



Roll Call

FORM 7A

**BOYS**  
ANTZAKAS, Antonio  
BERRY, Michael  
CORNFORD, Ian  
DIAZ, Stevan  
HERBERT, Ross  
KINSELLA, Harry  
LALOUM, Michael  
MIKSAD, Miroslav  
WILSON, Andrew  
GEORGE, Shane

**GIRLS**  
ANAGNOSTOU, Rosy  
ANTONIOU, Helen  
BARNARD, Jillian  
BLAINIEY, Wendy  
CAMPBELL, Susan  
CARR, Alison  
COATES, Karen  
FORD, Georgena  
FRANCIS, Anette  
KALAITZIDIS, Themi  
MURPHY, Lois  
OSBORNE, Cathrine  
WITHALL, Julie Anne

FORM 7B

**BOYS**  
BATES, Timothy  
BATTERHAM, Peter  
BLOCK, Richard  
BROADBRIDGE, Nigel  
CLARKE, John  
COMMONS, Greg  
DICKINSON, Peter  
FORBES, Rohan

FOTHERGILL, Adam  
ISING, Brett  
SMITH, Simon  
STOLIC, Nenad

**GIRLS**  
BARTON, Lisa  
BUCKI, Margaret  
CARLTON, Lisa  
CHEN, Ka Mink  
CUNNINGHAM, Gabriella  
DEUTSCH, Nicole  
ELLENPORT, Debra  
FERGUSON, Jane  
HALL, Julie  
IVES, Sandra  
McCANN, Sarah  
SORRELL, Caroline  
SWAN, Lesley

FORM 7C

**BOYS**  
ARNFIELD, Dean  
ASHKAR, Peter  
COLLINS, Shane  
CURL, Andrew  
DAVIDSON, Andrew  
DINAS, Jimmy  
EXELL, John  
FOTHERGILL, Scott  
GERDAN, George  
LANDER, ROBERT  
McTIGUE, Jonathon  
PAVIS, Richard  
SORRELL, David  
TOTH, Richard  
DEWS, Constantinos

**GIRLS**  
HOHLIOS, Despina  
JOWZY, Sharn  
KEATING, Nicole  
KUKOVEC, Elouise  
LAMBERT, Rachel  
MARIOTT, Kylie  
McDONALD, Cheryl  
McNEIL, Janet  
MERCURI, Nafisa  
MILJOEN, Kerry  
MOUNTAIN, Katrina  
NEALE, Tammy  
PRICE, Andrea  
VELAKOULIS, Karen

FORM 7D

**BOYS**  
EDMOND, Jon  
GRANT, Clinton  
JOVETIC, Filip  
KONYE, Paul  
McCOLL, Eoghan  
PAGE, Nigel  
PARRY, Glenn  
PORCINO, Francesco  
ROWE, Michael  
SYMEONIDIS, Simon  
VIAL, Stephen  
VIDAS, Robert  
ISRAEL, Benjamin James

**GIRLS**  
BOGEARTS, Nicolle  
LACK, Deborah  
OSCURO, Jennifer  
PALAMBERIS, Kathy  
READ, Genevieve  
SELBY, Peta  
STONE, Charmayne  
TANNER, Victoria  
TODD, Jennifer  
WAKEFIELD, Paula  
WARNECKE, Sally  
WELLSPRING, Kim  
WEST, Amanda  
WHYTE, Debra  
WRIGHT, Jane

FORM 7E

**BOYS**  
DOCHERTY, Brian  
FAZIO, Antonio  
MUTARD, Bruce  
RAYNER, Richard  
READ, Todd  
SCHEINER, Leonardo  
SPARKS, Matthew  
WARD, Darren  
WARNE, Michael  
WIERZBICKI, Andrew

**GIRLS**  
BYRNE, Lisa  
EPIFANO, Nunziata Maria  
GOLOUBKIN, Lara  
NEWHAM, Debra  
PATKIN, Carolyn  
ROBINSON, Christine  
ROBINSON, Elizabeth  
ROSSITER, Kylie  
TALBOT, Rhonda  
WEST, Rachel  
WHYTE, Nicole  
WILCOX, Susannah  
WILLIAMSON, Leanne

FORM 8A

**BOYS**  
BAVAGE, Christopher  
BROWN, Steven  
COPE, Andrew  
FARNELL, Anthony  
KARAILIS, Nicholas  
LOYER, David  
MANSFIELD, Ross  
MARICAK, Jozo  
MURPHY, Bruce  
OEHLMANN, Dean  
PETERS, Phillip  
PRINGLE, Dale  
RAYMOND, Jonathon  
RIGOPOULOS, Nicholas  
WISE, Timothy

**GIRLS**  
BARR, Kim  
BULL, Joanne  
CHERRY, Monique  
COATES, Laura  
COYNE, Melinda  
DALE, Sophie  
FOTI, Maria  
GRAHAM, Nichole  
HAYCROFT, Jodi  
LOUGHREY, Anna  
MEIMARES, Afro

SATTERTHWAITE, Wendy  
SHAW, Kim  
SMITH, Tanya  
STAVRAKIS, Tina  
VAN TWEST, Karin  
VINCENT, Debra  
WILLIAMSON, Karen

FORM 8B

**BOYS**  
BOYDEN, Nicholas  
COOMBES, Jens  
CROWLEY, Paul  
DOCHERTY, Billy  
FAZIO, Charles  
GEORGIOU, George  
GILLON, Adam  
HOME, Cameron  
McLENNAN, Adam  
NALLO, Paul  
PATTINSON, Anthony  
ROBERTS, Michael  
ROONEY, David  
THOMAS, Christopher  
WOODS, Mark  
ZIINO, Gerard  
BISSETT, Kent

**GIRLS**  
BEAMS, Helen  
BLIGHT, Caroline  
BROWN, Rachel  
CARDOSA, Helena  
COOPER, Karen  
DARK, Shirlene  
FISHER, Sarah  
GEE, Debbie  
HUMPHREYS, Maree  
HUMPHREYS, Megan  
LEIGH, Helena  
SAUNDERS, Melinda  
TANNER, Jane  
VAN WJINGAARDEN, Kim  
WILSON, Heather  
ZANCA, Caterina  
DAVISON, Nicola

FORM 8C

**BOYS**  
BALTA, Con  
BLIGH, David  
BLOCK, Peter  
BOYCE, Christopher  
BRABNER, Matthew  
ESTORNINO, Julia  
FREDMAN, Neil  
GRIFFIN, Stewart  
KINSELLA, John  
McConchie, Andrew  
MASON, Timothy  
SANDVIK, Jouko  
SHORT, Christopher  
TAYLOR, Sean  
THOMAS, Ian  
BRAND, Clinton

**GIRLS**  
ANDREADIS, Helen  
BATSON, Maria-Grace  
BRUNNER, Lani  
DICKENS, Briggita  
FILIS, Kathy  
FINLEY, Jackie  
FRITZLOFF, Leah  
KREYMBORG, Sandra  
LOUGHREY, Kerry  
LYDSTER, Leanne  
NICHOLSON, Karen  
PALMER, Cassandra  
PERKINS, Sarah  
RAYNER, Jeunesse  
RICCO, Katherine  
TAMVAKIS, Alexandra  
THOMPSON, Meagan  
TREGUS, Nicole  
KIMBLE, Marilyn  
KRIVANEK, Ziva  
ISRAEL, Rachael Anne

FORM 8D

**BOYS**  
ABIUSO, Francis

BAKKER, Andrew  
DOOLEY, James  
GRANT, Jason  
HOUDALAKIS, Jim  
LAMBERT, Adam  
LIAKOS, Peter  
LUND, Gavin  
McMAHON, Damien  
MURRELLS, Steven  
PAINE, Kevin  
PEARCE, Stuart  
TICKLE, David  
VALSINGER, Patrick  
WRIGHT, Garth

**GIRLS**  
AHMET, Soreya  
BLANSHARD, Joanne  
CAMILLERI, Michelle  
BORNER, Lisa  
EAMES, Robyn  
GAUT, Melissa  
GOLOUBKIN, Elizabeth  
JENNINGS, Julie  
JORGENSEN, Annette  
KALAITZIDIS, Koula  
KELLER, Yvonne  
KYRIOS, Mary  
LAW, Alexandra  
MATSACOS, Maria  
SEAMAN, Kellie  
TALBOT, Karen  
VELAHOUTAKOS, Pauline  
VERNON, Kerry  
REID, Jillian

FORM 9A

**BOYS**  
BOUNDS, Cameron  
CLARKE, David  
CURL, James  
DURSO, Robert  
GALANOPOULOS, Antonios  
KANE, Alan  
KING, Glen  
RICCO, David  
SMITH, Russell  
SOWDEN, Timothy  
TIREKIDIS, Paul  
WILSON, Cameron  
DURSO, Robert

**GIRLS**  
CUNNINGHAM, Kerry  
ESTORNINHO, Jacqueline  
FLANAGAN, Donna  
JAFFA, Deborah  
MITCHELL, Georgina  
O'SULLIVAN, Kathryn  
OUGH, Sharon  
PORTER, Jillian  
ROBINSON, Tracey  
SANTER, Karen  
SIMMONS, Danielle  
SUTTON, Danielle  
TOTH, Shirley  
WEST, Fiona  
ZEUG, Natasha

FORM 9B

**BOYS**  
BENNETT, Nicholas  
BISHOP, Harold  
BLIGHT, Adam  
CHAROCHERIS, Jim  
FOSTER, Neal  
HILLIER, John  
LYDSTER, Richard  
PAVIS, Sean  
PARRY, Stephen  
REID, David  
STOUPAS, Jimmy  
TEREK, Robert  
VIAL, Jeffery

**GIRLS**  
COTTIER, Julie  
DUNSMUIR, Louise  
FERGUSON, Amanda  
GOREING, Kim  
KUKOVEC, Fiona  
LLOYD, Belinda  
MAXIAN, Claudia  
ROTH, Lisa

SEEBERG, Kylie  
SMITH, Fiona  
TICKLE, Anne-Marie  
ULRICH, Karen  
WEARNE, Janet  
SOLOMON, Stephanie

FORM 9C

**BOYS**  
BLAKE, David  
DARK, James  
FORBES, Justin  
HARITOS, Arthur  
ILLE, Rudy  
JONES, Peter Andrew  
MILJOEN, Sean  
PALAMBERIS, Bill  
PAPACOSTAS, Stavros  
REMICK, Royce  
STEVENSON, Michael  
TRICKEY, David  
VANDERMOST, Alan

**GIRLS**  
BAMFORD, CindyLee  
BATES, Clare  
FRAZER, Tracey  
HILLARD, Shauna  
KARAILIS, Jenny  
ROBERTYS, Desiree  
STAVRAKIS, Athina  
STRAIN, Melissa  
SWAN, Alison  
TAYLOR, Elizabeth  
VANTOOREN, Susan  
WILSON, Lisa Nicole  
MUSCHAMP, Katherine Frances

FORM 9D

**BOYS**  
BRABNER, Scott Anthony  
BREMNER, Claude  
DENNISON, Michael Gary  
DICKINSON, John Allan  
FISHER, Andrew Peter  
McCANDLESS, Herbert  
TALBOT, Neville John  
VYSSARITIS, Emanuel  
WHITEHOUSE, Timothy Edward  
WIERZBICKI, Paul Peter  
WORRELL, Steven John  
MYTTON, Ian James

**GIRLS**  
EXELL, Lisa Helen  
GARDNER, Rachel  
GREGORIOU, Anthea Andrea  
HASSALL, Kathleen Francis  
HATZIKOS, Vicky Tina  
LING, Jemima Susannah  
PAINE, Ann-Maree  
PARKES, Kelly Rae  
PAYNE, Helen Joy  
SMIKA, Lisa Justine  
STEMBERGAR, Brigita  
THEOS, Jenny  
TRELOAR, Lynne Maureen  
VASILJEVIC, Maryann

FORM 10A

**BOYS**  
ANDREWS, Jonathon  
BARR, Andrew  
BECKINGHAM, Glen  
BROADBRIDGE, Graham  
CRAVEN, Vincent  
DE SOUSA, Jose  
JACKSON, Jonathon  
KEILY, Phillip  
MATSACOS, Peter  
PALAMARA, Steven  
PAYNE, Peter  
SINGH, Jason

**GIRLS**  
AHMET, Yasmin  
DAVIS, Jennifer  
DAW, Nicole  
DINAS, Heather  
HALL, Sharon

I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch where-through  
Gleams that untravel'd world

This year is celebrated as the Silver Jubilee of the Brighton High School and elsewhere in the Voyager is recall of these important, formative years. The building of tradition is most important and I would venture that our foundations are sound, our policies and aims clear and the results good. What of the future of the school?

There have been heady experimentation and new philosophy in the alchemy of education in many quarters. Some of this has been worthwhile, some of it disastrous; the end result, the emerging citizen is all important and caution is necessary. We feel that our directions are those required by the community and there is room for our school in the educational scheme.

If we are to maintain our standards and offer the best to students in the years to come, there are various problems which must be faced, the central and vital one being that of maintaining or even increasing student numbers.

Most high schools in the past have been content to accept the students arriving from feeder primary schools and the various mid year transfers. An attitude of a professional-like non-acceptance of any type of canvassing for students has been the general outlook. Over the past years, student numbers have declined generally. The effects are serious and the prediction of the future of schools has become a difficult task indeed.

In the sixties Brighton High School had over 1,200 students crammed into buildings which lacked the spacious Commonwealth Library and the four science class-rooms of the Commonwealth Science Block. In 1976 the number was 775 and in 1980 695.

Other high schools in the vicinity have experienced falling enrolments and the overall result of this will perhaps affect Brighton High School.

Figures given by the Regional Director for the nearby district are:

	Predicted			
	1976	1980	1981	Capacity
Technical School	454	690	747	577
High School 1	637	412	390	759
High School 2	786	496	466	736
High School 3	464	351	323	575

Several alternatives have been advanced to solve the obvious problem here, one of which, if adopted could have a profound effect on Brighton High School. This solution is the establishment of a Senior High School, and the closure or the transfer of one High School building to the Technical School. The establishment of a Senior High School would result in a predicted enrolment at that Senior High School of 473 in 1983 and 420 in 1985. The courses offered there would possibly be extensive enough to attract our senior students. Numbers of our present students seek Year 12 education in the Tertiary Orientation Program, further reducing our numbers.

Effects of falling enrolments include reduction of staff numbers, both teaching and ancillary, with consequent reduction of the curriculum spectrum and the effective reduction of cold hard cash to maintain the school. The School Council has pointed out to the Minister that the Grant to Brighton High School (excluding a component for electricity) was \$20,248.10

Principal's Report



in 1975-6 and \$23,936.00 in 1979-80 — not a major increase when one reflects on inflation in that time.

The future is bound up inexorably with student numbers and it is perhaps time that the school and the school community stood and announced that here is a school worthy of its place and worthy of advancement in the educational world.

We should have a fierce pride in the achievements of the school and faith in its future. We should let the community know that we can reach a 92% pass rate at Higher School Certificate, that we have been classed in the first group of Victorian High Schools, that our students in the main are of excellent type, that our staff is dedicated and that the atmosphere of the school is a happy one.

With such confidence, our students will view the untravelled world with the conviction that they can cope with it as well adjusted citizens in a society which will benefit from their activities and interest.

The primary aim of Brighton High School in the future — to play its proper part in the development of each person to his highest potential — seems sure. However, the mundane bread and butter issues which will allow us to bring reality to this aim must be dealt with positively and by the community.



# Deputy Principal's Report



Our school has now attained its twenty fifth year of educational service as a High School to the Community of Brighton — twenty five years of "ENDEAVOUR." Only the passage of time can develop the deep air of tradition and the strong feeling of pride which the past and present students show in their association with the school. When we trace the achievements of the students through their scholastic, cultural and sporting careers, into the mature successes of adult life in all community spheres, we have a most enviable record.

Five Principals and many competent, enthusiastic teachers have guided, taught and prepared our students to take their places in society, and in so doing, have contributed much to the tone, atmosphere and achievements of the school.

It is fitting that we should be proud of what the school has done, but we must not rest on the past. In life, all things must move — how many civilizations have risen to a peak, achieved great things, and then sunk to obscurity because of complacency? Let us then through the next quarter century push the name and honour of the school to even greater heights.

Endeavour to find your own particular capabilities. Nurture your talents, and bring them to their greatest strength, and once your life's work is determined, go to it with all the enthusiasm you have. In the wake of strong endeavour should come success and satisfaction.

"The heights of great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight.  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

E.A.J. MAYSON.

## HOUSE OFFICIALS:

### GRANT:

Cultural Captains  
House Captains

### GIRLS

Sophie Wise  
Jillian Carnegie

### BOYS

Paul Anthony  
Stephen Parker

### LONSDALE:

Cultural Captains  
House Captains

Petrina Hough  
Linda Turnbull

### MURRAY:

Cultural Captains  
House Captains

Krintine Saunders  
Angelia Velakoulis

### PHILLIP:

Cultural Captains  
House Captains

Jane Elliot  
Andrea Ford

### DEPUTY SCHOOL CAPTAINS:

Lindy O' Donahoo  
Andrew Stevenson

### SCHOOL CAPTAINS:

Gabrielle Lewis  
Lloyd Hollenberg

### FORM CAPTAINS:

**Year 7**  
7A Harold Kinsella  
B Rohan Forbes  
C George Gerdam  
D Stevan Vial  
E Tony Fazio

**Year 7**  
Julie Ann Withall  
Sandra Ives  
Kerry Miljoen  
Jenny Todd  
Carolyn Patkin

**Year 8**  
8A Jonathon Raymond  
B Adam Gillon  
C Sean Taylor  
D Jason Grant

**Year 8**  
Monique Cherry  
Sarah Fisher  
Sarah Perkins  
Yoonoe Keller

### SOCIAL SERVICE:

**Year 7**  
Mick Miksad  
Julie Sergenko  
Nicole Keating  
Jenny Oscuro  
Carolyn Patkin  
Lisa Carlton

**Year 7**  
Wendy Blainey  
Peter ashkar  
Peter Ashkar  
Michael Rowe  
Matthew Sparks

**Year 8**  
Wendy Satterthwaite  
Jane Tanner  
Lani Brunner  
Joanne Blanchard

**Year 8**  
Jozo Maricak  
Charles Fazio  
John Kinsella  
Stuart Pearce

## School Student Officials

## Staff 1980



**WOMEN:** Mrs. Anstee, Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Batour, Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Cizek, Mrs. Darroch, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Frydman, Miss Gawthorne, Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Golding, Mrs. Granat, Mrs. Grebler, Mrs. Batiste, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Kaplonyi, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Kriksciunas, Mrs. Lack, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Lightfoot, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss. Miltiadous, Miss. McKenzie, Mrs. Morrison, Miss. Newton, Mrs. Pakula, Mrs. Ray, Miss. Russell, Mrs. Scholtz, Mrs. Silberer, Mrs. Saulwick, Miss. Stewart, Miss. Mayson.

