KENTIAN SOCIETY
SUPPORTING KENT STREET SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

NEWSLETTER

PRESERVING OUR SCHOOL'S STORY | OCTOBER 2026

WELCOME

Welcome to your Kentian Society e-Newsletter, offering two-way communication with all interested members, families and friends. We hope you find it both interesting and informative.

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FEATURE · APPEAL

You Did It! The Bridge Will Soon Be Safe to Cross

But we still need your help to finish the job.

We're nearly there — our $2,500 goal is in sight

Thanks to your incredible generosity, we're making fantastic progress toward securing and rebuilding our website infrastructure. Because of your donations, we should soon be able to cross the finish line.

— BUILDING BRIDGES NOT WALLS —

A huge **THANK YOU** to everyone who has donated so far! Thanks to your incredible generosity, we are making fantastic progress toward our $2,500 goal to secure and rebuild our website infrastructure. Because of your donations, we should soon be able to cross the finish line.

As a reminder, our major federal grant for the "**Building Bridges Not Walls**" veteran digital register covers research and content—but it cannot spend a single cent on upgrading our website security.

We're now well on our way to bridging that gap, but we **still need more donations** to completely finish the job and secure a safe digital home for these important stories of courage and service from our Kent Street SHS alumni and families.

Every dollar helps, and all donations to the Kentian Society are **tax-deductible**.

Let's get this job done together!

WHAT YOUR DONATIONS ARE FUNDING

- **A Secure Digital Home:** Funding a total security overhaul and infrastructure rebuild of our platform.
- **Visitor & Data Safety:** Implementing up-to-date software to keep the website and its visitors protected.
- **Seamless Access:** Ensuring smooth, easy navigation across hundreds of upcoming veteran profile pages.

We're deeply grateful for your continued dedication to honouring those who served. We look forward to sharing the secure, newly rebuilt site and the launch of the digital register with you soon.

HOW TO DONATE IN SECONDS

Scan the QR code — point your smartphone camera at our official QR code to open our donations checkout instantly.

SCAN TO DONATE

Click the direct link — visit our secure online payment page via our dedicated Square Australia link:

square.link/u/PxS6pv6K

Another way to give: Containers for Change

If you donate your 10¢ container refunds to the **Kentian Society Inc**, you can claim these donations as a deduction on your annual Australian Taxation Office (ATO) tax return. Because the Kentian Society is an approved Deductible Gift Recipient (DGR), your recycling efforts directly support us while reducing your taxable income!

Registered Charity · acnc.gov.au/charityregister

Follow these simple steps to claim your deduction:

1. DONATE USING OUR SCHEME ID

When you drop your eligible containers off at any Containers for Change WA Refund Point, make sure you scan or quote the Kentian Society Scheme ID (below). This ensures the 10¢ per container goes directly to our charity's bank account.

Organisation Scheme ID: C11819254

CONTAINERS FOR CHANGE

2. KEEP TRACK OF YOUR DONATION HISTORY

To claim a deduction, you must have proof of your donation. The easiest way to do this is through the Containers for Change app:

- Log into your own personal Containers for Change WA Member Account.
- Go to your Transaction History or Donation History tab.
- Download your summary statement at the end of the financial year. This statement lists the total dollar amount donated to the Kentian Society Inc.

WANT TO ASK A QUESTION?

Email us at society@kentians.org.au.

With sincere thanks and congratulations,

The Kentian Society Museum Team

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POLICY & PRIVACY

Privacy and Our Nominal Rolls

When people look through the nominal rolls (after the Building Bridges Not Walls project is launched on our rebuilt website), they might notice that some names and details are available while many others are hidden from view. This isn't to keep secrets, but to protect the privacy of individuals who may still be alive today.

Some family relationship pages have been opened up now — either because the records are very old and all the persons named are now deceased, or because the people affected have already given us permission for their family links to be made public.

Here is how Western Australian law and policy decide what we can show you:

- **Privacy vs. History:** From 1 July 2026, WA's new Privacy and Responsible Information Sharing Act 2024 protects personal information across the State. However, the law specifically exempts State archives, publicly available records, and items preserved by museums, art galleries, and libraries for public exhibition. The underlying

principle is that all records of enduring value will be publicly available in due course. This allows us to share history with you once the proper time has passed.

