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# alba

St. Albans High School

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Special thanks must go to the supervisors for their continual help and hard work on the magazine. Also thanks must go to all contributors of article and photos.

The Magazine Committee would also like to express its thanks to Mr. Jeremic and his typing classes for their co-operation in typing out the proofs for the magazine.





## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

*This has been a challenging year. Many of us have grappled with problems that we never dreamt would come our way so suddenly. I recall how nervously I called on the staff at the beginning of the year to answer the challenge with enthusiasm. The challenge, of course, was to cope with the situation of being without the Principal who was then recovering from a serious illness. None of us, I think, realised just how serious that illness was. We know now because Mr. McInerney died in September. His death shocked and saddened all of us. His influence, however, did not die; that part of him lives on in the school today in the firm organisational basis that he laid, and in that unique practical-idealistic approach to education in general that he possessed.*

*If Mr. McInerney pointed the way, it is up to each of us to follow the signs. Some students are distracted by signs that are planted by people in no way connected with school life. These lures e.g. 'give study away: let's go, man, go' or 'Why worry? You'll get a pass' will yield at best only the shadow of an education but not the substance. The student today appears to have many distractions. There is the constant inducement of television; there is the almost irresistible car that his friend owns and who is ever ready to take him places; there is the ever-present sense of having to get "with it". But the student who is to succeed must take these socializing activities in moderation and learn to discipline his time so that his studies are kept in true perspective.*

*The school today is not the repressive institution of ages past. It is more truly today the "Alma Mater" than it could ever have claimed to have been in the past. Indeed the teacher today acts so often "in loco parentis" that there is a danger that the parent may opt right out of the situation. But if a student is to receive a sound education all three parties, i.e. the parent, the student and the teacher must work together in mutual harmony.*

T. M. O'Brien  
Acting Principal.

## A THOUGHT From the Senior Mistress



Thank you, Magazine Committee, for giving me the opportunity to write a few words at the close of my first year at St. Albans High School. Because I hope to spend many more years here, years in which I shall know you and St. Albans better, I shall not attempt to make definite and unswerving judgments in this short report. Perhaps in my last year here I shall be telling you that I have learnt as much from the students of St. Albans as I have taught them. That will be the time to see what I have done for the School.

Instead let me ask each of you what your school year of 1970 has meant to you. Will there be anything about this year that you will be glad to remember in 1990? I hope so. If it has merely been a year of stumbling and grumbling through each day's classes, longing for the coming weekend or holiday, I pity you. For the competitors who took part in any School sporting teams, for those who spent a week in Ovens Valley for the talented singers, actors and technicians of our musical Productions, for the debaters — this year has given some worthy experience. There are others whose activities may not have been noticed beyond their own form, but I am sure that whether they be of Form I or Form VI, they will feel the year has been of some value because they have been ACTIVE in doing something in our school. Their participation meant enrichment for themselves and St. Albans High.

When printed, this message to you will look very brief. Perhaps I had a motive in making it so short. Can you guess what that motive was?

I hoped you would be encouraged by its brevity to read it and determine that you will make next year a worthwhile year for you. My best wishes for the future go to those who are leaving. Happy Holidays to those who will again be part of St. Albans in 1971.

(Mrs.) I. A. Wescott.



## GENERAL SPORTS COMMENT

This year the interest in sport has been rekindled to a degree. This has been a result of St. Albans High doing its best ever in the first major inter-school sporting event of the year — the Western Division Swimming Carnival. St. Albans High won the senior section shield by amassing 98 points out of a possible 140 to convincingly defeat the other schools.

This result was achieved by the senior students training before school for some weeks before the actual event. Although the junior and intermediate sections did not win, enough promise was shown by the swimmers to indicate that if they were to train, then victory can be theirs.

A further factor in the increased interest in sport has been the enthusiasm shown by staff and spectators. All those who witnessed the presentation of the swimming shield to the senior captains (Jutta Schwarz and Joe Szydzik) will surely remember the tumultuous applause from the spectators.

In other fields of sport St. Albans continued to show strength, culminating in five school teams playing off in Division grand finals: Girls — senior and junior volleyball; senior softball. Boys — senior baseball; junior soccer, with three of them being victorious — softball, baseball and soccer. Of these three only the boys' baseball team and girls' softball team were given the opportunity of further inter-division matches and they proved their ability by being runners-up in the Metropolitan grand final.

Other teams showed that St. Albans will be a force to be reckoned with in future inter-school sport. Senior boys' soccer cost themselves a finals berth when they allowed their own temperament to control their ability. Similarly senior and junior footballers proved that they had ability but didn't believe they could win.

Finally the last major inter-school sports, the Athletics again saw St. Albans improving. In the junior section we finished third, the intermediate second and the senior section fifth; resulting in an overall fourth placing out of the seven schools. For the first time for many years St. Albans relay teams were not finishing a distant last, but were among the placegetters. This was a result of some keen athletes training together.

The year's sporting results have shown that those who train often, perform well. As a result of this it is to be hoped that next year sees St. Albans' students training longer and harder and that the school will be rewarded in the form of better school spirit and shields and pennants.









## **BASKETBALL REPORT**

During the winter sports season, St. Albans senior girls teams have had a very successful year. The softball team coached by Mrs. Burnett was the most successful, reaching the grand final of the metropolitan schools.

The volleyball team were the winners in the Northern section of the Western Division. A good effort also.

Both hockey teams coached by Mr. Maplestone and the tennis team coached by Mrs. Wescott lost only one match.

The newly formed table tennis team, although only playing four matches, were undefeated. If this sport is to become a recognised winter sport next year, St. Albans will certainly do very well.

Although they tried very hard, the basketball team were defeated in all matches. As there are many promising juniors playing, let us hope the next few years will be more successful.

St. Albans junior teams had moderate success. The most outstanding team was the junior volleyball, coached by Mrs. O'Hara. This was the only junior team which managed to play in a final.

Congratulations should go to all girls who took part in winter sports teams. Your behaviour and sportsmanship like attitude, was a credit to the school.

A special thanks is extended to all staff members who spent many hours coaching teams.

Throughout the winter season both the senior and junior basketball teams have had an enjoyable year. Although we didn't win too many matches, it certainly wasn't from lack of trying!

Senior girls — the team consisted of: Cheryl Straughen, Jutta Schwarz, Denise Papastratis, Katarina Skec, Sora Agatanovic, Georgina Zahra, and Teresa Camilleri.

Because the senior team didn't fare too well, we shall decline to give any scores. However, a great deal of experience was gained from the matches that were played and we certainly won't do any worse next year.

The most consistent players were — Denise Papastratis and Jutta Schwarz. Without their brilliant defending, we may have had even more goals scored against us. Cheryl Straughen played very well in all matches, as she was always sending the ball into the attacking zone. Katarina Skec always tried very hard, and was our ever reliable goal shooter.

Credit should go to all the girls that played. Although they didn't win a match, they never lost any enthusiasm.

Junior teams — the teams were made up from: Denise Pritchard (capt.), Lucy Wojciechowska, Ruth Steinbergs, Heather Broadway, Linda Smith, Helen Bystencky, Doris Cila, Lilly Mataic, Bozenka Burjek and Lynette Caruana.

The junior teams were quite successful this season. St. Albans 1st team defeated Braybrook, Sunshine, and Sunshine West. They were defeated by Sunbury and Kensington. St. Albans 2nd team won all matches they played. They defeated Braybrook, Sunbury and Kensington.

All girls tried very hard; however, the most outstanding were Heather Broadway and Linda Smith. These two defence players stopped many attacks by the opposition with their excellent defence play. Denise Pritchard and Lucy Wojciechowska were very consistent players across the centre, always trying their hardest to send the ball to the goalers.

Although not discovered until half way through the matches, Lynette Caruana and Ruth Steinbergs showed great fighting spirit as goal shooters. These two girls are certainly stars of the future.

With such fine talent in the junior team, we should see St. Albans improve in basketball within the next few years.

V.M.



## SENIOR SOFTBALL 1970

The senior softball team enjoyed a very successful season in inter-school competition. The team was unbeaten in the Western Division, thus winning the premiership. It was not until the grand final against Hampton High School (this was the final for all Metropolitan High Schools) that the first defeat was registered.

Congratulations to all players and helpers (Theresa and Desa) for their hard work and skilful play throughout the season! A special thanks to a very enthusiastic group of supporters, who certainly provided plenty of encouragement.

The team was: Elizabeth Attard (captain), Pat Court (vice captain), Dot Biedron, Jo Vella, Theo Tsemetzis, Susan Barnes, Kaye Murphy, Angie Grunert, Helen Keller, Marilyn Butler, Pauline Jones.



## INTER SCHOOL SWIMMING

St. Albans began the sporting year with a very fine performance in the inter-school swimming sports. We were handicapped from the start by not having any school swimming sports and we had to rely on those people who were interested. Students who were keen, trained in their own time, generally before and after school. Thanks is extended to Mr. MacLeish, Mr. Plain, Mrs. Van Munster and Mrs. Tucker who spend many early mornings before school at the local pool.

The "B" Section sports were held on March 17th. Overall we did fairly well, and managed to win the senior aggregate for the first time ever. An excellent effort!

The most outstanding performances were by: Frank Mielke, 1st U13 Freestyle (record), 1st U13 Breaststroke, 1st U16 Bk/stroke (record).

Frank Matthies, 3rd U14 Freestyle, 2nd U14 Breaststroke.

Peter Rast, 1st U15 Freestyle, 1st O16 200 Freestyle, 3rd U16 Breaststroke.

D. Roberts, 2nd O16 Freestyle.

Joe Szydzik, 1st O16 Backstroke, 1st O16 Butterfly.

Jutta Schwarz, 1st O16 Freestyle, O16 Breaststroke, O16 Backstroke.

Monica Reisch, 3rd O16 200 Freestyle, 3rd O16 Butterfly.

P. Pischek, 3rd O16 Breaststroke.

Wally Linhart, 4th O15 Breaststroke.

K. Carter, 2nd BU/15 Backstroke.

R. Cameron, 3rd B O14 Backstroke.

H. Schnebe, 2nd U13 Diving.

Girls O16 Medley team 3rd — Jutta Schwarz, Monica Reisch, Wally Linhart, Cheryl Straughen.

B. O16 Medley 1st.

B. U15 Relay 2nd.

G. O16 Relay 2nd.

B. O17 Relay 1st.

V.M.



## INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS



This year for the first time, the athletics were held on an inter-form basis. Due to the co-operation of staff members and students the sports became a great success.

The interest stimulated by these inter-form sports was carried on to the inter-school sports. Here St. Albans students, through the advent of banners, streamers and cheer squads led great support to our competitors.

Although the end result was not as was hoped for (St. Albans finished an overall fourth out of seven schools), there were many encouraging features. Firstly, our juniors and intermediate sections finished third and second respectively. Secondly, we had many promising individuals. Werner Blum had two brilliant wins in the U14 100 and 200 metres, and a fine second in the U14 100 metres at the All-High Sports.

Frank Matthies won the Boys U15 triple jump and represented the Western Division at the All-High carnival in which he was fourth. Mario Axlax, with his first jump broke the U16 Triple Jump record.

David Coulson, Andrew Stewart, Roman Tribus, together with Werner Blum, set two U14 relay records on the one day.

R. Geikes, J. Kos and M. Rakic all scored places in the boys field events.

L. Anastasiadus, M. Palikrka, I. Ritchie and R. Beller scored a great win in the U14 B relay.

W. Fogiel, R. Trybus, and R. Sidlauskas all recorded excellent wins in their hurdles events.

The most outstanding girls were W. Linhart who convincingly won the U16 high jump and hurdles, and was second in the broadjump. Rita Sidlauskas recorded brilliant wins in the U15 100 metres and hurdles and was narrowly beaten in the 200 metres to finish second. Kathy Worona showed her all-round ability by gaining three places.

Apart from these individual winners the third encouraging feature is that for the first time, St. Albans relay teams began to gain places due to team members practising baton changes diligently prior to the meeting.



## THE RED ROBIN

*The music I hear comes from the bird  
on the pier. He sits on the pier with  
the fishermen so near and whistles the  
tune the fishermen knew. But there the  
men sat with a fish on their laps listening  
to the happy bird sing.*

Marion, 1D.

*What did the three headed monster say to  
the policeman?*

*Hello, Hello, Hello*

Andrew Paulides.

## THE SEA

By Puli Papas.

