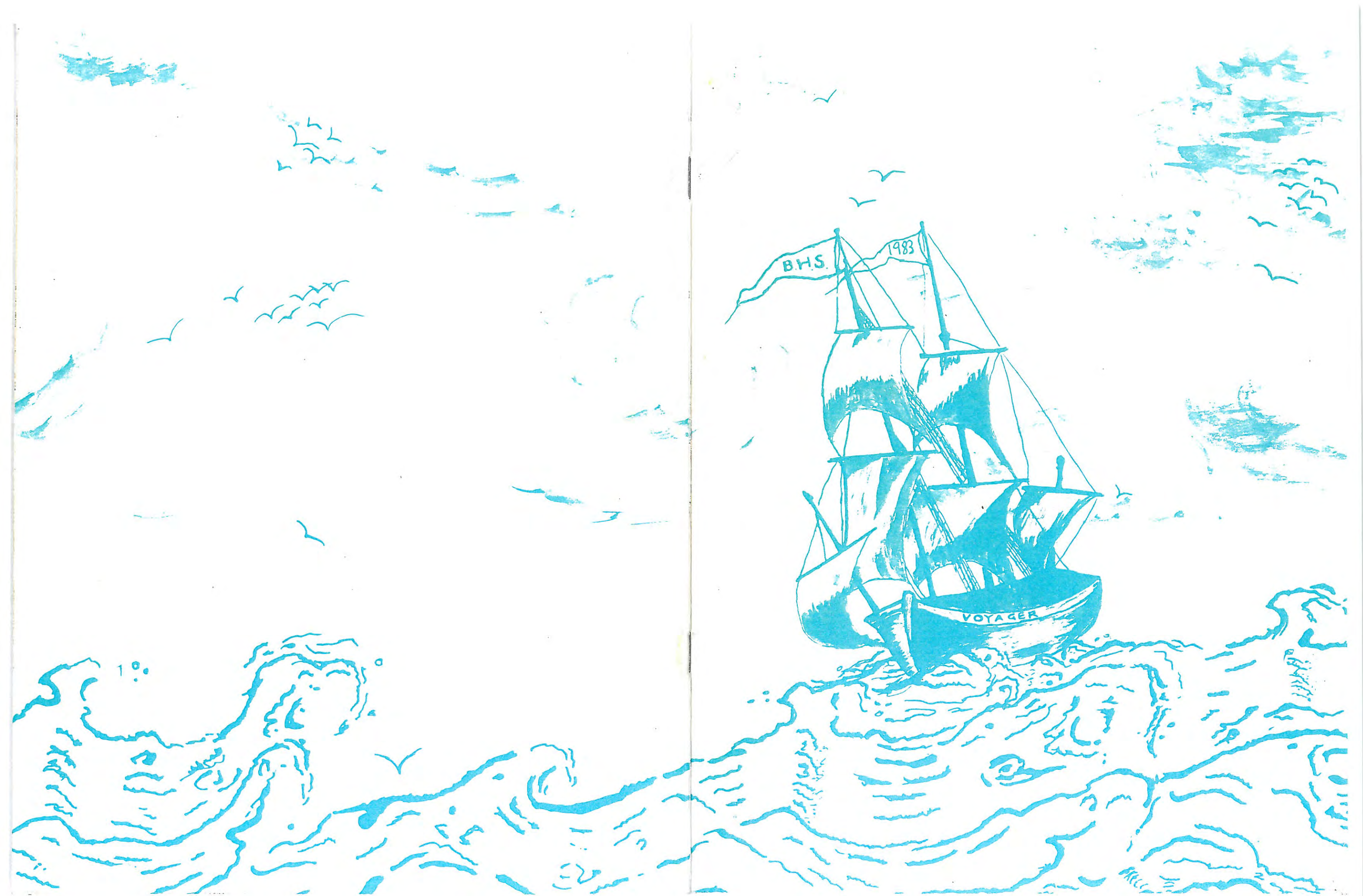




## Roll Call

### YEAR 7A GIRLS

BANNERMAN, Margaret  
BANWELL, Nicole  
CAMILLERI, Amanda  
CEICHANOWSKI, Sha-  
-on  
JALTON, Rachael  
JAYES, Kathryn  
KHOO, Shui-Mei  
PARKER, Renee  
WATERSON, Jane

### BOYS

BASIC, Edmond  
BRISTOL, Kevin  
CHRISTOU, Sakis  
COLLINS, Darren  
FALK, Mark  
FISCHER, Travis  
KELLMAN, Ron  
KENNEDY, Stuart  
MCTIGUE, Jeremy  
MICHELIC, Paul  
STEFANATOS, Harry  
SWANN, Gregory

### YEAR 7F GIRLS

ADLEM, Rosemary  
BATSON, Rosalinda  
BYRNE, Claudia  
KINSELLA, Leanne  
MCLEOD, Kerri  
MCNAMARA, Tracy  
MERCURI, Gabrielle  
TODD, Kathryn  
VENN, Joanne  
WEBB, Amanda

### BOYS

COATES, David  
ISING, James  
MCLOUGHLIN, Robert  
MACARTNEY, Kevin  
MALPAS, Guy  
NEVE, Clark  
NICHOLSON, Adam  
RABL, Luke  
STEWART, Justin  
SULLIVAN, Shannon  
WEST, Leonard  
DAVIS, Mark  
HATZODIS, Con

### YEAR 7L GIRLS

BANKS, Marianne  
BLIGH, Angela  
CHRISTODOULOU, Eva  
DEMIRTZIS, Giannoula  
MCLURE, Linda  
PITARIDAKIS, Soula  
POTASZ, Nicole  
STEEDS, Deborah  
STONE, Lisa  
TROMPF, Elise

### BOYS

CARTLEDGE, Duncan  
DAVENPORT, Thomas  
GERDAN, Alexander  
GREER, Tyler  
HUGHES, Cameron  
KARNAROS, Nicholas  
KAY, Christopher  
LAPATAS, Fotios  
LEWIS, David  
LOOSSCHILDER, An-  
drew  
MCCONACHY, Mark  
MOHSENI, Jahid

### YEAR 7M GIRLS

AFFERI, Agata (Tina)  
ANASTASIOU, Natalie  
BARTON, Amanda  
BENNING, Kate  
DIBBLE, Felicity  
HAMMOND, Tania  
NELSON, Kirrily  
RAYMOND, Naomi  
SAMLAND, Leanne  
SELL, Gabrielle

### BOYS

ANYOS, Simon  
BRISTOW, Lee  
KELLY, Peter  
KREBS, Roman  
LACK, Geoffrey  
POLY, Chris  
RUSSELL, Matthew  
ST. CLAIR, Christopher  
SMITH, Christopher  
TANNER, Simon  
TAYLOR, Peter  
WITHALL, Andrew

### YEAR 7P GIRLS

BISPING, Sarah  
CHINN, Justine  
CHOI, Suzie  
DAVIS, Nicole  
DESOUZA, Miriam  
HIGGINSON, Susan  
LOHONYAY, Danielle  
SELBY, Pheona  
WALLACE, Sharon  
CAMERON, Jacqueline

### BOYS

BONNANNO, Antonio  
BUCKLAND, Dean  
CANAVAN, Russell  
CLEMENTS, Mathew  
FERGUSON, Tom  
HYNES, Adam  
LENTZIOS, Nick  
LONG, Mathew  
MCNEIL, Cameron  
VROLAND, David  
WALLACE, Jonathan  
WARD, Peter

### YEAR 7S GIRLS

HUMPHREYS, Leah  
JOVETIC, Mirjana  
MCDONALD, Kylie  
MAROUFF, Elizabeth  
MILLS, Nicola  
PHILLIPS, Jacqueline  
READ, Belinda  
SIMS, Karen  
TWIRDY, Lisa  
WILSON, Kylie

### BOYS

BROWN, Andrew  
BURGGRAF, Anton  
HASSALL, Darren  
JONES, Allister  
KALAITZIDIS, Kosmi  
KENNEDY, David  
MILLER, Cameron  
NEWTON, Simon  
RENFREE, Russell  
SEEBERG, Karl  
SMIT, Rieuwen  
WALKER, Al-Junaid  
WALTERS, Cameron

### YEAR 8A GIRLS

ASPINALL, Linda  
BROWN, Michelle  
CAR, Vicki  
GAULT, Rachel  
GEE, Connie  
GORMAN, Kate  
JONES, Deborah  
LINDBLOM, Leanne  
MCKINDLEY, Trudi  
TANNER, Julie  
NELSON, Tracy

### BOYS

BARBOUR, Guy  
BARR, Hamish  
BAUMANN, Steven  
BLACK, Scott  
DUNMORE, Neill  
HADDON, Simon  
HARITOS, John  
MCCOLL, Gawain  
MOHENS, Zaid  
PARRY, Brett  
PATKIN, David  
SMIT, Henrico  
STEDMAN, Justin  
YOUNG, Kenneth

### YEAR 8B GIRLS

CAMBRIA, Dora  
CHRISTIE, Polly  
CUTHBERT, Tamie-Jo  
EGGART, Anita  
FOOTE, Danielle  
GODFREY, Michelle  
JENKINS, Donna  
LUSKIN, Tania  
MALCOLM, Leah  
OAKMAN, Barbara  
RICCO, Tania  
TURNER, Samantha  
VINCENT, Linda

### BOYS

BADGER, Steven  
CHRISTODOULOU, Nick  
COPE, Christopher  
COULTER, Benjamin  
FISCHER, Scott  
FORBES, Dawson  
GEORGAKOPOULOS, Eric  
KOYA, Azwar  
LION, Igor  
SERAFINO, Marc  
STEFANATOS, John  
ZYGOURAKIS, Danny

### YEAR 8C GIRLS

BARNARD, Deanne  
BUTTERWORTH, Anne  
DEDEK, Simona  
EMMETT, Judith  
FOSTER, Gwenda  
HOPSON, Ann  
HARRIS, Katie  
MCINTYRE, Michelle  
MCKENZIE, Cheryl  
PARSONS, Debbie  
PITARIDAKIS, Effie  
SMITH, Elizabeth  
VANMEGHELEN, Tania

### BOYS

BHAVNAGRI, Burzin  
BRABNER, Cameron  
EXELL, Timothy  
HOTSTON, Jonathan  
HOFER, Carl  
LEWIS, Scott  
MCKIGGAN, Douglas  
OWEN, Christopher  
PHILIPPOU, Nicholas  
SKINNER, Matthew  
THOMAS, Benjamin  
WARD, Jeffrey

### YEAR 8D GIRLS

BEDOVIAN, Irene  
CHARTERS, Lorna  
DOOLEY, Tierney  
HARDY, Katrina  
HIRST, Emma  
HOWAT, Mary  
KORMAS, Rina  
KREBS, Sascha  
MOUNTAIN, Jennie  
MURPHY, Christine  
OLSEN, Petrina  
SLEIGH, Samantha

### BOYS

ANDERSON, Paul  
BANNERMAN, John  
DAW, Mark  
FRANKLIN, David  
HUGHES, Gary  
KALABOUKAS, Con  
MARTIN, Nigel  
OEHLMANN, Justin  
ROBERTSON, Mark  
RYAN, Rodney  
SAYERS, Jamie  
SEAMER, Grant  
WARD, Brett  
WIJNGAARDEN, Peter

### YEAR 8E GIRLS

BAKKER, Ingrid  
BEDNAREK, Tracy  
DEDEK, Michaela  
KELLY, Rachel  
KENIGSTEIN, Sveta  
MALLAGHAN, Samantha  
MANSEY, Catherine  
OLDFIELD, Susan  
RAYNER, Jacqueline  
ROUSSIS, Evelyn  
SAISANAS, Constantina  
SALVIO, Brenda  
WRIGHT, Helen

### BOYS

ADAMS, Timothy  
ARPINI, Simon  
DIXON, Craig  
HENDRISKE, Gregory  
LYNCH, Daniel  
MCCONCHIE, Ian  
MCDONALD, Leon  
MATERIA, Angelo  
NG, Aaron  
PANAGIOTLARIS, Peter  
WARNECKE, Ian  
WATSON, Tori  
CROSS, Timothy  
DUNN, Christopher

### YEAR 8F GIRLS

ABEYAWARDENE, Mi-  
chelle  
BOOTH, Kelleigh  
BUCKI, Wendy  
CHOI, Winnie  
FEINBERG, Elana  
GEORGAKOPOULOS, Sofia  
GISSING, Leanne  
HAYTER, Deena  
MOROSOLI, Tina  
ORR, Catherine  
PARKER, Nicolette  
RABL, Sophie  
STUART, Vanessa

### BOYS

ABIUSO, Stephen  
AFFERI, Paolo  
FERGUSON, Robert  
FOSTER, Paul  
GALANOPOULOS, Ni-  
cholas  
LANDER, Matthew  
PORCINO, Giuseppe  
RAYMOND, Christopher  
SAWICZ, Leon  
SHAW, Michael  
SWAN, Hilton  
WILCOX, Paul  
ZALCMAN, Daniel

### YEAR 9A GIRLS

BANWELL, Michelle  
BUTLER, Jodie  
CANAVAN, Lynnley  
COTTIER, Vicki  
HUMPHREYS, Jane  
MCKENZIE, Rosemarie  
MCLEOD, Margaret  
NELSON, Melissa  
OSBORNE, Vanessa  
SIMMS, Stephanie

### BOYS

BUTLER, Donald  
COATES, Justin  
COOKE, Damien  
COOMBS, Dean  
GILBERTSON, Brian  
HICKLIN, Boyd  
HOME, Matthew  
KALABOUKAS, Jimmy  
KHOO, Kah-Yeow  
LUGG, Heath  
MILLS, Robert  
NOPPER, Bradley

### YEAR 9B GIRLS

BATSON, Julie-Anna  
BORNER, Claire  
GOUTSIARIS, Agnes  
JOHNSON, Helena  
LEVY, Joanna  
POLLARD, Michelle  
PREW, Michelle  
SELBY, Vicki  
SMITH, Amanda  
THOMPSON, Melissa  
VON ZUM HOF, Karin  
MURPHY, Samantha

### BOYS

BALL, Simon  
BERRY, Kevin  
CLARKE, John  
CHAN, William  
CHUM, William  
DIMSEY, Julian  
GREINER, Adam  
KALFOGLOU, Anasta-  
sios  
MOUTSOS, Nick  
NIPPARD, Andrew  
PAVLOU, Louie  
PAWLEY, Bradley

### YEAR 9C GIRLS

BRISTOL, Jacqueline  
COOPER, Elizabeth  
GOLDFARB, Miriam  
KLEINBLAT, Iris  
KUHLMANN, Sibylle  
MCALIECE, Kathryn  
RENYE, Guiliana  
SIRMAY, Amy  
VAN WIJNGAARDEN, Nicole  
WILSON, Kellie  
WRIGHT, Ann

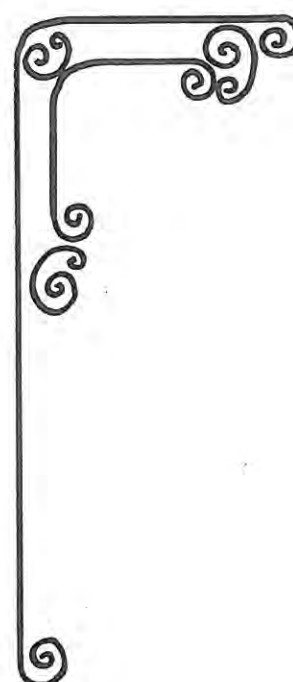
### BOYS

ANYOS, Colin  
DENTON, Jonathan  
FALK, Bradley  
HAWKES, Julian  
HOUDALAKIS, Christos  
KELLY, Justin  
MACDONALD, Gregory  
MIZERA, Otto  
PRESS, Justin  
RATZ, Thorin  
RICCO, Mark  
SPARKS, Justin  
ZOGOUKAS, Andrew

## "VOYAGER"

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

1983



### PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

This year has seen the introduction of significant changes in the administration of the Education Department.

The Minister of Education, Mr. Robert Fordham, said that the Government's intention was to "implement a system in which people affected can participate in the decision-making processes and in which all students have the opportunity to develop the knowledge, skills and concepts to participate in a democratic society." Implicit in this statement is the aim to get the people closely affected by the educational patterns to become involved in the conduct of the schools and to play a major role in making decisions at the school level.

One step in implementing the Government's policy is the restructuring of the School Councils to broaden their memberships to include the staff and students of the school.

The relevant meetings were held at this school several months ago and the decisions reached have been communicated to the Department. As a result, the Council which will represent Brighton High School as from next year will have staff and student representatives as well as parents in its membership. Its

powers will be extended to meet the commitment of the Minister that "as many decisions as possible should be made at school level."

One duty which has been entrusted to the Council is to survey the curriculum of the school and see that it meets the needs and aspirations of the parents, teachers and students at the school. Another change in the Government administration of education includes the transfer of control over many aspects to the Regional Directorates, the aim being to bring the decision-making authority closer to the schools. However the essential features of a school as a place for students to learn and to develop good habits of study will not alter. It should still be the intention of every student "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield" in his quest for knowledge.

New subjects may be introduced into the school, old subjects may have new content, different approaches may be adopted in teaching and learning methods, but the basic purposes will still apply — the development of the mind, the broadening of experience, the inculcation of self-discipline and the desire to do well.

P. A. O'Brien,  
Principal.



#### DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S NOTE

After two terms I have three strong impressions of Brighton High School. The pride in the school of pupils, parents, ex-pupils and teachers is impressive and there is much in which it is appropriate to have pride. The force of tradition is my second strong impression; what has been done before has achieved success and success is worth repeating. My third impression is a feeling sometimes of almost being overwhelmed at how much happens in a week, both the planned events and the enormous range of unexpected events. The pace of Brighton High School is fast and I certainly can have empathy with

newcomers, especially year seven pupils, who have come from more tranquil places.

Thank you to so many members of the school community who have welcomed me. I realise that I have some remarkable predecessors to emulate, and I hope to contribute something of worth to the school.

David Pittock,  
Deputy Principal.

#### STAFF LIST 1983



Principal: P. O'Brien  
Deputy Principal: D. Pittock

R. Absalom  
T. Allen  
J. Anstee  
S. Baker  
M. Batour  
M. Baxter  
M. Brudenell  
R. Carrington  
R. Ciavaglia  
D. Clark  
C. Delaney  
M. Dunlea  
B. Egan  
S. Fortune

G. Frank  
L. Frydman  
S. Gawthorne  
A. Geddes  
A. Golding  
R. Gould  
A. Granat  
B. Grebler  
R. Hadley  
J. Hall  
D. Harman  
D. Hartigan  
C. Humphries  
J. Inglis  
J. Ironmonger  
V. Kaplonyi  
P. Kindler

H. Klineberg  
E. Kriksianas  
S. Lack  
C. Lightfoot  
L. Lloyd  
P. Locco  
V. Lynch  
F. Macridis  
R. McGrail  
C. McKeown  
L. McKinnon  
J. Morrison  
M. Morrissey  
C. Nakhamkes  
N. Nicholas  
C. Paffett  
D. Page

K. Pamment  
P. Patton  
A. Pakula  
C. Ray  
M. Redding  
D. Revell  
L. Russell  
A. Ryan  
C. Saulwick  
N. Smethurst  
J. Stoney  
T. Tan  
P. Tonkin  
B. Wajchman  
A. White  
P. Wilson  
R. Wragg

Language Assistant  
C. Humbert

Itinerant Musicians  
H. Plunkett  
M. Rutter  
M. West  
E. Grigoryan

#### Ancillary Staff

M. Benjamin (Lab. Ass't. until 5/10/83)  
H. Romundt (Lab. Ass't. from 6/10/83)  
B. Doolan (Bursar)  
C. Hillyear (General Office)  
A. Reynolds (General Office)  
J. Woodfall (Library Ass't.)

#### SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S REPORT

Our last voyage upon the S.S. Endeavour has drawn to an end. Through stormy seas we have sailed, and yet only four of our crew have fallen by the wayside. Our journey has been a hectic one. Through the year, there have been both good times and bad; success and failure have been experienced by all. Perhaps the major success this year was the comradeship that developed between the students of year 12.

I think this stemmed from within the boundaries of a room, growing smaller by the year, which is tucked away under the hectic bustle of the centre corridor. Brawls and general mayhem were the order of the day within the flimsy walls of this overcrowded but ever popular common room. It was not uncommon to be struck in the face with a stray cushion, become strewn across the table tennis table, or connect quite solidly with an innocent bystander trying very hard to consume a cold cup of soup (for the urn was not at peak productivity for most of the year). Tension mounted and tempers flared over the "quiet" games of table tennis that were played at all hours of the day. Despite all, the common room was INSTRUMENTAL in bringing the year 12 group closer together.

