

# PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE

## School Magazine



COVER - NICOLE LIGHT AND GRAYSON MILNER.

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

This is the time of year we reflect on the past twelve months, thinking of all positive aspects of our school as well as considering areas where we can improve.

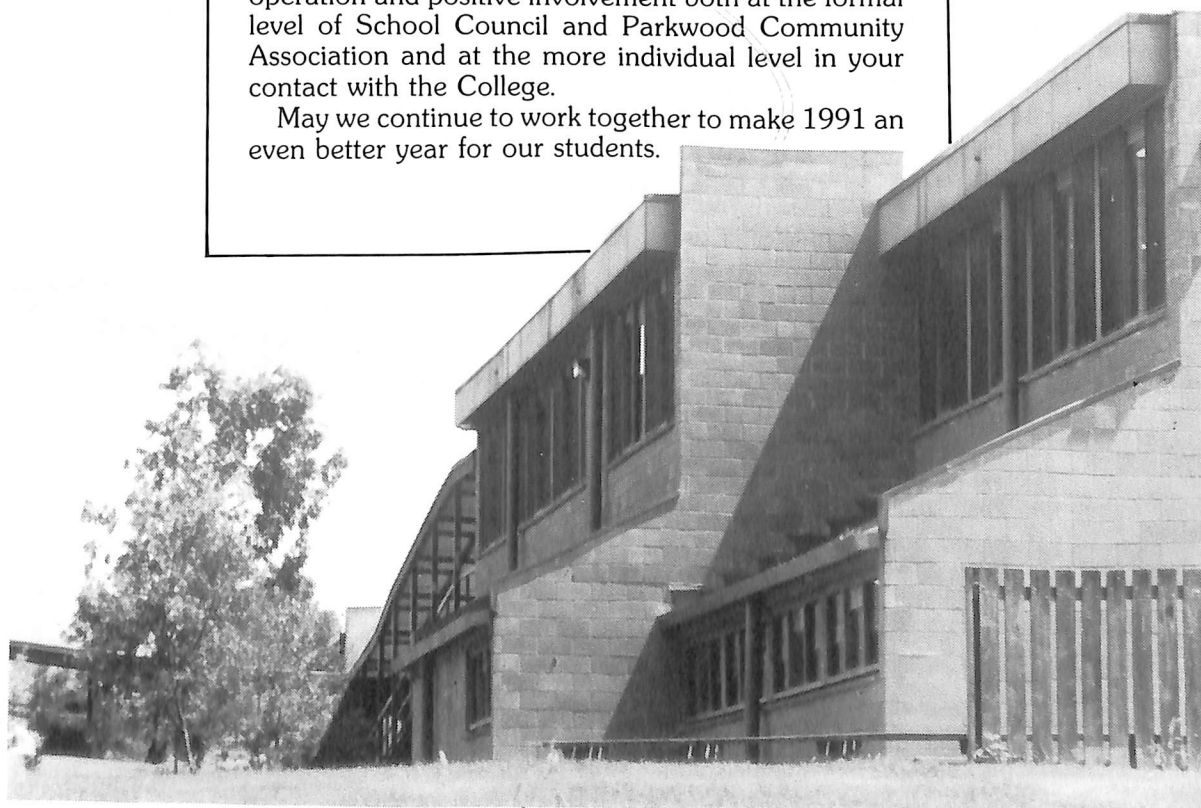
Our students need to be congratulated on their general behaviour and attitude around the school. Some excellent work has been done in all areas of the curriculum as demonstrated by the number of students who have received certificates acknowledging their efforts.

There have been students who have made a contribution outside the classroom, in giving their spare time in helping in the library and canteen, in cross-age tutoring in Maths and English, in coaching sport teams and taking part in S.R.C. activities. We thank them for their involvement and encourage others to follow their example. Special recognition must also be given to the students in our Senior Catering Class for their practical contribution to various functions throughout the year. School Council has also given a commitment to developing our grounds along the plans drawn up by our students in the Designer in Schools Programme.

Our staff have also had a busy and productive year. Not only have they maintained their standards in classroom presentation, they have developed all the new courses required for the full Victorian Certificate of Education at Year 11 next year and the continuation in Year 12 of English and Mathematics. They are to be highly commended for the support they have given each other in this mammoth task. They have been tirelessly assisted by our support staff and their contribution we acknowledge.

Finally, to parents we say thank-you for your co-operation and positive involvement both at the formal level of School Council and Parkwood Community Association and at the more individual level in your contact with the College.

May we continue to work together to make 1991 an even better year for our students.



## PRESIDENT'S REPORT 1990

One of the gratifying aspects of 1990 has been to see that school council meetings do produce tangible results. Perhaps the most significant way this was shown was by the Designer in Schools 'Hub Hill' landscaping. Initial general discussion at a school council meeting on developing a plan for the school grounds was enthusiastically grasped by teacher members of the council. The Ministry funded Designer in Schools program enabled the teachers and students to work in cooperation with staff from the architectural landscape design firm Loader and Bayley. The students invited council to choose one set of plans from the four they had submitted. Major earthworks for the selected project commenced during the end of term three holidays, term four should see the completion of the 'Hub Hill' reconstruction.

The whole experience has highlighted how a school community can best work; good ideas, cooperation, enthusiastic staff and students, some hard work and a supportive school council. 'Hub Hill' is only the first of an ongoing series of projects that will progressively transform Parkwood Secondary College. School council is committed to providing a pleasant and stimulating physical environment for staff and students.

The demands of VCE has seen the Education sub-committee produce quite a few recommendations for council, this is just one example of the kind of 'behind the scenes' work that goes on throughout the school, where people are doing their best to 'make state schools great schools'. The coming VCE is producing enormous changes in secondary education, the resulting challenge for staff and students will be equally as great. The school council recognises that the times ahead will be difficult and is committed to supporting both students and staff.

The year 1990 sees the end of an era for Victorian education, Parkwood Secondary College Council wishes the 1990 Year 12 students the very best for their future as they leave Parkwood and go to employment or higher studies. Parkwood can go into the new 'VCE' era with confidence if the spirit of cooperation and participation is continued.

Michael Bangay

## Parkwood Community Association

The Parkwood Community Association is a forum for open discussion between parents, the community and the college. We assist staff and the Principal in organising functions and fundraising activities for the benefit of the college community. Meetings are held every third Tuesday of each month and are open to any interested people connected with the college.

At the start of second term we organised the Year 7 BBQ night. Parents were appreciative of the opportunity to speak with their students' teachers in a relaxed atmosphere.

On the last Saturday of each term we have our Second Hand Uniform Sale which has proved very successful. Our Chocolate Drive was also successful and money raised will go towards the Designer-in-Schools program.

Our Annual Book Exchange and Second Hand Uniform Nights held in December assist students to sell or buy books and uniforms for the following year. We feel this is a valuable service to the college community. May I take this opportunity in thanking Jean Howarth for all her work and dedication over the years.

To all those who have assisted us in our various activities a big thank you and I hope you will continue to support Parkwood Community Association in the future.

Vivien Davison  
President

## STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

How do you organise and motivate 40 plus students ranging from year 7 to year 12, with the illustrious 'tag' of the SRC? Questions like, What does SRC mean? When's the next free dress? If its Free dress why do we have to? Really!!

However let's not dwell on trivia, but rather, can I focus your attention on a few 'highlights'. It became apparent that the SRC exists as a service to the school and wider community.

So for the record, this is a tribute to all those who served under the SRC umbrella. From the elected representatives in each class to the executive committees.

Special mention should be made of the council who served in various ways: John McCurdy, Gavin McLean, Brad Geyer, Sarah Haldine, Kim Leach, Andrew Whitelegg, Emma Williams, Annabelle Hart, and Damien Ross.

Mention should also be made of special initiatives undertaken: SRC were able to organise the following fundraisers for the school and wider community - World Vision Support, Legacy, Red Nose Appeal.

Other projects included gathering and reporting to school council, student requests regarding uniform and facilities. Services such as Free dress days, Sports hire facility at lunchtimes, the Talent Quest, a magazine attempt, Basketball slam dunk contest and many meetings to establish a constitution for working procedure.

The students gave their time and energy and should be commended for their input.

Thank you.

Lesson Teacher,  
Mr Garry Eadon

## SRC

Another mildly successful year in the SRC department has all but finished. We achieved quite a bit this year, whether it be visible to the students, or amongst the SRC committee. Much thanks has to go to Garry Eadon for his time, commitment and dedication to helping the council to achieve what it has, and being at 90% of all our meetings, guaranteed with salad roll and can of Sunkist in hand, ready to tell us what we should be doing next!

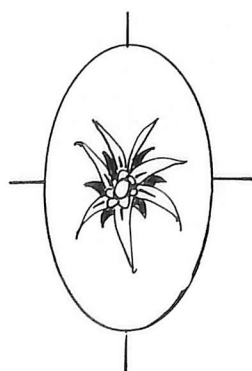
Our year's President, John McCurdy, has done a wonderful job in putting together the SRC Constitution. This is a job that should have been done when the SRC first began, but thanks to John, this has now been finished and we hope it will be put to great use in the future years of the SRC. John has put a lot of his time and effort into the SRC this year, making time in his last year to do something for the school that hasn't been done. The Constitution was at the top of his list, but many other things have been achieved thanks to him and the Council.

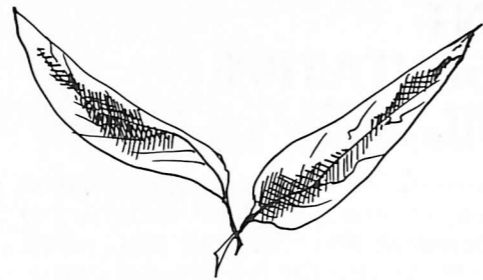
We have been able to get new basketball rings put up in the basketball courts, much to the dismay of the Year 12 students who won't get a chance to make use of them. We have also made an effort to change the colour of the girls socks to white, but we don't have a definite answer to this issue as yet. Due to the SRC suggestion box, there have been many suggestions put forward to us that we have presented to the School Council and we look forward to their decisions in the future.

The SRC had two fundraising events held this year, the first being Red Nose Day. Annabelle Hart did a great job in organising this event and we must thank her greatly for this. Red Nose Day had a great deal of student participation and we were grateful to the students for helping us to raise over \$200 for research into Cot Death. The second event was for Legacy Badge Day, where Grayson Milner of Year 7 did a good job in raising money for this also.

Thanks must also go to Damian Ross who has done a good job in organising posters for such events as the Talent Quest, and to Brad Geyer who organised the lending of the SRC sports equipment which unfortunately came to an end. Thank you to the students of the SRC who help in this also. Another good year goes to Gavin also, what would we do without all his charm and wit!!

All of us on the SRC have enjoyed the year. We have achieved a lot during the year, and we have also left a lot of work for the SRC committee next year. Thank you to all the students who were on the committee and the students who have done outside jobs for the school. And as for the roof on the bicycle shed - well you'll all just have to see.





## DESIGNER IN SCHOOLS

During the last months of 1989, our application for funding for Designer in Schools was successful. The program was to be developed during 1990 with Loder & Bailey as our landscape architects. This firm was to offer advice and suggestions for the section of grounds we were to develop.

The area selected was the 'clay hill' between B/C Block and portables 8-12. One of the Year 10 Graphic Communication groups were selected to work on the project during the year.

The class was broken up into small groups, and set the task to design a 'public space' area. The group of students whose plan was successful were:

Helen Treirthick  
Shelley Ward  
Leonie  
Suzanne Guetovac  
Sharron Dooky  
Kylie Gontner  
Rebecca Jones

Their plan (as seen here) will be implemented during the latter part of 1990 - early 1991. The girls' plan incorporates the provision of extra paving, more seating, passive areas, shade trees and some open space for more active areas.

The Parents' Club donated \$2,000 to provide the seating and School Council donated the money for the areas construction.

All the students worked extremely hard on their designs giving great thought and attention to the other students' requirements around our school environment. Well done.

Mrs D. Henwood



## TALENT QUEST 1990

The Parkwood Secondary College Talent Quest was held during periods 5 and 6 on the last day of third term and was a resounding success.

Thanks are extended to the judges: Leane Wall, Damien Ross and Mrs Douglass, and congratulations go to: Kellie Wright, the first prize winner of \$100 (all prizes were donated by the SRC) for her rendition of 'New York, New York'.

The band 'Delayed Reaction' (Sam and Steve Gillespie, Glenn Kear, Geoff Crockett and Nik Vlastic) who won the second prize of \$50 formed the 'Shattered Crystals' (Amanda Fellon, Diana Pupie, Melissa Wansley and Stacey Aslangul). Milner Grayson, a year 7 student, entertained everyone with his magic tricks while Kim Leach and Andrew Howarth gave some interesting interpretations of comedy as well as doing some character assassinations of teachers which won't be forgotten by some staff members for quite some time.

Special thanks go to the inimitable Gavin ("don't worry - there's plenty time!) Melean for acting as the compere, to Mr Eden, Stuart Brown and Natalie Doing for their organisational work behind the scenes, and to all those people and acts who contributed to the 1990 Talent Quest being such a success.

Mr Luke



## THE THINGS I LIKE ABOUT GEOGRAPHY

The things I like about Geography is that you don't always have to do the same things. You get to do maps and stuff like that and it's fun. It was also fun because we got to study modern Victoria and the world. We had to do posters and lots more.

*Rebecca Parkes*

This year in Geography I enjoyed planning a trip around the world. We learnt about the different things and places around the world. One of the best parts of Geography was learning more about Victoria.

*Bradley Pilato*

This year in Geography we studied continents and oceans and loved the latitude and longitude with Miss Iliopoulos. We planned a trip around the world and studied Victoria. We learnt many things about the agriculture of Victoria and I totally enjoyed Geography. The best part of Geography that I liked was drawing all the diagrams of Victoria and Australia.

*Marina Cowling*

Geography can be interesting when you can learn about different people, places and customs. There are thousands of different cities and each one in its own way is interesting. Year 7 Geography has been fun.

*Morag E.*

The best thing about Georgraphy is that I always get A's.

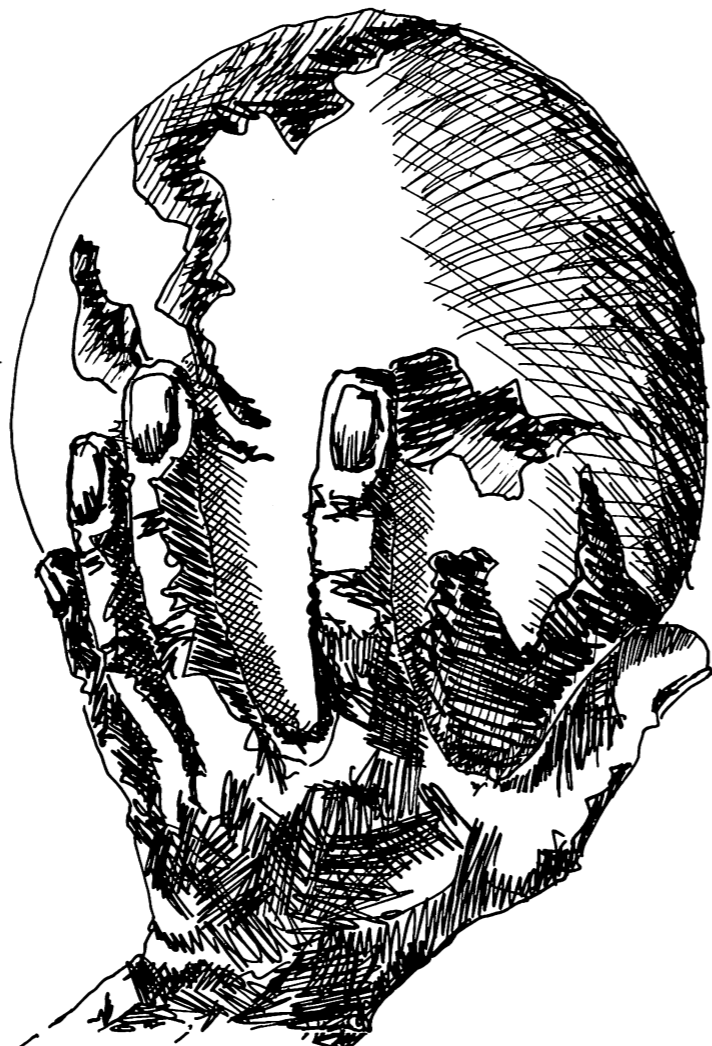
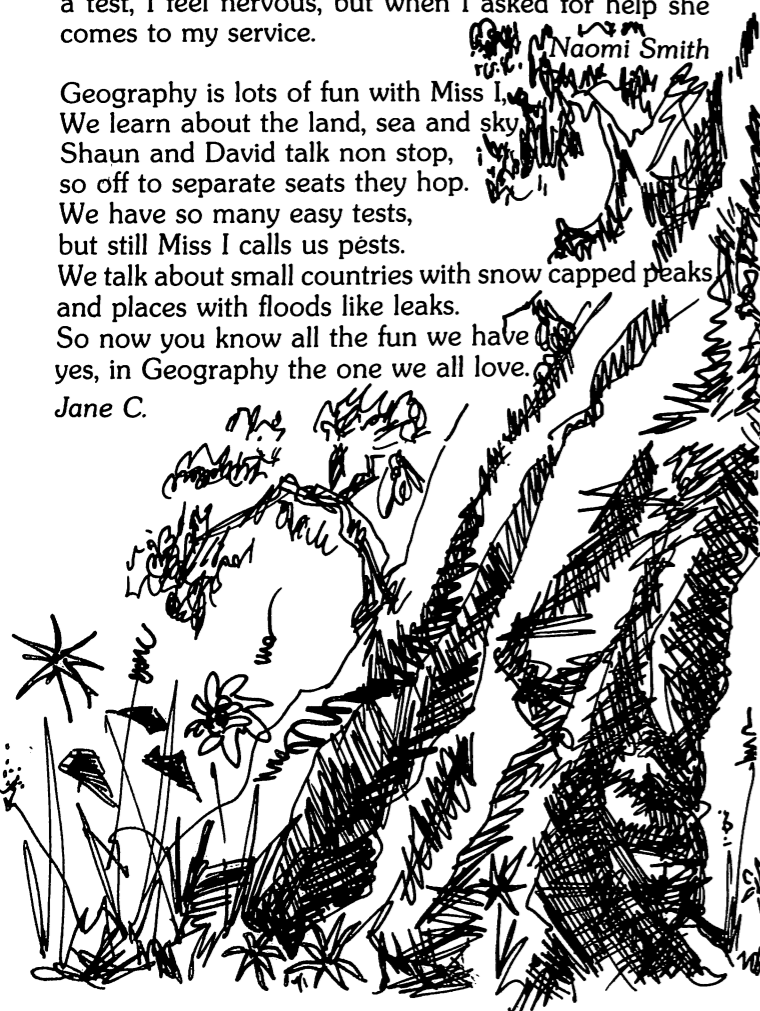
*Jane Taylor*

I enjoy Miss I, because she makes 7D smile. When we do a test, I feel nervous, but when I asked for help she comes to my service.

*Naomi Smith*

Geography is lots of fun with Miss I. We learn about the land, sea and sky. Shaun and David talk non stop, so off to separate seats they hop. We have so many easy tests, but still Miss I calls us pests. We talk about small countries with snow capped peaks and places with floods like leaks. So now you know all the fun we have yes, in Geography the one we all love.

