

# The Boronia

The Albany  
High School  
Magazine



December, 1943





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## SCHOOL OFFICIALS---1943

### SENIOR SCHOOL PREFECTS:

#### Boys:

R. Kernutt (School Captain).  
M. Stephens (Vice Captain).  
E. Manea.  
A. Bolt.  
P. Surridge.  
L. Barker.

#### Girls:

Miss R. Hobley (Senior Girl).  
Miss J. Duncan (Second Girl).  
Miss E. Hansen.  
Miss O. Moyle.  
Miss J. Jenkyn.  
Miss B. Wiseman.

### SPORTS PREFECTS:

C. Trappitt, L. Norman, E. Deane, and  
D. Portner.

### LIBRARY PREFECTS:

Boys: D. Hendry, L. Bavin and B. Glenister.  
Girls: P. Smith, C. Parker, N. Schleuter and  
I. Farmer.

### SOCIAL PREFECTS:

F. Osborne, E. Jenkyn, A. Sloman and B.  
Farrow.

### BELL PREFECTS:

A. Fitzpatrick and D. McCreath.

### LOCKER PREFECTS:

C. Trappitt and M. Gray.

### SCIENCE CADET:

D. Wilson.

### MANUAL TRAINING PREFECT:

A. Sloman.

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE PREFECTS:

W. Bird and J. Henzell.

### MAGAZINE OFFICIALS:

Editors: E. Hansen and A. Bolt.

Manager: M. Stephens.

### POUND PREFECTS:

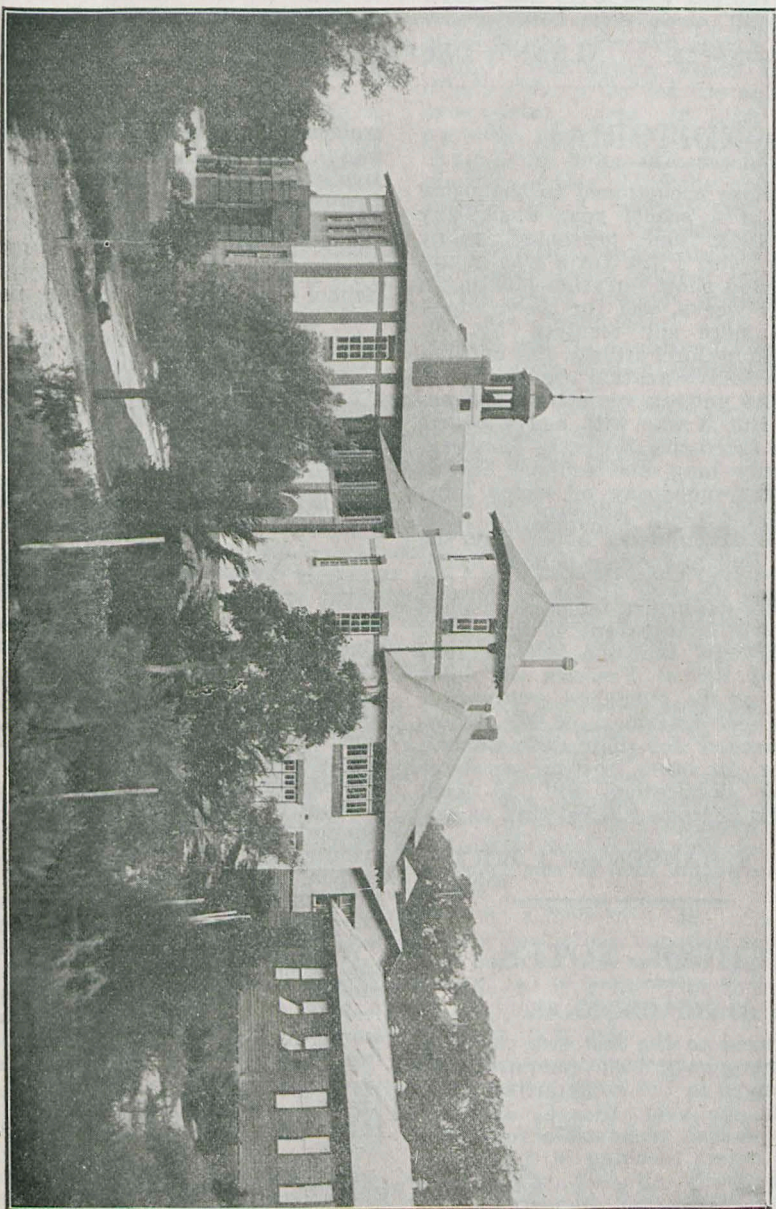
J. McBride, G. Taylor and J. Warburton.

### CLASS PREFECTS:

I. Boys: C. Horton and K. Davies.  
I. Girls: L. Hart and J. Sharp.  
I Combined: Y. Wiseman and G. Saw.  
II. Boys: W. Day and J. Kavanagh.  
II. Girls: P. Cartwright and N. Ferry.  
III. Boys: C. Smith and M. Walsh.  
III. Girls: M. Kernutt and L. Burvill.  
IV.: J. Henzell and R. Piesse.  
V.: L. Barker and E. Jenkin.



ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL.





# " THE BORONIA "

VOL. 1.—No. 20.

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## EDITORIAL.

For those accustomed to the usual routine of a school year at Albany High, 1943 has presented many changes. Our First Term was of unprecedented short duration—lasting a mere six weeks, and for those whose services were not required by Mt. Barker apple orchardists, the ensuing seven weeks' vacation seemed very much like getting something for nothing. But it was with heavy hearts that we faced the prospects of an exceptionally long and tedious Second Term, the monotony of which however was happily relieved by such lighter distractions as Arbor Day, the Annual Ball and other School activities.

Another departure from established custom will be apparent in this year's "Boronia" in that no photographs either of School Prefects or Sport Groups can be published owing to a greater need elsewhere of the materials necessary for their development. However, in other respects we hope that this publication will at least equal and at its best excel that of any other.

E. HANSEN and A. BOLT,  
Editors.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

### STAFF CHANGES.

Compared to the last two or three years there have been comparatively few changes in the staff during 1943. Early in the year Miss C. Jackson, M.A., who was responsible for much of the English teaching in the School and practically all the art resigned from the Education Department to accept a position in the Navy Office in Melbourne, where she is still employed. It is needless to say that Miss Jackson is very much missed. In her place we had much pleasure in

welcoming to the Staff Miss J. Wroth, B.A., Dip. Ed., who has taken practically all Miss Jackson's classes and is at home here now. Mr. J. Archibald, B.A., a former student and Senior Prefect of the School was transferred during Term I. from Albany Senior School to A.H.S. He is thus the second ex-student of the School to return as a member of the Staff, the other being Mr. J. Haire, B.A., now an officer in the A.I.F. Mr. Archibald's programme consists mainly of Art, Singing and History. Mr. A. Moore, Mr. R. Kagi, and Mr. R. Storer are still on active service with the R.A.A.F., the last named having now recovered from his wounds.

### PATRIOTIC EFFORTS.

Up to date total subscriptions to the State Schools' Patriotic Fund for this year amounts to nearly £60, the approximate contributions of the various factions being as follows:—Boronia, £14; Green, £17; Gold, £16; and Brown, £13. Although the weekly totals have fallen off somewhat since the earlier part of the year, it is hoped that the total by December 16 will amount to £75. Further we have contributed £10 to the "Adopt a Digger" Appeal which makes it possible for the Citizens' Reception Council to adopt 20 more diggers. We should have liked to nominate ex-students of the School for adoption, but as ex-students with the forces number at least 200, the difficulties of selection would be too great. For the time being, therefore, the selection is left to the Citizen's Reception Council, who know the needs of individual diggers better than we do. The School Junior Red Cross (of which more elsewhere) raised £12/2/9 from various sources. Thus total School contributions to patriotic funds of all kinds will by the end of the year amount to close on £100.

### SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Books to the value of £100, most



of which are recent novels, have been on order for some time and when they arrive there should be no lack of reading matter. Only twenty of the books ordered have been delivered so far. Meanwhile we are still waiting for a library. As things are at present, when the new books do arrive, it will be no easy matter to find a place to put them in. While on the subject of library books, grateful mention must be made of last years Fifth Form boys who, under the supervision of Mr. Sloman, made two of the book-cases now in use.

### SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Arbor Day was held on June 11, in weather that can only be described as

dreadful. Few who attempted to plant trees escaped a drenching. About half an acre of the old orchard was planted with pines, kindly supplied by the officer-in-charge at Pardelup. This year's Arbor Day was chiefly noteworthy for the planting of ornamental trees in the School grounds, mainly at the eastern end. Ornamental trees (Kurrajongs) were planted by Mr. L. Mills and Mr. L. L. Hill, M.L.A., white cedars by Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Paterson (Torbay), and Mrs. L. Austin, and Jacarandas and Cedars were planted at the front of the school grounds in memory of our late Headmaster (Mr. F. M. Reedy) and the late Geoff Elliott. Les Parry, Jack Shiner, [REDACTED] and

## CO-OPERATION

Happy post-war conditions will depend to a great extent on the degree of co-operation existing between nations, and the individual members of those nations.

