

The image is a complex abstract artwork. It features a dense, swirling pattern of colors including red, yellow, blue, green, and brown. The colors are layered and blended, creating a sense of movement and depth. In the center, there is a large, dark, irregular shape that resembles a silhouette or a shadow. This central shape is surrounded by the colorful, swirling patterns. The overall composition is dynamic and visually rich.

PARKWOOD 1992

Parkwood Secondary College
Tortice Drive
North Ringwood

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



The main purpose of our College Magazine is to chronicle some important events of the past year, to celebrate our successes and to provide us with a record of activities special to us.

In all areas we can applaud the excellent work completed by our staff and students. In Mathematics our students have again featured very highly in the State and National competitions. Our own Penmanship Awards have highlighted the literacy talents of our students and the recently held Art Show has enabled us all to enjoy the varied creative talents of students throughout the College.

In sport we have continued to be involved, with some individual and teams starring. Of special significance for Parkwood was having two representatives in the Pan Pacific Games held in Darwin.

Special credit goes to our students who have made that special effort required to achieve their best. We have recognised this in presenting them, once again, with Certificates of Excellence, Merit or Recognition for what they have done. Some of their work we have been able to reproduce in this magazine for your enjoyment.

Many of our students have been fortunate in being able to take part in the extensive programme offered of Tours, Camps and various excursions. These are always considered valuable in extending our experiences and providing memories of school that remain for a long time.

Again we thank all members of our Community for their involvement over the year, members of College Council and the Parkwood Community Association for their continued interest and concern, hard work and support given on behalf of us all; voluntary helpers who have maintained the Canteen and made themselves available for all our fund-raising efforts; our teaching and ancillary staff who have continued their excellent work and our students, who have again ensured that Parkwood continues to be the great school it really is.



We thank Emma Hamlin, Year 11, for permitting us to use a piece of her artwork for our cover.

COMMUNITY PERCEPTIONS

Earlier this year the Parkwood Secondary College Council decided to conduct a survey of parent, student and teacher impressions about the College. They were asked to list three positive features of the College and three areas for improvement. It was intended that the responses would form the basis for future planning and development of Parkwood Secondary College.

The following summary of responses is provided for the information of members of the College community.

CURRICULUM

Many survey responses identified the wide range of subjects offered as a positive feature of the College. The introduction of Computer Studies and Japanese was seen as positive additions to the curriculum. The maths extension class, cross age tutoring and the pastoral care programs were also viewed favourably.

A number of responses indicated a need to extend the number of practical classes and to introduce drama into our program. In 1993 woodwork will be included in the Year 11 program while drama will be introduced at Years 7 to 10. Efforts to build up the performing music program will continue.

The issue of homework provided a variety of comments ranging from "too little" to "too much". As a result the College Council has initiated a review of our homework policy.

STUDENT WELFARE AND SERVICES

Careers counselling, the support of year level co-ordinators and the student welfare co-ordinator as well as the employment of a nurse were seen as providing a positive contribution to student welfare. Library services and facilities also rated highly.

The need to provide a study skills program was mentioned by a number of people. Such a program was introduced for Year 10 students in 1992 and will be extended to meet the needs of Years 11 and 12 students in 1993.

BUILDING AND GROUNDS

The attractive nature of the buildings and grounds was rated highly by students, parents and teachers. A need to provide more shaded and sheltered areas was identified. During 1992 the extension of the covered area outside the canteen, providing students with additional shelter, was completed. The planting of shade trees and the provision of additional seating in the grounds is under consideration by the College Council.

STUDENT AND STAFF

A number of teachers commented on the co-operative nature of our students and how easy they were to teach.

A large number of parents commented favourably on the professionalism and dedication of staff. Similarly many teachers identified the supportive and friendly nature of their colleagues as a positive feature of the college.

COMMUNITY-SCHOOL RELATIONSHIPS

The Year 7 orientation program, interim reports for new students and information evenings for parents were seen as positive features.

Other suggestions related to the timing and organisation of parent-teacher interviews as well as different format of the newsletter.

EXTRA CURRICULA ACTIVITIES

Our tours and camps program were seen as a positive feature of the College although the expense was identified as a concern. The Camps and Tours Policy has been rewritten as a response to this survey.

The sport program received a number of both positive and negative responses. Many felt that there should be a greater emphasis on sport and that participation should be compulsory.

Student participation with the public speaking, penmanship programs and maths competitions received positive comments.



Now the wind is still. The man reaches a trembling hand inside his shabby coat, attempting to bring warmth to it. The night air is cold. Tattered shoes and clothing cannot protect him from its grasp. The other hand clasps a half empty bottle of brandy. Drawing it to his lips, a surge of artificial warmth streams through his veins, and he is momentarily given the strength to straighten his hunched back, and lift his feet from the ground instead of dragging them. Then it is cold again.

The uncommon cry of a dingo fills the night air, and the man turns his head towards the noise. Involuntarily, his mind is drawn back to a time when dingoes were more common in the area, and he had a wife, and family . . . Once more the bottle is withdrawn, and the man is freed of pain. Despite his intoxicated brain, he manages to recognise a track which turns off the road and into the bush. Years of experience have taught him to reach his dwelling, no matter what state he is in.

It is much darker on the trail. Twisted branches of the white-trunked gum trees block out some of the moonlight, casting shadows over the track. He doesn't notice. His eyes see, but his brain doesn't register. A spider has cast a net across the trail, and yet he moves straight through it, subconsciously raising a hand to free his face from the web. But he doesn't mind.

Full darkness has set in, and still the man walks — with no apparent purpose except to reach home, and even that seems pointless, for what is there to do at home but sleep and drink. Nothing more than can be done anywhere else. The wind is blowing again. It takes hold of a pile of dried leaves and sweeps them into the air, blowing them around the man. Round and round and round.

Kate Mason, Year 11C

ILLUMINATION

The bright flashes of lightning lit up the sky with a tremendous force, a charge greater than anything ever produced by man. Their streaks split the gloomy sky into jigsaw-like pieces, the jagged edges forming a picture of turmoil, a turmoil caused by the power of nature. Every swiftly changing image lasted only a prolonged second, before once again the sky and land were cast into darkness.

Below this ferocious fighting of the heavens a solitary figure sat, but even it was only a shadow against the thunderous roar of the white-capped waves beating unrelentingly upon the shore. She was oblivious to the turbulence around her and unaware of the rough wooden planks beneath her. Another flash lit up the world, pouring a harsh white light onto her face, pale and blank, devoid of any human expression. Her eyes stared unseeingly before her, like a machine, designed to feel no emotion. Had she been watched by a crowd of prying eyes her face would not have changed, for she was fighting her powerful inner emotions, which occasionally split her control causing a crack in her porcelain mask.

Soon the scene was gone, melted into the blackness of the deep night leaving behind it a lasting impression of the solitary figure. It was replaced with the thunderous roar of the breaking waves. On a calm day the ocean was like a sleeping volcano, waiting for the moment to erupt, spewing its power onto the people who thought they had conquered it by caging it in with their fragile constructions. This night it had erupted into a wild giant, pawing at the beach, trying to escape its watery confines.

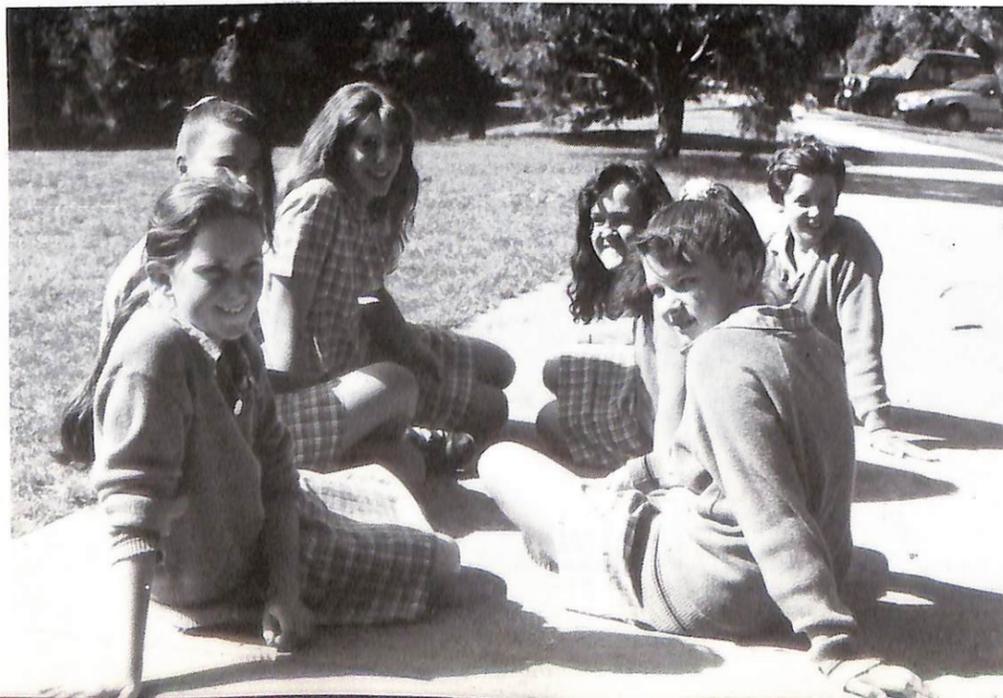
THE MAN

It is dusk. The cold wind moves down the dusty road like a broom, sweeping away any wayward hint of happiness. A discarded newspaper is picked up and sent swirling through the air toward the small town. Caught on the pole of the lone streetlight, outside the general store, it slides to the gutter, and the blows up again onto the footpath.

The shop is an old building, probably built before the Second World War. Made of weatherboard, it stands, protected by a disintegrating tin roof, the only building of its kind in the street. The rest were probably made during the Depression. No-one really knows when.

Next door is the pub. The red painted glass of the window displays the hours of trade. It is still open. The door hangs from the frame by one hinge, glass cracked and brass knob dulled. Loud angry voices sound from the other side. The tinkle of breaking glass, and the sound of heavy dragging footsteps.

The door is pushed aside, and a man emerges. Stumbling on the worn doormat, he lets a series of curses escape from his thin lips. His face is grey and wrinkled, cheeks shallow and eyes widely set, dim with alcohol, and colourless. As he steps down onto the road, the wind catches his hair, blowing it about his face, forcing him to raise a hand to hold it back.



Electricity once again leapt from the sky to unite it with the earth it could only touch at the horizon. Once again the girl's face lit up, but this time it was contorted, as the light dealt the last blow and smashed her facade. A small tear glistened, reflecting the heavenly glow for only a second before it joined with the ocean far below. Her eyes became wild, a hopeless shimmer formed in them as once again she was enveloped in darkness, a blackness she could not fight. Her sobs were lost in the unfeeling crash of the waves upon the shore.

The lightning was becoming more frequent until only some movements disappeared in the momentary darkness, illuminating most of the girl's movements. As the lights flashed on again the girl stood upon her rickety staging, to turn around and glance at the beach, which was cold and deserted. Her look showed contempt, contempt of the world where she was like the beach, alone. As she spun around again the light ceased, and the powerful crescendo of the waves took over. They rose, towering over the small beach below, tethering and finally rushing onto the beach. The eddies and undercurrents in the waves once again took the escaping water back to the mass of the ocean.

As the lightning flashed its fluorescent light upon the earth and sky, a shadow no longer sat on the crumbling timber of the jetty. The sound of the waves pulsated, at last having gained something from the land it could never conquer. The lightning faded into the rolling black clouds overhead, as the sun tinged the horizon, changing the scene into one of relative calmness. The sun wiped away the events of the night adding a calmness to the sky, but lingering in its cage the sea sat, waiting for another chance to erupt and once again conquer.

Carolyn Haupt, Year 11D

A BEACH AT WINTER

A seagull carcass, with its neck caught in a tangle of fishing line and beer cans. A bit further down the beach, the last of the picnickers are packing up to go. The sewer outfall, just behind me, pumping out a slow drip of liquid into the grey sea.

The picnickers passed me, on their way out. The man smiled, 'G'day'.

'Cold one', his wife added.

I nodded distantly, hardly aware of them. Something caught my eye: a surfer, in a dark wetsuit, riding the top of a huge, grey wave. The wave crested, and fell; the surfer was now struggling for balance. Another wave came up, and dumped him. He bobbed on the water, looking for his board.

I walked forward, down, onto the sand, into the wash of the receding waves. The tide caught the seagull, tugged at it, making it look almost lifelike. After a third wave, it succumbed to the tide, as everything did in time.

A wave broke against my ankles; the sea was rising; rising fast. The seagulls, so noisy in summer, were quiet. Perhaps they were mourning their poor, lost brother, who had been carried away in a tangle of waste caused by stupid, careless humans.

Natural disasters cannot be averted, yet we try. Man made disasters can be averted, yet we don't care. We don't care, unless it threatens humans.

The red ball that is the sun, was sinking below the flat, featureless horizon. I looked down to my feet, which were buried in sand. How many cities had been taken like this? Buried in a million tonnes of sand and violent surf, like the mythical city of Atlantis. It just goes to show that nothing can withstand the forces of nature.



The sun reflected off the flat water, into my eyes. If I had looked away, I would have seen flashing spots and stripes. Sunspots, I thought drily.

The last of the seagulls flew away, its lonely cry echoing along the beach, over the sea. The beach was now empty, except for myself.

The red rim of the sun disappeared below the horizon, and I turned my back on the waves, and headed home in the fading light.

Doran Moppert, Year 7E

QUEEN OF THE ROSES!

There she stood tall and proud, swaying slightly in the breeze. Her stem intertwined with the other roses, but then straightening out to grow far above the other flowers. Her exquisite beauty made even the most elegant flowers look dreary and boring.

Her thorns grew as sharp as razor blades, poised and ready to strike her enemy. No-one dared harm her as she was always on guard. Her delicate petals of velvet red stood out amongst the other roses, as they were starting to wither after the humid day before.

The dew on her petals sparkled in the crisp morning air. It had been a cold and frosty night, but there was no sign of rain as the sun rose into the sky. Its captivating appearance put the light in everyone's heart. The morning would soon be gone as the sun spread golden rays of light across the sky. Noon would soon arrive.

As the sun reached its peak in the sky, it cast a shadow of the rose across the earth. But the shadow had no loyalty, squashing the rose's figure up to make it look trampled and deformed. The dew on her petals had long since gone and her petals were now fully spread, releasing the fragrant smell of her nectar.

She didn't mind when bees flew in and collected up her nectar. After all, that's what she was here for wasn't it? And of course she was there for someone to admire, to smell the sweetness of her aroma. Her beauty so great, she knew how to charm everyone. Even the mere passerby would flutter an eyelid at the sheer beauty of her.

As the day wore on and turned into evening, the rose closed her petals having released all her fragrance and was now ready to sleep. She needed her rest as the next day would be just as busy. The rest of the roses followed suit and closed their petals for night to engulf them and drifted off to sleep.

Jessica Langley, Year 8C

THE BEACH AT WINTER

Cold, desolate, windy and grey; the beach in winter is a miserable place. Everything looks hard, even the sand feels like pebbles. White and grey seagulls stand out against the black sky, circling, waiting.