A group of forty willing students, accompanied by five (unwilling?) teachers,



braved the elements and tried very hard to enjoy themselves (and surf!) on the Anglesea Camp which was held after the mid-year exams — the only camp where students were not "driven to drink" by the food. Apart from the odd exasperated teacher and the authoritarianism of a somewhat eager camp manager, a pleasant weekend was had by most.

In keeping with the tradition of year 7/year 12 relations two discos were held following the rather rowdy (and violent!) responses by the juniors to our proposals for the events. After chaotic organization and several eleventh hour crises, the functions went ahead very successfully. We don't know which sound is worse — the discordant music or the popping of strategically positioned balloons. Our thanks must go to Mr. Allen, Mrs. Geddes, and the year 7 form teachers who made the occasions worthwhile. The voluntary work of Paul Dunmall, Mr. Wragg and his stage crew was also greatly appreciated.

Without the help and loyalty of our deputies and fellow committee members, our tasks of the year past would have been overwhelming. Thank you for your support! Unfortunately, time does not wait in a year such as this and all too soon we find ourselves reluctantly seceding our tasks to the school captains of 1984. To you, we wish the best of luck and hope that your year will be as fulfilling as ours has been.

Bon voyage!

Sue and Adam

#### FORM CAPTAINS

- 12A M. Strain
- J. Van Tooren
- 12B L. Dunsmuir
- J. Hillier
- 12C A. Beaty
- A. Georgiou
- 11A H. Andreadis
- P. Crowley
- 11B G. Georgiou
- S. Gemmell
- 11C J. Marston
- S. Mitchell
- 11D A. Pavlou
- M. Thomas
- 10A K. Wellspring
- A. Wierzbicki
- 10B N. Greenfield
- K. Edwards (Term 1)
- R. Forbes
- 10C F. Jovetic
- D. White
- 10D S. Fothergill
- K. Palambras
- 10E S. McCann
- M. Berry
- 9A M. McLeod
- D. Coombes
- 9B A. Nippard
- M. Pollard
- 9C K. McAlicie
- A. Zogoulas
- 9D F. McMahon
- J. Wilcox
- 9E P. Butterworth
- M. Phillipson
- 9F M. Cardoso
- J. Foley
- 8a Gawain McCall
- K. Gorman
- 8B T.-J. Cuthbert
- C. Cope
- 8C T. Van Megchelen
- J. Ward
- 8D S. Sleight
- B. Ward
- 8E R. Kelly
- I. McConchie
- 8F M. Lander
- S. Rabi
- 7L T. Davenport
- D. Lewis
- 7M S. Tanner
- K. Nelson
- 7P P. Ward
- S. Choi
- 7F J. Stewart
- K. Todd
- 7S B. Read
- A. Jones
- 7A T. Fischer
- R. Parker



### YEAR 12 COMMITTEE REPORT

After a year full of responsibilities, hardships and the immense weight of those badges of office, the time has come to say goodbye to the role of "Year 12 Committee Member," a role which I think we shall never forget. This year has brought with it new responsibilities, a tremendous challenge, and an awareness of the school's role in all our lives.

After being "ordained", one of our primary tasks was to establish a rapport with the younger students of the school. This was achieved through weekly encounters of the Year 7 kind. We all returned from the first daunting Friday morning form assemblies proclaiming that none of us were ever that small or horrible. Fortunately, these first impressions did not last and during the ensuing months, strong and rewarding bonds between the two levels were developed.

And then there were the lunchtime meetings with Mr. O'Brien. It was fascinating to notice how twelve robust and rather noisy students transformed into quiet and polite young adults for one lunch hour at the start of each month! These meetings did, however, serve as a vital link between students and the school administration.

I think the prospect of school assemblies on Monday mornings brought fear and apprehension into the hearts of us all. I wonder what it is that people have against thank-you speeches? Perhaps the fact that not one speech was perfectly delivered throughout the year has something to do with it? If it wasn't forgetting the guest speaker's name, it was forgetting where he or she came from — "Berri House David?" — or realizing half way through your speech that the microphone wasn't switched on and not a soul was listening to you.

Our tasks were made smoother and more enjoyable with the friendly assistance and encouragement of both the staff and fellow students of all levels who, on behalf of the Committee, I would like to sincerely thank and wish all the very best for the years ahead.

It's been a long haul but a pleasant journey!

Sue van Tooren

### SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

How generously have many pupils supported social service, and a special note must be made of the zeal of Form 8E. The year's effort began with a special appeal for relief for bush fire victims. Another special effort was for State Schools' Relief, an organization under increasing pressure in our present economic circumstances. There has also been support to "foster children" overseas.

Thanks to the social service monitors who have steadily collected from their classmates.

D. Pittock

### SOCIAL SERVICE MONITORS

|                  |                |                    |
|------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| 12A A. Blight    | 10E N. White   | 8C D. Barnard      |
| 12B L. Dunsmuir  | M. Dueterhaus  | 8E M. Howat        |
| 12C A. Beaty     | 9A M. Banwell  | J. Bannerman       |
| 11A L. Brunner   | 9B K. Berry    | 8F C. Raymond      |
| J. Conkey        | 9C C. Anyos    | 7L E. Trompf       |
| 11B E. Goloubkin | M. Ricco       | T. Greer           |
| V. Grimwood      | 9D N. Mayo     | 7M F. Dibble       |
| 11C M. Miller    | J. Miksad      | G. Lack            |
| N. Karailis      | 9E J. Foden    | 7P R. Canavan      |
| 11D K. Ricco     | 9F F. Mutard   | S. Higginson       |
| 10A J. Dinas     | C. Katos       | 7F J. Stewart      |
| 10B P. Selby     | 8A L. Lindblom | 7S M. Jovetic      |
| 10C A. Antzakos  | R. Gault       | 7A S. Ceichanowski |
| M. Haas          | 8B T. Ricco    | J. McTigue         |
| 10D J. Haycroft  | S. Turner      |                    |

### HOUSE CAPTAINS AND CULTURAL CAPTAINS

#### GRANT

Senior Boys  
Senior Girls  
Junior Boys  
Junior Girls

#### LONSDALE

Senior Boys  
Senior Girls  
Junior Boys  
Junior Girls

#### MURRAY

Senior Boys  
Senior Girls  
Junior Boys  
Junior Girls

#### PHILLIP

Senior Boys  
Senior Girls  
Junior Boys  
Junior Girls

#### House Captain

A. Blight  
K. Seeberg  
N. Moutsos  
F. McMahon

J. Hillier  
S. Van Tooren  
A. Greiner  
N. Hough

G. Georgiou  
D. Sutton  
C. Katos  
M. Wade

R. Ille  
S. Fisher  
P. Butterworth  
J-A. Batson

#### Cultural Captain

M. Miller

K. Barr

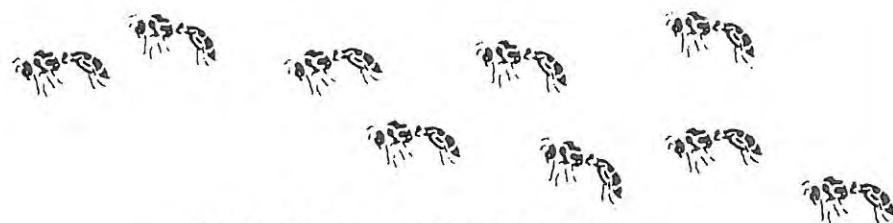
R. Israel  
R. Higginson

L. Fritzlaff  
S. Richards

### YEAR ELEVEN CAMP



## BRIGHTON OUT OF SCHOOL



### YEAR 11 CAMP AT BOOMERANG RANCH, DAYLESFORD. 1982.

Our first day began at Middle Brighton Station, at approximately 6.40 which for most people was obviously too early as they seemed to be half asleep. It was obviously too early for Miss Lynch and Danielle to meet at Middle Brighton Station, so they were escorted by other means of transport to Spencer Street Station.

Arrival at "Boomerang Ranch" was by means of three trains and a bus. After settling in we had horses assigned to us. During that afternoon, new walking styles had been developed from the first trail, which took approximately one hour.

That night at our meal we presented the first day awards, where Vicky and Shirley were nominated for the smallest suitcases. After the meal we went for a midnight walk, in blizzard conditions to see a few, minute township lights — Boy was that a thrill!!! That night in "Jack's Shack", there was a concert, which was led by Danielle and her guitar. This ended when "Jill's Shack" was stormed by the group to investigate Rachel's constant snoring, which could be heard for miles.

Mr Paffet organised his early morning jog by waking everyone up with his cow bell. We began the jog, which for most people was a stroll and, where was West? That day we had a few eventful horse trails. Margie decided that her horse was in need of a bath, and ended up in the middle of a nearby pond, sitting on top of her horse.

That night at "The Pub with no Beer" we held an eventful concert. The guys had a beauty contest, but from what we saw there were no beauties at all. Hamish won the contest because of his rather large chest.

Another group's act started off with people imitating certain pieces of furniture. Each person had to say what they were three times. Miss McKeown, who was the fire in the fireplace, experienced quite a shock when David threw a bucket of water over her because he thought she needed to be put out. Needless to say she became quite wet.

The teachers decided to entertain us with a maths test which actually turned out to be a bingo game. Mr. Paffet's lovely assistants were Claire, Margie, Virginia and Margaret, who were in the ever popular Brighton High uniforms.

The next morning we rose early for a bush walk which turned out to be a cross-country hike through imaginary paths which only Mr. Paffet could see. After arriving back at camp we had lunch and left to return home and all in all everyone had a great time.

Sharyn Ough, Fiona Kukovec, 12B



### YEAR 12 CAMP — ANGLESEA

At an almost reasonable hour (1.00 pm) we arrived at Spencer St. station to the almost cheerful greetings of our peers and to the tune of Jim playing his own renditions of 'Stairway To Heaven' on Danielle's 12-string guitar. Upon arrival at Anglesea Youth, Sport and Recreation Camp all 36 students and 3 teachers (Mr. Tonkin, Mrs. Delany and Miss Brudenell) piled out of the claustrophobic bus (Robert, Robert, I've lost my luggage). We were met by Mr. Paffet and Mr. Wilson, who had already carved up the surf and had a game of tennis. After being assigned our rooms and issued with the usual welcoming and instructional speeches (yawn) we were finally left to our own devices for the remainder of the day. An interesting evening was spent in the Passive recreation room relaxing amidst the tedious twangs of Jim playing 'Stairway To Heaven' on Dani's 12 string guitar.

Saturday found us all participating in various sporting activities. Borg Wilson and McEnroe Paffet were gracious in defeat to the aspiring talents of Sue and Kylie in a gruelling 20 game set. After the basketball round robin which was won by Rudi's team, Jennifer and the gang rolled up dressed to kill for a night of fun and frolic.

Sunday provided us with an interesting itinerary of trudging for 3 hours to Hutt Gully Beach. The day was spent picnicking and viewing the enthusiastic talents of the surfers. After the loathsome journey, there was a buzz of excitement in the air at the prospect of the forthcoming talent quest. All quest entrants must be credited on their originality but after a heated debate by the judges, first place was awarded to Lisa, Kate, Kylie, Jo and Dani for their entertaining performance of The Upper Koo-wee-rup search for a star. After the big event everyone drifted off into slumber to the nightmare-inducing tune of Jim playing 'Stairway To Heaven' on Dani's guitar. Monday morning saw us packed and ready to go. After a 2 hour wait, the bus finally arrived, greeted with long dark faces and the somewhat distorted tones of Jim playing 'Stairway To Heaven' on Dani's new 11-string guitar. Sincere thanks must go to all the staff who came along and to (hates-a-beer) Bill — the camp director.

Kylie and Jo, 12C



### GREVISFIELD TRIP '83

On Tuesday, the 16th of August, most of the Year 7's went to GREVISFIELD FARM for the day.

The drive didn't seem that long, since everyone was too busy either talking or looking out the windows. Transport was two ex-London double-decker buses. Most of the kids that I talked to had already been on one before.

As soon as we arrived, people piled off the buses and were already patting and looking at the animals. We sat around in a shed and listened to Farmer Brown talk about the history

and purpose of the farm, and then we went on our 'guided tour'. We saw horses, donkeys, cows, bulls, calves, dogs and a few other animals, but mostly sheep.

Later, we sat in another shed, the shearing shed, and watched Farmer Brown on a platform. He brought in about five different types of sheep and talked about their wool. He then threw a couple of lambs into the audience as if they were just dolls.

After that, we were led through the 'Bone Alley' which is just a sort of walkway outside, with trees on either side of you as you walk

past. But the thing about it was that hanging from the trees, were all different kinds of animal bones. After lunch, we went outside to look at the dogs rounding up some sheep.

Some people were lucky enough to get a ride on a horse, while Farmer Brown led them round in circles.

Soon after, in three large groups, everybody had a ride in the cattle-cart, that was attached to the back of a tractor. It took us for a long ride, while we were standing up. On the first ride, it started raining, and since the cart had no roof, the people in it got drenched!!

Sharon Ciechanowski, 7A



# THE ONES' RAGE A Review!

Arriving outside the Brighton High School Hall I thought that I had come on the wrong night until I heard the vague mumbblings of music being tested within its bulging walls. I met Mr. Allen on a sort of a reconnaissance mission patrolling the grounds for expected louts, I also noticed his anxious pace somewhat like that of an expectant father. He was one of the organisers, all of whom were full of anxiety, hope and out to make the night a success for the "innocent" form ones.

As I ascended the staircase as apprehensively as a Mr. Wragg would ascend the staircases of Inflation on a Saturday night, I witnessed a scene which could only be described as chaotic. Committee members, a bedazzled Miss Lynch, an ever-pacing Mr. Wragg, the Hall Crew, a pearl-studded Mrs. Geddes and an unpunctual Miss McKeown were frantically putting the final touches on the "venue".

Already trickling in the doors I left swinging, eager form ones began to enter the Disco.

After only having sat down for an instant, the trickle had turned into a flood of impatient clientele. They gushed through the doors and the night began with fizz.

Those who looked so eager rushed not for the dance floor but sought refuge in the marine landscape scenery quickly bustling into the security of the surrounding tables and chairs.

Only a few daring souls shyly boogied in the depths of the dance floor, leaving the others to excitedly dash to greet an arriving chum to compare civilian dress or should I say dresses.

General McKeown assisted by her escort ordered the troops to get 'em dancin'! After several minutes which seemed like hours the majority of little heads were bouncing, twisting and head banging. The primary fizz seemed to have been the sound of the fuse which sparked an explosion of movement.

The night went on with quite a range of music, namely Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson and Flashdance. Prizes were given for stamina more than for talent; the organisers should have had an amphetamines scan of the winners who had inhuman energy supplies.

I wish I could say the same for the teachers; we know that age had something to do with it, but they could have made more of a spectacle. At one stage Mr. Wragg strode across the floor as if building up to a RAP street dance but no, only a mission to repair a blown speaker I fear.

L. L. arrived ready to sit through an opera, and was almost bounced out for bringing animals into the Disco — everyone knows about her affinity for felines. How were we to know it was a fur — in the dim strobing atmosphere of the venue?

Food! The dance floor dispersed in all directions rushing to a table filled with appetising food forms — some could only be described as food very loosely, some looked like part of the scenery, some like part of the furniture!

More Michael Jackson, and by 10.00 pm the Venue emptied to become the same old Holland Hall again.



It was as successful as could ever have been hoped, with teachers with their once a year "good samaritan" deed behind them and half of form one "goin' together". A great night!

David Trickey, 12A

And special thanks to Miss Macridis who brought along Michael Jackson's "Thriller" Album — whatever would we have done without it?

On Thursday the 4th of August, the year 7's attended a disco. The disco was run by the year 7 co-ordinators, Mr. Allen and Mrs. Geddes. The music was controlled by Paul Dunnmall and Robert Higginson and the lighting was done by ME, Justin Stewart, Alex Gerdan, and Nick Karnaros.

From the bio-box, there was a mass of unco-ordinated movement. Luckily, there was a lot of good dancing as the evening progressed. There were several outstanding dancers, including Sarah Bisping, Belinda Read and Simon Tanner. There was also a raffle of which the winner was Nick Karnaros.

The disco started off badly. It was meant to start at 7.00 pm but Paul had all the tapes. Finally at five past the music was being pumped into the hall. For lighting there were 24 little black switches which had to be flicked back and forth — a very painful task.

All the year 7's who attended, extend their thanks to Mr. Allen and Mrs. Geddes who arranged the disco and helped set the scenery, to the Year 7 form teachers, to Mr. Wragg for something or other, and to Alex Gerdan who spent many painful hours fitting coloured filters to the lights.

Jeremy McTigue, 7A



# CLASS OF 1983



NAME: Adam Blight  
LIKES: Life in general.  
DISLIKES: Generally nothing.  
AMBITION: To be quite frank or general, I'm not sure.



NAME: David Clarke  
LIKES: Missing politics.  
DISLIKES: Politics.  
AMBITIONS: To go to 5 successive politics classes. To meet Johnny Rotten & to become Prime Minister.



NAME: Rachel Gardner  
LIKES: Gnomes and the mighty Blues.  
DISLIKES: Baths, people who dislike gnomes  
AMBITIONS: To be 5'4" and have a large bust.



NAME: David Tricky  
LIKES: Pigs (short & fat) of any colour and a good strong pair of gumboots.  
DISLIKES: Teachers that borrow pencils, people who run down pigs  
AMBITIONS: To meet Marcello, marry Marg, and mash a mucky



NAME: Jeremy van Tooren  
LIKES: Peace, love, prosperity, apple Danish.  
DISLIKES: Violence, sadistic people, bloodshed  
AMBITIONS: To be happy among happy people.



NAME: Paul Wierzbicki  
LIKES: Holidays.  
DISLIKES: Homework.  
AMBITION: Pass H.S.C.



NAME: Rachel Badlan  
LIKES: Croissants on Fridays, pweetty liddle bows, plaits and beads.  
DISLIKES: Having to "I out little pieces of paper like these. "Le joke".  
AMBITIONS: To have wild parties in my own flat.



NAME: Rudi Ilie  
LIKES: Being a responsible thought-provoking student.  
DISLIKES: Girls with inhibitions.  
AMBITIONS: Censored.



NAME: Harklia Kovos  
LIKES: Loud music, discos and rock concerts.  
DISLIKES: Thursday early morning English classes.  
AMBITIONS: To pass H.S.C. then join a bikie gang.



NAME: Kate Muschamp  
LIKES: Parties, the Marine, James Curl and Sportsgirl.  
DISLIKES: Cold weather and MONOTONY.  
AMBITIONS: To live in the sun drinking Fluffy Ducks and to own Sportsgirl.



NAME: Steven Palamara  
LIKES: Big M girls, school camps, period 6 holidays, Fridays,  
DISLIKES: Opinions, early morning classes, seeing St. Kilda lose.  
AMBITIONS: Get a hole-in-one at Btn. Golf Course, become a successful businessman.



NAME: Kevin Chen  
LIKES: Money.  
DISLIKES: H.S.C.  
AMBITIONS: To get a job I like.



NAME: Louisa Dunsmuir  
LIKES: What's his name, common room brawls, and un-expected trips to Bali.  
DISLIKES: Being constantly reminded I can't tell decent jokes.  
AMBITIONS: To stay awake during all Monday's classes



NAME: Lisa Exell  
LIKES: Yeah.  
DISLIKES: Right.  
AMBITIONS: O.K.



NAME: Goh Hock Leong  
LIKES: Subjects involving maths.  
DISLIKES: Nothing particular.  
AMBITIONS: To be an Engineer.



NAME: Stavros Papacostas  
LIKES: Sleeping during economics, starting brawls.  
DISLIKES: Brighton High school news-letters 8 O'CLOCK CLASSES!!!  
AMBITIONS: Open a Greek club in the middle of China Town.



NAME: Jim Stoupas  
LIKES: The odds against Mr. Wragg seeing the light of ou (?) Jan 18th 1984.  
DISLIKES: The prospects of being caught and incarcerated.  
AMBITIONS: To escape scot-free.



NAME: Melissa Strain  
LIKES: Avoiding Mr. Baker.  
DISLIKES: Anything vaguely resembling hard work.  
AMBITIONS: To become completely eccentric.



NAME: Robert Terek  
LIKES: Depression, Fungus brains, Flux of Pink Indians, The Exploited.  
DISLIKES: Trendies, Mods, Blue singlets, head bangers and Mockies.  
AMBITIONS: To bring the pure pink Show back on 3PBS.



NAME: Anthea Gregoriou (Agga)  
LIKES: Asking if she has a spot on her nose.  
DISLIKES: Being told she has a spot on her nose.  
AMBITIONS: To get rid of the spot on her nose.



NAME: John Hillier  
LIKES: Sunburn, cold meat pies, tooth aches and ear aches.  
DISLIKES: Librarians, the Goodies, Johnny Young, M.A.S.H., Jim Stoupas' Scotch, tartan baggies  
AMBITION: To be as successful as Sean Miljeon.



