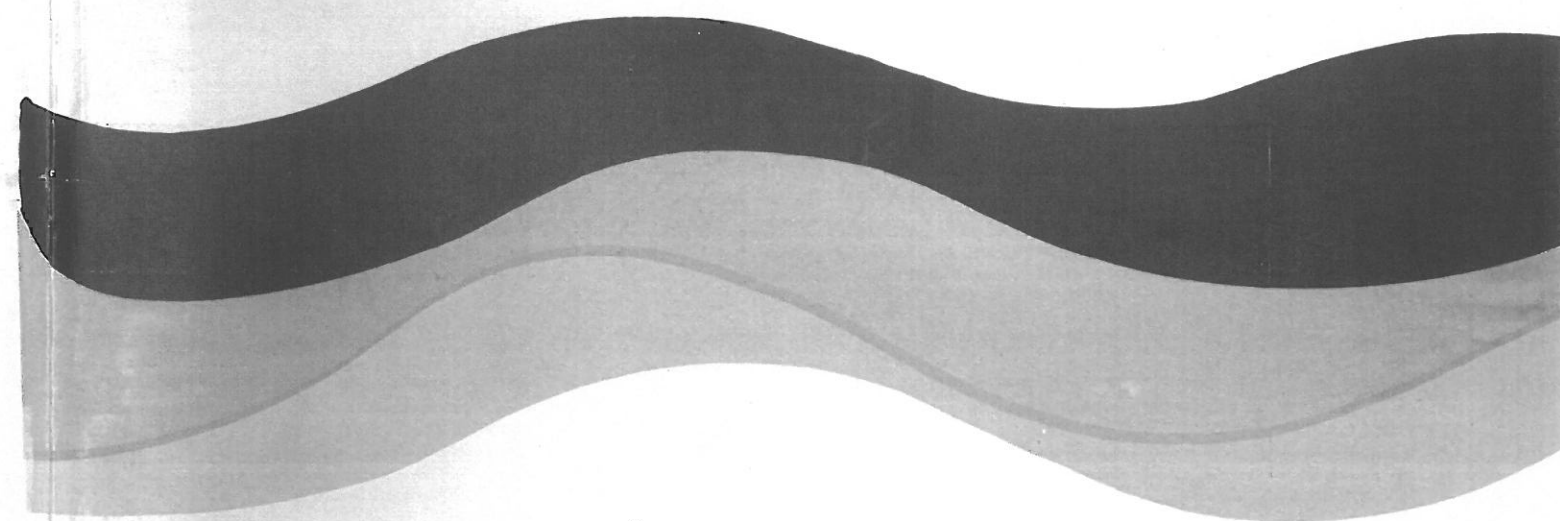
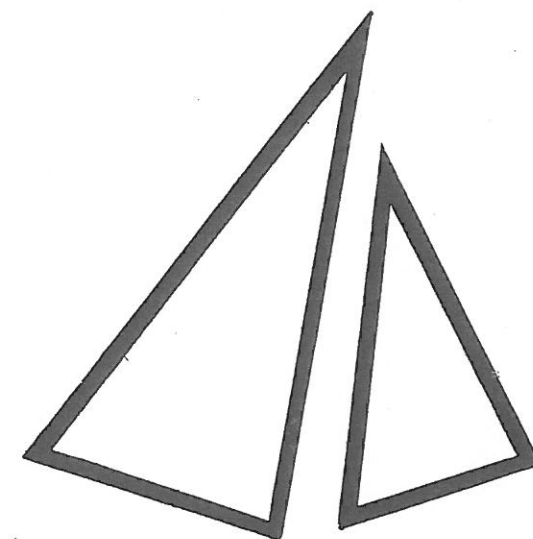


B.H.S



Voyager '79

Roll Call

FORM 7A

BOYS

BALTAS, Con
BLIGH, David
BLOCK, Peter
BOYCE, Christopher
BRABNER, Matthew
COOMBES, Jens
COPE, Andrew
ESTORNINHO, Jullo
LIAKOS, Peter
McMAHON, Damien
MURRELLS, Stephen
PERLEN, Steven
PETERS, Phillip
ROONEY, David
ZARPARINIS, Nick (dec'd)

GIRLS

BATSON, Marie-Grace
BEAMS, Helen
CAMILLE, Michelle
COATES, Laura
DALE, Sophie
FRITZLOFF, Leah
GERREY, Gayle
GRAHAM, Nicole
LOUGHREY, Kerry
PERKINS, Sarah
RAYNER, Jeunesse
SMITH, Tanya
STAVRAKIS, Tina
TAMVAKIS, Alexandra

FORM 7B

BOYS

ABIUSO, Francis Peter
BAKER, Andrew Frederick
BROWN, Steven Peter
DANIEL, Peter Allan
DOOLEY, James Ewan
FREDMAN, Neil James
GRANT, Jason Andrew
GRIFFIN, Stewart Ritchie
HOUDALAKIS, Dimitrios Jim
McCONCHIE, Andrew
PEARCE, Stuart William
ZINNO, Gerard

GIRLS

ANDREADIS, Helen
BULL, Joanne Michelle
CLARKE, Charlotte Blake
COOPER, Karen Nicole
FINLEY, Jacqueline
FISHER, Sarah Lee
FOTI, Maria
HALL, Julie-Anne
JONES, Kim
LYDSTER, Leanne
SAUNDERS, Melinda May
VELAHOUTAKOS, Pauline
VERNON, Kim Leanne
ZANCA, Caterina

FORM 7C

BOYS

FARNELL, Anthony Robert
FAZIO, Charles
KARAILIS, Nick
LAMBERT, Adam Keese
LOYER, David Andrew
LUND, Gavin Lloyd
MANSFIELD, Ross Alfred
McLEOD, Dean Andrew
McLENNAN, Adam John
MURPHY, Bruce James
PATTINSON, Anthony John
PRINGLE, Dale Arthur
SHORT, Christopher Brookes

GIRLS

BLANSHARD, Joanne Leslie
DICKSON, Lisa Jane
FILIS, Kathy
GEE, Debbie

HAYCROFT, Jodi Marie
HAWKINS, Jane
HUGHES, Raylene
HUMPHREYS, Maree Nancy
KREYMBORG, Sandra Lee
LAW, Alexandra Christine
MATSACOS, Maria
OSCURO, Jennifer
SHAW, Kim Maree
THOMPSON, Meagan Jan
VINCENT, Debra
WILSON, Heather

FORM 7D

BOYS

BAVAGE, Christopher Michael
CROWLEY, Paul Francis
GEORGIOU, George
GILLON, Adam Peter
MASON, Timothy Edward
OEHLMANN, Dean Eberhard
RAYMOND, Jonathan Peter
RIGOPOULOS, Nicolaos
George
ROBERTS, Michael Edward
SANDVIK, Jouko Olavi
WISE, Timothy Jephson
WOODS, Mark Anthony
WRIGHT, Garth Andrew

GIRLS

BARR, Kim Lara
BLIGHT, Caroline Joan
BROWN, Rachel Sophia
CANNON, Michelle Kathleen
DARK, Shirlene Kim Marie
GOLOUBKIN, Elizabeth
JENNINGS, Julie Alanda
KABYLIS, Dionissia
KELLER, Yvonne Elizabeth
KYRIOS, Mary
LEIGH, Helena Michele
OSCURO, Rosa
TALBOT, Karen Denise
WILLIAMSON, Karen Michelle

FORM 7E

BOYS

BOYDEN, Nicholas Bryan
HOME, Cameron James
Boyton
KING, Shaun John
MARICAK, Jozo
MOROSOLI, Phillip
TAYLOR, Sean Patrick
THOMAS, Christopher Gordon
TICKLE, David John
VALSINGER, Jhan Gunver
Patrik

GIRLS

BRUNNER, Lani
CHERRY, Monique
EAMES, Robyn Maree
HENDERSON, Karen Louise
HUMPHREYS, Megan Louise
LEVY, Janie Helen
LOUGHREY, Anna Lorelle
NICHOLSON, Karen Barbara
SATTERTHWAITE, Wendy
Norma
SEAMAN, Kellie Anne
TANNER, Jane
TREAGUS, Nicole Deborah
van TWEST, Karin Rosalie
van WIJNGAARDEN, Kim Lisa
ZACCUTI, Mellinda Jane

FORM 8A

BOYS

BAKOSS, Matthew Stephen
BRABNER, Scott Anthony
DANIEL, Robert John
DURSO, Robert Frank
KING, Glen Alister Brett
KINSELLA, John Simon
KOGLIN, Darren Anthony
LEATHAN, Robert James

SMITH, Russell Brett
TIREKIDIS, Paul
VOUK, Steven Richard
VYSSARITIS, Emanuel
WILLINS, Renny Patrick

GIRLS

BAMFORD, Cindy-Lee
BROWN, Nicole
CARDOSA, Helena Maria
COTTIER, Julie Anne
ESTORNINHO, Jacqueline
Florence
GERREY, Maureen Karen
IVES, Deborah Allison
LLOYD, Belinda Janet
MITCHELL, Georgina Emma
ROTH, Lisa Sarah Naomi
SANTER, Karen Isabel
SEEBERG, Kylie Michelle
SUTTON, Danielle Lisa
WEARNE, Janet Marie
WEBB, Nicole
WEST, Fiona
WILSON, Lisa Nicole

FORM 8B

BOYS

CHAROCHERIS, Jim
CURL, James
FORBES, Justin
FOSTER, Neal
HARITOS, Arthur
LYDSTER, Richard
McKINDLEY, Mark
NALLO, Paul
PAVIS, Sean
REMICK, Royce
TALBOT, Neville
TRICKEY, David
WILSON, Cameron

GIRLS

ANTHOPOULUS, Claudine
CROFTS, Donna
CUNNINGHAM, Kerry
DUNSMUIR, Louisa
FERGUSON, Amanda
GREGORIOU, Anthea
HASSALL, Kathleen
JAFFA, Deborah
MARK, Julie
MUSCHAMP, Katherine
O'SULLIVAN, Kathryn
PORTER, Jillian
SIMMONS, Danielle
THEOS, Jenny
TICKLE, Anne-Marie
ZEUG, Natasha

FORM 8C

BOYS

BLAKE, David Cameron
BOUNDS, Cameron Frazer
BREMNER, Claude
COPE, David
DENNISON, Michael Gary
LAWSON, Timothy Warwick
LEE-STEERE, David Anthony
McCANDLESS, Herbert
PALAMBERIS, Bill
PAPACOSTAS, Stavros
STOUPAS, Jimmy
TEREK, Robert Adam
WIERZBICKI, Paul Peter
WORRELL, Steven John

GIRLS

BATES, Clare Janine
EXELL, Lisa Helen
FARR, Bronwyn Elizabeth
GOREING, Kim Coralanne
GROVES, Judith Helen
HILLARD, Shauna Gwynneth
KARAILIS, Jenny
KUKOVEC, Fiona Elizabeth
MAXIAN, Cladia Dorothy

PAYNE, Helen Joy
PULLEN, Vicki Marie
SMIKA, Lisa Justine
STEMBERGAR, Brigita
TAYLOR, Elizabeth Joan
van TOOREN, Susan Ann

FORM 8D

BOYS

BENNETT, Nicholas
BLIGHT, Adam
DARK, James
FISHER, Andrew
GALANOPOULOS, Antonios
HILLIER, John
JONES, Peter
KANE, Alan John
KAY, David
MILJOEN, Sean
PARRY, Steven
REID, David
STEVENSON, Michael
van DERMOST, Alan
van TOOREN, Jeremy
VIAL, Jeffrey

GIRLS

AHMET, Soreya
FLANAGAN, Donna
HATZIKOS, Vicki Tina
KALAITZIDIS, Koula
LING, Jemima
ROBERTYS, Desiree
ROBINSON, Tracey Ann
SMITH, Fiona
STAVRAKIS, Athina
STRAIN, Melissa
TOTH, Shirley
TRELOAR, Lynne
VASILJEVIC, Maryann

FORM 9A

BOYS

BECKINGHAM, Glenn Michael
BLIGH, Ashley John
BUZOLICH, Grant Raymond
COATES, Stephen Macdonald
CRAVEN, Vincent Stephen
HARBERGER, Shane
HOPKINS, Russell
MANION, Brett Jeffrey
MATSACOS, Peter Dimitri
PAYNE, Anthony William
PEARSON, Luke Edward
RIGOPOULOS, John
SCOTT, Leigh Vernon
VERNON, Scott Brian
WARD, Adrian Stewart
ZINO, Adrian Joseph

GIRLS

AHMET, Yasmin
BEATY, Amanda Jane
CAMILLE, Joanne Michelle
CORNFORD, Sharynne Lee
DAW, Nicole Lisette
EWART, Jennifer Elizabeth
FLANAGAN, Melissa Gaye
HARDY, Natalie Irma
KIRWAN, Tracey Lee
LEWIS, Deborah
LILLIS, Karen Ann
ROWBURY, Anna Christina
SINGLETON, Lesley
WISE, Sophie Charlotte
ZYGOURAKIS, Maria

FORM 9B

BOYS

BROWN, Jamie Darren
CHEN, Kevin
HUMPHREYS, Gary William
KAKOS, Christopher
KEILY, Phillip John
KINSELLA, Martin Hugh
LAW, David William
McLEOD, David Alexander
SILVERMAN, Mark Paul
SINGH, Jason Mark

SZABOLCS, Otti Luke
WILLIAMSON, Warren
WILTSHIRE, Jonathon Karl

GIRLS

ALOI, Mariella
CHAPMAN, Leah
CHEN, Kayee
FILIADIS, Katerina
GREEN, Michelle Zophia
KINSELLA, Carol Terese
McKINDLEY, Kim Margaret
MANLEY, Karen Heather
MARSHALL, Deidre Pauline
OAKMAN, Yvonne Leanne
PETERS, Sally Anne
SHORLAND, Sally Louise
STEMBERGAR, Lillyana
STOUPAS, Renea Irene
TANNOCK, Angela Gai
WOOD-BURGESS, Tina
WOODS, Julianne Elizabeth

FORM 9C

BOYS

ABIUSO, David
BENNING, Michael John
BROWNE, Ashley
BUTLER, Calum
CUNNINGHAM, Kenneth
DICK, Stuart
FERNANDO, Randolph
GREEN, Peter
McMURTRIE, Daryl
MORGAN, Andrew
PAYNE, Peter
PERN, Robert
PRINGLE, Lloyd
RABL, Simon
SEYMOUR, Adrian
SUTTON, Brian
SWANN, David

GIRLS

CHALMERS, Debra
FISHER, Michele
GEORGIOU, Andrea
HALL, Sharon
HAWKES, Melinda
KABYLIS, Elene
McCANDLESS, Tina
MATHER, Lisa
MAZZAIA, Michelle
NICHOLAS, Helen
PARKES, Kelly
SATTERTHWAITE, Linda
STUBS, Lillian
STURMER, Simone

FORM 9D

BOYS

BROWN, William David
COOKE, Richard Brendan
DESOUZA, Jose
EPIFANO, Peter Andrew
FOTI, John Paul
GEORGIOU, Andrew
GOROZIDIS, Gregory
GRIMWOOD, Alan
KATOS, Gary
KELLY, Simon Glenn
McMANUS, Christopher Peter
PALAMARA, Steven John
SCHEINER, Fabian
SCOTT, Leigh Charles
STEFANIC, John
STOLIC, Radivoj (Roy)

GIRLS

ANDREADIS, Voula
BLOCK, Justine Katrina
DAVIS, Jennifer Maree
DINAS, Heather
GREGORIOU, Linda
HALL, Chalata
IVES, Stephanie Joan
KARAILIS, Fotina
LOHONYAY, Domonique
MANER, Rebecca Louise
PERLEN, Nadine Elise
SWANN, Carolyn Marie
VANDERVEEN, Helen
Martina
WELLSPRING, Robyn Lianne

Principal's Report



At a recent Year 12 luncheon I remarked that the school, the days spent in the school, the days spent in the school, the events of each day, the teachers, fellow students, the momentous events and the minutiae all become part of the life experience of each student and each factor an important part of that experience, each an important item in the forming of the personality, the attitudes and the interests of the future citizen.

