



**The Boronia**



**Albany  
High School**

**December 1947**





# CONTENTS

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School Prefects . . . . .	2
School Officials . . . . .	3
Our School . . . . .	4
Editorial . . . . .	5
School Notes . . . . .	5 & 6
Form Notes . . . . .	6, 7, 8, 9
The Boronia . . . . .	9 & 10
Man . . . . .	10
"Henry V" . . . . .	10 & 11
Guide Notes . . . . .	11 & 12
Junior Red Cross Notes . . . . .	12
Sluggard's Reckoning . . . . .	12 & 13
The Ball . . . . .	13 & 14
School Basket Ball Team . . . . .	14
Cadet Corps Column . . . . .	15
The Q.M. Store Roof . . . . .	15 & 16
Reedy Memorial and Memorial Garden . . . . .	16
The Pine Plantation . . . . .	17
Down The Drain . . . . .	17 & 18
The Storm . . . . .	18
A.H.S. . . . .	18
Summer Prelude . . . . .	18
Lighten Our Darkness O Lord . . . . .	19
Re-Union . . . . .	19
School "A" Grade Hockey Team . . . . .	19
Reflections of a Flower Lover . . . . .	20
This is the Army . . . . .	20
Homework . . . . .	20
My Desire . . . . .	21
A.B.C. For Tiny Tots . . . . .	21
Groper . . . . .	21 & 22
"Bless 'Em All" . . . . .	22 & 23
Basketball Critique . . . . .	23
School Football Team . . . . .	24
Critique of Perth Team . . . . .	25 & 26
Hockey Critique . . . . .	26 & 27
1st. XI Critique . . . . .	27 & 28
Sport . . . . .	28



SCHOOL PREFECTS FOR 1947.



From left to right, Back Row: B. Malcolm, N. Dunham, M. Harrison, M. Snow, A. Randall, B. Wreath-  
all. Front Row: A. Fitzpatrick, E. McCrae, K. Fitzmaurice (School Captain), Mr. R. A. Fowler Head-  
master), M. Fenn (Senior Girl), J. Grylls, P. Pirrett.



## SCHOOL OFFICIALS, 1947.

### SCHOOL PREFECTS

K. Fitzmaurice (School Captain), A. Fitzpatrick, E. McRae, B. Malcolm, N. Dunham, Misses M. Fenn, P. Pirrett, A. Randell, J. Grylls, M. Snow, B. Wreathall.

### CLASS PREFECTS

Form IB. R. Cartright, L. de Julia.  
" IC. K. Porter, M. McIntosh.  
" IE. D. Cameron, V. Silver.  
" IIF. S. Dickinson, E. Smith.  
" IJJ. D. McNaughton, E. Elvard.  
" IIK. R. Ambrose, B. Cameron.  
" IIIA. M. McHarry, F. Alp.  
" IIID. P. Griffiths, J. Fraser.  
" IIIM. K. Hobley, A. Watson.  
" IV G. Gwynne, Miss B. Farrant.  
" V G. Robertson, Miss R. Kemble.

### SPORTS PREFECTS

G. Gwynne, L. Kirk, Misses P. Trappit, B. Farrant.

### PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY CADET

C. Malcolm.

### LOCKER PREFECT

N. Hoffman.

### POUND PREFECT

C. Malcolm.

### PRESS PREFECTS

Misses J. Taylor and N. Fowler.

### LIBRARY PREFECTS

Misses B. Nelson, P. England, N. Fowler, M. Thomson.

### MAGAZINE EDITORS

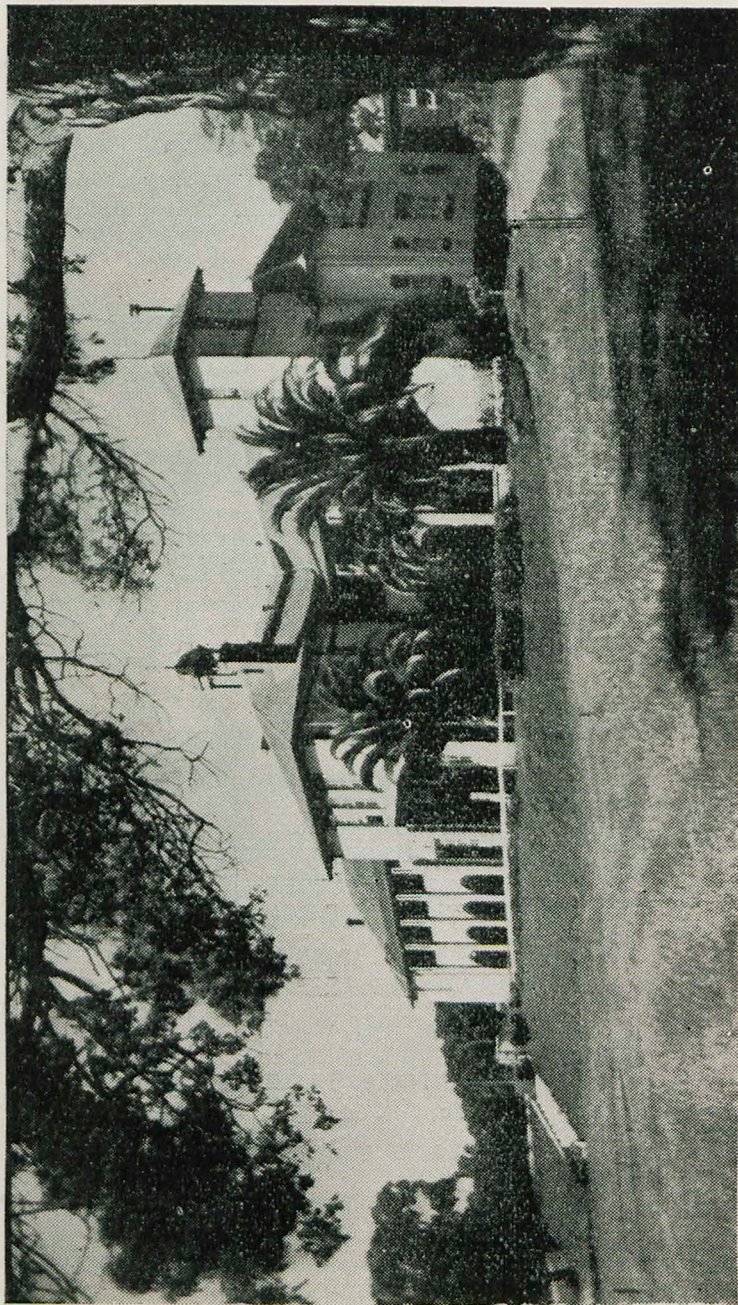
M. Fenn, E. McRae.

### ASSISTANT EDITORS

M. McGregor, M. Kirby.



ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL



[Photo by kind permission of S. K. White].



# " THE BORONIA "

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## Editorial

We believe that this year the students have taken more part in the organisation of school activities than ever before. This fact is significant when it is considered that education is designed to equip each individual to serve his community.

Committees are cumbersome, but democratic. They cannot exist without the sacrifice of some efficiency. But in a school such as ours, this lack of efficiency is not apparent, as was seen in the management of the School Balls, when all students, staff and many friends co-operated with the senior prefects. The sport's committee is to be congratulated on the splendid way in which it ran the sports carnival and raised funds for the Perth trips.

There are certain benefits which can be gained from attending council or committee meetings. They teach one to be courteous in debate, to think carefully before uttering one's thoughts, to accept criticism gracefully, and, if the criticism is well founded, to change one's mind.

At this school we have an opportunity to find the satisfaction to be gained in serving others. Those who take advantage of this opportunity, will become better citizens. Good citizenship is the basis of a nation's welfare.

This year there has been a pleasing increase in the number of contributions to the Boronia. We hope that those who have contributed, will feel additional pleasure in reading their magazine, and that those who have not, will try to gain that privilege in next year's Boronia.

## School Notes

After the Christmas holiday, the 350 students of A.H.S., found some changes in their staff. We were sorry to note Mr. Leach Barker's absence, and later, at the end of first term, that of Miss Bownass. We felt the loss of Mr. Barker even more severely, when we thought of the successful exhibition of his pupils' work, which he held during the holidays. However, we soon found our new teachers, Miss Blythe, Miss Doyle, Mr. Colgan and Mr. Gottsch, could compensate for our losses, and we extend to them a hearty welcome. Mr. Brown was also new to the staff, but has since been transferred to Perth.

Two institutions in connection with the school were formed this year, namely: The Army Cadets' Unit, and the Parents and Citizens Association. Both are functioning successfully.

The swimming carnival held this year was most successful, although the weather was not very good, and many complained of the cold.