**MEN:** Mr. Allen, Mr. Baker, Mr. Ciavaglia, Mr. Clark, Mr. Darlow, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Frank, Mr. Godred, Mr. Gorham, Mr. Gould, Mr. Humphries, Mr. King, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Pamment, Mr. Redding, Mr. Tonkin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wragg, Mr. Rowney.

## Staff Changes 1980

### Joined Staff

Beginning of the year:— Mr. Wragg, Miss. Newton.  
Mrs. J. Lee — relieving teacher (few weeks)

### Through the year

Mrs. Anstee, Mrs. Silberer, Miss. Knight, Mr. Knight, Mr. King, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Saulwick, Mrs. Batiste, Miss. Miltiadous.

### Maternity Leave

Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Smithers, Mrs. Grebler, Mrs. Smethurst.

### Leave

Mrs. A. Ley.

### Left Staff

C. Georgiadis, E. Hatton (retired), A. Pearson (retired).  
V. McAllester and D. Sanderson.

### OFFICE STAFF

Mrs. J. Doolan, Mrs. A. Hillyear, Mrs. Reynolds.

### LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Mrs. J. Woodfall

### LABORATORY ASSISTANT

Miss M.A. Emslie

### Canteen Manageress

Mrs. Z. Smith

### MAINTENANCE STAFF

Mrs. C. Phillips (Leading Hand), Mr. G. Davis, Mr. S. Burke, Mrs. M. Burke, Mrs. D. Doherty, Mr. E. Liversidge, Mr. G. Marchant, Mrs. M. Hannah.

### GARDNER GROUNDSMAN

Mr. D. McLaren

## Retirement of Mr. Bill Saddington

Mr. Saddington retired on June 26th. His work in the school grounds has been first class over the years. The community in general and the school in particular should be grateful that he has devoted so much care and attention to the grounds. The first impression of any school is of the setting and the first look at Brighton High School from any aspect is lasting. The well kept lawns, playing fields and gardens ensure that the school is in keeping with the surrounding area with the golf course and cared for residences. All of this is due to the energies of Mr. Saddington.

He and Mrs. Saddington were wished all success and happiness in retirement at an afternoon tea with staff on Monday 30th June.



## School Captains' Report

Year 12 is like a year of go-betweens, that is, between Year 11 and the outside world, and for many of us it is a useful step in the process of growing up. We are given responsibilities, forced to make decisions and forced to look at ourselves carefully and plan for the future.

All great people experience the agony and the ecstasy of holding high positions — Michaelangelo, Galileo, Moses and even the school-captains.

The impending menace of those Monday morning "Thank you" speeches at senior assembly constituted part of our agony. However, the ecstasy felt throughout the year will remain in our minds forever.

The Sandringham Rotary Club who entertained all the school captains in the district to lunch was one such occasion. It was a very enjoyable experience and it made us realise how many people cared about the situation we're in today with a high percentage of unemployment and other social problems.

Many strong friendships were formed among the year 12's especially due to the two camps held throughout the year. We went through many hardships with our peers (especially starvation at Kyneton!) and this bonded us together.

We hope that next years school captains will have such an enjoyable and fulfilling year as we have had. Anyway we've heard the owl call our name.

Love and Peace for the Future.

GABY & LLOYD.



## Year 12 Committee Report

At our first meeting, there was a respectable turn-up as we, the enthusiastic committee members with feelings of responsibility weighing on our shoulders, collected to determine a format for our first meeting.

We formulated a few ideas throughout the year, such as trying to increase the standard of instrumental music taught within the school, but this was even beyond Mr. Rowney's jurisdiction.

The successful idea formulated by the 1979 Year 12 Committee to attend Year 7 form assemblies, was carried out again this year with a lot of satisfaction and enjoyment. It was a new experience in learning, on both parts, as we tried to close the gap between the Year 7's and the "untouchable" Year 12's.

We held a junior disco, which was a tremendous success — the Year 7's and 8's did a commendable job of teaching us to dance and behave and a wonderful evening was had by all.

Anyway, best wishes for 1981.  
from your 1980 Year 12 Committee:

Gaby Lewis  
Lloyd Hollenberg  
Andrew Stevenson  
Lindy O'Donahoo  
Debbie Lacey  
Ana Inchausti

Jill Carnegie  
David Bell  
Julian Dickson  
Lisa Rabi  
Tony Knezevic  
Julie Wellspring

# History of Brighton High School

As long ago as 1927, the Education Department bought ten acres of land in Dendy St., Brighton to build a high school. The Brighton City Council established the golf links and rented this land from the Education Department.

Then in 1943, the Council secured its transfer by giving the Department 12 acres in exchange. This is where the school now stands. In 1949, the Council made plans to urge the Government to build a certain high school on a certain spare twelve acres. The Government agreed in 1954 and plans were instigated. Towards the end of 1954, the first Head Master, Mr. C.O. Holland, and his staff were appointed and fruitful conferences brought forth the school motto "ENDEAVOUR", the school colours, and the uniform. For the year 1955, the following quote was taken from the booklet of the official opening in 1958:

"For the first two terms of 1955, the two hundred and fifty six form one pupils were housed in classrooms at McKinnon High School, and for some weeks, the first form pupils of both schools were restricted to half time".

In term three, the school was in business. They moved into some rooms which I presume to be part of the Centre Corridor, although I'm not sure on that point. The building gradually took shape through most of 1955 and 1956. In 1957 the Music Room and the Canteen were brought into use, but had to be used as classrooms for students from Hampton High School after a fire at that school. Because of all the extra

students 7 more rooms were built in seven weeks (you don't get labour like that any more!)

As the student population rapidly approached 900, the school was declared a Special and Mr. G.M. Stirling was given the title of Head Master in 1958.

**1958** Brighton High School was officially opened on the 30th of May, 1958, by The Honorable J.S. Bloomfield. Mr. Stirling addressed the assembly in Holland Hall, named of course after the first Head Master Mr. Holland, and then Mr. Bloomfield declared the school "open". I think that as 1958 was the year that the Inter-House Drama Competitions began it would be appropriate to give a report of the results up to 1980.

**Drama.** The Dramas began in 1958 with Murray defeating all others in the first two years, only to be overtaken by Phillip in 1961. (There were no Dramas in 1960) Phillip reigned supreme until '63, when they shared first place with Grant. In the following year, Murray returned triumphant to be followed in the next year (1965) by Grant. For the next three years Lonsdale earned their first mention by coming first. Then in '69 Grant came out of the back pocket to race to the lead, only to be ousted by Murray (history repeats itself) in the following year. In 1971, Phillip acted its way to first place to be thrown out in '72 by Murray, seeking revenge. Back for the first time in five years came Lonsdale in 1973, only to step





back so that Phillip could once again come to the fore. But that was to be a brief stay. The following year Murray took over the reins, but 1975 was over all too soon. 1976 wheeled in with Grant gunning the engine only to take off so that Phillip could lead once again. In 1978 Grant returned, only to bow down to Lonsdale who defeated all others in 1979 and 1980. Roll on 1981!

**1958** was the year of giant steps for mankind, or at least for Brighton High. The public address system was installed and apparently, those mysterious pips and buzzes were there from the beginning. Mr. Stirling began the 'VOYAGER' magazine, as it was then. There had been a magazine called 'The Brighton High School Magazine' printed in 1955, but the 'Voyager' didn't come into its own until 1958.

There was a school choir of considerable numbers, consisting of about 70 students, and an orchestra including 2 violins, an Eb Horn, Trombone, Brass, Bass, Drums and Guitars.

**1959** In 1959, the first of many 'School Plays' was staged on the 25th and 26th of August; it was like the Gilbert and Sullivan productions of today, as there was no house competition. The play was "Our Town". There were also several Debating teams. There was Inter-School Debating with three different grades. The teams dealed with other schools on subjects such as: "That Love is stronger than Hate", "That Women should have Equal pay with Men" (that's certainly dated!), "True Democracy is impossible" and "That Present Day Entertainment is Detrimental to the Public".

In the Inter-House Debating Competition, Grant won with the subject "That Dutch New Guinea should be ceded to Indonesia." Brighton High was also represented on the 'Herald's' "Parliament of Youth".

Another interesting thing was the Egg Appeal. I believe that students used to bring along eggs to raise money for a worthy cause; but I am none too sure about that.

And as a last note for 1959, I found the complete version of our school song "Outward Bound" by C.L. Hallett. Believe it or not, there are three verses!

#### OUTWARD BOUND C.L. HALLETT.

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

#### Chorus

- Her sails are set  
Her course is true  
Already she is outward bound  
The ship that bears our glowing youth  
The gallant barque "Endeavour".
- 2) And what shall cheer us as we go  
Upon our voyage hard and long?  
A kindly mind gives warm support,  
A friendly hand is strong.  
And what shall help us in the press  
Of life's hard battle fierce and strong?  
The steadfast friendship of our mates  
Sustains us midst the throng.
  - 3) The waves of time have rolled along  
And carried us across the sea  
A few short years and all of us  
Live but in memory.  
The teachers' voices fade and die  
They're dim with time I see,  
But in our dreams we shall return  
to prove our loyalty.

**1960.** The following is rather irrelevant compared to the important events of 1960, but I thought you might like to know that on the staff list of 1960, there was a:

Mr. Wilson  
Mr. Frank (yes the same one)  
Miss Stewart  
Mrs Hayes.

Surely (hopefully!) these are different teachers, with the exception of Mr. Frank, from the present-day ones, but it does make an interesting co-incidence.

In the student's roll call, there was: Peter Allen (probably not the one who went to Rio) and Carl Ditterich in Form 4D. I've been trying to find a not-so-full year so I could mention C-1.S.C.F. and 1960 seems to be it.

C-1.S.C.F. means Crusader — Inter School Christian Fellowship, and as the 1960 Voyager said:

"A world-wide inter denominational student's movement whose aim is to present Jesus Christ as a living and personal saviour. . . Even today, I.S.C.F. is still going, run by Ruth Panelli and Margaret Stubbs.

'The Brighton High School Ex-students' Association' received a mention in the 1960 Voyager, stating the President, the Committee and so forth.

**1961.** In 1961, Brighton High School formed a chess team, and from the sounds of the short article, the team did quite well in interschool competitions.

The Drama production was 'Hamlet' and quoting from the Voyager it was "the outstanding and most exciting event of the school year". And although, the article was in the 1961 Voyager, I suppose the following really belongs to 1960. . . oh well. . . Judo classes had begun for both boys and girls (Roll on, women's lib.)

I guess the following could be classed as important information by football fanatics, and trivia by others, but I'll mention it anyway. In 1961, Carl Ditterich got his Leaving Certificate.



**1962.** For the first time in the school's history, the House Choral festival was held in 1962, and this is as good a time as any to read off the results and bring you up to date.

**CHORAL FESTIVALS.** Unfortunately there were no house choirs until 1962, and then there were none in 1964 and

1974. However, on to greater things. In the first year of the chorals great, glorious Lonsdale (guess which house I belong to) won, only to be overshadowed by Murray in the years '63 and '65 and '66. Copying their success in the Dramas in past years, Phillip conquered Murray in 1967. Phillip had continued success until Murray returned in 1969. Phillip returned once again to remain undefeated for the next two years, only to let Lonsdale back into the race in 1972. They remained champions until '75 when Grant came in for the first time. Murray came back again in 1976, only to have their territory reclaimed by Grant in '77. Grant's success in Dramas continued until 1980, with Lonsdale pushing their way to the front only once, in 1979. In the '62 Voyager, I found a brief note on something called the American Field Service Scholarship (A.F.S.) I'm not exactly sure what it was, or is, but I think that it was a sort of student exchange programme.

The school also began to set up a weather station. I don't know if the project was completed, but if so, WHERE IS THIS WONDROUS THING? Have the teachers hidden it?

**1963.** I don't really think that I have anything of "National Importance" to write in 1963, so instead, I'll attempt to describe what used to be a tradition at Brighton High: SPEECH NIGHT.

There was a Junior Speech Night and a Senior Speech Night. Junior night covered forms One and Two, now called Years Seven and Eight. Both nights usually started with the National Anthem, and a speech by a visiting member of the Advisory Council. Then the Head Master, Mr. Stirling, would give an account of the school's achievements, and there would be a break for entertainment.

The Sports awards would then be presented and then there would be some singing. Then came interval, followed by even more entertainment. The Scholastic awards, whether it be Junior or Senior Night, would be given out after that.

**1964.** Now, this year there was a lot of singing. The Gilbert and Sullivan production of 'H.M.S. Pinafore' was performed, which saw the beginning of yet another tradition. A musical production has been staged every year, culminating in 1980 with "The Boyfriend", which for once, IS NOT G & S.

Speaking of traditions, another one is the Matriculation Dinner. A Speech was made praising the work of the school and students, and then the toasts began. Mr. Stirling proposed the first toast to the Queen and the National Anthem was sung. Other parties were also toasted and responses were made.



**1965.** Early in 1965, Mr. Stirling retired and Mr. Cooke came into office. He stayed at Brighton High for five fruitful years, to leave in 1969. Apparently the influx of new ideas from Mr. Cooke prompted some students to write for the Voyager magazine. Interesting themes such as: "Why Ducks are Necessary in the Corridors of B.H.S." and "Why it is so easy to have a shower in Melbourne".

I also noticed what could be called a S.S.E.A.M. report. The area that was under observation was the Bunarong Reserve. The geography of the area was described and what man was doing to the environment was discussed.

It was also brought to my attention that "for the first time in the history of B.H.S. the students have had the opportunity to run the school bank". The form four commercial class were shown how to operate the bank and then left "to go for their lives".

Another achievement of B.H.S. was that Form 3A appeared on G.T.V.9 to sing Beatle favourites such as "She Loves You" in Latin (LATIN!!) There are some things that may be worth noting: — Lillian Fanoy, now an ex-student, was awarded first prize for her German Composition by the Goethe Society. The competition was, or is, state wide.

At the beginning of the school year, a folk music group was formed. They performed in school assembly and Mr. Cooke was so pleased that he asked them to perform at the Red Cross Concert at the Brighton Town Hall. Another point was added to the score board at Brighton High when the Science Wing was completed and the equipment was moved in. It was hoped that in this new environment, students would be able to learn and benefit even more. Their hopes were realised because, even fourteen years later, students are still benefitting from the Science Wing.

**1967** seemed to be the year for debating. There were the Extra Debating activities, Inter School Debating, Senior Debating Society, and the Junior Debating Society. This must have taken the place of music because as the Voyager said: "It is unfortunate that there has not been a considerable amount of musical activity in the school this year". On the cultural side of things, there were the art displays. The staff had an exhibition of their own art and craft work. There was also a display of student work in one of the local banks, and another addition to the school was the sculpture room. It was hoped that sculpture would be part of the art course, but alas, it was not to be.

**1968** was the year for clubs and social nights. There was the 'Voluntary Aid to the Community'. This group's first objective was to "do useful and helpful work and provide companionship for citizens of the local community". They visited local hospitals, for elderly people, and helped disabled people with their daily chores. There was the "knit-a-square" competition based on House efforts. These squares were sewn together to make blankets, and sent to elderly people.

One of the "big nights" in the history of B.H.S. was the first Debutante Ball. There were fourteen debutantes who were all Leaving and Matriculation girls, except for one ex-student. The debutantes were presented to the Mayor of Brighton, Councillor Lovell, and this, according to the Voyager, was the highlight of the evening.

**1969.** At the end of 1969, Mr. Cooke retired from the post of Principal of Brighton High School. In the article 'Goodbye Mr. Cooke' in the '69 Voyager, it was said "The most memorable and valuable contribution Mr. Cooke has made to the staff of the school has been in the sphere of human relations".

The last 6 months of 1969 saw the creation of a Bridge Club at Brighton High. It was successful, despite the fact The Chess club was deserted until the charm of losing money at Bridge wore off.





1970 saw the arrival of Miss Brennan, the first Head Mistress of B.H.S. who remained until the end of 1975. And talk about clubs and culture invading the school? Not only was there the Chess and Bridge Clubs, but a new activity developed. The Driving School! An Art teacher arranged for students to have hourly lessons for \$1.40 at a driving school. Would any teacher today be silly enough to let any B.H.S. student near a set of tyres, let alone a car?!



Giving the school some extra culture, there was the music group for people interested in playing, writing and or listening to music; the poetry group for writing and listening to poetry; and the "in thing" amongst senior students, ballroom dancing (Ah, those were the days!) It was noted in the 1970 Voyager that B.H.S. was known as the top Judo school in Victoria.

1971 CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS! still more were added to the list in 1971. The Photography Club was formed, lacking only one thing — finance. A film was shown in the hall to raise money, which was a successful venture. In addition to all the other clubs, The Art Group, The Scrabble Club, The Motor Club, Typing, The New Guinea School Adoption Group, and The Singing Group were added.

Finally, HURRAY FOR WOMEN'S LIB! I found a picture labelled 'The Day the Zombies met the Vultures'. How uncouth! It's a photograph of (gasp!) a female football team! and by the look of things, not one female was taking it seriously.

1972. One article in 1972 Voyager fascinated me. It was titled 'The Student Strike'. The aim was to draw attention to the fact that the students were dissatisfied with the education system. The writer wanted to get both sides of the story and tried in vain "to find a student who was opposed to the strike and who would present their point of view in Voyager", but no one applied.

The 70's was a time when B.H.S. was very concerned with the world around it. In the '72 Voyager, they devoted 2 pages to the subject 'War & Peace' with 1½ pages listing all the wars and unsettlement in the world, and ½ a page on all the things people had done to try to preserve peace.

1973. The Voyager had a psychedelic cover, perhaps depicting the times in which they lived. Inside the hallowed covers, there were articles comparing English and Australian schools, a luncheon put on for the teachers by the Home Economics centre, and 'Sixth form's secret Spunkiness!'

1974. One exciting (?) feature in the '74 Voyager was "When Teachers' voices fade and die . . .", containing familiar catch phrases of some teachers.

Mr Godfred: Do that, 'cos it gives you the right answer'  
Mrs. Chisholm: "Peasants!"

Mr. Wilson "I mean, you lot sit there soaking it up like sponges".

One teacher had a saying that he must have given to Mr. Wragg: "Please leave your offering at the science staff room". The School Library, then called The Commonwealth Library, was finished in 1974. Opinions differed from "A good place to get out of the rain" to "It's really fantastic".



1975. Miss Brennan departed B.H.S. at the end of '75 only to herald the arrival of Mr. Rowney in 1976. As a kind gesture, the Voyager was dedicated to her. There was comment about continuing conflict in the world and the troubled times in which everyone lived.

