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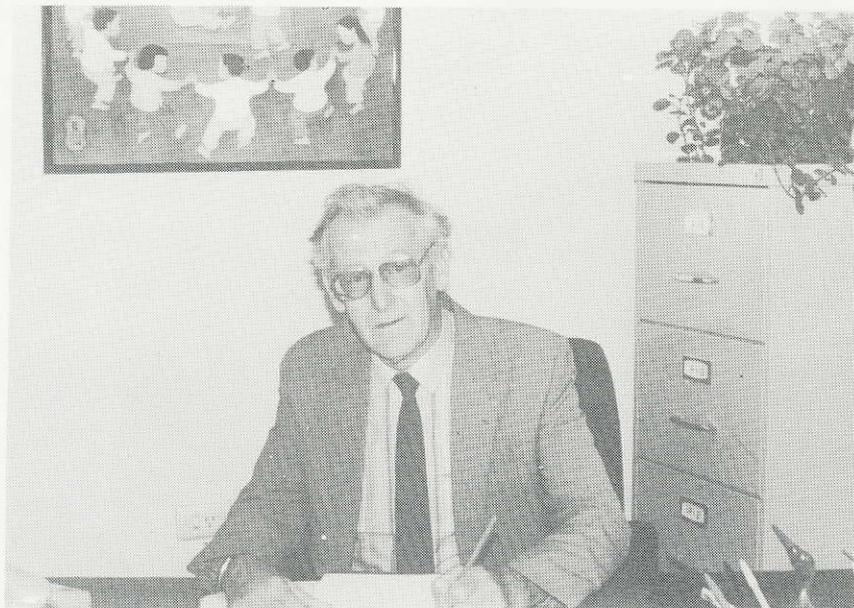
ASHWOOD COLLEGE
AC17898

ASHWOOD

85



MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL



OUR MAGAZINE

A School Magazine is a record of a year in the life of the School and of a period in each student's life. It is a journal of school experiences, a sample of the achievements for individuals and of groups within the school community. In time, it becomes a collection of memories and moments of a fraction of your life.

I welcome this edition to the long record of achievements of Ashwood High School since it began in 1958, and I am sure this magazine will take its place as a synthesis of a busy school's year.

For those who are leaving and for whom this will be their final record of their School, I hope this magazine provides you with a source of happy recollections and memories long into your future life.

The School wishes you well in the life after school — may you find your niche in it.

V.A. Roney

STAFF — THE V.I.P. SET



STAFF 1985

Principal: V.A. Roney, **Deputy Principal:** H.R. Harvey, M.C. Harris, N. Petrenko, C. Sanders, R.S. Anderson, R. Walsh, B.J. Gaughan, M. Ferguson, N.E. Watts, J.R. Geddes, C.J. Pearce, D.L. Rowe, J.W. Norman, I.C. Kerr, G.L. Soon, P.D. Leach, H.R. Launer, G.W. Shipp, E.M. Perkins, M.J. Culling, P. Jenes, D. Podhorodecki, R.A. Laughton, M. Graham, P.C. Sayers, J.E. Grivas, Y.S. Calcutt, P.C. Davey, J.P. Bullen, I.E. Aldred, R.T. Davis, J. Moffat, A. Van den Berg, M.L. Dusting, C. Fawcett (Venus), A. Helmy, T. Kruger, M. Petterson, P. Cuthbert, L. Rawson, C. Moon, P. Fulton, A. Stavrinos, C. Young, C. Saunders.

THE COMMANDMENTS

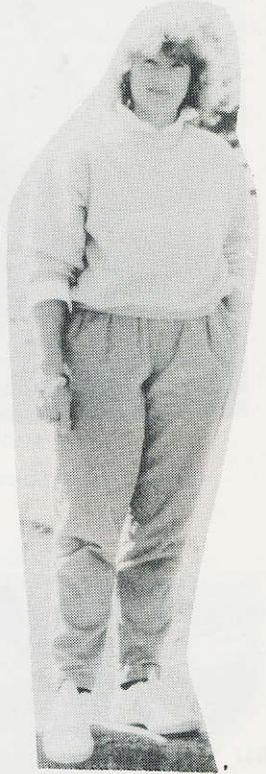
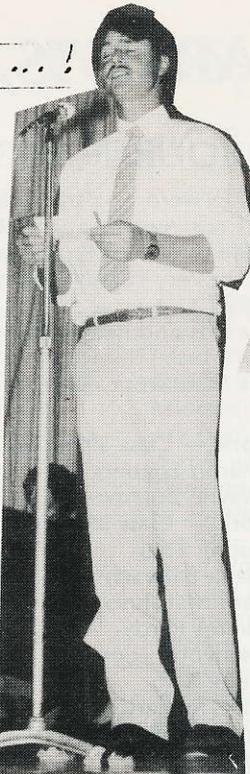
1. See to it that thou speakest not in Assembly lest the eagle eye of Harvey fall on thee and cast thee into the outer darkness.
2. Verily too, if thou makest a noise in the library, the wrath of Gaughan will envelop thee.
3. More fool thou if thou seekest to dodge thy standards, for Anderson will see to it that thou attend detention unto the very last day.
4. Nor pass any caustic remarks on the intolerably stinking and malignant scents that emanate from Room 39; for therein is Norman, engaged in all sorts of mischiefs and devilments.
5. Seekest thou not to express thy emotions in Physics. Then woe betide thee, for Cuthbert will fall upon thee and dismember thee.
6. Beware too of the honeyed words of Van den Berg, for has it not been written that, if all the economists in the world were laid end to end they could not reach agreement.
7. Nor be astonished as thou passeth Room 7, for therein is Pearce in the process of analysing the English language.
8. Develop thy body and build thy muscles as the spartans did so that like Pheidippides, thou, mayest run from Marathon to Athens for so hath Bullen spoken.
9. Be not astonished at the cacaphony of sound that issues from Room 13 for there sits Harris in solitary splendour, in vain battle against the demon Rock 'n' Roll.
10. Tread warily in the hallowed precincts of the office, lest the wrath of the Head descend upon thee and flay thee with red tape.



Trevor Adem Yr 12



Let us pray....!



ARTISTS,

ROYAL MELBOURNE SHOW

TWENTY-TWO PRIZES were won by students of Ashwood High in this years Craft Awards at the Royal Melbourne Show. These included three First Prizes, two Second Prizes, three Third Prizes, six Very Highly Commended, and five Highly Commended.

