



## ROLL CALL

### FORM 6A

BOYS  
ANGWIN, Peter Charles  
BELLOTT, Bradley William  
BOUYER, Steven William  
CLARKSON, John  
DAKIS, Dennis Arthur  
STANLEY, Mark David  
VELAHOUTAKOS, Bill

GIRLS  
BABIRZ, Stella Sophia  
FORD, Leanne Mary  
HOUGH, Terry  
RONDA, Michelle Alice  
SHAW, Katherine Selina  
STORY, Patricia Faye  
TALAS, Nicolette  
WALLACE-MITCHELL, Jane  
WARREN, Natalie Louise  
WHITBREAD, Katie Alexandra

### FORM 6B

BOYS  
KARITSIS, Peter Gaspare  
LAMBERT, Jeffrey Allan  
LLOYD, David John  
PORTER, Gordon Robert  
VASILJEVIC, Alexander

GIRLS  
BALL, Robyn Christine  
CROWLEY, Teresa Christine  
EMBLETON, Lisa Kathryn  
FOTHERGILL, Amanda Louise  
PAPACOSTAS, Evie  
RENFREE, Christine  
TEICHER, Rika  
TOUNTZIOS, Eleftheria (Rita)  
VYSSARITIS, Maria

### FORM 6C

BOYS  
BAILEY, Grant McIntosh  
BOWYER, Frank Andrew  
COUTURIER, Frederic  
FORBES, Murray Stuart  
HATZIGIAKOU, Jack Peter  
HORTON, Stephen Brian  
PENDAVINGH, John Peter  
YOVICH, Marko Paul

GIRLS  
BALDWIN, Megan Grace  
BERGER, Sylvia  
BYRNE, Sharon Joan  
CHU, Chee Hsing  
GALE, Sandra Margaret  
GOLDMAN, Aviya Judith  
GROVER, Lisa Jane  
KAYE, Sandra Jacqueline  
KEE, Nyuen Lian (Adeline)  
LEONG, Lily  
MCLEOD, Kerry Lea  
PHILLIPS, Joanne Margaret  
STEVENS, Susan Michelle  
ZOIS, Irene

### FORM 6D

BOYS  
ALEXANDER, Trevor John  
CHEAH, Tien Kew (Ken)  
CHAN, Chiu Wing (Tony)  
CHONG, Kah Liong (Christopher)  
CUTLER, Kevin Raphael  
FORWARD, David Andrew  
GOH, Chin Min  
HARMER, Darren  
HENG, EE Lean  
INCHAUSTI, Ignacio  
LAU, Han Beng  
LAU, Tick Lai (Lawrence)  
LEWIS, Jeremy  
LUN, Lin Gwo (Vincent)  
SCHULZ, Martin  
SMIKA, Michael Joseph  
WONG, Song Sing  
YEO, Kim P'ng (Raymond)

GIRLS  
FEIGAN, Joy Allison  
FOX, Donna  
GEE, Maggie  
GODFREY, Amanda Jacqueline  
HOLAN, Jennifer Ann  
LAM, Christine  
RABINOV, Lisa  
REA, Donna Michelle  
RYAN, Melissa Jane

### FORM 5A

BOYS  
ADAMS, Robert Eldridge  
ENGELANDER, John  
FERNANDO, Timothy Jerome  
FIDLER, Geoffrey Brian  
HAHN, Michael John  
HILL, Stephen Andrew

VARNEY, Paul Robert  
WILSON, Trevor Brian  
WOOD, Gary Alan  
JAFFA, Joel Antony

GIRLS  
BIEG, Fiona Denise  
BILU, Lirit  
BUZOLICH, Gaye Sharelle  
DICK, Coralyn Ruth  
HALT, Suzanne Lesley  
JAMES, Andrea Jennifer  
JENNINGS, Alison Judith  
KINSELLA, Maria  
MCALLISTER, Debra Patricia  
MUNRO, Linda  
MARTIN, Julie  
MUSCHAMP, Amanda Margaret  
TAYLOR, Robyn Margaret  
VASILJEVIC, Julie Angela  
WARDELL, Anne Lesley  
WIERZBICKI, Teresa  
WILSON, Helen Elizabeth

### FORM 5B

BOYS  
BENSON, Clayton Lloyd  
FILIADIS, Michael  
FINDLAY, Michael Keith  
HOPKINS, Robert  
KANCELJAK, Milan  
LEDWICH, Michael John  
LYNCH, Troy Patrick  
McCABE, Christopher  
MITCHELL, William Stephen  
PENDAVINGH, Mark Frederick  
SPEED, Phillip Michael  
WILLIAMS, Andrew Noble  
WILSON, Andrew Craig

GIRLS  
BLANSHARD, Paula Margaret  
BELL, Sharon Anne  
BOARDMAN, Elise Heather  
CHALMERS, Lyndel Jean  
CONNELLY, Una Dawn  
GODKIN, Kerry Sue  
HAZLETT, Denise Marie  
KAPLAN, Leah Ann  
McEWAN, Jennifer Lee  
McINTOSH, Deborah Elizabeth  
McMENNEMIN, Jennifer Marie  
MANER, Sara Jane  
MOUNTAROPOULOS, Anne Marie  
PELL, Beverley Joy  
SHERIDAN, Susan Jane

### FORM 5C

BOYS  
ADAMS, Wallis Anthony  
BOUTLAND, Stephen  
BUCKLAND, Andrew  
CARSON, Jeffrey Allan  
HANNAH, Perry  
MCCONACHY, Mark  
MOCELLIN, Stephen  
PARKER, Jonathan  
PATIENCE, Paul  
SMITH, David  
THOMPSON, Christopher  
WYMAN, Richard

GIRLS  
BRIANTON, Kerry  
CHERRY, Katrina  
CRAVEN, Hilary  
ELSWORTHY, Patricia  
GREEN, Pamela  
MARICAK, Maria  
O'DONAHOO, Vicki  
REICHENVATER, Anna  
WELLER, Dalia

### FORM 5D

BOYS  
CAMERON, Tony John  
CHANG, Wayne  
DALLEY, Malcolm Cameron  
DURSO, Patrick Lou Peter  
FISHER, Cameron  
NIXON, Ian Alex  
OSBORNE, Raymond Gary  
PARKER, Tim  
PLOUSI, Theo Terry  
RICHARDS, Gary Alwyn  
SAWICZ, Ronald  
SHORT, Andrew David

GIRLS  
BARTHOLOMEUSZ, Jacqueline Ann  
CHELLEW, Robyn Annette  
GODFREY, Sonali Rebecca  
IVES, Corinne Jean  
JOHANSEN, Christel Ann  
WILLIAMS, Linda Ann  
WILLIAMS, Susan Leigh

### FORM 5E

BOYS  
BROWN, Christopher Michael  
COLTMAN, Andrew Malcolm  
CRAWSHAW, Glen  
EDWARDS, Neale Geoffrey  
HANSEN, Peter James  
LAWLER, Adam Benedict  
LYELL, Ian Robert  
McMANUS, Stephen  
MARSHALL, Andrew David  
RYAN, Peter Douglas  
SAMMUT, Andrew Joseph  
STEVENS, Craig Ryder  
TURNBULL, Martin Phillip  
WOOD, John Wilson

GIRLS  
BLAKE, Jennifer Louise  
BLANDSHARD, Kathryn Anne  
COOKE, Julie-Anne  
COPLEY, Suellen  
FOTI, Teresa Mary  
LACEY, Susan Brooker  
LINDBLOM, Anita Joy  
ROBINSON, Kay Mary  
SIMONELIS, Zita Judy  
TANNER, Amanda Louise  
VAFIDIS, Helen  
WELLS, Jannine

### FORM 5F

BOYS  
BARTHOLOMEUSZ, Nigel Paul  
CORCORAN, Damien  
FILTNESS, Clive Anthony  
HERBSTREIT, Raymond George  
JEWELL, Paul Eliwyn  
LAM, Foon Shing (Johnny)  
McLENNAN, Matthew James  
MIOS, Con Andrew  
PETER, Nicholas Thomas  
SILVERMAN, Andrew  
STEVENSON, Craig Graham  
VASS, Peter John

GIRLS  
BLACK, Kathy Jane  
CHEN, Kalai  
ERICKSON, Karen  
FRYER, Jennifer Lynne  
GILBERTSON, Kathleen-Anne  
LEMASURIER, Simone Clare  
PUGH, Gillian  
STURMER, Monique  
TAYLOR, Jennifer May  
STEVENS, Mandy

### FORM 4A

BOYS  
ANTONY, Paul  
BENNETT, David  
CHOYNA, Alan  
FILIPOU, Paul  
GOLDMAN, Peter Daniel  
GRIFFIN, Steven  
HOLMES, Stephen Wayne  
McKEE, Robert  
MYTTON, Andrew Peter  
SZUSTER, Harry  
TURNBULL, Andrew Laurence  
VAN der VEEN, Stuart Mark

GIRLS  
ALIEF, Safiye  
BISHOP, Wendy Anne  
BYRNE, Sandra Ann  
CHERRY, Lisa  
FLANAGHAN, Tracey Pamela  
GREENWAY, Carol Ann  
GREGORY, Annemarie  
HOLLAND, Fiona  
LACEY, Deborah Joan  
MEEKING, Susan Marie  
MORISON, Merrin  
OLDFIELD, Leanne Faye  
TRIOLO, Celia Dianne  
VELAKOULIS, Angelina  
WILLIAMS, Alice Joan

### FORM 4B

BOYS  
BROWN, Shane Philip  
CHAMBERLAIN, Michael Andrew  
HOLMES, Stuart  
McMAHON, Gregory Peter  
MANNO, Samuel Anthony  
MORGAN, Darren James  
PAPACOSTAS, Andrew  
SAUNDERS, Richard  
STANLEY, Michael Julian  
VASILJEVIC, Peter  
GALANOPOULOS, Dimitrios (Jim)

GIRLS  
BLAINEY, Helen Lynette  
COOPER, Jennifer Gaye  
DILENA, Julie Anne  
ELSWORTHY, Elizabeth Louise  
FILIS, Vicky  
FREDMAN, Leonie Joy  
GREGORY, Pauline Patricia

GROVER, Amanda Lee  
HOUGH, Felippa  
IVES, Louise  
JOHNSTON, Sandra Mary  
KINGSFORD, Helen Mary  
KONDELOS, Deborah  
LUND, Tracey Dawn  
MANNING, Kim Louise  
O'DONAHOO, Jacquelyn Barbara  
RABL, Lisa Marie  
THEOS, Dina

### FORM 4C

BOYS  
CAMILLERI, John Mark  
DAVIS, James Allan  
FERNANDO, Andre Warren  
FISHER, Adam John  
HATZIKOS, Nicholas  
JERICIC, Peter John  
LORD, Stuart Barri  
LYNCH, Rory  
STEVENS, Christopher Thomas  
STEVENSON, Andrew Robert  
WALTON, Dean Phillip

GIRLS  
BOUYER, Christine June  
CHAPMAN, Karen  
COPEMAN, Carolyn Donna  
CSEH, Susanna Cristina  
FOTI, Joanna  
GILMORE, Kaye  
INCHAUSTI, Ana Delicia  
LEWIS, Gabrielle  
MANLEY, Sandra Lorraine  
McNEE, Helen Lorraine  
POPOVIC, Nada Connie  
REICHENVATER, Sonya Mary  
TAYLOR, Susan Katherine  
TEREK, Donna  
TRICKEY, Gai  
VANDERMOST, Patricia Ann  
VIAL, Denise Norma  
SIRMAY, Pamela Elizabeth

### FORM 4D

BOYS  
BELL, David  
DICKSON, Julien  
EURIPIDOU, Euripides  
HALL, Wirawat  
HOLLENBERG, Lloyd  
JOHNSON, Paul  
KNEZEVIC, Anthony  
LEATHAN, Mark  
MURPHY, Kevin  
PATKIN, Leo  
PAVLOU, Andrew  
RABL, Marcus  
SANDVIK, Arto  
VON ZUM HOF, Jurgen  
WRIGHT, Rohan

GIRLS  
BEATY, Robyn Elizabeth  
EWART, Julie  
FORD, Andrea  
FRATER, Michelle  
GALAPOULOS, Eva  
HALL, Parata  
LINDBLOM, Karen  
LOPO, Anita  
MAVRIOPOULOS, Vivi  
MODRICH, Theresa  
REED, Rosemarie  
SMITH, Carolyn  
TANNER, Tracey  
TURNBULL, Linda  
UNDERWOOD, Kim  
WELLS, Beverley Meredith  
WELLSPRING, Julie Heather

### FORM 3A

BOYS  
BUZOLICH, Grant Raymond  
CROWLEY, Stephen Nicholas  
HANSEN, Russell Fredrick  
HERBSTREIT, Wayne Michael  
JOHNSTON, Kenneth Joseph  
LOUGHREY, Sean David  
PEARSON, Luke Edward  
RAYNER, Warwick Andrew  
REICHEL, Jamie Gerard  
REID, Peter Douglas  
SCOTT, Andrew Victor  
SMITH, Shaun  
TAIAROA, Keri David  
TEAZIS, Christopher  
VIRGONA, Frank John

GIRLS  
BLAINEY, Helen Lynette  
COOPER, Jennifer Gaye  
DILENA, Julie Anne  
ELSWORTHY, Elizabeth Louise  
FILIS, Vicky  
FREDMAN, Leonie Joy  
GREGORY, Pauline Patricia

# Voyager

The magazine of the students and  
staff of Brighton High School

## 1978



## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

There is often difficulty in planning or even thinking about tomorrow - and tomorrow is important to each of us.

Perhaps one of the main aims of education is to make those being educated enthusiastic about the prospects of tomorrow, and in so doing to equip them with the primary essentials to make all the available tomorrows successful, happy, full and worth the passing through.

Motivation is the jargon word to describe this eagerness to attack the tasks of today in preparation for this future. About us we find many influences and factors which tend to reduce the level of motivation to what is almost negative in value, and that is a sad outlook, particularly in such a vital place as a school and among the young whose visions should be golden.

A look at the world would reveal many avenues of pessimism. At the end of these avenues are the usual woes of mankind - war, hunger, disease and the cruelty of man. Added to these we now find the old-new threat which once swamped us, unemployment. This is a world phenomenon, one which cannot be exorcised by schools but which is a dark shadow over those in schools. The depth of this shadow covering each student is possibly greater than we realize.

The development and use of the silicon chip, the heart of the computer and the calculator, is but part of the continuing Industrial Revolution, but its effects are widespread. New Scientist reports that by 1990 40% of present

office work will be carried out by computerized equipment. There is a new German expression 'Job-Killer' which specifically refers to the erosion of traditional jobs in industry and commerce caused by the growing use of the microprocessor.

Should we in schools make our thinking more positive in terms of employment rather than in terms of unemployment? Is this the time when home and school should be stressing the need for the pursuit of excellence in our students? The competition for employment is real despite the demands of educators that schools are not merely training institutions.

The importance of a good report which echoes interest and good attitude should not be under-rated.

The advance of technology should produce more leisure time and the need for more education if that process is in any way vital to fulfil the aim enunciated.

Year 10 students who have been engaged in the Work Experience program return to school with a deeper knowledge of the importance of preparation for the working portion of the days to come.

Just where motivation ceases and pressure takes over is for the individual and perhaps the family to realize, but I would call on each of our students to recognize that there is merit and satisfaction in a full preparation for life. Do not appear as the sad rooster in the cartoon stating "What's the use? Yesterday an egg, tomorrow a feather duster."

G.E.P. Rowney.

## DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

We have at Brighton a secondary school well appointed, set in attractive grounds and catering for the needs of the students in the district, in providing a structured, academic, yet liberal syllabus. Emphasis is given to tone, industry and direction in the class room, the assembly hall, and the gymnasium, and a sense of good sportsmanship on the playing fields.

How much do we today know of the pleasures and trials of both staff and students, who during the pioneering days of our school laid the foundations we are so proud of? As far back as 1927, the Education Department obtained ten acres of land in Dendy Street for the purpose of erecting a high school. When the Brighton City Council established its golf links, it first rented this land from the Education Department, and in 1948 secured its transfer by giving in exchange, twelve acres between Dendy Street and Marriage Road, where our school now stands.

Early in 1954, tenders for the erection of the school were called, and building began towards the end of that year. The first Head Master, Mr. C.O. Holland, and ten staff members were appointed, and, although there was no building, early conferences took place to plan courses, choose a school uniform, and school colours of mauve, gold, green and grey, the badge and motto. So the "Ship" and "Endeavour" became our badge and motto. The houses - Grant, Lonsdale, Murray and Phillip, were named at a later date.

For two terms during 1955, while building was in progress, the staff and two hundred and fifty six form 1 students worked at the McKinnon High School, while both the Brighton High School and McKinnon High School students were on half time until March. During this first year the staff showed great enthusiasm for the starting of the new school, and many of the scholastic and sporting awards were donated by them. A School Council and a Mothers' Club were formed and these bodies have continued to work unceasingly for the school.

If you look through the early school magazines in the library, you will see the stages in the progress of the building, and the difficulties under which all at that time worked. A student remarked "the ground was exceedingly rough, and on wet days spades were required to remove the clay from the floors." In 1956, the administration block was completed. With an intake from the surrounding Central Schools, a Form 3 was established, and the North Wing occupied. In 1957, the East Wing was added and in that year there were seven hundred and fifty students in attendance. The 30th May, 1958 was a day of great pride for all who had watched the school grow - it was officially opened by the Minister of Education, The Honourable J.S. Bloomfield, M.L.A. To quote some of the students, "We were proud of ourselves on that day. We felt that our struggle into existence had become officially recognized." In this year, the Holland Hall was first used, the school orchestra formed, and the first school magazine, "Voyager," was published. In 1959, the School Song was composed and set to music by Mr. C. Hallett, a former Vice Principal.

Twenty four years have now passed since these public spirited citizens, staff and pupils, by their foresight and perseverance, did much to provide us with this great school. Now, along with many other extras, we have a well equipped Commonwealth Science Wing, a magnificent library, colour television and much audio and sound equipment.

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*Fine buildings and a competent, enthusiastic staff alone do not make a school, and it is up to us, the present community of Brighton High School, to continue the traditions of these early pioneers. Traditions of service and initiative have been built up year by year, and the chorals, drama and sporting activities are enthusiastically carried on. Others, such as the school orchestra and band have been lost.*

*We shall always have those who treat school life as a "pleasure cruise", and there will be those who, taking "Endeavour" as their motto, will do their utmost "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield" in an effort to develop their potential and thus, in the future, live their lives to the fullest, in an ever changing world.*

*"Upon this ship, we set our feet  
You and I and a thousand more  
To sail beyond our youth to meet, the years that lie before.  
At patient desks in quiet rooms  
You and I and a thousand more  
Listen and daily strive to win, a grain from wisdom's store."*

E.A.J. Mayson.

## SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT

Hello! Just a few words from "Les Capitaines." This year the school captains' report is going to be different. Unlike previous years when past school captains have talked about the school in general, this year we'll comment on the sixth formers exclusively. We are going to indulge in self-appraisal. First of all, we would like to thank ourselves (6th Form) for being just one big happy family; and one small but indeed influential, part of our family is our contingent of Asian students: Vinnie, Lawrence, Goh, Raymond, Heng, Tony, Lilly, Adeleine, Lau, Chui, Christopher, Ken, Wong, and Christina. They have extended their warmth and friendship toward us without hesitation, and we hope that they feel our return has been as warm. We also want to thank the Sixth Form Committee. We only hope that next years Sixth Form Committee will be more successful in reaching towards the students and vice-versa.

The bond between us has strengthened greatly; our antics around the table-tennis table in the common room have often drawn us together, but sometimes the male against female competition gets out of control, and as a result there are many cracked shells of ping-pong balls lying in every corner. (Peter has often needed to replace many balls due to a rather hefty-handed forehand shot!)

