

PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE

1991

Parkwood Secondary College
Tortice Drive
North Ringwood

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

Once again we present a Magazine, a chronicle of some of the highlights of the year.

This year, 1991, has different special meanings for each of us. Hopefully you can all look back on this year and feel satisfaction in having achieved some personal ambitions and shared some memorable experiences with friends.

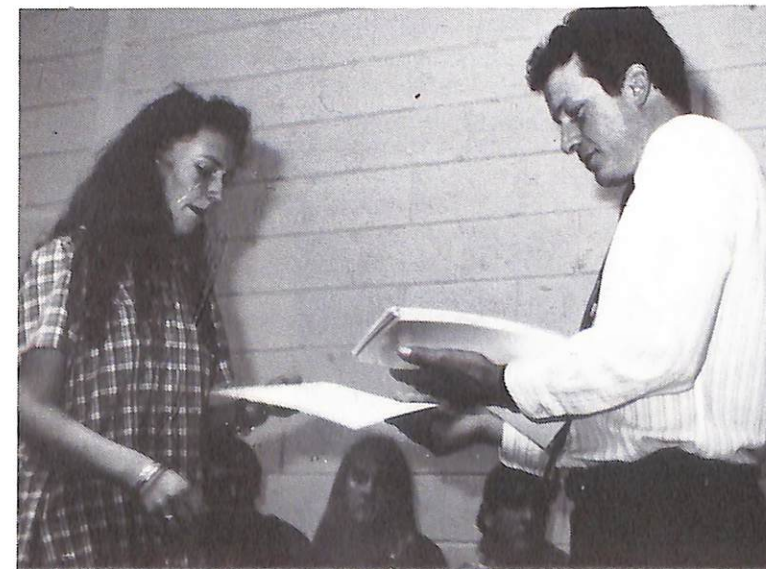
As a College, I feel we have done well. Academically many students have excelled and thus been rewarded for effort in doing their best. Highlights for me have been in seeing the imaginative and innovative projects completed by our students as part of their Courses of Study. I mention the Debutante Balls, the 'Mini-Mart', the Transition Special Performance, the various fund raising for selected charities, the programmes organised for primary schools and kindergartens, to name but a few. We have all benefited from these and look forward to a continuation of such programmes.

Again many students have taken part in sporting activities, bringing credit to themselves and their College. Public Speaking has continued to give other students the opportunity to develop their talents, as has Debating. The literary and artistic talents of our students have also been celebrated.

To all students who have contributed in some small way to maintaining our standards, we say 'thank you'.

Special thanks are extended to Mr. Hogendoorn, to our Level Co-ordinators and to our classroom teachers for their efforts and caring involvement. To our ancillary staff similar gratitude is extended for all the work they have done this year. Finally, to all parents, those who have worked on School Council and the Parkwood Association, those who have volunteered their help in the Canteen, on Working Bees, in organising and assisting in the sale of secondhand uniforms and books and all who have been so supportive of us in our day-to-day activities, we are appreciative and hope this involvement will continue.

It is only if we continue to work together that Parkwood will continue to be the College of which we are proud to be a part.



SCHOOL COUNCIL PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1991 in some ways has been the sort of year that you're glad to see the end of. The apprehension and anticipation of VCE has come and gone. Fortunately the planning and preparation of the previous years softened the blow, but perhaps not the workload for teachers and students alike. There is much fine (major?) tuning to be done, but we are on the way.

A pleasing aspect of the year has been the presentation of numerous College Council awards that acknowledge student effort and participation in the College activities. It is worth noting that throughout the year Parkwood students have been successful in a wide range of extra curricular activities that include sport and public speaking — well done students.

The past year has seen the completion of two major projects in the College grounds. The school oval was regraded and sown and now is being put to good use. Hub Hill, the project commenced in 1990, has been extensively planted with trees and the seating installed. The project planned by students is a living reminder of what co-operative effort can achieve. Another noteworthy project of 1991 has been the completion of a roofed bicycle enclosure — students take note!

1992 is almost on us bringing a new set of challenges. Some of these include refining and consolidation of the VCE, extending Parkwood's profile in the community, curriculum expansion and the development of the school grounds. Parkwood College Council invites students, teachers and parents to share in taking on these and other challenges, that overcome, will result in Parkwood being a College of excellence.

Michael Bangay

PARKWOOD COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION

The Parkwood Community Association meets on the third Tuesday of the month and aims to be a forum for discussion of any matters of interest to the school. The membership is open to all parents, students, and staff, and anyone else who has an interest is also welcome to attend.

Through our representation on the School Council we are able to present the parent point of view when curriculum and policy decisions are made. We aim to assist the Principal, staff and school community where possible by organising social functions, assisting with fundraising and providing several services.

Each year, the PCA organises a BBQ evening to welcome the Year 7 students and their families to the school. This was an enjoyable evening and we thank the many teachers who attended.

Our Book Exchange is held each December, and judging by the response, this service is much appreciated. Another service which is well patronised is Secondhand Uniforms, which are sold at the Year 7 Orientation Evening, the Book Exchange Sale evening, and on the last Saturday morning in each term. Special thanks to Sue Stevens who does an excellent job in running the Secondhand Uniform shop.

Thanks must also go to the Principal and staff, and the many parents who have helped during the year, because without their support and valuable assistance, we would not be able to run our various activities. I would particularly like to thank our past President, Vivien Davison and the other parents who are retiring this year due to their children having completed Year 12, for their valuable contribution to the school over many years.

To our graduating Year 12 students, Good Luck and Best Wishes for the future.

Jill Abery, President



STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

1991 was a great year for the S.R.C. We had great fun and a few mild successes. We also found answers to questions that the S.R.C. had been working on for years.

The S.R.C. was organised very differently this year. Representatives from Years 7 to 9 made up the Junior S.R.C. A few representatives from Years 10 to 12 formed the senior or executive of the S.R.C. That was where the real power was held.

Although the S.R.C. did not have much organisation put into it, we were still able to achieve much for the school. We were involved in fund-raising for the Canteen Shelter extensions and we also helped to send Mark Unwin to America as a State representative in baseball. As well as having free-dress days, we sold badges for World Environment Day and heaps more. We also organised some fun activities which involved the whole school. They were the Police Rock Band, sausage sizzles and the famous Jelly Bean competition.

It would be really great to see a lot more people becoming involved again next year. Remember, the S.R.C. represents the students, so you are most welcome to tell us what you want.

Belinda Bangay

Penmanship Awards



Visions of a Summer Sky

Dusk. The day's heat is still all around me. It seeps from my pores in the form of beads of perspiration which saturate my eyebrows then pour down my nose. The heat radiates from the concrete path on which I lie, through my light nightwear and into my body. Summer can be heard in the chirruping of crickets, the beating limbs of flying foxes gliding overhead and the mellow croaking of frogs concealed behind garden foliage.

Flaming red and orange emblazon the sky while swirling clouds drift to mix the colours like paint on a huge canvas. The sweet smell of eucalyptus seems to flow through the air like honey — thick and intoxicating. I breathe deeply to inhale as much scent as I can before my nostrils begin to sting and my eyes water. Gradually, the eucalypt fumes lose intensity as the sun disappears behind gum trees and suburban dwellings.

Day succumbs to night. It is not long before the sky turns to ebony and wraps around me like a satin sheet — so smooth and sheer, making me feel as if I can see through to the unknown. Yet, I feel almost smothered — perhaps that is just my reaction to the tropical heat. The humidity is stifling.

The path which supports me is hard and pockmarked with cracks and dents. It leads to the clothesline in my Grandma's backyard and presents a well-situated haven for feet which have been aggravated by prickles typical of Queensland lawns.

Above me is a grand, wrinkled palm tree which must be at least 100 years old. It has spreading fronds like arms which reach down to envelop me whenever I rest beneath it. The friendliness of this tree is the only company I need tonight for any other presence would be a distraction. I even choose not to lie directly beneath the tree for, from under there, my vision of the night sky would be masked. Lying on the path I am exposed, vulnerable and totally consumed by what I see.

The darkness is studded by millions of stars which seem to have been delicately sprinkled like glitter across a charcoaled page. I wonder who the artist was who placed each star so perfectly and made the night sky so appealing to my gaze. Through envy, I could erase every star by just closing my eyes or by refusing to appreciate, but how could I vandalize such a masterpiece?

I am numbed by the enormity of what I witness and humbled by my apparent insignificance. To me, the rest of the universe is intangible, yet it feels so close. It embraces me and makes me feel important — as if I'm the only one who appreciates its beauty. I wish to float but feel pinned to the earth as if it were a magnet; its spinning mass makes me dizzy.

I close my eyes but still see the infinite detail of distant galaxies as if the sight was painted on the inside of my eyelids; as if my mind had photographed the moment. Transcending all else, the moon features in the sky like a polished pearl resting on a sparkled velvet cushion. It beckons me to reach up and clutch it out of the sky; to steal it from the universe as if it were a valuable jewel. The moon is precious for it is yet to be affected by human jealousy and desire which usually destroy beauty. I am not even tempted to grasp at the moon for I know I can't reach it; I've tried before.

Even though it is late and the only company I have is the night sky and the simple signs of life around me, I do not feel alone. I know there must be someone else who holds the same adoration and reverence for the sight that I behold. But surely that person must be a child for only scenes such as this can be appreciated through innocent eyes or through the sights of a dreamer.

Jane Carroll, Year 12



The Gift

The long, cobble-stoned street was littered and filthy. Urchins, most barely more than six years old, ran up and down the pavement laughing and yelling raucously. An old car slowly trundled its way along the road, its motor spluttering ominously. Old men stood in small groups smoking foul smelling tobacco and talking in loud, harsh voices.

A woman was shuffling along the gutter, bent almost double as her beady eyes sought any potentially useful piece of garbage. Around her neck she carried an old cloth bag into which she thrush her loot. Her shabby clothing hung off her thin frame and her wispy, grey hair hung down in long, uneven strands.

As she straightened up to ease her back, a small child approached her, crying. The tears made small rivulets through the dirt of his face and his eyes and nose were red. He looked at her sorrowfully and held out his hand. The woman ignored the plea; she had no money to give. She turned her back on him and bent once more to her task. The child shrugged off the rebuff and moved down the street. He transferred his attention to a fat woman who was hanging out her washing between two lamp posts.

A young woman took a short cut on her way home from work. As she turned the corner she noticed a child running down the street clutching a coin. She looked at the woman who had donated the money. She was carefully hanging a load of laundry over a string which looked perilously near to breaking. The pitiful garments spread, so tenderly upon it were threadbare but the woman did not seem to notice the gaping holes and long, ragged tears. The girl marvelled at the generosity of people who had so little of their own and yet still managed to give.

As she strode briskly over the cobbles she compared her own clothes to those of the inhabitants of the area. She felt almost ashamed of her neat appearance. In embarrassment she moved faster, pausing only to drop the newspaper she had been carrying under her arm into a convenient litter bin. She sensed rather than saw the movement behind her. Turning quickly she watched an old woman who had been bent over in the gutter shoving the paper into her tattered bag. As the woman turned to move away the girl said quickly, "Wait". At this command the beggar seemed to move faster, slinking away. "Please", the girl implored softly. As the woman turned reluctantly to face her, she opened her purse and pulled out a ten dollar note. She held it out to the woman who looked at her strangely. She put her hand out slowly, as though she did not believe the money was real. She took the note and gave the girl a long, piercing look. Then she shuffled away down the street.