*A salty bitter taste it is  
which hits against the rocks,  
splashing its foam from every wave  
as it curls under and fades away.  
Underneath this lovely sea  
you'll find a sandy shore,  
Lying there are the shells of pearls  
which glisten as the water whirls.  
Fish are swimming to and fro  
through the salty water they go,  
Passing through the seaweed green  
what a lovely world to live in!*

*Hey big  
brother,  
do you  
believe  
in freedom?*

*Course . . .  
I'm a great  
believer  
in freedom.  
That's good  
'cause your  
ball just  
reached it's  
freedom.  
You show  
me yours  
and I'll  
show you  
mine.*



*I'm a  
perfect  
what  
are  
you?*



## COLOURS

*Black is the colour of wonder,  
White is the colour of peace.  
When I think of Black I think of seeing Adam  
and Eve.*

Serina Gott, Form 1D.

## HOW CHILL IS THE NIGHT

"You're labelled, you know."  
Says the lamp, all aglow —  
Standing on a street corner.  
"Each face you may meet"  
Says the cold, empty street  
"Will be your own reflection."  
From a rooftop above  
comes a jarring "Hey, Luv —  
Don't forget you're one in millions".  
"Time to move along!"  
Is the boom, loud and strong  
directed at me from the clock.  
From a dustbin, nestled snug  
comes a screeching "You Mug!  
Get out of the rat-race, we'n't ya!"  
Rustling paper, blowing by  
on a gust, is heard to cry —  
"Come on, or miss the ride!"  
A paling, yellow moon is heard  
above the sound of noise and word,  
"How long have you been there thus?"  
I look around, and now I see a pinkish dawn come  
up for me.  
Fat grey cats from the alleys crawl;  
Papers have blown against the wall.  
The clock is still about its work.  
At 7 a.m. I feel a jerk.  
I look at the lamp-post, companion of night  
Wondering whither is the glow of light,  
The roof tops are black and moulding and old.  
Suddenly it's chilly: "You'll catch a cold."  
In the dark of the night,  
In the glow of lamplight —  
I have learnt that I am no-one,  
Just one of a race like cats in disgrace  
Chased into empty, cold alleys.

Brigitta, Form 6.



## AN ODE TO THE EASTER BUNNY

Hipperty hopping through the silent night,  
His cotton tail brown in the dawning light.  
His tummy all pained, sick and upset,  
What this bunny needs is a chocolate Lazette.  
To Doctor Do Littles he hops in vain  
With every hop, leaving a stain.  
His little heart throbbing with much despair,  
For he does not think in time he'll be there.  
His poor little head feverish with fear,  
For he knows that the end will soon be near.  
He knocks desperately on that door,  
Only to find Do Little lives there no more.  
Now he sits timid and quiet,  
Easter eggs are of his diet.  
Long in his heart the mem'ry remains,  
All of those hardships, and all those strains.

## IN MEMORIAM

It was with deep regret that all who are connected with St. Albans High School learnt of the sudden death of our Principal, Mr. J. F. McInerney on the 30th of September of this year.

Mr. McInerney was appointed to St. Albans High School in January of 1968. He soon became known to pupils, staff and parents for his willingness to listen and discuss and had the rare quality of seeing and treating people as separate individuals. His ability, not only as an administrator, but also as an outstanding teacher became evident. He delighted in seizing every opportunity to teach in the classroom and always managed to find time to speak to students in the playground. It is not surprising that he quickly gained the confidence and respect of all connected with the school.

On the 14th November 1969, Mr. McInerney suffered a heart attack whilst on duty at school and was forced to rest for a period of six months. He returned to duty at the beginning of April and continued until the last day of Term I. At the beginning of Term II, Mr. McInerney was granted a compassionate transfer to Beaumaris High School in order that his daily travelling time would be shortened. It was whilst returning home from Beaumaris that he suffered a further heart attack which proved fatal.

His work and example in the short time that Mr. McInerney was connected with the school will long be remembered.

The heartfelt sympathy of all is extended to Mrs. McInerney and family.



## COFFEE HOUSE CONCERT

During second term the Art Committee was formed. This Committee was made up of all Mr. McMahon's Art students and anyone else interested in participating. It was the committee's idea to raise funds to buy equipment for Room 26. The president, Chris Stafrace, thought the most enjoyable way to raise these funds was to hold a concert.

All students made suggestions for the setting. The most suitable one was the "Coffee House". All students went to work, practising, testing lights, making scenery. With Mr. McMahon's help two guest artists were supplied for the concert, Margaret Roadknight and John Mathews, as well as regulars — Kathy Achterberg, Chris Stafrace and Anna Cornwell.

On the day of the concert all the cast were stricken with nerves. Many people came to the concert. The setting was a great hit with all the students. The ads were of very high quality and reports from the audience said they really enjoyed the concert.

The Art Committee would like to thank those who attended, Mr. McMahon, Mr. O'Brien and everyone who helped to make it such a success. We really enjoyed it.

*Dina Solon, 4E*









## A NIGHTMARE ON THE DOWNFALL OF CIVILISATION

By Janet MacPherson.

The trees were black; black-black with the desolation of final and hopeless tribulation. Above, the sky stretched, wind-swept and cloud-ragged, reaching endlessly to where black sky and black earth were as one, and faded into nothingness on the distant horizon. I stood — alone — on the summit of a precipice, winds of oblivion sweeping the grotesque countryside beneath me, longely with a lastness more absolute than mere physical being. It was as if a coldness had crept into the innermost recesses of my mind, and the sensation was not nice.

Momentarily the scene created an illusion of unreality, and the only thing of real substance seemed to exude from a heat in my head and a painful sensation originating somewhere behind my eyes. All at once the aura of negativeness about the trees, sky and far-reaching valleys below me disappeared, and a terrifying transformation gripped my eyes.

The sky became illuminated with ugly pinpoints of red and garish green, touched here and there with the purplish shade of a swelling blood vessel. Black trees, wind-whipped into solemn, boring and somehow grotesque forms, took the shape and appearance of human figures, and suddenly they were human: faceless, horrible things, with the movements of dead men and the eyes of zombies.

All around me the ashing of the sky illuminated rocky crags, and standing solitary upon the peaks were other people, not the seated, uniform figures below, but others like me, fatefully fascinated spectators.

The lurid madness of the entire situation terminated in my brain, but it did not register. I watched hypnotised, as the living-dead things below formed, as if in a trance, columns, and began to march in single-file procession towards an abyss which I strangely knew to be bottomless. Eyes fixed, arms fixed, legs only moving in jerky, unflowing steps the forms approached their doom.

It was then that I noticed a gradual metamorphosis in the behaviour of those, who, like me, observed the sinister rites below. One by one, separately, their eyes acquired a glassy quality and their bodies a rigidity. More and more adopted the zombie-like attitudes of the things nearing the abyss beneath the stars, and one after the other my distant companions jerked their bodies into an upright stance and pitched themselves clumsily, drunkenly, over the edge. Their bodies splintered like matchsticks on the ground below but it was like the mere crumbling of an already lifeless flower — the entire act was without importance.

Finally I alone retained my vantage point, and the dead procession below me further approached the perilous precipice. Now they reached the bodies



of my crumpled former companions, and yet did not instantaneously hesitate. The weird shapes trampled over the bodies as if they were not there, and it was then I realised with a frightening flash of awareness, that for the zombie-forms the bodies simply did not exist. The dead men were crushed in the manner of dead leaves.

The abyss grew closer as the zombies walked on, and now their eyes were no longer black, but wide, terrified pools of darkness. The first columns approached the edge and lurched silently into the depths below. Their movements were unhesitant, but the eyes, alike and yet unique, betrayed the terror-gripped state of mind they suffered from. Hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions plunged over the brink as if magnetised. And I watched — alone. Beside the edge of the abyss an ugly, lopsided sign guided them to their inescapable destiny — "Stagnation" it read in glaring colours of red.

I witnessed, silently, almost absent-mindedly, the suicide of the entire population of our world — and all retained the curious detachment which numbed my mind and body. Annihilation's waste spread itself before me, and I didn't bat an eye. Slowly, slowly, and yet with terrifying speed, tribulation came and passed before my eyes.

A wierd crackling exuded from above as the last, hollow-sounding unearthly man's footsteps approached the brink, and I momentarily averted my eyes. The last turned quietly around as he neared his fate, smiling strangely.

Then he beckoned, and at my feet materialised a shining silver slide — curving gracefully down amongst lower tones and ridges to the abyss into which it disappeared.

I gripped the gleaming steel rim and lightly let go. Wheeeeeeeeeeeee . . . . .

## ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWNFALL

*A tranquil fire, remnants of a drowned, black sun,  
prolonged the warmth that faded into darkness to  
be awakened blissfully at oceans' garment end  
embraced by past's black arms and velvet eyes.*

*But will those eyes show reverence at sundown  
and drown the day that signed by death?  
Is that demand of idleness so forceful  
to make her leave life's circle for dream's sake,  
for suns that drowned in darkness?*

*Is there a right?*

*Her hair — outlining invisible waves —  
her eyes — incensed to glow at nightfall —  
left at the entrance of my mountain cave,  
will they wait to walk me to my grave?  
Will she turn the night to memories?*

*Is there a right?*

*Yet, there is time to drown those velvet eyes  
and choked by fire leap into black arms.  
But time makes no decisions. It merely moves  
to light the day of Zarathustra's downfall.*

## AUSTRALIA

*Australia you tire me*

*I hardly dare to hear, to look, to smell, to feel,  
yet I'll waste myself on your abdomen  
which proudly you expose too near the sun,  
Your people are the feathers and pseudo-*

*nationalism is the wax*

*that holds your wings together,  
(How many storms have shifted your sands?)*

*and I can hear you sing your anthem:  
the screaming mediocre wit of children playing  
politics,*

*the cheers for bread and games and amateurishly  
imitating media*

*and I can see your beauty  
that meticulous make-up on your dried-out body:  
you look like you have borne more than a dozen  
children*

*but all you bear are aliens unwanted or unsatisfied  
and a crippled black-faced orphan trampled into  
your sterile dust*

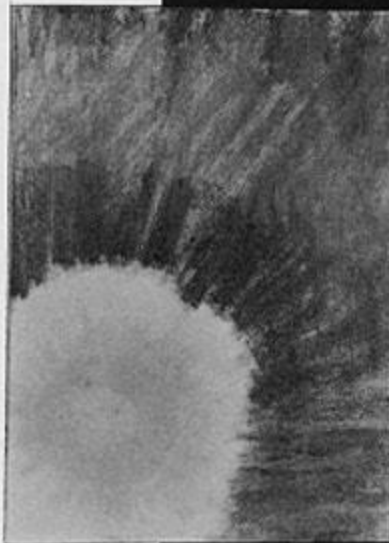
*and I can smell detergent scented supermarkets,  
beer-filled bellies pressed together,  
dog foodstuffed refrigerators*

*electric vomit made in Japan,  
and I must feel a vulgar familiarity  
increasing all-consuming mass ignorance  
heavily throbbing through your checkboard  
suburbs.*

*But fear not AUSTRALIA I will stay quiet  
will be as quiet as second-world-war Germany.*

*I will listen to your propaganda campaigns;  
I will watch your reconstruction;  
I will smell your freshly educated excrements;  
I will feel sick again*

*Oh! GERMANY you tire me . . .*



## HANDS

The age of human hands makes no difference to their potentiality. An act by the hands of an aged person may be slightly slower but the emotion which prompted that action is as spontaneous and potent as in a young person.

Hands do not exist alone; either the passions of the heart or the reasoning of the mind motivate their every physical action. They can respond if the person is alive and sensitive to the stimulus. But only will they respond if the person's inner feelings dictate them to do so and he is willing to do as his feeling dictate. In other words—if the person is willing to let his hands express his emotions. Some do. Many don't. But it is hard to determine who will be the richer. The person who has suppressed his desire to express the emotion of hate through the action of his hands is the richer. But the one who has denied both himself and others of the intensely human responses of loving or giving or sharing is poor and spiritually dead.

Hands must touch things to realize a thing's existence and ascertain their own actuality and the extent or virility of it. The person having an optical illusion reaches out with his hands to try and touch the supposedly tangible form — nothing is stimulated when he does so, hence it does not exist. The intangibility and intense spirituality of love must be expressed and its existence determined through physical contact. The hands here can be soft, caressing — so giving and demanding.