*Jane C.*



During term three, many students participated in a Geography Awareness Week program. These students submitted material with a Geography theme—the most outstanding received a book award/certificate which was presented at a general school assembly. Congratulations to the following students who received awards and certificates:

### Year 7:

Michael Rowell, 7A  
Claire Abery, 7A  
Daniel Moldrich, 7C

Karen Van Krieken, 7A  
Gaby Forster, 7A  
Ben Tamme, 7D

### Year 8:

Mark Dunk, 8D  
Kylie Hadley, 8A  
Melissa Boschon, 8B  
Karli Smith, 8D  
Chris Fella, 8D  
Jenny Watson, 8A  
Olivia Fisher, 8A  
Erin Torrensan, 8A  
Kirsten Ruscuklic, 8C  
Miranda Parry, 8C

Shannon Lea, 8D  
Michelle Pickett, 8B  
Nathan O'Connell, 8D  
Katheryn Thornley, 8A  
Margaret Mitchell, 8A  
Matthew Brown, 8A  
Anne Marie Middlehurst, 8C  
Jenni Boyle, 8C

### Year 9:

Kate Parker, 9B  
Joel Hofstra, 9D  
Katrina Fallon, 9A  
Deanne Greenwood, 9A  
Sara Marshall, 9A  
Chelsey Crane, 9A  
Naomi Cowling, 9A  
Carolyn Haupt, 9B

Kirrily Brindle, 9A  
Julian Kuppler, 9C  
Gary Pokkinen, 9A  
Tenille Merrigan, 9A  
Simon Lamb, 9A  
Kate Mason, 9A  
Kate Stevens, 9B

Seeing  
the  
SUN



For those of you who don't know, and haven't been able to tell by the accent, I am on a one year teaching exchange from England for the duration of 1990. During this time Mr. O'Conner, who many of you will know, is doing my job in Basingstoke, Hampshire and living at my home in Winchester — I hope he's looking after it!

My school in England, Cranbourne Secondary School, has about 1100 students aged 11-16 years. As well as all the normal computer rooms and science labs etc., the school has good facilities including a sports hall, gymnasium, tennis courts, a swimming pool and a large area of playing fields (not ovals). If you went to this school you would be streamed in most subjects from year 8, and would do external examinations in up to 10 subjects at 16 years of age. You would find that the Principal is called a Headteacher, a form group is called a tutor group, and staff don't do the roll, they take a register.

The P.E. curriculum at Cranbourne is more traditional than at Parkwood. There are 2 lessons a week for all students, generally in single sex groups, and you would spend 15 lessons a year on each of the major games — soccer, rugby, cricket, netball, hockey etc., and 7 lessons on other activities such as tennis, badminton, gym dance, softball, volleyball etc. The P.E. curriculum here at Parkwood covers more activities than at Cranbourne and some of them have been new to me. I took a year 10 group for a lesson of Australian Rules, except it was the students who taught me about the game. Although I have played golf before, I have never taught it, and there are probably a number of students who can remember me demonstrating a chip shot and missing the ball altogether. These sports, as well as many others, have given me a new range of skills which I will be able to take home with me at the end of the year.

I've had a lot of comments made to me about England being colder and wetter than Australia. It is true that England is generally cooler, although this year has been an exception (they saw the sun!) but Melbourne actually gets more rainfall than London. The difference is that when it rains here it rains heavily and the sun shines again, whereas in London it's not so heavy, it just seems to go on forever.

The stereotyped image of Australians that most English have is of a bronzed body with sun bleached hair carrying a surfboard. I asked some students here, their images of the English — they said 'pale faced and skinny'. I guess I must have put on weight! The problem of skin cancer is worrying, but most people are sensible and are covering up. However, if you're not careful the Australian image could soon become 'paleface'.

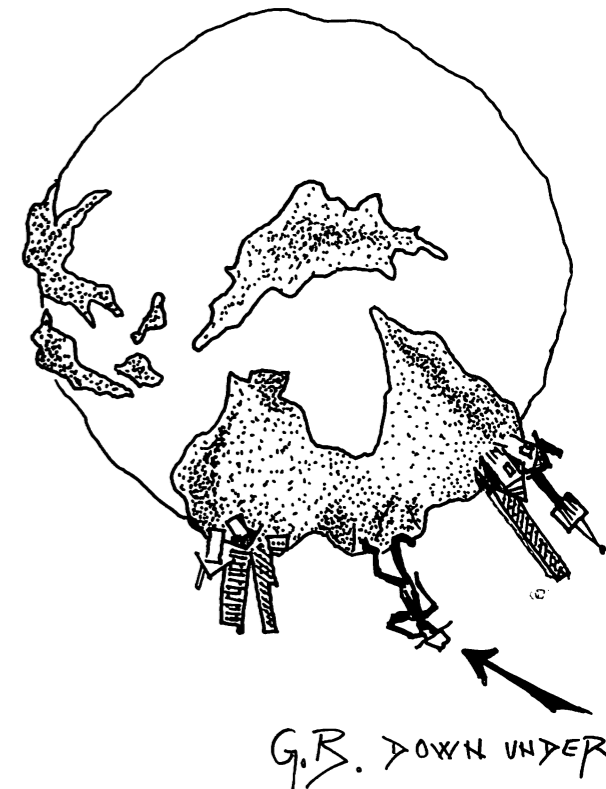
I have become increasingly concerned during my time here with the way that Australians have distorted the English language. It started when I had a chat with someone about the game of football. The conversation went on for some time before it became apparent we were talking about different games.

You should remember that soccer is the only true form of football. There is also a saying 'that's grouse'. A grouse is actually a bird that is shot for sport in the highlands of Scotland. I have had discussions with many groups of students about the way words are pronounced. I hope I have been able to educate at least a few of them about the correct use of the English language.

Since I have been in Australia, and as I may never get the opportunity to come back again, I have attempted to see as much of the country as possible. During the holidays and at weekends I have been to the red centre, and have seen most of the coast from Port Douglas in Northern Queensland round to Adelaide, as well as spending two weeks in New Zealand. It's been hard work being a tourist! In just a few months I've probably seen more of Australia than most Australians, but then again I've never been to Scotland or Ireland.

I have enjoyed my time in Australia and I would like to thank both the staff and students at Parkwood for making me feel so welcome.

*Graham Bird*



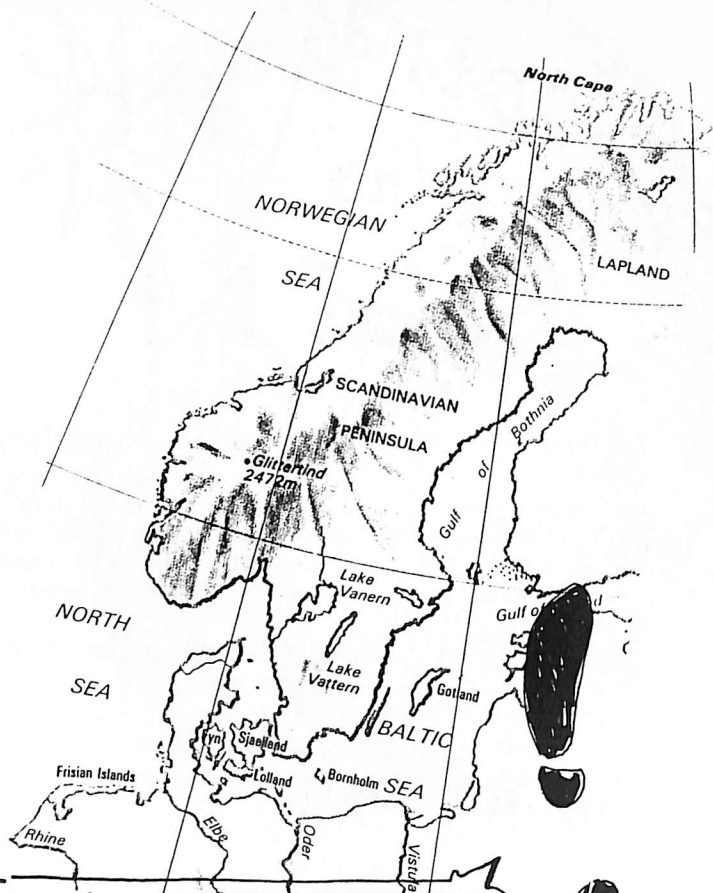
I was asked to write about the differences from a Danish school to an Australian school.

I better introduce myself before I go any further. My name is Randi Zachanassen and I am an exchange student from Denmark. When I think about the differences between Australia and Denmark, it is hard for me to pick them out because I have not been home for more than 9 months and I am now used to the Australian schools.

A major difference is the uniform. We do not wear a uniform and I think there is only one school in Denmark that requires you to wear a school uniform. Another thing that is different is the school system.

Pre-school	6 years of age
1st grade	7-8 years of age
2nd grade	8-9 years of age
3rd grade	9-10 years of age
4th grade	10-11 years of age
5th grade	11-12 years of age
6th grade	12-13 years of age
7th grade	13-14 years of age
8th grade	14-15 years start to get marks
9th grade	15-16 years exam to leave school or to go into Uni.
10th grade	16-17 years final exams to leave school for an apprenticeship or school to get into Uni.

As you can see we are older before we leave school.



Hi everyone!

My name is Mia Wranghede. I am an exchange student from Sweden. I have been in Australia since January 15 and I am in Year 11. In Sweden we start school when we are 7 so we are 17-18 years old in Year 11. In Sweden the school system is very different. There are 1300 pupils in my school in Sweden and we don't wear a school uniform.

No school in Sweden has a uniform. We also get hot lunch in school everyday, such as spaghetti, hamburgers etc. Because there are so many in the school everyone doesn't have lunch time at the same time. You either have lunch at 10.45 a.m. or 1.15 p.m.

We have 11 subjects and we can't choose our subjects in Year 7.

## JAPAN 1990!

Konnichiwa!

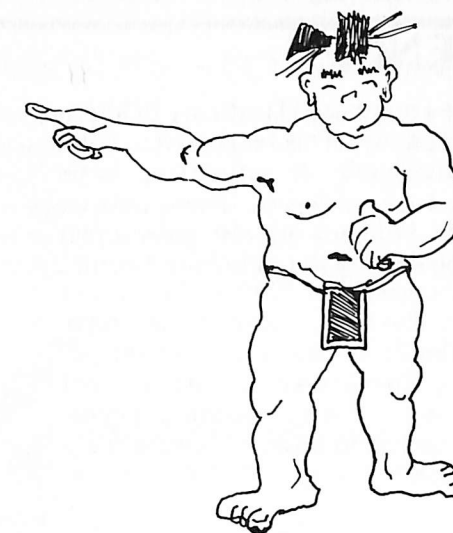
During terms 2 and 3, I decided to pack up my chalk box, follow my wife to Hiroshima, and try teaching compound verbs and superlative adjectives to the Japanese. Someone obviously tipped off the immigration officials of Osaka airport as they detained me for over two hours. Basically, they must have heard of my teaching ability as I was firmly instructed *not* to teach in Japan. Oh well.

We were based in Hiroshima which is perhaps just a little smaller than Melbourne. It is situated on a river delta which feeds into the inland sea. Like the rest of Japan, Hiroshima is rings by mountains, and being an industrial city it is quite polluted.

Travel in Japan is fascinating but expensive. The shinkansens (bullet trains) really do travel fast. Private expressways are built up (about 300 metres) off the ground and plough straight through the mountains. So driving is easy, provided you're not scared of heights.

Japanese food is varied. I like okonomiyaki and yakitori, but they can keep the raw fish in died seaweed. Thankfully, all Japanese supermarkets stock plenty of "western food" so we did not starve.

We lived in a western apartment (14 squares) about 5 minutes from the city centre. Riding bikes was the best means of transport, although the Japanese did tend to stare at the rather large 'gaijins' (foreigners) fumbling their way down footpaths on bikes... you may never forget how to ride a bike, but it sure can get very hazy. The test of real skill in Japan is to ride a bike down a crowded footpath in a heavy thunderstorm holding an



umbrella.

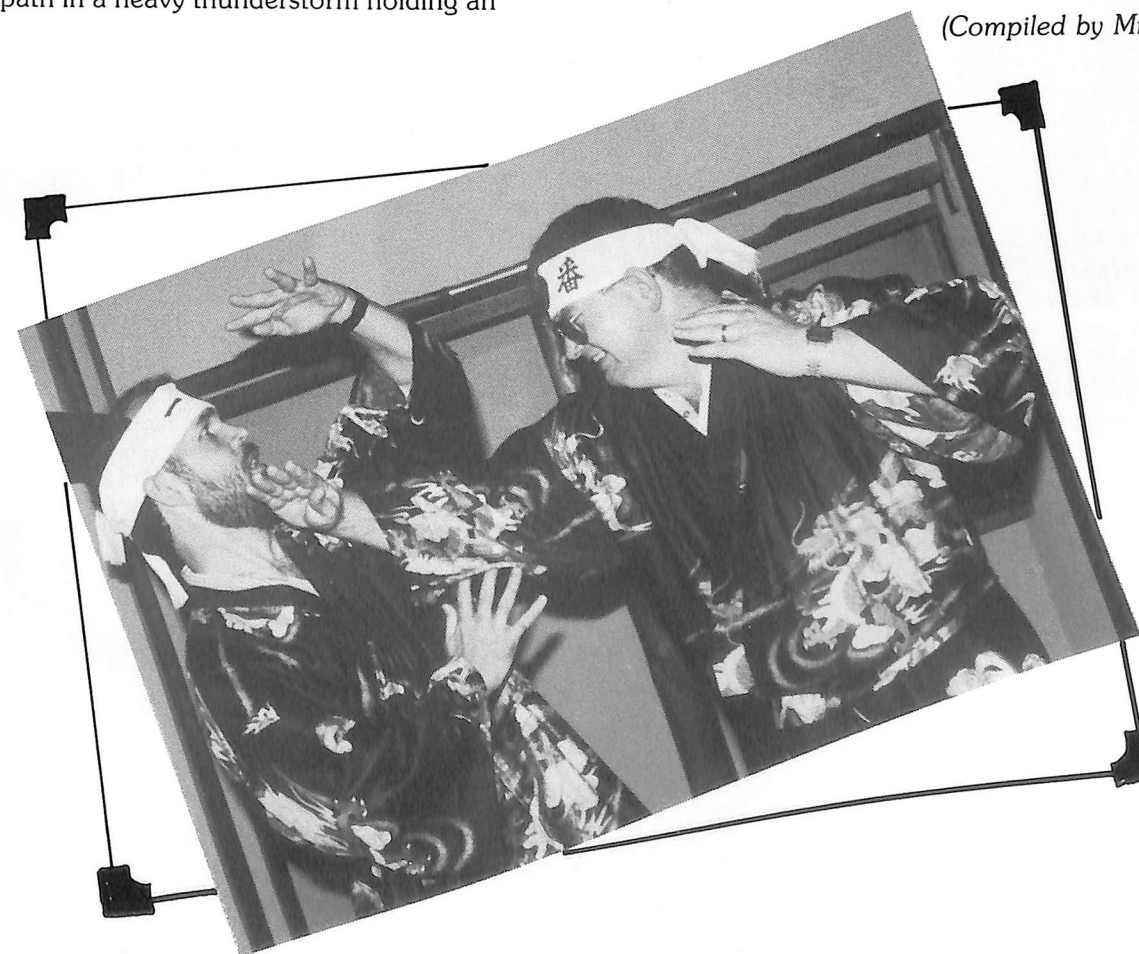
One of the highlights of my time in Japan was when Mr Byrne and his wife came to visit. Many people showed great respect to Mr Byrne as they thought he was a visiting Sumo wrestler.

The other fascination that the Japanese had with the 'foreign' (in particular, the Australians) was hairy legs! During the extremely hot and humid Summer, the Aussies would all wear shorts and this created great curiosity as the Japanese don't often wear shorts.

I must admit, living in Japan at company expense (my wife works for Ford) made the stay more enjoyable. Tourists travelling to Japan will find it a relatively expensive destination, but it is definitely worth the effort.

Shitseraishimasu!

(Compiled by Mr Maile)



## LEGO SCIENCE

The science department purchased 11 sets of LEGO I in 1989 for use in Year 8 science. This set is used to build models of simple machines. It introduces basic mechanical concepts such as levers, gears, pulleys, structures and stability. Students are also given open ended problems to solve using the principles learnt.

The program was expanded in 1990 and 11 sets of LEGO II were bought. The basic theme of this unit is that of powered machines. In this unit students can build model bulldozers, cake beaters, a walking robot and many other motor driven machines. Again, students are given open ended investigations to help them in the problem solving area. LEGO II is used in Year 9.

The next stage is to connect the computer to the Lego kits and introduce students to control technology. Students will be able to make robots, boom gates and conveyer belts, all computer controlled.

This stage involves both computer programming skills and problem solving skills and will give the students a great start to our high tech world.

During this year Trent Taylor and I were selected to participate in a Science Technology Careers day at Melbourne University on the tenth of August. While we were there we attended a number of lectures and workshops. We also met the winner of last year's Young Achievers Award, Douglas Hilton. He showed us slides and told us about what he did to win this award.

Overall it was an enjoyable day, I made new friends and learnt a lot about science in careers today.

Rachel Moore, 10D

### Lego

There are many pieces,  
In the lego kit.  
And it is so hard,  
To get them all to fit.  
And make a paperweight,  
Or a motorbike.  
Or anything like that,  
Especially those I like!  
But technic lego is really fun,  
Well, it's better than doing pracs,  
And better than writing work,  
And learning useless facts.

