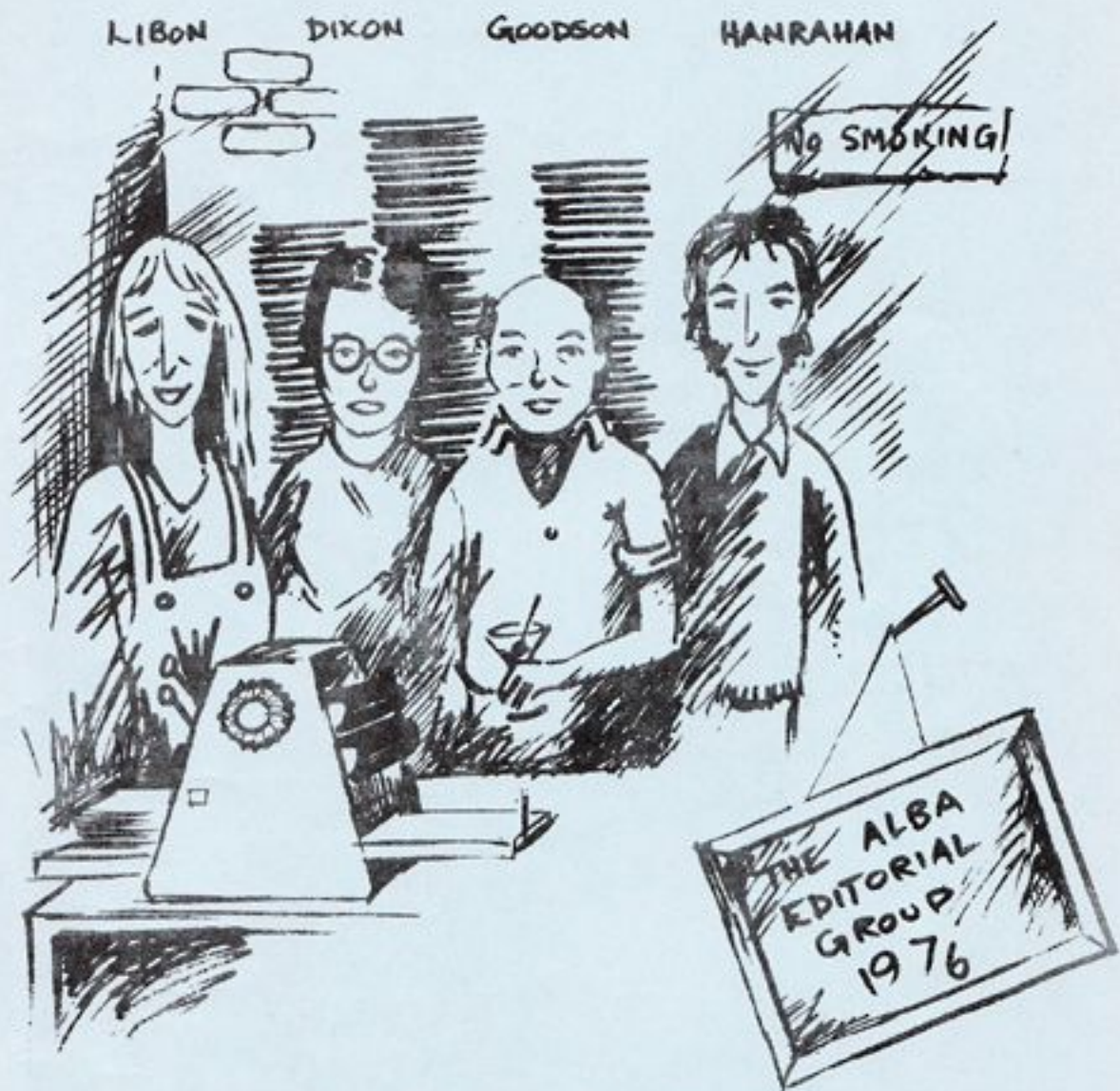


st.albans h.s. 1976



Many Thanks to Student Editors
Anita McDiarmid, Helen Lebar,
Yvette Zeegers, Mary O'Sullivan,
Tony Di Maiuta special thanks to
Jan Kelly, Jo Doherty and the ladies
in the office.

Photography

SPECIAL ALBA PHOTO STAFF...

MARY O'SULLIVAN, YVETTE ZEEGERS, M. ESOUARD

FEATURE ON MACK TRUCKS.....

JOHN BRANECKI

OTHER PHOTO CONTRIBUTORS...

ERMY BANDIOS, ELIZABETH MIELCZAREK, SHIRLEY SOSSI, SERGIO COO, AND MARK SEYCHELL.



MANY

THANK TO ALL OF THE OTHER
PEOPLE WHO CONTRIBUTED!!

*** IRISH JOKES BY JO DOHERTY... ***

TRUST, UNDERSTANDING AND RESPECT

This year has seen many advances in education at St. Albans High School.

The school has teacher aides, mini buses, video tape facilities, cassette recorders and numerous other items of equipment. These have been made possible by grants totalling more than \$100,000 from the Schools Commission in recent years.

The school occupied a new \$1,000,000 building at the beginning of the year. This building has been named the M.M. Wilkinson Education Centre in honour of dedicated service by the school's principal Mr. M. Wilkinson. It has provided much improved teaching facilities including a new Library a small-classroom English complex, a Science complex and a Theatre.

Changes to the school curriculum have given students, particularly at the middle school level, a wider range of interesting educational experiences.

Also, the School Camp at Strathbogie has become operational. By the end of this year more than 200 pupils will have spent time at the School Camp.

All of these factors have given great support to the school curriculum. Each will continue to make a valuable contribution. Each will assist in improving the quality of learning experiences available to our students.

However in these times of considerable educational change we must take care not to lose sight of the most vital aspect of the learning process

I refer to the relationship between the teacher and the pupil. It is central to the learning process and is the real justification for a school's existence.

This relationship must be built on trust, understanding, respect and educational expertise.

The pupil must trust the teacher and know that the teacher has the pupils' interests at heart. The teacher must acquire the expertise to ensure that the best possible learning situation is created. There must be a mutual understanding and respect between teacher and pupil.

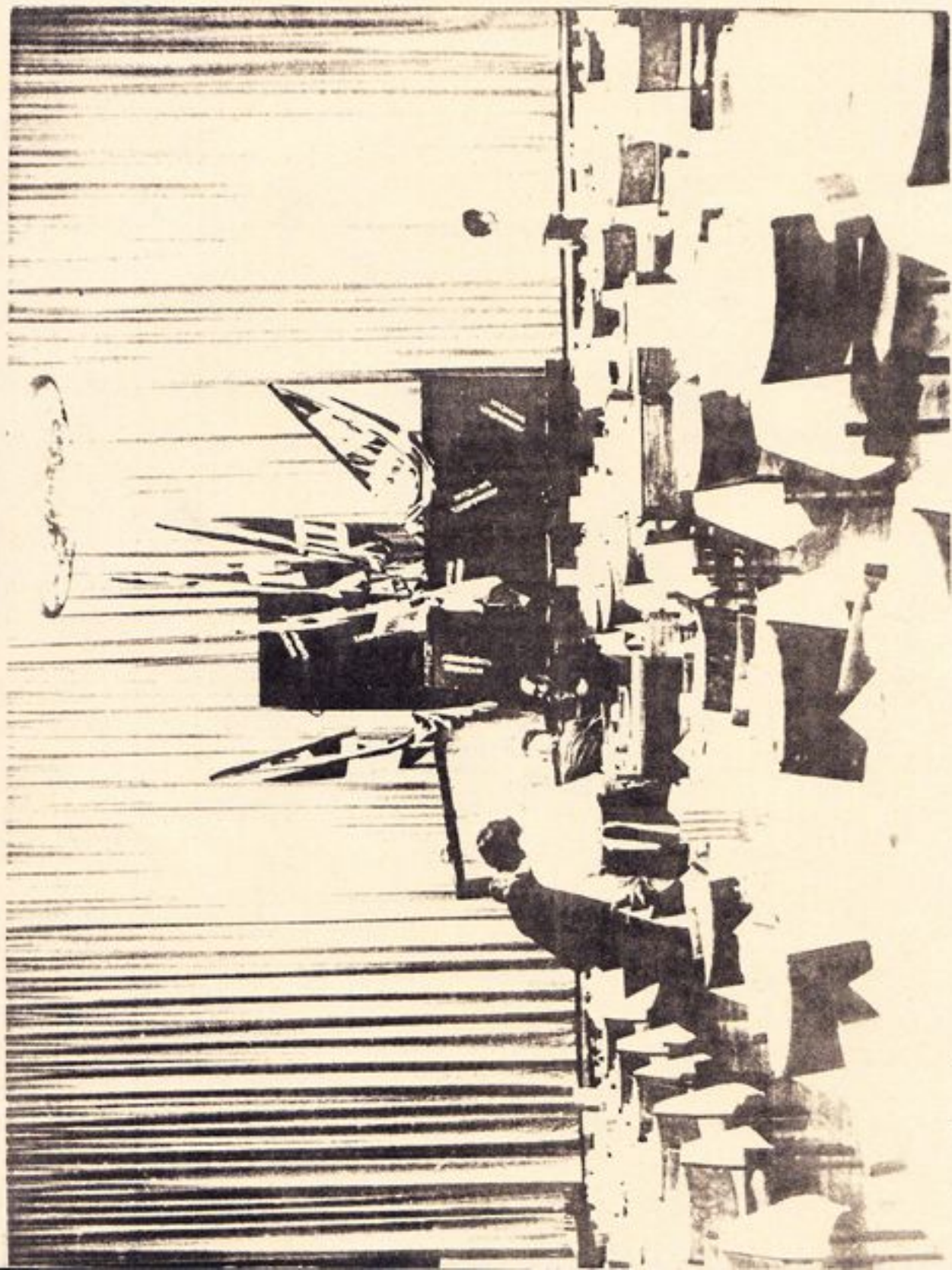
My plea to all who may read this magazine - students, teachers, parents and the community in general - is to keep this important relationship in mind at all times. Indeed, let us extend this theme to include parents and the community.

Think how much it would mean to our children if all involved in their education, both in and out of school, could truly say that relationships at all levels were based on trust, understanding and respect for each other.

J.B. Betson

Acting Principal 1976.





MAY TRIP 1976

On Thursday 6th May a Hoy's coach carrying students from Form 4,5 & 6 and 2 ring-ins from Form 3 left on a merry tour through New South Wales and Queensland, west to the Northern Territory and south to South Australia, then returning to Melbourne. Within the sixteen days of solid travelling, many strange and interesting happenings occurred. If all our experiences were to be written in this report, it would leave no room for anything else in this School Magazine.

Our experiences include evening walks in the many different towns and cities which we travelled through. Approximately thirty to forty people walking across the width of the roads locked arm in arm, singing and clowning around made quite a sight along with quite an impression on the people we passed and came in contact with. Water and powder fights jokes told around our camp fires and card games kept us entertained during the evenings. Also dancing to the juke-boxes in Alice Springs, along with our night on the town in down-town Remba kept us moving on the dance floor and also in fits of laughter.

During the days we kept ourselves fit by climbing Ayres Rock, and playing soccer against passengers of other coaches, (our match against Toowoomba High is a memorable one, mainly because we won!) While travelling through the deserted parts of Australia we kept ourselves entertained by stirring the staff and crew, playing jokes, playing cards and many types of different games on the coach. We did a lot of walking in and out through the caves of Ayres Rock and the Olgas. While in Coober Pedy, we tried our luck at finding opals and also we walked through tunnels in the opal mines.

From rowing boats and canoes in Noosa Heads, flying in planes over Ayres Rock and the Olgas, to riding double seated bikes and camels in Alice Springs we had a fantastic and memorable time.

Rosemarie Hunjadi 3.7

EXCURSIONS

Towards the end of 1975 St. Albans H.S. was granted a large amount of money from the govt. Some of this money was set aside to subsidize excursions.

As a result of this, more than 1 excursion per week (on average) has been subsidized this year. The money has been allocated to all from levels from Form 1 to Form 6 as well as other areas such as Sport and A.C.E. The amount of subsidy per group depends mainly on

- (1) how much the excursion would normally cost and
- (2) how much money the students have previously been subsidized.

Excursions which have previously been unsuitable because of expense are now able to be a fundamental part of the school program.

Money is also available for groups of students going to the school camp. Each student has to pay only \$1 per day - this covers food transport and anything else. Due to this very low cost the school camp is now able to become an integral part of the school program.

S. Rushan.

ALBA SALUTES THE
MUSICAL ACTIVITIES CLUB - M.A.C.

This year Alba has dedicated two pages to the M.A.C. productions for their fine performances throughout the years. Each year the productions become better than the previous year. The plays certainly bring out the talented students of the school. Not only are the talents for the actors and singers but also from the script and music writers, the stage crew, the lighting crew, the make-up crew, the costume crew and all the other backstage helpers.

The 1976 Musical Activities Club:

President - Lorraine Micallef
Director - Anne Mitchell
Student Director - Eugenia D'Agata
Musical Director - Larry Hills
Choreography - Julie Ryan
Lighting Coordinator - Don Murdoch
Stage Manager - Gowain Farrugia
Stage Director - Edin Corhodzic
Publicity - Louie Esouard
Stage Design - Allan Thompson
Costumes - Meg Tait and Renouka Wallia
Make-up - Jenni Livingston

M.A.C. was founded in 1970 by Mr. McMahon. Mr. Hills took over in 1973.

The plays from 1970 - 1976 are as follows:

1970 - HAIR

1971 - MAGICAL MYSTERY MUSICAL

1972 - MELTING POT (the script was original)

1973 - OTHELLO (this play was completely original
with both music and script)

1974 - HERO (Completely original)

42nd STREET (script original)

1975 - NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN (completely original)

1976 - LET'S GO TO THE HOP (completely original)

The main way the plays have changed is that they are more sophisticated because the profit from the plays goes back into M.A.C. for future plays. Money is spent on lighting, stage equipment, etc. The scripts and music for the plays have become more original compared to the initial play. The whole student involvement is more enthusiastic and more students are willing to share the duties of writing both scripts and music.

The 1976 play LET'S GO TO THE HOP was set in the 50's era. The theme was thought of by the students and the story line was worked out by teachers. The script was written by a group of students at the school including Sandra Carlon, Cynthia Farrugia, Debra Carlon, Eugenia D'Agata, Lorraine Micallef and Barry Langham. They were assisted and advised by teachers Anne Mitchell, Lyn Hills, Larry Hills, and Terry Murphy. The songs were written by Larry Hills, Barry Langham, Eugenia D'Agata and Vince Falvo.

LET'S GO TO THE HOP was an original adaption of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. The play is a farce dealing with the problem of mistaken identity. It commences with a girl hitch-hiking. She got some abuses and felt sick of being a girl so she changed into boys clothing to look like a boy. She made new friends, in a strange town, at the local Malt Shop. The Malt Shop was the place where the complications in love affairs started to arise. At the Hop everything became more complicated because of the mix-up in identity. It all sorted itself out and had a happy ending.

