



COSTLEMAINE TECH '79



CASTLEMAINE TECH '79





Castlemaine Tech '79



principal's report

No College Magazine was published in 1978, so I am very pleased to be writing this brief report again, as I know students really appreciate a Magazine.

I suppose the most noteworthy happening of 1979 was the arrival of 5 relocatable buildings on the Norwood Hill site. This marks a big step forward in our objective of having the whole College on the Norwood Hill site. There is still a long way to go, because it is most unsatisfactory having students and teachers on three sites, but it must be conceded, at last, that we are making some progress. Having a fine oval on the Norwood Hill site is also going to be a great asset. This oval will also be available for community use.

The motto of the College is "Finis Coronat Opus" (the Finish Crowns the Work). I believe that many of our students really try to observe the message of our motto, although they may not always be aware of it. Certainly the standard of the students' work in this Magazine would be difficult to fault.



EDITORIAL

When I first came to this school in 1977, I entered a new era of my life. It heralded the start of what I consider to be the most fulfilling phase of my life.

I encountered at C.T.C. something that I had not come across before; a kind of link between students and teachers. They were involved with each other in many ways, whether it be within the school or outside it.

1978 brought with it many things including a vast split in the school which continued into early 1979. This split is now slowly closing with the co-operation of every single person in the school, both staff and students. When this split is finally closed, C.T.C. can once again become the school it was and the school that it is capable of being.

The world lives by its morals and it is at school that most people find the basis for their morals. Each student sees, listens and learns, not only from their teachers but also from their fellow students, and it is this learning that will carry that student through his or her life.

Cathy Schneiders, Year 11.

There may have been some confusion over the naming of forms as years. The reason for this is that the Tech. is making a transition from calling levels - form 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 to year 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11. Both have been used in the magazine.

We have attempted to provide a representative sample of written work from each level, although unfortunately, it was impossible to fit in more. Apologies also to any student whose photo was not taken for the magazine.

Thanks must go to the following people who have worked hard in their spare time to make this magazine a success.

Students: Kerry Emmett

Robert McDonald
Alison Clark
Rowan Robertson

Kerrie Farthing
Wesley McDonald
Glen Lahtz
Cathy Schneiders

Teachers:

Graeme Dawes
Peter Webster
Sam Grumont

Scott Hall
Chris Manners
Mick Finnane

Cindy-Lee Cox.
Editorial Committee.

THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD
1979

Some young children will not live to see the end of the Year of the Child.

Some will die of illness, some in accidents, some will be stillborn, others will starve - but the saddest of all are the children who will die through brutality inflicted by adults - CHILD BASHING.

Why does this happen? Is there a prevention? If so, why isn't more done? - Or is it just human nature? Couldn't we, the future parents of the world, be taught now the problems of child bearing, rearing and caring? Would an early awareness of the problems involved of a man/woman/child relationship help alleviate the problem of child bashing? How can we know if we are potential child bashers? Is there any way of knowing?

Surely our education system could be modified to include child care - not just nappy changing and washing or diet and nutrition, but the real problems of parenthood. What teenager of today will really take a parent's advice on the subject? Then again, how many parents are really qualified to give it?

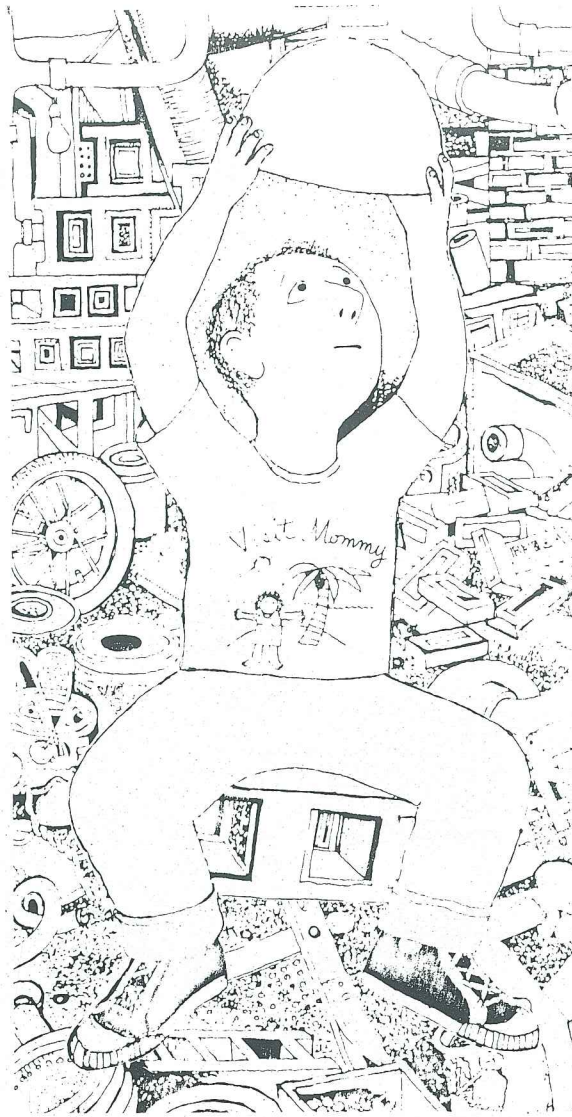
Do we have to wait to experience children to decide whether or not we can cope? Surely this is "hit and miss". Education cannot replace experience, I know, but perhaps would make us think more deeply before we commit a child to this earth, or ourselves to the child.

What an advantage we would have over the previous generations if we could venture into parenthood with more awareness of the problems than did our parents!!!

What of the frustrations and subsequent anger? How do we learn to handle these? How can we be made aware of these hidden factors of parenthood which are quite often overlooked and undiscussed among the youth of today? Would lectures to all aspiring parents by qualified counsellors help?

Surely we can be awakened to this frightening aspect of life and so put our future children at the least risk possible of child abuse.

Kerry Emmett. Year 11.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF ANDY FITZPATRICK (FITZY)

Andy Fitzpatrick died of internal measles in the second week of the first term holidays on a Friday. His death shocked the school, especially 3AL, the form he was in.

Fitzzy loved his family, and outdoor sports, especially football and cricket. He also loved to fish and breed pidgeons which he raced in the district.

He was one of the best kids you could know and if you did not know him, you missed a great friend.

From all his mates in 3AL.



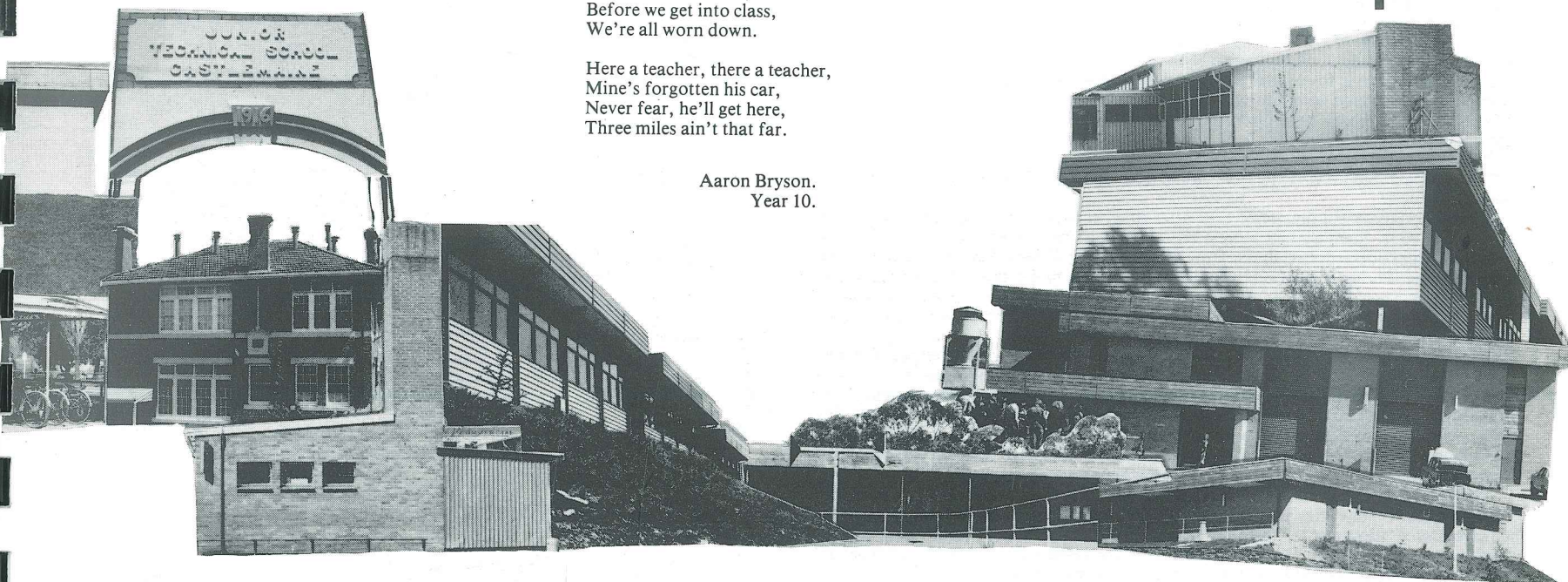
MULTISITES

Three into one is such a fuss,
Run this away, that away,
Don't miss the bus,
Upstairs, down stairs,
Around and around,
Before we get into class,
We're all worn down.

