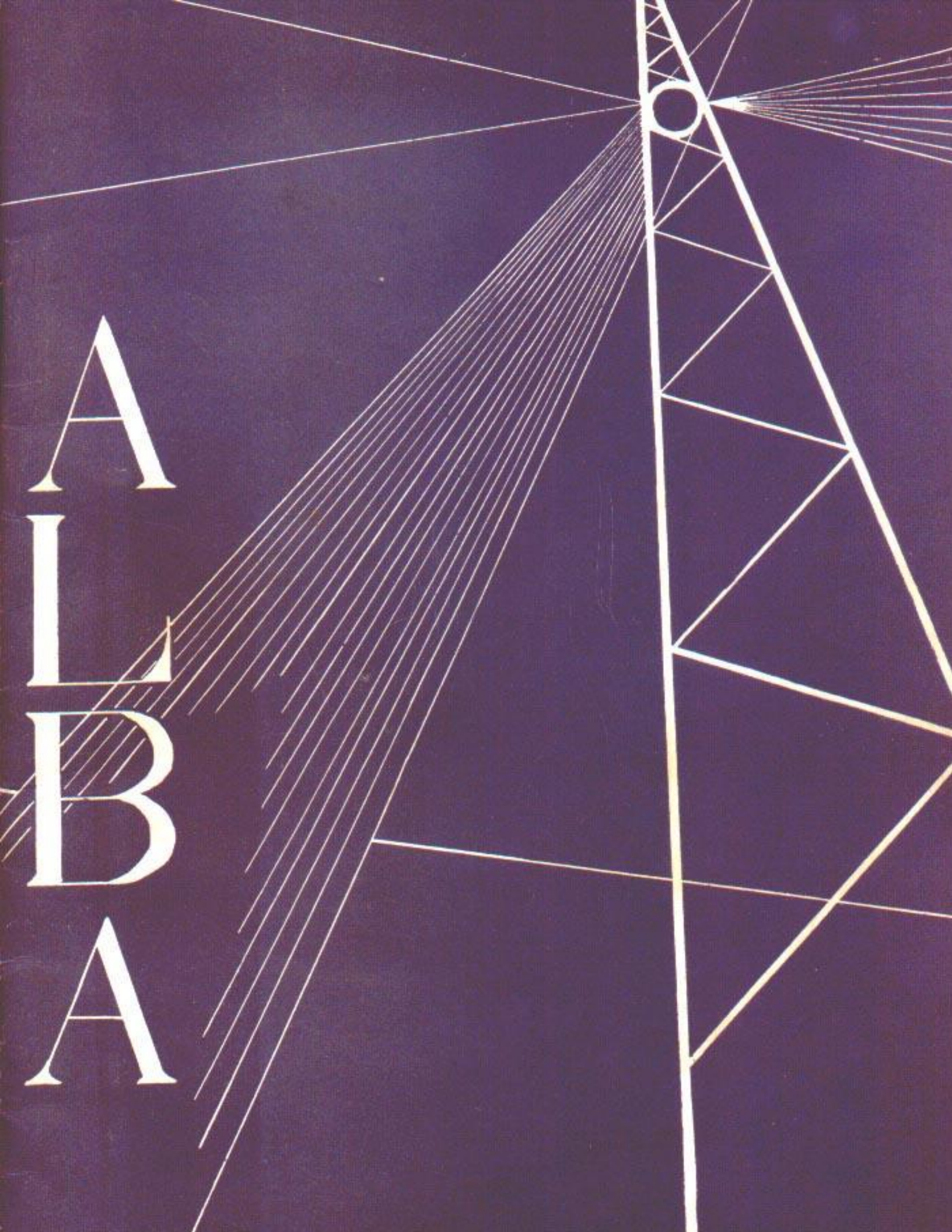


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# ALBA - - - 1959

ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF

## ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL

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**Magazine**  
STANISLAVSKIS.

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**THE STAFF OF ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL**

# *The Headmaster's Message*

As 1959, the fourth year of the school's existence, draws to its close with an attendance of 550 and a prospective enrolment of 750 for 1960, we feel that our foundation period has ended. The magazine you are about to read shows that the school has reached maturity. It is our first "printed" magazine, though doubtless all our original pupils will remember with affection, their first year in temporary quarters and their first little magazine.

In the same way the school itself is now changing from a small and friendly community to a large, 'but we hope, not impersonal one. At the end of this year the first sizeable group of ex-students will take up careers for which their four years at school have prepared them. We wish them well. At the same time it is pleasing that so many of our original students have either completed their four years or intend to return for the fifth year. If this appreciation of the educational opportunities provided by a modern High School continues, and we are sure it will, a big responsibility falls on the school to see that it becomes a place which will not only give happiness and benefit to its pupils, but will also make them public spirited, energetic and upright citizens. The only way in which this can be achieved is by training students at home and at school to be trustworthy and responsible so that good behaviour and good manners will be something every child can voluntarily contribute towards the well-being of the school community. Not every student can excel in examinations or win races. It is the great majority who cannot do either of these things who will make the school by 'being honest, straight-forward and unselfish.

In a more tangible and obvious way we hope that our school will soon become an important part of the St. Albans scene. Ours is a "new" and even unique suburb in which people of varied, perhaps antagonistic backgrounds, have settled down to make new homes and new lives together. Their efforts do them credit. We hope to make our school and its surroundings a place residents maybe proud of. When an ex-students' association is formed the school should be more closely linked with the district it has been established to serve. One of the aims of modern education is for the parents and teachers to co-operate so that each child may be understood and helped as an individual. At present, owing to the difficulty of making contact with the parents, we are not able to do this in most cases but we would welcome the interest of every parent.

Our school motto serves its purpose if it helps the student to realise that his guiding light, which will keep him "straight" in both his thoughts and his actions, is in fact "truth", that is, what his conscience tells him is right: The school will have cause to be proud if its students can keep this ideal before them.

J. A. BARKER.



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**Donated by: ST. ALBANS BUILDING SUPPLIES, St. Albans.**

# Editorial . . .

This year we have endeavoured to compile a magazine which would give a true picture of the ; ideals and principles that we have carried on from our first years. It was with these views in mind that we edited this magazine, and we hope that we have succeeded in reproducing these thoughts throughout this edition of "ALBA" so that they will reflect on our thoughts in the future.

As a sign of our progress we are proud to say that this is the year of our first Intermediate class and that our school magazine is being printed outside the school. We have also started this year classes in German, Italian and Russian. With the future addition of two hundred new pupils to look forward to, foundations for a third section to the school are being laid.

We realize that the pupils are the most important part of a school and we have, therefore, given them every opportunity of voicing their ideas in this, their official channel. We hope that you, the reader, whether parent or outsider, will enjoy our magazine and will agree that we have something to be really proud of.

-D. GIST,  
T. SMITH,  
V. STANISLAVSKIS.

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## EXCHANGE

The editors wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:-

"Echoes":	Coburg High School.
"High Tide":	Williamstown High School.
"Veritas":	Oakleigh High School.
"The Hill":	Warragul High School.
"Libra":	Maribyrnong High School.
"Waverley":	Waverley High School.
"Midian":	Maryborough District High School.
"Kara":	St. Arnaud High School.
"Seabreeze":	Bonbeach High.
"Dunvegan":	McLeod High.
"Balai Hai":	Alexandra High.
"The Mangarrian":	Camberwell Girls' High School.
"Wooraylia":	Leongatha High.
"Venture":	Mordialloc -Chelsea High.

## A SPECIAL NOTICE

"We, the editors of ALBA, wish to extend a vote of thanks on behalf of the pupils and staff to Mr. Blum, the School Gardener, for his fine work in the gardens this year.

As a direct result of his efforts to beautify the environs of the school it has been possible to raise a considerable sum of money for the Footscray Hospital and also for the proposed School Tuckshop. This was done by the sale of flowers grown in the gardens and also by means of an excellent floral display.

So, we again extend our appreciation to Mr. Blum and hope that he will continue his fine work in the gardens for many years to come.

## PREFECTS' INVESTITURE

In April Mr. Pollard and his wife performed the ceremony of Investing the Prefects. After an introduction by the headmaster, Mr. Barker, Mr. Pollard gave a short speech. Mrs. Pollard then pinned the badges on the prefects. The afternoon was drawn to a conclusion by the provision of afternoon tea for the visitors, teachers and prefects by the third form.

## LIBRARY NOTES

There are now just over 4,000 books in the library, divided into three sections - fiction, reference and class sets. A reliable team of librarians under the leadership of Noeline Carrick has the immense task of caring for our rapidly growing library. Special thanks go to those who sacrifice their lunch time so that the library may remain open and to most lunch-time library users who make quiet and sensible use of the library; often without supervision,

### Form Librarians:

4A Doreen Gist, Borut Vadnjak.  
4B Myrna Macleod, Doug. Markham.  
3A Noeline Carrick, Enver Bapraszewski.  
3B Veronica Kowalenko, Sabina Tymkin.  
2A Stroicz, Bob Koliba.  
2B Richard Checinski, Sneja Gunew.  
2C Carol Dusting, Joerk Dasler.  
2D Ludmilla Dynak, Ray Chatterton.  
2G Tony Eastern, Lynette Grant.  
1A Diane Dixon, Leonie Carrick.  
1B Suzanne Lutge, Alex Kryzius.  
1C Colin White, Mary Richards.  
1D Barrie Chap Marie Dealy,  
1E David O'Reilly, Imants Pleiksna.  
1G Sarah Hollingshead Judith Farnsworth.

\* \* \*  
"Is the library classified in the Alphabetical System?"  
"No! It is classified in the Biblical System."  
"What system is that?"  
"Seek and ye shall find."

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Donated by: STATE SAVINGS BANK, St. Albans.

## SCHOOL DIARY

**February 4:** First school day. Ah well, we must resign ourselves to fate. Let's face it, schools are here to stay, and no amount of wishing will make them burn down.

**April 10:** Prefects' Investiture. Dear Diary, our beloved prefects (note the sarcasm) were formally sworn in, and handed their badges, but were informally wished the best of luck by the staff for their job of controlling five hundred "brats". Ah me, for the life of a "stewed-ant." (Editor's Note. The diarist is himself one of "Les Miserables").

**April 18:** Visit to "Merchant of Venice" by Fourth Form: "My Christian Daughter . . . my Christian ducats" - My Christian duty as a pupil to sacrifice an afternoon to keep alive the spirit of Shakespeare. Overheard one boy wisecrack to his mate:

"I hold the world but as the world,  
A stage where every man must play his part.  
And mine a boring one."

**May 3:** Bazaar Day. Bargains galore when parents held a bazaar as one of our school's social service activities. This was the first time that pupils were willing to come to school on a Saturday. One despairing parent even tried to auction off her son but there were no takers.

**June 15:** Drouin Trip. We were kindly invited by Drouin (Gippsland) High School for a sporting visit. The Drouinites beat us at everything but football and then put on a social for our benefit, where the country "beauties" paraded (i.e. danced) before our appraising eyes.

**June 25:** Coffee and Aspro sales boomed in St. Albans shops. Psychiatrists became millionaires. Teachers went beserk. Yes, you've guessed it - our mid-year exams started on June 25 - E. DAY.

**August 27:** Visit by First Formers to Coca-Cola factory. Burps could be heard all the way from Essendon. Smart first-formers decided to burp in unison, so motorists were very surprised to see a "hiccupping" bus. All they learnt from this trip was how to say "Can I have a Coke, Mum?" in a more persuading tone.

**September 7:** Visit to Zoo by First Formers. Strangely enough I have no cases of mistaken identities to report. Although the Zoo will never be the same after this visit, no more animals were added to their collection, which is easily the most surprising event of the year.

**September 18, 22:** St. Albans High Dramatic Society (S.A.H.D.S. - You know, use "Rinso" for bigger "S.A.H.D.S.") went to Brighton High for Drama Festival. Plays were "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Happy Journey". Although we had no ugly ducklings amongst our actors, it was quite a happy journey.

**October 3:** Our Athletic Championships. For the second time this year, "Pew-pills" were willing to attend school on a Saturday (they had no choice anyway!). Sports meeting was quite a success, with Kurrajong house emerging from the melee as the victors. Appropriately enough, even the grass turned green to celebrate Green (Kurrajong) House's success.

**October 6:** Our best athletes competed at Olympic Park at inter-schools' championships. The weather was fine, the pies were delicious, autograph hunters were plentiful, and we won the championships. Wonderful!

**October 25:** The usually placid school turned into a building resembling Flinders Street on a Saturday, as nail-chewing students paced the floors before entering their exam rooms. Need I say more?

**November 25:** Fourth Formers sat for their Intermediate Certificates. Result in January. Mean while, try to enjoy your holidays up to January. Ha!

**December 14:** St. Albans Public Hall protested loudly from its firm foundations to its strong ceiling as we held our school social before breaking up (if the reader is a psychiatrist; please don't take that term too literally). The only one who was glad when it was all over was the Public Hall.

-- V. STANTSLAVSKIS.

### TIT- BITS

-- V. STANISLAVSKIS.

A group of music-loving first-formers tramped to the Town Hall to hear a Symphony Orchestral recital. According to the newspapers the pupils had a wonderful time. The account in the newspapers stated that the students, of another school, being bored, shot metal clips by means of lacquer bands at the musicians. The musicians really gave a "hot" performance while sitting ankle-deep in metal clips. The pupils voted it the most interesting recital they had ever been to.

\* \* \*

A large amount of protest was voiced by all the hens of St. Albans. It's all right, they argued, for our owners to take our eggs, but when they give it to Footscray Hospital appeal, it's not worth the effort. All their protests were in vain and the students of our school brought 580 eggs for our Footscray Hospital Appeal.

\* \* \*

Another venture which helped raise money for this appeal was a film night held at our school. Attendance was about eighty and the films were loaned by British Petroleum Associated. So naturally we had films on oil, Charlie Chaplin, oil, cartoons, oil, Persian oil, oil; and so the night wore on. After interval even the refreshments seemed to taste oily.

\* \* \*

A third event we held was a penny drive. Our headmaster promised us the afternoon off if we could reach the front gate with our pennies; but he soon protested when the boys started placing the pennies yards apart. We soon ran out of pennies and reluctantly spent the rest of the afternoon at school. As a result of these activities, plus a flower sale, etc. on Open Day, E129 was raised.

\* \* \*

Once again the first-formers lorded it over the seniors and went to the Royal Show. For an educational visit, a lot of time was spent at the main attractions - the side shows. Two students celebrated too wildly and missed the bus home (perhaps on purpose). I am sure the caretakers of the side shows look forward to further prosperity as soon as they see the green caps of St. Albans High School.

