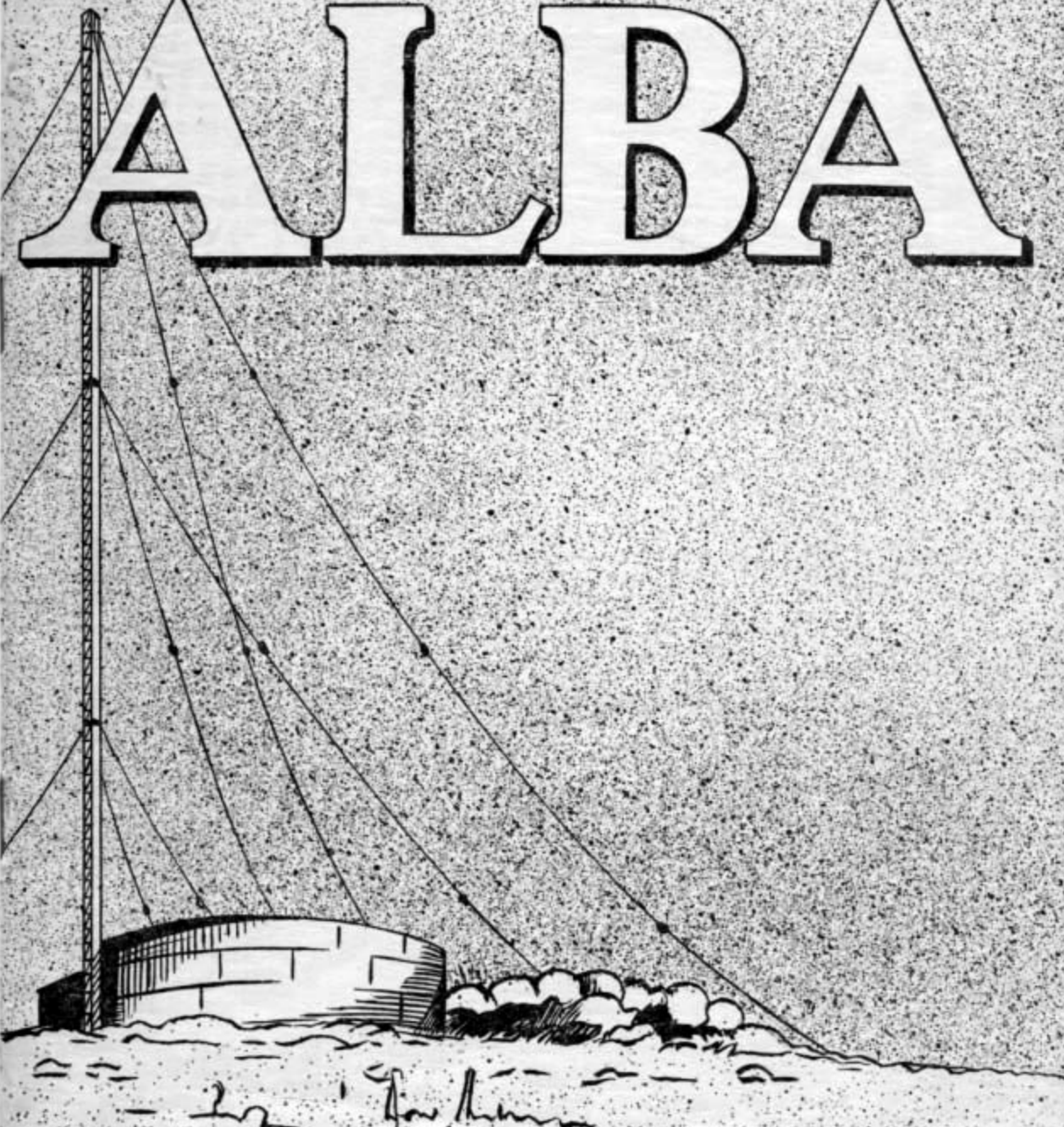


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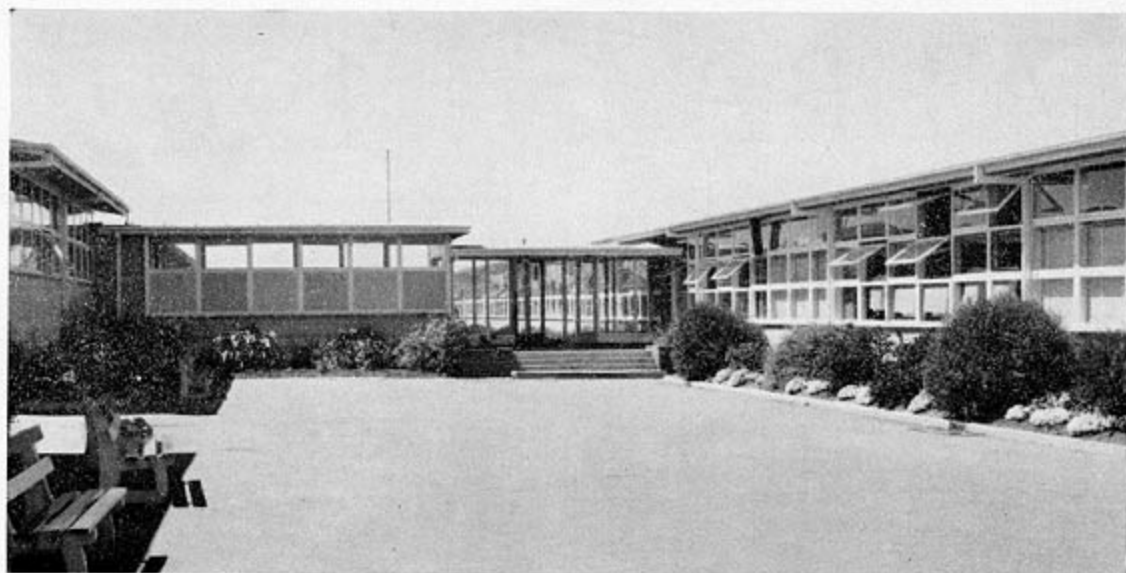


MAGAZINE OF ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL — 1962

# ALBA ... 1962



**MAGAZINE OF ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL**



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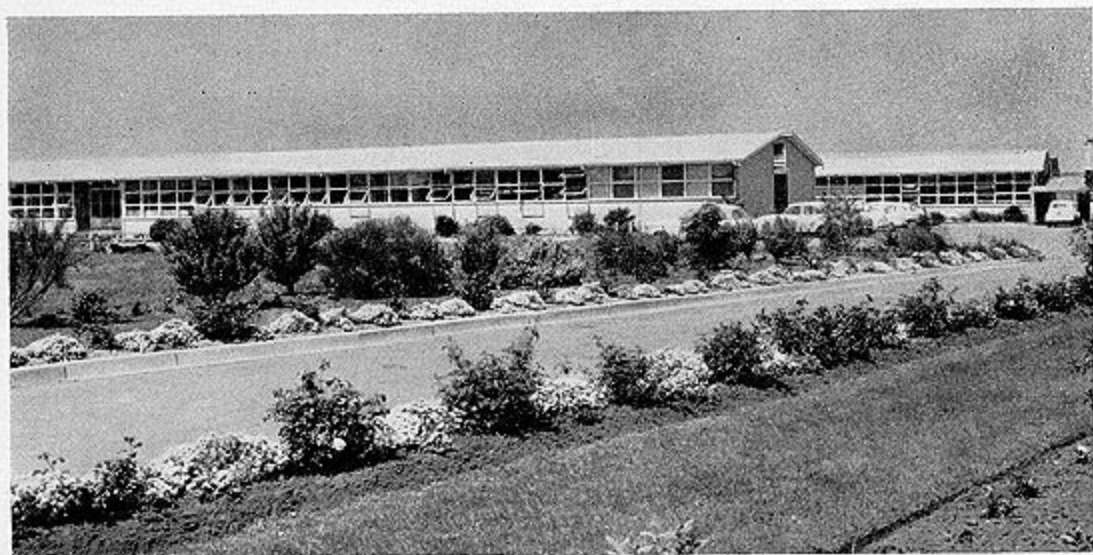
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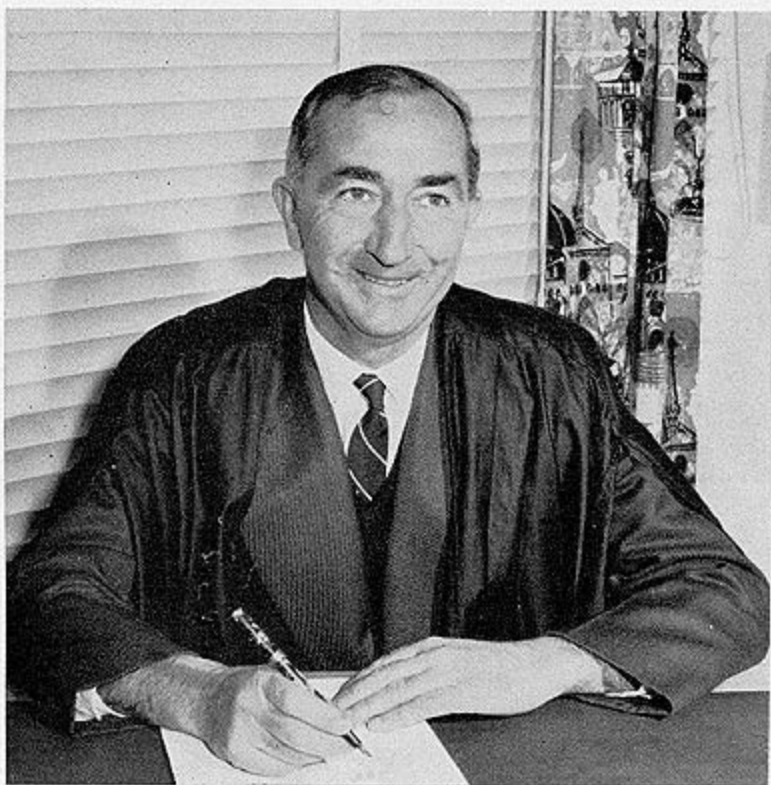
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## HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE



THE HEADMASTER, MR. B. J. TORPEY, B.A., Dip.Ed.

At the end of the School year, now that the examinations are over and most of you know the results, how many of you can say that you have done your best? Very many pupils do not make sufficient use of their abilities and so fail to reach the standard that they are capable of attaining. In this respect, my most ardent desire is that all of you will firmly resolve that, when you return to school next year, you will make full use of the opportunities available at the school.

Parents expect that their children will leave the school with qualifications in the form of a certificate: for the gifted, matriculation to enable them to enter a course at the university, if they are so inclined; for others, qualifications to enter industry, business or commerce. Most parents rightly expect much more than this. The home and school must endeavour to develop the child into a responsible person, stable and self-dependent, an individual with a mind of his own and the courage to accept its conclusions, so that he or she will become a good citizen prepared to serve the community. In order that these qualities may be developed more fully, there must be a close link between the home and the school; teachers and parents are mutually dependent; and, being mutually involved in the task of developing the personalities of the pupils, there is a constant need for parents to be aware of school activities, both in the classroom and outside it.

At all times parents are welcome in my office; and, where requested, interviews with teachers may be arranged by appointment.

I extend to all, Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

B. J. TORPEY.

## St. Albans High School — Birth to Adolescence

By A. T. E. Walsh.

When Thrasses Caravatas asked me to contribute an article for the next issue I felt honoured — yet began to ponder — "about what should I write?" As a foundation staff member of St. Albans High (1956-62), the answer seemed to be — "what could be better than our 'alma mater' or kindly mother, the school, especially as the Education Department fates decreed that I was to be one of its founding fathers." No wonder my hair growth has become stunted after such parental strain. The next task was to select a suitable title for an article, and the above seemed apt because — in seven years—St. Albans High has been born, weaned into academic childhood from Forms 1 to 5, and maybe next year will show signs of approaching adolescence, by providing matriculation. Academic adulthood belongs to the future, when it can be boasted that students will complete their entire secondary education within the sacred portals of St. Albans High School.

How was our school born? Before answering that question, allow me to mention my part in this happy event. Before starting on a teaching career, my parents had stressed to me the importance of trying to use whatever ability I possessed to help others, and not use it for my own personal glorification. For that reason, I tried inside the classroom to interest pupils in my first academic love — History. Outside the classroom my efforts were used to try and know the boys personally, so that I could try to encourage them to hold fast to those values in life which are worthwhile. The name "Doc" developed mainly as a result of doctoring boys away on tour. It was not a term of disrespect but one of trust. That is how I regard it today.

My second aim as a teacher was to go forward with the future, and not try to go backwards with the past. To me the best medicine to bring about that end was not to stay a member of any school staff for longer than six years. At first that plan was followed with stays of six months at Toorak Central, three years at Moreland Central — interrupted by four and a half years with the R.A.A.F. Then three weeks at Camberwell High and alas the big upset — ten years at Williamstown High. So attached did I become to the school and pupils there that it was not until my pride was shattered in 1955 when I overheard an ex-student during Education Week remark: "What! Is old Doc still here?" Then I decided a change was necessary.