Gone, eventually, is the summer, with the crowds of people of all kinds, holiday makers, surfies and yachters. The noise and sound of the crowd diminishes as winter sets on.

A shrill cry sounds and jerks me out of my thoughts and back into reality. A gull repeats the call and the remainder of the flock follow it to a cliff where it rests out of the howling wind.

It is cold. I should be going back, but it is peaceful here and no-one to bother me. I'll stay another 15 minutes, then go.

A light stabs through the semi-dusk; a lighthouse out on an island of towering pillars of rock and low shrubs. What a place to be! So isolated, no visual contact. There it is again, going around and around, being absorbed by the darkness.

The waves are rolling on to the beach in an inconsistent manner, sometimes big, sometimes small, but never one after another. A black object appears on top of a wave, a die-hard surfer.

A cargo ship rounds the point, careful to miss the rocks and then heads out to sea. Later, a trawler comes from the opposite side of the bay, dragging its nets for fish and arthropods. I wondered what it will catch.

Time to go. Just have one last glance. Still cold, desolate, windy and grey, still as hard as ever. The gulls have flown and the light is still going round.

Peter Malley, Year 7E

SPRING

I walked dreamily into my paddock full of wildflowers

It was Spring, the eagle glided in the blue sky,
The gum tree I sat under towered over me as if

I were an ant.

The eagle suddenly swooped down at a rabbit then went up again,

The breeze blew gently sending the leaves

It was Spring the eagle swiftly in the sky,

The paddock was bare except for the tree
Animals came peeking out of the forest after their disappearance

A scent of wildflowers was sent through the air into my head

But then sifted quickly out as if it was an old thread.

It was Spring, the eagle still flew

I could hear a stream trickle gently over rocks in the forest

The tree was shady and beautifully green
It had many native birds in it now as it was Spring,

It sent an eucalypt smell onto my clothes,
The tree showed the features of spring,

I ate a juicy apple from a tree in the forest.

I suddenly heard a chain saw,

Someone said "Get away from that tree"

I went to the end of the fence.

"Save my tree" I said to myself but no-one heard me

I heard a gun the eagle dropped

My dreams of Spring, my eagle, my tree were gone.

Candy Cook, Year 8A

WILBUR AND HARRIET

Once upon a time, a mother bird, whose name was Mrs. Sparrow, had just laid some eggs. After many months of sitting on them, the great day arrived. "Oh, my babies are hatching," Mrs. Sparrow cried joyfully. Sure enough, one by one the eggs started hatching. Out popped three beautiful baby birds . . . and one that was much smaller than the rest. "Oh my," said Mrs. Sparrow, but inside she softened when she looked into the tiny bird's eyes.

For several weeks the birds lived happily in their snug little nest, until one day, Mrs. Sparrow didn't come home. The three bigger birds decided to fly away and find their own homes. They had forgotten about little Wilbur, whose wings were too weak to lift him. They spread their wings and started flying away.

"Please, please don't go. I can't fly yet," pleaded Wilbur, but his brothers and sisters were too far away to hear him.

Wilbur slid down the tree and started walking away. After a few hours, he came across a family of pigs. "Please, may I live with you?" he asked softly.

"Do you know how to roll in the mud?" one of the pigs asked.

"No" answered Wilbur.

"Do you eat scraps?"

"No, I eat worms."

"Then you can't live with us. You're not like us. Go away," snorted a pig. Sadly Wilbur walked away.

It was the same everywhere else. Wilbur either couldn't eat the same, sleep the same, talk the same, or even walk the same.

Sadly, Wilbur sat down on an old log and started crying.

Suddenly, a large shadow covered Wilbur. He looked up into the eyes of Harriet Horse. "Oh please" pleaded Wilbur, "please don't squash me". Harriet's eyes softened.

"Of course I won't squash you," she said kindly. "Now tell me what's wrong."

Wilbur told Harriet what happened.

"I may as well be dead," he moaned.

"Why don't you come and live with me?" Harriet asked.

"But I'm not like you. We don't have anything in common."

"That doesn't bother me."

"But, but . . ."

"We're friends, and that's all that counts."

Moral: Friends should like you for what you are.

Emma May, Year 7D



River Gum

A river gum tree
Swaying in the morning breeze
Along the creek bed
Marissa Kruger, Year 7E

Mist

Drifting in slowly
The mist engulfs the campsite
Like a grey blanket
Peter Malley, Year 7E

Nobody Cares

There is a huge hole in the ozone layer,
but nobody seems to care.
People keep using aerosols and harmful
things and the hole gets bigger,
but nobody seems to care.
People keep polluting the air,
Making it smelly and hard to breathe,
but nobody seems to care.
Kate Sullivan

War

People are dying
But what can we do,
The men are shooting
They don't care about you
Families are parting
Our loved ones die,
We have no choice
But to say goodbye
Brooke Grealy

Dream

The wind in my hair
My heart pounding frantically
This was my one dream
David Goodrem, Year 7E

The Sea

I can smell the fresh sea breeze
Flowing through the air
The sand is slowly moving
Swirling all around,
I can see the sun setting,
The bright light shining in my eyes
The waves are smashing against the rocks,
Creating a thundering noise,
The sea is sparkling brightly,
Along with the shining shells,
They glitter in the sunlight,
As the sun goes down.

Sarah Langenhorst, Year 8A

The Weight of the World

Water always fills the cloudless sky
No one really noticed how the world goes
spinning by

The sun always shines on our heavenly ground.
People unaware of how their planet is bound
There might not always be a shooting star
But time will tell it might not be far
For we are all destroying God's creation
And all we are living is a power generation
Maybe it might not be too late
To protect our earth from a horrible fate

Morag Erskine

Grief

The sorrow and grief
The sadness and loneliness
She passed away. Why?
Janine Boschen, Year 7E

SPRING!!!

Spring is fresh, spring is a smell,
Light rain falling from the sky,
Tiny hailstones gently falling,
White on the surface on the ground
The light warm sun appearing
Out beyond the dark clouds,
Freshing up the flowers and trees.
Luscious colours red, yellow, blue,
Leaves on the trees, swaying from side to side.
The breeze of the wind,
Soft and subtle,
Blowing against nature.
Smelling the fresh air,
The grass so sharp and green also thin.
Little flowers sprouting from the ground,
Daffodils, dandelions, and daisies freshly growing
The warmth of the sun, shining down.
As the dark clouds move away,
The light blue sky appears,
Bringing freshness to nature.
New leaves on the trees,
New petals on flowers.
As nature keeps growing through SPRING!!!

Todd Ronaldson, Year 8A

Morning

The sun breaks the night
And scans the vast horizon
What will the day bring?
David Goodrem, Year 7E

Winter

Falling flakes of snow
Drifted on the apple tree
Beside the hay bale
N. Mascarenhas, Year 7D

SAVE THE BIRDS

Up in the sky the birds will fly
So beautiful with their grace,
But soon with all the pollution and smog,
The birds will have no space.
Suffocation is sure to come,
On the birds it is not fair.
I know the birds won't have a choice,
So please can someone care?

Rosellas, magpies, swallows and more
Dead on the ground they will lie.
Poor little innocent birds,
You must now say goodbye.

Cars, factories and burning fuels,
That's all we have to blame.
If someone can fix it all,
The earth can stay the same.

Anita Lemke

Morning

Early morning frost
Covers the silvery grass
and the tops of trees
Emma May, Year 7D

PUBLIC SPEAKING

What was I supposed to do, say no? Of course I couldn't. So yes, I said yes. To what, I hear you ask? Participating in the Australian Jaycees Youth Speaks for Australia Public Speaking Competition. Having been a participant last year, and performing so well, I was asked once again to undertake the tedious task of preparing and then performing a speech in front of a whole group of people I didn't know (except a major contingent — my family). To tell you the truth though, I don't mind public speaking all that much, in fact I quite enjoy it. (I can say that now it's all over.)

I always try to prepare myself for a competition by writing and practising my speech many times over. For this particular competition, I chose the topic "Australia — A Land of Achievers", one of six topics to choose from. I tend to write a few drafts, making alterations to every draft, and eventually come up with a speech that I'm happy with and willing to perform.

It's at this point that I practise in front of a few different audiences in preparation for the "big night". Mainly other classes at school, but my parents are also good listeners and critics. Finally the big day, well night actually, arrived and I was all prepared to... embarrass myself.

After picking up Alice, my number one cheer squad member, we travelled to school and into the familiar surroundings of the library, where the ordeal was to take place. Sure enough, as we entered there were two other participants hastily trying to learn their speeches. I felt quietly confident. Not really, but there was no way I was going to look at my notes again. Looking at them could have made me cry because I may not have known their contents.

Then the rest of my family arrived. Yes, my dearest mother invited all the relatives along. Thank goodness only grandma and grandpa could make it. That swelled my cheer squad to nine; and ten when the Vice Principal "popped" in to hear my speech, making my support base the largest.

It was also at this time that the adjudicator invited all the participants to the back room to draw a number out of a bucket to see what order we were to perform in. I got first choice. Great, I thought, surely I'll pick out the number I want. Yes, I do like to go first. Don't ask me why, I just do. But do you know what number I pulled out of the bucket? Four. Yes, with only four participants, that made me last! Taking it in my stride, I made my way to the front of the room where proceedings were about to take place.

I sat, watching. What was my competition going to be like? I sat, listening. They were... okay. I had seen better, but I had also seen worse. With the first and second speakers down, and the third half way through telling us how we should provide more entertainment for our elderly, I came to the conclusion that perhaps I wasn't all that bad after all and perhaps I did have the slightest chance of getting a place. As the saying goes, you've got to be in it to win it, and I sure was. I quickly stopped thinking about this though, as I heard the M.C. of the night say "... so please make welcome our fourth and final contestant from Parkwood Secondary College, speaking on the topic of 'Australia — A Land of Achievers', Katrina Fallon". This was it, the time for truth.

"Imagine this..." After making a firm beginning, I stumbled my way through the middle and then

proceeded to climax with a great finish. Yes, finally, the part I'd spent ages preparing for, was over. Now for the other part, the impromptu speech. In this particular competition, you are given three topics, one from general, one from tropical and one from humorous. I always try to make mine funny, in the hope that the judges may realise that I'm not always serious and boring.

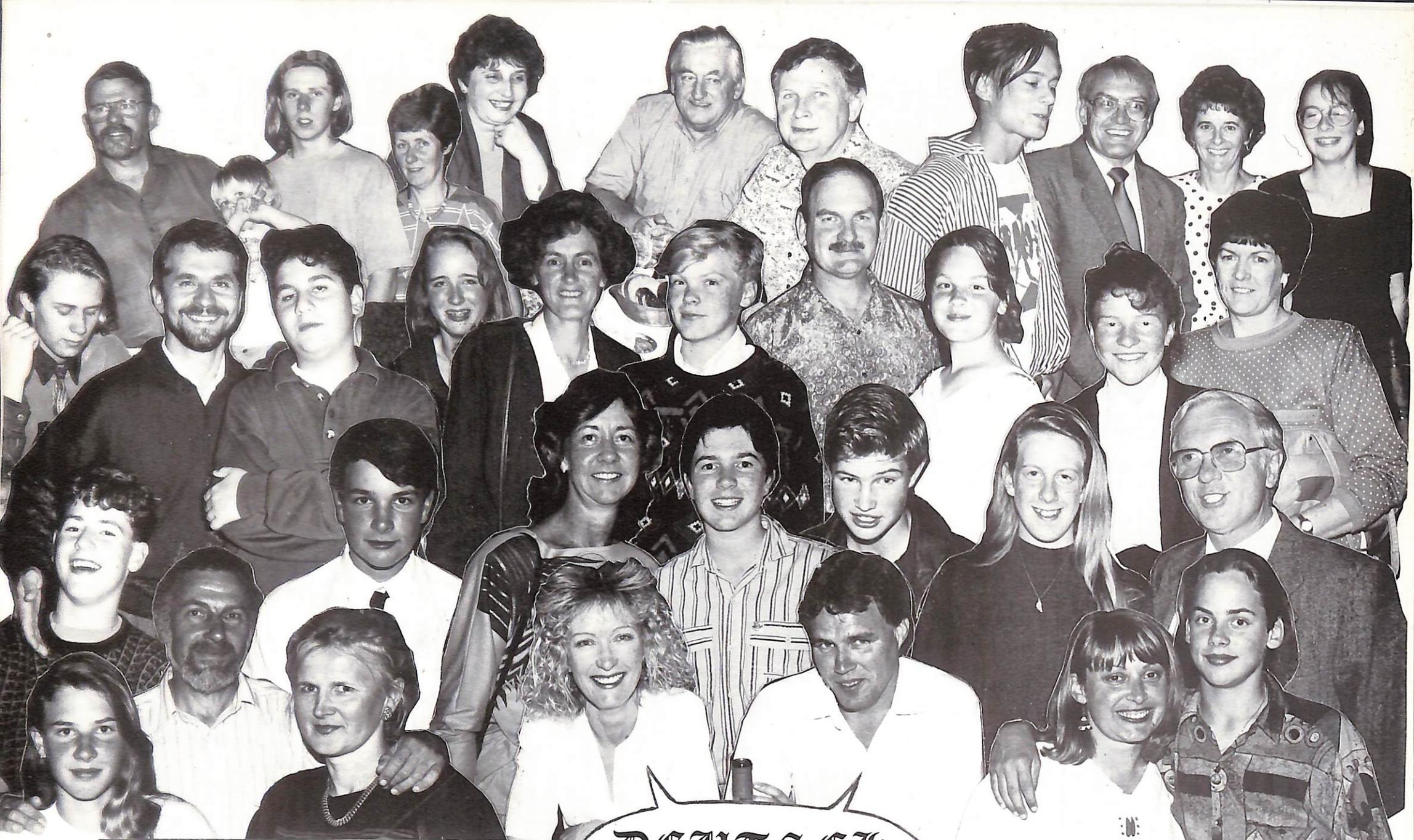
As expected, I chose the humorous topic, "When Grandma comes to visit..." After all, how could you talk for four minutes on the general topic "Australia should Open its Doors to all Migration" or the topical topic "Sporting Achievements are Overrated"? But then again, how could I talk for four minutes on my dear old grandma when she was sitting there in the audience? But I did. After thirty minutes' preparation, I came out and hit them with it. My grandma was pleased and flattered, but also bewildered as to whom the basis of the speech was. Surely she's not the grandma that turns your electric blanket up to three when already you're sweating like a pig, or the one that washes the outside windows of the house in the middle of winter. I must confess at this point, I did exaggerate a little. But truthfully, what person in their right mind sweeps the leaves off their driveway every day?

So, with both the prepared and impromptu speeches out of the way, Alice's favourite part of the night arrived, supper. It's during this time that you try and convince yourself that it's okay if you don't win, it's not the end of the world, there's always next year, you did well to get this far. With all of these thoughts running through your head it's little wonder that when people come up to you and say you did well that you timidly say "thanks" and hope they go away. But it's then that they ask the horrible question. If I had a dollar for every time someone, especially from my family, came up to me and asked "And how do you think you went?" I'd be a millionaire!

