The image features a complex, high-contrast wood grain pattern. The lines are dense and wavy, creating a textured, organic appearance. A central white rectangular area is cut out from the pattern, containing the text "Alba 71".

Alba 71

Alba 71

St. Albans High School



PRODUCTION OF ALBA

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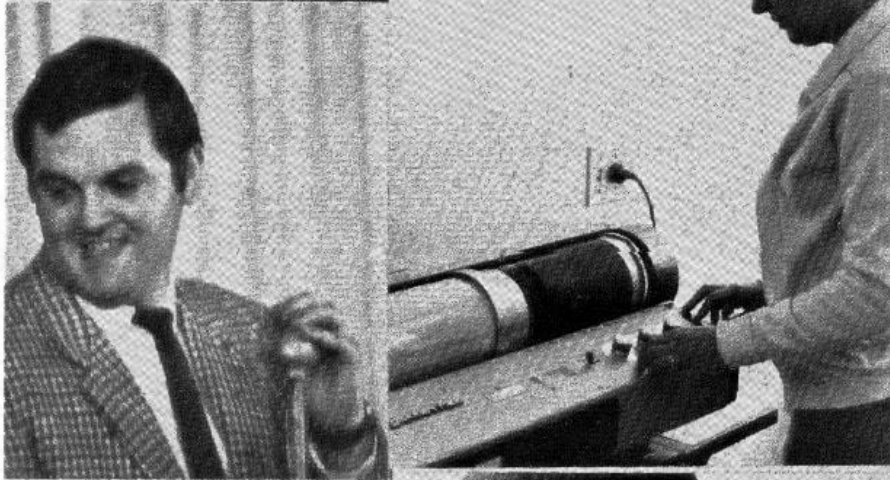
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others.

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Mr. Jeremie and his industrious typing classes.

The Magazine Committee would like to thank all those who contributed articles and photographs. Special thanks to all those people mentioned above for their splendid efforts.





TELL IT OUT

All the free people met together and decided the question in each town. So was born Democracy over 3,000 years ago, in Greece. It has never worked well since it came.

The people with power met and discussed together: so began the Law in Italy. It has worked but only with creaks and groans and many tears.

"Peace on Earth", sang the angels and "Love Your Enemies", said the baby when he grew up: but Peace and Love still elude us.

Why?

Some people vote, and then forget all about it: the people of Australia voted four years ago to improve conditions for aborigines, but we have still not done enough.

Some people shout, but have nothing to shout: they want change just because it is new, not because it is best. The best may be found after long and careful search.

Some people close their minds, and so give themselves into the hands of those who would use them: dictators grow fat on such.

Some people try to silence opposition and to block communication: so they breed confusion. Remember the other fellow, even if he is your parent. He also needs to tell it out, and hear what you say.

"Tell it out", says the song. Yes, but have something to tell.

Practise hard your telling in readiness for the time it is needed; by speech (at which St. Albans High is fairly good), by writing (at which we are not so good), by creative work (at which we could shine). And in your telling you could say much worse than the truth.

It is a great pleasure to me to return to the school where the truth is our light.

—M. H. WILKINSON, B.A., B.Ed. (Hon.), M.A.C.E.

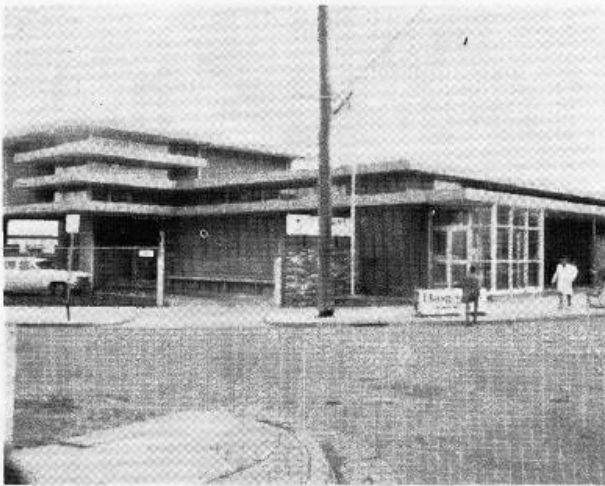
To the Students of St. Albans High School

"It is not the place that decorates the man, but the man who does that to a place."

Recent surveys by sociologists have revealed that St. Albans is one of the least desirable residential areas in Melbourne. How did they arrive at this conclusion? Have they noticed the large number of houses that are being erected in the area. Did they come to St. Albans, interview the inhabitants and see the facilities offering, or did they issue a questionnaire to a group of people, place the results in a computer and so come up with a list of socially desirable areas? It is most likely that the computer analysing the answers placed St. Albans on the lowest rung of the social ladder.

What is wrong with St. Albans that it has to be labelled so? The standard of housing is at least the equivalent of the majority of Melbourne suburbs, the people take a pride in their gardens, roads are good, it is well catered for with shops and schools—there are no slums, no housing commission flats and no reputation for crime and violence. One obvious factor that could react against St. Albans is probably geographical—it is situated on bare wind-swept plain, treeless and monotonous in outlook. However, most people who decry St. Albans have not been here, lived here, or known people in this area—they judge St. Albans by the sociologists' report and the reputation gained from that finding.

A short time ago, in the daily bulletin the "thought for the day" read, "a good reputation lies asleep but a bad one runs wild." Unfortunately and without any foundation, St. Albans has a bad reputation and a reputation which students are, obviously, prepared to believe. They excuse any shortcomings with the often quoted "But this is St. Albans" or "This is typical of St. Albans."



What is wrong with you people? Do you mean that you are not as good as others, that because you live in St. Albans you are an inferior person? If this is to be your attitude—St. Albans will become what people think it is and you will be an inferior person. Remember it is you who "decorates" St. Albans and establishes its reputation. Instead of constantly down-grading your home town, why not speak well of it? Why not do something to make the place more desirable? You can start with the school—take a pride in it—see that to outsiders the grounds are neat and tidy. Take a pride in yourself, set a good example and when on excursions remember that the good name of St. Albans is established by you.

We have taught in many schools throughout Victoria and can assure you that apart from your migrant backgrounds and friendly natures, you are no different from other boys and girls. You have the opportunity to make this school as good as, if not better than all others in the State. When will you do something for it? The students make the school, not the buildings, or the equipment, or the teachers. Show that sociologists' surveys cannot measure the quality of the people in an area. By your thoughtfulness, interest, accomplishments and pride in yourselves show that you are equal to any student, whatever the school may be. Remember that it is you and you alone who can remove the undeserved stigma from St. Albans.

MRS. I. WESCOTT, MR. A. O. SHAW, MR. T. SHIRCORE

FORCES OF NATURE

The night was black and forbidding—
disaster lingered.
The atmosphere was tense as the strong
winds howled through the open doorways
hurtling furniture across the bare floors.
Evil could be sensed in the prevailing
darkness.
Strange, eerie movements could be easily
detected in the deserted town.
The forces of nature coming together for
the purpose of destruction.
It was a wild night,
free from any restrictions.
Hell was at work—
Darkness—
Destruction—
Death!

—Bev Goodes, 5D



DISASTER

Isn't it terrible to think about
Those unfortunate refugees!
Who had their homes taken away from them:
And us living in comfort, and being free.
And why Australia has taken so long
In sending supplies
To the poor refugees in Pakistan
Of whom many lost their lives.
And me! All I could think about
Was what I had for lunch!
Whilst the unfortunate people in Pakistan
Are fighting for their lives
And I hope the supplies Australia has sent
Saves the lives of many.
To fight off this disease called cholera
And to bring peace and prosperity to East Pakistan.

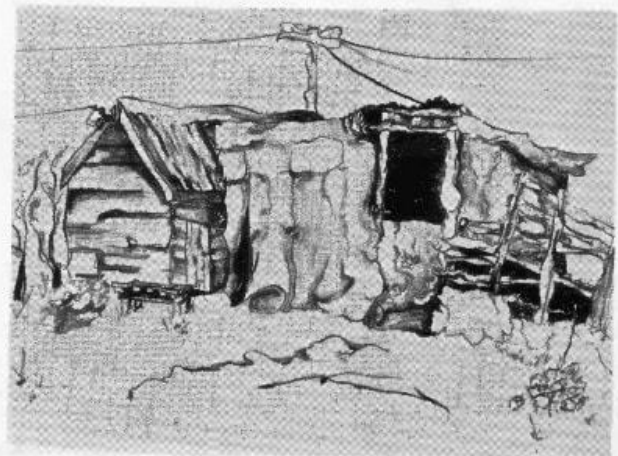
—Garry Jansen, 4D



FEAR

The icy wind slashing at my face,
Gasping for breath I quickened my pace,
Running and running faster and faster.
My heart beating faster, my head was throbbing,
But all I could hear was my tearful sobbing.
Those slow approaching footsteps behind me,
Stiff with terror I turned to flee,
Urging myself on I ran and ran
Through winding streets of cobbled stones
I felt icy chills run through my bones.
Trees casting huge shadows over the wall,
I caught sight of a figure so tall,
"Help!" I screamed.
Cold clammy fingers digging into my throat
Struggling and gasping I ripped at his coat.
My lungs were bursting, I couldn't breathe
Noises ringing through my ears, flashes of light before
my eyes.
"Oh God," I thought, "please help me."
The blood racing, pounding, pounding at my head
My brain aching and I knew I was dead.

—Karen Webb, 3B



MUSIC

Music is an important part of the culture of all the countries of the world. Some of it is adopted from previous centuries and changed around to suit the tastes of the people of this century.

There has always been some form of music since the beginning of time. Not as advanced as the music which is played today, but music never-the-less.

It expresses the feelings and emotions, not only of the people who wrote it and are performing it, but also of those who are listening to it. Music arouses some form of emotion in all those people who have anything to do with it. Music is something to be enjoyed, one of the pleasures of life.

There are a great number of varying instruments used by musicians, some of which were used long ago. Some of the instruments from other centuries and other countries have a unique sound which cannot be copied even by the advanced instruments of today, hence the original must be used.

There have been a great many technical advances with respect to musical instruments. These have had a great influence on what is played today.

The music of today varies a lot in order to please different people with different tastes. For example, pop, soul, bubblegum, classical, ballads, etc.

Music is a universal means of communication, and is enjoyed in every country of the world, even in the underdeveloped ones such as India.

—BEV. GOODES, 5D



*The Sun is down
The Spray is light.
And every day I dread
The Sun is dead.
Huge waves, piercing
like thorns on a rose
Reaching out, tearing apart
The Sea's black heart.
There is blood in the sky
and souls in the sea.
In my mind there is no doubt
The night has brought death about.*

—Ivan Kos

PEACE

*Peace is what he wants,
Let him go through,
Give the poor ant peace.*

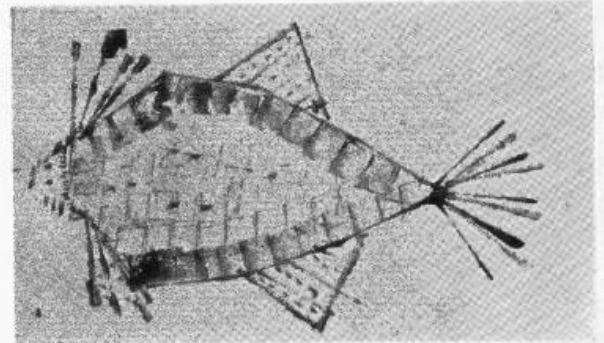
—Edmond Kasser, 1B



MUD

*Mud is gooey, sloppy and sluggish.
It looks like puddles of sewerage mixed with sand.
People say it's useless,
but kids think it's fun.*

—Maria Kalinowiski, 3A



*What do you do when you're alone and afraid,
And how do you correct mistakes you have made?
And what do you do when you know you are wrong,
But nobody is there to help you along?*

*How many know what it's like to be scared,
And nobody wants you, as if they cared.
And they don't care if you live or die,
But something happens, and they all ask why!*

*You can think of happier days that have passed,
You wish to hell your happiness would last.
The days when the sun would shine from above,
And all the world would talk of love.*

*The friends that you loved have gone today,
They seemed somehow, to drift away.
The times you were happy, the days you were free,
Have left you only a sad memory.*

—Leonie Ward, 3E

FAREWELL THOUGHTS

It was with mixed feelings that I heard earlier this year that I would be leaving St. Albans High School in December. To move on to tackle a new task in life, made me feel eager to leave. Yet to say farewell to fellow staff members, to part company with many special students who have worked with me and to leave the school which has given me so many memorable occasions, made me reluctant to make a move. So many other teachers and ex-students to whom I have spoken have had similar feelings and would have returned had they been given the opportunity. This surely could give those of you who remain in 1972 an aim to develop greater pride in your school. In many ways St. Albans High School is the best school in the State—always do your best to build up this reputation.

I have known no other school of this size to have had such a friendly and united staff. My sincere thanks to all staff members, past and present, who have made my stay such a pleasant and valuable experience. Neither has any other similar school consisted of so many genuine and friendly students. There are times when a teacher has to cross swords with his students in order to teach, but these have been few in comparison with the innumerable occasions when teaching has been a pleasure—this I have always deeply appreciated and shall long remember.

May I wish St. Albans High School the very best for the future.

—A. O. SHAW



UNIFORMS FOR WORK

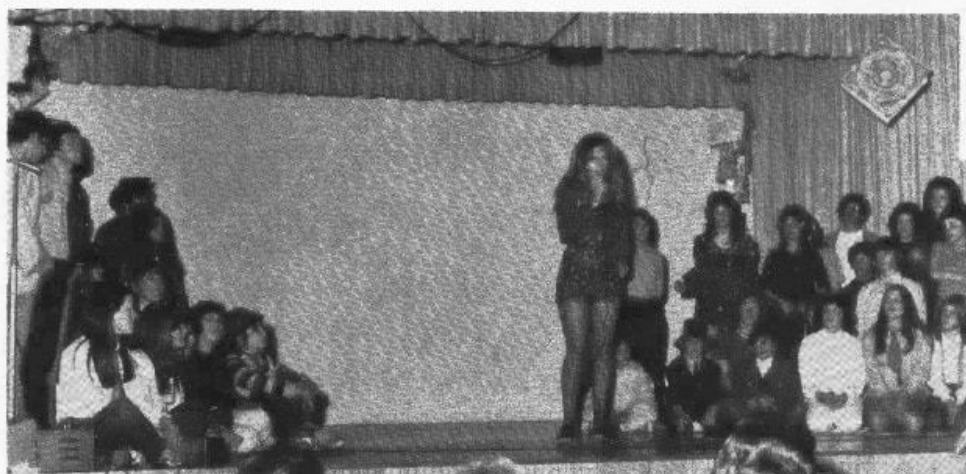
Uniforms for work are a good idea. If the uniforms are attractive and gay, they look just as nice as ordinary clothes, and sometimes they look better. But, if the uniforms are dull and unattractive, they could make you feel tired and unhappy.

One reason why I think uniforms are a good idea for work is that they would save you an awful lot of money that you would have spent on clothes for work. This money you save could go towards something else you would like to buy but have not been able to afford before.

Another reason why I think uniforms are good for work is that they would be easier to dry-clean. You could buy a few uniforms and when one was dirty you could put on the other while it was getting cleaned. Also, instead of going through your wardrobe to see what you would wear that day, you would get out your uniform and it would save you time.

Finally, having to wear a uniform to work would save the unnecessary competition between girls, to see who looked the best.

—FAYE BOLDING 5A



THE HISTORY OF M.A.C. (Musical Activities Committee)

by Chris Stafrace 5B

July, 1970 was the month that started this whole great happening. One of the newer teachers to the school, began an idea to start some type of committee, whose task was to hold events for the purpose of raising money for badly needed art equipment.

The teacher was of course Mr. McMahon who is now by no means new.

The word was spread throughout the art classes about this new committee and stirred up quite a lot of enthusiasm from many people. The date was set for the first meeting which was to be held in the old room 26. The attendance at the first meeting was nothing to rave on about, but at least there were enough people to elect a committee.

A few of the people present at that first meeting are still dedicated members of M.A.C. to this day; just to mention a few, Pam Psaila, Doris Camilleri, Barbara Zacharewicz, Chris Alexandrou, Chris Stafrace, Tony Kolozlejczyk, Frank Dombi and Rolf Grieve.

The elected office bearers were: Pres; Chris Stafrace; V.P.; Boyan Reissman later replaced by Gemma Farrugia; Sec., Pamela Psaila.

At the following meeting it was decided that we needed some type of function to start raising that much needed money. So, realising that young people, especially those in our school, like music, and as there were a few talented people in the school, the idea of a concert was brought forth.

Mr. McMahon knew of some professional people who were willing to donate their services to us. There were of course the school's three musketeers, Cathy Achterberg, Anna Cornwell and Chris Stafrace. We arranged for that one-man-band Stephen Murphy to accompany us and Boyan on drums.

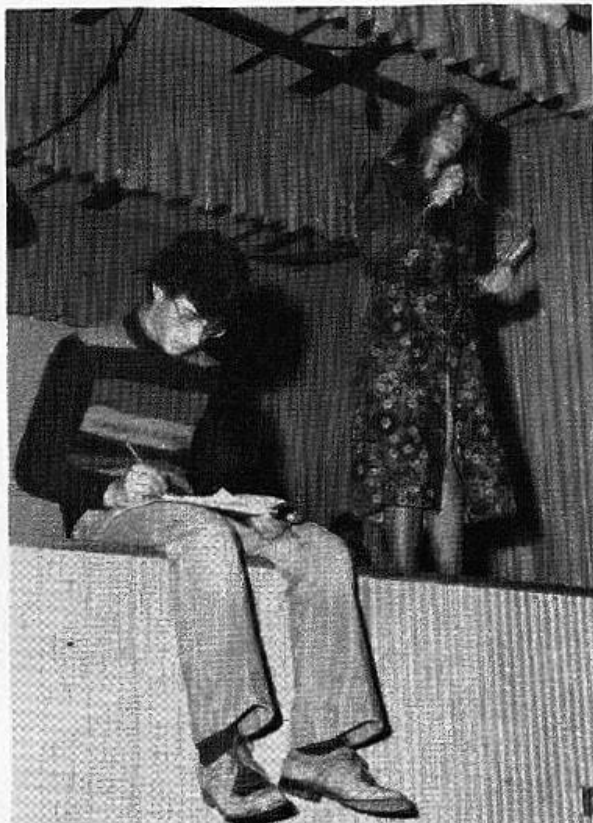
After a few hours of thinking, it was decided to have the stage set in a Coffee House style; to perform the concert during lunchtime and period six (old time-table system); and to charge 10c per person.

The day of the concert arrived and the stage was really a sight to see. There were tables and chairs, cups and saucers, candles and hessian on the roof, which really gave the setting a folky appearance.

The two guest artists Margaret Roadknight, a folk singer, and John Mathews, didgeridoo player, were received with great enthusiasm from people both on and off stage. Cathy, Anna and Chris all sang songs which, I might add, were very different from the material they do today, not forgetting that very funny character, Dina Solon, who had the courage to dress as an aborigine and to dance to the sound of the didgeridoo.

The profit received from the concert was \$60.00. The new paper, brushes and other necessities were bought, and used with appreciation.

After the success of the coffee house died down, we were all very eager to do another concert but this time in the evening for the public to view. Our headmaster at that time was Mr. O'Brien, and he backed us in every way possible to make sure our concert would be a success.



About this time we had an organisation of twenty people from forms 1 to 5; however, we were to find that this was to grow in time.

We knew that there was a very urgent need to have a much bigger and better band, so we therefore chased (and I do mean chased) that long haired Biology teacher, Mr. Gough, and asked him very politely to leave his rats for awhile and help us out. We also obtained the services of Ronnie Biedron, Nick Lucak, Paul Nowatschenko and Mark Fox.

The only thing we had left to do was to choose something to do. we didn't want anything like the Pirates of Penzance or Camelot, but something exciting that would interest everybody. It was at this time that the thought of the controversial Rock-Musical "Hair" was introduced. Of course it would be impossible to perform the whole show, so we selected a few of the well known songs and fitted our own story to them.

