



EN AVANT

KINGIA



Explanation of Cover Design

CHRISTINE LATHAM. Christine was the designer of the "Kingia" cover. After living in Northam, Narrogin, Katanning, Corrigin and Cunderdin, Christine now resides at Harvey and came as a fourth year to Bunbury Senior High School this year, where she is a staunch Mitchellite. Her interests include art, music and most sports.

In 1968, its fiftieth anniversary, Bunbury Senior High School enters a new era for which it seems fitting that the traditional school magazine should take on a new look in cover and content. As well as reflecting on and recording this year, 1968, an effort has been made to revive aspects of the school through its long history.

The cover design, by a fourth year student, CHRISTINE LATHAM, reflects the school at this point of its history. The modern idiom of the design is indicative of this modern era, 1968, and reinforces our traditional motto, "En Avant" (Go Forward). The colours are those which have identified Bunbury High School since its establishment. The theme in the design depicts the integration of the humanities (represented by the open book), the sciences and the sports, which for fifty years this school has aimed to achieve in its widest aim of Education. The title and the stylised Kingia maintain the link with the past history of the school and the geography of the area which it was built to serve.

In the 1923 "Kingia" it was stated that due to its extraordinary slow growth, "a grass tree (kingia) 25 feet high would be 2500 years old. It is quite possible that the oldest living thing in the world is one of the taller Kingias of Western Australia".

In the same volume the choice of the Kingia for this school's crest was justified in this way. "The Kingia is a thing of beauty, is purely Western Australian, has useful and varied purposes to fulfil and, above all, has a good sound heart. It is a fitting symbol to form the crest of the Bunbury High School."

It is hoped that this year's magazine is worthy of a school with such a tradition.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The "Kingia" Committee wishes to thank the following business houses who have so kindly supported this magazine:

Central Newsagency
Cronshaw's
H. J. & B. Giele
Hayward's
Kennedy's BP Parklands Service
Station

Bunbury Newsagency
Sherry's
Sherry's Pharmacy
Simba Pictures
Steere & Clarke
Slee, Anderson & Pidgeon

Sincere thanks are also extended to Miss Nadebaum for her invaluable direction; Mrs. Fowler and Mr. Rendell for their assistance in judging the cover design competition, and in the preparation of the design for printing; Miss Morrison and the Commercial students who devoted so much of their valuable time to the typing of the magazine; and to the "South Western Times" for their technical assistance and for the photography. To all staff and students who helped us with their contributions and services, our thanks.

KINGIASTUDENT MAGAZINE OF
BUNBURY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

(Golden Jubilee Year)

Editorial

IAN GIBBON. Ian, a fourth year student, had success at the State Schoolboys' Hockey trials in being in the last 25. He represented Bunbury in hockey at Country Week. Ian edited the school magazine this year. After completing his Leaving he hopes to study Arts at University.



When writing — even an editorial — it is difficult, almost impossible, to write anything original. Every phrase, every telling sentence, has been said before, and to do so again would be repeating an old era, while Bunbury High School is on the threshold of a new era.

Bunbury High School is entering a new era and to herald its entrance, this year's editorial committee has endeavoured to produce something different — a magazine bigger and better — but still representing, I hope, a broad cross section of the school population. Yet still there is room for improvement. "Kingia" is more than an accumulation of facts, results and literary contributions — it provides an insight into the school.

1968 has seen the production of six one-act plays, viewed by many critical people. The Girls' hockey team has won Country Week and charity collections have soared. Cadets represented the school at Anzac parades and at camp and an ambitious educational tour was undertaken — all very good for school spirit and tradition. Yet I cannot avoid thinking that to a degree the school is lacking the true co-operative spirit of former years. This is clear from the attitude of a number of students towards their respective Houses and towards "Kingia". Also, had that co-operative spirit been present, I believe the school would have been able to field a football team at Country Week.

What of the future? Let us hope that Bunbury Senior High School has as prosperous a second fifty years as the first fifty years has proved to be.

IAN GIBBON,
Editor.

1918-1968 BUNBURY HIGH SCHOOL'S GOLDEN JUBILEE LOOKING AT THINGS PAST

1917 saw the first movement in Bunbury for a secondary school when Mr. J. C. Hough was let a contract, to the value of £419-16-0, to convert, what is at present the Technical School, to provide three classrooms and a science laboratory. One year later 143 enrolments were received for the new Junior High School.

Plans went ahead in 1921 for the establishment of a separate high school on Boulter's Heights. A contract worth £15,189 was let to Tatterdel and Brothers for a two-storey building, including eight classrooms, two science laboratories and a gymnasium (presently the hall). The school was completed by the beginning of the new year when 166 students were enrolled. The Annual Report of the Education Department saw this as "a major development in the state outside Perth". The Premier, Sir James Mitchell, K.C.M.G., officially opened the school on February the ninth, 1918. Presiding over a staff of twelve, Mr. Sherlock, B.A., began a ten year stay as headmaster.

By 1929, 276 students were enrolled. By 1937 numbers rose to 391. Inauguration of a bus service to Donnybrook was made in 1938, to Busselton in 1939 and Harvey and Capel in 1940, further increasing numbers. Shortly after war broke, all bus services except the Donnybrook one ceased, lowering student numbers by 55. The maximum enrolment was 409 in 1941 and this fell to 354.

In 1933 Mr. A. J. Irvine, B.A., Dip.Ed., became principal of a staff of 24.

The students were from far and wide, at one time 100 primary schools being represented — in 1929, 161 students boarded at a hostel.

These difficult times in the school's first sixteen years were made more difficult by a severe de-

pression; and the outbreak of World War II impeded progress. Disaster befell the school in 1943 when considerable damage was wrought by a fire. Late in 1948, rooms 7 and 29 were added.

1945 saw celebrations at the news of Germany and Japan's capitulation and a memorial plaque was placed in the Library. 1947 — Cadets were inaugurated; the Public Address was installed; the School Oval was established whilst £22 was collected in a British Food Relief Appeal.

In 1949, the year after Mr. Bradshaw retired, there was an outbreak of poliomyelitis. However, this unfortunate event was offset by the purchase of a film projector.

The first crop of oats was harvested from the school oval in 1950. And later in the year 531 students saw the memorial in the library unveiled.

1951 — Mr. Fowler retired and Mr. Johnson became the school's fifth headmaster.

School driving lessons were introduced for fifth years in 1956 and two years later, 1958, Mr. Freind went on Long Service Leave.

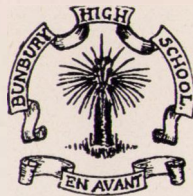
David Dickson won in 1960 his first championship (that of the schools) of many, leading to an Olympic Gold Medal for Swimming.

Enrolment exceeded 900 in 1960 and it was forecast that 1,500 students would attend by 1966. Also in 1960 a £58,000 block was added to the school building.

Mr. Griffiths became Headmaster in 1963 when enrolments reached 1,000 and in the same year the school's first operetta, "Pirates of Penzance", was produced.

The following year the Amphitheatre was begun, and in 1965 Mr. Martin became Principal but he remained here for only that year and Mr. Bennett became Principal in 1966. "Trial by Jury" was produced in 1966. However for the past two years One Act Plays have been produced annually.

1968 has seen the building of new change rooms and an ambitious Educational Tour to the Eastern States was undertaken.



STUDENT OFFICIALS – 1968

School Captain, MICHAEL SWAN

Senior Girl, LEE CAMPBELL

Deputy Head Boy, KEVIN RIGG

Deputy Senior Girl, ERYL CLEGG

PREFECTS

Cliff Anderson
John Castrilli
David Forrest
John Lavery
Kim Mosedale

Colin Pascoe
Liberato Piparo
Grant Stone
Vicki Carthew
Frances Felton
Peta Guppy

Lorna Johansen
Evelyn Nagy
Kaye Pendlebury
Patricia Steele
Sue Swenson

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Debra Branche
Wendy Butcher
Leith Chatfield
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Michael Ecclestone
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Ian Gibbon
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Coleen Holtzman
Frances Osborne
Kevin Castensen
Roger Jacques

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

It is now more than fifty years since Bunbury High School developed from the old Central School — though it was not until five years later that it was moved to the present site which has, itself, undergone a number of drastic changes.

In fifty years, it is not only in numbers that the school population has altered. In the early years, those who stayed on for higher education had much more in common with one another than is the case today. Students tended to come from similar home backgrounds, and had similar interests and all took very similar academic, university-type courses. In these circumstances of small numbers and similar backgrounds, it was not difficult for students to feel themselves to be part of a family group — larger than most families but still small enough to live together in a small world of its own, presenting a united front to the outside world.

Today the picture is very different. With larger numbers there is a tendency for the student population to split up into groups in which loyalty to the group becomes more real than loyalty to the school. This is heightened by the increased diversity in the students themselves. They now come from all walks of life with greatly varying backgrounds, outside interests and courses of study. Under these circumstances the development of a real living school spirit is much more difficult — though even more important. For this reason the many extra-curricular activities reported in this journal are of vital interest to the school and have a

most important role to play.

The most important development this year has been the increase in Inter-House rivalry. Provided this is kept on a friendly basis it has much to contribute to general school spirit by increasing general interest in all school activities. In this respect I wish to thank all those people — staff and students — who have worked to this end.

Thanks are due to those staff members and students who organised the various successful activities, such as Charities Collections (very successful indeed), Drama Club, School Ball, various sporting activities, School Cadets and the Education Educational Tour of the Eastern States. Very flattering reports have been received of the bearing and conduct of these students.

Probably the most disappointing feature of the year's activities was our inability to field a football team at Country Week. To some extent this was offset by the efforts of the girls' hockey team which was successful in bringing home the trophy. Other sporting successes included the open South West Swimming Shield, Junior boys' hockey premiership (Bunbury), B2 grade basketball, and school boys' surf board team championship.

I wish to express my thanks to the P & C Association, to the Prefect Body led by Lee Campbell and Michael Swan and to the staff generally for support throughout the year. Best wishes for success to all examination candidates and to those leaving the school to take up new careers.

Mr. H. Bennett, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Principal	
Mr. B. Gell, B.Ed.	Deputy Principal	
Mrs. N. Fowler, A.T.D.	Principal Mistress	
Mr. J. Barnesby, B.A.	Senior Master, Manual Arts	
Mrs. Birch	S.M. Home Science	
Mr. B. Garstone, B.A.	S.M. High School Certificate	
Mr. M. Macdonald, B.A., Dip.Ed.	S.M. Mathematics	
Miss M. Nadebaum, B.A., Dip.Ed.	S.M. English	
Mr. K. Rendell	S.M. Art	
Mr. R. Robson, B.A., Dip.Ed.	S.M. Languages	
Mr. P. Stevens, B.A.	S.M. Social Studies	
Mr. M. Tognolini, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	S.M. Science	
Miss C. Bird	Mr. D. Freind	Mrs. B. Hunter, P.C.T.
Mrs. E. Bridge	Mrs. J. Goddard	Mr. R. Hunter
Mrs. D. Buchanan	Mr. T. Grace, A.A.Sc.	Mr. P. Jorgenson, B.A.
Mr. M. Bryce	Mr. I. Haynes, B.Sc.(Hons.)	Mr. P. Joyce
Mrs. E. Bryce	Miss J. Hick, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. P. Kennedy, B.A.
Mr. I. De Passey	Miss R. Herman	Mrs. S. Kennedy, B.A.
Mr. E. Donnelly, A.A.Sc.	Mr. L. House, Dip.Phys.Ed.	Mr. A. King, Dip.Phys.Ed.
Mrs. C. Leslie, B.Sc. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.	Mr. J. Phillips, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. R. Hunter
Miss A. Mackenzie, Dip.Phys.Ed.	Mr. R. Pow, B.A., Dip.Ed., A.B.Ps.S.	Mr. P. Jorgenson, B.A.
Mr. R. Manning	Mrs. J. Streat	Mr. P. Joyce
Mrs. P. Martinson, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	Mr. W. Streat, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mr. P. Kennedy, B.A.
Miss M. Morrison	Mr. J. Videnieks, B.A., Dip.Ed.	Mrs. S. Kennedy, B.A.
Mrs. D. Page	Mr. J. Sully	Mr. A. King, Dip.Phys.Ed.
Mrs. J. Sully	Mrs. P. Thornton	Mr. J. Phillips, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Miss D. Sullivan	Mr. Teede	Mr. R. Pow, B.A., Dip.Ed., A.B.Ps.S.
Mr. R. Williams	Mrs. P. Watt, B.Sc.	Mrs. J. Streat
		Mr. W. Streat, B.A., Dip.Ed.
		Mr. J. Videnieks, B.A., Dip.Ed.
		Mr. J. Sully
		CLERICAL STAFF:
		Mrs. B. Freind
		Mrs. P. Kitchen



BACK ROW: K. Mosedale, K. Pendlebury, J. Lavery, E. Nagy, J. Castrilli, L. Johansen, D. Forrest, S. Swensen, G. Stone, P. Steele, C. Anderson.

FRONT ROW: C. Pascoe, F. Felton, K. Rigg, L. Campbell (Senior Girl), Mr. Bennett (Principal), M. Swan (School Capt.), E. Clegg, L. Piparo, P. Guppy.

PREFECTS' NOTES, 1968

The year 1968, being the fiftieth anniversary of Bunbury High School, has been a rather special year for the school and for the prefects. The annual ball celebrated the anniversary and turned out to be a great success. This was largely due to the excellent organisation of Mr. Campbell and the Canteen Committee. Thanks must also go to Mr. Rendell and the other staff members who provided valuable assistance with the decorations.

The social life of the students at the school has always been looked after by the prefects and this year was no exception. Three upper school socials were held in first term together with one lower school social. The Ball was the highlight of second-term. Although the running costs of the socials have increased this year, these functions have turned out to be a financial success as well as providing a good night's entertainment for those who ventured along. These functions are run for the students' benefit and it must be appreciated that their success depends entirely on the students' support. High standards of dress and conduct have been set this year and it is hoped that with good support, these will continue next year. The prefects would like to thank those staff members who supported the socials when called upon to act as chaperones.

The prefects were asked this year to play a larger part in the organisation of the charity collections and the distribu-

tion of the money collected. Money collected so far this year is greater than at the same time last year and several charities have benefited from this collection. However, the response to the charities collections from within the school has been rather disappointing, with the greater part of donations coming from the same individual classes. A great deal more support is required from both teachers and students before the charities collections will become the success that they have been in the past years.

Assemblies held in the amphitheatre this year have been very successful with the basic pattern of the last years' assemblies carrying over. Yard duty as in the past has fizzled out towards the end of the year. Although everyone started off in earnest at the beginning of the year with a yard duty roster, by the beginning of second term things weren't going as strongly. This was largely due to the increased lunchtime activities such as meetings and films which tended to disrupt the roster.

The prefects this year continued last year's trend and none of the traditional "pres' teas" was held. Instead they were replaced by a barbecue party held at Moses' place. Another get together is planned for the end of the year after the Leaving is finished.

All that remains now is to wish good luck to the Junior and Leaving candidates and to next year's prefects.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN



BACK ROW: Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Jorgensen, Mr. Barnesby, Mr. Streat, Mr. Bryce, Mr. King, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Freund, Mr. Videnicks, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Rendell.
THIRD ROW: Miss Bird, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Birch, Miss Herman, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Streat, Miss Ilick, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Hunter, Mr. DePassey, Mr. Manning, Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Teede, Mrs. Bryce.
SECOND ROW: Miss Jeanes, Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Sully, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Goddard, Miss Nadebaum, Mr. Sully, Mr. Robson, Mr. Grace.
FRONT ROW: Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Garstone, Mr. Tognolini, Mrs. Fowler (Principal Mistress), Mr. Bennett (Principal), Mrs. Martinson, Mr. Williams, Mr. Haynes, Mr. House.
INSET: Mr. Gell (D. Principal).

THE STAFF ROOM

(The exclusive Day Club)

Bordered by two **Streets**, the main street, Mister, and the minor street, Missus, is an exclusive day club managed by **Mr. Ben Net**: and open Mon. to Fri. 8.45 a.m. — 3.30 p.m.

The food is of the highest class served by our **Page**.

Soup — Varied.

Entree — **King** prawns. Fried **Tognolini** (a scientifically blended dish).

Main Course — Roast **Fowl(er) cHicken** or other game **Bird**. Roast **Buck** (anan) served with **de Pass(l)ey** sauce et des Spuds.

M. or E serves of **B.ryce** (i.e. boiled rice — medium or extra large serves)

Sweets — **Gell(y)** and Custard.

Coffee.

Tee(de).

ENTERTAINMENT IS SUPERB

Herman and her **Hermits**.

The **Gar Stones** — leading rock group.

Don (and) Nelly — man with two faces.

The **Sullys** — travelling tales from afar (travelled in a **Sullivan** of course).

Ken 'n' Eddy — (close relations of Joe 'n' Eddy).

When not at the day club **Steve 'n' Vidi Nick** off to old **Macdonald's** farm to re **Joyce** at the end of the week. On this farm he has a **House**, a **Barn(esby)** with some **Hay(nes)**, a **Bridge**, a **Birch** tree

with **Thorn(t)on** it. Much of the running of the farm and the **Manning** of the machinery is now left to the sons — **Son Rob**, **Son Martin**, **Son Jorgen** and **Son Morris**.

All **Freinds** are welcome here, but no **Hunters** (or students) **Wattsoever**.

Signed By the **Grace of God(dard)**.

QUOTE THE TEECH YA'S

"I've passed my leaving, you're the ones who have to pass now."

"That's it in a nutshell."

"Horrors!"

"One side of the paper please."

"Cut that out laddie — I know what that means."

"Yes dear? Oh Yaeas!!! This is true."

"Now no eating in this library—out!!!"

"I can remember when"

"Ten months ago"

"Hum hum, EXCCUSE me."

"When you've got a spare \$100"

"There's always the potential market."

"I'll cane you sonny."

"Are you willing to put your money where your mouth is?"

"All together now."

"All you need to do is study."

P. & C. NOTES

The Parents and Citizens Association of the Bunbury Senior High School extends heartiest congratulations, and best wishes for the future on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the school.

The P & C organisation has over the past years worked to provide benefits that assist the smooth running of the school. Probably the most important aspect of the work undertaken by our Association is provision and operation of the school canteen, the profits ultimately providing the extras which a school such as yours requires.

The Parents & Citizens' organisation had its commencement in this state about the same time as your school started. From a very small beginning the organisation now has over 500 separate Associations covering all of Western Australia. These formed together under the Federation of P & C Associations, with the head office in Perth. All the states in the Commonwealth have similar Federations which link together to form a National Organisation.

All these Associations joined together in this way make one realise that a tremendous number of parents in Australia spend quite a deal of time in trying to improve the facilities of schools.

We therefore look forward to many more years of effort for the benefit of your school.