However, attention must be drawn to separate individuals who have made this year a more pleasant one. Thank you to Christine who relieved the girls from continually falling from the toilet seats; thank-you to Mark for supplying our school dance with an extremely efficient drink machine, which dripped sticky orange cordial over Sharon's shoes; thank-you to Tony for displaying to us how an Asian student REALLY gets mad when the ball doesn't hit the table; and thank-you to Trevor for showing us how to recover gracefully from a (head-on) collision with an overhead metal beam.

Few of us will ever forget the Sixth form camp to Wilson's Promontory, especially Mr Rowney. After having his steak dragged through the dirt by seagulls (ours as well!), then having it washed and wrung out under the tap, he put on a brave smile while commenting that the steak was indeed very tender and tasty.

Many of us were laughing and often in hysterics while Ignacio demonstrated his very energetic rain dance, however few of us were smiling when it poured with rain the next day. Consequently one group in particular whose tent was located in a ditch had to "tent-walk" to higher ground.

It has been a memorable year for all of us, despite any conflicts, and we hope that the following Sixth formers will be as close as we are.



Sharon Byrne



Ignacio Inchausti





#### TEACHING STAFF 1978

MR. G.E.P. ROWNEY	MRS. M. FREITAG
MR. T. ALLEN	MRS. L. FRYDMAN
MR. R. CIAVAGLIA	MRS. A. GEDDES
MR. D. CLARK	MRS. A. GOLDING
MR. R. COPLEY	MRS. A. GRANAT
MR. J. DARLOW	MRS. B. GREBLER
MR. G. DENNIS	MISS K. GUNNELL
MR. G. FRANK	MRS. E. HATTON
MR. C. GEORGIADIS	MRS. R. HAYES
MR. D. GODFRED	MISS H. HEAD
MR. N. GORHAM	MISS B. JACKSON (Leave)
MR. C. A. HUMPHRIES	MRS. V. KAPLONYI
MR. J.K. McKENZIE	MRS. R. KEDDIE
MR. K.A. PAMMENT	MRS. S. LACK
MR. A. PEARSON (Leave Term 1)	MRS. I. LEWINSON
MR. M. L. REDDING	MRS. A. LEY
MR. P. SHIRREFS (Leave)	MRS. C. LIGHTFOOT
MR. D. TURNBALL	MRS. L. LLOYD (Leave Term 2)
MR. P. WILSON	MRS. S. MACDONALD
MISS E.A.J. MAYSON	MRS. V. McALLESTER
MRS. K. BALL	MRS. J. MORRISON
MISS K. BARNETT	MRS. E. NOLAN
MRS. M. BATOUR	MRS. A. PAKULA
MRS. M. BAXTER (Leave)	MRS. D. PRICE
MRS. I. BERRY	MRS. C. RAY
MRS. T. CHISHOLM	MISS L. RUSSELL
MRS. R. CIAVAGLIA (Leave)	MRS. D. SANDERSON
MRS. E. CLARK	MRS. S.M. SCHOLTZ
MRS. E. CIZEK	MRS. N. SMETHURST
MRS. H. CREWDSON	MRS. B. SMITH
MRS. L. DARE	MRS. R. SMITHERS
MRS. J. DARROCH	MRS. D. STANNARD
MRS. C. DELANEY (Leave)	MISS J. STEWART



#### IN MEMORIAM

It is with the greatest regret we have to record the passing of a former Principal of Brighton High School - Mr. Len A. Cooke, on Friday 8th September.

Mr. Cooke was Principal of the School from 1965 until 1970, when he retired, leaving a School very much the better for his service to it. This was a difficult period in education and the steady hand, the wisdom and the warmth of his personality, did much to smooth the passage of the school during this time.

Mr. Cooke taught Mathematics and Science at Castlemaine, Donald, Frankston, Melbourne and University High Schools. While at University High School, he was the Lecturer in Methods of Mathematics and Science at the School of Education, Melbourne University, and was a Lecturer in General Method to Physical Education Students of that Faculty at Melbourne.



Mr. Cooke was later Vice-Principal of University High School, the first Headmaster of Bentleigh High School, Headmaster of Dandenong High School and Principal of Brighton High School.

His energy was unbounded and his interest in education, wide. He found time to broadcast lessons in Mathematics and Science, and later in General Science over the national stations. He conducted classes for the Council of Adult Education and Evening classes at R.M.I.T. He designed the Science Course for the Australian College of Nursing and lectured at that College. He was an examiner for the Melbourne University in Intermediate and Leaving Mathematics for 20 years.

The sympathy of the students, staff, Principal and Council of Brighton High School, is extended with all sincerity to Mrs. Cooke and her family. Brighton High School has fond memories of Mr. Cooke and his influence is still felt in many places within the School.

#### "VOYAGER" COMMITTEE, 1978

MELISSA RYAN  
JANE WALLACE- MITCHELL  
SUE STEVENS  
STELLA BABIRZ  
AMANDA GODFREY  
JEREMY LEWIS  
SUE WILLIAMS  
ANNE WARDELL  
RAYMOND HERBSTREIT  
MARTIN TURNBULL

L.H. LLOYD (STAFF ADVISOR)

PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL HAHN  
MR. T. ALLEN  
JANE WALLACE- MITCHELL  
MELISSA RYAN  
TONY KNEZEVIC

TYPING: MRS. RAY'S FOURTH FORM TYPING CLASS

COVER: JANE WALLACE- MITCHELL

CARTOONS: STELLA BABIRZ  
JANE WALLACE- MITCHELL  
BRETT WOODS  
NICK ABIUSO



## CLASS OF SEVENTY-EIGHT

### FORM 6A

#### GIRLS

Nicolette: Well liked by her friends; is it because of her personality or because of those juicy, succulent yummy, chocolate lamingtons she brings to school?

Michelle: "What did Marilyn Monroe have that I don't have?"

Stella: ambition; to bring weird-looking stockings into fashion.

Patricia: breaks out in tears when she realises this is her last year of school.

Katy W: successfully deceived everyone by appearing to work this year.

Jane: "Oh, I'm so embarrassed!!"

Leanne: Still attempting to prove that this is her third and not her first art essay handed in during the year.

Katy S: a shy affable creature; avoids publicity whenever possible - a true conformist.

Natalie: ew, .... Nat was that you? (compliments of C.R.)

Terryn: professional artist, sportswoman, partygiver and "Johncuddler."

#### GUYS

John: does most of his 'studies' on a Saturday night.

Brad: a sinner - wine, women and chewing gum.

Peter: determined to have triumph over the raging Asian Table Tennis Champions.

Steven: apart from playing basketball, he worked steadily throughout the year to see if he could stand the strain.

Bill: "Pint sized" Einstein.

Dennis: good cricketer - bowled many a maiden over.

Mark: Rumour has it he took two days to get home from Donna's party, which, though it wasn't a short walk, took even longer on hands and knees.

### FORM 6B

#### GIRLS

Robyn: the many lives and loves of Robyn Ball.

Rika: the only tennis player with naturally wavy hair.

Teresa: budding Egyptologist - pains practice in deciphering hieroglyphics by reading her own notes.

Chris: up and coming poet, especially on the topic of Natalie.

Rita: one of the few glimmers of sanity in an unusually dark wilderness.

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Mandy: an excellent actress. Capable of looking exceedingly melancholy, especially when someone in the audience gets up and leaves.

Lisa E: reportedly seen lurking behind bushes at school although she professes to be researching horticulture, we still sometimes wonder.

Evie: contrary to the saying, she is never seen and never heard. Probable fate - head spy for the C.I.A.

Mary: vaguely resembles her reflection in the mirror.

#### BOYS

Jeff: Wishes to congratulate himself on behalf of himself.

David L: his portrait is often seen on 'wanted' posters.

Alex V: (Casanova) favourite saying - Hello Lucy, Sally, Sue .... (fictitious names only). Ambition - to have a harem. Dislikes - competition. Probable fate - unique harem guard.

Gordon: ambition - to tell a funny joke. Probable fate - chief comedian at the morgue.

Peter: our karate expert, or so he tells us. Known to carry out his practice on innocent young bystanding females.

### FORM 6C

#### GIRLS

Irene: suspected of discovering the equation:  $HE + Ag + Mg = Ham + Egg$  while reading in chemistry.

Sylvia: no effusive character but behind her facade of taciturnity, she harbors a passionate desire for A's in all subjects.

Joanne: always to be seen with her nose in a biology book - so as not to lose her place.

Aviva: ambition - to be able to arrive at class early without being stirred.

Sharon: "Do I have to go up and make a speech?"

Sandi: a little ray of sunshine but usually sun struck.

Adeline: a little bundle of mischief.

Sue S: "Ya Herman!"

Meg: still has to hand in forty-one biology pracs.

Kerryn: "I'll laugh at anything ..... ANYTHING."

Lisa G: "What does it mean? What? Oh, don't go so fast!"

Chee Hsing: ambition - to be a grave digger, now and then throwing up a skull (an obvious case of skull-diggery).

Sandra: a definite failure as a sixth former student - bound to get at least straight passes.

Lily: often seen sneaking out of the school before sport - wagger!

#### BOYS

Murray: part-time student part of the time.

Fred: a not-too French French bean.

John P: mechanic.

Frank: an enthusiastic bird-watcher.

Jack: He heard it straight from the horses' mouth. Bird brain.

Grant: motto - no-one is useless, even the worst of us can serve as horrible examples. Favourite question: "How's Helen?"

Marko: has been shaving for two years and cut himself both times.

Steven H: Confucius say "Man who thinks of figures not necessarily mathematician."

### FORM 6D

#### GIRLS

Donna F: Mrs Freitag's wondering why you weren't at school yesterday.

Melissa: drifted aimlessly through the year, no doubt in order to save her energy for the exams.

Jenny: goes berserk at the mere mention of more homework.

Lisa R: how big do you think it is, Lisa?

Maggie: Nearly failed 99%.

Christina: Imported for the Asian Dinner (she arrived at about that time) a rare delicacy.

Joy: A sparkle of joy in our lives makes everyone happier. Our twentieth century philosopher.

Donna R: extremely capable of sizing up the situation in hand - though she usually gets the wrong size. Love her car!

Manda: Her opinions are roughly parallel to, and therefore never coming into contact with, everybody else's. Also envied for her meticulous appearance.

#### BOYS

Darren: hibernation during politics in the midst of a newspaper.

Vincent: friendly, likeable, cheerful - qualities unheard of in a 6th former.

Kevin: tries to be the Form comic. Ambition - to crack a funny (impossible!)

Michael S: the quiet one.

Martin: the 'blood and guts' of 6th form.

Lawrence: our official sixth form photographer - found snapping on all important occasions.

Jeremy: Chemistry is his first and last love. His reactions with the chemistry teacher are apt to become explosive.

Christopher: One out of the jewel box, don't you think possums?

Heng: admits he's God's gift to women and that he broke the heart of every girl in Malaysia by leaving for Melbourne. Are there any girls in his part of the country?

Ken: it was rumoured that by dubious calculations and differential calculus, he arrived at the amazing fact that his IQ was negative.

Ignacio: inarticulate person whose vague gibberings during English periods are claimed by him to be rational arguments.

Wong: model student - a very nice guy. Any notoriety yet to be discovered.

Goh: often collides with ping-pong balls.

Raymond: has a knack of waking up in English by provoking philosophical and political arguments.

Tony: Possibly the form's chief lover boy.

Lau: A proletarian who wants to know the insides of a ping-pong ball. A certainty to invent a ball with a pong but no ping.

David F: Hard up for an unfortunate to listen to his oratory, is suspected of confounding the caretaker's cat on the subject of "Fish Raising in Outer Mongolia."

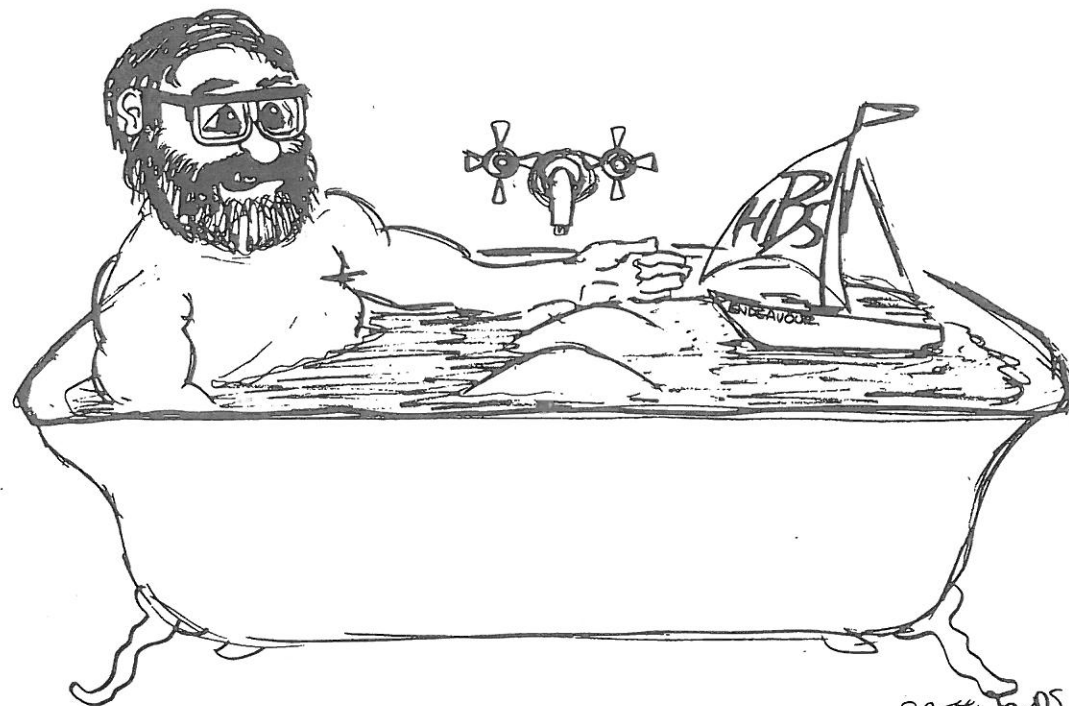
Trevor: Opens the common room out of the generosity of his heart and for the benefit of all - when it suits him.

— Jane Wallace-Mitchell  
— Melissa Ryan

— VALE —

It is with sorrow that we note the death of a past student, Amirudin (Amir) Kassim. Amir came to Brighton High School from Malaysia in 1975 to do his Higher School Certificate, and succeeded in obtaining the highest marks amongst form VI students at the school that year. Amir went on to study Medicine at Melbourne University. He will be missed by all who knew him.

## JUST FOR FUN

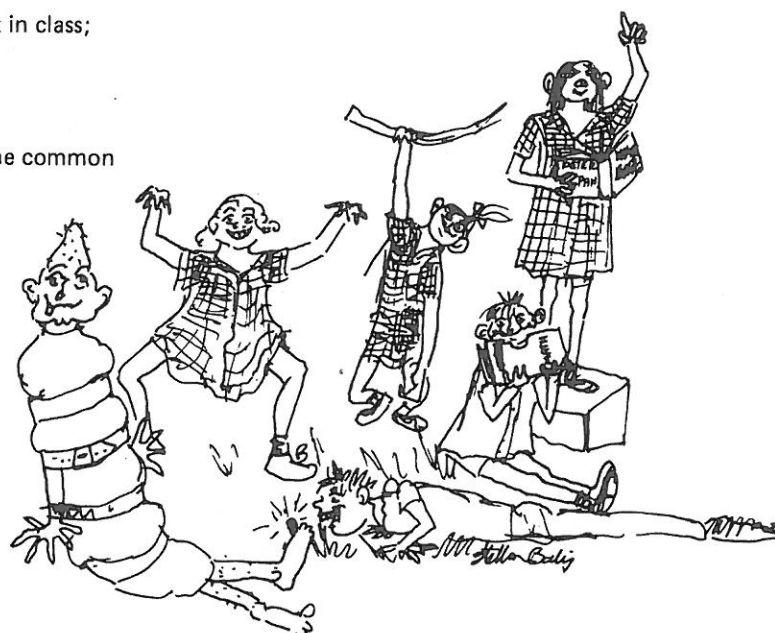




## SIXTH FORM IS...

- Sitting in the driveway on a cold day drinking a hot cup of coffee with hundreds of 1st- 5th formers enviously looking on;
- Beating Mrs Freitag and Mr Clark to form assembly;
- Continuous table tennis in the common room;
- Wagging sport and not getting caught;
- Wagging sport and getting caught;
- Sitting on your feet to hide the 'forbidden desert boot' during a uniform check;
- Gordon drinking a 'blue heaven' (whatever) at the Golf Links;
- Sitting next to Kevin in politics and listening to his obscenities for an hour;
- Watching 'Get Smart' and 'Hogan's Heroes' instead of doing homework;
- An average of seven essays a week;
- Turning purple while your essay is read out in class;
- Studying for exams;
- Not studying for exams;
- Making lots of great friends;
- Powder fights in the Graphics room;
- Smoking and sitting around the heater in the common room;
- Feeling depressed and banging your head against a wall;
- Feeling absolutely fantastic and doing chook calls in the corridors;
- Talking about non-existent drug rings in the bugged discussion room;
- The Wilson's Prom camp, the Asian dinner and the 6th form dinner;
- Reading and evaluating profound statements in the daily bulletin;
- Unclear thinking;
- Walking back from the Golf Links in the rain;
- Mr McKenzie's giggles, Mr Godfred's beard, Mr Clark's chocky- bar brooch;
- Fun!

Jane Wallace- Mitchell



## SIXTH FORM COMMITTEE REPORT

The idea for the Sixth Form Committee had been started last year by Mr Rowney, but this year the system was altered, and the Sixth Formers held a vote to elect 12 "representatives" to comprise the Committee. The idea was to have a representative body of students in Sixth Form to act as a "medium" between the staff and students, and to hopefully lessen the gap between the Sixth Formers and the rest of the school. As Marina Popovic and Norman Abrams said in last year's School Captain's report: "Most of these friendships exclude the Sixth Form Students from the rest of the school - thus within the running of the school, the Sixth Form is a separate group..."

Elected were: Sharon Byrne and Ignacio Inchausti (School Captains), Terryn Hough and Trevor Alexander (Vice Captains), Amanda Fothergill, Amanda Godfrey, Christine Renfrey, Melissa Ryan, Alex Vasiljevic, Kevin Cutler, John Clarkson, Denis Dakis, and myself.

Our meetings throughout the year were held at lunchtimes with Mr Rowney and Miss Mayson, and occasionally the Sixth Form Co- Ordinators, Mr Clark and Mrs Freitag would join us. After a slow start to the year, a Senior dance was organized, which was held on the first Thursday after the Mid- year exams, and proved to be a great success, with a good attendance, and even Mr Rowney voiced his approval.

While I think we did not live up to our expectations completely, I feel that we have set a precedent upon which other Sixth Formers in years to come can improve.

Mark Stanley.

## 6TH FORM

Yea, as I walk through the East Wing Corridor - I shalt not disturb. He leads me into the Kingdom of the book.

And it came to pass, that in this Kingdom ruled two brothers of the faith. Priests Pamment and McKenzie each begat two forms. Those who follow High priest Pamment shall be led by the commandment "Thou shalt not waffle." Those who follow the other path led by the High priest McKenzie shall learn by the joke and the giggle.

From amidst these tribes shall arise the temple servants, a link between the High priest McKenzie and the followers of the faith. These shall be known as "Lit- ites" and they shall distinguish "Raskism" from "Katyism."

Traverse my earth to all its corners. Some shall wander into the "Valley of the Ravers." And there lives in this valley a hostile tribe known as the Pearsonites. They live in fear of notes and cannot fathom the jokes of their leader. The father of this tribe shall teach his sons, that they may teach their sons - the value of the dollar and the need of Gross Domestic Product (G.D.P. shall it be called).

