



The Boronia



**Albany
High School**

December 1948

INDEX

School Prefects	2
School Officials	3
Our School	4
Editorial	5
School Notes	5, 6
Form Notes	6-13
Mr. Collins	13, 14
Cadet Corps Column	14
Chess Club Notes	14
Hockey Team	15
Hockey Critique	15, 16
School XI	16
School XI Critique	16, 17
School XVIII Critique	17, 18
Upper School Football	18
Lower School Football	18
School XVIII	19
Faction Points	20
Sports	20
Junior Red Cross	20, 21
Guide Notes	21
"Valeté"	22
The People of "P" Room	22
The Big Event	23
Passages of Thought	23
An Ordeal	23
In the Jungle	24
A Boy Defined	24
Home Coming	24
Champion Athletes	25
Half Remembered Things	25
The Time of Strife	25, 26, 27
Basketball Team	27
White Gum Blossom	27, 28
A Place I Know	28
Some Applied Quotations	28



SENIOR PREFECTS.

Standing: K. Hoffman, N. Hoffman, G. Gwynne, M. Kirby, J. Coventry. Sitting: P. Trappitt, B. Farrant, C. Malcolm (School Captain), Mr. Fowler (Headmaster), B. Kemble (Senior Girl), B. Nelson, P. England, J. Taylor.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS---1948

SCHOOL PREFECTS:

C. Malcolm (captain), J. Coventry, G. Gwynne, N. Hoffman, K. Hoffman, M. Kirby.
Misses B. Kemble (Senior Girl), P. England, B. Farrant, B. Nelson, J. Taylor, P. Trappitt.

CLASS PREFECTS:

1B—P. Anderson, I. de Julia.
IC—A. Douglas, G. Fosbery
IE—H. Stone, O. Wiseman.
IF—J. McGuckin, F. Martin.
IJ—J. Kenward, N. Simms.
IK—V. Silver, H. Ahrens.
IM—M. McIntosh, R. Jorgenson.
IIA—A. Orr, J. Dunn.
IID—B. Cameron, R. Ambrose.
IV—Miss A. Watson, D. Daniel.
V—Miss D. Smith, J. Wellstead.

SPORTS PREFECTS:

D. Daniel, R. Verran, Misses M. Cruse, B. Manuel.

MAGAZINE EDITORS:

M. Kirby, Miss N. Fowler.

Sub Editors:

B. Ambrose, Miss B. Weston.

SCIENCE CADET:

W. Howse.

LOCKER PREFECT:

R. Verran.

POUND PREFECT:

P. MacKenzie.

BELL PREFECT:

R. Fisher.

MAIL:

G. Fosberry.

OFFICIAL MAIL:

B. Colvin.

SCHOOL SHOP:

B. Orton, M. Plozza, A. Watson.

LIBRARY:

J. Haygarth, M. Cruse, M. Matson, I. English, M. Meharry.

FICTION LIBRARY:

N. de Julia, N. de Julia.

PRESS REPORTERS:

B. Sykes, B. Ambrose.

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" THE BORONIA "

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Editorial

Thanks to the care of Mr. Page and Mr. Colgate, the school grounds, this year, are looking lovelier than ever. The garden beds are full of colourful flowers, the lawns are green, the hedges clipped, the new rose bushes beginning to develop and blossom. This year our auditorium has been protected from seepage of damp by a dam of earth and stones along the back; with a tea-tree hedge along the top of this and rock plants planted among the stones. In a few years, when these have grown, and the lawn has lost its patchy appearance, the auditorium will indeed be a picture. In a few years too the rose garden will have grown to full perfection.

The majority of students have made steady progress with their studies, the teachers have been most helpful and the year has passed away very pleasantly. We are very lucky in our secure position.

We have not been harmed by the ravages of war.

There are no fine schools like ours in most of the countries of Europe, invaded during the last war. The young people in these countries have not many helpful teachers and lovely surroundings. They should have security in order to build schools and homes for themselves, but they have not got even this. The planning of U.N.O. has been subject to many hitches, and such jealousies and prejudices have sprung up between different countries, that there is always the fear of another war looming.

It seems only too likely that, no sooner will European countries begin to regain a stable social and economic system than they will be plunged once more into war.

Yet, for enough foresight and clear thinking to prevent war, a stable society is necessary.

It is up to us who live secure in this land, and who are surrounded with beauty, education and Christian friends, who have opportunity to develop ourselves so that we can face the mighty, world-wide problems, to do so. With opportunity comes responsibility. It is no good sitting back to wait for someone else.

Who have a better beginning than the students of our school? We are surrounded with all forms of beauty; we grow up and live in security and absorb the good principles around us. Let us take a responsible stand for world peace. No task is too big for one who tries.

N. Fowler, M. Kirby,

Editors.

* * *

School Notes

At the beginning of first term we noted some changes in our staff. Mr. Colgan, Miss Doyle and Miss Carlson had left, while Mr. Murray and Miss Bright had taken their places. However, Mr. Murray was not with us long, his place being taken by Mr. Kirkham.

The swimming carnival held on the 5th March was most successful, in spite of the cold wind blowing off the harbour.

Arbor Day was celebrated with the usual ceremonies of tree planting by the students, who also gave

a singing programme and afternoon tea. Owing to the bad weather, all the activities had to be conducted in the hall.

The annual Balls were held on the 23rd and 24th of July and were both well attended, despite the bad weather. There was a large number of sets and individual costumes at the Fancy Dress Ball, while the second Ball was no less gay.

The annual Sports Day was held on October 8th in fine weather. Apart from the display of athletics on the Oval, exhibitions of art and manual training were on show, in the Library. The afternoon tea provided on the balcony, raised some £7 for the United Nations Appeal for Children. Each class is also contributing to this appeal and there is some keen rivalry.

Owing to the epidemic in the metropolis of infantile paralysis, the three school teams were unable to conduct their tour of that area. We hope next year all will go well and that they will maintain their good reputation.

It was learnt with regret that our Headmaster (Mr. Fowler) would not be with us next year. We were equally sorry to hear of Mr. Collins transfer. He has been at this school ever since it was opened and will be greatly missed.

In concluding we wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

* * *

FORM NOTES

I B.

Hello; These are the students of form IB., 1948, under the supervision of Mr. Kirkham. We are the cleverest first form class, for we have most of the brainy children, such as Eva, who has won several scholarships. Our young Nightingale is Don, who is closely followed by Derek. the right side than the wrong;

Well, here's our alphabet.

- A is for Anderson, girls that's your pre—
 B is for Baxter, chewing with glee.
 C is for Class; room B is the best.
 D's for De Julia; our young prefect.
 E is for English; no slang must be used.
 F is for French; by Webby abused;
 G's for Geography; which we all like.
 H is for History; we get it all right.
 I is for Ivan; the smallest one here.
 J is for John who sits at the rear.
 K is for Kirkham, our form-master dear.
 L is for Laurie, the best speller here.
 M is for Maths, it's not hard when you try.
 N is for Nora, who's never here, why?
 O is for Office, we hate to go there.
 P is for Phyllis, who wouldn't dare.
 Q is for Questions, which nobody knows.
 R is for Ron, who corrects as he goes.
 S is for Shirley, the girl with white hair.
 T is for Tony, who works with such care.
 U's for United, we stand and we fall.
 V is for Victory, that's what we call.
 W's for Winter, the forge we then like.
 X is for 'Xcitement, have day and night.
 Y is for Young, that's all of us here.
 Z is for Zero, that's us—never fear.

I C.

Howdy folks! This is IC. and is quite the best class in the school. Of course we have our faults and dints here and there, but on the whole we are more on although at the beginning of the

year we were a little noisy. (I suppose it was the excitement of coming to a strange school).

With "Wolf" Bevan and "Boom" Oreo in the class, the spirits of certain other members of IC. are kept above water. "Donk" sits there innocently in his corner, as if he didn't have anything to do with anyone, though I think you will agree that he has his fair share to do with the different "crimes" that are committed.

We do not brag that we are the brains of the school, but one thing we can say is that we all work to the best of our ability. Don't think that we are not up to the other first year classes, because in some cases in French, we are miles past them.

