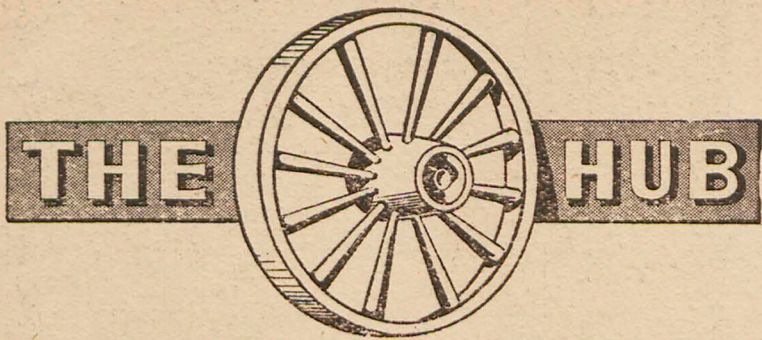




THE BORONIA

ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER 1954

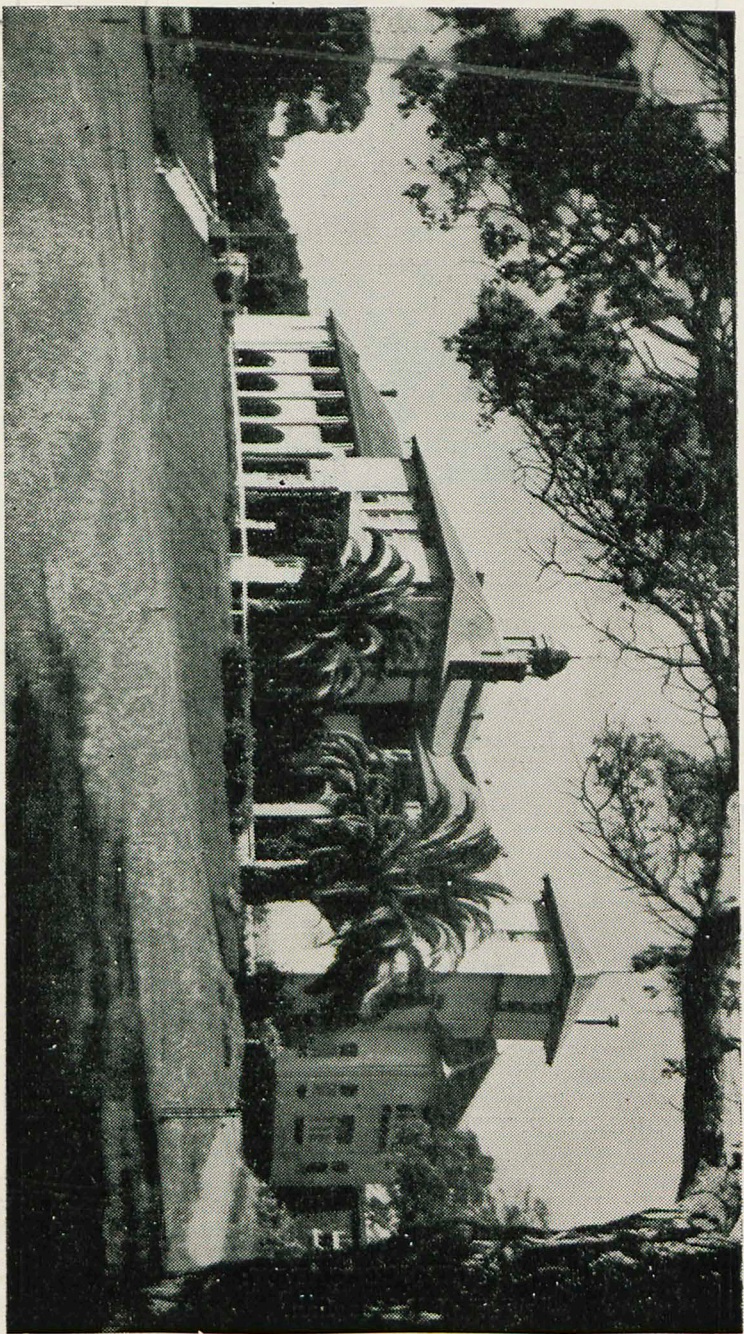


THE BIG STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

**SPECIALISTS IN
ALBANY HIGH**



THE ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL



SCHOOL OFFICIALS, 1954

SCHOOL PREFECTS:

J. Bradshaw (Captain), J. Parry, D. Mair, B. Ashworth,
P. O'Connell, C. Johnstone, B. Walsh.
Misses J. Blythe (Senior Girl), P. Ryan, B. Gilbert, J. Brown,
E. Justins, E. Brown.

CLASS PREFECTS:

IB—T. Green, Miss V. James.
IC—J. Colman.
IK—O. Archer, Miss L. Nizhnokowa.
IP—K. Cook, Miss J. Norman.
IX—Miss M. Pryor.
2E—C. Nockolds, Miss D. Smith.
2L—B. Quicke, Miss E. Clarke.
2S—B. Prior, Miss C. Bradshaw.
2Y—Misses E. Bengier, P. Morton.
3D—G. Campbell, Miss D. Growden.
3G—G. Warneford, Miss K. Sheehy.
3J—J. Witham, Miss M. Shirley.
IV—C. Pearson, Miss G. Smith.
V—L. Johnson, Miss L. Boulton.

SPORTS PREFECTS:

D. Nockolds, T. Taylor, Misses L. Archer, R. Norrish.

MAGAZINE EDITORS:

J. Parry, Miss J. Brown.

SUB-EDITORS:

I. McNaughton, J. Monaghan, Misses E. Henderson, G. Smith.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

B. Ashworth.

SCHOOL SHOP:

I. McNaughton, D. Newby, Misses M. Kerr, G. Smith.

FACTION CAPTAINS:

BORONIA: D. Mair, Miss S. Pascoe.
BROWN: D. Beeck, Miss G. South.
GOLD: D. Nockolds, Miss D. Sibley.
GREEN: P. O'Connell, Miss M. Jorgensen.

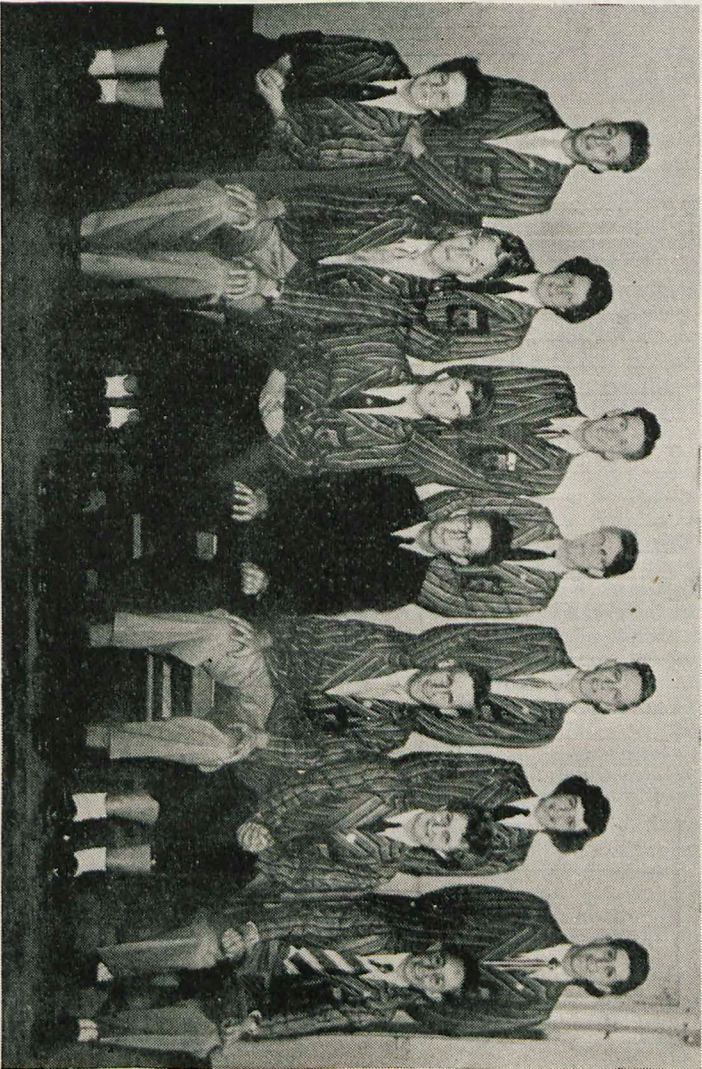
SPORTS CAPTAINS:

FOOTBALL: D. Mair. CRICKET: D. Moyes. HOCKEY:
R. Morgan (Boys), Miss P. Ryan (Girls). Basketball: Miss J. Blythe.

SCIENCE CADET:

J. Monaghan.

PREFECTS



FRONT ROW: E. Justins, B. Ashworth, J. Blythe (Senior Girl), Mr. Paul (Acting Headmaster), J. Bradshaw (Captain), J. Brown, J. Parry,
BACK ROW: D. Mair, P. Ryan, C. Johnstone, E. Brown, P. O'Connell, B. Gilbert, B. Walsh.

.. THE BORONIA ..

Vol. 2.—No. 7.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1954.

Price 3/-.

