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**ALBA**

*St. Albans  
High School*



1967

# A Short History of St. Albans High School

## — Birth to late adolescence

With its Assembly Hall and Science Block the St. Albans High School is entering one of its final stages of adolescence. We are not yet a fully fledged and mature School as there is much left to be desired in the way of sport and school spirit. Perhaps the Assembly Hall will help the School through its transitory stage and provide the basis for the imminent maturity which the School must soon gain. Bearing this in mind, it may perhaps be a good idea to review our history — from birth to late adolescence.

Strangely enough, the School was originally situated in the Presbyterian Hall, in Anderson's Road, Sunshine, the Headmaster being Mr. Barker. On that first day of February in 1956 there were 155 pupils from Albion, St. Albans and Ardeer Parishes on the roll. In those days the School did not even possess its own telephone!

Incidentally, the School's motto was suggested by Mr. Alcorn (who has been at St. Albans on and off since then and is here this year) and the badge was designed by another teacher, Mr. Murphy. The two original houses were purple and green — the former winning the Championship that first year. The year ended with the School moving to its present site.

The story of the birth of the School would not be complete without mentioning "Doc" Walsh — well-known to Senior Students — who was Sports-master for quite a few years.

Amongst others, Mr. Chilton joined the staff in 1957 and has been here ever since then. That year four houses were inaugurated — Jacaranda, Kurrajong, Waratah and Wattle — named after Australian flowers, though it was later discovered that Jacaranda was a flower introduced from America during the Gold Rush of 1850. It was also in that year that the Drama Group won the Victorian Drama Festival.

Mr. Barker left the School in 1960, and was replaced by our second Headmaster, Mr. Wilkinson who only stayed for one year — 1961. In 1962 we gained our third headmaster — Mr. Torpey —

who has been here ever since then.

The rest of the sixties, to 1967, seem to me to be just a mass of personal experiences and memories. In those early days of my own school career I still recall little things like boys wearing caps and the use of a hand speaker — not a microphone — at assemblies. Mr. Mathews and Mrs. Gliddon arrived in 1963. Since then Matriculation has been introduced to the school (in fact that same year). In 1964 the Assembly Hall project was more or less inaugurated with a Monster Fete being held that year to raise funds.

Academically, we have had some remarkable successes including a general Exhibition in German (Hannelore Henschke — 1963), general Exhibition in Physics (Stuart Rodda — 1964), and an Exhibition in Art (Helga Mucke — 1965) and Sneja Gunew. (4 First class honours, one 2nd.)

All this time there were many and diverse groups operating in the school, some of which were continued or restarted. We had an accomplished debating team which appeared on HSV 7's Parliament of Youth several times, and at one stage a school choir was in operation. This year we have highly successful debating teams, a drama club, a school paper, lunch time singing group and the usual assorted students (the stray dogs do not belong to the School!). A personality worth mentioning is Mrs. Johns — manageress of the canteen until this year. She has been replaced by Mrs. Sharp whom we wish well for the future.

Although it is good to reminisce on the past sometimes, we cannot stay there and so must now look once more to the years ahead. It is now up to those students in Junior forms to take up where the older students are leaving off.

Remember this is your school now. Whether you want to or not you will have to keep it going. It is up to you now!

— Leo Dobes

### THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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

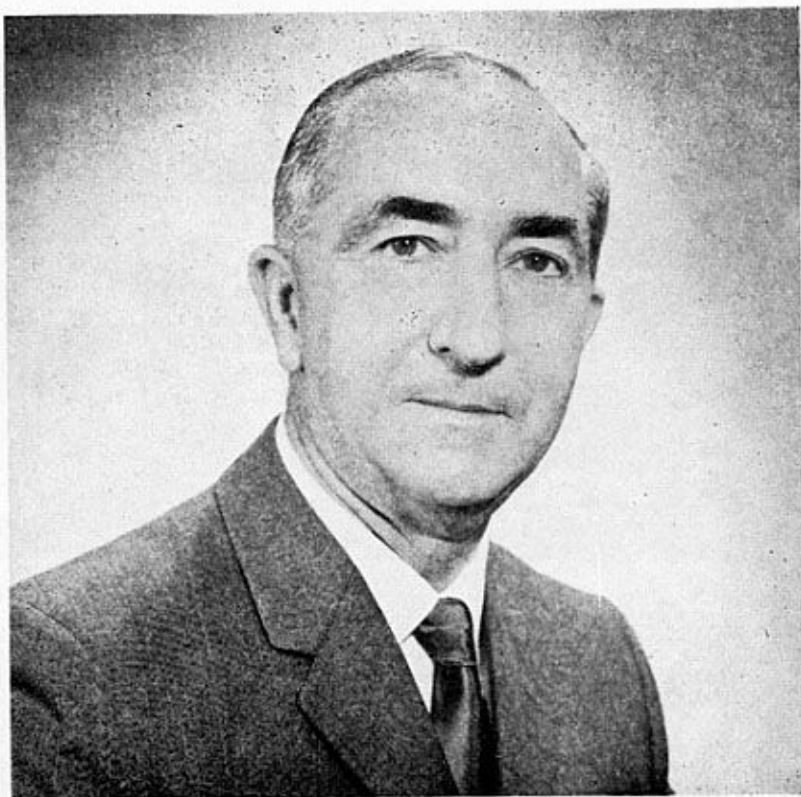
Thanks are also extended to all contributors. The Cover was designed by Mr. Shaw from an original design by Halina Stoicz, 2A.

Teacher in charge of the magazine was Mr. Ziemelis to whom we also extend our thanks for his help in all aspects (especially photography and publishing) in the preparation of this edition.

The name ALBA was the original name of the school's magazine. It is an aboriginal word from the Cape York Peninsula, meaning "wind." It was chosen because the open paddocks of St. Albans High School were especially windswept in those days.

— Maija Svars, Marilyn Hulett, Leo Dobes, Joachim Simovic, David Beighton





## Headmaster's Message

*The successful organization of a modern community depends very much on efficient communication between individuals in every-day affairs, in group meetings and in committees, and on their ability to reach decisions beneficial to themselves and to the greatest possible number of members of society. The standards, tone, politics of the community and its achievements in culture, science and entertainment are determined by the efforts of its individual members. The type of our community in the future, the common level of its appreciation and its efficiency will be formed by the boys and girls at present in our schools and by those who will soon enter school. If this community is to be progressive the large majority of its members must be more than just literate, they must be alert, well-informed, forward looking, willing and able to perform their jobs efficiently and take part in the many aspects of community life.*

*Those of you about to leave school will encounter a variety of experiences requiring correct decisions; you will have to be prepared to accept responsibility and learn to rely more on yourselves. Success and satisfaction lie ahead for those who cheerfully strive to attain worthwhile objectives, work diligently, develop good attitudes and have the courage to persevere in the face of difficulties.*

*I hope that all who return to school next year will do so with the firm intention to make a sustained, serious effort to master the work and take an active part in the other school matters which do so much to enrich and develop personality. You should be willing to accept positions of responsibility, be active members of clubs, teams and groups, and assist in social service work. All these activities help you to develop the ability to communicate, foster an awareness of the needs of the community, and demonstrate the necessity for co-operation. Full participation in study and in other school matters will equip you for a successful life and enable you to make a valuable contribution to the progress of society and at the same time ensure that you obtain greater satisfaction out of life.*

# STAFF 1967

## Headmaster:

Mr. B. J. Torpey, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## Senior Mistress:

Mrs. A. M. Gliddon, B.A. B.Ed., M.A.C.E.

## Senior Master:

Mr. I. P. Mathews, B.A., B.Ed.(Qual)

Mr. A. O. Shaw, SA & C.T.C.+2nd Hons. Qual.  
Mr. R. A. Williams, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. K. Chilton, Trade Cert. Trained Wood/wk.  
Cert., Cert. of Art.  
Mr. E. H. Ziemelis, B.A.(Melb.), A.C.T.T. (S.T.C.  
Melb.).  
Mr. N. J. Davis, T.S.T.C. (Arts & Crafts).  
Mr. D. M. Ryan, B.Comm., T.P.T.C.  
Mr. F. B. Alcorn, B.A., T.P.T.C.  
Mr. K. M. Webb, B.Ag.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. R. K. Dobron, B.Sc.  
Mr. L. G. Maplestone, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. A. J. Webster, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. G. E. Baker, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
Mr. J. F. Grieve, T.P.T.C.  
Mr. N. MacLeish, Univ. Subs.  
Mr. A. Malaniuk, B.A.(Melb.), B.A.(Lviv), Sec.Tr.  
Cert. (Lviv).  
Mr. R. R. F. Fehmel, A.R.C.M., T.T.C. (Royal Col-  
lege of Music), Member Royal College of  
Organists.  
Mr. G. A. Youssef, B.Eco. & P.Sc. (Alexandria).  
Mr. D. Morey, B.A.(Hons.), L.L.B.  
Mr. J. Jeremic, Diploma of Accounting, Dip. Theol.  
(Yugosl.).  
Mr. C. Shiamaris, T.T.C. (Cyprus).  
Mr. S. Nester, Univ. Subs. (Adelaide).  
Mr. A. Verduci, Dip. of Ed. (Italy).  
Mr. R. D. Woolf, Univ. Subs. (Melb.).  
Mr. D. J. Wilson, Dip. of Applied Chem.  
Mr. P. J. Key, P.T.C., Coach V.A.A.A., Univ. Subs.

Miss J. J. Butler, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mrs. E. Kriksciunas, Univ. Subs., A.C.T.T.(Sec.).  
Miss S. E. Crofts, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss B. H. Coutts, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts).  
Mrs. B. S. Hoxley, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.  
Miss J. M. Crawford, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss W. E. Beresford-Manning, T.S.T.C.  
Miss P. J. Stephen, Dip.Dom. Arts, T.S.T.C.(Dom.  
Arts).  
Mrs. H. J. Shardey, T.S.T.C.+Subs. for B.Comm.  
Miss F. K. Mason, T.S.T.C. Arts & Crafts.  
Mrs. E. A. Chenu, Sec. Arts & Crafts Cert.  
Miss V. Baboucek, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts).  
Miss C. N. Slater, Dip.Phys.Ed. (pending), T.S.T.C.  
Mrs. L. M. Whelan, T.P.T.C.  
Miss V. Kazins, Univ. Subs., Library Prel. Cert.  
Mrs. M. Burden, Senior Oxford Cert.  
Mrs. E. Sturesteps, Mag.Hist., Univ. Degree (Latvia).  
Mrs. C. M. Sacco, London Matric.  
Mrs. F. J. Hewitt, T.P.T.C., Univ. Subs.  
Mrs. J. Fielder, Dip.Phys.Ed.  
Miss P. Wannan, 1 Yr. Arts Degree.

## OFFICE STAFF:

Mrs. K. Wright.  
Miss L. Pemberton.

## ADVISORY COUNCIL:

Mr. J. Eddie, J.P. -- President.  
Cr. T. W. McIntyre.  
Mr. B. F. O'Neill, B.A., Dip.Ed. — District Inspector  
of Schools.  
Mr. L. Stewart.  
Mr. C. Buckingham.  
Mr. F. Pringle, E.D., J.P.  
Mr. J. Setek.  
Mr. S. Kerr, Ph.C., M.P.S.  
Mr. W. Perrett, J.P.  
Mrs. M. Smith.  
Cr. R. J. Webb, J.P.  
Mr. J. S. Adams, B.Comm., A.A.S.A., L.C.A.,  
F.A.I.M.  
Mr. Schneider.  
Mr. B. J. Torpey, B.A., Dip.Ed. — Secretary.

## PARENTS' AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE:

Mr. Fitcher — President.  
Mrs. Fitcher — Secretary.  
Mrs. Johns — Assistant Secretary.

## PREFECTS, 1967

### Girls:

Maija Svare (Head Prefect).  
Elizabeth Cseledy.  
Gordana Djurdjevic.  
Jutta Heymig.  
Marilyn Hulett.  
Claudia Kubica.  
Barbara Kowalczyk.  
Lili Pryslicki.  
Heidi Scholz.  
Elizabeth Schwartz.  
Lila Smith.  
Lena Suszko.  
Carol Taylor.

### Boys:

Joseph Attard (Head Prefect).  
David Beighton.  
Lindsay Chatterton.  
Stefan Czyz.  
Swavec Dawidowicz.  
Leo Dobes.  
Ian Dobson.  
Joe Engert.  
David Goodes.  
Ray Haynes.  
Richard Jarski.  
Peter Nowatschenko.

# STAFF



## TEACHING STAFF, 1967

**FRONT ROW:** Mr. Alcorn, Miss Butler, Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Gliddon (Senior Mistress), Mr. Torpey (Headmaster), Mr. Mathews (Senior Master), Miss Crofts, Mr. Williams, Miss Cautts, Mr. Chilton. **SECOND ROW:** Miss Shardey, Miss Baboucek, Mrs. Chenu, Mrs. Whelan, Miss Wannan, Miss Mason, Mrs. Sacco, Mrs. Hoxley. **THIRD ROW:** Miss Slater, Mrs. Kriksciunas, Miss Kazins, Miss Crawford, Miss Stephen. **MIDDLE:** Mr. Morey, Mrs. Fielder, Mr. Shiamaris, Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. Verduci, Mr. Nester. **SECOND BACK ROW:** Mr. Ziemelis, Mr. Youssef, Mr. Baker, Mr. Maplestone, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Jeremic, Mr. Dobron. **BACK ROW:** Mr. Key, Mr. Webster, Mr. Grieve, Mr. Webb, Mr. Fehmel, Mr. MacLeish. **ABSENT:** Mrs. Burden, Mrs. Sturesteps, Miss Beresford-Maning, Mr. Davis, Mr. Malaniuk, Mr. Woolf, Mr. Wilson.



## PREFECTS, 1967

**FRONT ROW:** Marilyn Hulett, Mrs. Gliddon (Senior Mistress), Maija Svare (Head Prefect), Mr. Torpey (Headmaster), Joseph Attard (Head Prefect), Mr. Mathews (Senior Master), Lena Suszko. **SECOND ROW:** Claudia Kubica, Jutta Heymig, Elizabeth Cseledy, Barbara Kowalczyk, Gordana Djurdjevic, Lila Smith, Elizabeth Schwartz, Carol Taylor. **THIRD ROW:** Peter Nowatschenko, Swavec Dawidowicz, Ray Haynes, David Beighton, Ian Dobson, Leo Dobes, Stefan Czyz. **BACK ROW:** Lindsay Chatterton, Richard Jarski, Joseph Engert, David Goodes, Frank Attard. **ABSENT:** Lili Pryslicki, Heidi Scholz.

## STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL — 1967

The year started out — like most years for the S.R.C. at this School — with the election of office-bearers.

