



# The Boronia

The Albany High School  
Magazine

November . . . . . 1950

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**SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1950.**

Sitting: Miss F. House, B. Feld (School Captain), Mr. H. B. Laing (Headmaster),  
Miss B. Cameron (Senior Girl), J. Downing.  
Standing: J. McCrackan, Miss N. Nunan, E. Herbert, Miss C. South, D. McNaughton,  
Miss W. Cook, M. Livesey, Miss P. Gamble.

# SCHOOL OFFICIALS 1950

## SCHOOL PREFECTS:

B. Feld (Captain), J. Downing, E. Herbert, M. Livesey,  
J. McCrackan, D. McNaughton.  
Misses B. Cameron (Senior Girl), W. Cook, P. Gamble,  
F. House, N. Nunan, C. South.

## CLASS PREFECTS:

IB—M. Lee, M. Saggars.  
IC—J. Ackley, R. Green.  
IE—M. Jones, C. Howells.  
IF—M. Macliver, K. Day.  
IG—A. Carruthers, R. Morony.  
IH—Y. Woods, N. Parkin.  
IJ—T. Ackley, D. Lawrence.  
IK—J. Smith, D. O'Connell.  
IL—A. Thorne, G. Fosbery.  
IP—P. Bailey, G. Larke.  
IV—Miss D. Jenkyn, D. Cameron.  
V—Miss D. Patterson, A. Austin.

## SPORTS PREFECTS:

R. Aherns, D. Cameron, Misses V. Silver, J. Smith.

## MAGAZINE EDITORS:

D. McNaughton, Miss P. Gamble.

## SUB. EDITORS:

B. Byrne, K. Porter, I. Wirth, Misses J. Collins, D. Jenkyn,  
D. Oliver.

## PRESS REPORTER:

A. Fraser.

## SCHOOL SHOP:

Misses J. Collins, J. Graham, D. Jenkyn.

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BORONIA: B. Feld, Miss B. Cameron. BROWN: M. Livesey,  
Miss J. Smith. GOLD: D. Manea, Miss W. Cook. GREEN: J.  
Downing, Miss C. South.

## SPORTS CAPTAINS:

FOOTBALL: B. Feld, CRICKET: B. FELD. HOCKEY: Miss F.  
House. BASKETBALL: Miss B. Cameron.

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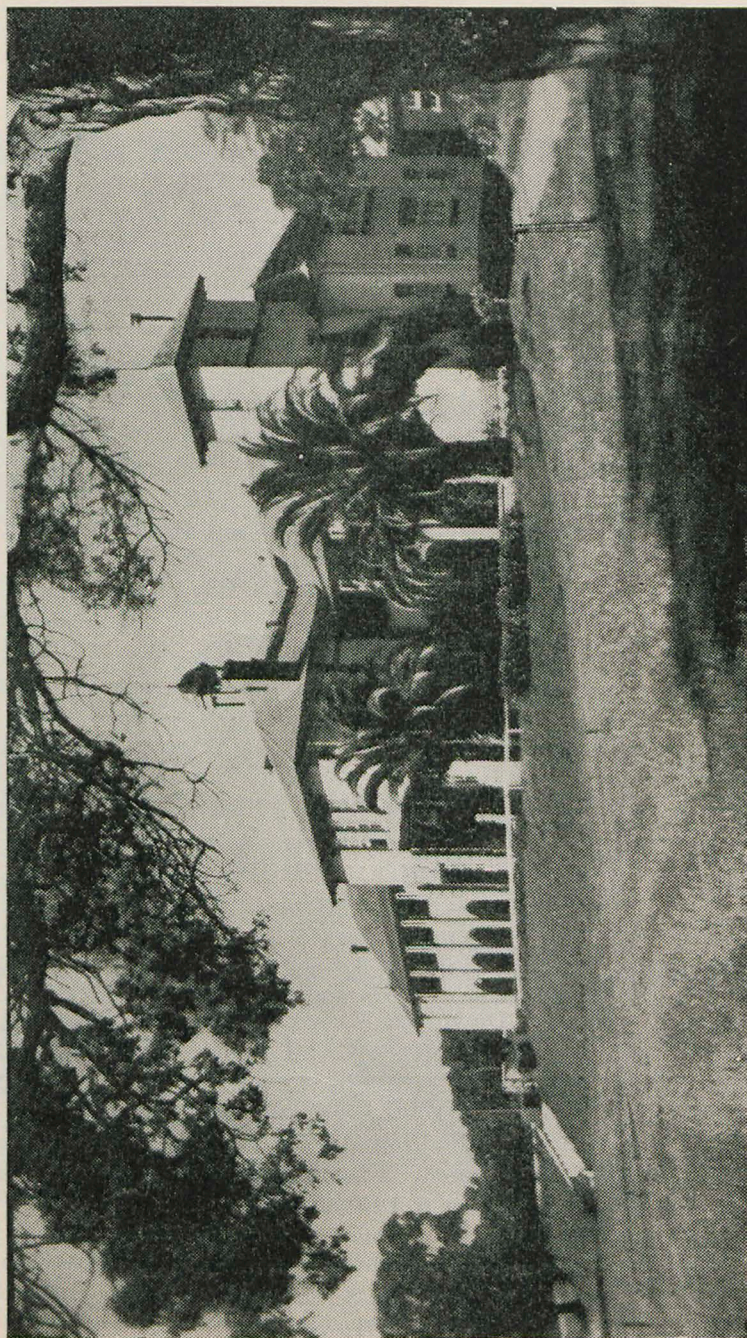
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Misses J. Collins, J. Graham, D. Jenkyn, B. Patterson.

## SCIENCE CADET:

R. Howells.

THE ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL.

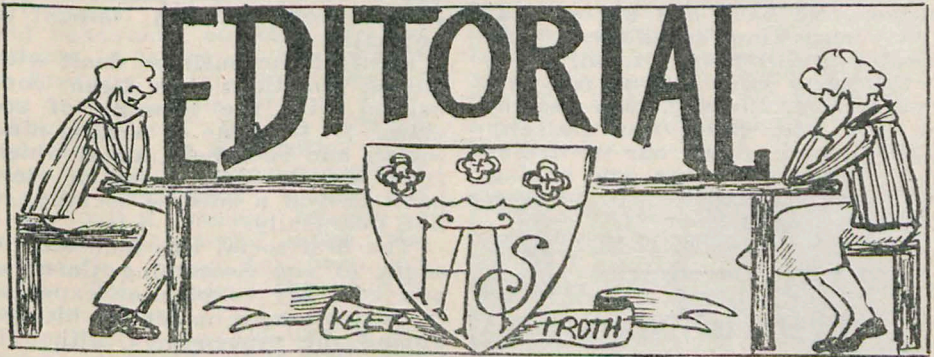


# .. THE BORONIA ..

Vol. 2—No. 3.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1950.

Price 2/-.



This will be the usual type of Editorial which Boronia editors write, possibly no worse, but certainly no better than others. For five years the prospect of giving our thoughts and feelings a public airing has appealed greatly to us. Now that the chance has come there is a certain difficulty. The sad but simple truth—there is not much to say.

Firstly, we should like to point out that the magazine has, in our mind at least, been improved "more than somewhat." It now has a larger number of pages, and a new feature "Balcony Babble," which should mean that even those normally not much interested will be up with the latest school scandal. The method of presenting Sports Reports has been altered in parts. Team critiques are back again—largely because of the outcry which followed their deletion last year. Notice, too, that not only champion athletes but also champion swimmers have their photos in the magazine.

To our sorrow, we have not been exactly snowed under with contributions. Why? It's not as though we have a magazine each term. Contributors have at least two terms in which to produce one or more articles. In spite of this, most contributions have been obtained the hard way. This

magazine is the school's voice, and if you have complaints to air, or chansons of praise, let us have them in ordinary readable English, and we will be "tickled pink" to print them.

Enough of the magazine. Judging by the large number of articles concerned with the lack of size of the dressing rooms, and by our own experience, it is time for something to be done about these change rooms. They just aren't large enough to accommodate the crowds which have to use them.

This year, as usual, there have been several important events on the school calendar. Probably one of the most exciting and unexpected was the bush fire which occurred during first term. It was rather nerve-wracking watching the flames get nearer and nearer the pine plantation and the caretaker's cottage—but the male members of the school came quickly to the rescue. With a fire chief like Mr. Downing in charge of an enthusiastic brigade of upper school's brightest and best, what chance had a mere fire? Things "festina'd" anything but "lente." The girl prefects derived quite some enjoyment from this fire—because it allowed them to fulfil an ambition of long standing—they rang the bell.

Because of Mr. Kirkham's advice and co-operation, the assistance of all the teachers (especially the English teachers), and the extra good work done by the sub-editors, we have had a comparatively easy time as editors. Our most grateful thanks to all those people who have helped us, particularly M. Livesey, who designed the title block for Balcony Babble, and to all our contributors. Sincerely yours, and hoping next year's magazine will be even better,

THE EDITORS.

## Prefects' Notes

Firstly the Prefects would like to thank the students and staff who elected them to this position of honour, for in spite of the work and small sacrifices involved, we have found the job a pleasant one and have learnt a great deal whilst carrying out our duties.

When the Prefects held their first meeting early in the year, Mr. Downing was present to offer two practical and helpful suggestions, both of which were adopted and for which we are grateful.

Mr. Downing's first suggestion was that we conduct our meetings along the lines used by the Municipal Council, and that we keep a record of all meetings. He also suggested that we elect from our ranks, a chairman to preside over our meetings, a secretary to keep the minutes and a treasurer to look after the funds.

Accordingly, Brian Feld was elected chairman, David McNaughton secretary and Wendy Cook treasurer. All three have carried out their duties admirably, particularly Brian who calls the meetings to order with no little gusto and who has proved a past master in the art of sarcasm.

The meetings at first were a source of amusement to the Prefects, unaccustomed to the correct procedure involved in conducting meetings, but once these minor difficulties were overcome

the meetings went along smoothly enough. Sometimes, however, feelings became a little heated during the course of an argument, but a curt "Order please" from Brian soon restored things to normal.

Most of the business dealt with during meetings has been concerned with the running of socials. At the time of writing nine socials had been held, all of which from the Prefects' point of view have proved a success socially, if not financially.

The first social was held on the night of the Swimming Carnival and contrary to popular expectations there were no serious hitches during the proceedings, although it must be admitted that there was a slight error made regarding the supper-capacity of some Lower School students.

In addition to running socials the prefects, in conjunction with IVth and Vth year students, were responsible for decorating the Drill Hall for the night of the Ball. Whilst not wishing to brag of our achievements, we are, I am sure, justified in saying that the decorations were the best seen at any High School Ball for a long time.

The Prefects also organised dancing lessons which were attended by many students from both Lower and Upper School. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking those students who volunteered to instruct beginners in the intricacies of ball room dancing, and the pianists who provided the music.

Whilst on the subject of dancing a few comments on general behaviour at school socials would not go amiss. Of Upper School socials we have no complaints except perhaps that in the circumstances attendance figures were rather disappointing. Lower School socials have however been well patronised but unfortunately marked by a certain air of rowdiness. We feel that such behaviour is not becoming to Lower School students, however young and vigorous they may be.



Apart from running socials the other main duty of the Prefects has been the maintenance of law and order in and around the school, a duty which has proved fairly easy, whether because of good behaviour on the part of students or laxity on the part of the Prefects, I am not sure. I hope that it is the former.

The prefects' badges arrived near the end of first term. The design has been somewhat changed this year. Instead of having A.H.S. merely raised up from the rest of the badge, the surrounding metal has been cut away. This makes the A.H.S. more prominent.

The Prefects would like to extend their thanks to the staff, who have been most co-operative and helped us in a variety of ways, and to the rest of the Vth year who have given us such loyal support during our term of office.

In conclusion we should like to thank all students for the way in which they have co-operated with us. We trust that as their elected representatives we have carried out their wishes to their complete satisfaction. We hope that next year's Prefects will be as lucky as we have been in serving such a fine body of students. So from the 1950 School Prefects this is *Cheerio and Good Luck.*

## School Notes

This year we have added several new members to our teaching staff, namely Miss Richards, Miss Aldridge, Mr. Down, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Stanbury. We trust that they are enjoying their appointments here.

