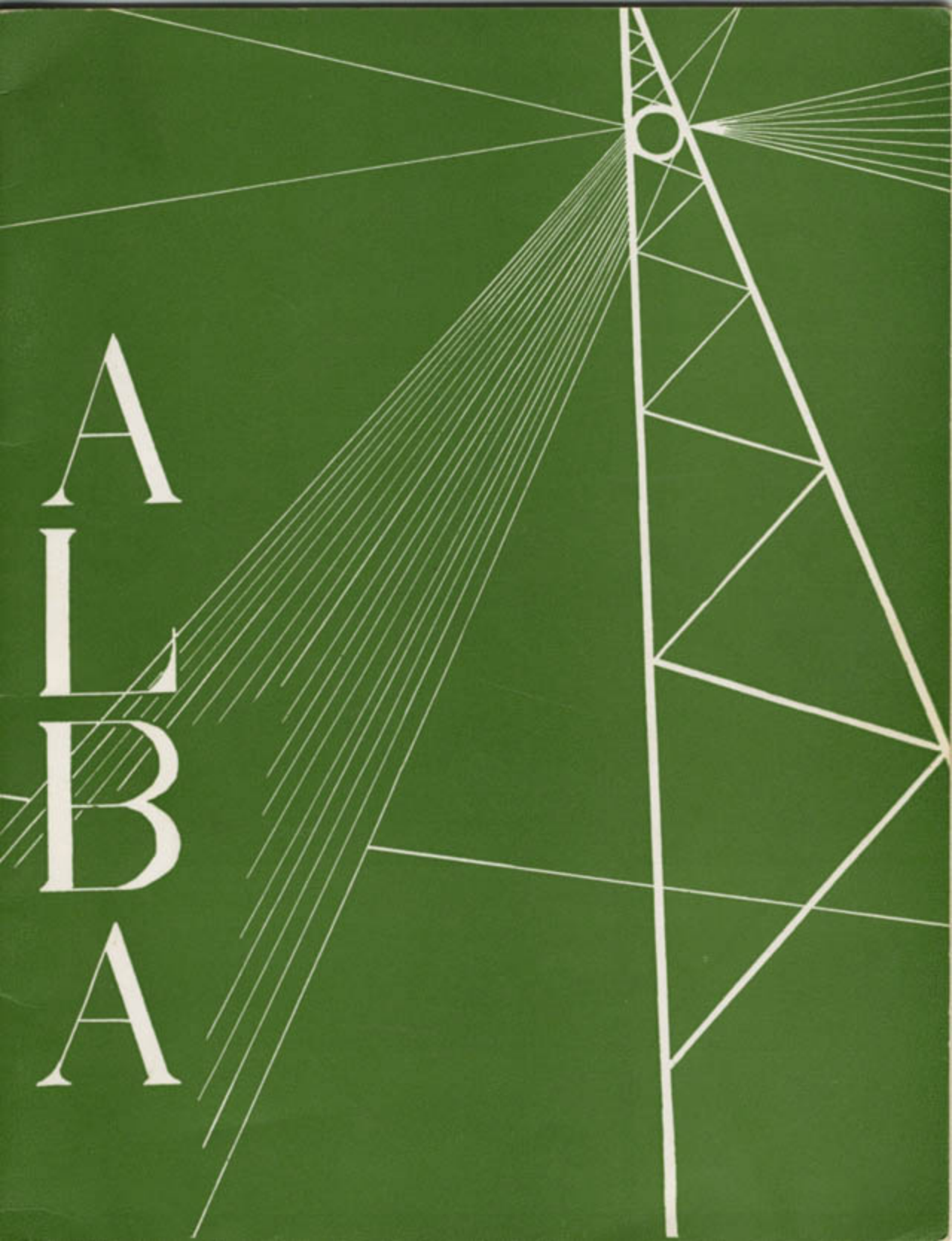


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1960

Magazine of St. Albans High School, Victoria.

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Acknowledgements . . .

The Editors acknowledge with thanks the donations made by the following firms towards the printing of the magazine:

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The purpose of the education system afforded by a high school curriculum is not only to equip us for our chosen careers in life, but also to equip us to adjust suitably into the peaceful community in which we live. But in this modern age where we speak in terms of hours to get half way round the globe, we must not narrow our minds into just thinking of adjusting peacefully into a community, but we must think in terms of nations adjusting themselves into a peaceful world.

In the years leading up to the Second World War, the dream of a peaceful world with nations tolerating each other's mistakes and learning from each other's success in research, was shared by far-sighted optimists. This dream was turned into a nightmare which nearly twenty years later had not ceased. This is not a peaceful world. We of this generation will be the backbone of the nations in the future. It is to us that the peoples will look for guidance. Thus the matter rests with us: will we shirk our responsibilities in the future, or will we be equipped to take on the responsibilities which will undoubtedly confront us?

The leaders of this age have not succeeded in giving us lasting peace without fear. Will we be able to succeed where they failed? By taking gladly and ungrudgingly the small responsibilities which are given to us, and by tolerating others who might be different from us because of their varying backgrounds, we are preparing ourselves for the future, a future in which we will all have a part.

EDITORIAL

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Headmaster's Message



We read frequently of the rapid changes which are taking place in the world of today. If we think for a moment, we realise that these great advances have come only from an expanding education and a great desire for knowledge. In the light of this new emphasis on advanced education we should consider our own high schools and what they have to offer pupils.

The trend is and must continue to be towards higher qualifications for pupils who are leaving school. Practically all pupils have the opportunity of a secondary education in which they may proceed to Matriculation should they so desire. It is most important that our boys and girls develop this desire to achieve the highest possible certificate issued by the school. It is evident that more and more are remaining at school beyond the statutory leaving age of fourteen years. That this is necessary is shown by the higher qualifications asked for by employers in industry, commerce and the professions. As an example of this demand for higher initial qualifications, girls who wish to become nurses are expected to commence training with at least Leaving Certificate. It is quite common for students to return to school even at the age of twenty-one or over, when older and wiser, they discover they need a particular qualification, and how hard it is to pick up the threads!

The extra time spent at school gaining the desired qualifications brings the student to a more stable and mature outlook on life, with a greater sense of responsibility so that he can at once begin to advance in his chosen career. This aspect is too often overlooked, but any school can point to many such cases among their senior pupils who "will never look back" once their careers begin. Of course, this extra time, though it should not be so regarded, imposes a strain on the parents financially and there is an obligation on students who are benefiting from their parents' efforts not to hanker after the pastimes and pleasures of their contemporaries who are out earning. Failure to realise that one cannot have one's cake and eat it leads to discontent, and often failure in the examinations which the student has been kept at school to pass.

Parents who assume, and let their children assume all through their primary school days, that the children will automatically leave at fourteen are inducing a state of mind in which the child gets practically no benefit from his time at high school. It would be helpful if parents would decide that the child will go as far as he is able, and how far that is likely to be is impossible for anybody to predict at the age of twelve, or even fourteen. After all, a fine building has been provided on your very doorstep. It is up to St. Albans parents and students to help make it a fine school producing fine citizens.

J. A. BARKER.

OVERSEAS EXCHANGE

As you all know, I was most fortunate in having the opportunity of spending just over twelve months in England on exchange teaching.

Teaching in England was not very different from teaching here, except that most of the schools are not co-educational like ours. One thing I admired very much was the fact that each school had its own hall — the new ones having an assembly hall and a well-equipped gymnasium. Each one also had a well-kept sports field with a groundsman in charge; the children being transported to the field by bus.

I think that perhaps the most thrilling part of the whole tour was to see many of the famous places and art treasures about which I had read so much. Imagine the feeling to be at last standing in Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Peter's, Rome, to name but a few, and seeing the famous paintings in the National Gallery and at the Louvre, in Paris.

For me it was a wonderful experience to enter the world's leading opera houses — Covent Garden, Paris, Milan, Vienna, Salzburg, Glyn-bourne, and see the beauty of the buildings, but of course, more important was the standard of the production. I was delighted to see so many of our Australian singers taking the leading roles at Covent Garden.

Another outstanding week-end was spent at Llangollen in Wales. Llangollen is a very small place, but it has become world-famous because of its international eisteddfod. Imagine walking through this very beautiful valley and everywhere hearing the sound of groups of people singing — it was the big choir week-end, when choirs came from all over the world. People were dressed in their national costumes and danced in the streets. It made me realise what a wonderful medium music is, for providing excellent international relationships.

Perhaps the most magical experience I had was to attend a performance of "Son et Lumiere" at the Chateau Chantilly about thirty miles from Paris. The story and history of this chateau was told with light, music, sound effects and the spoken word. How I wish my French were better! At midnight I stood in the open and witnessed the coming to life of this palace — the hounds were even baying in the forests, and light was used to show up the architectural beauty of the palace.

I feel I was indeed fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing so much of the beauty of these countries across the seas, and being able to experience life in England — a country which has provided us with so many of our traditions.

— G. M. Bowles.

DROUIN VISIT

On the 14th July Drouin High School returned the visit our school paid them last year. This year, however, St. Albans were more successful in the sports played; defeating Drouin at football, boys' tennis, basketball, softball and vigoro, the only match Drouin won being the girls' tennis. Many friends made on the trip last year were re-acquainted and many new friends were made at the social held at the school that night. The next morning saw a train-load of Drouin-ites bound for home minus the girls' sporting equipment. This matter was soon rectified when four girls returned to collect it. I am sure we all enjoyed ourselves and are eagerly looking forward to a return visit next year.

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

DECEMBER, 1959.

Intermediate Certificate.

Passed in ten subjects: Rosalie Hermann.

Passed in nine subjects: Bella Ajayoglu, Margaret Smedley, Frances Zeglinski, Basil Listopad, Terry Smith, Elaine Stephenson, Helga Szuveges, Verners Pleiksna.

Passed in eight subjects: Jeff Barlow, Jack McMillen, Vambola Stanislavskis, Joy Deveson, Dorothy Ihlenfeld, Victor Pliaskin.