One interesting thing in '75 was the B.H.S. Beauty Pageant and, by the look of the photographs, most of the entrants were males in female clothing (KINKY!) Well, I guess that's about it for 1975.

1976. I can't tell you much about 1976—there was no Voyager printed. I will have to rely on my vague memories of Form one. Mr. Rowney began his reign at B.H.S., and . . . um . . . well . . . it was five years ago! What can you expect!

1977. 1978. 1979. 1977 saw a photograph of the school choir containing twenty eight students—quite a depletion in numbers over the years! I have decided to combine 77, 78 and '79 in order to compact the important events together in one large lump.

One sad note in the '78 Voyager was that Mr. Cooke died on the 8th of September. As the article said "It is with the greatest regret . . ."

In 1978, 'H.M.S. Pinafore' was dusted off and performed yet again!

In 1979, 'Ginger Mick' was performed in the Treasury Gardens during the Moomba Festival. In the Voyager, a page was devoted to the year Nine and Ten's going out on work experience to gain an inkling as to what they want to do in the future, and who can forget that memorable "Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's SKYLAB!"

1980. Finally we come to the 25th year of Brighton High School — The Silver Jubilee Year — 1980 here at last.

This year, the closest to my memory, has had so much happening in it that it would take about another 4000 words to tell every thing that lives in any one student's memory. To me, 1980 was:

- The school choral festival
- The drama festival
- S.S.E.A.M.
- Science fiction club meetings
- The athletics
- Fun in physics
- Mid year exams
- Joining the girl's cricket team and writing this History of Brighton High. LONG LIVE B.H.S.! ROLL ON THE GOLDEN JUBILEE!!

Researched and written by  
HELEN SARGEANT 11E.

## Interviews:

### Mrs. Lightfoot

Mrs Lightfoot is an ex-student of Brighton High School and had the arduous task of going over her many fond(?) memories of studenthood at the young BHS.

Mrs Lightfoot said that school was quite different then. There weren't as many facilities and classes were conducted in a different manner. Girls had to sit on one side of the classroom and boys on the other, the grounds were divided into girls' areas and boys' areas, girls weren't allowed to talk to boys in the school building, uniforms were checked frequently and there were prefects to enforce these rules.

But despite these differences Mrs Lightfoot said that the students and the teachers were much the same, and the school spirit and enthusiasm hasn't changed much at all.

D. Marshall

### Mr. Frank

Mr. Gordon Frank, of the Physical Education Department, has taught at Brighton High now for 24 years. When Mr. Frank first came to Brighton High School, Mr. Holland was the principal. There was no football field, no hockey field, no tennis courts, basketball courts and the gym was not operating. There was no East Wing or Science Block, and naturally, no Brennan Library.

The driveway near Mr. Rowney's office went right through to Dendy St. and where the rose gardens are now, there was a clay bank, which was later removed and turned into basketball courts, and later still, the familiar rose gardens.

Under Mr. Stirling, the numbers in the school grew to over 1200 students and Mr. Frank recollects that during these years Brighton High became the Premiers in cricket, after playing Melbourne High, University High, Camberwell High, Box Hill High and Northcote High.

Under Mr. Cooke, numbers went down, and, by this time, many of the courts and fields were developed.

Miss Brennan came, and the Brennan Library was built on the site of two old basketball courts.

Mr. Frank said that when the gym first opened they had nothing, but now they have a complete set of Men's Olympic equipment, a complete set of Women's Olympic equipment, not to mention numerous table tennis sets, and other sporting equipment.

Mr. Frank recalled many now famous athletes who once came to Brighton High. They include, in the Olympic area, The Winter Sisters (Fencing), Ray Rigby (Shotput and weightlifting) and Rudolph Starosta (Gymnastics). And closer to home, Carl Deitrich, Jeff Moran, Con Gorazides and John Bennet of league football and "Squizzly" Taylor and Julian Weiner of state and test cricket.

When asked if he could, would he spend another 24 years teaching at Brighton High, Mr. Frank said that he would, because in this area, Brighton High School is one of the few schools that is equipped so well with sporting facilities.

We've come quite a way in the last 25 years; where will be in the next?

D. Marshall

## Your Leaders Over the Last Twenty-Five Years

	PRINCIPAL	DEPUTY PRINCIPAL	SENIOR MASTER	SENIOR MISTRESS
1955	Mr. C.O. Holland	—	Mr. A. McLean	Miss E. Drummond
1958	Mr. G.M. Stirling	—	Mr. C.I. Hallett	Miss E. Drummond Miss W. Fanning Miss A. McLennan
1965	Mr. L.A. Cooke	Mr. C.I. Hallett Miss E.A.J. Mayson	Mr. L.A. Archer	Miss A. McLennan Miss E.A.J. Mayson Miss J. McCann
1970	Miss M. Brennan	Miss E.A.J. Mayson	Mr. G. Shortall Mr. J. O'Brien	Miss J. McCann
1976	Mr. G.E.P. Rowney	Miss E.A.J. Mayson	—	—



## Silver Jubilee Celebrations

### Schools Council's Silver Jubilee Dinner Dance



**Saturday, 12th July from 7.30 p.m.**

Pictured at Brighton High School's Silver Jubilee Dinner Dance are (from left):

Kay Truman (class of 1958)  
Margaret Daish, nee Hockley (class of 1958)  
Gordon Frank (member of staff since 1955)  
George Stirling (Principal (1958-65)  
Carol Lightfoot, nee Tempest (class of 1955)  
Heather Manley, nee Morrison (class of 1957)

The Dinner Dance was a most enjoyable evening, attended by present and past students and staff, parents, friends of the School and the School Council.

### School Jubilee Celebration

The school was open on Sunday October 26th in conjunction with the Art Exhibition which was mounted on the evening of Thursday October 23 and Sunday October 26.

It was planned that there would be displays of students' work and the history of the school throughout the building. Each section of the school was open for inspection and barbecue arrangements were made on the hockey field.

### Ex-Student's Association Barbecue

**Sunday, 2nd March from 11.30 a.m.**

Ex-students, staff, ex-staff, present students and their families and all persons interested in B.H.S. were invited to a barbecue held in the school grounds. A licence was obtained, a large number rolled up and a most enjoyable day was had by all.



## Year 12



**David Bell**  
Words of wisdom, but a hopeless comedian!



**Michael Filidadis**  
"I understand the problem, but I don't know the answer".



**Arto Sandvik**  
Loves scribbling on the blackboard in the common room.



**Andrew Turnbull**  
"Tolkien freak".

**Andrea Duval**  
'Paris original'.



**Melanie Duval**  
"Could you please repeat that again?"



**Ana Inchausti**  
Wears ski glasses on rainy days!



**Rosemarie Reed**  
Pink shoelaces????!



**Linda Turnbull**  
All round sportswoman.



**Patricia Vandermost**  
She's got a groovy bike.



**Angelina Velakoulis**  
We wish her luck in her chosen career as a carrier pigeon. 'Ripperoonie!'



**Denise Vial**  
Goldilocks the 2nd. Up the woods!



**Micki Wells**  
"Oh she's in love again, & again & again!!"



**Gillad Dalal**  
"You will like it or you will die!" — a quiet person in all respects.



**Jim Galanopoulos**  
Ooops, nearly failed! (99%).



**Stephen McManus**  
Goes along with Milan, supports Carlton United Breweries.



**Ian Nixon**  
All he needs is a guitar and a good voice!



**Stephen Parker**  
Let's go down the coast!!!



**Leo Patkin**  
The black sheep of the family — baa!



**Ronnie Sawicz**  
'Oh shut up Peter, get lost!'



## Year 12



**Peter Vasiljevic**  
Ambition: to be a disco instructor. (Michael Jackson the 2nd.).



**Robyn Beaty**  
"I'm embarrassed!"



**Sandra Byrne**  
Silence is golden.



**Kay Gilmore**  
"Hic".



**Carolyn McLeod**  
Sleepy Head.



**Sandra Manley**  
Mindless defender of the Yellow Peril.



**Sue Williams**  
Biorythms anyone? (good business sense, but forgot to account for inflation!).



**Therese Modrich**  
We could think of a few things about her, but we can't print them.



**Hock Chew**  
King Kong eat your heart out — here comes the incredible Hok.



**Andrew Clements**  
Madminimotormaniac!!



**Peter Goldman**  
Inch-High-Private-Eye.



**Milan Kanceljak**  
Now you see him; ... now you don't!



**Peter Kong**  
The Invisible Man.



**Andrew Stevenson**  
Strained Brain? ... no, he's always like that



**Stephen White**  
Has a superior inferiority complex.



**Razimay Abdullah**  
"I'm little but I'm cute."



**Jill Carnegie**  
Is her hair brown, blonde or black?



**Lisa Cherry**  
"That's cool". Oh not politics again.



**Carolyn De Silva**  
Who turned the lights out!!!



**Michelle Frater**  
Silent but deadly.

## Year 12



**Eva Galopoulous**  
And here is your Astrological Forecast.



**Kerri Gvalda**  
Crazed, amazed and out fazed. That's our Kerri.



**Maria Kinsella**  
Do-Ra-Me-Fa-So-La-Te-Do.



**Debbie Kondelos**  
What's the Formula for sausage meat?



**Debbie Lacy**  
Looking up more ways than one.



**Gaby Lewis**  
A veggie from way back. (with a waterproof calculator?)



**Lindy O'Donahoo**  
Ambition in life is to be on time for SOMETHING.



**Lise Rabi**  
Form Assembly??? ... Is that what happens before first period.



**Ai Kung Tan**  
Stuck on chapter 33 in biology.



**Alice Williams**  
Most likely to become an accountant.



**Spencer Bennett**  
Get ya' hair cut ya' yobbo.



**Julien Dickson**  
His happiest moments are when he's working



**Elvis Euripidou**  
Where did he come from!!!



**Sean Farrel**  
Totally biased towards the ALP. Likely to be our future Prime Minister.



**Lloyd Hollenberg**  
"Who me? ... School Captain???"



**John Jerecic**  
Beneath that puny body, there's a super brain.



**Tony Kenezevic**  
Fozzy Bear on the Muppets???



**William Mitchell**  
Known as Anchor, Embryo ... need we say more?



**Andrew Papacostas**  
He knew the Tigers would take the flag.



**Pam Sirmay**  
Julien attacker.





**Siti Abdullah**  
Often does Physics in English and English in Physics.



**Andrea Ford**  
CORE!!!!



**Annie Gee**  
Takes HSC so seriously, she took time off to see the world.



**Charlotte Langley**  
Just missed being early!



**Anita Lopo**  
The devil will get you!



**Nornish Mohamed**  
Goodness knows what she laughs at when she smiles at us!



**Yasmin Mohamed**  
Writes to all her mates — Malaysian — in English.



**Donna Terek**  
Nickname — Gus, Luna Park, or Gala. Laughs a lot.



**Julie Wellspring**  
"Check the way she walks!!!"



**Sue Meeking**  
Part time student part of the time.



**Joseph Wang**  
Over age baby!?

#### A Chat with a Friend

People say I've got a gift of the gab, but I wouldn't know much about that. I'm just a plain jackaroo, nothing fancier. I go by the name Larry Johnson, but all the fellas call me Johnno. I guess the only friend I had was John Packer — Packy. He was a funny sort of bloke, was Packy, but he was the best jackero I've ever known and believe me, I've known a few in my time.

Packy stretched out on the ground and stared up at the sky. Me? I chucked a few twigs on the fire and rolled up in my blanket, ready for sleep.

"Hey Johnno, you ever think much about God?" I sat up slowly. What was wrong with the old b now? Disturbing a man's sleep like that.

"What?"

"I said, do you think much about God?"

I shrugged. "Sometimes, I guess. Now go to sleep!"

Packy sat up to warm his hands. "Never thought about it 'till tonight. You ever been to church?"

I swore, "What's up with you? I've been a coupla times, I guess."

Packy looked interested. "Yeah? What's it like?"

I thought it was a damn stupid time to discuss religion, but if I knew Packy, he wouldn't give up 'til he'd screwed me for all the information I had.

"Damn boring, if I remember right. But, Packy, it was ages ago!" "What happened? Why'd you go?"

I could see I wasn't going to get any sleep.

"Had a girl called Alice. You remember me talkin' 'bout her? Well, anyway, she and her parents were fanatics 'bout this religion stuff. Went every Sunday. One day they decided to drag me along. So there I was, all laired up like a galah, and Alice hauls me off to this church. We sat in this big long seat and I can tell you, I was dying for a smoke, but Alice wouldn't have it. Anyways, we were sittin' there all quiet when all of a sudden this weedy guys starts in on this piano thing, and this big b of a bloke dressed in black wanders up onto a kind 'o stage. The music stopped and this guy starts yellin' 'bout being saved and burning in Hell. Didn't impress me at all.

"Still, they had real pretty windows in there."

Packy was waiting. "Yeah?" and then what?

"Everyone sang a song . . . Real pretty it was too. And then we had to pay for what we'd been listenin' to."

Packy scratched his head. "You fair dinkum?"

I nodded. Packy shook his head and threw another twig on the fire.

"I'd better give up thing 'bout God Johnno."

"How come?"

"If you have to pay to be saved, I may as well forget it."

*By a shy member of the Committee*

## Asian Friends

I am proud to have been given the honour of saying a few words in your illustrious magazine? Did you believe that I really meant it? Well, actually, the honour is all yours and the main reason I am writing this article is because my fellow Asian students are all too shy and I don't want you Aussie readers to say, 'Asian students, no speak English'.

Don't expect this section to be filled with praises from me as I have already said that I didn't bargain for this job. Personally, I like Australia real fine, except for the food. However, I'll soon get it straightened out when the pots and pans cooperate. At the moment, the pots and pans are still on strike but who isn't in this country? IF you really took that seriously, I am very sorry! Actually, the food here is most interesting with a touch of Italian, Greek, Asian and Aussie food. Besides the "fantastic food"! another thing about Melbourne which really suited me was the sporting nature of the city. I'm sure no other place in the world would have suited me more with the likes of Newcombe, Bradman and Barassi in me. If you want my tip, Richmond (my club) and St. Kilda for the eighties and down with Collingwood. Hey! what did I just say? of course, I did not mean it, you Collingwood supporters. I don't want to be a roast Chinaman. (Statements made under pressured circumstances).

Hey, I think I am straying off the point. As Mr. "Confucius" MacKenzie would have said: "Too much discussion and no facts." This always happens to me when I start talking. Eighty percent rubbish and only twenty percent is true. Well beggars can't be choosers; so you just have to be content with my rubbish. I think we have come down to the final twenty percent and I assure you that the rest is true.

The following statement is a true reflection of what I felt my stay here was like. "If the rest of my stay in Australia is half as pleasant as my stay here at Brighton High, I would be very pleased."

This is especially true for my school mates and I rank them

#### A Journey

As the train pulled into our destination city, Bandung, my family and I wearily pulled ourselves from our seats and took our luggage down from the racks.

The journey had been a long one, 6 hours in the hot, humid heat of Indonesia, inside a not very well ventilated, or modern, train. We were lucky though to have got 2nd class tickets, so we at least had seats.

But despite the heat the journey had been pleasurable because of the different and interesting landscapes and people. The train had made its way through the slums of Jakarta into the jungles. These jungles were dense with towering trees that were overrun with luscious green creepers. I could just imagine the wild tigers roaming the jungle floors. Every now and then a small village with its clean swept dirt ground and little children running and playing would appear here and there amongst the trees. After the jungles came the picturesque terraced rice farms with men, women and children hard at work in the fields. Once more we came to the hills and the deep canyons as well. The train would slowly creep across the skinny bridge, usually leaning dangerously to one side. The canyons were very deep and long. Sometimes a waterfall could be seen falling into a river at the bottom.

By late afternoon we were all sticking to our seats and when the journey finally ended we were glad to get out into some air; it might not have been very fresh smelling but at least we were out in the air. The becak men and taxi drivers surrounded the passengers from the train yelling their "bargain" fares. We decided to walk to our hotel, which was after all around the corner.

Bandung was a very interesting city. Because it was a university city there were thousands of young people around. Of course the traffic was chaotic; it was a matter of where there's a space; that's where you drive, regardless of which side of the road or what's in the way.

Like all Indonesian towns and cities. Bandung had a good share of beggars. From our hotel we had to walk on a bridge over the railway tracks to get to the markets. This bridge was a favourite spot for the beggars to squat, sit or lie down. It was with scenes like this that you are overcome with cultural shock.

equal to my former mates back home in Penang. You can't beat that, cause I told them that they were the best.

Well now on the subject of my home, Penang, if you haven't heard of it before you've just heard it now. It is also known to many as the "Pearl of the Orient". Check with your travel agents for your next holidays there. It's really a combination of Bali, Singapore, Fiji and Hong Kong. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund from your travel agency.

I also have a few words to say about the teachers.

If the few teachers that I've had the opportunity to be associated with gives any indication of the rest, this school must be really great. Of course the real reason was that "Hock" and Mr. "Mack" were here. On the subject of the most popular teachers, you couldn't go past "Mr. Mack" or Mr. Tonko, even though he accused me of blatantly abusing significant figures. Once when I overstepped my line, Mr. Mack told me this: "I'm going to punch you!" Well, I knew that he was only pulling a fast one unless he really wanted to discover what 'Kung Fu' was about. As far as I am concerned, all my teachers were equally nice to me and I like every one of them. For those of you who feel that some of my teachers were a bit 'tough', try getting together with them outside school and you couldn't find a better bunch.

Lastly, to get back to the subject; on behalf of my fellow Asian students, I would like to thank all my subject teachers; Miss Jackson, Mrs. Smithers, Mr. Humphries, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Tonkin and Mrs. Anstee, Mrs. Granat, our careers teacher, who has been most helpful, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Kaplonyi, Miss Mayson and Mr. Rowney who were equally helpful, our sports teachers Miss Barnett and Mr. Gould—although there was a time when I wanted to bite his head off—and of course all my school mates without whom, there would be no school: "You've made our stay here most pleasant and memorable; Thanks and best wishes for the future".

SAIL ON BRIGHTON HIGH

HOCK

One day we decided to make our way to a tea house on the top of the mountain. Of course it was pouring with rain, but that didn't deter any of us. So we flagged down a bemo, a little three-wheeled taxi, and were taken to the top of the mountain. But as we rose higher, the rain got heavier and in some places the road we were travelling on seemed like a raging river. I don't know how we arrived at the tea house without drowning, but we made it.

Now the travel brochure had said "... view the twinkling lights of the city of Bandung below while you sit on a terrace in the night air enjoying a meal . . .". Well we all ran inside the tea house, only to find it almost empty and cold. We sat inside at the table and ordered our "food", a bottle of 7-up each and some sandwiches. That was all that was there. I decided to try to catch a glimpse of the "twinkling lights" out on the terrace. Although the rain had stopped, clouds had come down over the mountain and you could just see your hand in front of your face. So much for that!

