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# The Boronia

The Albany High School  
Magazine

November . . . . . 1949

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## SCHOOL OFFICIALS---1949

### SCHOOL PREFECTS:

D. Daniel (Captain), B. Ambrose, J. Coventry,  
F. Drysdale, W. Howse, L. Mavor.  
Misses A. Watson (Senior Girl), M. Cruse, P. Knapp,  
B. Manuel, M. Plozza, B. Sykes.

### CLASS PREFECTS:

IB—P. Swarbrick, J. Hanrahan.  
IC—A. Carruthers, M. Lang.  
IE—G. McRae, D. O'Connell.  
IF—M. Weston, T. Pittick.  
IIJ—A. Douglas, N. Mercer.  
IIK—D. Kingston, B. Taylor.  
IIL—P. Hinkley, J. Gilbert.  
IIIA—D. Jenkins, R. Ahrens.  
IIID—S. Woods, R. Jorgensen.  
IV—Miss B. Cameron, R. Ambrose.  
V—Miss J. Haygarth, P. McKenzie.

### SPORTS PREFECTS:

E. Herbert, M. Livesey, Misses H. Farrant, F. House.

### MAGAZINE EDITORS:

B. Ambrose, Miss B. Weston.

### MANAGERS:

J. Coventry, Miss N. Nunan.

### SUB. EDITORS:

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P. Gamble, F. House.

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BROWN: M. Livesey, Miss N. de Julia.  
GOLD: L. Mavor, Miss P. Cooper.  
GREEN: D. Daniel, Miss A. Watson.

### SCIENCE CADET:

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Cricket: B. Feld.

Hockey: Miss B. Manuel.

Basketball: Miss M. Cruse.

THE ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL.

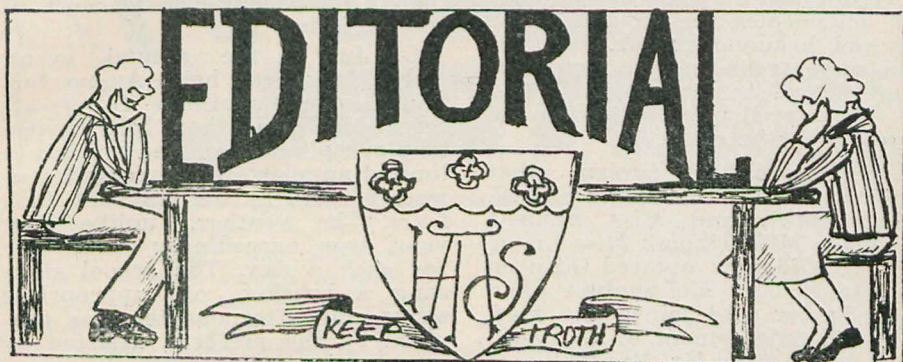


# .. THE BORONIA ..

Vol. 2—No. 2.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1949.

Price 2/-.



The comment this year is not upon some world shattering event, neither is it concerned with the benefits we receive while attending this school. We are taking this opportunity to make some remarks about something with which all of us are familiar—this magazine.

Attempts have been made to render the "Boronia" more attractive by changing the cover design and introducing some title blocks. We have endeavoured to cater for the majority of readers by re-introducing "Ex-Student's Notes" and by allowing more space for original contributions.

With regard to these latter it is pleasing to note the general standard of articles, but we could wish for better representation of Lower School. The younger students have not had their sense of humour impaired by super swotting for public examinations, and so should be in a better position to recount the humorous antics of their school fellows.

The ex-students notes have been the particular migraine of our business manageress. She has contacted various people who helped her to compile a fairly compre-

hensive list of the activities of ex-students. It must be admitted, however, that some people have been overlooked, and if anyone could provide further information about themselves or other ex-students the editors would be grateful to receive this information for publication in the next "Boronia."

Comment on the "Boronia" would not be complete without mention of those who have helped produce it. Thanks are due to the English teachers, notably Mr. Kirkham, for advice and co-operation, to Miss H. Cass for designing the title blocks, and to that band of sub-editors who took so much work from our hands.

In conclusion, we thank all contributors of articles for their industry and enthusiasm—there have been between two and three hundred submitted. Unfortunately space will not permit their complete publication, and so we have selected the most typical of the various subjects. We hope you like this, your, magazine; and trust that when next you are called upon, you will again be ready to turn out articles for the "Boronia."

## School Notes

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things . . ."

At the beginning of the year we had much pleasure in welcoming our new headmaster, Mr. Johnson, who came from Eastern Goldfields High School to replace Mr. Fowler. We hope that he will enjoy his appointment here.

There have been several other alterations to our teaching staff. Miss Bright, and Miss Bennett left while Miss Tindall, Miss Lodge and Mr. Gibbney replaced them on the staff. Mr. McLaughlin and Miss Taylor also joined the staff at the commencement of the year. Later in the year Mr. Marshall was transferred to Geraldton High School, while Mr. Gibbney was transferred to the Metropolitan area, and Miss Lukin from Eastern Goldfields High took his place.

Towards the end of first term, Mr. Downing the first master, was transferred to Northam High School, as acting Headmaster. His place was taken by Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert joined the staff in second term.

This year the enrolment of the school is about 380 which raises the status of the school to Grade 11.

The volumes of the "Boronia" from 1931-1948, were this year bound under the one cover, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Birrell and the Albany Advertiser. This should be of great interest and benefit to present and future students of the school.

The 1949 Swimming Carnival was held on March 11, under somewhat adverse conditions, but despite this the day was a great success.

The Mina Woods prizewinners for 1948 were Sheila McCarthy (2J), and Barry Colvin (2K), from first form, and Dawn Jenkyn and Ian Worth both of 3A and previously of second form.

Contrary to customary procedure only the Fancy Dress Ball was held in second term, the date being July 1. This was a greater success than all previous efforts thanks to the enthusiastic work of the prefects.

On July 8, the annual event, Arbor Day, was held. As no further land is available for re-afforestation the school was unable to plant pine trees, and so only a limited number of ornamental trees were planted by the staff and fifth form. The weather, unlike last year, was exceedingly favourable for such a day. The school choir sang a bracket of appropriate songs, and afternoon tea was provided by the prefects, assisted by some senior girls.

During the year the Cadet Corps was presented with both the A.E.-M.E. Cup, and the A.N.A. Shield, as a mark of their outstanding efficiency in 1948. This indeed was a memorable occasion for the school.

The Re-union Ball, held for Senior and Ex-students, took place this year on September 30, in the Town Hall. The organisation, which was carried out by the High School's P. and C. Association, indeed established a precedent for future years. Two novel features of the ball were the girls ballet, "The Quarrel," and "The Vaude-ballet," a ballet by the fourth form boys, both of which were presented by the kindness of Miss Tindall and Miss Lodge.

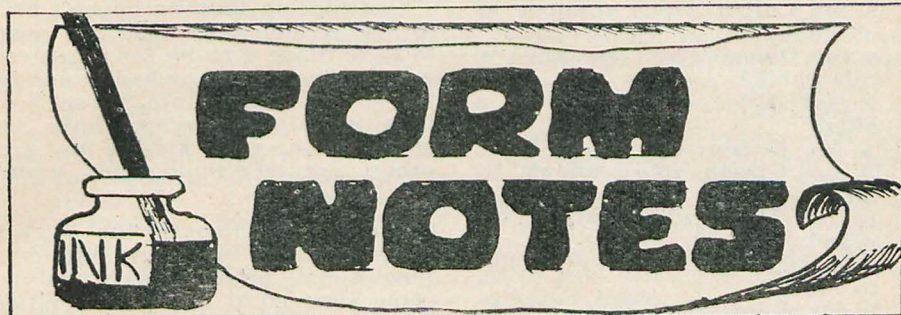
Sports Day was held this year on a Thursday, October 6. All events had full entries and provided much interest for the large crowd of spectators. Proceeds of the afternoon tea were donated to Legacy's War Orphan Appeal.

The Fiction Library is being overhauled, the books catalogued and repaired, and an excellent variety of new books have been purchased.

Many new books have been carefully selected and added to the Reference Library, and the fourth

(Cont. bottom next column.)





## 1 F.

"Hi Everybody!" this is a few of the first formers tuning in on 1 F. We welcome to our station some new members, Anne Waite, Rosemary Green, Brian O'farrell, Peter Offer and Peter Sutton. Life is never dull in our part of the world. Spirited members keep us continually in trouble. Expert teaching as to the making of paper aeroplanes can be obtained cheaply from Peter Wilkins and G. McKenzie.

I was always led to believe that children grew when they came to High School, but at the rate the Hill sisters are going they will never become "mountains." Lynette Weir is now entering our station, funny thing how I always thought her first name was "Mundaring."

When Michael Ralph starts talking, well! you can guess the rest. The teacher starts as well. Michael thinks himself lucky because if chalk and books were not scarce he would have a few black eyes by now.

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year girls have been busily repairing and cataloguing the books.

The school has lately acquired a power mower which should be a great help in maintaining our school as one of the most beautiful of the High Schools in W.A.

On the whole the school has had a very successful year, and the formation of several new Clubs should be of great benefit and interest to our students.

—"Narramus."

Judy Brown and Ken Newby are the best workers at our station. Keep it up Judy and Ken.

This is our station 1 F signing off for 1949 and wishing all Junior and Leaving students every success in their forthcoming exams.

## 1 C.

Howdy Folks! this is 1 C here to say "Hello" for the first time.

