



PARKWOOD 1993

Parkwood Secondary College
Tortice Drive
North Ringwood



STAFF

Row 5: G. Gorman, G. Djoneff, J. Zygmunt, M. Beale, M. Byrne, S. Maile, J. Moxey, B. Griffin, P. Sayers, G. Tiller, S. O'Connor.

Row 4: M. Galloway, M. Hare, R. Oakley, A. Mee, G. Nicolaou, T. Bischof, R. Fisch, R. Reddy, P. Djoneff, G. Waugh, W. Thomson, C. Pollock.

Row 3: L. McDonald, Q. Ramm, J. Kelly, S. Heinicke, T. Tedesco, B. Kemp, J. Free, A. Barton, M. O'Donohue, D. Whitehead, C. Kempton.

Row 2: E. Osbourne, A. Hardy, S. Datson, V. Hudson, R. Rhodes, R. Gullett, R. Morrison, M. Birt, J. Chai.

Front: M. Cameron, S. Petty, J. Fell, I. Thomas, S. O'Connell, B. Hogendoom, S. Price, J. Harmer, D. Henwood.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

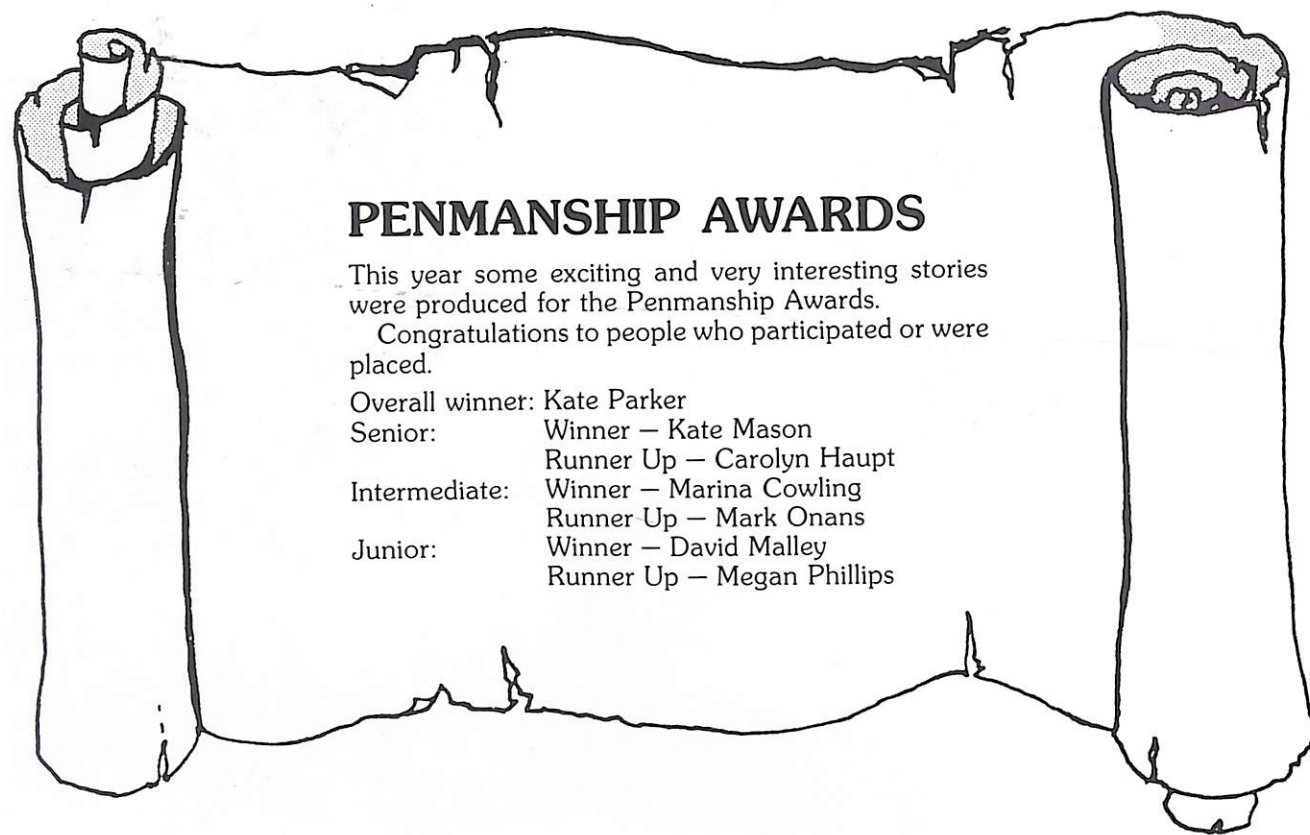
As another year draws to a close, we all take time to reflect on what the year has meant for us at Parkwood, as students and teachers.

It is important to dwell on the good things that have happened — the achievement of some personal goals, the success in learning new skills, the excitement of extending our knowledge and the satisfaction of realising that we do have special abilities. Even if this is not always publicly acknowledged we need to recognise it in ourselves and be pleased, no matter how insignificant this may seem to others.

A magazine such as this is a record in words and pictures of some of the highlights of the year. Of course we can all add to it in our own way but this gives us a framework. Our magazine this year was compiled by a group of Year 9 students — Francesca Cant, Misty Bryant and Todd Ronaldson. We thank them for their enthusiasm and hard work. Again we have chosen a piece of student art work for the cover, that of Renee Kennedy of Year 8. Thank you, Renee.

Finally, may I thank all our students for their contribution to our college this year, all our staff for their continuing efforts and our parents for their valued support.





PENMANSHIP AWARDS

This year some exciting and very interesting stories were produced for the Penmanship Awards.

Congratulations to people who participated or were placed.

Overall winner: Kate Parker

Senior: Winner - Kate Mason
Runner Up - Carolyn Haupt

Intermediate: Winner - Marina Cowling
Runner Up - Mark Onans

Junior: Winner - David Malley
Runner Up - Megan Phillips

CONCRETE MIXER

Fascinated the boy sat, bewildered. Amazed by the simplicity of such a process that could create something so strong and hard.

500 kg cement: 250 kg sand: 500 kg gravel, Thud... Thud... and it was all mixed and crushed.

Slowly he moved his hands across its rippled surface, that was covered with tiny bumps and grooves. Grey fragments crumbled off and were quickly whisked away by the wind. Concrete ruled the construction site. Massive grey pillars of concrete seemed to merge with the sky. The concrete's strength revealed security and its hardness, trust. Qualities he only ever heard others mention. Hiding the sun, the constructions produced shadows that bathed the ground in a peaceful darkness.

Load after load, the thick grey sludge oozed out of the mixer. The boy sat mesmerised by its repetitious, cyclic motions. Thud. Thud... His eyes followed the men, who crafted and moulded the concrete into structures of infallible strength. Despite this, he would search its surface for cracks. Cracks of weakness or imperfection; where the concrete's hardness and strength had been overcome. He never found any.

Ever since he could remember, he had gone to the construction site, where his father had worked. He didn't go to see his father anymore. A man warped by liquor, and unlike the other men he put his laboring skills to other uses. Had it always been like this? Memories of love, warmth and happiness, flickered, faded and died. The icy glare in his father's eyes mirrored his own feelings, and the bruises on the back of his legs began to annoy him. At home there was no one there for him, there never had been. He had to contend with the punches just as his mother had to. Struggling and grasping for breath, they were regularly bashed unconscious.

Dragging his feet, his father trampled all over him. The attacks were repetitious.

Thud.

"For crying out loud, boy! Don't you ever listen."

Thud... Thud.

"How many times do I have to tell you!"

Thud... Thud... Thud.

"For God sake, when will you learn!"

Thud, Thud, Thud... Thud.

Cracks appeared, fractured and enlarged.

Reaching out with open arms, his body encircled the concrete pillar and he pressed his face against it. He clung so tightly that the concrete grooves imprinted his skin. Its cool, calmness eased his body; it was his only escape.

Spiralling, swirls of dust entangled the debris and scattered it amongst the bags of gravel and cement. The endless, exhausting daylight sounds had ceased. Intense pulsating beats from hammers, the clatter of colliding machinery and the devilish screams of drills, were consumed by the silence. Turned upside down and cleaned out, the concrete mixer appeared unbalanced. Its legs awkwardly protruding... it was an unnatural pose. He reached out to touch it, but his hand dropped.

Slowly, he climbed the stairs. At the edge of the construction he bowed his head, and stared at the concrete below. He shut his eyes. Gently at first, then faster and faster he began swaying, all confused and mixed up... releasing himself he -

Gently descended.

Blood splattered,

Bones shattered.

The concrete didn't crack, but he had.

Skull cracked, cold and hard his body was found. His legs twisted and disjointed, they were cranked upwards... in an unnatural pose. In his pocket, scratched on a piece of concrete, an inscription was found; All I wanted was a home in all the right ratios,

500 kg happiness: 250 kg money: 500 kg love.

Kate Parker (Overall Winner)

REMEMBER?

It was a tired room. A stale, drowsy room. One that couldn't be bothered pulling itself together. Worn lounge chairs slouched against the plasterboard walls, dodging the feeble glow of a lamp sulking in the corner. A dirt-coloured mat was strewn across the floor, attempting unsuccessfully to hide the rotting boards. The windows were dulled. Even the bookcase looked exhausted as it leaned to its side in futile search for support.

My mother saw it differently. Her eyes, her bottomless pools of memories, splashed the room with waters of familiarity. The chairs were still worn, but they seated dear friends and relatives, Aunt Stella who always lost her knitting needles behind the cushions; Cousin Ruth perched on the arm of a chair, which she knew very well was not for sitting on. Even the shaky coffee table was a book of memories, its little dints each telling a story. I couldn't hear them. The book was open to be read, but I couldn't make out the words, no matter how hard I strained.

I couldn't remember this place. Apparently we had lived here until I was four. It was filthy, too. Dust, and an ancient, crumbling budgie-dropping. "You remember our bird, don't you?" were my mother's quiet words.

Turning away from her, I frantically searched the sky for an answer, but found none. My mother's face lost its glow for a moment; her disappointment penetrating my determination to dismiss it. She expected me to share her love for this place, and her memories. I wanted to. Of course I wanted to. Doesn't everyone remember their joyful childhood? The time when Dad brought home a kitten and found out Mum was allergic to cats, or when it rained all over young Christopher's first kindergarten painting? Everyone, that is, but me. I resented my mother for forcing me to recognise it.

The backyard was not a garden. The grass stood high and tangled, concealing all colour and allowing only a few hardy plants to penetrate its surface. It was like my memory. Full of things that don't matter. My mother remembered the family reunion for my fourth birthday. I remembered the cake. She spoke of Grandma's visit. My memory saw the lime-green piggy bank she brought with her. I could vaguely picture my mother seated beneath the bookshelf, browsing through a magazine, though I don't know what kind of magazine. It is difficult to see worth in a memory as dry and lifeless as that. It was as if I hadn't cared about anyone, as a child. After all, surely if one could remember something as useless as the meringues at Alex's party, one should also remember the important things, like Alex himself. I couldn't and it hurt. It hurt my pride - what kind of a child was I?

Turning back to the room I realised that my mother had left, and with her the desire in me to extract from my memory what was not there. It was just a room. A drab, boring room. Moving towards the door I glanced back over my shoulder. A whirl of dust circled itself once, twice, and then settled back down. The room was almost undisturbed, except for the smudged footprints, and the glistening line across the window where I had dragged my finger. I closed the door softly.

Kate Mason (Senior Winner)

THE PAINTING

The late afternoon sunlight settled on the ocean; like dust settles on a mantelpiece. All was calm. The breeze that blew offshore was brisk and cutting. It chased the tops of the waves, caught them and turned them into sun splashed froth.

Seagulls paid homage to a small wreckage, barely metres from the shoreline, swooping and diving over it as if to mark its passing. On top of the nearby hill, silent sobs of grief could be heard. A small child, young and wild at heart, was crying painful tears as her hair tangled across her face and she sluggishly raised a hand to remove it from across her eyes. The air grew cold.

She sat holding a paint brush, her tool and her key to unlock the reasons behind her mother's death. She sat beside a painting which was a portrait, and she stared into it with glasslike eyes. The image was of her mother. The representation was perfection. Each curve was an excellent likeness of a beautiful and a graceful woman who was there to protect, to hold and to love. But now she was gone. The wind was rough and seagulls battled against being thrown in the air. The easel shook and fell, the painting landing at the girl's feet. She picked it up quickly so as to not spoil the last remaining bond between herself and her mother. She replaced the painting and began to refine the image with colour. Motherly forest green eyes looked upon her so thoughtfully. There were the delicate pink lips which kissed her forehead ever so gently every night and silver-blond, soft curly hair, so well kept and so much like her own. They were the most remembered features of the woman who was never meant to die so young.

The air became moist. As the purple dusk began to engulf the hill top; rain began to fall. Small raindrops landed on the canvas and blurred the masterpiece. Feature by feature was washed away and the priceless brushstroked image steamed onto the soft earth below. The girl let the rain fall on her mother and let the pain go. Pain which had been bottled up inside for so many years. Pain was being set free, like a restless tiger escaping from an enclosure and becoming one with its true home.

She let it go. She knew now that she must end the torment of knowing why her mother died. She watched it go. As the last brushstroke of paint was gone from the material she sat waiting for the rain to cease when she would once again re-create the image of mother and child, at one with the world, happily holding each other and smiling; smiling with the knowledge that they loved each other.

Marina Cowling, Year 10

A DROP OF WATER FROM A LEAF

It sits on the leaf,
Growing and growing,
Slowly the drop sways.
It slithers, past veins and stems.
It reaches the end of the leaf,
Gradually getting slower.
It momentarily pauses,
Then slowly and gracefully
Rolls to the end
Of the leaf.