Editorial

"On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi". So spake La Fontaine in the 18th. C. and the essence of the quotation is essentially unchanged, as we frustrated editors discovered when the lower school rescued us from a seemingly hopeless position. It would seem that the upper school are suffering from an attack of pen paralysis. Could this be due to the after effects of the polio epidemic which was prevalent during the first term or is it an indication of the deterioration of the literary abilities of our successors?

It is sufficient to say that they contributed no more and no less evidence of their genius than the persistent sub-eds could extract from them.

Yet this is plagiarism, for however true it may be, we are all aware that this has been the popular theme of all our harassed predecessors. The general trend of contributions seems to show a more enterprising and original attitude towards school life and we feel that this reflects back on the work done throughout the year, in cultivating fresh interest in school activities particularly in the artistic sphere. We regret that sufficient space is not available to display the artistic talent unearthed, but we suggest that in the future if the well of literary inspiration dries up, the pages now filled with printed witticisms be replaced by artists' impressions.

The reintroduction of such features as the formerly popular Balcony Babble and the very old Prudence Prue's Personal Column should mean added interest for the student and additional topics for morning tea conversation despite varying opinions as to their appeal.

In conclusion we would like to thank all concerned for their constructive criticism and help, to our sub-editors for their indispensable

services and to everyone who has helped to make possible the publication of the Boronia.

J. Brown
J. Parry

School Notes

The usual changes of Staff occurred at the beginning of this year with the arrival of Misses Burton, Boulton, Tullock, Harris and Crofts, Mrs. Wellington and Messrs. Pope, Gardiner and Woulfe.

However, Miss Crofts left again at the end of First term and Miss Mawson too, left school to return to England. Also, of course, there was the arrival and departure of a certain "Mr. O'Dea", who created quite a "stir" in the town.

Perhaps the most exciting event of the year was the Royal Visit on March 30th, an event which, though accompanied by the usual Albany weather, will always be remembered by all who saw Her Majesty.

Arbor Day was held, bringing many visitors to the School.

July 9th, saw the Fancy Dress Ball which was, as usual a great success as was the Re-Union Ball on October 1st.

The Annual Sports Day was held on October 8th in lovely spring weather. A large crowd of spectators saw Boronia win narrowly from Green and Gold. Competition was keen and a number of records were broken.

During the second term, a busy one for most people, the school was visited by some interesting people. Mrs. Ootara during her visit was able to provide the students with many interesting facts about her native land of Thailand.

Mr. Pelle, from Samoa, whose visit was very brief, proved very popular with his description of island life, with special reference to education.

A party of nine student teachers who visited us for a fortnight, created a great deal of interest around the

school, and seemed to enjoy their stay with us.

On September 30th, the Governor General, Sir William Slim and Lady Slim paid a visit to A.H.S. and met many children from various schools in Albany.

During the second term, the May-ress, Mrs. D. M. Carson, very kindly gave up her time to teach upper school students modern dancing. Most learners have now accomplished the Modern Waltz and Quickstep.

A.H.S. played a very important part in the Silver Chain Flower Day Show by winning first prize for its display. Thanks are due to Miss Burton who spent much time and energy in assisting with the preparation of the School exhibit.

Another feature of second term was the Fifth Form driving lessons, when Mr. Mayberry of the National Safety Council stood and prayed for his cars and the fifth years had many thrilling (?) escapades.

The last week of the same term, the Hockey, Basketball and Football teams went to Perth to compete in the Inter-High School carnival. The Hockey team was most successful in bringing back the Superintendents' Trophy. Since then they have also proved their worth by winning the Albany Association Cup.

On October 22nd, there was a Students' Display to replace Parents' Day of last year. This display sponsored by the P. and C. Association, was held in the Town Hall during the afternoon and evening and was visited by a large number of people. Student's craft work, art, domestic science, manual training and activities were featured as well as interesting displays from Cadets, Junior Farmers, the library and the Science department.

Choirs conducted by Miss King and some folk dancing also contributed to the success of the function.

In all, 1954, has proved a very eventful and happy year for Albany High School.

"He hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild
fame."
—Mr. Vickery.

Prefects' Notes

In a few days the school will be electing the Prefects for 1955 and our term of office will be over. Looking back it seems to have been an eventful year as well as a distinct financial success. Thanks to the presence of Mr. Paul at our first meeting, we were able to start our new duties with some degree of confidence. The main business of our first meeting was the election of officers. John Bradshaw was elected chairman, Phyllis Ryan secretary, and Jill Brown treasurer. All meetings have been conducted in a very business-like manner as were the school duties. Mulga duty—main entrance—proved the most popular of all.

Our socials this year, although few, have been appreciated by all—we hope. A lesson learnt from last year's prefects—not to be so extravagant with supper—enabled us to start the new year with a considerable balance and to continue to make a slight profit. Due to the large number of students in the Lower School this year, it was found necessary to hold both first year and second year socials. The first year's were given the customary welcome social but owing to the polio scare the second year social was cancelled. Bad luck second years! With this polio epidemic, socials were discontinued till Arbor Day. The next social was run by the Junior Farmers.

The usual dancing lessons for 1st year students were successfully carried out during the first term. Our thanks must go to Upper School students who acted as either teachers or pianists. Without them our task would have been impossible.

The Fancy Dress Ball held on July 10 was as usual very enjoyable, especially for the Prefects who spent three days decorating and cleaning the Drill Hall.

We decided to live up to our name among the staff and so turned up as "Loose Nuts"—we hope the Leaving Examiner hasn't a similar opinion of us.

As the year went on we finally gained co-operation from most of the school. We wish the next year's prefects the best of luck and a year as exciting as we have had.

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Form Notes

FIRST FORM NOTES, GIRLS

All First Formers wish the Junior and Leaving candidates best of luck in their exams. We also hope our form teachers have enjoyed their delightful year with the pleasant students they have had in their classes!

Recently, a reorganisation took place in the first year and 1 P which is now known as the QUIETEST class in A.H.S. was formed.

Most of 1 B. are so interested in their work that they go to sleep with their eyes open and that's why they have General Science tests three times before anyone passes. 1 P. and 1 B. are fortunate in that they don't take French.

In the 1st. year we have a Green who is always in the blues, a Bird who can't fly, a Freeman who stays at a prison, a Quicke who is slow, a Wall that talks (and how—prefects experience), a Ramme without horns, a Sharp who's blunt and a Miller who can't grind corn.

We now turn to congratulating those who did so well in the Sports and Roselyn for gaining her scholarship.

I K. had quite a change of History and Geography teachers. Miss Crofts, the first, left the school early in the year. Mr. Pope was next and Miss Hartrey who followed on must have found us unbearable, as she left in August. We hope Miss Harris can stand us at least till the end of the year.

When 1 P. was formed, 1 X., 1 K. and 1 B. lost some of its brains but has got enough to carry on this year.

As our pens are growing weary we will leave you until next year.

Again best wishes Junior and Leaving candidates.

SECOND YEAR FORM NOTES, GIRLS

As atom bombs are flying through the air and oil wells are being opened up at Exmouth Gulf, 2nd year girls resort to poetry to express their feelings.

Our girls rise and begin to sound
As round the track they gaily pound,
Many records they aim to break
And here are their names for the
reader's sake,

Our Jackie, Helen and Margaret
Joyce,

The best in second year and our
own choice.

Five young girls have travelled
wide

To play the game with the Albany
side

Congratulations all anon,
Aileen, Marie, Viv, Jude and
Yvonne.

Sweet to the quick o' the eye and
ear,

But quick to the swot book, oh
dear, No fear!

The teachers love us much no
doubt,

But in a way that's round about.
In singing we climb the spiral stair

A song of delight that rends the air.
And sends its hearers 'neath the
earth

Some faint, some groan, some hide
their mirth.

With colossal ardour we fool and
play

Until the teachers are weary and
grey.

Debby darling she loves to live,

And thrills to her mates she loves
to give.

A certain teacher's notes of glee
End up in sounding like a desper-
ate plea.

Our love affairs as all should know
Cause us happiness, joy and some-
times woe,

Aileen and Normy we love to hear
As they ramble along, all in good
cheer;

Joan and Wayne see stars so
bright

That light the sky each wond'rous
night

Judy and Graeme, Oh my word!
They really strike a merry chord,
And here into the bright sunshine
We bring to and end our loving
time.

Our favourite pinup is Micheal
O'Dea
But he didn't like us so he went
away;
Now I fear you must leave us
And I think the parting will grieve
us,
But our favourite editor Mr. Parry
Won't give us time to think or
tarry,
To please him is our highest aim
And to bring our class deserved
fame
So now we wish you all the best
And try to prepare for next week's
test!

SECOND YEAR FORM NOTES BOYS

At the beginning of the year we realized that at last we were of some importance and standing in the school. After three whole terms as Zombies, I mean First Formers this came as a relief. Not that it went to our heads as we have this year conducted ourselves in a manner befitting our position.

As could be expected from such a clean living athletic body of men, we have achieved a number of successes in the field of sport: Terry Armstrong and Wayne Pryor went to Perth with the football team and played extremely well. Wayne was also successful on Sports Day as runner-up in the under 16 Championship. Ken Gulvin was under 14 champion, winning every event in which he entered. Ron Crosby was runner-up to Ken.

Of course we do a little school-work in between sport periods just to keep the teachers and our parents happy. We went go in to details in case you check up on our report cards. Nevertheless we are looking forward, with eager thoughts, to the end of the year examinations. Some of us are anyway (the ones who are leaving I daresay—Ed.)