The classes of Awards and names of winners are as follows:

METAL WORK (Art Metalwork, Silverware, Ferrous Metalwork)

Technical Craft Work — Class 392 (Year 10)

1st Prize Martin Engberg
2nd Prize Wayne Burrows

Technical Craft Work — Class 393 (Year 11)

1st Prize Luong Thai
2nd Prize Nada Bakhach
V.H.C. Sam Macaluso

Simon Purdy
Manyung Leong
Veng Ahn
H.C. Julie Richardson

Technical Craft Work — Class 391 (Year 9)

2nd Prize John Zervas
3rd Prize Ron Hola
V.H.C. Cameron McKay
Martin Engberg
V.H.C. Paul Niklas
H.C. Manios Papadakis
Paul Mihan

WOODWORK

CLASS 380 (Students Under 17 Years)

2nd Prize Stephen Karabatsos

CERAMICS

Years 9 and 10 (Pottery not more than 36 cm. High)

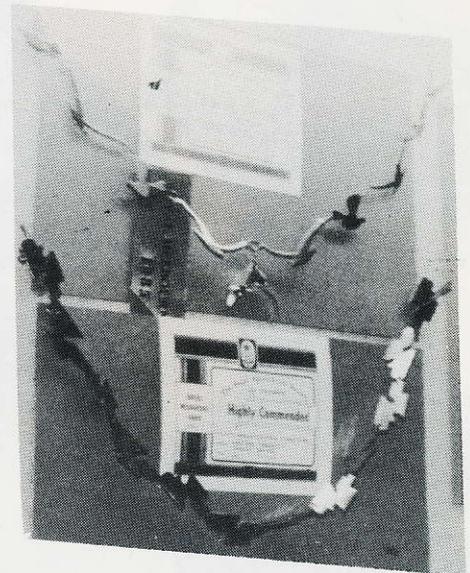
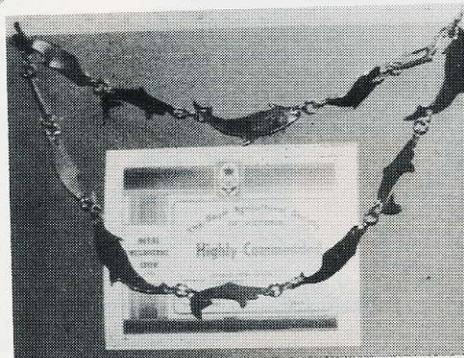
1st Prize Andrew Jackson
2nd Prize Wayne Burrows

(V.H.C. = Very High Commended,
H.C. = High Commended.)

CONGRATULATIONS TO THESE STUDENTS



Luong Thai



POETS,

FEELINGS OF THE SEASONS . . .

*SUMMER is red, blazing fire.
Heats surrounds and absorbs our minds,
Relief is obtained from the coolness
of the ocean.*

*Flavoured ice-creams and long,
chilled drinks refresh us.
Endless balmy evenings are savoured.*

*AUTUMN is brilliant gold and russet,
Swishing, swirling, crinkled leaves.
Foggy mornings clear to crisp,
sunny days.*

*Hurried shopping expeditions for
warm clothing.
Contentment as we prepare for the
inevitable cold months ahead.*

*WINTER is bare branches
silhouetted against grey skies.
The feeling of cosiness before blazing
log fires.*

*Enjoyment of steaming hot soup
The exhilaration of swiftly skiing
over vast expanses of snow.
Leisurely strolling in the rain.*

*SPRING is fresh greenery and rebirth.
Feelings of awakening and new growth
The gradual unfolding of brightly
coloured blossoms,
Bees buzzing amongst perfumed flowers.
New-born animals are joyfully greeted.*

Heidi Niklas 7B

LIFE IS LIKE THE FOUR SEASONS

*From birth to twenty is like Springtime. When life is young,
fresh and growing.*

*Summer is like twenty to forty, when life quickens up full
of untiring energy, fire and passion.*

*Forty to sixty is like the Autumn of life. We have matured
in growth and knowledge. When our dreams and goals
should have reached their fullest and life is lived at a
slowing pace.*

*From sixty and onwards is the Winter of life. When life is
lived at an ever slower pace, until finally it comes to a final
stop in this earthly life of seasons. Then starts the Spring of
eternal life which has no seasons.*

Linda Hampton 8C

A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE

*I feel the warm suggestion
Of the sun upon my face,
My eyelids close in bliss
My body quickening in pace.
A soft wind whispers through the trees
Clinging to the bright clouds.
In amongst the office buildings
And the bustle of the crowds
I can almost hear the pavement
Basking in the heat,
Tar running like tallow,
Sticking to my feet.
But when darkness falls
And colours begin to fade,
Distant mountains and valleys call
That little bit of sunshine
Into a far off everglade.*

Emma Swinton 9A

VALLEY VIEW

*Withered Tree's, erect upon undulating land
Evidence only of their long existence
Resembling match sticks, no sequence
Isolation, a stage of peaceful tranquility is found
Bearing a unique beauty of its own
Tall, lifeless stumps, leaves shed long ago*

*The valley a rippling blanket, cascading far into the
horizon
Shows maturity, stability
Whilst assuming a fresh daily appearance
A picturesque view, secure from the outside world
Unthreatened trees touch the glorious cornflower blue sky*

*The sky holds cotton-bud clouds
Silently whispering to the blue . . . (cornflower blue)
Calling to an unknown, waiting land,
unpredictable.*

Melanie Newton, 11B

7A

We arrived at this school
And felt like fools.
We were a small class
And hoping to pass.
Sonia turns shy
When John walks by
Emma rushes
When someone blushes
John and Dale
Are our two sporting males
Melanie K,
Walks a long way.
We all like Jenny
And now we've got new Penny
We all have nicknames
Except our little James
Carla and Kylie
Are always smiley.
Belinda our frog
Likes walking her dog,
Melissa's quite bad
And sometimes real sad
Lynda hates working
And is sometimes lurking
Melanie our squirt
Likes getting muddy in the dirt
Natalie our boss
Could never be our loss
Cameron and Scott are two of a kind
They make us laugh cause of their funny mind
Rachael's real cool
But doesn't have a pool
Paul's quite tall
And plays down ball
AND
That's our conclusion
Of this transfusion.

**Natalie Saunders, Lynda Scanlon,
Melissa Robinson and Melanie Pritchard**



THE VALLEY OF UMP

Along the valley of ump
Everybody is doing the Hump
It's a type of dance
That we all stop to prance
We all like going bump

We're from the valley of Ump
We all have a pet called Wump
It's bigger than me
But smaller than the sea
And will eat you out of butter and crump . . .

In the valley of Ump
Everybody has the mumps
It's a kind of lump
That we'd all like to dump
The funny valley of Ump

The people from the valley of Ump
Play a game called Hop, Skip and Jump
We play it all day
Until it turns May
And then we have lumps on our rump

Something happened in the valley of Ump
We got a big new pump
It quivers and quakes
And keeps us awake
So we threw it away in the dump

In the valley of Ump
We hope you like everything but the dump
It's very smelly
And full of jelly
We hope you like the valley of Ump.

Melissa Mock 7B

THE CRITIC

A charming timber house on most valuable site.
"Valuable all right, next to the Essendon Airport."
Updated kitchen
"One second hand dishwasher that frequently breaks down."
Presents a wonderful opportunity to the home buyer with future development in mind.
"Well, Future development is what it needs."
Wall to Wall carpeting.
"They didn't tell me about the hole in the centre of the lounge room carpet, did they."
A Classic
"I'll bet, a hundred years old, a real antique."
With recent replumbing, rewiring, and insulation.
"Yeah I see, a do it yourself job."
Auction 2 O'clock Saturday 13 December.
"Forget it."