As anticipated, Alice enjoyed the Tim-Tams and pumpkin scones and was full when the adjudicators finally emerged from the back room to hand out the prizes and give their speech. It seems to be the same, no matter what the level of the competition or who's running it. "It was such a hard decision to make. It's great to see such a high standard of presentations. You, as participants must be congratulated for having the courage to stand up here in front of these strangers and perform in the way you did. Unfortunately there can only be one winner, but we hope to see you all back here next year to give it another go. Now over to..." It's then that the M.C. of the night has the chance to hold the whole audience in suspense. And they love having such power!

It is at this point I tend to feel sleepy and try to console myself that next year would come around quicker than you could say "... the winner of the Maroondah Chapter Final of the Australian Jaycees Youth Speaks for Australia Competition is... Katrina Fallon from Parkwood Secondary College". I couldn't believe it. I'd won. My initial thoughts were great, but by the time the book voucher was in my hand, my mind was racing overtime. I'd have to go through this whole torture session again in about a month when I headed to the regional final. Great. Melbourne Town Hall here we come, and caterers, here comes Alice!

Katrina Fallon, Year 11



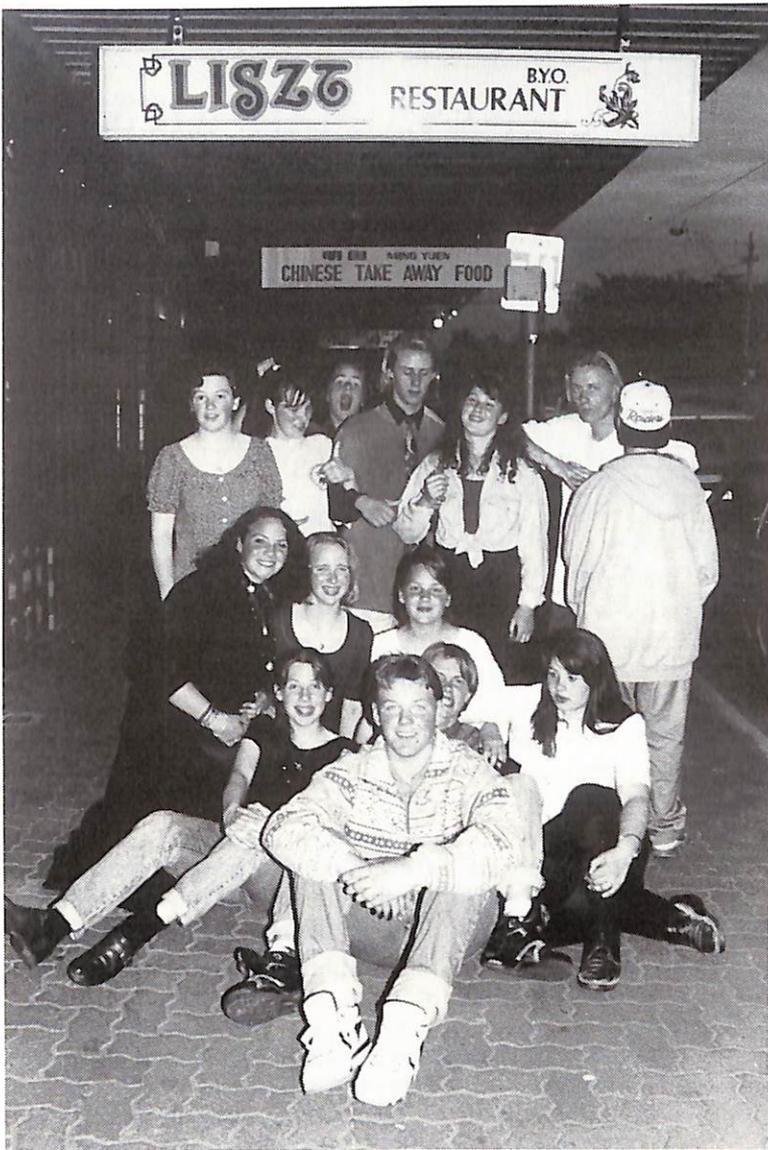
Behind every dedicated student.....

**DEUTSCH
macht Spass!**

.....is a dedicated parent.

Thanks go to all parents who participated...

...in German outings in 1992.



GERMAN NEWS

Once again the German students of Parkwood went to the Cuckoo Restaurant in Olinda – 25 students from Years 9 to 11 plus three brave teachers – Herr Zygmunt, Herr Bischof and Mrs. Thomson.

We all had a great time, eating plenty of food, not all of which we were familiar with. Pumpernickel bread, chicken schnitzel and dumplings were all tasted, but I think the main attraction, food wise, was black forest cake.

At the conclusion of our feast we began dancing and singing. Everyone joined in as we danced the Congo around the restaurant. Then we tried in vain to burn off all the calories we put on from eating steadily for about two hours, by dancing the Chicken Dance and doing the Limbo.

An elderly German guest asked Sally Parker, a Year 9 student to dance, and she obliged.

I think the people at the restaurant were glad when we left (I think it must have been our singing) but all the guests had a good time, and that is all that really counted in the end.

Thank you to Herr Bischof and Herr Zygmunt for organising the outing and for coming along to courageously attempt to take charge of us.

Anita Lemke

CAREERS NEWS 1992

Jill has arrived at last! "Jill" stands for Jobs Illustrated and has joined JAC, Job and Course Explorer, in the Careers Room. Jill provides a visual commentary on Jobs in the Manufacturing Industry and reads off a CD ROM, in much the same way as a music CD operates at home, except it supplies graphics to accompany the sound.

Jill supplies visual information on every facet of the manufacturing industry in Australia, including an introductory comment on why Australia needs to work towards improving its technology and competing with overseas markets in trade and manufacturing.

Jill covers areas such as Metals and Engineering, Food and Beverage Production, Clay, Stone and Glass Products. Electronics and Communications, Furniture and Wood products, Paper products and printing, Petroleum and Chemical products, Plastics, Textiles, Clothing and Footwear and finally Training and Career Prospects.

Jill is a great asset to our Careers library for all students especially the junior students, who sometimes find the written information a little overwhelming, for reading disabled students and for students who have never been inside a manufacturing premise – after all there are not a lot of factories in this area. The other advantage Jill has to offer is that it graphically illustrates the new technology, both computerisation and electronics used in all of these process industries.

It has been exciting to watch students' reaction to Jill. They often startle as the voice activates to explain what they are seeing on the screen, and their enthusiasm, interest and questions has made this purchase a very worthwhile investment on the part of the school.

Next year a new CD supplying information on Careers in the Finance industry will be available for students to use under the Jill system, and I have it on good authority that the commerce faculty and students are eagerly looking forward to its arrival.

Lyn McDonald



SPAZIER GANG

Das Land war rot und nackt,
Nur ein Baum in sicht
Ein Kamel wan derte vorbei
Ich setzte meinen Spazier gang fort . . . stille.

Plötzlich fing es an zu regnen,
Die sonne ver schwand
Als die Tropfen härter fallen,
Fing ich an zu Laufen
Pfüßen beganneu sich zubilden
Schließlic h erreichte ich eine Höhle
Und in ihrer Obhut fiel ich in den schlaf.

Alice Langley-Jones, Year 11A



BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

Year 10 Business Management was run for the first time at Parkwood Secondary College this year. The subject provides an introduction to Year 11 and 12 Business Management. The Australian Made and Owned Project gave the students experience and practical skills. The aims of our project were:

1. To promote awareness of Australian Made and Owned Products.
2. To give people knowledge which will enable them to distinguish these products from other products.
3. Help encourage employment and get Australia out of the recession.
4. To encourage student participation in school activities.
5. As a class we sought to gain skills and knowledge, e.g.
 - (a) Organisational skills
 - (b) Communication skills
 - (c) Co-operative learning skills, e.g. group and team work
 - (d) Community and business involvement
 - (e) Planning skills

Competitions

Poster Competition, Mystery Music Competition, The Great Thong-throwing Competition, "You Must have been a Beautiful Baby" Photo Competition, Slam Dunk Competition, Lucky Sticker Competition, Tuckerbag Hamper Quiz and Staff Car Sticker Competition.

COMMENTS BY YEAR 10 BUSINESS MANAGEMENT STUDENTS

I think we successfully promoted awareness of Australian Made and Owned Products, also we made people aware that buying these products puts money back into this country and helps to overcome unemployment.

Jason Setches, Year 10D

I feel our competition was a success and our main strong points were advertising and organisation. We learned how to work in a group and we didn't have disagreements. If we did have a different idea we just sorted it out by changing little things to suit everyone in the group.

Erika

We encouraged student participation in school activities and business involvement. We also learnt to work as a group. I think a lot of our aims were achieved quite well, especially the communication and planning skills.

Olivia Fisher, Year 10D



Sponsors

Rebel Sports, Ringwood
 Tuckerbag, North Ringwood
 North Ringwood Newsagency
 Croydon Twin Cinemas
 Brashs Eastland
 E. J.'s Deli, McAdam Square
 Papermate Pens, Australia
 Advance Australia Foundation



Our group decided we would run a thong-throwing competition. Some skill was necessary to throw the thong a decent distance. In the end, we got the largest response from Year 7. In fact, Lucas Hart in Year 7 won the competition which proved that size and age was not a factor. I believe it was a pretty good first attempt at organising a competition of this nature.

Shane Roberts, Year 10B

Most aims were achieved reasonably well. We realised how much organisation it takes to run a competition. I learnt the importance of communication skills and I became less nervous. We planned and organised everything. I thought it was great.

Michelle Gaspero, Year 10A



LIBRARY

1992 has been a busy and successful year. Our collection is expanding to meet the ever changing needs of the curriculum, both in the print and audiovisual media, and 1993 will see a further extension with CD ROM access for senior students.

The library has been used extensively for research by all levels throughout the school, with two or three classes in at once becoming the norm rather than the exception. The new photocopier is a vast improvement, testified by its extensive use, especially at CAT times. The Videotel unit has proved an invaluable asset to allow small groups and individuals access to videos to complement their studies.

A range of competitions and displays has been held, including Book Week when all fiction borrowers received a ticket in a competition to win a copy of the Book of the Year, as well as daily competitions throughout the week. YABBA voting by the juniors was enthusiastic, with Paul Jennings winning two of the categories yet again!

The library retains its pleasant, welcoming atmosphere and opening for all of lunchtime has increased student access and usage.

Librarian - Q. Ramm



MUSIC

This year in music we have had a variety of events take place.

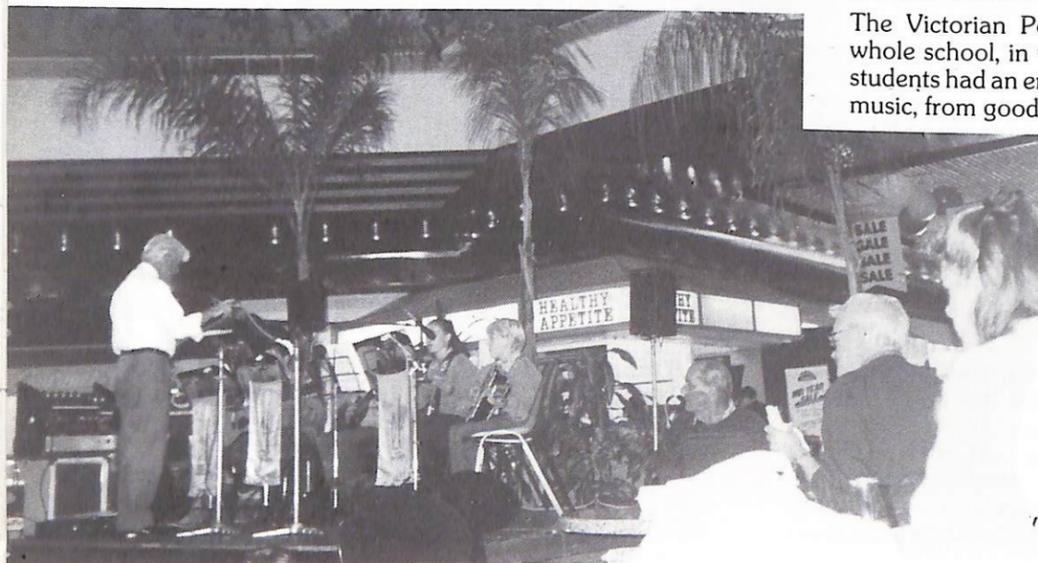
Sixties Mania Excursion

All Year 8 students went on this excursion as part of their course of study. An enjoyable hour was spent in the Melbourne Concert Hall watching performers from the 60's. The Beach Boys, The Rolling Stones, The Easybeats, The Beatles all performed live for us. Of course, it wasn't the real thing, but just as good. The afternoon was then spent in the Botanic Gardens, feeding lunches to the swans and strolling through the gardens.



Police Showband Visit

The Victorian Police Showband performed for the whole school, in two separate concerts this year. The students had an enjoyable time, dancing and listening to music, from good old rock 'n roll, to more current hits.



Ringwood Heights Primary School Visit

Year 7 students and instrumental music students were invited to listen to the Ringwood Heights Band made up of primary school children. This group of highly talented children provided a very enjoyable afternoon's entertainment in the gym. Parkwood students were amazed at the talent of such small children.

At the start of this year we were fortunate enough to gain a new music instrumental teacher, Mr. B. Kemp. Since then our instrumental program has grown and we now have guitar groups and brass groups. This year, for the first time, we introduced an internal music examination for the woodwind students. We hope to continue this next year and include other instruments as well. Overall a very busy but worthwhile year.

