



Voyager

BHS

1982

Roll Call

YEAR 7A

GIRLS

BAKER, Marcia
BARTLETT, Tracy
CHRISTIE, Polly
GODFREY, Michelle
GORMAN, Kate
HOPSON, Ann
JENKINS, Donna
LUSKIN, Tania
McINTYRE, Michelle
McKENZIE, Cheryl
MALCOLM, Leah
MALLAGHAN, Samantha
MANSER, Catherine
MURPHY, Christine
RAYNER, Jacqueline

BOYS

AFFERI, Paolo
BLACK, Scott
COULTER, Benjamin
DAW, Mark
HADDON, Simon
HOTSTON, Jonathan
KOYA, Azwar
LANDER, Matthew
LEWIS, Scott
LION, Igor
LYNCH, Daniel
MATERIA, Angelo
OWEN, Christopher
SAYERS, Jamie
WARD, Jeffrey
WIJNGAARDEN, Peter

YEAR 7B

GIRLS

BEDNAREK, Tracey
BROWN, Michelle
CUTHBERT, Tami-Jo
DOOLEY, Tierney
EGGART, Anita
EMMETT, Judith
GISSING, Leanne
KORMAS, Rina
RABL, Sophie
ROUSSIS, Evelyn
SALVIO, Brenda
TANNER, Julie
van MEGCHELEN, Tania
WRIGHT, Helen

BOYS

ARPINI, Simon
BANNERMAN, John
BARR, Hamish
BEATY, Cameron
COPE, Christopher
GEORGAKOPOULOS, Eric
McKIGGAN, Douglas
NG, Aaron
OEHLMANN, Justin
PHILIPPOU, Nicholas
TYRIE, Elwyn
WARNECKE, Ian
WATSON, Tori
WILCOX, Paul
ZALCMAN, Daniel

YEAR 7C

GIRLS

ASPINALL, Londa
BEDOVIAN, Irene
BOOTH, Lelleigh
CAMBRIA, Dora
COON, Kerrie-Ann
DEDEK, Simona
FOSTER, Gwenda
GEORGAKOPOULOS, Sofia
HOWAT, Mary
KENIGSTEIN, Sveta
McKINDLEY, Trudi
OLDFIELD, Susan
OLSEN, Petrina
TURNER, Samantha
WILLIAMS, Michelle

BOYS

BAUMANN, Steven
BRABNER, Cameron
CHALMERS, Cameron
EXELL, Timothy
FISCHER, Scott
FORBES, Dawson
HARITOS, John
KALABOUKAS, Constantines
KOUTSOURAKIS, Nicholas
McDONALD, Leon
PATKIN, David
SERVIS, Christopher
SKINNER, Matthew
STEFANATOS, John
ZYGOURAKIS, Danny

YEAR 7D

GIRLS

BAKKER, Ingrid
BARNARD, Deanne
BUTTERWORTH, Anne
CHARTERS, Lorna
COOPER, Martine
DEDEK, Michaela
FLEGG, Shannon
GEE, Connie
JONES, Deborah
KELLY, Rachael
KREBS, Sascha
ORR, Catherine
SAISANAS, Tina
SLEIGH, Samantha
STUART, Vanessa

BOYS

COYNE, Phillip
DUNMORE, Neill
DUNN, Christopher
FOSTER, Paul
FRANKLIN, David
HENDRIKSE, Gregory
LOVE, Timothy
McCONCHIE, Ian
NEWHAM, Mark
PARRY, Brett
PORCINO, Guiseppe
RAYMOND, Christopher
ROBERTS, Jason
RYAN, Rodney
SEAMER, Grant
SWAN, Hilton

YEAR 7E

GIRLS

BOZZETTO, Dorina
BUCKI, Wendy
CAR, Vicki
CHOI, Winnie
FORSTER, Karen
GAULT, Rachel
HARDY, Katrina
HAYTER, Deena
LINDBLOM, Leanne
MOROSOLI, Tina
MOUNTAIN, Jennie
OAKMAN, Barbara Ann
RICCO, Tania
SMITH, Elizabeth
VINCENT, Linda

BOYS

ABIUSO, Stephen
ANDERSON, Paul
BARBOUR, Guy
BHAVNAGRI, Burzin
CHRISTODOULOU, Nick
FERGUSON, Robert
GALANOPOULOS, Nick
McCOLL, Gawain
ROBERTSON, Mark
SHAW, Michael
STEDMAN, Justin
TAYLOR, Simon
THOMAS, Benjamin
WARD, Brett

YEAR 8A

GIRLS

BANWELL, Michelle
BORNER, Claire
GUTHRIE, Sarah
GOUTSIARIS, Agnes
ISAACHSEN, Rebecca
KARATASIS, Vaso
KLEINBLAT, Iris
MAYO, Nicola
McKENZIE, Rosemarie
McMAHON, Fiona
MUTARD, Francine
POLLARD, Michelle
TOUNTZIOS, Mary
von zum HOF, Karin

BOYS

CHINN, Gregory
COATES, Justin
COOMBS, Mark
FIKET, Ian
GILBERTSON, Brian
HICKLIN, Boyd
KALABOUKAS, Dimitrios (Jimmy)
KHOO, Kah-Yeow
MERMINGAS, Menio
MILLS, Robert
NOPPER, Bradley
PORCINO, Frank
SAUNDERS, Andrew
SCHEINER, Leonardo (Leo)
SENIOR, Paul
WRIGHT, Jason

YEAR 8B

GIRLS

BATSON, Julie-Anna
HUMPHREYS, Jane
JOHNSON, Helena
LEVY, Joanna
McLEOD, Margaret
MOUSSI, Bernadette
MOUSSI, Geradine
NELSON, Melissa
NEWHAM, Debra
OSBORNE, Vanessa
PREW, Michelle
SELBY, Victoria
SMITH, Amanda
THOMPSON, Melissa

BOYS

BALL, Simon
BAUMANN, Craig
BERRY, Kevin
CLARKE, John
GILLON, Karl
KATOS, Con
KELLY, Justin
MOUTSOS, Nick
McCONACHY, Simon
McMATH, Douglas
NIPPARD, Andrew
PAVLOU, Louie
RICKMAN, Peter
SIMMONS, Matthew
TAYLOR, William (Geoff)

YEAR 8C

GIRLS

BRISTOL, Jacqueline
BUTLER, Jodie
COOPER, Elizabeth
HATCH, Robyn
HILL, Ann
KUHLMANN, Sibylle
McALIECE, Kathryn
MOODY, Judith
RENYE, Giuliana
SHORLAND, Emma
SIRMA, Amy
WATT, Michelle

BOYS

ANYOS, Colin
CLARKSON, Justin
COOMBS, Dean
DAVIS, John
DUNMORE, Garry
FALK, Bradley

HAWKES, Julian
HOUDALAKIS, Christos
JOSEPH, Steven
McLURE, Stuart
MIZERA, Otto
PRESS, Justin
RICCO, Mark
SAYERS, Michael
SPARKS, Justin
STEVENSON, Anthony
WHATLEY, Dale
WILSON, David

YEAR 8D

BOYCE, Caitlin
COTTIER, Vicki
HENDERSON, Vanessa
HOUGH, Nerrida
ISAACS, Christine
MEIMARES, Mita
PHILLIPSON, Merryn
SEURET, Nicole
SMITH, Cathie
THOMSON, Karen
van WIJNGAARDEN, Nico
WILSON, Kellie
WRIGHT, Ann

BOYS

BUTLER, Donald
BUTTERWORTH, Philip
DUNMALL, Paul
DWYER, Campbell
FOLEY, Jason
FROST, Martin
GREINER, Adam
HOLLAND, Andrew
HOME, Matthew
JONES, Cameron
MACDONALD, Gregory
MASON, Robin
MIKSAD, John
SHAYER, Philip
SLOMKA, Christopher
STOCKS, Nicholas
SYMEONIDIS, Steven
WILCOX, Jonathan

YEAR 8E

GIRLS

BRISTOW, Vanessa
CARDOSA, Margarida
DIMOS, Maria
GARNET-THOMAS, Kirsti
KAKOS, Maria
LEIGH, Jodie
McCANN, Louise
ONTO, Alexandra
PAVIS, Rachel
RUSSELL, Georgina
SHAW, Melanie
SMITH, Georgina
VROLAND, Leisl
WADE, Marcelle

BOYS

BARR, David
BEVIS, Richard
CHAN, William
CHUM, William
COGDON, Christopher
CRAWSHAW, David
HARDY, Geoffrey
JACKSON, Raymond
KALFOGLOU, Tom
KANE, Christopher
LAINGMAID, Stuart
LAWRY, Andrew
McKEON, Michael
PALAMARA, Patrick
VIAL, John
VINAS, John

YEAR 9A

GIRLS

ANAGNOSTOU, Rosy
BLAINEY, Wendy
CHEN, Ka Mink
DAVIS, John
DUNMORE, Garry
FALK, Bradley

FREEMAN, Tracey
GREENFIELD, Narelle
JOWSKY, Sharn
KEATING, Nicole
LAMBERT, Rachael
McDONALD, Cheryl-Ann
MARRIOT, Kylie-Marita
MURPHY, Lois
PRICE, Andrea
SELBY, Petia
SORRELL, Caroline
TANNER, Vicki
TODD, Jennifer
WILLIAMSON, Leanne
WITHALL, Julie-Anne

BOYS

ANTZAKOS, Antonio
ASHKAR, Peter
BERRY, Michael
DINAS, Jimmy
DOCHERTY, Brian
FORBES, Rohan
HAAS, Max
ISING, Brett
LIANO, Benjamin
McTIGUE, Jonathan
RAYNER, Richard
SYMEONIDIS, Simon
WILSON, Andrew

YEAR 9B

GIRLS

ALDRICH, Jacqueline
BARNARD, Jillian
BYRNE, Lisa
DUETERHAUS, Michelle
FELLNER, Bettina
GOLOUBKIN, Lara
HALL, Julie
HAYCROFT, Jodie
KALAITZIDIS, Themi
LONG, Helen
NEALE, Tammy
ROBINSON, Elizabeth
WELLSRING, Kim
WEST, Rachel
WHYTE, Deborah
WRIGHT, Jane
VELLA, April

BOYS

FOTHERGILL, Scott
GERDAN, George
HERBERT, Ross
HATZIDIMITRIOU, Steven
LIGHTWOOD, Liron (Ronny)
McCOLL, Eoghan
MESLEY, William
MUTARD, Bruce
STEMBERGAR, Anton
TISSEAR, Andrew
VIDAS, Robert
WOODS, Mark

YEAR 9C

GIRLS

BARTON, Lisa
BOGEARTS, Nicole
BUCKI, Margaret
CHRISTODOULOU, Georgina
EDWARDS, Karen
EPIFANO, Maria
FRANCIS, Annette
LACK, Debra
McALPINE, Amanda
MILJOEN, Kerrie
MOUNTAIN, Katrina
PATKIN, Carolyn
ROBINSON, Christine
STONE, Shaney
TALBOT, Rhonda
VELAKOULIS, Karen
WAKEFIELD, Paula
WHYTE, Nicole
WILCOX, Susanna

BOYS

COLLINS, Shane
EDMOND, Jon
FOTHERGILL, Adam
EXELL, John

VOYAGER

The magazine of the students and staff of Brighton High School.

1982

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

In my first report for the school magazine, it is fitting that I should give my impressions of my new school.

It was obvious to me from the beginning that there had been built up a tradition of pride in the school.

From members of the community, I heard that "Brighton is a good school". From the attitude of the teachers, it was obvious that they were part of a pattern that they were pleased to be associated with and wanted to maintain.

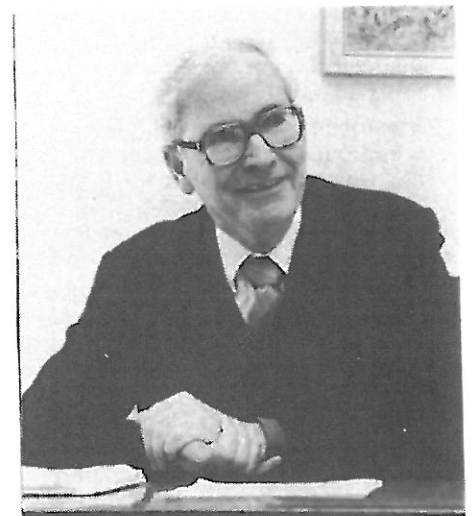
The students generally seemed to be alert and eager, typifying a happiness to be part of the school and a willingness to contribute to the general well-being of the place.

Now that I have been here for one year, I can appreciate what the present and past members of the school have achieved. My predecessors in the Principal's chair, the teachers past and present, have all contributed to the development of an educational establishment that has stability and yet is open to modifications that are judged worthwhile.

The school at present has significant changes from what was in existence twenty five or even fifteen years ago, but these have been introduced without "rocking the boat", without causing an unsettling situation which could provoke disharmony in the ranks of the staff or between teachers and pupils, and without upsetting a pattern of studies in which students and their parents have had a feeling of security and which they have felt has had value.

Along with the academic aspects, there has developed a wide range of student and school activities, some which are due to the initiative of individual students or teachers, others which are the product of a team effort.

We are all pleased when one of our students achieves some distinction which brings credit on himself and indirectly on the school. We all benefit from the performances of groups in the school in Sport, Music, Drama and Exhibitions of Work. The spirit created in the whole school body makes worthwhile the time and effort spent in planning and rehearsals, and the dislocation of the normal school routine is counteracted by the enriching of the school.



Behind this pattern of school organisation have been the parent bodies and the ancillary staff.

The School Council has been a solid backstop to the administration and staff in maintaining a pleasant and viable structure in which to work.

The Mothers' Club are a vital body responsible for providing much of the equipment that the school possesses and helping physically in the conducting of many of our activities.

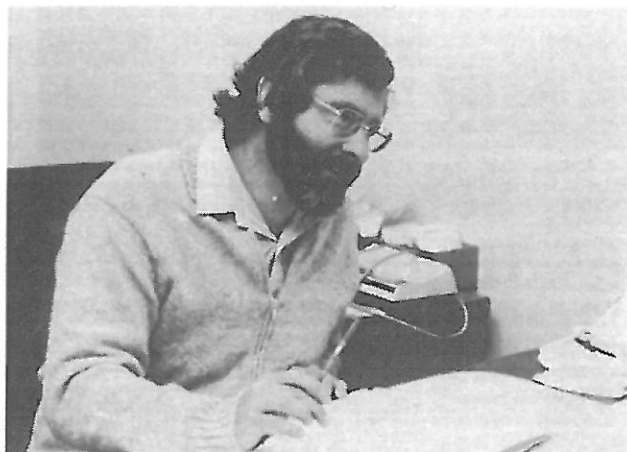
The Ex-Students Association plays a key role in fostering the school spirit and offering a focal point for students to continue an association with something they have valued.

The ancillary staff show a loyalty to the school which is expressed in their providing an efficient service to every aspect of the school.

You can see why I am pleased to be part of Brighton High School.

The task before all of us is to build on what has been developed. We want to preserve the qualities that make us proud to be connected with Brighton High; we want to continue the traditions that enrich the life of the school; we want to progress in line with the advances that are happening in the world around us.

P.A. O'Brien
(Principal)



DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

I relinquish the caretaker role of Deputy Principal at Brighton High School at the end of the year and this is an appropriate time to extend my gratitude to you for making the last 15 months so satisfying.

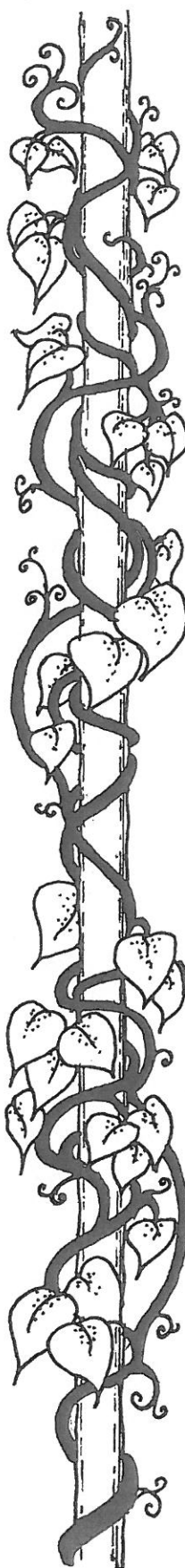
It is pleasing to observe the conscientious way in which most of you approach formal class lessons and the enthusiasm with which you participate in extra curricular activities such as House Sports, Inter-School Sport and the annual Cultural events - viz., the Choral Festival, Drama Festival and Musical Production.

The facilities are available at Brighton High School for you to receive a sound education - you have an experienced and dedicated group of teachers and excellent physical facilities. But good academic results and involvement in sporting and cultural activities are only part of the concept of a "total education". Unless you also develop such qualities as honesty, genuine sympathy for those less fortunate, self-discipline and tolerance of others' differences, your education is incomplete.

Unfortunately, it seems to be "trendy" in some circles to "cheat the system", to "act tough" by being abusive and generally uncooperative, to be "slack" in general demeanour and speech, to "knock" others who by their endeavour have achieved excellence in sporting, cultural or academic fields, and to "stir" those who are "different". Such personality traits are only acceptable to people with a similar mentality and, happily, at Brighton High School, students who involve themselves in such behaviour are few in number.

I thank you for your courtesy and cooperation and for making my sojourn as Deputy Principal such a pleasant one.

A. Lyle McKinnon,
Deputy Principal (Acting).



MR. JACK DARLOW, B.A. (U.K.), DIP, ED.

The School would wish Mr. Darlow a long and happy retirement and this wish would be small enough in return for his great contributions to Brighton High School over the past thirteen years.

Mr. Darlow has shown leadership in many ways by his positive approach towards providing a happy and purposeful atmosphere and developing sound traditions within the school.

He was the Co-ordinator of Year 7 (1971), Year 8 (1972), Year 9 (1973-1974) and in 1975 became the Co-ordinator of Year 10, the position he held with distinction until his retirement this year. The functions of a Co-ordinator are wide-ranging and involve the monitoring of educational progress, pastoral care, discipline and the well-being of each student at the particular level. No matter how difficult the situation, Mr. Darlow brought wisdom, a great depth of understanding, a smile and good humour to the solving of problems. He was always most concerned about his students, involved in their problems and most willing to devote time to the production of wise counsel for them and where necessary to their parents. Respect was always mutual.

In the classroom he displayed great skill and versatility. His range of subjects included French (his native language), Science and Spanish.

Mr. Darlow was an airman in the R.A.F. during World War II and flew many missions. He was persuaded to address the School during Anzac Day ceremonies and many students and members of staff will remember his moving speeches on these occasions.

Always with faith in the future of Brighton High School and a sincere love and understanding of those within it, he remained at the school despite opportunities to obtain advancement which would have necessitated transfer elsewhere.

A person to whom parents, staff and students must say, "Thank you for a magnificent job for us and the school - we sincerely wish you good health in a long and happy retirement."

G.E.P. Rowney

VALE

Mme. V. Chopov died October 1982.

STAFF LIST 1982

Principal: P. O'BRIEN
Deputy Principal: A. L. McKINNON

WOMEN:

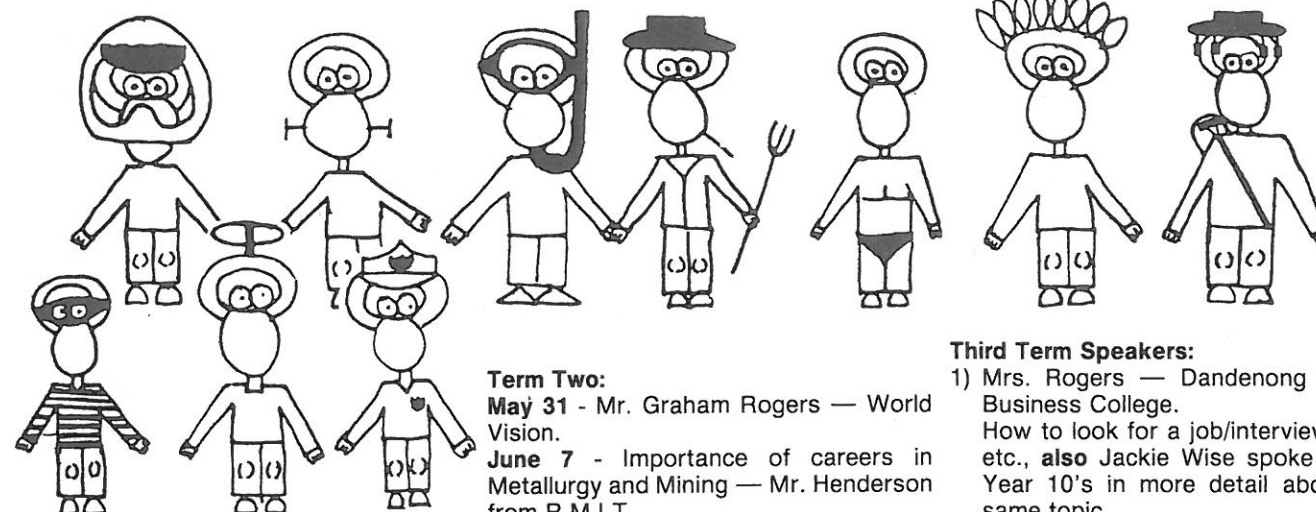
ANSTEE, J.
BATOUR, M.
BAXTER, M.
BERRY, I.
BROOKS, K.
BRUDENELL, M.
CHOPOV, V.
CIZEK, E.
DARE, L.
DELANEY, C.
EGAN, B.
FORTUNE, B.
FRYDMAN, L.
GAWTHORNE, S.
GEDDES, A.
GOLDING, A.

GRANAT, A.
HARMAN, D.
HARRISON, B.
KAPLONYI, V.
KLINEBERG, H.
KRIKSCIUNAS, E.
LACK, S.
LIGHTFOOT, C.
LLOYD, L.
LYNCH, V.
MACRIDIS, F.
McKENZIE, F.
McKEOWN, C.
MANTELOS, V.
MORRISON, J.
NICHOLAS, N.
PAKULA, A.

RUSSELL, E.
SAULWICK, C.
SCHOLTZ, S.
SMETHURST, N.
TASSIOS, A.
VICKERY, S.
WHITE, A.
VENNING, L.
MEN:
ALLEN, T.
BAKER, S.
CIAVAGLIA, R.
CLARK, D.
DARLOW, J.
FRANK, G.
GODFRED, D.

GORHAM, N.
GOULD, R.
HALL, J.
HARTWIG, G.
HUMPHRIES, C.
KINDLER, K.
KOK, F.
MITCHELL, M.
MOORE, B.
MORRISSEY, M.
PAFFETT, C.
PAMMENT, K.
TONKIN, P.
WILSON, P.
WRAGG, R.
RYAN, A. (Relieving)

ITINERANT MUSICIANS:
AVENT, P.
PLUNKETT, H.
RUTTER, J.
WEST, M.
TEACHER AIDES:
BENJAMIN, M.
WOODFALL, J.
OFFICE STAFF:
HILLIER, C. (Mrs.)
REYNOLDS, A. (Mrs.)
BURSAR:
DOOLAN, E. (Mrs.)



"ASSEMBLY IS SOMETIMES QUITE INTERESTING..."

Visiting Speakers included:-

First Term:

- 1) Amanda Beaty — Speaking on Japan.
- 2) Peter Juliff — From the Prahran Campus of Victoria College. On Computers.
- 3) Film on deafness. "The Invisible Disability".
- 4) Women in non-stereotyped jobs. Mary Owen — Equal Opportunities.
- 5) Youth for Understanding. Mrs. Betty Johnston. (Exchange Student Scheme).
- 6) Roy Higgins (jockey) — His own career — life as a jockey. Hardships emphasized — losing weight etc. — odd hours.
- 7) Paul Wilson — About the Junior Camp. (Slides.)