Justin Harding 9D

MAN/BOY

As I drive my new Rolls Royce
As I sit on my good old billie-cart
I think how smooth the journey is
I think of the bumpy ride from the top of my street
And how Catherine enjoys the luxurious interior.
And how Suzie will sit on the fence and watch me.
I remember the midnight rendezvous
Yesterday in the kinder playground
How we drank wine and ate caviar
When we had bickies and cordial
And she gave me a soft passionate kiss.
I pulled her hair.
I think I'm in love!
You bet I like her!

Lynda Rattray

HELP

Give me a life that is nuclear free.
Children grow up and make this world harmony
So the others around us will look and see,
What a beautiful life it will be nuclear free.
But we need your help and we need it fast
If we're ever going to make this world last.
Come on give us a hand,
"Cause Reagan Doesn't Give a Damn."
We'll tell you what we need
We need to fight for what we believe.
So come and help we need it now
If we don't get it right today
The world will be blown away.

Nada Bakhach Yr 11

PRICE OF LOVE

It doesn't take a diamond ring
To prove how much you care
It doesn't matter how you look
Or what sort of clothes you wear.

It doesn't take a circus clown
To lift me when I'm blue
It doesn't take wealth or riches
To prove your love is true.

The only thing it takes
To show me that you care
Is for you to be yourself
And to keep on being there . . .

May Lee Wong 10B

THE ARTIST

As he uses his brush,
His strokes all have a meaning.
Sadness, Happiness, Anger, Calm.
When will the picture end,
When do the strokes stop.
The painting has a meaning,
Will we ever know what.

Tania Simpson 10C

AUTHORS

THE ADVENTURES OF A.F. LEWENT

"Hi! The name's Alfred Fenton Lewent, and I'm rich. It's pretty cool being a wealthy kid like myself. You wanna make big money too? Why sure, I, the expert will give ya a couple of tips. First o' all get a job. Not like deliverin' newspapers or sumpun. I mean a GOOD job. I mean working at the mint countin' notes or bein' a courier for the Prime Minister . . . BIG payrolls! Secondly, save the dough you earn. Never lend, spend, give or donate money to ANYONE. Put it straight in your bank with at least 25% interest per annum and don't spend a cent until you have seven million. Thirdly, make sure your money's secure. Never carry more than \$50,000, install the latest high security burglar alarm in your house (and hire armed guards and dogs) and learn judo or some other form of self defence. If you do that you'll be rich in no time. The best vault is the . . . Oh! A message for me? Why thankyou Harry. You're such a faithful butler. Oh great! A cheque for \$745,667 million from my oil well in South Africa. I think I might as well take a holiday to . . . the Mediterranean Sea. Harry! Tell the maid to pack a suitcase and tell her I shall be going to Europe. Also, inform my secretary that she shall take care of my shares in BHP, Coles and the others while I am away. She can do the banking and everything else too. Tell her I'll add \$350 to her payroll each week. My chauffeur will be ready with the limousine at 9 a.m. sharp tomorrow. I think that shall be all for the moment. And now I must make a 'phone call . . . "Oh hello. I would like to take a cruise on the luxury liner *Enterprise*. Yes, that's fine thanks. Bye!"

Next day, the expensive car transported Alfred to the aerodrome. He climbed on the plane and was soon at the harbour. Then he got on the ship and was on his way. He thought the cruise was excellent. One day a big fire started and all the people climbed into a boat. Alfred couldn't fit in the boat because there were too many people so he jumped off the ship and swam. BANG!!!

A big explosion had sunk the ship and the life boat, but Alfred was okay. He swam to a nearby island, slept in a cave for the night and ate some tropical fruit for breakfast. He constructed a bow and arrow. He practised all morning and was soon quite skilful at using his bow and arrow effectively. He shot a white seagull and ate it and a pineapple for lunch. Then he began constructing a better shelter. He took a large piece of flint, sharpened it on a heavy rock and attached a short wooden handle. This was his primitive axe. Alfred discovered a large frangipani tree with spreading branches whwere he could see the blue sea on all sides of the island. This would be his home.

He laboured at making his tree-house until dark when he completed the job. He wove a bed of vines and leaves, placed it in the tree-house and was soon fast asleep.

One day, Alfred was sitting in the tree-house looking out to sea when suddenly he looked up. A helicopter! WOW!!!

Alfred took out \$300 and used the paper money to start a large bonfire on the beach. The helicopter pilot rescued him and asked what Alfred wanted to do. Alfred decided to buy a hot-air balloon to tour his surroundings more efficiently. He did buy a hot air balloon . . . fully equipped with a crew of two, a television set, telephone, aeronautical instruments, signal flares and a comfortable cabin. Alfred soon began a trip in his balloon which he called "The Explorer". Alfred would always remember the sunny days he spent in "The Explorer", drifting along peacefully watching the rolling countryside go past.

One day, Alfred was doing just that, when suddenly a vicious magpie swooped upon his balloon. It was as if it was saying "This is my territory, go away!" The Magpie swooped again and again. Suddenly there was a loud rip, the whoosh of escaping gas and the balloon began plummeting swiftly downwards like a wounded bird. Alfred dived into his cabin and dreaded the moment of impact . . . but that moment did not come.

Cautiously Alfred peered out his minute cabin window and was amazed to see the silken bag above snagged on a dead branch and that the ground was at least thirty feet below. He summoned his crew members (Dave and his father, Robert Johns) and they began to make the perilous descent down the tope ladder, one at a time. Alfred went last, and when he was about six feet from the ground, dangling in mid-air like a spider, the balloon's bag began to slide out of the trees.

Alfred jumped and landed, bruised but unhurt. The three began to walk to the nearest town, which the map indicated was seventy kilometres distant. They hiked along the dusty track, regardless of weather, only stopping each night for approximately five hours sleep, until they met a man leading a dozen thorough-bred stallions.

"How are ye furriners?" he asked with a thick Scottish accent. Alfred explained the situation and waved some hundred dollar notes under the man's nose. He agreed to sell them three of his horses.

Soon the ex-balloonists were on the trail again . . . horse-back this time! Riding along, they came to a busy road where they met a small Greek man driving a battered Mini. Alfred halted him and managed to trade their horses for his old car (which he was going to sell anyway).

When they got back to civilisation, Alfred boarded the sleek Concorde that was at the airport. He was greeted by the rush of air-conditioners as he proceeded to seat himself in a large comfortable chair which boasted expensive upholstery.

A couple of hours after take-off, a tall French man stood up. "Bonjour. Anybody who moves will regret it," he threatened, whipping a machine gun out from under his seat. The hijacker then went to apply pressure to the bewildered pilot. Alfred sneaked up behind the Frenchman to the passengers' consternation, and grabbing a fire extinguisher from it's bracket, smahsed it down on the hijacker's head, knocking him to the floor senseless.

The rest of the flight was uneventful. "As you can see, even my holidays are busy. I go on a holiday for a bit of peace after a tycoon's busy life, and look what happens! Perhaps peace is more important than money . . ."

