

1974

Study on Money
My name is Nobody.

they

Lenny Brown

Alba.
St Albans
High School,
School
magazine.

Lenny Brown

nobody

nobody

Helen
Jehroblar

ST. ALBANS
HIGH SCHOOL





I take great pleasure in writing a little piece for "Alba", our completely home-produced magazine.

Costs were becoming too great to have it printed.

"Alba" is a peculiar item. There is a little interest in it now. But it will grow in interest each year, particularly after you leave school.

I hope that with the course of time, "Alba" will exercise a very solid influence for good in St. Albans.

M. H. Wilkinson

PRINCIPAL

AND MY EYES

And my eyes see nothing but water
And in the water I see the colours
That my escapes have painted me with

MARGIE RICHIE





THE ADVANTAGES OF DIVERSITY

Australian, Maltese, Yugoslav, Greek, English, Italian, Dutch, Ukrainian,.....

At St.Albans we have rich and diverse cultural resources and backgrounds upon which to build and draw.

Are we using or exploiting these resources enough? Are we sufficiently aware of our various heritages so that we can use them to our advantage. Perhaps our curriculum could be more adapted to building on all of our heritages so that we can develop attitudes, skills and specialized qualifications that will be in demand in the NEW AUSTRALIA of the twenty first century.

Considerable progress has already been made. Our co-curricular days and our creative arts programme encourage diversity and draw upon the interests and strengths of teachers and students, and to some extent utilizes community resources. In fact all of our teachers, who often have rich and diverse backgrounds themselves draw on students' experiences and ideas.

Our M.A.C. productions have been great successes. "Hero" was a hit not only with the students and parents but all over Australia. It struck a common chord because it dealt with the problems of a young lad from a family who came from Europe to a materialistic jungle which can be found very easily in Melbourne. The success of the show did not come only from the universal nature of the theme, but from the hard work and co-operation which went into the writing, producing and performing.

Diversity and steady hard work can be our strengths. Sometimes we are tempted to think and dwell on our difficulties and our problems and then use these as an excuse for inaction and low standards. A few may allow frustrations and problems to get them down to such an extent that they destructively lash out or just drop out. We must learn to know ourselves better so that we may work and build on our rich variety of resources with pride.

G. L. Larmour.
Deputy Principal.

CO-CURRICULAR

This program was introduced this year to bring together in small groups, people of all ages who share common interests. In educational terms, the co-curricular scheme is a "vertical structuring".

Between 500 - 600 students have participated each session. About 15 - 30 adults have also "returned" to school.

This program is an experimental one. It has been run with limited funds and a lot of goodwill from the staff, many of whom have given up hours of their own time.

The School Advisory Council has applied to the Schools Commission - Innovations Program for funds to run the scheme and to pay activity leaders. We have received no grant yet.

Personally, I have been disappointed with the adult response to the scheme. If more adults were involved, many activities would become stronger and could be run by these adults.

If the scheme is funded, it will run next year, 1975 on a TUESDAY, and activity leaders will be sought from the local community.

At any rate, the development of this co-curricular scheme has been good for the area.

More Adult evening classes will be running at this school next year as the Council of Adult Education is to use St. Albans High School as a centre for Evening classes in the Western Metropolitan area. Classes definitely running include Pottery, Painting and drawing, Migrant English, Jewellery, Guitar lessons, Embroidery, Dressmaking, Drama and music, Workshop. Others which may run include adult health and fitness, Russian culture, Weaving (for beginners), Home economics, Chess, Legal studies H.S.C.. Whether a class runs or not depends on having a sufficient number of participants, usually fifteen per class.

Adults interested should contact the school as soon as possible to enrol for these classes.

Finally, I would like to thank everyone who has helped the co-curricular program in any way during the year.

N.J. Davis



Australia

Southern Cross, five stars laid on blue,
A land well known and true.
Into seven states divided, In the southern
hemisphere is sided.
A nation plentiful and grand.
The western half mainly sand.
Merely two hundred years of age
At present in a prosperous stage.
The kookaburra, Emu and kangaroo.
The Wombat and koala too,
Complete with beaches of golden sand
All part of our free land.
A Blue horizon and a shining sun
Adds to the beauty of which its become
Mountain ranges and valleys low down
Sparkling rivers running through towns.
Green grass and rolling hills
A heart, with love it fills.
Many colours of skin and types of races,
Millions of bright happy faces.
The Aussie "How are ya!"
All what I love about Australia.

By Jutta Mekkers 3.7

PREJUDICE ; a dirty word in todays society, but one that is still kicking around in the dust. When you think of prejudice you think of the Nazi's killing all the Jews or the apartheid trouble in S.Africa or the Negroes and their problems in the U.S. But closer to home there are many groups that are being prejudiced against. The Italians the Maltese , the Yugoslav's. How many times have you heard an Australian father tell his son or daughter "I'm not having you marry one of those WOGS" Sadly to say this still happens. This primitive fear of an unknown being, called prejudice.

There are three things to base prejudice upon. Race, Religion or Culture. In Australia we arn't concerned what colour a man is or what belief he holds. Just if he doesn't live like we do. Culture is the main area of bias here. When an Italian or Maltese brings his own culture and habits with him to Australia he is likely to be shunned by some people because he's "different". Just because he likes to eat pasta and not meat pies, speaks a different language, likes soccer instead of football, works hard to earn money while an Australian works only when he has to, he is different An outcast. Shunned by people he has never met. People who don't know him, have never even seen him. Just heard about his kind from a friend.

What sort of base is that for an opinion of someone. How can you rely on second hand information to make up your mind that you hate this person. What right have you in this world to even call him different. He talks, he walks, he even sits, he makes love, he has children, he has grandchildren and he dies, like you.

"IS HE REALLY THAT DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND I"?

JEAN SAYNER, Form 5.4



A/P

Card Jahn 4-1

THE MORNING IS VERY SOUR

The morning is very sour,
'cause no one's at school.
Maybe a few kids
But I can't see any more
No teachers are in sight
Nor any cars.
The streets are deserted
And the shops are closed.
The wind is blowing
And soon there'll be a storm.
Not an animal in sight.
Only me and me only.
In the school ground
is where I stand
Just watching, waiting
for now is the Christmas holidays
and everyone has gone.
For the morning is very sour,
with no-one in sight
Not even a mouse will roam.
For as I wrote the above
the morning is very sour
with none in sight.