The defenders of my faith shall be known as "Gunnellites" and they shall learn my laws and the law of my people and will learn to decipher hieroglyphic notes.

And I anoint Godfred as my teacher of numbers - a "general" he shall be. And they shall be normally distributed within this tribe. Those that are big shall be BIG, those that are small shall be small.

And my go- between shall be pontiff Freitag and thou shalt obey her command or "the book" shall be signed. And she shall lead my followers in the two streams of figures and they shall calculate the adversities.

And I have made it so, that what goes up will come down and you shall study. Why have I done this? And formulae shall be thy bread and Gardiner shall be thy water. I have instructed Turnbull so.

Beauty is discovered in the composition of thine earth. Ye shall be perplexed by that which is organic whilst the elements shall be numerous. And it shall be a "strine" on you but priestess Ball shall be beaut - "Eh!"

Man is made in mine own image and woman from a rib; my sheep shall learn of what is beneath a person. And it came to pass that the burden should be carried by two matriarchs. Those who are led by Clark learn of confusion in conjunction with questioning in conjunction with the overhead projector. Those who are led by Smithers shall be meek and mild and unhassled yet the voice of contentment is not unanimous - (Lisa & Jenny are the outcasts of this tribe).

And I have sent you out from Babel to every inch of my land and some their tongues I have changed.

Ye shall arise by "early- morning" and seek sanctuary in the hollow of my land. The dungeon shall be thy dwelling and Lewinson thy mistress. And let no- one be irregular.

Some I have sent to view the past. And there came upon them a beauty called Nolan who answered as she could to the outcries of the masses (Christine) "I am not rich My husband is a lawyer. The jewellery is cheap." And Nolan begat Young of a dramatic persuasion who incited a great war and a nature of rebellion (Eureka arose from N 12).

And some I scattered to the Land of Creation - one of precision the other indecision. Allan shalt rule a straight path with accuracy and refinement and he shall be your "mate."

With Clark shall ye never brush. His is the Kingdom of slugs and socks that have rotted. And dare ye ask of South Yarra.

This is my earth of plenty to do, knowledge and occasional fun.

I am Rowney the Lord thy g- d - thou shalt obey!

Kevin Cutler - (6)





## MR. McKENZIE —

Aviva Goldman and Sylvia Berger 6C.

### MR. McKENZIE — ENGLISH TEACHER EXTRAORDINAIRE/ COMEDIAN/AND A HELLUVA GREAT GUY!!

Mr. McKenzie (beauty 'Bazza') — Dashing, debonair, diabolically witty! Arriving each morning in his 'limousine' to entertain the enthusiastic and amazingly intelligent class of 6C.

Full of 'youthful' (?) energy he strides into the too-hot-in-summer-too-cold-in-winter room and plants himself on the front table. A clap of his hands, a brush of the beard, a gleam in his eye — "Here we are again, all raring to go!!" YAWN! Monday morning?? He's gotta be joking!!

'Death of a Salesman' first on the agenda. Pleasantly, politely; "Can I have a volunteer to read please?" DEATHLY SILENCE. (Grant saves the day — 3 characters in one — some people are so versatile!)

"Has anyone seen Sandi Kaye??"

If we thought Death of a Salesman was good, Pride and Prejudice was something else! How to change an old-fashioned tale of romance and discretion into an hilarious love story comedy in one easy lesson. Mr. Mack's deep appreciation of Jane Austen's characters is obvious — "Lady Catherine the Bore!" Entertainment plus with a great imitation of Mrs. Bennet. (does this reveal Mr. Mack's hidden desire to be an actor/les girls??!)

Lost in the depths of discussion; an interruption — the absentee list. "O.K. stand up those who aren't here." (Has anyone seen Sandi Kaye??)

NEWS FLASH: Mr. Mack takes the whole class on a date — thumbs down, we don't think much of his cultural tastes. Billy Liar for a social outing? Really!!

We forgave him and he liked us so much he took us out again. One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest — that's better Mr. Mack, you're learning! Talk about devotion to one's students; he just couldn't get enough of us, thus took us out yet again! The choice this time? Bless the Beasts and the Children which proved to be a somewhat mournful event — ('sobbing Sue Stevens' — don't say a tissue, say a scotties!).

Meanwhile those class discussions are getting better. Mr. Mack has taken to answering his own questions! Desperation is revealed on his face as he seeks for new, better techniques to get some sort of response from the sleepy 6Cers — "Come on bite, react, attack me!!"

Mr. Mack will resort to anything to prevent our English classes being boring. Like interesting guest speakers such as the dog which frequently inhabits the school, and whom, after being introduced to the 6C English class, strutted around the classroom twice only to stop and peruse over guess who's 'one look and you're blinded' electric blue socks.

Mr. Mack makes helpful, inspiring comments about our work — "Your work is like vomit, makes us examiners sick!" and gives us useful little tips for our after-life (after HSC that is) "You have to be mature like an old cheese before you get married" — Gouda, Edam, Old English??

He teaches us the difference between active and passive learning. Ten pushups while you're reading your novels, gymnastics inspire clear thinking and sit-ups for creative writing.

One day we will fondly gaze back upon the carefree days of our youth — the happy times we had at high school — those funny little early morning detentions — the cute way you'd get bawled out for not listening to the announcements, even after you'd explained fifty times that the public announcement system wasn't working. — Remember the quaint way you'd be told "If you don't like it, you can leave" — remember ....

...BEING HOUNDED INTO GIVING UP  
SPARE TIME AND WEEK-ENDS FOR  
HOUSE CHAIR PRACTICE —

...AND THEN HAVING TO CONTRIBUTE  
50¢ TO BUY THE CONDUCTRESS A PRESENT....



StellaBali

...REJECTION OF ARTICLES  
FOR THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE....



### OUR TRIBUTE (Thanks 6C)

Thanku Mr. Mack. (Our inspiration, like Kesey's Mack)

I like  
his  
blue  
eyes  
He's good

THE GREATEST

Everybody  
likes  
him

He's so funny

He puts a bit of  
excitement into  
everyday English

He'd be a great father

## SIXTH FORM CAMP

Sore bones and bruises.....

I know what you're thinking. You're saying to yourself "so what's so wonderful about a sixth form camp report at Wilson's Prom and why should I read it?" Well try to be brave and endure it.

Our camp began on Friday 31st of March. It was really novel wearing casual clothes to school. Everyone was looking at us and boy did I feel conspicuous with a spade in my hand and several other weird and wonderful objects! I know what you're thinking again — you don't want to hear about my adventures with a spade, you want me to stop waffling and get on with it!

We left at lunchtime on what was cautiously called a bus — it was a removal van with tiny seats packed closely together, and those of us who were sitting in the back got all the gas fumes! We arrived at the camp site at about six o'clock (after stopping in a country town where everyone gusted themselves on fish and chips), and we just had time to pitch our tents before nightfall. Then the fun began — I got out my big beachball and we played keepings off, it was the guys against the girls and unfortunately we were the ones who the ball was kept off!

The food was terrible, at least ours was — especially our custard and 'Deb' potato. (We later found out that Ignacio loved Deb potato and had eaten a whole saucepan full. Yuk!) I guess it was just that we were bad cooks because the other groups seemed to fare well enough.

On the first night almost everyone gathered in our tent for "Spin the Torch" (there was no bottle). It must have been at least two in the morning before everyone moved off. The next problem was trying to get to sleep on very hard ground! It was agony and to make it worse it rained! Most of the tents got at least a little flooded. One group's tent was completely washed out and they had to shift the tent — in one piece! Anyone who walked past and saw a tent walking along the road by itself must have had hysterics.

That day we all went on a hike. There was a choice of two walks — a relatively short walk along the beach or a long walk to Sealer's Cove. For some strange reason, despite my laziness and unfitness, I chose the longer walk. Up and down some quite steep but pleasant tracks until we came to Windy Saddle — a lookout point. From then on there was a leech swamp which had to be

endured. When a leech first decided he liked my blood I nearly jumped out of my skin! There's nothing to worry about really. They're very small creatures and you can't feel them, but the mere thought of them sucking and growing upon my blood gave me the creeps. After a while I semi-calmed down and continued. The worst thing about the walk was the thought that every step you took you had to take again on the way back.

When we did get back to camp there was time to mess about and have a beautiful hot shower before dinner. (Our meal once again was a disaster!)

Mr. Rowney had arrived in time for dinner to see how we were behaving. Sharon's group, slightly better at cooking than we were, had offered to cook his dinner, but the seagulls had other ideas: When the cooks weren't looking the seagulls tried to swipe the meat! They were caught though and cooked just the same.

After dinner the concert took place. There were a few sketches, a few songs, a very good bongo player and guitarists and a singalong afterwards, not forgetting the huge saucepan of popcorn which was distributed. Afterwards kids went for walks on the beach or amused themselves in other ways — eating, drinking, singing songs and I think a good time was had by all.

The next day we packed up, played games, went swimming (those who could stand the freezing water) and went for walks. When we were packed into the bus everyone realized how tired they were and slept for a while. When we stopped in a town everyone woke up and got something to eat. The rest of the journey home was spent in playing cards, singing songs, playing any sort of game available and me finishing my song of 100 green bottles! It wasn't me who started it, but boy was everyone glad when, after singing middle verses throughout the entire camp, I finally finished it!

I'm sure I've left out a hundred things that needed mentioning, and stuck in a lot of waffle, but for those of you who finished reading this article I hope you enjoyed it. Special thanks Mrs. Smithers for taking the trouble to organize such a terrific camp.

Melissa Ryan 6D

...DRESSING FOR  
GARBAGE DUTY....



...HAVING TO WEAR A SPORTS  
UNIFORM....



...THINKING UP NEW ORIGINAL  
WAYS TO WEAR A 100 GM  
FORM BADGE....





## ASIAN FRIENDS



## LIVING IS A PROCESS OF ADJUSTMENT TO A SOCIAL AND PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT

As a student from Malaysia coming over to Australia for further studies, I find life is completely different from back home. I am all alone and have to start a new life here.

While on the plane from Malaysia to Australia, I had a strange feeling inside me. Our mother tongue was not English. Eventhough I have been learning English for thirteen years and am good at it, I do find difficulty in understanding English when talking to an Australian. The problem is that we have been learning proper English, stressing pronunciation and grammar. However, the Australians tend to speak fast and sometimes "slip" out some words, (especially our English teacher). Anyway, I have been in Australia for two months already and am getting used to speaking and listening to "Australian" English. It is a matter of time before I shall be able to understand fully.

Malaysia lies just above the equator and has a hot and wet climate throughout the year. Temperature differences are low and vary from 26oC to 28oC only. The first day of my arrival in Melbourne had a temperature of 17oC. The moment I came out of the warm airport, I was chattering and shivering. I felt the cold seeping into my feet and my hands were icy cold and numb. With each day passing, the coldness did not bother me that much and I must say, I am getting used to it!

School life is completely different too. Instead of beginning at 7.30 a.m. and ending at 1.00 p.m. which enables me to go home for lunch, I find the school hours over here are much longer. As lunch has to be taken in school, I have no choice but to eat sandwiches. Instead of having a hot lunch of rice, I eat cold sandwiches which do not seem to fill my tummy. However, the sandwiches have become part of the menu for lunch and it is now a normal routine to eat them at school from Monday to Friday.

I will be here in Australia for five years to complete my tertiary education and have intentions of settling down in Australia. I guess if I were to do what I planned I have to get used to and be "part of Australia!"

Ken Cheah



## THE ASIAN DINNER.

When there is a party at Brighton High, it always turns out to be a success especially if it is put on by our Asian students.

After weeks of organising, rehearsing and cooking, everything was ready and the Asian Night '78 began. This night gives the Australian Sixth Form students a chance to see the customs and foods of our fellow Asian students. It gives us a chance to see a little of themselves and also to get to know them better.

It was perfectly organised with entertainment items by the Asian students - Heng played a beautiful song on the flute called "The Little Cowboy", Vincent on the harmonica held us captive with "Song of the Green Island", Adeline showed her skill in playing an Australian piano favourite "The Entertainer" and some of the boys showed us their latest dance to "Play the Funky Music", and not only did they all get together with Vincent on guitar singing "Pass It On" "Geyland" and "Rasa Sayang", but Heng sang the "Theme from Mongolian Plains" solo! The girls showed us their skill in dancing the Bamboo Dance. I was sure they would all end with broken ankles! After that, we were asked to try our hand at the dance but not many were game to risk it.

The food too was fantastic with dishes such as Sesame Chicken, Sweet and Sour Pork, Satay and many others, finishing with Chinese tea.

Other events such as the speeches, the movies, Mr. Rowney's poetry recital and the welcoming committee were also unforgettable. The hospitality and friendliness of the Asians, not only to their fellow Sixth-formers but also to the teachers, Mother's Club and School Council is touching.

The care and preparation that went into that evening and the thoughtful touch of ending the evening with an Australian disco dance all helped to make it an unforgettable experience.

— Melissa Ryan





## CAREERS

The Brighton High School Work Experience Programme has been a great success. At the point of writing this brief report there have been 125 students on work experience, some of whom have been out twice. Work experience should help students to make a vocational choice, but this is just one aspect of the program. It has much wider implications for the students, such as helping them to gain confidence, self-awareness and communication with others in an away-from-school situation.

Work Experience is only one part of Careers at Brighton High School; there is counselling, careers and courses information, speeches from members of the work force and teaching institutions, excursions to state colleges and so on.

1978 has been the first year in which the school has had a full time careers teacher and we plan to extend the programme further in 1979.

A. Granat.

Work Experience: Some impressions

### Graphic Design

Perhaps the most memorable thing that happened to me was getting up at seven o'clock every morning to begin the long trek to the city.

Once there it was great fun. Although it was an office building, everything was extremely modern - with "graffiti" in enormous letters scrawled on the walls, etc. The majority of the workers there were under thirty, the atmosphere was very relaxed and it was great fun. The work I did was basically designing advertisements for a variety of products ranging from motor-bikes to cosmetics.

I thought that work experience was really helpful - the first day back at school brings you back to reality (Yuk!). But, on the whole, it did make us appreciate how tiring it is to work 9-5 every day of the week - even if we do enjoy the work!

Andrea Ford (4D)

### Primary Teaching

I went on work experience to Gardenvale Primary School for five days and I had a really great time assisting the Preparatory grade teacher and reading and talking to the little five-year-olds.

The best time of all was "Show and Tell" when the children would show and talk about things they had or did. One little boy went up the front to show everyone his "new" shoes but, by the looks of them, they'd had at least a year's wear!

When playtime came for them, it was work for me, because I'd go into the yard and, all of a sudden, I'd have twenty little hands tugging at me and twenty little voices asking me to lift them up onto the monkey bars. It made me feel really special.

I really loved the experience and it taught me a great deal.

Anita Lopo (4D)

### Dental Assistant

Whilst on work experience last term I really found out what I wanted to do, or rather, what I didn't want to do; I don't want to be a dental assistant!

I did everything the dental assistant did so it gave me a good idea of what the job was like. I suppose it would have been a good job for someone who likes peace and quiet. It wasn't a difficult job; in fact, it was quite slack, but it was boring!

I think work experience is a very good idea. It can really help people who are having trouble trying to work out what they want to spend their future doing. I think it's about the best thing Brighton High has brought into the school system for a long time.

Vivi Mavriopoulos (4D)

### Accountancy

For my work experience, I went to work in an advertising agency, Clemenger and Bryson, in the accounts department. In the week I was there I enjoyed myself as the people I worked with were very nice.

The part I enjoyed most was the car trips to the computer agency. These were great, as the bloke who drove me was a really nice guy. We would talk and joke as he did battle with the heavy traffic. (How my English teacher would shudder at the slang in that last paragraph ... She did ... L.L.)

It was really interesting to see how an accountant works. After a week I found it wasn't really my scene, so in that way it was really good. It may have stopped me from committing myself to a job I don't like.

Julien Dickson (4D)

### Plumbing

My ambition was to become a plumber. I had heard about work experience and applied through Mrs. Granat, for a job. The next day I had an interview with a firm called Maskells. The interview was a success and I was asked to start on Monday at 7.45 a.m.

On arrival I was introduced to my new workmates; they were all good guys. Then came my first job: fitting a new toilet. That sounds bad but it wasn't really. The next day we did a few minor jobs around Brighton. On Wednesday we had no jobs to do so we stayed at the yard and cleaned it up. (It's not a small place either). We were told by Mr. Maskell that the floors and benches had to be spotless, good enough for us to eat off them.

The next day was really good because we were working all day at a place in South Road, doing spouting. That day went very quickly. On Friday I was assigned to a job regarded as a plumber's nightmare - cleaning out a sewer. Luckily for me, it was an easy one to do.

After that job we then did a few small jobs fixing tiles, repairing leaking roofs and helping out in a laundry where the firm was installing washing machines. After these jobs I went back to the yard, was paid and talked to the boss about an apprenticeship. He asked me to come back after the exams.

Overall, the work experience scheme is an excellent idea as it gives us the opportunity to see what our future job will be like. I would recommend it to everyone.

Con Mios (5F)

### Travel

Work Experience is new to our school this year though other schools have been sending out students for some years.

What is Work Experience? Work Experience is a great opportunity for students to make up their minds as to whether they are going to be happy doing a particular type of work.

When I returned home from an overseas trip last year, I decided I would like to get a position involved with travel.

After speaking with our Careers Teacher, I was fortunate enough to be allowed to go to Brighton Travel World for my week's experience. This I enjoyed thoroughly as I typed letters to interesting places all over the world, did general office work and observed the procedures of the travel consultants.

On the other hand, I know that some students have found the jobs that they chose were not to their liking, proving to them that such a position would be an unsuitable career for them to follow.

Susan Taylor (4C)

## SOCIAL SERVICE 1978

This year again, as in the past years, most of our school was involved in some kind of Social Service activities.

All of our Forms 6, Forms 5 and two of Forms 4 (4B & 4C), were busy from the beginning of the year collecting money for their four Foster children. Three of the children: Alan Sabado, Carmelo Gomez and Vidal Sanchez were adopted by B.H.S. five years ago. This year, we adopted one more child, a girl from Nicaragua called Cecilia Ruiz-Ampie. Every one of these children receives monthly \$16.00 which equals \$192.00 yearly. Let's multiply the last figure by four children - and the amount of \$768.00 for 1978 is a great credit to those who collected it. The "thank you's" are coming every month directly in the letters from Peru, Colombia, the Phillipines and Nicaragua.

Other impressive amounts of money were collected by volunteers from different Forms in the way of yearly Door-Knocks or street collections:

21 students	went out for the Salvos	- result: \$966.65
12 "	" " " for the Heart Found - "	\$240.47
10 "	" " " for Austcare	\$219.19
9 "	" " " for Legacy Badge	- result unknown.

The weekly morning Form Assembly collections brought also a considerable sum of money. Participating very actively were the Forms 1 with the following results:

1A	- \$24.97	- for R.S.P.C.A.
1B	- \$21.83	-
1C	- \$27.49	- for R.S.P.C.A.

and leading

1D	- \$57.83	- for Yooralla Hospital for Crippled Children.
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4D, 3D, 3E and 2A also added considerably to our account.

While this report is going into print, we have several other appeals on our hands: we are collecting for the Blinds' Institute, State Schools' Relief and the yearly "Give a Meal" (Deserted Children).

I.A. Lewinson.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SOCIAL SERVICE MONITOR

It starts when I open my pencil case and withdraw that crucial piece of paper with that list of names on it.

Silence fills the class and with the tread of my footsteps upon the floor as I close in on my victims they gasp pitifully, "Not today", "What am I going to do for lunch?", "My bus fare", "Go jump" or "I'll pay you tomorrow". But as you know, tomorrow never comes.

This year my class 4C along with 4B adopted a Peruvian child. His name is Carmelo Gomez and we try to collect \$16.00 per month between us, to help support Carmelo and his family.