Adam Jenkins 7B



THE ELEPHANT WILL BE ARRIVING NEXT WEEK

In our family the word, elephant, always seems to conjure up knowing glances and the odd chuckle or smile. Friends and acquaintances are often amused at our fascination with this word and long to be let in on the significance of it, yet to this day it has remained a secret, a cherished memory of childhood that simply does not lend itself to explanation. Today, however, the secret shall be revealed, purely to demonstrate the wonder and fantasy that is the essence of childhood.

My story begins on a midsummer day just after my eighth birthday, amidst great excitement over my father's new job. From a columnist with the local paper he had now graduated to publicity agent for the nearby zoo. At the time my younger sister and I knew little of the work involved, so we always told our friends he was a zookeeper who liked to write. For us it was a wonderful job, we could go and see the animals every weekend, and were the only ones at school who could pet the monkeys. Not only did our social status and afterschool activities change with my father's new position, our whole way of thought and expression also altered.

Both my parents were highly imaginative people, my father obviously was a writer, and my mother had talents in the musical and artistic area. Conversation was always a mixture of jokes, song and laughter. We had strange words for everyday objects and used to amuse others with our seemingly nonsensical talk. When Mama, as we called my mother, went shopping it was a case of 'going on an expedition through the jungle'. We never ate chicken but simply adored parrot wings. To friends and family alike this play-acting seemed pointless, almost dangerous; and it was feared that we would have a falsified view of reality. Papa simply laughed at his and Mama's critics however, allowing our imagination to prosper, and our enjoyment to be almost endless.

On the day in question Papa arrived home from the zoo early bursting with some momentous announcement he wanted to make. My sister and I were curious as his announcements were always the highlight of our small world. He would gather us around him and make a great speech about his achievements and then ask us to guess the reason for his happiness. Inevitably we were never correct, however the sense of involvement was by far the more cherished commodity, for Papa always made us feel that we were responsible for his wonderful news.

With baited breaths we waited for his amazing piece of good fortune.

'Mama' he said grandiosely, 'would you like to have an elephant at your service?'

Naturally as children we were astonished. Was Papa really going to get us an elephant? With big floppy ears and a trunk? I didn't think so. I knew the way my father talked, but was mystified as to what an elephant could possibly be. My younger sister, two years my junior, was ecstatic about the forthcoming acquisition, wondering whether our garage, which was empty for we had no car, would be a good place for the elephant to live in. Papa agreed wholeheartedly with her and the two of them merrily set about making room for the elephant.

All this kept on for several days, and along the line we all became involved in creating a home for the elephant, which was to arrive in a week's time. 'The elephant will be arriving next week' was Papa's proud statement to Mama as we cleared the remnants of bygone odds and ends from their resting place in the garage, into the rubbish bin. I helped Papa put up a light so that the elephant wouldn't be afraid of the dark, while Mama and my sister diligently cleaned the windows and made the garage, which we now referred to as a pen, spotlessly clean.

As next week approached I wondered about the elephant. Could my father really be getting us an elephant, a real elephant? Maybe it was a horse, or a big dog. I was never able to predict what he, or my mother would do next, but as a big girl of eight years I could see that a real elephant just wouldn't be able to carry Mama from place to place, like Papa said. She was afraid of heights.

Eventually next week arrived, and so did the elephant. Papa told us it was in the pen and we had to be very quiet and stay indoors while he lead it outside. It was very noisy and had a rather mechanical sort of trumpet. My sister thought it had a cold, but I knew that my father had procured us something much more useful than a four-legged elephant. To attempt to guess at that stage as to its identity would have lessened the fun of the surprise. My sister hovered anxiously around wanting to see the elephant while Mama simply smiled knowingly with her whimsical expression that seemed to say 'wait and see', which we did.

After an eternity my father beckoned all outside to see the elephant. My sister was puzzled, for before her lay a huge grey automobile with two shining headlights and a boot, or trunk at the back for luggage. Her bewilderment soon changed to ecstasy as she yelled jovially 'Papa, even I can fit in the elephant's trunk now.' Papa just laughed. We were used to surprises that were different from first impressions.

I could see why Papa called the automobile, which we later christened Dumbo, the elephant. It was very big, especially to us as children, and smelt pleasantly of straw and animals, just like the zoo, and the elephants.

Elaine Stevenson

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MIRROR



Jane was like any other person her age, she was rather head strong and a bit of a rebel, this was the result of her poor upbringing in a cottage home. It never seemed to affect her in a big way, because deep down she was a child.

She walked down the street back to the home the way she did most days, through the park and, as usual, the same boys were on the play equipment sniffing glue. They yelled at her and she quickened her pace as they got up and followed her, she broke into a jog but one of the boys burst into a sprint and easily caught her. He jammed the bag over her mouth and nose, she took in a few breaths and was off on a trip.

She was very late in that night and missed dinner, her cottage parents gave her an ear bashing and sent her to her room. She was in the room with another girl, a good friend.

"Those boys were in the park again, they came up to me."

Both girls knew about the boys in the park but they steered clear of them on the past advice of their cottage parents.

"One of them came up to me," Jane said proudly.

There was no answer.

"I joined in with them."

This sentence her friend answered with indifference. "So", but deep down she was interested.

She admired the boys in the park, they weren't trapped like her.

"What was it like?"

"It was great, an escape, like that book we read ages ago, 'Alice Through the Looking Glass', I stepped through into a whole new world."

The idle chatter continued for a while and then stopped. They planned to go to the park the next day after school and meet the boys.

The next day the girls walked over to the play equipment. There were a few short sharp sentences exchanged, without much meaning, just a formality. The boys were quickly on their own separate trips. Jane drifted off with them, the glue making her feel so strong and free that nothing could harm her; she was wrong.

A vague impression of the mirror in her room stood in front of her. She pressed her hand up against the flat plain mirror, it was cold. A shiver ran up her spine, an unknown force was drawing her in. As her heart beat louder the mirror was no longer solid, it gave way and she stepped through the mirror into wonderland.

The ambulance arrived, she was unconscious in her own small world, the ambulance men worked quickly, but not quickly enough, or was it they were just too late; it didn't matter, she had taken the step, she had gone to wonderland.

Adam McKay



MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I was brought up on the plateau of Vietnam. It is called Pleiku, which is near the centre of Vietnam. My childhood was mostly spent there. Now, thinking of it has brought back to me a great number of memories, memories of joy and sadness when I was a child.

Pleiku was the place which had previously belonged to some ethnic minorities, but from 1955, those people had been evacuated into the solitary mountainous areas. Now they still live an aboriginal life. Since 1955, Pleiku had been built and developed by some Vietnamese and Chinese, who had left Saigon, and came there to make their living. Those who found their lives comfortable advised their relatives and friends to leave Saigon and establish their businesses in Pleiku. My father and mother were a young couple amongst those people. Gradually, Pleiku developed and became a crowded, prosperous town.

