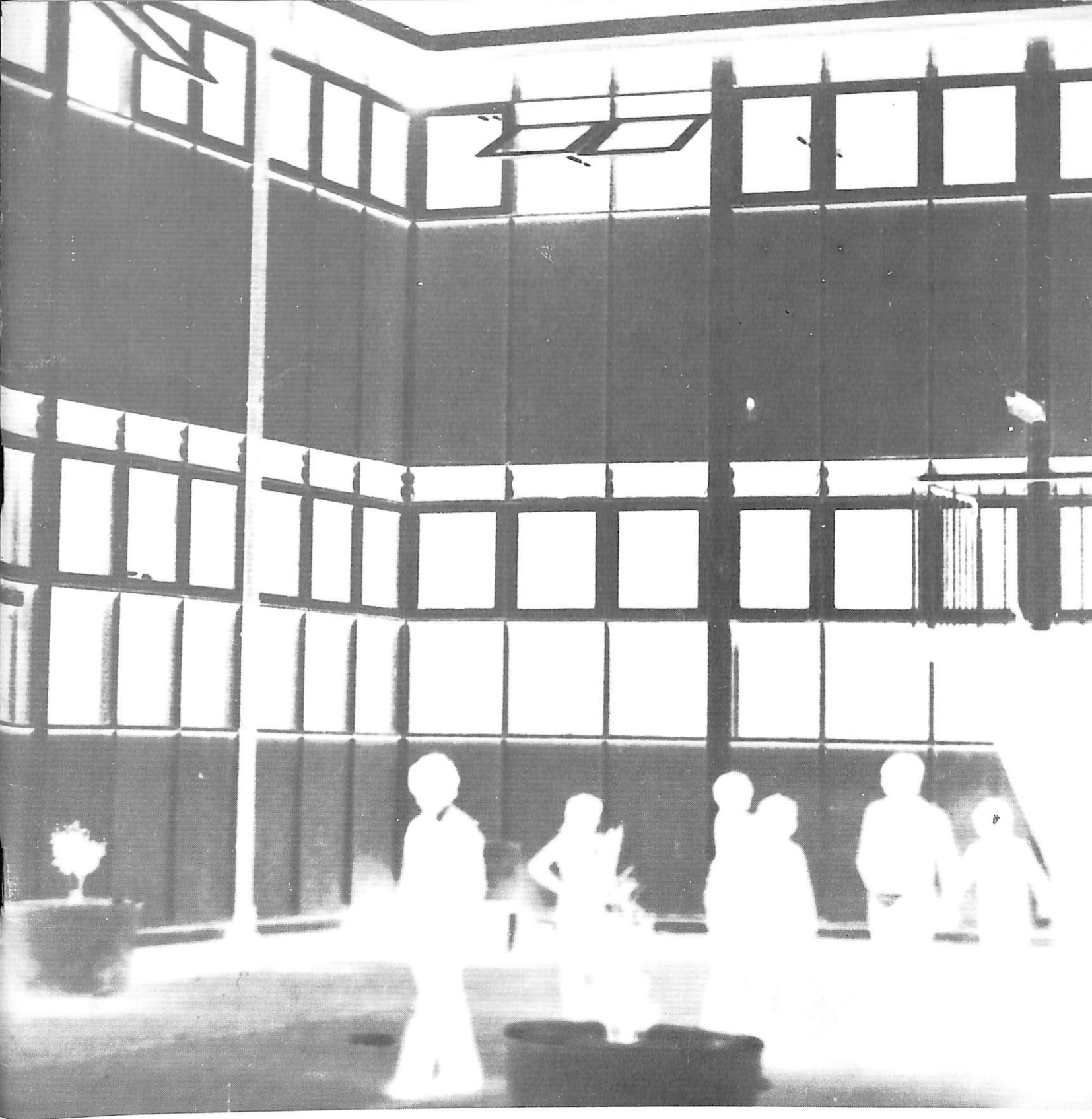




the gate '76

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL TEACHING STAFF 1976

Mr. B.M. Moss — Principal
 Miss. M. O. Power — Deputy Principal
 Mr. C. N. Edwards — Senior Master
 Mrs. E. Vukmirovic — Senior Mistress
 Miss N. Svensen — Chaplain
 Miss J. Alexander
 Mr. D. Allemand
 Mrs. E. Anderson
 Mrs. P. Anderson
 Mrs. A. Benn
 Mrs. S. Bestul
 Mrs. M. Bishop
 Miss M. Blight
 Mr. D. Brown
 Mrs. F. Bruce
 Mr. K. Campbell
 Mr. B. Carrington
 Miss N. Chan
 Mrs. B. Clarisse
 Mrs. M. Clarke
 Mrs. A. Daly
 Mrs. B. Dean
 Miss C. Elliott
 Mr. R. Enbom
 Miss F. Gass
 Mr. P. Grant
 Mr. A. Green
 Mrs. L. Grossman
 Mr. R. Hansen
 Miss A. Herschell
 Mr. K. Holmes
 Mrs. H. Hook
 Mrs. M. Hout
 Mrs. F. Johnstone
 Mr. R. Joseph
 Mrs. J. Kenny
 Mr. M. Kupsch
 Mrs. S. Longshaw
 Mrs. V. Makings
 Miss B. Marriner
 Mr. R. McLarney
 Mrs. B. Miller
 Mr. G. Moyle
 Mr. D. Newman
 Mrs. J. Osborne
 Mrs. C. Pearlless
 Mrs. R. Pedersen
 Mr. R. Pickup
 Mr. B. Reitz
 Mrs. N. Rexton
 Mr. T. Richardson
 Mrs. X. Richardson
 Miss D. Rubinstein
 Mr. M. Roeseler
 Mr. N. Roy
 Mr. R. Scheive
 Miss J. Singe
 Mrs. M. Smith
 Miss L. Snider
 Miss W. Soulsby
 Mrs. Y. Spitteler

Mrs. W. Stanford
 Mr. S. Stoikos
 Miss J. Stubbs
 Mr. K. Szidat
 Miss J. Thompson
 Miss A. Tuan-mu
 Mrs. M. Trigg
 Miss V. Velickovic
 Mr. F. Vergona
 Miss G. Vickery
 Mr. E. Vrieze
 Mrs. E. Vukmirovic
 Mrs. J. Wallace
 Mr. L. Ward
 Mrs. M. Whittle
 Miss M. Williams
 Miss M. Wills
 Mrs. S. Wright
 Mr. R. Young

OFFICE STAFF

Mrs. P. Young
 Mrs. E. Watson
 Miss K. Hooper
 Mrs. G. Phillips
 Mrs. R. Shimmen

GATE COMMITTEE

Bobbie Titcher
 Judith Roberts
 Karen Joyner
 Wendy Dent
 Penny Salmon
 Tracie Mengler
 Heather Smith
 Marilyn Oxenham
 Warren Gray
 Warren Barnett
 David Graham
 Photography:
 Wayne Hill
 Michael Wood



The Principals Report

There is quite effective student government of some aspects of this school, but in other very important ways the students accept no share of the responsibility.

Committees, mainly of sixth form students, but with some help and advice from the staff, plan and operate school socials, the junior and senior house drama, junior and senior house choirs, public speaking and they publish this magazine. There is a Student Representative Union which has raised some thousands of dollars in each year recently, and has determined what is to be done with it.

These are successful examples of student-staff co-operation, with the students in the organising roles.

But there are four points worth thinking about:

First, there are very few students actually involved in the total of those enterprises. Each depends upon a small group of enthusiastic workers.

Secondly, these activities are all additional to the normal operation of most high schools, although no less important because of that.

Thirdly, there are major decisions about what course will be followed, in which individual students and parents take part, but which are not the province of student organisations.

Fourthly, there are major areas of the normal activity of the school where students of this school have for many years avoided any responsibility. For example the relationships between students within the school but outside the class-room, must surely be an opportunity for at least partial self government. If student leaders do not ensure that within the grounds the weak are protected from the strong, that one student's property is not stolen or damaged by another student, that the laws that apply to all Victorians are upheld in the school, then either one of two things must follow. Either the school and the students ignore the cry for help of a small boy being physically attacked by a larger boy, or some staff member takes action. If students claim it is not their business, that they are "not to be policemen", that they have to defend their mates regardless of what they have done, they are not in a position to claim that someone is imposing a set of rules on them.

It would be possible for students, through their leaders, to share with others concerned the formulation of a set of guides to behaviour, and to help ensure that they were observed.

Principal
 B.M. Moss.



Farewell Miss Power

On March 31st this year the school sadly farewell-ed Miss Power our Deputy Principal. For many students over the years there has always been a Miss Power. Without her there will certainly be a vacuum in the teaching staff.

Miss Power taught at D.H.S. from 1950 to 1956. Her ambition after completing a part-time degree was to be a journalist. However the depression made work a necessity and teaching seemed her only practical option. She taught as a Primary school teacher prior to 1950, and a secondary school teacher at Highett High Oakleigh from 1957-67 before returning in '68 to D.H.S. as a senior mistress. Later Miss Power was promoted to Deputy Principal.

Miss Power enjoyed teaching because of the demanding responsibilities and opportunity to meet a variety of people.

Over the years Miss Power has noticed no substantial change in our education system but she does think there is less formality in schools today. Teachers and students, especially senior students, now have a more personal relationship. This has led to many genuine friendships.

D.H.S. has never lost its school spirit. The school has continued to run efficiently despite staffing problems and inadequate equipment and classroom facilities.

Students and teachers during the years Miss Power has been at the school appreciate everything she has contributed to the organisation and friendly atmosphere of D.H.S. This was obvious in the many tear stained faces at her farewell ceremony. Students presented Miss Power with a nest of coffee tables, some small gifts and flowers. The Matrics held a farewell party. The staff gave some opal jewellery and the Advisory Council gave her a large and comfortable chair which will be put to good use in the holiday Miss Power hopes to build on Philip Island.

On behalf of all students . . . Thanks for everything.

Bobbie Titcher

MY SAY . . .

This year the Publications Committee suffered the flagging spirits and frustrations characteristic of every year's Gate Committee. This always seems to be due to the apathetic attitude of students towards contributing their time, efforts and creativity to the Gate. Too many people find it easy to say 'someone else will do it, so I won't bother'.

This year we had the usual hassles and battles for sufficient finance. Printing costs have risen due to inflation so only a limited number of copies have been ordered this year. I hope the allocation of fees for the Gate increases next year so that the Publications Committee will not confront this nerve racking problem.

I think it is time for tradition to step aside for practicability. Matric students have too many responsibilities with their heavy workload to devote much time to producing the Gate. Students should realise that the Gate is not a matric magazine, but a school magazine. All members of the school including teachers should co-operate with enthusiasm if they want the Gate to continue.

Many times this year's Gate Committee considered defeat as our membership dropped. Although the tedious job of putting the Gate together is not yet completed I am confident that we'll make it even if it is with our last gasp.

I must give credit to all those who helped us; Miss Blight, without whom this Gate would have had half as many pages, Mr. Young for some fabulous photos, and to Michael Wood and Wayne Hill who developed them. Thanks also to those who loyally stayed with 'the pack': Judith Roberts (secretary), Wendy Dent, Karen Joyner, Heather Smith, Penny Salmon, Tracie Mengler, Warren Gray, Warren Barnett and David Graham. Thanks also to Marilyn.

Good luck to next year's Gate Committee.

Bobbie Titcher
(Leader of the Pack)

HOUSE REPORTS

WATTLE

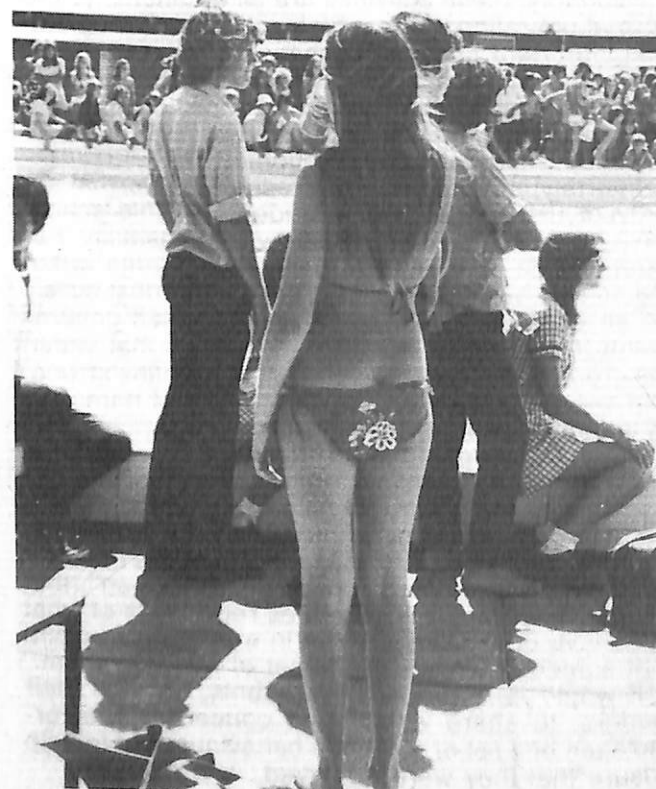
Hi! Bing and Fish reporting for the only house worth mentioning on this page (after all we are the best). We began this year by taking off the swimming sports with a fabulous win. Thanks to our swimming co-ordinator Leanne Dale who helped us get the names of all those Wattle, Steve (and Stephanie) Hollands who volunteered their Olympic talents for the first House Comp' and taking us through to win. Bad luck to the other houses (we mean it!)

After our fantastic win in Swimming we thought it only sporting of us to let the other houses get a place in Senior Drama. Naturally we paid the adjudicator to let us come last (rather good of us wasn't it). Thanks to our famous cast Alison, Kim, Lydia, Craig and Pip. We could only get where we did (last) due to the help of yours truly producing. Congrats to Bluegum, Clematis and Orchid.

After that slight loss we decided to gain a few more points our way and came first and second in the Junior and Senior choirs, respectively. Thanks to Alison (again) and Leonie and Barbie for getting Wattle onto the stage (that is not just meant literally).

Debating athletics and Junior Drama are the only 3 comp's left for this year and we're all hoping for a great win in those.

We'd just like to thank both Junior and Senior Wattlites for being one of the best crowd of kids Wattles ever had.



CLEMATIS

Going like the Australian Olympic team, we have yet to win a competition. Seconds galore but no firsts.

The year started with a great swimming competition in which we came second. We had many great swimming stars but we were not quite good enough.

Senior Drama was the next event that came along. Hard to believe but another second. Wayne Masters produced very well and great performances from Ian Kloester (Best Actor) and Sue Harmer (Best Performance).

Then came the disappointments of the year. An equal third in the lightning premierships, third in senior choirs and fourth in junior choirs. Bad luck but we can't come second in all events.

We are just behind the leaders of the Cup so we need a big effort in the Athletics and Junior Drama.

Thanks to all the students who participated in the events during the year. Special thanks must go to the Clematis House Staff which were brilliant all the time. So lets get on with the proceedings and win a competition . . . or two . . . or three . . .

CARN' CLEMATIS

Neil Shaw and Sandra Millard (Captains)



ORCHID

Well, Orchid started off this year with the greatest of hopes. Every one was confident of a victory in the swimming? Maybe next year (sounds like Australia's Olympic Team). A good effort by all the competitors and the swimming co-ordinators.

Next up was Senior Drama and we really thought Murray and Ron had come up with a winner. However in a photo finish the judge awarded us with third place.

The adrenalin was pumping for the lightning premierships and we started off like a bull at a gate only to fade in the final stages to come equal third.

Not to be defeated, though the house rallied in the depths of despair and through sheet G & D (Guts and Determination) we won the Senior Choir. Yes, we won! Our conductor Jan was A1. Thanks Jan and also all the choir members. Kerry was not so lucky but the juniors rocked into second place.

With the athletics (led by yours truly) and Junior drama (produced by Annette and Libby), coming up next term, I'm sure we can come out in front at the end and win the cup.

Anyway here's to this year (hic) . . . next year (hic) . . . last year (burp) and all the rest to come. Cheers. Jan and Warren - House Captains

BLUEGUM

Bluegummites, Bluegummites "Ours is not to reason why, ours is but to do or die." Trouble is we usually die; or do we?

This year started off with swimming - we finished third or fourth. We were not defeated, we merely lost.