Best of luck to Leaving students and "Bonne Chance" to Juniors.

A is for Alan, he's super at maths (?).

B is for Betty, the queen of all cats.

C is for Clever, of course that's us.

D is for Dykey, who is no dunce.

E is for English, which we all adore (?).

F is for Floorboards, found in the floor.

G is for Graham, he's second at French.

H is for Howells, who works hard at the bench.

I is for Ink, it's not on our walls.

J is for Jack, who has his bad falls.

K is for Keeness, which we all possess.

L is for Lockers, quite off' in a mess.

M is for Merle, she's not a black-bird yet.

N is for Noise, you've heard it I'll bet.

O is for Office, which we hate to attend.

P is for Pens, which we frequently lend.

Q is for Quick, that is us all over.

R is for Ray, who makes a good rover.

S is for Shirley, who's usually late.

T is for Trouble, often our fate.

U is for Us, the best in the school.

V is for Val, she sure is no fool.

W's for Weather; it's unpleasant

at times.

X is for 'Xcitement, you get it sometimes.

Y is for Yearly exams we detest.

Z is for Zeal, which we all possess.

I E.

Considering that we haven't been in the school very long, we seem to have made quite a name for themselves. Is it good or bad? Ah! We're not telling you, but perhaps you can guess.

The teachers, (poor souls), have been persevering in vain to instill English, History, French, Geography, etc. into our confused minds; gazing on our vacant faces with audible sighs of hopelessness.

Our form Mistress is continually reminding us that there are only a couple of persons who spoil our form. Still, we get along quite nicely otherwise and have to bear with patience, their inane quips and queries.

"Lorna" always arrives at lessons ten minutes after the rest, and we marvel when "Grace" turns up early at call-over. "Weedy" Wiseman is well named, although the latter name is not always in evidence. However, with a few exceptions, we manage quite successfully, and really aren't so bad as we look.

In concluding, we wish all prospective Junior and Leaving candidates ultimate success.

I F.

This is IF., otherwise known as B.I.L.S. (Best in Lower School). We do not say the whole school, because we don't think that we could beat the combined strength of Upper School.

We were very lost when we first came here, but, as the other first years did, we settled down after a few weeks. A few of our class inmates earned many disapproving glances from the School Pre-

fects, through what they call holliganism, but what the culprits call "playful schoolboy frolics."

When our class "Superman," Tom Knight goes for a walk, a line of fainted girls mark his path.

Although prefects aren't supposed to be late, our class prefect has to be different, by coming ten minutes late every day.

Here are a few of our number, whom we like to tease:

"Is 'Barry' a 'Martin' or a 'Sparrow'?"

"Two 'Franks' make a 'Nichol.'"
 "'Peter' likes a certain 'Sheila.'"

"Why is 'Elvin' greedy? Because he wants 'Moore.'"

"In French 'North' goes 'West.'"

"Too many 'Knights' spoil a day."

People with weak eyes wear glasses, so Malcolm ought to wear a glass hat.

Nichols only uses for his head is to keep his ears apart and to wear his hat on.

After staying away for six weeks, North annoys the teachers by coming back.

Before we close for this year, we wish the very best to the Junior and Leaving candidates in the forthcoming examinations.

Now we must say "Au Revoir" until 1949.

II J.

Our very industrious class has at last found time to write some form notes.

I suppose you have heard rumours about our being noisy; if so I hope you didn't believe them, because they are certainly not true. Miss Blythe will tell you that on Monday afternoons, tenth period, the boys do make a bit of a noise, but of course boys will be boys.

Life isn't dull in our room at any time, especially when Barry and Jack sit together. They forget they aren't the only ones in class and they talk sixty to the dozen.

Jack still does his share of wandering around the school, but I believe he has improved since last year.

Maureen has been looking for a young man with a vacant block to make a Merri-field.

When any questions are asked and no-one knows the answer (which is quite frequent) we can always rely on our brainy specimen Rod, to think of some witty reply.

We will now ask Robert Byrnes—sorry, I mean Brian Byrne—to give us a rhyme (or that is what he calls it):

Spence he is a larikin,

A larikin is he;

And everywhere that chalk is tossed,

He is sure to be.

He came into the school one day,

There was a master there,

And the things that master said,

Would surely raise your hair.

Haygarth is a larikin,

He's not as bad as those

Who think it's fun to jump around

And shout and touch their toes.

And then there come the boxing fans,

Who talk about the fights;

Who won last week; the week before;

Who's going to win tonight.

But still there're many students

Who like to do their work:

Who disagree with all the ones

Who laze around and shirk.

This is IJJ now calling off,

We hope you liked the fun;

But stop your play, and start your work,

For work has now begun.

II K.

As second term is quickly drawing to a close we have been asked to write some form notes. A difficult job when there are no really extraordinary students in the form. We are still, however, regarded as a noisy form, but our opinion is that we are not bad—just unlucky in being near the ladies' staff room most of the time.

This term and next are the last that the boys and girls of our form will be able to enjoy as much freedom as they used to, for next year we will be a hard-working form, ever conscious of the Junior looming up at the end of the year.

Our form, I am sure, is all very proud of the fact that we have invented a new theorem in geometry. Mr. Downing, our maths teacher, is also very proud of us, and one day told Mr. Paul about the unexpected mathematical case. Mr. Paul, we have heard, told IJ that IID had invented it. This of course hurt our feelings and Mr. Downing's, so our experienced maths teacher who is always talking about the sun, moon and stars, told Mr. Paul of his mistakes and everything, I am glad to say, has turned out in apple-pie order.

We regret also having annoyed at least two members of our staff recently. There's our English master who can't stand anyone talking in class (not that I blame him) and there's also our singing mistress whom I really pity when we try to reach the top notes and don't quite succeed. There are also three members (boys) of our singing class, who, I am pretty sure, should belong to the non-singing class, as they do everything in a singing class except sing.

This year we are glad to relate that we have many students in our form who weren't at this school last year. We therefore hope that B. Folland, P. Walstab, M. Bray, M. Pearson and M. Broun are all enjoying their first year at A.H.S.

Until next year, in the "Boronia" we shall say "Goodbye" and wish the Three's and Five's in the forth-coming examinations, the best of luck.

II M.

Hello! This is IIM broadcasting over a nation-wide network. Here is the latest news of our class:

We were 6th to get 10/- for the Food for Britain Appeal.

Most of our time seems to be spent working, as far as some of the girls are concerned, anyway, so we don't indulge in frivolities.

We hope, of course, that the members of the staff appreciate this.

"Drummer" always seems to be late on these cold mornings. I think it is because he has to wait for the water on his knee to thaw.

Our prefect Ron always seem to be late. Perhaps he sits in the corner singing: "Maria, Maria, give me your answer do."

Well, this is IIM signing off, until next year. Will all relay stations please resume their own programmes!

III A.

Form Notes! What a task! Everything happens during the year, but when the time for form notes arrives, the year seems just one big blank. Perhaps I'm just forgetful.

What to write?

"Write whatever you like," said one teacher, "so long as the laws of libel aren't broken."

Our form, which is the combination of last year's IJ and IIF, has so far kept its head above the waters of education (water, for the benefit of certain members of the form, is a colourless liquid, which, although mainly used for drinking purposes, here, in Albany, it is often used for ablutions; washing to you Tiger) and any who have succumbed to the aforementioned waters, have done so despite the perseverance of the stuff.

Maureen Rigby left us at the beginning of the year, evidently preferring the atmosphere in fourth form, but Norma Ackley returned from "Kobellya" to fill the vacant chair.

According to the girl prefect we have quite a menagerie in the class, what with Tigers, Pigs, Bullfrogs, Sheep, etc.

I had better put in something about the better known boys of the class, or my bobbysox fans will throw this away in disgust. My roving reporter (———), tells me that a certain boy, whose name I am not permitted to divulge, but whose initials are G.B., chummed up with a well-known wolf and is now "hitting (or at least, trying to hit) the jackpot" with several young ladies, but has so far met with disappointment. Of course, we have our steady shieks, but nothing untoward has happened to either them or theirs. The girls, of course, are behaving in the usual seemly, ladylike manner. But the artist of the class has other interests than her art, in the form of a young man in IID.