I was born the second eldest in the family, after my brother. Although the Chinese in that town were not as great in number as the Vietnamese, they had collaborated and built a Chinese school, which was the biggest in the town, and also the envy of the neighbouring schools. I went to that school since I was six. I still remember the first time when I was led into the kindergarten class. I was very shy. I was afraid of the teacher, even of the surrounding children, who were in the same circumstances as me. Some of them cried, and were afraid that their parents would leave them at school alone. I didn't cry, but the strange surroundings frightened me. From that day on, school was my life. I went to school almost all days, except Saturday afternoons and Sundays. When I got good grades I was very anxious to get home early to show my parents. They praised me and I was very proud, keeping them as my precious present.

Every year, when the Chinese and Vietnamese New Year nearly came, I wished that the days would pass quickly. One day would pass, then the next. I always counted how many days there were till New Year's Eve. When it finally came, I wore my new clothes happily and ran to my parents to show them how beautiful they looked on me. On that day many of our relatives and friends came to visit my parents. My house was full of animation and filled with exchanged wishes and laughter. While the adults were exchanging wishes, the children only waited for their turns to receive tips from them as presents of luck. After receiving mine, I spent some of them on playing bridges with my brother, sisters and cousins to entertain ourselves. But such special days didn't last long. When the New Year celebration was over I felt regretful and sad. I hoped and wished that the next New Year would come in a very short time.

With my wishes, year after year passed. When I was in Year Two, my two younger sisters were all sent to school, except the youngest brother, who had just been born. It was the day when I had just got home from school, learning the news that my mother had returned home from the hospital with my baby brother. I threw down my school bag and rushed into the room to stand beside my brother's bed. I had always longed to have a younger brother. I was very happy. As I watched him I wondered whom in the family he looked like. I spent a lot of time playing with him and making him laugh.

My family lived in a peaceful and happy atmosphere. My parents earned a living by running a small hard-ware store. On Sundays my father usually drove all of us sight-seeing. The car took us out of the town to the country-side. Excited with the strange, beautiful scenery, I and my sisters sang aloud my songs. I could see my parents looking at us and smiling.

My life went on peacefully and happily until 1975. The war between the South Vietnam Government and the North Vietnam Communists really began and it changed my life. When the Communists were attacking Pleiku, my family and other people evacuated Pleiku, heading for Saigon. We went for two days without food. Surrounding us were the sounds of bombs roaring. The guns were firing and the shells were hurling, causing terrifying sounds. All of us were afraid. When the sounds stopped the Communists had captured the area. We had no need to evacuate further and decided to go back. Reaching the town, we couldn't hold our tears. Stretching in front of us were the rows of ruined houses, which had been burned during the fight. My house was now a heap of broken bricks, filled with the strong smell of burning. I did cry a lot. It had been a great friend, which had sheltered me from the wind, sun, and rain for years, since the day I was born. Now, my house no longer existed, nor did my beautiful town. But its image in my mind is still alive, and as beautiful as it had always been.

My childhood had ended, but the memories of that age are still alive. They carve a deep mark in my mind when thinking of them. I feel regretful and sad. I regret that my joyful and unsophisticated childhood has passed so quickly; because I think that childhood is the most wonderful age in one's life.

Nhuan Dich Lieu

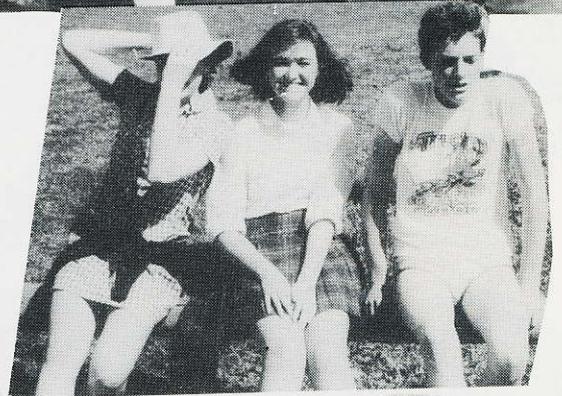
DO YOU KNOW THIS FACE (OR BODY)?



We do need to get our legs brown at least.....



You gotta have friends!



We are just good friends



And in a feature role... (yet again)

I don't see why he should be in my picture



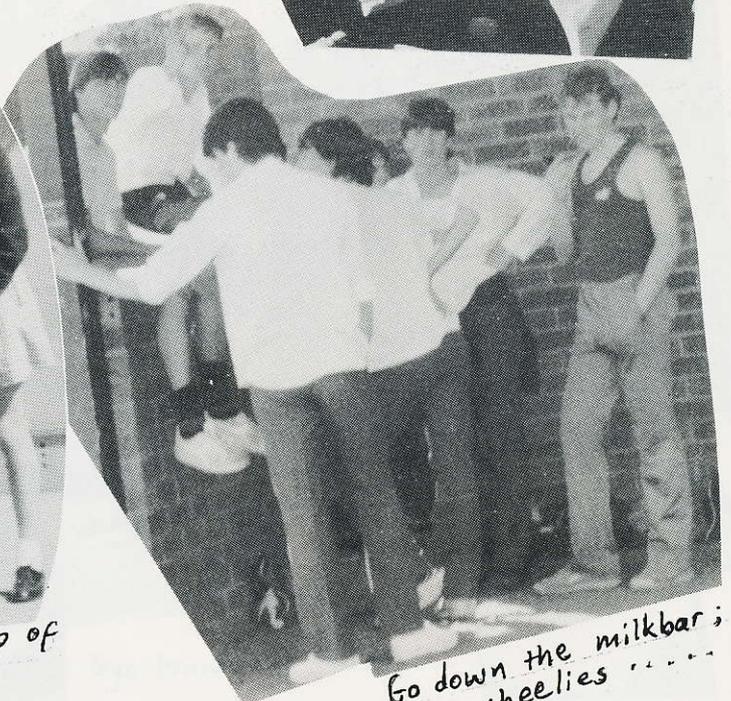
We've used the Solvol, Mum!
Two ... three... four and don't drop the baton!



Of course she can get an 'A'!



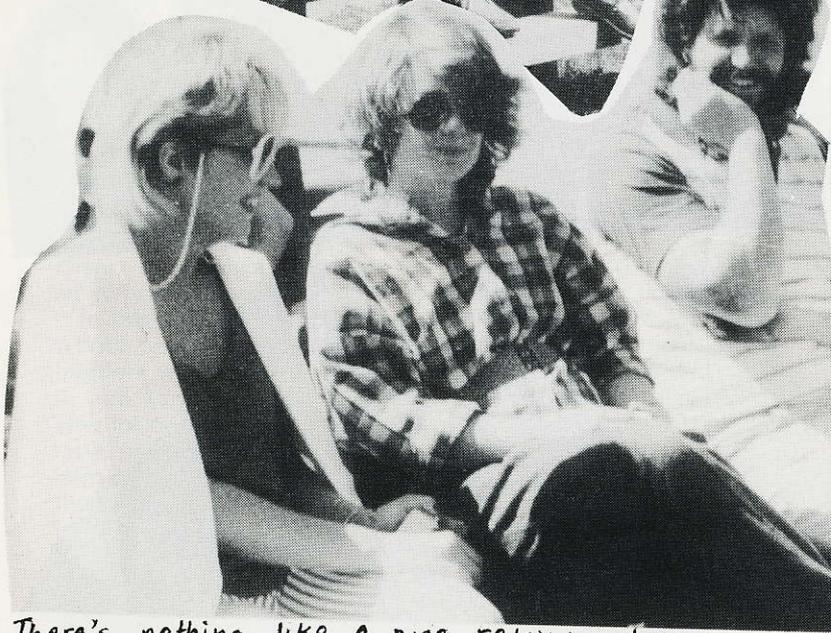
Come on! Who is going to be top of the pyramid?