Next was drama. What a performance and a First. Under the iron fists of Tracie, our casts of thousands (well six) proved Bluegum is not dead but merely resting. Special thanks to Andrea who took on a large part with two days notice. Congrats. to Lynda for being best actress. First time Davo had nothing to do with the drama. First time we win. Hmmm . . .

Living on revived spirits Bluegum finished a close second in the Lightning Premierships. Thanks to all. We went down fighting.

Choirs . . . choirs. Lee's junior choir was small but melodious and Andrea's senior choir, small and select accidentally sang the wrong verse at the wrong time. Victory eluded us again.

Junior drama, athletics and debating are to come. We think we're on a winning streak. Even if victory again eludes us, this elite group collectively known as Bluegum, will go down fighting.

Special thanks to all the Bluegummites (you great masses, out there) and to Mr. Vrieze, Mrs. Benn, and Miss Gass for their helpful efforts.

A Bluegummite never dies but merely fades away. Good luck to next years morally guiding, helpful leaders (in other words Housecaptains).

Tracie and Tony.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CHOIR FESTIVAL

On Wednesday 21st July, DHS held the 16th Annual House Choir Festival. The night was extremely successful and it ran very smoothly, with excellent behaviour from all. It was a very entertaining evening.

The First Form Recorder Group performed before the Junior Choirs and again between the Junior and Senior Choirs. Danielle Louise played a piano solo and after the Senior Choirs while the adjudicator finalized the marks Nicholas Eckstein played a trumpet solo. The adjudication of the eight choirs was by Mrs. J. Osborne of Vermont High School.

Four Junior Choirs competed for the cup with Wattle coming out winners and in the Seniors Orchid was for the first time in ten years. This is how the Juniors finished:

Wattle	Conductor	Alison Duneman
	Accompanist	Miss B. Tulloch
Orchid	Conductor	Kerrie Dawson
	Accompanist	Mrs. M. Trigg
Bluegum	Conductor	Leigh Fraser
	Accompanist	Nishie Shaharah
Clematis	Conductor	Venetia Allan
	Accompanist	Miss F. Gass

In the Seniors the final result was:

Orchid	Conductor	Jan Young
	Accompanist	Mrs. M. Trigg
Wattle	Conductor	Leonie Kingston
	Accompanist	Miss B. Tulloch
Clematis	Conductor	Ann Cordoma
	Accompanist	Judith Roberts
Bluegum	Conductor	Andrea MacDonald
	Accompanist	Lauren Booth

The Music Committee thanks all those who were involved in any way and would like to congratulate the eight choirs for working so hard to make the evening a successful event.

Jan Young
President
Form 6 Music Committee.



DEBATING

Charged with reviving a dying tradition in the school, a small band of students formed a public speaking committee early in the year. There was no organized inter-house debating in 1975 and many people seem to have lost interest in this skill, for continued advertising around the school failed to draw any considerable response from the student body, particularly senior students. As a result there was no full scale inter-house debating again this year.

The committee acknowledges the co-operation and willingness it found from teachers when approached for help. Special thanks to Mr. Kupsch for his work in getting junior debating off the ground this year.

The committee also found that there are groups outside the school who are willing to promote debating by sending speakers along to the school or by holding debates at the school for all interested parties to attend. But seeing we could not guarantee a reasonable attendance to such functions, the committee decided it was not worthwhile to go to the trouble involved in organizing them. We now only hope that the small group of people we found in the school who are still interested in debating can form a large enough committee and general interest throughout the school to pick up where we left off.

RECREATION COUNCIL

This was the first year of the new sport and recreation council system. Four people from form four to six (2 boys and 2 girls) were elected by the forms and they made up the Committee. Our main aims this year were to try and get the school more active in sporting activities.

Our first contribution to this was the Sports Day held at the end of Term 1. We spent many hours organizing all of the sports. The competition was held on a house basis with the following results. Wattle 1st, Bluegum 2nd with Orchid and Clematis equal 3rd. All the people who participated enjoyed themselves and this was our aim.

Our next task was to borrow money from the S.R.U. so we would purchase sports equipment, specifically for lunchtime use. We would like to thank the S.R.U. for this financial assistance. The lunchtime equipment was a very successful investment with nearly all the equipment being used every day.

At the moment we are very busy organizing all the teams for the visit by Warragul which is taking place in the last week of second term.

This year's committee hopes that the school will be able to go on next year from where we have left off, with a bigger and better program.

Also we would like to thank Miss Thompson very much for starting us off and keeping us going throughout the year.

President Warren Gray
Secretary Jackie Malley
Assistant Judy Henstock.

SCHOOL PRODUCTION: ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Annie Get Your Gun was held on the 17th, 18th and 19th of June. The School Production; which is slowly becoming a tradition, was again produced by Miss Judy Stubbs with musical direction by Miss Fran Gass.

Leonie Kingston, the star of last year's production Half a Sixpence took the part of Winnie as well as the choreographer. Penny Salmon as Annie Oakley, who believes in 'doin' what comes naturally' was the girl who 'got her gun' and eventually her man, Tony Davidson ('the big bad man, Frank Butler'); after the help of certain people such as; Rodney Rigby (Charlie Davenport), Eddie Wisniewski (Chief Sitting Bull), Neil Shaw (Buffalo Bill), Murrery Yates (Tom-advice. The winner for once was good old Bluegum Cackett and Glenn Fox (as Annie's three sisters and brother).

Form 1 to 6 were involved in the show and although space limits personal mention of all cast members, thanks must be given to all those who worked hard. It was great fun and everyone thoroughly enjoyed what was a great show. After all there's 'No Business Like Show Business'.

I was in the school production this year and I thought it was great.

I met a lot of new friends and learnt some new songs. I also found out what it's like to face an audience, believe me it's not all fun and games. The most thrilling experience is when you take a bow, you know we got the story across. But all the success goes to Miss Gass and Miss Stubbs who put all their time and effort into making the show a success.

Blair Purvis 1D



SENIOR DRAMA

This year the standard was better than ever. The Drama Committee headed by Rodney and Eddie supported all involved and the backstage crew supplied all requests (especially for pink spotlights).

Again, the student producers all helped each other - creating the feeling of one live show rather than individual competitive items. The producers were

Wattle - Penny
Clematis - Jeanette
Orchid - Ronny and Murray
Bluegum - Tracie

The cast aided the producers by digging up old relics of costumes, painting sets, doing errands and putting on make-up. Special thanks must go to Miss Gass, Miss Stubbs and Mrs. Vee for all their helpful advice. The winner for once was good old Bluegum 'The Crimson Coconut', second was Clematis, third Orchid and Fourth Wattle.

The best actress was Lynda Mitchell; best actor Ian Kloester and best performers were Sue Harmer and Libby Lewellyn.

I'd especially like to thank all who helped produce Bluegums play, Heather (co-producer) Myn (prompter), my cast, Miss Gass and Mrs Stubbs; also everybody involved in this years Senior Drama. We all won in our hearts.

Tracie Leigh and her security scarf.



Foreign Correspondents

Allana Sharp.

7.00a.m., my host mother knocks heavily on my bedroom door, "Allana, time to get up," she calls. I unwillingly throw back the covers and scramble out of bed, fully one hour before I used to at home.

Clad in jeans, heavy coat, gloves and t-shirt I run to Jo Ann's parked mustang in the snow covered driveway. Although JoAnn's vision is impaired by the ice on the windscreen we speed to Gwens and then onto school to arrive by 8.10 a.m.

35-11-49, and hopefully the locker opens. Typically, I had turned the combination in the wrong direction and I must begin from zero again. This time it opened, I hung up my coat and grabbed my books, slammed the six foot blue steel door and rushed to government class.

Seated with books open I was ready at 8.15 for my fifty minute Government class. Government was my largest class as it was a required course for all seniors. Questions flow between teacher and pupils about Carter, Ford and supreme court and soon after the class would be over. Not a pen would be lifted throughout the whole lesson and the homework assignment consisted of reading 10 pages of the text.

During the 5 minute break between first and second hour I travelled from the high school to the primary school for my next class, exploratory teaching. Each day was structured in the same manner; fifty minute periods, five minutes between each beginning with government and followed by exploratory teaching, physical education, voice 3, study hall, algebra 3 and stage craft.

At 12 noon a third of the 750 pupils at Delphi Community High would queue up for the cafeteria lunch provided for 50 cents. Very few people bring their lunch to school but rather buy the school lunch which often consisted of fish fingers, bread and butter, celery, corn, jelly and milk or similar menu. At 12.30 the afternoon session began and at 3.15 the school day was over.

Typical questions I get asked include "Do kangaroos roam the streets?", "How did you learn English so quickly?" and "What is it like having to wear the same thing to school each day?". When people ask about the difference in the standard of work in the two systems I answer that the standard of work is similar but here the students have the opportunity in their senior years to take subjects such as voice, band, girls home mechanics and film making which justifies the lack of actual study as we know it.

Nancy Schmidt.

To My Fellow Students, Staff and Compatriots of Dandenong High School.

I have spent a little over six of my scheduled twelve months in Australia, and the fact remains that I still cannot satisfactorily answer the inevitable question, "How do you like Australia?" This question does not even begin to comprehend all that I could reply. As often as not, what the questioner wants to hear and what I am prepared to reply are not compatible partners in the Question and Answer Game I encounter every time I go out. The first thing I usually say in reply is; "Which part? Do I like the ocean beaches, the forested hills, the outback, the city, or the totally different life I lead here?". The aspects vary greatly: I really wish the questioner would consider some of the possibilities and narrow the range a bit.

I have developed an immense appreciation of the country I have viewed. Indeed, I have probably seen more of Australia than many Australians have, or perhaps ever will see. This year has certainly wrought a radical change in my life style, schooling and environment. Even the weather is different, although the past two weeks have been pretty wet, this has been nothing compared to the cold, wet region of the Pacific Northwest.

I come from the state of Washington, my hometown is Mount Vernon. It is located in the very northwest portion of the State, some eighty miles below the Canadian border, sixty miles north of Seattle. By the way, Washington State is certainly not Washington D.C. That is clear on the other side of the United States, I have never even visited it. Mount Vernon is at the foot of the Cascade Mountains. This area is agricultural, there is dairy farming and many different crops. The fishing industry is very large in this area as well as the timber industry. Although I don't hail from a city by any means, I don't come from the depths of isolation either.

My stay in Dandenong is the first time I have actually lived in a city, although I hear tell of Dandenong when it was just a small country town itself. I think this country town and my country town are poles apart by description and definition of country town.

"And how are you liking School?" comes the next inevitable question. Have you ever had the feeling it would be simpler to make a recording of answers so that when you went out you could just push the right button? I distinctly get the impression that Nancy Schmidt, the person, does not really exist at all. I am just a figment of my own imagination. But being different has its advantages, also. Most people are genuinely curious and know that the questions they ask have been asked a hundred and twenty-seven times before. I have enjoyed developing at least seventeen different ways to answer any question asked. It can, however, get boring explaining twelve times in one evening, (sometimes more), that "no, Washington State is not where the President lives. That is Washington D.C."

To answer the question about school, I am doing just fine, (I hope), and more importantly, I am thoroughly enjoying it. The schooling system I come from is entirely different from the system you are all familiar with. We have no such thing as H.S.C. or Leaving in forms six or five. My high school is composed of what would be forms four through six, as are most of the high schools in the United States. There are approximately fifteen hundred students in the school. My form level has about three hundred and sixty students in it.

We follow what is termed a "credit system". During our four years of high school we must attain forty-eight credits, with a certain amount of credit allotted to the class taken. If you fail a class you lose the credit for that class only. You do not have to repeat the entire year as the student here must. If they fail a subject in form six they only repeat the subject. You receive a diploma at the end of the four years. Without a high school diploma it is extremely difficult to get a job and you certainly would not get into University. Our universities set their own entrance exams for students. The range of high school classes offered is much greater and they are set up to specialise in the area in which the student is interested. We also have many sporting activities, functions by and for the students and various other activities. This is due to the local funding of our schools (tax levies) and the entire system. But the system definitely has its shortcomings.

We, as the students, have such a broad area to choose our classes from that many do not ever settle down and work towards a specific goal. Hence, many leave high school not having any idea what direction they wish to take in life. The teachers also have a difficult time trying to give the students who need help enough special attention. The student who is capable of working faster is allowed to

because we have a fairly independent and open class room situation. I can work in this situation, but not all subjects are suited to the set up. I am not one to claim that the United States school system is superior to all other I would not have gained so much from this system if the one I came from was all good.

I can think of a few beneficial aspects that you have going for you. First of all the Australian student, hopefully, learns how to centre his interest on one particular facet in sixth form. There is a very limited choice, either humanities or science, but this means that the student has to apply himself to his work. The most positive factor however, is the teaching staff. You should really consider yourselves lucky to have people taking such an interest in you and being genuinely concerned about getting you to pass because it's not all for nothing you know.

It took me a while to become adjusted to this system. I have never worn school uniform nor have I had recess since primary school. It is not a particularly easy thing to do, picking up and shifting to a totally alien environment, a foreign school system and a completely different group of people. For the most part I just took each day as it came and as the year progressed I gradually figured things out.

By this time you are either bored with this article or curious as to just exactly what I really do think of Australia. I can't quite believe I have less than five months to go. I have come to the conclusion that I shall get as homesick for Australia as I have done for Washington! What a predicament! Time really does go too quickly.

Actually I really do like Australia, more than you can imagine. The people . . . aren't bad at all. In fact, I rather like you lot. School? Well at first I had to dig to recognize the good points, but the good points are unquestionable. I have certainly been kept busy and it's been a darn interesting experience. I can't adequately express just how much I have gained. Some may be trivial, but for me it all counts.

Thank you to all of you; my teachers, friends and acquaintances. You have all helped make this a truly worthwhile year. I especially thank the sixth form English staff. For all the contributions (and possibly hindrances) I have made to class discussions I can seriously say I have gained more than is applicable to the text books.

When this is published it will be close to the end of this year. The end of this year signifies many things to many people. To us, as sixth form students perhaps it means more than to most. For me, as an exchange student it means even more. So here is to you, (and to me). Good Luck.

"Aah yes, "to sleep, perchance to dream. ." I told myself as I lay on my bed peering at a spider silently at work on the ceiling. To dream, is to fly away on a fluffy cushion-like cloud, the ultimate in relaxation and harmony or to fall horrifyingly to the pits and horrors of hell. To dream is to be a great person or in a famous building or any fantasy that may swing your way.

I wondered who I would be, where I would go or who I would see tonight. There was no way of forecasting or predicting such things. As I lay there pondering over this, I slipped into a deep sleep.

The jigsaw puzzle of rivers, paddocks, roads and pastures. Thousands of metres below me and the light blue sky stretching endlessly above me. I searched the sky but not a soul was to be seen. I was alone, totally alone! I dipped towards the ground and as I gained momentum I squeezed my wings harder against the sides of my body, urging, straining, for more speed. The ground spiralled, twisting itself towards me. The trees, rivers and paddocks becoming larger, solidly before my eyes.

I pulled out barely in time, grazing the long, green grass, gradually gaining height as I decelerated. The adrenalin surged through my body, straining my veins to the limit. A cool breeze wafted me along above the tree-tops.

A roaring, rushing sound of air was coming up behind me. I took off, startled and panicking for as I turned, I saw it. It was a huge bird plummeting towards me from the eternity of the sky. I dipped, turned and zigzagged to my greatest ability but the shadow grew bigger, darker and more menacing below me. Finally with the thunder of huge wings in my ears, the whole scene slowly broke up and faded away, followed by complete nothingness, a morbid darkness, hideous and frightening. Suddenly tiny specks of light appeared and multiplied until they became one.

I opened my eyes and as I arched my back and stretched my arms I noticed a mesh of intricate, delicate silvery lines. Their creator was nowhere in sight, I looked around again and again but he was nowhere to be seen. This puzzled me greatly.

But the thought left my mind as my eyes drooped and I slowly slipped into the eerie darkness once again.

Rodney Veniville 5E

I crawl into bed.

Now remember to do well in an exam, you must have a good night's sleep, so fall asleep you great idiot!

I have learnt all I can, and if I learn anymore I will explode, so forget about damn study and go to sleep. . .

$S = UT + \frac{1}{2}at^2$. . . $U^2 = U^2 + \frac{1}{2}as$. . .
.. $S = \frac{1}{2}U + U \times T$ or is it $S = U7 + \frac{1}{2}as$ and $U^2 + \frac{1}{2}$
at 2 . . . No its the other way round.