Term Two:

- May 31 - Mr. Graham Rogers — World Vision.
June 7 - Importance of careers in Metallurgy and Mining — Mr. Henderson from R.M.I.T.
June 21 - Teaching as a profession — Mrs. Elaine Lim, Teacher Education Officer from South Central Regional Office.
June 28 - Living on a Kibbutz — Mr. Erwin Zander, Student Counsellor.
July 5 - The Creator of Puzzles — Mr. A. Barber.
July 12 - Senior: Social Work as a career — Miss Helen Riseborough. Junior: Brass Quintet from College of the Arts.
July 19 - Mr. Owen Whelan — History and work of the firm of 'Whelan the Wrecker'.
July 26 - Senior: Mr. Rob Gell — Meteorologist from Channel 10. Junior: Mr. John Cheetham — Clinical Psychologist — "Setting a Goal".
August 2 - Mr. Ian Westerland from Lady Nell Seeing Eye Dog School — film, accompanied by dog 'Bertha'.
August 9 - Senior: Monash Careers Advice — Mr. Robin Coventry. Junior: Senior Detective — Leanne Eldridge — Crime Prevention Bureau.

Third Term Speakers:

- 1) Mrs. Rogers — Dandenong Ladies Business College. How to look for a job/interview skills etc., also Jackie Wise spoke to the Year 10's in more detail about the same topic.
- 2) A lecturer talked about Engineering as a Career, (from Chisholm College Cavefield Campus).
- 3) John Davidson (racing driver) — The dangers of drinking/driving (also spoke briefly about his life as a racing driver).
- 4) Mrs. Suzie Leigh — From the Victorian Arts Centre.
- 5) Slides/Cassette about girls in non-stereotyped jobs.
- 6) Puppet show for Year 8's.





Simon Rabi



Debbie Lewis

SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT 1982

1982 and the students of Year 12 were embarking on the journey through perhaps the single most important year of their lives. The slow realization of what the year entailed saw the development of considerable sympathetic understanding between us all. United we sought relief from the "pressure" and refuge from the weather (that pitted neither wise men nor fools!) in that veritable den of iniquity — the Common Room.

And it was here around the Table-Tennis tables for many months that cracked balls, bats, and heads, reigned supreme. Strange holes in walls appeared where once a mad Irishman had stood and a game had been lost.

Order had only just been restored when recess of a cold, windy morning came around. No outsider could possibly have comprehended that four classes of (seemingly) intelligent students could in five minutes turn into a seething mass of desperadoes almost breaking down the doors in search of monopoly of the one heater.

Once limbs had been returned to their rightful owners, heated arguments soon flared up over the worth of the female race. Comments like "If women didn't exist, human life would be rid of all its miseries," drifting up from somewhere in the couch would be met by swift and horrible reprisals. The unfortunate Euripides quoter would be left for dead, heavily bruised and with the strong possibility of having lost his father's day, under a mountain of cushions and head rests.

Presently a gentle haze spread throughout our little room, courtesy of Smokers Anonymous. The haze grew to a dense fog and teachers who happened to stumble this way would fight their way through this blanket of photo-chemical-like smog in futile attempts to catch the fleeing parties. However, leading out with cries of "The filthy, disgusting habit!" everyone's favourite non-smoker and Cultural Leader Mr. Clarke, threatened immediate exposure to the elements and consequently the air soon cleared, at least temporarily.

Objections also soon came from the powers-that-be, concerning some rather unorthodox attempts at decorating the Common Room walls.



Andrea Georgiou



Andrew Georgiou

An extremely enjoyable and well-organized function was undertaken under the guise of a "Greek Night" and its success can be judged by the fact that only three people were seen to be standing at the end of the evening.

Cultural standards were maintained with every School Captain's favourite house — Murray — taking out the cultural double. However, for five Year 12 students, the highlight of the year was the highly acclaimed (and justly so I might add) musical production. It is to be hoped that future seniors will not limit their achievements to purely scholastic ones and so derive the tremendous enjoyment of experiencing the terror behind the unopened curtain and constant visits to the toilet between scenes.

As School Captains, we were subjected to constant and universal pressure and totally unfounded allegations of sleeping during assemblies.

However (big philosophical ending), the constant presence of miniature but no less terrible, Year 7s was a reminder of how swift and inexorable is the passage of time. We have observed in ourselves a great inner turmoil, been torn by great decisions and indecision. So many changes have occurred not only to us but to the school (Why, we even had a new paint job this year!) and in so short a time. It is to be hoped we have learnt something.

We wish future students as memorable years as we have had and trust that next year's Year 12 will not have a dull time. And, so to further conquests! Farewell!

Simon Rabi
Debbie Lewis

STAFF.





YEAR 12 COMMITTEE REPORT

After much speculation as to whom the dubious privilege of being amongst the chosen few would go, the honoured 12 — chosen for their "wide reaching popularity" and, generally "charismatic leadership qualities", were sworn into office.

Mr. Wragg immediately seized the opportunity to utilize his latent photographic talents and deviously warped imagination, to take several almost unprintable shots of the committee.

We soon realized our awesome responsibility and thrust ourselves into organizing fortnightly meetings with Mr. O'Brien. It was here, over cups of tea and hurriedly prepared agenda, that the real decisions of importance were made. Our decidedly loquacious and lively School Captain Debbie ensured that points raised were not points forgotten. Perhaps of most note was the seemingly endless but *finally* successful battle waged by the female contingent of the Committee, for improvements to the "Ladies' Rooms".

Weighed down by the pressures of school, and our badges of office, we presented in the foyer for Assembly on Monday mornings. Instant panic broke loose as the cries of "Who's doing the speech?" "Not me, I did it last week," and "A girl did it the last two weeks, it's a boy's turn!" broke out. Adrenalin flowing swiftly, we would stride to the stage with someone behind desperately whispering "Psst, slow down, we can't keep up!"

YEAR 12 COMMITTEE:

Andrew Barr, Debbie Lewis, Jenny Clarke, Simon Rabi, Stephen Coates, Sharyn Seeberg, Andrea Georgiou, Allan Oshlack, Andrew Georgiou, Robyn Wellspring, Linda Gregoriou, Peter Epifano.

DEPUTY SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Andrew Georgiou
Andrea Georgiou

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Debbie Lewis
Simon Rabi

However back at ground level, the Committee effectively abandoned the constitution from the previous years in favour of a more intimate approach to student relations. We felt the best way to do this would be to "go out to the people" and this we achieved by members of the Committee visiting each Year 7 and one Year 8 class. After the initial shock response "My God, was I like that?" and many sling-shot pellets later, a highly effective and rewarding relationship was developed. This resulted in several successful Junior Discos. Human barricades were used with limited success to keep thirsty, sweating juniors from stealing cups of cordial whilst bets were made on how long the decorations we'd spent two hours on, would stay up. No-one guessed on them being down in three minutes. These discos yield horribly vivid memories of brutally loud Heavy Metal music(?), and being savagely whirled around the dance-floor by several Year 8s who shall remain nameless.

The Committee was also instrumental in presenting Mr. Darlow, at a poignant leaving ceremony, with a silver tray in profound appreciation from the students for his services to the School.

However, due to the amount of time that the HSC year consumes, we were unable to achieve all we wished. We would like to thank all the staff and students for their invaluable support and advice throughout the year and wish that the incoming committee will derive at least as much satisfaction and delight that we have in our service to the school.

Simon Rabi

"VOYAGER COMMITTEE"

Year 12: Melinda Hawkes, Jenny Clarke, Robyn Wellspring, Dale Walters, Deldre Marshall, Debbie Lewis, Sophie Wise, Kim McKindley, Linda Gregoriou, Lisa-Marie St. Clair.

Year 11: Louisa Dunsmuir, Danielle Sutton, Lisa Roth, Vicki Hatzikos.

Year 10: Karen Cooper, Karen Talbot, Kim Wijngaarden, Paul Crowley, Kim Shaw.

Year 9: Jane Wright, Jenny Todd, Karen Coates, Karen Velakoulis, Katrina Mountain, Ronnie Lightwood.

Year 8: Craig Baumann, Chris Cogdon, Con Katos, Martin Frost, Alex Onto, Marcelle Wade.

Year 7: Wendy Bucki, Elizabeth Smith, Judy Emmett, Julie Tanner, Ben Thomas, Chris Owen, Azwar Koya, Angelo Materia, Ben Coulter.

Illustrations: Martin Frost, Simona Dedek, Ian Warnecke, kStewart Richards, Julian Hawkes.

Cover Design: Melinda Hawkes.

Graphics, artwork and photography:

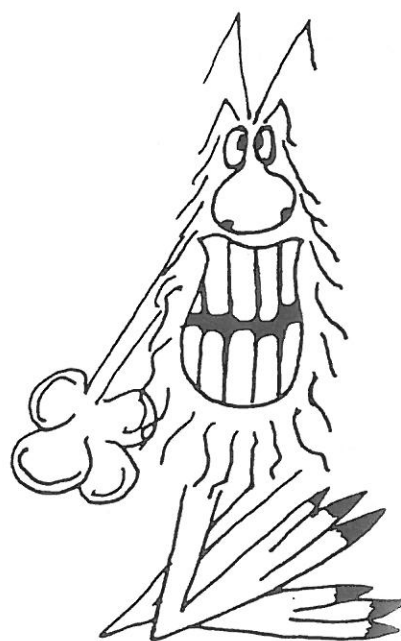
Ms. A. White

Co-ordinator:

Ms. L. Lloyd

(with special thanks to Lisa St. Clair for her sane and quiet co-operation; Berry Payne (Tony's mum) for some last-minute typing (which staved off my annual nervous breakdown); Thomas Conkey and his almost-as-impossible brother, Colin, for taking the tedium out of proofreading; and John Lloyd, for putting up with my annual nervous breakdown.

L.L. 1982



BRIGHTON OUT OF SCHOOL

YEAR NINE CAMP -

WILSON'S PROMONTORY 7-11 December 1981

The bus was due to leave for Wilson's Promontory by 9.30 am on the 7th of December. Of course, there were the few who arrived late. When everyone was present and ready, we drove away "into the blue yonder". As you would expect someone would be bus sick. Right, Helen?

We arrived at Wilson's Promontory at about lunch time and the weather was not at all encouraging, but that didn't stop us. We pitched our tents and were then taken on a small hike to Squeaky Beach. To settle our stomachs after dinner (that's how the teachers explained it but we know it was to tire us out), we took a track to the beach through scrub (and also through rain).

On our second day we hiked to Lilly Pilly Gully in the morning. In the afternoon, some played softball and others just did their own thing but a couple of girls found things a bit dull so they decided to liven things up with their shaving cream - and boy did they!

Every morning we had tent inspections; for very meal we lined up. What fun!

Our first two nights were all wind and rain and of course, most of our tents leaked (mainly because bags and lilos were packed against the sides of the tents).

Tuesday night we were shown slides and were given the history of Wilson's Promontory by one of the rangers.

We set off to the summit of Mt. Oberon on Wednesday. Our bus driver, George, and the teachers managed to squeeze approximately eighty students and two teachers into one bus. (George was also one of the cooks). So off we drove to the base of Mt. Oberon.

It was approximately four kilometres straight up to the summit of the mountain. The weather was still cold so hot weather was not against us. It was very rewarding after we had reached the top. At first, though, we were surrounded by clouds but in an instant they moved aside and we admired the view as we ate our lunch.

On the way down (no names mentioned, Sarah) someone discovered that it did not pay to take short cuts, especially since she sprained her ankle in doing so.

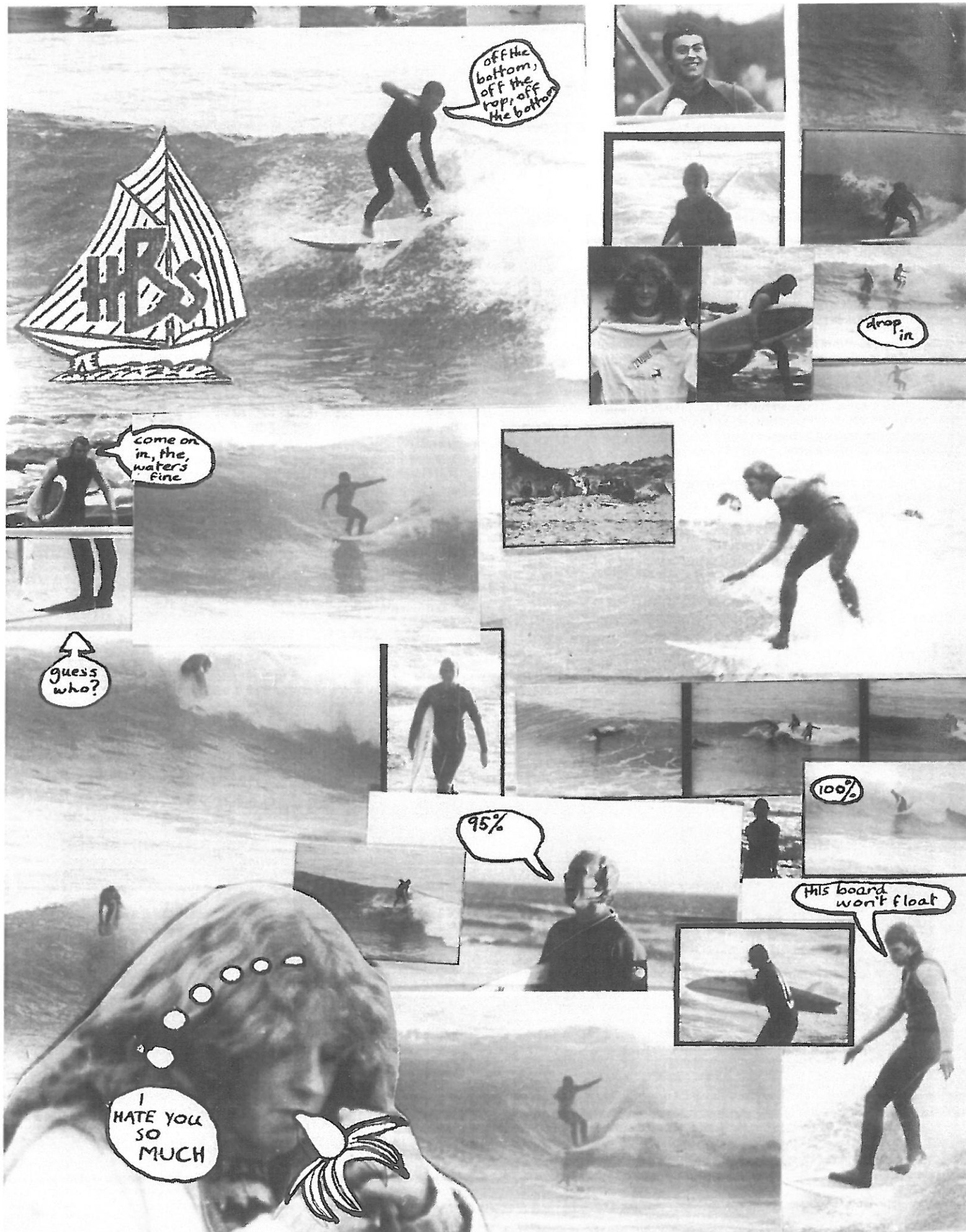
On Thursday the weather was terrific - at last! We spent the day on the beach. For the morning, we played beach games and in the afternoon, we took in the sun and swam. Thursday night was our talent night. Talent? Well, there was some. The Flying Ex (that's the name of the group) starring Francis Abiuso, won the hearts of the audience and judges as they sang their songs about the teachers. Freely, they let out their feelings - especially for Mrs. Anstee.

Friday morning we cleaned up and prepared ourselves for the long bus trip home. Half of us left on time but the remainder of us were delayed for half an hour as we waited anxiously for the bus. The teachers treated us all to an icy pole each - surprises, surprises!

Half way to Melbourne, one of the buses had a clutch failure but that was taken care of in a matter of minutes by George. We arrived back at school weary but a great time was had by all.

Jane Tanner; Sarah Gemmel





BRIGHTON OUT OF SCHOOL

"THE PERILS OF BEING A GEOGRAPHY STUDENT"

HSC Geography got off to a "promising" start this year. Mr. Baker seemed rather distraught. Only six wanted to do the subject out of 70 prospective HSC students and one of them left after only the second class (He was the smart one) (Did this mean the dole was looking good for our Geography teacher whose class seemed to be slowly diminishing???) In desperation Mr. Baker tried to find new recruits, but was unsuccessful.

After a few weeks his ingenious brain stumbled upon the idea that if we wanted to pass Geography, we had to go on a series of field trips.

The first of these trips was to the inner suburban area of Prahran. The class had to conduct a series of surveys in all parts of the suburb in order to obtain trends on population characteristics. The class seemed rather excited at the prospect of going to Prahran. It was not the idea of taking a day off school that tickled our fancy, but the fact that Mr. Baker had promised to buy us lunch at that trendy little spot in Chapel Street — "The Soda Sisters". Luckily for him, it was closed. Instead, we ended up in a dingy, rundown, dilapidated cafeteria in an equally dingy, rundown and dilapidated arcade off Chapel Street, where the sandwiches were cheap and two days old.

Despite the fact that we had been "promised" lunch, our geography teacher startled us with his gluttony and absconded before the bill had to be paid. Poor underpaid teachers.

After having recovered from the shock of paying for our own lunch, a second field trip was organised this time to the Victorian township of Warragul. The day began on a wet Thursday morning with Vivian running across the wet grass in her socks, 15 minutes late (this time she was early — usually it's half an hour late!) with the excuse that she had forgotten her shoes. On our arrival at Warragul our task was again to conduct more interviews (obviously Mr. Baker's favourite pastime — inventing interviews and surveys).

We would just like to give a vote of thanks to Mr. Baker for actually taking us to a coffee shop in Warragul that was not dilapidated and for staying and finishing his coffee and surprise, surprise — paying the bill.

Linda Gregoriou 12C



WORK EXPERIENCE REPORT WENTWORTH MELBOURNE HOTEL

The week before we broke up for the September holidays I was fortunate enough to spend a week of work experience at the Melbourne Wentworth Hotel. I had originally wanted to get some work experience in waitressing (no, not my chosen career!) at some big name hotel, but after two days there I found myself seriously considering working in the hotel industry as an alternative career.

On the first day I was part of an induction group being taken on a tour of the hotel when I joined the staff of Room Service for two days. Among the things I learned there were: how to present various meals and the complimentary fruit baskets; how to take and serve orders; what the general set up of the department is like and last, but not least, how to check and stock the mini-bars. For the next two days I worked as a 'bus girl' in the Bistro. Once again I learnt how to set up but unfortunately I did not have the time to learn how to balance ten plates along my arm or twenty glasses on a tray — and no, I didn't have any accidents.

The staff at the Wentworth were all wonderful people and they really made me feel welcome. What I really liked about working there was that everybody always had a smile and a hello for you. No wonder the Wentworth is such a popular hotel.

As I said, on the first day I, along with new recruits, was taken on a tour of the hotel by the training manager, Ms. Hess. I was quite impressed with what I saw. First of all we were wizzed up to the thirty-fourth floor. Here we were shown around the "Great Space" or the "Atrium". At the base is a quiet lounge where guests can have breakfast or coffee or a drink at the piano bar. For dinner, the guest has the choice of dining at the exclusive Le Restaurant or at the grill, where one can enjoy a steak cooked to his or her liking. Hanging from the ceiling, which is the fiftieth floor, is a gold and white, fibre glass hanging, which resembles (with apologies to the Wentworth) coloured gladwrap. The 377 rooms surround the Atrium and the balconies are covered with thousands of mirrors. This, I learned in room-service, was quite handy for spotting trays.

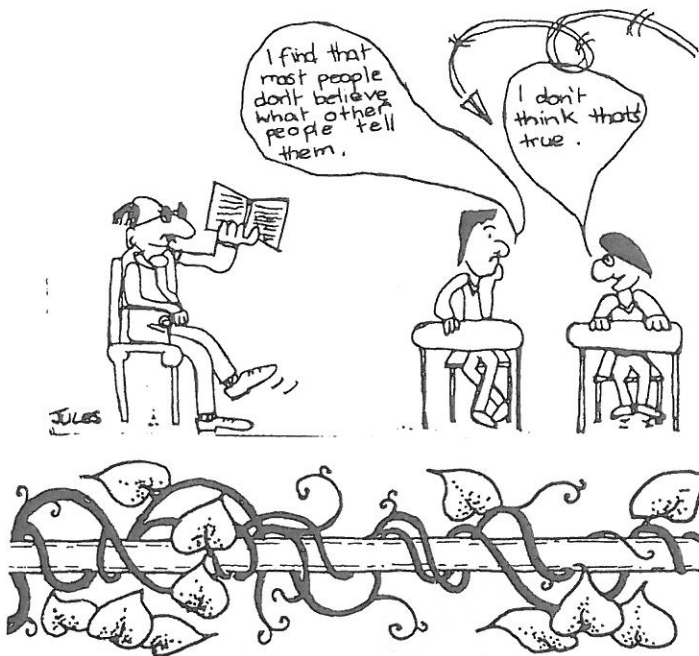
The rooms were quite luxurious, though smaller than I expected, and all with a marvellous view. We also had a look at the various public outlets that are connected with the Wentworth. There is the Garden Terrace, which is a quiet, garden-green cafe, the News Bar which is frequented mainly by newspaper journalists, the science-fiction Atlantis — a seafood restaurant, the Tavern and Tapestry bars, the Black Swan bar with its beautiful applique swans on the red plush walls and lastly, the place where I worked for two days, the Bistro, which is a bar and a carvery.

I had never been to or seen anything like this and while it all tended to dazzle me, I could not help admitting to myself that deep down I could not and did not really like or approve of what I saw. That nasty barrier between the wealthy and us was all too evident. I was not too sure that this realisation didn't make me feel somewhat nauseous.

When I told Mrs. Harrison about this she asked me whether I would like working in such a place, pandering to the rich. I thought for a moment and then I replied that I would like to, if only to be part of the wonderful team that work behind the scenes to produce something they can all be proud of. The staff of the Wentworth had created, to me, an atmosphere of friendliness and pride from a job well done, that went beyond any concept of social barriers and I know that if ever I have the opportunity I would love to work in such a place as this.

Lisa-Marie St. Clair 12C





THE 1982 CHORAL FESTIVAL

It all started somewhere back in April with requests on the P.A. and Bulletin for enthusiastic participants for the annual Choral Festival. The first rehearsals were most encouraging with large numbers attending but, as usual, the numbers declined until about two weeks before the night. With the incentive of having class time for rehearsals, the enthusiasm again flourished. With only half the students knowing the words, panic quickly set in.

After some miraculous feat, however, all four choirs managed to front up for the big night on May 4th. Lonsdale, led by Lisa Roth, took to the stage first, followed by Grant with yours truly, Phillip with Shirley Toth and Murray with Nicole Daw. Mrs. Batour, who often had to split herself into four just to please us, did a magnificent job as usual as official accompaniste. Each conductress commenced her house's performance with a tremendous speech, directed supposedly to the audience, but more explicitly to the adjudicator (cough, cough).

The set song this year was "The Jinglin' Janglin' Rag" which was a bright start to each performance. Lonsdale chose to sing "Sounds of Silence" and "Streets of London"; Grant decided upon "I write the Songs" and "My Lord"; Phillip arranged "A Time for Us" and "Snowbird" whilst Murray finally arrived with "If I fell" and "Rhythm of Life". Each house delivered an excellent performance, just showing how tremendous the talent of Brighton High School students actually is.

Whilst nervously awaiting THE DECISION the Special Choir presented an outstanding, though quite lengthy to those anxious to hear the result, presentation of "The Decades".

Finally, the highlight of the night came when the Adjudicator mounted the stage. The murmuring of the audience ceased and the winners were announced: Murray first, followed by Lonsdale, Grant and Phillip. There was much cheering and the trophy was presented.