We are well represented by A.T.C. and Army Cadets, the A.T.C. recently making a very enjoyable fight to Perth, (although not so pleasant for a few, I hear).

This year, thank heaven, I have an excellent excuse for all this trash, it being that I have a particularly large Junior weighing heavily on my padded shoulders, and the thought has somewhat dulled my brain.

I will now close, wishing the Leaving, and of course the Junior Candidates the best of luck, and get back to my copy of "Chick's Own."

III D.

These are the IIID. Form Notes. The last ones were lost, you know, so we've had to settle down and do some last-minute reviving, and our homework has suffered in consequence.

Last year, you will remember, we were IIK.; now we are an even later model, with many new advantages, plus all the old ones. However, we have unfortunately, several disadvantages, such as the Big Three and the Little One, Yank and Canadian Hank, Maths Classes and so on.

Our new advantages are many and various; including Smith's Splendid Strides; a famous State pianist; a colossal theme song (flowers that bloom in the spring; tra-la, have nothing to do with the cased Fish-head's and Hagg's Maths, two new lance-corporals, a corporal (not to mention various L.A.C.'s(; Crusher Track Demons; Latin Students; beautiful bass-baritones; several sweet sopranos; the invention of several new chemical formulae, and the discovery, in Geography, that the world is flat; Buda-Pest is the capital of Sweden; Japan's average rainfall is 90 inches, and that a clayey type of soil is used in the Canadian Fishing Grounds.

Besides all this, we have learnt that: It takes "guts" to get through the Junior; Romance is booming; the library is not the best place for conversation; gangster and J.C. are jealous; homework is becoming harder, and pontoon is not at all complicated.

This indeed has been a record year for discoveries, but, as Edison said to Henry Ford—"Nunquam hodie facio, quid cras posio." Therefore we will stop now and start working again, and in conclusion, we would like to hope that all third formers get their Juniors and that everyone in our Famous Fifth Form gains seven subjects with honours in the leaving.—Yours sincerely,

THE PREFECTS.

IV.

At the last meeting of the Fourth Form Toilers' Union, it was unanimously decided to call for longer working hours in the sun. It was generally agreed that the Tyranical Teachers have a strange desire to avoid classes in the sun. "Indeed," said Unionist Howse, "One of the Autocratic Authorities was heard to say that she, herself, found it impossible to work in the sun."

Unionist Mavor desired to know who **wanted** to work.

The Union heartily endorsed the action of the Chemistry Class when they went on strike after that Exemplary Educationalist Mr. Moore, refused them access to the fresh air and sunshine.

The meeting also adopted the suggestion that the Domineering Dominees be urged to place the original lock on "G" Room door as the new one was found to be infallible.

The Unionists are to conduct a street appeal in aid of two worthy causes. Unionist Bowman seems to be suffering from malnutrition and Unionist Verran wants to publish a book containing his new maths formulae and theorems. The title of the book is to be "Spring Flowers."

Unionists Weston and Watson were suspended for a fortnight for working more than 40 hours a month, while Unionist Cruse was suspended for having deprived the Union of her company when she had no voice. As Unionist Daniel so aptly expressed it "We do not often have the pleasure of Unionist Cruse's presence without her voice."

Unionist Bray was refused permission to drown herself in the Harbour as it would necessitate the removal of granite from the school which is contrary to Union rules.

The Secretary was able to show the meeting a copy of the Coat of Arms that the Union has adopted. It consists of a shield, the first half of which contains a hockey stick rampart and in the second half is a closed book couchant. The subscribed motto is "Keep Sloth." A copy of the Coat of Arms is to be sent to the Union's President (Mr. Epicurus).

A motion was carried that the Secretary be asked to write to the fifth Form Loafers' and Bludgers' Union and the Third Form Juvenile Union wishing them all the best in the forthcoming State trials.

FOURTH FORM ALPHABET.

- A is for Alison our class prefect you see,
The Brain of Fourth Form I think you'll agree.
- B is for Beryl and Barbara and Bolt,
Berry's our cadet loot, but he can't even halt.
- C is for Cruse, that dashing young blonde,
- D is for Denis of whom she is fond.
- E is for Erica, short, fair and slim,
It's also for English—we know all about him.
- F is for Frank, our diminutive clown,
He comes from up North, from around Wyndham Town.
- G. is the room where we had all the fun,
Until by some mischance the door came undone.
- H is for Haygarth that bright frisky child,
- I is for Isobel, so meek and so mild.
- J is for de Julia, there're two of them here.
There're also two Judy's—now that's rather queer!
- K is for Kirk who left us—so sad;
It's also for Knapp, who isn't half bad.
- L is for Len, who's departed it seems,
We hope he remembers us whenever he dreams.
- M's for MacKenzie, our pigeon-club fad,
It's also for Mavor, our hockey-crazed lad,
We have also two Margarets (they play hockey too),
And we think Murray and Martha make enough 'M's' don't you?
- N is for Nena whose love sailed away,
N is for Natalie, the violin she can play.
- O is for Orton—whose heart's in Fifth Form.
- P is for Pam, who said she'd reform.

Q is for quiet industrious Quinn.
 Who just came this year from
 far Narrogin.
 R is for "Rig" from up there as
 well.
 S is for Sykes—the boys think
 she's swell.
 T is for Tim, in size she's just
 half.
 U know she's quite small but she
 gives us a laugh.
 V is for Verran, that fine Gal-
 lahад,
 Who's everyone's favourite and
 nobody's lad.
 W's for Wally our chemistry swot.
 X is for Exams which we find
 rather hot.
 Y is the youth which we hope to
 retain.
 Z marks the line where we end our
 refrain.

V.

Work a little, play a little, laugh
 a little, cry a little, that is us. The
 teachers seem to be in unanimous
 agreement with the "work a
 little." It appears we are terrible
 sluggards, with no thought for
 November, content to straggle
 along, depending on our luck and
 our natural genius. Actually, these
 are not so dependable as we would
 wish, so say the teachers. We are
 told, only one or two of our num-
 bers will pass leaving English. We
 are told we haven't any hope of
 Maths, that we are quite dense
 about the externals of the cray-
 fish, that we do not know the
 name of some obscure town in
 central Asia, and therefore can-
 not hope to pass in Geography.
 To make up for these lapses, the
 teachers try all sorts of new ways
 of instructing us. They organise
 debates, quiz sessions, spelling
 B's, they prepare learned lectures,
 they deliver spirited addresses,
 they coax, they roar, they stamp,
 they fume—all to no purpose.
 Work a little is our nature, and
 work a little it shall be.

One day we might work a lot,
 pouring over our volumes of wis-
 dom far into the night. The chim-
 es of eight, nine, ten, eleven, per-

haps even twelve o'clock will go
 unheeded. But meanwhile teachers
 will have to be content with what
 we do. After all, we are remark-
 ably lucky (the wrong way) and
 (though this is, of course, a great
 secret) we have a really amazing
 amount of natural genius and in-
 genuity.

However much the staff may
 agree with the first statement,
 they will perhaps be astonished at
 our claim of playing a little. Yet
 indeed, qualms of conscience spoil
 our fun, very often, and although
 we work very little, there is al-
 ways a vast amount of work to be
 done—"Ah, there's the rub."

Still we do play sometimes.

I have never heard such a num-
 ber of strange and peculiar laughs
 all laughing at the same time, as
 sometimes come from fifth form
 when they laugh a little. High
 pitched giggles, queer unearthly
 grunts, titters, peals of discordant
 wails, loud and forced gurgles.
 One of our numbers sniffles when
 laughing, another shrieks. But a
 certain young lady has not laugh-
 ed at all lately. It is believed that
 she has lost a baby tooth in a
 conspicuous place, recently, and
 is waiting for the gap to fill. It
 is a pity a laugh does not show
 wisdom teeth, perhaps we would
 laugh much more often.

The disasters which come to our
 form, are many and varied. If
 there is something undesirable in
 a school curriculum, we are al-
 ways the last form to have to do
 it. If there is some new and de-
 lightful recreation, we always miss
 out. No wonder we cry a little!