E. Osbourne

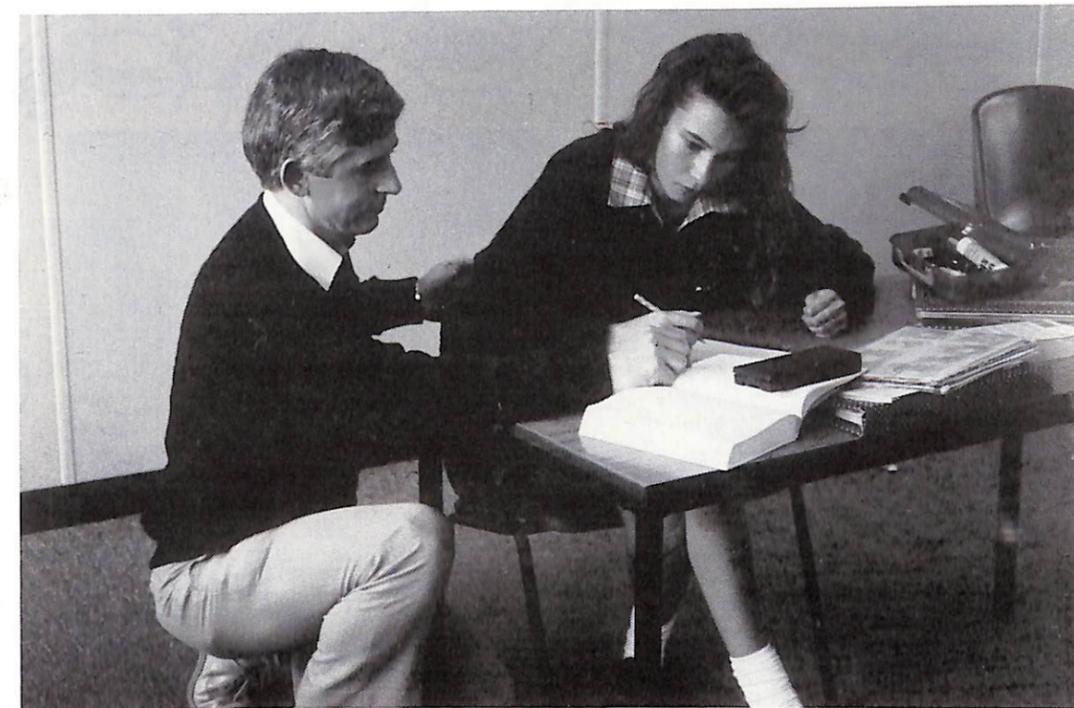


Box Hill Central Performance – June

Mr. Kemp, Miss O'Connell and myself took a group of instrumental students (brass and guitar) to play for shoppers in the Box Hill Central Shopping Centre during June this year. The students played a variety of music and gained a lot from the experience. All comments from passing shoppers were very encouraging.

Open Night Performance

Instrumental students performed at Open Night for prospective Year 7's and their families. We heard guitar groups, a brass group, and individual woodwind solos (flute, clarinet, saxophone).



MATHEMATICS EXTENSION PROGRAM

This year students have had the opportunity to participate in a variety of mathematics competitions. These included the Maths Challenge for Young Australians, the Melbourne University, Westpac and Promaths Competitions.

In addition, approximately 100 students from Years 7 to 10 have been involved in a weekly extension program. The aim of this program is to challenge the more capable students and to expose them to a range of mathematics not normally covered in the mathematics curriculum.

Topics covered this year at the various levels include:

- Year 7 – logic problems, maths competition preparation, problem-solving and real-life applications of probability to "Calculator cricket and gold".
- Year 8 – investigations involving number patterns, problem-solving, maths competition preparation, divisibility tests, puzzles and games.
- Year 9 – problem solving, logic exercises, computer graphing, advanced algebra, advanced trigonometry, maths competition preparation
- Year 10 – advanced algebra, indices and graphing, strategy – games analysis, geometric proofs and theories, logarithms and maths competition preparation.

This program is in its early stages of development and will undergo further improvement during 1993.

MATHS CROSS-AGE TUTORING PROGRAM

This program has been in operation for a number of years and continues to be well supported by our capable Maths students from Years 10, 11 and 12 who volunteer to act as tutors.

During Terms 1, 2 and 3, the program focused on providing assistance to students in Years 7-9, while during Term 4 the program was directed at Year 10 students seeking extra assistance in preparation for their end of year exams. Maths cross-age tutoring is designed to supplement the revision and extra assistance given by class teachers.

The following students have acted as tutors during 1992:

K. Mason, K. Peters, A. Cowan-Hackett, G. Ireland, Jamie Galatas, W. Hannahan, J. Jones, N. Kremke, E. Torreson, Jenny Galatas, M. Denman, J. Goodrem, O. Fisher, T. Hurley, S. Lea, R. Gibson, F. Muller.

The efforts of these students have been very much appreciated by the students who received their assistance and by the Mathematics Faculty.



PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE

Debutante Ball 1992

**DEBUTANTES PRESENTED TO:
MISS S. O'CONNELL & MR M. BANGAY**

TENNILLE MERRIGAN

AINSLEY MOORE

LISA BOTTRELL

ALICE LANGLEY-JONES

SHARON RYAN

JOANNE ROSEWARNE

CAROLINE WILLIAMS

JULIE PARKINSON

KYLIE MacKENZIE

KATHRYN TAYLOR

SHONA MacQUARIE

MANDY HARVEY

ANITA BURGE

MELISSA WHITELEGG

DEANNE GREENWOOD

NAOMI COWLING

JODY RAUNJAK

TRACEY KNIGHT

NATASHA SHOPPEE

REBECCA KAS

MELISSA SELMAN

KATE PARKER

DANIELLE RICHARDS

SARAH KAS

KATRINA FALLON

JOEL ROBOTHAM

ADAM McKENZIE

DAMIEN KOENITZ

MATTHEW ANTHONY

DAVID BURGESS

PHILLIP MORRISSEY

MICHAEL HALEY

SCOTT STAFFORD

JOE FREITAS

ROBERT GOLDSMITH

RYAN CARNE

CLINTON SCHUENKO

ADAM LLOYD

DEMETRI RIGOGIANNIS

WAYNE HANRAHAN

STEVE DOYLE

ANDREW VAN PROOYEN

SIMON CHRISTIAN

SIMON TAYLOR

BRETT TAMBLYN

BRAD WHATMAN

ANTHONY PEZZIMENTI

DARYN MAGGS

CRAIG ANDERSON

TONY BURKE

SPORTS REPORT 1992

During 1992, Parkwood was well represented by its students in swimming, athletics and various winter and summer Round Robins.

The school swimming sports were held on Wednesday, 4th March at the Lilydale Pool.

The results were:

Atwell 694 points
Gardiner 591 points
Wiggin 539 points
Stirling 518 points

Atwell has been the Champion House in swimming every year (except 1989) since 1985. So come on Gardiner, Wiggin and Stirling competitors! Let's knock Atwell off its pedestal in 1993!

The following students were awarded swimming medallions for their efforts at House Sports:

U13 Kirsty Dench, Mark Phillips
U14 Skye Berry, Craig Rowell/David Gow
U15 Kirsty Sands, David Foote
U16 Rebecca Withers, Travis Murphy
U17 Kathy Taylor, Scott Abercrombie
Open Jayne Spencer, Adam McKenzie

Congratulations to all these students and, in particular, Jayne Spencer who broke records in the open girls' freestyle, breaststroke and backstroke. Well done Jayne.

Jayne Spencer, Kirsty Dench, Hayley Fitzpatrick, Janine Boschen and Emma Morrison went on to represent the Maroondah Group at the Eastern Zone finals.

Parkwood's Athletics Sports were held on Tuesday, 19th May at Doncaster. The day, which unfortunately was cold and wet (as many a shivering competitor, spectator and staff member can testify) nevertheless, produced some excellent performances.

Final placings for 1992 in Athletics were:

Wiggin 333 points
Stirling 325 points
Atwell 295 points
Gardiner 263 points

Congratulations to Wiggin!

Athletics medallions were awarded to:

U13 Lisa Richardson, Mark Phillips
U14 Danielle Gilmore/Renee Grant,
Jason Cowburn
U15 Simone Kuppler, Richard Unwin
U16 Kim Clark, Brett Ray
U17 Kylie Hadley, Brad Mclean
Open Ainsley Moor, Julian Kuppler

The Maroondah Group Athletics carnival was held at East Burwood on Thursday, 3rd September, and the following students finished first in their particular event:

Simon Frank - U13 Javelin
Renee Grant - U14 Long Jump and Triple Jump
Teneille Merrigan, Ainsley Moore, Kim Clark,
Kylie Hadley - Open Relay
Kylie Hadley - U17 Javelin
Brent Zerafa - U14 Discus
Melissa Gilmore - U15 Javelin
Lisa Richardson - U13 100m
Richard Unwin - U14 Hurdles
Simone Kuppler - U15 1500m walk and 1500m
Teneille Merrigan - U17 100m

These students represented our group at the zone finals. Renee Grant and Simone Kuppler went on to the State Finals which were held at Olympic Park on Monday, 26th October. Well done girls!

Four Parkwood students performed well at the zone cross-country run at Westerfolds Park on Thursday, 14th May.

Mark Phillips - 6th Junior Boys
Simone Kuppler - 1st Junior Girls
Travis Murphy - 4th Intermediate Boys
Julian Kuppler - 7th Senior Boys

Congratulations to all the students who competed in sporting events this year. I sincerely hope your enthusiasm and endeavours continue in 1993. May I also take the opportunity of thanking House Captains and Vice Captains for their efforts throughout the year. These students were elected by their peers and represented their house in 1992:

Atwell - Naomi Smith, Carlee Robertson, Michael Watson, Alan Ballard, Leanne Gilbert, Natalie Sanderson, Scott Richardson, Daryl Van Krieken.

Gardiner - Suzi Edwards, Simone Kuppler, Luke Gerard, Anuk Mascarenhas, Danielle White, Melinda Otten, Gordon Allan, Steven Ray.

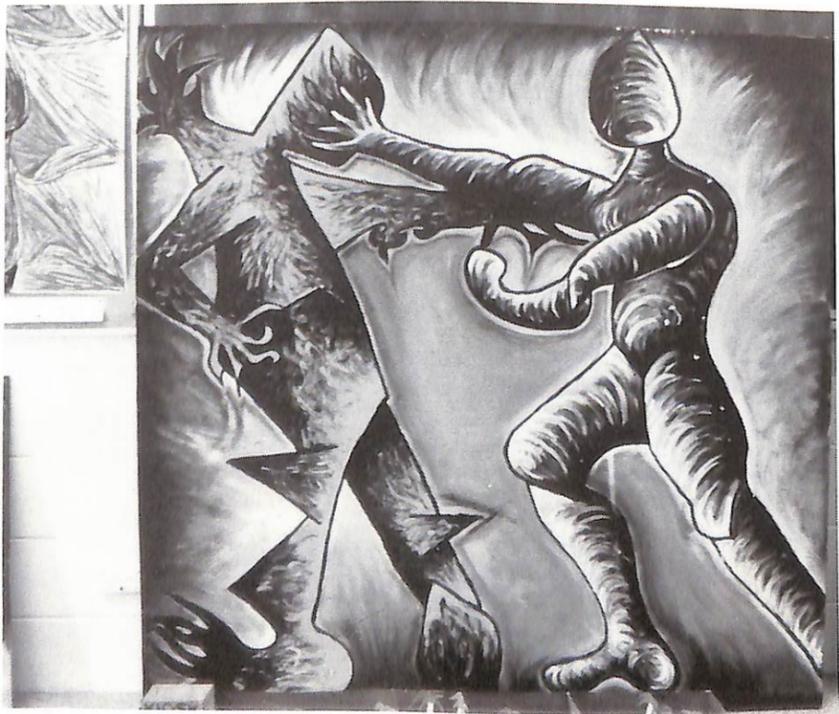
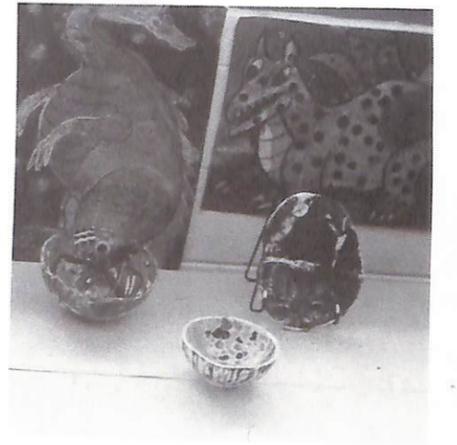
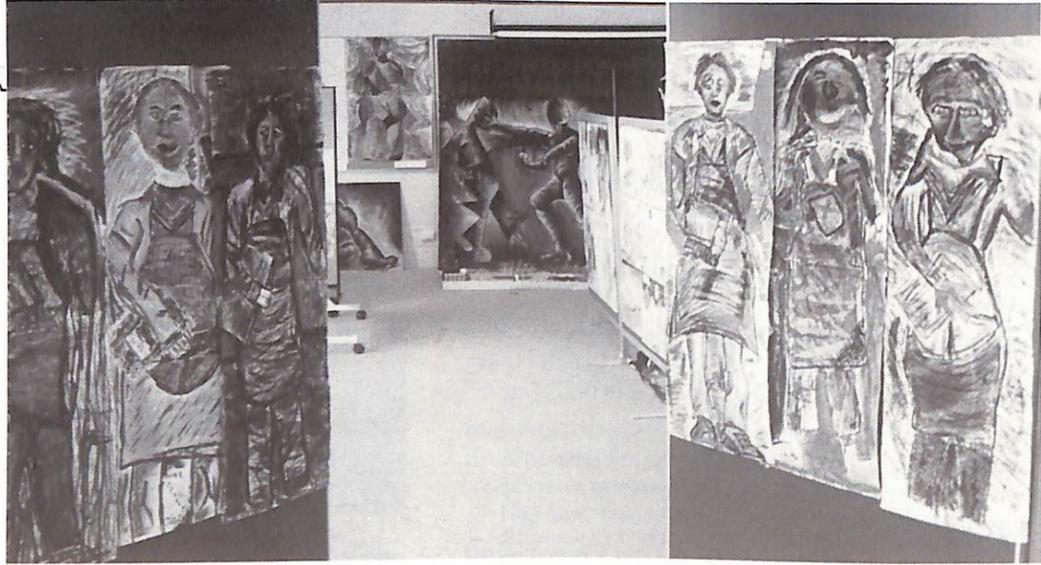
Stirling - Amanda Tucker, Sarah Langenhorst, David Fotte, Jason Bell, Mardy Smee, Caroline Wheeler, Phil Crockett, Ben Selby.

Wiggin - Michelle Parkinson, Britt Ricardo, Ben Shopee, Troy Standish, Chantal Forsaith-Hams, Brooke Alexander, Michael Allen, Travis Murphy.