Peta Bensch, 8A

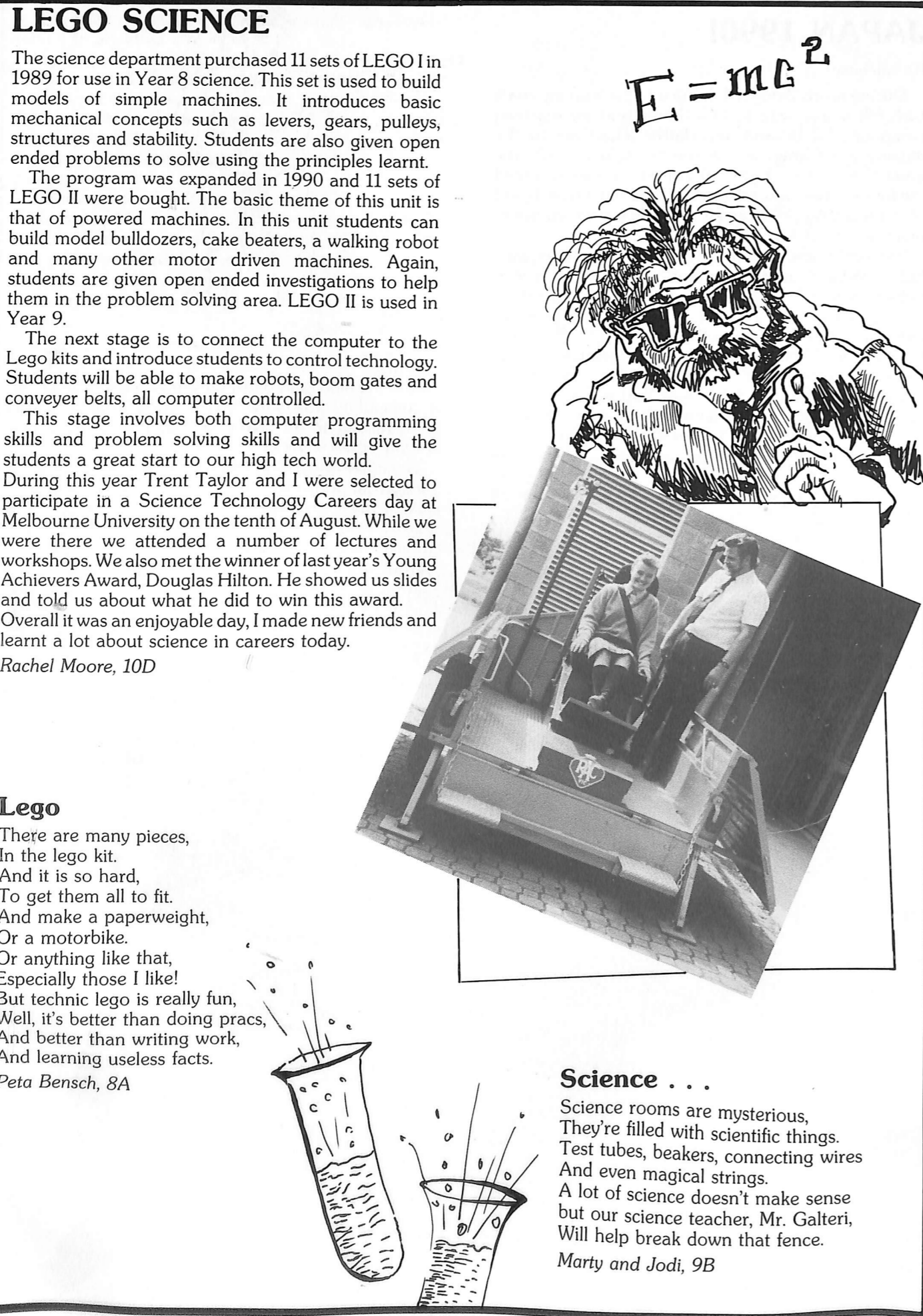
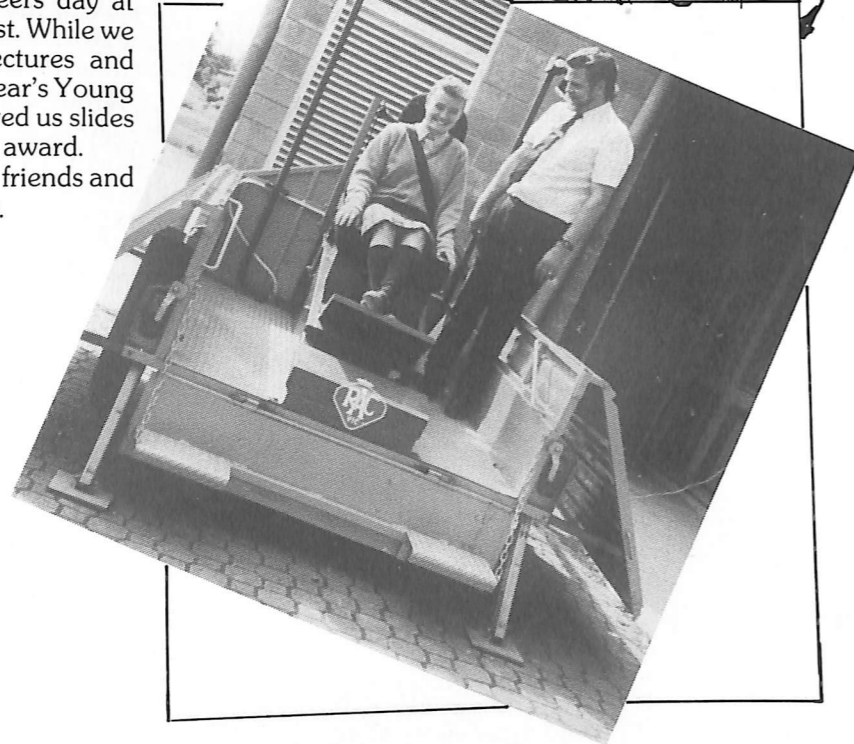


### Science . . .

Science rooms are mysterious,  
They're filled with scientific things.  
Test tubes, beakers, connecting wires  
And even magical strings.  
A lot of science doesn't make sense  
but our science teacher, Mr. Galteri,  
Will help break down that fence.

Marty and Jodi, 9B

$$E = mc^2$$



## BUSINESS STUDIES FACULTY

This year the business studies faculty has been busy attending conferences for VCE planning for the introduction of units 1 and 2 in Accounting, Business Management, Economics and Legal Studies for 1991. During November we are attending conferences to start VCE planning for units 3 and 4 to be introduced in 1992.

### MODEL OFFICE

The year 10 Keyboard/Information processing class have taken time out on a rostered basis, each Friday, to perform a number of tasks in response to staff requests for typing, filing and other related skills.

Each student as part of their assessment, completes a one day attendance each semester. They have a choice as to whether they wear school uniform or 'dress for the part'. Staff have appreciated the efforts students have made and it has been a good learning experience for those undertaking the duties assigned.

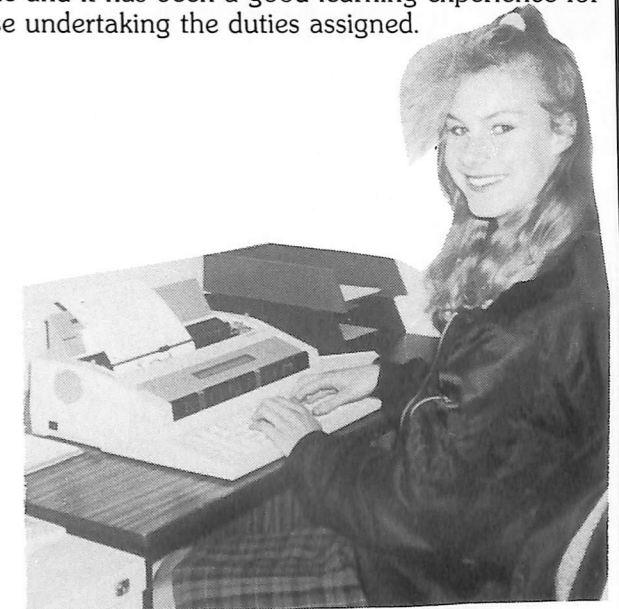


## YEAR 11 SMALL BUSINESS STUDIES

Students undertaking Small business Studies this year, have participated in 'running their own business' during a lunch time or after school as part of their assessment.

Initial planning was an important element and the formations of suitable working groups were vital to the success of the different projects undertaken, examples of activities being sweets stall, a 'pizza for lunch', a lasagne to tempt hungry lunch-time buyers, and a lawn mowing venture. Analysis of the success of activities undertaken was a necessary part of the overall operation.

There were some enthusiastic responses to the project and a greater awareness of running a business gained.



## CROSS-AGE TUTORING

This year students in Year 11 and 12 English tutored Year 7 students. We helped them with essay techniques, reading skills, public speaking, spelling and comprehension. The tutoring classes took place every Monday lunchtime.

**The tutors involved were:** Michelle Bunton, Michelle Boschen, Bronwyn Cousins, Nicole Britton, Leanne Haupt, Dana McAleese, Melissa Davidson, Georgie Swinton.

On behalf of the tutors we would like to thank the Year 7 students for their co-operation and we hope you all go well next year. We would also like to thank Miss Kempton for organising this program and for giving up her lunchtimes.

By Michelle Bunton and  
Michelle Boschen 11E.



## SPORT REPORT

Sport has been somewhat interrupted this year, but we have managed some successes.

### EASTERN ZONE RESULTS

Kirsty Phillips - 1st 400m, 2nd 800m, 3rd, 4th  
 Julian Kuppler: 3rd - 1500m Walk  
 Travis Murphy: 5th - 1500m  
 Chad McClean: 2nd - Javelin  
 Nicole Light: 2nd - Shot Put  
 Rebecca Withers: 2nd - Javelin

### ALL HIGH RESULTS

Kirsty Phillips: 3rd  
 Julian Kuppler: 4th  
 Chad McClean: ?

### Athletics

These students were to compete at the Eastern Zone Sports.

Chad McClean	Rebecca Withers
Joseph Freitas	Travis Murphy
Shaun Swaney	Lisa Bottrell
Nikki Light	Ben Tamme
Troy Standish	Anita Lemke
Kirsty Phillips	Michelle Dence
Julian Kuppler	Darren Jacotine
Scott Goodwin	Scott Shade

### Relay Team

Steven Ray	Michael Delacca
Shane Champion	Ben Selby

Kirsty Phillips came first in four events.

### Winter Sport

#### Senior Boys T/T

Ben Jones	Cameron Strachan
Brad Reid	Andrew Harvey
Andreas Bednarz	

#### Junior Girls

Kim Clark	Kirsty Phillips
Rikki Gibson	Kylie Hadley

These girls won Eastern Zone and competed well at All High.

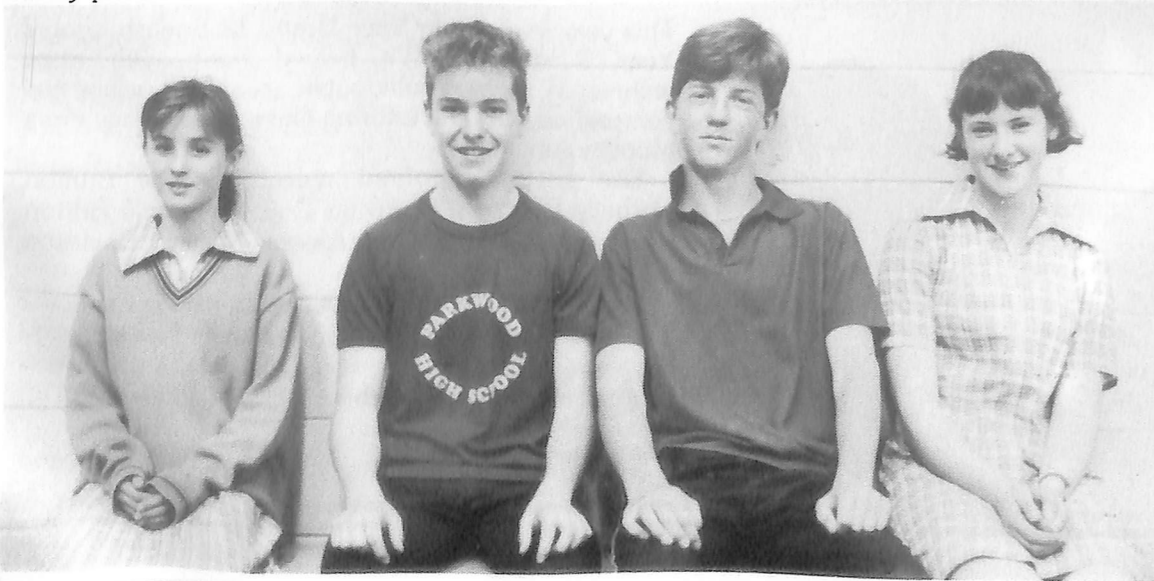


### Cross Country

All students below successfully competed at Eastern Zone.

Kirsty Phillips, Year 7	Paul Wansley, Year 9
Travis Murphy, Year 8	Leanne Haupt, Year 11

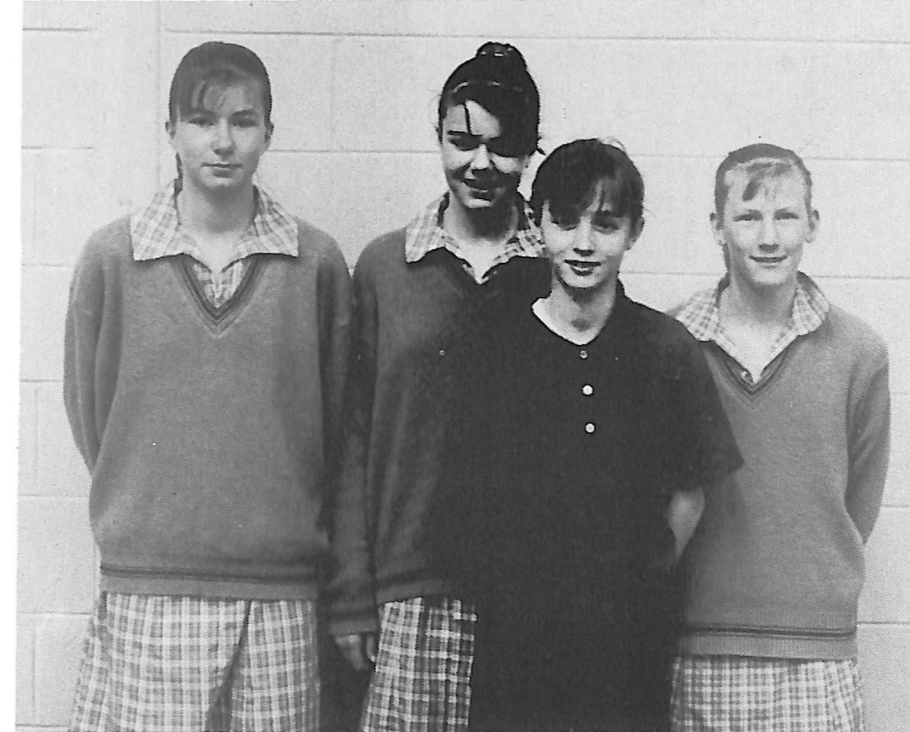
Kirsty placed sixth at the Victorian State Final.



## TEAM PHOTOS 1990

### Girls' T/T

Kim Clark, Kylie Hadley,  
 Rikki Gibson, Kirsty Phillips.



### Boys' Athletics

Julian Kuppler, Ben Tamme, Paul Wansley, Shaun Swaney, Chad McClean, Travis Murphy, Wayne Mansell.



### Girls' Athletics

Kirsty Phillips, Michelle Dence, Anita Lemke.







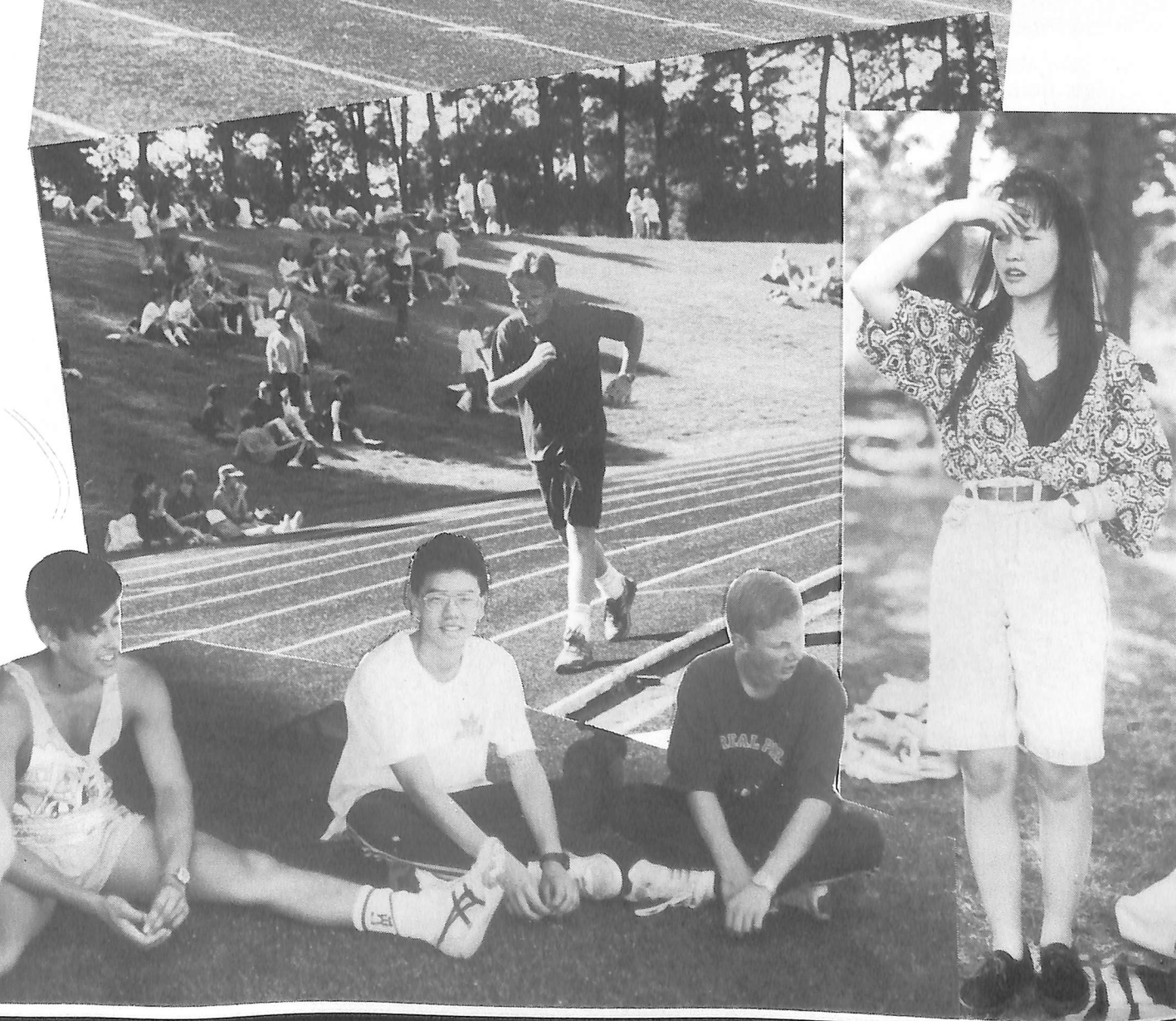
SENIOR BOYS HOCKEY

B/R Scott Shadey, Stuart Brown, Shane Champion, Robert Glide,  
 Stephen Ray, Adrian Law, Brett Thomas.  
 F/R Geoff Crockitt, Phil Crocket, Michael Slater.

SENIOR GIRLS BADMINTON



Kim Docwra Janeen Trimble Sarah Haldane Louise Hume Leanne Haupt



## PARKWOOD GIRLS DO US PROUD



**Best Players:**  
 Jenny Benham  
 Amanda Boyne,  
 Belinda Matthew,  
 Mandi Harvey,  
 Alisha McKenzie.

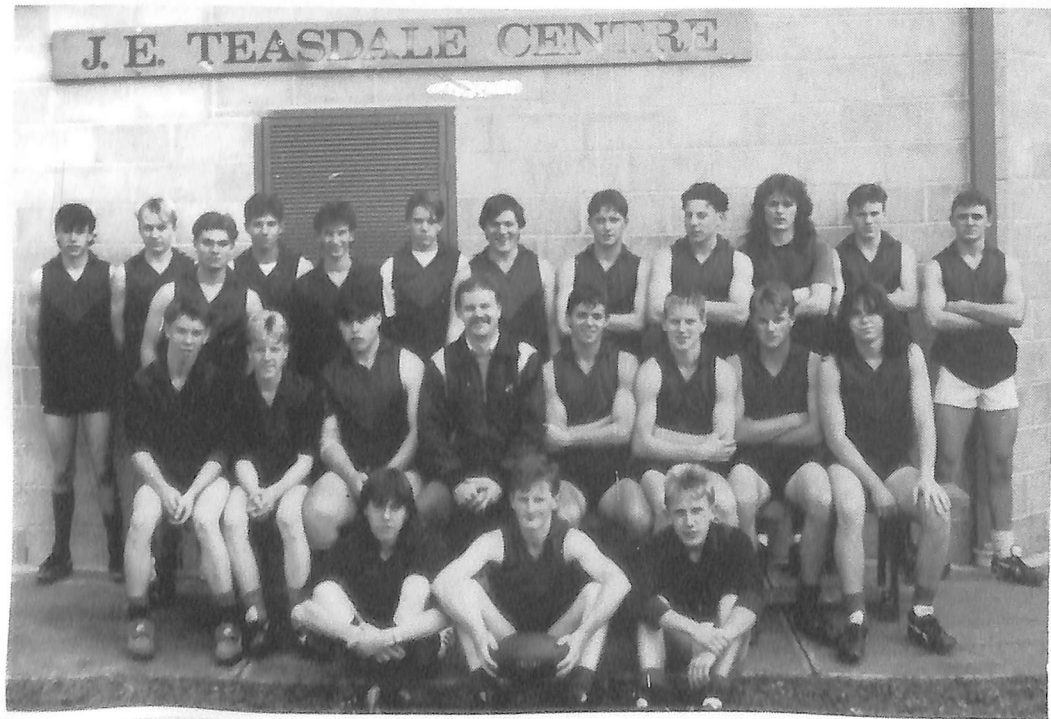
**Goal Scorers:**  
 Alisha McKenzie,  
 Amanda Boyne,  
 Jenny Benham.