Carol Starkey, Year 9A

LOST

He woke abruptly, in a small windowless room, all white and containing a small box on the bedside table which had a line running through it, consistently, evenly: a beep going off every second. A man walked in, tall, about six feet, with a mop of deep brown hair tied up in a pony tail at the back; he was all white. The strange man took a clip board from the end of the bed and made a few grunting noises before walking out of the room. The man returned soon after with a short, plump, dark haired woman of about 45. She wore thick, steel rimmed glasses. They started talking in the corner of the room, just low enough so that he couldn't hear what they were saying. The woman walked over to his bed and looked at him, but not into his eyes, she was inspecting him, checking him over with a harsh look on her face. She muttered something to the doctor in a foreign language and they left.

He lay on his back, gazing at the ceiling that had a small crack running the whole length of the room. There was a small spider running up the crack; it stopped momentarily and moved out of sight. He could hear the hum of many voices in the corridor outside. Someone new came in; a surly man with a bristly black beard and a mowhawk. He wore an earring in his left ear which was a skull with an arrow speared through it. The man started talking in a sort of gibberish language; he had a deep voice and seemed to be friendly. He placed a box of chocolates on the bedside table, on top of the box that went beep. The plump lady returned and uttered a few sharp words and then the large man left.

He was lost, lost from his world, lost from all the things that he knew and all the things that he trusted. He must have passed out. The beep box went hysterical. It emitted unrhythmical and distorted sounds. The tall man (who I guessed was the doctor) came running in, his ponytail falling out as he did so. Suddenly the beep box was silent. The room was silent, everything silent. The doctor started to shake his head. Some men in baggy aqua uniforms came in and wheeled out the strange man, the lost man.

I am the spider on the wall.

David Malley

SCIENCE

TALENT

AWARD

This year when Mrs. Hare told us about the Science Teachers' Association of Victoria (STAV) Competition, which lets you create computer games, Harley Taylor, James Moore, David Bangay and I, decided to create "Body Battles" which is a computer game set in the bloodstream. We took it along on the big day to Wesley College and did quite well. We won a Merit Certificate. Thanks go to Mrs. Hare and Mr. Thomas for their great help.

James Gibbons, Year 9C

PEER SUPPORT LEADERSHIP PROGRAMME

Parkwood is very lucky to have teachers such as Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Fell and Mr. Fisch, who were brave enough to tackle The Elisabeth Campbell Peer Support Programme at the Peer Support Foundation of Australia, in Victoria. Here they went through a two day course which would enable them to teach a group of Year 9s how to make the new Year 7s fit in and feel welcome in a new environment, with people they are more inclined to listen to, the older students.

In the last week of Semester Two in 1992, myself and nineteen other students were involved in the Peer Support Training Programme. We undertook various activities involving individual and group work.

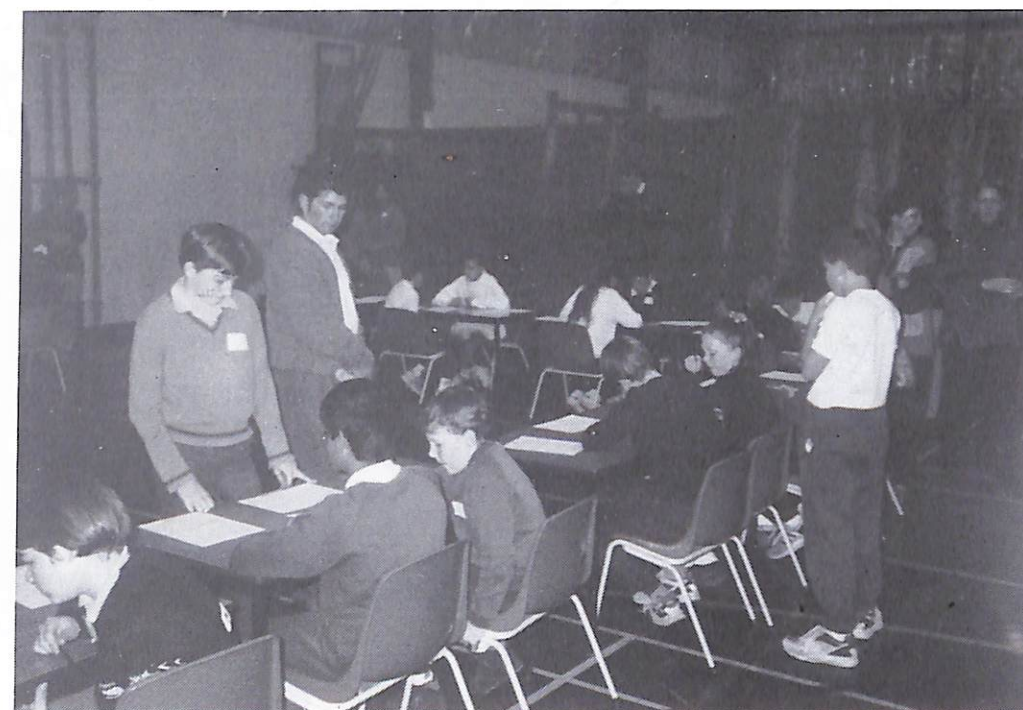
We started the programme after the first weeks of Term 1, 1993. We were introduced to our own group and given booklets containing our timetabled programme. Keeping our training in mind we took our little class into a selected room to begin our days as Year 7 leaders. We were to show care and understanding at all times, which often became a little difficult!

Character building and group discussion techniques were used, where we hoped to achieve increased self-awareness from the younger students. They were given the opportunity to explore their own abilities and talents with us, who were there to be a supportive and caring friend.

Games were incorporated into the activities to make them more interesting for the students, which also encouraged learning. The many sessions dealt with issues such as: personal space, understanding body language, observation skills, trust, values, listening, friendship, strengths, decision making, goal setting and assertiveness. These were extremely successful. As part of the programme, the leaders attended the Year 7 camp at Gundawindi. We played various games and helped with organised activities.

Thanks to everyone who took part in the programme. We hope that next year it will be just as enjoyable!

Marina Cowling



WESTPAC AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

In August, 136 of our students took part in this competition and the following students gained an award.

Prize (Top 1% in Victoria)

Karen Van Krieken — Year 10 — and outstanding effort, well done, Karen!

Distinction (Top 15% in Victoria)

Year 7 — B. Walsham, R. Hill, S. Fuller, H. Torresan, L. Siwek.

Year 8 — D. Moppert, L. Fuller, B. McNeill, S. Roberts, A. Middlemast, D. Goodrem, L. Clarkson, I. Doherty, A. Crook, L. Craig, J. Anderson, W. Moore, B. Fox, J. Wood, T. Brown.

Year 9 — E. Lorden, B. Zerafa, K. Bloomfield, M. Lorden, A. Ghent, L. Stevens, H. Taylor.

Year 10 — T. Standish, S. Hogg, C. Abery.

Year 11 — A. Robotham, J. Ganya, J. Goodrem.

Year 12 — J. Robotham, W. Hanrahan.

Credit (Top 50% in Victoria)

Year 7 — M. Phillip, R. Standish, D. Malley, D. Roberts, N. Fearn, D. Jamison, S. Cant, S. Keniry, K. Jones, T. Myles, A. Sarhan, M. Russell.

Year 8 — S. Terzioski, L. Morrissey, D. Young, R. Kennedy, L. Sands, P. Muller, T. Parker, M. Watson, J. Cowburn, C. Van Prooyen, O. Kas, N. Cuce, A. Gullen, R. Lea, D. Giannopoulos, J. Down, M. Reeka, L. Hart, K. Moore, D. Arundel, E. Morrison.

Year 9 — K. Pearce, D. Gow, O. Robotham, W. Tute, C. Cook, L. Richardson, C. Nealon, K. Relf, L. Phillips, F. Cant, M. Bryant, A. Keniry, A. Hallpike, L. Kempster, M. Zelley.

Year 10 — J. Lamb, D. Williams, T. Bruce.

Year 11 — R. Gibson, F. Muller, A. Murray.

Year 12 — M. Haley, K. Mason, G. Ireland, C. Haupt, J. Galatas, C. Williams.

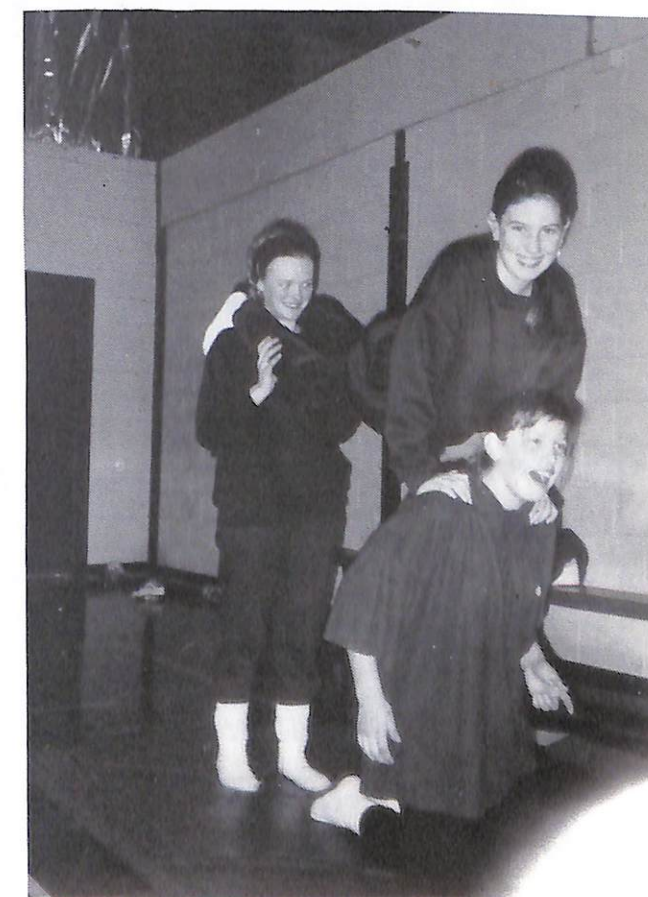
These results have maintained the high level of success achieved by our students in this competition over many years, and all participants should be congratulated on their willingness to become involved.

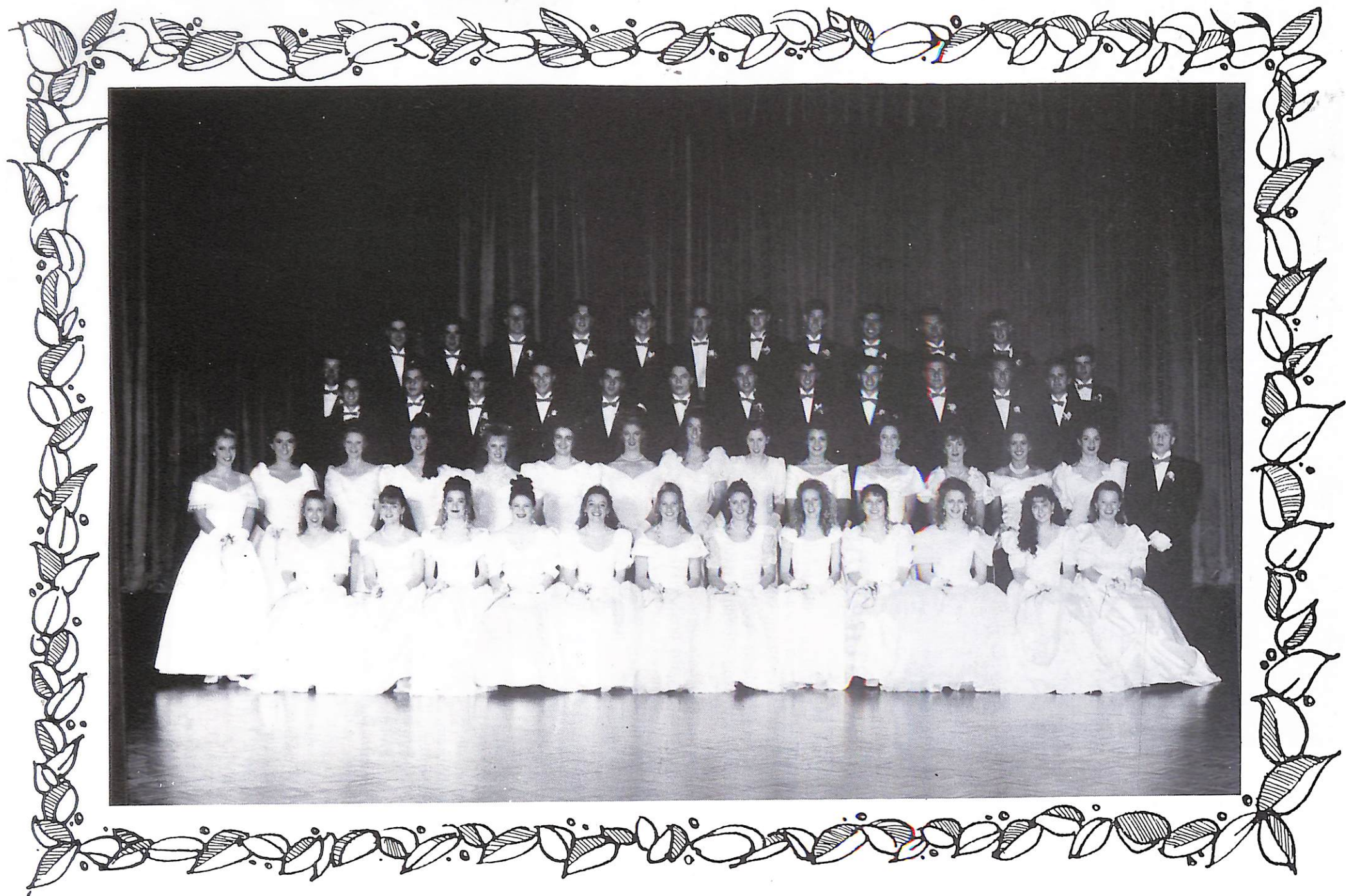
PRIMARY SCHOOL MATHS GAMES DAY

In the second week of Term 2, 15 teams from 9 local primary schools participated in this competition organised by the Mathematics Faculty.