Consequently an appraisal of the worth of the complete spectrum of school experience is necessary and that appraisal should be continuous, critical and should direct the way towards an evolution of a sound school philosophy and worth while programs.

Education, or that part of education provided by the school is of such importance that any experimentation should be guarded, planned and the experimenter should be aware of the consequences of his experiments on his raw material, the students. These consequences will be life long.

The report of the Schools Commission, Triennium 1979-81 states, "The Commission continues to believe that the most hopeful avenue for school improvement, in a way which recognizes its complexity, is to support the people in the schools, to analyse honestly what is happening there, and in the light of stated community priorities, to set goals for improvement and strive to meet them".

The fully experimental school and its educational program often carry the label "progressive". By implication those schools which move a little more cautiously are labelled "non-progressive". I would prefer the term "alternative". Those schools such as ours whose philosophies and programs are based on traditional lines are still progressive, still evolutionary and still worthwhile.

It would appear that sections of the community are of this opinion and call for a steadiness in the educational process. This does not preclude experimentation but leaves the school wary of programmes which could lead the student to a self-centred view of society and his place in that society.

Brighton High School has experimented, albeit cautiously. An elective scheme was developed for the middle school with the thought that this system would postpone the choice of

courses until the end of Year 9 and that a wide range of experience over four periods of semesters would broaden horizons. It was found that this did not occur. Rather a more restricted selection of subjects resulted in many cases, accompanied by interruption to sequential subjects such as Mathematics, Languages and Science. Students were choosing courses at the end of Year 8 which reduced their scope when selecting electives in Years 11 and 12.

Further experimentation is occurring. Under the guidance of Mrs. Granat the very valuable and most successful Work Experience program is continuing, and we are indebted to the medical experts from the Royal Southern Memorial Hospital for their voluntary work in the Year 9 Health Course. Next year we hope to trial a six-period day instead of our present five-period day. This will give more flexibility within the timetable and the possibility to ease the restrictions of a completely core-orientated subject plan.

As is general, the school population is falling in numbers. At one stage the school housed 1,200 students. In 1975, 770 students attended and we expect 690 in 1980. There are whisperings of the establishment of Senior High Schools. This concept has become reality in Tasmania and in Bendigo. This rationalization of staff availability in the senior section of the school would appear to be inevitable but I have sincere reservations when considering the social implications of such beheading of our High Schools. Sadly missed would be the caring, the concern and the practical help given our Year 7 and 8 students by our present Year 12 Committee — one of our progressive steps which carries warmth and spirit. Such an externally imposed variable for experimentation could have far reaching effects.

We have had success in many ways not least of these has been the subject of remarks made by the Director of Secondary Education, Mr. T.J. Ford. Mr. Ford who placed Brighton High School among the nineteen schools which "merits special congratulations" for being able to offer one third of their intake a chance to qualify for Tertiary Education in a minimum of six years. A modest enough offering which we hope will continue to be one of the yardsticks of our attempts to provide part of the education we feel is deemed suitable and acceptable in this community.

Deputy Principal's Report



During term 2 I travelled through many countries in the northern hemisphere. What an education it is to see the different life styles and customs, to hear the different languages and enjoy the company and hospitality of people from other lands — some free, some not so free.

On returning to Australia one realizes how fortunate we are to live in a land that has not seen wars nor the results of wars, and is relatively free from many of the tensions and troubles that exist elsewhere. World peace! A vain hope? Thinking about this, I was reminded of an article on "World Peace" that appeared thirty years ago and was reprinted again this year in the Educational Magazine. It stated "If we fail to achieve world peace, we shall certainly achieve world ruin and yet — it may well seem that peace, like charity, begins at home. If a child in his pre-school days has learned to co-operate in family living — to give, as well as receive — he has passed the first examination in the tactics of peace. Then, if during his school days he learns to work with his fellow-pupils and his teachers, preferring at all times, reason to direct action, to lose without bitterness and to win without vain glory, he will surely have passed his second examination. He has still a third step to take — to carry the same principles into the professional commercial and industrial spheres within his own nation."

I would like you to think about this quotation.

Miss Mayson

Acting Deputy Principal's Report

The Deputy Principal's Office at B.H.S. was my temporary home for second term whilst Miss Mayson was enjoying the European Summer. As usual, this was a hectic term and yet one which I shall remember fondly in the future.

The opportunity to work on the daily organisation of the school, in contact with its achievements and some of its problems, gave me an insight into the need for friendship and co-operation, which makes a community of this size work successfully. B.H.S. possesses these qualities and I commend them to you as a worthwhile tradition which will continue to make the school special.

Finally I should like to thank those students and staff whose help and co-operation made an occasionally demanding task so much easier.

D.M. Clark



School Captain's Report

After spending six long years in Brighton High School, you would probably consider that we've both had enough, but you are wrong, school is what you make of it, and we've both enjoyed our stay at Brighton High School. The six years we have spent at Brighton High School have been an important stepping block into our future — they have provided us with some basic ideas to tackle life.

The Year 12 students have become a close-knitted group; and a happy one at that! The bonds between us have strengthened and this shows a greater understanding amongst fellow students.

Throughout the year, the members of the Year 12 Committee have given the School great support. We want to thank them for their continued co-operation and assistance with School functions. We feel they have represented the School as a whole — for example, once a week, form assemblies of the Year 7 students were taken by a Committee member. Not only did this increase the mobility of the Committee, but it also narrowed the gap felt between junior and senior students.

Year 12 teachers have proven to be very helpful and understanding, in particular, Mrs. Smithers, who successfully organised the Year 12 Wilsons Prom. Camp. It was a terrific weekend, well enjoyed by all, and we are indeed grateful for her efforts, and devotion of time.

Our role, during the year, has led us through many and varied experiences, which we hope we have tackled successfully on everyone's behalf. Close communication and co-operation was essential with Mr. Rowney, Mr. Clark and Miss Mayson. We hope the support given to us by them has been fully reciprocated, and that, indeed, the support we received from the whole School has been well appreciated in return.

The year has been enjoyable for us, and we would like to wish the rest of the School (Students and Staff) the best of luck for the coming years

Jacqueline Bartholomeusz
Neale Edwards
SCHOOL CAPTAINS



Year 12 Committee Report

... Then there were twelve.

It all began innocently enough. There we were, herded up to the seat of divine power (Mr. Rowney's office) borrowed ties in hand, where we were told that we were the Year 12 Committee! It suddenly dawned on us. Power! Responsibility! Wow!

"Oh great, we're going to have discos, discos and more discos," fantasised a certain girl school captain, who will remain nameless. We realised that we would have to set an example. "Rats" thought we "No more bugging the social staffroom, no more termite racing in the woodwork room, no more bicycle races in the East Wing at recess!"

Soon, however, we got into the swing of things, holding regular after-school meetings which revealed, if nothing else, that we had a couple of great agenda writers in the form of Nigel and Andrew, who at one particular meeting prepared a list of 120 points "for discussion", the most important of which was always Russell Purvis' parking space, which always seemed to be taken up by Mr. Rowney's car. Our first official function was the "Rock 'n' Rage", the first senior dance which, despite the name, was a success. Next came a junior day-time dance, which was really Ms Grebler's brainchild. We just helped! After much lobbying we obtained a night-time junior dance, which was a resounding success despite or because of a heavy emphasis on Punk, depending on what you prefer. This dance was only bettered two weeks later by the new, improved senior dance featuring for the first time a real D.J.! Other functions included the fabulous committee assisting 7B's Punk Parade, some of its participants making the Sex Pistols look like Abba. The year was not without its controversies, with two members almost handing in their badges, several rebellions being quelled at the last minute and that sort of thing. We were a hard committee, but a just committee! The Phantom Mr. Godfred sketcher was exposed and punished accordingly (given a new pencil and encouraged to keep up the good work). Two members commandeered the Common Room heater for their personal use in one cold politics class, while two others organised for half of Year 12 to be marooned on an island in Westernport Bay (warning to next Year's Year 12 — don't go to French Island — you won't come back!).

One of the brighter ideas to come out of 1979 was for each committee member to be assigned to a year 7 or 8 for Form Assembly once a week. Although the result was mixed and the benefits seemed to be more apparent in Year 7, we found it worthwhile.

Meetings were also held in Mr. Rowney's office at lunchtime on certain days, and it was here that we aired our views on how the school should be run. It was remarkable how conservative these ideas became, compared with when they had first been formulated in the Common Room!

We had an interesting and successful year, with the help of Mr. Rowney, Mr. Clark and many others, we hope that we have set a high standard for the Year 12 Committee of 1980! Vive la Revolution!

Paul Varney 12B.

Staff 1979



MEN: Mr. Allen, Mr. Ciavaglia, Mr. Clark, Mr. Darlow, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Frank, Mr. Georgiadis, Mr. Godfred, Mr. Gorham, Mr. Gould, Mr. Humphries, Mr. Jeffery, Mr. Lam, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Pamment, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Redding, Mr. Tonkin.

WOMEN: Mrs. Batour, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Cizek, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Crewdson, Mrs. Darroch, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Frydman, Mrs. Gawthorne, Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Golding, Mrs. Granat, Mrs. Grebler, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Hayes, Ms. Head, Ms. Jackson, Mrs. Kaplonyi, Mrs. Kriksciunas, Mrs. Lack, Mrs. Ley, Ms. Lightfoot, Ms. Lloyd, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. McAllester, Ms. McKenzie, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Pakula, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Ray, Ms. Russell, Mrs. Scholtz, Mrs. Smethurst, Mrs. Smithers, Ms. Stewart, Mrs. Hartnell (emergency Term III). Mr. G. Rowney — Principal, Miss J. Mayson — Deputy Principal.



OFFICE STAFF: Mrs. Hillyear, Mrs. Doolan, Mrs. Reynolds.



THE LIBRARY

PART TIME STAFF: Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Doherty



MAINTENANCE STAFF: Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Davis, Mr. Burke, Mr. Marchant, Mr. Liversidge.



Mr. Saddington (Gardener)

goons or superstars

STAGE CREW



M. Simmons, N. Abuso, S. Papacostas, S. Perlin, T. Knezevic, A. Ward, J. DeSousa, D. Brown, E. Vyssaritis, J. Georgiou, A. Sandvick.

Trials and Tribulations

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Sue Lacey, Kay Robinson, Lindy O'Donahoo, Gabrielle Lewis, Sue Meeking, Andrew Stevenson, Anthony Knezevic, Peter Karidjus, Therese Chisholm

Cover by Lisa Rabi Year 11

Social Service Report

While two thirds of the world's children are under-fed and 90% of the children of Kampuchea are starving, we, in Australia, worry about whether we can afford a Big M, a Waggonwheel and a Fanta with our two pies for lunch. We yawn at yet more pictures of shrivelled faces, stick limbs and swollen bellies, while we change channels to our favourite Bewdy Norm ad. It is difficult to imagine what might make us less ignorant, careless, and selfish, and what might make us more really generous towards other people.

Some who claim to be more thoughtful say that it is pointless to contribute because the money often doesn't reach its destination. Even though this is true such people are just making excuses for their own meanness because there are reliable, easily identified, charities.

While most students at Brighton High have offered only the occasional coin for Social Service, some forms and some individual students, have worked hard and persistently. Although the whole school of over 700 students was invited to take part in various Door-knock appeals it was a small band of about twenty students who raised a total of about \$850 for: The Red Shield Appeal; The National Heart Foundation; Austcare. 12A and 12B are achieving their target of each raising \$200 as foster parents

of children in Nicaragua and The Philippines. 11A and 11E are raising \$100 each for a child in Peru. Some Years 7 and 8 students raised \$315 in the M.S. Readathon. School-wide collections raised \$200 for The State Schools Relief Committee, \$140 for the Kampuchean Relief Fund, and \$60 from sale of Year of the Child Badges. Other noteworthy collections were:

\$80 to Yooralla from 11C.
\$78 to the Anti Cancer Council from 10C and 7B.
\$62 to Leukaemia research at the Children's Hospital from 8B.
\$41 to the Aboriginal Advancement League from 12D.
\$134 to the Royal Victoria Institute for the Blind from 11D.

Our total as at 1st week in November 1979 was \$2,808.

It is intended, also to make contributions to: Lifeline; The Lady Nell Seeing Eye Dog School; The Victorian Association for Deserted Children; The Life on Wheels Campaign for Paraplegics and Quadraplegics.