We were given use of the hall and time off from classes. We used every possible moment to rehearse, and this was not easy. The biggest problem was to make the twenty-six or so cast members realise that "Hair" was not supposed to be a joke. We would have to work hard, rehearse long hours and hardest of all, get on with everyone. Most of the children had to be brought out of their shells and shown what a great thing it was to be confident and show people how much enjoyment we were receiving from singing and dancing to the thing we loved most—music.

It took ten whole weeks to prepare for "Hair". There was the job of selling tickets. The cast with the help of Pam, Chris and Mr. McMahon, spent a lot of valuable time selling tickets to pupils and teachers at 30c children, and 80c adults.

We also had to publicise. There were posters made and put in shops, and another very successful way, namely by the use of tongues. The word was spread that St. Albans High School was putting on "Hair", in the school hall on Monday, 30th November and Tuesday, 1st December.

The concert was to consist of a first half, mainly folk and pop singing with special guests Margaret Roadknight and Carl and Jainie Myraid.

Hair went as follows:

1. Aquarius.
2. Good Morning Starshine—Cathy and Cast.
3. Hare Krishna—Cast.
4. Frank Mills—Cathy.
5. Hair—Tony and Cast.
6. Where Do I Go—Anna and Cast.
7. Air—The Air-O-Tones.
8. Easy To Be Hard—Chris.
9. News Of The World—Cast.
10. Let The Sunshine—Cast.

People in the cast of "Hair", 1970. (first names only) Pam, Frances, Chris, Edwina, Pat, Barbara, Doris, Chris, Chris, Cathy, Anna, Debby, Sandra, Marina, Gabrielle, Marion, Liz, Dina, Rosie, the boys Peter, Harry, Tony, Howard, Gerry, Paul, and the lighting boys Rolf, Frank, Stuart and Michael.



THE HISTORY OF M.A.C. (Musical Activities Committee)

The profit received from "Hair", was \$460.00 which went to the Children of War and Disaster Areas through International Red Cross. Everyone was thrilled because St. Albans High School was now on the map of successful concert performing schools.

Teachers who helped in the success of "Hair", were Mr. McMahon, Mr. Gough, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Burnett and a few others.





On the first day back in 1971, all the members of the cast who were back at school for that year somehow all congregated near the hall. The first question asked was, "When is the next meeting, Chris?" It was good to see that everyone was still eager.

The first thing we did was to change our name as we were not associated with art anymore. We chose "M.A.C." Musical Activities Committee. We re-elected a new committee; President, Chris Stafrace; Vice-President, Pam Psaila; Secretary, Val Barbara.

Every day we would all meet near the seats opposite the canteen. It was suggested that we do a fuller version of "Hair", but this fell through.

We found it difficult, especially the fifth formers, because work was a lot harder than previous years. So Mr. McMahon wrote a script involving members of the cast, around 38 or so famous Beatle songs, it was to be called "The Magical Mystery Musical!"

We started to rehearse immediately. We obtained a new band which included Mr. Gough, Mr. McClure, Mr. Gaffney, Nick Lucak, Joseph Said and Paul Nowatschenko.

It was really fun to be in the process of doing another concert. We made two films, one being a revolution, in which pupils took over the school, and another which involved St. Albans shopping centre and fire brigade.

The second term holidays were not holidays for the 48 cast members. (Notice the number doubled from the previous year). A few of the cast made props during the first week and as well Pam and Val with the help of Mr. Harridge and various other students sold tickets for our concert which was going to run for FOUR nights; selling them at 50c children and \$1.00 adults.

The second week found us rehearsing every day from 1 till 3, and again at night from 6 till 10. The show was slowly but surely taking shape.

On the Monday night we had our final dress rehearsal and believe me it was a complete FLOP. However on the Tuesday night the first night of the show, we were all amazed when we found out from the people in the audience that we had a success on our hands. The second for us!

The Wednesday and Thursday performances were the same because we had a very appreciative audience, but the Friday was disappointing, as the large audience was noisy.

Looking on the good side of things, we raised the tremendous amount of \$880.00. The profit being \$587.46.

Members of the Magical Mystery Musical (first names only) were: Chris S., John, Cathy, Anna C., Ray, Chris W., Stephen, Chris N., Chris A., Annette, Andrew, Olga, Stella, Anna, Nick, Stanley, Barbara, Doris, Sarah, Pam, Val, Sharon, Viola, Helen, Doris, Carol, Joan, Mary, Sonia, Melita, Karilyn, Dorothy, Lorraine, Timothy, Brian, Henry, Robert, Shayne, Roman, Diko, Viola, Michael, Victor, Helen, Maryrose, Sandra and Walter.

Lighting and effects boys: Rolf, Frank, Stuart, Howard, Gerry, Tony and Ray.

Teachers who helped: Mr. McMahon, Mr. Gough, Mr. McClure, Mr. Gaffney, Mr. Harridge, Miss Landon and Miss Callender. We also would like to thank Mr. Wilkinson for backing us in every way.

1970 was the start of our successful story with "HAIR".

1971 gave us another success with "THE MAGICAL MYSTERY MUSICAL".

1972 ???



SUPPORT BRIDGE—THE STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

The idea of having a student newspaper was first thought up by Ross Carter, Form 5, during a private study period. Ross, Glen Hunter and I discussed the idea of a newspaper; the three of us decided to try and put Ross's idea into action. After picking out the ten people we considered best suited for the task of organising a newspaper, we were ready to start, but our first problem, "Capital", almost ended the idea of a newspaper. After the organising of a third form social, we had the capital we needed so badly, and were ready to begin.

The first edition would probably have been the hardest edition for us to get printed, because we had no printing equipment of our own, but with the help of the office staff we were able to get 200 copies printed, all of which sold in under ten minutes. This tremendous response by students enabled us to get our own duplicator, and student ideas on how to improve the newspaper were a great help, and made it possible for us to publish a far better and greatly improved second edition, which included such articles as: The Pop Scene, Album and Record Reviews, Led Zeppelin, Cartoons and Jokes. The Rock Revolution Part 2 and lots of other interesting articles. We hope we will be able to improve the newspaper with every edition.

A special thanks must go to both students and staff who bought the newspaper, not forgetting Mr. Lamour and his 5th Form typing class who were kind enough to type the paper out for us.

By the time you read this article in Alba, you will have already read the second and possibly other editions of the newspaper and I hope the newspaper continues to get your support.

—THOMAS MULLAN, 5A, Editor of Bridge



S.P.U. ORGANISATION

(Secondary Pupils' Union)

S.P.U. is an organisation which represents the entire form three student body, and its representatives comprise eleven people, five girls and six boys, who plan to work in conjunction with the S.R.O. Our union is closely associated with the senior organisation, so that form three students can bring forward their ideas to the members of their own union which in turn will be discussed at the S.R.O. meetings.

It is absolutely necessary to go through these important channels, and thus avoid confusion.

The Secondary Pupils' Union must not be regarded as a frivolous idea; it is an establishment which runs on an organisational basis, therefore students should participate in the various activities that will be held during the year. It is indispensable for the S.P.U. to have student support mainly because this organisation will not only affect this year's form three students, but also future students.

The school's future progress is partly dependent on such organisations, since finance is a school's major fact-like to express our deepest thanks to Mr. McMahon, Mr. Brenton and Mr. Carmody for their help and co-operation and money can be raised by organising walk-a-thons, competitions, etc.

On behalf of all the form three students, we would like to thank you for your support in establishing this union.



Anticipate, Participate and Communicate

The young have so much to anticipate; they have their lives to plan. Once, adults envied the young their future—their expectations and ambitions. The young envied the power and economic status of their elders. Traditionally conflict has existed between different generations. But perhaps perceptible changes have occurred in the reasons for the conflict. The seemingly overwhelming problems of this polluted, nuclear age have caused a loss of confidence in both young and old in traditional systems and in "authority" generally.

People have reacted to these problems in different ways. Some of the reactions are negative. It is easier, of course, to "knock" what is unsatisfactory and inefficient than it is to work out, by experiment if necessary, constructive and democratically acceptable improvements. It is easier, too, to expect others to handle the problems and then to complain about the way "they" should do things. With many it is a case of "only putting in a nickel when they want a dollar song". Any Society, to hold together, has to be based on its members working co-operatively to uphold shared values and interests. Realising this, some people attempt to work within the existing framework to innovate and improve.

It is indeed a flawed inheritance which awaits the young. Courage, vision and hard work will be necessary to cope with the problems. But they have some tremendous advantages also. The boundaries of knowledge and learning have been so extended by the accumulation of research and invention that a vast resource is available to them. They can benefit from the experience and knowledge of the older generation and build on this, hopefully, without suffering from the limitations which inhibited their elders.

Communication, then, will play a vital role in the ability to cope with the problems of the future. The major resource available to the young is the accumulation of experience and knowledge. To allow a breakdown in communication between the generations is to lose this major resource. One group must respect and learn from the other. The older generation can contribute the experience and the background knowledge. The young can contribute a fresh approach and a breadth of vision unimagined by their elders.

—G. L. LARMOUR

SUNSET

*I love the sound of leaves
rustling while the sun beats down
the yellow grass lying, dying,
singed by the red flames of summer
the crickets chirping their song when
the red sun dies down to sleep.
The sunset dies with blood red stains
the cool blue sky kills the day.
The moon is round, the beetles chirp.
We hear a storm coming, the rain
dries up and the flies buzz again.*

—Margaret Tiukow, 1B







COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

The inability of persons to communicate to one another is the biggest problem hindering the proper development of the students and the school. Nobody knows what is truly going on. Very few people know who to see to get things done. A much smaller minority know who to see to find out what's going on. A small band of people have grouped together to overcome this problem. They have formed the core of the S.R.O., and the newspaper "Bridge" and are increasingly informing the pupils of what's going on.

But one major problem is evident, that is the lack of enthusiasm amongst the students. For many years now the students had left most of the organising to the teachers and a few students who were already overburdened with work and noticably very little was achieved. The time has now come for all students to take an active part in their school and not be spectators watching a minority ineffectively trying to run the school. All the students should take an active part in the S.R.O. by attending meetings and putting forward ideas to improve the school; placing articles in the newspaper and the magazine to inform the whole school of your ideas and opinions. The form levels should make their own groups, i.e., SPU, FOSRO, and send representatives from each to the executive meetings of the S.R.O. on Thursdays. In this way ideas from all levels at the school are discussed and applied.

It is only if each student does his or her share that we can achieve something in this school. If students cannot improve their lives at school there is little hope that they will improve later.

—P. BRADILOVIC, Vice-President S.R.O.

MIDDLE SCHOOL CONFERENCES

The Form Captains' Conferences were introduced this year by Mr. Davis as a means of airing students complaints about the school, and suggestions for the improvement of the school. The Form Captains' Conferences are open to all Form Captains of Forms 3 and 4.

It is a place where Form Captains present their forms' ideas, complaints and suggestions, which, if worthwhile, are then presented to the principal. If you have noticed the wider range of foods available in the Canteen, you have noticed something for which the Form Captains' Conference is responsible. Still on the Canteen, you might have noticed that both sides of the Canteen are now being used for service. This again, is the work of the Conference, as is also the probable introduction of hot chocolate and more oranges. If you have ever been embarrassed by doors swinging in the toilets, fret no more. Clips will soon be put on the doors to prevent them from swinging. There have been a few complaints about the Library not having enough reference books, but if the Form Captains have their way there will be more reference books. Many people I know complain about the lack of tangible evidence of progress. This is because of the many breakages at school. Things that are broken, sometimes through lack of care, have to be replaced or repaired, with the money that could have been used to buy new equipment. So, for your sake, please be more careful when using equipment so we can buy more equipment.

As you have read the Form Captains' Conferences have been fairly successful, but they would be even more successful if you gave your Form Captains your ideas, suggestions and complaints so that they can present them at the Conferences.



VALE

Just recently a tragic car accident caused the death of one of St. Albans High's Matric students, Marie Zoltonozka. A very active girl she divided her time between her studies, her work as a waitress at St. Albans Hotel and as a part-time employee of Coles. Well known for her powers of conversation and diversified number of acquaintances, Marie was one of the more colourful members of our community, and her many friends will miss her companionship in their varied activities.

Marie who first came to St. Albans from Stawell at the age of fourteen was eighteen when she died. We extend our heartfelt sympathy towards Marie's parents, sister and brother. This is the second car accident to prove fatal in the Zoltonozka family, since Marie's eldest brother, Mick, died as a result of an earlier road accident at the age of twenty-one. Marie was buried at Footscray Cemetery on the 29th September, 1971. Her death leaves a gap in the school and social whirl of St. Albans which will never be filled again.

Marge and Janet



EX-3G

Our form was 3G. Was? Well, at the beginning of July our form broke up because some of the teachers left and we were the easiest to split up. And the Education Department wouldn't send any teachers out.

We didn't want to split up but we had to. We could have made a flood full of tears trying to urge them not to split us up. I think our form was the best, because all of the kids were fantastic, and so were the teachers. Most of our teachers were sorry that we broke up.

Werner Blum and others kept asking impossible questions such as "Would 3G be put back together again?" Well, the answer was "No".

The teachers tried to cheer us up but it didn't help. We were crying and sulking until we broke up.

Well, when we did, we went to St. Moritz with our fabulous form teacher, Mrs. Honigsberg. Then a week later she took us to Mount Donna Buang. We had a good time. Now, however, it's alright in our new form, I think.

—LILY 3B and ANONYMOUS

THE WIND

The leaves are rustling silently because of the slight breeze. It seems to be getting stronger, the leaves are already falling. A storm is blowing up. The clouds form great grey masses in the sky. The wind becomes cold and icy. The branches of the trees creak and bend under the strain of the great force. The wind billows around the trunks and sweeps up enormous sand clouds. The cows in the corral are frightened by this sudden tremor. It is blowing in such strong gusts that it hits down the fence that keeps in the cows. This sudden noise sends the cows into a stampede, which kicks up even more dust. Nothing is to be seen except the whirling of the wind and then a sudden mist. Then the world seems to calm down and be silent. The winds have died down. The dust starts to settle and the cows gradually quieten down. The sun breaks out of the mass of grey and shines its brilliant light onto the earth below. The only things moving now are the leaves which sway in the slight breeze. A certain kind of calmness takes over the land.

—ANKE, 4D

KNICKER BOCKERS

Knicker bockers are a type of clothing which is right for any occasion. There are different types of knickers which can be worn practically everywhere because of the different types of materials used.

The look of the knicker bockers is again the more rugged look. The prices for the knickers are quite reasonable ranging from about \$15-\$26, the knickers also come in all sizes, to suit all.

There is nothing new in these designs of today, especially the knicker bockers. These are only permutations and combinations of past creations.

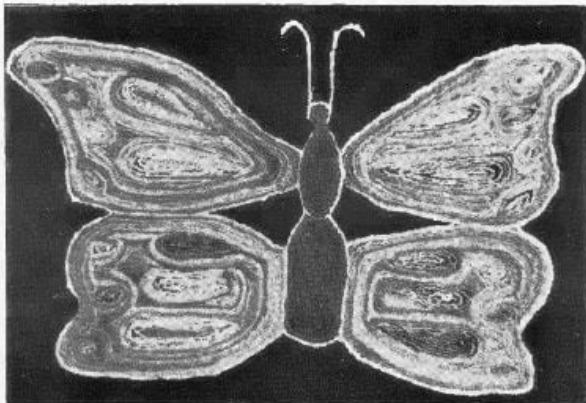
—THEO TSEMETZIS



SPRING

*Spring is beautiful I must admit.
You can see it for yourself
When you walk through a park
In the middle of Spring,
you think that you are like Adam exploring
A wonderful new land.*

—Roman Herculinskyj. 3A



SADNESS

*Autumn leaf falls
The pond, quiet, cold
The figure drifts on
Busy, bustling, swirling in the street
The green, the red, the black, the white
Everything in motion.
The solitary figure tramps
Jeering, laughing ridicule
The muddy water swirls.
Careless! Flying! Free!
The solitary figure tramps
And tramps and tramps.*

—Yasna, 5D



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

He was born in the small township of St. Albans 11 miles north-west of Melbourne. The parents were a migrant couple who had suffered many hardships in the outback of Australia. They found it hard going at first but gradually with sheer persistence, overcame all difficulties. They named their only son Robert.

The young lad was the first to survive out of all the children born to the family. Robbie led a normal and healthy life as a child. When he turned six he started primary school and was not what you might call an outstanding pupil. He liked the school and enjoyed himself. He made friends easily. As Rob progressed through school he led a quiet life. His parents were strict and made him live a good and fully religious life. They wanted him to get a good education so that he would never have to go through hunger or suffering as they did.

Thus, all was well, Rob led a quiet and obedient boyhood, he respected his parents and always did as they wanted. They were proud of him. He gradually progressed in his education, even to his own amazement.

Rob never really worked hard in class but always managed to scrape through. All through his life he had a craving for the outdoor life; he enjoyed all the sports which boys would normally enjoy, fishing, rabbiting, football. He was leading a very happy life. Then in the latter half of his secondary schooling there seemed to be a change of character coming over him. He seemed to get lazier, wasn't pushing any more and was in continuous battle with his parents. He used to get into arguments with them over the most ridiculous things. He saw all this and tried to make amends, but he couldn't. Rob found that religion no longer held any meaning for him; he wished to escape the system, he wanted freedom from society's chains.

Rob didn't really know whether the failure to adapt was his or the society's. He found life empty and everything had lost meaning. Rob was still going to school, but with little success. His parents were disappointed with him and kept telling him to work at school and to try harder. This was no use, he explained, as he felt he would always be overcome with laziness.

One day Rob woke early and seemed to see a new hope for himself. He decided to make a final endeavour at the subjects he was doing so badly at school. He wanted to leave school at the end of the year and get a bit of money together and just travel around Australia. He wanted to meet people from all walks of life. He saw that, or thought he saw that travel would give him all the freedom he wanted, no chains, no stresses just himself and the land. The exams grew closer and Rob did a bit of work, but finally saw it as pointless exercise, there being no chance of him succeeding.

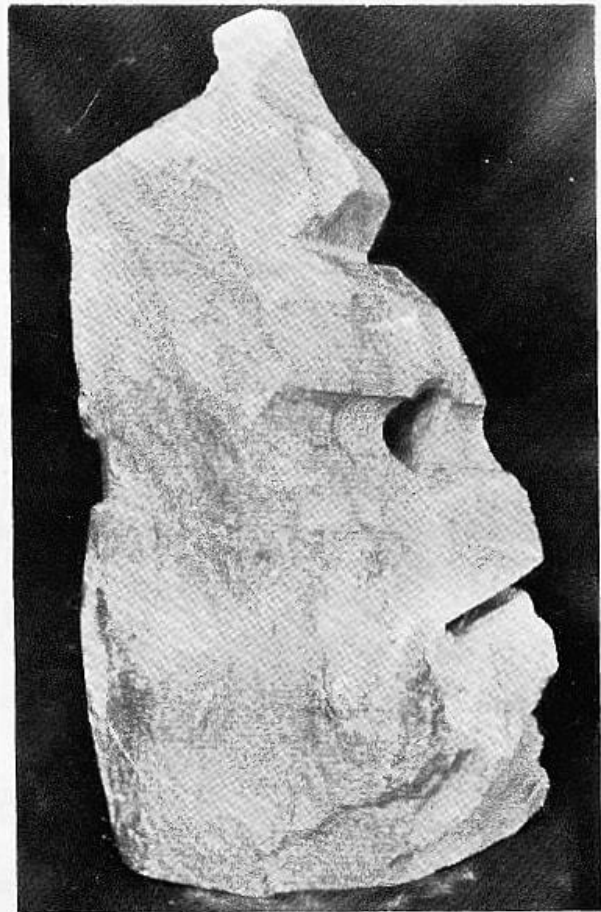
Time flew past, suddenly the exams were over, all the pressures were lifted from Rob's shoulders. He sensed from the beginning that he had failed. He adopted a carefree attitude now, and decided that he didn't have a worry in the world. He left home and headed north towards Mildura. Rob got himself a job there as a farm labourer; it wasn't what he had intended, but he could no longer bear the fact that he was living off his parents like a parasite. He had nothing to turn to. All his hopes about travelling, wasting away. He turned to drinking, thinking of it as a form of escape. He was wrong. Rob



was fired and after losing his job he gradually drank all his savings away.