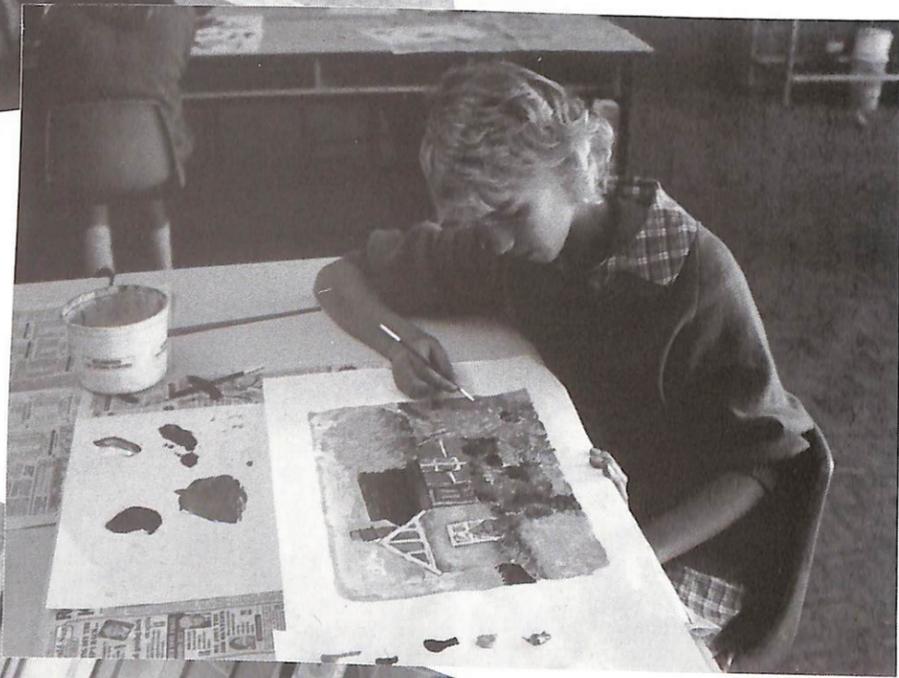
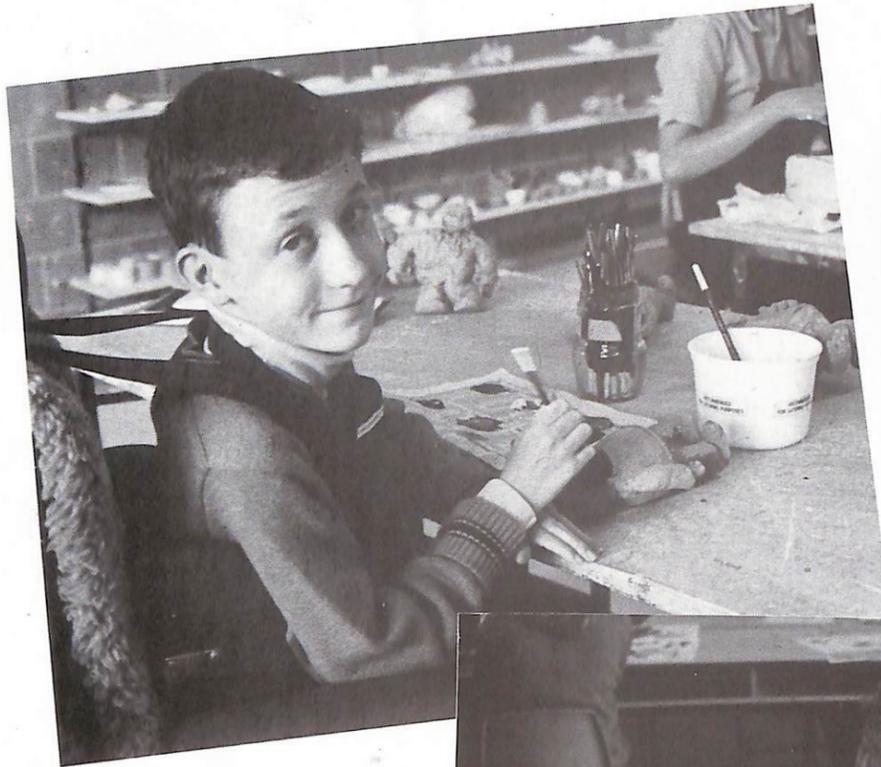
Many thanks also go to the staff who so willingly and enthusiastically offered help at the sports and in coaching teams. Without your assistance, a sport program could not go ahead. thanks one and all.

John Moxey, Sports Co-ordinator





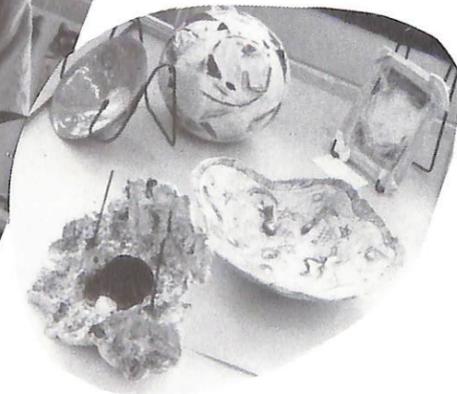
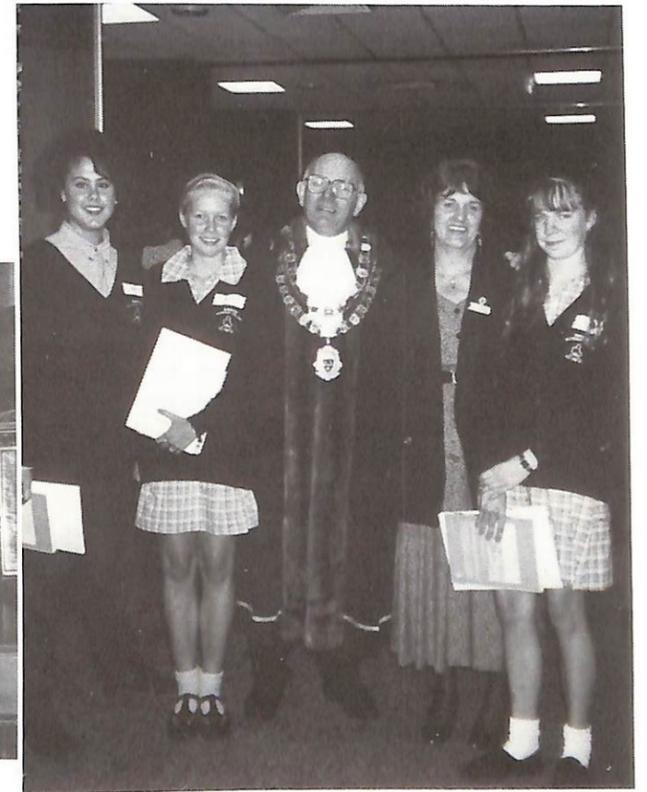




DANCE

With thanks to Ms Kempton, Years 7 and 8 had the opportunity to participate in Dance classes. We all got together on Fridays at lunchtime. We practised many dance steps and Ms Kempton choreographed a short dance. We performed this and our usual warm up at the Year 7 Open Night. It was a lot of fun.

Sian Jamison, Year 8C



SINGAPORE-MALAYSIA EXCURSION

(20th September to 1st October 1992)

Participants:

Teachers – John Chai
John Moxey
Students – Steve Britton
Wayne Hanrahan
Gary Ireland
Andrew Mansell
Margaret Mitchell
Brad Whatman

Day 1

Excitement! Thrill! Butterflies! Could that 747-300 stay in the air long enough to deliver us to Singapore's Changi Airport?

Singapore Airlines Flight No. 228 left Tullamarine at 3.30 p.m. A few hours in flight our hillbilly mob asked to visit the cockpit. With an exotic smile our Singapore Girl obliged. Our young hillbillies took turns in observing the captain and navigator. Then came big John "Ming" Moxey. In his excitement he trod on the teeny weeny toes of our Singapore Girl. A squeal rang out. The lovely exotic smile faded into the Indian Sunset. Threats were issued. Would Ming be jettisoned? A sigh of relief. The threats were withdrawn!

Arrived in Singapore at 8.30 p.m. Temperature: 28°C. Humidity: 100%. Asian toilets! "I want to go home!" demanded Margaret and Andy. Poor kids!

Day 2

9.30 a.m. start. The Mass Rapid Transport (MRT) and buses – computerised public transport! Speed and efficiency! Arrived at North Bridge Road to meet the Irelands. Students went crazy. Computers! Walkmans! Cameras! Clothes! Foods! Smells! McDonalds! Pizza Huts! Burger Kings! What native foods? Visited Concorde Hotel to have 360 degree views of Singapore City. What a view! Steve spent half of his budget today. Chinatown! Pocket TV's! Reeboks! Nikes! Converses! Hamburgers!

Day 3

Caught bus to Woodlands, walked across causeway into Malaysia. Seven of us got through. Immigration checkpoint at Johor Bahru (J.B.) Steve was taken to Immigration. Detention for interrogation by seven Immigration Officers. We feared for him. Poor Steve! What to do? Watch him hang! Five minutes! Ten minutes! Fifteen minutes! Relief! He was released! Steve's passport had only 30 days to run!

Day 4

More shopping at Singapore Trade Centre. Where did you get all that money from Brad? We were envious of Brad's countless books of travellers' cheques.

Day 5

Singapore Science Centre/Omnimax Theatre. Wayne in his helicopter flight over plunging cliffs almost plunged off his theatre seat. Our first massive tropical thunderstorm with incredible display of lightning over the roof of the Science Centre.

Evening at IMM Shopping Centre. Ming had his first native meal, mee goreng. The students had American native meal – hamburger and chips and coke.

Day 6

Back with J.B. on the way to historic Malacca. What an express coach – the Delima Ekspres! It changed along the "highway" and many oncoming vehicles had to stop to let our Ekspres through! Andy was a ghost by the time we arrived at Ayre Hitam.

Arrived in Malacca at 2 p.m. – haggled with three taxi drivers.

Wayne, Andy and Steve had their first Shanghai egg noodles at Jasco Shopping Centre.

Day 7

More watches for Wayne, Steve, Brad and Ming. Walked across causeway to Singapore. Took Bus No. 178 to Kranji War Cemetery where 24,000 Allied troops are remembered.

A touching experience, particularly for Ming.

Day 8

Sunday – Dragon Park. Not a good day to be here. 42°C with 100% humidity. Rapids, rides, South Sea Theatre, Golden Lion, Spirits of the Orient, etc.

Day 9

Free day. Four students went shopping at Lucky Plaza (600 shops) in Orchard Road for the day. Ming wanted a Singapore flag. We found it at Outram Park! Ming also saw a yellow "tea towel" with Chinese characters on it. He picked it up, to the puzzlement of the Chinese shopkeeper. The "tea towel" was a funeral shroud. Cultural shock!

Back at Orchard Road Andy paid \$525 for a souvenir china vase. He walked out of the plaza shop, bumped into someone and smashed it. Sorry Andy, no replacement. Vainly he tried to stick the broken white pieces together with brown rubberised cement which he paid \$5.00 for.

Day 10

Highlight of the trip. Our delegation paid an official visit to Pasir Ri's Secondary School at Tampines. We participated in the Graduation Ceremony. We were given a standing ovation by the school. Then came the sumptuous lunch for all. Finally a Singapore Education Ministry briefing, followed by a most interesting conducted tour. What a place. Latest computers, air-conditioned and soundproofed music room and a large air-conditioned theatre for films and videos. Incredible textile/ceramic studio which accommodates up to 80 students. Huge canteen with tables and seats for students. And a cosy, air-conditioned teachers' retreat in which no school work is allowed.

Our students made many friends here. All refused to leave. Ming left with the phys. ed. teacher to visit Changi Prison. the other Parkwood teacher left to

complete his shopping at IMM. The six hillbillies with their Singapore friends went off to have tea – at McDonalds.

Day 11

At 6 p.m. we caught two taxis for Changi Airport. Many Pasir Ri students met us to farewell us off. Many rolls of film later, we departed Singapore (10.45 p.m.) by S.I.A. flight No. 227 for Adelaide.

Day 12

Hello Melbourne. It was 9.05 a.m. Now the loot: Seven Walkmans, two electronic organisers, 20 video movies, 19 Nintendo games (oh, Gary), eleven pairs of runners, Andy's broken vase, six watches, hundreds of dollars worth of perfumes, etc. and loads of memories.

One teacher left with 5 kg of luggage and came back with over 30 kg. Guess who?

Our delegation wishes to thank the Lions Clubs of Nunawading, Park Orchards and Wantirna for helping to make this experience possible.

WILSON'S PROMONTORY

On March 26, the Year 10 Outdoor Education students travelled to Wilson's Promontory for a three day base camp with Mrs. Fell, Mr. Luke and Mr. O'Connor.

After setting up camp a Tidal River we walked alongside the river to the main beach. It was a very warm night and there were lots of fish jumping out of the water in the river and thousands of crabs feeding on the sand at low tide.

The next morning we fed lots of crimson rosellas at breakfast time and prepared ourselves for our day's walk to Sealer's Cove. There was a light drizzle and many leeches crawled towards us when we stopped. It was time to go!

We arrived at Sealer's Cove for lunch. The rain had stopped and we observed the koalas in the trees overhead. Our return trip was a long and tiring walk back to base camp. That night we travelled to Lilly Pilly Gully for a night walk. We spotted a ring tail possum, a scorpion and many bats flying straight at us while we stood in their flight paths. Back at Camp we spotted a fox and some wombats frowsing. We all slept well that night.

On Saturday, after breakfast, we quickly packed our tents and set off for a half day walk to Pillow Point and Squeaky Beach. The wind was very strong as we watched the waves crash into the rocks. The sand did not squeak at the beach but there were many cuttlefish on the sand which I collected.

We returned to Tidal River by lunch time for some warm food as it started to rain. It was now time to leave the Promontory. On the way out of the Prom we stopped to observe the emus and kangaroos. The rest of the journey home was spent singing songs in the minibus.

Everyone had a very enjoyable time on the Year 10 Base Camp.



CENTRAL AUSTRALIA TOUR 1992

Upon being told that someone has to keep a diary so they could write about our tour to Central Australia for the school magazine, a big groan came out of everyone's mouth, including my own. But after a few days, I was approached and decided why not? After all, the camp was going to be great fun and writing a report wasn't that hard a task.

The tour was great. Those who climbed the rock were thrilled, those who took the plane or helicopter rides found themselves exhilarated and most of the scenery wasn't too bad, even if it was always the same!

We started off by arriving and departing Parkwood Secondary College at 6.30 a.m. in the five star bus (coach will cost you 20 cents) heading towards Renmark, our stop for the night. Then, day two followed the same format, up as 5 a.m., on the bus by 7 and there till 5 that night. By the end of camp, everyone had become a professional at putting up and taking down the tents in complete darkness with the famous call of "Where's the torch gone?" forever ringing in the minus 2 degree temperatures. Day three was the same as day two, and day four was the same as day three, only this time we went from South Australia to the Northern Territory. By this stage of the trip, we'd come to realise that Geoff, our bus driver, was a Meatloaf fan, Julie our cook could really cook, Melissa could spit the dummy really well, Ainsley and Scott really did like each other and that if Mark Jones lived another day longer, we were all going to kill him!

By the fourth day of the tour, we'd also climbed Wilpena Pound, slept in an underground bunk-house in Coober Pedy, gone through an opal mine, and finally arrived at Ayers Rock. Not before time!! Everyone was sick of playing 21, cheat and watching Mel and Brett disappear behind their seat. Here I might add, arriving in Yulara was like arriving back into mini civilisation! No there wasn't a McDonalds, but there were hot showers. We set up camp and went to watch the sun set over the rock. "Watch for the colour change", and we were told, "You probably won't see much", and guess what, we didn't! The sun went down, and that was about it. But it did give Scott the chance to meet Daryl from Myrtleford, who was forever to haunt us for the rest of the tour.

Day five took an unusually new format; we were able to sleep in till 8 o'clock. That was, of course, if you weren't going on the plane flight over Ayers Rock and the Olgas. There were 17 of us brave souls who survived this adventure, even if the plane didn't really want to start. It was breathtaking to see these two rock formations from the air and most of us have many a photo to prove it!

Day five also found most of the group walking through the Valley of the Winds, part of the Olgas. Dusk saw us at Sunset Strip taking photos of Kata Tjuta (the Aboriginal name for the Olgas, meaning "Many Heads") again hoping, without success, to see the colour changes. By this stage, we'd all come to the conclusion that buying postcards was the only way to guarantee seeing the many changes of the rocks. It was the fifth night that also brought us in contact with our first dingos, and I'm not talking about Kathy and Shane.