Gordana Djurdjevic and David Goodes were elected as co-presidents. David Beighton was elected to the position of secretary and treasurer.

For the first six months the S.R.C. ambled onwards doing a reasonable job but soon a feeling of dissatisfaction arose amongst its members, for no written word had been set down indicating the S.R.C.'s aims, nor had a constitution been drawn up.

With the help of several teachers, Maija Svares and Lindsay Chatterton, the office-bearers drew up a constitution and set down the S.R.C.'s aims. They are:—

1. To represent the students.
2. To collect, discuss and implement the students' ideas relative to matters within the school.
3. That the students be encouraged to take a more active and personal interest in the school's welfare.

Regular S.R.C. meetings were held, from where many useful and constructive ideas concerning the school arose. Many, although not all, of these ideas were implemented around the school.

Attendance at S.R.C. meetings was generally good with the S.R.C. representatives performing a very good and important function in representing the members of their form.

The S.R.C. would like to thank all teachers who have attended our meetings thus showing an interest in the school's welfare.

Next year, it is hoped that the S.R.C. will receive greater support both from teachers and pupils.

— David Beighton

## DIARY OF EVENTS — 1967

### February:

- 8th — Doors flung open. Teachers, old and new, pupils, old and new, trekked to the most sacred edifice — the high school.
- 20th — Contract for the assembly hall signed.
- 23rd — Wattle just beaten by Kurrajong in the house swimming sports.

### March:

- 2nd — Contractors arrived to begin building our assembly hall.
- 16th — Inter-school swimming sports — vast improvement in school standing. Prefects' investiture.
- 29th — Various pupils under the expert guidance of Mrs. Hewitt held the inaugural meeting of the St. Albans High School Drama Club.

### April:

- 18th — Boys' basketball team challenged, defeated by the staff team.
- 19th — Boys' cross-country run. A brilliant student's baseball team thrashed a rather feeble, inspired staff team.
- 24th — Prefects represented the school at the Anzac Day service at the Shrine.

### May:

- 1st — Examinations for senior forms—no comment!
- 5th — 6th Form excursion to Monash to see the play "Man For All Seasons."
- 11th — Senior social — riot!?!?
- 12th — This time the 6th Form saw the play as a film.
- 12th — 1st Term ended — WHEE!!
- 14th — Kerry Brown, Tiina Kolin and Barbara Landy set out to convince Footscray High that "Expenditure on the space race is a waste."

21st — Monica Reisch, Denise da Silva and Karsten Richter attempted to convince Sunshine High that "Capital punishment should be abolished."

27th — Ray Haynes played first game for Footscray. Biology excursion to Belgrave — they worked and they worked and they worked the whole weekend — at what?

29th House captains awarded with badges.

31st — Inspectors at school.

### June:

- 2nd — Fifth Form excursion to Monash—managed to witness a performance of Macbeth.
- 5th — Teachers again humbled the school basketball team.
- 6th — Baseball game between staff and pupils. Staff cheated(?). Game called off.
- 7th and 9th — First inter-school matches between St. Albans and Braybrook High.
- 12th — Junior school played inter-school matches against Sunshine West.
- 20th — Two representatives — Maija Svares and David Goodes — went to the Southern Cross Ballroom to attend a meeting, at which matters pertaining to Aboriginal welfare were discussed.
- 22nd — Senior school played Sunshine West in inter-school matches.
- 23rd — The B Grade debaters defeated Merri'ands on the topic: "That the birch should be used on teenage hoodlums."
- 27th — The Matriculation science class attended a science exhibition at the Exhibition Buildings.
- 28th — School baseball team again eclipsed the staff team.
- 29th — Visit by Sunshine West prefects and S.R.C. officials, from which many useful ideas were gained.
- 30th — C Grade debaters argued that "Conscription is undemocratic" against North Melbourne C.B.C.

## July:

- 18th — Forms 3 and 4, fronted up for the Goethe prize poetry competition.
- 21st — St. Albans B Grade debated against Coburg H.S. that "There should be a universal language."
- 27th — Forms 5 and 6 fronted up for the Goethe prize poetry competition — at which Stefan Czyz obtained equal second prize at Matriculation level.
- 28th — St. Albans debated against Coburg Technical School that "Co-education is a backward step."

## August:

- 2nd — The examinations commenced for Form 4 — cackle, cackle, cackle.
- 4th — Form 1 had an enthralling excursion to Massey Ferguson. Inter-school matches with Sunbury were held.
- 6th — A volleyball match was held between the staff and students.
- 7th — St. Albans High School was spotlighted by the Immigration Department.
- 9th — Inter-school sports against Maribyrnong.
- 11th — Form 5, English students went to see: "To Kill A Mocking Bird."
- 14th — A series of non-sensical functions were held to raise money to establish the Aboriginal scholarship scheme. Pastor Doug Nicholls opened the proceedings. Forms 4 had a fruitful

excursion to the National Bank. Sunshine Technical School was blessed with the presence of Form 1 pupils for the viewing of films.

- 17th—Wattle trounced the other three somewhat feeble houses, in winning the athletics sports for the second year in succession. Three rousing cheers for Wattle! Inter-divisional final for the Senior baseballers against Footscray. Footscray running out winners 6-2.
- 18th — Juniors played Footscray in the baseball final. Footscray was again victorious 8-7.
- 18th — The C Grade debaters defeated Lakeside High on the topic: "The loneliness of a long distance runner."
- 21st — Senior girls hockey team defeated Altona in the inter-division final 1-0.
- 23rd — Form 6, had read the book — so they went to see the film "Lord of the Flies."
- 24th — Senior social — hippy gathering? Mr. Baker and Mrs. Hewitt took Form 2 to the zoo. B Grade debaters argued against Coburg Technical School that "Socialism is inevitable."
- 25th — Staff and girls' hockey team provided entertainment for the rest of the School — results censored.
- End of 2nd Term.

Due to lack of time and space, term three is omitted except for the first two weeks, during which 5th and 6th Forms endeavoured to foil the teachers by passing their exams.

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## LET US SING

Extra-curricula singing began here last year, with a few notable exceptions, at grass-roots level.

Encouraged by the example of Mary Goodall and Stefan Czyz, a few, very few, first-year girls began regularly to come at lunch-time.

They were joined later on by two 3rd Form girls.

At the end of the year we had twenty devoted singers.

With Mary and Stefan as soloists, this small choir was able to give a good account of itself, singing in the open air at the ceremony connected with the distribution of certificates.

Little by little an attitude towards singing was formed. By some it was slowly accepted as something to be tolerated, a sort of harmless and amiable eccentricity. By others it was accepted as the done thing.

This year a familiar pattern has emerged: more and more are enjoying lunch-time singing, and that at five days a week.

The brightest and most significant development for the School's future music has been the interest shown by first-year boys.

This gives hope for the future that this School will one day produce operas and operettas, have its own brass band and orchestra, with a group of flourishing choirs.

— R.F.

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## GERMAN POETRY — GOETHE PRIZE COMPETITION

In 1965 and 1966, our School was very successful in the annual German poetry competition organised by the Australian Goethe Society. Some major prizes were won (Barbara Hartig, Karsten Richter — 1965, Marianne Teichmann — 1966), and many Honourable Mention Certificates were obtained.

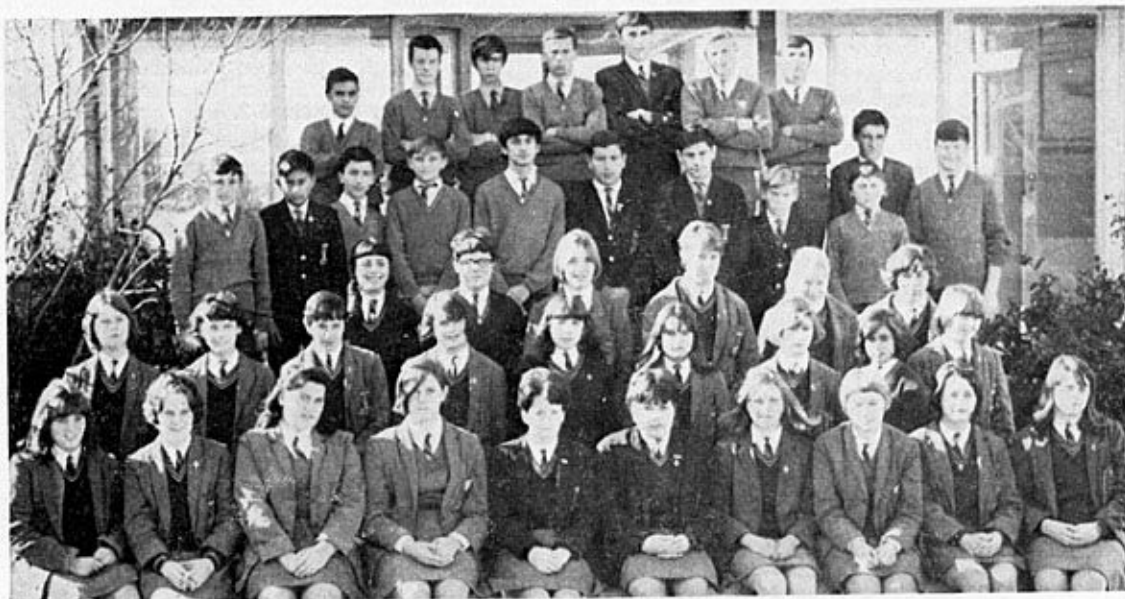
This year, again a major prize has been won, this time by Stefan Czyz, Form 6, who came second equal amongst Matriculation students in Victoria.

The following have been granted Honourable Mention Certificates — **Matriculation Level:** Jutta Heymig, Form 6; **Leaving:** Luitgard Bartsch, Lidia Diakun, Gordana Djurdjevic, Genoveva Kalkbrenner, Ursula Kro, Claudia Kubica (all Form 5A), Brigitte Linhart, Form 5B, Richard Czyz, Form 5C; **Intermediate:** Carmen Coca, Marina van Ree, Gisela (Kuki) Zsolnai (all Form 4B), Rosemarie Deutsch, Ursula Mohr (both Form 4E); **Sub-Intermediate:** Barbara Hartig, Form 3A, Erica Illko, Margaret Lange, Monica Reisch, Karsten Richter, Marita Schreyer (all Form 3B), and Katharina Strehling, Form 3E.

— Z.



# FORM NOTES



## FORM CAPTAINS, 1967

**FRONT ROW:** Bronwyn Haynes (3D), Birute Juskevicius (4E), Judith Barnes (4D), Janette Stevenson (5B), Carol Taylor (Form 6), Gordana Djurdjevic (5A), Maria Korczynska (4C), Betty D.likat (4A), Helen Vujic (4B), Stanislava Blechun (3C). **SECOND ROW:** Helena Woloszynowicz (3B), Janet McPherson (2A), Carol Moore (2C), Emilia Charewicz (2F), Maria Berger (1E), Rosy Bakalowski (1F), Beverly Goades (1D), Joan Chetcuti (2D), Janet Gould (1C). **THIRD ROW:** Stephanie Corveddu (3E), Jean Buckley (3A), Lynette Meissner (2E), Lesley Self (2B), Virve Kivi (1B), Yasna Palaysia (1A). **FOURTH ROW:** Charles Grasso (1C), Wayne da Silva (1A), Jimmy Glouftsis (1B), George Jablonski (2C), Richard Saliba (5D), Frank At'ard (5C), Alex Grivas (2B), Edward Caban (1D), Frank Mazurck (3B), Milan Vjic (2D), David Taylor (3A). **BACK ROW:** Mark Fox (2A), Robert Marshall (4E), Julian Kolodziej (4C), Peter Rengey (4B), Paul Ledney (Form 6), Alfred Hailey (3E), John Beighton (4A).

### FORM 1A

Form teacher: Mr. Ryan. Form captains: Yasna Palaysa, Serge Karbanenko.

Our Form is chiefly made up of children between the age of 11 to 13. Some of these students were born in Australia, while others were not.

Our main aim in social activity is to help the Ballarat Orphanage. We are going to try and help as much as we can.

The main subjects the students respond to are Art, Physical Education, English and Science. We enjoy this work because it is not dull, but pleasant. Like all other Forms, Form 1A has its bad side. This is mostly in talking, especially when a teacher is not present.

Most of the pupils are quite bright according to the subjects. Here and there we have a few who are extremely bright in some subjects. Our form prefect, Gordana, is rather strict with us when we do not respond to her orders but, of course, we deserve it, on the whole though, she is very nice and reasonable.

### FORM 1B

Our Form consists of 14 boys and 20 girls. Our Form captains are Virve and Jimmy. Vice-captains are Katy and Ross. Our Social Service representative is Katy. We have two Form teachers, Mr. Woolf, who is our English teacher, and Mr. Morey, who is our Maths teacher. We all like our Form prefect, Lili Pryslicki, because she is always nice to us and always willing to help us with our difficulties.

The best at sport are Marcelle, Katy, Nina, Beverly, Ross, Lucky, Euangel and Jimmy.

We thank the teachers for their co-operation and patience with us.

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### FORM 1C

In our Form there are 29 pupils, consisting of 14 boys and 15 girls.

We would like to thank our Form teacher, Miss Babucek and all the other teachers, name'y, Mr. Malaniuk, Mr. Nestor, Mr. Grieves, Miss Coutts and Miss Kazins who are helping us along in our work.

The Form captains are Janet Gould and Charles Grasso, and our vice-captains are Angee Grunert and Stanley Szydzik. Our Social Service representative is Valerie Barbara.

We are forwarding our Social Service money to the Spastic Children's Association.

### FORM 1D

There are 35 pupils in our Form — 19 girls and 16 boys. Form captains are Beverly Goodes and Eddy Caban. The vice-Form captains are Lilly Stroicz and Stanley Struzycki. In sport, the best pupils are Rosemary Ganger, Beverly Goodes, Eddy Caban and Mario Axiak. The ones who try hardest are Lilly Stroicz, Beverly Goodes, Coala Hadjuonidis, Eddy Caban and Eddy Kowalczyk. Our Form prefect is Barbara Kowalczyk.

Our Form teacher is Miss Mason, who also takes us for Art. We like her very much and would like to thank her for putting up with us, so far. Some of our best teachers are, of course, Miss Mason, Mr. Woolf, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nestor.

Our Form is mostly good except when there is no teacher in the room. The Social Service representative is Waltraud Linhart. For our Social Service effort, the whole Form volunteered to wash teachers' cars so that we could collect some money. For our Form's charity, we chose the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. On the whole our Form is quite good and well liked by most people. That is our story!

— B. Goodes, L. Stroicz

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### FORM 1E

Miss Wannan is now our Form teacher — it was once Mrs. Curwood but she had to leave — our Form captain is Maria Burgerand, our vice-captain is Anita Dammrow.

1E chose for its charity "The Blind Children" and with the help of Lynne White, who is our Social Service representative, we donate generously each week.