Where would that change be? Pupils at W.H.S. — who lived in St. Albans — such as Geoff Wardle, Tom McIntyre, Jim Knowles and Lorraine Andrews — sister of Head Prefect Rae — had mentioned about a new High School starting at St. Albans in 1956. My name was sent in for a transfer to three schools and, when the appointments were announced, there I was listed to participate in the birth of a new school at St. Albans. Nobody seemed to know where the High School was to be built. There were rumours that it would be in Albion. A letter from the Head Master elect — Mr. Barker, still a member of the Warragul High School staff — did not help with any further information. After extending a welcome to his staff, he cryptically added, "Where we shall be nobody seems to know. Have a good holiday during the Christmas vacation, and we shall meet at our temporary home in the Presbyterian Hall, Andersons Road, Sunshine".

On the first Tuesday in February we met for the first time as a staff. What a strange set-up for the birth of a High School! 155 pupils of Form 1 standard — selected by Sunshine High from the Primary Schools within the Albion and St. Albans districts, plus extras from the Catholic Schools of St. Albans and Ardeer parishes. Of the staff, there was Mr. Barker — our first Head Master, a man with a quiet sense of humour — whose greeting to me was: "This will be a school which will provide academic learning and encouragement to become useful citizens". He then introduced me to his wife, stating that until the previous Friday she had no intention of teaching. The Education Department had then contacted him, stating that they could not supply a woman to act as Senior Mistress. They knew Mrs. Barker was a qualified teacher. Would she emerge from domestic retirement and be the one and only woman staff member? To help her husband, Mrs. Barker agreed — and what a wonderful job she did. Other staff members were the artistic Mr. Murphy — who came from Euroa High and was entrusted with the task of designing the school badge. The remaining member was Mr. Lahy — then a Sunshine Councillor — who had abandoned a banking career to become a teacher. Fresh from Toorak Teachers' College, he was enthusiastic for the birth of the new school.

The question was — where would that birth occur? Inside there was a hall with a stage, and in the rear a kitchen and two extra rooms. At 9 o'clock there was not a blackboard, desk, chalk or a

teaching aid of any description in that hall. We received word from Mr. Woodfull — Headmaster elect of Melbourne High — who was acting temporarily as co-ordinator of new schools until he took over his permanent appointment later in the year, that all equipment available would be there by the afternoon.

Mr. Barker held his first assembly, at which he stated that both staff and pupils were faced with an important task, in that they were witnessing the birth of the St. Albans High School, and each member present had a part to play in helping to deposit the foundation of what kind of high school St. Albans would become in the future. Our school had no funds, and my first task was to organise the use of the sporting equipment which the Melbourne Sports Depot had supplied gratis, until we were in a position to pay our way. During that period of organisation the other staff members collected our first composite fee, so that a bank account could be started.

The outside arrangements for recreation were ideal. The hall was located in the Municipal Gardens, having a tennis court alongside the building. We had an oval with a pavilion and dressing rooms a few yards away, while there was a better oval with a turf wicket — called the "Barclay Reserve" — on the other side of the road. All the staff were delighted at the neat appearance of our pupils. The girls had no set dress, but the boys on that first day were in uniform. Open necked grey sports shirts with grey shorts of the sports pattern Mr. Barker had circularised the parents of the boys beforehand, expressing the wish that they come for a start so attired, and they responded splendidly.

That afternoon, as Mr. Woodfull had stated, cupboards, benches, tables, office equipment, screens and teaching material arrived. A welcome surprise was a part time teacher, Mr. Alcorn, who will be returning to our staff next year as senior History Master. We had no telephone at first, and for a week Mr. Barker had to use the public phone on the other side of the road to contact the Education Department. On one of these telephonic pilgrimages Mr. Barker learnt that next week a sewing teacher, Mrs. O'Halloran (now at Footscray High) would be arriving, whilst approval was received for the appointment of Mrs. Johnston — who had resigned from the Department of Air to become the first office Secretary.

Thus one day after conception, on the Wednesday morning, St. Albans High was born as a school unit. There were four forms, 1A, B (Girls) C and D (Boys). The simple grading expedient was that pupils whose surnames were from A to M were members of 1A and D and the N to Z's were members of Forms B and C. Mesdames Barker and O'Halloran were A and B's Form Teachers, whilst Mr. Lahy had 1D and my form was 1C with Terry Smith as Form Captain. Mr. Murphy looked after the time table. One daily routine job was to stack the tables and chairs used by the pupils against the wall each day. With only screens separating Forms A and B, it took a while before you became accustomed to competing with the adjoining form. Thus was how our High School started.

### The School's Infancy.

During the first week, we had many lunch time chats, concerning the kind of High School we hoped to evolve. Mr. Murphy had to arrange for 1C boys to be taken to the Woodwork Room of Sunshine Technical College, and 1D had to do likewise at Sunshine High. He conducted classes at both places on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. Our Sports Day was Friday afternoon. Our first observation of the pupils was that amongst the girls, small groups were gathering together at recess speaking in European tongues.

Mr. Barker — during one lunch meeting — suggested that he favoured a school uniform with an Australian flavour. As 1956 was the Olympic Games year in Melbourne, and as green was Australia's national colour, we decided on green being the basic colour. As St. Albans, England, had a connection with the cradle of western culture in Britain, it was decided to revert to customs dating back to antiquity, and select purple — the colour of nobility — as the school's secondary colour. Green and purple were selected, although some staff members preferred green and gold as the school's official colours. Mr. Murphy was given the task of designing a school badge which would include a laurel wreath for learning, and a local landmark — the wireless beacon situated near where Barry Chapple lives — was to be designed to suggest light spreading towards the laurel. It fell to my lot to do some research, so as to suggest mottoes — which would have an association with History and would be suitable for our school motto. The following week I submitted twenty, and Mr. Alcorn's suggestion the number five choice of "TRUTH IS OUR LIGHT" was adopted. This one had been selected from the Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation", where that Benedictine monk describes the arrival of St. Augustine in Britain in 597 A.D. He appeared before the Saxon King Ethelbert, who asked what light he brought with him. St. Augustine's reply was — "Truth is our Light", referring of course to Christian teachings. It was agreed that this

would be an appropriate motto — especially as we wanted to encourage truth in learning as well as good living.

Mr. Barker decided to encourage organised sport and outings to try and encourage our pupils to the highest ideals. Our first match was against Williamstown High School, where after the sporting contests we provided a most sumptuous spread as regards refreshments. Throughout the year we played Sunshine, Footscray and Fawkner High Schools; and our first success was obtained against Footscray in cricket.

At the end of the term 1 we had a Parents' Night, when Mr. Lahy's choir sang, whilst a play and gymnastic display were performed efficiently. During the second term we visited Olympic Village, Heidelberg, as well as M.C.G. and Olympic Swimming Pool. One Saturday we played Norlane Technical School football in the morning and saw Geelong defeat Melbourne at "Kardinia Park" in the afternoon. The Technical School boys took our lads home to dinner.

In term 3 we had a cross country run along Kororoit Creek, and also held our first Athletic Sports on the Barclay Reserve, where we had House Marching judged by S/Ldr. Campbell and F/Lt. Norris, of the R.A.A.F., as well as 39 Athletic events. The houses that year were Green and Purple — of whom the House Captains were Switlana Bohudski and Dennis Thornton (Green) and Nina Diakonow and Alan Fleming (Purple). The latter house won the Championship Shield.

During the second term a start was made on the building of the first two sections of our High School, and, after wading through the mud many times, Mr. Barker decided to approach the Education Department to persuade them to share the cost with us for the building of a shower. The year ended with our greatest thrill — the Sunshine Curator of Parks and Gardens praising our students to the Council for the excellent manner in which they had co-operated in preserving the good appearance of the local gardens. The year ended with all school property in the hall being transferred to our new school at St. Albans. All members of the staff admitted that 1956 — our opening year — was the highlight of their teaching careers.

#### **The School is Weaned at St. Albans.**

In 1957 we began to feel that once again we were entering the more formal atmosphere of school life — even though we had a new school. The builders were starting on the second section when the school year opened. We lost Mrs. O'Halloran and gained Mrs. Maddox, Miss Kennedy, Messrs. Reid, Canty and Chilton on the staff.

Our new intake of students seemed more wilful in their behaviour than their predecessors. Some of them discovered that by holding a mirror to the sun you could start a grass fire. Another of these Form 1 "enfants terribles" caused a stir when the lady Science Teacher appealed for lizards for a lesson. Unknown to her, he brought a live snake to class. When the lady scientist was preparing for her lesson at lunch time, she was startled to see a snake emerging from a cardboard box. She jumped on the science benches and screamed protestingly, before Mr. Canty emerged and sent this reptile to join the happy hunting grounds of its forefathers. After that, Mrs. Maddox provided her own specimens — bringing rats from formalin baths, which upset the intestinal equilibrium of several stomachs.

We inaugurated four Houses — Jacaranda, Kurrajong, Waratah, Wattle — naming them after Australian flowers. To our consternation, we later discovered that "Jacaranda" was not an Australian flower, but one which had been introduced from America during the Gold Rush of 1850.

Mr. Alcorn — another original — left us in 1957 to go to Williamstown High. Possibly the most important highlights of 1958 were Mr. Lahy's production of "Lilac Time" and Mr. Reid's Drama Group's winning of the Victorian Drama Festival — from all other schools. 1959 saw another break when Mr. Lahy and Miss Kennedy left us to become husband and wife. 1960 saw our biggest break when Mr. and Mrs. Barker left, as well as Mr. Murphy. Mr. Barker moved to Strathmore High, Mrs. Barker to Footscray Girls' and Mr. Murphy to Hawthorn Central. In 1961 we had our second Head Master, Mr. Wilkinson, and in 1962 our third Head Master, Mr. Torpey.

In conclusion, let us try and assess what St. Albans High has achieved over a period of seven years. Since our inception, about a dozen have migrated to Sunshine and University High Schools to undertake matriculation. Our first girl House Captain, Switlana Bohudski, is our first undergraduate at Melbourne University. Our High School has indeed been a kind mother to her, as well as hundreds of others for whom opportunities have been provided in differing callings in the commercial and industrial worlds. Like all kind mothers, St. Albans High rejoices in her children's triumphs, and grieves with them in their disappointments. She will be satisfied if in the future they try to do what is right and are unwilling to do what is wrong.



# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENTS FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PARENTS' and FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

Thank you, Mr. Torpey and Editorial Staff, for this opportunity to convey to the students through these pages, an expression of the goodwill of their Parents and Friends' Association.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure for me during this year to observe perhaps a little more closely the activities of the School through the kindness of those who have invited me to be present at the installation of Prefects, and your recent combined sports meeting, both of which functions interested me keenly. The same underlying principles of honour and honesty apply equally in promoting good sportsmanship, as in maintaining discipline by employing prefects chosen from among yourselves.

A favourable impression was obtained from the manner in which these and other officials at the Sports so smoothly conducted the programme schedule. My congratulations also to the girls' softball team, who won the Pennant for the School, and the boys' volleyball team.

In the field of athletics, it would appear that those schools whose suburbs have established athletic clubs, seem to have a slight advantage, but it was apparent from the many very close finishes that a little more training and experience will bring you more success and justify your undoubted enthusiasm.

While visiting the School on Education Day, I spoke with as many of the teachers as was possible and closely viewed as much of the displayed work as I could, despite the number of other parents present who, like myself, must have felt a justifiable tinge of pride in your collective efforts.

To those students whose only contact with the P.F.A. would seem to be the envelope into which their parents are respectfully asked to place a small coin to swell the funds which assist in buying extra equipment for the School, let it be said that while fund raising is only one phase of our continued interest, yet voluntary assistance and co-operation are principles which are woven deeply into the fabric of our concept of Democracy, for whose achievement our people have continually exerted themselves. Whether our ancestors migrated here over a century since or whether our parents have only lately arrived, we are all part of a pioneering community, and as such our co-operation is valuable to all.

Personally, it is my conviction that equipment purchased through voluntary giving is a more lasting memorial to conscious responsibility than that obtained by means where the motive is the greatest personal gain for the least personal expenditure.

Your P.F.A. seeks continually, through observation and discussion, to discover means, whereby parent-teacher relationships may be improved, believing that we should provide support for educational programmes, and also a voice for the problems and queries of parents.

When some of you go out into the world of commerce at the end of this year, you take with you our best wishes for your success and happiness. Others will be staying on to further their studies, and to them we promise our continued interest as an Association. To all of you we wish the best that the joy of Christmas and the New Year can bring you.

—P. Rawlins (President).



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A COOL PLACE (i).

We sat on the deserted bank of the river, watching the tiny ripples of the cool bluish water sparkling and flashing back the reflection of the sunshine. The moss and silt which was imbedded in the rocks set the water alight with colour and the feathery ferns swayed to and fro in the breeze of the morning. The leaves on the trees rustled and broke the silence as we departed.

—Helen Barnes, 3L.

A COOL PLACE (ii).

It was like an oasis in the desert on that boiling hot day. The tall, stiff pine trees towered over the little valley as if to protect the limp weeping willows and the dainty ferns, whilst they paddled their long, slender finger-tips in the cool, crystal clear stream which ran on, round the bend and across the rain-forgotten plains of the West.

—Kaye Freeland, 3L.

A COOL PLACE (iii).