Teams consisting of 4 students, played against other teams in 4 games. The Year 8 Extension Maths students did an excellent job in explaining the games to the Grade 6 students and generally assisting with the running of the competition.

Yarra Road Primary School teams came first and second which is an excellent result.





PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE

Debutante Ball 1993

*Debutantes and partners presented to:
Miss S. O'Connell and Mr. B. Hogendoorn*

*Michelle Gaspero
Kim Clark
Riki Gibson
Paula Bishop
Miranda Ghent
Briony Tromp
Julia Christensen
Annemarie Middlemast
Shay Portwine
Michelle Hunt
Alisa Packham
Michelle Pickett
Erika Vlasic
Kim Ricardo
Narelle Roper
Michelle Dench
Melissa Boschen
Shannon Lea
Allison Murray
Frances Muller
Catherine Mavin
Miranda Parry
Claire O'Connell
Melanie Doherty
Angela Muller
Meagan Quirk*

*Tyler MacKenzie
Brad Wilton
Tony Dent
Justin Ganya
Steve Britton
Wayne Mansell
Brett Ray
Andrew van Prooyen
Athian Giannikos
Paul Cooper
Jeroen Glas
Rohan Allport
Luke Nissinen
Matthew Hunt
Troy Clarkson
Daniel Christian
Nick Wells
Glenn Zanatta
David Tucker
Scott Richardson
Jason Setches
Matthew Ingram
Robert Glide
Paul Gay
Shane Roberts
Leigh Condie*

19th March

Well, it's 11.50 a.m. now and we are on our way to Norfolk Island. I just finished the most disgusting lunch I've ever had. Here's our menu:

Breakfast was quite nice. We had scrambled eggs, sausages, little mushrooms, a roll with apricot jam and some bacon. Some coffee and tea as well. Before we landed, we were given a cute little can of coke. When we got to the Sydney airport, we went in a bus to the Ansett part. We were running late and nearly missed the plane. We had to run for a bit, so thank God we were fit. It's so confusing at the airports, getting your tickets out and trying to find everything. So far I haven't lost anything, well I hope not!

Flying over the sea is pretty scary, even though you'd have more chance of surviving if you crashed in the sea, rather than on land. Bit it was really exciting when Norfolk came into view. It was cloudy when we arrived but it wasn't raining. Everywhere we looked we saw some really attractive pine trees. Norfolk is famous for them. They didn't look anything like ours.

When we drove through the streets, they didn't look anything like ours. They looked very friendly though. The shops weren't as modern as ours, but later when we looked around we found that the shops had the same products as ours. It was awkward at first meeting our billeting families that we were going to stay with, but they soon put us at ease.

20th March

Today our billets took us out shopping and we took some photos of the shops and scenery. Then in the afternoon we went to a look-out at Mt. Pitt where we could see the whole island. It was absolutely beautiful. We took heaps of photos. Then I went home and played tennis. After that we had a training session at the school's track which was really fun. The girl I'm staying with is teaching me the language they sometimes use on the island which is a cross between Old English and French Polynesian. If you're interested "How are you?" is "What are we?". They just have different phrases, not specific words that are different.

21st March

We spent all of today with our billets. In the morning I went horse riding and most of the Parkwood students were there, even Mrs. Fell. It was really fun. First we rode along the cliff tops, which were looking out to the sea. We then went into the bush, stopped and had bread and jam at a campfire, before riding home.

22nd March

Today we all met at school to go on a tour of Emily Bay. We looked at all the ruins of jails and houses along the beach. It must have taken them a long time to build those jails because the walls were very thick and high. We got back to school at lunchtime and after that we had the running events between Parkwood and Norfolk. At the end of the day we were ahead by two points. So as you can see, it was very close. I did a few events but my best was the walk and I came second in that.

23rd March

Today we went to school with our billet family's again. Then we all met up, (Parkwood kids) and went on the Pinetrees tour. It was quite interesting and we took lots of photos as well. After the tour finished we went shopping. Rebecca and I just bought food and stuff. After the sports ended, we went home and changed for the school dance.

24th March

Today we went on another tour and went to a farm where they killed pigs and cows for meat. We saw them stripping the meat off cows which was foul. I tried not to look and the pig place stank too much, so I didn't go in. We had our last day of sports and I came 3rd in high jump which was quite surprising. We aren't going to find out who won the sports until Friday, otherwise it would have been the first thing I said.

25th March

Today I spend my first day at the beach. First we visited a farm where they talked about growing bananas. We tried a banana which was really nice and sweet. After that we went down to Emily Bay and spent the afternoon there. We went canoeing in the bay. Rebecca and I teamed up against Simone and Renee. We thrashed them!

26th March

We spent today with our families and then we left Norfolk which was really sad. Everyone was almost crying. It was the best trip I have ever been on and I will never forget it in my life.

Jessica Langley Jones, Year 9



After our Peer Support leaders left, people started getting ready for the formal dinner. The place mats and menus were set up on the tables so that we were sitting boy/girl. The menu for the night was:

Entree — Chicken noodle soup.

Main course — Roast beef with vegetables.

Dessert — Chocolate mousse.

After the formal dinner, it was the concert. Most of the acts were funny, (at least we thought so) and some of them were imaginative.

The next morning, we were woken in the most annoying way; Mr. Byrne and his water pistol. We all found out that Mr. Byrne has a pretty good aim, right in the face.

The walk to Silvan Dam was cancelled because the weather was too hot, so people messed around the camp-site.

Basically, it was a good, fun camp, except the food was a bit of a disappointment. Thank you to all of the teachers and staff involved.

Megan Phillips and Diana Jamison, Year 7A

CAMP GUNDAWINDI

On the 17th February, all Year 7 students and their Pastoral Care teachers, travelled by bus to Camp Gundawindi. The bus trip was pretty boring, but we did get to play our own music. When we got there, we listened to the rules of the camp. Next, we organised sleeping arrangements. For the girls, there was one large room and a room for six people. We were in the room of six with Nicole, Jaclyn, Trudi and Kathryn. And the boys were in rooms of four. Once we were assigned to our rooms we unpacked.

After we were given our booklets, we went off with our form to the flying fox, which was the first activity for 7A. It was fun but kind of slow.

Next we had initiative games which required a lot of team-work. Last of all, we did the rope course, (which also needed a lot of help from your partner).

When the activities had finished, we had showers and cleaned up for dinner. After dinner we made: bow ties, place mats and menus for the formal dinner, which was held on the Thursday night. Then came our pyjama party when people won prizes for the best/cutest pyjamas and teddy bears.

The next day, our Peer Support leaders came up for a session of Peer Support. After this, we had a swim in the pool because it was very hot that day.



NORFOLK
ISLAND



SPORTS REPORT



Swimming Carnival

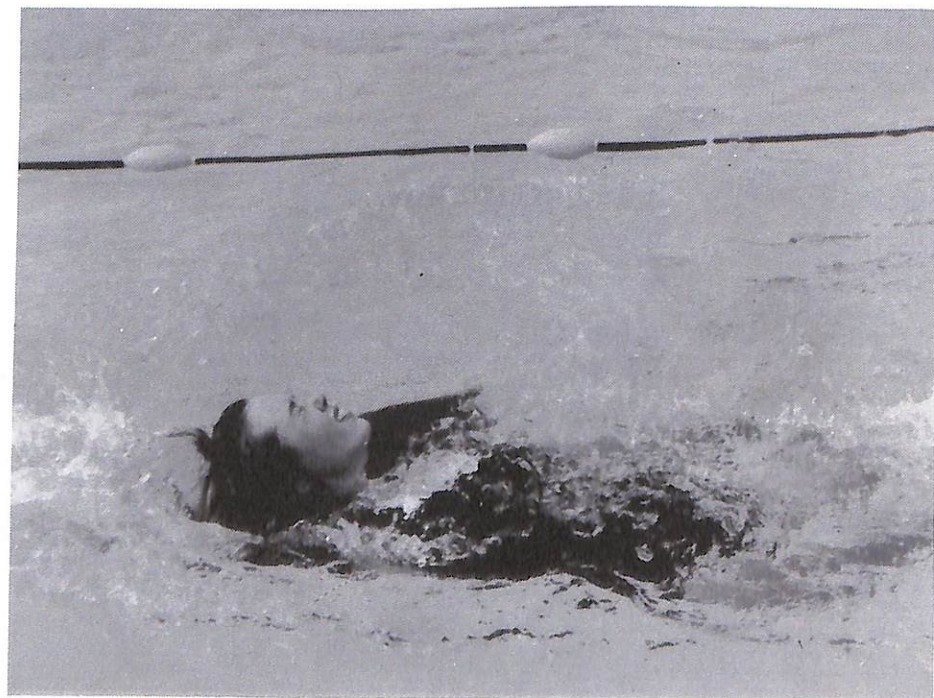
This year a successful swimming carnival was held at the Lilydale Pools on Tuesday, 16th February. As has been the case over the last few years, the Atwell team just seemed to be too strong. A big congratulations goes to Atwell and in particular Jayne Spencer, who was awarded first place in all five events she entered.

Final placings were:
Atwell 757 points
Gardiner 537 points
Stirling 514 points
Wiggin 435 points

Congratulations to all people who participated or were placed.

Swimming medallion winners were:

- | | |
|------------|-----------------------|
| U13 boys | Ben Walsham |
| U13 girls | Jaclyn Gow |
| U14 boys | Brad Burke |
| U14 girls | Kirstie Dench |
| U15 boys | David Gow |
| U15 girls | Jessica Langley-Jones |
| U16 boys | Matti Kuosmanen |
| U16 girls | Kerri Pearce |
| U17 boys | Brett Ray |
| U17 girls | Kim Clark |
| Open boys | Adam McKenzie |
| Open girls | Jayne Spencer |



Athletic Sports

For the first time in a number of years, Parkwood was blessed with some fine weather on the day of our Athletic Sports on Wednesday, 17th March at Doncaster. This undoubtedly resulted in more students attending the sports and the track conditions helped to produce some excellent performances. Records were broken by competitors in the following events:

- Renee Grant — U15 Girls long jump
Simon Terzioski — U15 Boys long jump
Paul Cooper — U17 Boys high jump
equal
Sarah Windsor — U13 Girls high jump
Julian Kuppler — Open Boys 1500 m walk
Brad Fox — U14 Boys long jump

In what proved to be a very close contest throughout the day, once again, Atwell were victorious and following their win at the swimming sports earlier this year, have completed the double.

Results were:

- Atwell 630 points
Gardiner 609 points
Wiggin 525 points
Stirling 511 points

Congratulations to all competitors and in particular, the Atwell team.

Another very pleasing thing was the comments made by the Manager and Curator of the track, relating to the behaviour of the Parkwood students.

Congratulations to everybody!

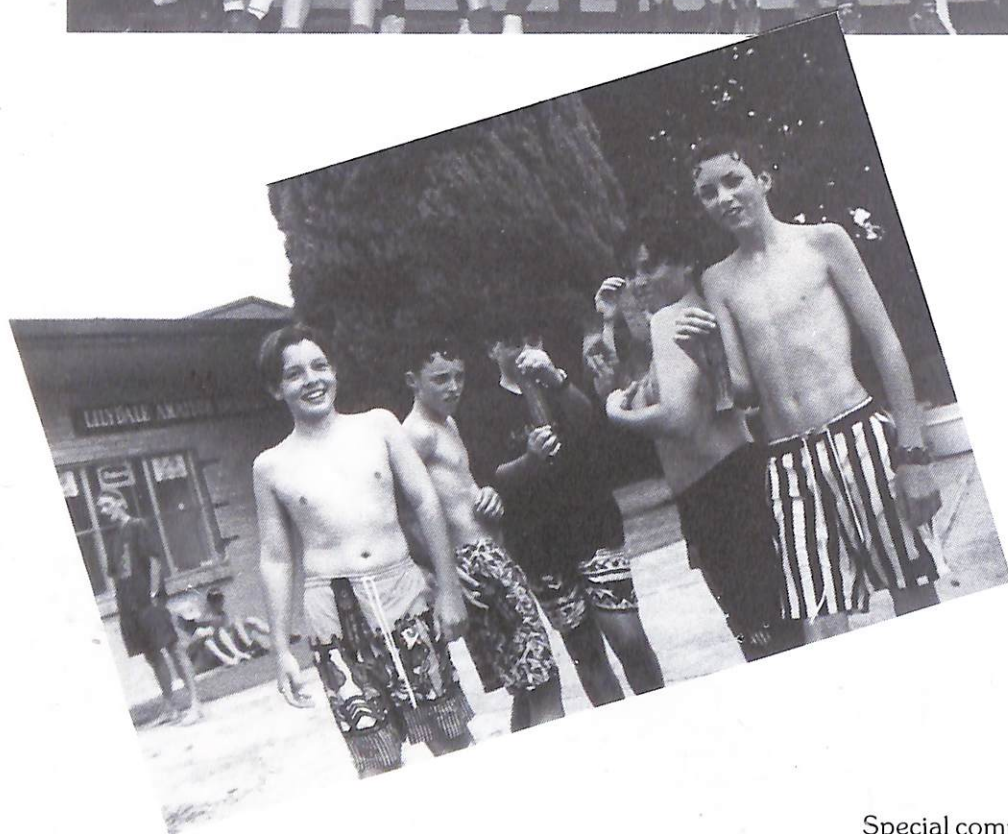
Congratulations and thanks to all students who represented Parkwood at the Athletics held on 14th September at East Burwood. The day was most enjoyable, except for the very cold conditions and many of our competitors performed very well. Some individual results were:

- U13 Sarah Windsor, 1st High Jump, 100 m
Rebecca Burns, 3rd Shot Put
Sarah Donald, 3rd Javelin
U14 Brad Fox, 1st Long Jump, Triple Jump, Hurdles, 2nd 100 m
Simon Frank, 2nd Javelin
Simon Tersioski, 2nd Discus
Katie Moore, 3rd 100 m, 200 m
Kirstie Dench, 1st High Jump
U15 James Joiner, 1st 400 m Relay
Harry Andonopoulos, 1st Hurdles Relay
Michael Watson, 2nd Walk, 1500 m
Mark Phillips, 1st 1500 Walk
Brent Zerafa, 3rd Discus
Jason Bell, 3rd Javelin
Richard Unwin, Trent Merrigan, James Joiner, Harry Andonopoulos, 1st Relay
Melissa Gilmore, 1st Javelin
Skye Berry, 2nd Shot Put
Renee Grant, 1st Walk, 2nd Long Jump
Simone Kuppler, 1st Walk, 2nd 200 m
Jessica Langley-Jones, 3rd Walk
Renee Grant, Rebecca Grant, Danielle Gilmore, Simone Kuppler, 1st Relay
U17 Tennille Merrigan, 1st Triple Jump, 100 m, 200 m
Rikki Gibson, 1st Discus
Brad Wilton, 2nd Triple Jump
Tennille Merrigan, Michelle Dench, Kim Clark, Lisa Richardson, 1st Relay
U21 Ainsley Moore, 2nd High Jump, 3rd Shot Put



Medallions were awarded to these competitors:

- | | |
|------------|-------------------|
| U13 boys | Justin White |
| U13 girls | Rebecca Burns |
| U14 boys | Mark Phillips |
| U14 girls | Katie Moore |
| U15 boys | Richard Unwin |
| U15 girls | Renee Grant |
| U16 boys | Scott Richardson |
| U16 girls | Kate Summerfield |
| U17 boys | Brett Ray |
| U17 girls | Tennille Merrigan |
| Open boys | Julian Kuppler |
| Open girls | Jenny Carter |



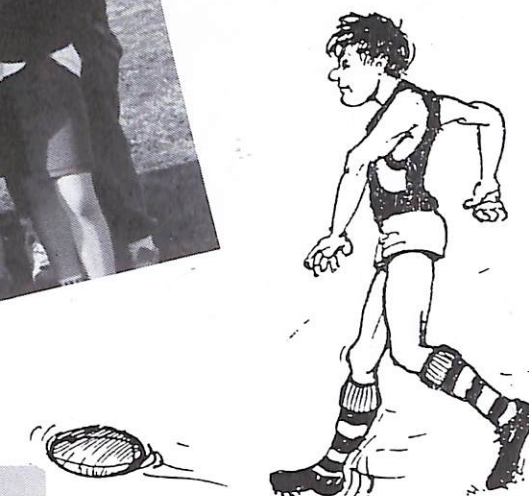
INDOOR SOCCER REPORT — 1993

This year has seen its share of Staff-student challenges. The indoor soccer challenge has been an institution at the school since 1985. In all that time, the students, despite their best endeavours, had never been able to beat the staff team. For most of this year, the tradition continued. Even though age may have "wearied them", the staff team, reduced to only 3 or 4 able bodies (and supported by Year 9s on invitation) won match after match. With Mr. "Who said I look like a brick wall?" Moxey producing outstanding saves in goals, and Mr. "Eat my dust" Gorman scoring goals at the other end, the students were always facing an uphill battle.

Special commendations must go to Brad Whatman's Rock-of-Gibraltar defending and Brett Tamblin's own individual style; a combination of flying karate and soccer skills. Wayne Hanrahan's speed on the wings was always a danger, as was Dimitri's famous "slide tackles" . . . on some occasions, he even took the ball. Finally there was the leadership of Joel Robotham and Phil Morrissey. It was Joel in defence and Phil up forward who finally led their team to the students' first ever victory. It was fitting that the final challenge, in late October was the scene of their 5-2 victory.

Congratulations, gentlemen. I only wish that the younger students coming through would stop getting faster. It's hard when traditions require old men to keep donning the shirts and shorts and ankle pads and knee pads and rub linament into what were once supple muscles. Still, it does make for good entertainment at lunchtime, especially if the Year 7s can yell at the Gary Ablett character, who wears a samurai headband, and know he won't be able to tell who it was!

Mr. Maile





LIBRARY

Our library security system was installed and operational for 1993. We all quickly recognised the beep, beep beep . . . of the alarm when items were not borrowed correctly. It is working well and helping to maintain our current resources.

All the Year 7s spent a morning in the library early in the year to "discover" what we have to offer. Many have become regular lunchtime users of our resources.

We celebrated Children's Book Week in August with daily competitions. Matthew Weinroski won a copy of the Book of the Year, "Looking for Alibrandi" in our major competition.

Junior students recently voted the YABBA awards (Young Australian Best Book Award) and their favourite author was Morris Gleitzman. Will he receive more votes this year than Paul Jennings, who has won the YABBA award for the past three years?

The CD-ROM computer is a popular source of information. Lunchtime bookings for Sim City, PC Globe and the CD-ROMS have been very keen all year, and the index to daily newspapers has proved most valuable, especially for the study of current issues.

A CANDLE BEING BLOWN OUT

Bright, uneasy, flickering flame
Lighting up a dark gloomy room.
A light breeze flows,
Just enough to make the flame flicker.
It gets faster and faster
Flowing from side to side.
EXTINGUISHED!
Smoke rises from the red wick.
The once lit candle now dead,
The wick now black as ash.

Katie Relf, Year 9A

TRIVIA NIGHT

In June of this year, Parkwood held its second "Trivia Night". As with last year's event it was planned by Mrs. Abery and committee of able helpers from the Parkwood Community Association plus Mr. Hogendoorn, Mr. Maile and Mr Byrne. Mr. Maile and Mr. Byrne prepared the questions and hosted the evening. They were greatly assisted by Mrs. Maile and a selection of year 9 to 11 students.

Mrs. Abery and her committee Mrs. Lea and Mrs. Whalsham, did a wonderful job with collecting prizes. They persuaded many local businesses to donate. Most competing teams had representatives who went home with at least one prize.

The evening was very successful with tables of parents, students and staff in attendance. The questions were grouped into topics (e.g. sport) and each table had a "Joker" which they could use only once and play for double points during that round. Between rounds of the Trivia Competition, other games were played while the answers to the Trivia questions were being marked.

The evening raised approximately \$2,500 and was a great success.

EXTINGUISHING THE FLAME!

Watching the oceans swell and preparing for the upcoming storm, it expands like a balloon and in fast forward, delivers its purpose. In one almighty explosion it is sent flying through the air, slowing down as it is sent spinning into resistance. But it is lucky it has reached the land and has released what small power it has. Trees and bushes flickering in the force. You can tell it is going to die. As history unfolds, it disappears and like before, other things take over and occupy the land.

Matthew Owen, Year 9A



ANZAC DAY

In April, Wally Parker came to our school and talked to us about World War 1. Some of us had brought things along about the war, like: medals, photos and hats. Wally told us stories about how he was injured in his past and how he became blind. He had his daughter there to help him. It was really interesting to hear about World War 1. Some of us even asked Wally if he knew who our Grandparents were!

Sarah Donald, Year 7B



INTERVIEW WITH MAJA OELSCHLAGEL

This year Parkwood Secondary College had a new teacher — Maja Oelschlagel — who helped all the German students with their work. Her help was invaluable and we will miss her when she returns to Germany in the near future. The Year 10 German students interviewed Maja so people could learn more about her.

Why did you come to Australia?

I wanted to get to know Australia, improve my English and learn about the Australian School system.

What are your interests generally?

Travelling, literature, theatre, languages.

Where have you travelled in Australia?

Tasmania, Northern Territory, Queensland, Sydney, Victoria and some National Parks in Victoria.

Are you looking forward to taking Naomi back to Germany with you?

Yes, of course.

Did you get very homesick during the year?

No, I didn't. I'm too old to get homesick!

What did you enjoy the most while you were here?

Not teaching! Travelling in the Northern Territory.

Do you like Aussie Rules Footie?

It's more interesting than soccer. (I'm not very interested in footie or soccer.)

What is the main difference between Germany and Australia?

The food and the climate. (It snowed in Germany!)

What are the major sports in Germany?

Soccer and tennis.

How do you find the culture in Australia?

What culture? ... it's a combination of old British and American. I mostly enjoyed learning more about Aboriginal culture.

Are you looking forward to returning to your family?

(Pauses) ... Yes.

Are you taking many souvenirs back with you?

It depends on how much money I will have left when I am going to leave.

How long have you been here?

11 months.

Where in Germany are you from?

Leipzig ... Eastern Germany.

What made you come to Parkwood SC?

The Directory of Education made me come to this school.

Do you like it?

(Laughs) ... Yes, um, it was an interesting experience, it was the only school where I got to teach younger students, which was quite hard.

How have you found prices compared to Germany's?

Cheaper in Australia — Restaurants and clothes are cheaper, and generally living costs are lower over here.

Have you made lots of friends?

You normally don't meet a lot of people that become your friends, but I've made a few, including Naomi.

Would you like to stay here longer?

If I had enough money to travel, I would.

Would you like to come back to Australia?

Yes, I would like to.

Do you like Vegemite?

No!

What's your favourite Australian food?

I don't like pies, I don't like lamb, and I don't like Vegemite. I do like Pavlova, but it is too sweet.

Is it difficult teaching Australian people German?

If the students want to learn it is easy.

Does it get boring teaching your own language?

Teaching is only boring if you have to say the same thing over and over again or if you have the same level every year.

What do you want to do in the future? (career)

I wish to try different jobs, I don't want to teach for the rest of my life!

Thankyou to Maja from all of the German students and good luck in the future.

RACIAL LOVE

I may be black, you may be white,
Let's leave this town of hatred and despise.
Let's run away maybe tonight,
Let's fly away on the strings of a kite.
For if we don't go, we'll never be able to show,
How much we love each other.

The sky is bright, the stars are light,
We both must leave tonight, tonight.

Hurry, quick before they come,
The evil watchmen with their guns.

Hold me now before it's too late,
We have to leave on this date.

Grab your bags, we're leaving soon,
We must go follow the light of the moon.

When we arrive at our special place,
Free from all the human race.

Where we won't be judged by the colour,
Of our face.

We will live in peaceful harmony.

Michelle Tedesco, Year 9C

KITTENS

I like them.

Ask me why.

Because they are so cute.

Because they make me laugh.

Because I have two of them.

Because they are so soft.

Because there are so many.

Because they are so sweet.

Because

Because

Because

Because that's why I love kittens.

Sarah Condie, Year 7B

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year the Public Speaking Competition was a great success, with many people participating. There were many subjects, ranging from environmental topics, cruelty to animals, and medical issues. The nerves before speaking were felt all through the room, but were soon settled when the first person spoke.

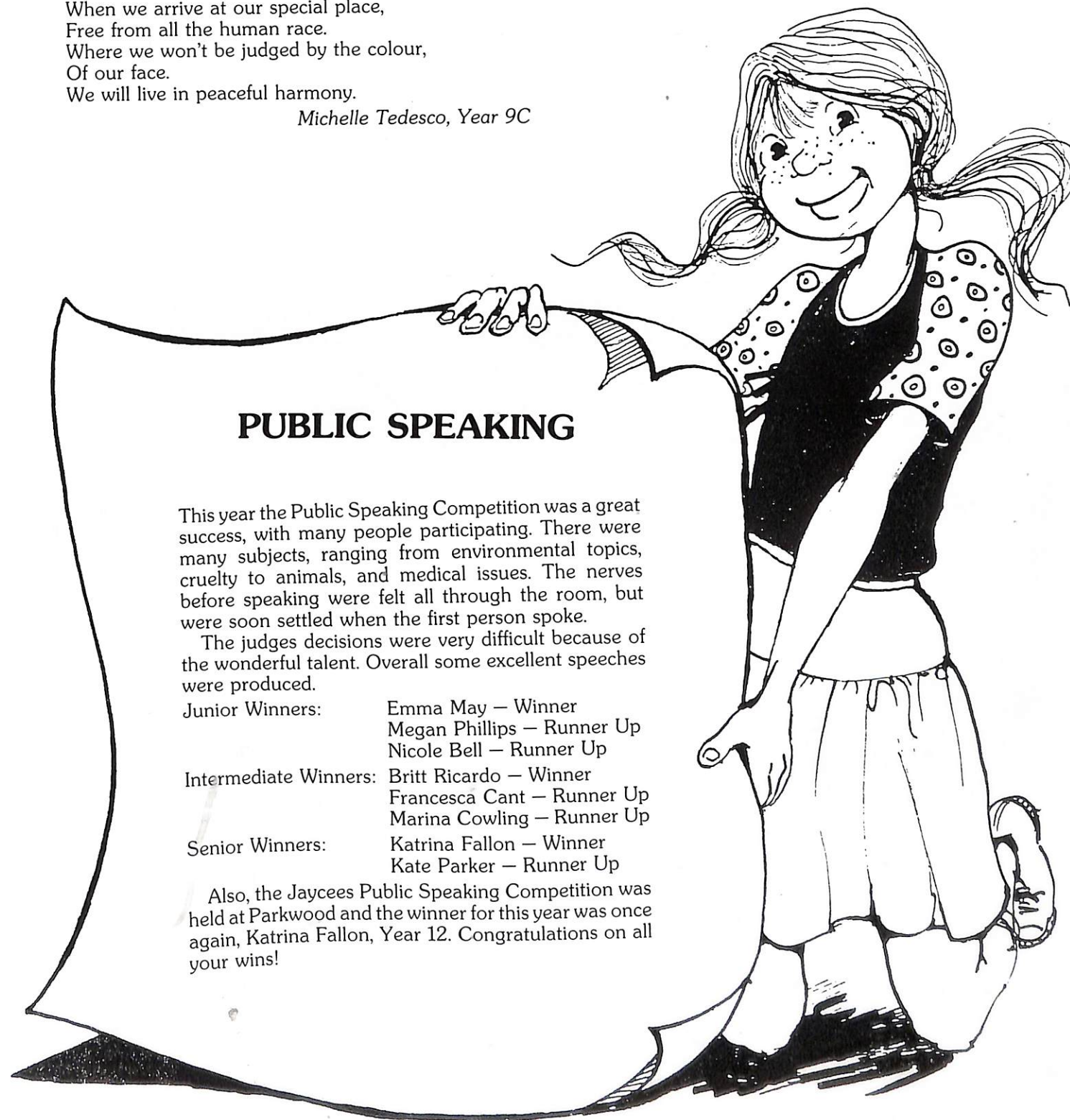
The judges decisions were very difficult because of the wonderful talent. Overall some excellent speeches were produced.