The success of a nation's post-war plans can be estimated best by a study of the present efforts of the people to co-operate with the spirit, and the letter, of their Government's War-time Regulations.

### WAR-TIME ECONOMY IS ONE EFFORT IN WHICH WE CAN ALL CO-OPERATE.

No matter whether we are adult members of the community, or whether we belong to the rising generation attending school, we can all contribute a little to the common good.

**TAKE CLOTHING FOR INSTANCE.**—Vast quantities of wool and cotton are required by the fighting Services. Those Services also need a big proportion of the manpower used to manufacture the finished article. You can help by being extra careful of your clothes for the duration. That can be one of your war efforts, and a very useful one, too.

If you ride a bicycle to school do not exceed a moderate pace. Careful riding reduces frictional wear on tyres and other movable parts. Remember the Japs. hold over 90 per cent. of the world's rubber country. Until our forces can throw them out it is up to us to conserve all the rubber we can so that our mechanised units will have all the rubber they require to do their job.

**WE CAN ALL DO OUR BIT BY MAKING EVERYTHING WE USE WEAR JUST A LITTLE LONGER.**

**NOW! BOYS & GIRLS, LET US ALL TRY.**

**Drew, Robinson & Co. Ltd.**  
**ALBANY**



Ray Gooding, all of whom made the supreme sacrifice during this war. The speakers on Arbor Day were Mr. Inspector Sten, of the Education Department; Mr. C. H. Wittenoom, Mayor of Albany; and Mr. L. L. Hill, M.L.A.

The Annual Ball on July 9th was again held in the Town Hall and, though fancy dress was restricted to the head, it was more like what the Ball used to be. There were about ten fancy sets, the prizes, presented by Mrs. Hamlin and Mr. John Norman, Jr., going to the following sets: "Spring," "Mexicale Rose," "Dick Whittington and His Cat," "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Despite the number present—about 600 altogether—the floor was not uncomfortably crowded at any stage. The net profits (£50), together with those of last year's Ball (£60), are being devoted to the purchase of additional books (fiction) for the Library.

We feel that the School year 1942 should not come to a close without our putting on record our appreciation of the keen interest shown in School activities by Mrs. J. Thomson. She was good enough to take charge of the School Guides early in the year and since June she has taught dancing and ballroom etiquette at the School, generally giving two lessons. All this has been done without making any charge whatsoever. We are indeed deeply grateful and appreciative of Mrs. Thomson's generosity and unselfishness.

## PREFECTS' NOTES.

It is indeed unhappy that full appreciation comes only with parting and we who will be leaving in a few weeks are beginning to realise just what the School has meant to us during the past few years. However remembrance will in all cases bring pleasure.

Our social duties throughout the year have consisted of End of Term Socials and other Socials and the unqualified success of these functions has been ample to reward us for the

## JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES.

The Albany Circle was inaugurated on June 28 when the Committee and Form representatives were elected. The members (100) were divided into groups with a Senior girl in charge of each. These groups have been sewing, knitting, making paper mache articles, and toys and have collected shells, stamps, reeds, magazines, bottles and paper. Some of the completed articles will be on sale at a Jumble Sale to be held at the School at the end of the Term in aid of Red Cross Funds.

A Tuck Shop was held on September 22. The proceeds from this successful function were £4/10/-.

Badges may be had for the sum of 6d. by handing in names to the Secretary (Miss Wendy Bird). All members who have not paid their pennies for their Red Cross magazines are requested to do so as soon as possible.

We have been able to set aside £5 as a donation to the Prisoners' of War Fund. Below is our financial statement from the Treasurer, Miss Richards:

Receipts, £12/2/9 (Tuck Shop, Concert, Sale of Badges, and Donations).  
Expenditure, £8/4/3.

Cash in Hand, £4/2/6.

It is hoped that work will be redoubled and that all members will feel themselves responsible for doing their very utmost at all times to further the great and humanitarian work of the Red Cross.

Whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every clergyman or man with the shovel hat, I would bow to every man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever.—Carlyle.

work that has been necessary.

In conclusion we hope that we have satisfactorily performed those duties and manifold responsibilities pertaining to our office and we even hope that we have acted in such a way that the Prefects of next year may take our good conduct as their standard.



## FORM NOTES.

### I. B.

Well, here we are for the first time. Form I. B., the newest, biggest and noisiest class in the School. Many a sigh has come from Form Masters and Mistresses when they discern our name on their time tables. Maybe we make some noises but, in spite of paper fights with elastic bands and rulers, and a mass of paper areoplanes, which we throw all over the room, we all try, just a little, to be good.

The most prominent figure in our class is "Brew," the "Hortin Siding Headache." His work is quite good but he is in the habit of coming out with the most amazing noises at the most unexpected times. We are frequently serenaded by our delightful "Stinkie," who croons away the School hours and at the end of the period enquires what we have been laughing about. He continues singing, much to our discomfort, till eventually the teacher gets down to the root of the agony and takes pains to liquidate the musician. His motto is "Whistle While You Work." "Monkey" who sits in Seat 4, Row 3, is the most advanced person in manual training in the "Beta" Section. We often think that the two front boys in three are subject to severe mental trouble, considering the loud barks and groans which issue from the vicinity.

Most of the "Country Bumpkins" in our class have done a few years' Algebra before but we "townites" are nearly up to their standard. At present our Algebra genius is "Col." Skeets, a four footer, is studying the psychological reactions of Form I. G. "Davey-Jones," our last example, has perfected many of the guiles and methods of the masters and our unruly spirits are suffering under his attentions. He also combines humour and intelligence, and is usually near the top of the Form. Eion is generally on top in tests and exams.; Congrats, Eion! Dickey is generally not far behind him. Fitz, our glamorous boy, also ranks high in scholastic ability. Mechanical Drawing is

Sandy's delight for he is preparing himself to become an architect. Eion, Mount Barker Maniac, and Fitz are promising cricket players, while Mac, Bill, Horey, Col, and Dickey play a good game of basketball. "Judge" is one of the quietest in the room and he still sits in the corner giving his utmost attention to the teacher. As compensation for his many faults, Fitz always tries to ring the bell when Algebra lessons are reaching an unpleasant point. This is a twofold blessing for it ends a frightful Algebra period and lets the class out for a recess. Then there is Professor Robertson who always tries to bring out something better than the teacher.

Our congratulations go to Mark Kirby for being Runner-up Junior Champ. under 14. Cecil Hortin, one of our Prefects, has been in hospital for a month. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Cecil! John Clegg is also in hospital after intermittent occurrences of ill-health. We wish him a speedy recovery also.

Now for the quizz. In conclusion we extend best wishes to those about to face the "Junior" and present our Form Quiz as an introduction to some of our members:

- (1) Who are the two class gossipers?—Fitz and Chick.
- (2) Who draws in his maths exercise book?—Barney.
- (3) Who are the larrikins in Row 3?—Goffy and Priceless.
- (4) Who is the brains of the class?—Crayfish.
- (5) Who makes objectional noises all day?—Stinke.
- (6) Who has been after the weaker sex but has not been successful?—Chick.
- (7) Who was asked by a member of the staff if he had won an entrance to an asylum or naval academy?—Bricky.
- (8) Who is it that takes great interest in II. G?—Fitz.
- (10) Who is it that giggles all day?—Kirby.

### I. G.

This is I. G. speaking to all friends and associates of A.H.S. We are the Form that has not yet learnt to behave between periods in spite of the pleadings of "Sharpie" and "Hartie"



our Prefects, and with the possible exception of I.B., we claim to be the rowdiest in the School.

Our First Term was very short and the holidays long which no one regretted. Second Term was long and tedious with much "swot" and two exams., much to our horror. At one period we had a craze for rearing tadpoles, but now they are "pushing up daisies."

There are many members of the Junior Red Cross in our Form and they have done a considerable amount of work, sewing, knitting, collecting stamps, pepers and reeds. All are eager to help but have to be backed up by our various Group Leaders.

I think we ought to introduce a few celebrities now. There is Sharpie, who with the responsibility of the Form's behaviour on her shoulders is due for a nervous breakdown. Rissoles is bemoaning the fact that she has to rewrite her Franch—but it is rather untidy! Beryl is still looking for her books. Sawdust, alias Snowy, is preparing another lecture

on evolution—heaven help us! Walkabout is advising Straggles on the troubles of married life. Miss Wright says she must be mentioned, but she is usually wrong.

We apologise to all who are not mentioned here but next year's magazine can make amends.

And now this is I.G. signing off, and in doing so we wish Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

#### Form I. G. Quiz.

Can you tell us:

Why did Barbara Bolt?

Why is Joan Sharp?

Why is Betty a House?

Why does June come from Sussex?

Is Margaret ever Wright?

Why is Muriel Snow?

Why is Mary a Walker?

Why is Audrey a Deere?

Does Pauline come from England?

Why is it that Elvie Puls?

Why is it that Dorothy Grylls?

Can Val be Hird?

Why has Leslie Hart-trouble?

Why did Agnes Haack her desk?

Why has Kath Mair's feet?

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### I. C.