Passed in seven subjects: Silvana Crespi, Doreen Gist, Douglas McCubbin, Vanda Viti, Leslie Thurgood, Donata Gerbec.

Passed in six subjects: Switlana Bohudski, Jennifer Bruce, Jeff Pay, Wendy Hounslow, Gwenda Rowswell, Joseph Figallo, Leon Labko, Wladimir Muc.

Partial passes: Beverley Barnes, Antonia Blahut, Vejuna Kepalas, Chrystyna Pankiw, Robert Boorer, Douglas Hopkins, John Radecki, George Shegedyn, Borut Vadnjak, Hildegard Akkermann, Lydia Bork, Glenys Pell, John Mundy, Peter Schambre, Richard Szczudlinski.

Form III: 1, Jillian Beckett; 2, Enver Bajraszewski; 3, Noeline Carrick; 4, Margaret Dusting; 5, Janet Cocks.

Form II: 1, Viktor Troszczyj; 2, Hannelore Henschke; 3, Sneja Gunew; 4, Rosemary Kiss.

Form I: 1, Consuela Zorzenon; 2, Nicholas Woloszynowicz; 3, Kathryn Parsons; 4, Heather Read.

TERM I, 1960

Form IV: 1, Enver Bajraszewski; 2, Jillian Beckett; 3, Janet Cocks.

JUNE, 1960

Form V: 1, Terry Smith; 2, Frances Zeglinski; 3, Anthony Venes.

Form IIIA: 1, Hannelore Henschke; 2, Viktor Troszczyj; 3, Richard Wiatr; 4, Sneja Gunew.

Form IIIB: 1, Peter Thurgood.

Form IIIC: 1, Tony Landrigan.

Form IIIG: 1, Lydia Denisow.

Form IIA: 1, Nicholas Woloszynowicz; 2, Stuart Rodda.

Form IIB: 1, Hans Janssen; 2, George Listopad.

Form IIC: 1, Tony Buc; 2, Peter Andriewski.

Form IID: 1, Sarah Hollingshead; 2, Arnaud van Winden.

Form IIE: 1, Judith Farnsworth; 2, Loretta Rennis.

Form IIF: 1, Helena Ribarow; 2, Andrew Lubyecz-nycz.

Form IIG: 1, Consuela Zorzenon; 2, Robyn Hudson.

Form IA: 1, Tania Pavlov; 2, Elena Dagys.

Form IB: 1, Ieva Radiskevics; 2, Alexandra Shegedyn.

Form IC: 1, Karin Irede; 2, Knut Werner.

Form ID: 1, Leonid Troszczyj; 2, Tatiana Korinfsky.

Form IG: 1, Katrin Schwab; 2, Adriana Marechal.

TERM TWO, 1960

Form IV: 1, Jillian Beckett; 2, Enver Bajraszewski; 3, Janet Cocks.

OCTOBER, 1960

Form V: 1, Frances Zeglinski; 2, Terry Smith; 3, Anthony Venes.

DUX OF THE SCHOOL, 1960

Science: Frances Zeglinski.

Humanities: Vambola Stanislavskis

Know Your Prefects

JANET COX:

Native of these fair shores. After ten years of school, still fans the flames of a desire to teach boys grammar. Quiet as the still waters.

MARGARET SMEDLEY:

Another migrant from England. The original "S.S. Bee". Intends to be a Spanish-speaking French taxi driver so that she can drive on the wrong side of the road.

DOREEN GIST

A cross between a Dimboola father and a Glasgow mother, her favorite haunt is the tuck shop. Will not let Jeff Pay speak his mind in Geography or on the tennis court.

GLENYS PELL:

Enters George in competitions for everything, including dolls. Number one fan of Anthony. Originally a Bendigonian, she can easily be recognised by her red hair. Calls herself a tomato blonde.

SWITLANA BOHUDSKI:

Vanda's partner in crime. Delights in saying: "Young man, what are you doing in the corridor?" Originally from Poland, had heard of the wonderful males in Australia, so migrated at an early age.

SILVANA CRESPI (Head Prefect):

Originally from Italy, can be recognised by her huge stock-whip which she wields to disperse the riots which often occur in the corridors as the prefects and girls battle together.

VANDA VITI:

Fifth form "femme fatale", originally from Italy (takes after Sophia Loren). Her burning ambition is to tour the world with Josh as a nightclub singer. By doing this, she hopes to shut down every nightclub in the world.

FRANCES ZEGLINSKI:

Much travelled between Canada and Australia; in fact has travelled the equivalent of 1½ times round the world. Originally from England. We have taken up a collection to send her to Italy to further her studies, or to England, or to China, or anywhere!

JANET COCKS:

Australian-born, Australian-bred, strong in the arm, and (unlike the man from Derbyshire), bright in the head. Ambition — physio-therapy — consultations free for the brave.

VERONIKA SRYTER:

German born of Ukrainian descent. Shines at sport. A student of humanity, but her studies favour the male of the species.



JEFF PAY:

An original inhabitant, has plagued the Sunshine district for six years. Utterly without ambition except for a slight desire to be an opera singer. Can easily be recognised by his broad Australian accent.

BLES THURGOOD:

An Englishman who migrated south with a flock of swallows, but came too far and landed in St. Albans. An eternal participant in the game of "cherez la femme." Hopes to join the Navy next year but will probably end up being a wharf laborer.

JEFF BORLOW:

A Taswegian (so he says). Delights in making witty criticisms about teachers but intends to become one himself. Hates to be called Jeffrey Noel Percival Frederick Barlow; prefers "Josh."

BASIL LISTOPAD:

A Ukrainian who graced our shores in 1950. Excellent sports captain (in absentia). Has an avowed hatred of French.

VERNERS PLEIKSNA:

A Latvian immigrant who unavoidably arrived in Australia ten years ago. Has dreams of being a horse doctor. A part-time participant in Les Thurgood's game; as a result we can't guarantee that he won't be hooked to some filly.

TERRY SMITH (Head Prefect):

Of Welsh ancestry, born in England with an Irish name. He's a Durham nationalist who insists on saying "uzz" instead of "us", but doesn't catch the "buzz". Intends to be a professional idiot but as a sideline a nuclear physicist.

MITKO NESKOV:

Of Bulgarian descent, hopes to return next year to do leaving. Very effervescent on the football field, yet the Don Juan of the fourth.

VAMBOLA STANISLAVSKI:

Originates from around the Arctic Circle (Latvia). Unfortunately decided to come to Australia, and even more unfortunately intends to stay. Completely devoid of all ambition and will probably end up hibernating for the rest of his life.

TONY VENES:

Our oldest prefect, returned from work to do Leaving and eventually hopes to become a doctor. Makes a hobby of telling jokes and can easily be identified in the middle of a laughing group. Maltese by birth, has spent six years in Australia.

ALBERT de VRIES:

Product of the land of daffodils and dykes — Albert, compared with whom Einstein is but an amateur . . . Einstein may not know it; Mr. Hill may not know it; Albert does.

SCHOOL DIARY . . .

February 4: Back to the penitentiary.

March 4: Excursion by fifth form geography class to the Port of Melbourne. No drownings or cases of sea-sickness. However, the teacher was almost detained by the customs officers for trying to smuggle in strange animals without having them quarantined first. However, these "animals" eventually returned to school safely.

March 11: Swimming sports at the Olympic Pool. For the first time St. Albans High was represented, with varied success. Such terms as "Ooh, this water's wet," and "Go jump into the (artificial) lake" were heard. An enjoyable outing.

March 23: First formers visited Essendon Airport. Nothing to report except that the officials are still missing one Constellation airliner and would appreciate its return.

March 24: Induction of prefects by Brigadier Langley.

March 29: Form five went to the Woodstock Soil Conservation Farm. "Now children, this is grass . . . this is soil . . . this is weak, let's move on."

April 12: Our athletic sports. Kurradjong House won as usual. Kurradjong are now so confident that they're spreading it around that next year they won't even bother to come to the sports and they'll still win. Who knows?

June 20: Our teachers were eternally blessed for their advanced educational ideas. Reason? A visit to see "Ben-Hur". Ever since, the sports master has been plagued for new sports equipment. Yes, you're right . . . chariots!

June 24: Whenever this date appears in the school diary, it begins to read like an obituary column. Why? Exams!

July 14: We were visited by Drouin High School, and were glad to renew former acquaintances. After hearing of the wonderful country life, many of our students were tempted to "desert", but their love of school life won out in the end. A momentous occasion in our school life, and a most enjoyable one, too.

August 18: Education Week. As usual, the school was transformed for one day into a model educational centre. As usual, the teachers were the focal point of questions, and as usual, nearly each parent went home satisfied that "my darling" was a brilliant scholar and a gentleman. Can you blame the teachers for putting their dreams into words?

August 19: The visit to Bacchus Marsh seems to have become an annual occurrence. Nothing to report except that the orchardists would appreciate the return of a season's apple crop.

September 15: Our annual cross-country. Many students were very cross about the country. Some of the excuses for non-participation!

"Sir, I broke my leg."

"How?"

"I took a sledge-hammer and went Whack!"

September 16: A memorable date in the history of our school. Our first debutante ball. A very successful evening. P.S. many of the broken legs exhibited before the cross-country had healed completely by Friday night. Strange?

September 22: Our school participated in the Drama Festival at Brighton High. The play we presented, "Spot the Lady", a farcical satire on Shakespeare's "Macbeth," was a great success, even though no-one did spot the lady.

September 30: This time it was the "real McCoy." Our Leaving class saw "Macbeth" performed at the National Theatre. As the line "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," was spoken, we overheard one student wisecrack "Must be a chicken farmer."

September 26, 27: Juniors visited the Royal Show.

October 3: Inter-school sports at Olympic Park. We met strong opposition and came last. On the way home we kept repeating to ourselves that "it is more glorious to compete than to win," but it didn't help.