Here a teacher, there a teacher,
Mine's forgotten his car,
Never fear, he'll get here,
Three miles ain't that far.

Aaron Bryson.
Year 10.

TAXI!



T.V. COMMERCIAL

Kaye Robertson, Year 8.

The weather was very gloomy outside. Rain was pouring down in bucket fulls. It was a rather wet day for the middle of Summer and Mum wouldn't let me go outside and play in the mud. I made myself a vegemite and cheese with pickle sandwich and lazily jumped on the couch to watch television. 'The Mike Walsh Show' was on but I didn't take much notice of it. Then a commercial came on. It said something about auditioning for a food ad. The next time it came on I paid more attention to it. I told Mum about it and she said to have a try. I walked out of the room and I could hear laughter following me.

Mum took me to the place where the auditions were being held and registered me. There were hundreds of other kids there. I was almost certain that I didn't stand a chance. We went shopping and came back about one hour later. In another hour or so, I heard my name being announced quietly over the speaker. I could hardly hear it. Gee, I was nervous. I went into the room and they told me what to do. Since I was so nervous, I didn't audition the slightest bit well. I suppose everyone else was the same. I was invited to have some coffee and biscuits like all the other kids and reluctantly agreed. I wasn't feeling well as I felt like I had just been made a fool of.

Once again I was inside watching T.V., as it was too hot to muck around outside. It was at least two weeks since I auditioned. I hadn't heard anything and now I was positive I didn't make it. Mum came into the room and said, "Hey, there are two letters for you today. One is from your pen-friend but I don't know about the other one". I opened the mysterious letter first. It read, "Dear Miss Lucky". I laughed and read on. "You have been chosen to advertise our Coconut Spindels on television. It went on to say about rehearsals and all that junk. "Mum, Mum," I yelled. "I've won".

"Oh that's wonderful dear".

We told Dad about it when he came home from work and he was more excited than I was.

We had to rehearse it time after time after time. It became very boring very quickly but I stuck to it. Then we had a dress rehearsal and I had to wear this funny looking pink and white polkerdotted dress. How I hate wearing dresses. Soon it was time to do the real thing. Perhaps too soon. I don't think I got an hours sleep through the whole night before. Then daylight shined over the horizon. I went down the stairs and sat at the table. Mum piled eggs upon eggs on a piece of toast for my breakfast but I only ate the toast. Before long we were on our way to the studio.

We arrived there about two and a half hours before filming. And then the directors were complaining about being late. I had to put the funny looking dress on and then rehearse once more. Then some people came and told me to follow them. I went to the stage and got set. Then they started filming. I had to dance around and say something about the 8.30 movie signalling snack time to my stomach. Then I had to dance over to the cupboard, take the Coconut Spindel T.V. Biscuits out and sit down to eat something that tasted similar to soap. After 45 seconds it was over.

Three days later, I got another letter. It said that they were particularly pleased with my performance, and they would like me to do another commercial. I had to ring the number stated below and tell them my answer. I rang and said that I didn't want to do it and I was awfully sorry. On Friday I received the reward for doing the commercial which was a cheque for \$339 which Mum put in the bank for me.



Kaym



ME

I think of things like cars and trucks
And when I had a lot of luck.
But now I am just a normal person.
My dad calls me a stirrer.
My mum is nice and full of spice,
My dad is nasty like a pastie.
My sister and brothers are good to me
And my dog has lots and lots of fleas.

Deanne Cooke. Year 8.

A POEM I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT

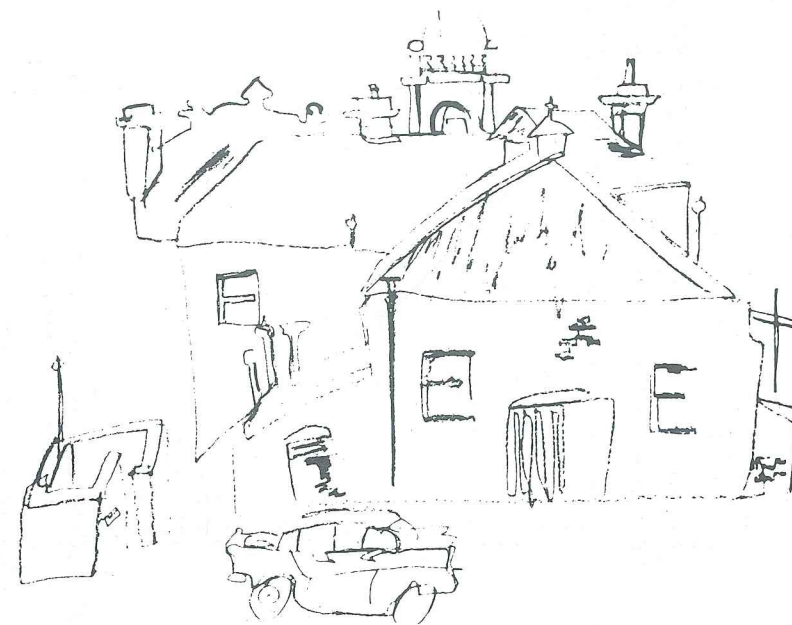
Gentlemen and ladies and bald headed babies,
I stand here before you and not behind you to tell
you something I know nothing about.
Last night at 3.00 this morning, an empty
house which was full of people was burnt down to the
ceiling.
A man running down the stairs nearly tripped over a
trippity bit and fell head first into a bucket of cold
water and scalded his feet.
A fire cart racing around the corner nearly ran over
my dead cat and nearly killed it.

Bruce Lester, 1A.

FULL MOON

Eerie, gloom, scary,
Is a full moon.
The crickets chirp,
The dogs howl,
The shadows play tricks
On your eyes.
Eerie, gloomy scary.

Paul Laragy, 2L.



YEAR 11

COMMON ROOM

What's behind this door? I'm sure you're wondering what's behind the door. Well, it happened a long time ago, around February 1979, in the middle of the Castlemaine town. It all began with a few form five students seeking an escape from various factors I won't bother mentioning.

... the door knob turned slowly; the students entered, and finding before them a "rat's Nest". An original "Rat's Nest". In one corner there lay a chewed up Australian flag; in another corner - empty beer cans; then last in the third corner - in a locker - mouldy fish and chips (not to mention the green sauce). What a magnificent discovery. This is when it really began.

With cloths, mops, buckets and broom,
They changed that nest into a liveable mess.
Through Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
The form five students made their Common Room swing.

Now the year is almost out,
For most students it's out no doubt,
Memories, of all the dirty bins,
The rotted smells of banana skins,
And not to mention the dreadful sins.

Alison Clark, Year 11.

THE SNAKE

He lay, stretched out, lazily soaking up the scorching rays of the hot midday sun.

I was startled at first glance, and my first instinct was to destroy it, but then something jabbed in my mind and prevented me from doing so.

Really, this feared, scaled reptile was mysteriously beautiful. Its gold and brown patterned body with a silky sheen to it as if it had been sprinkled with golden water. The way the diamond like patches just moulded around the circular body ...

I wondered how anybody could bring themselves to slaughter such a spectacular, graceful moving beast such as the one I now studied.

Slowly, it opened its liquid black eyes. When I looked into them, they were never ending, like staring at the sky on a black night without a moon. Not knowing where they would end.

Dreamily it began to slither along the thick blanket of multi-colored Autumn leaves.

Effortlessly, with ease and significance, it confidently disappeared into the darkness of the thick underscrub.

Kerry Emmett, Year 11.

FAITH, FEAR . . . MURDER

Early Summer, 1978, in the country of Guyana, South America, a mass suicide took place of approximately 900 people, who were led to believe that if they couldn't live in peace, they could die in peace.

In the beginning God created all life.... and then one man destroyed not only his own, but those of many others.

In November 1978 Jim Jones led the members of his cult, "Peoples Temple", to their death. These people obviously must have seen something in this man that initially intrigued them, and then compelled them to perform the ultimate task the mass suiciding or, "dying with dignity" as he repeated with powerful persuasion throughout the ordeal. What ever they saw in him would have been what caused them to follow him so strongly.

Each member of the Jonestown colony had the need to follow someone, and Jim Jones filled all of the things that their lives were lacking. The pressures that society exerted on them, which they could find no way of relieving, may have pushed them towards being a part of a group, where they could get away from these pressures and feel the security of being among other people who care. It has been said that the cult was supposed to be, "an idyllic haven from modern society's many pressures", therefore Jim Jones filled the gap in their lives offering this haven.

The fact that he held great sermons and had ideals that suited many people would also guide them towards his group, and if they believed in what he said so deeply they would probably join the "Peoples Temple", and devote all they could give without question.

For people who were mentally insecure and confused as to where they were headed in life, Jim Jones and his religious sect represented something which has a set way of life and leadership. All of the members needed a leader, and he needed to lead.

After they had found someone to follow in a direction that they thought was the right one, they became dependant on him and his ideals of what life should be like. It was said that, "they have a desire to be part of something meaningful", and once their desire to be a part of the cult grew, many found the anxiety of being separated from the group, which represented love and security, very hard to handle. In this way they became dependant on Jim Jones and chose to follow what he said.

Some members were too scared to disobey him, as after awhile he tended to, "increase the use of violence to enforce conformity to its rigid rules of conduct". He developed a habit of making an example of one or two members in front of the rest of the assembled community, pointing out what they had done wrong and then beating or whipping them. The degree of cruelty for minor infractions of the rules was so intense, that it deterred most from defecting from his colony.

