terrible as all that. You ask the boys that come and you will find that they enjoy themselves.

We have heard that some of the II.P boys have very good voices, but we wish they would use them during music period instead of leaving all the melody making to the girls.

We would like to welcome Mrs. Kenrick, Mrs. Grenfell, Mrs. Farrant, Miss Della and Mr. Clifton to the staff. We

hope their stay with us will be a happy one, and also that we do not cause them too much worry. We really do try hard with our work you know, even though you don't always see the good results.

Ah, at last the English period has finished and now we must move on. Farewell, until next "Kingia" from

The Fair, Fearless Fairies.



I.I.P.

As I.I.P. is an all-boy class, we have the scattered remnants of all the first year boys I.A, I.B and I.C. Such a mixture of young hopefuls brings forth rather terrible results, so it is now our intention to acquaint you with the doings of I.I.P.

A teacher, pausing outside the door to get accustomed to the terrific noise issuing forth, may hear above all others, the voices of two stalwart members, Austin, W., and Riley, M. These two are forever discussing politics.

In answer to the teacher's, "Good morning," some of the good boys mumble a reply, but the remainder remain silent and think a lot. After several moments have passed, the boys sit comparatively still. Glancing up the first row, "Squeak's" small and troubled countenance is slowly seen to fade from view behind a huge screen of books. Murray, H., blissfully gazes at his halo. I.J.H. whips out his stilleto (his rule) from his sleeves and plunges it savagely into a convenient back (much to that individual's disgust).

Rob hungrily searches for some unattended books, which, with a little persuasion, will cascade to the floor.

To end a hard, industrious day's work, I.I.P. give vent to its relief by song (in several different tunes agreed), but with the same words—

Of history we haven't a notion,
Our geography we have to rewrite,
Our English it causes commotion,
Oh keep mathematics out of our sight.

From the "Powerful, Prompt, Profound, Personalities of I.I.P.



I.I.X.

Being a very modest class we hesitate to brag about our scholastic abilities; but then false modesty gets one nowhere, so we really must tell of a few of our very

many talents. Firstly we are particularly industrious, in other words really and truly hardworking, with a passionate love for homework, lengthy problems, and in fact, anything needing brain power. Then again the majority of us are girls making another definite advantage. The girls were rather unlucky this year as some difficulty was found in finding us a suitable commercial mistress, but we now have two who are trying (rather vainly in some cases) to teach the wonderful art of shorthand outlines, etc.

Oh-oh, pardon a minute while we investigate the cause of the bedlam drifting across the room. Hm, hm, as was expected Noel, our politician, is having a very heated argument with Wallaby on the subject of whether schools should be abolished or not. (We soon settled that.)

How many knew Mona Lisa was the most beautiful woman of her time. We've seen her and haven't got over the effects yet, and the girls are most encouraged as they realise there's still hope for them. When the strong Westergies blow on our classroom door an amazing fight begins. Teacher versus door. Amid breathless excitement the pupils watch hoping, praying—Then suddenly the end comes as teacher with an amazing burst of strength, wrenches open the door, marches in with a sheepish "Good morning children," and the incident is closed.

Bang, crash! No friends it's not an air raid, but only old Jumbo seeing if he can be tripped by his own foot. We wonder how hard the floor was. After being in I.I.X. for two terms you begin to doubt whether the saying is true, "Elephants are gentle creatures."

One of the wits of the class invented this sentence. The teacher said, "That that that that that boy wrote is an adjective." Try it on your English master friends. Although it almost breaks our hearts we must sign off but we'll be back just as bright and chirpy as ever.



III.Q.

And now readers, we have a band of new artists here to-night who will entertain you with the story of their progress—ahem!—in the bitter world. "Ladies and gentlemen, Form III.Q."

"Than-Q, Mr. Announcer!" Good evening everybody. We can't say "Here

we are again," because this time last year we were not. We are an entirely new class. This has its advantages for we cannot have our last year's reputation cast up at us. It is a downfall to take over a mere second year room, we know, but we can only trust that the room is duly grateful.

Several of the Powers that Be have informed us that we are definitely the best third year class. Some are inclined to take this mild joke in good part, but the wise ones believe it. The class C.W.A. are speedily bringing insanity nearer to the brains of our Maths, Physics, and English masters. We do wish the latter would cease talking to himself. It makes us uneasy. "As You Like It" evidently made a good impression, however, for the Maths master's "funny little wog" has named the animals in the Art room "Rosalind" and "Orlando." We are wondering what shall be dubbed "Hamlet."

We warmly welcome (alliteration) Elva Adams and Mavis Nixon to this form. We know they will do us credit in the forthcoming Junior (ah me! the woeful day!). Elva has already proved an acquisition to her faction baseball and hockey teams.

Now for the form tit-bits—

Dorothy thinks analysis is awfully dry. We agree.

Lorna has almost crossed the border line owing to "Die Lorelei," and the chalk rationing. We do wish a certain Maths master would not hang on to our chalk.

Margery likes flashing a mirror in the broken ventilator. Is she in search of the lost will?

Now a short quizz—

Who is scandal-monger in chief?

Who eats apples in French?

Who is Norma's latest thrill?

Who gets giggles every time she sees the Maths Master's face?

We wish to conclude by forwarding our sincerest apologies to Mr. Jenkin, also Mr. Colgan who, we feel certain would relish placing us all in a calorimeter and dropping us off the highest skyscraper in New York.

P.S.: Would Mr. Colgan please take the temperature of the calorimeter as we pass the ninety-seventh floor on our way down?

III.R.

*How sweet are looks that teachers bend
On whom their favours fall,
For them we swot (?) until the end,
To save from rage and thrall.
But all our minds are drawn elsewhere;
Our knees are bow'd in shame and
fear;
We often feel the draught of air,
Of books that whistle past our ear.
But we are really very good,
Though teachers don't think much of
us,
And we don't squeal as others would (?),
Or make the slightest bit of fuss (?).*

We are a bright lot we are!!! Don't you think? If you doubt us, just glance at our room-mates. There is dear old Sewell who is such a nice lad, but whose technical terms somewhat astound us. His vocabulary is almost as polished as that of a certain English master (not mentioning names). We have several "Einsteins" in our class (Powrie and Clarke and Co.) who conveniently provide us with answers the morning prior to the assignments being due. These budding mathematicians save the track down to the headmaster's office from being crowded with irresponsible II.R-ites. The mystery of the class is what is Mason's outside attraction during periods—maybe he is the school's private detective or maybe the girls doing "gym" on the lawn influence his actions. "Eggy," our old friend, has hopes of being a "gym" instructor later in life, but at present he has considerable difficulty in raising his centre of gravity over the formidable horse.