Mr. Downing, the First Master, was also welcomed back after his transfer to Northam as acting Headmaster, last year.

The enrolment of the school is gradually increasing each year, so that now there are over four hundred students attending this school.

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held on March 24, and was a

great success with favourable weather.

The school wishes to extend rather belated congratulations to Miss B. Weston who gained the 1949 University Exhibition in English and Geography, and to W. Howse who was successful in winning a science Teacher's Exhibition. To both these students, the school says "well done."



**MISS B. J. WESTON,**  
1949 University Exhibitioner in  
English and Geography.

The school was given a Matinee Concert during first term by Elizabeth Munro-George and Albert Chappelle (baritone).

At the beginning of second term we had much pleasure in welcoming our new Headmaster, Mr. Laing, who came from Northam High School to replace Mr. Johnson, this school being by no means strange to him as he was here some years ago as First Master

from 1929 to 1941, and Head Master in 1942-43.

The Fancy Dress Ball was held on July 7, and was a great success, thanks for which are due to the Prefects.



**W. HOWSE,**

1949 University Science Teachers' Exhibition.

On July 14 we held our Annual Arbor Day 'event. The visitors to the school planted trees in the pine plantation. As the weather was exceedingly favourable the celebration was held outside on the lawn in front of the school, the speakers included the Mayor of Albany, Mr. L. L. Hill M.L.A., Mr. H. Smith R.M., Mr. F. Bradshaw, Mr. J. Thomson and the Headmaster. The school choir sang songs and afternoon tea was provided by the fourth year girls, assisted by the ladies of the staff.

The Re-union Ball is to be held on December 1, this year.

Early in third term the school once again attended a Matinee Concert by Elizabeth Munro-George (pianist) and Peers Coetmore (cellist).

Over £100's worth of books have been added to the school fiction library during the past year.

## Dramatic Club

During the first term of 1950, the Albany High School Dramatic Club, presented the play, "Mr. Hackett's Prize," which was the main item for the end of term concert first term. Mrs. Hackett was played convincingly by Margaret Hart and Margaret Batchelor took the other feminine part—that of Mrs. Chickenbothom. Ron Bailye was almost too true as the hen-pecked Mr. Hackett and Bob Howells was an excellent salesman.

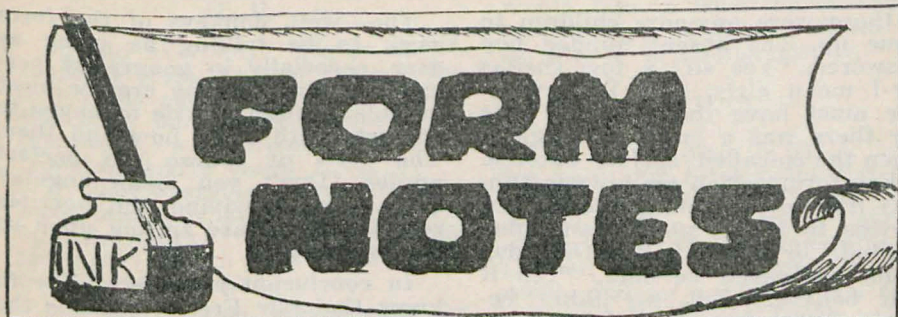
Unfortunately, due to the illness of one of the players, no performances took place in the second term. This broke the fine record of the fourth year, who, until that time, had not missed presenting a play in the past four years. Nevertheless it is intended that this play should be produced at the conclusion of the third term.

"Between the Soup and the Savoury" is the next play to be presented. This will be a "Smash Hit" and intending patrons are advised to book early. You'll see your favourite actors and actresses once again emoting with much talent.

The present of the 1949 Prefects, a draw curtain for the hall stage, should be a great help for our next production. It has added greatly to the appearance of the stage, and is not as hard to manage as the old curtain was.

Thanks are due to Mr. Moore, who, for a number of years, has done an excellent job, in directing and producing these plays. Although he has had to find a new crowd of actors each year, he has managed to groom them for their respective parts and thus keep the plays up to schedule. With Mr. Moore to guide them, I am sure the A.H.S. Dramatic Club may look forward to a pleasant and prosperous future.

"Oh, well, I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there."  
—Ladies' Staff Room.



### I. B.

"Howdy, folks!" this is I.B. tuning in for the first time. Naturally, as we are the brainiest first year class, we don't mind exams (much!) If you don't believe us, just ask the various teachers.

I pity Mr. Taylor when history periods come around. When he asks us a question, we don't know whether our answer is right or not, so we wait for some other poor unfortunate to have his say.

But when hometime comes, well, that's different. The enthusiasm shown in leaving the room has not escaped notice and the laws of chivalry are not always observed by the boys in the matter of who is to leave the room first.

Well here's I. B. signing off for another year, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates all the best in their forthcoming exams.

### I. C.

Hi! everyone! This is I. C. who have at last handed in their form notes. We are decidedly the best behaved class in the school. Just ask Mr. Stokes!

Roger is our most promising young artist and Wal., our genius at mathematics. Yvonne is the flirt of our class, though of late she has become better behaved. (Not that you'd notice).

Red-heads are well represented in our class by Ken, Gil. and Roger.

There are many nuisances in our class; among them is J.E. who, when she feels like it, casually strolls in after call-over. Bill, our

brain boy is the comic of our class with his well meant "brainy" remarks. Gordon, one of the late arrivals to I. C. often surprises everyone by doing his homework the right way. We are extremely fond of Algebra, and always do our homework. (says you!)

Most of the teachers tell us that we are very good and have to live up to our good reputation; but it is impossible because we haven't one.

In conclusion we would like to wish the hopeful Junior and Leaving candidates best of luck in their forthcoming ordeal.

### — THE PREFECTS.

### I. E.

In I. E. there are about 42 students, 23 girls and the rest are boys, most of whom are well behaved. But of course there are the usual class chatterboxes like Judy and Jeanette who can't hold their chatter till recess or home time. The boys' best talkers are Bill and Ray. Now that you are familiar with their names we had better tell you of the well behaved students.

Mr. Downs, our form Master always encourages us with our work and he is a very good teacher according to the class, though I am sure he must get annoyed in Geometry and Algebra periods, as we are not professionals—yet. Last term's examinations went off very well but the first term's were better as we were top of the first form in the arithmetic average.

One Friday Peter came in late after P.T. and Mr. Gottsch asked

if there were anymore children to come up. The absent minded boy answered, "Yes sir! a few sheilas -er-I mean girls, sir," But everyone must have thought it a joke for there was a burst of laughter when the so-called 'sheilas' entered.

For form period we always (unless it's wet) try to persuade Mr. Downs to let us go out and play softball or basketball. One day when we asked he said, "Yes if you behave." But we didn't behave, so our form period was banned. But next time he promised us a game of basketball. When we proved to be obedient we were allowed to go out—and what a game! All rules were ignored and it was boys against girls. Well you can guess who won—the boys did.

Lex has just been to Singapore and when he got back, Mr. Down asked him to tell the class about his holiday. But apparently Lex didn't think very highly of this other country because all he could say was that it was dirty. When he got talking he told us the food is nearly the same. Instead of a clothes line these foreigners put a pole out of their window and hang their clothes on it. It would be rather a sensation to walk along the street with clothes hanging above your head. He also told us that their ways and ideas are, of course, different from ours.

There was rather a mix-up after the changing of rooms last term but thanks to the teachers everything is all right now. The class agrees that Mr. Down and the other teachers are teaching us very well and it must be a hard task.

### I. F.

The first and most important thing to be mentioned is to wish the Junior and Leaving candidates every success in their exams.

Nothing very exciting seems to occur here, but our romances seem to flourish very well. e.g., there's a certain girl interested in a certain third former, and another is paying quite a bit of attention to a fourth former.

The—well, donkeys of the form seem to be talking as much as ever, especially in geography periods. Knight and Day are the most notable, though Morrie manages to compete with them now and then. The girls of course are perfect angles (Don't you mean angels? Ed.), even surviving the horrible remains which are sprung upon us in physiology.

In conclusion you might like to know that our French class is the best in first form.

### II G.

As we are the portion of the school which always does all its homework, we haven't had much time for writing Form Notes. However, they are coming up now.

Our Form Mistress, Miss Horsfall, is continually complaining of the noise which drifts down the corridor, and into the ladies staff room. She never tires of asking the same question, "Who's done their History homework?" Miss Aldridge is also another homework fan and indulges in analysis. Mr. Down is the only teacher who praises us. It must be because we have such sweet voices. Maths is our downfall but Mr. Downing's patience still lasts, we don't know for how long.

There haven't been very many romances this year. Shorty's heart is in Narrogin at the moment and Bob is still trying to find out where Coral is found. Murray must still be thinking of the 'Priory' for he seems to think "paradise" is found on trees. The clown of the class is Kitty, who is always "half turned" to Ida.

We must congratulate our two prefects, Angela and Ray, on doing a fine job although there was no need for force, as we are never anything else but good. Ray's tongue often takes liberties with the English language.

Now we will sign off, wishing all Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

## II. H.

Hi ho! everybody! this is II. H. speaking from the best room in the school (no sneering from readers). We have had a rip-roaring time this year, with many inventions from our nutty class.

By now everyone knows that we have Miss Richards for our form Mistress (lucky? Don't mention it, old thing), which we consider holding the trump card.

Our boy prefect, who should set a good example to the class larrikins, is as bad as the worst of them. He and his pals are always talking in class (of course, we all do, but they talk the loudest) throwing things around, and giving the teachers a headache.

There are only ten girls in the class, and they are all fairly quiet. Lesley, Meg and Evelyn are chatterboxes sometimes, but talking isn't a crime.

"What are we going to do for form period?" is our cry on Friday afternoons. We have a debate about it first. "Let's go for a walk," say the girls. "No, let's play footie" is the boys' response. "Let's play softball together," cries a boy with a liking for the girls' company. And so it goes on, usually ending with P.S. for the girls and footie for the boys.

Often a quiet P.S. is interrupted by "Bring it out here." Out comes the latest "Captain Marvel," but for once he cannot save himself from the cruel flames.

Everyone seems to like Physiol.: Mr. Gottsch takes us for three periods of it, and Miss Lukin takes the fourth one. We could tell you all about your heart troubles now, and why your pulse rate jumps when you see someone "extra special."

Mr. Downing thinks we're pretty good. We can manipulate logs with skill which makes things easier, and we could show some people a thing or two about profit and loss and trade discount.

Well, we don't want to start boasting so we'll sign off now. We

would like to wish all the Junior and Leaving candidates all the best in the forthcoming exams.

## II. J.

Hi! Folks! This is II. J. bringing your our form notes for 1950.

This year we were well represented at the Swimming Carnival, as we had three runners-up, D. Cooper, S. Dennis and D. Lawrence, and we won the form race.

The A.B.C.D. ("Those four!" says Miss Horsfall) from I. B. have been getting into strife with all teachers.

We have no romances entirely within our form, but Coop's is progressing favourably with Ahrensy (we are wondering with who else, too).

Bevan and Evans (sounds nice, doesn't it!) are our brains; Terry is our clown, and Thelma and Dick our honourable prefects.

Once upon a time there was a broken chair in G. room, and Mr. Gottsch, our form Master, sat on it, much to the class's mirth.

Our form periods have been quite successful, with the girls sometimes playing basketball against the boys. Both girls and boys have had an equal number of victories, although the girls have suffered a few minor injuries.

Miss Horsfall gives us lectures to try and improve our characters, but alas! all in vain. We should improve with age, though.

We will conclude these notes now, wishing the Junior and Leaving candidates the best of luck.

## II. K.

"How do you do, everybody? II. K. speaking. Yes, the class that supplies the staff with its ration of headaches. Quit a liberal helping at that. There's nothing mean about us.