LIANNE NUSKE

11.00 IN THE MORNING

11.00 in the misty morning
In English classes.
Mr. Trembath talking away
I was sitting in a classroom
looking at the clouds. Birds
going by, then my eyes
Suddenly caught sight of the
grey clouds moving in a hurry.
All of a sudden it started to rain
And the thunder roared with anger.
Small sparrows looked for shelter.

CARMEN CAMILLERI

A hollow snake skin
shed by a reptile for want of another.
Blood surged like a waterfall through the channels of life
interrupted now by the boulders of fate.
Lack of feeling, lack of thought,
caused the earthquake in my heart.

JULIE HAINES

Shoulders heavy with nothing boredom, a last voice calling.
Gets kicked by the song of a thousand crowd throat
My mind is laquered with carmine smiles, deodourized brains
And warps downwards into nothingness
What is there left to feel when a stranger's mauling is counted
as love?

VILIIJA DAGYS

When I get older or when I leave school
I will sit behind a desk and hit these
little things they call keys
I will wear things that are comfortable and warm.
My boss will come in and give me work
I will be filling in forms and sending out bills
My pay will be enough to make me survive
When it is time for lunch, I will leave everything
As it is and go out to buy a snack
I'll sit at a table and eat until I'm full
Then I'll leave and go back and hit those keys.

When it's time to go home I will pack everything
And leave
I will catch the train and then walk down my street
I will reach home then I will get changed
into something suitable then I will get
a cup of coffee and relax
After a day of hard work I will go and sleep it off.
And the next day will be the same.

FAYE NETKOV

Cold wet rainy days
desperately trying to keep my mind on my work.
With a teacher talking
It's boring
minds a drifting
falling
Whirling clouds
returning to days gone past
fun
the sun
then trouble
A jerk
collecting thoughts
returning to the present.
teachers
bells
end.

HELEN THOMPSON

BATTLEFIELD

Poor men, not men but mere boys,
Their limbs blown off, their bodies wracked with pain,
Lie dying in a pool of blood, not wholly their own.
Enemies or friends, both are there, on the battlefield,
Both feel pain, and both bleed blood,
What difference between them, I know of none,
Both are men.
Such is "War", a noble defence of our country

The senseless killing, the massive destruction,
The blood, dead bodies, blasted into pieces,
Smoke and gas combine, to make the smell of war,
The putrid stench, the foul odour of death,
That lingers in our hearts and minds,
One will not forget.
Such is "War", a noble defence of our country.

Those who see not, the killing, who see not,
The futile struggle between these men, who,
Reduced to little more than animals,
Let their lives and spirits drain away,
In the overriding instinct to "kill" and "kill" and "kill",
They know not what it's like,
To be there and know that awful image,
Imprint itself upon a mind that does not easily forget,
Nay a mind that will never forget,
They know not what it's like.
To them "War" is a noble defence of our country.

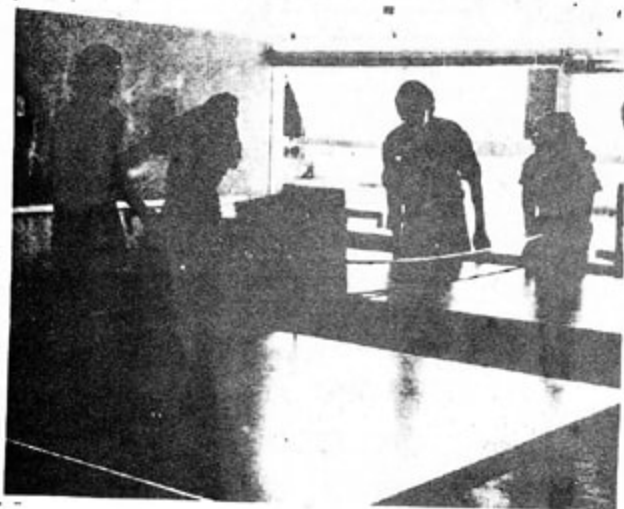


1/8

Hand of Reality

Nina
Petrik
2.9

Academic Pursuits...



ONE OF MR. HOPE'S
(COMMERCE (OR IS IT
BUSINESS... OR IT
COULD BE TYPING)
ANYWAY, ONE OF MR. HOPE'S
SENIOR CLASSES.



THIS IS AN (SLOSH, SLOSH,
SLOSH, DAB, DAB, SLOSH,
SLOSH) ART CLASS.



THESE THREE LOVELY
LADIES ARE WHAT'S
ADMIRABLY KNOWN AS
OUT OF CLASS.