Following the lead of their male counterparts, a group of girls from Parkwood played Mitcham Secondary College in a game of football. Whilst most of the males in the crowd saw it as a huge joke, the girls took it deadly serious and showed promise to defeat Mitcham, 3 goals 8 behinds, to 2 goals 2 behinds. The winning margin being 12 points.

Again coached by Mr. John Moxey, the girls started slowly, not scoring in the first quarter whilst conceding a goal themselves, mainly due to poor marking in the centre. But in the second quarter they dominated. It started with a good piece of team work between Michelle Bunton and the goal scorer Alisha McKenzie. Bunton gathered the ball in the forward pocket and then quickly handballed the ball over the on-coming player to McKenzie, alone in the square. This started a roll on for Parkwood, kicking another two goals in the

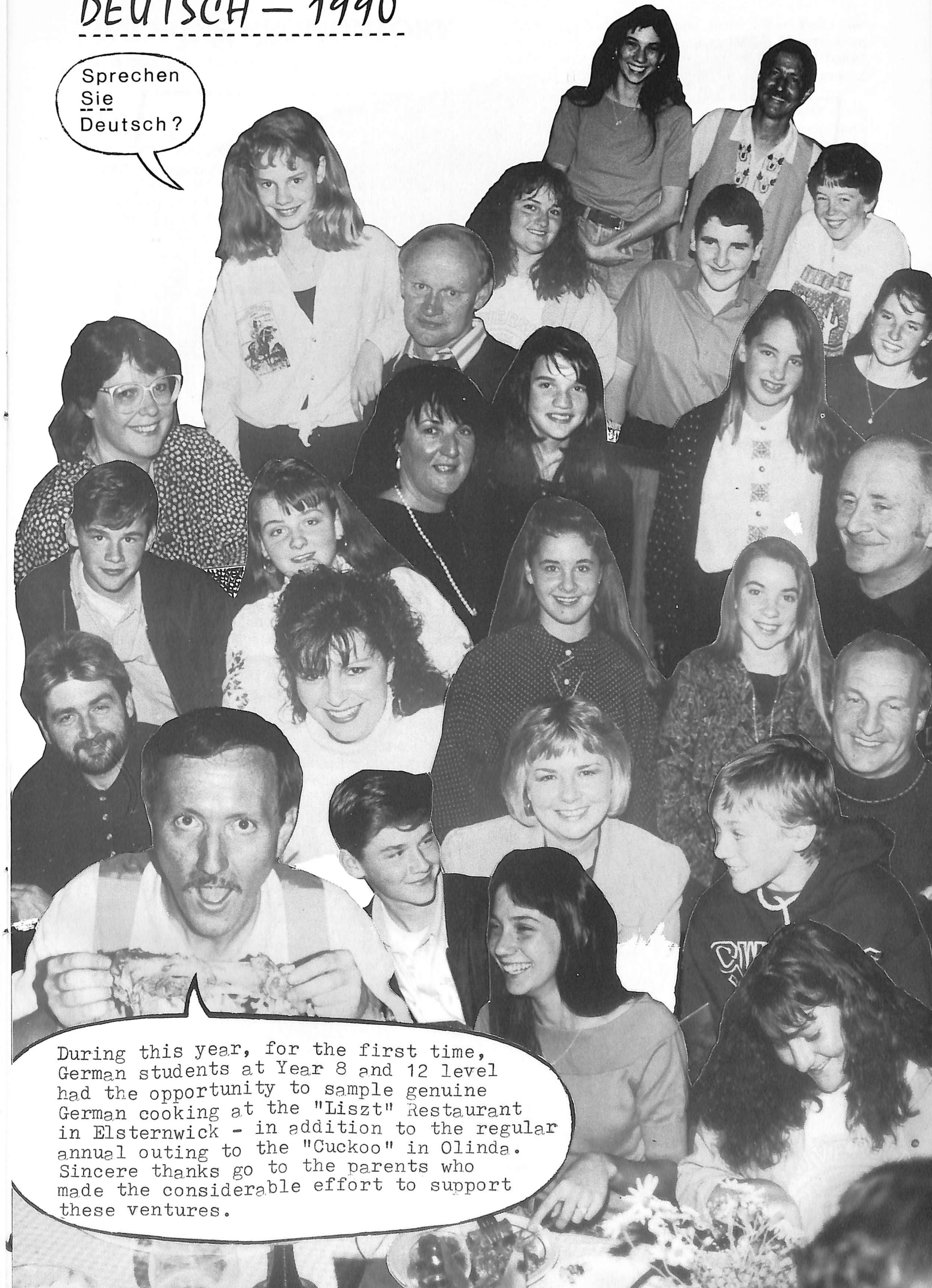
quarter. Mitcham didn't score. These two goals were both outstanding. The first came from a huge kick from Amanda Boyne, who dominated the ruck and took many strong marks around the ground. The other was scored by easily the best player on the ground, Jenny Benham, who could have taught the guys a thing or two. She simply had too much skill and determination for the opponents. Although playing in the centre she picked up kicks around the ground and it was a great captain's game.

The second half went to script with both teams playing well and showing some previously hidden skills. Mitcham scored the only goal for the half. Mr. Moxey was very pleased and proud of the girls and measure of their performance, the girls actually outscored the senior boys, who lost their match, by seven points.

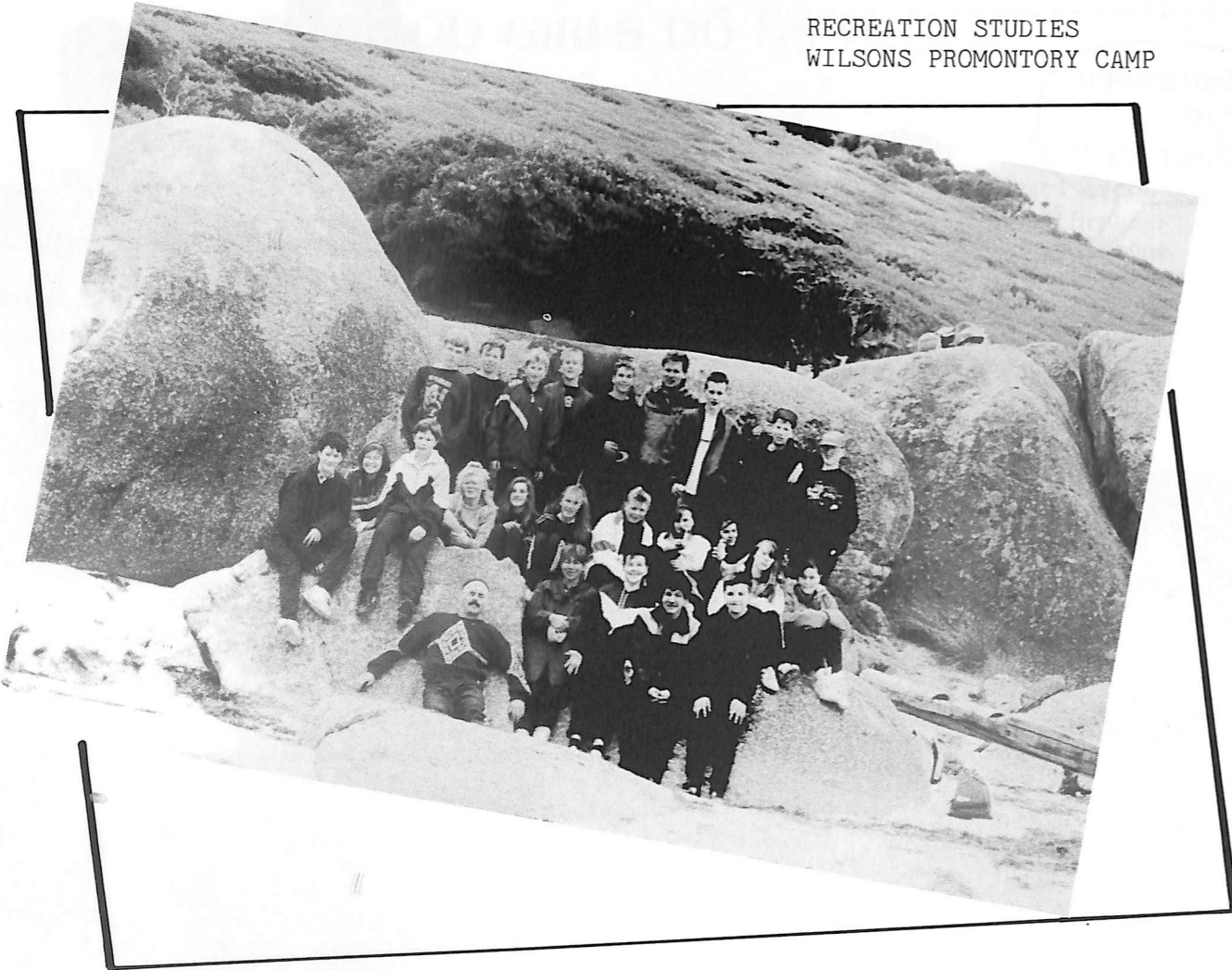


## DEUTSCH - 1990

Sprechen  
 Sie  
 Deutsch?



During this year, for the first time, German students at Year 8 and 12 level had the opportunity to sample genuine German cooking at the "Liszt" Restaurant in Elsternwick - in addition to the regular annual outing to the "Cuckoo" in Olinda. Sincere thanks go to the parents who made the considerable effort to support these ventures.



## WILSONS PROMONTORY Camp 1

After school on Wednesday 23rd of May a group of adventurous Year 9 recreation studies students set out for Tidal River on Wilsons Promontory — the southernmost point on Australia's mainland. We piled into the two minibuses, where we had mounds of luggage around us, which Kathy was sure would become an avalanche and bury her, but this never happened. We stopped at Leongatha to buy dinner, then continued on to Wilsons Prom. in the darkness of the night.

After entering the actual Prom. we saw kangeroos on the grasslands by the side of the road, and nearly ran over a wombat.

Upon our arrival we put up our tents, then had a night hike to Tidal River, then along Norman Bay and back again — a walk of approx. 3 km. When we got back to our tents we all went to bed. Some people got up at 4.00 in the morning to have showers, but the rest of us weren't so stupid, and got up at a more reasonable hour, still with plenty of time to cook breakfast.

After feeding the rosellas our breakfast scraps and chasing many a sea gull, we again boarded the buses and drove to Mt Oberon car park, from where our walk to Sealers Cove began. After walking for 3 km we came to Windy Saddle. Many people climbed nearby Mt Ramsay, and most got lost coming back down, finding themselves about 100m from where they wanted to be, after bashing their way through prickly scrub and clambering over granite boulders.

About 4 km past Windy Saddle was a marsh, covered with wooden walkways. After a total of 9 km walking we reached Sealers Cove — a beautiful sandy beach 1.8 km long. We ate lunch there and had a rest, then began the walk back.

On the walk to and from Sealers Cove we looked at the differences in the landscape along the way — banksias, hakea and grass trees until near Windy Saddle, followed by lush gullies of ferns, sassafras and beech. One of these gullies had fresh clear water running through it, which was delicious. In the swamp we saw more ferns, tea-tree, eucalypts and paperbark.

When we arrived back at Mt Oberon car park we drove home and had tea, which we cooked on single-burner gas stoves, eating whatever each pair had decided to bring. This camp was definately B.Y.O. We actually remembered to bring a can opener (a lot of people forgot). Pity it didn't work.

After dinner, was time for campfire activities. The first thing we did was tell stories, with each person taking ten seconds to add to the story. We also played some other games and had to act out a T.V. commercial in groups.

When we got back to camp everyone was discussing the planned midnight feast. This fizzled out because everyone was so exhausted we went straight to sleep.

The next day after breakfast we packed up our tents and packed our bags. Today we were going home. But first we had a hike to Squeaky Beach. On the walk we took a detour to Pillar Point, which had a number of large boulders from which we could see Norman Bay — where we had hiked from — and Squeaky Beach — our destination. In the distance a lone bird could just be seen as it fished the waters off Squeaky Beach.

After retracing our steps from Pillar Point we continued on our way to Squeaky Beach. The track we walked along had dense coastal tea-tree and hakea along the sides of the path, and an abundance of granite rock.

The track wound for around half a kilometre along the coast — if Mr. Sykes had been there we would have had a wonderful geography lesson on coasts, but he wasn't, so we settled down at Squeaky Beach to eat morning tea in peace. Whilst eating I again spied the bird I had seen from Pillar Point. It was a pacific gull — similar to a seagull, but larger, and black where a seagull is silvery-grey.

After our rest we walked back along the path to Tidal River and loaded into the mini-buses, I on the larger one, for the trip home.

5 minutes from Tidal River we heard something fall off the bus. All the hazard lights were on and the bus was suddenly surrounded by steam — an impromptu sauna. Thinking the steam was smoke we all jumped out the door (except Kathy who had a sore knee, and Mr. Eadon who had the door open and was ready to leap out at a moments notice). It was the first time the door had worked properly on the entire camp, which was lucky, because Kylie would have jumped straight through it if it hadn't.

Upon inspection it was discovered the fan belt had fallen off, causing the bus to overheat. We were ferried back to Tidal River on the smaller bus, where we ate lunch and looked in the information centre.

When the bus was fixed we re-boarded and once again headed for home.

10 minutes from Tidal River the bus began to beep — indicating it was thirsty — so we gave it a drink and continued on our way.

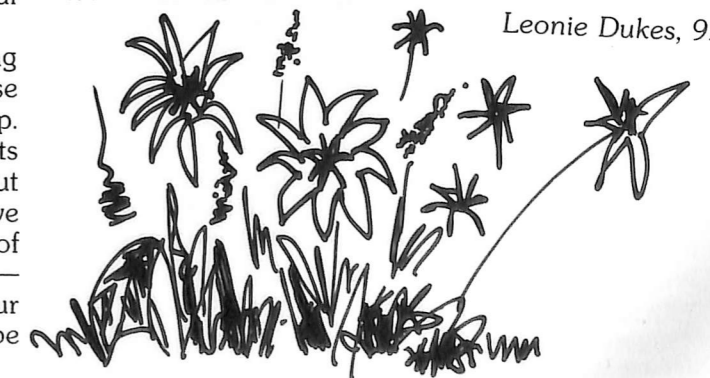
On our way from the Prom. we stopped once more, all got off and chased some emus, then got back on the bus and continued our way home.

Once more on the journey our bus needed water, and we were forced to continue on for half an hour, the bus beeping miserably until the other bus stopped, as we could not attract their attention to tell them to halt.

After this it was decided, as we were having so much trouble, that we should go in front. The epic saga of The Return From Wilsons Prom. continued quite happily until we realised the other bus wasn't following. We stopped and waited, to no avail. They didn't turn up. So we turned the bus around and headed back the way we had come.

We finally found them on the side of the road with a flat tyre. They had everything under control, so we continued on ahead, Mr. Eadon dictating letters to Kathy as he drove and a rainbow hanging in the sky, a sign that we would have no more trouble on our journey home. We returned to school only an hour late for all our adventure and misfortune.

Leonie Dukes, 9E



## 1990 YEARS 10 & 11 SKI REPORT

In keeping with most school excursions, the S. campers were to be loaded onto a suspiciously old looking bus. The goodbyes said, and weather smiling at us, we set off. It wasn't long however before a bit of an airconditioning problem was found by those back seat toughs, who found that the water leaking from the system was turning them into back seat drips. The trip from then on was uneventful, it rained in Bright, in time for lunch, but the next big moment came half way up that hill called Mount Hotham.

The sighting of snow was something to be amazed by, those who'd never seen snow looked in wonderment, whilst those who'd been on the previous ski camp started to see themselves going down the slopes. A certain group up the back of the bus had an extra incentive for being the first ones to see snow, but for some reason Binni wasn't too impressed by the prize. The arrival at the lodge couldn't come quick enough, the rate at which the gear was moved from the bus into the lodge was incredible and the speed at which the staff were able to organise us kids into a group to go and get our skis, stocks and boots was more than commendable. However the bus trip took a lot out of the group and after tea there was a reasonably quick procession to the bedrooms.

Day 1. Through the teachers discretion, we were split up into groups for our lessons. There were three groups, the beginners, the intermediate and the advanced. The instructors that we had were all accepted quickly and liked by both staff and students. The lessons were of obvious value as could be seen by the speedy learning of the beginners, and styles of the other groups. The mornings were the lessons, to build up an appetite for lunch, which became one of the most enjoyable meals of the day. The afternoon was free skiing. Our four P.E. teachers each took their quota of students and chose which runs they were going to try, ranging from the simple to the harder intermediate runs. Towards the end of the week most people were up to the blue or intermediate runs, and a reasonable number were trying the black runs. The skiing was excellent, the weather good on three out of four days, and the enjoyment unsurpassed. But despite skiing being the reason for the camp, some of the highlights of the camp occurred in and around our lodge: "JALANGA".

The lodge equipped with all the necessities of life, and extra such as a pool table became home very quickly. We had a pool competition organised by Mr. Bird, in which Shane and Rob triumphed in the doubles, and Gareth won the singles. The table upstairs was put to good use as a card table, and the video machine got a good usage. Outside we had the inaugural snowfight come brawl event, which ended in a flourish under the enforced surrender of the opposition, for fear of mauling by an angry homeside. The Parkwood victory confirmed our superiority on the slopes. Some of our boys managed to find themselves some female company on the slopes from a school across the border in Adelaide, a great effort. Also the more artistic divulged themselves with snow sculpture. We had large snowmen, small snowmen, snowmen with appendages, a cold looking toilet, and a white kangaroo to show for a late afternoons work. Then of course we had the awards ceremony.

The Clayton's stud award, the butchers award, the snowplough award and the faceplant award were a few among many handed out with a chocolate bar, and devised by Mr. Edan and Mr. Bird. We were also treated to Mr. "mystery" Edan's magical show. The last night was one for the jokers. The seven girls on the camp got their revenge on the twenty-five boys in a rather slippery fashion. Only to be countered by a room in desperate need of air-freshner. Unfortunately the end was nearing.

We arrived back at school at around 8.30 p.m. amongst sounds of revellery and joviality. "Ski camp blues" became lengthened in verses. The parents were to be horrified by the apparent casualties of a lot of us, but not for long, as the bandages were yet another joke and all part of the fun that the camp represented. All in all, a good time was had by all, and a special thanks is to be given to our teachers Messers Bird, Edan and Gorman, alongside Mrs. Fell, and our lodge manager, Paul.

Geoff Crodselt, 11E



I hear the whisper of the sea,  
Inside my new found shell,  
It sounds like thunder in many ways,  
But it smells so much like the sea,  
I hear it trying to talk to me,  
The sounds so unclear,  
Like little whispers,  
A whimpering dog,  
Calling, calling, calling for help,  
Not knowing what it wants,  
Not knowing what to do,  
I looked inside and saw something,  
Something small and shy,  
So that's what it wanted,  
Now it's back and safe,  
Safe in the salty sea,  
Safe and sound where it belongs,  
That mysterious creature,  
Will always fascinate me,  
If only it could communicate with me,  
The wonders of the sea.