As everyone knows, we are the brains of the second year. By our marvellous scholastic feats we manage to keep up the dazzling average of about 40 per cent. in

terminal exams. Of course some of our numbers fall back a little at times.

That reminds us that we're always getting into hot water because of our peculiar affection for Australian History. It's not only Australian History that we are coached in during 4th period Friday. We recollect Miss Aldridge's gentle reminder that the styles of writing of the pathetic love stories to be found in certain of our male sections books should be improved.

Naturally, with such a bright group of intellectuals, our class dialogues are packed with witticisms, chief actors being our three bright boys, Merv., Tony and Peter, not forgetting helpful suggestions from Tom.

We remember the so original notice placed on a certain door (by one of the above mentioned I fancy) reading as follows: "Abandon hope all ye that enter K. Room." As our form Master caustically remarked. "It wouldn't be so bad, if it was spelt correctly." But who's going to say we're not the best form, ever, anyway? Here are three cheers for A.H.S., three for II. K. and good luck to all Leaving and Junior candidates.

### III. L.

The time has come the editors say,  
To talk of many things;  
Of incidents throughout the year,  
And results our hard work brings.

Four new kids have appeared this year,

In our notable class of swot;  
Mr. Kirkham, our form Master,  
says,  
"Including me, this is quite a lot!"

Every Friday afternoon  
We rack our brains in vain;  
It's our form period then you see,  
But it results in the same old game.

Th' occasional break is often ruined,  
By the famous Albany weather;  
But this does not dishearten us,  
For we still have fun together.

During socials we behave so well,  
And are full of fun and laughter;  
But oh! how ignorant most of us are,  
As to what goes on soon after.

Our male prefect is very tough,  
He's made of powerful essence;  
But the other day he met his match,  
When he tried to kick Mt. Clarence.

Our class is one of great repute,  
With Lesley's acrobatics;  
And no one would ever dare dispute,  
Our brains in mathematics.

When things get dull and days grow long,  
And school seems less like fun;  
Jones starts a 'singing' his little songs,  
'Bout "Annie get your gun."

And now our talking nears its end,  
And time is running late;  
Our best wishes we'd like to extend  
To every Leaving candidate.

### III. P.

Hello everybody! the A.H.S. time is 3rd term. This is station III. P. broadcasting over the school wide network of 11 stations. We bring you this programme with the kind permission of the "Boronia Editorial Commission."

First of all we will introduce the "hotspots" of III. P. Miss Lukin is our leader and most of the rest of us have come from II. L. although Michael Button is new and so are a good many of the girls.

There has been much talk of getting up a fund to supply Jim Skates will an alarm clock and chair for Physiology.

Button's too slow for Melba; she really needs a fastener.

There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth in the Art Class when we learned that Miss Blythe was leaving us to our fates, having at last launched on the much discussed experiment of matrimony.

We are very pleased to see Deidre Ward favouring II. P. with

her presence again after a long loaf.

Now I know you'll be disappointed to hear this, but we must sign off so we say cheerio, wishing best of luck to all Junior and Leaving candidates. Remember same time, same station, next year.

### Ye Auld Forme Foure.

Hear ye! hear ye! From ye deepe darke portales of fourthe forme swot roome come gloomy grumblings as ye tyrante teachers tire ye troublesome childrene. Ye students proteste "we are not children and ye tyrantes do nott teache." We're feeded up, fooled, but mayhap we can pensively penn some Englishe concerning oure denn. Angel Face is ye blottiest blotte on ye venerable white washe. Our Wonder Girle, ye new inclusion hath taken two hearts in quicke succession. Severale of ye students have remarkable aptitude for Englyshe, ye Don doth display admirable reticence. Our J. R. hath ye busted hearte. J.F. did have too but "ye new star hath swung into his ken." Of course we have our stolid steady studentes (Beth, Joan and Marion) who nevere waverere frome their rutt, but ye Val ande ye Don seem to progress verrey welle. Poore Maurice is well offe ye beate. Ye black Woofle dolle with ye curley lockes hath his hookes oute for ye faire Damselle and ye goggling owle with ye large rounde eves hath ye venerable heade for ye history. We even have a damsel from ve Merrie England but forsooth I know not how. The Esperanto enthusiast with ye pointed heade is worthy of mention. Ye gallante Kev. we looke to win ye high leape. Mayhap he may break his foolishe neck. Ye sand is running oute so bye wishing ye examinees goode lucke. Ye forme notes finishe.

V. A.

### Feuilleton.

Owing to his need for a winter hibernation Broun refused the job,

so Briny was elected captain. He judiciously selected Betsy as co-ruler. Chapeaux Bas! They then approached divers members of the form to be co-floor-polishers, and general keepers of the peace. Strangely enough they seem to have made quite a good job of it. They all have their idiosyncracies (?) the prefects. Wendy likes book-keeping, Cynthia likes Biol., Nance likes Bobby Byrns. And then the boys. John D. and Dave tell jokes. Well, so does everyone else, but Dave does it at socials and John in Maths class. But not the one about the French bathing suit. That's kept for the boys' dressing shed.

And look at Herbert. Do you think he looks like Errol Flynn? Well, neither does anyone else! Isn't it remarkable? Still, he has got black hair, and he shaves more than somewhat, which is more than you can say about Pod, our own Prefect.

The girls' own prefect is Delys, who you may remember came here with Marion last year, from some obscure place in the Mulga. But then most of the class comes from one of these little country towns. John MacCrackan comes from Wickepin, John Downing comes from Bunbury (a town near Boyanup).

And Patsy talks a lot. She said to me only the other day that we needed someone really funny, really clever, to write the form notes—only Mr. Kirkham refused. Well, what I mean to say is. She's not the only talker though, by a long chalk, Poddy and Spero do quite their fair share, and even I talk a bit. Hilary and Jilly do too. It's amazing really, the number of people who talk; it's hard to get anyone to listen. Franky is about the only one who doesn't babble, but she's always singing, so what have you?

Would you life to hear of our achievements? Six boys got into the footy team and Feldy won the Senior Champ. on Sports Day. (He hasn't at the moment I'm

writing this but I bet he will). Just so that you'll know who did get into the team, the boys wear a sign XVIII on their blazers, some carry around Football jerseys, and others bound athletically up the stairs. Seven of the girls got into the teams, five in the hockey and two in the basketball. They wear pockets on their gym. tunics. Approximately all of us will sit for our Leaving exam. period. We have several licenses. Robin has a gun license, and several .22's; John B. has a car license and a ute (for which many thanks) but alas, the bikes without licenses!

Undoubtedly, we are a great fifth year. Teachers say they have never seen our like before. What do we think of ourselves—I don't know. I daresay we will manage to struggle on. Next year's fifth form has something to live up to, or to live down, according to your viewpoint. Achieu.

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## Cadet Notes

### "BAYONETS BRIGHT AND SHINY."

This year our unit together with members of the D.S.A. unit, attended a general camp at Swanbourne, during the May holidays.

Several new members have met with considerable success—if only on the rifle range, notably Cadet Howells, who obtained a 34 out of 35, in the first stage of the Linked Teams Competition.

This match is a competition between Albany Rifle Club, and A.H. S. Cadet Unit, Denmark Rifle Club and D.S.A. Cadet Unit; Bunbury Rifle Club and B.H.S. Cadet Unit; and Narrogin Rifle Club and N.S. A. Cadet Unit. Results to hand show that Albany leads the way, with Denmark, Collie, Bunbury, and Narrogin following in that order. The next stage of this shoot, over 300 yards, will be held in October.

The uniform situation has given great disappointment to us all, but several crates of clothing have

arrived, and eased the position. Most of the unit is now fitted.

The lack of uniforms did not lower attendance figures, which greatly pleased the "Higher Ups."

Recently, instruction in the use of the P.I.A.T. (Projector, Infantry, Anti-tank) and the Owen sub-machine carbine was given by W.O. Beard.

In November, we are sending nine cadets to compete for the Commonwealth Challenge Cup. There are to be eight men in the team and one reserve. Practices will be held to help pick out the best possible team.

During the Christmas vacation, an N.C.O. and Potential Officers' school will be held at Swanbourne. Volunteers are wanted for this course.

Promotions this year have not been many, but those gaining them are well worth their new rank. Promotions are:—

Cpl. McGough to Sgt.,  
L/Cpl. Wilkins to Sgt.,  
Cdt. Cameron to Cpl., and  
Cdt. Doncon to L/Cpl.

Sgt. McGough and Sgt. Wilkins attended an N.C.O. school last Christmas, where Sgt. McGough completed the course with an average of 69, and Sgt. Wilkins obtained an average of 82.

Some other cadets are in line for promotion, too.

Many people were disappointed that the cadets were unable to wear uniforms for the Anzac Day ceremony, but it is hoped that next year's parade will make amends in this respect.

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## Guide Notes

This year we have had only three guide meetings because we have been without a Captain.

However, on Anzac Day we took part in the march and services with the 1st Albany Company, and Vivian Dare was the wreath bearer.

During August we had a visit from the Malayan Guides. The day they arrived the 1st and 2nd Al-



bany Companies and the Brownies met in St. John's Hall to welcome them. After a short sing-song, we all enjoyed a very tasty tea which was followed by a Malayan dance by two of the Guides. We finished the party with a few games and then by singing 'Taps.'

Later on during their visit to Albany, the Malayan Guides visited the High School, and were given a warm welcome by the High School Company, who showed them over the school and gave them afternoon tea.

It is hoped that next year we will have a Captain and will be able to continue our weekly meetings.

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## Fiction Facts

During second term 260 new books were purchased for the fiction library at a cost of £99, to make a total of 613, the P. and C. Association and the Education Department each contributing half. The P. and C. Association have another £50 to which the Department will add an equal amount to be spent on books for 1950-1951.

Judging by the books in the shelves they are in constant circulation. Many types are available, travel, educational and fiction. The books most popular in lower school are the "Biggles" and "William" series with the boys and "Anne" and "Sue Barton" with the girls. Shaw's plays and Scott's and Dickens's novels are much sought after by the upper school, particularly fifth form and there is little doubt that they have an advantage over previous students in having such splendid works.

— "BOOK LOVER."

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"To seek thee did I often rove."  
— Pound Prefects.

"How jocund did they drive their team afield."—A.H.S. bar-rackers.

## First Flight

It was a Thursday afternoon at Pearce when the raw recruits from the various A.T.C. Flights were given their first plane ride. We had given up all hope of being taken for a flight, so it came as a surprise when we were told to be down at the hangars in fifteen minutes' time. Owing to the fact that for breakfast we had had something that tried to imitate a round ball of fried meat, my stomach was feeling slightly unstable. I don't know how it came about but I was chosen for the first group.

After we had picked up a parachute each we took our seats in the Anson and waited till the engines warmed up. The pilot then taxied the plane down the runway and swung it around at the eastern end where he proceeded to rev. up the engines. The green light was given from the control tower; the pilot turned and said:—"Are you right?"

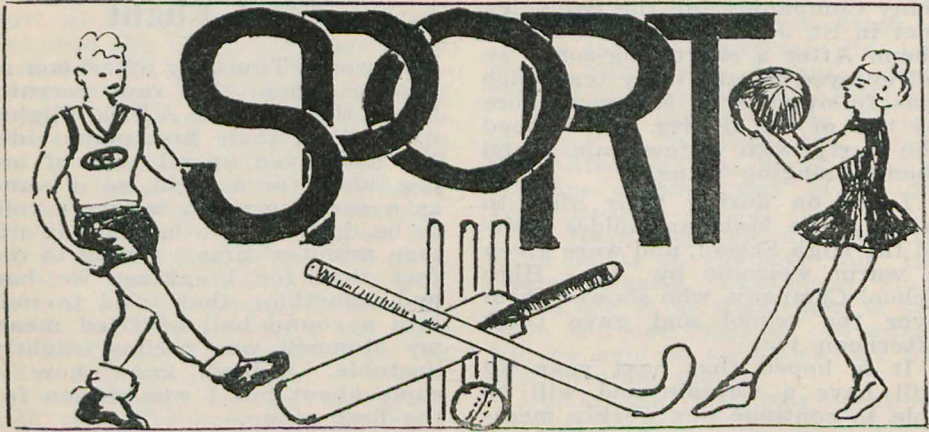
We nodded. I think we were all a bit scared. Then the plane started into the wind and the playing fields and hangars swept past. Most of us had procured a paper bag in case of emergency, but we were lucky and didn't need them.