Our girl prefect is looking a lot at 2 K these days!—we wonder why (?). Val and Shirley are keeping other romances pretty well in hand but! there was a ball during the year.

We feel that we must congratulate our two prefects Murray and Angela on their good work during the year. We thank our Maths teacher, Mr. Kirkam, for his one bright light in the dull periods.

It has been found that the girls in our class are rather on the slim side, the reason being that they are given bending tasks.

The brain of our class is Noel Cheatem who does not live up to his nickname "Cheater."

Some of our bright sharks (name unknown) often complain of the stuffy room but only open the windows to see what hails outside. We find we have "trois petit garcons" in our room—one of whom is Robert Frazer.

Well here is our Alphabet.

A is for Angela, that dashing young blonde.

B is for Biology of which we are fond,

C is for Collie, which reminds us of coal.  
 D is for Dunces there are none in this "hole."  
 E is for Eric well known as a blitz.  
 F is for Frazer, otherwise Fritz.  
 G is for Gibson who's known by all.  
 H is for Hols, which don't ever crawl.  
 I is for Innocence that we all like to spread.  
 J. is for John who's ink's always red.  
 K is for Kirkham the favourite of all.  
 L is for Lawrence not much at all.  
 M is for Melvin whose hair is like flames.  
 N is for "Nitwits,,," "Nohopers" and "Nicknames."  
 O is for Oldem, best of our boys.  
 P is for punishment (comes with out noise).  
 Q is for Questions which we can't answer right.  
 R is for Ralph who looks like a fright.  
 S is for Spouse the laugh of our class.  
 T is for Tysoe with a kick he will pass.  
 U is for United that's all of 1 C.  
 V is for Val as small as a pea.  
 W is for Whittle a tease to our Pat.  
 X is for 'Xams which we're not good at.  
 Y is for yarns and in corners we've Stood.  
 Z is for Zero which means not too good.

In saying goodbye, on behalf of all 1 C we wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the very best of luck in their exams.

### 1 B.

Howdy folks, this is 1 B under the supervision of Mrs. Lambert. Of course as the rest of you know we are the brains of the school especially in History—you just ask Mr. McLaughlin.

Considering that we haven't been in the school very long we seem to have made a name for ourselves, whether it is good or bad is not for us to say. Ever since we've been here certain characters have become quite well known to each other, not mentioning any names of course.

We found some of the work a little strange at first but even now some bright specimens become alarmed at a question or two. Like most other classes we've got our fools and fidgetters. Now and again when things seem a bit boring the no-hopers occupy their minds a little differently to the teachers, with anything they can lay their wandering hands on. Naturally as we are the best class we never think of ink fights!!

As our minds and pens are both running out of thoughts and ink we will give you our previously constructed alphabet.

A is for Audrey who's not very tall.  
 B is for "B" Room the best of them all.  
 C is for Cynthia who's talkative tongue,  
 Lands her in trouble when no work is done.  
 D is for Del whom all teachers bless?!\*!  
 E is for Eileen who makes the wrong guess.  
 F is for Fred who thinks he's King Pin.  
 G is for Garnett who isn't so thin.  
 H is for Haack, the mouth almighty.  
 I is for Ida the girl in the nightie.  
 J is for John our prefect bright.  
 K is for Kevin who shines like a light!  
 L is for Les who's like a small dove.  
 M is for Mollie so romantic in love.  
 N is for nonsense in "B" room there's none (?)  
 O is for 'Ooliday when all work is done.  
 P is for Pats who the teacher does bore.

Q is for quantity of marks—maths no score.  
 R is for Ray who's tactics are quaint.  
 S is for Shirley who makes the boys faint.  
 T is for Tom who isn't a fool.  
 U is for US, the best in the school.  
 V is for Venetta so quaint and restrained.  
 W is for work of which we've complained.  
 X is for experiments in which we are poor,  
 If you don't believe us just ask Mr. Moore.  
 Y is for pourquoi and french verbs galore.  
 Z is for zero in history we score.  
 In saying goodbye till next year we wish the Junior and Leaving Unfortunates the best in their forthcoming ordeal.

### 1 E.

Good morning, afternoon or evening as the case may happen to be. This is 1 E, and the prefects are doing their best.

Des, our brainy lad, is most teachers' favourite, with Judith running a close second. Springie a young giant, runs very near last. Our dwarf is only good when he's asleep. Joan J, a bright young thing, helps to keep many of us awake. Dick is another queer character. He walks in casually at call-over, just before our form mistress goes out. This form mistress continually reminds us of the fact that we are the best in lower school, and if we are to stay that way, we had better can the row. As if we ever made any.

The angels in our private madhouse did have the craze of making private air-lanes across the room. Miss Horsefall must be prone to air-sickness, for she stopped it. She also says that she burns confiscated comics, but we believe that she saves them up to make paper aeroplanes in private.

Lastly, we wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck in all subjects.

### 11 J.

First of all we must apologise for the late arrival of our form notes, and we are very sorry.

At one stage of the game, we thought we were becoming a little less noisy and a little more studious, but unfortunately, to coin a phrase, "Richard is himself again." I think that Miss Blythe is the only teacher who has any faith in us at all. Most teachers think we talk too much.

There are only eight boys in the class and they consider this unfortunate. We will introduce a few. Alan Frazer in class is very quiet and does his utmost to take in all the staff have to say. But out of school he is a dark horse. Then there's Barry Martin, who has cultivated the habit of combing his hair during lessons, which greatly amuses the class. When Barry arrives early, we check up to see if the bell's late.

Barry's friend Frank is next. Frank is almost certain to be a partner in all Barry's frolics. Let us also mention Noel our prefect. Noel is an ideal prefect and has the confidence of the class. It seems he has been very quiet since he palled up with Pauline. Bill North comes to school for half the year and stays away the rest. His classroom antics do not please Miss Blythe, but in the future, Albany will have Bill to thank for their salmon which he catches when he is 'sick!'

Our last member is Bill Skates who only came to Australia this year. He is immensely popular with 2 J, especially the Denmark girls. We all listen eagerly to his jokes and debates about the respective merits of Australia and England.

We will also introduce a few of our girls. Alice is the prefect, and a very good one—but she has one fault, common to all 2 J. girls—boy madness. Miss Hall will be missed next year when she goes to "Ladies' College" to learn manners.

Fortunately, we must end now, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

## II L.

Hi Ho everybody. This is 2 L. calling. We bring you our yearly roundup.

1949 has brought a few new members for 2 L. I suppose you have heard of us although we really are quite noiseless and efficient. Our form room is the library, which pleases us very much, for when we strike an uninteresting lesson, we amuse ourselves by counting the ventilation holes in the roof.

We look forward to our form period which means we begin to wake up at the end of the 7th period each Friday afternoon. Mostly we have outdoor activities when the weather permits.

The children in 2 L. are all different. Three quarters of the girls are talkative. The boys are the same. About one eighth do work, the rest loaf. Murray Oates, Grahame Larke and Robyne Hilder are our best scholars, but I don't think I'll mention the worst. Valerie Chipperfield seems to be a rising young artist, while Robyne Hilder and Doug Copeland seem to know something about football.

Well folks; our time's up and we're signing off, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

## II K.

'Ow are you mates? This is 2 K. calling. What's that? Have we done our notes? They're coming, don't worry.

Our form mistress has a difficult job supervising the best and quietest class in the school, especially with the Kelly gang. Thomas Knight-ingale is the leader although Gibbie seems to be gradually depriving him of the honour.

The girls who add up to ten in number are a very solemn group. Still girls will be girls. Shirley

always seems to be cruising around the neighbourhood with Vera Boulting after her, the other Shirley always wanting to know Watts what.

We are well known for our beauty even if one or two of the boys are conceited (no names mentioned). Most of the kids are good at sport, e.g. Barry and Brian. But sorry to say some are bad sports in their manner. Many have great brains, others great tongues. Our English master is most popular with all of us especially when he reads us stories. One day we had a slightly heated discussion about love stories and Girls Crystals. Our lady prefect figured prominently (experience of course).

We are exceedingly dull when it comes to Geometry. No one puts up their hands when a question is asked. Mr. Paul does the hardest things so easily, and do we admire him? As for loci well, you've got us.

Our girls are very good at Domi Sci. doing dress making. The dresses however look like sacks tied in the middle.

Only one romance! Barry and Lois—things are pretty dull, boys. What's happened to those "crushes" of yours.

A few of the poetically minded boys came to the conclusion that they would like a form alphabet, and here it is.

A is for Alex a handsome young brat.

B is for Barry, he's all muscle and fat.

C is for comics we all read them now.

D is for Dorothy, she's glorious you know.

E is for everything we're a popular young lot.

F is for 2 K.'s rather hot.

G is for Graham the brain of the class.

H is for Hall where we sing with a blast.

I is for Ivan who plays the violin.

J is for Jack, he's long and quite thin.  
 K is for our form room so tidy and neat.  
 L is for Lois she's hot on the feet.  
 M is for Moore our musical fan.  
 N is for nonsense which we have to ban.  
 O is for Oliver, he's wise, and he's straight.  
 P is for Physics where we all meet our fate.  
 Q is for Queen, there are ten of them here.  
 R is for Ron that the girls all fear.  
 S is for Shirley a blonde little peach.  
 T is for target which we aim to reach.  
 U is for useless, there are none in 2 K.  
 V is for Vera she's quite O.K.  
 W is for Wansbrough an asset to Brown.  
 X is for 'xams at which we all frown.  
 Y is for youth that's common in K.  
 Z is for zero our schoolday's pay.