Tracey Sutton, 9C

### SAIL AWAY

The "Alma Doepel", is Victoria's Sail Training Vessel, operating in Port Phillip Bay. It is an 87 year old, Three Masted Topsail Schooner. Last year I was lucky enough to spend ten days on this majestic Tall Ship as a trainee. I started my ten days not knowing anyone, (the trainees being picked from all over Victoria). The 12 permanent crew are very interesting people, and have a wealth of knowledge to share with the trainees.

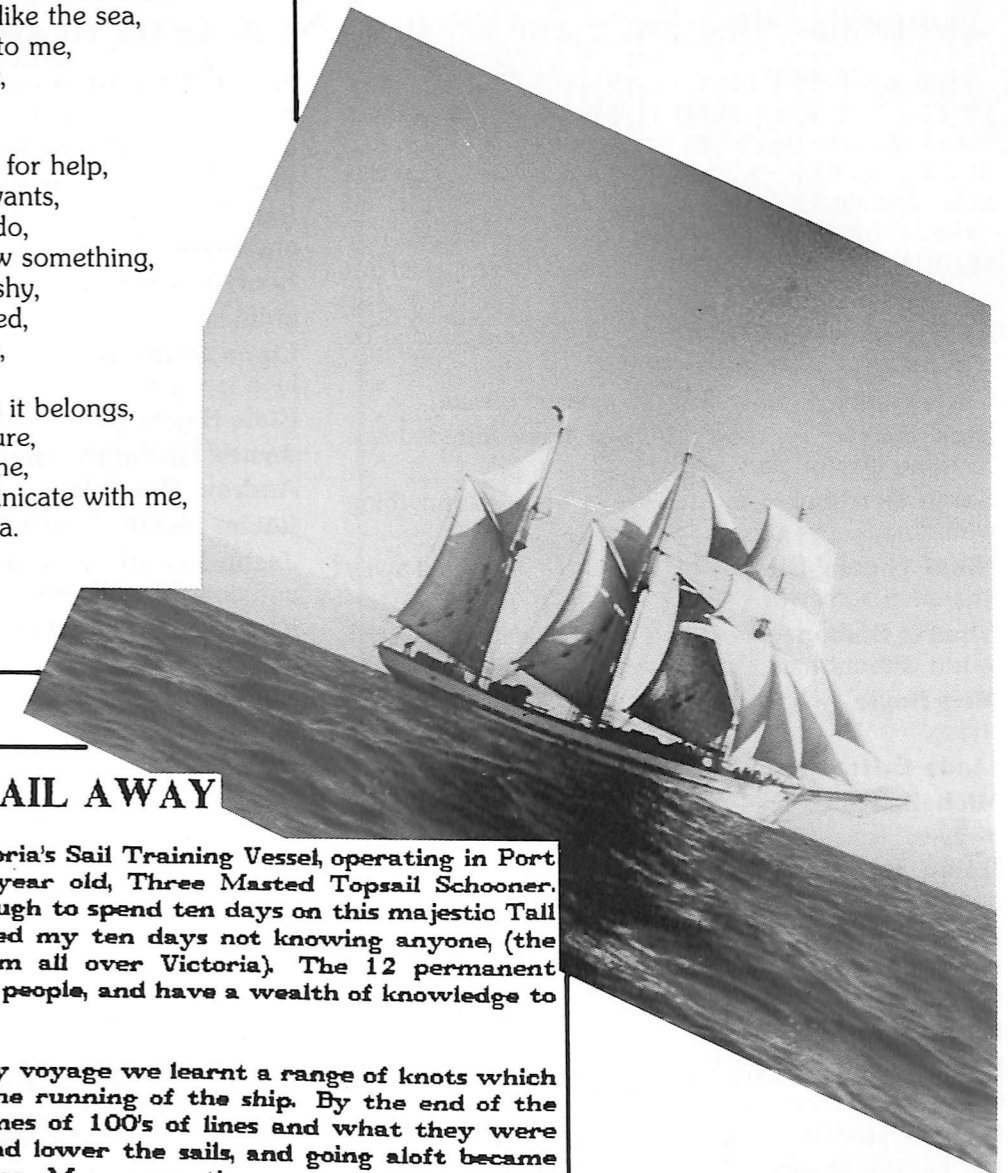
While on my first ten day voyage we learnt a range of knots which we needed to know for the running of the ship. By the end of the voyage, we knew the names of 100's of lines and what they were used for. How to raise and lower the sails, and going aloft became one of our favorite pastimes. My perspective concerning everything changed during my time on the Alma. Things that worried me on shore, became little and insignificant. We learnt that there is a wide world out there, and it's ours for the taking.

After my experience on the Alma, things that before seemed out of my reach became a possibility. My outlook on careers changed immensely. The voyage itself develops qualities of independence, courage, responsibility and community spirit, together with an ability to operate in a team environment and getting along well with others. Also you learn things such as survival in the sea, navigation, safety signals and seamanship, just to name a few.

Since last year, I have helped run another 10 day voyage as a "Leading Hand", which involves teaching new trainees in their sail training. Following this I am now involved as a crew member and have been on many other voyages. This has increased my understanding of sailing and life on the sea. The Alma Doepel is now a very important part of my life.

During October and through December, I have also been involved in Tasmania's Sail Training Vessel, "The Lady Nelson", which is visiting Melbourne for a re-enactment and promotional work. I am looking forward to being part of the crew on its return to Tasmania and it's operation down the east coast of Tasmania during December.

Amanda Cooper.



## CLASS OF 1990

### and where they are most likely to be in years to come . . .

This year's Year 12 has been a year of getting to know people you'd hardly spoken to in previous times. There have been new friendships formed and old ones broken and it is on those grounds that the following list has been founded. All comments have been based on 'reliable' sources.

**Mark Anderson** — most likely to have been kicked out of home.

**Stacey Aslungal** — most likely to be surrounded by children.

**Chris Avery** — most likely to pass by unseen.

**Nick Balster** — most likely to have founded the "Surfing Doctor Service".

**Sarah Berridge** — most likely to be doing anything with horses.

**Nikki 'Nicole' Birch** — most likely to be tucked away in a shop somewhere.

**Sherrin Bishop** — most likely to be trying to save the world without having to talk in class.

**Meg Boyle** — most likely to be succeeding without trying.

**Linda Britt** — most likely to be trying to help.

**Michelle Brockner** — most likely to still be giggling life away.

**Daina Burgess** — most likely to have the most boyfriends.

**Megan Burgess** — most likely to be running from a German teacher.

**Scott Clarke** — most likely to talk to his parents before having another Year 12 party.

**Kerri-Anne Crippen** — most likely to be constantly changing boyfriends.

**David Cvetovac** — most likely to still be scabbing smokes from friends.

**Phillip Cvetovac** — most likely to be anywhere with a drink in his hand.

**Simon Denman** — most likely to be the best Dad (by vote of the Year 12 legal class).

**Jodi Dieber** — most likely to be able to remember everything that anyone ever did this year.

**Natallie Doig** — most likely to have done something to her hair.

**Jane Donnelly** — most likely to be the quietest ever around.

**Karen Dukes** — most likely to be wined and dined by Lindsay.

**Kerrin Edgely** — most likely to draw her own successes.

**Dean Fakira** — most likely to impress when filled with alcohol.

**Amanda Fallon** — most likely to believe anything anyone tells her.

**Annabelle Hart** — most likely to be sitting around trying to solve everyone else's problems.

**Vicki Fry** — most likely to be the brownest of browns with the whitest of white hair.

**Sam Gerrard** — most likely to be embarrassed about anything.

**Scott Goodwin** — most likely to have a young wife/girlfriend.

**Linda Hartman** — most likely to be being massaged by a teacher.

**Blair Hawker** — most likely to be different.

**James Hazleton** — most likely to be driving unlicensed.

**Andrew Howarth** — most likely to be flying.

**Rache Hume** — most likely to be at the beach.

**Jason Keonitz** — most likely to be building his body, and doing it well.

**Kim Leach** — most likely to be writing and publishing.

**Nicole Manning** — most likely still to be laughing.

**Leanne Manning** — most likely to be talking to anyone about anything.

**Gabrielle Manson** — most likely to be the most independent.

**Justin Matt** — most likely to be complaining.

**Lisa Maugeri** — most likely to be friendly towards everyone.

**Ryan McClandish** — most likely to be telling the worst jokes.

**Sarah McConchie** — most likely to surprise when 'out of hours'.

**John McCurdy** — most likely not to be teaching his kids to catch a ball.

**Fiona McLennan** — most likely to be playing netball for Australia.

**Dean Pearson** — most likely to resign under controversy. (jokes Dean!)

**Prue Peirt** — most likely to be saving the animals.

**Jason Phlenn** — most likely to be growing his hair in the weirdest way.

**Matt Pullen** — most likely to wear a uniform.

**Diana Pupic** — most likely to be abusing the teacher who calls her Dianne.

**Daniel Readdy** — most likely to be rubbishing Melbourne and living back in Sydney.

**Steve Roberts** — most likely to be telling the best jokes and making everyone laugh.

**Katie Ross** — most likely to be doing exactly what she wants to do.

**Belinda Sambevaska** — most likely to be designing and wearing her own clothes.

**Oscar Santo** — most likely to still be opposing racism.

**Jodie Sanderson** — most likely to have the most beautiful face and hair.

**Lisa Shelfout** — most likely to be the nicest person you'll ever meet.

**Kirsten Short** — most likely to have hair down to her ankles.

**Kyllie Smee** — most likely to be re-designing the world.

**John Smith** — most likely to deserve all he gets and to only get the best.

**Jhan Srbinov** — most likely to do anything that's illegal and to have legalised graffiti.

**Adam Stevens** — most likely to be paranoid and to care what other people think.

**Lindsay Strachen** — most likely to attempt the worst jokes.

**Matt Sullivan** — most likely to be the best husband (care of Year 12 legal class.)

**Georgie Swinton** — most likely to deserve the man of her dreams.

**Judd Toone** — most likely to own the NBL.

**Leanne Wall** — most likely to speak her mind.

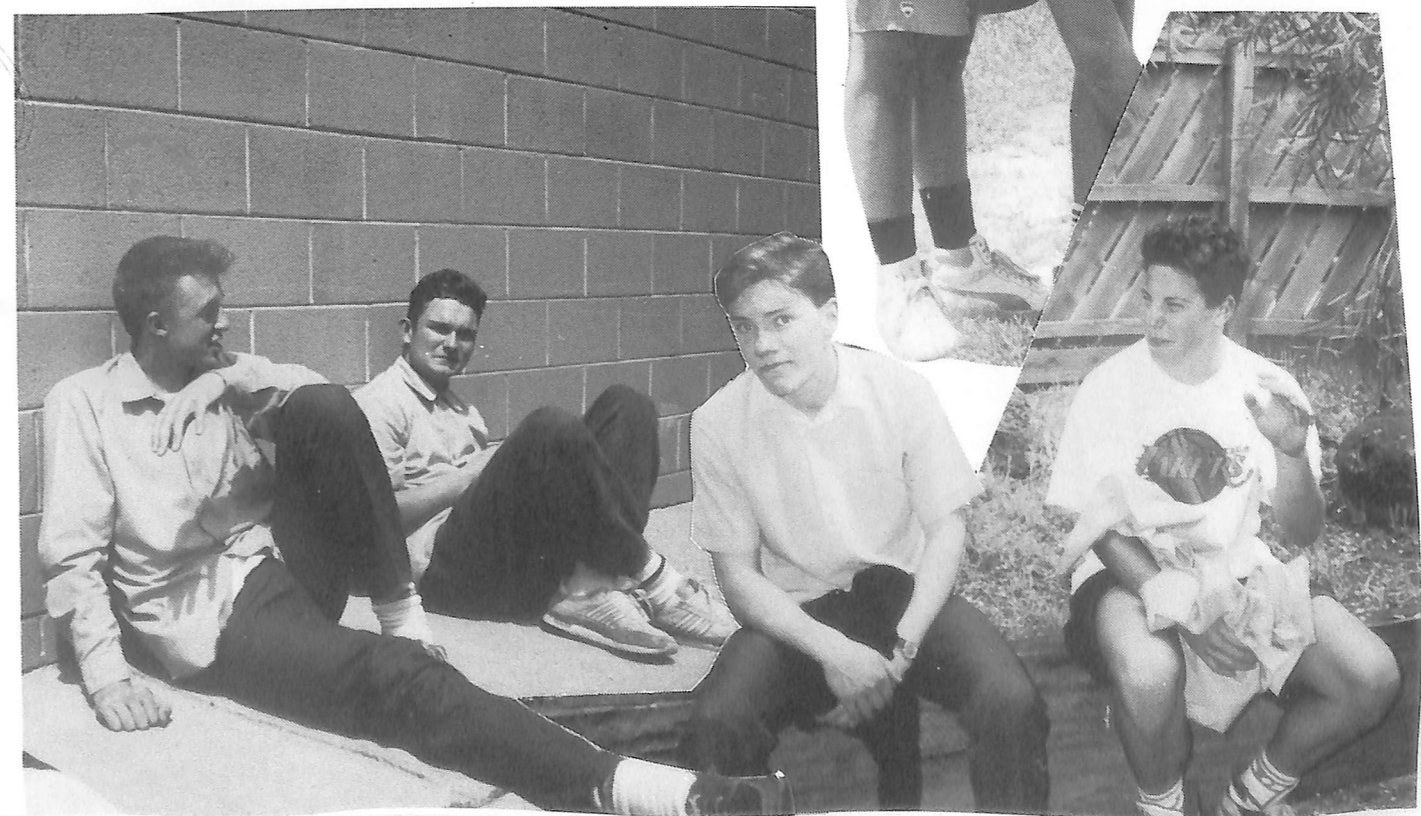
**Emma-Louise Ward** — most likely to be waiting for Mr Right.

**Emma Williams** — most likely to be married to Brad with umpteen kids.

**Andrew Whitelegg** — there was a bit of conflict over Andrew but it was decided that he would most likely be trying to rule the world with his money.

**Melissa Wonsley** — most likely to have the most perfect make-up.

*Annabelle Hart*







## PARKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL PENMANSHIP AWARDS

**Junior Winner:** Jane Carrodus.  
**Runner up:** Estelle Hickling.  
**Intermediate Winner:** Carolyn Haupt.  
**Runner up:** Kate Stevens  
**Senior Winner:** Kimberley Leach.  
**Runner Up:** Adam Stevens.  
**Overall Winner:** Samantha Bensch.



## MONDAY

The people enter the gate, they do not look happy, they do not look sad, some look worried, some look tired. Everybody looks the same, clones, they are all dressed in blue. Like a trickle of blue water washing down into the sea.

A group of girls, all with permed and dyed hair giggle about the night before. They have blue eye lashes, shiny pink lips and shaved legs. They look inhuman, like aliens. Disguised under thick layers of make up and jewellery. Teachers wander in and out of the staff room. The girls give them dirty looks.

The bell sounds, ringing throughout the whole school, nobody seems to notice, they keep on walking, their bags stuffed with last night's homework, weighing their shoulders down. A skinny black dog searches through the contents of a tipped over bin, trying to find the remains of a leftover lunch. As a group approaches, it greets them with a furiously wagging tail, happy to see some playmates. One of them launches an apple from his lunch at it, the group sneers at the dog as it runs away with its tail between its legs.

The locker rooms are full of people sharing their weekends with their friends, and hastily doing homework before class starts. As the second bell rings the people scoop up their books and quickly walk off to form assembly. The blue roll is marked, it is blue, like everything else in the school.

As a class enters their room, an icy cold draft coming from the broken window the vandal had used to get in, chills the ankles of the students. 'Butler sux' is scralled over the walls in thick black text. The vandal chews his pen as he stares at the blackboard.

*Jane Carrodus, 1990*



## THE NIGHT

The sky is no longer, the colours of the sunset. The beautiful reds, oranges, purples, pinks and yellows which were spread across the deep blue sky majestically, watched by millions, are now gone. The blackness has enveloped almost every trace of light.

The once rolling cotton puffs, white and light grey, have disappeared. Now the big blue heaven above is dark, dotted with the sprkling areas of light.

They surround the crescent shaped, glowing figure which appears every time the blackness takes over.

There is silence. Inside. Outside. Everywhere. suddenly a lonesome wolf howls sadly, off in the distance.

The air is crisp and fresh, but chilly. A sweet smell of spring fresh flowers is wafting around. The moonlight dances on the leaves, which are wet from the dew. Those leaves sway gently in the small, tender breeze which carries the beautiful and romantic smells here and there.

The grass glows in the light from the moon and the trampled, flat grass slowly stands itself up again, bravely.

All is quiet.

But then the wind rustles the leaves on the tall dark shapes that are looming up towards the black hole above.

Hours pass. Slowly but surely, light creeps into the sky. It is morning at last.

*Estelle Hickling, 9A*

## GANG WARFARE

The fluorescent light glared down upon the leering face, giving it a harsh look. It was a young boy who already wore scars of much greater years. His face was a mass of jagged lacerations. These were borne with pride, a symbol of his violent past.

In a flash the vision was gone. The hard face was replaced by the fleeting shadows of the alleyway. Scuttles of mice were substituted for the heavy breathing of the youth.

Graffiti littered the walls like a disease, spread by the gangs as a status symbol. Gangs whose members were never safe. They had no caring families, only each other.

A screaming siren shattered the silence cutting the peace. The young officers were trying valiantly to restore order to these crime ridden suburbs, but were not winning. The changes they were offering broke the feeling of security. Never, while these people lived, would the crime cease. It was their way of hiding their feelings. Hatred was their only defence, an armour guarding against live, happiness and joy.

A gang travelled through the alleyway, gloating over their past triumphs. Tough, mean and devastating the leader lingered, leaning against the crumbling wall. His face had a hard look, a boy who at twenty, was immune to the callous world. Rippling muscles, like panthers, bulged as a symbol of strength.

The glowing ends of the cigarettes were extinguished leaving a smoky gloom. Territorial rights were at stake. The invaders, a neighbouring gang, entered the dimly lit alleyway with suspicion. This was foreign territory and they were extremely cuatious.

The leather-clad figures walked unknowingly down the alley. They were unaware of the danger that was lurking nearby. Joking and laughing they continued, every step bringing them closer to the awaiting ambush.

Time seemed to stop as a muscley youth flung himself onto the leading gang member. They crashed to the ground, neither seemingly dazed at all. This was cue, a signal for the ravaging fight to begin.

Two opposing members were beating each other with thick, grey chains. The blood upon these youths masked their features. Blinded by hate they were oblivious to the pain of their wounds.

Another pair of members, young but experienced, were kicking a defenceless boy. their eyes were glazed with revenge, the kind which is devastatingly unseeing. To them their prey wasn't a boy, but the society which showed them no compassion.

Abruptly, as quickly as it was started, the fight ceased. Two solid silhouettes were highlighted against the lightening sky.

Any indecision at what to do stopped at that moment. the alleyway was transformed into an epic struggle for safety. Foes soon became friends as the two rival gangs united to avoid capture from the common enemy, the police.

Peace was once again restored to the alleyway as the sun broke over the horizon. The brilliant sunrise symbolised harmony. Too many people were unconscious to the events of the night. Although in sunlight there is peace, in darkness there is a growing conflict. This could only be stopped if the gangs could be taught the meaning of love.

*Carolyn Haupt, 9B*

## GANG WARFARE

All that could be heard was the quick, rapid breathing of the gangs as they silently faced each other. Their faces were calm and impersonal. Only occasionally could you detect a cold glitter, malicious and animal-like in their eyes, hinting that what was to come would be enjoyed by both sides.