I. Combined, sometimes known as I. Special calling, and doesn't the name suit us for we are a special combination, extra special! We have lost several of our boys, among them being Fatty, Dinkum and Goggles. The class is the quieter for their passing. We still have plenty left to disturb the peace—Spanner, Scotty, Sparks, who are always talking wireless; Jackass, Carpo, and others. Wombat, Donald Duck and Megsie do their best to drown the noise from the bark row.

Among the girls is Dottie, our dress designer, who sits like the Rock of Gibraltar, waiting for the bell to ring. We have a wise person, too, who giggles at all times at the crisp humour of her next door neighbour. I could say a lot of rude things about different people, but I know the Censor will only cut them out, so I will say no more.

### II. B.

If the reader could follow us through our second year, he or she, would find that we have changed quite a lot since 1942. We entered the School, a group of noisy youngsters, with only one common ambition—to avoid homework of any nature. This year sees us more serious minded. The grave, stern faces of the Third Year remind us that the Junior is no thing to be trifled with, and that it is almost a year off. Most of us have settled down to a life of constant work, hoping a providential breeze will carry us safely through the dread trial of 1944.

To us, F. II. B. is the most important class in the School, and we think that we are destined to play a brilliant part in the history of the School. Putting aside that comparatively unimportant matter the general scholastic abilities of the Form, our main sphere of activity and interest is sport. We have among us Warren whose main object in life is to run in the Olympic Games. To him goes the credit of having given F. II. B. a second place in the under 16 Championship. Better luck next year, Warren; the whole Form is certain

that you will walk away with the goods. Another distinguished Form II. runner is Gerald Bastyan, the Under 14 Champ. What athletes! As a whole the Form is highly sport-minded and there is keen rivalry between the different members of the Form. We posted quite a collection of football and basketball players in our midst. The whole Form has taken a great interest in gym. and we are quickly learning the art of harmless falling, if only as a matter of self-preservation. The introduction of volley-ball into the gym. period proved quit an asset, and is enjoyed by everyone. We all like our singing periods very much and produce such voluptuous harmonies that the rest of the School are disposed to desist from all active work and listen in a state of dreamy languor. We have in the Form a large collection of freaks, as well as a few missing links, and quite a group of character studies. A certain crowd of young Romeos have become tamer following our corporate agreement with a certain female form to break off the growing rapprochement. This has proved itself quite a good thing for II. B., as general work has progressed by leaps and bounds. Two famous individuals, namely Stink and Delly have attempted to rival Bing Crosby and Paul Robeson, but have only succeeded in getting "under the skin" of a certain master, with disastrous results, for now our musical interludes are replaced by unpleasant things called tests. Delly and Stink are not the only serenaders, and we could mention many more.

Ranking high among the originals of the Form is Reeves, the red-headed one, whose sole delight is fiddling with things small and large, such to the annoyance of the Staff. Gratton has unruly hair, and delightful ties, which rouse the envy of his fellow-students.

There are two still, but deep, students who while away the weary hours dreaming of band practices and music, and humming military marches. A certain Squeaker could tell us what was written in a note confiscated by a member of the Staff. Only the last-mentioned knows, and perhaps he will tell us one day.



pecially for Max, whose quickness at factors and equations amazes even Mr. Joyce. Monty, Waxy and Colin have taken up geographical debates, and are making good jobs of them. Horsie was not here last year but nevertheless he has quickly acquired some of the characteristic qualities of his neighbours (the less desirable ones). The Woman-haters' Club, mentioned in our notes last year, is still in existence. The whole Form, with a few notorious exceptions is an Anti-Female League.

A new-comer to the Form (initials G.N.) has shown himself one of the outstanding pests in the class; he is also a poet. What a man! Beaker is a great asset to the II. B. gym. class, and so is Joe. Two worthy persons, Tweet and Morris seem to spend most of their time in the Ref. Library, and we are beginning to wonder what attractions keep them there. Peter B., Ted R., and Max F., the quietest chaps in the Form, are continually aiming at obtaining a hundred per cent., an example we should all follow. Beven G. is not so angelic as he looks, and, when he comes out of his shell, is quite a lad, and our red-headed Les is the same. Herb often seems to be dreaming in class, but he is very much awake. We do not know what his Latin is like, but he seems all right at other subjects. There is a very nice young man whose main occupation is brushing and washing his hair, evidently for general exhibition. Tut! Tut! A young, handsome basketball player, namely Cuppy, has attempted to rival Fitzy, but has received only a sore face in return for his cave-man tactics. The two Smiths—Smith B., and Smith C.—are quite a confusing pair. Our Form reporter has collected individual opinions. Here are some of them:—

I think some mention should be made of the teachers' guiding such men of destiny as Form II. B. One particular teacher has spasmodic fits of speed and neatness and is always showing us examples of "magnificent pieces of setting out." Our singing master showers us with dozens of songs, ranging from the "Song of the Marines" to somewhat rough and

ready Sea Shanties. However, our attempts at Nightingale's imitation must have proved a failure, as indicated by the aforementioned tests. Perhaps I should withdraw in deference to "Intelligent Onlooker" before my own observations land me in legal difficulties regarding our Form. I will allow him to present his impressions. Having been in F. II. B. for a year I have been the witness, sometimes unwillingly, of many grave changes, and have seen, alas, the collapse of many portentous developments. At one stage I thought the model Form II. B. was going to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious F. III. B. which "never did, nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror." However prompt action on the part of certain people soon checked our III. B.-wards descent.

A looker on again—

Despite a natural dislike of writing and lessons, I find it necessary to mention a few things which appear insignificant, but are really not so. Unfortunately one cannot write all one would like to in such a heavily censored magazine as the Boronia.

Starting with English, one of our popular subjects, is given to us by Miss Ferguson, who since discovering that our analysis was all she desired has given us an amazing variety in our work, grammar, grammar, and more grammar.

Should we pass in Junior maths. and physics next year, we are looking forward to a haircut like the one promised to the present III. B.

Miss Richards, our history Mistress, has an opinion of us as variable as the weather of Albany itself. Modern worlds have been hard to procure, but III. B. have generously assisted us. Our heartfelt thanks!

Lastly I would like to say a few things about French and geography, but the fee I receive for writing these notes considerable as it is, does not justify such a great risk.

II. G.

"Weep with me all you that read this story."

Silence reigns o'er the A.H.S. wrapped in the torture of study. Opening on the deserted corridor, a room of battered aspect proclaims to the



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world that within its portal lies a wealth of talent and unbounded energy. From within comes a discordant jumble of sounds which is the audible evidence of the presence of—II. G. At the window our glamour girls lean with melancholy longing in the depth of their lustrous eyes, crooning (or is it crowing?) tender words of encouragement to the mass of gallants below. Over in Comedy Corner our class clowns sit with innocent faces frequently relieved by spontaneous giggles. Near the centre of the room sit the subdued and quiet ones, with bowed heads and studious industry (we wonder!).

Still, there is no doubt our Form has some fast lasses. This was revealed on Sports' Day when two of our Form mates carried away the Junior and Open Championships. These were Beryl Glascoe and Gwen Rogers, to whom we extend our congratulations, and hope they will do as well next year, for this is one of the few things of which our Form is proud.

In our number are many hockey enthusiasts. Seven of them were successful in obtaining places either in "A" or "B" teams and many more played regularly in faction matches. Peggy Reilly was presented with a hockey pocket after playing very good games during the season. Congratulations, Peg! Paddy has deserted us to make her stand in the Town's Team goals. Be careful of your shins Pad!

Tessie has departed with the intention of continuing her studies elsewhere. Betty Voce is another who has left an empty seat in the room. Margaret Walker has recently been an inmate of the District Hospital, and we hope to have her back with us in the near future.

We are afraid that here our chatter must cease, but we hope to be back next year in good trim for that Junior. Cheerio, and here's wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of best luck in the forthcoming examinations.

### III. B.

Well, here we are again, twenty-one survivors from an original Form numbering thirty-five.

In spite of the proximity of the Junior, our light-heartedness is quite unperturbed, and according to one member of the Staff, nothing will subdue us. Judging from test results, swotting has not yet begun to show its beneficent effects in some of us., although it was a well-known fact that all III. B. was going to start, as soon as Sports' Day was over. Few of us, however, could muster the necessary courage to attack the mountain of work before us. Now, with a fortnight to go, the mountain seems twice as high. But our proficiency in some departments has improved, notably in stripping for gym. after a dose of concentrated practice. One lad even stripped into his shorts in twelve seconds. Another unfortunate, however, whose size nines were encased in that type of footwear usually called "military boots," occupied the whole of the time limit of three minutes in unravelling one lace.

We regret to say that we lost a singing period, early in the year, because, as the strains of "The Drunken Sailor" came floating, harmoniously, from the Hall, the rest of the School were so entranced that they could not concentrate on their work.

At the beginning of the year, we welcomed Brian Hunter into our midst, whilst, later, we lost Neville Norman and our perfect (?) Prefect "Fatty" Smith.

May we now present to you, some of the more interesting characters of III. B.

"Hefty," whose romance went on the rocks, has now regained his buoyancy.

"Bundy" has dropped all social activities, and, now finds sport more absorbing.

"Dee Bee" never tells us of the one "that got away."

"Spuddy" has discovered that ductility and conductivity are the same thing.

"Pittie" now has interests outside Third Form.

"S.G.J.(E.)B.," believing that he is overlooked, now wears a brilliant red jumper.