The majority agree with the editor's new idea of having one set of notes for each form instead of each class. The minority are composed mainly of those who have to write the notes. We sympathise with the Junior and Leaving candidates and wish them the best of luck.

THIRD YEAR GIRLS' NOTES

I don't know how we'll write these notes.
Although we're real hot stuff,
Who's ever heard of 3rd form notes
Without what makes 'em tough.
There's little need to tell you all
To work we are addicted.
Except those poor unlucky maids
Whose hearts have been afflicted.
The helpless female act is used
When the problem is a math,
But Mr. H. was heard to say
The champ at this is Kath.
For sticky gooey Roly puds
To 3rd form please apply,
Some messes from the Junior Prac
Were enough to make us cry.
"Elephant Walking's" the latest art
Accomplished by our fairies,
Just watch our P.F. in the hall,
Folk dancing—gee, we're rarities.
We know a rhyme about a girl
Who, it was said, was horrid
But not so with a girl we know
With peroxide curl on forehead.
Our Dibble's got her Junior once
But now wants Maths and Chem
But after all when she's digging coal
What's the use of them?
Our form has got some brainy ones
3G. knows this too well.
Poor Julie got a ninety nine
And then her average fell.
When the sporting teams for Perth
had left
Our forms were well vacated
And ditto at some school socials
When certain girls were gated.
3rd. Year boys suit Val and Kath
But others, not content,
Seek nothing less than Vth form
rads
And Val a V1th form gent
Although we dread that awful month
I mean of course November
We wish all Leaving students luck
Ten D's each, please remember.

"I do forgive thy Robbery, gentle
thieves."—A.T.C. Canteen.

"I am he that aspired to know".
—Physics V.

"I held my tongue and spake no-
thing".
—Ashie.

THIRD YEAR FORM NOTES BOYS

Well just take a look at us; third year boys! Grey hair, sunken eyes and furrowed brows. No wonder the 3rd. Year girls turn for comfort to the Vth year boys but we have the universal aim of passing the Junior exam so what are girls to us— Just ask Bert and Gav. Incidentally I just asked Bert why he thinks he's King in 3 G. when the royal couple are actually the prefects Kath and Gavin.

Anyway the cause of our hideous appearance is that November horror. But we're not the only ones. The responsibility of pushing us through seems to trouble certain other characters.

A headache to the staff and prefects of A.H.S. are the said wreckers of J—John H., Kev. B. and Ron K. A common occurrence in one of this collection trudging down the stairs in the direction of one of the court rooms to face Mr. S. The usual trend of the conversation is, "What, another broken chair?."

"Only the second one this week."

"Well, coming from 3 J. it's quite expected."

These fellows, we might add, collect quite a lot of false accusations for these acts of vandalism.

However 3rd year boys get praise where it is due and it was certainly due to Bert in his record breaking jump on Sports Day, Normie with his record breaking runs and Gavin with his position as Runner-up to Norm. As usually 3rd. year boys provided their fair share of the brawn which although beaten was not disgraced in Perth.

The pressure of last minute swot is upon us so we, having made some contribution to the Boronia, will sign off, but not without saying best of luck to our pals and gals who are in the same or even a worse predicament.

IVF FORM NOTES

The distant throbbing of tom-toms entices us further into the riotous tangle of musty books, gossip and over worked wit, that is synonymous with IVF.

Let us explore further the perils that we will encounter on our trek through the jungle of desks, scarred with strange hieroglyphics of bygone days. Behind these markings many tales of woe lie and the morbid inscriptions of the dear departed who left us long since.

A shadow falls across our path. Whose eyes are upon us? A piercing whistle echoes along the dark wastes of the corridors. Wolves!! (Never fear, it's only Dave, Barry and Terry.)

We have emerged unscathed from our first encounter. What other dangers lurk before us? Suddenly the high pitched laughter of a hyena reaches our ears, or perhaps it is only Wendy and Elsie at their usual antics.

As we head further "South" we chance upon a clearing. Our eyes follow the "light and spontaneous line" (quote Miss B.) of the terraced lawn, up the well worn flight of stone steps. We enter the sacred portals of F room.

Seated majestically on the dais surrounded by a unique collection of glamorous dancing girls is our Sultan. Whom do we see, flaunting her golden locks at a goggle eyed sheik?.. No it isn't; Yes, it is! It's Nellie . . . that Slinking Salome slithering slyly among the students. We notice the admiring glances at the dancing girls—not for nothing did Mrs. Carson labour to improve our dancing.

Four moons ago we were unlucky to lose one of our most valiant sheiks, Dave Moyes whose dancing escapades thrilled the fluttering female hearts. Sadly missed also was that slick enchantress Rhonda, who tugged at the strings of many a wayward heart.

Seated thoughtfully in a corner is one of Reggie's handsome sheiks busily writing reams of poetical nonsense. (I wonder if it's about some secret charmer of his dreams?).

An exotic perfume wafts across the room, thickening in its intensity every second, seeping under a door. Stealthily we open the door and an amazing sight confronts us. Two dark forms are seen emerging from foul vapours—and fiendish, mocking laughter issues forth. It is Joe and

Ian concocting their renowned "rotten egg gas."

Some members attempted to show their artistic talents during the year with conclusive results. The only flaw in this project was the material on which they exhibited their abilities. X Room desks do not take kindly to sketching and the First Master takes even less kindly to it.

Two members of the Higher Harem (Staff) have found that their matrimonial dreams have been fulfilled. The latest information is that two handsome adventurers came, saw and conquered.

Wednesday afternoon is a thrilling day. Our heroes advance attired in all the splendours of the Light Horse Cavalry—it sounds like it if you are in A room. They practice military tactics—charges and what not on the balcony with the resultant fraying of tempers of those below. But what is more endearing to the female heart than to see her admirers dressed in uniform, parading loudly (because of size ten boots) in front of her.

Hark! I hear the beat of the tom toms once again encouraging the Leaving and Junior students to attempt to attain higher planes of education. Before the battles begin we will see them brandishing their scimitars and polishing their war swords (fountain pens).

THE FORM THE FIFTH

A most interesting and instructive year is all but ended, leaving the Vth form longhairs lolling in their study chairs, with twitching limbs and glassy eyes. The leaving will soon be upon us so we must relax to prepare ourselves for the ordeal. Perhaps as we relax let us scan some of our class personalities.

Take for instance Libby, in whom the art of joke (?) telling has reached a high degree of perfection, Libby, who brightens up our morbid lives, has found fame as one half of the back line in the Hockey team.

Jill, the other half, is a poet. But she is more remarkable for her amazing ability in combining love and a non-stop swot programme (Don't tell her we said this—its supposed to be a secret—the swot I mean)

It would appear, then, proper to discuss Paddy next—the man in Jill's life (One of them—Ed. He distinguished himself as the best back-seat driver in the business during that hilarious, thrill packed week of driving lessons. Many of us must feel grateful to him, and Esme. I feel sure will always treasure in her memory his little lecture on double de-clutching.

Esme is a member of the swotting club, we fear, although she left her books long enough to stand like the Rock of Gibraltar in the hockey team.

Ferdie is a red head and captain of the hockey team (girls). This one encouraged into self expression (that's what Miss Burton says) used to snatch any opportunity to sketch the last meal she happened to see, on the blackboard.

Julie—her mate has been startling the more conservative among us with quotations from a living authority, and adds life to the English class with her detailed descriptions of home life.

She is continually bringing some mythical character into the conversation. However this character although of doubtful origin cannot be compared with the personal integrity of the fairies, which a high authority maintains, carry on their every day activities, invisible to unbelievers. However, some such as "Squarey" have been seen strolling in little known ways undoubtedly looking for some elfin creature. The most likely place—we are told, is on the road to Mr. Down's place. Could be there be any connection?

Speaking of fairies, or gnomes, reminds me of Roger, our artistic genius, who has taken considerable interest in the development of the doodle. Until squashed, his little ventures were often in our room.

Wal rumbles under his breathe all day and he is our maths master mind. He takes that as an excuse for getting up late but may be excused because of his finishing sprint when school is sighted.

Janesy is our miler. He can nearly beat Landy at his own game—according to himself.

We must not forget our Chas—our star footballer. Chas teams up with Libby and manages to keep the class awake—especially in history.

Rex is our millionaire who occasionally motors to school in a long, blue 1954 Customline to the accompaniment of a chorus of females—"Oh isn't he wonderful!"

Memo: Larger parking lots needed for students.

Mr. Parry is editor of this magazine so we must say something nice about him (everything's nice about him—Ed.) Oh yes, he has been known to side track our English teacher as many as eight times in one period.

We must mention Witham and Pat who grumble at less than 82 per cent average—Well we'll all be back next year to take the leaving. We would like to wish ourselves and the Junior candidates the best of luck in November. (I don't know about them but we'll need it.)

Cadet Notes

Training this year was interrupted considerably because of the Queen's visit to Albany in March. The new cadets were trained at high pressure so that they would know sufficient drill to line the streets in March. The cadets learned quickly and on the day, despite soaking rain which fell during the parade, their bearing was excellent and their drill very creditable in view of the short term of instruction. Members of the unit were indeed proud to have the honour of protecting Her Majesty during the Royal Progress and at the same time showing their loyalty to their Queen. Each cadet was able to get three close views of the Royal Couple as they drove past.

Occasions when the unit has been able to display its efficiency to the public were on Anzac Day and Youth Sunday.