A ferny creek is always a cool place to seek refuge on a hot, sticky day. This creek is surrounded, by small, greeny coloured ferns, but yet tall enough to give shade; these were shading the creek in most places.

The waterfall is falling helplessly down the rocky hillside, while the mist floats gently downwards, and on reaching the rocks below, shoots out spray in all directions.

The willows brushing gently over the near still water, cause ripples to float in all directions.

Here is my place, my place where it is cool and pleasant.

—Jennifer Baulch, 2A.

WHO — MX?

By Kathxrxnx Szwxd

My typxwritx has bxxn a faithful frxnd for thxx yxars now, but suddxnly thx othx day onx of thx forty-onx kxys cxasxd to function. All thx othx kxys did thxir fair sharx, but this onx just dxcidxd to hop out, thinking most likly that thx rxst could do wxll without it. You can sxx for yoursxlx thx rxults, most annoyng indxxd. It took but onx kxy to upsxt thx wholx community of thx kxys in thx typxwritx's town.

So thx nxxt timx you think your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, that thx rxst of thx community can do without you, that you arx just onx individual among many, and your gxitting out of your sharx of work, won't upsxt thx rxst, thxn just think of my typxwritx. It took onx kxy to stop doing its sharx to upsxt all thx othx's xfforts.

What's happened to those olden days?  
With all the prim and proper ways;  
The long gay skirts worn by the women,  
And the "Neck-to-Knees", once worn for swim-  
min'.

What's happened to those traditional ways;  
Of hayrides, picnics, sunny days;  
The mistletoe above the door,  
The highly polished dancing floor.

That peaceful world has gone all wrong,  
Even when it comes to song;  
The favourite waltz, once never missed,  
Replaced now by the rock and twist.

The modern generation's wrecked the place.  
Given the world a whole new face;  
The long skirts rose up to the knees,  
Our once slow world, like a hive of bees.

McGINTY

T'was the Grand Final at the D.C.G.  
In dear old Dublin town,  
The other team had pants of white,  
Soon to be pants of brown.

McGinty brought his shillelah out  
And he was thrown out on his ear,  
He left his training much too late  
And trained on bottled beer.

The whistle blew, the ball was bounced,  
It came down like a dumper,  
But nobody there could find the ball  
It was up McGinty's jumper.

The scores he made as the light did fade,  
Would keep you in a dream.  
He completely dazed his own poor men,  
For he scored for the other team.

The umpire then joined in the fun  
And raced around in fear.  
Trying to blow his whistle  
Before McGinty got near.

And when they waved the white flags,  
He thought that they'd surrendered,  
So he hit the umpire with his boot.  
And got himself suspended.

To this day McGinty says  
That his team did win,  
But he never ever drinks again  
Wood alcohol and gin.

—Raymond Hughes, 2A

# Boys' Sports at St. Albans, 1962

At the first Sports Assembly it was announced that House strength was as follows — Roll strength 410 boys.

	JACARANDA	KURRAJONG	WARATAH	WATTLE
FORM 1	21	22	20	19
2	20	20	20	22
3	22	20	22	22
4 & 5	41	39	39	41
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	104	101	101	104
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>

These boys were elected captains and vice-captains after the Houses listened to the different candidates give their policy speeches:

	JACARANDA		KURRAJONG	
FORM 1	George Zoumboulakis	Cpt.	Ernie Steigler	Cpt.
	Peter Ramholdt	V.C.	Peter Barker	V.C.
2	Ray Hughes	Cpt.	Peter Szarko	Cpt.
	Herbie Pryhoda	V.C.	Henry Goralski	V.C.
3	Ivan Volkov	Cpt.	Gary Cameron	Cpt.
	Robert Ciolli	V.C.	Don Coster	V.C.
4 & 5	Mitko Neskov	Cpt. Senior.	Joe Darul	Cpt. Senior.
	Jim Patterson	V.C.	Joerg Dasler	V.C.

	WARATAH		WATTLE	
FORM 1	Val Smith	Cpt.	John Kalbrenner	Cpt.
	Steven Barlow	V.C.	Vincent Morella	V.C.
2	Stan Coster	Cpt.	Ahmed Ajayoglu	Cpt.
	Andrew Sharp	V.C.	Siegfried Heyne	V.C.
3	Peter Johansen	Cpt.	Leon Troszczyi	Cpt.
	Robert Mundy	V.C.	Wally Kosiak	V.C.
4 & 5	Peter Plain	Cpt. Senior.	Henry Steigler	Cpt. Senior.
	Claude Calandra	V.C.	Peter Metha	V.C.

The House Masters were:—

	Senior	Intermediate	Junior
JACARANDA	Mr. Hill	Mr. Ziemelis	Mr. Chilton
KURRAJONG	Mr. Pavlov	Mr. Youd	Mr. Sachoronok
WARATAH	Mr. Smith	Mr. McLeish	Mr. Gibson
WATTLE	Mr. Ford	Mr. Scarff	Mr. Bolvari

Sports Days were:—

- Form 1, Mondays.
- Form 4 & 5, Wednesdays.
- Form 3, Thursdays.
- Form 2, Fridays.

The main highlights in Sport were Cross-Country Run, Wattle 134 pts. (1st), Jacaranda 107 (2nd), Kurrajong 104 (3rd), Waratah 89 (4th). This run occurred in the vicinity of the Maribyrnong River, and provided much enjoyment, especially amongst the Forms 1 (a staggered start). Won by John Kruk. Many were heard to say that the idea was "Kruk". In the seniors Jan Orłinski ran very well. Our only other Form 1 competitive event was the defeat of Strathmore High in cricket, when Peter Plain obtained a hat trick.

Term 2 was renowned mainly for the success of Mr. Pavlov's volleyball team, which went through the season undefeated and won the Western Division Pennant from Williamstown, Footscray, Sunshine and Maribyrnong High Schools. Congratulations to Joerg Dasler, the captain, and, of course, their coach, Mr. Pavlov.

Our football teams performed moderately. Mr. Robertson's seniors were defeated by Williamstown and Footscray — defeating Maribyrnong, umpired by ex-Brownlow winner Bob Skilton. Ron Branton, of Richmond, umpired the match against Williamstown. He urged our players — after the game to talk more to each other and look for the man more and not the goal-posts. Our coach, Mr. Robertson, supported him in those ideas. In the juniors we defeated Williamstown and Sunshine, but were defeated badly by the brilliant Maribyrnong, which were undefeated. Footscray did not enter a junior team in the competitions.

Mr. Walsh wishes to thank the captain, Stan Coster, and the boys for the way they attended training.

In the House Competition, Jacaranda was first, with Kurrajong second, Wattle third and Waratah fourth. Congratulations to that "umpire's pin-up boy" — Jacaranda's captain, Mitko Neskov, for the way he disciplined Jacaranda and, with Ivan Volkov of Form 3, urged them on to victory. During Education Week Mitko showed how umpiring should be done by giving a display. We have seen worse.

During the last week of second term, we had a Champion of Champions Football Competition, when combined House Teams — excluding some boys of Form 3 who were on a camping trip at Queenscliff. This was held at the school oval and was won by Wattle, with Kurrajong 2nd, Jacaranda 3rd, Waratah 4th.

This season four League teams adopted our Houses — allowing them to use their club songs, as well as agreeing to send along players to our Sportsman's Night for the Presentation of Prizes. Jacaranda was adopted by North Melbourne, Kurrajong by South Melbourne, Waratah by Melbourne, Wattle by Footscray. Not only did North send players, but they kicked in the House Competition won by Jacaranda, with Wattle, Kurrajong, Waratah finishing in that order. North were represented by our Mr. Robertson and Daryl O'Brien and trainer Jack Thompson; South by John Heriot; Melbourne by Brian Leahy and Ray Dawson; Footscray by Ray Baxter, Mervyn Hobbs and Keith Beamish. We even had a representative of Ice Darul's "Pin-up Boys' Squad" — the umpires — in the person of Rcs Raphael — League thirds.

Prizes were presented for best team men to John Kalbrenner, Wattle, Form 1; Stan Coster, Waratah, Form 2; Ivan Volkov, Form 3, Jacaranda; Eddie Strehling, Jacaranda, Forms 4 and 5. After the show the players all described the night as an outstanding success. We are indebted to our Head Master, Mr. Torpey, who entertained players, House Captains and our two former Head Masters, Messrs. Barker and Wilkinson, to dinner before the Sportsman's Night.

This was a unique occasion in having not only the past in the Head Masters, the present in the League players and the future in the boys, all present.

Term 3 was the term for athletics, with the sports won by Jacaranda — their first athletics success, Waratah 2nd, Kurrajong 3rd, Wattle 4th. In the Combined Sports there were signs of St. Albans making headway. Peter Ramholdt won the Under 13 75 and 100 Yards, while our Under 13 Relay Team comprising Steven Barlow, Geoff Landers, Peter Glisovic and Peter Ramholdt will represent Western Division in the All High School Sports at Olympic Park.

Tennis was served capably by Eddie Lacinski, Victor Mahorin, Vlad Bobko. Tennis and swimming have been our "Cinderella" sports. We hope to rectify the position next year when new sports, baseball and basketball, will be introduced.

Highlight of House Competition was Waratah's failure — after winning last year's House Championship — to hold its own in 1962.

We must congratulate the boys on their excellent display of House Discipline and Unselfishness. 131 boys — including John Carrick — were late home after sport, in order to obtain House Points for showers. We are looking forward to 1963 for an even better year than 1962.

Congratulations to Joe Darul and Henry Steigler, Kurrajong and Wattle captains, who were selected for the All High v. Public Schools football match at Scotch College. Both boys acquitted themselves creditably and the school was proud of them.



### House Captains

**Back Row:** M. Neskov, J. Paterson, H. Steigler, P. Metha, J. Darul, G. Listopad, P. Flain, P. Becker. **Front Row:** R. Kurach, W. Kud, S. Gunew, L. Mashnich, D. Dixon, E. Richards, O. Rowe, N. Ostepeev.



### Girls' Hockey

**Back Row:** E. Pemberton, H. Evangelidis, K. Konieczny, H. Reschl, L. Sassi, K. Anderson. **Front Row:** L. Golowka, S. Gunew, V. Zuaigzne, Miss Faggetter, S. Townshend, S. Hollingshead, H. Read.



LIGHTHOUSE, POINT LONSDALE, FROM "TOC-H" CAMP

## FREE AT LAST!

Serene sleep — imagine it! I can't; we never get it in our hut, what with radios blasting, four screaming boys (?) and Rene Van Kuyk. First thing in the morning, one of our two portable alarm clocks — Wildman or Malinowski — wake everybody up, and we all stagger, still asleep, to the shower rooms to receive our boiling baptism for the morning. We then, feeling very fresh and alive, head for the mess hall for everybody to make a mess — of their breakfast, that is.

Having half an hour to do whatever we want, we tear down to the beach, destroying every plant or weed frustrating our terrible wrath. While on the beach, we roll in the sand, explore all caves or find new sand tracks to follow. We then depart from the land of sand-castles, and return to different kinds of castles in which there is a room to wrack our brains. After having another half an hour recess period, we all return to the mess hall for lunch. Having finished lunch, we take turns in doing the dishes and take great pride in telling of no dish breakages.

In the afternoon we usually have some sporting activities to keep us busy, e.g., hiking, football, rugby, yard duty, and other exciting pastimes.

At night, after tea, we have till seven p.m. to be used as free time. Then we once again return to the mess hall, this time for one hour's homework. Having completed this, we go into the recreation hall to play games, listen to records, and on one night we are to have a barbecue. After this, having sore feet and minds, we finally go to bed again to be literally — free at last!

—K. Jackson, 3F.



# DIARY OF EVENTS—1962

## Term I.

- Tuesday, February 6:** Staff return.  
**Wednesday, February 7:** Students return.  
**Tuesday, February 26:** Excursion. Form V to Rubbertex.  
**Friday, March 9:** Swimming sports, Kurrajong win.  
**Friday, March 16:** M.H.S.S.A. Western Division combined swimming sports, new Olympic Pool.  
**Wednesday, March 28:** History Night, "Gone With the Wind" (C. Gable, V. Leigh, A.T.E. Walsh, "Grand" Theatre, Footscray.  
**Tuesday, April 3:** Argus Gallery excursion, Form V.  
**Friday, April 6:** History Night — Dr. Braun, Cultural Relations Officer of the American Information Library.  
**Wednesday, April 18:** Induction of Prefects by Mr. A. G. Austin, Senior Lecturer in Education, Melb. Univ.  
**Wednesday, April 18:** Geog. excursion, "Cinema", Form V; "Plaza" Theatre.  
Form III Science, to Standard Basalt Quarries and Stone Masons' Yard, Footscray.  
**Thursday, April 19:** Anzac eve ceremony, 10 students in group at shrine of Remembrance. Radio service at school.  
School closes for 6 days.  
**Friday, April 20:** Good Friday.  
**Wednesday, April 25:** Anzac Day.  
**Thursday, April 26:** Resumption of school.  
**Thursday, May 10:** Senior social. New dance craze tried.  
**Friday, May 18:** End of term.