If a few had ran it would have changed the whole force and power of the group, and entice others to follow in their footsteps. Jones realised this, so rather than using "brotherly love" to influence them to stay, he turned towards the use of "black mail and beatings", with added threats of death to defectors. Despite all of this behaviour by Jones, most still had faith in him, and always believed that he was a warm, generous person.



Unfortunately the members of the "Peoples Temple" only saw one side of Jim Jones - the kind hearted, peace loving side, and never the cruel, brutal side which definately existed. The loyal members who had faith probably saw the threats and beatings as something to keep them in line, and thought that it was for the good of them. Obviously some could see what he was really up to, and towards the final stages of life he, "degenerated into egomania and paranoia", which no one except a few noticed. (These few being the ones that disobeyed the "order of death").

When the order of death arrived most chose to follow their leader to the end - the end being their death. Various reasons resulted in this decision, but no real reason or explanation will ever satisfy everyone completely. The group pressure, lack of alternatives, and no money or passports are only a few reasons that I have found, but what astounded me was that they were, "intimidated by armed guards and lulled with sedatives and pain-killers", so how many really wanted to die? This is an unanswerable question.

But not all obeyed the order, some defied Jim Jones by surviving to tell the horrifying chain of events that led up to the disaster. They simply didn't believe in him enough to give up their lives, and the threats from the armed guards didn't worry them. These people were the lucky ones who saw what Jones was really like beneath the surface.

It was more like a mass *murder* than a mass suicide, because of the fact that the members of the cult had been given sedatives, and armed guards were apparently "forcing" them to move towards the vat of cyanide and kool-aid, and finally take it.

So really, faith turned to fear, and eventually murder.

Reference Material: Time Magazine, December 4th, 1978.
: The Sun, March 16th, 1979.

Lisa Cornish, Year 10.

MORE POWERFUL THAN A WHITE TORNADO
FASTER THAN A PACKET OF "FLASH"
ABLE TO CLEAN TALL BUILDINGS WITH A SINGLE SWEEP

*Is it Handy Andy? No!
Is it the Son of Sadie? No!
It's ... It's ...
Our man from Mostyn Street*

DICK [if it can be broken I can fix it] GREEN

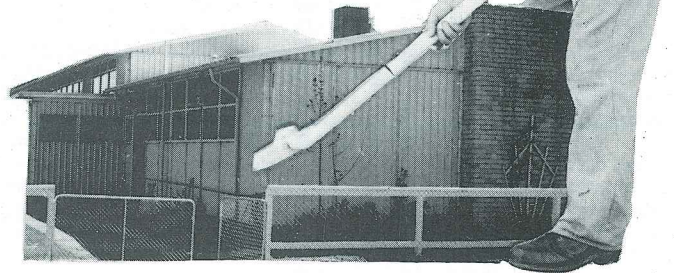
Dick has known C.T.C. for a long time. He has been the Mostyn Street cleaner for the past three years, but was himself a student at the College in the early 1960's. He qualified in Fitting and Welding. Furthermore, his mother, to this day, claims he looked very, very smart in his school uniform.

Dick likes his job and says the students are "good kids". He adds that he has never had any problems with cheekyness from them and says they are nearly always co-operative.

We asked him how the school had changed in the 18 years since he was a student. "In some ways, it's easier. With photostat handouts you don't have to write everything down from the board. In my day, you had one book and that was it. Now, more things are provided. On the other hand, there's no guaranteed work these days when you leave school".

Dick keeps himself very busy outside working hours too. He goes digging for old bottles, coins and other artifacts. His most prized find is a 5¼ pound old brass bullocky's bell. Also with the price of gold going up, he does a little prospecting as well as digging.

We will be very sorry to lose him when he finds that giant nugget.



S R C

The Students' Representative Council is a student body with representatives from each form. The S.R.C.'s aim is to make a real contribution to the life of C.T.C. Each representative puts forward his or her form's ideas on happenings in the school. This year, with the help of Mr. Cowled, fifteen students have worked hard at re-establishing the S.R.C. as a capable and enthusiastic body.

The first major task was the Term 1 Social. The experience we gained in this has enabled us to perform our duties better.

Another Social, out-of-uniform days, and a notice board were organised with many more things in the process of being done. The school bus was sold and the S.R.C. drew up a survey form to find out just what the students wanted the money for.

After a lot of hard work, the S.R.C. is once again a functioning body and is now ready to move into 1980 without quite so many of the problems we were faced with this year.

Cathy Schneiders, Year 11.



YEAR 11 HOME ECO. DINNER

D

uring the school year, Year 11 Home Economic class consisting of Leanne Doran, Judy Farmer, Kerrie Farthing, Kerry Emmett, Tessa Robb, Louise Thompson, Leona Noble and David Beard, under the expert tuition of Sue Stock, put on a dinner for staff and parents of the students, in the Library at Mostyn Street.

Preparation began about two months before the big night and was planned to give the students experience in catering for large numbers. Ordering the right quantities of food, table decorations, the right setting and atmosphere, designing invitations and the charge per head were only a few of the details which had to be organised, not to mention the endless hours of deciding on a menu and preparing it.

The evening's menu consisted of:

Canapes.

Beef Stroganoff, Lasagne, Chicken a la King, Barbecue Chicken, Spinach Pie, meat on skewers and peanut sauce, meat platter.
Noodles, bean salad, green salad, vegetable salad.

Hazlenut cream, fruit salad, chocolate torte, plain torte.

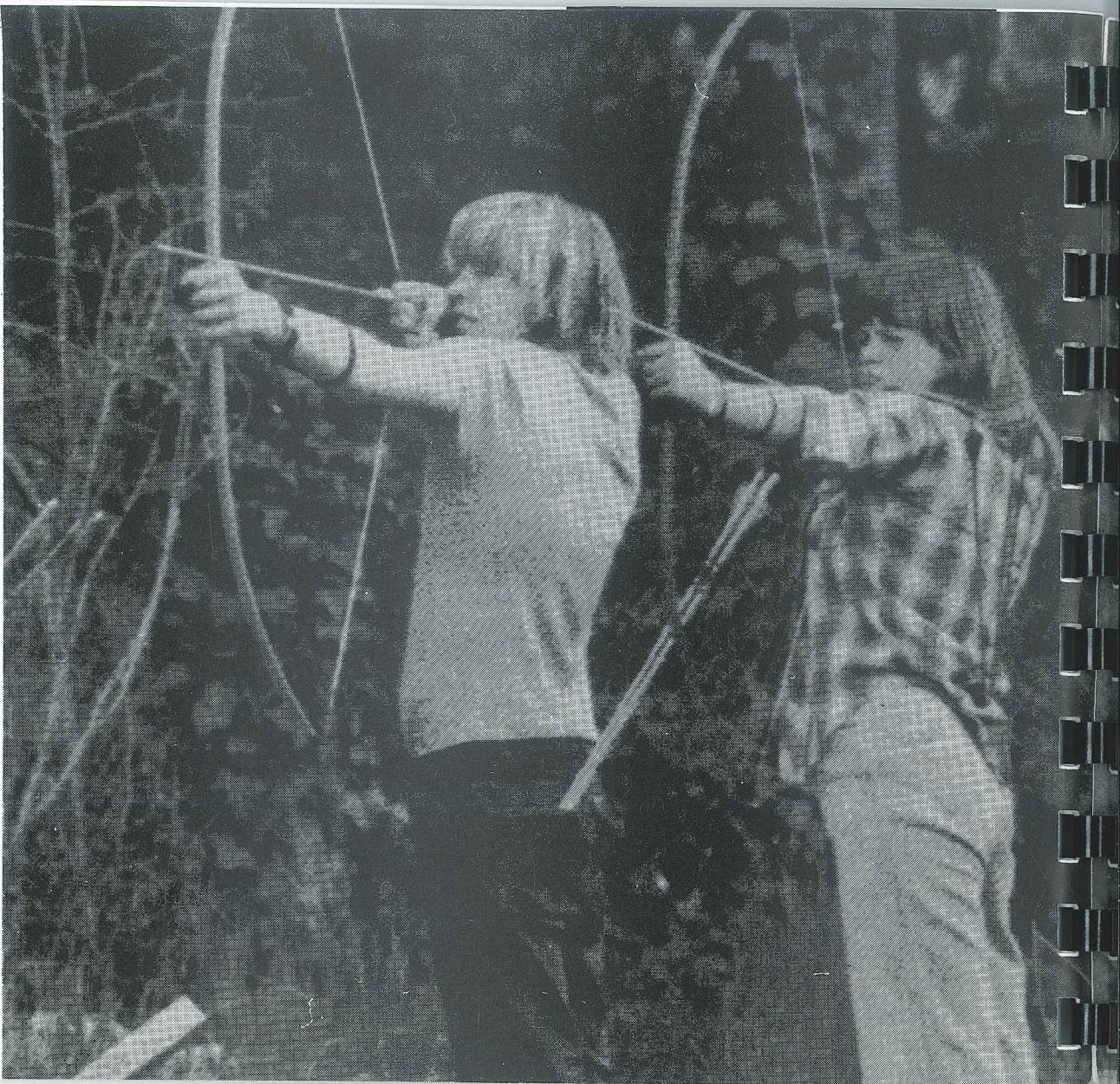
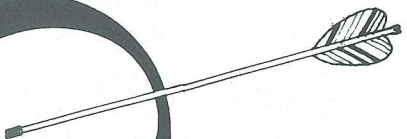
Coffee.