Go down the milkbar; throw a few wheelies

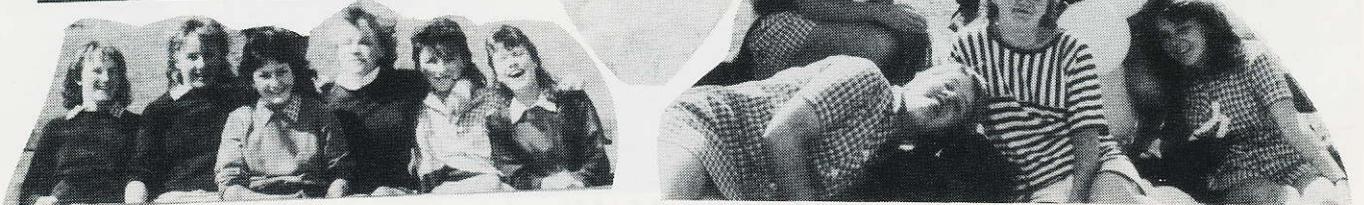


Je suis un rockstar (well, nearly).



There's nothing like a nice relaxing day at school

And the following girls are in detention.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

H.S.C. CAMP '85

Had all the Year Twelves suddenly gone mad? Was the pressure of H.S.C. getting to us after only four days of school? What were sixty of us doing at school at 6.45 a.m. with enough luggage to last six months? No, we weren't skipping the country — our destination was Mirboo North for a three day period of total relaxation and social gathering bestowed upon us by the teachers of Ashwood High School out of the goodness of their hearts.

Mirboo North sounded like a really inspiring place, full of action-packed days and wild nights, so it was with great anticipation that we watched the endless yellow grass and grey gums of South Gippsland roll past, until we finally reached the hostel. It exceeded our wildest imaginings! The luxury(?) self-contained dormitories, the untold health benefits of having the bunks sway lengthways at the slightest touch! The unique lighting system whereby at the slightest breath of wind the curtains fell off. The doors even locked from the inside when they were closed from the outside, offering the guys the chance to play hero by scaling the wall and climbing in the window to unlock them. Massive spiders, moths, grasshoppers and other man-eating insects were provided free of charge in plague proportions, as was conflict in the bathroom (not the bedroom). The ideal of getting to know each other (in three days after being together five years) was greatly advanced by the paper-thin walls, which allowed us to hear conversations from three sides simultaneously, and also by the curtains at the window opposite the guys' rooms, which had the habit of falling down as soon as you started undressing. This, however, offered great opportunities for morse code by torchlight from dorm to dorm.

And the night life! The incredible thrill of having about fifteen people draped on top of each other on the floor in the dark has to be experienced to be believed! As does the excitement of mid-night teacher-dodging (eight people doubled over, bolting past the dining hall windows where the teachers were sitting — the model of stealth and secrecy of course, at full speed on gravel). Every available hiding place was used when the teachers were on patrol; behind the door (three), under the beds (four), in the cupboard (two), Pity about the giggling! Depending on your nature, another enjoyable past-time may have been being pounced on by three 'depraved' guys on the top bunk, followed by massive pillow fights — or on the other hand, maybe not.

The teachers had provided various other diversions for our enjoyment, including sessions called 'study groups'. Constituting these was a teacher standing up the front with the misguided notion of teaching us, while the girls talked about the guys and the guys talked about surfboards. Time for this was also provided during the talks on stress management and careers. We did learn however that even if we did survive the year and even pass, we had Buckley's chance of getting a job or into university anyway, so it was all fairly pointless and we may as well have a good time.

In this new environment and without the pressures of school, people found it easier to relax. Reputations and inhibitions were forgotten as three anonymous people tried to pull Karl (wearing very little) out of his sleeping bag after locking him out of his room in only a towel. The 'bad taste' party was a great success (curtains became a popular item of clothing) and everyone was really into the spirit of the night. The highlight was the game where the person left holding the broom when the music stopped had to take off an article of clothing to be redeemed later by doing whatever task Nadia and Sarah set. Nadia's plans backfired and her smile vanished when Dean chose her belly-button to kiss to get his sneaker back.

Frequent raids between huts saw rooms completely ravaged. One party of guys seen heading purposefully towards Candace's and Vicki's room sent us dashing after them, but on arrival there was nothing to be seen. Then there came a sort of half-stifled, choking gasp from the cupboard and Karl emerged from there, Andrew and Arthur from under the beds. For revenge, Nadia, Candace and I set out to terrorize the guys at 1 a.m. with Nadia's grotesque mask. Dean, Stephen and Andrew were to be the original victims, but due to the closeness of Mr. Leach's room, plans were changed. Trevor and Karl were the alternative victims. When they finally did wake up, the look of stunned incredibility was classical.

Dean and Stephen received just retribution as they showered on the final day. The other guys (good friends of theirs) took their clothes, leaving them with only a towel and a red flannel between them. The final humiliation was when Andrew drew back the shower curtain and Vicki captured on film the sight of Stephen wearing only the red flannel.

The whole spirit of the camp was one of being part of a group, yet individual. Old friendships advanced — sleeping two in a bed and eating smarties in the dark has to be a shared experience — and new associations developed. There was a greater feeling of security, of hope for this year in that we're all in it together. Most of us have shared our pasts to some extent and whatever the future holds, we've still got the here and now to live. The camp was totally worthwhile, even if only to see the look on the teachers' faces when Karl was left holding the broom with only his shorts left to lose.

SCHOOL CAMP — VOICES AND NOISE

*We sat in chairs and talked,
Voices a hum of noise in the air,
They tried to tone it down;
We looked, we listened, we understood,
We opened our mouths and let the sound flow on,
And our feet followed suit.*

*The grass was dry underfoot,
Crackling at every step,
Flies buzzed 'round us,
We shooed them away,
As we trudged our gear inside.
The place was rough,
Like army barracks,
Green huts — little boxes with rooms,
And little beds inside;
Windows with curtains that didn't quite meet,
And cobwebs in the corner.*

*Someone yelled 'spider',
We dashed out to see,
Someone else killed it,
I'm glad it wasn't me.*

*Three days in that place,
With no shops and no cars,
Wind in the trees,
Birds in their bows,
Voices and noise,
We lived, we laughed, we learnt,
For that was our purpose.*

Elaine Stevenson



TIME CAPSULE



ASHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, WED. 6 JUNE

An assembly setting a new landmark was held at this school. The assembly, in the time of the last lesson of the day, was special as it was devoted mainly to the commemoration of the sealing of a time capsule.