This year we have collected a
 couple of most awful new courses,
 ten times harder than last year's
 fifth had to contend with—our
 usual luck!

In our form, of course, there
 are no outstanding personalities.
 We say we are all brilliant, our
 teachers say we are all dumb, and
 our fellow-students think us mad.
 However, we all get on quite well
 together, enjoying the various de-
 bates and arguments which usu-

ally seem to centre around sport, the films and religion—interesting subjects all.

We thank the teachers for their patience, the forms for not following our bad example, and ourselves for being such pleasant company.

Next year we go out to make our fortunes, this year, like Hamlet, the depth and intensity of our thoughts prevent us from capable and energetic action.

* * *

Mr. Collins Leaves Us

After 23 years of service on the school staff, Mr. Collins is to leave us. While we all congratulate him on his appointment, we are sorry to lose him from our midst. Coming from Fremantle Boys in 1925—the year the school started—he took up the positions of French Master and Sports Master. The former position he held until 1937 when a language department was introduced and he was placed in charge of it. In 1930 he also became Senior Geography Master.

As Sports Master until 1933, Mr. Collins trained the football and, except for the first two years, the hockey teams for the metropolitan tours. Later, from 1938 to 1945 he held the position of Acting First Master.

The school has always held a Ball and much of the success of these Balls has been due to Mr. Collins, who, each year, has prepared the Fancy Dress Sets for the lancers. Indeed, for the first two years, he was a member of a staff set.

Yes, the staff had sets in those days. The teachers were much more intimately related with the students than they are today. Mr. Collins recalls how staff and students worked with spades, wheelbarrows, building the tennis courts. Later, a truck and rails were procured to help in the con-

struction of the Oval. Everyone helped. After school, on Saturdays and on holidays, they came and pulled their weight.

Before the war there were at the school such activities as a Camera Club, First Aid Club, and Dramatic Society. Mr. Collins remembers how the last period every Friday was devoted to such pursuits. He was in charge of the First Aid Club and much of the First Aid equipment we now possess is a result of the efforts of this club.



We could not conclude without mentioning Mrs. Collins, who has been the untiring worker behind the scenes. Ball suppers, soup kitchens, anything at all; when she could help she did so. For several years now she has

been in charge of Guides at the school and both she and Mr. Collins will be sadly missed by this organisation.

If, at times, I have digressed by mentioning the general history of the school, I must be excused; for one can not think of Mr. Collins without immediately connecting him with the school, and all it has done; all it stands for. And now, Mr. Collins, a master and a friend, leaves us to take up the position of First Master at Kent Street High School.

Congratulations Sir, and good luck.

* * *

Cadet Corps Column

The unit started training this year with a very small membership, but we have gradually built up our numbers until now we have quite a large establishment.

About 30 members attended the annual camp at Swanbourne in May, and although it was a hard life, everyone really enjoyed it.

We must offer our congratulations to Sgt. Daniel, who, after he had completed a special course, was recommended for a commission. It is regrettable that the Company can not carry two cadet Lieutenants until it is 67 strong.

We heard this year that the unit gained second place in the state-wide cadet unit competition for the A.E.M.E. Cup.

This competition is divided into three parts, in two of which, Guard Mounting and Marksmanship, A.H.S. topped the State.

Much credit is due to W.O. Wilkins, our Chief Instructor, for the time he put into our training.

Cadet training is to be run on a new basis in the future, each school being a company in a battalion. The High School unit now belongs to the 31st Battalion of

the 5th Brigade of the Australian Cadet Corps.

Since last year the following have received promotion:

W.O.2 Wellstead, S/Sgt. Browes, Sgts. Daniel, Verran, Shaw, Cpls. Fraser, Griffiths, Hicks, Mercer, Sims, Radbourn, L/Cpls. Ambrose, Braimbridge, Boast.

On Anzac Day the unit marched in the parade and Sgt. Verran commanded a ceremonial guard at the Cenotaph.

Then, on Arbour Day, Lieut. Ambrose commanded a guard of honour for Mr. Abbot, M.L.A., who later congratulated them on their turn out and bearing.

The school is to send a team to Perth in December to compete for the Australian Challenge Cup.

The cadets did a good job this year in constructing the miniature range at which all twenty-two shoots are now being competed.

We must congratulate S/Sgt. Browes and Sgt. Daniel for obtaining their crossed rifles as an indication of their ability as marksmen.

In closing, we now express the hope that all cadets have enjoyed their training this year, and that those who are leaving us will remember what they have learnt as it will stand them in good stead whether in war or peace.

* * *

Chess Club Notes

The Albany High School Chess Club owes its existence to Mr. Kirkham. He expressed the desire of forming a chess club like the one he had formed at Perth Boys. A meeting was consequently held and it was decided that the club should meet every Friday.

Mr. Kirkham hopes to conduct a tournament during the course of the third term.



HOCKEY XI.

Standing: F. House, B. Kemble (Captain), B. Sykes, B. Nelson, V. Hortin. Kneeling: B. Farrant, P. Trappitt, B. Manuel. Sitting: M. Collins, M. Bowman.

"A" Team Hockey Critique

B. Kemble: Centre forward and inside right. A versatile player anywhere in the forward line; a steady and competent captain. Makes good openings in the mid-field but needs more nimbleness in the circle.

P. Trappitt: Centre half and vice captain. An untiring player with great dash and very good judgement in intercepting. Backs up to the attack well but has still to learn when to go in to shoot and could develop a better understanding with her supporting halves in order to save herself undue work.

B. Sykes: Lately promoted to centre forward. A player of outstanding ability and promise. Shows very quick appreciation of the situation in the mid-field and has considerable talent and promise. She is developing a good repertoire of strokes which, in conjunction with her stamina and dash, fit her well for this important position.

F. House: Outside right. Though not spectacular in speed as is often the case with players in this position, she far more than compensates with exceptional tenacity in getting the ball and retaining possession and in almost uncanny judgement in putting her "centres" in to her inners.

V. Hortin: Outside left. A very gifted player in this very difficult position. She shows exceptional judgement of the position of the ball, which she uses very well in passing and carrying. Has a tendency to leave it a bit late to centre after passing the 25 line and would find it very valuable to develop the reverse stroke.

B. Manuel: Left half-back. Ideally suited for the position by reason of her dash and judgement in intercepting. She had a good clean hit and great stamina but needs to learn how to cover up clearances from opposing backs when her forwards are in attack.

B. Farrant: Right half-back. A quiet and thoroughly reliable player with exceptional skill with the stick, backs up the attack well and shows good judgement in passing in to her forwards.

A. Smith: Right back. A forceful and speedy defender with a very strong hit. She has developed some skill with the left hand tackle. But she must resist the temptation to play one hand and must watch that bent right arm at the end of her stroke.

M. Collins: Left back. A sound though unspectacular player. Is developing use of the reverse, very valuable anywhere on the left side of the field. She needs to be constantly on the alert for the moment to jump in to intercept or tackle.

M. Bowman: Goalie. Ideally fitted by temperament and judgement for this most responsible position. Has a good strong clearing hit and an excellent "eye." But she must guard against those lapses into risky use of her feet to kick across the flight of the ball.

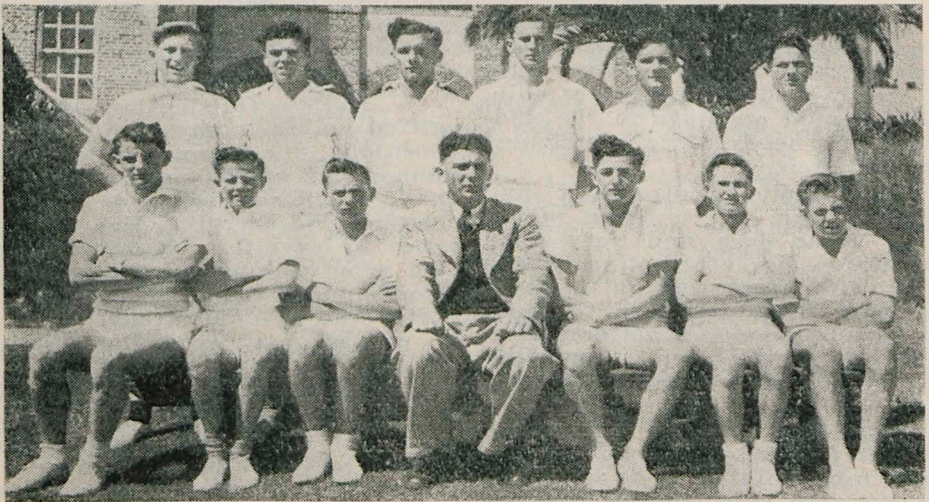
1st XI Critique

J. Dunn (captain). A solid left hand batsman, with a good defence and a variety of scoring shots. A tireless bowler, accurate and of good length. An excellent field. Off shots need attention.