The principal players were:

Nony Simitzis as Vic
Galen Farrugia as Sebastian
David Blazavic as Boy 1
Matthew Spooner as Lester
Cynthia Farrugia as Maria
Vince Falvo as Duke
Phillip Baulch as Andrew

Antonina Korn as Olivia
Eric Glavanic as Mal
Gabriel Balzas as Soda Jerk
Betty Bongiovanni as Betty Sue
Sandra Carlon as Peggy
Peter Carlon as Frankie
Barry Langham as Bobby

The chorus (which consisted of 44 members) as well as the background singers, did a wonderful job backing up the actors with their singing and dancing.

Alba would like to thank everyone involved in M.A.C. for staging a fantastic play that entertained both young and old. Keep up the good work. A Club like M.A.C. is a credit to our school. We hope that you enjoyed our SALUTE to the MUSICAL ACTIVITIES CLUB.

A. McDiarmid (Student Editor)



We all need friendship; we all need to belong. We all need love and trust from our families and friends; we all need kindness, thoughtfulness and understanding from those around us. Without these things we can feel depressed or unhappy. We may fight with our parents, we may feel lonely at school or at home, we may feel that people have been unkind or unfair to us, we may feel we are not doing well in our work — whatever the problem may be, we all have them. Sometimes we can sort out our problems by ourselves or with a little help from our friends and family, but sometimes we just don't want to talk about problems or worries with those who are close to us.

Helping students, parents and teachers with problems is a large part of my job at this school as Pupil Welfare Coordinator or "problems teacher" or, as one student once called me, "the teacher who solves all problems!" I can't claim to "solve" every problem, and I don't give psychiatric help for 5c., but I am here to listen to people's worries and problems and to try and help them find ways of dealing with these.

Everyone is welcome in my room, which is P11. Whether you are sad, lonely, having a bad day or feeling terrific, with not a care in the world, I would like you all to feel free to come and talk with me.

Mea Tait.





FOR SALE

**WHITTENBURY
HOMES**

GRAMER ST
PRESTON

478-1000

A⁷H 56
36



THE CANBERRA TRIP

On Sunday night August 15th seventy daring students, burdened with excess luggage and continuously clicking cameras, set off with six sensibly dressed, cameraless teachers on two luxurious, air-conditioned and "loo-on-board" coaches for sunny Canberra, where the action is.

Mr. "Dashing" Davis fell asleep between Sunshine and Canberra and was only woken by the below - zero temperatures which greeted us in Canberra at 6.30 a.m the following morning. The other bus occupants were kept awake by the delicious food prepared by Mr. Torki beforehand.

After breakfast at Garran Hall, we visited education's answer to the problems of senior secondary education - Philip College. Students there were obviously impressed by St. Albans' contribution to the graffiti board, one student saying, "St. Albans - isn't that somewhere near Darwin?! We also visited the Mint, Parliament House (where our students joined a group of demonstrators protesting about East Timor), the War Memorial and the Egyptian Embassy where we were treated to coffee and films.

Very little sleep was had by all, although two teachers did try to sleep in a bit - only to be rudely awakened and dragged out of bed by two noisy students and another teacher with the master key!

Students seemed to think that the highlight of the tour was the plane trip back to Melbourne. At the airport teachers, for once feeling important, were faced with a barrage of students' cameras and flashlights. The flight was a little bumpy but not really bad enough to warrant three students reaching for oxygen masks upon landing.

All in all, a great time was had by both Staff and Students!!

Meg Teit

Carmel Rowan

ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL

SCHOOL CAMP.

For the past few months there's been quite a bit of activity at the School Camp. We've had parents, teachers, and local tradesman helping to make the site a reasonable place to live for short while.

At present the Camp can accommodate about twenty-five students and teachers at a time for up to three days.

Some of the jobs which have been completed are:

1. Painting the interior of the large room.
2. Extending electrical services.
3. Providing and installing an electric range.
4. Putting in a rear exit.
5. Setting up 3 x 12' X 14' army tents.
6. Constructing a number of picnic tables
7. Replacing toilet fixtures and putting a roof on the boys loo.
8. Repairing several broken windows.
9. It's hoped that in the not too distant future we'll hook up a permanent water supply and provide for showers and additional toilet facilities.

In recent weeks Form 3.6, a mixed 5th and 6th Form group and a 6th Form have been up to the camp.

During third term the camp has been fully booked with one group scheduled to visit each week.

Quite a bit of activity, eh? Let's hope momentum continues to grow.

W.B. Hunsberger.

THE CANBERRA TRIP

On Sunday night August 15th seventy daring students, burdened with excess luggage and continuously clicking cameras, set off with six sensibly dressed, cameraless teachers on two luxurious, air-conditioned and "loo-on-board" coaches for sunny Canberra, where the action is.

Mr. "Dashing" Davis fell asleep between Sunshine and Canberra and was only woken by the below - zero temperatures which greeted us in Canberra at 6.30 a.m the following morning. The other bus occupants were kept awake by the delicious food prepared by Mr. Torki beforehand.

After breakfast at Garran Hall, we visited education's answer to the problems of senior secondary education - Philip College. Students there were obviously impressed by St. Albans' contribution to the graffiti board. one student saying, "St. Albans - isn't that somewhere near Darwin?! We also visited the Mint, Parliament House (where our students joined a group of demonstrators protesting about East Timor), the War Memorial and the Egyptian Embassy where we were treated to coffee and films.

Very little sleep was had by all, although two teachers did try to sleep in a bit - only to be rudely awakened and dragged out of bed by two noisy students and another teacher with the master key!

Students seemed to think that the highlight of the tour was the plane trip back to Melbourne. At the airport teachers, for once feeling important, were faced with a barrage of students' cameras and flashlights. The flight was a little bumpy but not really bad enough to warrant three students reaching for oxygen masks upon landing.

All in all, a great time was had by both Staff and Students!!

Meg Teit

Carmel Rowan

ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL

SCHOOL CAMP.

For the past few months there's been quite a bit of activity at the School Camp. We've had parents, teachers, and local tradesman helping to make the site a reasonable place to live for short while.

At present the Camp can accommodate about twenty-five students and teachers at a time for up to three days.

Some of the jobs which have been completed are:

1. Painting the interior of the large room.
2. Extending electrical services.
3. Providing and installing an electric range.
4. Putting in a rear exit.
5. Setting up 3 x 12' X 14' army tents.
6. Constructing a number of picnic tables
7. Replacing toilet fixtures and putting a roof on the boys loc.
8. Repairing several broken windows.
9. It's hoped that in the not too distant future we'll hook up a permanent water supply and provide for showers and additional toilet facilities.

In recent weeks Form 3.6, a mixed 5th and 6th Form group and a 6th Form have been up to the camp.

During third term the camp has been fully booked with one group scheduled to visit each week.

Quite a bit of activity, eh? Let's hope momentum continues to grow.

W.B. Hunsberger.



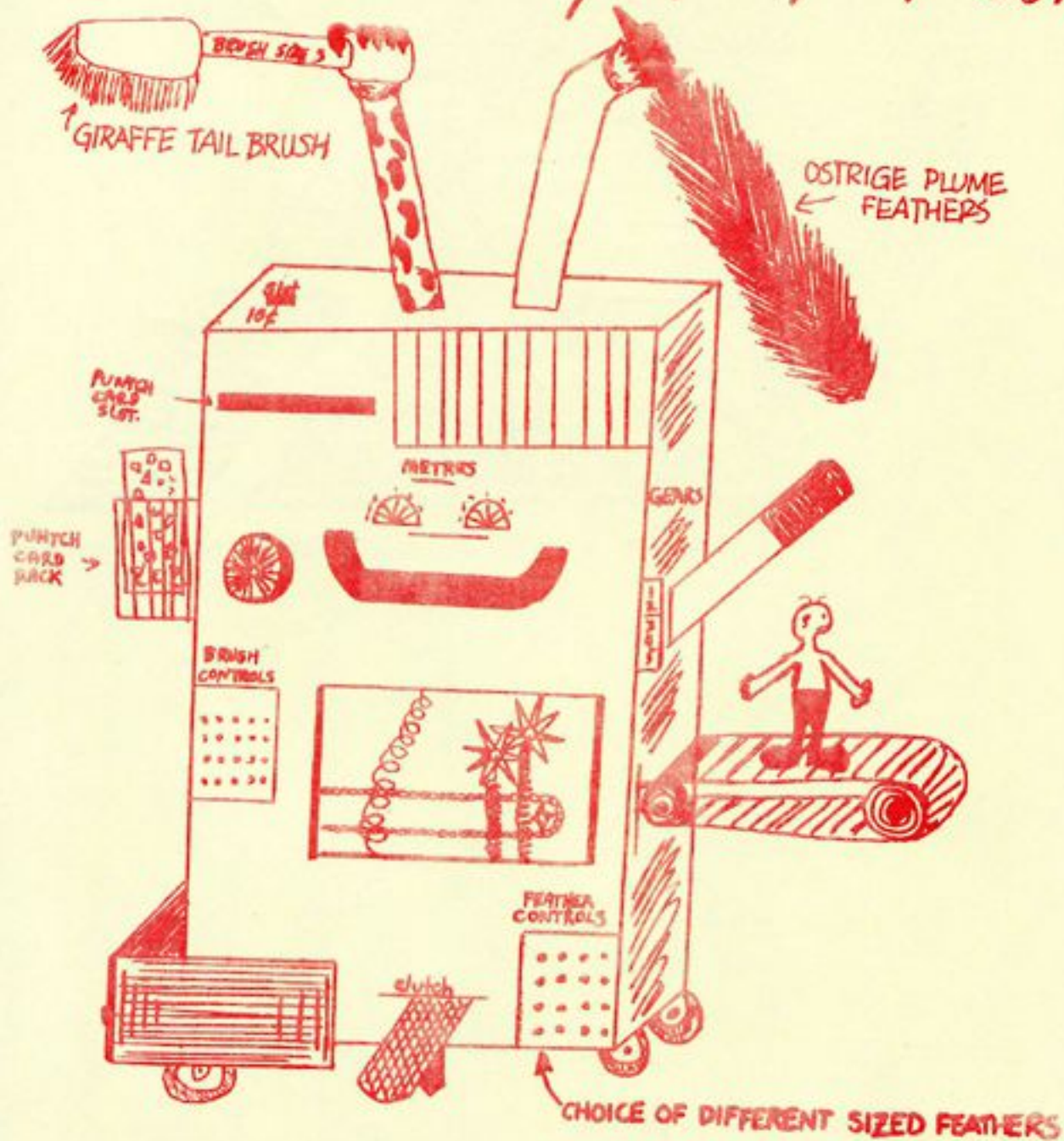
ET ALAMO HIGH SCHOOL
THE ET ALAMO HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY
WAS DEDICATED BY THE BOARD OF
SCHOOL TRUSTEES ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1954
IN HONOR OF THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE SCHOOL'S FIFTYTH ANNIVERSARY

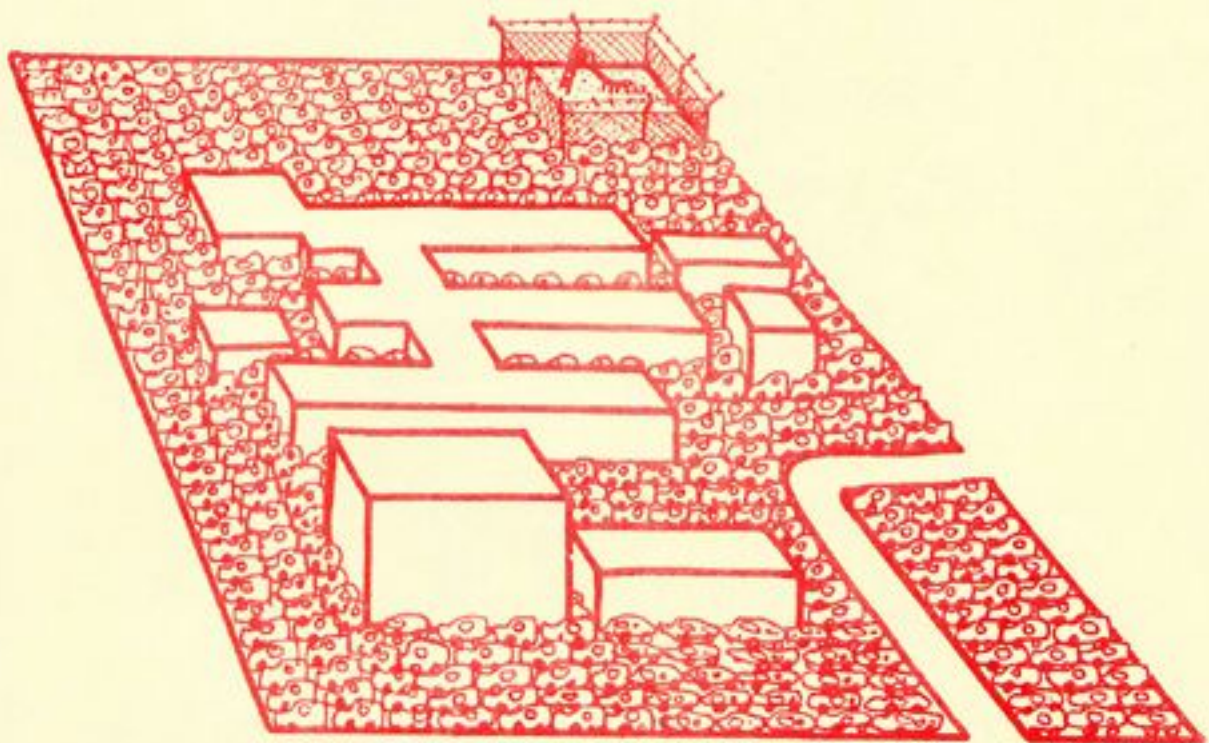




PORTABLE TICERLAR

MACHINE *Designed by Jimmy Dimopoulos 3:7*





YES! ST. ALBANS HIGH SCHOOL DOES HAVE AMPLE TEACHER-PARKING SPACE..

THE GRAND OLD ROOM

Dark and eerie when you first walk in but the tall carved mahogany has a certain persuading way that captivates your attention. There was pink floral wallpaper in that room but because it was such an old house the walls were cracking open causing gaps in the paper. When you walked in the door immediately before you was a mahogany piano. It had a picture of my mother in her childhood and various little ornaments on lace doilies. It was always polished so you could see your reflection in it. Beside the entrance on your left-hand side was a great big dressing table. Once again it was mahogany but through the years it had lost its high gloss. It always had a white starched lace cloth on it with dishes and silver trays polished on it. Opposite that was the long sofa it was a mustard color with two arm chairs. One was next to the dressing table and piano. And the other was in between the television and mantle piece. The mantle piece was so glorious to look at and placed right at the top at either side were two big water pitchers with chinese paintings on them. Between these was a painting of Englishmen riding their horses on a hunt. The mantle piece had pillons below this with a mirror behind them. And of course beneath the mantle was an old fire place, with its great iron sides orange with the glow of fire it looked so inviting to curl up next to. The lino floor was covered with various rugs and old mats. And of a cold wintery night the mysterious sternness of the various items of furniture would melt to friendly atmosphere of happiness.

Anon.

OLYMPIC GAMES

When we see, the torch and flames,
We know it's the start of the Olympic Games.
We know that the Olympics began in Greece,
But, the flag has 5 rings for friendship and peace.
The Olympic Games invite many nations,
But, this has been going for generations.
Athletes go there and try to compete,
Though, many go there to fight and defeat,
That is why every four years,
There's many loud shouts and many old cheers.
They run with their legs, like bikes and their pedals,
Their main desire is to win all those medals.
This year the Olympics are in Montreal,
But, as for Australia they're not doing well.
The Olympics themselves are not very fine,
Especially, when they seem to get out of line.
When the fire of the gun begins,
There's no use telling what team wins.
They all come from North, South, East and West,
Lets cheer for them loudly and hope for the best.