Now Rob was penniless, he had nobody and nothing; this led him to thinking: where did he go wrong? His mind was turning over his whole life like a plough turns the soil, but there were no seeds to be planted in his mind because the soil was unfertile. Nothing would ever again grow.

—EDWARD KISALA, 6



FREEDOM

I wanna be free!
Is that really a necessary cry?
A while back
Maybe it was
But not for me now.
I used to say
I hate work, parents
And all the rigours
of this world.
Tell me now if I can say this.
People demonstrate
And all things like that.
I'm not knocking it
But, in my own quiet way
I fight too
FOR A LITTLE FREEDOM!

—Joan, 3E



PLEASANT THOUGHTS

As I sat behind my window
One night when it was snowing,
I watched the snowflakes falling
While the wintry wind was blowing!
I thought of happier people
Who were having glorious times,
In theatres, night clubs and dance halls
These made me hear beautiful chimes!
And while I was here dreaming
Of so many distant wishes,
Mum came to me and shouted,
"Let's come and wash those dishes!"

—Lorraine Said

POEM

Flies in the bush
Are like
Girls in the bush;
There are more of 'em in summer.

—Victor Bilous, 3A

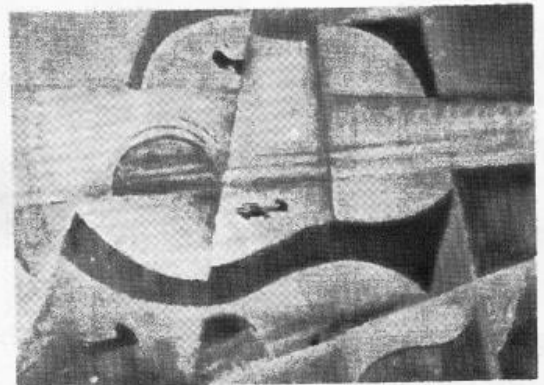


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CLOTHES THAT ARE WORN?

I came to work,
with a change of my dress,
from Mini to Midi,
My boss was in distress.
He told me to change,
or else to go.
I said I don't want to
I have nothing to show.

Cotton hot pants,
we reckon are great,
providing you aren't
overweight.
We are too fat to get
into a pair,
so what do we do in this
problem we share?

—Grace Schoen



Observations From a Sub-Stomatal Space of a Leaf

I'm sitting on a clear plastic cushion and I can look right through it outside. There are lots of CO₂'s flying around out there.

I'm leaning back against a soggy chlorophyll cell, that's a green one, and there are lots of them in here. The epider Miss one I'm sitting on reckons his friends are all in a row behind him and branch out into an army around him. I believe him 'cause I see a bunch of those guys makin' a ring around this kind of aperture thing. On top of them are all these chlorophyll things I was telling you about and they sit on top of every poor epider Miss you can see! Then they're not even satisfied with suffocating the epidermisses, but they also crowd on top of each other!

Well, I guess they don't really suffocate because of it, because there are plenty of air spaces between them all. Then there are lots of those aperture things too. Behind each of the apertures is a large room, like the one I'm in now and they call the doorway a stoma, and all the doorways are called stomata. There are two guards at each doorway, one on either side; and they wear this funny green uniform, the same color as the chloroplast cells.

Anyhow, these guards open the aperture in the morning when the sun wakes 'em up, and all these CO₂ guys come whizzing through, and then stop for a breather once they get into the entrance hall. But that doesn't last long. They seem to get called by some silent voice, which they can't resist, because right away they go whizzing off again, down each of the long, airy passages and spaces. Some of 'em don't even start the trip, they go straight into the chloroplasts and help 'em to photosynthesise.

I guess that's where the other CO₂'s went, to help the chloroplasts further from the aperture to photosynthesise. Must be, 'cause the chloroplasts don't start to photosynthesise till it's light enough for them to see what they're doing, and till they decide they're warm enough, and as soon as that happens you see the guards opening the doors. Yeah, I guess that's it! The guards must be in some sort of agreement, with the chloroplasts, 'cause after all, they're almost chloroplasts themselves.

As they get warmer and warmer, the guards open the doors wider and wider, and more and more CO₂'s come gushing in and through the chloroplasts and into the air spaces. But as the doors open more and more, all these H₂O's see their chance to escape. In the morning half of them are still sleeping, so only a few get away. But by the time it's lunchtime they're all awake and hungry and hot, and the doors are wide open, so they battle their way through all the whizzing CO₂'s and make a dash for the free country outside. They're welcome to it! All they do is loll around and make the place wet. They travel freely through the cell walls and cell membranes of all the chloroplast cells and even the epidermisses!

I asked one of 'em where he came from and he said he had a ride up on this escalator thing, but that it was a little crowded. I believe him! Those H₂O's are everywhere! Apparently some got off at each floor but you had to keep getting into a new stream each time you reached a new floor 'cause each vein, that's it, they called the escalators—veins—well, each vein branched into a whole lot more at each stop, and it got more and more crowded. When he got here he wandered around a little from cell to cell, watched the chloroplasts photosynthesise a little, dodged a few sticky CO₂'s, then, when he saw more than he felt at home with, and felt pretty hot under the collar, he realised that the doors must be open.

Well, once he realised that was end of our conversation, out he went.

And it looks like more and more H₂O's get the same idea as it gets hotter. The guards co-operate by opening the doors as wide as they can, but to do that they have to keep drinking more and more water and the H₂O's don't like that much, so they scam, quick smart.

It's about the hottest time of day now, 'cause the sun's striking from directly overhead, and there's so much traffic in and out.

I think it's cooler outside and well, drier anyhow, with the H₂O's spread to a larger area, than in here.

The guards are beginning to close up a little. They don't wanna let all those H₂O's out, but they still wanna let all the CO₂'s in. They dunno what to do! Eventually it's so hot the chloroplasts are photosynthesising flat out and it don't matter how many more CO₂'s you let in to help, they won't go no faster! I reckon it's quite an efficient chaotic system they got.

So, as the apertures are beginning to close some more, I think I better be going before they close up for the night.

Dedicated to Jimmy Germ by Millie Microbe.

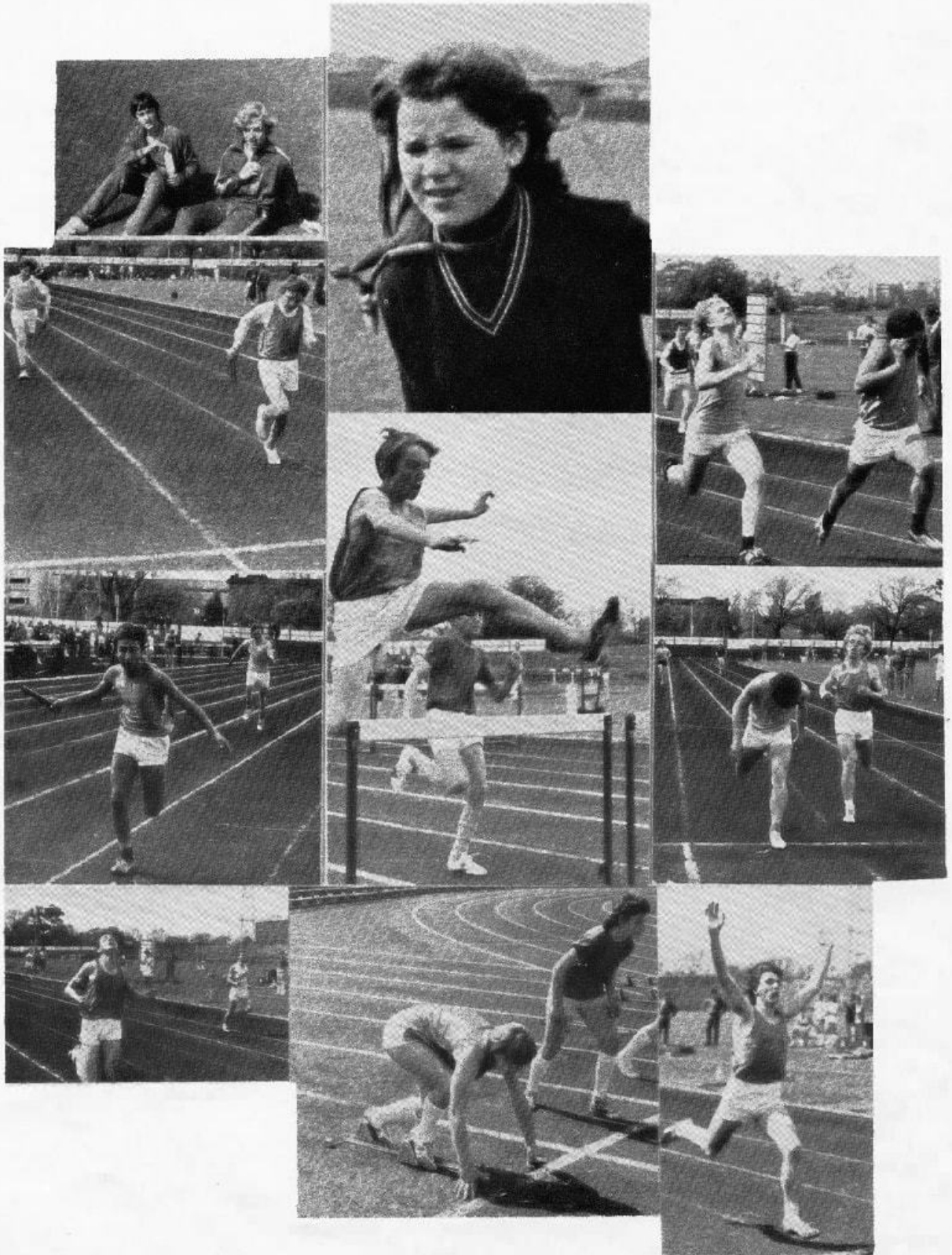
— LILLY SKRUZNY 6



THOUGHTS ON STUDENT ACTIVITY AT ST. ALBANS HIGH

*The crowded yards are quiet
The buildings echo of the dead
Except where the "few" gather
It may as well be a place for the dead.
The "few" maybe my salvation
But they slowly die
Now where does that leave me?
Unless those that haunt
This quiet, serene place
Are quickly reborn,
These empty buildings will indeed
Be a place only for the dead.*

—Alex Grivas, 6



ATHLETICS

Results

B SECTION (1971)

Grand Aggregate

1—Sunbury 530; 2—Bacchus Marsh 491; 3—Sunshine 469;
4—St. Albans 436; 5—Altona 431; 6—Laverton 290;
7—Kealba 107.

Senior Aggregate

1—Bacchus Marsh 246; 2—Sunbury 236; 3—Altona 222;
4—Sunshine 173; 5—St. Albans 159; 6—Laverton 88;
7—Kealba -.

Intermediate Aggregate

1—St. Albans 201; 2—Sunshine 186; 3—Sunbury 152;
4—Laverton 132; 5—Altona 121; 6—Bacchus Marsh 97;
7—Kealba 56.

Junior Aggregate

1—Bacchus Marsh 146; 2—Sunbury 139; 3—Sunshine 122;
4—Laverton 102; 5—Altona 90; 6—St. Albans 67;
7—Kealba 63.

We had 6 girl winners—These were all splendid performers, and, with Katarina Skec, were excellent captains.

Julie Bevz, U.17 Discus and Shot Putt, Rita Sidlauskas, U.16 Shot Putt and Hurdles and a string of places. Kathy Worona, U.17 Hurdles and a string of places. Kaye Smith, U.13 High Jump and 2nd in 100 metres.

Boy winners—U.14 High Jump—Angie Tantsis (and a string of places); U.14 100 and 200 metres—Thomas Melvin. U.15 100 and 200 metres—Andrew Stewart. U.16 100 and 200 metres (record)—Werner Blum. U.16 Hurdles—Frank Matthies. U.16 800 metres—Frank Matthies. U.16 Triple Jump—Frank Matthies. U.16 Javelin—Frank Matthies. U.16 Long Jump—Frank Matthies. U.17 Discus—Stuart Robinson. U.17 400 metres—Chris Courtney. U.17 Hurdles—Lucky Vassiliadis. Open Discus—Rudolf Horvat. Open Hurdles—Walter Fogiel.

We also won the boy's U.15 and U.16 relays—both brilliant wins with magnificent finishes by A. Stewart and W. Blum respectively.

We had many other consistent place getters—B. Wall (Open Jumps) P. Judde (U.15 middle distance) being the most prominent.

Thanks to Mirko Palibrk and Predrag Bradilovic who so efficiently helped and checked the distribution of spikes and singlets. In this regard we had a fine team effort, with full co-operation of boys and girls.

The above results speak for themselves—the outstanding sprinting with brilliant wins by record equalling and breaking—T. Melvin, A. Stewart and W. Blum were probably more than matched by the glorious all round performance of F. Matthies with his strong, courageous and skilled performances for 5 wins and one second.

Special thanks to all Athletes who trained with dedication—they are the real backbone of any success and we had many of them. Next year, to get out of B. Grade, we will need more.

Many thanks to Miss Callandar, Miss Tanian, Mr. Davis, Mr. Hope, Mr. McClure and Mr. Burke who so greatly helped Mrs. Dobes and Mr. MacLeish with the preparation of the teams and, of course, to the team captains.



ATHLETICS
INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

Boys O.17

100 metres, Walter Fogiel, unplaced; 200 metres, Henry Szucko, 2nd; 400 metres, Andrew Segi, unplaced; 800 metres, Neil Majewski, unplaced, Tony Millo, unplaced; 1,600 metres, Neil Majewski, unplaced. Hurdles: Walter Fogiel, 1st; High Jump, Bernard Wall, 3rd; Long Jump, Bernard Wall, 2nd; Triple Jump, Bernard Wall, 2nd; Shot Putt, Ivan Kos, 4th; Discus, Rudolf Horvat, 1st; Javelin, Rudolf Horvat, 4th; Relay, Tony Millo, Alec Grivas, G. Tsingas, W. Fogiel, 3rd; Medley, Tony Millo 200, Walter Fogiel 200, George Tsingos 400, Ian McKenzie 800, 4th.

U.17

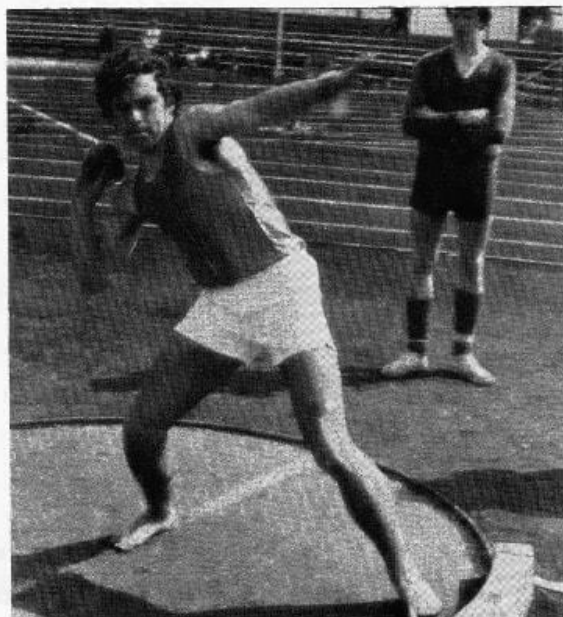
100 metres, Lucky Vassiliadis, 4th; 200 metres, Chris Pike, unplaced; 400 metres, Craig Courtney, 1st; 800 metres, Craig Courtney, 3rd; 1,600 metres, Craig Courtney, 3rd, M. Clarke, unplaced. Hurdles, Lucky Vassiliadis, 1st; High Jump, Chris Pike, unplaced; Long Jump, Wayne da Silva, unplaced; Treble Jump, Wayne da Silva, unplaced; Shot Putt, P. Bradilovic, 4th; Discus, Stuart Robinson, 1st; Javelin, Predrag Bradilovic, 5th; Relay: Chris Pike, Lucky Vassiliadis, Craig Courtney, Wayne da Silva, 4th.

U.16

100 metres, Werner Blum, 1st; 200 metres, Werner Blum, 1st; 400 metres, Werner Blum, 3rd; 800 metres, Frank Matthies, 1st; 1,600 metres, David Coulson, unplaced. Hurdles, Frank Matthies, 1st; High Jump, John Fragopoulos, unplaced; Long Jump, Frank Matthies, 1st; Treble Jump, Frank Matthies, 1st; Shot Putt, Frank Matthies, 2nd; Discus, Frank Dombi, unplaced; Javelin, Frank Dombi, 1st; Relay, David Coulson, Frank Matthies, Andrew Kozak, Werner Blum, 1st.

U.15

100 metres, Andrew Stewart, 1st; 200 metres, Andrew Stewart, 1st; 400 metres, Roman Trybus, unplaced; 800 metres, Roman Trybus, unplaced; 1,600 metres, Phillip Judde, 2nd; Hurdles, Roman Trybus, unplaced; High Jump, Gary Chatterton, 2nd; Long Jump, Roman Trybus, 3rd; Triple Jump, Roman Trybus, 2nd; Relay, A. Millo Buzek, Roman Trybus, Mirko Palibrk, Andrew Stewart. B: Las Anastasiadis, Phillip Judde, Holger Schwabe, Ivan Mundar, 2nd.



U.14

100 metres, Thomas Melvin, 1st; 200 metres, Thomas Melvin, 1st; Hurdles, Evangelo Tantsis, 5th; High Jump, Evangelo Tantsis, 1st; Long Jump, Evangelo Tantsis, unplaced; Triple Jump, Evangelo Tantsis, 2nd; Shot Putt, Evangelo Tantsis, unplaced; Discus, Evangelo Tantsis, 3rd.

Relay, A: Tom Blum, Tony Cerrone, Tony Briggs, Thomas Melvin. B: Con Georgiou, Bill Tsingos, Ray Martin, Alex Karbanenko.

U.13

100 metres, Stephen Parker, 5th; 200 metres, Stephen Parker, 5th; Hurdles, Nedelko Tkalcevic, unplaced; High Jump, Nedelko Tkalcevic, 3rd; Long Jump, Keith Pegram, unplaced; Relay, A. Keith Pegram, Stephen Pavicic, Robert Cian, Stephen Parker, 6th; B: Eddie Saathoff, Peter Stanecki, Chris Constantinou, Peter Gangur, 6th.

Girls O.17

100 metres, Marion Grixti, unplaced; 200 metres, Joy Marshall, unplaced; Hurdles, Anke Bucholz, 5th; High Jump, Katarina Skec, unplaced; Long Jump, Lana Horpinitich, 5th; Shot Putt, Lila Sawko, 4th; Discus, Lila Sawko, 3rd; Javelin, Lila Sawko, Unplaced; Relay, K. Harris, M. Grixti, Lana Horpinitich. K. Skec, 4th; Medley: L. Horpinitich, M. Grixti, 200 K. Harris, 400 Katarina Skec, 5th.

U.17

100 metres, Kathy Worona, 2nd; 200 metres, Kathy Worona, 3rd; Hurdles, Kathy Worono, 1st; High Jump, Kathy Worona, 2nd; Long Jump, Kathy Worona, 3rd Shot Putt, Julie Bevz, 1st; Discus, J. Bevz, 1st; Javelin, J. Bevz, 3rd; Relay: Julie Rubicki, Irene Vassiliou, K. Worona, Denise Papastratis, 4th.



U.16

100 metres, Rita Sidlauskas, 2nd; 200 metres, Rita Sidlauskas 2nd; Hurdles, Rita Sidlauskas, 1st; High Jump, Vicky Smith, unplaced; Long Jump, Christina Dworzynsky, unplaced; Shot Putt, Rita Sidlauskas, 1st; Discus, Rita Sidlauskas, 4th; Javelin, Cheryl Webster, 4th; Relay: Jayne Fairbrass, Lorraine Knight, Anika Bucholz, Rita Sidlauskas, unplaced.