Arbor Day brought many friends to the school. The sundial was dedicated by Mr. Watts, the Minister for Education, as a memorial to the late Headmaster, Mr. Reedy, and the rose garden around it, to the ex-students who lost their lives in the war. Parents were entertained with singing and a P.T. Display, although rain prevented some of the items on the programme, from being held.

The balls on the Friday and Saturday nights attracted a large crowd and, altogether, they raised £88 for school funds.



The bustle, caused by the sending of teams to Perth, has now been replaced by preparations for Sports Day, which event, we hope will be as great a success as the other functions this year.

Finally, we would like to wish leaving and junior students good results in these exams.

## FORM NOTES

### I B. FORM NOTES

"Hello" folks, this is I B. on paper, to bring you the latest news of our class, which is naturally the best in the school.

Seeing that the exams are approaching, we are all studying hard (?), although the brains like Brian and Val don't have to do very much. Do you agree?

Dubbo is our No. 1 clown, closely followed by Bubbles and Penny. (Now don't get a swelled head boys). The combined efforts of this trio annoy certain members of the staff.

Aha! we're here. Yes, its "Romeo and Juliet." The undying love of Norma and her hero. Ah! girls, isn't it a shame how love fades so fast.

Before we close try some of our quizzes:—

1. Did Norma come from the Alps?
2. Is Edith a Baker or a butcher?
3. Is Derrice a Field or a paddock?
4. Is Betty a Bolt or a screw?
5. Is Nita Brown or green?
6. Is Allen a Pen or a pencil?
7. Is Graeme a Bunny or a rabbit?

### I C. FORM NOTES

One-C. was a model room for the first two or three days of first term, but since has begun to reveal its true colours. The noise was deafening, for we talked and argued between and usually, during lessons, to our next door neighbours. Anyhow, here's our

alphabet which may or may not apply to certain members of our company:—

A. is for Arnold, our Army cadet;

B is for "Basher," who often will bet;

C is our room, the best in the school;

D is for "Drummer," our silly young fool;

E is for Eveilyn, a newcomer here;

F for Francis, who seems a bit queer;

G is for "Greg," our dopy young pre;

H is for "Hunks," the star at M.T.

I is for Ian—giant of our class; J is for Joy, our brainy French lass;

K is for Kennedy, our only red head;

L is for lessons, we'd rather be dead;

M is for Maureen, who chases the boys;

N is for Neville, who shares in the noise;

O is for office that we hate to attend;

P is for Peggy, who'll have to amend;

Q is for questions, which nobody knows;

R is for Raymond, he follows his nose;

S is for silence, the teachers can't get;

T is for Tony, in front seat he's set;

U is for us, the best of the forms;

V is for Val, who silently scorns;

W is for Wilma, who arrives just at chimes;

X is for 'xcitement, we all have at times;

Y is for youth—the wealth of our age;

Z is for zeal, as we end, this our age.

### I E. FORM NOTES

"Hello" everyone, this is I E. (E for energetic, as I'm sure you'll agree, especially the members of



the staff). Before we go any further, the class asked us to express our gratitude to Mr. Marshall for bestowing on us 21 French verbs.

I suppose you have all heard about our class, where the two star wonders roam—Wolf Strawbridge and “Dreamy” Douglas. They’re always down at the shoemakers—getting their shoes mended.

We were sorry to lose during the year: N. Smith (boy prefect), J. Nundy, P. Robinson, P. Wilson, B. Stuart.

And now we wish all the students taking their junior and leaving a prosperous term.

### II F. FORM NOTES

For two things only are we, the members of II F., renowned.—A distinct shortage of male members, and a dislike for work. The former to some of us is a decided disadvantage, but the remainder look to fresh fields for amusement.

We were unfortunate in losing a distinguished member of our class—the girl swimming champ.

Our maths class is well known by its teacher, who thinks we overdo our maths, by talking too much or even sitting together, but if he only knew it, we only talk about arithmetic!

### II J. FORM NOTES

This year, except for a few too widely spaced holidays, and changing of form masters, has been very dull. There are seventeen of each sex, constituting this hardworking class (?).

Several girls, sorry—young ladies, were strangers to the school, but owing to the care and attention of certain boys, are no longer so, and should any reader hear that long, low whistle, he may be sure that Norma A. from II J. is in the offing.

No, don’t throw this away, here is something interesting. This class can boast of three faction captains, in the shape of Johnny Dunn (Brown), who also represented second form in our Perth teams; Tich Taylor (Green) and Aileen Orr (Brown).

In conclusion, we wish everyone a good last term and the junior and leaving candidates “Bonne Chance.”

### II K. FORM NOTES

II K. has been a studious class this year, and we hope to keep the good work up. Our numbers were swelled earlier on in the year by T. Smith and R. Harding, only to be reduced again by the departure of A. Treasure, M. Caimonos, R. Johnson and E. Donnes. Many members of this class were in either the singing or gymnastics or Arbor Day. Our rowdy members, who started their High School education in I F., have managed to keep up the “good” reputation this year. We have also a few sporting members in our midst, including the junior swimming champion, one football captain, and a member of the Perth teams. Our English friend, from across the water, has only played English soccer, but we have hopes for him. Also our recent arrival from Perth Boys’, is one of the best on the parallel bars.

In conclusion, we wish all the junior and leaving candidates success in their forthcoming trials.

### III A. FORM NOTES

This year III A. has had six additions to the class, namely; Zetta Manton, Elaine Montgomery, Barbara Weston, Dennis Daniels, Ambrose Beeck and Ray Garstone. Neville Croxford was a new comer too, but he tired of the life of leisure and went out into the wide world to work, as did young Dick Gare.

As far as the boys are concerned, we have been well represented in various associations. Of the six third formers in the Perth football team, five of them came from III A. They are: Crofty, Joe, Wiz, Gus and Dashing (Daniels). III A. also claims to have a larger percentage of cadets than any other form, and more than half of these have elevated rank.

Have we brains? The teachers think we sit on them, but we owe



two members of the class, the honour of keeping up our good name.

We wish to thank all the teachers for their perseverance, and hope that we reach the standard they want. In wishing the leaving and other junior candidates all the best in the forthcoming exams, we will now sign off.

### III D. FORM NOTES

"Hello!" This is one section—the best—of the "Mad" form calling. I'm pleased to say that we've not had a bad year. The activities of our class have not been very different from those of last year, as we have practically the same class.

The class clowns are still the same, with the exceptions of "Crutt," who left us some months ago, in preference for work.

One of our masters will most likely be very surprised to find any form notes in the magazine, because our class, according to this master, hibernates!

The "brains" company, has broken up now, since Kay Adams left, but now "Pritter" and "Goloshes" have joined Wally and so we have a new "brain's trust."

Our maths classes always deteriorate on Fridays, when the Army takes over. "Bushy" and three other boys, always seem to be a source of annoyance to our geography teacher—indeed to most teachers. We have two "tecs" self named, who have flopped dismally on several love affairs around the school.

As for our singing, well, if you have ever listened to a queer noise issuing from the hall on Thursday's before sport, you'll know how well we can sing.

### III M. FORM NOTES

We of III M. are very fortunate in regard to the location of our form room, for we are to be found in D.S., where delightful smells do much to sharpen our dulling brains.

We are noted for our "mathematical monstrosities," but particularly for our love of the sun.

One day when we were dreaming on the front steps (supposedly doing English), there was a loud crack, and we saw one of our form mates on the ground. How this happened, is a mystery, but M.A.B. is suspected of having something to do with it. Our artist would have the boys committing suicide for her, but unfortunately there is a law against it. One day we were honoured by the visit of some Junior Farmers', so we tried to look very studious. The good effect was spoilt by a pair of gym pants hanging on the easel.

In conclusion, we would like to wish the leaving candidates every success, and to thank the teachers for attempting to instil the rudiments of learning into our thick skulls.

### IV FORM NOTES

To be or not to be Fourth formers! That is the question which assails many a poor, junior—weary third former whilst waiting for the results of their labours to be proclaimed. You have to do the maximum of hard work in the fourth year, but don't let that worry you. It's all very boring and frightfully uninteresting but the patience and tenderness of the staff guides you, bewildered along the road to your destiny, leaving. Those who wish to gain at least three distinctions in leaving, should keep their brains dusted by swotting.

We class P.S. as the worst subject and our worthy form master is continually reminding us to "get down to work." Once several boys took him literally and slipped off their chairs!

Now, we'd like to introduce some of our more industrious mates: "Chook," our swot, always attains B.B.s and A.s in exams, whilst "Johnny" runs a close second. "Greg," finds favour in the eyes of the opposite sex, while "Fat" is a great one for giggling in physiol periods. "Thel" is our book-keeper, whilst "Frizz" swots under most uncongenial conditions. In closing we say



"Bonne Chance," to junior and leaving candidates.