The evening flew by and the beautifully arranged food was soon demolished leaving only a satisfied smile as any evidence of many hard hours work. As the guests slowly faded from the scene, they made it quite clear that they expected the same treatment at the end of the year.

Of course, it was not all over for the "slaving hosts" - one huge stack of clearing up and dishes was left behind. Thanks to all the helpers and especially we all thank Kate McKenzie for her many thousands of pairs of hands.

Kerry Emmett, Year 11.

Tri-Ops







CASTLEMAINE v's MARYBOROUGH

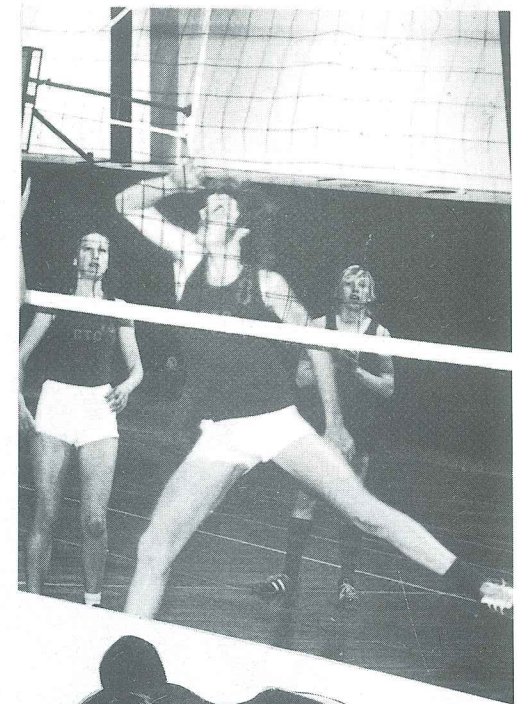
On Thursday, 2nd. August, fourteen matches were played between the two schools.

At Castlemaine there was senior volleyball, snooker, basketball, netball and table tennis. Highlights and scores of the games played at Castlemaine were as follows - Girls Senior Basketball was won by Castlemaine, 30 points to 12, an amazing effort and victory for C.T.C. as it was the first game of basketball taken from Maryborough in many years. Castlemaine also defeated Maryborough at Senior Volleyball 3 sets to 1, and Snooker 8 games to 4. Castlemaine was defeated by Maryborough in Senior Netball 54 goals to 10, Football 114 points to 42, and Table Tennis 15 games to 6. Although Castlemaine was defeated in these games, the scores were no indication of the games played. Castlemaine's teams allowed no game to be won easily.

At Maryborough, the games played were junior football, volleyball, soccer, table tennis, netball, badminton (junior and senior) and golf. Highlights and scores were - Castlemaine defeating Maryborough at junior Football 70 points to 56, Castlemaine playing a good clean game with a team that will be difficult to beat over the next three years; junior Volleyball 3 sets to 2; junior Soccer 6 goals to 1; senior Badminton 7 games to 1 and Table Tennis. Castlemaine was defeated by Maryborough in senior Badminton 8 games to 0, senior Netball 97 to 0 and Golf 3 matches to 1. Again Castlemaine tried their hardest even though some of the matches looked hopeless.

Altogether, Castlemaine won the day by winning 8 matches to Maryborough 6, and a good day was had by both Schools.

M. Grinter,
Assistant Sportsmaster.



Laboratory Technician:
W. Phillips

Library:
V. Victor-Gordon
L. Perkins

Library Assistant:
H. Webb

Maintenance Mechanic:
G. Juniper

Maths/Science:
I. Hockley (H.O.D.)
R. Fletcher (H.O.D.)
G. Butterworth
K. Daw
P. Declan
R. Fletcher
E. Dewhurst
C. Jorgensen
C. Lairy
D. Ludham
R. Sainsbury
E. Tan (Maternity Leave)
B. Tyndall
J. Wagsstaff

Metal Fabrication:
R. Priest (H.O.D.)
J. Dessens

Motor Mechanics:
C. Roberts (H.O.D.)
I. Hall

Music:
M. Grimmer
K. Grimmer

Needlecraft:
G. Richardson (H.O.D.)

Office:
L. Brown
J. Wagsstaff
S. Roberts
R. Holden

Physical Education:
R. Caim
D. Hurley
J. Hall

Sheetmetal/Plumbing:
E. Bransgrove (H.O.D. & Senior Master)
A. Brough
M. Butler
R. Edwards

Woodwork:
R. Brown (H.O.D.)
D. Dewhurst
D. Young



the staff

Administration:

L. Gray (Principal)
R. Dell'oro (Vice Principal)

Art:

B. Singleton (H.O.D.)
H. Anderson
J. Barclay
G. Dawes
J. Holland
M. Thompson
F. Webster

Agriculture:

W. Ford

Cleaning:

F. Cole
E. McKillan

J. Preece
B. Ralph
Norwood Hill

R. Green
E. Carroll
Mosslyn Street

K. McKenzie
W. Carter
Lytleton Street

Commerce:

S. Brown (H.O.D.)
A. Langanhorst
P. Olsen
K. Walton

Education Officer:

J. Hurley

Engineering:

W. Priestley (Form & co-ordinator)

Fitting & Machining:

E. Bainbridge (H.O.D.)
M. Crow
R. Kilgower

Graphics:

B. Cornish (H.O.D.)
R. Forster

Home Economics:

S. Stock (H.O.D.)
S. Sewell (Maternity Leave)
R. Langford

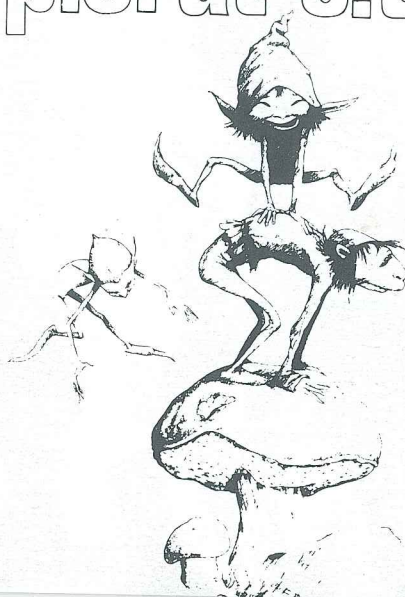
Humanities:

G. Olsen (H.O.D.)
S. Gurnott (H.O.D.)
J. Bainbridge (Senior Mistress)
A. Bowman
C. Cowled
K. Hall
S. Hall
G. Jackson
C. Manners
R. Rankin
L. Smart (Maternity Leave)
E. Storde
B. Roache





p.e. at c.t.c.



WORK EXPERIENCE

During 1979, students in YearTen have taken part in a work experience program. The aims of the program are to give reality to the world of work through actual experience. It is particularly important in this period of limited employment opportunities that there is an understanding of what work really is. Our students have been employed in a great range of work situations, some being teacher, pathologist, kindergarten assistant, cabinet maker, brick layer, fitter and turner, secretary, architect, cook, hairdresser, and farmer. The experiences have been both educational and enjoyable and have given students valuable insights into possible future careers. It is also felt that the program creates links with employers and brings the school and the community closer together.

Ross Rankin.



"MUMS"

the
word

CASTLEMAINE TECHNICAL COLLEGE MOTHERS' CLUB

President: Mrs. Betty Watson.
Secretary: Mrs. Eileen McDonald.
Treasurer: Mrs. Barbara Roberts.

C.T.C. Mothers' Club is a small band of Mothers of students who give willingly of their time to provide facilities for the students, which would otherwise not be so readily available.

The Canteen is a good example. Without the voluntary support the Mothers give, this service would not be possible. Prices of food would have to rise dramatically if it were not for these ladies.

Fund-raising is done largely by catering for social occasions in Castlemaine. Total contributions to the College since our Annual Meeting in April amount to \$1,351.04.

the staff

Administration:

L. Gray (Principal)
R. Dell oro (Vice Principal)

Art:

B. Singleton (H.O.D.)
H. Anderson
J. Bandy
G. Decker
J. Holland
M. Thompson
P. Webster

Agriculture:

W. Ford

Cleaning:

F. Cole
E. McMillan

Norwood Hill

J. Preece
B. Ralph
R. Green
T. Carroll
K. McKenzie
W. Carter
Lytleton Street

Commerce:

S. Brown (H.O.D.)
A. Langenhorst
P. Olsen
K. Walton

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J. Hurley

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W. Priestley (Form 6 co-ordinator)

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M. Crow
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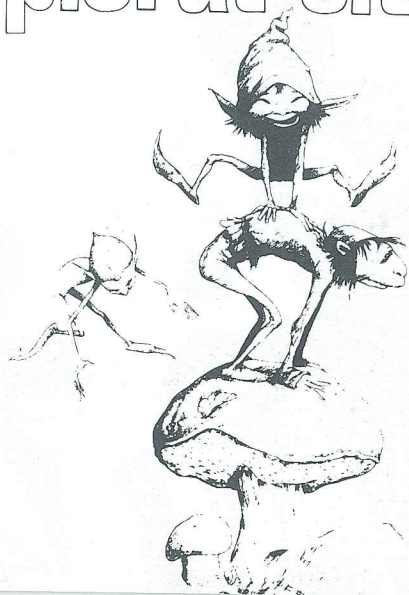
Humanities:

G. Olsen (H.O.D.)
S. Grunton (H.O.D.)
J. Bainbridge (Senior Mistress)
A. Bowman
C. Cowled
K. Hall
S. Hall
S. Jackson
C. Mathews
R. Rankin
L. Smart (Maternity Leave)
E. Strode
B. Roache





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Secretary: Mrs. Eileen McDonald.
Treasurer: Mrs. Barbara Roberts.