$S = UY + \frac{1}{2}at$. . Yes, thats it. No, that can't be it. It's
 $S = UT + \frac{1}{2}as$ Since $S = (\frac{1}{2}U + U) +$. . .

Hell, forget about it Paul. Go to damn sleep.
Count numbers, that will make you go to sleep.

1 . . 2 . . 3 . . 4 . . 5 . . 6 . . 7 . . 8 . . 9 . . 10 . . 11 . . 12 . .
No, that's not going to work! Try something else. .

one sheep . . two sheep . . three sheep . . four sheep . .
 $U = at + 2as$. . five sheep . . six sheep . . $S = U7 + \frac{1}{2}$

at . . seven sheep . . eight sheep . . $S = \frac{1}{2}UTUXT$. .
.nine sheep . . $U = U + at$. . $F = Ma$. . $Me f/a$. . ten
sheep . . eleven sheep . . $FBY = MAU$. . HELL!

Come on Paul, forget about damn physics, fall
asleep . . .

$\sin 60 = \cos 30 =$

$\sin 30 = \cos 60 =$

$\sin 45 = \cos 45 =$

$\cos 7 = \tan$ No TAN

SEC = HELL! Shut up Paul.

Grab for my bed light and turn it on. Blinding rays
of light flash through my head. . . speed of light,
186, 282 miles per sec, or 299,784 km per sec. I
madly throw my sheets back and get out of bed and
walk to the kitchen, and pour myself a glass of
water. H2?. Boiling Pt of H2O 100°C or 373 16°
Melting point 0°C or 277 16° No 273 16°

I come back to bed to find all the blankets on the
floor and so attempt to make the bed again. I crawl
back into bed, but find my feet stick out from the
blanket. I give up and try to ignore them.

I turn off my light.

Come on, Paul, this time make an effort, go to
sleep!

Twinkle Twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are

Up above the world so bright

Intensity of light I & 2

$U^2 = U^2 + \frac{1}{4}at^2$. . . No $U^2 = U^2 + Zas$

$S = U7 + \frac{1}{2}at^2$ $S = \frac{1}{2}(U+U) + D = UY$. . . FDT =

DAMN YOU,

CARRINGTON!

Paul Quinlivan VD

SERIOUS SCIENCE

CHARACTERS:

Students + Harry, Victor, Simon, Sue.

Teachers + Mr. Well (Deputy Principal) Mr. Fontana

Everyone had just stormed into the room, slid all the chairs around and sat down.

"Sir," was Simon's yell from the back of the room, "experiment today?"

"You bunch of pests don't deserve it. You're so damn annoying," screeched Mr. Fontana. Now for the sizzler of an act that Sue is so used to playing. She walks slowly out to the front, throwing her hips from side to side with her irresistible big, brown, dreamy eyes glued to Mr. Fontana's eyes. "Sir," she says in a pussy cat fashion, leaning all over Mr. Fontana. "Can we do an experiment? Hey."

"Yeah of course Susy," (Sue's really got it over Mr. Fontana).

A sudden screech comes from the floor as Harry with his big boots on, races towards the experiment cupboard. Harry's a real mad scientist. He's really quiet anywhere and everywhere else, but when it comes to experiments he's suddenly turned on. He grabs the acid, nitroglycerine and lots of other weird and wonderful things. Then Victor, big strong Victor pushes his way through the crowd of students and goes to help his best friend Harry to devise another bomb or something. Victor has a very unreasonable, dangerous temper. He doesn't like anything to go wrong. From past experiences, he's got a very rocklike fist. Simon starts stirring Mr. Fontana again. He's a real stirrer. The class clown as some people might call it. That's his profession (at school anyway).

"Want a Chonk, Sir? Got Raspberry today." he said holding out his packet. Mr. Fontana takes them off him as usual and as usual there's nothing in it.

Meanwhile back at the ammunition factory, the mixture Harry grooved up is starting to fizz and rumble in the test tube. This usually doesn't happen and Harry's starting to turn purple or some critical color. In a last desperate move Victor screws off the outlet in the sink and Harry drops the whole thing down the pipe. 'FOOMP.' All the stuff from the experiment shot straight back up the pipe and went 'slap' as it slammed into the roof.

"A Bazooka!" was the excited claim by Harry.

"You stupid little . . .!"

"Yes. Continue Victor."

"Wellsy Baby," was the whisper that suddenly swept through the room (the Deputy Principal).

"Ah . . . nothing Sir," was the extremely hesitant answer from Victor.

"Get to my office kid. I've had enough of you," said Mr. Wells. "And the whole lot of you. Get writing you slobs. Clean up that mess Harry, you vastly immature thing, then go to my office. Thank you, Mr. Fontana," Mr. Wells said in a lighter tone. "I'll take them for the rest of the period." Then unfortunately for the students there was an impossible to imagine change in the form - serious science!

DAYDREAMER

"Sixteen by twenty-four equals . . . " The teacher dragged on about Maths. Maths was my worst subject. I'd much rather be sitting at home, reading a book, or, playing in the clouds. As I looked up in the sky, I thought how great it would be, floating in the air, jumping from cloud to cloud and looking down below at all the houses. The people would be like ants.

"Nine plus sixty-two equals seventy-one." That teacher! Always interrupting my thoughts.

As I was just about to sink into my thoughts again, the bell rang. Dismissal from school.

On the way home I met my friend who had been kept in. "Boy" I thought to myself. I must have been walking pretty slowly if I could meet this girl. When I got home, I started reading a book I had just borrowed. It was about a girl who was a daydreamer, just like me, I thought. That started my dreaming again. Wouldn't it be great if there was a castle in the clouds? With a nice, kind family. Not like the "Ogre's Castle". I could just imagine it: a tall gold castle with spirals reaching as far as I could see. A moat and a drawbridge would be there, inviting me in. Wouldn't it be great?

Karen Perrin 1F

DO NOT READ BELOW THIS LINE

So, you have disobeyed the above instruction and decided to have a look and see eh! Well, may I warn you, you won't gain anything from this fruitless piece of trivia, so your eyes might as well stop wandering lower and lower. STOP!!! I said. Well, you've read further, have you learnt anything I ask you, have you benefitted from this trivia, no you haven't, you might as well not waste any further time and stop now. Go and watch TV or do some homework, even that would be more beneficial than this peice of garbage, so stop. Be a man - try to pull out now before it's too late. I am warning you, boredom is a deadly killer, so stop, stop now. Ok, just what are you trying to prove? You've read this far and you haven't yet learnt anything so 1, 2, 3, 4 - how about that? Now will you please stop, you've learnt something, so how about quitting? So you're still reading, well I guess those that have come this far will read right to the end. After you finish this, you will shoot yourself for not taking my advice, so let's give it one more try eh. Stop reading!!! I know that you are all just a pack of weak minded dolts, the only reason this was written was to fill up extra space in the magazine, so you might as well be brave and pull out before the last two lines. Well congratulations - you have just wasted a few precious minutes of your life reading this trash. Just think of what else you could have been doing.

Poet's Page

Flight

As he soared through the sky the flapping and beating of his tiny wings broke the silence of the new day.
He stopped, hovering, listening.
In the distance he could see his mate searching frantically for him.
He flew swiftly toward her and together they roamed the vast blue sky.
On and on they flew until they could fly no further.
As the day was slowly coming to an end.
their tired wings flew them home.
And they rested, pręparing themselves for the glorious days ahead.

Karen Perrin 1E

A Day at the Football.

As Carlton thrashes Richmond,
The people shout and scream,
Then Jesaulenko falls on the ground,
The other players teem on top of him.
The ball rolls out of the crowd.
Umpires have a row.
Carlton wins the game,
Richmond has no fame.
The scores were close,
But Richmond lost.
The people leave the ground,
Mourning at the Results.
Empty tinnies lying around,
Soon I'll be swept off the ground,
Gates are closed and all are gone.
Ready for next weeks' match which hasn't come.
by Caroline Tharle 3A

The sea is calm,
and the palms
Sway gently in the breeze.
The waves pound on the beach.
But the sandbanks, they have yet to break.
The waves a-pounding!
The wind a-howling!
Yelling, Swelling, until
The morning light reveals
One body, two bodies
Their clothing is all shoddy
Barrels, bits of boards, but now
We see
The Wreck!

Ian Rogers 1D

I am laughed at,
I am scorned
I am poor
I am underfed
I am no longer noble.
My land has been taken
My family killed
My culture destroyed.
I am afraid
I am lonely
I hid in fear
Ridicule me
Spit on me
I am black.

Anon.

The Bleeding of Blonde and Blue

Can you imagine a lonely girl
sitting in a four walled room.
Talking to a Teacher who isn't there,
sitting in a four walled room.
Can you imagine the shame she feels,
empty emotions, empty self.
Can you imagine the dreams she creates,
bleeding to the teacher for help.
Will she deny the Teacher who does not hear
Deaf to the four walled room.
Sitting in the four walled room.
Sitting in the four walled room.
Four wall room
Four wall room
Dead in the four walled room.

anon. form 6

Elegy

Alone you rest by Grantchester Meadows
The mournful Cam before you flows
Like the weeping willows, your head is bowed;
Do Time's freed shadows around you crowd?
Then lock with my love, your casket of tears
And weep not for me, those trickling tears.
Chris Harrison 6.

If he is foreign, abuse him.
If he is different, laugh at him.
If he falls down, leave him there.
If his views are different, make war on him.
If he is poor, neglect him.
If he begs, kick him.
What happened to the fellowship of man?

Anon.

TERROR

I lie in unbearable silence,
Trying to accomplish the task of reading the first line of 'Jane Eyre'.
I failed . . . my eyes and mind began to wander
I started thinking about no one being home until morning,
I then realized that I should have gone with them, but . . .
I was weary, fatigued, but that didn't matter,
I was ALONE . . . that's what mattered.
Quickly I shook that thought out of my mind and returned to Jane Eyre.
One line, two lines . . . when my head suddenly jerked up
My eyes, apprehensive . . . my hands, quivering
I cautiously glanced around, afraid of moving my strained eyes to various objects in the room
What if they were distorted, different from usual . . .
I quickly wiped that thought out of my mind too.
I was determined not to let my imagination run away from me.
I leaned back, listened in silence,
Staring out into empty space in front of me,
A clock in the passage ticked slowly, almost too slowly,
A dog barked in the distance.
Once or twice, a cab rattled past the street,
And the gleam of its lamp showed through the curtains,
Looking like some powerful light force, trying to destroy me,
Unusual things then commenced to occur, as if that force WAS taking over,
The dithering and stuttering of my feet,
The tingling of my hands
The unbearable glow of my burning palms.
The force acting as fuel, licking its red tongue around them.
The feeling of biting, frigid, icy fingers, grabbing and squeezing different parts of my body.
Strange, little shocking pains come to my forearms.
They became unbearable . . . more unbearable . . .
What were they?
I started flinging around
Whirling,
Tearing at my hair,
Digging my long fingernails into my delicate skin, creating cuts like red pockets.
Drawing out large quantities of blood,
I was screaming in pain,
Continuously grimacing and pressing my hands tightly around my ears,
Blotting out a sudden, deafening noise,
That sounded like a clangour of machine drills operating within my body
I flung myself, face downward, onto the bed
Moaning incoherently
Writhing on the bed,
I was in a melee of grimaces,
Gasping, cursing, howling and yelping
In a state of hideous laughter . . . unable to control myself.
My bedstead shook, violently quivering side to side.
My eyes rolled up in their sockets,
I couldn't get them back down
What could I do?

I wrenched up a shriek of terror; torn raw and bloody from the base of my spine.
Something was horribly wrong.
Like some unnatural force had come leaking from under the door and into my bedroom,
A glow of dread seeped into the darkened spaces of my mind.
Louder sounds of commotion arose
Rappings . . . rapid, with nightmarish tones . . . massive
Like sledgehammers pounding in a tomb,
I screamed in anguish, terror, trepidation . . .
The boomings rapped massively, shivering through the walls,
Threatening bellows that came from my voice, were coarse and bristled with venom
My piercing cry of terror turned into a yelping laugh of malevolent spite and rage
As the possessiveness of the force became greater
I crumpled to the floor in a daze of horror
In a swirling of unreal images.
My vision spun madly, blurring, unfocused, almost blind,
My ears rung with chaotic distortions,
I tried to raise myself from the bed . . . failure . . . too weak, overpowered . . .
My face became smeared with blood,
My eyes still unfocused
My body still tearing with pain,
So unbearable . . . I screamed . . . then fainted, unable to withstand the bizarre macabre.
Soon it was morning . . . everything seemed normal,
Was it a dream, or did it really happen
I wonder.

B. Manias 5C

Fear

The feel of solitary emptiness
surrounds me with loneliness.
My mind wanders
with my searching eyes
for what might relieve me.
The fingers of fear begin
to creep through the cracks
in my soul.
The presence of another being
haunts my now tense body
As mysteriously as it came,
the being left me in the
dreary, dark cavity of my mind.

Catherine Fisers 1E

COULD YOU MAKE A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER?

- Your class is making a terrible racket. Do you:
 - Send them all to the green desks?
 - Ask them to be quiet, as other people are trying to work?
 - Get your cane out?
- What do you do with people who 'forget' to bring their books?
 - Send them to the green desks?
 - Don't worry about it: they probably have bad memories?
 - Give 'em a whole pile of work that's due in the next day, and can't do cause they haven't any books?
- One of your students has a bad habit of commenting on everything you say, do you,
 - Send him to the principal?
 - Laugh about it?
 - Kick 'im?
- In your opinion, do the students get a raw deal?
 - Yes
 - No (I'm a teacher).
 - No.
- You often get the feeling that one of your students is madly in love with you, do you,
 - Shrug it off, it's only a puppy love?
 - Meet them after school?
 - Leave the school?
- Your students love stirring you about your latest boy/girl friend (or husband) do you,
 - Tell them to mind their own business?
 - Get a divorce or never be seen in public with him/her?
 - Stir them about the Senior Social, and who you caught behind the hall . . . ?
- You have just given your class a test. You have nothing to do, Do you,
 - Sit there and twiddle your thumbs?
 - Have staring contests?
 - Pace the floor in an annoying manner?
- It's Valentine's day and you've received a card from a secret admirer. Only you know the writing - it's the spotty little twirp who wears glasses in your class. Do you,
 - Think nothing of it?
 - Send him/her a jar of anti-acne lotion?
 - Give her/him 500 lines for sheer cheek?
- You have given 25 per cent of your students 5.5. for English do you,
 - Change it to a 1.1 before they get their big brothers or big sisters on to you?
 - Don't worry about it - let 'em send their big brothers and sisters on to you . . . you're a fast runner anyway?
 - Learn karate before the end of term?
- You seem to have a lot of trouble getting through to your students about homework; no-one seems to do it. Do you,
 - Forget about it, school is the place for school work?
 - Buy them a hearing aid each?
 - Give them all detention?
- It's April Fool's Day and some little darling has put a drawing pin on your seat, do you,
 - Yell 'ouch'?
 - Sit on it for a while and then say "Come on, own up, who did it?"
 - Find out who did it and get them to sit on it?

- You have to supervise a group of form ones, as their normal teacher is away. Do you,
 - Let them go home?
 - Sit right the way through the paper air plane chucking and the ruler bashing?
 - Get your Alsatian dog to supervise?
- You are walking around the shops in Dandenong one Friday lunchtime when you see some of your students sitting in a cafe. Do you,
 - March up to them demanding to look at their lunch passes?
 - Go up to them and have a chat?
 - Say hi and say no more about it?
- There is a Senior Social coming up soon, and someone has volunteered you for the job as supervisor. Do you,
 - Go and join in the fun?
 - Suddenly come down with the flu?
 - Unvolunteer yourself?
- It's only 5 days to Christmas holidays, do you,
 - Really make your students work, right up to the break-up day?
 - Let them laze around and do any private study they wish?
 - Let them do anything and let them do what they like, as long as it doesn't disturb anyone else?
- You are a supervisor or are on one of the school camps, and you are very adventurous. Do you,
 - Adventure into the neighbour's farm and then watch their colour t.v.?
 - Take them for a long hike in the bush?
 - Take them bird-watching at 4.00 in the morning?