Gradually the ground sank away, until we seemed to be moving so slowly that I could not believe we were moving.

Suddenly there was a bump, and the plane lifted a few feet, and then dropped again. I looked back. There was Pearce Aerodrome a mile distant. We did a left hand circuit at about a hundred miles an hour, and at the height of nine hundred feet. As we came down again the increasing air pressure hurt our ear drums.

The plane hovered over the runway. Then there was a bump. Our first plane trip had ended.

"Rookie" III L.



## Perth Team Notes

The teams visiting Perth this year during the August vacation acquitted themselves well, considering the various factors which were involved.

Team members resided during their stay at the Y.M.C.A. and the Cloisters, while a few stayed with relatives.

The stay in Perth itself was voted an unqualified success by one and all, visits being paid by various members to the Museum, the Zoo and the Esplanade; the City of Perth being thoroughly surveyed and voted "Good enough for a holiday, but—". Unfortunately no visits to places of interest such as the Observatory or the University were arranged as last year but all spare time was pleasantly filled in. Notable among the visits paid by team members was one to the Esplanade on Sunday afternoon.

A few members visited the Modern School Ball, but most left after an hour or so. Their type of ball is not ours, and their type of supper is not ours (at least it wasn't your reporter's, who was trampled underfoot in the first wave).

There was fine co-operation between football, hockey and basketball teams during the play. One was always present to barrack for the other, and fortunately, the

times of games rarely clashed. Hockey and basketball were in the morning, football in the afternoon.

Our hockey team won 1 out of 5 and drew one game. Our Basketball team won 2 out of 5 games and our football team won 3 out of 5 games.

As far as football went, the games were either straight out wins or straight out defeats. There were no close games. Hockey had the one close game with Modern School, but basketball was handicapped by the injury of their captain and goal thrower, Betty Cameron.

Thanks are due to Miss Aldridge, Miss Richards, Mr. Chopping and Mr. Down for their work in coaching the teams.

At a social held on the return to school after the holidays, a presentation of a football trophy and a fruit dish was made to Mr. Chopping, from the Perth team members in appreciation of all he had done.

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## Association Basketball

At the commencement of the season the school entered two basketball teams in the Albany Association. Team I attained A Grade whilst Team II played in B Grade. Unfortunately neither team met

with much success. Two rounds were played in which both the school teams managed to win only one match apiece. This however, judging from the number of goals thrown, placed A.H.S. I fourth in A Grade, so that we were selected to play in the semi-finals, but unfortunately too many of our girls were out of action owing to 'flu, so that we had to forfeit the match. We are not discouraged, however, as those girls who are remaining at school next year are looking forward to meeting with better success then, while those who are leaving are hoping to continue with their basketball elsewhere.

Consistently best players throughout the season for team I were L. De Julia and B. Cameron, while for team II B. Lewis and M. Menegola played well.

Basketball pockets this year have not been awarded to all players in the Perth team, but only to those considered to have shown a sufficiently high standard during

the season. Val Silver and Lydia de Julia received pockets for their play during the season, and because of the good form shown in Perth in the Inter-School Carnival, S. Cruse is also to receive a pocket.

In conclusion we extend our most sincere thanks to Miss Richards, our coach, for all the time she has spent with us, and hope we have not disgraced her with our efforts.

## Perth Trip — Basketball

Our school was represented once again at the inter-school basketball competition which took place at Langley Park, last August. We are sorry to say that we were not as successful as we hoped, nevertheless the matches played were fast moving and enjoyed by all.

The scores were:—

Albany defeated Northam, 34—16.



### A.H.S. "A" BASKETBALL TEAM.

Front row: J. McGuckin, J. Smith (vice-capt.), B. Cameron (capt.), S. Cruse, V. Silver.

Back row: D. Patterson, M. Menegola, Miss J. Richards (coach), L. de Julia, B. Lewis.

Bunbury defeated Albany, 27—22.

Geraldton defeated Albany. 23—19.

Modern School defeated Albany. 37—16.

Albany defeated Goldfields, 25—23.

This year we were handicapped by the fact that our girls were accustomed to playing indoor basketball, and although we had many practices outside we were still unable to attain the form we usually show here in Albany. Improvement can be effected only through greater concentration on special training for the Perth trip.

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## "A" Basketball Critique

(By Miss J. Richards.)

B. Cameron (Goalie): Excellent captain and goalie. Leads out and passes well but inclined to pass too often in the goal circle.

J. Smith (Assistant-Goalie): Combines well with goalie and wing but good play is spoilt at times by inaccurate passing.

V. Silver (Attack Wing): Leads out and passes well to the goals and is in position when needed. More attention required in foot-work.

S. Cruse (Centre): Moves quickly, passes accurately and is very reliable in matches. Needs to show more enthusiasm when practising.

J. McGuckin (Defence Wing): Good player, usually in position, but not used to advantage by rest of team. Could jump higher and move around more to intercept passes.

D. Patterson (Assistant Defence): More effort needed in play. Plays well at times but could move more and jump for the ball.

L. de Julia (Defence): One of the best and most consistent players. Intercepts well and passes accurately. A very enthusiastic player.

B. Lewis (Goalie): Plays well and moves around for the ball. More practice needed in goal-throwing from edge of circle.

P. Burvill (Centre): Very keen player but inclined to throw herself into the game too much. Moves and jumps well for the ball.

M. Menegola (Defence): Good player but at times passing is inaccurate. Intercepts passes and moves well for the ball.

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## Football Notes

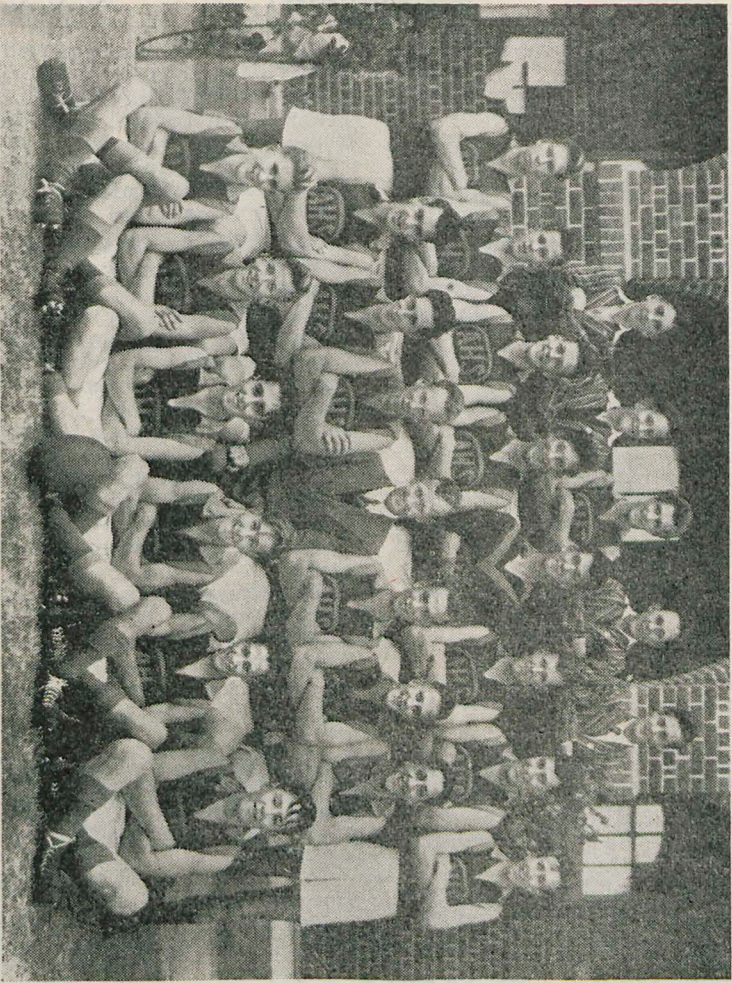
Once again the school eighteen had a very successful season and considering the number of players available, the standard achieved was a credit both to the school and to our coach, Mr. Chopping, whose invaluable service was appreciated by each and every member of the team. During the term the school competed against the various B Grade Association teams, the Denmark and Narrogin Schools of Agriculture, Denmark Colts and a Mt. Barker B Grade side. Of the nine matches played during the term, the school team was successful on eight occasions, losing the other by 4 points to a local team.

To attempt to name the best players throughout the season would perhaps be unfair to the other members of the team, but nevertheless, such players as Feld, Herbert, Hilder, Livesey and Manea were outstanding, mainly through consistency and sheer determination. On the whole, however, everyone did what was expected of him, and each player must be congratulated on a very fine season's performance.

This year's Penter Medal for the best and fairest player, judged on points allocated from faction matches, went to B. Feld.

The Sheedy Medal for best and fairest in the lower school went to M. Doak.

Pockets went to Ahrens, Byrne, McCormick, Porter, Spark, Taylor and Wansbrough.



### A.H.S. FIRST XVIII

Front row: S. Sharp, B. Colvin,  
B. Wansborough, K. Thomson, J.  
Taylor, G. Fosbery.

Second row: M. Livesey, M. Her-  
bert, D. Cameron (vice-captain),  
Mr. R. Chopping (coach), B. Feld,  
D. Manea, L. Spark.

Third row: R. Ahrens, R. Hilder,  
K. Porter, M. Doak, J. Downing,  
M. McCormick, T. Pittick, B.  
Taylor.

Back row: G. Jones, A. Hamilton,  
B. Byrne, D. Lawrence, D. Mc-  
Naughton.

All these members are to be congratulated.

### PERTH TRIP

The Perth Tour was not as successful as it might have been, Albany winning only three of five games played. Nevertheless, an enjoyable time was had by all.

The results of the games played in Perth against City and Country High Schools during August were:—

Monday 21st: A.H.S. defeated N.H.S. (12.16—7.5).

Tuesday, 22nd: B.H.S. defeated A.H.S. (20.10—3.8).

Wednesday, 23rd: A.H.S. defeated G.H.S. (10.9—3.4).

Thursday, 24th: P.M.S. defeated A.H.S. (15.15—0.4).

Friday, 25th: A.H.S. defeated E.G.H.S. (16.16—2.2).

### 1ST XVIII CRITIQUE

(By Mr. R. Chopping).

B. Feld (Centre half forward, Captain): Good mark, handles the ball well. Kicks well with either foot. Is a good leader.

D. Cameron (Centre, Vice-captain): Does not seem to play his best in matches due to over-anxiety. Otherwise has the attributes of a good footballer.

R. Ahrens (goal keeper): Good mark. Has a good kick. Should try to get to the front instead of working from behind the forward.

E. Herbert (centre half back): Is not a polished footballer but more than makes amends with sheer determination.

B. Taylor (goal sneak): Is neat and effective. A very good goal sneak.

J. Taylor (full forward): Is a stylish player but somewhat inclined to overdo the short passing, evasive game.

D. Lawrence (full forward): A useful left footer, who shows considerable promise. Has an accurate kick.

D. Manea (change rover and half forward): A rugged determined player with a good pass kick.

B. Colvin (change rover and half forward): A clever footballer showing considerable promise. Must learn to pick up cleanly and dispose quickly.

M. Doak (half forward): With experience will make an excellent player. Is a good kick and mark.

M. Livesey (wing): A fast winger. Kicks well. Is seldom beaten.

R. Hilder (wing): Probably the most improved player in the team. Goes and gets the ball in no uncertain fashion and kicks very well.

B. Wansbrough (half back flank): Good mark and a good kick. A most reliable player.

M. McCormick (half back): Keen and improving. Will be a useful player when he can kick well.

J. Downing (back): A tall, reliable back. A good high mark and has a long clearing kick.

K. Porter (ruck): A very much improved player and a good ruck man. Must concentrate on better disposal.

L. Spark (ruck): Made a late entry to sport this year. Improving rapidly. Knocks well to rovers. Must concentrate on developing speed.