Thanks to those students who have made a real effort for Social Service in 1979, and shame on all the rest of you.



In Memory of Sue Gishen

How lucky I was to be alive

Hastily, I finished my work, and sank exhausted into a chair. After a day of scurrying around like an ant, I truly felt tired.

I had woken up, fresh as a daisy, but this feeling did not last long as the day dragged on like some little boy slowly dragging his feet.

I glanced out of the window, in time to see the beginning of the sunset. I stood up and went to the window. A beautiful sight met my eyes.

All the clouds were tinged pink and gold, as if someone had taken a thin brush, and delicately painted the edges until the clouds had glowed like a glowing ember. The sun, brilliant in the last five minutes of its glorious reign, glanced around the country to see if all was well. Satisfied, it sank a little, proud and orangy gold in its fatherly concern. The billowy, picturesque clouds glowed more, as if bidding farewell to the departing sun. The whole sky was a kaleidoscope of warm colours, reds, oranges, golds, pinks, etc.

Finally satisfied, the sun sank more like an orange golden king, and with one more contented look disappeared from view.

I sighed, and thought how lucky I was to be alive to see such a natural, beautiful sight, which the heavens displayed to those who wished to see, every evening.

The sound of a plaintive "miaouw" interrupted my thoughts, and I quickly collected myself, and went in to feed my cat, whose appetite was like elastic, always stretching. I had still more to do yet before I slept.

In Memory of Dave Aitken — Christmas 1978

Panata Hall ... in Thailand

Before I came to Australia, I went to a girls' school which is considered one of the best schools with the greatest numbers of well-mannered students in Bangkok. Everything at that school was so different from this school now, a factor which makes it very difficult for me to cope. Even now, I still find some of the things hard to get along with.

One thing I find completely different from the two schools is the relationship between teachers and students. We count teachers almost as important as our parents. When I first came to this school I was really surprised to see the way students talk and yell at the teachers in a way we would never have dreamt of doing to our teachers in Bangkok, not only because we were afraid of getting into trouble but also we have very high respect for the teachers. We had to kneel down as we go up to the teachers.

School work was also a lot harder than the work here. Every morning we had to hand in our homework, to the form captain. If any one did not hand it in, the form captain would be responsible for reporting this. However, everyone always handed her work in on time. We also had marks for our cleanliness, tidiness and manner and these marks were added to the final exam at the end of the year. All of the students are used to the exams because we had been doing them since we were in kindergarten second year. If any one got less than fifty percent in an exam she would have to stay down, even in grade 1.

We were not allowed to have long hair unless we plaited it and tied it with navy blue, brown, black or white ribbons. No other colours were allowed. Checking fingernails, hair name tags was one of form teachers' jobs in the morning. Our school shoes had to be polished until they were really shiny, so that one could almost see oneself in them. Teachers did not have trouble with students being out of uniform at all. We were allowed to stay in the class rooms anytime we wanted. My friends and I always went to school at 6.45 a.m. and left at about 6.00 p.m. almost every day, even though school started at 8.15 a.m. and finished at 3.45 p.m. After school we had turns to clean up the room, which included mopping the floor, cleaning the blackboard, cleaning all the windows, and straightening up the rows of desks. In the morning we had turns to bring flowers to put out on the teachers' desk.

The way students acted towards each other is also one of the differences I noticed between the two schools I've attended. Younger grades must have respect for the older. Every one of my Thai friends say the same thing about friends in Australia and Thailand. They say that friends here are not as sincere and close to you as our friends at my old school in Bangkok.

When some people ask me which school I think is better I find it hard to decide for both are part of my life experience.



LILY NG: I could still remember what happened when I first encountered softball in Australia. My nose was fractured from a hit by a softball. Imagine SOFTBALL..... I will never forget the help and concern of the softball coaches (Mrs. Frost and Mrs. Morgan), the Principal, the staff and not to mention my new found friends, I take this opportunity to express my thanks to the Principal and the Staff for their services throughout the year and wish to express my appreciation for what they have done for me.

TEE KIAN SENG Guess how I caught my first cold in Melbourne? Damian and I went for a swim in the canoeing pond during the French Island Camp in the midst of winter despite Mrs. Smithers' kind warning that it was as deep as Lake Tanganyika in East Africa.

HENRY CHOO The first school camp which I attended in Australia was at Wilson's Prom; a tiring and sleepless trip. To tell the truth I didn't totally enjoy myself but the things I learnt from other students were most valuable. There would be more fun if more ASIAN STUDENTS JOINED SUCH TRIPS.

LEE CHOO SIM: The year 1979 has been a special year for me because of the introduction to Brighton High School. This has been quite an experience and I shall not forget it for a long time to come yet. Thank you Mr. Rowney, Staff and fellow students for the "memories".

QUECK MENG KWEE There are many things in Australia which sound strange to me. One day my friends and I were at the Bank to withdraw some money. the teller said to us:

"How do you like it?"

"We like it very much" we replied.

— Strange!

When it started getting late we went to our neighbour's house and were relieved a little as we didn't sleep during the night because of the bombs and the associated noises of war. We were talking all the time because that was the only thing to do. Until the morning of Sunday, we were still awake. We went back home and my father was planning what to do. He decided that we should leave and go to a safer place because our home was no longer safe enough as the Turks were now very near. At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning we started leaving our house to go to some place safer. We went to a village not far from Nicosia, the capital city of Cyprus, where we were welcomed by some relatives of ours. That day was gone too without any improvement in the situation. All of us wanted to go back home.

On Monday when we started on our way back, we stopped at a friend's house, where we heard the "bad news". The Turks had already captured a big town of Cyprus to the north of Nicosia. We were very sad when we heard this news but didn't change our minds for the return. As we continued on our way back we met some soldiers who stopped us and told us we couldn't go on further because the Turks had just started to overcome our forces. My father turned the car at once and we went to village over the mountains.

On Tuesday we heard "worse news". The Turks had taken over the area where our home was.

These were the four worst days in my life. Australia is our home now — there are no wars here.

Euripides Euripides

11

Asian Students Report ... in Australia



Elvis Euripides ... in Cyprus

MY DIARY: Cyprus 1974
Saturday 20th July, Time 5 o'clock in the morning. That day was different!

I woke up and I heard the cursed noise of the aeroplanes and bombs. I didn't know what was happening. We all woke up scared to death not knowing what we should do. The radio was transmitting marches of war. Suddenly a man on the radio started talking about a war with the Turks. The time was passing with the penetrating noise of the aeroplanes, bullets and bombs.

Sue Meeking ... in the U.S. of A.

Armed with a Qantas jet bag, I came galloping into San Francisco airport — to fight for truth, justice and the Australian way.

With their "Big Mac's", stars and stripes forever and eighteen lane freeways, the Americans greeted the crusaders, who bore truths and riches of Australia.

Berkeley, San Francisco, the place I liked most in the U.S.A. and the place where the civil rights movement began, was the place where I was to spend my first week as an "American". After my first try of cafeteria food, American style, I quickly took refuge in the local ice-cream parlour, trying to persuade the proprietors that vegemite flavoured ice-cream could mean BIG money!! Surprisingly, they were not impressed (that's if their facial expressions had anything to do with it).

Suddenly the vision came clear to me; I had almost forgotten the reason for my coming to the Land of Dope and Glory: yes to fight for truth, justice and the Australian way!!

DESTINATION DESTINATION DESTINATION DESTINATION DETROIT!!!!!!

The smog had settled over the city: once a booming town, now a ghost town with the highest crime rate in the U.S. THIS is where I would be for a year.

I enrolled at Clarkston High School (fondly known as CHS) where I watched physics teachers drop books off tables. Time was spent in Chemistry classes trying to unscramble this new American element ALUMINUM... to find that in reality, it was nothing more than aluminium. Dismayed and tired, I followed the seething mass into American Government — the brainwashing room.

Later on in the year, I participated in the controversial production of "Annie Get Your Gun" — the School Musical.

C.H.S. was vastly different from B.H.S. It was much larger; 1700 students in years 10, 11 and 12. However I lacked the personal contact and friendliness found in a school like B.H.S. I graduated as "Class of 79" along with 700 other high school buddies. Equipped in our synthetic yellow and blue robes, we followed the programme rigidly.

After graduation, I travelled around the States. I also joined up with "The War Resistor's League" and attended seminars in Connecticut, New York and Washington. Whilst I was travelling, I found the people to be warm and hospitable. I'll never forget this experience.

Love, Sue Meeking 11E

My, How School Changed!

As soon as I walked into the room on my first day in primary school I knew that I would like it.

The room had good things in it like a sandpit, toy cars, and building blocks. We then sat down on the floor and introduced ourselves, and then we played 'Simon Says'.

We were let outside for a while to have a look around the playground (we all liked it because it was so big) and I played cars with my new friends. I can remember a really smart kid in Grade 2 who asked me the answer to one plus one. Because I did not even know what this meant, it really made me angry, so as a last measure I poked out my tongue at him. I then went around to the other side of the school building where nearly all of the grade 2's were playing marbles; I found a marble in the dirt and I was so happy that it was like striking gold! One of my friends then said: "I'll be your best friend, if you give it to me, or I'll tell my mummy on you, if you don't."

After an exhausting day at school, I then went home at lunchtime and told mum all about my adventures.

PEGASUS

He flies, he lands, he prances
Silver wings flashing
Like the fire in his eyes.
Lit up with sunbeams.
He is a silver flash
Faster than the wind
His call,
Is echoing into the past,
And into the future
Beware! He sends out
His note of warning
Towards all who are
Against him.
He is a bit of the
Stuff of which dreams
Are made.
He is Pegasus.

By Sophie Dale 7A.



Andrea Ford Year 11

MY BROTHER, THE ANT

He walks very cautiously, along the ground,
Rather slowly, not a sound.
Always ready for something to eat,
Maybe a lollie, honey, or something tackey and sweet,
Antenna swaying, senses aroused,
Whether outside or whether housed,
Always after the perfect goo
Chocolate syrup and maybe treacle too.

Jason Grant 7B.

PUDDLES

Puddles are like memories
Fading in the sun
Puddles are like memories
Going one by one
Memories of good times
And bad times in life
Memories that cut through
You like a knife.

By Tanya Smith 7A.



Year 7 Excursion

For the years 7's, taking the Friday afternoon off school was good in itself, let alone taking the time off to go to the A.B.C., promising an afternoon of glamour and excitement for all.

It was just possible to dampen the wild spirit of the students and organise them into buses on time (A sudden downpour of rain helped). Luckily we left on schedule, despite a number of lost and confused students.

Our anxiety about leaving on time was not, in the least warranted. Before the performance we spent a long time waiting in the A.B.C. cafeteria. After the sixth fizzy drink and many free biscuits even the most voracious appetites of the students were satisfied. Looking around for further amusement the students were thrilled to see "media personalities" such as Sona Humpfries and Storm Boy's father. I doubt whether the thrill was reciprocated, but as these personalities were suddenly swamped by enthusiastic school students their responses were impossible to gauge. Finally they were left alone, flushed, I'm not sure whether with success or fear of sudden attack from over zealous fans.

Then we were shown around the studios briefly to kill some time before the performance. Huge halls of props and equipment stunned the students and gave us a brief glimpse of the huge industry behind the small colour Black and White Box at home. We were struck by the employment of many assistants doing jobs that require steady application and technical perfection, who are barely recognised on the credits at the end of the shows, they work so hard to assist. Ladies who make wigs (hair by hair often) provide only one example of the kind of tedious job required for the finished television product. Finally it was time to enter the studio and watch the "Puppet Show"? Hardly! The studio and watch the "Puppet Show"? Hardly, the show could more accurately be described as a mediocre variety show. Our reactions to the show were great. The Assistant director warmed us up to applause.

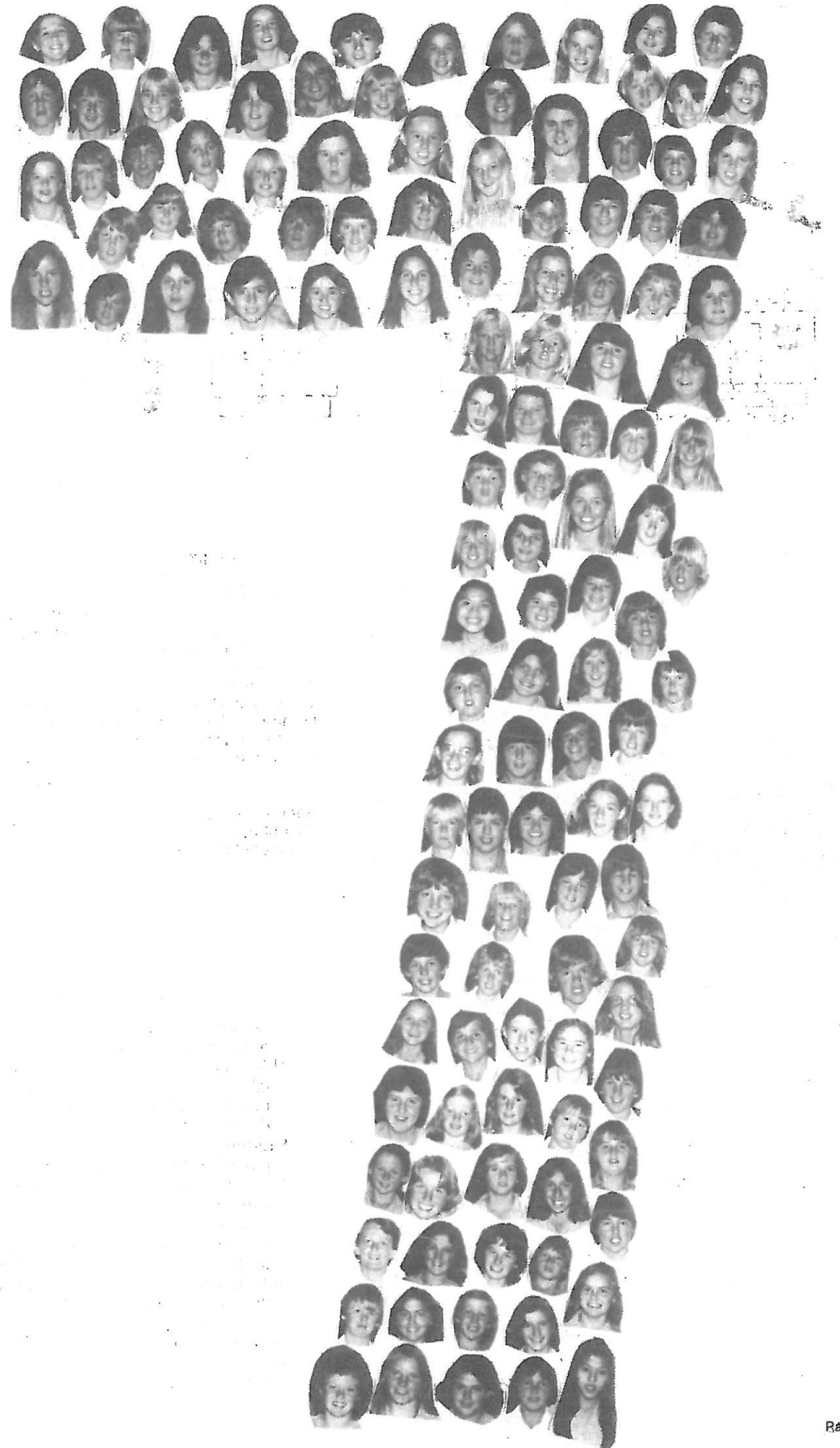
Tommy Hanlan Junior (or senior as he now quite definitely is) provided the beginning performance. He nervously, and without any spontaneity read jokes concealed in a newspaper he was casually reading. His jokes ranged from anti-government, anti-Fraser jokes jokes about Racquel Welch's rather interesting anatomy.