## Term II.

- Tuesday, May 29:** School resumes. Lecture Forms I-IV by Vic. Police Courtesy Squad.  
**Monday, June 4:** Queen's Birthday (Holiday).  
**Tuesday, June 5:** Examinations, Forms II-V.  
**Wednesday, June 20:** "My Fair Lady", Her Majesty's Theatre, Form III-IV.  
**Friday, June 22:** Correction Day.  
**Wednesday, June 27:** Orchestral Concert by Vic. Symph. Orch., Melb. Town Hall, Form III.  
**Wednesday, July 4:** American Independence Day. Form IIIA visit to Observatory, 7.00 p.m. Only thing visible was large (inverted) Coca Cola sign.  
**Wednesday, July 11:** V.W. works, Clayton. Indoctrination of Form One in methods of good engineering by Mr. Hill.  
**Thursday, August 2:** Form IVF Parents' Evening.  
**Wednesday, August 8:** Close of Blind Appeal (R.V.I.B.). £85/- raised.

- Thursday, August 9:** Form VA Parents' Evening.  
**Wednesday, August 15:** S.R.C. Group to Williamstown High School.  
**Thursday, August 16:** Miss Bear, C.S.I.R.O., Lecture on careers.  
**Tuesday, August 21:** Inter-House Aths.  
**Wednesday, August 22:** Church services.  
**Thursday, August 23:** Education Week, open day, afternoon and evening.  
**Monday, August 27:** 7.00 a.m., Form III boys assemble at St. Albans Station for Pt. Lonsdale Camp.  
**Tuesday, August 28:** Alba Committee Concert. R.V.I.B. £25/- raised.  
**Wednesday, August 29:** Film "Julius Caesar" at Sunshine Theatre.  
**Thursday, August 30:** Senior Social.  
**Friday, August 31:** End of Term II.

## Term III.

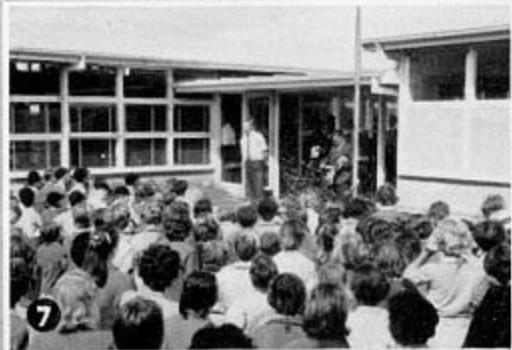
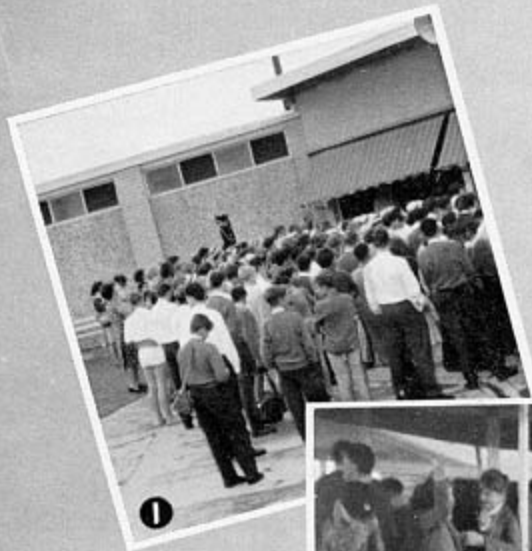
- Tuesday, September 11:** Resume school for Term III.  
**Friday, September 21:** Debutante Ball.  
**Wednesday, September 26:** Excursion: IVL and IVF to National Bank, Collins Street.  
**Thursday, September 27:** Royal Show People's Day — Holiday.  
**Tuesday, October 2:** M.H.S.S.A. Western Division "A" Grade Athletic Carnival — Olympic Park.  
**Friday, October 5:** Mantoux Tests.  
**Monday, October 8:** Vaccination (B.C.G.).  
**Friday, October 12:** Form V rehearsal "October Tests".  
**Thursday, October 18:** Date of writing this diary — therefore — (See below)

## "THE CRYSTAL BALL"

### (A Record of Events to Come)

- Wednesday, October 24:** Form V Geog. Excursion to Bacchus Marsh. Fault lines.  
**Tuesday, November 6:** Melb. Cup Day — Holiday.  
**Monday, November 26:** Public examinations commence.  
**Wednesday, December 19:** Final day of Term III, and the 1962 school year.  
**Wednesday, February 6 (1963):** Students return.

1. The end of Swimming Sports.
2. "Six Foot Under".
3. The first "wash-out" — Athletics, August.
4. P. Gambin (4F) about to fail to clear the bar.
5. "A kede id da dode".
6. O. Charlamon (4A) throws the discus.
- 7-8. "Outside - - - in".



# NONSENSE OR THE ABOMINABLE ATROCITY

We were suspicious as we opened the large, creaking door and found a brutal man, with a sadistic look in his eyes, stabbing at a very large pincushion. There were two solutions to the man's actions, which were either that he was mentally unbalanced or that he had an acute disliking for pincushions. However, we thought the happening hardly noteworthy, so we continued our route through the large house. Above the din of creaking shutters, howling winds, mournful wails and clattering of chains, a loud, painful, piercing scream was carried to our ears. We reluctantly decided to detect the source of the scream, for it was hardly possible to leave the eerie house, considering the fact that there was a mean, ugly ghoul standing in the doorway. The voice, we found, was caused by a dying girl (we assumed this, for she was dead when we found her). At once we determined that the culprit was the man we had seen downstairs, because near the dead girl we detected a mangled pincushion.

On finding a bottle of arsenic on the shelf above the window, we determined that the "Pincushion-Hater" had forced two or three tea-spoons down her throat (this was quite logical, because several tea-spoons were protruding from her mouth). Like any other respectable citizens would do, we dialed the number of the police. However, when the operator asked for fourpence, we were horrified to find that our financial position was at rock-bottom. Realising our plight, we decided to flee.

As we were flying down the stairway at breakneck speeds, we stumbled on a protruding floorboard, and fell head over heels right into the midst of four ugly, terrifying, ferocious ——— Children!!!!???? The children overpowered us quite easily, using stilettos, blackjacks, iron chains and rubber hoses.

We demanded to be taken to the children's leader. The request, they thought, was quite reasonable, so they decided to grant it. We were taken into a large, dark, moist room containing large, antique statues of historical figures like Hitler, Nero striking a match, Dracula and last, but not least, Frankenstein (no thriller is complete without this gruesome specimen of artificial life).

We approached a dark corner of the dusty, terrifying, spider-filled room. With his back to us, we saw the children's leader. The "leader" turned around and we were heaved in front of him. He stared at us with a deep, contemplating look and then introduced himself. His name was "Pelvis Eresley". He and his "fellow workers", as he called them, were staying at the old house until their "secret assignment" was completed. We were further informed that anybody disturbing them would pay for it dearly. Eresley didn't go on. Instead he rang a little bell, upon which two large teenagers, dressed in black leather jackets, with something scrawled on their backs, entered. These two charming hosts grabbed our arms and dragged us upstairs. We were taken into a room with one wall missing. Here we stayed, because the room was five feet from the ground, and we certainly couldn't jump out. In our cell we detected many peculiarities, like skeletons lying on the floor, hidden mines, piles of rock and roll records by "Fractured Hip" Benton, "Ear Shattering" Anka and "Dislocated" Checker. On further investigation, we detected flick knives, stilettos, chains, guns, rubber hoses and arsenic. My companion, whom I have yet to introduce, very brilliantly deduced that we had landed in a haven for juvenile delinquents.

My companion's name was Sherlock Shomes, who was some sort of private investigator. He was a house guest of mine. Suddenly we heard a loud, piercing, hysterical cackle, and looking out of the missing wall we spied the "Pincushion Hater" trying to stab the weather-cock on the barn. He apparently mistook it for a large pincushion.

Presently, one of Eresley's henchmen appeared to inform us of our forthcoming punishment. The evil little racketeers had decided to inflict upon us the "Abominable Atrocity", which was the worst form of torture to their knowledge. For three hours we pondered over the question of "What is the abominable atrocity?" However, we were soon to find out.

We were dragged down to the hall by four frustrated adolescents, who tied us on to two chairs. Our hearts were racing, visions of unearthly torture flashed before our eyes. I said my last prayer, and then Eresley entered, announcing our "form of execution". When we heard it we were shocked, appalled, terrified, bewildered, vexed, indignant and hysterical (this might sound strange, but by now our emotions were very mixed up).

The atrocity was (I wish to announce, at this time, that people with weak hearts should refrain from reading any further) to expose us to twenty-four hours of the playing of Pelvis Eresley's records. Yes Can you imagine? Awful, isn't it? Now we understood how the pincushion hater had attained his psychopathical state, he, too, had been exposed to the torture.

Well, we sat right through the twenty-four hours and we were curiously affected. Sherlock Shomes began a life of crime, with his main objective being to murder Dr. Shmotsen, his ex-psychiatrist. As for myself, one can clearly realise the effect it had on me by the type of stories I write.

Finis.

N.B. The characters in this essay are purely fictional, and any resemblance they bear to persons living or dead, is purely coincidental.

P.S. I am a hypocrite.

—Lorenz Schwab, 3A.

## VOLLEY BALL

St. Albans — Western Division Champions.

"Left Overs" Come Good.

Having been undefeated for three years running, the school volleyball teams have achieved their main aim, namely in bringing the volleyball pennant to St. Albans High School. Incidentally, this has been the first time that a volleyball pennant has been awarded.

When volleyball was first introduced to this school it was considered to be a sport for "left-overs"; but now, through the fine coaching of Mr. Pavlov and the ever-increasing enthusiasm shown by the other students, volleyball can now take its place among the other long-established sports of the school. Now everyone wishes to be in the act (see photo).

Other schools have also shown a greater interest in volleyball and consequently the competition this year has been very keen. This was particularly noticeable in schools such as Maribyrnong and Sunshine which have, during the last few years, improved remarkably. Next year these two schools will probably lead other schools in an attempt to steal the pennant which St. Albans has the honour of holding.

The players would like to thank Mr. Pavlov for the valuable time he has spent in coaching us and for his enthusiasm which has inspired every member of the school teams.

—J. D., V. T., G. C.



### "Candied Camera"

Photograph of victorious Volleyball Team. If you look closely you will see an unknown boy about to try to join the group (see article). He is now on the waiting list.  
Back Row: B. Wale, J. Vandekalk, B. Gerlinger, J. Kamiernack, C. Kostanioti. Front Row: V. Troszcki, V. Dasler, Mr. P. Pavlov, J. Castagna, K. Kulbys.

# HOUSE NOTES

## KURRAJONG — GIRLS.

Many thanks come from the Kurrajong girls to Mrs. Pavlova for her guidance and encouragement throughout the year, also congratulations must go to the girls who entered in the sports for Kurrajong and helped to gain the winning points in the girls' section.

The junior girls have done very well and their enthusiasm to win has lasted throughout the year. Special thanks to Tania Pavlova for her help during the year as Junior House Captain; she has done a wonderful job organising the juniors in their teams.

On the whole, the girls' teams have played very well, especially the softball team.

## WARATAH — GIRLS.

House Mistress — Miss Faggetter  
House Captain — Olive Rowe

At the beginning of the year, many young sporting enthusiasts invaded Waratah. Owing to the loss of many house numbers at the end of last year, we decided to keep their company. Much to our surprise, their enthusiasm has lasted throughout this year. The seniors were most amazed.

In the yearly activities our girls, both senior and junior, have proved themselves both good winners and losers. In the swimming and house athletic sports we only managed second place, but we are proud of that, and next year, with all our enthusiasm and some practice, I am sure we can go one step further and win both these annual events.

The junior and senior house should be congratulated on their excellent behaviour, and special thanks go to Ieva Radiskevics, the Junior Captain. Thanks must also go to the Waratah boys, who have helped us gain both second places, and for their support and encouragement to the girls.

All the members of Waratah wish to extend our thanks to House Teachers, Miss Faggetter and Mr. Smith.

## WARATAH — BOYS.

During the first term, both cricket elevens had a fairly good run, with the first elevens going quite close to taking off the Premiership. Only a few triumphant seniors represented the House swimming team, which came a very close second.

The results of the winter sports had a different ending, for, although the school was well represented in both eighteens by Waratah's house members, we could only manage fourth placing in the inter-house and lightning premiership matches.

Finally the inter-house athletics. In these the seniors triumph, and a number of senior members represented the school in track and field events.

The volley-ball team, although not becoming Premiers, had a very successful year, and hope to have a more eventful season in the coming year.

Finally I would like to thank the members of the house for their work throughout the year. Waratah is now a very "compact" house, with all its members doing their bit. I feel that many of our successes or near successes this year have been due to Waratah always having a full complement of competitors in every event. A fourth place is better than no place!

## WATTLE — GIRLS.

This year, Wattle House, in general, did not do so well where points were concerned. However, the girls did score several minor successes. In the seniors, the vigoro and basketball teams were quite good, but it was the third and junior forms who supplied the strong softball teams.

Ironically, the sport the girls were most enthusiastic about was hockey, which was not a competitive game this year. Nevertheless, it was stimulating to see that most of the girls brought their uniforms on sports days, and so in this field they did not lose so many marks.