Hands are the expression of so many different emotions, desires and instincts. They are needed for the manifestation of them. Hands can actively create or brutally destroy. They can express longing for human warmth and understanding by reaching out, and other hands can hold and brutally deny such human longings. These are the hands of selfish, unloving people. There are hands that move actively and vigorously or heavy hands that droop like lead. There are hands that belong to physically deformed, but mentally alive people or to physically capable people with spiritually deficient or apathetic minds. There are hands that express urgency, joy, surprise, foreboding and welcoming — all these actions of the hands have been enacted by every person during his or her life — some have posed continually in a giving manner whilst others have spent a lifetime of denial.

Why, one might ask, do these hands continually deny? They are afraid! Afraid of life and of living; of feeling the intense human emotions of which they are capable; afraid of expressing warm human gestures because they think they might appear stupid or 'weak'. Some are purely incapable resulting from deficient environment and upbringing. Their senses are deadened, or rather left undeveloped and this is how they face life.

Hands can at times be the most expressive out of all the human faculties. Each who can physically use them will, but he who has a heart and soul and imagination, will use them to their utmost.

### THE ABORIGINAL MAN

He was one of the oldest stockmen around for miles and he was one of the best. His face was weather worn with deep cut wrinkles. He had acquired the nickname of "Clancy" and was well respected for his ways and means. He was very happy at his job for he loved the out-back and what it stood for. Clancy would awaken as the sun peeped over the horizon shedding its warmth and glory over the already sunburnt country.

Clancy would eat his breakfast at his own pace and then he would get up and start to head towards the stables where his gelding "Smoky" was. They had an understanding for one another. Together they would go out of the homestead and head for some out-fence that had been broken by kangaroos or some other such animal. Clancy and his horse would take their time with fixing the fence and he would come back to the homestead by dusk. He had got a lot slower through the years. He had done this type of work for sixty odd years and Clancy says he will continue until the day that he drops dead in his tracks.

Peter Baranowski, 4D.



## THE TRUTH

The sun sets quickly in the Australian bush, darkness spreading her cloak all silently.

She: Miss Russell our leader stood apart from us; she, like the darkness, was quiet and mysterious too. A tall, well built woman, one who seldom spoke, one who commanded respect from all. We did not like her much; there was no place for her in our group.

After sitting around the campfire for a few hours, we decided to retire. We'd have a long day tomorrow.

A scream penetrated the silence of the night. It had come from the direction of the gorge. We shone our flashlights down into the deep darkness. The light revealed the sight of a mangled body, lying in a dishevelled heap. One girl began to scream; this was no time for hysterics. What to do? Twelve miles to a doctor! Two girls decided to make the trek to the nearest town.

Miss Russell grabbed a rope, tied it securely to a tree, and began to make the descent. What could be going on behind that expressionless face? Is she thinking what I am, that in saving somebody else's life she could lose her own? We waited, hardly bearing the agonizing suspense, as she climbed slowly down, down; She'd made it. Now she was tying the body securely and bringing it up. Sounds of rock falling broke into the silence; we caught our breath. She regained her footing once more and after a while she appeared above the gorge edge.

Willing hands stretched out to take her burden, she gave it up and walked away from us alone.

*June Metheringham. 3C.*



## LEFT

*Love has died.  
No matter how strong,  
How he wanted to kiss me once,  
But me, I'm a fool  
I dare not look at him  
My love is still strong  
I've done it now, it's all gone  
Never again.  
Shall I ignore a boy  
Who tries to express his inner heart.*

*Gabie Murador, 2G.*

*Space is mysterious dark terrifying  
Space is colourful exciting beautiful  
Space is dead motionless dull  
Space is alive, noisy and full of light  
Space is rockets, comets, planetets.  
Space is ME.*

*Mirella. 2G.*









## GERMAN POETRY — GOETHE PRIZE COMPETITION

This year, like many other years before, our School had success in the annual German Poetry competition. Top honours were carried away by Monica Reisch, Form 6, who won one of the senior finalists prizes. The following competitors were granted Honourable Mention Certificates: — Form 6 — Barbara Hartig, Karsten Richter; Form 5 — Gabriele Hagnhofer, Zdenka Pavicic; Form 4 — Gabriele Petersen; Form 3 — Rita Ceresani, Henry Fox, Juliane Guettler, Katarina Kalkbrenner, Karen Moses, Yasna Prem, Gudrun Stroessenreuther and Tamara Szynda.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

In the annual *Inter-School Photography Competition* our School obtained enough points to score within the first dozen out of 72 High and Technical Schools and Colleges. The best result individually was achieved by George Najbert, who was awarded 1st Prize in Section 1B (People) and also given a commendation in Section 4A (Open). Another commendation was obtained by John Brytez in Section 1B. The best prints were displayed in the Northland and Southland Shopping Centres, where prints of other competitors from our school were also on show.

In the Junior Chamber of Commerce "Keep Australia Beautiful" Photo Competition our only entrant was Max Costa. Results of this competition are not known at the time of writing these lines.

There is a strong possibility of having Photography as a subject in Form 5, in 1971. Again at this moment arrangements have not been finalised as yet.

## ST ALBANS HIGH CONCERT

The Art Committee is pleased to say that they are presenting another concert. This time the profit will go to the INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS to the children of war and disaster areas.

As you probably remember, last term we presented the COFFEE HOUSE. Well, this time we have something entirely different, a "picnic barbeg sing a tung style", as well as excerpts from the popular and controversial "HAIR".

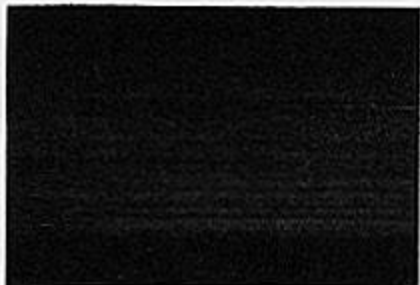
The concert will be on for two nights — the 30th November and 1st December, and the general public will be admitted.

Auditions have taken place and selections made. We are also fortunate in having help of professional artists as well as local High School talent.

Rehearsals are going ahead under the able direction of our art teacher, Mr. McMahon, who we would particularly like to thank for the help and encouragement he is giving us.

Don't forget those two Dates: November 30th and December 1st. It will be an experience that you will never forget.

*Edwina Beighton, AD.*



# IT'S ACADEMIC



## IT'S ACADEMIC

This year a team of three students — M. Paulic, P. Fairbrass and P. Bradilovic of form 4B represented St. Albans High on the television program "It's Academic".

The team was narrowly defeated by a minute number of points (250). This was due to the lack of knowledge of English Monarchs (Vive La Repas-lique!) caused by a loss of a sense of security; on interpretation of negative sign as positive by a well known mathematician and a subconscious feeling that cat is spelt with a "K".

We must not forget that thanks are due to teachers who assisted us, but especially the pupils when the knowledge league was conducted during school classes regardless of whether it being literature or a Phys. Ed. period.

We shall look forward when St. Albans will be represented again next year and will do better.

*Predrag Bradilovic, 4B.*



## JUNIOR FOOTBALL, 1970

The season opened with a good win against Sunshine. Held to level scores at half-time, the side with good team work and at last using the attacking flank broke away in the second half to win 9-62 to 4.6-30. Frank Matthies, the captain, was outstanding and others to do very well were Wayne Whiteoak, Michael Besuick and Roy Cameron.

The second match against Sunbury at the Kings Reserve did not give us much trouble, except in kicking straight. Final scores were St. Albans 13.18-96 to Sunbury 1.0-6. Best were Wayne Whiteoak, Frank Matthies, Brian Lee, Ern Nemeec, and Shane O'Brien.

The next game, also at Kings Reserve in windy conditions with a gale blowing to the pocket at the end, saw St. Albans five goals at quarter-time. We held Braybrook in the second term and with a magnificent burst of football actually out-scored them against the wind in the third quarter — easily our best football of the season, with every man giving his best. However, with a heavy ball we could not score the necessary extra goals in the last quarter when the wind was constantly forcing the ball into the pocket and out of bounds.

To their credit, although the odds looked against them, Braybrook fought us well and held us to win 6.0-36 to St. Albans 4.8-32. Neol Scheurer, our senior Prefect gave a splendid exhibition of umpiring in a difficult game.

Best players were Frank Matthies, Frank Mielke, Shane O'Brien, Brian Lee, Kevin Ellis and Ern Nemeec.

We still had a chance of taking the premiership if we beat Flemington, but frittered away the chances, and, it must be said, received several unsatisfactory goal umpiring decision to go down 5.8-38 to 6.5-41. Best were Matthies, Mielke, Ern Nemeec, Roman Tribus, Brian Lee and Nick Tantsis.

In the last match against Sunshine West, at that school, which provided excellent hospitality, the team played very well throughout to win 13.15-93 to 5.3-33. Best were Matthies, a fine game to end a wonderful season; Roman Tribus, Shane O'Brien, Nick Tantsis, Ern Nemeec, Angie Tantsis in a very good and even side.

The team played as a team and were well led by a captain who gave all for his side. They might have practised harder together, but on the whole training was satisfactory. That is the time when premierships and championships are prepared and clinched. Our football sometimes lacked finish and precision despite the splendid play of best and fairest, Frank Matthies (Captain); second Ern Nemeec; and third Shane O'Brien.

Best at training and most consistent: Nick Tantsis and Frank Mielke.

Other team members were Roman Tribus, Angie Tantsis, Jo Montalka, John Glavanek, Ted Charewick, Dale Smith, Garry Chatterton, Kevin Ellis, Michael Beswick, Brian Lee, Roy Cameron, Wayne Whiteoak, Sach Simic, and Peter Vanek. All of these players played a valuable part in the team's prowess.

Seconds: Only one seconds game was played, against Flemington, for which we were grateful, but we lost.

The team was:

B: Jo Nemeec, Wayne Hardy, Philip Judd.  
H-B: Dirk Smith, Richard de Lisle, Louis Imre,  
C: John Roth, George Balanikus, Howard Pringle.  
H-F: Charles Courtney, Bill Isingos, Alec Stojkovic.  
F: Fred Full, Stephen Millichamp, Geoff Warr.  
R: David Ferguson, Frank Offer, John Sheridan.  
19th: Slawko Katerina

## SPORT

The most promising long distance runner, in years to come, is Jeff War, a form 1 student. Jeff entered in the Under 16, 1500 meters, during the Form Sports. We all hope to see Jeff run every year. Good luck Jeff!

*A Jeff Fan.*

## JUNIOR SOCCER

The first two games the school played against Sunshine High and Sunbury High, the junior soccer won by a walk-over because of Sunshine and Sunbury having no teams.

But the third game against Braybrook H.S. won quite easily with an eleven nil victory.

And again in the fourth game another easy win — scoring thirteen nil — defeating Flemington to go on to play Sunshine West. Then to have our toughest match; half-way through the first half, Captain Joe Galea, with the help of team mates David Abela, Ray Beilla and all the rest broke through to score the one and only goal in the match. Desperate to score his twentieth goal, Joe marched onto the field to play Altona for the Pennant, which we won nine to one. Congratulating Altona for scoring the only goal against us, and Joe for scoring his twenty third goal.

Now (although we have our doubts), we may be going to South Australia with Sunshine West's Seniors to play a few teams around there. Our honourable trainer, Mr. Naish, may put our picture in the soccer paper, 'Junior Soccer News'.

*Junior Soccer Player.*



Senior Baseball Captain, Wolfgang, T. (Prefect)

The average runs were: 30-31 runs

1. University High	Lost.
1. Nobel Park High	Won.
3. Donval High	Won.
4. Flemington High	Won.
5. Western Division High	Won.

**MICHAEL CLARKE, 3A — Trainer and Captain of Basketball Team.**

St. Albans High vs. Sunshine High — St. Albans lost against Sunshine.

St. Albans High vs. Sunbury High — St. Albans won against Sunbury.

St. Albans High vs. Braybrook High — St. Albans lost against Braybrook.

St. Albans High vs. Flemington High — St. Albans won against Flemington.

St. Albans High vs. Sunshine West — St. Albans lost against Sunshine West.

Scores are not known.

Best Players: Noel Polurd, Andred Stuart, Michael Clarke.

Michael Clarke was unable to attend the match against Sunshine West, for he was sick.

**SPORTS REPORT**

Here is some sports ..... sports

Here is some sports ..... sports

I'm reporting on ..... sports

Here is some sports ..... sports

What on Earth is sports .....