- **The Waiting Period:** Under the State Records Act 2000, all government records in the State archives generally become "Open Access" after 25 years (that is, everyone has a right to see them then). Similarly, school admission registers are restricted until 18 years after a student's birth, while school punishment books remain private for 25 years.
- **The Medical Exception:** Even after 25 years, all records remain strictly private if they contain sensitive information about a person's medical condition or disability.
- **The Current Freeze:** While core education records (like enrolments and attendance) are normally transferred to the State archives after 25 years, an indefinite freeze is also currently in place following the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. This ensures all records are safely preserved exactly as they are.

Public access rules already allow us to make many of the family relationship pages in our digital register available to the public. But as a courtesy we've decided to keep most of them private for now — we're balancing the right to know with the right to privacy, ensuring our history is preserved respectfully.

Over time, as everyone gets more used to what we're showing here, we'll open more of these pages to public view. Some people for instance might proudly want us to share their family links to military personnel immediately, while others might prefer to wait.

In either case, we want to hear from you — please email us at museum@kentians.org.au and tell us what you'd prefer.

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MEMBER REFLECTION

Freedom and Hidden Danger in South Perth

> **Editor:** *A reflective look by Helen Bradbury (student, 1972-73) at the freedom, hidden dangers, and school day memories of growing up in 1960s and '70s South Perth. Helen has also provided us with detailed information about her family's military connections for our Building Bridges Not Walls project.*

I attended Forrest Street Primary School (later South Perth Primary School) from 1962 (grade 1) until mid-1967 (grade 6), after which my family moved for a time to Busselton. My last teacher there was Miss Beard, grade 6.

Not all memories from my time at this school are positive. For instance, my reward for doing the best project on the solar system one year was to be taken to see a senior teacher to show him the project. He closed the door and put his hand down my pants. I felt deep shame and didn't tell anyone, including my family.

Around the same time, there was another individual operating in a vehicle near Perth Zoo who targeted children, and was known to law enforcement. This individual approached a friend and me while we were walking her dog, luring me behind a local monument and touching me inappropriately. He offered us sweets, but we ran back to my friend's house. Her mother immediately contacted the police, who responded quickly and later interviewed me at my home.

From this great distance of old age, these two crimes against me don't carry weight in my memories, but they need to be aired.

What was it like to be a girl in the community in those days? There was great freedom but also unseen peril.

> *There was great freedom but also unseen peril.*

Cook the murderer was also operating in South Perth at that time. I remember feeling afraid because our parents scrabbled around looking for the back door key, as we never used to lock the back door, and they couldn't readily find it.

My family life at that time exists in my mind as a very positive memory, as do the friendships I made then. We lived in Angelo Street more or less diagonally opposite the school. I remember I walked to school, and in Spring we all had to dodge the dive-bombing magpies in the huge pine trees at the corner of Angelo and Forrest streets. I remember the consternation about how to get to school on time with those maggies on guard.

I remember Mr Peter Gavronich as a kind of scary figure (he was my sister Judith's teacher) but he was never my teacher — I had Mr Leaver in Grade 5. We had the jarrah handmade firewood box in our classroom. Mr Leaver stood with his back to the fire and taught us The Highway Man ('The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas') and the poetry of Walter de la Mare.

Mr Purvis we had in Grade 3, when I had learnt handwriting well enough to graduate to a pen. Also we were learning arithmetic during 1964, learning to count money using pounds, shillings and pence to add up, and then we had to stop learning that and prepare for decimal currency which came in in February 1966.

In Grade 2 we had Mrs Pusenjak, a nice old lady I thought. She gave us a kitten from a litter her cat had had, and I went to her house nearby to pick it up. In Grade 1, I met kids who I later came across at Kent Street: Craig McMillan and Jocelyn Stuart and Phillip Stockdale I think, amongst others who I now cannot remember.

I have very clear memories of having to drink warm milk delivered to the school in small bottles, and I detested that milk. We were allowed to try and mitigate the flavour with Quik, which was sugar flavouring in strawberry or chocolate. My best friend was Leslie McIlwraith, who also went to Kent Street but left after third year whereas I arrived at the beginning of fourth year in 1972.