ANSWERS

- | | | | | | |
|---------|------|------|----------|------|------|
| 1. a-10 | b- 5 | c-10 | 9. a-10 | b- 5 | c- 0 |
| 2. a- 5 | b- 0 | c-10 | 10. a- 0 | b- 5 | c-10 |
| 3. a-10 | b- 0 | c- 5 | 11. a- 0 | b- 5 | c-10 |
| 4. a- 0 | b-10 | c- 5 | 12. a-10 | b- 5 | c- 0 |
| 5. a- 0 | b-10 | c- 5 | 13. a- 0 | b- 5 | c-10 |
| 6. a- 0 | b-10 | c- 5 | 14. a-10 | b- 5 | c- 0 |
| 7. a- 0 | b- 5 | c-10 | 15. a- 0 | b-10 | c- 5 |
| 8. a- 0 | b-10 | c- 5 | 16. a- 5 | b- 5 | c-10 |

150-160

You'd make a great High School teacher. You're mean and nasty you don't care for the students. And as for the green desks . . . I reckon your class would just about live there. Just watch yourself . . . your friends might find out your marks in this quiz, then you've had it. One more thing: are you sure you're not a teacher?

90-145

Put yourself between the student and the teacher. You'd never make a high school teacher because you're not mean enough. But then again you're not brainy enough, you haven't got a kind heart, you are not attractive enough to be a student, either. So, be a politician.

85 and below

You are definitely not the teacher type. On ya. You are a student through and through and above all you are a student and a human being. You are quite insane and you have a certain power which drives teachers insane. You are also kind and generous. Give yourself a pat on that kind back of yours.

Form 4

THE DUCK REPORT

Thursday, 1st July — The arrival of the newly hatched ducks. Specimens are chosen and labelled with names such as Anateta, Ibo, Sebastian, Cosmic, Bidy, Rastus, F.C., Little Shag, Starsky and Hutch, Bundi, Ernie, Herbie, Tiger, Little Drodgy, Ducky and Donald, plus many more. Imprinting began and so started the take over of the Biol. room. By the end of the day all ducks were reported to be safe; ready to face the night.

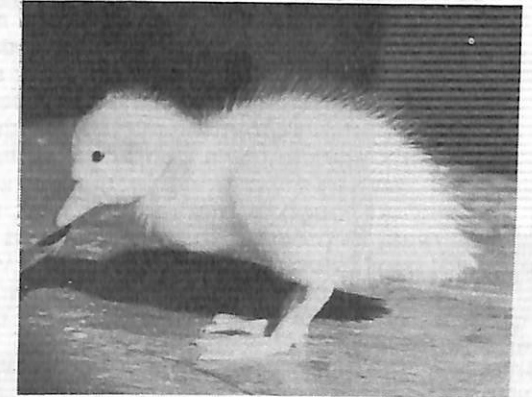
Friday, 2nd July — All ducks return to school, dragging their owners behind them. They continue the take over of the Biol. room by flinging food, water and . . . everywhere. Lunchtime starts the era of the big races. Several small trials are held and the favourites are picked; Anateta the 2 to 1 hot favourite. The start of the Duck Derby and Bob Young waits at the finish line, with his camera ready for the photo finish. The flag drops and they're off and racing. Rastus gets off to a good start and so does Starsky. Anateta stalls it in the starting box and trails the field. At this stage Rastus is half a length in front of Starsky, but what's this? Anateta is tearing up the inside passing the field and has come up neck and neck with Starsky. As they round the curve and come into the straight with 400 inches to go, it's Rastus by a beak to Anateta followed two lengths behind by Starsky. With 200 inches to go Anateta flies ahead and leaves the field behind. By the one hundred inch mark it's Anateta by five feather lengths and has the Derby in the bag. A they approach the finish line, it's Anateta all the way, six lengths in front of Rastus and finishing third was Starsky.

The end of lunch, and the ducks go to their first lessons, much to the thrill of the teachers. Recess arrives and several other races are held, but Anateta remains unbeaten. The weekend starts the ducks' big test.

Monday, 5th July — The last day of the invasion. Most of them return to school with a few being left behind. Soon the news spreads concerning those who didn't make it. The stories of their deaths shock the world as their owners mourn in silence. Broken necks, pneumonia, suffocated and rolled on - what a way to go! But still the duck invasion continues. They are now more aware of their environment and can so take precautionary measures against those who may interfere with them. I will tell you something which many do not know. You may have seen several students walking around with ducks running along behind them; and you think, "My how well they're imprinting," but the truth is that the ducks were chasing those students and those students were trying to escape those ducks. Take Peter Steunenbergh for example, (the dashing fellow with glasses in form 6). He innocently removed a duck from its nice warm cage to see if it could walk and bingo, look what happened. His leg is still in plaster. Anyway Monday was the last day of the duck experiment and when four o'clock came, they triumphantly marched out of school to continue the wrecking of their owners' homes. If anyone is wondering what happens to the ducks from here, well I will tell you. Many of the students are keeping them, but a majority have been offered a nice warm home at Eddy's chook farm, where he assures us that they will be safe and sound.

So that's about all I've got to say about the whole experiment, except for those doing Biol. next year, don't do Ch.23 for an option. Anyway, I suppose we proved what ever it was we were supposed to prove and at least it's over and done with. Just for interest's sake, Anateta, you know the star duck, won eight races. Not bad, eh!

Signed . . . take a guess.



Notice: Opening Soon:

Eddy's Duck Palace — Menu includes duckburgers, duck-pie and frozen duckypoies. For Sale : Hey all you budding biol. students out there, how would like a real genuine duck skeleton to study with? If you would like one, see Eddy.

School camps

Form 1

The camp which was held at Mr. Richardson's farm in Narre Warren North was really fun. I think we all enjoyed the feeling of looking after ourselves without much outside help. We went on hikes to Cardinia Reservoir and Upper Beaconsfield and went swimming in the dams on the farm. We had a concert night where every tent put on a play or skit which was very entertaining, with the few fourth formers who just about stole the night with their item. I don't think anyone got a good night's sleep especially the last night when we seemed to stay awake all night. Although we had a good time, the last day was really depressing for everyone. But we eventually got packed up and were soon on our way home. I think everyone enjoyed the camp and it really gave us an opportunity to get to know one another a lot better.

Thanks to all the teachers and fourth formers who supervised and helped us. With a special thanks to Mr. Richardson for giving up his farm and organizing the camp for us.

Karen Perrin 1E.

I thought the camp was great and I would do anything to go on another one. When I went I had my friend "Greg!" in my tent. We had great fun going on a hike and swimming in the Reservoir. We had great fun and when Form 1E returned to school they all said they would like to go back.

by E. J. Watson

An Incident on the form 1 camp

Early on Friday morning, I woke up to find that it was still quite dark outside.

As it was too cold to go back to bed, I decided to put my clothes on and go out to get some firewood to start a fire.

By the time I got my clothes on it was ten past six, and Frank Bellamarino had woken up. "What are you getting up for?" he queried.

I replied, "I got out of my sleeping bag for a minute or two and it was too cold to go back in, so I got dressed to get some wood for our campfire."

"I might as well get up and help you," Frank said.

So, after Frank was dressed, we got some wood, and in no time at all we had a roaring fire. Soon, one by one, people came out of their tents to stand round the only lit campfire.

Later on, we cooked and ate our breakfast, washed ourselves and then Frank and I heard that the "monkey grubber" was being used to pull out a tree-stump that morning. We rushed down to see it. Just when the tree-stump looked like coming out, the chain snapped, so that was the end of that.

Frank and I went back to camp, cooked and ate our lunch, packed our suitcases and pulled down the tent. The cases were then transported to the bus and loaded. Then we walked up the hill to the bus, got in, and we set off for D.H.S.

B. Croy 1A



Form 6

9.50a.m. at Dandenong Station and about 100 Dandy High form 6 dropouts, clad in jeans and anything that may have been crushed in the wardrobe for the last week, were patiently waiting for the train to Inverloch. (Little did the Vic. Railways know what they were in for. Imagine having a Sitting Bull on the train). Students and so-called teachers arrived at about 1.00p.m. at Pine Lodge, their humble abode for 3 days and 2 nights. After lunch, if that's what you'd call it, one and all were involved in something. If it wasn't sports or "Star Power Game" it was . . . well . . . er, (Passing along).

After dinner came the films. There seemed to be quite a bit of sneezing afterwards. Must have been the air. Hike to, well even the so-called teachers didn't know, eventually led them back to the abode and into bed, except for those who saw (?) the mid-night movie.

Next day they rose to the triumphant call which was considerably played through all the rooms. Our leaders singing is enough to put anyone off for the day.

Wednesday was the highlight with group activities, such as people drowning in muddy creeks, gutting themselves on banana custard, throwing sneakers into rivers, and textural paintings on the beach. Fancy dress (or undress?) was held at night with our springing photographer twisting her way through the crowd trying to reach the Hare Krishna's for a blessing and Bay City Rollers attracting the multitudes of delicious "guy-girls".

Thursday other group activities again, and sadly saying goodbye to the rest home we started the journey back, to arrive at Dandy about 6.30p.m. Overall, though, as the camp was supposed to do, everybody got to know everybody else even those they thought they had known for years. So-called teachers and students, I think, enjoyed what was the forerunner for the H.S.C. year.



Departure:
It was a great day for heading off. Everybody was right on time all except for Miss Gass, who had a bit of trouble trying to squeeze her piano into her suitcase. Anyway we finally got off to a start and arrived at Tullamarine just in time to see the Ansett men glueing a few loose parts on to our plane.

Day 1

After arriving safely in Launceston (believe it or not) we grabbed the best looking suitcase in the baggage department and scrambled for the bus. Everybody was in and the roll was checked.

"Camham"

"Here!"

Ganda"

"Here!"

"Mr Campbell . . . Mr. Campbell!"

We later found Mr. Campbell in the Airport new-sagent stocking up on his Cleo . . . woops . . . we mean comics. Cataract Gorge was our next stop and there we had an optional ride on a chair lift (can't recall Miss Gass, Mr. Campbell or Miss Velickovic going on it - chickens) that night we slept in a Scout Hall (unfortunately there were no scouts in it).

Day 2

Next morning everyone was up bright and early for our long trip to Swansea. We had numerous 'stop offs' while travelling to Swansea as everyone had double helpings to the baked beans. Finally reaching Swansea we found out we were sleeping in a football hall. They had just had a party the previous night but unfortunately for Mr. Campbell (alias Cous) all the bottles were empty. It was quite convenient staying at this place as there was a footy oval, just outside the hall, this was our only chance to box up . . . oh! we mean challenge the 3 staff members to a game. It was quite an even game with us 42 footy champs onto the 3 staff, 14 footy champs to each staff ember. We did eventually win the game.

Day 3

The next day our destination point was Hobart. Tonight maybe we'll get a decent sleep as we are sleeping in caravans and won't have to suffer with one of the staff members all night snoring sessions. On the way to Hobart we stopped off at that historical place called Port Arthur. We had a great boring . . . woops . . . we mean interesting tour of the ruins. After having a look around we were off to The Blowhole, Devil's Kitchen and Tasman's Arch. Mr. Campbell nearly fell 1500 feet when he accidentally tripped over one of our feet which just happened to be in the road. Well we got to the caravan park and made sure we knew which caravan the staff were

sleeping in, and also made a note of which caravan the good looking guys were in too. By the way, Miss Velickovic was found trying to con off some French frog (Beauty Vera). Late that night Miss Gass, when attempting to help make tea, tried lighting an electric oven with a match but was unsuccessful - for some unknown reason!

Day 4

Next day we were off to see some snow at Mr. Wellington (what snow?) The rest of the afternoon we spent, and do we mean spent, shopping in Hobart. That night we went to see a thrilling, picture at the theatre called "The Sunshine Boys". It was quite convenient as the previous night we hadn't had much sleep. A bit of advice, don't go see it. While in Hobart we didn't get to cross the bridge as it was quite impossible to. This construction was probably held together with home made glue. That night we made the best of our sleep as it was to be back to halls the next night.

Day 5

The next stop was Queenstown. That night we stayed in a police cadets hall. It had a juke box, which played nothing else but classics (just right for the staff), a trampoline and a born bad swing. Later on we were having a 'spot the luni with the torch' contest and favourites seemed to always be Miss Gass, Miss Velickovic and Mr. Campbell. Being spoil sports as they are, they decided to collect our torches.

Day 6

Our destination for today was Alverstone and there we stayed at a showground. With a railway line just a couple of feet away from the hall it wasn't much help in trying to get some sleep. Oh! well, it can't be as bad as the staff's snoring. As it was the last night we decided to put on our own little performances for the bus driver and his wife.

Day 7

Today was our last day and we arrived at Launceston Airport. We said our good-byes, shed our tears, and the last scene of Tasmania as we took off, was the Staff's luggage sitting on the side of the runway. Sooner than we knew it we were on our way home and were all looking forward to the usual Monday morning trash.
By 3 teacher loving students,
Sue Campbell 4C, Elaine Gladstone 4P and Jenny Campbell 4T.

Quotes of the week:-

Mrs Clark.
'What I mean is . . . well to put it this way . . . um . . . well to put it another way . . . oh you know what I mean.'
Mrs Wright:
'It's moving! It's alive! No, it must be dead . . . but don't take my word for it, I only cut off it's head . . . oh, the poor thing . . . somebody - quick get the chloroform.'
Miss Alexander:
'Filthy disgusting, corrupting, indecent, immoral creatures. Quick! Cover the children's eyes. What next (shudders) naked mice, I can't bear to look. Can't you put some decent fur on them?'
Mrs E. Anderson:
'Mr Zidat, you know those tables belong to me. They're mine I tell you. I'm the one who got that tacky black stuff to disguise the holes . . . and about those curtains'.
'Oh, I thought you were my social studies class. Mrs. P. Anderson:
'I love to take you for the subjects you hate . . . or is it . . . you hate the subjects because I take them.'
Mr. Pickup:
'I slept in three different beds last night.'
Mr. Moss:
'Please no, I beg of you. It can't be true. Are you absolutely sure? The department will lose a fortune in maternity leave.'
Miss Blight: (in firm agreement)
'Disgusting, letting men take advantage of them like that, and married women too!'
Mr. Ward:
'Now let me splash a bit of white here. It would be much better if you changed the head . . . the arm . . . the breasts etc. etc. . . just like this!'
Mrs. P: (3 days before the final exam)
'Now to begin this course we follow your Biology course. By the way, what are you doing in Biology at the moment?'



THE PERFECT MALE TEACHER
SHOULD HAVE:-
Mr. Vergona's physique,
Mr. Richardson's beard,
Mr. Carrington's hair,
Mr. Szidat's accent,
----- friendly nature,
Mr. Ward's wit,
Mr. Whitehead's job.
THE PERFECT FEMALE TEACHER
SHOULD HAVE:-
----- figure,
Mrs. White's car,
Mrs. Stag's clothes
Miss Blight's wit,
Mrs. Wright's knowledge,
Miss Snider's get up and go.



the aviary

Welcome to the Dandenong Aviary, scene of many feathery triumphs. Rumour has it that this magnificent piece of ancient Australian is the subject of plans to create a concrete and glass skyscraper of Hilton-like splendour. Obviously, it is wise to ignore such rumours. Meanwhile, back in the aviary.

As usual in these situations, the pecking order is well established, with great benefits accruing to those on the top rungs, and great disadvantage to those situated below them.

The top bird appears to be a fine specimen of the Greater Fence Sitting Finch, but it is well known for top birds to assume this disposition.

Immediately below, but slightly to the side of him, is the Lesser Crested Galah, who has known ability on water, and a flair for collating opinions.

His constant companion in flight is the Throaty-Voiced Warbler whose tones are familiar to all. He performs particularly well with lists.

One rung below is the Budding Bureaucratic Bill-ed Bower Booted Matia Suited Magpie, whose appearance, in strict devotion to his duty, is dreaded by both young and old. It is said that this specimen holds some sort of record concerning form, filling.



The last mentioned threesome will be shifting perches very soon, due to the anticipated arrival of a Staff-Eating Nitpicker. It will be interesting to note the effects of this change on the general flock.

As would be expected, the senior female is a rather imposing creature, of the Squatted Dove variety, suffering at present from a broken wing, rumoured to be caused by habitual hammering of piano keys.

One could gain the impression that in the midst of such splendour, little else of note - or feather - could co-exist peacefully. Undoubtedly true, but there are members of the general flock who will tickle your fancy.

One outstanding example of flock behaviour - or the effects thereof - seem to be centered in one particular area of the aviary. One can only speculate as to the causes, but several members have been observed in a broody condition, subsequent to the appearance of cute, cuddly fledgelings.