The woman stood over a large cauldron which was perched insecurely on top of a naked gas flame. Lumps of vegetables floated around in the watery broth and she stirred them gently with an old metal spoon. The concoction would last her family several days if she rationed it carefully and she gleefully envisioned the clothes she could buy for her children with her carefully hoarded funds. At her feet her children were tearing newspaper into little pieces and putting the crumpled results into an old bucket. They would be used to light

the fire for a number of weeks. A whole newspaper was a luxury in the home as was a cooked meal. The children grinned at one another and their mother, who could not help smiling back.

Early next morning an old man carefully crept out of the house. In his bony, wrinkled hand he clutched the remains of the ten dollars. He walked quickly up the dirty street, certain that this was his chance to make a positive contribution to the welfare of his wife and children. He went to the racecourse, prepared to make his fortune and move his family out of the slums.

He lost.

Sarah Haldane, Year 12

Shark

Moving through the water I was surrounded by a myriad of tropical fish. Their curiosity was notable simply by the way they were following me. Quickly bored, they moved back to what they were doing, having decided that I presented no problem to them. The harmony and beauty of this world under the waves seemed to radiate from every piece of coral and every tiny fish. This was the beginning of my adventure: the snorkelling was turning out to be all that was promised.

Transfixed by the hypnotic movement of a shrimp I worked to hold myself against the pull of the gentle current. Unfortunately the wind was reasonably strong, stirring up the water and making photography a challenge. All around me the sea was alive. I wondered at the magnificence of the coral and the mystery of the anemones that were combining to capture my senses and body, allowing me to become at one with this submerged wonderland.

Engrossed by the wiles of an Angel fish, I became oblivious to the goings-on around me. I'd finished the film in the camera within the first few minutes of entering the water and now I found myself lamenting the fact that I had none left. Instinctively I looked below me, sensing a disturbance. I was further agitated by the erratic movement of the Angel fish. What I saw caused me to shiver involuntarily. Staring downward in disbelief, every sense told me to jump out of the water, but curiosity held me still. My head felt heavy, the quickening beat of my heart resounded loudly in my ears. Too quickly, I inhaled through my snorkel swallowing a mouth-full of water. Despite this I remained rigid, like driftwood floating on water, and wished that I was somewhere else.

Not more than three feet below me was a shark! Not a very big shark mind you, probably four feet long, but nevertheless, a shark. I watched as it cut its way through the water. It didn't seem to care that I was just above it, it simply continued on its way, slow enough for me to follow. I suppose it was pure curiosity at the time, but I followed the shark for as long as I could before it was scared off by a quick movement by another snorkeller, oblivious to the presence of either myself or the shark.



Showtime!

It was only after the shark had gone, when the adrenalin surge had subsided and the exhilaration had left me, that I realised how tightly my muscles had bunched. Never before had I been so vulnerable, so susceptible as then. Of course I was scared too, but somehow the fear of the shark became unimportant whilst I was swimming with it, replaced by the thrill of the experience. When I talked about it on the boat later though I felt a wild tingle up my spine, and shuddered visibly. I couldn't believe what I'd done.

Perhaps it was only a fear born of watching too many television shows. Perhaps the different perspective was what did it, or even common sense, but a phobia about sharks seemed to have been cured in me. That shark wasn't going to hurt me, it didn't even notice me. Yet if anyone asked me what I would do if I saw a shark I would probably say, "Get out of the water as quickly as possible". The contradiction of it all must be bound up in the setting, probably because I was snorkelling on one of the most beautiful reefs in the world in such a natural environment and 23 miles out to sea, where the shark seemed to fit in, — and myself alongside it.

I swam with a shark! . . . I swam with a shark! . . . I swam with a . . .

Geoff Crockett, Year 12



You step inside the gates, and stare at the surroundings in awe. The atmosphere wraps around you like a blanket. People surge past you, all rushing to get inside. You take in your environment, the smells, the sounds, all rush to meet your awaiting senses. Slowly, so you won't miss anything, you walk up the road, your eyes darting in every direction, drinking in all that you see.

As you near the main arena, the fervor mounts. You decide to go on some rides before lunch. Trying to select the ride with the optimum of pleasure, is very difficult. Finally you decide on the 'Pirate Ship', a massive model of a ship that swings in an arc, until finally it turns in a circle. Your excitement mounts as your turn draws nearer. As you fasten yourself into the seat, fear courses through your body. And then it begins, slowly at first, then faster, and higher, faster, and higher. Until it nearly turns in a full loop. You scream, 'AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!' Forward and back, the wind roaring past your ears, pushing against your face. Your heart is in your throat and you feel every heartbeat, like it is your last. Just as you think it will never end, the 'Pirate Ship' lurches into a full circle, for a fleeting second you see the world upside down. The backward forward notion keeps up, but this time it is slowing down, until the 'Pirate Ship' comes to a stop. The ride is over.

Shakily you step off the ride and wonder if your life will ever be the same again. You wander around trying to obtain some of your previous skills, such as walking in a straight line. You stumble upon a pair of mimics, acting out school. They are very funny with the way that they imitate teachers and students. You are able to see exactly what is happening as the storyline develops. One of them is sent to the principal for throwing rotten fruit in class. He is spanked for his misbehaviour. As the principal brings out the cane, the student is visibly

shaking, with a terrified expression on his face. The student is never actually hit, but when the cane is brought down near his bottom, he screams. Glancing at your watch, you find that you have been there watching the show, for almost half an hour. Time has flown, and there is still so many things to do.

You decide to treat yourself to another ride before having lunch. A quick decision is made, as you have always dreamed of riding a roller-coaster. The line is not big and in no time at all you are being fastened into a carriage, the front carriage. A jerky start is made, and then more smoothly as the carriages gain speed. Up a steep hill, you travel, a horrifying thought races through your mind, 'What goes up must come down', and you are on the edge of a steep descent, tipping off the edge of nothing. Down you go gaining speed, the wind streaming against your face, pushing your checks back, stinging your eyes. Racing faster and faster, the ride turns around and around, in a spiral, down and down. The carriage is jerked to the left and then to the right, and then loses its tempo, as it slows to a stop. You unbuckle yourself, and try to walk normally.

Sickly, sweet aromas rush to your nose, as your stomach growls, telling you it needs food. There is so much to choose from. Hot dogs, chips, pies, doughnuts, sandwiches made to order, all tempt you. You decide to be healthy and choose a salad sandwich, no beetroot. You congratulate yourself on a healthy lunch, and have a ice-cream with chocolate topping for desert. The showgrounds are very crowded, as most people are having lunch at the same time. You conclude that the best place to sit will be in the main arena. At the time you are there, a dog exhibit is taking place in one half of the oval, and in the other a horse event. You determine that the dogs are more interesting, and so you sit near the exhibit.



PUBLIC SPEAKING

In May this year the Public Speaking Competition revealed some exciting new talent. Competitors spoke on many topics ranging from environmental destruction to medical ethics. This competition shows that the school possesses many promising young orators. The judges would like to thank all those students who participated. The following students were successful in their respective divisions.

Congratulations to this year's winners —

Junior winner: Francesca Cant, 7A
Junior runner-up: Terri George, 7B
Intermediate winner: Katrina Fallon, Year 10
Intermediate runner-up: Naomi Cowling, 10B
Senior winner: Jane Carroll, 12F
Senior runner-up: Michelle Boschen, 12C

Dogs of all shapes and sizes, are running through tunnels, over see-saws, and weaving in and out of poles. Every dog is off its leash, not one of them fighting. They are so well behaved, not one of the dogs runs away, it makes you establish a new resolution, you are going to train Harry, your dog at home. He will be the best dog at the show next year. With lunch finished and your resolution forgotten, you head off to find the showbag shed.

The shed is crowded with adults and children, both trying to find the best valued bag. You are swept away with the group, up and down the aisles, brightly coloured signs and posters are everywhere, catching your eye. The air is heavy, stifling, you cannot breathe. Women with prams, scrape accidentally against your legs, in their rush. You quickly buy your showbags and leave the shed, vowing to never return.

Night has fallen and you think a ride on the Ferris wheel, would be great. Unfortunately so does a hundred other people, you will not give up, and so you wait in line. Finally it is your turn, around and around, you swing. Your carriage stops at the topmost point. The city spreads out before you, the lights glittering into the night. It is a truly beautiful sight, one you want to gaze at for the rest of your life.

At last it is time to go home. Your feet drag along the footpath, all of your previous energy and excitement has left you. You walk to the car, and snuggle in when the doors are opened for you. And as your parents fight their way out of the carpark, your eyes drop. You fall asleep and dream of a very exciting day at the show.

Megan Spring, Year 10

In the Dark

The headlights of the oncoming car swept across the ground, throwing a beam of yellow light on the sidewalk and revealing all as it sped past. Only for a split second did the car throw the luminous beam on the bent figure huddled on the curb. Only for a moment could an onlooker capture the image of a sunken face, distorted by the empty shadows. The car sped by and once again the empty street was filled with the silence of the night. The figure was left alone and now he was only a part of the dark shadows. There he stood only his face dimly lit by the street lamp, alone.

The tattered youth moved back deeper into the shadows as his hatred of light drew him into hiding. Light was the enemy that showed the world who you were; the person you were. People were often fooled by light and the tricks it played on your vision of people. The youth preferred the darkness, when only the person inside you mattered and not the outer person that everyone always saw.

He lent his tired body on the graffitied wall and let it slide slowly down, then rested his heavy head on his drawn up knees. He was almost a ghost of himself with his pale face and hollow features. He was an image of despair. But no one was around to feel sorry for the boy. Passersby would only ignore the youth. He was not their problem. The wind chased the leaves down the littered alley way causing the boy to shiver in his thin clothing. He hugged his knees tighter, hoping to block out the crisp air of the night.

Thoughts clouded his mind as he tried to think clearly. So much had happened since he'd left the crowded town and had come here to Ashley Street. He hadn't wanted to go down here in the first place but an irresistible force had drawn him here to the silence and solitude it gave him. A harsh laugh escaped his mouth as resentment of the world welled up in his heart.

He pulled a cigarette out of his flimsy flannelette shirt pocket and turned it around and around with his fingers, not conscious of his actions. His hands shook but he did not know why. He lit the smoke then held the cigarette up and sat hypnotised by the small red glow at the end of the cigarette.

Nobody seemed to care for anything any more. That thought kept forcing its way into his mind, no matter how hard he tried to push it away. Ashley Street. How he wished now that he hadn't come down this sombre way, it only seemed to make him more depressed.

Ashley Street appeared even more daunting in the half light than in daytime. Tall and threatening buildings loomed up over him making him cringe down in fear. Graffiti was scrawled across the grey brickwork marking a gangs territory. When he had come here, a chill wind had whipped at his face and he had almost sensed the darkness waiting for him around the next corner.

The lanky and tattered figure crept around with a sinister softness. He remembered, and knew that there was no way anything could ever be normal again. He kept to the shadows and moved quietly down the street with swiftness. He was extremely alert as his head darted around looking for any sign of movement. His lowered head was hidden by the dark hood draped over his head, hiding his defined features. His body reacted to every noise, even the lonesome howl of a distant stray dog.

The deserted and silent place brought back strong memories. Memories of times when he was young. How he wished he could be young again. Things were so simple then. Nothing used to worry him, but now he had grown up and was left in this dirty place with nothing in his empty life to trust.