LIBRARY NOTES

Following on from last year's success, the Library has had an exceptionally busy year. Every week the Library prefects issue approximately 500 books, the busiest week this year being in 1st term when 710 books were borrowed by staff and students.

This year the Library has increased in size to 4,000 books — nearly 5 books per student, which is still far below the desirable standard of 10 books per student.

This year over \$2000 was allocated to the Library funds (thanks must go to our P & C Association for part of this amount). Some of this money was spent in purchasing three new sets of Encyclopaedia for the Reference shelves. They are — "The Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia", "Colliers Encyclopaedia" and the new edition of the "Australian Encyclopaedia".

During the first two terms this year, the Library was efficiently administered by three prefects (Helen Nagy, Coralie Johansen and Jennie Tyrrell). However, owing to the pressure of coming examinations, they have given way to eight new prefects. They are — Fiona Brown, Julie Gibbings, Christine Hogg, Shirley Wether-

ly, Chris Darrington, Bryn Deamer, Michael Gibbon and Peter Lance.

Sincere thanks to all 1968 Library prefects who have given up so many lunch hours and free periods to work in the Library. Without their enthusiasm and co-operation the Library would not have been such a success this year. There is a whisper that 1969/70 will see a new building for the Bunbury Senior High School Library!

SET OF LOGS OR MATHS CLUB

President: T. Hack.

Secretary: M. Brown.

The set of logs has again function(ed) as an independent network of isomorphisms whose analytical, computational properties have risen exponentially (with respect to the variable, of course).

Help! My sprinkler system operates when it's raining!

Erudite mathematical discourses were presented during the year by Professor D. Forrestich, Mdme M. Bruin and Drs. L. Barkshall and P. Morenini Well, why the heck doesn't $-1 = \sqrt{-1} \cdot \sqrt{-1} = \sqrt{(-1)(-1)} = \sqrt{1} = 1$.

Bless my irrational, uncoordinated number system; Even Donald Duck likes maffths!

DOGWOMAN EPISODE 007

In our last exciting episode our hero was fighting off a challenge by his arch-enemy, Flea. We continue our story at the office of Commissioner Barker.

"Scratch, scratch, gnaw, gnash, scratch, scratch."

"Stop that Woof!"

"Miss Heaven's Toe, what's that you've got?"

"It's a letter from your second best arch-enemy, Froth."

"That man is as crooked as a dog's hind leg."

"Don't say that."

"The letter reads: 'I'm gunna get ya' woof!'"

"I will get in my dognomobile and set chase."

"Address? 76 Dogs' Trouble Avenue."

"Aha — a code name for Treeless Avenue."

Weeeeelll — where have we heard that name before? Is Dogwoman in trouble? Will Froth win out, or will our Hero? And just where is the Very Dogabological? Then again, on the other hand, and also, did Flea flee? Start looking for the next exciting episode of Woofter.

HOSTEL NOTES

Once again the public is permitted to take a limited view into the intimate lives of the Hostel students. Though depleted in numbers, the volume of our activities has not declined.

Plenty of spirit still flows through most hours of the day, though mostly at night. Parting the bars, we find the Technical School is also present, supposedly representing our better side.

However we really do mix quite well with the "Tech kids", as at least one couple (one from the High School, the other from the Tech) are (almost) inseparable.

Regularly on Sunday mornings, when some people are still sleeping, the innocent hostel students are marched to the forbidden building to sit in silence and absorb their spiritual nourishment. "In the beginning God created" — the fifth years however, due to circumstances beyond their control, several were accused (unjustly) of notorious activities and decided to change residence. The Hostel seems very accident-prone, as several of our inmates have proved, but none seems fatal as yet, as our high mineral-vitamin diet soon rebuilds our injured limbs.

Pop records are a favourite pastime, and quite often a glorious tune such as "Mashed Potatoes Yeah" or "No Milk Today" may be heard as the unfortunates reminisce whilst enjoying a walk along the beach. We have a very talented musician amongst us, and during the warmer nights a few long cold months ago we enjoyed singing around a camp-fire; although we did receive a number of unwelcome visitors in noisy automobiles who sarcastically objected to being removed.

Lastly, we'd like to wish our three 5th years good luck in the Leaving — as we don't think we could put up with them for another year!

Stop Press: "The South Western Times", Thursday, September 26th —

"The State Government will close at the end of the year Bunbury Senior High School hostel. Meanwhile the hostel's 24 students met and decided that efforts should be made to keep the hostel open."

Think what they'd miss if it closed!

ON TOUR

During the August Vacation a group of thirty-one students, including three boys from Margaret River High School, participated in an eleven day Tour of the Eastern States.

From the very start the Educational Tour was exciting. After waiting an extra hour and a half due to a bomb hoax, we

eventually boarded the D.C. 9 Jet which was to fly us to Melbourne at a speed of 680 m.p.h. and at a height of 31,000 feet. Everyone appeared to be quite calm, yet I know most of us couldn't wait to be under way and out of W.A., as, for the majority, it was the first time.

As soon as we arrived in Melbourne and until the day we left Adelaide for Perth, everything was run to a tight schedule, even though we did have two comparatively free mornings. Two days were spent at the Federal Hotel in Melbourne with daily conducted tours to such places as Captain's Cook's Cottage, Maroondah Dam and Healesville Wild Life Sanctuary. A football match between Carlton and Fitzroy was also witnessed.

We then left on a T.A.A. Fokker Friendship for Albury. From here, after a change of buses and one puncture, we eventually reached Corryong on the outskirts of the Snowies and the Ski Resorts.

I suppose the following day was one of the most interesting on the tour, as for most of us it was our first sight and feel of snow. (Plus our first snow fight). We toured through the Snowies looking at some of the power stations and dams and stopped at Thredbo Ski Village for lunch. That night we stayed at the Coachhouse Motor Inn at Cooma, the town of the Snow Mountains' Scheme Headquarters. From here we proceeded by bus, via the Monaro Highway, to Canberra, where we were to stay for two days at the Canberra Lakes Carotel.

To condense Canberra, in the two days we were there, we saw the Institute of Anatomy, Australian War Museum, Royal Australian Mint, Diplomatic Embassies, Lake Burley Griffin, Schrivener Dam, Mount Stromlo Observatory and Red Hill Lookout.

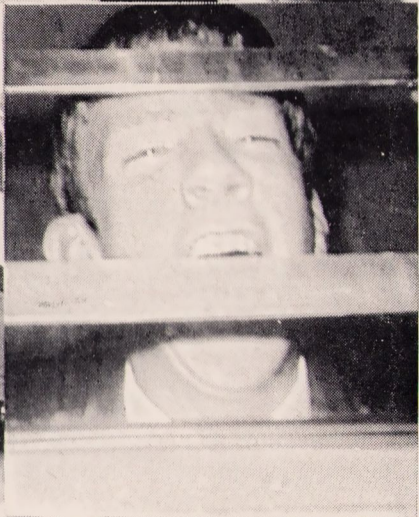
From here we proceeded to Sydney, by plane, to spend four nights in the heart of Kings Cross. Here we saw Taronga Park Zoo, Lucas Heights Atomic Reactor, Hawkesbury River, Marineland and of course the Harbour Bridge and the Opera House.

On the 11th and final day of the almost perfect holiday, we left by 727 for Adelaide and, as there wasn't a cloud in the sky and our altitude was 31,000 feet, the view was perfect. The Chrysler factory was the main single place visited in Adelaide and was a building of colossal size, which employed about 5,000 men and women.

After dinner that night we were given a tour of the night lights and then boarded our plane to Perth. We arrived in Perth at 11.10 pm., tired, but contented, having seen more of Australia in 11 days than the average Australian would see in a lifetime.

**VALDA TRIGWELL
NEIL STENHOUSE
PETER JOHNSTON**

EDUCATIONAL TOUR



BEHIND THE SCENES

Producing six one act plays devours a great deal of one's time and energy. Ten weeks were taken up with the learning of lines, stage movements and other technical details. Each play had its own particular rehearsal night each week, until the last three weeks, when two rehearsals per night had to be managed. This gave every cast the utmost opportunity. Six Sundays were spent in renovating the School Hall. The stage flats were given two coats of (lilac) matt paint, the front part below the stage was revarnished twice, and the proscenium arch surrounding the stage was painted a pastel beige colour. The old green stage side curtains were replaced by rather "psychedelic" new ones. Flats had to be nailed into position, boards in the stage replaced, and other miscellaneous "gaps" either patched or camouflaged. A team of efficient young ladies provided non-stop coffee for the never-ceasing workers. Gradually the stage took on a new, gay appearance, and by the time the properties were being moved into their storage places, the productions were really under way.

Hayden Pickersgill managed the stage lighting most efficiently. Six new spotlights were hired from Perth for the season, and use of green, red, blue and dimmed lighting proved dramatically valuable.

Many of the costumes and props were borrowed from the Bunbury Repertory Club, and for this we are indebted to Mrs. M. MacKinnon and Mr. J. Frost, respectively. Several trips were made to select costumes, fit people into them (or vice versa) and decide whether improvisation was necessary. Mr. Frost was called upon again and again, as his advice was invaluable concerning the props, the main green curtains (which had to be re-tacked) and the lighting set-ups.

Performance nights were hectic but enjoyable. As soon as one cast had been made up in the back room, it would move across to classroom 9, where coffee and records were available, and another would move in for similar treatment.

In retrospect, it is easy to see that the plays provided all actors and technicians with an opportunity which was invaluable. Co-operating with one another, adjusting to, and assimilating, the ideas of others, and achieving a feeling of satisfaction about the performances, were integral parts of the production which will provide a wealth of memories, for those involved, in the future.

ONE ACT PLAYS

AS SEEN BY "THE CRITICS"

"THE INVISIBLE DUKE"

Although the fair hair of Emilia (Fran Osborne) necessitated a "slight" change of script, "The Invisible Duke" was a most enjoyable piece of theatre. Graeme Manolas, as the Duke, gave a most convincing performance, whilst Michael Sullivan, as Francesca, showed his skill with the foil, Susan Roberts showed a fine "choral" voice suited to her astrological "arias", as well as expert culinary skill at preparing brews (with the help of Diane Kennedy, as Nekko). Despite some hoop trouble, Fran Osborne was "a fair Emilia".

Effective lighting and an interesting stage setting (including a box large enough to contain Graeme Manolas) added to the effect of this "Grant Stone" production.

"THE PROPOSAL"

This play written by Anton Chekhov in 1889, set in late nineteenth century Russia, tells how Lomov calls at Tchubukov's house to propose to his daughter, Natalyia. Natalyia is willing to accept anybody as she is beyond the age when most Russian women are married. Not knowing the reason for his visit to them, Natalyia repeatedly finds some small point about which to argue. Finally the proposal is made and readily accepted by Natalyia.

Alan Campbell as Tchubukov, a stuttering, middle-aged man who is eager to be rid of his daughter; Kevin Castensen as Lomov, a hypochondriac with a fervent imagination, and Lee Campbell, the producer, as Natalyia, succeeded in bringing out the humour of this comedy, keeping the audience in gales of laughter. The highlight of the play was possibly the very end when Natalyia repeated "I accept" many times over.

The simple setting with effective lighting at crucial points added to the appeal of the play.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday. (Lincoln)

SUSAN KEATING. Susan, a fourth year student, has been in Australia for less than a year. She comes from Dublin, Ireland — as one may guess from her delightful accent. As Mrs. White in the one-act play, "The Monkey's Paw", Susan drew a great deal of most favourable comment. Susan is generous in her praise of Australia and Bunbury High School — what she doesn't like about us she (tactfully) finds "difficult to put into words". Among her interests Susan includes reading and swimming.



"THE MILESTONE"

The title expresses succinctly the focus of this play — a delightful dialogue between Emilie (Jill Forrest) and Anatol (Greg Collins). The acting was most controlled and of a high quality, so that along with effective costuming, stage setting and use of lighting, the audience's attention was held to the apparently slight plot.

Producer, Kay Pendlebury, actors, and all concerned with the play must be commended for such an enjoyable production of one play from the little-known series about "Anatol's affairs".

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"

This play, set in the outskirts of London during the early part of the twentieth century, was produced by Greg Keeley.

As the title implies the plot revolves around a monkey's paw, supposedly endowed with supernatural powers. This paw gives hope, but finally brings disaster to a humble family, the Whites — Susan Keating as Mrs. White, Robin McCormack as Mr. White, and their son Herbert, portrayed by Neville Murry.

All actors contributed to the credibility of the scenes. However Sue Keating for her portrayal of the fifty-year-old wife, Mrs. White, must be accorded particular congratulations.

The stage was effectively set to depict the humble living room of the Whites. Against this subdued setting, lighting was used cleverly to reinforce the melodrama of the play, which culminated in the last desperate cry of Mr. White's "I wish my son dead".

"THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT"

This play was written as an attempt to ridicule melodrama of the Victorian era, and through their over-emphasised actions and dialogue, the cast (Erica Duce, Pino Monaco, Andre Faulkner, Debbie Branche, Nathan Sherry and Chris

Collins) succeeded in convincing the audience of their motive.

This delightful little comedy was highlighted at the point where the lights went out; the audience was held in suspense for a moment, before Mary and John relieved the tension with their flow of humorous chatter. Erica and Pino are to be congratulated on the manner in which they assumed the roles of the characters they had undertaken to portray.

Debbie Branche deserves mention as an actress who created great effect in the over-emphasis of her part. Debbie, along with her hero, Neil Stenhouse, through their dramatic advances across the stage, showed how the producer (Andre Faulkner) had helped his actors to take advantage of the entire stage area.

With the entrance of the Chief Villain and the Badman, whose costumes and make up reinforced their titles, excitement rose amongst the audience whose attention was held until the play came to a successful end.

"CHARLES BY THE GRACE OF GOD"

This play was set in England during the 16th century and tells of an incident in the flight of King Charles, who was being pursued by the Puritans.

The actors' performances were praiseworthy although they had difficulty in keeping serious during some of the more romantic periods of the play (mainly due to Bruce Bently's superb portrayal of "the soldier"). Mike Dixon, as the Landlord, excelled himself and became quite carried away, especially in his persecution of his daughter, Nell, played by the producer, Lorna Johansen. Scott Wells, as King Charles, had great success with the audience, but not with his "companion" Lady Juliana, played by Barbara Meiklejohn. Lord Wilmot, played by Peter Hickmott, was also good, but there were a few suspense-filled moments during his entrance (through the window) and with his moustache.



Mural.



Which one did I bring?

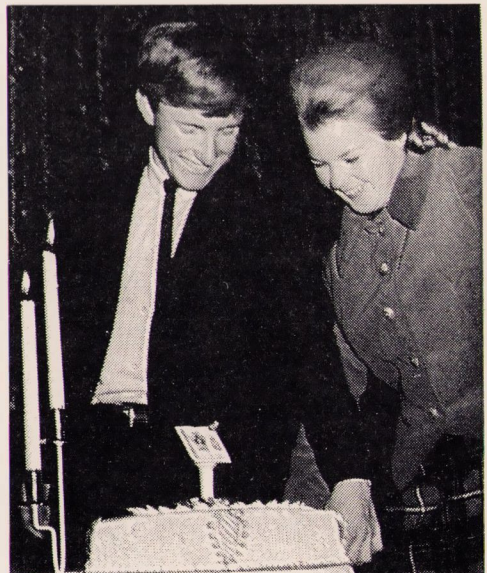
SCHOOL BALL

After much anticipation and a great deal of preparation the night of the Annual Bunbury Senior High School Ball arrived. This however was not a usual school ball for it was the 50th anniversary of the school's foundation. With this as the theme the hall was resplendent in gold decor, highlighted by a most attractive mural.

The gay atmosphere was set off by the colourful dress of the teachers, students, ex-prefects and the entertaining music of the Telstars. Our Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Stevens, further entertained all present with his jovial comments. A highlight of the evening was the cutting, by Michael Swan and Lee Campbell, of the beautifully-decorated cake to celebrate our Golden Jubilee.

After much strenuous dancing, supper was welcomed by most. Thanks must be extended to the P & C Association for the delicious arrangement of food.

The ball was a great success; this being due to the students who so keenly participated and the parents and teachers who were so willing to make the night of 12th July, 1968, one not to be forgotten for a long time.



School Captain and Senior Girl cut 50th Anniversary Cake.

OPINIONS

THE FAIRER SEX IS NO LONGER FAIR— SO SAYS A MALE

My friends, all those who would try to pull the wool over your eyes in saying the fairer sex is still fair are sadly mistaken. Degradation of the highest and most unforgiveable terms has taken place before your very eyes and still does, every night in front of a bedroom mirror, the beauty of womanhood has been destroyed. If they were alive today Di Vinci and Wordsworth and Shakespeare would most probably give up in sheer disgust in looking for a true 'fair' woman who could inspire a tender poem or a priceless art treasure. No, the secret has been lost in history and present day man can only look at the artificial outer shell of a sex that was once fair.

You may ask the question how did this unpardonable sin take place and when? The answer to that is easy. Woman has destroyed herself. Only the other night I heard a Russian on the television describe his idea of the working man's woman in that country. "Welz," he said in broken slurred English, "Shez must be hard verker anz musta earnz tooz keeps theez familiz going. Muz be good cook too causz Iz lide a gook breakfast and shez muzt good lookingz, around siz foot onez and twoz hunsrde and five pound".

You see, you notice how the work came first and the beauty last and the description of the old peasant woman — huge and brawny — supporting the family to the last breath. When you compare this with the God Venus can you honestly say the fairer sex is still fair?

Yes. It all started when the woman decided knitting and baby minding wasn't what she was made for and maybe politics, manual labour and hard work would be more fun, and the man of the time, like always, let mother have her own way and now the fairness of her structure has been lost for ever. Those tender words that mother used to speak are replaced with "Hay mack gotta quid to lend a Sheila" or "How's about you guys gettin' some other guys and we'll have a wow of a time." Yes the fairness IS lost.

Maybe you'll notice the trends away from realism in art today, away from the natural. You may notice in the historic art museums beautiful scenery, beautiful portraits and beautiful women but today we have junk art, op art, art form and abstract art all of which are about as inspiring as an exam and about as beautiful as a dead frog.

Why, you may ask yourself, why has this happened? And of course the answer is obvious. Men do the beautiful painting; men are inspired by beautiful women; the women are no longer fair thus the art form, thrown into a confused muddle, has produced squares, shapes and spasmodic bits of colour to replace the beauty of a tree or a woman.

You may notice as you look about that girls no longer are denying that they aren't as fair as they used to be 'in the good old days'. In fact, they openly buy and support artificialities to make them fair. We have two girls in our family who together consume fourteen and three-eighths feet of sticky tape a week each (to keep their hair straight while sleeping), use one-quarter of a pint of paint (and remover) a week between them as they slap it on eyelids, toenails, fingernails, cheeks and anything else that shows in the dark, and I dare say they consume enough chemicals in the form of powder, rouge and lipstick every month to pay the dustman's wages. Besides these 'necessities', in the fair sex's bedroom today there are wigs, false eyelashes, false bras, false fingernails and even toe nails. Men — we are deceived. But we shall be no longer. Let us recognise that the fairer sex is no longer fair and take action.