It would be impossible for me to single out anyone, because there are so many girls who have helped and given their support to the house and to me during the year. However, I do wish to give special thanks to Wattle's House Mistress, Miss Goodwin, and to my Junior Captains. On behalf of Wattle, I thank the other houses for the competition they provided, and I myself wish Wattle better luck for the future.

— Sneja Gunew.

## WATTLE — BOYS.

During the year the whole of Wattle House has had moderate success in the different sections of sport. Forms 1 and 2 especially have excelled in both football and cricket. Form 3 sport has been unrewarding for us, because of strong opposition put forth by other houses. Forms 4 and 5, although losing the football premiership, won the lightning premiership, boosting their points to a higher standard. On the day of the athletics Wattle boys held their own in their events, coming in approximately equal with the others. All-in-all, Wattle has had a good year. We feel that in the future Wattle with strong juniors, will dominate the sporting field for the years to come.

## THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The "Council Chamber" for this year was Room 5, the Geography Room, and we are indebted to Miss Taylor, for having granted us permission to use that room. This year's President was Rosemary Kiss, and the Staff Representatives were Miss Taylor and Mr. Strauss. Early in the year there was some speculation as to whether we should have Staff Representatives, for some argued that this would prevent people from freely expressing their opinion, but as the year progressed these people were proven wrong, for many a time Room 5 echoed with laughter as some enterprising people offered suggestions which were not passed on to Mr. Torpey.

However, the outstanding feature of the first meeting was an atmosphere of silent uneasiness, but as each individual member became accustomed to the formalities—which were often disregarded by one or another endeavouring to force his or her opinion—opinions were voiced, criticisms made and suggestions approved. Much thought was given to such subjects as social functions, general maintenance throughout the school, interschool visits, debating teams, school pennants, tennis courts and bicycle racks. Obviously, it was impossible to carry out every motion and suggestion passed this year, but we hope that in years to come they will eventuate. The end of term Senior Socials were patronised by the S.R.C. and organised by specially elected sub-committees, and an enjoyable time was had by all as they were very successful. The holidays and sports meetings caused unavoidable interruptions and interest waned. Early in third term interest revived again and the council meetings again became an important feature in school life. Although progress was not startling this year, the council being only in its second year of existence, is now well established and ready to fulfil the purpose of its formation in the new year.

On behalf of the Executive—Rosemary Kiss, President, Victor Troszczyj, Vice-President, Eve Richards, Treasurer, and myself, and on behalf of all the Council, I would like to extend our sincerest thanks to the Staff Representatives for their assistance, active interest and co-operation throughout the year. On behalf of the Executive, I would also like to thank all members for their representation, and I express hope that in the future life of St. Albans High School, the Students' Representative Council will become a fruitful and beneficial organisation of the Student Body.

—Bernhard R. Gerlinger, Secretary.

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## THE INVASION

The long golden rays of the sun had long since disappeared and they were replaced now by the inky darkness of night. With the coming of darkness came the thick damp fog which had enveloped the city every night for the past three years.

A fleeting shadow was seen to dart from one alley to another. Suddenly the figure would stop as if listening to something. Then it could be heard — the monotonous slow, stealthy sound of footsteps.

Then the outline could be discerned as that of a man. He was standing beneath a bridge a few feet from the river. A small light was fixed to a post above him and the faintest light filtered on to his face. It showed a haggard bearded face with bloodshot eyes. The man was slightly built with a very lean frame. His breathing was heavy and irregular, his eyes gleamed and he strained his ears trying to listen, yet he knew what he would hear, but still he listened. Suddenly his face became alive, he put his hand to his head and suddenly he had drifted into the past. Three years were erased and there he was standing in his garden . . .

It was Saturday, November the ninth, 1997, Martin King was in his little garden. For a week now the heat had been oppressive. That morning the temperature had reached 109. The sky was tinged with pink and there was a shimmering haze in the distance.

Suddenly it happened. There had been reports of strange occurrences before and no one took any notice of the small specks visible in the sky. Gradually the specks increased in size until they were no longer mere specks but great fiery circles flaming towards the earth. Nearer and nearer they came, making their destructive way towards the earth. Then they struck . . . the city became a searing mass of flames and terror reigned everywhere.

Women and children ran screaming, great steel frames crashed to the street killing hundreds as they fell.

A shudder passed through Martin as he remembered the scene, beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead as he tried to shut out the picture from the past, but still it crowded into his already aching head.

Now he saw the city crumbling to its foundations. Then everything was quiet. A breeze began to blow — soothingly at first, gradually gaining velocity and strength. The parched earth glowed red, the sky was crimson and all that remained of the city were the great twisted steel frames. Then the rain began — drops of moist cool water. Slowly came the rain, its gentle beating resounding on the scorched earth.

Then everything had gone black, and several hours later Martin had awakened to the drone of hundreds of engines. Looking up, he saw a sight far too powerful for words to convey. Coming out of the sky were long, flat planes shining in what appeared to be the sun, but which was in fact the substance of which they were made.

Martin roused himself and ran until he eventually reached a cluster of rocks. He lay there for several hours, and before his eyes he saw an amazing feat — a city was being erected while he watched. People moved busily around, tall and blonde, wearing dress similar to that with which those on earth had been familiar.

Night fell, and with it came the fog. The cool of the evening and the need for food forced Martin to leave his hiding place. But he was discovered by the invaders, and so began his long nightmare which was to last for three years. That night, alarms sounded and sirens screamed, and the search began. Martin ran until the early hours of morning when the sky began to clear. Back to the rocks he ran, where he stayed for yet another day. Hunger and thirst again drove him out, and this time success was to be his. He secured some scraps of a green substance which proved to be tasteless but sustaining, and found a stream from which he obtained water.

The following three years proved to be a continual fight for survival, and as he braved the fog each night he could hear the footsteps forever following him.

Standing here under the bridge, Martin, his heart pounding, could stand it no longer. His life had become a continuous nightmare. Trying to escape from these people was impossible, they ran the earth now, they had taken over and there was no place for him. Life held only terror and fear, and now was the time to end it all.

Retreating his footsteps, but still hearing those of his pursuer, Martin walked on to the bridge. His hands were trembling and his shirt was wet as he peered into the gloomy depths of the water below. Mounting the railing of the bridge, he wavered slightly and looking behind him, saw the fog partially clear. He could see his pursuer — tall and blonde as the others. Martin took a step and the cold waters closed over his head.

He was gone, the last of the earth dwellers, and now in the year 2000 A.D. the earth had been conquered by those from outer space. What did the year 3000 A.D. hold for these people? Were they thinking of an invasion of their earth as we had, or were they secure in their new world?

—Loretta Rennie, 4A.

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## THE BLACK FILLY AT KYABRAM

Suddenly there was a shrill whinny, a whinny of joy, it came from the cave where the white mare, Thawra, stood over her newly born filly. The filly was intense black, except for three white socks and a white blaze on her forehead. The cave entrance was suddenly blocked, Brackon, the white mare's mate, stood there, casting a shadow on the ground. He had heard Thawra's call and was now admiring his new daughter. He seemed very pleased as Maringa (the filly's name) was trying very hard to stand on what seemed awkward legs. Brackon after a while went away and left Thawra and Maringa alone.

A few days later, Maringa was able to walk, and went on an exploration of her own. She seemed very gay chasing the butterflies, rollicking in the sun until suddenly, out of nowhere, came a hissing sound. Of course, as you know, foals are very inquisitive, and Maringa went in the direction of the noise and saw a wriggling thing on the grass and started to play with it. The snake did not like it and got ready to rear up and strike, it was just about to strike when Brackon came lunging forward and put to death the deadly snake. Maringa was very much puzzled and asked why he had done it. Brackon replied and told her that if he had been a few minutes later the snake would have struck and she probably would have received a fatal dose of poison. Maringa NEVER went near a snake again.

—Jane Novak, 2F.

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The School wishes to thank these ladies who have given assistance to the Tuck Shop throughout the year.

Mrs. G. Johns (Manageress), Mrs. D. Freeland, Mrs. J. Wale, Mrs. A. Weigh, Mrs. P. Lutge, Mrs. M. Hunter, Mrs. E. Sinclair, Mrs. V. Stewart, Mrs. M. Taylor, Mrs. B. Goddard, Mrs. E. Rodda, Mrs. M. Patten, Mrs. Szostak, Mrs. M. Smith, Mrs. G. Carpenter, Mrs. Kinnersley, Mrs. D. Cox, Mrs. J. Metheringham, Mrs. L. Krois, Mrs. M. Brotchie, Mrs. E. McCulloch, Mrs. M. Thurgood, Mrs. B. Baker.

Two cows were grazing in a paddock. "Mooooo", said the first cow.

"Baa-aa-aaa", said the second, explaining that she was studying a foreign language.

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"Johnny, are you writing to Bobby?" said Mother.

John: "Yes."

Mother: "But you can't write."

Johnny: "I know, he can't read."

# FORM NOTES

## FORM 1A.

Form Teacher: Miss O'Connor.

Form Captains: David Beighton, Anneli Becher.

We would like to thank all the teachers for standing us through the year. We specially thank Miss Eadie who we have not very often pleased, and Miss O'Connor who had to listen to the remarks of our form by other teachers. I know our form isn't what it should have been but I hope the pupils (whose names I won't mention, but they know who they are) who were bad this year will improve by next year.

—A. Becher.

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## FORM 1B.

Form Teacher: Mrs Pavlova.

Form Captains: Liviana Marchio, Richard Jaszczyszyn.

Hello! This is Form 1B reporting from our form room. There are 30 girls and 10 boys in our form. We are quite a reasonably good form even though we study hard and only half of us learn anything. Early this year we lost two boys — one was a very good swimmer and won many swimming events. One of the boys went for a holiday to Italy and the other to America. The boys were very sorry to lose them. But at the end of the first term we gained two girls, so we're still equal. Here is an exciting thing that happened this year. All the first formers were asked to go to the zoo. This trip was not only for pleasure, it was for helping us with a science test. The next thing that happened wasn't exciting for Mrs. Pavlova (our form teacher) was absent for three weeks because of illness. Not long before she returned our form collected up money and sent her a "Get Well Card" with every one's name signed in it. When she returned she found us low in our work, because of the many changes of teachers. Mrs. Pavlova always helped us with our problems, and brought us back to our normal work. So we have many things to thank Mrs. Pavlova for. Our first year at St. Albans High School has been very pleasant as I hope it will be in the years to come.

St Albans High is sure the Best!

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## FORM 1F.

Our Form Captains are Margaret Kaufmann and Reinhard Mucke. The Vice-Captains are Elizabeth Schwartz and Barney Jovanovic. Our S.R.C. representatives are Dellwyn Sherar and David Goodes.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Bolvari will have recovered from the strain of being our form teacher by next year. As we have noticed most of our teachers think we are like a lot of little noisy monkeys.

We have won junior banner for room tidiness most of the year. The other forms are very jealous about this. It takes a lot to beat a form like us, but our main thanks go to Luba and Nijcle, our two monitors. Besides all this we raised £2/4/- for the blind, by holding a concert. The brainiest children in our form are Maija Svans and of the boys John Macans. Our celebrated sportsman is Ernest Steigler who is Junior Captain of Kurrajong.

We must not keep on raving, you might become bored. Anyway we hope to be seeing you all next year.

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## FORM 1J.

Our S.R.C. representatives are Edward Raczkowski and Charmaine Coupe who are going regularly and reporting weekly.

In the Blind Appeal we came second in form one. In the banner competition we did not succeed throughout the year, but we tried hard. (Some teachers think we are one of the noisiest forms in the school.)

Leading scholars — so far — have been Henry Schneider, Peter (Chuck) Nasarczyk, Gordana Djurnavic and Keti Volkov.

Our first year has been dull but next year should be better, because things are strange at the new school this year, we should be settled down by next year.

One of us, Peter Glisovic, represented us in the Western Division athletic sports — he ran in the Under-13 relay team which finished first. We hope we may have more representatives next year.

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## FORM 1L.

We in Form 1L are very happy, some of us are well behaved and some of us are not. Our Form Teacher is Mrs. Kriksciunas.

The top boy in the class is Stefn Golebiowski and the top girl in the class is Danuta Cichocki.

Our class is one of the smallest in the first forms. Our favourite teacher is Mr. Youd. Our form teacher helps us mostly with Maths, usually keeping us in at play-time and dinner time, which we don't like, but it is helpful to us and most of us get good marks in Maths.

Most of the children are newcomers to Australia. Plenty of us get detention and we are



noisy. When we have form assembly we have Maths. One of the boys is very naughty. One of the boys was playing with a baby's shoe and had to go to Mr. Torpey. Most of the boys are trouble makers.

—(This was written by a girl.)

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### FORM 1M.

1M is a very small form with only ten girls and eleven boys. Our Form Teacher is Mr. Gibson, who is also our science teacher; girl Form Captain is Merylyne Scheurer and girls' Vice-Captain is Renita Grenfell; boy Form Captain is Zbigniew Kruk and Vice-Captain Freddy Smith.

For most of us the first year at High School has been a happy one. After overcoming our nervousness as beginners, we all settled down to the many interesting activities connected with our new school.

Seven of our form mates were moved to another form and the two other Kruk brothers obtained first and second in the cross-country race.

The form would like to thank Mr. Gibson, Miss Meyer and all the staff for the help they have given in helping us to enjoy our first year at St. Albans High School.