Naturally, in a flock of this size and variation, relationships tend to develop. One of particular interest to bird psychologists has been observed between the Fascist Fisted Filbert, and the Passive Parakeet. They can be seen sharing pinto-iced buns, avidly discussing flight patterns in the area.

A rather bizarre relationship, along classical sado-masodistic lines, has developed between the Short Sighted Dodderer and the Dwarfed Trilling Tit, whose continuous hurling of bird seed at each other provides constant amusement.

The Accented Aliens, imported during the year (from the land where the sun apparently is, but never was before) have introduced tantalizing variants upon the traditional vocal patterns of the aviary. Some have been so unkind as to cast aspersions upon their ancestors, kin, and intelligence.

Figuring prominently in the aviary, by way of his somewhat incongruous combination of virtues, is the Bicycle Bird, resplendent with red nose and blue talons. This specimen has one consuming passion, indicating a perversion along the lines of pyromania.



A subtle perfume of powerful dimensions draws attention to the Booted Bookshop Burbler whose gaze is fixated upon the Super Greater Muscled Crane, at present concentrating upon the task of lowering his frame into a chair, so that he is better able to converse with the Sore Throated Stouted Shadow (rarely seen in the aviary).

Sitting on a nearby perch is the Supreme Duck Keeper, in charge of the Annual Descent of the Baby Ducks, reportedly sent for some sort of basic education. This specimen is something of a voyeur of homo sapiens, continually informing her captive audiences of the peculiar habits she has observed therein.

There is a considerable foreign element in the aviary who attract attention. One group of them are reported to have flown many thousands of miles, in an endeavour, it is unkindly said, to see how the other, lesser, half lives, while earning enough to retire at an early age. Prominent among them is the Greater Hysterical Heron, well known for her letter

writing ability, and animated conversations conducted mainly with herself. It is also said that this specimen is really an undercover agent from Russia.

Another member of this group is the Intimidating Immaculate Ibis, whose head sits in clouds unknown to most of the aviary.

A close relative of this group is the Canned Conversational Cuckoo, of whom one aviary member has commented "Is there anything he doesn't think he knows about?"

The aforementioned aviary member, a Crested Wagtail, is himself of quite formidable appearance, added to by the great responsibility he bears of providing the aviary with suitable refreshments. He claims by far the greater task is extracting the wherewithal for these from coup members.

The Rattled-for-ever-Rumaging Robin has shown great improvement this year - it is even said that she hasn't lost her keys once. Obviously, she has lost her bag.

Three other members deserve special mention - the Road Runner, hot in pursuit of senior-fledgelings and their instructors; the Perfect Parrot, an expatriate of Ancient Rome who wields a hockey stick with great expertise; and the Doddering Dodo, closely related to the Secretary Bird.

These are the most illustrious members of the feathered population. There are other, more obscure, members of interest (for example, one particular group have removed themselves to a remote area of the aviary, from whence they may emerge every second Thursday), but not enough known of them.



EXPERIENCES OF A BABY SITTER

This essay is intended as a warning to anyone who has ever considered trying his hand at the ancient art of babysitting. Before I continue take my advice, and don't. From the moment the resident parents leave the house you find yourself in the clutches of a malicious little fiend who will not give up the idea that you are the enemy and must be at all costs eradicated.

I arrived at the garden gate, went through and was ushered to the front door by the waiting pet Alsatian. I stood at the door, my back to it, watched the dog and probed around with my left hand trying to find the door-bell. The dog had obviously been starved for three weeks before my arrival and was now ready to tear anyone to pieces.

I found a knob or something and turned it, and as the sprinkler came on, the door opened and I was asked in by the lady of the house and was questioned about why I had deliberately drenched darling Tinkerbelle.

I was shown the baby in his room. He sat in his cot, trying to look innocent as he poured himself a double and threw his butts out the window. After disembowelling his teddy he said in a gravelly voice, "Who's this poor creep?"

Realising I had made a mistake in coming I tried to leave but found the dog had taken up a position in the living room where it sat slobbering on the carpet waiting to take his revenge.

The parents left, and I was alone, left to the mercy of Al Capone junior in the bedroom and Baskerville himself in the living room.

I decided that the dog was the lesser of the two evils, so I cautiously made my way into the living room to be greeted by an ominous growl from the fireplace. He stood up and made his way towards me, his fangs glinting in the lamp light with the obvious intention of reducing me to a skeleton, or something equally as nasty.

Not being over-proficient at the art of gymnastics, I found myself hanging from a chandelier: most disconcerting, not to mention risky. By anchoring my left foot around the central stem, and holding a globe between my teeth, I was able to raise myself up and disconnect my tongue from the globe socket and sit quite comfortably on the framework, from where I was able to hurl abuse at my adversary in comparative safety.

The dog settled down to wait, and to prevent this eventuality I started throwing globes at him. I succeeded with this strategy and he was at the door as I was removing a last globe to deliver the coup-de-grace when the wiring decided to take a hand.

That is why, when the owners returned, they found a charred, well, something coiled up in the remains of a chandelier.

Nick Eckstein 4T

RED THE RIDING HOOD

Once upon a time there was a mean nasty female bkie (18) who rode a red chopper, wore a red riding jacket, red riding boots, helmet and scarf. So naturally she was called Red The Riding Hood.

One day her mum told her to take some cakes to her poor grandmother who lived on the other side of town in the slum area surrounded by a concrete jungle.

Red's Mum: "Red! Take these cakes to Granny!"

Red: "No! You know where you can put 'em

Mum: "If you don't I'll rip out your fuel line and kick in your muffler"

Red: "OK, I will (Curse, curse curse)"

So she took the cakes and kick started her chopper and revved it to an intolerable level. She released the clutch and tore down the street, dust and papers flying.

She screeched to a halt in front of the Milk Bar and found she didn't have any money. So she tore off again leaving the other bikies in the dust.

On the way to granny's place she knocked down a poodle which wandered onto the road. She then stamped a silhouette of a dog on her fuel tank which made the collection seem like red silk with black prints.

Half way to granny's she was feeling a little hungry so she ate a cake which made her belch like a pig. On arrival she drove in kicked in the livingroom door upstairs, dropped the cakes on the table and demanded some money from her 94 year old granny.

Granny refused so Red worked her over with her pocket switch-blade. Granny surrendered and gave Red the bread money. Then Red kick started her bike and drove out of the livingroom and down to the Milk Bar to her boy friend.

She came around a bend at 90 mph and the cop on his electroglide cursed her because he'd encountered her before. He decided she would get hers. He chased her 7 blocks - siren blazing, lights flashing, when he came parallel to her, she wouldn't pull over so he kicked her in the fuel tank which sent her and her bike sprawling into the gutter.

He stopped, turned around and got her and started to kick, bash, punch, tear and scratch her bike. He did the same to her and now she is serving time in the can.

They asked us to rite somethin anythin they said Although its to be censored before even published.

They stuk posters everywhere from the classroom to the dunnies, telling us not to rite it on the walls but to rite it for THE GATE.

We kept askin ourselves, Heck . . . what we gonna rite.

We spent half our time, thinking what to bloody rite.

They kept tellin us "cum on yoo kids . . . rite somethin will yuz, we're desperate . . . we'll take anythin (well almost anythin) wez ya skool spirit. Yoos' are all apathetic, the hole lot of ya.

And we's kept sayin, Geez we dunno what to rite.

Wrekon I contripbuted mi little bit.

5A R.C.

TOP 40

1. Mr. Moss — Take it to the Limit
2. Mr. Ward — It's a long way to the Top
3. Miss Power — Bye Bye Baby
4. Mr. Hansen — I'm gonna be a teenage idol
5. Miss Singe — Lady Bump
6. Mr. Carrington — Highway Star
7. Miss Wills, Miss Snider, Mr. Shrives — Young Americans
8. Mr. Kupsch — Girls, Girls, Girls.
9. Mr. Vergona — I'm an Ape Man.
10. Mrs. E. Anderson — Golden Years.
11. Mrs. P. Anderson — Killer Queen.
12. Mrs. Longshaw — The Bitch is back.
13. Miss Mariner — Come on and get your love.
14. Miss Svensen — Stairway to Heaven.
15. Miss Thompson — Born to Run.
16. Mr. Grant — Dreamer.
17. Mrs. Spitteler — Life is a minestrone
18. Mr. Joseph — Get up and boogie
19. Mr. Newman — Roll over - Lay down
20. Miss Stubbs — Movie Star
21. Mr. Reitz and Mr. McLarney — Convoy.
22. Mr. Green — Toorak Cowboy
23. Ms. Blight — Your all Woman
24. Mr. Young — Ego is not a dirty word.
25. Mr. Holmes — One Tin Soldier.
26. Mr. Moyle — I'm in love with my car.
27. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hook, Mrs. Bruce — Having my Baby.
28. Miss Chan — Kung Foo Fighting
29. Mr. Edwards — Leader of the Pack
30. Miss Gass — I Hate the Music
31. Mr. Richardson — Watch that man
32. Miss Herschell — Living in the '70s
33. Mrs. Daly — Hard Hearted Alice
34. Miss Rubinstein — Eagle Rock
35. Mrs. Wright — Open up your Heart
36. Mrs. Vee — Carry that weight.
37. Mrs. Trigg — Smiley
38. Mrs. Bishop — Maggie May
39. Mr. Allemand — Football, Meat pies . . .
40. Mr. Carrington and Miss Singe — Do you feel like we do?



Dear . . .

Minister of Education,
Treasury Place,
MELBOURNE, 3000

Dear Sir,

I am sitting in the old Bristol Unit at DHS. The wind is whistling through the windows and making me shiver. I suppose I could say that the windows are the cleanest part of this building. After all, there's no glass for the dirt to gather on. As I sit here, trying to write on a waterlogged book, the rain-water is pouring through the ceiling (which collapsed on a class about 8 years ago) from the enormous holes in the rusted iron which is called a roof.

I've been in this classroom for 30 minutes and I am already soaked. The water level is up to one foot deep all over the floor and is still rising from the waterfall in the so called ceiling. As we stand on our chairs the water is running through holes in the walls, formed from the wood rotting from the water over the years. These holes act as a sort of overflow chute.

The period is nearly over but I doubt if the teacher will be game enough to open the door in case somebody dares to walk past. Already people have been washed off their feet over the years from the sudden gush of water which flows out when the door opens. Almost twenty years ago this room was declared a health hazard because of cases where students and teachers died from pneumonia after classes during winter and suffered from sunstroke in summer. Up till now nothing has been done about this building so it's about time a new one was built in its place, don't you think?

Yours faithfully,
Mark Chambers.

The Minister
for Education.
Dear Sir,

I am writing to you from DHS, (which could very well stand for Dandenong Horse Stables instead of High School). I am writing this letter to inform you of the conditions in the school ground. At this point I should warn you that if you ever go near this school it would be advisable for you to wear a safety helmet for it is a death trap. The ceiling keeps on falling on students and sometimes teachers - aren't we lucky? Some parts of the school have been condemned, others classified by the National Trust as part of our ancestor's heritage. The condemned parts of the school have been that way for decades and yet no one has the courage to come and bulldoze them down mainly because of the shortage of gas masks. In winter the students get a free shower from the Shower Rose type roof and the rain collects in the Bristol building corridor and many a student has slipped into the . . . the . . . mess shall we say. I hope I have gained your support to refit the school - not with teachers who will fall for these traps - but with a new multistorey block worthy of the name of the school.

Yours,

Steven Cernotta 7T

Dear Sir,

I would like to stress the things which are wrong at Dandenong High School. I am a student, as you may know, and have gone through having roofs falling on me, windows falling on me and other hazards.

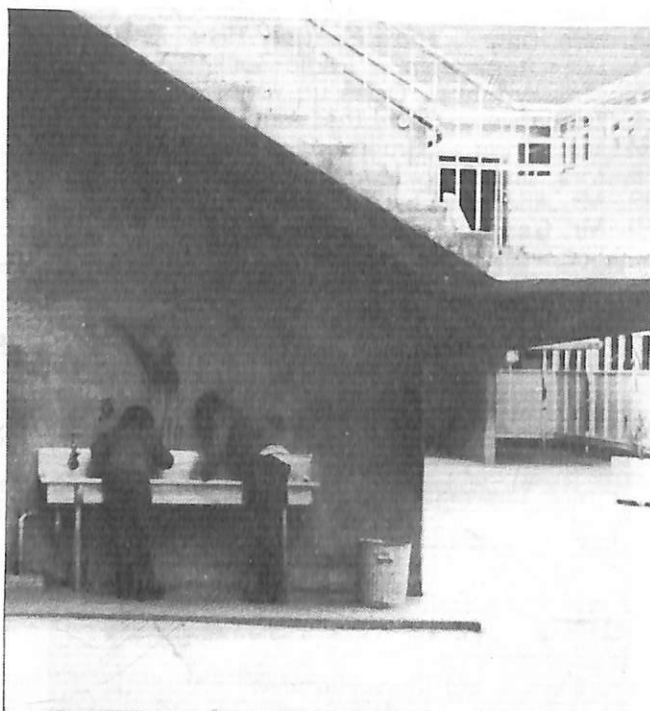
As I may recall, a school is for children to go to and learn various things. But when you need umbrellas in a classroom and crash helmet on and maybe even armour, in case the walls fall on you, it is far from funny. I find it very hard to concentrate with an umbrella in one hand, a helmet on my head and armour on, and I'm sure all the other students do too.

I think it would be better to learn things in a haystack. It might be a little windier but at least it would be dry. It may be a little dark but it wouldn't be much different to the rooms at Dandenong High School because most of the lights don't work and when they do there is so much dirt around them that they're no use anyway. At the moment I am trying to write this letter by candlelight.

At the moment I am wearing a life jacket so I won't drown. It is just about possible to surf in here as the wind is whipping up the water.

These are only the few things wrong at this school. I hope you will be able to . . .

HELP! Glug Glug
Tina Van Akkeren



Dear Teacher,

My son was quite upset last night. He was to hand in some assignment for English and on cleaning his room I have thrown it away.

He was quite worried so I am hoping you can give him an extension and another set of questions. I am very sorry and Kevin said from now on he cleans his own room.

Yours faithfully
Kevin's Mother

Dear Agnes,

You are everything I have ever dreamt of. You are everything my heart desires, your lips are like the velvet petals of a rose in spring time.

Forget about Steve, he only wants you for your mind and radiating personality. Your eyes are like stars reflecting in a clear pool on a mid-summer's night.

I long to make passionate love to you. The mattress in my panel van awaits your impression.

Yours in anticipation,
Archibald
X X X X X

I for one would like to say thank you to Mr. Vrieze and Mrs. Bruce for their excellent Health and Human class in semester 1. It was a most interesting, factual and sometimes controversial subject and I gained a lot from it.

To Mrs. Bruce: Thank-you for your "games"; they helped me get to know myself and fellow students much better. I looked forward to Mondays and Thursdays and that subject, so, on behalf of all the forth whom I'm sure agree to a man or woman.

Thanks.

Anon.

'DADDY'

"Hello, my name is Johnny and I'm going to tell you about my Dad! My dad is the best, most bravest man in the world and all the kids at school know that he can lick their dad's real easy. I'm in grade 1 at school with my brother who got kept down last year. He doesn't care though cos dad says that only sissys do good at school.

My dad was a great soldier in the war. Why he's always tellin' us kids how he massacred a whole bunch of 'yella' chinamen all by himself. Dad says that chinamen are the dirtiest people in the world!! He says they're 'yella' cos they never wash and you can smell 'em a mile away. He fought so good and hard in the war that he got a bad heart and now he gets money every week for it.

My dad words everyday at the pub. I don't know what he does there but it must be mighty hard work 'cos every night he comes home and goes straight to bed without even kissin' mummy. Mummy cries some times because dad stays at the pub for so long every night and some times dad hits her for blubberin' cos blubberin's only for babies. I used to bawl but that was a long time ago 'cos if me or me brother bawl now we get a belting clean across our backside. Dad never cries! He's tough!

Sometimes when dad gets real mad he scares me. Some times when he's really mad at Grandma he says he'll knock her off cos she's a useless heap and if he did no one would know she didn't die of old age. I hope he doesn't knock off Grandma cos she's always nice to me. The most maddest I've ever seen dad was when dad got taken off to the police station and had to stay there a whole night for getting drunk. Dad says that cops are stinkin' pigs.