Monica M., Mary I, and Linda O'Connell are 1E's brightest students, but our athletes are still to be found.

We would like to thank all the teachers who have bravely put up with us this year, especially Miss Coutts, Mr. Fehmel, Mr. Nestor and Mr. Verduci.

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### FORM 2A

Our Form captains are M. Psaila and J. McPherson. Our Form teacher is Mr. Baker.

We consider our Form 2A to be a good one. Every individual appreciates his or her various teachers. We realise that their time is valuable and that they are doing their best to help us. The Form can be noisy but this seldom occurs. Most people love reading and spend a great deal of time occupied in this form of entertainment. We are interested in various School activities and participate in several. Most people study hard for exams and on'y rarely does anyone fail. Our homework is nearly always done and no one ever forgets any. Yes, we are proud to be members of our Form.

— Form Captains

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### FORM 2B

Form 2B consists of 41 students, some of whom are disturbing the rest of the Form. These people give it the reputation of being one of the noisiest and unruliest Forms.

Some of our Form, however talkative they may be, can still pass their exams with a good average. Stern punishment should be handed out to the others, so that they would talk less and work more. This would raise the Form average.

The people of 2B have common interests such as collecting fashion pictures, stamps, pennies, pop-

records and pigeons; playing chess, hockey, the organ, guitar, piano-accordion, tiddely-winks; we like swimming, slot-cars, exploring caves, hiking, horses, books, eating and school.

In general we are just an average second Form.

— Form Captain

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### FORM 2C

Form 2C consists of 18 girls and 16 boys. Our Form teacher is Mrs. Sacco and the Form captains are George Jablonski and Carol Moore. We are a mixed group of nationalities, consisting of Australians, Dutch, English, Greeks, Maltese and Polish. We have the quiet ones and the talkers, the tomboys and the gentle ones, the "quick-witted" and the "not-so-bright" ones.

Our ambitions are as varied as our nationalities and for this we look forward to the guidance of our teachers who have the responsible task of teaching us. We probably do not give our fullest co-operation, so I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the Form, to thank the teachers for being so patient with us.

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### FORM 2D

Out in the wilderness of Victoria lies a school called St. Albans High. We have the happy task of writing about one of the Forms in the school of St. Albans High — namely 2D. Amongst this illustrious band of pupils, we have Joan and Milan as Form captains — Carmen and Rudi as vice-captains.

The person who keeps us laughing is Angelina whose last name we can't pronounce but we'll have a go anyway: Divad, Divad, Dovid . . . Besides being a clown, she thinks a lot about softball (Aussie rules). The Romeo in our Form is Hardy, Ha-Ha, he has many girls to play as Juliet. Those people we just mentioned keep us laughing. If we didn't laugh we would cry.

Now we come to the studious people in our Form (—). The "know-all" of the Form is Carmen (dimples). The pupils that keep the teachers on their toes are namely Stinko and Boerbario (Barbara).

Although 2D is monotonous we think we are a good Form (?). Mr. Wilson, our Form teacher is a good teacher. The reason we say this is because he made us good.

— Joan Chetcuti, Carmen Bartolo,  
Milan Vujic, Rudi S.

:: :: ::

### FORM 2E

Sometimes we think we should have been tortoises. We resemble them closely in getting to class. The classroom itself resembles a beauty parlor with everyone filing nails, combing their hair or looking at themselves in mirrors.

So much concern for the surface,

So little for the mind!

Alas, the Dexam has gone and the aspirins are slowly going. The nervous re-action has shown itself in the form of people with strange chewing actions.

A band-aid for each little scratch in the face,  
A deeply worn track to that unmentionable place.

To our teacher's chagrin it's a one-way track;  
There's never much hurry to find a way back.

Terrible to think that the day will soon come  
When 2E will have to become—THE WORKERS.

— Lynette Meissner (Form captain)

### FORM 2F

We, the pupils of Form 2F have made up our minds to donate Social Service money to the Church of England Home for Children.

All the girls of 2F, like to partake in School activities. Most pupils did not enter the Inter-School or Inter-School Sports, but there was much enthusiasm to do so, but thinking they would let their School down, decided to step aside to other students of the School who had a better chance of winning. Fortunately a majority of the girls helped with the cheering squad in the Inter-School Swimming which was held at the Olympic Pool this year.

— Emilia Charewicz

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### FORM 3A

AIM: To show the properties and characteristics of Form 3A.

APPARATUS: Consists of 10 girls and 28 boys. One Form teacher, namely Mr. Dobron, had the (mis) fortune to score us this year, including Mr. Webb (Science), Mr. McLeish (Eng.), Mrs. Fielder (Eng.) and many others.

METHOD: Break up for four lessons, French, English, Art and Sport.

OBSERVATIONS: Made with song titles — School work: "Dum-Dum"; Exam time: "There's a Kind of Hush"; P.T.: "Ooh, La La"; In trouble: "I Said I Was Sorry"; Geography: "House of the Rising Sun"; Lunch: "Beatle Burgers"; Our Marian (girl): "Penny Lane"; Our Girl Form Captain: "Gigg'ed Eyed Gogh"; Our Boy Form Captain: "I'm a Puppet on a String."

CONCLUSION: In about ten years' time half of us MAY reach Matriculation.

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### FORM 3B

Form teacher: Mr. Grieve. Form captains: Helena Woloszynowicz, Frank Mazurek.

Most teachers think we are a noisy, rowdy lot (often referred to as the second St. Trinian's) but in the honest truth we think we are juvenile delinquents. This Form tends to dominate not only other Forms, but teachers as well, not mentioning any names. 3B has produced a very accomplished debating team through the witty help of Mr. Grieve. (Ask how he helped!) We are very favoured among the staff, especially with one male member who loves to visit us while we are without a teacher, and in one of our discussive moods. Also we are plagued by a humorous health fanatic, who believes in daily exercise of touching ones' toes, and makes one study architecture in the four corners of the classroom. We are amongst the most generous donors of the School. Practically twenty cents per annum (which about the same one person gives each time). The rumour that 3B produces a large quantity of chewing gum that keeps foundations stable at this School is purely fictional, and should be completely ignored. Many teachers are regretful that we have not followed in our ancestors' footsteps (last year's 3B), but this year's 3B will set a great example that will live on and on.

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### FORM 3C

Our Form captain is Stanislava Biechum, vice-captain, Barbara Toth.

3C is a girls' Form with 42 pupils. We are interested in a variety of sports. Betty Los is our Social Service representative. She is also Kurrajong House Captain. Mrs. Chenu is our Form teacher, and we also have her for Art. We are split up into two halves because there are so many of us. When we are together we make quite a lot of noise, but when we are separated we are really quiet. But, on the whole, it is quite a good Form. Our favourite subject is Typing.

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### FORM 3D

Our Form teacher is Mrs. Shardey and we would like to thank her very much for all the help she has given us throughout the year.

Our Form is made up of 37 girls. We all have very long tongues which we use at the wrong time and so they often get us into trouble.

Every day this year we have made good use of the rubbish bins for the food we eat in School. We get lots of exercise walking to the bins and back to the seats again.

Our Form captain is Terri Evans, vice-captain Barbara Chocholek.

At the time of writing (beginning of Term 3) our Form intends working hard in sport from now on, as we have strong team spirit; so the rest of Form 3 had better watch out.

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### FORM 3E

We have a crowded Form of 43, most of which are girls. Since I am a girl, I shall write mostly about the female race in this class.

It is made up of intelligent ones and semi-dum ones. There are dark, Zulu-type faces and fair ones, who look as if they've just been dipped in White King. There are fat ones, plump ones and slim ones but most interesting of all are the Twiggy figures.

We have some really ugly critters in this Form, but we do have our Miss Universe. I will now describe her. She is about 5 ft. 9 in., resembles Twiggy in figure, has black, fuzzy hair and has a lovely complexion consisting of freckles, pimples, black-heads and warts.

Of course every Form has their genius. We have ours. She has honey-coloured hair, and never gets less than 20 out of a hundred for every subject. Altogether our Form is wonderful!

We have a most efficient Form captain as all he does is boast and brag about himself and thinks he's a lady-killer.

If you would like to see who all these important people are, just look at our Form photo. You'll flip. With shock, that is!

— Form Captain

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### FORM 4A

#### The Boys:

There are too many boys in the Form to write about so several have been selected. First of all, there is Joe Szydzik, who is renowned for his swimming, gulp! Next we have a chubby little "pom," Les. He attempts to play baseball.

The Form also contains four locker monitors, Henry, Stan, Fred and Radavan. We also have the sport monitors Greg, Colin, Noel and John. Our Form teacher is that well known personality, Mr. Webb.

### The Girls:

Barbara Chwaleba: Second to Bernadette in the giggling competition only because her outbursts are silent. Main ambition is to be the champion.

Betty Delikat: Tries to have the shortest hair in the School. Goal in life is a head like Yul Brynner.

Irene Hughes: Her ambition is to build muscles large enough to control two certain boys.

Cimelia Jekin: Talks so fast and so much it's hard to understand her. Her goal in life is to be a horse race commentator.

Bernadette Karin: The only human hyena in captivity. Her ambition in life is to control her fits.

Lula Katsarou: Hears nothing, sees nothing, says nothing.

Gina Stojanovic: Tries desperately hard to change the School uniform. Her aim in life is to see how mini she can wear it.

Olga Suszko: We are waiting for the day when she succeeds in her ambition of arriving at School on time.

Marisa Panzera: We are praying that she will be able to reform George by the end of the year. Her ambition is probably to shoot George (plus a few other 4A unmentionables).

— John Beighton and  
Betty Delikat (Form captains)

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### FORM 4B

Form 4B, consisting of 26 he-men gentlemen and 11 ravishing beauties, is a very well organised Form. Omitting certain minor features such as unruly behaviour, cheekiness and a few other unnecessary details, we of 4B consider ourselves above average in School-life. Of course, there is an occasional black sheep who is smartly herded back to the flock by an expert in his field, our Form teacher, Miss Crofts. I say lucky as not every teacher is blessed with our presence.

Being the boy Form captain of 4B has proved to be a difficult task as many have resigned and the present successor is Peter Rengey. The case of the girl Form captain is slightly different as she has managed 4B for terms of torment. She is Helen Vujic who is backed up by that everfaithful vice-captain Kuki Zsolnai who has never failed her duty as bodyguard.

Naturally we are a generous group and have been supporting a worthy cause, "the Spastic Children's Society."

Our Form has many celebrities who would be glad to give you, the public, their fans, their autographs.

To conclude this masterpiece I would like to say that you have been considerably lucky as not many people have had the privilege reading the inside story of Form 4B, 1967.

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### FORM 4C

This Form consists of 22 boys and 21 girls. Our Form teacher is Mr. Chilton, who is a controlling teacher in our Form.

The Form is quiet in most classes, but when we have the advantage of making noise, we make it. There are quite a few intelligent persons in our Form who seem to pass their exams easi'y. The girls are the quietest in our Form and they seem to do their work properly. Most of the boys' best subjects are Science and Woodwork in which they work properly, with a few exceptions.

### FORM 4D

Our Form, 4D, consists of 45 girls, which is a very large Form. Our Form teacher is Mrs. Kriksciunas. Our Form captain is Judith Barnes; Mary Kinash is our S.R.C. representative.

Most of the girls are very co-operative in taking part in sport activities: Rhonda Wheelhouse, Gina Kosiak and Judith Barnes play in the school hockey team. Mary Mercieca and Josefa Tanki play basketball and Susan Thomas plays tennis.

Mrs. Kriksciunas has been very good in helping us in our work and makes it possible for everyone to enjoy school. She has taken us on an excursion to a very enjoyable comedy show. We feel that we owe a lot to her and we are glad that she is our Form teacher.

— Judy Barnes (Form captain)

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### FORM 4E E E E E!!!!

From out of the dark depths of Room 5,  
Come the shouts and screams of 4E — Alive?  
Tortured and brain washed till we co-operate  
But sorry to say we haven't to date;  
Sorry for sure, this pain is murder  
They stretch us on the rack—to see who'll go further.

Rosmarie, Helen, Mary, Connie,  
Jean, Brigitte, Jill are really bonny —  
But Anna, Danuta, Janina and Lizy,  
Miss Crawford makes sure are kept very busy.  
Ursula, Monika, Pam and Mary  
Developed tongue tiedness while in solitary.  
Yana, Clare, Veronica and Nellie,  
Are used as targets in the alley.  
Birute and Monica are surly elated  
But gladly enough they're not related.  
Last but not least are Margie and Wanda  
Chained up to make sure they do not wander.

George, George, John and Ted,  
Always sleepy — need a bed;  
Peter, Geli, Edwin, Ronald,  
In classes constantly imitating duck Donald.  
Allan, John, Robert, Garry,  
When Smith was warder would not tarry.  
Charles and Florio the two tortured last:  
Have regretted their mistakes — are going fast.

No fate worse could you encounter —  
Than to read this poem and all its slander.  
P.S. In sport and other vigorous activities,  
4E has lost all its abilities! ! !

— Birute (Form captain)

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### FORM 5A

Form captain: Gordana Djurdjevic; vice-captain: Mary Axiak. Form teacher: Mrs. Hoxley.

Form 5A is an all girls Form. It is made up of 20 girls who come in all shapes and sizes. It is difficult to write an account of Form 5A, as we study a variety of subjects, and therefore we do not see each other very often. But during Form assembly, which is about 10 minutes long, 20 girls can say more than any normal person can in 24 hours. It is a known fact to all who are talkative, and this seems to be confirmed from experience. The greatest uproar occurs on Monday morning. — I suppose

you can guess why? But still we are a happy bunch, and if you place a few women in a room the result will be a tumbling of chairs, tables, bodies, etc. Well, I can only say this is a lot of rot. As yet there has been no bloodshed in Room 12 (our Form room). We are a peaceful lot and do not believe in violence!

Our Social Service effort this year has been good, every girl donates at least 3c. a week. Our Social Service representative, Evelyn Beyer has done a good job this year. We are hoping in the future to organise some interesting functions in order to raise money, for the poor children who have been the victims of broken bones. Our ultimate aim is to raise enough money to buy these children Christmas presents and bring them a little happiness which they are so much in need of.

Two girls to really watch out for are Kerry Brown and Tiina Kolin. Both are in the School's debating team and so, don't get into an argument with them as you don't stand a chance! We all wish them the best in the future, and we are all hoping that they enter the finals.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers for their help and co-operation. And a special thanks must go to our Form teacher, Mrs. Hoxley, who has been a great help and kind with us, and we find it hard to express our full gratitude.

— Gordana Djurdjevic

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#### FORM 5B

Form 5B is in alphabetical order from L to Z consisting of 23 girls. The Form captain is Janette Stevenson and vice-captain is Lila Smith. The Form would like to congratulate Lili Pryslicki and Lila Smith for being elected as Prefects, and Susan Stewart for becoming Senior House Captain of Jacaranda.