Our only rays of sunshine in our wretched lives are our few brief (?) periods in the training centre. Our instructor, the other day, deeming it best we should have a little manual labour, placed "King Allen" and company upon the pleasant task of playing "Marching sandhills." The boys soon constructed "Barrow Road," along which they played motor trucks contentedly. The playful little gang was bent upon undermining the M.T. shed, but only the influence of their leaders "Bellie" and "Chick" saved the situation.

Well, here is where we sign off. We have not the time to write any more notes as "swot" is so important at present.—Cherio.

*So much for idle thinking—how
It steals the time! To business now!*
—(Robert Browning.)

III.S.

S—when one hears of that room they immediately remember the rowdy IIs of 1941 and the more rowdy IIs of 1942; well, though the unknown S is still the same, the coefficient has changed to III. Though we consider ourselves superior to our predecessors we are forced to admit that there is one thing in which our superiority is lacking. We will now attempt to supply suitable reasons or excuses for this inferior quality which we are sadly possessing.

As is always the case, when boys and girls mix, there is an enormous amount of noise which, when it thunders down the corridor, brings to the scene of combat an unwanted visitor who frequently gives terrible punishment. (If the above is not true we hope that the girls are not offended.)

Another fact, which allows such sounds of unruliness to escape our room, is that the furniture in our room can be moved. This not only allows us to move the chairs for our convenience but, as has become Derry P's habit, when Stanley A. carefully places his chair in position and then, with a sigh of relief, allows himself, as he supposes, to fall comfortably into his chair, the latter is silently and swiftly removed.

In the back row two boys hold continual conversations with girls across the aisle. Perhaps the noise, which escapes these lovers, is only negligible because, after all, love scenes are not as they used to be.

Mac and Co. are responsible for a large proportion of the noise. Chemistry seems to appeal to them, but not the tiresome learning of ammonia, etc., but the art of obtaining the best explosive or cannon from which that explosive can send the projectile farthest. This takes up much of their valuable time and is the cause of many long and undetermined quarrels which frequently result in blows.

Then there are the two front rows of boys who often indulge in quarrels which sometimes continue long into the next period, though a teacher may be present. It is hard to say which row is the cause of the quarrels for no sooner has one expired than another begins. William P. and Dally are excellent talkers, but their greatest enemy of the second row is the able, fiery, red-headed Greeny who mercilessly corrupts many of their arguments.

The noise which escapes from the female members of our class is probably

drowned by that made by the boys or maybe the girls wish us to have a good reputation and purposely keep quiet for that reason.

Thus you can see that the causes of that inferior quality which we possess are many. The terrible noise and, as we must shamefully admit, for the work not done, we are in the eyes of many of our teachers, not exactly angels.

Our reputation as a class is bad, but there are three subjects in which we do well but, sad as it seems, none of these three will help us to pass our Junior. In gymnasium and sport Maggy, Dally, Mac, Shep, and Fryer are very good. The third subject is singing of which William P. is included as a good vocalist and sings while Jock provides the music. Jock plays the fool. (A self-made instrument.)

The Junior is quickly approaching us unprepared, defenceless children and our teachers, with threats that we have no chance of passing, are disgusted, but Pete, a brainy specimen of our class raises our drooping spirits in this time of despair, by cracking some of his many jokes.

We must close now wishing all other unfortunate third years the best of luck in their forthcoming public examination.



FOURTH YEAR FORM NOTES.

From this exalted place words may fly abroad, not to perish on the waves of sound, not to vary with the writer's pen, but fixed in time having been verified by proof. They themselves are the cross-roads of civilisation; the refuge of the arts against the ravages of time; the armoury of fearless truth against whispering rumour. They are most great and receive high honour. Friend, you read sacred words, for I am writing of the Fourth Year.

If, with unworthy tread, you pass their room, raise your right hand and bow low, for, from this noble source, springs wisdom beyond belief, while glory unknown abides there. Gaze with respectful and shaded eyes at the magnificence of the Four Year for "their ways are the ways of righteousness and all their paths are peace." Yet, with their high accomplishments they are human—only human. With an unworthy pen I will try to give you a glimpse of their greatness by presenting their Form notes.

[Please note that I am a totally independent observer and take no responsibility for any libel actions which may result from these notes.]

Assisted by Miss Burton and Mrs. Kenrick many of the male members have untangled their long legs at last, and learnt to trip the light fantastic, thus greatly enlivening the once solitary school dances and numerous dance practices of the female portion. The girls inform me, however, that there is still room for a little improvement. On the other hand the boys tell me that the girls talk too much—so they even one another up.

Being "at that certain age" several of the males or, more correctly, most of the males, are gazing around for partners with whom they want to do more than just dance. George has ascended into the fifth year for his choice, Reg has descended into the third year, Morgan is trying every year, Spotty still remains faithful to fourth year. Grant, James and Midge have something up their sleeves, and it's not only their arms. The others are keeping their partners under their hats. Good luck to them all—they'll need it.

Among the many interesting fauna of the varied Fourth Year several cannot pass without mention. Allie and Elsie constantly enliven our peaceful atmosphere with sweet, girlish, ear-piercing bursts of laughter. In this carefree pastime they are occasionally assisted by the expert on Ulysses and her friend from Harvey. They make a delightful melody which at times sounds like a taiseh (you don't know the meaning of "taiseh" so look it up). Still, if there were no bad apples we would never appreciate the sound ones. [I'm not sure where that comes into this, but there it is.] Of course Pag is our star attraction. Once in the library, assisted by George, he started a woodyard with pulverised rulers. Pag pulverised, while George stacked. They were doing splendidly and were thinking of opening a South Bunbury branch when heavy foot-falls caused the whole scheme to be abandoned. It was really a pity as they were doing so well. Another member appears to have "Deep in the Heart" (you know the rest so why should I bother to write it) on the brain. His bird-like whistle can be heard shrilling out the rousing tune at any time of the day. One of the teachers is so stirred by the song when he hears it that he goes into raptures (of rage). Cheer up Smith—try whistling it backwards, that will confuse Mr. E.

A few weeks ago the Fourth Year plunged into the whirling chaos of "logs" (or to give them their full and imposing name, "logarithms"). Several of its members, Kenny, Brady, Morgan, Ted, and a few others had dived into mantissas, characteristics, significant digits, and other impedimenta before, and they were all experts at once. They are the "Rule of Thumb Boys," apparently they find the characteristic by using a rule which has no foundation, but which gives the right answer. The other unfortunates use rules with an algebraical backbone but which always gives ten instead of three. This is causing a little confusion.

While on the subject of confusion the Fourth Year wish to encourage the third and fifth year in their time of perturbation. May they be awarded that slip of paper in red and blue printing which is the object of their desire. They also wish to welcome back the two wanderers, Roy and Reg.

My task is done. In this matter my izzat is satisfied for the notes are finished. Day is ending, and the soft twilight is falling as the sun goes down. May the sun soon rise on a better world.

