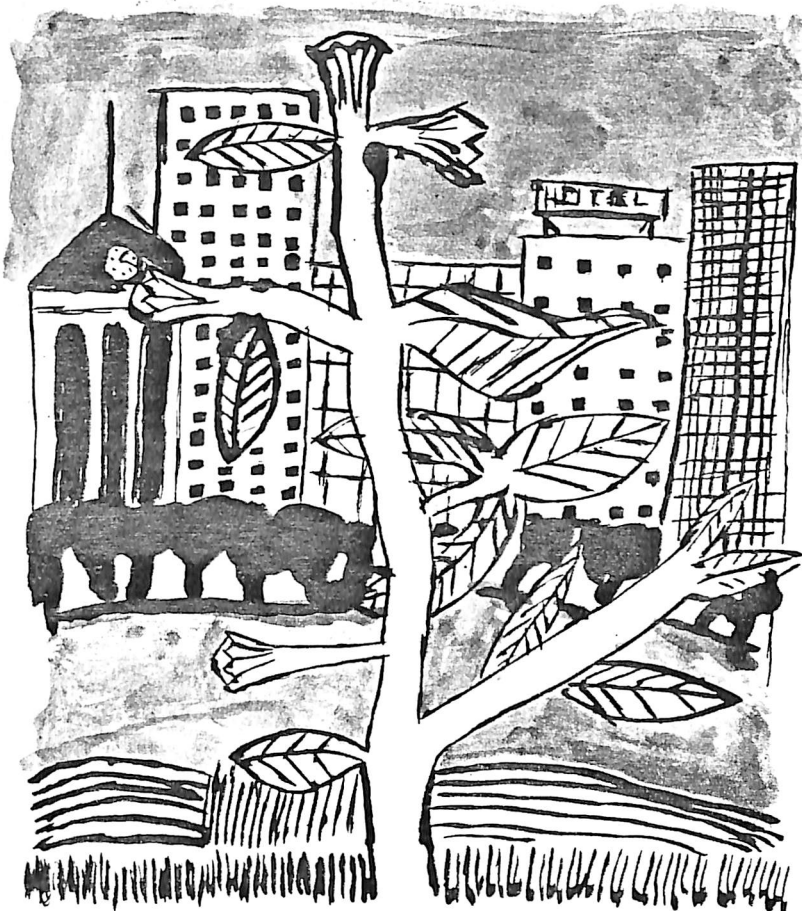


PARKWOOD
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE
1981



Dale PRESS 7E

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE: Emma Greenwood, Sasha Dommers, Ruth Harper, Jackie Cassidy, Angie Little, Sharon Doherty, Tracy Schelhout, Jason Penkethman and Daryl Kennedy.

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To Mr. Taylor for his photography and Mr. Miller for his organization, layout and editing of the magazine.

PARKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
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J. VAN TATENHOVE	Deputy Principal
O. BOUCHER	Senior Teacher
M. HARE	" "

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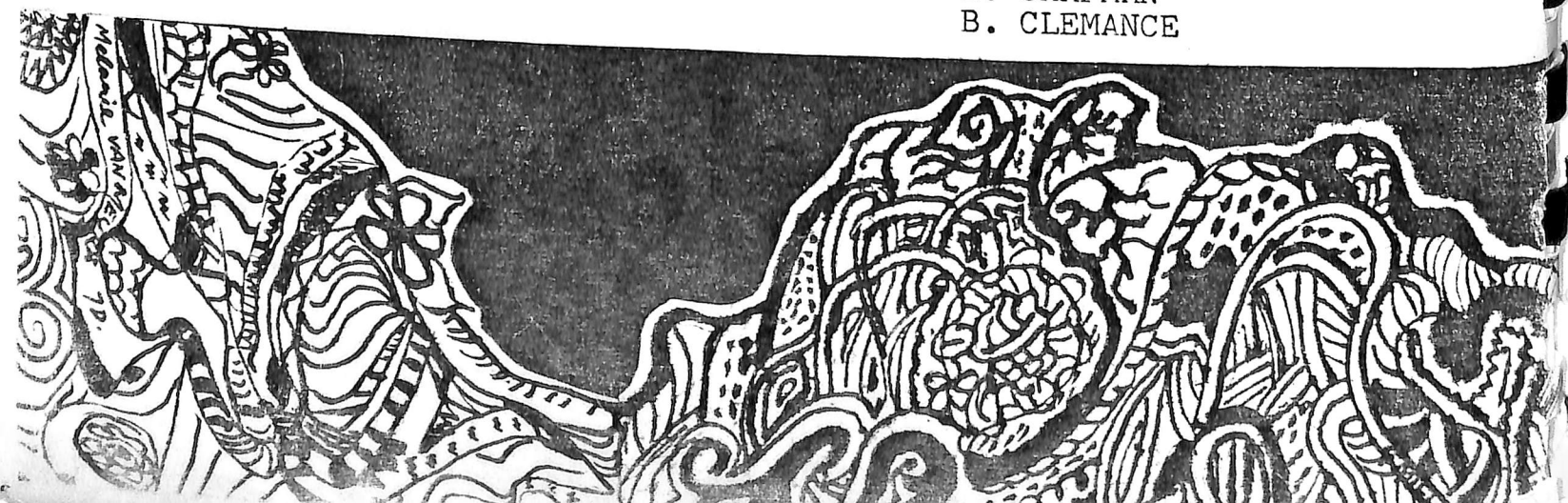
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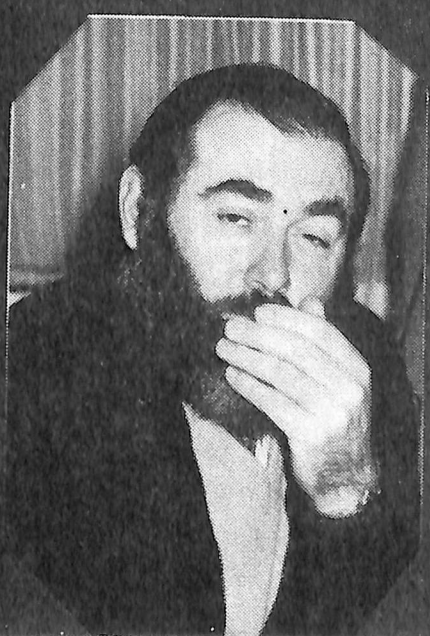
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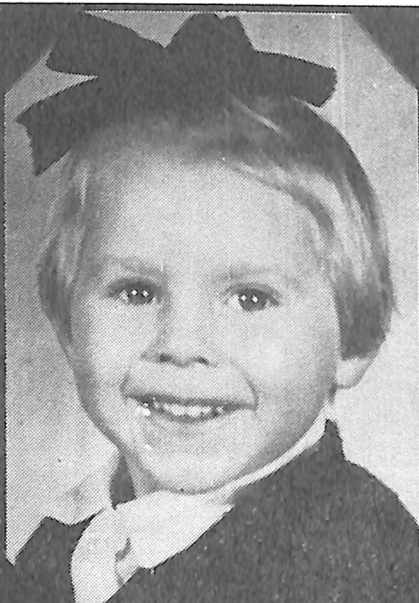
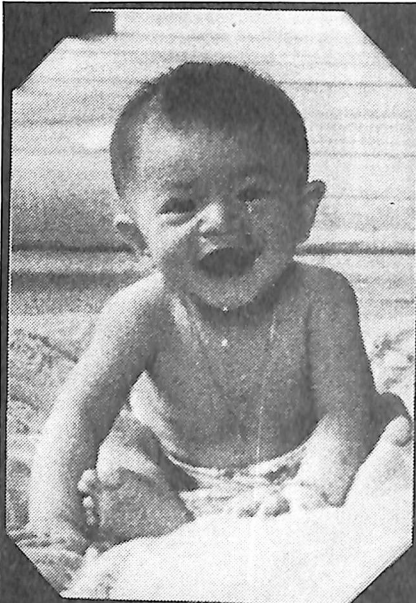




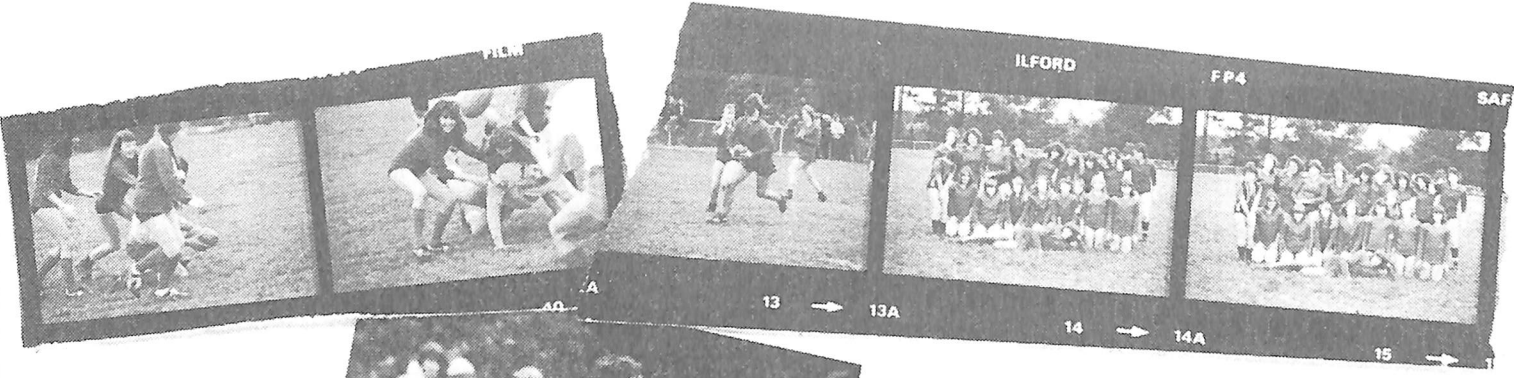
**STAFF
ALBUM**

1981

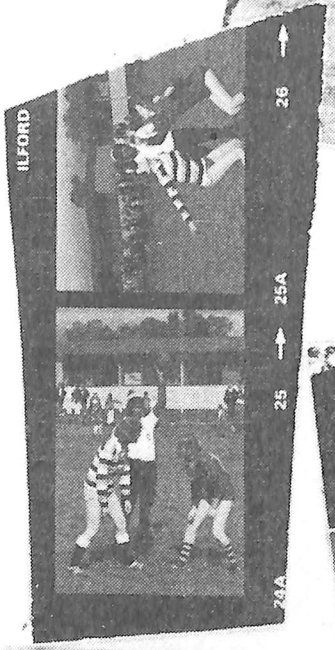
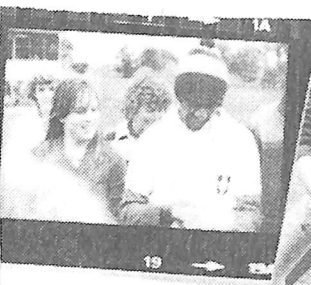








FOOTBALL STAFF v's STUDENTS



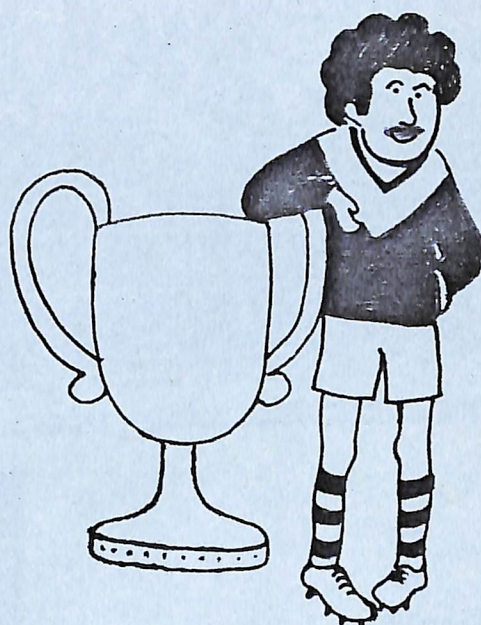
Football

There were several highlights at Parkwood this football season. Parkwood was invited to play in the Essendon Football Club's Zone Tournament. Unfortunately Parkwood had to play against the strong Norwood team and were defeated. Cameron Robins was awarded the Essendon F.C. bag as Parkwoods best player, and was presented by Essendon star, Peter Bennett.

In the Maroondah Zone Round Robin, Parkwood made history by winning their first ever football game, when they defeated Maroondah High School. Congratulations to all players.

Anthony Dunlop and David Noonan represented the school in the Mountain Districts Football Team, playing in The Victorian Schoolboy Championships.

The final highlight of the football season was the Staff v's Students Game played the last day of 2nd Term. The students (girls) won by 1 point in an exciting game umpired by V.F.L. umpire, Glenn James.

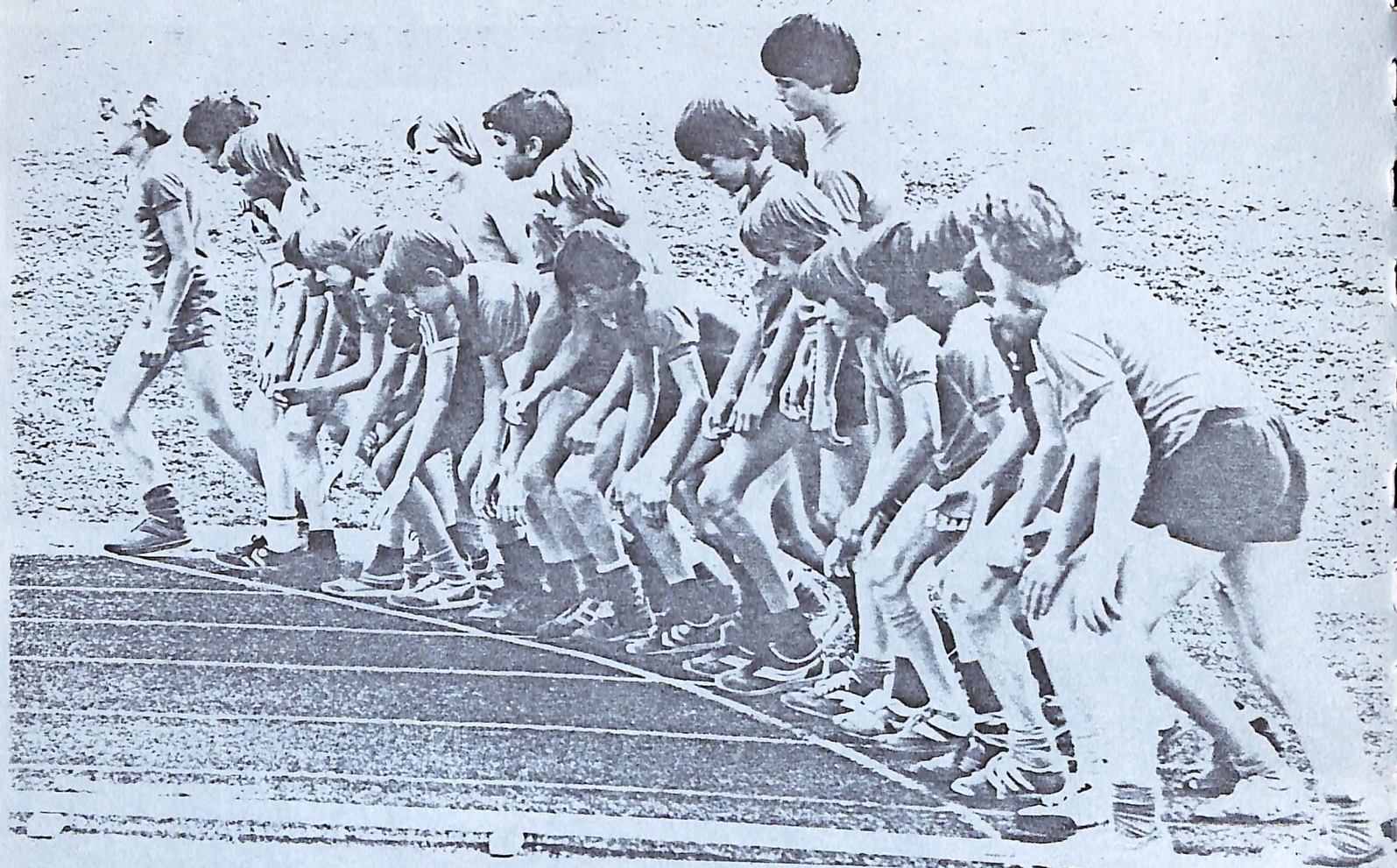


Soccer

Although the intermediate boys' team suffered a number of heavy defeats in the Maroondah section of the soccer competition I was pleased with the determination and enthusiasm of the players. We are a small school and as a result we had to recruit Year 7 boys to play in the intermediate level. These boys were outgunned by the bigger and more experienced boys from Donvale, Norwood and Mitcham High Schools. We suffered a very heavy defeat against Donvale, but it should be noted that they went on to do very well in the Eastern Zone competition. The boys did distinguish themselves by scoring Parkwood's first goal in any competition when Paul Crick scored against Norwood. Next year with a bit more experience behind them I am sure there will be a few more goals and some success.