"Snowdrop" has taken the Junior more seriously than he was wont to do.



"Tich" is still trying. What?

"Gleno" finds it natural! to vent his feeling on rulers—not entirely satisfactory mediums.

"Hainesie" never fights on less than three fronts at once.

"Doc" is not up to his usual standard. Perhaps there are some pages missing from his dictionary?

"Fitzie," the Australian Yank.

"Rick" has discovered that heat evaporates.

"The Missing Link" is no longer missing.

"Sargie" has succeeded in making his pen loop-the-loop.

"Westie" needs more concentration in languages.

Since our literary efforts, which were never brilliant, are almost exhausted, we must conclude, wishing our fellow sufferers, the Fifth Formers, and those who will be leaving us, the best of luck in the forth-coming exams, and that Fortune may smile upon them wherever they may be.

### III. G.

When certain tormented parents

were relieved of their offspring at the beginning of the Term, there was only one thought in the minds of those same hopefuls—that the Junior loomed at the end of it.

It began the other day when Miss Yewers came down to witness the agonised attempts of red-faced members of III. G. trying to cook. After two hours, which seemed like two years, the candidates came stumbling out with fantastic visions of tomato soup and steamed pudding floating in the air before them. But at least the start had been made.

The second exam. was in oral French with Miss Randall coming down to hear "les misérables" stuttering in flustered French for her benefit. The doings of "Alladin et sa Lampe" seemed to give trouble to certain of our number but we hope that our attempts to become "française" for a day will not prove wholly unsuccessful.

Sports' Day was a great event with Brown carrying off the honours. Most of III. G's. muscles were too stiff to

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take much active part in the events but our voices (which are strong from frequent use, much to the teachers' disgust) added greatly to the barracking. Green came second, then Gold and then Boronia. Purple, unfortunately, was not represented, as at that time, they were not very numerous. Owing to the efforts of one of the members, a certain fast little brunette, the blond "dude" of "The Tea-shop" was nearly lured into it. However the sweet little heroine still clings tight to her magnetic inspiration. The members of the faction are distinguishable by the fact that they ostentatiously flaunt their faction colour.

But time comes to the rescue of my sterile imagination and more unproductive memory to tell me that I must stop, for tomorrow we have tests in Geography, History, French, Biology, and Physiology. Will those teachers never have pity in our long-suffering brains?

#### IV. B.

Hullo everybody! This is Form IV. B. calling all those interested. It is with much regret we are called upon to write these notes whereas we could have been spending our time to more advantage studying those dreadful lines of Chaucer, whose ancient English make less sense than that of the modern!

That little room adjoining the Chem. Lab. had until recently been our favourite haunt. There one could pour all the chemicals in creation into a little glass tube and watch the results, while some indulged in a harmless little game with lead shot. But since the return of our Science Master this forbidden habit has ceased to be so popular.

Owing to the persistency of the First Master, George has learnt to read a calendar, and tell the time, and so unlike his previous year has been attending School a little more punctually and a little more often. Our Doug has at last emerged from the shadows into the sunshine especially on Sunday afternoon when he seeks the delights of the slopes of Mount Clarence,, while George finds excitement in swimming, in delightful com-

pany, in the mighty breakers at the Beach.

Well, we will say cheerio until we meet again, under not quite so pleasant circumstances, when we will be "laboriously" studying for our Leaving. We wish the best of luck to all those who have to sit for those dreaded examinations, the Leaving and Junior; we, having survived the latter, have yet to face the ordeal of the former.

#### IV. G.

After having gallantly (?) forded that turbulent stream called Junior, we entered the promised peaceful realms of Fourth Form quite prepared to settle down and spend a year of ease, to recuperate from the dangerous journey behind us, and at the same time to prepare for the even more hazardous one before us. We had been informed of this life of luxury by the "Sages" who are at present delving into the mysteries of Form V., and although we do not doubt the sincerity of their intentions, we were soon disillusioned. We have now "adapted ourselves to our environment," however, and this stage of our career, certainly has its bright spots.

We welcome three new members to our class this year, namely Bernice Black, Kath Pethybridge and Joan Warburton. No doubt they are quite well known throughout the School by now, their fame probably being due to Bernice's chocolate, Kath's humour, and Joan's family.

Among the lighter events of the year was the Ball, at which we were well represented. Congratulations to Miss Deane's Set, who carried away one of the prizes with a picturesque representation of "Mexicale Rose!" Miss Parker's Set presented "Time Marches On," and obediently marched around the Hall numerous times. "It Always Rains Before the Rainbow" was prosaic title of Miss Bird's Set, the girls wearing gaily coloured rainbow coronets, while the boys flitted around under miniature umbrellas.

The concert presented to the Forces was patronised by very few members, but admiring (?) friends and relatives reaped the golden benefits. A Peasant



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Dance was staged by about twelve Fourth Formers, and although it was not carried out as energetically as the original, according to Miss Richards' history lessons, it was performed quite vigorously.

On Saturday, November 6, a cricket match was held between the boys of the Denmark Agricultural School and our own team. Five of the fair members of our Form were delighted to give their services at afternoon tea, thus releasing the Fifth Formers, who wished to "swot." We wonder?

It is with varied feelings that we think of the Junior and Leaving Exams. At the same time last year, we were practically in the last stages of desperation, but at present we all feel serene, as our only connections with those exams this year, are the sympathy and best wishes which we extend to the candidates. Ah! but next year, we will have a different tale to tell.

## V.

It is with regret that we are fast approaching the end of our happy years at A.H.S. The Leaving looms darkly before us, but we leave these gloomy prospects to introduce you to the members of our Form. Fulfilling the age-old tradition we introduce you to the ladies (?) first.

The Prof.—She sturdily avows that she is Danish to the core (many of the Form have resolved never to go to Denmark) only checking herself when it comes to claiming direct descent from Canute. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that even though a Dane this illustrious chieftain was not all-powerful. But enough of this for anyone will tell you that "Hansen is as Hansen does."

Hob—Like Edith she does not like to claim relationship with the famous (or infamous). She absolutely refuses to be linked with the hotcha-hotcha little Rhumba Queen of that name.

Popeye's Girl Friend—We are heartbroken to find that this sweet and gentle infant is not as shy and retiring as one would think.

Jinx—"A thing of beauty is our Joy for ever," but lately there has been that studious glint in her eye

giving evidence of much burning of the midnight oil and long solitary watches in the elevating company of a history book.

Baa—The geography class is pleased with this member. One would imagine her practical book belonged to a circulation library—verily a pillar of the Form.

Laurie's Florrie—This airy little damsel still delights our waking hours and brings refreshment during our long days of toil.

Tony's Joany Phyllida—"Phyllida, my Phyllida, she wears her buckled shoon, when she goes out a-courting beneath the harvest moon." To whom else can this quotation refer than to our Girl Guide representative of the Form, but whether Girl Guides and Harvest Moons should go together it would be hard to say. We were pleased to receive a visit from our erst-while Prefect, Jenks, who is now as hale and hearty as ever, and is prone to pity us as we prepare for the coming ordeal.

Leading the masculine element of the Form we have "Doughy" who this year has gone in for ornithology in a big way. His regal presence keeps us in order at Prefects' meetings, and generally sets a high, i.e., tall example to the Lower School. Next we have "Steve" who continues with his crusade to rid Australia of the "curse" of the Labor Government. In opposition to this crusade we have Florrie's Laurie who favours the Labor Party—if there is a Labor majority present. Ernie now prefers the restful haven of the Upper School to the alluring company of Third Form femininity. Certain disciplinary measures and a general tightening up by a young school ma'am have failed to quieten down Petie-Weetie—our blond blitz. Nuts is the dark horse of the class and an underhand worker—a very mysterious person. Last of all we have the notorious "Basher" Louis whose many uncles are a source of much enjoyment. It was really hard luck that he should tread in the same hole twice in the mile. In conclusion we bid good-bye to the School and wish the Junior students every success in their forthcoming exams.



## MY PEOPLE.

Too many relations are likely to cause embarrassment at times, because one is frequently asked if he is any relation to some wretched, inferior being or some outlandish, mentally deficient humbug. But in my opinion it is of little importance what one's relations are, or how they behave. All that matters is for you to be interesting or amusing, and have some likable trait in your character.

Most of my male relations have been good bushmen and riders. They are reckless in cars, aeroplanes, or on motor-bikes. They do not get fat, and so far all have had very dark hair, and quick tempers. Very few of them are sociable, and prefer home-life to outside entertainment. People are inclined to think that our ancestors took up most of the fertile, and well-watered country. Others remark sarcastically to their next door neighbours that they are too proud of family titles. Some regret that thir-

teen of the family were killed in the last war.

Uncle Edward, a hermit, lives alone in a small wooden humpy in the thick bush of the outback, miles from any town. He has plenty of money, speaks well, is kind, a good horseman and endowed with a wonderful physique. He wears bushmen's clothes, and will not buy another pair of boots until the ones he is wearing cannot be stitched together with any more string or wire. He keeps his trousers up by means of a piece of plaited binder-twine, never indulging in anything as civilised as a pair of braces or leather belt. He lives such a secluded life, because his father, during an outburst of uncontrollable temper was extremely harsh, and drove him from his family and home when he was sixteen.