Thanks must go to the rehearsal pianists: Jenny Boutland for Lonsdale, Lynne Treloar and Francine Mutard for Phillip, David Abiuso for Murray and especially to Brian Matthews for much assistance, not only to Grant, but also to the other houses.

The night of May 4th was a great evening with much enjoyment had by all. Congratulations must go to Murray but - beware - Grant will be back in full force with their eyes on the trophy next year.

Michelle Wilson 12B

EX-STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Once again the Brighton High School Ex-Students Association is able to report a successful year. The new Committee elected in July includes ex-students from the 1950's, 1960's and 1970's, and have been able to organise get-togethers and functions that appeal to ex-students of all ages.

Our big projects for 1982 have been: our annual Car Trial - this year to the You Yangs; a night out at the Harness Racing at Moonee Valley complete with elaborate smorgasbord dinner; the annual Barbecue Reunion at the school in late October, and our Christmas break-up - still pending - a cruise down the Yarra on the last Saturday evening before Christmas.

Twice, so far we have held film afternoons at the school, with feature films aimed at a younger age-group, but of course popular with everyone - "Flying High" and "Smokey and the Bandit Ride Again". We have plans for several more films on Saturday afternoons next year, so watch your notice-boards!

We tried for the first time this year a new fund-raising project - a raffle with very attractive prizes (colour TV, stereo and cassette recorder) and were supported well by the Mothers' Club in sales. Our aim was to be able to donate an item of equipment to the school, which we hope to do after the raffle has been drawn and audited.

Memberships have been slightly down this year but we are continuing to send our quarterly newsletters to any ex-student who would like to keep in touch. Subscription for 12 months is \$5.00 and can be sent to the school care of the ex-students Association. Any of the Committee would be very willing to help you with enquiries.

School leavers are invited to leave their names and addresses in the Ex-Students basket at the General Office, to enable them to receive our newsletters. We have available windcheaters and tee-shirts printed with the ex-students motif in navy or white ink, or we can apply the motif to your garment for only \$2.00 (\$1.00 for members or full-time students).

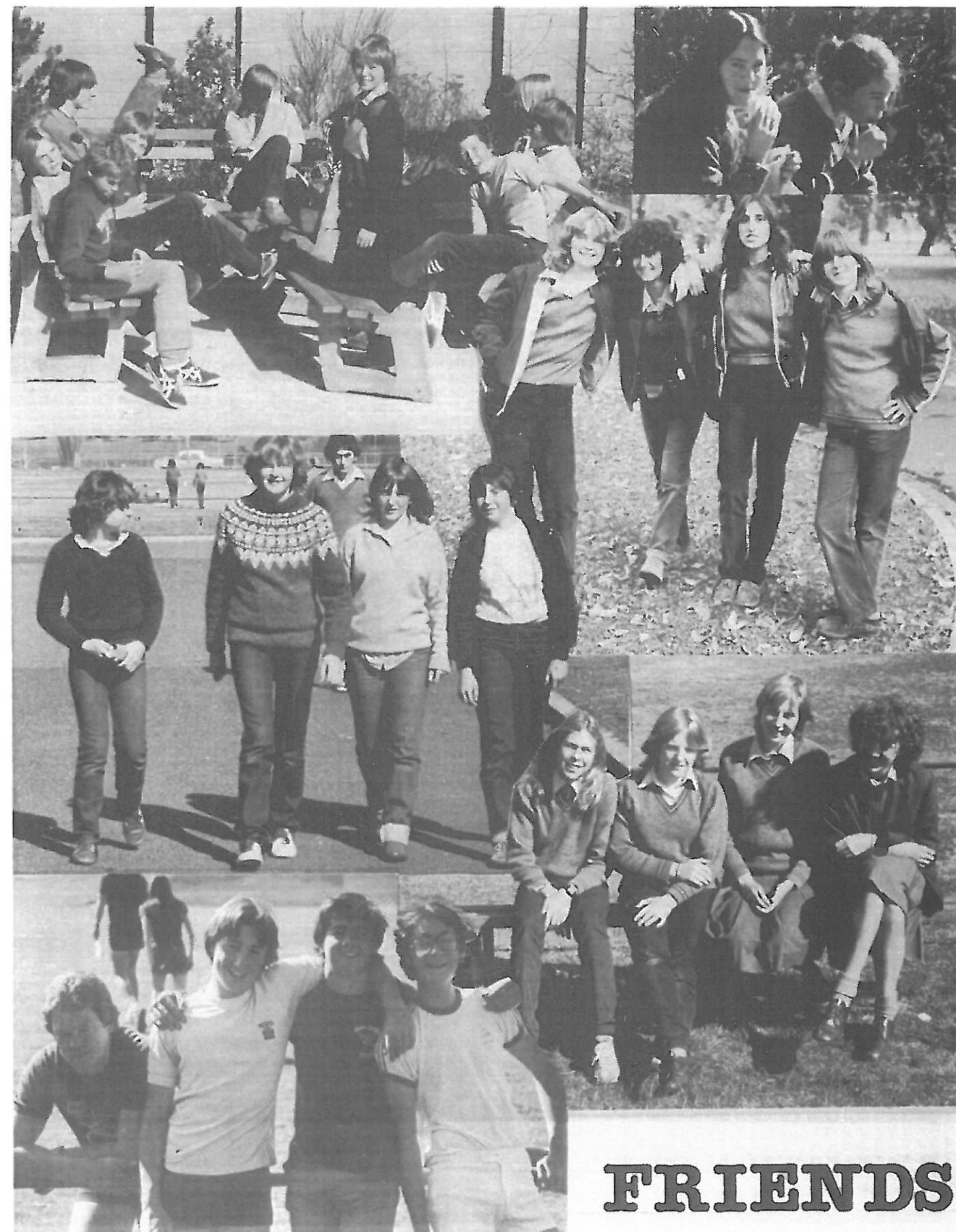
The Committee welcomes school leavers, in particular Year 12 students, to the 'outside world' and we wish them the very best in their future ventures.

Enquiries:

(President) Peter WILLMOTT (1962-1967) 560 8735 (AH)
(Vice-President) Noel DONOVAN (1955-1958) 578 4677 (AH)
(Secretary) Marina COYLE (1970-1975) 547 6403 (AH)
(Committee)
Catherine WEBSTER (LORD) (1972-1977) 557 3672 (AH)
Dorothy McMATH (WILLMOTT) (1959-1961) 592 5013 (AH)



HOW CAN WE GET THROUGH
TO EACH OTHER?



FRIENDS

FORM 12A.



John Blight: Loved H.S.C. so much he decided to do it again. John Gabriel Blight. Gabriel!!!!!!



Jacob Dedek: Talks about table tennis, thinks about table tennis, breathes table tennis and had a table tennis ball for a brain. THE KING OF TABLE TENNIS.



David Law: One of the Talking Heads.



Gregory McMahon: Yes man. Champion cross-country runner! Well, he's got to be good at something.



Fakhruddin Mohd Hashim: Run that by me one more time.



Yunis Munir: Smile!

John Taylor: Oh! So that's John Taylor.



Melissa Flanagan: Sorrento ripple rider. Safeway check-out chick!! Miss Top of Politics class 1982.



Vivienne Fraser: Confusion plus! Ummmmmmmmmm!



Melinda Hawkes: "I know what boys like!!!!"



Joy Howard: Miss Maturity 1982. Love your hair ribbons Joy. How's Michael?



Elizabeth Lewis: Silent genius.



Deidre Marshall: Ruth likes Frederick but Frederick likes Mabel! Don't worry Ruth. There are other pirates in the sea.



Leisa Mather: Miss Socialite 1982. Lonsdale House Captain. But was she there when Lonsdale won the athletics?? Hmmm??



Sharyn Seeberg: "I shall not return".



Helen van der Veen: Hope you're not under-age Helen!! You devil you!



Joanne Watt: "I shall not return."



Robyn Wellspring: Robyn and Russell. Have been seen very close to each other on rare occasions. Are they Siamese Twins???



Maria Zygourakis: Duran Duran fan!!

FORM 12B.



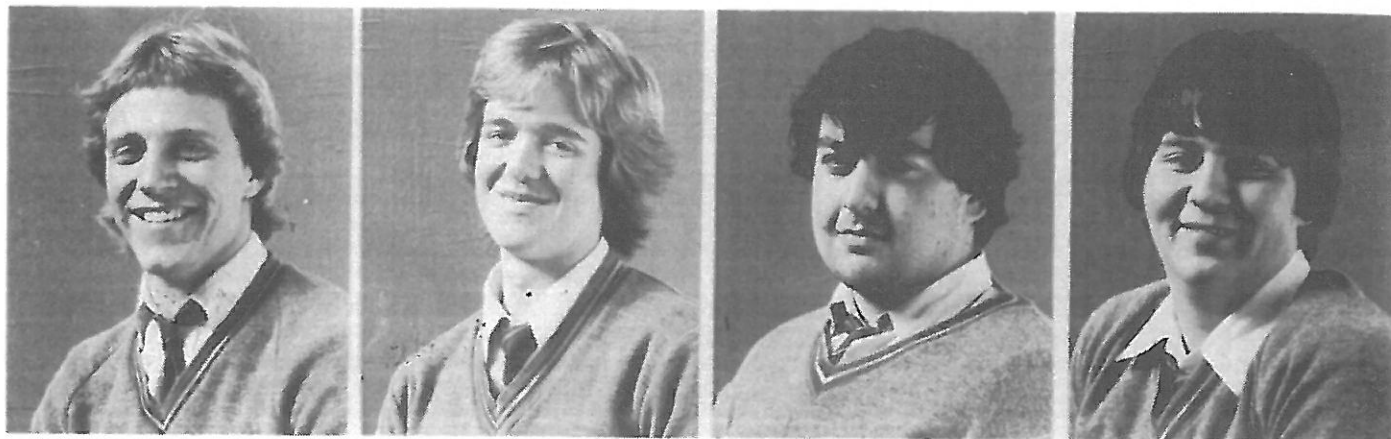
Stephen Coates: "Noah.....? "What-didshecry?"



Gary Humphries: Only student at Brighton High School to study Biblical Studies — Bless you my son.



Simon Kelly: Tom Petty look-a-like. Heartbreaker???



Alan Oshlack: "Which sums do we leave out?...I'd rather be surfing."

Simon Rabi: Whoever would have thought that such a meek performance would turn into such a fine romance.

John Rigopoulos: One of the Talking Heads.

Billy Vafidis: Gets his licence and buys a bike so he won't lose his licence.



Mariella Aloj: Christmas is coming in more ways than one. Smile Mariella and show us your teeth!!

Jennifer Clark: Resident trendy-mechanical mouth. Poor Jenny — everyone picks on her.

Jennifer Dickson: Take away her hands and she couldn't talk.

Andrea Georgiou: Ambition — to change women's fashion. She's an anti-trend!

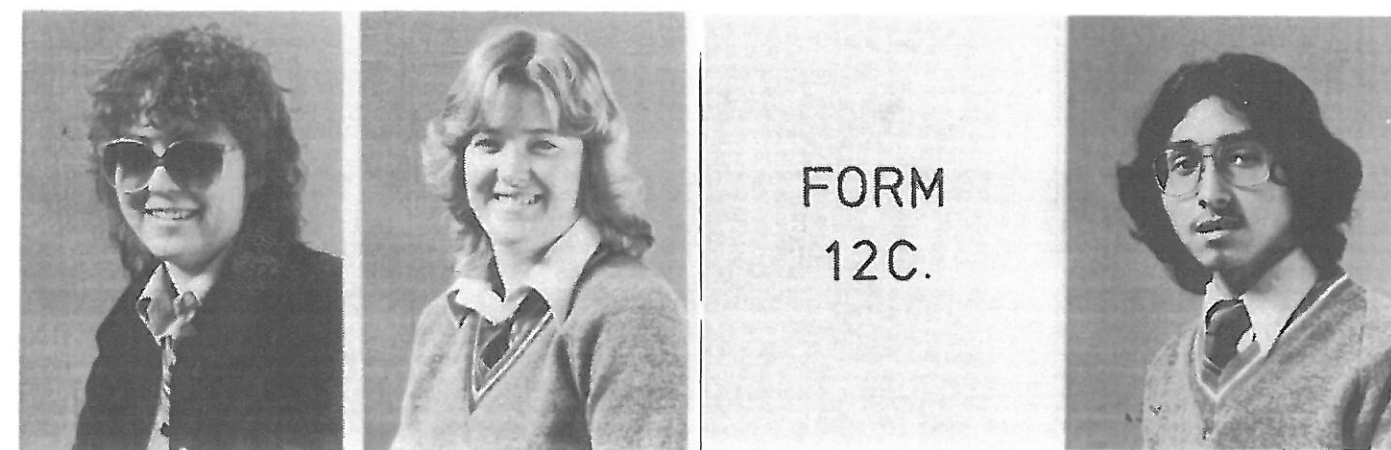


Sabine Haas: Le Specs — ze only zing to vearl

Stephanie Ives: Silent but deadly. Little but cute. She left her diary underneath the tree.

Helen Nicholas: "She's not really my sister."

Liliyana Stemberger: Punctuality plus! What colour is her hair anyway??



Dale Walters: Minority rules...or else "Form assembly — what's that?"

Michelle Wilson: The only one who took H.S.C. seriously.

FORM
12C.

Abiuso, David: "Come again?"

Talib, Suhaimi: "Don't call me Sue!"



Chen, Kevin: "It's so simple, even I can understand it."

Conkey, Thomas: "You are a supercilious, idiotic, little moron!" and "Kathy, I wouldn't want to touch your cat(?)"

Kovos, Loukas: "Of course I'm Australian — I support Collingwood!"

Koya, Anees: "What do you mean by 'spooning'?" or "What do you mean by spooning?"



Laloum, David: "War games are very educational".

Mohamad, Azman: (First comment censored), "Bennett, you moron" or "I like Aussie Crawl" or "Mr. Wragg, ha-ha...". "Men at Work" are Canadian.

Payne, Tony: "I like half of you half as much as I should; and I like less than half of you half as much as you deserve."

Thomas, Robert: "What have we got next — English? Oh, good. I can finish my Physics prac."



Teazis, Chris: "Carna burras!"



Daw, Nicole: "I can't write essays!"



Filiadis, Kathy: (First comment censored). "I'm not in the mood Thomas." (Thomas: Frankly, I'm not either.)



Gregoriou, Linda: "Shut up, Thomas; some of us want to pass H.S.C." or "What a pack of imbecilic monstrosities".



Ms. Lloyd: "Don't talk to me; I have a splitting headache", or "Believe it or not, Bennett does have brains" or "Stop it, people are looking". "Thomas, don't!" or "Must you always get so physical David!" or "12C and I have a great relationship: one word from me...and they do as they please", or "You're not here to enjoy yourselves; you're meant to be sweating blood", or "David, please don't stand on my head".

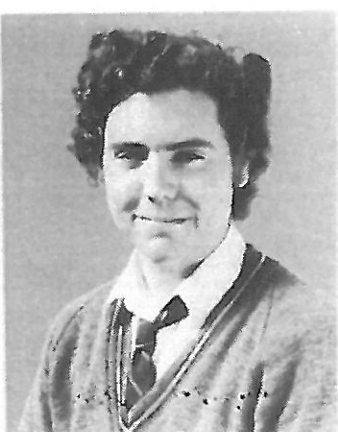
Higginson, Jo: "Don't blame women drivers for all the accidents (except for Ms. Lloyd)."

St. Clair, Lisa-Marie: "Social Service, please".

Wise, Sophie: ".....?"

Compiled by Loukas Kovos

FORM
12D.



Andrew Barr: Basically lazy ... but brilliant. "I'd rather be fishing." Hmmm. That's rather fishy!!!



Kenneth Cunningham: I'm an Aussie, yes I am — Bewdy! Whose car is it anyway Ken?

Michael Bennett: Did someone say something about Kuitcha?



Steven Dunmore: H.S.C. —The H.S.C. he's doing when he's not doing H.S.C.



Peter Epifano: A person of impeccable taste — a Carlton supporter. Tu ran ta ra ...tu ran ta ra!!



Andrew Georgiou: Tell us about Cyprus! A story for every occasion. That's right in it George. Let's go to school on correction day!!



David Kane: Still believes in dragons at his age. Oh well — we all have our little fantasies.



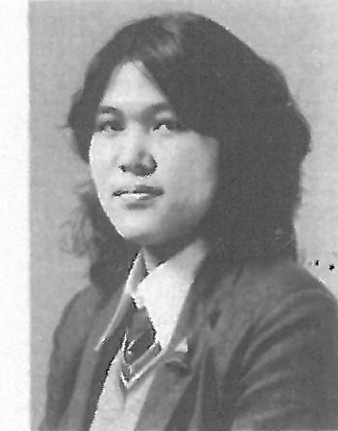
Andrew Page: Destined to be a rough, tough bkie — Devils Angels reign supreme.



Neil Todd: Believer in the great American dream. He's not straight!! Great ambition is to blow up a MacDonalds.



Robyn Dark: Isn't she cute!!!!



Charlattarn Hall: Loves The Police — Has she felt the sting yet?



Fotina Karailis: "I haven't read the book, but..." Well known for running out of the classroom screaming "I've got to go..."



Deborah Lewis: Female eunuch — no way!! "I'm not paranoid — stop talking about me!" "Ms.....1982!"



Kim McKindley: Captain of the best house in the school (ha! ha!). Wants Jackson Browne to be president!! When are you getting an M.G. Kim!?!?



Renea Stoupas: "Go to my bag and get me my iron lung, because I can't breathe!!" She's a "10" Brooke Shields eat your heart out.



Zina Tranis: Comes to school for a change of scenery once in a while.

Joanne Trianni: What can you say?



All these brilliant, witty comments were composed by Kim and Debbie — with special thanks to Epi and George — and we take absolutely no responsibility for them

AN ABORIGINAL ENCOUNTERING FAIRY-FLOSS

On the 19th July Mr. Darlow celebrated his 12th year at Brighton High and during this time had seen many changes.

Originally a science teacher, Mr. Darlow then went on to teach French and Spanish for a short time. Over the last few years I have known him in his capacity as a French teacher.

Mr. Darlow recalls some of his earlier years at Brighton High whereby the only compulsory subject was English. This system, known as the elective system, was most unsuccessful — particularly since most students preferred to take "soft options".

Mr. Darlow also remembers those earlier years in which there were very few cultural activities taking place.

"It's a pleasure to watch and listen to so many enthusiastic students participating in the various cultural activities."

Mr. Darlow also commented on the overall change of students' attitudes to school work. The overall atmosphere is now far more "relaxed" than it was several years ago.

Overall, Mr. Darlow has been most satisfied with his teaching career. This is evident by the fact that it took him two years to decide whether or not he should retire.

"Only the future will tell — whether it was the right decision or not," says Mr. Darlow who plans on spending as much time as possible with his family.

To Mr. Darlow we say thank you. Good luck and good health for the future.

Kathy Filiadis 12C

He picked it up and looked at it, puzzled. Warily he reached with his other hand and squeezed the peculiarly colored matter cautiously. As his fingers plunged into the mixture he was reminded of his own wiry hair — yet when he released it, his fingers felt cohesive, and rough particles of this matter stuck on the pads of his fingertips.

Intrigued, he placed his fingertips beneath his nose. But the matter was odourless. Possibly something of animal origin, he thought.

Pleased with his presumed accuracy in defining the strange substance, he expertly worked his fingers through the unusual fur, searching for any sign of fleas or lice. There was none to be found and the fur was one which he had never seen before.

Raising his hands he searched for any identifying smell. He could not detect any.

Another thought struck him — possibly some strange fruit or vegetable.

Carefully he pulled the fruit apart looking for any distinguishing features. This fruit resembled nothing specific.

Suddenly excited, he raised the fruit and decided to taste it. He suddenly pulled apart the fruit and crammed it into his mouth. He hadn't anticipated his reaction.

The fruit, which was sickly sweet, amazingly disappeared leaving a furry, rough mixture on his tongue. It was alien to his palate. He immediately spat out the remains of this alien fruit and walked off in disgust.

Elizabeth Goloubkin 10A

TOGETHER ONCE MORE

He staggered the last few feet with an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment within him. Not even his most trustworthy companions actually considered the probability that this sorrowful specimen of a man with his desire to be reunited with his one and only true love, could actually succeed in travelling across the rugged country side of that war torn land and finally reach his destiny, his home, from where he had many years before, departed in a scene of tears and sorrow to nobly defend his country.

As his eyes searched for any sign of life within the grounds of the estate, a heartbreaking and frightful thought became present in his mind. He could not bear to even acknowledge the possibility that, after ten painful and desolate years, his once faithful woman to whom he was betrothed, became weary of waiting for her love to return and, as a woman's heart is seldom strong, left in search of another man to satisfy her needs. Alas, this conclusion shocked him and he fell to his knees and wept shamelessly. Suddenly, his senses returned as he realised that a familiar hand was resting on his frail shoulder. He found it impossible to focus on the figure as his eyes were blurred from the continual crying he could not hold back, but the tender and gentle voice was recognizable and for one instant the entire world seemed to stop in its orbit for this bewildered man, for that person was his world, his existence, his love.

Marcelle Wade 8E

THE DEAD MONEY

A long, long time ago in a town far, far away a smuggling ring was operating. Unsuspectingly counterfeit money was being smuggled into Sydney. The headquarters of the naughty men were in a cellar under a mortuary. The money was made with advanced printing stamps that they purchased from Toyworld for 93 cents (4 cents discount!) and was then put into cheap cardboard coffins and then sent to Sydney. Everyone else just took the coffins for people who had died in Melbourne and whose families had requested them to be buried in Sydney. After the money was buried in Sydney, two people who were hired for 26 cents a day, dug up the coffin, got the money, loaded it onto their truck and replaced the money with the night before's leftover pudding and then reburied the coffin. This had been going on for years now and nobody had suspected anything except that dumb priest, down the road, who thought that the money in the coffin looked like his Aunt Gladys, but his smile turned into a disappointed frown when he knew that she was well and alive in Honolulu.