Our next problem was, how do we all get back to the hotel? There are been a Toyota Land Rover outside the tea house; maybe we could find out who owned it. Our first thought had been to get a taxi, but we learnt from the proprietor that the taxis wouldn't pick up passengers from the tea house. We were going to have to go down to the main road in the rain to hail one. That's if there was one at this time of night!

There was one group of students sitting in a corner talking and smoking. Mum decided to ask them for a lift down the mountain. They couldn't speak much English, but after Mum had handed around her Australian cigarettes, they were only too willing to drive us back. (The Toyota had been theirs.)

The rain was still pouring down as the whole thirteen of us (six of us, seven of them) piled into the cramped short wheel base Toyota. That trip down the mountain to Bandung was one I'll never forget. The roads were deathly slippery, I'm sure the tyres were bald, cars were driven madly all around us and we had a few near misses while the girls screamed insults to the cars and the driver blasted his horn. We must have toured the whole city three times before I finally recognized the walk-way bridge and then we were outside the hotel — finally!!

I went to bed that night quite exhausted and with my mind full of what our next adventures would be as we back packed our way through Indonesia.

Kristina Saunders 11C



# Camps and Excursions

## KYNETON CAMP — JUNE 20th—JUNE 22nd 1980

After a two-week holiday of mid-year exams the teachers finally decided to make us work and off we went to a "camp". Incidentally the camp was called the KARVIN RELAXATION Park (at Kyneton) Funny joke! but we're not laughing. Now if you want to know a good joke — just look at one of the teachers who took us on the camp. But first the teachers thought it would be a good idea to lose us on a picnic at Hanging Rock before we reached the camp. After finding the teachers we headed off to the camp.

Now at this camp it became a known fact that it was not the place to cure insomniacs. I mean look at it this way: a bunch of crazy sixth formers isolated in a place buried in mud with some mad people who called themselves teachers. All wandering through the mud in pitch blackness because the main generator was switched off at 10.00pm.

And if you want to know why we were wandering around in the dark — ask Mr. Humphries. At this stage we'd like to place a word of thanks to Mr. Humphries for taking us on a mid-night walk, which included a visit to the ranchyard animals — pigs, goats and chooks??

Talking about the weather, well we'd rather not. Cold is not the word. I mean, venture out into the night air and fingers and toes almost dropped off. And then certain nameless people actually went canoeing on the lake in the cold night. Everyone warmed up by a large bon fire, cooking spuds, cooking desert boots and cooking up ideas of midnight raids. Raids consisted of swiping doonas to keep warm. The doonas were intended for usage by the Celica car club who came down that day, and who by coincidence roomed in the boys' dormitory. It may be noted here that we are not asking the obvious question of how the car people kept warm that night. Did they sleep in the boys' dorm, did they sleep in their cars, did they sleep? — It should be noted that we are not asking these questions.

More raids consisted of raiding the kitchens for something to eat (ANYTHING!!!) On the first night we were reduced to shrivelled pork steaks with the only utensils being a spoon and a knife, (no fork) and we won't mention that it was the teachers' table that monopolised the only food present in the place. I said not to mention it!!! This was too much, and so on the last day we finally realised we were slowly starving to death and whipped up a B.B.Q. for lunch before leaving. FOOD AT LAST!

Our various activities included bolting horses, stalled horses, riding sheep, endless table tennis combats in the laundry, back-breaking life — be — in — it games after tea (not good for the digestive system) sketches and plays for the general entertainment of the teachers. And so we returned half-starved, half-frozen, bow-legged, half-awake and half-dead ready for a holiday back at school.

BY KERRI GVALDA 12C  
AND ROSEMARIE REED 12A  
(not to be confused with Ro and Kerri)  
(who wish to remain nameless — Anyway, who are these people!!!)

## Year 11 Biology Excursion to Flinders

On Tuesday 5th August 1980, 45 intrepid Year 11 Biology students fearlessly set off to explore the unknown wilds, and the unknown wildlife, of the reef at Flinders. They were ably led by Mr Dawson and Mr. Wilson (two experienced and highly-distinguished biologists) and Mrs. Ray (an experienced and highly distinguished non-biologist). The students were tough and prepared for anything (after all, they had already been through 6 months of biology with Messrs. Dawson and Wilson!).

On the trip down (on a specially-prepared, 8-wheel drive, amphibious bus) the students listened in hushed awe as they

were told what was expected (and what was unexpected). You could have heard a pin drop (that is, a huge steel reinforcing pin from the West Gate Bridge) when Mr. Dawson told them of the care they needed to take when using the expensive videotape equipment that was being used to record the days' activities, as it was not covered by insurance against accidental damage, only against theft or fire. However, David "Attenborough" Dawson hadn't reckoned with the problem-solving ability, of Lisa Kidd, who had everything worked out: "That's cool, if we damage anything, we'll burn it so we can claim for it!"

The sight of the ocean, with its powerfully-breaking waves, inspired several members of the expedition to want to paddle out on surfboards to study the marine ecology of the reefs where the waves were breaking. It was unfortunate that no such surfboards were available, as the enthusiasm of these people for carrying out this research was greater than had been witnessed in any previous biology lesson. However, the rock and beach areas provided plenty of opportunity to study a great diversity of interesting organisms. There were people digging holes in the sand, people peering at marine worms under stereo microscopes, people hunting through rock pools for sea anemones and fish, people feeding bread to seagulls and studying their behaviour, people called Sean digging up almost every square centimetre of the area in a valiant (but unsuccessful) attempt to find an earthworm, and people called Lisa rolling around in the grass imitating a wombat.

Ultimately, the excursion was a resounding success — no one was drowned or bitten by a blue-ringed octopus, many interesting organisms were discovered, studied and photographed, and everyone involved gained a deeper understanding of the complexity of the living world, and a respect for its fragility and susceptibility to damage through careless human activity.

The gain in awareness of this last point was clearly evidenced by an event on the way back to school. We stopped at a shop, and many students walked over the garden surrounding the shop, rather than using the footpaths provided. When asked why they did this, Matthew Clarke summed it all up with his answer: "Oh, that's because we're all naturalists."

P. Wilson

## YEAR 11 JUNE 1980 WESTERN VICTORIA TOUR

### SOME CANDID COMMENTS:

Ever seen a teddy in his P.J.'s?

D.P. K.F. & L.H.

Apart from the food 'that not even my dog would eat!' (luckily we had sick bags in the bus), rank tapes (we just love the Seekers), cold crunchy beds, a dangerous busdriver (who jived and drove at the same time), screaming teachers and whining kids, out of tune instrumentalists (eat ya heart out Bob Dylan!), complaining manageresses — apart from all that IT WAS FANTASTIC.

CLEMMO & BUFF.

"The swimming pools should be heated" M.S.

"I'm glad the rooms had back doors and breakfast hatches"

L.K.

"Three in a wardrobe is not very comfortable"

J.B.

"Remember Room 11 !!!"

G.C.

### DINNER TIME CONVERSATION

"Do ya want my peas?"

"Only if ya eat my carrots?"

"Do ya reckon it's got any meat in it?"

## SOME OF THE PERSONALITIES

R.G. — fits well into short-sheeted beds

L.K. — Gypsy Queen

S.B. — a little French Fry

J.P. — nice legs — shame about the face.

D.H. — rubber neck

M.C. — "Sorry"

P.C. — Good poker player

A.S. — Good poker loser!

K.F. — Bunny girl of the poker club

G.K. — missed John

L.L. — missed the footie.

## YEAR 9 CAMP

It was an excited group of 59 students, clutching sleeping bags, pillows and suitcases, who stood outside the school waiting to board the buses to the Christian Convention Centre at Merricks where the Year 9 camp was held last December.

At the camp our comfortable rooms and beds quite amazed us, and after unpacking, we went to the beach for games and a swim followed by the rain! A delicious evening meal was followed by crazy games and a movie with lights out at 10.30pm. Debbie Lewis woke up the whole camp when she found a spider near her bed and this sent all the girls right off. The boys were sleeping so soundly they didn't hear a thing (joke!)

The next day we hiked to Point Leo, then back along the beach for a B.B.Q. lunch at Merricks beach. Mr. Jeffries, Luke Pearson, John Steffanic and Jon Wiltshire showed us their skill at body surfing. The rest of us enjoyed the fun and games. That night we played indoor mini-hockey resulting in many sore shins. Lisa Mather tried to get Mrs Ray but failed to score. John Steffanic succeeded in proving that Mr. Redding is not always a gentleman, as he finally came bursting home to win the point. Jelly babies and smarties were enjoyed by the winners and losers.

On the third and fourth days, we were divided into two groups, with one group staying at the camp for an activity day while the other group travelled by bus to Stoney Point then by ferry to French Island.

It was great weather as we walked from Tankerton, through the mangrove swamp to Tortoise Head. Debbie Lewis kept falling into mud holes (accidentally or deliberately?) but David Abuso led the boys in dragging her to safety. By the time we reached the beach at Tortoise Head for lunch we were covered from head to toe in scratches. The wet sand was covered with soldier crabs which frightened me but were good for races.

During a game of "keepings off" in the water, the students succeeded in half-drowning the teachers. On the way back, Mrs. Smithers suggested that we take a short cut by wading through the shallow water rather than struggling through the mangroves. However, the tide came in and soon the beach was scattered with screaming students making their way back to land, but sinking deeper and deeper into the soft mud. Joe DeSousa, Adrian Ward and I were first back to the shore and enjoyed the most amusing view. On the trip back to the camp we decided to tell the other students about the great surfing beach, the beautiful scenery and the relaxing day. The next day John, Luke and Jon headed off with wet suits, surfing gear and great expectations but returned really annoyed at our little joke. That evening we had another movie and collapsed into bed except for David, Adrian and Joe who spent some of the night sitting outside in their sleeping bags entertaining us with 100 green bottles . . . . .

On the last night we had a talent quest. Mr. Tonkin and Mr. Jeffries gave an amusing impersonation of Mike and Mal Leyland while David Abuso, Stuart Dick and Richard Cooke led us in the camp song which they had written:

On Friday we awoke after a great night's sleep and started packing up for our return to Brighton High in the afternoon. We all had a fantastic time and, apart from the sunburn,

enjoyed ourselves immensely. We got to know each other and the staff really well and some new "relationships" developed. We would like to thank the teachers for taking us to Merricks.

AMANDA BEATTY

## Year 8 Pompeii A.D. 79

On 7th August, Year 8 went to see the Pompeii exhibition at the National Gallery. It was brought about by the Geography topic we were doing at the time — volcanoes. With our question sheets and folders we went to the National Gallery by bus and on arrival were shown a film on Pompeii, A.D.79. We saw pictures of Pompeii before it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius. We then walked through a room containing glass fronted cabinets with ancient Roman relics inside them, then into a narrow and extremely crowded passage. On the wall was a model of Pompeii showing amphitheatres, buildings and courtyards and the whole area of the city.

We were continually told by a man with a microphone to stay behind the black lines and not to touch the exhibits. There were plaster cast plaques, which I think were some of the most interesting pieces of all. It was like stepping back into the past. There was a tube filled with various rock dusts which I didn't know the name of — parts of the layers of rock which lay over the city. Boys, being typical boys, kept trying to find the erotic pictures which were right at the end. There were statues of gods around a shallow pool with pillars and plants around it.

There were mosaics of fish, of people and one of what was thought to be a spider or a crab. The glassware and pottery were so finely made that they looked modern, and the bronze statue of Maximus was like a living creature. Plaster casts of a woman with her skirt over her mouth and a dog still with a chain around its neck showed the agony the Pompeians must have suffered.

The jewellery, once again, looked modern, and it was obvious that only the delicate work of a skilled craftsman could have created such works of art. One room was completely walled in by a mural from The Villa of Mysteries, done in reds and browns and blues. The paintings were very realistic and I wonder how the Pompeians could have had the materials to make such colours. . . . for me, it was like taking a trip in a time machine.

Sophie Dale  
8A



Scenes from the Year 11 Biology Excursion



# Work Experience Diaries

## Veterinary Clinic by Natalie Hardy 10D

**Monday, 29th September**

I arrived at nine o'clock. There was one girl there, Leoni, and another girl doing work experience there too; her name was Leanne. I got on well with both the girls. My first task was filing. I have never seen so many files. Then Leanne and I did some cleaning, washing out cupboards, wiping tables after animals had been on them and generally keeping the place clean. I watched four operations and even though there was a lot of blood etc, I didn't feel the slightest bit sick. It was really interesting looking at the operations. I even assisted on one of them by holding the animal. It's really funny, all the sorts of people that come in and really fuss over their animals.

**Tuesday, 30th September**

I arrived there and Cathy, the other nurse that works there, gave me some filing. I saw a few operations today and I found out why some of the things happen to the animals eg: why cat's teeth have to be pulled out. I loved playing and looking after the animals. It's a bit sad when an animal has to be put to sleep. One cat there, Charlie, was my favorite but had to be put to sleep because he had some sort of stomach problem. I asked Leoni questions about becoming a nurse and she told me everything that I had already found out. I did a bit of cleaning today also.

**Wednesday, 1st October**

This morning Leoni was on and Cathy came a bit later on. In the morning Leanne and I counted out pills and put them in little bottles, then we did a bit of cleaning and took the dogs for a bit of a walk in the backyard in the sunshine. I looked after this one dog for the day — a German short-haired pointer. I seem to have grown fond of some animals and I think that's the only problem about being a nurse there. In the late afternoon I typed some labels and then saw a couple of operations.

**Thursday, 2nd October**

Leoni was on this morning. I did a bit of filing and typing then I washed one of the dogs. I seem to like this one dog and I want to take it home but mum will have a fit. It's a Newfoundland and has to be destroyed because it has some bone disorder and is no good for breeding. Leoni said it would be all right for a pet. It seems really sad to see the animals be destroyed, but it's for their own good. Leoni said that this week has been the worst for destroying animals as they have never had to destroy so many. I saw a few more operations and did a lot of cleaning.

**Friday, 3rd October**

Leoni was there and Cathy arrived later on. Today is my last day and I really don't want to leave because I am enjoying it. I arrived and one of the dogs had got into a big bag of Calcium powder. It was everywhere, all over the place, so Leanne and I got the job of cleaning it up which took ages. I helped with the clipping of a couple of animals and washed a few dogs, then I did filing and typing and fed the animals and saw more operations. I really enjoyed this type of work and found it interesting; the operations don't even affect me. I really don't want to leave.



Peter Payne on Work  
Experience at  
Mundelleand  
Gillespie Co.

## St. Peters Pre-School by Amanda Beaty

**Day 1 Monday**

I started work at 8.40 and immediately began to set out the equipment (digging tools, water trough and water containers, etc.) I didn't realise there was so much work involved just in setting out the yard. Soon the morning group arrived (5 yrs) and I felt really lost and most unsure of myself. Julie introduced me to some of the children and then directed me to the puzzle table. I sat there for nearly an hour. While I sat there I felt very impatient as the children spent a long time on what I thought was an easy puzzle.

At 10.00, it was milk and fruit time and so I sat with my tea at one of the tables making sure the children finished their fruit before they left the table. After this it was practical work in the yard. There was such a large variety to choose from: swings, water, dirt and sand patch, climbing equipment, balance bars, etc and this I found to be most enjoyable until one rather large child decided she would always like to be first. I found this to be the most annoying and distracting. Soon, after going inside, parents began to arrive and collected their children. Lunchtime was ¼ hour and in this time we were expected to change the puzzles to easier ones, prepare activities and change some of the harder equipment.

The afternoon group arrived about 1.10 and once again I sat at the puzzle table. The children were much cuter and softer, they took longer to do puzzles but they were a lot more innocent and not yet inhibited by new ideas. Soon it was time for milk and fruit and then play yard time. At 3.15 the children started to leave. Then we swapped the puzzles over, put the equipment away and finally left, (3.45).

**Day 2 Tuesday**

This morning after setting up the yard and the children had arrived, I supervised a table of children who were dying macaroni. This went well except for one time when one child got carried away and wouldn't stop. I was quite helpless so I asked Julie for assistance.

I did fruit and milk duty and after that we went outside. I mainly watched the water trough. This was fun because by now the children had accepted me and so they invited me to join in which made me feel really great. Sometimes the children would say really funny things like "Why have you got silver teeth?"

They found my shoes amusing as I had odd shoe laces. They always noticed little things that other people would ignore. After cleaning everything up I was dismissed as there is no afternoon group on a Tuesday.

**Day 3 Wednesday**

After setting up the yard I supervised the puzzle tables but now, unlike before there were more children and now we could have long and interesting conversations. Unfortunately it was soon milk and fruit time and after that we went outside. I was supervising the water trough and now the children expected me to join in. When we went in, Julie read the children a book and I fetched paintings, put them in the childrens cases and scrubbed down desks. Soon the children began to leave.

The afternoon group behaved in much the same way as the morning group:- they were used to my presence and this started them in lengthy conversations. During these conversations I learnt a lot about their home life and I found it most annoying when it was time to stop.

Julie then read the children a story and then we had milk and fruit and then we went outside. I supervised in the sand box but I soon found myself engrossed in their activity of cooking cakes out of sand. The children offered me all of their cakes which I found most flattering and complimentary then we put on socks and shoes and soon it was hometime.

**Day 4 Thursday**

This morning we threaded the dry, dyed macaroni and made necklaces and another group made little apricot and coconut balls. The children were fascinated to think that they could make something edible. After these activities I went on fruit and milk duty and as there was a lot of inside work, I didn't get the opportunity to go outside. I was busy folding paintings, placing macaroni necklaces in bags and as I was inside, three young girls decided they'd stay inside with me to do puzzles. The parents soon arrived and gradually the children left. ....

# Social Service Report 1980



Carmelo Gomez



Frixon Alfredo Castro

People who resist making social service contributions often say things like; "Do they really need it? Will the money really get to them?" Brighton High School sends money to three children in three different countries as part of the Foster Parents Plan of Australia. Here is part of a letter to us from Columbia in South America about Frixon Alfredo Castro and his family.

"The family lives in a relative's house. It is made of wood with a roof of pasteboard. It is five metres wide and seven metres long. It does not have a water supply line or electric light or hygienic services. The family owns three beds, four benches, some cardboard boxes where they keep their clothes, a big wash tray and a few kitchen utensils. They have got a lot.

"When this family became affiliated to PLAN some of them had health problems but they are feeling better now since they have been under medical care at PLAN. They have been receiving your generous assistance and they have made a little progress and have overcome some of their problems, but they still need help".

As you can see from this letter there are, of course, people who really need help and, if the agency is sensibly chosen, the help does reach the people who need it. Our PLAN commitments are \$216 for each child for the year. Our total commitment for three children is \$648. One of our forms, 12C, is to be congratulated upon their raising of almost half of this. By mid October they had raised \$262.