C.T.C. Mothers' Club is a small band of Mothers of students who give willingly of their time to provide facilities for the students, which would otherwise not be so readily available.

The Canteen is a good example. Without the voluntary support the Mothers give, this service would not be possible. Prices of food would have to rise dramatically if it were not for these ladies.

Fund-raising is done largely by catering for social occasions in Castlemaine. Total contributions to the College since our Annual Meeting in April amount to \$1,351.04.



THE NOBLE ART OF DEBATING

The noble art of debating can be fun. This year for the first time the Tech entered a debating team.

For amateurs we did fairly well. We easily won the first debate with Kylie Schneiders, Mick Emmet and yours truly all putting in smashing speeches. My only regret is that the opposition didn't turn up.... we must have instilled fear into their hearts.

The second round against St. Mary's was a breeze. Knight and McLoughlin slipped in a few religious jokes that were well accepted by the audience which included a nun. Then David shredded the opposition's argument with a powerful burst of propaganda.

As a reward "Chris" Manners and "Sammy" Grumont took us to MacDonalds, which was just down the road. But next time Mr. G. please remember - a Big Mac isn't the size of a junior burger.

Our third debate against Flora Hill was lost by us and Flora Hill went on to swamp all opposition and gain the regional title. A question to be asked is; How would you feel if Gary Devereaux was standing over you with a porta-pak video camera? Incidentally we only lost by three per cent anyway.

These little outings would not have been possible without our leader Aaron Bryson and the teachers Mr. Manners, Mr. Grumont, Mr. Brown and especially Mr. Bowman.

In conclusion I would like to state that I don't laugh at my own jokes.

R. McLoughlin. Year 10.

T.V. at C.T.C.

While Ricky was desperately trying to "out-talk" his opponents, Gary Devereaux was hard at work getting it all down on film.

Audio visual equipment is being used more and more at the College to record special events in the school year and also as a valuable aid to teaching.

Jan Hall, of the P.E. department, has used portapak cameras to help Year 8 and 9 students in their work. Students have been recorded "in action" and then the videotape has been replayed to them in slow motion. Ms. Hall said that for many kids, this was the first time they were able to get some awareness of their own body movements and what they were doing wrong.

Sam Grumont (his friends call him Councillor) has also introduced audio visual equipment into the classroom. Last year's 4B students produced and filmed a C.T.C. version of Countdown. The aim was to gain a critical awareness of media through practical experience. It was also good fun. In 1980, there will be even more use made of audio visual equipment with the introduction of a media studies elective for Year 11 students.



POEMS

SEASONS

Friendships,
Just like seasons,
Change.
SUMMER,
Shines on yellow,
AUTUMN,
Feeds on falls,
WINTER,
Leads to loneliness,
SPRING,
Creates.

LONELINESS

Loneliness is like an empty room.
Where sunlight never shines,
A town of bustling people,
Impersonal neon signs.
Nights that last much longer,
Than nights ever should.
Clouds with silver linings,
Tarnished by the mud.
Oh, I have walked the lonely streets,
Beneath the darkest sky.
Unnoticed by the people,
With their cold hostile eyes,
On the lonely paths I wander,
Love is memories away,
How I wish I could find it,
And all my dreams of yesterday.

Alison Clark, Year 11.

UNTITLED

Remember last summer,
When we loved each other?
The times we laughed,
And the times we cried.

I thought I knew you then,
You would talk to me,
Relate to me,
And, though hard for you,
Tell me your feelings.

But Winter's here now,
And like the summer,
You're fading - fading,
Far out of sight.

Now at night,
As I lay still,
I wish for Spring,
Hoping that when arrived,
We, together,
Shall be born again,
Just as the flowers will be.

Sherri-anne Cox, Year 9.



TIME TO FEEL

There is so much,
More to say,
So few words,
To say it in,
But so much time,
To feel it in.

C. Cox, Year 11.

WHY WRITE?

I sit,
And write,
Late,
'Till dawn breaches the night,
Sometimes.

Then -
Emptied -
Sleep,
Wake,
And wonder;
Why?

C. Cox, Year 11.

UNTITLED

The mirage of a loved one
Appears in a teardrop
On the face that once rested on the
body of cupid's delight
Now the face bears the scars of
cupid's arrows
For the lover she once held
Was now but a memory.
He came before spring
And left before summer
Like the blossoms of a life-giving tree
How she wished she could have the
fruit as well as the blossom
For his fruit of love is so precious,
so rare.

Michelle Fitness. Year 9.



ME

Rejected, not being a part of life, I am scorned.
Life, what is it?
I am alive, perhaps the definition needs changing.
A game is sweeping the country,
"Seance",
They may laugh or shake.
I am not humorous or something to be afraid of.
I am as natural as the tree that moves
In the wind.
My world is a world of limbo.
I am alone, seeking companionship.
Will you join me?

Jodi Henderson. Year 9.

FOOLS

Many men are wise,
Few are the fools.
I must say,
Many men are good,
At disguise!

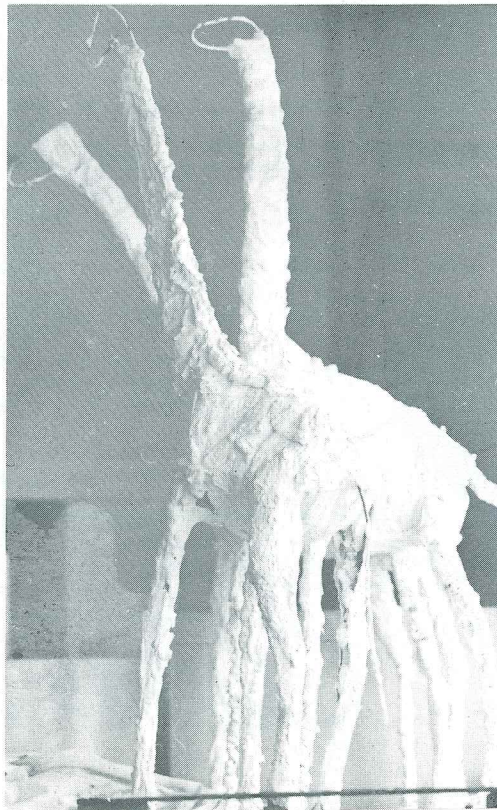
C. Cox, Year 11.



THE GARDEN DOWN THE ROAD

Roses, lillie, red and white,
Rhododendrons too.
Jackeranders blooming bright,
With lilac shades to blue.
Fruit trees bearing loads of fruit,
Sagging branches low
Falling thickly on the grass,
Be careful when you mow.
Ferns all feathery, closed up tight,
Gladdies tall and slender.
Cauliflowers round and white,
Carrots plump and tender.

J. Lynch.
D. Marchant.



yack yack !

Did you know that students in forms one and two have been given valuable prizes for talking in class? Well it's true.

In an attempt to improve students' oral skills, teachers organised an inter-form speaking competition.

All students competed and the best three from each form then tried to "out talk" each other in the inter-form finals.

In form one, Julie Bond, John Monkhouse and Ben Pilcher came first, second and third respectively. In form two the winners were Jean Evans, Sandra Watson and Donna Cooper, in that order.

Congratulations to the winners and to all those who competed.

HOW TO BUG A TEACHER

How to bug a teacher
O know just what to do,
I bound up on the table
Like a Kangaroo.

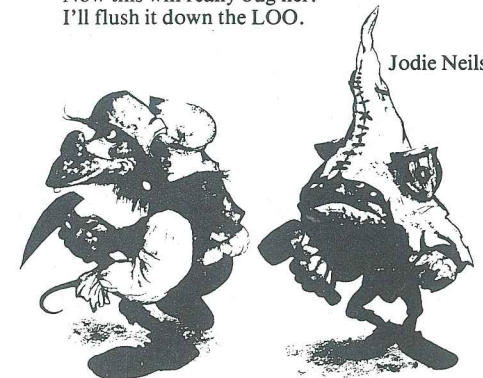
I know I talk a lot in school
It makes the teacher mad,
But when she starts to yell at me
I kind of feel sad.

I race into the classroom
And loudly slam the door,
She drops the chalk with sheer fright.
Boy! Does that make her sore.

I have trouble with my tables
And sometimes can't spell cat,
She nearly gets to boiling point
And screams "You stupid brat".

She has no sense of humour
And her face gets very glum,
Just because I blew a bubble
With my chewing gum.

The day is almost over
She said there is homework you must do,
Now this will really bug her.
I'll flush it down the LOO.



Jodie Neilson, 1A.

PARENTS AND BOYS

Most of us girls have a lot of trouble with parents because we aren't allowed as much freedom as boys are: just because boys are boys and we are girls they won't let us go out as much. They think boys could stick up for themselves better; well they can't! Many fathers are really old fashioned; they won't let girls go out with boys until they are eighteen but what they don't know won't hurt them! Did you know parents have spies because they usually know what we've been up to even though we kids didn't tell them?