He was all alone in this crowded world. With no one to talk to and no one to cry with. When was the last time he had smiled? He had forgotten.

The shadows grew darker as the night crept in silently and slowly. The moon glowed steadily in the star-filled sky, a sky that was an inky black that had swallowed the day.

The forlorn silhouette of the boy still hunched up against the graffiti wall, jumped with a start as a stray let out a lonesome howl in the silent night. The boy thought sadly that unknowingly the dog had expressed his feelings perfectly. There was nothing left in this world for him to stay here much longer. He wanted to leave. The youth fumbled in his torn pocket for his cigarettes. His searching fingers closed around a cold and hard surface. He drew it out of his pocket and moved it so the large blade glinted in the moonlight. His hands shook violently and the knife clattered as it hit the cold, rough concrete. He wanted to leave this world so much that it scared him. He wanted to go away so badly but something stopped him from doing it.

He grasped the handle of the blade again and ran his finger along the sharp and cold surface. He felt no pain as the warm blood oozed from the wound. It was strange that he never felt any physical pain. An emotional knife was dug so deeply in his heart that he only felt the pain it caused him. He held the knife so tight in his trembling hands that he could not let go.

A scuffling in the silent night could be heard nearby. The boy's whole body tensed up and his eyes darted around searching for the intruder. A tiny dark body pattered around the corner and stopped dead still as it sniffed the cold air. The boy released his breath that he had not realised he had been holding, as the stray dog advanced cautiously towards him. The stray was bony and its thin fur scraggy. The boy let out a little laugh for the first time in ages as he saw himself in this stranger. The dog came closer and whimpered, begging for some attention. The boy relaxed and the knife clattered to the ground again. He gathered the dog up in his arms and held it tight. He rose slowly and stumbled as the dog struggled in his thin arms. He strolled off, as if his presence had never been in Ashley Street and faded away into the mist, out of the darkness and into the light.

Narelle Bethune, Year 10



The Forest!!

The Fire

The room was cold and damp. There was no life anywhere. He walked over to the fireplace, which was blackened with many years of use. He picked up some kindling out of the dark brown cane basket and put it into the fire. He struck the match! The pale orange flame flickered about in the gentle breeze, which was blowing in from the old cobweb covered window. He slowly walked over to the fireplace, taking great care not to let the match go out, and lit the fire. It crackled as it burnt away some of the smaller twigs. He then sat down on the musty moth-eaten sofa. The fire was burning slowly. It made him think of his grandfather when he was slowly growing up. He remembered the story of when his grandfather had put the snail in Mary's shoe. His grandfather had said that he would never forget that day.

The fire was growing now and it kept on growing until it was at a raging peak of blues and yellows. His grandfather had always said that the peak of his life was when he married Mary. His grandfather had always told him stories about his grandfather's wedding. They were married at the Ingham Uniting Church. His grandfather loved the old church and wanted to be buried in the Cemetery behind the church.

Time passed and he fell asleep. He started to have visions of his grandfather. He remembered when he went fishing with his grandfather and they only caught tiny fish, so his grandfather had to buy some fish because he couldn't bare to go back and tell Mary that they hadn't caught a thing.

Then he started to dream about something else. He could see the Ingham Uniting Church and lots of people crying and in the middle of them all was a wrinkled old man lying motionless in a coffin.

Suddenly he woke up, all that was left of the fire was ash. The spark, which was life was now smothered in darkness.

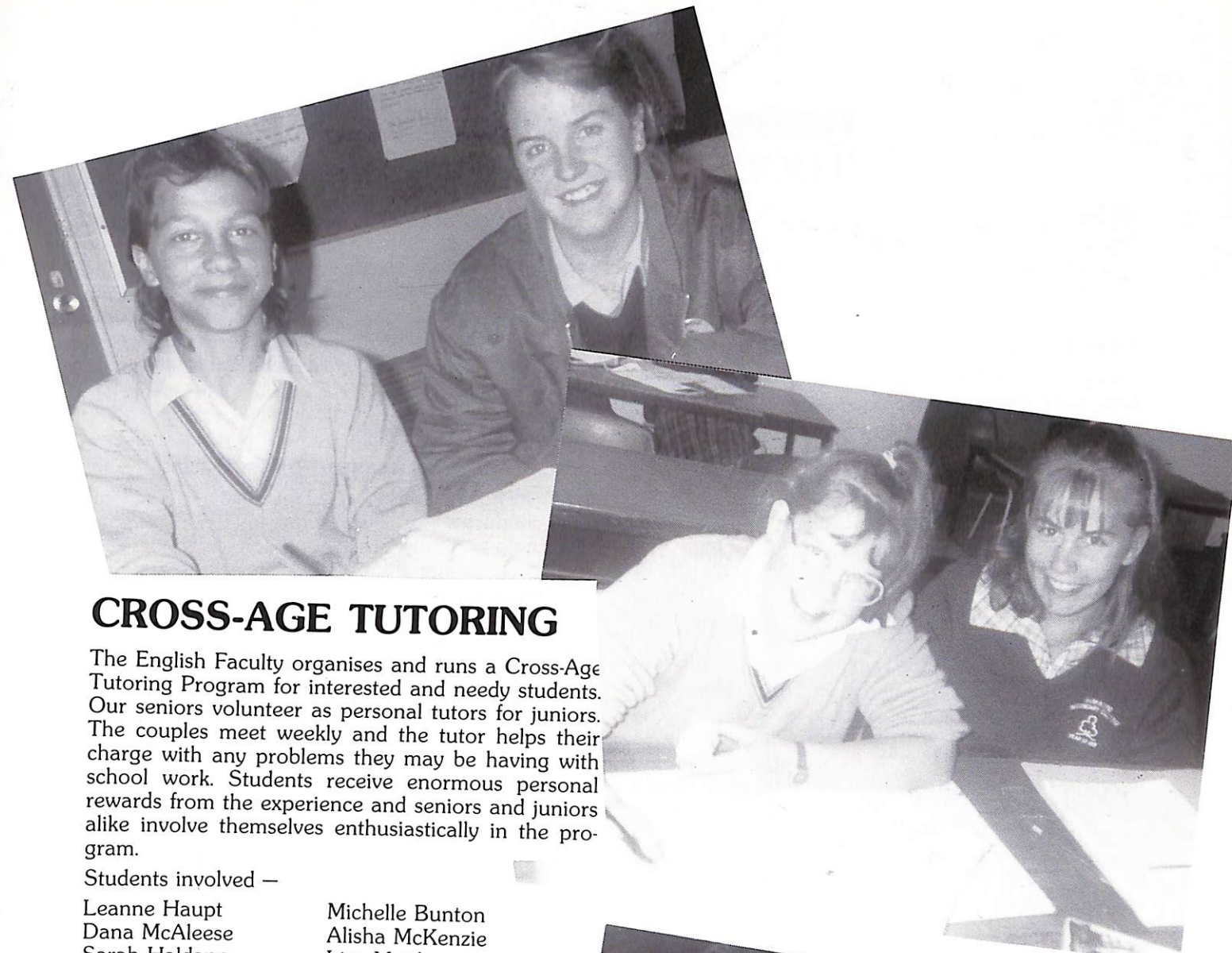
Andrew Keniry, Year 7

The sweat started to trickle down my back as the sun rose higher into the sky. There was only a little way to go before the coolness of the forest would envelop me. The buttercups spread across the field making it look like a yellow sea. Finally I entered the forest. I took my shoes off and walked along the soft pine needles, entranced by the peacefulness. There were wispy rays of sunlight seeping through the trees, lighting up the path just enough so I could see through the gloominess of the forest. The forest was always gloomy even if it was sunny outside. There was a slight rustle in the undergrowth beside me and out dashed a rabbit. Startled by my approach, he raced back into the undergrowth.

I started to run, my feet beating a light impression on the ground. The branches that were swept across the path from last night's storm slowed me down. At last I got to the clearing in the forest. I stopped at the edge of the clearing. Two elegant deer were grazing but hearing the noises in the clearing, they galloped gracefully off. The grass was lush and there were little bits of white heather growing amongst it. The rays of sunlight were stronger here in the clearing. The tall trees cast shadows across the grass making it dull in some places. In the middle of the clearing there was a small waterfall that trickled down into a small stream. Rocks surrounded the pond which were covered by small blankets of moss.

A herd of wild horses walked into the forest, not noticing me. Their manes were long and tangled but their coats were fine and glossy. I sat down watching them crop the grass in silence. The stallion of the herd was circling them restlessly as if sensing trouble. A few of the mares lifted their heads to listen and then went back to the grass. The stallion gave a wild neigh and started to drive the mares back into the forest. He came back a few moments later to check that another herd hadn't stolen his clearing, then satisfied that all was safe he brought his herd back into the forest. I got up from the grass and left the clearing and back into the wild and untamed forest.

Jessica Langley-Jones, Year 7



CROSS-AGE TUTORING

The English Faculty organises and runs a Cross-Age Tutoring Program for interested and needy students. Our seniors volunteer as personal tutors for juniors. The couples meet weekly and the tutor helps their charge with any problems they may be having with school work. Students receive enormous personal rewards from the experience and seniors and juniors alike involve themselves enthusiastically in the program.

Students involved —

Leanne Haupt
Dana McAleese
Sarah Haldane
Jo-anne Wong
Jane Carroll
Michelle Boschen
Chris Doyle
Amanda Allen
Fiona Horvath
Karen Steel

Michelle Bunton
Alisha McKenzie
Lisa Matthews
Andrew Harvey
Fiona Droguardi
Chris Jacques
Jo Bishop
Katie Le Cras
Kylie Goodwin
Sarah Archibald



HAPPENINGS IN THE 'FOODS' DEPARTMENT

Another very busy year in Home Economics at Parkwood — from Year 8 through to Year 12 where over 26 percent of the school population passed through the kitchen doors.

Year 12 Catering:

Sixteen students took the final year for this subject (in 1992 the Catering course becomes a VCE course of study — see below). The major highlight of the year for the students has been the restaurant function conducted in terms 3 and 4. Students worked in pairs to plan and organise their restaurant day for 24 guests (Year 12 friends, teachers and outside school visitors) in the dining room. The attractive furnishings and excellent equipment in the dining room and kitchens has been purchased with profits made by the Catering groups over the past three years so a very professional approach and standard has been possible.

Another highlight of the year has been the gaining of apprenticeships by three of our students. Adrian Law took up a Pastrycook position with a business in Hawthorn early in term 2. Heidi Skinner went to Nataraj Restaurant in Hawthorn, also in term 3, and Ian Woolard has commenced with the renowned French Chef Jacques Reymond at his restaurant of the same name in Richmond. In these not so easy times we are all delighted for these three dedicated 'Foodies' that they have achieved the first step to their professional ambition. Again in term 2 the outside business community opened their doors (with the encouragement of Mrs. MacDonald in our Careers department who works tirelessly for our students to find worthwhile work experience) to the students for their compulsory 2 weeks work in a food related area. Some great venues were again obtained — Hotel and Motel kitchens, a large hospital kitchen, a bakery and many restaurants. Local restaurants were Bourke's Brasserie, The Brandy Tree, Jason's, The Keg, Natalie's, Taurus Steak House. Some of Melbourne's very best restaurants also offered positions — Florentino, Stephanie's, The Willows and The Ritz at Rockman's Regency. Again, Hewlett-Packard Company Chef, Benjamin Bramble, has taken

two of our students during the year to work with them in building up skills and confidence. We are very grateful for these opportunities given to our students to extend their knowledge and skills and help them decide whether Catering and Hospitality is the path for them.