U.15

100 metres, Erica Brundell, unplaced; 200 metres, Erica Brundell, 5th; Hurdles, Olga Nowycky, 4th; High Jump, Olga Nowycky, 3rd; High Jump, Patricia Dixon, unplaced; Relay, A. Olga Nowycky, Lucy Wojciechowski, Patricia Dixon, Erica Brundell; E: Helen Nantsou, Maria Svent, Debra Vanderlinden, Wendy Catterson, unplaced.



U.14

100 metres, Mary Mifsud, 5th; 200 metres, Mary Mifsud, unplaced; Hurdles, Krystyna Sawka, 3rd; High Jump, Krystyna Sawka, 4th; Long Jump, Susan Hallam, unplaced; Shot Putt, Maria Tsaldaris, 2nd; Discus, Voula Gastis, 5th; Relay: Mary Mifsud, Krystyna Sawka, Irene Nowycky, Kaye Smith.

U.13

100 metres, Kaye Smith, 2nd; 200 metres, Suzanne Formosa, unplaced; Hurdles, Suzanne Formosa, 4th; High Jump, Kaye Smith, 1st; Long Jump Suzanne Formosa, unplaced; Relay, A. Suzanne Formosa, Leanne Lelia, Irene Nowycky, Kaye Smith; B: Vicky Dennis, Helen O'Dea, Annette Stafrace, Helga Merzel.



3F v. 3E SOCCER MATCH

3F kicked off and went straight into attack through a good pass from the 3F striker, S. O'Brien, to D. Hamill who, under pressure, shot a long ball wide of the goals. Pressure was applied by both sides, but defences held sway. 3F's defence under A. Evans, D. Ferguson and S. Ivancic were holding well together. For 3E P. Feige had a good shot, but missed. R. Trybus took a corner, but the shot hit the post. Just before half time, a good through ball by H. Prem sent Ernie Nemeč crashing the ball into the empty net.

Half-time score: 3F 1 (Nemeč), 3E 0.

Minutes later 3F's attack scored a second goal through a good run by Hans Prem, the scores 2-0. 3E's goalie was really helpless and kept on the move, but 3F's goalie was frost-bitten and was reading a comic. Ten minutes later 3F increased their lead to 3-0, when the flying Scotsman, D. Hamill, sprinted through the shaky 3E defence and rammed home a beauty. A quick kick from the centre to G. Tourlotous from 3E took a beautiful shot which scraped the goal post by inches. Again 3E went to attack. A big kick by B. Lee sent 3F's defence scampering back. 3E were unlucky not to score when their shot hit the goalie, who made a great save. 3F wrapped it up when H. Prem scored his second goal when he cannoned the ball from 18 yards out. The score: 4-0. 3E, looking tired and dejected, fought every bit of the way and were good opponents.

Best Players: 3F, whole team effort; 3E, G. Tourlotous, P. Feige, R. Lukic.

Final score: 4 (Prem 2, Nemeč, Hamill), 3E 0.

Teams:—

3F: 1. S. Ivancic, 2. D. Ferguson, 3. A. Evans, 4. C. Kaczmarek, 5. H. Prem, 6. D. Hamill, 8. E. Nemeč, 9. S. O'Brien, 10. U. Feige.

3E: 1. R. Luckic, 2. B. Lee, 3. G. Scruzny, 4. W. Muller, 5. H. Schwabe, 6. G. Tourlotous, 8. R. Trybus, 9. I. Millard.

GIRLS BASKETBALL REPORT

Throughout the season, all the girls did their best and the Senior and Junior basketball teams both enjoyed themselves and gained a lot of experience from playing. The fact that the Seniors didn't win a match wasn't due to lack of trying.

But we are glad to let everyone know that we had a lot of close matches. Perhaps if there were more organised sports lines we would have had a much better chance—luckily the Juniors won one match. With a little more practice and enthusiasm from all the girls, both Juniors and Seniors in particular, we can win and one day will. Next year we will try not to be as bad and perhaps win more matches.

The Senior team consisted of: Katarina Skeč (capt.), Denist Papastratis, Lynette Caruana, Doris Cilia, Anna Matuszczak, Noellene Murphy and Heather Broadway.

The Junior Team consisted of: Patrice Dixon (capt.), Kaye Smith, Mary Drago, Linda Smith, Olympia Cassar, Anette Stafrace and Gina Camelleri.

Congratulations to all the girls who were in the team and thank you to those who tried but just didn't make it for the team. Also a thank you from all the girls goes to Mrs. Dahlstrom, our coach, who did her best too.

—Seniors Captain, KATARINA SKEČ 4B

JUNIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

This year has been a fairly disappointing one for the junior girls basketball team. Still, I think each player has enjoyed being in the team and meeting girls from other schools. Also, as there are six from one girls out of a team of seven, they will have another chance next year.

Though the team has tried very hard, it won only one game against Flemington and drew one with Kealba. There were a couple of changes in the team, but it ended up as: First goaler, Gina Camelleri, second goaler, Mary Drago; attack wing, Kaye Smith; defence wing, Olympia Carrar; centre, Anette Stafrace; second defence, Patrice Dixon and first defence, Linda Smith. Our emergencies were Mary Mifsud, Marcelle Ciantar, Irene Nowyckj and Laura Nowak. We have not had a permanent captain this year.



JUNIOR SOCCER REPORT

The Junior Soccer team played as a team all the soccer season in a 4-2-4 formation. The first game was against Sunshine High. We won easily 11-1, though Sunshine tried hard. Then the school travelled to Bacchus Marsh and we came home with a 3-0 win. We played Flemington next and again had a 3-0 win. Then we went to the final against Sunshine West. After being 3-0 down, we fought back to being 3-2 down and we were beating them all ends up but time beat us and we lost 3-2. But Sunshine High will never forget that day when they nearly were beaten by St. Albans High. Then came a record score for us when the junior soccer beat Kealba 27-1, and our top goal scorer, Angie Tantsis, scored 10 in the one game. The team was as follows:

Goal-keepers: Thomas Melvin, Peter Gangur, John Roth;

Right backs: Joe Nemeč, Millo Buzek;

Left half: Phillip Illingworth.

Double centre half: Dimiteri Chitsos and John Indos;

Right halves: Tony Briggs, George Boulankis;

Left winger: Steven Newton;

Inside left: Wally Lobczuk, Veselin Trifkovic;

Inside rights: Angie Tantsis, John Cus;

Right winger: Henry Alternkirch.

The top goal scorer was Angie Tantsis with 16 goals, then Steven Newton with 12 goals and then Wally Lobczuk with 11 goals.

Congratulations must go to all the people who trained at 7.30 every Tuesday morning in all conditions. And not forgetting our coach, Mr. Naish, who we could not have done without.

—A JUNIOR SOCCER PLAYER



SENIOR SOCCER

The senior soccer team started the 1971 season with a win over Sunshine at Braybrook; it wasn't an inspiring game, as the opposition was weak, our team had not trained together and the ground was in poor condition; nevertheless, St. Albans won 4-0.

The next team we played was Bacchus Marsh. This game was a "walkover" and we were extended in winning 11-1. The final game in our section was against Flemington. We battled hard in winning 2-1 as Flemington also were determined to win, because they would thus qualify for the Western Division final, but despite their scoring a controversial goal we managed to last out and play Altona for the final.

We played at Selwyn Park, but after extra time both teams were locked together at 2-2. A replay was set for the following week, and after extra time, and some bad luck on our part, both teams were still tied at 3-3. So yet another replay was arranged, this time at Newport, and after some 300 minutes playing-time behind us, we walked off the field 4-2 victors. We won the Western Division pennant, and the task was ahead of us. Brunswick was the team we had to play for the inter-zone final, so we travelled to Oak Park High School. In the first half our boys squandered some easy chances, and at half-time we found ourselves 2-1 down. St. Albans were playing the better soccer, but after 10 minutes into the second half were down 4-1. It looked like our season was over and even though we scored a second goal it didn't seem likely we were to win. But in the last 20 minutes we slammed in another 4 goals, and thoroughly deserved our victory. Caulfield High were to be our opponents in the Vic. semi-finals. We played at our own ground, but as in many other games we let go some golden opportunities, but at half time we were leading 2-0. In the last half we breezed home and easily beat our surprisingly weak opponents

10-0. We are now in the Victorian final, but at the time of writing we have not played the match. We expect to win and cap off a great season.

Among the players who played well were Ray Beller and substitute David Abela who both came up from junior ranks.

SQUAD

1. Con Dimopoulos
2. Stan Struzycki
3. Ray Beller
4. Jimmy Glouftsis
5. Roman Pluta
6. Rudi Horvat
7. Tony Simitzis
8. Serge Karbanenko
9. Andy Segi
10. Alan Newton
11. Eddy Caban
12. Peter Hordecki
13. David Abela

GOAL SCORERS

Segi	16
Karbanenko	13
Simitzis	3
Caban	4
Glouftsis	1
Newton	3
Beller	3
Struzycki	1

Scores and Scorers

St. Albans 4 v Sunshine 0 (Karbanenko, Segi 2, Simitzis)
 St. Albans 11 v Bacchus Marsh 1 (Struzycki, Segi 5, Simitzis, Caban, Glouftsis, Newton 2)
 St. Albans 2 v Flemington 1 (Segi 2)
 St. Albans 2 v Altona 2 (Karbanenko, Segi)
 St. Albans 3 v Altona 3 (Karbanenko 2, Segi)
 St. Albans 4 v Altona 2 (Karbanenko 3, Segi)
 St. Albans 6 v Brunswick 4 (Karbanenko 4, Segi, Beller)
 St. Albans 10 v Caulfield 0 (Karbanenko 2, Segi 3, Caban 3, Newton, Simitzis)
 P W D L F A
 8 6 2 0 42 13
 average 5 1/2 goals per game.





SENIOR GIRLS HOCKEY

The senior girls hockey team this year was led by our enthusiastic captain, Natalie Lobczuk without whom the hockey teams this year would not exist. This year we were unable to find a coach to last the whole season.

In the school season, St. Albans met their match in playing Altona for the Western Division Section. With little training and no coach, the team did exceedingly well to gain the position of runners-up. As in previous years, with coach Mr. Maplestone the team met defeat occasionally, but not so this year as we won all games until the grand final.

The most outstanding feature of our team is the colourful array of uniforms we wear on the field. Our uniform has become somewhat rainbow coloured, although we all manage to wear some purple. But our clothing is no cover up for our dazzling play. With such skilful and reliable hockey players as Rita Sidlauskas, Maria Kalanoski and others helped to determine our success. The team proved to be loyal and most dedicated, even playing in driving rain at times. The team never failed to show the finer points of sportsmanship, and at every game the team played as a team dependent on each other, and each determined to make the extra effort to win.

Even though we were defeated during the school season finals, St. Albans district is the leading team. In the finals for the Saturday morning competitions at Royal Park, this team has a mixture of seniors and juniors who brave the opposition often without a full team. As we had to leave our cosy beds to face the freezing weather to play in the Saturday morning competitions, it was always necessary to phone our captain at 7 a.m., this to get her out of bed and on her way, often still missing the train!

Our teams for 1971 were:—

School Side: Goalie, Leonie Ward; left back, Lidia Skruzny; right back, Vera Rudinica; left half, Maria Kalanoski; centre half, Nicki Glisovic; right half, Biserka Vinko; left wing, Angie Davadowicz; left inner, Jo-Anne Chandler; centre forward, Natalie Lobczuk; right inner, Rita Sidlauskas; right wing, Patricia Magee.

Saturday Morning Side: Goalie, often none. left back, Lidia (again); right back, Milika; left half, Maria (again); centre half, Angie (again); right half, Patricia (again); left wing, Sandra McGregor; left inner, Jo-Anne (again); centre forward, Natalie (again); right inner, Rita (again); right wing, Patricia Magee (often none).

Reserves Senior, Monika Springle; reserves Saturday, Wendy Van Roy, Janis Ganger.

The team next year will suffer due to the loss of some good players—Natalie, Angie, Jo-Anne, Patricia and Lydia, but perhaps we will be able to rebuild using some of the present enthusiasm.

BOUNCEBALL—"B" GRADE

For the past 10 weeks from 9-6-71 to 11-8-71, four of the most conscientious bounceball players of St. Albans High, namely, Tina Vasiliou 5B, Anita Damrow 5B, Grace Schoen 5D, and myself made our way every Wednesday to Westland Sports Centre to manipulate the ball. However, diligence alone was not enough to secure the pennant.

—LILY TADIC, 5C



BASEBALL

The St. Albans Baseball Team has had an enviable record over the past five years; that is, a series of performances of which they can be proud.

The records—

1967—Runner-up in the Western Division Final;

1968—Premiers Western Division;

1969—Premiers Western Division, but beaten by Melbourne High in the inter-divisional final.

1970—Premiers Western Division, Runners-up to University High in the All-High Championship;

1971—Premiers Western Division, Runners-up again to University High in the All-High Championship.

The team which has played and trained well this year consisted of a blend of old-timers: Gary and Neil Majewski, Ross Carter and Walter Fogiel, and newcomers Lucky Vassiliadis, Peter O'Dea, Rodney and Michael Lukic, Nicky Stirkul, Holger Schwabe, Ray Sidlauskas and John Cram.

A tradition of success had been built in the past by such all-time greats as Ihor Bevz, Wolfgang Duda, John Beighton, Joe Borg, Graham Goodes, Nick and George Athanasopoulos, Steve Hunter, Kurt Zeizer, Karsten Richter, Walter Gatt and Gary O'Dea, to name but a few, and this tradition was carried on this year by the present team. As many of the team are leaving, we need guys who can hit, throw and run, to come and join the team to keep up its winning record. As you can see your surname is no problem—the game is closed to nobody.

Some highlights of the past season have been:

1. Kurt Zeizer's ability to steal bases;
2. The succession of great batteries (for non-baseballers—the pitcher and catcher), Ihor Bevz to Wolf Duda, and then Gary to Neil Majewski;
3. The replay of the 1969 grand final against Footscray High which we won by exactly the same score;
4. Our fearful reputation which enabled us to win many games by forfeit;
5. The dedicated (?) coaching over the past five years.

GERMAN POETRY — GOETHE PRIZE COMPETITION

The following St. Albans High School pupils have been awarded Honorable Mention Certificates in the Goethe Prize Competition for 1971, by the Australian Goethe Society: Form 3: Stanko IVANCIC; Form 4: Christine BISTRICKI, Karen MOSES, Paul VADASZ; Form 5: Anita DAMROW, Sylvia VORMWALD; Form 6: Zdenka PAVICIC.



REPORT ON THE FILM THAT FORM 3E MADE

Our turn was coming up to do the entertainment thing in the Form 3 and 4 Assembly.

One thing was definitely decided, when we were trying to figure out what to do, it was going to be different, whatever it was.

Some bright spark in the form (there are so many I can't remember who) hit upon the idea of making a film. Things had to be organised, there wasn't much time. A script was worked out, characters appointed and one beautiful, rainy, sunless day we commenced filming.

Ace cameraman Frank Matthies, aided and abetted by Form Teach Mr. McMahon, did a wonderful job of completely destroying two \$6 colour films.

Our main characters were Melitta Rabensteiner (the girl in the shirt) and Timothy Penhall (the prize microphone licker).

In all the confusion and mix-up, people forgetting their clothes, we filmed the Bikie scene, Hockey Match, in the staffroom, in class, farewell, an interview, the disappearing act and the smoking scene.

This happened mostly in the lunch-hour and somehow we managed to keep it secret from most of the school.

Then came the cutting and splicing of the film at a student's home. Believe me, there was a lot to cut out.

The sound was left for last, as this was the hardest job in matching sound with film sequences.

Then on a Thursday Assembly we showed our masterpiece. And they liked it!

—JOAN VELLA, 3E



RUSSIAN PUSHKIN POETRY COMPETITION, 1971

The following students represented St. Albans High School at the Russian poetry competition for 1971, held at Melbourne University:

INTERMEDIATE LEVEL: Vera Diakun, Form IV; Sonia Savanovic, Form IV; Kathy Worona, Form IV.

LEAVING LEVEL: Lana Horpinitich, Form V; Olga Korytsky, Form V; Julia Rybitsky, Form V; Irene Trusinskis, Form V.

PUSHKIN PRIZE WINNERS—1971

Intermediate Group

SECOND PRIZE: Kathy Worona, Form IV.

Leaving Group

THIRD PRIZE: Julia Rybitsky, Form V.

HONORABLE MENTION: Irene Trusinskis, Form V.

Congratulations to the members of Russian School Choir (11 girls from Forms IV, V and VI) for the magnificent representation of our School at the "Pushkin-Night".



ATMOSPHERES

To explore our universe,
To uncover our beginning,
To search for in our dreams.
To find where time began,
To reveal where it ends.
Inexplicable, as it is,
Atmospheres so deep . . .
Overcast . . . and dark,
Weightless, not yet decomposed.
Vulnerable to the elements.
Beyond imagination,
Beyond anyone's gain,
Ghostly images flashing.
Breathless and inevitable,
passing through tranquillity.
In reaching for our answer,
Defining the impossible,
By explaining our hypothesis.
The closer we get,
The further it moves away.
Fundamentally unexposed,
Wild in its audacity,
Free in its environment.
Only to be disturbed,
By outcasts of the galaxies.
No gravity but the unknown force,
Only strange sounding images,
Fearful but in their own way natural.
Yet sending incomprehensible pulses,
To the shadows of our subconscious imaginings.

—Ivan Kos and Wolfgang Weigand, 5D



RAIN

Teardrops
falling swiftly as
all the angry emotions of this quarrel
are passing,
more teardrops,
falling more freely,
and then gathering into a mirror
for all mankind to see.

—Julie Pearson, 3A



Snippets from . . .

- Q.—What is the food value of a meat pie and and sauce?
A.—“The food value of a meat pie and sauce is 16c, 17c on Monday due to the price rise.”
- Q.—What is condensation?
A.—“Condensation is milk that you buy in a can.”
- Q.—What are appetisers?
A.—“Appetisers mean a small snake.”
- Q.—What are 6 accompaniments of a curry?
A.—“Curry with spaghetti, curry with ravioli, curry with fish, curry with meat, curry with savouries, curry with rice.”
- Q.—What is shortening?
A.—“A sweet pastry”.
- Q.—Which sugar is best for creaming?
A.—“Icing sugar is best, because it is already powdered.”
- Q.—What is a rising agent?
A.—“That is what you put it in the oven with other ingredients and it will go up.”
- Q.—What is the food value of fruit?
A.—“It is very good for you.”
- Q.—What is an appetiser?
A.—“When you have food standing up.”
- Q.—What are the 3 classes of soups?
A.—“I was away for the soup.”



PHOTOGRAPHY

Twenty, fifth form students this year entered a new world, a world of photography, a world which we had not yet explored and was to be an adventure that would intrigue all of us. This was to include the understanding of art, chemistry and physics; all these subjects combine in a small way.

Our first adventure was into the world of cameras, where we explored the wonderland. (Where simplicity can place it into a category of three-inch square pin box camera which too can produce photos). Then we proceeded into the understanding and the adjustments of particular cameras.

Our second step was the mixing of solutions to develop photos. Here we began to explore the first step of the secret to the development of photos. Then we would proceed to the organisation with thoroughness and patience in the handling and producing of a large number of individual photos. Here we entered the clerical field, assisting our school.

We would become intrigued with the handling of the enlarger and the wonders hidden within it, till later we produced black and white photos and coloured slides which we had developed ourselves; something which is added to our knowledge and achievement. More knowledge will be gained when one learns about different kinds of printing and the practice of the correct use of a camera, movie camera, projectors and other equipment. Till finally one understands the meaning of a photo, how one can make a more inviting and outstanding picture to the best of one's ability and perhaps later in life one would be thankful that one had made a decision in one's early life to have a basic knowledge of photography. When one watches the creation of the film world advancing into the future, one too advances with them.