Who am I? What am I? Where am I? Am I really me??

Eve Gatt.

One formless shape grips another formless shape  
and both imagine they can hold such a mist.  
Each dew-drop melts before it is caught  
or within reach  
it cannot even be seen;  
how can it be felt?

And yet they reach out with non-existent hands  
groping and fumbling like ones intoxicated;  
their whole lives to catch the uncatchable,  
hold that which by its very nature cannot be  
held,  
translate everything into physical realities.

### FOOLS, FOOLS, FOOLS

forever groping with unrealities that deny you,  
frustrate you and inevitably make you close like  
a clamp  
never to be reached or touched or roused again.  
You say you have expended your energies.

### FOOLS!

The secret is not to catch,  
not to define,  
but expend your energies letting it be.  
Everybody cried fool, fool, fool  
but what now my love?  
Shall we let it be  
or sing ce la vie?  
NO!  
Let's scream about the elusive butterfly  
or catch the wind  
or better still  
'Mumma told me not to come'  
and then laugh and look in reflecting mirrors  
that echo our own stupidity.

Barbara Zubert, Form 6.

### A CHILD'S DISCOVERY

A child confronted by a mirror for the first time—  
a strange little image is presented  
and almost immediately rejected.

A frown covers his little puzzled face:

'Surely I must be bigger than that?' he reflected  
almost calling the mirror a liar.

'I must be bigger than THAT!'

The thought persisted and rightly  
for had he not yesterday possessed such a huge  
grief

over the death of his kitten?

Had he not hated his mother so entirely so  
momentarily

that he thought he would crack?

Then felt a love, so overwhelming for his frame  
that he knew not where to run or what to touch?  
Or felt such brutal humiliation when he stumbled  
before the girl, he was so childishly fond of?

WHERE IS ALL THAT PART OF ME?

He resolved that the mirror lied  
and ran to discover and explore that large part of  
him for himself,  
muttering indignantly 'What ridiculous things them  
mirrors is!'

Barbara Zybert, Form 6.



## PEACE

The dew drop slithered off the clover green  
and grey.

The morning lies so still at the break of day.

As the world unfolds her peace,

The little brook now shall cease;

The animals all hibernate,

For the summer they do wait.

As the winter is coming on,

the land of peace will journey on.

By Sonia, 2D.

## MY GREEN HOME

Sweet is the smell of my green home.

Mountains and valleys, where I may roam,

And through our pasture there is a brook,

In a tiny little nook.

Large gum trees growing tall and moss has made  
lush green walls.

Wild flowers are smelling sweet,

With pastures, and pastures of ripe golden wheat.

By Carol, 2D.

## WAR

Two men at war,

Can be a fear shedding sight,

One can go silly,

From this terrible fright,

The guns that can fly,

Come out of the blue,

Many did die —

from the bombs that just flew.

Theo. J. P. Zweers. Form 3C.

## SCHOOL

We come to school every day

Rain or shine or drizzle

Don't think we're good and come voluntary

We have our occasional grizzle.

Attending is a must though I'm afraid

Or no one would turn up at all

We only come because we're made

We don't come to have a ball.

## DOCTOR

A doctor stumbled in a well,

And broke his collar bone,

Dear Doctor you should tend to the sick

And leave the well alone.



"APPARITION - BLOOD."

## A TEENAGER

Bip Rogers is a boy aged eighteen. He is a perfect example of today's so-called "Wild Youth".

The most striking thing about him is his long blonde hair which never seems to be washed or combed, deep penetrating blue eyes that go right through you, if he looks at you, and a long, stringy body that you nearly mistake for a light pole.

Bip takes part in nearly all the public demonstrations and uses his long thin arms and hands to hold up boards and placards with his thoughts and views written on them. Many times he has been dragged away by police still yelling his demands and protests out of his, strangely enough, small, thin mouth.

If you walk behind him down the street, it is like following a giraffe, his long arms dangling and his legs outstretched, walking in a strange manner. He often says "Hello" to me with a soft voice, but I know that voice would, and can be louder than anyone's I know.

His clothes are very sloppy and careless. He has money and does work, but spends carelessly on things that are of no use and have no value. But really, if you think about Bip, he is no different from anyone else. He has found a way to live with no ties, a way to show feelings and thoughts and most important of all he has found himself.

Enthralled by imaginative noises in my mind, I woke up tired but willing to manoeuvre myself out of my comfortable bed into the warmth of the kitchen. Forcing myself to react to the time that was shown on the alarm clock, I heaved on my school clothes and stumbled out to the cool, misty air that awaited me.

The sky made me shudder as a nimbus cloud floated over, ready to discolour the clouds and change the whole morning into a disastrous shower. I hurried along, staring at all the puddles of water which glistened so much that it reminded me of a cluster of pearls.

The sound of traffic was constant and I felt the pitter-patter of raindrops drop lightly onto my fingers. I wandered adrift, not wanting to think about the occasional occurrences of relieving someone else when he came out terrified, after receiving the punishment that seemed appalling to me from the headmaster.

The cacophony aroused me out of my day-dream as I shoved and hovered my feet to their destination. Inclined to turn back, I changed my thoughts, and I kept on going to the grey school-buildings which seemed to me a worthless creation. The odour of the sweet air and the scent of the frosted glass cleared my diluted mind which so dearly wanted to lay on the extravagant pillow.

The dirty, cracked footpaths appeared so that the distance of them would go on forever, but at last, I was almost there.

## POLLUTION

### Solution of the problem

Because there are many different sources of pollution there have to be also many different methods of getting rid of it. But before we can really get rid of pollution all people must unite in doing so. It is no good if people are told not to dump rubbish in rivers, lakes or oceans, and only a minority of the people obey this command. Cars cause a great part of the air pollution, and in some cities, such as Tokyo, bringing cars into the city on certain days is not allowed. This is a good idea but not the best one. All the pollution that is not brought into the city on those particular days, will be brought there during the other days.

An important solution to the problem would be using some different sources of power such as electricity for cars and industry instead of using coal and oil. Of course it will take some time before we will be able to use this new kind of power and in the meantime we must keep pollution as low as possible. In other words we must not dump our rubbish in the rivers or leave them in the open: no sewerage pipes should be connected into rivers, etc. If we all would unite in preventing pollution, great things could be achieved.

Simo, 4B.

## THE OUTCAST

*I am but, human,  
I believe in God!  
I work hard,  
But they treat me like a dog!  
Why am I so different,  
Is it the colour of my skin?  
Or something else?  
Or just their hate within?  
What is there against me?  
I did them no wrong.  
I slaved for them in the beginning;  
Now, nowhere I belong..  
Give me no work,  
Talk to me not.  
Fight me with slogans  
And all the other things they've got  
Was this God's way  
To fight the poor black . . .  
Or something in their minds,  
That they somehow lack?*

Tamara Szynda, 3B.

## SOMETHING FISHY!!!

THE NAME OF A FISH OR SEA CREATURE IS  
HIDDEN IN EACH  
OF THE SENTENCES BELOW.

The stars twinkle at night-time.  
When it is School-time, teacher rings a bell.  
Brazilis, Almonds and Hazels are nuts we enjoy:  
The boy's terrier bit me.  
She shows off her ring to everyone she meets.

e.g.  
Linda could always skip perfectly.

ANSWER — KIPPER.

George Petrik, 3B.

The cold wind blows  
The tall trees move swiftly with the wind.  
The tadpoles swim carefree in the watertank;  
Everything is quiet, apart from the wind that blows  
between the trees and breaks the silence.  
Standing on a rock you could see nothing, the  
mist hides it all.  
In the distance the mist moves swiftly with the  
cold wind;

And everything is peaceful.

Everything was free.

The more we looked around the more we loved and  
enjoyed it.

Even with the cold, everything was beautiful;

Everything that surrounded us faded away in the  
distance.

Vicky Gauci, Form 5.

When the moon is full and the stray dog growls  
And the cats meow and the burglar prowls.  
When the barn owl hoots and the clock strikes  
twelve;

And it is so dark you are scared of your self.

This is the time of the bewitching hour.

And there's the witch that flies above the tower

You're soon to realise the end is near.

But right then you begin to hear

Your mother calling wake up dear.

Gary Vines, Form 1D.

## THE BUGLE

Once stained with the blood of the battle field  
Now polished and in the place of honour.

In all reverent glory of the past.

Forgotten, loathsome to remember.

Devastation.

How sharply the word brings to mind the war torn  
country,

from which so many marched proudly into battle;  
fought for the truth they saw and died for believing  
in this truth,

heroes perhaps for the day.

Forgotten the next,

J. Metheringham, Form 3C.





## A GRADE DEBATING

St. Albans have an enviable record of success in the school Debating Competition. Since entering the competition in 1967, the school has never failed to be represented in the Grand Finals and until 1970, has been Champion School in one or more of the four grades. In 1969, for example, teams from A, B and C grades competed in the grand finals, with the A graders becoming the school's first champion team in that division. It is no mean feat for a school to be so consistently successful in a debating competition open to all schools in the metropolitan area.

It is unfortunate that in 1970, the A grade debaters were not able to retain the shield won by their predecessors in 1969. In the grand final they were narrowly defeated by De La Salle C.B.C. in a closely fought contest in which the adjudicator's final decision was decidedly controversial. To reach the grand final the team had an unbroken string of victories to their credit, and it is felt that several of the teams, defeated convincingly in earlier rounds, were superior to the team which ultimately defeated them.

Those who saw the team perform throughout the year will agree that they never failed to debate entertainingly and exuberantly, and it is to the credit of the school that they were usually supported by an enthusiastic audience of St. Albans students. But most credit, of course, is due to the team members themselves and to those directly associated with the team. As third speaker in all six debates Monica Reisch was consistently excellent, always able to drive the debate to its inevitable conclusion with devastating rebuttal. As secretary of the team she was also responsible for many organizational matters. Val Pop was in four debates, including the finals, chiefly as a spell-binding second speaker. Both Val and Monica are, this year, concluding four years of school debating, having participated in four grand finals and twice being members of championship teams.

A mainstay of the team was Zorica Bradilovich recruited from the B Grade team. As first or second speaker in the five debates, including the finals, Zorica was always most persuasive. Last year a member of the C grade grand final team, her performances have been all the more creditable for her having made the big jump in standard from C to A grade with apparent ease. Her experience this year should be invaluable to next year's A grade team and we can look forward to seeing more good debating at this level in 1971.

Although Monica, Zorica and Val were the backbone of A grade debating invaluable assistance came from Neli Pryslicki in two debates and Barbara Hartig in one. Neli was also chairwoman on two occasions, a task which she performed with the same calm assurance she brought to her debating. Other assistance came from John Attard and Karsten Richter as chairman and Barbara

Zybert and Jenny Uscinas for supper arrangements. Mr. Gough held the distinguished position of Chief Inventor of Evidence and Quotations and Assistant Chauffeur. Many debates contained well-known facts and well-documented evidence that he had personally fabricated. Mrs. Westcott is also to be thanked for her co-ordinating duties, necessitating many phone calls on the teams behalf. Overall the A-grade team had a successful year and it is hoped that, despite the lack of championship teams in the school in 1970, the debating will continue to be a strong point of St. Albans High School.

## D-GRADE DEBATING REPORT

This year the D-Grade Debating team comprised six debaters: Rita Sidlauskas, June Metheringham, George Petric, Lynette Harvey, Stephen Jansen, and Paul Vadasz.

All contributed enormously to a great team effort gaining five out of a possible eight points, almost getting into the finals. Our first debate was a loss. The topic — "That the Monarchy in Australia is Outdated."

The second and third debates were wins. The topics, "That women should be liable for National Service" and that "The press should be totally free" respectively.

The final debate was "That private motor vehicles should be banned from the city area." This was drawn.

Though I mentioned it was a team effort, several stood out such as Rita Sidlauskas and Lynette Harvey. Both did a tremendous amount of work. Your help is greatly appreciated Rita and Lynette!

I would also like to congratulate the rest of the team for their fine effort and enthusiasm during the year, and I would like to thank Mr. MacLeish for his expert coaching.

Paul Vadasz, 3E.

## AVLON 3 STUDIES

1. The valley lay suspended vastly within the silent mists of endless time, strange and somnolent, steeped in a sleeping conscience somehow sustained under a void of non-existence. Cached away in the very vortex of living life the valley slept with a deathlessness more aware than mere vigilance; lightless and yet brilliant with shadows; dead — yet with a living, breathing, breathless wonder.