On Anzac Day the usual service at the Memorial and the march past was held, and the cadets kept up the unit's tradition of good exhibition in friendly rivalry with the A.T.C. This year was the first time a parade had

been held in Albany on Youth Sunday. With members from the High School and other Young People's organisations, the Cadets leading and the A.T.C. bringing up in the rear, the parade marched to the Town Hall for a short service. After this the parade marched past all the Churches and finally everyone on parade attended Church. On both occasions the cadets showed out to advantage and must be congratulated on their smartness.

The number of cadets on the roll at the beginning of the year was 72. To cope with the increase in numbers twelve rifles were obtained.

Those who received promotion this year are:—L. Cpl. Dale, R. to C.U.O. L. Cpl. Adams, S. to W.O2. Cpl. Witham, I. to S/Sgt. And Cadets M. Adams, Stokes and McGough to Sergeants.

During the August holidays five potential N.C.O.'s. went to Northam and completed an N.C.O.'s. course for promotion next year.

Denmark School of Agriculture combined with our unit in a Marching Out Ceremony to terminate the year's training and to farewell cadets leaving the unit. Major Scott, O.C. of 5th Cadet Brigade inspected the units, took the salute and presented the 5th Cadet Brigade Challenge Cup to the A.H.S. rifle team which had won it at Swanbourne. The cadets leaving were presented with Record of Service books and everyone voted the afternoon a huge success.

During the parade W. O. Wilkins was presented with a small gift from the cadets in appreciation of his excellent rifle coaching and the excellent standard which he maintained in the unit. Sgt. Powell is his successor and it is to be hoped that he will enjoy his association with the unit.

The senior cadet officer last year, Cdt. Lt. Peter Wilkins has shown what benefits he has received from the foundation instruction by his successes in the Royal Military College at Duntroon.

The Senior Cadet Under Officer represented this unit at Camp Royal Canberra at the time of the Queen's visit where he was present at the Opening of Parliament. Although

he missed two weeks of school, Bruce was satisfied that it was a worthwhile experience.

The rifle training was postponed until second term to make way for foot drill, and that is probably the reason why the rifle team was not successful at Swanbourne this year.

Last year in the King George V Shoot, A.H.S. did very well and word from someone "higher up" indicates that this unit was amongst the top in Australia.

In conclusion I would like to thank all the people who donated trophies for the Marching Out Ceremony, and also Mr. Paul for the ready assistance he has given us at all times. I would also thank the cadets for doing their share in making the unit this year an efficient one and hope that it will continue to remain so.

BRUCE ASHWORTH, C.U.O.

Junior Farmers' Notes

The following are the office bearers elected at the beginning of this year:—

Miss M. Bainbridge, President.

B. Granger, Vice-President.

Miss G. South, Secretary.

T. Taylor, Treasurer.

Miss M. Jorgensen, Miss R. Norrish, B. Ashworth, P. O'Connell, Committee.

J. Bradshaw, Reporter.

This year has been a very active one for the Club. We have had two teams for debating competitions, the first in the inter-council, and the second in inter-club competitions. The first team (J. Parry, leader, Miss P. Ryan and B. Ashworth) which won the Council Shield for debating last year, defeated Wagin at Tambellup but lost to Corrigin in the State Semi-Finals by a narrow margin.

The second team (Miss G. South, leader, T. Taylor and M. Bainbridge) easily defeated Gnowangerup in its first debate but lost by four points to Tambellup in its next.

At the beginning of second term the club, under the instruction of Mr. J. Doyle, cleared half an acre of land opposite the tennis courts and after ploughing, planted fifteen

types of clover and rye in strips across the field.

A successful social was held on Arbor Day with the result that the Club's funds were raised by £5.

On October 16, 40 members of the club travelled to the Council Achievement Day which was held at Mt. Barker. It was the High School's Day, as we took either first or second place in almost every judging event. We were accompanied by Miss Brown and Mr. Pope, who gave up their own time to be with us. It will be noted that the Rural and Industries Bank has donated a trophy to the member who earned the most points for the club but as the points are not yet certain the result is still in doubt.

During the year we have had visits from Mr. Monty, the Assistant State Organiser, and Mr. Rymill, from the Bank of New South Wales, who gave us a lecture on Merino sheep and pastures. A number of members attended the film evening given by Barnesby Motors and the Field Day run by Humphrey Rural Services.

Two of the club members attended the council camp at Denmark in January, and from reports received they had a very enjoyable time. In May Miss G. South and J. Bradshaw travelled to Borden for the week-end. They had the pleasure of staying with Miss M. Bainbridge, with whom they attended the Council meeting on the Sunday morning.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Barnesby, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Humphrey, Wesfarmers, the Bank of New South Wales and the Rural and Industries Bank for all the assistance they have given to the club this year. Also to the staff of the High School, without whom the club would not be able to function smoothly.

"City folk go to and fro
Behind the prison bars;
They never hear the breezes blow
They never see the stars"—Hostel Girls

JUNIOR FARMERS



FRONT ROW: P. Ryan, B. Ashworth, G. South (Secretary), M. Bainbridge (President), T. Taylor, M. Jorgensen.
BACK ROW: P. O'Connell, D. Nockolds, D. Beeck, R. Norrish, J. Parry, J. Bradshaw, B. Granger.



ONE SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION

Concert Committee Notes

During the year, the Fourth form Concert Committee successfully produced two concerts, the latter earning the satisfactory sum of eighty pounds. There were practically no expenses, save that of the electricity which worked out to be a mere one and sixpence farthing. The school coffers apparently withstood this expense bravely and received, still bravely the said eighty pounds which went towards a good cause—namely the Perth trip.

You may not remember but both concerts contained the widely celebrated "Much Foolery in the School" David Moyes, a member of the trio has unfortunately left us for Wesley College.

Also in the concert was a cooking tragedy; a prime example of how easily a man can manage a house if deserted by his wife who wants a perm or a gossip.

During the concert, the hall was visited by a girl dressed in a grass skirt. She was chased by two over eager chappies wielding shears, who unfortunately failed to catch her.

In the closing stages of an item entitled "Tenshun", the doors of the hall opened to admit two striking figures whose names will be withheld for security reasons. The end to their appearance came when they dragged a terrified infant out of the audience and quietly shot him near the door.

Songs by Miss King's choir and Julie and Lee Tindale all added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Plays were enacted and incidentally the script of the first year's play was written by one of them.

The fourth form play was novel in that it was written in verse. Miss Burton produced the play and managed to turn even Monaghan and Nockolds into actors. Two feminine roles were filled by Nell Pearson and Leslie Archer, both of whom set an extremely high standard in their presentation.

Many thanks are due to Miss Burton for producing the first and fourth years' plays, and to the School for the loan of the hall and electrical equipment.

Library Notes

Throughout the year nearly three-hundred new books have been purchased, two hundred non fiction and ten fiction. Of these eight have been donated by last year's prefects. Twenty two from other donors and seventeen from Departmental grants.

Owing to the carelessness of some borrowers, many books have had to be repaired. This endless job has been carried on by the book binding class under the supervision of Mr. Taylor.

The number of fiction books borrowed this year has dropped slightly. But this has been offset by the larger number of non-fiction, reference (including pamphlets) and magazines. This has been helped by the fact that nearly all the pamphlets have been filed and a great number of non-fiction books have been catalogued and numbered.

Of the fiction books the new Enid Blytons have been rather popular with the first years, and the first to third years still enjoy Capt. W. E. John's books. A number of books have also been bought for the Upper School, and have proved popular as can be shown by the condition of the books.

Wanted

1. A padded cell for IVth formers.
2. A definition for a leaving examination.
3. A comforts fund for the prefects.
4. A dark retreat in the Empire Theatre.
5. Footrests in the Vth form room.
6. A reciprocating cyclotron with synchro-mesh transmission and dual flow ventilation for the physics lab.
7. Some Hydrogen bombo for Leaving and Junior candidates.
8. A mind maker-upper for girls.
9. A muffler for Wal.
10. A car park for students.

Dave has been at the foot of the class so long everyone thinks he's going to be a chiropodist.



ATHLETICS

FRONT ROW: D. Sibley, J. Bettridge, L. Harding, J. Dufall, M. Blair, M. Joyce, H. Hadlow.

BACK ROW: W. Pryor, N. Green, G. Warneford, D. Mair, D. Beeck, K. Gulvin, R. Crosby.



FOOTBALL

BACK ROW: G. Warneford, D. Beeck, B. Ashworth, M. Clarke, P. O'Connell, B. Granger, P. Shain, T. Armstrong, W. Colquhoun.

SECOND ROW: R. Parsons, T. Taylor, R. Walsh, D. Mair (Capt.), Mr. Symons (Coach), C. Johnstone (Vice-Capt.), D. Nockolds, T. State.

FRONT ROW: W. Pryor, D. Granger, C. Pearson, G. Campbell, M. Green.

Sport

Sports Day

The 30th Annual Sports Day was held on the School Oval on Friday, October 8. The day was sunny and warm and despite a rather strong breeze, performances were outstandingly good and several new records were created.

Every event of the long programme was keenly contested and the large crowd which gathered was kept in a continual state of excitement by the tense struggle for supremacy between evenly matched factions. Not until very late in the day did the winning team establish itself, and the final position was undecided until the very last event.

It was a memorable Sports Day, and great praise is due to the Sports-master for the smooth running of the programme, and also the ground staff for the excellent condition of the lawns and gardens which had never shown to better advantage.

The title of champion athlete was won, for the third successive year by Don Mair, who scored 17 points, five points ahead of the runner-up, D. Beeck (12 points).