Angela.

L U C K

What brings you, sailor, home from the sea;
Coffers of gold and of ivory:

When first I went to sea as a lad
A new jack knife was all I had.
And I've sailed for fifty years and three,
To the coasts of gold and of ivory:
And now at the end of a lucky life,
Well, still I've got my old jack knife.

Anna Zylinski.

THE TALE OF THE RUN AWAY RED BICYCLE.

1/
Little Tom walked down the street,
His head was in the air,
Dreaming of things he didn't have,
Pretending he didn't care.
As he walked, at a sulky pace,
'Twas his misfortune to see,
A bicycle, shiny and new
And as bright as red could be.
He stared at it, mouth wide with awe
His eyes carassed its frame
He saw, by the tag, that it was not sold
And swore it would bear his name
"I must", he said "I must and will
Have that bike for my own"
And with strange thoughts running through his mind
He started off for home.

11/
That night when all was quiet :
And the moon smiled with content
Little Tom snuck out of the house
His foolish little mind was bent
Through alley ways and moon lit streets
He and his fear did creep
Turning around at the slightest sound
He wished he was home asleep
Finally he came to where
It was his hearts desire to be
The sight of the bike gave him courage now
And he chortled wickedly
He quietly broke open the door
Silently crept inside
He felt the bike's cold metal under his hands
And then quickly ran to hide.

111/

He looked over his shoulder
Made sure all was clear
His heart was a pounding
But he laughed off his fear
Just as he thought
That all had gone well,
His foot met a stone
And, to the ground, he fell
The bike kept on moving
The boy cubbed his eyes
It had gone half a mile
Before he could rise
He got to his feet
He started to run
The bike kept on moving
As if it was having fun!

IV/

It rolled over ditches swerved around trees
It was balanced perfectly
Tom kept on running, fast as he could
But only a red flash could he see.
Faster and faster the red bike rolled on
Ringing its bell merrily
Little Tom kept on running after it
He just couldn't stop you see.
Tired, more tired, he wanted to rest
But his feet had a mind of their own
They wouldn't stop and he started to cry
Oh how he wanted to go home!
But the bike kept on moving
It's wheels they kept rolling
In the distance, Tom could hear,
The church bells were tolling.

V/

Bong, Bong, Bong, 3 o'clock!
Oh, what was poor Tom to do?
The bike just went on its merry way
Brighter and brighter its red colour grew
Tom tripped and stumbled and gasped for his breath
He wished he had never come
The bike rang its bell as if it knew
It was a foolish thing Tom had done
The bike it did wheelstands, tumbles and flips
It jumped right into the air
It flew for a while and then came down to the ground
Tom couldn't help but stare
Then with a shout he tried to turn around
For he realized where he was going
The bike was headed towards the edge of a cliff
And his feet showed no sign of slowing!

VI/ "Please!" he cried out "Please listen to me".
I'm sorry for all that I've done!"
His voice rang loud, there was no other sound
For it was time for the rising of the sun
The cliff edge came closer, Tom wanted to scream
He knew not what to do
The bike became brighter and brighter
As over the edge of the cliff it flew
Then all of a sudden, it sailed up into the air
Its bright red glow filled the sky
Tom was really worried then
He knew he couldn't fly
At the edge of the cliff he came to a halt
He watched the bike as it shone so bright
Right before his eyes it transformed itself
Into sunrises first rays of light

VII/ Tom watched with wonder, he couldn't say a word
He felt light and floated into the new day
He turned and started off for home
And blessed everything he saw on his way.
When he got home, he went straight to bed.
Then he heard the 6 o'clock chimes
He went to sleep with a peaceful smile
After writing 'Thou Shalt not Steal' seven thousand times.

Eugenia D'Agata 5.2.

GOOD ADVICE

A young female teacher who confiscated a very threatening note from a pupil asked a more experienced staff member for advice. The conversation went something like this:

"Mmm, this is very serious. I suggest you get a lift home tonight, lock your flat door and don't watch spooky movies on T.V. tonight"!

WHO TALKS THE MOST?

Girls would probably say boys do, but boys would say girls do. One thing is for sure; Anita Mc Diarmid of Form 5 certainly talks often. On the ten hour bus trip to Canberra, Anita nearly drove Miss Tait insane with her constant talking!

CEMETERY AT NIGHT

As the fog slowly drifted through the head stones, a piercing wolf wail cried boldly through the night. The marble gleamed white from the silvering moon. The rabbits and night owls scurried into the velvety blackness as the old caretaker walked. He peered into the black and watched the animals scurry away.

As he rambled on, he saw the oldest graves in the cemetery. This, to him, was like a home. He had known these dead people and somehow they seemed to be old friends. The stones were rough but smooth and pearl white in the night.

He sat down and began to light his pipe and started to talk, not to anyone in particular, but to every-thing. I suppose to him they talked back.

Every thing was well as he said good-night and walked back to the cottage. The fog seeped in even heavier as it swallowed the old man bit by bit.

NEW DRESS FASHION

A certain female staff member who rarely wears dresses and who is more content to come to school in jeans, often torn, was recently seen in a modern sack type dress.

When asked where she bought it, her answer was:

"I got it from the coalman."

-with apologies to Spike Milligan
and the "Goon Show"

DAVID McEWAN AND I HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE WE HAD BEEN IN the sandpit. We had been best pals until we went to State School. Then we found out that boys hated girls and vice versa, this went on for quite a while and then suddenly at eleven we became good friends again.

We both had problems with our families, not serious ones but every now and again there would be an argument over something we said or did. We would then hunt each other out, walk around the block a couple of times and by the time we got back everything would have been forgiven. From then on we just hung around with each other when there was nothing to do.

We knew each other really well and usually asked each other to come here or go there. We always went to each others party and it was on David's 16th that he told me about his "dream". He was going to leave school, take a job as an assistant in the nearby grocery shop. He wanted to save enough money to take driving lessons the next year and on his 18th birthday he wanted to buy the latest model car. I said it was a good enough idea even though I was a bit dubious about the money being saved. I knew Dave, when he had money it had to be spent or else it would burn a hole in his pocket.

Every week I was shown a growing bank book. Dave kept the minimum of money for himself and for the year between the age of sixteen and seventeen he didn't go steady with one girl. His mates would joke about girls to him and he replied that he may as well play the field while he was young enough. This stopped the wise cracks and Dave went on his own sweet way.

Many evenings we sat on the fence outside my place with Carol and Daniel (two of Dave's friends) usually just talking, but sometimes we would all walk for miles. One night Carol and Daniel didn't turn up so Dave and I set out alone for a walk. We went to my favourite place. This was a very large hill which in spring was covered with thousands of bluebells and in winter was beautiful when there had been a frost.

I remember this night clearly. It had been a full moon. It took us roughly half an hour to reach the hill and when we did get there Dave linked his arm through mine and grinning told me that when he got his car this would be the first place he would bring me.

Well finally Dave turned seventeen and every Saturday morning he would disappear for his driving lesson. I remember one morning peeking behind the curtain I saw him stall the car twice, but he persisted. We seemed to drift apart at the beginning of Dave's eighteenth year but this was because of my busy life. I soon became used to the amount of work required of me and so Dave and I started to meet again but usually only by chance.

Dave came to my 17th birthday party and he brought me a beautiful friendship ring. It was given to me on the basis that we were friends. We were often mistaken for brother and sister, and our friends never asked just one of us to a party, we were always asked together. As one friend had said "You don't look right if only one of you is there. You're usually together just like a cat and a mouse."

Dave struggled with his driving lessons and on the night before his 18th birthday his father gave him a party. Dave was to have his own party on the morrow. I was invited to both. Dave's father only invited friends of the family and it was quite a riotous affair. Dave insisted on drinking non-alcoholic drinks because he said he was going to really get tanked up on his birthday after he had passed his test, and bought the car. I wished him luck and that was the last I saw of Dave until the next day at lunch time.

I was at home when I heard a car horn honking. It was Dave. He had passed his test and gone and bought himself a small fast sportscar. It was a beauty. He then told me that he was going to go and get drunk but eventually changed his mind and decided to wait until he had his party.

I had bought a brand new dress for the occasion and Dave picked me up and drove me down to the hotel where he was to have his party. Needless to say the party was a huge success. Dave had few beers compared to some of his friends.

At about 11.30 p.m. Dave grabbed my hand and yelling above the music told me that he wanted to take me to our special hill. I agreed even though I was worried about the amount of drink Dave had consumed. He drove fast with the radio blaring. We laughed and sang to the music, then unexpectedly Dave took a corner very wide, I saw a pair of headlights, and that was the last thing I could remember.

I woke up in a very white room which smelt of antiseptic. I knew straight away that I was in hospital. A nurse with a kindly face bent over me and trying to talk through the bandages, I muttered "Dave". The nurse left and returned with my mother and father. Mum was crying. A fear gripped my throat as once again I struggled to ask the few things I wanted to know. All I could half say was "Dave". Mum looked at dad and he sat down beside me, picked up my hand and told me that as Dave took the bend very widely a car was coming in the opposite direction. We had had a head on collision. I was very sick and had many broken bones. Dave had been killed instantly. My eyes clouded and tears fell.

Tears couldn't bring him back.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

There was a very old house in a little old town where no one lived for miles around. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. A family was interested in this house but was not aware that the other people who lived there went crazy because of the things that used to happen. For instance, there was a painting on the wall that one day had two people painted on it, and another day there were about five people on it. The chandeliers were shaking all the time and many other awful things were happening too.

When they had moved into the house, the first day they did not know what was coming to them. When they got into the house they did not like it much because it was very big.

After a few days they liked it. After about one week of living at the house and just as they settled in a terrible thing started to happen. The chandeliers were shaking and more people started to appear in the picture, just like what had happened to the other people that were living there before. This time it was worse. There were little people jumping out of the picture. She killed almost all of them but there was one of the little people who was not killed, and she shot him in the leg. Nothing happened to the little man. She was so scared that she just ran up into her room and lay down.

The little man ran into the kitchen and looked around for a knife, and when he found one he went up the stairs and tried to open the door with it. The door started to open because the woman didn't close the door properly. When she saw that the door was opening she got a suitcase from under the bed and opened it. Then she put it right near the door. As the little man opened the door she put the suitcase over him and locked him in it, but he was cutting the suitcase open with the knife, which he had gotten from the kitchen. Before he had gotten out of the suitcase she took him and put him in the oven and he started to burn up. After about five hours she opened the oven door. He was burnt up and a lot of smoke was coming out of the oven door. When she inhaled the smoke she became one of the little people just the same as the others.

Charles · Bageja.

4.8

The paper upon which these short articles were written has cost the writer 10c as the staff member, who lent it, is Scottish.

LAST HOURS IN THE OLD MELBOURNE GAOL

The door squeaked noisily open and was banged shut after the prisoner was put into the cell. Left alone in the cell the prisoner surveyed his dismal surroundings, then settled down in a corner and waited. The room was not more than seven or eight feet long and about six feet high with only a bed, table and chair for furnishings. He heard the other prisoners stirring as they were served their daily ration of food, which consisted mainly of gruel with a bit of meat added to it, and a thin crust of bread. Presently the guard was outside his door pushing the food in through the slot in the door. Then he heard him move on to the next cell. He left the food where it was, lay down on the bed and listened to the rain softly drumming on the window which was barely big enough to let any light through in the daytime. He hunched his shoulders against the cold and pulled the old and tattered blanket closer around him. The place was always damp. Even in the summer, you still had to wear jackets to keep you warm. It got much worse in winter. When it rained, cold draughts would rise up and chill your very bones and leave you shaking and shivering. It was no wonder that many prisoners had died in their cells. The prison had an unmistakable atmosphere of death and decay about it. He heard something moving in his room. It was a rat scurrying across the room to the plate of food. He watched as it reached the plate and started eating the food. It was soon joined by six or ten others. All of them converging on the food and starting to fight amongst themselves for it. He heard sounds in the corridor, just outside his door. Two guards opened it and the rats instantly disappeared. His time had come. He was led outside by the two guards. Below him, he saw the hangman and the noose, waiting for him. The hangman put the rope around his neck, tightened it and went over to pull the lever at the side of the trap door. The prisoner could feel the rope around his neck. His hands were tied behind his back and for the first time in his life he was swamped with fear. The seconds seemed like an eternity. The last things he felt and heard was the sound of the trap door as it swung open and the rope tightening around his neck.

Anna Harasinowicz. 3.3.

NEW PHYSICS COURSE

Miss Williams (WL) has agreed to teach this new course in 1977. The basic program consists of making various paper planes and helicopters and measuring stress, distances and flight patterns when they are propelled through the air or dropped from varying heights.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

There was a very old house in a little old town where no one lived for miles around. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. A family was interested in this house but was not aware that the other people who lived there went crazy because of the things that used to happen. For instance, there was a painting on the wall that one day had two people painted on it, and another day there were about five people on it. The chandeliers were shaking all the time and many other awful things were happening too.

When they had moved into the house, the first day they did not know what was coming to them. When they got into the house they did not like it much because it was very big.

After a few days they liked it. After about one week of living at the house and just as they settled in a terrible thing started to happen. The chandeliers were shaking and more people started to appear in the picture, just like what had happened to the other people that were living there before. This time it was worse. There were little people jumping out of the picture. She killed almost all of them but there was one of the little people who was not killed, and she shot him in the leg. Nothing happened to the little man. She was so scared that she just ran up into her room and lay down.

The little man ran into the kitchen and looked around for a knife, and when he found one he went up the stairs and tried to open the door with it. The door started to open because the woman didn't close the door properly. When she saw that the door was opening she got a suitcase from under the bed and opened it. Then she put it right near the door. As the little man opened the door she put the suitcase over him and locked him in it, but he was cutting the suitcase open with the knife, which he had gotten from the kitchen. Before he had gotten out of the suitcase she took him and put him in the oven and he started to burn up. After about five hours she opened the oven door. He was burnt up and a lot of smoke was coming out of the oven door. When she inhaled the smoke she became one of the little people just the same as the others.

Charles · Bugeja.
4.8

The paper upon which these short articles were written has cost the writer 10c as the staff member, who lent it, is Scottish.

LAST HOURS IN THE OLD MELBOURNE GAOL

The door squeaked noisily open and was banged shut after the prisoner was put into the cell. Left alone in the cell the prisoner surveyed his dismal surroundings, then settled down in a corner and waited. The room was not more than seven or eight feet long and about six feet high with only a bed, table and chair for furnishings. He heard the other prisoners stirring as they were served their daily ration of food, which consisted mainly of gruel with a bit of meat added to it, and a thin crust of bread. Presently the guard was outside his door pushing the food in through the slot in the door. Then he heard him move on to the next cell. He left the food where it was, lay down on the bed and listened to the rain softly drumming on the window which was barely big enough to let any light through in the daytime. He hunched his shoulders against the cold and pulled the old and tattered blanket closer around him. The place was always damp. Even in the summer, you still had to wear jackets to keep you warm. It got much worse in winter. When it rained, cold draughts would rise up and chill your very bones and leave you shaking and shivering. It was no wonder that many prisoners had died in their cells. The prison had an unmistakable atmosphere of death and decay about it. He heard something moving in his room. It was a rat scurrying across the room to the plate of food. He watched as it reached the plate and started eating the food. It was soon joined by six or ten others. All of them converging on the food and starting to fight amongst themselves for it. He heard sounds in the corridor, just outside his door. Two guards opened it and the rats instantly disappeared. His time had come. He was led outside by the two guards. Below him, he saw the hangman and the noose, waiting for him. The hangman put the rope around his neck, tightened it and went over to pull the lever at the side of the trap door. The prisoner could feel the rope around his neck. His hands were tied behind his back and for the first time in his life he was swamped with fear. The seconds seemed like an eternity. The last things he felt and heard was the sound of the trap door as it swung open and the rope tightening around his neck.