November 23: Leaving candidates sit for their external exams. After these exams, I'm afraid that many of our students will make their life-time occupation that of queuing up at the Employment Bureau (with thanks to L. T.).

HOUSE SPORT : : :

	JACARANDA	KURRAJONG	WARATAH	WATTLE
Captains:	Verners Pleiksna Vanda Viti	Jeff Pay Switlana Bohudski	Albert de Vries Glenys Pell	Fred Honey Vejuna Kepalas
Vice Captains:	Mitko Neskov Androulla Joannou	Silvana Crespi Terry Smith	George Shegedyn Doreen Gist	Bill Hartigan Veronika Sryter



FINAL RESULTS, 1959

The inter-house aggregate cup of 1959 was won by Kurrajong with 236½ points. Jacaranda was second with 230, Waratah third with 206½ and Wattle fourth with 193.

Kurrajong did well all round, as they do every year. They won the cups for Athletics, Softball, Vigoro, Girls' Tennis and Boys' Tennis. Jacaranda won the cups for Basketball and Cricket.

Waratah received the cup for Football and also the Scholarship cup, presented by Mr. Barker.

The Hockey cup was won by Wattle.

Congratulations to Kurrajong and better luck in 1960 for the other houses.

SENIOR HOUSE SPORT

Basketball: This year's basketball competition was won by Jacaranda with 33 points. The team (Eva Hermann, Androulla Joannou, Sofia Antonczyk, Regina Kurach, Yvonne Freeland, Helen Lang) was captained by Vanda Viti. Second was Wattle (capt., Vejuna Kepalas) with 27 points. Waratah and Kurrajong were equal third with six points (capt. Glenys Pell and Switlana Bohudski).

Softball: The softball matches were won by Kurrajong with 51 points. The team (Rosemary Carson, Margaret Dusing, Jennifer Bruce, Lydia Denisov, Hannelore Henschke, Radmilla Heskov, Edith Janssen, Pat Clark) was captained by Eve Richards. Second was Waratah, 30 points (capt. Anna Halela). Third was Wattle, 27 points (capt. Irene Dynak) and Jacaranda was fourth with six points (capt. Toni Balkut).

Vigoro: Points to the end of October were: Waratah 18, whose team, captained by Rosemary Kiss, is Maria Babicz, Carolyn Biele, Lesley Grenfell, Sandra Thomas, Maria Brzozowski, Hilary Smith, Stefania Wazny, Krystyna Bogusiak, Nina Ostepeeve, and Maria Stroicz; Kurrajong, 12 points (capt. Switlana Bohudski); Wattle, six

points (capt. Veronika Sryter); Jacaranda (capt. Androulla Joannou).

Girls' Tennis: Waratah won with 36 points. The team (Janet Cox, Rae Andrews, Noeline Carrick) was captained by Doreen Gist. Kurrajong was second with 26 points (capt., Jennifer McKay); third was Jacaranda with 24 points (capt. Marilyn Newman); fourth was Wattle with 18 points (capt. Margaret Smedley).

Football. In house football, the winning house was Waratah due to the continued strong play of the seniors Basil Listopad, Jeff Barlow, George Shegedyn, Trevor Allen, Albert de Vries and Unick Polonzak. Third formers Peter Plain and Per Becker turned in some good games. Jacaranda, Kurrajong and Wattle finished with lesser results, in that order, but congratulations must go to Joe Darrul (Kurrajong), John Grover, Fred Honey and Bob Priest (Wattle), Verners Pleiksna, Mitko Neskov and Les Cameron (Jacaranda).

Cricket: Waratah were undefeated. Listopad, Allen, Polonzak, and Collins were their stars. Wattle were a clear second with Fred Honey best bowler and Bob Priest best batsman. Jacaranda and Kurrajong were not quite strong enough, although the efforts by John Norman (Kurrajong), Des Richards and Dugald Docherty (Jacaranda) were commendable.

Boys' Tennis: Wattle won the house competition easily. Waratah was second, Jacaranda and Kurrajong equal third. Best players for the year were Terry Smith (Kurrajong), Richard Szcudilinski, Vladimir Bobko, Vincent Chomontowski, Les Thurgood (Waratah), Edmund Lacinski, George Szwadiak, Vladimir Bezbodoff, (Wattle).

Cross Country: Open, 1, J. Barlow (War.); 2, V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 3, M. Neskov (Jac.). Under 16, 1, G. Brown (Jac.); 2, H. Koch (Jac.); 3, A. Holland (Wat.). Under 15, 1, H. Bajkiewicz (Jac.); 2, D. Pringle (War.); 3, U. Polonzak (War.). Points: Jacaranda 43, Waratah 28, Kurrajong 27, Wattle 27.

JUNIOR HOUSE SPORT

Results in girls' sport to the end of October: Kurrajong 450 points, Jacaranda 282 points; Waratah 276 points, Wattle 264 points.

Softball: Kurrajong, captained by Dianne Dixon, gained 225 points, Waratah 186 points, Wattle 141 points and Jacaranda 138 points.

Basketball: Kurrajong, captained by Ruth Vadasz, were first (96 points), Jacaranda second (63), Wattle third (45) and Waratah fourth (36).

Vigoro: Kurrajong, captained by Yaroslava Chalonin, first with 129 points, with Wattle, Waratah and Jacaranda next in that order.

Football: The results of the house football finals were Jacaranda d. Waratah; Kurrajong d. Wattle; Jacaranda d. Wattle; and in the grand final Kurrajong d. Jacaranda.

Cricket: Points to the end of October saw Waratah leading, followed by Wattle, Jacaranda and Kurrajong in that order.

Jacaranda, Jim Cadzow, Maureen Lawton.

Waratah: Trevor King, Olive Rowe.

Kurrajong: George Listopad, Yaroslava Chalonin.

Wattle: Henry Stiebler, Teresa Bertucci.

Cross Country: This, for the juniors, was held over a distance of approximately three miles. On a rough course, the main obstacle was wading through the icy-cold Maribyrnong River — 2-ft. 6-ins. deep. The winners were: Under 12, John Dodson; Under 13, Geoff. Levey; under 14, Costa Kastanioti.

HOUSE ATHLETICS

RESULTS. Girls' Open: 75 and 100 yard, 1. S. Bohudski (Kur.); 2. V. Kepalas (Wat.), 220 yds., 1. E. Richards (Kur.); 2. V. Kepalas (Wat.).

High Jump: 1. V. Viti (Jac.); 2. V. Kepalas I. Kryzius (Wat.) equal.

Broad Jump: 1. R. Carson (Kur.); 2. I. Kryzius (Wat.).

Discus: 1. V. Sryter (Wat.); 2. V. Kepalas (Wat.).

Girls', under 15, 75 and 100 yard: 1. Y. Chalonin (Kur.); 2. J. Gilham (Wat.). 220 yds.: 1. Y. Chalonin (Kur.); 2. G. Dennett (Jac.).

Girls', Under 14. 75 and 100 yard, 1. O. Rowe (War.); 2. B. Wyka (Kur.).

75 yard Skip: 1. L. Cox (War.); 2. A. Adamowicz (War.).

Broad Jump: 1. O. Rowe (War.); 2. I. Javanovic (Kur.).

High Jump: 1. I. Javanovic (Kur.); 2. J. Dejanovic (Jac.).

Girls, Under 13: 75 yd., 1. K. Axford (Kur.); 2. P. Bolger (Wat.). 100 yd., 1. I. Janovic (Kur.); 2. K. Axford (Kur.).

75 yd. Skip: 1. J. Warner (Wat.); 2. K. Axford (Kur.), equal.

Boys' Open. High Jump and Hop, Step and Jump: 1. V. Pleiksna (Jac.); 2. T. Boyd (Kur.).

Broad Jump: 1. J. Darul (Kur.); 2. B. Listopad (War.).

Shot Putt: 1. B. Listopad (War.); 2. M. Neskov (Jac.).

Discus: 1. R. Szcudlinski (War.); 2. B. Listopad (War.).

Javelin: 1. R. Szcudlinski (War.); 2. B. Listopad (War.). V. Pleiksna (Jac.), equal.

100 and 200 yards: 1. J. Darul (Kur.); 2. T. Venes (Wat.); 440 yards, 1. J. Darul (Kur.); 2. V. Pleiksna (Jac.). 880 yards, 1. A. de Vries (War.); 2. T. Boyd (Kur.). 1 mile: J. Barlow (War.); 2. M. Neskov (Jac.).

Boys', Under 16. Broad Jump: 1. R. Coupland (Kur.); 2. J. Paterson (Jac.).

High Jump: 1. J. Pay (Kur.); 2. J. Polichowski (Jac.).

Hop, Step and Jump: 1. A. Holland (Wat.); 2. J. Dworecki (Wat.).

100 yard: 1. W. Hartigan (Wat.); 2. A. Holland (Wat.). 220 yards: 1. W. Hartigan (Wat.); 2. W. Geisenkersting (Kur.); 440 yards: 1. A. Holland (Wat.); 2. H. Koch (Jac.).

Boys', Under 15. Broad Jump and Hop, Step and Jump: 1. U. Polonzak (War.); 2. D. Pringle (War.).

High Jump: 1. D. Pringle (War.); 2. U. Polonzak (War.).

75 yards: 1. K. Kulbys (Jac.); 2. S. Anders (Kur.). 100 yards: 1. S. Anders (Kur.); 2. K. Kulbys (Jac.). 220 yards: 1. C. Kastaniata (War.); 2. S. Anders (Kur.).

Boys' Under 14. Broad Jump, 75 yards and 100 yards: 1. P. Tucker (Jac.); 2. H. Stiegler (Wat.).

High jump: 1. H. Stiegler (Wat.); 2. R. Dureau (War.).

Hop, Step and Jump and 220 yds.: H. Stiegler (Wat.); 2. P. Tucker (Jac.).

Boys', Under 13. Broad Jump: 1. P. Andriewski (War.); 2. R. Lando (War.).