\* \* \*

The Melbourne Zoo was besieged by a menagerie of first-formers which would have done credit to any zoo. As no one was locked up in a cage, the teachers' faith in the appearance of their pupils was quickly restored. Pupils had a wonderful outing: Main attraction was the monkey cage. After this visit, the monkeys had some new tricks to show - some censorable.

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Donated by: HAMPTON'S (Official School Uniform Supplier), Opposite Station, St. Albans,

## AMATEUR DRAMA FESTIVAL

Host school for this year's Amateur Drama Festival was Brighton High. "The Ugly Duckling" and "Happy Journey", two contributions from the St. Albans High School group, were presented at the beautiful, modern, well-equipped, large, yet simply furnished host school's auditorium. The deep-set, cinemascope-like, automatically manageable stage was a superb spectacle in itself when the hall lights were dimmed and stage lights lit and manoeuvred. These technical advantages brought out the production's effects and desired features clearly and sincerely.

As for the acting, one can add little but admire the promising young actors and the general high standard of presentation and production. The "Ugly Duckling," which had a string of successes, could have been even better than when it was performed at the Festival. Our cast, accustomed to the small halls and classrooms in which the play was staged, had partly forgotten, the importance of "voice transportation," and thus tended to be a little on the quiet side. Apart from this, it was well-produced, ran smoothly, and resulted in many hearty laughs, giggles and guffaws from the appreciative audience. Our players comprised of J. Barlow (King, with gout); Vanda Viti (Queen); Julie English (Princess Camilla); Glenys Pell (Dulcibella); Vambola Stanislavskis (Chancellor); Verners Pleiksna (Prince Simon),

Last year's Drama Festival winner "Happy Journey" was re-enacted and brought forth Mr. Reid's (in charge of our group) ability in presenting with appropriate style and polish this typical "funny play" in its most pleasant form. The onlookers were hushed and amazed to see the curtain open, the actors speak and move accordingly. . but hardly any scenery (e.g. four chairs represented a car). The performers, throughout the play's duration, maintained an air of light-hearted mirth, "semi-mystery" and an unbroken pattern of well-pronounced, well-imitated, well-contained American accent. This one act play received a great applause.

Various other groups, participating, portrayed creditably. From an onlooker's and partaker's point of view, the function was thoroughly enjoyed.

### VERNERS PLEIKSNA, 4A.



## ACTING

Three weeks of daily rehearsals, mouth twisting and spluttering, managed to put us into some sort of shape for acting in a French play for "Education Day."

The evening before the great day, what with excitement, and what with fear of facing an audience, sleep was interrupted by night-mares of all the possible failures which I might face if I forgot my lines.

Finally the long expected day dawned and my fears vanished when I met my fellow actors and actresses together with our teacher.

Rehearsal took place immediately; followed by last minute preparations and additions to stage and lighting. After a hurried and excited lunch, we were all herded into a small cramped dressing room - preparations for the play were about to begin in earnest.

We lined up like sheep about to be shorn to get make-up on. After much frustration and peeping through the curtains at other plays, we were finally ready to act our play. I was fidgeting and nervous when it was time to make my first appearance. I pulled myself together, took a deep breath and stepped out onto the stage, with the bright lights glaring down on me, as if in a dream. As the play progressed I gained confidence and everyone agreed it was quite a success. I breathed with relief as I put on my daily clothes and took off my make-up.

Then we went to have an early tea and be back at the school for the evening session. This brought more excitement as we were to act now to a crowded hall. Our parents, anxious to hear us speak French were also present.

Again we went through the routine of lining up - having our faces smeared and lined with various make-up colours. Finally we acted our parts again under what seemed now much more glaring lights. The thought that all eyes were on me as I spoke my lines made me shake at the knees and tiny beads of perspiration cooled my forehead - but all this vanished when at the end we were applauded so heartily by an appreciative audience.

Tired, excited and relieved we all proudly made our way home but, little did I sleep that night, for the scenes kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind.

-- by KATHRYN PARSONS, IE.



## FORM 1A

Form Teacher: Mr. Pavlov.

Form Captains: Dianne Dixon, Tony Buc.

We think 1A is a wonderful form though we're not sure if the Headmaster would agree. TA is a mixture of the biggest brains and the biggest idiots in the school. Footballers, cricketers, dolts or professors, we have them all.

There is one person I am sure no-one will forget. He is no other than our "happy wanderer": to school he would come, but then he'd run off wandering all over St. Albans, when the wanderlust moves him.

As far as we can remember there hasn't been a day when someone hasn't been for a visit to the Headmaster. We would like to thank our Maths teacher for he was the one teacher who straightened us out the most. (We haven't improved very much though). I don't know how our Geography and Art teacher did it, but we would like to thank her for the way she put up with us. Our teacher of English also receives our thanks for keeping us merry during English (a thing no other teacher succeeded in doing while teaching us), but on the whole, the teachers and pupils have been simply wonderful apart from "few" squabbles and fights soon forgotten.

## FORM 1B

Form Teacher: Mr. Wilkinson.

Form Captains: Daria Hawdio, John Olmstead.

Our form is a reasonably good form even though we study hard and only half of us learn anything. I suppose we do give the teachers a few grey hairs. Some boys are loud but laughable and have loads of humour. Some of the teachers, one especially, must be sick and tired of us. But despite all of that we are grateful for the patience they have shown us and especially our form teacher.

## FORM 1C

Form Teacher: Mr. Sacharonock.

Form Captains: Olive Rowe, Jan Zawada.

In our first year at St. Albans High, the teachers have tried hard to humour us and are to be congratulated on their continued sanity (which is really remarkable, considering the wide range of our pupils). Mr. Sacharonock particularly has been very tolerant of our prankish ways - Congratulations to our form teacher.

Early in the year we were able to remain serious for a few moments and elected our form captains. The two "C's" have been ably assisted Nina Rjabenko and Colin White as vice captains.

As we rambled through the year, we gradually discovered that we really are not "a form of no hope." After all, we've got in our "monkey files" a genius by name of Nicholas, a couple of enjoyable nuisances - Ingrid Staple and Rhonda Williams and a capable artist and athlete named Henry Steigler.

We have enjoyed this year at our new school and we hope that all those who know us have enjoyed our company as much as we have enjoyed theirs. Goodbye till '60.

Please keep our "Monkey files" confidential; they are not for police inspection.



## FORM 1A

**First Row:** Lois Boswell, Leonie Carrick, Boleslaw Bogusiak, Tadeusz Broda, Robert Barker, John Biskupski, Kaye Ashlin, Ira Dworjanyn.

**Second Row:** Jeanette Connor, Margaret Bogucki, Lorraine Brown, Dianne Dixon, Dorothy Chandler, Olga Charlamow, Beverley Coe, Luba Certic, Alexandra Maga.

**Third Row:** Stuart Rodda, Marian Blahut, Claude Calandra, James Cadzow, Wladislaw Gawron, Stefan Hubik, Seigfried Anders, Jan Bojko, Janis Apinis, Richard Brotchie.

**Back Row:** Hans Jans2n, Allan Noble, Victor Eismontas, Tony Buc, Eugene Didus, Peter Andriewski, Victor Hluschko, Antonius Beckman, Steven Handocha.



## FORM 1D

Form Teacher: Mr. Lany.

Form Captains: Diane Carter, Barry Chapple.

Hi! This is Form 1D reporting from our form room, while teacher is not looking. There are 44 of us altogether, including form captains Diane Carter and Barry Chapple.

If, by chance, you happen to be passing by our form and you hear a weird, tuneless howling, do not mistake it for someone practising selling onions, nor for someone in pain - it is simply the effort of our one and only G. Cilia trying to sing -- Why! he even managed to have his smiling face printed in the local news-paper (No! Not for any criminal offence). He was simply helping in building the large bon-fire at Sunshine.

Though we are the second noisiest form of the school - we have had a very enjoyable time this year except during the eight periods of studying hard and learning nothing.

Our teachers have tried very hard and we believe somehow they have succeeded in their efforts to teach us something - to them goes our thanks and gratitude.

## FORM 1E

Form Teacher: Mrs. Kogon.

Form Captains: Ruth Vadas, Imants Pleiksna.

IE we remain to the end of this year; Few weeks of work determined to bear; A rough, though rowdy mob we are, Stretching some points but seldom too far - Occasions being often too fare.

At times an argument restraining flare But teacher's restraining hands are there To separate the mangling pair, Like a good father, advice is given, And all our faults kindly forgiven.

When maths come round we're dreadfully sad, For our answers send our poor teacher mad: When period is over he must surely feel glad. But art that short yet happy hour Sees pupils lose that face so sour.

Now we have come to the end of the year Each one striving for a chosen career. IE take heart and be of good cheer! Soon you'll forget your hard working days In the short seven weeks' school holidays.

## FORM 1G

Form Teacher: Mrs. Mill.

Form Captains: Sarah Hollingshead, Raylee Fisher.

Being all girls we chatter a great deal but we also form a group of happy, friendly girls; perhaps we are often accused of not shining in scholastic subjects but we have given our share of contributions towards our school.

We have contributed to a French play on Education Day; freely and gladly helped in supplying odds and ends to make the play successful. We have also had a cake and toffee stall in aid of the school tuck-shop.

We have had an enjoyable year. We think our teachers are wonderful; to them we extend our thanks for their help and tolerance during our first year at St. Albans High.



## FORM 1B

**Front Row:** (left to right) Maria Jaworski, Anna Ferens, Darya Hawdio, Katharina Van Bommel, Zenia Lipkewycz.

**Second Row:** Glenys Doak, Janina Jablonski, Beryl Hulme, Jane Edney, Krystina Grabias, Suzanne Lutge, Stanislaw Lanucha, Edda Endress, Jennifer Leheny, Maria Grass.

**Third Row:** Stephan Muc, Yaroslav Kaminyj, John Kasjan, Gustav Hrygaitis, Jan Orlinski, Slauko Nasarczyk, Louis Roszczyk, Peter Kuley, Peter Karlanek.

**Back Row:** Wieslaw Mielczarek, David Robinson, George Listopad, Luke Portier, Tony Mangion, Geoffrey Levey, Slawomir Koliba, Trevor King, Virgilius POSKUS, Denms Murphy.

## FORM 2A

Form Teacher: Mr. Mill.  
Form Captains; Irene Stroicz, John Majewski.

Our form, 2A, is very popular, especially Millie, our measles model, who is always tending to answer teachers back if she could get away with it. One of our teachers likes to call us by such names as Topsy, Tadpole, probably because our names may be difficult to remember and pronounce.

Despite our funny ways we are on the other hand, quite clever pupils; when treated right we are easy to get on with.

We do not lack characters; brightest stars in our form include: Juicy, the fighting sparrow (Why can't we do maths? You're always picking on me!); Lunar Lennie (from and always in space); Mighty (Matting) Collo; Dushing Dunk (Pocket Romeo); Marathon Reid (our best athlete); Fakir McLeod (our Oriental seat warmer); Rabbit Penza; Steph Sachon (Say it again); our dark haired parrot; Mexican Maria (our hot-t3mnered librarian); and a host of others which space alone cannot allow us to mention. No wonder with our great variety we hold such a unique position with our teachers.

Thank you Irene and John for your efforts on our behalf as form captains. To teachers who have borne with us in that rare virtue (patience), our thanks. We'll come back soon enough.

## FORM 2B

Form Teacher: Mr. Murphy,  
Form Captains: Eddie Lacinsky, Eve Richards.

Although we have driven some teachers to distraction, we're really quite a brainy form. We laugh at many jokes which strangely enough our teachers rarely find funny (teachers have no sense of humour during lessons). So we have earned the reputation of being the noisiest second form.

Our class is generally divided into four groups -- First, there are the hard swotting group who get the good marks and uphold the honour of our form. Unfortunately (for the teachers) they are very few. We name no names, but quite a number are a long way above us, (so they think), in other words, snobs.

Then there are the "Models" (these are not all girls). This group's main interests are lip-stick, plucked eye-brows, coloured belts and shoes. If the poor misguided children only knew what they looked like, they might stop of their own accord Let's hope their eyes will be opened before they begin to look like a Christmas pluck-ed chicken

The inevitable clowns form no small part of our class, there also we had better mention no names, (you'll guess them anyhow). About them we cannot say much but the teachers could. However, taken all together, we're quite a pleasant combination and most loyal to our school and grateful to our teachers who try to put us in some shape.



## FORM 1C

**Front Row:** Janice Rawlins, Wanda Taras, Maureen Lawton, Helen Maclean, Joan Taylor, Rhonda Williams, Katherine Szowed.

**Second Row:** Nina Rjabenko, Sandra Patten, Ludmilla Moszniaha, Sofia Szaokine, Judith Watson, Ingrid Staple, Olive Rowe, Angelina Shachow, Gizella Schwartz, Mary Richards.

**Third Row:** Willem Stolk, Jan Zawada, Jozef Włodarczyk, Richard Zabieglick, Colin White, Paul Turner, Henry Stiegler, John Setek, Anthony Wolczecki, Stanislaw Zawadzki, Claudius Temischanowitsch, Kazimierz Tekieli,

**Back Row:** Ray Sands, Reinis Stanislavskis, Vincent Yanczak, Paul Steinhart, Nicholas Woloszynowicz John Salmond, Rodney Toby, Jack Welstencroft, Hans Scheidruk Stephen Coughlin.

## FORM 2C

Form Teacher: Mr. Zahra.  
Form Captains: Rosemary Kiss, Joerg Dasler.

Form 2C are a lot of squares,  
Who sit round all day warming their chairs.  
Except one bodgie in the grade,  
Who always sings songs that Elvis made.  
Some times our heads are full of hay,  
We loaf and talk throughout the day.  
But though we have our ups and downs,  
And turn the teacher's smiles to frowns.  
We send them all our heartiest cheers.  
Hoping they'll stay here for many more years.

## FORM 2D

Form Teacher: Mr. Chilton.  
Form Captains: Joyce Gilham, John Overington.

Hello! This is form 2D speaking from cabin 13 on the good ship St. Albans High. Many thanks to our skipper, Mr. Chilton, who tried his best to turn us into good sailors, and to our two first mates, Joyce Gilham and John Overington for their co-operation.

We have sailed through the year quite smoothly with a few storms from Admiral Barker blowing his top rigging about our sailors jumping ship during manoeuvres, toeing the line, etc.

We are now very anxious for our ship to dock so that we can go on leave; but we'll come back to man it again next year to sail to un-known and unexplored regions of learning.

## FORM 2G

Form Teacher: Miss Kennedy.  
Form Captain: Sofia Demchyshn.

