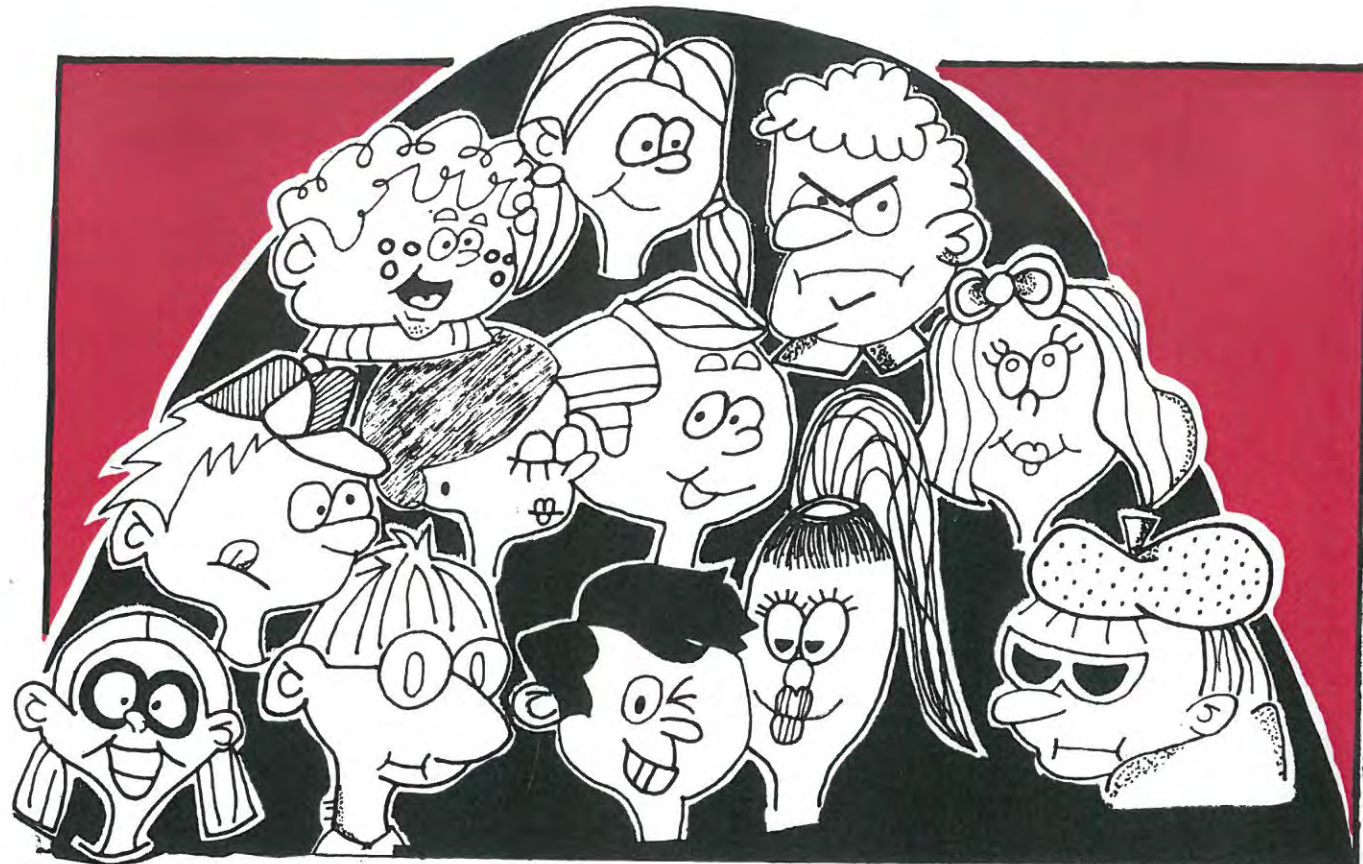
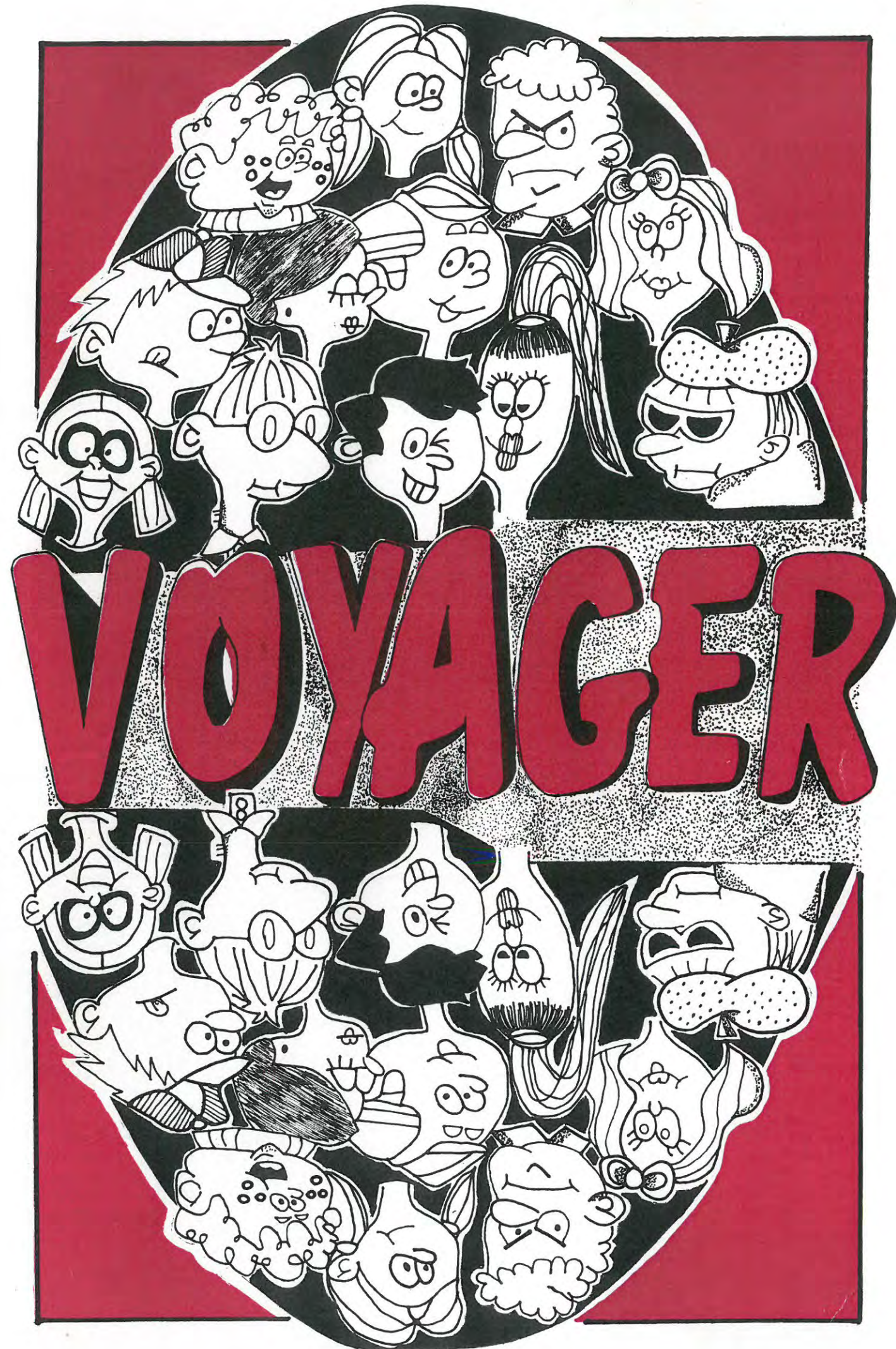




**BRIGHTON
SECONDARY
COLLEGE**

1990



VOYAGER



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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This magazine was a challenge to all involved and much has been learnt through the process. It has been very difficult to extract submissions from some members of the school community and so if you can see omissions from this magazine ask yourself were you to blame?

A very large thanks to everyone who gave up their time and energy for the production of this magazine.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

"Change" and "education" have almost become synonymous in the last decade. "Change" will continue to be a significant factor in the last decade of the twentieth century.

One of the major changes that will impact on us all next year is the introduction of the two-year Victorian Certificate of Education. It will mean altered methods of teaching and learning, a different method of assessment and reporting, and development of a different mind set in relation to the concepts of "pass" or "fail" and "satisfactory completion" or "not satisfactory completion".

We need to bear in mind some of the reasons for the changes to our education system and the introduction of the Victorian Certificate of Education. Originally, a very small percentage of young people completed secondary education. Many people left school at age 14 to enter the work force. Once High Schools were regarded as elite educational institutions, preparing people for entry to University.

Now, with governments having social justice and access and success as high priorities, the aim is to have all young people complete secondary education. To achieve increased retention rates, the government has re-structured the education system to



provide secondary education for all not only the select few who could either afford it or who were academically gifted. The government is endeavouring to provide access and success in secondary education to all young people.

At Brighton Secondary College we have moved in line with government policy, but we have also retained some of the traditions of our high school past, such as extra-curricular activities. The highlights of some of these functions-the annual House choral competition, the musical production

and others, are mentioned in this edition of "Voyager". What the articles and photographs do not show are the hours of extra work put in by students and teachers-all voluntary and beyond what is considered a normal work load, but all important in providing an all-round general education. Thanks to all those people who have contributed so much to provide a rich education for all at Brighton Secondary College.

JOHN N. FOWLER PRINCIPAL

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

One of my daily concerns is to contribute to the stability of the college. Both the positive pressures for educational change and the negative pressures of youth alienation are an ever present destabilising influences.

The last ten years have seen a total and far of educational change; next year Year 11 students have the full V.C.E. The V.C.E. is meant to give all pupils greater chances of success, self-esteem and confidence. I am optimistic that these aims will be fulfilled, but every teacher and

student has to adapt to the intrinsic changes of methods and attitudes.

Even positive change can still be de-stabilising; as for the negative changes that accompany family collapse and conflict and the ways some young people express their consequent alienation, such behaviour is designed to challenge stability. The boy or girl who acts out his or her unhappiness in classroom attention seeking, arguing and disruptive power games or who expresses lack of socialisation with graffiti, hurts both him or herself and the institution. College should be stable and secure. There is an aim to which I am determined to contribute the positive and negative destabilising influences.

DAVID PITTOCK
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL



REPORTS

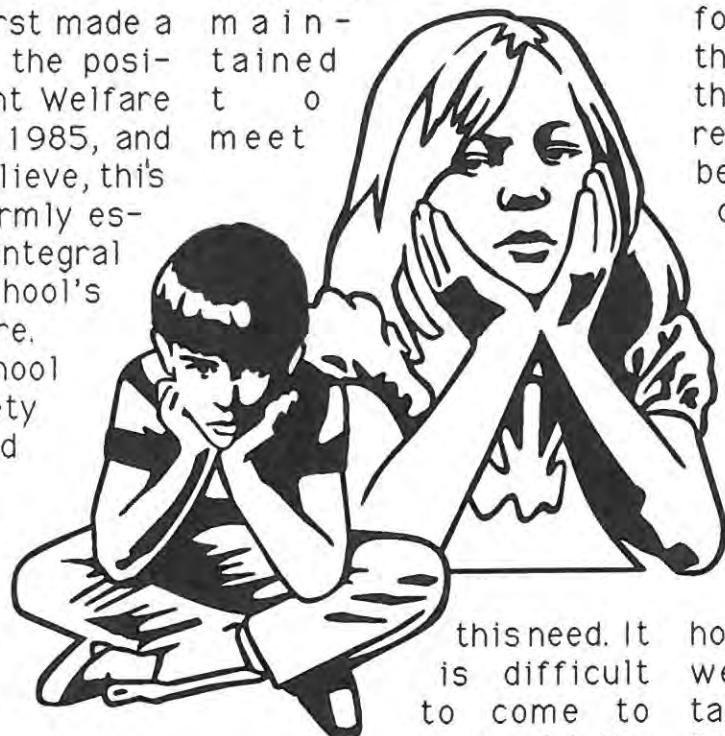
STUDENT WELFARE

STUDENT WELFARE CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT.

This college first made a commitment to the position of a Student Welfare Co-ordinator in 1985, and in that time, I believe, this role has been firmly established as an integral part of the school's welfare structure.

The role of a school in today's society is changing and there is an expectation of that school to be more than just the traditional educational institution. In many situations the school is the first point of contact for the disfunctioning adolescent and family, and therefore it is

imperative that the community and Ministry facilities are maintained to meet



this need. It is difficult to come to terms with the fact that the support facilities and human resources our school relies upon are under threat. In

this regard I would like to thank Ken Wood of the Bay-side School Support Group for his invaluable support throughout the year. With the new VCE and improved retention rates there will be an increased number of older students living in independent circumstances which will further impact upon the school's ability to meet our student's needs.

The Student Welfare Committee has concerned itself this year with curriculum and attendance issues, and how they affect student welfare, and also the establishment of a Staff Support Group is meeting a real need.

R. GOULD

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Everyone seemed to be looking down the barrel of a gun as Mr. Craven delivered those famous words of wisdom at our first level assembly.

We sat with anticipation eager to get into the year and attempt to knuckle down and actually do some work. We were told the year would go fast and to make the most of it, as this would be our last journey on board the B.S.C. Endeavour (We hoped).

Our positions as school

captains assumed that getting to know fellow students was a prime responsibility, not to mention other commitments such as S.R.C. and Year 12 Committee.

All of us being as enthusiastic as the next. Right guys? (With the exception of the 80% who failed to make an appearance at the Athletics.)

Proud of our green and white striped rugby jumpers most of us enjoyed the privilege of using the golf-course at recess and lunch

-time. (We don't know what you guys actually did over there but some pretty hairy allegations got back to us at which we had a bit of a laugh!)

Eight months into the year and we finally hit form, gaining access to the Hall Foyer as an intermediary common room. We made the most of this facility by obtaining six tea-bags and a cup of milk from the canteen ladies, and a cup of sugar and coffee from the legendary Mr. Gould. Not

failing to mention the ever-familiar "Brendon" with his bottle of lemonade.

The best day of Term 3 kicked off with the Staff/Student footy match. This was the perfect opportunity to release our irritations, frustrations and aggressions on our favourite teachers for all the school to witness.

As the tradition continues we found ourselves in the midst of organizing our Formal to be held at "The Meeting Place" in the city. It is sure to bring back a bunch full of familiar faces and



stories after finally sitting the the most feared November exams.

As our final year is sadly coming to a close it is with teary eyes that we say thank you and farewell to all our teachers and wish the Year 12's Good luck in their exams and their futures. We'll see you all on the 29th at the bistro (Right Skye?)

Your school captains,

MICHELLE JONES
JAMIE HILLEMACHER

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

As part of the College's aim to involve students fully in the decision making process, the Student Representative Council again this year has made a valuable contribution. Each year level elects two members (one boy and one girl) to represent it on Council, with additional members being, the two School Captains, and the three Student members on College Council.

Year 7 students elect their representatives at the start of Term 2, which gives time for our new students to get to know each other better before they have to vote. The 1990 Council representatives were:-

Year 12 Paul Schofield and Rebecca Dunster

Year 11 Martin Dambrosi and Sara Flanagan

Year 10 Justin Scrobogna and Kellie Bain

Year 9 Joshua Rodder and Rachel Norris

Year 8 Simon Porter and Emma Houldsworth

Year 7 Joshua Flavell and Caroline Clarke

School Council Members

- Natasha Cooke
- Mugette Marelic
- Nicole Carmel

School Captains

- Jamie Hille-macher
- Michelle Jones

At first meeting of the SRC, the following office bearers were elected.

- President** - Sara Flanagan
- Secretary** - Martin Dambrosi
- Treasurer** - Natasha Cooke

Over the year, the SRC has been involved in various fundraising activities, e.g. Casual Days and

Refreshments at School Functions from Council funds we have been able to support many areas of the Schools operation including, Hall Sound System upgrade (\$1500), Sports teams- uniforms and transport, Students in need, and in the Careers area.

The SRC provides for invaluable experience for students in better understanding the democratic process of decision making and meeting procedures. During the year a number of the Council attended a Student Forum at Bayside School Support Centre which enabled them to meet other school's student councils, exchange ideas, and the further enhance their understanding of student involvement.

Currently the Council is particularly interested in the total review of school uniform, being the vehicle for the student body's views. Another of the Council's goals will involve the promoting of the SRC as an integral part of the school structure.



A TEACHER'S LIFE ABROAD!

Towards the end of 1987, I applied for an International Teaching Fellowship, and after a series of interviews in early 1988, I was informed in June that I had been awarded an Exchange position to teach Physical Education at Westlands School in Torquay, Devon, in the South West of England.

Torquay is located nearly 200 miles from London, and is a major tourist centre in Devon



the support of my Principal and fellow staff members, and to the way they made our English ex-

were under considerable pressure from many of the changes that were taking place, in the English education scene.

Westlands School is a co-educational bilateral (Grammar/Modern) school of 1200 students located on two sites with separate playing fields, which meant that our classes had to be based for our games lessons.

near the Douthmoor National Park with an area population of about 117,000 which nearly doubles in summer. The climate in Torquay is the most equable of all Great Britain which made for a very pleasant year—all those fears of being snowed in didn't eventuate (unfortunately!)