A fond farewell to this delightful group of students who treated Mrs. 'S' so well over the past two years in Catering.

Year 11 VCE

Materials and Technology/Foods:

The previous Catering and Hospitality course which we conducted for two years, in 1991 became a Technology Study area — no longer to be called Catering we are informed! A capacity class of 20 students have worked co-operatively to make this first year of VCE a success. Our thoughts about the changes have been mixed.

Disappointment that we could no longer take on the catering activities previous year elevens were able to, or do work experience (much less time now). However, the year has been a means of building on basic food preparation skills and teaching management strategies as a lead into the new course in Year 12 in 1992.

The highlight of this course in the final semester has been the opportunity for the class to cater for the farewell luncheon to the Year 12 students at Parkwood. The group catered for and acted as waiters for 250 people in a garden setting on a fine, hot day in late November. A great success and a very exciting experience for this enthusiastic group of students.

1992

Again we shall offer Materials Technology/Foods at Year 11 and at Year 12 the new VCE course being offered is Technological Design and Development — Units 3 and 4. This course will focus on students catering for a Client.

It is pleasing to note that many of the Year 11 students (with and without experience in Foods) plan to continue through to Year 12, so I feel our first VCE year has been worthwhile and certainly for me, enjoyable.

Mrs. Stubbs, Home Economics Faculty.



CAREERING AROUND

Work Experience

Given the impact of the Recession, and keeping in mind students need to acquire the skills of applying for and finding jobs, the 1991 Year 10's set about finding their own jobs for Work Experience under the direction and support of the careers teacher. Placements were made available to students who were unable to get their own positions and all positions were checked before the legal arrangements were drawn up.

The students were prepared for Work Experience and taken through the investigation, decision-making and application processes by a team of teachers responsible for the subject 'Society and You' during Term 1, and spent time discussing options and familiarising themselves with the resources in the careers room.

The 1991 students performed well, and teachers, when visiting those on Work Experience were delighted with employers' comments on the excellent approach and performance of all Parkwood Year 10's. Even a train strike did not daunt resourceful students who proved competent in utilising the MET system, a first time for many!

The Careers' Room

This year has seen some interesting developments in the Careers' Room too, with JAC (Job and Course Explorer), being used frequently by all students from Year 8 through to Year 12, and soon to be joined by JILL (Jobs Illustrated) early next year. These two programs provide a high-tech system of careers information supplying printouts of information, which students can then bring home to discuss with parents.

Industry Involvement and the Careers' Night

Hewlett-Packard conducted the Choices program for the third year in succession. Students of Year 10 love the up-market approach of this company's staff as they impressed upon students the need to strive for 'excellence', and the importance of assuming responsibility for their own learning and academic performance prior to beginning the VCE. We thank Hewlett-Packard for their support in this program and feel it proves further the growing interest by industry in education and training, and highlights the community spirit and commitment of this company.

The Careers Night at Eastland was again attended by over 5000 people at Eastland. Though many employers did not have the capacity to recruit, local businesses came to discuss their own careers paths with students.

The Tertiary and TAFE sector downstairs saw frenetic activity from Years 10-12 students and also dealt with many mature age people, looking to gain, complete, or upgrade qualifications.

The Careers Teacher's Activities

This year I've learnt how to use Micro-soft works. I've been to Ballarat College of Melbourne University, and Deakin University to conference with selection officers of different Faculties. I've been all over HMAS Melbourne wearing my hard hat and safety goggles at the AMECON construction docks at Williamstown.

I've also attended seminars at RMIT and Swinburne to keep up with tertiary selection requirements and am pleased to see the opening of the new Swinburne campus at Mooroolbark (the former MDA Grammar School site).

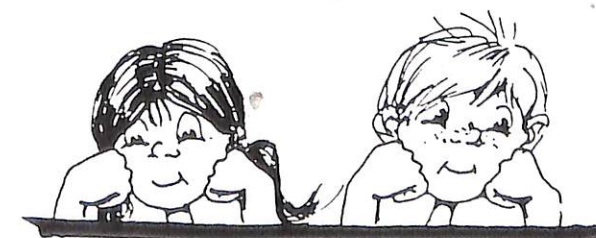
I've visited my ninth group of Work Experience students at an enormous variety of placements, ranging from radiography and personnel to cabinet making and childcare. I've also assisted Parkwood's eighth group of Year 12's (1990) to Tertiary and TAFE places in early February, and was successful in finding positions, a floristry and a cooking apprenticeship for two others. I look forward to meeting the ninth group of Year 12's in January of 1992 to celebrate their results, and to assist in making their final decisions regarding tertiary placement.

It has been another exciting year in Careers culminating in the publication of the Finn Report, highlighting the fusion of general education with vocational training and competency based assessment through the community. But more about that next year. I wish everyone a Happy and Stress-free NEW YEAR!

Mrs. L. MacDonald

STUDENT FOCUS

This year between 30 and 50 students have trooped along to Room 3 every Thursday for a great program of games and short talks about how Christianity is relevant to everyday life. Those who have attended have been very enthusiastic in taking part in the games. Some of the programs run this year have been: Double Whammy — a quiz game using an electronic board; Sports Day involving games using skills from various sports and Water Whirl with water balloons, water pistols and water melon. Topics for the talks included: Jealousy, Self-Esteem, the Bible and Life after Death. Towards the end of the year a small group of students also met to discuss various topics.



YEAR 10 TASMANIAN ART TOUR

The Year 10 Tasmanian Art Tour was from 26 October to 1 November and was a great experience for us all. Within this week, many hidden creative and artistic talents were revealed.

After arriving at school early on Saturday morning, we enthusiastically piled onto the coach and made our way to Welshpool, tiredly yawning all the way. Once aboard the Sea Cat, with our great camp jumpers on, we voyaged across the rugged, choppy, wavy, lapping, rippling, uneven, shaky, rough waters of Bass Strait. After 4½ hours of the rocking we arrived in Tasmania.

The weather was beautiful — much warmer than we had expected. We had a great week spending it in both Launceston and Hobart, taking photos and making drawings everywhere we went. We visited Port Arthur, Entally and Clarendon House, Cataract Gorge, Russell Falls, Historic Ross, Tasman's Arch, Devil's Kitchen, The Blowhole, Tesselated Pavement, took the Derwent River cruise to Cadbury's Chocolate Factory, Mt. Wellington, Hobart Botanical Gardens, Tasmanian Museum and the Art Gallery. We filled our sketch books with drawings of many different sights.

But, as the week came to a close, it was time to say goodbye to Tassie, with the Madonna tape playing for the 50th time on the bus, we made our way back to Welshpool, where the Sea Cat was waiting.

After leaving the Sea Cat, we once again loaded onto the coach and at last, after a long, tiresome bus ride, listening to the driver's sick jokes and trying to catch up on some sleep, we arrived back at school.

Sharon Ryan



TEACHER EXCHANGE

We were all very privileged this year to have as one of our teachers Ms. Brierley, who came to us from England on an International Teaching Fellowship exchange. She swapped schools with Ms. Lowery.

We thank you, Ms. Brierley, for your enthusiasm and fun and for making us really love Art.



WESTPAC AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

The following students gained an award for the examination held in July. Congratulations to all those students who participated in the competition.

Year 7

Distinction

M. Lorden
L. Stevens
C. Drew
M. Bryant
E. Lorden
K. Bloomfield
D. Gow
C. Nealon
J. Gibbins
J. Langley-Jones

Credit

W. Tute
L. Hauser
E. Pears
O. Popa
T. George
S. Jamison
K. Relf
C. Rosewarne
N. Cato
A. Brown
L. Phillips

Year 8

Distinction

K. Van Krieken
J. Bartlett
J. Burgess
C. White
K. Phillips
C. Abery
E. Nemsow

Credit

D. Williams

Year 9

Distinction

R. Gibson
J. Goodrem
A. Robotham

Credit

J. Galatas
B. Ray
J. Christensen
J. Dempster
J. Ganya
E. Torresan
M. Dunk

Year 10

Distinction

K. Mason
J. Robotham
K. Dieber
M. Purdon
L. Dukes
N. Bethune
C. Haupt
C. Slater
W. Hanrahan

Credit

L. Hannah
M. Donnelly
K. Fallon
S. Kerwin
A. Moore
L. McCandlish
J. Galatas
N. Cowling
C. Crane
C. Williams
M. Haley
G. Ireland
S. Marshall
K. Stevens
S. Ritchie

Year 11

Credit

D. Van Krieken
B. Sin
R. Moore
A. Kuosmanen
D. Waters

Year 12

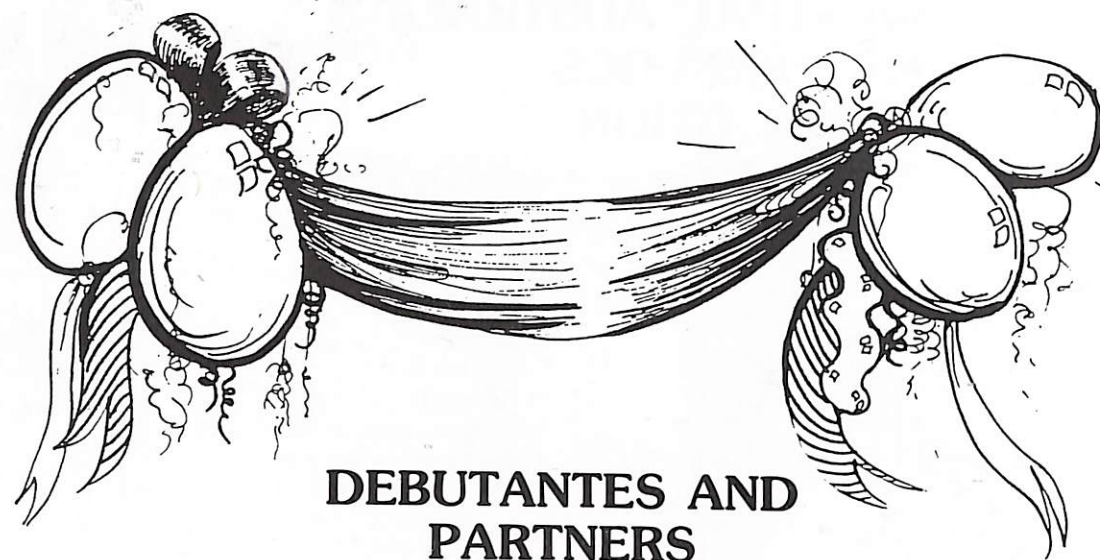
Distinction

A. Bednarz

Credit

W. Harrison
L. Haupt
R. Van Beveren
M. Vanston
J. Grove
S. Haldane
G. Gale
J. Trimble





DEBUTANTES AND PARTNERS

Tuesday 30th July 1991

Presented to –

Miss S. O'Connell and Mr. M. Gangay

Master of Ceremonies – Mr. S. Maile

Tiffany Nicoll	Matt Kennedy
Emma Graf	Gareth Jackson
Felicity Knights	Nathan Wise
Tanya Holdsworth	Thomas Mitchell
Sarah Archibald	Michael Salomon
Sharon Dooley	Adam Mischington
Natalie Knox	Michael Dellaca
Gillian Butts	Tim Searle
Tracie Brown	Chris Brown
Sarah Manson	Tony Ganya
Rebecca Matt	Paul Clacy
Helen Harrop	John Prangle
Nicole Edwards	Glenn Kear
Danielle Marcinsky	Simon Augustin
Kylie Gantner	Jason Krzywinski
Belinda McCarthy	Julian Riddell
Leonie Neilson	Cameron Williams
Laura Basinski	David Braybrook
Nicole Cooper	Ben Selby
Suzanna Cvetavac	Mark Mullens