The things we do for boys. A good way to sneak out to see your boyfriend is to lock your bedroom door, turn up the radio and then sneak out the bedroom window to freedom. But most likely your parents have already thought of that and have put iron bars on your bedroom window and have guard dogs patrolling the back yard.

That's how hard it is for us girls. Then when you're about ten it's just about time to learn the facts of life but as usual by the time parents get around to you, you could be one hundred and thirty. Parents think we are a lot of little angels. What they don't know is all the trouble girls get into as soon as they can get out of their parents sight. They think all kids are lazy little brats but we aren't. We are always working out new ways to get into trouble and we can think up some great ways!

Anon.

HURRICANE

The summer had been dry and probably the worst on record. Now it is the wet season so it will likely to be very wet. Already the clouds have covered the sky blotting out the sunlight. I can hear thunder in the distance and lightning streaks are lighting up the sky with a greyish glow. Now it starts to rain, lightly at first but then it comes down in torrents, all the plants around are soaking up the precious life giving fluid as though it was gold. It rains heavily for two days and the rain flows off me in rivers. Suddenly it stops but I am not fooled. The clouds only stopped for a brief moment but then started again with a new fury. I know that the clouds are trying to destroy me with the rain but it will not work. Soon the clouds with the aid of the mighty winds, start a gale, still I stand brave and tall and I shall not falter nor succumb to the fury of my enemies. Soon the gale becomes a mighty hurricane, the trees around me bend and snap. I feel pity for them but I know that their offspring shall return in their place. For years I have withstood the attacks on me by the weather but I still stand, I know that one day I shall be defeated but until then I shall hold steady and not exist in fear. The wind and the clouds have been my mortal enemies for many years and I have become smaller than I was when they first attacked. But for many millions of years I have withstood their onslaught. Still I stand. After all I am a mountain.

Darren Smith, Year 9.

MY PET

My pet used to be a magpie by the name of Sam. We found him outside next to the tank, a squawking ball of fluff. We took him up to the shed to see if his mother would pick him up. But no other magpie came near him. He was too young to fend for himself so we took him inside and gave him some food. He ate all the food we gave him and he somehow managed to fly up a tree. In the morning he flew out of the tree and came squawking at the door for food. He ate a lot because he was growing I suppose. But he ate well over a pound of meat a week.

We never cut his wings so he flew around freely outside. About three times a day Sam would fly in for food, landing on your head, clawing and pecking at your head till you fed him.

One hot summer day, Sam was cooling himself off in a dish of water. When he got out he must have stood on a bee, because he let out one almighty squawk and went running round the yard.

The new kitten did not like Sam very much, for whenever he got the chance, he would pounce on Sam. Until one day when Sam gave the kitten a peck on the nose.

On hot summer days, Sam used to sit up a tree and go to sleep. He would sway back and forth on a branch till we thought he would fall off. Sam liked eating dog pellets out of the bag. He used to get right in the bag and all you could see of him was a tail sticking up. If the dog came along the magpie would squawk at the dog till he went away.

Sam nearly every day flew up the electric light pole and stopped there till someone came out to feed him, then he would swoop down on them.

But Sam took to going away for longer periods of time. Then one day he went away and has not been seen since.

THE END OF SAM

by Michael Tangey, Year 8.



CAMPS AND EXCURSIONS

Hepburn Springs Camp



Lost Wombies



What have tractors, electric typewriters and escargots in common? A good question you are no doubt thinking. A glance down the list below will enlighten the unenlightened. During the year, many students and teachers have been involved in excursions which aim at expanding our educational experience.

Humble apologies to any excursion left off the list ... those multi-site problems again.

May 6: 2P Melbourne Zoo.
 June 7: T.O.P. R.M.I.T.
 August 15: 2P Vaughan Springs.
 August 21: Home Economics - Melbourne.
 September 13: 1C Bike Hike.
 October 5: 1C, 1T, Vaughan Springs.
 October 8: 2P, 4Ag, 5Ag, Elmore Field Day.
 October 23-26: 2C Hepburn Springs.
 October 25: 1T, 1A, 1C, Hanging Rock.
 October : Machine Shop - Engineering Display,
 Exhibition Buildings.
 October 25: 2L, 2P, 2T, 2C, Social Studies
 Excursion, Coliban
 Water System.
 November 1: 1L, Vaughan Springs.
 December 3-5: 3C, 3Pt, Vaughan Springs.
 December : Apprentices-G.M.H.

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK

On the 25th October, 1C, 1T and 1A went on an excursion to Hanging Rock. We went by bus and it was a very exciting trip; singing and joking all the way.

We got to the Rock at 10.10 in the morning and just as we got there, George Nakov got "sprung badly" by Mr. Manners with nine dozen sky rockets up his jumper; that's 108 sky rockets. Mr. Manners looked a bit worried but he said we could let them off at one o'clock on the oval.

The teachers let us go up the Rock and explore for 1½ hours. It was very hard to try to find your way up because there were tracks and funnels all over the place and you would get to the top of a rock and think you were at the top but it just kept going up. When we reached the top we could see people everywhere.

Darren Hall, Craig Pedretti and Dean Henderson went off for a walk by themselves. Craig fell off a 10 foot cliff and landed on a bush and then Dean jumped down into the bush and helped Craig. Darren also decided to jump but he pulverised the bush and Craig and Dean.

We had a barbecue lunch at about 11.30 because everyone was already hungry. Andrew McPherson cooked ten sausages but we're not sure if he ate them all. We spotted a koala in a tree just near the fireplace and it moved from tree to tree. We think we made too much noise for it.

About 2 o'clock, the bus driver blew the horn. We all came back except Brian West and Bill Ryan. All the teachers and the bus driver went looking for them. Brian and Bill eventually came back about twenty minutes later. They said they could not get down quickly. If we had to lose anybody, we reckon it would have been better to lose some girls like in the real "Picnic At Hanging Rock"

We got back to school at about 3.30.

Compiled and Written by:

Kirk Smith 1C

Brian West 1C

Robbie Nicholls 1C

Michael Patton 1C

Craig Pedretti 1C

Dean Henderson 1C



2 weeks after the staff and students had returned to the dreaded "prison camp" to resume term 3, several "more fortunate" students embarked on a trip to Melbourne.

Under the expert supervision of Sue Stock and Ross Rankin, the seven of us - Leanne Doran, Judy Farmer, Louise Thompson, Tessa Robb, Kerry Emmett, Kerrie Farthing and not forgetting our male chaperone, David Beard - were able to see the sights as we had as our arranged appointments.

Mr. & Mrs. Stock, Sue's parents, consented to our boarding at their house in McKinnon.

Below is the agenda of our excursion:

Wednesday, August 21: We arrived at Castlemaine Railway Station to begin our journey to the 'big smoke'. After arriving at Mr. & Mrs. Stock's house we enthusiastically made ourselves at home, cooked fried rice, then journeyed to Elsternwick Cinema where we saw 'Coming Home'.

Thursday, August 22: at 7.30 a.m. we were out of bed and ready to leave for the Victoria market. For a few hours we wandered viewing the different types of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, crustaceans, cheeses, international cakes, pasties and breads.

At 11.30 we went on a tour of the Emily MacPherson Catering College. The hunger pangs had begun, so for the next hour we became voluntary guinea pigs, dining on an experimental but delicious meal.

The rest of the day was spent in the Gas and Fuel Corporation and Myers Food Emporium where we gazed in awe and horror at some of the delicacies on sale, for example, canned eels and octopus.

Tea that night was in 'Johnnies Green Room Cafe' in Lygon Street, Carlton.

Friday, August 23: Three-fifteen was waking time, "Yawn.... Go to sleep....Get out of here....Sssh... Not yet, its still night time...."

Once out of our comfortable sacks we visited the Wholesale Fruit and Vegetable Market where tonnes of merchandise was on sale.

After leaving our baggage at Spencer Street Station we walked to the Hilton Hotel for a tour. we toured the kitchens and dining rooms and thrill.... we coffeed in the exclusive Coffee Lounge, with waiters waiting on us and it was all free.

By the time we left the city we were mentally and physically exhausted.

Kerrie Farthing, Year 11.

Predictions

Mr. Deadman gets
a telescope to get
a better view of the
roof. Kayley Hall.

Mr. Grumont gets
tangled in his
bow-tie. K. Walsh.

Mr. Padgham
becomes a
motor bike racer.
Anon.

Mr. Young grows old.
Joe Wilson.

Mr. Ford gets a
tune up. N. Walker.

Mrs. haity's
fingernails
break off. D. White.

Mrs. Gordon is
arrested by the
police. S. Goble.

Brian West
GOES EAST.
C. PEPRATT.

Mr. Padgham
becomes an art
teacher. Vincent
van Gogh.

Mr. Dawes has a
hair transplant.
Anon.

Helen Butterworth
stops stacking on the
perfume. S. Broad.

Mr. Rankin swallows
his master key.
P. Willcox.

Mr. Bransgrove breaks
his strap - his strap -
his strap. B. Considine.

Miss Dewhurst
marries Mr. Kindle.
T. Kearing.

APPRENTICES

Congratulations to Carl Roberts Jnr., one of C.T.C.'s apprenticeship students, in winning the highly coveted "Apprenticeship of the Year Award" in 1979. The award is state wide and organised by the Apprenticeship Commission of Victoria.

Carl received a silver medallion, with the remarkable across the course average of 90%, at a special presentation evening held in the Dallas Brooks Hall in early August.