What followed was six months of frenetic preparations to move my family to live in England for 12 months. The position involved exchanging our house and car, and therefore all those little things and idiosyncracies of our house had to be repaired and our exchange partner needed to be informed of just how everything worked, and to ensure that his stay was as comfortable and rewarding as possible. It would not have been possible for the year to have gone ahead without

change Brian and Margaret Kayley feel welcome at Brighton is very greatly appreciated.

We arrived in England on the 31st December, and I started teaching on the 4th January—which meant I had to get straight into it—this worked out fairly well as you soon are able to understand how the English system works.

I discovered that the English teacher has a far greater face-to-face contact with his classes, teaching on average

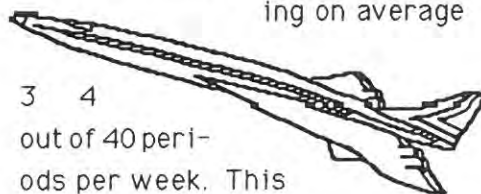
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out of 40 periods per week. This left very little time for preparation and marking, which had to be done at home. The teachers I worked with were extremely hard working and committed to their job, but

in my life, both professionally and personally—an experience I shall never forget. The staff at Westlands made me feel very welcome and my fellow family members were extremely supportive and went out of their way to make my family feel "at home" especially at those times when "homesickness" and other problems occurred, their friendship I shall never forget. And it also provided me with the opportunity to fulfill one of my dreams—to play a season of cricket in England!! (and we beat the "Poms" in the Ashes series!!)

To any staff member who is contemplating such an adventure I can do nothing but thoroughly recommend the experience—as something that will stay with you forever.

MR GOULD



VICTORIAN CERTIFICATE OF

1990 saw the first group of V.C.E. studies being undertaken by Year 11 students as part of the Phase 1 implementation of the new V.C.E Program. This will require students to complete 24 units of study over 4 semesters at years 11 and 12. This year students undertook units 1 and 2 of English (5 classes), Australian Studies (6 classes) and Mathematics—Space and Number (5 classes) and Change and Approximation (2 classes).

For our Year 11 students and their teachers there was new terminology to learn, different ways to under

EDUCATION

take work in each study and new forms of assessment to be developed:



- Fields of Study
- Work Requirements
- Satisfactory Completion
- Study Designs
- V.C.A.B. (Victorian Curriculum and Assessment Board)
- C.A.T.S. (Common Assessment Tasks)

The new report forms for the V.C.E Studies were sent home to parents at the end of each semester, setting out each student's progress and achievements in a range of categories.

In 1991 Phase 2 of the program will be implemented, with Year 11 students undertaking Units 1 and 2 in seven studies (English, Australian Studies and 5 others), while Year 12 students will undertake Units 3 and 4 in English and be able to select Units 3 and 4 in Australian Studies and Mathematics, to comprise a total of 5 studies.

CAREERS

It is hard to believe that another year is almost over and many of our students will be looking forward to the exciting world beyond our college.

Most of our year 12 students have tried hard to investigate future possibilities, visiting tertiary and T.A.F.E. colleges near and far and listening to lunchtime speeches enlightening them on careers such as psychology, travel, computing, accounting, law, advertising, hotel management etc... They visited Our Lady of the Sacred Heart College in September to participate in the Tertiary Information Service afternoon, together with the year 12 students from McKinnon S.C. and O.L.S.C.H. During the afternoon students were given

advice on courses, selection, alternatives and many tips on how to successfully combine tertiary study with social life and other distractions!



Year 11 students participated in the Challenge of Work Seminars conducted by Enterprise Australia and hopefully benefited from the close liaison with managers and other personnel from the private sector.

Over 200 students participated in the work experience program. Their work took them as far afield as Cohura and Sydney in areas as diverse as theatre maintenance, law and park management.

There is a constant hum from the computer in the Careers room as students from all levels take advantage of the JAC (Job And Course Explorer) program to explore the many options available to them. In August we ran a "hands on" Information evening for parents and students so that interested parents have the opportunity to experience the many alternatives provided by the careers' programme at our school.

J. STENT Careers Officer

FRIENDSHIP

My friends name was Lisa Maynard. "Was" you may ask? I'll explain why. We had only known each other for about one year but that was enough to make a major impact on my life.

We met through her brother. The first time I ever saw her was one hot day when I heard a cool, mocking voice behind me.

"So you're the girl who likes my brother."

I spun around and stared at what seemed to be a mirror image of myself except all my flaws were gone.

She was tall, slim, dark, shoulder-length, curly hair, hazel eyes with a pointed chin and oozing with self-confidence she continued her conversation.

The next time we came into contact was a couple of weeks later. Marching, no not marching, she never marched. Walking lazily up to me she told me,

"You realize my brother no longer likes you? Hurry and drop him before he drops you." I was flattered that a girl two years my senior had taken the trouble to warn me of an impending disaster.

From that moment on we were friends.

She introduced me to her two other side kicks and we all became firm friends. My own friends were dropped as quickly as Lisa and I became friends.

We did everything together. Every weekend we went to the movies, beach or each others house. Every afternoon I checked in with her on the telephone. If I couldn't go somewhere one weekend nothing short of an explanation

from my mother would suffice. In this way she controlled me, my life and my relationship with others. It got to the point where to gain some time alone, I lied about where I was going and with whom, yet I would do anything to please her including lie to her extremely strict father so she could come out with us.

We also talked a lot about different things. I was always saying how I would never let anybody break up our friendship and interest. I agreed. We always said the same thing it was all distributed between us as to who got whom.

That is until Jamie came along. He was a honey, but that was all he was. A beautiful, empty shell, left, discarded, by the snake that has long passed by. We however managed to overlook this small short-coming.

I was however the victor in this relationship and happily I claimed my short lived victory.

From that moment on a down hill slide developed in my life. The first I heard about it was a snide, cruel message delivered by one of her side kicks, the blow not lessened any by the fact

that she had felt pushed out of her friendship with Lisa ever since I appeared on the scene. After that school became a living nightmare. Mentally I divided all my so-called friends into for and against. I began walking the long way to class to avoid any embarrassing confrontations and lunch times were spent in a secluded corner with a few select friends. The only people I hung around now were my friends of old and how grateful I was to them.

This tormenting was taking its toll. My school work was slipping from its usual standards down a few grades.

Finally I took what seemed to be the only option left to me. I rang my father in Sydney and asked if I could live with him. Before I knew it I had left Queensland and was on my way to a new life.

I realize now that some people may call this running away but there is only so much one person can take. Besides I paid dearly for my "crime." The people I love most in the world are still in Queensland.

I put most of the blame for this on Lisa and for this I will never forgive her. I asked her once during our endless fight to forgive and forget and her reply was a disdainful, "forgive you, never."

Friendship to me means forgiving the others faults and finding a way to live with them.
RANI MINA 9C

MEN - WHO NEEDS THEM?

Men, who needs them
when all they do
is treat you like
slaves
and walk all over you?

They expect you to
cook
And also to clean,
While they drink with
their mates....
Do you know what I
mean?

They pretend to be



working
when really they're
not....

They chat with their
mates
and leave us with the
lot...
So when the men ask:
who is boss of this
place?
You reply WOMEN,
the superior race!

ANONYMOUS 10G

EMMILY

In our school, everyone's different- different hair colour, eye colour, personality, tastes etc. The one thing we aren't different in is the colour of our skins and we all come from good middle-class families.

There was never any prejudice in our school. Our school was of mixed religions- Catholic, Christian and Jewish. No-one held anyone's religion against them, it was just accepted. I suppose you could say we were a friendly bunch except for the occasional girl or two. We knew about racism towards blacks and Jews in some parts of the world, but we knew we would never be like that.

Towards the end of the week, the head mistress interrupted our class.

"Girls, there will be a new student in your class. Her name is Emmily Windsworth. She will begin her studies here at Laurent Ladies College on Monday. I expect you all to show her the same respect and friendliness you show each other. I'll need someone to show her around the school, and show her where all her classes are. Can I have some volunteers please?" A few girls put up their hands but I didn't take any notice. My imagination was running wild. Maybe I could finally have a best friend! We would do everything together and I would call her Emm and..... I didn't even hear the principal call my name.

"Cassandra Crimpton, I hated the name Cassandra! I would tell Emm to call me Cass...." "Um...Yes?" I finally managed. "Miss Crimpton. You are in Year 8 now. It's about time you stopped day dreaming! Now, do you or do you not want to help Emmily around the school?" Mrs Galant asked?

"Um...." I quickly thought, "No." How stupid! I should get a lock on this mouth of mine. Now I'll never make friends with Emmily. But before I could tell Mrs Galant that I had changed my mind, she had already chosen someone else. Jane Kelly- the most popular girl in Year 8.

"Jane, thank-you for volunteering. It is much appreciated. You will have to miss some of Period 1 on Monday, so you can come and welcome Emmily to her new school." With that she left. All because of my big mouth Jane Kelly will probably make Emmily popular and then I won't have a chance.

All weekend I tried to think of a way to make friends with Emmily, after all I couldn't just go up to her and say "Want to be friends?"

I asked my mum what I should do and she said I should just go up to her and introduce myself. Easier said than done! What happens if she doesn't like me? All weekend I asked myself that and thinking of reasons why I should introduce myself to her. On Monday morning I had talked myself into it.

At the end of form assembly, Mrs Galant took Jane Kelly to welcome Emmily to our school. Finally at the start of Period 2, Mrs

Galant came into our classroom.

"Girls, I'm sure you are all very anxious to meet Emmily. We had a bit of difficulty getting into the school."

What trouble? All you have to do is walk up the front stairs (which you can't miss unless you're blind) and you'll reach the front doors. Suddenly a very embarrassed Jane Kelly came into the room. I've never seen her this way; I thought she was always cool, calm and collected. "Jane introduce the new student."

"Um..." Stammered a nervous Jane, "This is Emmily Windsworth." I started to get nervous as the door opened. My mouth dropped open. In came a girl on a wheelchair. Her tongue kept hanging out of her mouth and she was dribbling all over herself. Her head kept turning as though she couldn't control it. Her eyes focused to the ground and her hands moved uncontrollably. Now I knew why Jane had been so embarrassed.

"Don't all look so shocked. Emmily or Emma as she likes to be called, has MS- Multiple Sclerosis. I'm sure I don't have to explain what that is to you, you have all done those read-a-thon things before. Now stop staring. It's rude!"

Some girls looked away and some pretended to read or write, but I couldn't take my eyes off her. "Now Emma," Mrs Galant said soothingly, "Say hello." Emma seemed to struggle as she tried to greet us.

"He..he..hello" I started to think about all the things I was against. Prejudice was the first. Then I started to think about the way I had been brought up.

"Cass, make friends with people because you like them, not because they have nice toys or clothes. Don't hate people because they are different, coloured or they believe in things. Like them for them." I remember my mum telling me that on my first day of school. Ten minutes ago I really wanted to make friends with Emmily. Had that changed? That was the question on my mind all day. I watched Emma- every tiny movement took every ounce of energy. Just to turn a page took her a long time. No-one wanted to help her, as if, if they did, they would catch MS. No-one wanted to sit next to her, they all rushed away.

At lunch time I watched her sitting by herself, eating or trying to eat her lunch. She kept missing her mouth so that half her food ended up on the floor. The other half was all over her face. I just sat and watched silently as if it wasn't real. At the end of the period Mrs Galant came into our classroom to speak to Emma. She did this every day for the rest of the week. I sat and watched her, as if I could only watch and not help. Once Emma caught me watching her and she smiled. I looked away embarrassed.

That week-end I thought about the past week and decided that I could be like the rest of my class and only stare, or I could do something to help. I decided to help.

The following Monday morning, Emmily Windsworth didn't come back to Laurent Ladies College, I didn't get a second chance.

KARINA SHPIGEL 8D

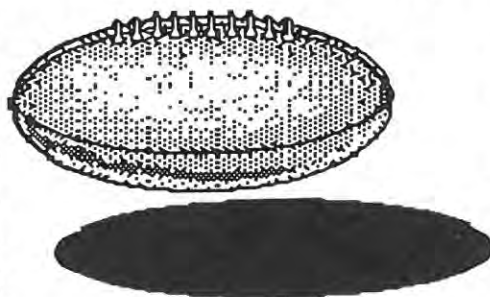


REPORTS

SENIOR BOYS' FOOTBALL

The senior football team had a great season winning the Nepean Zone and the final of the Southern Zone. Unfortunately we were beaten by Gladstone Park in the semi-final of the All-High Final. The school should be proud of the effort of the team to finish third in the Victorian High School Football Championships. Their performance throughout the season was fantastic, showing they could play fast, attractive football and it certainly showed on the scoreboard. The whole team played ex-

ceptionally well with every member displaying impressive ball-handling skills. The best result was the thrilling one point victory over Wellington High



School in the grand final of the Southern Zone. After looking down and out the boys lifted their game in what could only be de-

scribed as a memorable performance to all who witnessed it.

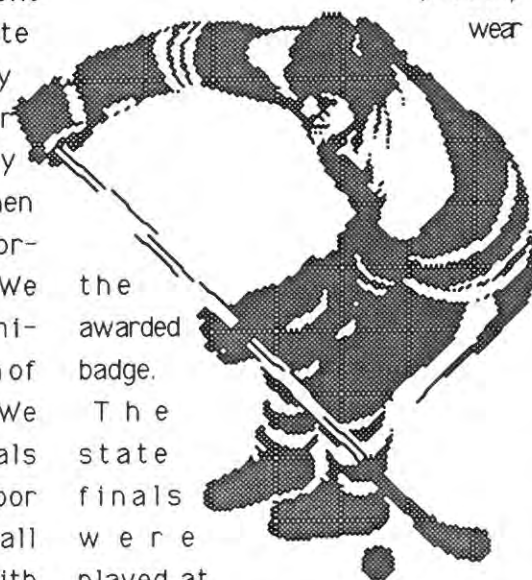
The team learnt a great deal from Mr. David Huttley and proved to all Victoria that Brighton is once again a force to be reckoned with in schoolboy football. Outstanding players included Nick Dwyer, Collin Ho, Justyn Shevilin, Andrew Topakas, David Florio, Darren Bendel, Mark Loosechilder, Richard Brabner, Dale Wellspring and the mercurial Jamie "Kostas" Vlavianos.

SPIROS NICKAS *Captain*

JUNIOR BOYS' HOCKEY

With a core of three regular hockey players plus two ex-players and a crew of enthusiastic but novice team members we went within one game of being state champions in the secondary schools division. The key to our success was the drive given by the skilled players especially when we were able to force penalty corners and score from them. We progressed through the preliminary rounds with a succession of tight games and massacres. We came to the Southern Zone finals with a team weakened by the poor timing of the hockey and football finals played on the same day. With some inspired play by our experienced players we won through and

there are a number of years 7 & 8 lads who had never played hockey before (and may never again) who proudly wear



the awarded badge.

The state finals were played at the State Hockey Centre in late August. We were confident but never

reached the dominance of our earlier games and drew 2:2 at full time. No extra time was allowed and we lost the game on penalty strokes. The victor Kingsbury S.C. won the championship in their next game. So very close but not quite there. Good players were Matt Hooper (Captain), Dahny Shaffel, Daniel Grey, Denver and Ben Artz, Eric Zuker, and a host of others who enjoyed the games played.

From a coaches point of view it was very rewarding, not just with the success but with the enthusiastic participation.

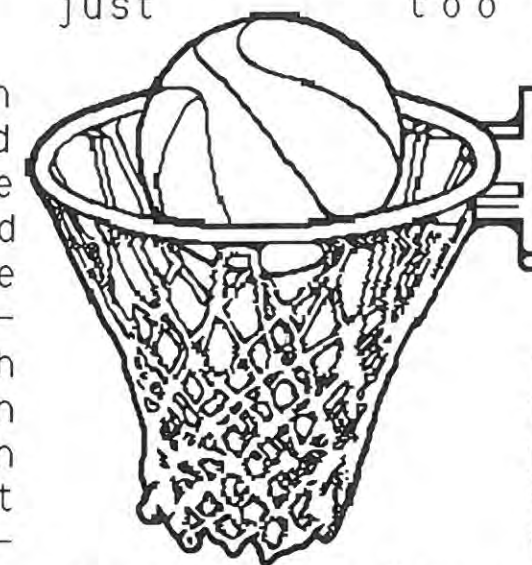
NEIL MCKELLAR
Coach

REPORTS

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Ketiah Fischer
Despina Kormas
Nicole Teichelman
Emma Bonsall
Jade Minton - Connell (for final)
Jaqui Sewell
Natasja Kozub

out at Dandenong, but unfortunately we only won one of the games, as the other team was just too were a bit disappointed. We grabbed two more players for the finals, but unfortunately that didn't help us. Overall it was exciting and we all had heaps of fun. Thanks to Phil Seymour we got where we did.



We won the Nepean Zone very easily and made it through to the next zone. We played three games in the Southern Zone and although we won each game, the competition was a lot harder than that of our first zone. With only 5 players we held on extremely well to make it to the Southern Zone finals.

We played two games

strong. Winning only one game wasn't good enough to get us through to the next final, so naturally we

I would like to thank all the girls for their terrific effort during the season. They were a pleasure to take. I would also like to thank Mrs. Fischer for her help and advice during the games.