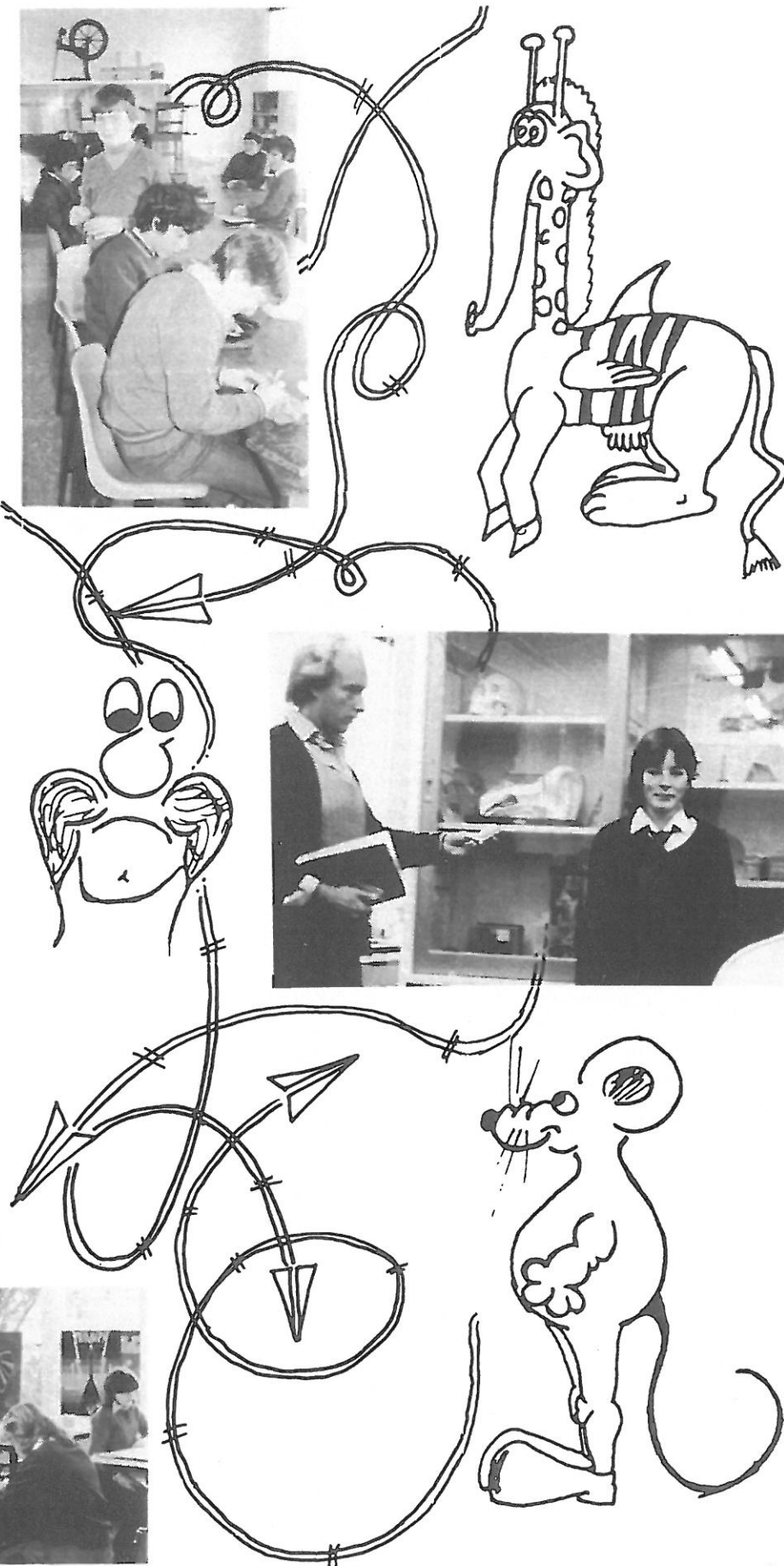
Now one day an old drunk came wandering into the mortuary and sat down to rest. Meanwhile he dozed off. Then in came an old (shortsighted) woman who previously worked there putting the bodies into the coffins, so naturally she wanted to help so she emptied the money out of the coffin (ready to be sent off) which she thought was rubbish, and put in the drunk who looked dead at the time.

When the drunk awoke he took the lid off the coffin and seeing all the money next to it he soberly rang the police because he thought that it was odd to leave a few hundred thousand dollars lying around. You could hear the cops burning over doing 100 kilometers an hour. When they saw the money they knew what was happening so they put one of their thinnest men into the coffins with lots of packets of twisties and two bottles of Fanta.

In a few hours after the other police had gone, two big, fat fellas loaded the coffin onto the truck and then onto a plane. The funeral and burial were carried out. The policeman was nearly out of food when at last he heard the spades begin to dig. As usual they opened it. But! Before you could say 'hi!' each one had a twenty calibre magnum up his nostrils. Within a few days everything was cleared up. The people in the cellar were never convicted because the 20 calibre magnums went off.

Now, instead of coffins they are using Cornflakes packs!

Nicholas Phillipou



THE 1982 DRAMA FESTIVAL

Miss Russell — "Here comes your 19th Nervous Breakdown" (quote Mick Jagger) or rather the 16th annual Brighton High School Drama Festival. Chaos in the corridors, the crossed fingers against unwanted tragedy and comedy, the crossed legs of last minute nerves, rapid recitations, whispering in the wings — the curtain pulls up to reveal the thean-thropical talents of the Brighton High School Players. "Break a leg" — Robert (Higginson) made a feasible attempt on poor Deidre during rehearsals.

All four productions were dominated by the revolutionaries of the lower forms. After weeks of work the mysterious babble of shouts, screams, crashing of chairs and demolition of desks, which wafted down the north corridor during the first half of the second term, were transformed into productions of the first order. It is incredible how enthusiasm takes an upwards turn once the rehearsals make a colourful incision into the routine grey monotony of the time table.

The Drama Festival ran on a reduced budget from former years and a break in tradition was made by all four house productions being staged on the one night; each running for a maximum of thirty minutes. The adjudicator Mr. Michael Bula was faced with an arduous but enjoyable task which he performed fairly, with his final decisions being undisputed by the majority of the audience and those involved.

First to face the audience were GRANT HOUSE with their presentation of a one act play, by the merited Irish playwright J.M. Synge, "Riders to the Sea", complete with Irish accents. The play was produced by Caroline Blight on an impressive set by a small but well organised, well-managed and dedicated cast led by the very-enthusiastic Deidre Marshall, with an authentic limp, thanks to Robert dearest. The Grant House players "had their act together" long before the rest of us had finished casting.

RIDERS TO THE SEA by J.M. Synge

Cast in order of appearance: Cathleen Jane Tanner
Nora Cathy Bristow
Maurya Deidre Marshall
Bartley Darren Lutchner
1st old woman Kim van Wijngaarden
2nd old woman Lani Brunner
1st old man Jason Singh
2nd old man Adam Blight
Producer Caroline Blight
Stage Manager Peter Epifano

The second production went better than all expectations and anticipations, especially those of the cast; little did the adjudicator know that this was LONSDALE'S first uninterrupted and correct rendering of the two-scene play. Lonsdale had chosen a traditional favourite in TOAD OF TOAD HALL, but found difficulty in articulating its ideals with its ever changing cast.

The final performance gave justice in the culmination of hard work, the numerous rehearsals both in and out of school and hours spent in the needlework room under the supervision of Mrs Smethurst, trying to compose costumes for the 'animals' in our cast.

The Lonsdale actors were rewarded for their efforts; the dashing, green-faced Toad, Paul Dunmall (I said I'd write something complimentary) carried away the award for best actor. Simone Davies won best actress, which was well deserved both for her creditable performance and her work with the cast both with costumes, organization and the loan of her front room for riotous rehearsals. Ann Wright won best supporting actress and Marilyn Kimble the award for best producer; anyone who can transform a group of hyperactive first formers with the likes of Cameron Brabner and Jason Roberts into an ensemble of delightfully adorable squirrels and bunnies deserves recognition.



TOAD OF TOAD HALL by A.A. Milne

Act II — Scene I and II from Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Graham

Cast in order of appearance:
Toad Paul Dunmall
Usher Jo Higginson
Policeman Martin Frost
Tailor Kathy Filis
Badger Joanna Levy
Ratty Ann Wright
Mole Lara Goloubkin
The Judge Simone Davies
Mr. Turkey Shirlene Dark
Mr. Duck Jason Roberts
Squirrels Michelle Godfrey, Michelle Williams,
Kate Gorman, Ann Hopson
Rabbits Christopher Raymond, Cameron Brabner,
Ingrid Bakker, Samantha Turner, Kim Barr
Chief Weasel Joanne Trianni
Phoebe Elizabeth Goloubkin
Washerwoman Kathy Filis
Producer Marilyn Kimble

The accents took a turn from Irish to American when Phillip House provided a sober contrast in its rendering of "The Long Christmas Dinner", a time play by Thornton Wilder, which bridged ninety years of life in a family. The play proved hard to perform but was successful due to the patient talents of producer Joanne Blanshard and dedicated actors and actresses including Karen Cooper, Tim O'Reilly and Anne Butterworth whose performance gained her the award of most promising actress.

THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER by Thornton Wilder

Cast in order of appearance:
Lucia Karen Cooper
Roderick Paul Crowley
Mother Bayard Pauline Velahoutakos
Cousin Brandon Tim O'Reilly
The Nurse Heather Williams
Charles Stewart Richards
Genevieve Maria-Grace Batson
Cousin Emmengardt Julie-Ann Batson
Roderick the Second Paul Crowley
Sam Louise McCann
Lucia the Second Emma Shoreland
Producer Joanne Blanshard

The final and most amusing play was an adventurous and successful anachronism, a departure from the traditional performance — and the audience loved it. The Murray House presentation was a play by ethnic playwright Osvaldo Maione, which after disapproval from Mr. O'Brien was retitled, "An Italian Comedy" (we all know the original title — if you don't take a look at the Abiusos' wallpaper). The play boasted ingenuity from the cast and producer Francis "Fonzie" Abiuso, especially in its ad-libbing and avant-garde characterisations, which were not always quite as the playwright intended. Robert Higginson fulfilled his life's ambition to be a Mafia agent complete with pin-striped suit, hat, violin cast and cigar. Peter Ashkar was persuaded to tone down his gay acting or acting gay; the ever jocular, nicotine-addicted pest Jonathan McTigue showed his second talent (the first one being annoying Mrs. Kaplonyi), whilst flamboyant Francis Abiuso secured the title of Fonzie and best supporting actor. Fran's final moment of joy came in the adjudicator's announcement of the audience's common sentiments — Murray House were the deserving winners of the coveted cup for the best production.

AN ITALIAN COMEDY By Osvaldo Maione

Translated by S. Giglio

Cast in order of appearance:

Orlando Jonathan McTigue
Carmela Genevieve Read
Maria and Lucia
(their children) Maree Humphries, Sarah Perkins
Franco Peter Ashkar
Dan Ciccio Robert Higginson
Gino Francis Abiuso
A Lady Katrina Shaw
Producer Francis Abiuso

All those involved in the festival convey their immeasurable thanks to Miss Russell whose extreme dedication made the dramas such an outstanding success, and apologise for any permanent damage to her nerves and vocal chords. Special thanks to all members of staff who devoted time and energy to what proved to be a worthwhile occasion.

Jo Higginson (12C)







THE AGE OF UNCERTAINTY

Next year I will reach the age of 18 and therefore society will recognise me as being an adult. The question is, will I recognise myself as being an adult? I'll wake up one morning and I'll be able to go to the hotel and R-rated movies without the fear of being charged by the police. I'll be able to vote in elections, drive a car and do all the other things that adults do.

It's funny really, because I felt pretty adult when I turned 17. I saw myself as independent, responsible, intelligent and capable of making rational and sensible decisions on my own. All these qualities I possessed were to me qualities you would attribute to an adult. I thought I'd managed to pass through adolescence without many scars and was now ready to enter the world of adulthood; then I started HSC.

Since the beginning of this year I've noticed changes within myself. I used to believe that the problems of teenagers were over-exaggerated and the so-called "puberty blues" a load of rubbish.

I enjoyed being a teenager, I got on well with my friends and family and didn't have very many problems. This year, however, I've found myself to be over-sensitive and emotional. I'll burst into tears at the slightest upset or criticism. My mother, with whom I've always got on well, is at times my arch-enemy. Maybe the pressure of HSC, and also my first boyfriend have caused me to act this way, or perhaps I would've gone through this stage eventually, who knows? One thing I know for sure is that for the first time in my life I feel confused!

Yes, Melissa Flanagan of all people is confused! I've always been able to keep things in perspective in my mind and understand difficult problems without much trouble. I was never one to sit in a maths class feeling confused and lost. I've been told by a few people that I have a very logical brain. So why do I now find myself confused?

I'm constantly asking myself questions such as — what do I want to do with my life? Are what I think I want and what I really want the same thing? Am I doing what's best for me by doing HSC? Am I working hard enough to pass? What if I fail? Everything is no longer simply a matter of it being black or white. There's a part of me that's blurred and grey, where I'm full of doubts and fears of the future.

Perhaps my awareness of this grey area is a sign that I am growing up and realising that the world can't be divided into black and white. It's not simple or logical enough to be that way, but more like the grey part of my mind.

One of the most important questions I've been asking myself, and a question most people probably ask themselves at sometime or another is, "Who am I?" I've become aware of how little I know about myself and the people around me. I can look at the people closest to me, people I thought I knew well, and realise that I don't know them very well at all. Maybe one never really gets to know another person completely, but only "sees" the tip of the iceberg which holds the other's personality.

I've realised that I've got a lot more to learn about life before I can consider myself an adult. Lately I've found myself looking enviously at the kids in Year Seven. School was a game when I was 12 and life a whole lot simpler. I had less responsibility for myself and there was plenty of time to decide what my future would be after I left school.

Now that future looms very close and soon I'll be forced into making a decision which will have a marked effect on the rest of my life. One of the hardest things to accept about that is that your whole future may perhaps be decided in less than 12 months of work. It makes all those other years at school seem worthless and irrelevant.

THE EMPTY HARBOUR

On arrival, two hot children came bounding out of the Kombi-van onto the hot stones, onward to the fine sand, until finally reaching the cool, invigorating "SPLASH". Mum and Dad would stay in the van, drinking UDL and Beer. That, Peter and I could never understand

It is sad to visit Green Point now. The Baths, which once dominated the scenery, are now nothing more than a brass plaque, inscribed like a tombstone among the rubble. The large stormwater pipe, sticking out of the wall holding back the land above, which provided us with a deep boat harbour every time after the rain, is green and slimy and drips putrid drops of muck into the stagnant pool below.

The legendary hole at the end of the sea-wall which sucked in swimmers and could be seen by the luminous ripple of the waves above, has been filled in by the decaying rubble of the wall.

The fishermen have gone home, and so have the fish from their magical, emerald-green holiday land, which turned into a murky grey mess, overnight.

In the summer, they don't even speak English there anymore. The people pack themselves into the tiny triangle of sand which is left, until they spill into the grey, oily water.

I was an invader on my beach! I walked along the sand with thousands of dark brown eyes like pinpricks on my skin.

"How could they do this to me. Get off my sand, get out of my water", I thought to myself through gritted teeth.

"On second thought, my friends are all at Dendy Beach, so why waste my time here? It's just a little grotty beach anyhow".

So I left that beach. Behind, I left a little boy playing in an imaginary boat harbour under a stormwater pipe forever.

Tony Payne, 12C

I've often thought about giving up HSC. It would be so much easier to leave school and get a job and then get married at 20 and have kids. But I know I would regret my actions and hate myself if I dropped HSC. Sometimes I'm not sure if I'm doing HSC because I want to or because I believe I have to. I don't feel as though I've been pressured by my patents to do HSC but more by myself. I've got the capabilities to pass well and I guess it's always been accepted that a "straight A" student should do HSC and go to university.

I don't feel like a "straight A" student though. I'm pretty lazy and hate having to study. That's one of the reasons why I don't like HSC. Having to study, though, makes you think not about superficial things like in past years of school, but makes you think more deeply about issues. HSC teaches you no longer to accept what people tell you as being the absolute truth. That in itself is a good reason to do HSC.

As this year continues perhaps the questions I now feel faced with will begin to get answers. Life at the moment seems to me to be like pieces of a giant jigsaw which won't all fit together properly.

Melissa Flanagan, 12A



I looked at my brother in disbelief as he said to me, grinning from ear to ear.

"I can't wait to get a car; I'm going to knock everyone else off the road!"

He was only nine. I knew he didn't mean it but I couldn't understand how a boy of that age could see how getting a car means smashing up other cars. He couldn't see driving as a means of getting around.

When you think of the factors involved in the causes of road accidents, it seems that the only way to start reducing the road toll is to change the pattern of thinking of the general public.

You hear about it all the time. The "man" who says "Just one more ..." as he puts another beer under his belt and kids himself that he can drive both himself and his girlfriend home. But just who is he kidding? Chances are that if he does have an accident, his girl will be hurt or killed and he'll be left leaning on his steering wheel mumbling "Just one more for the road," and burping as he wonders why his girl has gone so quiet. "She must be drunk!" he concludes.

But it's not just drinking and driving and it's not just the younger generation. It's everyone! It's the woman who can never face the fact that she's getting older and her eyesight is gradually failing. "I won't have an accident!" she says to herself "not me!" she says as she turns the corner hoping there's nothing coming the other way.

It's also the old man who doesn't want to be old and tells himself he's getting younger all the time as he plants his foot on the floor and wizzes past a group of teenagers in his Mazda RX-7.

So what do you do? Spank them and tell them not to do it again? Or wait until they kill someone, or themselves?

I often sit down to watch a little good ol' tele instead of doing my homework and wonder why or how people can be entertained watching a cop car chase the baddie until the baddie drives off a cliff. I wonder what sort of effect that type of programme has on the minds of the young.

"What sorta car 'have ya got, mate?' you overhear at a party. "Oh yeah, one o' them, eh? Yeah, well mine's sorta like that but y'know, with a couple more details. Y'know? Better-like!"

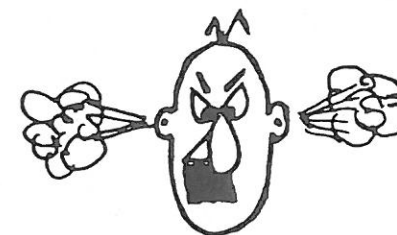
A few more words are exchanged and they step outside to see for themselves. The engines start and they're off! Down the road and round the corner to see whose car "goes faster". Only one returns.

But it's not just the drivers. It's the pedestrian who thinks "Oh, yeah, the cars will stop" and wonders why he's ended up in hospital with a broken leg, a fractured collar-bone and a letter from the driver's solicitor wanting to take him to court.

And then you think about age. Is eighteen too young for a person to be given the responsibility of driving or is there a time in a person's life when he is just too old to drive? Where do you draw the line? And when will people learn from reasoning and not have to learn from experience?

So the problem seems to be in trying to convince drivers that speeding isn't tough, seat-belts must be worn, drinking and driving don't mix, and that not everyone is as good a driver as you.

Robyn Wellspring 12A



AUSTRALIAN PRIDE IS NOT DEAD!

Patriotic fervour reached an emotional height during the opening of the twelfth Commonwealth Games held in Brisbane on the thirtieth of September, 1982. Never have so many citizens joined together, for so long to organise such a well-run operation. Four years before this date the people of Brisbane prepared for the honour of having the Games held in their city. They planted trees, painted houses, tidied streets, parks and other public places. They even changed their attitudes and put on a smiling, happy face for all to see. Lovely!

The opening of the Games was a good example of selfless devotion and co-operation. The high point of the day was the efforts of the 6,074 school children bearing cards to form a stylised map of Australia. The Games themselves were conducted in a most sportsman-like way, although there were, admittedly, some conflicts. But this is inevitable in any competition.

Australia showed she could turn out some athletes, such as Raelene Boyle, Lisa Curry, Tracey Wickham, Nick Voukelatos, Robert Kabbas and Robert De Castella and many others. Some of the exciting moments were:

*Raelene Boyle winning the 400 metres and her agonising dash for gold in the last leg of the 1600 metres relay. Though she did not win this, no-one can question her efforts;

*Tracey Wickham's amazing swim to victory in the 400 metres freestyle;

*Lisa Curry receiving gold for the 200 metres butterfly stroke, 200 and 400 metres medley. But the most amazing win, I thought, was by Robert De Castella in the twenty-six mile marathon. Although he had to battle sickness he was able to catch up with the Tanzanian leader only two kilometres from the finishing line. It was indeed a thrilling victory.

The closing ceremony was just as moving as the opening and the spontaneous action of the athletes moving onto the ground was delightful. Though I'm no royalist, I was proud to see the green and gold-clad athletes form a protective ring around the Queen's car as it did the traditional lap of the stadium. The crowds joined in a rousing chorus of "Waltzing Matilda" and athletes from the world over joined hands to dance. All this would not have been possible without the wonderful effort made by the people of Queensland, with the nation behind them. All in all, Australians "did themselves proud".

Lisa-Marie St. Clair 12C



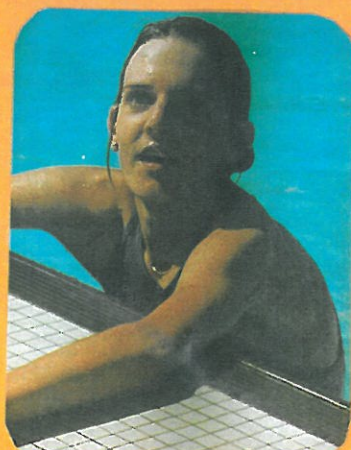
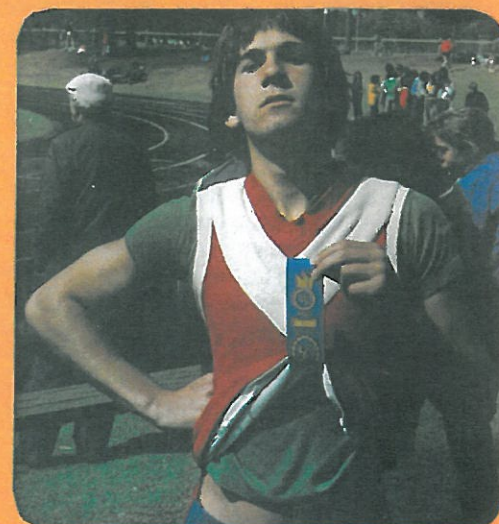
MADMAN'S DREAM

*Killing themselves through want and greed.
Fighting over every need.
They grab and grab, they never give,
But who would think they want to live?*

*They act like animals, wild and free
They roam the land, the desert and sea.
Once so warm and once so kind,
Hatred and power now ruled their mind.*

*Cruelty, death, destruction and waste.
Are the only things on Earth to taste.
This world was once so fresh and clean,
But changed to this for a madman's dream.*

Lara 9B



HSC POLITICS — STUDENT ELECTION



As part of the Politics curriculum studies, an election was held in Term 2 to find a Brighton High School Student Leader. Three candidates were selected from the class, and, as part of the exercise were requested to produce campaign slogans, speeches, how-to-vote cards (and bribes).

The brave 3 were:

1. Fotina Karailis (The Guilty Party)
2. Neil Todd (Give them enough rope and they'll hang themselves Party)
3. Renea Stoupas (The Birthday Party)

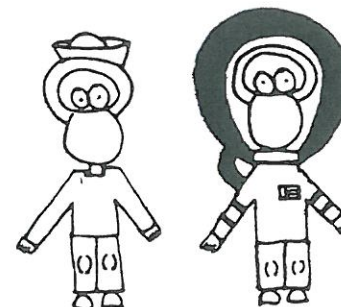
All Year 11 and 12 students and staff were required to vote. Voting was compulsory and the preferential system was used. After trailing Neil at the completion of 1st preference counting, Fotina won the election with 2nd preferences. The contest was extremely close, was fought hard and seemed to be enjoyed by most participants.

D. Harman

GUILTY PARTY'S POLICIES

- A psychedelic change to our grey and dismal school.
- Wage increases for our underpaid teachers.
- Free medical and optical tests regularly.
- An increase in the social atmosphere of the school by issuing all senior students with IDs so that they can meet their favourite teachers at the M----- on Friday nights.
- Swimming pool in the middle of the oval — to be dug by late detention offenders.
- TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGES — Food vending machines in the canteen and robots to replace canteen staff. *SPECIALIZED ROBOTS* will replace Teachers on Yard Duty. (Equipped with special messages for smokers.)
- I, Fotina will personally clean off all graffiti in the school toilets (for details attend policy speech).
- Special benefits for Mr. McKinnon.
- SOCIAL STAFFROOM FACILITIES — Leather suite, persian rugs, persian cats (for Ms. Lloyd), stereo and TV set. (All paid for by proceeds of kissing booth.)
- Benefit of minority groups — within the school society — for the international recognition of Dungeons and Dragons, Ci and Mr. Clark.