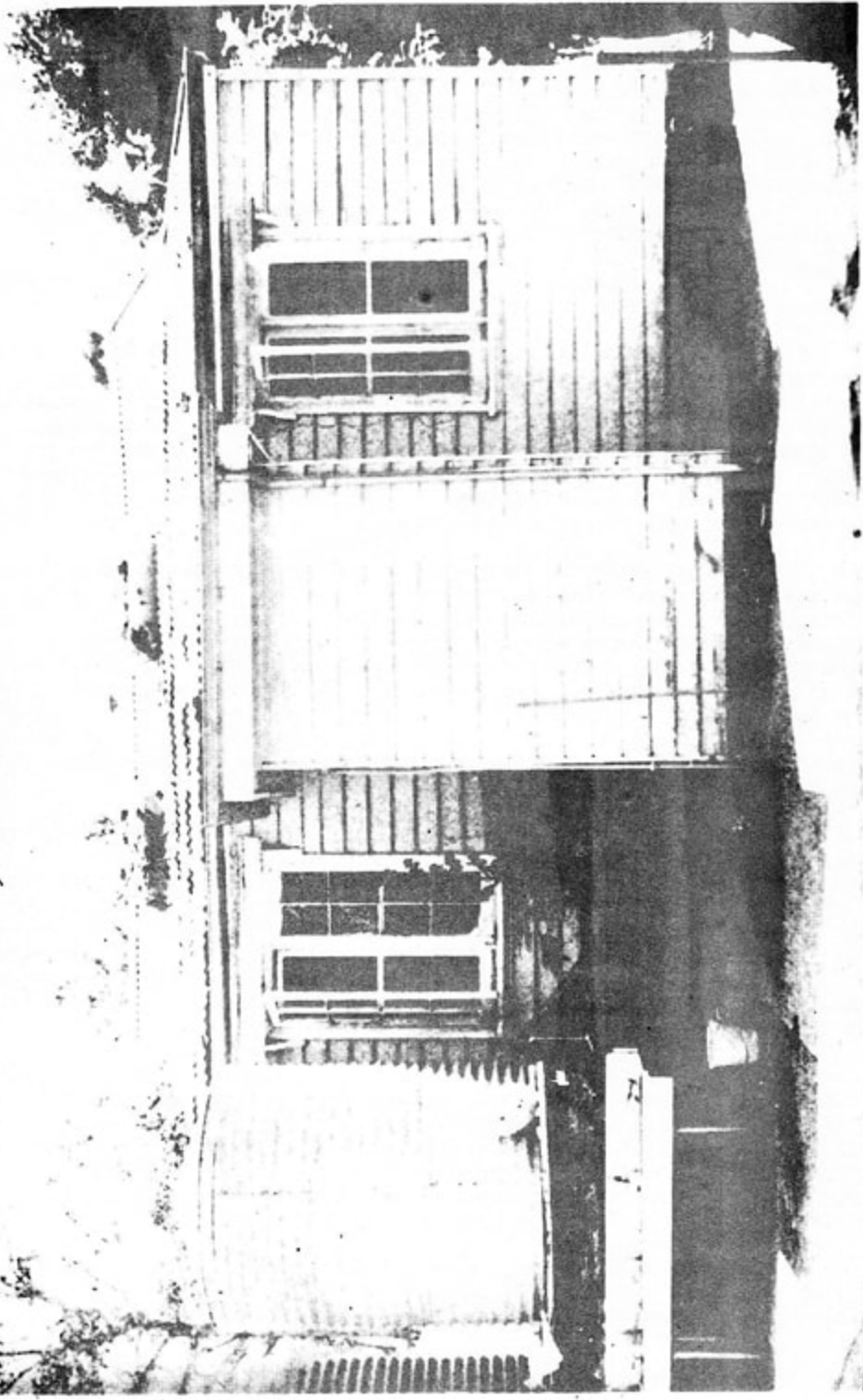
Strathbogie

All roads lead to Strathbogie N.E. (in the mountains near Euroa) where your school camp is located. The camp is a small school house with trees, rolling hills, and high-soaring white cockatoos. There is 1.2 hectares of land to romp in

with nearby freshwater creeks to swim in and plenty of places to bushwalk.



This elegant chateau provides luxurious suites for students high
a-top the Strathbogie Ranges.



REPORT ON THE ATHLETICS SPORTS HELD AT ABERFELDIE

The trials were held at Errington Reserve a few weeks before the sports were to be held with not many students participating. So Mr. Zunde put out his 1st call for help, and in typical St. Albans High School spirit the boys and girls of this school rallied to the call for help to fill the Athletics team. Mr. Zunde, in typical St. Albans High School fashion, gathered his team together; the volunteers were many and casualties were few. We still needed more competitors and it wasn't until his second call for help that the relay teams were filled. Some events were even filled as late as the day of the sports.

Not many students were interested in training and this showed up in their performance at the sports.

The school captains were Olga Nowyckyj and Roman Trybus. When the day of the sports finally came, it was pouring rain and cold, but the spirit was still there. Our school started off well gaining places in most of the sprint events and even winning a few. The senior boys gained a place in almost every event and the senior girls gained places in the events that they entered for. The seniors ended up winning the senior penant that day with the juniors and intermediates also doing well, but were just not good enough to win their respective sections.

During the day we saw many promising performances in Olga Nowyckyj who was the only girl from the sixth form competing. Kay Smith in the U/16 winning 4 events, Frank Matthies winning the open Long Jump and Shot Put, Andrew Stewart and Roman Trybus gaining 1st & 2nd places respectively in the open 100 metres sprint with Andrew later winning the open 200 metres and Roman gaining a string of 2nds. There was also Eddy Szmelter winning the U/14 200 metres, 400 metres, 800 metres, Tony Briggs winning the U/17 100 & 200 metres, Tony Mayfosh winning the U/17 discus and shotput. The open relay team consisting of Frank Matthies, Roman Trybus, John Fragopoulos and Andrew Stewart also won their event.

From these sports a lot of competitors won their way through to the Western Zone, with the most successful being Kay Smith who won the shop put and later coming 3rd in the All High School sports in the same event at Olympic Park. Eddy Szmelter also won his way through to the All High Sports but was unable to compete because of an injury. Other good performances were by Tony Mayfosh, M. Tsaldaris, and the Boys open Relay who all gained 3rd places at the Western Zone finals. There were also many other competitors, who shall remain nameless, who won their events at Aberfeldie but didn't show up to compete at the Western Zone final.

The students of this school shouldn't be proud of their overall performance at Aberfeldie, because if it weren't for the usual bunch, especially Olga Nowyckj and Kay Smith, two of the very few girls that competed, our overall performance might have been even more dismal than what it was. With the athletic ability and the teachers at this school to bring out the best of these people, it was very disappointing to see so few competing, especially senior girls.

Special thanks to Mr. Zunde and all athletes who trained with dedication - they are the real back-bone of any success and there were few. Also thanks to those who didn't train and still filled the events.

OVERALL SPORTS RESULTS WERE:-

Juniors: Kealba (1), Bacchus Marsh (2), St. Albans (3), Deer Park (4).

Intermediate: Kealba (1), St. Albans (2), Bacchus Marsh (3), Deer park (4).

Seniors: St. Albans (1), Bacchus Marsh (2), Kealba (3), Deer Park (4).

Grand aggregate: Kealba (1), Bacchus Marsh (2), St. Albans (3), Deer Park (4).

WESTERN ZONE: Freeway (1), Sunshine (2), Bayside (3), Hadfield (4),
Western Highway (5), River (6).

Under 13

Boys 400 metres: T. Maltaric 2nd, D. Nagel 3rd.

Triple Jump: R. Schaffner 3rd, High Jump: R. Schwanitz 3rd.

Girls Shot Put: K. Dejak 1st, 200 metres: C. Said 3rd.

Under 14

Boys 100 metres: E. Szmelter 2nd, 200 metres: E. Szmelter 1st, 800 metres:

E. Szmelter 1st, High Jump: G. Lewis 1st, Long Jump: S. Turner 3rd,

400 metres: E. Szmelter 1st, 4 x 100 Relay A. 1st, Relay B: 2nd.

Girls 100 metres: M. Gower 3rd, Relay A. 3rd.

Under 15

Boys 400 metres: R. Smith 2nd, 1500 metres: A. Manolis 2nd, 100 metres:

E. Gambin 3rd, 800 metres: Millington 1st, High Jump: T. Tiukow 2nd,

Javelin: C. Balazs 3rd, 200 metres: S. Stanic 3rd, Relay A, 1st, Relay B, 1st,

Girls 100 metres: W. Passe 2nd, Long Jump: J. Moyle 1st, 200 metres: W. Passe
1st, Javelin: B. Azzopardi 2nd, Relay A 3rd, Relay B 3rd.