### V FORM NOTES

The V form students of 1947, under the able supervision of Mr. Collins, have become very conscientious, and enthusiastic, leaving candidates—at least that's what we are led to believe.

Our form is noted for its sheiks, and a new one has joined the ranks in recent weeks. Who would believe that our head boy would be tempted to lead a certain fair young lady off the straight and narrow path, leading to the Priory? Even our head girl has been leading three well known V formers a merry dance, and we must not forget our siren, a young lady who "Fitz" very well into all situations.

We extend our deepest thanks to a Sharp young lady, without whose efforts, in supplying valuable information to the council, our ball could not have been held in the Drill Hall.

We also thank the teachers, for they have certainly tried hard to pull us through and their help and sympathy have been very comforting.

Last of all V form wish each other and III form "bon voyage" through their exams and for the future careers of our form mates. Best of luck.

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## The Boronia

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The question of why we have a Boronia at all, rarely arises and probably only occurs to the harassed fourth formers, when at the beginning of third term they are feverishly sorting stacks of garulows form notes or callously blackmailing any literary classmates. Yet the publication of the school magazine is a major activity, of sufficient importance and entailing enough work to be ranked with the swimming carnival, Arbor Day, sports day, and the Fancy Dress Ball.

Actually a school magazine is supplementary to these functions, providing a field in which less athletic students may excel themselves. I am far from suggesting that there is any marked division between literary and athletic students—indeed, much of the best work in either sphere appears to be done by students proficient in both part. Though not conspicuously so, the response to this opportunity is fairly disappointing, as many of the obviously talented students do not contribute. More self critical than the average student, they are probably reluctant to commit to print any work in which they have not expressed themselves to their own satisfaction. Perhaps true literary talent is a bashful thing.

To be mentioned in the form notes is many a student's secret ambition and it is to these notes that most readers turn first; team critiques and photos are of first importance to the mighty Perth teams. Brightly written articles referring to easily recognised incidents and people are enjoyed; candid sketches and kind ridicule are the privilege of the form notes, while the temerity of the halting poets is secretly admired by those who know them. The Boronia is a magazine, intended to be read and enjoyed by all the students and that is the keynote of its composition.

Sentiments, especially amongst those leaving school, appears to be the chief urge towards keeping a Boronia. To take away the school magazine is to take away a little bit of the school, and the attitude of ex-students to the magazine, indicates, I think, its true merit as an accurate reflection of the school.—M.M.S. V.

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"Speak less than thou knowest."  
—V Form Girls at Physics.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—What! at this time of the year.



## Man

In the last hundred years, science has revealed a vast new world. Man used to think himself the centre of the Universe—either the favourite child of the Gods or the plaything of fate, according to his philosophy, but as our knowledge increases, our importance decreases. The Milky Way Universe is insignificant compared with vaster systems of stars, our sun a mere speck in the milky way, with the earth as one of its minor satellites. What then is man? In this inconceivably vast creation what is the purpose? The universe spins on, obeying its own fundamental laws, regardless of man pushing its portals with his puny frame. What avails all his effort, if a comet captures his sun and plunges his earth into the darkness of death. Why then does man live if his species might die out, if he is such a minute cog in the machine of existence? He lives because of a deep rooted, ridiculous conviction that their is a purpose in life. Most people are striving towards something, even if they don't realise quite what it is, and so man as a whole, must be striving to attain some goal. Whatever it is man has always yearned for perfection and has steadily progressed towards it.

Man has struggled from a cave man through various stages to what he is now, and must continue to go forward. All the materials for a great civilisation are here—resources for everyone's material comfort, brains to fashion democracies, principles to uphold them, and leisure with which to think, learn and seek happiness.

One cannot, however, expect man with his foolish inconsistency, egoistic nature and evil tendencies to take advantage of them right now. It is only through gradual and painful progress that the goal can be reached.

A civilized society must know where it is going and have a sense of values. We are not quite sure

what we are aiming at or what our values are, and until we do decide, there can be no real peace and security or anything else man really wants. Most people are honest when it suits them and vaguely appreciative of beauties that interest them, but are too busy and bewildered to worry about anything else. For those who care to look however, God has shown through his various prophets, the greatest being, Christ, that man should choose good. Surely if we were placed here by a blind malignant fate, that would not be so—God watches our feeble gropings with love and interest. What larger scheme this life is a part of, we can only guess or wait until we find the answer in Eternity.—B.W. V.

## “Henry V.”

Students have resently had the privilege of seeing one of the finest interpretations of a play frequently set in school certificate examinations. For many of them “Henry V,” has been transformed from a rather slow moving historical play to a fully appreciated masterpiece of English literature.

Throughout the picture, the atmosphere of the play, as a play, was retained; by including the chorus it was possible to keep some of the most beautiful speeches in the play and the originality of the opening scenes it noteworthy. Commencing with a view of London as it was in Shakespeare's day, the picture is gradually brought to a focus on the Globe playhouse, into which people are crowding, to see the first performance of the new play. Applegewomen cry the merit of their wares, as the spectators, according to their rank, take their places; merchants and middle class people sit in the shelters circling the theatre; 'prentices and common folk jostle each other good-humouredly around the stage, while for the nobles, seats are placed on the very platform itself.



The playhouse grows quieter as a page runs out upon the stage carrying a large placard on which the name of the play is announced. The play begins. Until the scene shifts to Southampton, we remain conscious of the Elizabethan audience, cheering at the discomfort of an unpopular actor who drops his lines, laughing, heckling, jeering.

Then the Globe playhouse fades away.

For the glorious pageantry alone, one could enjoy this film; the ponderous, stupid panoply and the tragedy of the Battle of Agincourt, when the flower of the French nobility made their fatal charge into the primitive traps of the English yeomen were fully emphasised. The detail with which such scenes can be treated, is an instance of the superiority of a good film over stage presentations where through lack of space, these scenes have to be merely representative. The realism which these scenes conveyed in the picture quite justified the amount of research and preparation which must have been necessary.

The high standard maintained elsewhere was, I thought, badly let down by some of the country views which formed the setting to several scenes; some of them gave an extremely strong impression of artificiality.

While the acting was splendid throughout, Laurence Olivier's Henry was inspired. His great speeches, cut to an impressive minimum, rang with sincerity and emotional intensity. Steeped in the spirit of the play, Olivier presented Henry's changing moods with equal success: the virile soldier, encouraging, leading, sympathising with his men; the monarch, meeting the taunts of the Dauphin with dignity and self control; the lover, blunt and inarticulate but with winning sincerity; the man, brooding on the lot of the king, and accepting his responsibilities.

Olivier was skilfully supported by the French king, a half-crazed ethereal old man, trembling and crossing himself as he crouched against the stairs, reminding his courtiers in quivering awe of the ravages of Henry's famous ancestors; the Lord Constable, shrewdly appraising with dry wit, the shallowness of his companions and alone upholding by his bravery in the face of shameful defeat the traditions of his country.

Warm hearted Katherine, teasing her blunt lover in pidgin English, and her interested maid, were welcome in more romantic scene. The four British captains were skilfully portrayed while the constant conflicts between the very earnest Fluellen and loud voiced Pistol endeared them to everyone. A brief scene showing the dying Falstaff, introduced a few lines from "Henry IV" for the benefit of people unfamiliar with the fat knight.

Shakespeare never saw his play so acted. Three hundred years after its first production, we see it in its true magnificence as he may have visualised it in some inspired dream.—M.M.S. V.

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## Guide Notes

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Guiding activities were commenced this year on February 14, when Mrs. Ross, our Assistant State Commissioner, invited Acting Lieutenant Snow and the four P.L.'s to an afternoon tea party at the Rudolph tea rooms. The purpose of this meeting was to farewell Mrs. Thompson, our Guider for the past three or four years, and to welcome Mrs. Collins, who had generously offered to take over the responsibilities of Acting Captain.

As February 23, was "Thinking Day," our Company attended a united church parade, together with the Boy Scouts and the Brownies, at S. John's Church. A very enjoyable service was conducted by Revd. Kirby, after



which, all our number attended the eleven o'clock service in their respective churches.

On February 24, we had a visit from Mrs. Lee Steere, our State Commissioner, who gave us an address on "Guiding." She mentioned some of the recent outstanding events in the guide world including the coming visit of Lady Baden Powell to Western Australia in September.

Friday, April 25, was Anzac Day and our entire Company took part in the eleven o'clock march, led by Acting Lieutenant Snow, while the duties of wreath bearer was very ably carried out by Elizabeth Williamson.