Aunt Mary, sometimes referred to as "Society Jane" because she wrote the social column in the local paper for several years, is bright and gay, always dressed immaculately, and is as thin as a match with the wood scraped off. She is a good farmer,

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but I would dare anyone to ride in the car while she is driving! Her sister is the success of the family, chiefly because she was fortunate enough to have a good husband, a beautiful home, and three sons who are very pleasant and clever, until their parents turn their backs.

Uncle Hubert, a ladies' man, and former dandy of the countryside, is divorced, and has two adoring and spoilt children both well in their teens, who are self-willed and forward. Their nurse, cook and housekeeper is a Boer (in more ways than one) who resided in Africa and the Argentine for a number of years, and who is known in the family circle as "Old Henry." He is garrulous, and over the week-end goes from one homestead to another gossiping, and making mischief. He has a prominent parrot-like nose, and black fuzzy, dusty hair, which stands upright in an untidy mass on the crown of his square-shaped head. His legs are bandy through long hours on horseback, and his ears flicker whenever he is excited. He does not believe in washing his clothes very often with the result that they will almost stand up without him inside them.

Uncle Augustus thinks everything he owns is better than anyone else's things. He does not believe in sparing the rod to spoil the child, hence I cannot think of him in affectionate terms. He stutters, and walks on his heels holding his nose at an extremely high angle, with the brim of his felt hat cocked over his eyes. When introduced to anyone, he grunts, and looks down his nose at them very condescendingly. He is not very tall, and looks young for his age, although he is developing an embonpoint. He is always smoking his pipe, which would be of great value for fumigating rabbits.

Molly, a well-known cousin of the family is very kind, and a good nurse and cook. She speaks with a charming drawl, and possesses the most uncommon gait (she rises on her toe every step). Her clothes are quaint and frequently out of date. She has a farm, but no suitable means of conveyance, so she stands in the middle of the road of an oncoming car, so

that it is forced to stop and give her a lift. My last encounter with her was in Timewell's where she was buying cabbage plants when she saw me. She rushed over with a yell that sounded like an Indian war-cry, and threw her arms around my neck, almost overbalancing.

Cousin Godfrey, who is very tall and thin, has bandy legs, and bends at the knees. He comes from Yorkshire. He is a great golfer, and frequently plays on Middleton Beach Links with one of the teachers during the summer holidays. He possesses quite an accent, and will frequently be heard to speak of a "baar paad-dock." When he loses his temper, he has a wonderful flow of words, which are apt to hypnotize all within hearing.

These are only a few examples from the family circle, which revolves round the garrulous "Old Henry" who acts as housekeeper to Uncle Hubert, and does odd jobs for the other families, always gossiping, and causing trouble and ill-feeling where peace and happiness should reign unbroken.

—"JEW."

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## GIRL GUIDES' NOTES.

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(By Muriel Snow).

During the First Term of 1943 only a dozen Guides were noticed at Albany High School. They were without a leader, so Mrs. Wittenoom, D.C., and Joan Duncan, Senior Guide, shouldered this responsibility. The vacancy has now been filled by Mrs. Thomson, who has proved herself an enthusiastic and able leader.

We now have just over forty Guides, the majority of whom have passed their Tenderfoot, and are taking Second Class.

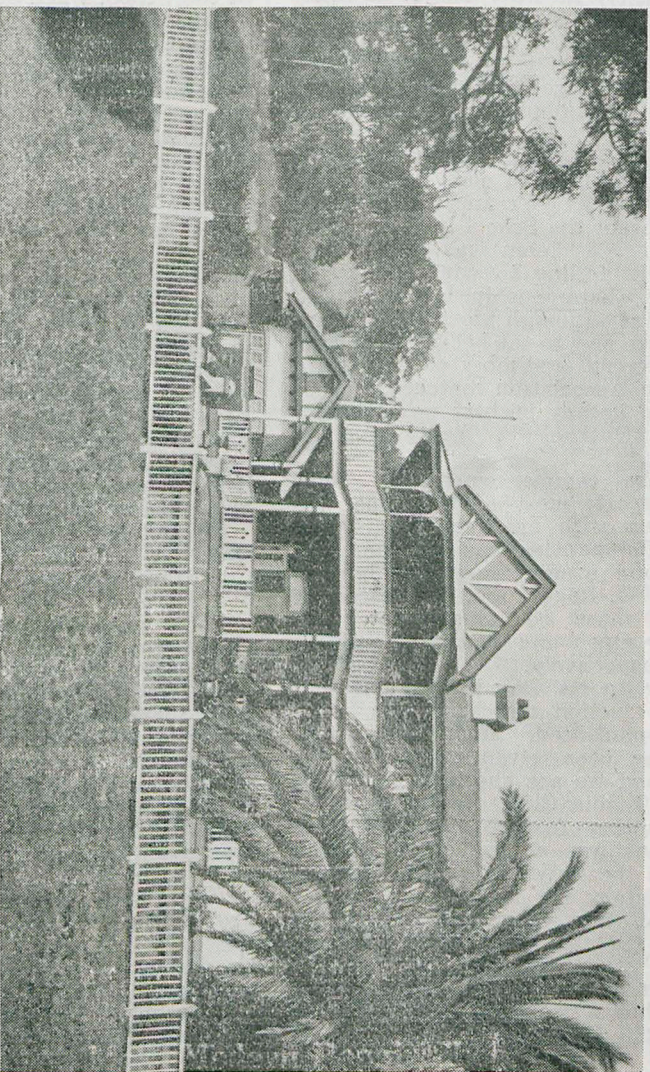
We are indebted to Mrs. Thomson, also to the people co-operating with her by teaching us knots, drill, signalling and home nursing, and would like to offer our sincere thanks.

---

I find there are many pieces in this one fabric of man. This frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies.—Browne.



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## GIRLS' SPORT—1943.

Due to the shortness of First Term, faction sport was commenced almost immediately in order to get as many matches in as possible. In First Term and for the earlier part of Second Term faction sport consisted of basketball, baseball and tennis, in addition to tennis and basketball practice.

In Second Term hockey took the place of tennis and early in the season "A" and "B" teams were elected to represent the School in Association Hockey. "A" team was very unfortunate in failing to win Association Hockey Championship by one point. "B" team, although most of its members were new to the hockey field, performed very creditably to gain third place in Association matches. Those awarded hockey pockets were E. Jenkin, F. Osborne, P. Reilly and D. Portner.

At the commencement of Third Term sport, most of the time was taken up with practice for Sports' Day. Competition was keen and faction team events very keenly contested. G. Rogers and B. Glascoe, of Brown, must be congratulated on gaining Open and Junior Championships respectively.

After Sports' Day the regular routine of faction matches was once more commenced. Much more attention has been given to tennis this Term and we are shortly to play St. John's Tennis Club.

One other feature of Girls' sport this year was a basketball match against the A.W.A.S. which resulted in a victory for the School.

Green, this year, has proved too strong for the other three factions, having gained a substantial lead on them from the start. Boronia and Gold however are very evenly matched. Faction points at date of writing are: Green, 205; Gold, 104; Boronia, 100; Brown, 79.

As there is nothing more ridiculous than a trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experiences to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.—Steele.

## BOYS' SPORT—1943.

This year sport, as in previous years, has been a prominent feature in the School's activities and the play has been carried out with the utmost keenness. During First and Third Terms cricket, tennis and basketball have been played. This Term Boronia has excelled in cricket, but in First Term was beaten by Brown. Basketball, which was played all the year round, has attracted many players and the games are of a high standard. Green has shown superiority to Gold, Boronia and Brown. At tennis, Gold has taken the lead with Brown second. During First Term Gold was defeated by Brown, but has now risen in glory and had her revenge. In Second Term football was comfortably won by Boronia followed by Gold, Brown and Green. A return match was also played with the Denmark School of Agriculture, in which the High School Eighteen were defeated by a narrow margin of five points.

On October 8 the Annual Sports' Day was held and resulted in a win for Brown followed by Green, Gold and Boronia. This event attracted quite a large number of the public, and as the weather was fine the day was enjoyed by everyone.

On November 6 a Cricket Eleven from the Denmark School of Agriculture met the School Eleven in an all-day match. After a close finish the visitors were defeated in the last few minutes by 49 runs. A match played during First Term also against the School of Agriculture resulted in another victory for A.H.S.

Total boys' points for the year are:—

Gold . . . . .	89
Brown . . . . .	72½
Boronia . . . . .	71
Green . . . . .	61½

Total Faction points for the year are:—

Green . . . . .	272
Gold . . . . .	218
Brown . . . . .	197½
Boronia . . . . .	186½

The first proof that a thing is familiar is that it is funny.—G. K. Chesterton.