Under 16

Boys Shot Put: R. Cian 1st, B. Krickic 2nd, 400 metres: V. Stogian 3rd,

Javelin: J. Blanchonette 3rd, 200 metres: G. Scott 2nd, V. Stogian 3rd,

Discus: B. Krickic 1st, R. Cian 3rd, Relay 3rd, 800 metres: W. Domjanic 2nd,

S. Cooper 3rd, 100 metres: G. Scott 3rd, Triple Jump: V. Stogian 3rd,

Girls Discus: N. Rancer 2nd, Shot Put: K. Smith 1st, Javelin: C. Jahm 2nd,

High Jump: K. Smith 1st, 100 metres: K. Smith 1st, 200 metres: K. Smith 1st,

400 metres: M. Gunstan 3rd, Relay 2nd.

Under 17

Boys Discus: T. Mayfosh 1st, P. Illingworth 2nd, 100 metres: T. Briggs 1st,

Javelin: N. Tkalcevic 2nd, 200 metres: T. Briggs 1st, T. Blum 2nd, Triple

Jump: A. Tantsis 1st, Long Jump: T. Briggs 3rd, Shot Put: T. Mayfosh 1st,

R. Cian 2nd, 400 metres: T. Briggs 1st, S. Newton 2nd, 1500 metres: S. Newton

2nd, I. Smolcic 3rd, T. Briggs 4th, 800 metres: S. Newton 1st, I. Smolcic 2nd,

Relay 2nd.

Girls High Jump: K. Sawka 1st, Long Jump: K. Sawka 2nd, Javelin:

F. Giannetta 2nd, Discus: G. Sauer 3rd, Relay 3rd.

Open

Boys 100 metres: A. Stewart 1st, R. Trybus 2nd, Shot Put: F. Matthies 1st,

200 metres: A. Stewart 1st, R. Trybus 3rd, Javelin: F. Matthies 2nd,

Discus: R. Trybus 2nd, F. Schober 3rd, Long Jump: F. Matthies, Triple Jump:

J. Fragopoulos 2nd, 400 metres: R. Trybus 2nd, Relay 1st, High Jump:

J. Fragopoulos 3rd.

Girls High Jump: O. Nowyckyj 1st, Javelin, O Nowycki 2nd, Shot Put:

M. Tsaldaris 2nd, Relay 3rd.

JUNIOR VOLLEY BALL

St. Albans defeated bacchus Marsh 3 - 0.

St. Albans defeated Kealba 3 - 0.

Fawkner defeated St. Albans in the semi-finals, score 2 - 0.

A lot of schools didn't have teams so they were disqualified.

The players were:-

Mick Indos 3.3

Bill Nantsou 3.3

Leo Andrusiak 3.3

Dennis Mifsud 3.3

David Alexandrou 3.6

Forti Dimopoulos 3.6

Peter Dobrowolski 3.8

Peter Mitsi 3.8

Nick Nedcoff 3.6

Steven Tikfessis 3.5

Alan Kosenoski 3.4

The boys trained hard and worked well as a team. Mr. Hafez made sure of this being a tough coach. They hope next year to do better and reach the finals.

ooo SENIOR TABLE TENNIS ooo

During 1974, St. Albans High has entered in Table-Tennis competitions throughout the year, both against other schools and in the Sunshine District Table-Tennis Associations.

In the Inter-school competitions the school made the Zone finals but met stiff oppositions in Hadfield High who were unfortunately too strong and experienced for our players in B. McKenzie, A. Pavlides, A. Tantsis and N. Tkalcevic.

During the winter months we entered two teams in the S.D.T.T.A. One under the supervision of S. Hope and the other under P. Hanrahan.

The teams were as follows:-

G. 1

P. Hanrahan

N. Tkalcevic

A. Tantsis

G. Warr

A. Pavlides

G. 2

S. Hope

B. McKenzie

Z. McKenzie

A. Scrignar

E. Nemeč

The G. 1 team made the Grand Final with only three losses throughout the year due to inexperience and injuries to different players. They won the Grand Finals as one of the greatest fight backs ever seen. After being 4 - 1 down they fought back and won the next 5 games to win the premiers cup. Stars on the night were:- A. Tantsis, P. Hanrahan and N. Tkalcevic.

The G. 2 team went through the year undefeated to take out the flag in great style. It was a great year and congratulations to all players.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL 1974

This years junior football team was about the strongest team we have had for a while. The team consisted of mostly form three boys who have played with the team since form one. Our coach was Mr. T. Grucza.

This year we played Bacchus Marsh and Kealba. We were supposed to play Deer Park also but because Deer Park lacked players, they withdrew their match against us.

The first game we played was Bacchus Marsh at Bacchus Marsh. We were unfortunate in this game because we lost only by a few points. The ground conditions were poor. There were puddles of water covering the ground and it was very soggy. The umpire did the best he could and his decisions suited the ground.

Straight after our first game we played Kealba. This game was in our favour because we left the Kealba team almost scoreless. We were about 10 or 11 goals. Our Forwards used every chance which they had and their backs stood firm. This was our last game for the first round.

Three weeks later we played Bacchus Marsh again. This game was vital for us because we had to win to be able to get into the finals. In the first half they had the wind, but their kicking was atrocious and the back line tried desperately to clear the ball. Our backs held Bacchus Marsh down and at half time we had a better chance to win. Now the wind was in our favour and the team was keen to get on the field. Bacchus Marsh, even though against the wind, ended up winning. They are a strong team and deserved to win. Our other games were called off because Kealba withdrew their game against us.

In the end we won four games and lost two.

The team would like to thank Mr. Grucza for everything he did for us.

Team members were:-

George Mayfosh (Captain)	Matthew Spooner
Victor Stogian (Vice-captain)	Nevio Stanic
Graham Scott	Chris Puglia
Giagio Di Sante	Graham Cocper
William Melvin	Bill Sipple
Terry Damrow	George Traianou
Kevin McEwan	Branco Bijac
Steven Apap	Shane Turner
Rodney Smith	Bill Van Roy
Lucky Christopoulos	Danny Zuclich
Raffaele Di Sante	Simeon Ouzas
Brian Williams	Philip Baulch
Richard Mulcare	George Caval

Assistants:-

Boris Stojanovic
Ivan Ivankovic
Jimmy Manic
Paul Mayfosh

SENIOR FOOTBALL

MATCH 1. BACCHUS MARSH :V: ST ALBANS.