On June 7-9, we had a very memorable visit from Captain Mellowsip, and I'm sure we were all very sorry it was over.

We owe our deepest thanks to Mr. Collins, who has patiently striven to teach us the essentials of "morse" signalling, and also some of the important points concerning the compass. It is due to the fine efforts of both Mr. and Mrs. Collins that a number of us are seeking to reach the "First Class" goal before the end of the year.

A number of our Company travelled to Perth to take part in the Guide and Scout rally during the visit of Lady Bowden Powell, world Chief Guide. A very enjoyable time was spent by all.

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## Junior Red Cross Notes

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The Junior Red Cross has now been handed over by the fifth form girls to us fourth formers and although we are small in number, we hope to carry out the work which they have so generously done during the past year.

To begin their term of office the Committee made Christmas gifts for the Crippled Children of Lady Lawley's Home and at the beginning of this year, raised around £6 from two concerts held in the School Hall. From this

money, material was bought to complete a First Aid Kit, which was sent over to the Quarentine Station for use in the Summer Camps, and £3 given to the Food for Britain Appeal. Besides this, a food parcel was packed and sent to Perth Headquarters to be dispatched to Britain.

In taking over, we hope to do more of this valuable work and would welcome heartily any new members.

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## Sluggard's Reckoning

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Around the table they sit, black gowns swirling, chins in hands, the sun through the window shining on bald pates. The wise ones sitting round the table, wrapt in gloom, still and sombre, look with intense concentration at a beetle crawling up the inkwell.

Into the silence, the head wise one calls a name. Immediately before the eyes of all who sit, there comes a picture of an impish boy, with speckled nose, unruly hair. A stir runs through the gathering like a ripple on a dark pool, then for a minute silence. Comes the voice of judgement — "He does not work."

Oh poor student; Oh fool. Why did you waste your time in play? Why did you not think of this hour, this judgement hour? Now will be written these shameful words. But wait, another wise one stirs, he raises his head a little, his hand pauses in its aimless wanderings across the table top.

"He seems to work at Maths."

There is hope? No! Again the first voice calls "He does not work. I do not even know the shape of his writing."

Unhappy student—still, he does work at Maths. The frowning judgement is given, a pen moves to the inkwell. It writes. The words are blotted—"Average Student."



And across the heavy silence another name is called. Like a mournful bell, tolling in darkness the voice again speaks: "He does not work." Other voices join in "Lazy." "Could have done better." Again the pen writes, again the brooding pause, black gowns swirling, the sun still shining through the window on the carefully disguised bald pates, on on some undisguisably bald. And so it goes on, until the wintry sun shines no longer, till the bones of the wise ones grate painfully on the hard wooden chairs. Then the head one rises.

"It is enough."

A murmur runs around the school rooms "They are coming, be silent."

One by one the black-coated figures sweep majestically from the meeting and on the reports of many students lie the results of their judgement.—N.F. IV.

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## The Ball

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"But when the blast of orchestra blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood."

This is helpful advice if you are to survive the gaities of the annual High School Ball (undoubtedly the event of the year)—for

"There's many an eye will see no sleep, till the east grows bright again."

With "On with the dance, let joys be unconfined" as our motto, we sweep into the swirling pool of costumes.

But a silence (well, almost) falls on the company—an air of expectancy pervades the atmosphere. You guessed, a grand parade is in progress—the individual costumes. We pity the judges—they have a difficult job.

This offer, the crowd, its appetite whetted, is held breathless with pleasant anticipation. Another parade? Yep! The greatest,

the most glamorous, the most gorgeous array the school can muster—take my word for it, it's stupendous, it's sensational, it's dazzling, it's daring, it's dynamic—it's IT.

We have the beautiful, the comic, the slightly humorous, the ingenious, the fantastic.

"And pomp and feast and revelry,

With mask and antique pageantry."

This last is not an unkind allusion to Daring Daisy and 'Dacious Dick.

Ah! but now they form up for the Lancers.

"Come and trip it as you go,

On the light fantastic toe."

The toe is most certainly (in some cases) fantastically covered, but light? Ask those whose injured appendages would testify anything but.

Well it's a case of:—

"Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."

As exhausted dancers (horses included) give all they've got to the last figure.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth"—because after all, the horse (female, I believe, Fitz Maurice) who battled on under overwhelming conditions, won the prize for the best execution of aforesaid Lancers.

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend, on whom their favours fall!"

Thus, are unwary males lured onto the floor, dancing on air, far from the madding crowd, uplifted beyond this weary world to some exalted plain, from which they make a startled descent—somewhat resembling a pricked balloon—on the conclusion of sweet strains from the orchestra.

A pleasant diversion from this fickle frivolity is "supper"—magic word—you should see the charge on the supper room door. The Light Brigade has nothing on the High School.

"His pleasures at a gulp he takes,



The feast is his to the last crumb  
Drink while he can—the drought  
will come.”

We satisfy a very insistent  
member of our bodies—plus a  
little extra for the drought.

But once more its “on with the  
dance”—joy is now unconfined.  
Somehow the freedom one experi-  
ences in fancy dress, transports  
one far beyond one’s monotonous  
toil—these brief hours must not  
be spoilt by thoughts of tomorrow.

But at last—or is it only a mat-  
ter of a few minutes? The cup is  
drained dry. It’s over. When:—

“The lustrous purple blackness  
of soft Australian night,

Waved in the grey awakening  
that heralded the light.”

We turn our footsteps home-  
ward “from wandering on a for-  
eign strand.”

Tomorrow:—

“Pallid of face and gaunt of  
limb”—we will wonder that if  
after all it was only a dream.

“And now my humble thanks I  
offer.

To any poet who may suffer,  
From this, my greatest work of  
art?

You may discover, if you’re smart  
A little piece you know by heart.

—J.S. V.

“The devil’s working parody.”—  
The Chem. Lab.

“And watch her feet, how they  
can dance.”—Maxine.

“No Fear.”—“A” Team’s  
Motto.

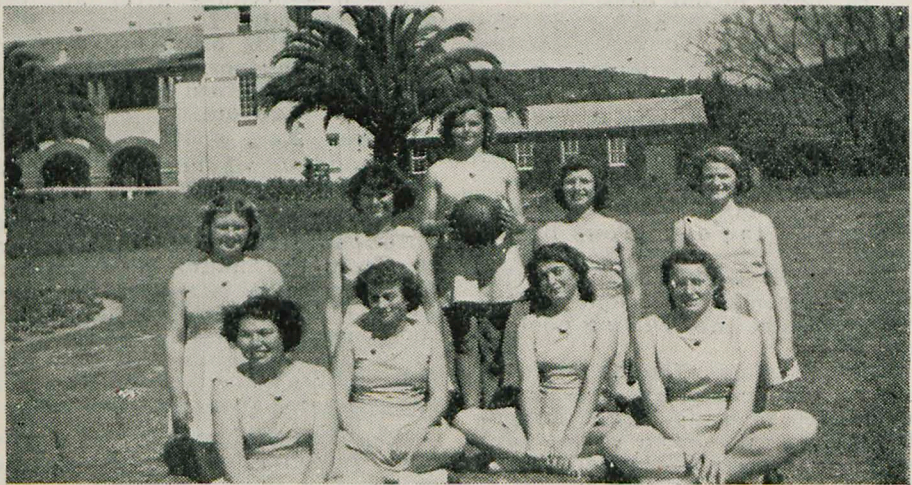
“What could she have done, be-  
ing what she is?”—Senior Girl.

“He never takes the slightest  
pains to exercise his drowsy  
brains.”—IV Year’s G.G.

“When you’re lying awake with  
a dismal headache, and repose is  
taboo’d by anxiety.”—Night  
before Exams.

“O! I am the truly strong man.”  
—Fitz at P.T.

### ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM — 1947.



Front Row (left to right): B. Nelson, S. Martin, W. Growden (Cpt.),  
E. Hewitt. Back Row: A. Watson, D. Aldridge, B. Sykes, E. Fenn,  
M. Cruse.



## Cadet Corps Column

Early this year the Albany High School Senior Cadet Unit came into being. Commencing with about 20 Cadets, the Unit has increased until there are now nearly 50 names on the roll. With Mr. Gottsch as O.C. and W.O. Wilkins as Chief Instructor, we have already gained considerable knowledge and experience.

In May, the majority of the Cadets participated in an annual camp held at Swanbourne. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the nine days taste of army life. As a result of certain examinations and recommendations, several of our number have gained promotion, to whom we extend our congratulations:—

Lieutenant Ambrose, Staff Sergeant Wright, Sergeants Wellstead and Prior, Corporals Veran, Radbourn and Wellman, Lance Corporals Crofts, Dickenson, Dryden, Garstone, Munro and Nunan.