Many Thanks
Love

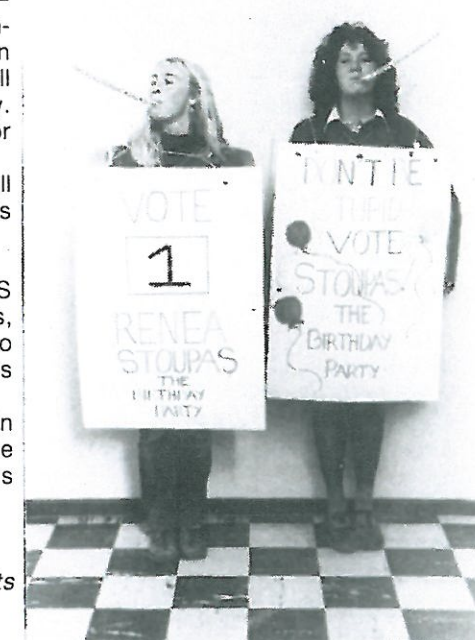


BIRTHDAY PARTY'S POLICY PROMISES

- URANIUM MINING WILL BE OUT-LAWED
- PROHIBITING SALES OF WHALE MEAT IN THE CANTEEN
- TAX EVASION SCHEMES FOR ALL STAFF MEMBERS
- RETIREMENT SCHEME
- SALARY INCREASE FOR TEACHERS
- STUDENTS RECEIVING INCOME TO ATTEND LESSONS
- STUDENTS' BY-LAWS ON STUDENT ATTENDANCE TIMES
- INSANITY CERTIFICATE FOR THOSE WISHING TO PASS H.S.C.
- SAFETY FOR TEACHERS FROM STUDENT BULLYING
- CYANIDE CAPSULES MADE AVAILABLE
- FAREWELL PARTY FOR MATERNITY-LEAVERS (MR. WILSON, MR. GORHAM)
- ESTABLISHMENT OF GAS CHAMBER
- ABOLITION OF EARLY MORNING CLASSES
- "HOW-TO-BE-A-PEST" LESSONS BY MR. WRAGG
- "HOW-TO-RUN-A-STUDENT-OVER-LESSONS" BY MR. HUMPHRIES
- STUDENT 4-DAY WORKING WEEK DO YOURSELF A FAVOUR VOTE

RENEA STOUPAS [1]

"SHE'S THE ONLY ONE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU"



Fots

WHO'S MAD?

My English teacher this year was mad. He said so many silly things I know I must be sane.

Who in their right mind would tell you to enjoy your exams? I ask you? He said if you enjoyed writing your exam essays the examiner would probably enjoy reading them and the marks would take care of themselves. He must think the examiners are as mad as he is.

I want a sane examiner to mark my essays — one who'll know that when I say something obvious it's right. To be fair I must admit old Pammy did say: "Keep it simple. Explore the complexities of life with simplicity." And I agree with him there. Any fool knows black's black and white's white. Look at South Africa. They haven't got any mad teachers. They'd put them away. But I don't expect that would bother Pammy. Sling a few essays in his cell and he'd be happy — like peanuts for a monkey.

Anyway where was I? Oh yes! Pammy said we have to show you're mature, thoughtful and articulate students. Right here goes, and we'll keep things simple and normal.

First, mature. Well, teachers think I'm precocious: to the chicks I'm a spunk; while my football coach just shakes his head. I do like a rage with the dolls and I'm not bad at games, but I don't let one interfere with the other. Now take that bird at the footy without one solitary feather from top to tail. The other players might have been non-plussed; but even with her on the field I'd be well and truly on the ball. I'd romp away with it so fast around the half-forward flank nobody else'd be in the hunt. With the backline caught napping and the goal posts in focus, the fans would rise to the occasion, their cheers swelling around the stands as a musical accompaniment to the long driving torpedo-punt lifting goalwards.

I tell you what. I'd really have a ball. It'll be straight through the old hi-diddle-diddle for the umpteenth time and bouncing slap-bang into the Guinness Book of Records before you could catch your breath. Yes sir! Lou-baby would laugh to see such sport and the crowd would jump over the moon. Though not one to boast I think I simply have it all. I've got style; I've got flair; I'm every girl's prayer. Shall I go on or just take a bow?

Thoughtful is next. Well as I implied — note that shade of meaning — Well as I implied earlier this simply means having comon sense and everybody's got that haven't they? Or at least everybody who's normal. I'm normal; you're normal and if everybody's normal we'll be okay won't we? It's as simple as that.

Now take those aborigines trying to disrupt the Commonwealth Games. They're not normal. It's as plain as the nose on your face that they're un-Australian. Gaol's the place for them. Sling them in with old Pammy, I say. Come to think of it he looks a funny colour sometimes.

By the way you're white of course aren't you? I mean the examiners are all normal aren't they? They wouldn't use examiners who can't understand the simplicity of life would they?

Another thing Pammy was always on about was how a student sucks ink — something about the words saying much more than you think. To Pammy that's the cat's Whiskas, although we use Pal ourselves. Five thousand dollars if you find a purple number in the can. You could buy a few tinnies with that eh! Don't panic! Just a little digression to show you I know what one is. Mustn't be irreverent!

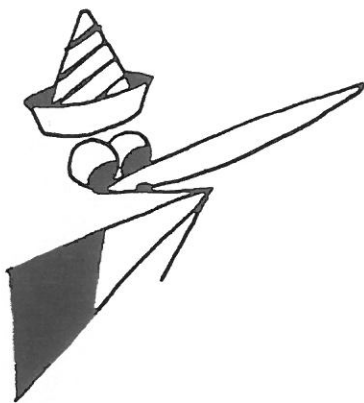
As I was saying sucking ink is part of being articulate — stringing words together as it were. But I must confess — and Pammy always said we write better when we're honest — that I've never been quite sure of its exact meaning.

He said we should ask about strange words; but everyone else appeared to know what it was or pretended to — and you don't want to be — well — not normal do you? "Or look it up in a dictionary," he said.

Well the fact is I lost my dictionary in Form One. I threw it at a bloody little wog who called me a racist big-shot — or something like that. Sometimes a man's got to do what a man's got to do. Anyway he needed a book of English words more than me. We've got to help the migrants don't we — multiculturalism and all that.

That makes me a good citizen doesn't it? And Pammy didn't even say you're looking for that. A little bit extra as to speak should swing the deal, I'd say. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind man isn't it? Not that you're blind any more than I am are you? I mean you're normal like me.

Bunbury Wofflenut 12ZZZ



DARREN — THE BOY FROM MIACRAN

One upon a twice times tomorrow there lived a yeah good guess and he woke up half an hour before he went to bed, but then a one eyed cat had a spasmodic brain eclipse and Darren was born. Then without happening it didn't occur and a shallow legged suffering squizball evaporated and was never seen again.

One day Darren was having his breakfast which comprised toasted emu's gallstones mixed with curried gnu's bladders in white brine. All of a sudden a headless skull suffering from a brain tumor, which had been caused by an overdose of pekinese pumpkin wax, crashed into the room shwering his Kostolonoplan Phlosplanous while gritting his leather sandals. Darren's face curdled at the sight of the mirror and his body was transformed into pasturised Dambutcuddelypopulous. It was here that Darren's life started to evolve.

It all started when Darren's toenails started to flinch at the smell of stale asparagus which was brewing in the underground attic. Now that Darren knew where he was born, he could find out where Muras kept his Skinflints and Skitzoids, so he could discover the bright darkness which enclosed his caraway seed sized brain. Once Darren could do this he could proudly display the membranes of fat which ate away at his bald patch. So from this short story describing Darren's life we can try and understand the problems in trying and re-habilitate abalone fisherman's left arm-pits by using citric acid.

Stephen Murrells and Julio Estorninho

A GROSS GENERALIZATION

The Australian Male.
A being of superior intelligence
And physical attributes.
He has an answer for every question;
And an argument for every answer
A female may utter.

A being of fair and just decisions,
He logically organizes his life
And the life of any available female.

Born to dominate,
He handles any difficult situation with ease.
Especially those he personally creates
Involving any mere female.

The better half of any relationship
His presence comforts
The weak, frail female.

Successful in business,
An expert in sexual activities;
A knowledgeable member in any controversial topic;
An enviable creation of life,
Desired by all females.

The Australian male,
A perfect person.

Thank God I was born a female.

Kim McKindley (12D)



Dedicated to Launa Collis, a friend . . . still.

LIFE, DEATH, NANNA, WHY?

One meets a person called 'Nanna' only once,
A being so full of wisdom.
One admires a person such as this only once,
A being who could enjoy life to its fullest.

I met her near to the beginning of my life,
And near to the end of her life on earth.
In the few years we knew each other it could have been a lifetime,
And yet as time flew by it could have been a fleeting moment.

She,
Like another grandmother,
Did as she pleased — making herself and everybody elated with remarkable ease.
She,
Like another grandmother,
Had a charisma so magnetic — attracting friends to share in her mirth and wisdom.

'Nanna' superseded my own now-deceased grandmother in every way,
Filling that long empty space in my heart.
Her sudden death came as a shock,
All over again I was confronted with the same torture of losing someone like her.

How depressed and dejected I felt on that formidable morning I heard the news,
The removal of that energy called 'Nanna',
On whom I had become so dependent in some ways,
Who had an all powerful effect on my psyche.

My mind was in chaotic turmoil,
My body unnaturally calm.

In trancelike motion I viewed through a window,
So clear was she.
But this was not 'Nanna',
It was her transformed energy that I could not see before.

How fulfilled I felt to view without ignorance the naked mind of another being.

So I mourn no more,
I know her dispersed energies are all around me, in everything I sense and more.
She is now part of "God",
'Nanna' will be eternally happy as I always knew she would be.

But to extinguish her life on Earth?
A heinous and unthinking move.

The question that I ask is "WHY?"

David Trickey

DARKNESS FALLS

The wind swept sky stands still and alone,
accompanied by lonely groans of wind that surround,
as it pierces the green and grey.
A faint blue outline at the edge of the sky
is clear, to give new hope to the black world outside.

Small hopes and dreams in this growing tone of blue,
live as my thoughts of our future,
and the bright blue gleam of new days to pass.

I see my hopes growing, and my dreams
breaking free.
No more just a part of a world that's
not there.
But as a single new bud,
which may blossom,
then flower.

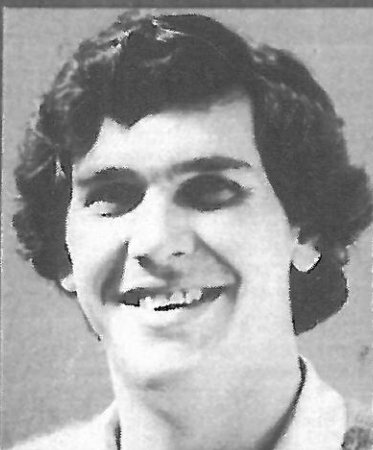
Peter Payne 11B



Mrs. Berry: Legal Studies. "Now, I spent three hours last night preparing these notes for you and you don't even have the decency to listen...I could have been playing with Andrew!!"



Mrs. Egan: Chemistry. "How do you spell.....?"



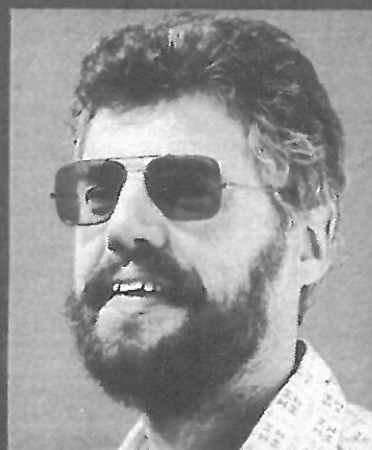
Mr. Humphries: General Maths. "Very inneresting" or "Boomer" or "You can't study mathematics question by question."

'Rogues Gallery'

H.S.C. Staff.



Mr. Clark: Art. "Listen to my pearls of wisdom" or "I'm not a day over 26."



Mr. Godfred: Pure and Applied Mathematics. "Now Jacob..."



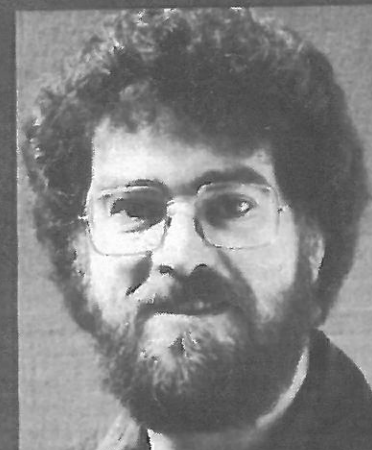
Mrs. Harman: Australian History/Politics. "When I said 'The Age' I meant the front pages, not the Sport or the Comics or the Entertainment Directory."



Mrs. Kaplonyi: French. "If you haven't done your homework then you're only polluting the air."



Ms. Lloyd: English/English Literature. "It wasn't me that called 12C a bunch of D-minus semi-morons" or "Target practice will be conducted immediately after the Lit exam."



Mr. Morrissey: English. "Well, how many of you have read the book — at least the first page?"



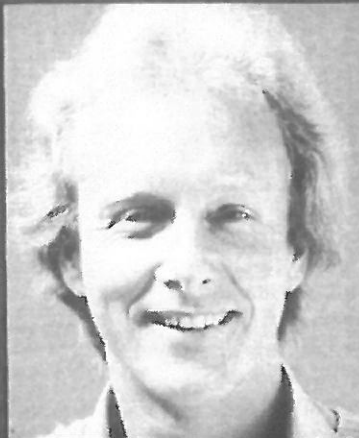
Mrs. Venning: Home Economics H.D.S. "Yeeeeeees ... I'll have to check on that."

THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL GET WHEN YOU GET TO YEAR 12
(and this is what you'll hear them say):

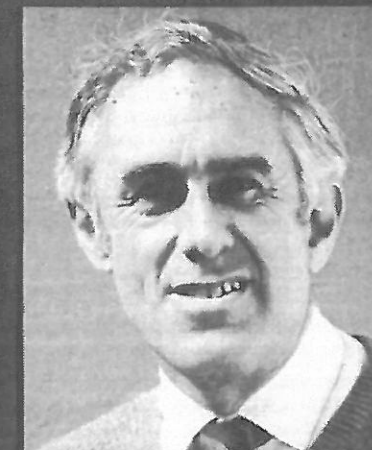
Mr. Baker: Geography. "When you study wuwal and urban settlements you will understand the concepts."

Mr. Gorham: Accounting. "I have a few handouts for you."

Mrs. Lightfoot: Economics. "Don't tell the examiner all you know about the topic; just answer the question!"



Mr. Wilson: Biology. "Did you hear that one about..."



Mr. Pamment: English. "... Which reminds me of an essay one H.S.C. student wrote in...1971, I think...how do you spell 'poisonous'?"



Mr. Wragg: Physics. "What, what, what?" or "Oh yes" or "It looks as if an inebriated, ink-soaked insect has walked across your page."

THE CROCODILE

The crocodile is lying still
Looking for his prey to kill.

His beady eyes look all around
In the water and on the ground.

He has a scaly body and a scaly tail
With a big mouth and white teeth he would not fail.

In a moment he spots his prey
He slithers along the ground and is on his way.

He moves cunningly as he ripples through the water
That little duck he aims to slaughter.

He opens his jaws in apprehension
But our small feathered friend senses his tension.

It opens its wings and flies to safety
So Mr. Croc shouldn't have been so hasty.

Jimmy Kalaboukas 8A

Weep, o Harlot city, for it is Time.
See the Dark Hordes massed on thy Borders.
Spear-tips glinting in the first light
of the New Day.

Weep, o Harlot city for the Evils of the Spawn.
writting in sinful and incestuous Pleasures.
devoid of the Morality I gave you.

Weep, o Harlot city, for My Divine Wrath
shall you feel — you have been weighed in the
Balance of Eternity, and found lacking —
I shun you.

Weep, o Harlot city, as you crumble away
in Anarchy and Despotism, without Dignity,
rife with the Disease of thy making,
without Honour, Valour . . .

Weep, o Harlot city, as the Hordes from Beneath
tear you asunder. Feel the Thunder of their feet
topple you, from the Topmost Tower, bathed in thine own Blood,
to the Bottomless Pit.

Die, o Harlot city, for Judgement has come.
Let My Retribution be felt throughout the land
Let it be Terrible and Complete

MENE MENE TEXEL . . . PAX

Deidre Marshall 12A

MY SCOTLAND 'SITHEAN'

'Sithean' — a fairy dwelling — approximately pronounced 'Sheehan'.

For many years my Scotland was a small cathedral town called Dunblane. An historical village dating back to the 7th century A.D. when St. Blane founded it, Dunblane was a veritable 'tourist trap', and so the summers were always wildly exciting times when all nationalities and creeds mingled in the town square and the favourite picnic spots of the area.

The majority of visitors to Dunblane came in search, not of excitement but rather, tranquility, and to soak in some of the rural atmosphere of the town. In general, whilst visiting our town, they were drawn to the Cathedral and its surrounding land — the ancient, white-washed cottages of the Cathedral Square; the hilly Laighills Park, and the wide and meandering River Allan. The tourists, especially the Americans among them, found the Cathedral and its neighboring buildings quite charming and often assured us 'primitives' that, "There's sure nuthin' like it in Texas"!

In fact the Cathedral, in many ways, was the cornerstone of Dunblane's society, for as well as being a tourist attraction it was also a concert hall, a meeting place, a school chapel, and of course to the Protestants of the community it was a place of worship and absolution. Being more of a traditionalist, and less of a staunch Presbyterian, I only visited the 'kirk' as a worshipper on the rare occasion. In fact, my only 'brushes with Faith' were restricted to weddings and christenings, and to the wonderfully traditional Easter, Christmas and school services. However, I visited the ancient church often in my childhood, for its peacefulness helped me to think out problems and to reflect on my life at the time. I especially liked to sit in the tiny minister's chapel at the North end of the Cathedral with Christ's effigy on the window as my only companion. I liked too, to run my hands along the cool granite walls of the church, and to touch the age-old carvings on the pews in the nave, feeling time that had passed, in my fingertips.

For some time I sang in the Cathedral too, a member of the illustrious Dunblane Cathedral Choir who in recent years have become widely known in Scotland and across the world through their concerts and recording work. Singing in the choir was a glorious experience. To hear the united voices of children and adults raise-the-roof of the 13th century choir was a quite-unique experience, and one which cannot truly be matched by any other kind of singing.

Often as we sang on a Sunday morning we would hear the Cathedral bells ring out above us. The bells were the largest and loudest in the district, and Sundays were never quite complete without the resonant 'ringing of the changes' which took place twice a day, come rain or shine. Twice I ventured up the well-worn bell-tower stairs to hear this clanging polyphony, and both times I was mesmerized by the scene. My whole body was shaken as the bells began to chime. First the giant hammers would thump heavily onto the bells, and then the huge brass bells would begin to swing across the tower-room.

But, impressive though the bells were, I was more interested in the beauty of the Cathedral itself. The solidity and the majesty of the building was best seen at night when, in spot-lit darkness, it stood out proudly against its diamond-studded backcloth. The Cathedral seemed to become almost fairytale-like in the darkness, for the numerous spotlights made the sand-blasted stone appear golden in colour and the stone-work almost seemed as though it were shining.

The seasons too endowed the church with fairytale looks. In spring it was surrounded by garlands of cherry blossoms, and haloes of golden daffodils; in autumn by bronze and red leaves; in winter by a blanket of snow; and in summer by luscious green grass and soft-scented roses. But all year round the Cathedral was beautiful in some way, just as the parks, or the river, or the little cottages in the square were. Dunblane was a 'fairy-place' in so many ways, and in so many ways it was Scotland. Walter Scott's land of 'brown hearth and shaggy wood', Aytours's Scotland of 'kindly' hearts, and Burns' 'Bark and braes' that 'bloom sae fresh and fair', are all Scotland as much as Dunblane with its stout-hearted Cathedral is — and that Scotland is My Scotland.

Beth Lewis 12A

A SUMMARY OF MACBETH

*Hail thee
Macbeth of three,
Glamis, Cawdor and King.
To carry out the prophecy
Macbeth plans the King's destiny
And with a dagger,
The King.
Duncan,
is slain.*

*Go prithee,
Macbeth doth plea.
To end Banquo.
But still at the banquet,
is he.
And also to murder Fleance;
Alas! —
He doth flee.*

*Macduff, the brave
Doth Macbeth betray
And in his anger,
Stealthy revenge
Macbeth doth Macduff avenge.
No longer respected —
Honourable and true,
Macbeth doth shamelessly,
Macduff's wife, son, babe, daughter —
All!*

Ruthlessly slaughter.

*Now cometh the end —
Not all is death
Macbeth is lost —
His wife he bereaves.
Macduff —
Not of woman born
Leaves Macbeth —
A tyrant —
Torn.
Macduff, the bold
Hath saved the day.
Hail Malcolm
Now thee say!*

*Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Macbeth no longer poisons the air.*

Karen Linton 11A

SPORTS REPORT

SWIMMING:

The House Swimming Sports were held at the Caulfield Pool on Friday 12th February, 1982.

Results were:

GIRLS: Lonsdale 1st, 213. Murray 2nd, 129. Grant 3rd, 104. Phillip 4th, 63.

TOTAL: Lonsdale 424, Murray 267, Grant 183, Phillip 172.

BOYS: Lonsdale 1st, 211. Murray 2nd, 138. Phillip 3rd, 109. Grant 4th, 79.

Records were broken by: Grils U/17, 4x50m Relay, 2:30.9 min. (2:33.0 Previous record). E. Robinson U/15, Freestyle 50m. 32.8 sec (33.5 Previous record). C. Richardson U/14, Butterfly 50m. 39.5 sec (55.9 Previous record).

On Tuesday 30 March many of our students represented Nepean Group in the Southern Zone Swimming Sports. All students performed well. Michelle Prew came 3rd in U/14 Diving. Cameron Richardson came 3rd in Breaststroke, 1st in Freestyle and 1st in Backstroke. Boys U/17 Relay came 2nd — (James Curl, Alan Oshlack, Alan Kane and Chris Short).

SUMMER SPORT:

Girls won the Nepean Group Competition in Senior Tennis, Senior Softball and Intermediate Volleyball. Boys won the Nepean Group Competition in Intermediate Cricket. This year, Caulfield High School and Moorabbin High School were included in the Nepean Group, together with Beaumaris High School, McKinnon High School, Elwood High School, Hampton High School, Highett High School and Brighton High School. The girls also played against MacRobertson Girls High School and Brighton Technical School in social matches.

Year 7 participated in Girls Softball and Tennis and Boys in Cricket and Tennis in a round robin competition held on Thursday 1st April. As a result, Girls Tennis won the day and will play a final late in term III.

Senior Softball played in a final against Brentwood High School at Brentwood. We lost 19-3 runs in a very high standard game.

Intermediate Volleyball played against Chadstone High School but lost 3-1 sets.

Senior Tennis played Huntingdale High School and lost on game points in a close final, 29 points-25 points. Congratulations to these teams.

SUMMER SPORT TEAMS:

Senior Softball Team: Nicole Daw, Mariella Aloï, Kim McKindley, Karen Nicholson, Karen Van Twest, Shirlene Dark, Mini Humphries, Marion Miller, Heather Wilson and Shirley Toth.

Thanks to Leinka Morgan who put in many hours to coach and train the team.

Intermediate Volleyball Team: Genevieve Read, Kathy Palamberis, Jenny Todd, Despina Hohlios, Helena Johnson, Amanda West, and Guilianna Renye.

Senior Tennis Team: Karen Cooper, Leah Fritzlaiff, Sue van Tooren, and Sharon Seeberg.

CROSS COUNTRY RESULTS:

The Nepean School Cross Country events were held at Dendy Park on Friday June 4th.

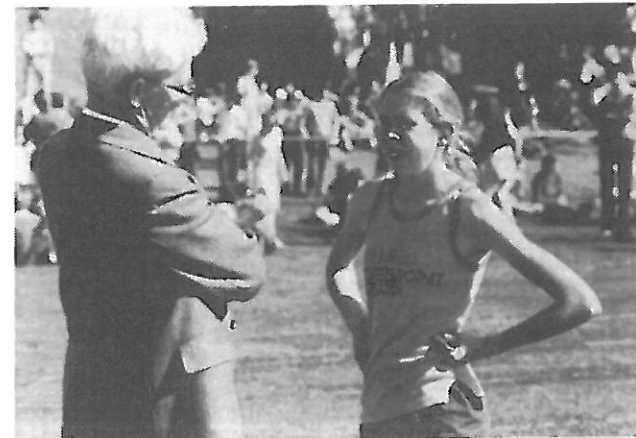
Brighton High performed with credit, and we have some fine individual performances.