We held a cake stall which was cancelled due to lack of interest and it seems strange to me that many people were for adopting a child in the beginning, but as the months dragged on they found they could not afford 40c per month.

It is said that only 1 child in every 3 grows up. The other two die before they reach adulthood.

Maybe next year we will be more willing to give and not so eager to take.

Gabrielle Lewis 4C

## WALKATHON:

The Mothers' Club organized the second Annual Walkathon on Thursday, 23rd March. The response of students and their sponsors was excellent. Sincere thanks are due to the Mothers, Fathers, Grands, Uncles, Aunts, Neighbours and Friends who supported the Walkers who raised a total of \$3019.00. This ensures an updating of our T.V. facilities and possibly the completion of several other projects about the school. The main result of the Walkathon is one of those rather intangible feelings that a group has of common achievement. This increases school spirit and belief in the school. Seven hundred and more sharpened appetites at the end of the walk, were appeased by the barbecue prepared by the ever-energetic members of the Mothers' Club. Special thanks go to Mr. Turnbull and members of staff who prepared the paper work, plotted the course, manned check points and followed up the task of collecting cards and cash. The walkers contributed cash in the form of "fines" for attending school out of uniform in addition to the energy required in browbeating sponsors and walking. A sum of \$93.00 was raised, and this will be allocated to Social Service within the School.

## DID YOU KNOW ...

- \*That in poker, there are 1,302,540 ways to have a nothing hand.
- \*That the bullfrog's lifespan is a maximum 16 years compared with the toad's maximum lifespan which is 36 years.
- \*Millard Fillmore was the twelfth vice president of the United States of America.
- \*The 16th of August is the 228th day of the (NON LEAP) year.
- \*The state of Utah in the U.S.A., is 84916 MI<sup>2</sup>
- \*In the 1972-3 financial year a total of \$22,141,000 was collected as customs and excise revenue on aviation turbine kerosene.
- \*Margaret Rutherford's bust was 7.6 cm bigger than Jane Mansfield's.
- \*Ester Methyl Butyrate is one of the components of the pineapple essence.
- \*There were more pigs in Britain in 1931 than there were in 1933.
- \*Lake Issyk Kul in Asia occupies about 2,355 square miles.
- \*The gestation period of a moose is roughly 240 days.
- \*NH<sub>2</sub>C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>4</sub>HH<sub>2</sub>O is sulphathiazole.
- \*The index finger of the statue of liberty is eight feet long.
- \*PSEUDOPENEUS MACULATUS are also known as American Spotted Goldfish.
- \*The Willow Ptarmigan is the official bird of the American state of ALASKA.
- \*The Relative Atomic Mass of Holmium is 164.9303
- \*The last name in the 1972 WINNIPEG, Canada, telephone directory was ZYZNIEWSKI.
- \*203,018 males and 707 females were employed in the mining quarrying industries in 1938.
- \*The Klyuchevskaya volcano in the U.S.S.R. is 15,584 feet in height.
- \*ZYMOTECNOLOGY is the study of fermentation.

Martin ("Trivia") Turnbull, 5E

## AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

Early in 1978 pupils from forms I to VI sat for the Australian Mathematics Competition sponsored by the Canberra College of Advanced Education, the Bank of New South Wales and the Canberra Mathematical Association.

Distinctions were awarded to pupils in the first 15% in their state. Credits were awarded to pupils in the next 30% in their state. The results obtained by our pupils were very pleasing. Of the 158 who sat 28 gained distinctions and 53 gained credits.



## INSPECT

For the past year and a half, a small, irregular group of people have banded together under the name of B.H.S. INSPECT. To the vast majority of our school's population, the inspect group is probably just another instigator of Daily Bulletin notices and infrequent events of various sorts, which can be quite easily ignored. (After all, the fewer things you're interested in, the less the effort you need to make, and the more time you can spend smoking behind the bikesheds, or sitting letting your behind grow even bigger, or just existing- right?) Well, for the one or two who might just wonder about INSPECT, what its aims and methods are, and who belongs to it, here are a few facts. INSPECT itself is a State wide organization for secondary-students who are concerned with humanity's harmful effects on our environment, and with making some sort of an effort to bring about an ecological awareness among the population in general. Brighton High INSPECT represents this organization in this school.

With what is INSPECT concerned? Modern societies have pushed their technological knowledge and expertise to great limits, and as a result increased their affluence and standards of living to a very high level. However, the result of this has often been harmful to the quality of our environment. For example, the development and increased use of motor vehicles has enabled us to enjoy great mobility, communication and leisure; it has also, however, caused a rapid dwindling of the earth's limited supplies of petroleum products, and a major problem with atmospheric pollution (smog). Similarly, advanced societies use enormous amounts of electricity, and this has obviously made life easier in many, many ways. But at the same time, electricity production involves the use of some other energy source, traditionally coal and oil or water - again these (except water of course) result in the depletion of our fossil fuel reserves and a problem with various forms of pollution. We are now looming on the brink of the nuclear age for if societies are to maintain or increase their utilisation of electricity, we will need to find a new primary source of energy, as our fossil fuels run out. Nuclear fission (the splitting of the atom) certainly provides much energy, but brings with it a host of problems - the possibility of genetic mutations through exposure to radiation, the threatened spread of nuclear weapons, the problems of storing highly dangerous waste products for hundreds of thousands of years, etc.

The living environment, as well as our non-living surroundings, is also often affected by our activities. The attention of INSPECT and many other environmental groups in recent years has been focused on one such case - that of the threatened extinction of many species of whales. Much of the interest and effort of B.H.S. INSPECT during 1978 has been directed towards the question, and we have not only shown the film "Whales, Dolphins and Man" in the hall, but also collected literally thousands of signatures from people opposed to the continuation of whaling. Whales, now being seen as perhaps closest to humans in brain development and intelligence, are not the only organisms whose existence is threatened; we need look no further than our country, in which many species have either become extinct or been threatened with this since the arrival of whites in Australia.

You may well ask - what is the alternative to all this? Is INSPECT asking us to go back to the Dark Ages and for-

get about scientific advancement and increased standards of living? Of course not - few people would believe that humanity should, or even could, go back to a really primitive existence. However, perhaps a more "ecological" life-style is needed - one in which resources are not necessarily squandered, in which there is care for our surroundings, and in which other species are viewed not as commodities for us to use, but as living things to be respected and treated accordingly. Changes can be made at all levels - governments, industry and the individuals can all play their part in this effort. Our society is enormously wasteful in its use of energy - witness the continuous use of electricity for advertisement lighting that is on 24 hours a day; the number of cars on the road (usually just one person in them), while many trips could be done either on foot, or a bike, or in public transport; the need for burning oil, gas, etc to heat our homes, when a more efficient design of houses and more thoughtful activity by the inhabitants, could reduce our dependence on heating by perhaps 30% or more. We can also be rather cruel when it comes to our treatment of other living things: look at the enormous wastage of paper (paper comes from trees, which are living things) in excess packaging of goods and elsewhere; all of the products obtained through whale slaughter (oils, cosmetics, pet-foods, etc) can be made from other sources, usually more efficiently and more economically; and so on.

At INSPECT, we don't expect that we can actually change these things by ourselves - we do hope that we can change people's awareness and consciousness, and that this may eventually bring results. Unless people are informed on "the other side of the coin", they cannot be expected to make intelligent decisions regarding matters such as whether Australia should mine and export uranium. So our small school-based group is perhaps mainly an information and resource centre, and an organization for people with similar points of view. Among the activities we have held, and intend to keep on with, are the running of the school's paper recycling programme, film showings, bike rides in the country, attendances at rallies, conferences, etc. People who have been actively involved this year include: S. Byrne, K. McLeod, M. Yovich, S. LeMasurier, L. Bilu, M. Hahn, T. Elsworth, S. Meeking, G. Lewis, J. Maddern, F. Knights, K. Knights, K. Findlay, J. Boutland, N. Brown, J. McLeod. Hopefully next year many more names will be added to this list.

Paul Wilson

## INSPECT

The members of Inspect are presently nauseated by the pollution given off.

This cliquey little group holds midday meeting in that smelly science room where Dictator Wilson lurks between classes. (If you think he lurks between classes, you should see him in them). Well, these are the members of Inspect and although we try hard to achieve something, nothing very much does get done.

If you have never been to an Inspect meeting you should come and join in the fun of guessing what will be in Mr. Wilson's thermos flask today?

There was great excitement last week as an unknown creature emerged and if you think the State Parks and Wildlife Commission were baffled as to what it was, you should have seen us.

Now getting serious, Inspect is not a political group but a group of students who are trying to care for their environment.

We have successfully staged a paper recycling scheme, and have held a few bike rides and shown a few films but there seems to be an air of apathy at the present time. Maybe, next year, people will start caring before it is too late.

Written by  
Gabrielle Lewis  
and  
Susan Meeking

## BRIGHTON OUT OF SCHOOL

### TRIPS

Grevisfield Farm Report

Paul Sparks 2D

The form two second term excursion to Grevisfield was certainly one to remember, mainly because of the interesting things we learned, but also for the fun and the laughs we had. Our frosty departure began early, and we soon settled down for the journey to Sunbury.

When we arrived, Farmer Brown, our guide took us into the nearby wool-shed where the sheep were shorn. He showed us the various types of wool and sheep bred on the farm and also included different breeds of goats. Farmer Brown informed us about how to tell the age of the sheep and what was done to keep them in good health.

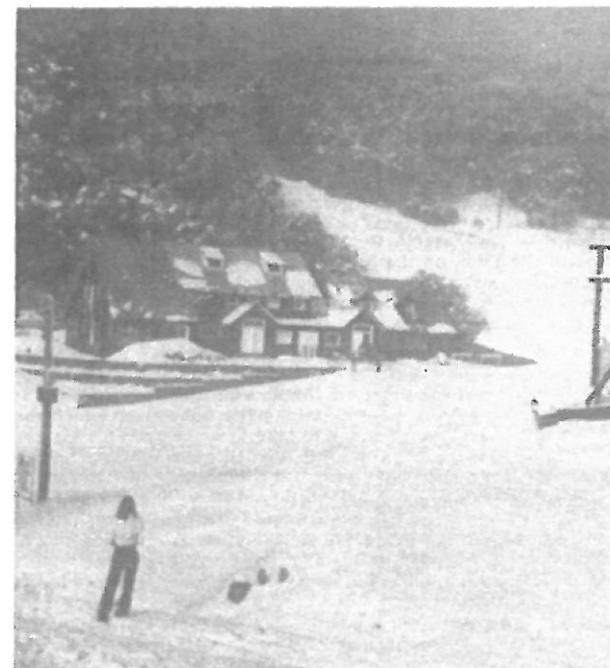
After this hour-long exhibition which lasted two hours, lunch began; and everyone either stood around eating, or leant on the wooden fences that housed the animals. With the exception of the teachers, nearly everyone was out in the fresh air. The teachers retired to what I have called "a large shed", and PEACEFULLY ate their lunch, staying in one place.

Then with the aid of his master, a sheep dog performed the art of rounding up sheep. The dog rounded up four sheep, but Farmer Brown told us that the dog could gather up to 250 sheep at a time. We viewed this from a large hay-stack, and this was something that a lot of us hadn't seen before.

The short tractor ride into one of the paddocks showed just how rocky the land was. Every second of the ride, we were met by either the crashing jolt of the trailer wheel, or the sharp impact of someone's bony elbow into our sides.

If you were a person who disliked the out-doors, bad smells and "slush", I DON'T think you would've enjoyed the day. But for those who did, and there are many of them, I don't think they were glad when the teachers told us to pile back onto the bus for the long, slow trip back to Brighton.

Paul Sparks 2D



## THE FORM FIVE SKI TRIP

The form five ski trip, consisting of twenty five students and four teachers was a great success, and apart from a few strained muscles and bruised "bums" everyone came home with great tanned faces and cameras loaded with pictures.

Our days were spent braving the terrifying five degree angle nursery slopes mostly on our heads, backs, or bums but rarely on our skis, which usually became detached from our poodies and cascaded down the slopes before we did. There were quite a few run-a-way skiers who couldn't find the brakes and usually ended up in a heap at the bottom of the slope after giving us a display of triple somersaults.

On the last night we all had to put on an act of some sort and they ranged from Mr. Allen's & Mr. Turnbull's version of Danny Boy to John Englander's and the gangs version of "This is your life".

Overall everyone had a fantastic time and feel that future form fives should not miss it.

By Julie Cooke & Zita Simonelis

## "THE ROAD TO FALLS CREEK"

We yawned and we stretched as we climbed out of bed,

And the thought of the ski trip ran through our heads,

We gobbled our breakfast and changed rather fast,

So we'd be on the bus first and not last.

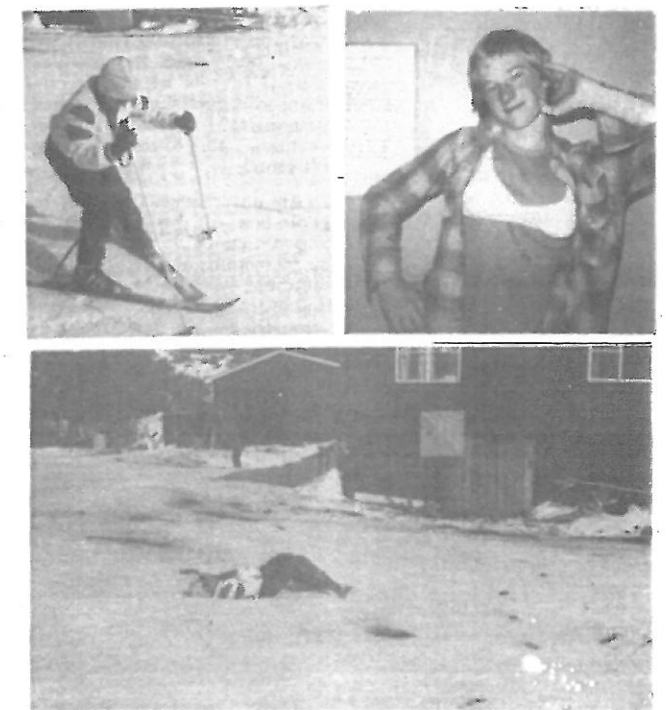
Bound for Falls Creek our excitement grew,

It would be freezing as we all knew,

Wrapped in our woollies and well on the way

Up hill and down dale all the day.

By Corralyn Dick ...





## CANBERRA — SNOWY RIVER TRIP

On Sunday May 7th 38 students arrived at school to take off on a 6 day excursion to Canberra and the Snowy Mountains. We were supposed to arrive at 1/4 to 7 (a disgusting time to be up in the morning) and only one sensible girl grabbed an extra 1/2 hours sleep.

We travelled all day, with a few stops along the way, and got to Canberra about 5.00 o'clock. Then started a ritual that was continued throughout the trip. It was the game of predicting what our accommodation would be like. Most of us were expecting a dilapidated old shack and were pleasantly surprised when we pulled up outside an impressive brown brick hotel. There, ready to greet us, was a doorman prepared to direct us to our glorious suites. Actually, it didn't happen quite that way. We were ushered in a back entrance and allocated rooms no bigger than the girls sick bay in the Centre Corridor, but we don't mention that, do we? That disappointment was overcome by the thought of sitting down to a good steak at a restaurant befitting the outward appearance of the Hotel. We entered a room with excellent food and service parallel to that of Coles Cafeteria. Disillusioned, to say the least! However, the majority of girls overcame that shock with the discovery of a Queensland school Rugby team, staying on the floor below us. I shan't elaborate on proceedings, but it is safe to say that those lifts were kept busy over the next 36 hours.

Arriving at Parliament House the next day, we were pleased to see they had rolled out the red carpet, and pleased to discover we were to be treated to a sumptuous afternoon tea. (Actually the red carpet was for the U.S. Vice-President, and afternoon tea turned out to be sandwiches and Coke on the floor of a back hallway, but it sounded impressive, didn't it?)

We proceeded to the National Library where the biggest shock was the discovery that it actually did not have a Kiosk. (Unbelievable, isn't it?)

That day we also visited the War Memorial where some people threw money into a fountainless fountain, and the National Mint, where some paid \$1.80 for 80 cents worth of coins. (Certain people are a trifle hard to understand, aren't they?)

Off to Cooma the next day. Not quite down town New York, but...

18



On the way to our accommodation that night we again aired our views as to what it would be like, and didn't we have enough time to do it? Our bus driver, Ron, had just a little trouble finding the right place, but we did get shown a nice sign-board and an even nicer dead-end. Once there we were all happy with the lovely little log cabins, but, alas, something once more went wrong. We were marched into buildings resembling army-barracks, containing bunks and as yet, unmade beds. Actually the rooms were very nice and modern and the log cabins contained a recreation room, where many a game of pool and ping-pong was played. That night, a person known by all affectionately as Des, was seen making indecent proposals to another person, known affectionately by all as Carrot-top, much to the distress of another person, known affectionately by all as the Scarlet Woman. Aliases have been used as a courtesy to those involved, though you do not have to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out Carrot-top's identity. That night we also discovered the identity (or alias) of one of the accompanying teachers, but shall keep that a secret. (You see the great educational value of this trip now, don't you?)

An unfortunate accident to the oil-line of the bus, left us stranded again in the bustling, busy metropolis of Corryong. The inhabitants were such bright, intelligent creatures that they kept us amused by the mere sight of them.



We arrived in time for dinner at the Beechworth Hostel, which was a lovely old building. (This time I'm serious).

The town must have been closed that night, so some kept themselves amused by playing pool, playing pool, or just for a change, playing pool. Others amused themselves by watching (you guessed it) people playing pool.

Next morning was spent at the Beechworth Museum. (Those 'Please Don't Touch' signs really are a waste of time, aren't they?)

We also fitted in a visit to a Power Station, where we all raced eagerly to be the first down the six floors, in the elevator. (That's right, I said down - 250 feet down...really enjoyable stuff especially for the recently formed Claustrophobic Society of Brighton).

The afternoon was made by a trip to Falls Creek and a few well-aimed snow balls.

Our last night was spent at the Bright Holiday Flats, where our group of eight girls were just about to turn the lights out, around 10.00 (hmmm) when people started piling into our room. Our room for eight suddenly held about twenty-eight; a situation that existed until at least 11.30 (hmmm). That might have been a slight under-statement.

The next day, people slept for most of the time, on the bus, but eventually wakened up for the last few hours, to get in the

Geography Suellen Copley 5E  
Canberra/Snowy Mountains trip

final jokes and play the final games of cards. (No gambling of course).

Though you might not guess it from this, everyone did have a fantastic time, so here is just a short list of Thankyou's, Congratulations and Cheerios to those who assisted in making it a memorable trip.

\* Thank you to those strange creatures who opened doors, carried cases and acted in an all-round (reasonably) gentlemanly fashion. (We have yet to discover if these creatures were definitely aliens from another world, or B.H.S. guys under the influence of a strange new drug!)

\* Thank you to those political candidates who entertained us on top of Mt. Ainslie. (Did you know that B.H.S. has 17 budding Prime Ministers and 3 budding Governor Generals?)

\* Thank you to those who restrained from abusive comments during certain political speeches, whilst at Parliament House.

\* Congratulations to the six guys who kept eleven eavesdropping girls in the next room, entertained by their lively conversations. That glass came in handy, didn't it girls?

\* Congratulations to the girls who perpetrated the Great Soap and Toilet Paper Robbery.

\* Commiserations to the guys who did without soap and toilet paper.

\* Thank you to Des for the return of the Scarlet Woman's night-dress.

\* A special cheerio to two lovely ladies who graced us with their presence one evening at Bright.

\* Thank you to all those who throughout the bus trip posed in such dignified fashions for photographs.

\* But most importantly, thank you to Mrs. O'Reilly for telling the bus driver which road to take.

Suellen Copley 5E

## DRAMA

This year Drama has been a very vital part of Brighton High School.

We started the year with a performance in the Treasury Gardens as part of the Moomba Youth Week Festival sponsored by the Hotham Building Society.