## 111 A.

"Hello! Here's 1949's 111 A. to give you a running commentary on the doings of our class."

Our class this year is a mixture of last year's 11 J and 11 K, and so far we have been trying to be very studious (?) We were paid a compliment at the end of first term when one of the staff members informed us that we had a better attitude to our work than the other herd form class.

We are all knocking a the knees to think that in twenty two weeks' time, the fateful day will dawn, and the Junior will commence.

There always seems to be plenty of noise in our class, except when a question is asked—then there's usually dead silence. This applies especially in English!

Form period. "What will we do for form period?" is the question asked each week.

Play shinty, or keep it off?

No!!  
 Swimming? A debate?  
 No!! And so on each week.

Now for our alphabet.

A is for Agnes, as well as for anger.  
 B is for Bunny who goes round with Kanøer,  
 C is for cooking, we're no good at that.  
 D is for Don, who can handle a bat.  
 E is for Edna whose brains we all envy.  
 F is for Frank who has plenty of energy.  
 G is for girls, which in numbers we're flat.  
 H is for Howells, for he does do that.  
 I is for Ian, our Worth-less young man.  
 J is for Jack who is every girls' fan.  
 K is for Kirkham, our form-master dear.  
 L is for Lambert, whom we all seem to fear.  
 M is for Mervyn whose heart's in one B.  
 N is for Norman who sings with such glee.  
 O is for Office where the First-Master rules.  
 P is for Porter, the biggest of fools.  
 Q is for quiet, but we've none like that.  
 R is for Ron whose romance fell flat.  
 S is for Simmsy, our base baritone.  
 T is for teachers—and oh, how they moan.  
 U is for US, the best in the school.  
 V is for Val, who always is cool?  
 W is for work, a terrible fate.  
 X is for 'xams that we all hate.  
 Y is for youth, we come with a rush.  
 Z is for zeal ——— that's us.

In conclusion we wish to thank the members of the staff for the interest they have taken in our work and progress, and to wish the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

## 111 D.

Third formers are hard at work—not that they are ever otherwise, but with the dreaded Junior looming near, the form is busier than ever—with the exception of the girls who leave everything, such as writing the Magazine notes, to us. However, we have responded nobly and consequently expect to set an example to the more frivolous portion of the class.

We were very sorry indeed to lose Drummer——, but must welcome our glamour boy, Alan White, to the class. We would also like to welcome two other newcomers, Heather and Diane. Heather showed us how to swim by winning the girls' open championship at the swimming carnival last March. Another member of the class was runner-up. And of course, we can't forget Spency who proved to be a capable swimmer by winning the boys' Junior Championship.

As the year wore on, our class seemed to be deteriorating in numbers—what with the loss of Bill Fisher, Eleanor Roberts and Anne Rout. Anne is greatly missed by the Basketball and Hockey teams.

Congratulations go to all the people who were included in the school teams, and the best of luck is wished upon all Junior and Leaving Candidates.

- A is for Alan, our 3 D. thrill.
- B is for Boomer who seldom is still.
- C is for Cleggy who at woodwork is bright.
- D was for Drummer, that scholastic skite.
- E is for Eve, whose beau's in form four.
- F is for Fisher, who makes teacher's head sore.
- G is for Gibbney whom none of us hate.
- H is for Heather, Murray's ex-fate.
- I is for Inky who at most subjects does shine.
- J is for Jorgy, our footballer fine.

- K is for Korny Koots, our class is full paid.
- L is for larrikanism, the girl's present trade.
- M is for Merryll who isn't so plain.
- N is for Nita she seemed keen on on Lane.
- O is for Orton a wolf in sheep's clothes.
- P is for P. I. who can't touch her toes.
- Q — O that's our intelligence quo.
- R is for reformatory where we all must go.
- S is for Spence—looks at girls with disdain.
- T is for things he could do on the train.
- U is for unexciting music, to which we are driven.
- V is for variety, which we are not given.
- W. is for Woods'y who on the bus does go.
- X is for excimtent that this class does know.
- Y is for yells heard from the hall.
- Z is for 'zams, dreaded by all.

## IV P.

We haven't had much time for writing lately as we have been doing too much homework. Anyway, it is rather ridiculous writing form-notes, as, with a few additions and subtractions, we are the same as last year. One of these additions is the French class's pride and joy, Arthur. We have been hoping that Arthur would be attracted by Marion (just for a change) but he has withstood all hints and remained faithful to his first love.

It would be rather pointless to point out our other new arrivals. We feel sure that you have met Wendy, Marion and Delys before this. You may also have noticed Madelaine, Francis, Geoff, Dave and Arthur Shaw have come over from the enemy. This is nice, as Artie is very popular with the boys (so are Madelaine and Francis for that matter) and has joined the clique of Denis, Hibou and

Ratmort. An unwise move, this, because at the moment, this little gang, is, rather unfortunately, unpopular with various maths teachers, singing teachers, science teachers, and English teachers.

As usual, Fourth Form is well represented in all school activities. The Sports Prefects, for instance were chosen from Fourth Form. (Minno, Hibou, Frances and Hillary). Sub-editors, librarians, swimming carnival officials; we contributed them all. You might also have noticed the Play that the Fourth Form Dramatic Society produced. Under the able direction of Mr. Moore, the play was acted by Ambrose, assisted by a few amateur "hams." Popeye Gamble, one of these, wished to star in "Boadacea: A Tragedy in Three Acts," but alas the scenery was too elaborate. (N.B. we had an excellent curtain-boy).

No form notes would be complete without mention of that boy from the bush, the star biological student, Geoffrey. He is almost as good at Biol. as Hazel is at Drawing, or Broun at maths, and slightly better than Poddy at Chemistry. Ah Maths, that reminds me of 100 per cent Hack, who in the matter of sines, surds and circles admits supremacy to no-one but Black-Kleg Brian, our star left-footed point-kicker.

Leaving the field of sport, and the arena of schoolwork we find ourselves well represented in the musical side of life (N.B. Nancy); and in the artistic quarter by Hazel's snappy sketches and Cynthia's futuristic geometrical designs.

Not only here! Remember the Stern Realities of Life. The latest results from the Domestic Science Centre are "Shepherd's Pie Handicap—1st Jill (12 minutes); 2nd Betty (scratch); 3rd J. C. (scratch). (N.B. J.C.'s handicap was really 25 minutes but for some unknown reason, he declared he would start at scratch. There was a field of 3).

But we are not always working. We boys had a set for the Ball (won a prize too). Have you seen John B. and John D. doing the Reversed Highland Fling?. This is a sight for sore eyes. (It makes 'em sorer). But as I have said perhaps once, perhaps twice, we are a very artistic class.

Well, that's all till next year. Good luck to the Junior and Leaving students. (From what I've seen of them, they'll need it).

## V.

"Cop this young 'Arry," V. form speakin' from the learned portals of knowledge-er-the alcove that is.

This year's V. form seem to be the unluckiest form of the lot because (a) We have not heard of Dantes, (b) Strawb's been our form-master for two consecutive years, (c) Les, Pam, Izzy and Martha are in our form.

Some of the numerous highlights this year have had a great deal to do with that infallible weather prophet, "Strawb."

The manufacture of "Howse's Horrible Hard Tack" and "Daniel's Dan-char De-carbonated Concoctions" were most successful experiments, and were classed under the label of soap. It is hoped that between now and the time this goes to print, the chem types, (Coventry especially) don't imbibe too much of their home brew. Perhaps it would be as well to forget about "Wolfie" Meharry's war on test-tubes.

Still, even these activities were surpassed in that noble experiment in the cause of science, when a certain guinea pig (he's not really) offered his services to the surgeons of the chem. class so that they could test their home-made chloroform on him. It was indeed strange that a bottle of commercial stuff got mixed up with the home-brew.

Now a note of congrats. to Shorty. We are pleased to hear that you have turned over a new leaf Ray. What happened? Shops run out of penny dreadfuls? We

would also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Moore for having us around at their place one evening. It took a great deal of courage, and even Tricia, Bowey and Erica did not embarrass us, and although we thanked Mr. and Mrs. Moore, I don't think that they realised how much we enjoyed ourselves, (especially playing Beetle) or how grateful we are to them.

It is after much enjoyment of our school like that, we come to our last year here. Except for the incessant thought of "Leaving" coming up, the fifth has been good and we pride ourselves on hitting it off very well together.

If the "threes" have any qualms as to the Junioir, let them look at us, and take heart. Anyway, best of luck to all in the coming exams.

—:|:—

## Cadet Notes

### "Come in your war array"

This year the unit attended the Annual Camp in May, and five members of the corps have attended special courses during the year. We congratulate Sgt. Shaw on qualifying for a commission and the others on their success during the training.

In the second term the G.O.C. Western Command, General White-law came to Albany to present the R.A.E.M.E. Cup which was won by the unit in 1948. The previous year Albany was second in this competition having been beaten by Northam High School. We offer congratulations to that unit for having gained second place last year.

Then in September the S.O.S.C. Western Command, Major Simms, presented the Unit with the Australian Natives Association Challenge Shield. This was won by A.H.S. for obtaining the highest average score in Australia in the King George V Small Bore Competition. W.O. Wellstead was presented with a gold medal for ob-

taining the highest aggregate score throughout Australia. To him we offer our congratulations. On September 26, the unit formed a guard of Honour for His Excellency the Governor-General of Australia, Mr. McKell, on the occasion of his visit to the High School.