Anna Harasimowicz. 3.3.

NEW PHYSICS COURSE

Miss Williams (WL) has agreed to teach this new course in 1977. The basic program consists of making various paper planes and helicopters and measuring stress, distances and flight patterns when they are propelled through the air or dropped from varying heights.

Draw-along

LESSON # 2
"Funny Faces"

WITH
Frank Borth

IF YOU HAVE PRACTICED THE STEPS I SHOWED YOU IN LESSON ONE, YOU SHOULD BE PRETTY GOOD AT DRAWING A SIMPLE HEAD BY NOW.

TODAY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN DRAWING EXPRESSIONS ON OUR FACES!



THE SKIN OF OUR FACES IS SOMEWHAT LIKE A RUBBER MASK. IN REPOSE, OR AT REST, IT LOOKS LIKE THE FACE WE HAVE BEEN DRAWING. WHAT MAKES IT CHANGE INTO THESE FACES?

HAPPY



SAD



ANGRY



WHAT MAKES OUR EYEBROWS GO UP OR OUR MOUTH GO DOWN? THE SAME THING THAT LIFTS OUR ARMS AND MOVES OUR LEGS -- **MUSCLES!**

UNDER THE SKIN OF OUR FACES ARE MANY SMALL MUSCLES THAT ATTACH THE SKIN TO OUR SKULLS.



WHEN A MUSCLE GOES TO WORK, IT DOES SO BY EXPANDING. THIS MAKES IT BECOME SHORTER AND THUS "LIFTS" OR PULLS WHATEVER IT'S ATTACHED TO.

SO YOU SEE, IT IS LITTLE MUSCLES THAT ACTUALLY PULL THE FACE OUT OF SHAPE THAT MAKES "EXPRESSION!"



SEE HOW THE EYEBROWS ARE PULLED UP AND THE MOUTH IS PULLED DOWN FROM NORMAL.

ONLY THE EYE LINE REMAINS THE SAME SINCE THE EYES ARE SET INSIDE THE SKULL.

OUR FACIAL EXPRESSIONS ARE THE WINDOW OF OUR EMOTIONS. THEY SHOW WHAT WE ARE THINKING OR FEELING "INSIDE."

HERE'S A SCENE FROM FRUMSON WOOTERS BIRTHDAY PARTY. WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE THINKING? STUDY THEIR FACES AND FILL IN THEIR "THOUGHT" BALLOONS!



DRAWING EXPRESSIONS ON FACES IS A LOT OF FUN. LET'S START WITH OUR "DEAD PAN" MODEL AND PUT SOME LIFE IN HIM!



GET OUT YOUR TRACING PAPER AND LET'S MAKE HIM **HAPPY!**

THAT'S EASY, YOU SAY? JUST PUT A SMILE ON HIM LIKE THIS?



FINE! BUT WHEN WE SMILE WE SMILE WITH MORE THAN OUR MOUTH...

WE SMILE WITH OUR EYES, EYEBROWS, AND EVEN OUR NOSE! WHEN THE MUSCLES IN OUR CHEEKS PULL UP THE CORNERS OF OUR MOUTH...



THEY ALSO PUSH UP AGAINST THE EYELIDS, MAKING IT BEND UP LIKE THIS. THESE ARE "SMILING EYES".

THEY ALSO PULL UP THE "CORNERS" OF THE NOSE AND WILL EVEN "WRINKLE" THE NOSE IF WE SMILE REALLY HARD!



OUR TEETH CURVE BACK IN OUR MOUTH LEAVING DARK CORNERS THAT ACCENTUATE OUR SMILE.

OUR EYEBROWS USUALLY GO UP WHEN WE SMILE, PERHAPS BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN PLEASANTLY SURPRISED...



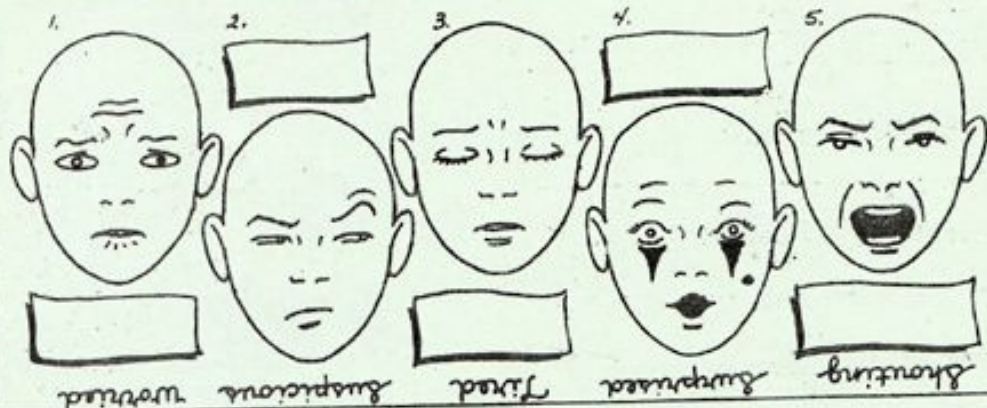
CHECK THIS FACE WITH THE ONE DIRECTLY ABOVE IT. SEE HOW THE ENTIRE FACE SMILES?

HERE, IN SIMPLIFIED FORM, ARE THE IMPORTANT LINES OF A HAPPY EXPRESSION.



NOTICE HOW THE WRINKLE LINES BECOME PART OF THE EXPRESSION.

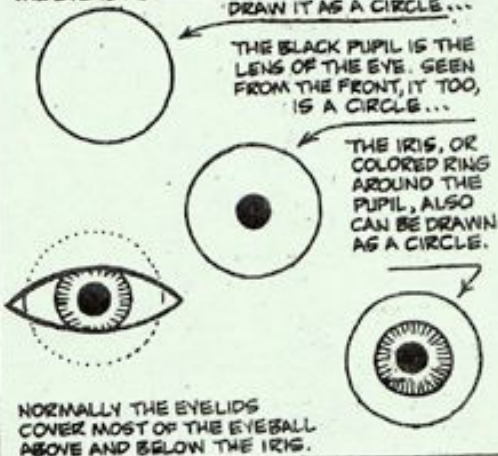
HERE ARE A FEW MORE EXPRESSIONS THAT YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE EASILY. FILL IN YOUR DESCRIPTION AND THEN CHECK WITH THE ANSWERS PLACED UPSIDE DOWN BENEATH THE HEADS.



NOW THAT WE HAVE LEARNED THE PLACEMENT OF THE FEATURES, LET'S TRY DRAWING THEM IN GREATER DETAIL...

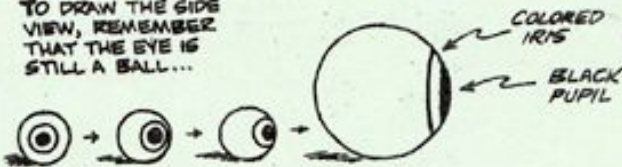


THE EYE IS ACTUALLY A ROUND BALL, SO WE CAN DRAW IT AS A CIRCLE...



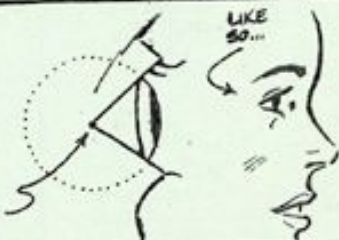
HOWEVER, IF YOUR DRAWING IS TOO SMALL FOR THIS MUCH DETAIL, A SIMPLE DOT WILL DO...

TO DRAW THE SIDE VIEW, REMEMBER THAT THE EYE IS STILL A BALL...

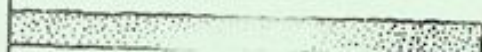


... BUT IS COVERED ABOVE AND BELOW THE IRIS BY THE EYELIDS IN NORMAL USE.

USE CENTER OF EYEBALL AS "HINGE".



THESE WRINKLES ARE FORMED BY THE ACTION OF THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE.

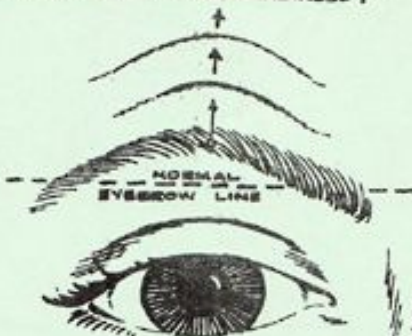


THE SKIN IS LIKE A RUBBER MAT LYING FLAT ON THE FLOOR...



WHEN WE TRY TO MAKE IT SMALLER, IT BUCKLES UP INTO FOLDS AND RIDGES.

WHEN A MUSCLE PULLS UP AN EYEBROW THE SKIN CAN'T SHRINK AND SO IT, TOO, "BUCKLES UP" INTO FOLDS AND RIDGES. WE CALL THESE FOLDS "WRINKLES".



LET'S SEE HOW THIS WORKS WITH AN **ANGRY** EXPRESSION. INSTEAD OF BEING LIFTED UP, THE EYEBROWS ARE PULLED DOWN AND TOGETHER.



THE SKIN WRINKLES UP BETWEEN THE EYEBROWS.

THIS ALSO PUSHES THE EYELIDS DOWN, MAKING A FLAT LINE ACROSS THE EYES.



THE CORNERS OF THE MOUTH ARE PULLED DOWN AS WELL...

... WHICH MAKES TWO LONG WRINKLES DOWN EACH SIDE OF THE MOUTH THAT PULL ON THE SIDES OF THE NOSE AS WELL.



THE LOWER LIP PUSHES AGAINST THE UPPER LIP.

A **SAD** EXPRESSION IS NOT AS DRAMATIC AS THE OTHERS. EYEBROWS ARE DRAWN UP AND TOGETHER.



THE CORNERS OF THE MOUTH GO DOWN, BUT NOT VIOLENTLY. LOWER LIP IS RELAXED.

ADD **PAIN** AND THE FACE IS CONTORTED.



MOUTH PULLED OPEN.

WITH **FEAR**, OR **SHOCK**, EVERYTHING PULLS AWAY FROM THE CENTER OF THE FACE.



EYES AND MOUTH WIDE OPEN!

THE OLD MELBOURNE GAOL

I was put in Old Melbourne Gaol in 1840. The place was damp and cold. As soon as I got into the building they put a mask over my head. They did that so nobody would know who I was. Most of the prisoners would know me because I was in the newspapers all the time. I am a killer.

Everybody had to wear a mask over their heads. As they were taking me to my cell, I could hear prisoners screaming and moaning. All the prisoners had to stay in their cells, nobody would get out. We got our food through the small window in the door. We ate bread and water and sometimes we would get a small bit of meat. In the cell we had one table, a chair and a bed with a bag of straws which we slept on. We also had a Bible. That was the only thing we could do in there.

Most prisoners died, because they got so sick and the gaolers wouldn't get a doctor to help them. I knew that I would be like that one day and I was right. It's three years since I was locked in here and I am so sick that I wish to die. I just don't know how badly I want to get out of here. They didn't want to hang me because they said that was an easy way to die.

Oh Lord, I wish I could die.

Olga Sajinovic. 3.3.

THE IDEAL GEOGRAPHY TEACHER

Any staff member who can get completely lost in Canberra and who has no real sense of direction usually makes an ideal teacher of the subject "where" and "why".

Mr. Booth misled some sixteen students in a long walk around Lake Burley Griffin.

Rumour has it that he expects to co-ordinate Geography.

MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY

I was sitting on an old train bench thinking of what I would be doing in the years to come.

I also thought of the years that had passed by.
Running through the fields of oats with Thomas, milking cows, spotlighting for rabbits and kangaroos, dancing to one dance that seemed to last for ever.

When I left home to fulfill my life with the man I loved, the excitement of our wedding night, the day we bought home our first child, and all the lonely times I had lied in my bed waiting and hoping Thomas would come home safely.

All the times he went job hunting filled with hope and returned home depressed yet still fired with hope, ready to start looking again, the night he started his job as a cab driver and all the lonely nights at home.

The disappointment of rumours that were true, like when he swore on his death that all the women in his life were gone as soon as he met me, but there were always more and more women in his life.

I had lost him, Cathy our child was three and had a fair idea of what was happening.

We both sat in a daze thinking of what will happen when the train came. Tears falling like a mountain stream, leaving behind soaked tissues, we began to board.

We were headed for Queensland, the place I first met Thomas. He was driving a truck until he had an accident and couldn't drive a truck anymore. My family and I were living in a small town outside the city. Our house was a beautiful cottage surrounded with blooming flowers, it was a place where animals could grow up freely without fear of man.

This would be a welcome change from fast moving cars and people who seemed to be heading nowhere and where lights flashed on and off to the never ending beat of amplified music.

Just as we were about to board the train Thomas appeared. He stood at the other end of the station, our eyes met (for one happy moment I suddenly knew things would be fine) the train pulled away from the station and we still stood there watching each other. Each breath I took seemed to last longer than the one before, we ran to each other tears began to fall from my eyes as we embraced, now knowing we were one again.

THE OLD MELBOURNE GAOL

I was put in Old Melbourne Gaol in 1840. The place was damp and cold. As soon as I got into the building they put a mask over my head. They did that so nobody would know who I was. Most of the prisoners would know me because I was in the newspapers all the time. I am a killer.

Everybody had to wear a mask over their heads. As they were taking me to my cell, I could hear prisoners screaming and moaning. All the prisoners had to stay in their cells, nobody would get out. We got our food through the small window in the door. We ate bread and water and sometimes we would get a small bit of meat. In the cell we had one table, a chair and a bed with a bag of straws which we slept on. We also had a Bible. That was the only thing we could do in there.

Most prisoners died, because they got so sick and the gaolers wouldn't get a doctor to help them. I knew that I would be like that one day and I was right. It's three years since I was locked in here and I am so sick that I wish to die. I just don't know how badly I want to get out of here. They didn't want to hang me because they said that was an easy way to die.

Oh Lord, I wish I could die.

Olga Sajinovic. 3.3.

THE IDEAL GEOGRAPHY TEACHER

Any staff member who can get completely lost in Canberra and who has no real sense of direction usually makes an ideal teacher of the subject "where" and "why".

Mr. Booth misled some sixteen students in a long walk around Lake Burley Griffin.

Rumour has it that he expects to co-ordinate Geography.

THE WISHING WELL

It was the time when life had opened it's eyes to the bright, but gentle, light that wakes the soft petals of the flowers... it was morning. Outside, the world seemed fresh and new, the delicate breeze blew gently in my face, awakening me to a new day. Everything seemed to blend together in a sort of harmonious way, making things seem quiet... too quiet.