Sayonara from the

frivolous, fathomless, famous, flamboyant, formidable, feasible, flattering, faithless,

FOURTH FORM.



V.E.

As I sit here writing these notes I suppose that I, on behalf of the Fifth Form of 1943, am writing much the same as did the Fifth Form representative of 1923. It is only natural that a change in outlook on school life should be brought about by the altered appearance of the school itself and the troubled state of world affairs, but, generally speaking, the same old school spirit remains.

Ours is a very small class. Altogether there are nine girls and four boys in our select little circle, but thirteen people living in a more congenial atmosphere would be hard to find. I do not know whether I am correct or not but I do not think that anybody ever knows much about all the members of Form V. and so, if you will excuse me, I shall introduce those of this year's to you. Mary, at the head

of our girls, serious on occasions, but usually one of the gayest in the class; Eileen (more popularly known as "Bonnie"), a quiet smile and a quiet nature, although displaying a keen sense of humour; Joan Mander, our prize swot, always obliging and with a ready laugh; Gwyn, often cynical but one of the best natured girls in the room for all that; Peggy and Florence, the merry madcaps, full of life and never seen apart; Daphne, with a hearty laugh and happy-go-lucky manner; Joan King and Beryl, inclined to be reserved, but jolly good sports, nevertheless. Of the boys there is little to be said owing to the fact that, as I said before, there are only four of us. Colin, too, can be serious on occasions and yet he too can also be bright—exceptionally bright; Kelvin, quiet and well spoken, yet somewhat mischievous; Ross, of a jovial laugh and a fine bass (very bass) baritone voice; and then there is me. Just exactly who "me" is, is not particularly important.

I think that this is the most opportune moment in which to welcome Ross and Kelvin to the school. Ross was previously attending a school in Perth and Kelvin was in South Australia. A more valuable addition to the school in the form of these boys would be unobtainable, and this fact is emphasised by the amount of popularity they enjoy. Kelvin is fond of music, and Ross, as I have already remarked, is a conscientious vocalist. I don't think that it is out of place at this moment to mention our crooner—Colin. It is no uncommon sight to see him strolling along with a vacant expression on his handsome visage, singing "You and I," "You Are My Sunshine," "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire," and other similar tunes.

There was a time when the boys in our Form numbered five, but now one of them is in the Air Force and, Jim, your class-mates wish you every success and happy landing. It is a pity that after being with us for so long you should have to leave us, but such is the way of life. There is one advantage in your leaving, however, Jim, and that is that you don't have to take the Leaving at the end of the year.

Hoping that, if ever my predecessor of 1923 should read these notes, he will not treat them with too much disdain, this is the mouthpiece (please don't take this too literally) of V.E. concluding with best wishes for all Junior and Leaving candidates.

OUR CREST.

The following article on the crest of the school has been reproduced from the first issue of the "Kingia" which was published in 1923.

The choice of a crest for the new High School was not an easy matter. It was not desirable to import a symbol from abroad, or even to borrow one from ancient mythology. The crest must be Western Australian, and if possible not previously used for the purpose of heraldry. The choice fell on the Kingia and a description of the plant has been given to show its suitability for the purpose.

The Kingia is a native of Western Australia and is not found outside the limits of the State. Indeed it is confined to the south-west portion (our district) and is a familiar object, with a beauty of its own, from the Darling Range to the sea. Sometimes it is known as the Grass tree, but its scientific name is *Kingia Australis*.

Unlike the Blackboy, the stem of the Kingia does not contain resin gum. It may also be distinguished by the flower stalks which are short with enlarged rounded ends like drumsticks, the straight, unbranched stem and the straggling tuft of leaves at the head. It is a plant of extraordinarily slow growth, the rate being about one foot in a hundred years. Consequently a Kingia 25 feet high, and many exceed this, would be 2,500 years old. It is quite possible that the oldest living thing in the world is one of the taller Kingias of Western Australia. They certainly give a prehistoric character to our forests.

The stem of the Kingia consists of tough, closely interlocked plant fibres of a light sand colour about four or five inches in diameter surrounded by a ring, several inches thick, of stout fibres running vertically and closely cemented together. This ring again is surrounded by an outer sheath of leaf bases radically arranged and tightly packed. Owing to the action of fire the trunks appear black—the outer end of each leaf base has been charred.

Examination of several parts of the stem shows that it yields useful products although the sheath is of no commercial importance. The long fibres surrounding the core are used for hard brooms and brushes and the rest of the stem forms an excellent non-conducting packing for refrigerators, ice chests, or "fireless" cookers. It is also used

for lifebuoys, insoles of footwear, cricket and hockey balls and laboratory apparatus.

The Kingia is, then, a thing of beauty, purely Western Australian and fulfils varied and useful purposes. Above all it has a good sound heart. With all these virtues it is a fitting symbol to form the crest of the Bunbury High School.



B.H.S. GOES ON THE LAND.

All the term we had looked forward to the day not so far ahead (we hoped), when the school would be closed and we would all be on our way to spend five weeks "down on the farm," or orchard. At first it was thought that the majority of the senior school would be going, but the numbers soon dropped off until, when the longed for day came, only about thirty were required. Of these lucky few fifteen were girls. This fifteen included twelve hop pickers for Pemberton, two apple pickers for Manjimup and one apple picker for Bridgetown. It fell my lot to be the one for Bridgetown.

Thus it came about that on the twelfth day in the merry month of March, in the year nineteen hundred and forty-three, A.D., a happy crowd of B.H.S.-ites was to be seen on the station, ready to begin what was probably to be some of the best weeks of their lives. Many of them rushed up just in time to catch the train, myself among them. However, none of us were left behind. We all enjoyed our journey, to say nothing of the water melon which was passed from one carriage to another.

Arriving at Bridgetown about six o'clock I said goodbye to the others and set off in the car, which was brought to meet me, to what was to be my home for the next five weeks. I had only been there about half an hour when the girls of the family suggested that we should go and pick some blackberries before it became dark so, arming ourselves with all the bilbies we could find, we started across the orchard to the paddock where the blackberries were ripest. It was a thorny welcome which Bridgetown extended to me that day. We picked until it was almost dark.

The next day I had my first experience of apple picking. Having loaded

the cases and picking bags onto the cart we called to Digger to "get up," and set off down to the bottom of the orchard. Putting the picking bag on for the first time gives a bit of trouble but as usual, "practice makes perfect." Next it is necessary to learn the use of the gauge. After you have been picking the same size and shape apple for a while you can usually pick without a gauge. Colour grading also becomes easy after a while. There were three of us picking and we picked on an average about seventy-five cases a day. The carrier came every second or third day and took the apples to the packing sheds to be regraded and packed for export. Each load usually consisted of between a hundred and fifty and two hundred cases, the record load while I was there being two hundred and sixteen.

