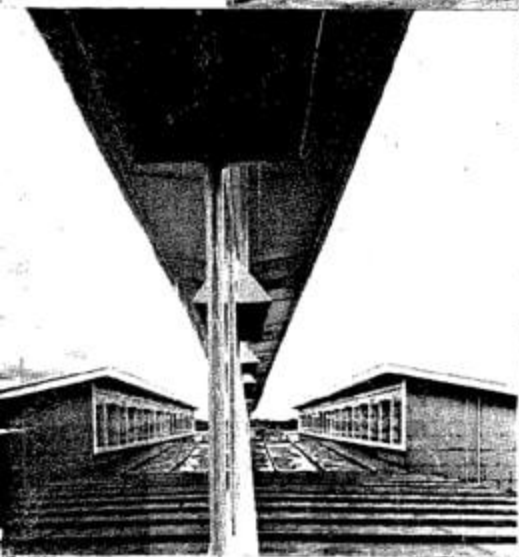
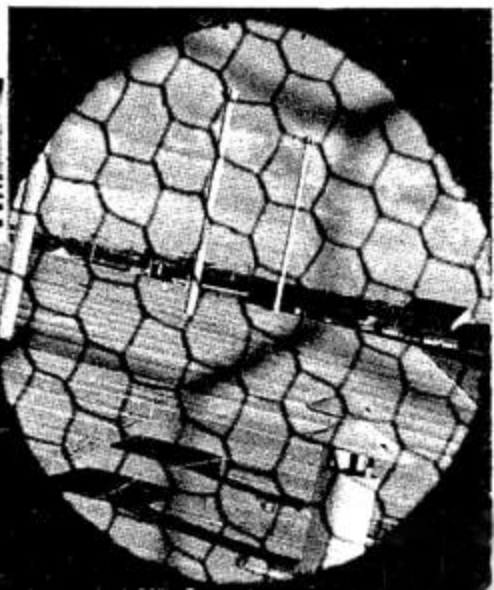


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St. Albans High School



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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

We have seen history made this year. Space exploration has been advanced a further stage by the successful landing of man on the moon. Great advances in technology have enabled exploratory probes to the nearer planets, and already further manned flights into space have been planned.

We cannot fail to be impressed by the careful planning made for these undertakings or to admire the courage of those who have carried out the projects.

However, while we applaud the tremendous technical achievements we must be careful not to lose sight of problems closer to home. The spectacular advances in the field of space exploration contrast greatly with the lack of progress in so many other fields. We cannot yet solve the plight of two thirds of the world's people who are hungry and starving. Neither can we be sure that all peoples, black or white, arab or jew, catholic or protestant, can live in peace and treat one another with tolerance. We cannot dismiss these examples of man's neglect and intolerance as unimportant and at the same time be proud of man's achievements in technology.

We in the schools have a special duty to the community in this regard. Our young people are being prepared to take their places in this modern changing world. Stress is made, and rightly so, of the need for higher qualifications to satisfy the increasing demands of commercial interests. We encourage pupils to remain at school longer to achieve these goals.

But if we merely turn out students with higher qualifications, and without a sense of duty to contribute to the community we have failed. Our pupils must be prepared to give as well as to receive. Parents can help the school by co-operating in the training of their children to respect the rights and opinions of others. Together we can help to make a reality of the freedoms of the United Nations charter. In this way we can really be proud of all man's achievements.



CHANGE

In the hidden recesses of a small cell near Room 24 an English Library is gradually appearing, and if you have invaded the territory to claim a book, you may have counted, if time permitted, over 2500 novels. In the past few months the school has been painted. Now white ceilings and Latin lime walls replace the rather dingy colours of the last seven years. Late last month Form IV pupils saw a film, "Animal Farm," in the newly curtained and darkened Assembly Hall, and now you are reading what the Magazine Committee is pleased to call "a new-look" publication. All of which proves that changes are happening at our school.

But what of changes in society? We are moving into the most rapidly changing world our civilization has yet known. We are faced with a knowledge explosion: countless facts, values and concepts compete for our attention. The traditional means of communication: speech, writing and printing are being enriched by television, the film, and face to face communication (distance barriers having been removed). But more than this we are living in a world where traditional values are being attacked and where a "new morality" is shaping out of the seething conflict of standards. Often there are signs of this searching in Form IV discussions where appears an urgent, critical questioning and a desire not to settle for second best.

We live in an exciting time and I would not blame you for feeling both elated and confused. Perhaps the thing to do is to take each day at a time. To translate this idea into our immediate environment, this means trying to absorb what our school has to offer and through our efforts searching to improve its quality.

In the course of some reading, I came across two pieces of research which might be of interest to you.

Frieson, a Canadian educationist, has attempted to classify "student types."

He speaks of Acceptors. These students make the most of their opportunities. They liven up the school by being involved in school activities. They suggest, criticize (constructively!) and are prepared to work to carry out ideas. They are leaders and innovators.

Then there are Collaborators. These "follow the lead," are good helpers, but lack the verve and initiative of the Acceptors.

The Vegetators sit in lessons, passively doing nothing from day to day. They don't contribute to class discussion, don't think and are barely alive — at least at school. Perhaps they emerge from their cocoons at home.

The Agitators see nothing right with the school, the subjects they are doing or the people with whom they share classes. They are noisy in class and don't allow others to work. They are carping critics who won't join in school activities. On Inter-school sports days they are absent, after having paid their money beforehand to avoid awkward questions.

Finally come the drop outs, the clock-watchers, what Frieson calls the Rejectors. These leave school at 15, without a reference, after accumulating a record for truancy. When in attendance their mind is not on the work in hand, but on the latest teenage craze, be it cars or fashions. They wander around the school with other drop-outs, sometimes smoking in corners when the maths. lesson is on.

Commonsense seems to dictate that as a student is at school until he is at least 15, he should join the Acceptors and make the best of it.

Who influences Secondary Students most? Teachers perhaps? How many students care what teachers think? Are they concerned if teachers show approval or disapproval? Girls cared more than boys, Frieson found, but only 6% (boys) and 7% (girls) were influenced by teacher opinion. Parents were noticed. This is not surprising. 44.8% (boys), 47.2% (girls) listened to parent opinion. The peer group, i.e. friends, were a strong dominating influence. 48.3% (boys) and 45.6% (girls) really cared what friends thought of them and shaped their actions accordingly even though they acknowledged their friends influence was not always desirable.

Which brings me to my last point. In a world where we need, not merely a functionally literate person, but one who is aware, thoughtful, honest and enquiring, let's get on with the job.



THE QUESTION OF SPORT

In this school, as in most others, the place of sport in the program needs earnest reviewing.

Is sport a way of filling in two periods in a harmless (more or less) way? Is it a time of reluctant drudgery? Is it a break in an academically crowded week? Is it a useless overlapping of activities provided, with better facilities and immeasurably more enthusiasm, by local sporting clubs? Is it a worth-while period of useful exercise, joyful activity, and keen rivalry without bitterness? Should some alternative activity be provided?

For some, of course, sports periods provide nothing more than exercise of wits in avoiding any resemblance of physical activity. Whether these are to be admired for their undoubted ingenuity, or merely to be pitied for being the low grade citizens they almost invariably are, I leave to you to decide.

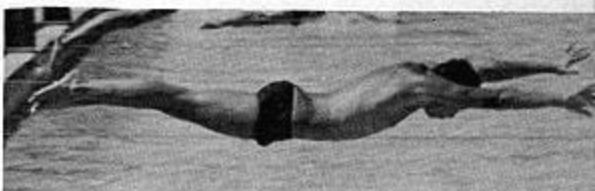
Good facilities and enthusiasm are essential to the reaching of a suitable standard. When one considers this school's age and present facilities it is obvious that there has been a great lack of money, or interest, or, most probably, both. And yet the efforts of some footballers, softballers, hockey players, athletes and baseballers indicate that enthusiasm makes up for a great deal. Tennis players are fortunate in having both courts and coach; swimmers have some interested teachers but no baths for miles.

There are some problems which no degree of interest could overcome.

Have you thought yet of the answers to my early questions? If you have not, I urge you to do so, for sport here is at the crossroads.

Are you one of those who would be quite upset if sport disappeared from our time table? Or are you one of those whose apathy and lack of interest may lead to such a situation?

MR. WILLIAMS





UNDEFEATED BUT . . .

Defeat in only one game of volleyball and one unexpected game of basketball was the junior volleyball team's fate in 1969.

Everything went smoothly at Sunshine West, Sunshine, Flemington and Sunbury — victory was gained. But at Strathmore, victory came with a peculiar twist. Because the Strathmore team was small, St. Albans was forced to play five games against the wind, suffer unmarked courts and a wooden "net," five feet high. Despite these obstacles, St. Albans won.

But Strathmore was still not satisfied. St. Albans was challenged to consolidate its victory in a game of basketball against their championship team. Basketball was something our team knew nothing about and we were soundly beaten.

The next defeat by Altona North in the finals was unfortunate. Nevertheless, "Well done, St. Albans."

Special thanks must go to the team's chauffeur and coach, Mr. Malaniuk. His efforts in helping the boys were deeply appreciated. (Mr. Malaniuk wishes to thank the boys for not putting their spikes through the upholstery.)

Captain David Highfield, vice-captain Theo Zweers and players Nick Fraietta, Peter Thievios, Dario Lazaric and Henry Ritossa provided the victories and material for this article.

(Edited by S. Skok.)



THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

With most of the team selected from performances in the House sports held in May, we might have expected a better result at Olympic Park on September 23. However, there were many adverse factors: Mr. Joslin had left; many people had developed sore fingers and the like; we were restricted almost entirely to circuit training in the Hall during a miserably wet fortnight. Nevertheless, the team captains did a splendid job helping to organise, select and coach the teams. Except in relays, our individual results were about the same as previous years with several promising juniors emerging. The most successful who went on to represent Western Division in the All High Sports were Werner Blum (U13), Frank Matthis (U14), Garry Priest (U15).

To them and indeed to all who participated or helped to organise the sports and their smooth functioning despite the appalling conditions, our congratulations and appreciation are due.



TENNIS

Our tennis team consists of 6 players:

1st. pair Pauline Jones and Robyne Chatterton;
2nd. pair Heather Peterson and Debra Chatterton,
3rd. pair Suzanna Fitzgerald and Leonie Martin.

Pauline and Robyn played the singles matches. Our first match against Flemington was not very successful; we lost all the matches then onwards until we played Sunshine, and even then we only won two matches out of six played. However, the tennis team has two very promising players, Suzanna Fitzgerald and Robyne Chatterton and two improving pairs, Suzanna and Leonie, also Heather Peterson and Debra Chatterton. It is hoped that these keen players will play tennis next year and we also hope to win more matches than this year. Even though we lost often, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

PAULINE JONES,
Form 2A.

Open

1. Sunshine West	276
2. Altona	215
3. Flemington	202
4. Werribee	173
5. Sunbury	146
6. ST. ALBANS	87
7. Laverton	2

Intermediate

1. Flemington	199
2. Sun. West	198
3. ST. ALBANS	181
4. Werribee	123
5. Altona	109
6. Sunbury	68
7. Laverton	18

Junior

1. Altona	134
2. ST. ALBANS	124
3. Sun. West	119
4. Werribee	93
5. Laverton	89
6. Sunbury	86
7. Flemington	85

Aggregates

1. Sun. West	593
2. Flemington	486
3. Altona	458
4. ST. ALBANS	392
5. Werribee	389
6. Sunbury	300
7. Laverton	109



IT TAKES A THIEF

GEORGE ARTHUR POTT was a business tycoon who demanded attention. His subordinates feared him, his associates respected him, but his wife was indifferent. Emma Pott was a short, plump woman whose domineering attitude disturbed George. Her strident voice reverberated through the villa and drowned out the patter of the pelting rain outside.

"You're late! Fifty miles and forty minutes till the conference, and the chauffeur is on holiday. Stop dawdling, George!"

George scampered over to his Mercedes-Benz and after a clumsy entry he started the engine, then vehemently stamped on the accelerator pedal; and the limousine skidded off into the night.

George drove perilously fast in the appalling conditions in an ardent attempt to travel the fifty miles to the Hotel Australia in only forty minutes. The conference would be his rendezvous with the State premiers and this required punctuality.

"You fool!" ejaculated George, as he swerved the big car to avoid hitting a dark figure standing in the middle of the road. The car came to a prompt halt and George peered out the open window into the driving rain, to find a short, emaciated man shuffling towards him. George's wrath was quelled by the sight of the little man vainly clutching the remnants of his raincoat in an attempt to ward off the elements.

"Sorry, guv'nor," said the little man. "I'm looking for a lift to the city and . . ."

"Get in," interrupted George, and the little man quickly obeyed, diving on to the passenger's seat and spraying George with water in the process.

The Mercedes-Benz leapt forward and once again was travelling at high speed along the treacherous highway. There was a long and tedious silence inside the car until the little man spoke.

"I've just been released from prison, guv'nor, and I wanta see my missus and kids, 'cos I 'aven't seen them for years," explained the little man. "Me missus is in 'ospital with cancer and I'm very grateful for the lift, guv'nor."

George had not listened to the little man, for behind him loomed a motorcycle policeman. George steered the car to the side of the road, stopped, and waited for the policeman to stride over to him.

"Travelling a bit fast, weren't you? May I have your driver's licence, please?" asked the policeman politely. George grunted and revealed his licence. The policeman scribbled some particulars into his notebook and then ordered George and the little man out of the car. They stood shivering in the drenching rain while the policeman thoroughly inspected the limousine. Nothing suspicious except perhaps the little man who, seemingly seeking protection from the rain, crouched down low behind the policeman.

Despite these delays and his late start George arrived early for the conference. The rain had now abated and was only a slight drizzle as George and the little man parted.

"Take this," demanded George, as he presented the little man with a five-dollar note.

The little man seemed unmoved by George's generosity.

"Thank you, guv'nor, and I've got a gift for you, too," he replied, as he thrust a small, black notebook into George's hand. "You see, guv'nor, I was in prison as a pick-pocket," and before George could reply the little man had proceeded far into the distance.

GLEN HILLING, 5C.

1969.

THE CEMETERY AT NIGHT

An eerie death-like mist (akin to a ghost-like cloak) hung over the cemetery. There was complete silence! Nothing moved; everything was still. Around the headstones the mist swirled, dark, gloomy, mysterious. An eddy of air formed the mist into a looming, loitering, frightening spirit! The mist moved; the spirit collapsed.

The moon came out, glowing and radiant, spreading light over the cemetery. A stark cross was silhouetted against the bare stone wall. The cloud swept the moon away; all was dark and shadowy. The mist, like a blanket, settled and enveloped the dead, dead, scene.

A wind sprang up, many hours afterwards, like mist, like a retreating spectre moved away, the horizon lit up . . . and it was dawn; the beginning of a new day.

ROBERT CLARK, 1A.

1969.

Mr. MacLeish Buys a Car

After travelling to this school for years by train and becoming a familiar sight walking or running about the streets, Mr. MacLeish finally bought a Renault.

School Painted

During Term 2, the school was invaded by painters who began repainting the inside of the school.