High Jump and Hop, Step and Jump: 1. P. Andriewski (War.); 2. A. Slesarewich (War.).

75 and 100 yards: 1. L. Kinnersley (Kur.); 2. A. Slesarewich (War.).

Boys', Under 12. High Jump: 1. G. Cameron (Kur.); 2. R. Mundy (War.).

75 and 100 yards: 1. J. Dodson (Jac.); 2. S. Hermann (Kur.).

Marching: 1. Wattle; 2. Jacaranda and Waratah; 4. Kurrajong.

Final Points:

1. Kurrajong	300 points
2. Jacaranda	242 points.
3. Waratah	235 points.
4. Waratah	222 points.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

SENIOR

Basketball, FIRSTS: S. Bohudski (c), E. Hermann, I. Kryzius, V. Kepalas, V. Viti, K. Grabowski, V. Sryter, S. Antonczyk, S. Wazny.

RESULTS: Essendon H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Footscray H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Drouin H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Glenroy H.S., Bacchus Marsh H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., Sunshine H.S. d. St. Albans H.S.

SECONDS: S. Crespi (c), R. Kurach, M. Babicz, T. Easton, H. Lang, M. Jessinghaus, G. Dennett, R. Mether.

RESULTS: Essendon H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., Strathmore H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., Footscray H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., Glenroy H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Bacchus Marsh H.S., Sunshine H.S. d. St. Albans H.S.



Girls' Tennis, TEAM: D. Gist (c), J. McKay, M. Newman, J. Cox, N. Carrick, J. Beynon, M. Smedley, R. Andrews.

RESULTS: St. Albans H.S. d. Sunshine H.S. but lost all other matches.

Softball, TEAM: E. Richards (c), A. Shachow, D. Dixon, M. Lawton, J. Leheny, R. Carson, R. Vadasz, O. Rowe, D. Chandler, N. Rjabenko.

RESULTS: St. Albans H.S. 10 drew with Strathmore H.S.; St. Albans H.S. 18 d. Sunshine H.S., 14; Drouin H.S. 31 d. St. Albans H.S. 14; Footscray H.S. 18 d. St. Albans H.S. 13; Glenroy H.S. 16 d. St. Albans H.S. 11.



Football, TEAM: B. Listopad (c), D. Pringle, J. Darrul, A. Holland, J. Grover, V. Pleiksna, F. Honey, L. Labko, T. Boyd, A. de Vries, A. Kratsis, L. Cameron, J. Pay, U. Polonzak, G. Shegedyn, J. Barlow, V. tSanislavskis, M. Neskov, P. Becker, W. Muc, T. Allen, D. Ross, P. Plain, J. Dworecki.

Results: St. Albans H.S. 15-11 d. Strathmore H.S. 7-12; St. Albans H.S. 11-11 d. Footscray H.S. 6-7; St. Albans H.S. 9-6 d. Glenroy H.S. 5-8; St. Albans H.S. 13-8 d. Drouin H.S. 3-11; Sunshine H.S. 5-16 d. St. Albans H.S. 2-9; Bacchus Marsh H.S. 4-7 d. St. Albans H.S. 2-3; Essendon H.S. 18-13 d. St. Albans H.S. 2-5.



Boys' Tennis, TEAM: T. Smith (c), V. Bezborodoff, R. Szczudlinski, V. Chomontowski, G. Szwadiak, E. Lacinski, L. Thurgood, V. Bobko, J. Pay.

RESULTS: St. Albans H.S. d. Drouin H.S., but were defeated by Strathmore, Williamstown, Essendon High Schools and Footscray Technical School.



Cricket. TEAM: B. Listopad (c), U. Polonzak, I. Sharp, J. Norman, E. Bajraszewski, F. Honey, G. Shegedyn, J. Collins, T. Allen, R. Priest, N. Richau, P. Plain, L. Labko.

RESULTS: Williamstown H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., Footscray H.S. d. St. Albans H.S.

Soccer. TEAM: T. Venes (c), E. Hylan, J. Sawczuk, G. Urbaniak, N. Richau, R. Wiatr, H. Koch, M. Roszak, S. Kozlowski, V. Mahorin, J. Rodgers, P. Newniuk, A. Ecimovic.

RESULTS: St. Albans H.S. d. Sunshine T.S. 3-2; St. Albans H.S. d. Sunshine T.S. 3-1.

Volley Ball. TEAM: B. Gerlinger, T. Ciesniewski (c), Y. Urbaniak, G. Castagna, T. Venes, J. Collins.

RESULTS: St. Albans H.S. d. Strathmore, Sunshine, Footscray, Glenroy, Bacchus Marsh High Schools and Sunshine Technical School, but were defeated by Essendon H.S.

Swimming: Congratulations to R. Coupland, who won the under-16 breaststroke and T. Boyd who won the under-16 backstroke.

JUNIOR

Sofiball: Firsts (captain Dianne Dixon). Results: St. Albans H.S. d. Footscray H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Maribyrnong H.S., Glenroy H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Oak Park H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Koo-wee-rup H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Bacchus Marsh H.S. Seconds (captain, Maria Grass) d. Footscray H.S., Glenroy H.S., Koo-wee-rup H.S., Bacchus Marsh H.S. and were defeated by Oak Park H.S.

Basketball. Firsts (capt., Yaroslava Chalonin). Results: St. Albans H.S. d. Footscray H.S., Maribyrnong H.S. d. St. Albans H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Koo-wee-rup H.S., St. Albans H.S. d. Bacchus Marsh H.S. Seconds (capt., Kataryna Chalonin) d. Koo-wee-rup H.S. and were defeated by both Footscray and Maribyrnong High Schools. St. Albans H.S. d. Albans H.S. d. Oak Park H.S.

Hockey (capt. Sarah Hollingshead). Result: Maribyrnong H.S. d. St. Albans H.S.



SOCCER and VOLLEY BALL TEAMS

ATHLETICS

In our first year in "A" grade of the Western Division, the placings were as follows:

1st Under 14 Tunnel Ball.

2nd, Open High Jump: V. Viti; Under 13 100 yards, K. Axford.

3rd Open Broad Jump, O. Rowe; under 13 75 yards, K. Axford; under 14 4 x 110 yd. relay, O. Rowe, L. Cox, W. Zylinski, I. Javanovics; under 17 4 x 110 yard relay, V. Pleiksna, G. Shegedyn, J. Pay, J. Darrul. Under 15, 4 x 110 yard relay, S. Hubik, P. Tucker, R. Ciolli, H. Stiegler.

Under 14 100 yards, V. Bilinski; Open Javelin, J. Darrul; under 15 220 yards, H. Steigler; under 15 high jump, H. Steigler; under 13 tunnel ball under 14 cross ball.

4th, Open hop, step and jump: V. Pleiksna; under 16 shot putt, J. Collins; under 14 4 x 110 yd. relay, R. Dureau, P. Johannson, V and I. Bilinski; Under 15 broad jump, P. Tucker; under 14 220 yards, I. Bilinski; under 15 100 yards, P. Tucker; under 17 high jump, I. Kryzius; under 15 4 x 110 yard relay, G. Dennett, R. Carson, E. Richards, R. Metha; under 14 75 yard, I. Javanovics; under 14 100 yards: I. Javanovics.



ATHLETICS TEAM

The Year's Activities at a Glance

School Concert, December, 1959. Our school concert for 1959 was a huge success, the first performance being held at St. Albans and the second at Sunshine. The proceeds were £66/15/-.

The programme opened with a Yuletide play by Percival Wilde, "Kings in Nomania." George Listopad played the leading role and did an excellent job. Others in the cast included Lesley Halliwell, Dugald Docherty, Robyn Hudson, Anna Lewnski, Toni Easton, Irene Dnak, Adrian Flory, and Geoff Levey. After interval, the choir presented a selection of songs, followed by a Spanish Dance by second form girls. The next item, "The Crimson Coconut," an absurdity by Ian Hay, was perhaps received with more humour than was originally intended. The cast included Tony Buc, Colin White, Loretta Rennie, Kathryn Parsons, Consiula Zorzenon and George Nosiar. The costuming, background and dancing of "In a Persian Market" was particularly colourful. Among the dancers were Vejuna Kepalas, Veronika Sryter, Victoria Gibajlo, Anna Hordijewski and Maureen Johns. In a solo item, Yadzia Kubasiewicz charmingly rendered "The Laughing Song," accompanying herself on the piano-accordion. Form three boys presented a lively Can-Can, costumed in frilly colourful crepe paper dresses, their large brimmed bonnets shading their blushing faces. Their dainty antics won the most applaud of the evening.

Finally, the choir, accompanied by Joy Deverson, presented a bracket of carols.

Drama Festival. At the open day of the Secondary Schols Drama Festival, our dramatic group presented the play "Spot the Lady" at Brighton High School. Also presenting plays on the same day were Heidelberg High School, St. Leonard's Presbyterian Girl's College, Maribyrnong High School and Upwey High School. The cast of "Spot the Lady" was: Macbeth, Jeff Barlow; Macduff, Jeff Pay; Banquo and Butch, Verners Pleiksna; Lady Macbeth, Rosemary Keegan; Chorus, Les Thurgood; Malcolm and Duncan, Vambola Stanislavskis; Witches, Vanda Viti, Vejuna Kepalis and Carolyn Blele; Lady Macduff Toni Easton; Guests Sneja Gunew, Robyn Rudson and Irene Kryzius. Special congratulations go to Jeff Barlow

who was on stage practically all the time, to Rosemary Keegan, playing her first part with the school and to Verners Pleiksna for excellent character acting.

When we see the problems of others in our community, we realise how much help is needed. In previous years, and again this year, our school has done its best to make contributions to the less fortunate. Although these contributions are not great, we feel proud to have taken part in appeals to help others.