One memorable joke was: "Oh! The price of food these days! I sent Murphy down to the green grocers with \$1.00 to buy some tomatoes. She returned, looking worried "Wouldn't you rather a whole one?" And with a smile plastered over his worried face he valiantly struggled on.

The audience seemed inappropriate for the kind of show presented. Composed mainly of elderly ladies and young school children, the audiences common interest was hard to capture. The ladies tended to bristle at the anti-Fraser jokes and although the students laughed on queue, they barely understood the jokes.

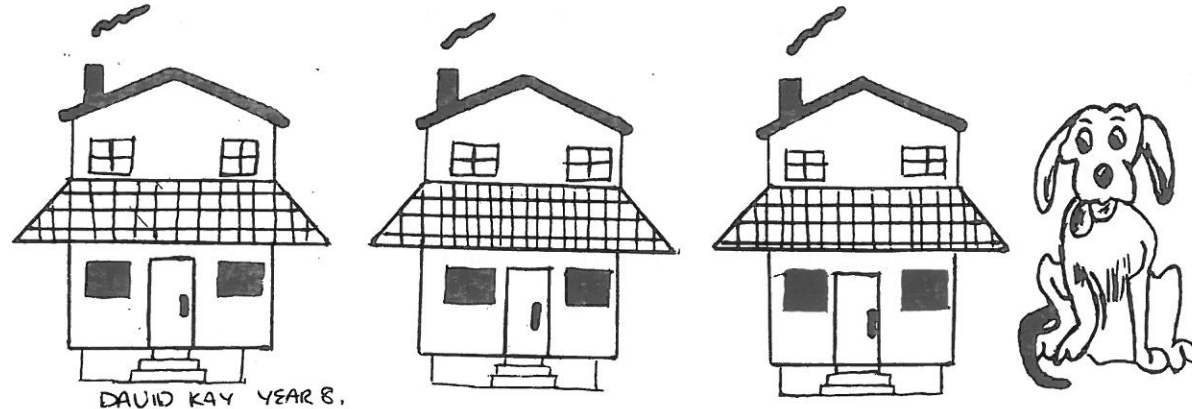
Next act was the FOUR KINSMEN; Four Awkward, but cute youngmen who could dance, sing, and tell jokes (but none of these expertly). Although we recognised that many things can go wrong along the complicated television production line after five or six times at "If I could talk to the animals" the performance seemed stupid and artificial. And, with twenty watches all agreeing that the time was decidedly late, we were all rather close to the edge of our seats, gripped, not by the performance, but by terror of missing the bus home, we made a hasty exit.

So the afternoon which promised glamour and excitement ended with students tired and faintly disillusioned, but now at least aware of the "artificial life" the box creates and which they absorb so frequently.



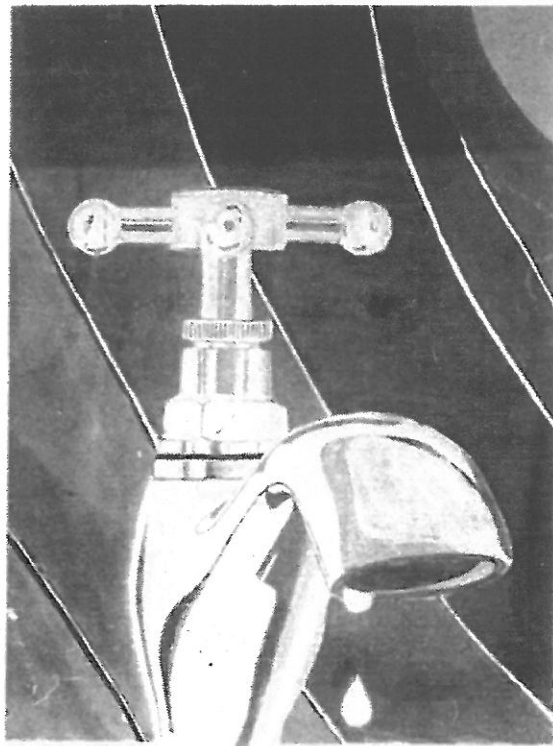
CAN YOU FIND THE DOG CLEVERLY HIDDEN IN THE PICTURE BELOW?

Year 8



DAVID KAY YEAR 8.

Look! Poem (one line)
by Jill Porter



Ronnie Sawicz Year 11

AUTUMN'S TRADEMARK

Memories of last Autumn's leaves
are embedded in my mind.
Like the rustle
and crackle of their withered voices
But alas!
Winter is coming and the wind
is howling through the trees,
while the branches whistle
a farewell tune to their leaves.

By B. Lloyd 8A.

DESERTS

In the desert the sun is hot,
the wind blows hard, and flowers there, are not.
Sand dunes surround the barren plains,
where the sky produces little rain.
Cacti are proud and bold,
and the night air is chilly and cold.
Lots of animals and people, there, are none,
because of the dreaded red hot sun.
Tourists, miners, prospectors too,
all curse the desert with the sky so blue.

Jill Porter 8B.

LOOK! Up in the sky!
It's a bird, a plane!
No! It's SKYLAB!!!

BROWN WATERS

I see my hazy reflection as I look into the
deep, murky Brown Waters.
This over-polluted, can-strewn, muddy
lake seems to vibrate with fear as
unknown creatures swim in the dark
depth.
Suddenly, my reflection is broken as a
passer-by throws pebbles into the water.
The wrinkles in the water soon subside and
I see my reflection once more.
Shivers run up and down my spine at the
thought of crocodiles and such, lurking
under the very bridge where I stand.
But then I feel sad at the thought of all
the small fish who used to swim in this
once clear, unpolluted lake.
What must have happened to them?
Surely they could not have survived in
these murky Brown Waters?



Year 9

or beauty and the beast

M The mammoth monster of the deep who swims
contentedly as if in a deep sleep
Their bodies glide effortlessly through the
blue crystal water.

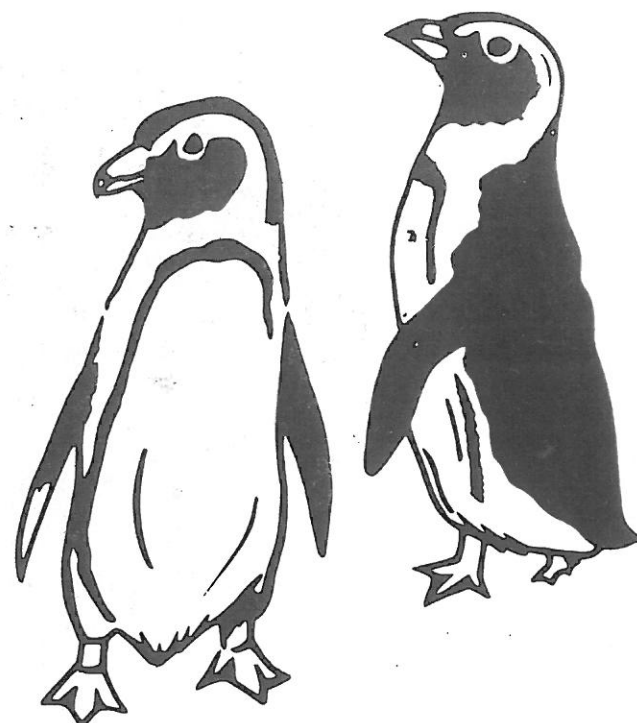
O With a voice no man can equal,
They sing to their mates with pure harmony.
Their souls are antiques of generations past.

S The whale dives beneath the surface
And glides down to the depths of the emerald
sea with grace and beauty
It surfaces and glides upon the silver ocean
and re-emerges to its realm in the sea.

T This play shall not last because
Upon the horizon a ship appears.
Soon the ship shall spot the mammoth monster of the deep
and slaughter it with no mercy.
The whale unaware of its dim future swims
gaily towards the open arms of death,
But when you think of this beauty so large
yet so gentle, and beast so small
yet so violent.

P This is the story of beauty and the beast.

Tina Wood 9B.



WAR!

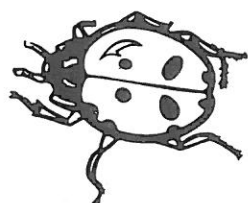
The planes fly high in the sky
Why oh Why
Must people suffer
They drop down bombs to kill and destroy
Why oh Why
Must people cry.
Why oh Why
Must they destroy each other.

Yvonne Oakman 9B.

THE SLUG

Simple little slug living among the leaves,
devoid of all worries, living a life of ease.
Carefree little slug, no red tape for you,
No laws to follow nothing more to do.
She knows nought of taxes, of duties, or fares,
Without burden or religion, she has few cares.
She lies in the garden to eat, drink and sleep,
No ears to hear curses, and even no feet.
But poor little slug, your status is so low,
That no-one will miss you when you go.

Simon Rabi



TERRAPIN

He is so small,
His head slowly reveals itself from 'neath its
mottled shell.
Then the scaly feet.
He treads softly through the sand.
Looking thinking.
He swims. Gracefully. The water smooth
against his shiny body.
His face surfaces. Bobbing up and down like
a cork.
Then down. He almost glides through
the water.
He seems so happy.
So happy in his glass world.

by Melinda Hawke



The world is happy

Mr X was taking one of his monthly trips around the world and said to his wife, "Why don't I throw a twenty dollar note out the door and make one person happy."

To which his wife replied, "Why not throw two tens out and make two people happy."

To which his daughter said, "Why not throw four fives out and make four people happy."

And the air hostess came up and said, "Why don't you throw yourself out and make everybody happy!"

By Lillian Stubbs

THE DOG

A dog.
Straining against its lead
In the solitude of the evening.
He knows not where he is going.
Nor does his master.
They just walk.
A dog.
Torn between two worlds.
For he is a half-breed.
Half sheep-dog,
Half dingo.
The longing of both worlds
Fills his mind.
The longing for a warm fire
In the city.
And the longing for the Outback.
The fierce winds, the loneliness.
The hereditary memory of the latter
Fills his mind.
He feels the call of the wild.
The call of the dingoes.
He once again strains.
Against his lead.
His master tightens his grip.
A dog.
Doomed to live as a half-breed.
The master turns into the gate
Of his house.
The dog breaks from his dream
Of freedom and happiness.
He settles outside the door and
waits.
Freedom is only a dream.

Helen Sargeant 10C.

They sky was red
like an angry flame.
The trees were dead,
their limbs grotesque.
The dust was silent —
the place was brooding.
The breeze told secrets,
whispered of evil.
There was a boulder
flushed red like blood.
It was a tombstone
silhouetted death
for no one lived.

Saskia Beudal 10C.

Year 10

Saga of a school uniform

This is the story of a poor dejected uniform who lost his good fortune overnight, lost all his buttons and confidence in one day and whose hem finally and tragically collapsed in a pitiful mess of thread and cotton.

It wasn't like that at the beginning — Oh no! Size thirty-eight, style eight seven o three was one of the finest pieces of uniform produced in his batch. His dark grey colour did not vary, all the blue side stitching was perfectly straight and even the pockets were sewn on firmly and had no holes. The future seemed dandy and bright for Thirty-eight o three (as his friends affectionately called him) and as a youngster he went out into the world as the uniform of a student whose name was Johnny O'Brian.

Johnny was a good pleasant student and Thirty-eight o three liked him. He studied very hard, was always top of his class and usually the hero on the football field. He was always receiving praise for his work and his kindness, and was endlessly popular with the boys at his school. He never put anything heavy or awkward in his pockets and never failed to hang Thirty-eight o three up in his cupboard. Johnny's other clothes were really friendly and neighbourly too, and the happy uniform could spend the whole evening discussing with them the latest rise in zips or perhaps which spray would give their material that new, starched look. He was kept clean at all times and was never scrubbed or rubbed, or otherwise shown inconsiderate treatment.