NAME: Alan Winston Kane  
LIKES: Travelling, holidays, sleeping, eating, punk, U2.  
DISLIKES: Being tied down, school, being tired, trendy heroes, discos.  
AMBITIONS: To live in England and go to a U2, UK Subs & Exploited concert.



NAME: Khoo Shui-Ching  
LIKES: Warm, sunny dry weather.  
DISLIKES: "American Express" credit card, advertisements and pimples.  
AMBITIONS: To be able to speak ocker (and understand it).



NAME: Fiona Kukovec  
 LIKES: Phil Oakey & Co. and interior decorating my bedroom.  
 DISLIKES: Curly hair and people who annoy me with their chatter.  
 AMBITIONS: To actually have long hair, preferably in a different colour.



NAME: Stephen Lomax  
 LIKES: Playing the Strat with the Marshall stack turned up to 10 in a 10 x 12 room.  
 DISLIKES: People who turn the power off.  
 AMBITIONS: To find the cornflake in the Kellogg's packet first.



NAME: Sharyn Ough (Shazza)  
 LIKES: Driving pregnant pasties  
 DISLIKES: Male drivers.  
 AMBITIONS: To save enough money to send Mrs. Egan to English night classes.



NAME: Sean Pavis  
 LIKES: Watching the fish in my aquarium.  
 DISLIKES: Doing homework.  
 AMBITIONS: To hand in an essay, option, problem sheet, anything on time.



NAME: Yek Chong  
 LIKES: Solving problems and jokes.  
 DISLIKES: Remembering long and tedious names.  
 AMBITIONS: Research in science.



NAME: Mariella Aloï  
 LIKES: The end of period six.  
 DISLIKES: Early morning classes and periods 1-6, Monday-Friday.  
 AMBITIONS: To never return.



NAME: Amanda Beaty  
 LIKES: My Thursday night and talking.  
 DISLIKES: Brussel Sprouts.  
 AMBITIONS: Barrister or Solicitor.



NAME: Ken Cunningham  
 LIKES: Essendon.  
 DISLIKES: Being an H.S.C. "apprentice".  
 AMBITIONS: To get through school.



NAME: Phoon Wai Kit  
 LIKES: Eating, outdoors life, reporting things (no good at it but interested).  
 DISLIKES: Things involving memory or memorizing things.  
 AMBITIONS: Engineer.



NAME: Desirée Robertys  
 LIKES: Michael Jackson, trendy disco freaks and disco rap music.  
 DISLIKES: People who sit at home and do nothing.  
 AMBITIONS: To go out every night of the week.



NAME: Lisa Roth  
 LIKES: Danielle.  
 DISLIKES: Danielle.  
 AMBITIONS: To be Danielle.



NAME: Karen Santer  
 LIKES: David S., brawls in the common room at lunch time.  
 DISLIKES: Chemistry; the general thought of returning next year.  
 AMBITIONS: To marry David.  
 HARD LUCK MUM.



NAME: Thomas Dedek  
 LIKES: Skiing, Cliff Young (my hero), Robert De Castella.  
 DISLIKES: Daffy Duck, Superman.  
 AMBITIONS: To swim in a volcano.



NAME: Steven Dunmore  
 LIKES: Most music, most sports, sleeping.  
 DISLIKES: Jo Pearson, Channel 10, punk "music", reading H.S.C. English books.  
 AMBITIONS: To walk up the down escalator at Parliament Station.



NAME: Hamish Dyson  
 LIKES: Going to the pub with family and friends for a counter meal and quiet ale.  
 DISLIKES: Fighting, loutishness, rowdy behaviour in front of women.  
 AMBITIONS: To get married (and have kids).



NAME: Andrew Georgiou  
 LIKES: Muppets, Bugs Bunny.  
 DISLIKES: Discos, eight o'clock classes.  
 AMBITIONS: To snow ski the world's best mountains.



NAME: Danielle Simmons  
 LIKES: Reading, sailing, bushwalking.  
 DISLIKES: People with lockers above mine who drop books on my head.  
 AMBITIONS: To study science, and to travel to Europe.



NAME: Athina Stavrakis  
 LIKES: Italian food and Tia Maria.  
 DISLIKES: Weightwatchers.  
 AMBITIONS: To be in a "skinny Milk" ad.



NAME: Danielle Sutton  
 LIKES: Pink Floyd, hippies, sun, surf and sand.  
 DISLIKES: School uniform, hard work, Ripcurl t-shirts.  
 AMBITIONS: To go to Bali, play guitar as well as my brother, pay back all the people I owe money to and live in the 60's.



NAME: Sue van Tooren  
 LIKES: The safety of travelling in buses.  
 DISLIKES: Large cars, narrow roads driving instructors.  
 AMBITIONS: To master the art of driving before fatal damage is done.



NAME: Jenny Karailis  
 LIKES: Short people.  
 DISLIKES: Tall people.  
 AMBITIONS: To shrink everyone down to my size.



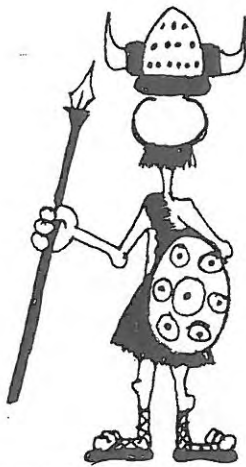
NAME: Aiyaz Koya  
 LIKES: Reading trivia such as this.  
 DISLIKES: Writing trivia such as this.  
 AMBITION: To get this over with. (Took me a month).



NAME: Karen Linton  
 LIKES: Capsicum and cheese in my hair.  
 DISLIKES: Eating over at the Clarke's place and feeling obliged to finish my second plate of Lard and Tuna Casserole.  
 AMBITIONS: To become a successful idiot.



NAME: Kylie Seeberg  
 LIKES: Arguing (especially with youngsters).  
 DISLIKES: In depth 2-year relationships.  
 AMBITIONS: To become leader of a Womens' Lib movement.



NAME: Stephen St. Clair  
 LIKES: Nothing, Sandy Boys.  
 DISLIKES: Everything.  
 AMBITIONS: None.



NAME: Simon Stedman  
 LIKES: A room without a 4'10" sycophant lurking somewhere inside it.  
 DISLIKES: 4'10" obnoxious sycophants (with sunglasses).  
 AMBITIONS: To rid the world of 4'10" obnoxious sycophantic females



NAME: Liz Taylor  
 LIKES: Horses and Redgum.  
 DISLIKES: Filling in forms, and answering questions.  
 AMBITIONS: To win the Garryowen and be a Redgum groupie.



NAME: Jenny Theos  
 LIKES: Discos, red hair, Wham, Bisleri Mineral Water.  
 DISLIKES: Bikies, town hall crawlers, having my natural hair colour.  
 AMBITIONS: To become a "Liquid Engineers" groupie, to eat a whole bowl of lard salad.



NAME: Dane Thomas  
 LIKES: Everything (well almost).  
 DISLIKES: Fake, phoney, fastidious, sane people.  
 AMBITIONS: Have the man from Tattslo to knock on my door.



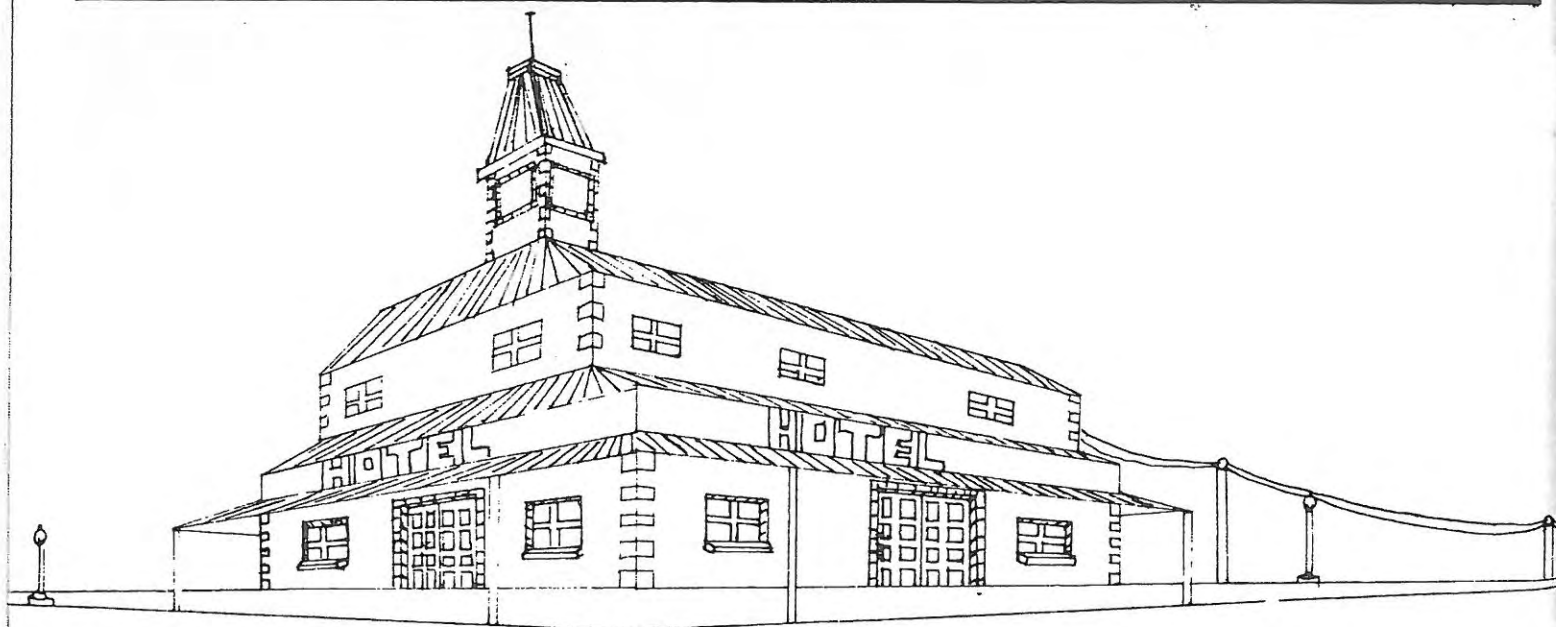
NAME: Fiona ("Foozie") West  
 LIKES: Killing my parents' car, Mr. Wragg's "classes".  
 DISLIKES: Pink Floyd haters, grotty little Form One's who spit at you, dogs, conformists.  
 AMBITIONS: To make a mind-boggling scientific discovery,



NAME: Joanne Wheeler  
 LIKES: Driving my car to school.  
 DISLIKES: Being left at the Pub alone.  
 AMBITIONS: To marry Jackson Browne and drive a Porsche.



**BEST WISHES !**



# 1983 CHORAL FESTIVAL Let there be music...



Despite the usual harassment involved with finding recruits for the various houses. (a few overbearing house captains were seen wandering the grounds with whips and chains) and the usual vicious rumours of almost certain cancellations (which left even Mr. Pittock secretly dubious), the 1983 chorals were again of a professional standard. The boisterous sounds of the senior forms, who were obviously well trained, mingled with the raw but modest talents of the juniors to produce another excellent night's entertainment.

To each of the dedicated conductresses and to the trainer of these fine voices, namely Mrs. Batour, we are wholeheartedly indebted. The tension and hysteria backstage climaxed as choir members and the capacity audience afront received the nervously awaited results. They were, as always, greeted with mixed emotions:

1st Lonsdale

2nd Grant

conducted by Kim Barr  
conducted by Marion Miller



3rd Phillip

4th Murray

conducted by Leah Fritzlaiff  
conducted by Rachel Israel

Congratulations to everyone concerned and I hope that future house and choral captains will endeavour to retain the standards set, of this fine tradition of B.H.S.

Kylie Seeberg, 12C



Speakers at assembly and otherwise (in classrooms etc.).

Margaret Visboard — Careerwise.  
Mr. Kerry Klineberg — Industrial Relations.  
Dr. Paul Gardiner — Reader in Education — on International terrorism.  
Mr. Press — from a business college — on the office of technology.  
Career in Law — speaker from Law Institute (Eve Grimm).  
Sergeant Barry Schultz — Police: What is it like to be a police person.  
Speaker: from National Heart Foundation.  
Mr. Geoff Hayes — freelance illustrator on all professions associated with advertising.  
Talk on all types of Engineering for both juniors and seniors.  
Mrs. Koya (parent) — in junior class (Year 8) talking about life in FIJI.  
(Mr. Nha) — presentation on Vietnamese culture.  
Mrs. Janette Patrick — our local member — on Parliament, government and life of a Parliamentarian and related areas.  
Mr. R. G. Seamer — from the ombudsman's office, talking about the life of an Australian diplomat.  
Mr. Barry Pang — demonstration and talk about Kung Fu??? and how he changed from a



math teacher to having his own Kung Fu School.

Ex-students careers morning

Eleven ex-students from different career areas from plumbing to psychology discussed their career profile with about sixty students.

Mr. Oscar Whitbread from ABC on TV and related areas/careers.

Mr. Ross Demsey — on film and careers in this media — The Aust. Film Industry.

Mrs. Dunsmuir (parent) showed slides and talked about her recent visit to India.

Lee Saxon — hypnotherapist on self motivation.

Lindsay Last — on girls apprenticeship (Holmesglen TAFE).

Tammy Cox — Rotary Exchange Student from USA and her friend (from St. Catherine's) about their home and what it is like to be an exchange student.

3XY — Video show arranged by student Jodie Haycroft.

Phillip Inst. — on NURSING.

Navy: Ex-student David Rad (now in the Navy) talked about Navy careers — how to enter at different levels.



## STUFF

Working, writing, answering, correcting  
With teachers marking, yelling and  
inspecting  
School  
I hate that stuff.

Horns and motors, headlights; wheels  
stopping, starting, tyre squeals.  
Traffic jams  
I hate that stuff.

Flies, insects, mushy like mud  
smells, odours, bees and bugs  
Manure.  
I hate that stuff.

Sloppy on bread, jellyish goo  
Raspberry, strawberry and apricot too,  
Jam  
I hate that stuff.

Coughing, sneezing, runny nose.  
Endless rain and cold wind that blows  
Winter colds  
I hate that stuff.

Shooting, firing, killing,  
Wounded with blood spilling  
War  
I hate that stuff.

Howling winds, thunder and lightning.  
Loud bangs that are so frightening  
Storms  
I hate that stuff.

Creepy, crawly, bodies so hairy,  
With sticky webs that are so scary.  
Spiders  
I hate that stuff.



## I LIKE THAT STUFF

People slip on it,  
Hippos dip in it,  
Mud  
I like that stuff.

The sky has lots of it,  
the sea has blots of it,  
Blue  
I like that stuff.

Splashing through puddles, wet right  
through,  
Raining, snowing, catching flu,  
Winter  
I like that stuff.

Apricots, cheese, corn beef too,  
Carrots, ice cream, Irish stew,  
Food  
I like that stuff.

Cute and fluffy, grey, black or white  
Tabby or persian, eyes glowing at night  
Cats  
I like that stuff.

Bottle brush, snowdrops, rose, jonquils,  
Wattle, hydrangeas and daffodils,  
Flowers  
I like that stuff.

Valley, high peak, snow on top,  
Here and there a river or a sudden drop,  
Mountains  
I like that stuff.

Italics and Old English and Gothic,  
Using pen and paper and Indian Ink,  
Calligraphy  
I like that stuff.

Stir the mixture, knead the dough,  
Beat the egg with the beater on low  
Cooking  
I like that stuff.

No more working, no more school,  
No getting told off or feeling a fool  
Holidays  
I like that stuff.

## I HATE THAT STUFF

Orange shell, white flesh inside,  
In the sea these creatures reside  
Crayfish  
I hate that stuff.

Two wings and a long nose  
He sucks your blood then off he goes  
Mosquitoes  
I hate that stuff.

Daddy long legs, huntsmen hairy,  
Of redbacks we really must be wary  
Spiders  
I hate that stuff.

Oh my tummy, Ouch my toes,  
Sprained my ankle, god a blood dose  
Sores and Sickness  
I hate that stuff.

Maths page 174, exercise 9L,  
French; traduisez, il & elle,  
Homework  
I hate that stuff.

Green, brown or purple & slimy  
Clinging to rocks sometimes shiny  
Seaweed  
I hate that stuff.

My back's all red, it stings too much.  
I can't sit down, it hurts ouch  
Sunburn  
I hate that stuff.

Get an egg, crack the shell,  
Beat it up, ugh, even the smell,  
Scrambled eggs  
I hate that stuff.

They make you smell, they make you cry,  
I hate it when they sting your eye  
Onions  
I hate that stuff.

Up and down, side to side  
Oh, really can't stand this ride  
Seasickness  
I loathe that stuff.

## THE WRATH OF ZORGON

### Chapter 1 — The Traveller.

In a forgotten time, in a forgotten place,  
chaos ruled the once fertile plains of Fandalia.  
It was a dark, cloudy, stormy night in the small  
village of Fandalia: lightning striking in every  
direction and rough seas, washing up myster-  
ious treasures of the dark grey ocean.

All the villagers were safe in Crystal Castle  
(the royal glasslike palace) attending the king's  
annual banquet. There was more than enough  
food to satisfy the people of Fandalia. The air  
was filled with music and joy.

A hard knock on the door broke the noise,  
the door was opened and outside was stand-  
ing a mysterious traveller with short black hair  
and a long, wet beard hanging from his cold,  
cruel face. He was smiling evilly and in his eyes  
a silent fire raged on. Everybody in the room  
instantly felt a chill go down their backs be-  
cause of his evil glare. Then the stranger  
turned to king Theltis and queen Enchantis  
and said, "If you will excuse me for interrupt-  
ing, may I shelter here for the night?"

The king reluctantly said, "Er, yes, yes! Give  
him some food, make him comfortable, quick!"  
No one had ever seen this mighty king so ner-  
vous before. By the way that they eyed each  
other, it was obvious that they had met before,  
and that the king feared him.

Long before he was a king, Theltis served  
with this traveller in his own father's armies.  
Theltis was of a higher rank than the traveller  
and when he found out that the traveller was  
plotting to revolt, he immediately banished  
him from the country. The traveller swore  
revenge.

Now the clocks of Fandalia struck twelve  
and everybody left. The traveller's lodgings  
were set up and everyone went to sleep  
quickly after the long, tiring banquet. But they  
weren't asleep for long...



### Chapter 2 — The Murder.

Everyone was awakened by the stomping of  
feet down the corridors. Someone was yelling  
"The king has been murdered! The king's  
dead." It was true; the king had been stabbed  
in the back while he was sleeping. The pre-  
vious evening the king had asked a guard to  
keep watch out in the corridor outside his bed-  
room, but he wouldn't say why.

The next morning a trial was held and the  
guard was in the witness box. The traveller  
was eyeing the guard with vicious hatred and  
threat. But the guard broke eye contact and  
bravely told the court that it was the Traveller  
that had killed the king of Fandalia. The trav-  
eller was then sentenced to life imprisonment  
in the castle dungeons. As he was walking out,  
with his head hanging low with despair and  
immense hatred, the judge quickly asked him,  
"Stranger, what is your name?" The Travell-  
er's reply thundered in the courtroom, "My  
name is Zorgon!" so he was locked in the dun-  
geons with a stale slice of bread and a mug of  
water.

No one saw him or ever heard him but one  
day he didn't eat or drink his bread and water  
and with that much food a day it's enough to  
make anyone suspicious. So, Queen Enchan-  
tis (who was still deeply distressed at her hus-  
band's death and was now ruler of Fandalia)  
ordered an investigation. When the dungeons  
were searched, Zorgon was not to be  
found, but they did find a note scratched into  
the stone by chains, saying, "I will have rev-  
enge"...

### Chapter 3 — The Plagues.

Years passed and the warning was forgot-  
ten, until one day when Zorgon appeared sud-  
denly in the throne room of the former king.  
"You had forgotten me, no? Well, I haven't  
forgotten what the people of this land did to  
me, and I will never rest until I have had re-  
venge on every one of them!" and with these  
words he pressed a button on his belt and dis-  
appeared.

A few days after the visit a virus began to  
break out amongst the villagers and their  
animals and it also affected plants. The victims  
of this virus eventually died.

The soil became crumbly and the lakes be-  
came swamps, the land gradually grew muddy  
and dull. This plague went on for about 6  
months and when it left a drought came in its  
place; all the meat and vegetables were dry  
and not worth eating. All these disasters were  
obviously caused by the advanced technology  
of Zorgon and his servants. The queen had  
had enough; she sent every guard she had to  
search the planet with radars, for Zorgon's  
headquarters. Alone in the castle, she decided  
to look in the dungeon where he had been  
held.

She was looking around the dungeon when  
a sudden thud came from beneath her feet.  
She put her ear to the ground and heard some-  
one swearing; it was Zorgon's voice! All this  
time his headquarters had been situated under  
Crystal Castle! But all her soldiers were miles  
away, scanning the deserts, forests and seas.  
She summoned all her soldiers by the commu-  
nication screen and as soon as they were  
all there, they carefully began to plan the  
attack...