Day six saw most of us rise 348 metres above sea level and reach the top of the mighty rock. Uluru, the

Aboriginal name meaning "Giant Pebble", was very windy on top and was populated with Japanese and German tourists. With many attempting the climb, and about 20 or so reaching the top, the bus became a buzz of achievement. We then ventured around the rock and then on to Kings Creek for the night.

It was here we attempted to have damper for our supper, but Julie's first, and only, cooking flop took place. We also amused ourselves by playing the old smartie and fork race, not unlike the egg and spoon race, only we had to play it in the dark.

Day seven saw us hike Kings Canyon, which was beautiful. It also saw Annika, Mrs. Petty (or is that Miss Kalbacka?), Ms Walton, Amanda, Al, Naomi, Sophie, Mark and Glenn venture into the freezing waters of the Canyon. They all lived to tell the tale, through blue lips! After their dip and our laugh at their faces as they hit the water, we jumped happily aboard the bus and headed towards Alice Springs, stopping on the way to mount the camels, have a race, dismount and head off again. That was an experience. We're not sure who was scared more, Amanda or the camel, of Amanda's scream!

Arriving in Alice meant we were nearing the end of our trip. No more dirt roads, no more packing up the tent in pitch darkness and no more seat rotations on the bus. Obviously the excitement got to Kathy as the noisy American (tourist!!) broke her finger hammering in her tent pegs. Only a Yank could have done that! However, Shane did give Kathy a run for her money. He became such an expert at tripping over himself that by the end of camp, he was doing it by request!

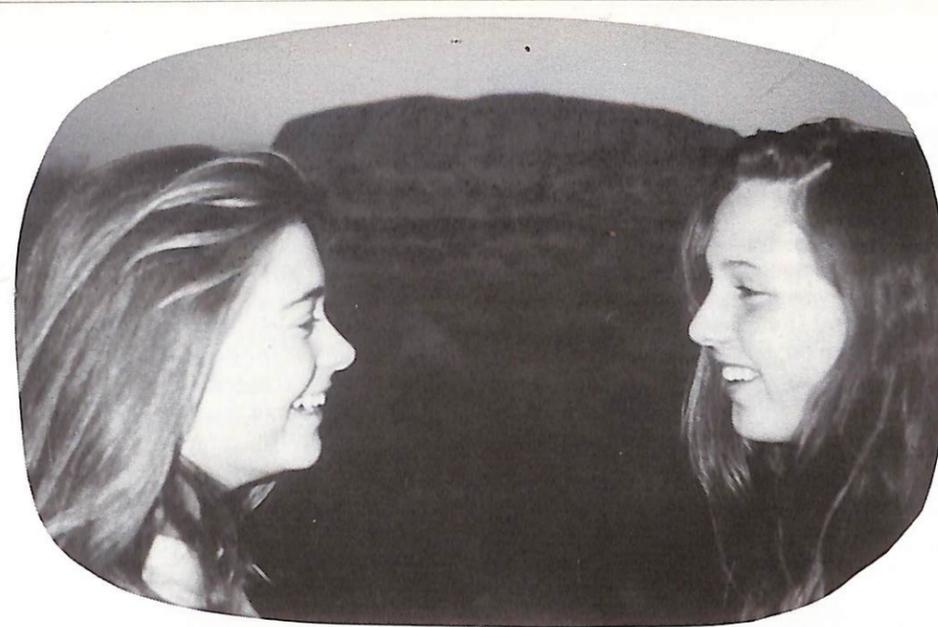
The next three days saw us visit Stanley Chasm, Simpsons Gap, heaps of water holes, right Brooke?!, Glen Helen Gorge, the Western MacDonnell Ranges, Anzac Hill, the old Telegraph Station, The School of the Air and the Royal Flying Doctors Service, where we left our donation of \$13.50. Collected purely from people who swore throughout camp.

And then we climaxed the camp by having a performance night on the last night. And what a performance. Singing sheep, singing chins and a pack of singing Fellas. Some hot female dances and a surgical operation behind closed curtains. A movie production that was gonged before it got started and a ping pong ball game that seemed to have a few guys wishing they'd never volunteered! All in all a fun night by the fire.

Our final day saw mixed feelings. Sadness because it was all over, but happiness because we were all heading home. Two meals on the flight home, which we nearly missed, hey Sharon and Matthew Gilmore. And then the final ride home from the airport. I'm sure that poor driver, unfortunately not our pal Geoff, was glad to see us go. We all finished the camp on a high note, some higher than others, with the singing of Meatloaf's "Now don't be sad, 'cause two out of three ain't bad!" Is that right Scotty?

Well, now that camp is over, and we're all home again a special thanks must go to the four brave adults who accompanied us through the Red Centre. Surely we weren't that bad! And to all those who went on the tour, on ya. We all had a great time and will remember to never go away with Mark Jones again!

Katrina Fallon



On Sunday 30th August, twenty-four students, accompanied by Mr. O'Connor, Mrs. Fell and Mr. Gorman left Parkwood at 8.00 a.m. for the snow fields of Mt. Hotham.

Our first stop was Bonnie Doon for a warm drink and lunch was at Bright. The staff sent us all in the wrong direction at Bright so they could get to the home made pastry shop first. It worked!

We began the arduous ascent to Mt. Hotham from Harrietville. There were mountains of snow before we got to the pay station and the coach had to fit chains. Our coach became bogged on the way up the alpine road as we stopped behind a grader. It was snowing very heavily and was very hard to see. At one stage we all moved to the left hand side of the coach to look down the valley below us but Mr. O'Connor told us to remain in our seats in case we tipped the coach over!

Finally we arrived at Hotham Heights and stayed in Jalanga Lodge. It had five bunkrooms, a billiard room and a lounge/dining and kitchen area. Paul was our lodge manager for the week.

As we were unloading the coach, I had my first snow fight. It quickly stopped when Mr. Gorman appeared and my fingers were about to drop off with frostbite.

That afternoon we collected our skis, boots and poles from the Big D ski centre. The boots were very heavy and hard to walk in. At night we had Lasagna and cheesecake. I was rostered on that night and for lunch

and breakfast on another day. There was lots of food throughout the week for every meal. Well, I thought there was, until Friday when we were snowed in! The teachers always helped with the cooking and cleaning with each meal, as well as Paul.

On Monday I had my first ski lesson. I was glad it was foggy as I did not want to ski the very steep beginners slope. Somehow, with the assistance of my Austrian ski instructor and his accent, I managed to ski, slip, fall and crawl down the slope. That afternoon, with my confidence sky high, I was racing the Big D ski run with the staff until I did my first face plant! It was time I learnt to do some turns and stop!

That night we were all very tired, developing Austrian accents and telling everyone about our exploits on the slopes.

On Tuesday, we again started on the Big D ski run. Lots of snow had fallen that night and it was very hard to ski. Later that day, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Gorman took us on some longer runs and we saw a lot more of the mountain. Everyone was skiing a lot faster and racing down Slalom Gully.

By Wednesday, we had still not seen the sun and it was snowing heavily. My ambition was to ski a hard black run by the end of the week as was everyone else. Some students were already exploring the black runs with the staff as they had skied before.



ALPINE SKI CAMP

At night, we watched videos and played a trivia game run by Mr. Gorman. It was Mrs. Fell's birthday as well and we all sang happy birthday for her. Mrs. Fell said she was 22!

On Thursday, our instructor took us down a black run. The snow was fresh and deep and I kept losing my skis. This was hard work! I was glad to reach the chair lift for a well earned rest and some light entertainment watching a male staff member flying through the air without any skis on... Mr. O'Connor. We persevered on this run, and I finally made it to the bottom of the run without falling over. That night we had a roast dinner and built a large snowman outside the lodge.

Our last day of skiing and still more snow! Everybody was on the harder black or blue runs. I managed to fall over on Slalom Gully the easiest slope, with everybody watching. At lunchtime we were told that we were snowed in and the coach could not get up the mountain. Everybody was ready to go skiing again but we had already returned our ski equipment. At 3.00 p.m., our coach finally arrived and sadly we left the ski slopes and returned to Parkwood at 10.00 p.m.

It was a great week and I am looking forward to going skiing again. Thanks to Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Gorman and Mrs. Fell and Paul for a great week.

CAMP GUNDAWINDI

On 19th February, Years 7C/E left for Camp Gundawindi. The bus ride was uneventful, I suppose, but I don't know because Mr. Byrne organised a ride up for me (I get bus sick). I got there about five or ten minutes before the bus, so I had time to have a look around. When they finally arrived we put our bags on the balcony and were organised (as organised as we would ever be) for a game of volleyball. After the game of volleyball, that we lost, we were given our camp planners.

After we were given our planners, we played a game that involved finding our way around the camp in order to find letters printed on trees, poles, fences, etc. Doran and I were the first ones to find all the letters. Once this was completed we were gathered on the volleyball court and told to get into groups of four people. These would be our room mates for the duration of the camp. There was big drama over who was to sleep in which rooms. This was quickly solved by the teachers, naturally.

I was with Doran, Lachlan and Peter and our group was called the No Names; very original we thought. The cabins were small and cramped with cream coloured walls with squashed mosquitoes. These made a lovely pattern of red and black streaks. By the time we left, a few more straks had mysteriously appeared... how we do not know. The bunks were hard as a result of very thin mattresses. This made sleeping quite difficult, but after our daily activities, we really didn't care.

After we had organised our cabins, we explored the Recreation Room. This was a sight to behold. The Recreation Room had two tennis tables and the main entertainment, the POOL TABLE!! It was the start of most fights and you could find most people around the pool table watching a game of doubles. I had one game against Peter and I thrashed him (putting it mildly!). The table tennis tables weren't used often.

The camp itself was well equipped with a trampoline, swimming pool, volley ball court and some play equipment. The trampoline seemed to be the favourite as there always seemed to be a queue of at least ten or eleven people. The swimming pool was only used twice, because of the awful weather.

Daily activities were arranged by the teachers. There was a ropes course which consisted of climbing, swinging, balancing and lots of team work. This was difficult but also fun. A flying fox was located beyond the ropes course. Being a scout, this did not prove to be too difficult. The only fault was that it seemed slow compared to the scouts' flying foxes, but it was still fun. We also did some Pastoral Care activities but I found them a little boring.

The disappointing thing about the camp was the food and I was not the only one to complain. Before we left to go to the camp the Year 8 students warned us about it. Perhaps I am a little biased, as my mum is a great cook (I hope she reads this). Unfortunately I found out the hard way as I had a case of food poisoning on the weekend after we came home. I was not impressed.

The evening before we came back we had a concert. It was quite good but most acts were not very original. I was going to play Hot Cross Buns on a recorder through my nose, but decided against it. Probably not in good taste. We played a great game during the concert called Chubby Bubby. The aim is to fit as many marshmallows in your mouth as possible and still be able to say Chubby Bubby. Three kids were chosen and Amber won by a landslide, fitting 17 or 18 marshmallows in her mouth and then attempted to eat them and nearly choked!

Friday morning we were awoken by Mr Byrne squirting us with his Super Soaker 50. This, as you can imagine, went down really well (ha! ha!). We did however wake up very quickly. We got our revenge by finding the water pistol and drenched him. Good thing that he has a sense of humour.

After breakfast we had the War Game. We were split up into two groups, Red Team and Blue Team. The aim of the game was to capture the other team's detonator and get it to the U.N. line. If you were caught in enemy territory by the enemy, you would lose one of your six lives. The other way of winning was to kill as many of the enemy as possible. Blue Team won by killing many more than the Red Team, although the Red Team got our detonator three times but never made it to the U.N. line. I thought this game was gnarly and totally bodacious (this word will not be found in the Oxford English Dictionary).

Shortly after finishing War Games we set off to Silvan Dam. It was a long and tiring walk, but it was worth it as we had a barbecue lunch before we left to come back to school. Mum was very happy to see me, especially as I didn't have much laundry for her to wash. What a GRUB. Overall I had a great time, thanks to the teachers and staff involved.

Daniel Eaton, Year 7E



What were you doing at 4.00 a.m. on 15th July? Asleep I bet. Well we were all up and rearing to go... all hyped up with our parents by our side. Why? Because 40 of us were about to jump on a coach and head to Queensland, along with Mr. Luke, Mr. Moxey, Ms Kempton and Mr. O'Conner. There to greet us were our Coach Captain Colin and our cook Marlene.

We went to heaps of places, starting with the Dubbo Zoo (whoopee!). We relaxed on a cruise around the islands in the sunshine before arriving at Great Keppel where we sunbaked, jet skied and spent a heavy evening at the night club. Then it was off to Fraser Island for a four wheel drive before heading to the Gold Coast. It was an action packed time: Sea World, Movie World, McDonalds (finally), movies and a limousine ride. Unfortunately, then we had to fly from perfect, sunny Queensland to cloudy, dull Melbourne. Special thanks to the teachers for helping to make it a great trip.



QUEENSLAND

TOUR

TASMANIAN TOUR!

After interviewing both Michelle Ashworth and Natalie Frank, we came to the conclusion that they both thoroughly enjoyed themselves at camp.

The people in the tour left on 20th July, which was the first day back at school, and went to Station Pier and sailed on the Abel Tasman for 14 hours then landed at Devonport on Tuesday 21st July.

On the Abel Tasman, Natalie and Michelle both found out how different the teachers that they were on the tour with were. Natalie shared a cabin with Miss Tedesco and said that she let them stay up and talk and gave them food, drink and lollies. Natalie said the teachers were "really, really good, completely different and all nicer". Michelle said that "they were totally different people".

The boat was really big and included cabins for everyone to sleep in with separate rooms for showers, toilets, etc. Apart from those rooms, there were restaurants with really nice food which was not too expensive. It also had a creche room for the younger children, a lounge with a T.V. in it, a bar, a gift shop and video arcades.

From Devonport, the group went by bus to Queenstown where they went to a mining place, which had a creek called Coca-Cola Creek. They also went to an Aboriginal museum. After settling down into their hostels they had dinner, played some games and then hit the sack.

On Wednesday, a bus took them all to Bronty Park and stayed in flat-like houses, which had open fires, a kitchen, a laundry, a bathroom and had a jukebox and a pool table in another room. They also went to a Cadbury factory on Wednesday and a guide took them around to taste chocolates, etc. and to look at machinery. After that the buying of some really cheap chocolates took place, if people wanted them (who wouldn't?!). It seems that that day there was not a worry in the world about those normally dreaded pimples.

On Thursday they went to and stayed at Hobart where they went to Mount Wellington, had some free time, went shopping and had some more free time, then everyone had dinner and then went ten-pin bowling.

On Friday there was a trip to the Shot Tower and climbed it to the top and looked out onto the beach. Next they went to see the Tessellated pavements and then to a formation of rocks called Devil's Kitchen. Tasman's Arch was next and then to Port Arthur, where they saw a settlement where convicts were and had a look around for a guide for about 45 minutes. Then there was a bit of time to look around on their own. That night, their group went to the movies to see "Far and Away".