The capsule, to be opened in fifty years time, is part of Victoria's 150th Birthday Celebrations, and contains such things as taped interviews with staff and students, school photographs, and samples of school work and the uniform.

The gathering of all of the students and teachers of the school, was addressed by Dr. Les Dale, the Regional Director of Education, Mr. Max James, from the Waverley Historical Society, and Mr. Pearce, the school's history coordinator. Mr. James outlined the importance of the capsule, as did Mr. Pearce, suggesting such future uses for it as study of past school life, as seen by the students involved in its opening in 2034. Mr. Pearce commented on the awareness of the school's students of the importance of the capsule, and that they all had a part to play in the history of the school.

The capsule, simply a tightly sealed piece of P.V.C. sewer pipe, three feet in length, will be buried in front of the school's statue, 'The Original Children', in the forecourt area, and will have a plaque to mark it.

ON STAGE

MACBETH

Presenting their play "Macbeth" in the Assembly Hall on Saturday night, July 27th to an enthusiastic audience of parents and friends, Year 11 students were given a chance to gain both dramatic experience and further insight into this play, ably directed by Mr. Pearce.

Their long hours of rehearsal resulted in commendable performances being given by all cast, whilst some students did excellent work in the longer and more exacting roles.

Congratulations too, to back-up crews, of sound, set construction and lighting and to the girls who sewed the costumes mainly during their lunch hours.

Cast List

Libby Rochstein	Stuart McDonald
Margaret Pitts	Wilson Urrutia
Adrienne Silver	Mark Checkley
Phillip Riley	Kim White
Leanne Dady	Rachel Shannon
Richard Thomas	David Hughes
Mark Seager	Michelle Dunlop
Colin Pearce	David Jones
Peter Struik	Paul Theodorou
Tran Vi Luong	Jeanette Sale
Anne Turner	Darren Sheean
Rachel Shannon	Duncan McKenzie
Robert Downes	Vicki Tizi
Colin Howard	Andris Dinsbergs
Joshue Marquet	Sim Aung

Credits

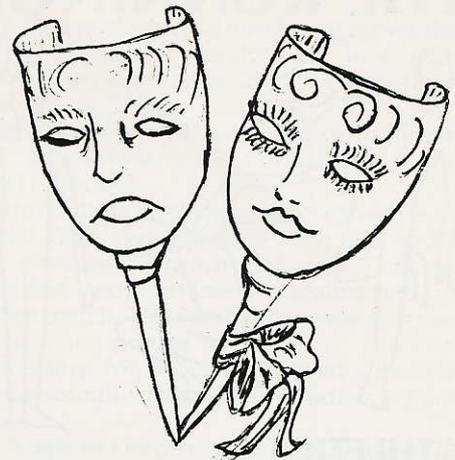
Stage Manager
Set Design
and Construction

Costume Design
and Execution

Lighting
Sound Effects
Sound Engineer
Make-up

Swords

Sam Peck
Duncan McKenzie, Tony Wilson,
Melanie Newton, Kylie McLeod,
Julie Stamboultgis
Dianne Baker, Mary-Kathleen Hodgkin,
Effie Pascal, Louisa Velona,
Po Yung Leong, Marcia Urrutia,
Caroline Day, Wendy Rochstein
Robert Hornbuckle, Bryce Davies
Andrew Phillips, Paul Riley
Geoff Broomhead
Michelle Dunlop, Robert Hornbuckle,
Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop
Sam Macaluso, Jason Warfe,
Mark Phillips, Janene Barlow,
Rita Vartanian, Thuy Nguyen,
Nhi Manh Lieu



ONE-ACT PLAY FESTIVAL

On the evening of Wednesday 21st August, a selection of plays were performed by students in Years 7, 8 and 9.

The plays include "The Excursion" (Year 7) "Frankie Arrives at School", written by Shelley Brunning and Michelle Lloyd of 8B, "Gappety Gaps" and the "Brady Bunch" from 9C.

An enjoyable evening was had by all who attended.

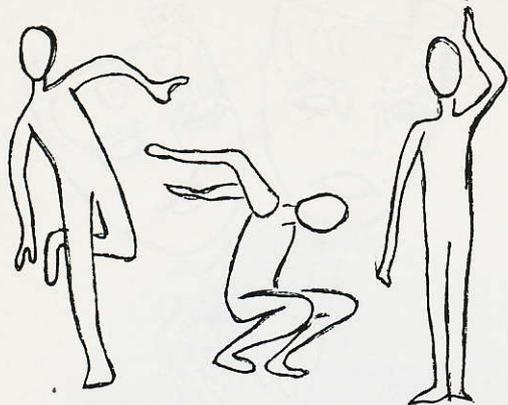
SOCIAL SERVICE 1985

We would like to thank all those students who contributed to Social Service this year. The Grand Total so far is \$372.72. 9C, 11B, Year 12, 9A and 8C are to be congratulated for raising large sums of money this year. The 40 Hour Famine was also very successful and \$311.28 was raised for the EAT fund.

Mrs. Soon and Miss Davis



THE RUNNING, JUMPING, STANDING-STILL SHOW



ATHLETICS

VERY CLOSE FINISH FOR HOUSE ATHLETICS CUP.

After winning the field events Poplar came second in the track events but overall with 588 points. Vannam was first in the track events and second in the field points coming second overall with 585 points. Cassinia was third with 519 points.

ASHWOOD HIGH 4th IN ATHLETICS (Burwood Group)

Many good individual results were recorded in the track events held on Thursday, 3rd October. Some outstanding results were:-

Leanne Dady	2-1sts, 2-2nds, Relay 1st
Thuan Pham	1-1st, 1-2nd, 1-3rd, Relay 2nd
Jodie Jackson	1-1st, 2-2nds
Phillip Symington	2-1sts, Realy 1st
Nandia Lazongas	3-2nds, Relay 3rd
Jodie Gales	1-2nd, 2-3rds, Relay 1st
Open Girls	11 places form 12 events
Under 17 Girls	9 places from 12 events
Open Boys	9 places from 13 events
Under 15 Boys	8 places from 13 events.



CROSS COUNTRY FINAL

Ashwood High school was particularly proud last Friday when Andrew Telburn, an H.S.C. student, won his sixth successive Burwood Group Cross Country final since entering the school six years ago. Subsequent to his Burwood Group victories, Andrew has also been successful at Eastern Zone events against some very strong opposition, and has represented the school in All High finals. Andrew's successes have not been limited to Cross Country events — he is a successful middle distance runner, and in 1982 won the Under 15 3000 metre Australian Championship in Hobart.

Ashwood High School won three of Friday's six events at the Burwood Group final, with Andrew winning the Senior Boys' event, Rachel Derwent in her first Cross Country race winning the Senior Girls' event, and Micael Bewley, a newcomer to the school, winning the Intermediate Boys' event. Both the Senior Boys and Senior Girls also had winning teams in both their sections and, in all, fifteen Ashwood High students now proceed to the Eastern Zone finals on June 24th and, hopefully, from there to the All High finals, enthusiastically supported by the School.

C. Pearce

Burwood Group Cross-Country — held at Wattle Park on Friday, 7th June.