I. Glynn.





Athletics

The athletic performances have been very good.

Students who won through to the Eastern Zone at Doncaster were:

Leanne Blythe - Shotput

Michelle O'Dea - 800 m

Wendy O'Donnell - 100 m Hurdles

Tania Marjanovic - Long Jump

David Noonan - Shotput

An invitation went to:

Brian Taylor - Shotput

Steven Chapman - 800 m

All students performed well, and two went on to the All High School Sports. Wendy O'Donnell finished 5th in the hurdles. Michelle O'Dea came a 3rd in the 800 m. Excellent performances by both these girls.

Cross Country

Students have again achieved excellent results in the cross country competition. Many ran extremely well in both the zone and group competitions. Three students, Wendy O'Donnell, Melissa Cann and Michelle O'Dea each put in first class performances in the All High School competition.

One of the most pleasing aspects of this season has been the enthusiasm and effort that all runners have put into both training and competition.



ORIENTEERING

This year, eight students from year 9 attempted some orienteering. For many Sundays they tramped through the bush looking for check-points.

It was all worth-while when the big competition took place at Kangaroo Ground in September.

Efforts were rewarded with a:
1st in U15 Pairs-Melissa Cann & Michelle Furzer.

2nd in U15 Pairs-Justin Schreuder & Mark Portbury.

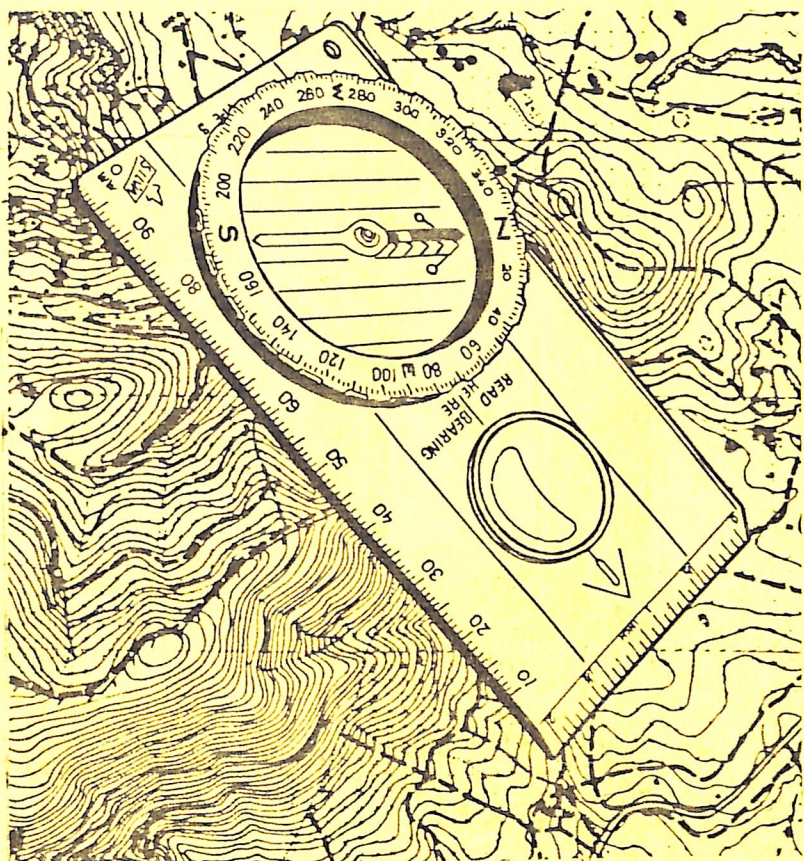
Unplaced in U16 but good effort-

Michelle O'Dea & Megan Napier.

1st in U17 Pairs-Janet Lagstrom & Danielle Bardrick.

Those who were placed are Vic. Champions! I hope we can have our school represented again next year with similar results.

J. Fell.



Hockey

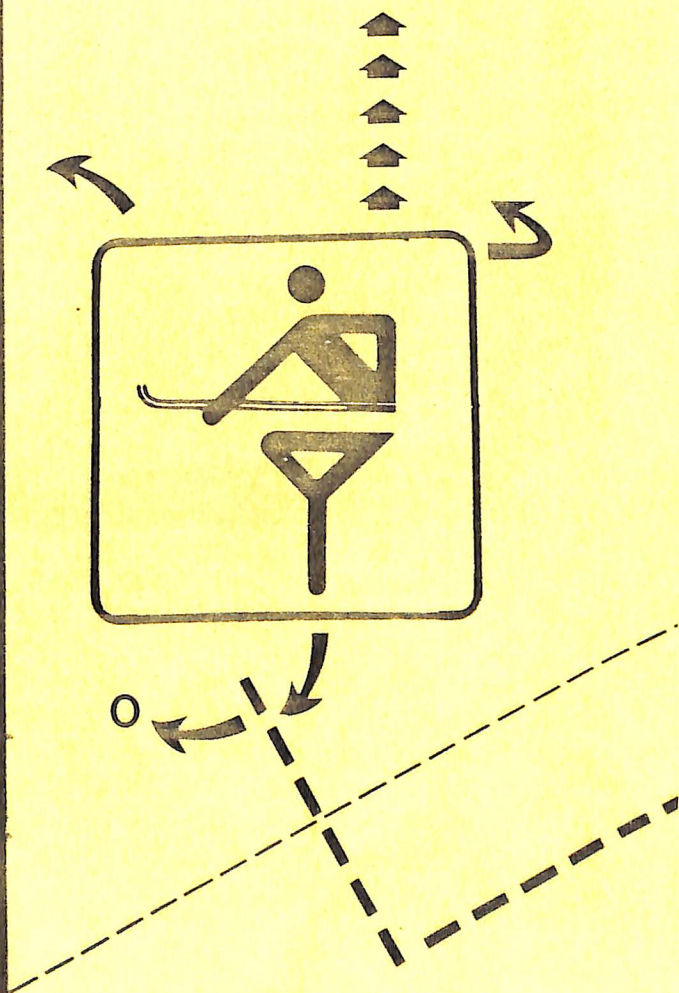
Girls Intermediate Hockey was played in very wet conditions. The girls did extremely well and showed they had learnt the skills. Overall the girls finished 4th which was a valiant effort.

Boy's Intermediate played at Mitcham and showed new talents. They played some hard games. With this experience, they should do well next year.

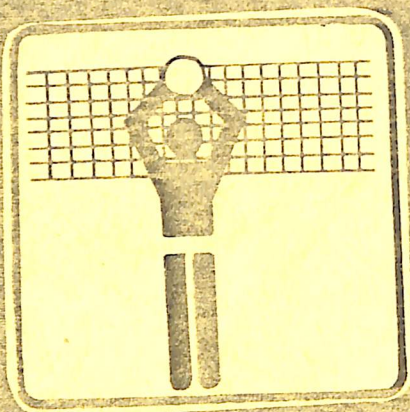
The teams were as follows:

GIRLS: Kate Glide, Cathy Stewart, Shaireen Fakira, Katrina Bartlet, Janet Lagstrom, Danielle Bardrick, Patricia Mitchell, Leanne Knight, Erica Westbury, Paula Treble, Deryn Jones, and Lesley Rowan.

BOYS: James Glide, Alistair Saint, Andrew Mc Clintoch, Ross Pedlow, David Caird, George Briher, Anton Merry, Chris Wookey, Scott Thompson and Brendon Stratton.



VOLLEYBALL



During second term this year our Under 15 volleyball team played in the Maroondah Group competition. The girls in the team were Sally Campbell, Michelle Carter, Louisa Lammers, Albertina Lindenburg, Julie Scolaro, Annette Travis, Clare Upham and Monique Vanderwal. . The girls were able to win a few games while some other matches were very close. When the points were counted at the end of the day Parkwood had come fourth.

SOFTBALL

Year 7

The year 7 girls put in a valiant effort for their first time at the game. The girls were defeated twice, but really got their game together against Maroondah, and won by two runs. With this experience they should do well next year. There were a few outstanding performances, Melinda McPherson found her niche at short stop, Leanne Birznieks was a good pitcher and catcher, Pru Manson also caught well, Tania, Monica, Shelley, Kylie, Denise, Sharon, Jillian all learnt a lot.

Year 8/9

Year 8/9 played earlier in the year, the girls learnt a few new tricks and used them to their advantage. Again the girls were only successful in one game, but we had fun. Monique came out as being the catcher for games doing an excellent job.

Thanks should go to Mrs. O'Donnell for helping to coach the Intermediate Team.

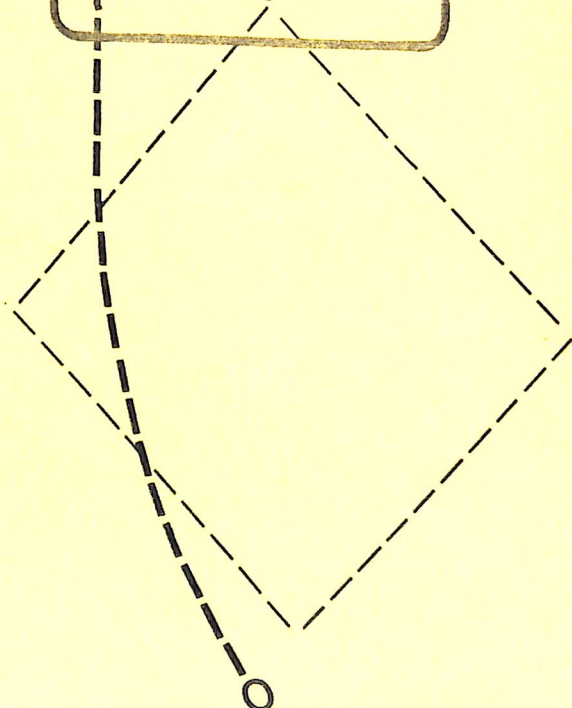


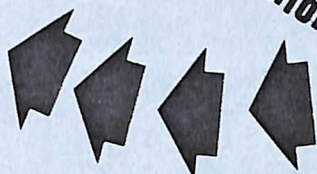
Table Tennis

Parkwood again proved strong in table tennis winning three out of the four sections that were entered at the Maroondah Group sports. The junior boys team came second. The junior girls team was the only team which one at the Eastern Zone Competition, and Vanessa Bardrick, Jodie Allen, Heidi Sigmund, Aileen Deans and Jane Murdoch won the All High Schools Premiership.

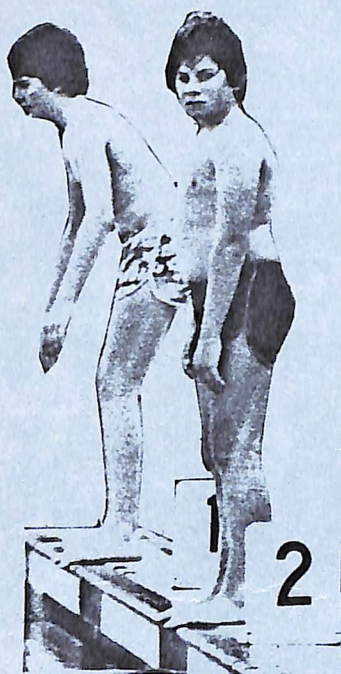
Table Tennis

**PARKWOOD
HIGH SCHOOL**

JUNIOR CHAMPS



Swimming



After the school Swimming Carnival at Ringwood Pool, forty-one students competed at the Maroondah Group Swimming Carnival. Leesa Furzer won one of her events, the Under 13 Backstroke. Second places were taken by Jessica Peart, the Under 13 girls relay, and the Under 15 girls relay. Third places were gained by Jessica Peart, Lisa Riddell, Justin Gordon, the Under 14 girls Medley Relay, the Under 14 boys relay.

These results placed Parkwood fourth in the Junior Aggregate and seventh in the Intermediate Aggregate.

Cricket

During the year the Intermediate boys cricket team played three matches against the Norwood, Maroondah and Ringwood cricket teams. Although we did our best, the opposing teams were slightly better. In all three matches our batting let us down a little which didn't give the bowlers much of a chance.



Tennis

The tennis teams at Parkwood High performed well this year. Practices were enthusiastically attended and the teams did well against tough opposition. The Intermediate boys team made the Eastern Zone final after victories in the Maroondah Group against Norwood, Ringwood, Maroondah and Vermont High Schools.

The intermediate girls' team was less successful but they did have a couple of victories.

The junior teams were very keen. The girls went very close against a strong Norwood team and drew with them only to lose a tie-breaker to decide the tie. The boys were less successful but did have a very easy win against Maroondah.

I was impressed by the depth of talent at this school in tennis. We had eight boys who wanted to play for the junior team and all of them were capable players. This level of interest assures Parkwood of a promising future in this sport.

Students involved were:

Intermediate Girls:

Lee-anne Knight, Lisa Bryant, Danielle Bardrick, Lisa Russell, Sally Campbell.

Intermediate Boys:

Les Dioguardi, Raoul Morphett, David Pullen, Nick Rae, Justin Schreuder.

Junior Girls:

Clare Raymont, Vanessa Bardrick, Abigail Bebedorf, Venita Dungey, Kylie Williams.

Junior Boys:

Kingsley Pullen, Dean Ryder, Tim Hewit, Cameron White, Brian Waddingham, David Williams, Steven Taylor, Mark Keeble.