You may remember that I said that women lost the fair femininity in trying to be like men; they left the home and ventured to the outside world. Therefore the answer to the loss of fairness is to confine women again to the home where they may dabble with the pleasures that kept their grandmothers smiling like the Mona Lisa. If this procedure is adhered to man may again strive to the depths of passion which once surrounded chasing one's "game" and the women themselves may revert to their natural beauty. Once more may man take the act of marriage seriously, and the family become a basic unit of society.

It may be noticed from nature that God created the male as the colourful partner of the two mates. Take birds for example. The male bird is "done out" in bright plumage splashed with dashing colour so that the female can't resist him. Now look what has happened with humans. We have tried to reverse the normal and the fairer sex is no longer fairer, in fact one can't tell what the fair six is actually like until one takes "it" swimming and the water doesn't lie. But getting back. Look what happens today. It is the girl who goes to the trouble to prepare herself for any occasion while the male doesn't concern himself. As a result the whole basis of nature has been upset and the fairer sex has been the one to worry about not getting a mate and due to frenzied strivings has become no longer fair. Thus, men, it is we again who must rectify the situation by making sure we are

the things of beauty in this world as with the birds.

If the men take these matters to heart maybe once more voices will utter words such as, "Oh, I wish I were a glove upon that hand," and men might again create beauty instead of uttering verbal garbage like "You all-right sister" and constructing super highways.

GRANT STONE, 51.

THE FAIRER SEX IS NOT FAIR—SO SAYS A FEMALE

Who said the fairer sex is not fair? It was obviously a man, for what woman would even begin to think that we are unfair? I am taking this side of the argument on the assumption that the "fairer sex" referred to is the female gender of our population. However, in our society today it is hard to judge whether or not the fair sex is fair; the main difficulty is distinguishing the fairer sex from the others.

Standing on a corner in town, we may survey many good looking faces, many nice hair styles and many nice clothes. However, boys and girls alike have great difficulty in telling who is what. The boys have long hair and jeans, or short hair and jeans; the girls have long hair and leans or short hair and jeans. The boys may say that the girls are being unfair. But we're not! What the boys don't realize is that we're making their duties easier for them.

Through the past generations it has been generally accepted that the fairer sex is inferior to the men. Hundreds of years ago, men went to great lengths to prove this. They were very chivalrous and heroic, and thought nothing of facing death to save a beautiful young lady. Men were expected to be the strong ones, while women acted the part of poor fragile things who needed protection.

This concept has carried right through history. Women, until recently, have not been allowed to go to fight in wars. Now they do, in Vietnam. Even in the most primitive races the women were the weaker sex, although they may have done all the work.

The only remnants of chivalry left nowadays are petty, or so most males think. The fairer sex still appreciates some respect — allowing ladies to go through doors first is an example of this. Probably the only time a gentleman would show courtesy in this way is when he doesn't know what's on the other side of the door and he lets the lady through to face the dangers first!

Men say that women aren't fair, particularly in demanding some respect and

courtesy. The only reason they say this is that they have no sense of chivalry left at all. They are becoming lazy and complacent and very rude.

We are going through a revolution. The world of women has realized that it is superior to men, and that now is the time to prove it. Males are becoming effeminate in their ways, so why can't women become masculine. So we do wear jeans, thus showing great consideration for the males. Males are not prepared to treat us as ladies when we are dressed and act like ladies, so we dress like men and do not mind much if we are treated like them, since that is how we are treated all the time anyway—like "one of the boys".

Boys think that girls aren't fair because they wear jeans and big jumpers, thus camouflaging their legs and figures. It's the boys who aren't being fair — don't they realize that dresses are cold and hard to control in winds? So we don't do it to deprive boys of the sight of a nice pair of legs. I have already shown that it is through consideration for them, not lack of it, that we wear these garments.

May I point out that it is the women who have really been the chivalrous ones throughout history. They may have suffered considerably when acting like helpless beings, just to boost up the male's ego. Now the only chivalry left in the world is found in the fairer sex. I ask you, boys, is this fair — are the girls nowadays going to be deprived of the experience of being saved from the clutches of a monster, or whisked off their feet by a knight in shining armour on a white steed? No, we don't really want all this—just a little consideration and courtesy, so that we feel like what we are, the fairer sex. Please, be fair!

MARION BROWN, 51.

EPISODE 008

Now, in our last exciting episode, Flea had flown. Meanwhile the Barking Brawler has set off after Froth (alias Rabies).

"Push, push, puff, pant, push, puff, pant, pant, I must buy a motor for my dognomobile." Arriving at Dogs' Trouble Avenue, Woofter bursts into the "Cafe Lamb Chop" and simultaneously, and at the same time, trips over a mangy human lying on the door mat marked "Not Welcome". After giving the human a kick, after which it slunk off, Woofter continues on his merry way. Suddenly, without warning, he comes to the door marked "Nuts House".

Weeeelll — Why didn't this mangy human bite? Was it scared of Woofter or didn't it have its dentures in? What is the "Nuts House?" Where is the Very Dognobolical? And furthermore, can Woof afford to Goof? Start looking for the next exciting episode of Woofter.

FORM NOTES

ADVENTURES OF THE FAMOUS FIVES 51 SPEAKS

Cliff — "How ya goin'?"
JVA — "Philosophically speaking..."
Swan — "Right... well... um ah um."
Kaye — "Shutup ya dog or I'll pumbel you."
Ed — "Fair enough."
Alex — "Don't stir me."
Leslie — "Do you know what..."
Lyn — "I know..."
Andre — "Aw look at that!!"
Granny — "My hair's all right."
Grant — "HA HA HA HA HA HA HA."
Dirk — "Er... what... mm..."
Rob — "My share's 'R' up cos'."
Burns — "I got caught in the RAIN."
Rocket — "This is so."
Marion — "Eat at Joe's."

51 HAS HEARD SOMEWHERE

- 1) "Sniff, Sniff, Snuff. Invest now." (J.B.)
- 2) "Oh I don't know son, look up your book" (Ted)
- 3) "Can you really afford the time?" (MLN)
- 4) "Hm (cough) ha Hm mm. (cough)" (MMc)
- 5) "That is so! This is True!" (PK)
- 6) "I'll take a little of your time." (PS)

V2 FORM NOTES

We THE class of '68, were reluctant to submit notes about ourselves because, as every student knows, next to beauty and intelligence, modesty is our main attribute.

But, being a democratic class, we put it to the vote and the majority ruled. We will allow our notes to be published, although we realise the risk of the remaining classes developing inferiority complexes.

With blank faces and blank minds, we await 'doomsday' (the Leaving) and even though some are afraid they'll only obtain seven distinctions, the remainder are confident of 100 per cent for all subjects. The shock treatment of the mock Leaving has perhaps had its desired effect. Several of us, who only managed to scrape 89.9 per cent for some subjects, will, unfortunately, be scarred for life.

Valiant efforts of our form warden (Mr. McDonald Duck) to improve our mathematical reasoning have also been of little effect.

A cross section of the school population may be found in room 21 every morning.

For example: Girl A (We'll call her Teresa Pike) is a highly intelligent individual, although she sometimes loses control of her vocal cords. She has just moulted her knee bandage so we can no longer call her 'Skippy the Bush Elephant? Boy B (named Gary Percival Gibson) is also an individual. He always has his nose in something (not necessarily books). His allotted initials GP stand for General Practitioner (in Biology). Other members are: Greg James (Casanova), Greg Pearce, Jill, Viv, Sheryl, Lawn (Butch), Eryl, Glenys (Garfunkle), and Greg (Zubric), Vicki, Chris (Rule Britannia), and Lester (alias Dr. Julius Sumner Miller).

V3 FORM NOTES

(No one ever could understand V3 — these notes may help to explain them).

The year started off with a Big Bang. After Tom's honourable dismissal from the hostel, he maintained relations with "Daaave" in the same boarding house. A certain Mr. J. Stevens also resided there.

Great scientific discoveries have determined Wake's problem. On passing him through the bubble chamber, it was found that he consisted of strontium 90 and cobalt 60 (gamma rays).

While Heggie is busy winning High School Grand Prix in Farina G.T., "Daaave" has painted his bike red with black drag stripes.

Three-time-winner of Italian Grand Prix, Rocco Luppino, was booked for overloading and for refusing the breathalyser test.

G. Crotty (lately seen in a black Austin dragster), has a new toy — a Samurai sword.

Rizzi in headlines — "infiltrates Kwina to acquire bulk grease".

N. Turner set the staff room alight. (Much to the delight of Mr. Tog.)

"Hebe" the renowned water baby has honoured V3 with his presence (now and then).

"Grip" goes to Country Week as a water boy (for the girls' hockey).

"Col", "Dubbo" of the class (least endowed with the inner meat of the skull) has once again bombed out in his exams... was his average 90 or 92 per cent?

The layers of rubber which adorn the Staff's car park are largely the result of Mr. Freind's efforts in his HOT H.R. (He qualifies for mention in these select notes as our good buddy and form teacher and the main supporter of 5-3's charities collection).

AMEN.

V4 FORM NOTES

On entering room 2 at 8.55 a.m., you may, if you're lucky, find 18 inmates — sorry! students of B.S.H.S. On most mornings we're there providing no buses breakdown and no "sleep-ins".

"Mac" has become renowned for her brains, and also those quiet siestas during economics due to lack of sleep on extra rebellions nights at the hostel.

In our midst we are privileged to have Riggy — the deputy head boy, who is renowned for his inability to sit in desks properly.

Debra proves her skill by writing the "Monthly Award Winning Essay" in history.

Buzzy cannot be forgotten firstly for his famous table tennis feats with Eadie and his writings for "Professor Wuff" — his answer to "Chickenman" so we believe.

Swuzz, the goalie for the hockey team, is believed to have the shortest and cutest pigtails in the school.

Next on the list we find Kerry and Sandra. Both are basketballers for school teams and are in the quieter category of the class.

Eadie is best known for those long cultivated fingernails which surpass even the longest of the girls. The "Tech Drawing Kings" of the class and table tennis fan.

Out of the city lights of Bunbury we find Ev and Elaine both staunch supporters for a certain football team, and both passengers on the two most reliable buses in the school — If you don't believe us ask any teacher.

Ev is also the capable captain holding Mitchell together.

We now come to C.U.O. Mosedale the lone cadet of the class. Has the shiniest and squeakiest boots in the whole cadet group.

Then there are the two K's; both basketballers and both upheld the sporting reputation of V4 by representing us at Country Week. It must be remembered that one insists on having an 'E' on the end of Kay.

Chas has a natural flair for table tennis, — well after all you did manage to hit one back correctly.

Jeanne and Fran cannot be forgotten as they hope to become future drivers. With the present rate of development we have our doubts as they are still trying to get out of sand bags. Sympathy is extended to Mr. King. (Jeanne is our newly-blooded Aussie).

Tony is our so-called mathematical and physics geni? but there are fears he may be a nuclear fizzog. — Our capable class prefect who loves giving out notes.

Last but definitely not least is the one and only G. D. J. B. Bolitho. Renowned for his stories about the Kalgoorlie gals and insists the Bunbury ones aren't as

good. What has happened to your purple and gold jam-tin-on-wheels, Graham?

We would like to thank all our teachers who have persevered with us throughout 1968 and we hope our results will justify your help and guidance during the year.

To Mr. Streat — our form teacher and history and geography teacher, we thank you for your help and enjoyable form room periods throughout the year.

Good-bye and good luck.

P.S. Welcome back to Vince, a strange absentee of second term.

V5 FORM NOTES

V5 started the year by discarding the adage that 'women are the weaker sex'. Only three males returned to endure the last months of torture, whereas thirteen females turned up. Of course there is a reason — the girls are more intelligent than the opposite sex.

A number of changes occurred in our section of the staff. We still have the philanthropic bald gentleman for Economics (who, following his episode last year of spreading chicken pox, has generously shared his swollen burden of mumps this year with half a first year class). Mr. Robson continues to sprout his worldly knowledge (French and German) into our ever-attentive ears. Mr. Gell has stepped in to take the reins of English teacher (he rarely seems able to comment on our lateness). Mrs. Leslie had her quietest Biology class recently — as a result of the revealing topic under discussion, the one which is reproduced to fifth year classes every year. Although only half the class takes geography, through discussions (arguments?) everyone now knows what advantages Charlie's Brook and Donnybrook have over Bunbury and Harvey.

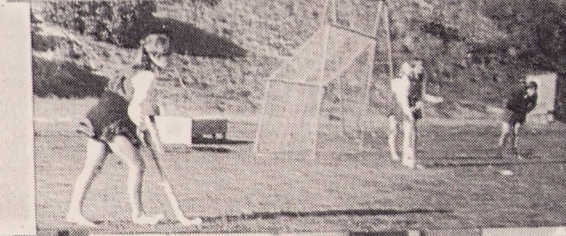
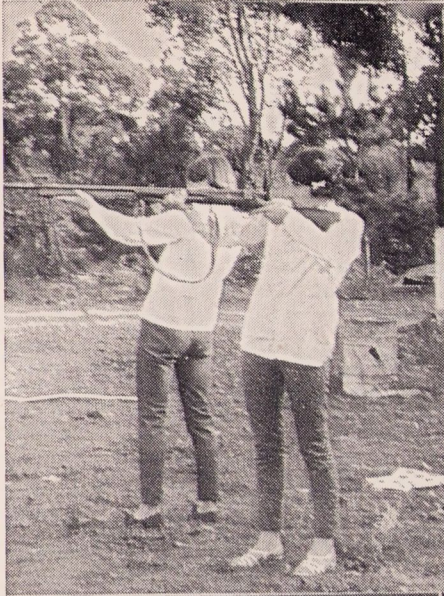
V5 has its share of talent too — six of us are prefects, and eight are sporting individuals who represented Bunbury at Country Week. After our return from the August vacation, everyone suddenly realised that it is only a matter of weeks to L-Day. (A fact that the teachers won't let us forget!) We would like to wish ourselves (and all other Leaving and Junior candidates) all the best — it will certainly be needed by V5.

V6 FORM NOTES

Five Six, the smallest class in the school, but by no means the most ineffective. Actually we are the most selected pieces of society bundled together to become the basic structure of genius group.

The artistic talent of the class is so enthusiastic, that seven periods can be wasted away dabbling with a "Horsy" brush, and wood monstrosities.

The one and only opposite sex, is constantly kept out of focus by being overpowered by the petticoat and lace majority.



FOUR TWO

However the male element of the class exercises his power of entering in the "Indianappleless" five hundred.

But if you value your life for a few more hours, do not consider hitching a lift with our fourth member because . . .

On ending we would like to sincerely thank all the teachers who have so valiantly tried to bestow upon us as much "knowledge" as possible.

To fellow students we wish luck for forthcoming D-day.

FOUR ONE

Seven girls (plus one whom we see once a week: she has a vivid imagination for illnesses, haven't you Margaret?) and eight boys when they all grace us with their presence. The class prefects throughout the term, June Childs and Kim Edmeades, did an absolute fabulous (!!!!) job at doing absolutely nothing. Our form master for most of first term was Mr. Videnieks, but we traded him in for a new model (namely Miss Hick) in second term. Our class has many differing personalities, some noticeably fairly well hidden.

Chris Collins (Ginger!) and Gerry F. sit quietly at the back of each form room, muttering occasional remarks in support of our form mistress.

Michael and Sue have an everlasting acquaintance (sitting at the back of the classroom learning their french verbs — (C'est La Vie!) We are privileged to have four hostel kids who come to school every second day with their absentee "revelations" in their dirty little palms — Claude is either breaking his neck, flipping down the stairs or cutting his head (I wonder if the end is near?).

We now find that Deb's bad, bad cough is very contagious and her part in the school plays as a delightful heroine has given everyone the wrong (right) idea.

Val Pain, our blonde bombshell, thinks that life would be much more profitable in 4-3.

Fedders and Bentley continually surprise us with their unlimited flow of vocabulary.

Butterfly Suzie (our avid letter writer) spends most form room periods sending words on the wind to Perth or downright meditation (mental telepathy).

June, our form prefect, is one of those fluttery kinds who is continually consulted as to what to do next (DEAR DOFFIE DIX!!!). Julia, the continual brains of our community, is only seen, never heard, but in comparison there's Leith, who has unlimited resources of wit (you may as well call it that as there's no other name for it).

Kim, our other prefect is a small little boy wiff a very big hart. (When he think it's convenient — night time?).

In conclusion we hope the Junior candidates do as well as we did and the Leavings do as well as we hope to do!!!

Once again that coveted task of compiling form notes has arisen. 4-2 is a typical 4th year class; quiet, conscientious and conservative.

Punctuality seems to be one of our virtues (a certain member sticks rigidly to this rule — don't you Dianne?). Under the able bodied ruling of Mrs. Martinson (I can remember when . . . !!) we are kept informed of the sex life of the white mice. Some of the weaker sex (males) take exception to this of course.

Coleen tries to keep in trim trying to be in time for geography and Kevin. The more conscientious members, Carmela and company, are often found talking to certain people in certain corners at certain times.

One particular female arouses suspicion when she is continually found leaning over the balcony of a well-known hotel. The little member of the class is seriously proposing (note the use of the word) to shift to Harvey. This seems a drastic move but it seems to be a necessity.

Susan, a quiet girl, made her debut at the ball when she turned up in a controversial gown. Our other Sue, the young Irish lass, has found her twang quite different from the "Aussie—Slang". She's not too keen on the "Strine" way of talking, but don't worry, Sue, before long you'll be one of the weird mob. Our class also contains one of the notorious "Hostel Girls". She says her name is Julia, but we have our doubts. Wait a minute, somebody's just blown in! It's Wendy, whose presence is only known by bumping into her.

Any girls wanting names and addresses of eligible bachelors should get in contact with Christine who has an added advantage over most girls (she lives at the Ag. School).

Heather's artistic talent is somewhat inspired by a certain black mini. (Learning to drive Heather?).

The gentle sex must not be forgotten. Everything was just ducky about Colin until he was recently shorn.

On Wednesday mornings Graeme tries gallantly to convert all members to Forrest (his attempts are in vain). Persistence is another virtue Graeme. Don Juan John appears to be a hit with certain females in third year.

Joe — we'd like to tell you his surname, but like most people we find, we can't write or say it. Poor Joe has to manage with one name while everyone else has two. Duke Minni is notorious for his solo piece on Tuesday (watch that role Minni!).

Burt in his haste to reach school in time on his skate board broke his arm (well done Burt!!!). Stephen was so enthralled with Mrs. Martinson's little talk

Dellys G. One of the quiet girls who hides in the corner. I wish she'd get her fringe cut.