### Chapter 4 — The Attack.

Everyone was summoned to the meeting  
chamber and told of Zorgon's headquarters.  
"We haven't any time to spare," said the  
queen. "Zorgon is probably planning some-  
thing this very minute, so we must prepare the  
weapons and the armour for the attack." Everyone  
in the castle was working towards  
the attack. Laser guns, swords and crossbows  
were made and a special type of plastic armour  
was invented for the occasion. Everyone and  
everything was ready for the attack, so it was  
decided that they would crash through the  
floor (the weak dungeon roof) and attack at  
dawn.

The time had come, so they quickly  
smashed through the floor and jumped down  
and instantly started destroying all the com-  
puters and Zorgon's servants. As for Zorgon,  
he was stunned by the sudden attack and  
before he could pull himself together the queen  
shot him fair-square in the forehead and he  
died instai y...

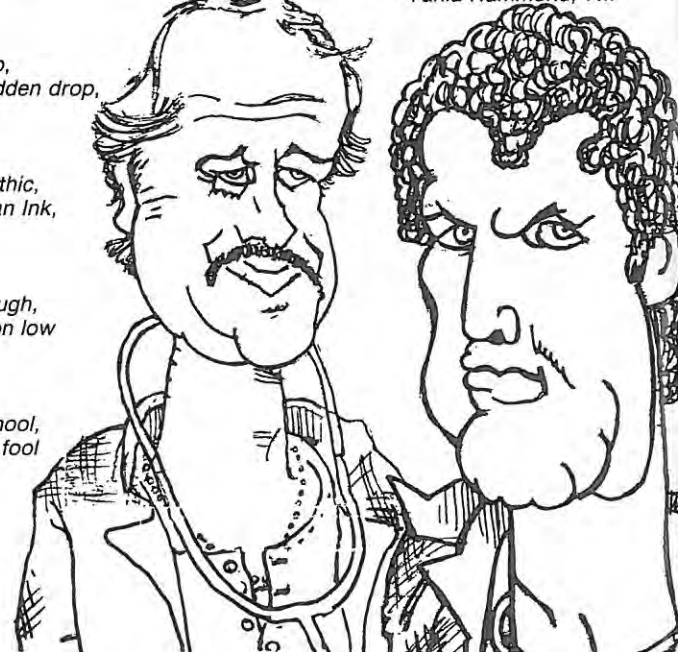
Fandalia was fertile and green once again  
and the queen lived a happy life but still missed  
her husband. She spent her spare time writing  
a book of their adventure. She wrapped it in a  
special material and put it in a nearby cave. So,  
one day, even tomorrow, a child may find a  
book that says: In a forgotten time, in a forgot-  
ten place...

Nicholas Philippou, 8C

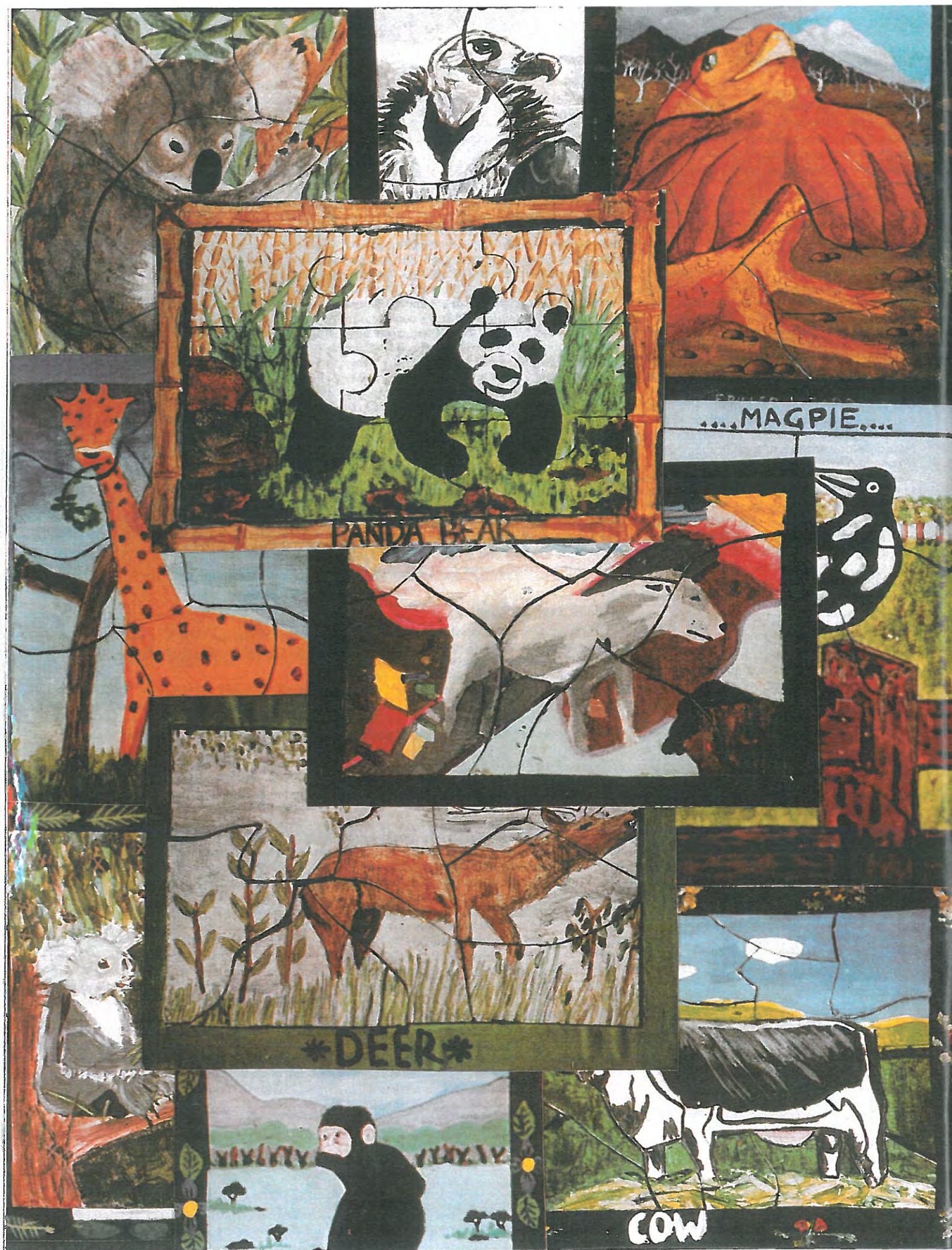
K. Nelson, 7M



Tania Hammond, 7M



BEN COULTER YEAR 8



## PHILLIP HOUSE

"A drama festival that I will never forget."

After weeks of rehearsals, costume preparation, tantrums, nervous breakdowns, neurotic behaviour and psychopathic tendencies, it was all over in a matter of minutes.

The reason I say I'll "never forget it" is because it was the most terrifying experience of my life and all the above. I was the producer of Phillip House Drama and may I add, that it was a good and terrifying experience, but never again.

Phillip House tried their very best and in my opinion succeeded to give their utmost. I am very proud of my cast and their efforts and the teachers who contributed. I don't want to make this boring and tedious, so all I'd like to say is, good luck to the next or future successor of my Phillip producing throne, whoever you may be, you Phillip House (don't know what you are getting yourself into) person.

Pauline Velahoutakos (Producer)

"THE KNAVE OF HEARTS" by Louise Saunders

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:-

*The Manager*  
Julie-Ann Batson  
*Blue Hose*  
Cecilia Arrigoni  
*Yellow Hose*  
Rosemary McKenzie  
*1st Herald*  
Naomi Raymond  
*2nd Herald*  
Mirjana Jovetic  
*Pompebile the Eighth — "King of Hearts"*  
Rebecca Isaacson  
*The Chancellor*  
Francine Mutard  
*The Knave of Hearts*  
Craig Baumann  
*Ursula*  
Fiona Luskin  
*The Lady Violetta*  
Louise McCann  
*Five Pages*  
Rosalinda Batson  
Debbie Steeds  
Kelley Wilson  
Judy Emmet  
Karen Freedman  
**STAGE MANAGER:**  
Leah Fritzlaff

Scene is the kitchen in the palace of Pompebile the Eighth — King of Hearts. Time is unknown.

Phillip House would like to thank Mrs. Anstee, Mr. Redding, Mrs. Smethurst and Miss McKeown.

Phillip House won the 1981 festival.

## LONSDALE HOUSE

We picked the fifth Act of *The Blue Bird* this year. Trying to get this together was a very traumatic experience both for me and my assistant Sara Gemmell. There were about thirty children running all over the place during

rehearsals, which Miss Russell nearly had a nervous breakdown over. Not many people attended lunch time rehearsals but amazingly enough all rehearsals during class time had full attendance.

The cast was terrific and worked very well together. They offered ideas and help in many areas of the play which were greatly appreciated. All of our props were covered in aluminium foil which took Sara and I about four days to put up in between rehearsals. We were amazed the foil wasn't ripped to shreds as these props were used by other houses as well. We were very late with our costumes. We had less than one week to make about thirty of them which were worked on day and night along with material props by Mrs. Smethurst and her production crew, whom I'd like to thank very much.

When the big night finally came I was a nervous wreck, expecting the worst, although the cast and silver props came up very well. Simon Tanner received the award of best supporting actor and I was very surprised to receive the award for best producer.

We were all delighted in the outcome of the play and had a lot of fun working together towards the Drama festival. I would like to thank Jane Wright and all the teachers involved with helping. A special thank you to Mr. Allan for the hard work he put into the props. Last of all I would like to thank Miss Russell as without her we would not have been able to put the play on.

Kathy Filis

"THE BLUE BIRD" Act 5 by Maurice Maeterlinch

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:-

*Mylty*  
Tanya Hammond  
*Tyly*  
Simon Tanner  
*Light*  
Elizabeth Goloubkin  
*1st Blue Child*  
Russell Renfree  
*2nd Blue Child*  
Darren Hassall  
*3rd Blue Child*  
Renee Parker  
*4th Blue Child*  
Guy Malpas  
*5th Blue Child*  
Robert McLoughlin  
*Blue Girl with Daisies*  
Kylie Wilson  
*Blue Girl with Grapes*  
Claudia Byrne  
*Blue Girl with Apples*  
Sharon Ciechanowski  
*Blue Girl with Melons*  
Gabrielle Mercuri  
*King of the Nine Plants*  
Mathew Clements  
*6th Blue Child*  
Ann Wright  
*Sister to Mylty & Tyly*  
Sara Bisping  
*Lovers*  
Simon Mitchell  
Lee-Ann Kinsella

## Time

Paul Dunmall  
*Blue Guardians*  
Lara Goloubkin  
Richard Denton  
Wendy Bucki  
Elizabeth Smith

*Other Blue Children* — Michelle Williams, Debbie Parson, Ann Hopson, Sophia Georgakopoulos, Ronny Lightfoot, Neil Dunmore, Cameron Brabner, Boyd Hicklin

## PRODUCER:

Kathy Filis

## ASSISTANT:

Sara Gemmell

**SCENE:** The Azure Palace of the Future. Here the unborn children await the hour of their birth.

Lonsdale won the festivals of 1979 and 1980. They wish to thank for their help and encouragement — Mr. P. Tonkin, Miss N. Nicholas, Mr. T. Allen, Mrs. N. Smethurst and all members of the house.

## GRANT HOUSE

### "THE MANDARIN'S HAT"

We Won!!

For the first time in seven years Grant House carried off the coveted title of 'Best Play'. To put the icing on the cake, we represented Brighton High School in the Beta Sigma Phi competition and won. I am very proud of the way my cast stood up to the rigours of preparing and performing the play (especially as we only had the script for one and a half weeks). Probably the major factors which led to our success (apart from the acting) were our use of colourful costumes, scenery — and Miss Russell's cymbal.

This year, as well as taking off the main award, we also won the Best Actress and the Best Supporting Actress awards thanks to Nicky and Jane respectively. Congratulations should also go to the producers of the other houses for ensuring that their performances on the night were of such a high standard.

I wish to especially thank Mr. Morrissey for all of his help and support; and of course, Miss Russell. Our thanks must also extend to Mrs. Batour, Mrs. Anslee, Mrs. Egan, and my stage crew for all of their help.

This year was the turning point for Grant House.

Let's hope it carries on!

Megan Humphreys, 11B  
Producer

### "THE MANDARIN'S HAT"

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

*A Magistrate*  
Kathy Todd  
*His Clerk*  
Nicole Van Wijngaarden  
*Meng Wa, a Mandarin*  
Robert Mills  
*Two Counsel for the Defence and for the Prosecution*  
Jan Humphreys  
Jenny Todd  
*Li Po, the keeper of the Mandarin's hats*  
Kim Van Wijngaarden  
*Yah Men, the accused*  
Lani Brunner

*Ming Lo, his wife*  
Margaret McLeod  
*Kai Shan, a constable*  
Caroline Blight  
*Three Other Policemen*  
Linda McLure  
Len West  
Danielle Foote  
*Minstrels, Members of the Public*  
Nicola Mills  
Barbara

**SCENE:** A Court room in an obscure Chinese town at some time in its more obscure history.

## STAGE CREW:

Chris Bavage  
Hayden Aspinall  
Cameron Home  
Kent Bissett  
Nick Lentzios

Grant House wishes to thank Mrs. Egan, Mr. Wragg, Mr. Pittock, Mrs. Smethurst and Mr. Todd (a parent) and our very special thanks to Miss Russell for all her help and advice.

## MURRAY HOUSE

"The Man in the Bowler Hat" or "Bitch Revisited"

After sailing the seven seas in search of a "suitable" play, those intrepid explorers, Higginson and McTigue exhumed "The Man in the Bowler Hat" from the McTigue crypt.



## BETA SIGMA PHI

This year B.H.S. defended their right to keep the Beta Sigma Phi perpetual cup for Drama.

The play chosen for presentation was "The Mandarin's Hat", a Chinese play which has charm and humour.

Grant House presented the play and dressed and invested a slight script with originality and mystique.

The pattern for the next couple of months was set one lunchtime during the first week of second term. A casting meeting was called without the prior permission of the convenor of the festival, and this sparked the first in a long succession of confrontations.

Eventually a cast was assembled, and it was brought to our attention that it bore a striking resemblance to the cast of the previous year in both personal and character roles. The play was therefore dubbed "Bitch Revisited."

The play was introduced to a hostile barrage of Wrinkled Noses and General Disapproval. However, the General departed, and rehearsals proved fruitful. So fruitful in fact, that the egg ran off before it was laid??? (We were miles ahead of schedule.)

We were just beginning to interact harmoniously with Miss Russell when we suffered a rather untimely setback, which sprang from an unorthodox salute to the adoring year 7s who had the privilege of seeing our dress rehearsal, and applauded in rapturous delight.

And so The Night arrived.

The play fulfilled its purpose, and entertained the audience to the fullest.

Perhaps the adjudicator was not in the business of being amused?

The producers would like to express sincere gratitude to Mrs. Geddes for moral support, to Mrs. Lloyd for her encouragement and her good attendance record at practices, and Mr. Clark for turning up even when we didn't. Also many thanks to Mrs. Batour for a rather lengthy rendition of "The Sunny Side of the Street."

Robert Higginson  
Jonathon McTigue



"THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT"  
A Comedy in One Act by A. A. Milne

### CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

*John*  
Jonathon McTigue  
*Mary*  
Joanne Butler  
*Hero*  
Peter Ashkar  
*Chief Villain*  
Robert Higginson  
*Bad Man*  
Jeremy McTigue  
*The Man in the Bowler Hat*  
Stephen Abiuso

## PRODUCER:

Robert Higginson

## STAGE MANAGERS:

Susan Higginson, Robert Landers

The Scene is an ordinary sitting-room. The ordinary occupants John and Mary are sitting down together after dinner. He as usual is reading the paper; she, as usual, is knitting.

Murray House were the winners of the 1982 festival with their production of an "Italian Comedy". They are very grateful to all members of the staff and the students who have helped them, especially Mrs. Lloyd for her encouragement.



Even nails were made and painted and the screens made for background added that artistic touch which made this play outstanding.

B.H.S. won the competition for the second year, and received overwhelming praise and appreciation from all who saw it.

E. L. Russell



KIDS

KIDS

KIDS

KIDS

## KEEP IN TOUCH!

- via • BBQ's  
• CLASS REUNIONS  
• CAR TRIALS  
• UNUSUAL PARTIES  
• and more!

CONTACT YOUR  
**EX-STUDENTS'  
ASSOCIATION**

C/- the school's General Office

## "AUSTRICAN — RELATIONS"

"Where are you going?"  
"Australia for a year on the Rotary Exchange Programme".  
"Oh! The land 'down under': you going to learn to ride a kangaroo and live in the outback?"

It would have shocked them to know I was in Australia for three months before I ever saw a kangaroo.

I'm one of 9,000 Rotary sponsored exchange students who have studied in another country for the 1983 school year. The purpose of an exchange program is to "build bridges of friendship throughout the world". The countries most involved are far-reaching like Japan, Canada, Norway, Brazil, South Africa, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, America, West Germany, Finland and Australia.

Home for me is 12,000 miles away in Stockton, California, which is a two hour drive from San Francisco. In comparing Australia and America I found our countries to be more similar than I expected. Some of the

countryside and even city scenes are common to both, although each has unique features. The Australian people struck me as being some of the most hospitable and friendly! Customs of each country are almost the same with an occasional difference like eating on the back of the fork with it in your left hand or driving on the wrong (left) side of the road.

From a scholastic viewpoint, the Australian schools are academically superior by a slight margin. Teachers here demand the strictest respect and the uniforms make a big difference. The class selection at Brighton seems centered upon the basic reading, writing and arithmetic while my Californian High School had so many students (2,700) it could offer a wider variety of courses.

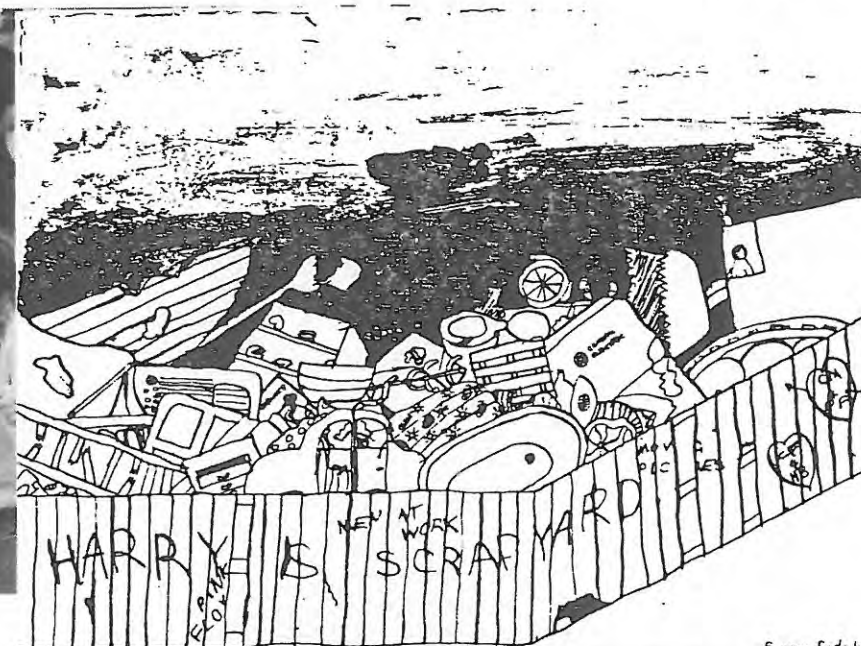
There is a British influence on Australia's history that isn't in America and it's seen in ways like architecture, foods and expressions. The big cathedrals and the frequent brick homes are uncommon in America as are crumpets and scones.

I figured communication would be no problem but I quickly discovered the Australians speak 'Aussie English' which is a language all of their own. The 'fair dinkums' and 'Struths!' fascinate me so I began an "Austrian" (Australian-American) dictionary. Here's some...

vegemite — smelly axle grease spread on toast.  
The loo, dunny — the john, head or toilet.  
rubber — eraser.  
bird, sheila — a chick or a broad (girl).  
g'day, Mate — Good day (typical Aussie greeting).  
G'donnya — Good for you.  
zits — ackas or pimples.