By I. Glynn



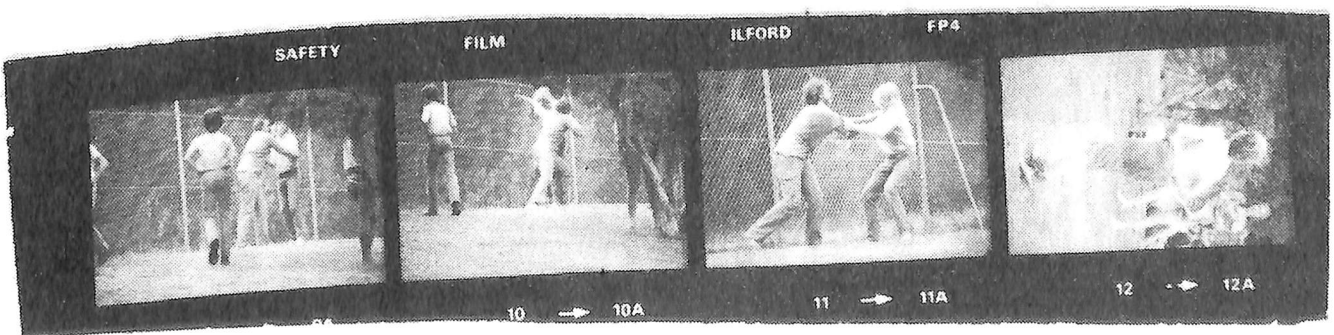
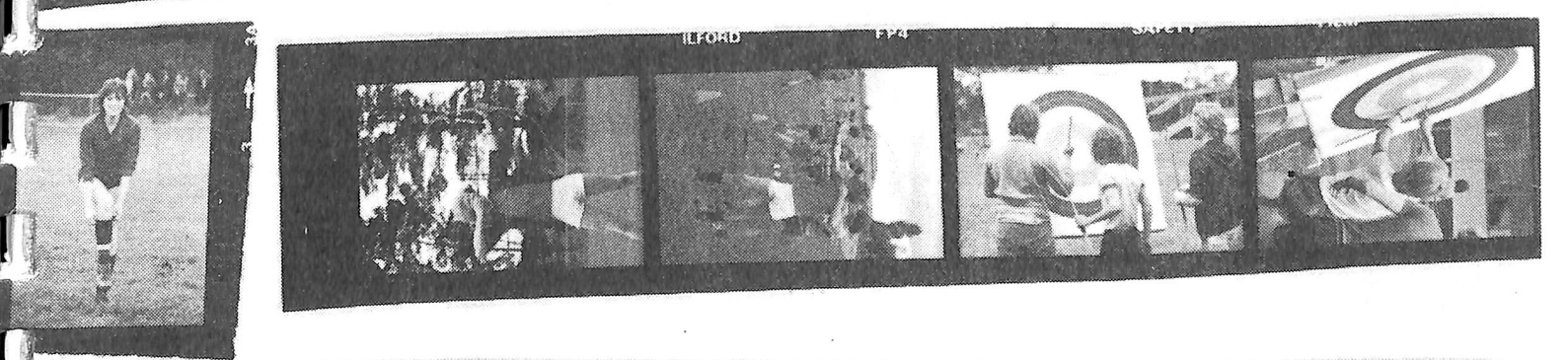
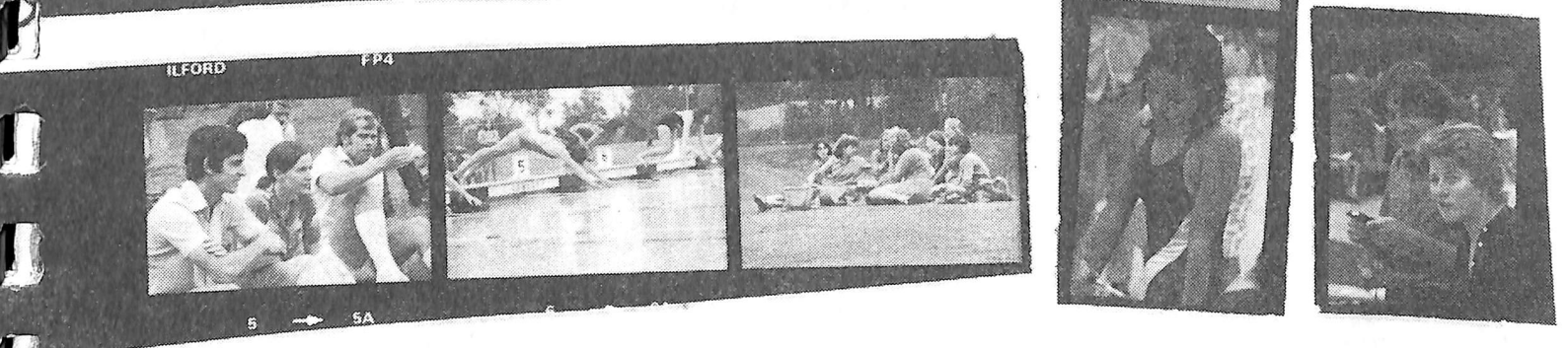
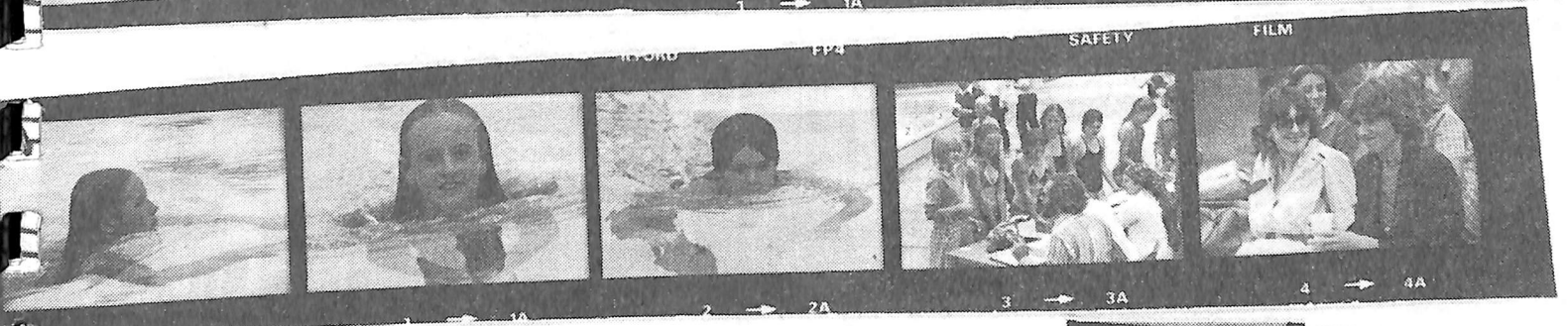
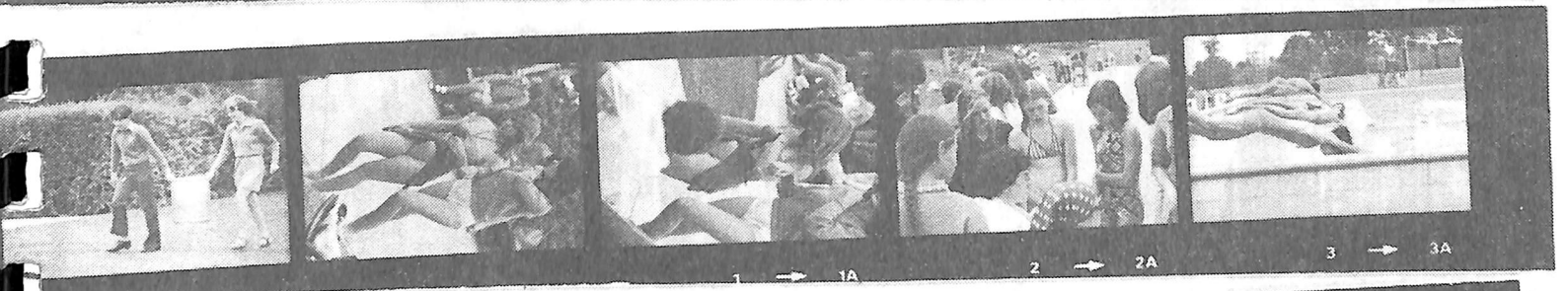
BASKETBALL

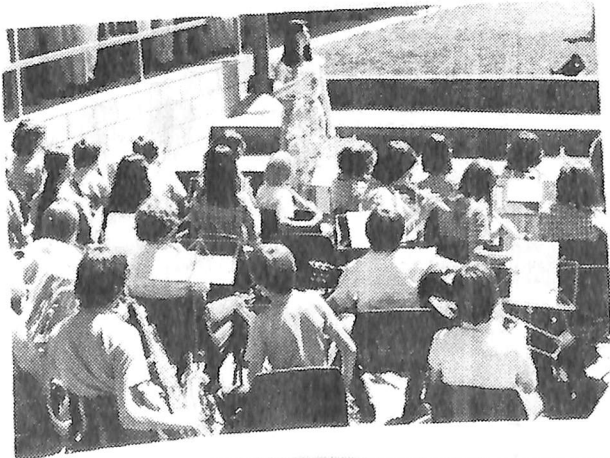
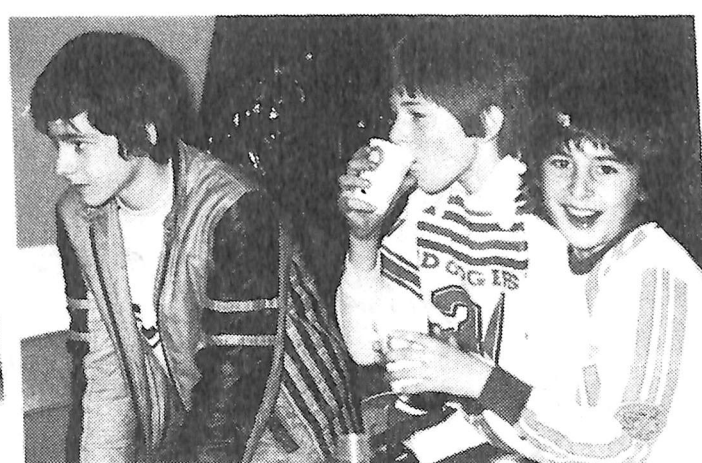
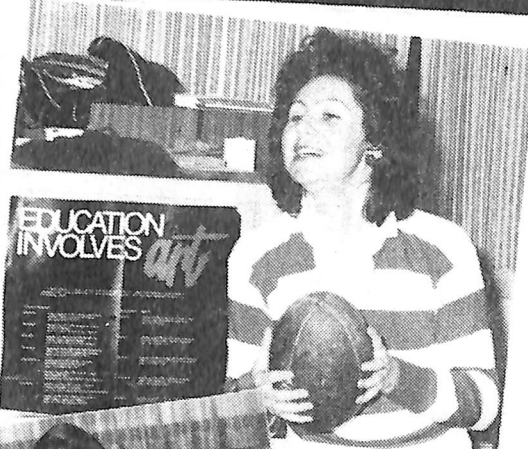
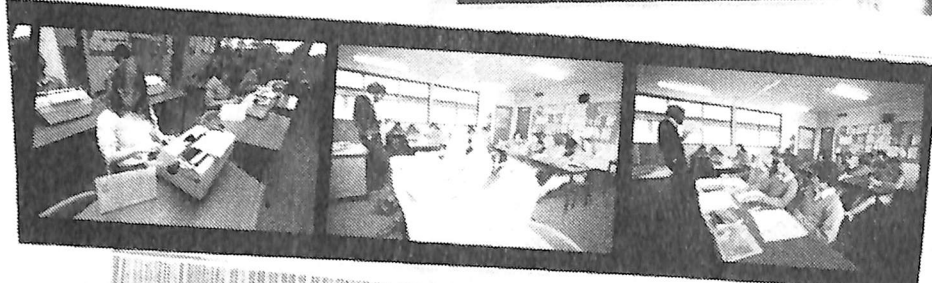
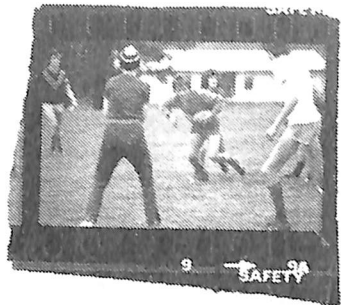
Congratulations to all the players for their determination and sportsmanship in the basketball competition held at Maroondah.

The Intermediate girls team gained victory against Norwood, Vermont and Donvale but lost narrowly to Doncaster East in the semi-final.

The Intermediate boys team was less successful winning only one game but they did have an enjoyable day.

Best players(girls): Shelley O'Donnell, Melinda Albers, Clare Tyler, Jane Blunn, Michelle Furzer and Jenny Bale.
Best players(boys): Peter Spicer, Richard Allen, Andrew Belacic, Brian Hallet, Michael Morton and Adrian Riddle.





Baseball ↗

Parkwood fielded a more experienced team this year consisting of eleven players:

D. Noonan, M. Robinson, R. Fry,
R. Champion, A. Keen, P. Crick,
A. Belacic, S. Anderson,
A. McIntock, M. Napier,
A. Dunlop.

We scored our first ever Victory in an easy game against Marvondah. Our second game was against Ringwood which was an exciting game which we unfortunately lost. Our final game was against Norwood. It was a very interesting game with a few close decisions, but we unfortunately lost in the end. All the players enjoyed the games and a special thanks to Mr. Robins for his time and effort.

Andrew Keen

Cricket ↗

Glenn O'Dea our wicket keeper, took some magnificent catches and played well. (3 catches)

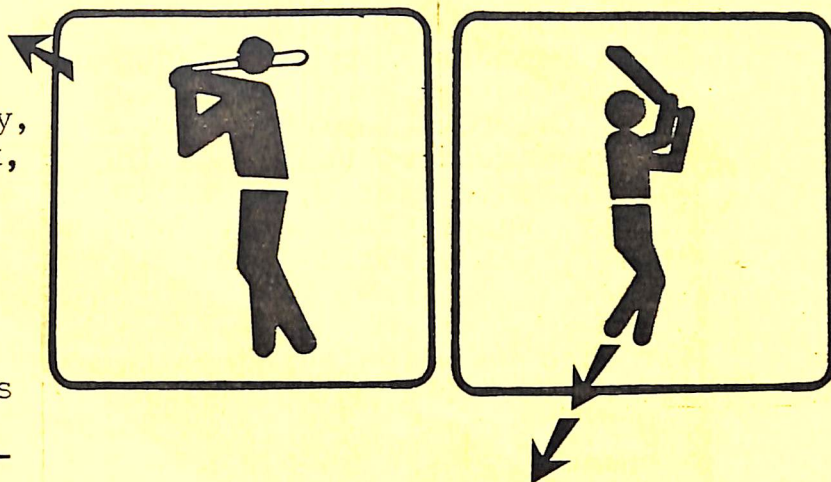
Russell Fakira one of our bowlers took some great wickets and was very consistent right through the matches. (5 wkts)

Dejan Marjanovic very good fielder and batted fairly well. Fielded with confidence. Also a bowler. (1wkt)

Micheal Miller was always trying hard to get a wicket, unfortunately he did not succeed. Fielded well and bated as an opener very well.

Capt. Andrew Garner, all rounder, as a captain encouraged the team very well and bowled excellently through all three matches. (8 wkts)

V. Capt. Dean Birch bowled very well fielded excellently and got five wkts.



Anthony De Paola our substitute didn't get a bat because of his thumb. He would have had a great time if he had played.

Paul Lyford helped the team out very well all through the three games and batted well.

The whole team enjoyed the three games that they played, although that they lost every game.

Guy Hart he batted very well with his high score twenty runs also bowled well by taking 2 wickets.

Daryl Kennedy fielded fairly well in his two matches he played. He batted well as a tail ender.

Damian Pocock only played one game but had a chance to take a catch. He scored well and helped the team along.

Mark Crick fielded well and also he bowled one game and took a wicket.

James Glide only played one game and took two wickets. He was a very good batsman and fielded well.

Justin Gordon in his one and only match he fielded well. But unfortunately he didn't get a bat.

Cricket

During the year, a girls junior cricket team was chosen. The girls who made up the team were as follows:

Sasha Dommers, Christine McGuin, Sharyn Cooper, Emma Greenwood, Jacki Cassidy, Leesa Furzer, Tracey Rossiter, Jodie Hollingworth, Katie Macfie, Michelle Edgley, Wendy O'Donnell, Jane Berner, Cathy Barley, Melissa Yates.

Although we weren't successful all girls tried their hardest. The first game was played against Ringwood, and Parkwood were defeated by 40 runs. The second game was played against Maroon-dah, and Parkwood girls had improved immensely, only being defeated by 4 runs. Thanks to Mr. Ruffle for coaching and training the team.

By Wendy O'Donnell

The Intermediate girls played well but unfortunately we did not win a game. We played two games, against Maroondah and Ringwood High Schools. The batting let us down but our fielding and bowling was excellent. We had a good time and it was worth playing because we enjoyed ourselves and learnt a lot. We hope that next year we have better results.