KETIAH FISCHER
PHIL SEYMOUR

INTERMEDIATE BOYS' FOOTBALL

The Intermediate Football team had a mixed season winning two and losing two games. Despite having a lot of talent, the team never really played up to its full potential during the season. I would like to thank Adam Farrugia and Andrew "Turbo" Topakis for their playing efforts and assistance during the season. The team

had a large number of goal contributors during the season, with special mention to Chris Timewell, Errol Hussein, Steve Helliger, Alan Bradshaw, Darren Kol. I'd like to thank all the team for their efforts during the season, and wish them all the best in the future.

PHIL SEYMOUR



REPORTS

GO MURRAY



There was an air of excitement around the Caulfield pool. Could Murray House defeat the reigning champion and pre-meet favourite, Phillip House? We were quietly confident that Murray could break through for victory, thus causing a major upset. Our aim was to be competitive and swim as a "TEAM" by ensuring that every event had two Murray competitors. As predicted, Phillip took an early lead but Murray was a very close second and ready to pounce at anytime. Our junior swimmers led the way with Nicole Colquhoun, Rebecca Wells, Neil Waddell, Tim Woodruff and Lucas Muir controlling the water. The Miezis sisters,

Michelle and Tania as well as Jade Minton-Connell, Annette Lion and Erol Hussein worked extremely hard in the open and under 17 events to keep Murray in touch with the leaders. Murray took a fourteen point lead into the relay events and not to be complacent, we dominated to such an extent that we won over

70% of all relays. Our "TEAM" had realized it's ambition; House Swimming Champions of 1990. This caused an unbelievable euphoria in the Murray camp, and we celebrated well into the night. All the Murray swimmers would like to thank Mr. Boutros and Mrs. Mews for their assistance. A special thank you to Mr. Huttley for his enthusiasm and tactical brilliance which definitely made our "quest for success" that much easier. Murray House looks forward to back to back championships in 1991.

KATE ROBSON
JAMIE HILLEMACHER
(Murray House Captains)

SWIMMING SPORTS

The swimming sports went ahead after the teacher strikes, on the 29th March. Unfortunately because of the lateness of the event, successful swimmers on the day had no chance to progress any farther in zoned swimming.

It was a sunny day, so the swimmers didn't have to break the surface of the water with a pick. Over in the diving arena Jade Minton-Connell and Justin Shevlyn

entered the pool after twisting in the sky above, thrilling onlookers time and time again. Richard Brabner pleased the crowd with his soul-bearing performances.

Nice butt Richard!

The hoards started throwing themselves into the water (some fully clothed) without a care for the now beserk teachers on the side.

To finish the day there was the staff/student relay where we saw Mr. Fenton strut his stuff but Mr. Clarkson stole the show with the staff winning the race.

Congratulations to Murray House on winning and all those students who took part.

REPORTS

HOUSE REPORTS



Hopefully we can all look forward to a keen, close competition again next year.

D. HARMAN

House Activities Coordinator

Congratulations to PHILLIP House on their fine victory in this year's House Competition.

Students who participated in these activities made the Competition worthwhile and the spirit and enthusiasm displayed was most admirable.

These activities would not be the success that they are without the students and most certainly the House Teachers who give up so much time to organise their charges.

After the completion of the Chorals, Swimming and Athletics Carnivals, the standings were as follows:

SWIMMING	CHORALS	ATHLETICS	OVERALL
Murray 1st	Phillip 1st	Phillip 1st	Phillip 1st
Phillip 2nd	Grant 2nd	Grant 2nd	Grant 2nd
Grant 3rd	Lonsdale 2nd	Murray 3rd	Murray 3rd
Lonsdale 4th	Murray 3rd	Lonsdale 4th	Lonsdale 4th

ATHLETICS - ZONE 1

Because of our huge success last year in Southern Zone Division 2, we were promoted to Division 1, which was a higher division and extremely competitive as many of us discovered.

We started the day off well, with a few good wins and we were placed second overall for the majority of the day.

Everyone gave their best and preformed well, but it seemed that some of the larger schools were a class above us, espically



Lyndale, who were winning just about everything.

As the day progressed, our wins were diminished and we ended up by being placed fourth overall by the narrowest of margins. This was out of eight schools.

Some highlights of the day included the victories of Ben Durrant, Martin Dambrosi, Nicole Teichelman, Jade Minton-Connell, Matt Rosenfield and Kylie Nelson.

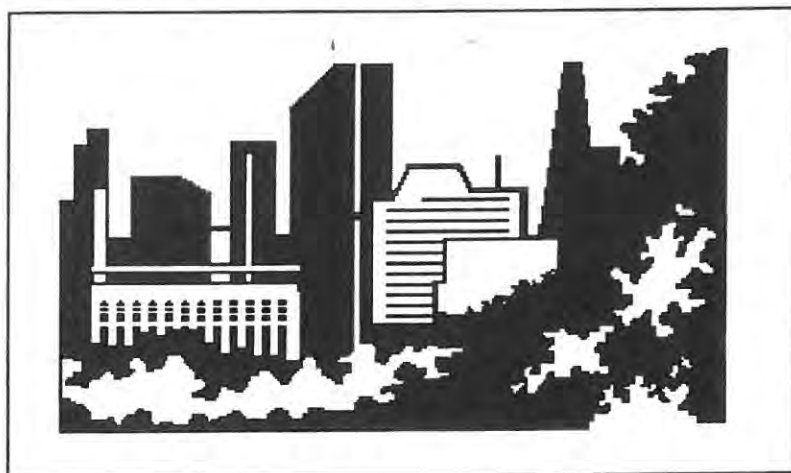


GAIA- THE SUPER

These days it's hard to keep up with all the problems I have. The thing is, I didn't cause them and I may have

perature making it not too hot, not too cold. The amount of Greenhouse gases in the air is increasing which makes

in carbon dioxide and releases oxygen. The Amazon is fairly seething with these little creatures.



to clean them up. You are probably totally confused now. Let me explain. I am Mother Earth, more and more people now call me Gaia which means a complex system of life, a huge single living organism. Five thousand million people live on me. I've been around now for millions of years and in just the last two hundred years or so the human race have seemingly tried to destroy me. When things get out of order I do my best to bring things back to a reasonable state of affairs so that life on me can survive. But it is getting harder all the time. There is a long, long list of things wrong, and I have been thinking about solutions and I have finally come up with a reasonable one.

The Greenhouse Effect is a major issue for humans at the moment. There is a definite balance with my tem-

me hotter and can upset the not too hot not too cold balance. If the temperature continues to rise, I may indeed be in for a bad time. I have thought of a way to use the Green house Effect to my own advantage. You see the Greenhouse Effect will cause a more tropical climate. Tropical places have faster growing trees. Therefore I will hardly have to do anything because the trees will be replaced faster and will counteract the Greenhouse Effect. Another solution that is possible is a small bug in the Amazon Rainforest that man hasn't even discovered yet. It takes

Another problem is the ozone layer depletion. This is created by man pumping chlorofluorocarbons (CFC's) into the air. That lets in UV (ultra-violet) rays, which can heat more. Nothing can actually reverse the the hole in the ozone layer, but humans, the ones that caused it, can help to prevent it from getting any bigger. All they have to do is stop using CFC's and things like disposable foam, and it'll be well on the way.

Yet another problem is environmental pollution. This covers a wide range of pollution - soil pollution, air pollution, water pollution and pollution caused by things

like noise or radiation. There are different things I could do about different types of pollution. Air pollution for example is quite easy to alleviate. Wind blows it around and spreads

it, snow and rain wash it away.

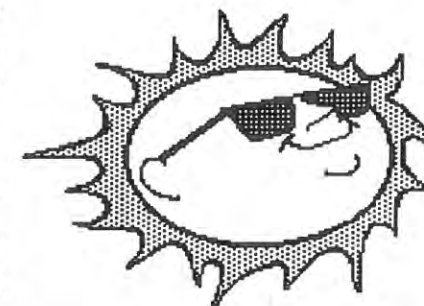


ORGANISM THAT IS EARTH

Water pollution is a bit more difficult to solve. I think that if humans could co-operate to stop pouring all that junk-untreated sewage, etc.- into the beautiful clean rivers, lakes and oceans it would be a lot easier.

Soil pollution is caused by things like pesticides, fungicides and herbicides being sprayed freely into the soil. The soil then eventually degenerates and becomes virtually useless. What humans can do is buy more organically grown fruit and vegetables.

Well, there you have the



three main issues on every person's lips and what I, Gaia, plan to do about them. I hope you have received something out of this. I hope you realize that I, Mother Earth, am not indestructible and

that I am not going to last forever despite what you may have thought. Every time you buy a product with CFC's in it or even litter your local pond, remember this:

"Care for your planet as you would care for your children. Their tomorrow depends on our actions today."

Bob Hawke

Prime Minister of Australia 1989

CAITLIN FARMER 7A

History will record that, this-our generation-knew of the problem, its cause effect and solutions and did-or did not act.

ROBERT VINCINT

DON'T

1. When animals see rubbish they give a sigh

Because they are certain they will

die, Foam, metal, plastic and grit

All of them belong in the tip.

CHORUS

Don't R.U.B.B.I.S.H.
Make the seas a better place



R.U.B.B.I.S.H

Keep it clean and don't be mean
or else you'll hear the animals scream.

2. If you rubbish the sea with minerals
You will surely kill the animals

So next time don't give up

Don't throw away that paper cup



CHORUS



3. So be a good friend
And don't let it be the end,
Animals have the right to live too
So it's up to you

SIMONE ADIN
EMILIE CREASER

STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE

Shakespeare! Chekhov! Pappas????

This is the question we asked ourselves at the start as our rehearsals for Standard Operating Procedure, a play examining the nature of the violence that men and male culture inflict upon women.

On our first reading, many students were hospitalised through shock, but, after a humungus censorship raid, we managed to 'tame' the wild play. Vic had told us that the style he had wanted for "S.O.P." was "minimalist symbolic theatre, with an allegorical emphasis through the utilisation of simple, eloquent statements and language that tended more towards poetry than prose and echoes vocal rhythm and repetition in combination with movement to create a powerful ritual about ritual".

"HA! we all thought collectively. Easy! If only we knew what he was talking about!" Well we coped, we workshopped, we rehearsed, and we panicked but most of all we were challenged and we felt that success was ours, and by the final night we all felt like a million dollars - - - all in loose change.

Many thanks must go to all who supported us.

AMERICA!

After a shocker of a plane trip and Matthew being pulled up at customs for carrying a 'Crocodile Dundee' machete (pocket knife) we were finally at L.A. Airport.

We were mightily sour, sweaty, smelly but wrapped to be there, despite having to carry our two ton suitcases and yellow garbage bins full of props.

Soon came Disneyland and Skye finally got to meet Mickey. Tijuana, Mexico was sleazy and hot. There were beggars on the streets and Jessica was referred to as the "Senorita Pretty Eyes" by the locals. Universal Studios - saw the mechanical jaws. Arnold Schwarzenegar was there (didn't actually catch up with him). Back to the future etc. Amy and Jenny had photos taken with Miami Vice stunt crew.

Seattle! Met the Banster, stayed with host families, performed our play twice to an enthusiastic audience of people. (Next stop 'Broadway'.) Vic and Nic cruised down 'Bud' street many times.

Hawaii! Sun, sand, surf and great men. Had a ball and all got burnt. Carla saw the man of her dreams. Jodie, Mel and Vikki coated themselves in yoghurt and Aloe Vera gel to try and soothe their sunburn.

The flight home was agony for the blistered ones, but on the whole the trip, was awesome! Thanks Pap and Nic.



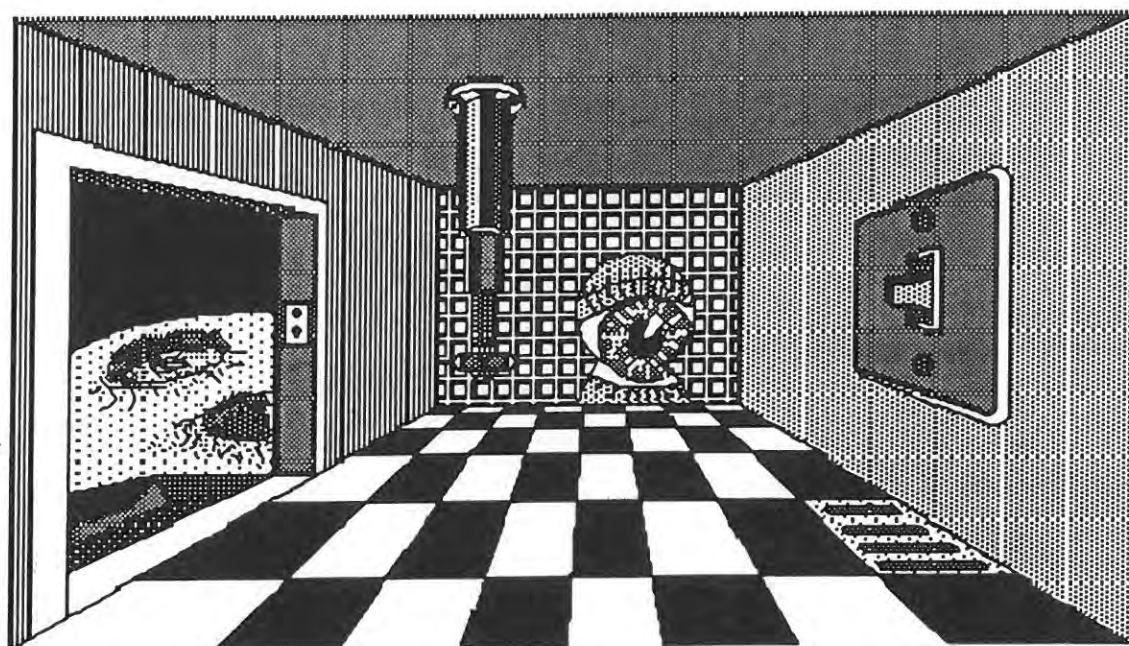
THE VIEW FROM WITHIN

Stuffiness, heat, humidity and the colour brown are the things which cause me to remember the room I know so well. The tan coloured, blotchy walls had an undeniable scorched appearance. The shaggy unmatching reddish carpet lying raggedly on the soft floor beneath me gave the

entered this room nothing could matter, nothing could be helped - a burned out match falling down a bottomless well. No light. No dark. Just me.... a lone consciousness.

This is what I wanted - this could not last. A knock on the door brought me out. The Big Bang - I was a universe

room was gone. In its place, whiteness, plain and flawless. To match the whiteness, hideous beings dressed in the same painful colour, masked faces looking over me. I was screaming in fright. Realization? Was I.... I was, like them, only seemingly younger, smaller, an infant in their



impression the room had been deserted for a stretch of time equivalent to an eternity. The overwhelming feeling of loneliness the room gave to me - a gift wrapped in an endless soothing hum with a timely hypnotic beat attached - the serenity my heart thrived on.

When I was there, we were one - the sense of nothingness, soullessness. I knew that when I

forming, a soul entering a physical lifeless being. Like a whirl pool dragging its victim towards its centre. The victim slowly orbiting before being pulled completely under. Then a sense of

struggle - the breathlessness, suffocation?

SLAP! I had eyes that could see - I could kick, scream - a picture was rushing towards me, different, horrible! The

eyes.

What was it to be? Suddenly a struggle, a sense of blackness closing in - was I going back? Like an ocean rocking a boat, silence, but for the gentle splashes of the waves. Was this.... could this be death? No! This was, I knew too well, the beginning of life.

BENJAMIN ALTMAN

THE ROOM

The table tennis table in the centre of the large, worn down, almost dilapidated room was the only spark of brightness my eyes could see. It was painted a shiny bright green colour which stood out against the dull, grey walls. A white sparkling border surrounded the table. From where I was sitting I could see a large, black spider with a body the size of a small marble. It crawled under the table's metal

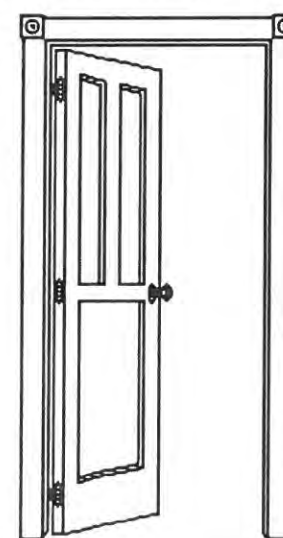
boards gave it a sense of invisibility, as the



carpet almost blended in with the spooky, little, eight legged arachnid. It ran quickly over the white painted border. Now within arm's reach I could see its hairy body. Daringly it crawled forward, almost running into my leg! The situation that followed took less than a second, but I viewed the mo-

ment as if time had almost slowed to a halt. It scampered by me. I picked it up, then plucked each of its stinky legs off. A second later the remains were under my foot, and then they were a smear on the ground. I imagined the tearing sounds of the limbs being ripped from its body - RIPPPPP! Through the green and red ooze, a twitching leg jumping about the mess brought a smile to my face. Now another bright colour had been added to my favourite room.

BENJAMIN ALTMAN



frame, which zigzagged between two brackets holding the heavy table up from the dreary floor. There it sat. The shaggy, black, unkempt carpet strewn loosely over the rotting floor



LITERATURE

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TURKEY

"Hi. My name's Chester. I'd like to tell you a story.