The open champion girl was J. Dufall who scored 12 points two points ahead of the runner-up M. Blair (10 points).

Under age champions were as follows:

Under 16 boys: 1st. N. Green 17 points, 2nd W. Pryor, G. Warnesford 11 points each.

Under 16 girls: 1st. J. Dufall, M. Joyce each 8 points, 2nd D. Sibley, H. Hadlow, 3 points each.

Under 14 boys: K. Gulvin 21 points, 2nd. R. Crosby 7 points.

Under 14 girls: 1st. L. Harding 9 points, 2nd. J. Bettridge 5 points.

Champion faction on the day was Boronia which scored 117 points, followed by Green 110 points, Gold 108 points and Brown 104 points.

The following new records were set (the old figures in parenthesis).

Boys' events—Open championship: 120 yards hurdles, D. Mair 17.9 secs.

(19 secs.); 220 yards, D. Mair 24.6 secs. (24.8 secs.); 440 yards, D. Mair 54.1 secs. (55 secs.).

Under 16 championships: 100 yards hurdles, W. Pryor 16.5 secs (17.5 secs.); 100 yards, N. Green 11.2 secs. (11.3 secs.); 220 yards, N. Green 25.6 secs. (25.8 secs.); High Jump, R. Parsons, 5ft. 2½ inches. (5 ft. 1 each.).

Under 14 championship: 80 yards hurdles, K. Gulvin 13.0 secs. (13.8 secs.); 4 X 110 relay, open, Gold faction 49.5 secs. (51.5 secs); 4 X 110 relay, junior, Gold faction, 55 0 secs. (55.2 secs.).

Girls events — Basketball relay, Brown faction 32.7 secs. (34 secs.). Tunnel Ball, Green faction, 1 min. 14.5 secs. (1.17.8 secs.).

Football Critique

DON MAIR. An outstanding captain and brilliant centreman; he continually inspired the team and drove them into attack with well directed stab passes from either foot. Don never gives up and uses pace and weight to good advantage.

C. JOHNSTONE. A good vice captain, who never gave up. Used height and pace well in the ruck, and played the game vigorously. Good mark and long kick.

P. O'CONNELL. Half back flanker, with plenty of speed and courage. Came through hard but kicking sometimes went astray.

B. WALSH. Good solid ruck and backman, safe mark and beautiful drop kick. Has speed and weight and used both to advantage.

B. ASHWORTH. Although hampered by injury earlier in the season, developed into an intelligent ruckman. Has plenty of natural ability and should develop into a good footballer.

T. TAYLOR. Fast leading goal-sneak. Good high mark and very accurate long kick. Unselfish player and kicks either foot.

D. BEECK. Plenty of courage, good kick but needs more speed and concentration. Has the ability to be a first class footballer.

C. PEARSON. Heady rover with good goal snese. A sure mark but passing sometimes went astray.

D. NOCKOLDS. Centre half back. Good high mark, and long clearing kick. Plays close to opponent and can take a run as ruckman when needed.

I. McNAUGHTON. A speedy half back flanker who improved immensely this season. Sure marking, excellent ground play, and the determination to finish off the job, mark him as a potential star for next year.

B. GRANGER. Has everything a footballer needs to be a champion. Marks, leads and kicks well, but lacks confidence in his own ability.

T. STAYT. Back man with a good high mark and reliable kick. would do better with a little more speed.

N. GREEN. Left foot half forward flanker. A natural half forward with a ton of pace, good ground play and accurate stab pass. Played exceptionally well in Perth.

B. COLQUHOUN. Determined utility player. Good high mark and safe kick, who twists and weaves out of trouble well.

M. CLARKE. Tall ruckman who palmed the ball intelligently to rovers. Injury during the season upset his training. Good mark and kick.

G. WARNEFORD. Half back with plenty of pace and good pair of hands. Played the game vigorously and should do well next season.

G. CAMPBELL. Determined wing man and clever exponent of follow in. Safe kick and never gives up.

R. PARSONS. Vigorous centre half forward who played the position brilliantly. An accurate kick with either foot, he repeatedly found the goal sneak with well directed passes. Handballs to advantage and shepherds well.

D. GRANGER. Won the admiration of his team mates and opponents for his courageous displays. Played his wing position excellently. Good kick either foot and safe mark. He combined well with his centreman and his unselfish, clever football was a treat to watch.

P. SHAIN. Greatly improved ruckman. Peter is a good mark and sure kick. Needs a little more pace to be top class.

T. ARMSTRONG. Played full back or in ruck. A very good high mark and long kick. He has plenty of pace, courage and turns and twists cleverly out of trouble. Gave outstanding service in Perth Carnival.

W. PRYOR. Exceptionally fast and busy rover, always doing something useful. Accurate pass and good safe kick for goal.

N. MCGOUGH. Left footer. Good kick and mark; handy in forward pocket or roving.

Boys' Hockey—Perth Trip

The first week of the August holidays saw a team go to Perth as usual, although before hand it was doubtful whether we would get eleven players to go. This was due to the Cadet camps being in progress at the same time. However, by including some 1st. form boys we were able to field a team.

The team booked in at the Y.M. C.A. and by the time Monday came we had well and truly settled in.

Our first match was against New Norcia (S.I.C.). This team proved superior and we were defeated 2-1. This defeat placed us in "B" grade. That afternoon we played Geraldton. We were more successful, the whole team combining better and we won 3-1. This revived our spirits but only until next day when we were very unfortunate to lose to the Eastern Goldfields 2-1. This defeat put us out but we were not totally disgraced and had been very unlucky in all games. We often had the most of the play but could not convert.

Although we were not victorious it was not wholly our fault for the standard of play of all teams was on a higher level than last year. Albany was represented in the Country team to play the State team, by Rex Dale and Roy Morgan.

We congratulate Bunbury High School on being the victorious team and Eastern Goldfields on being the runners-up. We hope that Albany will be able to send a team up next year capable of emulating the performance of the girls whom we congratulate.

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FOY'S

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Critique of Hockey XI, Girls

P. Ryan (Capt.), Right Inner: Plays a consistent game and can usually be relied upon to be in position when needed. With the wing has formed a very good combination but relies too much upon others in the circle.

E. Justins (V. Capt.), Centre Half: A very capable player with sound "hockey sense." Is very tenacious and has excellent control over her stick. Must remember to keep in position and avoid crowding other half backs.

J. Ward, Left Wing: An outstanding wing with excellent control over the ball. Speed combined with this made Jenny top goal scorer for the season. Can be relied upon to be in her correct position, but could help to improve the game with more open passing.

Y. Cake, Centre: A newcomer to the team who, in spite of inexperience, justified her place in the team. Showed a decided improvement once she overcame her fear of the ball and would tackle. Bullies well but could help to improve her game by passing a little more to the left wing.

A. Bengier, Left Inner: Another newcomer to the team. Knows how to use her stick and can produce some clever strokes. Has a tendency to drag behind the forward line and must overcome her disinclination to tackle.

L. Merrifield, Left Wing: Has shown improvement and has developed into a capable left wing. Is speedy and has coped well with handling the left side. Must watch her stickwork which is inclined to bring her into obstruction. Has overcome her hesitancy in tackling.

R. Pryor, Right Half: Overcame an earlier hesitancy in tackling and played a consistent game. Could clear the ball a little more strongly.

G. South, Left Half: Was disappointing towards the end of the season when her play seemed to lack the steadiness exhibited earlier. Has a strong hit and retains her correct position. Her "rolling in" has shown much improvement.

J. Brown, Right Full Back: Plays a very reliable and sound game. Can always be depended upon to be in the circle and shows improvement in overcoming her earlier hesitancy in coming forward. Needs to watch the players more carefully in the circle.

E. Brown, Left Full Back: Has shown improvement during the season always tackles well. Has a very good clearing hit but needs to take a little more time in making these hits in order to avoid raising the ball. Elizabeth!

J. Pond, Forward: Plays fast game and uses her stick well, but has a tendency to fall back behind the forward line and is hesitant about tackling.

V. Booth, Goalie: A newcomer to goal keeping, who justified her position in the team. With a true eye for the ball, should develop into an excellent keeper if a little more attention is paid to practice in stickwork.

A. Clarke, Half Back: Plays an aggressive game and has a very strong hit. Is inclined to be a little careless with her stick near other players and must watch this.

E. Morris, Half or Full Back: Has a very strong clearing hit and tackles well. Must watch the lifting of the ball and tackle a little less aggressively.

Boys' Hockey Critique

R. MORGAN. Captain, centre-forward. A clever attacking forward with good stick work. Combines well with his forward line. Played with the country boys' team against the Metropolitan team.

R. DALE. Right-inner. Has shown great improvement in his play and has been a very successful forward. Could learn to pass more speedily when attacked. Played for the country team against the city boys.

M. ADAMS. Left-inner. A beginner who has made excellent progress in his first season. Works hard, is speedy in attack and gets into good positions to receive passes in the circle.

J. PARRY. Right wing. Plays this position well. Consistently takes the ball downfield and passes it effectively. Could well receive more leads from the back line.

T. O'CONNELL. Left wing. Has developed steadily during the season and should become a valuable player with more experience.

B. ASHWORTH. Centre half back. A steady reliable player in this position. Unfortunately was not available for the Perth trip.

O. DARE. Left half back. Is developing quite well. Still tends to wander from position and neglects his opposing wing. A team cannot succeed unless every opponent is marked and persistently attacked.