—Merylyne Scheurer.

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### FORM 2A.

Form Captains: Margaret Fielder, Radenko Jankovic.

Vice Captains: Helen Cocks, Lindsay Chatterton.

Our Form Teacher this year is Mrs. Burden, who also teaches us Maths. As she has to put up with us quite often, 2A is grateful to her for "sweating it out".

As far as form competitions are concerned, we only won the banner twice, we were often 2nd and 3rd but that isn't much help. Unfortunately despite our efforts, we had little success in any other competitions.

We have quite a variation of pupils in our form. The smallest being Lindsay Chatterton, this little fellow really lives up to his name (Chatter-ton). We also have House Captains galore, being Jacaranda — Ray Hughes, Waratah — Stan Cester and among the girls, Heather Davidson — Waratah.

The S.R.C. representative is Ray Hughes who tries to attend the meetings, but usually is lucky enough to get out of it by conveniently going home for lunch (or something).

Outings in Form 2 are very scarce, once a year, before the end of 3rd term, we can decide where we want to go, (we don't usually get

there), but during the whole year we are confined to our books and desks. This makes school working very dull and boring. More pupils would enjoy the subjects if they could go out and see what they are learning about. This would encourage the morale of the pupils in their work at school.

The only person who left our form is Billy Reid who left us at the beginning of the year. He lived in Footscray and strangely enough came to our school.

We admit that on the whole we are quite a noisy, mischievous form, but there is rarely a dull moment.

We would like to thank all our teachers, especially Mrs. Burden, and wish everyone the best for the coming year.

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### FORM 2B.

We have had a good year with a lot of excitement. Our footballers are John Belko and Joseph Attard. Our exam results were Joseph Attard (first) 86, Michael Hatjiandreou (second) 85, Maureen Friels (third) 84.

We have in our form two very promising artists, Joseph Smith and Richard Wyka. They painted an extremely good picture for Education Week.

Our only athlete in the inter-school sports was Michael Hatjiandreou; Beryl Axford was in a combined team.

This year our S.R.C. representatives, Mariya Jovanovic and Peter Manic, have concluded that the form would like to go to Hanging Rock for the excursion.

We thank all the teachers for their co-operation during the year. A special thank-you to our Form Master Mr. Sacharonok and Mr. Torpey, the Head-Master.

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### FORM 2F.

Noise! Noise! and more noise—Ugh, what a sickening word. The creator of that word is the most sickening and despicable character. It is this outrageous word which has dimmed the bright and prospective future of 2F.

Teachers are insinuating that we are noisy. Imagine that! How can such a dreadful word be connected with angelic students? We in 2F are the brightest pupils in the second forms. One could hardly imagine otherwise when we have the highest average for the half-yearly exams.

We also have brawn besides brain. We convincingly defeated a robust 2A team in a football match on Open Day.

Besides this our brilliant form was honoured when two of our boys were selected to visit Queensland. Namely Ahmed Ajayoglu and Graeme Kennedy. They say they had a

wonderful time up there; no wonder,—there was a group of M.L.C. girls staying in the same guest-house.

Naturally 2F contributed a great sum towards the Blind Appeal. I would like to say the same about the Voluntary Contribution Appeal, but more or less I am bound to write the truth, so here goes, we flopped!

I think I have covered everything up to date from 2F and so it's good-bye until next year.

#### FORM 2J.

Form Teacher: Mr. Chilton.

Form Captains: Maria Belan, Siegfried Heyne.

Vice Captains: Geraldine Richards, Robert Greig.

My opinion of Form 2J is that it is not as bad as it is said to be. It is not a perfect form, but we have had happy times with our teachers who have helped us all in our work.

Our form room is Room 13 and I would like to thank Mr. Chilton for the way he has been putting up with and helping our form.

Although we have not won the banner for the Room Competition, we have come second and third a few times. We would come first if all the pupils would help to clean the room, not always the same ones being called upon to do duty. The S.R.C. representatives are Maureen Rowley and Jimmie Binks.

#### Sport.

In the Basketball team we have Ilsa Vormald, Yula Saroz, Alina Ciesniewski and Czeslawa Chabiera.

Jimmie Binks was in the **Second Football Team.**

**First Volley-ball Team:** Bruno Furlan (cpt.), Robert Greig.

**Second Volley-ball Team:** Paul Kramper (Cpt.) Anton Van Ree.

Jimmie Binks is also on the **Magazine Committee.**

Our small form of 16 girls and 10 boys have voted for an outing at the end of the year.

I would also like to thank all the teachers for putting up with our form.

—Maria Belan.

#### FORM 2L.

Form 2L is full of fun

Keeping teachers on the run.

Sometimes the teachers make reply

Then we must stay in — and sigh.

Dranko and Andrew are a good pair

Who always seem to comb their hair.

When the time comes for ordering round

Ili and Tom are easily found.

Showing the way in wisdom and prudence

Richard and Irene are diligent students.

Anna and Michael in "S.R.C."

Weekly bring news for you and me.

Eugene and Jo are a mocking couple;

Keeping their wits (and ours) very supple;

Janina and Julie rush here and there

Gathering books from everywhere.

This is a form which can well support trade

Athletics, dancers, clowns, musicians all ready made.

Keeping us orderly one by one,

We thank Miss Faggetter for all she's done.

#### FORM 3A.

Form Captains: Tanya Korinsky, Ivan Volkov.

Ivan Volkov Form Captain, and Captain of

Jacaranda did a good job this year inspiring his team to winning efforts. Tanya Korinsky, Form Captain (ess), and Vice-Captain of Kurrajong is well known as a perfectionist around the class. We hear the local council has hired Gary Cameron as chief street-light replacer. Kazzi is the baby in our class this year, being a mere 13, while Vladys is the heart-throb of Form 2 girls, but we do feel that Gerry and Derek would make cuddly little koalas. We must congratulate Janis on breaking her thumb at just the right time — examinations. Tania Pavlova, Alexandra Shegedyn, Ieva Radiskevics and Katrin Schwab can often be found having a vigorous hit up at tennis. A question that worries us is do Christa Albrecht and Heather Goddard bleach their hair or is that a quick touch of lemon? Broderick Smith and Leo Suszko are both avid readers of "Mad", in fact both closely resemble some characters to be found inside the covers. Lorenz Schwab is still producing those "whodunit" as fast as he can type. Perhaps spurred on by a little competition from his sister Katrin Schwab. Meanwhile Francis Pichler still produces material that makes Frankenstein's monster look like a child's plaything. Why is John Dodson so dejected these days? Perhaps someone in 3B can tell us this Priez-less secret.

The louts club (Knut, Emmanuel, Garry, Lawrence and Ivan) is still on its top note in science-mechanics class. Marvellous how everyone becomes very quiet and very well mannered when teacher is talking to Mum, eh Ute? Sam Fresh is taking muscle building exercises but can only curl his hair. A certain teacher's favourite saying "do you understand this theorem now class? — Say this clearly and with meaning — The square on the hippopotamus, etc." "Danuta Matilda Maria Sachus" belong to the one person. The class is taking bets on Elena Dagys and Wally Koziak, Ilsa Jamonts and John Vandekolk pairing up for the next school social. Next year we will have to make an effort to break up the "Inseparables" namely Maria, Karin, Catherine and Valerie.

John, Andrey, Leon and Andreas should have gone to camp with Robert at Point Lonsdale. I'm sure they would have enjoyed it — anyway we would have preferred it. Enough talk of our prominent personalities. However, we will now start praising the form on the whole, by saying that we won the Blind Children's Appeal, beating 3B by a neck.

Now we have an important announcement to make! A grave injustice has been inflicted upon us. Certain teachers (no names will be mentioned) have had the gall to call us snobs! Imagine calling a fine, superior, upstanding bunch like us snobs! We would like to say 3A will not tolerate this attitude and if it continues we will seek our education elsewhere.

We will now terminate these notes (mainly because we have run out of material) with the following message to would-be tyrannical teachers — "He who putteth chains upon others is chained also!"

### FORM 3B.

Girls' Form Captain: Milica Jankovic; Vice-Captain: Barbara Wale.

Boys' Form Captain: Peter Counardis; Vice-Captain: Trevor Kerr.

3B is the form where girls overrun the boys. Like any other form, we have our book-worms — Leonard Krois, Yadzia Wolczecki; brains — Gianna Tomasi, Peter Counardis, Helga Mucke; athletes — Libia Sossi, Pat Bolger, Valma McQueen, Milica Jankovic, Ivan and Vassyl Bilinski (all representing our school at the inter-school sports). Then, of course, we have our late-comers Roger and Edward.

We have enjoyed most periods this year, the girls finding Mothercraft extremely interesting and quite a change from normal lessons. We are all indebted to the teachers who have been good enough to bear with us. They have tried all year to cram as much as they could into our thick heads.

Mr. Smith did a good job this year trying to be our Form Teacher as well as our Maths Teacher. This year, no doubt he has gained quite a few grey hairs which are just a small memento of 1962's 3B. We are one form that he won't forget quickly.

Our Social Service efforts were very good. We raised £16, to come second to 3A, who raised £16/4/11. Altogether, the school raised £85 for the Blind Appeal.

We are proud to say we have won the Form Room Competition on several occasions, but not so pleased to say we have lost it more times than we have won it, even though we have had more than our share of wins.

Besides sport and social work, we have put a lot of effort into our school work (believe it or

not). Not everyone has worked hard, but most are looking forward to a good pass at the end of this year.

All in all, it has been a happy year and we all thank our teachers, especially Mr. Smith, and our Form Representatives for helping us through the year and making it such an enjoyable one. All the best to everyone for the coming year from 3B.

—Valma McQueen,  
—Milica Jankovic.

### FORM 3F.

Form Teacher: Mr. Ziemalis.

Form Captains: Peter Johannssen, Jerry Malysz.

Our form consisting of 38 "boys" (and I'm not kiddin') at the beginning of the year, now has 40 since another two members have joined our "tribe", to the horror of the teachers, who have changed considerably during a year with us. The colour of their hair, that is! Commenced the year rather wild, but a special conference at the staff room by all the school's famous "Warfare" delegates (not necessarily mentioning any names) decided to resume the "act of legal punishment", in the case of our form. (Torture, use of steel rulers instead of wooden rulers, (to hit "law-breakers" across the head, since most of the wooden rulers had been lost in this way, anyway) etc., etc.)

But as those who break the law are usually prosecuted, judged and punished, so were the "Wild Colonial Boys" of our "happy-go-lucky" form, after the half-yearly exam. Results had dropped in like a "bomb". This (fortunately for the "exhausted" teachers) civilised our form and those "wild savages" of "yesterday" slowly settled down to modern civilisation.

Beside all this, the year has had its enjoyable moments as well as its less enjoyable moments, and those moments when a blundering remark from one of our natural "comics" (names not stated for certain reasons) send a "window-shattering" roar of laughter through the class room, but for certain unfortunate factors these remarks cannot be stated right here.

On the whole, I must agree that our form must have been a most trying one for most of the teachers, some exceptions, of course, but disregarding this we still have had a "jolly" time throughout the year, and most of all during Art and Science; the latter usually concluding with a lesson on "Steam Cars" and the "History of the Rolls Royce engine", etc., etc. While I am positive that the lesson started off lecture on "Photosynthesis". Concerning the first, well my congratulations to the "cool blooded" Mr. Youd, who has succeeded in keeping his temper while our form was having a "war" with this awful liquid known as paint (awful, that is,

when a sudden "blob" lands on one's eyes, etc.).

To conclude this piece of "rot", I'd like to say that although the form has not yet shown itself in a "top" position, it has greatly improved since its beginnings; this being mainly due to the strict reforming, by most of the teachers, of course. So, beware, 3F will yet be heard! (Whether in the detention book or not, doesn't make any difference!)

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### FORM 3J.

We are a happy, united form of 20 (pupils?), 10 girls, the rest boys. We spend our form assemblies in Room 2. Our Form Teacher, Mr. Pavlov is a popular TV star. With his bala-laika, he charms all the viewers. He has tried to charm us, but with Arithmetic problems, not with his bala-laika. Mr. Pavlov, apart from liking volleyball, is a staunch supporter of the Footscray football team, which didn't succeed in reaching the finals. We would like to thank Mr. Pavlov for his efforts in drumming into our heads that we cannot get on in this world without knowing Maths.

To introduce our form to you, I will start with the Form Captains: Krystyna Wandek, whose ideal form is 3A, she also came top of the girls in the exams, and he ambition is to be a famous hairdresser. John Biskupski is the boy Form Captain and is very enthusiastic about singing and considers that the music room is not quite as suitable as the art room for singing.

Our Vice-Captains are Margeurite Ccupe and Charles Poskus, who seem to enjoy telling everybody what to do. The other girls are:

**Renate**, whose hobby is to fetch chalk for Mr. Smith during Science, also wearing a summer uniform with winter grey stockings.