—MARY MYKYTYN, GIZELLA CSILLAG

On behalf of the photography class we would like to thank Mr. Ziemelis a great deal for all the time and effort he had spent during school and after school hours for this class. Also our thanks must go to Mr. Naish who had helped us darken out the cloak room.



THE OVENS VALLEY TOUR

The tour had actually started. After months of preparation, by the teachers; Mr. Naish, Mr. Graham and Miss McCullough, the Form 2 excursion to Ovens Valley had begun. Everybody was bright and cheerful when we left St. Albans on Sunday morning. The bus driver, Mr. Duke, pointed out places of interest. We arrived at the Eildon Weir at about 12. We stopped here to look around for about 10 minutes, then we travelled for about 5 miles, then we stopped for lunch. We piled out of the bus, and went our separate ways to eat, though due to plonking onto our seats without looking, some had squashed sandwiches or dented Coke cans.

When we arrived at Mr. Bennet's camp, we had a fair idea of the layout of the district, which helped us in our Assignments. We were ushered to our huts, and once in your hut, you argued about who was having what bed. Having overcome this problem, by the flip of a 10c coin we unpacked, and then at 6 p.m. filed into the main hut for tea. After tea, we were told our jobs and the routine. Finally, we were let out for 30 minutes. In this 30 minutes we occupied ourselves, by running around the camp, shining our torches into various huts. Later, Miss McCullough informed us that the torches were meant for other purposes. That night we were given assignments for the following day. Mr. Graham told us about 'Bushrangers' and Mr. Naish told us about 'Gold', the topics of our assignments. After our work was finished, Mr. Graham, again, amazed us with his brilliance at cooking, his specialty is heating milk for our nightly cup of Cocoa. The next day we went to the Beechworth Museum, Ned Kelly's Cell, the Powder Magazine, and the Carriage Museum. We completed our assignments during our visit to the Beechworth Museum, also towards the end of the day we went to the Beechworth Cemetery, to see the Chinese Burning Tower, which was used by the Chinese during the Gold Rush in that area. When we came back to camp, we had time off before tea, and 30 minutes after tea. That night we learnt about Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme and later Mr. Naish showed us some slides of countries he had been to. The following day we were busy. We went and learnt about some places such as: the McKay Power Station, and learnt what the Station's part was in the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme. On that visit a load of people in the lift got stuck, and looked relieved when out in fresh air. On that same day we went to the snow at Falls Creek. The teachers didn't go in the snow and only watched and laughed at us. On the next day we went to an Apple Storage Factory, a Saw Mill and Gold Shafts. People came and lectured us about things. Mr. Stephens talked about gold, Mr. Blain talked to us about forestry and Mr. Watson talked to us about the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme. On Thursday we went to the snow again, and this time, we had our chance to laugh at the teachers because they ventured into the snow. On Friday morning, we left the camp and started the long journey home. We went a different way home this time and so could see different sights such as the Bruck Mills in Wangaratta. Though the trip had to end, it was much to the disappointment of most kids.

—Elaine Sowerby 2D



MARYSVILLE—AN APPRECIATION

We arrived at Marysville at approximately four o'clock Saturday afternoon. After unpacking our bags we went for a stroll around the town. It's a very small town, forty houses at the most, about four guest houses, including Kooringa where we stayed, a hotel, post office, bank and a small cluster of shops in the main street.

The town was very quiet, considerably different from living on the main road of St. Albans. Kooringa was up from the main road, very peaceful, but we were in no way restricted from enjoying ourselves.

Three teachers went with us, Mr. Carmody, Mrs. Honigsberg and Miss Landon. We had a really great time with these teachers. They participated in everything we did, in fact they arranged most of it. None of them exerted very much authority, except where absolutely necessary.

On the Wednesday we went for a fifteen mile hike. The guest house staff prepared a barbecue lunch for us to take, and we set off early in the morning. We were joined by Mr. Webster, Mr. Mitchell and one of his friends who was camping up there with him, Mr. Carmody's wife, and Mrs. Honigsberg's husband. The hike was made more pleasurable by the way no one acted superior to anyone else, and we had a lot of fun like a group of lifelong friends.

I think we all appreciated the manager's tolerance when we stayed up all night, and his goodwill when we asked for special lunches.

I think we all enjoyed ourselves, I did anyway. Due to the co-operation of everyone involved the holiday was a week of fun with no incidents to make it unpleasant for anyone.

—KERRIE BLAIN, 4D

LOVE

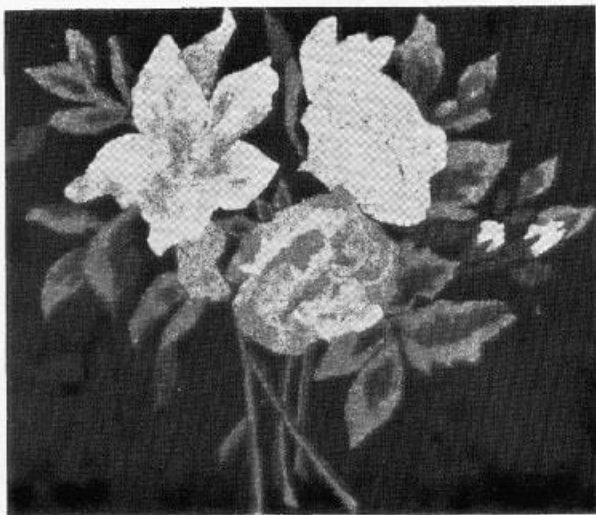
*Men and Women,
Boys and Girls;
Groovey great
Cars and Pearls
Night had Fallen
The world did rest
And the demon Love
Was at its best
It's then the gods above send down
In a golden moonbeam love earthbound.
Two in a park are happy and gay
Others propose and marry next day
Then from above lightening struck
And love knew his job had ended with luck
The first little moonbeam that came the next day
Picked up the demon and sent him on his way.*

—Lynette Wall and Linda Watts, 1A

WILD FLOWERS

*The wind blows,
and then a thousand graceful ladies,
attired in the most beautiful assortment
of fabrics and colours,
bow their fragile heads in acceptance
of an invitation to dance.*

—Julie Pearson, 3A



SUN

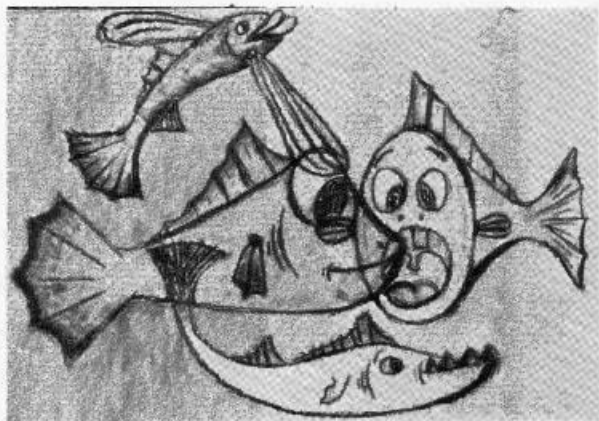
*Have you ever noticed the sunset?
It's all so fast and unnoticeable,
but when you stop and watch it set,
it's like a snail: slow and interesting.*

—Maria Kalinowiski, 3A

SPRING

*Spring is like an orchestra
Birds singing, crickets whistling
Bees buzzing, frogs croaking.
Spring is the soft fragrance of wild
flowers in the warm spring breeze.
Spring is alive, full of wonder.
But best of all spring is mine.*

—Mirella Persich, 3A



HAIKU

*Oh, little flower
Bloom in your gayest shades
And kiss my cheek.*

—Margaret Tiukow, 1B



RAIN

*Thumping against the ground like run-
away horses against hard sun
burned sands,
That's how the rain comes tumbling down.
Or just rippling as the rivers waters
over its polished pearls,
Or even sometimes just tapping
on my window pane
to call me out.*

—Alla Korbut, 3A

AN EX - ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL — NURSING GOLD MEDALLIST FOR 1970

When Zofia Dworzynski began attending our School in 1962, we fancied that she would go a long way towards success in her life. Her diligence, wonderful personality and kind manner lifted her well above the average. Congratulations Zofia!

As the Award of the gold medal was announced towards the end of last year we regret that our congratulations are rather belated, as they could not be printed in the "ALBA" of 1970. (Photo—by courtesy of Roper Studios, Footscray).



EXCURSION TO ROYAL MELBOURNE HOSPITAL

On 1st September, six girls from our form (4A) joined almost 200 girls from other High Schools at the open field day at the Royal Melbourne Hospital. This is the first time it has ever been held. The main idea of this was to give us a better understanding of a nurse's life and what her tasks are in a hospital.

When we arrived we received a warm welcome from the matron and met our guides. We then saw a film called "To Nurse Is To Care" which showed us a nurse's life in general. Next we were taken around by a guide and shown various parts of the hospital. Then we had lunch and went back to the lecture room for a general background of the stages in nursing. If we had any questions about this career we could ask the nurses ourselves and we discovered a lot more about nursing than one would find in books.

—JANICE AND ESTER, 4A

TRIP TO BALLARAT

DATE: Friday, 13th August.

PLACE: Sovereign Hill.

Forms 3B, F and D went.

On Friday, the 13th, we left St. Albans High to go to Ballarat. Everyone was snugly rugged up and all brought plenty of food. We saw seven camels on the way. We turned left at a small town named Gordon, on to a road which was narrow but good. We passed the township of Mount Egerton. Then about ten minutes later . . . clomp, clomp, clomp—a flat tyre. That was all we needed, a flat tyre. Some went to scare the herd of cows away. Two groups of girls, including myself, went to a home-stead which was about three hundred yards back. Its name was Lal Lal. Though there were lots of nasty dogs, we managed to make friends with their owners. The trip was delayed for half an hour.

At Sovereign Hill, an old gold town which is now almost a museum, everyone was anxious to enter. They heard it was good and everything looked the part. Cameras were clicking, and everyone was shouting, "Joe come and look at this!" We met some people there also. Then it was lunch at the Eureka Stockade; we had one hour to eat and relax.

After lunch at 1.30 we went to Montrose Cottage and the Museum, but they were closed. So it was home we go. From everyone came a groan. But the time went fast and we were at school again. Mr. Webster told us to pick up our rubbish. I thought that it was worthwhile and I hope to go again.

—LILY MERZEL 3B



Not Shot

Mr. SHOTT and Mr. NOTT agreed to fight a duel. NOTT was shot and SHOTT was not; so it is better to be SHOTT than NOTT. SHOTT and not NOTT shot the shot that shot NOTT. If the shot that SHOTT shot which shot NOTT had shot SHOTT and not NOTT, SHOTT instead of NOTT would have been shot and NOTT would not.

—LILA SAWKO, 4B

Why did grandma put wheels on her rocking chair?

ANSWER: So she could do the rock and roll.

What country do you find under a car?

ANSWER: Greece.

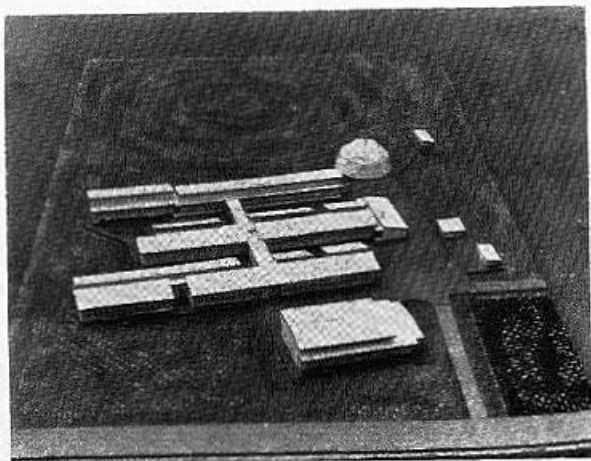
My name is Cliff, drop over some time.



THE TOWN

People are running here and there, trying to hurry to go to work or to whatever business they do. At rush hour the trains are packed, the cars driving bumper to bumper. But around 10 o'clock at night peace comes at last. You see couples walking hand in hand, cars slowly driving along. The lights casting a magical mist in the dark winter sky. The wind blowing silently around figures waiting for trams or figures just standing around. Each shop window showing off its contents. Being lit up with translucent purples, greens and reds. The foolish clothes and mod gear just tempting the people. But there are no people to tempt. The wind becomes very strong and the people pull their coats close to their bodies and walk faster to get to their destination. At 2 o'clock all is silent. No one is to be seen or heard. The lights are out and a black curtain is closed on the city. No human is to be seen, the only noise is the paper rustling merrily along the footpath, being pushed once or twice by the light fresh wind. No pollution to be seen or smelt. Everything so fresh and clean. Suddenly a golden, red sky is seen in the distance. It leaves you breathless at the sight of its natural beauty. The birds start singing as the sun pops out his head from the horizon. The city waits once more for the hustle and bustle of the city people.

—ANKE, 4D



SAND, GRIT, DUST

*The sun beats down upon the sand,
The hot-cold feeling under feet.
Run up to the water's edge—
Feel it, moist, inviting, cool . . .
Fall in it; roll in it . . .
Feel . . .
Joy and warmth,
Love . . .
Children play—
Happy children,
Dirty, grubby, hungry, children,
Yet they play . . .
They forget their sorrows on the sand,
Warmth caressing . . .
Grit recalls . . .
Home a place, where joy and love subside,
Where children without mother;
Cry . . .
The dust around them,
On the floor, the table, shelf.
Reminds them of their plight,
They understand . . .
For, they have life.*

—Tamara Sztynka, 4B



*The printing of this page has been made possible by
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191-193 Williams Street, St. Albans
Their financial assistance is gratefully acknowledged.*

MIRRORS

The storm blew fiercely and the angry clouds wept unendingly. The turbulent sea kept eternally whispering and its mighty swell fought our yacht. I do not remember much of this time, except that our yacht capsized and I was rolled into shore by the tide where I found myself abandoned on a desolate island. The stars that appeared during the night seemed to wander, sparkling in the eternal space, and morning came and went, but brought no light for I could not subdue my emotional fears in the dread of my desolation.

The sun rose and set and I thought about what I was going to do now that I was alone. Apparently, nobody else on the yacht survived. It was a morning of thick fog with the sound of the far-off waves breaking on the shore. Out of tree branches, twigs and other primitive materials on the island, I built a small hut for myself and gathered abalones which grew abundantly on the island reef. Fog crept in and out of my empty hut making shapes as it drifted and they reminded me of the people who had died. The noise of the surf seemed to be their voices speaking. I sat for a long time, seeing these shapes and hearing the voices, until the sun came out and the fog vanished.

Every night I could hear a howling noise, so early one morning I began to make some weapons out of branches. All day I searched for more and more branches to make enough weapons, for I felt danger was all round me on this forsaken island. As I was carrying a wood container filled with water from a nearby ravine, I noticed six or seven dogs were following me, snarling and howling. Their eyes were red and fierce and their mouths foamed, their fur fell little by little as they barked in agony. They were gone when the sun went down and I ran, trying to find some protective shelter on the island, but there was nowhere I could hide. The beach was empty except for rows of seaweed washed in by the storm.

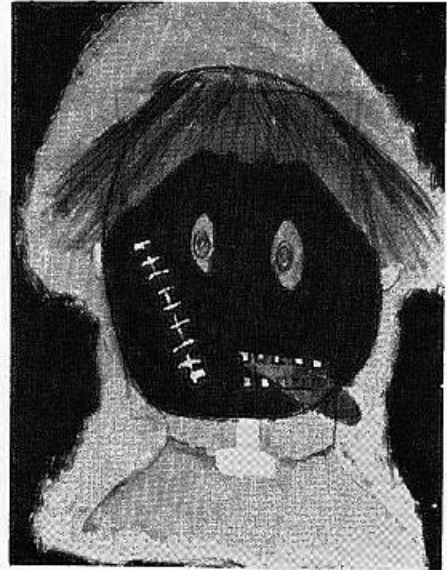
As the wan moon came over the horizon, I could see the wild dogs slinking through the trees, watching me. They began to pace back and forth at the foot of a large tree, sniffing the air, for they could smell my tracks and knew that I was somewhere near. I kept on walking until I saw a strange cave which seemed to be secluded from the island itself. The cave was on a small mountain, making it difficult for the wild dogs to reach me. Near the cave was a spring of water flowing from a ravine, and the trees abounded with fruit, which seemed strange on such a hostile island.

This cave was certainly a mythical place, for inside, mirrors of all shapes and sizes covered the walls. The ground was no longer coarse and sandy and there were strange mirrors, which seemed to illuminate the entire cave. In this illumination, I could see open chests filled with beads and ear-rings of many colours.

—LYNETTE CARUANA, 3B

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325 Main Road East, St. Albans*

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GREEDY PIG

*Your heart it will bleed,
When tales you will read,
Of this man of the breed,
Who will dare any deed,
And let nothing impede,
In for-filling his need,
To eat like a Swede.
Whose eye like a bead,
Is blazing with greed,
Whose nose will him lead,
Through river and reed,
O'er mountain and mead,
Midst bushes and weed,
In pursuit of a feed.*

—Brigitte Klusik, 2C



NEWSPAPER RESPONSIBILITY

Are they accurate?

Earlier in this magazine you have read about the findings of a sociologist. Perhaps you would like to know more about this survey.

In 1967, the newspapers in Melbourne printed the results of some research in the social standing of the suburbs of Melbourne. They reported that St. Albans was ranked 133 out of a possible 133. Toorak was ranked 001 on the same scale. The newspaper reports were based on a piece of research entitled, "A Social Ranking of Melbourne Suburbs" by F. Lancaster-Jones. The article was originally published in the Australia and New Zealand Journal of Sociology, 1967.

In this article I propose to criticise the Lancaster-Jones' survey in a strictly objective manner. Hopefully, the criticism will destroy the low self image of St. Albans, held by many at this school; at least it should cast doubts on the survey.

The Lancaster-Jones survey was compiled from 1961 census data. This, in itself leads to two serious problems. Firstly, the work is hopelessly out of date. Serious researchers find out their own information now, rather than rely on this survey. Just consider the growth of St. Albans in the last 2-3 years, then you will realise the tremendous changes which would have taken place since 1961. How many of your parents lived here then? Clearly, the survey's results are open to question, simply because they are outdated.

A second serious problem also results from the use of census data. You probably saw the last census form. To me it was surprisingly uninteresting, and difficult to fill in, for all the promises that it would be the most detailed and easiest form yet. Imagine what the earlier ones must have been like. There are two groups of problems surrounding census data. The first is that it does not give enough detail as to the social standing of an individual. Information like income, level of education, style of house, manner of living, is essential to any understanding of a social pattern. The two most important details necessary are just not on the census form, i.e., income and style of living. Thus, census data does not provide adequate information for any accurate social ranking. The second serious problem with census data, is specific to St. Albans. I had enough difficulty working out what information was required. I can easily imagine non-English speakers being confused if native English speakers have difficulty. Children would just not be able to be as accurate as their parents, because of this lack of an adequate vocabulary.

The only way that problems like this can be overcome is through direct interviewing. This is costly and time consuming, but it does provide enough accurate information.

Lancaster-Jones summed up the problems of his survey best when he wrote, "additional information on occupation, income and educational levels would have been desirable." I would suggest that instead of the word "desirable" a more appropriate word would be "necessary". If he was to provide us with adequate information to rate social status.



A logical error was committed by the researcher when he assumed that whole areas would be ranked. He used census districts for ranking, which is to say the least, rather arbitrary. For example, parts of Toorak are rather run down, especially near the railway station, yet these "black spots" are not accounted for in the survey. It assumes all areas are completely the same all through and this is patently absurd.

My conclusions after reading the original survey, were that newspaper reporters were totally irresponsible in their treatment of the survey. They just took the results, without any consideration of the defects. The information was meant for scholars and publication of daily newspapers seriously affected attitudes in areas like St. Albans. This was unnecessary because the severe defects of the survey should have been made more clear.