B. Feld (vice captain). Enthusiastic and capable all-rounder. Sound defence and is capable of scoring quickly when set. Off shots good, hook below standard. A useful spin bowler, who rises his deliveries well. Fielding very reliable.

K. Hoffman. A useful all-rounder. Has compiled some good scores, although weakness is slow bowling. Bowling has pace and accuracy. A good field.

N. Hoffman. A handy batsman with vigorous shots. Defence is



CRICKET XI.

Standing: J. Coventry, C. Malcolm, N. Hoffman, J. Hordacre, K. Hoffman, O. Griffiths. Sitting: R. Verran, M. Taylor, B. Feld, Mr. Marshall (Sportsmaster), J. Dunn, W. Brainbridge, J. Douglas.

fair. Is capable of taking good wickets with medium-fast deliveries. A reliable field.

J. Coventry. A change bowler whose pace and lift make him awkward. Batting is weak, as he lacks a defence. An energetic field.

C. Malcolm. Batting is spectacular rather than solid. Capable of scoring rapidly. Lacks variety of strokes. Defence only fair. An excellent field.

D. Daniel. Has made several useful tallies in quick time. Defence is weak. Bowling promising although length is inconsistent. Reliable in the field.

R. Verran. Has had success as an opening bat, although off shots need attention. A useful change bowler, inclined to shortness. Has also kept wickets.

W. Braimbridge. Used mainly as a bowler. Keeps a good length and attacks the batsman. Batting is only fair. Feet should be used more. Should improve

M. Taylor. Keen and capable all-rounder. Has made some good tallies with well-placed strokes. Possesses a sound defence. A useful change bowler, inclined to be short. Reliable in the field.

J. Hordacre. An outstanding all-rounder. A reliable batsman with a variety of strokes. Good length bowler of pace. Should learn to swing the ball both ways.

O. Griffiths. Has had success as an all-rounder. A reliable batsman who scores well when set. Off side weakness. Handy trundler of good length.

R. Douglas. A second former who has had success particularly with the bat. Holds the school's record of 118 not out, compiled as a first former last year. Scores rapidly but lacks defence and off shots. Gives promise of being a useful change bowler.

1st XVIII Critique

N. Hoffman (captain—utility). An excellent mark. Capable of kicking over long distances. Has played with success in a number of positions. Uses weight to advantage. Has acted capably as skipper. Tied with Keith for Penter Medal. An accurate stab pass would further improve his game.

K. Hoffman (vice captain—utility). Has given invaluable service with fast, vigorous football. Reliable in the air. Disposal above average. A good shot for goal. Handball is a phase which leaves room for improvement.

J. Coventry (ruck). A tireless and invaluable player on his day. Knocks well. Has speed above the average. A good mark but disposal would be much more reliable if the stab were perfected.

C. Malcolm (centre half-back). Dashing, vigorous defender with a safe mark, good ground play and a long, clearing kick. Has been a most consistent player, Dropkick, although at times exceptional, is not reliable.

G. Gwynne (full back). Fast, energetic type who watches his forwards closely. Revels in a hard game. Safe chest mark. Overhead marking is below par, while stab pass is still weak. At times has shown lack of enthusiasm.

D. Daniel (centre). A most improved player, whose speed and elusiveness are features of his game. Determined type who uses go-ahead methods. Punt has improved. Stab still needs much practice. Should be an asset next year.

F. Drysdale (wing). Has given good service with cool, heady football. Safe chest mark, but with overhead weakness. Turns elusively. Disposal fair, stab weak. Uses handball to advantage. Should be invaluable next year.

B. Ambrose (half-back). An improved player. Is vigorous and determined. Marking still weak. Punt is better but dropkick is

mistimed. Has a good turn of speed and bumps well. Should improve next year.

L. Mavor (half-back). A reliable mark with a good punt. Stab needs constant practice. Uses weight to advantage in the crushes. Must learn to turn both ways and to kick with the left foot when in difficulties.

J. Dunn (centre half-forward). A very safe mark and a reliable kick. Is also able to use the stab effectively. Possesses speed which enables him to break away. Should practice disposal with left foot. Handball above average.

J. Downing (ruck). Tall, heavy follower who has shown a definite improvement. Chest marking sound, disposal fair, stab weak. Shepherding and handball should be concentrated upon. Has kicked some excellent goals.

A. Hewett (forward). Another improved player. Marks and disposes very well. Possesses neat stab. Ground play and handball above average. Left foot disposal needs attention, as does right foot turn. Should be handy next year.

B. Feld (rover). Is capable of systematic and intelligent football, as he leads well and possesses disposal above the average. A good mark. Must learn to go in and get the ball.

G. Castlehow (full back). Has shown improvement. Features of his play are determination, vigour and prompt disposal. Stab is weak, although dropkick is more reliable than previously. Should improve further.

E. Herbert (half-back). Much improved. Good ground play. Has the ability to come through. Punt has shown improvement. Marking and disposal are weak points at present.

D. Manea (rover). Fast and elusive. Marks well at times. Disposal has improved. Handball below standard. Is inclined to attempt too much when in goal range.

M. Livesey (half-forward). Possesses exceptional speed and a neat turn. Disposal has improved but stab is weak. Punt pass is too high, should learn to turn the other way. A good shot for goals.

M. Taylor (wing). Although lacking in inches, he is determined and cool. A very reliable mark. Stab pass much above average. Handball used to advantage. Inclined to wander at times.

N. Sims (back). Vigorous, go-ahead type who shadows his man well. Disposal and marking weak points. Winner of Lower School Points Competition. Should be a valuable member next season.

R. Ahrens (back). Has height and weight which serve him well. Plays a vigorous brand of football. Inclined to slowness at times. Punt is good, stab weak. Marking on the whole is good.

R. Jorgensen (back). An improved newcomer. Plays a hard, tireless game. Marking is above average. Disposal is good, although stab needs much practice. Handball could be used to better purpose. Is the type who should improve still further.

* * *

Upper School Football

In the 1948 Fairest and Best competition for which the Penter Medal is annually awarded, N. and K. Hoffman eventually shared the honours after a close tussle. This is the third award, K. McBride and N. Dunham having been successful in 1946 and 1947 respectively.

* * *

Lower School Football

N. Sims managed to win this competition by a narrow margin, beating D. Tysoe.



FOOTBALL XVIII.

Back row: F. Drysdale, A. Hewett, D. Manea, D. Dan-
 fiel, W. Ambrose, G. Gwynne,
 B. Feld. Centre row:
 G. Castlehow, E. Herbert, L.
 Mavor, J. Coventry, J.
 Downing, N. Sims, F. Hicks,
 M. Taylor. Front row:
 R. Ahrens, R. Jorgenson, N.
 Hoffman (Captain), Mr.
 Marshall (Sportsmaster), K.
 Hofman (Vice Captain),
 M. Livesey, C. Malcolm.
 Absent, J. Dunn.

Faction Points

BOYS.

Upper School.

Brown	155
Boronia	108
Gold	51
Green	34

Lower School.

Gold	112
Green	102½
Brown	95
Boronia	66½

GIRLS.

Upper School.

Brown	100
Boronia	95
Green	74
Gold	53

Lower School.

Boronia	125
Brown	90½
Gold	89
Green	86½

* * *

SPORTS

Swimming Carnival.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held on March 5. Championship results were:

Boy's Open Champion: J. Coventry (Bor.) 14½ pts.