Another excellent effort has been from 7C who raised \$95 for the Janefield Home for the Mentally Retarded. The money was raised by a Readathon within the class. Another form, 10B, has done well in raising \$79 for UNICEF. As a school we have made contributions of \$200 to the State Schools Relief Committee, \$100 to the Association of Civilian Widows for scholarships for the children of widows, \$50 to Kew Cottages, \$50 to Amnesty International, and \$25 to the State Schools Nursery Spinabifida Appeal.

Collections are being made by various forms for the following organisations: Aboriginal Advancement League, Cancer Research Foundation, Leukaemia research at the Royal Childrens Hospital, National Heart Foundation, Freedom From Hunger, Lady Nell Seeing Eye Dog School, R.S.P.C.A. By the middle of October about \$1200 had been raised within the school. This does not include the efforts of individual students who collected for the Red Cross, The Salvation Army, the M.S. Readathon and several other causes. Those students and classes who have made a real effort are to be congratulated.

J. McKenzie





# The Boy Friend



On the evening of Wednesday the 8th of October, 1980, the often tiring and tedious preparations for the first night's performance were coming to a much awaited and well earned peak. Backstage, a mildly festive yet potentially nervous atmosphere prevailed as the cast relived the day's of the roaring 20's in their own way, only to be brought back to reality by the unusually pleasant aroma of Brylcreem. While the girls fought for a clothes hook in their rather overcrowded changeroom the boys of whom there were relatively few, casually prepared their vocal cords for the night's programme of dazzling and entertaining songs. Dressed in their flannels and colored blazers and hidden beneath all the make up the boys made last minute checks and sought after their partners for the evening (of whom there was a ratio 3:1) The girls did the same in their possibly punk attire.

On the other side of the curtain the audience found their respective view points and prepared themselves for an evening of what proved to be a sparkling and refreshing performance. I am sure it came as an interesting change to the usual Gilbert and Sullivan Musicals.

This was it. Mrs Batour charmingly and professionally gave a pleasant overture of the songs that would dance upon the ears during the course of the play, while the cast waited anxiously behind the curtain. The mood was set, the play could begin.

All were silent. Hortense (played by Lisa Kidd) parted the curtains and uttered the opening lines of the play. She set the mood for the first song.

Hortense:- "Have you forgotten who you are?"

Pupils at Miss Dubonnet's Finishing School:- "Who we are? Of course not!"

And off into the first stunning confrontation of sheer delight and excellence in "Perfect Young Ladies". The high standard that was displayed in the opening song did not cease for the course of the whole play and naturally so to the delight of all that were present.

The performance of the cast was of a high standard. Maisie (Lisa Mather) Dulcie (Jenny McLeod) Fay (Jan Kremborg) and Nancy (Lynne Treloar) were the perfect young ladies who stood up front and led the show along with their partners Bobby Van Husan (Trevor Alexander) Alphonse (Stuart Dick) Marcel (David Abiuso) and Pierre (Richard Saunders) respectively.

Maisie and Bobby in "Won't you Charleston?" nimbly danced

through the number and it was almost too much when they came back on for the reprise. Dulcie and Alphonse proved to be the perfect couple, for no matter how much Lord Brockhurst (John Chellew) displayed his charms, Dulcie remained faithful and went on to accept Alphonse's proposal for her hand in marriage — Lord Brockhurst didn't have much chance anyway with Lady Brockhurst (Jenni Cooper) always close on his tracks. Even though Marcell was head to toe in Brylcreem. Fay still loved him and went on to answer his marriage proposal — "After due respect, we've come to the conclusion that the answer is unanimously yes."

Maisie's flirting with all the boys did no good to keep Pierre away from his true love Nancy and, so they wouldn't be the odd ones out, they too married. Percival Browne (Brian Mathews) dressed in a Toga and escorted by a bouncing Champagne "glass" was an ensured laugh at each night's performance — "I was a fool to think old Percy had had it" he said to Madame Dubonnet (Kathy Frater) who sang and acted as a Head Mistress of such a School would be expected to.

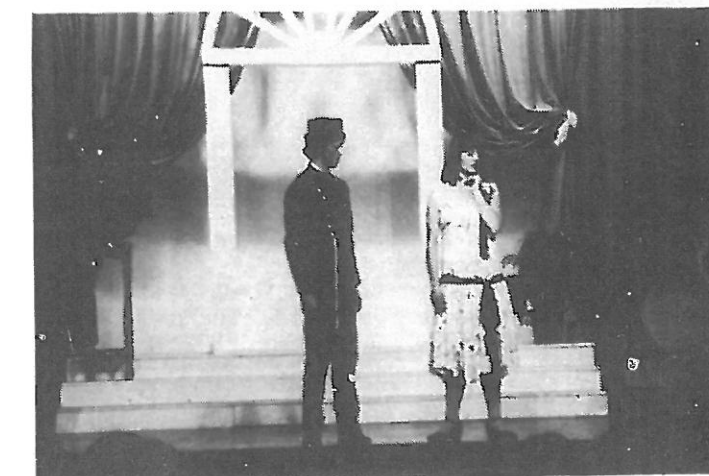
The couple who took the show were Tony Brockhurst (Simon Rabi) and Polly Brown (Kristina Saunders) who portrayed a couple disillusioned with money who wished to be loved for themselves and not their wealth. Like any dreamy fantasy couple they achieved what they were out to achieve and they married to live happily everafter. They sang and danced beautifully through many a number and deserve a special credit.

On the final performance on Friday the 10th of October the material rewards were handed out to all those who played a principal part. Mrs Batour received some well earned gifts and Mr Rowney had much to be proud of when he gave his closing night speech. Once Lord Brockhurst had stopped his pampering of Lady Brockhurst the curtains closed and an enjoyable after show party was experienced by all who attended.

It would take too long to comment on the chorus individually but without them there would have only been half the play. The lighting and sound crew did a fine job and created the mood of many of the scenes.

Thanks to all who participated in such a memorable achievement.

Matthew Clarke  
Marcus Rabi (year 11)





# Music and Drama

## 1980 Choir Festival.

This year, the Choir Festival was held on Tuesday the 6th of May. It was an excellent night's entertainment which was obviously appreciated by the capacity audience.

All four houses competed, although I am sure all conductresses at some stage, wondered if their particular house would be ready to perform. Mrs Batour was a great help in getting all houses there on the night.

Lonsdale House was conducted this year by Petrina Hough who was helped a great deal by Jenny Boutland and Maria Kinsella. This house sang the set song O' Freedom, Free as the Wind and Shortnin' Bread.

Murray House sang the set song O' Freedom, On The Willows and Man Of La Mancha. Kristina Saunders conducted and was assisted by Jan Kreymborg.

Phillip House performed O' Freedom, Candle on the Water, and the popular Seekers' song World of our Own. Jayne Elliot was the conductress and Ruth Panelli played the piano during rehearsals.

Grant House was conducted by Jenny McLeod with the help of Debbie McRae and Sascha Wise. They sang Sunrise Sunset from the musical Fiddler on the Roof, O' Freedom and I Believe.

After the four houses had performed, the Special Choir presented an excellent Broadway Item, prepared by Mrs Batour.

The adjudicator then announced among screams of delight and tears from certain house members, that Grant House had won from Phillip, Lonsdale and Murray.

Congratulations to all Grant members and I hope that next year will be as great a success as the 1980 Festival was.

Jenny McLeod. 11B

## Drama 1980

This year the Drama activities at Brighton High School have been as busy and as varied as ever.

This year began with the Hotham Youth Festival for Moomba held in the Treasury Gardens in March.

We revised "Whaling Days" as we felt this original script did not receive the exposure to which it was really entitled.

The Hotham Youth Festival gives all juniors and middle school actors and actresses a chance to show their abilities and we were pleased with Karen Ulrich, who had just arrived in Australia from U.S.A. who played the flute so beautifully for us. Also the singers and other instrumentalists who appeared.

The parts played by Philip Keily and Julie Carr were outstanding. The Drama Festival this year was a great success and the adjudicator was pleased to note a vast improvement in speech. There were 4 one act plays produced and Lonsdale won with the artistic production of "The Thrice Promised Bride" which was also video taped.

The Thrice Promised Bride is a one act play based on a classical Chinese story and it was very colourfully costumed and presented with a background of Chinese music.

In second place was Grant's production of Noel Coward's Fumed Oak, and then Murray House "Virtue Rewarded" or "Simplicity Smith" a melodrama and then came Monkeys Paw by Phillip House.

All the plays were excellently produced and presented and it was a formidable job to place them in order.

Jill Carnegie was the Best Actress

Chris Boyce was the Best Actor

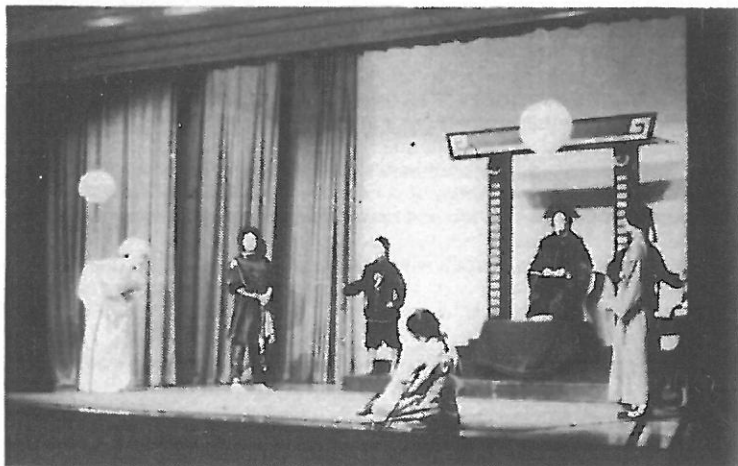
Lynelle Hopkins was the most promising actress

Lisa Rabi was the best producer.

The year comes to an end with a presentation of "The passing of the 3rd Floor Back" a play of characters. It is presented by Year 11 Drama Students with the help of Year 10.

We would like to thank Mr. Wragg and Mrs Hatton and Mrs Batour, Mr. Rowney and Miss Mayson for their help this year. During the year the Drama room has been expanded and lighting is now installed.

E.L. RUSSELL.





## Annual Walkathon

The Annual Walkathon was organised for Thursday April 3rd. The course began and finished at the school where the Mothers' Club provided a barbecue lunch and drinks. The students and staff who walked raised \$2,168 to provide additional facilities and equipment for the use of the school community.



## The Science Fiction Club

The Brighton High Science Fiction Club has been running now for 18 months.

In April, we had a film trip to see the semi-animated film version of Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings". It was enjoyed by most of the Club, some of whom even brought their families.

Another outing has been planned for later in the year to see "The Empire Strikes Back" by George Lucas.

We feel quite sure that there are more people in the school who enjoy science-fiction, and we in the Club sincerely hope to see many new faces.

B.H.S.F.C.

## Crazy Sports

That most prestigious of all sporting events, Brighton High's Crazy Sports day, was won (we don't actually know how) by —? who along with the other "brave" year 7 and 8's, showed what great physical prowess they possessed. In fact they proved to be so outstanding, that Mr. Rowney was heard remarking that he was sorry that they didn't do that well in Maths.

Of course it's all very mundane, everyday stuff to our heroic competitors. Events such as the Lemon Race, which calls for entrants to have no less than five arms, and the Three-Legged race, Brighton High's answer to Festival Hall ringside wrestling, are calmly taken in their stride.

The aspect of the costumes worn by each form, was often doubtful. Such stunning creations as the appearance of the 'Hari Krishnas' and 'Hell's Angels' who graced the sporting field through the day, seemed to keep the teachers reasonably entertained.

However, some enterprising young individuals took the complicated and strenuous 'skin-the-snake' event, as the perfect opportunity to finally get rid of their lolly-hogging form teachers.

But it should be carefully noted that however crazy and ridiculous, the day was enjoyed by all, and that most escaped serious injury, despite somewhat mutinous mutterings amongst the losing forms when the award was presented.

Anyway, at least one thing can be learnt from this extremely educational experience. It IS possible to tie knots in string with your toes.

\*Well, somebody won.

Melissa Strain Year 9

## Inter School Christian Fellowship (I.S.C.F.)

About three months ago a group of Christians at Brighton High School came together to talk and learn about God.

We meet once a week with the help and co-operation of Ken Cahill and Bill Wall. Our small group decided to run organized meetings where we could learn about God and find out what he means to us.

To many people, the meaning of Christianity is little known about and through our I.S.C.F. meetings we hope to share with each other what God wants for us and find out how we can share our faith with others in the school.

The I.S.C.F. meetings are held every two weeks and are open to all who wish to come. At this point of time, our activities are restricted as our group has started late in the year but next year we plan to have speakers, bible discussions, games, films and other activities.

We hope that many people will feel free to come along and at least begin to understand and learn what life is meant to be.

Each meeting will be posted on the Bulletin.

I.S.C.F.

## Health 1980

For the past three terms Year 7 have been participating in a health program each Friday morning.

Mr. Redding, the health organizer, had arranged for the instructors to lecture us on the various topics. Here are some comments:

I thought the health program was really good. Most of the weeks were very interesting and helpful. I enjoyed listening to the topics, throughout the year.

LISA

I liked the health because I found out all about people's bodies, how you change and how to look after yourself. I also think the teacher we had for sex education was very understanding.

JULIE

I thought it was boring.

MARGARET

I thought the health program was very good.

NICOLE

I thought the health program was boring. It's a waste of time. I mean we learnt about how decay starts in primary school and what plaque is.

NICK

I think the health programs are good because they teach students how to look after ourselves. Some of the talks were boring. The one I liked best was Dental Health.

CAROLINE

I think the health program is extremely good. It is very interesting and I have found out a lot about our bodies and how to care for them. I also found out how to do mouth to mouth resuscitation. I liked sex education because it was interesting.

As you can see most of the year sevens enjoyed it and hope it continues next year.

JANE FERGUSON & DEBBIE ELLENPORT

## Buckingham Palace

My Dearest Students and Staff,

It was with the utmost Royal ecstasy that I perused your erstwhile publication. My husband, my son Chuck, the corgis and I recognise the quality of selected material presented, and are sure that it will play an increasingly important role in the development of Australia youth and the betterment of the Brighton Community.

The magazine's fresh and original approach was a breath of fresh air in a stuffy, mouldy world of Women's Days, Weekleys, Monthlies and Milleniums.

Without further ado, I and my husband, wish you a happy 25th Birthday and all the Royal success for the future.

With Royal Pomposity,

BIG LIZ



## THE STALLION

There he stands; erect, tall and proud.

His black coat like satin

Bathed in the moonshine.

He is the leader; the king of all;

Suddenly his ears prick; he paws the rocky ground,

A whinny echoes through the valley.

And while sensing danger, thunders towards his mares.

They gallop through the night

Piercing the stillness of the valley

They must escape.

A shot rings in the air;

A small colt stumbles and falls

They now experience the greatest fear of all

MAN!

by Jenni Cooper 11A.

## A POEM...

Thoughts begin to swim around in my head,  
I sit chained to my desk,  
With invisible bonds.  
My pen is poised gracefully,  
Eager to be put to use.  
My blank paper  
Cries for meaningful words.

I sit in deep meditation.  
Suddenly a burst of inspiration!  
Success!!  
Rapid scribbling is heard.  
Four lines!  
Wonderful!  
But there it ends,  
The thought fades,  
The words seem empty.

I sigh in frustration,  
Start again.  
Oh, the terror of free topics.

My foot beats impatiently,  
A tune on the chair leg.  
My eyes roam the windows.  
They're dirty.  
"Back to your essay!"  
My mind orders in a voice of authority.  
But nothing,  
Only silence.

I chew my pen,  
And regret it,  
When I find my teeth a wonderful shade,  
Of indigo blue.  
Very pretty I think.  
Tastes awful.  
Mad dash to the bathroom and while I'm busy cleaning,  
I discover a small jungle,  
Where my eyebrows should be.  
Irrelevance.

I ignore the jungle,  
And go back to my desk.  
I don't chew the pen anymore,  
It died.

Suddenly a furry ball is crawling up my leg.  
I'm terrified.  
But it's only my cat.  
Dear sweet cat.  
But she doesn't know  
A thing about essay writing.  
So out she goes,  
Protesting violently.  
I promise her my company,  
Much later.

Back to my paper,  
Once again.  
I visualize a masterpiece,  
That would go down in history.  
My English teacher would love me.

But somehow it doesn't quite  
Make it to reality.  
My eyes start to roam again.  
It's sunny outside.  
It's warm.  
My essay can wait,  
Until tomorrow.  
But tomorrow never comes,  
Does it?  
by Joanna Dunsmuir 11C



## AWAKENING

Silence,  
The earth is still.  
Waiting ...  
Nothing stirs ...  
nothing breathes ...  
Life hides in darkness,  
In this tense moment.

Suddenly ...  
Light streaks through the black,  
Piercing, it shoots across the earth,  
in a never-ending journey.  
It warms.  
A shimmering glow on the horizon  
slowly rising, telling us it comes!

Radiating, warming.  
Life bubbles up,  
Birds chatter and animals run  
Flowers unfold their petals  
and face the light.

The golden ball rises slowly,  
up ... up ...  
It rules over the earth.

Once at noon,  
Great in its power  
It beats down upon the earth  
Burning,  
Scorching.  
It has power of everything —  
except darkness ...

Then slowly ...  
The ball moves on.  
The flowers, obeying, follow its path  
Hailing the great one.  
It sinks slowly  
down to the trees in the distance  
Down slowly.

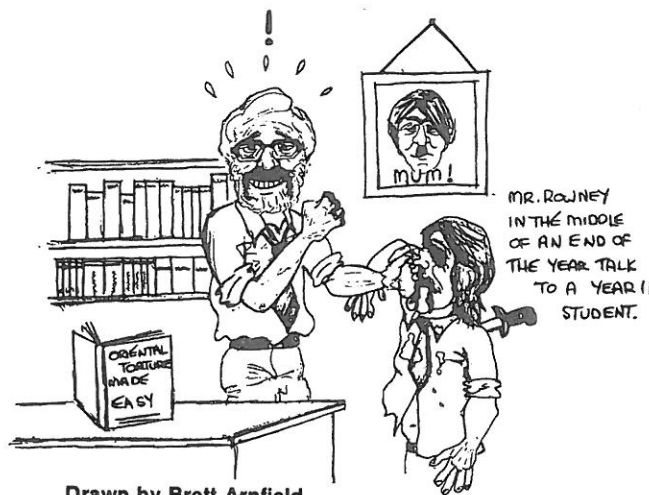
The horizon reddens  
and shimmers.  
The animals hurry to their holes.  
The birds fluff up their feathers  
and bury their heads under their wings.  
The world lapses into silence  
as the ball sinks into the land.