Well, I enjoyed my first morning greatly, but the fun really started when we began to pick the high trees. It was all right if you were the one on the ladder or up the tree, but when you were on the ground you were in a dangerous position as the reject apples, when dropped from a height, have a habit of landing on the head of the person beneath. As only two of us picked the same tree this difficulty was overcome by working with two ladders, picking the low branches first and then the high ones.

It rained very little during the week days but made up for it at the week ends, so that we didn't go out much except in the car or truck. We went to the farm, ten miles from Bridgetown one Sunday while they were chaff-cutting to bring in a load of chaff and wood.

There might only have been a few of us but we certainly had our share of fun. There were bikes and a tennis court for our use during the day and a piano, cards, and a book-case of books for our evenings' entertainment. We could go to the pictures whenever we wanted to.

For five glorious weeks this continued and then came the last day. It was with great sorrow that I picked my last apple and took off my picking bag for the last time. I was, however, far luckier than the hop pickers as I at least stayed for the time I expected, whereas they could not. On the sixteenth of April I said goodbye to Bridgetown, the scene of such happy days and set off on the train journey that was to end the best holiday I have ever had. When at last I realized that

it was really over, I began to look forward to returning to B.H.S. to hear the experiences of the other "land-girls."

E. M. SPIERS,
Form IV.Y.

GEOGRAPHY V.

What delightful periods they are! Indeed they constitute one-tenth of the week's programme, and although there is nothing really appealing about them, shown by the fact that we are usually seen to amble along to that far end of the corridor like horses, while here I must add that eight horses have already dropped on the wayside, we five still make the journey four times per week, and just now I am wondering who will be the next victim of that unnamable disease which so ruthlessly descended, devastating so much of our midst, to these strangely alluring periods.

Through the door, and simultaneously five piles of books flop on various benches, followed by much harsh treatment of the furnishings, while we are endeavouring to make ourselves comfortable for the long forty minutes which ensue. Then Robin Goodfellow descends, anointing the eyelids of his victims with that peculiar balm when we become oblivious to our surroundings; we pass into dreamland.

But the charm works off; we wake; we try to recollect what has passed in the preceding forty minutes. Truly enough we were on the beach getting wet feet in our miniature sea floors at Foamy Channel; we were playing glaciers on the school banks, incidentally cking away the school's foundations by making fluvial valleys; we were dropping stones into a tin dish for the benefit of those who were interested enough to study contours and we were running all over the sand hills with an indignant old prismatic which will not do many more years' service as it behaves far from accurately now. Perhaps these incidents explain why Geography V is so alluring.

Ah! life in this sphere is one long game, a happy game, and that is why the majority of us cannot refrain from being present, although sometimes some of our midst have leave, official or unofficial, from this extremely arduous subject, but in reality we shall be sorry when we have to leave off our little sojourns there. As for me I enjoy every minute of it.

"COME, WALK INTO MY BOARDING HOUSE."

—:—

Have you ever lived in a boarding-house? If you have, you deserve more sympathy than could be offered in this article, but if you have not—why, you are the most blessed of all mortals. Let me portray to you, to the best of my ability, the trials and tribulations of a typical boarder in a typical boarding-house on a typical day.

The agony of existence begins at ten minutes to eight when one's slumbers are brought to an abrupt conclusion. Then commences the usual performance of completing a ten-minute toilet in less than one, diving into some clothes, pulling up one's blankets and flopping down at the table just before the whistle blows. In due course of time a bowl of cold porridge is dumped within reach, after which one is presented with a surprisingly lean sausage which rolls dejectedly over the plate, evidently in search of the cold egg that was there yesterday.

This bout is followed by three and a half perfectly heavenly (in comparison) hours at school, after which it is inevitable that one should rush back (I refuse to say "home") to partake of the mid-day meal. I feel that most of you know too much about this type of food for any details to be mentioned, but surely you, too, have wondered about the pulped apples and boiled puddings—"Oh Sweet Mystery of Life"—which come with never-failing regularity.

We are to be truly thankful that the School has provided us with a library. There, in a fair degree of safety, one may remain until the vicinity of five o'clock, after which the fact that we are very much alive is impressed upon us once more by an over inquisitive land lady whose memory is obviously so poor that it is necessary for her to ask the same personal questions all over again, until by the end of the term the answers are purely mechanical. Things are made more unbearable when a host of ghastly specimens of humanity (relations) join in the inquest, having spent a successful day as private detectives.

Once more a frugal meal is prepared, during which one watches the butter dish with suspicion and endeavours to stretch a very small ration over more than one piece of bread. Having survived so far, one decides that an effort really must be made to erode that moun-

tain of homework, and consequently eases oneself on to the hardest chair in the world and glares hopelessly at a trig. book. As the silky voice of "Mrs. 'Obbs'" floats distinctly into the room all hope of correcting last month's grammar is wafted away with it, and the last trig. formula is gone completely after "First Light Fraser" has been amazing some of the public for fifteen minutes. At the unheard of hour of nine o'clock precisely, a stolid landlady appears at the door from whence she expounds the amazing theory, that no teacher with any intellect at all would dream of giving us homework which could possibly occupy more than two hours when they know we have plenty of other things to occupy our minds—such as the worry of the Junior looming on the horizon. Having given up the suicidal attempts at stealing an extra five minutes long ago, one gathers up one's books, together with a few pencils and rulers belonging to the first years of the establishment (bless them; they little know what lies ahead), and moves meekly towards the bedroom, there to throw a few books into a case for to-morrow, darn one's stockings, clean one's teeth and climb into bed, all in the space of fifteen minutes.

After manoeuvring oneself between the fragile sheets and carefully adjusting the two thin blankets, both being of uncertain age, the real torment begins. Let me advise you all on this point. It is of no use turning over, for the cold air immediately rushes in to take the place of the slightly warmer air which rushes out, and the tail feathers with which the mattress is sparingly stuffed migrate to the extreme corners leaving only the canvas to protect one's aching bones from the chicken wire beneath, so the best thing to do is to make up one's mind how to lie, and having reached this position, endeavour to retain it under all circumstances. Quite frequently it is absolutely necessary to shiver violently in the hope of keeping reasonably warm, but eventually sleep steals in to soothe one's suffering mind and body, although it, too, is disturbed by vivid nightmares in which undone work takes on grotesque shapes and sizes, and also by the premonition that some time in the near future that piece of plaster is certain to fall right on top of one's head. . . .

. . . Well, perhaps it would be all for the best. . . .

"One of Many."

HOPPING AT PEMBERTON.

"Woo-oo-oo, woo-oo-oo, woo-oo-oo-oo! Chadada, chadada, chadada." The senior girls of Bunbury High School were on the way to one of the biggest adventures of their school life.