Junior Winners: Emma May — Winner
Megan Phillips — Runner Up
Nicole Bell — Runner Up

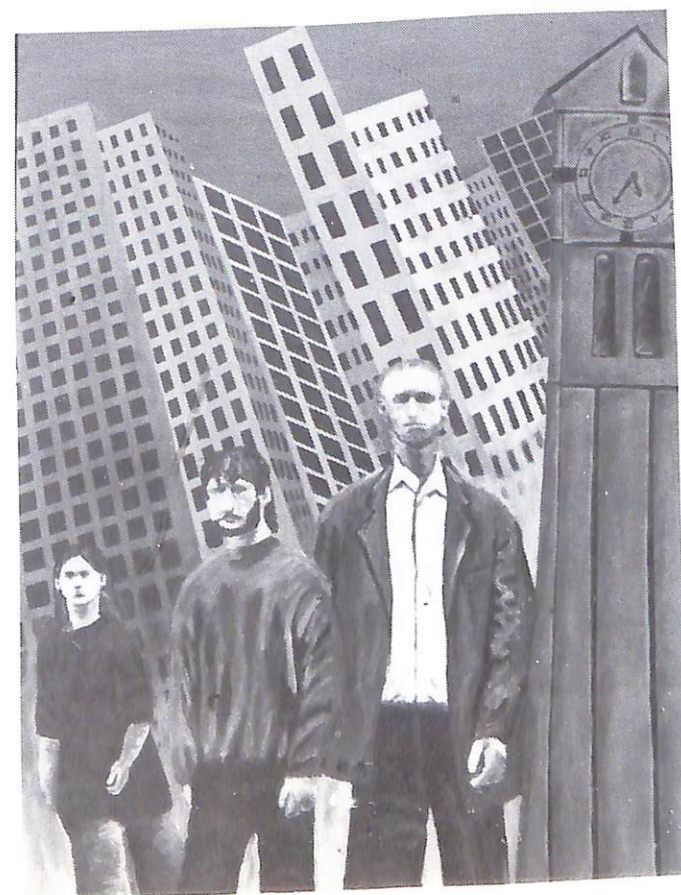
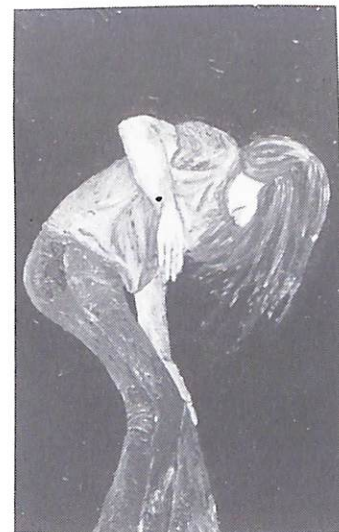
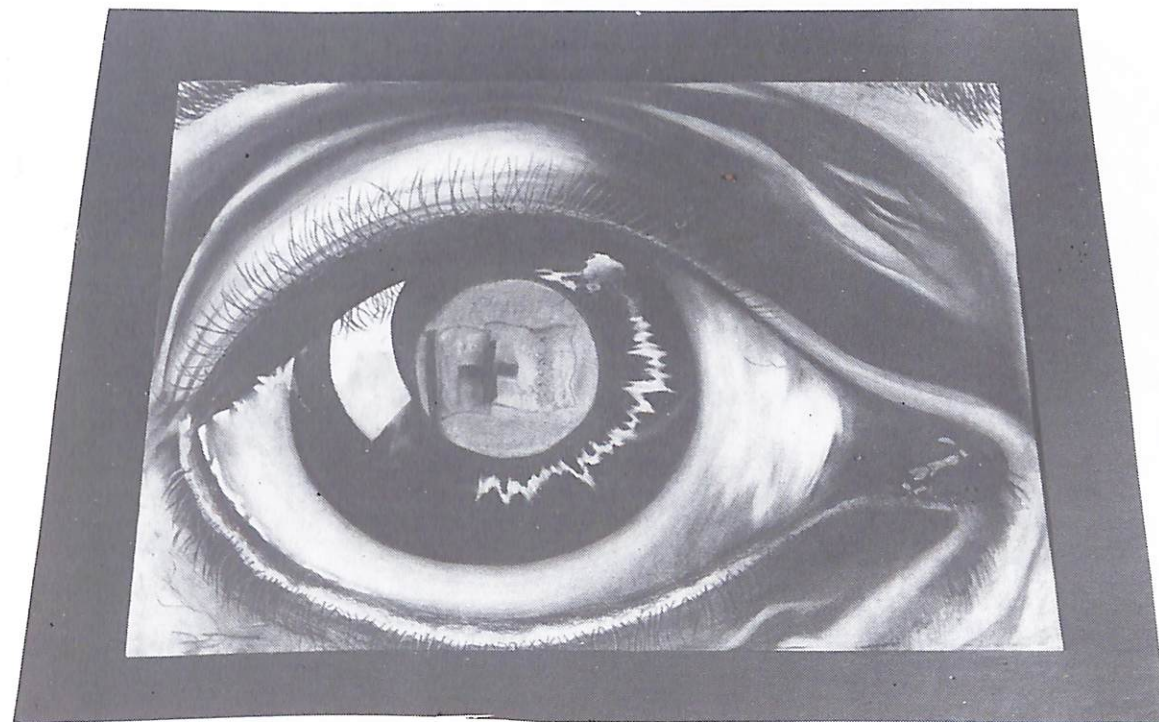
Intermediate Winners: Britt Ricardo — Winner
Francesca Cant — Runner Up
Marina Cowling — Runner Up

Senior Winners: Katrina Fallon — Winner
Kate Parker — Runner Up

Also, the Jaycees Public Speaking Competition was held at Parkwood and the winner for this year was once again, Katrina Fallon, Year 12. Congratulations on all your wins!

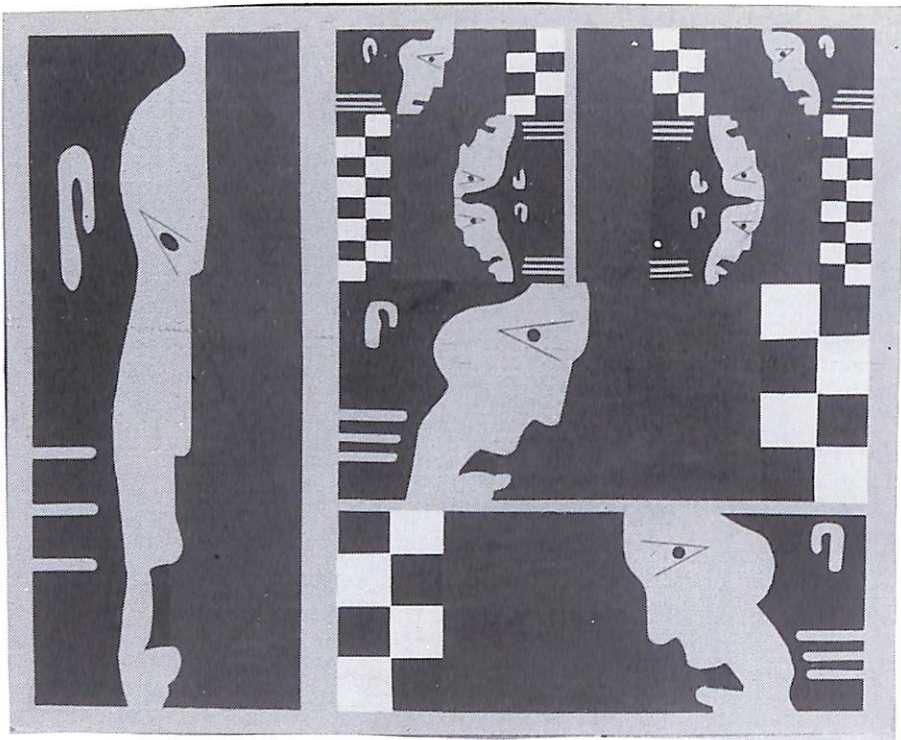




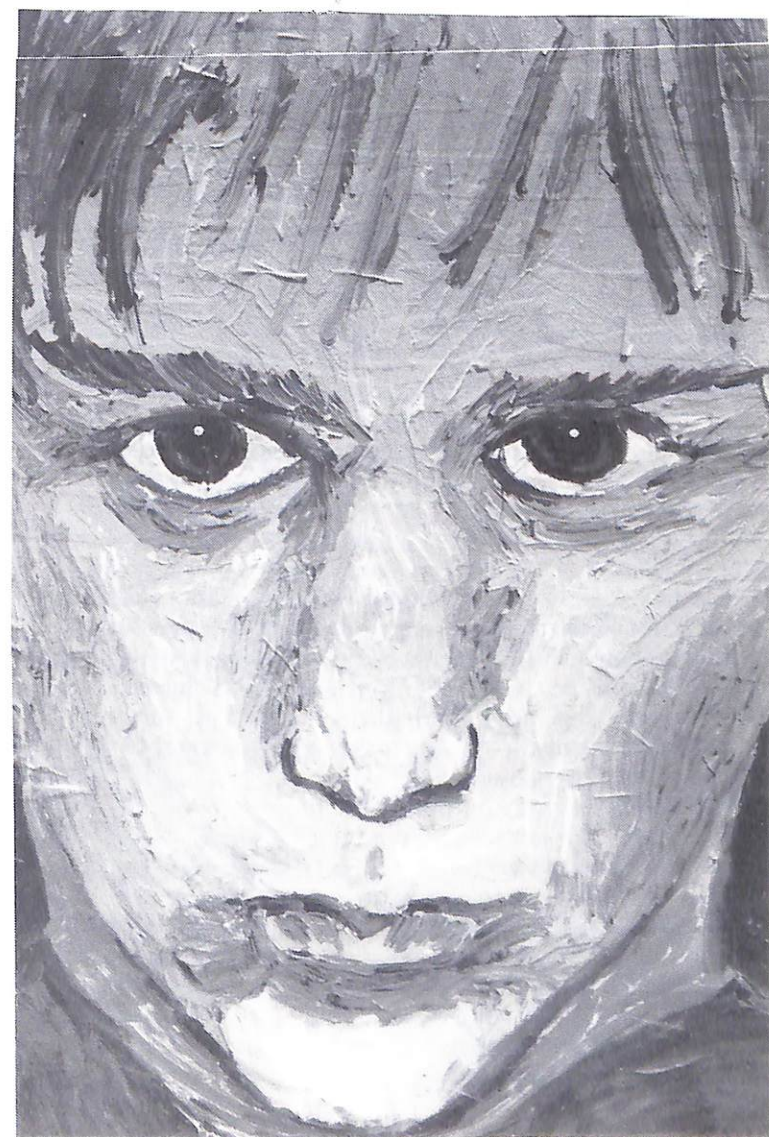
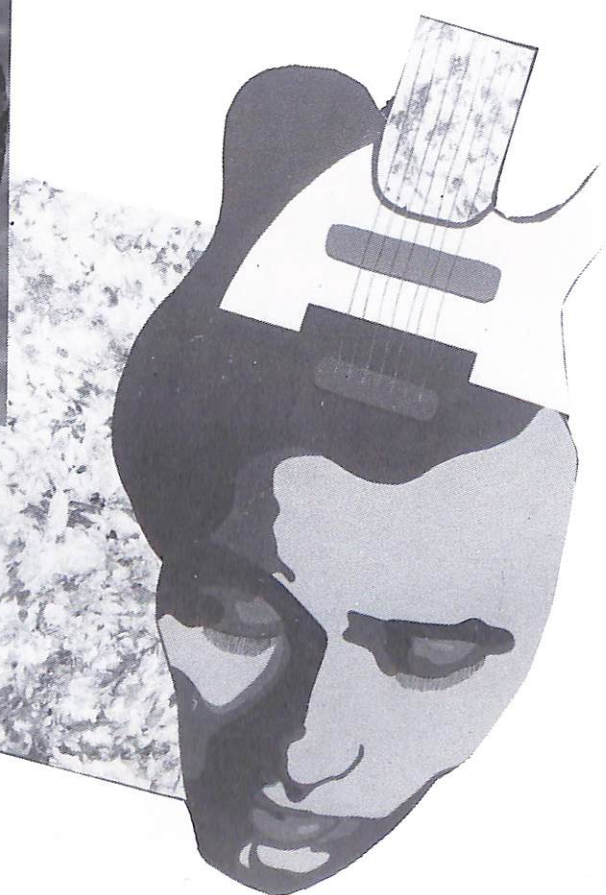


A
R
T

A
R
T



A
R
T



1993 TALENT QUEST



Alright Parkwood! Here's for another successful Talent Quest. In this year's line up we saw more talent than half a legged mule. The quest took off with a bang with "Liam and Chris's Band" doing their rendition of Bon Jovi's "Living on a Prayer".