In 1973, I was elected as Head Girl, and was struck by the lack of intellectual endeavour of the girls in general. For example, nobody I can remember asked questions in class and I remember thinking that at the time — not like it was at Busselton Senior High School. I was surprised that I was voted in as Head Girl.

Girls were overlooked at Kent St, unlike at Busselton. However, an outstanding teacher of mine was Vince Heinrichs for Maths I. I have good memories of his theatrics ("Pick of the cupboard to anyone who gets this right!").

Mr Hanrahan, the author of the Maths text books, taught Maths II and III. That was pretty cool, I was aware of that. Sadly half way through 1973 he suffered illness due to a brain tumour, and left teaching. Those kids who had him were very lucky indeed, and he was their form teacher as well.

But Kent Street in those years was declining in excellence in general, despite the outstanding individual achievements of some of the boys. Also, there was no career guidance or counselling offered, not even to the boys I think.

The Head Boy in our year was Bill Hare and the Dux of the School was Mark Arratoon, both of whom had Mr Hanrahan and both of whom went on to amazing careers.

Bill, who went on to study Physics, still heads his international company Climate Analytics and participated in the UN Peace Prize received by Al Gore and the team at the UN when they identified clearly that climate change is induced by human-made fossil fuels and predicted its effects on the world.

Mark meanwhile majored in Maths then went on to software development in Silicon Valley (and early AI development). Mr Hanrahan taught both those boys Maths; and Victor Lewkowski too, who enjoyed a career as a navigator in the RAAF.

Mr Christensen for History was a good teacher, as was Mr Rossiter for English Lit, but I think the leadership of the school had weakened. The fifth years in the year behind us in 1974 held a funeral for the School Spirit!

However, there was an amazing and dynamic film club at Kent Street in 1972-73, supervised by history teacher Lionel Christensen. Names in that club included Victor Lewkoski, Sebastian Mairata (both interested in the filming and the technical side of things), Priscilla Kelly, Tom Flood, Helen Lawtie, and David Yardley.

I wasn't in the film club myself, but attended their film nights held in the new quad during which they showed their own films as well as Dr Strangelove amongst others.

They made two films I understand: Along Came Jones, starring Helen Lawtie and Tom Flood of the alumni who graduated in 1972, and which involved a girl tied to the railway tracks who was rescued at the last minute by a dashing man in a black cloak. That was shot using the train at the Perth Zoo, with passengers on board who were not briefed!

The film club made another film about a robbery, at a sawmill — and other intriguing plot elements that others may recall. David Yardley was the star and fell off the roof of the house used as the set for the robbery when he had to break into a window from above. That house was the curator's house of student Seb Mairata, at McCallum Park, near the Causeway.

The school must have purchased or leased the camera and sound equipment and perhaps would have retained the films. There was a shop called 16MM which supplied the technical goods.

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ALUMNI PROFILE

Versatility Never Goes Out Of Style

> **Editor:** *The remarkable life journey of one of our alumni spans academic and athletic excellence at Kent Street High School, a distinguished career in the petrochemical industry, and a vibrant retirement in Nelson Bay. His friend Trevor Rowe has provided the following biography.*

Alan Bealing (student, 1954-58) was born in South Perth in 1941 to Mick and Glad Bealing. Mick worked on the railways and soon after the family moved to Northam where young Alan spent his early years. In 1945 Mick was transferred back to Perth and settled in Victoria Park. Alan did his early schooling at East Victoria Park State School and enrolled at Kent St High School in 1954. Early days at Kent Street were very enjoyable. Alan played a lot of sport and achieved strong

academic results. In 1957, Alan won the school 440 and 880 yards running events. In the same year, he won the state 880 yards event in record time.

The next year, he was elected by the school body to be Head Prefect and Captain of the School, with Len Vlahov serving as his Deputy. When he completed his Leaving Certificate, he tied with one other person for the highest score in the state, earning six distinctions out of seven subjects.

It was during this time that I first met Alan. When I arrived at the Kent Street School grounds on my very first day, the Head Prefect instructed me to pick up some rubbish—leading to a bit of a debate, as it wasn't my doing!

In 1959, Alan enrolled at the University of Western Australia to study for a Science degree, which he completed in 1961 with a double major in Mathematics and Chemistry. He followed this with an honours year in 1962, graduating with first-class honours and a publication in the Australian Journal of Chemistry. During his time at university, he also joined the Associates Rugby Football Club and was selected to play rugby union for the state team in 1960.