Runner-up: P. Griffiths (Bor.) 8 pts.

Boy's Junior Champion: O. Griffiths (Bor.) 14 pts.

Runner-up: D. Cameron (Gold) 7 pts.

Girl's Open Champion: J. Taylor (Bor.) 9 pts.

Runners-up: A. Watson (Gr.) 4 pts; P. Parsloe (Gr).

Girl's Junior Champion: M. Pearson (Bor.) 7 pts.

Runner-up: S. Davies (Br.) 4 pts.

Faction Points for the day were Boronia 107½; Green 52; Brown 50; Gold 33½.

Sports Day.

This year's Sports Meeting was held under ideal conditions on October 8. The weather was warm with a slight northerly breeze. D. Daniel performed well, gaining first place in the mile, 880, 440, hurdles and broad jump, as well as obtaining second place in the sprints.

He was Champion Athlete of the school with 18½ points and B. Orton was Champion Girl Athlete with 14 points. She won all her events, excepting the hurdles in which she came second. They were both members of Green Faction.

J. Coventry (Bor.) was runner-up for Champion Athlete with 12½ points, while in the under 16 Division, J. Dunn (Br.) was Champion with 16 points, and W. Howse (Bor.) runner-up with 9½ points.

Under 14 Champion was B. Colvin (Gr.) with 19 points and B. Taylor (Bor.) runner-up with 11½ points.

For the girls J. Taylor (Bor.) and M. Montgomery (Br.) tied for runner-up in the Open Division with 8 points. N. Ackley (Bor.) and M. Kirby (Bor.) tied for under 16 Champion with 8½ points, while J. Ralph (Bor.) was under 14 Champion, with nine points and B. Westlake (Gold), runner-up with four points.

Boronia Faction won the competition with 149½ points, then came Brown 144; Green 137½; Gold 43.

* * *

Junior Red Cross

Our activities this year commenced with the visit of the Director of Junior Red Cross, Mrs. Metcalfe-Agg, in March. We have, as yet, only a membership roll of 25, but this small band is doing splendid work for a worthy cause.

During the early part of the year, the efforts of the girls were concentrated mainly on the making of felt toys, feeders, face washers and handkerchiefs; while our male member has been industriously making toys for spastic children. Some of the felt toys and a number of posters depicting J.R.C. activities, have been entered in the inter-circle window display to be held soon.

We are, at present, collecting data to be used in the compilation of return portfolios to a High School in Nanking, China, and one in Albany, New York. Our circle has received interesting portfolios from each of these schools.

In conclusion, we would like to add a word of appreciation to our able leader, Miss Newton, for the help she has given us, and to thank her for her interest in our circle.

* * *

Guide Notes

We commenced our Guiding activities on February 16, this year with Mrs. Collins as captain and Miss Rodgers as lieutenant, and now have 31 enrolled Guides and one recruit.

On February 22, all Guides and Scouts attended Thinking Day Service conducted by Revd. Kirby in S. John's Church, after which Lady Lee Steere gave a short address on the meaning of Thinking Day. That day is the International Day of Guides and Scouts, and is always held on the Sunday nearest to February 22, the joint birthdays of the World Chief Guide and Scout.

We took part in the Anzac Parade again this year, marching with the First Albany Company. Lieutenant Rodgers led the march, and Doreen Smith brought up the rear.

Early in June, Captain Mellowship visited us and did some test work. We had a busy week-end with Camp Fire, Patrol Leaders' Training and combined day's activity with First Albany. Our final meeting was a Church parade on Sunday, June 6, in the Scots' Church, when one of the hymns was our own—"Be Prepared."

Recently we heard that a Guide Company was being formed at Northam High School, and we wish all Guides in our sister Company "Good Guiding."

We must thank Mr. Collins and Sister Holland for their great help with test work, which has progressed well during the year. Much enthusiasm and industry has been shown by Guides in gaining badges. Hilary Farrant, Nancy Nunan, Aileen Orr, and Gwen Smith, have all become 2nd Class Guides and several others have almost completed their tests for this badge.

In February, Margaret Collins gained her 1st Class and recently completed the "Be Prepared" Test for Queen's Guide. As soon as the Training Council and State Executive can meet, we expect to have in our Company the First Queen's Guide in the Southern District. (Bravo Margaret!). "Queen's" is the highest award a Guide can earn. It should not be long before we add another; Alison Watson has completed her First Class and is working on her Community and Overseas Service prior to taking her final test in January.

A number of Guides will be leaving us this year. Thelma Dunn having been in the Company for five years, and Doreen Smith, four years, we wish them all the best of luck in their new spheres; may they always be "Guides" in the widest sense, and have before them the three-fold promise made at their enrolment.

“Valeté”

It was with regret that we learnt of our Headmaster's transfer to Bunbury. Since he came to the school in 1944, Mr. Fowler has done much to develop a democratic way of life among the students. With this end in view the school council was formed and the management of such events as Sports Day was handed over to the students.

In addition to work within buildings themselves, Mr. Fowler has attended to things external. He has had the grounds surrounding the school beautified and has laid the foundations of the auditorium—a spot which will be of great service to the school in the years to come when it is fully grown. It will also be remembered that the east wing was added during his period of office.



So Mr. Fowler, the third Headmaster of our school, and a man who has the welfare of his students at heart, moves on, and with him go our good wishes for every success in his new sphere.

* * *

“And a yell of doom goes up”

—Gold on Sports Day.

The People of “P” Room

And it came to pass that in the second month of the year a party of people came to the institution. And they were a fine lot. The greater part of these people were known to each other but some had come from distant lands. Yet, verily I say unto you, such was the greatness of these peoples hearts that they held out their hands and welcomed the foreigners into the fold.

And there was a man among these people who played with fire. He was their leader and on occasions he would take a tattered garment and play with fire and pieces of glass, and draw strange figures upon the walls: and his people saw and marvelled.

Yet again there was a tall woman who visited these people and she taught these people how to play with pieces of paper, and she read them tales of different ages. They were a wise people and they said many things about these tales and how they were written.

There was another man also who came in a long grey robe, and he spoke of many things. He told them of a strange land where the people worship a god called Trig, and there was but one law in this land. It forbade any man from committing the crime of drifting and dreaming.

And sometimes he spoke of the flowers in the spring.

Yea, verily, this was truly a great people. In ten months they did much, learnt much and spoke more than an hundred fishwives at a market.

But lo, their happy existance was to end and they knew it. Some tried to prolong it, but most were wise, and entered their new life with a light heart: wherefore they were successful and received a piece of parchment to that effect.

—B.A. IV.

The Big Event

"All third years assemble in the Hall."

The notice moves around the school, leaving questioning faces behind it. They (the owners, not the faces) buzz along the corridors, wondering, worrying.

Enter the Headmaster, to say those reassuring words. Don't compare answers, don't discuss papers, don't forget to number your paper—a string of don'ts, a few do's.

Third years leave the Hall, buzzing, reassured (?).

Dashed good idea about not comparing answers, don't you think? I'm not going to! Wonder if the sub-mind does work? I must remember—it might help me out.

Junior—first exam.

Good luck, kids! Keep your fingers crossed for a good paper. Don't forget the old sub-mind.

Did someone say scared? No! I'm not scared—well—much, anyway.

Two and a half hours later.

Hey! Was Hastings in 1066? It was? Good. Did you do number three? No—Four then?—and when was Trafalgar? It was? Sure? Gosh! I put it in 1805. I'll fail. I thought I knew my history—what will happen to me in physics!

February 1948.

Congratulations! Eight subjects! You beaut! Trafalgar wasn't in 1807 at all. You were right all along. Did I get it? No! I put Trafalgar in 1807

by ONE WHO KNOWS.

* * *

Passages of Thought

What is this thing called life,
By which we move and think?
And why the constant strife,
Between the world and soul?

Perhaps an answer's here,
The world belongs to man.
He's built with toil and tear,
Back since the world began
His cities and his empires,
His cults and moral laws.

Whereas the soul is different.
It parts the right from wrong;
It is the sense within us
That guides the life along.

Then if we must be guided,
There must be some one who
Cares when we are divided
Between things false and true.

B.W. IV.