On December 10, the unit is sending a team of riflemen to Perth to compete for the Commonwealth Challenge Cup. We wish them every success and hope that they will once more bring home the bacon. In concluding we would like to thank W.O. Wilkins for his capable organisation and inspection.

—:|:—

## Guide Notes

The Guide year was commenced in February with Miss Rogers as Captain and Miss Doreen Smith as Lieutenant. Owing to Miss Smith's transfer early in the year, we have been without a Lieutenant.

On February 20 we attended a special service in St. Johns Church to commemorate "Thinking Day." At the conclusion we all assembled on the lawn and were addressed by Lady Lee Steere. Alison Watson was presented with her Queen's Badge.

On Anzac Day, we again took part in the march and the services. Frances Slarke was the wreath bearer. Through unavoidable circumstances, Cap. was unable to attend, so we were led by Alison Watson, and Margaret Cruse brought up in the rear.

Early in the year the Scouts held a social to which we were all invited. In June we attended the 21st Birthday Party of the 106th Scout Troop. Both of these functions were enjoyed by all.

On May 29 we attended a Church Parade in Scots' Church.

Badge work is being enthusiastically carried on. Alison Watson received her Queen's and is on the way to completing work for her



All Round Cords. Margaret Cruse has received her First Class. Second classes have been received by Deborah Carruthers, Shirley Cruse, Agnes Henderson, Dawn Jenkyn, Shirley Lang, Pat Walstab.

We hope Cap. Mellowslip will pay us a visit before the end of the year.

—:|:—

## A.H.S. French Club Notes

"And French she spak ful faire and fetisly."

President: Miss Newton. Committee: Misses C. South, P. Gamble, J. McCrackan, A. Lane.

This year it was decided to form a French Club, the aim being to foster understanding of France, her people and culture.

The first meeting held in the school hall on June 10, was quite successful. Although there was not a large crowd present, those who attended were obviously enthusiastic. Games and competitions were held, and some French songs were sung. The President gave a talk on French Artists and their works, and also played and explained some recordings of music by famous French composers. The meeting concluded, after supper which was served by the committee, with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

The second meeting was held on July 22, in the School Hall. Members of fourth form presented a most amusing play "Le Cafe Cognac."

Miss Blythe kindly sang two songs "Bois Epais" and "Le Papillon."

As before, games were played, and several songs were sung. A dainty supper was served by the committee, then with the singing of "La Marseillaise," the meeting ended. Another meeting will be held in third term, when we hope to see a larger crowd present.

Miss Newton has kindly offered to obtain French pen friends for those members wishing to correspond with someone in France.

The Club has not been formed long enough for one to judge what value it may be, but it should be an entertaining, painless method of learning more French, and more about France.

We wish to sincerely thank Miss Newton for her untiring work on the Club's behalf, and especially for attending our "non-melodious" song practices.

"Le Secretaire."

—:|:—

## P.T. Club Notes

"Did gyre and gimble in the wabe"

This Club started in the second term, and a committee of 4 (Jack Thomson, Noel Sims, John Fugill and Bob Strawbridge) was elected. These boys endeavour to keep up interest in the club, and take it in turn to instruct the others.

The club meets only on Wednesday afternoon, on the lawn or in the Hall, from 3.40 to 4.40, and this hour (although with attendances varying from 5 to 20) passes all too quickly.

It is hoped that the P.T. Club will gain in popularity and attendance and will remain a permanent feature of the School.

—:|:—

## A.H.S. Camera Club Notes

"Must all the painter's art defy"

The Camera Club, which came into existence last year, had an influx of new members in first term this year. At the first meeting held, the president, Mr. Marshall, suggested electing a secretary and a treasurer. This was done, Robin Broun becoming secretary, and Brian Taylor treasurer. It was decided that membership fees should be devoted to purchasing a glazing

plate. However, owing to the fact that not all members paid their fees, the glazing plate has not yet been bought.

On returning after the May holidays we found that our president had been transferred to Geraldton. Mr. Moore then consented to become president, and took charge of affairs. Only one meeting was held in second term, and at this meeting W. Howse and P. Gamble were elected as vice-presidents. At a meeting of the officials it was decided to open a banking account for the Club, and also to see Mr. Johnson, about a new lock for the door.

In third term it was decided at a committee meeting to purchase two glazing plates and a roller. It was also decided to hold an exhibition of members' photos on Sports' Day and to give a prize to the best entry. The exhibition was held, and was a great success. The winning entry was submitted by W. Howse.

It is also hoped to have another competition later in the year, and with the acquisition of the glazing plates, entries should be of a higher standard.

We wish to thank firstly Mr. Marshall, and then Mr. Moore for taking charge of the Club's affairs, and taking an interest in its doings.

—"FLASHLIGHT"

—:~::~—

## Dramatic Club Notes

**"To fret his hour upon the stage."**

This year, as in former years, fourth year formed a dramatic club, with Mr. Moore as President. The first few weeks the Club met in "G" room after school on Tuesdays, to read and discuss plays. "The Golden Mean" was the play chosen to be the first production, and when a cast had been selected, rehearsals were held every week on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

At the end of the first term, a concert was held, the main attraction being "The Golden Mean." The play was a great success and the audience were enthusiastic about it. The proceeds of the concert £5/10/9, were donated to the school's Junior Red Cross.

In second term, two plays were chosen as being suitable, and rehearsals of "The Bathroom Door," and "The Dear Departed," were held. "The Bathroom Door," was presented at the end of term concert, and proved to be an even greater success than the previous effort. As yet, "The Dear Departed" has not been presented, but it is hoped to present it, along with one or two others, at the end of the year.

During second term, Mr. George, Manager of the Caravan Ballet, visited the school and gave a lecture on stagecraft to members of Upper School. This was of special benefit to club members and it was extremely interesting to have the history of the construction of the theatre, from early Greek to modern times, described to us.

Thanks to the efforts of Club members, blue tableau curtains have been obtained for the hall stage. This is a decided improvement, and is of great assistance in producing a play.

We would like to thank our enthusiastic president Mr. Moore, who has also been our coach, producer, director and man-of-all-work; without Mr. Moore's untiring enthusiasm and aid, the club would not function.

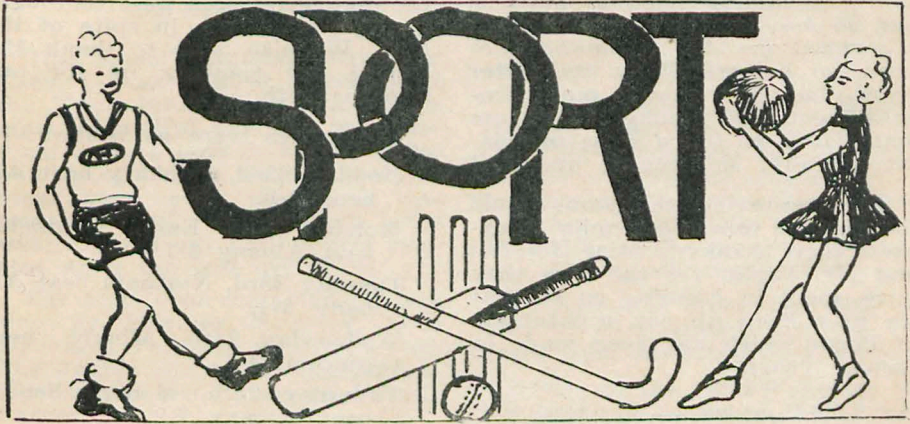
—THE SECRETARY

—:~::~—

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs.—Biol. Dissection.

I will arise and go now.—White talking in class.

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore,"  
—A good report.



## Association Basketball

On April 1, the two High School Basketball teams met the town opposition for the first time this season. Both teams were defeated.

The girls are all keen and interested—always attending practices and so great improvement has been shown. At the end of the first round, Team 1 has proved stronger than it had in previous years (perhaps the opposition has weakened) by winning 5 out of 6 matches. Unfortunately Team 11 has not won any—don't be disheartened, you will improve!

There are many promising players and from both teams we should be able to choose 7 strong players to meet the other school teams.

We take this opportunity to thank Miss Taylor for all the time she has spent coaching us and hope that we will do her justice when we visit Perth in August.

—THE CAPTAIN.

—:—:—

## Perth Trip

This August we sent a team to the Metropolitan area to compete in the High Schools' Carnival. As the matches were played at Langley Park, our girls, who are used to a fast indoor game, were not

up to their usual standard. Margaret Cruse, our Captain, and Judy Haygarth were the two best for Albany.

The scores were:—

Bunbury d. Albany 24-15.

Eastern Goldfields d. Albany 21-17.

Albany d. Northam 37-12.

Albany d. Geraldton 16-12.

Albany and Perth Modern tied 25 all.

Our congratulations are due to Bunbury the undefeated team, winning from Eastern Goldfields who were victorious in four out of five matches.

—:—:—

## Hockey Notes

With the approach of the winter term the enthusiastic hockey players did not require much persuasion to join the Association Hockey teams. A number of last years heroines are to be seen amongst the large number of third year students who have managed to forget their swot to play on Saturday afternoons against the town teams. With the able help of Miss Horsfall and Mr. Taylor the traditional 'A' and 'B' grade have been drawn up although "A" team has been victorious only three times the girls have kept up their dash and enthusiasm in coming to

practices and in playing matches, and so making the season a most enjoyable one. "B" team has not been so successful as its sister team, but has shown much improvement and amongst its team mates may be found some promising players, so keep it up kids!

The members of the teams would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Miss Horsfall and Mr. Taylor for the time they have spent in training us so that we may keep up our reputaion in Perth which has been made in former years.