LOVE

Love, the dictionary describes as being a fondness, a warm affection for someone or a sexual passion. But love can also be a desire or a wantonness. If the desire is sincere, then one should not shut his heart to the tenderness of love; for as the mystic puts it: "The purity of its flame shall enoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions".

The spirit of Love is the peace that steals in and comforts the troubled minds of men. This divine, spiritual love can transform the consciousness of man, and lift it from a purely personal to a universal realisation. This love has the power to soothe, bless and uplift, it is nothing less than a spiritual shower of energy flowing from the hearts of all mankind.

The limit to which we can experience love, is governed by our capacity to perceive and respond to it, and our capacity is governed by our ability to realise it. Love is the true nature of being, and we need only to be conscious of it to perceive it. But in the busy pursuits of our daily lives our minds are focussed on many other things, so that we are not conscious of this love. On a cloudy day we do not say the sun has not risen and thus failed to shine. We know that the sun rises, as it eternally has, and that it is only blocked from our view. And so it is with love. It is always present, but we often obscure it from our realisation and experience, by directing our consciousness elsewhere; this in no way lessens the presence of Love. We have only to attune ourselves to it, and it is there.

In the case of romantic love we start a search for our eternal love; we desire to ascend into the height of a true lover's heart. This search to join our soul to that of another never fails to make one's heart beat faster. Some souls find their companion, their lover, almost immediately (i.e., love at first sight), but to most of us this can be a period of restlessness of our spirit and mind.

Love has rather crudely been called an emotion; yet it is an emotion because it is sensed and realised. We know we love, for love is a realisation of something; without realising it, it is not possible. It is when we become conscious of one of our ideals that we have the realisation of it. So it can be said that this realisation awakens the emotions we call love.

The love of a woman for a man is due to her realisation of certain ideals about him. This love, this desire to be near him is due to her desire to keep within her reach manifestations of her ideals. Love must have ideals through which it can express itself. It can thus be said that love grows through expression.

Love can be more easily perceived and understood by the subtle senses of the heart, than any other organ; it is considered by some, the dwelling place of human love. Most hearts are perceptive and receptive to love. The further we can realise this love, the deeper and stronger, and the bigger and more powerful the light of this love will become.

Love is positive and never neutral. The absence of love permits hatred, envy, jealousy and selfishness to manifest. Although love may be humanly expressed it is unquestionably a Divine emotion.



MARINA VAN REE, 5B
1968

THE SKY ON A COLD WINTRY DAY

As the clouds unfolded their large grey arms,
The sun came shimmering through,
Raindrops stopped pattering on the window-sill,
A rainbow of the colours, red, blue, green and yellow rose into the sky.

The red was like an open rose,
The yellow like the blinding sun itself,
The blue like the sparkling sea,
And the green like the widespread pastures.

Then the sun was covered again by the clouds,
And the wide-stretched rainbow disappeared,
Then once again down came the pouring rain,
And the sky never cleared again that day.

CORNELIA HEINSCH, 2A.
1968.

"MINE"

Mine for an instant
A fleeting moment
Briefly there (then some
They say I'm silly
A fool of the night
And day
I don't mind —
It's gone now),
But one day . . .

MARGARET LANGE, 5B.
1969.



THE CHOICE

A young man enters, his hair is long,
He sings so many an anti-song.
But they have chosen, they, not he;
Yes — they have chosen what he is to be.
Oh! There was a chance to escape the few,
But he's chosen like the dice he threw;
They chose him — like a marble.
He played with marbles as a child,
Then they had no harm—
Now they could mean anything, from guns to Napoleon.

And he is in their hands
To do with him what they will,
To make him hate and loathe and kill
He has no say whether they can or may
An "enemy" he'll never know.
He has no choice
So kill he must,
To satisfy another's lust.

MARGARET LANGE, 5B.
1969.

THE SEA

The sea had been very rough the night before last,
On the shores of the lovely sea now lay the green leafy weeds,
With silver shells and cockle shells all spluttered from the past,
Wood that was washed into the shore looked like shimmering suede.

The sparkling sea was now as calm as could be,
Fish could be seen jumping out of the sparkling sea,
With sand that was golden and fresh with only my footprints beside,
And now the sun was brightly in the middle of the sea.

As the sun went down, the tide came up,
The golden, red, sun had now nearly disappeared,
The sea was as sweet as a golden ripe peach,
And the soft, gentle waves were swishing about my feet.

CORNELIA HEINSCH, 2A.
1968.

A COLD WINTRY DAY

The wind came howling round the corners
Brushed up the torn dirty papers
Clouds rolled from one side of the sky to the other
Trees touched the dusty plain with long straggly branches
And the washing flew from the whirling clothes hoist and tore.

As the clouds shut out any sight of light
They changed colours, grey-blue, grey and then black.
Girls' long hair flowed in the wind like a horse's mane
Hair stood up here and there, looking like tall straw-grass.

Birds struggled to fly against the wind,
Their widespread wings, erect, after the wind crawled
Itself uninvited under them.
Pebbles on the riverside all gathered on a heap,
Then, with a sudden spring, fell into the turning stream.
They looked like trickles of rain as they plopped into the stream,
And the waves washed over the side washing the tree roots out.

CORNELIA HEINSCH, 2A.
1968.

SCOTT

Thinking about home;
Cold,
Thinking of fun with their wives and children;
Hungry,
Longing for hot foods and drinks;
Writing,
Thinking of what they will write in their diary;
Warm,
Thinking of warm beds and warm weather.
They knew that help would not reach them in time,
Slowly dying.

ANONYMOUS, 2D.
1969.



CREEPING

Into the silent night,
When all was quiet and still,
While all the stars were shining bright,
Along with the creaking mill,
They went out and crept and crept,
While everybody slept.

They crept out along the country side,
Being sure to watch and hide,
Creeping, creeping, watching, hiding,
Up and down hills, here and there sliding,
Jumping up and down, not even stopping,
Running about and even hopping,
What did they gain from this run?
The feeling of freedom and having fun.

Now it was time to return to their homes,
And we said good-night to the little gnomes.

CAROLE PRITCHARD, 3C.
1968.

THIS HOUSE

Deserted houses are not scary,
They're only weird.
This house is ordinarily ordinary,
Only it's old.

Some houses are black (the weirdest of all),
Some are white, quite all right.
But the one that scares me
IS a grey one.

FRANK MIEKLE, 1D.
1969.

THE ROSE

The most perfect, exquisite thought of Creation,
Symbol of man's unfolding soul, the rose.

Each of your petals in layers of mystic perfume
Are the desires, longings and aspirations of the Soul
Groping towards the perfection of God's ideal.

In each man God planted the seed of a rose,
For as the rose turns towards the heat of sun
So the Soul turns towards the light of Truth.
All physical perfections come to end
But its Divine virtues are infinite.

MARINA VAN REE, 6.
1969.



THE BALLAD OF THE FARMER'S CAT

The farmer was a wretched man
He had a hungry cat,
He kicked it all around the house,
So it hid under his large straw hat.

One day he heard a mournful cry,
His cat was in great need,
But the farmer ignored his painful cry,
For the cat desired a feed.

The farmer went to work next day,
And left the cat alone,
When the clouds hung low and began to rain,
The farmer he came home.

When night set in he smoked his pipe,
The cat lay near his feet,
The cat then shut his tired eyes,
And dreamt of tender meat.

That wretched man, he was so cruel,
He lived without a care,
Next day he brought a package home,
And bleached his poor cat's hair.

At dawn the skinny cat was dead,
But how did he die?
The farmer gave a wicked laugh,
Surely you don't think I.

The farmer got his only wish,
That poor hungry cat,
He died in such an agony,
That was the end of that.

KAREN BEGALL, 3A.
1969.

I am wandering far into space,
passing into the extremities of time,
exercising my urge to explore;
deep inside I know I must.
I am travelling through silent regions
in which nothing but unanswered
questions exist.
Suddenly I fall back into this earth,
this nation of poverty and disease.
I look out and my eyes rest on
people my urge to explore leaves me
and I return to my life of struggle.
My heart beats faster and I want to
cry out, "Save my people, my country!"
Does exploring mean more to those
than saving and helping their fellow beings?

JUNE METHERINGTON, 2C.
1969.

This year St. Albans High is on the move to create a magazine to the tastes of all students. A new idea this year was to ask ex-teachers to swim the English Channel, climb Mt. Everest and submit an article of a topical nature.

TROUBLES IN TRANSIT

So surprised and honoured was I to receive your letter that having finished reading it I sat down right away to write an answer. Probably at the back of my dark scheming mind, is the exultation of being asked by a noted editor to submit a work of prose to her magazine. You see, I have always wished to see something of mine in print. Pity I can't command a fee for it, but such is the lot of us amateur writers . . .

And then a question occurred to me. How on earth can I describe in 600-700 words all the adventures that have befallen me in the past six months? I should make clear to you that I arrived in Canada just three weeks ago and in about three weeks hence I will be on my way to England—I hope! So you see I am not “an ex-teacher in a new environment” unless you could count travel, with all its pitfalls and discoveries as an environment. Thus, instead of describing Canada to you I will write you a warning, a good-natured warning, on planning your travels.

As of this time I am a confirmed destroyer of schedules, plans or stratagems that are meant to guide one's life any further than the next twenty-four hours. “What,” you may ask, “has happened to Mr. Woolf to draw this unusually bitter statement?” Read on and see if you yourself are not converted to my point of view.

You will remember that last year my coming schedule (horrible word!) was to take me by ship from Melbourne to Curacao, from where I was to fly to Kingston, Jamaica and thence to my brother in Montreal, Canada, where I should have arrived some time during the first week of February.

Ah! we poor mortals are but putty in the hands of Fate. A mere three days' sail on the glassy, blue Pacific from Panama an unknown, unseen hand interfered for the first, but certainly not the last time. The ship caught fire and the Captain committed suicide. With what dash I eliminate the turning point of my life! We drifted for many days, and in fact crossed the equator four times, and in this time I met some people whose plan it was to drive from Panama, through Central America and the U.S.A. to Vancouver, British Columbia, the westernmost province of Canada. They invited me to join them and I, of course, accepted. My schedule thus takes a second beating. It was altered to allow me to reach Canada by July.

This being so, you are probably asking yourself, “How is it that Mr. Woolf planned to be in Canada by July and yet here he is writing from Montreal and it is only May? Could it be that his plans (how I hate that word—R.W.) went awry again?” Have patience, my friend, and you shall hear.

Strife-torn Panama, my first taste of Latin America, had its say in my future. Not rebellion, warfare or revolt, but the Latin mentality of *Manana* — pronounced “Manyana” and freely translated as “What can be done as easily tomorrow as today — leave till tomorrow,” saw to it that our stay in that State was a protracted one, while we wended our tortuous way through the tatty corridors of government buildings in order to drive out of the country. To add to our worries the car in which we travelled decided apparently that Panama City was to its liking, for it refused to leave. Truly, we took it to a mechanic; it would drive no further than a mile from the city, where it would cough violently and cease operations. Strangely, as soon as it was turned so it once again faced the city it would be like a stubborn child offered a chocolate layer cake if it would be good. It ran, almost galloped back to the city.

Finally, we were able to leave Panama to proceed north through Costa Rica. Incidentally, here one crosses for perhaps 180 miles, a mountain ridge at about 13,000 feet, on a road that would have made Hannibal with all of his elephants think twice about the wisdom of continuing. This crosses a mountain at one time known as “Cerro de la Muerta” or “Mountain of Death.” Very encouraging. Such has been its effect on tourism that the Costa Rica government decided to change its name from the “Mountain of Death” to “Mountain Buena Vista,” the “Beautiful View Mountain,” no less.

But I wander from my purpose of discouraging you from making plans. On we travelled, through Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala, continually encountering difficulties such as punctured tyres, mechanical failures and swollen tropical rivers which tore at our already tattered schedule (another terrible word) until we were running several days late. Swampy British Honduras provided us with no trouble. This was rather surprising, as an unusually high tide would flood the whole country, which is, in fact, at its highest point only thirty feet above sea level and made up largely of swamps and houses on stilts looking for all the world like numbed, frail spiders awaiting resignedly the giant boot of the elements to descend and destroy them.



Overseas Travellers

Mr. Woolf and Miss Matzner both went overseas last year.

Perhaps the fact that nothing happened to us here was meant to lull us into that feeling known tritely as false security, for no sooner had we reached the fine highways of Mexico, and we allowed ourselves the luxury of thinking that our problems were behind us like so many bad dreams, then disaster chose to befall us.

This time, 500 miles south of Mexico City, the van served us notice of its desire to quit by coughing like an ancient consumptive and dying quietly on a lonely road midway between two townships. This was it. I knew then, that whatever happened in the future, timetables are contrary to Natural Law. Days were taken to mend the car (we were still in Latin America — hence "Manana"), and so to preserve my nerves and what remained of my shattered finances I boarded a bus bound for Mexico City and then two weeks later took another for Los Angeles, where I spent three days — time was meaning less now — San Francisco (one day and night), and Chicago, from where I sent a telegram to my brother announcing my impending arrival in Canada.

The next night I arrived in Montreal, absolutely penniless, the only reality being the excruciating pain in my back after being in a bus for four days and three nights, with practically no respite.

As if I had not learned a lesson from all this I made another plan to alleviate my poverty. I must have been mad to expect that it would work, but I decided to work here until the end of the year and then to travel on to England. But "Fate" had not finished with me by a long chalk! You see, I entered the country on a "three month no-work visa," and the government here tells me that there is no way which this can be changed in order to allow me to enter employment. So, quickly, I decided to return home (to Australia) before anything else can happen. Ah! How naive and optimistic we humans are!

No sooner had I made my plans to return than I received a telephone call from Melbourne asking me to try and reach England by July. Such is my philosophy of life that I could only say "Yes, I will be there — I hope." The forces of Anarchy have destroyed all my remaining faith in the orderliness of things.

If this does not convince you, in fact convert you, to the forces of haphazard, random, non-planning, then I can only say to you, "Challenge Fate yourself, and Good Luck!"

ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL

October, 1969.

Unfortunatley for the school and its stability many members of staff leave before they really become part of the school's life and tradition. Perhaps by making a brief summary of some of those who have left in recent years we will be reminded of how much they meant to us while they were here and perhaps how much they might have given had they stayed on. Old pupils and past pupils may perhaps gain most from this. We hope they will continue to read the magazine and maybe help to develop this column.

We still encounter the almost legendary Mr. Walsh ("Doc" to his students) in sporting meetings with Strathmore High School where he continues to command and direct the same enthusiasm he fostered while with us. His successor as Sportsmaster was Mr. Worland, recently a tutor at La-trobe University in company with Mr. Conroy, who is soon to go off to New Guinea as a lecturer. Boys who attend Point Lonsdale camps will remember the fund of stories of the latter whose lectures on New Guinea are equally stimulating. Other teachers who have advanced in the academic world are Mr. Batt, now Education lecturer in Canberra, Mr. Spaul at Monash, and Mr. Schmetzer in South Africa.