My second conclusion was that certain changes over the past 10 years would certainly raise St. Albans' ranking even using some of the methods used by Lancaster-Jones.

In other words St. Albans' people have been downgrading themselves needlessly, and to their own detriment.

—MRS. A. BUNNETT



THE KING IS DEAD

It probably sounds absurd to suggest that one could make good theatre by writing a musical on the death of such a contemporary martyr as Martin Luther King.

The play was written late one night and it all somehow fitted into place, the songs chosen did not conflict with the seriousness of the assassination of King and the idea of signs informing the audience of what was happening seemed to convey the political excitement of real events, as well as being a combination of street theatre, and more traditional theatrical techniques that had to be observed because of the limitations of the proscenium arch.

As the writer and producer of the play I was very happy with the way 4D shaped up as a company. We spent more than a few English periods on the play and many production ideas and schemes came from people within the form.

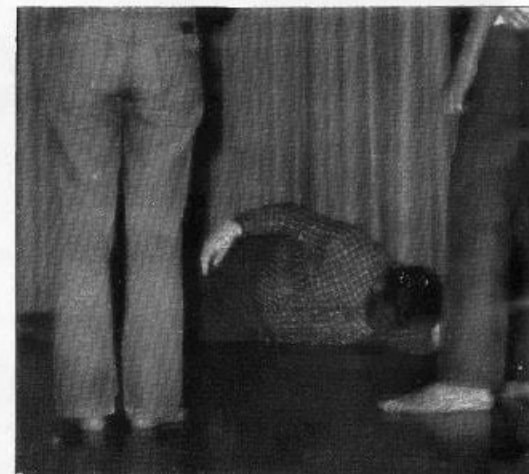
Unfortunately when the play did go on at assembly it received only a moderate response as we had made a terrible mistake in not regarding the composition of the audience (3rd and 4th formers).

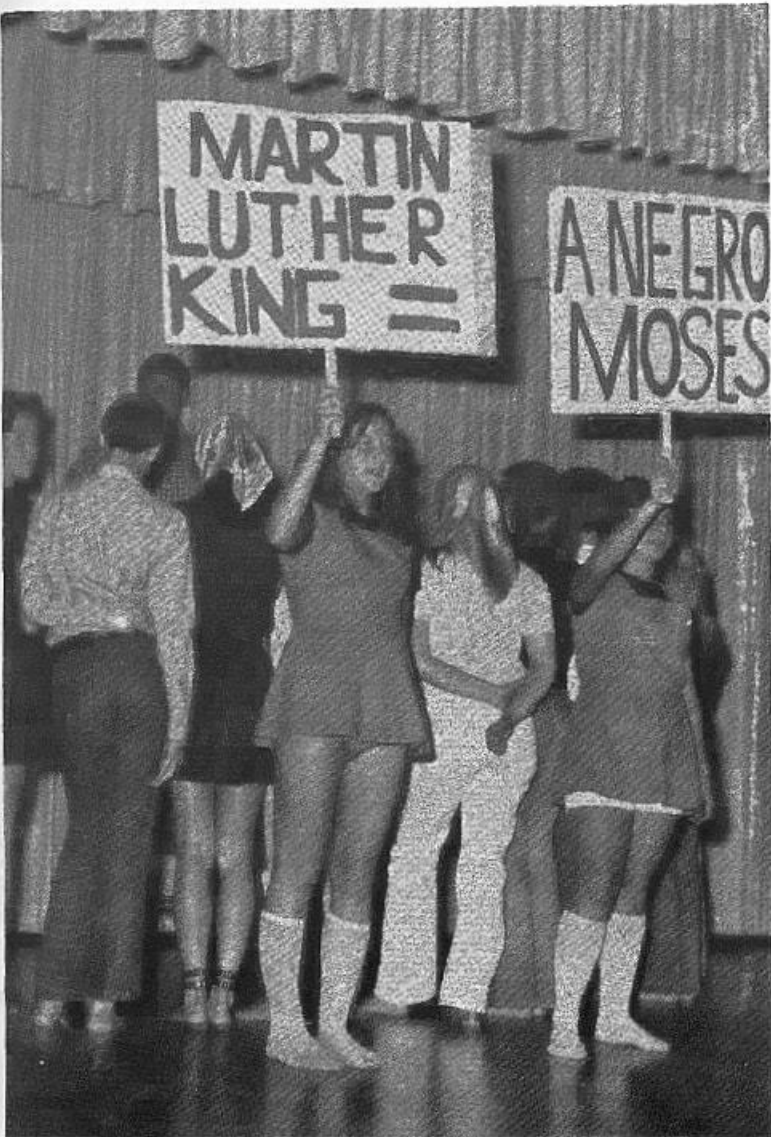
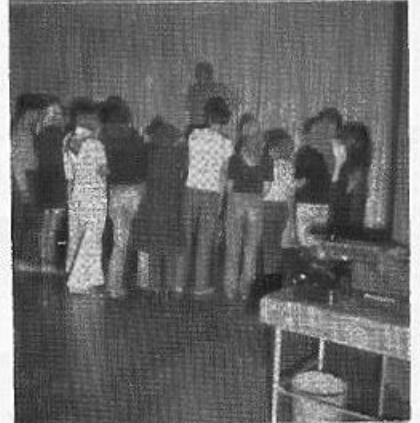
Indeed we hadn't asked ourselves that most vital question that every production should ask itself. Who are our audience? What sort of plays are they used to seeing? What sort of plays do they like most?

If we had asked these questions we would have recognised immediately that in terms of audience sophistication some explanation was necessary about the play. For instance, many students had never heard of Martin Luther King or his assassination.

Naturally, if the play ever goes on again it would be prudent to give some sort of potted history regarding the racial situation in America and Martin Luther King's role in the fight for negro emancipation.

—MR. CARMODY





ALBA FIRST TERM CONTRIBUTIONS

1—

Q. Definition of a born loser?

A. Someone who presses on an ejection button in a crashing helicopter. (If you press an ejector button in a helicopter you'll go straight into the copter blades.)

2—

Q. Definition of a born loser?

A. Someone who washes windows on a skyscraper and steps back to admire his work.

3—

There was a mean tram conductor who wouldn't even let his grandmother on the tram free of charge. One day an old lady came on the tram and asked how much the fee was to get to such and such a place. He told her eleven cents, but she only had ten cents so he pushed her off the tram into the street and she was run over and killed. The conductor had a trial and was to be sent to the electric chair. The day came and they sat him in the chair, strapped him in then switched the power on. They took the power off and he was still alive (if you survive the electric chair three times you can go free). They double-checked the wires, connections, etc. . . . and switched on the power, switched it off and he was still alive. They did it all over again but he still was alive. They asked him, "Why didn't you die?" He said, "I'm a bad conductor."

—MAARTEN LIGHOET 3C



A MURDERER

*I'm rolling in bed, and I just can't get to sleep.
My mind's tormenting me; I don't know what to think.
I'm shivering cold and my spine gets a chill;
I'm sweating like mad and I just can't keep still.
I tear off my sheet in an act of despair
I shout real loud till my lungs won't give air.
I cry out, Oh, God! What's wrong? Can't you see?
Then I look at the bloody dagger that's lying beside me.
Oh, why did I do it? Oh, answer my plea.
Then I thought about the body which is floating in the sea.
Then I reach for the dagger which was lying on the floor
And in my torment I decide I can't live anymore.*

—Valentine Skarbogaty, 3A

"EXCLUSIVE MEMBERS ONLY"

In this school, where we are kept in the school grounds by certain laws, and only the dare-devils risk their lives to break them, there are a certain group of young rascals who have found a legal way of doing the—to anyone else—impossible task.

How does a nice hot cup of coffee, or tea with toast, sound to you at recess or any other time, like during private study or in between classes?

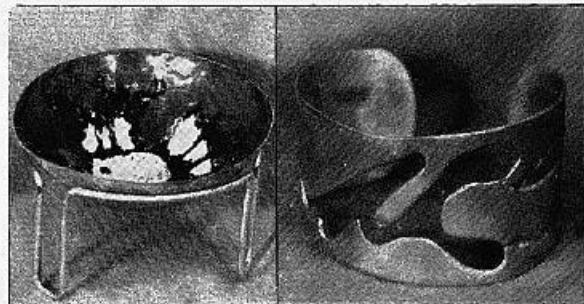
Well, you might be just dreaming about it, but there are a few young men who are in form 6 and have their hang-out or "cafe" in this school. You might know where it is, I know where it is, but if you don't, I can't tell you—I wouldn't want this to get into the wrong hands.

They have set it up in an otherwise unused place. And unless you look hard you wouldn't know it was there. It is kept under cover by using camouflage in the school colour of green. On the door is a note.

But there is one flaw in their little scheme, i.e., the beautiful rich smell of coffee and toast linger in the classroom which gives away their location. So watch it boys—one day that heavenly smell might get the better of someone and they might just barge in and help themselves!

One more thing; their mild supply is not quite as legal as everything else seems to be.

—LILA SAWKO 4B



This Year's Cover Design

The Competition for the Cover Design for Alba 1971, was won by Maryanne Sacco, 2D.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Archaeology is the study of human antiquities, of the art, customs, and beliefs of the most ancient peoples.

Archaeology is when we study the ancient things and then build up from that, things that happened in the past. Also we find out about animals that have vanished from the earth, and of strange cities and people. Some of the things archaeologists look for are old skins or pieces of torn paper containing information of the past. Most of it will be very faded so is very difficult to discover what is written. Some are not written at all but are chiselled into rock or stone, on cliff faces or in caves. Many of the discoveries must be preserved because they are so ancient that they are irreplaceable.

I have explained what archaeology means, as during the September holidays our form, which is 4D, went on a trip to Marysville and we had a chance to act like real archaeologists. It was the last Saturday of our holidays and Mr. Carmody and five of us girls went to a ruin of an old guest house in Marysville. It had burnt down two years ago. So at 6.30 in the morning we were all up and ready to go. We all trooped down to this ruined guest house, singing and whistling.

As we approached I felt a sudden chill just thinking of all the life that had been there and had been destroyed so quickly. It was just a shambles. We started rummaging through this great mass of ashes and broken pieces. One girl, Christine Bistricki, discovered pieces of a milk jug, which she put together and it is shown in the picture. We found dishes which were all stacked up, but they fell to pieces when we picked them up, for they had cracked in many places from the intense heat.

I myself found a lot of spoons and other cutlery. We tried to discover what had caused the fire, but the place was so damaged that it was impossible for us, also we were quite inexperienced in that kind of work. So when we could not find anything more of value or interest we started back with our discoveries quite proud of what we had achieved that day, and I still have the old rusted cutlery in my wardrobe.

—ANKE BUCHHOLTZ and CHRISTINE BISTRICKI

DEATH SENTENCE SIGNED WITH A NEEDLE

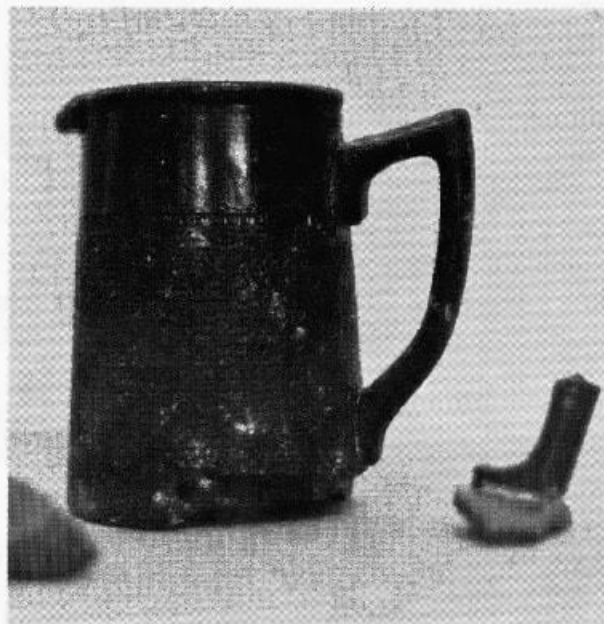
*Drugs, a horrible, frightening, dreaded word,
Some kids wish, that sound, they'd never heard,
But the pushers, the older ones, they're to blame,
They thrive on the deadly drug game.*

*It's like a merry-go-round you can't get off,
An endless ride that just won't stop.
But not many people seem to realise,
And not many have heard their agonised cries.*

*They get high on drugs 'cause nobody cares,
There's no-one to reach for when they need them there,
They live their lives in an endless dream,
Till they die from that ugly drug fiend.*

*For the kid on drugs it's an endless fight,
As they walk the street in the cold of the night.
It's a sad, ugly tale, but all so true,
Very few people really care—do you?*

—Leonie Ward, 3E



GROW TALL

*He looked at the x-rays
His eyes I read
"Three months to live" the doctor said
I choked on the word that he spoke
"It's all those cigarettes, tar and smoke."
I smoked because smoking was fun
I've smoked too long
And cancer has won.
All those films they showed at school
I didn't listen
I was such a fool.
I know now
But the knowing's too late;
Damn that thing that they call fate.
But fate isn't all there is to blame
I lit that cigarette with the matches flame.
So it was really my fault, can't you see
What this smoking has done to me
So I give a warning to you all
Don't smoke, and you'll grow tall!*

—P. Smith, 4C

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SILLY OLD BABOON

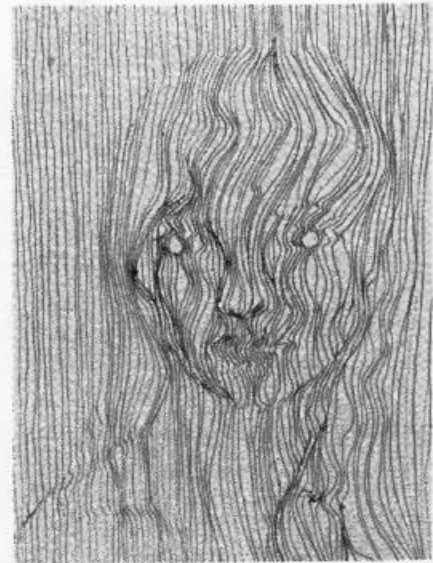
There was a baboon
 Who, one afternoon
 Said, "I think I will fly to the sun"
 So, with two great palms
 Strapped to his arms,
 He started his take-off run.
 Mile after mile
 He galloped in style
 But never once left the ground.
 "You're running too slow,"
 Said a passing crow,
 "Try reaching the speed of sound."
 So he put on a spurt
 By God how it hurt!
 The soles of his feet caught fire
 There were great clouds of steam
 As he raced through a stream
 But he still didn't go any higher.
 Racing on through the night
 Both his knees caught alight
 And smoke billowed out from his rear.
 Quick to his aid
 Came a fire brigade
 Who chased him for over a year.
 Many moons passed by
 Did baboon ever fly!
 Did he ever get to the sun?
 I've just heard today
 That he's well on his way!
 He'll be passing through Acton at one.
 P.S.: Well, what do you expect from a Baboon?

—Wayne Hardy, 3C

TEACHERS

*Teachers think they are masters at school
 like Nero was with Rome.
 They give their slaves impossible tasks to do
 like HOMEWORK
 and mad poems to write.*

—Roman Hercelinskyj, 3A



1. What has a head like a cat,
tail like a cat,
feet like a cat,
but isn't a cat?

ANSWER: A kitten.

2. What did one strawberry say to the other strawberry?
ANSWER: If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't be in this jam.

3. What did one telephone say to the other telephone?
ANSWER: Hi! You're engaged.



DREAM COME TRUE

Boy, three years at St. Albans High School and I haven't been in the Alba once. For three whole years I've been trying to get in the Alba but I have never succeeded.

I remember in Form I, I wrote this poem. Wow! It was so good that some people reckoned I copied some of the lines from a book, but honestly I swear I never . . . Well, anyway, I handed it in to Alba. Boy, you should have seen me when they were giving Alba out. I was so happy. Just imagine! I was going to be in Alba! I got my Alba and quickly went through the pages looking for my terrific poem. It wasn't there. I didn't give up. I looked again and again and AGAIN. You know, I must have looked through that magazine a thousand times, but it just wasn't there. Oh, well, better luck next time.

So what happens? Next time comes and again no luck.

You might think I'm crazy for wanting to be in the Alba so much, but just to see my own writing, or my pleasure makes me feel good. Know what I mean? So now, at last, with Mr. Davis' help, here I am in the Alba and I've nothing to complain about.

YIPEE! I'M IN THE ALBA!

—MARY SODERIOU, 3F

IN THE GROOVE

Remember when hippie meant big in the hips,
 And a trip involved travel in cars, planes and ships?
 When pot was a vessel for cooking things in,
 And hooked was what grandmother's rug may have been?
 When neat meant well-organized, tidy and clean,
 And grass was a grand cover, normally green?
 When groovy meant furrowed with channels and hollows,
 And birds were winged creatures like robins and swallows?
 When fuzz was a substance, felt fluffy, like lint,
 And bread came from bakeries and not from mint?
 When roll meant a bun, and rock was a stone,
 And hang-up was something you did on the phone?
 It's groovy man, groovy, but English it's not,
 Methinks that our language is going to pot.

—Christine and Cathy



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4B SNOW TRIP

It was on Sunday in July
When to the snow we went,
We left at six, came back at eight
To us a lot this meant.
The roads were long and narrow, too
We took our time uphill,
The snow it seemed so far to us
But we came closer still.
We saw the snow,
So white and crisp it felt,
We ran to slide straight down the hills
As the snow began to melt.
We took off with a push from Bourke,
And landed with a bump!
Miss Landon tried so hard to slide
And ended at the hump.
Mr. Bourke, to his despair,
Could never reach the end,
Just half way down he lost his sheet
And stopped at every bend.
But not giving up he tried again
To see where he would go,
We gave a push to make him start
For he always went too slow.
At last, success,
He made it to the end,
Standing up he waved to us,
But slid back down again.
By this time we were really starved
And went to have some lunch,
We bought with us whole packs of food,
And then began to munch.
The strangest urge came over us
When we went out once more
A snowman! Should we build one?
Let's try it as before.
We dug so deep to get some snow
For it was hard as rock,
We built as fast as we could go
So he'd be hard to knock.
And then we fought in teams of two,
To see who we could hit
Julie and Alex behind some trees
Tried Lila and Kathy to hit.
And then poor Kathy, with surprise,
Was hit by flying snow,
She was our target, standing there,
Taking punishment with every blow.
When she gave up we walked away,
Then she began to throw,
We ran so fast to miss her blast
But landed in the snow.
'Twas time to leave,
But we weren't finished yet,
We hurried up and got our bags,
And on our way we set.
That day for us was full of fun
We wanted to go back,
It was a pity, we didn't think
The bus we could hijack.

—By Julie Bevz and Kathy Worona, 4B

SNOW

What is snow?
I don't know.
Is it white
In the night?
Is it fun
When you run
In a row
Over the snow?
What is snow?
I don't know.
This to ask
is a task.
Because I don't know
What is snow.

—Anonymous, 4D



A SNOW TRIP TO MT. BULLER

Bags packed, ready to go.
Wrapped in blanket
I feel the rattle and shake of the bus.
The five hours which seem like years
had finally passed.
Snow, at last!
Rush out and touch it,
Aaaah—it's slippery.
Must keep balance.
Who needs skis—
Slide down on your shoes.
Better still—plastic.
Big, small, long and short,
Whatever kind you find sit on
it and go for your life.
Bump after bump
Every little particle can be felt.
Help, I want to stop.
Oh, no, here comes that big
bump.
Ooooh, that hurt.
At least I've stopped.
Now to walk up again and come
down.
But alas if I stand I slide
down again.
I must get up the hill,
But how?
Crawl, crawl on all fours.