First — Girls U/14 — team members M. Dedek, P. Kelly, J. Mountain, D. Barnard, M. McLeod.

First — Girls U/16 — team members S. Fisher, C. Fritzlaiff, P. Scott, K. Shaw, E. Shoreland.

Second — Boys U/16 — team members R. Lander, G. Georgiou, F. Abiuso, A. Fothergill, N. Karailis.

In the grand aggregate, Brighton came second to Elwood.



Excellent individual performances were put up by Sarah Fisher, 1st in Girls U/16, Greg McMahon, 1st in Boys Open and Brett Ward, 2nd in boys U/14.

Competing in the next division of the School Sports, Southern Division, Sarah Fisher came 2nd in Girls U/16, and Greg McMahon came 6th in Boys Open.

Sarah Fisher was then selected to represent Southern Section in the All High's U/16 3000 metres event in which she gained 2nd place and selection in the Victorian Cross Country Team to compete in Canberra.

On Saturday September 18th Sarah competed in Canberra gaining the highest of honours possible becoming the Australian Champion in the U/16 Girls 3000 metres. Congratulations to Sarah for a wonderful effort.

WINTER SPORT:

In this competition, Brighton High School was successful in Boys Intermediate Football, Senior Squash and Senior Table Tennis, and Girls Year 7 Netball, Intermediate Hockey and Senior Table Tennis. The Girls Senior Netball were equal with Highett High School in the competition, so Brighton High School agreed to a play off to decide the group winner. This match was held after school at Hampton High School in the gymnasium. The match was very exciting — the final result . . . Highett High School defeated Brighton High School 39-36 goals. Congratulations to our Senior Team on a very good effort.

Team: Mariella Aloï, Sharyn Seeberg, Kim McKindley, Leah Fritzlaiff, Louisa Dunsmuir, Michelle Wilson, Marion Miller and Jenny Clarke.

The Girls Intermediate Hockey Team played Brentwood High School on Thursday 5th August at Brentwood. In an interesting game Brighton eventually lost 5-0 but the girls played well and were pleased with the result.

Team: Nicole Seuret, Christine Isaacs, Amanda Smith, Louise McCann, Kylie Rossiter, Ann Wright, Georgina Smith, Emma Shorland, Julie Hall, Jane Wright, Leisl Vroland.

Best players: Jane Wright and Emma Shorland.

WINTER SPORTS RESULTS:

June 24th McKinnon v Brighton.

Soccer:

Senior: McKinnon 3 defeated Brighton 0

Int.: Brighton 3 defeated McKinnon 1

Basketball:

Senior: McKinnon 48 defeated Brighton 26

July 7th Brighton v Hampton

Soccer:

Senior: Brighton 7 defeated Hampton 0

Int.: Brighton 8 defeated Hampton 1

Football:

Senior: Brighton 28-26 defeated Hampton 2-6

Int.: Brighton 16-9 defeated Hampton 9-18

Basketball:

Senior: Brighton 48 defeated Hampton 16

July 14th Brighton v Caulfield

Football:

Senior: Caulfield 11-14 defeated Brighton 6-4

Int.: Brighton 26-21 defeated Caulfield 1-1

Soccer:

Senior: Caulfield 4 defeated Brighton 0

Int.: Brighton 6 defeated Caulfield 3

Basketball:

Senior: Brighton 17 defeated Caulfield 13

July 21st Brighton v Elwood

Football:

Senior: Brighton 12-10 defeated Elwood 10-8

Int.: Brighton 30-16 defeated Elwood 4-7

Soccer:

Senior: Elwood 8 defeated Brighton 1

Int.: Elwood 2 defeated Brighton 0

Basketball:

Senior: Elwood 17 defeated Brighton 16

July 28th Brighton v Beaumaris

Football:

Senior: Game Walkover

Int.: Brighton 13-19 defeated Beaumaris 4-4

Soccer:

Senior: Brighton 5 defeated Beaumaris 2

Int.: Brighton 5 defeated Beaumaris 0

Basketball:

Senior: Brighton 21 defeated Beaumaris 3

The Intermediate Football Team won the Nepean Group Title and competed in the quarter, semi and final of the Southern Section Football.

Results:

Quarter Final: Brighton 16-14 defeated Wellington 12-16. Goal kickers: Woods

4. Best Players: Woods, Clarkson, Sayers, Miksad.

Semi Final: Brighton 16-12 defeated Karingal 5-6. Goal kickers: Woods 5,

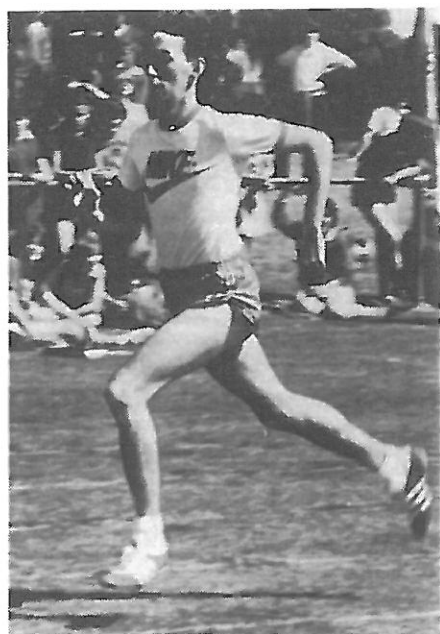
Batterham 5, Clarkson 3, Moutsos 1, Arnfield 1, Sayers 1. Best players:

Clarkson, Sayers, Woods, Batterham, Miksad, Block.

Final: Cranbourne 19-20 defeated Brighton 5-4. Goak kickers: Batterham,

Gillon, Israel, Sorrell, Woods. Best players: Block, Clarkson, Miksad.

The Intermediate Team had a good season clearly far superior to any Nepean Team and right up to the Final where Cranbourne proved a much superior team.



HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS:

There were held on Tuesday 21st and Wednesday 22nd of September at the Dendy Park Athletics oval. Both days showed excellent weather, and many records were broken.

BOYS

U/13	Triple Jump	Gawain McCall	8m 90cm
U/14	Triple Jump	Justin Sparks	10m 26cm
U/14	800 metres	Justin Sparks	2:28.3 sec
U/15	Discus	Richard Block	45m 12cm
U/15	Shot Put	Richard Block	13m 20cm
U/15	800 metres	Bill Nesley	2:22.2 sec
U/15	Triple Jump	Peter Batterham	10m 96cm
U/15	1500 metres	Bill Mesley	5:00.98 sec
U/16	Discus	Stephen Brown	46m 80cm
U/16	Javelin	Stephen Brown	44m 80cm
U/16	Long Jump	Francis Abiuso	6m 02cm
U/17	400 metres	Thomas Conkey	55.56 sec
OPEN	1500 metres	Greg McMahon	4:27.4 sec

GIRLS

U/13	Javelin	Elizabeth Smith	13m 00cm
U/14	Javelin	Amanda Smith	21m 76cm
U/14	Discus	Rebecca Isaachsen	20m 50cm
U/14	Long Jump	Nicola Mayo	4m 63cm
U/15	Javelin	Lara Goloubkin	21m 75cm
U/16	400 metres	Kim Van Wijngaarden	1:07.07 sec
U/16	800 metres	Sarah Fisher	2:27.09 sec
U/16	1500 metres	Sarah Fisher	5:01.65 sec
U/17	High Jump	Liz Taylor	1m 40cm
U/17	100 metres	Diane Barnden	13.5 sec
U/17	200 metres	Diane Barnden	28.1 sec
U/17	800 metres	Heather Wilson	2:47.7 sec
OPEN	Shotput	Sharyn Seeberg	9m 44cm
U/17	Relay	LONSDALE HOUSE	59.1 sec

HOUSE RESULTS:

Lonsdale 1st Girls 254 Boys 342½ Total 596½
Phillip 2nd Girls 295 Boys 291 Total 586
Grant 3rd Girls 229 Boys 325 Total 554
Murray 4th Girls 263 Boys 179½ Total 442½

Congratulations to Phillip Girls and Lonsdale Boys. Thanks to all staff who helped record, measure or judge on both days, particularly Mr. Frank, Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Kok, Mr. Gould and Mr. Paffett.

Nepean Group Athletics was held on Monday 27th September for Field Events and Wednesday 29th September for Track Events at Sandringham Athletics Track.

RESULTS OF NEPEAN ATHLETICS 1982.

FIELD EVENTS:

First place to:

U/14 Amanda Smith — Javelin, Kirsti Garnet-Thomas — High Jump, John Miksad.

U/15 Richard Block — High Jump (Record 1m 63cm) & Discus, Jackie Aldrich — Long Jump.

U/16 Francis Abiuso — Long Jump, Stephen Brown — Shot Put & Discus.

U/17 Wendy Satterthwaite — Discus, Diane Barnden — Long Jump.

Second place to:

U/13 Elizabeth Smith — Javelin.

U/14 Justin Sparkes — Triple Jump, Paul Dunmall — Shot Put.

U/15 Karl Gillon — Long Jump, Lara Goloubkin — Javelin.

U/16 Stephen Brown — Triple Jump, Sarah Fisher — Javelin.

U/17 Liz Taylor — High Jump, Joanne Bull — Javelin.

OPEN Chris Teazis — Long Jump, Greg McMahon — High Jump.

Third place to:

U/13 Elizabeth Smith — Shot Put.

U/15 Richard Block — Javelin, Rachel Pavis — Discus.

U/16 Leah Fritzlaiff — Long Jump, Stephen Brown — Javelin, Pauline Velahoutakis — Shot Put.

OPEN Vicky Hatzikos — Javelin, Peter Epifano — Shot Put.

RESULTS OF NEPEAN ATHLETICS 1982.

Track Events:

First place to:

U/14 Justin Sparkes — 800 metres.

U/16 Robert Higginson — 200 metres, Francis Abluso — 200 metres, Kim Van Wijngaarden — 400 metres, Sarah Fisher — 1500 metres (rec. 5.03).

U/17 Diane Barnden — 200 metres, Diane Barnden — 100 metres, Liz Taylor — Hurdles, Paul Nallo — 100 metres, Thomas Conkey — 400 metres, 800 metres, 1500 metres.

OPEN Greg McMahon — 1500 metres and 3000 metres.

Relays: U/15 Genevieve Read, Nerrida Hough, Lisa Barton, Jackie Aldrich.

U/16 Robert Higginson, Francis Abiuso, George Georgiou, Phillip Jovetic.

U/15 Kim Van Wijngaarden, Melinda Coyne, Penny Scott, Sandra Ives.

U/17 Monique Cherry, Liz Taylor, Lisa Wilson, Diane Barnden.

OPEN Danielle Sutton, Louisa Dunsmuir, Sharyn Seeberg, Nikky Sutterby.

Second place to:

U/13 Neil Dunmore — 400 metres, Brett Parry — Hurdles.

U/14 Michelle Dedek — 400 metres, Georgina Smith — Hurdles.

U/15 Bill Mesley — 800 metres.

U/16 George Georgiou — 800 metres, Kim Van Wijngaarden — 200 metres, Penny Scott — Hurdles.

OPEN Louisa Dunsmuir — 100 metres.

Relay: U/14 Nicola Mayo, Alex Onto, Georgina Smith, Amanda Smith.

Third place to:

U/13 Neil Dunmore — 800 metres.

U/14 Andrew Saunders — 100 metres, Nicola Mayo — 100 metres.

U/16 Kim Van Wijngaarden — 100 metres.

U/17 Sigrid de Vincentis — 400 metres.

OPEN Greg McMahon — 800 metres.

U/15 Nerrida Hough — Hurdles.

Relay: U/14 Andrew Saunders, Chris Slanka, Justin Sparkes, Hilton Swann.

Brighton won Girls Aggregate Shield and Total Shield and came 2nd to Highett High in Boys Aggregate Shield.

The final results were:

Brighton 1st

Highett 2nd

McKinnon 3rd

Hampton 4th

Beaumaris 5th

Elwood 6th

Caulfield 7th

Moorabbin 8th

The Southern Zone Sports were held on Wednesday 13th October at the Duncan McKinnon Athletics Track.

Brighton High had some 40 students representing the Nepean Zone.

RESULTS OF SOUTHERN ZONE ATHLETICS:

First place to:

Stephen Brown U/16 Discus

Sarah Fisher U/16 1500 metres (personal record 4 min. 50 sec.)

Richard Block U/15 Discus

Second place to:

Justin Sparks U/14 800 metres

Third place to:

Amanda Smith U/14 Javelin

Fourth place to:

Paul Dunmall U/14 Shot Put

Diane Barnden U/17 Long Jump

Thomas Conkey U/17 800 metres & 400 metres

Kim Van Wijngaarden U/16 400 metres

Boys U/16 Relay: Robert Higginson, Phillip Jovetic, Francis Abiuso, George Georgiou.



GIRLS SPORTS AWARDS

NETBALL:

Sharyn Seeberg

Kim McKindley

Genevieve Read

SOFTBALL:

Sandra Ives

Themi Kalaitzidis

ATHLETICS:

Liz Taylor

Diane Barnden

Sarah Fisher

Amanda Smith

Elizabeth Smith

HOCKEY:

Joanne Bull

Dani Simmons

Emma Shorland

Jane Wright

TENNIS:

Karen Cooper

Maria Epifano

VOLLEYBALL:

Genevieve Read

Kathy Palamberis

YEAR 12 BOYS SPORTS AWARDS

SPORTS CHAMPION - Chris Teazis

ATHLETICS - Greg McMahon

- Thomas Conkey

CRICKET - Stephen Coates

FOOTBALL - Chris Teazis

SWIMMING - Ken Cunningham

TABLE TENNIS - Jacob Dedek

CROSS COUNTRY - Greg McMahon

BASKETBALL - Stephen Coates

SENIOR HOUSE OFFICIALS

CULTURAL CAPTAIN

Deidre Marshall

Peter Epifano

Lisa Roth

Shane Harberger

Danielle Sutton

Francis Abiuso

Shirley Toth

Anthony Stedman

Vicky Hatzikos, Adam Blight

Melissa Flanagan, Alan Oshlack

Sophie Wise, Alan Kane

Liliana Stemberger, Rudy Ilie

Sandra Ives, Michael Sayers

Lisa Barton, Richard Block

Genevieve Read, Jonathan McTigue

Kylie Rossiter, Dean Arnfield

CAPTAINS

GRANT HOUSE

(G) Sharyn Seeberg

(B) Chris Teazis

LONSDALE HOUSE

(G) Leisa Mather

(B) James Curl

MURRAY HOUSE

(G) Linda Gregoriou

(B) George Georgiou

PHILLIP HOUSE:

(G) Kim McKindley

(B) Norbert von zum-Hof

VICE-HOUSE CAPTAINS:

GRANT HOUSE:

LONSDALE HOUSE:

MURRAY HOUSE:

PHILLIP HOUSE:

JUNIOR HOUSE CAPTAINS:

GRANT HOUSE:

LONSDALE HOUSE:

MURRAY HOUSE:

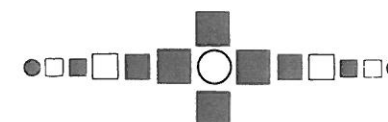
PHILLIP HOUSE:

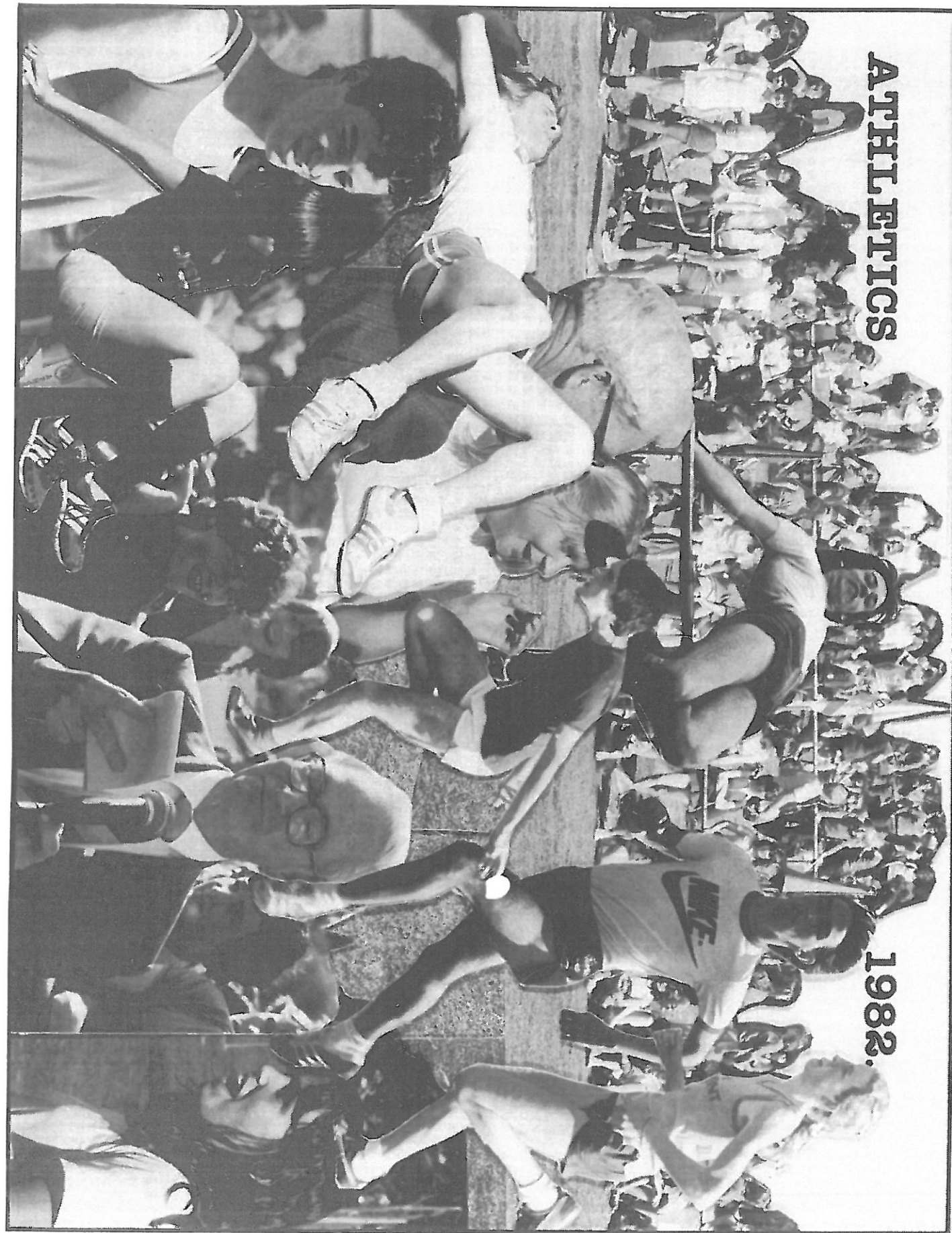
SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT 1982

During the year the Social Service organisation of Brighton High School has supported many worthwhile causes. We have continued to support the State Schools Relief Committee and the Association of Civilian Widows as in the past, while other groups receiving our support this year include Odyssey House, Kew Cottages, The Aboriginal Advancement League, R.S.P.C.A., Fund for Animals, Larch and the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Victoria. Three forms are at present contributing to the Foster Parents Plan through which we have maintained our support for two boys in Colombia and one girl in the Philippines. Through regular correspondence we have been able to see the benefit that the contributions have made.

The weekly Social Service collections had reached \$1400 by the end of term, two with outstanding achievement, from forms 8E and 7D, both of whom collected over \$150. The World Vision 40 hour fast was again popular with 117 students participating and collecting in excess of \$3000 to assist development work in Third World Countries. The contributions of students are much appreciated and it is hoped this support will be maintained in the future.

S. Baker





ATHLETICS

1982.



Walkathon.

WORDS

Words
Bring comfort
But so often
displeasure
Words are
meaningful
And can
hurt

Elizabeth Goloubkin 10A

LIFE OF PEACE

Together we ride the wind.
Down the hills of greenery.
Through the plush thick grass of youth
and freedom.
Down towards the waters of peace and love.
Far away behind us lurks hate and anger.
But we are heading towards the pure life.
Of Harmony and Tranquillity . . .

Tina Fellner and Julie Hall

DROUGHT

It was that time of year
When the drought had to appear.
Flies swarming like bees
On thirsty branches of trees
Temperature over 50 degrees
On the hot boiling sand in the hot summer breeze
Can we all make it to the end of this season?
Why does this drought exist, what is the reason?

All will dry up on hot desert sand
Because it is drought year in Aussie Land.

Rhonda Talbot. 9C



THE SEA, IS NOT FOR ME

The sea is full of many features
amazing fish and weird looking creatures
In the darkness of the sea
waiting, watching to ambush me.
You sense them there, there they lurk
In the swish and swirl of the murk.
The teeth, the claws, they're not for me.
another danger of the sea.
I hear them coming, they're coming at last
I must get away, get away and fast.
I knew they'd come they'd come for me
to take me away to the depths of the sea.
Among the water's slimy groves
Creatures hide where no-one knows
This is a danger of the sea
Stay away or you'll be tea.

The tides go in, the tides go out
The ships sail here and all about
Ships and vessels, boats of all kinds
different shapes from modern minds.
They're all alike, they all must float.
or you couldn't really call it a boat.
The sea has claimed a large population
ranging from here to nation to nation.

Mathew Sparks 9C

DEW

Dew
glistens in the light
Shimmering
Glorious
Evaporates
Yet to be
replaced the next
day.

Elizabeth Goloubkin 10A

MONSTERS

There was a monster who lived in a house
He ate cats, dogs, and even a mouse.
He looked murky green
And smelt very unclean
He fell down a manhole and couldn't be seen;
When he got out
The people started to shout "You're a terrible lout".
And they all ran about and never came out till the morning.

Jeffrey Ward 7A

If love could be counted
Like the measure of time
Perhaps we could learn it
Like a verse or rhyme.
But love, like the sunshine,
Comes and goes.
Blossoming forth.
Like a dew-laden rose.
For love and the sunshine.
In life, are both wonderful jewels.
Whose worth is never defined.

Julie Hall

"TRUE LOVE"

Confronted by her charm, Gary felt that this was the real thing.
She appeared to be neat and had a great body. What more could Gary wish for.

The more Gary thought about her the more he wanted her. He knew he would eventually win her over, but when was the question. Maybe he could take her out this Saturday night, he thought. Perhaps to the drive-in.

The days drew closer to Saturday, and he was anxiously looking forward to picking her up. He decided to take her to the drive-in, to get familiar with her. He wanted to get to know her as quickly as possible. He wanted to know how she responded to him.

Saturday night slowly arrived and Gary was filled with joy. He couldn't wait for his first big night out with her.

As he approached her he realized he loved her more than ever before. He reached out his hand and gave her a friendly greeting. This he knew was going to be a great night.

As the night grew deeper Gary realized that it was rather cold outside, but he knew he would not suffer from the cold air because he had his mind occupied on her warm body, and of course the film.

Unfortunately, for Gary, the night ended too soon, and he sadly realized that he had to part with her.

Gary then looked on the bright side of things and imagined all the wonderful days they would spend alone together. How he longed to run his hands over her smooth body, and admire her.

As the days drew on Gary grew more and more fond of her. Every day in the office he could only think of her, taking her out and spending his spare money on her. His friends at work grew tired of him talking about her, and how far he could go with her. But Gary couldn't stop himself; he just loved her too much.

As the years rolled by Gary still found himself happy with her. Although she didn't respond to him like she used to, Gary still wanted to hold on to her.

He gave her all the tender care he could possibly give her. But this didn't help matters because she just wouldn't respond to him as she used to. Her response to Gary was now fast deteriorating. As the days progressed Gary grew sad with a broken heart. All the money he spent on her, all the places he went with her, all the wonderful memories spent together, and now this great let down.