Many have gone overseas. Some pupils will remember Mr. Burchell, now at Newlands High School, who has just returned from a trip abroad. Mr. Safe, now Sportsmaster at Footscray, Miss Crofts (successor to Miss Murray who also visited Europe) and Miss Butler were others to go around the globe, the last returning to marry, only a few months ago, another globetrotter Mr. Raynor, whom we still see at Sunshine High. Congratulations to them both. Their friends Mr. Hocking and Miss Sandwell also found the continental air conducive to marriage. Both these met at St. Albans, as did Mr. & Mrs. I. Smith (nee Geer), both now at Ballarat, where they recently helped to host a contingent from St. Albans. Mr. Scarff also is at Ballarat, in charge of the Commercial Department.

Miss Slater, Physical Education, returned to her home in West Australia where Mr. Plain, last year's football coach and old student, now works, but others have gone abroad, apparently not to return for some time, and these include, notably, Mr. Gunton (who, you may recall, married Miss

Gerbec from the office), Mr. Key, that superb Athletics coach, and Mr. Woolf who are all now teaching in Canada. Well, Mr. Woolf was, but has since travelled further. An article by him appears elsewhere in the magazine.

Mr. Key reports that students in Canada are even more physically lazy than here, but teaching conditions are better. This opinion is confirmed by Mr. Gunton. Miss Goodwin is also believed to have settled in America.

We might go on endlessly. Do you remember Miss Crawford, Mrs. Hoxley, Mrs. Shardy and Mrs. Lightfoot? Last year's Miss Matzner (now married) and Mrs. Boan? Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Shepherd? They are still very much alive. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Dobron are still to be heard of, and of course, not far from us are Mr. Clancy, Mr. Grieve, Mr. Temisanovic, Mrs. Whelan, all of whom in greater or lesser degree were part of us not so long ago and will remain so!

It is sad that there are so many departures. We have mentioned only a few — thirty five in fact, of almost one hundred and sixty who are gone. Others will go this year, transferred, promoted, overseas, and we are sadly reminded that while sometimes school hours may be long, life on earth is indeed transient. Those who have stayed long will not be quickly forgotten. People of the length of service of Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Kriksciunas, Mr. Youd and Mr. Chilton have made an indelible mark on the life of the school. Mr. Torpey, now at Mount Waverley High School and Mr. Mathews, now Principal at Brunswick High School, will continue to make signal contributions elsewhere.

Of those remaining only a few have broken the five year time barrier, Mrs. Fielder, and Mrs. Sturesteps, Messrs Alcorn, Davis, MacLeish, Malaniuk and Ziemelis who will carry a rich store of St. Albans memories, whilst our leaders Mrs. Gliddon, next year to be Deputy Principal, and Mr. Shaw, both with seven years of service here, will be with us, we trust, for many years to come. We hope that many of the newer members of staff already making outstanding contributions to the life of the school, notably our Principal, Mr. J. F. McInerney, will continue to make the school a centre of stability, and progress in the pursuit of high ideals.

SCHOOL FOYER

The first stage in the development of a more cosy and attractive school foyer area was completed on the 3rd. October when the four honour boards were attached to their frames on the western wall. The honour boards, displaying the names of the school Principals, senior prefects, Advisory Council Presidents, exhibition winners and members of the Advisory Councils with six years service; the start of a written record of the school's history and achievements.

The school would like to thank Mr. J. Glyas of Footscray for his splendid work in laying out and lettering the four honour and two title boards.

With the pot plant troughs, student paintings, the wall display case and repainting, the foyer is now a more pleasant area for welcoming visitors to the school. It is hoped that stage two, the development of a visitors waiting room area and completion of a further pot plant trough areas will be commenced during 1970.



Weddings, etc.

Some teachers were married this year. They were Mr. Maplestone, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Batchelor, Mr. Joslin. Those to be married soon are Miss Wooding, Miss Winter, Miss Baboucek.



THE OPENING OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL

April 21st, 1969

The opening of the school hall was a memorable occasion indeed. Honorary guests included the President of the Advisory Council Mr. F. B. Pringle; the Acting Director General of Secondary Education Mr. A. E. Schrumm, and the Minister of Education Hon. L. H. S. Thompson, M.L.C. Other guests included Mr. Ginfier, M.L.A., ex-headmaster Mr. Baker; ex-teachers and invited parents and friends.

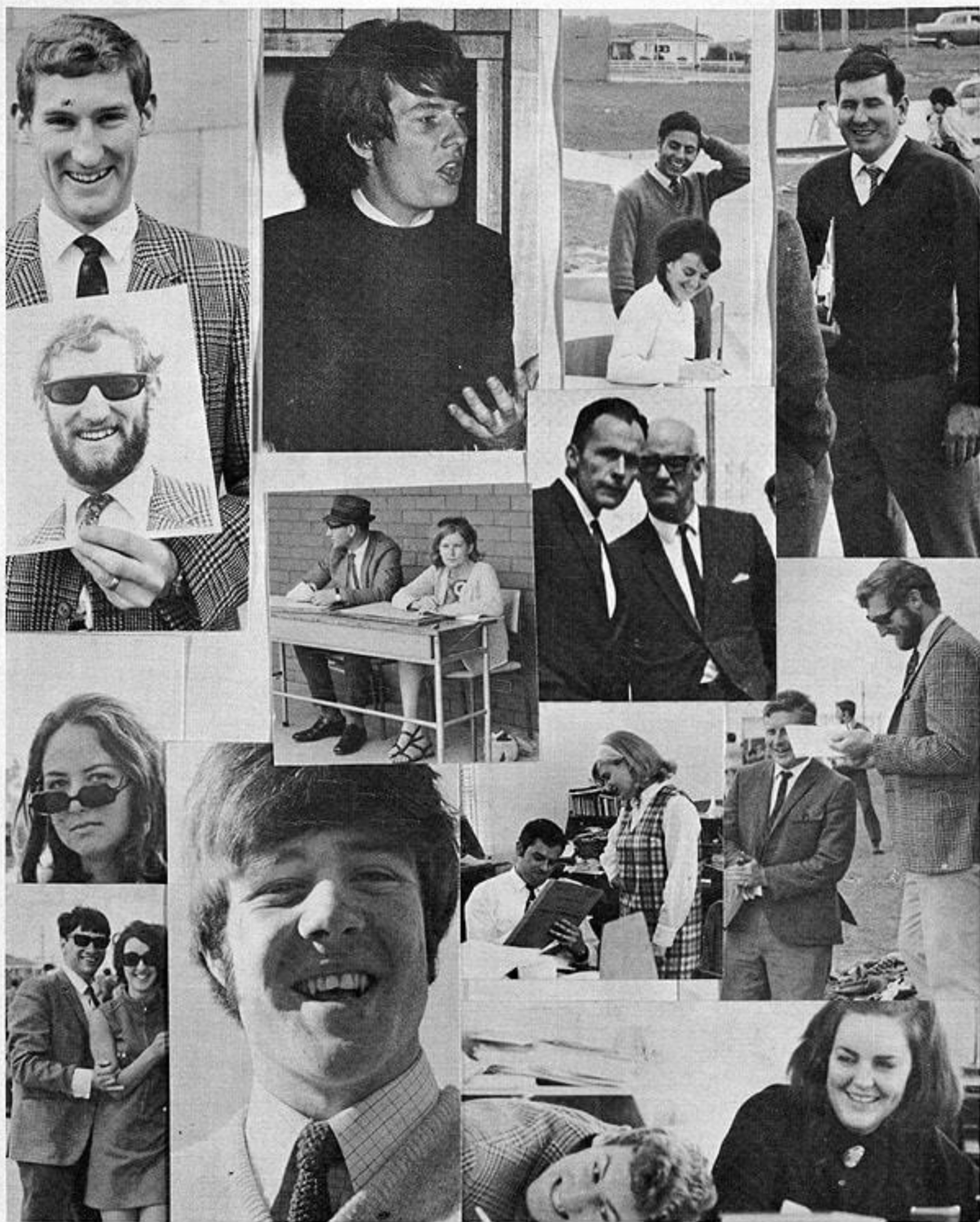
Mr. Thompson conducted the official opening of the Hall which also included the induction of Prefects. Mr. Thompson commented that the majority of our super subtle, special breed aimed at becoming teachers.

To the relief of many students speeches were both interesting and brief. Excellent speeches were delivered by our Head Prefects Betty Delikat and Paul Radavicius.

It was pleasant to note that the behaviour of pupils, and the appearance of the school was immaculate on this day. Due to a tremendous amount of calculated preparations all proceedings went according to schedule.

By MARY AXIAK.





INEQUALITY IN EDUCATION DO PARENTS CARE?

Education should provide equal opportunity for all people, regardless of their class, religion, family background or where they live. Through education each child should be able to succeed or fail as any other child. This is equality.

At the present there is a crisis in our education system, which particularly affects the children in communities such as this, where overcrowding in classrooms and under-staffed schools lacking in teaching equipment are the rule. Your children are being discriminated against by an education system which is favoring a privileged few.

This can be proved in several ways:

The further you go towards the north (Broadmeadows) and the west (Sunshine, St. Albans) of Melbourne, the poorer the school is likely to be, and the less the chances of its students gaining financial aid from scholarships and University places.

At the moment the fact is that only one in 21 children of unskilled and semi-skilled fathers are accepted into general tertiary education (university, technical and teaching colleges), although they comprise one in three of all school leavers.

On the other hand the further east and south (Camberwell, Brighton) you go the better will be the school facilities and the better the chances of its students.

If we compare the above figures against those of the children of professional fathers who constitute only one in 20 of school leavers, we find one in three manage to reach tertiary institutes.

Schools in the wealthier areas benefit in two ways. Their students come from homes in suburbs where they get a better preparation for education because they can afford to pay more to help the school provide an adequate education. The government gives money to schools according to the amount they have been able to raise themselves regardless of the needs of the schools, so that schools in wealthy areas which are able to raise a lot of money themselves are also given a lot by the government. But the poorer schools which are unable to raise much and are really in need of it get just as little as they raise. The result is that those who need the most assistance get the least.

If one adds to this the fact that students now in their first three years of secondary education have only one chance in four of being taught by a qualified teacher, one can begin to understand why students from working-class areas have difficulties at school, and drop out at an early age. It has been proved that the economically disadvantaged classes represent the greatest proportion of early school leavers.

What can be done about a situation which is bad both for the community and the individual?

Should not a more equal economic assistance be given to the students who have social disadvantages to keep them at school?

Should they not have equal schools, instead of the worst?

Should they not have teachers who are specially trained to help them overcome these disadvantages and problems?

EX-STUDENT BACK AS TEACHER

Yes, Mr. Plain is the first St. Albans High School student ever to become a St. Albans High School teacher. Having attended this school, he knows what it needs and thus takes a very active interest in all school activities. An example is the success of The Senior Firsts Footy Team which he coached, being a successful footballer himself.

When he was a student here, he was a Prefect, an S.R.C. Representative, a Member of the School Footy Team, and also represented us at many athletic and swimming carnivals.

STEVEN ABOUGELIS, FORM 5
1968





GHOST GUM

The homestead stood amid stranded redgums. It was a crude building of old faded bluestone, with dilapidated wooden sheds surrounding it, leaning haphazardly against each other.

The silence of the fresh country morning was broken by desultory crowing from the direction of the fowl yard. A few straggling cows shuffled dolefully into the quiet yard, moaning solemnly.

Inside the house, not much sound of stirring was to be heard. The large wood stove in the kitchen still contained last night's dead ashes. The drab curtains hid the wavering light of dawn. It was cold.

The fields stretched in a monotonous line towards the river. In the field where the wheat stood in dejected stubbles, a white gum lifted its stark arms into the changing patterns of the sky. It was a landmark which glowed palely in the eerie lights.

Gina awoke, her wistful green eyes stared around the room with its familiar dreariness. Stretching her long, thin legs, she snuggled her feet into the worn slippers she had made, then tip-toed to the closed door. It squeaked on its loose hinges, and the coldness of the outer corridor struck chill through her nightgown. Wrapping it tightly around her body, she moved towards her mother's bedroom. Opening the door slightly she peeped into the room. Her mother was sitting up against a pile of cushions. Her eyes were following the print in a magazine; the curtains were still drawn.

"I hope you've just about lit the fire?" snapped Mrs. Harris, glancing up. Outside, the glinting sun was clouded for a moment, retracting its warm shaft from the paleness of the ghost gum in the wheat field.

During the early quiet, Gina completed her various chores. She wished despairingly that her father was still home. If the town wasn't so far away, she would go and see him sometimes. But then, perhaps he wouldn't want to see her. Thoughts haunted her throughout the morning.

A flock of magpies rose in a carolling cloud from the branches of the redgum bending over the well. Gina trudged to it, dragging a heavy basket behind her in the dirt of the yard. The cows stood expectantly behind the railing, watching her with liquid eyes. Their hides gleamed with health in the brightening sunlight. Gina filled the trough slowly. While they were slopping up the water thirstily, she went to the hayshed. Her frail young arms gathered an enormous bundle against her cotton shirt. It was dark in the musty interior, and everything was covered with thick dust. She shuddered involuntarily and hurried back into the yard.

She swung herself onto the sturdy railing, dropping the damp hay near the water trough. Swishing their tails with obvious pleasure, the cows stood munching their breakfast hungrily, regarding her with melancholy brown eyes. She smiled thinly at their enjoyment.

Her thoughtful eyes began roving, moving from the cows to the fields of stubbled wheat and red dust, past the solitary ghost gum, down to the deep green of the bush climbing along the banks of the Jindy creek. They held an intensity she rarely knew.

In the heat of the noon-day sun, Mrs. Harris stood angrily in the doorway of the house. She was still in her night gown, and her hair was done up in curlers which were covered with a scarf. She called loudly to Gina.

Gina sprang obediently from the rails, suddenly realising that she had spent all morning there. The cows had moved further into the field searching for something green in the red dust. The sun was blazing in the sky of brazen blue, obliterating the starkness of the gaunt arms of the ghost gum, but these things only now came to her mind.

She walked unhurriedly through the yard to the house. The footsteps left prints in the sand.

The house was a fraction brighter. The sun's rays streamed through the open windows and a hot stillness had replaced the chill of morning. Gina went to make her mother's bed, and while tidying the room, she found the magazine her mother had been so engrossed in earlier. The page was still open, and the heading of an article struck fear, first, then anger into her young heart. It stated, quite simply, "Life in a Boarding School".

Pretending that she had not seen anything unusual in the room, Gina came meekly into the kitchen. A meagre dinner was placed before her, and her outward meekness turned to inner rebellion. "I suppose this is what you get dished out at boarding school!" Her thoughts were turned sharply from the daydreams she had previously enjoyed, sitting on the rails, with the countryside so inviting to her.

LATER . . . The sheds loomed large as she crept past them. In the empty field, the whiteness of the ghost gum glimmered faintly through the dark. Gina walked through the field kicking the stubbles of wheat disconsolately. When she reached the bottom paddock, she turned. A clap of thunder sounded in the velvety black, just above her head.

She was close to the river now, and she could hear the soft rushing of the water as the river flowed.