Weather : Cold and raining. The ground was covered in mud and water. All players tried hard even though we lost. Unfortunately Tole Roszak ran into Peter Mennite and broke his leg.

SCORES : Bacchus Marsh - 11-7- 73
St Albans - 1 -1- 7

MATCH 2. ST ALBANS :V: KEALBA

St Albans dominated the whole game to win easily.

SCORES : St Albans - 16-7 - 103
Kealba - 1-3 - 9

MATCH 3. ST ALBANS :V: BACCHUS MARSH.

This game was played at Errington in poor conditions. If St Albans defeated Bacchus Marsh then we had a chance of reaching the finals.

St Albans fielded a strong rugged team and from the first bounce both teams competed fiercely. At quarter time St Albans were five goals down. In the second quarter we kicked with the wind, to be 1 point ahead at the change. St Albans fought hard into the wind and were only five points down at three quarter time. St Albans finished strongly to win by 17 points.

SCORES : St Albans -9-13- 67
Bacchus Marsh-7-8 - 50

BEST PLAYERS

NICK TANTSIS : A skillful and consistent ball getter whose long left foot kicks constantly placed the team to advantage.
BRIAN LEE : A strong marker and a player who moved like Royce Hart.
BRUCE M^CKENZIE: Strong, rugged, sneaky. The poor mans Cowboy Neale.
ROBERT CAIN : A tower of strength all season on the backline.
ROMAN TRYBUS : A reliable yet attacking backman.
ROMAN TRYBUS(captain)



3/5 'Flowers' Gladys Chiepa 2.2

I AM A CHEWING GUM

Battered and bruised as I am, and slowly drying out, I will tell my life story.

In my early childhood days, I was one great big fellow. Not bothering anyone and no-one bothering me; just minding my own business.

I grew older by the day, just sitting in a corner of a very large building with machines. The creatures who worked there called it a factory.

One day I was having my usual afternoon nap, when a mean looking fellow grabbed me and tossed me down a tin hole. Shocked and drowsy, I grabbed hold of a metal bar that rested on the inside. The man seeing that I would not budge, took hold of a stick and started to poke me in the ribs and side.

Finally, after a long battle, which nearly sent the man flying into the hole, I let go falling further and further down into the black wilderness. This experience made me loose alot of weight, and I found myself not bigger than a human thumb.

I thought that this was the end of the terrifying experience, but to my surprise, I came to an opening. A man grabbed hold of me with his big hands and lifted me to the air placing me into a nicely packed box.

I then found myself inside a truck, which went over stones and sent me flying into the air. These were followed by painful four point landings.

My next stop was a corner shop of a main street. A small boy entered the shop. Seeing me, he grabbed me, handing out to the shopkeeper a five cent coin. At last, I thought I was out of being in captivity. Free from enclosure.

Suddenly he opened his mouth, unwrapped me, and flung me into it.

A white brick wall surrounded me. The pink carpet lifted, and pressed me into a round disc. Then the walls came down. Crushing me one way, lifting, and crushing me another.

This experience made me loose my shape and beauty that had made me so popular in my early days.

Round and round I went, ready for the next ball. 'Whack', I was sent to the other side by the pink bat. Round and round again and whack!

Now I rest peacefully under one of the school desks, slowly drying out, drying out! Dying! !

WHY ME! What did I ever do to deserve such an end!!
WHY ME

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

It was by accident that I awoke in the fourth dimension. I don't know how I got there, and I don't really care. I found that I could go either forward in time or I could go back in time. It was really quite interesting, for I could meet the famous people who I had read about, or I could meet people who were important in the future. I zipped from the past to the future, everyone commenting on my strange clothes. You might find this tale boring, and if this is the case, just put down this story.

First of all I went to the past and there I met Mary, Queen of Scots. She was a beautiful woman, but life of a captive soon brought about a tiredness that would stay with Mary till the day she died. Mary had long brown hair and big brown eyes. She had a rosy complexion and was even more beautiful than anyone said. I wonder how things might have turned out if Mary hadn't met Bothwell. He was Mary's downfall. When Mary went to her cousin, Queen Elizabeth of England, she was kept under lock and key, moved from castle to castle to avoid any freedom attempts Mary might have had. Before my very eyes, I saw a once beautiful woman deteriorate into a sick old woman. Mary got sick because she wasn't allowed any exercise and this was where all of her illnesses were traced back to. For an active person this loss of exercise made her vulnerable to severe colds. These castles were big and draughty. The wind and the rain all brought some sort of illness to Mary. She tried to escape but to no avail. She wrote to Catherine D'Monci, the Queen mother, but Catherine didn't take any notice of Mary's letters imploring Catherine to come to her rescue. As a matter of fact, I know this because I was there. Mary confided in me, after her servants had made sure that I was entirely trustworthy. She told me of her trials and of her unhappiness and how it came about. Then her death came. It was cruel and inhuman, but at least she didn't feel any pain. Mary got Mary Fletcher and myself to help her dress. She dressed in her most beautiful gown and put on her wig, she always wore a wig since her hair turned grey. Mary Fletcher and I went onto the scaffold with Mary. She stood there, older but if possible even more beautiful. Mary had a little dog and on her last day on earth she carried this dog in her bodice. Mary said her prayers like the good Catholic she was, and then put her head on the block, her hands widespread behind her. Once twice the air rushed away from the blade then on the third time the blade came down and Mary's head rolled away. I looked at the men there and saw tears in their eyes. The executioner grabbed Mary's hair and to his amazement he was left with the wig in his hands. Mary's dog lay between Mary's head and body, snarling if anyone came near. At last I managed to take the dog away, my vision blurred by the tears in my eyes. After this I woke in the future.

Everything had changed so drastically. I had expected changes but not as bad as this. The earth seemed virtually deserted.

continued.....