2G! Gee! how good that sounds. Look in on us and see what we're like. We're the best pupils in the school. 2G to the rescue if there are dishes to be done, walls to be washed, papers collected, flowers gathered, scraps eaten. We are proud to be called the impossible form to teach, 'but we aren't. That is the teachers' opinion. Our side of the matter is quite different.

If we get out of hand, it only shows that everyone knows what everything is about, and we all shout out the answers like a chorus of monkeys. That shows our intelligence (I sup-pose).

Poor Headmaster sitting in his office, knows exactly when at any time of the day somebody knocks, it's 2G. "Come in 2G" he says sorrowfully. I don't think there's a punishment we haven't tried out yet. All during the day there's a line of pupils waiting impatiently to receive their punishment which to them seems absurd, and unnecessary for they are all innocent little angels. Who are they? 2G of course.

With all the speech practice we get during the day, we are unquestioned champions. Look into the school yard, there we are, 2G, walking around in a daydream, noses in the air, elegant and unbeatable.

2G are wide mouthed chewers as well as everything else. All the poor teacher can see is a score of jaws frantically on the job, open mouths, and chewing, gum-covered tonsils staring him in the face.

- by JANINA ARNAVTOVIC (2G)



## FORM 1D

**First Row:** Jill Beaven, Maria Dyezakowska, Galina Dworecki, Teresa Bertucci, Nazifa Ajayoglu, Stefania Borucki, Sandra Clinch, Wanda Chabowski, Angela Burgess.

**Second Row:** Kathleen Chambers, Yaroslava Chalonin, Maree Dealy, Danuta Dwoznski, Diane Carter, Lesley Cox, Gania Bobrova, Jean McMullen, Glenice Nicholson, JaneDejanovic, Olena Dobrowolski.

**Third Row:** Arnaud Van Vinden, Richard Gorlo, Orlando Beltrame, Edward Gdowick, Herman Grixti, Adrian Flory, James Ford, Giuseppe Cilia.

**Fourth Row:** Barrie Chapple, Raymond Dureau, John Honey, John Heaviside, Leslie Ashley, John Black, Robert Mandich, Franz Sikorski, Robert Smith.

### FORM 3A

Form Teacher: Mr. D. ("now this is going to be hard to explain") Hill, our science teacher.

Form Captains: Girls, Janet Cocks; Boys: A "sweet" child by the name of Fred Honey (al-ways in a "sticky" situation).

Notes: We have had an enjoyable year (in parts) and are proud to inform you, dear reader, that we have added, at least an average of five grey hairs to each teacher (not counting the natural colour change over the year) and been responsible for many losses (of hair and teachers).

We would also like to add our thanks to the remaining persistent teachers who have tried to teach us the "Golden Rule," but with no marked success. All we have done is learnt the three "R's", namely Relaxation, Relaxation and more Relaxation, except with our teachers of Maths, Arith, Geog., French, Science, Art, and Cookery, Craft, English and History.

### FORM 3B

Form Teacher: Mr. Conroy.

Form Captains:

Joe Darrul (our champion athlete) Irene Kryzius.

This is form 3B giving you the facts and figures on the year's work (?). Ours is the smallest form in the school, but even so, we get lectured and shouted at by a countless number of teachers each day.

Working hard (?) in order to gain our Proficiency Certificates, we have tried hard not to annoy the teachers too much (?). If the boys in our class behave as they do, next year, well - alas!

Nobody can say that we haven't tried very hard (and no one can say we can).

Goodbye - will see you after the holidays, a little older, noisier, wiser ???

So long.

### FORM 4A

Form Teacher: Mr. Reid.

Form Captains: Doreen Gist, Jeff. Barlow.

The 4A's. That's us. Amble, amble, amble; always ambling. You know why? O'course you don't. Well this is how it "runs, dad."

We consist of 32 "Beats" conducted by a friendly ( ? ) and almost human "square nich." Let's see now . . . that makes us . . . Ah! yes . . . "Bohemians" - "dig the Beat?"

Now that you know who we are let's elaborate on that term - namely, "Beat." If you don't "catch" this crazy vocab all I can say is, "man" you're all "square." You're the opposite to the majority of us "Beats" who are real intellectual "frames, dad."

Enough about the 4A's, now for a "run-down on our zoot suit square." Well "dad", usually he "digs" us "Beats" an' he's a "Gas," but othertimes . . . "man", he's all "L7." His French vocab. though, that's one thing these studious "Beats" can't "digest" . . . sorry, understand. He's, how you say now, "out o' this world" at organising socials. But this year "dad" **we hope to have a "gas" of a ball.** "Dig" the hint "zoot"? "Crazy man, Crazy."

- 4A's MASTERPIECE.



### FORM 1G

**Front Row:** Helen Evangelidis, Heather Read, Shirley Townsend, Verna Neill, Janina Sachon, Gwenda Potter, Mailo Marchio, Sarah Hollingshead.

**Second Row:** Loretta Rennie, Joyce Fisher, Halina Hordziej, Ann Hall, Joan Hammond, Janet Glasheen, Judith Farnsworth, Irene Ruthowski, Nina Szuravlevicz.

**Third Row:** Roswitha Sammon, Theresa Ladun, Zvonka Gerbec, Victoria Gibajlo, Olga Tomy, Elizabeth Nyhius, Vera Erjavec, Ann Lewinski, Jamie Liddy.

**Back Row:** Hala Haidutschyk, Helen Sankey, Irene Nosal, Daniela Mroz, Gail Rothwell, Raylee Fisher.

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## FORM 4B

Form Teacher: Mr. Walsh.

Form Captains: Joe Figallo, Helga Szuveges.

Lydia and Hildergarde combine these two. They say they love Elvis, I don't believe it. Do you?

Pelly's a red-head; she acts sort of dumb,

But chicken's the bird she's got under her thumb.

Luba's the happy one; she's quite a wag,

She's got a pet saying, "I don't dig you dad."

Nina's got bugs; she says she'll never get through,

But the rest of the gang say they're in the same boat too.

Wendy, Dorothy, Elaine and Joan, Are quiet at school, but not at home. Joy, Elaine and Helga are the brains of the form, We're not good at writing poems, but we'll try to reform.

Gwenda's from Elwood; she joined us in the fall, She's a wizard at Precis and that's not all. Kratsis wants to take up singing all his life, He'll have to get better if he wants to care for a wife.

Gordon and Gerherd are aeroplane mad, They're going to be pilots, Well! I can't say I'm not glad.

Doug's for the girls; he's part of our clan, But we're afraid he'll never change into a man. Figallo's a runner about 5 ft. 2.

He's got a hair-cut you wouldn't find in the zoo. Well here is 4B signing off from room one, But our form master's troubles have only begun. If ever this poem gets into the "mag.",

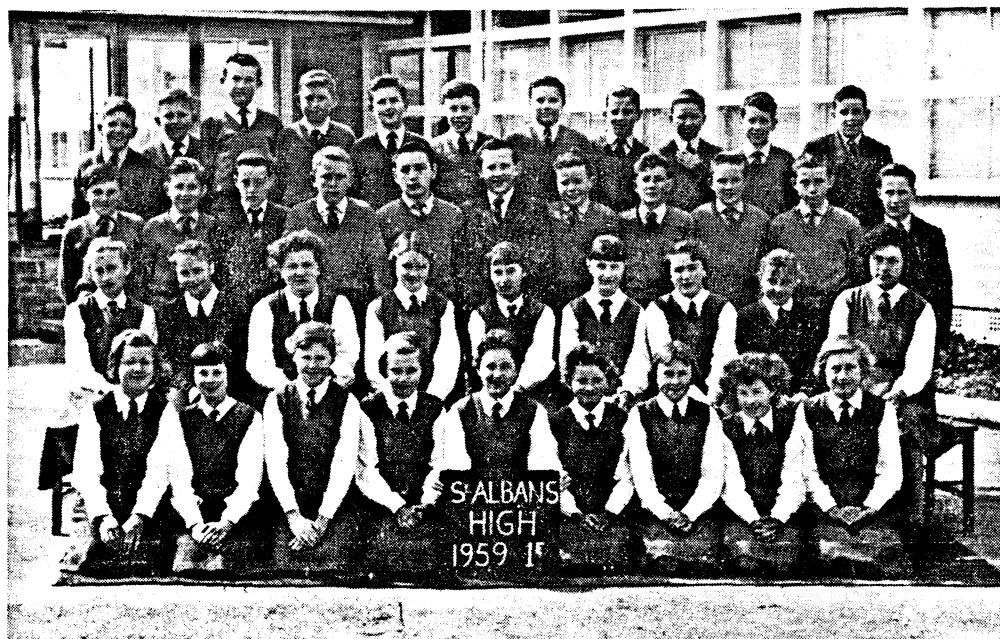
I'm afraid someone is going to look like a cad.

## TIT-BITS

In May we had a sporting visit to Drouin High School. We were safely on the train and speeding to Gippsland when we thought that w<sup>o</sup> had left behind two boys. After a thorough search we found that it was a false alarm only one boy had been left behind. He arrived though in the afternoon and was able to attend the social with the rest of us. The Drouin pupils beat us at tennis softball, vigaro and basketball but we beat them at football, so we didn't come home altogether unvindicated. Many new acquaintances were struck up and we hope to continue these when the Drouinites return our visit next year.

\* \* \*

During Education Week our school was thrown wide open to parents and visitors. Students' books and efforts were on display to critical audiences. As part of the program, two plays were put on for visitors - A French version of "Cinderella" performed by the first form, and "The Ugly Duckling" a comedy farce performed by fourth formers. As a special effort to promote sport we had some films on the Davis Cup and talks by "Chilla" Porter, Bob Henderson and Alan Clough. This was our most ambitious Education Week Display and it has certainly proved successful.



## FORM 1E

**First Row:** Cornelia Petersen, Olga Girzoff, Linetta Powell, Wanda Zilinski, Ruth Vadas, Mirosława Wludyka, Ann Pilbeam, Roma Perry, Krystina Wandek.

**Second Row:** Ursula Wisniewski, Victoria Walton, Kathryn Parsons, Consuelo Zorzenon, Roslyn Wright, Marisa Perati, Lily Walton, Yulka Vujovic.

**Third Row:** Tadeusz Jezierak, Eugen Kaczanowski, Daryl Palmer, Włodimir Kornienko, Włodimir Pajda, Imants Pleiksna, Donald McGuffie, Stanisław Maslak, Yuri Kivimets, Stefan Jurka, Barry Johns.

**Back Row:** Leon Kinnersley, Stan Korczynski, Stanisław Korkliniewski, James Ilott, Zenon Kolanowicz, Rex Meany, George Nosiara, Władysław Bugiera, Roman Kataryana, Daryl Keeble, Thomas McIntyre.

# HOUSE NOTES

## BOYS' HOUSE HIGHLIGHTS - 1959

This is the fourth year since Jacaranda and Kurrajong Houses were formed and the third since the inception of Waratah and Wattle Houses. When St. Albans High School commenced in the Presbyterian Church Hall, Sunshine, in 1956, there were a little over 50 boys attending, with the result that we could not have more than two houses. When we moved to our permanent school building in 1957, our numbers had risen to the century, so we chose two other Australian flowers to be the emblems of new houses. Today the four House Captains, Verners Pleiksna (Jacaranda), Robert Boorer (Kurrajong), Basil Listopad (Waratah) and Jack McMillen (Wattle) speak for nearly 300 boys, and having been with St. Albans since its humble 1956 beginning have the experience to express what to them has been the House Highlight for 1959.

## KURRAJONG

House Master: Mr. Wilkinson.

House Captain: Robert Boorer.

Mr. Wilkinson was appointed as our House Master for Kurrajong for 1959. R. Boorer was chosen House Captain, while George Listopad encouraged the first formers on to a successful sporting year.

All teams did their best, especially the tennis team, who kept their own with Waratah.

Naturally my highlight is a success story in which Kurrajong participated. It was the winning of the Athletics Sports for the third time by Kurrajong. We feel that we have the Individual quality to retain the honour of being Athletic Champions for quite a few years.

Another proud moment was a month later when Joe Darrul one of our house members, came third in the Champion of Champions Long Jump at Olympic Park. Indeed may it be said that our house has provided the talent and inspiration for other houses to follow, if they are to give of their best for the school.

Many of the boys from Kurrajong represent-ed the school in the Athletics Sports and did very well

I would also like to thank the boys of Kurrajong for their fine efforts on the sporting field.

## JACARANDA

House Masters: Mr. Reid, Mr. Conroy.

House Captain: Verners Pleiksna.

Vice Captain: Mitko Neskov.

My main comment on our House concerns the "marvellous help" and assistance the members have offered to their leaders. Although we do not possess many outstanding individualists, as a team or any sort of compact House group, I must proclaim that we have co-operated extremely well. This co-operation was best displayed in our House football matches, when from seemingly hopeless positions our "eighteen" functioned systematically bridging the gap or even winning.

Prospects for winning the cricket cup are very high; with John Mundy and Douglas Hopkins furthering our hopes and strengthen-



## FORM 2A.

**First Row:** Trautr Lozeris, Irene Stoicz, Elvira Kram2r, Cynthia Smith, Glenys Dennet, Hilda Hausen, Maria Stoicz.

**Second Row:** Milica Aralica, Monica Jabek, Krystina Bogusiak, Kristina Goralski, Jennette Bochnicek, Lydia Armour, Anna Kinash, Diane Waugh, Rhonda Blawuciak.

**Third Row:** Andrew Penza, Hector Seychell, PetroKewniuk, John Collins, Josf Stasiewicz, Wilfred Gaisenkersting, Bob Koliba.

**Back Row:** John Dundley, Peter Bachnik, George Urbaniak, Nicholas Marechal, Bruce Read, Roman Osadoch, Leonard Hunter.

## WARATAH

House Master: Mr. Hill. House Captains:  
Basil Listopad, George Shegedyn  
Cub Captain: Imants Pleiksna.

The House Master of Waratah for this year was Mr. Hill. Basil Listopad was appointed as house captain while George Shegedyn filled the role of vice captain. I. Pleiksna was elected to lead the first formers as they have their sports on a different day.

Waratah was fortunate this year for not many of its senior members had left school, and we got off to a good start when the cricket began. At the end of the first term we were coming second. This was achieved with the help of the juniors. Everyone in the tennis team was doing his utmost for the house, but as was to be expected, they had their share of "ups" and "downs."

The commencement of the second term saw our senior football team downing all opposition mainly because our players were more determined to win and went in after the ball, and also because of our better team-work. Of all the matches played Waratah lost only three.