Alan moved to Sydney in 1962 to start a career in the petrochemical field — working for Shell as an oil trader. While there, he joined the Northern Suburbs Rugby Club, where he played for four wonderful years.

In 1967, he decided to move to the USA to develop his career. His first two years were spent in New York, followed by a move to Houston in 1971. Two years in Cincinnati and two more years in St. Louis followed, before he moved back to Houston in 1975. After spending more than 10 years with Shell Houston, he joined international physical commodities trading firm Phibro (which was later taken over by Salomon Brothers).

In 1982, Alan was offered the opportunity to move back to Australia with his family, which he accepted. Settling back in Sydney, he engineered a proposal to export crude oil from Bass Strait to the USA. By the mid-1980s, he transitioned to become the Office Manager for the Sydney branch.

When I was transferred from New York in the mid-1980s to open the Salomon Brothers Office in Sydney, we reconnected, and have remained firm friends ever since.

When I purchased a 41' Randell Game Boat (originally built in WA), Alan introduced me to big game fishing. For many years, we fished all the major tournaments on the East Coast, culminating in the famous Lizard Island Game Fishing Tournament—renowned for its massive 1,000 pound [450 kg] black marlin and fished by legends like Zane Grey and Lee Marvin. All of our fishing was strictly on a "tag and release" basis.

> *Alan also plays a mean piano, despite having no formal training.*

When we've all had a few drinks, we love to stand around singing country tunes and old classic songs. Alan often takes over the piano at pubs and restaurants, with the patrons happily singing along. We used to do this regularly when we were fishing off the Gold Coast.

In the evenings, we would berth our game boats at the D'Albora Marina to party, later heading to the Marina bar. With Alan on the piano, all the fishing groups would sing along until they couldn't go on!

Due to serious ill health, Alan retired in 1990 and moved to beautiful Nelson Bay in the Port Stephens region of New South Wales. He still lives there today, enjoying the local golf, fishing, and the wonderful seafood delicacies the region has to offer.

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MEMBER STORY

I Wanted To Be On That Boat

> **Editor:** *In our last newsletter, Lindsay Best (student, 1967-69) introduced himself and provided a short piece as the "Shy Kentian Lad". He's now submitted a longer recollection which we'll publish in two parts over the next two newsletters — see below.*

After high school I had no idea what job would suit, so I tried a number. For a brief time, I was in the weigh bridge of the former "Swan Cement and Lime" works — where the Optus Stadium now is.

Then a helpful neighbour got me a stores position in an industrial supplies warehouse. That was fine for a while to earn some money, but beams of sunlight coming into the metal store highlighted an endless cloud of sparkling metal dust and I realised we were breathing that stuff in! Perhaps a clean office job would suit?

I applied for a state government job and ended up in an office on the eighth floor — it was crammed with file shelving but there was a nice view of the river. The work hours were flexible as long at it all added up at the end of the week. I leaned to use this effectively. At lunch time I could go for a walk or run for an hour, shower and then return to my desk.

This went well for a few years until boredom set in and I found myself gazing out the windows at the yachts zipping about on Perth Water with wind in their colourful

sails. I wanted to be on that boat! The office had become like a prison. An escape plan was needed.

> *I wanted to be on that boat! The office had become like a prison.*

My mate Chuck, who worked in an adjoining office block, felt the same and one night we made a rough plan to quit our jobs, leave the city and head for New Zealand. My brother lived there and gave a good report. The people were friendly, jobs were easy to get and hitching was easy too, and there were mountains and heaps of hiking tracks with huts at day's end. Perfect! After a month or so of preparation, we boarded the Indian-Pacific for a three day journey to Sydney.

Christchurch was our next destination and it was buzzing — all the backpackers were full so we spent our first night sleeping on the gym floor of the YWCA.

On the first full day we used a tandem cycle to explore the city. A steep road up the side of the Lyttleton volcano led to a stunning view of the vast harbour — which made Fremantle's seem like a baby bath. This was our first realisation that New Zealand was a land of volcanoes, most dormant but some at times restless.