The bush was sparse on the homestead side of the river. Gina clambered through a tangling mass of barbed wire, then slithered in the sand down the slope to the water's edge. It was shallow here and she waded across, splashing the icy water away from her.

Reaching the other side, she felt the heaviness of the black night engulfing her. Now she ran. She stumbled over the hidden snags and protruding roots of trees. She tripped into rabbit holes, but she kept running.

When she was almost out of breath, her small body heaving with the effort, she dropped, tired, against a tree. The silence of the bushland, in which she was now hopelessly lost, frightened her. She gazed distractedly up at the tangle of leaves, up at the starless sky. She wanted to keep running, but the huge trees loomed up as giants around and towards her. Her eyes, intensely large and frightened, staring around her with such uncertainty, filled once again with tears.

A ragged fork of lightning struck an electric path through the interminable black engulfing her world. The stark ghost gum in the field of wheat stubble was ripped open, from top to bottom, and the charred splinters scattered onto the red soil.

In the late morning they found her. She was wandering along an old path, her cries of "Daddy, Daddy!" sounding thin in the heavy mist of the dense bushland.

BRIGITTA TOMKIEL, 4E
1968

The above is the beginning and ending of a short story. For reasons of space, the whole article could not be published.



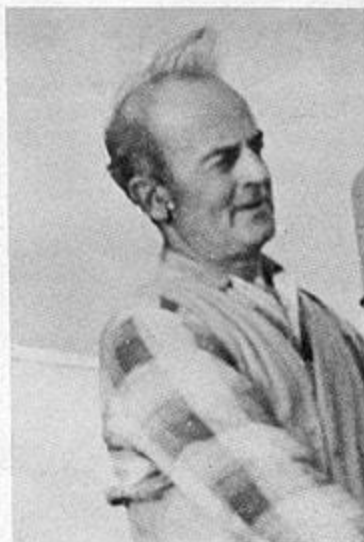
OUTSIDE STAFF:

Cleaners: Mrs. & Mr. C. Aziak
Mrs. & Mr. K. Haynes

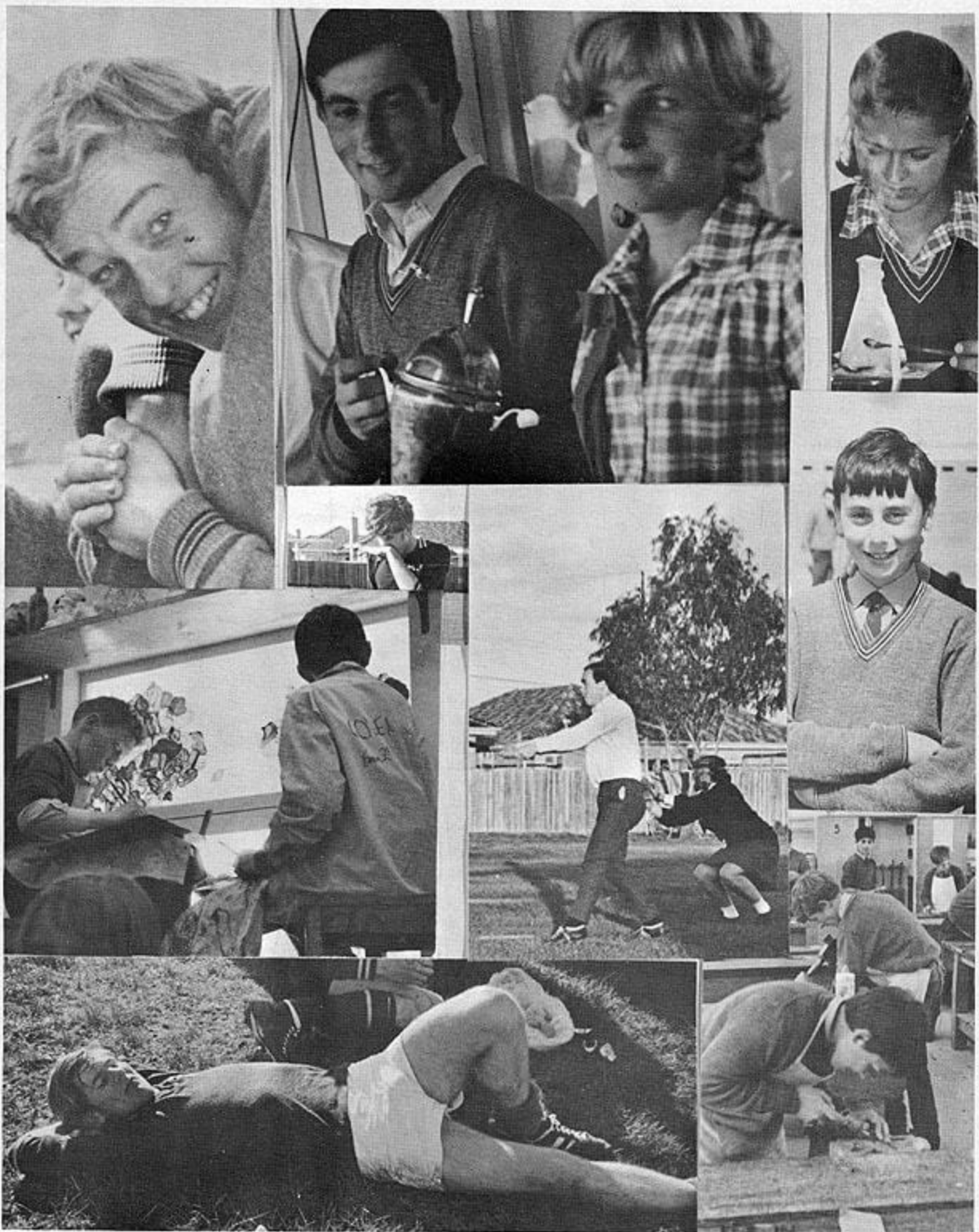
Gardener: Mr. H. Farrell

Cookery Maid: Mrs. A. Weigh

Canteen Manageress: Mrs. I. Sharp







Visiting Relations In The Outback

The journey in the jeep had been long and tiring, the continued heat and dry atmosphere had not done much for our falling spirits. No-one had spoken for more than half an hour; even junior, who was usually bitterly sarcastic, looked rather limp and drained; and as for the rest of the cramped company, they resembled a group of lost city dwellers in the middle of the Kalahari desert.

Father, who was driving, had streams of perspiration running down his red face. The redness was not only due to the fact that he was plump and rather unused to such exercise but also to the desert sand which his face had managed to attract. Mother sat on the other side and fanned herself with a delicate lace handkerchief, and every now and again would utter a deep sigh of depression or boredom. Junior was wedged in between father and mother and looked out at the still, flat sands with dull brooding eyes. I sat in the back seat with the unusually large amount of luggage my mother had packed for a short visit to our cousins in the bush.

Every now and again we would pass a few clumps of mulga, and sometimes a black crow would wheel above us and go screeching away as if terrified by some very unusual spectacle. This would anger my father immeasurably and he would swear and curse until his face was an unbelievable shade of red.

After consulting the road map for the last time, father announced that we would reach our destination in a short space of time. All were genuinely relieved and our spirits were raised appreciably.

After wild and excited greetings were exchanged we entered the little homestead for further discourse and refreshment. The house was small and almost everything was made of wood, the table, benches and cupboards. It was certainly a change, and took a little time to become accustomed to. Mother took the situation very gracefully and went into raptures over everything. Father, being of a more frank turn of mind, looked around sceptically and said nothing except that he was glad to see them. Junior after some effort was finally induced to enter the house, only to utter his disapproval, but in the general excitement of the meeting his remarks were lost.

However, the air of disapproval must have registered as conversation over dinner was subdued. Now and again mother tried to revive the conversation by some well meant remarks, but they only served to deepen the resentment. Eventually, however, family ties over-ruled social distinctions and the adults began unfolding their experiences and sorrows to one another. We children were forced out into the backyard.

We sat down in the shade of a huge gum tree and looked around. There were a few cows standing contemplatively about in the sunshine, an old bedraggled horse stood stonily in a roughly erected barn and a few chickens scratched about hopelessly. The atmosphere seemed heavy with the heat, which gave me a feeling of emptiness and uselessness. Junior talked in his usual sardonic undertones and for once I found myself agreeing wholeheartedly with him.

This type of life, isolated, harsh and unfriendly, hardly suited me. Somehow I had the feeling that our cousins did not relish the outback either. They were strange people, lonely, but unafraid of the loneliness; they seemed determined on suffering as if they wanted to punish themselves for something they had done that needed such extreme penance. This feeling seemed to linger on every breath of air, every movement, it seemed to seep out from the dry ground, it pressed down from the sky. It was inescapable.

BARBARA CHWALEBA, 5A
1968.



COLD DAY

The clouds rolled darkly in the sky,
Very few birds chirped on high,
The sky was dull and black and grey,
It was a cold and windy day,
The wind blew fiercely round and round,
Never had I heard a more awesome sound,
The shutters rattled, the windows shook,
It reached every cranny and every nook,
But I was warm and snug in bed,
With all the covers tucked about my head.

LYNETTE HAMMOND, 2A,
1968.

VALLEY OF THE GHOST

A heavy mist lay over the stream and filled the valley far over the heads of the willows and hid the feet of the hills.

I saw a pillar of mist stand up from the rest, its head above the level of the grass slopes, where they ended under the edge of the darkening woods.

It seemed so strange there in the dim of the evening, that I moved closer to see it. When less of the stream's mist was between us, I saw it more clearly until I stood at the feet of that tall, diaphanous figure.

In the great loneliness there, as I stood before that towering figure of grey mist which seemed as lonely as I, an odd thought entered my mind. Why don't I speak to it?

There was no-one to hear me, and it need not answer. So I did.

"What are you?" I asked, and it replied in a small, shrill voice. "A ghost," it seemed to be saying. I stood there staring.

To regain its attention if possible, I said that I had sometimes seen queer shapes in the twilight which very likely were ghosts, although I did not know it at the time.

"And you?" I enquired again.

"The ghost of this valley," it said. "A little more than a thousand years."

"What was it like in this valley when you were young?" I asked.

For a while the tall shape said nothing, and seemed to be indolently turning its head, as though it looked from side to side of the valley.

"The heads of the willows were not out," it said. "But that was when I was very young.

There were not so many cottages, not nearly so many as there are now and they were all made of thatch at first."

Then it stopped and said no more. A cackle of laughter seemed to escape from the ghost, but it may have been only the quacking of far-off ducks, which were fighting at the time.

"What do you do yourself?" I asked.

"I drift," it said. "Whenever there is a wind. Like you."

"Drift," I said. "We don't drift." I was about to explain to the ghost when it interrupted.

"You all drift helplessly," it said.

"You and your friends and your enemies. I am just as helpless, I drift this way and that, upon any wind. I can no more control the winds than you can turn destiny."

"And you?" I asked.

"I am going," it said.

"Why?" I asked it.

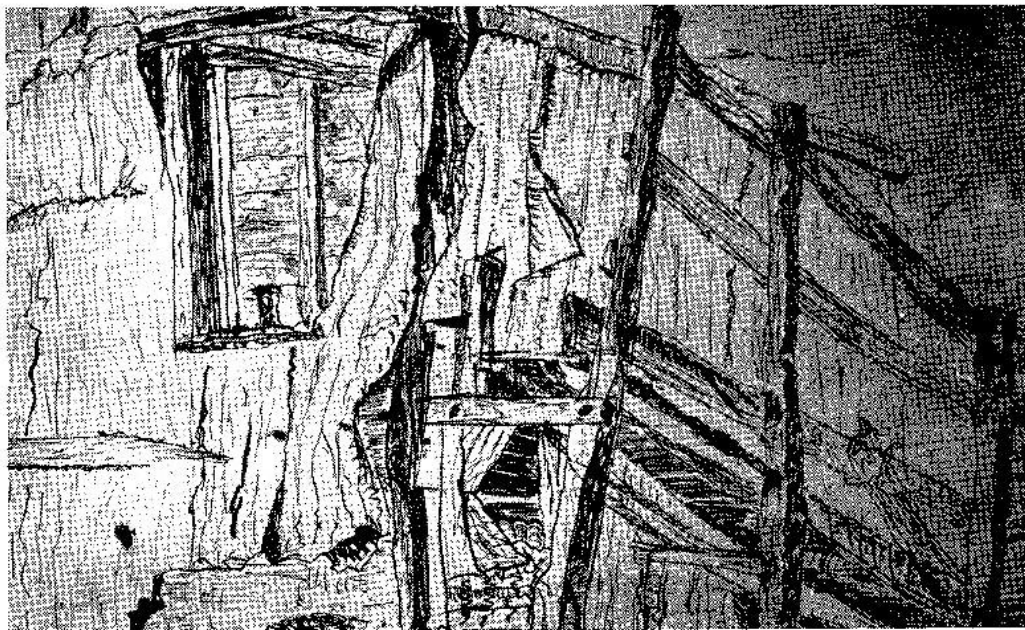
"Times are changing," it replied. "The old cottages are being altered, and people are poisoning the stream, and the smoke of the cities is unwholesome. Yes, I am going away."

I was becoming impatient at being lectured to by a ghost and I was a little chilled by the mist.

"Are there such things as ghosts?" I asked. But a wind blew then, and the ghost was suddenly gone.

"We used to be," it sighed softly.

ZOFIA RUTKOWSKI, 2D
1968.



F E A R

I was alone in the big house. If anyone could ever really be alone in an ancient two storey house that had not been occupied for five years — with its tired beams and sagging rafters, occasionally, under the timeless strain; with the thousands of crawling insects that lived under the floors and moved about within the walls; the pigeons with their mating nests in the attic; the mice — yes, I'd already trapped three of them in the two days I had been there — that scurried about in the damp cellar; the untrimmed shrubbery that noisily scratched against the dirty windows and decaying screens and the wind that whispered under warped doors and caused a draught that filtered a penetrating coldness into every nook and corner, then I was alone.

I moved to set the book aside, but it slipped from my fingers, and fell behind the table next to my chair. It landed flat against the hardwood with a sharp slap that sounded much louder than it really was, in the partly furnished house. Then it was still.

A disturbed frown crossed my face, pulling my dark eyebrows closer together, and down toward my nose, changing my expression from one of quiet seriousness to one of steady growing anxiety. I slouched farther into the old fashioned heavily padded chair, trying to relax, but failing to shut from my ears the pump-like sound of my own heavy breathing, cushioned only slightly by the worn padding around me. Like blue steel balls drawn towards a strong magnet, my eyes turned to the unlit staircase across the room.

Something had been unsettling me all day, at the back of my mind. Now, it was a powerful throb behind my eyeballs, a steady pounding that quickened the beat of my pulse, causing the large vein at the side of my neck to bulge.

Everything had happened so fast, with the swiftness of a summer storm: Aunt Vi deciding to let us rent the house for practically nothing; Packing; Moving. Hardly beginning to get settled when Julie's mother had telephoned with the news about her father.

Now I was alone. I had refused to admit it but Julie had been right all along — the house did have an eerie atmosphere.