Gaye H.: She's got sense — she's always late for form room.

Elaine H.: She's the biggest girl in our class. We're not going to say anything about her. She can belt us.

Sue M.: Spends all her time dreaming out the window in Art or English waiting to catch a glimpse of a blue ute crawling past.

Margaret P.: Entered the class at the end of 1st Term. She's a good typist. She can use two fingers already.

Aline S., Valda T.: They're best of buddies. Togetherness is their motto — very romantic. They're good at Bookkeeping . . . English . . . and . . .

Ann R.: She's a quiet girl—when she's asleep. Pretends to work very hard in school. From her marks we all wish we could pretend like her.

We would like to talk about the teachers but, as you know, these notes are censored.

Finally we want to wish all Junior and Leaving candidates (including ourselves) the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

3F

3F! The so-called brains of 3rd Year, but alas, my dear friends you must not get the wrong impression altogether. There is that certain element all classes possess, namely . . . (Janet Dedman wishes to keep her name out of the print).

When our poor Masters and Mistresses were allotted their classes they were in for quite a surprise when they read "3F".

Miss Nadebaum, the one and only, who hangs her culprits over the balcony, claims she has never struck a more vacant Junior English class than us. Are we to be honoured because we are different, or dishonoured because we stand alone?

Mr. Streat creates the impression that he has lived for an infinite time and travelled everywhere, only because he astounds us with his wide knowledge of Social Studies. Give us a few hints please.

Maths? Well, I don't think we had better mention it. Not one of us has any mathematical brain.

Science "A" and "B". We have a very capable teacher, namely Mr. Haynes. Yes he can keep us under his thumb, and we must thank him for keeping up with us, or should we say we had a hard time keeping up with him. At one stage he was really "stacking on" those exercises.

Although at times we're just not with the "passing" times, we do enjoy ourselves. I suppose that's bad because we should be studying for our Junior, but we're . . .

We're not dumb! We're just not bright!

3M

Now is the time to be introduced to 3S—the most responsible class in the school. We have, within our midst some budding young geni. These include Sue Corey, Robert Wills and Graham Carlson who have shared top honours for most of the year.

There have been four subtractions and only one addition to our class, leaving its population at twenty-seven.

We also have a couple of sports champions with us. Sue Corey, as well as being the class brain has also put her best foot forward on the athletic field. Debbie Roberts is our champion hockey player and was fortunate enough to go to Bus-selton.

With this, as the end of our form notes, we would like to wish all fellow Junior and Leaving students good luck in their coming exams and we would also like to thank all teachers who tried, and in most cases succeeded, to teach us.

Through the years third year students have gone down in school history as the most capable and likable students you could meet. Perhaps at times our class has become a little erratic, but only at times and no-one, not even 3M, is perfect.

Most of the students of 3M have been colleagues since first year and since then the sports minded have notably progressed, especially Candy Nowland who is now playing in an "A" grade hockey team. Candy is now our only well known hockey player. Along with Elizabeth, Lorraine, Dale and Marlene she forms a good team of very capable and ambitious players. The basketball girls also deserve a mention for the terrific attitude they take towards their afternoon games. To Diane, Libby, Debbie and Diane we wish you every success in your sporting future.

The boys, like all males are keen and willing and rather than devote their time to academic studies, prefer to broaden their outlook on sport. Colin Farquar, an outstanding swimmer, represented the school in Collie earlier this year and deserves a mention for his fine efforts.

In conclusion 3M would like to thank their teachers and our form teacher Mr. Williams in particular for all the help they have given us during the year. We only hope that our Junior marks will show that their efforts in teaching us here are not all unworthwhile. We wish the best of luck to all fellow third year students and also fifth year students in their forthcoming examinations. "Good Luck!"

3J

If you've been hearing rumours about
3J don't believe them until you've read
this:

They walk right in and sit right
down . . .
While Mitch and Colin hand round butts,
Parrot chews on monkey nuts.
For Val S. the perfume bottle is always
in use,
But for Rol' and Graham there's never
a truce,
Mr. Grace, the Theorem Professor, halts
our being bored,
And when he hands out his trade mark,
order's restored.
During P and H the crushing of in-
cisors into juicy green apples . . .
While Mrs. W. continues about the en-
tering of blood into superior vena
cava . . .
We sit, eyes drooping, all attention out
the window,
Are we a mob of hobos?
Be listening for the next instalment of
3J notes.

3E

Our form room is 23 and our form
teacher is Mr. Bryce. In our form are:
Ross Pillar — 4 pick handles across.
Charlie Surace — jumped on his glasses
to avoid school. Trevor Bastow — late
addition, but at the time of writing is
still slumbering through winter. Ashton
and Guppy — would make a good circus.
Jean Gould — flipped over science
teacher. Pam Crowd — boy hater, quiet
on the surface but ! ! ! Blech — where
there's smoke there's fire. Harmer —
who is hard of hearing or just can't re-
member what day, what book, what
room! Trig — who said wogs can't
smoke. Hutton and Bartrop — hitchhik-
ers of great fame. Menzies and Teede —
Prime Minister's eyebrows and a dis-
tinguishd nose. Gilmour — stirrer! Em-
erson — milk on time! Rudd — who al-
ways must have the last say (and usual-
ly gets a clout for it). Mark Donovan —
who misses the bus. Bartlett — pigeons;
TV bird! Eddy Maciejewski — smooth
operator! Kaye White — infatuated with
science (teacher).

3C — TOP OF THE OFFICE BLOCK

We're a wonderful group with many
amazing people. Our military men, for
instance. John, Michael and Cleve who
guard us from Mr. Garstone; our sports-
men and women who just can't beat Mr.
G's Hole-In-One record! Our prize cooks
are Deborah, Judy and Megan who are
good at turning out rock cakes when
sponges are called for.

Our class prefects were John and

There is one thing worse than falling; that is not getting up again.

"Bookroom" Dot, who takes after Pauline
in her library books. (Peter Guy has
now taken John's place). Despite all the
grizzles and grunts, we still have our
brains — Helen has slipped to the front
with first place; Robyn Dennison, an ex-
pupil of 3C, left in first term, letting
Trevor gain second place.

Our regular mail boys, Darryl and
Stephen, seem to enjoy the chance to
make a second trip. (I wonder why?)
Alan, a part-time wagger, and Peter and
Gary — chief annoyers of Steven — are
also in our class.

In conclusion may we thank our golf-
ing teacher, who is always willing to
help, and wish all Junior and Leaving
Students the best of luck.

SECOND YEAR SCANDEL

2F

Our teacher roars!! We kids "shut-up",
But bang again, and on it goes,
Desks crash, chairs scrape,
Rulers fly like rocket ships,
Rubbers wing all through the sky,
Bombers dart with well-shot aim,
Then once again our teacher roars,
With notes to office as a threat
All is quiet — and for a while
Law and order reigns again.

2S (i.e. TOO SMART)

Our class has its "brains", its dumbs,
Its rebels, its funny names . . .
We've got them all — just come and see,
Greeny, Guppy, Gus and me.
We do our own work; we have our fun;
We stir, we fight, we walk, we run . . .
Arab, Mayda, Mulet and Tig . . .
Nicknames for just a few of our rig.
The girls — well — they do their work,
Though I must admit that a couple shirk.
Margaret seems to have the "brain"
And Wendy's there to keep them tame.
There's Val, Rita, Sue, Leslie Irene and
Hel'n
(And I'm terribly sorry about the
spell'n').

2J

Here we are the Impossible 2J,
A group of people sure to dismay,
Even the mightiest of teachers —
First Mrs. Page and now Mr. Haynes.
As far as sport, we will say,
That Judy at hockey can play,
We have some others — runners for in-
stance,
Gobby and Tooke are good at long dis-
tance,
But wait — here comes the cadets —
Six in this class — stumbling in boots —
no polish on brass.
We give thanks to our teachers for trying
to cope—
And cheerily we add — don't give up all
hope.

2E (FROM 33)

No doubt everyone has heard of us, for we have success in everything. In only half of this year we collected \$36 for charity (\$15.36 by Mitchell). Academically, our "shining lights" are Julie Hitch, Lyn Bastoe and Ruth Lowke.

In the field of sport, Kevin Jarvis and Wayne Wood have represented the school and Peter Ferguson and Howard Withers are to compete in the State Schoolboys' Cycling Championships. Our stars at hockey are Ann Brown, Diane Lovell and Steven Herring, while Sally Hudson, Vicki Wight, Maxine Walker and Carol Brown are our basketballers.

2C

We, of 2C, would like to inform you that we are a fascinating collection of individuals! Come in and see for yourselves, any time. Funny thing, though, we can't seem to convince our teachers of this fact, sometimes . . .

We are (un)fortunate in that the boys of our group are out-numbered by the young ladies, by about 5 to 1. That takes care of them! However, they are handy occasionally, for carrying boxes of books, heavy mobile blackboards, and the like!

Our young ladies are our inspiration, because they are enterprising beyond all comparison. To aid the "Save the Children Fund" this year, they organised the planning, preparation, cooking and selling of toffee apples and cookies, and the raffling of other baked foodstuffs.

In conclusion, we would like to offer our very best wishes for success, to all of the Junior and Leaving candidates this year.

FIRST YEARS' FEELINGS

1F

We thoroughly enjoyed our first year at this school. New faces this term have been Shelly Gardiner, Janice Chernokoff, Wendy Turner, from 1M, and Teresa MacArthur, Elaine Wakka, from 1J. Also Trevor Trott from Manjimup.

Our brains of the class are Shirley Collins, Allan Storey, Annette Cransberg, Ian Sheldrick and Vivien Edwards.

In the sporting line we have Shelly Gardiner and Peter Denton who will be participating in the coming sports. Country week entrants from 1F were Peter Denton and Annette Cransberg — who did very well in their team games.

Also, we have talented people such as Shirley Collins, who is the pianist, and Wendy Turner, a soloist, who gained

places in the Bunbury Musical Festival. As our last line we would like to wish the very best to those taking Junior and Leaving Examinations.

1S

"How's your rotten form?"

Our form has been taught to specialise in the following: Losing compasses, forgetting various books (deliberately), leaving locker keys at home and writing compositions on how to behave.

Stephen S., known as Budda, is our class servant (eg. putting up class chairs for talking in class).

Annette M, is the brains of our class.

Also, the most hateful thing 1-S has ever heard of in their knowledge of school subjects is French ! ! ! About 75 per cent of the class hate French. Here are a few comments from about the room:

"Yuk"

"Oh no"

"Great"

"Wrotten"

1-S thanks all teachers such as Mr. Bryce, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Street, Miss Herman, Mr. King and all the others. Also our thanks to our form teacher, Mrs. Buchanan.

1M

Our class, 1M, is found in room 4. Our form teacher is Miss Herman. Some outstanding people in the class are Michael Herring, who was dux of the class in both first and second terms; Barbara, Shauna, Vivian, John, Lindsay, Graeme and Jan. Two girls were successful in basketball this year. They are Georgina Donovan who was captain of High School Pink, and Shauna Clark. Our hockey players are Gavin Osborne, who was playing in the Under 16's, and Gail Kilpatrick, who played in the girl's Junior Country Week team. We also have swimmers in Garry Broun and Graeme Gordon, who travelled to Collie with the school team.

As you can see we're a most talented class (although we wouldn't think of boasting!).

1J

1J is a very interesting class. 2nd term we started a project on Bunbury. Our form teacher is Mrs. Bryce.

The middle of 2nd term we went down to the council chambers and had a look at the future map of Bunbury.

There are 35 in our class.

Mrs. Bryce is also our Social Studies teacher, and all our Social Studies lessons are in room 5.

Success or failure is caused more by mental attitude than by mental capacity.

PEOPLE

My skin is pearly white,
my mind exalts the best ideals of man
for my mind is white!
my beliefs infallible
my skin is clean
Get rid of blacks—they are dirty
—a stain on our name
They are not men!

My skin is ebony, his is deathly pale,
he seems not to understand me
I am Australian — he is Australian,
yet I am different
I am dirt!
I am the lowliest of animals
I am but carrion for the white prey!

So this is colour!
a simple matter of refracted light;
yet it creates riots
hatred
fear
And arouses small minds
who arouse smaller minds.

But wait!
Do not glance askance at America.
First gaze into our own grubby yards
first notice how the aborigine,
(original inhabitant of the land)
is ostracized,
is shunned and spat upon!
And then proudly shout,
“Advance Australia Fair.”

J. MILLS, WALLBRIDGE.

(A member of 4-2 during second term).

ON TAKING A BUS RIDE

Flashing signs of simpleness,
of an embittered, dirty society lined up
solidly, proudly barricading the bitu-
men battleground from the eye of the
innocent child.

My window formed a picture frame of
moving idleness
And as I gazed I could only think one
thing.

So I asked the bus driver why he drove
a bus?

Someone has got to use the white lines,
he answered.

K. PENDLEBURY, 51

FLOWER POWER

Hear the hippies,
singing songs,
They wish to right
the many wrongs,
Equality for darks,
freedom for whites,
Peace in the world,
love is might,
What fools!

ANON

“CONFUSION UPPERMOST”

I am here,
yet am not.
I wish that I were not
Where or what,
That I am.
But that,
That I would be,
Could be,
But anything.
Who knows,
What will be?
But anything,
Can be,
But must have a cause.
What?
Love, hate, life.
Such things are abstract, requiring con-
templation.
Contemplation makes me sad.
Blueness predominates.
I think I would like love.

GRAN

YEA, NAY, HOORAY

I Like biting the heads off jelly-babies,
Watching cars crashing in a race,
Watching the enemy be killed on tele-
vision,
Squirting flies with fly-spray,
Watching my cat eat micc.

I Like watching flowers growing in the
rain,
Singing in the bath,
Rubbing noses with my cat,
Pulling my biro to pieces,
Beethoven, Bach, and the Beatles.

I'd like to throw ink at the “Mona Lisa”,
start a demonstration against
anti-Vietnam demonstra-
tions,
let down the tyres of all
American cars,
Push an apple down Joan
Sutherland's neck,
Be me.

I Hate rubbing noses with my dog,
Mitch Miller,
People who say that penguins
look like little men in
Dinner jackets,
School on Mondays,
Cabbage, pumpkin, and aspara-
gus.

I Love birds and cats,
modern houses,
doves of peace,
holidays,
me more than you.

I wish that people would wake up,
churches were all doors,
every coffin was painted
white,
Dr. Spock was given his own
treatment,
I didn't love me more than
you.

P. GRIFFIN, 44

FUNNY PEOPLE

To give up an hour or two every Sunday
Whilst they could be enjoying a sleep
in—

Yes funny people those Christians.

Who is that man they worship?

What is he like?

Some say he is Love, some say he is Care
And they say in this they share.

Yes funny people those Christians.

“Come along and find out for yourself,”
they say

Ah! but I'll not be fooled,

I've made up my mind not to believe
besides who wants to get up on Sun-
day morning.

Ah! yes funny people those, Chris-
tians!

GRAEME MANOLAS, 42

HOW I FELT TODAY

I felt as sticky as a sweet in a muggy
little room,

Like the tar beneath my feet, on a boil-
ing afternoon,

Like a penguin who'd been dropped in a
desert by mistake,

Like something cooking in the oven,

A swelling biscuit or a cake.

I was hot and I was bothered as I work-
ed on hard at school,

And I was so envious, for the ocean look-
ed so cool.

I was hot and I was tired, and I wanted
just to rest,

So I decided that going for a swim would
be the best,

As I dived into the ocean, the water
splashed on either side,

And I sat there in contentment, in the
swishing, swaying tide.

ROSLYN SIBSON, 15

ACCIDENT AT NIGHT

The jeep swerved,

The sound of brakes screeched violent-
ly,

I fell from the jeep, into the soft mud
below.

I saw red, red blood, red clothes, red
skin,

He lay beside me, pale and a deathly
cold,

A bright flare lit up the sky,

The jeep, was orange tangy flames,

The heat was close,

I helplessly tried to pull him away,

But all my strength had left me,

He stirred and stretched his mangled
body,

I pointed to the flames,

We were alone, and young,

He swore,

I wept,

It began to rain

We were alone.

ANONYMOUS, 2F

ME

The fiendish sister, hated enemy of three
children,

A lone wolf,

Hater of annoying brothers and sisters,
Who like bothersome flies flock around,
Always able to hear.

Oh! to be alone,

Flying through the air, or,

Stalking through the long grasses that
stretch to infinity,

A hermit away from the troublesome
world,

Where trams, cars and buses wait to
knock you down,

And the thick dirty air envelops you like
a cloak,

And your breath gradually dwindles,

As the thick, slimy air oozes slowly down
your throat.

But the country, the bush,

Miles away from the city,

Where the clear, pure air tingles as it
rushes past,

In a cool flurry of leaves,

And all the world is at peace.

ANONYMOUS, 2S

OLD PEOPLE

Old people just walk along the street
gazing,

Without any more aims to life, they just,
Walk along and think.

They think of the things they once did,

And of the things they would like to do.

Occasionally they stop at a small coffee
shop,

Where they may sit for hours,

Watching the younger generation.

Their wrinkled skin, their bony hands
can,

No longer see to their own demands.

KIM GUPPY, 2S

WHY?

Why,

do I have to fight?

Why,

does anyone fight?

Why,

does anyone fight about anything, any-
where for anyone?

Why?

For love, fear or Religion?

Certainly not Politics,

Who causes it?

L.B.J. and Nasser,

or Martin Luther King.

If I were THEM,

I'd do away with violence,

forcibly remove all agitators

and

If some don't agree with me,

Shoot'em!

IAN GIBBON. 44.

BEING OLD

The humming of the saw,
The old dark workshop,
The saw dust falls,
Like the sand in the hour-glass of time,
The old magazines,
With faded yellow pages,
Telling about his homeland,
Lying in heaps on the furniture he
makes,
Forgotten by his family many miles
away,
He knows nothing of them,
His nieces and nephews,
Oh! to see them again,
And his homeland,
Once before he dies.

ANONYMOUS, 2S

OBSESSED

The convict paused, he felt the pain,
The fall, the swim, the shouts, the shot,
The relentless pursuit of the soldiers who
came—
He ran, he hid; for his life he cared not,
It's the other men who will die.

They framed him, charged him, sent him
to rot,
But now he'll find them one by one —
Haunt them and threaten them till they
flop
Under his palm and under his gun.
And in their graves they shall lie

The relentless pursuit of the soldiers who
came —
Their bayonets, their muskets, their
buttons that shone
But the convict had gone, he was not in
their game.
His purpose in life, unlike their kind,
Was hatred, revenge and reprieve.

The first man—he found him and slit
him apart;
The second man—dead, he turned in his
grave
When he took his dear wife and gouged
out her heart;
The last man fled, his mind in a maze—
His soul, at last it was free.