Before long, we were hitching south as we had a booking to do the famous Milford Track. A motorist picked us up and mentioned the wonderful walking tracks on Stewart Island and we decided we'd go there to get fit for the Milford. The island was tougher than we thought. We had an epic mud-filled adventure of rugged coast, slippery tracks and a wind-swept gale while we waded chest-deep on flooded trails. We emerged back at the boat looking like wild men and people edged away from us. After a spartan diet over the five days, we hit every food shop in Invercargill.

After that, the Milford Track was relatively mild and involved a valley walk, then a zig-zag climb to a mountain view-point and then a steep decent to another valley leading to Milford Sound. Whew! Time to hit party town Queenstown.

Chuck and I did several more walks but the time came when he began to dream of sunny Queensland and so the partnership ended.

I decided on a solo 20 day epic tramp on the Hollyford Track loop, and as I crossed the long swing bridge over the river, I stopped midway to consider what my former office mates were doing at that very time — "I wonder what ever happened to old ..?"

After that, money was short so I looked to Forest Service which needed workers to do track and hut maintenance in the mountains over winter. Since no city-types wanted to work out in the wilderness, my short interview was basically "throw your pack in the 4WD!" After a while, we left the gravel road and onto the rocky river bed.

After a very bumpy ride, we stopped and the two other guys and I then shouldered our heavy packs and walked into a side valley. This involved multiple crossings of the bracingly-cold Huxley River. By the time we reached the hut, my jeans were frozen below the knee and there were beads of ice on my socks. What an exciting adventure for a suburban boy from W.A.

As winter progressed the weather got colder and we were thankful for the wood stove (which provided hot food and warmth) and the supply of fire wood in a shed outside. The ground all around was covered in a permanent layer of white ice crystals which crunched under our boots. No sun touched the hut for several months. We took turns getting up in the morning to light the fire and make brekkie and a hot drink.

Some days we would walk out to meet up with the 4WD for fresh food and work supplies. Since I was new to snow and ice, I had quite a few slips and falls. My more experienced mates would stop and wait for me to get on to my feet again — but I'd soon go down again. When we did work out on the track, frozen bits of soil flicked up and hit us in the face. We kept warm by repairing the track and chopping any branches and trees across the path.

After a challenging day in the forest, we looked forward to a hot drink and perhaps a mug of sherry on our return to the hut.

As the winter lost some of its bite, we enjoyed the gentle warmth of the sun and began some extra tasks to ready the whole area for hundreds of summer visitors. This involved cutting firewood, painting the hut and digging holes for the long-drop toilets. All huts and swing bridges also had to be checked and provisions stocked for staff working in the valleys. Unfortunately, the rivers were high due to melting snow and in a short time two of our vehicles were caught.

First, a heavy Toyota sank in a deep pool of water and loose gravel, and a worker had to run in gumboots to a nearby farm house. Two weeks later, a light Suzuki was pushed over by the current.



The Suzuki on the rocky river bed (Photo: Lindsay Best)

Three workers were in the cab and had a fine view of swirling water in the windscreen — before the water pressure slammed the bonnet across the front. We piled out and had to chase after our packs that were floating away down river. Then, another gum boot run to reach the farm house. A front end loader arrived and towed the jeep onto dry land.

The arrival of people was a mixed blessing. After so long in isolation, a few people to talk to was welcome, but the onslaught of noisy hordes of school kids was a shock to our quiet life. We'd keep a nervous watch down valley for any sign of approaching people and hoped for a quiet weekend, but often they came anyway!

Summer was time to hit the road for some more travel adventures. The YHA network had a network of old houses scattered across the country and they needed some people to stay as wardens to care for the place, welcome visitors and take the overnight fees.

Shag Point was a wonderful location with a great view of long waves rolling on the sea, and at night the bright moon reflecting across the water. During the day we'd walk along to see seals warming themselves on rock ledges and at dusk penguins would come ashore after a day of feeding.

New guests would be greeted on the roadside by a scruffy sheep called Muldoon (after the prime minister). Such magical places could hold onto you longer than you'd planned.

To Be Continued …

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MEMBER STORY

My Years At School

> **Editor:** *As promised in our last newsletter, here is an account of his high school years by Bob Linfoot (student, 1949-51), who has just celebrated his 90th birthday.*

At any new location one will always gather new friends. Len Butterfield and John Darley, from Forrest Street Primary South Perth, became long term friends (both now deceased).