After a train journey of approximately one hundred miles which was whiled away by cheerful prophecy concerning the future visit we at last drew near our longed for destination. The train drew up with a jerk. The thirteen occupants of two consecutive carriages rushed to the window. What on earth was the driver thinking of pulling up here in the middle of nowhere? Oh! then we saw that it was Pemberton at the other end of the train.

Well, after Mr. Bunn and his sons had bundled our luggage and us into the back of two utilities we experienced one of the most thrilling drives of a lifetime. Allow me to tell you that driving along a windy track through the dusk at a speed which is not in accordance with the traffic rules is thrilling.

Still more experiences awaited us. After being taken along to the huts which were to be our headquarters for the next few weeks, our employers—this was not to be all play and no work—left us to the task of making our beds. Those beds! I think I shall never have more fun than I did with my bed. No sooner had I one spot devoid of bumps than another of those wretched slumber spoilers occurred. Finally, however, the beds were made and it was a merry gang we were as we trooped along to tea.

Upon the following day we were introduced to our new occupation. What fun it was trying to pick more hops than your neighbour, but best of all was the homeward journey. As the hops were carried home by horse and cart we hoppers thought we may as well be too. There really wasn't enough room for everyone, but then there's nothing like variety. The ride would not have been half so exciting as it was had not some of our mates fallen overboard when the cart was pulled over furrows of ploughed land.

After tea, which as you can imagine, was quite a welcome meal, we either danced or—you want to know some more about the dancing? Well I had better not be too revealing, but it is sufficient to say that you could not have found more jitterbug enthusiasts than you would have found in the Springvale dance

hall. They say that stolen fruit is always the sweetest. I can verify this. Another of our occupations carried out after dark was the raiding of Bunn's orchard which was supposedly full of green apples. After donning their overcoats the couple chosen to perform this exciting deed crept round and ran into fences and finally arrived at their goal, the orchard. When enough apples to go all round had been picked the two pickers—of apples—made their way back to the hut. Were those apples delicious!

After two weeks had passed we were given our wages and with these in our pockets we bade farewell to our employers who had given us such a happy, carefree holiday.

Thank you for patiently reading the reminiscences of a hopper.

“THE RESOLUTION.”

“He drowsed and was aware of silence heaped

Round him, unshaken as the steadfast walls.”

The sweet strains of music in the gymnasium had been silenced but a few minutes previously as I was making my way homewards. For some strange reason my thoughts turned to mathematics and physics and for some even stranger reason I made the sudden decision that I would do a lot of work that night. As my thoughts hastened along, so did my feet but, unfortunately, I never reached home until six o'clock—I met a friend, and in the ensuing conversation my good intentions were forgotten.

Having risen well content from a particularly appetising meal, I went to my bedroom and stood looking thoughtfully at my books as they lay undisturbed on the mantelpiece. Still thinking deeply I placed my elbows on the mantelpiece, and, with my chin in my hands, stared blankly at the wall in front of me. I discovered that it never pays to become too much engrossed in thought because it was almost 7.15 before I eventually roused myself, slowly took Loney's “Mechanics and Hydrostatics for Beginners,” Hall and Knight's “Elementary Trigonometry,” and Black and Davis' “Elementary Practical Physics” from the pile of books that confronted me, placed them on a table and sat down to work.

There are probably very few readers of this article (if any) who have not heard of the inimitable Mrs. 'Obbs, and if you were to refer to Western Austra-

lia's family magazine—“The Broadcaster” you would learn that she makes her appearance, heralded by oft-repeated claims regarding the efficiency of a well-known soother of sore throats, at approximately fifteen minutes past seven. All this leads up to the fact that I was just going to commence a hard night's work when my younger brothers—both staunch admirers of Mrs. 'Obbs' lingual control—turned the volume full on and even though my bedroom door was shut, a mat pushed up against the bottom of it, and paper stuffed in the key-hole, the sound of her voice penetrated the tense atmosphere that surrounded me (I was thinking) and considerably affected my powers of concentration which, I must admit, are never exceptionally strong at any time. Not having the energy to walk out and do it myself, I sat back in my chair and yelled, “Turn down that wireless.” Meeting with challenges to “come and make us,” I left my work, not unreluctantly, and stormed into the dining-room. Fixing me with baleful glares, my brothers dared me to carry out my own order and whenever I did soften the tone a little they promptly altered it again. They also reminded me that they intended to listen to “First Light Fraser” as well and so, resigned to fate and with an inward feeling of content, I sat down for the next half-hour and was laughing and silent alternately, just as they were.

Returning to my room it was almost eight o'clock before I was once again settled and, with the trigonometry book open in front of me, I started to do some “easy solution of triangles.” I do not profess to be particularly clever, but after spending a full hour and a half on those “easy solutions” with negligible results, I was beginning to wonder whether there was a fault in publication, my eyes were deceiving me, Messrs. Hall and Knight were mad, or I was mad. After considerable thought I blamed Messrs. Hall and Knight.

After the disastrous results of my dallings in trigonometry I took up the book containing Mr. Loney's theories of applied mathematics, opened it, looked at it, and shut it again. That one brief glance so shocked me that it took me a quarter of an hour to recover, during which time I was busily engaged in ruling up the exercise book I had bought specially for the subject. At the end of that quarter of an hour I had become so interested in what I was doing that I continued the same idle pastime for another quarter of an hour.

The time was ten o'clock, and as I did not have enough courage to venture

into the realms of mystery and imagination like Mr. Loney wished me to, I devoted my time to the study of physics. After reading for about five minutes, however, I began to think of the advice, given by a member of the staff, that every hour or so it is to one's benefit that one should prow! around the house in search of food. Accordingly I rose from my chair, not to make my re-appearance for another half-hour (no wonder mother was annoyed with me when she had visitors next day and found that about ninety-five per cent. of her precious sponge had mysteriously disappeared) and by this time it was nearly fifteen minutes to eleven.

Originally I had only intended to work until eleven o'clock but in my opinion a quarter of an hour is unimportant and so I cleared my books away, changed into my pyjamas, turned out the light and climbed slowly into bed, sighing as I did so. Never mind, I really will work to-morrow night.

"Swotot."

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF MUSIC IN THE AIR."

A stampede of feet accompanies the ringing of the bell, and exhibits three, four, and five, rush the gym doors. It is period four, Monday morning.

The change is incredible. The assembly hall, once so deserted, grim and silent, now echoes and re-echoes with the sound of mighty feet. Here a chair reclines gracefully in the wrong position on the floor. There a tug-o-war is in progress, as fierce combatants claim the right to a seat on the form. Enthralled by the varied performances of a daring young lad on the rings, the occupants of the seats beneath duck their heads in ecstasy.