K. W. RIGG, 5th year

(This poem was awarded first prize in
a poetry competition conducted during
first term).

NATURE COLOURS

Black is the night and darkness,
Green is the softness of a budgie,
Blue is the coolness of water,
Silver is the gleam of a streamlined
bream,
Red is the blood shed of war.

STEWART ROWBOTHAM, 1J

SOLITUDE

Solitude is the presence of sickly, odorous
mould;
The foul scent of rats' wastes mingled
with damp air;
The occasional waft of freshly-baked
apple pie brought by the chilly wind
through the rusted, barred window;
apple pie never seen among the black
bread and water of this God forsaken
place.
It is the endless night spent with the rats
and the lice; the cold iron bed and
the filthy, thread-bare sheet.
It is the awakening at dawn by the ham-
mering of nails into wood. Hammer-
ing carried on until the late hours of
the afternoon.
It is the thunder of boots in the dingy
corridor;
The rattle of a chain;
The turn of a key in the lock;
The final walk through the wretched
gates of hell.

CHERYL CAIN, 44

APOTHEOSIS OF MAN

Up to the smoky heavens I gaze,
The patterned clouds becoming a maze,
Of beautiful and ugly things.
Floating down the channels is a barge,
Taking its cargo from Earth to Heaven
and back.

Yet someday the heavens are clean,
And the barge's travel silent to the ear,
Unseen by the eye, but its knowledge is
in our minds,
That he will one day be to us in kind,
Until we return once more, as babes in
slings.

SUE SWENSON, 54

SOUNDS OF WINTER

The thud of thunder,
The rattle of rain,
The whistle of wind,
And the hard hitting hail.
The rhythmic meowing,
And the bending of trees,
The crack of lightning,
And the swish of the seas.

W.R.M., 2F

LITTLE AVALON

Small green jewel on the sea,
You are my love, my destiny,
Wild life thrives upon your shore,
Your people live as they lived before.
Sun bathes you in golden rays,
Brown skins glisten in the waves,
Sapphire sea bows on your shore,
You are my dream for ever more.

BILL MEIKLEJOHN, 2S.

TINY THINGS

Like an anemone's arms,
So are babies' fingers,
With blades of grass,
In straight lines like soldiers,
With grains of sand,
That glitter in the sunlight,
A tiny waterfall,
With a curtain of gold,
A sand castle,
Silver and glittering,
A black cloud,
Looking cold and angry,
The sun,
Looking happy,
And the moon,
Looking very sleepy.

STEVEN NIKOLA.

TINY THINGS

Baby Turkeys running under their,
rag-made mother,
Small blowfish swimming for bait in
the ocean depths,
Baby calves with their wet tongues
Pricking your fingers as they suck,
Small remembrance items that you
Wish you could keep forever,
Horses as they look at you so uncertainly.
Maggots so small and cute.

CHRISTINE WOOLHEAD, 1J

CATS

They run around all day and night,
Always looking for a fight,
Suppose they think the same of us,
But we're not always in a rush.
They hiss, scratch and bite,
All through the long dark night,
But with the coming of the dawn,
They scamper away, tattered and torn.
Cats. Cats are sometimes purring,
In front of the fire, never stirring,
For they lead a life of leisure,
Always looking for a pleasure.

JANE WELLS, 1S

DROUGHT

The day is hot,
The air is still,
No wind stirs the idle mill,
Not a drop of rain has fallen yet,
For half a year.
The cattle are dying,
The creek is dry,
And the troughs are empty,
Not a cloud is in the sky,
Day by day for rain we pray,
But not a drop,
Just the heat of the sun,
The clouds of red dust,
And the bellow of dying cattle.

ANON, 4I

BEAUTY

A magical moment:
Fading filters of light over long grass,
Dressed with Nature's own perspiration,
Laced with webs of molten fantasy
Delicately spun by energetic spiders —
Each blade linked by a golden highway,
A dead tree stands embalmed in golden
yarn,
Its numb limbs extending not in protest
but in love,
Its lifeless form seemingly revived in an
intricacy of jewels.
The sea of grass fastening the priceless
ship,
Lies bathed in wealth,
Til the moment passes . . .
And the dull green grass and the naked,
lifeless tree are as before—again.

SUE SWENSON, 54

THE SEA

A fickle woman deciding when and when
not,
One of many moods—anger, peacefulness,
evil.
A taker of lives deciding between life and
death—
Death's cousin.
Beautiful, enchanting.
Drawing the foolish mortals to her king-
dom.
High protector of those who dwell be-
neath her robes of watery silk.
Owner of natural jewels,
Bringing the land too, beneath her robes.

P. GOULD, 2F

ALONE

What is it like to be alone? To some it
may mean freedom; to others the fear of
things to come, or perhaps the long since
past. But to me it is a time to relax, to
enjoy myself, to open myself up and let
my character show. I show love and affec-
tion for many things which are close to
me and things I do not care for come
to life.

When I am alone, I am often troubled
by what is going on in the world and the
way I might be affected by the outcome
of these things.

Often the things I have done during
the day have come back plainly and I
can go over them all again correcting
the many mistakes I have made. The
sorrow felt when I am teased and the
way in which I joked back at these
things so as not to show I had been hurt
by others' feelings.

I often think of the things I would
like to do when I leave school—my
career and what will be my future.

Then as though I were awakening, I
come back to the world of reality.

C. HOGG, 2F

STUDENTS' COMMANDMENTS
from "KINGIA" 1924

And the teachers spake unto them, saying:

1. Thou shalt have none other thought than pertains to study.
2. Thou shalt not neglect thine English, for thine English Master is a jealous master and doth not take excuses.
3. Thou shalt not attend picture shows or the like.
4. Thou shalt "parlez francais" at "soirees".
5. Thou shalt not shirk thine homework.
6. Thou shalt not distribute paper around thine room.
7. Thou shalt not mount the stairs before first bell.
8. Thou shalt not nick thy neighbour's sandshoes.
9. Thou shalt not electrocute.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's brains, nor his books, nor his pencils, nor his rubber, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

**UNCLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS**

- FOR HIRE:** One School Hall as from July 26th. Apply Clifton House.
- LOST:** One football team, finder please return to Bunbury Senior High School before 1969 Country Week.
- FOR SALE:** Unopened Maths Books. Apply any fifth year student.
- WANTED:** 1968 or 1969 Junior and Leaving papers. (Please forward before November 18th, to Frantic Fifth Failure).
- WANTED TO BUY:** One six feet piece of cane to replace former piece, now broken. Apply B. Gell.
- AAA:** Keep fit classes with the Wollaston Harriers.

HAUNTED

It has no age, but has stood there for countless years. The owls seem to haunt it and the swallows dart in and out of the ruins. Two old rails stand to represent an old fence. Weeds grow up to the windows, as if looking in at the shattered point on the old wooden slabs, which once stood as a wall. The old door is swinging on only one rusty hinge. Spine chilling cobwebs hang from the rafters. Pale blades of grass peep through the broken floor boards, reaching for the sunlight, which comes from the cracks in the shattered slabs, which represent the roof, while piles of dust covering the building eject a dull, musty smell. Standing in the moonlight, the old house seems haunted.

IAN HUTTON, 2M

EPISODE 009

Now in our last exciting episode, Woof was about to goof. He had come upon the door marked "Nuts House". Inside, that arch villian, Froth, is bubbling with excitement.

Knock, knock.
"Who's out there?" gargles Froth.
"Me!"
"Who's me?"
"You."
"Me — The Fearless Stirrer — Woof-ter."
"Who?"
"Dogwoman."
"Oohh!"
"Come out with two of your paws up or I'll blast you with my semi-auto-missile-projectile projector."
"What's that?"
"My ging. Are you coming up with two paws up and two down?"
"No."

Weeelll — Isn't "No" a strange reply? Shouldn't he have said "No thank you?" And just how accurate is Woof with his ging? And just where is the Very Dogobolical? And remember Woof can still goof. Start looking for the next exciting episode of Woofter.

THE SEA

Tip...tip...slop, tip...tip...slop; the sea on a windless evening,
You sift your toes through the fine white sand and listen to the soft, steady voice of the ocean,
Tip...tip...slop, you walk on the old wooden jetty. On both sides is the glittering, peaceful ocean on the sheltered bay.
Over there are the winking lights of the harbour; over eleven miles of tip...tip...slop, water.
A silver pathway are the lights from the city reflected over the ocean.
Tip...tip...slop, is the tide making little pounces on the sand then slipping quietly back.

L.W., 2F

STOP PRESS			
ATHLETIC CARNIVAL			
RESULTS — 1968			
	Boys	Girls	Total
WOLLASTON	215	113½	328½
CLIFTON	151	160	311
FORREST	109	115	224
MITCHELL	60	151½	211½

1E

The E means elementary but extraordinary! We are 39 students, bubbling over with eagerness to work. Although high school was strange for us at first, we soon adjusted and managed to find our right room most of the time! Bringing books as well as another matter . . . ?

Our prefects have been Jennifer M., Alan S., Suzanne W., Coralie E. and Mitchell D., all of whom perform their duties efficiently.

Several of our inmates are "bright sparks" in all senses of the phrase. Suzanne W., Ron E., Allan A., Reg M. and Barry B. are a few of them.

Paper planes, pea shooters, "lackey" gings and other weapons of the age have come and gone during the year — and there's many a tail involved in that!

We love our physical education because it enables us to participate in hockey, basketball and baseball, as well as in the established sports of football and softball.

With excursions to the swimming carnival, the junior country week football match, the symphony concert and the athletic carnival, our calendar is kept occupied (and so are we).

As all good things come to an end, so must our pearls of wisdom! Alas, poor Dear! We offer our very sincere wishes of "Good Luck" to the Public Examination students, as a parting measure.

1C

Our class is 1C, and consists of seven girls and seventeen boys, under the leadership of our form teacher, Mr. House. We are found in room 7, which is very close to the office — a fact that is handy when anyone is in trouble.

Some of our notable personalities are Stephen Piggott, who was dux of the class, and Lorraine Eade, who is a basketballer. As for swimming, our star is Richard Bardowski, who gained several places in events in our inter-House carnival.

"THE DINKUM AUSSIE"

"Ay Snow, are ya goin over 'tvote?"

"Yeah," comes the answer, "Right after the next bloke's shout."

They say Australia has a model democracy.

I say Australia is a model of complacency.

The tired old commo' from the A.L.P. says, "Be rid of arrogance, secrecy, inflation, high taxes, low pensions, Hanwright, American bases and the P.C.C."

VOTE 1?? FOR LABOR!!

It's easy to get everything you want providing you first learn to do without the things you cannot get.

The worn-out LIB., after nine years of drudgery, pleads for continued prosperity, arrogance, secrecy, inflation, Americans and down with Ritter.

VOTE 1 FOR THE DEMOCRATS—ER—The LIBERALS!!

Election day comes around.

Election day drifts through.

The Aussie just leans against the bar drinking other people's booze and airing his views on the latest scandal and news.

All he wants is his glass and his open-necked shirt. His only answer to the politicians is

"BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS!!"

P. MOLINARI, 4-5.

PERHAPS THE BREEZE

And that morning we went—just for kicks, we went to see them swim and laugh with them . . . at them may be too. So the streamers, the trumpets and cheers welcomed the sun, and we laughed, cheered with them. And the sun warmed the sand,

I think it might have warmed more than my back.

And that night we went to the social red noses, aching legs and feet forgotten

In a dream I swam the floor, pacing the glowing cascading lights and after that the coffee jokes and smiles yawned across the table.

Tired as I was I didn't want to go home. The cheers and bells echoed and vibrated in my ears as I fell into bed happy. Thoughtless of tomorrow swaying in the breeze that ruffled my curtain and I laughed and rolled in sleep.

And after that a dream, funny still yet it makes me think the faces of my friends blew past in the breeze some smiling, others crying, some staring.

I could not see where they went, though I gazed into the dark. Voices I heard too, but indistinguishable. Then myself I saw standing alone on the jetty,

Wind and rain, coldness surrounding papers and streamers being blown on the beach.

While I stood, frozen on the jetty I thought—my last carnival has swum its race—my last year has beaten the gun.

LET ME GO BACK I SCREAMED.

I WILL NOT GROW OLD.

I DO NOT WANT TO GO.

I DO NOT WANT TO GO.

And then the jetty crumbled, it fell beneath the wind which herded the faces of my dream into the tossing grey sea.

And the rain washed away the voices — some left stains, others carved bits of driftwood.

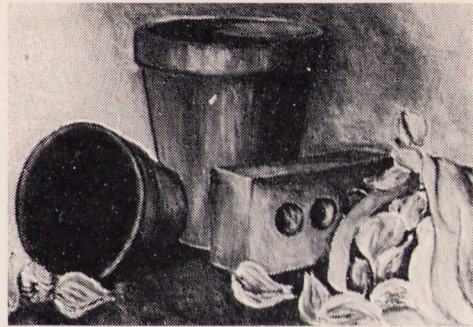
The breeze ruffled my curtain. I awoke.

K. PENDLEBURY, 51.

Artistically Expressed



SUNFLOWERS — Kay Mutton (interesting design of light and shadows)



STILL LIFE — June Childs (water-colour)



FLOWER PEOPLE
— Nicolette Rodgers
(difficult technique of oils)



MOTHER AND CHILD
— Laraine McGarry (felt pen and wash technique)



EXPELLED — Margaret Pain (technique of blending figures into background is well displayed)



UNWANTED — Christine Latham (loneliness and poverty expressed through felt pen and wash technique)



FAREWELL — Tricia Steel (water colour)

OPINIONS

THE STUDENT

Of course we're special — without us there's no eighteen year olds, no leaving students, no Public Examiners, no Senior High Schools. What would teachers do if they didn't have us to teach day after day for months on end? The school just could not function without us. Who'd constitute the prefect body and maintain firm discipline among the other rebellious seventeen year olds? Who'd support the barber, take the driving licences and who'd block the path of that icy wind as it cuts its way through the new windows which have just been fitted in the gaping corridors in the seventeeners' wing?

Rapid overnight changes are most obvious among the seventeen year old students on the eve of the weekend. They drop their study, school uniform; dress in the most objectionable clothing, according to parents, and either join in the endless flow of traffic around the streets or



Students of the Year

the stirring characters known as street walkers. Without us, who'd fill the town on a Saturday morning? Who'd appear in the juvenile law court? What would school charities do without our generous donation, and there's Cooper's Buses — you know what I mean!

Who'd support the "Chicken Man" fan club, listen to 6TZ-CI? For without us those outspoken Disc Jockeys would be talking to themselves and above all pop music wouldn't even be appreciated without our ardent support and advertising.

Most important though is us at home. We are indispensable in the household. Mothers wouldn't gain any exercise if they didn't have our room with which to occupy their morning, cleaning, vacuuming and other exercising activities. Mum's education would be somewhat limited if the continuous hum of the transistor wasn't in the background building up her vocabulary and informing her of world events by instant newflashes from all corners of the earth. Humour, of course, is supplied solely by us, or so the parents say. Questions such as "Dad will you fill the petrol tank while you're in town please, I'm taking the car out tonight?" and "What's wrong with going out tonight, just because it's my fourth in a row, doesn't mean I won't do my study. I'll do it all Sunday night after I've come back from Perth."

Well, as far as dress goes, just think of the old fashioned standard of clothing our parents would be getting around in if we weren't in the home to influence their style of dress a little.

Wood, of course, is a demanding commodity in the house. I must have chopped enough wood to send a steam engine around the world three times, but I still keep chopping. So you see without us the whole economy would cease to function.

And finally, but probably the most important part of the community we patronise, and one that would not exist without us, is the shoe factory, which due to our support has been able to specialise in the manufacturing of desert boots solely for the demand created by us.

Our function in the community is essential and without us life would soon dwindle away and cease to exist.

C. ANDERSON, 51

READ ANY SCAREY FAIRY STORIES LATELY?

Glenys Martinson, when asked whether fairy stories were scarey stories said —

How true! One only need refer to crime statistics and notice the sharp increase in crimes committed by adults. It is quite obvious that the reason for this increase stems from days when Mum or Dad read scarey fairy tales to their children before retiring each night.

During the night the child usually experienced one frightful nightmare, and it appears that these continuous nightmares (caused by scary stories) have helped the children harbour a hatred against mankind until they reach maturity, and then they decide to take action.

For example, take the famous fairy tale "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". Just by examining the title one can see the effect the story is going to have on children. "Snow White", — this implies racial prejudice. White is a colour symbolising purity. Snow is soft and, when examined under a microscope, is of a beautiful pattern. This phrase therefore suggests that people of skin colour other than white are ugly and immoral. Dwarfs are also included in this story and the author characterises three-quarters of them as being "mentally disturbed" and the rest as simple. Is not this prejudice against short people? Imagine the thoughts that will pass through the mind of the short child who reads this tale. Thoughts of revenge against tall people, probably.

Another popular story that is used by adults in educating their criminal offspring is "Little Red Riding Hood". As with the former tale, the title has obvious implications. "Red" is of course suggesting communism, and a "hood" is a criminal. To suggest to a child that communists are criminals in their early years is not only scary, but cruel. It is better to wait until they can understand what politics and crime are before brainwashing them into believing such rubbish.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is another scary fairy story. Jack takes the family cow into town to sell it. On the way he meets a con-man who convinces him that a bag of beans is worth a cow. Jack, being stupid, as all children are, takes the beans home, gets a belting from his mother and in spite hurls the beans out the window. The beans grow, and the stalk reaches the sky and Jack climbs up in about four seconds (which I believe is a world record) and comes to a huge castle. In he goes, steals the owner's "chook" that lays golden eggs and is hotly pursued down the beanstalk by a cruel and ugly-tempered giant. Jack beats him to the bottom, chops down the stalk and kills the giant in the process.

Even though this story has been summarised, the frightening facts are still clear. As with "Snow White and—", it is prejudiced — against tall people in this story. The faults of capitalism can also be seen in "Jack —". Perhaps the most annoying implication in this story is that children can be influenced to such extreme degrees by adults, and that because of the cruelty of the adults, the children are punished.

Not only are children influenced by the violence in fairy stories, but in most cases, adults as well. Frequent cases have been reported in the criminal courts

concerning adults who have committed revolting crimes (such as murder, rape, armed robbery and kidnapping) the morning after they had read scary fairy stories to their children!

Taking into account the results of reading fairy stories, I have only one suggestion to make. If the adults want their children to be normal adults when they reach maturity, now is the time to start reading less violent stories to them. Books such as "Peyton Place", "Lady Chatterleys' Lover" and other books of a less violent nature would be appreciated to a much greater extent than scary fairy stories by young and old, alike (especially old!).

Wouldn't you rather read "Peyton Place" than "Jack and the Beanstalk"?

GLENYS MARTINSON, V2

FAIRY STORIES—SCAREY STORIES

"Are fairy stories tales of innocence and fantasy? Do they protect the child in his little world of make-believe?" Our roving reporter asked Ed. Orr. of 51.