2. Mountains reared, stark and rugged, to where rambling foothills merged into a monotonous grey-green blur on the horizon beyond. Below, the peaks and ridges faded away into the gentler haze of the valleys beneath them, and a mist hung soft and clinging in the depth they formed. Interminate and weirdly unapproachable they beckoned with all the seductiveness of the unknown. An indefinable aura of something, somewhere lost, cloaked the valley in a strange forgottenness, and the twisted and wind-tossed outlines of distorted trees seemed somehow merely half asleep, almost as if some age-old race of warriors slept in a trance of semi-wakefulness — watching, waiting. . . .

3. A grey, ghostly dusk enveloped the bush as the twilight descended, a twilight of noiseless rustlings and deepening shadows. The faraway unearthly plaint of a mopoke echoed weirdly amongst the ghost gums and the possum's hour approached. Gradually, the thousand and one counces of the bush diminished until a blend of water music and the silent pattering of shy bush creatures alone disturbed the serenity. Two unsubstantial shadows flitted noiselessly amongst the crippled tree-shapes as the kangaroos rhythmically bounded down to drink at the water's edge, and the possum's hour grew nearer. The kangaroos hopped away again sending the black shadows leaping grotesquely — and all at once the rustling breeze, and misty half-light of the possum's hour arose. Countless shy, semi-visible forms crept slowly, rustling from amongst the leaves to frolic soundlessly through the bush and momentarily for an instant in time, past and present, life and death. An aura of tranquility and ultimate destiny created a real substance for one moment, and the bush watched and waited for something that did not come. Then the indefinable was no longer there, the moment was lost, and the possums gone.

Slowly the point of light dwindled to a tiny insignificant speck among the myriads of stars. With a last glittering, jewel-like flash, the spacecraft receded into the distance, beyond vision.

Two figures stood silently on a little rise, staring upward as the craft disappeared into the black impenetrable void.

"Well, there they go Simon," said one of them.

"Yes," said the other with a deep thoughtful sigh, "I wonder if we shall ever see them again."

"Why do you talk like that?"

"You know well Leonard. No one has ever ventured so far. Who knows what they may find?"

"Well, they'll go down in history anyway," said Leonard, "as valiant and courageous explorers."

There was a long silence. The wind blew noisily, howling in the trees, and the dead night closed in. The only light was the twinkling of the tiny stars, unblinking, inextinguishable. How many others had once looked out from this same spot and marvelled at the same wonder. Each star, a tiny light globe, sending out its own light ceaselessly, making up a giant chandelier that was the universe. Leonard and Simon stood there for some time admiring the view.

Shortly Simon spoke: "Do you think they'll find life?"

"Hmm?" mumbled Leonard inaudibly, lost in the middle of a deep thought.

"Do you think they'll find life?" repeated the other.

Leonard looked long and hard at Simon and it seemed to him that the wind blew harder and the night deepened like an impenetrable fog. He stood there transfixed, staring at the other. Then he laughed. A long clear laugh which rang as if echoing in a valley, and the wind died, and the envelope of blackness seemed to thin.

"You believe all that rot about extra-terrestrial life? All they'll find is a lot of empty planets. Some of them could be habitable; for us that is. But at the most I expect they'll find some new mineral or perhaps primitive plant life."

"Yes," admitted Simon wearily, "I suppose you're right. We've proven already by spectrographic analysis that no other life exists in the universe. But still, I like to think that they might find something out there," he said pointing up toward the twinkling stars.

"Bah!" said Leonard, "bug-eyed monsters! There's no such varmints!"

"We better be getting back, it's late," said Simon, "Look at the time!"

Slowly the two made their way down the hillside chatting idly to each other as they went, their scaled claws casually in their pockets. Their long, slender antennae glittering in the starlight, as they strolled along on their six furry legs.

## SUNSHINE JUNIOR COUNCIL

This year was the first for the Sunshine Junior Council, the brainchild of Councillor Parsons.

You may well ask what it, and of what use is the Junior Council. The Council is composed of two representatives — a Councillor and a secretary from each secondary school in the City of Sunshine, of which our representatives are Predrag Bradilovic and Helen Keller of 4B.

Each Councillor has been handed a portfolio of business which he or she is answerable to for ideas and answers relating to it, but Councillors are still able to give suggestions on other portfolios.

These portfolios are to be rotated each year to give each school a thorough understanding of each aspect of the workings of the local government.

The portfolio designated to St. Albans High representatives was the portfolio for library and I am happy to announce the commencement of a mobile book service in St. Albans before the end of this year for persons unable to attend the main library in Sunshine.

The other aspects of the work of the Junior Council is to put forward suggestions and problems of students to the Senior Council. This can only be done if an effective S.R.C. exists and there is a constant supply of new ideas passed from S.R.C. to representatives of the Council, for they have not an enormous knowledge of problems and ideas that each of us have.

In conclusion, for if the Junior Council is to run effectively, i.e., to do the best for each and every one of us, it must have the support of letting someone else fix this dump! It is imperative for everyone to help!

*Predrag Bradilovic, 4B.*



## EMU BOTTOM

A funny name, but for a logical reason: when George Evans first arrived there, 2 miles off Sunbury, there were a lot of emus around. Thus the first part, "Emu", and where he decided to build his farm house was in the bottom of a valley — thus "Emu Bottom".

The farm buildings consist of the house, cow shed, horse stables, and the smith's shop. The house has a kitchen, 2 bedrooms, a study and a school room. The furniture in the house is not original, except for some toys and some bottles, the rest are copies of what the owner thought they might have looked like.

3B went to see "Emu Bottom", mainly for history, but some went for home economics. When our buses first got there we all got off, went across a bridge made of logs, then to the house where everybody was split into 3 groups so that it would be easier for the people there to show us around. After our tour, Mrs. Baker, Mr. McMahon and Mrs. Geisner, some of my friends and I decided to tackle a hill where there was supposed to be a tree which the aborigines got their bark from. We found quite a few, fitting the description. The teachers were tired so we decided to leave them sitting on some stumps and went over the next hill. When we got there the view we had of both sides made it all worthwhile. Over the side we climbed to see; we could see some sheep grazing and a pond for them to drink from, but it was a really peaceful scene. Looking over to the other side we could see the farm as a little building. Although we hated to leave, we had to because we didn't want to miss out on the scones that were being made in the old-fashioned open-fire stove.

Our way down only took us 5 minutes whereas it took us about half an hour to get there. We came in time for a scone, then went back to the bus to have our lunch. After resting for a while we were on our way home.

*By Lila Sawko.*



**STOP PRESS:  
FROM THE FILES OF THE  
MAGAZINE COMMITTEE  
ANOTHER AMAZING FIND.**

St. Albans High School is renowned for dabbling in certain areas of political activity.

Especially at 5th form level, where after studying Caesar for a year we have concluded that a conspiracy is what the government needs.

We have conscripted certain personnel of the staff:

Mr. Alcorn — Direction of all operations. With help from some willing 4th form students, with the aim of getting their names in next year's Asian history exams.

Mr. Shaw — Planning methods of attack and safe cracking. Aim: to become a government employed safe cracker.

Mr. Graham — Reader in politics and self appointed censor of all subversive historical literature. Aim: to discover how India's Mahatma Gandhi controlled his wives.

Mr. Geoff — Biological warfare expert, and keen reader of Marshal McLuhan. Aim: to buy a new Renault at half price and drag off Mr. Webster around the biology room.

These key personnel are highly qualified in their separate fields and are capable of organising another moratorium.

The students involved in political agitation are: Peter Ankravas — Known to be active mainly at night with certain of the innocent fair sex. Aim: to convert them. Fate: Neil Douglas takes over.

John Britz — Known to walk into a camera store empty handed and walk out with certain photographic equipment — files show that he works late at nights near pubs. Aim: to print subversive photos. Fate: accomplished bludger.

The female members are mainly concerned with giving support moral otherwise to their male counterparts. Several of the females borrow literature permanently to further the movement.

Political activities could not be cultivated if it were not for our own St. Albans High "Systems Analyst" Jimmy ..... who has developed a unique punting system. Aim: To disprove the theory of probability.

All of these people make the ranks which are so strong in the school. You never know, Sir Henry might turn to St. Albans High for help.

The editors and authors are in no way responsible for the above mentioned comments, and all abuse should be directed towards the CIA who supplied the information.



## ROLL ALL STRIKES INTO ONE

SIR,—I remember reading a suggestion that some of our public holidays be changed to celebrate events more meaningful to the Australians of today.

Why not have a National Strike Day? Economists tell us that we lose great sums of money during every strike. If we had only one general strike every year, think how much money would be saved!

The poor underpaid workers need not have to lose so much money during their strikes in support of wage claims, and we would only have to suffer power and transport cuts once a year. To compensate for this severe restriction of strikes, National Strike Day could coincide with Comrade Hawke's birthday.

Also, if the police went on strike, the Students for a Democratic Society would have a chance to hurl all the bricks they liked into the house and factory windows, and to take advantage of all their other democratic rights.

Surely one day of nation wide strikes would pay off in the long run. It might not mean so many long weekends for SEC workers, but at least it might save people from protesting about the high cost of living.

MARIA DOBES.

**FORM 1A**

AUKSZTYLWICZ, Jutta  
 BOSNIC, Nina  
 CHATTERTON, Cheryl  
 COULSON, Myra  
 CZAIKOWSKI, Rosamaria  
 DEBEVC, Marja  
 FOX, Beate  
 GALEA, Jennifer  
 GRANDY, Lynette  
 GROSS, Anna  
 HARTNER, Mira  
 KORN, Elizabeth  
 LOVELOCK, Christine  
 McLEOD, Patricia  
 PLESS, Monika  
 RICHARDSON, Lynne  
 SKELLY, Janice  
 SPEARMAN, Josephine  
 STANLEY, Gail  
 STEINBERG, Ruth  
 SVENT, Roslyn  
 TAYLOR, Leslie  
 TSALDARIS, Mary  
 VAN SCHUBERT, Anna  
 BRIGGS, Anthony  
 CHITSOS, Dimitri  
 GUILLAUMIER, Raymond  
 HOFFMANN, Michael  
 PETERSON, Peter  
 POLLARD, Noel  
 RANCEV, Sergio  
 ROTH, John  
 SHORT, John  
 TANTISIS, Evangelo  
 TKALCEVIC, Nedelko  
 WARR, Geoffrey

**FORM 1B**

BUTLER, Debra  
 DAGYS, Vilis  
 FARRUGIA, Catherine  
 GEORGIADIS, Stella  
 GOODIE, Sandra  
 HAINES, Julie  
 HALLAM, Susan  
 HONIG, Annette  
 KLASZYNSKI, Marlies  
 KODERMAC, Rozana  
 KORN, Georgina  
 KOUROUCLIDIS, Julie  
 MITLASZEWSKI, Helen  
 NICOLETTI, Nadia  
 OLINGA, Hilda  
 PANOUTSOPoulos,  
 Alexandra  
 PUMPLE, Elizabeth  
 SPYNER, Jean  
 SPOFFISWOOD, Rhonda  
 STOTT, Monika  
 TAMMILEHTO, Sirpa  
 VIVODA, Vanda  
 WILLIAMS, Gwen  
 ATTRILL, Ross  
 BONNICI, David  
 CILIA, Raymond  
 IOULANKIS, George  
 COURTNEY, Charles  
 ILLIS, Kevin  
 KILWANIC, John  
 GOREFNE, Gregory  
 SMITH, Ronald  
 WOODWARD, Leslie  
 ZEHMEISTER, David

**FORM 1C**

BANDIOS, Fitzsimon  
 BAVINIK, Erika  
 GAMILLETTI, Janet  
 DARMANIN, Maryanne  
 DEBROWSAK, Margaret  
 DOHMEN, Marion  
 GIBSON, Anne  
 HARDMAN, Kerry  
 HUELL, Shirley  
 KOWENZOWSKI, Margaret  
 LADEN, Kristine  
 LEPOLD, Mary  
 MCGREGOR, Sandra  
 NOETZEL, Helke  
 PAPALEO, Carmel  
 PICKETT, Christine  
 PUALIK, Vera  
 RICHTER, Loreita  
 RONIC, Carla  
 VELLA, Anna  
 WOLFA, Hilda  
 BONNICI, Brian  
 HARRIMAN, Stephen  
 KORZENIEWSKI, Peter