And the stairs — I hadn't told my doctor, yet, about them. No climbing, no lifting, no physical exertion of any kind — these had been the orders for the past one and a half years. But somehow I thought this business about my heart was a lot of baloney. Doctors had been known to mix up the test results of their patients.

But come to think of it, right then, my heart was pounding as if someone, something, were inside me, trying to escape by breaking through the thin walled prison of my chest, just as I was inside this old wood-concrete-and-glass body of the house that surrounded me and held me in its grasp.

I looked at the boxes on the dining room table, waiting to be unpacked, and I glanced at the rug that was still rolled up against the wall. The book had temporarily diverted my thoughts, but the last week had been hectic and I had found it difficult not to think about its events.

I forced myself to relax, once again closing my eyes. Many minutes passed before my mind began to turn inward. The silence pressed down on me like an invisible blanket that carried the combined weight of all the air that had passed through the house during its fifty years of existence.

I blinked wildly, and wiped the sweat from my forehead as I looked dizzily around the room. My body tensed until I thought my legs would cramp. My ears hurt from the strain of listening for the merest trace of a sound. My eyes moved from gloomy corner of the room to another, but always returning to the bottom of the stairway.

I knew, I told myself, something had to be done before the night was over, or the torture would go on forever, disturbing my dreams, tearing my sanity to shreds.

I stood up, and moved like a robot towards the stairway. A sharp line on the rug dividing the warm safe light of the living room from the cold sinister darkness of the shaft that led up to the second floor, a world of silence, suddenly dangerous waiting there over my head.

I began the torturous ascent, breathless as though I were climbing into the rarified air of a high mountain. The stairs squeaked with each step upwards. The oak railing, worn smooth by the rub of a thousand searching hands, moaned under my grip. I heard, felt, the static brush of my shoes against the carpeted stairs, like the muffled whispers of conspirators.

I wanted to turn and run down the stairs, flee from the house. But my legs turned to rubber, like the time I'd collapsed at the office, when I'd first found out about my heart. My fingers throbbed, ached, almost as if they had a mind of their own and were trying to tell me not to touch the door-knob. The skin tightened on my chest, became a vice that squeezed my lungs and piled on my ribs the weight of my lifetime of nightmares.

My first steps into the room were slow, sensitive and cautious. Then, I hurried forward, in

a frenzy, across the room, grunting, sobbing, as I moved. The shadow moved with me, grew larger, until it covered the entire wall.

My hand reached out, twisted the handle and jerked open the door.

For an instant, the air was deathly still. Disturbed particles of dust tickled my nose, almost making me sneeze. I wanted to laugh — because the room was empty, because I'd been so ridiculous and so childish.

Then all at once I was fighting but I didn't know what. I fought, pushed, lashed out with my arms, beat with my fists, and swatted with open hands. The air rushed from my lungs and I gasped for breath, until my chest expanded to its limits, my arms grew stiff, paralyzed and I could struggle no more. The colors of the rainbow streaked and faded, until finally, all was velvet black. And I was falling . . . falling . . . falling into a dark, endlessly deep well . . .

GREG CARTER, 4E
1968

MISFORTUNE ON EXCURSION

During the form 1 excursion to the river in term 1, a few of the children crossed over the lovely cool stream and while crossing back, when we were about to leave, a horrible thing happened. A girl called 'Lucy' unfortunately slipped in. She seemed so confident of herself as she slowly tiptoed over the rocks. And then suddenly 'plonk' right in she fell. It looked hilarious as she lay there, drenched to the skin. I suppose she felt like staying in the water because it was so cold and refreshing but unfortunately she couldn't because it was still school-time and we all had to go back to school. As she climbed out she squeezed the water from her clothing and a few of her friends helped her as well. It was such a funny sight I couldn't stop laughing even though it was a bit nasty to laugh and make fun of her.

KRYSTINA DWORZYNSKI,
FORM 1, 1969.





THE HAVEN

No matter where you hide in St. Albanshamshire forest, it is impossible to get out of range of the inhuman wails of Robby Papa Hood as he sings his horse to sleep each night.

This poor excuse for a human being is the hero of our story and the leader of that infamous band of fearless champions of justice, who just happen to be infallible with a bow and arrow — "THE UNBELIEVABLES".

Whilst the inhabitants of the town sleep, the Unbelievables are on guard preventing crime from ravaging. Even in adverse weather conditions such as rain, snow, hail and freezing winds you will find them outside protecting the community — mainly because they are not intelligent enough to get under cover.

The pride of these Knights in imitation plastic armour is their headquarters tent which is aptly distinguished from the other tents by the sign which says "Headquarters Tent". The men treasure this haven because it is where an atmosphere of dark, serene coolness prevails and this is not because the electric power has been cut off. Here the fellowship of the group is really strong. This is a place where each unbeliever can meditate in peace about such things as the fundamental theorem of integral calculus or invent more lyrics to fit their theme song: "Guest's Teddy Bears are Everybody's Favorite".

On the walls of the tent they have all their own photogravure photographs listing the bounty value of each unbeliever which really makes each and every one of them feel wanted.

G. W. and R. P. of everlasting 5D
1968

OLD AGE

The ringing of the telephone came loud and clear to her ears. It had interrupted her thoughts, but soon the memories, which she had gathered over the years as one would collect photographs in an album, flooded her mind once again. How she would have loved to own a telephone when she was a young girl. This had been one of her strongest desires at the time. Now, in her old age, when she possessed one, it was only there for something more to spend her wealth on. It kept ringing for a few more seconds and then ceased abruptly. "Good", she thought. It was probably Katy, her daughter-in-law who most likely kept in touch only to know if she was still alive. Katy had a large bequest coming, and she knew it.

Her gaily printed dress looked bright and colourful under the warm sun-rays. Perhaps a little too colourful for an old woman. She sat on the wide, ancient ledge of the window with her old and wrinkled shoulders leaning on one side of the frame. Below was the dirt road she had watched a million times before from this same window. Today the road looked firm and scorched under the searing sun and it was pleasant to watch the passers-by. She was glad it wasn't windy today, for on those days she has to stay in the gloomy rooms in the house, to protect herself from the dusty gusts of wind which would blow cruelly into her withered face. There she would feel so isolated and so alone. She would think of death drawing nearer. Here, her mind was free of such frightening thoughts. Here she saw life as it had gone on for a long time, and as it would go on for even a longer time, even after she would take that inevitable trip to God alone knows where.

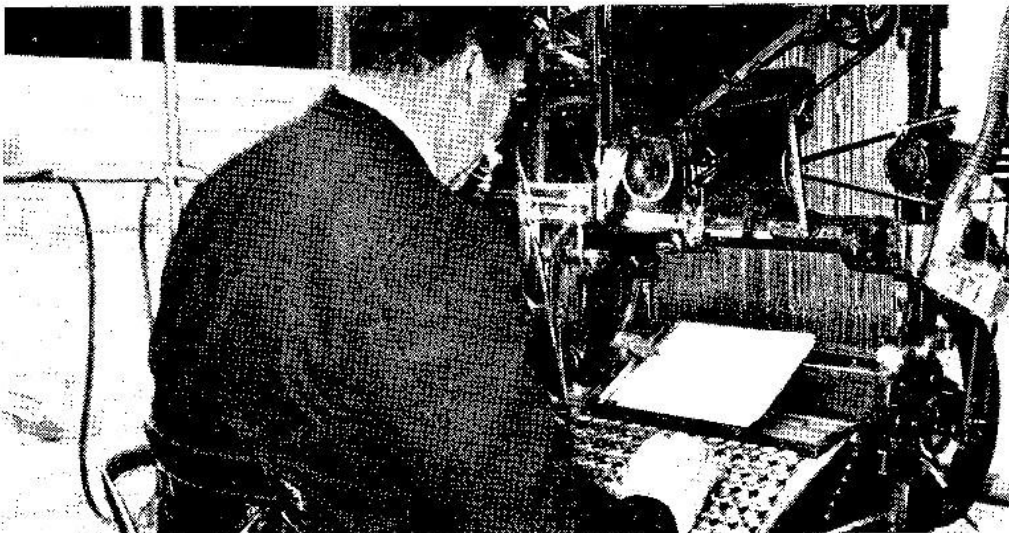
Around Mr. McGee's Drapery store trotted a horse pulling a battered old trailer. One of the wheels of the trailer was loose and it produced a shrill squeak with each turn. The horse seemed not to hear it, he walked on blindly. It was a

very old horse with a sagging belly and a scruffy mane. It was a long time since the old woman had seen a horse, and she wondered who it was in the trailer who hung loosely onto the reins. Her short-sighted eyes peered in the direction of the horse, but could not make out the person perched high in the seat. The horse came very close now and stopped opposite her window. The driver jumped out unexpectedly and went into the newsagent's shop whistling a gay tune. The horse's head drooped sadly and its unstable legs seemed to quiver beneath the huge grey body. A wave of pity surged from the woman's heart. How sad it was, she thought, that the horse is so old and so near to death after pulling that trailer around for so many years. What a dull life it must have led. The door of the shop opened and the driver emerged carrying a huge bundle. As he dropped it on the trailer clumsily the woman saw that he was a boy of only about eleven. After dropping the bundle the boy came and stood close to the horse's head. He stroked it affectionately and the horse acknowledged this affection by nuzzling his nose against his master's shoulder.

Pity waned and happiness reigned in her old heart as the woman realised that old age did not necessarily mean loneliness and death drawing nearer.

Below, a transistor blared loudly, and, across the street she could see several young boys playing at cowboys and Indians. Above the horizon the sun was beginning to set, shedding a very pale crimson across the darkening sky. Further down the street the trailer slowly moved away, the wheel squeaking noisily. The old horse looked young and strong as he increased his speed.

MARTA ANIN, 5A
1969



AN INFLUENTIAL DECISION

It was perhaps not unexpected that at the Form 3 debate on "The White Australian Policy," our school was proclaimed the victors by the narrow margin of two points.

At what seemed to most to be a very close debate a very difficult decision had to be made by the adjudicator. However, he was helped by a certain gentleman, wearing a lengthy dark chequered overcoat, a pair of dark-rimmed eye-glasses, with "sticky tape" along the corner of the left rim, and a head of straight black hair.

This gentleman, being a teacher of this school and having a fair amount of influence at Senior Assemblies remarked to a senior student sitting near him after the opposition speakers:

"My, wasn't that a well memorised speech. Perhaps the speaker went a little too fast, for his arguments to be really comprehended. Don't you think? Eh?"

The intent and meaning of his remarks could be plainly seen in his eyes. After our nervously stuttered speeches, he was heard to say something to this effect:

"My, that was much better, wasn't it? The arguments were so well spaced apart, that you had plenty of time to digest them. You must agree that the subject matter and presentation were so much more sensibly presented!"

Perhaps it was a coincidence that this gentleman just happened to be sitting only two feet away from the adjudicator.

George Najbert, 5D, 1969.



DESERTED HOUSE

This house is many years old,
but still is standing straight and bold.
How old is it? 40 or 50 years?
once it used to thrive with shears.
The paint is cracking, the farmer was packing;
many years ago, the bones around tell us,
this once may have been a farm house
but now has become a home for a mouse.
The place is crawling
with birds calling.
Soon we will be leaving this place
and I'm glad of it and sad of it.
Of course we might buy it
and return soon,
maybe with knife, fork, and spoon.
Once this house had tenants, real live people
who came to it after work and lived there
for years. But now deserted, it
is a long and sad tale.

By P.P., 1D, 1969.

DESCRIBE THIS HOUSE

In the middle of no-where;
Broken weather boards
And broken bricks.
Shrub around dying of thirst
No rain for weeks, no rain for months,
This old house is dead and done..
Broken door and broken windows;
Beer cans scattered around,
A home for the rats and mice,
Cob-webs outside and in,
Furniture thrown out,
Two old water tanks bone dry;
This hot sun has lit the sky.

Another old home I know of:
The smell of wine and grapes scattered about
And bottles dumped on the ground,
Papers, tins, cigarette packs,,
And an old creek near by.

LUCY KÖSTER
1D, 1969

MISSION

Drifting away in lonely space
With Russia and America in this race,
Silently waiting for the time to come
No matter how long
The mission shall be done.
The time has come to land;
Looking at the surface
Is like looking at golden sand.
Now we are on our way back.
It was successful and that's a true fact.

By MARY BYCZKOWSKI,
2C, 1969.

"THE GANG"

The holidays were over and I had to go back to the old, stony, damp school in my ragged clothes. My blistered, bare feet dragged along the loose cobbled road's gutter, kicking the dirt here and there. My thoughts were astray, in the past.

Last year, when my father and mother died, my sister was forced to support me and herself, and ever since I've felt like a burden to her, since, admittedly I was a lazy dirty boy. My parents were shipped here during the war, and ever since we had lived in this dense smelly, dirty, ugly town in England. I never could make real friends, therefore fights were my only way to keep my pride.

I finally reached the seven-room school. It was an old building and could be recognized by the cracks continually forming through the still roughed rocks. Smoke still escaped from the broken-down chimney. The shrubs and weeds grew wild. Flowers never seemed to grow on any sides of the school.

The building was divided into three equal parts. The weedy foreground of the school was occupied by the high-class snobs for a while. The next quadrangle was bare; neither shrubs nor weeds would grow there, since the ruffians always pulled them out. These ruffians were made up of the white and the black who crawled to the white. They would look for worms to throw at us, the so-called "coloured niggas."

During school hours the white people would steal our rubbers, pens and other things and throw paper or ink at our faces and clothes. Whenever they did this, I was always forced to get them back, but, since the teachers were all white, I daren't do anything during school, because the teachers always sided with the whites. Even if they admitted that their kind did wrong, they would find fault with us and blame us for starting the trouble. Therefore, I was compelled to wait till the break before lunch.

When the bell rang the white students were let out first, then us. Sometimes we would be kept in so that the corridor wouldn't be so crowded for the white kids to get their books but then we were beaten if we came late.

Now that the bell had gone and even though it was the first day of school my blood brought me to pick up a brick, and I threw it at my worst enemies, Billy and his gang. Then the fight



began.

I thought the bricks and rocks useless, so, taking up a bottle, I smashed it against the brick so that the broken end had points, and slowly walked towards Billy, when his faithful partners began to back away in sudden fear.

My blood pressure was rising rapidly, getting higher and higher. Though I could see some fear in Billy, he picked up a limp branch and also started to pace towards me.

We were getting closer and closer to one another. Suddenly nothing was in my mind except, "Get Billy, I gotta get him."

I quickly raised my hand and slashed the broken bottle in the face of Billy, who fell hard on the dusty ground. There I stood, with everyone gathered around us, with guilt, hate and smiles on their faces.

But I couldn't feel anything any more. All I could see as I stood, as though I was frozen, was the bloody face of my enemy, Billy.

SYLVIA VORMWALD, 3A.

A LOST PERSON'S DIARY

One day it was very hot and I decided to go for a walk when all of a sudden I found a boat. It was not a very big boat, but it had a cabin and a steering wheel. I decided to borrow it for a day or two and then try to find the owner. It took one day to load the food; water, sleeping equipment and things for first-aid.