From the results of the term exams it would appear that the majority of the class will pass at the end of the year. Those who did not do as well as expected should study harder, and in general, improve their work. Thanks should be given to the girls who organised the hot dog stand at the Senior Fete which raised \$4 for the Aboriginal Appeal and in the future we hope to participate more often in Social Service activities.

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#### FORM 5C

No. of pupils on roll: ?

Daily Attendance: 7½.

Form Song: "They're Coming to Take Us Away."

Form Motto: "Why study when you can buy brains for 35 cents a pound at the local butcher's shop."

These statistics do not really concern our form. We are a very conscientious group of boys all trying to do our best to obtain good results.

On a normal day you would find the Maths-Science group puzzling through their Maths problems or during research into Physics and Chemistry with carefully controlled and supervised experiments; the Biologists dissecting rats and other assorted things; the Historians conscientiously taking notes on Modern and British History; the Artists busy with their abstracts which are supposed to pass as paintings.

We are still confident that this year's form 5C, under our Form teacher, Mr. Maplestone, will do better than previous Form 5C's.

— Captain: Frank Attard

Vice-captain: Peter Halela

#### FORM 5D

Dear School,

Just a note to let you know that 5D is different. 5D is the BEST FORM in the School. Being an all boys Form we are comprised of the cream of St. Albans (Sydneyham and Deer Park). We are the most angelic, humble, innocent, gentle and AVAILABLE young boys in the School. Naturally being the best Form, we have the best Form teacher, Mr. Ziemelis, who is always helpful and encouraging us to work harder. Our Form captain, Richard Saliba, sets a fine example for us all, he is a born leader (when retreating). We also have a Form jester, a genius in the art of wit and sarcasm, "Gus" Whitley. Of course, we have our own array of Cary Grants — undisputedly Peter Menniti, Jovan "Joffa" Paulic and Val Patykowski (a stylist).

There is also "Oggie" Origlia, our Social Service representative. "Oggie" finds it necessary to use a wheel-barrow to collect donations as he kept breaking his toes every time he dropped the old donations' tin. We have fine representation in the brains (H. Nowak and J. Watkins) and brawn (M. Ristic and D. Vadasz) department.

There is a lot more I could write about 5D, but the editors of this Magazine are keeping all the spicy bits for themselves.

Devilishly yours,

Robert "Happy" P. (Vice-captain), 5D

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#### FORM 6

##### Girls' Form Notes

Once upon a time in the land of Nod dwelt 13 lovely girls, who were sometimes good, except when they were naughty. For these latter occasions, Mr. Alcorn, their beloved Form teacher should be congratulated for putting up such a good show and being so patient when we do not arrive at Form assembly for weeks on end.

P.S.: A big hug to our Form teacher.

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#### FORM 6

##### Boys' Matric Form Guide

Joe Attard: Organised any good "trips" lately, Joe?

Aim: to build a pyramid in his backyard. Fate: Greek citizenship.

David Beighton: "Reason ends with reality." I am reality — hence without reason. Fate: decomposition.

Ihor Bevez: St. Albans' answer to Baby Ruth (famous tiddly-winks player). Aim: to get to first base. Fate: to die an Andriewski.

Lindsay Chatterton: Once challenged his bike to a game of tennis and came off second best.

Stefan Czyn: Mop tops and Gendarmes' Duets simply do not mix. Aim: to get all the Prefects to singing lessons. Fate: to remain the sole chorist.

Slavec Dawidowicz: "Slavec is Silence." Aim: to listen to all his records at once. Fate: racing commentator.

Misha Dejanovic: Occasionally honours the English class by turning up — an ace.

Ian Dobson: British refugee — stylist. Aim: to live with Bob Dylan. Fate: aged football cheer squad member.

Leo Dobes: An uncanny instinct to overthrow Governments. Aim: to stop brain cell deterioration. Fate: it's all in the Bible.

Joe Engert: "You're a Prefect, Joe — so do your tie up." Aim: to out-pace Mr. Baker. Fate: Athletes' foot.

Marin Gunew: "Due to lack of interest, tomorrow has been cancelled."

Ray Haynes: The School's best non-playing footballer — relegated to the Seconds. Fate: soccer referee.

Jan Karpik: Origin: a horse farm, somewhere South of Warsaw. Attracted to Australia by the cheap price of grappa. Aim: to have a stylist dance named after him. Fate: to be scratched.

Paul Ledney: Once upon a time in the Land of Form 6, there dwelt an ogre called Ledney, the Form captain . . .

John Macans: The ducks in the family were from Latvia which he left because they eat ducks at Christmas.

Steven Miokovic: Developed a punting system and lost his "punts." Aim: to disprove the theory of probability.

Peter Nowatschenko: Engaged by Keilor Council to replace broken street lights. — "accomplished bludger."

Leonard Panecki: The life that appeals is the life on wheels.

Alex Pliaskin: A refugee from the 1917 Revolution. Aim: to walk along the ceiling of the Science room. Fate: reincarnated as a Czar.

Peter Ramholdt: "I am just misunderstood."

Joachim Simovic: "Smile" you're on Candid Camera. Aim: blackmail with embarrassing pictures. Fate: dusty lenses.

Harry Swieboda: "Music to watch the girls go by."

David Watkins: Waiting for the renaissance of the steam engine. Motto: "Steam is Supreme."

(The Editors are in no way responsible for the above comments and all abuse concerning these comments should be directed towards the CIA who supplied the necessary information.)

## DEBATING

This year St. Albans High School has two debating teams — a 5th Form B Grade team and a 3rd Form C Grade team. The B Grade, an all girls team, comprises Claudia Kubica, Barbara Landy, Kerry Brown and Tiina Kolin and the C Grade team consists of Monica Reisch, Denise Da Silva and Karsten Richter. Karsten has the honour of being the only boy in the debating team.

Both teams have done very well this year. Both teams won convincingly, the B Grade team overwhelming Footscray High School's all boy team, 202 points to 177, and the C Grade team annihilating Sunshine High School 245 points to 201. The latter is especially brilliant against the Sunshine team of 4th formers.

Although the debaters scored the final victories, the "brain" and organiser behind the effective working of our debating teams is Mr. Grieve, who has coached both teams from infancy. We extend our sincere thanks to him for all he has done for us, and the help he has given us all throughout the year. We must also express our gratitude to Mr. Grieve for constantly providing the necessary transport to and from debates. We feel sure our teams will be assured of future victories in the capable hands of Mr. Grieve.

Thanks must also be extended to all the teachers and enthusiastic students who have attended debates and given such zealous support and encouragement to the debating teams.

If the persistent endeavour shown by everyone concerned with debating this year continues as it has so far, the possibility of both teams bringing home winners' shields is not too remote.

— B. Kowalczyk

## "BAYZBORL"

Today is Wednesday and St. Albans High School's BAYZBORL team was calm but not overconfident, and was ready to challenge the staff side, which a few days earlier had mercilessly trounced the male students' basketball team (the teachers had seven players!).

Certain of a walkover, the teachers, clad in, if you'll pardon the expression, "uniforms," faced the BAYZBORL team, many of whom were beginners playing their first game. The bat was "tossed," and the students, through their captain I. Bevez decided to field.

Practice pitches were hurled down the line — curving, falling, "suckerballs" some balls even flew straight down the line. After the warnings the teams were ready.

Batting and ducking desperately, the teachers, through no fault of their own, went out to field, and the students had no worries until the second innings when an eloquently dressed teacher decided to hit a "suckerball" to the back fence for a homer. The staff then vainly tried to get the students out — literally.

But as all good things must come to an end, so did the game. Now if you look out on the field you'll see the empty ground and the wind blowing the dust and the memory will soon fade away (for some anyway). Many thanks to the brave staff, i.e., captain Mr. Webster, debonair Mr. Wilson, famous hockey player Mr. Maplestone, Mr. Dobron, Coburg player Mr. Williams, the one and only left-handed Mr. Grieves. Honourable mention to Miss Crofts and Miss Slater for exceptional courage. Only person worth mentioning on both sides is the great catcher, "Woofers" Dudda.

A. Bayzborler

## ABSCOL

### St. Albans High School's Version of "Abschol"

The day had dawned bright but with a sense of foreboding. Perhaps the fact that it was also Bastille Day had something to do with the dismantling of the School's guillotine. It was feared that history might perhaps repeat itself in yet another Revolution. At any rate the chief troublemakers were kept busy organising the afternoon's events.

A general assembly was called first. Here Pastor Doug Nichols entertained his audience with a lively speech-fluctuating between emotional and uproariously funny. His main message was that it was up to the rising generation — "the Greats of Tomorrow" — to help the Aborigine. He concluded with an emotional — "Australian sons let us rejoice!"

As soon as the assembly had finished the School moved over to the "Le Mans" racetrack for the start of the tricycle race. The word tricycle had come to mean anything from a wheelbarrow to a "hotted up" perambulator. "Anything goes!" became the catchcry. The contestants were armed to the teeth with teddy bear mascots, "L" plates, and leather jackets. One cheat even had a "squeezegee" which he indiscriminantly emptied over spectators and contestants alike. Needless to say, some spectators joined in the fun with a few badly aimed flour bombs.

In the confusion that followed it was found that the chocolate frog prizes were missing and a judge had not been appointed. Perhaps in a century or two, when all the skeletons have been dug up, a reconstruction of the race will be made possible and winner declared. At the time of writing, however, this seems doubtful. This is a particularly trying question for the proprietor of the "punting shop" which flourished during the race.

Out of all this confusion there emerged a general drift towards the stalls, hundreds of appetites having been boosted by the death-defying antics of the contestants (of course, some were nauseated by the sight of the corpses on the race track but these were a minority). A certain Killer Kowalski (alias Mr. Ryan) contented himself with the thought of survival, though he could not have known it at the time he would soon be fighting for his life in a law court.

With the skull and crossbones fluttering above, the most sensational trial of the century was ready to commence. To preserve the law and order — so necessary in courts of law — it was decided to hold all witnesses for the defence in contempt of court.

One cannot afford to stray too far from the script in cases as serious as these!

The first case before the court was that of Ryan versus the Crown. He was charged with being an ineffective lightning conductor. The prosecutor (D. Beighton) claimed that instead of having a head full of iron (as all good lightning conductors do) the defendant had an empty head. This remark was greeted by an uproar from the assembly. However, the defence counsel (Leo Dobes) argued that as Ryan had been hung earlier in the year he might become addicted to being hung if it happened too often. Whether or not this argument helped, Ryan was led away (with only a light fine) to shouts of "Hang Ryan!" from assembly and jury alike.

As neither Mr. Woolf (nor his intimidated witnesses) were there, Justice Goodes found him guilty of wearing a padded corduroy jacket in an attempt to defraud the public.

By the time Mr. Maplestone was led (or rather dragged) out to his doom, Mr. Ryan had joined the jury and succeeded in passing a few bottles of the "hard-stuff" over to the defendant to slake his insatiable thirst for those good things that come in glass. The charge was that the defendant had stretched elastic springs in a Physics class beyond their limit and also that he had terrorised a local girls' hockey team with his oversize stick. The charge was dismissed because it was generally agreed that the defendant had not succeeded in building any muscles with the springs. (He had, however, managed to straighten out his usually curly hair.)

The last prisoner in the dock — Miss Crofts — was found guilty of conspiring, together with the French Government, of infiltrating French speaking students into the School. She was summarily given six years in the French Foreign Legion. And thus concluded the historical and revolutionary Students' Supreme Court of Injustice — the dream of every pupil and the nightmare of every teacher.

A fashion parade followed. As the contestants were too numerous to be mentioned here, it will suffice to say that the title of Miss St. Albans High School was won by Peter Menniti — dressed as Miss Malta. He was crowned with a matching green chamber pot.

The afternoon was well rounded off by a talk given to the 5th and 6th formers by Pastor Nichols. I am sure that it was deeply appreciated by all present as it left much room for thought. It was a day that will, I am sure, long remain in the minds of all who were present.

— L. Dobes (from memory and from a detailed report by Nadia Koniuk)

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## THE WIND

It taunts and teases the leaves on trees.  
It tosses and topples a small ship at sea.  
It whistles and whispers and blusters and roars.  
And blows into houses through windows and doors.

The Wind can be kind, a gentle caress.  
It can be cruel, bringing distress.  
It can blow cool in the heat of the day,  
Or blow icy cold, driving summer away.

It plays with the clouds, it wanders at night.  
The Wind is a friend when you're flying a kite.  
Sometimes it's happy, sometimes it's vexed.  
Nobody knows what the Wind will do next.

Now what do you think, is it friend or foe?  
I'm sure you'll agree that you really don't know

— Karsten Richter, Form 3B



VIVE LE QUEBEC LIBRE.



THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR RIDING MACHINES.



HEAD-PREFECT 1967



JUTTA SCHWARZ — SWIMMER EXTRAORDINAIRE





## SPORTS EDITORIAL

In a society often apathetic about life's glory, and divided over the ideals which might enhance the realisation of that glory, the sphere of sport is seen, regrettably, by some as an area of escape, and therefore to be treated contemptuously, and by others as merely a harmless way of relaxing. Of course, sport has its fanatical followers, but as our School is not over-blessed in numbers with these, it seems more advisable to consider the attitudes of those who ignore sporting activity, and the remainder, who, while participating somewhat passively, are not dedicated to sport's advancement and some of whom frequently develop negative and destructive attitudes towards sport and its participants.

If sport is pursued with dedication, high degrees of stamina, skill, and often courage and initiative are required. These faculties and attitudes can be and are, it would seem, transferred to life and its problems. On the sporting arena one may meet one's fellows at a level of common enjoyment and in the pursuit of a shared ideal, that of maintaining physical fitness. Liveliness of spirit may be educated and brought out by active participation; fellowship may be enjoyed.

To stimulate good performance, competition is necessary. Of course, competition may elicit the

worst in human nature — selfishness, aggression and pride. However, although the word competition suggests rivalry, we should remind ourselves that originally it meant "seeking together." Most people would concur that friendship, fitness and a readiness to live more adventurously were ends in themselves, and quite the reverse of "escape from reality." These we ought to seek together.

Our schools have great opportunities to foster and cherish these ideals on the playing fields. From these sources "may flow the fresh strength and grace, to make the world a better place and life a worthier thing: Sport, PURSUED WITH THE PROPER ATTITUDES, may then be an avenue to reality, rather than an escape. The record of victory and losses is comparatively insignificant.

What is significant is the striving for physical fitness, and the team spirit and maturity of character without which man will remain lost, and society divided.