## The Q. M. Store Roof

A while ago, our senior Cadet Detachment found it necessary to have a quarter-master's store nearer to the High School than the one which, at the time, was a good mile or so away. Consequently a site was selected behind the school, the material arrived, and the walls and floor were erected by the school gardener and caretaker.

The roof was still to be put on. A section of the Cadets was detailed off to cover this on a parade day, and so, we marched to the scene, leaned our rifles against a convenient tree, plunged our hands into our pockets and awaited further orders.

Here it may be as well to explain that the roofing was to be put on in six sections, each approximately eight feet by six. They had heavy jarrah frames,

were of corrugated iron, and were intended to be bolted together, for which purpose, holes had been bored here and there, meant to correspond with similar holes in each other and in the walls.

During a discussion of the commanding officer, the available non-commissioned officer, and any private who considered himself so informed as to be entitled to a say, the hands remained in the pockets. Quite suddenly, one of the "higher ups" called lustily:—

"Bring in number eight"

With a general "O.K.," one of the two number eights was seized upon, dragged to the door, and shot inside by a score of eager hands. Another discussion, and amongst the usual Australian expressions and wise-cracks that are encountered on such a job, number eight was jolted to the rafters, where, after bumping, banging and strings of expressions, it was declared a misfit. It was agreed upon to "try 'er in the other corner, but nobody suggested bringing it back to the floor, so number eight was, by means of poles, with enthusiastic cadets at their lower ends, transferred through the air to the opposite corner, and duly lodged in position after swaying, bumping, plentiful brute force and cany epithets which are exclusively Australian.

While a brawny lad at the end of a pole supported number eight, others forced another section through the door. I happened to be outside during the fitting of this section, and found it indeed amusing to observe a heavy section, at the order, rise on poles into the air, sway dangerously, hover, and amid a chorus of grunts and and sometimes oaths, crash crookedly into position. More thumping and banging, and a cheer finally, as a precariously-perched, slouch-hatted youth succeeded in hammering an essential bolt home.

Lanky was found to be very useful, and to many of us was a blessing, for, to the boy who had been hanging by one arm and



pushing a bolt with his free hand, Lanky's six foot three was welcome to take over.

Brute force was the order of the day.

"She's about 'alf an inch out your way!"

"O.K., get yer fingers out, an' I'll put 'er right."

This was done simply by using a jarrah pole as a battering ram, and, after a while:—

"She's jake."

With a lot more noise and clumping of heavy army boots, the whole roof was duly forced, bashing and battered into position, and bolts fitted loosely for later tightening by the gardener and caretaker.

As for the cadets themselves, I feel quite sure that enjoyment was had by all, and, after all said and done, it is only the quartermaster who uses the hut.—D.D. III A.

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## Reedy Memorial and Memorial Garden

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Dedication read by Mr. Chop-ping prior to the unveiling of the Sundial and Dedication of the Garden by the Hon. A. Watts, M.L.A.

"In the name of all those from whose efforts this School has drawn its life. I dedicate this garden to those, our school-fellows, whose names do now and will for ever stand at the feet of these roses. We honour them that through their courage and their sacrifice, they did so much to show that this young school of theirs has won the right to stand with dignity and pride among its peers. Because their deeds may rank among the great deeds of our race, our School may hail this day and claim its place among the noble and worthy things of our land.

This is an hour of greatness for us; but it is bought with the

great price of the sorrow of those they left behind: parents, wives and little children, and their friends, friends they found, in many cases, in the precincts of these grounds. To them we offer the solace of our sympathy and the homage of our respect. In this garden we have tried to lay a memorial that will be for ever fresh and full of life as they were. They, at least, will be for all time before the eyes of their succeeding race. They have passed but:—

"Content leaving to use the pride

Of lives obscurely great."

To their memory and in sympathy with these loved ones, I call you to stand a moment in silence.

And now to you who are still among the eager throng of our High School's present students, I pass the high pledge to live worthily of what we here commemorate. This ground is sacred to the memory of young people who died in obedience to a higher sense of human duty and responsibility. I enjoin you ever to consider it as much and by the force of your own example ensure that all who are with you as well as those that follow after, will cherish and revere it.

So from the horrible tragedy of war and the sufferings of these and theirs, may we find inspiration; may this our School rise to greater heights and from it spring deeds of Truth, of Honour and of Beauty which shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

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"Nothing is done, nothing is said

But don't make the mistake of thinking us dead."—Cry of English IV.

"Splendour falls on castle walls."—Albany High School.

"Mid the verdurous vales and thickets."—The Pine Plantation.



## The Pine Plantation

A short time ago Mr. Lane-Poole, formerly Conservator of Forests in Western Australia and more recently Commonwealth Inspector General of Forests, visited and inspected the pine plantation at the school. With the Headmaster he saw the whole of the plantation from the oldest trees to the last planting. He said that it was a very good stand of cluster pine indeed and among the best he had seen. It was, he remarked, very encouraging to find so successful a school plantation quite possibly the only one in Australia. He strongly advised the school to go on with the planting each year and not to miss any year's new plot. The trees would come to maturity in about 40 years form time of planting and then would form a source of income to the school beside being a splendid example of what ought to be done all over the country side. He paid a tribute to the first Headmaster, Mr. F. M. Reedy, saying that he had been a "man of vision."

## Down the Drain

(AN EPISODE)

"Hullo."— I jumped slightly, and on turning towards the voice I saw three feet nothing of Australian youth gazing at me out of two profound grey eyes. I was executing my monthly task of cleaning the drain pipe at the side of our house: a filthy but necessary job.

"Don't come too near," I cautioned, "or you'll be splashed."

"Why?"

"Oh, well because this hose has a big pressure."

"Wot's pressure?"

"Whr—. Well it's er —." I stopped. "It's what makes the water splash." I finished in a flash of inspiration.

"No it's not. You're making it splash; and you've wet my feet," he added as a disconsolate after thought, eyeing his water bespattered toes.

"I'm sorry," I replied, "but I told you not to come too close."

"Oh no, I don't mind. I like it. Do it some more please."

I disregarded this request and asked him to turn off the tap instead. I cleaned out some filth and piled it on the ground beside the drain. His eyes lit up and he pointed towards the oozing rubbish.

"Can I have that plastic wheel?" he asked.

My eyes searched the debris. I could see no wheel. I suppose he mistook my silence for an admonition because he hurriedly blurted out:—

"Please."

"I can't see it anywhere," I told him.

He pointed to a piece of white peeping out from under some of the decayed matter.

"There it is. It's just right for one of my cars. Aunty gave me four cars for my birthday. One white, one red, one green, and one blue. So I took the wheels off 'em and changed 'em round so's to all diff'rent wheels on each car." He had been warming to his theme and I began to wonder why the manufacturers had not the sense to do that in the first place, when the tone changed and he finished sorrowfully:—

,"But I lost one."

After I had washed the wheel I gave it to him.

"Thank you," he said as he placed it in one of those absurd pockets which adorn all juvenile jerseys and which seem to be made to hold nothing larger than plastic wheels.

"Do you get paid for doing that?"

"No."

"I don't get paid for the work I do either. I ride up and down on the molko's cart and say 'Giddup' and 'Woa.'"

"And you don't get paid?"



"No. Daddy works in the Railways, an' Mummy's working nex' door; an' Susie works in the Hosp'tal; an' 'Erbit works at the Butcher's. They all get paid, but I don't."

"I suppose Susie and Herbert are your brother and sister, are they?"

"Susie's my sister, but I don't know who 'Erbert is."

"Well how do you know where he works?"

"Oh he's a fren' of daddy's, but I don't know who he is. I haven't met him yet."

"I see," I said. But I didn't.

"I must be going now. Mummy's got some afternoon tea for me. Thank you for the wheel.

"G' bye" as he waddled away, I stooped and played the hose down the drain.—B.A. III A.

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## The Storm

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The coming storm has turned my scene to grey,  
Dark creeping clouds the firmament have filled;  
The air seems charged with what is soon to break—

Portent of nature; as I gazed, I thrilled.

Just when it seems the silence reigns supreme,

Above I hear a seagull's harsh complaint;

Upon the harbour, mirrored, I can see

The idle yachts that need no anchor's 'straint.

A restless world awaits a darker storm—

The atom-secret, gained at man's own cost,

A Nemesis, its grisly work performs;

Turns all creation to a holocaust.

No country's creeds or councils can atone—

The world can yet be saved—by love alone.

—M.P. V.

## Summer Prelude

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Sleep, now, my birralee;  
Rest while the fierce sun's scorching blaze  
Shrivels the quatha's flesh,  
And the little dummerh seek the cool  
Of the stunted gum trees' mesh.