It was Friday when I set off. I boarded the little boat and was on my way. I was sailing for ages and suddenly I hit something, something hard; it was an unknown reef. I felt the boat starting to sink. In my panic to get out I fell and hit my head. The next thing I knew I was on a shore of an unknown island, for I had never seen it before in my life. How I got there I'll never know, not even to this very day. It was very hot there, and sticky, but the sand was cool. I did not think about the boat till later on.

While lying down I decided to make a home in a cave. Then I would explore the island and look for the wreck. I got up, my head dizzy and legs wobbly. I felt giddy but determined to find a place to stay. I wasn't sure where to go or what to do so I just walked on. At long last I found one. It was very dark inside. I forced myself to go in and found it very cosy. Luckily for me there was a hole at the end of the cave so I could see quite well. I decided to start to make a bed. There were ferns, vines, and other things outside, that I would need for a bed. I took a few ferns and tied them together. For my pillow and the mattress, I put layers and layers of ferns neatly stacked up. My cover was the same as my pillow except bigger. I also decided to make a cover for the front of my cave entrance to keep the animals away. (However, I found out later that there were none.) I tied ferns together with vines and filled the spaces with grass.

When I was finished all this I felt very hungry. The only trouble was I never saw anything edible before but when I went to look for some food I found some. The food was berries which I ate and found very tasty. I was so tired I just hopped into bed and fell asleep.

The next thing I knew, it was already morning. I decided to get an early start, so I got up and went to the shore to wash the sleep out of my eyes. On the way back I found a clean fish skeleton and used it to comb my hair. I felt much better. Then I looked around my cave. It was lighter, and I could see things clearer now. I found two passages leading in different directions. I followed one to a dead end; at the end of this passage I found a strange flower, so I decided to use it as a decoration for the cave. I pulled it out and, to my surprise, there was a tin box. I dug it out with a stick and found it was a treasure box. With the old stick I got it open. Inside was a treasure —

pearls, necklaces, gold doubloons and some treasure that I had never seen. I left it there and went to the other passage to see what I would find there. It led to a fresh water stream with little pebbles and five bushes of berries, all ripe. It seemed to be my lucky day.

I then decided to go to the wreck. The tide was out and I could look in the sand for the wreck. In an hour or so the tide would come in so I had to hurry up. I found a number of things for instance, my trunk of clothes, tins of food, first-aid kit, and things one used in a bathroom (like soap, towels and so on). I also found a few other things, too. One by one I carried them home. I sorted them out, and my tins I put in my stone cupboard. I had made a fireplace also.

A few years passed and I was getting old. One day I was picking berries when I spotted a ship but I was too far away from it to be seen or heard. The next morning I wrote SOS on the shore just in case; and when I had finished writing it I heard a plane. It was looking for a place to land. When it landed the crew asked me all sorts of questions. When we were on our way back I was sort of sorry to leave my home. I was wondering how it would feel to come back to civilization again.

Anke Buchholtz, Form 2A, 1969.

EDUCATION'S FOURTH 'R'

It was once fashionable to speak of education as instruction in the three "R's", Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.

Today, however, a fourth "R" has been added — Responsibility. It is true that the basic "R's" form the core of citizenship, but education implies more than this. The aim is to develop a balanced person, able to form his own judgments, make his own decisions and differentiate between right and wrong. He will thus be a responsible person less likely to be influenced by persuasive adversity and propaganda.

Training in the fourth "R" should not be left to the school alone. The task can only be well done when the community co-operates with the school.

In the world in which we live there is great need for education in Responsibility and there is a great need for confidence and co-operation among teachers, parents, and community bodies.

We should think that Education for Responsibility is the concern of Everybody.

ROBERT CATTERSON, 5C

1968

DISASTER — FIRE

The sun was out and the day and atmosphere were calm. Tim, my husband's friend, had come over for a game of checkers with Lucas. After continuous defeats, Tim decided that he needed a drink, so they left for the pub.

Luke and Tim had been absent for over three hours. I comforted my worries by thinking that they were just drinking over their exultation of their get-together after not seeing each other for half a year.

I was ironing when a provoking odour struck my nostrils. I checked to see if anything was burning in the oven, but it was off. I glanced through the window, and to my astonishment I saw black smoke about 15 miles up the road. Without hesitation, I fled to the spare buggy and raced up the road. When I arrived, I ran to the pub where I expected to find Lucas and Tim. My destination was all in ashes. Tears forced themselves rapidly from my eyes as I tried not to believe that they were dead.

I saw a bystander whom I knew. He slowly said, "Luke and Tim came out of the pub merry. As they hopped into the buggy Tim came over and shouted. A black sedan was parked in front, which gave them little room to back out."

"He swore and swore. He stopped. A dark, stout man poured kerosene along the pub and lit it. When he realized he was being watched he dashed away into the black sedan. Tim dived for his gun. Instinctively the man shot first. Tim fell as Luke screamed. Again a shot was fired right into the screaming mouth. Luke's head crushed against the disc window as . . ."

"Enough, enough!" I screamed.

"I'm sorry, June. I tried to get the man, but he got away too fast and . . ."

"All right, thank you."

"I'm sorry. If there's anything I can . . ."

"No, I'm all right, thank you." Half dazed and bewildered I sat in my buggy and drove off.

The town was deserted, for more than half the houses were also burnt. I began to feel the extreme heat. I looked towards the black clouds of dust which stretched between the earth and the sky. The vicinity was black. The dark smoke that hung above struck me as the shadow of death.

All available men, firemen and elder boys battled on with the fire. The intense heat and smoke added to their hard work, making them perspire all over. Hoses were sprayed on the fire; the volunteered men battled with sacks as the older boys threw buckets of water and battled with broken leaves. I decided to help. That was about all I could do then to keep my mind off Luke and Tim.

While some families fled for their lives, other families remained to try to control the extensive fire. I helped with nursing the injured men. Some had collapsed from heat or suffocation. Others were scorched or burnt. I came across one who lay spreadeagled on his back. I turned him over and wiped his forehead. He was half dead. I asked him if it hurt a lot, and he answered insolently. His secret thought spoke undying hatred. With help, we carried him to the other patients. That man gave me a greater feeling of hate as I remembered my Luke. I could not help myself as tears flooded my face, and my hatred for this man grew permanent. The fire blazed on. It seemed as if it would never end.

Suddenly I heard a loud siren. The warning meant everyone was to get out of town over the bridge. Everyone except the obstinate people, including myself, left. I felt that if I'd left, I'd never feel right, right about losing Luke. It was decided to light another fire to backfire it.

The second fire was under way. If everything went well half the town would at least be saved. More smoke arose like fiery, suffocating blasts that seemed to issue from a furnace heated seven times. Few cars and ambulances carried the patients over the bridge. We decided that everyone should leave now as it caught fire and exploded. The first fire had ended at the other side and burnt to cinders. Everyone was relieved that it was ended, even though there was no way to go back, and nothing to go back to.

SYLVIA V., 3A.

ENIGMA OF JUSTICE

Seated on your autocratic throne,
A throne that knows not the peasant's groan,
Yet they idolize thee as a figure of truth,
Blinded to see no discrepancy,
that Thou dost not see
Whom they hang — him or me.
Yet when Thine eyes see a balance,
We are expected to feel no malice,
for within your hand a sword is borne,
So that through the darkness you may speak
So as to seek
and destroy
Those that to you do annoy;
Dispersing the flower to find the vermin,
But Thou knowest not when Thou hast him.
Fickle Woman Thou art our guide,
Thou art Justice

HARRY WYMA,
Form 5D, 1968.

FORM 1A

ALEXANDROU, Chris
 APAP, Sandra
 BACHNIK, Teresa
 BAXTER, Linda
 BROADWAY, Heather
 CHARLES, Julie
 DOBSON, Vicki
 FEUERABEND, Viola
 HAJIOANNIDIS, Anna
 HUMPHREY, Elizabeth
 KELLETT, Eileen
 KONIKKOS, Mary
 KUR, Irene
 KURTZ, Lorna
 LONGSTAFF, Kathy
 MANDERSON, Debbie
 MADEJ, Halina
 MEISSNER, Sharron
 SKRYPEC, Rosemary
 STAGNO, Mary-Rose
 Van MAANEN, Gretha
 VELLA, Joan
 ZAMMIT, Margaret
 ZABIEGLIK, Wanda

BUINOWICZ, Edward
 CLARK, Robert
 COULSON, David
 GEORGIEV, Peter
 GIBSON, Michael
 KACZMAREK, Chister
 LEE, Brian
 LUKIC, Rodney
 MAKAREWICZ, Andrey
 MATTHIES, Frank
 MULLER, Walter
 SZARF, Henry
 THOMPSON, Robert

FORM 1B

ANEDDA, Rosemarie
 ATTARD, Margaret
 ATTARD, Mary
 CAMILLERI, Doris
 CARUANA, Lynette
 CATTERSON, Wendy Ann
 CIANTAR, Maria
 DAMROW, Renate
 FARRUGIA, Maryanne
 GALEA, Louise Vivienne
 HOLMES, Maria Joy
 JACKAMAN, Jennifer Ann
 KORMOCZI, Kathy
 MATUSZCZAK, Anna
 MEDINA, Connie
 MURPHY, Noellene
 NOWYCKYJ, Olga
 RATAJEC, Georgina
 SZIGETI, Erika
 SODERIOU, Mary
 VANDEKUYT, Lottie
 WLUDYKA, Olga
 WALLACE, Michele
 WILKE, Marina

BECHMANN, Harry
 CAMERON, Roy
 DIMOPOULOS, Con
 MILLICHAMP, Stephen
 MONTALTO, Joe
 PACUNSKIS, George
 SELAKOVICH, Peter
 SIDAUSKAS, Raymond
 SKRUZNY, Gary
 SMUNDIN, Hernes
 STEWART, Andrew
 TRYBUS, Roman

FORM 1C

ANAGNOSTOPOULOS, Sophia
 BANDIOS, Efthia
 BLAZEY, Maria
 BUZEK, Bozenka
 DWORZYNSKI, Krystina
 FAIRBRASS, Jayne
 GALCIN, Julia
 HAINES, Susan
 KNIGHT, Lorraine
 LIASSOU, Elba
 LOMBARDI, Eva
 MATAIC, Lilly
 PEARSON, Julie
 PEPI, Carmel
 POLLOCK, Evelyn
 PRITCHARD, Denise
 PULIKOWSKI, Sonia
 SIMITZI, Helen
 TRATTER, Doris

VELENTZAS, Cathy
 VIDOVIC, Violet
 WHEELHOUSE, Anft
 WOJCIECHOWSKA, Lucy
 ZACHAREWICZ, Barbara
 ZAHORJANSKI, Olga
 ZINKO, Stefanie
 ANASTASIADIS, Las
 CALLUS, Raymond
 CHAREWICZ, Teddy
 CHATTERTON, Garry
 FULL, Freddie
 HERCELINSKYJ, Roman
 IVANCIC, Stanko
 KILLEEN, Paul
 SAID, Geoffrey
 SIMIC, Sasha
 STOURAC, Joe

FORM 1D

ALLAN, Jenny
 BECKER, Petra
 BRANECK, Angela
 CILIA, Doris
 COLGAN, Eileen
 DIPALO, Susan
 DONOV, Lillian
 GEISNER, Eve
 GRECH, Connie
 GENZ, Ramona
 IZAK, Julia
 HALLAM, Pamela
 KING, Colleen
 KOSTON, Lucy
 LOYNES, Janet
 MAZUREK, Maria
 MERCIECA, Julie
 MOMCILOVIC, Milica
 O'DEA, Robin
 PISANI, Phyllis
 SMETAK, Liba
 STVRIDIS, Katerina
 SVENT, Maria
 THIEL, Losiane
 VANDERLINDEN, Debra
 WILLMER, Julie

BILIOUS, Victor
 BLUM, Werner
 CARGAKIS, Gerry
 FARMER, Robert
 JOHANSEN, Colin
 KOLODZIEJCZYK, Tony
 MIELKE, Frank
 PENHALL, Timothy
 PUCHER, Peter
 STIRKUL, Nicky
 TANTAS, Nick

FORM 1E

BLAZINA, Mariann
 BYSTRICKY, Helen
 CHATTERTON, Debra
 CASTAGNA, Anita
 HAASE, Cornelia
 HAYNES, Elizabeth
 HODEC, Kua
 KALINOWSKI, Maria
 KANE, Helen
 KORBUT, Alla
 LEBAR, Svetlana
 MALES, Karen
 MERZEL, Lily
 NEFLAND, Margaret
 PARSONS, Rebecca
 PETER, Herta
 ROTH, Anna
 SHERIDAN, Moura
 STYLIANOU, Mary
 WARR, Carol
 WEBB, Karen
 WILLIAMS, Cheryl

BELLER, Raymond
 CHETCUTI, David
 DURIK, Andrew
 FERRUGIA, George
 GALEA, Joe
 HARDY, Wayne
 JOVIC, Ivan
 KLASZYNSKI, Mario
 MILLARDSHIP, Ian
 MIJICEVIC, Zeliko
 ROZYCKI, Eddie
 RITCHIE, Ian
 SCHWABE, Holger
 WESTON, Wayne
 ZEHMEISTER, Andrew

FORM 1F

BALAZS, Elizabeth
 BUCKLEY, Janet
 BYCZKOWSKI, Lucia
 CAMILLERI, Georgina
 CARGAKIS, Helen
 CARUANA, Mary
 CASSAR, Doris
 EASTER, Karon
 HRUSZA, Anna
 JAKOB, Rosemary
 KELLET, Eileen
 KOUNADIS, Fotine
 LAKE, Dawn
 McDADE, Robin
 MESZAROS, Agnes
 NANTSOU, Helen
 OLIVIERI, Rosanno
 O'SHEA, Mayo
 RABENSTEINER, Melitta
 SHORT, Thelma
 SNEDDON, Kim
 SZUHAN, Anna
 WHITE, Karen
 ZAMMIT, Doris
 KELLETT, Eileen

ANTONIUK, George
 BESWICK, Michael
 CINI, John
 FRAGOPOULOS, John
 KASSER, Raymond
 MINOU, Christ
 O'BRIEN, Shane
 PALIBRK, Mirko
 PLEPIS, Janis
 PREM, Hans
 SKOROBOGATY, Valentine
 WHITEOAK, Wayne

FORM 1G

ANDRUSIAK, Anna
 BOISEN, Ketty
 CALCINA, Ornella
 EPENA, Yvonne
 FARRUGIA, Mary
 HARDMAN, Kathleen
 KELLET, Christine
 KIESOUW, Christine
 LEOPOLD, Jutta
 MARTIN, Leonie
 MEDDINGS, Jennifer
 MERCIECA, Carmen
 MURADOR, Gabriella
 PANANGIOTOU, Georgina
 PAPAEO, Maria Rose
 PAYNE, Zilla
 PERSICH, Mirella
 PINCOMBE, Judy
 RIGBY, Susan
 ROJEK, Maria
 RYHANEN, Merja
 SCHRECK, Sonia
 STROESSENREUTHIER, Syblife
 VAN HEEMST, Aria