During March this year, we collected £36/17/10 for the World Refugees. For the Sporting Globe Good Friday Appeal on April 18, we collected £53/5/-. The forms put on plays and set up stalls to aid the appeal. In October the school worked hard to aid the Egg Appeal for the Footscray Hospital. All forms did an excellent job in collecting eggs, but an extra special effort was made by 3B. For this appeal, 102½-dozen eggs were collected by the school. As soon as exams are over, a special effort will be made in aid of the Holiday Appeal Fund to send children from migrant hostels to the seaside. The school would like to thank Mrs. Barker for her leadership in social service activities.



CRICKET TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM

Personality Parade of the Leaving Class

Person: Frances Zeglinski.
Favourite Saying: "Sir! Why? . . ."
Daydream: To be the driving force and chief chemist in the C.S.I.R.O.
Main Occupation: Driving teachers up the wall.
Dream in Reality: Driving force in the C.S.I.R.O. (Chemists' Society of Incapable Research Organisers).

Person: George Shgedyn.
Favorite Saying: Censored.
Daydream: Censored!
Main Occupation: Censored!
Dream in Reality: Chief censor in the Censorship Board.

Person: Terry "Cedric" Smith.
Favourite Saying: Did you hear the Goon Show last night? . . . You didn't (incredulously)!"
Daydream: To own a Whale drawn leather and string Submarine Service.
Main Occupation: Training Whales and Leather and String Submarines.
Dream in Reality: Owner of a Whale Drawn leather and String Submarine Service. What a goon!

Person: Wladimir Muc.
Favourite Saying: "What's the difference between a duck?"
Daydream: Lack of imagination on his part has prevented us from attributing one to him.
Main Occupation: Trying to convince us of the beauty of Mongolian women.
Dream in Reality: Lack of imagination on our part prevents us from predicting his future.

Person: Borut Vadnjaj.
Favourite Saying: "What do you know about aeroplanes?" (He's consistent).
Daydream: To be zooming around testing the latest jets.
Main Occupation: Trying to convince us he hasn't got his head up in the clouds.
Dream in Reality: A pilot (for the Melbourne Harbor Trust).

Person: Jeff Barlow.
Favourite Saying: "If there's anything I hate more than one French lesson, it's two French lessons."
Daydream: To be a primary school teacher.
Main Occupation: Building budgie cages.
Dream in Reality: French teacher, married to a French woman, living in a French community.

Person: Vanda Viti.
Favourite Saying: "You're cute . . ." (to everybody!).
Daydream: To be a hairdresser — hair-style designer.
Main Occupation: Changing her hairstyle.
Dream in Reality: Hairdresser to Yui Brynner.

Person: Doreen Gist.
Favourite Saying: "Do you want a pie with sauce at lunch time?"
Daydream: Tall, dark and dim (her own espresso bar).
Main Occupation: Putting tomato sauce into apricot pies.
Dream in Reality: Tall, dark and dim (her husband).



FORM V

Back Row: Jeff Pay, Jeff Barlow, Vambola Stanislavskis, Richard Szczudlinski, Wladimir Muc., Les Thurgood. **Middle Row:** Borut Vadnjaj, George Shgedyn, Victor Pliaskin, Tony Venes, Verners Pleiksna, Terry Smith. **Front Row:** Glenys Pell, Switlana Bohudski, Silvana Crespi, Vanda Viti, Jennifer Bruce, Frances Zeglinski, Margaret Smedley, Vejuna Kepalas, Doreen Gist, Toni Blahut.

Person: Basil Listopad.

Favourite Saying: "Shut up, Muc!"

Daydream: To be a champion footballer.

Main Occupation: Not doing French homework.

Dream in Reality: A champion footballer. (That fooled you!).

Person: Tony Venes.

Favourite Saying: "Ooh, I'd like to operate on you . . . Heh, Heh" (diabolical laughter).

Daydream: To be a doctor (treating humans).

Main Occupation: Telling Jokes.

Dream in Reality: A doctor (treating horses).

Person: Les Thurgood.

Favourite Saying: "What's wrong with me?"

Daydream: A sailor sailing the six (sic!) seas.

Main occupation: Being sick whenever the sea is mentioned.

Dream in Reality: Sealing fish in the fish market (miles from the sea).

Person: Jennifer Bruce.

Favourite Saying: Lost among giggles.

Daydream: A brawny life-saver.

Main Occupation: Giggling.

Dream in Reality: A packer at the lifesaver lolly factory.

Person: Vambola Stanislavskis.

Favourite Saying: Inaudible, but it sends Jeff Barlow into hysterics.

Daydream: Editor of a leading daily newspaper.

Main Occupation: Writing for "Alba".

Dream in Reality: Contributor of stories to "Woman's Day" and poems to "The School Paper"

GOATS CAN HELP

A TALE FROM POLAND

Many years ago there was a poor man and wife with s.x children. Being so poor that they could not afford a house, they had to live in a garage. However, with all the troubles of a large family, and a very small home, they found it very difficult to live. Every day that passed seemed to be worse. At last, when they could hardly bear it any longer, the man sought for help.

After searching for many days, he managed to find an old philosopher who was supposed to be very wise. The poor man explained his troubles to him. The philosopher only needed a few moments' thought to answer the question. He asked if the poor man possessed a goat. The poor man answered that he had a few.

"All right, that's fine," replied the old man, "you will need two. Now listen closely to the rest of the plan. Put two goats in your home and leave them there for a reasonable time."

"What!" shouted the poor man, almost in tears. "I want my place to get roomier, not tighter." But he regretted having shouted at the wise man, and on his way home he decided to obey and respect the philosopher. He put the goats inside and hoped the worst wouldn't come. It seemed as if life wasn't worth living. It was just terrible.

A week later, of what had seemed a month to the poor man, he visited the philosopher again. This time he begged on his knees that he could let the goats out. The wise man told him that he could take the goats out again. Overjoyed at having finished the task, he started the process of removing the goats. Ah! How good it felt! So much better than ever before. Little did the poor man think that he was in the same conditions as just over a week ago. Wise were the words of the old philosopher.

— by Sam Frosh.



LIBRARIANS

1A Alan Hargreaves, Ute Kiewer.

1B Broderick Smith, Helene Neyland.

1C Garry Cameron, Maria Denys.

1D Ivan Volkov, Heather Goddard.

1G Yadwiga Wolczecki, Sofia Strozycki.

2A Dennis Murphy, Beryl Hulme.

2B Janet Fox, Robert Barker.

2C Suzanne Lutge, Dianne Dixon.

2D Sarah Hollingshead, Noelene Grenfell.

2E Judith Farnsworth, Imants Pleiksna.

2F Alina Dworzynski, Ann Carter.

2G Maree Dealy, Nazifa Ajayoglu.

3A Senja Gunew, Rosemary Kiss.

3B David Pringle, Ray Chatterton.

3C Robert Kolyba, Maria Stroicz.

3G Carol Dusting, Helen Eisner.

4A Noeline Carrick, Enver Bajraszewski.

4B Veronika Sryter, Irene Kryzius.

SHORT - CUT TO SORROW

by Vambola Stanislavskis.

Sren Anks looked apprehensively at the dark tufts of cloud looming over the horizon; he knew they meant rain, heavy rain, and he had a long trek home. He made up his mind quickly, whistled for his dog, and set off for the track. His dog loped easily ahead of him, and Sren admired, as he had done so many times before, the proud head, the strong neck, and the beautiful rhythm of the dog's rippling muscles. Sren was an only child, and at fourteen he was a sensitive and shy youth, who delighted in the mutual companionship afforded by his dog, Ajax.

Sren climbed through the protective fence near the railway lines at a point where the outer suburban town of St. Albion petered out to a few isolated clumps of houses. He clambered up the embankment and hurried quickly over the four tracks, part of his short cut home. A sharp yelp behind him spun him around — Ajax had caught his paw in the track. Sren hurriedly tried to force the paw loose. At first he thought it would be easy, but after ten minutes, he had to give up. He sat down helplessly on the cold iron, looked into the imploring eyes of Ajax and tried to think. His eyes wandered along the track, and then stopped and strained. Where the track disappeared into the evening's approaching gloom, a small trail of smoke was barely discernible, but was becoming larger at a fast rate.

Sren panicked as he thought of the black iron monster bearing down on a frightened Ajax; he knew he would need help to free Ajax. A yammer of quick unreasonable voices echoed in his brain, but one steady voice, the voice of his reasoning, told him to go for help, adult and mature help. He left the dog quickly and ran to a clump of houses on the other side of the track.

He ran into the nearest place and hammered on the door. He stood there impatiently for a few moments. No one answered. He looked urgently at the approaching column of smoke, and the yammer of insane voices in his brain reached a crescendo and drowned out the calm of reason. Still in a panic he left the door and started to run back to the track. As he disappeared around the corner, the door opened and the town's veterinarian came out, saw that no-one was there, and slammed the door in rage.

Sren, by now panting and frustrated, looked into the deep, melancholy eyes of his friend pleading silently. . . . The station! why hadn't he thought of it before? The station master would halt the speeding waggon of death. Leaving his whimpering dog behind, Sren began to run to the station, half a mile away.

As he ran, the clear rushing air was sweet to his lungs, the thought of failure bitter in his mouth. He hastened on, forcing his leaden legs, his thumping heart, his gasping lungs, on, on, on. A few hundred yards more! Then he burst into the station gasping out his misery. "Stop that train. Oh, please stop that train." The bleak hard-lipped station master, although moved by the boy's love for his dog, said there was nothing he could do but hope the train was on the other track.

Sren stood stunned, his shoulders drooped in defeat. Beads of sweat, caused more by fear than exertion, burst onto his forehead like a rash. Not wanting to believe what he had heard, he staggered out of the office.

He walked back slowly and dejectedly, his

mind numb and blank, not daring to think. Suddenly this hiss and rumble of the engine as it chugged past awoke him from his reverie. Tears welled into his eyes, impairing his vision. Afraid to look, he walked on, when a sudden and joyful bark reached his ears. He looked up, saw the furiously wagging tail, the trapped paw, the broad grin of his Ajax, and ran quickly to him. He couldn't believe that his dog was safe. Safe! His companion was safe!