* * *

An Ordeal

The soon to be fugitive awaits the bell which will begin the test of his craftiness against the daily routine .

He, the fugitive, with an innocent look on his face, goes to his locker and deposits his assortment of books therein and then saunters casually towards the dressing shed. He suddenly finds the yard deserted (?) and steals cautiously towards the pine forest where he will recline in the shade of the pine trees' spreading branches until such times as the P.T. period will be over. Then he will go back into the class room, looking as though he had just done a strenuous half hour of P.T.

He stops to make sure he is quite alone, but footsteps keep going on and a voice rings out with a cheerful question—"Where do you think you're going?" The boy stops and tries to look like a piece of gravel, but all to no avail. "Well, sir, he began, "I, er, well, sir, that is sir er"

He emerges from the dressing shed and goes into the class room but re doesn't have to try and look as though he has just done P.T. He just looks like it naturally.

—"VICTIM"

In the Jungle

They plodded on through the
jungle,
On, through the mud and slush;
There might be an ambush be-
fore them,
Hidden by three or bush.
They had to go on, to risk it,
Though they were too young to fall,
But Australia had called to her
heroes,
And her heroes had answered the
call.

From country and town they an-
swered,
From the office, and from the farm,
The men of Australia enlisted
To keep their land from harm.
They plodded on through the
jungle,
Silent, but unafraid
They heard their leader's signal;
So there was to be a raid!

They ducked, and prepared for
action,
For the enemy from the skies.
A machine-gun shattered the
silence
And drowned the sound of the
cries.
Some Aussies died in the jungle,
But they knew that victory was
near;
They died content in the jungle,
For their land was now free from
fear.

A.W. IV.

* * *

A Boy Defined

A boy is a person who is going
to carry on what you have started.
He is going to sit where you are
sitting and when you are gone, at-
tend to those things which you
think are so important.

You can adopt all the policies
you please but how long they will
be carried out, depends on him. All
your work is for him and will be

judged, praised or condemned by
him.

Your reputation and your future
are in his hands. He will take over
your schools and your universities,
your Churches and your prisons,
your charities and your corpora-
tions.

He will assume control of your
cities, states and nations. Even if
you make leagues and treaties, he
is the one who will enforce them.

The fate of nations and human-
ities is in his hands.

So it might be well to pay some
attention to him!

—With acknowledgements to
BETTY PACKHAM

* * *

Home Coming

Oh to be back again with the
faces I love the most,
And the old familiar scenes about
my home
There's a little furry figure that
races up the path,
To leap and whine for joy, and
lick my hand.
And there I stand uncertain, be-
side the wicker gate.
With Dougie barking madly at my
side.
The dusk is gathering round me
—the hills are pink—it's late.
And in my heart new peace and
joy, abide.

“Hurrah! She's here at last, quick
Father, bring a light.
And come and help our daughter
with her things.”
Yes, out they rush, the three of
them, with faces bright.
And mother holding high the wel-
come lamp.

—B.J.W. IV.

* * *

“I love all beauteous things”

—Ambrose

“Here are a few of the unpleasant
things that ever blotted paper”

—Reports



CHAMPION ATHLETES.

Standing: B. Taylor, W. Howse, D. Daniel, J. Coventry, J. Dunn, E. Colvin. Sitting: S. Ralph, M. Kirby, M. Montgomery, B. Orton, J. Taylor, N. Ackley, B. Westlake.

Half Remembered Things

Deep in the pathways of my growing
mind

And sleeping soft, forgotten, far
away,

Dwell images my past has left be-
hind

That merge like lost enchantments
mid my dreams.

Was it I that rose like a bird with
the dawn one day?

Oh the grasses were whispering
and wet as I hurried between.

But still a lone star shed its feeble
ray,

And Bunyips were moaning be-
neath the shadowy trees.

There were sheep in this valley—
this valley of yesterday year,
And their soft fleecy forms were
shrouded with drifting mist;

Oh the mothers were calling with
joy to their lambs, and I hear

The faltering bleatings that rise
from their tiny young throats.

And over the Eastern hills like a
Waratah

Rises the light of the world amid
clouds of gold,

And all is dewy and sparkling from
afar—

The leaves, the grasses and even
the sheep of the fold.

Oh if my mind could recapture but
half of the joy,

That floods my past; is lived; but
fast forget.

All that remains is a fleeting
glimpse to annoy,

And a shadow of that which to me
returneth not.

B.W. IV.

* * *

The Time of Strife

When Pa Woods had saved
enough money, and carefully bank-
ed it till it had amounted to a tidy
sum, he announced to Ma Woods

his intention of retiring.

"You'll have a rest from housework at last Ma," he said so he pulled on his pipe and stoked the kitchen fire.

"Why, now, that is lovely Pa," remarked Mrs. Woods, a chubby, twinkling-eyed little creature, and carefully counted her knitting, then looked up for her husband to continue.

"Y'see, I'm selling the farm to Ted Leaton, that young chap who's been here several times. That and the money in the bank, ought to do us fine. We'll rent a flat in one of those flash city buildings and have a real good time. No more work or worrying, Ma, and I think we both deserve a holiday, eh!"

So Appeley farm was bought by young Ted Leaton and Ma and Pa Woods came to Tottleigh Apartments and occupied a flatette with electric appliances in abundance and moving space practically nil; but as Ma said, "We don't need much space and it means less to clean up anyway. Sometimes I wonder if it's right to have so many work saving things, really. Seems un-Christian somehow."

The other flat-dwellers of Tottleigh appartments did not quite approve of the Woods. They were so rustic, so unrefined. They were really not worth knowing.

"I actually saw that man without a suit-coat, yesterday," sniffed Mrs. Scotte, the banker's wife, as she poured her husband's coffee.

Mrs. Deane, the leader of the smart set, amused friends at her bright little parties, with caustic comments on the Wood's speech. Her descriptions of their clothes sent her intimates into gales of laughter.

"They have not the conception, or slightest vestige of culture," sighed Mrs. Croche, to her Bohemian associates, as they sat on the carpet, eating bottled oysters.

Little Mrs. Woods eventually began to worry. She did want to be friends with the other people in the building, but they seemed so aloof and rebuffed every attempt of

hers to make conversation. She sensed they disapproved of Pa and herself, though why she could not imagine. It was becoming rather lonely, even with Pa. Still, she put on a smiling face and never let anyone guess her feelings.

A general power strike came three months after, and all the modern electric stoves, toasters, lights, washing machines etc., were useless.

"My good woman," said Mr. Scotte, highly incensed, "Cannot you serve anything else but tinned food. I have been eating it for a week now."

"I am not a magician," retorted Mrs. Scotte, also very annoyed.

"What are those Woods doing for food? He looks well satisfied."

"She is actually cooking on some queer stove in the backyard." Mrs. Scotte's face expressed outrage at this indignity to Tottleigh appartments.

Mrs. Deane was highly annoyed with the strike situation. She felt she would do anything for a hot meal. At the Croche's, the supply of bottled oysters and dry biscuits were running low and were not being appreciated at any rate.

Ma Woods was indeed cooking on some queer stove. Pa had searched around some old building being demolished and discovered enough unused bricks and iron to build an open air fireplace, in a corner of the concrete yard of the appartments, which was sheltered by a high wall. Here, Ma cooked to her delight.

Mesdames Scotte, Deane and Croche were quite fed-up with cold meals and cranky husbands. They unbent and approached Ma Woods in a body.

"Ah—" breathed Mrs. Scotte when she tasted the pot roast and pancakes from the Woods' oven.

"Supah!" chortled Mr. Deane after a supper grilled on the coals of the Woods' oven.

"Most delicious!" pronounced Mr. Croche after his wife had served baked onion, potato and vegetables, also damper, cooked under the

guidance of Ma. Woods.

"Well, Ma they've come around at last," spoke Pa that evening.

"Ah, yes, Pa, and a relief it is. Reminds me of home, though, when I had the harvest hands in," she added a trifle wistfully as she thought of the stove that had worked the wonders.

B.H. V.

* * *



BASKET BALL.

Standing: J. Haygarth, M. Cruse, B. Nelson. Sitting: J. Taylor, A. Watson (Captain), B. Sykes.