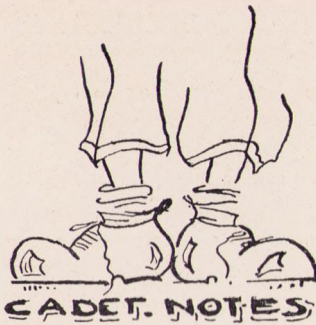
No! They do not. Fairy tales have been cleverly disguised so that their real purpose can remain hidden.

The function of fairy stories is to transform the innocent mind of the child into the cruel perverted mind of the adult!

Is "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" a story of a lovely maiden who is rescued from the spell of the poison apple by a lover's kiss? Quite the contrary. If more is read into the story beneath the superficial treatment it can be seen that Snow White is an adventuress, greedy for the wealth of the Dwarfs' diamond mine—and the Dwarfs themselves, perverted little creatures who gain some queer delight from holding Snow White captive while singing their maniacal song "Hi Ho, Hi Ho!" The witch, depicted as an evil old hag with a craze for spelling poisoned apples, is in reality a mentally disturbed creature — one to be pitied rather than scorned.

"Rip Van Winkle" is a story of horror. Poor Rip, an innocent, simple fellow, is deceived into drinking the magic potion, which sends him to sleep for a century, by the ghosts of Henry Hudson's crew. Upon entering the town after his awakening from the powerful drug, he is ridiculed by the children and treated like a vagabond. Is this a story to read to children?

"Red Riding Hood" is more than a little girl visiting her grandmother's. It is the story of how a wolf is deceived by the cunning Red Riding Hood into following her to his doom. Surely a rather unpleasant ending and an unnecessarily cruel treatment of an innocent woodland creature!



Cadets 1968, commenced the year with the usual kitting - out parade at which all new enrolments were issued with uniforms. For the first time for many years, Cadets who enrolled last year were able to keep the same kits.

The new Cadets were split up into three first year platoons, one platoon under CUO Orr, two platoons under CUO James, and three platoons under CUO Mosedale. Headquarters Platoon under CUO Wake consisted mainly of second year Cadets who were in the low specialist sections. These four sections comprised a Mortar section under Sgt. Turner, a signals section under Sgt. Daws, a Medical section under Sgt. Eastcott and an Intelligence section under Sgt. Pascoe. The Drum Corps this year was under the charge of Drum Major Pearce.

Training commenced for 1968, with a weekend at school during which the Cadets received an introduction of drill movements, the rifle and the Bren gun. Weekly parades were held on Wednesday afternoons, a change from the usual Friday afternoons. At this stage of the year most of the training was concentrating on the first formal parade of the year, Anzac Day.

The first bivouac of the year was held on the weekend of the 26, 27, 28th of April. This bivouac for most second year Cadets was probably the highlight of their Cadet training. It was held in the Collie Jungle Training Area and the Cadets were competing for the Cadet Adventure Training Award. To qualify for the Award the Cadets had to successfully complete a 15 mile patrol and the obstacle course as well as gain a score of 75% or better shooting the 7.62 S.L.R. and the Owen Machine Carbine. The bivouac was a success with thirteen Cadets qualifying for the award. The fact that it was such a success was largely due to the organisation of Capt. King. As far as is known Bunbury High School Cadet

Unit was the first Unit in Australia to complete the training.

The second bivouac of the year was held on 5th, 6th, 7th July also at Collie. The whole unit attended this bivouac which was purely for training purposes. It was the first experience for the Cadets of living and eating in the field under Army conditions. The success of this bivouac was unfortunately marred by the heavy rain which fell.

Annual Camp 1968, was held for the first time in the May holidays. This is the first time for many years that schools have held Annual Camps in that period. The pros and cons of a camp in May are many, but overall this one was a success. L/Cnl. Wells topped the examination held for Cadets at the end of the Week's training. The highlight of the Camp for the Cadets was the very successful March-Out parade held on the final Sunday. W.O.2 Teede is to be congratulated on being selected Parade Regimental Sgt. Major.

All that remains to end the year for Cadets is the March-out parade for the unit. This is being held on the 16th October and it is hoped that it will be the success that it has been in past years.

CAMP NOTES

Battle scarred Bunbury entered Northam on the 9th of May ready to enjoy (?) another annual camp.

Disorganisation was the order of the day as the unit de-bussed and moved into "HH" and "KK" lines. Stores were issued and gear arranged (more or less) in the respective huts and then it was time for tea — army style. The troops were formed up on the road outside HH 10 with eating gear in hand by the orderly C.U.O. until the poor souls were on the verge of starvation — this tactic is employed so that the troops will enjoy their food . . . (?)

After our courageous Bunbury boys had recovered from the evening meal, Night Training began at 7 p.m., with Health and Hygiene films and a very old Training film "Death in Duds", which has been shown at every camp from the year dot!

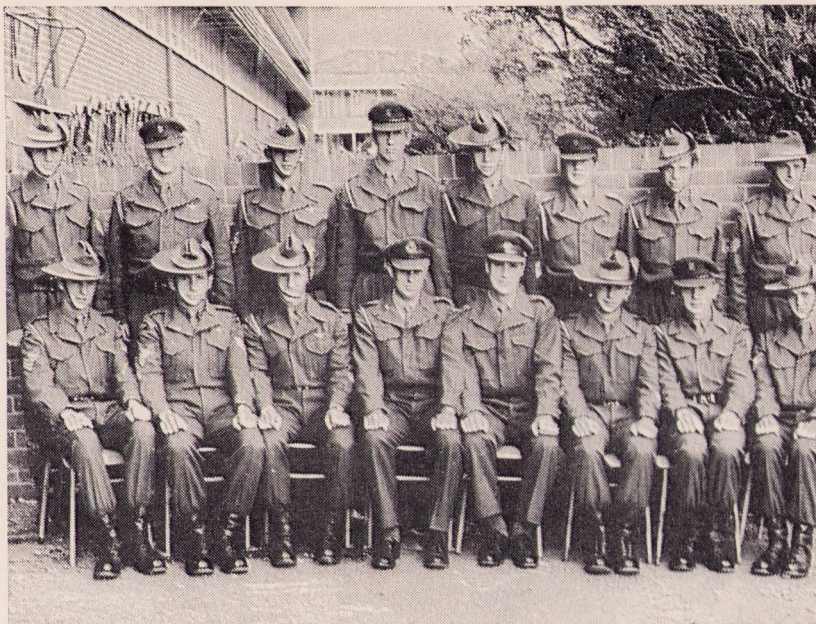
One night, the camp was shattered by the sound of Jacques and his guitar and the accompaniment of several N.C.O.'s. and the C.S.M. (who possesses a rather unique voice) over the very powerful Bunbury Public Address System.

It was "painfully" obvious from the reception given us by the RSM "Lofly" Morphett next morning, that the efforts of the Bunbury boys had not been well received.

Back Row: Sgt. K. Castensen; C.U.O. E. Orr; Sgt. R. Jacques; C.U.O. G. Wake, D/Maj. G. Pearce, C.U.O. Mrs. K. Mosedale, Sgt. C. Daws, Sgt. M. Offer.

Front Row: Sgt. M. Dixon, Sgt. P. Monaco, W.O.2 M. Swan, Capt. A. King, Lt. I. Haynes, W.O.2 R. Teede, C.U.O. G. James, Sgt. C. Pascoe.

Absent: Lt. K. Rendell, Lt. M. Tognolini, Lt. G. Fletcher, Sgt. N. Turner, Sgt. J. Eastcott.



The Field Exercise involving 1, 2 and 3 platoons against HQ platoon was a piece of tactics hitherto unseen in Northam Camp. The objective was to destroy an enemy "missile" site which was defended by HQ platoon. Mr. Fletelier exhibited signs of distress at the suicidal attack upon HQ platoon by 1 and 3 platoons when they were "wiped out" by Mr. Wake and his merry band. The day was ended by dashing madly about the aerodrome and exploding "purple smoke" mines.

The March Out Parade was well carried out by Bunbury and was a good finish to a most successful camp.

INVASION

"The Asians are coming" yelled an intelligent looking gentleman.

"They can't be," said Professor Buswell. "Because Australia has a restricted immigration policy," he added.

Garbage collector, Mosedale, and his Italian cousin, Mossidalli, were panic stricken. Professor Buswell instructed the group to begin their civil defence training. All the people were instructed to proceed to Hands Oval where South Bunbury had just won its 40th successive grand final. Town Gardener, Kevin Rigolitho, was slowly proceeding to clean up the town.

Professor Buswell then instructed P.M.G. Courier (pigeon-toed) Eade to proceed to the old High School site and act as a lookout. Evacuees from Boyanup, Roelands and nearby districts pour-

ed in. The Asians had taken these outposts.

Suddenly, and without warning, there was heard a loud noise from the distant hills. All were silent.

"Bunbarianites, you are goners, so it would be better for you to, to, to surrender also . . . surrender. So we advise you to throw down your arms and guns also. No, you had better put them down. If you do not surrender and give up also we will 'skitch' our very very diabolical on to you, and you will find yourselves very severely." At the end of the speech the voice stopped.

Everyone was terrified, all except Professor Buswell who, with rifle in hand was advancing toward the sound of the voice. Now every one began to calm down. Everyone took his supply of Milo.

The Mayor called for volunteers. ". . . now we will separate the men from the chickens" he concluded. Everyone began to cackle (They weren't laughing).

The voice rang out again, "This is the voice of Red China speaking," it said, "we have taken Inner Beserabia now we will take you, the lower Cathagians."

"This is not lower Carthagina," a voice from the crowd shouted.

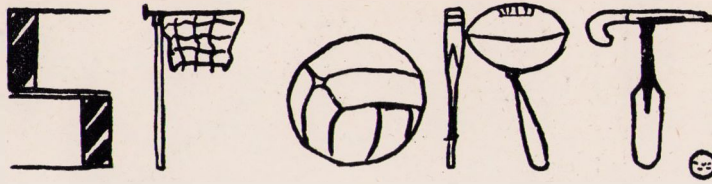
"Who's choosy? replied the Chinaman.

Weeeeeellll . . . what will happen to our hero, Professor Buswell, alias Cassius Clay, alias Albert Einstein, Mr. World?

Will the Chinese win ou? And just where is Lower Carthagina?

Be listening for the next exciting episode of Professor Buswell.

ANON, 54



SPORTING COMMENTARY

Sport during 1968 at B.S.H.S. has proved to be of the usual high standard and was highlighted by the growing enthusiasm of House spirit. Sporting fixtures hit off with the inter-House Swimming Carnival, which was held under ideal conditions in late March and was won by Clifton, followed by Mitchell, Wollaston and Forrest.

Teams travelled to Collie for the inter-school swimming carnival and were successful in winning a number of events. Later they added the Open South-West Shield for Lifesaving to their laurels.

Other summer sporting activities included our acting host to Busselton High for an interschool fixture in which we were successful in boys' and girls' tennis and girls' softball, but were beaten soundly in cricket.

Collie High, when we played them, proved too strong in tennis and cricket, leaving Bunbury softballers with our sole victory.

Winter sport reached its climax with Country Week in Perth during the last week of second term. Despite some trouble and minus a complete football team, all participants played hard and displayed fine team spirit. The girls' hockey

team was victorious.

While the senior teams thrashed it out in Perth, the Junior Country Week Carnival was held in Bunbury. Here the boys' football and hockey teams were unlucky not to win their finals.

The visit by Applecross High to Bunbury on August 11th proved to be an enjoyable day, with a barbecue lunch being provided for our visitors. The boys' hockey and girls' basketball both resulted in a draw, while the girls' hockey recorded a 5-0 victory.

The return trip to Busselton proved to be socially enjoyable, but the scores a little less so — with the hockey girls registering our only victory by winning 3-2. The football lost to Busselton 15-9 to 6-7, and the girls' basketball were also defeated 45-32.

Of Bunbury High School's Association teams the basketball B2 won the grand final as did the Junior Boys' Hockey under 16, A grade team. The Senior Boys' team has also been successful in reaching the final. The No. 1 Girls' hockey team holds a favourable position in the "four" and should do well in the finals.

In conclusion, congratulations must be extended to Lex Cornelius who won both the Schoolboys' and Junior State Surfboard titles, as well as being a member of the team from this school successful in



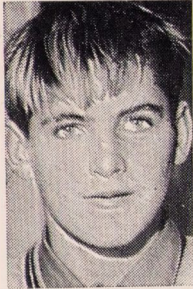
Lex Cornelius

SWIMMING

Back Row: M. Davies, D. Stevens, C. Anderson, H. Pickersgill.

Front Row: N. Rodgers, B. McCormack, J. Tunstill.

Absent: E. Duce.



Trevor Oliver

SOFTBALL

Back Row: K. Pearce, L. Johansen, T. Pike, D. Lyon.

Front Row: D. Birch, C. Cain, C. Johansen, R. Mainstone.



the teams' competition. Another worthy of recognition is Trevor Oliver, a first year student, who holds the State Junior Water Skiing title and who was placed fourth in the National Championships this year.

May 1969 prove as successful as, or even more so than, 1968 in the sporting realms.

REBELS SOFTBALL

The "Rebels" have played softball with the local association for four years and each year they have entered the finals with high hopes. The present team has much potential for a winning side and this season they hope to finish with a grand-final victory to their school's credit.

THE TEAM

1. **DEBBIE BIRCH** (pitcher): Has played a good three years of softball, but tends to weaken under pressure. She has developed a good style for pitching and was the team's 1967-68 fairest and best player.

2. **TERESA PIKE** (catcher): Has played for four years and adapted to several positions. However, she has starred in the short stop and catcher positions where she won fairest and best awards for her team and the association in 1965/66 and runner-up fairest and best for the association in 1968. Teresa has captained "Rebels" twice and has put much energy into organising the girls.

3. **CHERYL CAIN** (1st base): Cheryl has proved to be a key position player,

but falls down in her batting. She has been with the team for three years and won the 1968 most improved player award.

4. **LORNA JOHANSEN** (2nd base): After three years of softball, Lorna has developed efficiency with the ball and has starred many times in her position. Her frequent home runs have been an asset to the team and she has been the "Rebels" runner-up fairest and best twice.

5. **KAYE PEARCE** (3rd base): As a first year player, Kaye has shown evidence of a promising player, however, she must concentrate more on her fielding. Kaye acted as a relief pitcher and her style often confused and upset the opponents.

6. **CHRIS MULCAHY** (short stop): Has a quick reflex and an equally fast throw, but her lack of judgement has caused many mistakes in her fielding.

7. **ROBYN MAINSTONE** (left outfield): Good judgement and an accurate throw has been an asset to the team, but Robyn tends to be unstable in her general standard of play. More concentration is needed.

8. **DEBRA LYON** (centre outfield): Is an extremely consistent player and has been with the team for a year. She needs more attention to her throwing, but has quick judgement and is a strong batter.

9. **JOY CRABB** (right outfield): Commenced the season with good softball, but however lack of concentration in both fielding and batting brought her standard of play down immensely.



CRICKET

Back Row: L. Foreman, I. Gibbon, K. O'Connell, K. Rigg, J. Lewellyn, T. Inman.

Front Row: G. Cox, M. Wright, Mr. Streat, L. Piparo, T. Hack, C. Kirkby.

CRICKET NOTES

PIPARO, Liberato (capt.): Led his team excellently. Very capable opening batsman. Helped give his side some good starts.

RIGG, Kevin: Lion-hearted fast bowler — always on the spot and good striker of the ball.

GIBBON, Ian: A solid batsman and difficult bowler to handle with his left arm medium pace.

COX, Gary: A very capable "keeper". Stylish with much promise.

LEWELLYN, John: Should be a real force next year. Capable of runs as a batsman and accurate fast bowler.

HACK, Tom: Batsman, fast bowler, spinner, fieldsman — held his own in all areas.

FOREMAN, Lee: Had limited opportunities. A good striker of the ball.

O'CONNELL, Kevin: Handy batsman-bowler. Did not really strike form in either game.

INMAN, Terry: Very promising fast bowler and batsman who can score runs quickly. Limited opportunities.

WRIGHT, Max: Very handy change bowler. Always on the spot.

TRESIZE, Ron: Lot of ability. Only played one game. Will be a force next year.

CHALMERS, Wayne: Played one game — limited opportunities. Next year may prove his worth.

BOYS' JUNIOR HOCKEY

A team: Had a poor start to the season with two losses, but then gained its footing and started playing hockey of a superior quality to the other teams in the competition.

The only games which presented a threat to the sequence of wins were those against Newton Moore. We managed to win these, with the exception of the last when we went down three goals to two. However in the following week we defeated them in the grand final, three goals to one.

Our congratulations are extended to Peter Warwick, top goal scorer of the under 16 A division, who was closely followed by Peter Butcher. Peter Johnston deserves mention as the fairest and best player in the grand final.

B team: This team wasn't quite as successful as the A team, and ended up third in their division.

Thanks are extended to Phil Keddie of Associates Hockey Club for the excellent job he did in coaching the two teams for the past season. Thanks too to Mr. Sully for his excellent work in organising the juniors this season, and also for standing in for Phil on a number of occasions.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CRITIQUE

LEE CAMPBELL (left inner): Captain. Lee has proved a most helpful and cooperative captain. Her pace and stickwork show outstanding ability and promise. She has been unlucky with many shots for goal and must endeavour to "finish off" her game.

LORNA JOHANSEN (left wing): Plays a fast driving game, shows promise, stickwork has improved. A determined player but as a wing must not take the ball too deep into the corner.

VAL JONES (centre forward): Has pace and good stickwork, passes well to other forwards. The game shows promise but must "cut in" more to pick up passes.

COLEEN HOLTZMAN (right inner): Though Coleen has been moved to various positions, she seems to play most with ability. When determined, she can be a driving force and a very effective forward.

DEBBIE ROBERTS (right wing): Debbie plays a fast penetrating wing and has proved a very efficient team member. Stickwork is good but accuracy in the circle could be improved.

VICKI CARTHEW (left half back): An outstanding season, Vicki is very reliable, she plays with skill and determination, clears and passes with accurate consistency and has learnt to "back-up".

FRAN OSBORNE (centre half back): A very determined and consistent player, who has the speed to "cut in" and tackle accurately. Fran's game shows promise however, she must endeavour to control her "sticks".

RHONDA TURNER (right half back): Her first season in A grade hockey. Rhonda has shown improvement. She tackles most accurately. She could develop a hard clearing hit and concentrate on "dropping back" quicker. Most promising.

TRICIA STEELE (left back): Has proved a most efficient defence player. A good clearing hit but must always be conscious of her position in relation to the play.

CANDY NOWLAND (right full back): Candy's play has improved during the season, experience will benefit her game. A harder clearing hit needs developing.