Primary School had been too easy. Although I loved school work, I was actually a very lazy student. I started Year 7 at Kent Street in 1949 and true to form never did homework, or focused much on my subjects, particularly new ones such as Geometry and Algebra. Consequently, my marks average at the end of first term was only 55%.

Eric McGrath, the Headmaster, was a tough "disciplinarian" and I was terrified of him. Everyone was!!! I was (fearfully) called up to his office to "discuss" my poor marks. I still remember the roasting I got. Such points as "you have an IQ above the roof tops" and dire threats that if my marks didn't improve by the end of the second term I would be in serious trouble.

> *"You have an IQ above the roof tops."*
>
> HEADMASTER ERIC MCGRATH

I was so motivated by fear that I constantly wrote copies of theorems until I could do so from memory — even though I didn't understand what I was writing. My marks at the end of term two jumped up to an average of 83% and I avoided a return trip to the dreaded Headmaster's office. Then it seemed almost overnight that I had learned a new language — Maths B (Geometry, Algebra, and Trigonometry). Algebra especially became the "easiest" of subjects.

Being good at Maths runs in the Linfoot Family. One Linfoot was a Professor of Maths and an astronomer at Cambridge University in the UK. Our son Stephen was good at Maths and his IQ was above mine!!

1950 was a very disruptive year. Mr Hanson (our teacher) died of cancer halfway through the year and we spent the rest of the year in a sort of "no man's land".

In 1951, we merged into Vince Heinrich's Year 9 class. Vince was not only a good English and Maths Teacher — he also set the Junior Certificate exams in Maths A & B for the State Education Department. I was quite an enigma to Vince concerning my natural Maths ability. Even with "the attention span of a gnat," I could always correctly answer him when he would spring a Maths question on me (I was probably gazing out the window).

In contrast to my obsession about playing Junior Rugby League, I wasn't at all serious at any school sports or athletics. I had never represented Primary or High School at any sports carnivals. But early in 1951, I decided I would train for the Open Mile at the Inters High Schools Athlet-

ics Championships in October (I was probably selected to run because no one else was interested).

I was in 2nd place near the end of the third lap when I started to step up a gear for the final lap. I seemed to get a "second wind" and without much effort ran a very fast last lap in about 62 or 63 seconds. I won the race by nearly 100 yards! Being an "open" event I was one of the youngest boys in the race. Some would have been two years older. The record stood for at least the next two years.

I later met Vince Heinrich and his wife at an afternoon tea at Government House (in about 1995). I'd been in the Army Cadets at Kent Street High with Michael Jeffrey, who became State Governor and later became Governor General of Australia. Vince said to his wife "this boy here topped the school in Maths and set a Mile record at the Inters winning by over 90 metres."

To end 1951, I passed the Junior Certificate in 7 out of 8 subjects (got just under 50% in Physics). I wanted to continue for a further two years to gain the Leaving Certificate (and matriculate for University) but was unable to due to a lack of money.

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MEMBERS WRITE

From You To Us

Readers appreciate the news brought to us by members, and often they're important for inclusion in our museum collections and displays, allowing us to honour the history and share the heritage of Kent Street Senior High School.

Your contributions should be sent directly to society@kentians.org.au.

Subject: Some Military Connections
From: Murray Thompson (student, 1957-59)

After reading the latest newsletter, I have a story which may be of interest to you and maybe to members. I'm now aged 82 and attended Kent Street SHS back in the '50s after completing Primary Schooling at Kensington Primary School.

On my first day of attendance at KSSHS we were gathered at an assembly, had our names called out from a list, and were then allocated a teacher, who was to become our "Form Teacher" for the year.

My form teacher was Jack Booker, and we were marched down to the "pre-fab" classrooms at the lower level, where we were given seats to occupy. Mr Booker then proceeded to do the roll call again so he could familiarise faces to names. When he came to my name —

> *"Murray Thompson"*
>
> *"Yes Sir."*
>
> *"Is your father's name Brian Thompson?"*
>
> *"Yes Sir."*
>
> *"Was he an RAAF fighter pilot in the war, based in the Middle East?"*
>
> *"Yes Sir."*
>
> *"OK. Thank you. You may sit down."*

That short conversation triggered my interest, so at the morning recess break I went up to him and asked why he'd asked that question.