By Melissa Cann
Shelley O'Donnell

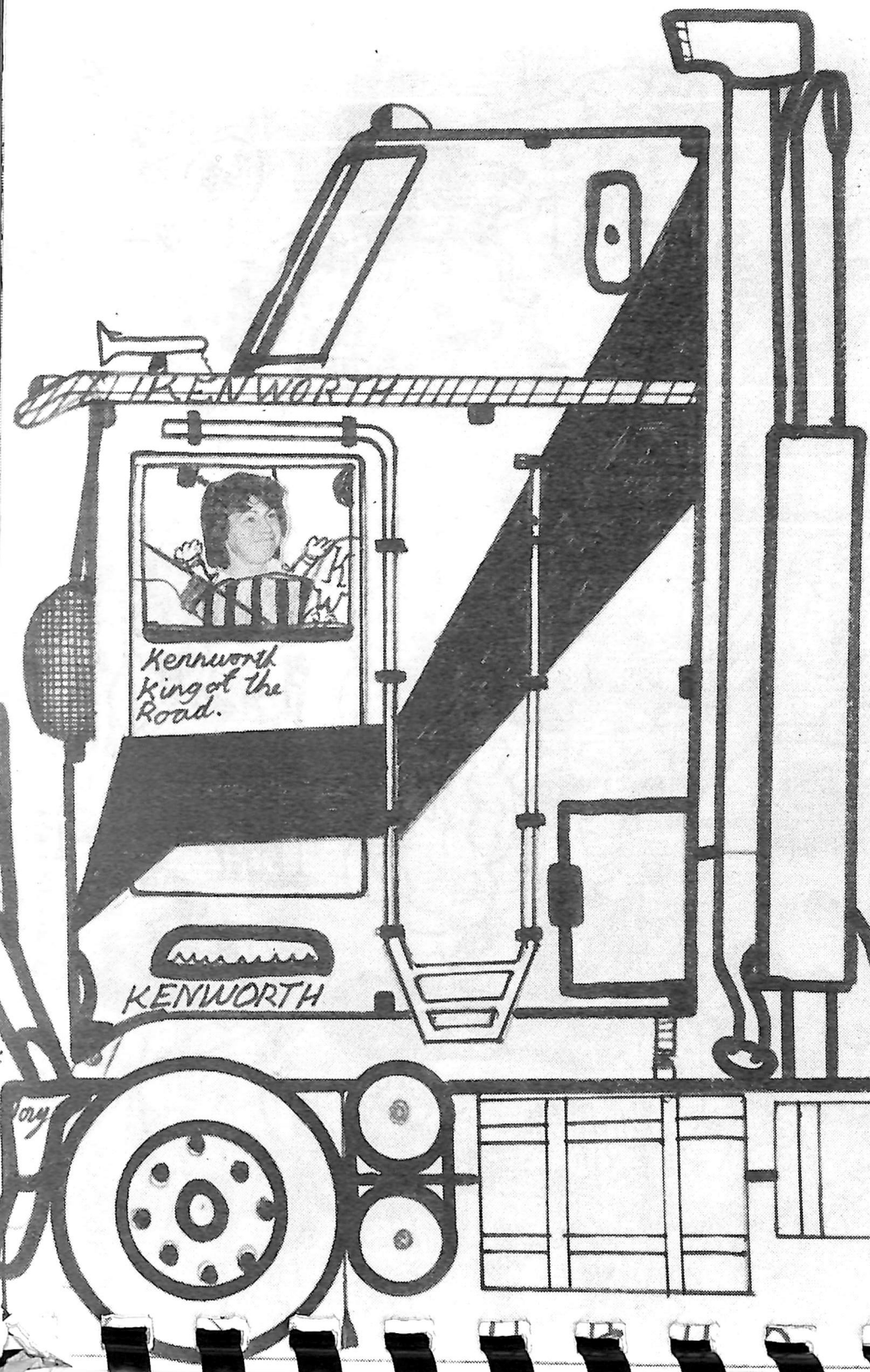
JAZZ BALLET!

Jazz ballet has been in progress for six weeks. An average of thirty girls attend these classes on a Thursday lunchtime for thirty minutes. The organiser, Miss Clancy, with help from Mrs. Fell, has done a marvellous job in teaching us girls small disco steps and short dances.

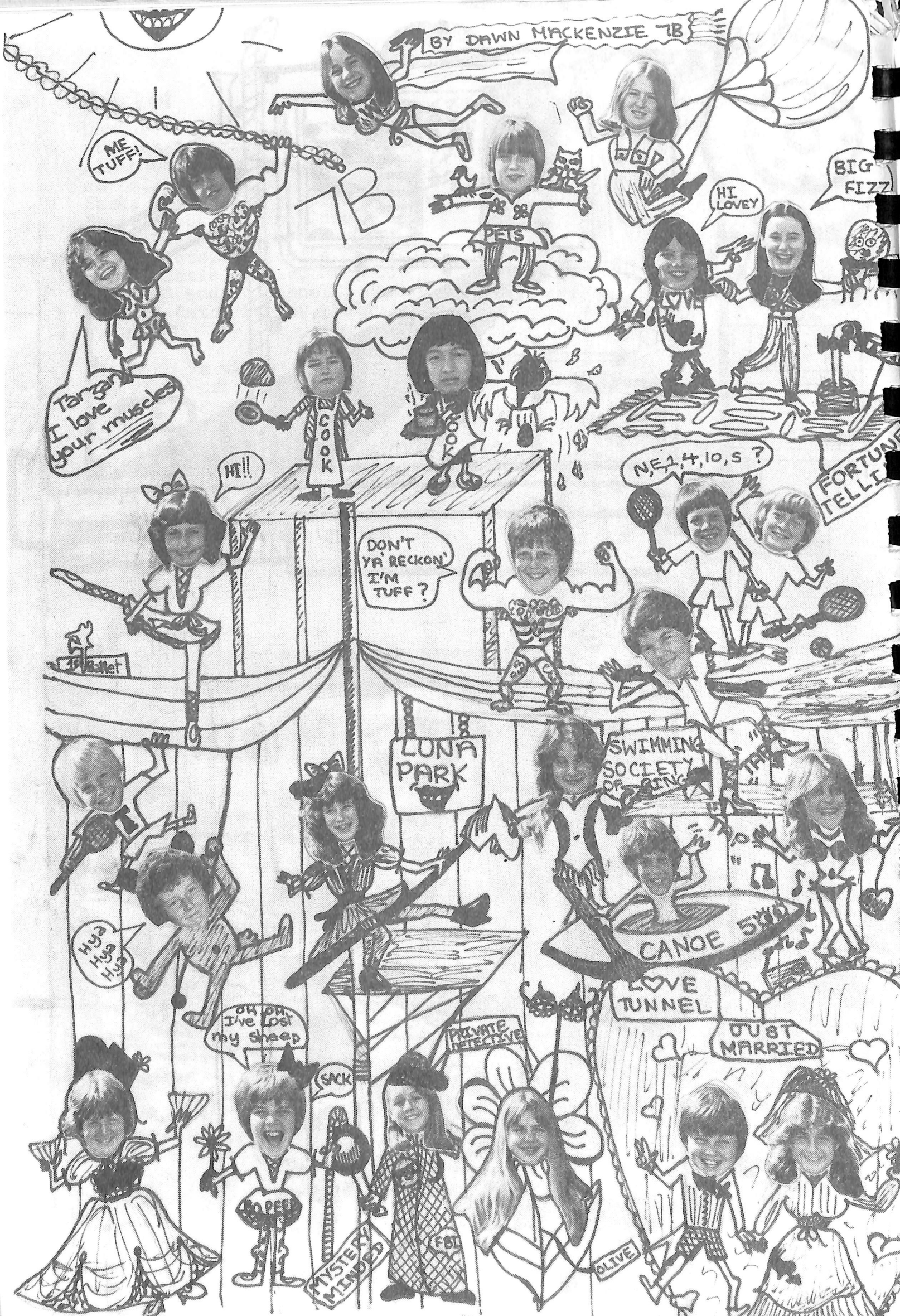
This lunchtime program has been a popular activity for girls and we hope that it will continue throughout 1982 with great enthusiasm.

By Pru Manson-
Wendy O'Donnell 7E





BY DAWN MACKENZIE '78



ME TUFF!

Targan I love your muscles

ME!!

COOK

DON'T YA' RECKON' I'M TUFF?

PETS

HI LOVEY

BIG FLIZZ

NE, 1, 4, 10, 5?

FORTUNE TELL

LUNA PARK

SWIMMING SOCIETY OF BRING

CANOE 500

LOVE TUNNEL

JUST MARRIED

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

SACK

MYSTERY MENDED

BOO!

OH OH I've lost my sheep

FBI

OLIVE

HUGA HUGA HUGA



HELP
I CANT
SWIM

OH. THATS
NOT FAIR.

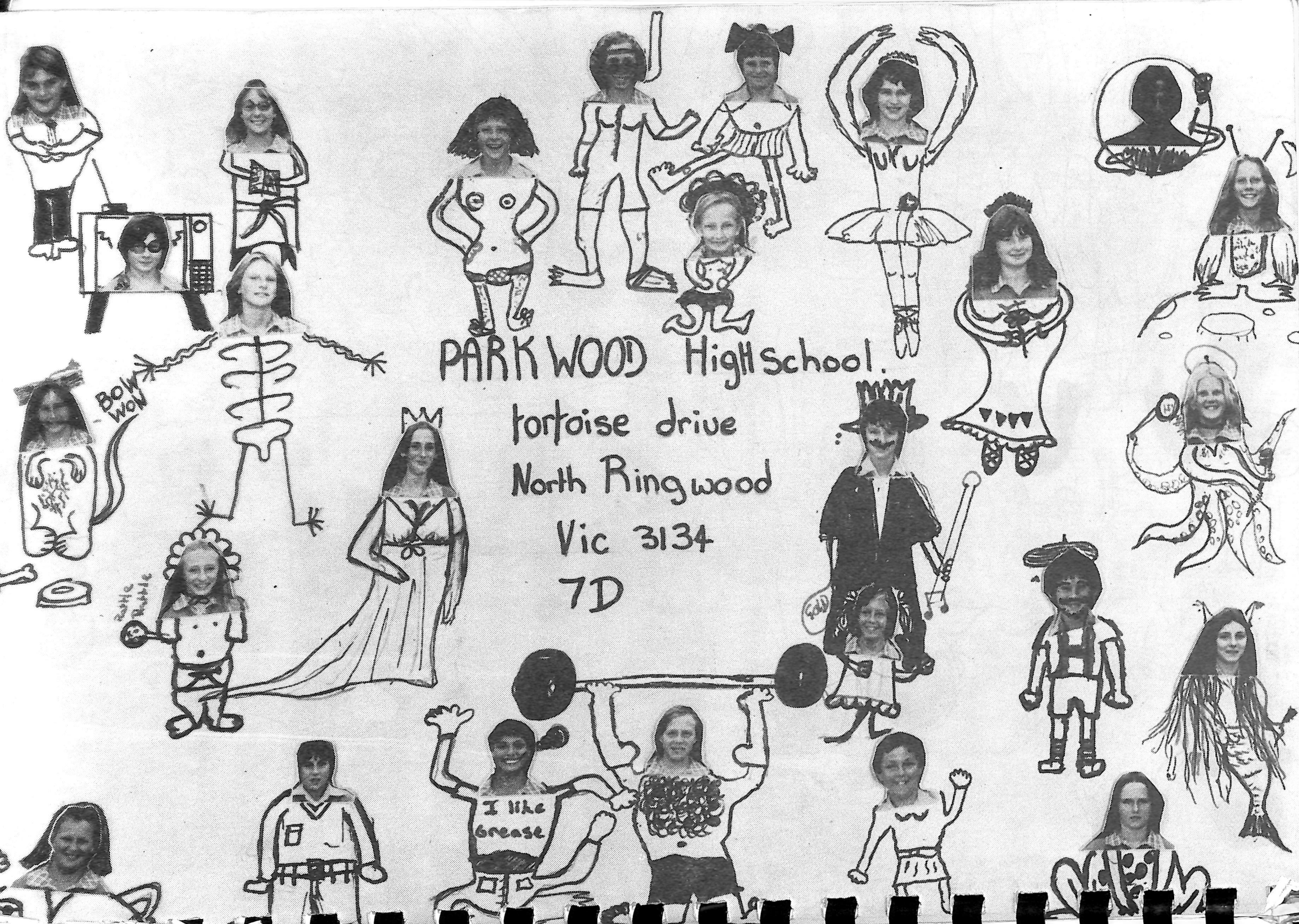
THIS SUBMARINE
COULD DO
WITH A LITTLE
SALT!!!!

ER YEA.
WHOS
THAT

OOH. WHAT
A LOVELY
PEARL!

SUFFER
DARTL

HE GOT ME!



7 D P O E M

The kids in 7D aren't half bad,
Even though we make the teachers mad.

A girl called Jane Berner tries and tries,
While Dale Robins pulls the wings off helpless flies.

Damon Lowder does not work at all,
We think that's his only major downfall.

The "spunk" of the form is a kid called James Glide,
When he sees girls, he tries to run and hide.

David Weston is very, very small,
It's hard to see whether he's there at all.

Craig Dent is as white as a ghost,
When he turns to the side he's as thin as a post.

Christine Fry is very short and thin,
And her face is adourned with a permanent grin.

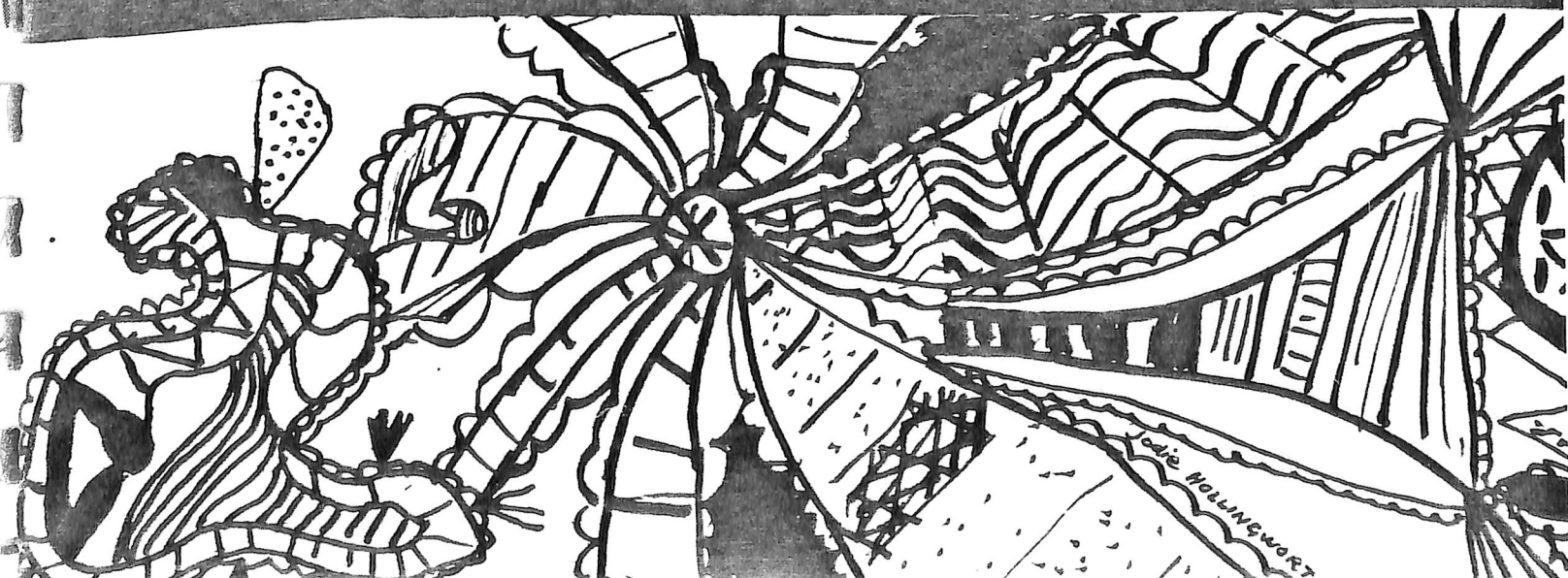
Robyn Hartman plays the horn,
She has played it since the day she was born.

Carol Robertson has hair that is red,
She has an older brother who is called "Flat-Head".

Clare Raymant is the eldest in the form,
And Jodie Hollingworth always kicks up a storm.

Mr. Bischof is our form teacher,
When social rules are broken he is quite upset and
talks like a preacher.

And even though you didn't know it,
It's just little old me.....your 7D poet!



My Uncle BENJAMIN

Most people think my Uncle Benjamin is slightly crazy, because of the way he always tries to kill himself. Just the other day while we were walking down the main street, he walked straight out in front of a huge truck, breaking both legs, one arm, and his nose. That was his last attempt. About two months ago, he swam out to sea as far as he could go, to try and drown himself. But he did not even run out of breath, before the lifeguards had brought him back to safety. And three weeks before that, he tried to shoot himself, but all the bullets in the gun were blanks.

Many more things have been attempted by my Uncle Benjamin. Like the time when he locked himself in his bedroom and refused to eat, but he couldn't resist the sponge cake we made him. As you can see, my uncle never did have much luck in killing himself, because there was always someone or something that saved him.

My Uncle Ben is now in hospital and although he looks a mess, he seems to be quite happy about it, because he is getting attention in hospital and he likes being fussed over. I don't think he really wants to kill himself, I think he just wants attention because he is lonely.