The success of sport is partly dependent on good organisation, active coaching, and good facilities. Far more important is the will to make it succeed — despite deficiencies which may exist in these fields — and the sense of its real importance in our lives. No pupil should even feel apologetic about giving his best to school sport. How many of us are, in fact, giving our best?

— McL.

## WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR SWIMMING?

Is it lack of interest? Lack of training or lack of talent?

Talent we have with:—

Jutta Schwarz — Five wins inter-school.

Joseph Szydzik — Three wins inter-school and one 2nd place.

Stan Szydzik — Three wins inter-school.

Margaret Lange — First (disqualified) in inter-school.

Maria Marachel — Two placings.

Monica Reisch — Two placings.

Ursula Mohr — One placing (2nd disqualified) in inter-school.

R. Pischek, H. Swieboda, W. Linhart, L. Randell — all one placing inter-school.

With this impressive list of results it would seem fair to expect that our School should be well to the front when final points are counted. However, we must then take into account our relays which, of course, are the biggest points scorers. These teams have been dismal failures when you consider that the above swimmers, with first and second placings in individual events, have also swum in them.

This brings us to the average swimmers, and this is where the trouble lies. We do not have enough to provide the support needed against probably average swimmers of other schools and thus give our stars a chance to gain a place for their School in relay events. Without a supply of these swimmers to choose from, we just cannot expect to have any depth in the relay teams.

Training is, of course, the answer to improve our average — to at least get them swimming as well as the relay members of other school teams.

Interest we have, but only by a few for too short a time. So what is wrong with our swimming?

1. Not enough people interested, and those who are, are interested for too short a period.

2. Lack of training, and those who train, do so for too short a period.

The above reasons outline why we lack depth in our team.

— K. Chilton

## SWIMMING SPORTS

The Inter-House Swimming Sports were held at the Sunshine Swimming Pool. The aggregate trophy went to Kurrajong once again. The successful house was captained by Peter Nowatschenko and Lili Pryslicki.

Excellent records were established by Jutta Schwarz and Joseph Szydzik, who were both unbeaten in all their events.

The standard of swimming in this School has improved appreciably over the years, but greater enthusiasm is needed by the majority of students who are apathetic in this respect.

St. Albans extends their thanks to Mr. Wild for his fine co-operation with the organisers of the day. Also, may I extend my appreciation to those people on the staff who so willingly assisted to provide the days activities.

— Olgo Suzko

# SCHOOL SPORT — PAST AND PRESENT

Since 1962, when our last magazine was published, sport has followed a varied course. We have had dark, gloomy areas and some splendid successes. Perhaps more important, new enthusiasm has arisen and we can look to the future for more successes. This year both Senior and Junior teams topped their respective divisions in boys' baseball, while girls' hockey, pioneered by Mr. Shaw, and this year coached ably and enthusiastically by Mr. Maplestone, won the Inter-divisional final, thus going through the season undefeated.

Returning, however, for the moment to the past, we remember proudly the long string of successes — six premierships in a row by Mr. Chilton's girl softballers, two junior football premierships, with the same team recently twice runners-up. Dedication and teamwork lay behind these successes.

Senior volleyballers were also triumphant in 1963 and 1964, benefiting from Mr. Pavlov's dedication to the game, and while the team has run only second in recent years, Mr. Malaniuk has been feeding the team from a supply of skilled and enthusiastic juniors, so that this year under Miss Slater it was felt that our team, runner-up to Maribyrnong, produced some of the best volleyball ever seen at the School.

Baseball was soundly and keenly established by Mr. Rayner. Mr. Webster and Mr. Key topped off his work this year with premierships in both subdivisions. We thank them for their expert attention.

Tennis has fared poorly in school competition this year, but for the second time in succession we were able to field teams of eight in the senior competition, and more seniors and juniors are learning the game than ever before under Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Davis, last year's Sportsmaster, gave basketball a great fillip, but departure of the team's stars and shortage of courts, hamper the progress of this valuable sport, also under Mr. Ryan and Mr. Woolf (juniors). Girls' basketball has done well under Mrs. Hoxley and Miss Sandwell; this year Miss Butler and Miss Mason have been in charge.

In swimming and athletics we continue to fail. Inadequate facilities and lack of application together seem to be responsible. Nevertheless the School has produced some very good and outstanding athletes over the years.

To help older students and past pupils regain memories, we have published below a list, far from exhaustive — apologies to those inadvertently omitted — of names prominent in sport over the last few years.

## BOYS

**Swimming** — Joe Szydzik, Tom McNab and Harry Swieboda.

**Athletics** — D. Keble, P. Plain, C. Kastaniotis, P. Andriewski-Bevz, H. Goralski, Joe Attard, P. Ramholdt, S. Barlow, S. Czyz, P. Kowalczyk, L. Weigh, P. Barker, M. Pokrovsky, A. Slesarewicz, C. Dejanovic, S. Rodda, P. Glisovic, G. Landers and F. Matuszak.

**Senior Football** — J. Darul, P. Plain, R. Cifford, L. Cameron, G. Cameron, I. Volkov, G. Brotchie, M. Ristic and, of course, Ray Haynes whom we

congratulate on being the first St. Albans boy to play in a League Football team — Footscray, whilst still at School. To the Cameron brothers, of whom Les was the first to play a full game for North Melbourne this year — congratulations! To Joe Darul and Peter Plain, who have both played well in recent years for Sunshine — congratulations, too!

**Junior Football** — E. Stiegler, P. Ramholdt, G. Zomboulakis, V. Morello, J. and E. Kruk, F. Attard, F. Matuszak, Z. Rzeznik, M. Pokrovsky, D. Roberts, B. Clare, G. Haynes and W. Afanasiew.

**Volleyball** — E. Kruk, V. Trosczyj, L. Trosczyj, J. Dasler, P. Andriewski-Bevz, S. Tomyn, P. Tucker, A. Engert and S. Nowak.

**Basketball** — H. Goralski, D. Dusting, G. Snooks and J. Ribarow.

**Tennis** — S. Czyz, L. Chatterton, Z. Rzeznik, D. Roberts and E. Lacynski.

**Cricket** — R. Haynes, C. Baulch, S. Czyz, N. Scheurer and A. Bezbodoff.

## GIRL'S SPORT — Also Stars Past and Present

**Softball** — Ruth Vadasz, Mini Richardt, Susan Stewart, Milica Jankovic, Heather Goddard, Judith Barnes, Glynis Harris, Ilsa Jamots, Eve Richards, Olive Rowe, Dianne Dixon, Maria Jaciow, Joyce Fisher, Tania Korinsky, Pat Barnes and Charmaine Coupe.

**Volleyball** — Janice Keenan, Jutta Heymig, Anna Nemeč, Helen Jaciow, Nijole Muscinskas, Mary Axiak and Helen Pokusay.

**Athletics** — Aneli Becher, Yvonne Correlje, Karen Frede, Janette Stevenson, Judith Barnes, Heather Goddard, Pepitsa Tsemetsis, Dolores Kurilowski, Diane Talbot and Elizabeth Cseledy.

**Swimming** — Jutta Schwartz, Margaret Lange, Monica Reisch, Janette Stevenson, Heather Goddard, Barbara Landy, Maria Marechal and Sandra Goddard.

**Tennis** — Helga Fuchs, Heather Goddard, Claudia Kubica, Liz Schwartz, Barbara Kowalczyk, Lili Pryslicki and Barbara Landy.

**Basketball** — Pepitsa Tsemetsis, Michelle and Jackie Handl, Janette Stevenson, Helena Suszko and Tiina Kolin.

## HOUSE SPORTS — 1967

The pattern of House Sports shows Wattle as the strongest House. As usual, Kurrajong swept the pool in swimming, but were closely pursued by Wattle who also maintained their superiority, wrested in recent years from Waratah, in athletics. Jacaranda, however, was triumphant in football. In the minor sports, competition has generally been even. This competition still being in progress.

## HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1967

### Girls:

**Jacaranda** — Susan Stewart.  
**Wattle** — Barbara Kowalczyk.  
**Kurrajong** — Lili Pryslicki.  
**Waratah** — Mary Kro.

### Boys, Senior:

**Jacaranda** — Ray Haynes.  
**Wattle** — Stefan Czyz.  
**Kurrajong** — Peter Nowatschenko.  
**Waratah** — Joe Attard.

### Boys, Junior:

**Jacaranda** — David Roberts.  
**Wattle** — Michael Pokrovsky.  
**Kurrajong** — Boyd Clare.  
**Waratah** — Robert Czerkes.

## HOUSE SPORTS RESULTS

### Swimming:

1. Kurrajong.
2. Wattle.
3. Waratah.
4. Jacaranda.

### Athletics:

1. Wattle.
2. Kurrajong.
3. Waratah.
4. Jacaranda.

### Football:

1. Jacaranda.
2. Wattle.
3. Waratah.
4. Kurrajong.

## SCHOOL TEAM LEADERS — 1967

**Swimming** — Boys' Coaches: Mr. Dobron and Mr. Key; Captain: H. Swieboda.

**Football (Snr.)** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Dobron; Captain: J. Attard; Vice-Captain: G. Phillips. **Jnr.** — Boys' Coach: Mr. MacLeish; Captain: I. McKenzie; Vice-Captain: P. Kowalczyk.

**Baseball (Snr.)** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Webster; Captain: I. Bezv; Vice-Captain: D. Goodes. **Jnr.** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Key; Captain: N. Majewski.

**Basketball (Snr.)** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Ryan; Captain: J. Martakis; Vice-Captain: H. Brubacher. **Jnr.** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Woolf; Captain: J. Glouftsis.

**Volleyball (Snr.)** — Boys' Coach: Miss Slater; Captain: E. Kruk. **Jnr.** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Malaniuk; Captain: W. Fogiel.

**Tennis (Snr.)** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Ryan; Captain: L. Chatterton. **Jnr.** — Boys' Coach: Mr. Ryan; Captain: B. Wall.

### FOOTBALL

A disappointing season with only one win was a sad result for the dedicated few. Despite losses through injury, unavailability and team discipline the side went down to Maribyrnong by only one point, and indeed lost most matches by only a few kicks.

Best players for the season were George Phillips, Branko Agatanovic, Michael Pokrovsky, Miro Ristic and Frank and Joe Attard (captain). The seconds had a poor season, defeating only Sunshine West.

The juniors, the weakest for years, began with a thrashing at the hands of Braybrook, but won their next two matches and put up a very stout resistance against powerful Maribyrnong team in the last round. Best and fairest for the season was vice-captain Paul Kowalczyk, while Ian McKenzie, captain, was runner-up, with Leo Strebs third. The prize for best application at training went to Victor Malynycz who, incidentally, was next in the best and fairest order — a thoroughly reliable player. This team worked hard at training and the rewards should be reaped next year.

### BASEBALL

The team's prowess has already been mentioned. Captain Ihor Bezv was a splendid pitcher, while catcher Wolfgang Duda and David Goodes gave good support. The team greatly appreciated Mr. Webster's enthusiastic coaching.

### VOLLEYBALL

Eddy Kruk, captain, was the team's best player. John Kruk, Stefan Gnew, Harry Swieboda, Richard Jarski and Harold Nowak comprised an excellent team that trained and played well together under Miss Slater's inspired coaching.

## SOCCKER

There is no school competition, but practice matches have been held. The School has been represented by George Jasinski in the Victorian Junior Team; Frank Attard and Peter Halela were members of the Combined High School Team.

## RESULTS — BOYS

### Football —

**Seniors:** Defeated Sunbury and lost all other matches. The Seconds defeated Sunshine West, but lost all other matches.

**Juniors:** Defeated Sunshine West and Sunbury, but lost to Braybrook, Sunshine and Maribyrnong.

### Volleyball —

**Senior:** Defeated Braybrook, Sunshine West, Sunshine and Sunbury, but lost to Maribyrnong.

**Juniors:** Defeated Sunshine West and Sunbury, lost the remaining matches.

### Tennis —

**Seniors:** Defeated Sunbury, lost all other matches.

**Juniors:** Lost all matches.

### Basketball —

**Seniors:** Defeated Braybrook, Sunshine West, Sunbury and Sunshine, but lost to Maribyrnong. Seconds defeated Maribyrnong, but lost all other matches.

**Juniors:** Defeated Sunshine West, Sunshine and Sunbury, lost to Braybrook and Maribyrnong.

### Baseball —

**Seniors:** Won all matches in the subdivision, but lost in divisional final to Footscray 2-6.

**Juniors:** Won all matches, but lost in divisional final also to Footscray 7-8.

### Athletics —

In Term 3, under Mr. Key, an established athletics star and fully qualified coach, and the school's physical education teacher, Miss Slater, we look for a great improvement in our athletic standing. Some fine individual promise was shown in the House Sports.

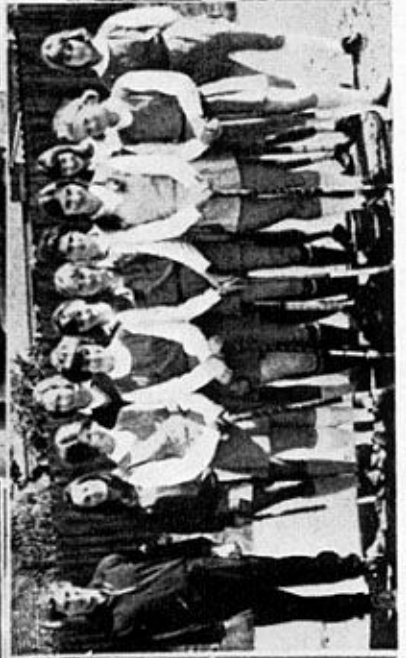
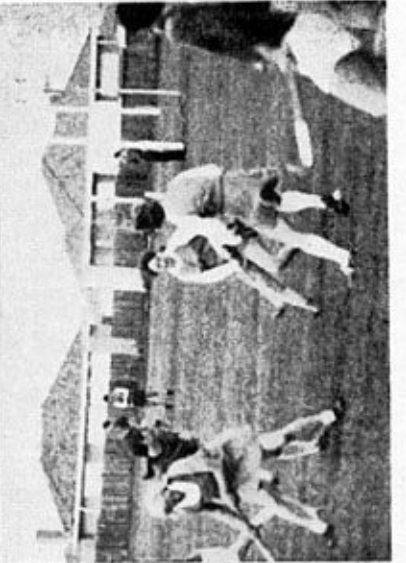
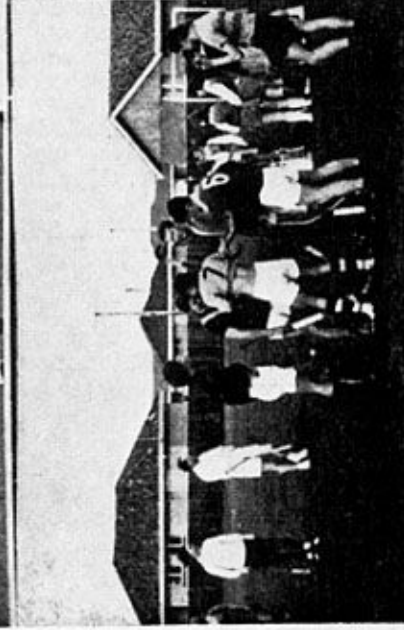
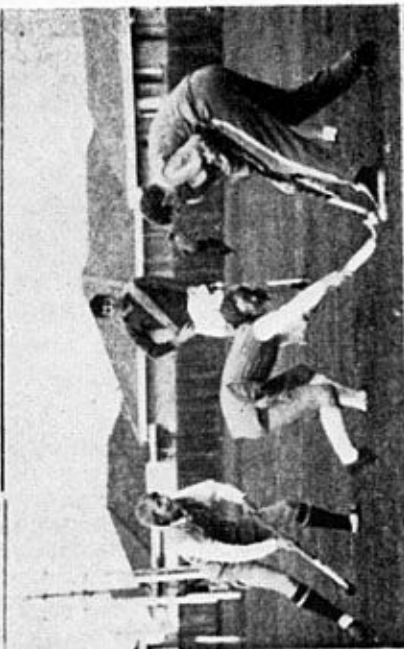
## RESULTS — GIRLS

### Inter-school Matches 1967

The girls' inter-school sport for 1967, was successful mainly for one reason, the great triumph of the **Hockey Team**. This team not only went through their section undefeated, but defeated the winner of the other section in the final. The team, coached by Mr. Maplestone, included: Lila Smith (captain), Maija Svors, Elizabeth Prince, Marilyn Hulett, Rondha Wheelhouse, Gina Kosiak, Helga Fuchs, Olga Suszko, Judith Barnes, Brigitte Deutsch and Brigitte Linhart.