The sky glows in soft hues of pink  
and blue. The last light tells of the  
sun's departure.  
And darkness creeps over the land —  
Like a blanket.

The earth rugs up for the night.  
Neon bodies light up one by one,  
and wink at the earth in silent laughter.  
Silence covers the land  
and life drifts unconsciously.

Ssshhh ...  
Silence ...

by Petrina Hough 11A



Drawn by Brett Arnfield

FASTER THAN A POCKET CALCULATOR  
MORE POWERFUL THAN A MATHS TEACHER  
ABLE TO LEAP TALL RIPPLE TANKS IN A SINGLE BOUND  
LOOK UP IN THE SKY!  
IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! NO. ....  
IT'S ..... SUPERWRAGG!!!!

By night he is a mild mannered physics teacher, but by day, the deadly radiation emitted from the back of the physics room turns him into ..... SUPERWRAGG!

Silently(?) his victims listen as he leaves his hideout. They listen as his stealthy footsteps approach.

The door to E8 is opened and SUPERWRAGG enters, smiling wickedly at his apprentices.

The victims quake in their shoes. Will there be another lesson on how to reverse gravity, or will we be shown how to build atom bombs? They wait in dread of Physics Problems.

His commanding voice booms out "NOW LET'S NOT GET CONFUSED ....."

One student(me) begins to laugh hysterically. One student questions things long past (yesterday's lesson) and SUPERWRAGG says "AHA!" The student quiets down, pondering this profound statement.

After he has given his students 50,000 problems to be done overnight, a bell rings and the students file out of the room in an orderly fashion(?). Several fall to the ground, crying for all they are worth. They now have to face the other half of the DYNAMIC DUO ... WONDER GODFRED!!

Bewdy, Mr. Wragg! What would we do without you?

from Fifth Form Physics Students.

## A Tribute to Mr. King

"Look out!" screams one student. Several other victims start to quake in their boots.

The door is flung back and in steps ..... THE KING!

Hugging their poetry books to them, his slaves cower in a corner of the room.

Cheerfully, waving yet another essay topic, he smiles and wields his multi-coloured chalks.

Suddenly, a frown crosses the countenance of THE KING. Something is missing!! Realization comes quickly and THE KING hurries back to his cave where his printing press is hidden. Working furiously, he soon produces several hundred pink cards, a few yellow cards and one or two green ones.

As he rushes down the North corridor, back to his torture chamber (E3), THE KING gleefully throws these wondrous cards to the waiting masses.

With his famous words.

"C'mon, SHUDDUP!" he begins to write strange hieroglyphics on the blackboard.

"They ARE in English!" he protests as his minions mutter obscenities under their breath.

But he's not fooling us!! WE know it is a direct scribble from the manual of The Gods — 'Macbeth'.

from Mr. King's Year 11 English class.

## LIFE

Long, long ago there was a family. Not a particularly happy one, for they continually squabbled between themselves, but they were contented. The parents had several children; some lived off their mother, some off their father, no one governed and no one interfered, not much anyway. Then a son was born, born to change the world—he became known as Biped. Biped was pretty ordinary, in fact very ordinary; he could have died ordinary except for one discovery he made. Biped learned that he could swing his arms horizontally which no one else could do. He exploited this and built extensions to himself. Now he could gather food with his extensions, changing the age old system of self gathering. What was even worse though, he developed a taste for his brothers and sisters. He never ate much, just fingers and toes. All this was bad for his breath, however when they set out for revenge he would throw his extensions at them, catch some more fingers and toes and eat them.

All of this was bearable until Biped discovered a far more terrible weapon, his trading system. Now he could settle down, have a small area to himself for making food where none of his brothers could reach it, and what was worse captured Bovus, Canus, Equine and Felius and put them into slavery for him giving him no work to do at all. Usually several Bipeds gathered in a group and then a group of them would go off to try and kill other Bipeds. This may seem not to have affected his brothers and indeed it did not until he managed to bring Equine into it. Then battles really raged and Bipeds became Lords over other groups of Bipeds, appointed Chief Bipeds and were overrun by other Bipeds and became subjects. Meanwhile his extensions became greater and eventually self supporting; this was a monster which ran riot all over the world reducing Biped's brothers to mindless vegetables or killing them.

Now he doesn't even think about killing his brothers; he even regards them as a class apart. He rips his mother apart, burns her, and fouls up the air just to make his tea sweeter; he throws his wastes into his father to make his life cleaner.

Internally Biped is ordinary, on the surface he is not very outstanding, however his external area will allow him to remain, eternally, man.

Neil Todd 10C



## HOSPITALS

People who were once so young and free  
are now kept prisoners by their pain.  
No longer can they walk with ease.  
No longer can they run and jump.  
The years that have passed have left their mark.  
Their bodies have become fragile and bones are brittle.  
No more can they enjoy the sunshine and fresh air,  
for they have no mobility. They can only imagine what it feels like.  
They lie there in their beds,  
Thinking twice about and sighing for the good times  
of their lives.  
But for these people those times are gone forever  
and with every passing day,  
they are just long lost memories.

by Vicky Filis 11E

## THE DOVE

The clouds are broken  
With the movements of its body.  
The tip of its wing touches the sun,  
like an aeroplane passing by.

It stands on a cliff,  
With its feathers drifting in the wind.  
When it moves, each single feather  
glitters like gold in the sun.

When it sleeps, it curls up.  
It rests its head and dreams of tomorrow.  
It is sleepy and tired,  
but when it awakens,  
it is bright and alert.

Kathy Hassall 9D

## A NARROW ESCAPE

The sun was shining directly in my eyes,  
But the house was still silhouetted by the sun,  
cold and daring.  
There were few windows, and the ones that existed were tightly bolted.

It gave me the impression of a prison  
so depressing was the house, that I decided to wander  
the gardens.

They were very inviting, especially on this exquisite day.  
The lawns looked so terribly neat that I dared not walk on them.  
Hedges were clipped, flowers grown in beautifully hued patterns  
So the whole thing seemed a little too perfect.

A sudden gush of wind brought me to my senses  
I glanced up at the sky which had been encumbered  
with clouds, grey ones.

It wasn't long before I recognized the symptom of a storm,  
Huge pine trees began whirling their cones on me,  
I felt beads of sweat appear on my face,  
I ran, my boots making marks in the new earth,  
soon to find a refuge on the doorstep of the house.

by Jemima Ling 9D

## THE WRITHING MACHINE

the snake glides  
through the  
entanglement of vines through  
the leafy bushes  
the sun reflects and glistens; as it  
glistens as it sparkles  
on the writhing  
snake.

the snake glides  
always working  
never ceasing until it sheds its skin, dead, dull, lifeless  
But then a  
new  
one  
in its place  
New  
New  
Moisture  
Glistens  
never speaking but the snake can talk, oh yes  
he can talk  
Listen to the ssssnake Lisssten Whissper ssslither  
He talks but what does  
he say?  
the snake glides.

by Linda Gregoriou 10C



# IRELAND

Blue is the sky I see above me  
and shines down the sun

but patches of grey would seem to play  
and dark the shadow of the gun

and the terrorist kills again don't ask why  
and a lonely little child begins to cry

soft wet tears for a country  
all in the one little heart  
that fall for the spirits of the young men  
carried off in the death carts

and the madmen maim again the need to kill  
and all are to blame again, cheap thrill!

but crying's not going to help the young men  
the crushed and trodden seed  
they did not die for you or for me  
but to satisfy some men's greed

and it all just seems to be a deadly game  
and all the people seem to say what a shame!

They've destroyed the causes they were fighting for  
like those who have been slain  
gone for ever with the change of weather  
washed away by the rain

and it all just adds up to homicide  
and the people say that this they can't abide.

Yet it still happens don't ask me why  
because I don't know  
how anybody could get on their knees  
and stoop down so low

and they're all queuing up at the stands for newspapers  
and they all just stand and stare at death unpure  
and under the soldier's tramping feet  
is smashed a little grain  
only to die yet never alone, living  
the soldier's bane

and the bombs are thrown again at innocent men  
and the pibroch's mourning cry sounds the glen

but some people hope it'll end the  
war and the strife  
and they'll go on living, taking and giving  
living their own life

and they'll go on watching T.V. passively  
not deigning to comment on the crimes  
that they see and hear, passively, disappear.  
by Sandy Davison 10C

# LOCKED IN MYSELF

Sometimes I wonder why I just can't get through to anyone.  
It's like being isolated in huge places like the theatre,  
Where there are so many people round you,  
But none whom you can actually call a friend.

I feel as though I was invisible to everyone,  
And that they really don't know I'm there.  
I talk to people but at times I feel that  
I'm just talking to myself and nobody's listening.

At times I feel that I'm so locked in my shell,  
That I could never get out. It's dark and lonely in here.  
And I wish someone would help me out.  
But I know that it is I, who has to unlock myself.  
by Ka Yee Chen 10B

# THE HUNTER

The hunter stalks through the bushes,  
His black shooting gun close at hand,  
Ready to pounce on a rabbit,  
For he knows he's in good rabbit land.  
The crunch of his boot breaks the silence,  
The rabbits all prick up their ears,  
They rush down their holes where it's safer,  
And they're free from their worries and fears.  
But this doesn't deter the big hunter,  
For there's bound to be one foolish sort,  
Who'll think it's just nothing and go on his way,  
And eventually get himself caught.  
"Hmmm, rabbit stew's my favourite meal".  
The hunter says out aloud.  
"And there's a little beauty,  
He's sure to do me proud!"  
So the hunter gets ready to shoot,  
He aims at the poor rabbit's head,  
But the bullet comes out and rebounds on a rock,  
And kills the mean hunter instead!  
by Debbie Jaffa Yr9

# DEER

A deer appears  
out of nowhere  
so it would seem

large wet eyes  
peep out, and in  
the sunshine gleam

long, slender legs  
flow, with grace  
into a mottled shape

around which  
shadows, like curtains  
drape,

I see her not  
anymore,  
for she has made her  
escape.

by Sandy Davison 10C

# BORN TO DIE

The monotonous silence is only  
Broken by the eagle optimistically  
Searching for its daily prey

As the burning rays creep over the  
Jagged mountain horizon, the whole  
Valley slowly comes to life.

Suddenly, the giant eagle catches  
Sight of a small lizard, unsuspectingly  
Scurrying across the unborn desert  
Sand, leaving a trail uncommon to any  
Other creature.

The reptilic creature makes the fatal  
Mistake of stopping to absorb the  
Comforting, stimulating rays of the new  
Born sun.

Quicker than light, the eagle has  
Struck. And is now gliding into the  
Glazing fireball with an unidentifiable  
Object helplessly dangling from the  
Claws of death.

by David Brown 10C

# ALONE

A small child,  
Left all alone,  
His mother is dead,  
His father is gone.

Left by himself  
He begins to cry,  
He can't understand  
Why they had to  
Die.

by Clare Bates 9C

Negative matter, static charged  
Falling, Falling  
A deep, black, motionless void  
Deeper, deeper  
Inertia, crushing into the deep  
recesses of my mind  
Burning, Burning.  
Leaning at every nerve and cell,  
Stretching them taut  
Screaming, Screaming  
My mind being ripped and torn,  
Every atom crushed into infinity  
Dying, Dying.  
The pain, deepending, the passing,  
Going . . .  
The dark silence of never.  
by Deidre Marshall 10B

Oh bother English is such a bore,  
Especially in the heat.  
Just lots of work — more and more,  
while you sweat in your seat.

We're early out on wet days,  
Oh why not in the sun,  
The teacher's stricter always,  
the work has just begun.

If it's by chance an early day,  
Of it you mustn't mention,  
'cos if you do — she's bound to say  
— it's a great day for detention.

One word before I leave you here,  
Won't keep you in suspense,  
To Miss Stewart, I want to make it clear,  
I don't mean no offence.  
by Rachel Gardener 9D

# THE GOLDEN DRAGON

His golden wings glint in the sun,  
As he soars into the blue of the sky  
In him grace and beauty are one, combined  
and reflected in his jewel of an eye  
He roars as he swoops and dives and darts.  
His life is one great game  
Until man will come and harness him  
And his fiery nature be tamed.  
by Deidre Marshall 10B

# The Race

The day was hot, the sweat slowly congealed into a sticky glue-like  
mixture. The dust thrown up from fellow riders left its mark on all the  
faces. It was going to be another one of those days.

Just before the start, the riders checked their specialised machines  
and prayed to God. Nothing would happen to them on this, the third  
day of the race. It was 12.00 noon, and the sun was high. The racers  
got their helmets and gloves on, mounted their machines and sat  
waiting for the flag to go down in three minutes. After one minute was  
gone they were ordered to start their bikes. One, two, three and four  
at a time the bikes roared into life, and once they were all started  
there was a total of 4,100cc's revving the hell out of themselves. The  
flag was dropped and bikes tore down the straight throwing dirt high  
into the air. You could see the riders' concentration. They were not  
only trying to get out in front, but trying desperately to keep the front  
wheel down for more control . . .

The bikes decelerate as they go down through the gears as a sharp  
bend fast approaches them. They are now entering the rough country.  
They tear through the rivers in low gear and as they come onto the  
loose stones the knobby tyres grip deep into them and shovel them  
out like a bull dozer. Once through the difficult stretch with tight  
winding climbs, they come onto the main straight. The bigger bikes  
(400 cc's) have an advantage here; the bikes can reach speeds in  
excess of 120 mph.

Everywhere along the track there are racers scattered, some  
whose engines couldn't take what was demanded of them and  
seized, or those who were unfortunate enough to find a bit of glass or  
a sharp rock to pierce tyres and penetrate through to the inner tubes.  
The riders sit dejected beside their machines, virtually under their  
bikes to get what shade there is.

Several riders take a fancy to riding outside the set course,  
breaking through the barriers on corners and usually ploughing into  
trees or flying gracefully off 12ft. drops and landing — not so  
gracefully. The motors (what's left of them) spread themselves  
throughout the course chopping and changing positions as the big  
400's tear ahead down the straight leaving the 250's and 125's behind,  
and the 250's and 125's sprinting ahead in the tight rough areas  
leaving the 400's behind. At the end of the day, there are not many  
smiles on the faces. The dirt in the eyes, the dry lips and mouths, the  
wind burnt faces and the aching bodies will all be put to bed, aroused  
in the morning for the fourth day of the race, but for now, the pressure  
and tension of the third day is over.

# CYCLE

Slowly as the dusk creeps in,  
And daylight fades away,  
Slowly as the stars appear,  
Night leaves behind the day.

Slowly as the flowers bud,  
And cover all the weeds,  
Slowly as their stems grow strong,  
Growth leaves behind the seeds.

But, quickly as the years pass by,  
And youth turns dry and cold,  
Quickly as if in no time,  
Young leave behind the old.

Quickly as age takes over us,  
And weariness moves in,  
Quickly as life draws to a close,  
A new one will begin.

by Debbie Jaffa Yr 9

# A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

The time is 5 o'clock.  
The sun begins to rise.  
From behind the mountains,  
Far away.  
The calls can be heard in the distance,  
Harsh and piercing from the rooster.  
Soon they come out, from their farm houses.  
The day has begun.  
This is the start to a long hard day.  
For the farmers.  
But until dusk,  
The work doesn't stop.  
It gets harder.  
I suppose it must.

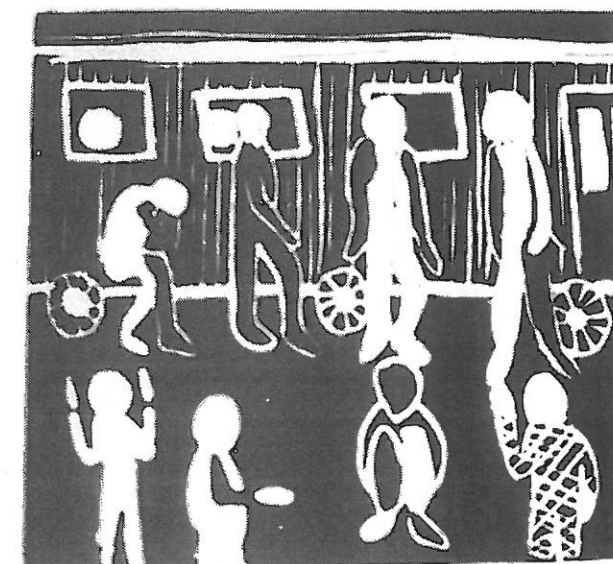
by Lisa Exell 9D

# THE BIG "A".

If you like tearing up sacred grounds  
And taking "Cancer Producing" materials  
From the soil,  
Then when your yellow cake is refined  
In foreign towns the "A" bomb will be  
Dropped and you will feel your blood  
Soil.

Many people don't believe in its great  
destructive power,  
But when it's dropped you can see a  
mushroom rise higher than the Eiffel  
Tower,  
It tears down concrete sky scrapers and  
Flattens them fast to the streets,  
And if you listen closely you may hear  
The last of millions of heart beats,  
No bird, fish or even man can escape  
Its deadly gamma rays,  
Because they will seek you out and  
Speed up your life towards your dying days,  
So think again politician if you are prepared  
To give uranium mining the "O.K."  
Because this fickle mineral is sure to  
Destroy you one day.

by David Trickey Year 9



Vincent Craven



### The School Building speaks its mind

Seeing that I am the basis of this organization I thought that I would have my say. Now to start with, those teachers' high-heeled shoes are the worst. How my floorboards ache from them. They should be banned by the R.S.P.C.F.B. (Royal Society For The Prevention of Cruelty to Floor Boards). The kids who come here aren't grateful either. I think if they had had the choice I would never have been built. So they try to do the demolition job themselves. They write on my walls which tickles, stamp on my floors and often break my windows. So I badly need repairs.

The Teachers are pretty good except for those shoes and those school assemblies which I have eavesdropped on! If I was one of those kids who come here I would not be able to stand it. I would make a lousy student. The house events that take place here seem exciting and interesting to me and to the other slave drivers. Whoops! (just a little slip of the tongue there) but the kids don't seem so enthusiastic about them so often a fair bit of drafting takes place inside these walls. I am often referred to by the kids as a prison camp. Everyday life here is pretty good except for the wet days which I hate as much as they do. On these days the kids have to stay inside all day then I am littered even more than usual and all the garbos have to pick up all the muddy wet papers. Yuk! My canteen looks like a pig sty after every day and so does the ground which I am built on.

They have added to me since I was built. They built me a new east wing and built me my little brother, the library.

What's this I hear as I am eavesdropping on one of those assemblies? I am twenty five years old (gee, it does not seem that long) Hmmm, that means lots of celebrations and FUN FUN FUN.