During the athletics sports everyone showed their house spirit and did their utmost for his house. Unfortunately we were just not good enough to win and so we came third. Now that the cricket season is back we should do well and with the girls' help should win the shield.

-ing the grip we already have. Summing up, our hopes will not be curbed until we have been defeated. In regard to football, Jacaranda contested strongly and scored consistently throughout the season, but because of a mid-season lag defeat came to us in the finals. Here, I would like to praise some of the juniors for their unselfish and devoted play.

Cross-country running resulted in our winning three firsts, two seconds, a third and a fourth. We polled heavily for standards but declined when miscellaneous points were totalled.

Excluding marching, the athletics indicated that the cup could have been restored to the original "owners." Many of our competitors fared surprisingly well.

Bat tennis, captained by V. Stanislavskis and recently appointed M. Neskov have been the bulwarks in this field.

Because of a lack of reliable tennis enthusiasts, successes have not come in an easy manner to our team; although juniors, R. Coster and L. Cameron have helped a great deal to patch up our section of weakness.

Summarizing, I can only congratulate the House Masters for their services, the members for their willingness, the "Cub Master" J. Zawada and vice captain M. Neskov for their fanatical eagerness to assist the House.

-- VERNERS PLEIKSNA,  
House Captain.



### FORM 2B

**Front Row:** Rosemary Carson, Sandra Thomas, Renata Palakszt, Edith Janssen, Diana Bonnici.

**Second Row:** Velga Zvaigzne, Yadzia Kubasiewicz, Danuta Petrovic, Eva Jableki, Lydia Denisow, Irene Pietrzak, Eve Richards, Sneja Gunew.

**Third Row:** George Szwadiak, Kest Kulbys, Thrassos Caravatas, Victor Troszyi, Terry Duggan, Vincent Chomontowski, George Evangelidis, Geoffrey Jackson, Jesse Ruthowski.

**Back Row:** Edmund Lacinski, Wladimir Bobko, David Pringle, Mykola Bowkum, Franz Van Leewen, Robert Coster, Donald Ross, Ryzard Checinski, Orest Denys.

## WATTLE

House Master: Mr. Mill.

House Captains: Jack McMillen, Fred Honey.

At the commencement of this year, Mr. Mill was again appointed our House Master.

Jack McMillen and Fred Honey were elected captain and vice captain respectively, while the first formers, who have their own competition, elected Henry Stiegler Cub assistant.

After a bad start from loss of senior members who had left school, the senior cricket side went down to business and with the support of the juniors had a narrow lead at the end of the first term. As for tennis, they were taking their revenge for last year's defeat and were on top and in good form;

Second term saw the commencement of foot-hall, although the seniors were not so prominent the juniors jumped off to a great start winning all their matches 'until combined matches started and all credit must go to them for this feat. The climax arrived when a break in foot-ball came for the cross-country run. This is when the juniors really showed what they were worth; nearly everyone ran to try and win points for their house by completing the course, which is a gruelling one; which shows they have a very good House spirit. Special mention must be made of the open section in which the first three places were filled by Zebra, Curley and Mickey, whilst both senior and junior members filled places enabling us to win the cross country run.

When football resumed and the finals began we were third; in the first semi-final we defeated Kurrajong and then Jacaranda, in

the preliminary final giving us the right to challenge Waratah. In this game we failed to a better team who had not played as many hard games as we had in such a short time.

While all these other activities were taking place our tennis team was still continuing on their winning way Congratulations.

Third term and the Athletic Sports were held. In these we failed dismally, although we were victorious in the marching.

Now cricket has been resumed and we are going fairly well and are all hopes for the shield this year.

## HOUSE ATHLETICS

Sporting activities this year were varied and most interesting in regard to the many fine tussles between opposing Houses for valuable house points. Despite the general interest aroused throughout the sporting year, one was most impressed with our fourth annual House Athletic Meeting. This is said from an onlooker's and participator's view-point.

The school arena had been previously arranged and the scene set for the year's sporting highlight. Many hours of voluntary (school) labour were spent in preparations for the special day, being finally rewarded by the numerous spectators and the wrongly prophecized weather. Equally as many hours were withered away with constant drilling and marching.

Saturday, October 3 arrived. The pupils lined up behind their respective banners and from the barriers, marched symmetrically and carried themselves splendidly (well almost, anyway). Critical eyes were overshadowed by the spectacle before them and even



### FORM 2C -

**Front Row:** Helen Eisner, Vivien Hughes, Karola Marklein, Hilary Smith, Rosemary Kiss, Elizabeth Sweveges.

**Second Row:** Carla Van Leeuwen, Jennifer McKay, Sylvia Sierajewski, Stanislaw Szwostek, Carol Dusting, Anna Halila.

**Third Row:** Joerk Dasler, Les Cameron, Peter Tucker,

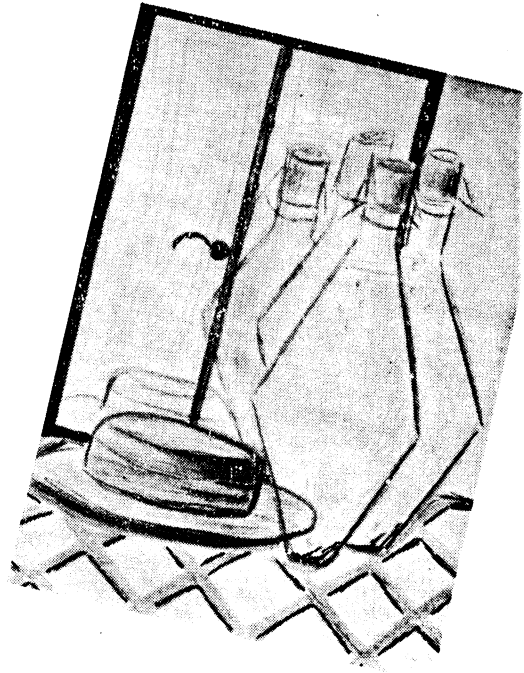
Wladislaw Antonowicz, Waclaw Borowski, Wladimir Grishin, Per Becker, Franz Richardts.

**Back Row:** Peter Thurgood, Anthony Laskowski, Bernard Kokot, Jan Dworecki. Michael Chabiera, Jerry Sawzuck, Dennis Kerr, Peter Plain, Wladimir Manic.

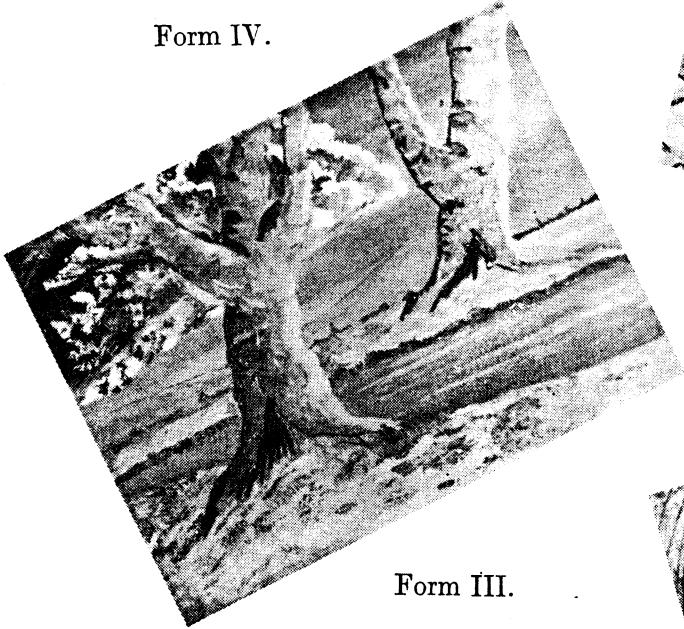




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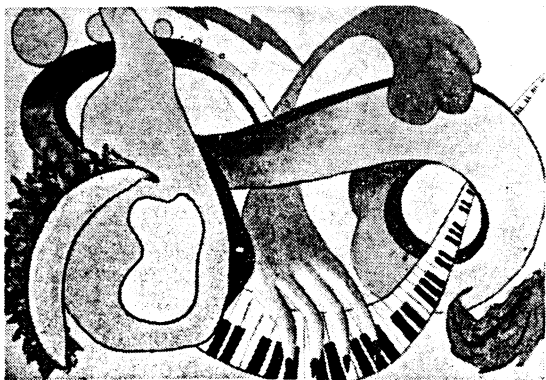
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Form III.



Form II.

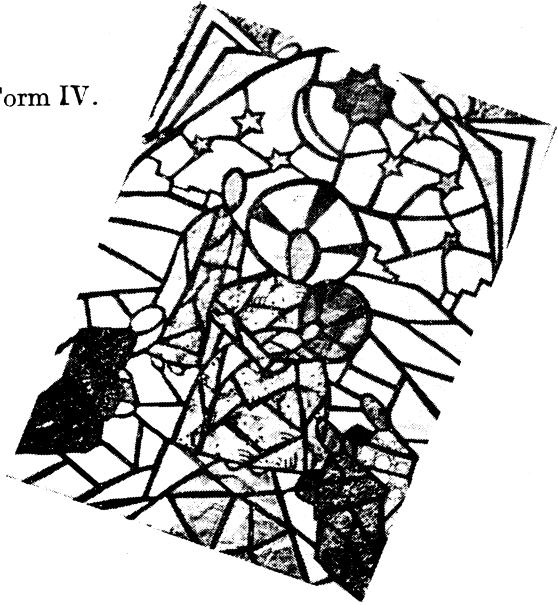


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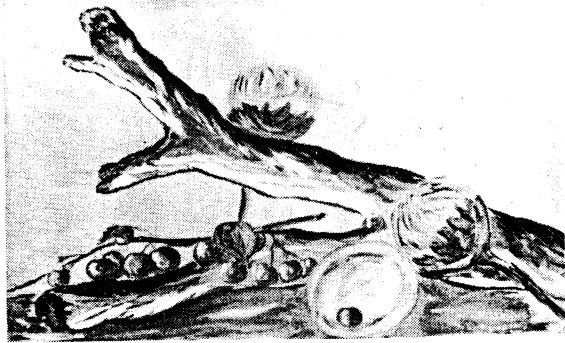
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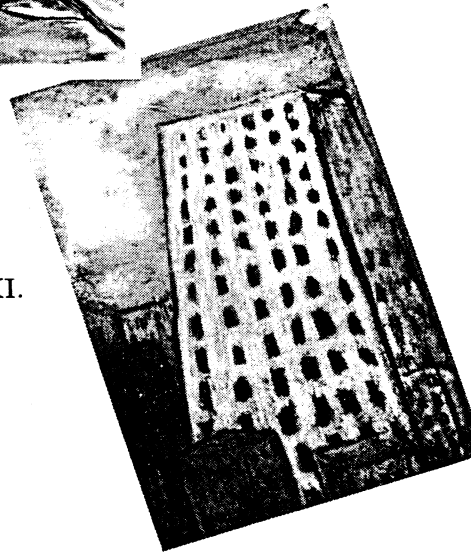
Form IV.



Form I.



Form II.



Form I.

most have been moved by the "sincerity" of the marchers. As they wheeled and tramped the arena, one felt inspired and was awed. Banners unfurled and flickered in the breeze and the House tables and allotted sections for members were colour-fully decorated with the appropriate colours. The Sports being officially opened, the cup for competition was placed where all could observe it. Then came the athletes themselves. Cheer after cheer reverberated through the school grounds. Shouts of glee and cries of encouragement built up to a crescendo at the conclusion, near-conclusion or announcement of results, and at the end of particular events. After the events were completed, the climax - the marching, began. Last year's winner, Kurrajong, had the honour of leading the other houses in their respective orders on to the marked-out marching area. The steady and stirring tempo of the drums plus the even patten of feet, kept the marchers in step. The boys, wearing their house sin-lets and shorts, and the girls in their tunics made it a colourful procession.

The results being finally totalled, judges and officials awarded points accordingly, with Kurrajong winning; Jacaranda second; Waratah third and Wattle fourth.

The efficient organization, the general programme made the meeting a tremendous success.

--VERNERS PLEIKSNA,  
(Jacaranda).

## CROSS – COUNTRY

Cross Country results:-

Under 14; 1, Unic Polonzak (War.); 2, Hartmut Kock (Jac.); 3, Roman Cholava (War.); 4, Robert Priest (Wat.).

Under 15: 1, Verners Pleiksna (Jac.); 2, J. Darul (Kur.); 3, A. Holland (Wat.); 4, G. Brown (Jac.).

Under 16: 1, Mitko Neskov (Jac.); 2, N. McIntyre (Kur.); 3, D. Thornton (Kur.); 4, T. Bojadjiff (Kur.).

Open: 1, R. Cairns (Jac.); 2, S. Zitterschlager (Jac.); 3, J. Figallo (Wat.); 4, G. Cameron (Kur.).

## FOOTBALL

The team consisted of J. McMillen (capt.), B. Listopad (vice capt.), V. Pleiksna, J. Radecki, V. Muc, J. Darul, J. Figallo, J. Barlow, A. de Vries, G. Shegedyn, M. Neskov, N. McIntyre, W. Citok, D. Hopkins, L. Labko, F. Honey, A. Holland, D. Thornton, R. Baran, T. Bojadjiff.

Results of matches: St. Albans d. Drouin H.S.; St, Albans d. Essendon H.S.; St. Albans d. Sunshine H.S.; St. Albans d. Sunshine Tech.; St. Albans d. Footscray H.S.; St. Albans d. Maribyrnong H.S.; St. Albans d. Niddrie H.S.; St. Albans d. Altona H.S.; St. Albans d. Oak Park H.S.; Williamstown d. St. Albans; Bacchus Marsh d. St. Albans.



## FORM 2D

**First Row:** Pat Clark, Margaret Barnes, Anne Kadre, Margaret Perry, Irene Dinak.

**Second Row:** Hedwiges Paasse, Maxime Wright, Christine Mil denhal, Danuta Punicki, Joyce Gilham, Caroline Hooper, Beth Taylor, Margaret Bloxham, Anna Hordejewski.

**Third Row:** Michael Kadniak, Rudolf Jakavicious, Josef Policouski, Ian Sharp, Reinhardt Bruhns, Norbert Richau, Michael Brumby, Bernhard Gerlinger, Eugen Frolchenko, Ray Chatterton.

**Back Row:** Alex Korinfski, Vladimir Bezborodoff, Henry Bajkiewicz, Wladislaw Deka, Michael Townsend, Christopher Arnold, Howard Jeffery, Christopher Dunkley, Brian Wale, Victor Mahorin.

# HOUSE NOTES

House Mistress: Mrs. Kogon.  
House Captain: Switlana Bohudski  
Vice Captain: Silvana Crespi.