**Basketball Team** once again had a disappointing year, although trying hard they found the opposition too strong. The team, captained by Pepi Tsemetsis and coached by Miss Butler, played some very good matches. Other members of the team were — Janette Stevenson, Tiina Kolin, Lena Suszko, Betty Delikat, Mary Grech and Mary Mercica.

**Softball Team** had a rebuilding year, having lost seventeen of last year's eighteen players. This year's captain, Susan Stewart, being the only player left from last year. The team, coached by Mr. Chilton, consisted of Majda Rebula, Carmen Coca, Helen Vujic, Maria Busak, Rosa Szuravlevicz, Liz Makarowicz, Kuki Zsolnai and Ursula Mohr.



**Volleyball Team**, coached by Miss Baboucek, played very well and had a fair year. The team, captained by Nijole Muscinkas, consisted of Mary Axiak, Ingrid Ehlert, Janice Keenan, Anna Nemeč and Helen Pokusay.

**Tennis Team**, captained by Lili Pryslicki and coached by Miss Crofts, had a few individual victories, but they seem to lack attacking players and must develop this type of game to succeed. The players were — Claudia Kubica, Liz Schwartz, Barbara Kowalczyk, Barbara Landy, Luitgard Bartsch, Jeanette Pring'e, Linda Vinen, Veronica Haller and Susan Thomas.

**The Junior Teams** all played well and we could have a few stars in the future. The Basketball Team was coached by Miss Mason and captained by Mary Gauchi. The Softball Team's coach was Miss Slater and captain, Heather Barnes. The Tennis Team was coached by Miss Crawford and captained by Leslie Self who had very good results. The Hockey Team was coached by Mr. Maplestone and captained by Johanna Neeland while the Volleyball Team had Miss Coutts as coach and Debra Parsons as captain.

**The Swimming Carnival** this year was keenly contested at Sunshine Baths with victory going to Kurrajong, and Wattle in second place; then came Waratah and Jacaranda. Excellent performances were shown by Jutta Schwartz — 5 wins, Ursula Mohr — 4 wins, Lena Suszko — 2 wins and a 2nd

place, Katy Achterberg — 2 wins; other winners being Monica Reisch, Waltraud Linhart, Mary Casar, Johanna Neeland, Maria Marechal, Margaret Lange and Lili Pryslicki.

**The Inter-school Carnival** was again held at the Olympic Pool in Melbourne, and whilst we did not do as well as we would have liked to have done, some very good performances were registered: Jutta Schwartz — five 1st places, Margaret Lange finished first, but lost for touching wrongly. Placings were won by Maria Marechal, Ursula Mohr, Waltraud Linhart, Cornelia Heinsch, Lili Pryslicki, and a very good swim to be a close 2nd in the Open Medley, swam by Maria Marechal, Margaret Lange, Ursula Mohr and Monica Reisch.

**The Athletics Carnival** was held in good weather in August, and some very interesting events were witnessed. The winning house was Wattle who had an interesting struggle with Kurrajong, whilst Waratah just finished ahead of Jacaranda in third place. Some excellent performances were shown by Dolores Kurilowski with five wins, Dianne Talbot, Kuki Zsolnai, Bev Goodes, Margaret Lange, Mari'yn Hulett, Janette Stevenson (three firsts), Judith Barnes (three firsts), Karen Harris, Olga Suszko, Lena Suszko, Dina Solon and Rosemarie Gangur.

It was October, 1959, that we last won an Inter-school Athletics Carnival at Olympic Park, so let us hope it is our turn again soon.

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## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Inter-School Photographic Competition

The Victorian Association of Photographic Societies, supported by the Ilford firm, organises an annual Photographic Competition for pupils of secondary schools throughout this State. Our School has proved to be one of the best amongst other High and Technical Schools and Colleges in this competition. In 1965 and 1966, several prizes and commendations were obtained by our pupils, and their photos were exhibited in the city.

This year the following results were obtained:—

Joachim Simovic, Form 6 — 4 commendations.

Max Costa, Form 3A — 3 commendations (one print was highly commended).

Victor Maga, Form 4A — 1 commendation.

As we wish to keep our School's good name in the photographic field, pupils should see Mr. Ziemelis or any other teacher, interested in photography, with regard to ways and means of producing prize winning photos for 1968.

### Photography at Our School

Over the past four years Joachim Simovic, Form 6, has been our photographer-in-chief. Apart from producing Form group photos in colour every year, he has also taken most action shots at sports and other school functions. Furthermore, nearly all photographs published in this Magazine are his work. Our thanks go to him for his great effort!

As Joachim will most likely leave our School at the end of this year, we hope to find a successor for him. A few talented beginners are already in sight.

Speaking generally, photography should be taken seriously these days. It can be more than just a hobby and its importance in various fields of activity is growing steadily. Let us now mention Len Weigh (last year's Form 5D) who produced a movie film of Inter-School Athletics last year. He is now on the way to become a professional photographer. Perhaps many more of our pupils will follow Len's footsteps in the future.

— Z

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## TO THE FUTURE

One's love for one's country  
Is only the cause.  
Of malicious and vicious construction of wars.

The fear, the hate, the sadness and terror  
The millions of deaths . . .  
Has God made an error?

Tender love, sweet love, kind love that gives,  
But not love that kills,  
We need love that lives.

The earth is our heaven,  
Education our light,  
Better be passive  
Than always to fight,

The world is but one  
Where no nations will reign,  
And nature will flourish  
In the true world we gain.

— S. Czyz, Form 6

# ORIGINAL

## CHESSEBOARD

By Gary Tempest, Form 5D

He was blind, and I wasn't. That is how we met. I was walking home from work around five o'clock and I stopped for a red light. He was beside me, a thin, wiry fellow with a white cane. He was waiting for the light to change also. There were just the two of us.

I took his arm. "I'll walk with you. I'm going your way."

I felt his arm stiffen at my touch. "Thanks," he said. He was a proud fellow.

I guided him across.

"Thank you," he said again and moved to go on.

"We live on the same street," I said. I paused, then added, "Let's walk together." He took my arm, and we struck out together, his cane trailing at my side. I was lonely, too.

I tried to start some conversations, but his replies were monosyllables, a "No" or a "Yes."

Then, on an impulse, I mentioned, "I play chess, but there are few on the street who play."

He jerked my arm. "Chess — chess," he echoed. "Long time since I played, but . . ."

He was walking again and I felt the tension in his arm.

That was the start of our friendship. It opened up the road that lay ahead of us, for we were both lonely and both proud. I lived at the other end of the street, and my job was not important.

It was not easy at first, but as the days passed we managed to meet each other, in the evenings, for the odd game of chess. I called for him, and brought him back to my room up on the third floor. We talked, we played chess in silence, we had the odd cup of coffee.

My respect for him grew, and his for me, for we were both good chess players. It all came back to him, his skill for the game, even without his eyes. There he sat, quietly, before each move fingering the board, light fingers moving among the pawns, cautiously exploring my mind, spread out on black and white squares between the two of us — two lonely fellows in a great city, with a chessboard in common.

He became used to my calling for him in my spare hours. We strolled in the park, sat on a bench, listened to children shouting at their play, listened to my talking about flower borders, describing them. He loved flowers and growing things.

We grew together. He was a funny fellow in many ways, for he had prejudices about people, those who talked loudly, those who had pity on him, and foreigners. He had little use for foreigners . . . perhaps the war and foreign soldiers. But there was a prejudice he had, which I could not understand — negroes, black folk: "They ought to stay on their own side of the street."

I never argued with him, for he was from the deep south where colour is a bar and discrimination more than a word. I was content to take him just as he was, and I told him how grateful I was for the

things we held in common, and thanked him for his friendship.

He often gripped my arm as we parted, and I knew he liked me.

"What do you do it for — what?" he would blurt out. "Why chum around with a blind man? Haven't you got a girl or something to put in your evenings?"

I laughed, and he nodded his head as if he agreed it was a great joke. I said, "You play chess, you like the things I like — and — maybe I was lonely."

One day, as we passed along the street, the door of a restaurant was open, and there was a nice homely smell coming out. I felt his arm tighten. "I'm hungry. Let's eat. You know," he added, "all we've ever had together have been cups of tea or coffee." He pulled me toward the door.

I refused, and suggested the park until dinnertime. "They'll be expecting you at your boarding house — you didn't let them know."

But a day or so later we passed by the same restaurant, and the urge came back to him.

You're not going to refuse me this time. I'll pay for it." He was grinning all over.

"No," I stammered. "No; I'm sorry."

"You're not ashamed of me? Don't you want to eat with me?"

"Nothing like that," I murmured. "Nothing like that. But there's a sign in the window."

He knew something was wrong, for he kept shaking me. "What's it say? What's it say?"

I answered slowly: "FOR — WHITE PEOPLE ONLY."

I waited. We stood together in the deserted street, two silent men — alone and proud.

Then, after what seemed like an eternity of silence, "White — white —" he said.

I replied, "I'll go and get your cane."

He grabbed my arm hard, and pushed his face close. His other fist was white at the knuckles. "No! No!" — he said slowly — "that is, if you still want me."

We walked away, arm in arm, and he kept on talking. "Funny business, this life . . . me white and you black. My eyes might have kept me from a great friendship. Eyes can be a blessing, and they can also be a curse."

We strolled down the street, merry with the idea of brotherhood. He was blind; I wasn't. He was white; I wasn't. We held the secret of living, we had need of each other, black and white on the chessboard of destiny.

## MY CAT

My cat is the biggest cat  
My cat is quite the biggest  
that there is.

The reason why is rather odd:  
He loves — what do you think? Why cod  
Liver oil — They tell me that  
Is why he is the biggest cat  
There is.

— Gizella Csillag, Form 1E

## THE FORGOTTEN MIRACLE

The heavy oaken doors of the church clanged shut. Deep solemn silence followed, and as the darkness of the night engulfed the city, a slight breeze found its way through a long jagged split in the heavy door. The spluttering candle at the foot of Saint Francis wavered for a moment and then went out. There was a storm brewing.

Worn and crumbling at the hands, the old bejewelled statue had a look upon his face of indescribable beauty. The very smile upon his lips brought both peace of mind and heart. It was a sad thing that his days were numbered.

There was a sudden crashing of thunder. A dazzling fork of lightning streaked across the heavens, momentarily illuminating the interior of the dark church. The sudden light must have played tricks with the shadows because for a moment it had seemed as if the pedestal of the old marble statue were empty.

A dragging sound echoed eerily throughout the church. There was still someone inside. A bent figure, shrouded in the murkiness, shuffled along. It was an old man. He knelt down painfully in the aisle and after making the sign of the cross, shuffled to where the steps in front of the altar were. The old man gazed around the church slowly. Every night for what had seemed eternity he had come to worship at the altar of God. Yes, this church was almost a home to him. As he turned his reverent gaze back upon the altar, he gave a sigh which was almost inaudible. It was a sad sigh and yet strangely enough it was one of content.

While the old man was kneeling silently in prayer a strange glow of radiance had formed about his head. For the first time his face could be seen clearly. It was one of great beauty and had a surprisingly strong character about it. Even the tiniest wrinkle had a suggestion of kindness and endurance.

He had been praying for several long hours when a sudden rustle in the corner caused him to look through his one clear eye towards the pews. His vision had many years ago become accustomed to the dull cover night afforded to the church. He felt a rising of his saddened spirits at what he saw. Underneath the closest pew stood a tiny mouse. It was shaking in uncontrollable fear.

Most of the townsfolk were wealthy, but they had leaden hearts. On Sundays and Holy Days they came to church. While they sat in their pews and listened in bored and often inattentive silence, they would yawn — great gaping yawns. This had depressed all priests who had been unfortunate to preach their sermons here. Years had rolled indolently by, and the unsuccessful priests had trodden their various paths.

Finally the Bishop, quite baffled by their failure, had passed judgement: Their town should have a beautiful cathedral with beautiful statues. And so that was why the old mellow church was to be destroyed so inconsiderately.

A surge of emotion flowed through the old man for he loved this church. He wondered why man had created such a splendid thing only to destroy it. Then, in a hesitant voice, he commanded the first words of speech he had uttered in all his creation: "Tell . . . me . . . my young friend, why do you shiver so? Are you cold?"

Almost immediately the mouse ceased to quake. Who could be the owner of such a kind voice? "Over here, my tiny friend," the old man said tenderly, "tell me why were you so afraid?"

Answering timidly the tiny grey mouse replied: "The poor people who are often so kind to me have no money for their rent and have been thrown into the street. The innkeeper, who is himself rich, is quite merciless and shows no sympathy for the poor. Now the elderly couple have nowhere to go." Ceasing to feel self-conscious the tiny mouse inquired: "Tell me who are you that you show such a helpful attitude?"

"I am Saint Francis, my little friend. Many years ago I aided the poor and ill, as you now are attempting to help these people of whom you speak. Every day I gaze from my window and what I see saddens me deeply. Now no-one seeks the solace of my home for many are intent only on satisfying their own lust for worldly possessions. Once again men quarrel amongst themselves. There is hardly a soul untarnished amongst them by sin. Old folk are unable to endure the cold of the snow during the long winter night. Pray, my tiny friend! My eye is made of the clearest emerald unsurpassed in beauty: At the dawning of the new day remove it that your needy friends may have a home and food to eat!"