**Danuta**, recently she has been nicknamed "Gustav" (!!) by the boys.

**Halina**, is rather snobbish and does not like to be caught doing anything wrong.

**Maria**, always raves on about the dances her club (Ukrainian) is holding.

**Luba**, is very popular with everybody, especially with Mr. Smith.

**Jordana**, a beauty among us, and who is hoping to be a hairdresser or fashion-designer.

**Kateryna**, it takes very little to make her laugh, but otherwise she is quite good at her work.

**Martha**, a member of the S.R.C. and always coming up with bright ideas which never seem to work.

Now for the boys:

**Errol** and **Robert** seem to like each other so much that during a free period they throw punches at each other.

**Eugene**, is being awarded the title of "Sheepiest Looking Kid" in the form. All the teachers

like him, but Miss Goodwin keeps wishing that one day he'll stop talking to himself.

**Adam**, is the youngest member of the form and his work is up to standard. As he sits next to Sleepy, his main worry is that he, too, doesn't start talking to himself.

**Robert**, is a member of the Modern Music Choir, and also a member of the athletic and football teams.

**Stefan**, also a member of the Choir, is in charge of lecturettes and his main hobby is sticking pins into Krystyna.

**George** and **Harry** are two boys who are extremely quiet and do a good year's work.

So much for the form members.

Several students have left during the year. They are:

**Walter Kiesling** — left to 3A, appeared two days, then left for Germany.

**Krystyna Kruk** — Always in trouble, so left for a job.

**Roger Wardle** — Science Teacher too strict, and so left for Sunshine North.

**Cheryl McLeod** — Appeared for approximately 2 weeks, was disappointed and so left.

**Peter Fletcher** — Left to 3F.

**Broderick** — "Ah", wrong form — back to 3A.

**John Antonovic** — Didn't like girls, so shifted to 3F.

**Graham Iskov** — Wanted to take after his father, so went to continue his studies in 3B.

I would like to thank everybody in 3J for coming first (a few times) in the form room competition. I would like to thank especially Mr. Pavlov for everything he has done to help this form. Hoping we meet again in the years to come, wishing everybody a Happy and Prosperous Christmas.

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### FORM 3L.

Form Captain: Janina Panecki.

Vice Captains: (has left).

S.R.C: Helen Barnes, Janina Panecki.

S.S.R: Helen Barnes, Lili Kurach (the best you can get).

In our form we have forty-five girls, 1 model, 1 film star, no book worms, a couple of professional comedians and 90 per cent. chatterboxes. But, on the whole, our form has been reasonably good throughout the year. We would like to thank all the teachers for putting up with us, although many teachers through this have received grey hairs.

Miss Eadie, our Form Teacher, is about the only teacher who can handle us, believe me it's not so easy, and we thank her for all her trouble.

We are a jolly form and try to work hard, but our poor tongues just can't stop their hard work, but during the year the form three's

have visited an art show with Miss Eadie, Mr. King and Mr. Ycud. We also went to see some plays with Mrs. Fielder, and also many more outings which were all very interesting.

During third term our form has begun to rattle a little, also tried hard to win the form room competition, which was all to the best because we've won it three times, and hope to win for the rest of the year.

The day of the house sports started off quite well, but nearing the end, because of rain, it had to be postponed, but unfortunately Waratah had to give away the cup to Jacaranda, third was Kurrajong and last Wattle, although they tried very hard. But they hope to win next year.

In closing, we would like to thank the teachers for helping us.

—J. Panecki.

#### FORM 4A.

Form Teacher: Mr. Hill (Bless his Scientific Knowledge).

Form Captains: Ludmilla Moshniha, Claude Calandra.

S.R.C.: Janet Fox, Dennis Kerr.

S.S.R.: Olga Charlamow, Henry Bajkiewicz.

This is 4A's reporter reporting from Cell Number 8, just opposite the Chief Warden's den. We've been imprisoned for four years (some more) at the St. Albans High Penitentiary and due out on parole in 2 years, assuming we pass the exams??

We started the year magnificently, with the swimming sports, Cinerama "Search for Paradise", (still haven't found it), "My Fair Lady" (aren't we all fair?) and "Julius Caesar" (The Square). Natch we are the shiniest example in the fourth form and under, maybe even over section, of scholastic intellectuals of high society. Getting too smart for the two most outstanding teachers who couldn't stand us any longer, so took sick leave (so they say). More likely time off to study "How to beat the "Best", I bet. Miss Meyer has been a credit to the widening of our careers knowledge. But alas and alack, "We all have good forgeteries". (Quoting our Maths teacher.)

A very co-operative form by all means, slightest mention of necessity to work during language classes, be they English, German, French or Mathematics, we suddenly forget our forgeteries and remember that we are booked for doing important work elsewhere. (Lazing in the sun — or rain.)

No lack of Character, that's for sure. The temporary Maths. teacher, Stuart Rodda and other creatures have managed to uphold the good name of the form. The pretty models keep ourselves looking spotlessly clean with the Room Competition banner hanging on the back wall, for decoration. (Just in case you, dear

reader, would like to know the surest way to infatuation, just take Rennie tablets, guaranteed to work after the first wink.)

We have the biggest International Circus. The walking, talking Cold Calendar. The Corn Field that talks loudly and by some mysterious way drives a particular teacher up the wall. One brilliant student named Baby Face Cur has his own genuine cowrug. A particular preacher in the art of English gagged Baby Face Cur, so that he wouldn't practise the English language. Ow! Ocl! Eel! Ouch!) "Practice makes too perfect" in this case.

Sailor pants are the latest style for cur boys, started by Franz the Sailor. We've even our own Poultry Farmer and Glorious Band??? Teacher can't appreciate good music??? Such tastes, Ugh!

A very Benevolent form, as Claude would say. We came fourth (or was it) in the Blind Appeal.

I told you we had a mighty appetite for raw brains. That's why we are now 50 and not 49 around the class. The added brain is Barry Chapple, who brought along the Scientific approach to morning coffee.

As time, paper, and yours truly is running out (on everyone), may I end by thanking, on behalf of the form, all the teachers for the good and appreciated work they've tried to do, to keep us from moulding, but unfortunately the old saying "If you don't succeed at first, give up", still goes.

Here's summing up 4A in one brief word:—outstandingbenevolentartisticcharmingfriendlyenthusiasticambitiousetc. (Not snobbish or anti-social!! how dare you imply such a thing!! Why I should . . . . . !!)

—Katherine Szwed, 4A.

#### FORM 4B.

**Ashley** — No relation to the public house that bears his name.

**Bezy** — He is a light worker, moderate gambler and heavy smoker.

**Blahut**—Has well-groomed hair, often viewed by Mr. Hill.

**Bogusiak** — One particular teacher took his Geography' book, liked it so much, didn't want to share it — so he burned it.

**Broda** — Ted and the girls next door always seem to do the gardening at the same time.

**Cadzew** — Jim is a golf fanatic, always talking about the hole he made in 80 strokes — not counting echoes.

**Collins** — Jimmy has come to the staff's attention, his great improvement is a disgrace to 4B.

**Coughlin** — Silent One.

**Eismontas** — Would be the pride and joy of 4A, but is a disgrace to our good name.

**Gdowik** — Silent One.

**Gorlo** — Silent One.

**Herrick** — Many things have found haven in that hairy mass (EXCLUDING BRAINS AND MANNERS) — HATES BARBERS.

**Honey**: John is a frequent visitor to the Tear Factory. Keeps Mr. Torpey from being lonely.

**Jerry**: Rumoured that Jerry is making secret raids on refrigerator.

**Kasser**: Alexius is influenced by Nero — practices violin for when St. Albans burns.

**Costa** — 4B's ENFORCER — made of steel and iron. Just like a Volkswagen.

**Yuri** — Supplies Mr. Scarff with the evening paper whenever he, (Yuri), comes to school.

**Zenon** — Has been miserable — hasn't lately found a corpse.

**Stan** — The little man with the rude comments.

**Lester** — Found his ambition in dog-catching.

**McIntyre** — Whenever Mrs. McIntyre is going on another Caribbean voyage, we hope she takes Tom with her.

**Maany** — Rex has caught the contagious Herrick disease.

**Mielczarek**: — Wieslaw is known to hear nothing, see nothing and say nothing.

**Olszewski** — Mario is known to have broken all the rules that exist. Has a hard time just staying in school. Tried to change the school uniform — gave up.

**Pajda** — Wladimir was going to leave school until he found he had to work — returned to school — wise boy.

**Pliaskin** — Love me in my Glo-weave.

**Setek** — John is the only boy who understands Mr. Smith.

**Shuliga** — Takes time off from bike riding to come to school.

**Rienis** — Must be those glasses that is spoiling our good name.

**Steigler** — Four bees baby, all 6 feet four inches.

**Temisanovic** — Claudius is relied upon to make a dead remark.

**Tekieli** — Had a lovely holiday — favourite topic his appendix and what they mean to him.

**Tredget** — TOM MIX rides again.

**Vass** — "The Casanova of 4B."

**Zawada** — Plans to land a Boeing 707 in his back yard.

**Ramsey** — Ron is the "New One" still learning 4 Bees rules.

**Borowski** — His absence until the end of term one was 4B's contribution towards the smooth starting of the 1962 school year.

#### FORM 4F.

Form Captains: Anne Pilbeam, Gustav Hrygaitis.

Vice-Captains: Marisa Perati, Daryl Keeble.

Form 4F this year consists of 44 conscientious students. Mr. Ford, our Form Teacher, has made

us realise that we must not take this year as a joke, and we like to express our thanks to him for the trouble he has taken to help us. Other teachers have tried hard to teach us something. Miss Faggetter, our Geography teacher, thinks we are quiet . . . when we sit and look astounded when questions are asked. Mr. Walsh, our History teacher, always commences on a talk about sport, which appeals to the boys immensely (boys' favourite subject, sport, of course). C.P.P. with Mr. Robertson and Shorthand and Typing with him, is Form 4F's proudest moment, because he is a North Melbourne footballer. Arithmetic with Mr. Smith is fine (if you like Arithmetic). Maths is not our strongest point, but many like it. Science for the boys with Mr. Hill always seems to be a quiet subject, unless someone decides to blow up the school. French and German seem to be getting harder each week. Last, but not least, is English with Mr. Ford, who always does his best to make the lessons partly entertaining.

The Blind Appeal, also a Form Competition, was a highlight of the form (but we didn't seem to get anywhere). At least we knew we helped raise some money. Most of the form contributed to this wonderful fund-raising campaign.

We would like to thank all teachers for the wonderful work they have done, and hope that those of us who return next year, 1963, will be a credit to them.

#### FORM 4J.

Form Captains: Vera Erjavec, Eugene Didus.  
Vice-Captains: Gwenda Potter, Vidmantas Stanaitis.

This is Form 4J reporting from Room 21. This form is made up of 23 pupils, 9 girls and 14 boys. It is one of the smallest and noisiest forms in the school. We get lectured and shouted at by countless teachers every day.

Our form varies in nationalities, from British to African. Don't worry, the African is tame. There's also a human volcano which blows up now and then.

Unfortunately, during the year we lost three girls to 4L: Joyce Fisher, Glenice Doak, Roma Perry, but to take their places we received Angelina Sachow and Nina Rjabenko.

We would all like to thank the teachers for putting up with us during the year, and we would like them to accept our apologies for giving them so many grey hairs. Our English teacher, Miss Faggetter, had a lot of patience to be able to stay with us throughout the year, although we must admit that she did threaten to leave us several times.

Mr. Ford kept saying that Anthony W. was a born teacher when he left Anthony in charge

of us and miraculously kept us quiet. Miss O'Connor, whom we think that by now has managed to teach us to make our own clothes. Last, but not least, we would like to thank Mr. Conroy for all the co-operation he has given us throughout the year, and who tried so hard to get absent notes from the ones that have been sick, played hooky, or from the ones that just took a holiday whenever they felt like it. The girls especially would like to thank him for all the effort he has made in trying to teach us how to type, and we all think that he has succeeded greatly.

Good-bye till next year. We hope.

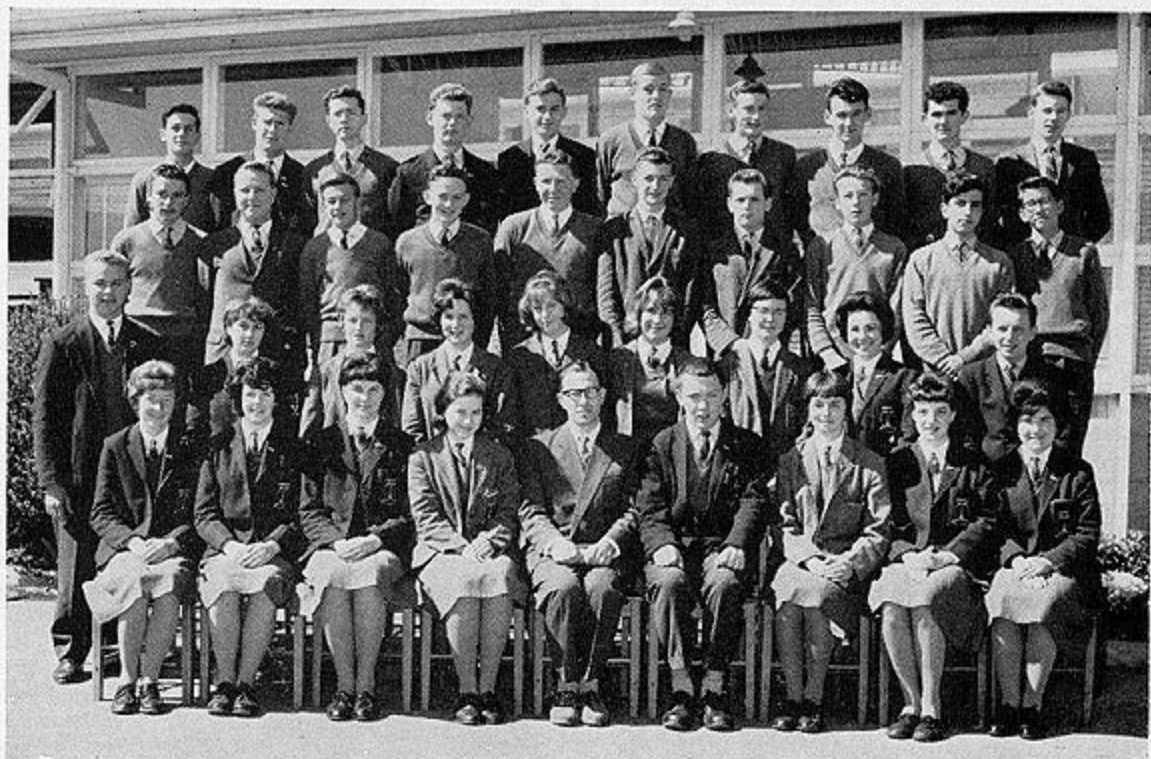
#### FORM 4L.