## GIRLS' SECTION

### WATTLE

House Mistress: Mrs. Barker.  
House Captain: Vejuna Kepalas.  
Vice Captain: Julie English.

This year the girls of Wattle House have shown much interest and keenness in their various sports. At present the girls are endeavouring to win the Aggregate Shield.

On October 3, our inter-house sports were held at St. Albans High School. Wattle girls did their utmost to win. We were unable to obtain as many points as we would have liked. However, the day was pleasant and all the girls enjoyed themselves.

Congratulations to Kurrajong House for their splendid win and to Wattle girls for gaining fourth place. I would like to express my thanks to our house mistress, Mrs. Barker, who carefully guided us through the year, and also to our vice captain, Julie English.

Once again thanks to every girl in the house for making my year as captain such a happy one and the best of luck to you all in the years to come.

--VEJUNA KEPALAS.

At the beginning of this year we were invaded by a hoard of eager little beavers - the first formers. Surprisingly their enthusiasm has remained throughout the year much to the amazement of the immuned second, third and fourth formers.

During the winter season, Kurrajong excelled in softball, which was followed by the numerous victories of vigo matches in the summer months. Basketball matches could per-haps have b'en more successful if we had star players like "Skinny Mac" and Joe Darrul in our team instead of the football team.

With the coming of the third term, the winning of the Inter-House Athletic Cup was Kurrajong's main aim. The victories of the previous two years gave the competitors the incentive to train eagerly and continuously for this year's athletics, attaining the most sought after place - FIRST. Yaroslava Chaloinin, Rosemary Car-son, and Eve Richards excellent in the sprint, helping Kurrajong win those vital points.

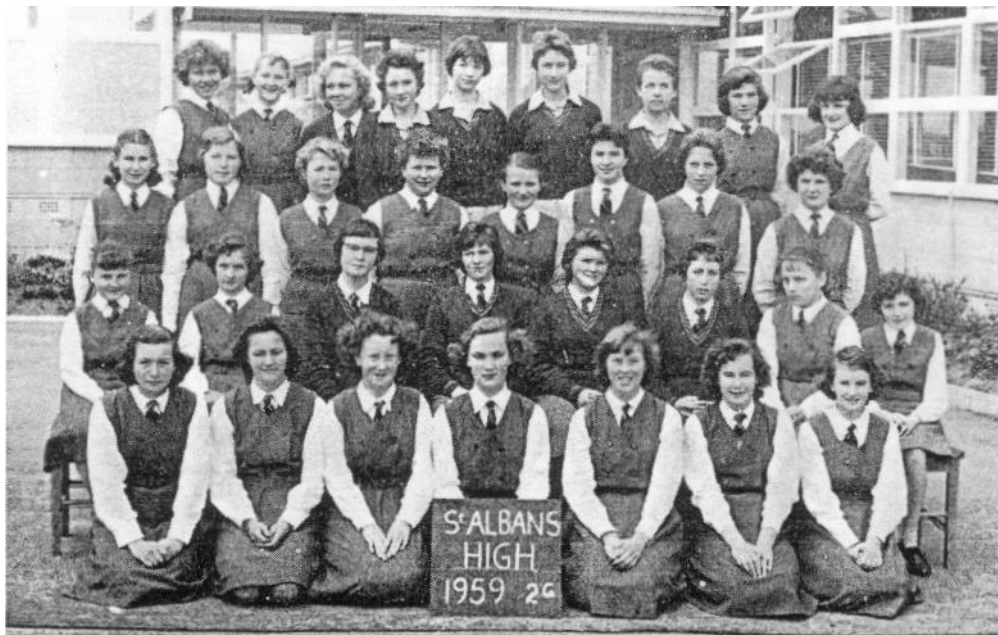
Kurrajong was well represented in the girls' inter-school athletic team which competed in the combined sports held at Olympic Park.

Congratulations are to be offered to all House members who tried so enthusiastically through-out the sporting year.

Many thanks to Mrs. Kogon for her guidance and encouragement come from the girls of Kurrajong House.

--SWITLANA BOHUDSKI,

## KURRAJONG



### FORM 2G

**First Row:** Wala Kud, Janette Morrison, Lesley Halliwell, Monica Jessinghaus, Eileen Mison, Glenda Barlow, Maureen Cooke.

**Second Row:** Golowka Lili, Lesley Grenfell, Hannelore Henschke, Eva Hermann, Regina Kurach, Marlyn Newman, Maria Babicz, Lynette Grant.

**Third Row:** Krystina Grabowski, Helen Lang, June Mudford, Vera Dziuba, Larissa Dubina, Sofia Demchyshyn, Johanna Beynon, Carolyn Biele.

**Back Row;** Maria Wedminski, Janina Arnavtovic, Maria Korinsky, Corine Gallaway, Nina Ostopev, Toni Easton, Maria Brzozowski, Sultana Anatassiadis, Alfrieda Dryja.

## JACARANDA

House Mistress: Mrs. Mill.  
House Captain: Nina Diakanov.  
Vice Captain: Vanda Viti.

To commence this year we received a deluge of first formers who have made themselves well heard if not well known in the sporting field.

Throughout the winter season we were proudly represented in practically every team game, especially basketball at which Jacaranda seems always to excell. To supplement this we were well represented in softball, hockey, vigaro and tennis throughout the two seasons.

With the coming of the third term the tar-get became the athletics. The girls trained conscientiously during mornings and lunch-times, especially our first formers, who responded so willingly and eagerly that a captain or vice-captain, arriving at practice at what she considered an unearthly hour, would be confronted by a crowd of first formers who claimed to have been waiting "for hours."

With all this enthusiasm we raised ourselves to the exalted position of second in the athletics and discovered some promising athletes in G. Denneth, J. Dijanovic and M. Lawton. To follow this we had a number of representatives among the inter-school athletes with House Captain "Ninushka" - Nina Diakanov winning brilliantly in both the field and track events.

Without our cheerful bunch of girls, the good House Captain and the helpful House Mistress, this year would not have run so smoothly and on behalf of the House Captain, I would like

to thank the girls for being such grand sports and Mrs. Mill for giving us all the help and encouragement throughout the year.

-- VANDA VITI, Vice Captain.

## WARATAH

House Mistress: Overseas.  
House Captain: Glenys Pell.  
Vice Captain: Rosalie Hermann.

Waratah House has had an enjoyable year under the leadership of Glenys Pell and Rosalie Hermann.

At the beginning of the year Waratah once again had the task of choosing her first form recruits who have shown their eagerness for sport throughout the terms.

We practised enthusiastically for the House Sports, being rewarded with third place. Our sporting talent is represented in all school teams, particularly tennis.

All Waratah members are very proud of winning the Aggregate Shield in 1958 and hope to repeat this success again this year.

## INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

### TENNIS

Team: Doreen Gist, Jennifer McKay, Janet Cox, Gwenda Rowsell, Joy Deveson, Dorothy Ihlenfeld, Margaret Smedley, Jennifer Gray.

Results: Williamstown d. St. Albans; Drouin d. St. Albans.



### FORM 3A

**Front Row:** Janet Cocks, Ray Andrews, Evelyn Vrocm, Jillian Beckett, Margaret Dusting.

**Second Row:** Janet Cox, Rhonda Freeland, Bozena Zivkovic, Annamaria Kasser, Noeline Carrick, Maureen Johns.

**Third Row:** Giuliano Castagna, Mitko Neskov, Trevor Allen, Albert De Vries, Barry McCulloch, Hartmut Koch, Tilo Bojadjieff.

**Back Row:** John Warring, Roman Cholava, John Kocourek, John Grover, Enver Bajraszewski, Dugald Docherty, Robert Priest.

## BASKETBALL

First team: Drouin d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Maribyrnong; Oak Park d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Bacchus Marsh; St. Albans d. Niddrie; Footscray d. St. Albans; Essendon d. St. Albans; Williamstown d. St. Albans.

Second team: St. Albans d. Maribyrnong; Footscray d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Sunshine; Oak Park d. St. Albans; Williamstown d. St. Albans; Niddrie d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Essendon; St. Albans d. Bacchus Marsh.

## SOFTBALL

First team: St. Albans d. Sunshine; St. Albans d. Williamstown; St. Albans d. Maribyrnong; St. Albans d. Oak Park; St. Albans d. Bacchus Marsh; Drouin d. St. Albans; Footscray d. St. Albans; Sunshine d. St. Albans; Essendon d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Williamstown.

Second team: St. Albans d. Williamstown; St. Albans d. Maribyrnong; St. Albans d. Oak Park; St. Albans d. Bacchus Marsh; St. Albans d. Footscray; Sunshine d. St. Albans; Niddrie d. St. Albans; Sunshine d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Williamstown.

## HOCKEY

St. Albans d. Sunshine; Williamstown d. St. Albans; Footscray G. d. St. Albans; Essendon d. St. Albans.

## VIGARO

St. Albans d. Sunshine; Drouin d. St. Albans.

## HOUSE ATHLETICS RESULTS

### BOYS' OPEN

**100 yards:** 1, G. Cameron (Kur.); 2, J. Figallo (Wat.); 11.2 secs.  
**220 yards:** 1, G. Cameron (Kur.); 2, S. Zitterschlager (Jac.); 24.2 secs.  
**440 yards:** 1, G. Cameron (Kur.); 2, S. Zitterschlager (Jac.); 62.2 secs.  
**880 yards:** 1, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 2, D. Thornton (Kur.); 2-28.1 secs.  
**One mile:** 1, N. McIntyre (Kur.); 2, R. Cairnes (Jac.); 5-40.6 secs.  
**Discus:** 1, J. Radecki (Wat.); 2, R. Szczudlinski (War.); 98' 3".  
**Shot Putt:** 1, B. Listopad (War.); 2, M. Neskov (Jac.); 32' 6".  
**Javelin:** 1, J. Radecki (Wat.); 2, T. Bojadjieff (Kur.); 104' 11".  
**High Jump:** 1, B. Listopad (War.); 2, T. Bojadjieff (Kur.); 5'.  
**Broad Jump:** 1, J. Radecki (Wat.); 2, M. Neskov (Jac.); 16' 3".  
**Hop, Step and Jump:** 1, N. McIntyre (Kur.); 2, J. Kocerek (Jac.); 37' 1".  
**Relay:** 1, Kurrajong; 2, Jacaranda; 52.7 secs.

### BOYS UNDER 16

**100 yards:** 1, J. Darul (Kur.); 2, J. Pay (Kur.); 11.5 secs.  
**220 yards:** 1, J. Darul (Kur.); 2, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 24.4 secs.  
**High Jump:** 1, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 2, J. Darul (Kur.); 5' 1".  
**Broad Jump:** 1, J. Darul (Kur.); 2, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 17' 4".



## FORM 3B

**First Row:** Katarina Lomen, Irene Kryzius, Veronica Sryter, Carole Landers.  
**Second Row:** Dorothy Frecknall, Radmila Frecknall, Pat Rees, Maria Polnikier, Androulla Joannou, Robyn McNiven.  
**Third Row:** Godfrey Lambert, Ron Coupland, Tom Ciesniewski, Joe Darul, Robert Cairnes.  
**Back Row:** Jim Patterson, Garry Brown, Alan Holland, Charles Venes, Unick Polonzak, Jeff Rodgers, Peter Fed or.

**Hop, Step and Jump:** 1, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 2, J. Darul (Kur.); 37'9".

**Shot Putt:** 1, J. Collins (War.); 2, R. Szczudlinski (War.); 29' 2".

**Relay:** 1, Kurrajong; 2, Jacaranda; 53.1 secs.

### BOYS UNDER 15

**100 yards:** 1, A. Holland (Wat.); 2, R. Boorer (Kur.); 11.9 secs.

**220 yards:** 1, A. Holland (Wat.); 2, R. Boorer (Kur.); 28.9 secs.

**High Jump:** 1, R. Boorer (Kur.); 2, G. Brown (Jac.); 4' 10".

**Broad Jump:** 1, R. Boorer (Kur.); 2, G. Brown (Jac.); 16' 2".

**Hop, Step and Jump:** 1, R. Boorer (Kur.); 2, A. Holland (Wat.); 34' 7".

**Crossball:** 1, Wattle; 2, Jacaranda.

**Tunnel ball:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Kurrajong.

**Relay:** 1, Kurrajong; 2, Jacaranda; 56.0 sec.

### BOYS UNDER 14

**100 yards:** 1, H. Steigler (Wat.); 2, P. Tucker (Jac.); 12.3 secs.

**220 yards:** 1, H. Steigler (Wat.); 2, P. Tucker (Jac.); 28.1 secs.

**Broad Jump:** 1, H. Steigler (Wat.); 2, P. Tucker (Jac.); 14' 1";

**High Jump:** 1, H. Steigler (Wat.); 2, D. Pringle (War.); 4' 8".

**Relay:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Wattle; 57.2 sec. **Crossball:** 1, Waratah; 2, Wattle.

**Tunnel ball:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Kurrajong.

### BOYS UNDER 13

**100 yards:** 1, T. King (War.); 2, J. Cadzow (Jac.); 13.3 secs.

**75 yards:** 1, T. King (War.); 2, D. Palmer (Jac.); 10.0 sec.

**Tunnel ball:** 1, Waratah; 2, Jacaranda. **Crossball:** 1, Waratah; 2, Kurrajong.

**Relay:** 1, Waratah; 2, Jacaranda; 63.9 sec.

**High Jump:** 1, D. Palmer (Jac.); 2, J. Cadzow; 4' 1".

### GIRLS' SENIOR EVENTS:

**Open Discus Throw:** 1, N. Diakonow (Jac.); 2, I. Krizius (Wat.); 51' 11".

**Open 75 yards:** 1, N. Diakonow (Jac.); 2, S. Bohudski (Kur.); 9.5 sec.

**Open 100 yards:** 1, N. Diakonow (Jac.); 2, S. Bohudski (Kur.); 12.7 sec.

**Open 220 yards:** 1, N. Diakonow (Jac.); 2, S. Bohudski (Kur.); 28.0 sec.

**Open Relay:** 1, Wattle; 2, Jacaranda; 62.1 secs

**Senior High Jump:** 1, C. Coupe (Kur.); 2, V. Kepalas (Wat.); 4'3".

**Senior Basketball Passing:** 1, Wattle; 2, Jacaranda; 76.8 secs

**Senior Hockey Race:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Waratah; 2'-41.9 secs.

**Senior Diamond Throw:** 1, Wattle; 2, Waratah; 12.5 secs.

### GIRLS UNDER 15

**100 yards:** 1, J. Gilham (Wat.); 2, J. Cox (War.); 12.7 secs.

**75 yards:** 1, J. Gilham (Wat.); 2, J. McKay (Kur.); 9.8 secs.

### GIRLS UNDER 14

**100 yards:** 1, Y. Chalonin (Kur.); 2, E. Richards (Kur.); 13 secs.

**Skipping 75 yards:** 1, Y. Chalonin (Kur.); 2, R. Carson (Kur.); 10.2 secs.

**Relay (4 x 100 yards):** 1, Kurrajong; 2, Waratah; 63.1 secs.



### FORM 4B

**Front Row:** Lidia Bork, Donata Gerbec, Dorothy Ihlenfeld, Wendy Hounslow, Rosalie Hermann, Gwenda Roswell, Joan Lewis.  
**Second Row:** Hildegard Akkermann, Joy Deveson, Glenys Pell, Luba Petrowic, Helga Szuveges, Nina Diakanov, Anna Diakun, Emilia Pobieca, Elaine Stephenson, Jennifer Gray, Claudia Coupe.  
**Third Row:** Peter Shambre, Joseph Figallo, Victor Pliaskin, Douglas Markham, Gordon Cameron, Gerhard Shaller, Mr. Walsh (School Teacher), Richard Szczudlinski, John Mundy, Andreas Kratsis, Wladimir Muc, Leon Labko.