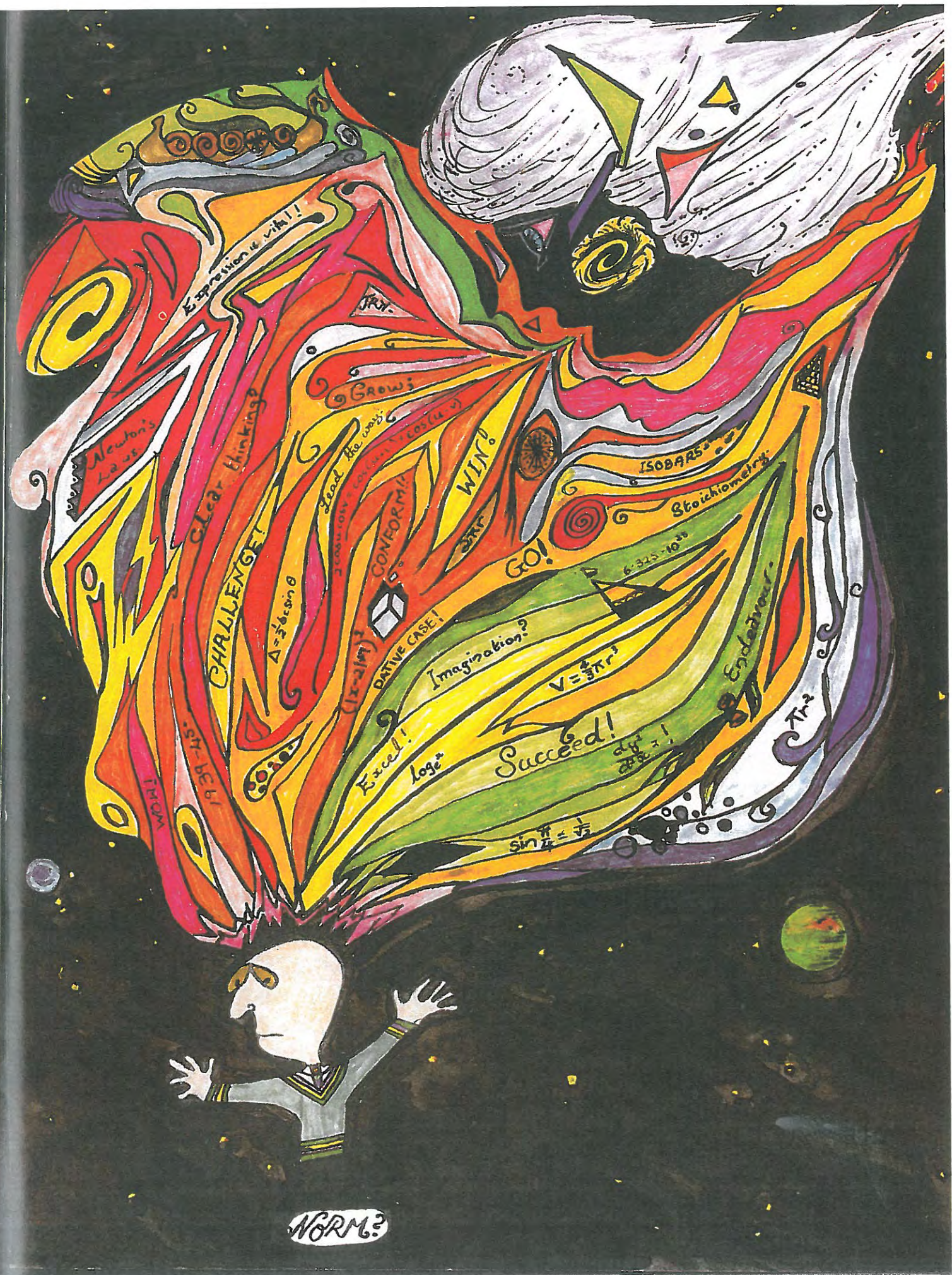
My memories of Australia will be cherished for a lifetime and I'll always remember the hospitality of the Australians I've met.  
If you're ever in California...

Tammy Cox



Smone Detok





## BISHOP STREET

This street may sound like something out of "Harp in the South", and no doubt the early houses of Sydney and Melbourne were modelled on this type, but these houses were in Ireland. They were what lined Bishop Street for the half a mile that it ran. These houses were flat faced characterless humble abodes. They were homes to all sorts of equally interesting people.

These houses were three-storeyed, terraced affairs, with the front door that opened onto the pavement and a tiny rear yard not quite big enough to swing a cat in. Take one of these — and add twenty more on the left and a similar amount on the right, now put the same quantity on the other side of the street. Now throw down several pounds of sweet wrappers outside the shop door, break some of the glass in the small paned phone-booth and leave a couple of bicycles lying at random, some on the footpath and some on the road.

There you have it. This is Bishop Street. Into the houses put some average Irishmen, the real stupid, no commonsense type, a few windows, mangy cats, scruffy dogs and a few of the town's more memorable characters, like the one time tart who had a crazy son and as many baths and an old woman who never married but loves children and so digs deep every day for sweets for the little scruffs, but she wouldn't have any money for coal in the winter.

This street particularly comes to my mind as being one of the most depressing things about Ireland: the drab despair of these shabby, smelly old houses that should have been washed away in the flood; and more importantly the sheer amount of people who lived in ugly houses of this type all over the little town we lived in.

Take this street, shorten it, lengthen it, put a patch of grass on it here and there, some flowers in the occasional window box and paint these places with the same random, lack of theme thinking that a child of two months has and you could put fifty different street names on this simple street and then sprinkle them around a small village and you have a seaside town. We called the one we lived in in Ireland Cobh, but it could have been Kinsale, quite easily, or Youghal or any number of other towns.

The saving grace of these streets, was that normally one end or another had the countryside around it and you could stroll and take in all the beauty and colour with a few minutes' walk.

This street is full of memories for me, as a child having walked up and down it every day en route to school, and slowly but surely getting to know all the regulars of the street.

Another essential ingredient for a fairly main street in Ireland was the Pub. A dingy, grubby affair which stank of stale slops of Guinness and Bass. In the window was invariably a large inflatable stout bottle, a few photographs of happy smiling drinkers and faded coasters neatly arranged but now silted over with dust and dirt of ages. The street still wouldn't be complete without the betting office or bookie who had a shop with a door on the left and a large pane of glass about four doors width and the height of the door. The bottom half was painted over and the top half had the name of

the bookie written across it. Just walking past it you could smell the damp mustiness and hear the crackling of the squeaky voice of a commentator in the little loudspeaker above the door.

The descriptions of these streets leads one to think of the depression of England of the forties but this is real and now; it is still happening. Ireland as a country is supposed to be about eighty years behind the world in general. Otherwise where will you find the dirtiness of a depression street in the nineteen eighties? The people who live in these houses sit out on the footpath watching the world go by, verbally abusing the drunks and anyone else who might tickle their fancy.

In this street, Bishop Street, the year came that the procession of the pentecost or some other thing was going to pass down this street. It was taken for granted that these people would paint their houses on this solemn occasion so that the street route was clean and tidy for any visitors and also for the rest of the town who was going to pass down your street. The houses were painted with cheap paint in a manner where no one house complemented any other near it. If however, you couldn't afford to paint your facade, the council would come around at your invitation and paint it with whitewash so at least it was clean.

The route of this great procession was changed every year to ensure that the town was a generally tidy looking place.

Such was this tired old street, with its funny people and equally varied life. This happy go lucky type of street managed to depress me but still remain in my memory as a worthwhile memory, not time wasted but a good experience to share with others as best I can.

Simon Stedman, 12C



*I bathe in the river  
Crystal water runs over my feet  
Through my toes  
Slipping and rushing  
I cannot grasp it.*

*Just observe  
As it passes by  
Out of reach.  
It is cold, hostile  
Yet I long to possess it, understand it.  
Helplessly I attempt  
But all I manage is  
A mere handful -  
That too is soon gone  
Dripping through my tightly clenched fingers  
Its beauty dazzles me  
Its coldness numbs.  
Its pace too quick.  
I long to overcome it, control it, possess it.  
Yet it remains the master  
I the slave.  
And it rushes, swirls by  
over my passive body.*

Louise Dunsmuir, 12B

## STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

Dusk is just around the corner and the once lively city is barren and the streets are devoid of any living soul. This is the time the patriots come out to play. The cold mist settles on the road with the darkest black sky overhead, sprinkled with silvery stars. The trees that line the streets are stripped bare of all they wear. The sad trees seem to bend in sorrow for the innocent victims of the human conflict that often took place. The tales of turmoil they could recall would be long, pitiful and fierce.

The boy has had a long day. Just home from work he puts his feet up on the nearest rubbish bin. He pulls out his recently obtained five wallets and extracts the money and the pictures of five different families which he puts close to his heart. He studies the silent alley for a while, not unlike any of the others that he also called home. The smell of rubbish had come to be the smell of home, the tall dark walls of buildings offering some defence against the elements.

The boy's right hand plunges deep into the only pocket without holes and closes around two red and white capsules essential for his existence. Capsules sold on the street corner with a sleight of hand, a nervous glance and a slightly fast heartbeat. As the pills slip down the fifteen year old's neck, the mind's tension slowly ebbs away as it forgets the real world; the internal environment is all that's left.

Curled up under a staircase on the fifth anniversary of his unwilling split from his family. A split that left an irremovable demon in the mind of a young child. The motion picture starts again, but this time it's different. The pills must have been the end of the batch. The pills were not up to standard. Every action in his life recalls memories of this movie but this time the movie has become slightly more disturbing.

Faces appear on the screen pulsating in and out with the rhythm of his own heartbeat. The faces were all evil, shouting and screaming at him with the yub-dub of his heart pushing them further and further into his unconsciousness. Every detail of the faces of enemies struck at him with a renewed viciousness like hungry wolves on a captured lamb. There is no escape. Even the faces he loved were distorted in some ugly way to shut him out of their love and comfort. These memories, that were all he had, while diving in and out of emotional tragedies. These memories that he had learned to turn to and lock himself up with had turned treacherous and were now gnawing away at his very being.

He can see his mother, father and baby sister as the faces leave with the promise of returning. His family walk down the front stairs of his clean white house set in a row of similar houses. He waves to them through the window and they wave back, laughing. Deafening roars of laughter that shatter the window in front of him. Deafening roars of laughter that blow the car up in front of his home. Deafening roars of laughter that blow the blood of his family into his face. How he wishes for a piece of shrapnel to hit him square in the head, and end his life of running and stealing.

The faces come again, but this time they are faces of people who feel immense sorrow. These faces flash around him to the sound of his own wailing while they lick his family's



blood off his face. The faces of the people bringing out their dead, the glazed stare of dead soldiers and the faces of the families anxiously awaiting the ambulances. They were all grabbing at him, trying to pull him into their pit of eternal sorrow. This just resulted in the hardening of his inner self to these people, he now had no feelings left at all. How long must the faces sing their song of death and despair?

Back to his family. The boy remembers the afternoons after school, when he used to dance around the ancient rotunda, to the mellow tune of his father's saxophone. The sounds used to travel through the tranquil afternoons on the sweet, misty air to supplement the joy of just being alive. The joy that is lost somewhere in the process of growing up.

The sounds of the saxophone quickly change to the wailing siren and the sound of gunfire and the screaming, endless orchestra of babble emitted from an old drunk contesting for a sleeping place. Never as much as the boy wanted to hear the voice of his father drift over the meadow where they played football, and his mother call out that the food was ready.

The sorrow, anger, frustration and fear built up to near exploding level. The movie repeats itself quicker and quicker, louder and louder, time after time after time. Every happy moment bringing death and destruction; snowballs turn

to grenades, presents turn to bombs, people exploding covering him with their insides. The sheer weight of the traumas he has experienced compress his brain slowly bringing the pain to an intolerable level, then silence.

His eyes are open and his ear catches the muffled sound of hard soles on cold asphalt. His body jerks upright with the same ferocity as the nearby explosion. The fear now possesses every fibre in his body. He jumps up and runs away. The movie is being lengthened under the cover of darkness. His mind looking for a way out sees his mother and father with open arms, drifting on the mist under the street light at the end of the alley.

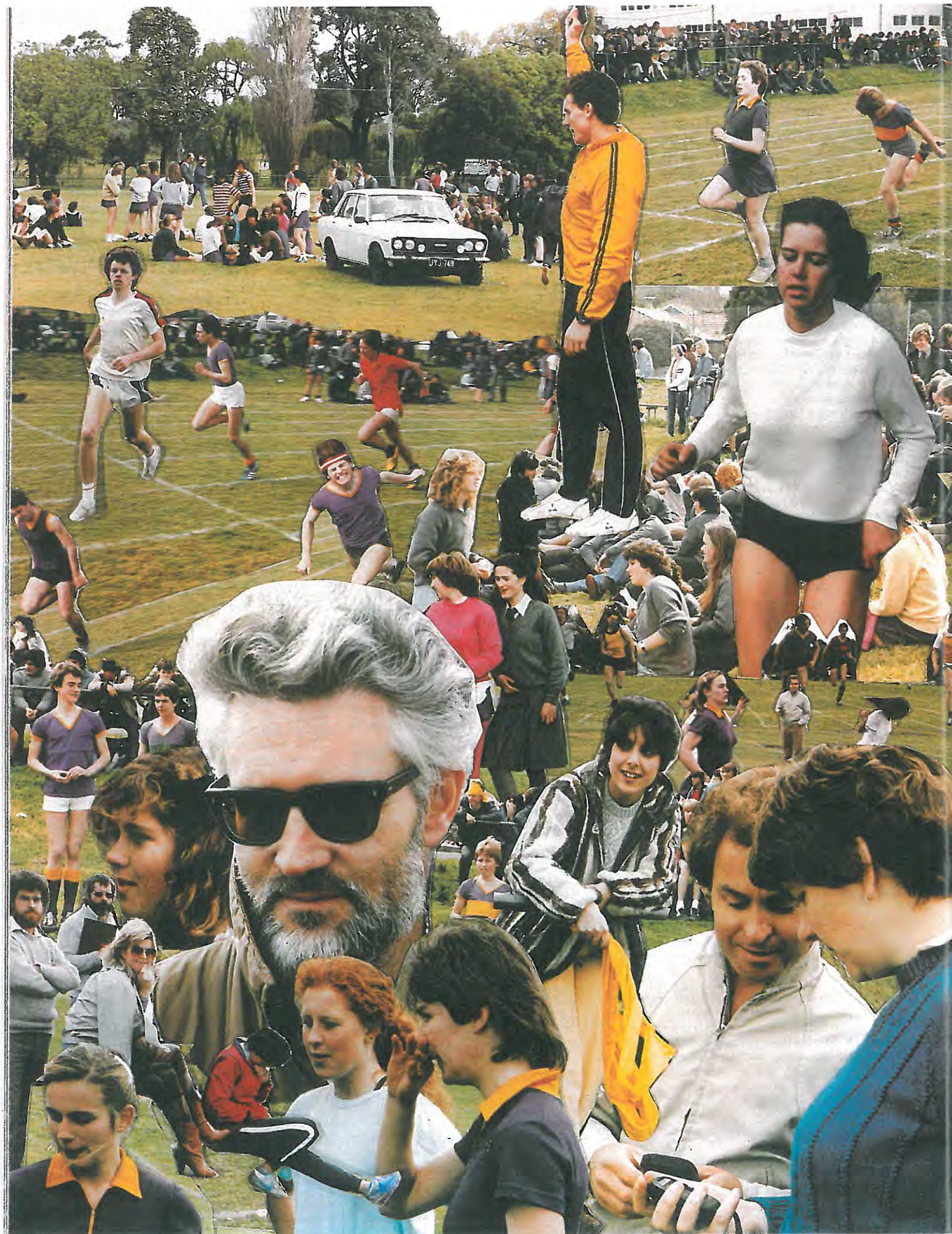
"Stop or I'll fire!!!" "Stop I say!!!" Only a few more metres and he'll be safe again in the arms of his mother.

The boy's parents fade away as his brain registers the presence of brutish steel in his back, he doesn't feel the hard ground.

I stare at the soldier from my back door, after my front windows had been blown in, from the bomb with a politician's name on it. He looks at me with a faint hint of regret, just another tale for the trees to tell. It was not the soldier himself who disturbed me so much, but the way he looked at me. He looked at me as though I was the one who should run, but he was the stranger in a strange land.

A. Kane.





He was a stooped and gnarled old man, his fallow, weathered face heavily lined with age. He wore a tattered, old and dusty grey suit, and a battered felt hat which had seen better days. The suit was threadbare, and holes gaped at the sleeves revealing a dirty, patched shirt. Buttons hung from single threads, threatening to drop to the littered pavement below, and he lost in a flurried trample of feet.

He was about sixty-five or seventy years old, and by the look of him, they had been long, harsh years.

He looked pathetically out of place as he shuffled through the heart of Melbourne among the distinguished businessmen and fashionable young secretaries; a poor, thin little figure, deep in conversation with some unseen person. But he was immune to the puzzled glances and prying eyes directed his way; he was engrossed in his thoughts and paid little heed to the laughter and jeers aimed at him from people on their way home.

He shuffled slowly along, pausing only every now and again when a racking cough rocked his frail body. When he reached the City Square, he found an empty bench with an old, discarded newspaper on it. He sat down, spread the newspaper over his knees to keep warm, and began to watch the people go by.

No, he told himself, he didn't want to be a part of this world, where people depended on others too much. He didn't want to mix with other people; people were fickle and had double standards, just like... but no, he told himself, he didn't want to remember. It was too painful to remember. But those long-unwanted memories came flooding into his mind with all the torment and fury of a wild river breaking its banks. That deep hate of people had always been in him, he thought, no, that wasn't true, he had loved his wife before... But no, he wanted to go on, to unleash the hate and torment that had built up inside him for so long, and had been the cause of his isolation.

Perhaps when he had unleashed this fury, all would again be calm within him, like the calm after a cyclone.

All that which had accumulated and built up inside him was like a huge brick wall of hate which cut him off from others; he lived on one side in his own world, and the rest of the world could have their "world" — the mess they had made with their own hands. He wanted no part of it any longer.

It had all started when he had been called up for W.W.2. Before that had been the happiest time of his life, he recalled bitterly. He'd been a young man in the prime of his life, a proud husband of only three weeks of the most beautiful woman he'd ever laid eyes on. They'd just moved in to a little house — it was modest, but it was a home — something they could build together. But then the letter had come, and he was sent to France. Just as he'd begun to grow accustomed to a certain style of living, he was uprooted and transported to a foreign place, a completely different world.

But he'd survived — spurred on by the thought of one day returning to his wife, and taking on again the role he'd left off. He used to love reading Isobel's letters; he would imagine her as he was reading them, and when he'd finished reading, he'd put them in the pocket of his vest, close to his heart. And at night, he'd think of her face, and linger over her closing words — "forever yours, darling."

At last that day had come, to return to Australia, to everything he'd been separated from for such a long time. He'd miss the mateship and some of the good moments he'd had with the boys — war would be quite enjoyable without the killing and the slaughter, he used to think — but he couldn't wait to get home.

That was so long ago, but the old, old man could remember as though it had been yesterday. The surprise he'd felt when she hadn't been at the quay to meet him — perhaps she'd got tired of waiting, he'd comforted himself. How right he'd been without knowing it! The numbness and shock he'd felt when he'd arrived home to find all their belongings and savings gone — even the money he'd posted her from his wages — but most of all, his dear Isobel had gone.

It all came vividly back, and the old man winced as though in pain. People passing threw him degrading looks — one even sneered, "Dirty old tramp."

But people didn't understand, he thought, they never had. They were always too busy with their own affairs, he remembered. Too busy, but they could always find time to sneer.

He'd discovered that Isobel had gone to live in America with an American serviceman who'd been serving in the war. That's what had hurt him the most; it was one of his allies, possibly even one of the American soldiers he'd fought alongside, that had so cruelly robbed him of what he'd loved most. He'd gone through a tough time after he returned from the war — oh, there was the hero's welcome, but the backslapping didn't last, and no one honoured their promises of jobs and pensions for returned servicemen. They just didn't want to know you after you'd done the dirty work; hypocrites; that's what they were, he'd thought, the whole bloody lot of them. He'd gone through a lean time emotionally; at times he'd wondered who the enemy had been: the "real" enemy they'd fought for so many years, the people back home, or the American soldiers.

Yes, that was a long time ago, but God, how the pain and the sorrow had lingered on. He'd found himself unable to get a job and, left with no savings, had been unable to pay the rent on the house — he'd been forced to sell everything he owned except the clothes on his back, and had been forced to move out of the house.

How he was bitter! How he and his mates had fought and slaved so hard so that they could return to a country that was still Australia, and run by Australians. How they'd fought and marched and sacrificed so much of themselves to protect those at home, and those at home had shrugged it off without a thought. And his Isobel, who had grown tired of waiting, and who had destroyed him in doing so.

His bitterness and hate had festered so inside him; wherever he turned for help he was shrugged off. Gradually he'd become more and more despondent, and had cut himself off from all those around him. And then he'd lost his home, and not one single person would take him in — how sick he was of their double standards, oh times were hard, but if he had regular accommodation he would have more of a chance of getting a job, and paying for his keep. But nobody had given him that first opportunity. He'd felt it was a vicious circle; a

trap in which he was snared. He'd felt isolated, and in his fear and isolation he'd turned bitter. He'd turned against society, against people for what they'd done and for their fickle ways which had forced him onto the streets to survive.