He informed me that, at that time, he was an aircraft mechanic/engineer in the RAAF, based in the Middle East during the Desert War and he was assigned to work on my father's aircraft in my father's squadron. I told Dad that evening, and he and Jack Booker subsequently caught up socially.

My father never wanted to talk much about his war service, and his period in the "Services" left him with a few physical impairments to his back, leg, and a weakened heart. He passed away in 1982 aged 63, and subsequently, my mother passed away in 1998, aged 76.

After her passing, we discovered, in a bedside drawer, a day by day War Diary written by my father during his time with 3 Squadron in the Middle East until his return to Australia. That prompted me to write his Biography from his birth in Tasmania in 1919 to his death in Perth in 1982 and to include his War Diary as the centrepiece of the Biography.



Flight Sergeant Brian Thompson (Photo: Murray Thompson)

When we discovered the diary, we also discovered 100 or so black and white photographs taken in the Middle East, of people, planes and places, and luckily dad had also written on the back of each photo what, and who it was in the photo. Several of these have been included in the Biography.

Copies of the Biography have been given to — the Historical Society of St Helens in Tasmania, the Tasmanian War Memorial in Hobart, Tasmania, the Australian War Memorial in Canberra and the RAAF Museum in Bull Creek WA.

Whilst the above does not relate to any military service of my own, as I was a year too old for the National Service Draft, I thought the connection to my first teacher,

Jack Booker, a staff member of KSSHS, may be of interest.

> **Editor:** *Murray has very kindly forwarded a copy of his Dad's "Biography and War Diary" for our Museum. Information about Flight Sergeants Brian M. Thompson DFM and Jack Booker, who many readers will recall later became Deputy Principal at Kewdale High School when it opened in the mid-'60s, will also be included on our Digital Nominal Roll.*

Subject: Memorabilia
From: Beverley Treloar (student, 1947-50)

I was a student at Kent Street High School 1947 to 1950 and I still have the Junior Certificate exam papers set by the University of Western Australia for Domestic Science, Geography, Geometry, English, History and Arithmetic. I also have my Domestic Science and Biology books as well as the artwork we had to present at that time. I was wondering if the Society would be interested in these items for your archives?

I passed in all subjects at that time but looking through the papers now I am amazed at what I must have known then but certainly do not now! However, my reading, writing and arithmetic skills have stood me in good stead over the years and kept me in employment in the banking, aviation and legal professions.

My family left Western Australia to move to Victoria when I was 18 years of age and so I lost touch with my friends. I would very much like to visit Perth and Como again where I grew up to visit some of the places where I spent the happiest years of my life, but doubt that will happen now.

> **Editor:** *Beverley's kind offer to donate her historical school memorabilia to our Museum collection is very welcome, and will be followed up by our volunteers.*

Subject: Joining The Email List
From: James O'Kane (student, 1963-64)

I attended KSSHS in 1963/64 year 11 and 12 and was among the first batch of year 10 Bentley High School students to have the honour. I would love to receive regular emails and consider attending meetings and/or events.

> **Editor:** *James has supplied his contact details and been added to our alumni register.*

MEMBERSHIP MATTERS

Society Membership

NEW SOCIETY MEMBERS AND RENEWALS SINCE JUNE 2025

Lindsay Best, student 1967-69

Geoff Cooper, student 1985-89

Wendy Coultas (McNally), student 1964-66

Dirk Diepeveen, student 1958-62

Barry Foster, student 1955-57

Jennifer Hughes (Morris), student 1971-73

Saikhanbileg Munkhbaatar, student 2023-25

John Ripp, student 1963-65

HAVE YOU COMPLETED YOUR MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / UPDATE?

Forms are available on our website www.kentians.org.au.

Your membership contributions help us to keep you connected, build new connections, promote reunions, and preserve your memories in our museum.

Don't risk YOUR membership falling into arrears. We are always reviewing our membership records, so if you want to remain a financial Society Member please make sure to update your details (including your email address) on our new Update Form.

Also, remember to pay your membership fee into the bank account specified on the form. Don't delay - do it today.

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