This is the story of how I saved my neck. And by that I mean how I really saved my neck. The same neck that was meant to be lying on the ground while the rest of me was supposed to be cooking in that thing the humans call an oven. The same neck that carries this fabulous head of mine that saved me from that awful death. The same neck."

"Get on with it Chester!"

"Yeah Chester! By the time you finish I'll have to be migrating to warmer countries."

"O.k! Hold your feathers. I'll start from the beginning."

"Well it was the 24th of February that calendar thingy the humans have. I knew it was the end of my life. My daddy (God bless him) had died on the same day three years ago and my mummy (God bless her) also died on the day we turkeys call Headisgone day, two years ago. And now it was my turn. For the last two weeks I had been fed twice as much as usually and I was about as fat as a Hippo. Suddenly I heard the sound that I had feared would come for years.

"Scrape. Scrape. Scrape. Scrape."

The old farmer was sharpening the axe that had seen the blood of not one but many turkeys. He emerged from the shed with a sparkle of a blood thirsty madman in his eyes and the savage weapon which was about to do away with me in his hand. I pulled at the rope that was tied to my leg and from

running away as fast as my legs could carry me. The farmer approached me to go with honor and die in silence. I, Chester would not go down as a coward. The axe came slicing down. I closed my eyes. Hey, wait up. It was supposed to hit my head not go past it! I opened my eyes.

I found the farmer had not been aiming at my neck. The weapon went past me and had hit the rope freeing me. I wanted to run but I couldn't. The farmer already had his fat hairy hand around my neck. He picked me up like he would pick up a sack of potatoes. He carried me a few feet, dropped me on a wooden table which he had obvi-

cutting his big, toe clean off, screamed, fell over, landed awkwardly, hit his head on the shovel which was lying a metre away and blacked out. And through all that I ran. I ran like the wind. I ran almost as fast as a rocket taking off into the sky. In a few seconds I was away from that dreaded prison and I didn't even look back. And as you know, here I am!"

"Yeah here you are. But what good does it do you if you're tied down again and you're going to have to do the same thing in a few months?"

"Well....."

"Yeah. How could you let that farmer catch you again? How



ously prepared, let go of my neck and grabbed me by the stomach. This time with one hand he lifted the axe and was ready to put me to sleep, permanently. I lifted my beak and with all my might, brought it down on his hand. Blood squirted from his hand, he dropped the axe

come.....?"

"Oh oh! Here he comes! We've got to go."

"See ya Chester."

"Yeah see ya Chester"

MICHEAL WLOSZCZAK 7C

POETRY

A Tuesday in July

The clouds still hang in the cold still air
The sun will shine no more.
It's been this way for many weeks
Unlike the warmth before.

A gentle breeze has just sprung up
It's soon a howling gale.
The clouds release their gathered land
Of rain and sleet and hail.

Soon the dusk will darken all
The difference will be slight.
The clouds block out sun,
moon and stars;
The clouds block out the light.

The winter has enclosed the town
With freezing rain and wind.
But soon the summer will advance
The winter will rescind.

BEN OWZINSKY 12A



Mulish Mankind

"Log the world's rainforests
Cut off mankind's life."
Expressing the opinion
Often leads to strife.

The greenies say,
"No dams, Burn coal!"
That way we enlarge
The ozone hole.

The capitalists say,
"Give money, pay fees."
Let's build a dam
And kill more trees.

Neither side
Will compromise.
But sticking to one track
Will lead to Earth's demise.

BEN OWZINSKY 12A

All Alone

I sit here in the dark
all alone.

Thinking to myself
all alone.

Whether or not I will die
all alone.

Perish in my grave
all alone.

I call a friend but they
are out.

And yet again I'm left
all alone.

written by
ANNETTE LION10D



REPORTS

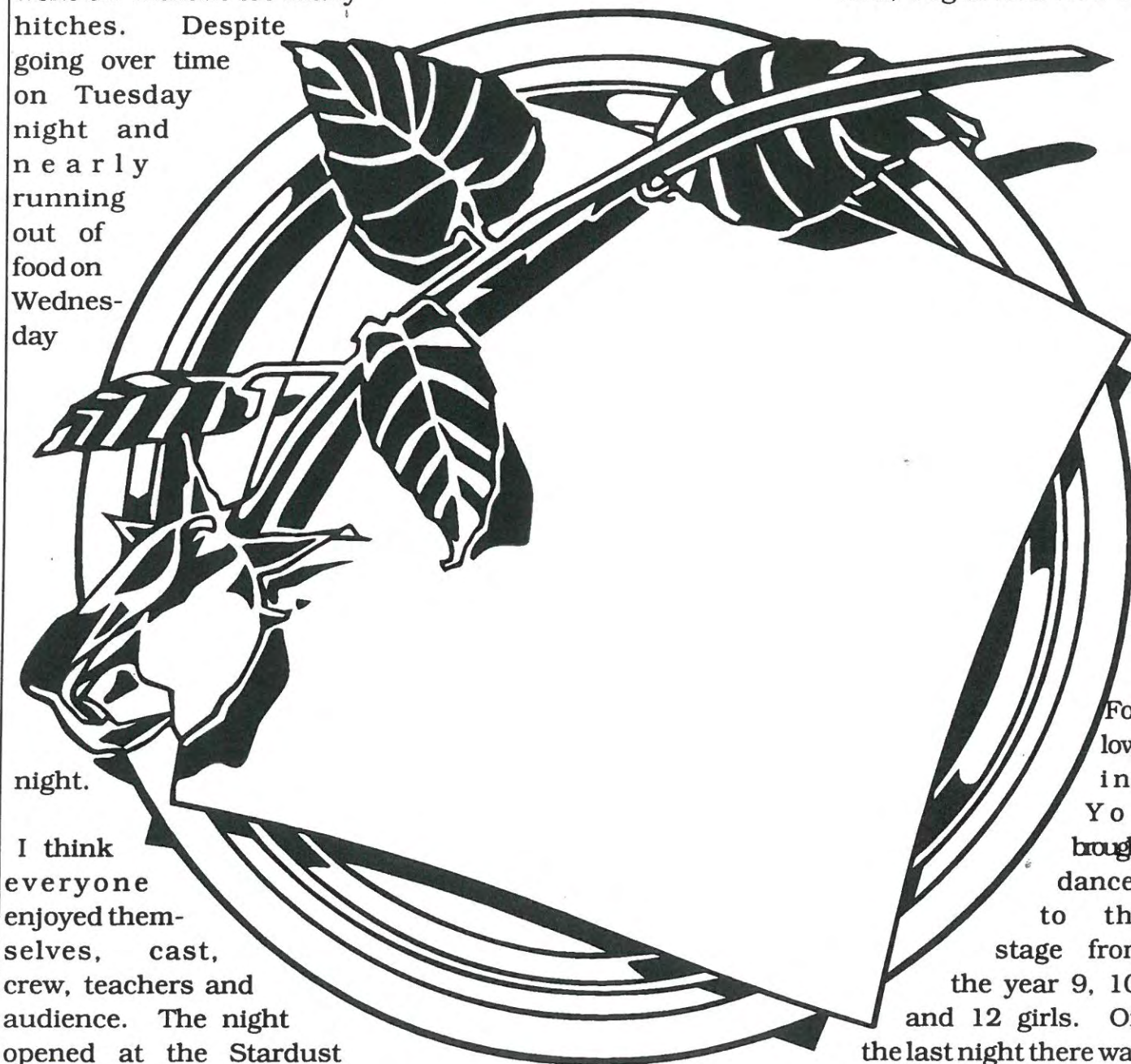
THEATRE RESTAURANT

Where is my make-up? I have lost my hat! My costume is at home! You're on in ten minutes! Three nights of panic, excitement, and fun went off without too many hitches. Despite going over time on Tuesday night and nearly running out of food on Wednesday

Grease and the like. Act One closed with Blue Moon.

Act Two and we were off to see "The Wizard Of Oz" pre-

solos from Jodie Trefness, Jane Sharpe, Kate Robson, Sarah Kinsella, Vikki Taylor, Yati Soerono and Nella Willer. White Heat, U Can't Touch This, Vogue and Now I'm



night.

I think everyone enjoyed themselves, cast, crew, teachers and audience. The night opened at the Stardust Club with Ainslie and Rachael forgetting the blues and Julliettes' moonlight serenade. We moved into the '50's with the year 11's revival of some songs from

seried by the year 7 and 8 students.

Act Three saw Les Miserables, Jesus Christ Super Star and Evita relived with

Following You brought dances to the stage from the year 9, 10, and 12 girls. On the last night there was a surprise finale with "You've lost that loving feeling". It all went very quickly and I'm sure that everyone would agree all the hard work was worth it.



LITERATURE

THE VILLAGE HIPPIE

*Under His Pad on 10th and B.
The village hippie stands.
A turned on acid head is he.
With pale and shaking hands.
And the flower jacket that he
wears,
hangs down in tattered
stands.

*His hair is long and blonde and
curled,
He sets it when he can.
His face is caked with
unwashed grime,
that looks just like a tan.
And when he's near you sort
of wish,
he'd use Right Guard or Ban.

*His pad is just a room for
him,
to freak him out in a crash.
The mouldy mattress on the
floor,
Contains his secret stash.
In case the Navos come
busting in,
To claim his pot and hash!

*His roomies high on booze and
coke,
And fogged in smoky swirls.
As the hippie tunes in on,
The dungarees and curls.
He thinks it might be possible,
That some of them are

girls.
*No hang ups bug his spiral out
of this world,
He has no pressing need.

*The years fly by and now let
me see,
The hippie we once knew.
His hair is white, his teeth



Last night he flew on LSD,
Tonight he'll cop a weed.
Tomorrow he'll flip out of
sight,
and blow his mind on speed.

are gone,
His mind is rotten through.
Who ever thought he'd live to
reach,
The age of forty-two.
Ian Richards 8E

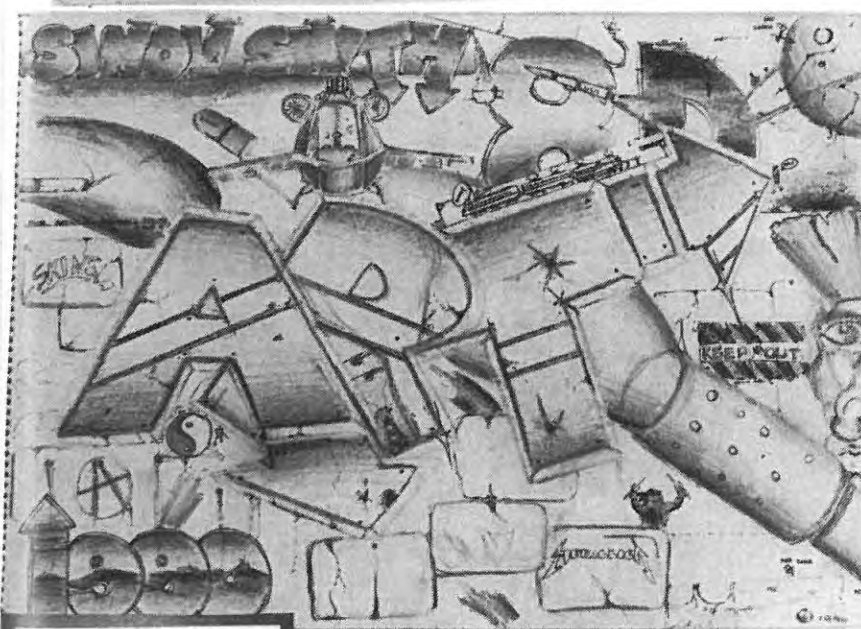
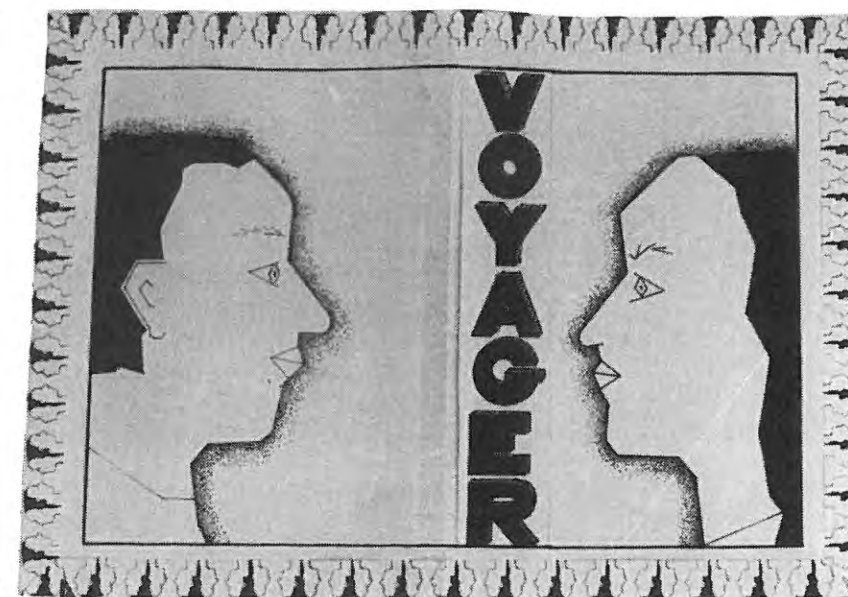
Tamara Mansour 10B

SOCIETY WOMEN

See her beauty slowly fade
She cannot continue this
mascarade

Tears well up in pencilled eye
Feel her soul begin to die
Her moulded figure loses shape
Society friends are only fake
See her looks and power tumble
Hold her hand, or else she'll
stumble

And so earth must, keep
turning round
Keep thoughts of vanity on the
ground







THE CAT'S CIRCLE



Through the deep of the night came a tap-tap-tapping on the glass- that awoke the small, sleek feline that was basking in the warmth of the crackling fire and enjoying the feel of the soft padding of carpet beneath her.

One luminous eye and one sharp ear sought out the cause of the barely audible annoyance; out on the cold window ledge paced a black messenger cat- obviously envious of Sirrey's comfort. She recognised the cat pacing outside as Jacob, a runner from the circle, something important must have happened for her to be called to a meeting at such a time.

At once she was up and running towards the window. Jacob stopped pacing and watched as Sirrey disappeared between the bookcase and the wall. In a moment she was next to him, stretching out and exhaling a warm cloud of vapour.

"Jiah is on his death-bed Sirrey. All the cats of the circle are expected to witness his passing and you'll be asked to take on his responsibilities and soul." Jiah whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Please hurry, we don't know what to do and I've still got members to inform, but, it really can't be long until...."

With that Sirrey had turned and gone. With a heavy heart and a tight throat she leapt from fences and galloped down driveways until she came to an oak.

Here she took a moment to dry her eyes with the back of her paw and rounded the massive tree- stepped over exposed roots until she saw the secret entrance to the 'cupboard' which was the name the circle gave to their secret meeting place.

After carefully moving the moss from under the largest root, she moved down into the dark tunnel, her soft grey fur becoming speckled with dirt



and, at the last she entered the old upturned porcelain bath. As she squeezed into the warm and dimly lit space, she mewed deep in her throat so as not to alarm Jiah.

A candle flickered in the corner of the 'cupboard' and through the soft light Sirrey saw Jiah's old and wise eyes taking in her form. The eyes alive but the face grey, grizzled and tired.

He was resting on a soft blanket folded under his weak body.

"Frightened little one?" Jiah asked in his soft, deep voice.

"Jiah, please don't go, we need you. We love you. The circle would never go on. Jiah I love you." the younger cat pleaded.

"Sirrey, be strong for me. All my life I've worked to bring about the circle. Please don't let me down. You are the only one that can continue our meetings. The young cats listen to you.

I remember when Bluey moved into the old house and crippled Whiskers. You were the only one that could save

that cat from the stupid old dog and, the circle admired you from then onwards. I beg you to take over."

Tears dripped from his eyes and slid slowly down his thin, old coat.

As Sirrey watched his colour drained from his nose and, as his head wilted, she whispered to him "I will, Jiah, I would be honoured."

As Sirrey turned from Jiah's still form she realised that the other cats from the circle were watching her.

"Go home Sirrey, we'll take care of everything here. Rest- you'll need to for the coming weeks. What with the wheat

harvest and the mice." A small cat sniffed and forced what passed for a smile.

At her house Sirrey turned to Jacob and thanked him for his company on the swift journey.

"You'll be great. We will help you, don't worry, we'll stick by you." "Sleep now."

As Sirrey settled back beside the cozy fire she was washed over with dreams about dogs and darkness- the oak and Jiah- and she mewed in her anguished sleep. She was awakened with a firm hand patting her fur.

"I wish I could live like you puss. Sleep, eat and chase mice."

"Hey don't go back to sleep!"

Sirrey watched the pink slippers fade from view and one lonely tear slipped down her pointed face.

"If only you knew." she sighed.
ANONYMOUS 11B

SUICIDE

I stood alone
Standing on the shore
I tried to think of
something to live for,

Something to keep me
here
But I drew a blank.

As I stood thinking
about what I was about
to do

I felt a tremor go
through my body,
The blood rushed to
my head
And I couldn't think
straight.

No! I couldn't do it, it
wasn't worth it

Nothing was that bad.
But I knew it was.