Slowly I took my first step outside into this country that seemed... well... like paradise. I was determined to explore and feel nature's tender offerings. The screen door closed behind me with a loud bang, slightly shattering this dream I was in. Was it a dream? I pinched myself hard so as to let a small trickle of blood fall down my arm. It stung. Yes, I was certainly awake. Good. My feet carried me towards a well, my well, the wishing well, that made all wishes come true... yes, all wishes!

After an hour or two of spending the morning with nature, I was demanded to come inside the pig-sty of a house, occupied by the beastly Aunt Rita, whom I had loathed since the day of our meeting - or should I say, since the day I was born. She was disgusting and revolting in both manner and speech. But she will die soon .

I entered the house with it's stale smell of rust, dirt and excreta from last night's rats that occasionally visit the kitchen. Oh how I hate it ! The rest of the day was spent indoors with a freshly bruised eye for not getting the water from the well, quick enough for her poor tired legs that seldom walked. She kept yelling at me that one day, I would be the death of her I smiled.

That night was the best night I had ever had. It was the night of ... no, I won't tell you.. you'll find out. I made it, a voodoo doll and cut out a piece of cloth from my aunt's favourite dress, and collected her hair from her never cleaned brush. It was done. There. It looked good. Yes. I walked outside, but where should I go ? Ah, the wishing well, my well, the well. I leaned over the edge, watching the small clear ripples of water, reflecting my face, my beautiful face. I placed the doll at the top of the well, and took the sharp hair pin from my hair and plunged it into the chest of the doll.

My face began to burn up in fever, and placing my hands on my head, I noticed the different colour hair on it's head. Of course! I should have known better. I always used the same brush as my Aunt... what had I done ? A horrified scream from the house, and I knew she was dying and my head kept burning. "Stop it - oh please stop it ! "

I gazed at the cool water below. I jumped into the well and placed my head under the water, but nothing happened. My hair was dry. Oh my God, I forgot the doll! My hands began to scrape the inner walls of the well, but I could not reach it or the top of the well. The pain became unbearable, and so with my final breath I yelled "Oh God, how I wish I was dead !

.....The wishing well.....

Luana Ceresani. 5.2

Living things need love,
we need understanding,
we need our freedom,
we need each other,
we are all equal
we all cry
we all live
and then we die.

Animals laugh, they cry
Animals live and they die.
People are black,
People are white,
we all love and
we all fight.

Nature laughs because
it is free,
Nature cries but
let it be,
Nature lives because
it must,
Nature dies and
we let it rust.

So we are equal,
all the same
we may look different,
but we know our aim.

Anon.

THE OLD MELBOURNE JAIL

The day before I was hanged.

It was morning. The patter of rain bellowed through the cells. I lay listening to the noises. The rattling of the trays echoed through the cells of the gaol. You could hear fellow convicts yawning and talking to the guards. "Get up" yelled a guard. I sat up. "Hurry, I'm not waiting for you." I ran towards the door and took the bowl which had bread mixed with water. I sneezed as I took the bowl. "Don't spread your germs on me" the guard said in a harsh manner. I went and sat on my bed and looked at the bowl of food. I raised the muck to my mouth with my hand. I gulped it quickly; it didn't touch the sides. About an hour later another guard came around collecting the bowls. "Bowl" shouted the guard. I handed him the bowl. "Thanks" said the guard. The bowl guard was kind to me. He never thought I was guilty; he told me this but of course he couldn't do anything about it. The two years that I had spent here weren't so bad, for I had someone who believed I was innocent. The rest of the guards hated me.

My cell was cold and damp and the morning rain didn't help it. I heard a noise outside my window, I jumped up and clutched the bars. Outside were some pigeons. I loved pigeons. One flew onto the window shelf and I touched it with the tip of my fingers. The bird felt warm and soft. I was so happy for it was the first time I had touched one. I jumped down and went around and around in circles till I got so dizzy I had to stop. I spun so fast that I nearly smashed into the wall of my cell. It was small but somehow I didn't mind that much, because I knew I was innocent. I didn't kill my brother, who was a guard, even though I did despise him. A guard came in and put a mask on my face. For the first time I was allowed to go to the exercise yard. The guard led me to my exercise cell. He bolted the door behind me and left. I could see through my mask that there was a flock of pigeons in the corner. As I ran towards them they flew off in fright, but they left one feather behind. My hands were cuffed but I reached for it and held it tight in my hand. The guard came and took me back to another cell which I knew was the condemned cell. He took my cuffs and mask off, but he didn't find my feather when he frisked me because he didn't check my clutched hand.

I lay on the bed and ran the feather up and down my face. It was soft and light. I had nearly forgotten how softness felt, but this reminded me. The day passed by and night was falling. The one thing I really hated was the nights, for this was when the

THE OLD MELBOURNE JAIL (C'td)

dampness and smell struck me. I lay on the bed clutching the feather and and thinking about why I had been shifted to this cell so early. My stomach cried of hunger. Noises echoed through the night. You could hear the cries of pain, and the noises of some people snoring, rang like bells through the jail. Sleep struck me.

Next morning I was given a grand meal. It comprised of wine and a good meal. My bowl was collected, and I went and lay on my bed. Till this day I had never felt fear, but today fear filled me. I looked around and found my feather. I held it tight. I had to try to escape my fear of death. The door of my cell was unlatched. A guard came in and led me to the hang man's rope. "I'm innocent," I cried. The hangman was big. I feared him. I saw him as the figure of Satan. A mask was placed on my head, and the rope around my neck. It was prickley and itchy. I said once more "I'm innocent", I am, I am, I am,

My body hung down lifeless.



How do you drown a submarine full of Irishmen?

Knock on the Hetch.

How do you make an Irishman burn his ear?

Ring him up while he is ironing.

What's the definition of gross ignorance?

144 Irishmen.

When God was handing out the resources why did the Irish get the potatoes and the Arabs the oil?

The Irish had first choice.

What's five mile long and has an I.Q. of five?

A St. Patrick's Day procession.

Did you hear about the Irishman who wanted to be buried at sea?

Six of his mates drowned digging the hole.

How is an Irish ladder different from an ordinary one?

It has a stop sign at the top.

What's an Irishman with half a brain?

Lucky.

What happened when the Irish played water polo?

Their horses drowned.

Why do Irish dogs have short noses?

From chasing parked cars.

How does an Irish firing squad line up?

One behind the other.

What should you do if an
Irishman throws a pin at
you?

Did you hear about the
Irish attempt on
Mt Everest?

What's the definition
of a dope ring?

Why do you need 101
Irishmen to paint a house?

Did you hear about the
Irish archer who shot
an arrow in the air?

What's black, crisp and
hangs from the ceiling?

Did you hear about the
new Irish parachute that
needs no ripcord?

What do you call an
Irishman with a University
degree?

How do you confuse an
Irishman?

Did you hear about the
Irishman who tried to
tap dance?

Run! He's got a live grenade
in his mouth.

They ran out of scaffolding.

Six Irishmen in a circle.

One to hold the brush and one
hundred to move the house back
and forth.

He missed.

An Irish electrician.

It opens on impact.

A liar.

Show him two shovels and
tell him to take his pick.

He fell in the sink and
drowned.

IRISHMAN: "How am I going to measure the height of the pole?"

HELPFUL BYSTANDER: "Lay it on it's side and pace it out."

IRISHMAN: "I want to know it's height, not it's length."

THE SCENE: Building a new house in Ireland, foreman comes over to a workman.

WORKER: "These nails won't go in the wood."

FOREMAN: "Of course not, you're hammering them in head first. These nails are for the other side of the house."

THE SCENE: An Irishman sitting beside the road crying.

A FRIEND: "Why are you looking so sad?"

IRISHMAN: "My dog just got killed - I've buried him over there."

FRIEND: "Why are there three holes then?"

IRISHMAN: "The first two I dug weren't big enough."

WAITING

She sits there proudly,
With her hands around
the unborn child,
With love and affection
growing for it.
She waits for its
arrival

But still then she
will feel the unborn
child move around
slowly,
kicking it's fragile
feet on the wall
of it's mother's womb.
And when it's time
the little thing will
be welcomed into the
big world.

And then it's mother
will cry out with
joy for her first
new born child

MARIAN SCHMIDT

"MACK TRUCKS"

THE BEGINNING OF MACK

The name MACK was brought out in 1900, and ever since then it has grown bigger and bigger. Today MACK leads the way in the Trucking Business, with its unbeaten reputation of reliability and an ever lasting Truck.

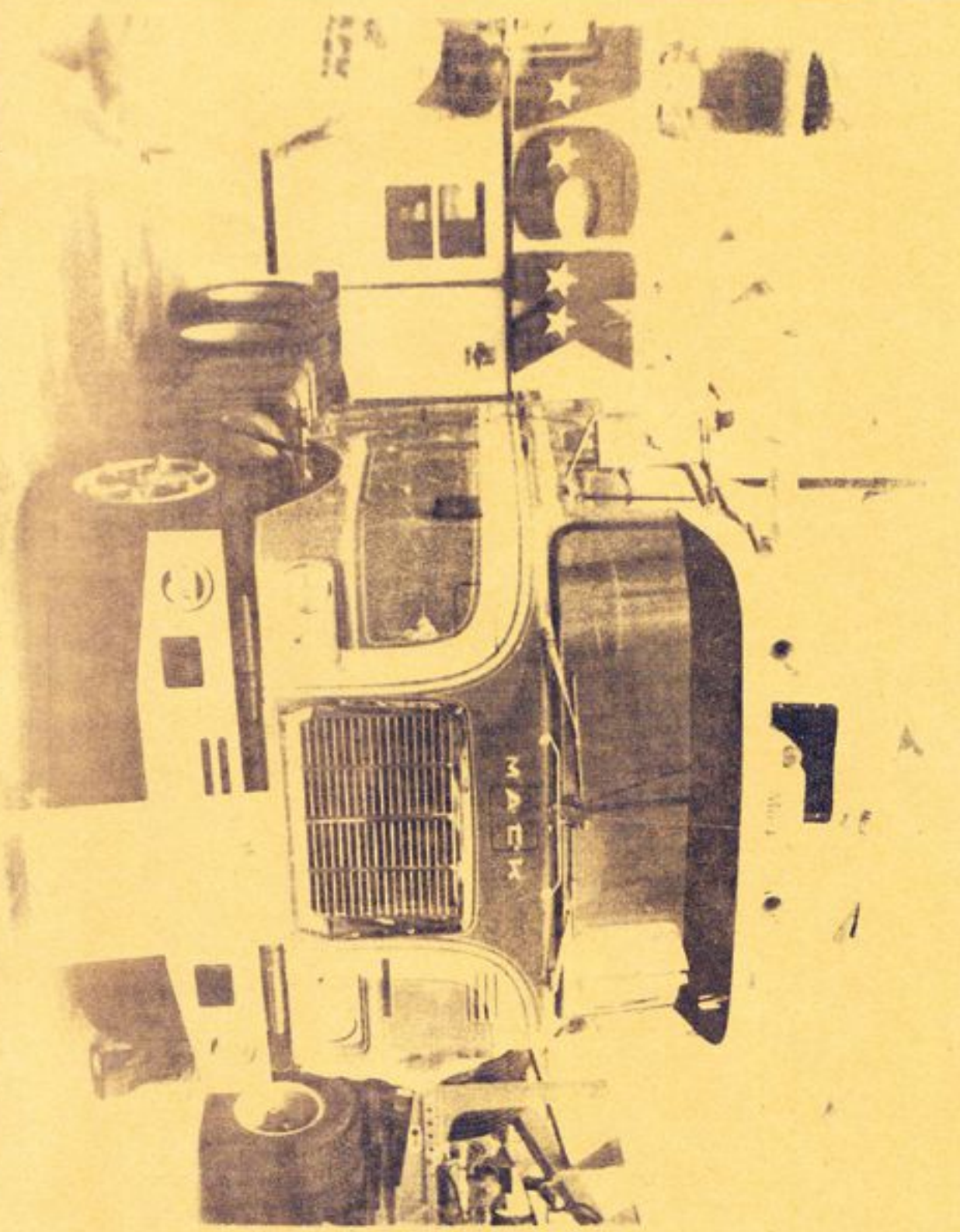
To prove the statement above "a ever lasting truck" even today MACKS from the year 1924 are still going today. One of the most greatest MACKS ever introduced to the Trucking Market was the B.61, it was introduced in the year 1953 and today thousands of them are still on the road, used in heavy haulage, road trains, etc. This reputation is also backed up by MACK Trucks Dynamic engines, The Thermodyne and the Maxidyne.

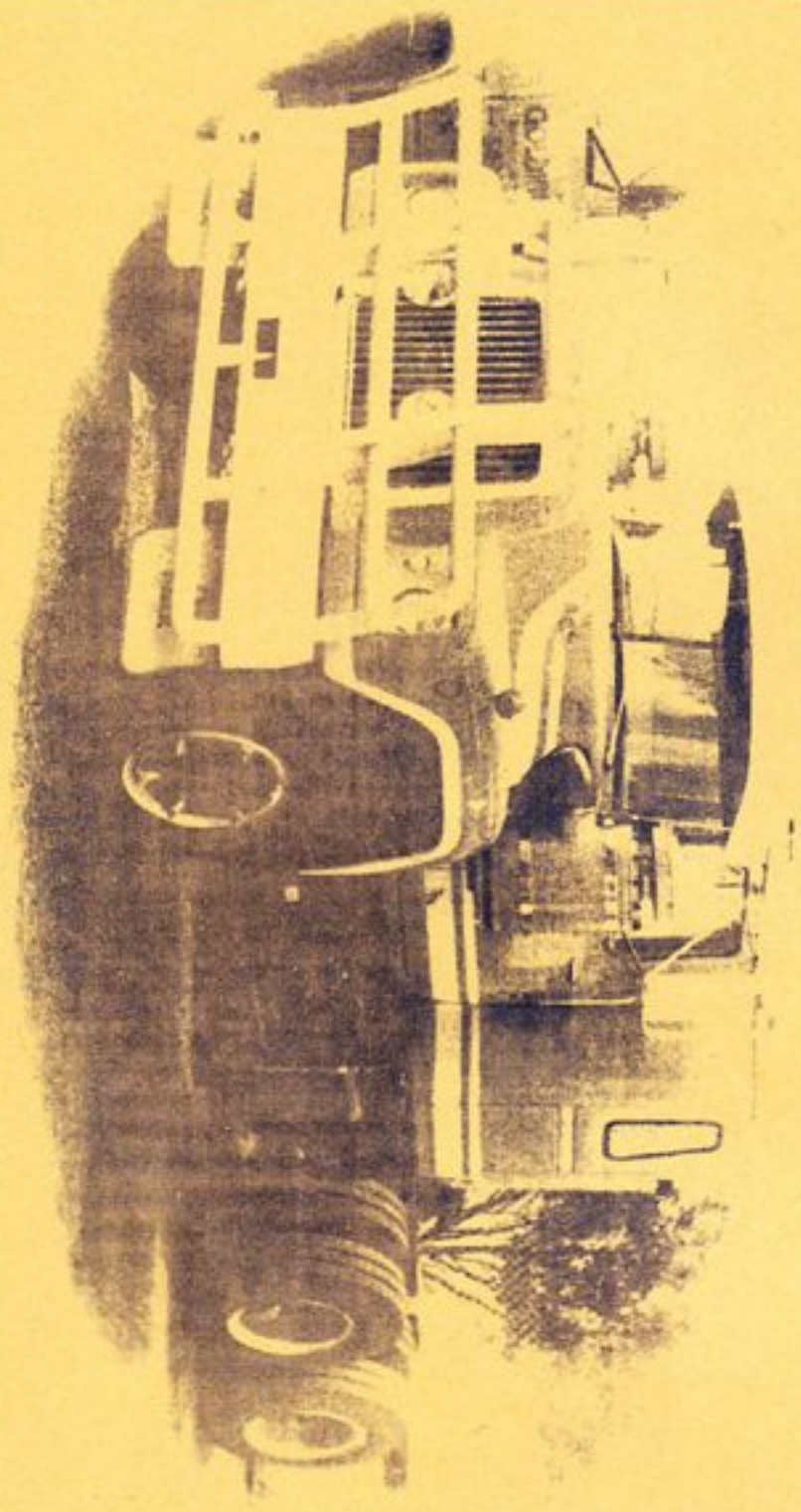
MACK MODELS

There are three MACK models on the road today. They are recognized by the names, R, FR, and MBR, although it seems there are much more models than only three MACKS because of the various numbers after the letters eg:- R797RDX, F611RST and MBR607RST. The first letters resemble the model and the numbers resemble the size of motor eg:- 611 is smaller than 797. The R and FR models have been in Australia for quite some years, but the MBR model was introduced to the trucking market just recently. The MBR model has a thermodyne engine which develops 180 BHP and 540 lb/ft torque power. It has such low BHP as it is only supposed to be used in light jobs eg:- cement mixer, tippers, Industrial Waste Collection, etc. It has the lowest BHP in the MACK range. The MBR model can only have a Thermodyne engine, but the R and FR models can have either a Thermodyne or Maxidyne engines. The maxidyne engine has BHP from 177KW (237 BHP) to 325 BHP Torque power up to 1080 lb/ft. The Thermodyne engine develops 180 BHP (Little Range Mack) 320 BHP and 375 BHP Torque power up to 1040 lb/ft.