After Ajax had been freed, the boy and his dog continued on their way home. Suddenly the storm burst in all its fury. Then Sren saw a sign, "Trespassers Prosecuted," and he thought to himself, as the cold rain fanned his hot flushed cheeks, that in those frightening minutes Sren Anks had surely been prosecuted, judged and punished.

CATS

Cats! Clearly there must be something lacking in anyone who can fail to be moved in some way by the animal whose name is one of the first words we learnt to spell.

It may be questioned whether the word "cat" is an adequate word for a creature that has so many smooth characteristics: the softness of its fur that crackles with electricity when you stroke it near a fire, the gentle contentedness of its purr, the undulating suppleness of its movements as it pretends to be stalking through the jungle.

The cat's wilder relations have been given names which echo part of their character. The lion for example; one can hear its deep, resonant roar in the syllables of its name. Other wilder cats, such as the leopard and tiger, all present a picture of the creature themselves.

In comparison, how terse is the word "cat". Yet perhaps it should be, for it describes a neat and efficient animal. All cats have the immaculate "washed, starched and spin-dried" appearance of a smart office worker. Attending to their toilet, it seems, is a necessary part of their daily routine. In no other animal will you find the powder-puff softness of a cat's paws as it gently pats you in a friendly game.

There was, of course, once upon a time, the sinister and dreadful air of a cat, when it was frequently associated with witches. At night a cat still inspires a feeling of awe when the phosphorescent glow of its eyes is encountered in the dark.

A cat has a will of its own, and is usually free to go where it pleases and to return when it pleases. Perhaps it has never really forgotten that it was once an Egyptian Goddess and behaves accordingly, being at once both beautiful and aloof.

Cats could be described as the aristocrats amongst household pets. Free to roam where they please, they are given the best and most comfortable spot in front of the fire, and the best of food. I am sure that cats realise the luxury which they live in, and they walk with the haughty grandeur which is that of the elite and rich.

— Terry Smith, Form 5.

This Page Donated by:

TYE'S STORE, Main Road West.

Me Mother

Me mother used to back a lot of money on the horses
Till she got known as "Crooked Bet" at all the posh race courses.
In gambling casinos she displayed her other vices,
To mention just a few, she used marked cards and loaded dices.
'Er favorite drinks were 'ighballs, martinis, rum'n'coke,
She used to sozzle up the lot till 'er fifth old man went broke.
But now she's old, decrepid, sordid looking, weak,
And as she rocks there in her chair, of LIQUOR she doth reek
In green bed socks she's there with a kipper in her 'and,
Waitin' for a victim, a rich eccentric man,
But I must not sling mud because she is me mother,
And in the past few years I've learnt there is no other,
Living woman who, at the age of ninety-three
Could be so flipping lively when goin' on a spree.
With her red nose shinin' in the dark she'd tiptoe into bed
With a charge of rum in one hand, and some Aspros for her head,
But all the same this dear old soul 'as been so good to me
And in the future I only 'ope that she'll continue so to be.

— Jennifer Bruce.



FORM IV

Back Row: Bill Hartigan, Des Richards, Hartmut Koch, Ron Coupland, Fred Honey, Albert de Vries, Mitko Neskov, Edward Hylan, Trevor Allen, Gerhard Shaller. **Fourth Row:** Edel Sesek, Jillian Beckett, Radmilla Heskov, Rae Andrews, Janet Cocks, Irene Kryzius, Veronika Sryter, Garry Brown. **Third Row:** Colin Huggins, Steven Kozlowski, Godfrey Lambert, Unick Polonzak, Tilo Boyd, Guiliano Castagna, Joe Darrul, Tom Ciesniewski. **Second Row:** Enver Bajraszewski, John Grover, Jim Patterson, Jeff Rodgers, Alan Holland, John Waring, Robert Priest. **Front Row:** Maureen Johns, Rhonda Freeland, Janet Cox, Annamaria Kasser, Noeline Carrick, Androulla Joannou, Maria Polnikier.

"Corroboree"

— Hannelore Henschke.

Painting by

Vanda Viti and

Jennifer Bruce.

Near a fire which lightens the dust of the night,
Aborigines I assembling can see.
They are gathering here for their native dance
Which is well-known . . . Corroboree.

Their bodies, forming a magic pattern,
Are shiny with palm-kernel oil.
The drummers beat faster, and faster still,
Forgotten are sorrows, labour and toil.

The dance now gets quick and exciting.
Bodies like shadows whirl round,
While women sing their rhythmic songs,
Exotic to the drummers' strange sounds.

Then the fire goes out, and the night is dark,
Everything is quiet and still.
The natives, their dance being over, leave,
To soon again meet on the hill.



Amidst the weird, flickering fire, their bodies glistening with sweat, came the dancers. Chanting in unison they leapt onto their stage, but had man ever such a stage? The deep blue sky, spangled with a myriad tiny stars and at their feet, the dark forbidding plain brought to life by the grotesquely lurid flames.

Leaping, turning, in a frenzy of savage beauty the warriors played their part, played it with an intensity of feeling thereby compelling their people to see, as they did, the story unfolding itself dramatically.

The leaping flames danced too. They also wished to show their might and they also were savage and beautiful. While looking into their hearts one saw the pulsing vibrating glow freeing itself from the fetters and ensnaring bonds to be lifted higher and higher in the wild tumultuous joy.

So they performed on. The spirits and the wild ancestral horde, but gradually they drew together. Slowly they mingled and in joint harmony wended their way into an everlasting pattern which swept throughout the land as a glorious idea and settled in the hearts of men to be awakened from time to time in the turbulent fury of a corroboree.

— Sneja Gunew.

"ELLA"

— by Verners Pleksna.

A distant roar is heard; it is not the gigantic leaping wave falling haphazardly onto the rocks, or diminishing into proportionally smaller waves and flowing as hot lava over the sand; it is not thunder. No, it is Ella, the wind blowing with a mighty power, the destroyer always to be feared by the tropical forest. On she comes at the rate of one hundred and more miles per hour; the very grass lies flat before her. Eucalypts, acacias, ferns try for one minute to withstand her; but their foliage is whipped off and strewn in fragments on the ground, their trunks snapped or blown down and their frantically gripping roots are tossed up in the air.

Straight towards the jungle is a distinct and wide track cut by Ella. There is an increased roar as the myriads of leaves are blown to incalculable fragments; the fig tree and the cedar quail, the pine shakes dangerously, for never before have they in their lives seen such a fury, but they resolve to stand defiantly against her.

The aerial whirlpool acquires added velocity; the climax nears. It is too much for the cedar

and the fig, whose roots yield stubbornly through the soil softened by the heavy rains prior to Ella's onslaught. And these long-time mighty stalwarts, monarchs, the growth of centuries, lie prostrate on the bed of their skeletal leaves, taking with them on their downward plunge all the creepers and gay, careless climbers. The bunya-bunya, no longer sheltered by its childhood companion, but exposed to the merciless blast of Ella, senses that it cannot ride the storm and, in a single minute, its finely shaped dome-like head topples to the ground. It has lost its crown and is utterly defeated.

Then the delicate modest, slightly-tapered but elegant palm trembles. But the tall supple stem bends to the hurricane until the leaves almost sweep the ground. Slender though its stem may be, yet it is of hide toughness, and its roots have a grip of the earth as no other roots have. The palm does not obstinately stand directly against her onrush; the palm bows down but does not succumb. The wind ceases and all is over; calmness and stillness again predominate in the palm's strife-torn country. The delicate-stemmed palm alone stands, silhouetted, the monarch of the jungle, its long and streamlined leaves still adhering, pendulous and singular of grace as before.



FORM IA

Back Row: Hans Beekman, Greutis Kulbys, Rudolph Marsani, Stan Koliba, Robert Slawitschka, Stefan Hermann, Branko Labas, Helmut Lopaczuk, Jerry Malesz. **Third Row:** Krystyna Konieczny, Margaret Coupe, Ute Klewer, Alla Harbatowski, Iлона Javanoovics, Patricia Bolger, Anna Adamowicz, Anna Denisow, Mary Dore, Christa Albrecht, Teresa Kozlowski, Dalia Ferguson. **Second Row:** Ryszard Charewicz, Adam Koliba, Errol McLeod, Joseph Cymbalista, Jacob Epema, Andreas Engert, Alan Hargrave, John Dudenas, Glenn Brotchie, John Dodson, Ken Jackson. **Front Row:** Kristina Sawicki, Halina Ciemala, Katina Joannou, June Gordon, Julie Koschwitz, Barbara Haufe, Janina Witon, Tania Pavlova, Elena Dagys, Danuta Brozowski, Antje Jablecki.

This Page Donated by: S. C. KERR, Chemist, Main Road West.

IT PAYS TO KNOW FRENCH

It's easy once you get the knack
le chat — the dog, le chien — the cat,
In know my verbs and plenty more
je suis — I have, la fille — the door.
When told in French "asseyez-vous"
I said "No thanks, I now have two."
I just love French, mais oui, mais oui,
deux means four and cinq means three.
Teach. said to me, "Tu es stupide."
I answered quickly, "There's no need."
"Levez-vous tout de suite," said he.
"Oh! but sir, that was no flea."
"Qui es-tu?" came the teacher again
"Oh no you don't, you've got your pen."
A compliment was paid to me
by the poor old teach., who teaches me.
He said, "Si tu visites la France later on,
You'll baffle every clever French homme."
For what can happen one can never tell,
but it certainly pays to know French well.

— by Janina Arnautovic.

HINTS FOR FIRST - FORMERS

When you come to school quite late,
And you fancy you've been seen coming
through the gate —
Face the teacher, do not hide,
Then these excuses may well be tried:

First,

The alarm clock broke
So it was late when I woke —

or

The bus broke down
On the way to town —

perhaps,

I forgot my book,
So I went to look —

and

My tyre was flat;
I had to feed my cat.