ABELA, David
 AQUILINA, Francis
 DELISTE, Richard
 EVANS, Andrew
 FERGUSON, David
 GIOVANAKIS, Danny
 PRINGLE, Howard
 LIGTVOET, Jan Maarten
 MUNDAR, Ivan
 NFMEC, Ernest
 NOVAKOVIC, George
 STOJKOVIC, Alex
 TOURLOTOS, George

FORM 2A

BROWN, Barbara
 BUCHHOLTZ, Anke
 CHETCUTI, Mary
 COSTA, Androulla
 DUJANIC, Biserka
 FRANKE, Ludmilla
 HELENUS, Mirja
 HURA, Luba
 JONES, Pauline
 LARWA, Urszula
 LEMMER, Claudia
 LOVENJAK, Josephine
 McFADYEN, Wendy
 McLEOD, Lorraine
 MAGEE, Patricia
 MANDERSON, Sharon
 MILOVANOVIC, Dena

MOXON, Charmaine
 NAGY, Alice
 NORWAK, Rosemary
 ORLINSKI, Ursula
 RUDINICA, Vera
 SAVONA, Evelyn
 SCINTO, Isabella
 SPRENGEL, Monika
 TSINGO, Vicki

BENNET, Jean-Paul
 BOND, Desmond
 BORUCKI, Ewhen
 CARUANA, Lawrence
 COURTNEY, Craig
 CLARKE, Michael
 FRAGOPOULOS, John
 GREVE, Rolf
 KOZAC, Andrew
 LAZARIC, Darlo
 MARIC, Milorad
 DI PAOLA, Ilio
 ROBINSON, Stuart
 LA ROSA, Anthony

FORM 2B

AZZOPARDI, Julie
 BAUM, Sharon
 BETSON, Gaynor
 BOLGER, Noleen
 FRANZ, Ricarda
 JOHNSON, Debra
 KALKBRENNER, Katrina
 LOMBARDI, Angela
 LOMBARDI, Elena
 MARSHALL, Joy
 MAYER, Angelika
 MIZZI, Angela
 MCGREGOR, Susan
 OFFER, Dorothy
 POWER, Sheryl
 RYE, Carol
 SCHARHAG, Regina
 STAMATOPOULOS, Angela
 STOJANOVIC, Marian

BARKER, David
 BOOGERT, David
 COOKSON, Terry
 DANILOW, Andrew
 HILLS, Rodney
 HORODECKI, Peter
 JANSEN, Stephen
 JURCZAK, Jurek
 KALOGERAKIS, John
 LENC, Egon
 NEWTON, Alan
 OLIVIERI, James
 PRIEST, Lindsay
 SAMMUT, Arthur
 SCRIGNER, Alvino
 WALKER, Stephen
 ZIGGEL, Jurgen

FORM 2C

BARNES, Susan
 BOISEN, Anne Maria
 BUTLER, Marilyn
 BYCZKOWSKI, Mary
 CATALINI, Laura
 CERESANI, Rita
 CHATTERTON, Robyn
 DONALDSON, Judith
 DEUTSCH, Marianne
 FITZGERALD, Suzanna
 GAUCI, Josephine
 HARVEY, Lynette
 KALNY, Helen
 KOOPU, Ester
 METHERINGHAM, June
 MOLCIK, Helene
 PAPAS, Yuli
 ROBERTS, Suzanne
 SELAKOVICK, Eileen
 SIDLAUSKAS, Rita
 STOLAREK, Halina
 STROESSENREUTHIER, Gudrun
 SWART, Nelly
 WATTS, Karen

ANDRIANOPOULOS, Alex
 CATANIA, Louie
 CHETCUTI, Salvatore
 GENERA, Teddy
 HAIN, Stefan
 HANCOCK, Ian
 HEMPSTEAD, Kevin
 JANSEN, Garry

KOUNADIS, John
LANGHAM, Jeffery
LUKIC, Michael
PAASSE, Jack
PROMM, Peter
SCHOENFELDER, Wolfgang
TAYEH, Selim
TERAWSKYJ, Paul
THOMPSON, Benjamin

FORM 2D

ALTENKIRCH, Sonja
BARCLAY, Robyn
BLAIN, Kerrie
BRADICA, Odette
CHANDLER, Jo-Anne
CHERBACICH, Luciana
DIAKUN, Vera
ENGERT, Ladislav
FALISE, Christine
GUETTLER, Jullane
HALLER, Helen
HAMPTON, Colleen
HARTSUIKEN, Warner
KELLER, Rosie
KURZ, Marion
LAWRENCE, Jan
MOSES, Karen
PREM, Yasna
SAVANOVIC, Sonia
SAWKO, Lila
SCHWAB, Lilli
SZTYNDA, Tamara
VASSILIOU, Irene
VEIGENT, Christine
VINKO, Biserka
VIVODA, Miryana
WORONA, Kathy
ZAHRA, Georgina

BAULCH, Derrick
COOPER, Lindsday
DZESA, Paul
FOX, Henry
MacKENZIE, Bruce
POP, Victor
SIMITZIS, Tony
SCUKOVIC, Zolko
STIER, Karsten
VADASZ, Paul
WARR, Daniel

FORM 2E

AGATANOVIC, Sora
BAKALOVSKA, Vera
BISTRICKI, Christine
CAMILLERI, Teresa
CHRISTODOULOU, Christine
GLISOVIC, Nikola
GUILLAUMIER, Carmen
HARALAMBOUS, Paula
KIRTSANIS, Christine
KONITZER, Elke
LANDY, Irene
MERCIECA, Mary
MERCIECA, Rene
MURPHY, Kaylene
NEMEC, Stena
PAPASTRATIS, Denise
PIETRZAK, Christine
PIGNATARO, Rosalba
PODGORSKI, Helena
PUGLIESE, Kathleen
REILLY, Kerry
ROWE, Peta
SKEC, Katerina
STRAUGHEN, Lynne
ZIELASKOWSKI, Irena

BERECZ, Miklos
FRAIETTA, Nicola
GRIFFITHS, Gary
HIGHFIELD, David
KLING, Sven
MAIN, Ronald
O'DEA, Gary
PALIBRK, Diko
PETRIK, George
PIKE, Christopher
RITOSSA, Henry
ROMANOWSKI, Michael
SAVI, Albert
THIVEOS, Peter
VAL, Martin
ZWEERS, Theo

FORM 2F

BEVZ, Juliana

BLAIN, Rhonda
BORG, Jan
CAMPBELL, Helen
CHIRCOP, Rosa
EVANS, Suzanne
FANELLA, Jean
HUGGARD, Gail
IOANNIDOU, Faye
JACQUIN, Elvira
LENC, Damira
MARTIN, Elaine
NOBLE, Cheryl
STANTON, Kaye
THIEL, Mary
TRAVIS, Rosalyn
VINES, Janice
VOJTEK, Sylvia
WARD, Heather
ZAJAC, Katerina
ZEEGERS, Jacqueline
ZIMMER, Kim
ZOPPOU, Maria

FORM 3A

BEGALL, Karen
DAMROW, Anita
FRANCE, Gabrielle
FUTCHER, Shirley
GOULD, Janet
GRUNERT, Angelika
HEINSCH, Cornelia
IREDALE, Pamela
LINHART, Waltraud
MULLENGER, Janet
ROBERTS, Gail
SKRYPEC, Christine
SZYPULSKI, Lynette
TADIC, Lilly
TOMLINSON, Valerie
VASSILIOU, Tina
VORMWALD, Sylvia
WALKER, Helen
WATSON, Susan

BELLER, Peter
CABAN, Edward
CARTER, Ross
CRAM, John
da SILVA, Wayne
ELIPOULOS, Evangel
ENDER, Elmar
EWERT, Walter
FREELAND, John
GLOUFTSIS, Jimmy
HUNTER, Glen
KARBANENKO, Serge
KARVANEN, Markku
KOS, Ivan
KOWALCZYK, Eddy
LIPIC, Frank
MUELLER, Gunter
PRIEST, Gary
RAST, Peter
STRUZYCKI, Stanley
TOMIC, Paul
WIEGAND, Wolfgang

FORM 3B

ACHERBERG, Catharina
BOEHM, Caroline
BRINCAT, Lily
CORNWELL, Anna
CSILLAG, Gizella
DOBROWOLSKI, Sandra
HORPINITCH, Svetlana
HUNTER, Janice
IOANNIDOU, Mary
KELLER, Helen
LIPTAK, Kiara
KIVI, Virve
KORYTSKY, Olga
KUUSINEN, Pirjo
MAHORIN, Cleopatra
MIFSUD, Sylvia
MITLASZEWSKI, Monica
MYKYTYN, Mary
PALAYSA, Yasna
RIDGEWELL, Karilyn
RUDINICA, Karmela
RYBICKI, Julia
SINCLAIR, Barbara
STIEGLITZ, Erika
STIRKUL, Nina
TRUSINSKIS, Irene
WALL, Susan
WALTON, Christine
WAUGH, Jeanette

BRADLOVIC, Predrag
BUCKLEY, Bryan
FAIRBRASS, Paul
HAKALA, Simo
HORVAT, Rudolf
JONES, Colin
O'DEA, Peter
PAVLIDES, Christopher
PETRIK, Leo
PUALIC, Milan
REISMAN, Boyan
SALLINEN, Vespa
VASSILLIADIS, Lucky
WHITE, Brian
SALLINEN, Vespa

FORM 3C

ANASTASIADIS, Hellen
ATTARD, Margaret
BORCZAK, Shirley
FUTCHER, Shirley
GEORGIU, Marcelle
GERBL, Menika
GERETSCHLAGER, Gisela
GRANT, Sheryn
HAMMOND, Lynette
HELENIUS, Tuula
KASSER, Elizabeth
MCLEOD, Barbara
PETERSON, Gabriele
PICKETT, Carol
SASS, Edeltraud
SHORT, Beverley
SLAWITSCHKA, Ria
SOWERBY, Erica
TZEMETZIS, Theodora
VELLA, Josephine
VUJOVIC, Desanka
WATKINS, Shirley
WHITE, Lynn
ZEEGERS, Carolind
ZAGANEL, Silvana

AXIAK, Mario
BUDEL, Dieter
DAY, Peter
GRASSO, Charles
PLUTA, Roman
ROSS, Kenneth
SAATHOFF, Carthienz

FORM 3D

BAKER, Janice
BEIGHTON, Edwina
HOLDING, Faye
BORG, Carmen
CASSAR, Stella
DAMANTI, Emma
CHERBACICH, Luciana
FARRUGIA, Doris
GOODES, Beverley
HARRIS, Karen
LAKE, Marguerite
LOVELOCK, Pat
SKEGGS, Susan
STAGNO, Jane
STAROSTIN, Zina
STROZ, Lilly
TRENTEPOHL, Paula
TYMECKI, Lucy
ZMEGAC, Nada

BONNICI, Robert
CARUANA, Martin
DAKIN, Jeffrey
EVANS, Alan
LAGAN, Roman
LUTAR, Stefan
MAZUREK, Czeslaw
REEVES, Brian
SCHOENFELDER, Albert
SEGI, Andrija
SEWELL, Graeme
STOLKOWSKI, Mick
SZYDZIK, Stan

FORM 3E

BARBARA, Valerie
CARDONA, Margaret
CASSAR, Stella
CASSAR, Theresa
CHERNIAEV, Vera
DAMMERS, Marion
DEDZA, Suzy
EBERT, Geraldine
FARRUGIA, Gemma
GANGUR, Rosemarie

GIBALDI, Mary
GIBSON, Margaret
GORALSKI, Helen
HADIIONNIDIS, Coola
HARPER, Janet
JAHN, Birgit
LIASSOU, Florrie
McMASTER, Loretta
MARCHIDAN, Florence
MENNITI, Antoinette
MIKULA, Elizabeth
MUSCAT, May
PSALIA, Pamela
RICE, Frances
RODITIS, Anne
ROSDERGEN, Trudy
RUTKOWSKI, Zofia
SCHOEN, Grace
SCIBERRAS, Connie
SOLON, Dina
SPEAKMAN, Antida
SPITERI, Lina
SPITERI, Marina
STAFRACE, Christina
STAVRIDIS, Litza
TRENTEPOHL, Paula
WEDMIDSKI, Loris
WEST, Susan
WLUDYKA, Helen
WOODALL, Lorraine

FORM 4A

ALBERTS, Vera
ANDERSON, Carole
BILOUS, Helen
CHETCUTI, Joan
DAWIDOWICZ, Angela
HAGNFOFER, Gabriele
KALEMBA, Brigitte
KLAJN, Irena
MCPHERSON, Janet
MAHORIN, Svetlana
MIFSUD, Marlene
PARSONS, Deborah
PAVICIC, Zdenka
SKRUZNY, Lilly
SMITH, Kay
STEINBERG, Dace
TEICHMANN, Waltraud
Van ROOY, Margaret
WARR, Barbara

ENDER, Bernie
FOX, Mark
HERCELINSKYJ, Peter
JABLONSKI, George
KALNY, Michael
KEENAN, Bill
KALOGERAKIS, Stamatias
KOSTYK, Eric
LUCAK, Nicky
MacKENZIE, Ian
MERKL, Heinz
NOWATSCHEKNO, Paul
PAYNE, Melvin
REID, Michael
RENZ, Rudolf
SASS, Wilfried
SHEILEY, Roger
SLAWITSCHKA, Rudi
STOBINSKI, Eddy
SUSEC, Drago
IALKOVIC, Elio
VUJIC, Milan

FORM 4B

ATTARD, Elizabeth
BIEDRON, Dorothy
BRADLOVICH, Zorica
BULMAN, Lynette
CAMPBELL, Anne
DOBES, Maria
GREIG, Hazel
HESKOV, Branislava
KALOGERAKIS, Kancilla
KARPIK, Helen
KNEPPEL, Vicki
PAPAS, Roula
PINKAVA, Eva
SIDLAUSKAS, Monika
SPITSIN, Lydia
VANCSURA, Aranka
WOJNIAK, Barbara
ZOLTONOZKA, Marie
ANKRAVS, Peter
BRAINI, Stelio

CANAVESE, Watter
DOUGLAS, Neil
FOGIEL, Walter
GORDON, Phillip
GRANT, Peter
GRIVAS, Alex
HUNTER, David
KISALA, Edward
KOWALCZUK, Paul
MARSANI, Claudi
MEAKINS, Frederick
MILLO, Antonio
PERSINI, Johnny
PRINGLE, Clive
RIBIC, Branko
SAID, Joseph
TSINGOS, George
VAL, Adrian
VANDERVELDT, Bernard
WALL, Bernard

FORM 4C

ATTARD, Frances
BAIRD, Wanda
CHARTER, Susan
DEKA, Maria
FLORIO, Olga
GATKOWSKI, Alina
GAUCI, Mary
GRACZYK, Bogumia
JUROWICZ, Anna
KACZMAREK, Grazina
KWIECINSKI, Susan
LOS, Jane
MAGEE, Noreen
NEMEC, Mary
PAPALEO, Catarina
PRITCHARD, Carole
PULLT, Irene
SACHON, Anuita
STANOWSKI, Ursula
WITKOWSKI, Juliana
ZIOLA, Veronica