THE SORT OF WORK MACK TRUCKS DO.

MACK Trucks can be seen daily doing common and some uncommon jobs on the road. Some MACKS pull petrol tankers others pull refrigerator vans. Some pull tippers of all sorts, single tippers of all sorts with one, two, three and sometimes even four axles. Other MACKS pull two tippers, one attached to the truck and the other attached to the first tipper which is connected by a large bar, the tipper attached to the first tipper is called a dog trailer. Many MACKS are used for moving large logs from the middle of no-where to a certain area. MACKS are also used in heavy haulage work, which sometimes means pulling objects from up to 300 tons. Many companies all over Australia lean towards MACKS for pulling enormous objects like transformers, bridge girders, earth movers eg:- Bulldozers and generators. Other Companies use MACKS for road trains pulling up to four trailers sometimes more. The MACK road trains are seen mainly in Northern Territory, where there are no roads, no residential areas so that it's easier for the truck drivers to handle the long heavy loads which sometimes can be 180 ft in length and 120 tons in weight.





S P O R T

Sport this year was largely a matter of participation without much preparation. Compared to other schools in this region we generally did not do well. In swimming we came last, only 2 teams made the finals, and in athletics we came last. Part of the problem has been that sport is not part of the curriculum and therefore teams have to be organized and trained before and after school and at lunchtime.

That is sport is not considered to be important. But to students involved this is not the case. Many students have been able to excel in sport, whereas academically they find things hard. These students surely have the right to have success too, and so they should be given every assistance just as academically-inclined students are.

Next year sport will be part of the Form One activities programme. but this is only a minimal change. The disruptions to the normal running of the school on sports days in 2nd Term will be as great as this year. I would like to see the programme extended to at least Form 3 though as this would cover 2 of the 3 age groupings for team sport

(The groupings are: Form 1 Junior
Form 2 & 3 Intermediate
Form 4, 5 & 6 Senior)

I feel we are going to be left further behind next year if we don't radically change our approach to sport. Other schools in this region, which are already firmly committed to sport, are committing themselves further (e.g. Keelbe High School). Sport should not be viewed as that nuisance.

SENIOR SOCCER 1976

This year's senior soccer team hasn't followed the example set up by previous years' senior teams. Although the team consisted entirely of fourth forms., it did not lack talent and there's no logical explanation why it got nowhere. (Whether it was inexperience or simply disinterest due to the low number of spectators, remains in minds of the disappointed players.)

The competition we were in this year was a lot easier than those of previous years'. Perhaps this was the year when chance was at its widest. Slightly disappointed soccer coach, Mr. Naish explained with a smile.

"It was just another one of those unlucky times. But due to what I've seen at the finals, we have a very good chance of taking the title next year."

For next year, we're uncertain but hoping in full swing of our confidence that the next year has more to offer.

Looking back over this year, we have started off very well by beating Sunshine H.S. by 6-1. Losing versus Braybrook H.S. (2-1) was more than a disappointment. In dying moments of the game, defender Orasio Matesovic, passing back to the own goalie made a mistake and instead scored for the opponents. An embarrassing and disappointing moment. A goal which destroyed our hopes of entering the finals.

The next game that followed was as important as the Grand Final itself. Beating the only threat for our entry into the finals, Sunshine West H.S., would've meant victory. However, they were too experienced for us and the shock of losing 6-2 was enormous. Despite the hard trying of the St. Albans High School's defence the Sunshine West forwards were invincible. They used totally different soccer. That of speed and surprise.

Relief came when Kealba High School, the old enemy was brought down to its knees at the surprising ego of the team. After a long, dominating game, St. Albans High School only managed to shake the net three times. Chances we missed are unforgivable.

Our back line was impenetrable. Team's cool and smart playing irritated the sore-losing opponents. Toward the end, the game grew rougher and tougher. Unfair playing wasn't uncommon to our opponents. No roughness can defeat the spirit, and St. Albans High School proved it.

Versus Deer Park, as it turned out, was our last game. We've put up a good show and easily defeated the opponents by a score of 4 - 0. Once again our old habit was present at the game. Missing chances one doesn't get into too often.

So, there we were, walking off the field with sweat shining above our eyebrows, hoping we would do better next year. For next year it's uncertain but surely St. Albans High School senior soccer team can do better and on behalf of the entire St. Albans High School I wish them the best of luck.....

Frank J. Oreb.

St. Albans High School Senior Soccer Team 1976:
Coach; Mr. Naish.
Assistance; Boris Stojanovic.

The Senior Soccer Team would like to thank Mr. Naish for everything he'd done for High School Soccer this year, of course not forgetting many that've passed and wish him all the best in many to come.
Thanks on behalf of the boys.

The senior team.....

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

After a rather shaky start both the Seniors and Intermediates completed a very good series of matches, each being defeated only once. They just missed out on the finals which was most disappointing but let's hope they make it next year. Thanks must go to the team members who braved wind and rain to practise. Well done!

TENNIS REPORT

The intermediate boys had a particularly good season, winning most of the matches they played.

Unfortunately, many schools did not have a team, so we won these games by default.

We managed to field a senior girls' team, but unfortunately the opposition was too strong. ("It's better to have tried and failed.....")

Here's hoping for better things next year.

FOOTBALL - FORMS IV - VI

This year the team was ably coached by Phillip Baulch and were unlucky not to reach the finals. The team had many outstanding players - Kevin McEwan, Geoff Cooper, Phillip Baulch, Rodney Smith, Eric Glavanic, Bill Sipple, George Traianou, George Caval, Michael Garafalo, Simeon Ouzas and Chris Constantinou. These players should form an outstanding team next year.

Table Tennis Reports '76



The Form 1 table-tennis team did quite well. They only lost one game and drew one. The game they lost was against Braybrook which they lost in the final game of doubles 21 to 19. The game they drew was against Kealba which was 4 games each, but all the other games they played they won by one or two sets. In one game against Sunshine the team won nine nil but they still didn't make it into the finals so they will have to try again next year - to train longer and harder so they can get into the finals.

The team was Chris Gerick, Stephan Galea, Steven Manic, and Haffat Makial who tried their hardest to win but couldn't. Their coach Mr. Hope tried to make them win, trained them well but was unsuccessful.

Reporter: Christopher Gerick 1.5

This year St. Albans High School did very well in both the school competition table-tennis and the Sunshine districts night competition. Firstly the school intermediate team of Juan Balderami, Zelko Parkas, Gunars Jaunozols and Mark Seychell won all their games in the home and home games and went into the Western Zone Finals. There they first played Williamstown and after a bad start they fought back and won narrowly by 4 games to 3. After that game, they had to play the Western Zone grand final. Here they also had a bad start to make it hard for them to come back and an even more narrow escape to St. Albans, they won that 4 - 3.

However, then they knew the competition was going to get harder, and when they played Thomastown of the Northern Division, who were the winners of that division. St. Albans lost, but despite this loss it was still an excellent year for the team. The Senior school team reflected their lack of interest and non attendance at training by failing to win one game for the year. Unfortunately they typified the St. Albans High attitude to sport-lack of training and preparation and last minute rushes just to scrape up a team. They were really put to shame by the Junior and Intermediate teams.

St. Albans High entered two teams into the Sunshine districts night competition. One team was Mr. Hanrahan, Ian Tomkinson and Juan Balderrama. The other team was Mr. Hope, Zelko Parkas, Gunars Juanozols and Yuri Korbut. Both of these teams won their grades premiership and Zelko Parkas won a trophy for the C2 Aggregate award.

Reporter: Zelko Parkas. Form 2.

Football Form I

The team had talented players in Senad Cehic, Billy Czajkowski, Mark Ritchi and John Petropoulos. These players were well supported by - Spiro Penovtsopoulos, Steven Guastelegname, Shane Ohpualder, Mario Sollicetto Nicky Debono, Dean Turner, Marko Satskas and Robert Sant. The team tried hard and enjoyed its football, but lack of team work was a major problem. These players should form a formidable Form II team next year.

Football - Form II

This team showed endeavour, despite facing older, taller and stronger opponents in most matches. The team was well served by Captain, Frank Provolvek and its Vice Captain Elia Galea. Other consistent players were Pero Pavilovic, Peter Ikov, Ferdinand Kosorog, Angelo Munno, Helmit Schreyer, Tony Constantinou, Angelo Constantinou, Leon Kalenovski, Dirk Terveen and Emmanuel Micallef and Robert Full. These players will form a great intermediate team next year.

HOCKEY REPORT

Although our successes on the field were of a limited nature, the enthusiasm and potential for "great things in the future" are there.

The girls did marvellously considering that they were beginners.

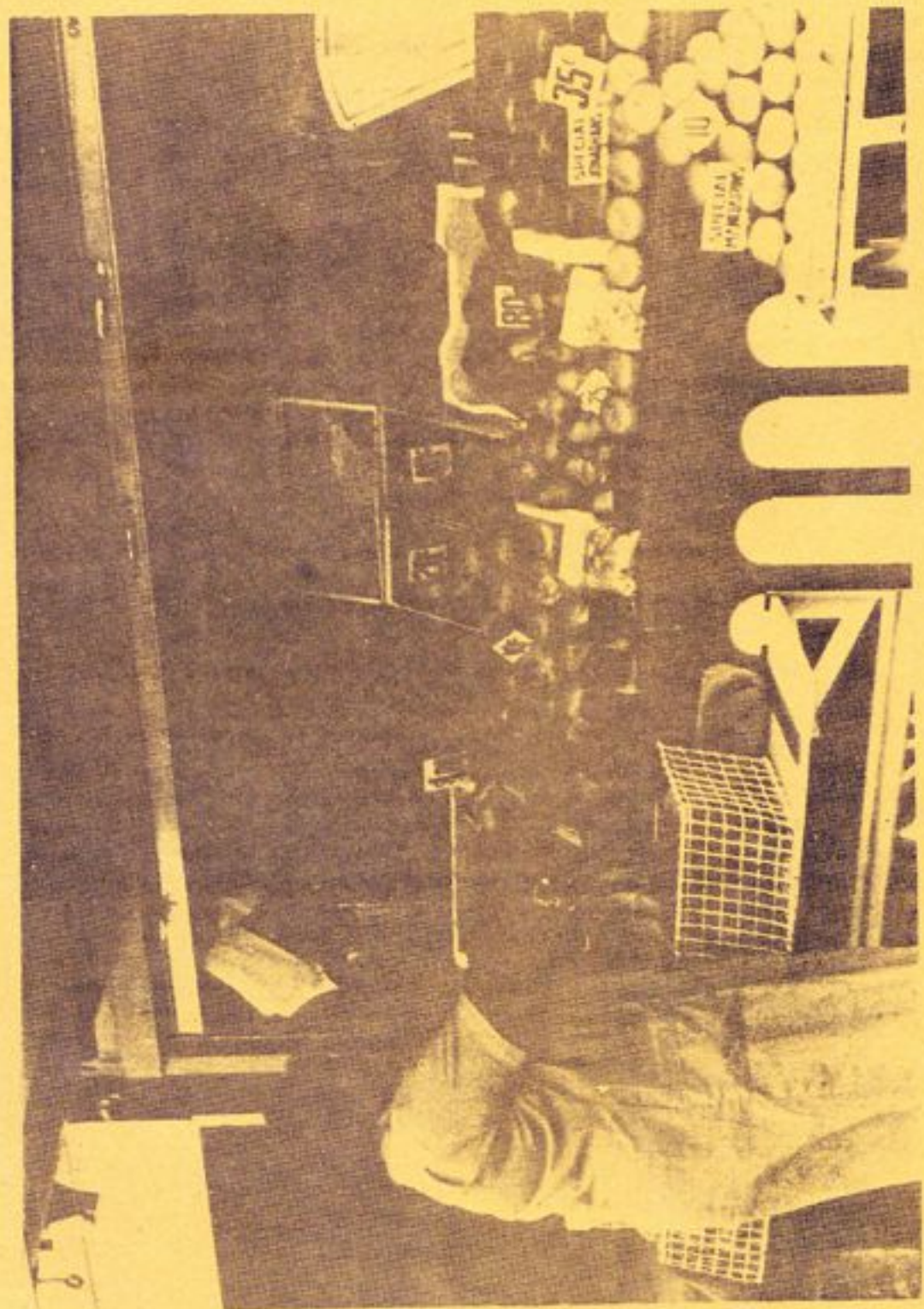
Well done! See you all next year and up The Hockey Team!!