The "Jam Pixies" were up next kicking with some originals and the covers of Lenny Kravitz's "Are you going my way", and Jimmy Hendrix's "Fire". Although we hadn't seen the drummer or singer around too much, they put in a top act and helped the Pixies to get rather raucous applause at the end of their set. Jam Pixies. What does that mean anyway? Are they trying to get sponsored by Monbulk or something?

The band that tickled everyone's fancy had to be... SNODRAH. Was it a four piece string quartet with an added bassoon? No. It was an all girl band, kicking some seriously "beautiful" music. Their songs "Photocopier", "Ace Mate", "Funnel" and "Sitting" were their four originals. Some threats were thrown from one end of the gym to the other and back again, but the biggest unanswered question was: Where did the lead guitarist do her shopping (or was she suffering from one of these serious bad hair days and was so preoccupied she couldn't tell what she was putting on that morning)?

The next band on was on with serious talent. The name "Smelly Discharge" said it all. I'm not too sure what they played but at least we know the amps work. The added mystery of the phantom tambourine player eluded even the greatest fantastic and, I'm sure, appealed to all of the thrash heads in the crowd. A violent applause followed their act.

The next act even caught the attention of the girl in the third row. "Labotimised Grandma" took the stage. Yet another year twelve band ravaged the instruments and captivated the audience. Although it's a pity they only got together two days before the Talent Quest. One original, a cover of Nirvana and their own rendition of "Star Trekkin" by the "Firm" were played. They could only play three songs as the yelling of the crowd became unbearable.

A group of four year eleven girls then ran onto the stage, kicked the last band off and started their act. Then the crowd controllers were forced to hold some exceptionally excited young Parkwood male students back from the four female singers doing their thing. Alright! They sang and sang a mixture of golden oldies after the wolf whistles stopped. Great stuff girls and remember "only those who try succeed". A wise man once said that, or was it me?

Another Year Twelve finished things off. It was called "Wasted" with a lovely little melody about all the teachers. Sung to the tune of "Love to Have A Beer With Duncan", four ludicrous souls sang their inner most feelings about a variety of the teachers and how they wouldn't have a beer with them. A giggle, a smirk even a slight chuckle was heard from most people, including the teachers themselves.

The "Jam Pixies" took out first place with "Wasted" coming in second. Equal third went to "Labotomised Grandma" and "SNODRAH".

Thanks go to all the judges who, if I may say so did a simply spiffy job. Thanks also go to those who helped set up and pack up. Thanks also go to SRC for funding the event and thanks go to winners who took this money away from us. Thanks go to the shop who accepted this money and thanks to the school for the event. Thanks for those who listened and those who didn't listen, thanks to the video people and thanks to the person giving all the thanks! Thankyou...

Dave Hickling



"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S 'ES NAME?"

One of the major advantages in working at the same school over a period of years (11 now in all) is that eventually small snippets of news about past students will filter back through the grapevine. I'm sure that many Parkwood students in the last ten years have been very successful, but short of an official reunion, it is difficult to discover just how successful. However the following students' stories illustrate that "believing in yourself," and "never giving up", do pay off.

Philo Hermans and Darren Dunk faced the same dilemmas as any other HSC or VCE students; how to manage time, and keep organised without becoming an automaton; how to have a social life, retain your sanity, and avoid the suspended animation state which almost appears mandatory for a final year student.

How difficult it seemed to keep the motivation going, when it is impossible to know where you are going, or even merely where you would like to go. Philo passed Year 12, if I remember correctly, and opted to undertake a Tertiary Orientation preparation course at Box Hill Tafe by way of preparing for a Theatre Arts course at Tertiary level. Ten years later Philo's proud mother contacted me with an extraordinarily successful resume of a very talented young actress, director, producer, and writer, who has completed a degree in drama, and social education at Latrobe; the last year of which involved her in studying in San Diego on scholarship.

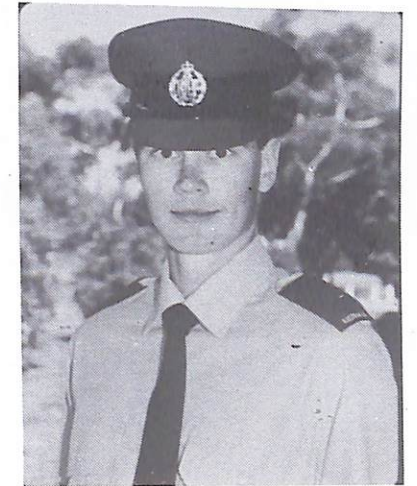
Since then Philo's resume demonstrates that she has mastered a variety of skills, maximised a wealth of opportunities which have culminated in her returning recently to perform in Melbourne, where she featured in a play called "Funerals and Circuses" during the State Arts Festival. Philo's has changed her name to Filo Dusseljee, but she is fondly remembered at Parkwood as Philo Hermans.

Darren always wanted to be a pilot with the Air Force, but due to short sightedness it was obvious that this ambition would be difficult to achieve. Darren discussed his pipe dream with me prior to work experience, when he opted to undertake a position with the Air Force at Sale, in the aircraft maintenance section.

Darren always was a hard working, conscientious student, and achieved a place in a Mechanical Engineering course where in his first half year he achieved Four credits and a Distinction. However Darren had not lost sight of his ambition, and upon the third application to the Air Force he was finally successful, being one of only three Victorians accepted. Darren has opted to undertake a position as an Avionics Technician, but has set his sights on completing a degree with the Air Force, not in order to fly, but to achieve a commission as an officer.

The high point of Darren's career so far was to be part of the Armed Services Official Escort in Canberra on 11th November, 1993 for the service of the Interment of the Unknown Soldier.

I wish both "good luck", but I don't believe "LUCK" is as critical a factor as many consider. If it is, then I'm sure you make your own. On the contrary, hard work, belief in yourself, determination and an attitude of persistence usually carry far more weight in assisting you to reach your goal.



I hope these cameos act as an inspiration to our 1993 students especially those about to undertake VCE. Opportunities need to be recognised and taken up wherever, and whenever they appear. Planning and investigation, and networking never go astray.

The personal qualities of determination, hardwork and belief in yourself are the most important factors in securing your career goal and consequently choosing your quality of life pattern. Best wishes to all.

Mrs. McDonald, Career Teacher

LOVE!

Love is gold.
Love tastes as sweet as sugar
Love smells like a rose bed
Looks like a rainbow after a big storm
Love sounds like bubbles floating
Love is warm.

Rebecca Jones, Year 7B

PEACE!

Peace is white
Smells like potpourri
Tastes like fresh fruit salad
Sounds like children laughing
Peace looks like a rising sun
Peace simply delights me!

Rebecca Jones, Year 7B

A RAIN DROP FALLING FROM A LEAF

The leaf had grooves in it where the little silver rain drop had placed itself to rest.

But only for a split second when it slowly started to move through the deepest groove, which was the main vein on the wet but dried leaf.

It slowly came to the edge where the little silver drop, stretched to the point where it couldn't stretch any more, and had to let go of the leaf.

Allison Hallpike, Year 9A



O
P
E
N

D
A
Y



YEAR 7A

Row 3: Katie Barry, Ben Walsham, Sarah Windsor, Simon Fuller, Hugh Torresan, Nathan Fearn, Nicole Bell, Nicholas Drake, Diana Jamison.

Row 2: David Malley, Trudi Williams, Luke Siwek, Jaclyn Gow, Kate Walters, Kathryn Murchie, Liam Mulcahy, Kate Gillson.

Front: Rebecca Hill, Ryan Standish, Laura Candler, Simon Keniry, Justine Mizzi, Anthony Hickling, Megan Phillips.

Teacher: Mr. Maile.

YEAR 7B

Row 3: Chris Bradd, Sarah Donald, Sara Condie, Toby Ronaldson, Rebecca Burns, Kate Calbert, Ryan Pember.

Row 2: Melissa Hitchcock, Shane Odermatt, Genevieve Green, Luke Ping Nam, Tristan Cook, Aimee Hogan, Blair Crump, Tresna-Lee Hogg.

Front: Charles Pardo, Singapura Ngo, Justin White, Stuart Hassan, Shane Laird, Bianca Valeri, Geoff Smith.



YEAR 7C

Row 4: Katrina Jones, Richard Tschiersch, Phillip Lawrence, Susannah Cant.

Row 3: Daniel Lynch, Megan Russell, James Wilson, Sally McGuinness, Evan Stait, Tracey Owen, Troy Lemke.

Row 2: Cassie Martin, Dallas Roberts, Stuart Dunk, Katie Burgo, Kathryn Savage, Glen Nelson, Suzanne Hall.

Front: Tim Myles, Anthony Bird, Ammier Sarhan, Brad Cameron, Mark Nadz, Damien Gahan, Gerald De Piazza.

Teacher: Mrs. Erin Osbourne.



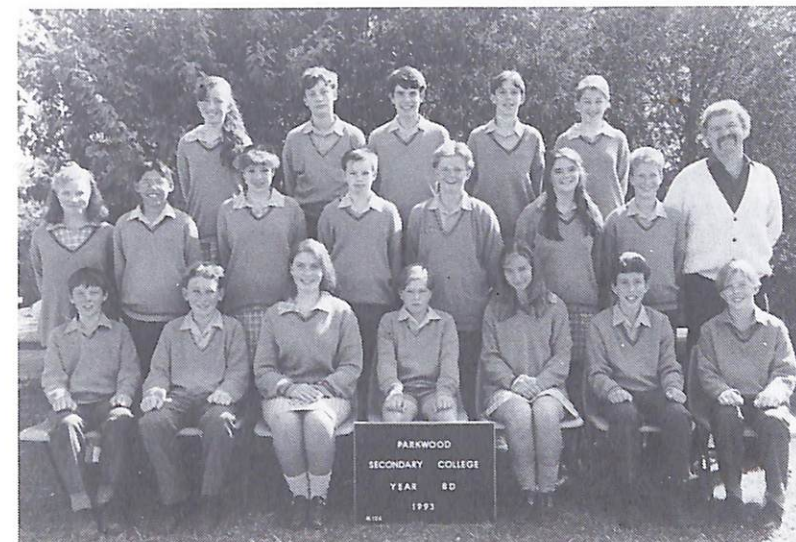
YEAR 8A

Row 3: Kellie Ruck, Simon Frank, Matthew Lepkaa, Aaron McGoldrick, Jamie McDonnell, Narelle Kear.

Row 2: Michael Watson, Lisa Haddow, Mark Phillips, Renee Kennedy, Cassie Scammell, Ben Everett, Melissa Shinnick.

Front: Adam Beardall, Kristi Brash, Paul Mavin, Ryan Coutts, Paul Muller, Carly Strachan, Oliver Kas.

Teacher: Mr. J. Zygmunt.



YEAR 8D

Row 3: Alicia Brown, Heath McAlister, Matthew Crothers, Stuart Moore, Tamie Jarvis.

Row 2: Sharon Hunt, Chris D'Amico, Sylvia Turk, Rene Buwalda, Glenn Cochrane, Renee Nye, Tim Parker.

Front: Brad Jones, Marcus Reeka, Cathie McLennan, Alan Ballard, Lauren Voice, Matthew Kyle, Michael Gay.

Teacher: Mr. J. Moxey.

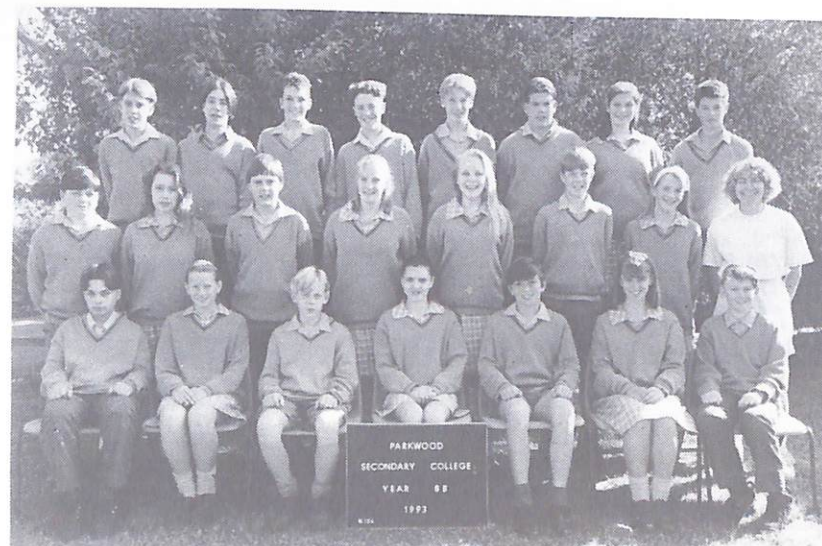
YEAR 8B

Row 3: Lucas Craig, Adam Grey, Andrew Boyce, Aaron Gullan, Jason Cowburn, Jarrod Down, Nicole Cuce, Brett McNeill.

Row 2: Lucas Hart, Jayde Wood, Todd Murtagh, Skye Berry, Amber Convey, Simon Slater, Belinda Luscombe.

Front: David Giannopoulos, Lisa Sands, Daniel Jennings, Laura Morrissey, Chris Van Prooyen, Julie Anderson, David Arundel.

Teacher: Mrs. J. Fell.