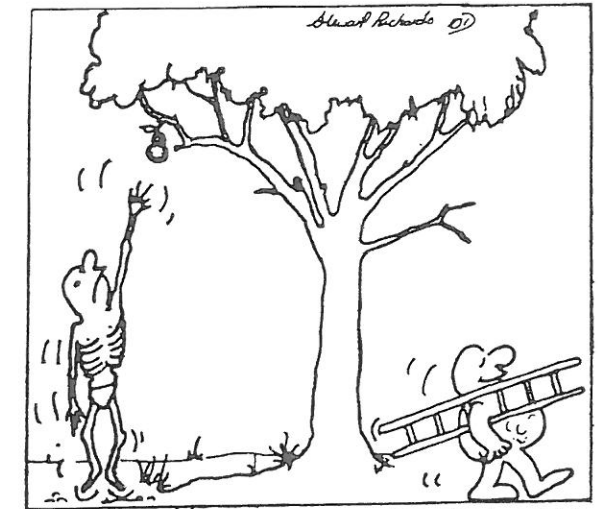
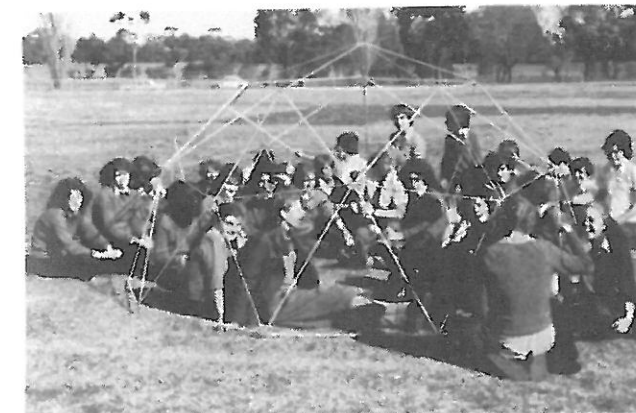
The days dragged by and Gary knew it would not last between them. He was becoming bored and restless with the situation.

She was no longer holding his attention. His mind began to wander elsewhere, looking for others. Maybe he would be lucky enough to find another to take her place. He knew he had to do something about the situation for he was becoming depressed with her.

Within the forthcoming weeks Gary made arrangements to trade her in for a new one.

As he parted from her, he took a deep breath, cleared his mind and began to prepare himself for his new car.

Jillian Reid, 10A



DRAMA 1982 THE BETA SIGMA PHI DRAMA COMPETITION

This year, Beta Sigma Phi, a group of professional women, organized a Drama Competition within the Bayside area and Brighton High School was invited to take part.

We decided that "Riders to the Sea" by Synge which had been presented by Grant House at the Drama Festival would be a suitable entry.

On Monday the 2nd of August the cast set off with bales of straw, pots, dough, a loft and a spinning wheel plus our costumes to the Hampton Community Hall.

We were fortunate that our play was to be presented first so that we could set up, rehearse and then return and perform.

We were all apprehensive as to the results of this endeavour but the cast excelled themselves and benefited from the extra rehearsals.

The cast nobly battled on, with the sound of rain on the tin roof of the hall, and excited performers waiting to go on from the other schools.

The seagulls cried and water rolled in our drama and the result was that Brighton High School won the perpetual trophy with the honour of having our name engraved on it as the very first winners.

The Beta Sigma Phi organization gave two trophies, one for the winner and another, smaller one to each school for performing.

We were also given a cheque for \$25. Altogether the experience was one from which we all benefited.

Congratulations to the cast and Caroline Blight for producing "Riders to the Sea".

Mr. Les Cartwright of Chisholm Institute was the adjudicator.

E.L. Russell

SYCOPHANT REVISITED

Can you force your self to lick the boots of teachers, flatter form co-ordinators and grovel to school officials?
Do you have what it takes to allure the machanical minds of the school staff?
Are you a true sucker or is it just that everyone says you are?
Can you pass HSC the easy way?



Here is your chance to find out if you're eligible to join the BHS- FGOSU (Brighton High School Federation of Grovelers, Obsequious Sympathisers and Underlings Union)

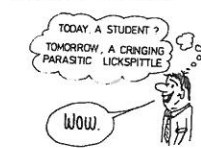


The FGOSU
needs
YOU

(Name, place, place, place, you the teacher, we desperately need more members.)

Following is a fully revised, comprehensive questionnaire which probes the desperate minds of students. Simply answer the questions then refer to the grid to determine your mark.

THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES!



Q No 1

How should a sycophant present himself?

- A With early Christmas gifts (the per seach- with- any bombs, snakes or poisonous spiders)
- B With a wallet full of money \$ (teachers love being bribed, their wages not be very low?) They work at you ten percent extra marks that that
- C With a list of flattering terms (Of course they want to hear you a lot.) Well they might but they won't let you
- D All of the above (If you think you can pick your self to each extreme sycophantic behaviour)

Q No 2

What should a sycophant wear to school?

- A Football shorts, t shirt and thongs
- B Jeans, t shirt and decent boots
- C Full school uniform
- D School uniform equipped with sycophant crawling gear



Q No 3

What is a sycophant? (One or more answers)

- A A teacher's play thing
- B A teacher's main source of income
- C A teacher's morale and ego booster
- D An HSC student who wants to pass the easy way

A SYCOPHANT BY DAY
WILL PASS THE EASY WAY

Q No 4

How do you pass Physics?

- A Laugh at your physics teachers zany manner
- B 'M' pick your physics teachers' mathematics
- C 'M' pick your physics teachers' favourite expressions 'Oh yes' and 'What what what'
- D Refrain from the above compulsive urges

OH YES YOU CAN
GROVEL TO ME
FOR A PASS

Q No 5

How do you befriend your school principal? (One or more answers)

- A 'Take peoples' property and hand it in as if it had been lost
- B Become an under wear agent and do your marks in for smoking
- C Report teachers for pushing in the corridors
- D Become a full time body guard for protection against rioting students



Q No 6

How do you pass English? (One or more answers)

- A Use six letter words an opposed to four letter words
- B Confess that 'Remones of a Country' 'Unlashed' is an exalting book to read
- C Use big words like 'obsequious sycophant' and apply them to irrelevant topics
- D Scribble mousen on the blackboard, draw stupid faces such as 'dumb cat', sycophant and people's comments

Answer D is only applicable for the 'remones' students taking english with Mrs Lloyd.

Q No 7

How do you pass Maths?

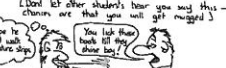
- A Try to laugh at the teachers' weak jokes
- B Rip off the teachers' math book
- C Rub all innuminating comments about the teachers' public image, off the black board
- D Eggleton to the teacher, let him an intellect greater than that of Einstein



Q No 8

How do you grovel to your form co-ordinators?

- A Inform them on lines to make marks on the common room
- B Present them with interesting absence notes (Even if they are forged)
- C Attend school on a regular basis (Even if it does mean late a week)
- D Tell the co-ordinators their meetings are a bright spot in their lunch hour (Don't let other students hear you say this - otherwise you will get mugged)



Answer Guide

1	A=2	B=3
2	A=0	B=1
3	C=3	D=6
4	A=2	B=2
5	C=0	D=2
6	A=1	B=3
7	C=2	D=4
8	A=3	B=2
	C=2	D=6

How do you rate?

- 50— You are a born crawler capable of sucking a pen out of any reluctant 'teacher' (You have it made!)
- 30—50 We suggest you attend the sycophant recruiting office and become registered as a member of the FGOSU
- 10—30 We are sorry to inform you that you are not the mark in history. You can do something about it! Short groveling if it's the only way to pass
- 10 You are as good as dead. All we can suggest is that you start from the beginning: refer to last year's flyer.

* The sycophant recruiting office is situated in Mrs Lloyd's staff room. It is open day and night for the assistance of desperate students.

Now that you know where you stand you can tick through the following pages of advertisements and put your groveling work into action.



GROVEL CLASSIFIEDS

Grovelers, do you need a job?
Lloyd and Associates have the answer.
2hrs of crawling earns a pass for any essay.
5hrs of boots lashed gives you a pass in an option.
10hrs of flattery passes you in any internal exam.
I am on the philosophy of the BHS sycophant grovels 'you' all of the above.
So get your knees and palms into gear and grovel to be for your HSC.

Please note: dead rats will get you nowhere.

I am a weakling student.
In my lunch hour I get backed, whipped and Tortured. (The students give me a hand here too) I see there are growing 'heavens' which will offer protection from the sadistic teachers in return I will sit for your exams and guarantee a pass.



I have a big problem. I am in charge of BHS the number of normal students attending this school each year is decreasing due to the increasing population of sycophants. I am in desperate need for a couple of sycophants to pass the word and boost our public image. I know it's an important job, but it's worth a try considering I will put strings in your waist for a pass.

SYCOPHANTIC
WISDOM

A good sycophant is a persistent sycophant and a persistent sycophant will pass sooner or later. (I hope)

~ Stay tuned to your voyager: if I am persistent enough you may find another nifty expose on sycophants.



DON'T LISTEN TO RUMOUR... 12C ENGLISH REALLY WAS

WHAT?

Comic relief
Dungeons and dragons
Three-line syllogisms

The occult
Tautologies

Olfactory Stimulation

Bloody foreigners (13 of 'em!)
Aloysius and other
teddibaires
War games

A student teacher's
nightmare

Spiders
Limericks

A black-boarder's paradise
Broken glass
Sado-masochism
* laughter
* a lost cause

WHOM?

Nicole: yawning
Sophie: worrying
Kathy: fighting male
chauvinism
Linda: catching up

David and Anees arguing
with anyone, about anything.
David A. joking.

Tony: "thinking"
Kevin & Loukas: developing
expertise in sex education
Robert: working (what's he
doing in this class?)
Suhaimi & Azman:
incredulous, but developing a
sense of humour
David K.: visiting
Lisa-Marie: maintaining her
dignity
Jo: absent
Thomas: impossible

L.L.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning, was a cloud. A cloud of dust and gas that swirled through space and time.

Gradually, it condensed and developed. Magnetic forces drew it in, and it cooled.

Then, through the millions of years, a feeble light broke through the gloom.

A star.

Tiny and golden, it lit up the darkness of time and space. The bringer of life, it warmed the myriad of worlds that swarmed about it like bees as a flower.

A tiny green-blue world was warmed by the Light. Yet still tinier, the creature declared superior by its reasoning capacity, looked up at the Source and worshipped it.

But, it was a restless creature, and it questioned, then defied.

Shunned by the Light, left in the Darkness, it wandered, aimless and lost through the millenia.

Then, one day, it declared itself the Light, and leapt out beyond its tiny world and conquered the myriad.

Grown in power, it turned its lust toward the Source itself.
Angered, the Source aimed to destroy the evil creature.
Locked in gargantuan conflict, the Source and the creature battled across the bounds of eternity.
Then, one day, both slipped, and dark silence followed.
The dark silence of Never.

Deidre Marshall



"ANOTHER KIND OF FAIRY TALE"

Once upon a time there were 3 little HSC teachers: one taught Economics, one taught Applied Maths and one taught Physics. They all went off to Brighton High School to build their faculties.

The Economics teacher built his faculty out of straw, because straw faculties are far cheaper than wood or brick, hence market growth is stimulated and the economy is revitalised. The Applied teacher built his faculty out of wood, because wood has a greater co-efficient of friction with the ground than straw. Also we find that the dS/dM^2 is lesser for wood than brick. Hence wood is a less expensive medium.

The Physics teacher built his faculty out of rustic original red-stone brick. This was because it provides excellent shielding against gamma radiation produced during a thermonuclear explosion. Also it has a high resistivity preventing current from flowing in the circuit. Thus energy is conserved and it becomes more economical in a number of years equal to the half life of Strontium 90.

One day a big bad Bennett came into the school and wrought havoc among the other faculties.

This Bennett marched up to the Economics faculty and demanded a lesson. He was refused entrance. "If you don't let me in," he said, "I'll huff, and I'll puff and I'll burn your faculty down." "You can't do that!" screamed the Economics teacher, "You'll create vast amounts of pollutants, beginning a greenhouse effect, eventually destroying civilization as we know it. I'll do you in to the EPA, or even worse, the Biology faculty."

"You're right" said the Bennett, "I'll blow it down instead." So he huffed and he puffed and he blew down the straw faculty. The Economics teacher fled to the wooden faculty.

The Bennett followed the Economics teacher to the Applied faculty. "Little HSC teacher, little HSC teacher, let me come in" he cried. "What, more bike hat functions! Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your faculty down."

"No, you can't, because the force of mg downwards is equal and opposite to just a minute Run for it!" he called to the Eco teacher. The big bad Bennett huffed and puffed and blew another faculty down. The two teachers fled to the sanctuary of the Physics faculty.

The big bad Bennett stormed up to the Physics faculty.

"Let me in, let me in," he demanded. "Wot, wot, wot! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your faculty down."

"No, you won't, because, considering the conservation of momentum and the centre of mass, you'd blow yourself half way to the moon, then the moon's — Gm/r would drag you down to the surface."

The Bennett sobbed in terror. The teacher followed up with "E = hv and since E also equals mc^2 then $hv = mc^2$ as c therefore $h/\lambda = mc$ and c, the velocity of light equals $h/\lambda m$, not of course to be confused with mgh, $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$ or $\frac{1}{2}kx^2$ ".

The Bennett screamed as all the facts assailed his brain

A loud explosion was heard outside the Physics faculty. No one ever heard of the Bennett again.

Composed by Neil Todd.
(Assisted by David Kane) 12D

WHAT A PITY THEY DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT

Paul loaded the cartridges into the magazine and then pushed the magazine back into the handle of the Colt .45 pistol. Hearing a hesitant knock at the door of his hotel room, he pushed the pistol into his belt and draped his sports jacket over it to keep it hidden. A small, dark wiry man entered the room and seated himself next to the fire.

Warming his hands, he said, "The target's Ian Paisley." Undisturbed, Paul asked, "And how are my children?" "All right, and will be, unless you cross us." "I won't." Even to his own ears he sounded cold, but that's what you had to be in a situation like this.

"And where do I collect my money and plane tickets?"

"At the Bogside Inn, 9.00 p.m. You will have three days to complete the job — unless you want to lose your family."

The last phrase dealt a resounding blow to his preconceived ideas of the noble, patriotic Irishman fighting for Northern Ireland's freedom from the Oppressor! Nevertheless, he respected the fact that this was the only way of winning any conflict — by destroying any of its known roots.

Paul walked towards his cupboard and took out the M1. semi-automatic, twelve shot rifle — one of the most powerful ever made. And the small provo man slunk out of the door like some hyena that had been chased from its carrion.

The "Reverend" Ian Paisley drove past in his stately armoured Range Rover, apparently confident that no IRA bomb or bullet could touch him. Paul was waiting, parked in a sidestreet, with a young IRA "man" at the wheel beside him, also armed with a pistol. The Range Rover slowly drove past, and Paul, leaning out of the side window of the car, aimed and fired. The smile was taken from the Reverend's face as he heard the shot, watched the "bullet proof" glass shatter next to him and the bullet embed itself in the roof, narrowly missing him.

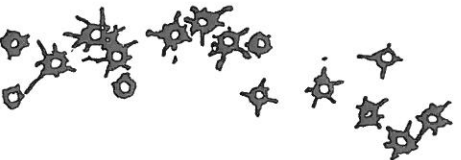
The Range Rover sped away with the Reverend on the floor among the glass. Paul pumped the remainder of the magazine into the fleeing car, as yet unsure whether he had been successful. He jumped back into his car and they made their way as fast as they could away from the area, dumping the rifle as they went . . .

Driving at over thirty miles an hour in an Irish street is very unusual, and was taken note of by the commander of a British Army Patrol. In an offhand gesture, he ordered his troops to fire, but the car had by that time gone. He warned all the neighbouring units of the car's presence and general direction.

Paul and the boy saw the road block in front of them, and they sped up to crash it. The soldiers, deploying in H formation, before and after the obstacle, caught the vehicle in a deadly cross-fire, shooting hundreds of bullets into the car making it look like a punctured tin can disintegrated by some unknown force. Its occupants died in an orgy of noise, breaking glass and burning petrol. The blackened, bloody pulped car stood smouldering, as a useless, stark reminder of the lengthy internal struggle . . .

The British Army Area Operations Commander viewed the report on the attempted assassination of the Reverend Ian Paisley. He sat in deep concentration, debating the course of events that might have followed — less violence, less hatred, less incitement — and then he signed the document, flipped the file closed, and threw it in the "Out" pile. With all his heart, he wished that they had gotten away with it.

Thomas Conkey 12C



The lights were too strong, every inch of the room was brightly illuminated with weird lights making the floor swirl beneath him. The floor was fretted by a hundred faint shadows. The only thing that broke the monotonous brightness was a thick layer of smoke which hung limply beneath the ceiling, swirling and swaying into nothingness. Beneath it, the dancers swung crazily to the music they could not hear. The juke-box in the corner, as loud as it was, was submerged under the curious music of conversation; the shrill soprano of girls mixed with the low steady bass of the boys. They could not hear, but it didn't matter; they kept dancing, keeping time with the pounding beat of the record which vibrated beneath them on the floorboards. They twisted and moved in solemn-faced ecstasy, and knew nothing. Timmy braced himself against the chair and winced. He watched through half-closed eyes the couple dancing in front of him. Everything was too much in this place, he thought. The lights were too bright, the noise too loud, the colours were too gay. The people were too many — far, far too many.

Bored, he looked around the room. The music had stopped and the weary dancers had drifted away into silence. He began to study the people opposite him. One boy had a girl on his lap, he whispered something into her ear and she giggled, pushing him away with one hand. The boy pulled her closer and, glancing up, caught Timmy's eye. He winked and then turned to the girl.

Embarrassed, Timmy looked away quickly. He looked straight into the eyes of a dark-haired girl who stood near the juke-box. She was standing with three other girls who were all talking together, like three tape recorders running simultaneously. They were locked in their own world, apparently unaware of anyone outside their own group, but the dark-haired girl stood slightly apart. She stared aloofly at Timmy — her dark eyes blank. As he realised she was watching him, Timmy instinctively put his hand to his cheek. He could feel the roughness of the scabs and pimples which disfigured his cheeks and forehead. There was a blush building up inside him and he could feel the tips of his earlobes throbbing with redness. He tensed every muscle of his body, imploring it to stay hidden. Then came the burning sensation that climbed up his neck and cheek and the slipperiness of sweat on the hand that gripped the chair, and the wetness of it on his nose and upper lip. He stared at the floor, waiting for the blush to subside. He stared until the grains of wood came to life and rushed across the floor in dizzy, zig-zag lines.

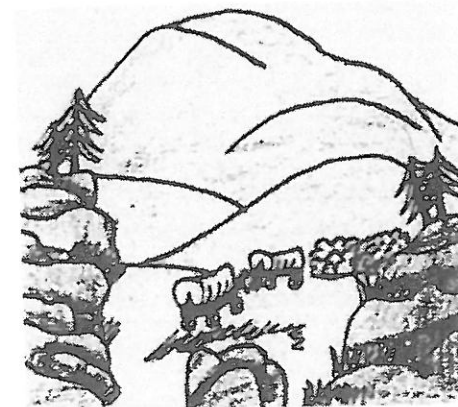
He lowered his hand and put it into his pocket, and felt the warmth of a twenty-cent piece there.

He suddenly longed to ask the girl to dance. He would walk smoothly across the dance floor to the juke-box and select his record. Then he would drop the money in and press the correct buttons, and turn to the girl and say "Care to dance?" She would nod after glancing across at her friends for approval and walk with him onto the floor. They would dance, lost in the hypnotic rhythm of the music and his hands would not sweat. When the music finished, he would ask, "Like something to drink?" and she would nod again. He would stroll across to the bar at the end of the hall and buy two drinks, and then thread this way back through the groups of people with a drink in each hand. He would give her one and then sit down beside her and say, "What's your name then?" and she would tell him. They would finish their drinks — their glasses beaded with moisture, and put them on the ledge. He would ask her to dance again — and then, who knew what then. He suddenly had a vision of himself and the girl lying in the long grass, the warmth of the sun on their backs.

Suddenly, the desire to ask the girl to dance became unbearably strong. The twenty-cent piece in his hand began to swell and his hands became clammy. There was a knot of nervousness in his stomach and his legs felt stiff against the floor. He looked across at the girl. A tall, good-looking boy was in front of her. He spoke and she glanced at her friends and nodded. Together, they went to the dance-floor, waiting for the needle to fall gently upon the record.

Timmy felt empty. His eyes were smarting and he smiled cynically. "I'd probably have pressed the wrong button on the juke-box anyway," he thought. He smiled again, "She wasn't very good-looking, anyway," he philosophized, and inside he was empty with loneliness and disappointment.

Nicole Daw 12C



The desert was barren
But I followed the stars.
Past the eternal darkness
And the melting rain.

Dawn broke the emptiness.
In the leaking brightness
I could see your shadow
but not your mind.
My soul breathed
With a hunger of all beasts.

Now I stood
for an instant
In your garden.
The trees weighted down
With hearts of stone.
The life cut
like a steel blade.
I could feel your love
From the sun.
But when I looked
All I saw was the vast desert.
Which ended my journey.

Melinda Hawkes 12A



ATTENTION

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to bring to your attention a fascinating and extraordinary study of the most absurd nature. Although, I dare say, I am not as literary-minded as my friend, I will try to explain and describe the situation as best I know how.

This study, I fear, will confuse and aggravate the serious and extremely "proper" of our society, the point being that this study is a figment of your imagination. For that matter it is also a figment of mine and everyone else's also!

As you hold this piece of paper in your hand or have it on the table or rested on a book, it may appear real, but even these words you are reading are pure imagination. This whole world is imagination. We have minds each and everyone of us, we also have bodies, but our minds are different. What happens when our corpse is lying six feet underground, and our form, no longer required, has lost all its life; where are our minds? In someone's dream world, imagination, in someone's thoughts! As you have a mind, you relate, you think of a world and that world is in your imagination. We are a world in someone's mind, a young child, and an old man or woman or even an animal, but whose mind is the world in which they exist?

Alex Onto 8E
45

THE SEAL HUNTER

The cry of helplessness fills his ears, permeating the caverns of his mind, swamping the frozen expanses of the Canadian coastline with the sound of fear and danger.

From somewhere deep inside him, a quiet sob. From the screaming, wheeling sea-birds, a lonely call to a faraway place. A faraway place he once knew in a dream, a dream only found in black thoughts and dark nights.

Like an icy Atlas with the weight of the world on his shoulders, he stands alone in a silent graveyard, the smell of death on his hands. At his feet, a crumpled form, the tide of life ebbing slowly away. The seal calf, deaf and blind to anything anymore, spends its last moments isolated within itself.

With feet cold and wet from melting snow, he stands over the seal, a million emotions flying about him, sight blinded by tears he does not wish to shed, pretending not to see a dying seal, but growing capital.

Instead, he sees nothing but pain.

The tide out, the seal dead, he kneels, knife clutched in a shaking grip, and hesitatingly reaches out a freezing hand to touch his goal. Still warm, the fur is soft and fluffy from a half-finished babyhood, brown eyes stare away into the dark watered wilderness, seeing nothing, having lost the ice and snow drifts forever.

Feeling like the life-taking God he isn't, he strips the fur from the tiny body, conscious of having stripped himself also, of the last vestiges of dignity, leaving himself only with a painful anguish of guilt.

Putting the skin into an otherwise empty bag; he turns as if to walk away, but is confronted with a thousand accusing stares, as a city of seals, each one silent, unmoving and frightened, watch his every move.

Looking down at his near frozen feet, he nearly gags, standing as he is in a pool of blood and melted, muddy snow. It spreads over the purity of the whiteness, blotting out the innocence of his childhood, leaving it eternally gone, like that of the seals.