Linda Green Heather Anglin



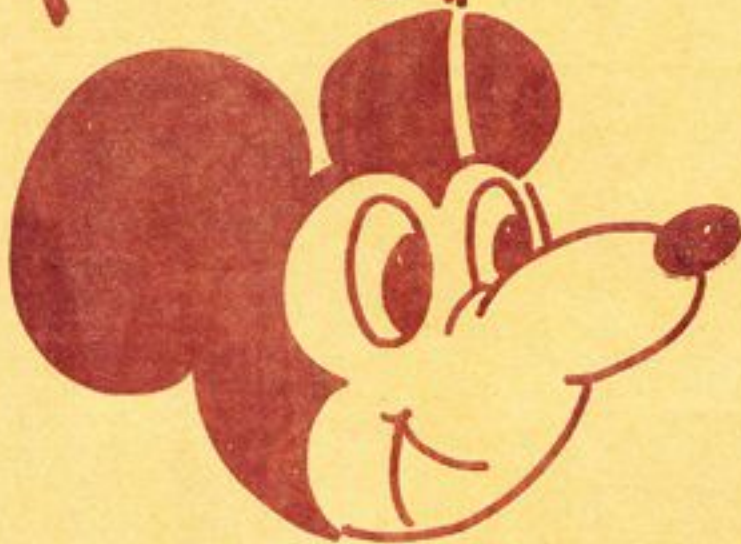


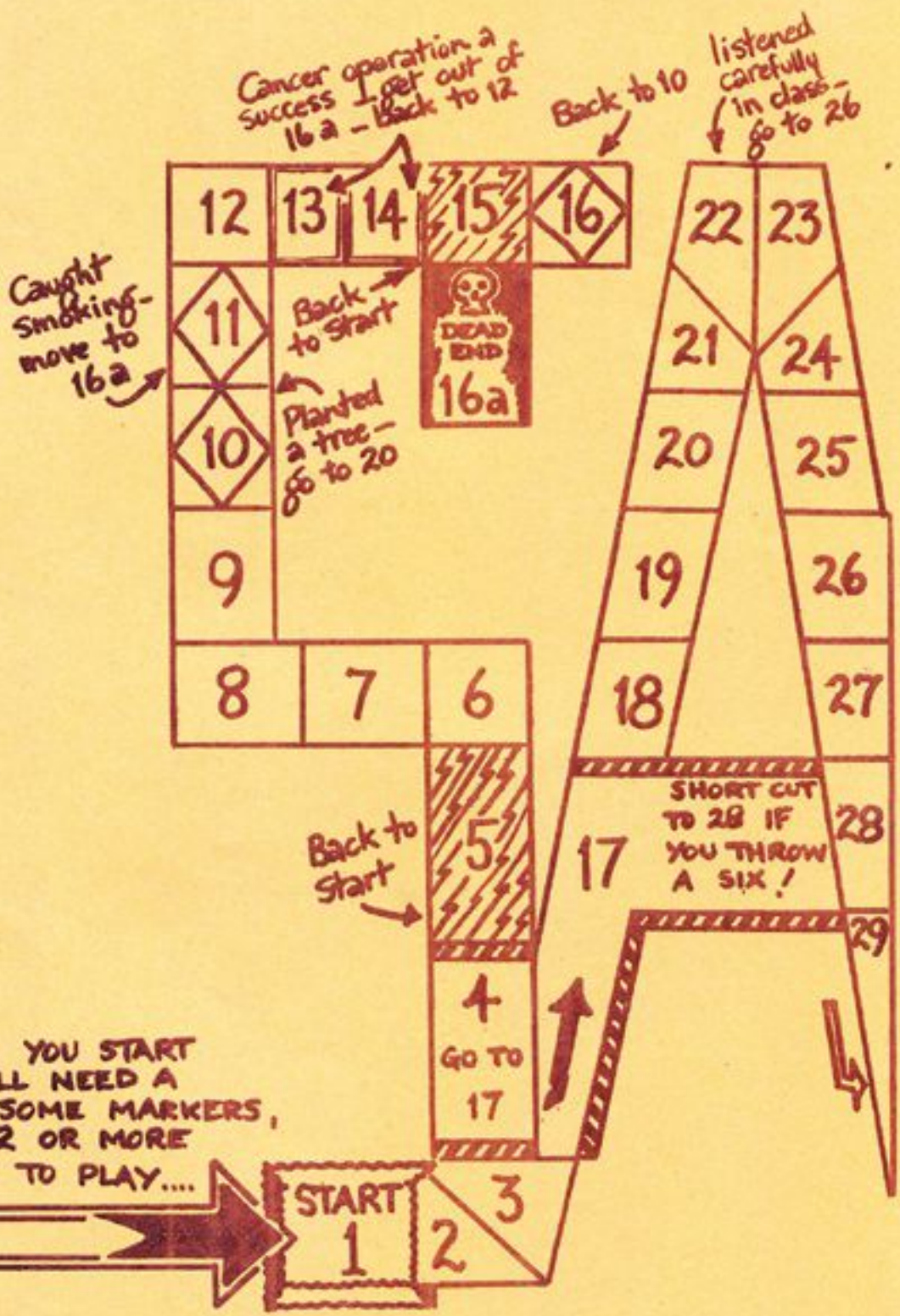




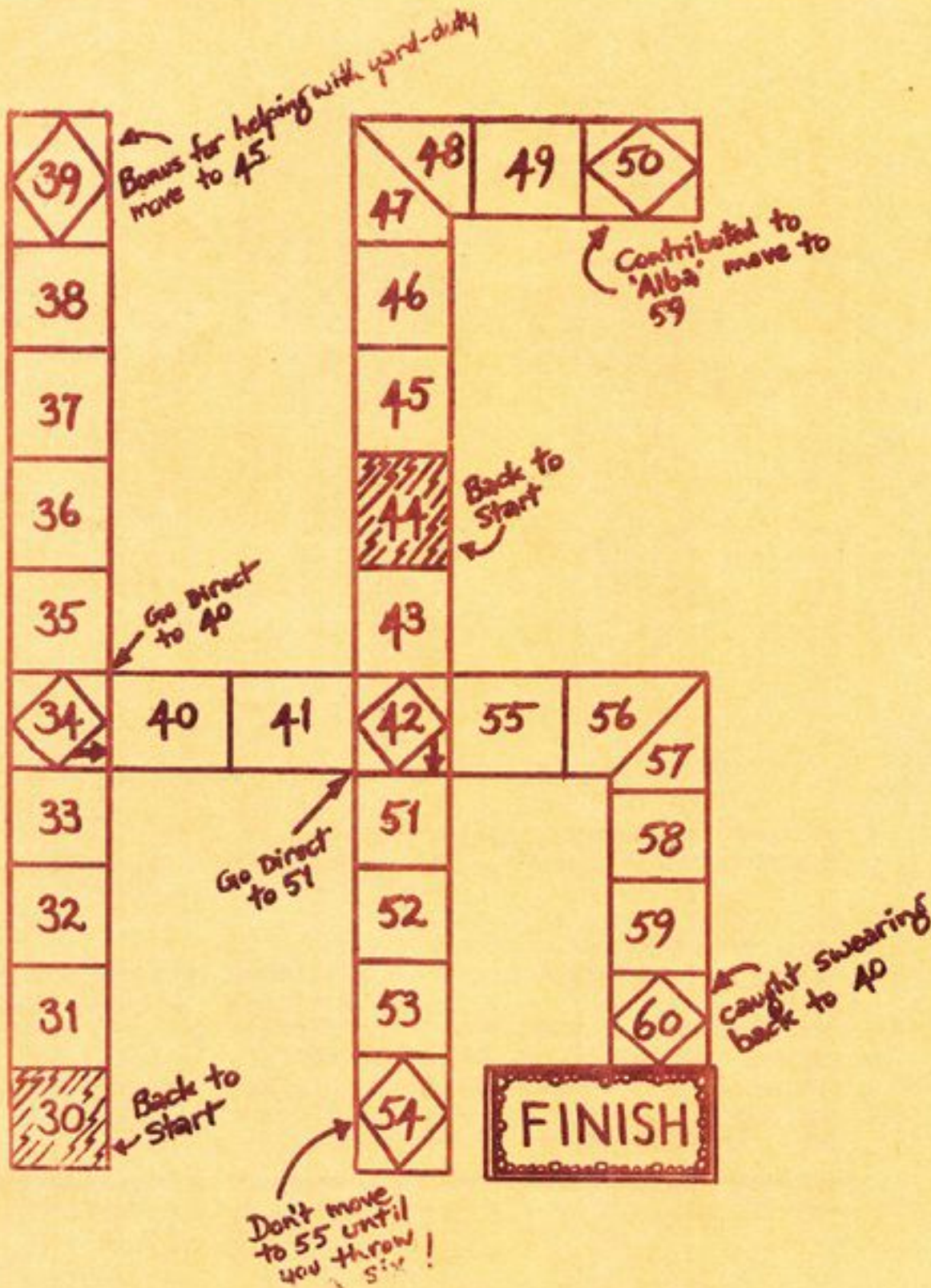
The St. Albans

H.S. Game



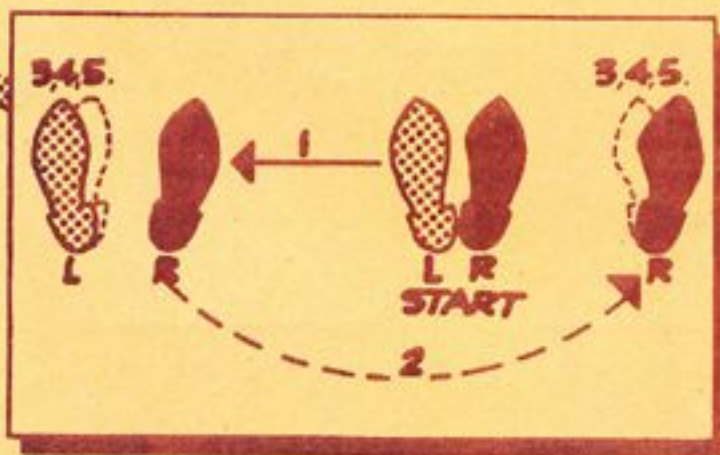


BEFORE YOU START
YOU WILL NEED A
DICE, SOME MARKERS,
AND 2 OR MORE
PEOPLE TO PLAY....



LET'S DO, THE.....
TIME WARP

BASIC STEPS



- 1 (IT'S JUST A) **JUMP TO THE LEFT**, WITH HANDS UP
 - 2 A **STEP TO THE RIGHT** (TIME-WARPER ANNETTE FUNICELLO SUGGESTS A VERY WIDE STEP.)
 - 3* (WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR **HIPS**)
YOU BRING YOUR KNEES IN TIGHT.
 - 4 (THEN) **THE PELVIC THRUST** (IF REPEATED **FIVE** TIMES, IT NEARLY DRIVES YOU INSA-A-ANE)
 - 5 **HIPSWIVEL** (IF NOT DRIVEN INSA-A-ANE BY STEP FOUR)
 - 6 **LET'S DO THE TIME WARP AGAIN!!**
- * THOSE WITH **LEMB DISABILITIES** MAY FIND IT NECESSARY TO ALTER OR DELETE THIS ACTION, BUT NO EXCUSES FOR ALTERATIONS TO STEPS FOUR AND FIVE.

AS FEATURED IN 'THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW'













MENU.

Recipes
from
Staff &
Students
as
Selected by

the student editors
of
ALBA



appetisers



GUACAMOLE

(From Mr. Goodson's Travel Memoirs
of Sunny Mexico)

PEEL 2 RIPE AVACADOS AND MASH ROUGHLY. COMBINE WITH 1 TSP. LEMON JUICE, 4 FINELY CHOPPED SHALLOTS, 1 TOMATO, PEELED AND SEEDED AND CHOPPED VERY FINELY, CHILLI POWDER, CUMIN, PEPPER AND SALT; SERVE WITH CORN CHIPS.

Savoury TARTS

... from a secret chef in Ms. Aldred's
Home-Eco Class

1 oz. short crust pastry * 2 eggs * 1 tomato (skinned)
2 rashers breakfast bacon (chopped) * $\frac{1}{2}$ onion (chopped)
2 oz. tasty cheese (grated) * $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk * a good shake
of pepper * $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

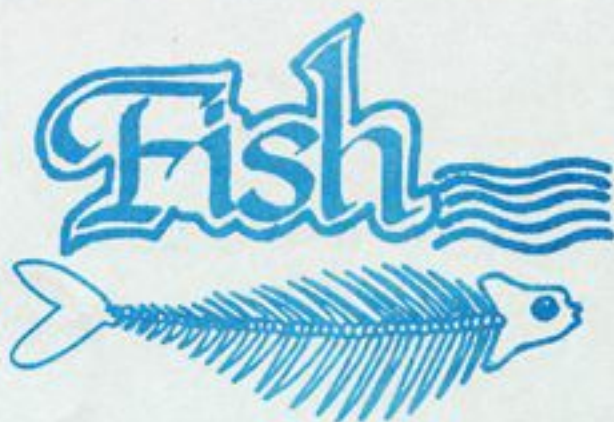
ROLLOUT PASTRY. CUT WITH PASTRY CUTTER AND PUT INTO PATTY TINS. BEAT EGGS AND STIR IN MILK. ADD THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS, USE TO FILL PATTY CASES. BAKE 350° (F) FOR 20 MINUTES. SERVE HOT OR COLD.

EDAM DIP

... from the "CHERUB CHEFS" of Ms. Lilley's
HOME-ECONOMIC'S CLASS

1 Edam Cheese * 1 Bottle Ham Spread * 1 small carton sour
cream * Chopped parsley.

SLICE TOP OFF CHEESE. SCOOP OUT THE CHEESE LEAVING A $\frac{1}{2}$ " WALL OF CHEESE AROUND THE OUTSIDE. GRATE EDAM THAT IS SCOOPED OUT. COMBINE WITH ALL OTHER INGREDIENTS TO A SOFT TEXTURE. REPLACE MIXTURE IN SHELL.



SCALLOPS IN SOY SAUCE (Delicious for a hot summer night)

1 lb. scallops * $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soy sauce * $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry sherry
* 3 tbs. sugar * 1 clove garlic, minced * $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of
powdered ginger * * * * *

WASH AND DRAIN SCALLOPS. COMBINE SOY, SHERRY, SUGAR,
GARLIC AND GINGER IN SAUCEPAN, BRING TO BOIL, ADD
SCALLOPS, COOK OVER HIGH HEAT 5-7 MINS. DRAIN,
SERVE ON COCKTAIL PICKS.

SOPA DE PECSADO (from Southern Spain)

$\frac{1}{2}$ KILO firm-fleshed white fish. * 3 tbs. oil *
1 onion, finely chopped * 2 tomatoes, peeled and
chopped * 1 clove garlic, minced * $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. each;
paprika, saffron, salt, pepper pinch chopped parsley,
thyme, oregano, bay leaf * croutons of toasted bread

CUT THE FISH INTO PIECES. IN A SOUP POT, HEAT THE OIL
AND ADD THE CHOPPED ONION. WHEN TRANSPARENT,
ADD THE CHOPPED TOMATO, PIECES OF FISH, GARLIC,
HERBS AND SPICES AND ABOUT 5 CUPS WATER OR
FISH STOCK. COOK ABOUT 20 MINUTES. POUR THE
SOUP THROUGH A COLANDER INTO A TUREEN, REMOV-
ING ANY BONES FROM THE FISH AND REPLACING THE
FISH PIECES IN THE SOUP. SERVE WITH CROUTONS.

Meats



ENTRECÔTE À LA BORDELAISE

- * 2 slices rumpsteak *
- * 7 shallots chopped * 2oz. butter * 1 teaspoon oil
- * 1 teaspoon tarragon * 1 teaspoon sugar * salt *
- * pepper * 2oz. butter * 12 shallots chopped

A superb main course from Josette Libon, smuggled from the Seine to the duplicating room.