About two years ago, Uncle Benjamin went on a holiday to Sydney with his wife, Auntie Peg. They went in their new car up to Sydney. When they got there they went to see their friends and then they had a week to see some of the sights of Sydney. The holiday had ended and they were ready to come home.

They were about half way home in the middle of the night, when Uncle Benjamin fell asleep at the wheel. They were swerving all over the road, and they

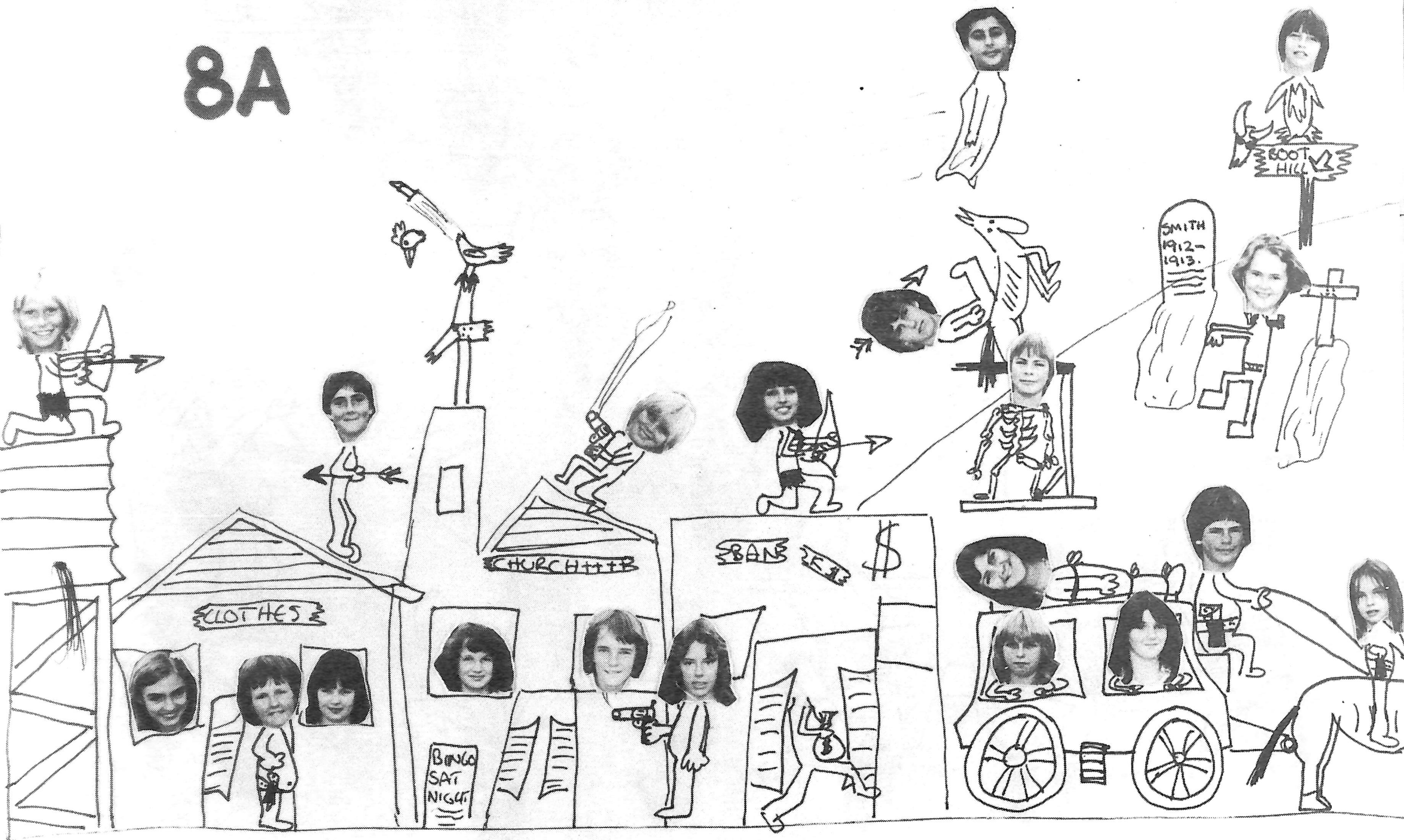
hit a big old tree on the side of the road. Auntie Peg was asleep. She awoke suddenly, but could not move. Uncle Benjamin tried to get out, but he could not, the car was too crushed. Just then a great big truck went by. He stopped to help them but he could not do much, so he called the police, an ambulance and a tow truck on his C.B. radio. When they all arrived there, they cut Auntie Peg and Uncle Benjamin out of the wrecked car and took them to hospital.

Auntie Peg was in a coma and Uncle Benjamin was slightly injured. Then after a couple of weeks of being in a coma Auntie Peg died. Uncle Benjamin recovered but since then he has never been the same. He has always blamed himself for killing Aunt Peg. So he has always tried to kill himself and with no one to talk to and being so lonely, he went slightly crazy. But he is now seeking help from the doctors. And we hope he will be better in the future and people will not think him crazy.

By Greg Travis 7D

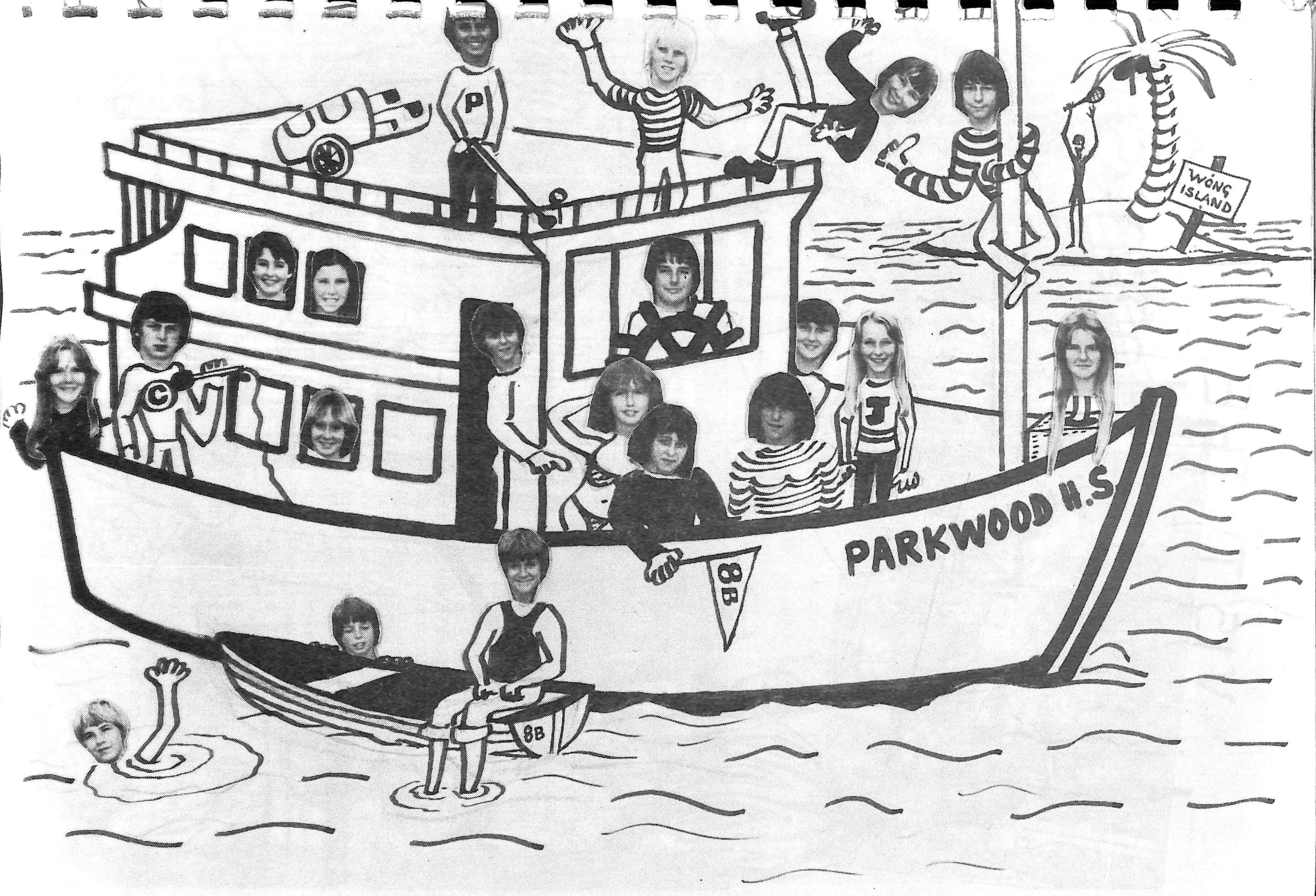


8A





7 EEEEE







Camp at Anglesea

On Monday the 19th of November, all the students going on the Year 8 camp arrived at Parkwood at around 8:15 a.m. After we had said our goodbye's, we took a short bus trip to Ringwood Station. From Ringwood Station we caught a train to Spencer St. Station. From Spencer St. Station we had a jostled ride on a quaint country train to Geelong. From Geelong we travelled to camp Wilkin by bus. After we had done a bit of unpacking and exploring we had our first taste of the good food that was to last right through the week. After lunch we were put in activity groups and we did our first activities. After dinner that night we had games with the winning team scoring the most points over all. After supper we all hit the sack but for the unlucky teachers it was destined to be a restless first night. Students were being thrown out of the cabins to sleep somewhere else by the teachers, torches were being confiscated and students

were being constantly told to be quiet and go to sleep.

On Tuesday morning the teachers tried to look sharp but I think they were a bit drowsy. After breakfast we did two activities in our activity groups. After lunch we split into two main groups. One group went on to a rockpools assignment, while the other group went on what they called a gruelling and tiring hike through a nearby forest. That night we were a good deal quieter so that on Wednesday morning the teachers were looking better. After breakfast that morning we again did activities. After lunch we again split up into two groups and the group that went on the forest hike did the rockpools assignment while the other group did a foreshore assignment, studying erosion and the physical features of the foreshore. That night after dinner we all went on an enjoyable night-hike to the power station which produces electricity for the Alcoa Aluminium refinery in

Geelong. The power station was brilliantly lit up with thousands of lights which made it a spectacular sight. We weren't allowed to go into the power station so we went back to the camp, had supper and then went to bed.

The next morning after breakfast we did our last activities. After lunch the people who did the foreshore assignment went on the forest hike and the other group did their foreshore assignment. I went on the forest hike and I really enjoyed it, except that it rained. There were some really great views, but there wasn't much wildlife to be seen. After dinner we had our disco, and on the subject of the disco, on behalf of the other students, I would like to thank Mr. Wong for organizing and running the disco because it was a big success. The next morning we all packed and cleaned up the camp and then at 11:00 a.m. we left the camp by bus. We travelled to Geelong where we had an enjoyable lunch outside the Geelong Art Gallery. From there we travelled to Spencer St. Station and then we took the train to Ringwood. We took a bus from Ringwood Station to Parkwood where we were greeted by many eager parents. It was the end of a successful camp.

CAMP AWARDS:

Smelliest Socks: Colin Rule.

Hardest Worker: Darren Simpson.

Worst Trampolinist: Mr. Wong.

Best Disco Dancer: John Travolta Horat & Olivia Newton John Williams.

Person to spend least time in Bed: David Portbury.

Gum Boot Award: Richard Snell.

Best foot in Town: Lauren Kelso.

Most Rejected Dancer: Mr. Rowlands.





BID

UGH!

ROAR

OOPS!

UGH!

? * + &

Richard ward

RIP
SHARON
GACKA
1981 B.C.

Maurice -
Fun isn't
NNGE it!

STAR
CORPS!

Mr Glyn.
I must not talk
in English classes
30x

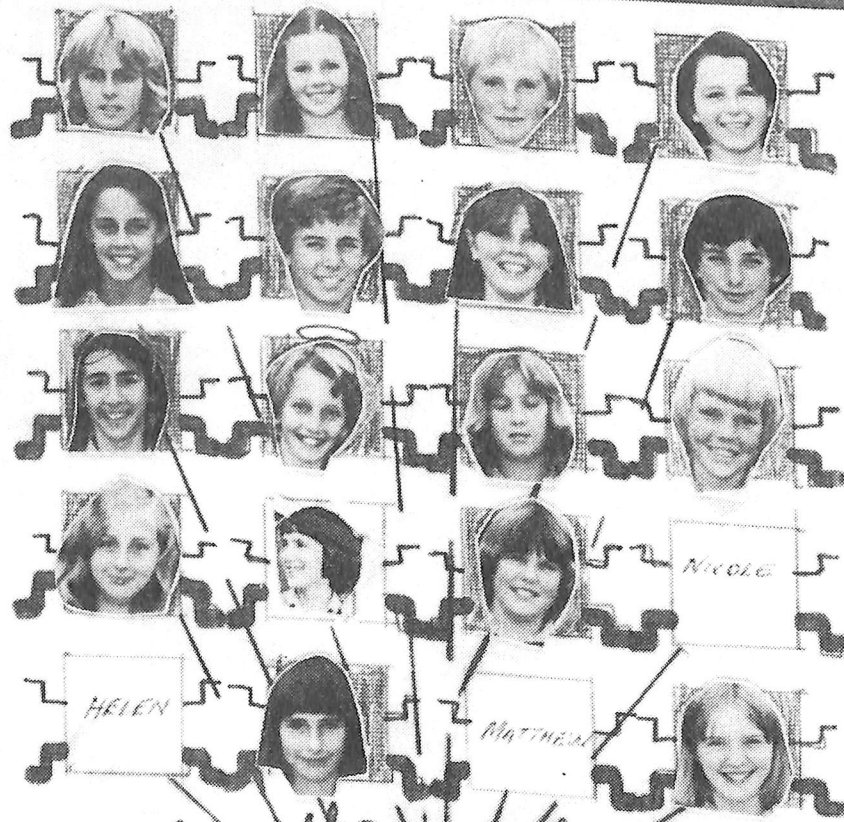


Dean CH FEAR DINKUM!
COME ON



GLYNN
INVADERS!

CONTROL
← LEFT RIGHT →
PRESS ● FIRE.



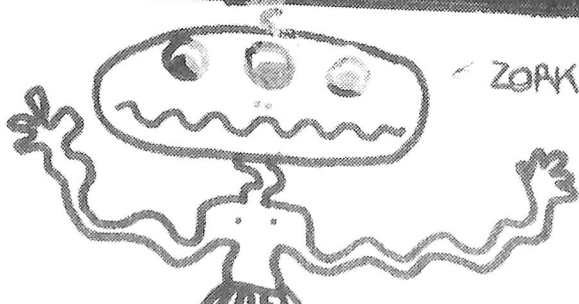
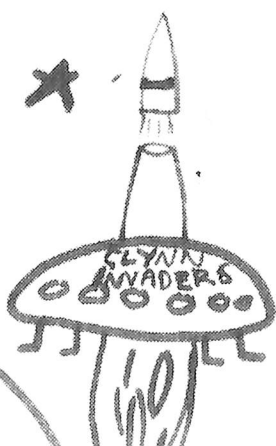
GAME OVER!!

DANG!

Brood
NNGE



ADRIA
HARRY
DUTTL



ZORK

EARTH

JUP


SPACE INVADERS!

All the draughts in the world go past this corner. I am an old man to be living alone. Old and impossible I am and they all say it, and keep away as much as they can. I sit up late at nights and watch the moon, green as cheese over the factories and the chimneys and puddle-faced in the canal and sometimes clean and sometimes dirty. I sit in the attic to be nearer the moon, and that is a little crazy because the moon is so far off that a house's height is a jot, a speck, nothing almost. But I sit up there for the sake of the people.

I alone in the town, am awake at nights, it is only I who know of the "Space Invaders". I see the birds who slash through the air. They sweep down in the dark, from the dark. They are terrible and purposeful. They strike. I am afraid of them.

On quiet nights I have heard the hiss of metal zap crisply through the air, and that has become the sound of terror for me. And I ask myself, "what is their business? What do they mean? Their purpose is an evil one, I am sure of it. And that is why I have, in a sense, appointed myself as a guard, a watchman. I alone am watching the sky at night. It is a kind of duty. And although the people of this town do not know me, or care about me, if ever the time comes to warn them, I shall do so.