These excuses are just a few,
Of those that may help you.

— by Rene van Kuyk.



FORM IB

Back Row: Kazmierz Matuszczak, Dietmar Probst, Kazimeras Poskus, Roger Sniegowski, Zbigniew Wikiel, Franz Pichler, Edward Mazurkiewica, Swiatoslaw Dawidowicz, Dusan Temisanovic. **Fourth Row:** Daniella Yancenko, Lilla Kurach, Helene Neyland, Brigitta Klaszinski, Janis Griffin, Helene Reschl, Rosalia Borst, Susanna Lomen, Valma McQueen. **Third Row:** Henry Szwed, Broderick Smith, Ignac Niedzwiecki, Raymond Haynes, Siegfired Nowak, Denis Weibrecht, John Mielszarek, Rene Van Kuyk, Stanislaw Polchowski. **Second Row:** Barbara Lubicz-Nycz, Alexandra Shagedyn, Ieva Radiskevics, Judith Schick, Sonia Tovornik, Helen Nagy, Teresa Spiewak, Livia Sossi, Elizabeth Sobczak, Teresa Szpak, Androulla Paphiti, Annamaria Preicz, Kathleen Robertson.

TEACHING — Mr. WALSH STYLE

— by a Faithful History Student.
(Name given but better unpublished — Ed.)

Mr. Walsh may be pleased to know that his faithful students have elected him the supreme **hard marker** with whom no other teacher can compete. Here are some of the happenings in which we daily indulge.

Newspaper shops are being daily raided by pupils eagerly buying the "Sun" or "Age" for their daily current affairs homework.

How it pleases him to reward hard working history students with B— (representing $\frac{1}{2}$ mark out of two) for their books!

Never yet has he forgotten to put neatly all over the page his comment such as, "Well done. Would like to see more striking diagrams of this revolution."

We all know the pleasures now, and sport comes second to history. Frequently, we are disturbed by interruptions such as boys wanting to see Mr. Walsh about the running events or even the silliest requests as to what colour socks to be worn to the sports. No wonder I mistook John Landy for Karl Marx in my exam.

We can always tell when we are about to be given a nasty job or a hint on our exam papers. He enters the room covered in smiles and with mischievous twinkling eyes and, ordering all

doors and windows to be opened to their fullest extent, he rubs his hands in delight. After he has beaten around the bush, our expectations slowly begin to take shape. After we have found out the torture before us, his hearty laugh can be heard echoing through the silent corridors.

But our history knowledge should be perfect (unless you have a head like a sieve). What a relief to know Mr. Walsh only reads the sports columns of this magazine. Should he ever read our views on his teaching, we will all fail next exams for sure. But at least everyone will know why — Mr. Walsh is a miser at marking time.

STORY OF SONG

Being a serious dissertation on music written by an anonymous student.

The early instruments were very prehistoric. Of course, as time marched on music marched right along with it as the years developed so did the instruments. First came of course opera — Bethorven, Strouse T. J. Bark . . . and many others they composed thinks like Venis wals, swan lake, The Nut cracker suit ect. But then Jazz set in and thats were rock and Roll people like — Elvis Presly, Jhonny Restivo, Crash Sradok and of course Fabain and songs like — (shav) swan lake were no more popular than going to the dentist



FORM IC

Back Row: Garry Cameron, Peter Johannssen, Robert Mundy, Michael Lysakowski, Trevor Collins, Peter Counadis, Roberto Ciolli, Genik Komarnicki, Graham Jarvis, Knut Werner, Trevor Kerr. **Third Row:** Margaret Brumby, Valerie Davidoff, Gwendoline Fane, Helen Barnes, Kateryna Chaloin, Maria Deneys, Nicole English, Karin Frede, John Antonowicz, Richard Furmanczyk. **Second Row:** Donald Coster, Kazimierz, Grzankowski, Patrick Cockman, Emmanuel Cargekis, Leonhard Krois, John Hemiak, Andrzej Kwiecinski, Sam Frosh, Charles Gatt, John Belko. **Front Row:** Antje Bartowiak, Kaye McIntyre, Lynda Dunkley, Emilia Chocholek, Hildegard Dobryden, Stanislaw Babicz, Anita Baulch, Helena Burak, Gail Swanson.

"The Greenwich Villager" or "Still Life"

He spend the day chewing coffee
 While playing his huge double-bass.
 His hair is long, his eyes seem dead,
 And a bleary and blissless face
 Can be occasionally seen as his hair swings
 From side to side with the beat.
 He cares nought about the world, as he has
 never
 Seen it; but he still writes poetry describing it,
 Though not the kind Shakespeare or Longfellow
 wrote,

But a
 different unique kind a kind
 of
 his! own., exclusive to his cult,
 one far remote
 from poetic
 ethics. It makes
 no sense
 to others,
 but
 to him
 it is
 achievement
 itself and
 when he has recited it, he is happy.
 He is married
 To a female counterpart who is distinguishable
 From him only because she has a shorter beard.

She shares his quiet, not too extravagant life
 With patience; not because she loves him,
 But because she, too, is sick with the world.
 Their life is of giddy "cloud-nine" talk that
 Not even they fully dig.
 Why they talk and live like this
 Nobody knows; but everyone suspects they do it
 Because it's fashionable
 To be beat.

— by Enver Bajraszewski.

"RAIN"

I love to hear the sound of rain
 And water from a flooded drain,
 Of raindrops pattering on tin roofs
 And children in their waterproofs.

I love to hear the pounding hail,
 The poor old postman delivering mail,
 The song of the birds in a faraway tree —
 All these lovely sounds of nature please me.

When out comes the sunshine with its warm
 rays,
 Cats, dogs and children come out to play,
 But I'll wait here by the window pane
 Waiting till it rains again.

— by Barbara Lubicz.



FORM ID

Back Row: Ivan Volkov, John Nicetin, Raymond Robinson, Vassyl Bilinski, Ivan Bilinski, Derek Thurgood, Harry Seamangas, Lorenz Schwab, Nicolai Starostyn. **Fourth Row:** Doris Harbach, Erika Kolin, Luba Horpinitch, Catherine Hatjandreou, Czeslawa Orlinski, Dawn Clark, Gisela Heinrichs, Cheryl McLeod, Olha Ilkio. **Third Row:** Philip Wildman, Stefan Vasjuta, Albert van de Kuyt, Corneleus Vermolen, Anton Seychell, Vladys Turok, Dav'd Dawn Hopkins, Milica Jankovic, Heather Goddard. **Second Row:** Zofia Yanczak, Tatiana Korinsky, Pamela Hammond. **First Row:** Philip Pringle, Leonid Troszczyj, Slauko Tomy, Mykola Nowyckyj, Keith Wright, George Spiteri.



At left:
Water Colour by
RADMOLLA HESKOV (1V)



At right:
Gouache
by EDWARD HYLAN (1V)



At left:
Gouache
by RON COUPLAND (1V)



At right:
Crayon
by VEJUNA KEPALAS (V)



At left:
Crayon and Ink
SWITLANA BOHUDSKI (V)



At right:
Gouache
by JENNIFER BRUCE (V)

"IN A CITY"

Nellie Rampport was a sweet thing; she was pretty, not pretentiously so; she had just turned eighteen, and had a good schooling, both in formal education and the social graces, behind her. She had graduated and, much to the surprise of her friends and relatives, had firmly announced her intention of becoming a missionary nurse. This is not really surprising to us, however, as she is a sensitive girl, aware of the acute suffering of a large number of unfortunate people. But most important, Nellie was a dreamer: she had dreams of years of rewarding help to semi-starved and illiterate people, of gratifying toil and sweat, and of eventual fame. Yes, she was a dreamer for, after all, wouldn't the idyllic period of youth be a dark vacuum without imagination and dreams. So it is this girl, almost a woman, that we observe plopping herself wearily onto the seat to wait for a bus.

Twilight was embracing the city and enhancing even more the sombre silhouettes of drab buildings and even more drab streets. Faceless strangers coldly scurried along the footpaths, oblivious to everything but their thoughts. Nellie felt lonely and quickly glanced around.

In her weariness she had not noticed the stranger sitting on the extreme edge of the seat. Her womanish curiosity aroused, Nellie gazed occasionally at her unknown companion. What she saw revolted her and a lump came to her throat, not a feeling caused by pity or compassion, but a feeling caused by horror. The girl sitting next to her seemed at least twelve or thirteen; her hair was unkempt and her face and hands were grimy, and rough. Her legs seemed twisted inwards and looked horribly bent. And yet she had an angelic air about her which radiated from her deep eyes which seemed like hazy pools of blue water. She glanced nervously at Nellie, opened her mouth to speak, but said nothing. For no apparent reason, Nellie suddenly felt acutely that the people were watching these two incongruous persons, of which she was one, and suddenly her missionary zeal began to diminish within her. Consciously, she felt that good manners would force her to try to help this urchin, but sub-consciously her breeding and pride were repulsed by this apparition which seemed so different from anything she had previously known.

Nellie fiddled nervously with her handbag as she felt the stranger's eyes on her, wide and inquisitive. Finally, Nellie managed to stammer out a cold "What's your name?"

"Ronnie," came back the answer in a slow drawl.

"That's a strange name for a girl," replied Nellie, now somewhat ashamed of her former thoughts, but still repulsed by the young girl.

"I hate it, see, but me dad calls me that."

"Shouldn't you be home then, it's pretty late you know," proffered Nellie with a benign smile, as if she had just stated a great truth.

"I haven't got a home, leastways not a real home."

"But you said your father . . ."