COOKSON, Arthur
DORE, Clive
KATARYNA, Zaniak
KRALICK, John
MEAD, Peter
NOWYCKI, Zenko
PENHALL, David
SKEGGS, Stephen
STREBS, Leo
SZUCKO, Henry
TEELWSEN, Terry
ZEIRZER, Kurt
ZOUNBOULAKIS, Vangelis

FORM 4D

AQUILINA, Carmen
AXIAK, Lilian
BARBARA, Miriam
BARNES, Heather
BARTOLO, Carmen
BAUM, Lina
BELAN, Sonya
CALLEHA, Marian
CHAREWICZ, Emilia
CICHOSKI, Kristine
DOROSZ, Cecilia
DYCZAKOWSKA, Krystine
FRANZ, Tiziana
GAUCI, Connie
GAUCI, Victoria
HAYNES, Bronwyn
HEMMINGS, Linda
KARIN, Monika
KURILOWSKI, Dolores
LAUNIKONIS, Teresa
LOBCZUK, Natalie
LOVELOCK, Janice
McLEOD, Susan
MONFERRA, Anna
MOORE, Carol
NEELAND, Johanna
PETER, Christine
PERIFFER, Teresa
PODBOI, Lilian
PLFEK, Vesna
SHORT, Rosentay
SPIVEY, Susan
TALBOT, Deborah
TRATTER, Renate
URANKAR, Anna
VASSALIO, Mary
WEBB, Jeanette
WERSCHING, Barbara
WHELAN, Carmel

FORM 4E

BLAIN, Lynne
CRAIG, Shirley
DAKIN, Jennifer
GASTIS, Sandra
KLING, Suzanne
KOLAR, Jane
KOLUNDZIIA, Draga
MEAD, Angela
PAPHITIS, Soula
PAVLIDES, Rita
RADOSLJOVIC, Vesna
SCHNEIDER, Monika
STEWART, Shirley
STROICZ, Halina
TRATTER, Edith

ATHANASPOULOS, George

BARANOWSKI, Peter
BURKOWES, Wayne
CARLANA, Felix
COSTA, Max
CZERKES, Robert
DUCA, Eddy
GOODES, Raymond
GRIFFIN, David
HEIDELAUF, Hardy
JANSEN, Raymond
KIEZYK, Joseph
LENC, Dmitri
MAJEWSKI, Neil
MALINYCZ, Victor
PSALIA, Morris
SZYMANSKI, Cornel
TOMIC, Ratko
TZIMETZIS, Jimmy
VUJIC, Milan
VYTAS, Edmund

FORM 4A

ATTARD, Mary
ANIN, Marta
ARNAUTAVIC, Dinah
BIELICKI, Hanna
BLECHUN, Stanislaw
BRINCAT, Carmen
BRINCAT, Maryanne
BOSNIC, Katy
CATTERSON, Beth
CHOCHOLEK, Barbara
CZYZEWSKI, Barbara
DOWROWOLSKI, Vera
DORIC, Blanche
DUDA, Helga
EISMONTAS, Mary
FLALA, Karen
FISHER, Gloria
FUCHS, Ulrike
GALEA, Margaret
GILOTSIS, Mary
GOLEC, Nella
GRASSO, Josette
GREIG, Dorothea
HARBACH, Anneliese
HARRIS, Vivienne
HORVAT, Yasminka
HARTIC, Barbara
HONIG, Marjan
ILLKO, Erica
JAPUNDZA, Regina
KONRAD, Marion
KOOP, Prudence
KORZENIEWSKA, Alice
KOSIAK, Gina
KOZAK, Janina
KRIZANIC, Bozena

FORM 4B

LANGE, Margaret
LASOTA, Wanda
LOS, Betty
McBRIDE, Cheryl
MAKAREWICZ, Elizabeth
MASAREK, Monica
MERKL, Sylvia
NEMEC, Margaret
PACUNSKIS, Mary
PANZERA, Teresa
POP, Val
REISCH, Monica
SAROTA, Wendy
SCHIRMER, Elvira
SCHREYER, Marita
SCHWARZ, Jutta
SIMOVIC, Juliana
DASILVA, Denise
SKRYPEC, Anita
SPITERI, Appalonia
STANTON, Christine
STOKOVIC, Katarina
STROEGHEN, Cheryl
SUSZKO, Olga
TAROZA, Linda
TERBOS, Monica
TOBY, Lynette
TOMKIEL, Brigitte
TURNER, Diane
UTRI, Rosina
VENES, Helen
WALTON, Sandra
WERSCHING, Jutta
WOLOSZYNOWICZ, Helena
WYMA, Yvonne
ZYBERT, Barbara
ZOLTONOZKA, Elizabeth

FORM 4C

ALLAN, Gordon
ATTARD, John
BARTSCH, Alfred
BENHOIZ, Harold
BENTLEY, John
BLESIC, Peter
BORSZCZOW, Victor
BRADILOVICH, Radovan
BROADWAY, Ian
BRODA, John
BRYTCZ, John
CLARE, Boyd
COULSON, Harry
DAY, Martin
DUDA, Wolfgang
FANE, Russell
GATT, Edwin
GORALSKI, Stan
GOLDB, Paul
HILLING, Glen
HUNTER, Stephen
IMRE, Alec
IOVANOVIC, Alex
JURASOV, Alex
KALINOWSKI, Stan
KEENAN, Garry
KOSCILK, George
KOSCILK, Felie
KOSEWSKI, Leslie

FORM 4D

LAKE, Ernest
LOS, Peter
MAGA, Victor
MAJEWSKI, Gary
MARCOU, Theodore

MAZUREK, Frank
MIELCZAREK, Richard
MIKOVIC, George
NAJBERT, George
PAPAGIANOPOULOS, Andrew
PERRY, Ronald
PICKETT, Harold
PISCHECK, Peter
POKROVSKY, Michael
PROPOKOWYCZ, Stefan
RENGEY, Peter
RICHTER, Karsten
ROBERTS, David
SWIEBODA, Andrew
SZYDZIK, Joe
SZYMANSKI, Roland
TAYLOR, David
TELUWSEN, Sydney
TRAJANOU, Alec
TROSZCZYJ, Toli
UBL, Vaclav
WATKINS, Paul
ZABA, Edward

FORM 4G

AXIAK, Mary
CIWALEBA, Barbara
COCA, Carmen
DELIKAT, Betty
DIKUN, Lidia
FOX, Helga
GONERA, Christine
GRABOWSKI, Barbara
KRALICK, Maria
KUBICA, Claudia
MIELCZAREK, Helena
MULLEN, Marguerite
POKUSAY, Helen
STEWART, Susan
SWIEBODA, Elizabeth
TAROZA, Janice
USCINAS, Jenny
UTRI, Elizabeth
VAN REF, Marina
VUCAK, Ivanka
ZSOLNAI, Gisella

FORM 4I

ABATE, Umberto
AGATANOVIC, Branko
ANIN, Boris
ATHANASPOULOS, Nickolas
BAULICH, Colin
BORG, Joseph
BUGRYN, Roman
COX, Robert
DJURDJEVIC, Gordon
GOODES, Graeme
GUNEW, Stefan
HEMAK, Henry
HORVALH, Steven
IOVANOVIC, Douglas
KORVTSKY, George
KROIS, Ronald
LOEFFLER, Norbert
PFIEFFER, Wally
POKROVSKY, Alex
PUGGIONI, Luciano
PUGGIONI, Robert
RADAVICIUS, Paul
RENGEY, Edward
SCHEURER, Noel
SKOK, Steven
SKRZNY, Ronald
SMITH, Edward
TERBIAN, Paul
TRAJANOU, Lote
WHITLEY, Grant
WYMA, Harry

Photography in this magazine was sponsored by the B.L.H. of St Albans with a generous donation.

THE PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

Dear Students,

Thank you for this opportunity to explain the reason for our association and how it effects you and your school.

We are your "Parents and Friends" and as such try to help in any way we can, by fund raising, moral support or hard work to improve facilities and conditions at school.

The Association was started in 1955, two years before this school was built, meetings being held at Sunshine High School or in private homes. These members worked to provide the Tuck Shop which has proved such a success and served you well for many years.

More recent projects we have been concerned with are the Tennis Courts and the Assembly Hall. It is hoped there will be many more, such as shrubs and trees for the grounds, proper playing fields, equipment for the hall to mention a few.

Through our meetings parents can become better acquainted with the school and its needs. They also have the opportunity to speak freely on any subject. Your ideas (or protests) can be heard in this way and something can be achieved.

We would like to appeal through you to your parents to attend our meetings and support our association so that we in turn can help you and your school.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) E. A. Fatcher, Secretary.
Parents and Friends Association.

S.R.C. OFFICE BEARERS:

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Noel Scheurer — Chairman
Colin Baulch — Vice President
Stephen Skok — Secretary
Betty Delikat — Treasurer

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Mr. J. Setek
Mr. S. Kerr
Mr. Mitchell
Mr. W. Perrett
Cr. Webb
Cr. D. Berry

MOTHERS' CLUB:

President: Mrs. Pearson

PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION:

President: Mr. Zeimester
Secretary: Mrs. Fatcher

GUEST SPEAKERS 1969

Dr. John Ritchie from the National University.
Mrs. MacDonnell from the Susan Johnston School of Department.

Mr. Ross from the Victorian Civil Ambulance Service — Emergencies.

Constable Conroy from St. Albans Police Station — Road Safety.

Mrs. Inglis of the Department of Territories — New Guinea.

Mr. McLeod from the Psychology and Guidance Branch — Form I Programme.

Mr. Anderson from Keilor City Health Department — Health.

Cr. Webb, Keilor Council — Road and Amenities.

Mr. H. Dove — Historical Development of Farm Machinery.

Mr. Dowling from Alcoholism Foundation — Problems Associated with Alcohol.

Mr. Rogozinski — Spoke on Dental Health.







SCHOOL STAFF

McINERNEY, J. F. (Principal), B.A., B.Sc., T.P.T.C.
 GLIDDON, A. M. (Mrs.) (Senior Mistress), B.A. B.Ed.
 SHAW, A. O. (Senior Master), S.A. and C.T.C., 2nd Hons.
 Qual., T.P.T.C.
 ALCORN, F. B., B.A., T.P.T.C.
 ARBUTHNOTT, M. (Miss), Cambridge Higher School Cert.,
 Teacher Training. (India).
 AZER, F. A., B.Sc. (Agr.), Dip.Ed.
 BABOUCEK, V. (Miss), T.S.T.C., Dom. Arts.
 BAKER, G. E., B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 BAKER, B. H. (Mrs.), T.S.T.C., Dom. Arts.
 BATCHELOR, S. A. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 BOAN, J. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 BURNETT, R. M. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 CHENU, E. A. (Mrs.), Sec. Arts and Crafts. T.S.T.C.
 COWL, H. R. J., T.S.T.C., Arts and Crafts.
 DAHLSTROM, R. T., B.Ec.
 DAVIS, N. J., T.S.T.C., Arts and Crafts.
 DOBES, M. (Mrs.), Phys.Ed., Qual. Institute of Brno.
 EL SHELTAWI, S. T., B.Sc. (Ag.), Cairo.
 FIELDER, E. J. (Mrs.), Dip.Phys.Ed.
 GEISNER, L. (Mrs.), M.A. (Penn.), Cert. of Sec. Ed.,
 Virginia.
 GOUGH, N.P., B.Sc. Qual. B.Ed.
 GRAHAM, S. (Miss), T.P.T.C.
 GRAY, S. C. (Miss), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 GOUGH, N. P., B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 GOZHEVSKI, V., - sub. pending Dip. Elec. Engg.
 HAFEZ, F. H., B.Sc. (Hons.), Cairo, Cairo Teacher Training.
 HOPE, S. H., B.Com., Dip.Ed.
 JEREMIC, J., Dip. of Accounting.
 JOSLIN, R. E., First Year University of Alberta, Canada.
 KORINFISKY, G., Univ. Degree B.A. (Russia), Sec.
 Teacher Training.
 LAIDLAW, J. M. (Miss), T.S.T.C., Dom. Arts & Crafts.
 LARMOUR, G. L., B.Com., T.P.T.C., B.Ed.
 LAVERACK, J. J., Sc. Degree (Pend.)
 MacLEISH, N., A.C.T.T., Univ. Subs.
 McCULLOUGH, J. (Miss), T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts).
 MALANIUK, A., B.A. (Melb.), B.A. (Lviv.), Sec. Teacher
 Training.
 MAPLESTONE, L. G., B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 MOFFATT, R. K. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip. Ed.
 NAGUIB, A.M.C. (Mrs.), B.A. Faculty of Arts (Cairo).
 NAISH, D. G., Pattern Maker, Engineering, Drawing V.E.L.
 NUNN, M. J. (Mrs.), T.P.T.C.

PARR, R. A., Dip.Ag.Sc.
 PLAIN, P.G., T.P.T.C.
 PETRUCCELLI, P., Nat. Art Gal. Diploma.
 RIDDELL, M. C. (Miss), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 SACCO, C. M. (Mrs.), Matriculation, London. 1 yr. Tchr.
 Frng.
 STURESTEPS, E. (Mrs.), Univ. Degree (Latvia).
 TAYLOR, N. A., B.A., Dip.Ed.
 TUCK, E. L. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 TUCKER, M. (Miss), Univ. Subs., T.S.T.C. IV.
 WEBSTER, A. J., B.A., Dip.Ed.
 WILLIAMS, R. A., B.A., Dip.Ed.
 WILSON, D. J., Dip. Applied Chemistry.
 WINTER, H. D. (Miss), T.S.T.C. (IV)
 WOODING, K. (Miss), T.S.T.C. (III).
 ZIEMELIS, E. H., B.A. (Melb.), A.C.T.T.

ALSO PRESENT ON STAFF DURING 1969

ROBINSON, R. J., Univ. Subs.
 GOLDBERG, M., B.Sc.
 McMILLAN, J. L., B.A., Dip.Ed.
 SALNAIS, I. (Miss), Univ. Subs.

1968 PAST STAFF

CHEN, K. M., Assoc. Dip. of Maths. (R.M.I.T.).
 DAVIDSON, R. M. (Mrs.), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 DOBRON, R. K., B.Sc.
 FEHMEL, R. R. F., A.R.C.M., T.T.C. (Royal College of
 Music), Member of Royal College of Organists.
 KARPOWICZ, S., First Year Univ. (B.Sc.).
 LIM, D., Final Year Chem. Dip. (Footscray).
 MATZNER, E. (Miss), B.A., Dip.Ed.
 RUSSELL, A., Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C., T.P.E.T.C.
 RYAN, D. M., B.Com., T.P.T.C.
 SHEPHERD, N. J., T.S.T.C.
 WOOD, A. G., Dip. App. Chem.
 WOOLF, R. D., Five Univ. Subs. (Melb.).

RELIGIOUS STAFF:

Father. J. O'REILLY
 Father L. GILFEDDER
 Rev. W. GORFINE
 Rev. D. RADFORD

OFFICE STAFF:

Mrs. K. WRIGHT
 Miss L. PEMBERTON
 Mrs. M. WHITE.