I'd been there for so

long -
I hadn't realized that
I'd been crying,

I'd been crying for so
long

That my tears had
dried up
And my eyes had
sunken into my face

Like that story I had
once read
Where the girl's eyes
were like pools of sad-
ness.

ANONYMOUS



CARS CARS CARS

I wonder how we'd all get on,
If all the cars were suddenly
gone?

No more vehicles to drive
down the street,
Suddenly we'd have to use
two feet.

On days of rain, we'd cer-
tainly get wet,
We couldn't slip down to the
TAB for a bet.
No more trips to Queensland
for us

No more rides on the tram-
ways' bus.

Think of the savings that we



could make,
Think of the time our jour-
neys would take,
Think how quiet our roads

would be,
No more calls from the
RACV.

I think in reality I'd miss my
car,
It is taking the fantasy a little
too far!

Thoughts like these must be
suppressed,
As a form of transport, the car
is the best!

JUSTIN WAISBERG 10D

WITCHES

A heavy silence grew over the dense forest. The sky darkened. The oak trees revealed their horrifying appearances against the pale moonlight. The wind howled with the owls creating an eerie tune and the clouds gathered to hide the sparkling stars.

Lightning struck. Three tall, black figures appeared, running wildly over the fallen leaves in their bare feet. Their black cloaks rippled like a black mass and wild shrieks smothered the winds howls.

Wicked chants were being carelessly screamed as they came to a halt and a blaze of fire came to form a crooked pointed finger. There was silence. They all raised their hands in the air and lowered their evil eyes to face the fire which filled their faces with such mad delight. Fits of rage and wicked laughter filled the forest.

Lightning flashed and the sky went wild. Screaming and chanting, chanting and screaming went on and on. The three witches continued their long reign of frightening curses and chants until dawn.

They seemed to slow down. Their flowing capes rested and hung miserably on their shoulders, their pale faces seemed to have a dazed look and their torn feet finally rested on the

early morning dew. The first bird appeared and chirped in the sky and the oaks had seemed to forget what had happened.

Then suddenly without any warning, a huge beast rose out of the earth. A tremendous fire-creature with long arms that could easily touch the ends of the earth.

The sun was pulled towards it and hit it with such a tremendous force that left the sky black. Great gusts of wind swept up the leaves and produced enormous whirl winds. Black and red holes opened up on the now crusty earth and sucked itself in. The lightning hit the tall oaks

sound that rang in their ears. The witches' cloaks were ragged and worn and waved about vigorously around their half naked bodies.

In the wild winds, the huge fire creature raised its arm. Wild laughter came from the witches as they soared high above the madness below. Then finally a huge opening appeared in the earth. Black, reds and purples swirled and swished around in there and the witches were lowered down. The fire creature sunk into the great hole causing an explosion. The earth trembled as it tried to heal itself.

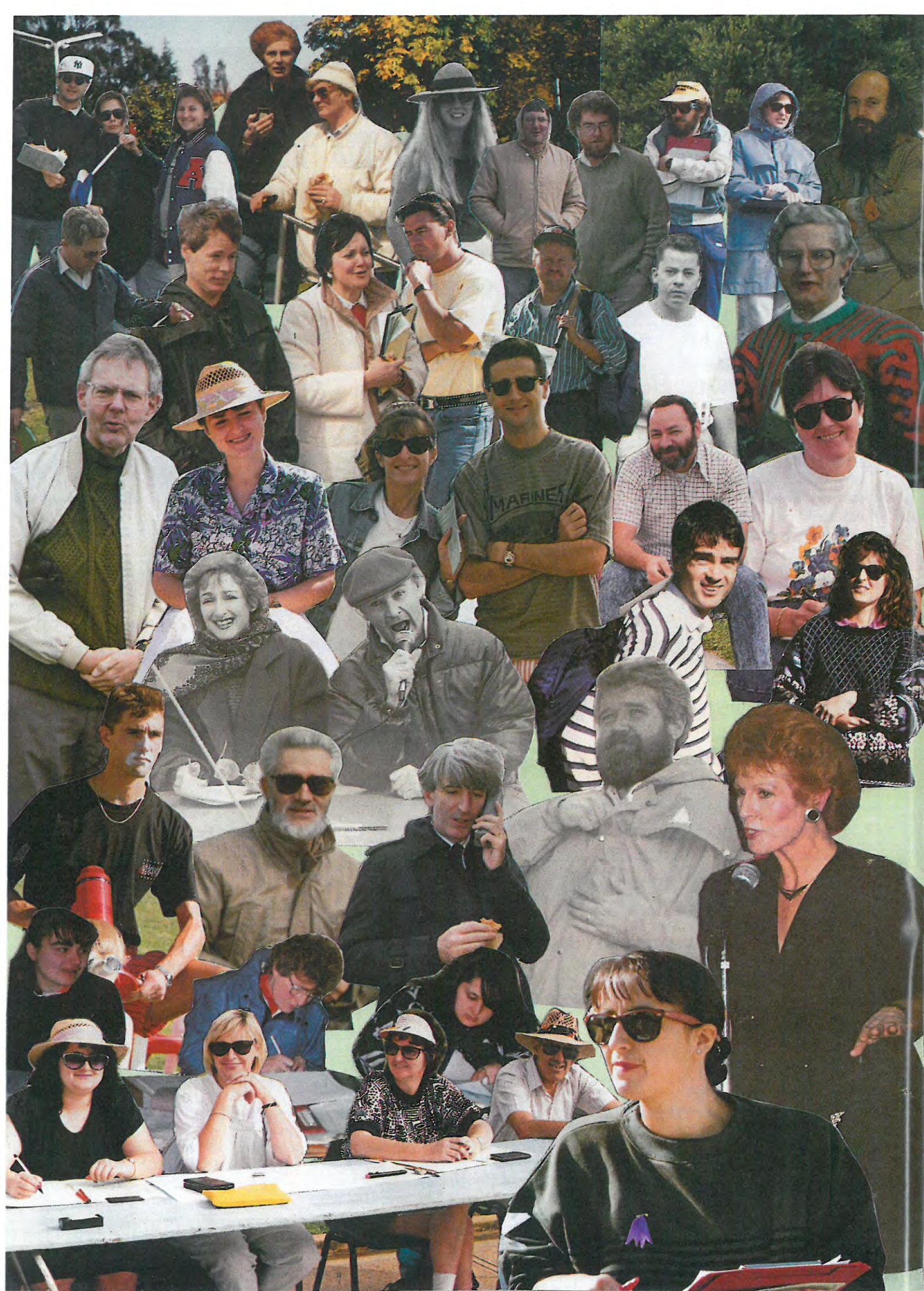


with ease that sent them hurling to the ground.

The witches hair, a flaming red mass, flew madly about in the force and the wind made a high pitched

The wirlwinds stopped, the commotion died and dawn was left with no sun, a black sun and fallen oaks.

TANYA MIJAK 8C



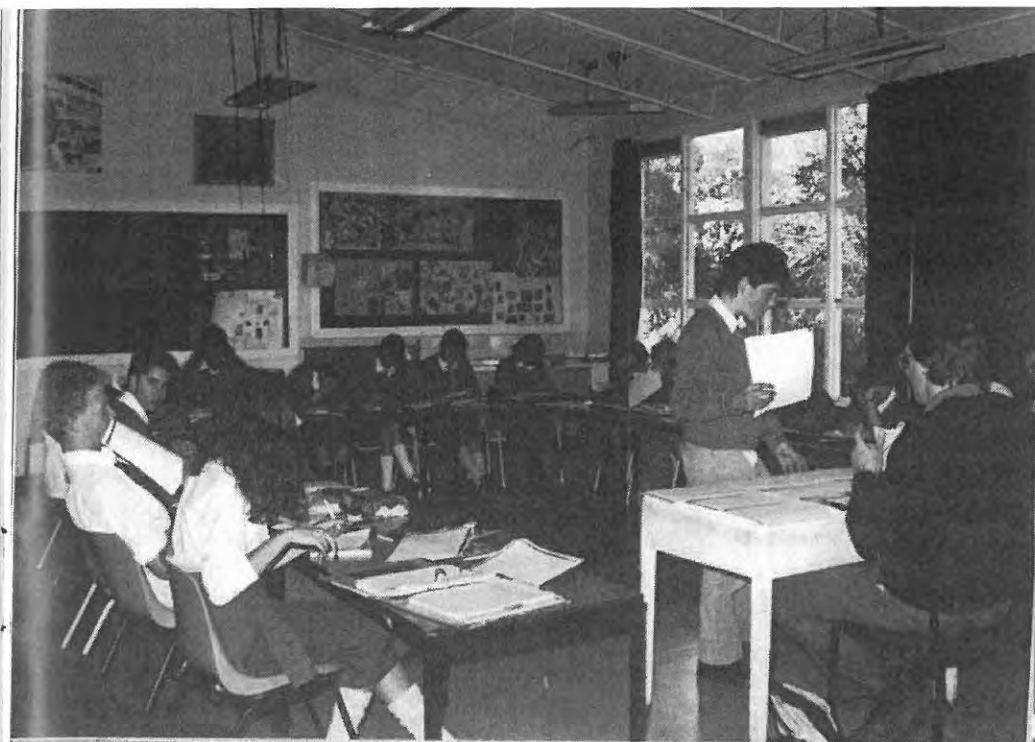


TEACHER'S NAMES

5TH ROW (TOP) LEFT TO RIGHT
V. BOUTROS, R. WRAGG, K. PAMMENT, P. YATES, J. LOCCO, N. MCKELLAR, G. GOULD,
V. PAPPAS, R. IVORY, R. CIAVAGLIA.
4TH ROW
P. SEYMOUR, P. KINDLER, R. CARRINGTON, M. DUNLEA, R. MCGRAIL, M. REDDING, B.
HANNER, A. FENTON, T. STUBBS, P. LOCCO, C. HUMPHRIES.
3RD ROW
A. DI STASIO, M. BATOUR, H. DUNCAN, D. HARMEN, K. GIBSON, R. CRAVEN, S.
SUTHERLAND, D. GRASS, J. HUNTER, J. ANSTEE, F. MACRIDIS, A. ST GEORGE, G.
CAMERON, J. CLARKSON.
2ND ROW
R. MEWS, C. ANDREWS, A. DIMITROPOULOS, H. RIHA, A. PAKULA, M. WHITEWAY, S.
LACK, F. FORBES, C. MAGASANIK, H. KLINEBERG, M. ELLIS, C. SHAMANIS, M. LONG,
M. MORRISSEY, J. JACQUIN, M. BAXTER, M. TRIPP.
FRONT ROW
O. ANGELEDIS, C. DELANY, J. STENT, D. CLARK, D. PITTOCK, J. FOWLER, S. BENDAL, F.
WELLS, J. CROSSLAND, D. SARIKIZIS, N. NICHOLAS.

ABSENT

M. DJIRKALLIS, T. DON, D. HUTTLEY, B. LAWSON, V. MC ALIECE, J. MORRISON, J.
PIRPIRIS, W. RUSSELL, C. TURK, T. VANKELLEVEEN, L. YU. N. KARAILIS



LITERATURE

MUDPIES AND BASEBALL SOCKS

Strangely enough, one of the most memorable friendships I have ever had is also one that I have vague recollections of.

His name is Yujiro. We first met in 1979, I was five years old and Yujiro was six years old. Together with his family, he had just moved in next door to us. Yujiro and his family had just come from Japan to stay in Australia for a few years. And this is where we first started our relationship.

While I was young myself, I know that he had a great personality. He was funny and a smart-alec as well. I say all this (regardless of my age at the time) truthfully, as I have countless photographs of us together; and they are positive proof of his character. These pictures have captured us forever at a time in our youth when all we did was laugh and play.

Along with my vague memory, these photographs provide me with the only other real images of our memorable time together. They have captured the times that mattered, or rather those that were so significant to me that when I look at the photographs it triggers something in my memory and I instantly recall these events.

I remember both families went to my grandparents' farm in Mildura for a holiday and Yujiro and I played in the mud and made mud-pies and generally covered ourselves in it.

Now that I can reflect upon him, Yujiro can be described as being the typical Japanese school boy. By this I mean he wore long, white, knee-length baseball socks together with the shortest of shorts, teamed with numerous trendy sports-shirts.

His hair and eyes were dark brown, the former being cut into the popular 'bowl' style

favored by millions of Japanese mothers at the time. He had a tanned skin that matched my own and was considerably taller and skinnier than myself. Amazingly enough he was of such a good disposition that our petty quarrels never lasted more than one minute after they began.

The fact that we lived next door to each other meant that we continuously stayed at each other's houses.

Yujiro had one of the best LEGO collections I have ever seen. We used to



build things together. We played hide and seek and we used to build things together. We played hide and seek and when we were one or two years older we used to dink each other around the garden on our bikes. I remember that he had a really good B.M.X. bike and he let me ride it too—which was pretty risky and also very generous of him.

It was difficult communicating with him at first as he knew very little English and I knew absolutely no Japanese! But in one of those inexplicable ways of childhood, we managed to overcome this barrier and instead communicated through our action and thoughtful expressions. In time, Yujiro had learnt a little English and I, a little Japanese.

Unfortunately, I knew that one day this friendship would be disrupted and that day came far too quickly. But

all good times have the annoying habit, especially during childhood, of passing in this manner.

Yujiro and his family had to return

to Japan as his father had his obligation to his workplace to fulfill. It was quite an emotional farewell. I had known Yujiro for four years. Even then I knew that the word 'friend'

was not sufficient to describe all I felt for him.

Ever since 1983, when Yujiro and his family left we have still kept in touch. He sends me photographs of his family and I send him photographs back of mine. His parents ring at least twice a year to hear of how we are and we do the same. My mother writes to Yujiro's mother and I always ask after Yujiro.

One day soon, in the near future, I wish to be reunited with Yujiro so that we can fill all the years that we have passed since he left with shared recollections of our short time together.

His friendship has provided me with many things, all of them good. I gained a friend who shared a love for all that I did. He taught me a great deal about his culture and background, perhaps unknowingly through our constant games and mischief.

In leaving Australia, our ties were not entirely broken for he is my penpal as well as my life-long friend. Either I go to Japan or Yujiro comes to Australia. Either way, the mud-pies will be made.

DESPINA KORMAS 10F

LITERATURE

THE CITY AT NIGHT

I looked at the rain falling from the dark, misty sky and splashing on all the different coloured cars below from the 34th floor of the exquisite Regent Hotel.

My cold breath touched the polished window and made it all foggy as

well as more chilled. The reflected white moon on the shiny mirrors of the Rialto building acted as a huge street lamp.

A drunken, cowardly man was staggering around in search of shelter when he finally found an old tree, then he was shocked by the sudden, bright flash of lightning. A starving, black dog started eating rubbish from the gutter although most of it was washed away. The flame of the pink

candles on my brown dinner table made strange dancing shadows out of all the objects in the room. Outside, Punks in the scary, mysterious lanes had wild hair

through wooden rubbish bins looking for recycling material and storing it in plastic garbage bags.

Buskers were playing trying to make ends meet.

My meal which was a chicken Kiev filled with delicious



styles and black denim jackets and were taking out silver pocket knives and trying to act tough preparing for a massive brawl. On the pavements, chalk drawings, bright and colourful told stories on the grey cement and were ruined by the rain and smudged by footsteps. Fashionably dressed people were going in and out of cafe's and expensive restaurants. Homeless children dressed in rags were searching

melted garlic butter was served with steamed vegetables which I gulped down. My check was decorated with symbols and was given to me by a small, handsome waiter wearing a clean penguin suit and his hair oiled back. I paid my \$12.50 for my meal at the marble counter and I left with my \$7.50 change.

KERRIE WEBSTER 7D

CLOAKED CREATURE

Naked moon.
Skeleton forest
Closes in,
On cloaked creature of doom.
Dead scunge,
Squelches,
Under bony foot.
Steps are muffled
In rotten denseness.
Creature,
Secretly hides
In trap,
Sighted prey.