Association Trophies: M. Cruse, best assistant goalie; J. Haygarth, best assistant defence.

* * *

White Gum Blossom

How can I hope to paint so wild a thing?

Each flower is mist, so delicate, so soft and frail,

That I can feel no brushing stroke, my hand

As I touch blooms like silky dew. Yet, with it, is so strong, that in the gale—

When I was wont to climb the rock, and scale

The slippery surfaces of hillside grass,

And by the mystic pool, whose waters south winds fanned

Into a million patterns, like cut glass—

Clear on the topmost boughs, on highest land

Where winds howled past and spat an icy sting

This crowning beauty grew.

Then I, against the streaming drifting sky

Which trailed its frayed and ragged edges, whirling dark,

Struggled among the glistening, sharp edged leaves

And broke the branch with white wood rending.

But now, the fairy anthers show no mark

Of storm, or raging wind, which tore the bark

Away from mighty gnarled trunks. Immaculate

And crisply, whorls flare out, nor marred by honey thieves.

Not fly nor fiery sergeant ant did sate

Their greedy hunger here, no spider weaves

Its pattern of destruction, webbing dry

And grey and cruelly bending.

Ah, no, each flower is greenly white, with glow

Of purity and freshness. Stiff around the heart

The threads bear up their puffy balls of white

And spread themselves, a-circling proudly.

But from the honeyed greenness of that part

Which is the centre cup, one single dart

In eagerness to reach the sky does spring

With quivering of its slimness, tapering and slight

A pearly centre this, of green shining,

A centre of the perfumed deep, which flight

Of bees attracts; and these come buzzing slow

With song of praise droned loudly.

Oh my rough brush cannot pick
 out the shape
 Of ev'n the showy velvet of the
 garden rose
 How can it paint this smooth and
 supple stem
 Which rises rich in reddish tinges?
 The gaudy shield of yellow which
 holds close
 About the half formed bud, on tip,
 here shows
 A trace of firey glow which I have
 not
 The art to copy. Near the centre
 and the hem
 Of each dark leaf I know a band of
 hot
 Rich brown is by the green; on
 some of them
 A band of yellow too. I cannot
 'scape
 My brush—it fails and cringes.

N.F. V.

* * *

A Place I Know

Brown waters and green pastures
 with wind wafted blades;
 Where seagulls and deep shadows
 beneath the karri glades.
 An old red house that smiles at
 me, yet even in my dreams.
 And faces dear, they call to me,
 in every hour it seems.

Brown waters, lapping low, the
 grey pine's bathing arms.
 And twilight birds, now calling
 clear, disturb the river calms.
 And whispering breezes ruffle
 now, the water's crystal face.
 My grassy bank is cool and green,
 the world is in God's grace.

Green pastures emerald bright,
 glowing after rain;
 Drinking in the life elixir, bring-
 ing fourth the grain.
 They drench one to the knee be-
 fore they yield up hidden charms;
 Mushrooms and wildflowers will
 fill the wanderer's arms.

Snowy seagulls wheeling low,
 companions of the sea,
 Messengers from realms of spray,
 glide by gracefully.
 Green fields are flocked with
 gulls, row upon row they stand.
 Could it be that they prefer, the
 grasses to the sand?

Deep shadows drifting now, be-
 neath the Karri glade.
 Are they some lost and ghostly
 tribe sighing in the shade?
 Their spirits doomed to roam this
 earth, until God's judgement hour.
 And cast from their hunting
 grounds by cities, whites and
 power.

Whenever I'm away from home,
 and the lonely moods return.
 For rippled water, clear-voiced
 birds and grassy fields I yearn,
 The white winged birds come
 drifting by and 'neath the shad-
 owing tree.
 The spirits of the earth-bound
 tribes, sympathise with me.

—B.W. IV.

* * *

Some Applied Quotations

"Some God direct my judgement"
 —Maths Exams

"It's a wonderful life"
 —Chemistry Master's

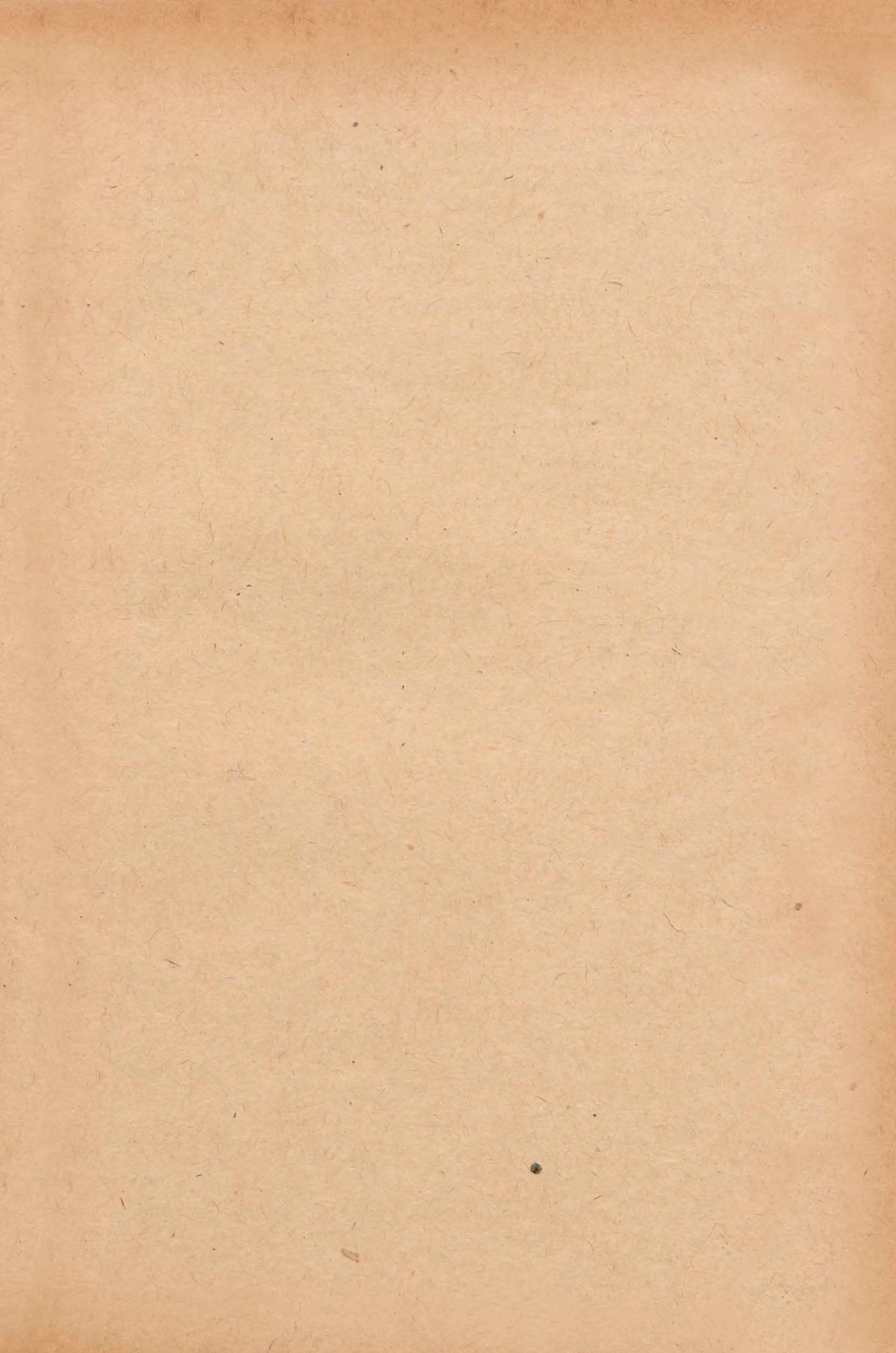
"Nature has formed strange fel-
 lows in her time"
 —Mazey

"Strong men have run for miles
 and miles"
 —Sports Day

"Music Comes"
 —Denis and Jim

"I did not think, I did not strive"
 —After Exams

"Gathering the echoes of forgot-
 ten wisdom"
 —Last minute swot



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