The bunneryyarl buzz so drowzily,  
Just listen to them now;  
They break the hush, for all things else  
Are sleeping in the shade.

Soon a little mayr so cool  
Will whisper through the leaves  
That it is time to dig again,  
Although the sky's deep blue  
Must glare for many weary hours  
Before the day is through.

But, in the darkness' welcome cool,  
That rests our blood-shot eyes,  
Spirits shall come to see us then—  
Our ancestors arise.  
With the wondahs, hand in hand,  
We'll rest again, my birralee.  
My birahlee!

—H.R.T. V.

Birahlee, baby; Quatha, quon-dong;  
Dummerh, lizards; Bunneryyarl, flies;  
Mayr, breeze; Wondahs, spirits or ghosts.

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## A.H.S.

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There is a hill in Australia,  
Green lawns, and a school I know;  
Where the balls fly fast in summer;  
And the whispering pine trees grow;  
A little hill, a dear hill,  
And the playing fields below.

---

"Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat."—The Alcove.



## Lighten Our Darkness Oh Lord

We pitched our tents that night  
in a valley steep,  
Which nature's giant sentinels  
surround;  
Where nothing broke the sil-  
ence save the sound,  
Of distant thunder rumbling long  
and deep.

Our fire pierced the darkness like  
a blade,  
As close we lay around it, and  
its light;  
Lit in our hearts a safeness  
from the night,  
That seemed so frightening and  
so darkly made.

Not one small star to greet the  
heavenward gaze,  
But in the young moon's arms,  
the old moon lay,  
The clouds scarce letting out  
their faintest ray;

And all surroundings seemed a  
shadowed maze.

With God above to watch us,  
through the hours,

We need not fear the menaces  
of the night,

But place our trust in His re-  
vealing light—

The key of true contentment can  
be ours.

—B.W. III A.

## Reunion

We swapped old yarns from the  
land of yesteryear,

There, with our faces lit by the  
firelight's glow;

We hummed old songs mid con-  
versation's flow,

With our merry memories bring-  
ing a frequent tear.

For our day is gone, like a sun  
that disappears,

Below an horizon, grey, with the  
creeping years.

—B.W. III A.

### ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL "A" HOCKEY TEAM — 1947



Front Row (left to right): V. Weston, H. Slater, J. Theyer, V. Milne, B. Kemble. Second Row: B. House, M. Stephens, P. Pirrett. Back Row: J. House, B. Wreathall, M. Fenn (Cpt.), A. Randall (Vice-Cpt.), D. Grylls, H. Henderson,



## "Reflections of a Flower Lover"

The 'B'ronia Hike" comes once a year,

As you already know.

I like the flowers that grow down here,

So to the hike I go.

Mud, mud, from head to foot.

Water all around;

I feel as tho' I'm black as soot—

But where's the b'ronia found.

I see the others riding home

With bunches large and many;

I gaze around, I search in vain,

But no, there isn't any.

I fell into a puddle deep,

While seeking for some flowers.

Round here, you have to search

and keep

Looking round for hours.

At last I have a fair-sized bunch,

I tie it to my bike;

I'm ready now to have my lunch,

And so off home I hike.

While riding carelessly along,

I bang into a tree.

I lose my flowers, I break my bike,

And that's the end of me.

## This is the Army

As the sound of the bell drifts away on the breeze,

We see that each soldier is standing at ease.

Sergeant Wellstead advances at once to his post,

And calling for markers no time has he lost;

Corporal Radbourn strides out and halts in his place,

Corporal Wellman is next—he's red in the face—

There's Dickinson there, and Crofty and Gus,

They're lining up without any fuss.

Sergeant Fritz has his squad; and they look mighty fine,

Corporal Verran has his, but they're out of line.

"You will answer your names," the sergeants both say,

And start barking like dogs without further delay;

The reports have been taken, the sergeant salutes,

The "Loot" does the same, and examines Buck's boots.

When we've all been inspected and "Loot's" had his say,

He turns, marches off, and trips over McVeigh.

The sections form up, the instructors take charge,

While staff sergeant retires like an old barge.

Who knows what may happen when once they all go,

From the authoritative eye of our dear loving W.O.;

But what ever may happen, we're all darn sure,

That, on fighting, our troops have all learnt a bit more.

## Homework

Books surround me as I work;

No time have I for fun.

History, Maths and Physics too,

All waiting to be done.

Despairingly I scribble on,

Wishing time would wait;

But the tick of the clock can still be heard,

As my eyes begin to ache.

The pile of books is still a pile,

When ten o'clock has passed,

And everything begins to reel,

As eleven creeps up fast.

The matches can no longer stand

The strain of heavy lids;

So finally I go to bed,

And dream of noisy kids.

"Still, he, that dreams and rambles through his own elfin air."—McRae.

"A word within a word."—Chaucer.



## My Desire

Neath white clouds of splendour,  
By foothills of grey,  
Neath pine and spruce trees,  
Where grey squirrels play—  
There is my home to be.

Away from the din,  
And hard city life;  
Away from the scenes  
Of hardship and strife,  
In the clear cool mountain air.

Mid the shade of the wattle,  
Neath branches of gold;  
Deep in the mountains,  
Where wealth lies untold;  
Where grey squirrels build their  
home.

In the comp'ny of nature,  
In a cottage of pine,  
I will live the old life,  
That only was mine,  
And will be ever again.

—B.B. I B.

## A.B.C. For Tiny Tots

A is for Alec, sweet as a rose.  
B is for Bonnie, whom nobody  
knows.  
C is for Coventry, chemistry swot.  
D is for Doreen and also for Dot.  
E. is for England, united and free.  
F is for Farrant, efficient young  
pre.  
G really stands for our aimable  
"Garth."  
H is for "Hoffy" who has the last  
laugh.  
I for Imelda, the pick of the  
bunch.  
J is for Johnny, who's late after  
lunch.  
K is for Kirby, Kimble and Kirk.  
L is for Lindsay, who doesn't like  
work.  
M is for Mac that wee Scottish  
lass.  
N is for Nancy, the best in the  
class.  
O is for 'omework, adored by us  
all.

P is for Paddy, who comes when  
we call.  
Q is for quietness, how about that.  
R is for Robertson, known here as  
"fat."  
S is for Sloman, but she isn't so  
slow.  
T is for Thelma, you all ought to  
know.  
U is for us, unanimous we.  
V is for variety, found up in P.  
W is for Wellstead, we know when  
we're shown.  
X in Algebra, equals unknown.  
Y is for you—never mind me.  
Z is for zeal as we go home to tea.

## Groper

(By "PISCATOR")

In a fifteen-foot motor boat,  
powered by a two horse-power,  
"Invincible" engine, we left Two  
People Bay heading towards the  
foot of Mt. Many Peaks, to spend  
the day fishing.

Our anchor was slipped and  
after swinging up into the wind  
we set a grapnel over the stern to  
counteract any currents before  
casting our lines into the shall-  
ows, by a colourful reef which  
abounded in all forms of aquatic  
life.

Here we hoped to catch the  
much sought after blue groper,  
which is often found frequenting  
reefs and shore rocks.

In deep waters, this fish has  
little resistance to offer the fisher-  
men, as it seems to sustain some  
internal injury, but in shallows  
such as these it pulls like a mar-  
lin. It was not long before we  
saw its fighting fury as, lured out  
by the favourite crab-bait it  
struck at a line.

Although the line was a good  
strong cord, the groper was "play-  
ed" and it was only after some  
minutes that it finally lay grasping  
upon the deck—35 pounds of  
glistening fish.

We caught nine such as that  
one, besides other smaller fish.



As I think of the meal I ate that day I can readily say that proper, grilled to the turn, provide as delectable a meal as any of the larger fish of the South Coast.

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### "Bless 'Em All"

---

The midday meal served by the homely country hotel was excellent, so after I had satisfied my inner man I leaned back in my chair with a contented expression which reflected my feelings. I was in the district on a matter of business for the city firm which employed me, and, having completed it, was at my leisure until the evening city bound train pulled in at the station. I surveyed the room—commonplace enough; several waitresses scurrying about, and the usual crowd of customers—country farmers, commercial travellers and loud voiced city visitors.

I reflected that it was not much use having nothing to do if one has nothing to do, a thought which may confuse the reader, but those who have been in the same position as I was that afternoon will probably guess my meaning. My wandering thoughts were pierced by the voices of a group of men seated at the table on my right. One of the group was relating an incident, and, as one often does in the circumstances, I listened. I will retell the tale in much the same words used by the man, a typical farmer or cocky.

"Did I ever tell you blokes about the time I gave a lift to an aboriginal football team?" he queried, as he leaned back and filled his pipe.