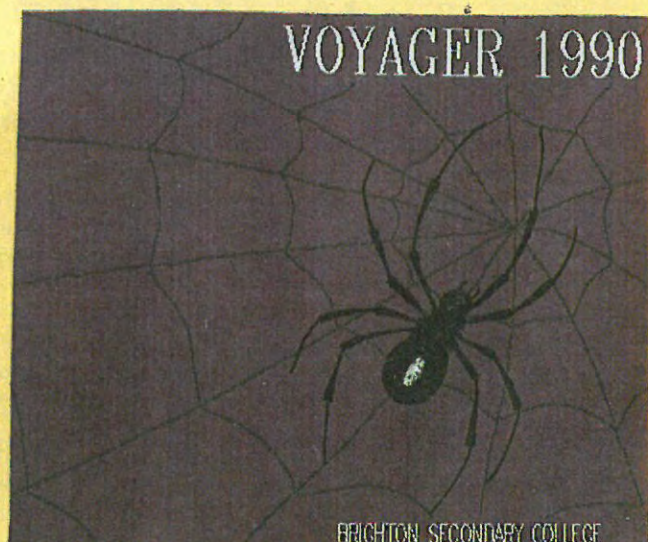
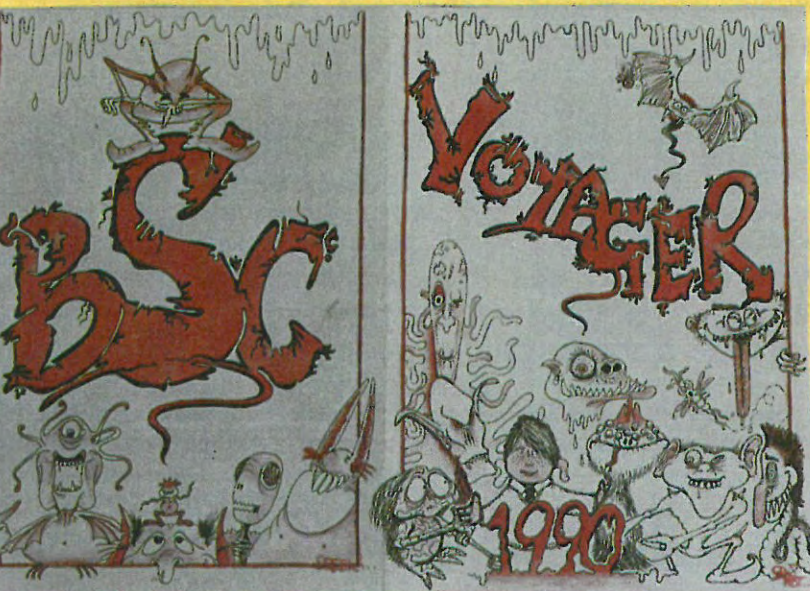
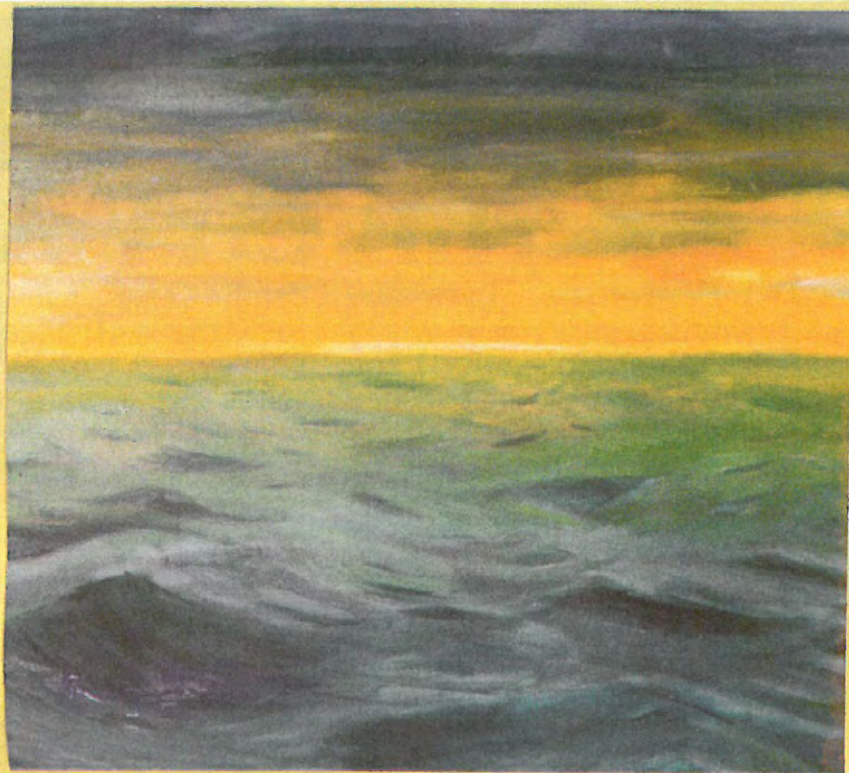
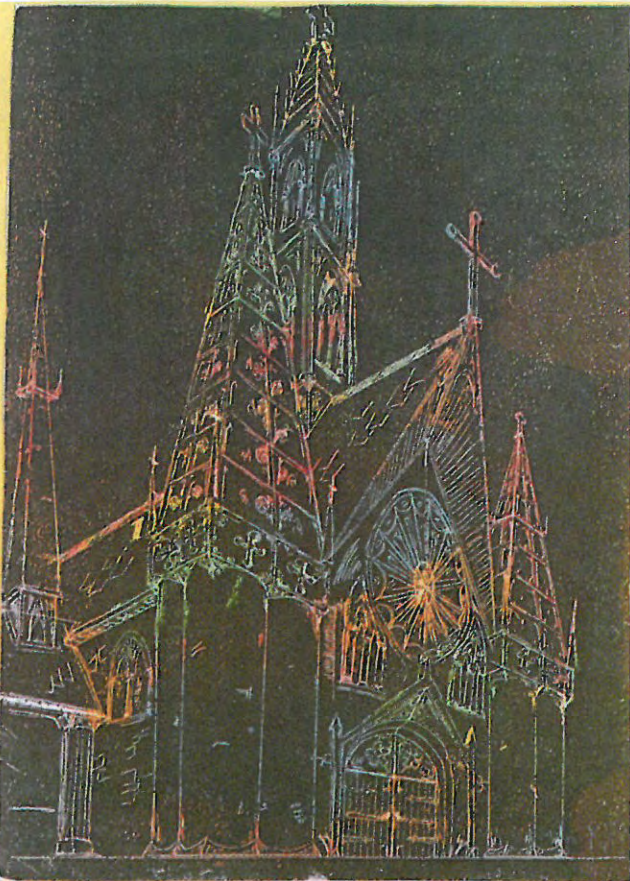
Frightened,
Innocent victim
Suddenly trapped,



In sharp fork fingered
claws.
Claws shred,

tear, rip,
Delve into flesh.
Victim painted red
In its own life essence.
Consumed and engulfed,
No traces left.
Frozen night,
Naked moon.
Skeleton forest
Closes in,
On cloaked creature of doom.

JANE SHARP 10B



REPORTS

CHORAL NIGHT



Well what a surprising, yet of course a wonderful evening the annual B.S.C chorals night turned out to be. Phillip House won its first choir for (correct me if I'm wrong), seven years!!!! It's about time!

Although I must say Lonsdale, Grant and Murray proved to have spectacular choirs and the captains should be proud of not only the great standard but of all the work involved in keeping their choir "a happy one." I'm surprised we were so calm half the time. You have no idea how stressful it is trying to control around forty students in a room and hassle them about the thing they most hate doing- singing! Only a cultural captain would understand the dread the night before...."Can we do it?

Come on Phillip you little ripper- sock em!" But in the end it was all worth it

The feeling when the adjudicator said Phillip had won was absolutely fabulous. I thought "We did it, we actually did it."

Mrs Batour was as usual a



great pianist and adapted to all the songs well. Thank you again, I don't know how you put up with all four cultural captains.

How good was it the day after to actually have an entire lunchtime without having to sing "Phantom of the Opera."

I feel we could have started rehearsing a little sooner but that can't be helped- it all turned out well- obviously.

As far as I know everyone enjoyed themselves and felt the night was a success. Thank you to all teachers involved for your help, but mostly thanks to my choir for performing so well.

Well let's hope next year's chorals are as good!

BIANCA DYE

Phillip Cultural Captain 1990

LITERATURE

MY TREE

Right in the middle of my front garden is a tree. Not just any ordinary tree, but a tree that is special to me, a tree that I can say is mine. It is a very tall Liquid Amber with big, green star-like leaves and conkers for throwing. I like it best of all when my tree is luscious green and overflowing with leaves. Unfortunately Autumn comes and its luscious green leaves turn golden brown and flutter down forming a thick crunchy carpet when I tread upon it. My tree then becomes a lonely, naked figure in my front garden, but to me it still stands tall and proud next to other trees. My tree would talk to me when it had its leaves, so for awhile we didn't communicate. I then decided that my tree would have a name. I would call him Whisper.

In the past, Whisper has meant a lot to me. He has acted as a friend, a place to go when I was bored or upset, and a means of inspiration. I never avoided or ignored Whisper. I would always pay attention to him and climb him whenever I had the chance. Whisper kept me company, he was sacred and a big part of my life as a child. I would never let anyone touch him.

"There are other trees." I would

say.

"This one is special, Whisper's mine."

Apart from me there was only one

other person who ever climbed Whisper. I used to take my best friend up there whenever she came over. Whisper would inspire us to sing. We would sit in her branches making up songs and singing them to each other. If we listened hard enough Whisper would very faintly join in. Whisper would inspire me to draw and to generally just think. He was perfect.

Climbing Whisper was like entering another world. Being up so high made life have another meaning. It made me look at things with a different perspective. Being up so high made me feel bigger and everyone and everything else seemed smaller and inferior to me. I could see my whole street from Whisper's branches and I always knew what was going on. People would walk right past me and would never notice me sitting up there in Whisper's arms. It was quite amusing.

It seemed as if Whisper grew just for me. The branches were far enough apart for me to fit in be-

tween them and it was very comfortable. Whisper provided me with a shade and a sense of security. Whisper meant a lot to me and I loved him.

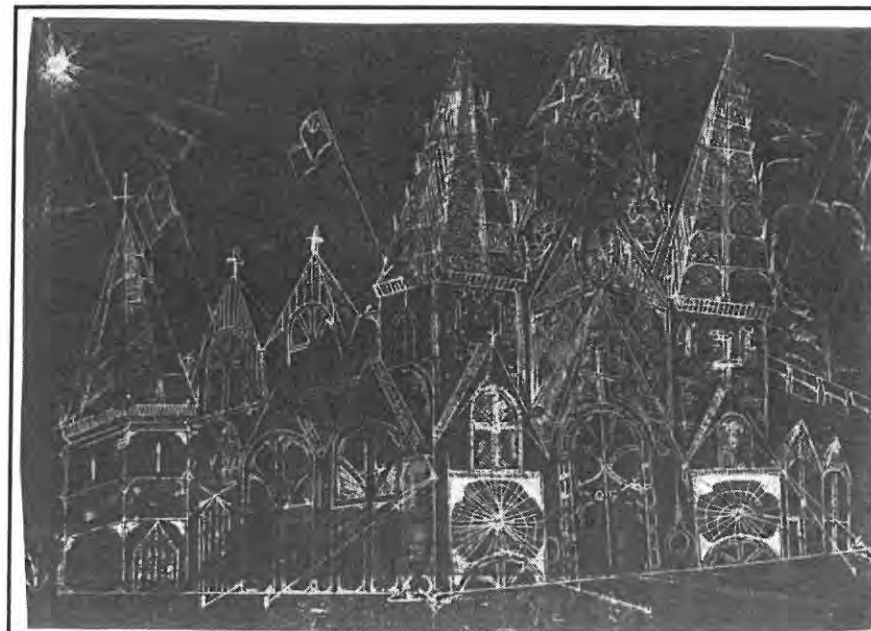
As I grew older Whisper became more and more difficult for me to climb. His branches were closer together and I could no longer fit in between them as freely as I could when



I was younger. When I was small I thought that Whisper was the biggest tree I had ever seen, but as I got older, he was getting smaller. I started avoiding him but never forgot him. I didn't want to hurt his feelings but the fact was that I was becoming too old to climb trees. Not only that but I was becoming too big.

I faced facts. I could no longer climb Whisper but I could still be his friend. I would water him and take notice of him. I hoped that he wouldn't hate me. Whisper and I are still friends and I recently climbed him again. He wasn't very comfortable but he brought back many of my childhood memories. I know that Whisper always meant a lot to me and he always will. I love Whisper and would miss him greatly if we ever were separated because Whisper is my friend and inspiration. Whisper made me forget my problems and everything around me. He taught me to be more independent and to like myself. Spending time with Whisper meant spending time with me.

LYLA OSHLACK 11A

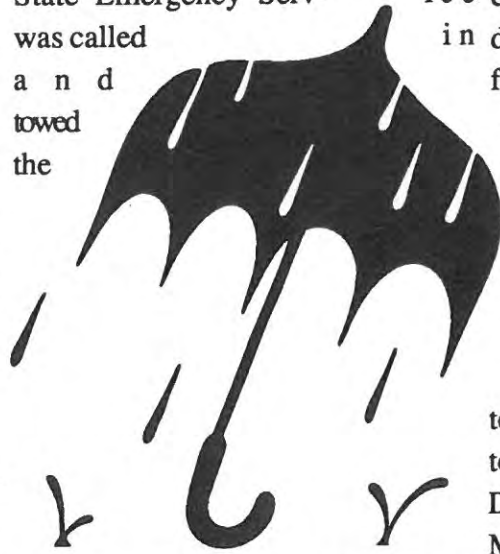


YEAR 7 CAMP 1990

This years Year 7 Orientation camp was held in the first week of term 4. It's lateness was due to the "work to rule" campaign earlier in the year. After negotiation for an available date the same camp-site was booked. It's popularity is well deserved as any of the students and staff will claim.

The camp itself offered many activities; orienteering (3 courses), rope course, flying foxes, raft making, canoeing and many others. The most popular was the canoeing where the students had great fun seeing their teachers in the water. Even the night hike was exciting when the leader almost missed the turn off. The usual night activities, the disco, and concert, were very successful as well.

A trip to Buchan Caves proved to be unexpectedly exciting when one of the buses found it difficult to ascend a section of the road leaving the camp. After numerous go's the State Emergency Service was called and towed the



bus out. On our return the weather changed with a forecast of rain throughout the rest of the day and night expected. This was too much for the bridge which collapsed leav-

ing us stranded. But Les (the owner of Coonawarra) came to the rescue and had the buses on the other side of the bridge in anticipation of such an event. The last day was spent carting the luggage by four wheel drives across the property to a footbridge, where the buses awaited. A final 5 km hike by all to the footbridge meant we could all leave. All but one. Mr Huttley had to remain behind as his car was on the wrong side of the bridge.

Thanks to all students who attended. Also the teachers Mr Fenton, Ms Grass, Mr Huttley, Miss Dimitropoulos, Ms Angelidis and Mr Karailis. And finally to Coonawarra, especially Les, Heather, Bev and Adam.

F. MACRIDIS
Year 7 Coordinator

THE MEANING OF LIFE

Why is it
That of everyone who
dips into the cavities
of my heart
The few who break
down
the barriers
Either take some-
thing
And never return it
Or break something

That cannot be re-
paired?

MONIQUE MENNERICH



DEPRESSION

I live
Where the streets
Have no name
No life
No colour
Where grey
is a feeling
And black
is a substance

MONIQUE MENNERICH



REPORTS

YR 8 GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

The Year 8 Geography students have been studying National Parks. An integral part of this study was an excursion to Ferntree Gully and Sherbrooke Forest on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of April.

At the National Park students observed all aspects of the park and went for a 3 km walk. Students were introduced to features of the bush that they may not have been aware of, not only the things they saw but also what they heard, touched and smelt. The Ranger gave us a half hour talk about the parks and his job. We then had a barbecue lunch. Students spent a fine day in the fresh air with no pollution. It was felt that the day was a valuable learning experience.



MIRSINA ELLIS
Geography Co-ordinator

LIBRARY 1990

1990 has seen the automation of our library. The computer package chosen is the PRO-LIB system, as it best meets the requirements of our library and is 'user friendly.' When the mammoth task of accessing the entire collection is completed, the benefits to both staff and students will be vast.

Automation will mean:

- easier access to the collection.
 - improved management of library services.
 - more efficient finance and stock control.
- Information will be able

to be retrieved and printed, ensuring a fast and effective service. Some of these functions will be:

- videos with resumes
- overdue, individual or form



- staff borrowings
- student borrowings
- reservations
- individual queries on a book or subject
- faculty holdings / class

sets

- annotated bibliographies.

All of these functions are time savers for both teaching and library staff, and will mean that reference queries, user assistance and materials circulation, can be more readily undertaken.

The computer system will assist us greatly in implementing

the VCE next year, as the demand for resources and research queries, will be vastly increased.

JEAN HUNTER

REPORTS

SNOW TRIP- YR 12

The Year 12 Physical Education and Health class of 11 students participated in a 3 day snow trip at Mt Buller. In the class of 11, 4 of us hadn't skied before and 2 of us hadn't even seen snow, so expectations from the beginners was high. The people who had skied before and knew how to were also looking forward to skiing.

The trip started on a high note with Mr Clarkson being 10 minutes late! But eventually we were on our way with a few people feeling very seedy from the night before.

The trip to Mansfield was

out of the bus wiping the sleep out of our eyes to be met by a dog that looked like a horse. After such a pleasant welcome we were allocated our rooms where some of us spent the rest of the

day

in!

Some

of

us

went

horseriding

though.

The plan was to

get up at 6.30a.m the next

day but unfortunately or

fortunately depending on

time was a greet feeling and everybody couldn't wait to ski. The beginners had a 2 hour lesson which we needed and the others went off skiing the slopes of Mt Buller.