I. WITHAM. Full back. A tower of strength in the back line. Has a god clearing hit and remains calm and cool. Might angle his shots somewhat wider.

J. BRADSHAW. Full back. Another tower of strength. Never lets up and moves to meet every attack. Combines well with the team.

T. WAYCOTT. Goal-keeper. A very valuable find part way through the season. Has a keen eye, anticipates cleverly and kicks prodigiously. Is strengthening his stickwork.

R. SMITH. Right half back. A steady reliable player in this position. Unfortunately was not available for the Perth trip.

Basketball Critique

J. BLYTHE (Defence): A competent captain. Plays a cool, heady game. Intercepts with great determination.

D. SIBLEY (Assistant Defence): Much improved during season. Very strong in defence, jumping well to intercept.

G. ACKLEY (Defence Wing): Keen, consistent player. Defends most reliably.

M. SCHULZE (Centre): Improved during season. Leads and intercepts very well.

R. MENEGOLA (Attack Wing): Combines well with goalies, using speed in movement and in passing to the goal circle.

M. KERR (Assistant Goalie): Leads out quickly and combines well with goalie.

J. CREIGHTON (Goalie): Fast and accurate in goals. Catches firmly, using her height.

K. FOSBERY (Assistant Goalie): Accurate in goals.

L. HILL (Defence Wing): Reliable player. Always where she is needed.

Heard Around the School

"And we have done things which we ought not to have done"—Applied Maths V.

"Teacher: Are there any queries this morning? Ashie (bright pupil): Yes sir—Squarey.!

"Its got nothing whatsoever to do with the ionzation of gases"

—Physics V.

"See yuh love" —Recess

"Sir—I don't agree with you —English V.

"I can hear too much work and not enough talk"—1st. Form teacher

It was indeed a day to be remembered. —"Onlooker"

Time must not merely be killed but savagely murdered in public.

—"P.S."

Do You Know?

That the white line in the middle of the road is a traffic lane for cyclists.

That Bruce has a peculiarly loud voice.

That Bert has a mighty chest. That a kiss is a pleasant reminder that two heads are better than one.

That one teacher was so tired of school that he tried to get shot at the range.

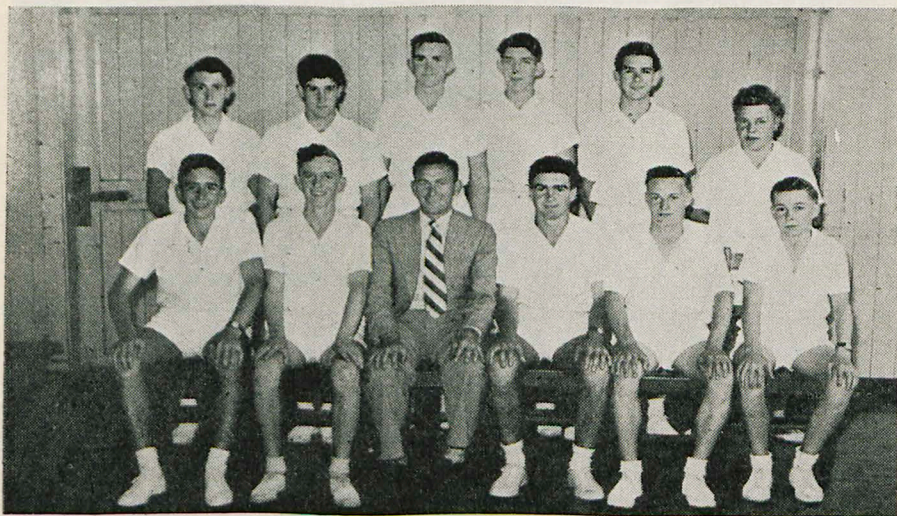
That Libby has a floating brain.



BASKETBALL

BACK ROW: M. Schulze, G. Ackley, Miss Wale (Coach), M. Kerr, K. Fosbery.

FRONT ROW: L. Hill, D. Sibley, J. Blythe (Capt.), J. Creighton (Vice-Capt.), R. Menegola.



CRICKET

BACK ROW: Roy Morgan, C. Pearson, B. Granger, J. Witham, G. Warneford, T. Waycott.

FRONT ROW: T. Taylor, P. O'Connell (Vice-Capt.), Mr. Symons (Coach), R. Parsons, N. Green, R. Kerruish.



HOCKEY

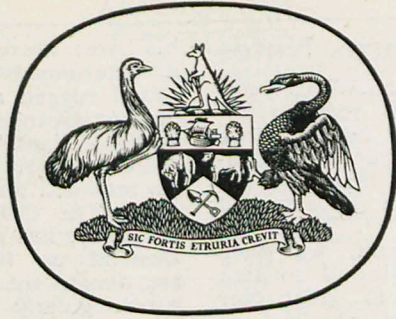
BACK ROW: V. Booth, A. Benger, L. Merrifield, Miss Brown (Coach), E. Brown, J. Ward, E. Morris.

FRONT ROW: J. Pond, Y. Cake, E. Justins (Vice-Capt.), P. Ryan (Capt.), Jill Brown, G. South, A. Clarke.



HOCKEY (BOYS)

BACK ROW: T. Waycott, A. O'Connell, M. Adams, I. Witham, J. Bradshaw, B. Pinchback, T. Bradshaw, J. Ashworth, J. Parry, R. Morgan (Capt.), Mr. Taylor (Coach), R. Dale (Vice-Capt.), B. Ashworth, L. Dowdell.



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For further particulars, consult the Manager of your local Branch of the Bank, or write direct to the Staff Inspector, Bank of New South Wales, Box 2722, G.P.O., Sydney. There is no entrance examination.

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Air Training Corps Notes

The numbers in the A.T.C. have diminished slightly this year to approximately 70 cadets. However, we feel that a small number of personnel is easier to train than a large number. An increase is expected next year.

During the first term, we were honoured by being allowed to line the streets in order to greet Her Majesty. Every cadet obtained at least two views of her and considered this to be a handsome enough reward for standing in the rain. Unfortunately the May camp was cancelled owing to the polio epidemic, but to make up for this, a general camp was held in August.

The main point of interest in the second term was a visit by F/Lt. Mawby, who was conducting a re-cruiting drive for the R.A.A.F., amongst the High School boys and girls. Films were shown to help bring home the fact that an airman's life is the only life. (Thank heavens we've got a navy! a cadet remarked).

To wind up the second term, three camps were held simultaneously at Pearce. They were a general, NCO and CPO camp. Quite a few first and second years attended the general camp, and enjoyed themselves immensely. Due to CPO Walsh's thoroughness the Albany flight won the cleanest hut competition and a good reputation.

Every cadet who attended the CPO and NCO schools passed successfully with exceedingly good results. The promotions which came in the DROs stated, amongst considerable red tape, that Cpls. McNaughton, D. Nockolds and B. Granger passed the CPO course with distinction and are now to be regarded, respected and referred to as Pilot Officers. Those who passed the NCO course were LACs R. Quicke and W. Graham, and Cadets P. Monaghan, C. Nockolds, Piesse and Langdon. Bas Granger is forever complaining about the 60 hours drill he footslogged through on the drill square. Observe the hard glint in

his eyes; the chin thrust forward in a determined manner and an all round rugged appearance—more like Stewart Granger in "All the Brothers Were Valiant."

In the third term, the A.T.C. cadets attended an Air Force Week parade. The CO of the Flight, F/Lt. Barnesby, has many times been commended on the turn-out. Thanks are due to the Salvation Army band which greatly assisted the whole show.

The A.T.C. socials have been a great success throughout the year and were always attended by a large crowd of cadets, not to mention girls, who I feel form an essential part of any social. Their success (the girls?—Ed.) is due entirely to the work of the social committee.

Cpls. Beeck and Sharp and Cadets Herbert (left School) and Green were successful in many events of the inter-flight athletic meeting held at the same time as the inter-school championships—congratulations.

—Per Ardua Ad Astra.

Driving Lessons

They want us to drive. Well, we are ready, sixteen of us, two instructors and of course the cars. Getting the feel of the brake, clutch and accelerator was lesson number one.

Accelerator—brake—clutch—brake—clutch—accelerator with regular monotony. Now to get the feel of the car using the clutch to propel us. Key on! Starter! Clutch in! Into first gear—hand under gear lever, lift up! Are we ready to go? You 'clot!' What about the hand brake! Well, now are we ready? Let the clutch out slowly—slowly. You sit in the back of the car (which is the done thing) for five minutes until Wal can summon up enough energy to lift his A.T.C. boots off the clutch. At last we are off. I beg your pardon we were off but somehow the car took two or three hops (apparently saw some of the kangaroos while doing the Redex route) and—yet—it stalled. Never mind, try again. Hooray! it worked. After nearly running the battery flat through starting ev-

everyone had a turn at using the clutch. In both cars, too.

Question time from Bit, (who thought he could drive until Mr. Mayberry defeated his ego a trifle). (Still thinks he can.—Ed.) When can we go around the Oval? That time soon came. We were allowed to go around the Oval (not by ourselves yet). Procedure: Start engine! Into gear! Hand brake! Off. (Some actually succeeded in going without letting the hand brake off. There was many a hair raising event on the way around. (Wal was driving and he was told to stop. Wall stepped on the accelerator and went for a ride over the oval. The cheek of him ignoring a "Keep Off the Grass" notice.) Stopping procedure: Into neutral! Handbrake on! Foot off the clutch! Out! (How many times did Jill and Co. get out of the car without putting the handbrake on?)