## Just Thinking.

"Write a poem!" the Editor said,  
 "We're short of contributions."  
 So down I sat with a pad and pen  
 And hopes of inspiration.  
 But whether 'twas swotting or  
 whether 'twas luck,  
 Or whether 'twas too much tea,  
 But the thought that came to my  
 learned head  
 Were not for the Ed. to see.  
 For instance, no-one would care a  
 hang,  
 If someone's eyes were grey or  
 green,  
 And the fact that their colour was  
 argued o'er  
 Is of no use to the magazine.  
 And if someone sports, on a coat  
 lapel,  
 A ribbon of purple hue,  
 For some strange reason the Prefects  
 yell:  
 "Pray take that ribbon away from  
 view!"  
 Measles are catching, of course we  
 know,  
 So are mumps or 'flu;  
 But it seems that now there's an  
 added risk  
 Of catching something new.  
 For though it may be a coincidence,  
 It may cause some folks alarm  
 To know that two students, within a  
 month,  
 Were away with "a broken arm."  
 'Tis a noted fact, while passing by,  
 That ——— Form boys are lazy,  
 And it seems, from some reports one  
 hears,  
 That they're also slightly crazy.  
 For who indeed but a maniac  
 (Unless 'twere a ——— Form lad)  
 Would exit from lessons and do it,  
 what's more,  
 By way of a window, begad!  
 Really girls, I'm ashamed of you,  
 I thought you knew better than  
 that;  
 'Tis a terrible thing to be led astray  
 By a "swelled-headed" Third Form  
 brat.  
 Or maybe the facts are a little mixed,  
 Perhaps it was more like this,  
 That the swelled-headed one was 'led  
 astray

## CAMOUFLAGE.

(By Peebee).

A few boys were lying lazily on a  
 bank outside the hall watching a ray  
 of sunlight which played on the grass.  
 One of them spoke.

"Did you do those English sentences  
 for homework last night?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I done 'em a few nights  
 ago," one said boast-fully. "They  
 were on the death of Nelson weren't  
 they?"

"Yes they were. I did them in pen-  
 cil. Will it matter, I wonder?" an-  
 other asked.

"I shouldn't think; although it de-  
 pends on the teacher. Sometimes they  
 have fits of strictness and one is not  
 allowed to do a wrong thing," was  
 his answer.

"That is a very nice brown blazer  
 you have. What price was it?"

"It cost me 12/6 at a little store  
 next to that stone house in York-  
 street.

"The one with the Norman castle  
 in the window?"

At that moment the bell went and  
 the boys went into the assembly.

[In this passage there are camou-  
 flaged twelve members of I. B. Can  
 you find them? Solution: See page  
 31.]

Innumerable are the illusions and  
 legerdmain tricks of custom; but of  
 all these things the cleverest is her  
 knack of persuading us that the mir-  
 aculous, by simple repetition, ceases  
 to be miraculous.—Carlyle

I am not sure if, in the regret which  
 I feel for my absence from the coun-  
 try, I do not rate its enjoyments  
 higher, and paint its landscape in  
 more glowing colours than the reality  
 might afford.—Mackenzie.

By a pert little Third Form Miss.  
 Well, whether 'twas swotting or  
 whether 'twas luck,

Or whether 'twas too much tea,  
 These are the fancies that came to  
 my head

Which are not for the Ed. to see.

—"L'UNE DES TROIS."



## BLOOD AND SAND.

The above title will perhaps suggest to the reader that this article concerns bulls and matadors and the like. Precisely so. But instead of a bull ring the scene is the Basketball Court, a little known part of the School, where battles are waged every week which have more than a little of the splendour which marked the tournament of the middle ages. The variety of character and degree of enthusiasm are not equalled anywhere. Basketball, although not as popular as cricket, provides excellent recreation and a taste of vigorous exercise while the most elaborate form of strategy is necessary to ensure ultimate victory. Boronia has definitely the most interesting characters who alone would fill a book with their peerless fights against overwhelming

odds. The backbone of Boronia is Bull—and that's where we matadors come in.

It has often been suggested that Bull is kept in a heavily armoured cage until zero hour approaches but no one can truthfully vouch for this. However, when he is let loose upon the court a breathless game follows in which:—

Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies  
and spleen,

Grow too familiar in the comic  
scene;

Tinge but the language with heroic  
chime,

'Tis passion, pathos, character sub-  
lime.

Other animals also indulge in the ancient sport chief of which is Horsy who is a born and accepted somnambulist. It is he who inspires the team on to great deeds and if they occa-

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sionally experience humiliating defeats it is not his fault. Turning to Green we find a team of gentlemen players whose calm determination has proved more than a match for the bull-like ferocities of Boronia. Cupe appears to be the orator of the team and although a fervent Bolshevik his rhetorical prowess inspires the team like the harp of an ancient Welsh bard MacGregor was probably the fellow that Whittier had in mind when he wrote the Pipes of Lucknow:

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords of strife  
Came the wild MacGregor clan-call  
Stinging all the air to life.

Basketball umpires in recent weeks have apparently been under extreme nervous tension or suffering from loss of memory as they have been unable to remember scores resulting in violent altercations between the opposing teams. The leader of Green is a lugubrious and pessimistic soul before the game but is an almost perfect replica of Charlemagne when the game moves towards a glorious close.

In Brown is found a perfectly unique specimen of humanity in the person of Haines. Basketball has the unfortunate effect of exposing the inner conflict of Haines' mind which is a strange mixture of hypocrisy and sangfroid. When he is roused his arms and legs make strange contortions and his face becomes grotesque in his quest for revenge. It is the opinion of many that Haines is the reincarnation of an ancient Druid. Gold boasts among her valiants a member of the Homo-sapiens clan whose towering cranium has been the downfall of many would-be victors. This pride-of-Gold once sought the aid of a famous cricketer to aid him in a fight for victory but even his added talent and basketball amplitude could not carry the day. One member of Gold found it imperative to have his "aids-to-chewing" removed, probably to increase his coefficient of manoeuvreability but to date the effect has not been noticed. Barker, of Brown, is afflicted with megalomania which is probably a product of his past glories. It is his mouth which is the most important part of his

anatomy while his moral support is indispensable to the team. The earlier part of the year saw A. C. Nunan in full command of Brown's team but hardly a memory remains of that memorable person whose noble actions were apparently not valued at their proper worth.

Perhaps in the near future the School will realise the amazing exploits of its unknown heroes and will do honour to them. As it is we shall fight our battle amidst the carnage on a gory field and hope that our deeds will live on.

—ONE WHO KNOWS.

## NOTHING.

Being the literary genius of the class I was detailed to write an article for the School Magazine. I decided to set forth a dissertation on whatever first came into my mind. So here I am in my room seeking inspiration from the blatant voice of an announcer giving over the praises of the Suds soap. This is not a great source of inspiration and I try soft music.

A picture of Plato in deep thought comes to my mind as I catch a glance of myself in the dresser mirror. Indeed I am the embodiment of concentration as I sit here subjecting the end of my pen to violent mastications. But thought refuses to come. I can think only on the abstract quality generally designated nothing. At this I am interrupted by a discordant conglomeration of sound called swing (?) music coming over the ether.

I decide to give up and write tomorrow night. But no! I cannot allow my undoubted literary talents to be overawed by the task. It is then that the great thought comes. My mind has been thinking on nothing so I will write on nothing. Sleep now begins to descend on my tired eyelids and I retire happy in the knowledge of a job well done.

—J.L.

I most commonly travel without company, whereby I have sufficient leisure to entertain myself.—Montaigne.



## SPORTS' DAY—1943.

The Nineteenth Annual Sports' Day of the High School took place on the School Oval on Friday, October 8. The weather was ideal, in fact, all that could be desired for the meeting.

Following is a summary of the results:—

### BOYS' EVENTS.

#### Open Championship Events:

Mile.—M. Stephens, 1; M. Walsh, 2; R. Falls, 3. Time, 5 min. 33-5th secs.

880 Yards.—M. Stephens, 1; M. Walsh, 2; E. Manea, 3. Time, 2 min. 14-5th secs.

440 Yards.—E. Manea, 1; M. Stephens, 2; J. Fitzpatrick, 3.

220 Yards.—E. Manea, 1; J. Fitzpatrick, 2; R. Day, 3. Time, 25-5th secs.

100 Yards.—E. Manea, 1; J. Fitzpatrick, 2; R. Day, 3. Time, 11 secs.

Broad Jump.—E. Manea, 1; J. Fitzpatrick, 2; P. Surridge, 3. Distance, 16ft. 8ins.

High Jump.—C. Trappitt, 1; A. Sloman, 2; R. Day, 3. Height, 4ft. 9½ins.

Hop, Step and Jump.—J. Fitzpatrick, 1; E. Manea, 2; R. Kernutt, 3. Distance, 38ft. 7½ins.

120 Yards Hurdles.—E. Manea, 1; J. Fitzpatrick, 2; M. Stephens, 3.

#### Under 16 Championship:

Mile.—M. Walsh, 1; C. Smith, 2; R. Falls, 3. Time, 5 min. 10-5th secs. (Record).

880 Yards.—M. Walsh, 1; C. Smith, 2; R. Falls, 3. Time, 2 min. 19 secs.

440 Yards.—R. Pitt and W. Day, 1; R. Falls, 3.

220 Yards.—W. Day, 1; W. Fitzpatrick, 2; R. Pitt, 3.

100 Yards.—W. Fitzpatrick, 1; R. Pitt and L. Whyte, 2. Time, 12-10th secs.

Broad Jump.—R. Pitt, 1; I. Smith, 2; J. Cook, 3. Distance, 15ft. 6ins.