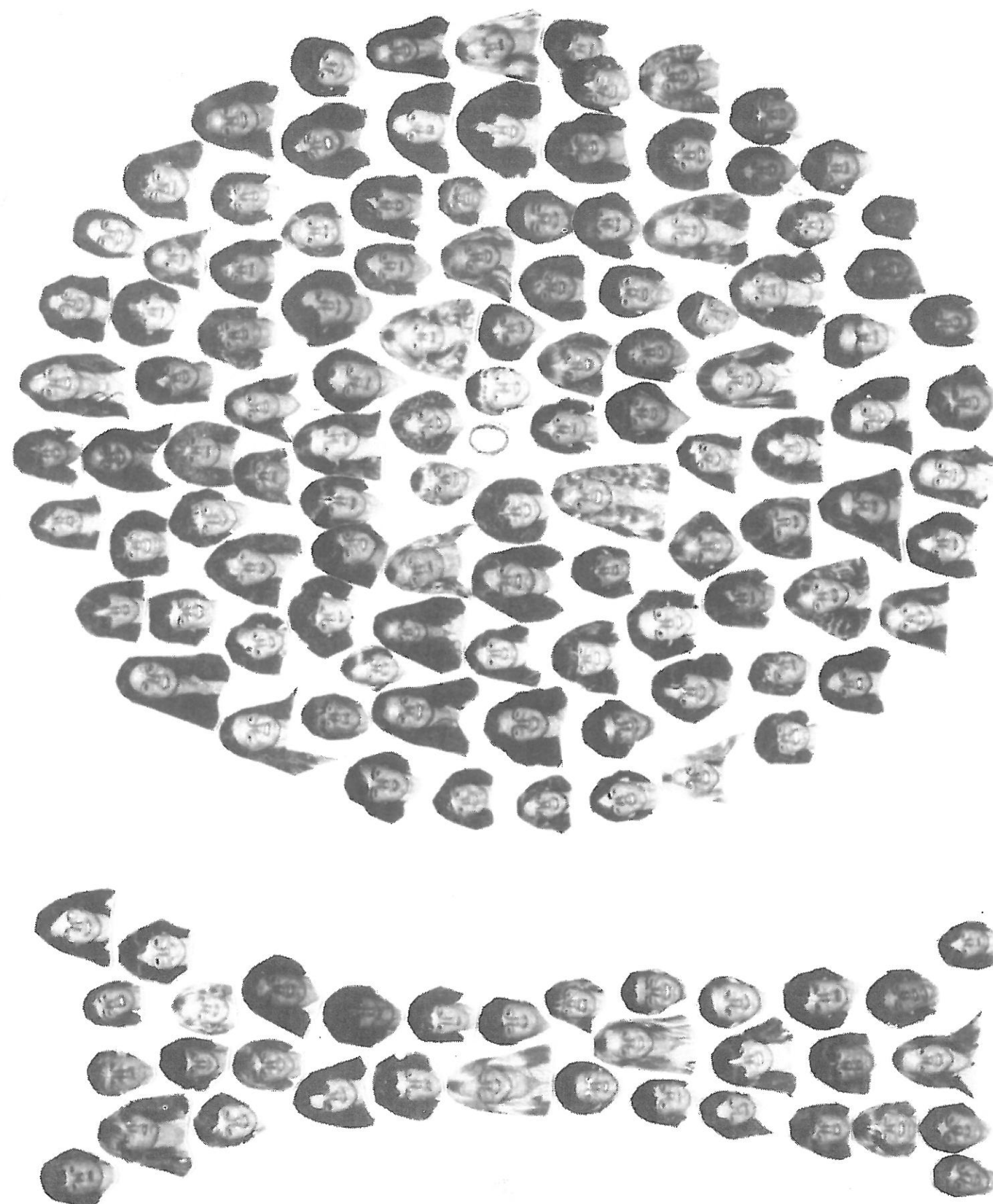
As you can see Thirty-eight o three was a very lucky uniform, but this was not to continue for long. Johnny graduated from school and left him alone and deserted at the second hand department where soon a scruffy, stout woman who was always blowing her nose in an unblushingly loud manner, grabbed him, paid for him at the counter and left with Thirty-eight o three being squashed un sympathetically under her ample arm.

His new owner was a self-important bully called Rudolph who was always pushing people around. Rudolph was most unkind to everyone. He stuffed cigarette packets into hapless Thirty-eight o three's shirt pocket so that he thought he would burst. Often he would play football with his uniform on and cover him with so much filth that Thirty-eight o three could hardly breath through his seams. He would throw Thirty-eight o three on the floor when he returned home and leave him on the cold floor to freeze and sob all night, and even when he did replace him in the cupboard, poor Thirty-eight o three had to put up with pungent smells of socks and underwear that had not been washed for weeks.

Rudolph was one of those boys who was always chewing gum and whenever he saw a prefect, he would just pop the filthy, sticky glob into one of Thirty-eight o three's pockets and there it would stay to collect dust. He frequently bumped into trees, scraped past desks and made an absolute mess of Thirty-eight o three's particular weaving. Luckless uniform! He was so miserable that his collar drooped and his tie, which had once looked so neat, would not stay down properly. His cuffs were greasy and stained and the crisp look about his shirt was gone forever. His blazer was shredded and his socks looked as if they were mourning. And, to add to Thirty-eight o three's own degradation, word began to go around the social class of uniforms that he was indeed a sloucher, a sluggard, a tramp and a disgrace to uniforms all around the world.

Rudolph's mother finally became sick and tired of Thirty-eight o three and threw him out mercilessly, with the old beer cans and last week's newspapers without regard for his already battered feelings.

By Michelle Feniger 10A.



Short story

Twelve o'clock was the time I awoke on that beautiful Wednesday morning. This being the average time I awoke every morning since being unemployed since 1975.

Heroes

Back in the days of Sir Francis Drake and even as far back as Vasco Da Gama it was relatively easy to become a hero. The world was as yet undiscovered and the age of discovery accommodated much in the way of heroism and hero-worship. The process of becoming a hero was relatively simple. All one had to do was put forward a good story to the monarch about expanding the Empire and then get a sizeable grant from His/Her Highness. From there, the next step was to go down to the Thames, Seine or whatever-river-flows-through-Lisbon and hire a few boats (pedal boats were largely considered inadequate). From there the prospective hero simply set sail! Well perhaps not so simply. Before becoming a hero several other criteria had to be passed. These criteria were then related in a three hour oral exam on the return of the hero-elect, who was required to speak descriptively about how quarter of the crew died of scurvy, another quarter died at the hands of natives and yet another quarter defected to the "Jolly-Roger". The hero-elect then told about what the edge of the world looks like ("Nearly fell off Your Majesty") and then with a bit of luck was knighted.

Now, however, since man has conquered the highest peaks and widest seas, the modern man feels that there is simply no way he can become a hero. The problem however isn't a lack of heroic acts to be performed, rather it was a lack of imagination and ingenuity. There are unlimited ways of achieving hero status in one's own suburb.

The first thing a prospective modern day hero should realize is that it is pointless dashing straight in and attempting a heroic act. It will certainly fail as heroism, like anything else, it takes careful and concentrated practice. Several ways of practice are available in one's own backyard. First of all, the compost heap can be scaled quite readily, but I should emphasize that the climber should not leave the Australian flag protruding from the peak of the heap for too long, least the neighbours think him strange. Another good practical exercise is pole vaulting over the side fence with the use of a map although this sometimes leads to the vaulter adopting highly undignified positions.

For the modern woman, my clue to achieving heroism does not require much physical endeavour and

I sit there munching on my breakfast and thinking of the saying 'another day, another dollar', if this saying was true I should have collected by now \$1460 in my period of no work.

Being in such a cheerful mood as always I thought I should sit down and write a letter to my precious companion the Commonwealth Employment Service who over these last few years have done so much for me.

To Whom This May Concern,

I am one of your members in this helpful service, namely the Commonwealth Employment Service. I would just like to tell you of the magnificent work you have been doing for me. The date today is the eighth of April and so far I have been unemployed for 4 years and 26 days, cute isn't it? In that time you have obtained for me one job, and I'm sorry to say I had to reject it for I feel I am much too weak to become a brickie's labourer.

I have known friends who have obtained jobs from your service and they are all doing great, what's the matter with you? I use a deodorant, so why can't I get a job?

I bet you don't know where I can get \$160 a week for doing nothing, not that I would want your job. Not that I am complaining about the 36 dollars a week I get, even if I don't own one pair of shoes.

I was interrupted during the writing of my letter when I glanced out the window and saw everyone having their lunch break and I suddenly realised I was a nobody compared to all the working class. It is just like the olden days when there were peasants and nobles and I'm the peasant. I suddenly realised I was day dreaming and went back to writing.

I would like to conclude my letter by station that I could only cope in the situation I've been in if I were a millionaire so if you could possibly get me a job I would be very grateful and would make sure I never lost this job in fear of having to return to the dole and become a nobody again.

*Yours sincerely,
Karen Lindblom*

It has been six weeks now and no reply. What's the use?

Gabrielle Lewis 11E.

Fido

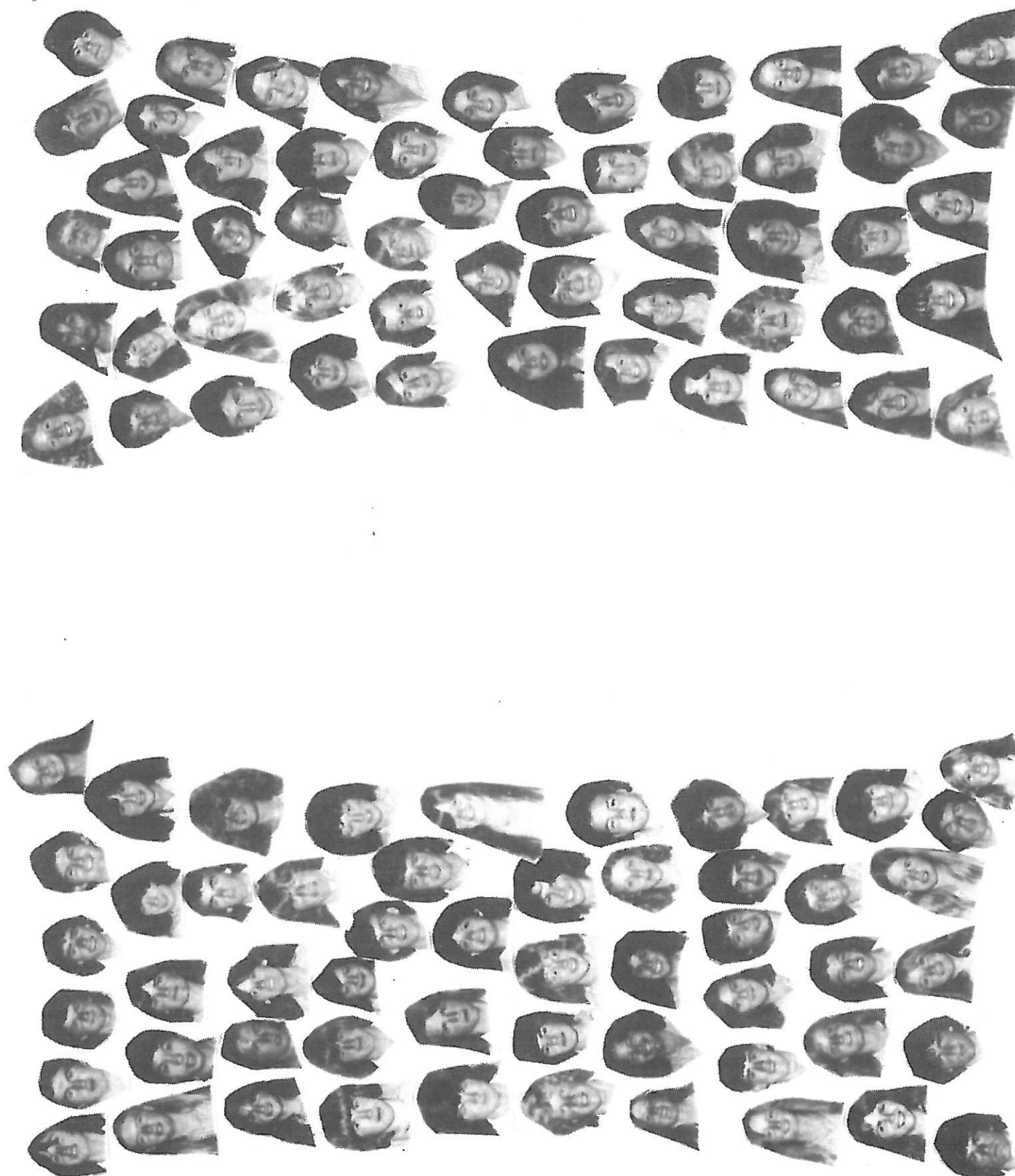
Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Fido, the labrador, resident dog of Brighton High School. Life is pretty dull around here. It begins on a Monday morning when all the slaves of the school go up to that monumental building called "Holland Hall". From what I can hear outside, the slaves seem to be treated very cruelly. They are made to stand up several times and have to listen to music called the "school song", but they are not allowed to sing to it. When that music starts there's silence in the hall. At least they obey their orders, I suppose!

Later in the day is where I get my main meal. It is called "lunchtime" or something like that. The slaves of the school have a very strange custom. They eat half of their food and throw the rest of it on the ground. They do the same with paper bags. Maybe it's a religious belief of theirs. Still, I don't mind, but it is awfully messy.

After the slaves have eaten, they play different sorts of games. Some play "Stir-up Mrs. Hayes, in the library". Others play a game called "British Bulldog", where the object seems to be to kill the person who is running. By the end of this latter game, everyone has their clothes torn, and some are being injured as well. Another strange custom, if you ask me.

After lunchtime, the junior slaves have P.E. This is where they have to run around in the rain dressed in shorts, kicking a soccer ball. When I try to join they call me names like "nick-off".

The strangest thing about this place is that every afternoon the slaves are set free, which seems very funny, but something possesses the slaves to return the next morning. Who in their right mind would return after this treatment? I suppose that I'll never understand.



Year 12



Jacqui Bartholomeusz
The girl's in Lonsdale — she can't be all bad. !!!!! Can she?



Nigel Bartholomeusz
Nice Nigel Fleggle-hopples don't tour Madagascar in grey horses. I'm SO confused! Now smokes Kent!!



Sharon Bellot
The wet head is dead — you know! — Smiley.



Stephen Boutland
We know how enthused you were to play the part of the "doctor". Hmmmm.



Feona Bieg
Five hours of homework in solitary. "Has he had a perm Anita?"



Lirit Bilu
How frightfully sagacious — Heliotrope in fact!! And would you look at that photo!



Peter Carey
E.B. (joke!) F.B.C. The Dentist's son who didn't stop at the stop sign and failed the audition for Colgate!!



Kathy Blanchard
Hello-Library — Bite your vital sandwich. Ambition — Librarian and typist extraordinaire.



Wayne Chang
Alias — Charlie Wag. We all know who loves Marcia Hines.



Elise Boardman
Elise-Heather? AAAaaee-Leese!



Kerry Brianton
Kerry-Patricia? How we will miss ya!!



Henry Chua
We know about you and your Wilson's Prom beauty quests — Miss Australia.



Robyn Chellew
Robyn Annette?? Swimmer extraordinaire — Donald Duck eat your heart out!!