My mind was a bit muddled so I turned to a girl in a bed next to mine and asked her what day, month and year it was. The girl said, it's Monday, 1st. September, 2050. I was astounded. Let me describe this girl. She was 5'5", light brown hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion. She had a pretty face. She said her name was Marie. I, introduced myself, Marion. I asked her if she had something that I could wear, she gave me a silver form fitting dress. I asked her if she could find me a job. She told me there was a vacancy where she worked. I was overjoyed for I was burning with curiosity about this strange time and land. She took me down to the dining room of this block of flats. The breakfast was unreal, it didn't even look like food, although it tasted like it. The people there looked half alive. The men were thin and scrawny. The women were all right. We ate breakfast then set out in an expensive looking car. We arrived at an oval building and then got out. We worked hard all day, oh sure the seats were comfortable, the rooms were carpeted, and all we had to do was push buttons we were both pooped by the end of the day. We had been answering phone calls and ushering people into various offices. I missed the air, for when I opened my window a gust of wind brought in all the smells of the ugly city. I looked out and I could see people walking along the sidewalk with masks over their faces. I quickly closed the window and walked over to my girlfriend Marie. I asked her if there was a park I could walk in. She told me there was a park nearby but I would have to wear a mask. I took one and wandered in the park. Nothing seemed right, the leaves felt as if they were made of felt, and the bark looked like paper. I went home disillusioned. If this was earth in 2050, then I would go back to the present. Then suddenly I was awake, in my own room, in my own bed. In the darkness I could discern the shapes of the furniture in my room. I went to sleep and slept deeply and without dreams.





Debra Walsh
2.8

THE TEST (With all due respect to E.A. Poe.)

Once upon a test paper dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary,
Over many an old and stupid question (Oh what a bore)
Suddenly there came the ringing.
The school bell in my ears was singing.
Will I ever get any peace?
Quoth the teacher, "never more!"

While over the question I blundered,
The noise inside my head it thundered.
And, in despair, my paper I tore.
The blood inside my head was pounding,
And again the school bell came sounding.
Will I ever get my release?
Quoth the teacher, "never more!"

The teacher sat his eyes aglaring,
I melted under his constant staring.
Wondering what would be the score.
Slowly my head began nodding,
And the teacher my side was prodding.
Will I ever get any rest?
Quoth the teacher, "never more!"

Suddenly my mind goes crazy,
The room becomes suddenly hazy.
And to pieces the teacher I tore.
As I stood there, tired, panting.
"Will you give another test?"
Quoth the teacher, "never more!"

Very freely adapted from the Raven (E.A.Poe)
EUGENIA D'AGATA. 3.1.

ROOM TO MOVE, TIME SHORT

Like a great many teenagers, I decided to leave home. I wanted freedom and recognition as an adult. At home I was considered still a child though I had been working three weeks and was sixteen. Admittedly, I made mistakes - like the day I accidentally oiled the kitchen door with glue and Guy Fawkes night when I almost set the house on fire; but nobody is perfect. There was really only one different thing about my leaving home; I was determined to take my room with me. After 16 years, it was part of me; and I felt I could not go without it. Besides it had all my worldly goods in it and they would not fit in a case.

I put an advertisement in the paper for an owner of a truck suitable for transporting a room under the heading "Room to Move, Time Short". I was careful the paper was not the one my parents usually bought and sat down and waited for a barrage of calls. They did not come! Late the next day I had one call and made the necessary arrangements. My parents were away for the weekend and I had to make my move quickly. After all, the room I was taking was part of their house.

My first problem was how to separate my room from the rest of the house. Our saw certainly did not look capable of it. I asked the truck driver who had just arrived, and he suggested I plant a trail of sugar where I wanted the separations and let an army of white ants loose. I suspect he was only being funny for the ants would not keep on the track. I had to get to work with the sole of my slipper to save the house. When I was convinced there were none left, I bought an extremely large saw, but after an hour aching arms and little progress told me this was not very successful. I was all prepared to set to it with a blowtorch when the truck driver suggested I might not have a room left. (Our house is weatherboard.) I thought of how wonderful it would be if a well aimed flash of lightning could separate my room but after an hour of waiting and not a cloud in the sky, I decided this was not going to happen, and that I needed help. Eventually I called in an expert, but in view of the cost, I gave Dad's name instead of mine. Now came the problem of how to get the truck past the garage to reach the room. Using the saw I cut two panels off the garage and after the room had been placed on the truck with the help of trolleys and rollers, I stuck them on again. For want of better I used nail polish. Unfortunately I only had pink which was rather conspicuous on our blue garage. Because volunteers from the nearby school were plentiful, I had them chew up some chewing gum to support the join.

Now I was all ready to leave when I realized there was one thing I had not thought of. Where was I to take my room? I owned no land and was not rich enough to buy any. I had thought of taking it into the Y.W.C.A. but for some reason they wouldn't let me. The truck driver suggested the park but all along the road they had signs reading no parking and I suggested it might not be legal. I was getting worried now. I had heard of people going to jail because of insufficient means of support and this time not only me but my room was in this predicament. Not even hotels will let you bring your own room. I wondered if caravan parks would accept it, but decided they wouldn't.

The truck driver was getting impatient now. I had been lucky he had lasted this long. It occurred to me that I did not like jail particularly, and that that appeared to be where I was heading.

ROOM TO MOVE, TIME SHORT

continued.

Finding space for my room would only give the police a headache, so I was saving everybody trouble if I went back home. Suddenly home did not seem so bad. I compared my mother's expertise at cooking with two meals a day behind locked doors. I went home. That the truck driver was quite frustrated was an understatement. Nevertheless, in the end we got back and unloaded my room.

This time I bought a large barrel of glue to stick my room and the panels of the garage which had had to be taken off again, back where they should have been. I made sure the glue was not too good in case I ever wanted to run away again. Then I waved good-bye to the truck driver, telling him to send my father the bill.

I did worry a little about what my father would say to the extra bills and patches but decided to cross that bridge when I came to it. I went inside and appreciated the sense of security I felt in my home. That it was still mine I realized after I had, as usual, tripped over the kitchen stool, banged my head on the door and burnt myself on a saucepan. Perhaps my life was not really so bad after all.

LINDA SMITH

AGONY

Screams echoed through the street. Tears flooded the drains. Her hot blood melted everything that was near her. Her nerves trembled the buildings. Marylou's sobs shattered windows. Her supersonic feet zoomed down the street. She was crying.

George the bulldozer had flattened Marylou. He bounced on her stomach like it was a trampoline. Then he picked her up like a crane and dropped her. Like a screwdriver he turned and turned Marylou's elbow. Then he let her go and run off like his pants were on fire.

Marylou is still crying and wandering the streets. Great damage has been done by her crying, but now that she has started she will never end, until every hot drop of tear is in the drain. Her screams will only stop if altered by laryngitis. The hot blood on her body cools down. Until her nerves experience the atmosphere and finally her feet wear down to a halting walk.

VICTOR STOGIAN, Form 3.8

PORTRAIT OF A STUDENT AS A YOUNG RASCAL

Blink, Blink, Horror, run amok,
Juvenile Delinquent "aah" as they say, we'll give 'em a show
to take back to the grannies.