FRY THE SLICES OF RUMPSTEAK WITH OIL AND BUTTER IN A FRYPAN. PUT THEM IN A WARM OVEN ON ONE PLATE. PUT SOME BUTTER IN THE SAUCEPAN WITH THE SHALLOTS, TARRAGON, AND SUGAR; WHEN THE SHALLOTS ARE TRANSPARENT, PUT THEM ON THE MEAT WITH SALT AND PEPPER. COOK THE OTHER SHALLOTS IN A SAUCEPAN FOR 15 MIN. AND SERVE WITH THE MEAT.

CHICKEN WITH CAMEMBERT

- 1 chicken * 4 slices of bread (wholewheat-sliced) crumbed *
- 4oz. chopped champignons * parsley * salt * pepper
- * 1 camembert cheese

from K. Bourkes "White Lace Cupboard"

LIGHTLY BROWN THE BREADCRUMBS, CHAMPIGNONS, PARSLEY, SALT, AND PEPPER. STUFF INTO CHICKEN WITH A WHOLE CAMEMBERT. BAKE AT MODERATE TEMP.

HOT PIE with SAUCE TOMATO . . . from STAN HOPE (again)
- buy at canteen about noon

Desserts



PISANG GORENG (Indonesian Spiced Bananas)

Bananas, * Juice 1 lime or lemon to each banana *
Castor Sugar * Ground Allspice * Butter

2 TBSP. WATER TO EACH BANANA. PEEL BANANAS, PRICK THEM AND MARINATE IN THE LIME OR LEMON JUICE. GREASE A FIREPROOF DISH, ROLL BANANAS IN SUGAR UNTIL COMPLETELY COATED, ARRANGE IN A PLEASING ARRAY IN A DISH (FIREPROOF). SPRINKLE WELL WITH ALLSPICE, POUR LIME JUICE AND WATER AROUND. BAKE UNTIL SOFT IN A MODERATE OVEN, BASTING FREQUENTLY. THEY CAN BE EATEN HOT OR COLD.

PINEAPPLE VELVET (from the delightful kitchen of Ms. Clark)

1 packet pineapple jelly crystals * 1 small tin crushed pineapple * 1 pint cream * sugar and vanilla essence to taste.

DRAIN PINEAPPLE BUT RESERVE THE JUICE. MAKE UP JELLY CRYSTALS ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, USING JUICE AND WATER TO THE CORRECT QUANTITY. PUT INTO A COOL PLACE UNTIL IT BEGINS TO GEL. WHIP CREAM LIGHTLY, ADDING SUGAR UNTIL LIGHT AND FROTHY. FOLD IN CRUSHED PINEAPPLE AND CREAM. LEAVE TO SET. SERVE CHILLED.

More Desserts



SULTANA LOAF

... Mrs. Wright

1 cup sugar * 1 tblspn. butter * $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water *
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas * 1 tspn. of each; nutmeg, cinnamon,
mixed spice * 2 cups plain flour * 1 tspn carb. soda
SIMMER SUGAR, WATER, BUTTER, AND SULTANAS FOR 5
MINUTES. ALLOW TO COOL THEN SIFT REMAINING INGRED-
IANTS INTO SAUCEPAN AND BAKE $1\frac{1}{4}$ HOURS.

WITCHITY GRUBS

... a delight from Michael Garafalo (4.3)

1 can condensed milk * 2 tablespoons coco powder *
1 packet Teddy bear biscuits * 1 bowl coconut
CRUSH "TEDDY BEAR" BISCUITS. PLACE IN A BOWL WITH
A CAN OF CONDENSED MILK, ADD COCO POWDER, MIX WELL.
THEN MOULD INTO SHAPE DESIRED AND PLACE IN REFRIG-
ERATOR.

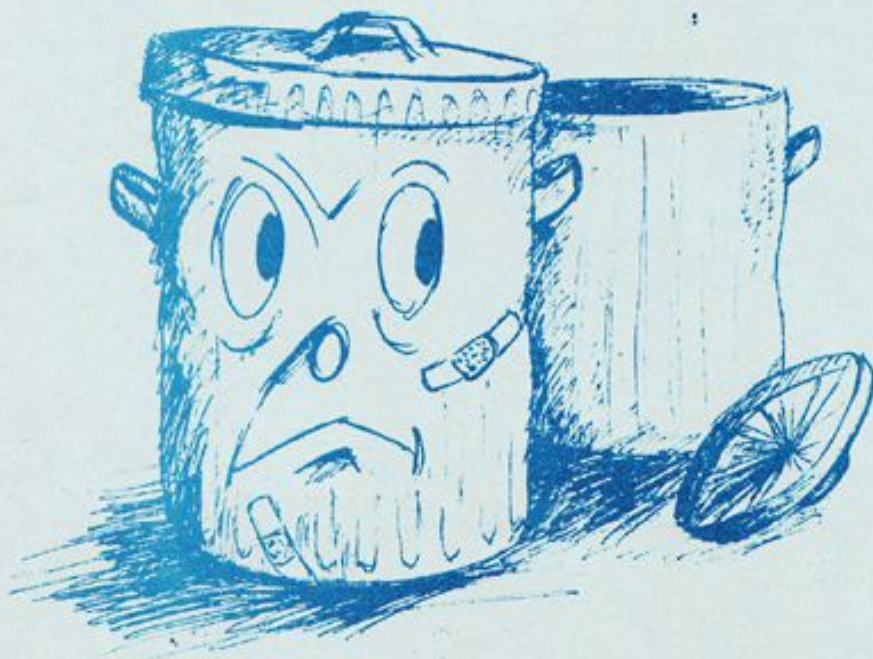
THE FONZE'S HAPPY DAYS CAKE ... from Greg Smith 1:8

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup soft butter (83 grams) * $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of sugar (167 gr)
1 egg * $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon essence * $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup
of self-raising flour (156 gr.) * $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (125 ml.)

PREHEAT OVEN TO 378° (F). GREASE A $28 \times 18 \times 4$ cm. PAN
AND LINE WITH PAPER. CREAM BUTTER AND SUGAR. ADD
THE EGG AND BEAT WELL. ADD THE ESSENCE, SIFT
FLOUR AND STIR ALTERNATELY WITH THE MILK, A THIRD
AT A TIME. POUR THE MIXTURE IN PAN, BAKE 25 mins.
ALLOW TO COOL, BEFORE YOU TAKE IT OUT OF THE PAN.
TOP WITH ORANGE FLAVOURED CREAM, SMALL GREEN
PEPPERMINT STARS, AND A DAB OF BRYLCREAM.

THE RUBBISH BIN

One day I found out that I was a rubbish bin and rubbish had to be put in me and when the rubbishmen came they used to pick me up, empty me and throw me down and hurt me. Then next morning, just before they came, I padded myself so it wouldn't hurt when I landed, and when they came they picked me up and dropped me upside down, so I said "THAT'S IT". I told them off and said "If you drop me any more I'll report you", and the rubbish men just laughed and said "You can't report us, your just a dumb rubbish bin", and they went off laughing their heads off. So that night I went to the rubbish factory and tipped over all of their trucks somehow and left a note saying "If you ever drop me again, I will report you to the council, for cruelty to rubbish bins", and from that day on they never ever dropped me again and there was no need for padding ever again, and the little rubbish bin was so happy that I tipped my own rubbish out the next morning and they appreciated that so much they bought me a new cover and a brand new shiny red top for the top of me and the rubbish men were my best friends.



DESTRUCTION

This world is like a picture
but does not match its frame,
this world is much too violent
but who have we to blame?

The frame is very fragile
neglect it and it breaks,
the picture is a mobile,
one word is all it takes.

Words can start a war,
anger, greed and hate,
the children beg no more
but realize it's too late.

Some children run and hide
and others stand and cry,
some feel sick inside
while watching others die.

And when a war does end,
no more death and pain,
after all destruction
we have ourselves to blame. :

POEM

Lizards and cats
And tails from rats
Eyes from toads
And wings from bats;
I'll add these together
And see what comes out.
I'm stirring and mixing them all about
I'll put some dragons' claws
In with the rest
If this works out
I'll have a guest
Frankenstein will be his name,
And mischief will be his aim.
I'd better add the final touch,
A little hatred
But not too much.

FEAR

One cold, windy, stormy night I was woken by a loud ear-piercing scream, and then came the sound of some heavy object falling over.

I sat up in bed and turned on the light, I looked into the dark wondering if what I had heard was just my imagination or real. Finally I built up enough courage to get out of bed, get my dressing gown and go to the back door.

Carefully I opened the door and peered into the dark, stormy back yard. After about ten metres I came to the rubbish bin which had been knocked over, and the contents spread around what I could see of the back yard. (I did not have a torch because the batteries were flat.)

A flash of lightning lit up the back yard for a few seconds. During those few brief seconds, I saw something which I thought looked like blood. The sky was now lit up once more and now I was sure it was blood.

Without a sound I walked into the rain and darkness. As I walked I heard groans of pain. Then only for a second or two I saw two large luminous green eyes peering at me from the darkness which lay ahead of me. My heart started pounding madly, I broke into a cold sweat, and my feet felt like running.

I bent down to grasp a dead old branch for protection. Then I heard the eerie noise again, that high pitched nerve wracking scream.

That was too much, I turned away from that scream, ready to run BUT as I turned the sky roared and lit up once more to show something which kept me stunned for a few seconds.....

What the lightning revealed was the thing I was terrified of - a cat! The cat had just tried to get out of the rain behind the bin, tipping it over and cutting himself on some sharp bit of rubbish.

Drenched from the rain I walked back into the house, changed and crept back into the bed.

" SHOULD I ? OR SHOULDN'T I ?"

In a lonely forgotten part of town, buildings stand left and forgotten by the fast moving world; buildings that were once full of people who shared happiness, sadness and most of all love; buildings that were covered in colours and which glistened in the morning dew; buildings surrounded by every-thing that was good and clean.

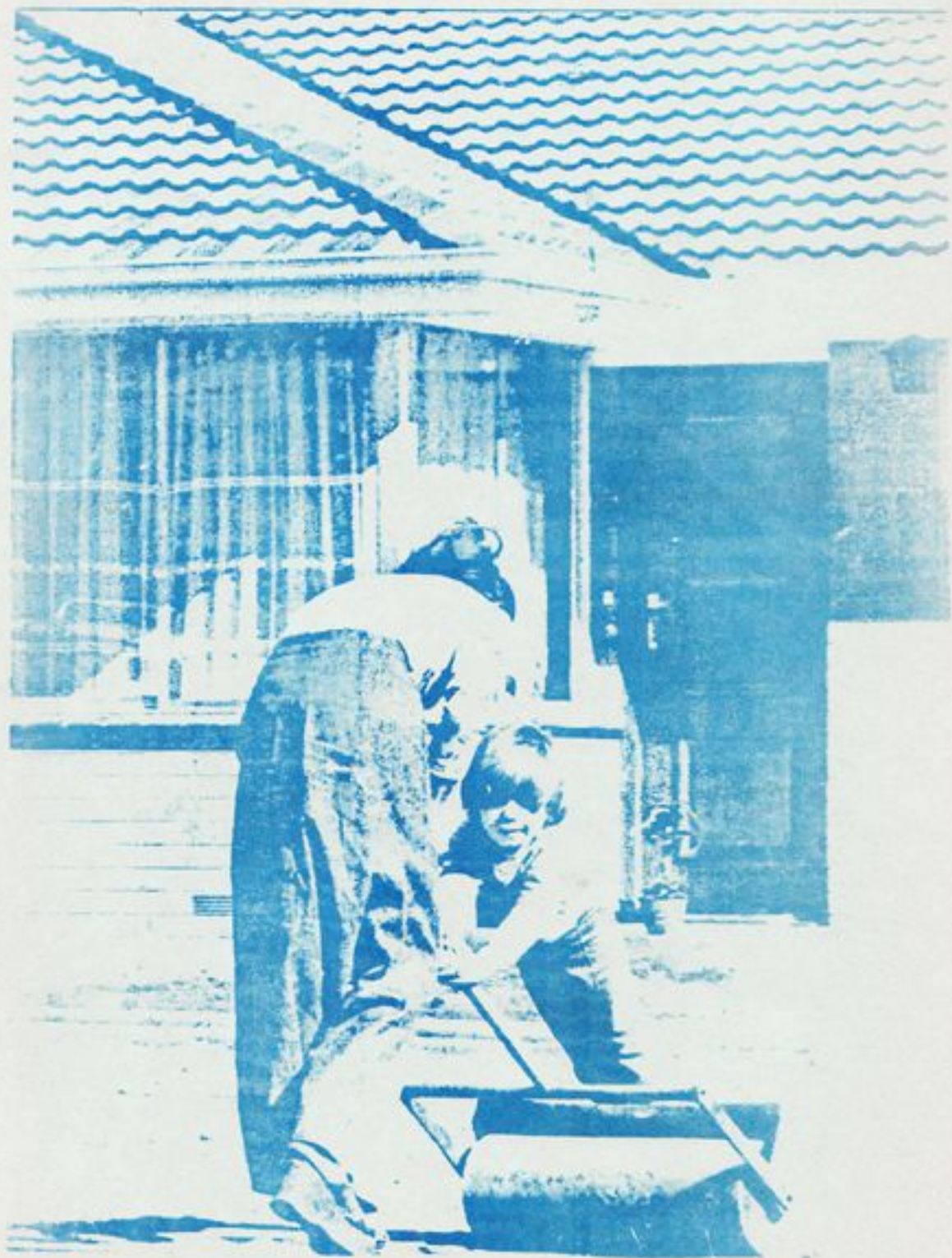
Now all this is gone, left only are the memories that blow that blow with the wind in these forgotten buildings. The paint has peeled to expose brown rotten wood, windows stained and broken, rubbish covering the area where little children once played and where laughter once grew.

From the inside, you can hear the rats, now the only tenants, in a frantic hurry in search for food. They scurry around the rooms once pretty, now ugly and which support a musty smell of age.

In one of these rooms, huddled in a corner, is a girl frightened and forgotten. A girl for time has stood still. Her hair is long and brown, falling freely around her shoulders and her eyes are red from the tears that have fallen and stained her once pretty face. She makes no movement to wipe them, for her hands are clasped around a bottle. A bottle which contains her life or her death. She sits spell-bound in a world of vivid memories of her childhood, a childhood spent running, always running - afraid and rejected.

She remembers how love had always passed her by. Her childhood was never filled with love, for her parents had none to give her, only harsh words in shouts of anger and painful hands on her already marked body..... She remembers a time coming home from school to hear angry shouts interspersed with cries of pain coming from the kitchen. As she enters the kitchen, she recognizes the voices to be those of her parents. As she walks in, she sees her father about to hit her mother, until he turns and sees her. He stops for a second, then turns on her like a lion after its prey. With the back of his hand, he beats her in a never-ending motion. She slowly backs out into the lounge and takes the first chance to run to her room, where she then locks the door. From her room, once again she hears her mother screaming and tears stream quickly from her eyes, as she looks at her bruises..... From this she ran into a world of unknown people, people who were ready to use her at every chance and in every-way they could. Then she was no person, no person, with feelings and emotions, a toy to be used then disposed of. Many times she thought she had found love, but no, they were feelings and works which meant nothing and which passed with the rising sun.

Now she is here, alone with only the rats for companionship. The outside world is forgotten to her, for it no longer exists, it has done its damage. Tears once again stream from her reddened eyes to stain her girlish face. She looks down to what her hands hold and once again the thought "Should I? or Shouldn't I?" passes through her mind.





Autographs