I won't bore the readers with more details but we duly learned to use second, top and reverse gears and to reverse into a garage, through gates, etc.

Some points of the lessons worth mentioning:—

1. Did you know you could change from top to first without double de-clutching? For further particulars see Es, as she proved to be the only one to master this feat. At least that's what we heard the gear box say from the other side of the Oval.

2. Bit was chatted for speeding.

3. We thank Paddy from the soles of our feet for his back seat driving.

4. Berna was nicknamed "Speeding Susie." Nothing under 30 for her. I am told she has since acquired her licence (Traffic Branch must be short of funds).

5. We had an expert in our midst who didn't need to go on Friday afternoon. (Beware when she gets into traffic).

6. Lib must think that tail lights are cheap because she nearly knocked one out while reversing using the clutch.

7. Mr. W. very sarcastically asked Jill why she didn't put the accelerator "flat on the floor." Jill obeyed

but no disaster resulted. Chas. suffered the same fate.

8. Julie didn't hurry herself during the lessons because she took at least five minutes to get the "ute" into gear at one stage.

9. Jill, about to stop, stepped hard on the brake causing the car to stop suddenly (which usually happens in such a case) and Mr. W. said, "Would you do that if you were rushing a maternity case to hospital?" (If looks could kill we would have had one less instructor.)

10. Lesley succeeded in bogging the car.

The lessons finished on Friday afternoon and I think they were enjoyed by all. The pupils finished whole but I doubt whether the same can be said of the instructors.

In conclusion our thanks are due to the National Safety Council for enabling us to have these profitable lessons.

—"Leadfoot Lulu."

Dissections

By "Seymour"

In biology we have some fun
As well as work you know
Cutting up poor, little frogs
And putting them on show.
One day a rabbit we did bring.
The teacher was so thrilled
And didn't even ask the child
How it had been killed.
She took her cutting instrument
And slit right down its middle,
And let the biol students come
And have a little fiddle.
We poked it here with long sharp
things
I saw one girl hold her nose,
And then she stood in the open door
way
To get some air I suppose.
Then we drew these ghastly sights
Which were set before us
I presume the teacher only does that
So as not to bore us.

"It thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at
Thee"

—IV and V Year Boys at Biol.

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PERTH

GERALDTON

Albany Sees the Queen and the Duke

Monday dawned bright and clear. "Ah-h", said everyone, "it is going to be fine tomorrow." Tuesday dawned cold, grey and misty, "Oh-n", moaned everyone, "it is going to be wet today." How right they were. Albany gave the Royal Couple a typical welcome to "the sunny south".

By eleven o'clock we had all eaten our cheese sandwiches in spite of the fact that we had vowed not even to look at them until after twelve. At the school we were handed flags (a rather doubtful sobriquet for such infinitesimal squares of red, white and blue.)

To enliven the long, wearying wait on the centre oval, the school children warmed the loyal hearts of the soaked crowds with songs, accompanied here and there by the combined bands of Albany. At 2.30 several shining black objects appeared above the grandstands on the Perth Road.

The Queen was coming!

Shrill screams and cheers rent the air then gradually lingered and died away like the last flickering flames of a dying fire. The dais before us was rather imposing, or anyway from what we could see of it. Every time we attempted to photograph it, four umbrellas twirling quite unconcernedly, kindled our anger against certain unsuspecting individuals. Dreading the moment when the Queen came and all we would be able to see would be those infuriating, sombre brollies our tempers were suddenly quenched when the offending persons sat down.

And still it drizzled.

It was the roaring of the advance guard of motor bikes which broke through the tense reserve of the crowd. With wild abandon they cheered, screamed and yelled, their blood coursing with renewed vigour and warmth through their chilled bodies. My first thought on seeing the Queen was "Isn't she beautiful".

The Mayor and Mayoress greeted her sincerely and after all the preliminaries the presentations commenced. Watching from the front of the dais it was interesting to note how

the presentees of Albany curtsied. Many and varied were the reproductions of this supposedly graceful action.

All the A.H.S. students experienced a special thrill when a member of our own class was presented to Her Majesty; she did the High School credit with the composure and grace with which she faced this chance of a life time.

Following that was the inspection of the school children in the open Land Rover. Their reaction was instantaneous. Cheering filled the air and apparently pleased the Royal couple, especially the Duke, who smiled engagingly at the disordered rows of ecstatic children.

Finally with a wave of an elegantly glowed hand, they left. It all seemed so unreal and brief that I just stood there dazed. Jumbled thoughts scurried through my mind—a bunch of grapes on a dark green hat seemed to be the clearest; the balding patch on the Duke's head; the manner in which he ran his finger along his nose; the rather set smile on the Queen's face; the flawless complexion of Her Majesty.

Ask Penelope Prue

Dear Miss Prue: I have allowed myself to become hopelessly enamoured of a lady teacher of the school. Although I ask the most questions in class she does not seem to realise my feelings: Do you think I should let her know of my love by adding a P.S. to my next homework or should I wait till I am in fifth form?.

—"Worried"

Dear "Worried": your position and outlook illustrate real strength of character. For a student to wish to tolerate a teacher is a tribute to your class consciousness. I should declare my love now because when you are a fifth former she may feel your love is but pity.—Penelope Prue.

Dear Penelope Prue: Please advise me what to do as I have a rather desperate problem. I am very doubtful whether this will reach you as I am on a desert island and am reading

this message in a bottle. There is a certain young man who is being very persistent. What shall I do?

—Myrtle

P.S. We are the only two on this island.

Dear Myrtle: Do not encourage this admirer but do not let him give up. You must make him realise that you are the only one for him—Penelope Prue.

Dear Penelope: Ever since I have been in the fourth year chem. class I have tried to attract the attention of our teacher. I answer all the questions wrongly so that I may listen to his voice talking to me. I hold my hand up 90 per cent of the time and ask many questions. My arm always aches terribly at the end of each lesson. Please help me —“Artake”

Dear “Artake”: Use Malgic Adrenalin cream to relieve your pain. If it does not work externally try two-teaspoons with sulphuric acid after every meal. That will certainly improve the situation.—Penelope Prue.

Dear Miss Prue: Although I am thirteen my mother thinks I am too young to be kissed. However I have been going out with a boy for some time now and he often kisses me. Do you think Mother is right? —“Querie”

Dear “Querie”: The question hinges on your own beauty. If you are of acknowledged beauty then your mother is right—there is plenty of time when you are older. But if you are likely to grow into a shapeless mass my advice is to be kissed until the boys are old enough to open their eyes. —Penelope Prue

Dear Miss Prue: I am a young and attractive first year girl and have been going to the pictures regularly with my boyfriend for quite awhile. However he is very shy and during winter I get very cold in the pictures. Can you advise me as to what I should do or say? —“Frozen Floss”

Dear “Frozen Floss”: I have written to your local theatre manager and have suggested the installation of a central heating system. I hope this will solve your problem.—Penelope Prue.

“Science”

Ever since a tiny, atomic, protoplasmic globule back in the primeval ages became ambitious, civilization has developed. The ultimate perfection has been achieved in that group of vertebrates of the genus, form V. A lower form of the species is seen in form IV.

These Vth year mammals excel in all manner of things but the very essence of them has precipitated into a supersaturated science class.

Science has been studied ever since Archimedes let his bath water run too long. But never before has so little been known about so much by so few. This group prefer their own theories to those of Einstein and Co. They are much more interested in the commercial applications of science—How can we make money? For instance a spy tells me they are at work on the manufacture of tiny attache cases for molecules to carry Kinetic Energy about in.

Before dealing with further ventures just consider for a moment what sort of a world it would be if Chemistry had never been thought of. No one would know what to do with all those bottles in the Chem. Lab. Mr. Vickery and Mr. Doyle would be lying about idle all day.

Synthetic fibres like zealons wouldn't have been invented and we would need to buy three times as many pairs of socks. The atomic bomb wouldn't have been concocted and all those preparations at Woomera would have been in vain.

Yes, science is essential and our fifth year group is even now thinking about little knick knacks to make your life easier. For instance mid-gut hydrogen bombs for exterminating ants and fleas. After this treatment approach every ant or flea cautiously with a geiger counter. Another thing is a hot water bottle as a labour saving device for sitting hens. Then there is the pocket X-ray camera to find out exactly where the bones are in a piece of fish and chips.

A chemical to precipitate answers from a maths problem is also being sought. A class member has suggested spraying formulin on the oval to preserve it for Sports Day.

All these and other projects are being carried out with visions of a better life for all but fleas and ants.

The greatest ambition I am told is an electronic brain, student size. As a matter of fact a prototype is now in operation. Its name is Wal.

My First Country Dance

A night I should never forget—that of my first grown up dance. Looking back I have compassion on the sweet, unspoiled child of that time. I was sixteen. Strangely I had never before that day, wished to join the ranks of those simpletons who weekly display their graceful forms on the local dance floor.

Though a perfect dancer, thanks to dear mama's excellent foresight, I felt a sudden urge to view the "hop" as a detached spectator.

We arrived at nine-thirty. The hall was a darker blotch in the darkness, sending forth light and noise in all directions.

Selecting a suitable time for their entrance Mama and Papa entered regally. I shyly and unobtrusively slipped in the doorway but quickly straightened myself—all were immediately struck by my handsome mien, my athletic build, my laughing eyes and the distinguished style of my hair. "What a fine upstanding young man," I almost heard one woman whisper.