—Lila, 4B



FORM 1A**(Girls)**

FORMOSA, Suzanne
 GOODWIN, Joan
 HATZISTAVOS, Helen
 KURILOWSKI, Nella
 LOBCZUK, Christine
 MADEJ, Krystyna
 MAGAZZU, Frances
 MAYER, Suzy
 MINOU, Mary
 MULLER, Waltraud
 MOUNSEY, Alison
 O'DEA, Helen
 PAASSE, Joanne
 POLITI, Carmela
 SCIBERRAS, Marlene
 SHERRI, Carmen
 STAGNO, Carmen
 STEFANIDIS, Irene
 SWANSON, Sharon
 TRAFFORD, Kerri
 VELLA, Joyce
 WALL, Lynette
 WATTS, Linda
 WEBB, Carolann
 WIMMER, Debra
 XERRI, Josephine
 ZAMMIT, Marlene

(Boys)

BLAZINA, Tony
 BOOTH, Jonathan
 BRANECKI, Kaz
 BUZEK, Millo
 CERRONE, Tony
 CONSTANTINOU, Chris
 DOMJANIC, Stan
 HARJU, Timo
 NEMEC, Louis
 NEWTON, Stephen
 PAVLICIC, Stephen
 PROTULIPAC, Branka
 SAATHOFF, Edmund
 STANECKI, Peter

FORM 1B**(Girls)**

BIRD, Jennifer
 CHABOWSKI, Helen
 DENNIS, Vicki
 HENDERSON, Marion
 HORODECKI, Annie
 JAHN, Caroline
 KLEMENCIC, Irene
 KUTSCHERAWY, Helen
 LAGIOS, Triada
 LAKE, Wendy
 LELIA, Liane
 McDONOUGH, Eileen
 NEMETH, Maree
 NETKOV, Faye
 PASTUSZIAK, Stanislaw
 REILLY, Suzanne
 SCHWARZ, Helga
 SHERIDAN, Kathleen
 STREBS-STELPS, Anna
 TIUKOW, Margaret
 TOMIC, Olga
 TOPIC, Zorica
 van REE, Emily
 VELLA, Antoinette
 WERCHOLA, Gitta
 WILLIAMS, Donna

(Boys)

ANEDDA, Nick
 CIAN, Robert
 GORFINE, Rodney
 GANGUR, Peter
 GJERKES, Josef
 KARBANENKO, Alex
 KASSER, Edmond
 KRICKIC, Branko
 KUUSINEN, Peter
 MARIC, Peter
 PAVICIC, John
 RIGBY, Alvan
 SCHULTHEISS, Keith
 TAMBAKIS, Bill

FORM 1C**(Girls)**

ALLAN, Brenda
 ANDRIANOPOULOS, Georgia
 CAMERON, Jean
 CAMILLERI, Gina
 CASSAR, Olimpia
 CHRISTIANSEN, Noeleen
 CIANTAR, Marcelle
 D'AGATO, Rosanna

DIXON, Patrice
 DRAGO, Mary
 ELLUL, Rita
 HERMANN, Vicki
 JOVANOVIC, Marija
 KOKKINOS, Anastasia
 MALTARIC, Vesna
 MARTURANO, Christine
 MIFSUD, Mary
 NOWYCKYJ, Irene
 PIGNATARO, Ida
 PIPPOS, Vicki
 SAID, Lorraine
 SAWKA, Krystyna
 SCIBERRAS, Marlene
 SMITH, Kaye
 SODERIOU, Dorothy
 SRBLIN, Vivian
 STAFFRACE, Annette
 TONG, Maree
 VITI, Laura

(Boys)

CHRISTODOULOU, Alex
 CINI, Phillip
 HILL, Robert
 ILLINGWORTH, Phillip
 KILLEEN, Shane
 MARGANIS, Bill
 MAYFOSH, Anthony
 PARKER, Stephen
 PAVLIDES, Michael
 PEGRAM, Keith

FORM 1D**(Girls)**

BOEHM, Janet
 BORZER, Beata
 BRVENIK, Vierka
 BYSTRICKY, Rosemary
 CALLEJA, Rosemary
 CASHA, Georgina
 CATANIA, Anne
 CEFAL, Gina
 CLARK, Penny Ann
 CORSALETTI, Sonia
 DESIRA, Carmen
 DONOV, Anita
 GALEA, Madeleine
 GALEA, Sylvia
 GASTIS, Voula
 INGLIS, Marion
 JAKSETIC, Susan
 JOHN, Elizabeth
 JUDD, Daniella
 KLINKO, Anne
 LIALIOS, Maria
 MERZEL, Helga
 MININ, Suzanne
 MULCAIRE, Susan
 NOWAK, Lara
 PANZERA, Santina
 PASCO, Joan
 PAVLIDES, Helen
 ZAMMIT, Mary

(Boys)

BESKA, Paul
 BRADILOVICH, Steven
 KOKAVEC, John
 KOVACUIC, John
 KUS, John
 MEDINA, Reno
 SEMINI, Alfred
 SMITH, Malcolm
 SNEEDON, Colin
 TRIFKOVIC, Veselin
 WHITEOAK, Mark
 ZGLINSKI, Philip

FORM 1E**(Girls)**

AZZOPARDI, Odette
 BAUM, Vicki
 CACHIA, Rita
 CAIC, Katica
 CAMILLERI, Carmen
 CERESANI, Luana
 HAZLER, Janet
 IZAK, Maryanne
 JANS, Antoinette
 JETMAR, Mary
 KELLY, Michelle
 KONNIKOS, Georgina
 KOVACEVIC, Navenka
 McARDLE, Christine
 NUSKE, Liane
 ORLINSKI, Elizabeth
 PAPADOPOULU, Sonia

RAINES, Cheryl
 RANCEV, Alida
 RZEZNIK, Krystina
 SKERGAT, Alida
 STIER, Gwen
 STOIKO, Susan
 ANSKI, Jadwiga
 THOMPSON, Helen
 THOMPSON, Ruby
 UTRI, Christina
 VANDERLINDEN, Susan
 VINCO, Monica
 WATSON, Debra

(Boys)

ALTENKIRCH, Henry
 BLUM, Tommy
 COSTA, Peter
 GEORGIOU, Con
 LORDAN, Patrick
 ORIGLIA, Sammy
 PANAGIOTOU, Andrew
 SIMPSON, Stephen
 STANO, Vlado
 STEPHENS, Ron
 SZURAVLEVICZ, Joni
 VASSILOPOULOS, Paul

FORM 2A**(Girls)**

CROUCH, Vicki
 DAGYS, Vilija
 DARMANIN, Maryanne
 DOBROVSAK, Margaret
 DOHMEN, Marion
 GEORGIADIS, Stella
 HAINES, Julia
 HARDMAN, Kerry
 HONIG, Annela
 HUELL, Shirley
 KLASZYNSKI, Marlies
 KORN, Elizabeth
 KOUROUCLIDIS, Julie
 KOWENZOWSKI, Margaret
 MITLASZEWSKI, Helen
 NICOLETTI, Nadia
 PLESS, Monika
 VAN SCHUBERT, Anna
 STANLEY, Gail
 STEINBERGS, Ruth
 SVENT, Roslyn
 SZIGETI, Monika
 TAMMILEHTO, Sirpa
 VIVODA, Vanda

(Boys)

ATTARD, Martin
 ATTRILL, Ross
 AXIAK, Charlie
 BONNICI, David
 BOULANIKIS, George
 ELLIS, Kevin
 GIBSON, Michael
 GORFINE, Gregory
 HOFFMAN, Michael
 HARRIMAN, Stephen
 IMRE, Louis
 KOSTURA, Miroslav
 NEMEC, Joe
 REBSTADT, Ronald
 ZEHMEISTER, David

FORM 2B**(Girls)**

ASTACHIW, Anna
 BESWICK, Judith
 BRUNDELL, Erika
 BUTLER, Debra
 FARRUGIA, Catherine
 GANGUR, Janice
 GRIXTI, Maryanne
 KOLENDOWSKI, Sonya
 LADUN, Kristina
 LEOPOLD, Mary
 MECANOVICH, Vesna
 MERCECA, Doris
 NOETZEL, Heike
 PARK, Sandra
 PAPALETTO, Carmel
 PICKETT, Christine
 PUALIC, Vera
 RICHTER, Loretta
 RUDY, Helen
 VAN ROOY, Wendy
 TANTI, Mary
 VELLA, Anna
 WILLIAMS, Gwen
 WRIGHT, Pamela

(Boys)

BECHMANN, Rayner
 BONNICI, Brian
 GREEN, Kevin
 KATARYNA, Slowko
 KORZENIEWSKI, Peter
 MATE, Steven
 MICHAELIDOU, Peter
 OFFER, Frank
 PUALIC, Paul
 SHERIDAN, John
 SHORT, John
 SMITH, Dirk
 TAIVALKOSKI, Ensio
 VANEK, Peter
 WILLIAMS, Keith

FORM 2C**(Girls)**

AUKSZTULEWICZ, Jutta
 BANDIOS, Filanthi
 CHATTERTON, Cheryl
 COULSON, Myra
 CZAJKOWSKI, Rosie
 DEBEVC, Maria
 DIMECK, Carrie
 FOX, Beata
 GALEA, Jenny
 GRADY, Lynette
 GUBECKHA, Eva
 HARTNER, Mira
 KLUSIK, Brigitte
 LOS, Mary
 MacKENZIE, Janice
 MIKALICEK, Monica
 OLINGA, Hilda
 PUMPLE, Elizabeth
 SAYNER, Jean
 SKELLY, Janice
 SPOTTISWOOD, Rhonda
 TAYLOR, Leslie
 VOLKOV, Elena
 ZERAFKA, Rita

(Boys)

COURTNEY, Charles
 GEAL, Steven
 LOBCZUK, Wally
 FREDE, Christian
 GLAVANIC, John
 INDO, John
 KVIETELAITIS, Romas
 MEDINA, Emanuel
 PAJTAJ, Marijan
 PETERSEN, Peter
 TKALCEVIC, Nedelko
 VINES, Gary

FORM 2D**(Girls)**

ANKRAVS, Glenda
 BARRIGOS, Rosemarie
 BERTANI, Patricia
 BIEDRON, Helena
 DI PAOLA, Antoinette
 FALISE, Chantal
 FILIPOU, Maria
 GAIT, Serina
 JONES, Adrienne
 KARPIK, Maria
 KOUNADIS, Georgia
 LAKE, Judith
 McGEARY, Julia
 McGREGOR, Sandra
 McLEOD, Patricia
 NAGEL, Cheryl
 PAPAISTRATIS, Mary
 ROSSI, Marina
 SACCO, Maryanne
 SMITH, Linda
 SOWERBY, Elaine
 SPITERI, Rita
 STORACE, Jennifer

(Boys)

BRIGGS, Anthony
 BURNS, Colin
 HESKETH, Martin
 JUDD, Phillip
 MARTIN, Raymond
 MIDDLETON, Peter
 PAVLIDES, Andrew
 SMITH, Dale
 SMOLCIC, Ivan
 THOMPSON, Alan
 TSINGOS, Bill
 WATKINS, Robert
 WOODWARD, Leslie
 YOUNG, John
 ZEEGERS, Stanley

FORM 2E**(Girls)**

CAMILLERI, Janet
 CATANIA, Rita
 COLASANTE, Philomena
 DEALY, Janet
 DE SIMIO, Maria
 DJOPA, Yelica
 DONALDSON, Susan
 GIBSON, Anne
 GOODES, Sandra
 HALLAM, Susan
 KODERMAC, Rozana
 KORN, Georgina
 LOVELOCK, Christine
 PANOUTSOPOULOS, Alexandra
 REED, Susan
 RICHARDSON, Lynne
 RONCI, Carla
 SINCLAIR, Debra
 SKURANEC, Maria
 SUSEC, Maria
 TANCIC, Maria
 TSAIDARIS, Mary
 VUJOVIC, Milika
 WALL, Susan
 WOLTHA, Hilda
 ZARB, Marion

(Boys)

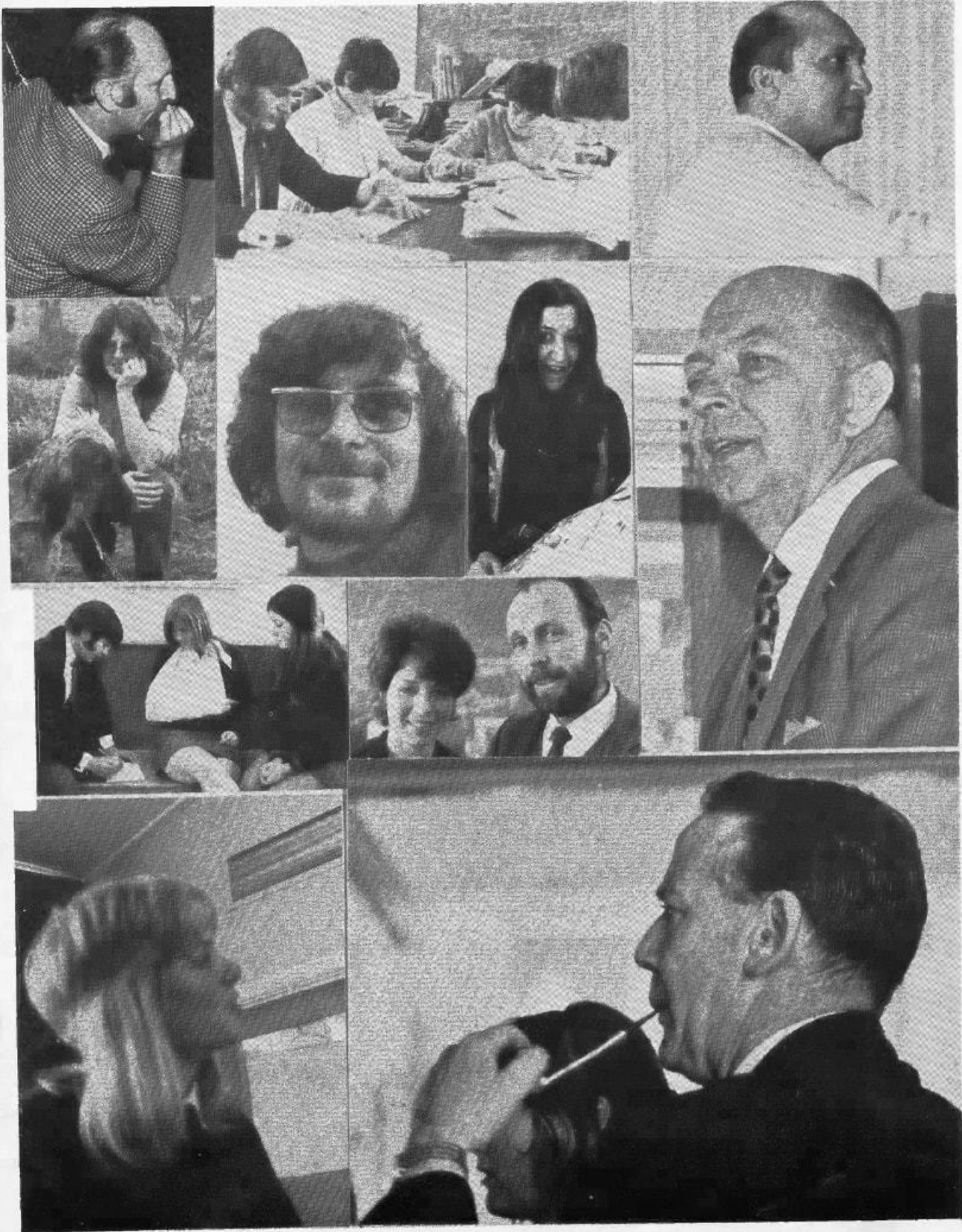
CALLANAN, Brian
 CHITSOS, Dimitri
 CILIA, Raymond
 DIXON, Anthony
 FARRUGIA, Godrich
 GALEA, Leonard
 GUILLAUMIER, Raymond
 MULLVIN, Thomas
 MOON, Edward
 RANCEV, Sergio
 ROTH, John
 SAMMIT, Michael
 TANTSIS, Evangelo
 WARR, Geoffrey

FORM 3A**(Girls)**

ANAGNOSTOPOULOS, Sophia
 ANDRUSIAK, Arna
 BOUSEN, Kety
 BROADWAY, Heather
 CURCIC, Lana
 DWORZYNSKY, Krystina
 HAASE, Cornelia
 HUDEC, Eva
 KALINOWSKI, Maria
 KOKAVEC, Jenny
 KORBUT, Alla
 KURTZ, Lorna
 MANDERSON, Debbie
 MATAIC, Lilly
 MURADOR, Gabrielle
 PANAGIOTOU, Georgina
 PEARSON, Julie
 PERICH, Mirella
 ROBB, Stefania
 ROJEK, Maria
 SIMITZI, Helen
 SMETAK, Liba
 SPRATT, Jean
 VAN MAANEN, Gretha
 VELENTZAS, Cathy
 WILKE, Marino

(Boys)

ANTONIUK, George
 BECHMANN, Harry
 BILOUS, Victor
 BUJNOWICZ, Eddie
 CHAREWICZ, Teddy
 DIMOPOULOS, Con
 DURIK, Andrew
 HERCELENSKYJ, Roman
 JOVIC, Ivan
 ROZYCKI, Eddie
 SIMIC, Sasha
 SKOROBGATY, Valentine
 STIRKUL, Nicky
 VEG, Joseph
 ZEHMEISTER, Andrew



RUNNING AWAY

Pleasure and freedom
Unlike anything experienced before.
Running through air, it takes your mind away
People are like little fantasies
Linked together with an unbreakable chain
Experiencing nothing but Mondays.
Happiness forever while you are in this dream,
Eventually you realize it's not a dream, but
Actually it's life appearing differently.
Reality faces you and you're down again
Tormented by patterned people who never change
So you flee again, only this time to a stranger place.

—Jane Stagno, 5D

Colour and people just don't fit
The White can invent with do-it-yourself kit
Coloured people must find their own way out
The Whites sit back with beer and stout
Coloured people have shacks built by themselves
Whites have mansions built by somebody else.
Coloured people shout for their freedom
Whites sit back and say, "Ah, leave them."
Coloured people are smart, no thanks to school
Whites, they are dumb but sit on high stools.
Coloured people are in darkness
But Whites couldn't care less.
One thing they both agree on:
This world is in a mess.

—Cris Alexandrou, 3F

HE

Silent as he moves along,
Seen but not heard.
His body moves gracefully;
Ballerina's envy him.
To have his clothes
is the fashion.
People pay to
see him.
Yet he is outcast.
He whose body was used
in ancient history and
was cursed ever since.
He,
a dreaded
snake.

—Lila Sawko, 4B



THE SQUIRREL

Whisky, frisky
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top.
Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.
Furly curly,
What a tail,
Tall as a feather
Broad as a sail!
Where's his supper
In the shell.
Snappity, crackity
Out it fell.

—Anna Matuszczak, 3C

SNOW

White, black, blue, red and green,
are all the bright colours seen.
Sliding down the slopes,
with plastic bags and ropes.
Throwing snow at each other,
and having fun with one another.
At the peak of Mt. Bulla,
are all the people skiing,
They look like colourful ants
from the bottom of the mountain.
Some can ski, some cannot.
Experts just ski down, learners tumble down.
Trying to walk up the slopes,
but never succeeding,
People's laughter, shouts and screams are all you hear,
as you try to stop yourself
from going even further downwards.
Building snowmen, and decorating them.
Making them look like pale-faced, dressed-up men.
Then deserting them,
Only to return later to find them all gone.

—Denise, 4B

I AND MYSELF

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 other things they've got
Was this God's way
To fight the poor fellow like me
Or something in their minds
That they somehow lack.