He walks away, scarring the snow again and again with bloody footsteps, as a seal separates herself from the crowd and goes to the carcass of the calf, wallowing in the spilt blood, crying with a human grief.

A grief, that in the deafening silence of that still world, echoes pleadingly, a pathetic wail that stabs into him, like a knife thrust in anger.

He turns and runs, stumbling over his own bloodstained boots, picking himself up, wet, frightened, guilty. The world thunders with the sound of the wailing and the painful drawing of his own breath. All he can see is the blue ice-flows and a mother crying over her silent, still baby.

Splashing into ice-cold water, now turning red from his bloody boots, he pushes the boat off and falls into it, crying with the desperation of a murderer escaping from the scene of the crime.

From the water's edge, the wailing is thinner, sounding eerie and dim, a ghostly reminder of the faraway place both he and the sea-birds dreamt of.

Ripping the outboard into action, he sits back and regains his breath, the man-made sound drowning out all others as well as any lingering thoughts.

He rounds the corner of an icicled cliff and once out of the land of the seal and into that of man, his guilt melts away like the swirling splinters of ice about the prow of the intruding boat.

He smiles, eager to tell his father of his first skin. His childish innocence discarded, forgotten already, along with a row of dim-red footsteps.

Melissa Strain 11C

TO BE A "POOFER"

Dust was being kicked up along with the ball, clouding the atmosphere. (Why can't those pests of year seven's play somewhere else?) A dark head among the rowdy group caught my attention — he wasn't as vigorous. He had beautiful eyes — a shade of gentle grey. A yelp of pain suddenly rang in the air — the ball had its first victim — an innocent puppy that "happened" to be in its path.

"Good shot, Joel!" were passed to a tough looking blond boy, who was soaking up all the compliments. Then I noticed the "dark head" pick up the puppy and cradle it in his arms. He was making gentle, soothing sounds, and simultaneously stroking it. "It's all right, it's all right; they won't hurt you again; Jon will look after you..." Unfortunately someone from the group had seen him and had drawn the others' attention. Now they all gathered round Jon and started teasing him — "Jonny is a sissy, Jonny is a poofert" ... Surprisingly Jon, still cradling the little white puppy, with a stiff-upper lip, and head held high, walked away from the noise. I guess that was the last the gang would see of him — he didn't belong anyway ... It is a pity that even children consider it an embarrassment to show compassion to our fellow beings, and to be

compassionate would be making yourself a cast-off, with boys especially.

Nowadays, especially, when there is so much violence and unrest about, I feel the world needs more "Jonnies". Maybe we are where we are now due to too many macho males or even females.

Khoos Shui Ching

A KIDNAPPER

It was a hot day. I decided to become a fence. "Maybe a pool fence," I thought. "Na," I thought "too wet. Besides," I thought, "Who would buy a stolen pool? A garden fence," I thought. "Na," I thought. "How would I steal the garden?" And if I did manage, I'm sure someone would notice". I gave up being a fence and thought about being a shop-lifter. "Na," I thought "I'd be too easy to spot carrying a shop around". I puddled around with the idea of being a kidnapper "yes," I thought "that's for me!"

Finding the kidnappee. This can be a very difficult task. I can't pick anyone too young — I don't know anything about nappies or potty training. "I'll pick someone about six," I thought. I went to the supermarket to buy some food.

"What do kids eat?" I thought. I bought some caviar and savoury biscuits. The first thing I did when I got home was to go back to the supermarket. There was something wrong with the caviar, it had gone a sickly green. On the way to the supermarket I knocked over a kid. I took him to the hospital. I jumped in the elevator. "Up," I said to the man. "Are you sure you want to go up?" he said. "Yes," I said. He stopped at the third floor. "What's here?" I asked. "Stockings and nightgowns," he said. "Up," I said. "Are you sure?" he asked. "Yes," I said ...

I asked the doc "How old is he?" "About six," said the doc. "Never mind," I said and dashed home with the kid. "What's your phone number?" I asked. "1,2,3,4,5,6,7," said the kid. I started dialling. "8,9,10," said the kid. "What do you mean 8,9,10" I said. "I'm counting," he said. "Oh my god," I said. "I'm taking you home."

"I think I'll go back to sticking up boy scouts for their phone money," I thought.

Ben Coulter 7A



"Knock, knock, ... knock."

"Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Does Miss K. Coates live here?"

"I'm Karen Coates."

"If you'll just sign here please, I'll deliver this box."

"Yes, but what's in it?" I asked, anxiously peering at a large brown box with the words "Fragile — This end up" printed on it.

"I deliver 'em, mam, not send 'em, now can I have your signature please?"

"What's in it though?"

"You won't know until you open it, will you?"

"I suppose not. Where do I sign?"

Well, that was how it all started. I was now in possession of: one brown box, one royal six-month old, clutching a bottle and a cold, sloppy meat pie, one million dollars and a note which read: To Miss K. Coates,

You have been selected to look after our baby. We have found he will eat nothing but meat pies so we think the best place for him is not in the Royal Family but in Australia. We have secretly adopted another with more English taste and we would like you to take on the responsibility of looking after our baby in a "dinky-di aussie" manner. Please accept the million dollars enclosed to pay all expenses.

Signed His and Her Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of Wales P.S. He also likes Australian Rules football, kangaroos and Holden cars.

At first I marvelled at the amazing thing that had happened, then, after floating down to reality, I realized the problems involved and became very worried; what would I do with a royal baby?

Well, I trusted my instincts at first, and game him some milk and an old toy rabbit of my sister's 'til my mother arrived home. He drank the milk, with a little help from a tablespoon of rum, but rejected the rabbit. In fact he wasn't content 'til I went out and bought him a toy koala.

As it happened, my mother's work as a welfare officer helped in more than one way. Her training and experience were useful in helping me look after the baby (after I told her I found it in a basket on the doorstep). She later insisted that she take it to her place of work and find a home for it. I had no objections to this because this left me with one million dollars all to myself!

Now if someone had asked me what I would do with a million dollars a week before, I would have said, like everyone else, go on an overseas trip, buy a comfortable house, and a nice car, but the fact was that one can't just hop on a plane the moment you get rich and fly off or buy everything in sight; apart from the fact that these things take planning, a million dollars doesn't go very far these days!

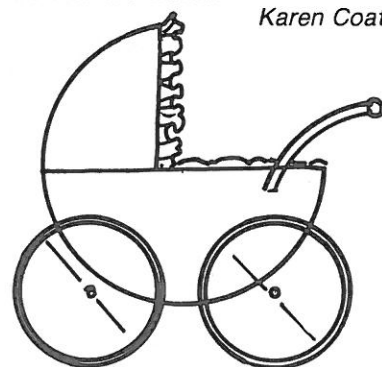
I didn't particularly want to tell my parents about it either. They would give me the third degree, punish me for not telling them sooner, and take the money, so I decided the best course to take would be to put it in a bank for a while then take it out when I was old enough to live by myself.

Leafing through the newspaper nine months later, I hadn't forgotten about the money but life was returning to as normal as life can be with one million dollars in the bank. Then a particular article caught my eye. I instantly realised why; it foretold of a visit from the Princess and Prince of Wales. They would want to see their baby. Their baby, that I was supposed to be looking after. I had been given the responsibility of looking after a royal baby and I did not even have him in the house! Seeing they would be calling at our house I would have to tell my parents everything.

They, of course, gave me the third degree, told me off for not telling them sooner, thought of a plan to please the royal family (and took the money). They held a competition for the toddler that looked most like the royal baby with the prize being fifty thousand dollars and meeting the royal family (that baby that is). Mum insisted that we would need a Rolls Royce, expensive baby clothes, a pram, a bassinette and have to pay for a banquet when the couple came.

So you could say that my parents helped, you could say that I once had a million dollars, you could say that I once had to look after a royal baby but you could also say that money can be more trouble than it's worth.

Karen Coates



MONKEY

High, high up, in a very tall tree,
a little pair of eyes is looking at me.
A bright orange body and funny little face,
swinging through the trees at a marvellous pace.

A long skinny tail, a little pair of feet,
long, clumsy arm and a round little seat.
It's just like a child, so adorable and cute,
but really it's a shame it really isn't mute.

He loves to scream and chatter
but it really doesn't matter.
He swings around and hangs upside down,
he really is a little clown.

Michelle Banwell 8A



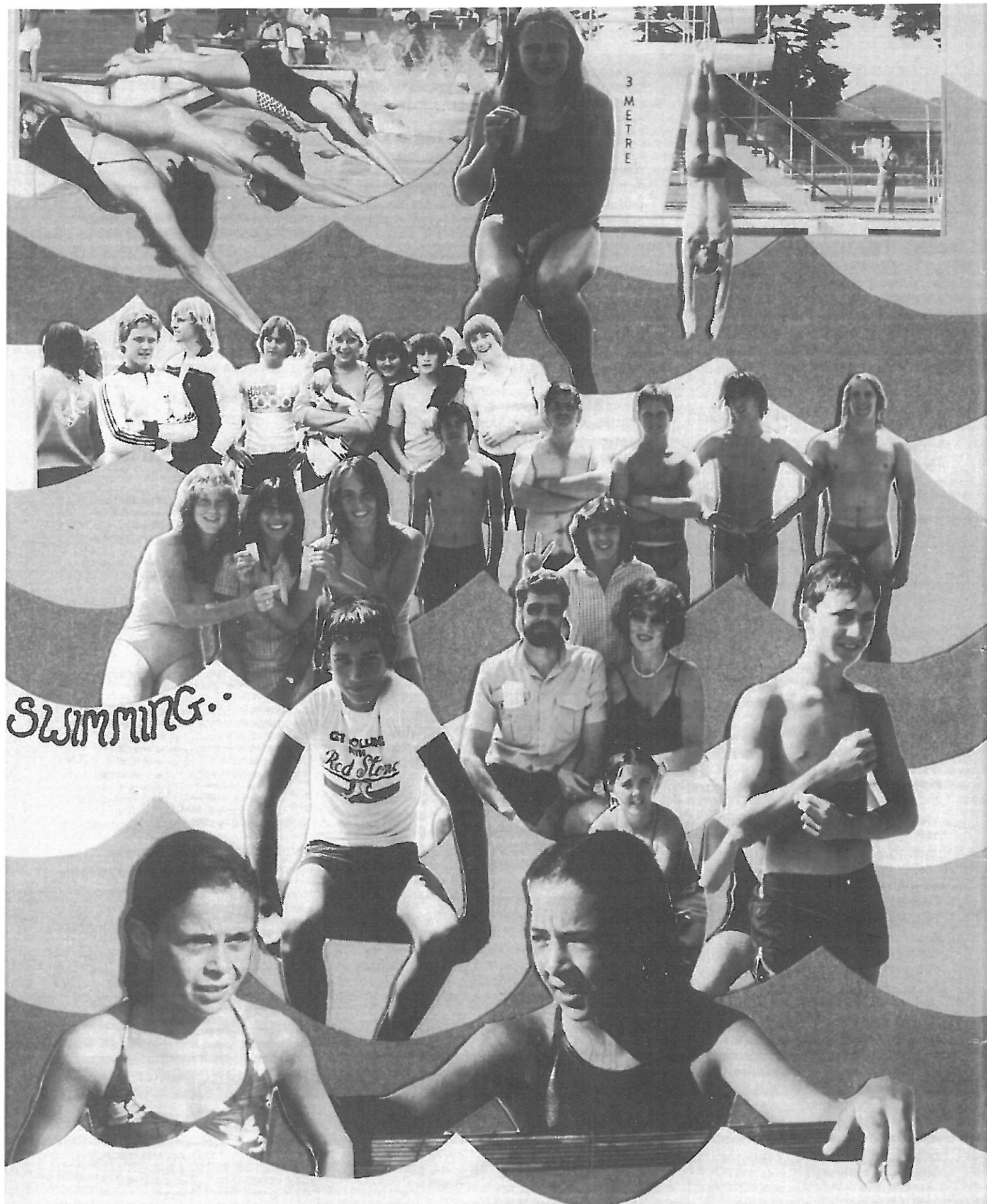
FORM OFFICIALS 1982

Form FORM CAPTAINS

- 12A Greg McMahon, Vivienne Fraser
- 12B Stephen Coates, Jenny Clarke
- 12C David Abuso, Kathy Filiadis
- 12D Andrew Georgiou, Deborah Lewis
- 11A Rudy Ille, Shirley Toth
- 11B Emanuel Vyssaritis, Louisa Dunsmuir
- 11C John Hillier, Danielle Sutton
- 11D David Trickey, Hariklia Kovos
- 10A Hamish Christie, Sarah Erdman
- 10B Andrew Bakker, Karin van Twest
- 10C Robert Higginson, Sarah Perkins
- 10D Kent Bissett, Leanne Lydster
- 10E David Tickle, Maria Car
- 9A Rohan Forbes, Andrea Price
- 9B Scott Fothergill, Lara Goloubkin
- 9C Filip Jovetic, Karen Edwards
- 9D Dean Arnfield, Genevieve Read
- 8A Jim Kalaboukas, Francine Mutard
- 8B Douglas McMath, Melissa Nelson
- 8C Justin Clarkson, Katie McAliee
- 8D Jonathan Wilcox, Nerida Hough
- 8E Campbell Barr, Louise McCann
- 7A Peter Wijngaarden, Polly Christie
- 7B Daniel Zalcan, Michelle Brown
- 7C Cameron Chalmers, Mary Howat
- 7D Ian McConchie, Martine Cooper
- 7E Michael Shaw, Tanya Ricco

SOCIAL SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES

- Joanne Watt, Sharyn Seeberg, Robyn Wellspring
- Helen Nicholas
- Sophie Wise, Lisa St. Clair
- Deborah Lewis, Fotina Karailis
- Susan van Tooren, Karen Linton
- Louisa Dunsmuir
- Vicky Hatzikos, Lisa Roth
- Sean Pavis, Rachel Gardner
- Pauline Velahoutakous, Jane Tanner
- Lisa Borner
- Maree Humphries, Kim Barr
- Michael Roberts, Rachel Israel
- Dina Sokolowicz, Nicole Graham
- Michael Berry, Petia Selby
- Anton Stembergar, Jane Wright
- Nicholle Bogearts, Shaney Stone
- M. Miksad
- M. Ganwell, R. Isaachsen
- A. Nippard, J. Kelly
- J. Sparks, A. Hill
- M. Home, K. Wilson
- L. Vroland, C. Cogden
- Jonathon Hotston, Jacquie Rayner
- Douglas McKiggan, Tanya van Megchelen
- Scott Fischer, Con Kalaboukas
- Guiseppa Porcino, Anne Butterworth
- Gawain McColl, Jenny Mountain



ISRAEL, Benjamin
JOVETIC, Filip
KONYE, Paul
LALOUM, Michael
LANDER, Robert
PAGE, Nigel
READ, Todd
SPARKS, Matthew
THOMPSON, Mark

YEAR 9D

GIRLS

ANTONIOU, Helen
GAUT, Melissa
HOULIOS, Despina
IVES, Sandra
KUKOVEC, Elouise
MERCURI, Nafisa
McCANN, Sarah
McNEIL, Janet
OSBORNE, Catherine
PALAMBERIS, Kathy
READ, Genevieve
ROSSITER, Kylie
SCOTT, Penelope
SHAW, Katrina
van MEGCHELEN, Melissa
WERNER, Saskia
WEST, Amanda

BOYS

ARNFIELD, Dean
BARBER, Dirk
BATTERHAM, Peter
BLOCK, Richard
BORGE, Adam
CHAN, Wilson
FRANKISH, John
HASKIN, Derek
KINSELLA, Harry
MIKSAD, Mick
PAVIS, Richard
SORRELL, David
WIEZBICKI, Andrew

YEAR 10A

GIRLS

BLIGHT, Caroline
BRUNNER, Lani
CARDOSA, Helena
CHERRY, Monique
CUNNINGHAM, Kerri
ERDMAN, Sarah
FISHER, Sarah
GEMMELL, Sarah
GOLOUBKIN, Elizabeth
KALAITZIDIS, Koula
KIMBLE, Marilyn
MARSTON, Joanne
PALMER, Cassandra
REID, Jillian
TANNER, Jane
VELAKOUTAKOS, Pauline

BOYS

CHRISTIE, Hamish
CHRISTOPOULOS, Alex
NALLO, Paul
OEHLMANN, Dean
O'REILLY, Timothy
SARRIS, Steven
SHORT, Christopher
STUBBS, Jeremy

YEAR 10B

GIRLS

BAUMANN, Jennifer
BORNER, Lisa
BULL, Joanne
CAMILLERI, Michelle
FLATT, Kerry
GRIMWOOD, Vivienne
HENDERSON, Karen
KALOPISIS, Anna
SHARPE, Lesley
SMITH, Tanya
van TWEST, Karin
VINCENT, Debra
WILSON, Lisa

BOYS

BAKKER, Andrew
COPPA, Lorenzo
ESTORNINHO, Julio
FARNELL, Tony
HOUDALAKIS, Jim
LAMBERT, Adam
LEGNAGHI, Ramon
LUND, Gavin
LUTCHNER, Darren
MARICAK, Jozo
MITCHELL, Simon
SANDVIK, Juko

YEAR 10C

GIRLS

BARR, Kim
COATES, Laura
COOPER, Karen
COYNE, Melinda
DARK, Shirlene
FRITZLAFF, Leah
HUMPHREYS, Megan
HUMPHREYS, Marie
LEIGH, Helena
MEIMARES, Afro
PERKINS, Sarah
RUSSELL, Fiona
TALBOT, Karen
van WIJNGAARDEN, Kim
VERNON, Kerri
WILSON, Heather

BOYS

ABIUSO, Francis
BALTAS, Con
BLIGH, David
BROWN, Steven
COPE, Andrew
DARAGHY, Mark
HAMILTON, Alexander
HIGGINSON, Robert
KARAILIS, Nicholas
RIGOPOULOS, Nicholas
WISE, Timothy

YEAR 10D

GIRLS

ANDREADIS, Helen
BLANSHARD, Joanne
de VINCENTIS, Sigrid
GEE, Debbie
ISRAEL, Rachael
JENNINGS, Julie
JORGENSEN, Annette
KYRIOS, Mary
LAW, Alexandra
LYDSTER, Leanne
MILLER, Marion
NICHOLSON, Karen
RAYNER, Jeunesse
SHAW, Kim
STAVRAKIS, Tina

BOYS

ASPINALL, Hayden
BAVAGE, Christopher
BELLAMY, Steven
BISSETT, Kent
CROWLEY, Paul
GEORGIOU, George
HOME, Cameron
McLENNAN, Adam
MURRELLS, Stephen
PAVLOU, Anthony
RICHARDS, Stewart
ROBERTS, Michael

YEAR 10E

GIRLS

AHMET, Soreya
BARDEN, Dianne
BATSON, Maria-Grace
CAR, Maria
FILIS, Katherine
FROST, Amanda Jane
GRAHAM, Nichole
KREYMBORG, Sandra
RICCO, Katherine
SATTERTHWAITE, Wendy

SOKOLOWICZ, Dina
THOMPSON, Meagan

BOYS

BENNETT, Nicholas
BRABNER, Matthew
CONKEY, Justin
DIBBLE, Kyle
DOOLEY, James
GALANOPOULOS, Anthony
LEE-STEERE, David
McCONCHIE, Andrew
McMAHON, Damien
MYTTON, Ian
PRINGLE, Dale
ROONEY, David
TICKLE, David

YEAR 11A

GIRLS

BEATY, Amanda
GREGORIOU, Anthea
HASSALL, Kathleen
KARAILIS, Jenny
LABRA-PEYRET, Yvonne
LINTON, Karen
LUSKIN, Fiona
MITCHELL, Georgina
SIMMONS, Danielle
THEOS, Jenny
TOTH, Shirley
van TOOREN, Susan

BOYS

CLARKE, David
FERNANDO, Randolph
ILLE, Rudy
KANE, Alan
PALAMBERIS, Bill
SPOKES, Russell
TIREKIDIS, Paul

YEAR 11B

GIRLS

DUNSMUIR, Louisa
JAMES, Sally
KHOO, Shui-Ching
STAVRAKIS, Athina
TAYLOR, Elizabeth
TICKLE, Anne-Marie
TRELOAR, Lynne
WEST, Fiona

BOYS

BARTAREAU, Tad Mitchell
BISSET, Conrad
BIGHT, Adam
DEDEK, Thomas
KOYA, Aiyaz
LYDSTER, Ricky
MILJOEN, Sean
PADINIS, Tassouli
PAPACOSTAS, Stavros
PAYNE, Peter
PRINGLE, Lloyd
RUBIN, Ran
STEDMAN, Simon
STOUPAS, Jim
STRAHAN, David
VANDERMOST, Alan
VYSSARITIS, Emanuel
WEIRZBICKI, Paul

YEAR 11C

GIRLS

DAVIES, Simone
HATZIKOS, Vicky
LOWIS, Eleanor
ROTH, Lisa
SMIKA, Lisa
STRAIN, Melissa
SUTTERBY, Nicole
SUTTON, Danielle

BOYS

DENNISON, Michael
DYSON, Hamish
HARBERGER, Shane
HILLIER, John
KAKOS, Christopher
REMICK, Royce
SCHEINER, Fabian
van TOOREN, Jeremy

YEAR 11D

GIRLS

ERDMAN, Ruth
EXELL, Lisa
GARDNER, Rachel
KOVOS, Hariklia
KUKOVEC, Fiona
OUGH, Sharon
PAYNE, Helen
ROBERTYS, Desiree
SANTER, Karen
STEMBERGAR, Brigita
WILSON, Lisa
ZEUG, Natasha

BOYS

HARITOS, Arthur
PALAMARA, Steven
PAVIS, Sean
SINGH, Jason
TEREK, Robert
THOMAS, Dane
TRICKEY, David

YEAR 12A

GIRLS

FLANAGAN, Melissa
FRASER, Vivienne
LOWIS, Elizabeth
HAWKES, Melinda
HOWARD, Joy
MARSHALL, Deidre
MATHER, Lisa
SEEBERG, Sharyn
van der VEEN, Helen
WATT, Joanne
WELLSPRING, Robyn
ZYGOURAKIS, Maria

BOYS

BLIGHT, John
DEDEK, Jacob
LAW, David
McMAHON, Gregory
MOHD HASHIM, Fakhrudin
MUNIR, Yunus
TAYLOR, John

YEAR 12B

GIRLS

ALOI, Mariella
CLARKE, Jennifer
DICKSON, Jennifer
GEORGIOU, Andrea
HAAS, Sabine
IVES, Stephanie
McCANDLESS, Tina
NICHOLAS, Helen
STEMBERGAR, Liliyana
WALTERS, Dale
WILSON, Michelle

BOYS

COATES, Stephen
FARRELL, Paul
HUMPHREYS, Gary
KELLY, Simon
OSHLACK, Alan
RABL, Simon
RIGOPOULOS, John
VAFIDIS, Billy

YEAR 12C

GIRLS

DAW, Nicole
FILIADIS, Katerina
GREGORIOU, Linda
HIGGINSON, Joanne
ST. CLAIR, Lisa-Marie
WISE, Sophie

BOYS

ABIUSO, David
ABDUL TALIB, Suhaini
CHEN, Sui Ki (Kevin)
CONKEY, Thomas
KOVOS, Loukas
KOYA, Anees
LALOUM, David
MOHAMMED, Azman
PAYNE, Anthony
THOMAS, Robert
TEAZIS, Christopher

YEAR 12D

GIRLS

DARK, Robyn
HALL, Charlarn
KARAILIS, Fotina
LEWIS, Deborah
McKINDLEY, Kim
STOUPAS, Renea
TRANIS, Zina
TRIANNI, Joanne

BOYS

BARR, Andrew
BENNETT, Michael
CUNNINGHAM, Kenneth
DUNMORE, Steven
EPIFANO, Peter
GEORGIOU, Andrew
KANE, David
PAGE, Andrew
TODD, Neil