When I grow up I hope I turn out like dad. He's just the toughest, bravest dad in the world!!"
Darlene Norman

A BIRD NAMED BOONDY

When I was a little boy, my sister and auntie were walking in the bushes where there were tracks made by some people. They were walking up near the river in Nowa Nowa. As they were walking they saw a little Emu walking along the track up ahead of them. They ran after the Emu as fast as they could. As they were running my auntie took off her cardigan and tossed it on the Emu. When they caught the Emu, they came home and put it in the box so it couldn't get away. Next day we got up and went to the box to feed him and give him a drink. Then our mother said, "What are you going to call him." My sister said, "Boondy". Every night we go to bed my sister used to get him in bed with her. One night Rhonda, my sister wasn't allowed to take it to bed because she would roll over and squash him. Next night the Emu wanted to sleep with her, so she put him in her bed and then she went to sleep and ended up rolling on him. The next day my brother started to cry for him while he was burying him.

By Richard Thorpe 3A

My Turtle Murtle

When I was six I found a turtle,
And decided to name it Murtle
I put my Murtle in a race,
But from then on, I never showed her face.
Because poor Murtle wasn't very fast,
So then my Murtle came last.
From that day she was very sad,
Which didn't make me very glad
Until one day when it was sunny,
I saw my Murtle running.
Yelling out, hip hip hooray
Suddenly thinking, she's run away
Sitting down starting to bawl,
In sight I could see some things crawl.
It was Murtle and another turtle,
With little baby Murtles.
From this I found out that Murtle was a he and not a she

Now Murtle had a family
Which made us all live happily.
Form Two A
Kaylene Taylor

Winter Storm

Shut the door
Close the windows
Light the fire
Collect the wood.
The storm's coming
The snow's falling
The blizzard's here.
It's coming down the chimney
Putting out the fire
The windows are smashed
The roof's coming off
Get Out! Get Out!
Run! Run! Run for your life!

I WAS THE FIRST WOMAN PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA

Well dears, here I am sitting in the Lodge in dear old Canberra, watching the replay of the Government's swearing in on my home movie set. I've just finished writing to Gert and all the friends at the C.W.A. to tell them what an absolutely scrumptious time I'm having here.

But, to get to more serious things, the colour scheme in here is repulsive. I mean, well, patterns and stripes don't mix do they, yet here we have Mrs. Hedgwallop, (my housekeeper you know; absolute sweetie, but a bit . . . well, you know, no sense with interior decor), throwing up orange wallpaper and putting blue shag on the floor! Makes me feel right queezy just to walk in here sometimes, honestly, I told her not to take down darling Elizabeth's picture in the front hall, but you all know how it is with housekeepers these days. You know, I pay here . . . well that's my business isn't it?

Phillip's coming in after lunch; something about this year's budget. I'll be able to help him there. Very good with my savings I am. And with him going on at the moment about not overspending on your allowance, I think he'll appreciate me helping. He is dishy isn't he? No? Well no accounting for taste is there?

But I must say, I think the whole procedure of opening parliament is far too formal. That man who comes along in tails and bangs a stick on the door. Unnecessary! I found out there's nobody in there when he does it. I can't see the point, really. Myself, I'd like a nice informal gathering. Invite a few friends. Those long benches in the house would be just divine for a cabaret or something.

I love all their chauffeurs. Lovely chaps. A bit of chivalry for a change. They actually open doors for you. Don't get much of that these days. Younger generation. OOPS! Pot roast boiling!

Love, Milly.

P.S. Thanks for the wine-gums.
Nick Eckstein 4T

TORNADO

Bashing, Hashing, Smashing,
everything. Tornado's, large,
or small. They still make
things fall. Battering, Bashing,
Destroying, Dashing Smashing,
everything from a
house to the very
smallest things. Fierce,
winds blowing down
houses and other
things. Like a
merry-go round,
Going too fast.
Throwing objects
which wiz past.
But soon it
Dies down, as
though it went
underground.
Leaving smashed
buildings to be
built again.
Leaving small
children without
any games.
Homeless people
in the streets
with nothing
on their
bare feet
for they,
had to
run out
in the
night. All
the
children
dying
of fright.
But no,
All is,
calm.

By E. J. Watson. 1E

Rain

Rain is Soft
Rain is hard
Rain beats down hard on the Roof.
Rain can turn to hail
The crashing of the rain makes a dog bark, a cat
meow.
After it's passed it smells all cool and refreshing
and out pops the sun all bright and
Eye watering.

Paul Townsend 1E

RIDDLES

Question: What's worse than raining cats and dogs?
Answer: Hailing taxicabs and buses.
Question: Why couldn't the boy find the English channel?
Answer: He looked on T.V.
Question: Why are cemeteries locked at night?
Answer: People dying to get in.
Question: Why didn't the animals play cards in the ark?
Answer: Noah sat on the deck.
D. Buckland, Form 2

ELEPHANT

Stomp, Stomp, Stomp,
Stomp, Stomp, Stomp.
Listen to the elephants as they tramp.
Through the Burmese jungle over African Plains;
Carry Indian Rajahs hunting dangerous game,
Performing in the circus before admiring crowds.
Raising their trunks trumpeting to the clouds.

The Fine Monkeys

Snakes are sneaky, mice are squeaky;
But monkeys they are fine.
Camels are humpy and bears are grumpy;
But monkeys they are fine.
Dogs are barksy and sharks are snarkey;
But monkeys they are fine
Wombats are wobbly and turkeys are gobbly;
But monkeys they are fine.

Alan Bryan



OUTCASTS, ALIENS AND OTHERS WHO ARE MISUNDERSTOOD

Don't despair in this vicious world of conformists. I realize that there is not much hope for non-conformists in a world such as we are born into. However, one must face reality: turning away from it does not alter the situation.

Your aim in life must certainly be to search for others with similar outlooks. Beware: these people may not be genuine. Don't give up until you have found a genuine friend. Look deeply into them and assure yourself that they are not friends only on the surface.

Don't be afraid to hide your feelings or feel inferior to people with superiority complexes. Anyone with a superiority complex would be a genuine friend. Try to help those with inferiority complexes as these people could become the best friends you've ever had.

Always remember that you are on an equal basis with every human being, regardless of the clothes you wear, the way you act, or the friends you choose to keep. Don't let others lead you into criticizing your friends.

Try to respect other people's opinions and expect them to respect yours. Say and do what you truly believe in. Everyone is an individualist, but not everyone realizes this.
Anonymous

Hold on, what ever you do just hold on . . .

Those words kept going round and round in my terrified mind. I was determined to stay on the mast and not slide down. But the wave was so overpowering, I was sure it would get its own way and thrust me down into the bottom of the sea.

Here comes another I thought as I shut my eyes tightly. Up and over me it came gnashing thrashing bursting with all its might. Blundering, thundering, lumbering, roaring with rage, all its way around me.

Then came another one, another one of those massive, crashing, crushing, waves right through me, that's what it felt like. It was as though it was sweeping and tearing at me. It was huge and I was so small, like a giant standing over a flea, I thought while it leapt and bolted over me.

I felt horribly sick and dizzy as if I had just been dragged through a washing and spinning machine. My whole body was going numb but I knew I still had to keep tense, so I tried and tried with all my might to stay tightly wrapped against the pole while the water gushed past. I stiffened a little and waited until it passed over me.

Tina Cox Form 1E

THE RIDDLE

*Greedy as a vulture
Posing for a sculpture,
Soft as a cat
Blind as a bat,
Mean as a dog
Dirty as a hog,
Stubborn as a mule,
Never out of fuel,
Sly as a fox
Dumb as an ox,
Friendly as an eagle
Lazy as a beagle,
Small as a mouse
Large as a house,
Clings like a flea
Stings like a bee,
Think what you can
This thing is man.*

Peter Satirakis 4P

A TALE OF A TAIL

A publican owned a dog, but it was neglected, and it died, so he cut off its tail in memory of it. The dog went to the gates of heaven, but they only let whole spirits into heaven, so he went back to the pub, to get his tail back, but the publican said that he could not retail spirits after hours.

Question: What is grey, has a thin tail, four legs, two ears, and a trunk?
Answer: A mouse on a trip.
Question: Where was Noah when night came?
Answer: He was in D'ark.
Question: Why did mother Flea cry?
Answer: Her sons had gone to the dogs.
D. Buckland Form 2

Q. Begins with P
Ends with E
Has a thousand or so
Letters I know
A. The post office.

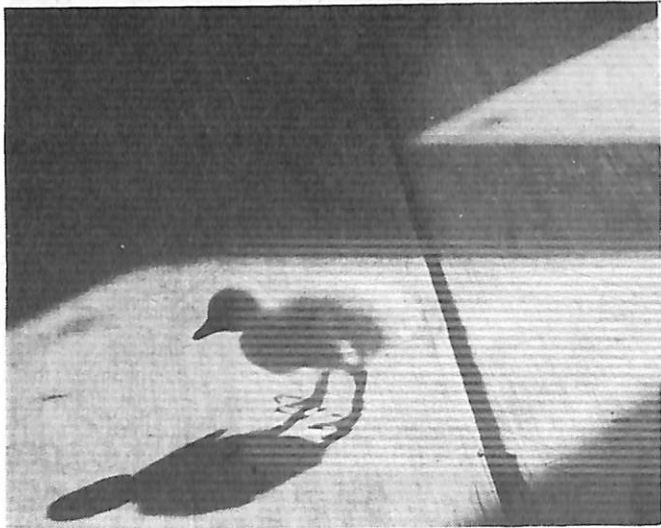
by Caroline Tharle 3A



THE 10 COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt not copy thy neighbour's homework
Let him do it for you
2. Thou shalt not flunk in November
Do so now and avoid the November rush
3. Thou shalt not whisper in the class
Shout! It draws more attention.
4. Thou shalt not push in corridors
Tripping is more effective.
5. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbour's pens
Steal them.
6. Thou shalt not cut morning classes
Take the whole day off.
7. Thou shalt not drive teachers to their graves.
Let the undertaker do it.
8. Thou shalt not tear thy books
Burning is easier and it destroys all evidence.
9. Thou shalt not kiss in the hall
Use the back room - it's darker.
10. Thou shalt not get caught and suffer the consequences.





About 3 hours ago
My Mum and I left to go to the show,
I know now I shouldn't have,
Why did I?
Mum didn't want to go
And now it seems . . . as if she punished me
By leaving me . . .
Deserting me . . .
Never to come back.
When we got here,
Mum seemed happy
But I could tell she wasn't
I knew she was only covering up.
But I never showed that I knew.
But did she have to do this to me?
We went to the lottery-drawing stall
Where I bought ticket number 62,
My eyes were fixed on the drawer.
My eyes occasionally wandered . . . to the prize; a
big toy truck
My mind was fixed on number 62
And on praying to God.
"God, I want 62 . . . the toy truck . . . I want it".
But not one thought went to my mother
The man's hand reached for the barrel,
Number 62 . . . the toy truck . . . number 62 . . .
My eyes were tightly shut . . . praying . . . with fingers
crossed . . .
I opened them again,
Only to find another "littl'un" like myself, beaming
on the platform.
His arms tightly clasped around the toy truck, my
toy truck . . .
The shock was too much,
I had an urge for comfort
My mother,
I felt with my hand for her presence
But there was nothing, just space.
Where was she?
Was she angry at me for losing the lottery?
Or for me dragging her to a place against her will?
Why did she punish me so?
"I'm sorry Mummy . . . I really am . . . Please come."
I am outside the 'Lost and Found Office',
Feeling like a lost animal,
Treated like an animal
A man asking me questions

Lots of questions,
Unnecessary questions.
There just wasn't any need
I just wanted my Mum
Please, I beg you, come, oh Mummy . . .
I feel like I'm in the unknown
Time dragging endlessly,
Without meaning or purpose
I am still here
Waiting . . . impatiently
Why are you punishing me?
I love you . . . Don't you love me?
Please come . . . I'll wait.
For you . . .
I'll wait forever.

B. Manias 5C

Have you ever got that feeling? What's the use of
trying? What's the use of school? What's the use of
anything? Wake up every morning, same thing
everyday. What a drag! How life is so monotonous.
But why do we have to go to school? To learn! What
a load of . . .! Wow! If only we could do anything
without pressure. Smoke, drink, be a hippy, have
sex. You name it! Anything that is enjoyable. But are
we really happy with these things or is it an escape
from reality? Be an individual. Oh yes! Just like the
billions of other people who think they're different.
Just look at them. They're the same as the rest ex-
cept they are half witted. The main contention of this
story is that why the hell learn or try to even be
educated. For all we know, we might end up being a
toilet cleaner.
Vicky Neugebauer
Lydia Turenko 5

If it moves, stop it.
If it makes noise, silence it.
If it's beautiful, dump rubbish on it.
If it's a tree, chop it down.
If it's clean, pollute it.
If it's breathable, contaminate it.
If it's natural, put a road through it.
If it's sacred, print it on a t-shirt.
If it's a beach, oil it:
20th Century Man.

Anon.

To Myn,

Marilyn was sixteen
She was too young to die.
From family and friends
she parted joyfully
leaving sorrows and pangs
for friends and family,
because Myn was sixteen
she was too young to die.

No civil wars,
no bloody loots
Can balance the massacre
The carnage on our roads.
Please stop your shooting
With these weapons called motor cars;
Because, like Myn
Many are too young to die.

No severe laws,
No propaganda,
Can stop these blood streams
On our roads.
Please, do something
You do know what.
Because, like Myn,
Many are too young to die.

To all generations
Youth is always right.
Hey! Young guys
Don't stand and stare
Go and protest
Print on your placards
"Marilyn was sixteen
She was too young to die".
Dad.

We live life,
Some of us wisely, some of us not.
But who can judge that?
For we have all a mind but different ideas.
Not one of us knows all and not one of us knows
nothing.
We exist, but we don't really understand.
L. Buckland

We no longer see you,
But we know you're here with us.
We no longer touch you,
But we can still feel your presence.

You've not gone, Myn!
You've merely left for awhile,
And since you've left, there's an empty space,
A space that needs to be filled,
but not with tears, or sorrow,
not with remorse.
We know that's not how you would want it to be.
To be filled with happiness, and love and life,
That's how you would like it.

We're slowly filling that space
and even though we know
It's not how you want it
We could never fill it completely
There will always be that memory of you.
Sam!

*You shared with us
but a moment
on this earth.
But it was a beautiful moment, Myn.
Death only happens once
Memories last forever.
Tracie Leigh.*

Watcher of the Skies

*Watcher of the skies, watcher of all.
His is a world alone no world is his own,
He whom life can no longer surprise,
Raising his eyes beholds a planet unknown.
Creatures shaped this planet's soil,
Now their reign has come to an end,
Has life again destroyed life!
Do they play elsewhere, or do they know
more than their childhood games?
Maybe the lizard has shed its tail,
This is the end of man's long union with earth.
Judge not this race by empty remains
Do you judge God by his creatures when they are
dead?
For now the lizard has shed its tail
This is the end of man's long union with earth.
From life alone to life as one,
Think not your journey done,
For though your ship be sturdy, no
Mercy has the sea.
Will you survive on the ocean of being.
Come ancient children hear what I say
This is my parting counsel for you on your way.
Sadly now your thoughts turn to the stars
Where we have gone you know you never can go,
Watcher of the skies, watcher of all
This fate is yours alone this fate is your own.
Maybe the lizard has shed its tail
This is the end of man's long Union with earth?*

Peter Gabriel
Form 5

Brian Auchettl — "... Oh Brian Lambert's away ..."
Ocker must be away too. Has he brought his van today?
Allan Bellu — Knuckles, supposedly doing Eco, ambition to be a smoke stack. Mr. Chimney 1976.
Ranko Dragonjlovic — Ranko? Dranko? Oh well we'll get it right one day.

Jan Freitag — The Jolly Green Giant. Fritz Freitag, the ideal teacher? Shut up Jan! Doveon reject.
Chris Harrison — Winner of the Hairiest Chin Contest. Intellectual Pom. Known to be dating an English sheppdog.
Nigel Harrison — The other ?? The sexy Pom. You would never know they are twins.

Brian Lambert — ... Oh Brian Auchettl's away ...
Chopper must be away too. Where's Ocker's pancreas van? Reject from St. Johns.
Rodney Rigby — 'Fussy', swallowed his goliwog. Desperately trying to cover his face with hair. Too bad! Keep it up Rod.
Robert Shubert — Often seen sucking on a clarinet.