Did you know that in addition to the secondary education offered at the college there are apprenticeship classes? These are attended by 'junior tradies' and in 1979 we had sixty two of these.

Besides maintaining an assortment of battered vehicles these part-time students have won a number of 'apprenticeship awards' in recent years.

Apprenticeship classes are offered in - plumbing and gasfitting, motor mechanics, carpentry and joinery, fitting and turning, boilermaking and steel construction.

STOP PRESS

AS THE MAGAZINE WENT TO PRESS NEWS REACHED US THAT APPRENTICES AT CASTLEMAINE TECHNICAL COLLEGE HAVE RECEIVED MORE PLAUDITS. THIS TIME IT WAS MR. EDDIE "SANTA" BAINBRIDGE'S FINAL YEAR FITTING & MACHINING STUDENTS - RODNEY ARCHER, WILLIAM BULKELEY, JAMES COMFORT, TERRANCE GILDEA, ROBERT PICKLES AND DOUGLAS WATSON - WHO WERE PRAISED. THE PRAISE WAS GIVEN BY THEIR EXAMINER WHO SAID THAT THE BOYS COULD BE PROUD OF THE STANDARD OF THEIR WORK AND COULD HOLD THEIR HEADS HIGH AGAINST ANY OTHER FINAL YEAR APPRENTICE IN VICTORIA.

ONCE AGAIN CONGRATULATIONS TO EDDIE AND THE BOYS.

DISAPPEARING DESKS

Exam pressure can certainly do strange things! Norwood Hill was the scene of the disappearing desks and chairs. They eventually were discovered resting peacefully in the boys toilet in the canteen. One rumour circulating was that certain senior students were involved but this was denied by Mr. Bransgrove who said a finer lot of students has not graced our portholes.

A SPUDDY PROBLEM

When asked to define "dictatorship", Brendon Williams reply was, "A boat carryign potatoes". What did he mean? Why "Dick's 'tator ship of course".

SURNAME

Nameless shall remain the student who when asked to give his surname replied, "Orr, that's easy, it's Les".

ORACY, ORA, SEE

Was it really Keith McLean who said that oracy was "Readin' 'n speakin' 'n stuff like that"?

Literary Competition

This year, for the first time, Castlemaine Technical College ran a Literary Competition. The competition was organised by Humanities teachers who were very impressed with the large number of entries and the overall high standard of the work.

1979 winners:

Year 7: Rachel Steen

Year 8: Sandra Watson

Year 9: Sherri-Anne Cox

Year 10: Lisa Cornish

Year 11: Cindy-Lee Cox

Year 12(T.O.P): No entries were received



social comment

The night arrived, the Social was on and the dress was fancy with prizes for the best dressed and best dancers. A equine prize was awarded to a horse containing Sue Culvenor, Rowan Robertson and Kerrie Emmett. While Tricia Weston and Sharon Marchant were disappointed that their prize wasn't a sheik, they did enjoy the chocolate they received for their harem girl outfits. David Cue was given a prize for his "Sol" impersonation.

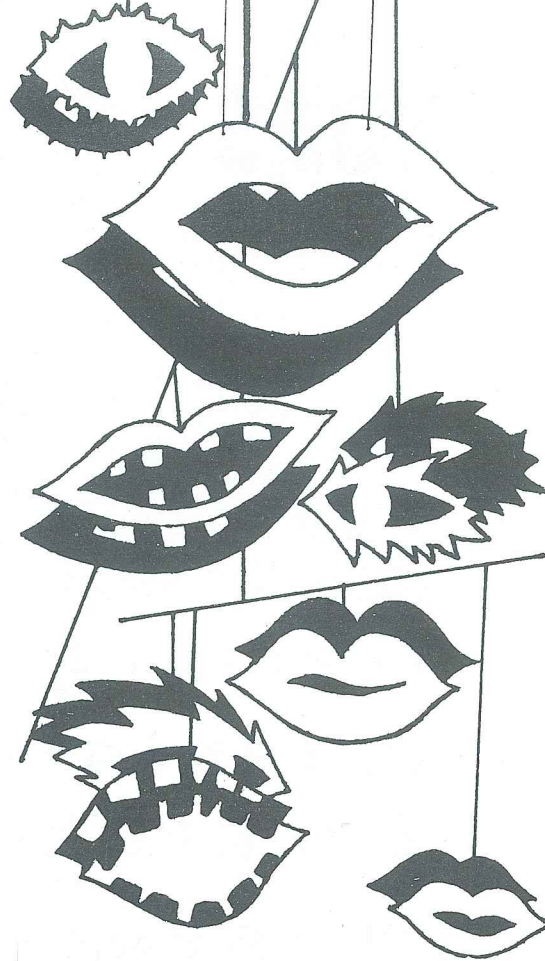
Sue and Kerrie received another prize for their dancing prowess. The judging was difficult especially as there was some strange dancing on the floor. Thanks to all those who helped to make the night such a great success.

Kylie Schnieders.
Year 10.

Special thanks to the Year 10 general art group who were responsible for the beautiful mobiles that decorated the hall and Mr. Kevin Daw, who revealed his artistic talents in creating the stunning lady on centre stage - not bad for a Maths teacher!



HELLO 80'S



FAREWELL

Ducks fly north in winter but where do teachers go after leaving school? We aren't sure, however the whisper is that Mr. Slowey is waiting for the next war in the Upper Zambesi in the hope that he can become a tail gunner on a Kenyan navy ferry.

Mrs. Roache on the other hand has no intention of taking up bowls. She hopes to retire to a life of drudgery - sleeping, sunbaking, reading - we are certain that she must be regretting her decision already.

Mrs. Roache and Mr. Slowey have taught for so many years at C.T.C. that they are regarded as permanent fixtures. Mr. Slowey is well known for his African and World War 11 stories (we won't mention his nickname) and Mrs. Roache is known for her earnest desire to improve her teaching qualifications. We wish them all the best for their happy years.

POPULATE OR PERISH, OR WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UNDER YOUR JUMPER MAM?

Has an epidemic hit Castlemaine Tech. or haven't teachers been eating good food? The middle regions of certain teachers swelled dramatically during the year but we are not referring to Mr. Swan or Bruffy, indeed it is Mrs. Grinter and Mrs. Hall we are talking about.

TOPS



Peter Curtis
David Douglas
Ian Mein
Ricky Gervasoni
Brad Wise
Neil Bouch
Linda Clark
Sue Pollard
Sue Scarborough
Keith Straw
Rodney Sheppard
Peter Strong
John Hayes

tertiary orientation program students



bike-bike-bike-bike

Peter Thompson and his four person bike are currently gaining fame in Castlemaine. So far, he has won a second in the Castlemaine Show and a first in the Kangaroo Flat procession. The next appointment on the bike's agenda is with four 3BO disc jockeys, who will be riding the bike in the Bikeathon Run by the Radio Station.

The building of the bike involved P. Thompson, S. Wilson, R. Leech, B. Williams, G. Powell, T. McDonald and many other students with help from Mr. Brough. All didn't go off without a hitch, however, as the first accident occurred during testing when the boys were coasting down the hill towards the trade block and suddenly the back wheel dropped off!

After they had ironed out all the faults, and had established that it had a maximum load capacity of thirty stone (Bruffy has to ride it by himself), Peter decided to enter it in the Castlemaine Show during which the second accident occurred. Peter, Tony Strong, Steven Leech and Steven Wilson were riding the bike past Cusack's and the back chain fell off. Peter's co-riders were so embarrassed that he had to find three new pedal pushers for the Kangaroo Flat procession.

This time, the bike gained a first prize despite another accident which occurred when the intrepid four - Peter, Ricky Williams, Gary Powell and Alan Sturgess - neared the finale and the front tyre blew out as a result of over inflation. At first, they all thought it was one of the numerous balloons tied to the bike. It was only after picking themselves up off the ground from under the bike that they realised what had happened. The pressure in the tyres was supposed to be fifty pounds but someone had pumped it up to fifty five pounds!

When asked about the future of his bike, Peter said that it would be kept for processions, the nearest being the Bendigo and Maldon processions.

The estimated cost of parts alone is \$250.00 and when you add on about forty hours work, with four to ten people working constantly, you realise why Peter wants to keep it. Peter paid for about \$60.00 worth of parts, collected other bits and pieces and was sponsored by the Superior Cycles Sports Store who also supplied some of the equipment.

The only bad point about the bike is the strain the front person experiences physically on his arms, while the front person finds it hard to control the rear peddler is prone to suffer sea sickness.