In the Inter-School carnival held in Perth the first week of the August holidays the hockey team did not do exceedingly well. However,

the matches played were thoroughly enjoyed by all, in spite of the heat. We also wish to thank Mr. Taylor for coaching us for our trip to Perth.

The scores were as follows:—

Monday 22nd, Bunbury beat Albany 2-1.

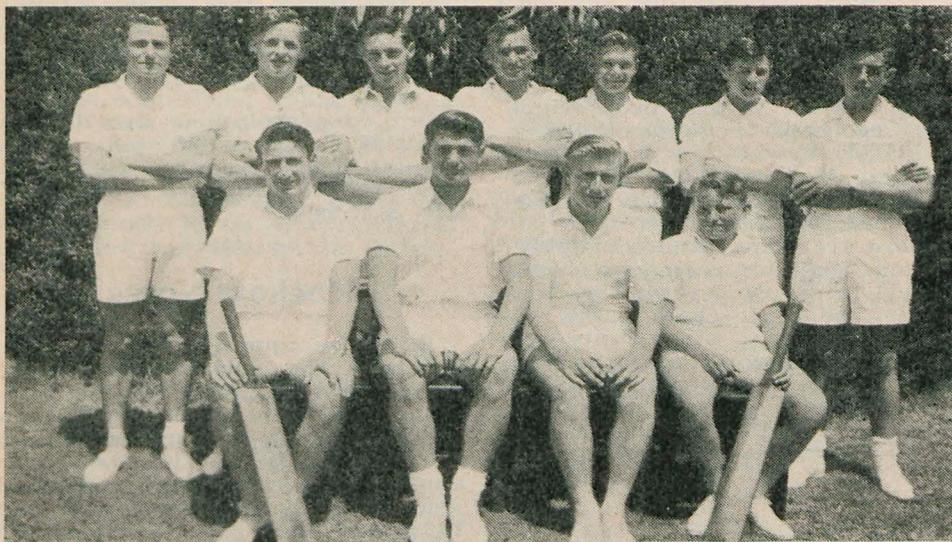
Monday 22nd, East. Goldfields beat Albany 3-1.

Tuesday 23rd, Northam beat Albany 3-1.

Wednesday 24th, Albany beat Geraldton 4-1.

Thursday 25th, Modern School beat Albany 7-2.

We must congratulate Modern School on winning the hockey carnival and Northam for gaining second place.



1st. ELEVEN (Undefeated).

Sitting: D. Daniel, J. Downing, J. Coventry, J. Gilbert.

Standing: L. Mavor, A. White, E. Herbert, B. Feld (Capt.), R. Ahrens, R. Shaw, R. Ahrens.

## Swimming

The School's Annual Swimming Carnival was held on March 19 at the Town Baths. In all, it was a most successful day and the Carnival was attended by a larger number of visitors than on the previous year, even though it was cold and dull. Fortunately, the weather held out until a few minutes after the last event.

The girls' open championship was won by Heather MacIver, with Margaret Pearson as runner-up. The Junior champion was Margot Weston and the runner-up Valerie Parker.

The boys' open championship was won by J. A. Coventry, and D. Daniel was runner-up. The junior champion was Barry Spence and the runner up Alan Lawrence.

Gold faction won the day with 99½ points, Green was second with 73 points, followed by Boronia 66 and Brown 32½ points.

Four records were broken. Heather MacIver broke the 1947 Open 100 yards Freestyle record of 88.5 seconds by 5.5 seconds.

Barry Spence broke his own record for the previous year, in the Junior 50 yards backstroke, which was 43 seconds, down to 41 secs.

D. Cameron broke the 1933 record of 67.6 seconds for the 100 yards Open Freestyle by 2 seconds.

Green, in the faction medley relay, broke its record of 1946, 2 min. 51 secs., down to 2 min. 25¼ secs.

In the evening a social was held at the High School, during which trophies were presented to the Junior and Senior Champions.



**"A" GRADE BASKETBALL TEAM.**  
(Runners-up Albany Association.)

Sitting: J. Haygarth, Miss G. Taylor (coach), M. Cruse (Capt.),  
Standing: B. Cameron, P. Cooper, I. Stutely, E. Bray, V. Silver,  
J. Smith, N. Brown. Association Awards: J. Haygarth.

1st. EIGHTEEN.

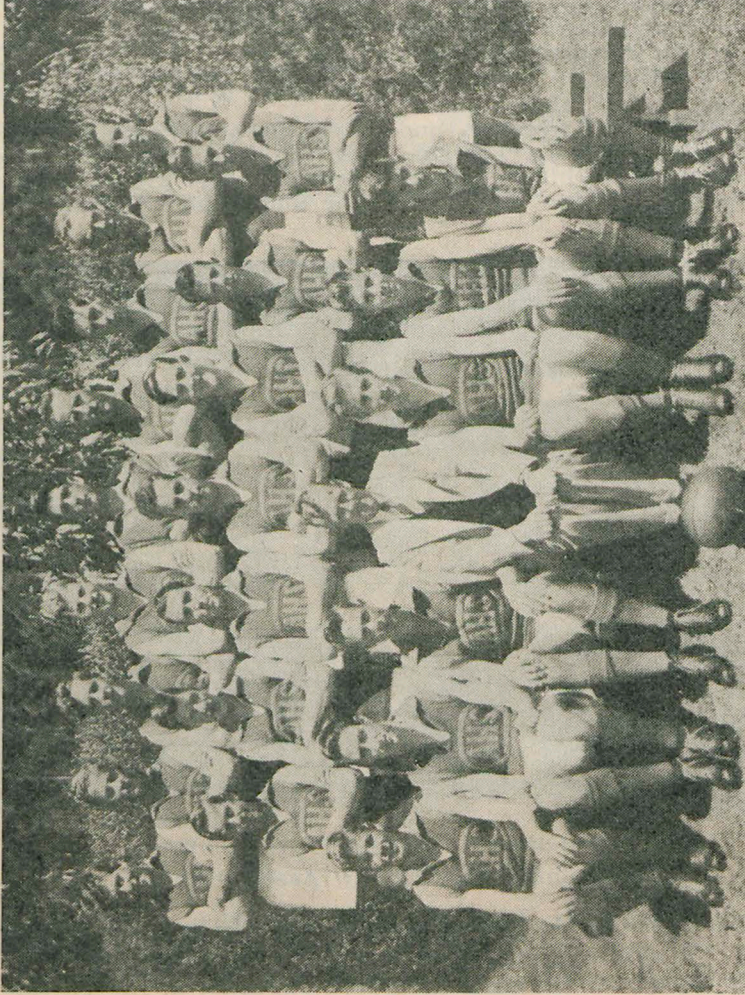
Runners-up Metropolitan  
Tour.

Front Row: B. Colvin, D. Daniel, B. Feld (Capt.), Mr. R. Chopping (coach), J. Coventry, R. Ahrens, N. Smith.

Second Row: D. Copeland, R. Shaw, L. Mavor, R. Jorgensen, W. Howse, R. Hilder, N. Sims.

Third Row: F. Drysdale, D. Manea, A. White, B. Ambrose, J. Downing, J. Thompson, E. Herbert, D. Cameron, B. Taylor.

Absent. M. Livesey.



## Football

This year the standard of football was higher with no outstanding individuals, but, as last year, Upper School Football was contested with combined teams owing to a lack in numbers.

This year's successful team in the football contest was Boronia (42), with Gold (38) second, followed up by Brown (30) and Green (22).

In the Lower School contest the successful team was Green (50), Boronia (44), Gold (32) and Brown (12) respectively.

The winner this season of the coveted Penter Medal for the Fairest and Best in the Upper School Football Competition was J. Coventry.

This year for the first time the Sheedy Medal presented by Mr. Jack Sheedy, captain-coach of East Fremantle for the fairest and best in Lower School Football, was presented to B. Colvin.

During the term the High School competed against the various "B" grade Assn. teams, and Denmark and Narrogin Schools of Agriculture. In all these matches the High

School was victorious and suffered defeat only once during the term. This was at the hands of the Albany Colts Carnival team which later won the Great Southern Premiership.

The High School 1st XVIII during this year's Annual Inter-School Football Tour was unfortunately not undefeated as in the three preceding years; the winner this year being the Perth Modern School 2nd XVIII.

## THE FOOTBALL TOUR

In the Inter-High School Carnival, Albany High School were runners-up. Our congratulations are offered to Modern School who were the winners of the premiership, and we thank them for providing boundary umpires etc. Many thanks are also due to Mr. Downing, Mr. Cameron and others for their whole hearted assistance which made the tour so enjoyable.

The scores of the various matches were as follows:—

August 22, 1949: A.H.S. 7.11 defeated Modern School II, 2.4

August 23, 1949: A.H.S. 11.9 defeated Geraldton High, 1.3.



## "A" HOCKEY TEAM.

Front Row: M. Aldridge, F. House, B. Sykes (Capt.), W. Cook, J. Bolt.

Back Row: P. McGuire, M. Plozza, B. Folland, B. Manuel, A. Watson.

Standing: M. Bowman and "Winstinct."

Absent, reserves: M. Pearson, C. South, M. Matson.

August 25, 1949: A.H.S. 3.11 defeated Eastern Goldfields 1.5.

August 26, 1949: A.H.S. 4.10 lost to Bunbury High 6.5.

Modern School, Bunbury High School and Albany High School each won the same number of matches, but Modern School gained the premiership on percentages when Albany was defeated by Bunbury.