"He's not really my father, and I hate him!" Then the strange girl sidled up next to Nellie

and, looking her disarmingly in the eye, she said, "Do you know what it's like to be an orphan, to be kicked around and treated like scum, and then to be finally palmed off to a no-good loafer who makes you work all day and every day?" She emitted a deep sigh and Nellie seemed to perceive a tear welling in her eye, as she answered her own question. "Well, I do!" Then her eyes seemed to turn cold as she thrust at Nellie, "What would you do if you knew this was goin' on?" Well, Nellie was surprised and shocked, but she knew what her answer should have been, and yet she said nothing. She was ashamed of herself, and yet despite her schooling and her dreams, all she could stammer out was "I . . . don't . . . know," and look the other way.

Suddenly, a gleaming chauffeur-driven limousine screeched to a halt at the footpath and a woman's head appeared. "So there you are darling . . . Oh! what a mess! I told you not to go outside today." And the strange girl stood up and said, with a strange smile curving the ends of her mouth, "Good evening" in perfect English. No longer were her legs bent out of shape, and no longer did her body seem racked with disease, but she strode gracefully and haughtily to the car. As the car disappeared into the twilight, Nellie just stood and stared . . .

In the car, the daughter remained silent and a sad smile was on her face. Then she said slowly, "Aren't people distressing? They seem so good and kind at first . . . and then you find out how selfish and grasping they really are." Her mother, who had never possessed the acute perceptive nature her daughter had, could only mumble impatiently and lapse into silence.

— by Vambola Stanislavskis.

"THE STREAM"

The

silver stream
murmuring, seeking
and prying its way
ever finding through
tall ferns and gorse
often falling to
hit with a splash
the water below.
In its depths gay
fishes darting and
spying, sending ripples
to the top . . .
Never quiet, never lying,
never resting, never dying
away to a stop . . .
And on it meanders with
blunders and errors, but
finally finding its goal, far away
in a lake, sea or river clear and unspoiled.

— by Sneja Gunew.

“Storm at Sea”

The pursuit of waves and the waves return
a savage struggle ending in a spouting
of white foam on a black sea. On and on
they go (and the wind crying); ceaseless
change of place of foam, nothing but
eternal strife,
beating of the sea,
and the wind cries like a million souls
lost at sea. The waves reach up
towards the black sky, trying to see
what's ahead of the black waves and the white
foam.

V. Chomontowski, 3B.



Drawing by

Vejuna Kepalas

Although it was only mid-afternoon, the sun hovered uncertainly over the horizon and the intense heat was unbearable. The ocean was unnaturally opaque with barely a ripple on its surface.

A tiny craft, which seemed little larger than a toy yacht, lay becalmed upon this motionless expanse of water. All on board the vessel were apprehensively awaiting the storm which seemed inevitable.

Slowly the sun sank in a blaze of brilliant colour and, as if this had been a signal the ominous black clouds gathered together, jagged forks of lightning flashed across the sky and, with a final deafening roar of thunder, the heaven split open to unleash its pent-up fury upon the ocean below. The storm gathered momentum and roared and flashed furiously, lashing and crashing, bent on destroying all that lay in its path. Finally, the storm, like a tired child after a tantrum of temper, sobbingly wore itself out.

The early light of a fresh new day dawned clear and bright, revealing the havoc caused by the tempestuous storm, the least of which was the tiny wrecked vessel slowly sinking to its watery grave.

— Robyn Hudson.

"SNOW"

(Congratulations, Hannelore! After less than two years in Australia, Hannelore of 3A has an amazing command of English. Could you second form French or German students write a poem in French or German, and, what is more, have it published?)

"Hurray, it has snowed!" the children shout
As they rush to the window, looking out
For that white substance, called the snow,
Which falls round January or so.

The children dress in their winter clothes,
Leaving room for eyes, mouth and nose;
Then in the garden, out to play,
While inside their mother hears noises gay.

They shout with laughter, shriek with fear,
As well-made snowballs are flying near.
Quickly a snowman is built by them all
Which is rather round and not very tall.

While the children are inside, the sun comes
out
And the snowman will, there is no doubt,
Already turn into water by night,
Which won't be to the children's delight.

Snow can make children happy and gay,
But after a short while it melts away
When the sun appears and shines on it hard—
All that is left will be brown-looking mud.

— by Hannelore Henschke.

MOTOR CARS

(To be read in one breath)

A motor car is a thing for which roads were built but before cars horses were used to pull carts or coaches and roads were not made for these because there were not enough of them the carts that is not the horses or maybe there were not many horses because there were not many roads to go anyway now there are many roads and also many cars so that anyone who has not as yet come into contact with a car will know one when they see one for I shall attempt to describe them the usual shape of a car can be compared to that of a box but some are long and flat and some are thin and high but the latest trend in the design seems to be to produce something that looks like a flat sheet of paper with four wheels underneath and a glass dome on top and the four wheels which go along the ground are the only contact a car makes with the earth unless it tips over but there is another wheel on the inside of the car though this is to turn the car around corners now some people think you can stop the car by pulling this wheel but this is not so in the front of the car there is a lid which can be put up or down and this is what is known as the engine and this is what makes the car go however some cars do not seem to have an engine e g mr moriesons and this is when a lot of people have to push the car to wherever it is going so you see the engine consists of some bits of pipe a jar of water and a big black box which is the battery and the engine may be started by turning a little key from inside the car or if this doesnt work e g

with miss taylors you turn a great big handle and swear hm hm at the back of the car is a lid which is nothing but in some cars this is at the front which is why mr moriesons has no engine and in this nothing can be put spare tyres tools for putting spare tyres on and seats for any passengers who cannot find rooms inside e g mr moriesons and this nothing is called the boot along the two sides are doors which open outwards onto the inside and these doors are to put windows in so that when you are inside you can see where you are going also there is a thing called a windscreen over the lid in front for putting windscreen wipers on and some cars have a roof on top to keep the rain out but this is optional also attached to the outside is a little pipe which is located underneath the car and out of it belches forth smoke steam water petrol kerosene soot oil nuts bolts etc while inside the car are many interesting things the most noticeable of which are the seats which are for people to sit on and when you are sitting on one of the seats you can see lots of little screws which hold the car onto the windows and buttons which turn things on and off around the car and knobs which are made to press and now to complete the picture there are two big lights in front which are used to blind other drivers when you are driving the car at night and thus the indomitable symbol of civilization races the roads unsuppressed.

— by Margaret Smedley.

OUR HIT PARADE

HISTORY — "It's Only the Beginning".

GEOGRAPHY — "Red River Rock".

MATHS I — "Would It Be Wrong?"

FRENCH — "C'est Magnifique."

ENGLISH — "Don't know much."

ART — "Beatnik Fly" ("So Rare!").

THE MEN'S STAFF ROOM — "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

GOING TO MONDAY MORNING'S ASSEMBLY — "Sleepwalk."

WHEN THE HOMEWORK ISN'T DONE — "I'll Be Seeing You".

ON RECEIVING EXAM RESULTS — "Time to Cry".

WHEN ACCUSED OF BREAKING A RULE — "I Can't Remember Where or When".

DETENTION — "I Want To Be Free".

THE TEACHERS SAY WE'RE A NOISY LOT — "True."

HOMEWORK — "Just a Little Too Much".

OUR SCHOOL YARD — "Bigger than Texas".

ME, DURING MATHS — "Hard-Headed Woman".

WHEN INSIDE THE SCHOOL BUILDING— "Walk, Don't Run."

AFTER TRAINING WITH Mr. C. — "Oh! The Shape I'm In."

THE WOMEN'S STAFF ROOM — "Hot Diggity!"

OUR SCHOOL — "A Kookie Little Paradise."

Q.E.D. or DAFT DEFINITIONS

In which are to be seen a few grains of wisdom.

School Cap. A thing which regulates the amount of Brylcreem on boys' hair.

Cricket: A sport for which we spent five months playing football to get fit.

French: A subject which is the only plausible excuse the Education Department has for employing French teachers.

Practical Science: Two periods in which we disprove Theories, Laws and Principles.

Detention: A system of keeping the chosen few back after school to keep company those teachers who have to stay back anyway.

English: A period during which we are taught how to speak and write correctly and, as a warning of what will happen if we don't, we read efforts by a Mr. Shakespeare.

History: A subject in which they teach us what, where and why events took place, and why it's best for us to forget them and think of the future.

Child Psychology: A method of inflicting the

most painful punishment over the largest area using minimum effort.

Tuck Shop: A means of raising money by taking advantage of pupils' hunger after hard school work (No, this doesn't mean that St. Albans pupils are hungry for work — Ed.).

Prefect Jacket: A jacket with many pockets to accommodate cigarettes, drugs, liquor, and other illegal objects which are confiscated by prefects during recesses.

Examinations: Tasks given us to use up the school's supply of foolscap.

Teachers: People whom pupils and headmasters must put up with because it says so in the regulations.

Prefects, form captains, monitors, library, librarians, teachers, chalk, school magazine, form photos and lockers: Things our school has for the simple reason that every school has too.

First formers: A bunch of kids we have to put up with because primary schools could stand them no longer.

— by Enver Bajraszewski.



Back Row: Zori Loncar, Stefania Sawka, Ewa Makarewicz, Jennifer Weaver, Sylvia Skinner, Mary Saliba, Ardienna Marechal, Nita Rozycki, Bianca Arnautovic, Irene Krawczyk. **Third Row:** Yawwiga Wolczecki, Danuta Strugarek, Regina Muscinkas, Barbara Wale, Jennifer Plant, Barbara Wyka, Yawwiga Szucko, Helen Baker. **Second Row:** Maria Wojciechowska, Renate Stojanovic, Isabella Szostak, Pauline Stewart, Susan Reeves, Martha Kratsis, Zofia Struzycki, Bozena Zaba, Lynette Robinson. **Front Row:** Ursula Plecher, Katrin Schwab, Helga Mucke, Maxine McNiven, Phyllis Rowley, Sheena Flain, Jacoba van Winden, Lieselotte Japundra, Birgitta Rucinski.

Wholly Set up and Printed in Sunshine by
C. G. CARLTON PTY. LTD.
Printers and Publishers
10-14 DICKSON STREET, SUNSHINE
Telephone: 311-0349 (2 lines)

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