The leaders were both tall, lean and hard, ready to pounce on one another at the slightest provocation. They were the toughest, mean and vicious, with battle scars not only on the outside but on the inside as well, wounds which could open, bringing with them forgotten fear, anger, and sorrow, waiting to be avenged. One of them, with curly black hair and a scar on his left cheek, slowly twisted his lips into a sneer and said, "The chickens seem frozen scared, boys". The voice was guttural, uneducated and contemptuous.

That, plus the sneer, was what broke the stillness. The leader moved forward, his eyes bright and gleaming from the insult. As lithe as a panther, his muscles rippling, he swung at his most hated enemy, murder in his eyes. The fight had begun.

The tense silence had ended but still there was no talking, the only sounds that could be heard were the scuffling of feet and grunts and groans of pain. One youth, no more than fifteen years old, could be seen, his arm hanging uselessly by his side, his face white and tight but no scream or yell rang through the night. He had learned at an early age that control was one of the most important things needed to survive. Control and violence! Yet when one looked closely moist eyes and a deliberately blank expression could be seen. This boy was in pain but the pain, compared with the years of loneliness and lack of care was nothing. He had learnt to survive the hard way, grown up too young and was wise beyond his years. Yet he was no different to the other boys milling about him. They were all the family each had, whether on one side or another, the rough kindness and protection of their circles was the only form of safety they had known. They relied on each other, treated each other as brothers but never verbally expressed their feelings. It was only by their actions that differences could be distinguished between indifference and caring because they would never acknowledge what they thought of as a weak emotion.

The youth's face was bruised, bloodied and swollen and he made a valiant effort to defend himself from the onslaught, but it was useless. He staggered to his knees and collapsed face downwards. The fight continued, unheeded.

Out of the dim light of dusk, the wail of a siren could be heard approaching. The furious pace of the brawling slowed fractionally and everyone strained their ears to listen to this new intruder. The wariness that had been instailed in them from such an early age was now taking precedence over the old violence and hatred. And as the blue lights of the police cars came into sight they were already escaping, the pounding of their feet on the lonely stretch of road echoing on the night. But this was not the end of their warfare. They would continue to fight because they knew no other way to loosen the coil of hatred around their hearts, the hatred growing there from distrust and cynicism.

*Kate Stevens, 9B*

## THE BUILDER

He sits crosslegged in his little navy-blue sailors outfit, a preoccupied look on his gentle face as he works away busily. Now and then he stops working and sits back to admire the fruits of his labour. His little navy hat has slipped off slightly to one side so that his right ear is no longer visible and his once neatly-parted hair is no longer straight. His blue and white striped scarf, crumpled a little at the end where it has lain in his lap, has also crept over to the right so that he seems strangely natural and very much in place, as though the ground itself, and not he, were uneven.

His tiny fingers, working in an effective and peaceful unity, move smoothly and evenly as they push the small sand particles up into a rounded point. Again and again they make the same movement; gather and push, gather and push. They seem naturally to have found the perfect pace, a gentle and calming rhythm. With each movement, the point at the very top of the castle becomes more and more smooth, more and more life-like as it gains more beauty and more strength.

His face is quiet and composed, and his satisfaction would be hidden were it not for his large blue eyes, which, glowing brightly, reveal every bit of his happiness. Like protective parents, they do not ever leave his prized creation, not even straying momentarily to watch as the sound of a wave crashes closely behind them.

He concentrates carefully as he sits back to consider whether the castle's point is just right. One small adjustment with a gentle push of his little thumb, and all is as he want it to be. The little boy cannot confide his excitement just to his eyes and slowly the corners of his mouth begin to curve upwards as he allows himself one small smile, a secret feeling of achievement and pleasure.

Satisfied that the foundations of his castle are perfect, he begins carefully to add detail. His little hand remains perfectly steady as he carves out an oval window half way up the castle and then another a little further down. With every little detail he adds, the castle becomes more and more real; so real that one almost expects a neatly-dressed maid to suddenly appear from out of one of the windows, a busy but contented look on her face as she shakes out satin sheets.

not quite fully satisfied with his work, the little boy leans back slowly and lapses into deep thought, pensively staring at his creation. His eyes squint slightly and his face tightens as he becomes more and more absorbed in his thoughts. Focusing all his energy and attention on the castle, he is totally oblivious to all around him; to the mad squawks of the seagulls who fight over the tattered remains of stale bread only metres from him, and to the continuous crashing of the waves as they throw their white tops onto the sand behind him.

Suddenly a tiny flash sparks in his large blue eyes and every little ounce of hesitation and doubt flows like a raging rapid, from his excited face. Eagerly he launches into his new idea, enthusiasm bursting from him as he adds his final touch. Cupping his hands together closely so that not even the tiniest gap remains, he begins carefully to scrape the sand from around the bottom of the castle. Again and again he fills his little hands with the soft, cool sand, discarding each handful gently over his shoulder without ever taking his eyes from the moat which slowly forms where the sand has been scraped away.

Finally he seems satisfied that the moat is both deep enough and wide enough. Carefully he places his little hand in the crevice and runs it smoothly around the castle. Twice more he repeats this action, each time taking care not to widen or deepen the moat. With each individual sand particle now perfectly in place, the moat and the sand castle are finished.

Banging his feet together gently, the little boy shakes the sand from his shoes, watching happily as the tiny particles hit the ground and quickly become lost in a huge mass of other particles. Every once in a while the sun's light catches a little sand particle and it sparkles brightly. The little boy ties carefully to pick out the golden flicker but even his tiny fingers are too big. After a few unsuccessful attempts, he gives up and instead turns his attention to his hands, rubbing them softly together until they are again clean and smooth.

His hat and scarf still off slightly to one side, the little boy sits admiring his sand castle. One need no longer look to his eyes for signs of his happiness; a great sense of achievement and satisfaction has easily transformed his once quiet and composed face and how he smiles openly. But still he does not look away. As if afraid that were his eyes to stray for even just the slightest second, his creation might suddenly disappear, he sits and watches it carefully. His little face feaming, he guards over his finely crafted castle, knowing that so long as he is there to watch over it, it will never ever change.

*Kimberley Leach, 12A*

## THE BEACH

Along the shore wind-warped trees observed the new morning and I observed them.

The sky was clear. A light breeze played across my eyes and over the sea, causing gentle undulations in the water beneath me. The rising sun cast a halo of light over the chill sand as, slowly, warmth returned to a cold world. My breath was visible and my skin felt both prickled and alive.

As the great shadows of the cliffs shortened so the tempo of life accelerated — my own heart began to beat in unison. Clouds rolled in from the south. Giant stretches of land — hewn of earth and rock — silently submerged beneath an aquatic cover. Small rock pools full of marine life were again reunited as the sea, which had fondly taken its leave inevitably returned.

Stone satellites rose majestically above the calm waters regal monuments existing at the edge of the world. I dreamed of castles and riches on those mighty rocky forts.

A chill entered the air. Across the horizon a blanket of white slowly rolled in, muffling the sun's rays. The hair on my arm arched. The seagulls, passive and playful till now, began to squawk, their cries building to a shattering crescendo within my ears.

The storm front approached.

The wind became stronger. The ocean waves, once but humble ripples, transform into towering claws which crash against outcropping rocks. I felt as though I was challenging God, standing into the wind and regarding the savage surf.

In the midst of the storm I saw craggy and dying pinnacles thrusting upwards from the now dark, but creamy blue swell, standing as a final, majestic challenge to the savage onslaught of the ocean. Bullets of rain bombarded my bloody, blinding my eyes and stinging my flesh. I saw ugly scars etched by wind and rain, gaping voids of darkness, marring these stony towers. I felt for them in their pain as their mighty foundations were sliced through and undermined.

Momentous spans of rock stretch outwards to embrace and maintain surviving bastions of stone. Standing at the edge of the cliff, the true power that is within nature to unleash and to survive became apparent. Tenacious caverns peer outwards from under cliff ledges, giant stone arches lord over the crashing surf and, always, defeat appears impossible though is inevitable. Even when these structures succumb to their own mortality it is a magnificent thundering end that heralds the collapse of their reign as stony arches plummet into the sea.

Amid this zone of conflict the land's only ally clings to life with an almost obscene tenacity, daring to challenge the elements and survive. Gnarled, crouched, huddled to the cliff's face these plants, their deep, strong roots binding and uniting the earth and rock with their own strength, solemnly ensure what they know they must. As I know they must if they wish to live.

*Adam Stevens, 12D*

## THE DREAMING

Mysterious whisperings in the ancient gums echo eerily on the rock wall; the wind's music flutes thinly in accompaniment to the soft, gentle mus-notes that spill from the river bed. A lone bird, its identity hidden by green camouflage, cries out harshly its loneliness, but nothing or no-one is moved by its mournful lament.

In the nearby cave, wild animals prowl, quietly and stealthily in primitive motions. They howl, flee, die in absolute silence, but the potency of emotion is a deep as the rich, red ochre they are painted. Dancing shadows emitted from a fire at the cave entrance illuminates eyes, roughens coats; tricks the mind into seeing reality where only spirits live.

A log in the fire shifts lazily and sends a shower of brilliant sparks upwards to their destiny in the stars. The moon casts shadows upon the humble Earth, blesses it with his silver light; while millions of tinier moons compete with each other, thrusting forth their own puny light. The fire casts its own shadows that are never still, always dancing on the rock wall, the ground outside, the stealthy bodies that pass beyond the circle of light, curious but not ignorant. It glistens in the eyes of the faces that have gathered around it.

Dark bodies sit stone-still in formation, cross-legged, faces turned, eyes wide and staring. Earth tones colour their skin, the dirt soft beneath them, fire warm before them. The irregular light smoothes their skin, darkens their hair, whitens their eyes. They are young and strong again. An ancient race in a futuristic world that has left them behind to survive as best they can.

Closest to the fire, an older man sits, silver has tarnished his hair, time lined his face. All eyes are upon him, as if they are trying to read something from the crevices and wrinkles in his wizened face. Waiting, expecting, they sit silently as he leans forward and opens his clenched hand. Red earth sifts slowly through his gnarled fingers, and he begins to speak in a musical voice that lifts and drifts in the breeze. A story of wonder, mystery, dreaming, is uttered in a language of many expressions; tone wistful, emotion spiritual.

The story ends and each lapse into his thoughts while the lingering words lie stagnant upon the now still night air. Without a signal, they contemplate the flames and effortlessly begin to sing of forgotten spirits, peaceful times, and harmony between Man and Earth. Each note is sent out to bounce softly off the rock until the cave is filled with deep, gentle music that filters through the trees and passes over the river to Beyond.

The music has released the trapped feeling of loneliness; of losing something precious and timeless. The rock animals absorb the sound and seem to emit their own voices, while spirits flee the cave and wander the night. For a short, magical time, spiritual confusion swirls mystery and beauty together. The Dreamtime has been revoked.

The disquieting song has ended. The fire is now only a few flowing coals, shadows are long, the moon has begun his journey towards the horizon. The rock animals are silent and still, the spirits are returned from their momentary flight of freedom. Fluidly, dark bodies move out of the cave and through the trees. Sinking into the shadows and becoming part of the night, leaving no evidence of having been there. They are one with the Earth.

*Sam Bensch, 11B*



## THE KAKADU CAMP

We were at school by 4.45 a.m. in the morning; overpacked, half asleep, excited and not knowing exactly what was in store for us. Ten days later, we had become experts at putting up and taking down tents; washing dishes; loading the five star bus (complete with toilet we couldn't and didn't want to use); having two minute hot or cold showers; and waking to the sound of Mr. Oakley yelling "Come-on, get up and jiggy-jig!!" very loudly and **very** early in the mornings. We started to get a fair idea of what was ahead of us by the third morning of getting up at 6.00 a.m. or earlier, trying to shower, dress, pack and take down a tent in half-an-hour. Eventually, we forgot breakfast existed and that showers are best taken at night (especially not when you are supposed to be having dinner or on kitchen duty!)

Our bus driver, Mark, was an 'expert' on everything and anything we saw and had to stop and take photos of). The bush-bashing 'coach' became our home and we left evidence of our existence for future trippers to enjoy—in the ashtrays, under the seats and on the floor. Lisa 'Cook' Well, we believe her abilities lay in having a good time ('working hard for the money') rather than actually cooking. Some of us object to lasagna that looks like soup.

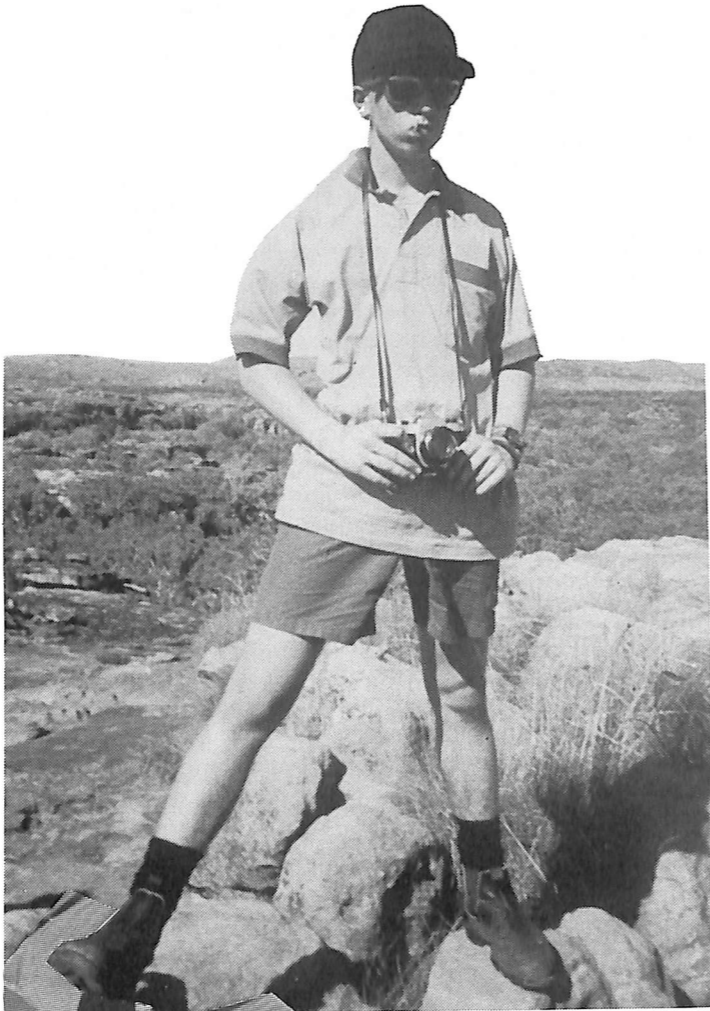
Bush, trees, dirt! Bush, trees, dirt! Rocks, rocks and more rocks. Very small towns with dirty toilets, expensive shops and weird souvenirs. We learnt nearly every recorded Beatles song by heart, that most of us can't sing, and that falling asleep on a bus just isn't that easy! Card games were played (and we think invented); 'Good Morning Vietnam' was done to death; Fuz's hair attracted almost as much interest as Ayers Rock; and Mr. Eadon received a crash-course in make-up.

We arrived to climb the Rock on the 25th/26th, something we had been both dreading and waiting for. It was the last, major and most exhausting thing we did and we all made it; even the sickies, the dying, the injured and the smokers! We also learnt that red, courderoy undies are making a fashion come back! A certain person couldn't remember a certain female pilot's name and the group as a whole managed to keep each other awake during the nights, whether it was night-time 'strolls' through the camping ground; torches shining into other tents; brooms mysteriously gaining minds of their own; or the general sounds of dying, eating or talking.

However, if you're thinking the camp was not really worth the \$800 plus we (or our parents) forked out, you're wrong. The worst parts — (Lisa's cooking, Leeanne throwing up, Steven's film producing and Fuz's hair) were forgotten as we saw heaps of new and interesting places, made great friends, and generally made total idiots of ourselves in front of innocent Outback communities (namely bush dance at Mataranka, Dead Ants everywhere and busking in Alice Springs). Special thanks go to the four brave teachers who managed to survive the whole ordeal of having 40 people let loose in the Northern Territory with **real** crocs, noisy dingoes, and plenty of places to fall in, off and down (not to mention the 32 girls who were very anxious to get off the bus at Mataranka after learning that our camping place was occupied by the Armed Forces who were having a day off!)

Thanks must of course go to the 40 Kakaduers, without whom the camp would not have been as half as ... interesting! We survived the red dirt, camel dung, Mr. Oakley's jokes, the food and Ayers Rock! Well done to everyone. And to those who were not priviledged enough to have gone and who wish we would take our photos and go back to Kakadu, believe us, we would!

Sam Bensch



## KAKADU PEOPLE

Kim F didn't daydream  
 Kim B didn't pull faces  
 Vanessa wasn't a murderer  
 Louise was rowdy  
 Leanne G didn't ring Phil  
 Seanne C didn't eat like a bird  
 Sam didn't chase Fuz  
 Kati stuck to the track  
 Jo had a clean mind  
 Karen didn't chase the poltergeist  
 Belinda didn't do 'like a virgin'  
 Sarah wasn't in the hot seat  
 Darren if Darren didn't have dreadlocks  
 Siaobhan wasn't the monster's child  
 Simone wasn't a double dummy  
 Kirsty didn't lose her hair brush  
 Dana didn't get up at 3.30 to do her washing  
 Jo B wasn't so vibrant  
 Amanda B didn't show her cleavage to Fuz  
 Nerissa didn't sing on the bus  
 Yvonne kept her mouth shut  
 Debbie liked the food  
 Jackie didn't chat up the army guys  
 Pippin didn't make it up the rock  
 Emma didn't chew the dummy  
 Damien didn't chat up the female pilot  
 Simon it wasn't shocking  
 Amanda A wasn't a nut  
 Call could find the banana  
 Tania didn't bleach her hair  
 Tamara wasn't a dead ant  
 Trish didn't braid  
 Katrina could do poo in the plane  
 Trent wasn't Harry Butler  
 Andrew didn't fall down stairs  
 Adrian didn't play cheat  
 Suzi wasn't your typical tourist  
 Jhaneen didn't bring her hat  
 Steven if Steven didn't film everything  
 Mia wasn't attracted to the snakes.

## CATERING AND HOSPITALITY

### A "FOODIES" SUBJECT HAS GREAT SUCCESS AT PARKWOOD

Through 1989-90 it has been a great pleasure for me to have taught enthusiastic students from Years 11 and 12 in the area of Catering and Hospitality.

The course started last year as Catering, Hospitality, Art and Design (C.H.A.D.) for a group of students with particular interests in these fields. Mrs Nutter, Mrs Stubbs (Home Ec.) Mrs Willis and Mrs Henwood (Arts) were the organisers of the content of the two subject areas and Mrs Macdonald with her wide range of contacts in industry ensured that students had access to a variety of work experience venues in which to further their interests and skills during two work blocks.

The class of '89 Catering and Hospitality started with 9 students at year 11. We worked our way through a very extensive course in food preparation and presentation which was interspersed with many catering functions for clients out of school and within the school community. These functions were often large (80-100 and more) such as a Rotary dinner, 40th and 50th birthday parties, the Parkwood Staff barbecue at the start of the year, the Careers night at Eastland and the Graduation lunch for Year 12 students, staff and parents. Smaller functions were school camps, morning and afternoon teas and sales at lunchtime to teachers, of a wide variety of food products. All of these activities made a profit for the Catering Department which was used to purchase equipment for the student's use, the pride being a double door catering refrigerator. This, another microwave oven and a deep fry unit have made large quantity work considerably easier to handle.