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## Sports Day

Sports Day was held this year in nearly perfect weather. Records established this year were:—

### BOYS

440 yds. champ open, D. Daniel, 55 secs.

220 yds. Champ. open, D. Daniel, equalled 25 secs.

220 yds. champ. under 16, M. Livesey, equalled 25.8 secs.

### GIRLS

50 yds. champ, under 16, B.

Folland 6.8 secs.

90 yds. hurdles, under 16, B. Folland, 14.8 secs.

Final Results were:—

### Champion Athletes, Boys.

D. Daniel (Green), 25 points, Open Champion.

J. Coventry (Boronia), 12 pts. runner-up.

M. Livesey (Brown), 16½ pts., Under 16 Champion.

B. Howells (Brown), 11 pts., Runner-up.

M. Howells, (Brown), 18 points, Under 14 Champion.

A. Hamilton (Boronia) and T. Keenan (Green), 10 pts., runners-up.

### Champion Athletes, Girls.

W. Cook (Gold), 12 pts., Open Champion.

M. Kirby (Boronia), 8 points, runner-up.

B. Folland (Brown), 12 pts., Under 16 Champion.



### ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.

Sitting: L. Pirrett, A. Caruthers, W. Cook, B. Folland, G. Wellman, M. Kirby. Standing: R. Howells, J. Coventry, M. Livesey, D. Daniel, M. Howells, T. Keenan, A. Hamilton. Absent: E. Cass.



E. Cass (Green), 4 points, runner-up.

G. Wellman (Green), and A. Carruthers (Gold), 6 points, Under 14 Champions.

L. Pirrett (Brown), 3 points, runner-up.

**Faction Points**

Green . . . . .	139
Brown . . . . .	124½
Boronia . . . . .	104½
Gold . . . . .	98

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**Ex-students' Notes**

This year the Boronia is including a section for the ex-students, enabling them to find out the whereabouts of their school mates. We wish to thank those students who supplied us with the following information.

University:—Paula Hansen, Margaret Cox, Alva Randal, Betty Wreathal, Pam Pirrett, Eion Mackrae, Glen Robertson, Malcolm Price,, Gratton Wilson, Dunbar Wilson, Arthur, Russell, Nancy Fowler, Rupert Bunny, Muriel Snow. TTC. Joan Sharp, Joy Russell, Lavender Martin, Peggy Reilly, Mona Randal, Pat Hogg, Dot Woods, Margaret Walker, Ted Robertson, Mary Fenn, Verna Weston, Hilda Thompson, Hazel Slater.

Alan Fitzpatrick and Blair Malcolm at Universities in Adelaide and Melbourne respectively.

Max and Colin Malcolm, Garth Wynne and Ron Pit are farming.

Monitors, Beth Kemble, Barbara Farrant, Paddy Trappit, Joan Taylor, Keith and Noel Hoffman, Beth Nelson, Doreen Smith, Maxine Stephens, Gwen Odgers, Max Walsh, Len Haywood, Bonnie Hicks and Nora Schleuter are teaching.

Anne Palmer is Secretary to a Chemical Adviser. Ken Fitzmaurice at the Mint. Buck Wellstead is carrying out research in a Pathological Laboratory.

Domestic Science, Marje Thompson, Doreen Plozza, Val Milne, Barbara Bolt, Agnes Haack, June

Theyer. Nurses, Nena de Julia, Margaret McGregor, Peggy Duncan, Thelma Dunn, Sue Martin, Kath Farrant, Betty and Judith Howse, Dot Grylls and Pat Cartwright.

Mark Kirby is at St. Michael's College, S.A.

Beaker McBride and Max Harrison are both working at petrol depots.

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**Divers**

We are the searchers of the deep,  
We know the secrets of the sea  
They are the secrets that will keep,  
For now, ever and eternity.

We are the seekers of the pearl,  
Far down upon the ocean bed.  
We see the sea weeds as they curl  
Blue and green and gold and red.

We see the wonders of the ocean,  
Far beneath the restless foam;  
Where the fish with gliding motion,  
Swim about their watery home.

And there below with Davey Jones,  
Where fishes swim and corals grow,  
Many a sailor rests his bones,  
In the silvery peace below.

—I.M.S.

—:::—

**The Staff of A.H.S.**

We are the staff of the A.H.S.  
Though to look at us you'd never guess,

We dwell within the staff rooms old,

And venture into classrooms cold  
To teach the kids that black is white,

That there is no such thing as light,  
To tell them that to talk is wrong  
Especially when we're going strong,

That to wander from the point is bad,

Except when we do it, Ehgad!  
We tell them they are very slow,  
If questions we ask that they don't know,

And if we don't either—well,  
 what's the use  
 If we can't think of a good excuse  
 Ah yes! Ah yes!  
 We are the staff of the A.H.S.

—:~::~—

## Limericks

There once was a student named  
 Drench,  
 Who hated to have to do French,  
 When asked, "Est il bon?"  
 He would answer, "Non! Non!  
 There's nothing that's 'bon' about  
 French.

As the headmaster was passing  
 room 'G,'  
 He heard a voice say, "Marry me"  
 He grew quite alarmed,  
 But his fears were soon calmed,  
 'Twas a play being rehearsed by  
 IV P.

—A. LANE

—:~::~—

## Beginning of Term

I hate exams! At this time of the year exams are (do I repeat some-ones swot slogan?) dark clouds on the horizon of third term. Perhaps I exaggerate but if exams are to be spoken of figuratively, then I can think of nothing better than dark clouds to compare them with.

I hate exams!!

Of course I can usually pass them. Approached gradually at even at fairly short notice. There have been times when I have been hailed as the seer of the class, with my uncanny instinct for forecasting the results, as we sorrowfully and despairingly hold post mortems on the various papers.

But give me the peaceful beginning of term to ponder over exams. An exam, I am sorry to say, is a nasty, sinister thing. It must, to be thought of with anything like tranquillity, be distant, be unthought of, be underheard of. And this should be at the beginning of term

—the very beginning.

I am being frank; perhaps even a little—well, I shan't say it.

But I hate exams!!

At this very instant, when the rest of the school has started "swotting" exams I am still merely dreading them.

I feel so nervous.

— La Paresseuse.

—:~::~—

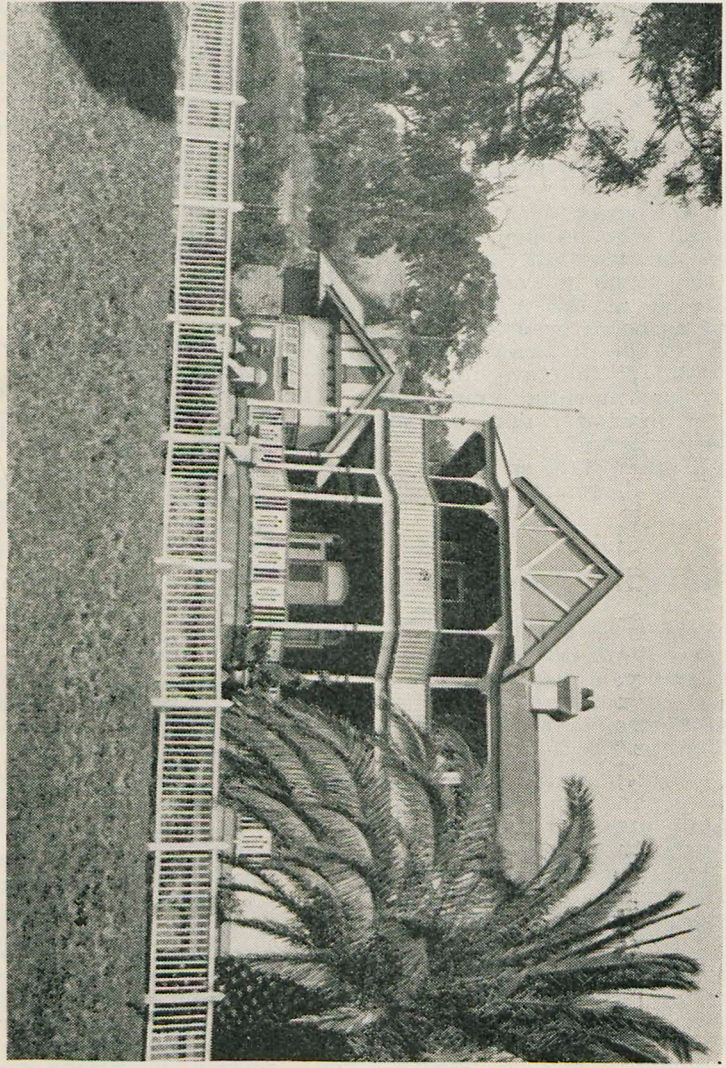
## Before the Battle

Once more unto the seats, dear friends, once more,  
 And fill the hall up with our student dead,  
 In exams there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility.  
 But when the blast of bells blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the actions of the tiger,  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise your nerves, with much bravado,  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
 Let it pry through the examiner's head  
 Like the brass cannon—Let it bore it off  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'rehang and jutty his confounded base  
 Levelled with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide  
 Hold hard the pen and stretch up every nerve  
 So it's full strength. On, on, you noble students  
 Whose heads are full of all the answers true.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips  
 Straining upon the start. The bell has gone,  
 Cry, "Heaven help us, the exams are on!"