Wayne Smith — Who's he? That's right, he lights HB well.
Patrick St Mart — Never shuts up. Always telling jokes. Leader in English discussions?!!
John Welsh — The mysterious mountaineer. Oh no John Welsh doesn't need an essay plan.
Halina Janeczko — Puts on her socks backwards. (Phew) Her feet are always pretty high. (Platforms. Hai Hai Hai)

Jare Jemar — Recipient of Allan's teeth. Works part-time trading clothes with American imports.
Jenny Mores — Possessor of knuckle duster. President of Kupsch's Fan Club.
Roslyn Morley — Leon's regular roller (his tobacco, that is)

Linda Ramsay — Lovely Linda. Always sitting in the front desk in Politics. Wonder why?
Heather Smith — Gorbys Gooddasher. Skinny girl with long nails. (for this comment we were paid \$10 by Heffa)

Marilyn Schirmer — Anyone know her?
Roula Tettis — Sly Greek drinker. Often seen walking home kicking her defenceless little sister's school bag and sometimes her defenceless little sister.
Christina Wan — Gone. (Lucky her)

Janice Young — Tanki President of Music Committee - pity she can't sing. Booby's best bosom buddy (about the same size too)
Wayne Brundell — Dad's got a dumb dog named Snoopy. That is all we ever found out about him.
Gregory Flavell — Is he still at school? Well what do ya know.

Lucas Georgiadis — March Mate of the Month.
Craig Gye — Member of C.S.S. (Cradle Snatchers Society) We've been told he is gutless???

Stephen Roby — Always red. Reads well in assembly. One of the safer Doveon drivers (keep fingers crossed)
Paul Thompson — 'It's nice to see you in Art Paul' Soula Andriagianakis — Shut up Soula! Shut up Soula!

Jean Boyle — Blutzon's fan. She wishes she had them.
Jeanette Cackett — Biggest in the West, she couldn't stand the strain (of HSC, that is)
Ann Cordoma — Cabana. Likes making holes in wet cement.

Wendy Dent — Dwarf. Very sensitive about her age, height and her vulnerability.
Marianne Gebbie — A recruit.
Leonie Kingston — Giggling Gert. 'Who'd do anything for you'

Marie Louise — Haven't seen her for a while.
Tracie Mengler — Noted for her technicolour security scarf - people see her a mile off and run! Feodora Morozoff — Who? Never heard her.
Sue Piening — Wow, shes got the record for the longest love affair.

Magda Rampal — Is she really as innocent as she looks?
Sharon Vanderwolde — Sue's pal. She has now had six guys in the time it takes for Sue to have one.
Ludmilla Alexeev — Pleased to meet you.
Warren Barnett — Why can't I have my photo on the cover of the Gate?

Brendan Bourke — Cutie Pie. I didn't know he did English.
John Crosby — You disgusting cradle snatcher. Bronze surfie idol.
Grant Dempster — Grant are you quite comfortable in that position. I wish you would dress properly.
Russell Drodge — Dwarf Fonzie. Did you hear about Miss Blight's photo on the 6th form camp?

Graham Filton — A Doveon reject. One of the strangers in the night, hey Judith!
Judith Roberts — The stranger in the night has a strange liking for Doveon rejects. Ho! Hum! I always thought she was a good girl!
David Graham — Harlow, but he doesn't like that name any more. Real cute.
Wayne Hill — Is your Dad a printer? No Wayne we'll do it this way.
Warren Gray — User of mystic magic wand

Robert Matthews — Passing along (pity we can't have instant raspberries)
Glenn Murphy — Sorry Glen, you've escaped my memory.
Stephen Riches — What mark did you get Stephen? Get your hand off my knee.

Peter Steunenbergh — Wounded in battle? Surprised your duck recognises you now.
Ross Charlesworth — You heard about Steelo yet? It does wonders for your pot.
Debbie and Marita Breen — Thought of entering New Faces?

Mary Dellios — Two days before exams! Have you still got those eight, 9 or was it 12 essays to do?
Anna Florenti — Don't mention the word 'Wog' in her presence.
Judy Henstock — A racketeer. Good right arm.
Annette Nodzio — Don't dance like that Annette know you're hip, but that's carrying it a bit too far.

Chris Wright — Better not say too much cos her mum has a bit of influence in sentencing prisoners.
Eric Ballins — How he passed Pure I'll never know. Do you know who teaches that Eric? How's Heather?

Nagui Bihelek — 'Carriage is on fire, Conductor!' Jim Bradshaw — Katherine's fiancé. 'Jim, speak English'
Leon Cronjaeger — Who's got a dirty mind? Cheeky?

Tony Davidson — I'm a bad, bad man. That's the edge of the stage Tony!
Drago Dragoljovoc — Have you done your homework Drago? No, left it at home permanently.
Rene de Jong — Doveon hooligan. Third Time lucky, eh? (for your licence)

Chris Morrice — 300! Hissi! Wish his ego would fit in his head.
Bryan Sheehan — Snag. Hope we are invited to a wedding.
Eddy Wisniewski — Chief Bull. (Oops, forgot you were sitting) Chicken Pizza Maniac.
Jurek Witkowski — Is that name foreign? Don't get on the wrong side of him, He's got big ... er ... toes?

Nadia Baksheev — What does that look mean? Don't tell me you're top again.
Julie Bartley — Sorry, Priss, someone stood on your photo. We would have put it in otherwise.
Karen Brain — Does Brain mean brain?
Karen Reid — Lives in Marlborough Country.
Warren Gray — User of mystic magic wand
Chris Leonidas — Sexy. What did you shave your beard off for?

Maurice Rickard — Don't put us to shame, we know you keep a dictionary under the desk.
Stephen Wearne — Stephen! What's sexual reproduction.
Zola Baksheev — Faithful Social Service collector. Wendy Cookson — Don't worry Wendy you'll pass.

Pam Cuttris — She'd laugh at a funeral.
Sladana Dordovic — Ummmm! We do know her but we can't think of anything to say.
Katrina Frindt — The quiet, reserved student, sweet and innocent or is she?
Michelle Harmer — Mickie. Matchmaker who never talks. Loves Mrs. Anderson! Cos she understands her.

Cheryl Hurlie — She went alright in accounting (! think)
Karen Joyner — Veg-A-Mile Kid.
Jennie Lonsdale — Intends to open knitting business.
Liz Michalski — What did you say Liz? Another quiet one.
Dot Morgan — Norman Gunston look-a-like. We still luvs ya Dot. Champion metho guzzler. Has a dark secret.

Elaine Morley — That gorgeous chick. She's too much competition for the rest of us. We thought you were on fire at the Social.
Jo Riddell — I'm not going with Jeff!
Willily Robinson — Fan of Mrs. P. Going my way sailor?

Penny Salmon — Fishtace. Believes in doing what comes naturally.
Bobbie Titcher — Booby Bobbie Titcher. Our faithful President. Where's Bobbie? Permanently in the loo.
Jenny Breton — Oops, nearly forgot her. Hair! Legs! Do you think she'll pass this year? It would be terrible if she failed.



1A

ADAMS Brett
ATKINS Graeme
BAKKER Jimmy
BALKOS Lambie
BATTISTELLO Peter
BELLOMARINO Frank
BROWN Anthony
CAMPBELL Andrew
CARUSO Joe
CORMICK Ken
CRADDOCK Trevor
CROY Brian
FERNAND Laval
HIJNIAKOFF Michael
O'Neil Shayne
AITKEN Alison
ALLEN Jeniene
AMEY Katherine
ANDREWS Kerrie
BAKER Vikki
BARNES Debbie
BELLU Daniela
BENNETT Sallann
BIANCO Rita
BLIGHT Lianne
BRASACCHIO Maria
BREEN Kerry
BULOVIC Ranka
BURGESS Sandra
CARDWELL Cheryl
CASSE Monique
CHANOFF Anna
CILMI Mariannina
TACONO Irene
WILLS Melinda
1B
BRADLEY Ricky
CARUSO Sam
CHAPMAN Mark
EDWARDS Victor
FOX Glenn
FIELDER David
GARRETT Andrew
GIGLIOTTI Ron
GRAY Grant
GRICE David
HAYES-ROSARIO Richard
HEATH Alan
HUMMEL Frederick
IUDICA Frank
KAPRANOV Jim
KENTTALA Gery
COLA PAOLO Angelina
COSENTINO Maria
CROMPTON Lesley
CROOK Karina
DEADY Jacky
DEMPSTER Jill
DEVIR Lisa
DEXTER Evelyn
DUDI Ann
ELLIOTT Jennifer
FARR Carol
FRASER Angela
GARGANO Antonietta
GRIST Kerry
MARTIN Paula
SCAMBLER Sharon
SENECKO Olenka
STAITA Maria
SZCZEPANIAK Wendy
VASILIEVA Marina
1C
BATEMAN Craig
ECKSTEIN David
FRASER Ross
KIRPICHNIKOV Andrew
KIPOSHILOV Paul
LANG Jeremy
MARSON Andrew
MARTIN Sean
MICKELSON Brett
MILBURN Brendan
NILES Paul
MILNE Donald
MIROSHNICHENKO Andrew
SAUZIER John
BURTON Aaron
HARRIGAN Susan
JOLLIFFE Dianne
JONES Janine
JONKER Margaret
KEMPSTER Helen
KUSNIEZ Marzenna

KYRIAKOS Katherine
LANGVISER Margaret
LIEBE Pamela
MALISHEV Tania
MANCUSO Franca
MARGARITI Josie
MAROTTA Linda
MASCARO Josephine
MATHESON Denise
MEZENTSEFF Zoia
ROBINSON Ferne
ROSS Amanda
1D
McCLERNON Howard
McGRATH Bernard
McLEOD Peter
NEWTON Warren
NICOLL Graham
PEDLER Christopher
PEEBLES Shaun
PRIOR Justin
PURVIS Blair
ROGERS Ian
SALEMS Rudy
SAUNDERS David
SCOTT Donald
SIM Mark
SMITH Andrew
HARVEY Nicole
JOHNSON Vicki
MATTHEWS Jennifer
METE Maria
MEULENKAMP Marianne
MEZENTSEFF Olga
MIRONOV Sue
MISCHKER Sabine
MORGAN Lee-Anne
O'DAL Denise
PAXIMANOLI Maria
PERKIN Margaret
READ Prudence
ROSE Wendy
RUPPELL Helene
SAFFRON Sherre
SEAL Valerie
SEGHSIO Angela
1E
BARRETT David
SMITH Greg
SMITH Thomas
STEEDMAN Rod
STEFANO Alex
STREDWICK Russell
TICKNER Garry
TOWNSEND Paul
VAMPLEW Mark
WASSYLKO Victor
WATSON Edward
WILSON Gary
YAWNOU Najib
COX Tina
CROMPTON Michelle
DAHLBERG Wanda
DICKINSON Sharon
FISERS Catherine
PERRIN Karen
SHASHKOFF Helen
SMIDT Diane
SMYTHE Eleanor
STRUG Julie
TETTIS Marianne
TIMI Mirella
VELJANOVSKA Ofelija
VIRGULTO Lina
WAITES Debra
WALTERS Linda
WILKIE Tracey
WILLIAMS Donna
WILLS Paula
YAKOVLEV Anna
2A
ALEVRAS Michael
BRYAN Alan
CAPPELLO Michael
CLAPPERS Paul
FIELD Ricky
HAYSE Derek
HOLMES Murray
LIEUTIER Raymond
LUCENA Andrew
MAULETTE Gilbert
MONTGOMERY Andrew
SHASHKOFF Alex
SMALUCH Michael
VEREMEENCO Olympio
AFENTAKIS Pandora
AMETOVSKI Rakibie

BELL Debra
BROWN Elizabeth
CAMPBELL Gillian
CARTER Kim
CONSTANTINE Michelle
FISERS Elizabeth
HENDERSON Cheryl
HYDE Wendy
McLEISH Janine
MANCUSO Theresa
PILLAR Carolyn
SHIPP Tracey
SIACCI Sharon
TATE Karen
TAYLOR Kaylene
WILSON Dianne
WREDE Grace
2B
BAKKER Ricky
BONNEFIN Robert
DOOLEY Stephen
FRANCIS Paul
HENSTOCK Glenn
HILL Andrew
McLEAN Gregory
MACKLEY Steven
OSBORNE Gregory
STORK Gary
TROTTER Gordon
VELLIN Michael
WOODWARD Peter
AIDONE Lina
BASSENBERG Andrea
BISHOP Linda
BURGESS Anne
CHATGOGLOU Maria
DE vries Corrie
GLADSTONE Karen
GODDING Ruth
HUGHES Lisa
JOYNER Leanne
MEULENKAMP Claudia
MIDDLEBROOK Lehanne
MIROSHNICHENKO Sonya
MUTTON Bronwyn
PARACKI Joanne
PARKINSON Margaret
SQUIRES Mandy
VINEY Debra
WALKE Carol
WILLIAMSON Leanne
2C
BASTOW Robert
BUCKLAND David
CALLADINE Michael
D'ARGENT Richard
DOHERTY Martin
FREEMAN Michael
HOWARD Darryl
KING David
LANG Ian
MEZENTZEFF Boris
NICOLL Neil
PAPADOPOULOS John
PATERSON Rodney
RYCKEN Richard
ANDERSON Janis
ARAPS Evelyn
BLAKLEY Susan
CLARKSON Deborah
FABER Merran
GIORGI Catherine
JUKIC Nevenka
KOENIG Deborah
KOZLOWSKI Christine
MALIETZI Katherine
MOLES Lesley
RAMPAL Genevieve
RICHARDSON Julie
ROWE Mandy
SHEVCHENKO Galina
USEINOVSKI Tylsume
WILKIE Deanne
ZARPARINI Maria
2D
BEAMSLEY Brett
COSENTINO Sammy
DESIATOV Gennady
KAPRANOV Vassily
KOUOUNDOUROS George
LE BRASSE Robert
RENSBURG Roger
ROBINSON Stewart
ROGOWSKI Edward
WILLIAMS Shane
ASHTON Gaylene

BORTIGNON Rosa
BAXTER Karen
BEECH Michelle
CARLSON Wendy
CASSE Doreen
CINI Dianne
CLARK Margaret
DE VRIES Hylda
EVANS Judith
HUNTLEY Karen
LEWIS Leonie
LUMANOVSKI Vasiliya
PAYNE Jenny
PRIDHAM Janine
THARLE Helen
THOMSON Joan
VUKMIROVIC Stana
ZLONZAK Leanne
ZOOEFF Tania
2E
ANDRES Robert
BICKHAM Robert
BROOKS Ken
EDWARDS Michael
FULLARD Neil
GREEN Dale
KIRPICKNIKOV Michael
McPHERSON Robert
MEZENTSEFF Nick
ROBIN Craig
THARLE Andrew
THOMAS Mark
TILLEY Lee
WATSON Neil
ABELS Deborah
ATTARD Irene
BARNETT Leanne
BREWIS Lorraine
EDDINGTON Manda
ELLADIS Despina
FARES Teresa
GARRETT Jan
JONES Lisa
LATIMER Deborah
LENNON Christine
LONG Anne
LYNCH Kerrie
MINOTTI Anne
MONAHAN Christine
PILLAR Nola
STEENDAM Alwyn
TURNERY Kerry
WREN Merrilyn
ZARPARINIS Toulia
2F
BREEN Paul
CARLSON Wayne
CLARKSON John
CRAIG Bruce
CRONJAEGER Robert
EDIS Robert
FISHER Greg
LAMONT Mark
MIRANDA Carmine
PAOLA Joe
SALIB George
SCHUBERT Robert
WATSON Peter
BARNES Carol
BLIGHT Rhonda
CAMERON Tracey
COCKERILL Vicki
CONNOR Gillian
DAVIDSON Janet
DIERICKX Jennifer
DUNLOP Sandra
EDWARDS Shirley
KRIENKENBEEK Adrienne
LIDONNICI Maria
MAKUSHEV Tania
MILLS Julie
O'Brien Karen
PERRINS Terry-Anne
ST. MART Marjorie
SUTTON Jan
TITCHER Dianne
WEARNE Jennifer
WRIGHT Robyn
3A
BERGLES Hinko
FISERS Richard
HAMILL Graham
JONES Kevin
JUKIC Branco
KIRPICHNIKOV Dimitry
QUINLIVAN John
TOGNAZZINI Wayne