We chose the subject of "Whaling Days" and a half hour programme of poems, dialogue and songs were chosen and written into a play.

We had a good response to the production. Some thirty students took part from Form 1 to Form 5 and we were congratulated by the Hotham Society.

Mrs. Batour kindly gave us great support with the music and Ms. Lloyd also helped with the ideas. Production was by Miss Russell.

The Jokers by Lonsdale House, produced by Stephen Hill. The Pied Piper by Murray House, produced by Jillian Pugh. Pygmalion by Phillip House, produced by Mandy Fothergill. The Summer of the 17th Doll by Grant House, produced by Katy Shaw.

The plays were well chosen and directed and each one had its own special merits. We had some difficulties this year with the lack of support from the male members of the houses which made the choice of plays difficult and many of the plays suffered because of this.

However it was very thrilling and pleasing to see a lot more juniors in the casts as this means that there are experienced actors and producers in the school and it makes 1979 plans easier.

The plays were adjudicated by Mr. George Dixon from the R.M.I.T. Humanities Department, who was so pleased with the festival that he suggested the awarding of prizes for the actors and actresses who showed future ability with the view of encouraging the small part players. This was awarded to Linda Gregoriou of Form 2A.

Grant House won the Festival with a polished, detailed and smoothly produced Summer of the 17th Doll, producer Katy Shaw crowning her school career with Best Producer award.

Mandy Fothergill was best actress for her beautiful portrayal of Liza Doolittle and Paul Varney won best actor for his loveable Barney.

Alison Jennings was best supporting actress with Mrs Higgins - a glowing, lady-like performance with professional polish. Peter Broadshaw was best supporting actor with Colonel Pickering. He performed against difficulties. Being rather young for his role he carried it off well.

The final Dramatic activity for 1978 was The Drama night. The students of Fifth form combined with Fourth form Drama Students and their performance was in October. The performance of "Night must fall" featured Maria Kinsella, Stephen Hill, Jenny McMennamin and Theo Plouisi.

The year drew to a close with plans for the Third Forms to perform a comedy for the School in the last week of Term III.

The Drama department has had great success this year and the numbers of third and fourth Form students who elected it have been pleasing and plans are afoot for a stimulating 1979, but until Victoria introduces 6th Form Drama our numbers in Fifth Form are not going to be very big. However, we are hoping that in the future Drama will be a subject taken at all levels in the Secondary School and that more and more students will see the benefit of the course.

L. Russell.



Following the Whaling Days venture we were busy choosing plays for the Drama Festival which was staged, this year at the end of Term II. Four plays were submitted:

## CHORALS

STEP ASIDE JOAN SUTHERLAND AND LET THE BRIGHTON HIGH EAR BASHER'S 'AVE A GO!

BOO!

HISS!

The 1978 Choral Festival was once again of a professional standard (abooshii!) Thanks must, of course, go to Mrs. Batour who has to be with four different Houses at one time, and does a wonderful job. All conductresses put in hard work and time and the end product proved this. Set Song: "They call the wind Maria".

PHILLIP

"Down Town" "Sounds of Silence"  
Mandy Fothergill conducted Phillip and had the help of Kali Chen who accompanied her on the piano. Mandy nurtured several of her few male singers, (Base singer Bradley Bellolt) into a blossoming choir.  
MURRAY

"Banner Man" "Touch the Wind"  
Murray appeared to be handicapped right from the beginning, possessing a large number of "LARRY LOUD MOUTHS", particularly in the bases department (Mennace, Spannah, Pat, Bo. Ian and the usual gang of larkkins). But Jenny Taylor, shone through with the help of her sister Sue Taylor, conductress and the two bouncers Terryn Hough and Joy Feigan.

LONSDALE

"Set Down Servant" "Bridge Over Troubled Water"  
Vicki O'Donoghue conducted this choir, and only had one major nuisance to contend with, their House Captain, John Clarkson whose rank comments nearly drove Vicki to the grave! Thanks must go to EX-GRANT MEMBER (and traitor) Brian Mathews who played the piano for them.

GRANT

"Because" "Jinglin' Janglin' Rag"  
Katy Shaw brought Grant to victory with the help of their excellent base singers. Being a GRANT member myself I felt they duly deserved to win and the decision was a wise one!

Sue Stevens - 6





## DRAMA



## MUSICAL



**"H.M.S. PINAFORE"**

Backstage dozens of young ladies (all of them sisters, cousins, or aunts to the ruler of the Queen's na-vee) lope about with the dignity and poise of adolescent giraffes. Dead-Eye Dick runs through his solo -- "Is it English?" - enquires our knowledgeable reporter, and is promptly offered a post as interpreter to the school captain. There is some anxiety backstage and Miss Russell climbs up to help with a magnificent show of leg.

The curtain rises on hornpipe-dancing sailors, while their captain coyly admits to occasionally using a 'D-word'. The captain's daughter laments her fruitless love, and indicates the agony in her heart by placing a hand on her stomach. Our young hero hits (and I mean HITS) the high notes, and proclaims his staunch Englishness by striking a Napoleonic pose. Mrs. Batour simultaneously plays the piano, prompts forgetful sailors, and coaxes the chorus to show emotion (react, sods!) Little Buttercup looks stunning in her psychedelic orange, red, and pink striped skirt and matching green bonnet; she flirts with the Admiral (beauty Trevor) by leaping into the air and hitching up her skirt in a coquettish manner.

And of course it just wouldn't be Gilbert and Sullivan without a happy ending - PROBLEM - hero can't marry heroine because of his inferior birth, but hero's nurse makes startling revelation during finale. SOLUTION - I'll give you three guesses .....

Once again the musical was a success, thanks to Mrs. Batour and a talented and dedicated cast, and of course Mrs. Hatton who made the costumes, and Mr. Allen and Mrs. Geddes who made the scenery and props.







PEOPLE



HOUSE CAPTAINS



FORM CAPTAINS



SCHOOL CHOIRS



CULTURAL CAPTAINS

PEOPLE



LIBRARY MONITORS

HALL CREW



CLEANING STAFF



Mrs. Hillyear  
Mrs. Doolan



Mrs. Reynolds

OFFICE STAFF

## REFLECTIONS

"THE MATTER WITH THE POOR IS POVERTY, THE RICH,  
USELESSNESS."

Kerryn McLeod 6C

Jimmie pushed his way through a group of ragged, squabbling children and entered the gloomy, grey apartment building. Immediately he felt the dampness of the dreary corridors and the staleness of the air. All around him he heard familiar sounds; the dismal wailing of hungry babies, the incessant moaning, shouting and arguing, and the thumping of feet in unseen hallways and apartments. He trudged up the stairway, and unlocking the door, entered his apartment.

The small room was barely furnished and the furniture it contained was old and worn. He went over to his mother, who was crouched on a wooden stool in the corner of the room, and kissed her gently on the cheek. He smelt the reek of alcohol on her breath and noticed an empty bottle lying on the floor beside her. He bent down, picked up the bottle and set it gently on the table.

His feet were aching from tramping from one factory to another, but still he did not have a job. Little education and no skills meant no work. Without employment it was impossible to gain experience - without work experience, employers did not want to know him. The circle was cruelly impenetrable. The young man slumped into a chair - despairingly seeing his own future in the defeated figure of his mother.

Edward James lay back against the plush velvet sofa and sighed contentedly. He sipped a glass of port, supremely satisfied. A business contract had been successfully sealed. It was always best to deal with one's social equals, in this case, an old school friend - good old George! The evening breeze drifted through the open window making the heavy drapes sway gently. Edward felt relaxed and comfortable.

They had virtually grown up together, George and the other young men of Edward's acquaintance, who regularly met at the Club to discuss business over cigars and a pack of cards. Between them, they owned most of the major factories in the state and they all, like Edward, had followed their fathers into business. A circle of tradition that defended and protected property.

Jimmie huddled up against the cold, concrete wall. He stamped his feet to force the numbness from his toes and pushed his hands deeper into his pockets. The sound of stamping echoed along the line of men, grey in the morning light, and weary and defeated before the employment gate had even opened. Jimmie sensed the factory wall rising above him and felt small and insignificant. In the distance, he noticed a large black car entering through the gates. He wished that it was not so cold.

Edward's factory loomed up in front of him as the heavy iron gates opened for the limousine to pass through. He sat back comfortably and scanned the view of the factory buildings. They were large, solid and well-planned. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the line of grey men. They were there again - they would always be there.

### HOME IS THE GIRL'S PRISON AND THE WOMAN'S WORKHOUSE.

In the depths of central suburbia, in the embrace of a fully automatic kitchen, Yasmin proceeded to stack the dishwasher with a sigh. This routine was just that - routine. The initial thrill she felt when shown the house which had since become her home, had dissipated years ago. Now all that she had was a perpetual tiredness, brought about by feeding machines, cooking, shopping, dusting the artificial porcelain, aiming to please and finally - BOREDOM.

Yasmin was only twenty four, married for seven years to a husband who believed her to be an attractive investment at the time, along with the colour television set, the General Electric dishwasher, the garbage masher and the microwave oven.

Married at seventeen!

At first Yasmin had believed she loved the man, impressed in her teenage, starry-eyed naivete, by the way he spoke to her, in that sweetly, charming voice, the way he melted her, with his all-attentive smile. The smile she had since learned was produced in an instant when the outcome was beneficial to him.

With this realization came pain, then finally a dull acceptance. She had lost nothing, except a small portion of pride. She had owned nothing she prized and consequently had only to gain, which she did with avidity. Freedom was her principal aim, freedom from her family life which she could remember without regret.....

The rose-papered walls invaded her thoughts as she lay on her bed, battling desperately against claustrophobia. The curtained windows concealed the disenchanting view of the next door neighbour's brick wall. The virgin white cupboards and drawers reflected her mother's old fashioned taste in colour and contents.

Yasmin had felt caged at home, stifled by the closeness of her life. Ambitions were suppressed before they matured in the over-protective over-helpful hands of her parents. Jokingly she compared her life with solitary confinement, "Except mine has other people in it." Helplessly Yasmin knew she had never been closer to the truth.

The bedroom walls, the cupboards, the curtained windows, all combined to suffocate her in a physical, visual jail. It was the jail that confined her mind that Yasmin hated most, the one she had no control over, the one that stabbed at her individuality, the one that saw through the hastily built walls in her mind.

It was the one that shattered her ambitions and left her empty on the bed, drenching her pillow with tears of futility, crying to be left alone in an empty room, crying to be free.....

Now Yasmin had her freedom. Here at least she could think and control her mind.

The dishwasher clicked to ON CYCLE and began to fill furiously with water. Yasmin blinked, realised with a start where she was, and shrugged her shoulders, trying to dislodge the tiredness from her young body. She stood for a minute, working her features into a smile - hard work when she felt like weeping - straightened her shoulders and again joined her husband in the lounge. He lay asleep in a monstrous arm chair, dishevelled and snoring lightly after a heavy day at the office. Yasmin pulled off his shoes, and her smile collapsed into ruin. Hurriedly she kissed his cheek, hesitated for a moment for any signs of stirring and when she got no response left the room quietly.

Yasmin fell into bed totally exhausted, too tired now even to cry. Eventually sleep overtook her body, soothing away the fatigue from her overworked mind. In the kitchen the dishwasher clicked on through its cycle.

Terryr Hough  
6A

### "CHILDHOOD IS A NIGHTMARE"

*From the womb we are born  
Each a babe in a million.  
People stare, poke and giggle hideously at us;  
They make ridiculous faces and absurd noises  
that are supposed to make no smile,  
Yet they scare us nearly out of our new skins.  
As we grow older, however,  
We seek revenge for those terrifying memories of pokes,  
prods and agonising cheek wrenches.  
We can sit on their laps and dribble on their best clothes  
or even, if the feeling is intense enough,  
Urinate all over them!!  
We are not scolded, for we are only young children  
And children know no better at such an early age  
Do they?!!  
We delight in our pranks and go out of our way to be  
especially noisy at crucial moments.  
We get what we want  
We eat, sleep and horse around  
And, best of all,  
We are admired by everyone-  
Oh, isn't childhood a nightmare!!*

L. Ford.  
6A.

## REFLECTIONS

*"Somewhere, over my shoulder a jet  
explores a crease  
in a cloudy sky  
I sit on the porch  
waiting for things to happen."*

Old Martha walked down the beaten, dirt path, wiping the remains of home-made bread dough on her shabby, worn-out apron. She stopped and paused, hearing the familiar sound of a horse's hooves tread upon her mind. She saw the distant figure of her husband Bill gently lead their indispensable plough-horse into the broken-down stable.

A smile fell upon her lips as she thought of the good life they had led, and in wandering back into the past, she remembered their younger days, full of vigour and youth. Suddenly the hens started clucking madly, from the advances of a house cat, bringing her back to reality, reminding her that she was very old now. Was it seventy-two or seventy-three? She couldn't quite remember.

Old Bill's face wrinkled into a million creases as he smiled at Martha. The smell of home cooking came floating down from the tiny house until it found itself under the nose of the hungry eater. He took her hand and they walked into the house together, contented.

The sound of cars rumbled and roared down the congested highway. James Thorpe was driving a new, brown sedan conveniently matching his brown tweed suit. He was a good-looking man with a smile that seemed to wipe all the troubles and miseries off the face of the Earth.

As the traffic gradually thinned out, the cramped suburban houses were exchanged for farms and paddocks. He shuddered at the thought of living on a farm. There was no life in the country, nothing except physical, hard work and dirt. He shrank at the thought of his clean, white shirt covered in farm dirt. His idea of living was the bright lights of the city, with beautiful girls at his beck and call, with disco music pounding through his entire body until he were a part of the music itself. That was the life!

Martha hung the tea-towel over the old stove and sat down next to her husband before the open fire. A cat and a dog lay curled up next to each other on a large woven rug. Bill lit his pipe and filled the air with the smell of tobacco. He had worked very hard that day, ploughing the fields. They still used their old horse Tobin, because a tractor was too expensive and besides, what could a bit of machinery do that a man couldn't?

The night was clear and the sound of birds nesting to sleep and the occasional moo of a cow settling down to rest, echoed through the valley like a haunting symphony. Everything was a picture of contentment until, suddenly, there came a sharp knock at the door. Martha started and Bill dropped his pipe. Who on Earth could be knocking at their door? Bill hesitantly got up. It must be a stranger who had lost his way. He shuffled to the door to reveal a young man of about twenty-eight standing before him. The night had become black and menacing now with dark patches of cloud covering the stars.

The young man inquired if this was where Mr. and Mrs. Brown lived. Bill replied that it was and the young man introduced himself as a Mr. James Thorpe, an official for the Country Roads Board and asked if he could come in. Thorpe created quite a contrast with the homely atmosphere of this tiny home. His tailored, close-fitting suit seemed quite out of place in the cluttered little lounge-room.

Thorpe had his trusty brief-case by his side and abruptly pulled out a number of cardboard sheets with diagrams on them. Bill and Martha were extremely bewildered and waited in anxious anticipation.

First of all, he explained the layout of the terrain they lived in. Them, of all people! They who had lived there for all of their seventy-odd years! Then he began to mention how useful it would be to have a large freeway right through the valley. It would bring money and people to the town of Milawa, half a mile away, it would bring tourism and prosperity to the area. The freeway meant PROGRESS and you can't stop progress, can you? However, there was only one problem. Because of the layout of the terrain, the only way to build a freeway through the valley without knocking down the country town, was to build right through their house. They would be compensated for their loss, they would be given a more than reasonable price for their house and land, they would have a

very nice elderly citizens home in the city to go to, and they had two months to move out.

The blind young man mistook Martha's tears for happiness and because he detested soppy scenes he quickly bade them good night, said he would contact them later and departed.

A deathly silence hung in the air as their whole world painfully collapsed around them. The very roots of their love and lives were to be wrenched from the ground to wither and die. Bill took Martha in his arms and they sat there dumbfounded, the ringing of the young man's voice still haunting them saying how proud they should be to sacrifice their home. After all it was in the name of PROGRESS!

Sharon Byrne.

Childhood is a pain...

Have you ever sat near a group of elderly folk or just listened to your oldies for a while? Inevitably the subject of youth will arise. If it does, watch out; the clichés start flying and the antics come pouring out like a fountain of what-I-did-when-I-was-young! Auntie Flo no doubt was quite a hot-pot in her day and the men flocked around like flies on a lollypop. Yawn!! And it's only just begun. Uncle Fred loved school and passed with six A's. Mum loved parties but had to have an escort or chaperone as they called them in those days! Dad used to enjoy fishing with his father and none of them, not one single solitary 30-year-old or over ever had a problem or said "Gee, I'm glad I'm not a kid again; it was such a hassle." If I should say "Gosh my life's a drag," I am quickly told to enjoy "it" (whatever "it" is) while "it" lasts; it's the best time of your life. "POOH!" I don't agree. I hate being a child of pubescent age, as the intellectuals call it. It is no easy thing to grow up. Pressures hit you from all sides and crises are unfortunately not few and far between; they are many and often and some quite tricky. I suppose I should say that I am not a manic depressive person and I'm not suicidal though there are traumas to overcome in my life. I'll tell you what I mean... It all started at around thirteen.....

The magic teens had struck and, believe me, they are not so magical - well not to me anyway. I think when that birthday comes along someone inside you must say - "Right hormones - he's thirteen today. Start producing pimples," and Whammo! There you are with a drawer full of 'clearasil' and a face full of horrid little blemishes. When you move near a crowd people turn around, look at you and then quietly but quite definitely move away - as if you had the plague. Younger friends, not so subtle, run down the street screaming "Ah Kevin's got spots on his face" or some other terrible, ego-deflating thing like that. Being Jewish adds to its difficulties. Whilst your pimples are blooming you're sent off to learn a whole hour's singing in a foreign language and to top it off, two weeks before the final performance/debut, your voice decides it wants to change and is unsure as to what it wants to change into! Oh, what horrors lie in store when you're fourteen.

Luckily I would state the fourteen-fifteen years as a lull after the crisis '13'. There are, of course, those continual embarrassments - the naughty thoughts, the dirty books, the increased swearing (a few always manage to slip out at home and all hell breaks loose with mother or granny, the prudes), the discussions with dad on things you learnt from the toilet walls and on and on. Even a thing like buying a ticket for the pictures or a tram ride: if you're slightly larger than usual with a bit of that unwanted hair that suddenly starts spouting from your chin you have unending arguments with collectors as to how much you should pay and how old you are. They know better than you do!

Sixteen is the next crisis period. That "bum fluff" I told you about is now so prominent all your teachers order you to shave "or else." On doing so you cut yourself eight times, once narrowly missing your throat and in general bathing the bathroom floor in a pool of your own blood. Yuck! Parent-child relationships now have reached an all-time low and running-away or threatened suicide may cross your mind. The slightest provocation such as T.V., football, politics, school, food, clothes and even shoe size can cause an equivalent World War raging around the kitchen table amid the baked potatoes and gravy.

Sixteen is also the dawning age for that all-round male destroyer.... 'GIRLS'. Wow! They are more than trouble; they lead right to total destruction. Are you handsome enough? Which ones nice? Which ones do you clear away from? Boy, was Adam a fool for giving away his rib for Eve!

Well it seems, now that I am seventeen, it is the calm after the storm. It's not over yet but the '16's' hassles have sorted themselves out a little. Still, you must see what I mean - growing up is a real problem. I wonder if Uncle Fred went through all this. I hope so!

Kevin Cutler  
6D



## REFLECTIONS

### HOW HIGH IS A KITE!

She would contentedly lie there and dream through the whole of her life if she could. With the warmth of the sun penetrating her body, making her happy, carefree and appreciative of life, all of the problems were forgotten, almost non-existent. The occasional cool breeze that ran through her hair ran also through her mind and cleared her thoughts of the ugly scenes she had had with her mother. It cleared memories of the tortuous way in which the other girls at her school had treated her, made her forget the unhappy past and accept thankfully the peaceful glowing present.