Hello, Hello, who do I spy with my little eye going
past the anatomy room all done up in his new duds,
well, lo and behold, it's old Beasley havin' a go at that
new pair of legs.

I'll show him — to give me an 'F' for me essay which I
copied out of 'Reader's Digest'. Well you could call this a
day in the life of David and Goliath — this rock looks just
right — bang, finish, shot. It must have been the best shot I
ever . . . right on that pair of leg's bum! Well you should
have seen Beasley take off as if he was Phar Lap . . . and
right behind him was a pair of 'penny farthings' and a
menacing handbag crying "how dare you strike my posterior,
you dirty old man! Ah, Ah, Ah, . . . of course you know
who was winning the battle with flying colours . . . ME . . .
or should I say David and his trusty old reliable, ever
faithful sling shot.

3.30. And all is well.

"Hello you young rascal."

"Hi, Mom."

"Did you have a nice day at school?"

"Yes Mom."

"Well aren't you going to tell me everything that you did
today?"

"Alright, everything. Let me see . . . In the morning I had
spelling and maths and then some maths. And then in the
afternoon sport. And that's my interesting day."

"Ah, yes, well I'm proud of you, so proud I have a visitor
from school. Come in Mr. Beasley. Is this your sling . . .
Oh no, shot . . .?"

ANDREW PAVLIDES

THE TREASURE OF GULL ISLAND

You sail by ship — no other way
To go to the west side of Bently Bay.
You walk off the beach then pace to the South
You walk further until you reach Dokano Mouth
The Mouth will rumble, bubble and steam.
It will become so loud it will make you scream.
You must walk to the East, then something will follow
'Til you reach the trunk of the Phantom Hollow.
The Phantom Hollow in an old oak tree.
It's been growing on Gull Island for centuries
You will go North-east to the top of the Peak
of Terror Mountain — it will make you shriek.
You go down the other side of the mountain but stay alive.
Then cross the eerie desert and if you can survive
You go to the cemetery and find old McReady's grave
The inscription on top will lead you to a cave
The cave will have paintings and a small bottled boat
And inside the bottle you will find a note
Follow the directions and you will hear a scream
It will lead you on the trail to the screaming dream
But you will find a note stuck on an old Iron Ball
That you've been tricked into coming for there is no
treasure at all.

NINA PETRIK



Robert
Whitley
2.9

'From
the
Caves'

5/5



Zofia Lutar 2-6

Love and Happy

1/7



A/P

Philip Baulech
2·2

Gooday, I've comere today to give yuz a talk on the role the yella's played in the daze of the goldfields. Bye-the-bye, I better tell yu menames Raw Satrill.

Well yu can imagine mesuprize when I first met eye-tueye with one of these little blokes. It slike lookin througha horizontal crackina fence. I meantusay, their eyese so thin youdswear they had the worse caisa hay-fever youdever seen. Look easthough somebody's shoved a great lumpe wattle blossom up their hootas. And stink, fairdinkum it smelt slike a wallaby that speen deadfu six months. Musthe all those strange meal stheir always prodden down theirs milen litte cake oles.

But I think the thing that really gaveus diggers the shits about slant - eyes is the way they hange round like dingoes waiten fora kanga to die and as you leaveyu daim their into the flamin stagpiles like jews into the mint.

So me and afewe memates got afew beer sinus one night and decided to do somethin about these little wogs. Jeez we did some nasty thing sto the little perishers. Burnen their shop sand knockenem aroundabit. And all the wile they were jibberen like a bunch of eggbound magpies.

Then someathe big knobs down in Melbon gotuere about this and decidedtu have a butcher's at the situation. Accourse they thought it was pretty bad and so the sent oneathem posh bloody sochul worgers uptufillus inon all-the good things these little scavengers were doin for our economy. At first noneofus said we would go but a sticky noses soon got the better of us and we decided to take at this government bloke.

So when the big night came we all trotted down ta the tounall early sowe could get ourselves sogood pozy. Mind you wewa all deadeet agenst this mongrel.

So we're all sitten their ready to give this joker the biggest blastever, when gu teeavens; and strikeme-pink ife doesn't start maken alota sense. He told how the little yella jokers should be admire for their patience and "quite quaint natures", ase so queerly put it. And how we should take notice of the way they are so thrifty at siften the slag piles.. And all in all it made a good dealas ence.

So I reckon it just goes to show, no matta what color or what raceyu are, yustill gotchu good points.

Any way I better get backto me beer so Ooroo mates.