At the beginning of 1962, 4L was somewhat similar to the coffee advertisement which features forty-three beans. The only difference is that 4L had forty-three girls instead — that was until three more girls from a different form were added to our ranks to make forty-six. Early in the year we were blessed with two prefects, Sandra Patten and Nina Szuravlevicz, much to

the relief of the Form Captain, Jeanette Connor. The Vice-Form Captain is Nina Szuravlevicz. Best wishes to our Form Teacher, Miss Fenelon, who was married during the year, becoming Mrs. Smith. She is doing a wonderful job trying to reform the girls in her charge.

4L seems to have a terrifying effect on some of the teachers, for no apparent reason as we are always quiet and well-behaved, as the teachers will testify.

In our midst are a wide variety of interesting specimens who provide Miss Meyer with plenty of work in the course of analysing them. Firstly, there are the intellectuals, a superior bunch of beings. Then there are the talkative girls, who never cease to chatter. The screamers come next. These are the girls who shriek at the slightest provocation. Fancy screaming just because two dogs decided to fight during form assembly; next come the artistic types who paint "iggles" on their art shirts; the hairdressers of the form; the gigglers who laugh at everyone and everything; and last, but not least, the minority group of genuinely quiet girls who never become ruffled or upset.



#### Form 5A

**Back Row:** T. Caravatas, M. Neskav, B. Bruhns, V. Troszczyj, J. Dasler, P. Becker, I. Sharp, L. Cameron, F. Richardt, R. Clifford. **Third Row:** J. V. Manic, K. Kulbys, B. Kokot, R. Chatterton, V. Bobko, B. Wale, C. Dunkley, M. Bowkun, C. Evangelidis, A. Laskowski. **Second Row:** B. Gerlinger, A. Kassar, J. Arnautovic, J. Iredale, J. Beynon, C. Dusting, H. Henschke, I. Dynak, R. Wiatr. **Front Row:** R. Andrews, E. Taylor, S. Demschychyn, S. Gunew, Mr. G. Strauss, P. Tucker, N. Ostepeev, R. Keegan, R. Kiss.

The highlights of the week are Monday morning and Friday afternoon. On Monday the events of the weekend are thoroughly discussed, while distracted teachers stand by wringing their hands and gritting their teeth. They are trying to maintain order and gain the girls' attention. On Friday afternoon it is a different proposition. Utter silence reigns in contrast to Monday as girls sit gazing out of the window, dreamily chewing on pens and thinking of the coming weekend. The teacher, however, is still trying to gain the students' attention, and is once again failing to do so. But on the whole we are a pretty happy crowd, whatever our shortcomings. We appreciate school, education and the work they are doing for us. They are helping to mould our characters and turn us into the citizens and leaders of tomorrow.

—Jeanette Connor.

## FORM 5A.

or

### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

(A complete and very scientific study of the mind, temperament and psychological make-up of a "five a". Before reading this, sit up perfectly straight, place a handkerchief near you, assume a grave demeanour and watch for further directions.)

When a "five a" began its existence at the start of the year, it was a healthy and robust animal. It consisted of a number of component parts which were all hotly and eagerly in quest of food (for thought). Some followed the arts and other the sciences (emit one sneer). The parts, however, all worked together in complete harmony under the guidance of a "mrstrauss."

Unfortunately, the "five a" became very ambitious and wanted to be the leader of its herd, or skool (mount your suspense). It manufactured several robots which could recite the school-law backwards (you may question the



Form 5B

Back Row: T. Duggan, E. Lacinski, V. Antonovic, V. Chomontowski, P. Metha, J. Stasiewicz, B. O. Donohue, J. Stol, A. Tempest. Third Row: G. Castagna, P. Plain, D. Pringle, A. Smitke, J. Darul, G. Lambert, J. Overington, J. Rodgers, J. Sawzuis, J. Paterson. Second Row: R. M. Kodniak, J. Polichowski, U. Deka, R. Heskov, C. Grabowski, L. Grenfell, V. Zuaigne, T. Landrigan, A. Korinsky, V. Maharin. Front Row: L. Golowka, S. Lobczuk, R. Kurach, E. Richards, Mr. J. Everson, W. Kud, R. Carson, S. Vadinal, K. Bogusiak.



sanity of this), and these went by the name of prefects. The prefects ensured law and order to the best of their ability and saw to it that no one smuggled in any dangerous arms, e.g., water-pistols, form oners and mrstraus's car.

Perhaps the "five a" might have succeeded, but since power is always detrimental in some way, the "five a" finally made a fatal error (emit one dry sob). It began to indulge in exams!! At first it took only small doses, but as these increased, the poison began to take effect and the "five a" became tired and blundered blindly through the dimly lit alleys of the notorious scienceroom, near which was situated the grim "mrtorpeysoffice" from where it obtained its dreadful drug.

Soon the "five a" would no longer be able to control the skool. It lost its mrstraus's and then, completely broken in body and spirit, it went staggering and crawling into the lowest of low depths of the "matriculation" (emit one hysterical shudder and dissolve into tears. Please use the handkerchief). The moral of this account is: "Never for one moment be tempted by the doubtful pleasures of exams, because sometimes they end in matriculation."

THE (sob) END.

#### FORM 5B.

Form Teacher: Mr. Everson.  
Form Captains: Maureen Ccoke, Guiliano Castagna.

Well, the year is almost over and we all find that despite the homework, studying, exams, prac. books, history lessons during dinner hours, double economics, and the general drudgery of every-day school life, Form 5 is not so bad after all (but "once is enough").

Our teachers will be relieved to hear that as the form has been plagued by an epidemic of money-hungry people (which I believe is a part of teenage life), many of us will need to go to work at the end of the year. So keep at it, fellas!

We thank Mr. Everson for being an excellent Form Teacher — although certain members of the form may resent his attempts to suppress truancy. However, I refuse to say more on that subject, on the grounds that I may incriminate Form 5B.

Our thanks also to Miss Meyer, whose best customers we are, our teachers and Mr. Torpey who, throughout the year, has taken an interest in our work (if that word can be used with Form 5B).  
—M. Cooke, Form Captain.



#### Girls' Athletics

Back Row: I. Rutkowski, P. Barnes, L. Kurach, K. Frede, E. Richards, O. Rowe, M. Lawton, Y. Correlje, S. Townsend.  
Third Row: E. Karpyn, L. Cox, M. Dealy, V. McQueen, R. Carson, V. Zvaigne, D. Sackus, B. Wyko, M. Gangur, S. Gunew.  
Second Row: I. Dworjanin, W. Taras, H. Evangelidis, K. McIntyre, H. Gaddard, M. Perati, A. Becker, W. Kud, L. Jouanovic, N. Ajyoglu, P. Bolger, M. Jonkovic.  
First Row: L. Golowka, E. Schwartz, L. Farmer, B. Gaddard, H. Read, J. Van Winden, T. Korinsky, Mrs. J. Fielder, M. Jaciow, J. Heymig, M. Heine, L. Pastusiak, G. Potter, L. Sossi.



### 1st XVIII Football Team

**Back Row:** I. Sharpe, P. Metha, H. Steigler, P. Becker, F. Richards. **Second Row:** V. Manic, M. Neskov, A. Lubicz, D. Pringle, V. Beka, J. Darul, G. Listopad, E. Strehling. **Front Row:** L. Cameron, S. Hubik, P. Plain, Mr. K. Robertson, R. Ciolli, R. Clifford, I. Volkov.



### Girls' Softball

**Back Row:** H. MacLean, R. Vados, I. Jamonts, J. Fisher, R. Carson. **Front Row:** M. Lowton, E. Richards, Mr. K. Chilton, D. Dixon, O. Rowe.



### Swimming Team

Back Row: R. Metheringham, K. Vermolen, P. Becker, G. Cameron, L. Cameron, F. Richardt, S. Polichowski, A. Lubicz, D. Pringle. Third Row: T. McNab, H. Schultz, A. Sharp, J. Van de Kolk, D. Murphy, L. Kurylowicz, J. Darul, M. Olczewski, J. Collins, W. Malinowski. Second Row: B. Goddard, H. Read, T. Korinsky, J. Farnsworth, K. Frede, K. Parsons, J. Iredale, G. Heindrichs, H. Goddard, H. Read. Front Row: L. Cox, J. Novak, L. Peterson, J. Connor, R. Vadas, Mrs. J. Fielder, J. Fisher, S. Clinch, J. Leheny, M. Fielder, Y. Correlje.

## A DAY IN THE CITY

A grey mist hung over the countryside and the skies were dark. Mary, her small eager face pressed hard against the window pane was determined not to miss a single thing as they drew into the city. She saw the green fields gradually change to grey buildings and fast moving traffic. The effect was of a rather drab and ugly place, but Mary was prepared to enjoy her first day in the city to the utmost.

Clutching tightly to her aunt's hand, they alighted from the train to be immediately hustled into the throng of hurrying people. Mary had never seen so many people together. She was only eight years old and had always led a very sheltered life in a country home, miles from the city. Now as they made their way out of the station, the tall grey buildings, winking lights and scurrying people seemed cold and unfriendly. As if a grey curtain of smoke and fog prevented her from stepping into their world.

Mary walked in a daze marvelling at the many colourful signs winking on and off, changing colour every time. She was very surprised at the speed at which everything travelled. The endless stream of traffic whizzed past and the people literally ran from one block to another in their race against time. The noise was terrific. Clanging of bells, tooting of horns and the eternal beat of feet on the concrete paths. The shop windows were really enchanting. Mary had never seen such beautiful things before. Life sized dolls dressed in glittering gowns or smartly tailored suits and coats. Windows that were full of sparkling gems and ornaments.



### Tennis Team

**Back Row:** J. Sawczuk, E. Lacinski, R. Bruhns, V. Bobko.  
**Middle Row:** J. Watson, L. Cox, M. Cooke, R. Andrews, J. Beynon. **Front Row:** Mrs. J. Fielder, M. Dealy, J. McKay, J. Iredale.

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She was so engrossed in these sights that she did not realise she was no longer clutching to her aunt's hand. Looking around, she could only see a blur of strange faces. Where was she? Her heart began to pound and slowly the tears rolled down her face. Oh, if only she had kept close to her aunt this would never have happened. Now everything had gone wrong. She was lost in this big, unfriendly city, and the rain was pouring down on the dusty streets. Mary edged closer to a shop window and sat down on the broad sill. She sat there scanning the crowds for her aunt, but there was not a sign of her.

She did not know how long she sat there. Perhaps it was only a few minutes, but to poor Mary it seemed an eternity. She had never felt so alone before. There were people around her, yes, hundreds of people, but all she could see of them was a sea of legs. Once more she felt their hostility. This was an unfriendly place where life went at an incredible pace. Hurry! Hurry — and faster still! Here no one cared about anyone other than himself, and Mary felt this keenly. Suddenly she heard a familiar voice, and looking up she saw her aunt's familiar face smiling at her. She cried with relief and happiness. It was all right now, but she would never forget that awful ordeal she had been through.

The rest of the day was quite interesting, but Mary was sure that she would not want to come to the city for a long time. She much preferred the country where there was only peace and quiet, compared with the day-long hustle and bustle of the dusty, dirty city.

--Ieva Radiskevics, 3A.



### Boys' Athletics

**Back Row:** I. Sharp, W. Kornienko, P. Plain, C. Kastanioti, J. Wolstencroft, W. Kosiak, A. Kwiecinski, D. Pringle, J. Cadzow. **Middle Row:** E. Kopycinsky, R. Metheringham, W. Antonovic, J. Polichovski, P. Szarko, D. Temisanovic, A. Susota, J. Collins, C. Calandra, R. Jankovic, G. Cocks, H. Steigler. **Front Row:** S. Coster, H. Garalski, G. Landers, Mr. T. Walsh, P. Glisovic, P. Ramholdt, G. Ruffa.

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## AUTOGRAPHS