—Ivan Jovic, 3A

FORM 3B**(Girls)**

ALLAN, Jenny
 BACHNIK, Teresa
 BANDIOS, Effhia
 BLAZINA, Maryann
 BRANECKI, Angela
 BUZEK, Bozenka
 CAMILLERI, Doris
 CARUANA, Lynette
 CASSAR, Doris
 CASTAGNA, Anita
 CILIA, Doris
 COLGAN, Eileen
 EPEMA, Yvonne
 GALCIN, Julia
 JACKAMAN, Jennifer
 KOREN, Silvana
 KOSTON, Lucy Anne
 LEOPOLD, Jutta
 McDADE, Robin
 MERCIECA, Julie
 MERZEL, Lily
 MURPHY, Naellene
 NOWYCKYJ, Olga
 PARSONS, Rebecca
 PINCOMBE, Judy
 POLLOCK, Evelyn
 SKRYPEC, Rosie
 THIEL, Josiane
 WEBB, Karen
 WHITE, Karen

(Boys)

BLUM, Werner
 CARGAKIS, Gerry
 CHETCUTI, David
 CINI, John
 KASSER, Raymond
 KOLODZIEJCZYK, Tony
 MUNDAR, Ivan
 PLEPIS, Janis
 PRINGLE, Howard
 SAID, Geoffrey
 TANTISIS, Nick
 THOMSON, Robert
 TRAFFORD, Derek

FORM 3C**(Girls)**

BUCKLEY, Janet
 BYSTRICKY, Helen
 CATTERSON, Wendy
 DI PAOLO, Susy
 FARRUGIA, Maryanne
 GALEA, Vivienne
 GENZ, Ramona
 HADJIIOANNIDIS, Anna
 HAYNES, Elizabeth
 JAKOB, Rosemary
 KIESOUW, Christina
 KLAJN, Halina
 KONIKKOS, Mary
 KOUNADIS, Fatine
 MATUSZCZAK, Anna
 MOMCLOVIC, Milica
 NANTSOU, Helen
 NELSON, Jenny
 PISANI, Phyllis
 SAID, Rita
 STYLIANOU, Mary
 SVENT, Maria
 VANDERLINDEN, Debra
 VAN HEEMST, Aria

(Boys)

AQUILINA, Francis
 BELLER, Raymond
 CAMERON, Roy
 CHATTERTON, Gary
 FRAGOPOULOS, John
 FULL, Fred
 HARDY, Wayne
 HEWITT, Gregory
 KILLEEN, Paul
 LIGTVOET, Mortain
 MINOU, Chris
 NOVAKOVIC, George
 SELAKOVIC, Peter
 STOURAC, Joe
 WESTON, Wayne

FORM 3D**(Girls)**

ANNEDA, Rosie
 ATTARD, Margaret
 CEFAL, Antonia
 CHATTERTON, Debra
 DAMROW, Renate
 GEISNER, Eve
 GRECH, Connie
 HAINES, Susan
 HALLAM, Pamela
 HARDMAN, Kathy
 HRUSZA, Anna
 KNIGHT, Lorraine
 LIASSOU, Elba
 MAYFOSH, Helen
 MAZUREK, Maria
 O'DEA, Robin
 O'SHEA, Maya
 PEGRAM, Kim
 RE, Anna
 SHERIDAN, Maura
 SHORT, Thelma
 STAGNO, Mary
 STROESSENREUTHER, Sybille
 TODD, Sharon
 VANDEKUYT, Laitia
 WEBSTER, Cheryl
 WHEELHOUSE, Ann
 WOJCIECHOWSKI, Lucy
 ZAHORJANSKI, Olga
 ZAMMIT, Margaret

(Boys)

ABELA, David
 ANASTASIADIS, Los
 BESWICK, Michael
 CALLUS, Raymond
 COULSON, David
 KLASZYNSKI, Mario
 KOVACEVIC, Tom
 MAKAREWICZ, Andrey
 MARGANIS, Dimitrios
 MONTALTO, Joe
 PALIBK, Mirko
 PUCHER, Peter
 RITCHIE, Ian
 SIDLAUSKAS, Ray
 SZARF, Henry
 WHITEOAK, Wayne

FORM 3E**(Girls)**

APAP, Sandra
 BALAZS, Elizabeth
 BONNICI, Mary
 CALLEJA, Maryrose
 CHARLES, Julie
 DONOV, Lillian
 FAIRBRASS, Jayne
 FEUERABEND, Viola
 FURLOLO, Sylvia
 HUMPHREY, Elizabeth
 KANE, Helen
 KIRDA, Nada
 LOMBARDI, Eva
 PETER, Heather
 RABENSTEINER, Mellitta
 RYHANEN, Merja
 SCHRECK, Sonia
 SZIGETI, Erika
 TRATTE, Doris
 TRIFKOVIC, Vera
 VELLA, Joan
 VIDOVIC, Violet
 WARD, Leonie
 WARR, Carol

(Boys)

DELISLE, Richard
 CAMILLERI, Tony
 FEIGE, Peter
 LEE, Brian
 LUKIC, Rodney
 MATTHIES, Frank
 MILLARDSHIP, Ian
 MILLICHAMP, Stephen
 MULLER, Walter
 PFNHALL, Timothy
 SCHWABE, Holger
 SKRUZNY, Gary
 STFWART, Andrew
 STOJKOVIC, Alex
 TOURIOTOS, George
 TRYBUS, Roman

**FORM 3F****(Girls)**

ALEXANDROU, Chris
 ASTON, Grace
 BAXTER, Linda
 BLAZEV, Maria
 CARGAKIS, Helen
 CARUANA, Mary
 CIANTAR, Maria
 LAKE, Dawn
 LEBAR, Svetlana
 MADEJ, Halina
 MALES, Karen
 MARTIN, Leonie
 MEDDINGS, Jennifer
 MEISSNER, Sharron
 MFRICIECA, Carmen
 MESZAROS, Agnes
 MIZZI, Doris
 MOILER, Heather
 NEELAND, Margaret
 OLIVIERI, Rosanna
 PAPAEO, Rosie
 PRITCHARD, Denise
 PULLIKOWSKI, Sonia
 SIMPSON, Daphne
 SNEDDON, Kim
 SODERIOU, Mary
 STAVRIDIS, Katerina
 SZUHAN, Ann
 WLUDYKA, Olga
 ZABIEGLIK, Wanda
 ZACHARIEWICZ, Barbara
 ZAMMIT, Doris
 ZINKO, Stefanie

(Boys)

EVANS, Andrew
 FEIGE, Ulrich
 FERGUSON, David
 HAMILL, Derek
 IVANCIC, Stanko
 KACZMAREK, Chester
 NEMEC, Ernest
 O'BRIEN, Shane
 PREM, Hans

FORM 4A**(Girls)**

ALTENKIRCH, Sonja
 BUTLER, Marilyn
 CATANIA, Anna
 CERESANI, Rita
 CUARTERO, Maria
 DIAKUN, Vera
 GUETTLER, Juliane
 HUTTMANN, Rita
 KALNY, Helan
 KOOPU, Ester
 MOSES, Karen
 PREM, Yasna
 SAVANOVIC, Sonia
 STROESSENREUTHER, Gudrun
 VINES, Janice

(Boys)

BOND, Desmond
 BORUCKI, Ewen
 CATANIA, Louie
 CLARKE, Michael
 COURTNEY, Craig
 DZESA, Paul
 DI PAOLA, Ilio
 DOMBI, Frank
 GONERA, Ted
 HILLS, Rodney
 HORODECKI, Peter
 JANSEN, Stephen
 KALOGERAKIS, John
 KOZAK, Andrew
 LANGHAM, Jeffrey
 LAZARIC, Dario
 NEWTON, Alan
 OLIVIERI, James
 ROMANOWSKI, Michael
 SIFONIOS, Lee
 TERAWSKY, Paul

FORM 4B**(Girls)**

BARCLAY, Robyn
 BEVZ, Julie
 BORG, Jan
 BRADICA, Odette
 BROWN, Barbra
 CAMILLERI, Teresa
 CHRISTODOULOU, Christine
 DODICH, Dora
 FRANK, Ludmilla
 GUTLEBER, Anna
 HARVEY, Lyn
 IOANNIDOU, Faye
 KELLER, Rosie
 LARWA, Ursula
 PAPASTRATIS, Denise
 PULO, Stella
 SAWKO, Lila
 SKEC, Katarina
 STANTON, Kaye
 STOLAREK, Halina
 SZTYNDA, Tamara
 TRAVIS, Roslyn
 VASSILIOU, Irene
 VIVODA, Mirjana
 WORONA, Kathy

(Boys)

ANDRIANOPOULOS, Alex
 BOOGERT, David
 DANILOW, Andrew
 KORICA, Savo
 KOWALCZYK, Eddy
 LENC, Egon
 LIPIC, Frank
 PAPAK, Zlatko
 PETRIK, George
 SIMITZIS, Tony

FORM 4C**(Girls)**

BAUM, Sharon
 BETSON, Gaynor
 BOJSEN, Anne-Marie
 BOLGER, Naellene
 CATALINI, Laura
 CAWTHRA, Teresa
 CHANDLER, Jo-Anne
 DE BONA, Dianna
 FITZGERALD, Suzanna
 FRANZ, Riccardo
 HELENIUS, Merja
 HUGGARD, Gail
 JOHNSON, Debra
 KLUSIK, Michelle
 LASZUK, Tetesa
 LAWRENCE, Jan
 LENC, Damira
 LOVENJAK, Josephine
 MCGINNESS, Loris
 MAGEE, Patricia
 METHERINGHAM, June
 MCGREGOR, Susan
 ORLINSKI, Ursula
 PAPAS, Yuli
 SELAKOVICH, Eileen
 SIDLAUSKAS, Rita
 SMITH, Phillipa
 SMITH, Vicky
 THIEL, Mary
 WATTS, Karen
 ZEEGERS, Jacqueline
 ZOPPOU, Maria

(Boys)

BENNETT, Jean-Paul
 DIMECK, Dennis
 HEMPSTEAD, Kevin
 KOUNADIS, John
 PAASE, Jack
 PROMM, Peter
 SAVI, Albert
 VAL, Martin
 ZWEERS, Theo



FORM 4D**(Girls)**

AGATANOVIC, Sora
BISTRICKI, Christine
BLAIN, Kerrie
BUCHHOLTZ, Anke
FENELLA, Jean
GLISOVIC, Nikolaeta
KALKBRENNER, Katrina
LOMBARDI, Elena
MURPHY, Kaye
RUDINICA, Vera
STANATOPOULOS, Angela
STRAUGHEN, Lynne
WROBLEWSKI, Teresa
WELSER, Christine

(Boys)

BARKER, David
CHETCUTI, Salvatore
COOKSON, Terry
HANCOCK, Ian
JANSEN, Garry
JURCZAK, Jurek
KLUSIK, Stan
MARIC, Milorad
PETRAK, John
PIKE, Chris
POLITANSKI, John
RITOSSA, Henry
ROBINSON, Stuart
SCINTO, Charles
SCRIGNAR, Alvino
STIER, Karsten
STOVACE, Ray
TABBAN, Robert
THIVEOS, Peter

**FORM 4E****(Girls)**

CALLANAN, Noreen
CAMPBELL, Helen
CHETCUTI, Mary
EVANS, Suzanne
JACQUIN, Elvira
LANDY, Irene
LEMMER, Claudia
LOKNER, Manika
MAYER, Angelika
MIZZI, Angela
NOWAK, Rosemary
ROBERTS, Suzanne
SCHWAB, Olivia
SCIBERRAS, Lilian
SPRENGEL, Manika
TSINGOS, Vicki
VEIGENT, Christine
VINKO, Biserka
WARD, Heather
ZAJAC, Katerina

(Boys)

BAULCH, Derek
ENDLER, Peter
FOX, Henry
GREVE, Rolf
KLING, Sven
LAGAN, Raman
LUKIC, Michael
MACKENZIE, Bruce
MUELLER, Gunter
O'DEA, Gary
PALIBRK, Diko
POP, Victor
VADASZ, Paul
WARR, Daniel
ZIGGEL, Jurgen

FORM 4F**(Girls)**

BAKALOVSKA, Vera
BLAIN, Rhonda
CHATTERTON, Robyne
HALLER, Helen
HARALAMBOUS, Paula
JONES, Pauline
KONITZER, Elke
McLEOD, Lorraine
MALTARIC, Rosie
MARSHALL, Joy
MILOVANOVIC, Dena
NOBLE, Cheryl
PIETRZAK, Christine
PIGNATARO, Rosalba
POWER, Sheryl
PUGLIESE, Kathleen
SAVONA, Evelyn
SCHARHAG, Regina
SCINTO, Isabella
DA SILVA, Sabrina
STOJANOVIC, Marian
VOJTEK, Sylvia
ZIELASKOWSKI, Irene

FORM 5A**(Girls)**

ACHTERBERG, Cathy
BOLDING, Faye
CSILLAG, Gizella
DE BONA, Anna
DOBROWOLSKI, Sandra
GANGUR, Rosie
GRANT, Sheryn
HUNTER, Janice (left)
KOKKINOS, Harriet
LOVELOCK, Pat
MATE, Margaret
MIKULA, Elizabeth
SLAWITSCHKA, Ria
TABBAN, Georgette
TSEMETZIS, Theo
WALL, Susan
WATSON, Susan
ZEEGERS, Caroline

(Boys)

BONNICI, Robert
DA SILVA, Wayne
GLOUFTSIS, Jimmie
HUNTER, Glenn
MULLAN, Thomas
PAVLIDES, Chris
PETRIK, Leo
REEVES, Brian
SLAWITSCHKA, Rudi
SZUCKO, Henry
TOMIC, Paul

FORM 5B**(Girls)**

BEIGHTON, Edwina
DAMROW, Anita
CORNWELL, Anna
DEDZA, Suzy
FAGANEL, Silvana
GEORGIOU, Marcelle
HARRIS, Karen
LIPTAK, Klara
MAHORIN, Cleo
MENNITI, Antoinette
RUTKOWSKI, Zofia
SINCLAIR, Barbara
SOLON, Dina
STAFRACE, Chris
STIRKUL, Nina
TRUSINSKIS, Irene
VASSILOU, Tina
VUJOVIC, Desa
ZAWADZKI, Irene

(Boys)

BARANOWSKI, Peter
CAMILLETTI, Charles
ELIOPOULOS, Evangel
GRASSO, Charlie
KARBANENKO, Serge
O'DEA, Peter
PERSINI, John
PRINGLE, Clive
ROSS, Kenneth
STRUZYCKI, Stanley
SZYDZIK, Stan
VAN HEEMST, Richard

FORM 5C**(Girls)**

BORCZAK, Shirley
GRIEGER, Doris
HAMMOND, Lynette
HELENIUS, Tuula
IREDALE, Pamela
JAHN, Birgit
KORYTSKY, Olga
MYKYTYN, Mary
RIDGEWELL, Karilyn
RODITIS, Anne
RUDINICA, Karmela
RYBICKI, Julia
TADIC, Lilly
WALTON, Christine

(Boys)

BUCKLEY, Bryan
CARTER, Ross
CRAM, John
ENDER, Bernie
EWERT, Wally
FOGIEL, Walter
GORDON, Phillip
HORVAT, Rudolf
LUCAK, Nick
McCORMICK, Warwick
MILITO, Tony
RFISMAN, Boyan
SFGI, Andrew
VASSILIADIS, Lucky

FORM 5D**(Girls)**

BARBARA, Valerie
BOEHM, Caroline
FRANTI, Marja (left in June)
GOODES, Beverley
HOPFINCH, Svetlana
KUUSINEN, Pirjo
KELLER, Helen
KIVI, Virve
MULLENGER, Janet
PALAYSA, Yosna
PSALA, Pamela
ROBERTS, Gail
SCHOEN, Grace
SOWERBY, Erica
STAGNO, Jane
STAROSTIN, Zina
VORMWALD, Sylvia
WATKINS, Shirley

(Boys)

BELLER, Peter
BRADLOVIC, Predrag
CABAN, Eddy
ENDER, Elmar
FAIRBRASS, Paul
FREELAND, John
HAKALA, Simo
KOS, Ivan
MALANIUK, Adrian
PLUTA, Roman
PLUALIC, Milan
SASS, Wilfried
THORN, Graham
WIEGAND, Wolfgang

**FORM 6**

ALBERTS, Vera
ANIN, Marta
ANKRAVS, Peter
ATTARD, Elizabeth
BARBARA, Miriam
BARTER, Jacquelyne
BIEDRON, Dorothy
BILOUS, Helen
BRADLOVICH, Zorica
CAMPBELL, Anne
CATTERSON, Beth
CHAREWICZ, Emilia
CLARE, Boyd
COOKSON, Arthur
COORT, Petronella (left Term 2)
CZERKES, Robert
CZYZEWSKI, Barbara
DAVIDOWYCYZ, Angela
DOBES, Maria
DOROSZ, Cecylia
DOUGLAS, Neil
FOX, Mark
GALEA, Margaret
GAUCI, Mary
GRANT, Peter
GRIVAS, Alec
HERCELINSKYJ, Pete
HESKOV, Branislava
HUNTER, David
KALNY, Michael
KALOGERAKIS, Stamatis
KARPIK, Helen
KISALA, Edward
KLAJN, Irene
KOOPU, Prudence
LENC, Damir
LEPA, Jerzy
LOBCZUK, Natalie
McKENZIE, Ian
McPHERSON, Janet
MAHORIN, Svetlana
MAJEWSKI, Neil
MAJEWSKI, Gary
MALYNYCZ, Victor
MARSANI, Claude
MASAREK, Manika
MAZUREK, Frank
MIFSD, Marlene
NAHMIAS, Lee
NAJBERT, George
NOWATSCZENKO, Paul
PAPAGIANOPOULOS, Andrew
PAPAS, Reula
PARSONS, Deborah
PAVICIC, Zdenka
PAVLIDES, Margarita
PINKAVA, Eva
PODBOJ, Lilian
POKROVSKY, Michael
POP, Valeria
PROPOKOVYCYZ, Stefan
REID, Michael
SAID, Joseph
SALIBA, Anthony
SHELLEY, Roger
SIDLAUSKAS, Manika
SKRUZNY, Lilly
STANECKI, Joseph
STRAUGHEN, Cheryl
STEINBERGS, Dace
STOBINSKY, Eddie
TAYLOR, David
TRAJANOVA, Alec
TRATTER, Faith
TSINGOS, George
van ROOY, Margaret
VANCSURA, Aranka
VYTAS, Edmund
WALL, Bernard
WARR, Barbara
WALOSZYNYCZYK, Helena
ZOLTONOZKA, Marie (deceased)



THE SAINTS

After extensive pre-season training, the Education Department named its final list of players for St. Albans.

We had the appointment of a new playing captain-coach in Mr. Wilkinson and vice-captain (and full-forward) Mr. Shircore.

On the new players list we found: Mesdames Clarke, Dahlstrom, Honigsberg and King, Misses Taitan, Moore and Landon, and Messrs Bourke, Brenton, Carmody, Davis (returned after playing overseas), Fanti, Gaffney, McClure, Mitchell, Torkl, Trcka and Zayda.

During the year we gained Mrs. Badger, Mrs. Zawi and Miss Jozsef as recruits and had the following clearances: Mrs. Fielder (overseas trip), Mrs. Burnett (overseas trip) Mrs. King, (England) Mr. Plain, (overseas trip) Miss Moshnlaha (overseas). As can be seen this team called "overseas trip" was the reason for all our clearances. Both Mr. Gaffney and Mr. Macleish sought after and met their match.

The season began well with many goals scored and points occasionally being made. At Easter the team moved into temporary quarters while new dressing rooms were being constructed. These were completed by September.

Two clearances that will have an effect on the stability of the team are those of Mr. Shircore, captain-coach of Kealba and Mr. Shaw to vice-captain of Laverton.

For next season Mr. Larmour has been elected vice-captain of the St. Albans side, Mr. Davis promoted to Senior Teacher (100 games) and Mr. Malanuk to Senior Assistant (50 games). At present we have little indication of final clearances but we are hopeful of retaining the main backbone of the team for next year.

—Staff Association Chairman
Mr. J. McClure

Staff:

PRINCIPAL:

M. H. WILKINSON, B.A., B.Ed. (Hon.), M.A.C.E.

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL:

T. S. SHIRCORE, B.A., T.P.T.C.

HUMANITIES:

J. L. GRAHAM, B.A., T.P.T.C., T.Sp., T.C.
(Mrs.) I. A. WESCOTT, B.A., Dip. Ed., T.P.T.C.
E. H. ZIEMELIS, B.A., A.C.T.T.
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