MARTIN, Raymond  
 MATE, Steven  
 MICHAELIDOU, Peter  
 OFFER, Frank  
 PATTAK, Mario  
 SAMIUT, Michael  
 SMITH, Dale  
 SMOLVIC, Ivan  
 TSINGOS, Vasilios  
 WATKINS, Robert

**FORM 1D**

BRUNDELL, Erika  
 DEALY, Janet  
 DIMECHE, Gerry  
 DI PAOLA, Antonetta  
 DONALDSON, Susan  
 FALISE, Chantal  
 FILIPOU, Maria  
 GATT, Serina  
 KARPIK, Maria  
 KOLENDOWSKI, Sonya  
 LAKE, Judith  
 LOS, Mary  
 SACCO, Maryanne  
 SMITH, Linda  
 SOWERBY, Elaine  
 SPITERI, Rita  
 STORACE, Jennifer  
 SUSEC, Maria  
 TANSIK, Maria  
 TANTI, Mary  
 VUJOVIC, Milika  
 WALL, Susan  
 ZARR, Marlene  
 ATTARD, Martin  
 AXIAK, Charles  
 BECKMAN, Kayster  
 KATARYNA, Slowko  
 NEMEC, Joseph  
 PAVLIDES, Andrew  
 SHERIDAN, John  
 VANEK, Peter  
 WILLIAMS, Keith  
 ZEFIGURS, Simicy  
 YOUNG, John

**FORM 1E**

ANKRAYS, Glenda  
 ASTACHIW, Anna  
 BARRIGOS, Rose  
 BESTWICK, Judith  
 BERTANI, Patricia  
 BIEDRON, Helen  
 GANGUR, Janice  
 GRIXITI, Maryanne  
 KOUNADIS, Georgia  
 MERCIECA, Doris  
 MCGREAY, Julia  
 MCKENZIE, Janice  
 MIKALJECIK, Monika  
 NAGEL, Cheryl  
 PARK, Sandra  
 PAPASTRATIS, Mary  
 ROSSI, Marina  
 RUDY, Helen  
 SINCLAIR, Debra  
 VOLKOV, Ekana  
 VAN ROOY, Wendy  
 WRIGHT, Pamela  
 ZERAVA, Rita  
 BURNS, Colin  
 CLERAL, Steven  
 GARUGGIA, Godrich  
 IMRE, Louis  
 JUDD, Phillip  
 KIATOS, Dimitrios  
 KUETELAITS, Roman  
 LOBCZUK, Wally  
 MEDINA, Emanuel  
 PUALIC, Paul  
 REBSTADT, Ronald

**FORM 2A**

ALEXANDROV, Christine  
 ANEDDA, Rosemarie  
 APAP, Sandra  
 BACHNIK, Teresa  
 BALAZS, Elizabeth  
 BANDIOS, Ethina  
 BAXTER, Linda  
 BLAEV, Maria  
 BLAZINA, Maryanne  
 BRANECKI, Angela  
 BROADWAY, Heather  
 BUZEK, Bozenka  
 CARUANA, Mary  
 CHARLES, Julie  
 CHATTERTON, Debra  
 COLGAN, Eileen  
 DAMROW, Remate

DOBSON, Vicki  
 DONOV, Brian  
 DWORZYNSKI, Krystina  
 ZABIEGLIK, Wanda  
 ZACHAREWICZ, Barbara  
 ZINKO, Stefanie  
 ABELA, David  
 ANASTASIADIS, Las  
 ANTONIUK, George  
 BECHMANN, Harry  
 BEHWICK, Michael  
 BILLOUS, Victor  
 BLUM, Werner  
 BUINOWICZ, Edward  
 CHETCUTI, David  
 CHAREWICZ, Teddy  
 CINI, John  
 COULSON, David  
 GIOVANAKIS, Danny  
 JPLEPIS, Janis  
 SIMIC, Sasha  
 ZEHMEISTER, Andrew

**FORM 2B**

FARRUGIA, Maryanne  
 GALEA, Vivienne  
 GEISNER, Eve  
 GENZ, Ramona  
 GRECH, Connie  
 HAASE, Cornelia  
 HADJIANANDIS, Anna  
 HARDMAN, Kathleen  
 HAYNES, Elizabeth  
 HOLMES, Maria  
 HUMPHREY, Elizabeth  
 IZAK, Julia  
 JACKHAN, Jennifer  
 JAKOB, Rosemary  
 KALINOWSKI, Maria  
 KANE, Helen  
 KESSELOU, Christina  
 KONIKOS, Mary  
 KURTZ, Lorna  
 LOMBARDI, Eva  
 SMETAK, Liba  
 SVENT, Maria  
 VAN MANNEN, Geetha  
 DELISLE, Richard  
 DIMOPOULOS, Con  
 DURIK, Andrew  
 EVANS, Andrew  
 FERGUSON, David  
 GIBSON, Michael  
 HERCELINSKI, Roman  
 IVANCIC, Stanko  
 IOHANSEN, Colin  
 JOVIC, Ivan  
 KACZMAREK, Chester  
 KASSER, Raymond  
 KLASZYNSKI, Mario  
 KOLODZIEJCZYK, Tony  
 MIKULA, Miroslav  
 VEG, Josef

**FORM 2C**

ASTON, Grace  
 KRANJEC, Maria  
 LEOPOLD, Jutta  
 MAKEI, Haina  
 MANDERSON, Debbie  
 MARTIN, Leonic  
 MATAIC, Lilly  
 McDADE, Robin  
 MEDDINGS, Jennifer  
 MEISSNER, Sharon  
 MERCIECA, Carmen  
 MESZAROS, Agnes  
 MURPHY, Noeline  
 NEELAND, Margaret  
 OLIVERI, Rosanna  
 O'SHEA, Mayo  
 PANAGIOTOU, Georgina  
 PAPALEO, Rose  
 PARSONS, Rebecca  
 PETER, Heather  
 PINCOMBE, Judy  
 ROBB, Stephanie  
 SIMITZI, Helina  
 ZAMMIT, Morris  
 CALLUS, Raymond  
 LEE, Brian  
 LUKIC, Rodney  
 MAKAREWICZ, Andrey  
 MATIJEVIC, Zeljko  
 MATTHIES, Frank  
 MIELKE, Frank  
 MILLARDSHIP, Ian  
 MILLICHAMP, Stephen  
 MULLER, Walter  
 NEMEC, Ernest  
 O'BRIEN, Shane  
 PACUNSKIS, George

FENHALL, Timothy  
 PREM, Hans

**FORM 2D**

FEUERABEND, Viola  
 KAREN, Sylvana  
 LEBAR, Svetlana  
 LIASSO, Lily  
 MERZEL, Lily  
 PULIKOWSKI, Sonia  
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 RADENSTEINER, Melitta  
 ROJEK, Maria  
 RYHANE, Merja  
 SCHRECK, Sonia  
 SIMPSON, Daphne  
 SKRYPEC, Rosemarie  
 STAGNO, Mary  
 STAVRIUS, Katerina  
 STROESSENREUTHER, Sibylle  
 SZIGETI, Erika  
 TRATTER, Doris  
 TRIFKOVIC, Vera  
 VELLA, Joan  
 VIDOVIC, Violet  
 WEBB, Carol  
 WEBB, Karen  
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 ZAMMIT, Margaret  
 ZAHORIANSKI, Olga  
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 ROZCYKI, Eddie  
 SCHWABE, Holger  
 SKRUZNY, Gary  
 SKOHOBOGATY, Valentine  
 STIHWART, Andrew  
 STIRUK, Nicky  
 STOJKOVIC, Alex  
 SZARF, Henry  
 THOMPSON, Robert  
 TOULROTOS, George  
 TRYBUS, Roman  
 WHITEOAK, Waydo

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 ANDRUSIUK, Anna  
 BUCKLEY, Janet  
 BYSTRICKY, Helen  
 CAMILLERI, Georgina  
 CAROAKIS, Helen  
 COSTAGNA, Anita  
 CATTERSON, Wendy  
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 GARCIN, Julia  
 HUDIC, Eva  
 KORIBUT, Ilija  
 KORMOCZI, Kathy  
 KOSTON, Lucy  
 KOUNADIS, Fotine  
 MAZUREK, Maria  
 MEDINA, Connie  
 MERCIECA, Julie  
 PAYNE, Zilla  
 SNEEDON, Kim  
 AQUILINA, Francis  
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 CAROAKIS, Gerry  
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 CLARK, Robert  
 BILLER, Raymond  
 FARMER, Robert  
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 FAGOPOULOS, John  
 FULL, Freddie  
 GALEA, Igo  
 HARDY, Wayne  
 KILLEN, Paul  
 LIGHDET, Martin  
 PRINGLE, Howard

**FORM 2F**

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 CIANTAR, Maria  
 CARUANA, Lynette  
 MAILES, Karen  
 MATUSZAK, Anna  
 MONCLOVIC, Milica  
 NANTSOU, Helen  
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 O'DEA, Robin  
 PISANI, Phyllis  
 SAID, Rita  
 SHERIDAN, Meura  
 SODERHOU, Mary  
 STYLIANOU, Mary  
 TEIL, Jostine  
 VANDERKUTY, Charlotte  
 VANDERLINDEN, Debra  
 WILLMER, Julie  
 MARGANI, Dimitrios

MINOU, Chris  
MONTALT, Joe  
MUNDAAR, Iynn  
NOVAKOVIC, George  
PALIBRK, Mirko  
RICHIE, Ian  
SAID, Geoffrey  
SELAKOVIC, Peter  
SIDLAUSKAS, Raymond  
SMUNDIN, Hermes  
STOWRAE, Joseph  
TANTSIS, Nicholas  
TRAFFORD, Derek  
FORM 2G  
ANACOSTOPOULOS, Sophia  
ATTARD, Margaret  
ATTARD, Mary  
BOISEN, Ketty  
BYCZKOWSKI, Lucy  
CALCINA, Nella  
CAMILLER, Doris  
CEPAI, Antonia  
CILA, Doris  
CJURCIC, Svetlana  
EPEMA, Yvonne  
FAIRBRASS, Iayne  
HALLAM, Pamela  
HAINES, Susan  
HRUSZA, Anna  
KNIGHT, Lorraine  
LAKE, Dawn  
LOYNES, Janet  
MURADOR, Gabriella  
NELSON, Jennifer  
PEARSON, Julie  
PERSICH, Mirilla  
POLLOCK, Evelyn  
RIGBY, Susan  
SHORT, Thekla  
SPRATT, Jeannie  
SZUHAN, Anna  
Van HEEMST, Aria  
VELENTZAS, Cathleen  
WHEELHOUSE, Ann  
WILKE, Marina

FORM 3A  
ALTENKIRCH, Sonja  
BUTLER, Marilyn  
CERESANI, Rita  
DIJAKUN, Vera  
GUETTLER, Juliane  
KALAY, Helen  
KOOPU, Ester  
MOSES, Karen  
PREM, Yasna  
SAVANOVIC, Sonja  
STROESSENREUTHER, Gudrun

VINES, Janice  
VRECEZ, Miklos  
WOND, Desmond  
BOGERT, David  
BORUCKI, Edwin  
CATANIA, Louise  
CLARKE, Michael  
COURTNEY, Craig  
DANILOW, Andrew  
DI PAOLA, Ilio  
DOMBI, Frank  
DZESA, Paul  
FRAIETTA, Nicky  
GONERA, Ted  
GREVE, Rolf  
HILLS, Rodney  
HORODECKI, Peter  
JANSEN, Stephen  
KOZAK, Andrew  
LANGHAM, Jeffrey  
LAZARIC, Dario  
MARIC, Mikorad  
NEWTON, Alan  
OLIVERI, James  
PAASSE, Jack  
ROBINSON, Stuart  
ROMANOWSKI, Michael  
TERAWSKYS, Paul

FORM 5B  
BARCLAY, Robyn  
BEVZ, Julie  
BOGIC, Ian  
BRADICA, Odette  
BROWN, Barbara  
CAMILLERI, Teresa  
CHRISTODULOU, Christine  
DODICH, Dora  
FRANKE, Ludmilla  
HARVEY, Lyn  
HUGGARD, Gail  
IOANNIDOU, Faye  
KELLER, Rosie