The City Square was much quieter now; most people had left the city and were on their way home. But this was his home now, and before the Square he'd slept anywhere he could — in doorways, or in parks. The city had changed a lot in the forty odd years it had been his home; the people wouldn't have changed though. He'd isolated himself from people completely; they didn't want him, and so he didn't want them. And so, he was a separate entity, leading a completely separate existence. He lived in a world of his own; a dark, inner world, clouded by continual hate and bitterness; it was a world where the spectrum of love towards others was all but suppressed.

The old man sat alone in the City Square now, with dusk beginning to fall around him. It was cold and the seat was hard, but to him it was a bed. He rummaged through a rubbish bin for scraps which he ate hungrily, and then sat back down on the bench and pulled the newspaper tightly around himself.

Yes, he thought, that's how it all happened, he'd cut off everyone around him, and for so many years he'd cut off himself, his feelings and his memories. But now he'd unleashed the torrent, and had remembered. Nothing could ease the pain and bitterness though; he still hated society vehemently.

And then he did something he hadn't done for forty years.

He undid his suit and shirt, and his hand lingered on his vest pocket. Quickly, as though the sudden movements would suppress his emotions, he undid the button and gently withdrew the wad of carefully folded paper there. Many times in those harsh forty years he had wanted to take Isobel's letters and hold them while the memories of good times came flooding back, but always the bitterness and sorrow and pain had been too strong.

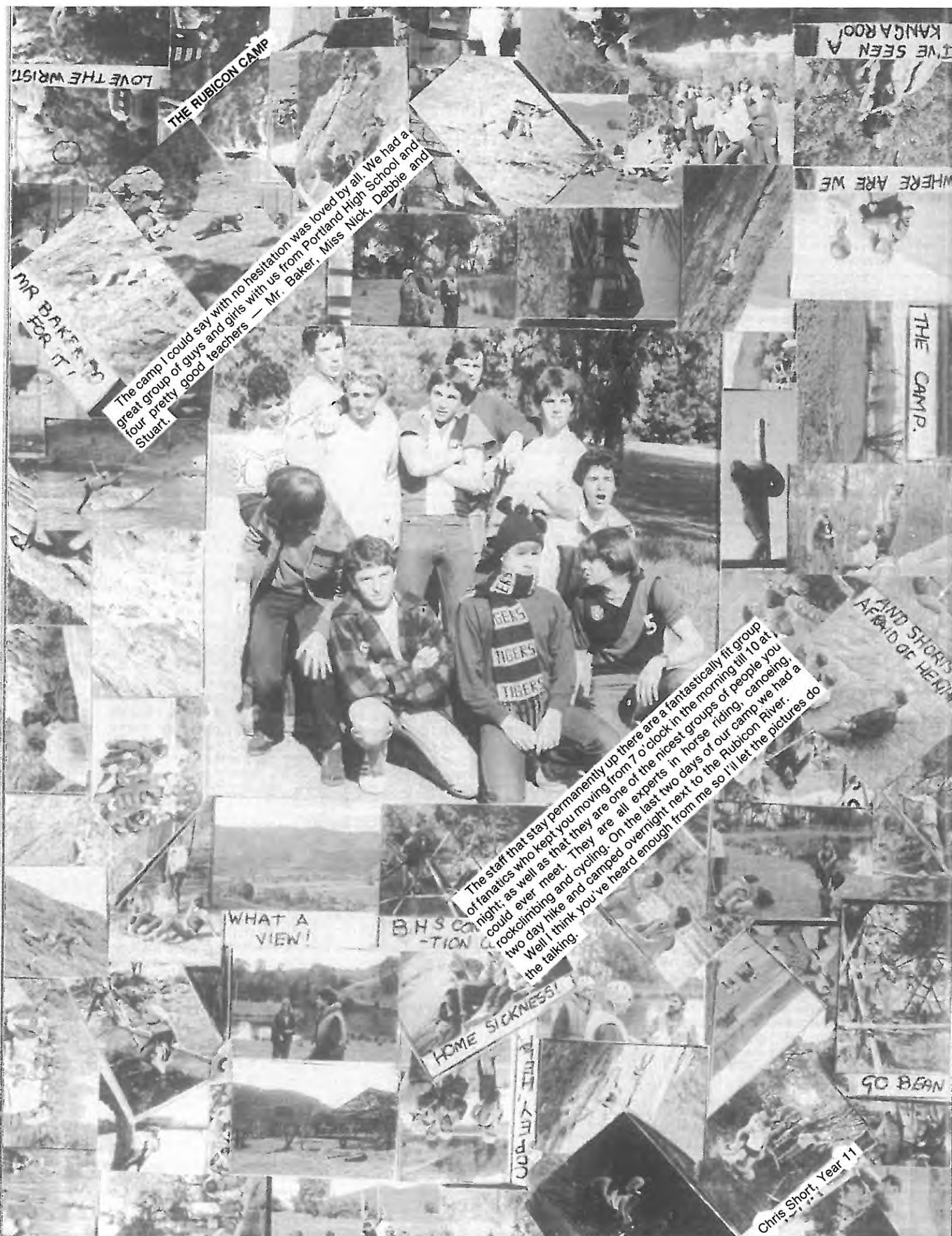
In the fading light, with the newspaper drawn tightly around him, the old man could just make out the faded ink on the yellowing paper.

"My dearest..." he began, and read all of the letters through. He came to the last one, signed like the others, "forever yours, darling," and a great longing welled up inside him for what was no longer his. He wanted to cry out to tell the world of its injustices, but a sobbing cough racked his frail, old body.

They found him early in the morning, before the city workers began their onslaught; a feeble old man lying on a hard wooden bench in the City Square, that meeting-place of people where one man had come to terms with his ultimate loneliness and sorrow.

"Come on mate, on yer way," said one of the policemen, prodding him gently, before realising that the old man was dead.

Searching for identification, they found only a bundle of old letters clasped tightly in the old man's hands, and held to his heart; an expression of ultimate peace on his face.



# SPORTS REPORT

## HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS — Feb. 11, 1983

The 29th Annual House Swimming Sports were very successful with some fine performances from individual students in winning their events. These were:

### Girls

- B. Read in the U 13 Freestyle and Breaststroke
- A. Smith in the U 15 Freestyle and Breaststroke
- M. Humphries in the U 17 Freestyle, Breaststroke, Backstroke and Butterfly

### Boys

- J. Stewart in the U 13 Freestyle and Breaststroke
- T. Excell in the U 15 Freestyle, Breaststroke and Backstroke
- J. Excell in the U 17 Freestyle, Breaststroke and Butterfly and in breaking by 3 seconds the previous record time of 1.08.6 for the U 17 100m Freestyle set by C. Bounds.
- C. Ahort in the Open Freestyle and Backstroke.

### Final Results:

|          | Girls | Boys | Total | Place |
|----------|-------|------|-------|-------|
| Grant    | 140   | 101  | 241   | 3     |
| Lonsdale | 130   | 172  | 302   | 1     |
| Murray   | 150   | 150  | 300   | 2     |
| Phillip  | 53    | 50   | 103   | 4     |

## RESULTS NEPEAN SWIMMING SPORTS 1983

| Place | Girls Section |     |
|-------|---------------|-----|
| 1     | Brighton      | 281 |
| 2     | Beaumaris     | 269 |
| 3     | McKinnon      | 257 |
| 4     | Hampton       | 202 |
| 5     | Moorabbin     | 190 |
| 6     | Highett       | 187 |
| 7     | Elwood        | 147 |
| 8     | Caulfield     | 63  |

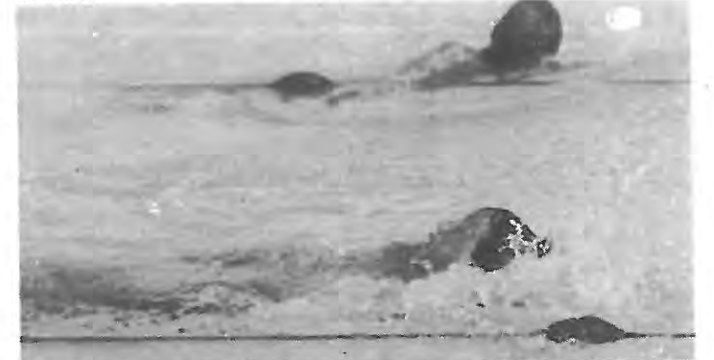
| Place | Boys Section |     |
|-------|--------------|-----|
| 1     | Brighton     | 303 |
| 2     | McKinnon     | 295 |
| 3     | Beaumaris    | 279 |
| 4     | Hampton      | 200 |
| 5     | Moorabbin    | 147 |
| 6     | Highett      | 134 |
| 7     | Elwood       | 139 |
| 8     | Caulfield    | 122 |

| Place | Grand Aggregate |     |
|-------|-----------------|-----|
| 1     | Brighton        | 584 |
| 2     | McKinnon        | 552 |
| 3     | Beaumaris       | 548 |
| 4     | Hampton         | 402 |
| 5     | Moorabbin       | 337 |
| 6     | Highett         | 321 |
| 7     | Elwood          | 286 |
| 8     | Caulfield       | 185 |



## SWIMMING SPORTS

The Southern Zone Swimming Sports were held at the State Swimming Centre on April 13. Brighton High had a number of competitors representing Nepean Division. All competitors deserve congratulations on their efforts and should remember, wherever they came in this competition, that they are the best in the Nepean Division.



John and Tim Exell won their way through to the All High Swimming Sports on April 26. We wish them both well.

The following students managed a fourth place:

— U 15 Boys Freestyle Relay — T. Exell, I. Warnecke, M. Lander, C. Dixon

— U 15 Girls Freestyle Relay — A. Smith, G. Smith, M. Dedek, T. McKindley

— U 17 Boys 50m Butterfly — J. Exell

— Open Girls 100m Butterfly and Freestyle — L. Exell

A most enjoyable day was had by all who attended. Nepean Division managed sixth place with the winning Division being Dandenong.

We would like to say a special thank-you to the teachers, Mrs Ironmonger, Miss Inglis and Mr Ryan, who gave us their support.

Lisa Exell, 12B



## RESULTS OF SENIOR CRICKET MATCHES:

|                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Match 1:                 | Match 2:               |
| Caulfield All out 77     | Brighton 9 c.c. 98     |
| K. Cunningham 4/0        | G. Gerdan 49           |
| A. Georgiou 2/12         | G. Georgiou 10 n.o.    |
| G. Georgiou 1/11         |                        |
| J. McTigue 1/26          | def. Hampton 7 c.c. 85 |
| def. Brighton All out 45 | A. Blight 2/12         |
|                          | K. Cunningham 2/18     |
|                          | A. Georgiou 2/26       |
| D. Clarke 15             | J. McTigue 1/15        |
| K. Cunningham 10         |                        |

# BOYS' SPORTS RESULTS, BRIGHTON v. HAMPTON, June 29.

## Basketball

Senior Brighton 30 def. Hampton 17.  
Goals: K. Aspinall 8, R. Ille 14, C. Short 6, A. Bakker 2.  
Best Players: R. Ille, C. Savage, A. Bakker, C. Short.  
Inter. Brighton 19 def. Hampton 10. Goals: J. Wilcox 9, S. Fischer 6, B. Ward 2, M. Daw 2.  
Best Players: J. Wilcox, S. Fischer, B. Ward, M. Daw.

## Football

Senior Brighton 12.11 (83 pts.) Def. Hampton 3.8 (26 pts.).  
Goals: J. Hillyer 6, A. Blight 2, T. Pavlou 2, D. Wheeler 1, N. Karailis 1.  
Best Players: T. Poulis, J. Hillyer, A. Blight, F. Jovetic.  
Inter. Brighton 7.11 (53 pts.) def. Hampton 3.5 (23 pts.).  
Goals: J. Foley 3, M. Meringas 2, N. Moutsos 1, A. Nippard 1.  
Best Players: A. Nippard, J. Miksad, M. Sayers, J. Foley.

## Soccer

Senior Brighton 18 def. Hampton 0.  
Goals: W. Mesley 7, M. Sparks 6, L. Brenich 3, G. Gerdan 1, N. Bobolas 1.  
Best Players: W. Mesley, M. Sparks, A. Koya.  
Inter. Brighton 6 def. Hampton 2.  
Goals: C. Hofer 3, N. Christodoulou 1, J. Taylor 1, A. Gerdan 1.  
Best Players: C. Hofer, J. Dimsey, A. Gerdan, J. Taylor.



## GIRLS' SPORTS REPORT, TERM 2

Brighton has fared very well in Winter sport. All teams have played regardless of the weather, and most have scored victories. Well done and keep up the good work girls!

## ROUND 3 SPORTS RESULTS BRIGHTON H.S. v ELWOOD H.S. July 6, 1983

### BOYS — Basketball

Senior Elwood 20 defeated Brighton 11  
Inter Brighton 22 defeated Elwood 16

### Football

Senior Brighton 8-10 (58) d Elwood 4-4 (28)  
Inter Brighton 16-8 (104) d Elwood 2-2 (14)

### Soccer

Senior Brighton 2 defeated Elwood 1  
Inter Elwood 5 defeated Brighton 0

### Table Tennis

Senior Brighton 6 rubbers d Elwood 0  
Inter Brighton 3 rubbers (217 pts) d Elwood 3 rubbers (216 pts)

### GIRLS — Basketball

Senior Elwood 13 defeated Brighton 9  
Inter Elwood 22 defeated Brighton 8

### Netball

Senior Brighton defeated Elwood  
Inter Brighton defeated Elwood

## Round 4 — Moorabbin v Brighton, July 13

### Girls — Netball

Senior Moorabbin 25 defeated Brighton 23  
Inter Brighton 27 defeated Moorabbin 18

### Basketball

Senior Moorabbin 40 defeated Brighton 8

## Round 5 — Brighton v Beaumaris, July 20

### Netball

Senior Brighton 34 defeated Beaumaris 3  
Inter Brighton 25 defeated Beaumaris 9

### Basketball

Senior Beaumaris 34 defeated Brighton 16  
Inter Beaumaris 48 defeated Brighton 12

### Hockey

Senior Brighton 4 drew with Beaumaris 4

### Boys — Basketball

Senior Brighton 48 defeated Moorabbin 14

### Football

Senior Brighton 12.7 (79 pts) defeated Moorabbin 6.5 (41 pts)

### Soccer

Inter Moorabbin 4 defeated Brighton 1

### Table Tennis

Senior Brighton 4 rubbers defeated Moorabbin 2 rubbers  
Inter Brighton 6 rubbers defeated Moorabbin nil.



## Round 5 — Brighton v Beaumaris, July 20

### Boys — Basketball

Senior Brighton 14 def. Beaumaris 12  
Inter Brighton 20 def. Beaumaris 13

### Football

Senior Brighton 7.7 (49 pts) def. Beaumaris 2.8 (20 pts)  
Inter Brighton 7.7 (49 pts) def. Beaumaris 4.4 (28 pts)

### Soccer

Senior Brighton 6 def. Beaumaris 0.

## SPORTS RESULTS SOUTHERN SECTION QUARTER FINALS Wednesday, Aug 3

Boys — Intermediate Football: Brighton 21-10 (136 pts) defeated Parkdale 7-7 (49 pts)

Senior Soccer: Cheltenham 3 defeated Brighton 2

Senior Table Tennis: Cheltenham 3 rubbers (290 pts) defeated Brighton 3 rubbers (283 pts)

## ATHLETICS

### House Athletic Sports —

The Annual house sports were held over three days and some fine performances were seen by individual students in winning their events. These were:

GIRLS: Claudia Byrne U/13 high jump, long jump (setting a new record), 400m and Open Triple Jump.  
Genevieve Read U/16 100m, 200m, 400m.  
Kim Van Wijngarden U/17 High Jump, 400m, 100m and long jump.  
Louisa Dunsmuir Open 100m, 200m and long jump.

### BOYS:

U/13 Alister Jones Triple Jump, Long Jump, 100m. Nick Karnaros Triple Jump, 800m, 200m.  
U/14 Darren Collins 100m, 200m.  
U/15 Justin Sparks Triple Jump, 200, 800m.  
U/16 Richard Block High Jump, Javelin, Discus, Shot Put; Filip Jovetic Shot Put, 100, 200m.  
Open: J. Van Tooren Discus, Javelin, S. Dunmore 400, 800, 1500m.

### FINAL RESULTS:

|          | Girls | Boys | Total | Place |
|----------|-------|------|-------|-------|
| GRANT    | 277   | 224½ | 609   | 1     |
| LONSDALE | 277   | 269  | 582½  | 2     |
| MURRAY   | 298   | 305½ | 567   | 3     |
| PHILLIP  | 235   | 332  | 459½  | 4     |



## NEPEAN GROUP ATHLETICS

Nepean Group Athletics Sports were held at Sandringham Athletic track on September 26th and September 28th. Brighton performed quite well with some individuals achieving excellent results.

GIRLS: Claudia Byrne: won in U/13 Long Jump, High Jump, new record in the 80m Hurdles and 400m and 2nd place in the Open Triple Jump.

Sarah Fisher: U/17 won in the 1500m, setting a new record by a big margin and also defeating the boys in the same event.

Nicola Mayo won in the 400m.

Genevieve Read, Nicola Mayo, Jackie Aldrich and Nicole Van Wijngarden a win in the U/16 girls relay.

Louisa Dunsmuir Open: win in 100m sprint.

Joanne Wheeler Open: win in 100m hurdles.

Louisa Dunsmuir, Joanne Wheeler, Danielle Sutton and Kylie Seeberg a win in the Open girls relay.

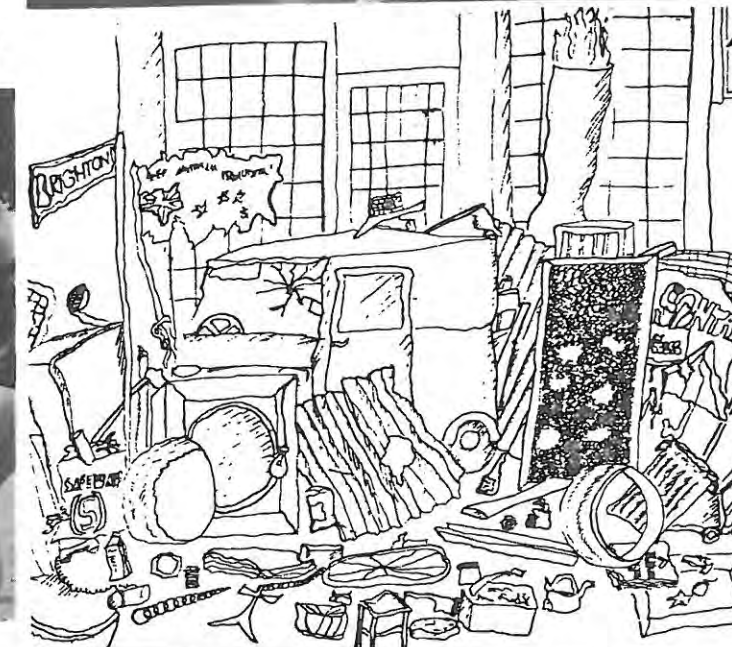
### BOYS:

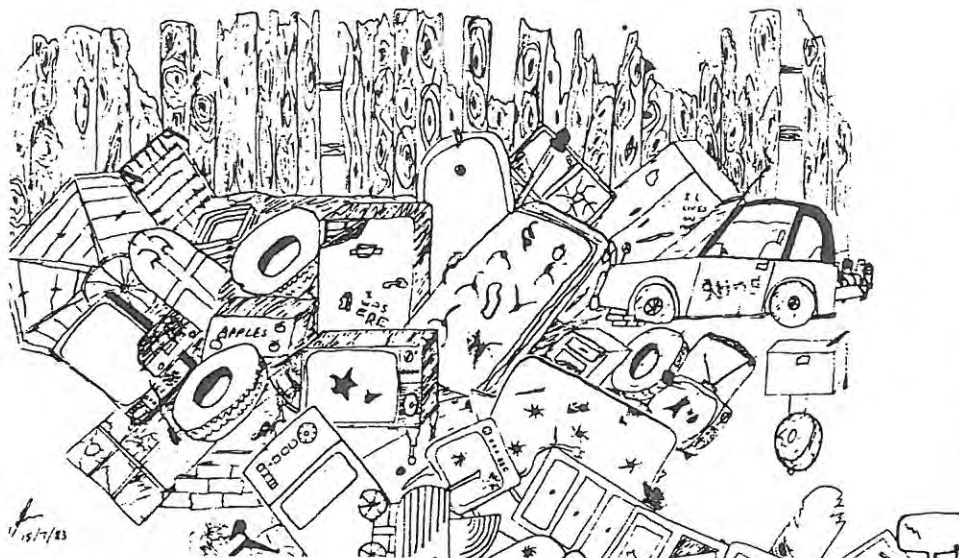
U/14 G. Seamer Hurdles; D. Collins 200m.