Andrew Coltman
Jolly green giant with landing barge feet who doesn't eat much!!



Kalai Chen
Give the girl ten out of ten for neatness. See above GRACE.

Year 12



Katrina Cherry
She can't help it if she's captain of the worst house in the entire school — Ho! Ho! Ho!



Damien Corcoran
Damien VINCENT !!!!! Corcoran. (Need we say more???)



Margaret Conkey
Margaret-May-Rose — ATTRACTOR? Conkey — It's not easy being Green !!!



Neale Edwards
Wash your hands Geoffrey — in the Gallop Geoff — Let's lock our keys in the car Geoffrey.



Una Connelly
Guerrilla of the future — World War flea Unie Kanoonie.



Suellen Copley
Attractive, spunky, popular, 'A' student — Miss Universe eat your heart out. Modest too.



Tim Fernando
Timothy Jerome Fernando. In the Firelight Fernando! Jerome?



Coralyn Dick
Coralyn Ruth Dick — or Hannah as the case may be! RUTH HANNAH??!!!!!!



Michael Filiadis
What a cricket player. Should definitely play in the World Series!!



Sonali Godfrey
Rebecca has a thing about raincoats and cardigans. Ask Mr. Clark and for once in your life would you sign the late-book!!



Pam Green
Pamelalalalala Suzanne Green! Let's blow bubbles!!



Michael Findlay
Absolutely, utterly and entirely no comment.



Andrea James
Andrea Jennifer James! Good old bean pole to the rescue! And who's Mrs. Smithers favourite!



John Wood
Bi-cyclist extraordinaire — and now the boy is even LEGAL!!



Leah Kaplan
Enjoys heavy reading . . . especially of Asian books!! Sure!?!?!!

Year 12



Sue Lacey
Why does Sue Lacey like the dark room so much? Watch the birdie!!

CENSORED!!!!



Choo Sim Lee
This girl is so quiet, she never but never closes her mouth!!



Perry Hannah
Perence — Our top maths student who is known to give people therapy.



Simonne LeMesurier
"I feel like going bye-bye"



Anita Lindblom
Lolly gobble bliss-bloms. Don't we all en-JOY them? ? ? ? ? ? ?



Raymond Herbstreit
What can you say after six years aboard the BHS with your fellow students — What?



Debbie McAllister
Ripple-rider, Shoe-lace tier, and a partridge in a pear tree.



Joel Jaffa
Oh you can't roll your Jaffa's down the aisle anymore but you can still have a rattling good time.



Jenny McEwan
Who else announces their birthday on the daily bulletin!??



Maria Maricals
She has her 'L' plates. Keep all children, buses and pregnant trams off the roads!!



Peter Karitjas
Peter Gaspare Karitjas. "Gaspa the Ghost."



Mandy Muschamp
"Ah, tis, Katisha, the maid of whom I told you" . . . and boy were we told of you!!



Mark McConachy
Mark Linton McConachy. LINTON!! Man-ochk-on-ééess!



Lilly Ng
Donkey Yourself!! Hee-Haw !!!!!!!!!1

Year 12



Vicki O'Donahue
Attractive, spunky, popular, 'A' student — Miss Universe eat your heart out. Modest.



Mathew McLennan
What a throwing arm — plenty of practice in politics, eh??



Evie Papacostas
We all know why she likes economics so much!!



Andrew Marshall
"Very Jethro Tull — As mad as a Python (Monty). Courtesy of P.K."



Bev Pell
10 9 8 7 6 5
4 3 2 1 — Do you want you sleeping bag back. I'll bet you don't!!



Debbie Plowman
On the surface a mild mannered student, but underneath



Helen Wilson
"Stop being so insolent, Helen; you should be as quiet as the quietest one — or you'll be out!"



Kay Robinson
Mary Kay — also a member of the dark room — refer back to Sue Lacey.



Stephen Parker
How are the old glands going — you devil you!!



Melissa Ryan
Rocky!! We wonder why! — Ask Anne — she's in the hospital!



Mandy Stevens
(Puzz) — who is known to threaten suicide by jumping off a cliff.



Paul Patience
He loves Marcia Hines, Barbara Streisand, Tina Turner, cooks spaghetti, figure that one out yourself.



Monique Sturmer
One of the twelve elite, therefore she has an excuse for her stupidity!?!?!?



Russell Purvis
Kenneth, is it true you're migrating to French Island to play football? Break a leg and fall in a puddle.



Jenny Taylor
Jennifer may go to the

Year 12



Meng Kwee Quek
Meng Kwee Quek
Quek Meng Kwee
Kwee Meng Quek
Meng Quek Kwee
Kwee Quek Meng
or FRED!



Helen Vafidas
Pronounced
Vaff-id-ass — Our
quiet student.



Andrew Short
Andrew David and the
surname is "Short" —
what more can you
say?



Anne Wardell
Anne Lesley!! First we
had Senator Chipp,
and now we have
Minister Fish — Wow
politics.



Mark Selover
Father Mark — Bless
you my son. Timothy
of the racoon hat.



Andrew Silverman
The peanut-cushion
killer, strikes yet
another athletic blow
for . . . Phillip House
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Tee Kan Seng
12C heard about your
activities back home .
Regular little
Mohammed Ali, aren't
you?



Martin Turnbull
YO!!!!!!
We love our Maths
don't we Martin! . . .
Don't we???????



Paul Varney
G.Y.C.O.!
Cricket, cricket,
cricket . . . more
cricket and just for a
change, cricket. Even
sings like one!



Peter Vass
Vince Pachelli?? (Is
that how it's spelt?)
We love your new car
— talk about a
TANK!!!



Gary Richards
Buster!! World's Worst
Ice Skater!!!



Teresa Wierzbicki
Wish-bish-ish-gil-et-
skee-o!!!!
Nothing more needs to
be said!



Andrew Wilson
Andrew, Craig!
Bruceeee, or as
known to his more
intimate friends . . .
Craigette.

We acknowledge
(just) the presence of:
George Vidovic, Clive
Filtness, Stephen
Mocellin and the
departure of: Andrew
Buckland, Jenny
Fryer, Kathy
Gilbertson, Alison
Jennings, Margaret
Stubbs.

MOST importantly of
all time, we wish to
thank, praise, love,
adore, worship,
honour and obey,
Suzy and Vicki, for
these brilliant
comments. Thanks
Vicki and Suzy.

There's no Business like Show Business

Drama Report

Drama at Brighton High School got off to a good start this year with the decision to produce "Ginger Mick" by C.J. Dennis for the Hotham Building Society's Youth Drama Festival presented at the Treasury Gardens during the Moomba Week.

We were fortunate to have Mrs. S. MacDonald to help us with the adaption of this beautiful poem with a play suitable for out of doors.

The poem centres around an "out of work" character and his friends in 1914 in Melbourne. Ginger sells rabbits for a living which is very, very low. He also has a reputation for being a larikin and a rough neck, always in scrapes. Ginger has a girl-friend, Rosie and we first meet them at Chinese Cafe and in the fight that follows.

Ginger joins up when the war comes and dies on Gallipoli — a hero.

The play was well done and we were asked to repeat it for the Lunch Time Entertainment in the Parks which is sponsored by the Melbourne City Council. We were also asked to be on the float on the Moomba Parade.

Following this effort the Drama Festival was performed on July 12th and 13th.

There were four plays, one each by each of the houses. Lonsdale House won this festival with the first act of the enchanting production "The Blue Bird". This was a play that involved a lot of juniors and eight students from year 12.

We were very grateful to both Mr. Allen and Ms. Berry for their help with this play. Also to Sonali Godfrey and her sister Louise for their "instructions" Tracey Tanner was the producer and Michelle Cameron won the Adjudicators' Prize for her role as Myrtle in this play.

Phillip House produced Noel Coward's "Ways and Means", Grant House gave us "Rest in Peace" a very funny play on ghosts, and Murray House gave us the different and beautiful play "A Doll's House" by H. Ibsen.

There were many outstanding performances and it was difficult to make a decision, but Joel Jaffa was given "Most promising actor", Lise Rabl was given "Most promising actress", with runners up Cathy Blanchard and Dean Taylor.



Andrew Stevenson was awarded the prize for "Best Producer".

We were very grateful to the staff and students who rallied to help with makeup, dressing, lighting and general help with getting the plays ready.

The year closes with the Drama classes giving us a presentation of various projects. The year 11 students in Oct. will produce "Our Town" and year 9 and 10 will produce small one act and other more adventurous projects in Nov.

It is also hoped that the year 7 students will produce a festival of plays from their English classes in the last week of December.

Many thanks to Mrs Batour, Mr Redding, Mrs Hatton and Mr Rowney for their help and encouragement.

Lola Russell

Choir Report

On Wednesday 9th May, at Holland Hall, Brighton High School put on a Choral Festival which people will remember for a long time to come. Four Houses competed:—

Phillip House — conducted by Helen Wilson
Grant House — conducted by Teresa Wierzbicki
Lonsdale House — conducted by Maria Kinsella
Murray House — conducted by Mandy Muschamp

Each house displayed an excellent performance showing the tremendous talent the students have. Each house sang two songs of their own choice and one set song "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", brilliantly accompanied by Brighton High's Music Teacher, Mrs M. Batour.

Accompanying the four choirs was a special item, called "Show Business", performed by the school choir sung with as much excellence as the House Choirs.

The Highlight of the night was when the Adjudicator announced the winner. Excitement filled the hall as the winning house was announced, with Lonsdale coming first by 1 point to Phillip, then Murray and Grant.

It was a great evening and a very close competition which was won by Lonsdale.

Congratulations to all Lonsdale Members, and let's hope that next year's festival is just as action packed and exciting as this year's!

Helen Wilson





MIK ADO

Nostalgia was the keynote of this year's production of "The Mikado". The Mikado was first performed at Brighton High School in 1974, under the direction of Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Batour.

1974 saw an enthusiastic but inexperienced cast bring life to the demure ladies and noble lords of Japan. Several students emerged with the title of "Star Quality" — John Chellew as the sprightly "Ko-Ko", Lewis Coyle as the awesome "Mikado" and Alan Tiller as the overbearing and pompous "Pooh-Bah".

The return of The Mikado this year with some five years experience in the field of Gilbert & Sullivan still retained enthusiasm and youthfulness, but the students had gained a more polished and professional approach. John Chellew, Lewis Coyle and Allan Tiller made a "triumphant return" to play their former roles, Alex Vasiljevic another ex-student played the role of "Pish-Tush".

The present students of Brighton High School who completed this strong line-up of principals included Andrew Stevenson as the wandering minstrel "Nanki-



Poo", Helen Wilson and Maria Kinsella shared the delightful role of "Yum-Yum", Kristina Saunders as the flirtatious "Pitti-Sing", with Diane Pugh and Kathy Frater sharing the role of the sly "Peep-bo" completed the trio of the "Three Little Maids". The demanding role of the evil "Katisha" was successfully handled by Mandie Muschamp and Teresa Wierzbicki. The outstanding singing of the large chorus contributed greatly to the overall success of this fine production.

As in this and in previous years thanks are due to many. The costumes and scenery were in the capable hands of Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Geddes, Mr. Clark, Mr. Allen and Mrs. Pakula who excelled in capturing the oriental mood and setting of Japan.

Anyone who viewed this wonderful musical, will be aware that such a production is the result of a combined effort. However anyone who looked behind the scenes knows it is the generosity of spirit, the enthusiasm and the direction of Mrs. Batour which make the "Gilbert and Sullivan" musicals, the success they are each year.



The things kids say and do

MY KIND OF PUPPY

I love a puppy with fat little paws,
And a cute little face and tiger-like jaws,
With a wet little nose and mischievous eyes.

I love a puppy of cunning and sin
With a guilty expression and a lovable grin,
One with his heart set only for play,
A puppy who cheekily doesn't obey.

I love a puppy who sneaks through the night
And catches his meal in the midst of its flight,
A puppy who lives the natural life
A puppy untouched by any man or his wife.

I love a puppy who's free in the wild,
A puppy who's born as the She-Wolf's child.
This kind of puppy,
Is my kind of puppy.

Elene Kabylis 9C.



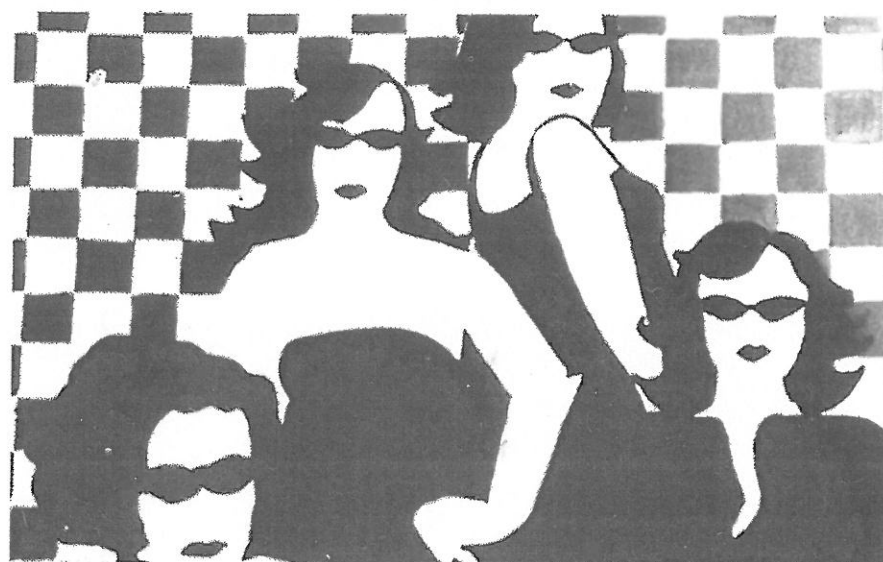
John Raymond: 2nd Prize at Royal Melb. Show.



PRAYERS

As I kneel and say my prayers,
I think about the one who cares,
If I say them short, or say them long,
If I make them up or take them from,
I say them for the one I love,
Who sits and listens from high above.

By Johanne Driver 10B.



THE SPIDER

There she sits waiting in her web,
perfectly relaxed, her elongated legs,
Lying in wait, for some unwary prey,
Unsuspecting, unprepared, to come her way.
Delicately she extracts it from her lethal pet,
And leaves it in gelatine, where it can set.