In the summer there were only a few, but as winter is drawing closer, I have noticed them in larger patrols. I think they must come from Pluto, because Pluto is a very cold planet. Their is evil in their glitter, and in their hissing.



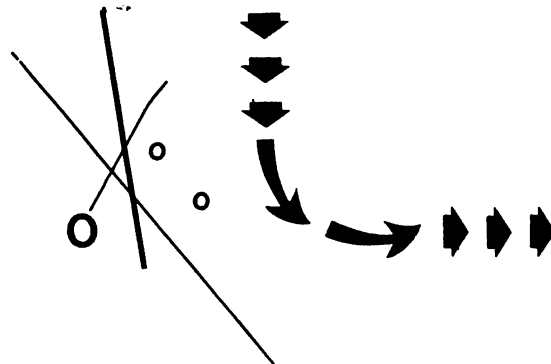
I wish I do not have to be a guardian, It is a responsibility I do not want. And I tell myself that I am an old man, a fanciful old man and perhaps a little crazy, but it does not alter the fact that I have eyes, and can use them, and that I see those terrible space ships. And so I have set a date. On the first of July, if the space ships have not gone by then, if they are still shuttling the night and shining like an army of spears over the chimney pots and arials, I shall give my warning. I have not decided how. It is not an easy thing to give a warning to thousands of people you do not even know. But I shall think of a way when the time comes, if the time comes.

(JUNE 20th)

I feel that the aliens are trying to contact me. Tonight I will try to contact them! All is quiet, just wait a minute, I see then. I have brought my flare gun with me, now I will fire, WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH. The flare shot up in the darkness like a bull at a gate. "EARTH MAN, HERE ME GOOD AND HERE ME WELL. I CASSWENDIONIDERASSERRNER, OR AS MY FRIENDS CALL ME, CASSIUS, ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER YOUR PLANET. YOU FOOL TO THINK YOU COULD EVEN STOP ME!"

"I will stop you", I shouted back, "And destroy your troops as well."

"THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY MY TROOPS IS TO DESTROY ME, AND I DOUBT VERY MUCH IF YOU COULD EVEN TICKLE THE SURFACE OF ONE OF MY PLUTONIANS, HA HA HA HAAAAAAR!"





That gave me an idea, I can not warn the world but I can destroy them all. Cassius told me how to deteriate him and his warriors. I will have to go to the nuclear bomb station tomorrow night and aim for the leading ship, that will be carrying Cassius and if I am lucky it will hit it, and destroy the Plutonians forever!

(THAT NIGHT-THE NEXT DAY)

The guards are as thick as water here, it will be a sinch to get inside! The button, the button, where is the button? Suddenly I feel so drowsy. It must be the Plutonians sending down some drug ray. I must get to the ejector button before it is to late!

They are trying to kill me! I have a duty to do for my country, the people who rejected me and closed me off from society, the millions of people who I do not know. My heart is beating like fury, I will not give up! The switch must be in the main room, of course. MY LEGS! They are cramped, I will not give up that easily.....

M....USSSS....T REA....CCHHHH
THATTT SWITCH, AM GOING FFFAA
SSSS....T. SIGHTED THE SWITCH,
MUST PUSH IT NOW!
BUUUUUUUUUUUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ.
(silence)

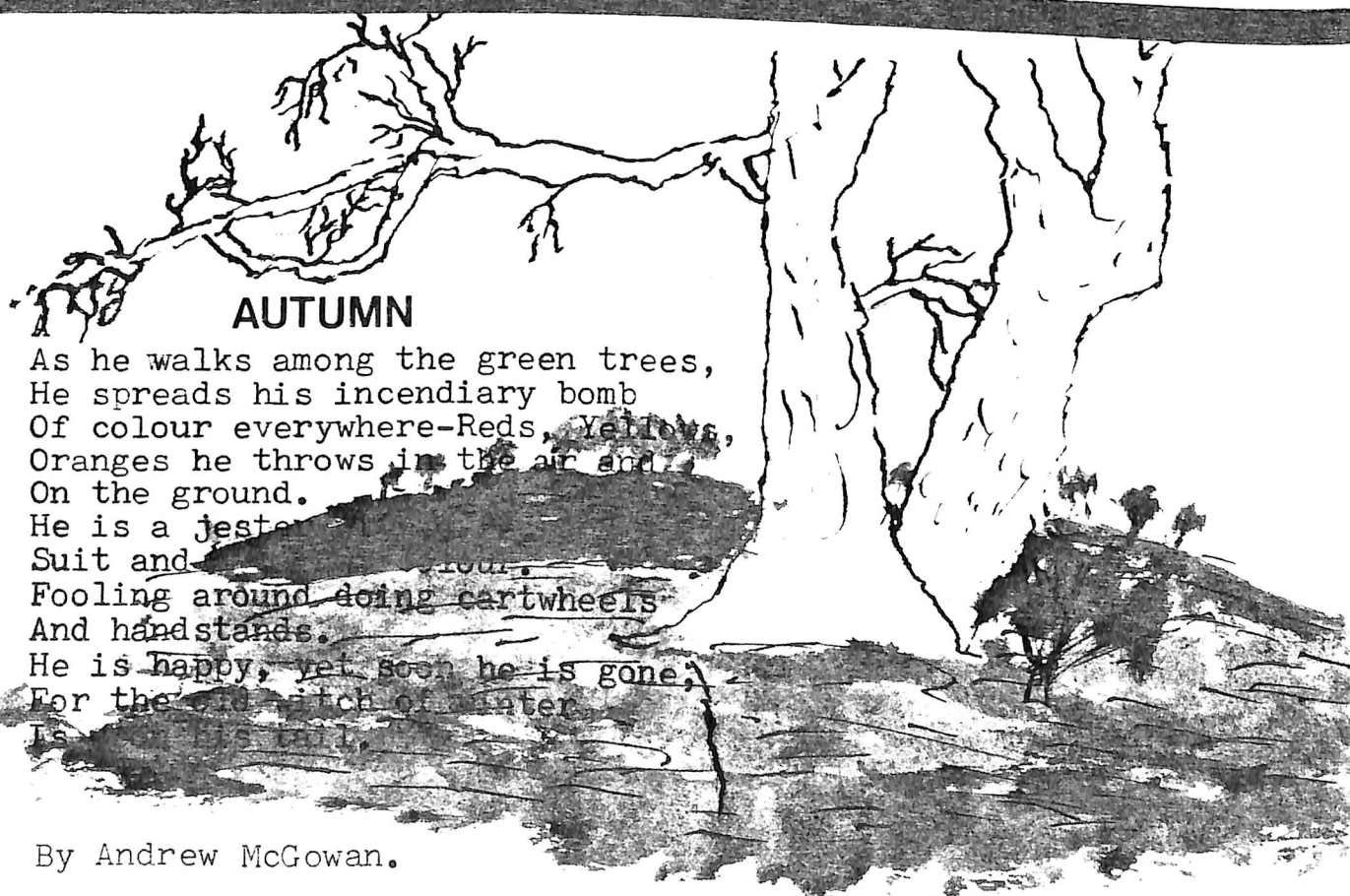
(THE NEXT MORNING)

"Hey Jed, come over here will you? This must be the guy who set off the bomb. Boy he is going to be in trouble! Would not like to be in his shoes."

"Franc, stop yacking will ya? Wake 'im up, HEY, he's dead!"

AND SO THIS STORY COMES TO AN END. NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW THAT OLD MR. "LEFT OUT FROM SOCIETY" SAVED THE WORLD, ONLY YOU AND I. OH, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO CASSIUS? HE WAS DESTROYED, BUT NOT ENTIRELY! CASSIUS TURNED INTO A GENTLE LITTLE CAT.(BLACK ONE OF COURSE

BY FIONA TAYLOR. 8B



AUTUMN

As he walks among the green trees,
He spreads his incendiary bomb
Of colour everywhere-Reds, Yellows,
Oranges he throws in the air and
On the ground.
He is a jester in a
Suit and a top hat.
Fooling around doing cartwheels
And handstands.
He is happy, yet soon he is gone,
For the old witch of winter
Is on his trail.

By Andrew McGowan.

Dale ROBINS 70

Lost in Hyde Park;
One wooden leg
One glass eye
Owner confined to
house and grieving.
Ph. 639-1643
LARGE REWARD!!

It all started way back in the good old days, of last week. I was just having a nice quiet siesta on a park bench, minding my own business, when a terrible crime was committed. Of course, I didn't find out it had been committed until I was awakened by a low-flying pigeon dropping bird poop into my left eye!!

I leapt off the bench, and immediately fell headfirst into the lake. I surfaced and found that I had a goldfish in my right ear and waterlilies up my nose! I removed the offending items and with great difficulty heaved myself out of the water. Much to my horror, I found that someone had unscrewed my wooden leg. Exerting great strength, I hopped to the bench and sat down to consider my problem.

I had often seen young boys playing soccer in the park, so I came to the conclusion that one of the antagonizing little terrors had unscrewed my wooden leg while I was sleeping. I searched in the nearby bushes but found nothing. The last straw came when I tripped on a protruding tree root, and fell face down in a pile of dog poo!!

I sat down on the ground and buried my face in my hands. "Why me? Why is it always me?" Wiping the muck from my face with a large dock leaf I sat on the park bench and tried again to ponder my problem. It was then that I realized that while I was scrubbing vigorously at my face, I had dislodged my glass eye! After

fifteen minutes of drowning myself in self pity, I decided that just sitting there wasn't getting me any nearer to finding my leg and eye. So, I cut myself a walking stick from a nearby hedge, and set out to look for them.

This couldn't have been my lucky day! Because while crossing the road I nearly got knocked off by a fast moving baby pram, then I almost gave myself brain damage on a low-strung shop awning!!

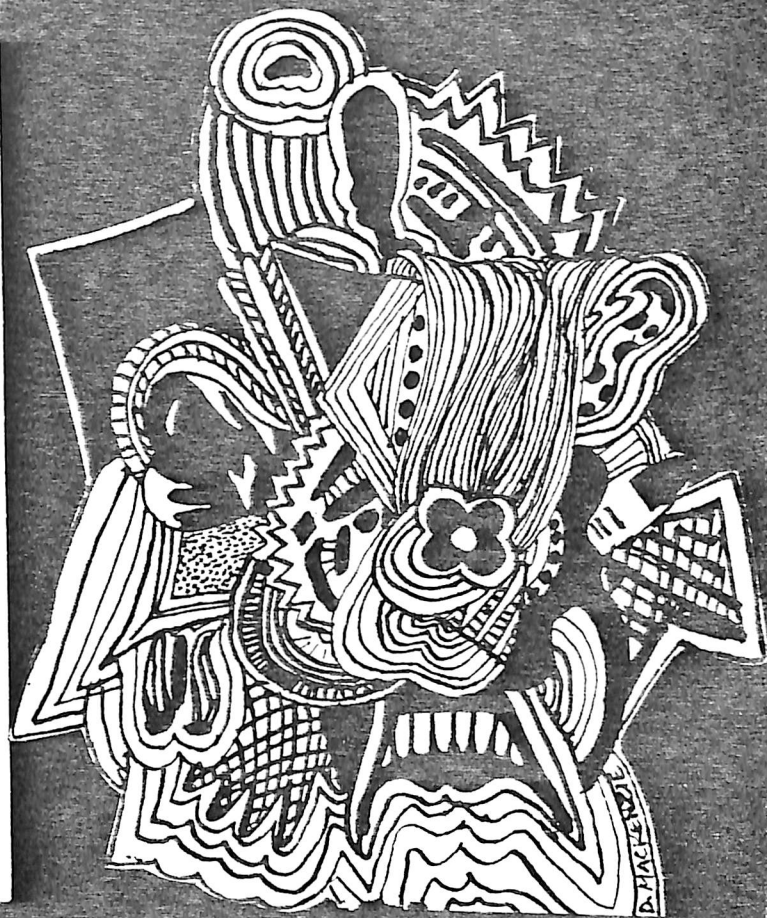
Feeling slightly dazed, I wandered through what appeared to be some big park gates. Still in a sort of dream, I rounded a corner and saw three nuns strolling along, looking at the colorful flowers. It was only then that I realized I wasn't in a park. I was in a convent! The kindly nuns noticed my bewildered condition, and took me inside the convent for a cool drink. It made me feel immensely better and my throbbing head soon cleared. All that I really wanted then was to get the hell out of the damned place. I had always been a bit scared of nuns, ever since one called Sister Roberta boxed me in the ears for blowing bubble gum at my sisters christening. But the nuns had no intention of letting me go home with one empty eye socket and only one leg.

Nuns must have some very persuasive charms, because somehow they conned me into going to evening mass with them. I hobbled down the aisle in the small convent chapel and knelt stiffly down in front of the altar. Then I saw something that made me blink my one remaining eye and look again. For there, holding up one end of the altar, was my wooden leg!

Apparently the kid who unscrewed it, panicked and threw it over the convent wall. The nuns thought it was an ideal thing for supporting one end of their dilapidated altar. They gave me my leg back and I gave them my walking stick to put under the altar.

I put an add in the Lost and Found section of the newspaper for my eye. It was found by a park attendant who was mowing the lawns. It was a little the worse for wear, but at least now I have my eye and leg back. Never again will I fall asleep in Hyde Park. For what appears to be a harmless park bench, takes you into the world of fantasy and illusion!!

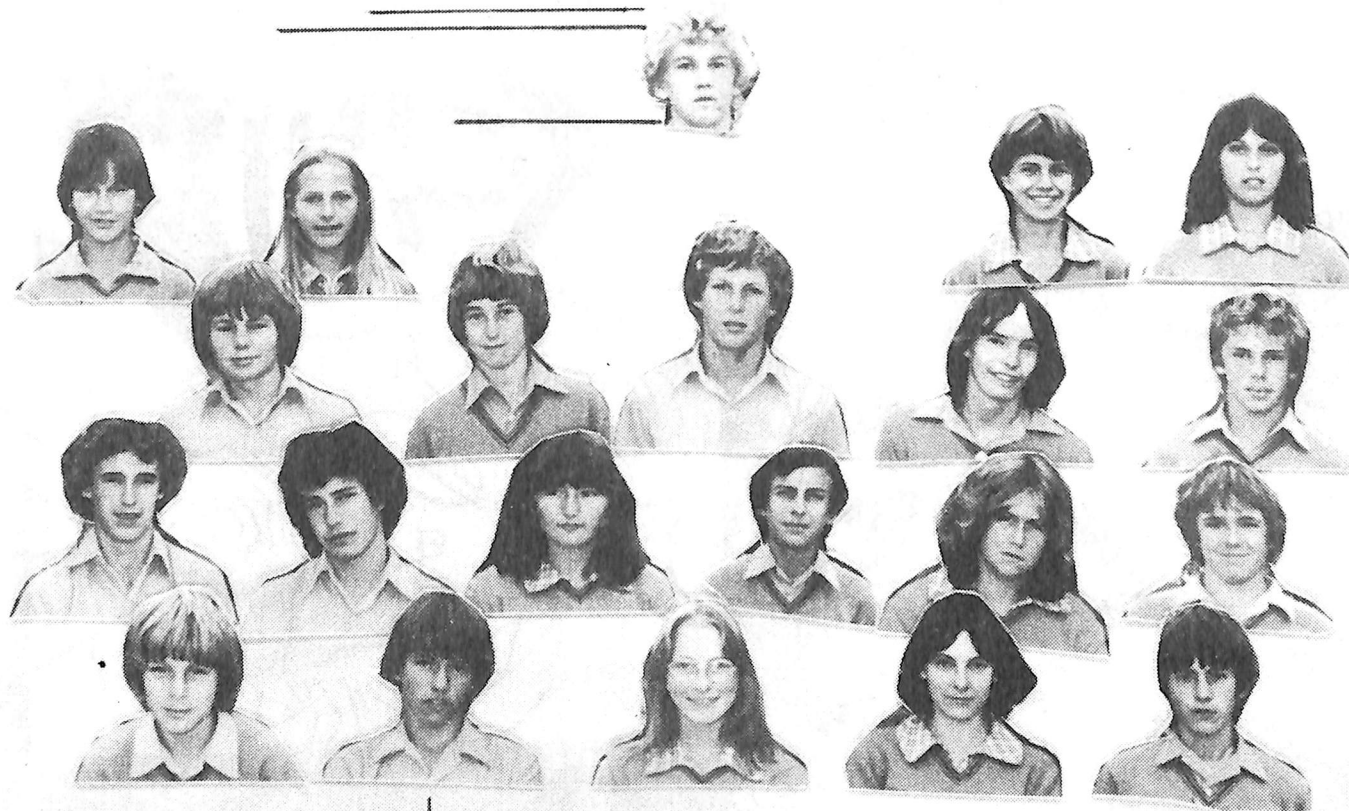
Jodie Allen
7D



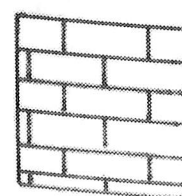
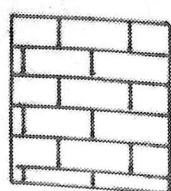
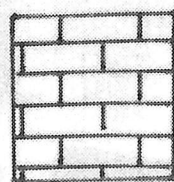
PETER SPICER 9A



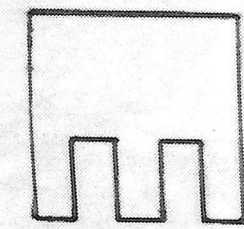
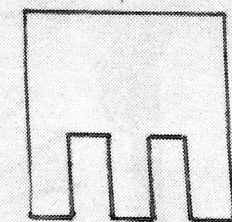
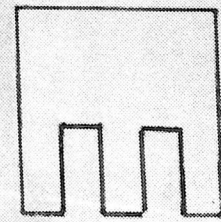
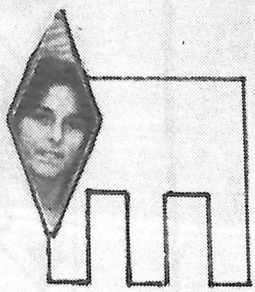
ob invaders



GAME OVER



SCORE 1 **NINE-C** INVADERS SCORE 2





By Ian Stewart and David Pullen

A PLAY ----- THE ESCAPED ROBOT -----

by KEITH TAPP 8B

CHARACTERS

Mr. Kingsdung (posh millionaire business tycoon snob manager.)
Mrs. Kingsdung (his arrogant wife)
Mr. Ratmas (aussie workers, nickname: Rats)
1st Worker Policeman
2nd Worker
Robot
Butler (Mr. Basset.)