High Jump.—W. Fitzpatrick, 1; W. Day, 2; R. Pitt, 3. Height, 4ft. 7½ins.

Hop, Step and Jump.—J. Cook, 1; W. Day, 2; R. Pitt, 3. Distance, 33ft. 3ins.

120 Yards Hurdles.—L. Whyte, 1; W. Day and R. Pitt, 2.

#### Under 14 Championship:

Broad Jump.—A. Fitzpatrick, 1; W. Wray, 2; G. Bastyan, 3. Distance, 13ft. 5½ins.

220 Yards.—G. Bastyan, 1; M. Kirby, 2; R. Dyke, 3. Time, 30-5th secs. (Record).

100 Yards.—G. Bastyan, 1; M. Kirby, 2; W. Wray, 3. Time, 13-5th secs.

Hop, Step and Jump.—E. McRae, 1; A. Fitzpatrick, 2; W. Wray, 3. Distance, 30ft. ½in.

75 Yards.—G. Bastyan, 1; M. Kirby, 2; A. Shackleton, 3. Time, 10½ secs.

Open Champion: E. Manea, 18 pts.;

Runner-up, J. Fitzpatrick, 12 pts.

Under 16 Champion: R. Pitt, 11½ pts.;

Runner-up, W. Day, 11 pts.

Under 14 Champion: G. Bastyan, 10 pts.;

Runner-up, M. Kirby, 6 pts.

### GIRLS' EVENTS.

#### Open Championship:

50 Yards.—G. Rodgers, 1; B. Norman, 2; M. Kernutt, 3. Time, 7.2 secs.

75 Yards.—B. Norman, 1; G. Rodgers, 2; T. Avins, 3. Time, 10.5 secs.

100 Yards.—G. Rodgers, 1; B. Norman, 2; T. Avins, 3. Time, 14.2 secs.

220 Yards.—B. Glascoe, 1; B. Norman, 2; G. Rodgers, 3. Time, 29 secs. (Record).

100 Yards Skipping.—G. Rodgers, 1; B. Norman, 2; T. Avins, 3.

Goal Throwing.—D. Farmer, 1; N. Worthington and T. Avins, 2.

#### Junior Championship:

50 Yards.—B. Glascoe, 1; B. Bolt, 2; M. Stephens, 3. Time, 7.1 secs.

75 Yards.—B. Glascoe, 1; B. McBride, 2; V. Hird, 3. Time, 10.2 secs.

100 Yards.—B. Glascoe, 1; B. McBride, 2; B. Bolt, 3. Time, 13.8 secs.

75 Yards Skipping Race.—B. Glascoe, 1; B. McBride, 2; V. Milne, 3. Time, 17.7 secs.

Goal Throwing.—B. Bolt and F. Brandenburg, 1; E. Morris, 3.

Open Champion: G. Rodgers, 12 pts.;

Runner-up, B. Norman, 10½ pts.

Junior Champion: B. Glascoe, 12 pts.;

Runner-up, B. McBride, 10½ pts.



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## A NIGHT IN AN ASYLUM.

I am writing this little story just to satisfy my human desire to tell someone of my experiences. I will go mad if I don't. Of course to release me from my embarrassment I am remaining anonymous, but that is by the way. However I want the reader to understand that anything I say in this article can not "be taken down and used as evidence against me."

The beginning of my tale goes back to a few weeks before the last exam., and, of course, the holidays. I had left any "swot" I might need to do until the last possible moment. Suddenly I was confronted by the horrible thought that the exams were only a few days away, and I was filled with a terrible fear. My knees knocked together in imitation of a tom-tom, I broke out in a cold sweat, shivered like an early-morning bather, and my hair went white at the roots. As soon as school ended on Friday afternoon I hurriedly emptied the contents of my locker into a suit-case, and rushed home as fast as a punctured tyre could carry me. When I arrived home I quickly began that tiresome labour known in scholastic circles as "swot."

By Sunday I was on the verge of suicide. My mind was just one muddle of Physics Laws (Boyle's Laws of Motion and Newton's Laws of Friction, or something like that) and Geometrical Theorems. These two subjects had kept me awake for two nights, so you can understand my condition. It was while I was trying to understand a Physics problem that the idea came to me. It was a marvellous, magnificent brainwave, that was the result of a hopeless fit of brainfever. They (those heartless schoolteachers) would hardly expect a madman to sit for an exam. (At the time, I was in such a hopeless mix-up, it didn't occur to me that neither would they expect an invalid).

However, I practised the various arts of the insane with such perfection that I frightened myself. Then I

dashed out into the street, and wearing only a dressing gown and a flower pot rode my bicycle dangerously down the footpath knocking aside pedestrians. Where I was at last brought to a halt by a burly form, wearing an ill-fitting uniform of the law, I gibbered something in "Pig Latin" and my unholy French, and waved my arms about in imitation of the action of wings. On this the peace-keeper grabbed me by the collar of my dressing gown and tried to drag me in the direction of the lock-up. I did n't want to be mistaken for a habitual criminal so I knocked his hat off and made a dash for it, leaving my only covering behind. Then something, it felt like a ten-ton truck hit me, and I was knocked "cold," in fact so cold that they had to thaw me out of it.

When I came to, I was lying on a table. All round me timid, little bespectacled men, dressed in white, stood engaged in earnest conversation. I tried to rise but I was strapped down in a very ingenious fashion. On seeing me awake, the doctors, for by this time I had guessed their identity, crowded around me.

All of a sudden it came to me. I was in the "nut-house." This had gone to far! Perhaps I had let my mind run away with me during my period of madness, but to come to this—the humiliation, the disgrace of it!—a lunatic! I decided on the spot that I must put an end to all this mess. School, even exams, was much better than a padded cell.

Desperately I explained by situation to the medical men, but they only shook their heads sadly. "Poor chap," they thought, "and still very young, what a shame!"

When I was fully recovered from my accident they asked me a lot of silly questions, and put me through a regular third degree. After a few more hours of thorough examination, among them the extremely hard task of putting blocks of wood in their respective holes, the doctors gave up all hope of ever getting any sense out of me and I was taken, by two burly



male nurses, to a padded cell.

Hopelessly I sank down in the corner of the room. These doctors thought I was really mad, and if I went through much more of this so I would be. Already I could hear strange noises in my head, and bells ringing in my ears.

Just then I heard a high pitched cackle, and looking through a grating in the wall, I saw, in the next cell, a funny little man with a long, white beard. When he saw me he rushed up and introduced himself as Napoleon and offered me his hand. When I accepted it he nearly pulled my arm off. Refusing to release my wrist he pulled out a big scout's knife (I mean a big knife not a big scout), and made an action signifying his intention of amputating my fingers. I screamed out with terror and two ape-like attendants rushed into Napoleon's cell. Seeing them enter he released my arm and slunk into the corner, like a trapped animal. His face was contorted with fury and his eyes gleamed cunningly. Panting heavily he raised his knife in a defensive position.

"Now then, Your Majesty," said one of the guards, "you mustn't play with knives. Give it to me, like a good boy."

Ashamed and peaceful the little master of Europe surrendered his weapon, and then, to my surprise, he began to cry on the big man's shoulder. While the latter was engaged in comforting him the other attendant closed the shutter through which I was looking.

At that moment the air was filled with hideous laughter. It began at the other end of the building and gradually spread over all of it. It rose from a low base to a high soprano, reaching into the high octaves. It sounded as if the whole asylum was imitating the savages of the jungle, and making a hopeless mess of it. From the attitude of the nurses it must have been an every-day occurrence, and so it was. This awful harmony continued all night, and towards morning I found myself tempted to join in with the rest of the crowd.

The next day I underwent further examinations, but I was allowed to mix with my fellows. There were all sorts there—kings, emperors, dictators, Tarzans, schoolteachers, and Errol Flynns. Two charming fellows I met called themselves Hitler and Mussolini; and while the latter was engaged in writing out his resignation the former informed me that I was only slightly "touched," and that I was being sent to a rest home.

I spent several months in the rest home, and then I was released. I often think of my friends back in the asylum, and wonder what became of the little man—poor chap, he thought he was Napoleon, but he wasn't, he couldn't have been, because, although I haven't told anybody yet, I'm Napoleon!

## APPLIED SONG TITLES.

"My Hero": Florrie's Laurie.

"Sweet and Low": Fourth Form Boys at Morning Assembly.

"I Know Why": None but our Louis.

"I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire": Upper School during recess.

"Daisy Bell (e)": That's what she thinks.

"Beautiful Dreamer": Peter during chem. periods on Friday mornings.

"After the Ball is Over": George's W.A.T.C. disappointment.

"Indian Love Call": Third Form Papoose to Big Chief Brian.

"I Came, I Saw, I Conga'd": Doughy at the Ball.

"He's My Uncle": One of James' notorious many.

"Chatterbox": Wendy Lu.

"Stout-hearted Men" (! ! ? !): Our illustrious Prefects.

"Who's Taking You Home Tonight?": General question during the Medley.

"What More Can I Say": Late-comers' excuses at 3.45 p.m.

"Every Day is One Day Nearer": To that detestable Leaving.

It is far better to enjoy truth with peace than to hazard her in battle.—Brownie.