Cathy Schneiders.

people's eleven

1 ADAMS

BERRY David
BRAIN Veronica
BROWN Dean
BRYSON Sean
BOND Julie
CARROLL Glen
CLARK Robert
DRONEY Mitchell
EDWARDS Chris
FARTHING John
FRANKLIN John
LEERSON Eileen
LESTER Bruce
MORRIS Paul
NEILSON Jodie
PITTS Geoffrey
ROWAN Karen
WILLIAMS Craig

1 LAWSON

BROAD Simon
BUTTERWORTH Helen
CAMPBELL Debbie
DYSON Robert
EAGLE Stanley
LANGRIDGE Colin
MACKENZIE Kristine
MCKENAG Shane
MURLEY Warren
PEELER Darren
SCOLES Marce
WALTERS Craig
WERNER Steven
WILLIAMSON Rodney
WILSON Joe
WILD Darren
HALL Kayley

1 PEACOCK

CHISLETT Nigel
COMTE Steven
CONSIDINE Brett
CURRAN Phillip
FRISCOLL Shane
GAMBLE Brett
KERCHEVAL Glenn
KILGOWER Dale
PATTON Jeannie
PILCHER Benjamin
QUARRELL Lisa
STEEN Rachel
STUBBS Gregory
WALKER Neil
WALSH Kerry
WILLCOX Richard

1 TATE

BOWEN Craig
BRIDGLAND Kerrie
CHAPMAN Stacey
EAGLE Derek
GROCOTT Warren
EVANS Graeme
HIRST Cheryl
JOB Roger
LILLIE Gregory
MADDERN Ken
MONKHOUSE John
NAKOV George
RAMAGE Rhonda
RYAN Bill
SCHIEBER Jeanette
SHOWELL Calvin
STOCKDALE Mitchell
STEVENS Rodney
WILLIAMS Tim

1C

BYRNE Ricky
HALL Darren
HENDERSON Dean
HOSKIN Wendy
KAISER Adrian
McPHERSON Andrew
NICHOLLS Robbie
O'CONNOR Greg
PATTON Michael
PEDRETTI Craig
PERRY Deborah
PETERSON Barry
SMITH Kirk
SWAIN Mark
VEARING Tanya
WEST Brian

2 ADAMS

BOUCH Bronwyn
BURTON Dale
CUTLACK Leigh
FORD Kevin
GERVASONI Verdon
GREEN Craig
HARRIS Rodney
JESSER Dean
KELLY Brian
LEECH Malcolm
MILLAN Steven
MEEK Craig
O'BRIEN Drew
QUARRELL Darren
RUTLEDGE Veronica
SHARP Michael
SHEPPARD Kaylene
STEVENS Simone
TAIT Jillian

2 LAWSON

BUTTERWORTH Dean
COLLISON Mark
COOKE Deanne
CORNISH Jodie
DWYER Les
GUEST Michelle
HOLDEN Garry
LARAGY Paul
LEECH Sharon
MACKENZIE Tommy
MCKINDLEY Glenn
PEELER Rodney
STRATTON Donna
WEBB Steven
WEST Norman
WATSON Marcus
WHITE Debbie

2 PEACOCK

BROWN Gregory
COOPER Donna
GREEN Shane
HANSFORD Glenn
HOLFORD Sharon
HOSKING Lisa
JENKIN Russell
O'BYRNE Adrian
PADGHAM Andrew
PARRY Lisa
PRIEST Kaylene
RICHARDSON Steven
SCHRECK Karen
STALEY Robert
STUCHBREE Mark
WALSH Wayne

2 TATE

ASH Suzanne
CARTWRIGHT Raymond
CHAPMAN Heather
GIBBS Darren
GIRVAN Len
HIRST Mark
JENKIN Glen
MICHAEL Bryan
MURDOCH Kaye
NICHOL Rex
OGILVIE Donna
PHILLIPS Darren
PRIEST Lynette
ROBERTSON Kaye
THOMAS Caroline
VIGENER Sandra
WATSON Peter
EVANS Jean

2C

ADAMSON Geoffrey
BAKER Ian
BARNES Jenny
BOWER Dianna
CARROLL Tracey
CLARK Melissa
CONN Andrew
ELY David
GRAMBURG Graeme
MALTYB Bronwyn
MERLO Dayle
MISSION Andrew
O'CONNOR Vivienne
RUNDLE Vicki
SARTORI Andrew
VEARING Dwayne
WATSON Marcus
WEBSTER Wayne

FORM 3A

BROWN Kelvin
CUTLACK Daryn
GISLINGHAM Shayne
GRANT Ian
HANSFORD Mark
HEPBURN Craig
KELLETT David
LEECH Debbie
LEITCH Rodney
LEISHMAN Mark
LYNCH Janine
MARCHANT Donna
McLEAN Keith
SHARP Glenn
TINGAY Jackie
WILLIAMS Brendon
WILSON Steven

FORM 3L

CHARTER Leigh
DALE Tammy
DAY Colin
DIECKMANN Dianne
DWYER Ian
ELY Haydn
GRANT Natalie
GWILLIM Ricky
HENDERSON Jodie
HOSKIN Luke
LANGRIDGE Derryn
MOON Greg
MURPHY Wayne
PALMER Brian
POLLARD Leanne
SCOLES Alan
STRONG Gary
THORNBURY David
WEBB James

FORM 3P

BACKMAN Ian
CHAPMAN Ken
GARTSIDE Greg
GRANNAN Michael
HAMPSON Ross
HONEYBONE Denise
HOSKIN Paul
KILGOWER Stephen
LILLIE Leanne
LONG Dianne
MACDONALD Tom
MCMALE Janet
PATTON Majorie
QUARRELL Julie
THOMPSON Peter
UDEN Craig
WEST Lionel

FORM 3T

BERRY Christopher
CONNELL Dean
EARLE Rodger
FARRELL Mark
GIRVAN John
HALL Trevor
HAYES Stephen
JOSE Paul
MCKINDLEY Tony
MCQUILLAN Marce
NICHOLLS Karen
PARRY Linda
POLLARD Helen
RADFORD Kerran
SMITH Gary
STEEN John
VAUGHAN Gavin

FORM 3AL

CLAPHAM Cindy
CONROY Tim
CULPITT Ian
FLEETON Darren
HEWETSON Leigh
HOLDEN Graham
LEECH Debbie
LEISHMAN Mark
NEILSON Adrian
NORRIS Tony
PADRENY Michael
POWELL Gary
SHAROCK Gayle
WILD Kevin

FORM 3C

BRAIN John
CAMPBELL Robyn
CASSIDY Chris
COX Sherri
FARTHING Robyn
FITNESS Michelle
GINNIVAN Craig
KEAN Andrew
LOVETT Mark
SCHNEIDERS David
SMITH Darren
STEVENS Sue
VELLA Vincent
WEBB Michael
WERNER Daryl

FORM 3PT

CHAPMAN Trent
COCKS Tim
COUSTLEY James
ELLIOT Amanda
HAYES Ian
HUMPHRIES Ian
LESTER Cheryl
MALTYB Ross
MEDLEY Les
NICHOL Trevor
NOBLE Grant
PIETSCH Craig
POTTS Debbie
PRITCHARD Trudi
RETAILICK Stephen
REWELL Glenn
SAVILLE Craig
STOCKDALE Tony

4A1

ARCHER Colin
BARTY Stephen
BRYSON Aaron
CORNISH Lisa
ELY Alanna
EMMETT Michael
FORD Mark
GARTSIDE Owen
GRANT Michelle
KNIGHT Stephen
LONG Paul
MIKA David
MILLAN Gary
PEELER Debbie
STUCHBREE Paul

4A2

ASHBY Graeme
BASTIN Kaylene
CARTER Peter
FARRELL Rick
FRANKLIN Cindy
GLEN Jo
JENKINS Martin
LILLIE Robert
LOVETT Mark
MURDOCH Leon
McLOUGHLIN Ric
SCHNEIDERS Kylie-Anne
THOMAS Raymond
VAGG Andrew
WALTERS Paul
WEST Graham

4B

BROWN Trevor
BUTTERWORTH Ron
DWYER Stephen
FLOWER Steven
FRANKLIN Sharon
GERVASONI Darren
GINNIVAN Bradley
HARRIS Wayne
HONEYBONE Peter
HOUGH Greg
KINROSS Andrew
MALTYB Craig
MOON Rodney
MORRIS Mark
McLEAN Julianne
RICHARDSON Mark
SHAY Chris
WILLIAMS Treana
WINKLEMAN Malcolm

4C

CARROLL Dean
CHISHOLM Rodney
DENNIS Steven
FARRAR Ashley
HIRST Ken
LEFEVRE Adam
LISTKIEWICZ Steven
MARCHANT Sharon
McQUILLAN Greg
SMITH Graeme
WESTON Tricia

4D

ASH Darren
DEVEREAUX Gary
EAGLE Andrew
FARRELL Stephen
GRIGG Danny
LODER Darren
STEEN Richard
WATTS Russell
WILLOUGHBY Trevor
LEMAR Geoff

5A

CHAPMAN Andrew
COX Cindy
HANDLEY Stephen
JENNINGS Graeme
LANG Gavin
McDONALD Robert
PENROSE Stephen
SCHNEIDERS Cathy

5B

BROWN Tracey
BUTTERWORTH Kym
CHARTER Craig
CULVENOR Sue
DORAN Leanne
DOUGLAS John
ELLIS Cheryl
EMMETT Kerry
FARTHING Kerrie
KELPUTIS Richard
LAHTZ Glenn
RICE Darren
SHARP Debbie
STRONG Tony
THOMPSON Louise
WATSON Neale
WILLIAMS Shane

5C

CUE David
CURRAN Colin
DAVIES Paul
FLOWER Trevor
HILSON Ricky
MADDERN Daryl
McCOMBEE Wayne
MADDERN Brian
NOBLE Leona
PROSSER Bronwyn
ROBERTSON Rowan
STEEN Marion
WILLIAMS Ricky
WILLIAMSON Sharon

5H

BEARD David
CLARK Alison
COX Lisa
EARLE Noeline
FARMER Judy
McDONALD Wesley
ROBB Tessa

Autographs