T. Pittick (change ruck): A keen young player who is trying all the time. A useful player.

B. Byrne (half back): Too slow in disposal, but has plenty of determination.

G. Fosbery (ruck): Slow in action but has a good kick. Has improved considerably. Must develop speed and a go through style.

G. Jones (wing): Young and light, but not lacking in determination. Should develop into a good footballer.

S. Sharp (wing): Somewhat inconsistent but has the ability to play a good game. Should learn to dispose of the ball more quickly.

D. McNaughton (full forward): Is not over endowed with football ability but is a trier.

K. Thompson (half back flank): A good useful player in this position but lacks determination.

A. Hamilton (full forward): Is a promising lad. Expected to do well in future.

## Association Hockey

This year instead of having an "A" and "B" team as previously, the players were divided into two even teams, "Cardinals" and "Imperials." Owing to strong opposition "Imperials" were successful in winning only two matches. "Cardinals" met with more success, however, winning three and drawing one. Enthusiasm was not lacking though, practices being attended regularly every Tuesday afternoon. "Imperial" players Frances Rodgers, Wendy Cook and Pat Gamble showed good form throughout the season as did Cynthia South, Alice Thorne and Frances House for "Cardinals."

The season was ideal for hockey and it is hoped that next year the Association players will gain as much enjoyment as was experienced this year.

This year, sports pockets were awarded, not to all members of "A" team, but only to those who acquired a sufficiently high standard of play during the season. Pockets were awarded to Alice Thorne, Cynthia South and Pat Gamble. Margot Bray, because of her excellent play in the Inter-school carnival, is also to receive a pocket.

## Perth Trip — Hockey

The Perth Hockey Team was handicapped by the fact that the team had not played together before the Perth matches. The scores for the five matches were as follows:—

Northam defeated Albany 4—2.

Bunbury defeated Albany 5—2.

Albany defeated Geraldton 3—

1.



### A.H.S. "A" HOCKEY TEAM.

Front row: D. Hall, M. Humphries, N. Nunan, F. House (capt.), W. Cook (vice-capt.), L. Orr, M. Bray.

Second row: D. Jenkyn, A. Thorne, V. Boulton, Miss A. Aldridge (coach), C. South, F. Rodgers, P. Gamble.

Albany drew with Modern School, 4 all.

Kalgoorlie defeated Albany, 4—2.

Conditions for play in Perth were somewhat different from Albany, the heat almost proving too much for us in the first two matches. However, the matches were clean and enjoyed by all. Next year if the team plays together throughout the season the results in Perth should be improved.

We sincerely thank Miss Aldridge and Mr. Taylor for coaching us throughout the season. Without their valuable help, our numerous practices would have been worthless. Although we did not win as often as we would have liked to, it was certainly no fault of our coaches.

## “A” Hockey Critique

Frances House (Captain, centre forward): A very good captain and centre-forward, a determined goal scorer who, as the backbone of the forward line, sacrificed some of the effectiveness of her attack to build team work among the other forwards.

Wendy Cook (Vice-capt., right wing): Wendy's division between playing as centre and right wing hampered her development as a winger. Field work and tackling is good but she lost her effectiveness near the circle.

Nancy Nunan (right inner): Stickwork neat and ball control good. She needs more speed in keeping up with the forwards in the field. Play in circle good.

Frances Rodgers (left inner): A very good half back, she has not had time to develop good inner tactics in the circle when changed to the forward line, in which her speed and dash should be useful assets.

Lois Orr (left wing): Has good stickwork on the field and makes a very useful left wing but does not follow up into the circle. Much improvement shown.

Alice Thorne (centre half back): Very good centre half who maintained a high standard of play during the season. Consistent tackling, speed and well directed clearing hits made her game one of the most valuable to the team.

Dawn Jenkyn (left half back): Plays a reliable game in this position, tackles strongly and follows up. Needs to use a clearing hit more often, and to stick closely to wing near circle.

Vera Boulton (right half back): Has developed into a good half back as she plays a quick aggressive game. A lack of strength in direction of hitting may be attributable to change in position.

Pat Gamble (left half back): A very good full back who plays a strong game and has a keen sense of position. Through a thorough understanding of the rules she became our best umpire.

Cynthia South (right full back): Improved considerably in her interpretation of the right full back position during the season. A dependable clearing hit, reliable tackling, and good position play helped to give the team its strong defence.

Margot Bray (goalkeeper): Developed into an outstanding goalie by the end of the season. Is to be awarded a pocket for her game during the Inter-school carnival, the excellence of her play being due to assiduous practice.

Mavis Humphries (forward): Very fast with plenty of dash, can be stopped only by a strong defence. Often loses the ball through failure to play in correct position.

Dorothy Hall (half back): Does some neat tackling but needs more persistence in following up the ball, especially near the circle.

June Collins (full back): Gave promise of being a good full back but has not improved as much as expected during the season. Has a good hit but does not follow up the ball.



## Swimming Carnival

The weather during this year's Swimming Carnival held on March 24 contrasted strongly with that of last year, when icicles were hanging by the wall and Dick the Shepherd would probably have blown his nail. The water was warm (so I was told by a competitor) but no wetter than usual.

The programme was arranged by Mr. Down and kept well to schedule. Entries were not as numerous as they might have been, but keen competition was present none the less. In the afternoon quite a large number of visitors came along.

The Open Champion was Stan Sharp, of Gold faction, with 10 points. This was a well-earned award, although opinion held that the final scores would have been closer if runner-up Don Cameron, also of Gold faction, with 5½ points, had entered in more events.

Girl Open Champion was Margot Bray, Brown faction, with 5½ points, while Val Parker of Green faction, 4½ points, was runner-up.

Boy Junior Champion was K. Thompson of Green faction with 4½ points. D. Lawrence of Gold faction, and J. Ryall also of Gold faction, tied for runners-up with 3½ points each.

Girl Junior Champion was Margot Weston of Green faction with 5 points and D. Cooper and S. Dennis, both of Green, tied for runner up with 3 points each.

Trophies were presented to the winners of each section at the Swimming Carnival social, which was held in the evening, and was a bright ending to a very successful function.

Total number of points gained during the day was:—

Boronia . . . . .	19
Brown . . . . .	14½
Gold . . . . .	52½
Green . . . . .	38½



**1950 SWIMMING CARNIVAL CHAMPIONS.**

Standing, L. to R.: K. Thomson (runner-up Junior), D. Cameron (runner-up Open), S. Sharp (Open Champion), D. Lawrence (Junior Champion), J. Ryall (runner-up, Open).  
 Sitting: M. Weston (Junior Champion), D. Cooper (runner-up, Junior), S. Dennis (runner-up, Junior), M. Bray (Open Champion).  
 Absent: V. Parker (runner-up, Open).

## Sports Day 1950

The 26th annual Sports Day was held this year on Friday, October 13, in warm, sunny weather. Competition between factions was keen throughout. The following were school champions and runners-up:—

**Boys.**—Open Champion B. Feld, Boronia, 50½ pts.; Runner-up, M. Livesey, Brown, 49½ pts. Under 16 Champion, B. Colvin, Green, 42 pts.; runner-up, M. Doak, Brown, 38 pts. Under 14 Champion, D. Mair, Boronia, 40 pts.; runner-up, S. Martin, Boronia, 33 pts.

**Girls.**—Open Champion, W. Cook, Gold, 37 pts.; runner-up, M. Humphries, Gold, 24 pts. Under 16 Champion, A. Carruthers, Gold, 32 pts.; runner-up, S. Hornsey, Brown, 12 pts. Under 14 Champion, L. Pirrett, Brown, 32 pts.; runner-up, J. Bartley, Gold,

18 pts.

Faction points at the end of the day were: Brown and Boronia, each 134 points; Gold, 123 points; Green, 111 points.

Excitement ran high, particularly during the last few events when Brown and Boronia ran neck and neck, ending in a draw.

## Boronia Faction Notes

Boronia has had another quite successful year in the sporting arena. In the lower school the boys amassed a total of 81½ points, whilst the girls raised the sum of 45 points. As far as the upper school is concerned points scored were boys 60 and girls 43. For the whole year Boronia scored a total of 274 points, which placed it second on the faction table. Although coming third in the Swimming Carnival, this was made up



### CHAMPION ATHLETES, 1950.

Front row: M. Humphries (runner-up, Open), J. Bartley (runner-up, sub-junior), L. Pirrett (sub-junior champion), A. Carruthers (junior champion), W. Cook (open champion), S. Hornsey (runner-up, junior).

Back row: S. Martin (runner-up, sub-junior), B. Colvin (junior champion), B. Feld (open champion), M. Doak (runner-up, junior), M. Livesey (runner-up, open), D. Mair (sub-junior champion).

for by finishing with Brown at the end of Sports day with 134 points each, and having two school champions in B. Feld (open) and D. Mair (under 14).

In conclusion we would like to thank all members of the faction for their cooperation, and trust that next year will be even more successful.

## Brown Faction Notes

Congratulations are due to Linley Pirrett and Sybil Hornsey for their performances on Sports Day. In fact, congrats. are due to all in Brown faction for their combined efforts on that day. Keep it up and we'll do it again next year! Unfortunately, we haven't a great many swimmers so that the Carnival results weren't as good as they should have been. Special congrats. to Margot Bray for winning the open champ. It

is hoped that there will be more entries next year, so that Brown will be well to the fore on this day.

Boys have proved themselves victors in many matches during the year (hockey, basketball and softball) and have gained a total of 123 points. Lower school 75 and upper school 27—good work, girls! A very successful year!

Boys in lower school have found it necessary to look to their laurels in both football and cricket, coming third on the list in both. Upper School boys have met with more success, however, losing only three or four matches in football; whilst in cricket they are second.

Swimming has been sadly neglected, but in the athletics the faction shone, tying with Boronia for first place. The highlight of the boys events was (in our opinion) the relay, and those partaking in it, are to be congratulated for their performance.



### A.H.S. FIRST XI.

Front row: J. Gilbert, S. Sharp.

Second row: B. Taylor, L. Spark, B. Feld (capt.), J. Downing, M. Button.

Third row: B. Wansbrough, D. Manea, B. Howells, E. Herbert, R. Ahrens, D. Cameron.

## Gold Faction Notes

Gold lower school girls have completed a very successful season in all sports, coming second in the points competition with 72.

Upper school girls have not been as successful as they might have been, and in hockey, basketball and softball gained only 8 points.

Gold boys have had their most successful season for many years, winning the points competition with 310½.

Not a match was lost in lower school football, although matches were lost in cricket. 46 points were won in lower school softball (boys).

Two matches were lost in upper school football, and we failed to win a game in cricket. We won 18 points in upper school basketball matches. Faction tennis was not played this year.

Congratulations go to S. Sharp and D. Cameron, who filled the positions of open champion and runner-up in the swimming carnival. Gold came third on Sports day after leading the field until the last hour.

Congratulations are also extended to W. Cook, M. Humphries, A. Carruthers and Judy Bartley for their fine performances on sports day.

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## Green Faction Notes

This year the best faction has failed to reach the top of the score boards owing to some factors beyond our control. Small things, such as the water being too cold for the boys on the day of the Swimming Carnival, and the girls finding hockey too strenuous, seemed to hide the good old "faction spirit."

The girls didn't over-exert themselves at faction sport during the year—both upper and lower school girls are third on the score boards. The girls' hockey team in upper school drew with Gold

once, the remaining results being unpublishable. In the field of basketball and softball, we were more successful as we managed to equal the boys' good play in football and cricket.

In the swimming Carnival Green came second, due mainly to the efforts of Val Parker (runner-up for girls' open champ.), Margot Weston (junior champ.) and Dell and Shirl, who tied as runners-up for junior champ. Kevin Thompson was about the sole representative from Green Boys, and he was runner-up for junior champ.

Sports Day proved too much for Green in spite of the efforts of Barry Colvin, whom we wish to congratulate on being junior champ. The girls couldn't find enough time to practice but the junior team shows promise, so look out next year!