THORPE Richard
VAN DEN ENDE David
VAN DEN ENDE Stephen
VIS John
WALTERS Russell
WATSON James
WILBY Stephen
ALLEN Susan
BLIGHT Maree
GARTON Maree
HALL Narelle
HARRIS Vicki
HARTSHORN Corrina
MACDONALD Linda
McMANUS Susan
ONISIFOROU Annita
ORTON Joanne
PRYCE Cheryl
SCHUBERT Leane
STEENDAM Carmen
THARLE Caroline
TOMASSIAN Maral
VAN DEN ENDE Lucia
WILLIAMS Judith
3B
CHATGOGLOU Chris
CLARK Malcolm
CZEKAJLO Ray
D'OMBRAIN John
KLOESTER Ian
LIEUTIER Yvan
OLDING Andrew
PARKER Christopher
PERRY David
PRITCHETT Vincent
REITSEMA Martin
TOGNAZZINI Mark
TULLETT Norman
YAKOULEV Paul
ALLAN Letitia
BONNETTL Yvonne
BREEN Sharon
CASSIDY Diane
FULTON Janette
GAVA Christeen
GRAY Tracey
KOSTER Jennifer
KUSKOFF Luda
MALLET Connie
MALLEY Vivienne
MANNIX Julie
McGILVRAY Margaret
SCOTT Suzanne
STEWART Amanda
TITCHER Lisbeth
WHITTLE Sharon
3C
BODE Stephen
CERNOTTAL Nicky
COX Brett
D'ASSISI Gino
FERNANDO Serge
HARRIS David
HOPE Damian
MANIAS John
O'CONNELL Craig
PANAGIOTOU Nick
SACCO Bruno
THOMSON Ken
USATOFF Boris
ANDONOVSKA Lepe
BATTEN Helen
BRANDSEN Debbie
CHARLESWORTH Kylie
CLARKE Hilary
DRURY Phillipa
GALLUCI Agata
GYE Lisa
HOWARD Joanne
HURLEY Jennifer
McLEISH Thelma
MEREMBELIOTIS Effie
MITCHELL Gayle
ROBERTSHAW Michelle
SHAHARAH Nishi
SUMYLA Anna
SPENCER Linda
TICKNER Wendy
ZOOEFF Margaret
3D
BARFOOT Kevin
BAXTER Neale
CORAM Scott
D'ARGENT Robert
DENT Stephen
FARRELL Bradley
HARMER Shane

MOROZOFF George
NISI Alberto
SARAIKIN Frankie
SMOLONG Christopher
ST MART Phillip
YAKOULEV Victor
ZONNO Con
BIANCHI Connie
BOWAN Kim
DUNLOP Helen
EDWARDS Sandra
FULLARD Kathy
HENNEQUIN Maree
JOLLIFFE Pauline
KEMP Josie
LEED Shirley
McDOUGAL Diane
McNAMARA Debra
MAROTTA Gina
MICHALSKI Betty
O'DALL Pamela
SMITH Helen
STOJANOWSKI Blaga
WEIR Raela
ZYRIANOFF Shora
3E
ANDERSON Mark
DEGANUTTI Luigi
DORDEVIC Zoran
FANCETT Mark
GOTHARD William
HAYES-ROSARIO Leonard
HENSTOCK Mark
JONES Rodney
LOGAN Martin
RICE Brian
RIGBY Lindsay
SHARLASSIAN Asbed
THOMPSON Neil
VENVILLE Brendon
WINCH Peter
ZOLCINSKI Robert
ALLMAN Leanne
BOOTH Lawren
GRIGG Karen
HARRIGAN Robyn
JACK Naomi
KENTALA Lena
KLEIN Jennifer
LYNCH Debra
McGRATH Janine
MENTIPLAY Karen
MITCHELL Anne
STANWAY Maree
STRUG Teresa
TRENERRY Lee
WALTON Jennifer
ZAFIROPOULOS Angela
3F
BARTLEY Wayne
BASTOW Mark
BRADLEY Michael
BROOKS David
GRIGG Robert
HODGSON Alan
HOWARD Leon
MILNE Alexander
POULTON Keith
QUINLIVAN Steven
SALIEVSKI Russel
TOOGOOD Phillip
AMBROS Mira
BANKS Gail
BURTON Michelle
CALLAGHAN Kathleen
CORRADINI Rina
HENDRY Alison
ISABELLA Maria
JOHNSON Sheryl
MARTIN Veronique
MITCHELL Linda
SCHONEWILLE Julie
SOTTILE Caterina
STEFANO Sharteon
THOMAS Danielle
TRIGG Jennifer
TSILEDARI Helen
WARD Veronica
WATT Robyn
VIRGULTO Guiseppa
4A
BAKER Simon
BIRKETT Peter
BRERETON Robert
COSENTINO Tony
GRAM Rodney
CURTIS Barry

FLAVEL Mark
GARVIN Alan
GEORGIADIS Alec
GIGLIOTTI Peter
HARRIS Peter
HENNEQUIN Denis
MAXWELL David
ROBINS Alan
SANDERS Bruce
SHEEHAN Daryl
TROTTER Alistair
WOODWARD Michael
ANDRIGIANAKIS Elene
BAKSHEEV Marina
BAKSHEEV Marya
BARRETT Linda
BRASACCHIO Maria
DIAMOND Sue
FAWCETT Carolyn
FERENS Jenny
COTHARD Elaine
LIDONNICI Teresa
PANAGIOTOV Soula
PEREIRA Carol
WEIR Helen
4C
CARTER Andrew
DAWSON Ashley
DEADY Paul
GLEESON Michael
JEWITT Stephen
LANG Steven
McKERRON Kevin
METE Jimmy
HILL Richard
MONTGOMERY Scott
MORLEY Alan
SCHONEWILLE Wayne
SMITH Darryl
FERRY Alan
CABANIUK Irene
CAMPBELL Shirlee
CAMPBELL Susan
GAVA Cheryl
GODDING Gail
GRIST Donna
KEESMAN Margaret
KRAINER Sylvia
LARKIN Cathie
MITCHELL Linda
PEJIC Jenny
POXON Lynette
PRIOR Angela
ROGERS Jill
TRENERRY Sandra
LANGVIZER Christine
4M
BAIRD Alan
BEGGS Stephen
BONNEFIN Patrick
CHAN Leonard
GEIBL Robert
HUGHES John
KEALY Graham
McCLERNON Steven
MAKUSHEV Michael
MENGLER Marc
RENSBURG Anton
THYAU Luc
WARD Rodney
WILLS Rick
WOOD Daniel
AFENTAKIS Venetta
CARROTT Gillian
CORDINA Marisa
CORDINGLEY Karen
DUNNEMAN Alison
EDNEY Diane
HARMER Sue
HEANEY Karen
HOWARD Kaye
MALIETZ Anthoula
MITCHELL Linda
NIKOLAIDOU Helen
PEEBLES Jenny
PIENING Yvonne
SAUZIER Fabiola
SEAMONS Kim
STEWART Theresa
4P
ANSELL John Stuart
BARTLETT Scott Andrew
BYRNE John Christopher
HILL Rodney
KOURIS John
KUYL John Theodore
MURRAY Brendon Lee

QUINLIVAN Ian Francis
SARAIKIN Vasily
SAVANNAH Michael
SOTIRAKOS Peter
STEPANEK Paul
TARABORELLI Frank Nicholas
THRELFALL Shane
WASTLE Ian William
WOOD James
LAMONT Stanley
BELLOMARINO Claudia
BRAUNSCHEWIG Teresa Helen
CLARK Carmen Dawn
GLADSTONE Elaine Janet
LE BRASSE Odile Marie
MEZENTSEFF Lube
PAOLA Rosetta Jane
PASCAL Clara Fiona
REID Anne McDougall
SIENKIEWICZ Annette
THARLE Jane Elizabeth
TOMASSIAN Silva
WHITE Sue Madge
4T
BAXTER Craig
CERNOTTA Steven
CHAMBERS Mark
DE LUCA Claudio
DESIATOV Victor
DUNKLEY Gary
ECKSTEIN Nick
HUGHES Newton
KENTEPOZIDIS Harry
McPHEE Ian
SMALLWOOD James
ZWIERIS John
ALLAN Jenny
BASALDELLA Fiorella
BEAMSLEY Julie-Anne
BLACK Sandra
BREEN Jenny
CAMPBELL Jenny
FIELDER Sue
GRUBB Joanne
HENDERSON Jill
LAWLESS Donna
MIRONOV Anna
O'CONNELL Kim
PHILLIPS Michele
SALIB Mary
VAN AKKEREN Tina
ZERBST Vicki
5A
ADAMS John
ALLEN Greg
BARANOWSKI Andrew
BARTLETT Simon
BIANCHI Marno
BONNE Roman
BOWMAN Michael
BRADSHAW Stephen
BURY David
CAFFREY Paul
CAMPBELL Murray
CARTWRIGHT David
CHAPPELL David
CHARMAN Bill
COX Neil
ALLEN Debbie
ALLAN Venetia
ARKOUDIS Anna
ARNOTT Karyn
AUCHETTL Dianne
BENDLE Karen
BUCKLAND Lorraine
BURD Patricia
BUTERA Gina
CAFE Rosemary
CHRISTOFORIDIS Olga
CLEAVE Rhonda
CLEAVE Sandra
CORDINGLEY Cheryl
COSENTINO Elenor
COULTHARD Joanne
CREPAR Glenda
CRONJAEGER Barbara
5B
ELEY Steven
FERENS Bohdan
FERNAND Guy
GEORGIU Andre
GUTHRIE Andrew
HALL John
HEANEY Harry
HENNEQUIN Ghislain
HOFTON Colin
HOWLETT Raymond

JACKSON Andrew
JENKINS Clive
JEWITT Ken
JOLLIFFE Colin
JONES Mark
KIRPICHNIKOV Vasily
KOSTARELAS George
KOUMOUNDOUROS Emanuel
DALE Leanne
DAWSON Judy
DAWSON Kerrie
DYALL Janette
EDWARDS Julie
FAWCETT Susanne
FLENTJAR Karina
FRASER Leigh
FRENCH Kathy
FURCTH Judy
GARGANO Marie
GARLAND Lynn
HEBEL Sue
HOWARD Kerry
JUDD Susan

5C

LAMANNA Tony
LIEUTIER Ashley
LLEWELYN Geoff
LOUISE Ben
LOUISE John
MASCARO Tony
McGRATH Graham
McGRATH Raymond
MELETIS Nick
MERAMBELIOTIS Emanuel
MEULENKAMP Neil
MILLS Rodney
MITCHELL Tony
MURPHY John
KOSTIUK Victor
HAY Judy
KAVNOUDIAS Helen
KELLY Margaret
LAWLESS Eleisa
LENNOX Denise
LEONIDAS Lea
LLEWELLYN Elizabeth
MACDONALD Andrea
MAKUSHEV Galina
MALLEY Jacqueline
MANIAS Betty
MARION Christiane
McDOUGAL Jeanette
McLAUGHLIN Glenda
McNAMARA Leanne
LAMANNA, Tony
LIEUTIER, Ashley
LLEWELYN, Geoff
LOUISE, Ben
LOUISE, John
MASCARO, Tony
McGRATH, Graham
McGRATH, Raymond
MELETIS, Nick
MERAMBELIOTIS, Emanuel
MEULENKAMP, Neil
MILLS, Rodney
MITCHELL, Tony
MURPHY, John
KOSTIUK, Victor
HAY, Judy
KAVNOUDIAS, Helen
KELLY, Margaret,
LAWLESS, Eleisa
LENNOX, Denise
LEONIDAS, Lea
LLEWELLYN, Elizabeth
MACDONALD, Andrea
MAKUSHEV, Galina
MALLEY, Jacqueline
MANIAS, Betty
MARION, Christiane
McDOUGAL, Jeanette
McLAUGHLIN, Glenda
McNAMARA, Leanne

5D

OLSSON, Philip
OWEN, Michael
PRESTON, Steven
PRIOR, Chris
QUINLIVAN, Paul
RULE, David
SACCO, Nick
SACCO, Mario
SAVANNAH, John
SHAW, Neil
SIENKIEWICZ, Michael
SKODA, Dubravko

STEENDAM, Robert
SOER, Alan
MERAMBELIOTIS, Maria
MEZENTSEFF, Shura
MILLARD, Cheryl
MILLARD, Sandra
MOROZOFF, Irene
MULLINS, Rhonda
MURPHY, Joan
NEUGEBAUER, Vicky
NOWELL, Virginia
PAYNE, Caroline
PLEITER, Christine
POLASEK, Vicki
POULTON, Janet
RICHES, Kaye
RODGERS, Pam
NORMAN, Darlene

5E

SMITH, Ron
TARANOV, Alex
TAYLOR, Robert
TILLEY, Andrew
TURTON-LANE, Neil
VAN DYK, Peter
VELLIN, Pierre
VENVILLE, Rodney
WALE, Chris
WALTERS, John
WILBY, Graeme
WOOD, Mark
WOOD, Michael
YATES, Murray
SARAIKINA, Vera
SCOTT, Annette
SMITH, Debra
SMITH Janet
SQUIRES, Bev
SUMYLA, Nancy
TITCHER, Leanne
TRIGG, Julie
TSAOUSSIS, Penny
TURENKO, Lidya
VALLERI, Silvana
VAN AKKEREN, Audrey
VIS, Alice
VRIJKEN, Josie
WHELAN, Judith
WHITTLE, Robyn
WRIGHT, Eileen

6A

AUCHETTL, Brian
BELLU, Allan
DRAGOJLOVIC, Ranko
FREITAG, Jan
HARRISON, Christopher
LAMBERT, Brian
MASTERS, Wayne
RIGBY, Rodney
SCHUBERT, Robert
SMITH, Wayne
ST MART, Louis
WELSH, John
JANECZKO, Halina
JETMAR, Jare
MORESS, Jenny
MORLEY, Roslyn
RAMPAL, Corinne
RAMSAY, Linda
SMITH, Heather
SCHIRMER, Marilyn
TETTIS, Roula
WAN, Christina
YOUNG, Janice

6B

BARNETT, Warren Donald
BOURKE, Brendan
CROSBY, John
DEMPSTER, Grant William
DRODGE, Russell
FITTON, Graham
GRAHAM, David Harlow
HILL, Wayne David
MATTHEWS, Robert Neil
MURPHY, Russell Glenn
RICHES, Stephen John
STEUNENBERG, Peter William
CHARLESWORTH, Ross Anthony
BREEN, Debbie Janet
BREEN, Marita Elizabeth
DELLIOS, Mary
FLORENTI, Anna
HENSTOCK, Judith Ann
NODZIO, Annette
WRIGHT, Christine

6C

FIELD, Philip
GRAY, Warren
LEONIDAS, Chris
RICKARD, Maurice
WEARNE, Stephen
BAKSHEEV, Zoia
COOKSON, Wendy
CUTRISS, Pamela
DORDEVIC, Sladana
FRINDT, Katrina
HARMER, Michelle
HURLE, Cheryl
JOYNER, Karen
LONSDALE, Jennifer
MICHALSKI, Elizabeth
MORGAN, Dorothy
MORLEY, Elaine
RIDDELL, Joanne
ROBINSON, Wilhelmina
SALMON, Penelope
TITCHER† Bobbie

6D

BRUNDELL, Wayne
FLAVEL, Gregory
GEORGIADIS, Lucas
GYE, Craig Robert
HARRISON, Nigel
ROBY, Stephen
THOMPSON, Paul
ANDRIGIANAKIS, Anastasia
BOYLE, Jean
CACKETT, Jeanette
CORDOMA, Ann
DENT, Wendy
GEBBIE, Marianne
KINGSTON, Leonie
LOUISE, Marie
MENGLER, Tracie
MOROZOFF, Feodora
PIENING, Suzanne
RAMPAL, Suzanne
ROBERTS, Judith
VANDERWOLDE, Sharon
ALEXEEV, Ludmilla

6E

BALINS, Eric
BIHELEK, Nagui
BRADSHAW, Jim
CRONJAEGER, Leon
DAVIDSON, Tony
DRAGOJLOVIC, Drago
de JOHN, Rene
MORRICE, Chris
SHEEHAN, Bryan
WISNIEWSKI, Edward
WITKOWSKI, Jurek
BAKSHEEV, Nadia
BARTLEY, Julie
BRAIN, Karen
OXENHAM, Jenny
OXENHAM, Marilyn
REID, Karen



THE END