In 1990, five of the original nine students returned to continue with the VCE Group 2 Catering course. These students at this stage are planning to work in Catering, Hospitality or Tourism where the skills they have learned in management of time and resources, menu planning for functions, dealing with people as clients, costing and preparing and serving food, has set them well along the path toward their goals I am sure. The exciting culmination of this Year 12 course has been the running of a lunchtime restaurant in the dining room of the Home Economics centre. Each student has been fully responsible for the organisation of one day's function. This has entailed planning the menu for twenty four (capacity), ordering, costing, organising work schedules for the other students (and me on occasions), taking bookings, designing the dining room layout and colour scheme, collecting monies. In fact doing what any restaurant manager would do. Staff and year twelve friends have paid four dollars for a variety of delicious two course meals and again a small profit has been made for these activities.

As well as the "old hands" of Year 12, the Year 11 course this year swelled to a group of equally enthusiastic students numbering eighteen. Again most want to work in Catering, Hospitality and a few in Tourism. Some hope to continue into Year 12 Catering and some are planning to enter the workforce in apprenticeships or take Tertiary courses in the Food fields. Although a lot larger group and only one teacher, the dedication and willingness of the students has ensured our catering activities continue the high success rate started in 1989. This year too the work experience venues organised by Mrs Macdonald and some of the students again provided invaluable opportunities for learning. Students were employed in

hospitals, hotels, gourmet delicatessens, cake and bread producers, and restaurants of great variety — from small suburban to the outstanding Stephanie Alexander's and Tramcar.

In 1989 and again this year we are fortunate to have the interest and co-operation of Chef Benjamin Bramble from Hewlett Packard Company through the schools/industry links program. Last year our students worked with Chef Bramble in his company kitchen for a day at a time and to assist with a formal dinner for overseas clients. This year his roles are administrative but he has offered to work with the Year 11 classes as a demonstrator.

In 1991 the Year 12 course will continue as it is, providing sufficient students elect to take it. For Year 11, VCE requires changes to the course in time allowance and content but it will still provide a high practical work component which will benefit students wishing to further their skills or follow the Catering and Hospitality path of employment in the future.

In 1992 the VCE units 3 and 4 will follow a Catering format similar to the present Year 12 course.

Mrs Stubbs  
Home Economics Faculty



## WORK EXPERIENCE '90

During work experience I learnt many new things. I went to a hospital the first week and a vet the second. I found the vet really boring but it was still a new exciting experience. The hospital was a lot more fun. I chose these as these are what I hope to do in the future. I think work experience was a great way to figure out what you want to do.

Croydon Veterinary Surgery  
Mountain and District Private Hospital

Natalie Sanderson (worked as a nurse)

For my work experience I worked at Cadburys in Ringwood in the Personnel department. Working in a busy office was great. I had a lot of different things to do. The smell of chocolate was heaven. Eating it was fun too. Working at Cadburys helped me make up my mind that I liked working in a personnel office.

Belinda Bangay

Being a repeater of Year 10, being involved in work experience a second time around, did good for myself and others. I was involved in physical education at Templestowe High. Many of the students who attended the school thought that I was a University student studying P.E. They treated me the same as a teacher, very good. The school was large in sparkling talent and I was very pleased I could work there for the two weeks under great instructors.

Glen Spencer

My work experience certainly was interesting. I worked at the Austin Hospital in Heidelberg. I started at 7.00 am every morning and finished at about 3.15 pm. My duties included giving out medicines, taking blood pressures and temperatures. I also had to empty bed pans. It was great most of the time because I was allowed to go to the theatre, X-Rays and cardiograms. It certainly helped me decide on a career in nursing.

Brooke Alexander

For the first week of Work Experience I worked in Collingwood at a place called Show Ads. I used some of the machines there and was taught the different stages of advertising and printing. The second week I worked in Blackburn at Print Graphics, I designed my own letterhead for my name and went through the stages leading up to printing. I printed 200 copies of what I designed. I realise now I want to do something to do with Graphics.

Graphic Reproduction/Finished Art

Kimberly Benwell

I had a really great time during my work experience at FOX FM. The people were really nice and they helped me see how a radio station is run. At FOX there is a normal secretarial side of running the company. Then there is the production side where they produce the commercials etc. And finally a section where they programme what songs to play and when. Then there is the studio where the DJ's work and everything is finally put to air.

Tamara, 10F

## WESTPAC AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

Approximately 170 students took part in this competition on July 31st. The following students gained an award! Congratulations to all students who participated in the competition.

### Distinctions

#### Year 7

Kirsty Phillips  
Karen Van Krieken  
Claire Abery  
Mary Pearce  
Jordan Bartlett  
Joel Burgess  
Richard Morris

#### Year 8

Erin Torresan  
Ian Macmillan  
Jenny Galatas  
Jodi Goodrem  
Mark Dunk  
Jemma Jones  
Tanya Hurley  
Aaron Robotham  
Narelle Roper  
Allison Murray

#### Year 9

Joel Hofstra  
Martin Purdon  
Leonie Dukes  
Kate Mason

### Credits

#### Year 7

Annika Mason  
Yianni Rigogiannis  
Michael Rowell  
David Lloyd  
Keren Knight  
Dawn Williams  
Craig Kerwin  
Shaun Swaney  
Erika Nemsow  
Anita Lemke  
Matthew Selman  
Nicole Fox  
Nicole Berry  
Simon Gendenning

Joel Robotham  
Martine Barils  
Naomi Cowling  
Jamie Galatas  
Kristian Dieber  
Geoff Doherty  
Lea Hannah  
Kate Stevens  
Michael Haley  
Cindy Slater  
Paul Newnham  
Ainsley Moore

#### Year 10

Rachel Moore  
Daryl Van Krieken

#### Year 11

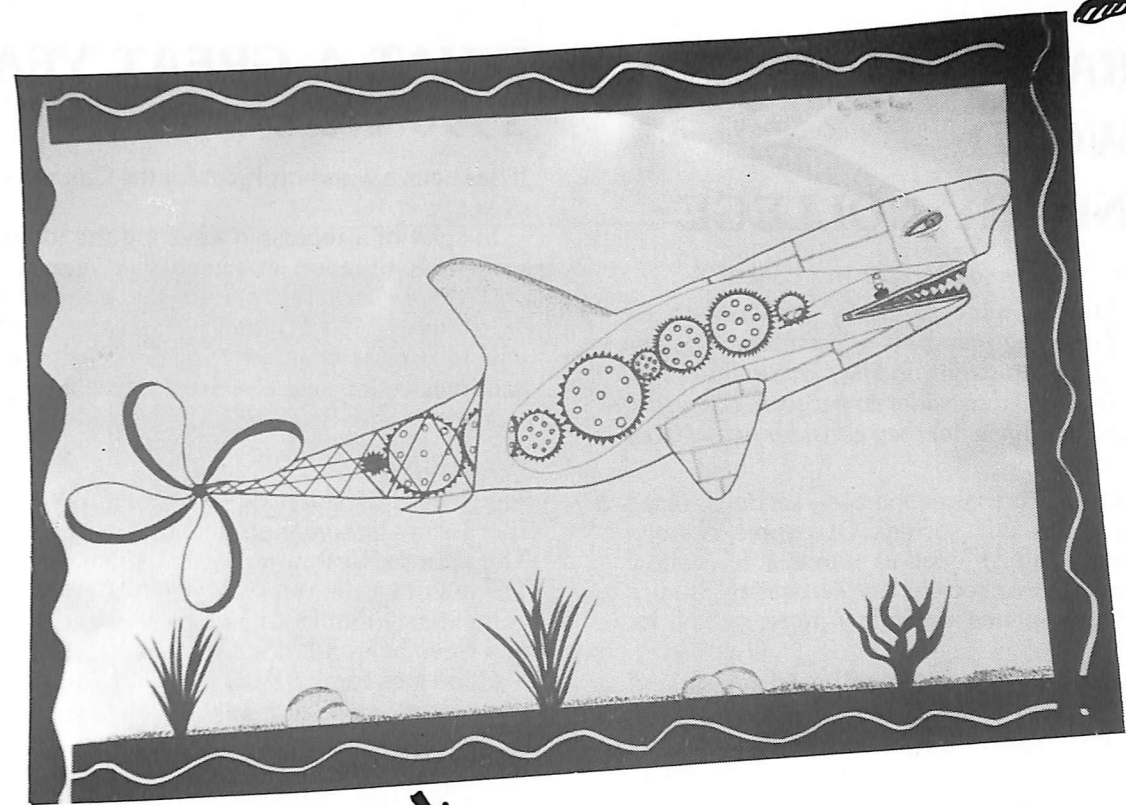
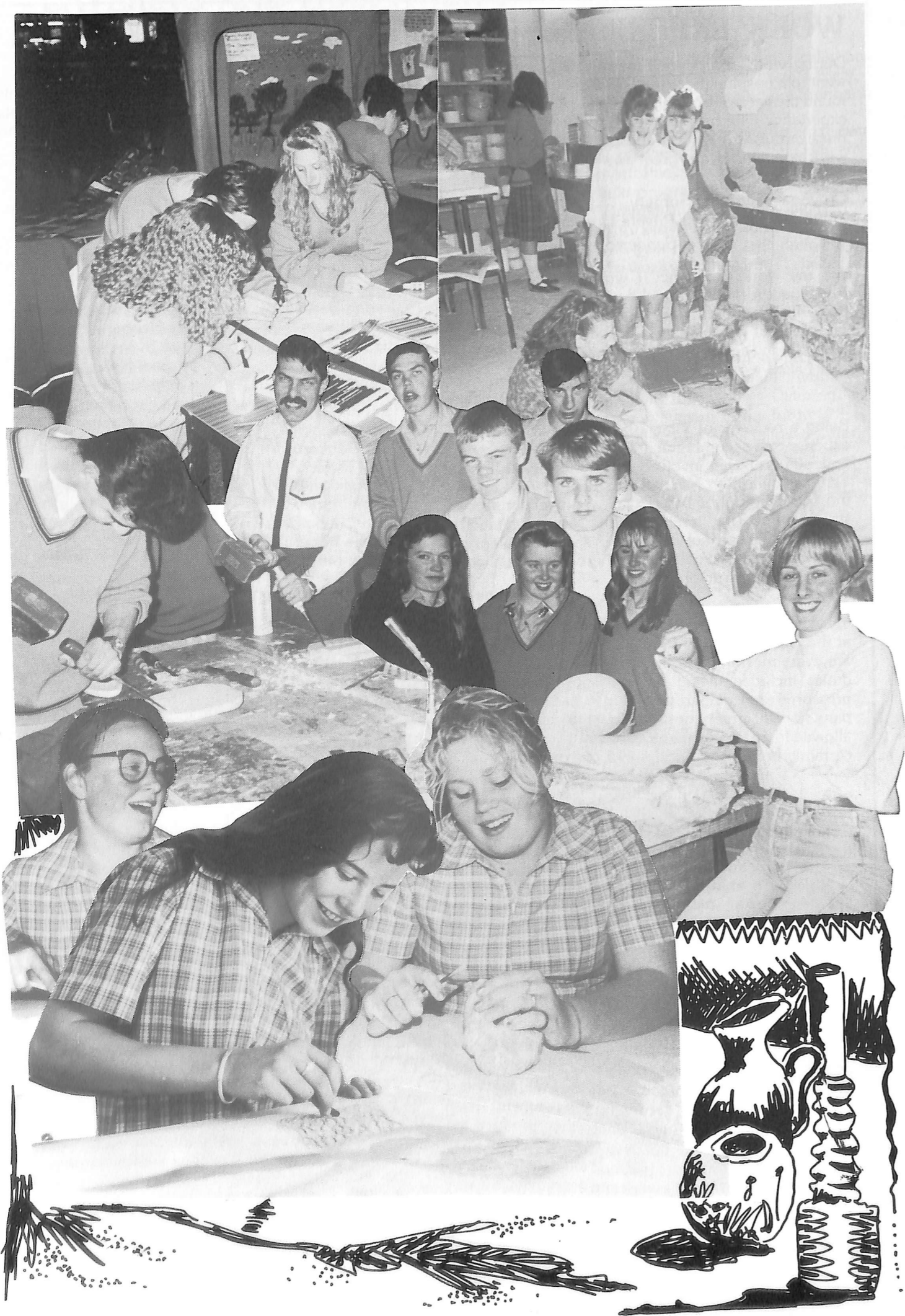
Leanne Haupt  
Andreas Bednarz  
Greg Doherty  
Sarah Haldane

#### Year 12

Amanda Fallon  
Ryan McCandlish  
Jason Plehn

#### Year 8

Craig Walton  
Sarah Nitchell  
Clare McCandlish  
Gillian Lawrence  
Erika Vlasic  
Alex Aslangul  
Matthew Discombe  
Michelle Dench  
Jenny Watson  
Paul Aslangul  
Chris Cato  
Chris Fella  
Mark Reynolds  
Suzanne Dardel  
Mark Giannopoulos  
Kirsten Ruscuklic



# AUSTRALIAN STUDIES AT PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE

According to the study design for this course:

*"Australian Studies aims to assist students to be informed and thinking members of Australian society: to learn more about Australia and its place in the world, and to value what they consider to be good in Australian society and identify what they consider needs to be changed"*.

No other subject before has deliberately set out to teach our students about our society. Of course History, Geography and English, just to name a few, show students aspects of our society, but Australian Studies in using these disciplines and many more, goes a lot further.

Australian Studies is a very broad based subject and of all the disciplines probably most closely associates with Sociology. However it utilises resources, strategies and methods from across the curriculum. In studying statistics and technology, Maths and Science are needed. In looking at Australia's past and future directions, History, Economics and Geography have a role. In exploring the people in, and fairness of our society, English and other languages and Legal Studies play a part. In looking at Australian society, students also need to look at their own lives and those of their parents, friends and relatives.

What the students do with the knowledge they gain is also far reaching and of particular importance to the students themselves. Analysis of a person's society and themselves is vital for growth of both. Students do plenty of analysis in Australian Studies. Students must reflect critically on the work done and knowledge they have gained. Australian Studies gives an opportunity for students to look at what they have here in Australia and to decide if it is what they want in a society and how to change it for the better.

Because Australian Studies is such a broad subject it offers something for everyone. Assessment, although involving a lot of written work and analysis, does not consist of this entirely — thus giving students a choice in how to present their findings. What students choose to investigate is as broad as their imagination.

In order to bring the wide range of possible topics to some manageable size, the first year of Australian Studies concentrates on the idea of work in Australia. This still leaves plenty of scope for every student — work can have a very broad definition! The second year of Australian Studies, although not yet offered at Parkwood, presents as many challenges to students and deals with the topic: Australia — A Changing Culture.

Australian Studies at Year 11 is compulsory for every student attempting the V.C.E. When one looks at the width and breadth of this subject and all it has to offer every member of the community, this fact seems hardly surprising.

K. Thomas  
Australian Studies Coordinator

## WHAT A GREAT YEAR 1990 WAS

It has been a wonderful year for the Careers Faculty this year.

In spite of a recession affecting the job market (the worst job situation in twenty-five years) all year 10 students (140) were placed for the customary two weeks during May. (Whew!) The response of Year 10s was to inquire whether they could do another work experience placement before the end of term. They had enjoyed themselves so much (at work!?)

### CATERING

The Year 12 Catering placements were also very successful. This year students worked at Stephanie's, The Tramcar Restaurant and Moonshivers at the Basin. These students have achieved a high degree of skill and competency thanks to Mrs Stubbs and Mrs Galloway and have been a credit to the school.

Good luck for the 1991 girls and remember us when you achieve your first million.

### CAREERS ROOM

The Careers Room now boasts, JAC a computerised Job and Course investigation program which is constantly in use as is the photocopies especially at lunchtime.

The designer in Schools Project, with which Careers is associated, has seen some very interesting activity (see further in the magazine) but which has involved a lot of co-ordination.

Ringwood City Council Parks and Gardens Manager Peter Asleigh and Doncaster City council have been generous with their time and plants.

Loder and Bayly a long standing work experience contact especially Natalie Gray and John Girillo have been frequent visitors to the school to assist Year 10 students in their planning.

### CAREERS NIGHT

The Careers Night August 14th at Eastland was a resounding success. An annual event, made possible through the co-operation of Eastland Centre management, The Army Ringwood East Depot and the Careers teachers throughout the Eastern region, saw 5000 students and parents collect and discuss information regarding further study, job opportunities and careers.

### PAST STUDENTS

Sincere congratulations to Michele Edgely Class of '87 who scooped the awards this year at the Melbourne College of Printing and Graphic Arts. Michele achieved three awards, Best third year apprentice, the George Collie Memorial Award, the Graphic Arts Services Association Award for the apprentice showing the greatest improvement over her three year apprenticeship at Show Ads. Michele also announced her engagement on October 13th as well as celebrating her Birthday. Well done Michele.

Mark Crick has just changed his tertiary course after deferment from Electronic and Communications Engineering to Hotel and Catering Management at Footscray. Good luck Mark.

# 1990 Debutante Ball

Debutantes Presented to:-  
MRS M. E. HARE & MR M. C. HARE



KELLIE WRIGHT.....DARRIN POWER  
SARAH HALDANE.....GREG GALE  
KAREN STEEL.....GAVIN McLEAN  
DEBORAH RYAN.....ANDREW CREIGHTON  
MEGAN ROBERTS.....MILES WOOTTEN  
AMANDA BOYNE.....JUSTIN ROSAROLL  
JOANNE WONG.....MARK SPAULL  
KIM FURZER.....SCOTT GOODWIN  
NICOLE BENNETT.....MATT KENNEDY  
PIPPIN LEWIS.....CAMERON O'DONNELL  
SHARON PEMBERTON.....BARRY HOLDWAY  
KATI RULE.....MATTHEW DAVIS  
KIRSTY RUCK.....MARK GLENDENNING  
MELISSA DAVISON.....BRENT HANNAH  
FIONA TORNEY.....SCOTT CROSBY  
NICOLE PARKER.....MARK BOUW

KYLIE TWITCHETT.....ROHAN COX  
AMANDA LIGHT.....MATTHEW PORTBURY  
SHARON GOODWIN.....PAUL WASLEY  
NERISSA RAE.....TAB WAYMOUTH  
MELISSA MANN.....STEVEN SMITH  
KATIE LE CRAS.....OWEN HOOD  
SIMONE PRATT.....PETER HANCY  
REBECCA SCHILLING.....ANDREW NEALON  
JOANNE BISHOP.....CORY BROOKSHAW  
KATIE ROSS.....NICK BALSTER  
MELISSA PAGRAM.....SCOTT WALKER  
FIONA HORVATH.....DARREN GOODWIN  
LOUISE HUME.....SIMON PLACE  
SUSAN WOOLLEY.....STEVE ROBERTS  
ALLISON ROWE.....JUDD TOONE  
DESLEY WATERS.....JEROME LYFORD



**YEAR 7A**  
 Back Row L to R: Dawn Williams, Craig Kerwin, Yianni Rigogiannis, Simon Glendenning, Jennifer Gay.  
 Centre Row: Joel Burgess, Nicole Fox, Grant Cowan-Hackett, Jordan Bartlett, Gabrielle Forster, Mark Onans.  
 Front Row: Sally Parker, Estelle Hickling, Michael Rowell, Karen Van Krieken, Matthew Selman, Jody Luckie, Claire Abery.  
 Absent: Richard Morris.  
 Class Teacher: Ms C Kemton.



**YEAR 7B**  
 Back Row L to R: John MacKenzie, Kirsty Phillips, Adam Condie, Lara Tonti, Daniel Spargo, Peta Alexander, Bill Sehow.  
 Centre Row: Chris Gambera, Shona Wendt, Michael Blackwood, Daniel Boyce, Natalie Frank, Isak Pokkinen.  
 Front Row: Belinda Graham, Luke Van Prooyen, Suzi Edwards, Gillian Morrissey, Malanie Love, Paul Marriott, Mary Pearce.  
 Ground: Troy Winters, Darran Little.  
 Class Teacher: Mrs K Rickard.