## GIRLS UNDER 13

**100 yards:** 1, O. Rowe (War.); 2, H. Smith (War.); 13.8 secs.

**75 yards:** 1, O. Rowe (War.); 2, L. Mosec (Wat.); 10.4 secs.

**Skipping, 75 yards:** 1, L. Cox (War.); 2, J. Dejamabic (Jac); 10.8 secs.

**Relay (4 x 100 yards):** 1, Waratah; 2, Jacaranda; 64.0 secs.

## GIRLS JUNIOR EVENTS

**Basketball Passing:** 1, Wattle; 2, Kurrajong; 16.8 secs.

**Diamond Throw:** 1, Kurrajong; 2, Jacaranda; 13.1 secs.

**Hockey Race:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Kurrajong; 2-41.9 secs.

**High Jump:** 1, M. McCulloch (Wat.); 2, Y. Chaloin; 4' 41".

**GIRLS MARATHON RELAY:** 1, Jacaranda; 2, Waratah; 4-43.0 secs.

## TENNIS

The boys of the School tennis team are: T. Smith (capt.), R. Szczudlinksi, J. Pay, R. Priest, E. Lacinski, L. Thurgood, R. Boorer, R. Evans.

Results of matches: Sunshine d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Maribyrnong; Williamstown d. St. Albans; St. Albans d. Williamstown; Drouin d. St. Albans; Bacchus Marsh d. St. Albans; Essendon d. St. Albans.

## CRICKET

Cricket was this year played with keen interest although we were defeated in our first match by Williamstown. In this match Norm McIntyre led his side well by top scoring. John Mundy was the best bowler. Other team members were Robin Baron, Fred Honey, Doug. Hopkins, Robert Priest, John Radecki, John Collins, Jack McMillen, Trevor Allen, Unick Polonzak and Dennis Thornton.

## PERSONALITY PARADE

### IN FORM 4A AND 41B.

Person:- **Verners Pleiksna.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Yee-ee-eh !" (In a questioning tone).  
Favourite Dream:- "Burning" up the track at the Rome Olympics.  
Dream in Reality:- Burning up admittance tickets after a day's events.

Person:- **Bella Ajayoglu.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Sir, that's wrong! "  
Favourite Dream:- First woman to be fired into space.  
Dream in Reality:- First woman to be fired because of air-sickness.

Person:- **Terry "Cedric" Smith.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Ooh, ah hate yeeou!"  
Favourite Dream:- To be a nuclear physicist in a white coat.  
Dream in Reality:- An IC.I. window-cleaner in a white coat.

Person:- **Andreas Kratsis.**  
Favourite Saying:- "You don't mean that . . . Oh, you do!"  
Favourite Dream:- Leading operatic singer in London.  
Dream in Reality:- Leading salesman for "SINGER" in Timbuctoo.

Person:- **Doreen "Mother" Gist.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . . "  
Favourite Dream:- Tall, dark and handsome.

Dream in Reality:- Tall, bald and gruesome.  
Person:- **Jennifer Bruce.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Yi-hee . . ." (Soprano).  
Favourite Dream:- Splashing paint on canvas.  
Dream in Reality:- Splashing water on windows (Official window cleaner at the National Gallery).

Person:- **Jeff Barlow.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Don't be a cod."  
Favourite Dream:- Primary School Teacher.  
Dream in Reality:- Primary School Cleaner.

Person:- **Glenys Pell,**  
Favourite Saying:- "Ooooh . . , Georgs !! !" (In ecstasy).  
Favourite Dream:- George (a local).  
Dream in Reality:- George (Liberace's brother)

Person:- **Vladimir Muc.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Oh those Mongolian women! "  
Favourite Dream:- Driving a Mongolian taxi.  
Dream in Reality:- Driving a yak in the Upper Andes.

Person:- **Frances Zeglinski.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Sir, why couldn't it be -"  
Favourite Dream:- Chief Chemist at C.S.I.R.O.  
Dream in Reality:- Chief charley and bottle-washer at Mario's.

Person:- **Hildergarde Akkerman.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Isn't he wonderful!" (When talking of Elvis).  
Favourite Dream:- President of Elvis Presley Fan Clubs.  
Dream in Reality:- President of the "Mozart, Bach and Mendelsshon Fan Club Incorporated." (Founded in the 19th century).

Person:- **Borut Vadnjal.**  
Favourite Saying:- "What do you know about aeroplanes?"  
Favourite Dream:- Chief test pilot for the R.A.A.F.  
Dream in Reality:- Chief toy-aeroplane de-signer for Myers.

Person:- **Joy Deveson.**  
Favourite Saying:- None!  
Favourite Dream:- Secretary to Ricky Nelson.  
Dream in Reality:- Secretary to R.B.

Person:- **Vambola Stanislavskis.**  
Favourite Saying:- "Not necessarily . . ." or "What an Arab" (When exasperated).  
Favourite Dream:- Aide-de-camp to the best lawyer in Australia.  
Dream in Reality:- Aide-de-camp to the most famous S.P. bookie in Australia.

Person:- **Pauline Slawitchka.**  
Favourite Saying:- Lost amongst the giggles.  
Favourite Dream:- To be a film star.  
Dream in Reality:- The voice for the Giggles McGillecuddy cartoons.

Donated by ...

**PAYNE'S BON MARCHE**  
St. Albans



# Original Contributions

## "GHOSTS ARE HERE TO STAY"

Grant Basille was a confidence man. He cheated people of their money and sometimes men of their wives. Such was the state of affairs this warm morning as he surveyed his somewhat handsome countenance in his bath-room mirror and thought of his latest affair, this time with a wealthy banker's wife. He picked up a tube of toothpaste and as he spread its contents on a tooth-brush, he laughed sarcastically at its name - "Inklemyers Toothpaste." A ring on his front-door bell interrupted his pleasant thoughts and replaced them with harsh ones: "Why the heck does someone have to call when my mouth's full of 'paste."

Another shrill jangle resounded as the nozzle of an automatic was pressed on the bell. Furiously, Basille stomped to the door, the foam of the toothpaste still clinging to his lips and teeth. He flung wide the door, opened his mouth to speak, and then stared dumbly at the black object in his caller's hand.

"N-n-now . . . look . . . you won't settle anything that way . . ." Basille's plea for mercy ended abruptly as two bullets thudded into his chest. As the murderer hastily left the scene, Basille's lifeless body slid to the floor taking articles of furniture with it; and the steady spurts of blood which erupted from the side of his mouth mingled with the toothpaste to form a rich pinkish substance which covered his mouth and stained the carpet.

A year later, and the murder of our "former friend" was still unsolved, mainly because the chief suspect, a wealthy banker, had a perfect alibi.

This same banker, Theodore Keppe, was travelling on the St. Albans Express. He was only forty, but the worries of his business had lined his flat, squat face until it resembled a wrinkled sponge. He was lounging on his comfortable seat, his athletic body sprawled relaxedly, when a man spoke to him.

"Excuse me, is this seat available?" "Certainly," replied Keppe.

The thing that attracted Keppe's attention to this newcomer was his appearance. Keppe laughed to himself as the thought struck him that his travelling companion, without his moustache, looked exactly like Basille. At the thought of that trickster, a queer smile twisted Keppe's lips. Another thing that startled Keppe was the fact that his neighbour had brilliant pink lips which contrasted with his sallow complexion.

As is usual on a long and tiring journey, the two men started talking, and as the time wore on, Keppe, although not a superstitious man, started to feel uneasy. Everything about his companion reminded him of Basille, even to the last details of pulling his ear when he laughed. Then Keppe's mouth went dry and he shifted nervously as his companion explained that as a crime-



### FORM 4A

**Front Row:** Silvana Crespi, Sweetlana Bohudski, Frances Zeglinski.

**Second Row:** Beverley Barnes, Julie English, Vejuna Kepalas, Edeltraut Seseck, Jennifer Bruce, Doreen Gist, Margaret Smedley, Vanda Viti.

**Third Row:** Silvo Zitterschlager, Vladimir Citok, Douglas McCubbin, Leslie Thurgood, Basil Listopad, John Radecki, George Shegedyn, Jeff Barlow.

**Back Row:** Borut Vadnjaj, Graham Stagg, Jack McMillen, Verners Pleiskna, Terry Smith, Douglas Hopkins, Vambola Stanislavskis, Norman McIntyre Jeffrey Pay.

-reporter, he had covered the murder of a confidence man name Grant Basille. Then, before either of them could say anything else, the steward appeared through the doorway.

"Would you like anything before tea, Mr. Keppe?"

"No thanks," As the steward turned to go, Keppe's voice, a mixture of anger and uneasiness, stopped him.

"Aren't you going to ask my companion what he wants?"

"Ask who, sir?" questioned the steward, thinking this the beginning of a joke. But his assumption was abruptly proved wrong by Keppe's next words.

"Why this man next to me, you dope!"

"I'm sorry sir," replied the now angry steward, "but I'd like to correct you there twice - I am not a dope, and there is no-one sitting next to you!"

Before the steward could move out of the carriage, Keppe sprang at him and shrieked:

"He's there I tell you, there in the seat ...!"

He suddenly quietened down and slowly turn-ed his eyes till they saw the reporter smiling at him. Keppe's self-control finally snapped and he rushed at the seat. The steward's eyes bulged as Keppe seemed to be bending over the seat with his hands gripped together in a choking grasp. The veins on his hands stuck out like strange blue growths writhing across white skin. After a few moments, keppe relaxed his grin and as the steward stood terrified, he shrieked,

"He's still smiling at me!"

Looking for some escape, Keppe flung open the door of the speeding express and jumped out as it sped over a bridge. The steward grab-bed the emergency cord and the train screeched to a halt.

A few carriages further up the train, a young child was staring out of the window at a large factory:

"Why have we stopped, Mum?"

Not receiving a satisfactory answer, the child asked another question of its mother:

"What does that big sign say, Mum?"

"Oh, only 'Inklemyer's Toothpaste Factory' dear. Now get down from that window."

One thing that the police couldn't explain was discussed in all the newspapers next day. It was the fact that although the rest of Keppe's body was 'blue when pulled out of the river, the area around its mouth glowed with a pink colour. No amount of washing would remove this strange colour, and so Keppe was buried with a very pink mouth. ,

- V. STANISLAVSKIS, 4A.

### THE FALLING LEAVES

Walking through the forest, I noticed a wrinkled, russet coloured leaf float lifelessly to the ground. My mind wandered to the brazen coloured beauty of Nature's autumnal carpet.

The old gnarled trees seemed to be Mother Nature's servants, bending to her wishes and swaying to her orders. I gazed pensively at the beauty before me, the dew-besprinkled grass, gleaming in the warm, morning sun. This was Autumn at the height of its beauty.

I strolled lazily towards an enormous oak tree, towering majestically towards the blue, almost cloudless sky. With the fresh fragrance of Autumn in my mind I skipped joyfully away.

by ROSEMARY KISS, 2C.

### SATIRE ON "C"

Mr. C. it is easy to see,  
Is always fit for a joke.  
His wit is so quick,  
That he often plays tricks,

With the names of "stewed-ants" he provokes.  
During the year he has worked us so hard,  
That he's driven us into the ground. .  
We write so fast that the fast ones are slow.  
And the slow just don't stay round.

He's such a slick chick,  
The promoters were quick  
To find him an elegant school.  
We now can relax  
There's no energy tax -  
With him safely out of the school.

-- D. MARKHAM, 4B.

### HOLLYWOOD DIS-ENCHANTMENT

The ship arrives at Long Beach Harbour early in the morning. There are many U.S. Naval Ships in the harbour, but the most prominent feature is the innumerable oil pumps and derricks which are literally placed every few yards over the landscape, even in back yards, and one is operating in the centre of a busy highway.

After breakfast, tourist buses arrive at the ship's side to take passengers for a sight-seeing tour of Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The bus cruises along modern highways to Los Angeles, which is twenty-one miles from Long Beach. Los Angeles is a large, busy, city, with many highways, by-passes and fly-overs to and from the city.

The bus driver points out to the passengers the University of California, off Sunset Boulevard, the homes of various film stars (including Dinah Shore; Rosemary Clooney, Liberace, Lucille Ball), and well-known buildings in Los Angeles, including Graumanns Chinese Theatre. A halt is made for lunch at Farmers Market, the shopping centre of many film stars, but none were recognised, if they were there.

After lunch the bus travels to Universal-International Film Studios, via Sunset Strip. Passengers are not permitted to leave the bus as it tours the studios, or take pictures. This is understood after the visit. Everything is fake!

One street is lined with various types of houses, with front gardens, fences, curtains and blinds at the windows, but nothing behind the front except supporting scaffolding. A "palm" tree is in three sections; battleships are three feet long; the tank for filming underwater scenes is oval and slightly larger than an average bathroom, with windows in the side; and the studios do not possess one complete aeroplane, only sections of various types of aircraft. The main street of a Western town is lined with derelict front of buildings, including many saloons. The horses and mules in the corral are real! A genuine Mississippi paddle steamer is marooned in a duck-pond! Indoor scenes are filmed in large aeroplane-type hangars. The grounds of the studios are choc-a-block with paper-mache and plaster of Paris scenery, eg., a waterfall for Western films, canyon walls, rocks, fireplaces, the Tower of London (an abandoned castle). Staircases are real, of wood or iron.

A visit to a Hollywood film studio is a revelation!

by FRANCES ZEGLINSKI, 4A.