Scene 1

In the factory, 12 noon, just before lunch break. Rats 1st and 2nd worker are together fixing a broken brake system.

RATS: Ah that's it, now just hand me the screw driver.
(irritated) Come on step on it!

1st WORKER: Ye o'okay hold ya horses. (turning to second worker and wiping his brow) He thinks 'e owns the bloomin' joint orderin' us like pigs, tell ya what oughta smash his head in. When's lunch break? Anyway, I hope it's soon.

2nd WORKER: So do I for our sakes. Plus, you aint big enough to take Rats on.

1st WORKER: But I feel like thumping somebody.

2nd WORKER: Really, well (looking around the dusty factory) try that, him, it or whatever the stupid thing is.

1st WORKER: Hell it's a robot and it's painting the cars.

2nd WORKER: The cars were supposed to be getting a bonus for painting this arvo. (yelling) RATS.

RATS: Yeh, what is it? (turning to 1st worker) Where's my screwdriver.

1st WORKER: Here you bloomin beep.

RATS: (spots robot) Hey mate, your painting, or rather, doing our job. What's the idea?

ROBOT: (quavering voice) Correction... My... job.

RATS: How do you figure that?

ROBOT: Mr...Kingsdung....gave it..to..me.... Now..excuse me.

RATS: Bull, you're a liar. (then makes savage attack on robots head and is covered in paint just as lunch bell rings.)

Scene 2

Rats goes to the manager to inquire about having the robot removed. Then he goes to the manager's house in clean overalls, of course.

RATS: Hey, this is the office aint it.

1st WORKER: Yep, see ya later.

RATS: 'Ay, what ya mean? (he calls after the worker) Chicken. O'kay Rats let's go. (he thumps the down loudly)

MANAGER: (with distinct english accent) Come in.

RATS: Hi, I'm Rats, or that's what me friend calls me. Look I got to speak to you...

MANAGER: Go on, out with it man.

RATS: Ahh....Look get rid of the robot.

MANAGER: What!

RATS: You heard, and if you don't get rid of it. I sill, and we'll work without the fear of being mugged.

MANAGER: But...But it is securely roped in, it does not...er... (the door is slammed shut)

Rats arrives at the managers residence and rings the bell.

BUTLER: Yes. (deep english accent)

RATS: 'Ah, is this the managers joint?

BUTLER: Beg your pardon, whom do you want?

RATS: Good, spot on (enters the house and sends butler reelin
Hello maam.

WIFE: What the...Who are you?

RATS: Just tell your husband to change hes mind about robots.

WIFE: I will do no such thing.

RATS: O'kay. Bye.

WIFE: (stunned) Bye.

He walks out calmly.

Scene 3

Rats sets the robot free during the night.

RATS: Handy to leave a window open for me. Right robot, out you come, now for the rubbish dump. (he hauls it on his back) Hey, I'll set it going outside the managers house, with painting capacity.

(Rats hauls it all the way to the house and it begins it's run of destruction, knocking over trees and spraying paint everywhere even on the new Rolls Royce in the driveway.)

Scene 4

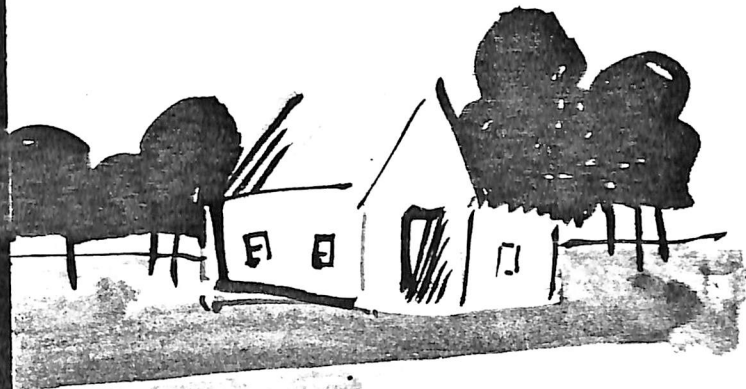
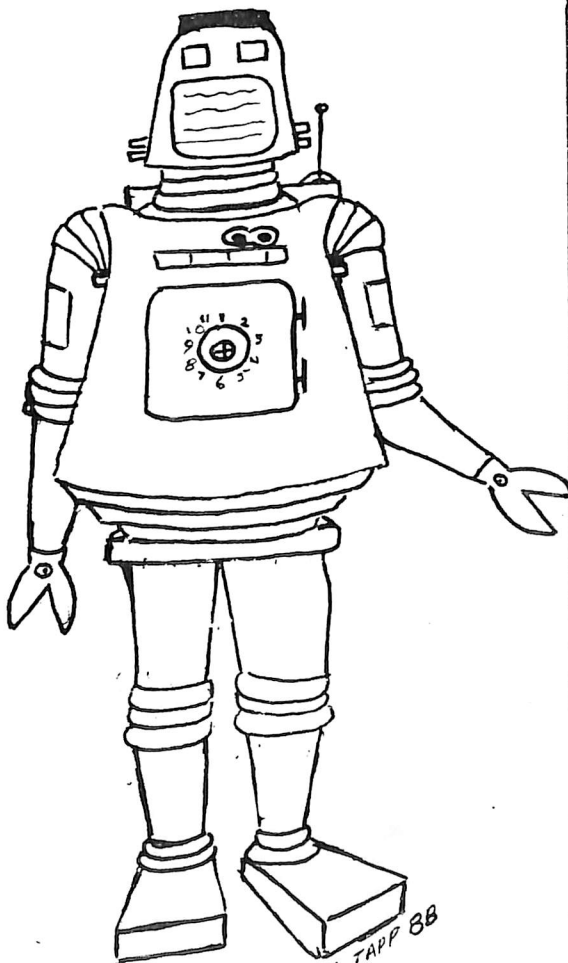
Workers all gathered in the coffee break room. Waiting for rats to enter, and for an announcement to explain why the manager isn't here. Rats enters, his shoulders in bandages.

RATS: Boy, was it good, yeah it was worthwhile seeing that. Hey, how about a drink for an old mate.

1st WORKER: Sure, but first you wouldn't know anything about, you know?

RATS: (with a broad grin) No, nothing at all.

They walk off arm in arm towards the bar.



THE HOUSE

She sat there,
Past her best.
The house.
One side a little lower,
Sunken.
Too many cares upon her shoulders,
Still she seemed to smile,
Solid, Safe and Contented.
Her gates open wide,
Welcoming the world.
By Sally Campbell.

I WAS BALL OF CHALKIN' DOWN THE
FROG AND TOAD.

Meanings for Rhyming Slang:

ball of chalk- WALK.
frog and toad- ROAD.
ivory pearl- GIRL.
field of wheat- STREET.
loaf of bread- HEAD.
mince pies- EYES.
butchers;butchers hook- LOCK.
bacon and eggs- LEGS.
flash of light- SIGHT.
two-thirty- DIRTY.
boiled rag- CLD HAG.
long and lingers- FINGERS.
bushel and peck- NECK.
jolly rousers- TROUSERS.
ice-cream freezer;greezer- MAN.
elephant's trunk- DRUNK.
cat and mouse- MOUSE.
man and wife- KNIFE.
boat race- FACE.
tiddly winks- DRINKS.
dot and dash- MOUSTACHE.
grasshopper;copper- POLICEMAN.
bull and cow- ROW.
Joe Rook- CROOK.
bugs and flea- KNEES.
north and south- MOUTH.
dook- FIST.
Gunga din- CHIN.
La-di-dah- CAR.
Bottle of Scotch- WATCH.
Tommy Tucker- SUPPER.
tiddler's bait- LATE.
'Arry Stottle- BOTTLE.
apples and pears- STAIRS.
Uncle Ned- BED.
trouble and strife;carving knife-
WIFE.

One wet miserable afternoon in the middle of summer in Melbourne, I was taking a ball of chalk down the frog and toad when I suddenly saw an ivory pearl on the other side of the field of wheat. I tell ya me mince pies nearly popped out o' me loaf of bread. Ya' should've 'ad a butchers at 'er bacon and eggs, they were really a flash o' light for me two-thirty mince pies.

Well, just as I thought all me dreams 'ad come true I caught a flash o' light of this boiled rag, ball o' chalking up to me ivory pearl. Fair dinkum I was turned off like a pommie batsman facing Lillee, that is, until I saw this boiled rag put her long and lingers round me darlings brushel and peck. And if this weren't strange enough the boiled rag had a pair of jolly rousers under 'er dress. Then I realised, this was no boiled rag but a two-thirty old ice-cream freezer.

Well, elephants trunk as I was, I ball of chalked across that field of wheat like an 'ansome prince off to rescue 'is maiden from the grips of a fire breathing dragon. But once I was at close range it didn't take me old mince pies long to see that the geezer was built like a flamin' cat and mouse. And to add to me troubles 'e had a man and wife which he promptly pointed at me boat race.

I tell ya I was packin'. I could feel the night befores tiddlywinks drippin' off me dot and dash. Frantically I 'ad a butcher's around but there was not a grasshopper in flash of light, typical.

I'd sure got meself into one heck of a possie. I 'as nothin' else to do but start a bull and cow with the Joe Rook. As 'ard as I could I banged me bugs and fleas as high as I could into his jolly rousers.

Ya should've seen 'is boat race. 'Is north and south twisted up somethin' 'orrible and I had time to, quick like, grab his man and wife. Which left him a dook left to smash into me Gunga din, leaving me on me flamin back in the middle of the frog and toad.

Meanwhile a la-di-dah had driven round me and the Joe Rook shoved the giggling ivory pearl into the back seat. After all me trouble the silly old hag seemed to be enjoying all the attention.

I shik me loaf of bread and 'ad a look at me bottle of Scotch. Struth it was Tommy Tucker time and I'd be tiddler's bait to git back to me cat and mouse. I could picture me trouble and strife sittin' at our round eatin' table with that darned brollie, sharp as a silver sword or a rollin pin, ready to wrap round me loaf of bread.

So after not much deliberation I took another ball of chalk to the pub an' got meself an 'Arry Stottle of wine. Then very me much elephant's trunk I crawled back to me cat and mouse and sneaked up the apples and pears and climbed into me Uncle Ned whereupon I conked out, 'appy to miss the bashing I got from me tenderloving carving knife.

By Lynne Clements. 93.



The Thin Men.....

I was the only person who knew, everyone else was usually deep in dreams by twelve P.M., partly because all the towns folk, or most of them went to the local pub every night and partly because we all had pretty good jobs. We had a big clock in the center of the village which rang in chimes on the hour. The legend of the town was about the dreaded thin men who came to haunt their enemies by stealing and killing cattle and sheep. They did this all in revenge for being thrown out of the countryside thousands of years ago and chased high up Mount Vulpine which stood by the village only a few kilometres off the centre of town.

Why do they keep on rampaging about their country side? Is it just their habit that can't be broken? Is it because their fathers and forefathers before them passed it down through the ages? Well this is what this story is about!

I live deep in the countryside, surrounded by few neighbors and acres and acres of fresh green pastures, forests and meadows, which were the homes of the cattle and sheep and countless species of wild animals. This was where the cattle were mysteriously disappearing and sheep were being found in gory piles of flesh and fur. All the ignorant townsfolk made up the excuse that vicious wild animals were killing their precious livestock. Every night on the stroke of twelve o' clock, they came cantering and leaping down the mountain-side, dodging rocks and trees alike. To the wary onlooker who had never seen them before they look liked trees wavering in the wind. But I knew what they really were.

When my cattle started going missing I decided to do some-

thing about it. I would destroy those blasted creatures if it was the last thing I did.

I had my plan worked out well. I would take two torches, a pen light and a big shoulder torch. You see I'd heard that the thin vile leathery men would disintegrate at the touch of a torch light. I was dressed and ready by eleven thirty. I made sure I had my torches ready. I jogged out the front door and began the twenty minute walk towards the mountain base. I was familiar with a large rock behind which I would hide myself and if it came to the worst I could climb up and try to shoot them with my torch from the top of the rock.

"Cracknee" my God I thought to myself. What on earth was that? suddenly I saw them, tumbling down the mountain side screeching like the devil was after them. I jumped out from behind my rock and faced them "on guard", I yelled and shone the torch at one of the creatures "zap". It just disappeared, "zap zap zap" they were being destroyed like wildflies. "I'll get you, you'll be sorry, stealing and killing our cattle and sheep. Who do you think you are? Oww", Someone grabbed my arms and pinned them behind me. I tried to shoot them with my torch but it was knocked out of my hand. Oohh, blimy, I nearly fainted, one of the horrible thin men stuck his smelly face right into mine. It was so ugly. It had three bright yellow eyes and a big brown mouth and a pig shaped nose. I felt something being put over my face as I lapsed into unconsciousness.

When I woke I didn't know where I was. Soon I gathered my thoughts together and had a look round. I saw I was sitting inside some deep, dark cave in the side of the mountain. All around me were the

thin men. I bent down to pull up my sock and felt a cylinder shaped object. 'Great' I had forgotten about the pen torch that was now down one of my socks, where the thin men couldn't see it. 'Hooray', I had a chance how ever small it might be of escape. I knew I had to wait for nightfall so I looked at my watch to see the time. Six thirty, I'd been asleep for about sixteen hours, so I had to wait for about five and a half hours or until twelve o' clock because thats when they all go haunting. The time had come, all the leather men were cantering down the mountain to make mischief for the night, I was luckier than ever. They had only left one man to guard me. Here goes I thought as I grabbed the torch from it's hiding place, and in a split second I had shone it right on the repulsive thin man and he'd just disappeared into thin air.

Quickly I jumped up and sped out of the cave. Help I had been seen. I scrambled up the cliff face as fast as I could and found myself on top of a high rock. The Thin Men couldn't get me because there was only one way up and I had it guarded with my torch. They all came screeching in anger and were trying to get up the rock but just kept firing. I soon noticed that there were not nearly as many of them as I had thought, only about thirty or so and with my rate of firing there wouldn't be many left. They were so mad about me escaping that they were behaving just like they didn't care about life anymore.