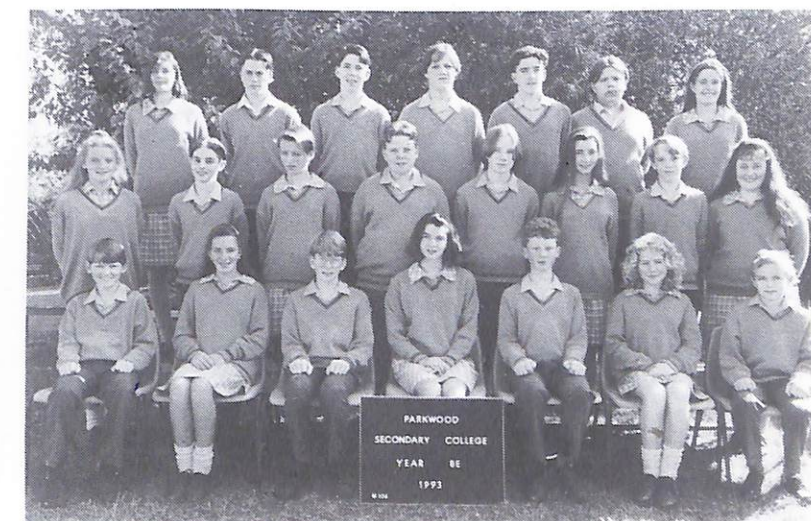


YEAR 8E

Row 3: Robyn Wallis, Paul Billings, Mathew Canterford, Tony Brown, Bradley Burke, Cameron Beard, Emma May.

Row 2: Janine Boschen, Craig Easterby, Natasha Kikic, Daniel Bradd, Doran Moppert, Alisa Christensen, Andrew Crook, Natasha Siwek.

Front: David Goodrem, Elise Kuszlaba, Ryan Lea, Marissa Kruger, Peter Malley, Alana Bruce, Daniel Eaton.



YEAR 8C

Row 3: Tamara Curtain, Troy Elliott, Andrew Stait, Michael Fitzgerald, Kirstie Dench.

Row 2: Emma Morrison, Simon Tezioski, Wightman Savage, Lachlan Fuller, Brendan Filleul, Wesley Moore, Daniel Young.

Front: Matthew Nissinen, Kylie Digby, Brad Fox, Ben Shoppee, Andrew Middlemast, Katie Moore, David Sweeting.

Teacher: Ms M. O'Donohue.



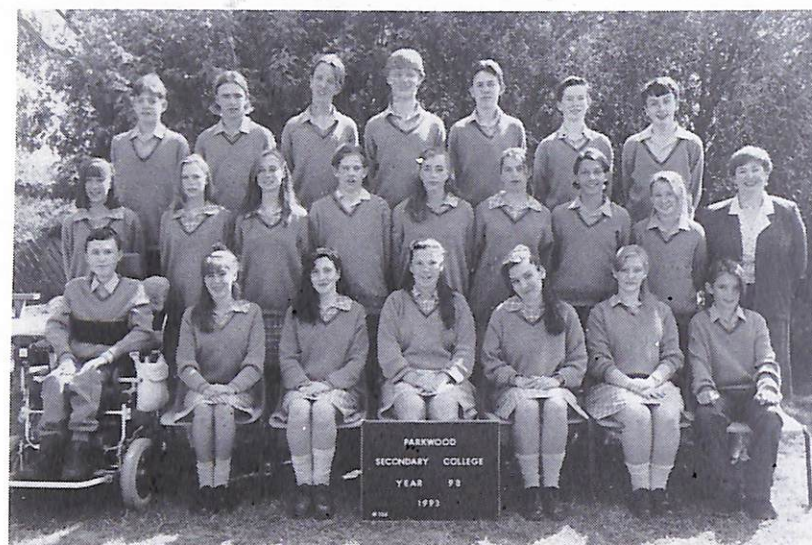
YEAR 9A

Row 3: Francesca Cant, Matthew Owen, Richard Unwin, Brent Zerafa, Sarah Langenhorst.

Row 2: Marco Salamone, Adam Ghent, Kelly Packham, Belinda Tromp, Darren Roberts, Peta Waters, Carol Starkey.

Front: Allison Hallpike, Melissa Gilmore, Warren Tute, Misty Bryant, Mark Zelley, Lisa Richardson, Katie Relf.

Teacher: Mrs. A. Barton.



YEAR 9B

Row 3: Craig Rowell, Jason Bell, Andrew Rosewarne, Kirk Bloomfield, Jamie Wilson, Sean Haddon, Christian Heskett.

Row 2: Jessica Langley-Jones, Renee Grant, Danielle Gilmore, Lee Kempster, Michelle Parkinson, Carlee Robertson, Harry Andonopoulos, Adrian McIntosh.

Front: Christopher Fryer, Renee Calvett, Kay Erskine, Justine Land, Elisa Freitas, Kerri-Lee Pearce, Justin Bird.

Teacher: Ms M. Hare.



YEAR 9E

Row 3: Todd Ronaldson, David Schneider, Nathan Russell.

Row 2: Lizzy Pears, Geoff Mitchell, Nicole Ruduss, James Joiner, Andrew Brown, Kelly Hansen, Daniel Donnelly.

Front: Leah Phillips, Aaron Kuszlaba, Karla Ellard, Sophie Booth, Amanda Tucker, Brendan Kiddle, Lauren Hauser.

Teacher: Mr. Reg Reddy.

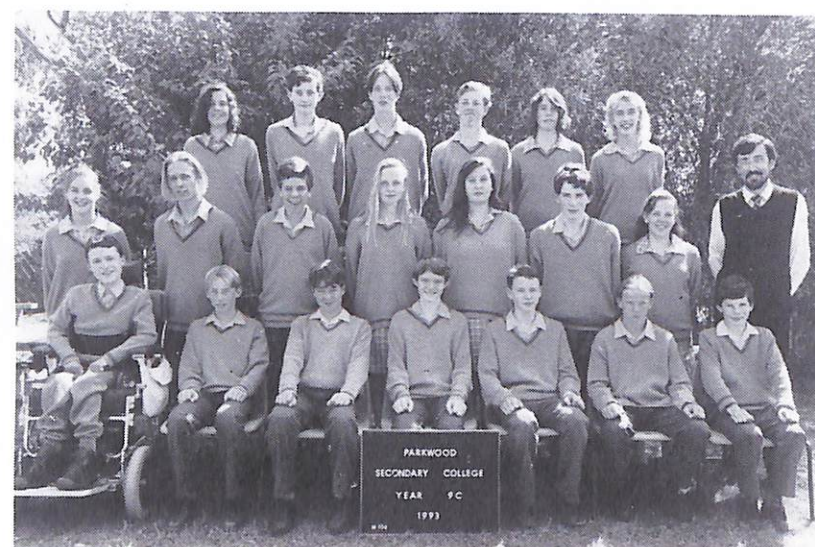
YEAR 9C

Row 3: Nadia Seidel, Harley Taylor, Craig Rosewarne, Craig Drew, Erika Seidel, Candice Cook.

Row 2: Sian Jamison, Murray Lorden, Adam Valeri, Michelle Ruduss, Peita Tapper, James Gibbins, Michelle Tedesco.

Front: Nicholas Fryer, Damian White, David Gow, James Moore, Marc McKenzie, Leigh Francome, David Bangay.

Teacher: Mr. P. Sayers



YEAR 10A

Row 3: Andrew Davison, Brooke Lischke, Sandra Ireland, David Dellaca.

Row 2: Simon-John Hogg, Kate Sullivan, Mark Onans, Scott Nelson, Marina Cowling, Richard Archibald, Kate Summerfield, Jarrad Wescombe.

Front: Vicki Beardall, Christy Poynton, Vicki Haddow, Linda Waller, Kelly Lawson, Elizabeth Crawford, Michelle Cuce.



YEAR 9D

Row 3: Paul Eldridge, Evan Lorden, Lachlan Stevens, Trent Merrigan, Nathan Need.

Row 2: Rebecca Elliott, Rebecca Grant, Christopher Nealon, Krista Terzioski, Michelle Lawrence, Britt Ricardo, Michelle Waters.

Front: Simone Kuppler, Daniel Brash, Lyndal Selman, Olivia Robotham, Nicole Cato, Andrew Keniry, Kelly Pinches.

Teacher: Ms P. Whitehead.



YEAR 10B

Row 3: Matthew Selman, Leigh Munro, Ben Tamme, Grant Cowan-Hackett, Ben O'Callaghan, David Haley, Adam Condie.

Row 2: Gillian Morrissey, Jason Lamb, Rebecca Withers, Suzi Edwards, Amanda Spencer, Renee Ferguson, Dion Wan, Nicole Fox.

Front: Sally Parker, Adele Williams, Paul Marriott, Jennifer Gay, Troy Standish, Lara Tonti, Lisa Wallis.



YEAR 10C

Row 3: Daniel Moldrich, Paul Basinski, Anita Lemke, Chris Gambera, Philip Van DeVoorde, Tanya Seidel, Scott Butcher, Joel Burgess.

Row 2: Larissa George, Estelle Hickling, Belinda Graham, Shannon Cheal, Michelle Bayly, Erika Nemson, Tammy Bruce, Karen Vankrieken, Samantha Land.

Front: Dawn Williams, Glenn Kiddle, Annika Mason, Claire Abery, Kate Digby, John MacKenzie, Michelle Ashworth.

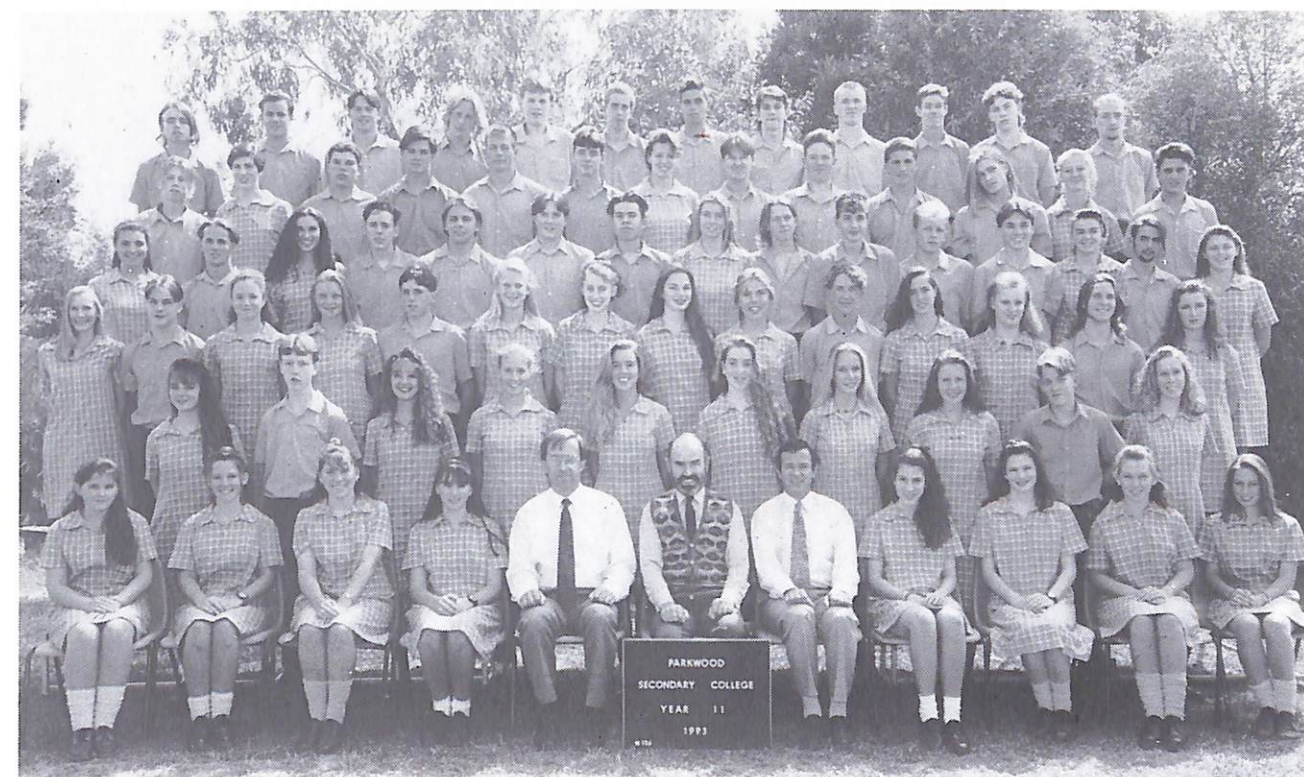


YEAR 10D

Row 3: Paul Horvath, Jane Carrodus, Isak Pokkinen, Tim Brindle, Natalie Frank, Richard Fisher.

Row 2: Cassie Scott, Rebecca Harrison, Bradley Pilato, Nicole Light, Naomi Smith, Shaun Swaney, Peta Alexander, Michelle Bloomfield.

Front: Kelly Atkinson, Mark Jones, Nardene Bower, Craig Smith, Morag Erskine, Troy Winters, Brooke Greal.



YEAR 11

Row 6: David Bird, Andrew Alston, Brett Ray, Athan Giannikos, Stephen Perry, Steven Britton, Oliver O'Callaghan, Paul Cooper, Robert Maka, Brad Wilton, Paul Schneider, Nick Wells.

Row 5: Cameron Konrad, Erin Torresan, Alex Land, Tony Dent, Scott Richardson, Wayne Mansell, Margaret Mitchell, Zachary Kas, Shane Roberts, Aaron Robotham, Jeroen Glas, Michelle Gaspero, David Tucker.