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Donated by: Family Butcher and Delicatessen for "First Quality Meat" 54 Alfrieda St., St. Albans.

## A CAREER FOR YOUR CHILD

The next few years will see a tremendous increase in the number of fifteen year olds coming on to the labour market. In 1958, 144,000 Australian children reached the age of 15 years, but by 1962 this number will have grown to 215,000.

What will be the effect of this huge and rapid increase on the employment opportunities for children leaving school? There is no doubt that the expansion of Australian business and industry will create many new openings. It does seem, however, that employers will be able to demand higher standards from the children seeking jobs in the years to come.

What will employers want in the future? They will demand an increasingly higher level of education among the people they employ. The teenager who has been able to stay longer at school, and who has reached a higher educational standard, will be more likely to get a worthwhile job.

Parents are strongly advised to steer their children away from dead-end unskilled jobs which offer comparatively high wages at the start, but which present few opportunities for advancement.

Skill in some profession or trade, gained through education and training, is the best way to secure a successful working career.

The professions such as Medicine, Law, Science, Architecture, Dentistry and Engineering generally require education to Matriculation standard, followed by three to six years University training. Technical subjects, such as the Sciences, Architecture and Engineering may also be studied at Senior Technical Colleges, which require Intermediate or Leaving Certificate standard for admittance.

The Commonwealth Government has awarded 900 scholarships each year for Victorian students taking these courses. They provide for all fees, and living allowances also, in certain cases.

Children who have taken a Commercial course at school have a number of choices open to them. They can stay at school till Matriculation, and then take a University course such as Arts or Commerce. They can leave school after Intermediate and work in business, meanwhile attending night school to study for Accountancy qualifications. Footscray Technical College offers a number of excellent courses in Accounting, Shorthand and typewriting and secretarial duties, which may be taken by boys and girls, either full or part time.

For those who are interested in Teaching as a career, the Education Department offers a number of alternatives. Students are paid excellent living allowances while in training. Generally speaking, Primary Teachers do a two or three years' course at Teachers' College after passing the Leaving Certificate. Most Secondary Teachers require a University Degree and a Diploma of Education - making a total of four years after Matriculation.

In most trades and crafts, training is given under the apprenticeship system, which involves the employment, supervision and training of the young apprentice by a qualified tradesman. The apprentice is allowed time off from work to study at a Trade School or Technical College. The usual entrance qualification is a pass in the third form, although some trades accept lower standards of education. The apprenticeship is usually for five years, and may be commenced from the age of 15 to 18, although it is normally wise to commence training before the age of 17 years.

This completes a very brief and sketchy description of some of the careers open to those who are willing to undergo further

training and study. Fuller details are available to those who ask for them at the school.

-- J. D. CONROY,  
Careers Master.

## MARCHING

Trudge, trudge, trudge,  
Came the sound of marching feet.  
The marchers battled bravely  
Through the hot Australian heat.

The marchers were exhausted,  
But they bravely battled on,  
Marching on for glory,  
For each and every-one.  
Were these loyal soldiers  
Marching to their forts?  
No, they were all marching  
For St. Albans High School sports.  
Left, right, left,  
Marching without fault,  
Marching on to glory,  
Left, right - - - - "Halt!"

## THE FIELD

I walk through the field in the spring time,  
And I feel a great urge to dance.  
When I see the flowers so bright and gay  
They throw me into a trance.

I walk through the field in summer  
And I gaze at the grass that's burnt brown,  
And I think of the rain that will come,  
To change it to winter's green gown.

I walk through the field in autumn  
With leaves fluttering everywhere.  
A carpet of gold to walk on,  
And a branch of a tree for a chair.

I walk through the field in winter,  
The frost crackling under my feet,  
It glistens and sparkles like diamonds,  
How happily the morning I greet!

--ROSEMARY KISS, 2C.

## THE EXAMS

We're having exams today:  
Everyone's hurriedly learning.  
It's just a few minutes away  
Some scholarships they'll be earning.

Some will pass yet some might fail  
It all depends on their knowledge;  
Who works through the year should have no fear,  
For he might finish in College.

There goes the bell, and just on time.  
Oh! what a happy feeling!  
If I should pass it would be fine  
I'd jump and hit the ceiling.

- by JANINA ARNAUTOVTC, 2G.

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Donated by: PATERSONS STORE, St. Albans.

## IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

I was drowsy. But I had to keep myself awake at all costs. For, if I dropped off to sleep I knew I'd never wake up again. I was alone on a raft in the middle of an ocean and my food supply was nearly exhausted. How did I come to be here? Well, I did a fool-hardy thing, I made a wager that I'd cross the ocean in fourteen days. It was now the tenth day. My only hope of survival was to be picked up by a passing ship.

As the night grew older it became colder. My limbs became numb. I had to keep hitting myself all over to prevent myself from freezing to death. I tried to sing but I couldn't because my throat was swollen and my lips were parch-ed. I scanned the horizon for a passing ship, but it was of no use; it looked as though I was doomed to be bait for the sharks.

It was the eleventh day. The eleventh hard, terrifying day that I had been alone on this wide, wide ocean. My food was gone, I had but half a cup of water to last me until I was picked up, if I ever was picked up by a ship. Towards the west I saw what appeared to me at that time to be a ship coming straight at me. But I soon found that what had appeared to me to be a ship was a school of sharks. I watched nervously as the sharks circled my raft. They soon became tired and went away.

It was midday and the sun was beating un-mercifully down upon me. I felt dizzy, I must have fainted. As I woke I felt a sharp pain in my right arm. I screamed; someone or something shook me gently saying, "Mr. Smithe, please stop screaming." It was my maid.

"Was I screaming?" said I.

"Yes," said the maid,

"You were saying something about sharks."

"Oh! Oh yes, I remember it was one of those nightmares. Bring me ink and paper; I must write this story before I forget it. 'Alone in the Middle of Nowhere'.

"Very good, sir," replied the maid and disappeared.

--M. BARNES, 4A.

## EDUCATION DAY

The day is beginning with eagerness.  
The pupils all spic and span.  
Though the school yard's a mess this morning  
We'll clean it as best we can.

Never before was there such perfection,  
Never were we so gay.  
And the reason for this deception is  
That today is Education Day.

If ever Mum finds out I talk in class  
And I show for my books no care,  
She'll set me homework quick and fast  
And I'll obey with unwilling air.

What's done is done, and I'll have to pay  
A punishment, but not so severe,  
And I'll look innocently at the teacher  
But pretend I have no fear.

The next generation will have to put up  
With what we all had to do.  
I'm glad we're not the only ones,  
They'll have to attend school too!

- Edited by E. BAJRASZEWSKI, 3A,



**NINA DIAKANOW**  
winning the open broad jump.

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Donated by: TYE'S STORE, St. Albans

## THE AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE

During our last holidays we were undecided as to where to go; eventually we decided on a tour of the country areas and this led us along the Hume Highway as far north as the Great Western; then westward on to the Newell High-way, then south again, eventually returning along the Goulbourn Valley.

After leaving the smoke filled city, it was a delight to see many farms and green pastures. Some of these were of natural green grass and others were under crops such as lucerne and wheat. In the centre of the pastures one could see dwellings looking so lonely, but very regal, all decked out in their finery of point and floral decorations.

In beautiful sunshine we ascended the Blue Mountains. This was really fascinating and one could not help but admire nature's choice in the laying out of her gardens, for she had sown her giants on the high ridges, gradually tapering them off down to the valleys and sprinkling among them the delicate wild flowers. This in all was very enchanting, but also for-boding, when one realizes how cruel and treacherous this vast beauty can be to some unfortunate lost in it.

Along each side of our descent to the plains the wild flowers formed a guard of honour, finally surrendering to the golden wheat, standing erect, waiting for the headers that would soon mar its beauty. Further on we came to the irrigation areas. There were innumerable canals feeding the channels that were carrying water to the vineyards and orchards now growing, where once arid waste-land stood.

On returning home, it was with great regret that all this beauty had to be left behind us, and I can assure you before travelling to any other countries I am going to see more of nature in this wonderful country.

--V. HUGHES, 2C.

## AN AUTUMN PATH

Last week, fading rays of the autumn sun fell on the mossy way, which was totally covered with dry twigs. Leaves covered the narrow grass strip; others were stuck together, half rotted, their colour being indistinguishable. Grass tips sprouting between fallen foliage threw long shadows on the yellowish brown leaves. Long, bent-over grass formed a hollow, into which a brown rolled up oak-leaf had wandered. Every little breeze caused it to rattle to and fro.

On some of the very long grass tips glistening water drops dangled, rolled slowly one after another along the blade and were then gradually soaked up by the earth. In front of me there is a very stout bush with badly torn leaves, brown and dry. The dry bits stood without life. I had the feeling that every gust of wind could break the coarse, brittle stalks. In the middle of a patch of grass stood hopelessly a dried out plant, its stalk completely leafless on the bottom, the rest of the leaves brownish black, as though they had been burnt.

A lonely blackberry runner was trying its hardest to poke its way through to a rain splashed dandelion. A little way off another plant was completely under water in the rain-sodden ground. As the shadows grew longer and longer, a thin mist arose from the meadow engulfing me and everything else.

--KAROLA IVIARKLEIN, 2C.

## GHOST HUNTING

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam lived in a mansion in a particularly ghostly kind of country. At dinner on the night of the 18th, they told one of the strangest ghost stories. The visitors, Mr. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, sat with eyes wide open and every few minutes turned and stared, terrified, at the door. After dinner it seemed as if the story had been forgotten; or were they just trying to enjoy what they thought might be their last hours?

Mr. Stevens sat up. He was in bed and all around the room there appeared a strange light. In the other guest room it was the same. Mr. Richardson was sitting up trying to give courage to his wife who was under the bedclothes and seemed to be shaking. He finally made up his mind and crept out of bed. He crawled along the passage looking behind him all the time. Suddenly, he turned to see a huge black shape heave itself out of the darkness and throw itself at him. Richardson was bowled over and the thing stood on top of him politely asking what he was trying to do. It was Stevens. The two stood staring for a minute at the light in indecision. Then they both turned sharply to look at the wall behind them from which a creaking and groaning came. The men retreated and watched while a panel slid open revealing a small passage. Trying to overcome their fright they stepped into the yawning hole. The passage continued for only 20 feet or so where it widened into a small room. It seemed to be a hideout for there was a cupboard, a table, some chairs and a dozen books. They were compelled to sit in the chairs while the table was set by no one, at least no one they could see. Food was prepared and placed before them. They tried to stand, to run back through the passage but were pushed down. A candle floated through the air and stuck itself in a candle-stick. A match followed which struck itself and lit the candle. Another candle was being carried into the other passage. The two men looked at each other thinking the same question but afraid to ask. Stevens reached over and took hold on one of the books. It was "Ghostly Activities." He turned at another called "101 Methods of Murder." He showed the latter to Richardson who took one glance and raced out of the room and back through the passage, closely followed by Stevens. They separated and raced to their respective rooms where they were soon in bed and feigning sleep. Next morning they left having come to the decision that maybe there were such things as ghosts.

by MARGARET SMEDLEY, 4A.

## OUR FAMILY

Television, says Father is an insatiable monster. It is breeding a generation of round-shouldered, non-conversationalists, who, instead of taking exercise in fresh air prefer to remain chained to a little square box. Further-more, the only source of reading seems to be the reading of the "T.V. Weekly" to see what is on next. But when the Yippees, as my brother calls them, come on, my father sits glued to the screen and only a major disaster would remove him from "the little square box." When "Gunsmoke" was definitely moved to another time at which my father would be unable to view, it loomed for a few hours as a greater blow to his peace of mind than an atomic war.

In my opinion, my family's intelligence is definitely low. It is

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Donated by: HANSEN & HERRICK, Milk Bar and Newsagent, Main Road, St, Albans.

such a pity that my favourite programmes are disliked by the rest of the family, and, as my mother considers it democratic to take a vote, my programmes have remained unviewed for weeks.

Meals are now conducted in peace and with speed, as my mother firmly switches the T.V off saying, "I dislike food to be suspended in mid air."

Two years old Russell, we are convinced, is the only person in Australia to appreciate commercials. He plants himself firmly in front of the screen and remains there until the programme is over. Then he goes back to his trains.

Outings are conducted on the "when are we going? Let's go on Thursday. The programmes aren't very good that day" basis. As we usually fail to agree on which day we prefer to miss the programmes, outings are infrequent.

Although I am inclined to agree to father's definition of T.V., after the years with "George," as we call our T.V., it's hard to imagine life without him.

**--JILLIAN BECKETT, 3A.**

### A FOOTBALL MATCH

Now the game has started,  
Now the fight begun,  
And we are madly cheering,  
Cheering just for fun.

Our ruckman gets the hit-out,

His rover gets the punch,  
But he is quickly tackled  
By the other bunch.

The other team is leading,  
But here's our chance to score,  
Our forward kicks a brilliant goal,  
And you should hear us "roar."

The ball goes up and down the ground  
While our team is in pursuit,  
And now the ruckman's got it,  
And gives it a lovely "boot."

There isn't much more time left,  
Only five minutes or more.  
The home team is badly lagging  
They quickly need a score.

"Free kick" we cry; the whistle goes  
And cheers become a "roar"  
Just 30 yards in front of goal  
With seconds left to score.

A mighty punt, and through it goes,  
Hooray, hooray, we've won.  
We've beaten good old Drouin,  
They said it couldn't be done.

**--ENVER BAIKASZEWSKI, 3A.**

\* \* \*

Up to date by such means as bazaars, photo-graph selling, film nights, private donations, toffee sales, concerts, plays, flower sales, games and locker money, ^80 was raised. This money is to be used for the erection of a tuck-shop, which will become a

possibility next year. The parents have been very kind and helpful in arranging these activities and we are very grateful to them.

### BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

My name is Anne Bishop and I am a scholar at the local high school. Two day sago in the English class we were told to compose "a statement" which was to handed in next morning. Arriving home that afternoon I seated myself at my desk to begin "composing." Having stopped for tea, I returned to my homework. I went to bed and proceeded once more to puzzle over my statement. T must have been sleepy for soon my head began to droop and I fell asleep, waking (as I thought) in the school class room. The teacher seemed to be floating on a black cloud and she was speaking wistfully.

"I have decided to allow you to do your statements in class. You will all commence writing."

I found myself sitting at the front desk 'beside my best friend. While writing vigorously, it occurred to me that I was not thinking but the words seemed just to come naturally. The class wrote steadily for half an hour and I finished my two page essay. Then I blacked out and re-awakened in my bed with the sun streaming in through the window. I rose, dressed quickly and went to breakfast.