LARWA, Ursula  
McFADYEN, Wendy  
MOXON, Charmaine  
PAPASTRATIS, Denise  
SAWKO, Lila  
SKEC, Katarina  
STANTON, Kaye  
STOLAREK, Halina  
SZTYNDA, Tamara  
THENIKL, Denise  
TRAVIS, Rosalyn  
VASSILOU, Irene  
VIVODA, Mirjana  
WORONA, Kathy  
ANDIANOPOULOS, Alex  
KALOGERAKIS, John  
La ROSA, Anthony  
LEUNG, Egon  
PETRIK, George  
SIMITZIS, Tony  
THENIKL, Coby

FORM 3C  
BAUM, Sharon  
BETSON, Gaynor  
BOISEN, Anne-Marie  
BOLGER, Noeleen  
CATALINI, Laura  
CHANDLER, Jo-anne  
DE BONA, Diane  
FITZGERALD, Suzanne  
FRANZ, Riccardo  
HELENUS, Merija  
JOHNSON, Debra  
LASZUK, Teresa  
LAWRENCE, Jan  
LENC, Damira  
LOVENTAK, Josephine  
MAGEE, Patricia  
METHERINGHAM, June  
McGREGOR, Susan  
ORLINSKI, Ursula  
PAPAS, Yuli  
SELAKOVICH, Eileen  
SIDLAUSKAS, Rita  
THIEL, Mary  
WATTS, Karen  
ZEEGERS, Jacqueline  
ZOPPOU, Maria  
BENNETT, Jean-Paul  
DIMECK, Dennis  
HEMPSTEAD, Kevin  
KOUNADIS, John  
PROMM, Peter  
SAVI, Albert  
VAL, Martin  
ZWEERS, Theo

FORM 3D  
AGATANOVIC, Sora  
BISTRICKI, Christine  
BLAIN, Kerrie  
BUCHHOLTZ, Anka  
FENELLA, Jean  
GLISOVIC, Nikola  
KALKBRENNER, Katarina  
LOMBARDI, Angela  
LOMBARDI, Elena  
MURPHY, Kaylene  
RUDINICA, Vera  
STAMATOPOULOS, Angela  
STRAUGHEN, Lynne  
WELSER, Christine  
WROBLEWSKI, Teresa  
ZIMMER, Kim  
BARKER, David  
CHETCUTI, Salvatore  
COOKSON, Terry  
HANCOCK, Ian  
JANSEN, Garry  
IURCZAK, Jurek  
PETRAK, John  
RITTOA, Henry  
SCINTO, Charles  
SCRIGNAR, Alvino  
STIER, Karsten  
TABBAN, Robert  
THIVEOS, Peter

FORM 3E  
BLAIN, Ronda  
BYCZKOWSKI, Mary  
CAMPBELL, Helen  
EVANS, Suzanne  
FRENCH, Diane  
KURZ, Marion  
LANDY, Irene  
LEMMER, Claudia

MARSHALL, Joy  
MAYER, Angelika  
MOLCIK, Helen  
McLEOD, Lorraine  
NAGY, Alice  
KOWAK, Rosemary  
POWER, Sheryl  
ROBERTS, Suzanne  
SCHWAB, Olivia  
SPENGLER, Monika  
STOJANOVIC, Marina  
TSINGOS, Vicki  
VOINKO, Biserka  
VOITEK, Sylvia  
WARD, Heather  
ZAJAC, Katerina  
BAULCH, Derrick  
ENDLER, Peter  
FOX, Henry  
HAIN, Stephen  
KLING, Sven  
LUXIK, Michael  
McKENZIE, Bruce  
O'DEA, Gary  
PALIBRIK, Diko  
POP, Victor  
SCOKOVIC, Zeliko  
VADASZ, Paul  
WALKER, Stephen  
WARR, Daniel  
ZIGGEL, Jurgen

FORM 3F  
BAKALOVSKA, Vera  
BARNES, Susan  
CHATTERTON, Robyne  
CHERBACICH, Luciana  
COSTA, Androulla  
FALISE, Christine  
GUILLANMIER, Carmeq  
HALLER, Helen  
HAMPTON, Colleen  
HARALAMBOUS, Paula  
HURA, Luba  
JACQUIN, Elviera  
JONES, Pauline  
KORONIS, Maria  
KOWITZER, Elke  
MARTIN, Elaine  
MILOVANOVIC, Dena  
MIZZI, Angela  
NOBLE, Cheryl  
PIETZAK, Christine  
PIGNATARO, Rosalba  
PODORSKI, Helen  
PUGLIESE, Kathloen  
ROWE, Peta  
SAVONA, Evelyn  
SCHARHAG, Regina  
SCHERRAS, Lillian  
SCINTO, Isabella  
da SILVA, Sibirna  
VEIGENT, Christine  
ZIELRA, Georgina  
ZIAHASKOWSKI, Irene

FORM 4A  
DAMROW, Anita  
IRELAND, Pamela  
LINHART, Waltraud  
MULLENGER, Janet  
ROBERTS, Gail  
TADIC, Lilly  
VORMWALD, Sylvia  
BELLER, Peter  
CABAN, Edward  
CARTER, Ross  
CRAM, John  
DA SILVA, Wayne  
ELIPOPOULOS, Evangel  
ENDER, Elmar  
EWERT, Walter  
FREELAND, John  
GLOUFTSIS, Jimmie  
HUNTER, Glen  
KARBANENKO, Sergio  
KARVANEN, Markku  
KOS, Ivan  
KOWALCZYK, Eddy  
LIPIC, Frank  
MUELLER, Gunter  
NAST, Peter  
SLAWITSCHKA, Rudolf  
STRUZYCKI, Stan

TOMIC, Paul  
WIEGANG, Wolfgang

FORM 4B  
BOEHM, Caroline  
CSILLAG, Gizella  
DE BONA, Anne  
DOBROWOLSKI, Sandra  
HORPINITCH, Svetlana  
HUNTER, Janice  
IOANNIDOU, Mary  
KELLER, Helen  
KIVI, Virve  
KORYTSKY, Olga  
KUUSINEN, Pirjo  
LIPTAK, Clara  
MATE, Margaret  
MAHORIN, Cleo  
MITLASZEWSKI, Monica  
MYKTYN, Mary  
PALAYSA, Yasna  
RUDINICA, Karmela  
RYBICKI, Julia  
SINCLAIR, Barbara  
STIRKUL, Nina  
YABBAN, Georgette  
TRUSINSKIS, Irene  
WALL, Susan  
BRADLOVIC, Predrag  
BUCKLEY, Bryan  
FAIRBRASS, Paul  
HAKALA, Simo  
HORVAD, Rudolf  
JONES, Colin  
O'DEA, Peter  
PAVLIDES, Chris  
PERSINI, John  
PETRIK, Leo  
PUALIC, Milan  
REISMEN, Boyan  
RIBIC, Branko  
SAKKINEN, Vesa  
LAVKOVIC, Eljo  
VASSILIADIS, Lucky  
WHITE, Brain

FORM 4C  
ACHTERBERG, Cathy  
ATTARD, Margaret  
BORCZAK, Shirley  
KORNWELL, Anna  
FAGANEL, Silvana  
GERETSCHLAGER, Gizella  
GEORGIOU, Marcello  
GERBL, Monika  
GRANT, Sheryn  
GRUNERT, Angie  
HAMMOND, Lyette  
HEINSCHE, Cornelia  
HELENUS, Tuula  
KASSER, Elizabeth  
McLEOD, Barbara  
PETERSON, Gabriele  
RIDGEMELL, Karlynn  
SASS, Edeltraud  
SHORT, Bev.  
SLAWITSCHKA, Ria  
SOWERBY, Erica  
TZEMETZIS, Theo  
VELLA, Jo  
VUJOVIC, Desa  
WALTON, Christine  
WATKINS, Shirley  
WATSON, Susan  
ZEEGERS, Caroline  
AXIAK, Mario  
BUDEL, Dieter  
GRASSO, Charles  
PLUTA, Roman  
ROSS, Kenneth  
SAATHOFF, Heinz  
VAN HEEMST, Dick

FORM 4D  
BAKER, Janice  
BEIGHTON, Edwina  
BOLDING, Faye  
DEMANT, Emma  
DYLAKOWSKA, Janina  
GOODES, Beverly  
HARRIS, Karen  
KOLUNDZIJA, Draga  
LAKE, Marjorie  
LOVELOCK, Pat  
SKEGGS, Susan

STAGNO, Jane  
STAROSTIN, Zina  
STROICZ, Lilly  
TYMECKI, Lucy  
ZMEGAC, Nada  
ZUPANIC, Maria  
BARADOWSKI, Peter  
BONNICI, Robert  
DAKIN, Jeffrey  
EVANS, Alan  
KATARYNA, Zanki  
LAGAN, Roman  
NOWYCKI, Zenko  
RAKIC, Milan  
REEVES, Brian  
SEGI, Andrew  
SEWELL, Graeme  
STREBS, Leo  
SZYDZIK, Stan  
ZEIRZER, Kurt

**FORM 4E**

ANASTASIATIS, Helen  
BARBARA, Valerie  
CASSAR, Stella  
CASSAR, Theresa  
CHERNIAEV, Vera  
DAMMERS, Marjonne  
ERBERT, Geratline  
GANGUR, Rosemarie  
GORALSKI, Helen  
HADJOANNIDIS, Coala  
JAHN, Brigit  
LIASSOU, Florrie  
McMASTERS, Loretta  
MENNITI, Antoinette  
MIKULA, Elizabeth  
PSAILA, Pamela  
RICE, Frances  
RODITIS, Anne  
ROSENBERG, Trudy  
RYTKOWSKI, Zodia  
SCHOEN, Grace  
SOLOH, Dina  
STAFRACE, Christine  
STAVRIDIS, Litza  
VASSILOU, Tina  
WEDMIDSKI, Lois  
WLUDYKA, Helen

**FORM 5A**

ALBERTS, Vera  
ANDERSON, Carole  
ANIN, Marta  
ATTARD, Elizabeth  
AXIAK, Lillian  
BARBARA, Miriam  
BELAN, Sonya  
BIEDRON, Dorothy  
BILOUS, Helen  
BLAIN, Lynne  
BRADILOVICH, Zorica  
BULMAN, Lynette  
CAMPBELL, Anne  
CHARTER, Susan  
COORT, Petronella  
CZYZEWSKI, Barbara  
Da SILVA, Denise  
DAVIDOWICZ, Angela  
DEKA, Maria  
DOBES, Maria  
DOROSZ, Cecylia  
GALEA, Margaret  
GAUCI, Mary  
GAUCI, Victoria  
GRACZYK, Bogunia  
GREIG, Hazel  
HAGNHOFER, Gabelele  
HESKOV, Beantstava  
HONIG, Marlon  
KALOGERAKIS, Kanelia  
KARPIK, Helen  
KLAIN, Irene  
LING, Suzanne  
KOOPI, Prudence  
KWIETCINSKI, Susan  
LAUNIKONIS, Theresa  
LOBCZUK, Natalie  
LOVELOCK, Janice

**FORM 5B**

McPIHERSON, Janet  
MAHORIN, Svetlana  
MIFSUD, Marlene

NEMEC, Mazy  
PAPALEO, Catarina  
PAPAS, Reula  
PARSONS, Deborah  
PAVICIC, Zdenka  
PAVLIDES, Margarita  
PETER, Christine  
PFEIFFER, Teresa  
PINKAVA, Eva  
PODBOJ, Lillian  
PUFEK, Veena  
SACHON, Anulta  
SCHNEIDER, Monika  
SHORT, Rosemary  
SIDLAUSKAS, Monika  
SKRUZNY, Lilly  
SMITH, Kathleen  
SPITZIN, Lydia  
SPIVEY, Susan  
STEINBERG, Dace  
STEWART, Shirley  
STROICZ, Halina  
TRATTER, Edith  
TRATTER, Renate  
Van ROOY, Margaret  
VANCURA, Aranka  
WARR, Barbara  
ZAWADZKI, Irene  
ZOLTONOZKA, Marie

**FORM 5C**

ALLAN, Gordon  
ANKRAVS, Peter  
BIEDRON, Ronald  
BRAINI, Stella  
CANAVIJE, Walter  
COOKSON, Arthur  
COSTA, Max  
CZERKES, Robert  
DOUGLAS, Neil  
ENDER, Bernie  
FOGHEL, Walter  
FOX, Mark  
GORDON, Phillip  
HERCELINSKYI, Peter  
GRANT, Peter  
GRIVAS, Alec  
JABLONSKI, George  
JANSEN, Ray  
JOVANOVIC, Alex  
KALNY, Michael  
KALOGERAKIS, Siamatis  
KIEZYK, Joseph  
KISALA, Edward  
KOSEWSKI, Les  
KOSTYK, Eric  
KOWALCZUK, Paul  
KRALICK, John  
LENC, Damiel  
LUCAK, Nicky