**YEAR 7C**  
 Back Row L to R: Mark Jones, Brooke Grealy, Timothy Quirk, Bradley Pilato, Christy Poynton, Troy Standish.  
 Centre Row: Lisa Rubino, David Lloyd, Brooke Lischke, Timothy Brindle, Marina Cowling, Travis Lewin, Kate Summerfield.  
 Front Row: Kate Digby, Daniel Moldrich, Keren Knight, Michelle Cuce, Paul Horvath, Lisa Wallis.  
 Absent: Phillip Van de Voorde.  
 Class Teacher: Mr D Luke.



**YEAR 7D**  
 Back Row L to R: Kelly Atkinson, Danielle Berry, Steven Redding, Sarah Wright, Mathew Brennan, Belinda Kent, Nicole Berry.  
 Centre Row: Jane Carrodus, Rebecca Harrison, Ben Tamme, Anita Lemke, Nathan Webb, Carolyn White, Naomi Smith.  
 Front Row: Morag Erskine, Erika Nemsow, Shaun Swaney, Narelle Clarke, David Haley, Nardene Bower, Jane Taylor.  
 Class Teacher: Mrs S Price.



**YEAR 7E**  
 Back Row L to R: Annika Mason, Robert Varrasso, Jason Lamb, Michelle Bloomfield, Grayson Milner, Scott Nelson, Michelle Ashworth.  
 Centre Row: Paul Basinski, Sandra Ireland, Rebecca Withers, Amanda Spencer, Kerry Hogan, Richard Fisher.  
 Front Row: Victoria Beardall, Leigh Munro, Adele Williams, Jenny Stuart, Nicole Light, Richard Archibald, Renee Ferguson.  
 Class Teacher: Mr G Eadon.



**YEAR 8A**  
 Back Row L to R: Joanne Lloyd, Olivia Fisher, Wayne Mansell, Jenny Watson, Paul Astangul, Kylie Hadley, Arlene Gange.  
 Centre Row: Jennifer Galatas, Brad Margetts, Erin Torrensan, Matthew Brown, Riki Gibson, David Llewellyn, Kim Clark.  
 Front Row: Chris Cato, Kathryn Thornley, Stephen Gillespie, Michelle Hunt, Paul Cooper, Peta Bensch, Tony Dent.  
 Ground: Karl Visser, Tim Seddon.  
 Absent: Margaret Mitchell.  
 Class Teacher: Mrs E Osbourne.



**YEAR 8B**  
Back Row L to R: Melissa Boschen, Nicholas Habermehl, Cameron Konrad, Sarah Mitchell.  
Centre Row: Narelle Roper, Anton Scholtz, Nicholas Wells, Matthew Hubbard, Andrew Van der Neij, Nicole Grey.  
Front Row: Allison Murray, Nathan Crothers, Rachel Pratt, Julia Edwards, Nataleigh Anker.  
Absent: Scott Gaffke.  
Class Teacher: Mr H de Groot.



**YEAR 8C**  
Back Row L to R: Kirsten Ruscuklic, Alexander Aslangul, Justin Ganya, Paul Rowe, Mark Reynolds, Matthew Le Cras.  
Centre Row: Zachary Kas, Jenny Boyle, Julie Christensen, Brett Ray, Joanne Dempster, Phillipa Gerard, Travis Murphy.  
Front Row: Melanie Doherty, Samuel Thompson, Sherelle Jackson, Anne-Marie Middlemast, Matthew Discombe, Amanda Parry.  
Absent: Jemma Jones, Michelle Gaspero, Natalie Graham.  
Class Teacher: Mrs S Stubbs.



**YEAR 8D**  
Back Row L to R: Sarah Cox, Craig Walton, Olivia Hume, Shane Roberts, Karli Smith, Mark Dunk, Angela Muller.  
Centre Row: Chad McLean, Lisa Carrodus, Aaron Robotham, Simon Light, Christopher Fella, Lauren Jenkins, Nathan O'Connell.  
Front Row: Tamie Doig, Shannon Lea, Russell Bennett, Kim Ricardo, Troy Clarkson, Natalie Ivanusic, Joelle Van Prooyen.  
Class Teacher: Mr P Van Cuylenburg.



**YEAR 8E**  
Back Row L to R: Clare McCandlish, Jamie Davidson, Erika Vlasic, David Bird, Michelle Dench, Mark Giannopoulos, Frances Muller.  
Centre Row: Craig Jones, Belinda Short, Stephen Perry, Paul Schneider, Tanya Hurley, Karl Dingley.  
Front Row: Gillian Laurence, David Tucker, Tanea Thorogood, Briony Tromp, Suzanne Dardel, Michael McDonnell, Claire O'Connell.  
Ground: Jodi Goodrem, Ian MacMillan.  
Class Teacher: Miss S Kallbacka



**YEAR 9A**  
Back Row L to R: Melissa Whitelegg, Jayne Spencer, Andrew McIntosh, Melissa Selman, Luke McCandlish, Cindy Slater, Rebecca Kas.  
Centre Row: Kate Mason, David Burgess, Tennille Merrigan, Gary Pokkinen, Caroline Williams, Simon Lamb, Alice Langley-Jones.  
Front Row: Naomi Cowling, Kirrily Brindle, Joel Robotham, Chelsey Crane, Matthew Donnelly, Carla Bates, Deanne Greenwood.  
Ground: Sarah Marshall, Meagan Quirk, Katie Beardall, Katrina Fallon.  
Class Teacher: Mr J Moxey.



**YEAR 9B**  
Back Row L to R: Sarah Kas, Tara Reid, Martine Bartils, Melanie Cousins, Jody Raunjak, Sallie Kerwin, Kate Peters.  
Centre Row: Sharon Ryan, Demetri Rigogiannis, Jodie McKee, Paul Newnham, Damien Koenitz, Lea Hannah, Phillip Morrissey, Kate Stevens.  
Front Row: Kate Parker, Melissa Grove, Narelle Bethune, Jodi Davis, Shona McQuarie, Emma Hamlin, Carolyn Haupt.  
Ground: Geoff Doherty, Michael Haley.  
Absent: Glenice Robertson.  
Class Teacher: Miss E Vidra.



**YEAR 9C**

Back Row L to R: Danielle Carroll, Julian Kuppler, Catherine Tamblin, Wayne Sterling, Heidi Odermatt, Cameron Danks, Danielle Richards.  
 Centre Row: Paul Wansley, Rochelle Ratcliffe, Brad Whatman, Kerrie Price, Emma Langenhorst, Martin Purdon, Meagan Kelso, Damien Bremner.  
 Front Row: Jason Dove, Tracey Sutton, Kristian Dieber, Anita Burge, Mark Unwin, Amanda Bethune, Adam McKenzie.  
 Ground: Mark Taylor, Matthew Hunt.  
 Class Teacher: Mr A Hicks.



**YEAR 9D**

Back Row L to R: Kylie Horne, Belinda Harrison, Gary Ireland, Jamie Galatas, Simon Powell, Sarah Portbury, Shani Hoeght.  
 Centre Row: Kris McLemon, Kylie macKenzie, David Hickling, Deborah Tamme, Andrew Mansell, Natalie Ross, Dylan Brown.  
 Front Row: Craig Anderson, Amanda Phillips, Rick Nye, Abby Cowan-Hackett, Joel Hofstra, Lisa Bottrell, Joseph Freitas.  
 Ground: Ben Spargo, Jacqueline Burke, Anita Pupic, Matthew Denman.  
 Class Teacher: Mr G Nicolaou.



**YEAR 9E**

Back Row L to R: Rita Baldacchino, Peter Readdy, Natasha Shoppee, Daniel Christian, Leonie Dukes, Andrew Walton, Sophie Ritchie.  
 Centre Row: Bryan Doensen, Jessica Nixon, Matthew Gilmore, Brett Tamblin, Chris Ruck, Ainsley Moore, Tony Burke.  
 Front Row: Scott Morrow, Robyn Dardel, Wayne Hanrahan, Kathryn Taylor, Stephen Doyle, Jenny Nankervis, Stuart Beard.  
 Absent: Narelle Rossiter.  
 Class Teacher: Ms M Lowery.



**YEAR 10A**

Back Row L to R: Nicole Collett, Jason Krsywinski, Shelley Ward, Steven Wright, Alexandra Samanovic, Nik Vlasic, Helen Harrop.  
 Centre Row: Elise Jenkins, Gordon Allan, Chris Brown, Thomas Mitchell, Paul Burgess, Jon White, Gillian Butts.  
 Front Row: Siobhan Bannister, Laura Basinski, Nathan Booth, Heather Trevithick, Sam Gillespie, Rebecca Matt, Sarah Manson.  
 Ground: Tiffany Nicoll, Belinda McCarthy.  
 Absent: Nick Fella, Ali Michailidis.  
 Class Teacher: Mr G Gorman.



**YEAR 10B**

Back Row L to R: Mirjana Samanovic, Andrew Van Prooyen, Belinda Pilato, Glenn Easterby, Wendy Ackers, Robert Goldsmith, Debbie Bickerton.  
 Centre Row: Edan Gill, Angela Dent, Mark Brocker, Bradley Light, Julian Riddell, Leigh Condie, Elyssa Brookshaw, Dale Hocking.  
 Front Row: Andrew Doig, Danielle Marcinsky, Brad Watson, Meghan Hurley, Chris Laurance, Debra Roberts, Darren Knight.  
 Ground: Emma Graf, Natalee Knox.  
 Class Teacher: Mr N Beale.



**YEAR 10C**

Back Row L to R: Paula Keach, Michael Salamon, Felicity Knight, Sharon Dooley, Rebecca Jones, David Beard, Kylie Gantner.  
 Centre Row: Suzanna Cvetovac, Michael Cracknell, Leonie Neilson, Brett Cooper, Phillip Crockett, Dee-Arne Ash, Shane Evans, Simone Greenwood.  
 Front Row: Cory Brookshaw, Georgie Munro, Matthew Kennedy, Michael Allen, Ben Langley-Jones, Tracie Brown, Gareth Jackson.  
 Ground: Jenny Benham, Norton Guilfoyle.  
 Absent: Gavin Marriott.  
 Class Teacher: Mrs V Hudson.





**YEAR 10D**

Back Row L to R: Tania Jonathan, Melanie Such, Mardy Smee, Sean Pearman, Kerry-Ann Hogg, Veronica Nadz, Clare McKenna.  
Centre Row: Nicole Edwards, Jaki Varcoe, Mark Habel, Tony Ganya, Ben Selby, Derek Waters, Rachel Moore, Nicole Cooper.  
Front Row: Betty Sin, Melissa Sutton, Alison Robins, Robyn Dempster, Kym Stephenson, Rebekah Convey, Kristen Abery.  
Class Teacher: Mr G Bird.



**YEAR 10E**

Back Row L to R: Sarah Archibald, Leanne Gilbert, Rosalie Vita, Guy Deason, Katrina Veith, Adrian McConchie, Caroline Wheeler.  
Centre Row: Heather Murray, Daryl Van Krieken, Melanie Wright, Andrew Dedman, Greg Miller, Trisha Love, Darren Dunk, Danielle White.  
Front Row: Elton McLean, Melinda Otten, Brooke Alexander, Dennis Kerwin, Tania Verhagen, Kylie Goodwin, Andrew Burgess.  
Class Teacher: Mrs J Harmer.



**YEAR 10F**

Back Row L to R: Susanne Brain, Kimberly Benwell, Sean Morrow, Tamara Abbott, Natalie Sanderson.  
Centre Row: Say Sehow, Belinda Bangay, Trent Taylor, Justin McLemon, Allison Renton, Glen Hutchinson.  
Front Row: Chantal Forsaith-Hams, Derek Tsao, Belinda Scott, Lisa Wilson, Kelly Ruduss, James Strachan, Vanessa Pitt.  
Absent: Olivera Belic.  
Class Teacher: Mr L Paolacci.



**YEAR 11A**

Back Row L to R: Melissa Pagram, Cameron White, Mia Wranghede, Scott Walker, Tanya Hurley, Richard Cooper, Allison Rowe.  
Centre Row: Adrian McDonald, Adam McGrotty, John Davidson, Andrew Tamme, Mark Glendenning, Adam Gaspero, Scott Shade.  
Front Row: David Fowler, Nerissa Rae, Steven Unwin, Amanda Light, Dean Carlton, Danielle Pearman, Glen Horvath, Bruce Horkings, Simon Christian, Melinda Daniel.  
Ground: Fiona Horvath, Bruce Horkings, Simon Christian, Melinda Daniel.  
Class Teacher: Mr S Maile.



**YEAR 11B**

Back Row L to R: Iwona Wisniewski, Simone Pratt, Robert Glide, Paul Feeney, Samantha Bensch, Louise Hume.  
Centre Row: Wayne Harrison, Kati Rule, Ashley Gaspero, Richard Van Beveren, Andreas Bednarz, Karen Steel, Gavin McLean.  
Front Row: Amanda Cooper, Andrew Lloyd, Tina Parkinson, Joanne Wong, Glenn Kear, Jane Carroll.  
Absent: Tyler MacKenzie.  
Class Teacher: Mr J Zygmunt.



**YEAR 11C**

Back Row L to R: Lille Lai, Chris Jaques, Enna Ilardi, Peter Hancy, Susan Woolley, Rohan Cox, Melissa Mann.  
Centre Row: Steven Smith, Moira Linton, Jason Taylor, Andrew Perry, Andrew Harvey, Brad Reid, Sarah Haldane, Andrew Nealon.  
Front Row: Paul Gay, Pippin Lewis, Matthew Davis, Jhaneen Trimble, Greg Doherty, Sharon Pemberton, Alan Edwards.  
Ground: Linda Dang, Michael Fisher.  
Absent: Liza Matthews.  
Class Teacher: Miss K Thomas.



**YEAR 11D**  
 Back Row L to R: Lauren Comben, Johnny Ly, Alisha McKenzie, Scott Stafford,  
 Katie Le Cras, Mark Bartlett, Yvonne Hickling.  
 Centre Row: Chris Doyle, Brent Hannah, Steven Ray, Damien Ross, Anthony Berry,  
 Karl Nemsow.  
 Front Row: Lee-Anne Cusworth, Greg Gale, Debbie Ryan, Mark Vanston, Amanda Boyne,  
 Simon Place, Jennie Grove.  
 Absent: Sean Walker, Paul Wisniewski.  
 Class Teacher: Mr R Oakley.



**YEAR 11E**  
 Back Row L to R: Heidi Skinner, Randi Zachariassen, Jason Dreger, Nicole Parker,  
 Brad Geyer, Nereda Elson, Michelle Bunton.  
 Centre Row: Suzana Turk, Adrian Law, Nicole Britton, Geoff Crockett, Kellie Wright,  
 Shane Champion, Jodi Wilson.  
 Front Row: Melanie Langenhorst, Brett Thomas, Dana McAleese, Ben Jones, Kirsty Ruck,  
 Adrian Stamp, Melissa Davison.  
 Ground: Michelle Boschen, Desley Waters, Leanne Haupt, Vanessa Britt.  
 Class Teacher: Mrs J Fell.



**YEAR 11F**  
 Back Row L to R: Rebecca Schilling, Nicole Bennett, Kinglsey Allen, Jackie Roper,  
 Stephen Wells, Fiona Torney, Kim Dowra.  
 Centre Row: Megan Roberts, Nathan Wise, Adrienne Edwards, Michael Slater,  
 Fiona Dioguardi, Darren Jacotine, Kim Furzer.  
 Front Row: Adam Coll, Simone Weiss, Nick Jopson, Jerome Lyford, Stuart Brown,  
 Amanda Allan, Cameron Strachan.  
 Ground: Kylie Twitchett, Sharon Goodwin, Joanne Hishop, Sharon Hanrahan.  
 Class Teacher: Mr G Tiller.



**YEAR 12A**  
 Back Row L to R: Linda Britt, Kylie Smees, Jason Koenitz, John Smith, John McCurdy,  
 Karen Dukas.  
 Centre Row: Tracy Twitchett, James Hazelton, Blair Hawker, Lindsay Strachan,  
 Matthew Pullen, Jason Plehn, Meg Boyle.  
 Front Row: Keren Edgley, Ryan McCandlish, Leanne Manning, Linda Hartman,  
 Philip Cvetovac, Kim Leach.  
 Class Teacher: Miss R Giffard.



**YEAR 12B**  
 Back Row L to R: Kerri-Anne Crippen, Natalie Doig, Stacey Aslangul, Diana Pupic,  
 Katie Ross, Jodie Sanderson, Sarah Berridge.  
 Centre Row: Nicole Birch, Michelle Brocker, Jodie Dieber, Steven Roberts, Fiona McLennan,  
 Vicki Fry, Prue Fisher.  
 Front Row: David Cvetovac, Kasie Lischke, Emma-Louise Ward, Megan Burgess,  
 Melissa Wansley, Prue Peart, Paul Wasley.  
 Class Teacher: Mr P Djoneff.



**YEAR 12C**  
 Back Row L to R: Belinda Sambevka, Andy Siegenthaler, Oscar Szanto, Scott Clark,  
 Chris Avery, Samantha Gerard.  
 Centre Row: Simon Denman, Kirsten Short, Andrew Haworth, Gabrielle Manson,  
 Dean Pearson.  
 Front Row: Emma Williams, Daniel Readdy, Bronwyn Cousins, Sherrin Bishop, Alex Raunjak,  
 Sarah McConchie.  
 Class Teacher: Mr P Sayers.



### YEAR 12D

*Back Row L to R:* Mark Anderson, Leanne Wall, Nick Balster, Jane Donnelly, Dean Fakira, Amanda Fallon.

*Centre Row:* Adam Stevens, Daina Burgess, Justin Matt, Judd Toone, Matt Sullivan, Lisa Maugeri, Scott Goodwin.

*Front Row:* Kellie Stephens, Andrew Whitelegg, Rachelle Hume, Lisa Schelfhout, Jhan Srbinov, Nicole Manning.

*Absent:* Annabelle Hart.

*Class Teacher:* Mr M Galteri.



### STAFF

*Back Row L to R:* Lorenzo Paolacci, Meg Lowery, Peter Van Cuylenburg, Alan Mee, Graeme Waugh, Andrew Hicks, Russell Oakley, Quenelda Ramm, Rosemary Gullett, Robyn Morrison, Erin Osbourne, Margy Cameron.

*Third Row:* George Nicolaou, Bob Fisch, Jan Zygmunt, Hans De Groot, Peter Djoneff, David Sykes, Sue Datson, Judy Harmer, Janette Trapnell, Vera Hudson, Vivienne Rhodes, Trish Tedesco, Elizabeth Vidra, Barbara Partenio.

*Second Row:* Jackie Fell, Garry Eadon, Mario Galteri, Mark Beale, Dennis Hartigan, Stuart Maile, David Luke, John Moxey, Graeme Tiller, Michael Byrne, Greg Gorman, Graham Bird, Margot Stubbs, Anne Hayes.

*Front Row:* Wilma Thomson, Thomas Bischof, Bev Tarrant, Sharyn Price, Pat Quinn, Bob Hogendoorn, Sue O'Connell (Principal), Margo Zappulla, Cheryl Kempton, Mary Hare, Karin Rickard, Ruth Giffard, Katie Thomas.

*Absent:* Malcolm Roberts, John Chai, Neil Davis, Marion Galloway, Dot Henwood, Sari Kallbacka, Lyn McDonald, Marg Olsen, Paul Sayers, Irene Booth.

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