Hush! The noise diminishes somewhat at the entrance of the commanding forces. Only murmurs can be heard as they struggle toward the platform. Dum! dum! dum!—the piano is in use, but even the sweet melodies issuing forth so gallantly, fail to check the thunderous undertone. Suddenly a figure is transformed, flashing eyes command attention, and in no uncertain terms we are asked to remain silent while a song is in progress. After one or two attempts it begins. Low voices, high voices, soft voices, loud voices, a few male voices, female voices, all blend together in one perfect discord. It is tried again.

There are one or two outstanding voices in the female section of the choir; it is not yet known if the boys possess any. It is usual to suppose that their voices being masculine, would compose half the choir, but they are drawn towards silence as a pin to a magnet. However, there is an exception to every rule, and such undesirable "gadgets" as harmonicas, gazootas, combs, and whistles are played with great gusto under cover of scraping shoes.

The boys all crowd around each other sitting on the floor, seats, knees, on gym apparatus, and in fact anything substantial available. From this one would gather, that they are eager to be in the foreground excepting they are as near to the back of the hall and exit as possible.

At times the hall resounds with the cry of cuckoo! cuckoo! and more often than not "Summer is a cummen in."

Lullabys and negro spiritual songs can sometimes be heard, but seldom to their real value. Such songs as "Mandalay" and "Waltzing Matilda" are shouted with joy, but even these are a little trying at times. Of course, one day when the class has been trained it will be able to sing anything. "So the merry-go-round goes—"

THE SECRET OR SUCCESS IN QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS.

Herein lies the secret of success in the all absorbing process of qualitative analysis as it is undertaken by the mighty minded Fourth Year Chemistry Class. It is certain that no other class has the ability to make use of the facilities provided by mother nature right outside its class-room windows to such an extent as does this group of first-class scientists.

It is only with a great deal of condescension on our part that we have decided to make our methods the knowledge of the general public. The whole school knows that we are an exclusive party, possessors of amazing capability and astounding motives, but in order to establish this idea even more rigidly in the inferior minds of our associates on the balcony (whose noses we occasionally tickle with a little perfumed gas) we will expound for their benefit.

The School of Mines has very conveniently compiled a rather neat and fairly reliable little book in which the mysterious properties of apparently innocent substances are to be found in hard, cold, unemotionable black and white. Nevertheless, it serves its purpose. When the master in charge of our select circle presents us with an unknown salt and bids us prove its identity (always assuming that it has one), we unlock our lockers, retrieve some fragile pieces of school stock from the back corners where they have been in hiding for months, seize some test tubes and commence our diagnosis.

Since we already have so many varieties of unknown substances cruising through our blood streams a few more cannot do much harm, so the first thing to do is to call for a volunteer to taste the crystals. The possibility than one taste could end our troubles there and then does not alter the fact that we all rush forward to do the deed or watch anxiously for the result. If this test fails there is only one course left to us, and that is to refer to the School of Mines, unless, of course, some pretence can be made for a trip to the store room, where the bottles are carefully scrutinised in the hope of finding a clue.

Even if we do have to start out with honest intentions, there are still plenty of cards up our sleeves which we play one by one. Suddenly someone has an inspiration—we cluster round—we use our native intelligence—and we add a drop or two from the second bottle on the top shelf. "A curdy white precipitate," says the book. We look closely, we turn the test tube round, we pass it along the line until it reaches the person near the window who holds the tube in such a way that the fleecy white clouds drift behind it. There is no doubt about the white precipitate now. The next tests are supposed to give us a blue precipitate, a green precipitate, a red precipitate and finally an orange precipitate. Any other class would be completely at a loss—but remember, we are the fourth year chem. students and are never defeated. Did I not mention mother nature? The blue sky will provide the desired colouration in the first case while the trees over to the right are an obliging green. The powers that were—with extraordinary foresight—painted the gym. roof red, but we did not have such luck with the orange precipitates until we cast our eyes in the direction of one of our number whose curly locks offered the obvious solution to this problem.

Now that I have given you just one glimpse behind the scenes, surely you will never doubt us again—assuming that you have done so once or twice while labouring under a misapprehension concerning our intellect. Yes, we hold the future in our test tubes, and we will paint it any colour you desire.

“ESCAPE.”

We were all discontented. Our landlady was, as landladies go, a complete failure. It was in vain that she pointed out to us the privileges we enjoyed as compared with those of other boarding-houses where the charge was greater. We just could not see the privileges—unless you count the sour fig jam.

Finally, in disgust, we decided to move. The only trouble was to find a boarding-house, and they seemed as scarce as spare butter coupons. After several weeks of close inquiry, however, we located a suitable dwelling not too far from town, not too far from the beach and, of course, not too far from school. What was more, there was a large pile of wood in the backyard, something we had not seen for a long time.

So back we went, feeling very happy, to our usual tea of a very small piece of cold mutton which was, as one boarder remarked, an insult to a sheep. Our landlady must have wondered at our unusual brightness. Then came the necessary formality of giving notice, but the anticipation of what was to come made us quickly forget any rude remarks about people who only gave a week's notice.

The next week end we moved. After a hilarious evening of packing we finally slept in those decrepit beds, sat at that bare table and ate that scanty breakfast for the last time. Then we slammed the gate behind us with a cheery thankfulness that we need never open it again.

Our new landlady viewed us with amazement as we staggered in the gate laden with coats, rugs, hats, cases and coathangers. Now we only had to unpack.

By the time we had finished we had all decided that to pack was infinitely easier than to unpack. When one packs one merely worries about filling one's cases. When one unpacks it becomes necessary to find a place where every-

thing will be convenient, useful and yet tidy. To persevere is to conquer however, and finally our room was restored to something resembling order and we began to make ourselves at home.

Of course everything was much better than the last boarding-house. The matress did not divide into two when one lay down; the landlady did not own a cockatoo and the house was obviously cleaned up once a day. It took us only one meal to discover that boarding-house meals can still be good meals and that our landlady was a good cook.

So now we are happy. We can walk past the gate of what we once called our boarding place with a feeling of scorn tempered with relief that we are no longer inmates of that house; we can come home to a bright clean room we are proud of; and above all we do not have cold sausages for breakfast.

A FACTION COLLECTION.

The bell pealed loudly (so it seemed to the half-asleep Scripture students). After waiting until the instructress had left the room, the students, with a sigh of relief, packed their books to rush off to their faction rooms. Cries of "Did you bring your collection?" or "It's a silver collection to-day, isn't it?" may be heard yelled by one student to another as they pass between the rooms, although silence is supposed to be observed whilst walking along the corridors.

Having collected a penny each from about half the students of this certain faction, the rest having come forth with the usual "I forgot," the captain stood by the table and proceeded to count the takings (quite an easy task for a presumably clever Vth year). After reaching approximately 5s. (the sum total of the faction's collection) the captain turned to glare at the many "I forgot" who cowered with fear at the sight of those glary eyes and the sound of that booming voice which was heard coming from the mouth of that once human figure.

The captain, having made the culprits promise faithfully to bring double the following week, beseechingly turned her attention to the more financial members of the faction.