U/15 L. Pavlou Discus; J. Sparks 800m; C. Dixon 1500m.

U/16 R. Block High Jump (Javelin, Discus records); W. Mesley 1500m.

Open: S. Dunmore 800m.





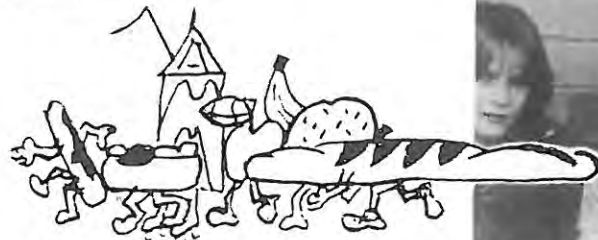
When I began teaching I was told that the four people in a school that you must keep sweet with were, the office lady, head cleaner, canteen manageress and librarian.

For a person like me whose stomach is perhaps the most important part of my anatomy Mrs Smith in the canteen has been a saviour. My last minute dashes into the canteen to order my lunch at the last moment, have been met by Zena always ready to help me with my well-made rolls.

Zena will be missed by the children who always got her full attention. I wonder if the next lady will be as good.

G. R. Gould

Good luck on your retirement from everyone at Brighton High School.



Although most people are unaware of the fact, Brighton High School does have a school band... wind ensemble?... a few students making fools of themselves?? Anyway we slave away rehearsing after school every Wednesday afternoon conducted by our woodwind instrumental teacher Mr. West. We would like to thank him for the time, effort and patience he has shown in rehearsing the band, conducting us at the musical and for all the extra work he has done for us.

Thank you.

The Brighton High School Band.

CONGRATULATIONS TO...

Danielle Simmons 12B — for winning a 1st class award in the French Poetry competition organised by the Alliance Francaise.

Sarah Fisher 11B for obtaining a second and third place in the Australia-wide Cross Country competition held at Brisbane.

Chris Cogdon 9B — who was awarded a prize for outstanding achievement in the Australia-wide WESTPAC Mathematics competition.

Liliana Coppa, 11A; Ramon Legnaghi, 11C who became State finalists in the German poetry competition organised by the Goethe Society.

## ENTRY BRIGHTON DUMP ODDS 'N' ENDS



### GYM COMPETITION

The southern zone gymnastic competition was held on Wed. 9 August. As Brighton was the only competing team in the Nepean division we went straight in.

It was a new experience for most as both the junior and senior teams lined up against some very promising gymnasts. The Brighton team proudly displayed their abilities, cleverly hiding their trembling nerves. Only a few steps were forgotten here and there but the overall performance on the beam, floor and vault was of a high standard.

At the conclusion of both senior and junior compulsory events the results were announced:

Junior — 6th place  
Senior — 7th place

An optional event was to follow. Louise Dunsmuir from the senior team entered the uneven bars section, and earned 2nd place.



### DOCTOR WHO AND THE RUTAN POST

A bedraggled man ran through the forest; he was running for his life. He was perspiring like mad when he suddenly fell; he was too exhausted to rise. Suddenly a shapeless green creature came up behind him. It had several tentacles and one of them wound itself around his body. There was a flash of light and the man slumped down dead.

The creature moved on, deeper into the forest. Suddenly there was a wheezing, groaning sound, as a blue police box materialised in the foliage.

This was actually the space/time craft of that strange man known as The Doctor. From the outside it was only a telephone box but from the inside it was infinitely big. It was bigger on the inside than the outside due to one of the discoveries of the Doctor's race, the Time Lords. It also could transfer its controllers and passengers to any part or time in space. The doctor has always fought evil throughout his lives.

Meanwhile in the TARDIS or the Doctor's space craft the Doctor pulled a lever on the control console and stepped out of the TARDIS. The Doctor came face to face with the creature and the Doctor, who knew what it was, lunged into the TARDIS and shut the door in the creature's face.

The creature was a Rutan, a creature from the planet Ruta 3. They and their warlike foes, the Sontarans, were locked in a war for centuries. The doctor preferred the Sontarans.

"What are they doing in this part of the galaxy?" thought the doctor.

"A new strong point, I must warn the Sontarans."

He then flicked a couple of switches and the TARDIS de-materialised and materialised on Sontara the planet of the Sontarans. The doctor then pulled the door-opening mechanism and stepped out to be greeted by two Sontaran officers.

"Who are you?" said the guards.

"I am the doctor; I wish to speak with your leader."

"What about?"

"A new Rutan position."

"Follow us"

The doctor was then led to the leader Krote.

"Who are you?" asked Krote.

"I am the doctor. I wanted to tell you about a new Rutan stronghold on Zemainos."

"Good doctor, let's go", said Krote and followed the doctor to the TARDIS. The doctor then set the co-ordinates for Zemainos, and the TARDIS landed on Zemainos in the middle of the forest, and the doctor, Krote, and several of Krote's soldiers got out, and moved off into the forest when they heard the sound of footsteps as a man came running through the forest. He was apparently being chased by a Rutan. The Rutan came along only to be mercilessly slaughtered, all for a good cause. Then the little party moved down the path which merged with other paths and slowly widened into a road. A dirt road, of course.

Suddenly, who should come down the road but a Rutan patrol who spotted the group and called for assistance. After a little battle the Sontarans and Time Lord were subdued and surrendered. Then the little group were pushed along till they reached Rutan head-



quarters, where they were imprisoned pending execution. But the doctor fished out his sonic screwdriver, and opened the lock with ease. He opened the door, popped his head out and said to the Rutan guard, "Hello."

The guard came up next to him as the doctor raised his sonic screwdriver and pressed — the guard withered in agony and began to melt.

"That's the trouble with Rutans, they can't bear ultrasonic sound." And the little party moved on and used similar methods to overcome the rest of the Rutans, but their victory was short lived. The Rutans could change their form at will.

Once more in their cell the doctor opened out one of the blasters to make a heat wave bomb that would ultimately destroy the Rutans but leave their group, and any other life forms unhampered.

THE BATTLE OF MUTTERS SPIRAL WAS WON, but it was several more centuries before the RUTANS WERE DEFEATED... THIS WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT BATTLE TILL THE MOST RUTHLESS SPECIES IN THE UNIVERSE WERE SUBDUED, but the doctor knew that the road to hell is paved with good intentions BECAUSE THE RUTANS WERE POLLUTED BY A SINGLE MISTAKE —

Burzin Bavmagri, 8C



## UNKNOWN

Coming towards the end,  
It is sad and sorrowful.  
Spinning, twirling,  
With its graceful colours gleaming into the  
night,  
Pink, white, lilac,  
Round and round,  
Faster and faster,  
Delicate petals  
Give one last shimmer,  
Before it wilts,  
And fades into the night

Judy Emmett, 8C



## THE SWOOP

As it flies from its nest,  
To look for its prey,  
To feed its hungry birds  
squabbling away.  
He finds his prey  
A poor little bunny hopping over the river.  
He swoops down for the kill  
When the bunny gives a final loud shrill  
It's all over now  
the eagle returns  
to his yappy little birds  
and happy little home.

Tania Ricco, 9B



## KILL

It flies around in circles  
Hovering over his prey  
Waiting for the right time  
To make its way

Down and down  
it flutters  
Down and down for the kill.

Opening out his huge big claws  
Until the bunny squeals no more  
Its done, it fed.  
That will do for now.

L. Vincent, 8B



## SEA POEM

The waves eat hungrily at the bay,  
covering the rocks in foaming spray.  
The seaweed tossed by the breaking surf,  
fall upon a ravaged earth.  
The winds roar high above greying clouds,  
The foam covers water in misty shrouds,  
While below the water lies dormant and  
grey,  
pierced by the rays of the sunlit day.

Marc Serafino, 8B



## A BIRD IN FLIGHT

Swooping, soaring, flying high,  
a graceful bird flies through the sky.

Dappled wings, a long, long neck,  
the fish below are kept in check,  
for any second he might dive,  
into the pond in which fish thrive.

Here he dives, watch him go,  
into the pond of fish below.

He rises and flies off into the sun,  
the fishes' numbers are reduced by one.

Barb, 8B

## LEAVES IN AUTUMN

Leaves in Autumn,  
Drop, twist and turn,  
Crackling, rustling noisily,  
under my feet.

Leaves in Autumn,  
Burn a bronzy red,  
The yellow, golden colours  
Leaping from a fire.

Leaves in Autumn  
Scratch, spike and rip  
Riding, fluttering dryly  
to the ground

Elizabeth Smith, 8C

## Are they enjoying School ? .....



## TRAPPED

"Come with us little girl."  
 "No, no, I won't."  
 "Yes, yes, come on. Just a little further."  
 "No! Go away. Leave me alone. I don't like you, help!"

"No use shouting for help, you're ours now. Even though we are not your body, physically, we are imprisoned in your mind, forever."

"Mummy, mummy help. Please help, mummy."

"Angela, Angela, wake up."

Oh no, someone's shaking me. My teeth are rattling, wake up mind, please. Go away, you horrid rotten things, whatever you are. Wait a minute, O.K., I'm in control and I'm about to wake up. Oh mummy help, help, please.

"Angela, darling, please speak to me."

"Mummy, mummy, where are you? I can't reach you, I'm trying mummy. Mummy reach me please."

I suppose I should inform you little girl that contact with your mind is impossible. You are possessed by us in our 'Glacier' zone. We control your mind. You can try to think rationally, but what you are thinking and saying will be totally different. You are to be forever in loneliness due to your physical disability, religion and colour. We don't like your type. People like you, black, Catholic and having cancer, are no use to us so we trap your mind. Drives you crazy doesn't it?

Crazy? Me? No, no of course not, what a funny idea, what a joke. Don't be silly, no way, Ha Ha. Not me.

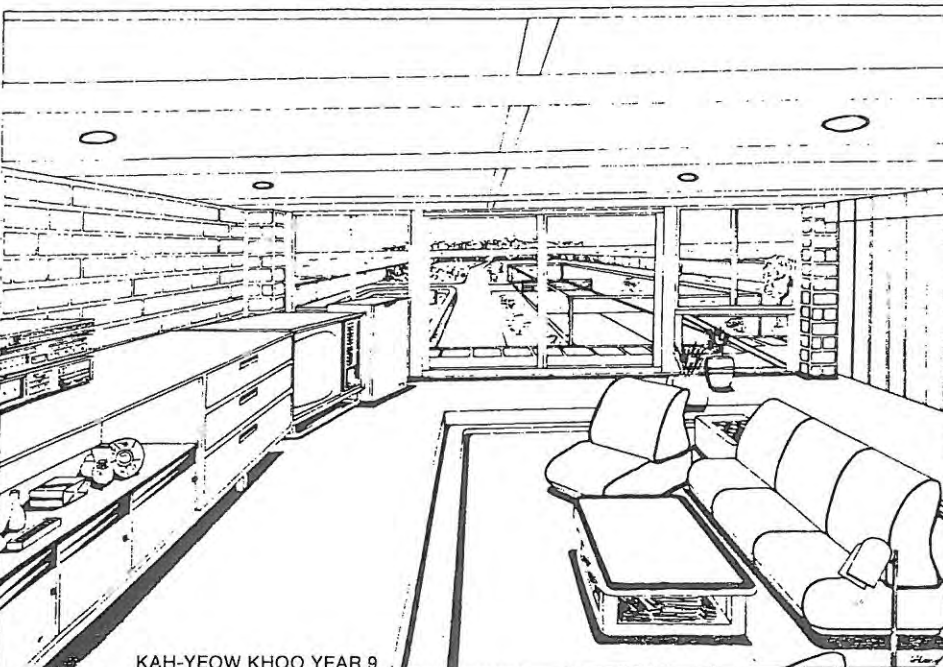
Maybe crazy was a little too gentle a word to use. You should understand better, no doubt, if I said you are insane?

No, no, no. I'm not.

You are trapped. Trapped I say. Incapable of any individual thinking.

Help! let me out, let me out. I want to go. Mummy, where are you? If you don't let me go I'll break out.

Try little girl, try. If you succeed in reaching the edge of your mind you'll only shrink back.



KAH-YEOW KHOO YEAR 9

## Why should I?

Because of the alien atmosphere, the creatures you'll encounter and the stench that is bordering your mind and slowly closing in.

What do you mean? This is my mind, not a rubbish dump.

It is a dump now. We've tangled, twisted, threaded, confused, agitated and disturbed it.

I know, I know, please let me go. Please let me go, please let me...

Ha, ha, ha, ha, congratulations. So you were right about the mind being able to destroy a person, but why?

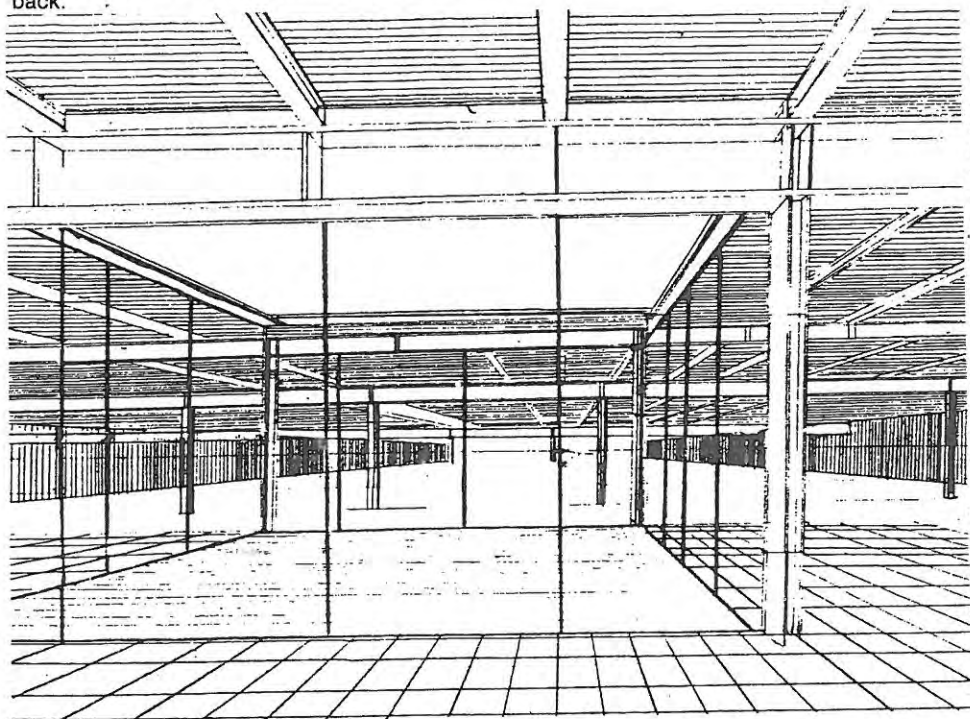
Jill Foden, 9E

## RESTRICTION/IMPRISONMENT

*In this world I'm all alone,  
 No one really cares  
 No one comes to call around  
 To venture out I do not dare.  
 All day long I sit at home  
 And waste my life away  
 I have nothing left to live for  
 So why on earth do I stay?  
 Life would be much happier  
 If at least I had a friend  
 But soon I will not need one  
 For my time is near its end  
 At last I feel it coming  
 Knocking at my door  
 Now I'll never be lonely  
 For on this earth I am no more.*

As I sit here on my own, with nothing to occupy my mind, memories from not so long ago come flooding back. One particular day stands out so clear in my mind I could almost believe it was happening at this moment. It was nothing spectacular at the time, but right now I'd give anything to go back to that day. It was when our family went camping. My brother and I were swimming in the nearby river, while my dad was sitting on a rock with a fishing rod beside him. Certain details stand out so clearly, like the way the sun glinted so brightly off the water and the calls of a bird not so far off. I also remember one day when the kids from down the road and I went splashing in the puddles after the rain. We all got sopping wet that day, but it sure was worth it. Now, everything has changed; I'm stuck in this wheelchair and I can't do any of those things any more. I'd even be glad if I could just get up out of this stupid chair and go for a walk every now and then. All of those supposedly simple things that I once took for granted. Now, they have slipped beyond my reach and are just treasured memories.

Liza Ronnberg, 9E





## WORK EXPERIENCE

During my two weeks of work experience at the Zoo I learnt a lot of wonderful things and met many wonderful people.

The hours I worked were from 4.30-8.30 and I loved every minute of it. I cleaned cages, prepared food for the animals, washed feed dishes, raked up the outside nursery, watched two operations and I cleaned two small cages daily belonging to a sugar glider possum and marmoset (small monkey). These jobs I did constantly over the two weeks. As I worked in the nursery and hospital there was quite a range of different animals. In the hospital there were 3 otters, a bear, a cheetah, a small tree monkey, 3 kangaroos, a wombat and an armadillo. In the nursery there were two baby wombats, one joey by itself and five older joeys in a larger cage. All of the nursery animals could be handled and cuddled; they were simply adorable!

A four year part-time, animal technician course is available and would probably give me a better chance of finding a job at the Zoo if I had it. Biology at a Year 11 standard is a necessity for work of this type.

So I will be out there giving it my best to try and work at the Zoo, even though the waiting list is miles long and only about 2 jobs are available there per year.

I really enjoyed it and will always remember it.

Lisa Barton, 10E



Margie at the Zoo

Marg. Long and friend Felix! --



## HIGHFIELD. NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE. DAY ONE. 4/9/83 MONDAY.

This morning I woke up and despite the cartoons on T.V., Melissa entertained me by making breakfast. After breakfast, we left the dishes and refreshed ourselves with a warm shower at the shower block. In overalls and gumboots we made our way to Headquarters anxious to meet the "Rangers of our dreams?"

We were given our tasks and I got to stay at the base and paint signs while Melissa went (HA, HA, HA,) on the rubbish run. She came back quite proud of herself for taking to the wheel of the Four-Wheel-Drive. During her "highway dash" I was running around the paddock with the boss trying to catch cows! Upon her arrival the men declared an "eats and smoko break". After lunch we worked hard on the track and fed the cows. We returned to Headquarters dirty, sweaty and all tuckered out so we retired to our cosy little caravan and indulged ourselves in a good dose of T.V. (Sons & Daughters) endless cups of coffee and Pizza Subs.

## DAY TWO. 5/9/83 TUESDAY.

Today Tina and I stuck pretty much together, painting signs, due to morning drizzle. Unfortunately the weather cleared and we found ourselves working on the dreaded track. We were forced to construct a shelter as it began raining yet again. At five o'clock we were released from the strain of it all, retired to our caravan and to put it bluntly "pigged out". Soon after, we had visitors and promptly engaged ourselves in a small party. All of us decided to hit Rosebud and paint the quiet town red! We went back to the caravan and I got bored so I went down to the beach with Roberta and Tina stayed at the caravan. Once again I took to the wheel, and what do you know, I got bogged! It could only happen to me!

## DAY THREE. 6/9/83 WEDNESDAY.

Today was simply bad news. After packing a cut lunch, the Rangers, Melissa and I went to the track and found that we were to spend the whole day there. The track is like a nightmare, it's muddy and steep, and infested with the

biggest mosquitos ever seen! It is a walking track that stretches from Portsea to Greensbush and must be fully completed come summertime. Anyway, weather permitted so we worked on the track all day, shovelling, digging, hoeing and raking. All this demanding, backbreaking work sent us to bed without any dinner.

## DAY FOUR. 7/9/83 THURSDAY.

It poured all day; we've never been so happy to see rain in all our lives! Because it was wet, we stayed dry at headquarters, painting signs. Tina went with Rod (half asleep from boredom) in the pick-up-truck to move dirt piles and I just painted. Getting off early, we found our caravan looked like a bomb had hit it, so we had a big clean up. Tonight we had more visitors, this time overnighters staying in the bunk-house from Pakenham High. We invited a few for coffee and backgammon. Tina and I hinted for over an hour and finally they took the hint and left at 12.00 so we hit the sack!

## DAY FIVE. 8/9/83 FRIDAY.

Well, it's the last day and we wish that it was the first. This morning we were breakfasted, showered and on deck by 8.15 a.m. sharp. (Well, maybe not so sharp!). We managed to talk our way out of working on the track and engaged ourselves in general park maintenance. Once underway on the rubbish run, we persuaded Richard to let us impress him behind the wheel. (He wasn't impressed!). We made several stops, one of which was watching the surfers at Gunnamatta Beach. After a busy day, it was with tears in our eyes that we bade farewell to our employers, a great bunch of people.

A couple of friends picked us up and we went to Gunnamatta beach for a while and then hit the long road home. We were struck with depression and sadness after leaving but soon cheered up remembering the smiles and fun we had. It will be an experience gone, but certainly not forgotten.