Everything surrounding her was so vivid and bright, so clear and crisp, that it made her want to jump and run. She wanted to become a part of the nature that surrounded her. She wanted to take in everything and store it in her mind so that, when upset or lonely, she could make it all alive again and once more escape into this overwhelming feeling of contentment.

The trees, the grass, the whistling birds, were all so natural, so beautiful. Everything a person could want, everything she could want, was here, always - calling for her, waiting for her. Even the other people, a far distance away, seemed to fit into the surroundings as though they were meant to be, and had always been, here like this.

The delighted squeals of some young children rang through her ears, and she laughed as they laughed. They were always here when she was, flying their kite or just running and laughing over the grassy land, escaping like her, into a world that was carefree and unforgettable.

Today the kite flew strongly. It seemed to strive to go higher and higher and lose itself and become a part of the brilliantly blue sky. It seemed to have conversation with the birds as they flew by and shouted to the clouds as they waltzed with the wind.

She lay there feeling as though she was that kite. She could see the land below, her spirits were so high - so light. She could imagine the feeling the kite had, tossing and floating in the sky.

She was there - She was a part of the never-ending blue haze. She lay like this and swam in this happy feeling for some minutes.

Suddenly, without warning, the children's squeals stopped as they realized they had to leave and return to their homes. They began to tug at the kite, to slowly wind up the string that gave the kite its freedom.

She watched, hoping they wouldn't have the strength to pull it down. The kite, itself, seemed to fight angrily, desperately, to keep flying, but the children were eventually helped by an adult and the kite dropped silently and abruptly as though shot by a gun from the sky.

Her spirits had fallen just as abruptly as the kite, and her surroundings seemed to change rapidly. The cool breeze gained an icy bite and the bright colour of the trees and grass changed to a dark tone of green. The clouds seemed to mass together and the blue sky faded to a dull grey.

She turned, the depression of earlier in the day seeping back into her veins, and saw the figure of her mother, standing and waiting, in the distance.

As she stood the tears welled rapidly to her eyes, but she fought them back; she struggled to remember her kite feelings, her flying feelings, and she walked, now deep in thought, across the park to her mother.

The children were leaving too. The kite, wrapped up and put away in a bag, was forgotten. There it would wait until the next sunny day when it would once more be taken out, flown, and would again become a part of the endlessly clear, blue sky.

Jane Wallace- Mitchell 6A

### HOW HIGH IS A KITE?

*Winter in Australia is classified by us as cold,  
With its howling winds and rainy skies; conditions are bad we're told,  
For warm-blooded 'Aussies' from the land of sun this is an accepted norm  
But to the Eskimoes of distant Alaska, Australia's winters are warm.*

*A sun-bronzed Anglo-Saxon, who lives beside the sea,  
May be looked at and admired and called 'dark' as dark can be  
But to the Western African negro, with skin as black as night  
That tanned and sun-drenched body is most undoubtedly white.*

*Says one, 'That boy is an exhibitionist; boastful and audacious,'  
Says another, 'What a bubbling personality, he's wonderfully vivacious!'  
'Do you see that girl in the corner? She is very quiet and shy.  
That girl over there is a snob, superior - a Miss Mighty and High!'*

*The unemployed and the bored, whose interests tend to lag  
Find that the days in their lives and, time generally, seem to drag.  
For the dedicated and ambitious, the healthy, wealthy and wise,  
To all those who are a part of life, each precious moment flies.*

*For some life is a challenge, to others a pain, at best;  
Death for some is a desperate escape; for others, a welcome rest.  
It is very plain to see, therefore, though it may take a while  
That on the whole, the English language is very versatile!*

*A young and ignorant child, intrigued with sound and sight  
May watch for hours a kite in the sky and marvel at its height.  
A bird, however, airborne and free, viewing the earth below,  
Will find the kite a less interesting sight; a mere object flying low.*

Sylvia 6C

### ANOTHER WORLD

*My mind's made out of wild thought  
I want to be free but they won't let me  
Will they ever listen?*

*They think I'm weird*

*But I am I*

*They think me odd*

*But only because they can't understand*

*That I'm me & me I shall stay*

*And when they have said all they shall say  
I'll walk away*

*Close the silver plated door behind me*

*And step out onto the ultimate platform*

*Then find I've lost*

*All urgency to read through to the end*

*I'll empty my head of its mortal dream*

*Then I shall proceed*

*Into an intricately webbed world*

*Where crystal water runs over the feet*

*Of others who have ignored the morals*

*We have been given*

*Tossed aside the standards*

*Supposed to be*

*And come together*

*To stand together*

*In a world of our own.*

Libby Ellsworthy, 3A

## REFLECTIONS

### GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

*There is no rainforest  
weight of green, gemmed  
with splendour of imperial butterflies;  
no palm-fringed beach, bright-moon-crescent,  
to enfold  
a still lagoon.*

*Here, between blue and blue,  
silk-rippled sea and blazing sky,  
each island hunches black,  
stark and solitary.  
Black rocks drip foam, surf  
sucks at black sand below gaunt, naked, silver trees.*

*Yet here  
red crabs blossom on the rocks,  
red-throated lizards pant,  
iguanas lift red heads to spit  
salt from their drinking,  
and doves are opal-feathered.*

*Sea lions bark and play and sprawl across the track;  
the graceful frigate bird  
dives on the fisher gull;  
boobies stand sentinel where eggs  
hatch on the rocks.*

*Each island holds enchantment  
hidden.*

M. McDonald

### DEATH AND BEYOND

*As death do us part  
I die, But I will return  
From my grave  
For I am not dead  
Nor am I gone.  
My life will once again  
Live ....*

*I am what all men dream of,  
The reincarnated  
The mysterious and unknown,  
All that is beyond  
Is within me.  
I am once again  
Alive ....*

by Tracey Lund 4B

### Pools Of Deception.

*The leaves rustle  
warning of the danger  
that sneaks and prowls,  
behind the leafy wall.  
Protection is needed,  
and cunning is used.  
Strong muscles,  
able to ripple with power,  
now calmly lie hidden  
waiting to be used.  
Feet pad softly  
choosing a quiet path.  
Surprise is a weapon,  
as is knowledge.  
Animals use both,  
man only one.  
The body tingles with anticipation  
and smugly purrs,  
feeling victory,  
elation is yet to come.  
Both man and animal feel it  
without knowing why.  
The battle nears,  
tension mounts to a peak.  
Swiftly the leaves part  
and he pounces.  
Legs stretched  
and body arched.  
The eyes glint,  
dark pools of deception.  
Muscles pound with strength  
and bulge inside their prison  
trying to escape.  
With a streak of color  
the prey is gone.  
Landing with ease  
the muscles relax.  
Disappointment replaces victory  
So he lies on the green quilt  
letting the sun's fingers  
soothe his mind  
and relax his body.  
He rolls on his side  
and sleeps  
Once more the peaceful cat.*

Anne Wardell 5A

### THE TRAVELLER - ROME

*The clocks of Rome have stopped.  
They hang  
gilded, ornate, dilapidated,  
over doorways,  
at street corners,  
beside St Peter's dome,  
all showing some improbable hour,  
and I am in a hurry.  
Only electric displays  
with large, bright figures  
turn the inexorable minute.*

M. McDonald

## Reflections

Pain,  
Incredible agony;  
Dark eyes in pale face,  
Staring into the sky,  
Ever pleading to be released  
From the indescribable torture.  
Hair sticky with sweat,  
Twining in reptile-like strands  
Around the open black cavern.  
Saliva erupts from the living volcano;  
Lava trickling down the chin  
Until it too feels the heat of the sun,  
And it dries leaving only a white trail  
On the grimy flesh.  
The sun blares never ceasingly down,  
Onto the body, onto the sand.  
Death is near;  
Crouching in the sun,  
Shielding its eyes from the blinding glare,  
Ever watching the twitching corpse  
And waiting for the moment  
To join in the fun,  
And drag the unwilling spirit  
From the pool of liquid meat;  
To depart, chuckling  
About the way it will never  
Have to receive unemployment benefits  
From the Government.

And so you sleep,  
Innocent, like an angel,  
Smiling with a previous thought.  
You reach in your sleep and find me,  
My familiar curves and bones  
Reassure you even more,  
The smile spreads; I wonder about our relationship,  
And softly, as you smile sleepily,  
I cry.

Now I know why Nature  
makes your eyes,  
and nose  
go red, when  
you cry.  
It's so you laugh  
Unknowingly at your own  
reflection, shining  
out of a pool of tears  
looking like a clown.

Andrea Ford 4D

## MARSHMALLOW AWARENESS

Squashed, wrinkled and gooey,  
An apt description of myself, I believe.  
We are one and the same -  
Yet all completely individual  
In this plastic enclosed world of ours.  
I sit close to my lady- friend,  
For we have no alternative but to do so -  
Like it or not.  
Friends squabble and bitch  
Between themselves,  
But I heed not their overt attacks.  
I take life as it comes,  
But look always towards the future  
And the hope of freedom and a new life.  
Suddenly, our plastic encased world  
Becomes a turbulent mass -  
Writhing and jolting in an uncontrollable manner  
And abruptly ceasing.  
We know the end is near -  
The evening has come!!

Our subsequent journey takes us far into the woods  
and deep into the night,  
All is in turmoil,  
Friends and girlfriends are lost amid the crowd;  
—Somewhere—  
Hearing, but not seeing.  
A short abrupt commotion once again  
Is rocking our world,  
Rendering panic all over.  
A flickering light quickly is close  
And the heat intense

A searing, tearing noise echoes throughout,  
As our world is torn apart,  
Amid cries for help,  
And screams of desperation  
My fellow marshmallowians fall,  
From the security of our world  
Into the hands of our predators,  
To be mercilessly run through with a stick  
And charred until death.

My valiant attempts at restraining myself  
Were failing,  
And in one hurtling motion,  
I found myself falling, falling,  
Into a fervent pit of glowing coals.  
Sizzling, exuding and pleading for mercy,  
My doom had come.

Leanne Ford

## THE NEWLY BORN

As he gallops wildly, through the grass  
The wind flows through his mane  
And the hoofbeats hit the ground like thunder.  
The scent of flowers tickles his nose,  
And the power of life runs with him  
As he meets his newly born  
Lying next to his mother.

The foal rises from the ground  
And his legs wobble and shake.  
Mother licks him all around  
And the body shines, like a crown.

Father, who's too eager,  
Pushes him to make him brisker.  
Ther mare watches him carefully  
The foal falls to the ground  
And gets up once more, then  
Follows his mother and father  
To the green pastures, over yonder.

By Debbie Ives 1D

## REFLECTIONS

"Why are you a vegetarian?" is a question often asked of me, and of many other vegetarians, I'm sure. The answer usually given is probably not very satisfactory, partly because a full answer would be quite complex, and partly because it would also be quite personal. So here I'd like to set out briefly some arguments that I have seen made for vegetarianism, after first making clear that I think it's mainly a matter of an individual's personal feelings (as I will explain at the end of the article.)

### 1. HEALTH REASONS

It is true that people need to eat sufficient protein to be healthy, and that meat is a good source of protein. However, it is not the only source of protein, and a perfectly satisfactory protein supply can be obtained in a sensible vegetarian diet - one that includes nuts, beans of various sorts, whole-grain cereals, milk and milk products, dried peas, and possibly eggs (although many vegetarians prefer not to eat eggs). In fact, soy beans are a better source of protein than meat, containing more protein per unit mass than steaks, etc. I have even read that, because of the relative indigestibility of meat, much of its protein is not absorbed by the body, and is passed out unused.

Apart from protein considerations, there are other factors to think about regarding meat. It is well known that heart disease, strokes, etc, are among the biggest killers in our Western societies, and also that one of the major contributors to these conditions is diet. A diet consisting of a lot of meat contains high amounts of saturated fats and cholesterol (which are known to be dangerous in excess,) while a vegetarian diet would normally be much lower in these substances. Studies of peoples who eat very little meat (or none) in various countries have shown they consistently have lower death rates from heart disease, stroke, etc (although factors other than diet would also be important here). An article in "The Age" earlier this year gave quite strong evidence linking meat-eating with the various types of cancer (eg. cancer of the bowel).

I have heard from several independent sources (including one person who worked at an abattoir) that diseased animals are not totally rejected for human consumption: rather the diseased part is cut out and the rest of the animal sold as meat. Quite obviously there are great dangers that the disease could have already spread to other parts of the body through the bloodstream. (Much meat sold to the Australian population is not accepted by the U.S.A. for import for Americans to eat, because they say our health regulations are too low).

### 2. BIOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS

If we look at the human body we see that it is not really 'designed' for meat-eating, unlike the body of a dog or wolf. Our digestive system is much longer than that of a true carnivore (eg. lion or tiger), and the meat is in our body for such a long time before the undigested material is passed out, that it actually starts to putrefy. This supposedly creates poisons inside our body; this will not happen in a lion, because the meat it eats passes through its body so rapidly.

Anyone who has done Exercise 1.3 in 5th Form Biology will remember that man's teeth are not at all like the teeth of a carnivore: we have only two comparatively blunt canine teeth and 4 blunt incisors per jaw, compared with 2 sharp canines and 6 sharp incisors per jaw in a carnivore. Our teeth are generally much larger and blunter, suited more to grinding, while carnivores have sharp teeth for tearing through flesh. Most of the apes (gorillas, chimpanzees, etc), to which man is regarded as being closely related, are vegetarians, or almost-vegetarians, with perhaps an occasional amount of meat.

### 3. ECONOMIC/ECOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS

One of the strongest arguments in favour of vegetarianism is the economic-ecological one, living as we do in a world of mass famine and potential mass starvation. It is admitted by most people with a biological training that meat production is a grossly inefficient method of obtaining protein. If we can feed 10 people with the cows raised on the cereal crop grown on a particular piece of land, we could feed perhaps 100 people from those same crops, by letting the people eat the crops directly, rather than indirectly "through the cow". In general, if people ate the crops themselves, rather than eating livestock which fed on the crops, 7-12 times as many people could be fed from the same area of land. This is particularly true of the soy bean crop in the U.S.A., which is the world's largest producer of soy beans. 95% of the soy beans (which are, as I said earlier, one of the very best sources of protein) are fed to cows; these cows will provide to man about one tenth of the protein than would be available from the beans. An article in "The Herald" about two years ago dealt with a report by the U.S. Food Administration body, which stated that in the future, many more people in the world will have to eat a lot less meat, unless we want

to see millions starving to death.

### 4. RELIGIOUS FACTORS

Nearly all religions and spiritual systems have some restriction on meat-eating. All Eastern religions (eg. Hinduism, Buddhism) and yoga systems outlaw meat-eating for genuine followers, the Jewish faith has the system of 'Kosher' killing of animals, and even Christianity has the Commandment 'Thou shalt not kill'. (Note that it does not say 'Thou shalt not kill people' or 'Thou shalt not murder', simply 'Thou shalt not kill'). A love of God and of fellow living beings would surely be harder to develop if we are constantly responsible for the death and suffering of other animals through our eating habits. In any case, isn't man "putting himself in the position of God" if he decides he has the right to determine when animals are to die?

The ideas outlined above are merely some (definitely not all) of the reasons I have seen put forward for being a vegetarian. Doubtless many people would want to argue with some of the ideas, and admittedly I haven't completely justified some of the statements I've made. But people who are interested could read some of the numerous books on the subject that have been written, and also think about it for themselves.

When I first stopped eating meat (which includes fish and poultry as far as I'm concerned), I did it as an experiment, after being influenced by the arguments I've set out here. After a little while on the new diet (which certainly has not harmed my health), I found that I just could not go back to eating meat because of the way I felt. To cause the slaughter of an innocent animal unnecessarily, simply to satisfy my hunger, was something I could not agree with. Although in some situations it might be necessary (eg. Eskimos in frozen wastelands), I felt that I had no need and no right to kill animals to fill my stomach, when plenty of other food was available. So, as I said at the beginning of the article, for most vegetarians the reason for their abstinence from meat-eating is one of personal feelings. Anyone who remembers the slaughterhouse scenes out of the New Zealand film "The Water Cycle" will perhaps understand the feelings of many vegetarians. I once saw a car sticker that seemed to sum it up very well. It simply read:

"If you Love Animals - Why Eat Them?"

Paul Wilson

### Bushwalking

I rose very early that morning. The sun had just slipped over the horizon, a yellow ball of fire. I dressed hurriedly in the pale light. I could see, from the clear blue sky, that the weather was going to be fine. Pulling on jeans and a shirt did not take long. I then put on my desert boots and decided to wear a jumper for early morning protection from the cold. I tiptoed quietly down to the kitchen so as not to wake any members of the household. In the kitchen, my provisions were packed and ready for my hike. I fixed myself a plate of cereal and some toast and gobbled it down. On the table, was a goodbye note from mum. It was the first time that I had ever done anything like this and she was very anxious about me. I hoisted my pack to my back and set off.

It was only ten minutes before I was clear of the homestead houses. As far as my eye could see was beautiful countryside. Surrounding me were rolling green fields but in the distance the terrain changed to rugged bushlands. A short half hour walk and I was thrust into the bush among the Australian wildlife. Not long after, I saw my first koala sitting placidly in the fork of a gumtree, munching away on his continuous diet of gumleaves.

All around me were the peaceful sounds of the bush. The birds were twittering, leaves were rustling in the gentle breeze and every now and then I could hear an animal's soft footsteps.

When the sun was high in the sky, I found my way to a small stream, gurgling and bubbling among shiny rocks. Here I opened my pack and set out my lunch things. The earth underneath me was damp so I removed my jumper and sat on it. After I had eaten, I removed my shoes and paddled in the freezing water. I walked around feeling the beautiful, soft petals and sometimes hurting my still bare feet on the dry leaves on the ground. Around me were the exhilarating smells of newlyborn flowers and the tall, overbearing gumtrees.

The feeling of being alone was wonderful. One could imagine that there wasn't another human being in existence on earth. I felt a tremendous freedom and happiness.

Towards dusk, I began tramping back home. As I entered the house, I saw that the fields were bathed in glorious reds, oranges and purples as the day ended with a miracle, like the one with which it had been born.

Jenny McLeod, 3D



## FICTION & FANTASY

Alex

Alex began high school in the early 50's. It was the time of Rock'n Roll, of Bill Haley and his Comets, yet these were peripheral to Alex's life; it was school that engaged his attention.

On his first day at high school, in a class where nobody knew more than three of four others, somehow, he was elected Form Captain. He was pleased. It was a novelty to feel liked and respected. However, he soon learned that in this position it was a delicate balancing act to be liked and respected both by teachers and by his fellows. It was particularly difficult because teachers would often leave him in charge of the class for a few minutes. If there were noise and duster fights he felt he had to live up to the trust placed in him by the teacher but if he tried to control the class he risked being called a "crawler" or worse, by others in the class. Yet he became very good at walking that tightrope. The proof was in the fact that every year he was re-elected Form Captain and every year he was awarded the Citizenship Prize. Finally, he was elected Head Prefect and Captain of the School.

However, somewhere in his fifth year he had begun to tire of the balancing act. He developed a yearning to join in a duster fight, just once. He had come to feel a prisoner of the way other people saw him.

Years later he remembered a particular incident which intensified his sense of being a prisoner of his position. He and the others of the S.R.C. executive had met one day with the Principal for lunch in his office. The students were perched nervously on the edge of their chairs when there came a knock at the door. The Principal winked at Alex and said, "Watch this .... Come in, come in son! Don't just stand there. Now what do you want? Can't you see we're busy? Straighten that tie. And wipe that look off your face or I'll wipe it off for you. Insolence. There's too much insolence from the young these days. I won't have it. Do you hear me? How dare you barge in here like that. I think I'll see you later son. We don't want your kind around here son. You can just wait outside until I'm good and ready for you."