"Hasn't anyone got any more? You know — Faction is only a few shillings ahead of us and we must catch them up before the end of the term."

Someone, who was, evidently, bearing a grudge against a student of — Faction, feverishly hunted between the folds of some old test papers to secure a much welcomed threepenny bit. The entreating voice of the captain could still be heard calling for more money, saying, "We managed to get 16s. 2d. for Sister Kate the other week so surely we can get a little more than 5s. for the Red Cross?" She (probably very begrudgingly) found a shilling in the dark cavity of her top pocket and very dramatically thumped it on the table. Other students, following the good example (not to the money-lender) of their captain soon strewed the table with more and more coins, much to the pleasure of their encourager who attempted to keep tally of the ever increasing piles of coins.

"10s. 5d., 10s. 6d., 10s. 9d., 11s., 11s. 1d., 11s. 2d., 11s. 2½d., 11s. 3d. Ah! that's much better. Now you others don't forget that you've got to bring double next week"

The captain's voice dwindled off into nothingness as the bell once more echoed throughout the school

BROKEN LEGS, BANDAGES, AND WHATNOT.

After a period of quite extensive gym, er—that is to say, springing over horses, rolling on our heads which are meant to be our necks and pretending we are the man on the flying trapeze, we hastily collect our scattered belongings and dress. Occasionally we are interrupted by male members of the school who insistently barge in the door.

Armed with splints we then make our way down to the domi centre, causing much amusement to bystanders who, at first, wonder what we intend doing with pine boards. It would never occur to them that we learn first aid. Once inside the door the lesson begins. Usually we are given a demonstration of the particular fracture we are to do and, as patients are never voluntary, the fate falls upon the nearest person on the end of the row.

We were caused quite a lot of amusement some time ago, when, in spite of all possible implied force, our teacher failed to stop the patient from speaking. The demonstration once over we proceed to practise the bandaging, "granny knots" always causing much strife. One afternoon we were paid a surprise visit

by the inspectress who suggested we should show her what we could do (??). Our teacher, confident in our progress, readily agreed but fortunately, if it had not been for various first aid books that mysteriously appeared around the room, she may have been sadly disillusioned. However, as fate would have it we were again rescued when she suddenly realised it was time to go before any theory questions could be thrust at us.

So far we have had great benefit from our first aid classes, but I think if more students learnt first aid, the street corner by the monument would never be so consistently patronised, as we are told that "bacteria" lurk in the openings of underground drains ready to pounce upon the unfortunate passers-by.

Last week provided more interest than of previous lessons. After four years of boarding we were told that we had to learn "how to make a bed." Very amused we tripped into the bedroom where we were shown the correct way to make a bed. According to theory we are supposed to leave our beds at least an hour to air instead of frantically shaking it up five minutes after we get up. We then proceeded to change the sheets with a patient in bed, to which our generous class prefect offered to be the patient. After being well rolled about, twisted and turned in all directions, she at length settled to a more peaceful rest, demanding a stimulant for the fatigue we had brought upon her.

At present we are learning how to care for the rising generation by which it is hoped that it will benefit rather than suffer. Fortunately for us our lesson is brought to a conclusion by our music pupils who remind our teacher that time marches on.

AUNTIE MAE'S COLUMN.

Dear Auntie Mae,

I board with two other girls in street—in fact, we all sleep in the same room. Although I am bigger than they, they both treat me cruelly. They sew up my pyjamas, put sand in my shoes, hide my mail, take my hair-ribbons, and even bully me into wiping up for the landlady every night. I have been separated from my mother for only a few years and get very homesick. What can I do to make them stop this ill-treatment? I feel that it would be wrong to return the

injuries yet I am very sick at heart. Should I report their actions? Please advise me.

"Wilting Flower."

—:—

Dear "Wilting Flower,"

I naturally feel very sorry for you in your present unhappy position, but unfortunately for you there is only one course open to you. Each night before retiring, you must take out your scissors and patiently snip, snip, snip until your pyjamas are fit to climb into; then politely tip out the sand from your shoes in neat little piles on the floor, sweep it up and put it out the window. Look for your mail and do not worry if you do not find it because you really do not know if there was any to hide. Losing your hair-ribbons is not a great misfortune because ribbon is obtainable at many shops for about one shilling a yard and one coupon. As for wiping up, you must offer your help to the landlady after each meal. After several months, your tormentors will realise that they are wasting their time and henceforth leave you in peace. Do not worry "Wilting Flower," the first ten years are the worst.

From Auntie Mae.

—:—

Dear Auntie Mae,

What am I to do? I am seventeen, fair, pretty and able to mix well with other young people. With boys I am frank and friendly, regarding them as good pals. Yet boys never take me out. When I see my girl friends going out with boys I feel very lonely. Should I try to appear less interested in their sport and schoolwork? Should I blush (if possible), smile shyly and cast my eyes to the floor when a boy speaks to me? Or should I flatter them, contrive to be with them and stand on the balcony to greet them in the mornings? Please help me as I am

"A Neglected Modern."

—:—

Dear "Neglected Modern,"

Why not try the method of choosing your own boy friends. It is very similar to the last of your three suggestions. After all, a girl is entitled to her own wishes and I, myself, have known three or four cases of success. The balcony idea is a good one.

Good luck from Auntie Mae.

FOOTBALL.

(A Puritan View.)

"And I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither;

If I last in this service, you must ease me in leather."

—The Comedy of Errors, II., I., 82-85.

For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fright than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice, than a fellowly sport or pastime. For doth not everyone lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pitch him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place so ever it be, he careth not, so he have him down. And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out, and sometimes hurt in one place and sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot-free, but is either sore wounded and bruised so as he dieth of it, or else scapeth very hardly. And no marvel, for they have sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribs with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip, and to pitch him on his neck, with an hundred such murderous devices. And hereof groweth envy, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmity, and what not else: and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel-picking, murder, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

—Philip Stubbs.

"The Anatomie of Abuses," 1583.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Never again shall I forget that a master is not a man."—Fourth Year English.

"How sound is thy slumber!"—2nd Year Bio. Class.

"And close your eyes with holy dread."—Homework undone.

"Here will I sit and wait."—For the bell.

"But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."—Neekrolls.

"Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt."—After Junior results.

"Yes, we await it!—but it still delays."—Praise.

"Why, I do it again and again."—Break rules.

"Before this strange disease of modern life."—Love.

"Let the blow fall soon or late."—Reports.

"Bacteria of various sorts and other low forms of life."—Chemical equivalent for first years.

"My strength is mostly pass'd"—Last day of exams.

"More doleful place did never eye survey."—Dominy Sci.

"'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy."—Gym.

"Leaping live, and laughing higher."—Sherry.

"We talked with open heart and tongue."—In the cloakroom.