I'm getting a strange sensation in one of my corridors. They are painting me. (wonders will never cease) and repairing me. I feel quite flattered and cared about because they're doing me up. Trust them to paint me dull normal colours though, when I thought they would have painted me pink with purple polka dots. Ah well, I suppose it's better than nothing.

HEY WATCH IT MATE! (ooh . . . he didn't have to rip off that piece of old rusted guttering so hard.)

by Mandy West 7D

### Memories

The water was rising up on to the sand. Slowly the clouds drifted apart to make way for the sun. With the sun came sunset, full of beautiful colors.

It was as though the gates of heaven were opening up to let through something more beautiful than anything else known to man.

As the sun drifted on slowly down behind the hills the stars started to appear, and then came the moon as bright as a spot light in a pitch black room. The day had been superb and now it was time for moonlight and with it, the twinkles of light on the water.

It reminded me of a ballroom, or a ballet with the beautiful women all dressed in satin and lace with the men in their tux and ties like little penguins. The water was as still as ice. It was as though you could walk right across it and never reach the end. But the end did come, it was time to go home. Silently we went on our way.

These were the memories I had of a day at the beach in Adelaide just watching the tide and movement that it made.

By Marilyn Kimble 8C

### THE SAUSAGE

Jammed against others of your kind

You used to be a pig's behind

Then came the farmer with a desire to kill

Now you're on the butcher's window sill

In a plastic wrapper ready to cook

All it takes is one shopper with a hungry look

Then down comes a hand and grabs you tight

You're wrapped and sold, to the butcher's delight

That night you're opened and placed in a pan

At last a chance to get a tan!

But!

The sizzling fat was beginning to burn

Some sausages will never learn!

When you're cooked right through you're served on a dish

Some teeth sink in you with a succulent squish

You're eaten painfully bit by bit

Until the last bite, and . . . That is it.

by Lois Murphy 7A



Drawn by Nick Stolic (7B)



Drawn by Sophie Dale (8A)

### THE PARK

At the park the children play  
They never seem to go away  
The children go down the slide  
And play on the oval big and wide

The children play lots of games  
Some of which I can not explain  
Some of the children play ball  
And some one on the monkey bars  
slips and falls

As the children swing and swing  
And the seesaw moves like a spring  
The children on the roundabout  
They all scream and shout

When the afternoon comes  
The children all run  
They run in a big bunch  
For they are running home for lunch

They come riding back  
And they put their bikes in the rack  
They scream and shout  
As they run for the roundabout

As it gets dark  
You can hear the dogs bark  
The children run home  
And their mothers groan.

by John Clarke 7B

### The Accident

It was a miserably cold morning. The guys had come around and we decided to go for a walk. We all looked quite fat as we had been ordered by parents to wear two pairs of jeans, three jumpers, five pairs of socks and a large pair of boots. As well as all that, we had our thick duffle coats to go over all that. We waddled down the hard-rutted snow-bound lane and we managed unfortunately to bump into Fatty Fenders and the rest of his gang.

"Hey, how's about us all goin' down Shatmouths Lake and doin' a bit of skatin'," said Fatty.

We all looked at each other with excitement as we hadn't been skating since last winter when we suffered the worst blizzard we have ever had the lake had been just right for skating.

"Are you sure it's safe?" said Johnny Popping.

"Course I'm sure, whaddaya think I am, an idiot?" replied Fatty.

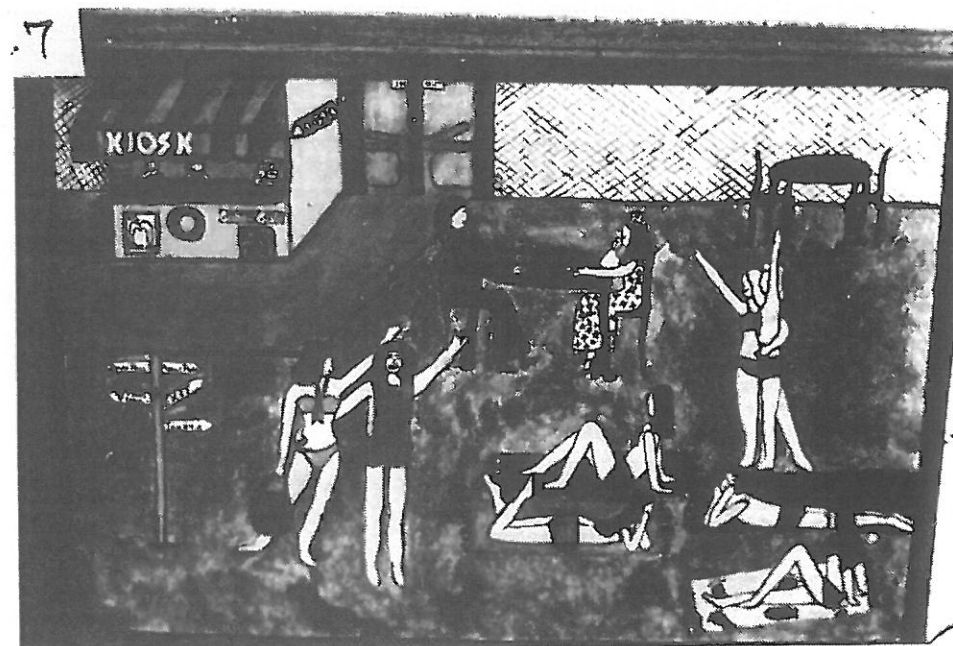
"Yep," yelled Johnning.

And with that, Fatty chased Johnny all the way down the road and back again. We started running home as fast we could to get our dusty skates out of the backs of our cupboards. When we did, we raced back to the lane to meet Fatty and his gang who were already there, waiting impatiently.

"What took ya so long? We been waiting here for ages", said Jacky Cornwell.

"All right, cut out the chat", Fatty ordered "Let's go!"

We all had a race down to the lake, and we arrived first with Fatty arriving quite a while later, puffing panting. We hurriedly laced up our skates and jumped onto the ice. We skated as though we had wings on our feet, cutting like a saw through the thick bumpy white slide below us. We were experts. We raced around the corners with the freezing wind cutting into our faces like a razor and we dodged each other showing off our skill. There were a few kids who fell, but they got up as quickly as they had fallen over, hoping no-one would notice.



### NATURE

Nature is the atmosphere  
Nature is the creature here  
Nature has the features  
Of all the little creatures.

### THE STREAM

A stream runs silently through the hills,  
Weeping willows droop over the pools  
And fish leap high.  
The silver catches my eye  
As I sit on the bank and watch and sigh.

By Paula Wakefield 7D  
Jane Wright 7D

Then suddenly, as one of the smaller members of our gang, Andrew Farlane, was flying over a corner, he slipped and fell through the ice, into the deep blue water below. He was screaming for help as he was unable to swim, (when we went to Lincolnshire for our swimming lessons, he had caught pneumonia and had never learnt properly) which was very unfortunate for him because at this very moment he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared! Fatty jumped in hoping to rescue him and be a hero. That would really boost his ego. But alas poor Fatty was too fat to get through the hole and he became stuck. Then the ice around him cracked and he soon disappeared too. At this stage, everyone was getting frightened. Someone ran off to get help and the others just stood their dumbfounded.

I was getting panicky; something had to be done. So I jumped in, my skin going purple from the cold. I looked around, although my vision was blurred but I couldn't see anyone. Then my foot struck something. It was Fatty. He was slumped over a rock, barely breathing. I heaved him up through the hole with a little help from the other guys. Help had arrived and he was taken off in an ambulance.

I searched frantically for Andrew but he was nowhere to be seen. After half an hour of searching, I finally gave up. Experienced divers late came and found nothing either. We were so unhappy. Andrew, our mate, was missing, believed drowned. It was too much to swallow.

Fatty was given resuscitation and his condition was improving. I doubt whether we'll be going skating for a while now.

### EPILOGUE

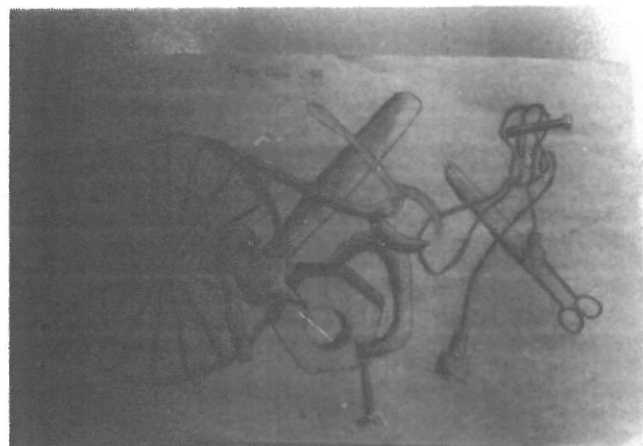
There was an extensive search for Andrew a few days later, and diving teams found the body of a small boy badly decomposed. It was believed that this was Andrew.

by Karen Cooper



# TERROR OF DARKNESS

Out of the fog shines a light.  
Cold, tired and hungry, you drag your battered body towards it.  
You see a face in that light, beautiful, you think, the eyes shining  
brighter than the light itself.  
After years without good food, a bed and the company of a friend,  
You know that when you reach me you will be free.  
For I am your protector, I will save you from your fate, I will  
Keep you warm at night — when you reach the light.  
But for now you are alone.  
Darkness descends on you like a ton of cement, crushing you,  
Forcing you into the ground. Still, you battle on, as the light  
Shines ahead of you, beckoning you . . .  
The darkness blocks out the light, you are helpless. Death is  
Imminent now, you resign yourself to your fate and you grope blindly  
In the swirling fog.  
Relax.  
Let yourself go, sink into eternal darkness. When you wake I will  
Be there, you will be clean, comfortable, you will see me looking  
Into your brown eyes. I am your Protector.  
by Sophie Dale 8A



## MY DOG

My dog,  
Is never smacked.  
His nose is wet,  
And he's been to the vet.  
He's a friend to all,  
And comes when I call.  
A run through the park,  
Makes him skip and bark  
When his ears go flap,  
They look like a mop.  
Although he's funny,  
He's as sweet as honey.

by Paula Wakefield & Jane Wright

## STRAY DOG

He walks on the street  
At night and at day.  
He runs from his hunters  
To keep death at Bay.  
He lives on his findings  
From bins and from homes.  
But still, around the streets,  
This creature roams  
He doesn't know where  
He was born and bred.  
But finds out soon,  
Just before he's dead.

by Jouko Sandvik 8C

## "HIT THE ROAD"

My mind closed,  
With the door,  
As I hit the road,  
Swearing to myself,  
Never to come back  
To a place that I hate  
To where some people call Home.

by Julio Estorninho 8C

## MADNESS

The overlooking sky dawns down angrily.  
Cotton wool blobs heavily about the universe. Loud flicks of thunder  
echo and wild winds whirl, whisper, screech, stripping the proud  
coverings.  
from trees.  
Leaves and sand dance dizzily creating spinning madness.  
Seas roaring like millions of daring lions. Waves tippy-toeing to enlarge  
their presence. White bodies float away, safely to their nests.  
Delicate crystals, shower from the heavens, each burst growing louder  
and heavier.

by Kathy Ricco 8C

## UNTITLED

Enclosed in a coffin  
Under the ground  
No excess air left  
Not one single sound  
Buried alive  
Well, not for long  
I started to think  
What did I do wrong

Walking through a grave yard  
Shadows follow you  
Atmosphere gets creepy  
No where to run to  
Cold and scary feeling  
Running up your spine  
You then hear an eerie voice  
Hissing "You will soon be mine"

by Lara Goloubkin 7E

## THE RUSH

People rush to catch buses,  
trains and trams.  
They curse and swear in traffic jams.  
In the street they stop to speak  
But then rush on again.

At the week's end,  
They go visit a friend.  
Then the rush starts over again.

by Paula Wakefield & Jane Wright

## SPRING

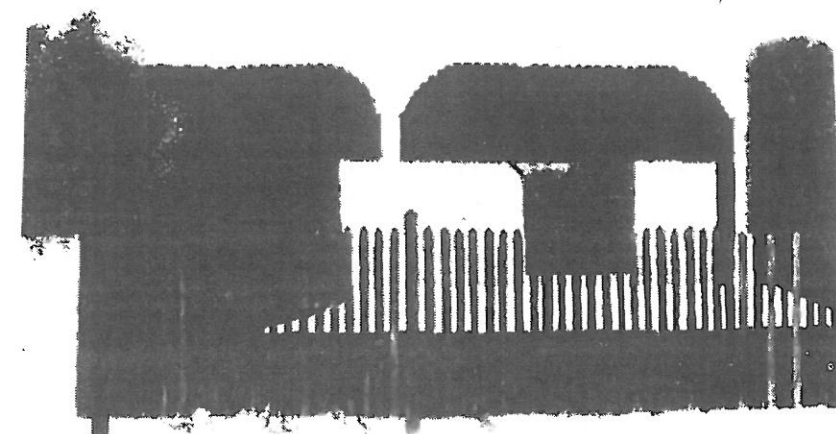
When Spring has rubbed her drowsy eyes  
From her long winter's dreaming,  
And, waking, laughs in glad surprise  
To see the sunlight streaming,  
Across the hills and pasture lands  
With fields and strawberries covered,  
September comes with its hands  
To tell us winter's over.

The pure white daisy is everywhere  
Splashed with shining silver.  
The blue-bird's song is in the air  
The world is all a' quiver.  
And Butterflies that discover the  
Holy lands.  
In joyous excitement hover  
September comes with its hands  
To tell us winter's over.

by Nicole Treagus 8C



# Art 1980





# Craft Report

## A Report by 7E

We have craft every Monday and Tuesday with Mrs. Smethurst and we have a lot of fun making things out of fleece, leather and cords.

The first thing we made was out of fleece; it was a small stuffed mouse. After that we made a big puppet.

Then we went on to leather and made a book mark and key wallet with our star sign on it. After leather we went on to macrame and made a man, a star, a mouse and a Christmas tree.

The children who finished all that could go on to options where they could do any of the above.

## 8B Craft Report

8B girls have been doing Craft since the second half of second term.

Our craft teachers were Mrs. Smethurst and Mrs. Darroch. We will continue the remainder of third term doing pottery (with Mrs. Saulwick) and craft with (Mrs Darroch).

We made fleece mice, soccer balls and love hearts. Then we were taught how to make macrame stars, men and mice. We finished off with macrame and fleece booties. We are now doing leatherwork in Craft.

*by Jane Tanner 8B.*

## Boy in the Kitchen for the '80's.

For Year Eights this year there was a new subject for the boys to take on. Cooking. We cooked a wide variety of food (from nice to not so nice). But if you mums think boys cooking is a laugh you should see some girls, then you really will have something to laugh about.

I think cooking with boys is a good idea but my mom would like to see me flunk so that I will keep out of the kitchen. One day we cooked up an apple tea cake. I would say I ate more of the mixture before it entered the oven than the actual finished cake. Very nice if you like being sick for the next twenty four hours.

Cooking I think was a very exciting subject and the boys did a good job.

## Report on Craft Year 9

Everyone found craft an interesting subject this year. There were many different things we were able to make and do. A lot of students had difficulties making booties but Mrs Smethurst helped them.

All the students made plenty of stuffed toys. A lot made dogs, mice, rabbits and snakes.

A couple of students made macrame plantholders, and Jill Porter made a macrame lampshade.

There was a lot of leather work as well. Students made wallets, key cases, book marks, coin purses and plenty of other things.

## Year 10 Craft Report

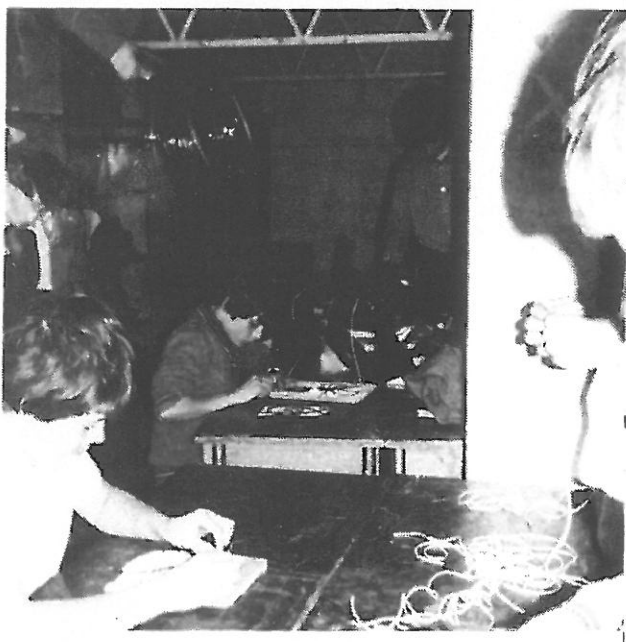
Throughout the year, year 10 Craft have enjoyed working with Mrs. Smethurst. During the term we have made a variety of things: soft toys, latch hook work, leather work and cane work.

Many of the things we make are of a reasonable price. We all get good use out of the things we make.

It's a handy subject as you can make Christmas presents and gifts for people.

Most of the students enjoy craft.

*By Yasmin Ahmet*



## Mannequin Parade: Thursday October 23rd.





# Sports Report

Once again Brighton High conducted a full sporting programme with many fine results being recorded. Thanks must go to all House officials and staff for their hard work and enthusiasm during the year. Also for the hard work of the Physical Education and Sport department of the school.

### THE HOUSE AGGREGATE:

For the second year in a row, Lonsdale won the aggregate award with fine house performances in all competitions throughout the year. Thanks must go to the house officials for their enthusiasm — Mr. Allen, Mr. Darlow, Mrs. Berry and Miss Stewart.

	SWIMMING	CROSS-COUNTRY	DRAMA	CHORALS	ATHLETICS
1st	Lonsdale	Lonsdale	Lonsdale	Grant	Lonsdale
2nd	Murray	Grant	Murray	Phillip	Grant
3rd	Grant	Murray	Grant	Lonsdale	Phillip
4th	Phillip	Phillip	Phillip	Murray	Murray

FINAL PLACINGS	1st	Lonsdale
	2nd	Grant
	3rd	Murray
	4th	Phillip

The following were the House Officials for 1980 —

GIRLS	SENIOR	JUNIOR
GRANT	Miss. Jackson/ Mrs. Ley	Miss Mckenzie
LONSDALE	Mrs. Berry	Miss Stewart
MURRAY	Mrs. Batour	Mrs. Geddes
PHILLIP	Mrs. Smithers	Mrs. Golding

BOYS		
GRANT	Mr. Humphries	Mr. Frank
LONSDALE	Mr. Allen	Mr. Darlow
MURRAY	Mr. Godfred	Mr. Dennis
PHILLIP	Mr. Redding	Mr. Gorham

Student Officials were:

BOYS	HOUSE CAPTAINS	VICE-CAPTAINS	JUNIOR CAPTAINS
GRANT	S. Parker	D. Bennett	A. Blight
LONSDALE	L. Patkin	P. Nawrotkiewicz	M. Brabner
MURRAY	S. Bennett	M. Dooley	N. Rigopoulos
PHILLIP	S. Redman	A. Stevenson	P. Valsinger

GIRLS			
GRANT	J. Carnegie	S. Seeburg	M. Camilleri
LONSDALE	L. Turnbull	J. Boutland	E. Goloubkin
MURRAY	A. Velakoulis	L. Cherry	M. Humphreys
PHILLIP	A. Ford	J. Elliott	F. West

### Inter-School Teams:

#### BOYS

The following teams were entered in the Nepean Group Competition.