When the boy had gone the Principal said to his very still SRC executive, "That's the way to treat 'em .... Treat 'em tough. It's the only thing they understand .... It's good for 'em .... If he hasn't done anything wrong then that will do for next time."

However, more than this single incident, what gradually and more fully eroded Alex's pleasure in school life was the fact that, as Head Prefect, he had to draw up a roster and to supervise its execution. It was a roster of prefects on school gates before and after school, to insist that pupils wore their school caps. It was that he had come to think of the wearing of school caps as a point-less ritual. He had also developed the view that it was only right to order people to do things if good reasons could be given for the order. He felt that it wasn't sufficient to say, "It's a school rule", or "If you don't wear your cap you'll get a detention". Yet he had taken an oath when he became a prefect that he would uphold the rules of the school. He often considered resigning as Head Prefect but could never bring himself to do it - it would take too much explaining. It would be contrary to all that others had seen him as being, for six years. He decided to see out the year and tried to make it easier by telling himself that caps were a trivial issue anyway, not to be worried about. Yet he knew the issue wasn't really about caps; it was about his personal integrity. Every time he told someone to put on a cap he thought, "I really have no right to do this." His whole glorious final year of school was soured.

However, something that confirmed his disillusionment with school life also opened new horizons for him and brought him increasingly to long for the next year when he hoped to go to the university. It was that in his fifth year and increasingly in the next year, there had come a quickening of his intellectual curiosity. Suddenly he was reading books that were not merely text books watered down for children, half lies for the immature. He was being challenged by some of the world's great minds. In Modern History he read some Locke, some Burke, some Voltaire, and some Rousseau.

"Man is born free and everywhere he is in chains", said Rousseau. That struck a chord. His depression lifted; he was no longer alone.

J. McKenzie

## PADDINGTON AT SCHOOL

While possibly not many students are aware that the school captain, Ignacio Inchausti, hails from Peru, there would surely be few who have not heard of his compatriot, Paddington Bear, that outrageously lovable little individual with the blue jacket and black tifter, whose taste for adventure led him to England and the Brown's household at number 32 Windsor Gardens.

Paddington, of course spent his schooling under the watchful eye of aunt Lucy, but his career at school had been no less colourful than his subsequent adventures with the Browns.

The chief bugbear was his hat - not so much that it bugged bear as that it bugged teachers. They simply saw red, which was rather strange considering it was black. You see Paddington feared that if he didn't keep his head warm his brain might think it was time to hibernate and teachers, as Paddington well knew, can be dynamite on anything approaching forty winks. Certainly the snore of an inattentive bear is apt to cause a teacher to take umbrage and umbrage is a very nasty thing to take for both teachers and bears.

Paddington had harboured a sneaking distrust of teachers ever since Sunday School. He always remembered the pharisees - or whatever they called themselves - were somewhat nettled when they got the rough end of the pineapple from a carpenter's son. Paddington felt there's nothing worse than teachers who take themselves too seriously.

This tendency to pontificate can make them so difficult to reason with. For instance when rebuked for falling asleep in class, Paddington protested that he was only hibernating. After all, as he tried to point out, it is in the nature of bears to hibernate. But he sometimes felt teachers weren't really interested in the nature of things.

Paddington, on the other hand, with his natural curiosity - any jar is a potential marmalade jar - was certainly interested in the life around him - great or small. Take the louse that Scottish poet wrote to. What was it he said to it again?

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder frae us  
And foolish notion."

Paddington scratched his head thoughtfully. Once or twice he'd contemplated a jar of marmalade for the teacher. Now he wondered about the suitability of a louse. It was certainly an idea worth scratching over.

After all, teachers do get uptight about some funny things, not least an assumed affront to their own dignity. Take the time Paddington was upbraided over his hat.

"What do you mean by wearing that ghastly black hat to school? That's certainly not part of school-uniform. Anyway inside the classroom you should be bare-headed - or perhaps you don't care about any manners."

"Sir. I am bear-headed. I'm always bear-headed."

"Oh! Trying to be smart now - are we? We'll soon put a stop to that."

"But I thought that's what school is for - to try to be smart in, I mean."

Paddington beamed affectionately. The class exploded in mirth. The teacher turned purple.

And so Paddington went from one marmalade covered conduct card to the next. He even thought of joining Che Guevara, but Paddington saw his problem would be one of logistics. Marmalade supplies to the guerillas were pretty dicey. No self-respecting bear can function on an empty tum.

Instead it was adios to aunt Lucy and bienvenida England, to get away from it all and to find himself - and perhaps like most of us he is still looking. Anyway the Browns did take Paddington to see a film (N.R.B.) about a young man who was pushed around from pillar to post trying to be what everyone else wanted him to be. That's not for Paddington, but he did quite like one song:

"You can be what you want  
If you are what you are  
And that's a lucky bear."

Ken Pamment.

## FICTION AND FANTASY

Elizabeth.

Slowly the curtain folded back and the room was clearly visible. Sheets covered the furniture, more grey than white because of the dust. Cobwebs lay in the corners making the spiders the only apparent inhabitants. A painting hung over the mantel-piece. It was slightly crooked and was of a beautiful woman. Her face was obscured because it was coated with a thin veil of dust.

The curtain fell back into place hiding the room and the eyes that had peered out. Footsteps echoed in the room and the dust flew up in little clouds. The footsteps moved out of the room and up the stairs. I could now enter the room and explore its depths.

The front door had two rectangular windows, both covered with the same curtain as the other window. I tried the door and it was unlocked so I moved in to the hall. Here too dust was the main decor, although a faded wallpaper could be seen on the walls.

The painting struck my eyes as I opened the door. I wanted to know who she was and why the house had been left alone. Under the sheets the furniture was in relatively good shape although it was old fashioned.

Papers and photos lay scattered under the roll top of the desk. The paper was brown and obviously old. There were a few bills and one letter. There was no address, only a name; Elizabeth. No more and no less. By now I was intrigued. Could Elizabeth be the woman in the painting? There was only one way to find out, so I read the letter.

15/4/1915

My Dear Elizabeth,

The weather here is dismal. I miss you terribly although I do not wish you were here. I would like to be there talking to you instead of just writing. I see no end to the war in sight but as you know I cannot say any more. I hope that the house is nearly fully furnished and I know that the house will be very tasteful. You have such good taste. I am glad that mother is helping you with the wedding dress and plans. I am sure that you are as eager as I am to be married. We must go on manouvres now so I must close.

All my love,  
Edward.

This letter helped to explain the covered furniture and the painting. I browsed around some more in the desk and I found some photographs. There was one of the woman in the painting and a man. I guessed these two people to be Elizabeth and Edward. He was tall and handsome with a pencil moustache. They both looked very happy and content. When I put the photograph down I suddenly saw a telegram which had been hidden under the photographs. It was old fashioned and the paper was yellow and wrinkled. I opened the envelope and I saw that it came from the War Office. It was brief.

"We are sorry to inform you that Major E.P. Wodsworth died in action on 12/5/1915. He died in a heroic manner and you should be proud of him."

Now the reason for the dust and covered furniture was obvious. Elizabeth obviously never recovered from the shock of his death. This must have been their house. I looked at the photograph and the painting once more and I felt the waste of two young lives.

Long shadows were beginning to form on the floor as the sun disappeared. It was time for me to leave Elizabeth and her tragic house. I could feel her presence now but I must leave. I walked across the room and bade farewell to Elizabeth's portrait. I then left through the front door.

Footsteps came down the stairs and walked through the room. The same clouds of dust arose as they moved to the window. The curtain folded back once more and the eyes took up their position of sentinel. Guarding a room full of tragic yesterdays and tomorrows that never came.

Anne Wardell, 5A

## THE KANGAROO WHO WAS A BULLY

There once lived in the Australian bush a kangaroo who thought that he could bully all the other bush animals, just because he was bigger and stronger than they were. He used to trip up the wombats, steal eggs from the birds, tease the lyrebird about its dance until he drove the thing half crazy, and, instead of finding his own food, he would steal food from the hard-working animals.

One day, the animals had a meeting and decided to get back at the kangaroo. They dug a big hole in the ground, covered it with branches and leaves so you couldn't notice, and gathered themselves on one side. Then they started teasing and jeering the kangaroo, and just as they had hoped, he came hopping towards them to bully them, and fell straight into the hole. There they left him, throwing sticks and stones at him until he begged for forgiveness. The animals all refused to get him out of the hole until he promised never to bully them again.

MORAL: A big man isn't so strong when he's down.

by Tracey Flanagan.

## THE HOUSE OF CARDS

The three of clubs one day approached the queen of hearts.

"Dear Queen," he said, "The last thing I wish to do is offend you, but I do not think it is fair how my friends and I are being treated. I know in your eyes I'm only a commoner, but I've also got a mind and brain. You should let the people have more say, (these being the 10's down to aces in each suit); since we are the majority."

At this point the queen glared at him, then shrieked with laughter, "A peasant wants more say, ha...ha...ha... You just cost money to keep, we don't even need people like you."

"Then you leave me no choice," replied the three. "I know a lot of people feel the way I do and we are going to leave and start our own country. It will be hard work and a struggle but there must be more to life than to be under a tyrant's rule."

There was no answer, as the queen of hearts now lay on the floor in fits of laughter.

The three kept his promise and left with his followers, who were the ten of clubs, eight of diamonds, two of spades and seven of clubs.

Some months later the queen's empire was under attack by a neighbouring pack of cards. The queen stood before her people and cried "We are strong and shall not fall. We will build a house of cards starting with the aces at the bottom going up to the kings; this way they will not be able to penetrate us. WE SHALL WIN."

However, since there was the absence of the 'three' and his followers, it was virtually impossible for everyone forming the house of cards to keep his balance. Soon the neighbouring pack of cards made their attack and it was not long before the house of cards, and for that matter the queen's empire, came tumbling down.

MORAL: The smallest people of a community are as important as the bigger ones.

Sue Meeking 4A



## ART AND CRAFT

### Fourth Form Craft Class

We have 3 hours of craft per week and in this class we do all kinds of unusual things.

We started the semester by making soft animals out of fleece. But no-one made just the usual type of animals - things were made such as 2 foot tall cookie monsters, basil brushes, pink elephants, green wombles and persian cats. This was great fun until the extra sharp fleece needles caused blood stained fingers, and the impossibility of turning cats' tails and heads inside out caused chaos. But apart from this, when they were finally finished they all ended up looking fantastic, and everyone was pleased.

Our next task was to attempt an assignment. Not the usual type of boring written assignment though, it actually sounded quite fun! We would be provided with some fleece (straight off the sheep's back) and brush or comb out the burrs, hand spin it on a pencil, and then experiment dyeing it, with any type of natural dye such as leaves or petals in boiling water. So we finally found out what that foul smell was drifting from the saucepan on the stove in the craft room - it was an example of natural dyeing. But that was alright really 'cause we found out which leaves not to use, so we wouldn't get that same revolting smell too.

We started brushing out the burrs, dirt and some anonymous bits and pieces (getting very greasy hands) then spinning and dyeing, it at home. This was fun until we started brushing out the fur again, and discovered that the silk worms in the corner of the room, and ourselves were not the only livestock in the room, but maggots also existed in the fleece. Yuk! This fleece was very quickly thrown out. But this was not the end of our assignment. Mrs. Smethurst suddenly produced from nowhere, some very, smelly, dogs and cats hair to spin and dye. What next? Anyway, apart from a few smells and misfortunes our Fourth Form Craft is a great fun subject, where a lot of talking, arguments, laughter and jokes take place, while we busily work on one of many peculiar and fantastic things.

Debbie Lacey 4A

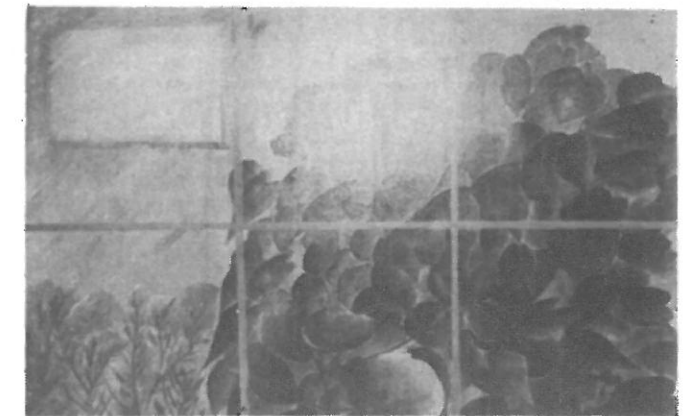
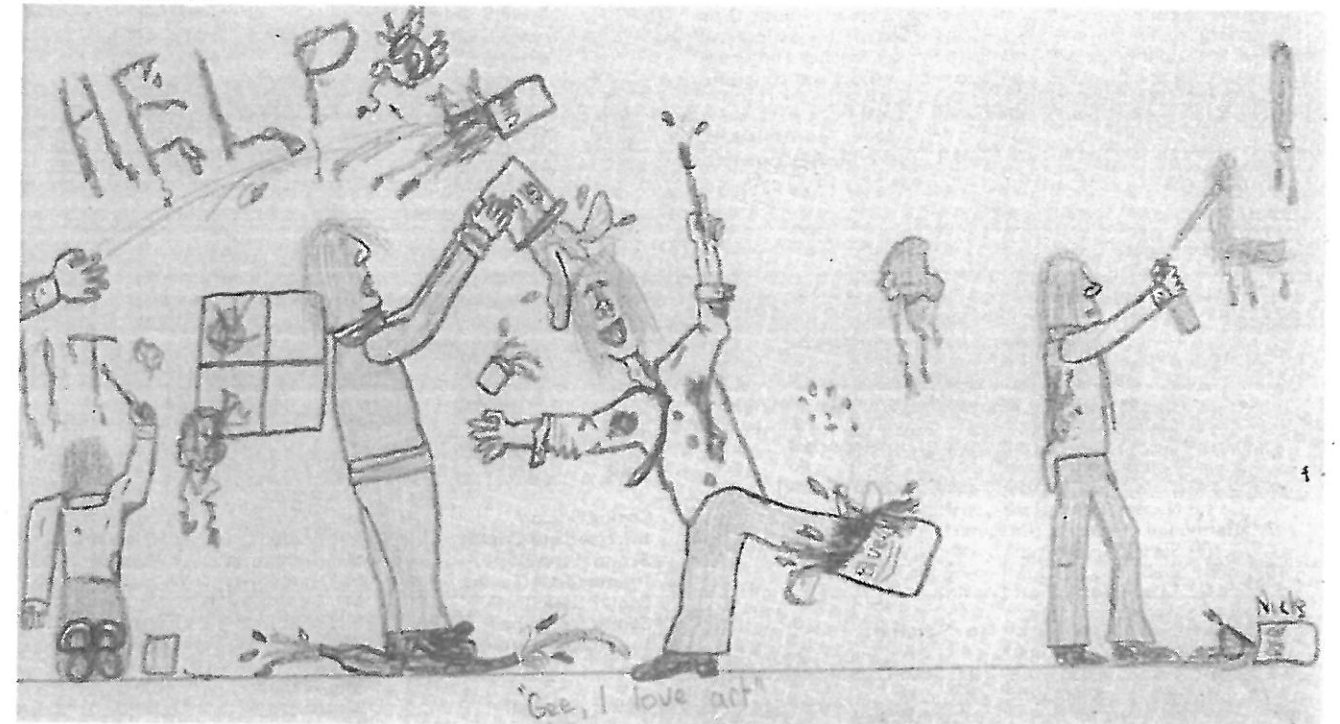


**ROYAL SHOW AWARD**  
Karen Erickson, Form V, was awarded an "Honourable Mention" for the stole she made in the Needlecraft class.

### JUNIOR CRAFT



## ART & CRAFT



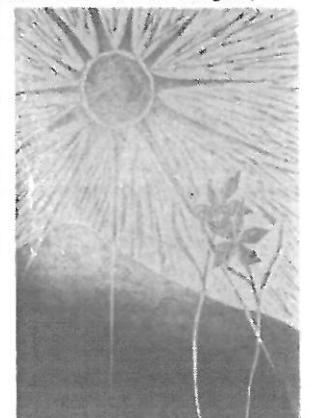
**"FROM INSIDE LOOKING OUT"** - ACRYLIC ON MASONITE  
- Jenny Boutland, 3E

**PAINTING - ACRYLIC ON MASONITE**  
- Andrea Ford, 4D



**PAINTING - OIL ON CANVAS** - Jane Wallace-Mitchell, 6A

**LINO CUT** - Fiona Knights, 3B





## SPORT

Brighton High School had a very successful year in both Girls and Boys interschool sport in 1978. On behalf of the school we would like to take this opportunity to thank all coaches and members of the teams for their dedication to school sport and congratulate them on their successes throughout this year.

Mrs. Cizek, Sportsmistress.  
Mr. Turnbull, Sportsmaster.

### Interschool sport.

- Boys**
1. Senior Cricket (Coached by Mr. Allen).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  2. Senior Football (Coached by Mr. Allen).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  3. Senior Table Tennis (Coached by Mr. Pamment).  
(a) Nepean Champions.  
(b) Equal Runners up in the Southern Zone.
  4. Senior Squash (Coached by Mr. Dennis and Mr. Young).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  5. Intermediate Tennis (Coached by Mr. Humphries).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  6. Intermediate Table Tennis (Coached by Mr. Frank).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  7. Intermediate Football (Coached by Mr. Frank).  
(a) Second in Nepean Division.
  8. Intermediate Soccer (Coached by Mr. Wilson).  
(a) Second in Nepean Division.
- Girls**
1. Senior Tennis (Coached by Mrs. Scholtz).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  2. Senior Netball (Coached by Mrs. Scholtz & Miss Gunnell).  
(a) Nepean Champions.  
(b) Runners up in the Southern Zone.
  3. Senior Squash (Coached by Mrs. Dare).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  4. Intermediate Netball (Coached by J. Bartholomeusz).  
(a) Nepean Champions.
  5. Senior and Intermediate Cross Country.  
(a) Nepean Champions.

### Outstanding Performances

1. Rohan Wright. Won a place in the Victorian School Boys Golf Team.
2. Steven Crowley. Ran in the All High Cross Country Championship.
3. Tony Adams. Swam in the All High Swimming Carnival in the U17 Butterfly Event.
4. N. Perlin. Competed in the All High Swimming Carnival in the U14 Diving Event.
5. Jenny Boutland. Won the Nepean Group Cross Country and ran in the Southern Zone Cross Country (Intermediate).
6. Debbie McIntosh came third in the Nepean Group Cross Country.

### INTERSCHOOL TEAMS 1978

#### GIRLS

TEAM	COACH	NEPEAN DIVISION		CAPTAIN
		— PREMIERS	— RUNNERS UP	
Senior Cricket	Mrs Price		Runners Up	T. Crowley
Senior Tennis	Mrs Scholtz		Premiers	T. Hough
Intermediate Tennis	Mrs Golding		Runners Up	J. Kreymborg
Senior Basketball	Debbie McIntosh		Runners Up	D. McIntosh
Senior Volleyball	Miss Barnett		Runners Up	L. Ives
Intermediate Volleyball	Miss Barnett			V. Gomularz
Senior Table Tennis	Mrs Cizek		Runners Up	K. Black
Senior Squash	Mrs Dare		Premiers	L. Embleton
Senior Hockey	Miss Barnett			K. Shaw
Intermediate Hockey	Miss Barnett			D. Pugh
Senior Softball	Miss Gunnell			D. Rae
Intermediate Softball	Miss Gunnell			K. Chapman
Senior Netball	Mrs Scholtz and Miss Gunnell	Premiers		J. Bartholomeusz
Intermediate Netball	J. Bartholomeusz	Premiers		T. Hough
Junior Netball	J. Bartholomeusz		Runners Up	K. Seeberg



The Interschool Teams are:

Boys	Coach	Captain
Senior Cricket	Mr. Allen	D. Dakis
Intermediate Cricket	Mr. Frank	J. Reichelt
Senior Tennis	Mr. Humphries	D. Bell
Intermediate Tennis	Mr. Humphries	W. Herbstreit
Senior Basketball	Mr. McKenzie	S. Bouyer
Senior Volleyball	Mr. Wilson	C. Benson
Intermediate Volleyball	Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gorham	P. Nawrotkiewicz
Senior Football	Mr. Allen	D. Dakis
Intermediate Football	Mr. Frank	A. Lewis
Senior Table Tennis	Mr. Pamment	E. Euripidou
Intermediate Table Tennis	Mr. Frank	Yos Bilu
Senior Squash	Mr. Dennis and Mr. Young	M. Kanceljak
Senior Soccer	Mr. Wilson	A. Vasiljevic
Intermediate Soccer	Mr. Wilson	P. Nawrotkiewicz
Senior Golf	Mr. Humphries	Rohan Wright

The following teachers are in charge of the following weekly activities.