**FORM 5D**

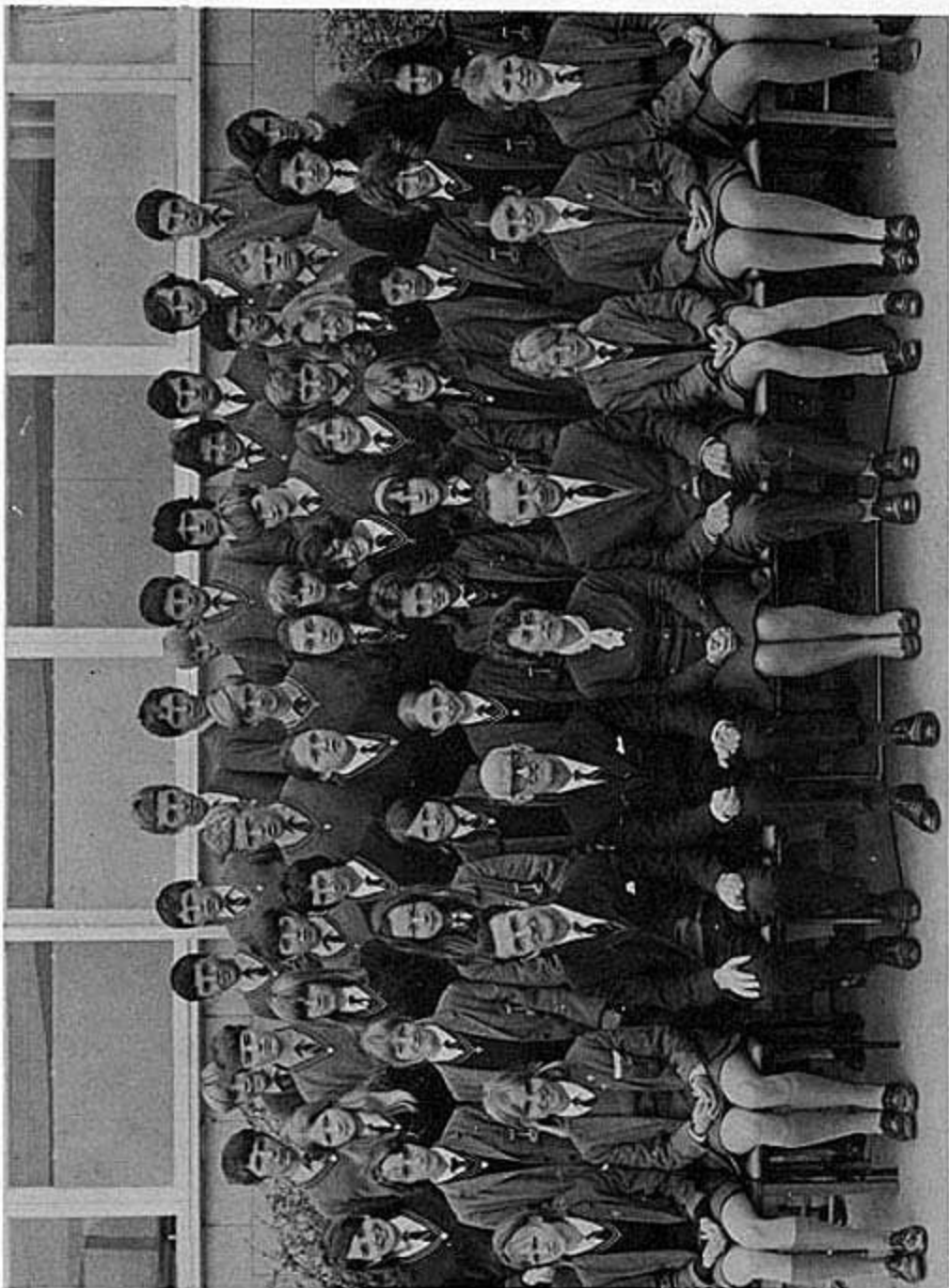
McKENZIE, Ian  
MAJEWSKI, Gary  
MAJEWSKI, Neil  
MALYNYCZ, Victor  
MARSANI, Claude  
MILLO, Antonio  
MULLAN, Thomas  
NAIBURT, George  
NOWATSCHENKO, Paul  
PAPAGIANOPOULOS, Andrew  
PAYNE, Melvin  
PISCHEX, Peter  
POKROVSKY, Michael  
REID, Michael  
REIZ, Rudolf  
SAID, Joseph  
SASS, Wilfried  
SHELLEY, Roger  
STOBINSKY, Eddie  
SZUCKO, Henry  
TOMIC, Ratko  
TRAINANOU, Alce  
TSINGOS, George  
TZEMETZIS, Jimny  
VYTAS, Edmund  
WALL, Bernard  
ZOUNBOULAKIS, Vangel

**FORM 6 — GIRLS**

CATTERSON, Beth  
CHWALEBA, Barbara  
DUDA, Helga  
FOX, Ulrike  
GRABOWSKI, Barbara  
GREIG, Dorothea  
KONRAD, Marlon  
KOZAK, Janina  
MASAREK, Monika  
POP, Val  
PRYSLICKI, Neli  
REISCH, Monica  
SCHWARZ, Julia  
STRAUGHEN, Cheryl  
SUSZKO, Olga  
TOMKIEL, Brigitta  
USCINAS, Jenny  
UTRI, Rosina  
WALTON, Sandra  
WOLOSZYNOWICZ, Helena  
ZYBERT, Barbara

**FORM 6 — BOYS**

ATTARD, John  
BARTSCH, Alfred  
BORG, Joseph  
BORSZCZOW, Victor  
BRADILOVICH, Radovan  
BROADWAY, Ian  
BRYTCZ, John  
CLARK, Boyd  
CZYZ, Richard  
DJURDJEVIC, Gordon  
DUDA, Wolfgana  
HUNTER, Stephen  
KORYTSKY, George  
LOS, Peter  
MAZUREK, Frank  
MIELCZAREK, Richard  
MIKOVIC, George  
MURPHY, Stephen  
PROKOPOWYCZ, Stefan  
PUEPKER, Reinhold  
RICHTER, Karsten  
ROBERTS, David  
ROBERTS, Gordon  
SCHEURER, Noel  
SCHNEIDER, Karl  
SWIEBODA, Andrew  
SZYDZIK, Joe  
TAYLOR, David  
UBL, Vladlav  
WATKINS, Paul





## Advisory Council:

ADVISORY COUNCIL: Mr. J. Bold — District Inspector, Mr. L. Stewart, Mr. F. Pringle (Chairman), Mr. Schneider, Mrs. Bulman, Mr. Greig, Mr. C. Buckingham, Mr. J. Setek, Mr. S. Kerr, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. W. Perrett, Cr. Webb (Keilor Council), The Mayor, Cr. D. Berry (Sunshine Council).

## Parents' and Friends' Association:

Parents' & Friends' Association: Mr. Magee, Mr. H. Schwartz, Mrs. Svent, Mrs. K. Haynes.

## Religious Staff

RELIGIOUS STAFF: Rev. W. Gorfine, Rev. Frs. McMahon, O'Reilly and Tobin.

## S. R. C. Office Bearers

President: Jutta Schwarz.  
Vice-President: Monica Reisch  
Chairman: Branislava Heskov  
Secretary: Ian Broadway  
Treasurer: Wolfgang Duda

## Office Staff:

OFFICE STAFF: Mrs. Wright, Mrs. White, Mrs. Missen.

## Outside Staff

Cleaning Staff: Mr. & Mrs. Haynes,  
Mr. & Mrs Axiak  
Kitchen Maid: Mrs. Weigh  
Gardener: Mr. Harrell  
Canteen: Mrs. Del Re.

Thanks must also go to everyone who helps in the canteen.

## Prefects 1970

Head: Valeria Pop, Noel Scheurer

Monika Masarek  
Dorothea Greig  
Halina Woloszynowycz  
Monica Reisch  
Barbara Chwaleba  
Jutta Schwarz  
Gordon Roberts  
Ian Broadway  
John Attard  
David Roberts  
Wolfgang Duda





**TEACHING STAFF:**

- PRINCIPAL, The Late J. F. McInerney.  
B.A. B.Sc. Dip.Ed.
- O'Brien, T. M. (Acting Principal) B.A. T.P.T.C.  
Shaw, A. O. (Acting Deputy Principal)  
T.S.T.C. (A&C) 2nd Hons. Qual.
- Larmour, G. L. B. Com. T.P.T.C. B.Ed.  
Graham, J. L. B.A. T.P.T.C. T.S.P.T.C.  
Ziemelis, E. H. B.A. A.C.T.T.  
Cowl, H. R. J. T.S.T.C. (A&C)  
Davis, N. J. T.S.T.C. (A&C) A.T.D.  
Alcorn, F. B. B.A. T.P.T.C.  
Maplestone, L. G. B.Sc. Dip.Ed.  
Webster, A. J. B.A. Dip.Ed.  
Baker, G. E. B.Sc. Dip.Ed.  
Gough, N. P. B.Sc. B.Ed.  
Hope, S. H. B. Com. Dip.Ed.  
Malaniuk, A. B.A.  
MacLeish, N. Univ. Subs. A.C.T.T.  
Harridge, B. W. B.Sc. (Hons.) Dip.Ed.  
Naish, D. G. Pattern Maker, Eng. Draw. U.E.I.  
A.C.T.T.
- Plain, P. T.P.T.C.  
Jeremic, J. Dip. Accounting  
Frater, M. E. Uni. Degree. Teach. Trng.  
Azer, F. B.Sc. (Cairo) Dip.Ed.  
El. Sheltawi, S. T. B.Sc. (Cairo) T.S.T.C.  
Gozhevski, V. Dip. of Elec. Eng.  
Korinsky, G. B.A. Sec. Teach. Trng. (Russia)  
McMahon, R. B.A. Dip.Ed. Subs.  
Hafez, F. B.Sc. (Cairo) Teach. Trng. (Cairo)  
Somaratne, W. B.A. (Hons.) London Teach. Cert.  
Eng. Dip. Engl. (Michigan)  
Shahat, A. M. B.A. (Cairo)  
Ghobrial, A. M. B.Sc. (Cairo)  
Miller, S. 3 yrs. of Science Degree (Alberta)  
Smart, P. B.A. (Hons.)
- Wescott, I. A. (Mrs.) (Snr. Mistress) B.A. Dip.Ed.  
T.P.T.C.
- Baker, B. H. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)  
Hare, M. E. (Mrs.) B.Sc. T.P.T.C.  
Burnett, R. M. (Mrs.) B.A. Dip.Ed.  
Grav, S. C. (Miss) B.A. Dip.Ed.  
Riddell, M. C. (Miss) B.A. Dip.Ed.  
Chenu, E. A. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. (A&C)  
O'Hara, V. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)  
McCuollough, J. L. (Miss) T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)  
McNamara, H. D. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. IV  
Tucker, M. E. (Miss) 7 Univ. Subs. T.S.T.C.  
Bunnett, A. B. (Mrs.) B.A. Dip.Ed.  
Marshall, M. J. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. IV 10 Univ. Subs  
of B. Com.
- van Munster, M. (Mrs.) T.S.T.C. (Dip. of P. Ed.)  
Fielder, E. J. (Mrs.) Dip. of P. Ed. A.C.T.T.  
Callander, J. (Miss) Uni. Subs. Cert. of Ed.  
(Mercer House)  
Tomasi, G. (Miss) B.A. (Hons.)  
Dohes, M. (Mrs.) 4 yr. P. Ed. Brno Uni.  
(Czechos.)  
Sacco, C. M. (Mrs.) G.Ce. Oxford Matric. 1 yr.  
Teach. Train. (Malta)  
Nunn, M. J. (Mrs.) T.P.T.C. 4 Univ. Subs.  
Sturesteps, E. (Mrs.) Uni. Degree (Latvia)  
Radojkovic, Zora (Mrs.) Primary 4 Yr. Course  
(Yugoslavia)  
Moshniaha, L. (Miss) B.A. (Monash)

# Autographs.