"Nope." This from a fresh faced youth who had evidently heard a great many of the farmer's tales and did not wish to hear any more, if one may judge from the reluctant tone of his recently broken voice.

"Is it funny?" asked a broad-faced, good humoured man, clad in store tweeds and khaki shirt.

"Get h'on with it, Bill," spoke a peaked faced fellow, evidently an Englishman.

The man called Bill lit his pipe, puffed, and commenced. "Remember the time I had a property near Doginup?" The group nodded. "Well, there was an aboriginal camp one to one and a half miles from the homestead, and these fellows had a football team. Regular good one, too, I might say. Jerseys, boots and all the necessary equipment. Used to play teams from the other camps in the district.

"On Saturday I decided to go into town for the afternoon for a game of golf on the links, so I got the truck out and just when I passed the camp I saw about fifty blacks yelling and running after the truck. I stopped and a big fellow who looked like the leader came up to me and sez with a big grin on his face: 'Give us a lift, boss. Football teams playing in town only we can't get there.' 'No, by jingo, I won't,' I sez. 'Only footie team,' he sez. I relented. 'Righto,' I sez, 'The football team and only the football team.'

"I counted them as they got on and the number was correct. Time I'd got in the truck, about 20 of their blinkin' barrackers were on, too. I let them go. Soon as we started, they were singing at the top of their voices the popular song "Bless 'em All," and it didn't sound bad, either. Aborigines have good voices.

"Suddenly the truck gave a sideways lurch, sliding all the blacks off. I got out and saw we were bogged. "If you'd done what I said this wouldn't have happened." I told them, but they just grinned.

"Alright," I sez, "you fellows push when I signal you. 'I'd hardly got in when the truck gave a sort of bound and I found I'm further in the bog then ever. 'Lissen you idiots!' I sez. 'Push when I



tell you.' 'Alright, boss' sez the leader cheerfully. After a while we're off with them blacks still yelling "Bless 'em All."

When we got into town, I sez to them 'How long will you be?' 'Oh, one, two hours, boss,' sez the leader. 'Righto' I sez, 'but you be on time or I won't give you a lift. Can't stand waiting around for you all night.'

I was back at the Oval by five o'clock, giving them three hours instead of the two I promised. Bless me, if they weren't still blinkin' well playing. I turns to one of their barrackers and sez, 'How much longer are these chaps going to be? They said they'd be ready in two hours. I'd given them three!' 'That's alright boss,' the aboriginal sez 'they had to go out to the other camp to get the team they're playing. 'What?' I yells. 'You bet boss,' he grins, 'Them blokes out the camp didn't know we were going to play them.'

"We arrived home eventually, with "Bless 'em All" still going strong."

You may wonder what I did with the rest of the afternoon. I wrote this story, word for word, and sent it to the editor of a humorous magazine. Next week, I received this reply by post. "We regret we cannot publish the entry submitted to us. Only humorous articles are printed in our magazine."

What do you think?—B.H. IV.

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## Basketball Critique

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Goal-thrower ( B. Sykes): A good speedy little player, is skilful in dodging and combines well with the assistant goal-thrower. Goal-throwing has shown steady improvement throughout the year.

Assistant - Goalthrower (W. Growden): Captain of the team. Shows good speed and judgement in play, combines well with the goalthrower, and is acquiring good sure control of the ball. Goal-throwing is much improved.

Attack Wing (M. Cruse): Well suited to this position for she combines most effectively with both the centre and the goalthrowers. Uses all her area of the field and is a hard player for her opponent to cover.

Centre (E. Hewitt): A player with speed and good judgement. Dodges most effectively to secure the ball and is sure in her throwing, being well aware of the movements of the other members of the team. Handles the ball with good control.

Defence Wing (B. Nelson): Very dependable. Covers her opponent well, and when the defence comes into attack dodges well to secure the ball and direct it to the other end. Combines well with the centre and attack wing at the centre throw-off.

Defence (D. Aldridge): Plays well with the goal defence particularly when one of them is throwing in from behind the back line. Control of the ball is steadily improving and judgement of when and how to throw to avoid the opposing team is good.

Goal Defence ( E. Fenn): The most improved player in the team. Covers her opponent consistently and untiringly, and shows good judgement in getting the ball out of the goal circle.

Reserve Goalthrower (S. Martin): Dodges well to secure the ball in the goal circle, but is not yet sure of goal throwing. Has shown good breaks of accurate shooting and with practice this will improve.

Reserve Defence (A. Watson): With more speed will develop into a very good defence player. Tactics good and handles the ball well.

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"Out of the sighs a little comes."—Gert.

"Oh! King! who has the key of that dark room." Science Teacher.

"These hearts were woven of human joys and cares."—V Form.



**ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM (Undefeated).  
Inter-High School Football Competition, August 1947.**



Back Row (left to right) : B. Feld, G. Gwynne, J. Dunn, D. Daniel, J. Colgate, D. Crofts, M. Cuneo.  
Centre Row (left to right) : C. Delmenico, N. Hoffman, K. Hoffman, J. Button, A. Garstone, J. Cov-  
entry, W. Onions, F. Bairstow. Front Row (left to right) : S. Fleay, G. Robertson, N. Dunham  
(Capt.), Mr. F. Marshall (Sportsmaster), L. Hayward (Vice-Capt.), E. Harding, E. McRae. (Ab-  
sent: A. Fitzpatrick)



## Critique of Perth Team

(By F.J.M.)

N. DUNHAM (Captain, centre half-forward): Reliable and cool, he was the spearhead of the attack with his intelligent leading and accurate footpassing. A good position player whose marking is safe. High marking could be improved. Ably skippered the team in Perth.

L. HAYWARD (Vice-Captain, centre): Tenacious and with a burst of speed which left opponents standing, he was outstanding in Perth. Marks brilliantly and able to turn either way. Disposal leaves room for improvement.

A. FITZPATRICK (wing): A much improved player whose pace and tenacity made him a difficult opponent on the tour. Disposal is better than formerly. High marking is his weakest point.

J. BUTTON (goalkeeper): Dashing clearance and reliable groundplay characterised his play in Perth. Goalsneaks found him a tough proposition, although his kicking, excellent last year, was not of his best. Proved his mettle in the critical last quarter against Bunbury, when he was impassable.

E. HARDING (ruck): Tall rangy type whose knocking has improved. Shows pace on occasions. Marking, although at times brilliant, is unreliable. Disposal weak. Needs to shepherd more.

McRAE (centre half-back): The most improved player in the team. His pace and ground play caused opposing half-forwards many a headache. Overhead marking has also shown improvement. Inclined to overuse short pass when clearing.

S. FLEAY (half-back): An improved defender whose groundplay is usually reliable. Shadows his forward well. His disposal, has always been faulty, although a slight improvement is in evidence.

G. ROBERTSON (full back): Tall and solid. Although inclined to slowness, his ground play and marking are reliable. Has shown improvement, especially as regards disposal.

K. HOFFMAN (ruck): Has shown much improvement. Knocks well and disposes accurately. An excellent mark. Could shepherd more frequently. Should improve even more next season.

N. HOFFMAN (ruck): Has shown similar improvement. Stabbing and marking are of a high standard. A little more pace would prove invaluable, should be an effective key man next year.

J. COVENTRY (ruck): A newcomer who has given reliable and efficient services to his team. Marks very well and is able to kick over long distances. Stab pass must be improved, while more pace would enable him to avoid being tackled.

G. GWYNNE (full back): Reliable and steady in a crisis. Ground play above average. Marks safely. Disposal has improved, although it still needs constant attention.

W. ONIONS (goalsneak): Proved most valuable on the Perth tour, managing 20 goals in four matches. Elusive and a safe chest mark. Leads well. Needs more pace to beat the goalkeeper in the race to the ball. Has a good goal sense.

D. CROFTS (rover): His groundplay, determination and unselfishness made his roving invaluable on the tour. Picks up brilliantly. His outstanding pace. His disposal especially the stab-pass, could be improved.

M. CUNEO (wing): Small and elusive, he marks safely and at times particularly well. Disposal is not up to standard. Cultivation of the stab would prove invaluable to him, while go-ahead tactics would be more successful than doubling back.

D. DANIEL (wing): A newcomer who favours a fast, vigorous style of play. Is tenacious at all times. His disposal, although still below standard, has improved slightly.



F. BAIRSTOW (full forward): Plays a robust, go-ahead game. Marks well. Stab pass below standard. Is inclined to kick too high when punting. Should improve.

R. GARSTONE (half-back): A newcomer who marks and disposes well. Another exponent of the rugged style. Must learn to shepherd and turn both ways. Proved most useful on the tour.