Wednesday 31st July 1991

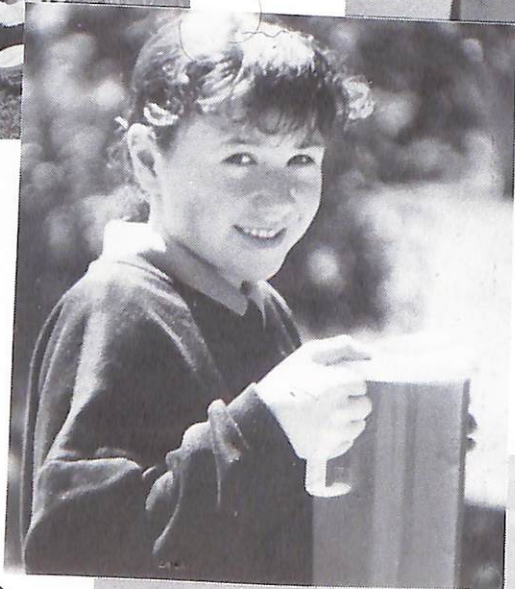
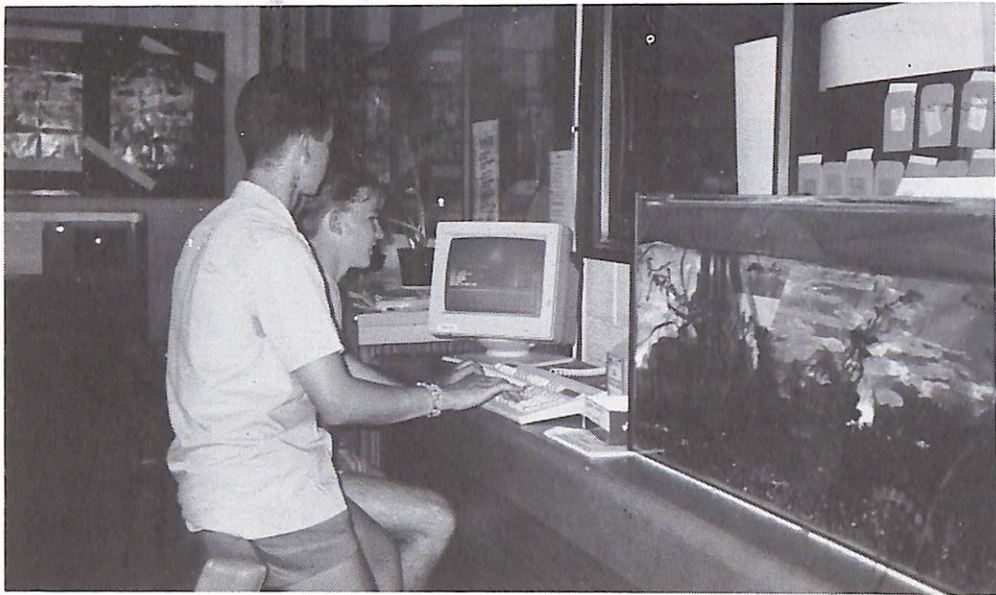
Presented to –

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hogendoorn

Master of Ceremonies – Mr. R. Oakley

Leanne Gilbert	Phil Crockett
Caroline Wheeler	Brett Cooper
Kimberley Benwell	Brad Geyer
Natalie Sanderson	Michael Allen
Katrina Veith	Simon Place
Rosalie Vita	Conrad David
Chantal Forsaith-Hams	Darren Jacotine
Melinda Otten	Adrian McConchie
Angela Dent	Paul Clacy
Melanie Wright	Scott White
Belinda Scott	Sam Gillespie
Vanessa Pitt	Damon Weetman
Kylie Goodwin	Cory Brookshaw
Christina Parkinson	Alex Raunjak
Mardy Smee	Darren Karanikich
Melanie Watson	Jhan Sribinoo
Belinda Pilato	Nik Vlasic
Brooke Alexander	Scott Goodwin
Wendy Ackers	Simon Richards
Tanie Jonathon	Nigel Marks





SKI CAMP 1991

Some students from the Year 11 PE and Year 10 Outdoor Ed. classes were involved in a ski camp to Mt. Hotham in early September.

The bus trip up was filled with excitement and enthusiasm for the week to come. After our lengthy journey came to an end we found ourselves with the task of unpacking our week's luggage. We spent the week at the Jalanga ski lodge where the manager was Michael Allan's cousin, Paul.

We stored our luggage in our cosy rooms and became familiar with our home for the next week. We then went to collect our skis and equipment from nearby.

After the first day's skiing many people found themselves sore and tired. It was not surprising that many people fell asleep very early that night as the day had taken more out of them than they thought.

As the week progressed the ability and enjoyment levels increased considerably. We had some injuries along the way with Rebecca Jones hurting her knee and Nicole Copper, who had hypothermia last year, injuring her wrist. Fortunately, both were able to ski later in the week with Nicole giving an excellent demonstration of one-armed skiing.

Our comedian of the week was Gordo Allen who kept us amused with his version of the Twelfth Man's commentary on our skiing.

In the evenings we stayed in the lodge and participated in a number of organised activities as well as playing cards, pool or just talking about the day's events. We were introduced to a new game called Moriarty and we'll never forget Paul's contribution to the game. For those who weren't there, Paul dealt some severe blows to his blindfolded cousin, Michael.

The week passed too quickly and all of us would have been happy if the road off the mountain had been closed over with snow and we weren't able to leave. It was a very successful week during which we all improved our skiing and got to know people from the other year level.

Needless to say, our trip home was much quieter than our trip up as many people fell into much-needed sleep.

Thanks heaps to the teachers who came on the camp with us and made our experience so enjoyable:

Mr. Gorman
Mr. Beale
Mr. Hartigan
Mr. O'Connor
Miss Pearson (a student teacher).

We are all looking forward to going again next year!

Leanne Gilbert, Year 11B



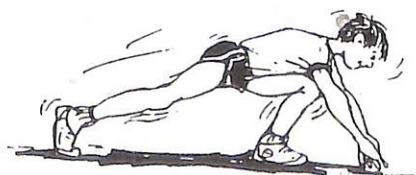
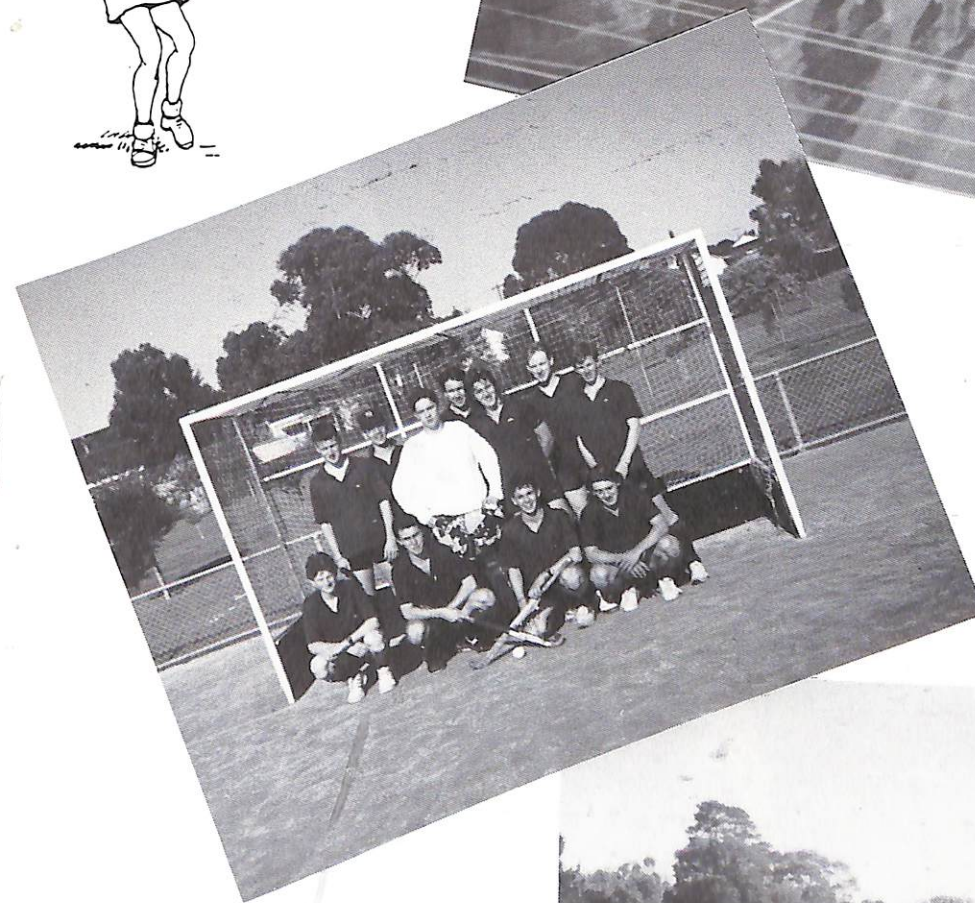
CIRCUIT TRAINING

Anyone who wandered near the Gym at lunchtimes on Tuesdays and Thursdays this year, surely must have been drawn inside by the pounding music and the procession of finely-tuned athletes filing in and out. To the uninformed, this was all part of the new Parkwood culture of Circuit Training.

For the benefit of the non-converted, Circuit Training is a method of developing a variety of fitness components in a simple workout format. Add some loud music, a crowd of motivated students, a group of lion-hearted staff and a regular cheer squad of spectators, and you have a situation where sweating, puffing and generally working hard, can be fun. One great attraction of our training format, was that it was suited to all fitness levels, so anyone could join in and develop at their own pace. Also, just to add variety, we had Kirsty, an Aerobics Instructor, in, on a few days, to put us through a gruelling, but fun workout.

For all those people involved, (sometimes up to 50!) I must offer my congratulations on your motivation and fitness development, and thanks for your company which made our training sessions such a pleasant experience.

Mr. Gorman



YEAR 7 CAMP

CAMP GUNDIWINDI!

We were all at school. It was 8.30 am and Year 7D students were all excited. There were bags everywhere, the forms were lining up waiting for the bus. The bus arrived and we all one by one were set to go. The bus started, the kids roared, we all waved goodbye. We went down Tortice Drive and before we knew it we were at camp Gundiwindi.

We sat on the grass and got our bags off the bus. We all chose our cabins and unpacked.

Morning tea was on. The bell rang for the first time. All the kids ran to the diningroom. The duty group was getting everything ready. We had cakes and cordial.

The first activity we had was pottery. We made vases from Egypt and used white clay. We then collected natural produce to stick on the vases.

After that we had hamburgers for lunch. We then went for orienteering and had to find the red letters on different things such as leaves, logs and posts. After that it was tea time, we had snags, veg's and cordial. We then cleaned up after tea and then we went to the hall and played games with Denice. Then from 10.00 - 11.00 we were all getting ready for bed and then we were in bed. We were all talking and got into trouble from Mr. Burns.