(With apologies to Shakespeare's "Henry V")



## THE PRIORY



Situated in close proximity to the High School, the ground almost adjoining, the surroundings are unusually picturesque. The living rooms and dormitories are spacious, well furnished and decorated, the dining-room, the dimensions of which are 24ft. x 21ft., being a handsome apartment. Bath and show-bath rooms are provided. The Proprietors give personal supervision and have established a comfortable home and one of ample accommodation at a very moderate cost. Prospectus on application to:—  
MRS. L. A. MILLS, The Priory, Albany, W.A.  
Telephone 139.

## Running Late

The form had assembled for call-over;

The form-master was there as well,  
When all of a sudden the form pre-  
fect

Cried, "Where on earth is A.L.?"  
He wasn't behind the cupboard,  
He wasn't outside the door,  
Then a girl looked through the  
window,

And whom do you think she saw?  
'Twas A.L. hurrying onward,  
With the speed of a railway train,  
And all who happened to see him  
Knew he was late again.

Up the steps he came running,  
And just at the moment the bell  
Rang as he entered the form room,  
And, "Made it again," cried A.L.  
I'm "A.L.," the latecomer,

So if one morning you see  
A "whirlwind" approaching the  
High School,  
You'll know it is only me.

A.L. IV.

—:—:—

## Thursdays and the Bus

An exhausted and battered crowd  
wandered off the field.

"Could you please take my hoc-  
key stick up, Beryl?"

"Oh! sure, palm it off onto me."

"Thanks."

A white, many-windowed ma-  
chine groaned up the hill, while a  
surging mass of pushing abusive  
students tussled with each other  
for first place in the queue.

"Heavens alive," I said with an  
agonised look at the fighting  
group, "Where are my shoes?"

The bus gave a furious toot and  
a couple of dozen heads clogged  
up the windows.

"Come on there, sis, you'll miss  
the bloomin' bus," yelled some  
little squirt with a loud tie.

"Ya, look at 'er red tomat-  
er face," said another friendly fellow.

Strands of dripping hair flopped  
and stuck across my equally moist  
face. To the sound of jeers and

cries of pain I grabbed my case  
and levered my way into the riot,  
without shoes.

After a few false starts (due  
to latecomers, who periodically  
flew down the steps with a muzzled  
animal in close pursuit) we set  
off with a tooth-rattling lurch.  
Various people extricated them-  
selves from the embrace of the  
unfortunates squashed behind.

"Keep your feet to yourself,  
you clumsy oaf."

"Well, look here, you chaps,"  
said one with an evil leer, "a high  
and mighty fifth former without  
her shoes."

"None of your cheek." I retort-  
ed and tucked my feet under a  
seat while I waved a compass  
menacingly.

The convent turn off is reached,  
and every "Dane" fights madly  
(using cases and elbows) to the  
front of the bus.

"Quit pushing there!"

"Ouch! Stop it, you lousy Den-  
mark kids!"

"GET OFF MY FOOT!!!"

Our bus is waiting placidly by  
the curb and after preliminary  
tussles for the window seats we  
are settled down to the compara-  
tive silence of our conveyance.

"Busie B." V.

—:—:—

## Poaching Eggs

"Carefully does it." This phrase  
is often applied to many different  
things but this afternoon it was  
quoted by a young second former  
from the Priory. There were three  
of us in it. We were going to  
try and obtain an egg from the  
fowlhouse without being copped.  
The reason was that one of our  
party had Domestic Science and  
certain conditions would allow her  
to make cakes instead of cornflour  
mould. These conditions were  
that those making cakes took their  
own butter, flour and eggs.

We started up the hill. "You  
keep watch," we told one, "while

we get the egg. I only hope the fowls don't make a row." So saying we left our companion half way while the two of us did the dirty work. However, we got to the pen, opened the door, and went in before anything happened. A big red rooster, not being used to having two people coming in, pecked at us. He got my friend on the leg and it started to bleed rather fast. "Gee," she said, hopping around, "I didn't know he could bite so hard."

Without further delay we found an egg—the only one there—and made our way back to the other girl. She was very busy talking to our matron. Luckily for us she did not hear us coming, but we heard her as usual—long before we came into sight. We took another track that branched off and got to the back door safely. However, her sharp eyes noticed, for she was coming back again (heaven knows where she'd been) the peck on the culprit's leg.

"Where?" said the guilty one, vainly striving to conceal the egg which she was carrying in her blazer pocket (and trying to appear innocent of the wound). The matron pointed it out to her and insisted on putting ointment on it.

That night when the eggs were collected they wondered why there were not as many eggs as usual. Anyway, the cakes that we tasted afterwards, were well worth the efforts exerted to get them.

S.C. II.

—:—

## The School Shop Opens

We are standing in this dusty,  
dirty room,

While wielding manfully a broom,  
And those who were here long ago  
That really is a great disgrace.

Then Mr. Moore

Comes to the door,

And says "When can you start?"

With all the ego we possess,

We smile and say "After recess."

And now with speed comes our  
downfall

As crowds roll up against the wall.  
Poor Coxie adds up figures wrong.  
Much to the amusement of the  
throng.

Southy sits and writes like mad  
While we dash from pad to pad.  
Orders come with much back-chat  
Which mixes up our harried Pat.  
With scholarships South smartly  
copes

But with cash customers, we're just  
dopes

With the lot we just hope they'll  
not

Ask for things we haven't got,  
For whatever is the use  
Of listening to abuse,  
Besides we haven't time to spare!  
And if we did we'd have grey hair.  
Then at least it's knock-off time  
The kids they say, "What a  
'shime'."

But oh! boy, are we glad to say,  
"No more orders for today!"

—One Who Knows.

—:—

## Conked in Calcutta

Dear Reader, have you ever been  
in Calcutta? Well, even if you  
have, I must tell you about the  
day I was conked.

It was about half past ten at  
night. It was pitch dark, with a  
glaring sun in the sky, and the  
moon sweeping great arcs over  
the heavens.

I was in the old portion of Cal-  
cutta, with the Empire State Build-  
ing rearing its colossal head above  
the rest of the buildings.

I was feeling rather energetic  
that night, and I wanted to earn  
some money, so I ran along be-  
hind a tram, and saved twopence,  
but I saved about six shillings by  
running behind a taxi.

I was just about half way back  
from Delhi, when I realised that  
something was wrong. I took out  
my portable warehouse and took  
stock of its contents, but every-  
thing was there. I touched my  
armpit to see if my six inch gat

was in its holster. It was. I then touched a passing pedestrian for his money or his life; he generously gave me his life, as he had plenty more in a box of lives at home.

I couldn't think what was missing, and then I reached Calcutta, and found that the taxi I had been following had vanished.

Just then, I felt an awful hit on my head, and suddenly everything went black. The sun stopped shining, the moon stopped sweeping arcs across the heavens, and a nearby bay stopped baying, and can you guess why? No? Well, I'll tell you. I died. Yes, dear readers, I died. About five minutes after I got up and looked for my murderer. I searched everywhere and, my dear readers, I found him, I killed him and I buried myself.

Am I not marvellous?

K.M. 2K.

—:—:—

## The Ten Commandments

(Revised Version)

1. Thou shalt not take the name of the teacher, thy form-master in vain: For the teacher will not holdeth him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.

2. Keep the English lessons to sanctify it, as tradition hath commanded thee.

3. No days shalt thou labour, nor do any work.

4. But the second day of the week is the day of rest, for Miss Blythe, thy singing teacher. In it thou shalt not sing, nor thy neighbour, nor his next door neighbour, as well as thou, thy teacher may not sing.

5. And remember that thou wast a pupil in the Primary School, and that thy dread, the Inspector, brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and stretched out cane. Therefore thy fellow students command thee to go in fear of inspectors all thy school life.

6. Honour thy first master and mistress, as thy chief, the Principal hath commanded thee, that thy days may be prolonged, that it may go well with thee in the school which the Government giveth thee.

7. Thou shalt not break thy neighbour's ruler.

8. Neither shalt thou steal it, nor her rubber, nor her pencil, nor her essay book.

9. Thou shalt not tell tales on thy fellow students.

10. Neither shalt thou flirt with thy neighbour's boy friend, nor shalt thou covet thy neighbour's seat in Assembly.

Thus spake a fourth former, who had suffered long, and knew much, and who wrote these words for the Boronia and delivered them unto you.

Sunday School Teacher IV.

—:—:—

## Woodwork

(With apologies to Mr. S and Mr. C.)

In A.H.S. there is a place  
That really is a great disgrace.  
It is the same in all our schools  
And here we learn the use of tools.

The woodwork shed, where every  
week,

We go, like lambs, so mild and  
meek (?)

And chop and saw and hew and  
hack

Until we've got an aching back.

And when we've ruined all the  
wood

Our teacher always says "No  
good!"

"You'll really have to start again  
You boys—you give me quite a  
pain."

Then just when we are going fine,  
The instructor says, "Now, boys,  
it's time

To put your woodwork things away  
And leave it for another day."

"Pine Puncher," IV.

## The New Twenty-third Psalm

The staff is my guide; I shall surely fail,

They maketh me more dense, I cannot understand,

They setteth me much homework, my sawdust catcheth fire—I cannot think.

Their tongues and their rods, they lasheth me,

Yea, though I walk on the paths toward junior, I shall fear no evil, for their brains are with me.

Their lectures and their examples, they comfort me (!!)

They prepareth my mind for the ordeal in November.

They scarest the wits out of me, my mind seizeth on me.

Surely misery and failure shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the insane forever. Amen.

Brueal, IIIA.