SUE SWENSON (goalie): A valuable backbone to the team. Sue has developed a good clearing kick, she could add to her ability by improving the use of her stick and hands. She must study the line of the ball and kick into it, not across.

MARGARET BAXTER (forward): As a reserve in the Country Week team her play has improved. Experience will benefit her game, as she shows promise.

JUDY LOWE (reserve back): Also a reserve in the Country Week team, Judy has had to play in various positions, which has improved her field play. Normally a goalie, Judy shows promise in this position. She has a good clearing hit.

The Girls' Country Week Hockey Team was successful in regaining the shield from Busselton at this year's carnival in Perth. The team played outstanding hockey but was extremely unlucky in shooting for goals, which resulted in low scores in comparison with the standard of play. Congratulations girls.



HOCKEY

Back Row: C. Holtzman, T. Steele, S. Swenson, N. Rodgers, V. Carthew, V. Jones.

Front Row: C. Nowland, L. Campbell, Mrs. Buchanan, F. Osborne, L. Johansen, D. Roberts.

COUNTRY WEEK BASKETBALL

Although the team didn't register a win in A grade at country week the spirit and determination of the players did not lag during any of the five matches. With a little luck and fewer injuries they may have scored points on at least two occasions. Next year's team in B grade with some new blood (6 5th years this year) and the same spirit as this year's team should be able to carry off that crown.

Critique:

KAY MUTTON (GD) Capt.: Always played a captain's game, tried relentlessly against strong opponents and continually encouraged the other team members — was mentioned 3 times as one of the best players.

KERRY BRENNEN (C): Recorded fairest and best vote for every match playing her position excellently and often shining against taller opponents.

FRANCES FELTON (WA): Another member of the short brigade who scored fairest and best votes in every match for her continued tigerish efforts to get the ball against taller and stronger opponents.

JANET SMITH (GA): Unfortunately during country week Janet was hampered by an ankle injury. However, she played intelligently as a team member in both the goal shooting positions during the carnival and managed to maintain accuracy.

KAYE PEARCE (GS): Extra work was thrown on Kaye when Janet was injured but she adapted well in both the goal shooting positions and played soundly in all matches while her accuracy at goal

shooting rarely faltered.

JEAN ALLARD (WD): Jean was a reserve but was called on to play every match and acquitted herself very well. She served the team well by sticking to the difficult task of holding down faster and taller wing attack opposition.

VALDA TRIGWELL (WD): Valda played only part of one match due to sickness so her potential was not realised.

DOROTHY PLANT (GK): Dorothy battled gamely in this difficult position and gave good service to the team. One point she must remember is to always watch the ball as well as the opponent.

SENIOR BOYS' HOCKEY CRITIQUE

R. TEEDE (capt. LFB): True captain's game. Good trapping and accurate passing were a feature. Combined well with other backs.

K. O'CONNELL (goalie): Played a champion's game with spectacular clearances and incredible saves.

D. COLLINS (RFB): A solid defender, although erratic at times. Combined well within full back line.

S. WELLS (LBEH): A solid defender, who came to the fore in the latter half of the season. Played well in attack.

G. WAKE (CHB): Joined team half way through the season. A steady player, instrumental in attacking moves.

P. JOHNSTON (RHB): Reliable defender and a sure avenue of attack — shows promise.

A. FAULKNER (RHB): A steady game and although never outstanding, was an asset when called upon.



BASKETBALL

Back Row: E. Pass, J. Smith, T. Pike, K. Pearce, V. Trigwell.

Front row: K. Brennen, Miss Mackenzie, K. Mutton, F. Felton.

P. MOLINARI (RW): Very fast player who created many openings in opponents' defence — has a deadly accurate cross pass.

I. GIBBON (RI): Sure avenue of attack. Great stickwork, combined well with Peter. Unlucky not to gain State Schoolboy selection.

M. SWAN (CF): Fast player although too erratic to be 100% effective. Combined well.

L. FOREMAN (LI): A sure steady player, he controlled the ball well, must learn not to give the ball away and to backstick.

R. STELLMACH (LW): Was generally reliable player with consistent cross-passing. Combined well with Lee.

N. SHERRY (FB): Played hard all season. Very steady and reliable defender who cleared with dash and accuracy.

Overall the team proved itself to be quite effective and very keen. All members pulled their weight and we carried no passengers at all and even though we didn't win we improved our position on last year's performance.

Next year holds high hopes as this present team will only need three positions filled as our fifth year members all hope to pass on to greater things. Thus the team next year should have a good teamwork basis early in the season and could be in great form for the carnival next year.

COACH.



HOCKEY

Back Row: P. Molinari, M. Dixon, L. Foreman, D. Collins, S. Wells, G. Wake, R. Gunning, R. Stelmach.

Front Row: I. Gibbon, M. Swan, R. Teede, Mr. Sully, A. Faulkner, N. Sherry, P. Johnson.

COMMENTS ON COUNTRY WEEK — IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Due to some last minute trouble from the football team, Country Week for BHS very nearly came to a sticky end. However, after much comment and phone calls (\$5 worth), the two girls' teams and the boys' Hockey team and attachments attended and participated quite successfully in Country Week.

It should be noted here that behaviour was excellent among the boys but the girls left much to be desired (I mean to say fancy breaking a louvre with your hockey feet Lee).

All contestants were very keen to get to the ground but the prize for most enthusiastic goes to Ian Gibbon who arose at 6 a.m. to travel to the match!

Then there was the teacher who had a meal at the CWA and received the bill for it three weeks later.

More evidence of the girls' behaviour was the fire escape tut tut! At least Jeff stayed in the rubbish! While Scott walked in King's Park, Rigg nearly got deported for "smoking" a trick cigarette. Whilst Lee and Lorna tried valiantly to lift the strong critters.

Fran and Coleen didn't like the decor of their bedroom so decided to redecorate it in purple. Unfortunately they also were redecorated.

Let's hope that next year we can field a full four teams and that we can win a few more trophies.

HOUSE NOTES

FORREST HOUSE NOTES

Forrest House in 1968 may not have been as successful in the interhouse competitions as one may wish, but in House spirit we rate amongst the top.

This spirit was evident at the swimming Carnival when Forrest, although it did not win, had the most competitors. (The girls did manage to win). Dave FORREST must be thanked for his capable organisation in this field.

In interhouse debating we finished only $5\frac{1}{2}$ points behind the leaders. In each debate Forrest put up a completely different team, thus letting many gain valuable experience. The "decorations" and slogans on a Forrest theme in the hall for our last debate completely demoralised the opposition.

Our banner is now under construction having been designed with the help of Mrs. Fowler. Although expensive, we feel that nothing can be too expensive to represent our House, Forrest. We hope that students in future years will honour this banner and the tradition that goes with it.

In interschool sport, drama and prefects, Forrest features prominently.

Finally our sincere thanks must be expressed to Mr. Bryce and Mrs. Leslie, along with Mr. Stevens, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Manning, Mr. Videnieks and Mr. Jorgensen; and our "all green committee".

We hope that the foundations of good spirit, fairness and the will to compete laid this year, will continue and become greater in the years to come.

Your Captains **LEE CAMPBELL, GREG JAMES.**

CLIFTON HOUSE NOTES

House captains, Pip and Vicki and their gallant committee, John Castrilli, Ross Teede, Peter Johnston, Bill Meiklejohn, Eryl Clegg, Wendy Thompson, Val Jones, Adele Carlson, have tried to keep Clifton House running smoothly. It is a seen fact that since the House System has been introduced, the spirit in all Houses has risen, especially Clifton's. This is due to the arduous work of all Cliftonites. Without doubt, all students and staff will, and

must agree, that Clifton is at the highest rung of the ladder—Mr. and Mrs. Sully (House organisers) do! This, Clifton could not have achieved without the co-operation and enthusiasm of all Clifton members.

In the Senior Country Week boys hockey team, 7 out of the 11 players were Cliftonites — Andre, Ross, Graham, Kevin, Lee, Coleen and Debbie. Similarly basketball, too, shared the cake by Jeanne, Frances and Kerry.

Not to mention all the competitors in the Junior Country Week teams.

It would be wrong if Clifton's chosen staff was not mentioned. Mr. Rendell (designer); Mr. Barnesby (debater); Mr. Joyce (the attraction); Mr. Tognolini (scientist); Mr. Teede (adult adviser); Miss Herman (mathematician) and Mrs. Page (artist).

At the moment charity collection seems to be Clifton's favourite point-maker. However, Mitchell is taking all its members to bankruptcy, trying to out do Clifton. Keep trying Mitchell, our committee just might consider letting your House win just one collection one week. After all, Clifton did kindly let Mitchell and Wollaston over-rule them in the debating. This shows Clifton's wonderful personality and sportsmanship.

Although Clifton has not all the brains, like Wollaston, we always seem to be outright winners — hard work is the way.

With the combined efforts of Cliff and Lyn, Clifton's outstanding swimming captains, Clifton easily won the swimming carnival. Let's face facts, with Cliff, Andre, Lyn, Wendy, Mark and our other stars in the water, speeding around like torpedoes, no other House had a chance. After all, volunteers for events came bounding in four at a time in order to register their signatures.

So all Cliftonites, whether famed or unknown, please keep up the good work and set your minds thinking about the shield that Clifton will win at the Athletic Carnival and your faithful motto.

TOGETHER WE STRIVE.

MITCHELL HOUSE NOTES

Captains: John Lavery, Evelyn Nagy

This year Mitchell has proved that it is a House which cannot easily be beaten. We have a wonderful House in which all members have contributed to raising Mitchell's status to the top — and we are there to stay. Our thanks go to Miss Nadebaum, Miss Serventy, Mr. Streat, Mr. Garstone and other Mitchellite teachers who have helped us in developing such a magnificent House and spirit which has enabled us to achieve so many outstanding results through the year.

Our new banner which was designed by talented Laraine McGarry, reflects the originality and eagerness to improve on part of all Mitchellites. "Hot stuff", our

massive mascot has been created and made by the fourth year girls with help from a few fifth years. Thank you.

Mention must be made of our new war cry which was invented by Jessie McNab. Thanks Jess. A copy of the war cry is at the conclusion of these notes. It is also worthwhile to note that Mitchell has contributed three school prefects — Peta Guppy, Evelyn Nagy and John Lavery.

Academically Mitchell has excelled, although only a small house numerically. In 1st Term Alan Campbell topped 4th year and Colin Pascoe 5th year.

In 2nd term the following were either 1st or 2nd in their class: 5th year — Teresa Pike, Debra Lyon, Jessie McNab, Tom Hack and Colin Pascoe. 4th year — Julia Bamforth, Delys Griffin, Tom Depczynski, Christine Latham. 3rd year — Christine Pike, Robin Beauglehole and Chris Bartrop. 2nd year — Helen Mowday, Kayleen Savage, Colleen Ratcliffe and Eddy Morris. 1st year — Shirley Collins, Douglas Clapp and Alan Szymakowski. Tip for Dux of the school: A. Mitchell.

An exciting and rewarding activity during the early part of the year was the swimming carnival. "Streat's Reds" came to the fore, defeating Wollaston for the first time in years and running a close second to Clifton. Apart from winning various events, Mitchell achieved a high standard by participation and team spirit. The whole team acted as one during the carnival and spurred on unerringly by Mr. Streat, performed well to gain second place. Champions from Mitchell were Evelyn Nagy — who gained second place in the open ladies'—and Haydn Pickersgill who gained first place in the under 16 age group.

An innovation to House competition this year was debating, where Mitchell succeeded in coming first. Congratulations to all our debaters—Teresa Pike, Kaye Pearce, Kathy Mountford, Janet Smith, Peta Guppy, Evelyn Nagy, John Van Aard, Gary Gibson and Chris Kirkby. We won by a narrow half point from Wollaston.

As it is the fiftieth anniversary of Bunbury High School, our magazine "Kingia" committee ran a competition for a cover to commemorate the occasion. This was won by a Mitchell girl. Congratulations to Christine Latham who earned us 10 points.

Other areas of interest to "the reds" were:

1. The plays — which were held near the end of 2nd term. Acting were Greg Collins, John Collins, Alan Campbell and Nathan Sherry. Production was aided by Tom Depczynski and Haydn Pickersgill. The acting was of high quality and credit goes towards these people.

"You Speaks for Australia" com-

petition — this was won by a Wollaston member, however, 2nd place was gained by a Mitchellite. Congratulations Kathy Mountford.

State Junior Schoolboys Surfing Contest — Mitchell is proud to have the winner of the contest, Lex Cornelius, who surfed well to defeat boys up to two years older than himself. Lex received a grand trophy which is in the Principal's office. Also well up in the field was another Mitchell member — Peter Roberts. Our hearty congratulations to them both.

In conclusion, we the Mitchell Committee for 1968 would like to wish everyone in Mitchell House the best of luck in their exams and for the future.

WAR CRY

MITCHELL, MITCHELL, yes, yes, yes
MITCHELL, MITCHELL, we're the best
Education, sport or money

We can make the rest look funny

Come on MITCHELL, never rest

'Till we've done our very best

M I T C H E L L

MITCHELL!!

WOLLASTON HOUSE NOTES

The year of "Love is Blue" has been a year of Blue at BSHS too, with Wollaston in usual form, being a contender for Premier House. Our spirit was a little daunted when Clifton scored a Swimming Carnival win and we were beaten narrowly into third place by Mitchell. However in the Volley Ball competition we were undefeated.

This year has been extremely gratifying in the fact that House Spirit is bubbling. This is largely a result of the great work put in by our "Wollaston" teachers, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Bryce warrant particular mention for their co-operation in all of our activities (even to donning togs to run with the "Wollaston Harriers").

Academically and in Charity Collections Wollaston is forging to the front, whilst debating, during second term, offered another opportunity for Wollaston to shine.

In 1968 it has been extremely gratifying to see some of the more conservative members of the house, nitch in and help gain points and foster House affinity.

Best wishes for next year's success:

Your Captains: **GRANT STONE, NICKI
RODGERS**

*To strive, to seek and not to yield. (Capt. Scott's Epitaph)
Win without boasting; lose without excuse.*

To the Editor

Dear Sir,

While Miss Australia was speaking to some students in the Home Science Centre earlier this year, she mentioned how lucky we were to attend a school situated on a hill overlooking the ocean. Her visit was made during summer when the sky was blue, the sun shone and the ocean "like a thousand stars, twinkled at her from its blue depths". Had she come in winter, I'm sure she would not have complimented us on our view. Of course there is one advantage; we can see the tornadoes approaching from the distance and run for cover. During assemblies, however, the teachers counteract this advantage by making us wait agonizingly as the prefects mumble:

"Blue defeated Purple, forty-three to six," while the thunder and lightning rolls in from the west.

The blizzard conditions are extremely suited to a popular game called See Who Can Scatter the File Paper the Farthest or one which is more popular with boys; Paper Boat Races through the Canteen Straits.

From day to day, High School Students struggle up the garden path to begin their battle with the elements.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) R. B. 3F

Dear Sir,

As one wanders at the rear of the elaborate Opera hall on the grounds of the Senior Academy, a faint but nasty odour can be detected by the sensitive nostrils.

One wonders from where the odour is issuing. An inquisitive glance at the cracked septic top at once reveals the odour's source.

One wonders how, for so long, the simple task of patching the crack with mere ounces of mortar has been neglected while nearly thirty thousand dollars are being spent on the Academy. All that is needed is an energetic bricklayer from the extension construction to delicately place a portion of mortar on his trowel, tackle the climb to the school level and carefully place the mortar in the disastrous crack in the septic top.

That courageous bricklayer could save eight hundred students' nostrils from destruction as they are put in to full usage whilst passing through that peaceful glade by the septic.

Yours faithfully,
Bert Craypots 3F

Dear Sir,

How many students are in the school? How large are the change sheds? There are almost one thousand students in the school and when using the change sheds, there are sometimes forty to fifty people

trying to cram into the sheds and change, which is almost impossible. You may well say there are new sheds being built, but with the population increasing as it does, they will not accommodate the number of students using them now. In addition, there are two sheds with only one fan between them which barely works. When the time comes to change, it takes half the available time finding one's clothes which, when found, are in the most atrocious state. In the new change sheds, even though they are very small, they could be improved by having two or three fans in each shed with benches and hangers around the entire shed to make changing and finding one's clothes somewhat easier. In addition, I sincerely hope the sheds are for changing in only and not equipment sheds also, as are the present ones.

Yours faithfully,
Lissi Lang 3F

Dear Sir,

I would like to complain about the length of the school lunch "hour", but it is in fact only forty minutes long. It is ridiculous to expect us to eat our lunches, talk, raid the canteen, talk, devour our lollies and talk -- in such a short period of time.

If the lunch break were extended to a full hour it would be very much appreciated by the multitudes of students, if not by the few insignificant teachers.

Yours faithfully,
DEPRIVED.

Dear Sir,

During these winter months cool gusts of air bring sweet perfumes of the -- septics. Yes! They're situated behind our hall (sometimes you'd think they were in there with you) providing a spicy tang to our nostrils which try desperately to combat it.

Gas masks are essential when walking down to the change sheds or, for that matter, when walking anywhere near the septics. If no gas masks are available, perfumed (and I mean perfumed) handkerchiefs are the next best thing used to try to ward off the smell.

This year we are celebrating the 50th year of our school's existence and I think, from the aroma exuding from them, the septics were here long before the school. Here, I will put in a suggestion. If there is anything to be improved, it would be a cleaning out of the septics, or installing a sewerage system. But, please give us fair warning, for we would like to evacuate the premises before the work begins.

You've all heard of the "plague" that swept through London. Well, that is what the result is if you go through the sep-

tic area without protection. And, we could start up a booming business for slimming down the plump people. Just place them near food, near the septic tanks, and I'm sure it would cure them for life. We have even erected a sign reading:

"CAUTION — IT IS AT YOUR OWN RISK THAT YOU VENTURE PAST THIS BOUNDARY"

I have only passed one suggestion here, but I'm sure there are more which could save us from this terrible fate, which has defied all efforts taken to confine it to its quarters.

Yours faithfully,
G. I. Stink 3F.

Dear Sir,

Every Thursday approximately forty girls battle up the hill from the oval to the change-room, which bulges at the seams when we all squeeze in, and which is ideally situated high above the oval. Treading on each other's toes, we rip our clothes from those digging their bony elbows into our sides, as they search among the numerous articles littering the "enormous" room for a recently-laddered stocking. When the door is not left open to the gaping boys, we hurriedly add articles of clothing to our shivering bodies before we are "thrown out as we are". At last we are ready! Tripping over the slower bodies and scattered books, we fall out of the door, ruining our stockings on the jagged door and hurrying off to our next period.

Can't something be done to help us?

Yours faithfully,
UNCHANGED.

Dear Sir,

I think school should be changed, it's just boring. I thought first we could surf to school and those who couldn't surf could body surf. When we finally got to school we could have big tanks like an aquarium. Wouldn't it be great fun trying to light the fire in the morning. (Although we could have heated tanks).