Speaking from my own experience and not having skied

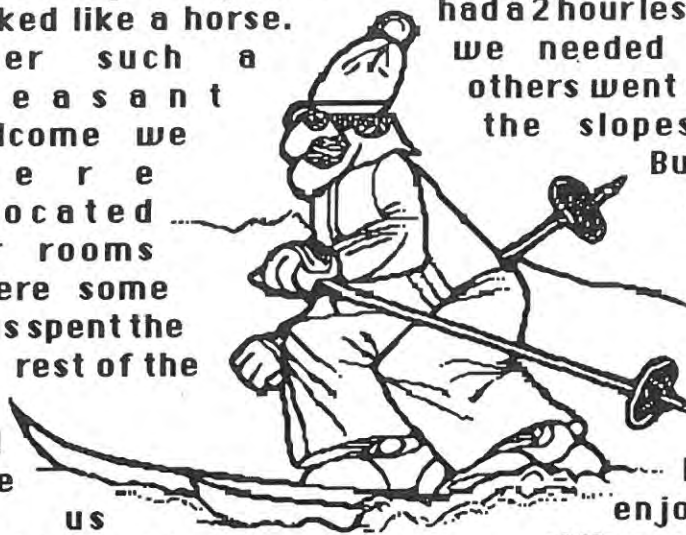
before I

enjoyed the

skiing even if it

took me 2 hours to get down the one slope and I did drop one of my gloves from the chairlift, halfway from the carpark to the mountain and it took me 3 hours to retrieve it! Still, it was a really enjoyable experience. I've got cuts and bruises to prove it!

Seriously it was great to have an opportunity to participate in a camp like this during V.C.E and forget about school pressures. Thanks should go to Mr Clarkson and Mr Huttley for putting time and effort into organizing camp making it a thoroughly enjoyable and beneficial experience for everyone.



a slow 3 hours and gave a few of us time to catch up on some much needed sleep. Arriving at Mansfield we stumbled

which way you looked at it we didn't get up till 7.30a.m.

Arriving at the mountain, seeing snow for the first

PAUL SCHOFIELD 12E

REPORTS

TASMANIA CAMP- YR 9

On the 6th-11th May, 40 children and 4 teachers went on a Year 9 camp to Tasmania.

We got to the airport by 8.00 a.m. and boarded the plane at 8.30a.m.

It was a smooth, enjoyable trip with sandwiches and drinks to eat for breakfast. We arrived at Launceston at about 9.30a.m. where we met the cook and our coach driver (they didn't seem to like kids very much!) We then boarded our coach to visit the Bark Mill

at Swansea. We then ate lunch and boarded the coach going via the Tasman Highway to Orford for our dinner and overnight accommodation at the Orford Youth Centre. It wasn't exactly luxurious but it did have an indoor basketball court and table tennis. After an exhausting day I think we all enjoyed going to bed.

Next day it was early rising, packed up bags and we were off to an exciting day at Port Arthur. We went on the Isle of the Dead cruise and we had a guided tour of the historic ruins and a model prison. We had a lot of free time (NO TEACHERS). Then it was back on the coach and off to our accommodation for the next two nights at Orana Guide Camp. When we got there we found that there wasn't enough room for the guys and girls so us girls got our own house! We didn't complain. The only thing wrong with the girl's room was that

it was 5 minutes walk from the guys and during the night we all got attacked by mosquitoes (Hayley got quite a shock when she woke in the morn-

ing.) We played some games, went for a night walk then went to bed.

This morning our travel took us to Mt

Rutherglen Holiday Village, which was the best place yet. It had a heated pool, a spa, sauna and an indoor cricket centre (next door) with pinball machines. We had our own rooms (6-8 in each) with television, kitchen, phone and heaters. I doubt anyone got any sleep that night, we were ringing each other up, watching television, playing cards or running around. The television had Sky Channel which I think the guys enjoyed (best chest in

Field National Park. We were all thrilled to find out how long the nature walk was and that there wasn't a short cut back! We ate lunch, no thanks to the cook! We then went back to the Orana Guide Camp to get cleaned up for the cruise along the Derwent River on the Emalisa. We all found it extremely boring so Mr Locco made the captain turn back early. We then took a look around Hobart. We got in some trouble there, Sarah W, Kerryn, Thimitra and Nicole B got lost. Everyone was in a panic, especially Mr Locco. They all got back alright though. We went to bed after an exciting yet scary day.

Early rising this morning, we visited the famous "glass and a half" Cadbury's

the west).

In the morning we had a quick look around the Rutherglen Wildlife Sanctuary where most of us got to see the Tasmanian Devil. then we took off to Launceston to see the Penny Royal Gunpowder Mill. Late afternoon travel to Devonport for overnight crossing to Melbourne on the Abel Tasman. The rooms were dingy but the boat itself was great. Dinner was at our own expense so most of us dined in the ship's restaurant on board. About 11.30a.m. we started getting curious about where the teachers were but we found them enjoying themselves at the nightclub on board. Most of us got up to dance, a sight to see on a rocking ship!

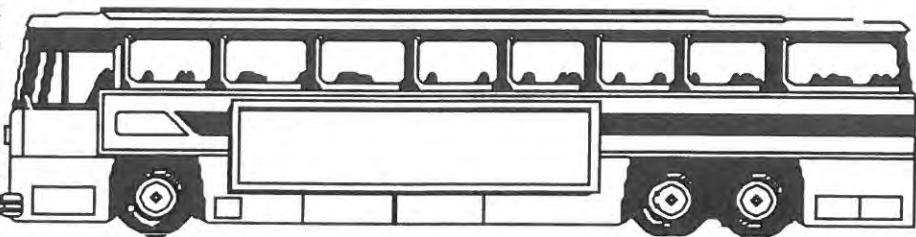
We cruised into Melbourne at around 8.30 a.m., but to our dismay the coach was late.

We arrived at school at about 9.30a.m. Over all it was a great camp. Thanks should go to Mrs

Mews, Mr Ivory, Mr Locco and Mr Boutros. Thank you for looking after us on the trip- you were all great!

NICOLE BADGER 9B

Factory where we tasted some chocolate and afterwards bought some really cheap chocolate. Then it was to our overnight accommodation at the



YEAR 12



Wendy Wright:
Siamese twins with Katrina.



David Ryland:
RY - LANCE



Marla Sarris:
Haven't seen her for a while.



Phillip Ryan:
The hall crew is my life.



Carla Atkin:
"Prince" wants her Kiss.



Colin Ho:
"They call me a showbag... full of....!"



Georgina Conabere:
"Tell me your problems."



Nicholas Skinner:
"I'm counting the days 'til New Years Eve."



Liza Clements:
"I'm only 8ft 10in."



Mark Littlechild:
"I'm not unfaithful."



Michelle Jones:
"He told me he was 18."



Carl Cravino:
"She's a bogan, she's fat, she's ugly, but I'm proud of it!"



Yael Levy:
"Men are..... I love them."



Phillip Callori:
"I'm not outspoken!"



Jessica Robbins:
We know who you love!



Dale Wellspring:
"How do you know I've got a big?"



Janine Seamer:
"I can't hear you."



Antony Nolan:
"Tony Lockett is a fat and undisciplined legend."



Nicole Gibson:
"I told you not to put - I LOVE ANDY."



Skye Greer:
"Failing your licence ruins the family"



Margaret Tanner:
Marge loves Spiza.



Spiros Nickas:
"This teams got 4 hearts and this mans got 3!"



Sasha Atkinson:
"Hi guys!"



Richard Brabner:
Walk like a man.



Jodi Stone:
"I can bare foot water ski!"



Nick Valis:
"I love Strippers."



Emma Bonsall:
"I DON'T need a boyfriend."



Ann Goldman:
"Beer's legal at school there!"



Amy Durrant:
"Not to worry, it's just another fight."



Ravnish Gandhi:
The forgery King.



Tanya Bassili:
"That hairdo."



Paul Philippou:
"I don't believe in haircuts."



Fiona Brock:
"How's your sex life?"



David Whip:
"Will you go to the pictures with me?"



Felecia Newton:
"Doesn't Uni go from 9 til 3?"



Bruce Talbot:
"I'm with it."



Rosemary Curtiss:
"SPZZA."



Paul Agussol:
"Early morning pupil"



Katrina Hill:
Siamese twins with Wendy.



Roland Pok:
"POK."



Helen Clarke:
Everything she says must be censored.



Chris Blackwood:
"Voilent, cruel and loving it!"



Jack Szabo:
"Where's Shannon."



Orli Silver:
"Itchin' to get back to school."



Joshua Clechanowski:
"No, I'm Michael Jordan."



Kate Dwyer:
"What do you think this is - a dating service!"



Brett Heath:
"I won't go to 7-eleven when I'm unwell"



Natasha Cooke:
"But I'm legal."



Adam Bowman:
"It's big isn't it?"



Lee Ramsdale:
"I'm going to marry a footballer."



Ross Mc Cormack:
"Women are the best"



Ronit Adin:
"Pronounce my name right!"



Daniel Deutsch:
"I know karate"



Nigel Leivenzon:
"Why does everyone look so tall?"



John Viney:
"Who's for Transformers?"



Justine Rosenfield:
"I'd love to paint that."



Daniel Joffe:
"Physics, Chem, Maths B."



Rahel Gunzburg:
"I'm gonna get 421."



David Wilson:
"I love my ABC."



Helen Taylor:
"You should see my boyfriend!"



Steven Rivett:
"Speak up boy!"



Khai Loon Lim:
"410 sounds good."



Alex Wollansky:
"Muff."



Rochelle Skilton:
"Say 'six' Rochelle."



Kylie Mc Kay:
"I've got skinny legs but a fat stomach."



Ben En:
"Where's Lee?"



Steven Pullar:
"Who?"



Katherine Robson:
"Just one of the guys"



Jamie Vliavlanos:
"I am the Golden Greek - just like Daicos."



Sylvia Hughes:
"I can swim, I can swim."



Soula Koulmandas:
"A definite credit-getter."



Jay Bickford:
"Next year Eastern Creek."



Suzy Jason:
"Who stole my number plate?"



Julian Freedman:
"I could still smell it the morning after."



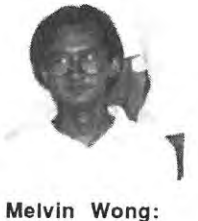
Jennifer Collier:
"Is it true what they say about"



Simon Adler:
"I'll never ride a bike again."



Kathryn Reich:
"He still hasn't rung, Helen."



Melvin Wong:



Samantha Willing



Emillos Kyriakou:
The man himself.



Jacqueline Sewell:
"I'm only a social drinker."



Heidi Doerr:
"I tie my shoelaces."



Damien Drew:
The Quiet Achiever.



Melissa Lester:
"It's the pain of being a woman."



Ben Owzinsky:
"Booga"



Vikki Taylor:



Jodie Trefners:
"He smiled at me - I'm in love."



Darren McPherson:
"I hate Liberationists."



Michael Lewis:
"Just call me Michael Jordon."



Ketiah Fisher:
"I finally gave it to him."



Nicole Teichelman:
"Gimme five bucks and I'll eat it."



Andrew Lynch:
"What?"



David Pearl:
"???????"



Sarah Kennedy:
"It's a good party, but I feel sick."



Ahdinal Ozbek:
"I don't really like Sarah."



Poppy Papoutsis:
Always smiling.



Gregory Super:
"Next year at Eastern Creek."



Kim Mc Donald:
"Never fear when Kim is here!"



Mathew Strain:
The person most likely to send medicare bankrupt.



Kimberley Tompkins:
"Trannies rules!"



Mark Loosschilder:
"I caught the school captain."



Sophie Williams:
"One glass wonder!"



Guy MacDonald:
"At least I was at form assembly."



Samantha Lloyd:
"I'm just to loud."



Chris Pfeifer:
"Baffled"



Jason Cutler:
"My cap is glued to my head."



Shannon Ward:
"Where's jack?"



Benjamin Altman:
"Mr. Mysterious."



Jamie Hillemacher:
"Can I have a pot of VB?"



Rebecca Dunster:
"Nice."



Matthew Mc Carthy:
"Give me a break my hairdressers on holidays."



Racheal Smith:
"I've got him now"



Stuart Ellis:
"Throw some dusties"



Sarah Hain:
"He's got an Alfa."



Duncan Coulter:
Yeah, let's do it. That sound's REALLY GOOD."



Janine Thiedeman:
"Beautiful, blonde, tanned, Swedish guys (Oh,...Hi Shane)"



Christos Liakos:
"Chief"



Amber Kafoa:
"He's O.K."



David Florio:
"Who's David Florio?"



Anouk Oshlack:
"Give me a smoke, I'm not having a fat test."



Andrew Mackinnon:
"I'm famous."



Mark Batson:
When's a Forward Place released?



Jini Watson:
"Where's your hair?"



VALE
PAUL WILLIAM SCHOFIELD.
4 October, 1990.
YEAR 12 AND SRC MEMBER
Sadly missed by the college.

ROLL CALL

7A MRS GRASS
ABDELKI SORAY
ARTZ BENJAMIN
BROSTEK DEAN
CHRISTIE CAROLINE
DAVIES RHYS
DOIG LEAH
FARMER CAITLIN
FILIPPOU EVI
FREESTONE BRENDAN
HALL SIMON
HERSCHBERG EVE
HUTTON MARK
ISAAC MARTIN
LEONARD JOANNE
MOORE CHRISTINE
NEMSHIZ CHEZI
SCOTT LINDA
TAYLOR STEVEN
THOMPSON JANE
WARMUTH ANASTASIA
WESTNEY JOHN
WOODRUFF TIMOTHY
YAMAHARA JOJI (GEORGE)

7B MR SEYMOUR
ARNOTT YVETTE
BRACKEN MATTHEW
BYRON JASON
CHAPMAN JANE
CIUREJ DANNY
FOO SHAUN
HARBOTT ERNESTINE
HUGHES ANGILEE
LANGFORD PETER
MALLEY SAMUEL
MC NEILLY ACE
MILLER JUSTIN
NIMMERVOLL TORIE
O'BREE SARAH
OWEN LISA
PATTERSON LISA
PINN NICHOLAS
ROBERTSONBEAU
ROPIHE IENI
SWALWELL REBECCA
TAKLA ABDALLA- ABBY
WALTON DYLAN

7C MR HUTTLEY
ALDERDICE DANELLE
BATES ANITA
BRYLA AARON
BURROWS CORINNA
CLARKE CAROLINE
COLQUHOUN NICOLE
FORRYAN JULIE
HYNES MICHAEL
KACPERKIEWICZ-PAWEL
KOPEL MICHELLE
LANGFORD DAVID
MC MATH DEVIN
NAIDU RADHA
NICOLACOPOULAS-MARIA
PRESSER JOSHUA
SALVAGE MATTHEW
SEARS JOHN
SHOVELAR CELVIN
SWIECA DAVID
WARD PENELOPE
WEBSTER BRENDON
WESTNEY RICHARD
WLOSCZAK MISIO-

(MICHAEL)
7D MISS DIMITROPOULOS
BALOT ALBERT
BEDFORD TIMOTHY
BLACKWELL BENJAMIN
DUNN TANSY
EINSIEDEL CLINTON
FLAVELL JOSHUA
GAVEL NICOLLE
GUNEYSU CIHANGIR
HARRIS ALLAN
HUTTON CLARE
JULIAN SCOTT
KARMY ADELE
KOZMA ANDRE
KRAAL GARRY
MARSDEN SARAH-ANN
NABILI LEILA
NEMSHIZ NIR
OKUR SIMON
SIACOLAS PAUL
TANNOUS NORA
WEBSTER KERRIE

7E MISS ANGELIDIS
BARTON JEFFERSON
BUTLIN RICHELLE
DOLKIN MARK
DURANT BEN
ELLIOTT ANDREW
HALL ANNETTE
JACOBS KIRSTY
JARVIE JASON
MAGNANI LISA
MC KEE AMBA
MIHALAKOPOULOS-AMANDA
MILLER ROCHELLE
NELSON LINDA
PRINCE TROY
REICHMANN CHRISTOPHER
REID MARC
SAUNDERS JABEZ
SHARPE DAVID
SVOBODA-KOVAR-ANDREA
WARDELL NEIL
WILLIAMS ANNA
WILLIAMS BEN
WRIGHT SHENNEN

8A MRS MEWS
ALLISON GORDON
BOOTH CAROLINE
BUSBY DEAN
CULLEN CHRISTIAN
EVANS JENNY
FILIPPOU SOFIA
HARBIS RHONDA
KOZUB FIONA
LOELIGER CHRISTOPHER
LUCAS CHELSEA
MARELIC GALEN
MC MINN JOHANNA
MUIR LUKAS
OBOTAIRE TAIYE
RAVENSDALE EVAN
ROMANSKI MEGAN
RYLANCE MELANIE
TESCHENDORFF ANTHONY
TRIPODI JOHN
VAN WIJNGAARDEN-KELLIE
WILLISON GEORGINA
ZUKER ERIK

8B MR KARAILIS
ABDELKI SOMAR
APINITIS PAUL
ARNOTT JESSICA
BLACK SUZANNE
BLAKE CLEMENT
BOOTH ROBERT
CORBETT JACQUELINE
DAKIS ATHINA
DIFFERDING AMANDA
DOOLEY SHANE
FORSYTH ELISE
HAMMOND KATHERINE
NORBURY AMANDA
O'GRADY LONNIE
PLAYER RICHARD
ROBERTS ANGELA
ROZAN DAMIEN
SANFTL ANTHONY
SERRANO LUKE
SHAFEI DANNY
TAINSH BELINDA
TURK DAVID
WELLS REBECCA