—:—:—

## On the Task of U.N.E.S.C.O.

Last night I was privileged to hear an address by Mr. Murray Little, the Australian delegate to U.N.E.S.C.O. Mr. Little has just returned from a meeting of 36 delegates of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, which is a branch of U.N.O. There are now 48 countries represented, but none of those East of the Iron Curtain (Russia).

Our speaker firmly implanted in our minds the ideal of UNESCO, that is, to help bring about world peace. This is a tremendous task, as we all know that there have always been wars among men, until now, peace, "is just a short time between two wars." It seems that men have never lived in one big brotherhood as one happy family, but we hope that some day they will. This is caused mainly by certain barriers and prejudices, which have always been present in our

lives. Little differences such as colour, languages and religion are seized upon, and enlarged by us. Mountains are made out of mole-hills. The great fact that men are all the same in heart is overlooked. Children have no such prejudices until their parents implant ideas of racial superiority, etc., into their minds. You find that a little white boy will often play happily with another little ragged black one. Until his parents intervene, this boy lives as a truly civilised human being: a brother to everyone.

Mr. Little told us, that amongst all the men whom he met whilst on his month's conference at Beirut, everyone wanted peace: They all realised that men will spend great sums of money, resources and lives in waging wars with other men, instead of using it to promote an everlasting world peace. There are very few countries in which the people have not seen bloody wars fought on their soil, who have not seen hundreds of wretched, homeless people, or their loved ones killed before them. Australia is one of the fortunate countries, though very few people here realise it. We have not experienced the horrors of war, and let's hope we never do. We are always worrying about rising prices, ration coupons and the like, but in reality these things are trifles. We should try to ignore these things, and try to help the thousands of homeless wretches in the world today, perhaps not directly, but by improving the world and making way for a younger generation of peace-loving and peace-striving people. (A film lately released in Australia, "The Search," gives a vivid and true picture of some of the horrors of war.) One way in which we can do this is by teaching our children to regard the little aborigine, Chinese or Negro, as friends. I think a lot of it boils down to the teaching of Christ, as in "Love one another."

After the outline of some of the problems of UNESCO, Mr. Little told how this organisation hoped to relieve the present situation of illiteracy. The main point is knowledge, a knowledge of the lines along which true Christian and peace-loving people should try to live. Each delegate from UNESCO is making a tour of his homeland and is telling his people of this great need. It is appalling to think that not only are 75 per cent. of the world's population illiterate, but their standard of living is frightfully low. The people live in unhealthy and low conditions, and their children receive only a very meagre education, which teaches them nothing of the universal brotherhood of mankind in which they should try to live. Through education, and that not only means in schools, but also a good, sound knowledge of world wide affairs to be taught to adults, UNESCO hopes to find a solution to the enormous task of promoting world peace.

Judith Bolt, V.

—:::—

## My Classroom

Where is it I have often snored  
Because with lessons I am bored  
My brain with knowledge never  
stored?

My Classroom.

Where is that place so bleak and  
raw,  
With inky splodges on the floor,  
And on the desk you'll find some  
more?

My Classroom.

Where is that old familiar door,  
Throughout which a thousand stu-  
dents pour,  
In years to come there will be  
more?

My Classroom.

Helen Stone, II J.

## French

It was a subject that I thought  
That I could like a lot.  
After a time so very short  
I found that I did not.  
I used to "parle en Francais,"  
And blush deeply when praised  
But now I turn to friends and say  
"Like French? you are crazed!"

Oh well, it's too late now,  
Hope I pass it anyhow.  
How do you say this word  
For it I've never heard,  
It might be just as well  
If someone rang the bell!

Hey! What was that? Oh dear,  
Will I learn "ecrire"?  
I think that it is wrong,  
But he said, "ecrivant."  
At last the bell has rung,  
Thank goodness that is done.  
Never be a henchman  
To a working Frenchman.

Dine.

—:::—

## The Dollar Crisis

The sterling bloc is not the only group which is suffering from financial difficulties. A constant debate is being held in fourth and fifth forms on "How will we get enough dollars to get to Perth in August?" also "When we get to Perth, how are we going to exist on our meagre supply of dollars?"

One suggestion was hitch hiking along Albany Highway but it was rejected on the ground that the school's reputation might suffer. Another bright individual planned to borrow her father's truck if someone could be found to drive it. Volunteers shrieked from all corners of the room but it was unanimously decided by the conference that petrol would also be required but the universal shortage of dollars would not permit this.

It was also proposed that it might be more economical to travel by cattle truck but there were vari-



ous drawbacks to this plan. Boxes marked "Fragile," "This side up," "Use no hooks," etc., was suggested but one of the committee connected with the railway pointed out that railway workers often disregarded these cautions (another pointed out the fact that her mother's crystal water set was broken coming from Perth).

It has been found on inquiry by an appointed commission that at most places in the metropolitan area cater only for "bed and breakfast" and it is unanimously agreed by the debators that they will need other sources of nourishment. This will mean more dollars.

There has been a 25 per cent. cut in dollar expenditure during the past few weeks and the members of the council are at present discussing ways and means of increasing dollar earnings. Many industrious persons have advertised their services in the local press, baby sitting being the most popular.

It is hoped by the whole school that these proposals will meet with the utmost success. We also hope that the teams will not suffer from lack of nourishment or sleep and will return undefeated.

P.K. V.

[In fact everything has gone up except exam. results.—Ed.]

—:::—

## So You Think it's Fun

Who, me? A sub-editor! I'd love to, sir. What do I have to do? Just collect the original articles? Why, that'll be awfully easy! When can we start? Right now, and all I have to do is to tell the school we want poems, and articles and so on? I'll start straight away.

Well, editor, I've told all of them and now I just have to wait for articles to be handed in! Don't laugh, Berry, what's funny about that?

Sir, I've been round every week for three weeks, and I haven't had a single article yet! What'll I do? Go round and tell them they have to write one? Gosh, that's just what I've been doing, and not a single article! Well, I'll try again—but!!

Honestly, Berry, we must do something about this, six weeks and not a single thing!! Get Mr. K. to make his English classes write articles? What a beautiful idea! I'll see him right away.

Well, you see, sir, we've been around time and again, and begged for articles, and not a thing has come in. So we were wondering if, well—er—would you—that is—could you—er—get your classes to write essays for the magazine? You will? Splendid! No more trouble!!

Oh, Berry, this is awful!! Mr. K.'s classes have all handed in articles and they're all about writing articles for the magazine or, worse, their opinions of a certain sub-editor! Yes, me! Where's Mr. K.?

Well, you see, sir, from the tone of these articles, they don't want me as a sub-editor. In fact, sir, I've been so insulted that I'm Going To Resign!! No, sir, it's no use!! No, I shall resign.

Ex-Sub-editor, IV.

—:::—

## Goin' Home

"Let her have her head and don't spare the whil!"

Come on, Mr. Kitcher, give her the guns."

42 m.p.h.

"Rev her up!"

"Er—we just passed the cop!"

25 m.p.h.

Soon "A7" swerved around the corner.

"Took it on two wheels that time," said someone occupying a back seat.

"Three," contradicted another.

"Two."

"Three."

"Four," said Mr. Kitcher. The argument ceased.

We proceeded to the station and littered cases, rugs and coats in abundance over the station platform. The taxi-driver eyed me. I retreated.

"Smithy," I murmured. "Mr. Kitcher wants you." The ignorant Smith stepped forward.

"Three shillings, please."

The frustrated Smith paid the debt and approached me but said nothing because the Post Office clock chimed two o'clock. "Ah! Only four hours to go."

"Here they come!" cried Brian, meaning that our rivals, the Priory girls, had arrived. Words, not necessarily polite, were exchanged. Not long after, to our delight, our train steamed into the station.

"Quick! make for those end boxes before the Priory dames get them!"

"Too late, ladies. Shove off! Men only in this one!"

With our luggage arranged in front of a second class carriage we turned to see the station master approaching.

"Now look," he cried. "Get those cases back near the fence. How do you think we can get by?"

Everyone shrugged their shoulders. "Get them back," he roared.

We moved them back but as our intruder walked away they went forward again. When the station master returned he was furious.

Swiftly our luggage retreated to a safer vicinity—with us.

"He's raving mad," we agreed. Once I leaned on one of the carriage windows and to my surprise it opened.

"I opened a window for us!" I said proudly.

"Good boy! How'd you do it?"

"Oh! You know . . . easy like." I replied, wondering.

Unfortunately we were ordered to shut it—which was harder than opening it.

After a long while the guard unlocked the carriages and murmured about "Having to watch them."

We piled in. Eleven of us. Most of our time was occupied by arguing but these were often interrupted by intruders. Often there would be a cry:—

"Quick, here comes an old hen. Crowd the windows!"

"How many in this one?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Robin. "About fifteen."

The lady left.

We were again interrupted by a young man who said he was coming in. We decided to mob him but he stepped in while we were planning.

We had two more newcomers before the train left. One we invited, while the other, tall unshaven workman, invited himself about five minutes to six.

"How many in here, mate?" he inquired.

"Oh 'bout twenty. Some up town, you know."

"Five minutes to go," he replied. "I'll mind their seats as far as Mt. Barker."

He got in then, without hesitation.

At five past six the train moved. Reluctantly (?) we farewelled our school companions who did not make this journey. As we left the station fourteen people scrambled for seats and then we were on our way.

—"Drip Drop Drunk" 111A.

—:::—

God help, poor soul, how idly does he talk.—Doc.

With inky blots, and rotten parchment.—Exam Paper.

Three summers since I chose a maid.—Ingy.

Ful longe wer her legges and ful lene.—Haycart.

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