Wouldn't it be great to see the teachers swim into the class room and not hear a word they say? Also, I bet some of the teachers couldn't swim. We would probably have private study every second period.

A hopeful student,
Barry Ketteridge 1J.

FLAMES

From its birth as bright sparks, life is a burning light, kindled by Nature's hand as she keeps the eternal taper of mankind alight. Such is life. The flaring rays of childhood that finally settle to steady burning of maturity, so experiencing reds for anger and passion, yellows for pain and suffering, white for love and her loves, blue for loneliness, and orange for hate. But with all, there is the glow of happiness, the glow

of life that finally ends with sombre coals, but coals that give warmth to generate a successor. A badly kindled fire will remain stable only with constant care and attention, and then with the ever-increasing possibility of death. A fire tended properly, though threatened with extinction will live its span to a final death, as a smoking spirit leaves the charred remains of its past.

J.D.

WHO SAID

1. "Pas de deux" is a father of twins.
2. "Etc" is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.
3. Christians are only allowed one wife. This is called monotony.
4. The Primate is the wife of the Prime Minister.
5. A parable is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.
6. To keep milk from turning sour you should keep it in the cow.
7. A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.
8. The home of the swallow is in the stomach.
9. A sheep is mutton covered with wool.
10. To germinate is to become a naturalised German.
11. A Theorem — derived from "theros" — a god, and "res" — a thing — is a problem needing Divine intelligence.
12. The wife of a duke is a ducky.
13. A metaphor is a strong way of saying polite things, such as would be called swearing by uneducated people.
14. The river Rhine flows horizontally until it reaches Basle and then it flows vertically.
15. Imports are ports very far inland.
16. The second kind of lakes are those of damned rivers.
17. The inhabitants of Moscow are called Mosquitoes.
18. Tributaries of the Nile are called juveniles.
19. Nets are holes surrounded by pieces of string.

EPISODE 0010

Now in our last exciting episode Froth was just about to emerge. Being brave and/or heroic, Woof began to claw the door.

"All right, all right, come in."

Result — Attack.

The fight progresses.

Bash, snarl, scratch.

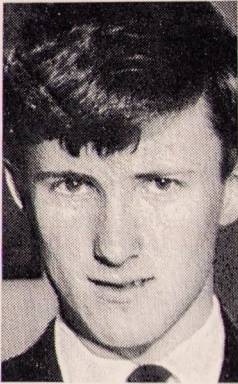
Bark, ow, oof,

Gnaw, gnash, umm, yum, rip,

Tear, gnaw, yummy, yummy.

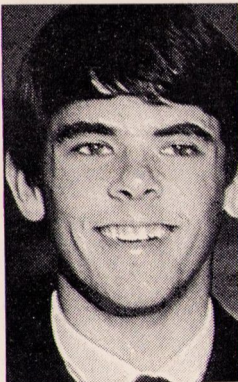
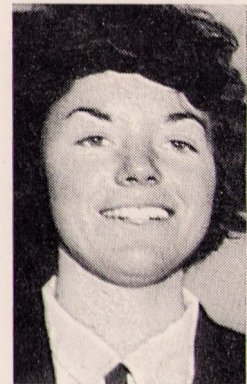
Weeeeelllll — Just what is going on here? Is it a brawl or? And just where is the Very Dogobolical? And just where have we heard "Yummy, Yummy" before? Has Woof gone too far? Will he goof? Start looking for the next exciting episode of Woofter.

Introducing



MICHAEL SWAN, School Captain, 1968. Holding an entry scholarship to Duntroon Military College, Michael was one of six West Australians to visit the College this year. During the Christmas vacation he topped the A/Q Course at Northam Camp, and is W/O2 in the school Cadet Corps. As school Captain he has been to the fore in many activities including the organisation of charity collections, inter-house debating and a member of the school hockey team.

LORNA JOHANSEN. Lorna's prowess at sport was shown this year in hockey, softball and international rules basketball. As well as being a School Prefect, Lorna produced the one-act play, "Charles by the Grace of God", was one of the select few female radio announcers, and participated for Forrest in inter-house debating.



SCOTT WELLS. Scott, a fourth year student, has been active in many of this school's activities this year. He was a Science Cadet, an actor in the season of One-Act Plays, a member of the Country Week Hockey team, a cadet, and Wollaston's swimming and athletics captain. His interests include tennis, spear-fishing, board riding and surfing, whilst in his "younger days" he was a promising taxidermist. Scott's plans for the future are at this stage uncertain, but he hopes to choose a vocation "in the Chemistry line".

FRAN OSBORNE. Frances, a fourth year student, made her name in the State Junior Athletic Championships early in this year by gaining places in the 200, 100 and 60 metre sprints. She is Athletics Captain of Mitchell House. Fran was a sports prefect this year, a member, for the third successive year, of the girls' hockey team which was victorious at Country Week, and "The Fair Emilie" in the one-act play "The Invisible Duke".



Introducing



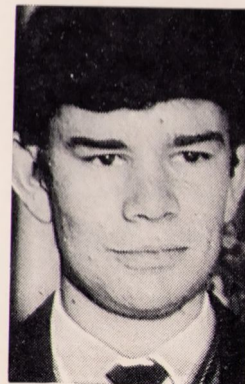
LEE CAMPBELL, Senior Girl, 1968. As Senior Girl, Lee has been involved in a variety of activities this year. Amongst these, she has represented the school in hockey and lifesaving as well as producing the one act play, "The Proposal".

GRANT STONE. As well as being a School Prefect and captain of Wollaston House, Grant is a member of the School Band and the producer of the one act play, "The Invisible Duke". During the year he was one of the more colourful guest announcers on radio 6TZ/CI, a participant in inter-house debating, and the winner of the South-West Regional Final of the public-speaking competition, "Youth Speaks For Australia".



LESLEY ROWE. Lesley, a second year student, has a great interest — horse-mania. Looking after a horse and entering gymkhanas takes up all her spare time. In any moment she may have left she reads "horse" books or historical novels. Her favourite personality — Phar Lap!!

GREG PEARCE. Greg is the Drum Major of the school's cadet corps, and gained second place in the Drum Majors' course at Northam during the Christmas vacation. During the year he has been a guest announcer on 6TZ/CI, a member of the school tennis and football teams, a staunch supporter of Mitchell and a City Band member.



Looking Back

CAMERA CLUB NOTES from "KINGIA" 1923

Thanks to certain members of the staff a great advance has been made in the fitting and preparing of a dark room in the tower, thus giving members every encouragement.

A further advance of the club has been the promotion of competitions. Prizes worthy of the amateur's efforts have been offered and keen contests for them have ensued.

THE SCHOOL OVAL OF 2027 from "KINGIA" 1927

I have heard so much about the future school oval that I can sometimes persuade myself that I have personal recollections of green swards with all the facilities for indulging in noble sports, although I am sure that this will not be until I am wearing wings or shovelling coals. Anyhow, there are moods when, loitering over the sandy wastes, I have visions of a splendid grandstand on the site now occupied by the lunch shed. I am positive that the far goals will be the centre of a magnificent oval so unlike the undignified but "going to be improved" miniature Sahara.

On the seaward side, where now a few scraggy and half hidden brambles sighingly complain of their gradual burial by the cloud of sand which is always hovering over them, in the future I see a large and steadfast wall. This effectively protects the grass from its menace of former days.

Hired labourers with electric implements continually improve the grounds and this affords a great contrast to the tiresome work of the 1st years who, with sore shoulders and still sorer hands, now endeavour to alter the grounds. All alterations must be improvements to such a ground.

When I first knew the school you had to descend numerous steps to reach the "to be improved" oval, but in my vision there are no steps to fatigue the sportsman. All is level going right down to the luxurious dressing rooms. Here hot or cold water may be obtained and a future B.H.S. student will no doubt wonder how his unfortunate predecessors had showers under the discoloured water of the antiquated gymnasium.

Often when in these pensive moods I wonder how such radical changes could be effected. I generally come to the conclusion that an earthquake helped in the change or some machine was invented which transformed school ovals by the hour, for certainly such improvements could not be made in 100 years, i.e., at the present rate of change.

A day (perhaps) may come when no one will remember the old stone cricket pitch and the taps which give forth rusty

water and will see only the improved oval. But, of course, there are at present dozens who can survey the ground where the grass is struggling for existence and sanguinely say that the oval will never be good enough to even play a Second Fac-tion soccer match on.

EDITOR'S NOTE, 1968: Has 40 years made any difference?

COMBINED SPORTS from "KINGIA" 1930

The combined sports were held as usual in Perth in August last and were most successful. The week's games and the trip to the metropolis were thoroughly enjoyed.

THE 1929 TENNIS TOUR from "KINGIA" 1930

At 8 a.m. on the 13th December, the B.H.S. tennis team, chaperoned by Miss Burgess, our keen and popular Sports Mistress, set off. By "set off" I mean that we embarked upon the first stage of our exciting tennis tour. Six of us there were — six very happy girls, who took with us the good wishes of less fortunate school fellows.

The journey to Collie, a formidable one at any time, was accomplished in the usual time of about four hours, so that at mid-day we were heartily hailed by the Collie girls. The match, which was uncompleted on Monday afternoon, was brought to a close on Tuesday morning and the B.H.S. girls proclaimed victorious.

After a pleasant journey to Perth that afternoon, we continued during the evening on a more pleasant journey to Northam — made more pleasant, perhaps, by the presentation of a large basket of peaches from the home of one of our players. We were, nevertheless, pleased to acquaint ourselves with our Northam welcomers, or, to be more correct, reacquaint ourselves, for most of us had met before.

SCHOOL NOTES 1943 from "KINGIA" 1943

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 30 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 townfolk. To all who assisted we extend our gratitude. After several weeks of inconvenience the system was satisfactorily repaired.

LOCKER LIFE from "KINGIA" 1945

Ding-a-ling — that was the bell — that means to me, being one of those unfortunate people with a bottom locker, knocks on the head with books of the person above me. One gets rather stiff knees, kneeling down and wondering with a desperate unknown of a timetable.

IMPRESSIONS OF A HOSTEL "KINGIA" 1951

Through a few dark passages I was led out to the sweat (study) room where a very strict supervision was keeping order. Here they swot till the early hours of the morning — I was told what happens when someone sleep walks and how someone fell off the top bunk and was shown where someone threw a cricket ball but missed — as the wall shows.

THE 1968 SHOW (OR THAT FIFTIETH YEAR)

FASHION NEWS

The desert boot industry suffered a serious setback from the order in February, "Desert boots will not be worn", when school resumed. But this was compensated for on April 1st when the tie industry recorded soaring sales resulting from the order "Ties will be worn".

HEALTH REPORT

Students and staff were not exempt from the various "plagues" which invaded Bunbury. Amidst the monotony of "wogs" and "flu" were polio threats calling for a sugar lump intake and TB demanding the conversion of the foyer into a casualty station, with swarthy youths and fair damsels baring an arm to the fair nurses and Dr. Kildares.

MAINTENANCE REPORT

Workmen have provided a continual diversion this year. Firstly it was a new reception room and office for Mrs. Fowler, with the new waiting room facilities for Mr. Gell being enlarged; then a new book shop for Mrs. Hunter. Later the sign of a retaining wall (where is the wall to retain the retaining wall?), then—CHANGE ROOMS — (never has so little been built to contain so much), whilst throughout the year these mysterious notices kept us advised that "the girls' toilets are out of order". With the efforts of local enterprise, the hall was renovated, painted and given new curtains, and the P and C launched their 50th Anniversary "Design a Monument" competition. Yet to be remedied are such minor faults as the areas of winter flooding in any rooms facing west, lack of dining facilities, a means of winter ventilation which does not necessitate a gale warning first.

CULTURAL AND SOCIAL REPORT

This year saw Grant Stone win the regional final of "Youth Speaks for Australia"; several students featured prominently in the Music Festival; a most successful season of One Act Plays was held over two weekends; debating during the lunch hour and fifth year students featuring each day as guest announcers on 6TZ-CL. Other activities included a most enjoyable School Ball augmented by several socials; an Anzac Service overcome by the elements; Country Week cancelled and uncancelled in the same day; an Educational Tour on safari to the snows of Kosciusko; table tennis in the hall and guest speakers who informed us of the activities of the charitable organisations for which we were collecting. On April 18th the fifth years went to Perth to see the stage production of "The Plough and the Stars", whilst during July some fourth years went to see the Science Exhibition at the University.

HORTICULTURAL NEWS

Roses have replaced geraniums in the eastern garden (who said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet?). In retrospect — as good a year as most others.

ETERNAL LONELINESS

The waves battered the beach, pounding, withdrawing, endlessly, eternally. The sun made vivid waves of colour across the blue sky and soft beach sand. Purple shadows festered across the horizon as the sun perished in a conflict of confusion.

Red, purple, pink, yellow and orange filtered across the shore to die in dark smudges lengthening behind the rocks. The feeble cries of the seagulls, drifted languishingly across the haze of the sunset;

To settle slowly like a cloud of mist around my lonely beach, While the seagulls disappeared with drooping wings to the mysteries of their sleep.

The ageless beauty of the sunset continues through all eternity, while the rest of the world, in oblivion, sleeps.

BRONWYN MCCORMACK, 3F

APPLE CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

A Japanese apple, If-yu-Etyu-Getgut-zake, disguising itself as a nuclear war-head, launched a bitter attack on the prefects of this high school.

The setting was a peaceful lunchtime and the battleground was an inconspicuous piece of earth covered with grass, litter and the rabble of victims.

The main victim, Joe-hon-Kast-Rylle, was in the delightful preparation of disposing of a rather conspicuous amount of Chinese garlic when If-yu-Etyu appeared, causing rather admirable confusion to the garlic and the recipient's eye.

Honourable Emperor Mik-Su-Wan reprimanded Deep-a-Sy for his malicious and repugnant insolence and was charged under the Mis-stir-el doctrine of forbidding adolescents the use of nuclear apples. The doctrine also stated a crack down on any apples participating in such anti-social behaviour.

Any such apple action is considered as a direct attack on the staff. The war-head's punishment may be seen scattered from one end of the school yard to the other end of Joe-hon's eye. Deep-a-Sy's hand in the attack was more severely punished than Deep-a-Sy.

Well that's one apple that didn't keep the doctor away—ask Joe-hon.

SIGNED: Bitter prefects fighting for nuclear disarmament.

Failures: Thinkers who will not work and workers who will not think.

Contradiction and flattery both make poor conversation.

The greater the obstacle, the more the glory in overcoming it.

No great advance has ever been made in Science, Politics or Religion without controversy.

LOCKER ROOM - 68

The Bunbury Senior High School Locker Room — a locker room of rare attainments, of strict rules and severe penalties accompanied by a team of skilled, efficient locker prefects with an ever-alert eye — has been moulded into the most effective and financial enterprise in this "Boom State".

The Team

Watchful Eye: Mr. Kennedy.

Locker Prefects: M. Dixon, I. Gibbon, G. Manolas, N. Stenhouse.

The motto of this successful business is: "Any penalty is a worthwhile one". This has been highly beneficial, as the bank balance shows.

Since the first week of the school year, a silent fear has gripped the school. The losing of locker keys, lockers left open, confiscation of books, keys left at home—all these misdeeds result in a pocket-crippling charge.

Rain, hail or shine, there is always a locker prefect on patrol ready to apprehend anyone neglecting locker regulations. However, the prefects have one complaint: they wish habitual offenders would receive increased lunch allowances to meet their indebtedness.

Summing up, the locker staff deserve congratulations on a job well done. They must definitely be the school's most rewarding business enterprise.

"THE KEY MEN"

EPISODE 0011

Now in our last exciting episode there was a brawl. Now woof, ging in hand, advances to Froth. Froth presses a button and alas, in comes (suspense)

The Very Dogobolical.

"Meeow, purr, rr, smooch"

Brawl continues.

"Snarl, bite, claw,

Rip, oops, ow,

Bite, nip, gnash,

Finsh."

Very Dogobolical is dead.

During the brawl, Froth sought refuge in the sink. Woof goes to wash his paws.

"Gargle, swish, slush, bubble."

"Exit Froth."

Weeeelllll — The Very Dogobolical did arrive, didn't he? And Woof didn't goof, did he? And you did enjoy Dogwoman, didn't you? And you will look forward to his adventures and/or misadventures next year, won't you?

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

1923 — W. McEvoy
1924 — A. Trotman
1925 — R. Grace
1926 — A. Williams
1927 — T. Moss
1928 — E. Sanders
1929 — M. Davies
1930 — B. Coleman
1931 — A. Fisher
1932 — A. Ferguson
1933 — N. O'Connor
1934 — P. O'Keefe
1935 — J. Vershuer
1936 — R. Seymour
1937 — E. Lane
1938 — J. Brown
1939 — L. Brooks
1940 — P. Grapes
1941 — S. Richards
1942 — P. Davies-Moore
1943 — M. Piggott
1944 — D. Chapman
1945 — D. Fryer
1946 — D. Downing
1947 — E. Salter
1948 — M. Pritchard
1949 — C. Adams
1950 — M. Scott
1951 — D. Ellis
1952 — R. Carrigg
1953 — D. Walker
1954 — N. McNess
1955 — G. Teasdale
1956 — P. Kovalevs
1957 — J. Sanderson
1958 — D. Dickson
1959 — E. Keene
1960 — M. Bryce
1961 — U. Warra
1962 — R. Field
1963 — D. Ross
1964 — K. Bailey
1965 — G. Roberts
1966 — K. Trigwell
1967 — A. Osborne
1968 — M. Swan

SENIOR GIRLS

1923 — V. Kealy
1924 — T. Eaton
1925 — E. Cross
1926 — G. Smedley
1927 — E. Kinsella
1928 — N. Young
1929 — N. Stone
1930 — D. Wilson
1931 — J. Sherlock
1932 — F. Hulm
1933 — B. Clarke
1934 — E. Fox
1935 — H. Pearce
1936 — J. Ingleton
1937 — J. Wood
1938 — N. Stockdrill
1939 — A. Ryall
1940 — G. Blond
1941 — J. Trotter
1942 — M. Dolley
1943 — M. Kernot
1944 — C. Ritchie
1945 — V. Brookman
1946 — M. Jones
1947 — M. Saunders
1948 — S. Shepherdson
1949 — M. Campbell
1950 — S. Scott
1951 — J. Ladyman
1952 — W. Reid
1953 — J. Edwards
1954 — A. Stewart
1955 — R. Hanley
1956 — T. Elliott
1957 — G. Edwards
1958 — L. Getley
1959 — V. Brodie
1960 — E. Lathwell
1961 — J. Carroll
1962 — V. Auguston
1963 — E. Johnston
1964 — B. Stevenson
1965 — C. Cunnington
1966 — S. Spurr
1967 — J. Gardiner
1968 — L. Campbell