Bowling	Mr. Godfred
Photography	Mr. Ciavaglia
Orienteering	Mr. McKenzie

### Activities on Wednesday:

Photography — Mr Ciavaglia  
Bowling — Mrs Golding, Mrs Berry  
Roller Skating — Mrs Grebler, Mrs Batour  
Golf — Mrs Ray  
Tennis and Roller Skating Term II  
— Mrs Stannard, Mrs Price



## SPORT

	House Teachers		House Captains	
Grant	Mr Humphries Mr Frank Mrs Dare Miss Barnett	Senior Junior	C. Stevens L. Elsworthy C. Bounds M. Wilson	
Lonsdale	Mr Allen Mr Godfred Mrs Clark Mrs Berry	Senior Junior	J. Clarkson P. Story D. Holan P. Hough	
Murray	Mr Darlow Mr Dennis Mrs Batour Mrs Geddes	Senior Junior	D. Dakis D. Rae P. Liakos J. Kreymborg	
Phillip	Mr Redding Mr Wilson Mrs Smithers Mrs Golding	Senior Junior	B. Bellott S. Bellott R. Fernando J. Elliott D. Turnbull.	

### House Competitions

#### Swimming Sports

The swimming sports were held within the first two weeks of first term and were very competitive amongst the four houses. The placings are as follows:

First	Grant	330 Points
Second	Phillip	261 Points
Third	Lonsdale	230 Points
Fourth	Murray	222 Points

The interschool swimming Team was picked from the results of the House competition and this team won the Nepean Division Championship. Out of 66 events we were placed in 58 with 36 firsts, 17 seconds and 5 thirds. A very commendable effort on the part of these students.

The Captain of the Boys team was Peter Vass and The Captain of the Girls team was Donna Rea.

#### Athletic Sports

The school athletic sports were held in the second last week of first term. The placings are as follows:

First	Lonsdale	544 Points
Second	Grant	431 Points
Third	Phillip	423 Points
Fourth	Murray	387 Points

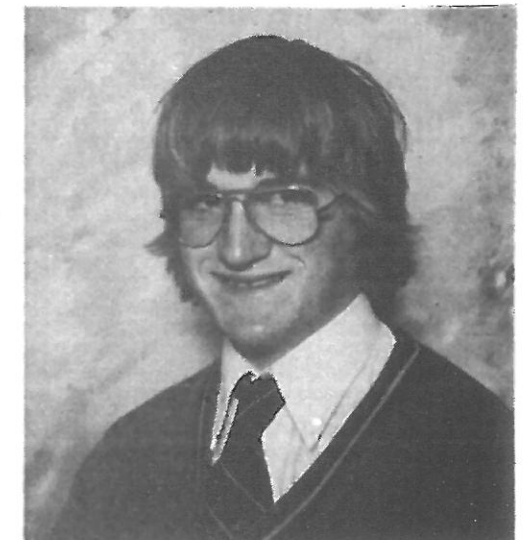
From the results of this competition the interschool team was picked to participate in the Nepean Division finals. The team was coached both by Mr Frank and Mrs Cizek.

The Captain of the Boys team was John Clarkson and The Captain of the Girls team was Terryn Hough.

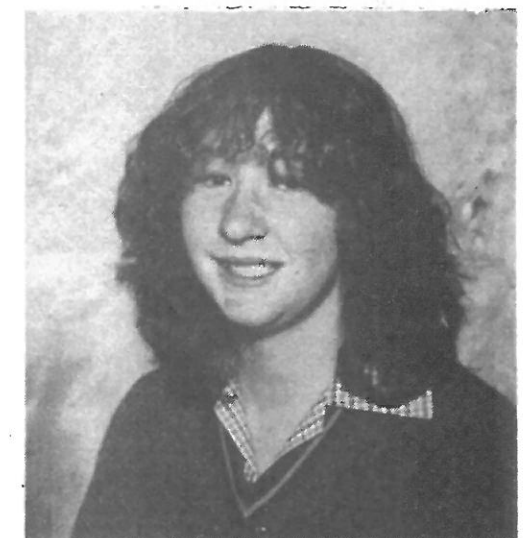
The Aggregate house sporting results for 1978 are as follows:

First	Lonsdale	774 Points
Second	Grant	761 Points
Third	Phillip	684 Points
Fourth	Murray	609 Points

Hence the over all winners of the House competition for sport in 1978 is Lonsdale.



Lloyd Hollenberg — Gymnastics



Karen Chapman — Softball



Stephen Crowley — Cross Country

# THE TEAMS



CROSS COUNTRY



CROSS COUNTRY



INTER FOOTBALL



SENIOR FOOTBALL



INTER HOCKEY



SENIOR NETBALL



INTER NETBALL



BASKETBALL

# THE TEAMS



SOFTBALL



TENNIS



SOCCER



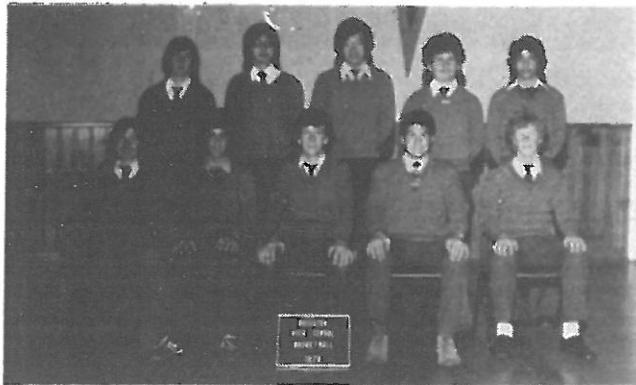
SENIOR CRICKET



ATHLETICS



## THE TEAMS



BOYS BASKETBALL



SENIOR CRICKET



BOYS VOLLEYBALL



SENIOR HOCKEY



SWIMMING TEAMS

HOUGH, Petrina  
LAMBERT, Marjorie Anne  
LAWRY, Elizabeth Anne  
MIOS, Michelle Helen  
O'SULLIVAN, Kaye Leanne  
REINSHAGEN, Kathy Elizabeth  
SARGEANT, Helen Mary  
SHIPP, Robyn Valerie  
SMYTH, Mandy Jane  
GALANOPOULOS, Panagiota (Peg)

### FORM 3B

BOYS  
BALL, Peter Graeme  
BLIGHT, John Gabriel  
BUTLER, Iain  
CHALMERS, Peter Geoffrey  
CHAPMAN, Grant David  
COOKE, Robert Victor  
GRAY, Richard Ian  
LEWIS, Ashley David  
PERN, Warren Gordon  
SPOKES, Russell Lee  
STREAGER, Morris  
TAYLOR, John Alfred  
VIGGIANI, Vincent Charles  
WILSON, Stephen Patrick  
WOODS, Brett Lindsay

GIRLS  
AHMET, Leyla  
BALTAS, Sophie  
BISSET, Janine Gayle  
BRABNER, Michelle Joyce  
BUCKI, Jolanta Jane  
GOMULARZ, Ulla  
JAGER, Lisa Maree  
KNIGHTS, Fiona Louise  
MEHEGAN, Jane Marie  
MANSEY, Deborah Ann  
MAVRIPOULOS, Chrissie  
POPPER, Tamara  
SINCLAIR, Julia  
WALSH, Gabriella  
WELLER, Ruth Sarah

### FORM 3C

BOYS  
ABIUSO, Nicholas Alfred  
BENNING, Michael  
BILU, Yos  
BROADBRIDGE, Graham  
CREIGHTON, Adrian Murray  
DANIEL, Peter Noel  
GOUTSIARIS, Mark John  
GULEY, Peter  
HOLAN, Peter  
LUSTIG, Harry  
McCABE, Phillip John  
McCANDLESS, Trevor  
McCONACHY, Peter John  
McMANUS, Christopher Peter  
McLENNAN, James David  
MARTIN, Eric Lewis  
PALMER, Jason  
SUTTON, Brian  
THEOCHAROUS, Gregory  
WALL, Dean Leon

GIRLS  
BEAMS, Jillian Faye  
BOARDMAN, Fiona  
BOUTLAND, Kathryn Gail  
CHRISTIE, Dawn Elizabeth  
DRIVER, Joanne  
FINDLAY, Karen Elaine  
HARITOS, Alexandra  
HOPKINS, Lynelle Marion  
KNIGHTS, Karen Lisa  
PUGH, Diane  
WATT, Joanne  
WOOD, Mary Elizabeth

### FORM 3D

BOYS  
BENNETT, Michael John  
BONNANNO, Salvatore  
CHELLEW, Peter Martin  
JOHNSON, Dean Alexander  
MORGAN, Timothy Kenneth  
NEWTON, Adam  
OSCURO, Robert  
PALMER, Joel Francis  
PERKINS, David Clifford  
QUICK, David Peter  
SIMMONS, Michael Edward  
STEFANIC, John  
SZABOLOS, Attila  
TANNARD, David  
TOTH, John Edward

GIRLS  
BEUDEL, Saskia Maya  
DALE, Karen Lea  
DENNISON, Karen Louise  
DOUGLAS, Kerry Lee  
EMMETT, Carol Ann  
FIUMARA, Felicia

GLEESON, Kaaren Evelina  
GODFREY, Louise  
KREYMBORG, Jan Elise  
LAMBERT, Louise Kristin  
MCLEOD, Jennifer Gaye  
MCRAE, Debra Joy  
WILSON, Anne Maree Cathrine  
WISE, Sascha Madeleine  
WRIGHT, Jacqueline  
GALANOPOULOS, Abruvi (Vivien)

### FORM 3E

BOYS  
AYDIN, Erdem Omer  
DOOLEY, Matthew Guy  
DOWNES, Geoffrey  
HOLAN, Daniel  
KYPTA, John Joseph  
NAWROTKIEWICZ, Peter Paul  
PAVLOU, Mario  
QUETCHER, Gary  
TANNER, Nicholas Armstrong  
THORLEY, Anthony  
VAFIDIS, Billy  
VON ZUM HOF, Klaus  
OSWALD, Daniel Luke

GIRLS  
BIEG, Janine Carolyn  
BOUTLAND, Jennifer Ruth  
BRUNNER, Jodi  
CROWLEY, Mary Jane  
DUNSMUIR, Joanna Leonie  
ELLIOT, Jane Maree  
FRATER, Kathy  
HORVAT, Maria  
JOLLY, Jeanette Fay  
KILPATRICK, Gina Anne-Maree  
LEE-STEERE, Carolyn Jane  
NAWROTKIEWICZ, Anna Janine  
PANELLI, Ruth  
RONDA, Henriette Charlotte  
ROTHSTADT, Lisa Jane  
SAUNDERS, Kristina Brenda  
SEEBERG, Sharyn Carmen  
ZARPARINIS, Kalliope  
DIBERARDINO, Annita

### FORM 2A

BOYS  
ABELAS, Anthony  
BECKINGHAM, Glenn  
BLACK, Kirk  
BLAKE, David  
BLIGH, Ashley  
BLYTHE, Raymond  
BUTLER, Calum  
CUNNINGHAM, Kenneth  
EPIFANO, Peter  
HILLARD, Neil  
JONES, Peter  
LALOU, David  
MORGAN, Andrew  
SCHEINER, Fabian  
SCOTT, Leigh  
WARD, Adrian

GIRLS  
ANDREADIS, Voula  
CHEN, Kayee  
DICKENSON, Sally  
FILIADIS, Katerina  
GREGORIOU, Linda  
HALL, Chelata  
HALL, Sharon  
KARAILIS, Fotina  
LILLIS, Karen  
McCANDLESS, Georgina (Tina)  
ROWBURY, Anna  
SHORLAND, Sally  
STYLES, Deborah  
SWANN, Carolyn

### FORM 2B

BOYS  
BROWN, Jamie Darren  
CRAVEN, Vincent Stephen  
DANIEL, Robert John  
DESOUSA, Jose  
HOLLAND, Anthony John  
MANION, Brett Geoffrey  
PAYNE, Anthony William  
PERN, Robert  
SINGH, Jason Marc  
SWANN, David Ian  
WILLIAMSON, Warren  
WORRELL, Steven Edward

GIRLS  
AHMET, Yasmin  
BLOCK, Justine Katrina  
CAMILLERI, Joanne Michelle  
CHAPMAN, Leah  
DAVIS, Jennifer Margaret  
EWART, Jennifer  
FISHER, Michele Silvia  
HARDY, Natalie Irma  
LOHONYAY, Domonique  
MARK, Julie

## ROLL CALL

VASILJEVIC, Maryann  
WELLSPRING, Robyn  
WILSON, Michelle  
ZYGOURAKIS, Maria  
RODRIGUES, Luzia Elizabeth

### FORM 2C

BOYS  
BOUNDS, Cameron Fraser  
BRENNAN, Sean Anthony  
FERNANDO, Randolph Keith  
FOTI, John  
GOROZIDIS, Gregory  
GRANT, Andrew James  
GREEN, Peter Matthew  
HOPKINS, Russell George  
KATOS, Gary John  
KELLY, Simon Glenn  
KINSELLA, Martin  
MCCONACHY, Philip Dean  
MITCHELL, Michael  
PAYNE, Peter Gabriel  
REICHEL, Gregory John  
STEVENSON, Michael Leslie  
VERNON, Scott Brian  
WILTSHIRE, Jonathon Karl  
SCOTT, Hamish

GIRLS  
CHALMERS, Debra Susan  
CROFTS, Donna-Maree Susan  
DINAS, Heather  
DUBRIARD, Michelle Esther  
GEORGIADIS, Christine  
KINSELLA, Carol Therese  
MCINDLEY, Kim Margaret  
MAZZAIA, Michele Colette  
NICHOLAS, Helen  
QUETCHER, Donna Maree  
STOUPAS, Renea Irene  
WEARNE, Janet Marie  
WOOD-BURGESS, Tina Dawn

### FORM 2D

BOYS  
ABIUSO, David Hugo  
ALLAN, Andrew Hugh  
BROWN, William David  
CHEN, Kevin  
COATES, Stephen Macdonald  
DICK, Stuart Paul  
GEORGIU, Andrew  
HARBERGER, Shane  
HUMPHREYS, Gary William  
LAW, David William  
MATACOS, Peter  
PALAMARA, Steven John Matthew  
RABL, Simon Joseph  
RIGOPPOULOS, John  
SPARKS, Paul Baden  
ZIINO, Adrian Joseph Anthony  
BERESFORD, Peter

GIRLS  
BEATY, Amanda Jane  
DAW, Nicole Lisette  
ELWOOD, Ngairi Joy  
FLANAGAN, Melissa Gaye  
GEORGIU, Andrea  
HAWKES, Melinda Jane  
HOWARD, Joy Diana  
IVES, Stephanie Joan  
KABYLIS, Elene  
LEWIS, Deborah  
MANLEY, Karen Heather  
MANSEY, Rebecca Louise  
MARSHALL, Deidre Pauline  
MATHER, Lisa Gaye  
PERLEN, Nadine Elise  
STEMBERGAR, Liliyana  
VANDERVEEN, Helen Martina  
WISE, Sophie Charlotte  
GANSON, Deborah

### FORM 1A

BOYS  
ADLER, Lawrence Paul  
BREMNER, Claude John  
DARK, James Frank Keveen  
DURSO, Robert Frank  
ELWOOD, Geoffrey Arthur  
GREGORY, Brian Thomas  
GULEY, Steven Leslie  
KAY, David Roy  
KING, Glenn Alistair Brett  
LIAKOS, Peter  
MCINDLEY, Mark Russell  
PAPACOSTAS, Stavros  
PARRY, Stephen Bruce  
VYSSARITIS, Emmanuel  
WILSON, Cameron Muir Peter  
OSWALD, Matthew Phillip

GIRLS  
BAMFORD, Cindylee  
DUNSMUIR, Louisa Rose  
EXELL, Lisa Helen  
GERREY, Maureen Karen

JONES, Kim Anne  
MUSCHAMP, Katherine Francis  
PULLEN, Vicki Maree  
ROBERTS, Desiree Irene  
SEEBERG, Kylie Michelle  
SIMMONS, Danielle Louise  
SMIKA, Lisa Justine Catherine  
SMITH, Fiona Elizabeth  
WEBB, Nicole  
ZEUG, Natasha Gertrude

### FORM 1B

BOYS  
BENNETT, Nicholas  
DENNISON, Michael  
HILLIER, John  
KOGLIN, Darren  
NALLO, Paul  
LAWSON, Timothy  
REID, David  
SMITH, Russell  
TALBOT, Neville  
TEREK, Robert  
VANDERMOST, Alan  
VOUK, Steven  
DI BERARDINO, Antony

GIRLS  
ANTHOPOULOS, Claudine  
BATES, Clare  
BROWN, Nicole  
CARDOSA, Helen  
FARR, Bronwyn  
FLANAGAN, Donna  
FRANZEN, Karen  
HASSALL, Kathleen  
KUKOVEC, Fiona  
LING, Jemima  
LLOYD, Belinda  
O'SULLIVAN, Cathlyn  
PAYNE, Helen  
STRAIN, Melissa  
WEST, Fiona  
SANTER, Karen

### FORM 1C

BOYS  
COTTERELL, Geoffrey  
COPE, David  
FISHER, Andrew  
FOSTER, Neal  
LEATHAN, Robert  
McCANDLESS, Herbert  
PAVIS, Sean  
TAYLOR, Darren  
TIREKIDIS, Paul  
WIERZBICKI, Paul  
MOROSOLI, Paul Anthony  
GALANOPOULIS, Demitrios (Jim)  
PALABERIS, Bill  
GIBSON, Grant

GIRLS  
CLARKE, Kim  
CUNNINGHAM, Kerry  
DAVIS, Katrenna  
ESTORNINHO, Jacqueline  
HILLARD, Shauna  
HUGHES, Raelene  
JAFFA, Deborah Faye  
KALAITZIDIS, Koula  
MAXIAN, Claudia  
MITCHELL, Georgina  
PORTER, Jillian  
STAVRAKIS, Athina  
SUTTON, Danielle  
TAYLOR, Elizabeth  
THEOS, Jenny  
WILSON, Lisa

### FORM 1D

BOYS  
BLIGHT, Adam Herbert  
BRABNER, Scott Anthony  
FORBES, Justin John  
HARITOS, Arthur  
KINSELLA, John Simon  
LEE-STEERE, David Anthony  
LYDSTER, Richard Alan  
MILJOEN, Sean  
STOUPAS, Jimmy  
TRICKEY, David Leslie  
VIAL, Geoffrey Russell

GIRLS  
AHMET, Soreya  
COTTIER, Julie Anne  
GOREING, Kim Coral Anne  
GREGORIOU, Anthea Andrea  
HATZIKOS, Vicki Tina  
IVES, Deborah Allison  
KARAILIS, Jenny  
ROBINSON, Tracey Anne  
ROTH, Lisa Sarah  
STEMBERGAR, Brigita  
TICKLE, Anne-Marie  
TOTH, Shirley Anne  
WILLIAMS, Karen Lea