		COACH	CAPTAIN
Cricket	Senior	Mr. Allen	S. Redman
	Intermediate	Mr. Frank	R. Blake
Volleyball	Senior	Mr. Wilson	P. Nawrotkiewicz
Tennis	Senior	Mr. Humphries	Chew Theam Hock
	Junior	Mr. Humphries	J. Hillier

	PREMIERS	
Intermediate Cricket	Nepean Group	
Senior Tennis	Sth Zone	

The most successful team was the Senior Tennis Team. The boys reached the All-High Schools Final but were defeated by Bayswater. Thanks must go to Mr. Humphries for his coaching of the team.

The team comprised: Chew Theam Hock  
Daniel Holan  
Wayne Herbstreit  
David Bell

#### WINTER TEAMS:

		COACH	CAPTAIN
Football	Senior	Mr. Gould	A. Lewis
	Intermediate	Mr. Allen	D. Blake
Soccer	Senior	Mr. Frank	
	Intermediate	Mr. Frank	R. Ille
Basketball	Senior	Mr. Humphries	D. Bell
Table-tennis	Senior	Mr. Pamment	E. Eurpidou

	PREMIERS	
Table-tennis	Nepean Group	

Only the Senior Table-tennis team were able to reach the Finals. Unfortunately the boys went down to Murrumbidgee by only 2 rubbers:

The team was: E. Eurpidou  
Chew Theam Hock  
P. Goldman  
L. Hollenberg

#### GIRLS

Winter Sport 1980  
Brighton High entered in:

		CAPTAIN	
Netball	Senior	Donna Terek	
	Intermediate	Kylie Seeburg	
Squash	Senior	Mary Wood	
Hockey	Senior	Diane Pugh	
	Intermediate	Sue Van Tooren	
Basketball	Year 10	Lisa Mather	
Table-tennis	Senior	Tamara Popper	

The Senior Netball team won the Nepean Group Premiership but were beaten by Cheltenham High in a very competitive game played in the rain. Thanks to Linda Turnbull for coaching the Intermediate team and Donna Terek for assisting with the Senior Team.

Team:	T. Hough	D. Terek
	J. Boutland	K. McKindley
	J. Kreymborg	H. Ronda
	S. Seeburg	J. Cooper
	M. Horvat	M. Aloj

The Intermediate Hockey Team also won the Nepean Group Premiership. They played Huntingdale High School in the Quarter Finals but unfortunately also lost.

Thanks to Diane Pugh and Lynelle Hopkins who assisted to coach this team.

Intermediate Hockey Team:	K. Loughrey	S. Perkins
	H. Beams	S. Van Tooren
	J. Karailos	S. Fisher
	A. Stavrakis	A. Swan
	S. Hillard	R. Brown
	M. Batson	M. Strain

#### SUMMER SPORT

Brighton High entered in:

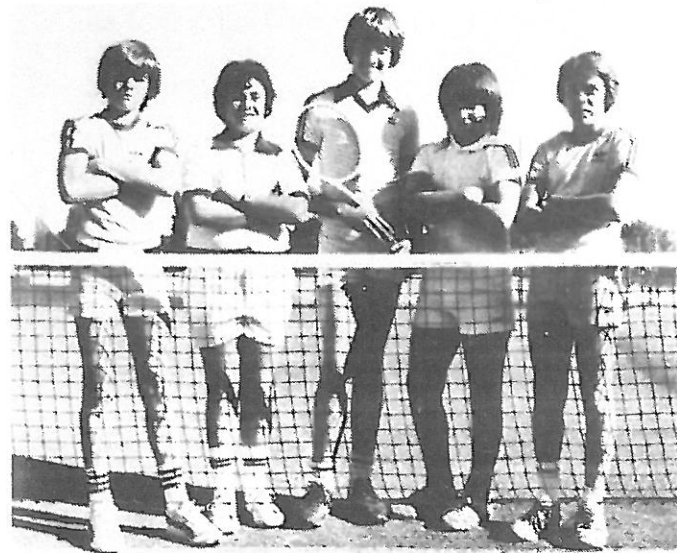
		CAPTAIN	
Girls Cricket	Senior		Natasha Zeug
Volley ball	Intermediate		Louise Ives
	Senior		Jill Carnegie
Softball	Senior		Alison Swan
	Intermediate		Donna Terek
Tennis	Senior		Karen Nicholson
	Intermediate		

The Intermediate Volleyball team were Nepean Group Premiers and played Huntingdale High School in the Quarter Final.

The team was	C. Bamford	Reserves	K. Kalaitzidis
	H. Cardoso		R. Gardner
	L. Smika	Coach	Miss Barnett
	L. Exell		
	D. Robertys		
	N. Zeug		

The Intermediate Tennis team were Nepean Group Premiers.

The team was:	S. Kreymborg	L. Fritzlaff	Coach
	K. Cooper	S. Van Tooren	Mrs. Scholtz



Intermediate Tennis Team

The Softball teams would like to thank Mary Krost and Leinka Morgan for giving up their time to coach their two teams.

### Combined Teams

#### SWIMMING

Following the successful House Competition the Inter-School Swimming Carnival was held at the Caulfield Pool. Results were:

Brighton	650
McKinnon	536
Beaumaris	498
Hampton	376
Highbury	365
Elwood	267
Central Schools	233

The Victory was Brighton's fifth in succession.

#### 1st Place Getters were: GIRLS

L. Mather	U17	100m	Freestyle
E. Robinson	U13	50m	Breaststroke, Freestyle, Backstroke,
L. Exell	U16	50m	Backstroke

Under 14 Medley Relay	E. Robinson	M. Humphreys
	M. Saunders	M. Coyne
Under 13 Freestyle Relay	N. Deutsch	S. Campbell
	G. Read	E. Robinson
Open Medley Relay	J. Bieg	L. Kidd
	L. Clements	J. Mehegan
Under 14 Freestyle Relay	M. Coyne	N. Mercuri
	M. Saunders	M. Humphreys

L. Dunsmuir	Under 14 Diving
K. Dale	Open Diving



Maree Humphreys & Elizabeth Robinger — our Champion Swimmers

#### BOYS

P. Valsinger	U15	50m	Breaststroke
S. Parry	U16	50m	Breaststroke, Backstroke, Freestyle
C. Bounds	U17	100m	Breaststroke, Backstroke
A. Gillon	U14	50m	Backstroke, Freestyle
K. Cunningham	U17	50m	Butterfly
F. Virgona	Open	100m	Butterfly



## Open Medley Relay

P. Chellew  
C. Bounds

S. Redman  
F. Virgona

## Under 16 Freestyle Relay

J. Vial  
C. Wilson

D. Brown  
S. Parry

## Under 16 Medley Relay

C. Wilson  
P. Valsinger

S. Parry  
D. Brown

## CROSS-COUNTRY

The Inter-School Cross Country took place at Dendy Park in the middle of the Second Term. There were 3 age groups for boys and girls with more than 70 competitors in each. Brighton High Placegetters were:

### GIRLS

U16 K. Seeburg	5	U14 S. Fisher	2
D. Sutton	12	K. Wyngaarden	4
W. Satterthwaite	13	J. Tanner	10
N. Graham	22	J. Rayner	6
		M. Humphreys	13
		L. Lydster	13
		K. Loughrey	14

### BOYS

Open G. McMahon	2nd	U16 T. Sowden	2nd
S. Crowley	3rd	J. Kinsella	11th
E. Aydin	11th	U14 S. Griffin	5th

Greg McMahon and Stephen Crowley successfully competed at the Southern Zone Run and gained entry into the All-High Cross Country. A great effort.



## ATHLETICS

After our own school athletics, Brighton fielded a strong team in the Nepean Competition. Unfortunately McKinnon High was too strong, and we had to settle for second place. However, some excellent performances were recorded.

The better results were:

1st place to:			
Stephen Brown	Boys U14	Javelin	
Clare Bates	Boys U14	Discus	
	Girls U16	High Jump	

2nd place to:			
Mario Pavlou	Boys U17	800m.	
Fiona Boardman	Girls U17	Javelin	
Greg McMahon	Boys open	1500m.	

3rd place to:			
Fiona Boardman	Girls U17	200m:	
Adam Gillon			
Stephen Brown	Boys U14	Relay	
Andrew Bakker			
Patrick Valsinger			
Stephen Crowley	Boys Open	1500m.	

4th place to:			
Stephen Brown	U14	Triple Jump	
Paul Anthony	Open	Long Jump	



## VOYAGER

"Voyager" was prepared by the following people:

### Committee:—

Helen Sargeant, Louise Lambert, Deidre Marshall, Jane Ferguson, Debbie Ellenport, Sophie Dale, David Bell, Charles Fazio, Kim Van Wijngaarden, Lisa Clements, Vicky Filis, Kayee Chen, Karen Cooper, Leah Fritzlaff, Sarah Fisher, Pauline Velahoutakis.

### Photographers:—

Tony Knezevic, Kayee Chen, Leigh Scott, David Laloum, Mr. Rowney, Mr. Wragg, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dawson.

### Typists:—

Vicky Filis, Kayee Chen, Vicky Hatzikos, Mrs. Cooper (Karen's mum) and Mrs. Woodfall.

### Co-ordinated by:—

Ms. Lloyd.

### Cover design by:—

Lisa Clements (11C)

## Roll Call

HOWARD, Joy  
KARAILIS, Fotina  
LEIGH, Susan  
LEWIS, Deborah  
MANLEY, Karen  
MATHER, Lisa  
NORTH-ROBERTSON, Lisa  
STUBS, Lillian  
VAN DER VEEN, Helen  
WISE, Sophie

### FORM 10B

#### BOYS

BLIGH, Ashley  
BUZOLICH, Grant  
CHEN, Kevin  
EPIFANO, Peter  
GRIMWOOD, Alan  
KINSELLA, Martin  
PAYNE, Anthony  
SCHEINER, Fabian  
SZABOLCS, Otti  
SWANN, David  
TANNER, Nicholas  
WARD, Adrian  
YOUNG, Paul

#### GIRLS

BEATY, Amanda  
CHEN, Kayee  
CLARKE, Jennifer  
EWART, Jennifer  
FILIADIS, Katerina  
GREEN, Michelle  
HAWKES, Melinda  
MARSHALL, Deidre  
MAZZAIO, Michelle  
OAKMAN, Yvonne  
SHORTLAND, Sally  
STEMBERGAR, Lilyana  
STURMER, Simone  
TANNOCK, Angela  
WELLSRING, Robyn  
ZYGOURAKIS, Maria

### FORM 10C

#### BOYS

BROWN, David  
CUNNINGHAM, Kenneth  
HOPKINS, Russell  
HUMPHREYS, Gary  
KATOS, Gary  
KELLY, Simon  
LAW, David  
MORGAN, Andrew  
PRINGLE, Lloyd  
RIGOPOULOS, John  
SCOTT, Leigh  
SILVERMAN, Mark  
STEADMAN, Simon  
TODD, Neil  
PAGE, Andrew Gordon  
LALOU, David

#### GIRLS

ANDREADIS, Voula  
CHALMERS, Debra  
FLANAGAN, Melissa  
GEORGIOU, Andrea  
GREGORIOU, Linda  
KINSELLA, Carol  
MANSE, Rebecca  
NICHOLAS, Helen  
ROWBURY, Anna  
WILSON, Michelle  
DAVISON, Sandra  
REID, Lynne  
THOMAS, Caroline

### FORM 10D

#### BOYS

ABIUSO, David  
BUTLER, Calum  
COATES, Stephen  
COOKE, Richard  
DICK, Stuart  
GEORGIOU, Andrew  
GOUTSIARIS, Mark  
HARBERGER, Shane  
KAKOS, Chris  
McMANUS, Christopher  
McMURTRIE, Daryl  
MANION, Brett  
RABL, Simon

SEYMOUR, Adrian  
WILTSHIRE, Jonathon

#### GIRLS

ALOI, Mariella  
BLOCK, Justine  
CHAPMAN, Leah  
CORNFOR, Sharynne  
DONALDSON, Helen  
HALL, Chalatarn  
HARDY, Natalie  
McCANDLESS, Tina  
McKINDLEY, Kim  
SATTERTHWAITE, Linda  
STOUPAS, Renea  
SWANN, Carolyn  
WOOD-BURGESS, Tina

### FORM 11A

#### BOYS

CHELLEW, Peter Martin  
CLARKE, Matthew Raphael  
FILIPPOU, Paul  
GRIFFIN, Steven  
HERBSTREIT, Wayne Michael  
RAYNER, Warwick Andrew  
SWAN, Darren Jeffrey  
TEAZIS, Christopher

#### GIRLS

BIEG, Janine Carolyn  
BLAINEY, Helen Lynette  
COOPER, Jennifer Gaye  
CROWLEY, Jane Mary  
GALANOPOULOS, Panagiota  
(Peggy)  
GODFREY, Louise Ann  
HORVAT, Maria  
HOUGH, Petrina  
RONDA, Henriette Charlotte  
ROTHSTADT, Lisa Jane  
WISE, Sascha Madeleine  
ZARPARINIS, Kaliop  
STYNES, Louisa Amanda

### FORM 11B

#### BOYS

ABIUSO, Nicholas Afred  
ANTONY, Paul  
BENNETT, Michael John  
LUSTIG, Harry  
McMAHON, Gregory  
PERKINS, David Clifford  
PERN, Warren Gordon  
SIMMONS, Michael Edwin  
STANLEY, Michael  
TAYLOR, John Alfred  
VON ZUM HOF, Klaus  
VON ZUM HOF, Jurgen

#### GIRLS

BARBNER, Michelle Joyce  
GAUT, Jacinta  
JOLLY, Jeanette Fay  
McLEOD, Jennifer Gaye  
McRAE, Debra Joy  
REINSHAGEN, Kathy Elizabeth

### FORM 11C

#### BOYS

ARNFIELD, Brett Lindsay  
AYDIN, Erdem Gher  
DOOLEY, Matthew Guy  
HOLAN, Peter  
LOUGHREY, Sean David  
McCABE, Phillip John  
NAWROTKIEWICZ, Peter Paul  
RABL, Marcus  
OSHLACK, Alan

#### GIRLS

BEAMS, Jillian Faye  
BEUDEL, Saskia Maya  
BOUTLAND, Jennifer  
BOUTLAND, Kathryn Gail  
CARR, Julie-Anne  
CHRISTIE, Dawn Elizabeth  
CLEMENTS, Lisa Jane  
DREW, Emma Louise  
DUNSMUIR, Joanne Leonie  
HOPKINS, Lynelle Marion  
POPPER, Tamara

SAUNDERS, Kristina Brenda  
SEEBERG, Sharyn Carmen  
SINCLAIR, Julia  
STUBS, Margaret  
WATT, Joanne  
WILDE, Naomi  
WOOD, Mary Elizabeth

### FORM 11D

#### BOYS

BLIGHT, John Gabriel  
CHAPMAN, Grant David  
GRAY, Richard John  
HOLAN, Daniel  
LEWIS, Ashley David  
McCONACHY, Peter John  
PAVLOU, Mario  
REID, Peter Douglas  
STEDMAN, Anthony Charles  
THORLEY, Anthony

#### GIRLS

BALTAS, Sophie  
BOARDMAN, Fiona Elizabeth  
BUCKI, Jolanta Jane  
DEUTSCH, Estelle  
ELLIOT, Jane Maree  
EMMETT, Carol Ann  
FIUMARA, Felicia  
FRATER, Kathy  
GOMULARZ, Ulla  
HARTOTS, Alexandra  
KIDD, Lisa-Anne Margaret  
KREYMBORG, Jan Elise  
MAVRIPOULOS, Chrissie  
PANELLI, Ruth

### FORM 11E

#### BOYS

CARR, Charles David  
COOKE, Robert Victor  
CROWLEY, Stephen Nicholas  
HANSEN, Russell Frederick  
McCANDLESS, Trevor  
McCONCHIE, David  
MORAY, Mark Lawrence  
PAINE, Ian  
PALMER, Joel Francis  
PAVLOU, Andrew  
SMITH, Shaun  
VAFIDIS, Billy  
WALKER, Andrew John  
WALL, Dean Leon

#### GIRLS

AHMET, Leyla  
BISSETT, Janine Gayle  
FILIS, Vicky  
FINDLAY, Karen  
GALANOPOULOS, Akriva  
(Vivien)  
JONES, Lisa Annette  
LAMBERT, Louise Kristin  
LAWRY, Elizabeth Anne  
MANSE, Deborah Anne  
PUGH, Dianne  
SARGEANT, Helen Mary

### FORM 12A

#### BOYS

BELL, David  
FILIADIS, Michael  
SANDVIK, Arto  
TURNBULL, Andrew

#### GIRLS

DUVAL, Andrea  
DUVAL, Melanie  
INCHAUSTI, Ana  
REED, Rosemarie  
TURNBULL, Linda  
VANDERMOST, Patricia  
VELAKOULIS, Angelina  
VIAL, Denise  
WELLS, Beverley

### FORM 12B

#### BOYS

DALAL, Gillad  
GALANOPOULOS, Dimitrios

McMANUS, Stephen  
NIXON, Ian  
PARKER, Stephen  
PATKIN, Leo  
SAWICZ, Ronnie  
VASILJEVIC, Peter

#### GIRLS

BEATY, Robyn  
BYRNE, Sandra  
GILMORE, Kaye  
McLEOD, Carolyn  
MANLEY, Sandra  
MODRICH, Theresa  
SIRMAY, Pamela  
WILLIAMS, Susan

### FORM 12D

#### BOYS

BENNETT, Spencer  
DICKSON, Julien  
EVRIPOULOS, Evripidis  
FARRELL, Sean  
HOLLENBERG, Lloyd  
JEREICIC, John  
KNEZEVIC, Anthony  
MITCHELL, William  
PAPACOSTAS, Andrew

#### GIRLS

ABDULLAH, Siti  
FORD, Andrea  
GEE, Annie  
LANGLEY, Charlotte  
LOPO, Anita  
MOHAMED, Nornisah  
MOHAMED, Yasmin  
TEREK, Donna  
WELLSRING, Julie

## Autographs