Melissa Gates & Tina Fellner



Year Nine ----- at Sovereign Hill

A group of young children ran across the hot dusty school ground. Their ages ranged from ten to twelve years old, and all were healthy and happy, enjoying the summer's sunshine on the warm December day. All except one. A small dark haired boy lagged behind the rest, scowling and shuffling his feet. He was eleven years old and small for his age. The group were playing soldiers and Danny didn't want to play soldiers, he wanted to play football. But, being smaller than his friends, his suggestion was ignored and as usual he followed the gang, not enjoying himself at all.

A bell rang and Danny followed his companions inside the large cool classroom. The children sat down at their desks and waited for the teacher to come in. It was the art period next. Danny's gloom lifted as he planned what he would paint. It would be a black storm over the sea, with lightning and huge waves crashing on the shore and overturning boats and drowning people.

The teacher came in and said, "Now children, we are going to paint a picture of a tree. I want you all to try painting that and I'll come around and help you if you're having trouble." Danny put up his hand and said "Can't I paint something else this time sir, please? I really want to," Danny pleaded. "I'm afraid not Daniel. Everyone else has to paint a tree so you must, too. We can't be different from everyone else, can we?" Danny turned away, once again plunged into the depths of despair — No one would let him do what he wanted to. Amid the chattering of his friends as they gleefully began to paint, Danny stood in silence. Then he started to paint with fierce anger. He painted his tree using dark colours: green, brown, black and grey. He finished his picture and stood looking at it with gloomy satisfaction. It was a tree all right, but it was a dark, menacing, ugly tree. The teacher came over to look at it. He said, "Daniel, that's not a very nice tree. Do another one and this time use brighter colours." He took Danny's painting away and threw it in the bin, shaking his head over the waste of paint. Then he said in a cheerful voice, "Now children, once you've

Danny went home that night and received his expected lecture. Then he had to change out of his uniform and go to his piano lesson. His mother was a professional pianist and he was expected to follow in her footsteps. Danny hated playing the piano, especially as he had to spend long hours under his mother's watchful eye, practising when he could have been playing. But he had no choice, he was expected to learn and he had no say in the matter. With this in mind, Danny's bad mood lasted all through his lesson and until he had returned home. "Now I'm free to do what I want to," he thought happily. But there were guests at home and he had to dress in his best clothes and talk to them, instead of racing outside to play. Danny sat still and behaved but his spirit writhed. Why couldn't he go out? His parents always made him sit with company and act as if he were an adult. The guests stayed for dinner and the rest of the evening and Danny had to sit and talk or be silent the whole time. And his mother made him play the piano for them too. Danny hated it, he was glad when they left. Then his mother said, "Now Daniel, time for prayers and bed." She ignored Danny's protest and bade him go upstairs. He went in a helpless rage.

Then suddenly he thought of something he would do, no one could stop him. And he would be free. Free forever. With a smile upon his face he went to his father's study, took a pistol from the drawer and shot himself through the head. And then he was 'free'.

Vivienne Grimwood, 11B



When in Afghanistan, do as the Russians do!

Meanwhile in another land across the A/B sea, a proud fanatic was pondering on his, and his country's future. His name was Maddog Midler. He lived in Moormany. Looking out of his window, he thought to himself, "We weren't made for this. Moormany should be united", and he pictured himself as the great leader who had saved his country.

The next night, Maddog stole through the barbed wire on the ceiling and made his way to the little pig's hide shelter he called his own. Busily, he set to work on the speeches he would read the next day. He wrote furiously, including all kinds of invigorating propaganda that would stir the nationalist and socialist souls of all moor men. In his excitement in writing the speeches, Maddog fell asleep.

When he awoke, he found himself in a cell, encircled by fifteen crewcut soldiers with machine-guns, and one fat man with a cigar. The fat man rose and spoke, "So . . ." he finally said, releasing acid on the 's'. "You want to free Moormany from its sorrow. To unite the now two distinct portions of the once great nation." He stopped, seemingly expecting an answer, although Maddog didn't really think it was a question. "Yes" Maddog finally spluttered. With that, each soldier took good aim and fired at the fat man.

"De Manure" they chanted.

Maddog had succeeded! He took the soldiers under his wing and called them the Essay. Day after day passed, and as each day passed, so did another Pastie rally, led by Maddog. He stirred the Moormen into mass hysteria. Riots broke out. So did riots. Maddog now offered to break the employment drought by enlisting men to break down the Surlion Wall.

Thousands of men enlisted. Others didn't. Maddog was now ruler of Moormany. His job was to rebuild Moormany into the great nation it had once been. It was not an easy task, but with Maddog were the proud Moormen who were to prove that where there's a will, there are a lot of new relatives.

For the umpteenth time this week he sat, slouching in the seats outside the deputy principal's office. For all the world to see and condemn. Here the law of the school system prevailed — guilty until proven beyond all reasonable doubt — innocent.

He was the second and most violent of three boys. His mother had separated from their real father who was quite well off, but she refused to accept maintenance, which of course led to financial difficulties.

After the departure of their father there was a procession of boyfriends, who were alienated by the three boys, leading to them being forced to leave.

Eventually, whether by one of his numerous brushes with the law or for his own protection, he was made a ward of the state. This put in motion the Department of Community Welfare's dehumanising process whereby he became a number dragged from Youth Training Centre to a home then to another home and so on.

Miraculously somewhere along the way, one of the many social workers struck up a friendship with him and pointed him in the right direction. This improvement led to him being sent to a sort of halfway house, where they were expected to look after themselves, but did not have the emotional strain of a family.



## ODE TO THE MEMORY OF A BEAR

Not your usual kind of  
bear  
Not tubby, chubby  
but slim, almost thin  
and when my eyes met  
his big blueys with  
thick curling lashes  
I yearned for him to be  
property of mine  
He was, for a little while  
But no one can have a bear  
forever.  
They need independence, freedom  
air  
We all do.  
And when he left  
my heart ached  
It does still, a little  
Oh; watch out for bears  
they can break your  
heart.

Beth, 11

So there he sat, waiting for yet another reprimand for abusing a teacher. However, there was a glimmer of hope on the horizon. There was one teacher, who, instead of mistrusting him and giving up gave him the little bit of encouragement and trust he seemed to need and tried to take an interest in him without confining him. She had introduced him to out-of-school activities which he took an interest in and became proud of. Many of the teacher's companions ridiculed her and told her that her trust was misplaced and she would regret it. But she insisted that all the kid needed was a bit of attention paid to him.

The boy certainly seemed to improve under the guidance of the teacher but in order to see if he could be completely normalized he would have to be shown a little trust and interest from his other teachers. Perhaps he was beyond help but he certainly responded better to the rose of kindness than the hammer of discipline.

Alex Hamilton

"Voyager '83" was prepared with the help of the following people:

Year 7: Guy Malpas, Peter Kelly, Chris St. Clair, Lee Bristow, Linda McLure, Margaret Bannerman, Jeremy McTigue

Year 8: Sophie Rabl.

Year 10: Jane Wright, Jodi Haycroft, Adam Fothergill, Shane Collins, John Exell, Ben Israel, Stewart Richards, Cathy Osbourne, Wilson Chan, Maria Epifano, Wendy Blainey, Rosie Anagnostou.

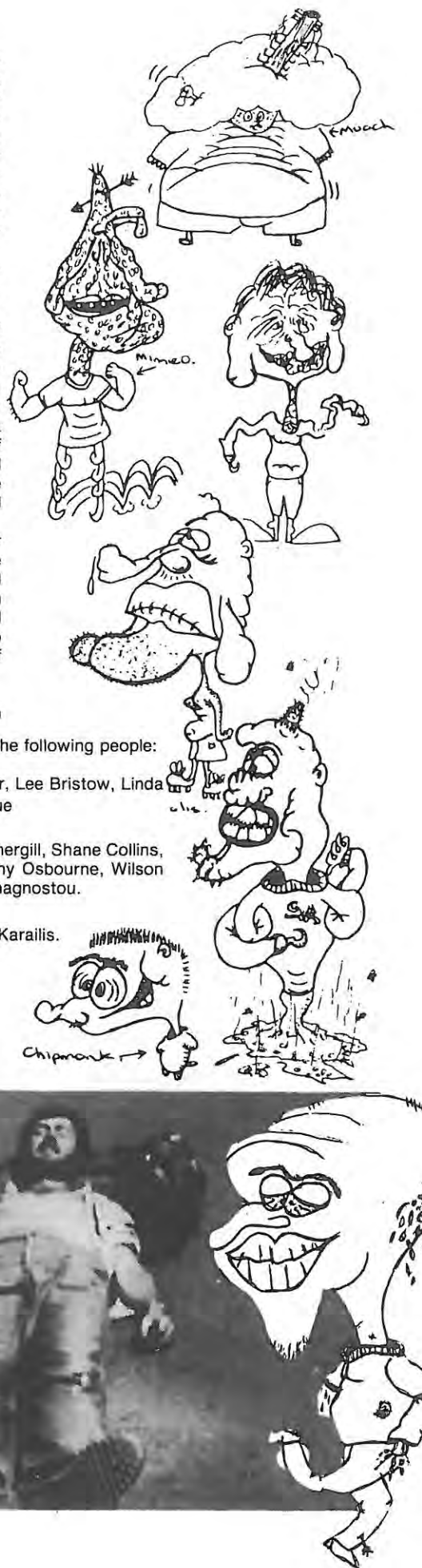
Year 11: Chris Short, Justin Conkey.

Year 12: Sharyn Ough, Fiona Kukovec, Jenny Karailis.

Year 12 '82: Thomas Conkey.

Staff: Alison White, Leonie Lloyd.

Drawings by  
Julio Estorninho



Swann

# STAFF 1983



## YEAR 9D

### GIRLS

HOUGH, Nerida  
KAKOS, Maria  
KARATASIS, Vaso  
LEIGH, Jodie  
MAYO, Nicola  
MCCANN, Louise  
MCMAHON, Fiona  
PAVIS, Rachel  
SMITH, Georgina  
TOUNTZIOS, Mary  
WADE, Marcelle

### BOYS

CHINN, Gregory  
JONES, Cameron  
KANE, Christopher  
MERMINGAS, Menio  
MIKSA, John  
PORCINO, Frank  
RICKMAN, Peter  
SENIOR, Paul  
STEVENSON, Adam  
SYMEONIDIS, Steven  
WRIGHT, Jason  
WILCOX, Jonathan  
YEMM, Andrew

## YEAR 9E

### GIRLS

FIELDEN, Natasha  
FODEN, Jill  
ISAACS, Christine  
MACQUET, Diane  
PHILLIPSON, Merryon  
RONNBERG, Lisa  
SEURET, Nicole  
SMITH, Cathie  
THOMPSON, Karen

### BOYS

BARR, Campbell  
BUTTERWORTH, Phillip  
COGDEN, Christopher  
DUNMALL, Paul  
HARDY, Karl  
LANGMAID, Gavin  
LAWRY, Andrew  
MCKEON, James  
PALAMARA, Daniel  
SAYERS, Michael  
SCHEINER, Leo  
SERAFINO, Jason  
VINAS, Edward  
HALL, Andrew

## YEAR 9F

### GIRLS

BRISTOW, Vanessa  
CANNARD, Annette  
CARDOSO, Margarida  
HATCH, Robyn  
HILL, Ann  
ISAACHSEN, Rebecca  
MUTARD, Francine  
RUSSELL, Georgina  
RUTTELLE, Fiona  
UMAPALAN, Shobi

### BOYS

BAUMANN, Craig  
FIKET, Ian  
FOLEY, Jason  
KATOS, Con  
MCCONACHY, Simon  
MCLURE, Stuart  
MCMATH, Douglas  
MORGAN, Samuel  
SIMMONS, Matthew  
TAYLOR, William  
TUOHY, Richard  
VANDERLELY, Roger  
WILSON, Andrew  
ROBERTS, Daniel

## YEAR 10A

### GIRLS

ANTONIOU, Helen  
ALDRICH, Jacqueline  
COATES, Karen  
DRORI, Gayle  
FREEMAN, Tracey  
JOWZY, Sharn  
LONG, Helen  
MCDONALD, Cheryl-Ann  
MARRIOTT, Kylie-Mar-  
etta  
PRICE, Andrea  
SHAW, Kim  
TODD, Jennifer  
WELLSRING, Kim  
WILCOX, Susanna  
WILLIAMSON, Leanne  
HILL, Dianne

### BOYS

BOBOLAS, Nostis  
DINAS, Jimmy  
EXELL, John  
GERDAN, George  
HASKIN, Derek  
LANDER, Robert  
MCTIGUE, Jonathan  
MOWSON, Paul  
MUTARD, Bruce  
WIERZBICKI, Andrew

## YEAR 10B

### GIRLS

ANAGNOSTOU, Rosy  
BLAINEY, Wendy  
CHEN, Ka Mink  
CHRISTODOULOU, Georgina  
EPIFANO, Maria  
GATES, Melissa  
GREENFIELD, Narelle  
LACK, Deborah  
MILJEON, Kerrie  
PALMER, Cassandra  
SELBY, Petia  
SORRELL, Caroline  
TANNER, Victoria  
WITHALL, Julie-Ann  
NABB, Cara  
CUNNINGHAM, Gabriella

### BOYS

BATTERHAM, Peter  
CURL, Andrew  
FORBES, Rohan  
HERBERT, Ross  
ISRAEL, Benjamin  
KINSELLA, Henry  
MARICAK, Jojo  
PAGE, Nigel  
SYMEONIDIS, Symeon  
TAYLOR, Jillian

## YEAR 10C

### GIRLS

BARNARD, Gillian  
BUCKI, Margaret  
BYRNE, Lisa  
KALAITZIDIS, Themi  
LAMBERT, Rachael  
MCALPINE, Amanda  
NEALE, Tammy  
SMITH, Erin  
TALBOT, Rhonda  
VELAKOULIS, Karen  
WAKEFIELD, Paula  
WEBB, Samantha  
WEST, Rachel  
WHYTE, Deborah

### BOYS

ANTZAKAS, Antonio  
BLOCK, Richard

COLLINS, Shane  
COPE, Andrew  
HAAS, Max  
HATZIDIMITRIOU, Steven  
JOVETIC, Filip  
MYTTON, Ian  
READ, Todd  
SPARKS, Matthew  
THOMPSON, Mark

## YEAR 10D

### GIRLS

BOGEARTS, Nicole  
GAUT, Melissa  
GOLOUBKIN, Lara  
HALL, Julie  
HAYCROFT, Jodi  
HOHLIOS, Despina  
HUGHES, Rachel  
KUKOVEC, Elouise  
MCNEIL, Janet  
MERCURI, Nafisa  
PALAMBERIS, Kathy  
VANMEGHELEN, Me-  
lissa  
WERNER, Saskia  
WEST, Amanda  
WRIGHT, Jane

### BOYS

ADAMS, David  
ASHKAR, Peter  
BORGE, Adam  
FOTHERGILL, Scott  
KONYE, Paul  
LIGHTWOOD, Liron  
MESLEY, William  
PAVIS, Richard  
RICHARDS, Stuart  
VIDAS, Robert  
RAYNER, Richard

## YEAR 10E

### GIRLS

BARTON, Lisa  
BUTLER, Joanne  
DEUTSCH, Nicole  
DIBBLE, Naomi  
DUESTERHAUS, shelle  
FELLNER, Bettina  
IVES, Sandra  
KEATING, Nicole  
MCCANN, Sarah  
OSBORNE, Catherine  
READ, Genevieve  
ROSSITER, Kylie  
TIGG, Barbara  
WHYTE, Nicole

### BOYS

ARNFIELD, Dean  
BERRY, Michael  
CHAN, Wilson  
FOTHERGILL, Adam  
ISING, Brett  
LALOUM, Michael  
LAMBERT, Adam  
MCCOLL, Eoghan  
MIKSA, Miroslav  
ROBERTS, Michael  
SORRELL, David

## YEAR 11A

### GIRLS

AHMET, Soreya  
ANDREADIS, Helen  
ARRIGONI, Cecilia  
BARR, Kim  
BAUMANN, Jenny  
BLIGHT, Caroline  
BORNER, Lisa  
BRUNNER, Lani  
BULL, Joanne  
CARDOSO, Helena  
CHERRY, Monique  
COATES, Laura  
COX, Tamara  
COPPA, Esther Liliana

### BOYS

ABIUSO, Francis  
ASPINALL, Hayden  
BAKKER, Andrew  
BAYAGE, Christopher  
BELLAMY, Steven  
BENNETT, Nicholas  
BISSETT, Kent  
BRABNER, Matthew  
BRINCK, Alan  
CHRISTIE, Hamish  
CONKEY, Justin  
COOKE, Shaun  
COPPA, Lorenzo  
CROWLEY, Paul

## YEAR 11B

### GIRLS

DARK, Shirlene  
DEVINCENTIS, Sigrid  
FILIS, Katherine  
FISHER, Sarah  
FRITZLAFF, Leah  
GATES, Colette  
GEE, Debbie  
GELLER, Lilia  
GOLOUBKIN, Elizabeth  
GEMMELL, Sarah  
GRIMWOOD, Vivienne  
HUMPHREYS, Maree  
HUMPHREYS, Megan  
ISRAEL, Rachael

### BOYS

DENTON, Richard  
DIBBLE, Kyle  
DOOLEY, James  
ESTORNINHO, Julio  
FARNELL, Anthony  
GEORGIU, George  
HAMILTON, Alex  
HIGGINSON, Robert  
HIRST, Jonathan  
HOME, Cameron  
HOUDALAKIS, Jim  
BOX, Peter

## YEAR 11C

### GIRLS

JENNINGS, Julie  
JORGENSEN, Annette  
KALAITZIDIS, Koula  
KALLOPISIS, Anna  
KYRIOS, Mary  
LABRA-PEYRET, Yvonne  
LAW, Christine  
LEIGH, Helena  
LIBERMAN, Susie  
LUSKIN, Fiona  
LYDSTER, Leanne  
MARSTON, Joanne  
MARTIN, Anthea  
MILLER, Marion  
NICHOLSON, Karen  
NELSON, Annette  
KYRIAKOPOULOS, Yiota

### BOYS

KARAILIS, Nicholas  
KUNSEVITSKY, Boris  
LEGNAGHI, Ramon  
LUND, Gavin  
LUTCHNER, Darren  
MCCONCHIE, Andrew  
MCLENNAN, Adam  
MITCHELL, Simon  
MOHSENI, Ahmad  
OEHLMANN, Dean  
O'REILLY, Timothy  
HATZOUZIS, John

## YEAR 11D

### GIRLS

PAVLOU, Kalia  
RAYNER, Jeunesse  
REID, Jillian  
RICCO, Katherine  
RUSSELL, Fiona  
SOKOLOWICZ, Dina  
ST AVRAKIS, Tina  
TALBOT, Karen  
THOMPSON, Meagan  
VANTWEST, Karin  
VELAHOUTAKOS, Pau-  
line  
VERNON, Kerri  
VINCENT, Debra  
VANWIJNGAARDEN, Kim  
WILSON, Heather  
ZEUG, Natasha  
SIMMS, Nicola  
STRICKE, Louise

### BOYS

PAVLOU, Anthony  
RIGOPOULOS, Nicolaos  
SARRIS, Steven  
SHORT, Christopher  
TICKLE, David  
VYSSARITIS, Emanuel  
WISE, Timothy



## YEAR 12A

### GIRLS

GARDNER, Rachel  
KOVOS, Hariklia  
PAYNE, Helen  
STRAIN, Melissa  
MUSCHAMP, Katherine  
BLIGHT, Adam  
CLARKE, David  
ILLE, Rudi  
PALAMARA, Steven  
PAPACOSTAS, Stavros,  
POULIS, Theo  
STOUPAS, Jim  
TEREK, Robert  
TRICKEY, David  
VAN TOOREN, Jeremy  
WIERZBICKI, Paul

## YEAR 12B

### GIRLS

BADLAN, Rachel  
DUNSMUIR, Louisa  
EXELL, Lisa  
GREGORIOU, Anthea  
KHOO, Shui Ching  
KUKOVEC, Fiona  
OUGH, Sharyn  
ROBERTYS, Desiree  
ROTH, Lisa  
SANTER, Karen  
SIMMONS, Danielle  
STAVRAKIS, Athina  
SUTTON, Danielle  
VAN TOOREN, Susan

### BOYS

CHEN, Kevin  
GOH, Hock  
HILLIER, John  
KANE, Alan  
LOMAX, Stephen  
PAVIS, Sean  
PHOON, Wai Kit  
YEK, Chong

## YEAR 12C

### GIRLS

ALOI, Mariella  
BEATY, Amanda  
KARAILIS, Jenny  
LINTON, Karen  
SEEBERG, Kylie  
TAYLOR, Elizabeth  
THEOS, Jenny  
WEST, Fiona  
WHEELER, Joanne  
CUNNINGHAM, Kenneth  
DEDEK, Thomas  
DUNMORE, Steven  
DYSON, Hamish  
GEORGIU, Andrew  
KOYA, Aiyaz  
ST. CLAIR, Stephen  
STEDMAN, Simon  
THOMAS, Dane