Row 4: Julia Christensen, Rohan Allport, Nicole Kremke, Michael McDonnell, Luke Nissinen, Nathan Crothers, Justin Ganya, Kim Clark, Chris Ruduss, Mark Giannopoulos, Troy Clarkson, Mark Dunk, Riki Gibson, Robert Ardolic, Michelle Dench.

Row 3: Kylie Hadley, Cameron Danks, Michelle Hunt, Anne-Marie Middlemast, Bernard Martin, Jenny Watson, Paula Bishop, Miranda Ghent, Alisa Packham, Jeremy Doekes, Shay Portwine, Briony Tromp, Matti Kuosmanen, Michelle Pickett.

Row 2: Claire O'Connell, Craig Walton, Melissa Boschen, Narelle Roper, Kim Ricardo, Erika Vlasic, Catherine Mavin, Martine Bartils, Jason Roberts, Shannon Lea.

Front: Melanie Doherty, Jodi Goodrem, Frances Muller, Clare McCandlish, Jennifer Galatas, Allison Murray, Angela Muller, Vanessa Basilone.

Teachers: Mr. R. Fisch, Mr. G. Waugh, Mr. R. Oakley.

YEAR 11 DEBUTANTE BALL 1993

After months of preparation the night had finally arrived. Twenty-six girls, all looking beautiful in their white dresses, waited anxiously on one side of the stage for their names to be called, while their equally anxious partners waited on the other. This was it! All those hours of practice were finally coming to a final hour, and all of it to be performed in front of 400 families and friends. Our nerves weren't helped by the several mishaps that had occurred throughout the afternoon, including Wayne's very graceful faint during practice! Much to his partner Briony's relief he had recovered to go on with the main performance, which much to everyone's relief, including the dedicated committee members, went off without a hitch. For the first time, we put the whole presentation together, and beautifully at that. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the whole night, and it was equally enjoyable to participate in once those nerves were gone. So tonnes of hairspray and many fallen flowers from our wrist posies later, the most wonderful night of our lives was over.

Francis Muller and Shannon Lea of Year 11

The huge eagle clasps its prey as it thunders from the sky.
It soars back to its nest, feeding its new born young.
It watches its young carefully for a predator may come.
You wouldn't know how powerful it could really be.
Shane Odermatt

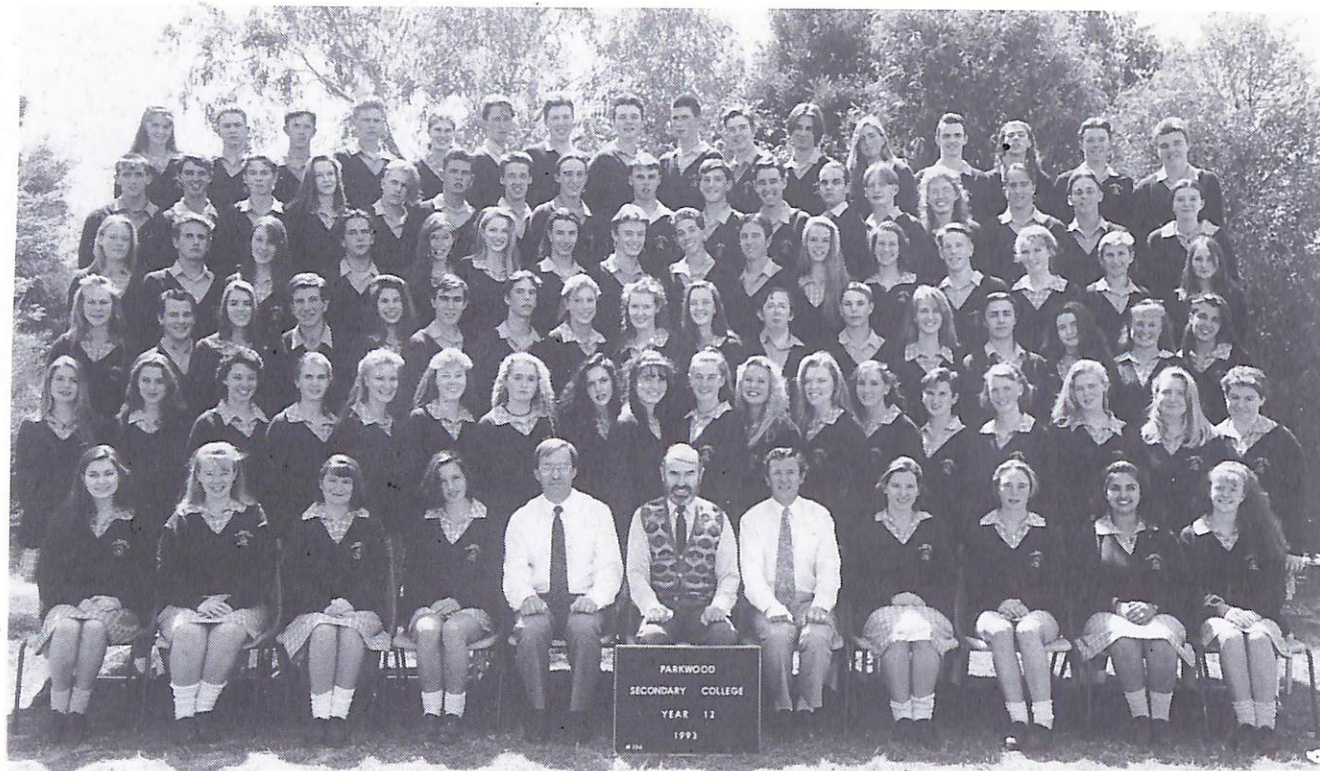


Castles built above,
Higher than all they survey
Nothing can destroy them.
M. Owen

A leaf fluttered to the ground
with freedom.
When it hit the soft grass
It rested calmly.
B. Tromp

The morning wind blows
The sun rises in the far west
A new day has begun.
K. Relf

Depression is grey
It tastes like a moulded pie
It has the smell of damp moth balls
And looks like dark grey storm clouds
It sounds like thunder, lightning and rain
It feels like a mixture of emotions ready to explode.
Singapore, Year 7B



YEAR 12

Row 6: Abby Cowan-Hackett, Joe Freitas, Paul Wansley, Jason Dove, Jenny Carter, Calum Hamilton, Andrew Mansell, Brad Whatman, David Burgess, Tony Burke, Matthew Gilmore, Kerrie Price, Phillip Morrissey, Matthew Duckworth, Adam McKenzie, Gary Ireland.

Row 5: Craig Anderson, Mark Unwin, Andrew McIntosh, Tennille Merrigan, Dave Hickling, Damien Koenitz, Damon Portwine, Simon Lamb, Brett Tamblyn, Joel Robotham, Matthew Donnelly, Demetri Rigogiannis, Geoff Doherty, Kate Mason, Kristian Dieber, Martin Purdon, Amanda Phillips.

Row 4: Lea Hannah, Daniel Christian, Alice Langley-Jones, Andrew Van Prooyen, Ainsley Moore, Emma Langenhorst, Luke McCandlish, Michael Haley, Mathew Denman, Matthew Hunt, Lisa Bottrell, Danielle White, Steven Doyle, Kate Stevens, Julian Kuppler, Sharon Ryan.

Row 3: Tumuhua Hansen, Mark Garry, Julie Parkinson, Jamie Galatas, Kylie Mackenzie, Wayne Hanrahan, Wayne Sterling, Deborah Tamme, Caroline Williams, Joanne Rosewarne, Sean Morrow, Peter Readdy, Chelsey Crane, Scott Abercrombie, Emma Hamlin, Kathryn Taylor, Angela Dent.

Row 2: Natasha Shoppee, Jody Raunjak, Claire Ross, Melanie Cousins, Kate Parker, Melissa Whitelegg, Melissa Grove, Shona Macquarie, Deanne Greenwood, Mandy Harvey, Anita Burge, Kiri Brindle, Jayne Spencer, Rebecca Kas, Carolyn Haupt, Narelle Rossiter, Kate Peters, Melissa Selman.

Front: Naomi Cowling, Meagan Quirk, Anita Pucic, Kati Beardall, Sarah Kas, Sophie Ritchie, Rita Baldacchino, Katrina Fallon.

Teachers: Mr. R. Fisch, Mr. G. Waugh, Mr. R. Oakley.

WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF . . .

Brett and Rebecca weren't a couple.
Demetri wasn't so concerned with his hair.
Kathy said highly intelligent comments.
Katrina didn't do such loud talks.
Meagan wasn't called Grandma.
Caroline didn't fall over and off her chair on a Thursday.
Abby didn't sneeze like a dog.
All the Kates didn't turn around when Kate is called.
Emma Hamlin didn't have pink hair.
Tennille wasn't so tall and skinny.
Calum hated Stefan Edberg.
Jason wasn't a Hawthorn supporter.
Damien hated Elvis Presley.
Geoff was in a good mood.
Sarah and Melanie weren't friends.
Jody paid attention in psych class.
Michael wasn't called 'Mini'.
Daniel didn't show off all the time.
Phil didn't burst into song during Info Tech.
Deb didn't eat Demetri's lunch.

Wayne didn't have his Green Valiant.
Emma Langenhorst didn't have a boyfriend.
Jayne and Kiri didn't repeat lines from their favourite movies.
Deanne threw her rubbish on the ground.
Brad didn't go 'Noowie' or 'Yowie'.
Dave Burgess was small.
Angela Dent turned up to school.
The boys in Year 12 didn't get into trouble all the time.
Craig didn't have parties.
Matt Donnelly didn't play solitaire in Info Tech.
Mark Unwin didn't go out with Kim in Year 11.
Paul didn't throw food at people during lunch.
Sophie didn't pull her sneakers out in Maths.
Anita B. was on time for exams.
Matt Hunt didn't work at Red Rooster.
Scott liked AFL instead of Rugby League.
Anita Pucic's name was pronounced right.
Mandy was quiet.



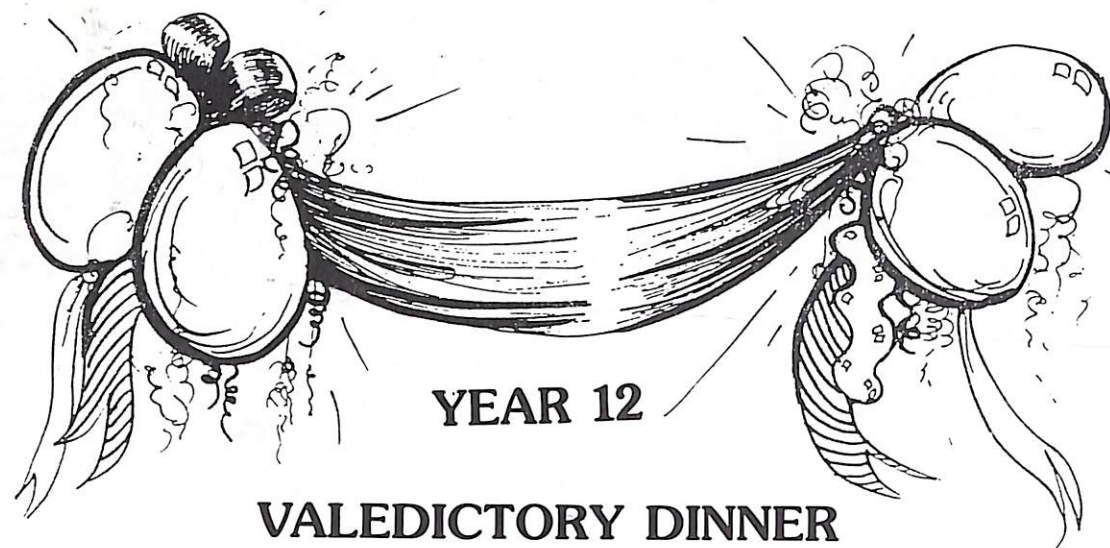
YEAR 12 FORMAL

The Year 12 Formal was a night where nearly every single Year 12 student let loose for a night. All were dressed up for the special occasion, some weren't even easily recognised due to their style and elegance. Once the music started pumping, people slowly found their way to the dance floor and by the end of the night found their special dance partner, even if it was just for the last dance. Despite most arriving single, many left paired up with someone special for the night, many were inevitable, however there were a few surprising couples.

Naturally, there was an "after party", and fun was had by all, except those too tired to party on. A big thank-you is owed to Anita Burge and Jody Raunjak for organising the night and Amanda Phillips for her hospitality at the "after party". A memorable night was experienced by all, as we all were able to relax and enjoy a great night before the VCE CATs arrived . . . somewhat too quickly.

Melissa Whitelegg, Year 12





YEAR 12

VALEDICTORY DINNER

A group of seven Year 12 girls decided to organise a Year 12 Valedictory Dinner to celebrate our long awaited departure from Parkwood. After many painstaking hours of organising and blowing up balloons, the night finally arrived. Students, parents, teachers and significant others gathered at the Ringwood Convention Centre on Sunday 21st November.

It was a memorable night with unforgettable speeches, including Ms O'Connell's slip when she welcomed everyone to the "1994" Valedictory Dinner — another year to go, surely not! Mr Maile left many Year 12 students red faced as he shared embarrassing anecdotes about past students.

Next Katrina Fallon and Michael Haley did a speech on behalf of the students. Now it was the teachers' turn

to be embarrassed, with comments such as Mr Sayers — the third Leyland Brother, and remember Mr Eadon — Nike and Reebok's answer to advertising. Students were presented with certificates for academic and sporting achievement and contribution to the school. And for the first time awards were presented by the Council to students in all the areas of study.

Special note should be given to Mr Maile who showed off his dancing techniques — John Travolta look out!!!

The night was enjoyed by all who attended and hopefully the tradition will continue for many years. Thanks to everyone who attended and to the seven girls (Deanne, Caroline, Meagan, Melissa, Melanie, Sarah, Kathy) who organised the night.