Saturday was their last day and a bus took them to look at some caves and then they looked around a National Park where there were tasmanian devils, koalas and wombats. Next was a scenic bus drive through Launceston and then off to the airport, where they flew home. The end of their Tasmanian tour.

PACIFIC SCHOOL GAMES – DARWIN 1992

Jayne Spencer (Year 11) and Simone Kuppler (Year 8) were members of the Victorian team that headed for Darwin early in 1992. The Pan Pacific Games take place every four years and involve primary and secondary age students from different countries in the Asian-Pacific region.

Both our girls performed well, Jayne taking first place in her swimming events, and Simone fourth in her 1500m walk.

I was fortunate to have been a manager. It was great to take students from my own school. I am glad they had the chance to experience this.

Darwin turned on a cyclone warning – Cyclone Neville. We were not washed out; we just kept participating.

*Mrs. Fell,
Pan Pacific Games – Darwin*

CYCLE EXCURSION

Students from the Year 10 Outdoor Education Elective were involved in a cycle excursion from Parkwood Secondary College to Ferntree Gully National Park as part of their Cycling Unit. Our route took us along a network of Bike Paths known as the "Railway Ride" and we finished with a BBQ lunch at the park, before returning to school by train. Because of the warm day, some students found the going fairly tough, especially up the hills, and poor Narelle then had to ride to Mt. Evelyn (although we don't think she got that far!) after the excursion. Some of our group showed a very competitive spirit by trying to be first in line behind Mr. Gorman of course, which made for some thrilling action and sneaky manoeuvres. Troy found out that your friends are the ones most likely to cut you off! Overall, we had a very pleasant day and the students are to be congratulated on their preparation (some wonderful lunches) and conduct.

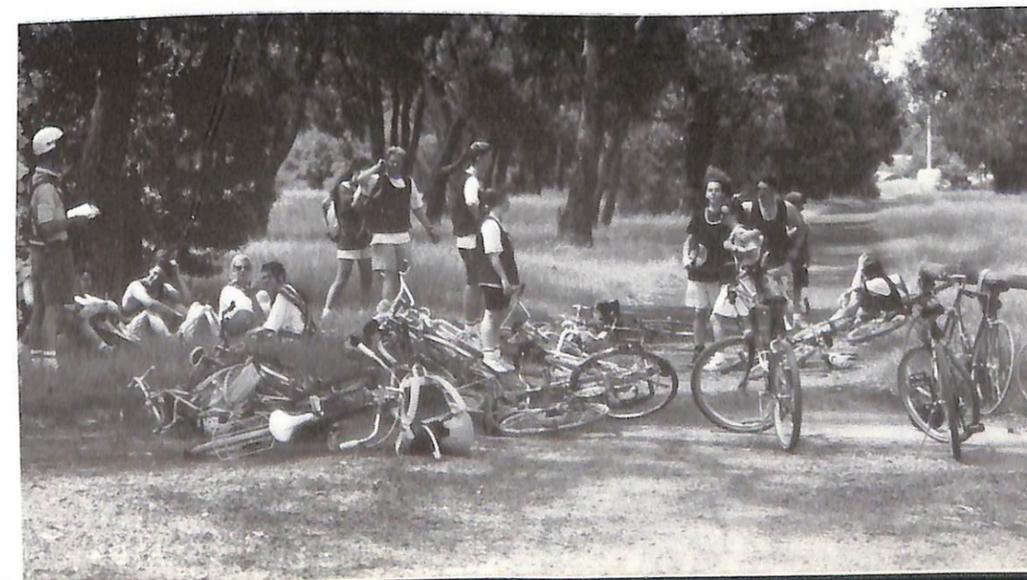
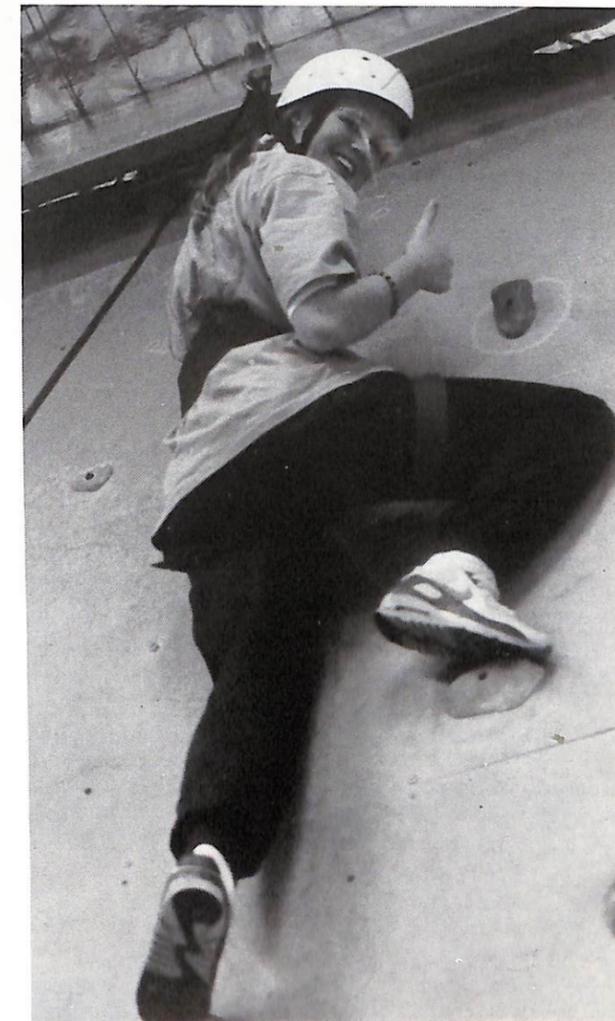
P.S. Special thanks to Mr. O'Connor for being last all day and being such an easy target for water bombs!

G. Gorman

INDOOR ROCK CLIMBING EXCURSION

Members of the Year 12 Physical Education classes, accompanied by Mr. Gorman and Mrs. Fell, travelled to an indoor rock climbing facility at Seaford to complete one of the exciting practical aspects of the course. Students were taught techniques of top rope relaying and how to use various pieces of climbing equipment, before experiencing a range of graded climbs. Students were also given the opportunity of abseiling down one of the facility's walls.

G. Gorman



8E PASTORAL CARE NEWS

Pastoral Care with 8E this year has been a very busy but very productive one. As well as the usual work covered in class, such as "This is Me!", "Getting to know you", "Friendship", "Drugs and Alcohol", etc., the students of 8E spent a lot of time working on two projects which aimed at helping others.

In June, Nadia Rylkova from Minsk, Russia, came to spend five weeks in Australia with the Gow family (David Gow is in 8E). Nadia and the five other Russian children who were brought to Australia by the 1st Wonga Park Scout Group, were all involved in the Chernobyl disaster. The students from 8E spent a lot of time making a "book" for Nadia which contained information about Parkwood Secondary College and information about themselves. As a class, we also organised an afternoon where Nadia and Nastia (one of the other Chernobyl children), came to the school for Nadia's 13th birthday. We presented Nadia with the "book", a card written in Russian!! and a variety of presents. The students also provided afternoon tea. The Chernobyl children returned the following week to school, where the five of them joined all the Year 8's for an afternoon of Bush Dancing, after a delicious sausage sizzle.

Our second project for the year was a Christmas Raffle. All 8E students donated articles to be included in a hamper which was then raffled off as first prize. Kirsty Sands made and donated second prize — a beautiful Gingerbread House. The money raised — \$163.25 — was donated to the Kilsyth Animal Shelter.

Another special event for 8E was the visit of Leonne Dreger's mother. Mrs. Dreger kindly came to the school to spend time teaching the students how to make Christmas Lolly Wreaths. An enjoyable time was had by all!

Well done 8E!!

Mrs. E. Osbourne, Classroom Teacher



YEAR 8A PASTORAL CARE

On hearing that the Ringwood St Vincent de Paul group were in need, the Year 8A students in Pastoral Care decided to help.

They organised a collection of non-perishable goods with a Christmas flavour, and also collected presents for children who may not be as fortunate as themselves. By doing this, the students have learnt how to work with others in a co-operative manner.

J. Fell



ANZAC SERVICE

On Wednesday, 8th April, 1992, 7A and 7D attended the Anzac Service at the Shrine. We travelled in by bus and we were sponsored by the Ringwood R.S.L. The representatives for 7A and 7D were Laura and Tony Brown, who placed the wreath. One hundred and thirty schools were represented and a flypast took place.

We had lunch in the garden around the shrine. We got back to school at three o'clock.

Carly Strachan, Year 7A



YEAR 12 ROLL CALL

12A: Wendy Ackers, Brooke Alexander, Gordon Allan, Susanne Brain, Christopher Brown, Tracie Brown, Nicole Collett, Sharon Dooley, Monica Drew, Kylie Gantner, Craig Hamilton, Kerry-Anne Hogg, Tanya Holdsworth, Ian Kremke, Danielle Marcinsky, Heather Murray, Belinda Pilato, Alison Robins, Aaron Spiteri, Daryl Van Krieken, Rosalie Vita, Melanie Watson.

12B: Michael Allen, Sarah Archibald, Kimberly Benwell, Simon Christian, Nicole Cooper, Phillip Crockett, Nicole Edwards, Chantal Forsaith-Hams, Helen Harrop, Darren Knight, Natalee Knox, Ben Langley-Jones, Adrian McConchie, Steven Ray, Julian Riddell, Damien Ross, Natalie Sanderson, Brett Thomas, Katrina Veith, Tania Verhagen, Danielle White, Nathan Wise.

12C: Siobhan Bannister, Laura Basinski, Paul Burgess, Gillian Butts, Rohan Cox, Suzanna Cvetovac, Michael Dellaca, Kylie Goodwin, Emma Graf, Tania Jonathan, Felicity Knights, Antti Kuosmanen, Sarah Manson, Rebecca Matt, Belinda McCarthy, Thomas Mitchell, Veronica Nadz, Tiffany Nicoll, Belinda Scott, Ben Selby, Mardy Smea, Derek Waters, Cameron Williams.

12D: Belinda Bangay, Olivera Belic, Nathan Booth, Louise Brown, Andrew Burgess, Leigh Condie, Darren Dunk, Glenn Easterby, Leanne Gilbert, Matthew Kennedy, Gregory Miller, Rachael Moore, Leonie Neilson, Melinda Otten, Vanessa Pitt, Allison Renton, Kelly Ruduss, Christopher Ryan, Betty Sin, Danae Sbrinov, Trent Taylor, Derek Tsao, Caroline Wheeler.





YEAR 11

Row 7: Simon Lamb, Joe Freitas, Brett Tamblin, Philip Morrissey, Andrew Mansell, Jason Dove, Brad Whatman, David Burgess, Calum Hamilton, Tony Burke, Matthew Gilmore, Paul Wansley, Adam McKenzie, Mark Unwin, Matthew Donnelly.

Row 6: Sharon Ryan, Joanne Rosewarne, Caroline Williams, Lea Hannah, Emma Langenhorst, Ainsley Moore, Amanda Rodill, Abby Cowan-Hackett, Jenny Carter, Kerrie Price, Tennille Merrigan, Kate Mason, Lisa Bottrell, Alice Langley-Jones, Deborah Tamme, Kate Stevens.

Row 5: Michael Haley, Andrew McIntosh, Geoff Doherty, Gary Pokkinen, Demetri Rigogiannis, Damian Koenitz, David Hickling, Gary Ireland, Joel Robotham, Martin Purdon, Kristian Dieber, Craig Anderson, Chris Ruck, Steve Doyle.

Row 4: Anita Burge, Mandy Harvey, Shani Hoeght, Annika Leopold, Mellissa Grove, Emma Hamlin, Angela Dent, Jeni Hart, Kylie MacKenzie, Chelsey Crane, Tracey Knight, Tumuhua Hensen, Penny Schumacher, Kathryn Taylor, Kate Parker, Carolyn Haupt, Shona Macquarie.

Row 3: Martine Bartils, Scott Abercrombie, Wayne Hanrahan, Wayne Sterling, Matthew Hunt, Glenice Robertson, Mathew Denman, Daniel Christian, Luke McCandish, Simon Powell, Andrew Walton, Robert Goldsmith, Jamie Galatas, Peter Readdy, Sean Morrow, Julian Kuppler.

Row 2: Rita Baldacchino, Anita Pupic, Rebecca Kas, Jayne Spencer, Claire Ross, Narelle Rossiter, Melissa Whitelegg, Deanne Greenwood, Naomi Cowling, Melanie Cousins, Natasha Shoppee, Kate Peters, Leonie Dukes.

Front: Meagan Quirk, Sarah Kas, Megan Robertson, Jody Raunjak, Sara Portbury, Kylie Horne, Catherine Tamblin, Jacquelyn Burke, Danielle Richards, Sophie Ritchie, Melissa Selman, Kati Beardall, Katrina Fallon.

Year Co-ordinator: Mr Waugh.



YEAR 10A

Row 3: Chris Ruduss, Zachary Kas, Alex Land, Paul Plaski, David Llewellyn, Jeroen Glas, David Bird.

Row 2: Russell Bennett, Matti Kuosmanen, Jennifer Galatas, Kim Clark, Erin Torrensan, Michelle Vos, Travis Murphy, Jeremy Doekes.

Front: Olivia Hume, Samantha Barnett, Melissa Boschen, Jodi Goodrem, Claire O'Connell, Erica Vlastic, Vanessa Basilone.

Absent: Michelle Gaspero, Kylie Hadley, Brad Maclean.

YEAR 10B

Row 3: Jamie Davidson, Tony Dent, Aaron Robotham, Matthew Brown, Brett Ray, Bradley Wilton, Alan Phelps, Scott Richardson, Shane Roberts.

Row 2: Travis McCumber, Mark Dunk, Jenny Watson, Riki Gibson, Belinda Short, Jemma Jones, Troy Clarkson, Cameron Konrad, Craig Walton.

Front: Shannon Lea, Sherelle Jackson, Michelle Dench, Sarah Cox, Annemarie Middlemast, Clare McCandlish, Tania Drew.



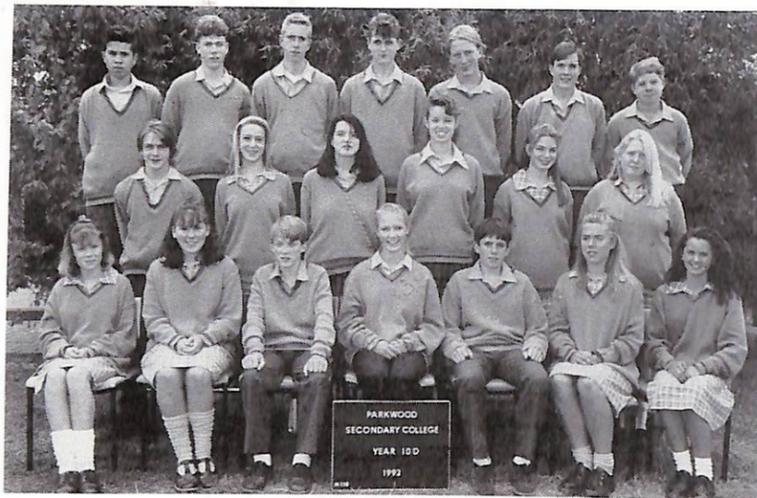
YEAR 10C

Row 3: Justin McIntosh, Timothy Seddon, Craig Jones, Nicholas Wells, Paul Cooper, Stephen Perry, Shane Rippon, Mark Giannopoulos, Paul Rowe.