---

## Cricket

Equipped with a six sided pencil, two or three sheets of paper and a cutting instrument we enter F room on Wednesdays and after a hearty scuffle, secure a seat in the back corner of the room. We then settle down to two periods of

English with Mr. Kirkham?  
Good gosh, no. CRICKET.

Using our cutting instrument we cut into the flat sides of the pencil, numbers from one to six, omitting five. On the remaining side, for it is a six sided pencil, we cut the letters H.T.—to stand for How's That? On three of the other sides we cut a cross. We then roll the pencil down a sloping exercise book. If it stops with H.T. facing up the player is out for nought. If after H.T. a figure rolls up without a cross against it, the game goes on.

Having prepared and tested our scoring instrument, we make up two teams of well known cricketers and the game is on. Barnes, Bradman and Morris go off after

making a fair score, then you curse under your breath as Lindwall goes out for a duck.

So we pass away two periods of "English." This game is quite fair. No dirty work and no player has a five to one chance of going out.

ANON. II.

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## School Story

It was in the year 1947 that I presented myself on the steps of A.H.S. I was a tall, athletic type sunbronzed skin, a high intelligent forehead and a kind sympathetic smile playing over my finely chiselled features; a smile that could change in a minute, to a cold merciless sneer—one that past students had learned to fear.

I walked to the door and met the headmaster as I was going in—he was coming out. He glanced fiercely at me—I threw my luggage at him.

Having in this fashion made the acquaintance of the headmaster, I strolled out into the grounds to learn more of my fellow students. I found most of them making ready for the coming term, doing things such as splicing the main brace, squaring the yards, and—say, am I in the right story?

On the playing field, I saw a couple of teams having a game of cricket, but they were badly matched, so I asked the captain of the losing team if I could bat. I grasped the hockey stick, or driving wheel, or whatever it is called that people grasp firmly when they're going to bat, and strode onto the wicket. The team wor.

I sauntered off the field followed by cries of "Bravo," "Hooray," "Wacko, the beaut," and suchlike.

In the library, I was struck by two things. The wonderful collection of books, and a boot thrown by one of the smaller students. I sneered my cold merciless sneer at him and he cowered

back into the aspidistra stand.

In a secluded spot, I found a big hulking lad beating up a small newcomer. I went to his assistance and between us we soon had the newcomer beaten.

It is still the year 1947, but it is just about finished. I was a third year student when I came here, and I am still a third year student. I have taken the junior paper. I took it and threw it over Waggon Rock. While at this school, I earned the reputation of being a wonderful scholar and sportsman, and was chosen as "The Ideal School Boy."

In the last cricket match, I batted continuously for two days, and my team won because the opposing team was worn out.

When I am gone, they will remember me. Why? Just wait till that bomb under the Chem. Lab. bench goes off!

Denis Albert Einstein Compton  
III.

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## On the Editors of the School Magazine

These editors! I wonder if they're all alike, worrying the life out of any poor unfortunate who happens to chance their way. "Just one article," they plead, "that's all, just one." But if you are born with less grey matter than these clever editor themselves possess, this "one article" is really a tremendous undertaking. Some how, in the end, by some means or other their images manage to worm their way into your mind, and your conscience pricks you until the blood runs or until you finally produce the required article.

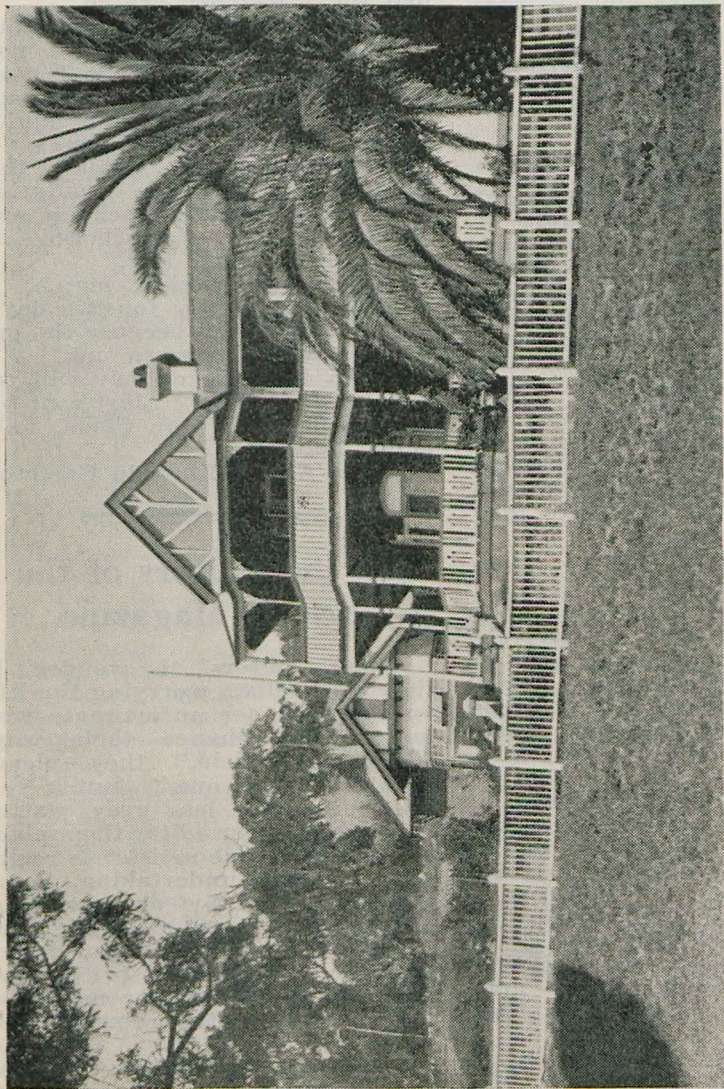
I don't know if they're the same the world over, but I hope not. If they are I shall change my mind about becoming an author.

A.T. Form III L.

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"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought."—Guess who?

## 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 shower-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:—

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They say:—

Take it from here!

Now, I don't want this put in the Boronia. Such is modesty.

That Friday afternoon Domi-Sci. is quiet without fifth form.

That romance has Dawn'd on Colvin's young life.

That a xerophyte is a fertilised ovum. Well, that's what I've written, isn't it?

That the head girl was Street(e)s ahead of the other girls at the N.S.A. Social.

That there are several frustrated spinsters in fifth form.

That Ahrens has been Dell't a stunning blow by a certain second form lass.

That fourth form girls are very mothercrafty these days.

That Bailye likes Harvey better than Albany now.

That we object to having each of the first three periods on Friday morning curtailed by 10 minutes. Mainly because of the 55 minutes of French of Chem., and another 55 minutes of Biol which follow.

That Downing is a "Batchelor" gay at present.

That Margaret might tell you why.

That Button has been Boul't'n around quite a bit.

That Rod wants cheap publicity. This will be 2/-, Rod.

That the open champion at the Swimming Carnival was a mighty Sharp lad.

That McCrackan has gone South after a brunette.

But that Cyn's favourite song

is "No, John, No, John, NO."

That fifth form boys are very chivalrous. They always let the girls have the reference books first.

That's too subtle for you, my child.

That A.C. has quite a loving Glyn(t) in her eyes now.

That the normal respiration rate is 50 per minute. That's what John Mac. says, anyway.

That there is a Thorne-y side to romance, as Hilder could tell you.

That Lewis seems to go in for that Taylored look these days.

That there is a subtle difference, which you may have overlooked, between fifth form's two class prefects. Ask Delys what it is.

That romance hit Joss in one "Feld" swoop.

That "Blue" Cameron has been finding "Silver" threads among the gold.

That Pat Parke(r)d at the gate for quite a while after the N.S.A. Social.

That Minnow's goose is well Cook(ed) by a fifth form lassie.

That Fuge is Brayng about his latest conquest.

That "Ida, Sweet as apple cider" is Graham Jones's favourite tune.

That Linley likes her beau to be tall, Doak and handsome.

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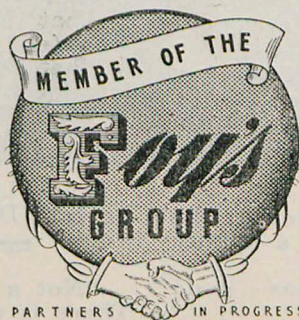
"Not a sound disturbs the air,  
There is quiet everywhere."—Assembly.

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## Junior Red Cross

The High School Red Cross commenced at the end of first term with Miss Newton as leader. The officers elected for the year were: President, Joan Graham; Treasurer, Margaret Herbert; and Secretary, Bethel Patterson.

The girls have been sewing feeders, knitting and doing rug work, and some are going to make felt toys. The boys are doing fretwork and some rug work. A hospital sub-committee with Margot Bray in charge, has been formed. The girls will work at the hospital over week-ends, doing odd jobs there.

An art display by American school children has been sent to Australia and is at present in Albany. The Red Cross members here, intend, with the Art Masters' help, sending a collection of art from our school to Headquarters in Perth, where we hope some will be selected to send to America.

Five boxes of wild and garden flowers were sent to Perth by our Circle for the Silver Chain Flower Display.

An album showing Western Australian scenes has been made and is to be sent to an American High School.

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## Callover

(Vth Form Style)

Come dear students let us away,  
Down and away below.  
Now the teacher calls from the  
room  
Now the great crowds downstairs  
go;  
Now the latecomers upstairs flow;  
Now the wild cheerful boys play,  
Champ and chafe and turn in dis-  
array.  
Students, dear, let us away—  
This way, this way.

Call him once before you go,  
Call once more.

In a voice that he will know,  
"Mr. Moore! Mr. Moore!"  
Students' voices should be dear  
(Call to him) in the boss's ear—  
"It's all right, sir, I'm here."

Surely they will come again,  
Call once more, and come away.  
This way, this way,  
"Teacher dear, we cannot stay."  
Cry the boys edging towards the  
door  
"Mr. Moore! Mr. Moore!"

"Come dear students, come away  
down"  
Call no more.  
One last look at the cream walled  
room  
And the little grey faces in  
squeaky seats  
Then away.  
They will not come though you  
call all day  
Come away, come away.

Matthew Cox, V.

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## Form Period

"What will we do for form  
period?"

"Have a debate."

"No! It's too late for this  
week."

"A quiz, then?"

"Too hard."

"Go for a hike?"

"Don't be stupid."

At last the form master inter-  
rupts the discussion to worry the  
students with the question, "How  
many girls present?"

"They're all here, Sir."

"Good! How many boys?"

"Twenty-two, Sir."

"How many should there be?"

"Twenty-two!"

The form master's face lights  
up with a satisfied look as he turns  
to go.

"What are you doing for form  
period?"

"Softball, Sir!"

This happens every week, dear  
reader, and no matter what is

suggested we always end up playing softball. Apparently "fed up" with the weekly softball, our form master one week decides that he will "have a hand in" deciding what to do for form period.

"This week I am going to change form period from softball to five minute talks by members of the class."

This takes the class by surprise, but when he says that he will probably pick on the talkative ones first, certain members of the class become alarmed. Our lady prefect becomes so alarmed in fact that she goes and makes a proposal to our form master to change the form period to a quiz arranged by the students. Our form master readily agrees to this—much to the joy of everyone.

Comes form period, and a lovely sunny day, and the quiz questions are ready for the "quiz kids." We are just about to enter our form room for the quiz session when our female prefect's voice rings out.

"Go down to the Oval! We're playing softball."

### Physics III

Today, Wednesday, we, the physicists of 3L, did practical work. When 3P have at last vacated their form-room, there is a concerted rush by about twenty-one physics students. Ladies first, of course, but as there are no ladies it doesn't matter. When the cards describing the experiments have at last been found, after minutes of feverish searching, hands grab for bunsen-burners and beakers and calorimeters. Then the cry arises, "Where's the matches?"

At this point the teacher arrives. He shouts to make himself heard above the din. The physicists make a rush for the matches.