The tiny mouse was overwhelmed with emotion. "But, Saint Francis," he protested, "you shall be blind, for you have but one eye left."

"Do as I ask, my friend!" Saint Francis said slowly looking steadily at the anxious little mouse.

"The weather is cold." The mouse faltered despairingly, but ended in a firmer note: "I shall do as you ask."

There was a thunderous rumble in the heavens, and a brilliant piece of jagged lightning scorched its way across the sky. The old man had disappeared, and when the storm had abated the moon came out. The silhouette of Saint Francis stood against the window.

Next morning the sky was black with overcast clouds. Beside the tiny frozen body of a mouse two happy old folk had found an emerald which was unsurpassed in beauty. Demolition also began that day, and first to be removed was the blind statue of Saint Francis. As the old truck drove to the city limits where the dump was, one of the drivers thought he heard a painful murmur: "My . . . little friend, all . . . shall be well."

— Tolic Kosciuk, Form 4B

## THE SEA

In the day it is calm, and the sun is shining.  
In the evening it is given the grey shadow of night.  
In the night it has a delightful light of the shining moon.

Then it strikes, the roar and the thunder.  
The giver of light turns to grey, then to black in the frost-bitten night.

The foam and the bubbles rise from the angry waves,  
from the warm peaceful sea beneath.

The waves toss and tumble many boats which will be  
sunken well beneath the waves by dawn.

At day-break, the sea shows no sign of anger  
Nor trace of the boats that once sailed there.  
Yes, the sea is a strong and mighty army in the night  
But soft and timid at the sight of light.

— Karen Begall, Form 1D

## IN MEMORY OF THE SCHOOL'S PAINTERS

or

### THOU SHALT NOT DISTURB MATRIC. HISTORY

The class is deadly silent,  
Each pupil with his head bent  
Reads of France and the guillotine  
When suddenly a piercing scream  
Ejects from a painter by the window.

:: :: ::

His finger is caught in a chink,  
He whimpers loudly, we cannot think.  
Freed at last and peace once more,  
His paint brush falls onto the floor.  
Eyes glare at his embarrassment.

:: :: ::

Brush retrieved, we return to France,  
But by some ill chance  
His ladder falls and he  
Dangling, bangs his knee  
Against the window pane.

:: :: ::

He bangs once, he bangs twice,  
The looks returned are not at all nice.  
Pleadingly he calls for help,  
But it comes too late and with a yelp  
He lands with one foot in his paint.

:: :: ::

The ladder restored, the mess cleaned,  
Peace again, return to France it seemed,  
Our poor Marie without a head,  
We sigh, but hear whistling instead.  
The painter is feeling gay.

:: :: ::

The teacher's look is stern,  
So discouraged he turns  
To converse with another painter  
Teacher's complexion grows fainter  
So he closes the window with a bang.

:: :: ::

There is a shattering sound,  
Pieces of glass fall to the ground,  
Alarmed by the sudden noise,  
The painter loses poise  
And thrusts his hands forward.

:: :: ::

The teacher turns to investigate  
But what he sees, he sees too late,  
The brush still in the painter's hand  
Has on teacher's face left a brand.  
Both regard each other uncertainly.

:: :: ::

Pupils speculate that there may be  
More action soon that in the history  
Of the French Revolution, so  
Faces with anticipation glow,  
But pips sound, school is over.

— Nadia Koniuk, Form 6

## OUR STRUGGLE

By Stefan Czyz, Form 6

What a fabulous Matriculation year this is. Here I stand as tall as a mountain, having a complete revolution within myself. I am tough, strong, and impenetrable, with the power and strength of steel. That is after I do my five hours homework.

Regrettably this feeling of exultation dwindles away a few minutes later. Turning to reality, my mind becomes the black pit of horror and fear: fear that another drab day of Matriculation has to be endured. This fear is followed by a numb feeling of uselessness. I am in the middle of a pitch black path with no way back and only a way into the unknown future. With dreary instinctiveness I burden myself with the task of arising from bed in the morning.

Arriving at School I greet hoards of sad and pitiful faces. I understand these poor souls, for they are my comrades on this desolate track. We are all part of the mechanism of this great matriculation machine. Each individual being a machine in himself, swallowing information and churning it out during working hours. The important working hours are labeled with the name "exam."

The most efficient "robots" have the wonderful opportunity of continuing to swallow and churn out information at a factory with greater importance than the school. This is the university. But woe to those poor machines who malfunction. They have to repair themselves and repeat another year at the same factory. These are either the morons or the ones who lack drive and incentive. But another "happy" year at matriculation will not deter them.

The operators of these machines must be mentioned. These operators or teachers drive and guide these matriculation machines. The well-oiled machines are easy to operate. But machines with rusty parts chuff and splutter along with great difficulty and much repair and plenty of extra work is required to achieve the desired result. An unavoidable disadvantage is that operators may steer in the wrong direction; they run the machines their own way, by being biased and prejudiced.

Many of these machines show that they thoroughly "enjoy" their occupation by trying to become human. By acting the fool and behaving childishly they come close to achieving it. But it is only the male sex that is brave enough to attempt this unpopular deed. The females, whose main objective is to be socially adaptable, stick their noses high into the air and never have the sense to try to look below themselves. They love to think of themselves as mature people yet the maturity is something which has not really been classified.

Whirr — Click — my engine is beginning to malfunction, it is becoming sidetracked. I had better turn off before worse material is churned out.



AN OPTIMIST — One who is never disappointed in life, for he never expects anything from it . . .

—P. Ledney.



## THE WALL

By Jutta Heymig, Form 6

Nineteen fifty-six — The night was cold and damp, mists were rising from the canal. The town was pitch black and a ghostly watery moon shone high in the nightly sky. Strange noises could be heard in the great metropolis of Berlin. They echoed from the eastern side: trucks moving, banging, thumping, hammering and an occasional shout. Yes, grimly and silently men built stone upon stone, and, when the people of Berlin arose in the morning they were faced by a grey wall that divided the town into two halves.

It simply divided a city in half that had been of great historical importance and had daily made headlines in the world press, only fifteen years earlier. It was in the news once more — the East Germans under the impetus of Russia had built the wall. Three allied Western nations could have demolished that wall, three allied Western nations could have assisted the revolt of the people in the east of Berlin on the 17th of June 1958, but three allied Western nations were not interested in the country that lay wasted after years of war and siege. The great snarling beast lay beaten — licking its wounds but no-one would assist its recovery because of a blinding, stupid fear — so there stood a grey wall. But was it just a wall? This wall ruthlessly divided families, left people unemployed, spread misery and fear, divided a people and implanted hatred in their hearts. Already ten years after that fatal day the young have given up caring. From day to day, year to year, this wall is being accepted, only the old hanker and grieve, but their limbs are weak and their days are few.

Only one night was taken to construct this huge, massive wall in Berlin, but still today miles of barbed-wire are being nailed to posts and fields are being ploughed and planted with mines. As a whole nation is being divided the people look on helplessly.

In 1959, the wall was being fortified in a little village on the Elbe. This village which had had a population of two thousand had declined to a little more than two hundred inhabitants. The houses were falling into decay and the fields were untended. The railway no longer operated, the bus service had stopped and supplies were hard to obtain.

In this village it so happened that a farmer missed three of his cows. He followed their tracks and discovered that they led across the border into East Germany. At once he went to the border-guard and reported his loss. The guard went to a certain spot within shouting distance of the East where he could be clearly seen. He waited one, two, three hours . . . finally, an Eastern guard walked calmly and unconcernedly to the wall.

"Do you want anything?"

"Three cows strayed over the border, could you please return them?"

"We saw no cows cross the border, so we can't return any, can we?"

Next morning, on the other side of the border, a young man driving a tractor, had to collect some wire left near the village because it was needed somewhere else. When he had loaded and was in close vicinity of the border, he suddenly back-fired and driving backward at an alarming rate, dashed

through the red tape and the wall with the Easterners opening a crescendo of fire. He reached the West safely. He was badly wounded and the tractor was almost wrecked but the driver's spirits were high — he had gained his freedom and a new life.

A few hours after the incident an Eastern guard stood waiting. After a few hours a Western guard lazily strolled up to him.

"Do you want anything?"

"We think a tractor of ours crossed the border!"

"Oh, did it, we didn't see one! Have you perhaps detected our cows?"

"Yes, they arrived at one of our co-operative farms this morning."

"Isn't that funny, I've just remembered, I think I did see a tractor crossing the border."

Well, after hours of sarcastic debating it was arranged that the tractor and cows would be interchanged early the following morning. Both sides agreed that no soldiers or reporters were to be present, as this could cause an unfavourable sensation.

In the foggy dawn the hilarious swap took place. The guards of both sides were not allowed to cross the border, otherwise they would be shot. Now, with the cows this presented no problem: their noses were simply turned towards the west, their rear-ends received a slap and they were off. But the tractor was a problem. After a short consultation on both sides and plenty of shouting one man had a brain wave and it was immediately put into effect. The driver drove the tractor half over the border with the front wheels on Eastern soil and the back on Western. Then the driver of the west climbed out the back and the driver on the East got up the front and drove it safely across. Just as the mission had been successfully completed it began to rain. Suddenly, it was curious to observe the feverish activity behind trees, bushes and in trenches as about fifty men ran for shelter armed with machine guns on the Eastern side, and, on the Western several reporters armed with cameras rushed off. Both soldiers and reporters had been present, the most dangerous weapons of either side.

Does this story sound fantastic? I can swear that it is true. Just imagine this nonsense: they are brothers before God and practically brothers in blood, they had the same post, they have the same language, the same customs. Yet all this time cousin faces cousin, or even, brother, brother and they would not hesitate to shoot. This occurrence illustrates the petty mindedness of both sides in a time when they should endeavour to keep together and support one another in every need. They fight over political principles, which are in many cases hammered into them and blindly followed because of fear. Well, after this example, I can only hope they remain apart. Just imagine what pranks they would get up to if they were united! Heavens above!



## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE NEPTUNE FAMILY

Jutta Schwartz, Form 3A

King Neptune sat on his throne under the sea, twiddling his thumbs. He was bored with sitting in the huge palace and doing nothing. The king was trying to think of an activity that he could do that day. He could do work in his garden of seaweeds, or go life-saving which he had often done when the fishing season was on, or go for a ride in his turtle chariot, but no! He wasn't in the mood for doing any of these things. At last he had it. He and his family would go for a walk. And that's what they did. The happy king called his two sons, his daughter, and his wife together and went for a walk. The older of the two princes took a basket, the younger took fish food and the princess took boxes with earth in them. The queen took food also, and the king took his big fork. (The fork is a symbol of his power and King Neptune would never go without it.) When they had gone a fair way, Alvin (the older) started to collect lovely mushroom corals. The younger (Clifford) started to feed the fish and specimens. Frances (the princess) began filling her boxes with beautiful corals.

They passed through the seaweed-wood, in which they saw a lot of the water-folk going about their usual daily work. They saw the sword-fish sawing giant shells so that the hammerhead shark could hammer them together. Mrs. Eel was teaching her shoal of fish their alphabet. They also saw Mamma Octopus weaving clothing for her children with her long, but useful eight legs. When they were out of this strange weed land, Queen Neptune suggested having a meal, to which they all agreed. They ate heartily until everything was gone.

They decided to go and visit Mother Earth, for she was a good old lady, who lived on the other side of the sea, where the green grass grows. (Now, I must explain to you something you should know. We all know the world is round, the sea and the sky are blue. Well, the sea is just the joining onto the sky from a different angle and only one sort of fish lives there, the star fish.) The Neptune family got upon sea-horses and rode off towards the kingdom. They rode past the dividing line between the two kingdoms where the only inhabiting fish, the angel fish, was guarding the gates. Here they climbed off the sea-horses and boarded a starfish, that took them to Mother Earth's doorstep. She greeted them affectionately and offered them a cup of tea, which they accepted. Then Frances gave her the mushroom corals. Mother Earth told King Neptune of the problem she had about a crew of sailors, who went around killing other men, but she couldn't do anything about it because they were always at sea. She asked the king if he could punish them for her. The king promised that he would.

It was beginning to grow dark now, and the Queen mentioned that it was time for them to go home. A flying fish flew by and the royal family rode upon its back. Once at home again the ruler gave orders for every living thing under the sea to find shelter. After this had been done he made the sea swirl and the ship with the sailors tossed and turned. The sea roared and tidal waves occurred until the crew of murdering sailors swore to Mother Earth that they would never again do a bad deed. And then the sea became silent and restful again as before.

## RAMBLING BY THE RIVER

By Danny Vadasz, Form 5D

Among the snow-capped peaks of the towering mountains the sun shone soothingly, on the barren rocks. Here and there, chunks of ice, frozen by the cold winter, fell as the heat of the day dislodged their clasp on the crags of the hills. Trickles of water began to seek their way down from the snow fields, united in their search for lower ground.

The day progressed. Puddles and tiny brooks increased as the sun ate into the last strongholds of coldness. Streams formed as rippling pools collected and flowed on. These flows increased, multiplied and joined continually as greater and greater volumes of water tumbled down. These became rivers, rushing downhill, swelling in size as rain and snow fed them. Waterfalls, first gentle and glistening but then growing into furious torrents with the growth of the rivers, leaped blindly over canyons, roaring at the end of their fall and gushing onwards. As the water reached ground level the force which had increased its rage and speed began to slack, and the river swept gracefully now, bringing beauty to the brilliant countryside. Its clear waters lapped softly the sandy banks and its coolness brought relief to the creatures along its flow.

Fish, brilliant and camouflaged, inhabited its deepest depths, and graceful birds swooped above it. Tall trees, enriched by the life-giving river spread protective boughs overhead and between the shadows the giant timber the sunlight glistened peacefully on its surface.

But now, as the river rambled on, the sun grew brighter, and beat down the water with intensified ferocity. The tall trees and luscious ferns began to dwindle, the birds grew fewer. Now stunted trees began to appear where the elms used to grow, and columns of steam rose from the river's surface. The banks of the mighty giant grew closer together and raven caws replaced the sweet shrill of the thrush and swallow. Hot winds frequently blew now and swept dust and sand before them, some of which fell onto the stream and discoloured its crystal waters.

Now, sand stretched out around the creek with here and there a stunted shrub or hardy tuft of grass clinging to what life was left in them. The creek went on, no longer the mighty torrent it had once been, but now a sluggish water-way which crawled slowly over barren rocks and sand. The width of its flow had been shrunken to less than fifteen feet, yet it struggled onwards.

Now only a shallow gutter of water was left to confirm its existence. A trickle of water it had begun; a sluggish puddle it had ended up as.