C. DELMENICO (full forward): At times has been effective with elusiveness and good marking. Has not been consistent however. Must develop more pace and improved disposal.

J. DUNN (rover): Outstanding on the tour with consistent exhibitions of roving and forward play. Leads, marks and disposes well. Stab pass could be kept a little lower. Should be again prominent next year.

B. FELD (full forward): Promising junior, who leads and disposes to advantage. Is an accurate shot for goal. Must develop more pace and kick over longer distances.

J. COLGATE (full back): A well-built defender who plays vigorously and clears with a good drop kick. Must learn to turn both ways. Marking is very reliable. Justified his inclusion in the Perth team.

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## Hockey XI. Critique

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(By MR. COLLINS)

JUNE THEYER (centre forward): Proved a very valuable pivot player to the forward line, showed skill and judgement in directing its movements and possessed the quickness in seizing the moment to do so. Has dash in the circle but was somewhat unlucky not to have scored oftener.

HAZEL SLATER (inside right): Thoroughly justified her selection to the position. Played tirelessly and did not give up. Combined exceptionally well, on occasions, with her wing, and

learnt to press home the attack in the circle. Was handicapped by earlier experiences in other positions, but when she develops better footwork to get in position to receive passes, will score many goals.

VAL MILNE (inside left): On figures, at least, the most successful forward and really deserves her success. Stick work has improved all round and particularly the force and speed of her shots. Is quick to see an opening, has the skill to go through and shows good judgement in shooting.

VERNA WESTON (outside right): Speedy and forceful, and, when she remembers her "drill," is a most useful player. Has the makings of an expert. Tends to overrun and must learn to rely less upon speed and length of stride.

BETH KEMBLE (outside left): Did very well in a difficult position. Has all the speed necessary and particularity of that short-stick, quick dash variety that the game requires. In the absence of a strong reverse stroke, developed a good centring pass from ahead of the ball. Experience will bring surer control in midfield and then she will be exceptionally good in this position.

MAXINE STEPHENS (centre half): Developed surprising effectiveness in this key position, was seldom beaten, covered a very wide area and was extremely sure with her stick. Was especially firm when pressure was strong and often saved by just holding fast. Would do well to develop some initiative in the attack.

BETTY HOUSE (right half): A very staunch supporter for her forwards and a very sound defender. Tackles persistently and very effectively and generally directs the attack either way with judgement. Was generally the best of the halves at backing up the attack.

PAM PIRRETT (left half): Did well in this difficult position. Right wing attack is usually speedy but she managed to break up most of



them. Followed up to regain the ball when it had passed her. Learnt to overcome difficulties in tackling and would do well to practice the "lunge tackle."

ALVA RANDELL (goalie, and Vice-Captain): Became a very sound and steady keeper, with a good repertory of defence, stick both forward and reverse and feet. Can develop the kick to advantage and is showing increasingly better judgement in coming out. In tight corners, always did steady work.

MARY FENN (right full back): A very good player and an exceptionally fine Captain with good understanding of her team. Her "first timers" are generally very sure and from a scrum she nearly always emerges with the ball still in front of her. Stops and carries through very well.

DOROTHY GRYLLS (left full back): A very reliable and untiring defender and an able supporter of her partner. Developed an especially reliable reverse clearing hit and had almost as good a percentage of "first timers" as her Captain.

The team as a whole was distinguished by a high standard of combination. There were no outstanding "artists" but all worked together, all could hit cleanly and all were developing a sense of tactics. When in form, the forward line could swing the ball nicely and the inners were developing an appreciation of the openings that showed up. The halves worked well with their forwards and were beginning to work well together. The backs played a good "tandem" game and were beginning to learn the value of keeping well up the field.

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## 1st. XI. Critique

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J. BUTTON (Captain): The team's outstanding batsman, whose displays as opener have been consistent and vigorous. Drives well. His legshots and footwork have improved greatly. His

bowling, although accurate and hostile, lacks variety. Reliable and keen fieldsman.

A. FITZPATRICK: A most improved batsman with better defence than last year. Is not frightened of hitting the ball hard. Cover drive and square cut need much practice. Has revealed outstanding form as wicket keeper, being responsible for numerous smart stumpings.

E. HARDING: Vigorous though impetuous bat, who is capable of scoring fast and attractively when set. Defence could be improved. An accurate medium pace right hand bowler who is sometimes short. A fine throw from the outfield.

N. DUNHAM: A stylish bat who scores well when set. Has a variety of shots against all types of bowling. Defence could be improved. As a fieldsman, he is outstanding for his anticipation, catching and smart returns to the keeper.

G. ROBERTSON: An improved player. His shots—and these are varied—have developed more power. Could use his feet more. Has had some success as a medium paced bowler, with mixed deliveries. Fielding, although keen, could be improved upon.

E. McRAE: Successful opener, who is a keen student of the game. His batting reveals a variety of shots of which the cover drive and leg shots are always in prominence. Late and square cuts need practice. Has shown much improvement as a slow leg break bowler with a wrong'un which gives promise of effectiveness as soon as accuracy is achieved.

J. HORDACRE: Solid bat, who drives well. Could use his feet more. His defence is difficult to penetrate. Right hand medium to fast bowler with easy action. Has been inclined to bowl short of late.

W. ONIONS: A vastly improved batsman with leg glances and pulls a feature of his play. Cross bat is used too frequently. Slip shots are careless at times. A most reliable



field, who shows anticipation and accuracy in his returns.

**M. CUNEO:** A solid batsman who does not lack shots but who often loses them through over-cautiousness. Has some attractive off shots. As a bowler, he is capable of accurate and varied bowling, which has been short at times, through being too fast. As a fieldsmen he is keen and reliable.

**F. BRANDENBURG:** A stylish batsman when set, square cuts and cover drives being features of his play. Could use his feet more. Medium pace bowler who is accurate and swings occasionally. Above average in the field.

**J. DUNN:** Has performed well in Lower School Cricket. with consistent and careful batting.

Off shots leave room for improvement. A medium paced right hand bowler who keeps a good length, except when at times he bowls too fast.

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## SPORT

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### SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held on March 28. Championship results were:—

Boy's Open Champion: J. Coventry. Runner-up: P. Griffiths.

Junior Boys' Championship: O. Griffiths. Runners-up: W. Onions, D. Cameron.

Girls' Open Champion: J. Taylor. Runner-up: H. Slater.

Junior Girl Champion: P. Smith. Runner-up B. Orton.

Faction Points for the day were:—

Boronia: 107; Gold, 52; Green, 44; Brown, 37.

### SPORTS—GENERAL

At the first Assembly after the August holidays, Mr. Fowler congratulated the successful touring sides who won the Hockey, Basketball and Football. All were undefeated.

Wilson Onions easily won the goal-scoring aggregate with the rich total of 15 goals.

Trophy winners for the tour were: Norm Dunham, fairest and

best; Len Hayward, most effective service; Eion McRae, most improved; Alan Fitzpatrick, wing play; Wilson Onions, forward play.

The School is grateful to the donors of trophies: Mr. Loton, M.L.A., Mr. H. Kanzler, Mr. W. Dennis, and Mr. K. McBride (last year's "skipper").

Our gratitude is also due to the Shell Oil Company for the splendid entertainment they provided for the boys.

Points for the coveted Penter Medal have been totalled. The winner is Norm Dunham, with 12 points; Runner-up, Len Hayward.

In the Lower School points competition, the winner is John Dunn, 37; Rodney Cartwright, 16. John Dunn also won the Lower School goal-kicking aggregate with the high total of 36 goals. Next was John Colgate, 22.

Soon after their return from Perth, the boys who had been on tour, invited their Sports Master, Mr. F. J. Marshall, to a little gathering at which they thanked Mr. Marshall for all he had done for them, and presented him with a very welcome silver cigarette case, and lighter, both engraved.

### SPORT'S DAY

The Twenty-third Annual Sport's Day was held on October 3, in ideal weather. Champions of the day were:—

Champion Athlete: L. Hayward, 21 points. Runner-up, A. Fitzpatrick, 11 points.

Champion Athlete under 16: J. Coventry, 18 points. Runner-up D. Daniels, 17½ points.

Champion Athlete under 14: M. Livesey: 18 points. Runner-up R. Hall, 7 points.

Champion Girl Athlete: V. Weston, 12 points. Runner-up J. Taylor, 8 points.

Champion Girl Athlete under 16: M. Kirby, 9 points. Runner-up: N. Ackley, 5 points.

Champion Girl Athlete under 14: B. Westlake, 9 points. Runner-up: E. Tonkin, 5 points.

Faction totals for the day were: Boronia, 155½; Brown, 134; Gold, 100½; Green, 71.







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