The lucky ones who get the matches, light their bunsens. Along comes a happy-go-lucky carefree young student trying to get a light. He shoves a piece of

paper over the bunsen. Pressure is low. Out goes the bunsen. Physicists search for matches. Eventually all bunsens are alight.

Calorimeters are taken, weighed, water added, weighed again, temperature taken. Some absent-minded professor leaves a thermometer standing in a calorimeter. Gales of laughter. On the clean pages of an open practical book is a slowly widening pool of water.

Meanwhile, in another group, a prominent pianist who never makes mistakes (so he says) tries to pick up a beaker of hot water. Two fuming students with difficulty restrain themselves. Hot water soaks through the pages of a practical book very easily. The cause is trying to extinguish a smouldering handkerchief.

A few weeks before this same prominent pianist accidentally (?) knocked a calorimeter of hot water flying. Hot water and practical books seem to have a great attraction for each other. The only unharmed book is that owned by the cause. Loud peals of laughter resound throughout the room. Our teacher appears. The physicists try to control their features vainly.

Meanwhile in the chemistry lab. another group of physicists is trying to find the dew-point of air by blowing into ether. The blower runs out of breath, breathes in. Sweet dreams. Up at the other end another group of students are finding the temperature of a bunsen flame by heating a brass cylinder. When the cylinder is at the temperature it is dropped into a calorimeter of cold water. Steam and water rise into the air. Water all seems to land on practical books.

The bell goes. Apparatus is quickly restored to the wrong places. Test tubes get cracked. Beam balances are left swinging. Once a thermometer was broken under the intense strain. In the hurry an absent-minded physicist tips out the water in a calori-

meter. Glass beads go flying down the pipe. Luckily for this physicist there is an ink-well there also. Some are retrieved.

Suddenly, there a rush at the door. It is 2K. Books go flying along benches. Others give way to the law of gravity. Meanwhile, we of III L rush for G room and seats, for Algebra.

A PHYSICIST, III L.

## Mystosis

Edwin—at the age of 17½—was an embittered misogynist. He renounced women from henceforth. Dammit, he could only stand so much. He was a man now. And if Cissy thought—but she did. And then before her, Shirley. She had seemed to think it was only a boy-and-girl affair. She had lightly ended it all, after only 3 months. Given him back his fraternity pin. How they'd laughed. He'd black Charley's eye if he weren't so big. Charley was taking Shirley out now. Well, it'd be his turn to laugh soon. Fickle! That's all they were. Just becous he'd danced with Sophonisba. It's not as if she were pretty. Fickle! Well, he'd show her. Cissy was just as good as Shirley. No, she wasn't. She was worse, far worse. It couldn't be an accident. Before his swim he had left his clothes above high tide mark. Right up near the rocks. They couldn't have been washed away. And she wouldn't even lend him her coat. Just because she was wearing an old skirt. He'd pay her back. Grrr. If she spoke to him on Monday, he would answer her very politely and then turn and go away. If she spoke to him—. If she didn't how could he snub her. She wouldn't mean what she said outside the pavilion. Just a bit hot headed, that's all. She'd jolly well better speak to him; if she didn't it would just show her cruelty. How worthless women were. Pick a fellow up and drop

him. If only he could get a job out East. He could apply. He'd just mention it to Mary. It'd soon be round the office. "Going out east. Can't stand the women in this country." No, no, that's the wrong approach. "Going out east. He'd try to forget." And she might read in the paper of his death from the typhoid mosquito, or was it typhus? He'd whisper the name Cissy on his death bed, and only—. By jove, that Lister girl was getting a big girl now. About 16 she must be. Rather pretty, too. RATHER PRETTY.

R.R.A. V.

## Some Limericks

A boy in Fourth Form gets my goat;

In my diary I must make a noat,  
To make him one day,

When he comes round my way,  
Into a Rabbit Skin Coat.

A Second Form boy you all know  
Is becoming a pest to me, so

I shall find me a stick

That isn't too thick,

And give the young devil Watt-o!

They asked me run in the Mial,  
So I said, "Well, I'll give it a  
trial."

But at length, the next day,

They called, "Come away!

"'Tis obviously not worth your  
whial!"

"This team," said the boy called  
Manea,

"With me on its side need not  
fea."

But the Perth Modern hordes  
Despite all his wordes

Kicked a lead of some fifty goals  
clea.

A High School Fifth Former call-  
ed Broun

At his school and his homework  
did froun:

But the school burned one daye  
Then his "Yipee—i—aye!"

Could be heard in the Old County  
Doun.

## A High School Saga

Hotly shone the sun all morning  
Drenching all the world in sun-  
shine

Sucking, burning all the water  
Till the earth was dry as tinder.  
Dry as dust, dry as Sahara  
Almost blackened with the sun-  
shine.

Then a workman came along,  
Worked he in the Cemetery.  
Pulling weeds and clearing path-  
ways,

Piling up the weeds and paper.  
For to burn them in the forenoon.  
Then took he some safety matches,  
Struck one, put it to the refuse.

Alas! Alas! Poor hapless workman,  
First a flickering modest crackling  
Then a chuckle from the fire thing.  
Whoosh! And up the slopes of  
Clarence

Swept the fire and all before it.  
Fled in panic snakes and lizards,  
Dogs and horses, 'roos a-hopping.  
A pause, the Crusher track, then  
over,

Straight into the hillside herbage.

High School students watched it,  
feeling

Safe from any harm or danger.  
IV and V Form woodwork watched  
it

Smiled and said, "We ought to  
worry,

Soon she'll burn out." Soon it  
did, then

Wheeled its vanguards to the  
eastward

Tasting of the High School pine  
trees.

"Mr. Sloman, can we go, sir?

We must save the School pine  
forest

We must go and save the pine  
trees."

"Charge!" he said, and IV and V  
form

Galloped to the scene of action.

Flames were e'en now singeing  
pine trees.

V form sped up, waving saplings,

Waving chaffbags, soaked in wa-  
ter.

So the mighty battle started,  
Twenty four against the fire god.  
Ne'er was such a battle waged:  
Branches, chaffbags, coats and  
blazers

All were used to kill the fire thing.

Then a shout of joy rose upwards  
For extinguishers and fire hose  
Brought by first and second form-  
ers.

Blackened, scorched hands re-  
ceived them  
Parched throats croaked words of  
gladness.

The fire saw them, shifted, quav-  
ered,

Tried to turn around and flee  
then

Left its feast of sap-filled pine  
cones

Left the pile of half burnt sap-  
lings

Raced away and quickly vanished  
Into smoke and nothing else.

Streams of water soaked the em-  
bers

Hissing as their life was washed  
out.

Gladly turned the fighters home-  
wards

Back to school and lasting glory;  
Long will they remembered be

Those few who fought and won.

D. McN. V.

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## Bored Stiff

I can't work. I've forgotten  
my pencil.

I can't play with boys. There  
are no boys to play with.

I can't play with girls. They're  
all out with boys.

I can't swim.

I can't go mountain climbing  
because that's too much like work.

And I can't work.

BILL. IV.

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"With half shut eyes ever to  
seem, Falling asleep in a half  
dream."—Broun.

## An Interview

If this school were a paradise for everyone else; if none had cause to sigh; if teachers who insist on the adoption of the bad habit of homework had not yet been freed from their cages and dens; and if nobody took any notice of squeaky boots; there would still be one thorn in my side. I would gladly sacrifice all hope of bettering my position in the above respects, if I could be assured that I would not be obliged to have unpleasant interviews with the headmaster, and what's worse, to wait for a quarter of an hour in the cold, un pitying corridors.

Let me describe to you my sensations when confronted with such a prospect. The dark clouds begin to appear with the abrupt question: "Have you done those quadratic equations?"

In just such plain English that no act of mine can save me from the fearful consequences of embarrassing questions regarding my use of time last night, or the amount of home work I was weak-minded enough to do.

I try in vain to plead reasonable excuses, look at the teacher's face and avoid blushing but no use. My face turns scarlet, and all I utter is, "Well, that is, er—I would have, er—" and so on, getting no further. To make matters worse I'm the only one guilty of the offence. Then the dread sentence, "You'd better go and see the headmaster," is solemnly pronounced, and out of the tense hush of the classroom and into the ghastly limelight, I bravely march to my execution.

I peer through glass door but the headmaster is not there. My heart leaps up and I breathe again. I can go back now. I couldn't find the headmaster, will do for an excuse—. But an icy cold voice cuts into the silence, "Do you wish to see the headmaster?"—It is all over now!

## Stair Duty

Don't ever go on stair duty. It's the worst job going, and the most thankless.

Standing at the top of the stairs, prepared for anything, you wait for the rush. Your tie is already "out" (rather take it out yourself, than have some cheeky first former do it for you), pencils and pens are hidden deep in some pocket, and feet are well back out of the way. Look out! Here it comes!

"Take it easy, there, Jones—one at a time!"

"Single file there, you!"

"You can go down to the bottom and come up properly—go on, get going!"

"Stop giving cheek, Smith!"

"Just wait till I catch you, Brown. I'll tread on your toe!"

"There's no need to ruffle my hair."

"That goes for you, too!"

"Take that you cheeky brat."

"Alright, tell him, I don't care."

"Leave my pockets alone!"

"Don't you give lip, either, or I'll knock your block off."

"Get a move on, you girls. You're blocking the stairs."

"Right-o, sir. Not many more, sir. Won't be long now, sir!"

They slacken off. There aren't many more, then you prepare to go. But wait! Here's one tearing up.

"Thought I'd gone, did you? Well! Well! Wasn't that nice, eh? Come on! Down to the bottom—now come up one at a time."

"Ah! thank goodness that's finished. Now for call over."

So saying, you forget all about "one at a time there!" and bound down the stairs to A room feeling fed up with everything.

J. McC. V.

---

"'Were I to swallow this,' he said, 'I should be very ill.'—D. Sci. Cooking.

## English for Thirty

Now, this afternoon, you are going to do the work for a change; in the past I have done all the work. Hey, where's the fire? Denis, save it up till later.

Before we start we'll see who did their essays. What, only three! Well, I think we'll write one this afternoon. Don't look so worried, Pat. Well, first of all I'll read you a story. That doesn't mean you can start again, Denis.

If you like this sort of story, next time you go to the library get these books by Leacock, that by Runyon, or this by Jacobs.

Ah! That reminds me of a funny little incident when I was in the Air Force——. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, that's right, we were discussing English.

How are those essays going? What! You can't think of anything to write about! Read yours, Mac. You see, Marion, that's the sort of thing I want. My, Denis, I didn't think you were capable of such work, but that writing!! Yours, too, Jill, the Leaving examiner will never be able to read it. Oh, yes, Betty, yours is good and so is yours, Frances; Nancy, you haven't written much, nor you, Cynthia. You know, this is for your own good, you're not writing them for me, and I don't enjoy correcting them, Roddy.

What's that, McCrackan, you want to know what sort of clouds today? I should say alto-cu, although Mr. Moore says they are cu. Don't tell him I said this, because he thinks he knows a lot about the weather, but he's mostly all wrong. Must you lead me off the subject? You know I'm easily led off the track."

Well, now, it's nearly time for the bell. That doesn't mean you can rush off, Downing, or start talking, John. Next week, I'll collect these essays and this time I wan't to see work from all those who haven't yet done anything. You, Nancy, Pat, Cynthia, Hilary, Brian, Broun, and Barnesby. I

was very pleased with your startling effort, Denis, and yours was quite good, Betty, yours excellent, Mac, and Downing, yours was good, and yours too, Frances, and yours, and yours.

(Ah! The ball at last! Now for a cup of tea and a nice chat with Mr. Moore.)

C.M.S. IV.

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## Heard Here and There

I don't want to tell the same class the same joke twice. (Class).

I'm beginning to find your feet. (Dancing).

If you've got nothing to do, do it quietly. (Library).

"Now, when I was in the air force——" (English Class).

"Has anyone done some homework?" (Class).

"Turn that gas tap off, please!" (Physics Class).

"Lend me your model, I want to get it marked." (Dressmaking).

I will not have all this noise, (Library).