Before breakfast we all assembled outside the diningroom. For breakfast, we had toast and cereal, it was yummy. After breakfast we started in our groups. I went with Mr. Eadon, for a bit of Pastoral Care. We drew pictures and talked together. Before we knew it the bell sounded, all the kids ran for morning tea. We had cakes and cordial!

As soon as morning tea was over we went with Mr. Eadon to the ropes course. It was grouse. We had to keep our balance and not fall off, I fell off four times. Then when all of us had finished we went over to the goats and stirred them up. It was funny.

Lunch we had hot dogs, they were yummy. When we had finished lunch we then went to the next activity which was at the rec. hall. We played all the different games such as pool and table tennis. Then it was afternoon tea-time. I had cakes and cordial. It was yummy. Then we were told games, on the front oval. The games we played were great fun.

We all washed up and then assembled for dinner. We all went into the diningroom and sat with our meals. For tea we had roast and chocolate mousse. Then when we had all finished, we went to get ready for the concert. It was a fantastic concert, which was in two acts. I made Mr. Eadon look like a girl and did a dwarf act when the concert was finished. We all had cocoa and then off to bed. Good Night!

The third day of camp we were all tired. The day started with breakfast and packing up our rooms. The rooms were so neat, that all rooms passed inspection. Then it was time for games, the games were clean up and then free time.

We all brought cans and headed off for lunch at the dam. The walk went for one hour. When we got there we had a BBQ, with sausages, hamburgers, sunnyboys, milkas, donuts and cans of drink. It was beautiful.

Then it was all over, time to go home. We all said, 'no let's stay', but it was time to go. We arrived back at school at 3.00 pm and we were all so glad to be back after all that. We went straight home to our mums and dads.



REVENGE!

It was the last morning of camp and Mr. Eadon and Mr. Byrne had been preying on pityful victims with water. It all came to REVENGE!! We scanned the deeds of this duo from reports of the victims themselves.

Last morning: Geoff was covered in cold water by Mr. Eadon in the shower.

Day 2: Adam was squirted with Mr. Eadon's water pistol.

Concert Night: With war cries Mr. Eadon squirted actors.

Last day: He got Kirsty S. in bed in the morning.

Day 2: While hunting for victims Mr. Eadon hit Harley as he opened the door of the cabin.

Day 2: Mr. Eadon with sidekick Mr. B. entered the girls cabin and shot at them.

These are just some of the crimes committed by these two. With complaints to the other teachers, Denise devised a revenge for these two. It was the final morning and all of us were playing games. Denise made Mr. E and Mr. B sit back to back, with four kids doing the same. Each armed with a water pistol they started to squirt them both. But things did not go to plan however, Jacky, Carly, Richard and Jason attacked like demons, but Mr. B captured Richard and, using him as a human shield, got Jacky's water pistol. But soon the duo gave up to the students and victory was complete!

James Gibbins



'PICTURE THIS' — HISTORY COMPETITION

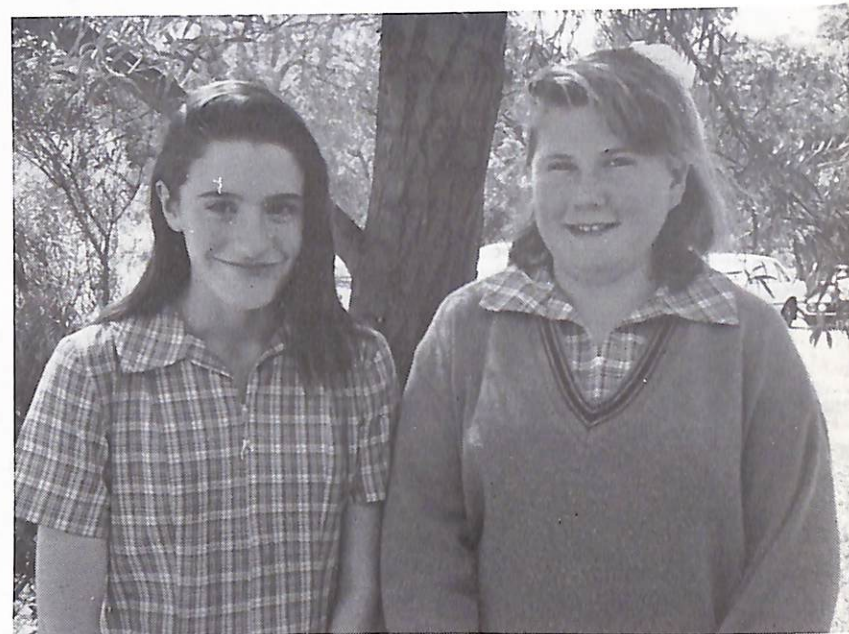
1991 saw the beginning of a new History competition. In its first year, students in Years 7 and 8 were invited to present a pictorial representation of any historical issue that they had studied. The judges were very impressed with the posters and drawings that were submitted. Our congratulations are once again extended to those students who produced commendable pieces. In Year 7, this includes Kerrie Pearce, Evan Lorden, Christopher Nealon, Lee Kempster and Carolyn Jones. In Year 8, David Lloyd, Glenn Kiddle, Brooke Grealy, Marina Cowling, Brooke Lischke, Nardine Bower, Anita Lemke and Travis Lewin also presented work of a high standard. Special mention must be made of the two winners, Leanne Dreger (7A) and Morag Erskche (8D). These girls received awards.

Next year, the competition will be extended to other year levels. The students in Years 9-12 will be invited to present cartoons based on the political, economic or social issues that they have studied.

We look forward to a greater response from students in 1992.

Mr. Maile, History Co-ordinator

CALDWELL'S SCHOOL ROCK COMPETITION



Caldwell's music store held a competition this year in which schools from our surrounding area were invited to participate. The competition involved a 'play-off' between all participating schools and this was held at the Nunawading Arts Centre. Parkwood's rock band consisted of the following students:

Jerome Lyford	Year 12	Guitar
Michael Fisher	Year 12	Guitar
Phil Crockett	Year 11	Guitar
Rohan Cox	Year 12	Drums
Amanda Allen	Year 12	Vocals
Leanne Gilbert	Year 11	Vocals

The students spent numerous lunchtimes, weekends, and hours after school rehearsing for the big event. They must be congratulated for their effort. Although not receiving a place in the competition, they did receive valuable experience and had a lot of fun in the process.

P.S. They did come third in the school's Talent Quest. Well done!!!

Mrs. Osbourne

TIME CAPSULE

As part of Year 7 History this year, students in 7A collected suitable items to place in a Time Capsule. They chose such things as newspaper articles, grocery dockets, catalogues, coins, School magazines, Year 7 time-table, history assignments and work books, a tape of the Top Ten hits, etc.

The capsule will be buried, to be opened in 2035.

GOETHE POETRY COMPETITION

The Goethe Poetry Competition, organised for secondary school students of German, was again held this year at two venues in Melbourne, i.e., The University of Melbourne and Monash University. The following Year 10 students were invited to recite a German poem called 'Es Sitzt Vogel Auf Dem Leim' by Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908) at Monash University on the 7th August, 1991.

Naomi Cowling, Chelsey Crane, Katrina Fallon, Alice Langley-Jones, Cindy Slater, Kate Stevens, Melissa Selman, David Burgess, Michael Haley and Joel Robotham.

The purpose of this excursion was to experience one of the forthcoming VCE work requirements, i.e., recite a German poem in front of an audience and to participate in a statewide poetry competition. Furthermore, included in this outing was a lunch at McDonalds!!

It was a special year for Naomi Cowling of Year 10. She was fortunate to win a six-week trip to Germany in a Competition organised by the Goethe Institute. This prize was well earned by Naomi.



THE 'CUCKOO' EXPERIENCE

This year, as usual, students of German at Parkwood, between Years 9 and 12 — 37 in all — accompanied by three intrepid, self-sacrificing members of staff, to whom dietary considerations were of little consequence, made their annual pilgrimage to the Cuckoo Restaurant in Olinda.

As any seasoned German teacher will know, the way to a healthy German student's heart is undoubtedly found by means of the stomach and, possibly, the feet, judging by the amount of eating and dancing which took place. While participating in the 'Hokey Pokey'

and flapping their arms in time to the music, provided by the live band, in a 'Chicken Dance', staff and students were able to ponder the serious business of learning a second language and debate the ingredients of Sauerkraut.

This year also, students were welcomed in German by the management and given the opportunity to participate in a number of sing-a-longs as well as the floor-show.

A good time was had by all. Thanks go to all the students who participated so enjoyably, as well as the staff — Ms. O'Donohue and Mr. Breinstampf — who helped supervise the proceedings.

Mr. Zygmunt



YEAR 12A

Back Row L to R: Fiona Horvath, Simon Christian, Kingsey Allen, Glenn Kear, Chris Doyle, Andrew Lloyd, Heidi Skinner.

Centre Row: Amanda Allan, Steven Ray, Ashley Gaspero, Craig Hamilton, Mark Vauston, Adam McGrotty, Jodie Wilton.

Front Row: Desley Waters, Melanie Langenhorst, Adam Coll, Kirsty Ruck, Cameron Strachan, Jhaneen Trimble, Melissa Pagram.

Absent: Tanya Hadley.



YEAR 12D

Back Row L to R: Moira Linton, Karl Nemsow, Steven Smith, Paul Gay, Melissa Mann.

Centre Row: Damien Ross, Stuart Brown, Jerome Lyford, Ben Jones, Dean Carlton.

Front Row: Greg Doherty, Alisha McKenzie, Michael Slater, Michelle Bunton, Adrian Stamp.

Absent: Andrew Perry, Simon Place.

Class Teacher: R. Oakley.



YEAR 12B

Back Row L to R: Vanessa Britt, Joanne Bishop, Rohan Cox, Shane Champion, Nathan Wise, Katie Le Cras, Karleen Salamon.

Centre Row: Brad Geyer, Jennie Grove, Tyler MacKenzie, Andrew Harvey, Sean Warner, Richard Van Beveren, Debbie Ryan, Wayne Harrison.

Front Row: Liza Matthews, Melissa Davison, Christopher Jaques, Tina Parkinson, Adrian Law, Fiona Dioguardi, Amanda Cooper.

Absent: Mark Bartlett.

Class Teacher: Mr. J. Moxey.



YEAR 12E

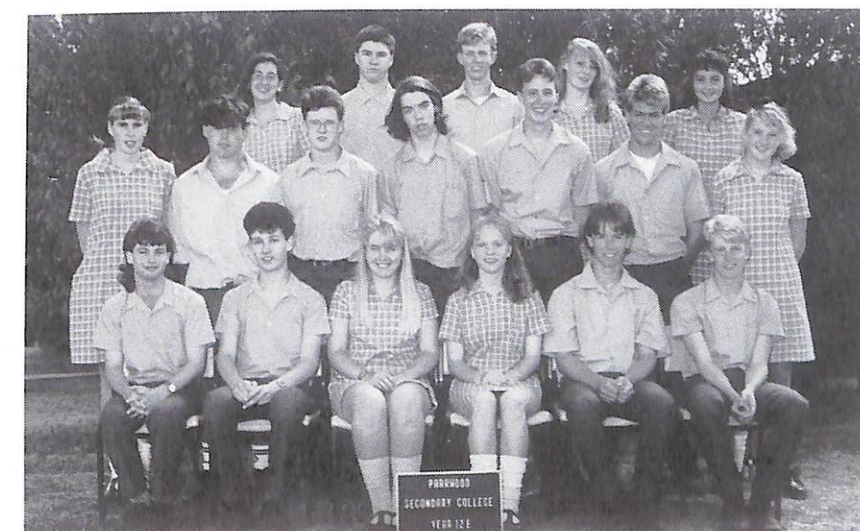
Back Row L to R: Enna Ilardi, Scott Walker, Brett Thomas, Kirsty Darlaston, Simone Pratt.