Row 2: Andrew Lehman, Micheal McDonnell, Joanne Dempster, Pip Gerard, Nicole Kremke, Julia Christensen, Briony Tromp, Wayne Mansell.

Front: Melanie Doherty, Michelle Pickett, Kim Ricardo, Angela Muller, Michelle Hunt, Allison Murray, Miranda Parry.

Absent: Matthew Hubbard.



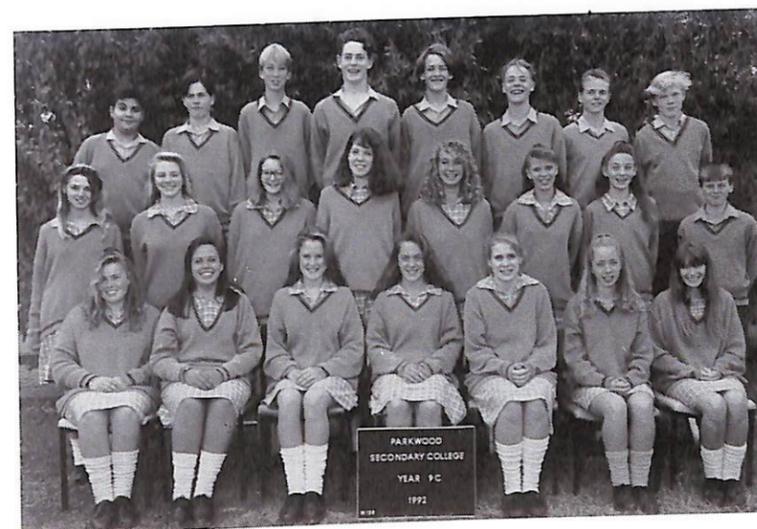
YEAR 10D

Row 3: Justin Ganya, Paul Schneider, Steven Britton, Jason Setches, Athan Giannikos, Nathan Crothers, Matthew Le Cras.

Row 2: Cameron Danks, Lisa Carrodus, Tanya Hurley, Margaret Mitchell, Miranda Ghent, Olivia Fisher.

Front: Natalie Graham, Frances Muller, Jason Roberts, Narelle Roper, Bernard Martin, Alisa Packham, Karli Smith.

Absent: Rebecca Clark.



YEAR 9C

Row 3: Yianni Rigogiannis, Michael Rowell, Michael Blackwood, Jordan Bartlett, Travis Lewin, Tim Quirk, Paul Marriot, Peter Foot.

Row 2: Jacqueline Sauzier, Nicole Light, Chantal Pincott, Tanya Seidel, Rebecca Withers, Shona Wendt, Jane Carrodus, Mark Jones.

Front: Gabrielle Forser, Naomi Smith, Renee Ferguson, Vicky Beardall, Kerry Hogan, Natalie O'Shannassey, Adelle Williams.

YEAR 9A

Row 3: Troy Standish, Mark Onans, Joel Burgess, David Dellaca, Matthew Selman, David Lloyd, Richard Archibald, Daniel Moldrich, Simon Glendenning, Glenn Kiddle.

Row 2: Nicole Fox, Gilliam Morrissey, Suzi Edwards, Marina Cowling, Sandra Ireland, Mary Pearce, Belinda Graham.

Front: Vicki Hadow, Sally Parker, Lara Tonti, Lisa Rubino, Michelle Cuce, Samantha Land, Kate Digby, Elizabeth Crawford.



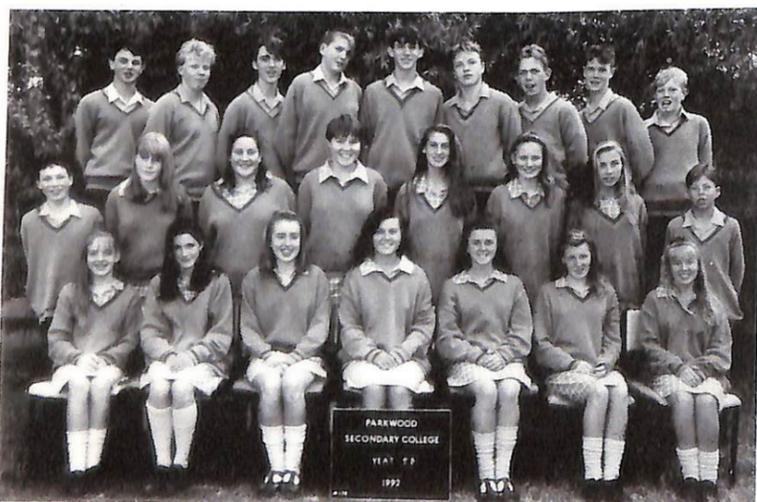
YEAR 9D

Row 3: Steven Redding, Paul Horvath, David Haley, Ben Tamme, Grant Cowan-Hackett, Timothy Brindle, Paul Basinski, Bradley Pilato, Shaun Swaney.

Row 2: Dion Wan, Kate Summerfield, Shannon Cheal, Amanda Spencer, Brooke Lischke, Keren Knight, Karen van Krieken, Jason Lamb.

Front: Lisa Wallis, Tammy Bruce, Estelle Hickling, Jennifer Gay, Claire Aberly, Christy Poynton, Dawn Williams.

Absent: Adam Condie.



YEAR 9B

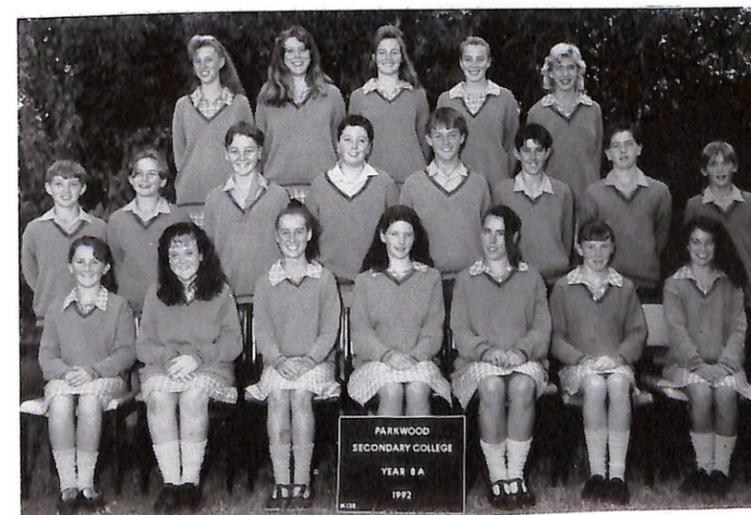
Row 3: Richard Fisher, John Lamers, Chris Gambera, Philip Van de Voorde, Daniel Boyce, Isak Pokkinen, Scott Butcher, Leigh Munro, Peter Glover.

Row 2: Troy Winters, Erika Nemsow, Kate Sullivan, Anita Lemke, Natalie Frank, Rebecca Harrison, Peta Alexander, John MacKenzie.

Front: Annika Mason, Morag Erskine, Jane Taylor, Nardene Bower, Brooke Grealy, Kelly Atkinson, Michelle Ashworth.

Absent: Scott Nelson.

Teacher: Mr. S. O'Connor.

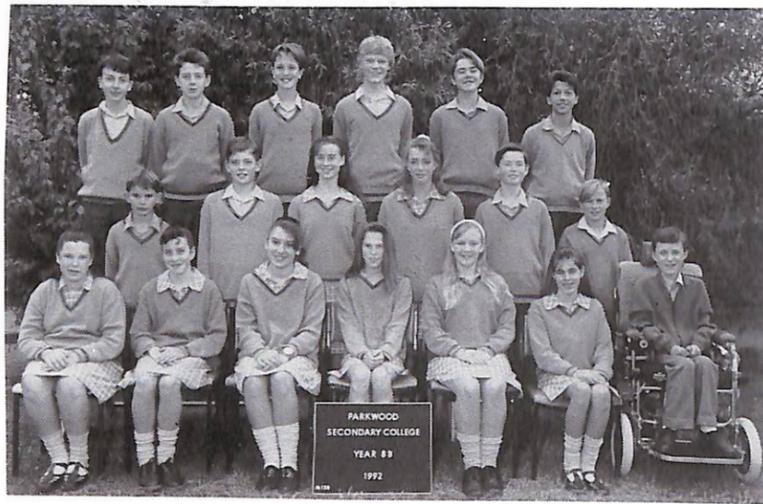


YEAR 8A

Row 3: Belinda Tromp, Francesca Cant, Sarah Langenhorst, Peta Waters, Candice Cook.

Row 2: Mark Zellej, Adam Ghent, Todd Ronaldson, Darren Roberts, Richard Unwin, Matthew Owen, Brent Zerafa, Warren Tute.

Front: Misty Bryant, Claire McCurdy, Melissa Gilmore, Carol Starkey, Kelly Packham, Lisa Richardson, Katie Relf.



YEAR 8B

Row 3: Christian Heskett, Jamie Wilson, Andrew Rosewarne, Kirk Bloomfield, Jason Bell, Harry Andonopoulos.

Row 2: Justin Bird, Craig Rowell, Danielle Gilmour, Michelle Parkinson, Sean Haddon, Adrian McIntosh.

Front: Justine Land, Kay Erskine, Elisa Freitas, Renee Grant, Kerri Pearce, Renee Calvett, Chris Fryer.

Absent: Lee Kempster.



YEAR 8E

Row 3: Nathan Need, David Foote, Nathan Russell, Andrew Brown, David Schneider, Daniel Donnelly.

Row 2: Aaron Kuzslaba, Leanne Dreger, Nicole Ruduss, Sophie Booth, David Gow, Brendan Kiddle.

Front: Leah Phillips, Kirsty Sands, Amanda Tucker, Chrissy Daskolias, Lauren Hauser, Elizabeth Pears, Karla Ellard.

YEAR 8C

Row 3: Adam Valeri, Craig Drew, Craig Rosewarne, Harley Taylor, Murray Lorden, James Gibbins, James Moore.

Row 2: David Bangay, Anuk Mascarenhas, Carlee Robertson, Erika Seidel, Nadia Seidel, Misty Bott, Marc McKenzie, Leigh Francome.

Front: Carolyn Jones, Michelle Ruduss, Peita Tapper, Kirsty Souter, Sian Jamison, Jessica Langley-Jones, Nicholas Fryer.



YEAR 7A

Row 3: Chris Discombe, Luke Harris, Matthew Leplaa, Aaron McGoldrick, Anthony Brown, Ben Everett, Paul Muller.

Row 2: Alan Ballard, Michael Watson, Narelle Kear, Mark Phillips, Oliver Kas, Adam Beardall.

Front: Lisa Haddow, Melissa Shinnick, Hayley Fitzpatrick, Kellie Ruck, Cassie Scannell, Carly Srachan, Kristi Brash.



YEAR 8D

Row 3: Geoff Mitchell, Paul Eldridge, Evan Lorden, Adam Williams, Lachlan Stevens, Trent Merrigan, Christopher Nealon.

Row 2: Andrew Keniry, Daniel Brash, Olivia Robotham, Hayley Cooper, Krista Terzioski, Rebecca Elliot, Tim De Broughe.

Front: Michelle Waters, Rebecca Grant, Lyndal Selman, Simone Kuppler, Britt Ricardo, Nicole Cato, Kelly Pinches.

Absent: Luke Gerard.



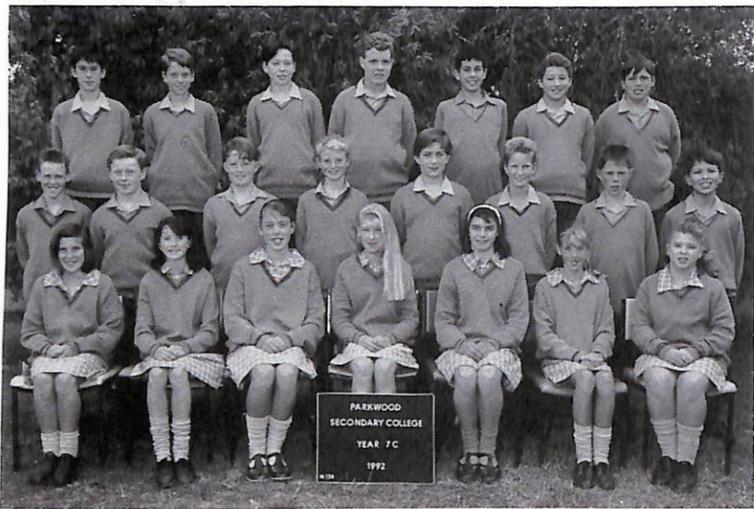
YEAR 7B

Row 3: Brett McNeill, Jason Cowburn, Luke Craig, Andrew Boyce, Jamie McDonnell, Aaron Gullan, Todd Murtagh.

Row 2: David Arundel, Ian Doherty, Renee Kennedy, Nikki Cuce, Andrew Crook, Ryan Lea, David Giannopoulos.

Front: Belinda Luscombe, Jade Wood, Julie Anderson, Daniel Jennings, Skye Berry, Lisa Sands, Laura Morrissey.

Teacher: Mr. Paul Sayers



YEAR 7C

Row 3: Simon Frank, Daniel Young, Sam Roberts, Andrew Stait, Lachlan Fuller, Troy Elliott, Wesley Moore.

Row 2: Brad Fox, Simon Terzioski, Andrew Middlemast, Brendan Filleul, Michael Fitzgerald, Tim Parker, Wightman Savage, David Sweeting.

Front: Heather McGuire, Katie Moore, Kirstie Dench, Tamara Curtain, Robyn Wallis, Emma Morrison, Kylie Digby.



YEAR 7D

Row 3: Neluk Mascarenhas, Stuart Moore, Glenn Cochrane, Matthew Crothers, Heath Macallister, Chris D'Amico.

Row 2: Chris Matthews, Michael Gay, Matthew Kyle, Tamie Jarvis, Marcus Reeka, Brad Jones.

Front: Laura Craven, Renee Nye, Sylvia Turk, Alicia Brown, Lauren Voice, Sharon Hunt.

Absent: Emma May, Chris Coffey.



YEAR 7E

Row 3: Daniel Eaton, Doran Moppert, Paul Billings, Cameron Beard, Mathew Canterford, Brad Burke, Daniel Bradd, Simon Slater, Ryan Coutts.

Row 2: David Goodrem, Luke Clarkson, Craig Easterby, Rebecca Fisher, Alisa Christensen, Peter Malley, Ben Shoppee.

Front: Elise Kuszlaba, Marissa Kruger, Natasha Kikic, Amber Convey, Natasha Siwek, Janine Boschen, Alana Bruce.

Teacher: Mr. Maile.