Excuse me, but you'll find the floor much more slippery than my feet." (Dancing).

"Now, last day we were talking about——" (Economics Class).

"If you don't giggle you'll do it much better." (P.T.).

"You're just committing academic suicide!" (Maths Class).

"Now, girls and boys ——" (French Class).

"What are you doing, boy?" (Verandah).

"Now, don't confuse the issue." (Chem. Class).

"I know I'm sticking my neck out but——" (English Class).

"Come on, you people, do some work—quickly!" (Biol. Class).

"Quieten down, now, class. Quieten down." (Geography 2 Class).

"I should say those clouds are alto-cu——" (Geog. V Class).

"Wake up, you people!" (Aust. History Class).

"Single file, there, please." (Stairs).

"Put that book back where you found it." (Library).

## Music Exams.

Practising hard for months seems bad enough, but the exams! You may say "Poor thing," or "Wouldn't be you for quids," but when you know what has to be gone through—well!!

As the radiant sun pours forth its inviting and tempting rays through the half closed door of the studio, it looks upon a scene of very worried and anxious students; the singer busily going over the words of a song, the pianist making sure that his or her fingers are supple enough to play the lines of classical music by Bach or Chopin or some other individual who lived hundreds of years ago, others glancing through sheets of music to see where the accents or some other wretched thing comes. That awful feeling comes in the stomach and you daren't speak to anyone else, anyway if you did try, the words wouldn't come.

Then someone opens the other door and sings out a number which closely resembles yours—you don't move until someone nudges you. The door is closed behind you and a smallish, indoor sort of a man with a shiny bald head and peaked nose takes his pipe from his mouth and bids you "Good morning."

"You're not nervous are you, my boy?"

"Hm! er—no, sir—er; Good morning!"

"Alright sonny, take your music out and settle down at the piano."

He seems friendly, and you try to remember everything, but your mind is a piece of butcher's paper. All the time you're waiting, you've an idea that he's watching you, and he is; he's scrutinising you.

"You're O.K., my lad. Can we begin with List A, Study by Du-veroy."

Ugh! That feeling again.

"Yes, the downward stroke is very well developed," he says with an air of experience. "Now we'll

have a little ear testing, sing a fifth from this."

"Hmmmmm."

"Good, now List B."

This is the piece you haven't been able to get right, but you play on, your fingers all of a sweat, and in an attempt to put on the sustaining pedal, your foot hits the edge of it and makes a bang, sending an echo throughout the piano. But you play on, List C, List D, and all the scales and surprisingly soon the exam. finishes.

"Well, you've done very well, my boy. Have you enjoyed preparing for this exam?"

"Yes, quite." (What a lie!!)

"Good. See you next year. Don't forget to keep practising. You've done very well. Perhaps you'll be an examiner too, one day."

"Well, good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

As you leave, the piano case flies open, so you blush, smile, pick up the books and depart.

"Thank goodness that's over for another year."

M.J.B. IV.

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## Junior Members for The Dramatic Club

Albany High School is progressing favourably with its many activities, but I do seriously believe the dramatic society could be improved.

It is all very well having only fourth formers showing their acting abilities, but I, and others too, think that children from both upper and lower school should participate in the Dramatic Club's plays. Some first, second and third formers may have talent, but either they'll leave before their fourth year, or never receive the opportunity to act in a school production. The younger students in a school can often provide excellent entertainment, especially if given the chance to be in farces or comedies.

The most interesting item of a school concert is not so much any individual, but something in which a group of school mates have rehearsed and worked hard together—generally a play. Reading is a most essential of our education, and if one is capable of enjoying books, surely he or she could act in a play, and achieve benefit from it.

For, I think, acting is something in which to free, and let the imaginative side of one's nature, something that helps one escape from everyday humdrum life, and studies. Apart from the enjoyment, plays definitely improve our speech, education and social spirit.

Instead of hearing our Shakespearean plays read to us, would it not be more interesting to see them portrayed on the stage, or even to participate in them? Shakespeare's Macbeth, Hamlet, Henry V, even the Merchant of Venice are very difficult to act convincingly, but certainly they would be worth trying!

If the younger pupils in the school were allowed to join the club, the plays would be much more realistic and original. Indeed, it would be extremely amusing and enjoyable if amateurs from each form were to produce a play—thus developing a competitive spirit in the dramatic field.

Some, might say they have no time to partake in plays, much less rehearse them. Oh, well, there's plenty of lunch hours and form periods. Even Friday evenings. Instead of going to see this "star" and that "star" act some "super" role, those who live in Albany could spare one evening a week for the up and coming juvenile productions.

In the near future I hope to see the Albany High School Dramatic Club welcome some junior members. I for one, would be interested.

Well, here's hoping!

A.E.

## Homework at the Priory

"All girls who are upstairs, come down and do your homework. At once! You girls will never pass your exams if you don't do some work, and Mrs. Mills never likes her girls failing. What was that, Fay? You have no homework? Why, that's impossible. I'm sure you don't know all your work. Now, all quieten down! Remember, all up at nine o'clock on Sunday.

Quieten down, girls. If this noise continues I will be obliged to gate you all."

Miss Duncan leaves the room and everyone appears to be concentrating on their work when a loud explosion is heard from the far corner. Soon all tongues are wagging violently. Then comes the furious voice of the Priory Prefect. "Break it up, you kids, you don't want Dunc out here again, do you?"

Silence!

This time it is a disturbing specimen from Junior table, -inviting everyone to listen by yelling out at the top of her voice: "Has anyone got anything to eat, because I'm so hungry I can't work." Outcries of "Oh, that's a tall one" one "Think we'd be mugs enough to believe that" fill the air.

Once again the room is quiet. Everyone is fully occupied except a few talkers who are always exercising their tongue muscles at the wrong time, when the telephone rings. "That's for me," "It isn't." "Oh, don't be silly, it's for me." Five minutes pass, then ten, sorry everyone, that call was for Mrs. Mills.

The hall clock strikes half past eight. Everyone resumes work with frantic haste. The minutes tick by. Soon it is a quarter to nine. The dining room door opens and Miss Duncan enters the room.

"Come on, girls, all up to bed!"

This is greeted by "Oh, Miss Duncan, I haven't finished this article for the Boronia yet and it



is **most** important." "Miss Duncan, Mr. Downing will murder me if I haven't done my maths homework."

"You heard me the first time, girls," says Miss Duncan. "All up to bed. That paper must be picked up. The corner table set. Quickly, someone shut that window."

Cries of "Where's my pencil?" "Heck, I'll never finish this." "It's your turn to set the table." "Dot, you had my rubber where is it?" rend the air.

At last we get upstairs and into bed.

"All talking is to cease at once," comes a stern voice from Dunc's room.

Whispers of "Monday tomorrow. Oh well!"

Goodnight.

#### SCRAP IV.

### "A Pickle"

An unearthly pickle. That's the girls' dressing shed after P.T. and sport. Especially P.T., for by the time we reach school, the bell has frequently gone, and thus the rush and pickle is great, because of the eagerness of everybody to get to the next period. (Did I say something?)

When we eventually squeeze ourselves into the crowded room we find ourselves dripping with perspiration. While recovering from this ordeal of getting into your clothes you suddenly find something missing. Then as you stand bewildered, you find a fellow sufferer, for a bellow is heard to the effect of.

"Where's my shirt? Oh, someone's pinched my tie!"

As the storming of voices grows higher a yell above all the rest is heard.

"Somebody's taken my blouse by mistake."

At this a search order is sent out among any willing helpers in the shed. While this is progressing the blouse is long found, the

culprit finds she has the wrong blouse and comes tearing back with it just in time to prevent the loser from having hysterics at the loss of her valuable article.

All this time, the helpers have given place to the unwilling ones, and when they return, either their shoes have gone for a walk or their gym tunic has floated away.

Finally, you are dressed, do your hair, and, if you are first, get pushed out of the shed, or if you are last, walk peacefully out to get your books or do the next thing you have to, when bless my soul if you haven't forgotten your gym tunic, and back you go again.

However, when you have gone through all this suffering, you get to your lesson, or to your dinner, or home after school (all same difference). But all the same it makes one wish that some people would go on a slimming diet (not mentioning names).

"One Who Knows" III L.

### Ex-Students' Notes

We have received word of the following ex-students:—

#### At Uni.—

Denis Daniel, Alison Watson, Judy Bolt, Barbara Weston, Phyllis Knapp, Jim Coventry, Murray Meharry, Wally Howse, Rupert Bunny, Nancy Fowler, Rona Rodgers, Glen Robertson, Ian Macrae, Muriel Snow, John Boulton, Herb Pelham-Thorman, Pam Pirrett.

#### At Teachers' College.—

Beth Kemble, Roma Thompson, Joan Taylor, Noel and Keith Hoffman, Mary Fenn, Barbara Farrent, Bethwyn Nelson, Doreen Plozza, Len Hayward.

#### Monitoring.—

Les Mavor, at Brookton; Jock Drysdale, Franklin River; Margaret Cruse, Wickopin; Marion Plozza, Broomehill; Pat Quinn, Woodanilling; Margaret Bowman, Tambellup; Judy Haygarth, Mt. Barker, and Barbara Sykes at Kondinin.

**Working (?)—**

Berry Ambrose, Surveying at Norseman; Ian English, in Melbourne, at the moment he has a very sore arm and has had several operations on it; Peter Mackenzie, banking; Vernice Orton, nursing; Hazel Cass, business college; Maureen Merrifield (?), business college; Erica Bray, nursing; John Wellstead, Dental College; Garth, Gwyne, Katanning; Colin Malcolm, farming; Mark Kirby, Theological College, Adelaide; Madeline Kirby, was helping her mother at Fremantle when I last saw her.

Word has been received from the R.A.A.F. Relations Officer of ex-High School students, J. P. Bird (A.H.S. 1940) and B. S. Farrow (1945). J. Bird has just completed a Flying Instructors' course in Victoria and B. Farrow has graduated from Point Cook as a Navigator.

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## Applied Quotations

"That was a boy; ye know him well."—Feldy.

"I heeded not their summons."—Late to class.

"I have seen a curious child."—Parry.

"Where were you, baby? Where were you, dear?"—Miss Newton to P.T. absentees.

"It comes; the dire catastrophe draws near."—Leaving.

"We shall go down with unreluctant tread."—First formers sent downstairs.

"Ah, me! The prospect saddened as she sung."—Jill.

"My silent rivulets overbrim."—Darkroom sink.

"And up she raised her bright blue eyes."—S. Dennis.

"A thousand streamers flaunted fair."—Ball Decorations.

"A journey and more than a journey."—Going home by train.

"I would remember him as the man who drew, with coloured chalks upon my childhood's pages."—Mr. Barker.

"My brain's incompetent."—Anyone in exams.

"You walk then very sweetly and delicately."—Miss Lukin.

"Since thou art young and hast not yet the use of tongue."—Frank in French.

"He would chirp and flatter me."—John Mac to Cyn.

"The fools are only thinner, for all our cost and care."—Supper at socials.

"Ah! my bones ache, my limbs be sore."—After P.T.

"Come, all you young fellows that carry a gun."—Cadets.

"I was once a bold fellow, and went with a team."—McCormick.

"What wondrous life is this I lead."—Boarding House.

"Loitering there in an aimless way."—On the balcony.

"All men have their faults; too much modesty is his."—McNaughton.

"Tis fools we want, and of the largest size."—V form.

"A rider unequalled."—Sheila.

"His language is painful and free."—Poddy.

"The muddied oaf at the goals."—Ahrens.

"Out of my sight and trouble me no more."—To John D. in Biol.

"O cat of churlish kynde."—E. F.H.

"His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit."—Roddy.

"Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace."—Training.

"They rise with the morning lark, And labour till almost dark."

—Cadets in Camp.

"Vapour importunate, and dense. It wars at once with every sense."—Gas from Chem. Lab.

"We made an expedition."—Geography V.

"And I never, never came back to the earth."—High Jump.

"But now your brow is bald."—Half the male staff.

"The sun is glad to see us clad, All in our lusty green."—Girls at Sport.

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