"Hark, hark, the horrid sound."—Upper School singing.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—When others carry a torch.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."—The last bell.

"And little dwarfs creep out of it, and little dwarfs creep in."—First Mistress' Office.

III.R.'s.

"But half of their heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for re-tiring."—Charles Wolfe. (Junior Swots.)

"And though quite vanquished

He could argue still!"—Goldsmith. (Rolo.)

"He thought he saw a rattlesnake

That questioned him in Greek."—"Stunner" of III.S. (Carroll.)

"And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,

And pale and cold was she."—Unknown. (History Mistress.)

"And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill."—Byron. (IIIrd year Biology students.)

"For this is an old story that is never done."—Learning of Trig. formulae.

"Turn, slide with bending knees."—Modern Waltz.

"All her young blood racing from heels to head."—Floss on the bars.

"Breathless, we lung us on the windy hill."—Girls' berets.

"Gathering the echoes of forgotten wisdom."—Before the exams.

"I did not think, I did not strive."—An English assignment.

"Oh, shall I never, never, be home again?"—Beginning of term.

"Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget."—Prefects on stairs.

"The creeping hours have caught us unawares."—After the dance.

"Her hair was long, her foot was light, And her eyes were wild."—Winnie IV.Y.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;

He gae me books, and I wadna read."—Ging III.S.

"Sits sadly there, as though he did repent."—Foley III.R.

"With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red."—P.W. III.R.

"He danced and sung from morn till night,

No lark so blithe as he."—Pag IV.Y.

"When spring begins its bright career, Oh, how his heart grows gay!"—Beggs III.R.

Behind the Scenes.

"Always In my Heart."—D.C.

CHAUCER AS WE SEE IT.

"His heed was balled and shoon as any glas."—"Googs."

A lovyere and lusty bachelor."—"Deke."

"— a ful solempne man."—F.D.M.

"He would speke no word but Latyn—Ross.

"Of solempne and greet fraternitee."—Prefects.

"Of all deyntees that men could thinke."—Prefects' teas.

"For catel had they y-nogh and rent."—Prefects' Funds (?).

"He slept no more than did the nightingale."—IVth Year Swot.

"No wher so bisy a man as he ther was."—Vth Year Swot.

"Wel coude he dress. . ."—"Morty."

"Wel coude he singe . . . in felowship wel coude he laughe and carpe."—Ross.

"By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde."—Max.

"Ful loude be song "Com, hider love, to me."—Romeo and Juliet at Prefects' Tea.

"Hir smylyng was ful simple and coy."—Floss.

"Of studie took she most cure and hede."—Joan M.

"Mulier est hominis confusio."—"Morty."

"For he was Epicurus owene sone.—Jim.

A betterre felowe shold men noughte finde.—F.D.M.

They were adrad of him as of the deeth.—1st Master."

"Amor vincit omnia."—M.P. and E.S.

"What shold he studie and make him selven wood."—IIIrd Year Swot.

"His tythes payed he ful faire and wel."—Faction Captain Friday morning.

THE CALL OF FREEDOM.

*Oh hearts of youth, awaken in reply
To a' these horrors spreading far and wide;*

*Lie not thus in peace, but rise, defy
The rushing, murd'rous, roaring, hate-filled tide*

Which comes as war! Arise to arms and fight

Against this weeping tyranny and hate!

Arise and show the depth of Freedom's might—

Rise now and fight, before it is too late.

*We owe it to our heritage, our land,
We owe it to those men who fought before—*

*Who took up arms at Liberty's command,
And still are here to guard Australia's shore!*

If you cannot yet hearken Freedom's call,

The time has come when Hate shall govern all!

LAST PERIOD FRIDAY.

*What's that yowling, howling chorus
That wafts in on the breeze,
That comes rushing in the window,
And haunts the leafy trees?*

*It's just we second years singing—
We stars of the world to be.
I shoud' have said we girls singing
And making melody.*

*The boys have brought paper pellets
The girls have books and pens.
The boys, they do not sing at all—
The girls, they sing like hens.*

*And yet in spite of all the noise
We have a lot of fun.
And when at last the bell rings out
We happily homeward run.*

—Two H.F.-ites.

THIS COUNTRY.

*This is a noble country,
This with sunburnt sand.
Although in parts a desert,
We have a generous land.*

*I love her noble qualities,
Her terrors like drought and flood.
In her I'll spend my lifetime,
With her sunshine, dust and mud.*

*I love her tall, green forests,
Through which the squeakers fly.
Her rolling plains and pastures
Have often held my eye.*

*I love her distant ranges,
That seem al' misty blue.
Her acres of golden paddocks,
Through which pass fox and 'roo.*

*In the north she breeds her cattle,
In the south grow fruit and wheat.
In the west are gold and pearing.
While in the east, sheep and cattle meet.*

*Her people too are noted
For bravery and for grit.
When things are rather dull
They don't despair and quit.*

*So you see I'd have no country,
But this in which I live.
And when by power she's threatened,
To her, my life I'll give.*

—An Aussie.

"THANKS."

*I sit down to write a poem for the
"Kingia."*

*This has been done so many times
before.*

*In year I., I wrote a poem, with pride,
about I.D.*

*Sometimes I ask if I have learned since
then much more?*

*Now, about to leave the school I love
so well*

*There is no urge to write of Form V.E.
It is something bigger now—this task
I have to do.*

*I would like to thank the school for
what it's given me.*

*A student's pride in his school will never
die,*

*But there is more than pride—in later
years.*

*I'll always remember the happiness and
the good*

*When long forgotten are the jealousies
and fears.*

*Much has been taught me—not only of
formulae and form,*

*But finer feelings—and the knowledge
won*

*That I'm but one in all this thronging
world to take my place—*

*Even so, a young, fresh-minded, inde-
pendent one.*

*So, writing for the "Kingia," I will
gladly say*

*In five short years I've tried to do
my part*

*For Bunbury High School—soon I'll
leave her gates for evermore.*

*"En Avant"—I will try to keep that
wisdom in my heart.*

—M.S.G.

GOLD FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

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One notable thing about the boys in Gold Faction is their enthusiasm. Unfortunately enthusiasm will not win cricket matches. During the first term the outlook was rather bleak for the Faction, our team having won only a single match in spite of the fine bowling of Ross Dalrymple and Kim Athans. Next term we hope to strengthen our weak batting side, and we are looking forward to some hard practice.

With the commencement of the football season Gold team soon demonstrated its ability. The team since then has steadily improved and has not lost a match for some time.

The soccer team has proved to be a band of very keen young men who believe in winning a match at all costs. After all what are bruised faces and gory legs when there are four points at stake?

At the present time we are well ahead in faction points. We were pleasantly surprised to find that the girls too were in the lead.

Gold Faction collections have been very good. Some boys have been extremely generous and all have shown a very keen interest in the collections.