Centre Row: Nicole Britton, Adrian McDonald, Ian Woollard, Matthew Davis, Andrew Tamme, Adam Gaspero, Karen Steel.

Front Row: Michael Fisher, Andrew Nealon, Nicole Parker, Sharon Pemberton, Stephen Unwin, David Fowler.

Absent: Kellie Wright.

Class Teacher: Mrs. Lyn McDonald.



YEAR 12C

Back Row L to R: Linda Dang, Iwona Wisniewski, Kim Docwra, Amanda Light, Louise Hume, Michelle Boschen, Lille Lai.

Centre Row: Darren Jacotine, Kasie Lischke, Mark Glendenning, Greg Gale, Bradley Reid, Simone Weiss, Scott Shade.

Front Row: Eric Fung, Fiona Torney, Suzanna Turk, Lee-Anne Cusworth, Antje Flecken, Sarah Haldane, Johnny Ly.

Absent: Robert Glide.



YEAR 12F

Back Row L to R: Leanne Haupt, Susan Woolley, Paul Wisniewski, Jane Carroll, Yvonne Hickling.

Centre Row: Dana McAleese, Andreas Bednarz, Jason Taylor, Nicholas Jopson, Brent Hannah, Amanda Boyne.

Front Row: Peter Hancy, Joanne Wong, Geoff Crockett, Kim Furzer, Jason Dreger.

Absent: Pippin Lewis.

Class Teacher: M. Galloway.



YEAR 11A

Back Row L to R: Susanne Brain, Robert Goldsmith, Rosalie Vita, Andrew Burgess, Sarah Archibald.

Centre Row: Danea Srbina, Darren Knight, Conrad David, Daryl Van Krieken, Adrian McConchie, Katrina Veith.

Front Row: Gordon Allan, Felicity Knights, Heather Murray, Thomas Mitchell, Tania Perkins, Natalee Knox, Dennis Kerwin.

Absent: Mardy Smee.

Class Teacher: S. Kallbacka.



YEAR 11D

Back Row L to R: Kimberly Benwell, David Beard, Laura Basinski, Andrew Van Prooyen, Leonie Neilson, Antti Kunsmanen, Kylie Gantner.

Centre Row: Glenn Easterby, Suzanna Cvetovac, Phillip Crockett, Nathan Booth, Darren Dunk, Sam Darlaston, Sonya Yansen, Derek Tsao.

Front Row: Angela Dent, Tony Ganya, Vanessa Pitt, Ben Langley-Jones, Danielle White, Trent Taylor, Rachel Moore.

Ground: Norton Guilfoyle, Say Sehow.

Class Teacher: Mr. G. Djoneff.



YEAR 11B

Back Row L to R: Melanie Watson, Tiffany Nicholl, Tania Verhagen, Sean Morrow, Kylie Goodwin, Emma Graf, Leanne Gilbert.

Centre Row: Betty Sin, Nicole Edwards, Michael Salamon, Aaron Spiteri, Alison Robins, Danielle Marcinsky.

Front Row: Nicole Cooper, Greg Miller, Kelly Ruduss, Paul Burgess, Melonia Wright, Derek Waters, Gillian Butts.

Absent: Louise Brown.

Class Teacher: Mr. M. Beale.

YEAR 11E

Back Row L to R: Melanie Such, Natalie Sanderson, Sarah Blackmore, Justin McLemon, Belinda Bangay, Wendy Aikers, Tania Jonathan.

Centre Row: Cameron Williams, Leigh Condie, Mathew Kennedy, Michael Allen, Ian Kremke, Ben Selby, Darren Karanitch.

Front Row: Siobhan Bannister, Chris Brown, Sharon Dooley, Michael Dillaca, Melinda Otten, Mark Mullins, Sarah Maison.

Absent: Tanya Holdsworth, Belinda Siott.



YEAR 11C

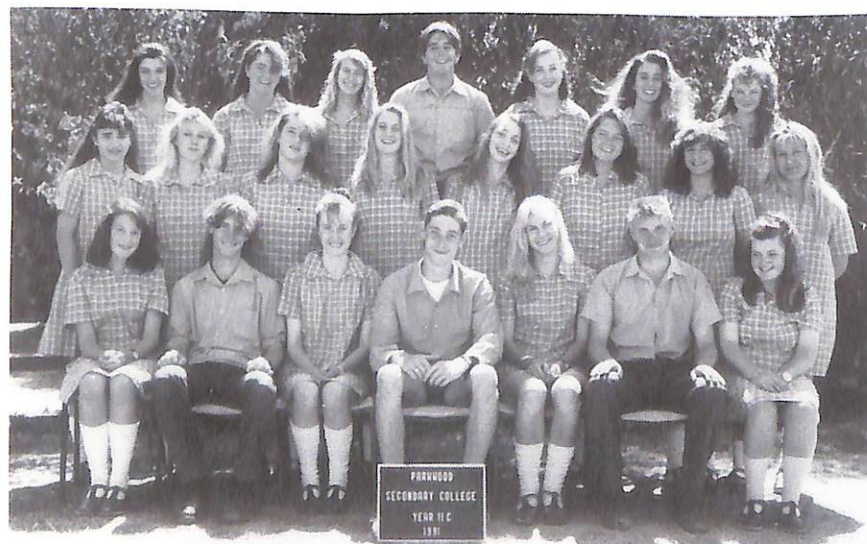
Back Row L to R: Belinda Pilato, Helen Harrop, Belinda McCarthy, Adam Minchington, Monica Drew, Caroline Wheeler, Claire McKenna.

Centre Row: Veronica Nadz, Nicole Collett, Allison Renton, Rebecca Jones, Brooke Alexander, Rebecca Matt, Kerry Anne Hogg, Skye Convey.

Front Row: Chantel Forsaith-Hans, Julian Riddell, Tracie Brown, Nicholas Power, Robyn Dempster, Cory Brookshaw, Simone Greenwood.

Absent: James Strachan.

Class Teacher: J. Zygmunt.



YEAR 10A

Back Row L to R: Wayne Hanrahan, Luke McCandlish, Danielle Carroll, Matthew Donnelly, Cindy Slater, Dave Hickling, Sallie Kerwin.

Centre Row: Carla Bates, Damien Koenitz, Meagan Kelson, Martin Purdon, Joe Freitas, Chelsey Crane, Jason Dove, Rochelle Ratcliffe.

Front Row: Lisa Bottrell, Paul Wansley, Emma Langenhorst, Brett Tamblyn, Abby Cowan-Jackett, Shawn Malone, Natalie Ross.

Ground: Jacqueline Burke, Rebecca Kas, Sara Marshall.

Class Teacher: T. Tedesco.

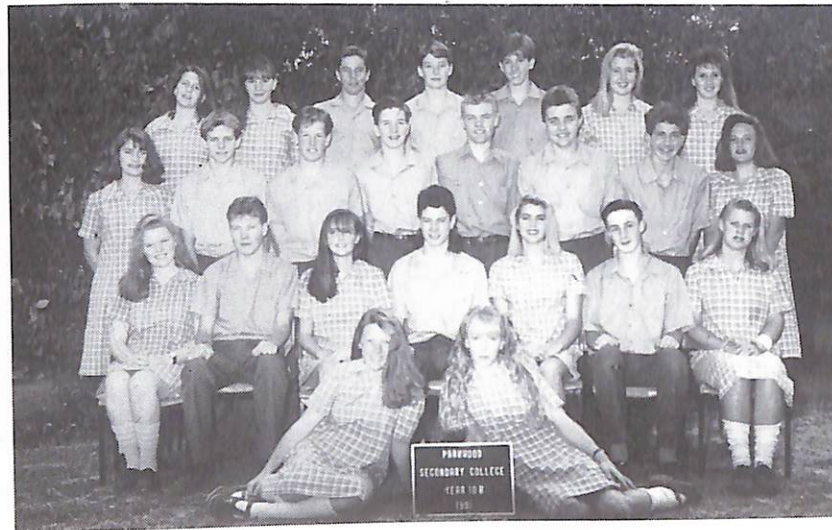
YEAR 10B

Back Row L to R: Natasha Shoppee, Jane Spenser, Clinton Harris, Andrew McIntosh, Mathew Denman, Cara Bates, Catherine Tamblyn.

Centre Row: Naomi Cowling, Simon Powell, Stephen Doyle, Anthony Burke, Kris McLemon, Gary Ireland, Jamie Galatas, Miriana Samanovic.

Front Row: Kiriilly Brindle, Gary Pokkinen, Joanne Rosewarne, Chris Ruck, Julie Parkinson, Simon Lamb, Anita Burge.

Ground: Martine Bartils, Danielle Richards.
Class Teacher: Elizabeth Vidra.



YEAR 10E

Back Row L to R: Jenny Nankervis, Carolyn Haupt, Shani Hoeght, Cameron Danks, Belinda Harrison, Jody Raunjak, Sarah Portbury.

Centre Row: Deanne Greenwood, Dylan Brown, Shona Macquarie, Demetri Rigogiannis, Craig Anderson, Mandy Harvey, Geoff Doherty, Amanda Bethune.

Front Row: Deborah Tamme, Andrew Mansell, Kate Stevens, Brad Whatman, Kate Mason, Phillip Morrissey, Caroline Williams.

Ground: Debbie Bickerton, Leonie Dukes, Kate Peters.

Class Teacher: M. O'Donohue.



YEAR 10C

Back Row L to R: Sarah Kas, Melissa Selman, Melanie Cousins, Michael Hayley, Heidi Odermatt, Katie Beardall, Megan Quirk.

Centre Row: Melissa Grove, Jenny Hart, Lisa Page, Stuart Beard, Daniel Christian, Kathy Taylor, Emma Hamlin, Claire Ross.

Front Row: Joel Rowbottom, Alice Langley-Jones, David Burgess, Kerrie Price, Calum Hamilton, Glenice Robertson, Damien Bremner.

Ground: Samantha Barnett, Katrina Fallon.

Absent: Amanda Phillips.
Class Teacher: Y. Brierley.



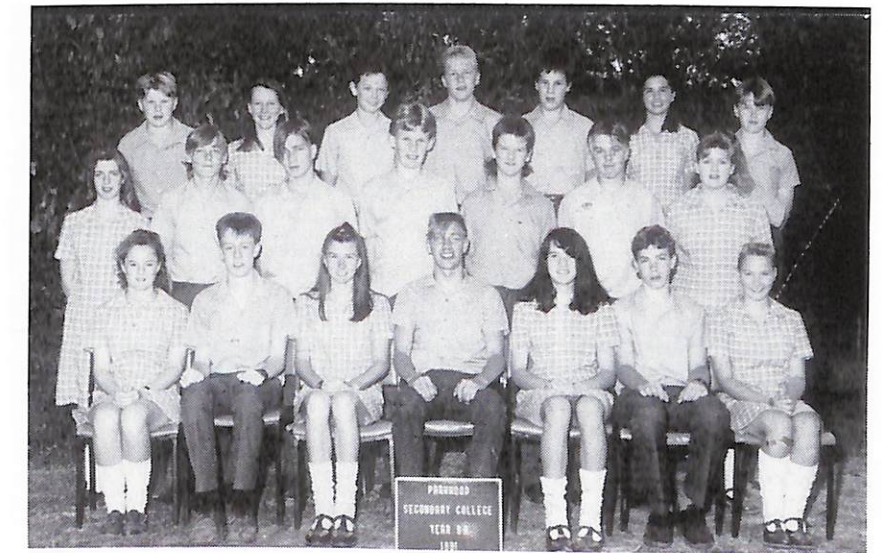
YEAR 9A

Back Row L to R: Matthew Le Cras, Jodi Goodrem, Mark Reynolds, Troy Clarkson, Tim Seddon, Karli Smith, Craig Walton.