## AN ESCAPE

By Janet McPherson, Form 2A

The prison door clanged shut behind the convict Robert Tay, as another dreary day of monotonous work in the prison machine shop came to an end, but tomorrow this prisoner need not look forward to another day of such labour. From the sleeve of his dark blue uniform he carefully extracted a length of rope in the darkness of his cell. He felt excited, almost elated. Walking quietly toward the far corner of the cell, his mind raced towards the prospects of liberty and the things he would do when he escaped.

He hastily glanced towards the barred door of his cell, and perceiving no-one about, stealthily leant over, and, squatting down, prised a slab from the floor, revealing a cunningly concealed aperture beneath. Below this was another slab, and when this had been removed, the gaping entrance to a tunnel was visible.

Lowering himself carefully into this tunnel, the prisoner concealed the entrance by placing the two slabs once more into position. It had taken three years of toil after dark to complete this tunnel, and now, the time of which he had dreamed for three long years, had finally arrived.

He crawled along the low twelve feet of tunnel, to where it opened into a storm water drain, only just wide enough for him to squeeze along. It took him no more than five minutes to make the distance, but to him it seemed a lifetime. He stealthily lifted a grill located above his head. He was now in the prison yard in the shadow of the cell block.

His plan was perfectly clear in his mind; after all, for three years he had thought of little else. He ran, hunched quickly to the corner. The searchlight flashed across the yard, illuminating everything as if it were day. He felt icily calm. When the light passed he sprinted in his bare feet across the twenty-five yards to the wall. From his jacket he took out the length of rope with hook on the end. He threw it over the wall where it caught at the top. The searchlight flashed around the yard again, and now with a rapidly beating heart the prisoner flung himself violently to the ground.

Within the prison a bell clanged, the guard had discovered the empty cell and had sounded the alarm.

Like an acrobat he swung up the rope, and all the while the coarse fibres burned into his throbbing fingers. By now searchlights were focused on the madly swinging rope with the desperate man clinging to it. He struggled further up the rope, and the cruel fibres bit still deeper into his hands.

He did not hear the loudspeaker as the warden's voice ordered him to come down before the guards fired upon him. He could only realise the burning desire for freedom within him, and it smothered all other reasoning. ESCAPE! ESCAPE! The word rose to a crescendo in his brain.

The yard below him was in turmoil. Through a mist he saw the barrel of a rifle glinting in the light. More searchlights focused themselves upon him, temporarily blinding him. Even before the bullet hit him, the crack of a rifle told him his time had

come. A burning sensation in his left side pitched him off the wildly swinging rope. CRACK! CRACK! He was dead before his body hit the ground, but in the split second before he died, the prisoner knew he had found the only real escape.

## OUR DESTINY

The old warrior,  
Still young and full of spirit  
Drives with a surging supernatural power  
To the hearts of those who love.  
His strength is ours, but has not won  
For faith in life is lost  
In loveless ones there is no world,  
Just time that stops at death,

I see a world of crazy men  
Who cannot see the light  
They see what is, but not what be  
Terror is their plight.  
But fight on man for you will win  
As we are still down here,  
Our world of toil and misery  
Served by hate and fear

Be patient God,  
For love will reign  
And we will be your sons  
But please, don't leave us here, my Lord,  
For we are restless ones.

— Stefan Czyz, Form 6

## THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE

By Maria Dobes, Form 2A

I ran on blindly enduring the terrors of the cruel jungle. Weird butterflies and birds — or were they? — flew swiftly by. I saw a flash of orange, which I certainly did not stop to identify. I ran as I had never run before; this was a real Marathon race. The chattering of monkeys became audible. The vivid, terrifying colours the jungle offered, frightened me out of my wits.

I pushed on and wondered if this agony knew no bounds. Suddenly — oh terror of terrors — I saw footprints which looked as if they were a giant cat's. The colours seemed to be on fire, their shades were blended into an agonising crimson shade. I made an attempt to escape from this inferno, but the earth was dizzy; no matter in which direction I turned, the haunting footsteps lay in an infinite track ahead of me.

My eyes followed the tracks as if they had been riveted there. I froze. I had spotted the creature and I wanted to shout. I couldn't — the sound stuck in my throat. My feet were glued to the ground.

I made an attempt to move. My eyes failed me, I tripped, landing in a swamp. The leeches clung to me, but I failed to notice. The tiger was but three feet behind me. Then suddenly I woke up.

## A FRIEND

How complex is the mind of one  
Who remains silent while others babble?  
The one who is ever thoughtful, but  
Never discloses her thoughts to anyone.

She who stands tall, dark, mysterious  
Saying only what she wills you to know,  
Never an unkind or ungracious word,  
Patiently listening to matter tedious.

in her kind careful nature, many confide,  
Trusting her, who is worthy of trust,  
But who does not, or cannot return trust.  
Does she trust herself — what does she hide?

She will bear the burdens of a friend,  
Reign gaiety to cheer, to help,  
Spur those in doubt, inspire with her piety,  
Always sincere and faithful to the end.

Why does she show genuine joy in the joy of another  
Has she not heard of jealousy?  
Many cannot or will not return the compliment  
Why does she even bother?

This rare, gentle creature is enveloped by a screen.  
How to penetrate? How to know that mind?  
Does she break and burn with pain inside?  
Is her spirit as free as would seem?

Oh dear friend, girl of mystery,  
Fate and experience must have been unkind  
To have taught you a great lesson in life.  
Dear friend what is your story?

— Nadia Koniuk, Form 6

## THEY MAKE YOU LAUGH

There's a tinkling call from the gum-tree tall,  
Where the Swallow sits high, listening to the buzz of  
the fly,  
And the Eagle sits on the mountain tall  
Watching the Sparrows on the garden wall.

The Bee sings to himself while making honey,  
For people to take and sell for money.  
The Owl, he sits on a lonely night  
Watching some creatures having a fight.

The Robin, he comes in the winter,  
When the snow is soft and white,  
He plays in your garden and  
Sits on your fence at night.

They all make you laugh,  
They make you grin  
But when they fight  
They make you feel that you have sinned.

— Johanna Neeland, Form 2D

## STOP PRESS!

# DEBATING — A WIN!

After many months of long preparation and competition, the C Grade Debating team achieved their goal — a premiership. This win was much to their credit, as Monica Reisch, Denise da Silva and Kasten Richter are third formers who are debating in the intermediate Section.

The three debaters are to be congratulated on the zeal they displayed during the past months. Only one defeat was inflicted during the season and that by C.B.C. North Melbourne, whom they defeated in the semi-final.

Topic for the Grand Final was "That Australia Should Be a Republic", and our opponents were Hampton High School, who must be regarded as very unlucky — they lost this debate by only 2 points, and last year were defeated in a Grand-Final by a mere point. Karsten Richter's performance in the Grand Final was little short of superb. During the season all three debaters had "their nights" when their eloquence, arguments and poise left their audiences amazed.

Full marks for a superlative effort, and let us now look forward to them being successful again in 1968!

# COMBINED ATHLETICS SPORTS

The School made a really fine attempt this year in its first contest in B Grade to achieve promotion. We did not quite make it, but there were some wonderful individual and relay efforts which can afford us happy memories and give us great hope for the future. On Saturday, October 21, we had several representatives in the All High School Sports. All did well, Janette Stevenson gaining fourth place in the Girls' Open Discus, whilst Judith Barnes in the same event Under 16, came second. Our other representatives were Tinia Kolin in the Under 17 Javelin, and Dolores Kurilowski in the Under 14 100 Yards. Harry Swieboda did well in the open Triple Jump; Paul Kowalczyk did not reach his peak in the Under 14 High Jump; Ross Carter was beaten in the Under 13 100 Yards for a place, and although Peter Rengey in the Under 16 Mile also missed a place, he ran the best mile time ever recorded by a St. Albans High School boy (4 min. 55 sec.).

One of the highlights of the meeting, and certainly the outstanding performance from our point of view, was the splendid win by the Boys' Under 15 Relay team. The changeovers were nigh perfect, and each member of the team — Alfred Bartsch, David Roberts, Mark Godfrey and captain Michael Pokrovsky — ran superbly. The time of 48.1 sec. against a finishing head wind was just 1 second off the record. The team's excellent form, and, indeed, that of all

the boys, was a credit to the superb coaching of Mr. Key, and the best tribute the team could pay him.

Other winners for the school in the Thursday Division Sports who did not make the combined team, except in some cases as emergencies, were field captain Ihor Bevz, in the Open Javelin, Peter Ramholdt in the Open Shot Putt, track captain George Phillips in the Open 440 yards — a fine performance — and the Open Relay team of George Phillips, Harry Swieboda, Peter Glisovic and John Lang. Xen Kratsis ran a meritorious double in 880 and mile.

In the Under 17 division, although we had no winners, captain Robert Ppageorge was a steady performer with several places, and he was well supported by Jimmy Martakis, John Attard, Milan Glisovic and Hans Brubacher, who gained a second in the relay.

Apart from Peter Rengey, captain Jeremy Clare was the best Under 16 performer, while in the Under 15 section all the relay team afore mentioned also did particularly well in the individual events.

Captain Paul Kowalczyk was the star of the divisional meeting with four firsts, including a splendid High Jump record of 5 ft. 3 in. in the Under 14 section, as well as providing the finish to a thrilling win in the relay where he was supported by Ian McKenzie, Jimmy Glouftis and Victor Malynyz. The latter two executed what must have been the most breathtaking changeover of the meeting, and only the subsequent pain and relief on their coach's face could atone for such a shock.

Captain Ross Carter, who trained like a Trojan, and Garry Priest were triumphant in the Under 13 sprints and helped to raise the aggregate to a winning total which would surely have been beyond doubt if the Junior B Grade Relays had remained on the programme. Very bad luck for those who trained so hard for these events, but their work will not be lost if next year they translate the experience gained in training to performances on the track.

Finally, thanks again to the coaches for their wonderful enthusiasm, skill and dedication to their work. More dedicated efforts like this, and win or lose we can advance with pride in our sporting achievements.

Well done, St. Albans!

## OUR JUNIORS WIN SHIELD!

### Results of 1967 Athletics.

#### "B" Section.

Junior Shield:	Points.
1. St. Albans	152
2. Werribee	128
3. Braybrook	124
4. Flemington	98
5. Altona	79
6. Sunbury	59
Intermediate Shield:	
1. Altona	169
2. Braybrook	156
3. Flemington	145
4. Werribee	134
5. St. Albans	133
6. Sunbury	128
Senior Shield:	
1. Altona	219½
2. Braybrook	209
3. Sunbury	193
4. St. Albans	188½
5. Werribee	149
6. Flemington	96½

### Grand Aggregate:

1. Braybrook	489
2. St. Albans	473½
3. Altona	467½
4. Werribee	411
5. Sunbury	380
6. Flemington	339½

## REPRESENTATIVES AND PLACE-GETTERS.

### BOYS.

**Open:** John Lang, 100 Yds., 2nd; Geo. Phillips, 220 Yds., 440 Yds., 1st; Xen Kratsis, 880 Yds., 2nd, Mile, 2nd; Geo. Phillips, Harry Swieboda, Peter Glisovic, John Lang, Relay, 1st; Ihor Bevz, Javelin, 1st; Harry Swieboda, Triple Jump, 1st; John Kruk, Discus, 3rd; Edward Kruk, Hurdles, 2nd; Peter Ramholdt, Shot Putt, 1st; Geo. Phillips, Peter Glisovic, Maurice McMaster, Mile Medley, 2nd; Peter Glisovic, High Jump, 3rd; Harry Swieboda, Long Jump, 4th.

**Under 17:** Robert Ppageorge, Javelin, 2nd, Discus, 2nd, Triple Jump, Broad Jump; Jimmy Martakis, High Jump, Hurdles; John Attard, 220 Yds.; Milan Glisovic, 100 Yds.; John Payne, 880 Yds.; Alan Kane, Mile; H. Brubacher, 440 Yds., 4th.

**Under 16:** G. Carter, 100 Yds., 4th; G. Hilling, 440 Yds.; Jeremy Clare, 880 Yds., 2nd; Ronald Krois, Mile, 4th; Peter Rengey, Mile, 1st; Robert Czerkes, Discus, 2nd; Gordon Djurdjevic, Long Jump, Triple Jump, Hurdles, 4th; Joseph Szydzik, Javelin; Alfred Hailey, 4th.

**Under 15:** Michael Pokrovsky, 220 Yds., 3rd; Relay, 1st; Alfred Bartsch, 100 Yds., 2nd, Relay, 1st; David Roberts, High Jump, Long Jump, Relay, 1st; Mark Godfrey, 440 Yds., 3rd, Relay, 1st; Brian Wright, 880 Yds.; Walter Fogiel, Hurdles; Boyd Clare, 880 Yds.

**Under 14:** Ivan Kos, Discus, 4th, Javelin; Paul Kowalczyk, 100 Yds., 1st, 220 Yds., 1st, Long Jump 1st, High Jump, 1st—5 ft. 3 in., record; Ian McKenzie, Relay, 1st; Jimmy Glouftis, Relay, 1st; Victor Malynycz, Relay, 1st.

**Under 13:** Ross Carter, 100 Yds., 1st; Garry Priest, 220 Yds., 1st; Paul Tomic, Relay; Vangel Eliopoulos, Relay; Mario Axiak, High Jump, 3rd.

### GIRLS.

**Open:** J. Stevenson, Shot Putt, 1st; Pep, Broad Jump, 4th; J. Stevenson, Javelin, 1st; Discus, 1st; Jutta, 100 Yds., 6th; Pep, High Jump, 4th, 220 Yds., 6th; Meelely, 6th, Relay, 2nd.

**Under 17:** T. Kolinin, Javelin; J. Yoswik, Broad Jump, 4th; J. Kozak, High Jump, 2nd; M. Lange, 100 Yds., 4th; 220 Yds., 5th; Hurdles; Relay, 4th.

**Under 16:** J. Barnes, Javelin, 2nd; Shot Putt, 2nd; Discus, 1st; K. Zsolnai, Broad Jump, 3rd; 100 Yds., 5th; 220 Yds., 3rd; Hurdles, 5th; Relay, 5th.

**Under 15:** D. Talbot, Broad Jump, 2nd; 6th; R. Gangar, 5th; C. Anderson, 2nd; Hurdles, 5th; Relay, 5th.

**Under 14:** O. Kurilowski, Discus, 4th; High Jump, 4th; 75 Yds., 4th; D. Kurilowski, 100 Yds., 1st; Broad Jump, 1st; H. Barnes, Shot Putt, 5th; Hurdles, 5th; Relay, 1st.

**Under 13:** W. Linhart, Broad Jump, 3rd; High Jump, 2nd; 75 Yds., 6th; 100 Yds.; Relay, 6th.