At school that morning the first period was English.

"Would you please bring out your home-work for me to mark?" I heard the teacher ask.

As she called their names, each child took her statement out.

"Anne Bishop. Anne, will you please attend!" The words echoed dimly through my mind. Un-consciously, I stepped up to the teacher's desk.

"B . . . but Miss, you said we could write our comp . . ."

"Anne! Have you your homework? If not, please say so!"

"No, Miss, I mustn't have done it!" I muttered confusedly.

"Well, as you don't seem very certain about it, you will do a second one for me tonight and present it tomorrow."

"Y . . . y . . . yes, Miss." I returned to my desk.

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This is the second statement and it satisfied the teacher as she gave me nearly full marks for it. I found later that after I had fallen asleep, Mum had come in and taken the paper and pencil off my lap, switching the room light off as she went out.

**-- JANET COCKS, 3A.**

### MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

Everyone remembers one's first day at school (not all of us with pleasure).

It was a fine sunny day when I made my first appearance at St. Albans High School - I spotted my girl-friend among what seemed a crowd of aimless souls moving hopelessly in all directions - like me, they were exploring every corner of their new surroundings, like a lot of chicks just newly hatched.

I must admit I did not see very much that day - I did not seem to take in all I saw, in fact I could just hear my girl-friend's voice as if coming from a great distance, for I was absorbed in many thoughts requiring an answer.

Where must I go? What lessons come next? Will I be put in a form all by myself separated from my friends and surrounded instead by un-familiar faces forcing a smile at each other?

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This last thought made my heart pound audibly. Soon, however the answer to my last question came when, after an assembly, giving us directions and rules which I little heard and understood less, I found myself placed in form IE.

As I feared, I was placed all alone, among unfamiliar faces; I felt like a plant which had been shifted from its nursery and placed among strangers in a flowering bed.

I made up my mind that since this was to be my fate I must at all costs like those pupils and I wanted them to like me. By nature I am timid and my timidity was greatly increased by the false idea that my English speech was a barrier for friendship. However, I found later that these two points were in fact the very things which drew to me many friends. I went home that day more cheerful than I expected, but little did I think that I was to find in Form IE the best friends of my life.

-- CONSUELO ZORZENON, IE.

### **THE PEARLS OF MISFORTUNE**

"Sure, it's like taking candy from a baby. Easy as that." Those are the words which drew many people to their doom. Those were the words my friend Ned was saying. Those were the words which delivered me to the land of fire, torment, madness and fear; the land where the devil was king. They were the words which sucked me into the clutches of the inevitable timekeeper - death!

Let me introduce myself; I am Jerry Hall-mark, a Spanish Anthropologist. The words I have just quoted came through the mouth of my friend, Ned Land. Some rumours had penetrated his thick skull about the black pearls of Egypt - the belongings of a great Pharaoh who died some 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Some natives had accidentally discovered the location, but had to be bribed heavily to reveal the secret. A swindler had wound up in the gutter with a knife in the ribs. This cautioned the natives to play fair. The pearls were believed to bring great misfortune to the bearer.

One fortune-seeker, a gentleman of noble birth had never returned from his expedition. This might be the reason why not many people made attempts to find the pearls; "It's silly superstition, nothing to worry about," so we thought.

The natives were engaged in no time. The trek through the desert began on Tuesday and carried on for six days. In that period the bites of bugs transformed us into red Indians. On the fateful Monday we came onto a group of hills dotted by countless caves. On the top of the third hill was a jagged crater. This, the natives explained, was the entrance to the tomb. They were very stout believers in the 'bad luck of the pearls and left soon after showing us the spot. We were alone.

First operations began right away. Armed with pick and shovel we descended the hole. It was thick black inside and believe it or not we forgot to a lamp. I volunteered to get it, not wishing to be left alone in the place. In the darkness I blundered on to some-thing which felt like a snake. With a roar of fear I leapt four feet into the air, hit the ceiling and brought half a ton of rubble on me which knocked me unconscious. Some time later still dazed, I stared at a strange glow on the ground. Grabbing at it I, found it was something like a dark marble. Instantly the thought rushed

to my head, "a pearl, a black pearl!" At the same time with a clap of thunder and flash of lightning the rock before me opened up.

Down the crevass I peered; nothing could be seen. Without warning an evil laugh echoed again and again up the crevass, through the passages and to my ear. It stopped. The silence was very noticeable, the tension electric. From the fissure an eerie gabble stiffened my hair. Nothing could describe the horror that pricked my ear when the hole came a multitude of fiery demons. I fainted with fright.

I woke up sweating, a doctor by my side. "What did they do?" I howled. "What did who do?" queried Ned, who was on the other side. "The things in the Pharaoh's Cave, of course," I cried. "We didn't reach the Pharaoh's Cave. You were thrown off your camel, so we brought you straight here. You must have been dreaming." Often I wonder, for later on in my bed I found a black marble. I threw it in the river for safety's sake.

- by GEORGE LISTOPAD.

### **BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH**

In one of the cellars of an old castle in England were three criminals sitting and thinking out a plan to rob, that night, a rich jeweller who had a new batch of diamonds in his house. One of these men was known by the police as one of the best cat-burglars in the country. His name was Johnson, but in the criminal world they all had different names, in this case Johnson was called "Tall Jim" for he was tall and had a dark complexion.

The jeweller's house was about one mile out of town. Upon their arrival they found the entrance of the house was burglar-proof. So Tall Jim decided to try his climbing again. His mates were standing aside watching him as he ascended the drain pipe. He took hold of the eaves for he wanted to get up on the roof and enter by the sky-light. Then it happened! As he was just near the sky-light, the eaves not able to hold his weight, collapsed. As he began to fall he managed to grab hold of a piece of wood that was jutting out. His mates, seeing the plight he was in ran away. Now he was alone, and hanging 'between heaven and earth, afraid that the police might see him there and arrest him.

Sweat poured freely down his face; the only chance was to call for help. Frantically he shouted and hoped that some one would hear him. Luckily his shouts were heard inside the house by an old man, who peered anxiously out of the window. He looked up and saw Tall Jim hanging precariously to the wood. "Hang on till I can reach you," called the old man. He ran upstairs, opened the sky-light and managed to catch hold of Jim's hand and help him inside. Immediately Jim was inside he pulled a gun on his rescuer, who although old, moved quickly and knocked the gun out of the robber's hand saying, "Would you want to kill your priest?" Then Johnson took a better look at the old man and saw that it was a priest, the one that had blessed him when he had left school, many years before.

The old man did not let him go that night He spent the night with Johnson and managed to talk him into mending his way. Now Johnson is a member of the local police force and is proving useful to society with his expert know-ledge of the criminal world.

-- BERNHARD GERLINGER, 2D.

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**Donated by: PAYNE'S BON MARCHE, St, Albans.**

## MODERNISED HOMEWORK

(Homework a la mode)

Homework, homework, homework, that's all we seem to do; homework and more homework.

"Woe is me! Why do we have to do it, now that television has come out?" said I, as I tried to tackle this unsightly essay which was set for homework.

What a title, "Effect of Water on the Brain" - huh, what stupidity. This is not a topic for me, one who never wets the hair. Now one day...

"Come on everybody it's six o'clock, uh huh, huh, uh huh huh, Come on everybody, it's time to rock, uh huh huh, uh huh, huh."

"Oh turn that stupid thing off, why can't I have any peace and quiet when I'm trying to work?"

One day when I was th - - -

"Hi cats, this is Johnny O'Keefe with the BIG SHOW. Tonight we've got - - -"

"Turn that thing off."

"Temper, temper," said my brother.

"Oh why don't you be quiet please. Let me get on with my work." Now, one day when

I was - - -

"Hey, brainless, what do you think you're doing, writing a book I suppose?"

"I'm trying - - -"

"Now, here's that swinging cat, Dig Richards. How about it Dig?"

"Well Mona Lisa, Mona - - -"

"I give up, I'm going to watch the T.V. instead."

"Six O'clock Rock's finished, let's watch new show," said my brother. (On the television screen).

"Now we present the new series of - - - 'WATER ON THE BRAIN'."

"Oh no, what could be worse ! ! ! ! !"

- CAROLYN BIELE, 2G.

## THE CASE OF THE HAIRY TYPE KING STREET BRIDGE

SCENE: The First:-

In that well known house of variety - The Victorian State Parliament, "Due to the in-creased number of horse-drawn bicycles using the City of Melbourne it has been found that the present number of bridges over the Yarra River is far too many. Nevertheless it has been decided to build another bridge over the river at King Street."

"I OBJECT!" the speaker was a tall lean individual dressed in green knee-breaches, flying boots and a yellow and purple polka dotted dress-shirt with brown-paper sleeves.

"Who is this steaming type French frog-eating idiot?"

"Gentlemen, I am the Honourable Hercules Grip-pipe Thin. Let me introduce this steaming wreck as Count Jim `Thar She Blows' Moriarty, Chief sock knitter and Frog Eater Extraordinary to the King of Persia and part owner of the Melbourne Whale Drawn Leather and String Submarine Taxi Service, guaranteed to cross the Yarra in three days. If this hairy type bridge is built, it will put us out of business, on the rocks, and our whale would have to qualify for the Old Age Pension!"

"Aaaaaah ! Rhubarb! Mr. Speaker, I am Neddy Seagoon, Chief Cardboard and Chewing-gum bridge-builder for Alice Springs. Let me build your bridge."

(Continued on page 32)

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Some of the School Athletics representatives who helped us to victory. (Left to right): **A. Holland** (sprinter and jumper), **O. Rowe** (sprinter), **H. Steigler** (sprinter), **N. Diakanow** (sprinter and long jumper), **J. Darrul** (sprinter and long jumper).



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Donated by S. C. KERR, Chemist, Main Road East, St. Albans.



"What qualifications have you got?"

"NONE!"

"Good! So, true to Victorian tradition, the most unsuitable man gets the job."

**SCENE:** The Deux:-

Three months later the bridge is almost completed or finished depending which you prefer. Moriarty and Grip-pipe Thin are sitting in their submarine taxi on the bottom of the Yarra

"Moriarty, did you see that fish?"

"No, what was it doing?"

"Well, these fiendish bridge builders have made the river so muddy that all the fish are now swimming backwards to keep the mud out of their eyes!"

"We can't have that! The bridge must go!"

"But it doesn't, it's not old enough to walk."

"Then we must sabotage it with sabotage-type sabotage. Where's that bottle of Spongo the Wonder Hair Restorer?"

Meanwhile in a disused sewer in the Upper Andes: "Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tonnnnnng, iddle-i-poe, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, iddle-i-poe, iddle-i-poe, iddle-i-poe."

**SCENE:** The er, um, ah ee well uer oo UMPTEENTH!

Next day it was seen that a mysterious brown hairy type growth had covered the bridge. The workmen were now employed to shave the bridge each day. As a result of this extra work they decided to go on strike. Thus Neddy Sea-goon had to import two professional bridge shavers to shave it. As this operation took so long the bridge became bald and finally died of old age. Thus Moriarty and Grip-pipe Thin were back in business and had to Beg, Borrow or Steal (Choose your own alternative) three new whales and they also had to make three new submarine taxis and trailers to keep up with the increased traffic.

This pair was last seen being chased around the Cenotaph by a penguin riding a cardboard and straw replica of an inflatable rubber scooter, complete with the kitchen sink and a life-size photograph of Eccles driving a ten foot brick wall at high speed up the side of a Bourke Street tram.

Brewed by Little "He's fallen in the water" Jim.

-- **TERRY SMITH, 4A.**

#### **NORTH WITH ELECTRA**

You may have thought that for this once, I might have crawled out of bed at the cold hour of five a.m., without losing my pillow in the deal and entangling myself even deeper in the jumble of blankets. Well, after all, it was to be my first experience above a high diving board, and I had been so enthusiastic last night. Finally, my blankets out of reach, I was wide awake. Hurriedly I dressed and was soon dumped at the airport without breakfast.

We waved our families good-bye, as we stepped aboard the plane to begin our adventurous journey. Inside it was furnished with rows of numbered seats all along the plane, at the end of which was a beautiful lounge, all set out with tables and chairs,

the perfect place for a game of cards, . . . "Fasten your seat belts," came the hostess's call from the cockpit. A wild grab for our seat belts followed, not knowing what would befall us had we not done so. We rose quickly above the clouds, which amazed all of us with their beautiful resemblance to endless snowfields. It was an exceptionally pleasant flight, as none of us became air sick.

It rained all day in Sydney, and we agreed that sunny Melbourne was not bad as we dog-paddled back to the airport, after our sight-seeing tour. Not mentioning any names, it was soon proved that our hurried meal was a sheer waste.

After a tiring day, our hotel at Brisbane was a welcome sight. We arranged our luggage and had a good night's sleep, so good that in the morning we enjoyed tiers of sandwiches for breakfast in the cafe, a few blocks down the road. After a few hours at Brisbane we went by bus to Toowoomba where we spent the week-end at private billets.

Henry Stiegler stayed in town with a family named Allen. Tom Allen, the past captain of the Queensland Cricket team, has brought fame to Toowoomba. His son, Ross, also excels as a sportsman, being in the local cricket and foot-ball (Rugby League) teams as well as bowling for Queensland (which is a great honour). Doc. and Per. Becker stayed at a farm near Table Top Mountain, which they were determined to climb in the morning. However they did not have that chance as they attracted a bull, who at once wanted to make friends, but Doc. was apprehensive and despite his weight, he led from Per, to the fence. On arrival at the farm, Doc, in a critical and furious mood, complained to the farmer, who thought it screamingly funny.

The next morning we took off for Cairns where we spent five days touring Green Island, the Great Barrier Reef, Kuranda and climbing Coconut and Paw Paw trees.

So fascinated by the views of Green Island was one of the boys, that on the way out of the water he discovered that his shoes and socks were still on his feet. Finally we made sure we had packed enough fruit to smuggle back. We slept for the last time in the tropics before returning home. After an early take-off we were soon in Brisbane where we spent most of the day at Lone Pine Sanctuary and purchased souvenirs and banners of all places we had visited.

On arrival at the airport, we were asked to board at once. Landing in Sydney to refill, we had convinced one tired boy that we were in Melbourne. At this he made a desperate effort to scale his seat in order to find his overnight bag, and lost his grip of a parcel as the plane took off. He landed in the lap of a woman in the seat opposite to his. Finally, landing in Melbourne, we said goodbye to the hostesses. The last person out was the boy whom we had fooled in Sydney. Finally, with the aid of a few parents we had him in the car and were soon on our way home.

-- **TILO BOJADJIEFF, 3A.**

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