8C MR LOCCO
ARNSTEIN JOSHUA
CHAPMAN JOANNE
COURT RICHARD
DAQU KAMAL
DINOR DORON
FERNANDO LORELLE
HELAL LINDA
KRAAL BRIAN
LEVENSUS ZORIK
LORRAIN DAMIEN
MIJAK TANYA
MILLER DANIEL
NELSON JOANNA
NEVE MARIKA
PORTER SIMON
SPATHIS BENJAMIN
THOMAS LUCIENNE
WHITE VANESSA
YEMM BELINDA

8D MRS ANSTEE
ARTZ DENVER
AZARKHIN JANET
CATO TAOL
CONNELL LARELLE
CONWAY KIRSTIN
DUBINSKY LISA
DURRANT BENJAMIN
GATEHOUSE CARLA
GRAY DANIEL
HILTON KYLIE
HUGHES JANICE
JONES ANDREW
LANG BRADLEY
MARMUR LISA
MAZLUMUGLU OMER
NEEMAN ANTHONY
PARSONS REBECCA
SHIPGEL KARINA
SMITH SIMON
VARKER ANDREW
VERSACE DANIELLA
WARD BIANCA
WARDELL TANIA

8E MRS BATOUR
ALCOCK NATALIE
ATKINSON RICHARD
BRADSHAW MARIE-CLAIRE
CARMICHAEL BRETT
CRAIG ROHAN
EDWARDS SIENNA
GARTH RODNEY
HADDON DANIEL
HAMILTON MATTHEW
HOULDSWORTH EMMA
LAMBE KYLIE
LEW ADAM
NICHOLS PARIS
PETRATOS KATERINA
PLAYER ELIZABETH
RAO UMESHWAR
RICHARDS IAN
SAGER MARK
THIEDEMAN CRAIG
THOMPSON SALLY
TIMEWELL AMBER
WHITE KATHERINE
WRIGHT CHRISTOPHER
WRIGHT BIANCA

8F MRS MAGASANIK
ALLARDICE PAUL
BATES RAEWYN
BRITBART ILAN
CESNIK BARBARA
CLARKE TROY
CLEE LEEVONNE
DALTON THOMAS
DIB ALLAN
FOZARD BLAISE
HAYES CASSIE
HOOPER MATTHEW
JONES MELANIE
MERY GERMAN
MILLER SIMONE
PATTERSON CAMERON
POSTHUMA BONNIE
ROUSE KRISTIE
VARKER DARREN
WATSON TRAVIS
WRIGHT CINDY

9A MRS DELANEY
AIZEN ELIZABETH
BALL JACOB
CHUM BENNY
COURT EMMA
DEMIRTZIS THEO
EINSIEDEL DANIEL
ELCHEIKH SONIA
FOXMAN MICHAEL
GAVEL TANIA
GREINER SHARN
HOURMOUZIS CHRIS
HUGHES SHARON
JASON PAUL
MAC LEAN KYLE
MADIGAN SCOTT
NABILI SUAD
REDDY CHRISTIAN
ROSHINI USHA
SMITH BENJAMIN
UPHAM LEIGH
URE KYLIE
WRIGHT DENISE
YAMAHARA SHIZUE

9B MR STUBBS
ALVAREZ NERIDA
BADGER NICOLE
BENNETT SCOTT
BISHOP LEE
BURNETT ALISON
CROSSIN REBECCA
DAVIES CAMERON
ELIAS RAMONA
FURNESS BENJAMIN
HELLIGER STEVEN
INGLEY RACHEL
ISING GRANT
KAVANAGH VANESSA
LASBURY JULIA
LORRAIN MATTHEW
MC DONALD JACKY
MEADOWCROFT ANDREW
NESSEL GABRIELLA
OWEN DAVID
ROBERTSON JAMES
ROBSON ANDREW
SMYTHE ADRIAN
SZABO MARC
WILKINSON SAMUEL

9C MR LOCCO
AGNEW JASMIN
ASH HARLEY
BRYLA BRETT
BURKE ELIZA
CORNEHLS TODD
COULTER GAIL
DAVENPORT JAMES
GOLDMAN DARREN
GRAY SIMON
GWYTHYER SALLY
KENDEL AVI
MARCHELLO LEONIE
MARSHALL SCOTT
MARTIN STEVEN
MINA RANI
PEKAR PAULINE
PHELAN JASMINE
SHAAB LAURA
SIAPANTAS MELANIE
STEEL DANIEL
TANNOUS SUSANNE
TANNOUS LEO
TOMPKINS ANDREW
WILKINSON BENJAMIN
WILLIAMS ROSS

9D MISS SARIKIZIS
BALOT GEORGE
DOLKIN ADAM
FASSOULIS PAUL
GHITA DANIEL
GREENFIELD CHRISTINE
GREENWAY JOHANNA
KELEHER JAMIE
LATIMER NICHOLAS
MORFEA LEAH
NORRIS RACHAEL
PERRY CHELSEA
PREW ROBERT
RHODES-MITCHELL-SKYE
RIGBY PENELOPE
ROTMAN LAINIE
RUDD NIGEL
SAGIAKOS THIMITRA
SEALE ANTHONY
SEGMAN PAUL
SUPER KERRYAN

ROLL CALL

TAHIR OLGA
TUSKIN JAMES
WILLIAMS SARAH
WRIGHT KRISHAAN

9E MR RUSSEL
COGDON VERINA
CONABERE JUSTIN
DAY CHRISTIAN
ELBAUM HAYLEY
ELLIOTT CHRISTOPHER
FITZGERALD CAMERON
GERMANO MICHAEL
GREINER SIMON
HIND JEFF
JOHANNSEN TONY
JONES JEZIKA
LEONARD ROANNE
MALING JESSE
MELLECH MARK
NAIDU MEERA
RODDER JOSHUA
ROSENFELD MATTHEW
RYLANCE CRAIG
SPATHIS DANIELLE
TAHAN JULES
TALBOT MALCOM
WEINIGER DUSTIN

10A MRS PAKULA
ALLISON DOUGLAS
ATKINSON RENEE
BATTERHAM MITCHELL
BAYEH AZIZ
BLAKE FELICITY
COLLEY BRETT
CZAKO THOMAS
DARBYSHIRE MALGOSIA
DEUTSCH ANITA
GIBSON TAMARA
HUGHES BREEZE
MARION VIRGINIA
MARTIN MICHELLE
MATTHEWS DAMIAN
TANNOUS JACK
THOMPSON JAMES
TIMEWELL CHRISTOPHER
WAGERMAND ARREN
WARRANDER SHARMAINE
WHIP CHRISTOPHER
YEMM VANESSA

10B MR VAN KALLEVEEN
BLAKE LUCY
BRADSHAW ALAN
BUSBY BRETT
COTTIER PETER
FERNANDO GYNETH
FISHER NICOLE
FURNESS SIMON
HOUDALAKIS KOSTA
KRASKA ADNAN
LORRAIN NICHOLAS
LUCAS FRANCOISE
MANGAN SAMANTHA
MANSOUR TAMARA
MENNERICH MONIQUE
POZNANSKI GILLUD
SAYASANE SONTHAVINH
SHARP JANE
SOERONO WIDAYATI
SOLDATOS ANN
SPAULDING DAVID
WARD ROBERT
YANCOS MARK

ROLL CALL

10C MISS PIPIRIS
BOYD AINSLEY
BURKE CATHERINE
BURKE ANDREW
FELL JO-ANN
FLETCHER MICHAEL
HEATH CRAIG
HILL CARLOYN
KEOWN PETA
KINSELLA SARAH
NIXON ADAM
PAKULA CANDICE
PERRY LYNETTE
PLAYER MURRAY
POSTHUMA JESSIE
RIGBY EMMA
SCHILLING MATTHEW
SHACHAR TOMER
SKJONNEMAND HEIDI
SUJICA ROMY
WILLISON STEVEN
WRIGHT DANIELLE

10D MR PAPPAS
ADIN SIMONE
ANDREW MATT
BOTIC MEAGAN
BOWMAN JULIA
CIUREJ KRZYSZTOF
CREASER EMILIE
ELCHEIKH JOHN
JOFFE DAHLIA
LION ANNETTE
MALCOLM CARLI
MIEZIS MICHELLE
O'BREE BRIDGET
PAPAXANTHOU STELIDIS
RAMSAY BENJAMIN
ROMANSKI MISCHKA
ROSS MAXINE
THURSFIELDGAVIN
TOPAKAS ANDREW
WAISBERG JUSTIN
WIMALASURIYA-
MANOURI
WIMALASURIYA-
DINESH
WRIGHT MADELEINE

10E MR MCKELLAR
ADLER HELEN
ATKINSON TROY
BATTAINI PAUL
BLACKWELL MATTHEW
CARROLL JAMES
FREEMAN GREGORY
GUNZBERG AVIVA
KOULMANDAS STEVEN
LOUISON AMBER
MC CALL NINA
MC MILLAN STEPHEN
MILOPTERIS PETER
MINTON-CONNELL-
JADE
ROZAN SHEREE
SAGER DARREN
SAISANAS GEORGE
SCROBOGNA JUSTIN
SULLIVAN KATHERINE
TUSKIN JACQUELINE
VOTSIS ANGELA
WIMALASENA ROYSTON

10F MRS LAWSON
ANTZAKAS SOFIA
BAIN KELLIE
CHRISTOU CHRIS
CONABERE VANESSA
COOKE SHANE
CUTHBERT NICOLE
FARRUGIA ADAM
HAUGH RUTH
ILLE ALLAN
KNIGHT JASON
KORMAS DESPINA
LEW MATTHEW
MC CLEERY BRONWYN
MIEZIS TANIA
NELSON RODNEY
NIRENS KELLIE
PHILIPPOU ALEXANDER
RUSSELL KAREN
SPYROU ANDREW
ZAYONTZ TOMER

10G MISS ANDREWS
ALCOCK DANIEL
ASHMORE BRONWEN
BRACKEN KYLIE
GEE TIFFANIE
GIZA JACEK (JACK)
HOLAHAN PENELOPE
HUGHES DUANNE
HUSSEIN EROL
KETCHELL CHARMINE
KOL DARREN
LIPSCHUTZ RONEN
MARSDEN DAVID
MULCOCK LAUREN
REID CATHERINE
RHODES GENINE
SHIM MI
STAVRAKIS ANNA
STONE KARÉE
SWALWELL DEBBIE

11A MRS RIHA
AGUSSOL NICOLE
BLANCHARD VIVIAN
CORBETT BYRON
CULLEN DANIEL
DAMBROSI MARTIN
DEAN JULIAN
DWYER NICHOLAS
EMMOTH ANDREAS
HENDERSON KATIE
SEARS JANETTE
LATIMER JULIAN
LAWRIE GARTH
LEWIS ALYSSA
LOVE KIRSTEN
OSHLACK Lyla
PEARL CRAIG
RAYNER JACQUIE
SHARP AMANDA

11B MR CARRINGTON
ALEXOPOULOS GEORGE
CLARKE CHRISTOPHER
COLLEY ROSS
CONSTANTINO REBECCA
CORBETT CLINTON
CROFTS DAMIEN
DAKIS JOHN
DAVENPORT REBECCA
FAULKNER GEIRE
HALLAM GEORGINA
INAI TSUTOMU

JAIN ANANT
JOHNSON JULIETTE
KOKKALIDIS LISA
KOZUB NATASJA
LANIGAN PAULA
LUM JUSTIN
MC CONCHIE JAMIE
PARKER BRENT
PAVIS DENIS
PINN EMMA
SEURET ERIC
YOUNES DALE

11C MISS DJIRKALLIS
BAILEY DANIELLE
BOSWELL TRACEY
BRABNER MELLINIE
CAIRNS NATHANIEL
CAMERON ROHAN
DAVIS JOHN
GRASSO JASON
HARGREAVES JILLINDA
HOMER LOUISE
HOOPER LEE
IGNATIADIS NICK
JACOBS TERRI
JOHNSON PRUDENCE
KERR MELISSA
LASBURY ANNE
MARELIC MUGETTE
MC DONALD DANIEL
NIMMERVOLL SIMON
SHAFEI ANDREW
SHEVLIN JUSTYN
SKARLATOS ANGELA
TOMPKINS CLAIRE
TURLEY REBECCA
VERSACE ANTONELLA

11D MRS TRIPP
ALTER ALEX
BLANC SEBASTIEN
CIUREJ MARIUSZ-
(PAUL)
CONWAY MELANIE
CROAKER JOANNE
CROSSIN GORDON
EMMETT STEPHEN
EVANS RHONDA
FRANKS KARL
JANAI DION
LAW JOHN
NANDINI YOGITA
NELSON KYLIE
PEARL MARK
RODRIGUES MARK
SIACOLAS CHRIS
SMITH CAITLIN
TREWIN RACHAEL
VLANS ALEX
WHITESIDE CAROLINE
WRIGHT JESSICA
WRIGHT LINDA
YOUNG MORGAN

11E MR IVORY
ADAM MELISSA
ANTONIOU TONY
BENDEL DARREN
BERNARD PAULINE
CARMICHAEL JASON
CLARKE JAMES
CONVERSE LAURENCE
DARE MELANIE
DEMIRTZIS THEODORA

DYE BIANCA
FLANAGAN SARA
GRIMM ANDREW
HADDON LUKE
HAYES NICOLA
MARTINEZ JUAN
MUIR SALLY
PESTANA SUMATI
SALVIO JENNY
SCANLAN NADINE
SINGAM DEANA
WEINIGER BELINDA
WENDEN MARK
WILLER NELLA

12A MR MORRISSEY
BATSON MARK
BOWMAN ADAM
CIECHANOWSKI JOSHUA
DEUTSCH DANIEL
ELLIS STUART
GOLDMAN ANN
GREER SKYE
HEATH BRETT
HILLEMACHER JAMIE
JASON SUZY
LEWIS MICHAEL
MAC DONALD GUY
MC PHERSON DARREN
OWZINSKY BEN
PULLAR STEVEN
RAMSDALE LEE
RIVETT STEVEN
ROBSON KATHERINE
STONE JODI
SUPER GREGORY
TAYLOR VIKKI
TEICHELMAN NICOLE
TREFNERS JODIE-ANN
VINEY JOHN
WOLIANSKY ALEX
WONG MELVIN

12B MISS NICHOLAS
ADIN RONIT
BICKFORD JONATHAN
COLLIER JENNIFER
COULTER DUNCAN
DOERR HEIDI
FLORIO DAVID
GUNZBERG RAHEL
KAFOA AMBER
LEIVENZON ROCHELLE
LESTER MELISSA
LIAKOS CHRISTOS
LIM KHAI LOON
LLOYD SAMANTHA
OSHLACK ANOUK
PFEIFER CHRIS
SEWELL JACQUELINE
SILVER ORLI
TAYLOR HELEN
THIEDEMAN JANINE
WATSON JINI

12C MR DI STASIO
ADLER SIMON
DUNSTER REBECCA
EN BEN
FISCHER KETIAH
FREEDMAN JULIAN
HAIN SARAH
JOFFE DANIEL
LEIVENZON NIGEL
LOOSSCHILDER MARK

MACKINNON ANDREW
MC CARTHY MATTHEW
MC DONALD KIM
MC KAY KYLIE
PEARL DAVID
REICH KATHRYN
ROSENFELD JUSTINE
SKILTON ROCHELLE
TOMPKINS KIMBERLEY
VLAVIANOS JAMES
WILLIAMS SOPHIE

12D MR PAMMENT
ALTMAN BENJAMIN
BLACKWOOD CHRIS
BURGESS JANINE
CALLORI PHILIP
COOKE NATASHA
DE YOUNG PETER
DREW DAMIEN
DWYER KATE
HUGHES SYLVIA
KENNEDY SARAH
KOULMANDAS SOULA
KYRIAKOU EMILIOS
LYNCH ANDREW
MC CORMACK ROSS
NEWTON FELECIA
PAPOUTSIS POPPY
TANNER MARGARET
WARD SHANNON
WILSON DAVID

12E MR CAMERON
AGGUSOL PAUL
ATKINSON SASHA
BASSILI TANYA
BRABNER RICHARD
CLEMENTS LIZA
CRAVINO CARL
CUTLER JASON
GANDHI RAVNISH
LITTLECHILD MARK
NOLAAN TONY
OZBEK AHDINAL
PHILIPPOU PAUL
RYAN PHILLIP
RYLANCE DAVID
SARRIS MARIA
SCHOFIELD PAUL
SEAMER JANINE
SMITH RACHAEL
STRAIN MATHEW
SZABO JACK
TALBOT BRUCE
VALIS NICK
WELLSPRING DALE

12F MR HANNER
ATKIN CARLA
BONSALL EMMA
BROCK FIONA
CLARKE HELEN
CONABERE GEORGINA
CURTIS ROSEMARY
DURRANT AMY
GIBSON NICOLE
HILL KATRINA
HO COLIN
JONES MICHELLE
LEVY Yael
NICKAS SPIROS
POK ROLAND
ROBBINS JESSICA
SKINNER NICHOLAS

ROLL CALL

WHIP DAVID
WRIGHT WENDY

CO ORDINATOR

7 MRS MACRIDES
8 MR HUMPHRIES
9 MR WRAGG
10 MR P. LOCCO
11 MR KINDLER
12 MR CRAVEN

ASSISTANT CO-ORDINATORS

7 MR FENTON
8 MR BOUTROS
9 MRS HARMEN
10 MS. GIBSON
11 MRS KLINEBERG
12 MRS KLINEBERG

AUTOGRAPHS