Swiftly taking in the contents of the dimly lit hall I saw several large splotches of colour surmounted by pasty faces, a large group of men yarning and smoking around the door while the band played a dreamy waltz. Instinctively I began to count 1, 2, 3 but hastily checked myself. I strolled nonchalantly over to a friend, greeted him and passed a witty remark. He smiled politely. Together we surveyed the long rows of gossiping, nodding old women, complacent matrons and giggling young girls. Noticing a rather attractive little thing in a cloud of pink something or other, I fixed my detached gaze on her. She immediately brushed it off and returned it with interest. I modestly retired behind a pillar.

"Collect y're partners"—I didn't hear the rest for the noise of the concerted rush—soon there were only gentlemen left in the room. I nervously fingered my collar, thankfully noted Mama doing a stately Gay Gordons with Papa, and dived for the pink girl.

Coming to an abrupt halt before her seat, with a pretty speech ready on my tongue, I found to my consternation that she'd disappeared. A grasshoppery creature in a violent mauve arrangement shyly averted her face, blushed and watched me carefully out of the corner of her eye. Veering swiftly to port I made a fast get-away.

I had my dance with the fairy who trod on my feet and lisped comments on the weather between my fifth and seventh rib.

My idol and my reserve shattered, I retired to the realms of masculinity, to nurse my disillusionment and discuss possibilities for the Cranbrook Cup.

Ah, supper time! Several gruesome duty dances had elapsed before the welcome respite—but it was not for me. My debonair bearing disguising the fact that my feet were crushed beyond repair, my spirits torn to shreds I gallantly plied to and from the table providing large sponge cakes to ravenous girls with limitless appetites—further disillusioned for the innocent who imagined dainty females with delicate appetites.

Re-stoked I faced the remainder of the evening with renowned vigour and anticipation. By 11.30 every girl in the room glanced appealingly my way at each "Grab"—or perhaps it was "Gentlemen select—" time has dimmed my memory.

By 12.30 a sea of green faces swam round me as I matched my graceful steps with those of each lucky lass who was basking in the radiance of my charms.

The medley announced, I strode resolutely across the floor into the cool darkness of the summer's night. A few stalwart comrades joined me for refreshments and we lifted our voices melodiously to that old ditty "Irene Goodnight".

Subsequent events are somewhat hazy, owing no doubt to the lapse of time, but that night I slept on the floor, my dreams untroubled by any remembrance of my first dance.

Balcony Babble

The prefects standing inconspicuously on duty around the School hear a lot more than many people imagine (especially about themselves). But anyway we'll take the opportunity of passing on our information:—

That the sub-editor's motto is „Snub-Editors”

That Chas thinks he can Ward off all exams by doing no work.

That Vth form has an educated parrot whose latest expression is “See you Love!”

That Squarey's not the Mar(r)ing kind.

That Barry has asked “What kin you do without a girl?”

That first aidists expect to have practice treatment when Mrs. H. sees their exam results.

That our Head Girl excelled at

driving lessons. She was best at Park-in the car.

That 3G's girl prefect has been Gavin the class lectures about working for the Junior.

That the price of petrol worries Rex

That Paddy was Justin love at the beginning of the year but got Brown-ed off.

That Reggie went “Dizzy” in the head when she saw the finish of the mile.

That Braddy didn't know the “Blue” could go so fast.

That Dave has found the bell has got Moretone this year.

That although a physics expert Bruce can't understand why sound carries so far.

That Essie couldn't “Wa(1)sh” at at the Re-union ball because of her sore feet, and since then has given up “Wa(1)shing” altogether.

That Vth girls think their novel's a hardy.

That Bert expects to holiday at Lake King.

That IVth formers were very considerate to the teachers during the election.

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How I Beat Gonzales

by "Seixas" Pinchback

As I stand on the centre court amid roaring crowds with my opponent Gonzales, I feel a surge of pride flow through my splendid physique. The sun shines upon my rugged features. There is a glint in my eye—hard yet sympathetic. But enough.

A racquet is spun—Gonzales wins. This, I think is a bad omen.

The first service lands on the backhand service line. With a brilliant lob I soon have him on the offensive. I come to the net—he passes me. A lucky one. His next service comes like a bullet. I call "out." The umpire replies "in." Down 30 love. I am still waiting for the next service when I hear the umpire cry "40 love." Ah! a conspiracy. One more breathtaking mis-return of service and Gonzales takes the first game. Anyway I made it close for him.

My first service is fast and kicking. Unfortunately it is in the wrong tennis court. Again I try. Into the net. Atmospheric conditions have changed since Gonzales' service. Consequently the net has tightened. I must make allowances. My next service is in, and I can see it has him tricked. He chops it short over the net. I cannot reach the ball but it proves I have him on the offensive. He finishes off by winning the games with two drives out of my reach. How despicably cowardly.

Gonzales' luck remains in for the next three games and three strokes of the fourth. This is set point. Gonzales serves I lob. He rushes the net. But no—his courage fails him—and he runs back too late. Ah—the faint of heart!

Suddenly I find form. I am unbeatable. The crowd is carrying me, for I hear them cheering and shouting my name. They even call me names I do not understand. I hear "Jagger" and "Flukey". Probably aristocratic names exalting me to a high degree.

I am filled with emotion. From then onwards I begin to outplay Gonzales with brilliance which is most dazzling.

Set point in my favour. Gonzales serves. A beautiful backhand return by me. A volley—a forehand drive—

a backhand crosscourt—a lob—a smash and the game is mine. This confident Gonzales has been beaten at his own game. We shake hands as we leave that dramatic centre court and I feel a blush of modesty as I pose for my photograph. I must make a point not to sign too many autograph books.

To the Editor

Sir: Its sickening, absolutely sickening sir. Do you know, sir, there are subversive forces at work in this school. Forces working to wilfully destroy our incentive to work and our own personal happiness. For instance, sir, can you explain why a Popular Mechanics or a Saturday Evening Post is always just where you propose to sit and do some work in the library. Why, whenever your pen runs out in school is it never your own desk, or the one next to it, or the one next to that, which has the full inkwell, but always the fourth desk away?

Socials sir! Its frustrating—it's disgusting. For instance can you explain this to me? Why is it that no matter which good looking girl you choose for the next dance, a faster runner always has the same idea.

Why is it sir that no matter what time of the day you wish to go through those narrow doors in the school there is always a girl coming the other way and you have to stop smile and let her go through first. Sir, it's maddening. Can't something be done to stop this wanton sabotage in our daily affairs.

Yours etc.

DISGUSTED

Applied Quotations

"And one name shall be dearer than all names" —Leaving Results

"I've got fairies at the bottom of my garden". —Mr. D.

"A cricket cap was on his head and his step seemed light and gay".

Mr. Stanbury.

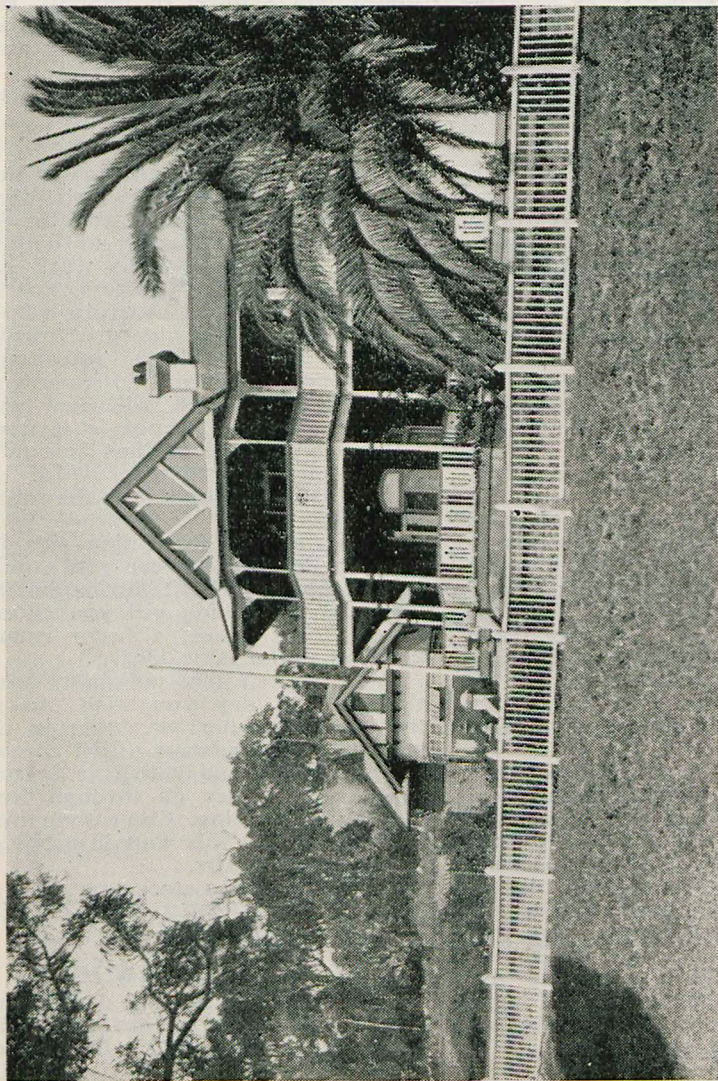
"But I must confess I liked him"

—Jilted.

In one mile he would lie at rest"

—Des.

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