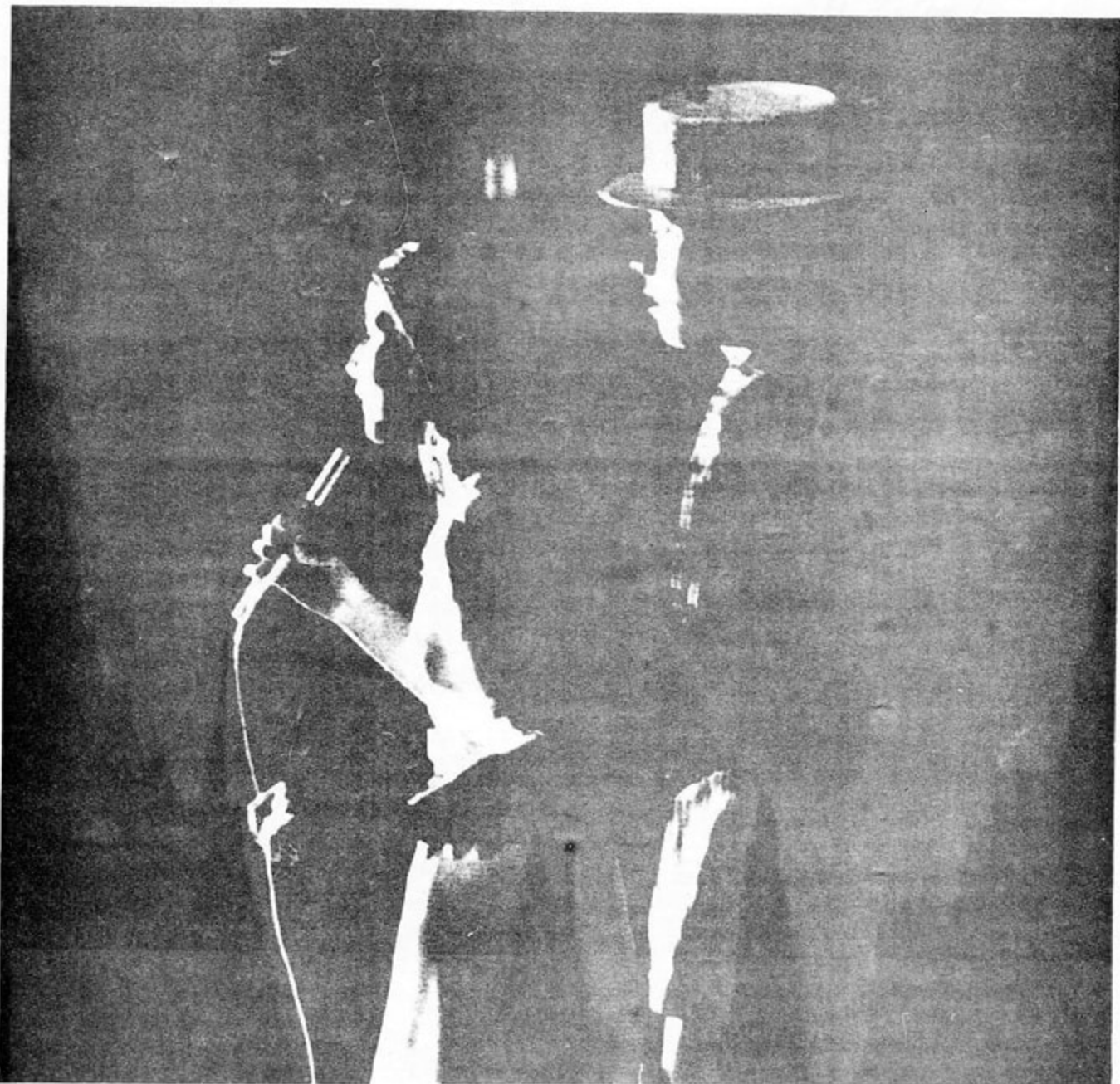
M.A.C. PERFORMANCES

"Hero", the first of this year's M.A.C. Productions, carried on the high standard of performances presented by the students and staff at St. Albans High School.

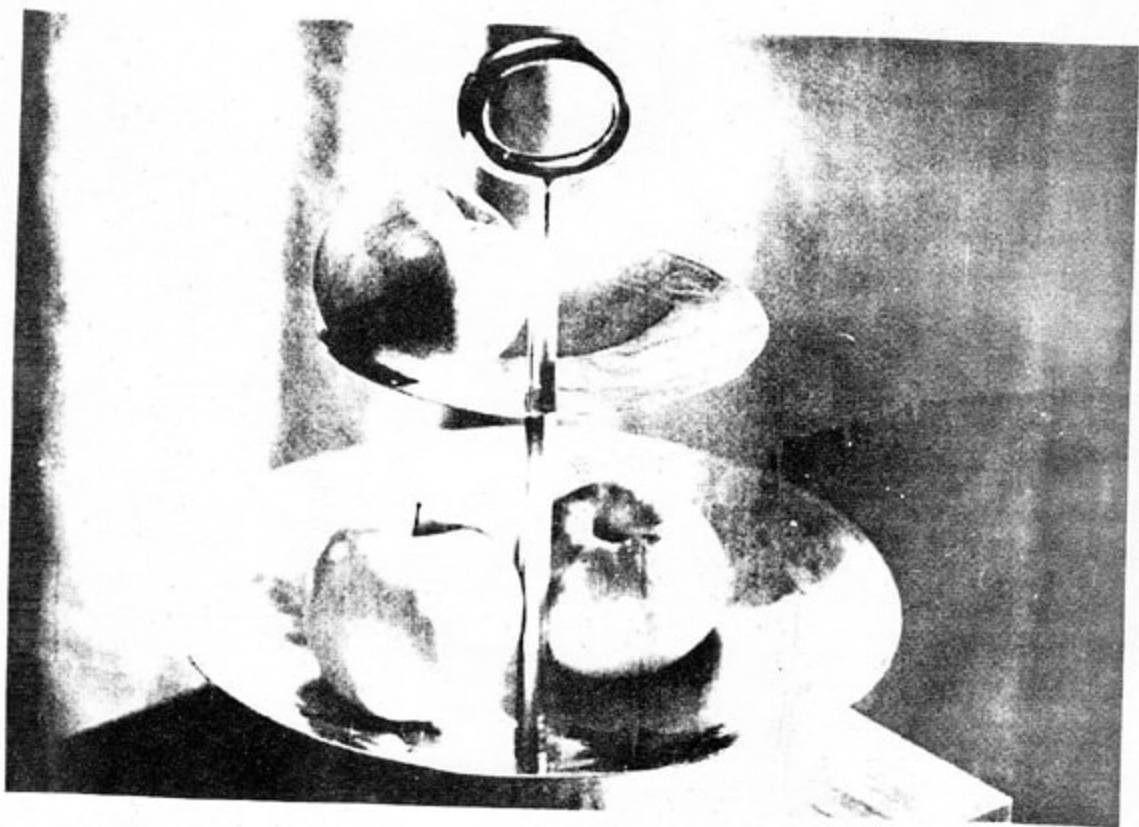
The quality of the production increased with each performance and without a doubt "Hero", and then its successor "42nd. Street", have kept up the good work and shown clearly what can be done when one really tries.

The ability of both students and teachers is shown in the glittering sets and outstanding music and performances presented in "42nd. Street". We are looking forward to the productions to be presented by M.A.C. next year.

JEAN SAYNER, Form 5.4







COLLAGE :

PAGE 3

- MICHAEL PAVLIDES
4.1

PAGE 7

- YELKA VURADIN
3.6

OPPOSITE

- METALCRAFT BY
HELEN SZTYNDA
3.7

Alba '74 was printed in friendly
downtown St. Albans' High School's
own ink splattered printing dept.,
with the aid of numerous eager
contributors (thanks), lots of
helpers from the student body,
"Printer's Devil" Kelly, "Baby Face"
Goodson, "Snapshot" Trembath,
"Fingers" Doherty and "Hopalong"
Hamrahan

Susan Sciberras

xxx
xx
x

MARYANN FAGIO

xx

Chris Lialios

Denise Newton

^^

Roseleen Harrington Daisy Bojen

Vicky Gaus

HELEN PISANI

Helen Casha

Gracie Zammit

Wally Veg

Eva Guda

M Turki

Louise Refraccio

Carmel Caleiro

Lynda Keller

Elizabeth Curran

Alicia Sammit

Rosemary Borg

Rosemary Borg

Dianne Daly

Mavis Vidmar

Jan Frankovic

Jennifer Madden

Neli VAN RY

Lorraine Croucher

Lillian Sabo

Ally Blundy