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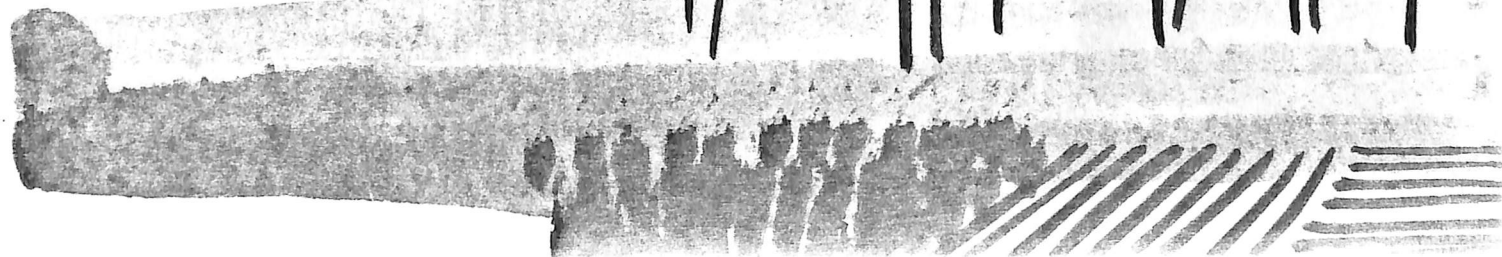
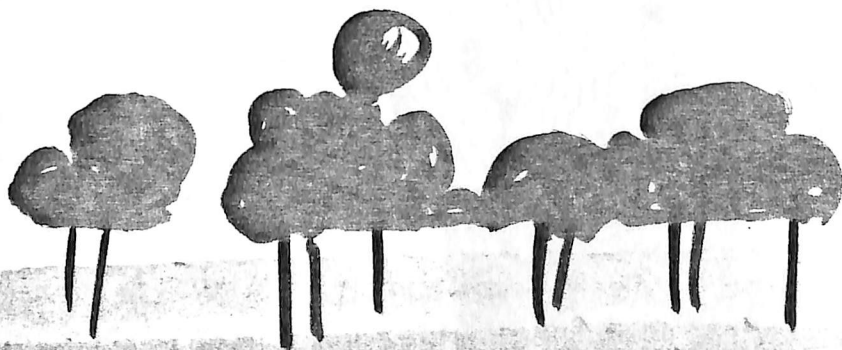
Quickly I jumped up and sped out of the cave. Help, I had been seen. I scrambled up the cliff face as fast as I could and found myself on top of a high rock. The Thin Men could not get me because there was only one way up and I had it guarded with my torch. They all came screeching in anger and were trying to get up the rock but just kept firing. I soon noticed that there were not nearly as many of them as I had thought, only about thirty or so and with my rate of firing there wouldn't be many left. They were so mad about me escaping that they were behaving just like they didn't care about life anymore. I suddenly realized that there was only one left. I shot at him but I missed. He went stumbling off into the trees. I leapt down off my rock and gave chase. Usually he would have out distanced me easily but he was so tired that I gradually caught up 'wham', he tripped on a tree root and fell flat on his face. I was just about to shoot him when I decided to ask him a question. "Why do you kill and steal our cattle?" With great effort he managed to reply, "Hhave to, he makes uu us..." and with those words the last of the thin men died with exhaustion, and in a way I was glad that I didn't kill him.

I never did find out what he meant by those last words and I don't suppose I ever will.

CHRISTINE MCGUINN
7E

KEY TO STAFF PHOTO ALBUM:

Page 1:	Mr. Teasdale, Mr. Vantatenhove, Ms. Davis.
	Mr. Byrne.
	Mrs. Vandenham, Mr. Bischof, Mr. Boucher.
Page 2:	Mr. Wong, Mrs. Fell, Mr. Djoneff.
	Mr. Taylor, Miss Rietze, Mrs. Steenholdt.
	Mrs. Barton, Mr. Miller, Mr. Glynn.
Page 3:	Mrs. Nutter, Mr. DaCosta, Miss Polischtschuk.
	Miss Clancy, Mr. Robins, Miss Tyler.
	Mrs. Morehouse, Miss Weinfeld, Mrs. Teasdale



THE BATTLESHIP

She lay quietly in the harbour
A warrior home from conflict and turmoil.
Resting her weary limbs,
Sitting, a proud queen in the water.
A silent witness of many battles.
Her proud shape distorted by scars
Testifying to her gallant spirit
The morning sun shining down on her,
As if welcoming her home.
The water carressed her sides.
She gently rolled to the constant,
Friendly attention of the water.
As if satisfied, that for the time
Being at least, she could quietly rest.
Far away from conflict and battle.

By Sally Campbell.

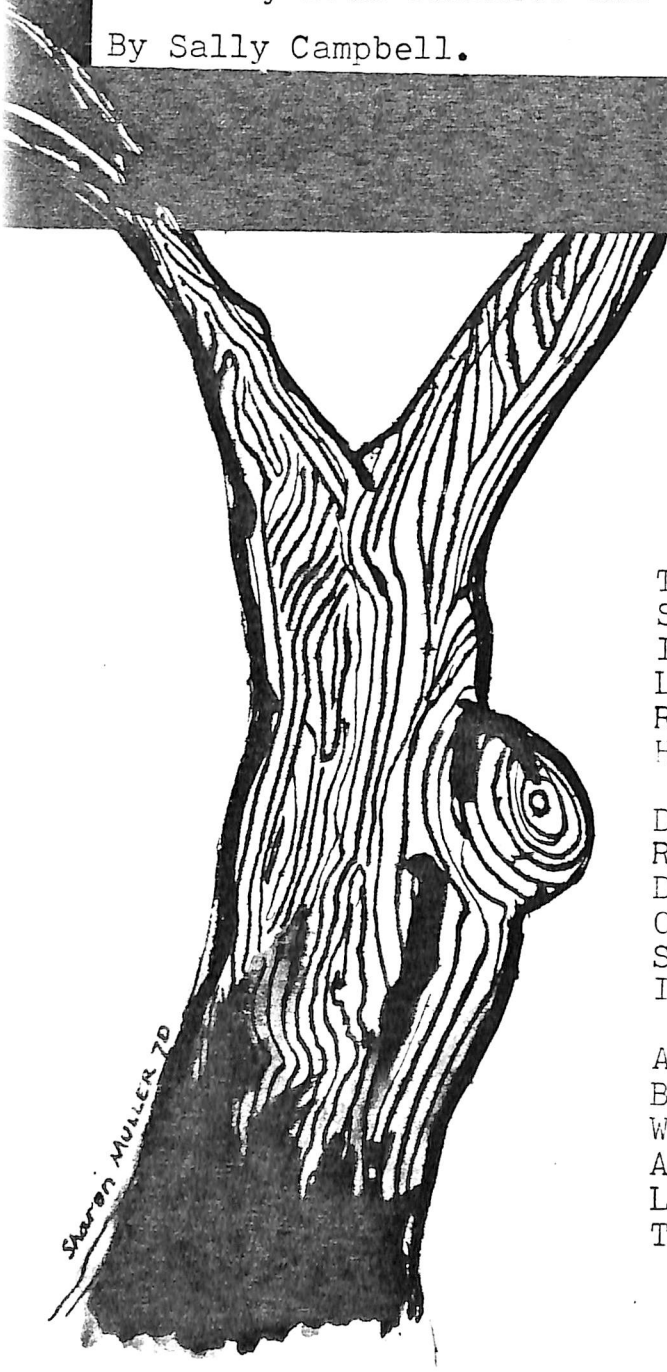
THE OLD TREE

The sun, bright and fierce,
Shone down upon the helpless tree,
Its leaves, all but two, had vanished,
Leaving long, bone-dry fingers,
Reaching out for help,
Help that is nowhere to be found.

Darkness falls, and the old tree
Rests its creaking hunched back trunk,
Dry and brittle from the harshness
Of its surroundings.
Soon it will sway no longer,
In the gentle breezes of the night.

A bird comes to rest on its wispy hair,
But its weight upon the rotten twig
Was more than it could take,
And the bird flies away as it snaps,
Leaving the weary, lonely figure,
To die peacefully in its place.

By Kate Glide. 9c



PARTING SHOTS

My eight year-old daughter isn't the best throw of a ball in the world, in fact she throws like a typical girl-badly! She's just as likely to throw the ball off at a forty five degree angle which can be very disturbing to onlookers and passers-by, not to mention the cat.

But this hasn't got anything to do with my topic, or rather it is at forty five degrees to my topic, so perhaps I write like she throws. Perhaps you won't want to read any more. Anyway, Rachael (the above mentioned eight year old) and I were out the front of the house over the weekend throwing a tennis ball to each other. She had just launched a high, looping one which, instead of sneaking into my waiting hands, struck the bedroom window a glancing and harmless blow, when a very pretty young lady drove past us quite slowly.

We recognized each other at the same time, and she lurched to a halt. No, it wasn't an "old flame", it was an ex-student. Carolyn was one of the first students I ever taught, and with a double shock I realized that I had taught her fifteen years ago, and that meant she was now in her mid or late twenties!

Where are they now? What are they doing, all those ex-students of mine? There are thousands of them, and I only know about a handful. I caught up on a few from Carolyn, who is now a Phys-Ed. teacher. I know of others who are builders, butchers, engineers, and doctors. One is living and working on a commune in northern New South Wales, and one is a millionaire.

Strange, isn't it? You might see someone every school day for six years, and then never

again. Most of them finish up as blurred photos in school magazines. Some of them I'm glad to forget, and I suppose the feeling is mutual, but in most cases I really like to see "my" students five, ten, fifteen years on.

So when I'm long gone from this place and you are all grown-up, married and respectable, or even if you're unmarried and disreputable, if you see me, old and grey, don't ignore me. Come up to me and tell me your news.

Rachael and I finally gave up our game of "catch" when she lobbed the ball over the fence and it landed "slosh" right in the gutter. How do you teach a girl to throw, anyway?

K. Da Costa

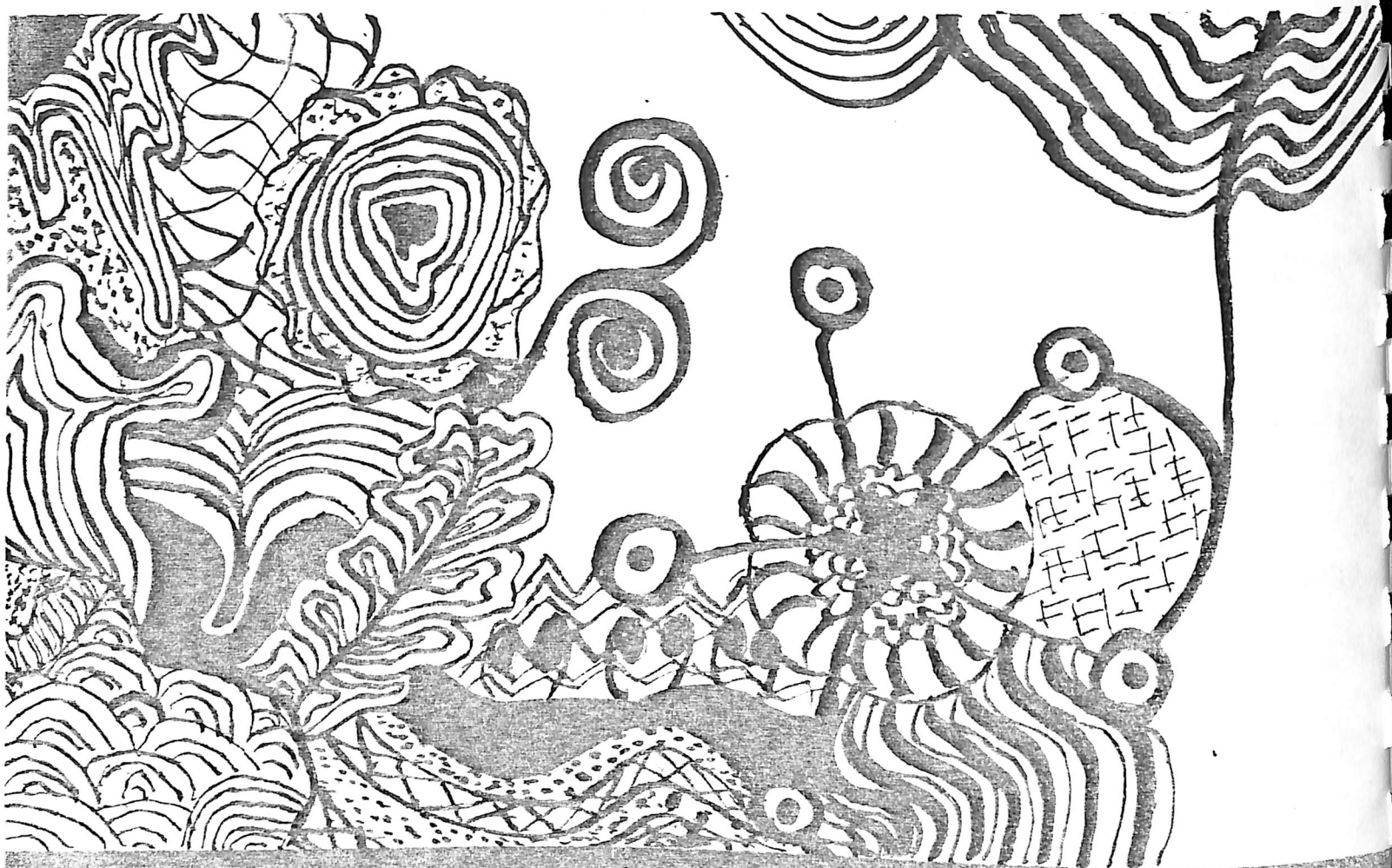


Dear Editor,

We object in the strongest possible terms to the tone of this article. It is sexist, discriminatory, biased, and chauvinistic. It is obvious that Mr. Da Costa has simply passed on his throwing skills, none, to his unfortunate daughter Rachael.

SUFFRAGETTES 4 EVER!!

From the typing pool: Kate
Lynne C.
Bert
Shelley



We:
Who know everything
About the diseased.
Deceased.

We:
The unearthers
With nothing left to unearth.
Nothing at all.

We:
Who make assumptions about
Our ancestors
And the lives they must have had..

We:
Who say those distant people
Were primitives
And destroyers...

We:
Who have nothing to give,
Nothing to our future,
Nothing like what they gave us...

We:
Who make sure that visitors
Don't know how happy we might
have been

If only
We'd listened.

Will someone please
Tell everyone of our destruction
Of our euthanasia
Of our euthanasia
Of our euthanasia
Of our...

Louisa LAMMERS 9



1981 Review

FEBRUARY

- 3 Opening Day
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- 18 Year 7's visit Melbourne State Dance Company
- 19 Parkwood High Club Barbecue
- 25 Parkwood High School Annual Swimming Carnival

MARCH

- 2 Inter School Swimming
- 19 Maroondah Group Swimming
- Year 8 and 9 Inter School Sports

APRIL

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- 3 Parkwood High School Athletics Carnival
- 10 Boys Tennis
- 14 Inter School Athletics
- 23 Year 7 Reports
- 30 Cross Country

MAY

- 8 End Term One
- 28 'Variety in Store'

JUNE

- 5 'Kitchen Scene'
- 17 Australian Maths Competition
- 18 Annual General Meeting (school council)
- 24 Cross Country 'Zone' Competition

JULY

- 10 Correction Day
- 15 Year 7 winter Sports Competition
- 21 Report Distribution Day

AUGUST

- 21 Staff V's Student Football Match
End Term Two

SEPTEMBER

- 15 Junior Girls Table Tennis

OCTOBER

- 15 Eastern Zone Athletics Carnival

NOVEMBER

- 12 Year 8 camp to Anglesea
- 14 Parkwood High Club Dinner Dance
- 22 Official Opening of Parkwood High School
- 27 Correction Day

DECEMBER

- 8 Puppet Theatre for Year 7 and 8
- 9 Year 9 visits Old Melbourne Jail and Ripponlea
- 14 Report Distribution
- 16 End Term Three

MERRY CHRISTMAS/HAPPY NEW YEAR