Centre Row: Peta Bensch, Jamie Davidson, Jeroen Glas, Stephen Perry, Zachary Kas, Paul Cormack, Sherelle Jackson.

Front Row: Michelle Hunt, David Llewellyn, Kim Clark, Nick Wells, Tanya Hurley, Paul Schneider, Narelle Roper.

Absent: Sarah Cox, Kylie Hadley.
Class Teacher: Mr. G. Gorman.



YEAR 10D

Back Row L to R: Anita Pucic, Andrew Walton, Narelle Rossiter, Matthew Hunt, Melissa Whitelegg, Peter Readdy, Sophie Ritchie.

Centre Row: Kylie Horne, Kristian Dieber, Narelle Bethune, Bryan Doensen, Adam McKenzie, Kylie McKenzie, Wayne Sterling, Kate Parker.

Front Row: Lea Hannah, Mark Unwin, Tennille Merrigan, Paul Newnham, Ainsley Moore, Matthew Gilmore, Sharon Ryan.

Ground: Scott Abercrombie, Rita Baldacchino, Julian Kuppler.



YEAR 9B

Back Row L to R: Travis Murphy, Melissa Boschen, Chris Ruduss, Ben Williams, David Tucker, Allison Murray, Paul Rowe.

Centre Row: Michelle Pickett, Alex Land, Glenn Mullins, Paul Cooper, Luke Pavone, Kim Ricardo.

Front Row: Rachel Pratt, Mathew Hubbard, Jemma Jones, Simon Light, Michelle Gaspero, Nathan O'Connell, Anne-Marie Middlemast.

Ground: Kirsten Ruscuklic, Wayne Mansell, Arlene Gange.

Absent: Russell Bennett.

Class Teacher: Mr. S. O'Connor.



YEAR 9C

Back Row L to R: Michelle Dench, Olivia Fisher, Mark Dunk, Jennifer Galatas, Chris Cato, Kathryn Thornley, Natalie Graham.

Centre Row: David Bird, Briony Tromp, Bradley Margets, Erin Torrenson, Aaron Robotham, Jenny Watson, Tony Dent.

Front Row: Lisa Carrodus, Craig Jones, Riki Gibson, Steven Britton, Margaret Mitchell, Bradley Wilton, Joelle Van Prooyen.

Ground: Joanne Lloyd, Olivia Hume, Shannon Lea, Angela Muller.



YEAR 9D

Back Row L to R: Claire O'Connell, Cameron Konrad, Mick Habermahl, Michael McDonnell, Mark Giannopoulos, Matti Kousmanen, Miranda Parry.

Centre Row: Frances Muller, Shane Roberts, Belinda Short, Matthew Discombe, Erika Vlasic, Justin Ganya, Clare McCandlish.

Front Row: Julie Christensen, Matthew Brown, Pip Gerard, Brett Ray, Lauren Jenkins, Glen Ward, Joanne Dempster.

Absent: Melanie Doherty.

Class Teacher: Ms K. Thomas.

YEAR 8A

Back Row L to R: Simon Glendenning, Jenny Gay, Richard Morris, Craig Kerwin, Yianni Rigogiannis, Dawn Williams, Ben Dove.

Centre Row: Sally Parker, Michael Rowell, Claire Abery, Joel Burgess, Matthew Selman, Gabrielle Forster, Daniel Moldrich, Vicki Haddow.

Front Row: Estelle Hickling, Jordan Bartlett, Karen Van Krieken, Grant Cowan-Hackett, Nicole Fox, Mark Onans, Shannon Cheal.

Class Teacher: E. Osbourne.



YEAR 8B

Back Row L to R: Kirsty Phillips, Adam Condie, Lara Tonti, Damien Graham, Peta Alexander, Luke Van Prooyen, Bill Senow.

Centre Row: David Delacca, Belinda Graham, John Lamers, Paul Horvath, Samantha Land, Paul Marriott.

Front Row: Mary Pearce, Chris Gamera, Suzi Edwards, Tim Brindle, Natalie Frank, Michael Blackwood, Gillian Morrissey.

Class Teacher: Mrs. Margaret Blythman.

YEAR 8C

Back Row L to R: Michelle Cuce, Troy Standish, Christy Poynton, Bradley Pilato, Brooke Grealy, Mark Jones, Glenn Kiddle.

Centre Row: Kate Digby, Isak Pokinnen, Lisa Rubino, Keren Knight, Tim Quirk, Lisa Wallis.

Front Row: Rebecca Parkes, David Lloyd, Brooke Lischke, Daniel Boyce, Marina Cowling, Philip Van De Voorde, Kate Summerfield.



YEAR 8D

Back Row L to R: Danielle Berry, Troy Winters, Shaun Swaney, Belinda Kent, Nicole Berry, Kelly Atkinson, John MacKenzie.

Centre Row: Jane Taylor, Narelle Clark, Steven Redding, Naomi Smith, Erika Nemsow, David Haley, Nardene Bower, Morag Erskine.

Front Row: Rebecca Harrison, Dion Wan, Anita Lemke, Travis Lewin, Carolyn White, Ben Tamme, Jane Carrodus.

Class Teacher: K. Rickard.

YEAR 8E

Back Row L to R: Annika Mason, Michelle Bloomfield, Robert Varrasso, Victoria Beardall, Jason Lamb, Sarah Wright, Michelle Ashworth.

Centre Row: Adelle Williams, Scott Nelson, Nicole Loght, Kerry Hogan, Shona Wendt, Grayson Milner, Renee Ferguson.

Front Row: Leigh Munro, Sandra Ireland, Richard Fisher, Amanda Spencer, Paul Basinski, Rebecca Withers, Richard Archibald.

Absent: Anthony Lauder.

Class Teacher: Mrs. J. Fell.



YEAR 7C

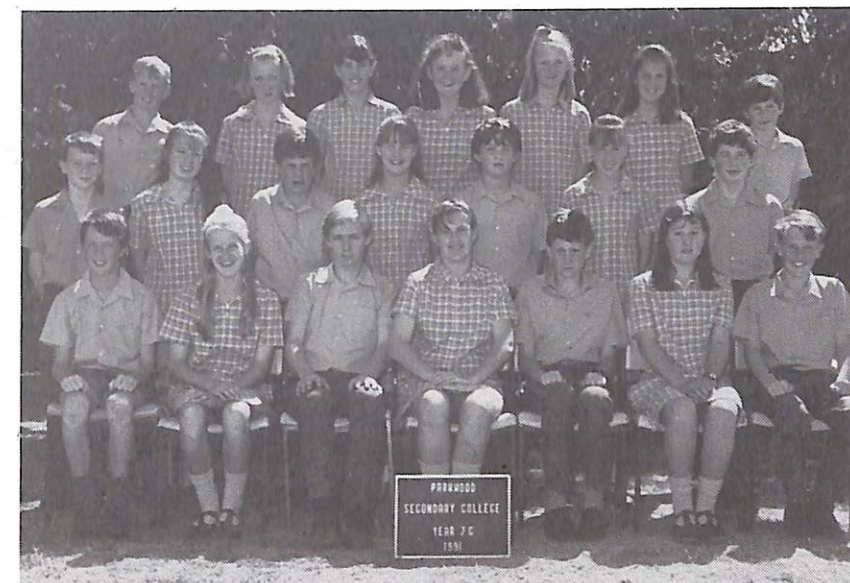
Back Row L to R: Leigh Francome, Leah Phillips, Jaquiline Knight-Mondon, Claire McCurdy, Michelle Ruduss, Kirsty Giles, David Bangay.

Centre Row: Marc McKenzie, Carolyn Jones, Adam Valeri, Sian Jamison, Geoff Mitchell, Jessica Langley-Jones, James Gibbons.

Front Row: Craig Rosewarne, Kirsty Souter, Murray Lorden, Carlee Robertson, Harley Taylor, Peltta Tapper, Craig Drew.

Absent: Christian Linton-Frost.

Class Teacher: Ms. Kempton.



YEAR 7A

Back Row L to R: Mark Zelley, Katrina Howard, Todd Ronaldson, Melissa Gilmore, Ben Schultz, Olivia Popa, Warren Tute.

Centre Row: Candice Cook, Scott Darling, Peta Waters, Misty Bott, Daniel Donnelly, Michelle Parkinson.

Front Row: Jason Bell, Belinda Tromp, Andrew Brown, Sarah Langenhorst, Richard Unwin, Francesca Cant, Matthew Owen.

Ground: Misty Bryant, Katie Relf, Rachel Manning.

Class Teacher: R. Giffard.



YEAR 7D

Back Row L to R: Tim De Broughe, Kelly Pinches, Michelle Waters, Rebecca Newnham, Simone Kuppler, Nicole Cato, Andrew Keniry.

Centre Row: Daniel Brash, Rebecca Grant, Christian Heskett, Luke Gerard, Renee Grant, Paul Eldridge.

Front Row: Britt Ricardo, Lachlan Stevens, Olivia Robotham, Adam Williams, Krista Terzioski, Trent Merrigan, Lyndal Selman.

Absent: Rebecca Elliott.

Class Teacher: Mr. Garry Eadon.



YEAR 7B

Back Row L to R: Harry Andouopoulos, Renee Calvett, Kay Erskine, Christopher Neelon, Karla Ellard, Kerri Pearce, Justin Bird.

Centre Row: Sean Haddon, Ruhi Sood, Andrew Rosewarne, Jamie Wilson, Danielle Gilmore, Craig Rowell.

Front Row: Ben Watson, Elisa Freitas, Kirk Bloomfield, Leanne Dreger, Evan Lorden, Justine Land, Christopher Fryer.

Class Teacher: Mr. Sayers.



YEAR 7E

Back Row L to R: Aaron Kuszlaba, Andrew Reynolds, Lauren Hauser, David Gow, Amanda Tucker, Anuk Mascarenhas, Brendan Kiddle.

Centre Row: Kirsty Sands, Paul Ager, Nicole Ruduss, Hayley Cooper, Nathan Russell, Terri George.

Front Row: Nicholas Fryer, Sophie Booth, David Foote, Elizabeth Pears, David Schneider, Hayley Davis, Nathan Need.

Class Teacher: Mr. Maile.



Shaville Foster

Mark Giamprico

Michelle Giamprico
Young Books

Kim Riccardi
Chet Fay

N. Hakenmehl

YEAR 9 GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION
MAGAZINE PRODUCTION ~ 1991!

Michelle Fickett
Briony Toomp

Angela Müller

Simon Light

Piper Gibson

Craig Jones

Belinda Short

Olivia Fisher
Jenny Watson

Nathan Crothers

Anna Hakenmehl
Shane Davis
Leticia Davis