Simon Rabl 9

WE ARE NOT WHITE

Another child was born today
Another to pay the price we pay
Lucky to possess the shirt on his back
Unlucky to possess the colour black.

For black is a colour, people hate
So we run, we hide, search for escape
'Cause we never forget what lies ahead
A strangling noose around our neck.

The Crowd now gather to watch me die
"Kill the nigger", I hear them cry
But beat me, whip me, till I grow old,
And see if you can kill my soul.

Dirty and grovelling I may be
For possessing me is poverty
But will we ever win this fight
Continuing because — WE ARE NOT WHITE?

By Simone



Kerri Gvalda Year 11

Deal me Out

By Joel

The deck of cards sat on the table patiently waiting for someone to play with them.

"I'm bored". The silence broke like a glass shattering.

It was the Joker with his coloured hat and bells.

"I'm bored" he repeated. "I don't need the likes of you lot. I can't find my true identity here, I'm hoping to leave."

"What are you going to do?" chipped in the Queen of Hearts.

"Well", said the Joker, thinking most carefully, "I'd like to go into show business. I'll have you know I can be a real funny guy sometimes".

And with that he turned his back and flipped off the table.

Well, time passed by as time does, and the Joker got a job in a circus as a stand-in comedian, and general help.

Then one day, early in March, one of the circus hands came in.

"Someone to see you", he declared. "A dark gentleman, black as the Ace of Spades."

"It's one of the old pack come to see me," the Joker said proudly. The Ace came in with a sad look on his face.

"How's tricks?" he said.

"Oh, fine," came the reply. "After I left you, I started to tour the clubs, one night stands and so on. I even played to a couple of full houses. Then the circus people offered me a great deal, so I joined them. I'm now a stand-in comic and general help. How's things with you?"

"Oh!" sighed the Ace. "It hasn't quite been the same since you left. The Queen has been in quite a flush and you broke many hearts."

"Gee, I didn't realise," the Joker said, hanging his head.

Why don't you come back with me?" pleaded the Ace. "Give this up. You were a stand-in card in the pack and you're a stand-in here. You haven't progressed." He paused, then continued, "What kind of life have you got, cleaning up after lions, tigers and elephants? Come home . . . please!"

"What!" snapped the Joker. "And give up Showbusiness!"

"Well, I tried," sighed the Ace.

For the next few months both the circus and the Joker prospered and all seemed fine. But then a strange thing happened. The audience dwindled in numbers, and those

MY WORLD

The grass bends and twists in the wind
and I sit all alone and think
The cold wind licks my face
slashes my bared skin
and tosses my hair in all directions
Still, I sit in silence
I look down at the world around me
and think to myself
Can't they see the world, their world
is falling apart!! eroding away.
We keep on building this ugliness
This ugliness is a creature devouring
us
the creature that is a form of us

Pip Hough 11C.

SLEEP

Sleep quietly, now that
the gates of the day are
closed. Leave tomorrow's
problems for tomorrow.

The earth is peaceful
Only the stars are abroad;
and they will not
cause you any trouble.

From the Desiderata of Happiness

who did come didn't laugh any more. So the Joker was forced to quit the circus. He wasn't cut out for this life after all.

The Joker fell into a deep depression and every night he could be seen to pace the boards of his small room, with a bottle of gin sitting on a tray by his bed.

Feeling very haggard, he decided that he would put his pride in his pocket and go back to the pack of cards that he came from.

So, putting on his best suit, he went along.

"Hey! Look who it is!" cried the Six of Clubs. "It's the Joker, come to visit us."

The Joker looked a sorry sight — one corner was bent, another missing, and he had a stain on his back.

"Hi, guys," he said putting on a brave face. "How are you all doing?"

"Oh fine" replied the Six. "Everything has turned up trumps, we've just been plastic coated, and guess what? We have a new Joker."

The Joker felt his heart sink.

"That's great," he muttered sadly. "I don't suppose you have any room for another Joker. Do you?"

A terrible silence fell.

At last the king, putting aside his regal majesty, said,

"We would, but somehow you don't fit in anymore. You've changed and so have we. I'm sorry."

"Time to play!" came a yell. Down came a hand and fifty-two friends shuffled away to leave a solitary card on the table.

Slowly, sadly, the Joker slid to the edge of the table and in one last heave, he pushed himself off and floated gently down into the waste-paper basket.

And the Joker cried.

Fantasy

by Simonne LeMasurier

I hate Neil Armstrong. I detest with every cell of my body that conceited fool who so proudly planted the American flag on my sacred temple. Oh yes, Neil Armstrong, the noble, heroic product of Earth — the brave pioneer of the Universe. Humph!! I'd spit in his face if I had half a chance.

Thus were my thoughts as I sat in my room on the night that America's rocket ship touched down on the moon's surface. I purposely didn't watch the T.V. screen that night — I didn't want to acknowledge that Man had once again conquered matter. I clung in vain to my fantasy, unwilling to accept that the moon's surface contained so and so chemicals and was of such and such an appearance. And I hated Neil Armstrong for he represented the force that was installing fact in place of fantasy. Neil Armstrong was the murderer of my childhood dream.

As a child I had worshipped the moon for it seemed to hold something special in its luminosity. Hovering above in his green cheese haven sat that little crouched-over man, surveying all that the Earth contained — the homely chaperone of our virgin wanderers. I closed my ears to the many stories which people spun about what the moon really was. In fact, I resented these stories for, to me, the moon was sacred, not to be tampered with or reckoned on by human beings.

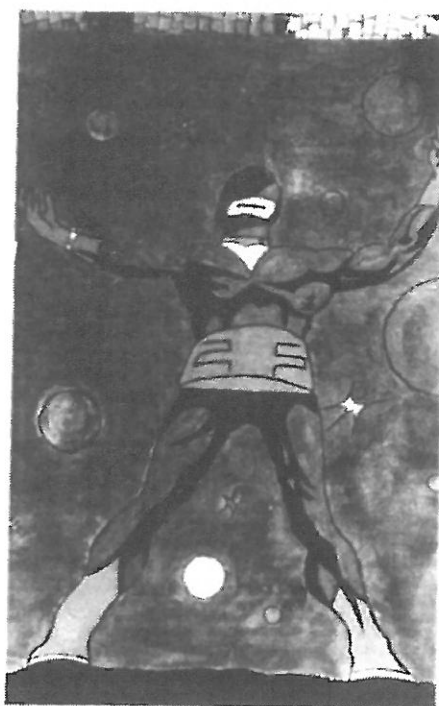
After all, the Man in the Moon was all a child had left to believe in, in those days. God was eliminated when one found that there was no Heaven in the clouds but only water vapour. Santa Claus was rejected after Grandad was caught eating the cookies and drinking the beer left on the kitchen table. Even the Tooth Fairy had to be denounced when one's mother was detected exchanging a sixpence for the treasured upper molar. But the Man in the Moon remained real. After all, who in their right mind could deny him when he was there, plain for all to see?

However, Man cannot be content until he has pried into everything which surrounds him. Nothing can be left sacred for a child's fantasy — no-one would heed the quotation which says 'Too much curiosity lost Paradise'. Thus Neil Armstrong on that fatal night in 1969 placed his foot on the moon and in so doing evicted the Man in the Moon and demolished his green cheese haven.

One can still stare at the moon and wonder at its bearing on Earth but the intangible feeling has gone now that Man has desecrated its surface. It was as though Man committed a sacrilege the night he planted his foot on our lunar neighbor. Poets, lovers and children will still see much more in the moon than an astronaut will ever find, but it is no longer sacred. Like everything else which Man discovers, the moon is now on its way to commercialism — the sacred temple of the dreamers has been blasphemed. Man has taken the oceans, the

rivers, the mountains, the deserts, the sky and now he has even taken the moon and the stars to add to his book of knowledge. Nothing consisting of matter can be left sacred — only the intangible, the soul, is left for those who want more in life than facts and figures.

Yes, the soul, the only sacred thing left for the children of tomorrow. Will they try to desecrate this last vestige of fantasy? Will they realize in time that human touch cannot be allowed to claim everything? Something must be left intangible, unanswered. Neil Armstrong destroyed my lunar fantasy — how many heroes will attempt to profane the self?



Steven Wilson Year 10

Skylab

It was Friday 13th of June, 1979, in Brighton, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia.

At 4.10 p.m. on that fateful day, the principal and staff of Brighton High School were discussing the Pink Card Strike. To understand the gravity of this, the reader must understand that Brighton High was in the habit of using approximately 150,000 Pink Cards every twenty-four hours. Why, you might ask? Yours is not to reason why; suffice it to say that they were used, and they were important.

But, on Thursday 12th June, the Pink Card Manufacturers and Printers Ltd told the school that because of a strike there would be no Pink Cards available until September.

They plunged Brighton High School into complete chaos.

At precisely 4.10 p.m., during that fateful staff meeting, balls of fire appeared in the sky, immediately followed by a large ball of fire. When it made touch down Brighton High School was destroyed. Yes, it was destroyed utterly; not even rubble or ear lobes could be identified.

The Pink Card Manufacturers were obliged to close their doors humbly and quietly forever.

Moral: It is better to be a Pink Card Manufacturer on strike than to be a Pink Card user in chaos.

Man

Man, supreme leader and unchallenged dominator, climbs the three steps to go up to his towering but really quite insignificant pedestal, to look up and beyond his realm of Earth. He gazes into the infinite space of undefinable void. This frightens him for in the void lurks a fear unknown to Man.

He pauses for a moment to look down from his pedestal, to view the seas, pastures and forests which lie in his grasp; in the green pastures he sees animals running around. Slowly and deliberately, he outstretches both his arms and as does so, he spreads his fingers. He brings his hands towards the Earth and as he does so, the animals lay their bodies on the still warm ground and, blocking the light which still remains, fall asleep.

He looks up to the horizon and in his sight captures a single beam of starlight coming from above. His eyes now fixed and his face drawn, he is in a state of deep thought. He remains silent the whole time, never uttering a single sound, as if this act would desecrate the scene before him.

The Orange and Violet begin to fade in the horizon; only now does true darkness envelop the scene; he now stands in complete darkness, his only companion being the lone star. He is overcome, he begins to shiver. At first it is unnoticeable but it slowly increases until he is uncontrollably shaking.

He turns his head and with one bound leaves everything he has seen behind, takes the three steps in his stride and runs to the security and warmth of his shelter.

Thunder, lightning and rain befall him and as he runs he asks himself, "Is the starlight only reflected?"

An Observer

Careers

It's better than school!!

Although it was a little tiring, I thoroughly enjoyed it and I think it is good to be able to have such experience.

Work experience was tiring, but worthwhile.

I found work experience to be very interesting.

I think that work experience is an excellent idea. I was able to see not only the job I was concerned with but also aspects of other jobs.

My work experience was very good. I did much more than I expected I would be able to do, and found that I didn't need very high qualifications.



Work experience is a good idea, it helps you decide what you eventually want to be.

My fellow workers were very friendly.

I did a lot of travelling and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Haven't done it yet. SPEWIN'!

It showed me some interesting things about my possible career in the future, I thought it was worthwhile.



Farewell to Mrs Mac

Wilsons Prom. Camp

It began on a wet Friday morn, the trek of a lifetime — which was to match all the excitement of "Ask the Leyland Brothers".

Our furniture vans safely conveyed us through the "truckie" blockade and onto the campsite. A certain Mr C. attempted to tell us how to erect a tent. Then we moved onto bigger and brighter things — a short (?) sight-seeing tour followed by Deb potatoes, dried peas and custard.

The next day Mrs S. camouflaged in a bright green tracksuit, took us on a hike. The majority of us took the "short" hike, (someone's definition of short should be investigated) the more energetic took the long hike and they are still walking.

Entertainment night followed, and Mr H. discovered the breath-taking effect of shaving cream. Harry Butler found a new species. We experienced the dubious delight of seeing a beauty contest! Which salt & pepper bearded teacher dresses in female clothes? Mr and Mrs R. were just in time to enjoy a magnificent dinner (see above) and enjoyed the night life. That night could be summed up by omm! — deep man.

Sunday was pull up tent pegs day — (If we could find them) and home James! All these memories and more will remain in our minds forever. One question is yet unanswered — who owned the spare sleeping bag which remained unused for the whole weekend?

Camps



French Island Camp

The ferry banged into the pier and we began our search, a search that led us to the French Is. camp, via mosquito infested tennis courts and solitary cells. We bunked in H. block, normally kept for dangerous prisoners. The Camp began! Most began explorations of the surrounds — A few got lost!!!! We were in search of "IT". Some ingenious people built beach fires to attract "IT" (firewood kindly supplied by the ranger). Others trekked through sand to the pier. We were all called back to try new tactics. none of our tactics had worked. A rangers meeting was called. We rallied. Our guides led us through the swamp in canoes (boy the water was cold). We still hadn't found "IT" — Time for a KitKat. Leisure was acheived by spoons, fairy hunts (Mr T.) and night chats. A night meeting was held by some (in the

What do I remember over ten and a half years at Brighton High? Why, people, of course: people and the things they did, starting with the Principal, Mr Cook saying "How soon can you start?" and Mrs Lewinson making me feel at home in the Staff Room, right up to the very last day, when the Principal, Mr Rowney escorted me to the car, and Mrs Frydman and Mrs Hatton said good-bye at the gate. It has been a privilege to have worked alongside such helpful, well-informed and stimulating people — not only teachers, but office and cleaning staff, and the canteen ladies. I have also enjoyed meeting the families of my pupils.

But most of all I am glad to have my memories of you who really are the school, the pupils of Brighton High — even (or should



it be "especially") the rascals. We've had some amusing and, yes, instructive times together. I mention a few only:— Michael volunteering to draw a polygon (an empty birdcage); Mark offering me his black mouse to stroke (I did, but I'm still scared of mice); Peter lecturing me on buffalo-proof fences; Andrew capering in the mangrove swamp; Claudia setting off a calculator-alarmclock in class; and of course, there was that snail I had to eat in front of a 1st Form.