## Just Wait.

Just wait, you brainy (?) little  
twirps,  
Till YOU reach Junior stage;  
We'll gladly see you swotting hard,  
And learning page on page.  
Just wait, you lowly little Firsts,  
Till you reach up so high;  
We'll see you swotting history,  
And heaving sigh on sigh.  
Just wait, you scoffing Seconders,  
Till you have a daily test,  
You'll gaze about you vacantly,  
And dumbly hope for the best.  
Just wait till test results come out,  
We'll see your face turn green  
As you dazedly gaze at your paper in  
vain  
For marks that might have been!  
So when you see us swotting hard (?)  
At Geography and such,  
You'd better not laugh right out  
loud—  
You won't regret it—much!  
—“One Who Ought to Know.”

## SCHOOL ROLL OF HONOUR.

Ex-students who have lost their  
lives on active service:

Jack Shiner.  
Leslie Parry  
Geoffrey Elliott.  
Allan Hain.  
Edward Laing.  
Raymond Gooding.  
Donald Armstrong.  
Stanley Collins.  
Frank Davey.  
Miss Vivienne Chipper.

[As this list may be incomplete,  
would readers please inform us of any  
names which may have been omitted.  
—Editors.]

The truth about a man comes out  
much more truly when he is telling  
his dreams than when he is scolding  
the cook.—G. K. Chesterton.

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## JUNIOR AND LEAVING CERTIFICATES — 1942.

The following is a list of the successes of candidates at the Leaving and Junior Certificate Examinations, held by the University in November, 1942:—

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

D. Allen: English, French, History, Geography, Biology.

N. Armstrong: English (distinction), History (distinction), Biology, Hygiene (distinction), Drawing A, Industrial History and Economics.

M. Firby: English, History, Geography, Biology, Hygiene.

Y. Ford: English, Geography, Hygiene, Music (distinction).

J. Gericke: English, History, Geography (distinction), Biology (distinction), Drawing A.

D. Holmes: English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Hygiene, Industrial History and Economics (distinction).

V. King: English, French, History, Geography, Biology (distinction), Hygiene (distinction), Industrial History and Economics.

I. Lay: English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A.

E. Manuel: English, Geography, Biology, Hygiene (distinction), Drawing A, Industrial History and Economics.

P. Norman: English, French, History, Geography, Biology, Hygiene (distinction), Music.

S. Russell: English, French, Physics, Applied Mathematics.

R. Willey: English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing A.

F. Womersley: English, History, Geography, Biology, Hygiene (distinction), Drawing A.

F. W. Blake: English, History, German, Industrial History and Economics.

I. Duncan: English, Maths A, Maths B (distinction), Physics, Drawing B, Applied Maths.

R. Gorman: English, Maths A, Maths B, Physics, Chemistry, Applied Maths (distinction).

A. Bolt: English, French, German,

History, Maths A.

E. Manea: English, French, Maths A, Maths B, Physics.

### JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

The following passed in ten subjects: P. Smith, C. Parker, J. Henzell, A. Russell, R. Piesse.

Nine subjects: D. Portner, D. Hendry, W. Bird, R. Allwood, T. Furness, C. Glascoe, J. North, D. Wilson.

Eight subjects: J. Hitchins, M. Gray, A. Sloman, P. Spence, E. Thomson.

Seven subjects: N. Basilico, B. Farrow, J. Firby, P. Jennings, J. McBride, L. Norman, N. Reedy, G. Taylor, B. Worthington.

Six subjects: W. Adams, G. Crombie, E. Deane, G. England, B. Goodlad, J. Stonehouse.

Five subjects: D. Farmer, J. Manuel, J. Thomson, C. Trappitt.

The following took individual subjects either to complete a Certificate or to add to one already gained: L. Barker, B. Bateman, J. Gericke, B. Hall, E. Jenkin, M. Medcalf, F. Osborne, M. Stephens.

## Comparison.

(By N. Atkinson).

While the busy town re-echoes with  
the clamour of the crowds,

And the endless rush of traffic  
mingles with the noisy throng,  
Far across the grassy paddock drift  
the shadows of the clouds,

And within a gum-tree's shade a  
magpie carols loud and long.

While the hot and dusty townsfolk  
tread the hot and dusty street,

Roofs and walls and chimneys bind  
them, and they know no other  
view;

But a creek is slowly winding through  
the valley, cool and sweet,

From the distant mountain ranges,  
purple 'neath the sky's deep  
blue.

When another day is ended, to forget  
their petty care,

In a world of make-believe, the  
townsfolk see a picture-show;

With the bushland in the springtime  
there's no picture can compare,

And I'll find the peace I long for  
where the golden wattles grow.



## DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES ?

Doubtlessly you have heard of the "Fourth and Fifth Form fairies." In case you have not I'll tell you who they are—the Fourth and Fifth Year Gym. Class. To the best of my ability I'll take you over for a brief visit to the Thursday afternoon class.

On opening the hall door we are met by a bevy of various sized girls flitting about the hall in their gym. costumes. Crack! Crack! Pistol shots! Help! Calm yourself please; that is only the moaning bones of the fairies as they prance about in blissful oblivion of their superb efforts.

Something like a tornado sweeps by us; it jumps upon a box, then almost at the same moment is seen landing on the mat. It's merely our Flo.

He! He! He! What! a hyena in civilised Albany? No, that is only Poss as she unsuccessfully endeavours to stand on her head. Well, we all have our failing . . . !

Crack! Crack! Just a few more bones objecting to use.

Look. There's our Dot. Yes, that's the oblique jump she is doing. Careful, your legs will get tangled!

Do I know where Berb is? Oh, yes, one can always find Berb if one casts one's eyes towards the seats.

Be careful! Ah! Oh Tweet, we know you're a bird but please be careful of your wings.

Yes! No! Nearly, oh! Deany, will you ever do a somersault through the Roman rings? We cherish hopes.

Oh, don't let her do it! Kath please! One, two, three, jump-bang-scamble. Unfortunately Kath did not manage to reach the "Horse," and is now recuperating.

We see Edith gallantly trying the tricks which the smaller members have mastered. Keep at it!

Do you have mannikin parades here? Oh, dear no, that is Firb., walking down to see Eggy who is wearily sitting astride the horse.

Tra-la-la-la-dum. Jinks is practicing for grand opera, you know.

Hello! We have a budding contortionist here. Good luck, Rita!

Where is Lee? There she is, daintily draped over the parallel bars.

I suppose you know J.D. specialises in tumbling?

No! Don't try it, please! Jennifer! She's up, she is standing on her hands, fine; when will you come down—bang—er—she's down.

What! More contortions? Hands hanging to a rail, feet on the floor, and head between her feet. Gwen is trying a new way of standing on her head.

What on earth is that! Leap, bound and somersault; is this a new version of the Russian Ballet? She'll make herself dizzy. She is already? Well, as I said before some people have their failings . . . so come, let us away—we will leave the fairies to frolic.

—DAISY.

## Twidikins Describes Himself.

Twidikins, the pixie, went out for a walk,

He met a little elf and stopped for a talk;

"I have a cap of pretty green,  
My clothes are fit for any queen,  
My shoes are black ebony,  
My coat as blue as it can be."

"Be off with you, you haughty one;  
Describing yourself just isn't done.  
And, Twidikins, remember these words—

'Fine feather don't always make fine birds.'

## The Toyshop.

In our town there's a quaint little toyshop.

It is called "The Kiddies' Delight,"  
And I love to look in at the windows  
As I go home each night.

There's a regiment of soldiers  
With a drummer at their head,  
And over her a sailor  
With a face of dusky red.

And over here a Red Cross nurse,  
A little airman, too,  
While overhead flies the Empire flag  
Of Red, White and Blue.



## "A TITLE QUIZ."

Written by The Three Musketeers.

(Don't sue for Libel)

"French Without Tears": But nearly.

"Heart Appeal": Tweet.

"Gone With the Wind": My paint brush.

"Crowded Hours": George.

"The Dangerous Man": Bull.

"Waiting for the Sun to Rise": Leaving swot.

"Lady Be Good": Lee.

"Something to Shout About": Sports' Day.

"The Sea Baby": Gwen.

"Woman Hater": Matt.

"Great Expectations": Exam. results.

"Vacation From Love": Possum returns to farm.

"On the Subject of Hindoos": Refer to Dizzy.

"The Eager Searcher": Our Pom (J.H.).

"Possible Husbands": IV. B.

"That Daring Young Man": Piesse.

"Take a Chance": Exams.

"Man About Town": Sproule.

"The Needle Woman": Berb.

"Food and its Values": Ask Porty.

"Sense and Sensibility": Refer to Charles.

"The Amateur Gentleman": Dux.

"The Glamour Girl": Pethy.

"A Date with Destiny": 22nd November.

"Gentle and Sweet": Furb.

"Lady of the Night": Eggy.

"Those Daft Days": At A.H.S.

## SOLUTION TO CAMOUFLAGE.

(1) Hall; (2) Wray (ray); (3) English; (4) Dunham (done 'em); (5) Boast; (6) Nelson; (7) Willett (will it); (8) Fitz (fits); (9) Brown; (10) Pryce; (11) Stonehouse; (12) Norman.

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