We've had good fellowship in hobbies the S.F. Club, excursions and walks around the streets to classify houses and shops, draw maps and look for fossils in garden walls. There have been the plays: John Chellew and Alan Tiller (for example) as 1st Formers in Tom Sawyer (when Mrs Hatton was Aunt Polly, and danced with the others in the finale), and as 3rd Formers when they were Ko-Ko and Pooh-Bah; Paul Varney's progress from a donkey to a producer and lead for Grant House. There was a Staff melodrama, with Mrs Batour as a beautiful villainess; Murder in the Cathedral with Peter Turnbull as Becket; Ginger Mick in the Treasury Gardens. There have been the chorals, with parents instructed to play "Spot the Teacher".

These are just a few memories. I have many others — in photographs, programmes, letters, cards; in my poems, in your contributions to the Voyager. I hope you will say hullo in the street, and tell me your news. It's been good to know you. Good-bye for now.

Mrs McDonald

Congratulations

Mrs Dare
Mrs Price
Mrs Stannard
Mr(s) Gorham
Mrs Clark



early morning but a certain DH disrupted the conspiracy. A warden in a bright green tracksuit made sure we were up bright and early. We were to look for "IT" again!

The journey back was a final attempt to find "IT", so we toured the island, in a so called bus. However "IT" remained elusive. We returned to the pier, (the ferry returned an hour later), disappointed. We had failed to find "IT". What you may ask? **The Great Potter Roo!** Thanks should go to Suzy C. and Vicki O'D. for the guided tour. French Island will never be the same (especially the hall). I have been instructed by Mrs S., under threat of solitary confinement, to say that "CAMPS ARE FUN". This is an unpaid political announcement.

A. Wartell Year 12

SPORT

1979 proved to be a successful year for Brighton High School in interschool sport. On behalf of Mrs. Cizek, and Mr. Frank, I would like to thank all those staff members who gave of their time to coach teams, and to the team members themselves and congratulations on their fine efforts during the year.

R. Gould (Sportsmaster)

HOUSES — BOYS

House Teachers	House Captains
Grant Mr. Humphries	Senior: S. Mocellin
Mr. Frank	Junior: C. Bounds
Lonsdale Mr. Allen	Senior: P. Nawrotkiewicz
Mr. Darlow	Junior: R. Lydster
Murray Mr. Godfred	Senior: P. Hannah
Mr. Dennis	Junior: J. Stefanic
Phillip Mr. Redding	Senior: A. Silverman
Mr. Gorham	Junior: A. Ward

HOUSES — GIRLS

House Teachers	House Captains
Grant Miss. Head	Senior: C. Dick
Mrs. Ley	Junior: J. Wearne
Lonsdale Miss. McKenzie	Senior: S. Godfrey
Mrs. Scholtz	Junior: L. Mather
Murray Mrs. Pakula	Senior: K. Cherry
Miss Jackson	Junior: S. Wise
Phillip Mrs. Smithers	Senior: S. Bellott
	Junior: N. Perlen

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

Swimming Sports — These were held during the second week of term. Unfortunately the programme had to be curtailed because of the weather. Final placings were:—

1st Lonsdale 219 points
2nd Phillip 217 points
3rd Murray 215 points
4th Grant 141 points

Our house winners then went onto the Nepean Group sports of which we were winners. The Open Boys Relay team eventually went through to the All-High competition and swam extremely well; team members were — T. Adams, S. Redman, F. Virgona, P. Vass.

Athletic Sports — Held early third term, these events were keenly contested at Dendy Park. All winners then went onto the Nepean Group sports. House placings were:—

1st Lonsdale 673 points
2nd Phillip 506 points
3rd Grant 495 points
4th Murray 399 points

Cross-Country

This competition was held 2nd term at Dendy Park. Placegetters were:—

Boys 1st G. McMahon 2nd S. Crowley 3rd P. Holan
Girls 1st St. Seeberg 2nd J. Boutland 3rd A. Nawrotkiewicz

Ken Johnston then went on to the 'All-High' Cross Country and finished a creditable 6th in the Intermediate level.

House points were:— 1st Lonsdale 2624
2nd Phillip 2191
3rd Grant 1968
4th Murray 1245

So the overall placings for the Houses in sport were:—

1979 Championship House Lonsdale
2nd Phillip
3rd Grant
4th Murray



Interschool Sport Teams for 1979

The following teams were entered in the Nepean Group competition:—

BOYS

Cricket	Senior	Coach Mr. Allen	
	Inter.	Mr. Frank	
Volleyball	Senior		
	Inter.	Mr. Gould	
Tennis	Senior	Mr. Humphries	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
	Inter.		
Football	Senior	Mr. Gould	
	Inter.	Mr. Allen	
Basketball	Senior	Mr. Humphries	
	Inter.		
Table Tennis	Senior	Mr. Pamment	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
	Inter.		
Soccer	Senior	Mr. Frank	
	Inter.	Mr. Lam	

GIRLS

Tennis	Senior	Coach Mrs. Scholtz	*NEPEAN RUNNERS-UP
	Inter.		
Volleyball	Senior	Mrs. Cizek	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
	Inter.		
Squash	Senior	Mrs. Smithers	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
Hockey	Senior	Miss. Taggart	
	Inter.	Lynelle Hopkins & Diane Pugh	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
Softball	Senior	Mrs. Frost	*NEPEAN PREMIERS
	Inter.	Mrs. Berry	
Netball	Senior	Mrs. Scholtz	
	Inter.	Kay O'Sullivan	

The following activities were also offered for Wednesday afternoon activities:—

Bowling — Mr. Pearson
Photography — Mr. Giavaglia
Squash — Mr. Dawson & Mr. Lam
Golf — Mr. Humphries
Athletics — Mr. Frank
Ice Skating — Mr. Tonkin

Wednesday afternoon sport activities included:—

Golf — Mrs. Ley
Bowling — Miss. Jackson
Ice-Skating — Miss McKenzie
Modern Dance — Danceland Instruction & Christina Saunders

Outstanding Performances

Russell Purvis — Best & Fairest Award for Senior Football.
Perry Hannan — Two 1st placings at the Southern Zone Athletics — to compete at the All-High Athletics carnival.

1979 SPORT CHAMPIONS:

Girls — Jacqui Bartholomeusz
Boys — Matthew McLennan

Roll Call

FORM 10A

BOYS

CROWLEY, Stephen Nicholas
ENNIS, Hamish
HANSEN, Russell Frederick
JOHNSTON, Kenneth Joseph
LOUGHREY, Sean David
McCONACHY, Peter John
McCONCHIE, David
McLENNAN, James David
RAYNER, Warwick Andrew
Von Zum HOF, Jurgen
WALKER, Andrew John
WALL, Dean Leon

GIRLS

BLAINEY, Helen Lynette
CLEMENTS, Lisa Jane
DEUTSCH, Estelle
DUKE, Sarah Penelope
FILIS, Vicky
FINIGER, Michelle
FREDMAN, Leonie Joy
HORVAT, Maria
JOLLY, Jeanette Fay
PANELLI, Ruth
RONDA, Henriette Charlotte
ROTHSTADT, Lisa Jane
SAUNDERS, Kristina Brenda
ZARPANINIS, Kaliope

FORM 10B

BOYS

BAUM, Murray
BLIGHT, John Gabriel
CHAPMAN, Grant David
COOKE, Robert Victor
GRAY, Richard Ian
JACKSON, Jonathon
KYPTA, John Joseph
LEWIS, Ashley David
PAVLOU, Mario
TEAZIS, Christopher
THORLEY, Anthony
VAFIDIS, Billy
Von Zum HOF, Klaus

GIRLS

AHMET, Leyla
BEAMS, Jillian Faye
BOARDMAN, Fiona
BOUTLAND, Kathryn Gail
CHRISTIE, Dawn Elizabeth
DRIVER, Joanne
EMMETT, Carol Ann
HOPKINS, Lynette
FINDLAY, Karen
JAGER, Lisa

MANSER, Deborah Anne
MEHEGAN, Jane Marie
SINCLAIR, Julia
WELLER, Ruth

FORM 10C

BOYS

ARNFIELD, Brett Lindsay
BENNETT, Michael John
BONANNO, Salvatore
CHELLEW, Peter
MORGAN, Timothy Kenneth
PERKINS, David Clifford
PERN, Warren Gordon
ROBERTS, Todd
SPOKES, Russell Lee
STRAEGER, Morris
TAYLOR, John Alfred
WILSON, Stephen Patrick

GIRLS

BOYANTON, Joanne
BEUDEL, Saskia Kaya
DALE, Karen Lea
DENNISON, Karen Louise
GALANOPOULOS, Panagiota (Peggy)

GLEESON, Karen Evelina
GODFREY, Louise
HOLLAND, Fiona
HOUGH, Petrina
KIDD, Lisa
KILPATRICK, Gina
KREYMBORG, Jan Elise
LAMBERT, Louise
LAWRY, Elizabeth
O'SULLIVAN, Kaye Leanne
POPPER, Tamara
SARGEANT, Helen Mary
SHIPP, Robyn Valerie
SMYTH, Mandy

FORM 10D

BOYS

ABIUSO, Nicholas Alfred
BROADBRIDGE, Graham
DANIEL, Peter Nolan
GOUTSIARIS, Mark John
HOLAN, Peter
LUSTIG, Harry
McCABE, Phillip John
McCANDLESS, Trevor
REID, Peter Douglas
SMITH, Shaun
TAIAROA, Keri David
VIRGONA, Frank John

GIRLS

BALTAS, Sophie
BISSET, Janine Gayle

BOUYER, Christine
BRABNER, Michelle Joyce
BUCKI, Jolanta Jane
COOPER, Jennifer Gaye
DREW, Emma
FIUMARA, Felicia
GALANOPOULOS, Akrivi (Vivian)
GOMULARZ, Ulla
McLEOD, Jennifer Gaye
McRAE, Debra Joy
MANNING, Kim
MAVRIPOULOS, Chrissie
REINSHAGEN, Kathy Elizabeth
WISE, Sascha Madeleine

FORM 10E

BOYS

ANTONY, Paul
AYDIN, Erdem Omer
DOOLEY, Matthew Guy
DOWNES, Geoffrey
FERNANDO, Andre Warren
HOLAN, Daniel
McMAHON, Gregory
NAWROTKIEWICZ, Peter Paul
SIMMONS, Michael Edwin
STANLEY, Michael
TANNER, Nicholas Armstrong
TOTH, John Edward

GIRLS

BIEG, Janine Carolyn
BOUTLAND, Jennifer
BRUNNER, Jodie
CARR, Julie-Anne
CROWLEY, Jane Mary
DUNSMUIR, Joanna Leonie
ELLIOT, Jane Maree
FRATER, Kathy
HARITOS, Alexandra
LEE-STEERE, Jane Carolyn
NAWROTKIEWICZ, Anna Janine
PUGH, Diane
SEEBERG, Sharyn Carmen
WATT, Joanne
WOOD, Mary Elizabeth

FORM 11A

BOYS

BELL, David Burns
FILIPPOU, Paul
KANCELJAK, Milan
McCABE, Christopher Graeme
MURPHY, Kevin John
PATKIN, Leo Bruce
REDMAN, Stephen James
SAWICZ, Ronnie

GIRLS

BYRNE, Sandra Anne
CARNEGIE, Jillian Susan
DUVAL, Andrea Sorana
ELSWORTHY, Patricia Anne
FORD, Andrea Helen
FOTI, Joanna
GALOPOULOS, Eva
GREENWAY, Carol Anne
IVES, Louise Marguerite
KINSELLA, Maria
MANLEY, Sandra Lorraine
MAVRIPOULOS, Vivi
OLDFIELD, Leanne Faye
POPOVIC, Nada Connie
RABL, Lise Marie
SIRMAY, Pamela Elizabeth
TRICKEY, Gai
Van DERMOST, Patricia Ann
VASILJEVIC, Julie Angela
WILLIAMS, Alice Joan

FORM 11B

BOYS

BENNETT, David Antony
FARRELL, Sean Timothy
GRIGORIEFF, Aleck
GRIFFIN, Steven Andrew
HOLLENBERG, Lloyd Christopher
JERICIC, John Peter
KNEZEVIC, Anthony Milan
PAPACOSTAS, Andrew
ROBBINS, Simon Boyd
WHITE, Stephen Bruce

GIRLS

CHERRY, Lisa
EAMES, Sharon Mae
EWART, Julie Ann
GEE, Annie
GVALDA, Karri-Marie Robin
LINDBLOM, Karen Maree
LUND, Tracey Dawn
MODRICH, Theresa
O'DONAHOO, Jacquelyn
Barbara
PANTER, Judy
WELLSRING, Julie Heather

FORM 11C

BOYS

BELL, David Burns
FILIPPOU, Paul
KANCELJAK, Milan
McCABE, Christopher Graeme
MURPHY, Kevin John
PATKIN, Leo Bruce
REDMAN, Stephen James
SAWICZ, Ronnie

GIRLS

CHAPMAN, Karen Ann
DUVAL, Melanie Renate
HOUGH, Felippa
INCHAUSTI, Ana Delicia
JOHNSTON, Sandra Mary
LANGLEY, Charlotte
LOPO, Anita Olivia
McNEE, Helen Lorraine
TEREK, Donna
VIAL, Denise Norma
WELLS, Beverley Meredith
WILLIAMS, Susan Leigh

FORM 11D

BOYS

BENNETT, Spencer Jameson
BROWN, Philip
CARSON, Jeffrey Allan
CLEMENTS, Andrew Graeme
DALAL, Gillad
HATZIKOS, Nikos
MITCHELL, Steven William
WAYMAN, Richard Grant

GIRLS

BEATY, Robyn Elizabeth
COPEMAN, Carolyn Donna
FLANAGAN, Tracey
GILMORE, Kaye
LACEY, Deborah Joan
THEOS, Dina
TURNBULL, Linda Jane
VELAKOULIS, Angelina

FORM 11E

BOYS

ADAMS, Anthony Wallis
CAMILLERI, Mark John
DICKSON, Julien
EVRIPIDOU, Evripidis
GALANOPOULOS, Jim
GOLDMAN, Peter Daniel
JOHNSON, Paul Joseph
MORGAN, Darryn James
STEVENSON, Andrew
VASILJEVIC, Peter Robert

GIRLS

FRATER, Michelle
GROVER, Amanda Lee
HALL, Panata
KONDELLOS, Deborah
LEWIS, Gabrielle
McLEOD, Carolyn Ann
MEEKING, Susan Marie
REED, Rosemarie Elizabeth