Junior Girls	Sally Hiam	14th
	Jennifer Felsenthal	15th
Junior Boys	Dale Croll	11th
Interm. Girls	Anabella Cardosa	3rd
	Kelly Abela	9th
Interm. Boys	Michael Bewley	1st
	Robert Allenby	14th
Senior Girls	Rachel Derwent	1st
	Anne Turner	11th
	Libby Huel	13th
	Margaret Pitts	15th
	Libby Rochstein	16th
	Jodie Gales	18th
	Susie Silver	19th
	Mandy Mortimer	20th
Team	1st	
Senior Boys	Andrew Telburn	1st
	Chris. May	5th
	Andrew Gill	6th
	George Papadinos	8th
Team	1st	

Gee, some people are sore losers.



And the winner was ...

SENIOR SPORTS

CRICKET

The Senior Cricket Team had great potential and it was with high hopes that the 1985 campaign began.

Unfortunately disaster struck in the first match against Glen Waverley, when Ashwood, cruising to an easy victory suffered a dramatic batting collapse and lost by 3 runs.

The remaining 3 matches were played in the hope that another team may lose and Ashwood's percentage would be better. This did not eventuate as Mt. Waverley remained undefeated in their group whilst Ashwood finished 2nd overall on percentage.

The side was ably led by Greg Arvidsson whilst the most consistent and outstanding player with bat and ball was Karl Langkau.

Scores

15.2.85 Ashwood all out 111 lost to Glen Waverley 5-114

26.2.85 Ashwood 5-110 defeated Syndal 7-85

5.3.85 Ashwood all out 137 defeated Highvale 8-82

22.3.85 Ashwood 5-111 defeated Burwood all out 64.

BOYS BASKETBALL

Unfortunately only 2 games were able to be played. The match against Glen Waverley was one sided with Ashwood winning 46-19.

The crucial match was against Burwood to determine who would represent the Burwood Group at Eastern Zone.

Playing at home the Burwood team jumped to an early lead. However by half time the scores had been levelled.

The Burwood team proved far steadier under pressure and went onto win 36-25.

David Crook was the best scorer in the side as he used his height to great advantage. Goran Zabic was the best general player for the side.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

The underrated girls team proved to be the most successful. Although lacking height and experience the girls worked much harder at their game.

Ashwood easily defeated Glen Waverley 28-17 and Mt. Waverley 44-19 to become Burwood Group Champions. Jodie Jackson captained the side with great personal example scoring 33 points in the two games.

The teams at Eastern Zone were formidable however the girls went down fighting against much better teams.

In the first match Ashwood lost 27-16 to Nunawading the eventual Eastern Zone runners up. This was followed by a narrow win against Fairhills 17-16 and a final loss to Wanganui Park 30-6.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

The Ashwood side played a record number of games this year due to its success in the Herald Cup. In 4 years Ashwood had only won one game in this competition sponsored by the VFL.

1985 was almost a vintage year with the team almost making VFL Park, only losing in the Grand Final of the Richmond Zone (11 schools).

Ashwood tore through its qualifying matches with easy wins against Syndal Tech and Oakleigh High and had a tough and close encounter against Oakleigh Tech. In between Ashwood had a comfortable win against Salesian College in a practice match. This was the first time Salesian College had lost to a non-private school.

The grand final against Mt. Waverley proved a disaster with Ashwood being soundly defeated by 67 points at Punt Road.

A practice match against University High resulted in a 21 goal win to restore team confidence and morale and prepare for the Burwood Group matches.

Unfortunately Mt. Waverley once again proved far too strong for Ashwood although the winning margin was down to 6 goals.

Easy wins by over 20 goals against Blackburn South and Highvale allowed Ashwood to have its best win of the season against the eventual Burwood Group champions Glen Waverley.

Trailing all day, by as much as 7 goals at times the Ashy boys showed their fighting spirit by overwhelming Glen Waverley in the final quarter for a 17 point win.

There were some excellent individual performances especially by Dean Firth who was signed by Richmond and played League Under 19. Jim Dixon and Alasdair Walker were also approached by Richmond after excellent and consistent play during the season.

The team was superbly led by Richard Thomas who was supported by all players.

Scores

18.3.85 Ashwood 21.10.130 defeated Syndal Tech 13.6.84

20.3.85 Ashwood 15.14.104 defeated Salesian College 11.12.78

3.4.85 Ashwood 20.19.139 defeated Oakleigh Tech. 11.7.73

17.4.85 Ashwood 10.6.66 defeated Oakleigh Tech. 8.11.59

3.5.85 Ashwood 7.10.52 lost to Mt. Waverley High 18.11.119

29.5.85 Ashwood 31.12.198 defeated University High 10.8.68

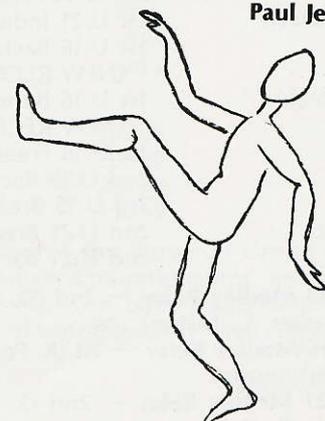
28.6.85 Ashwood 4.9.33 lost to Mt. Waverley High 10.12.72

2.7.85 Ashwood 31.15.201 defeated Blackburn South 5.9.39

10.7.85 Ashwood 19.13.127 defeated Glen Waverley 17.8.110

15.7.85 Ashwood 27.24.186 defeated Highvale 3.6.24

Paul Jenes



REPORT OF THE SWIMMING SPORTS (FRIDAY 22nd FEB.)

Masses of people were giving up just waiting for the phenomenal event to begin. The queues were thick, the atmosphere electric. Even though the turnstiles were slow, they all waited eagerly for their turn to go in.

Eventually the crowds filtered through and the competitors separated from the spectators. The competitors were directed to the changing rooms and the spectators to the appropriate positions on the grass.

Within five minutes the swimming sports of Ashwood High School 1985 had begun.

Competitors were allocated their swimming lanes. The looks on the competitors' faces were of mixed emotions.

The spectators waited patiently for the first race. All three teams wanted the lead of the points in the first stage of competition.

The competitors were called to the blocks. The starter (Mr. Jones), called "On your marks", the competitors bent over, bang, the first race of the day was underway.

Vannam was to pull away at the start. Was this to be another victory to put away under their belt?

After each event the scores of all three teams were quite even.

Occasionally Vannam would pull all the stops out and steam well in front of Poplar and Cassinia.

It soon became clear to many that Vannam would take victory over Poplar and Cassinia with ease.

Both competitors and spectators became frustrated with the knowledge that Vannam could well take these sports out for the third time in succession.

Competitors from Poplar and Cassinia just didn't have the swimmers to bridge the gap with Vannam.

After the finish of the relays Vannam house was quite at ease knowing that they had defended their title with dignity and won yet again.

The final scores for the competition were Vannam with 289 points, Poplar 265 points, and Cassinia with 211 points.

Phillip Symington Yr 11

EASTERN ZONE SWIMMING

Ashwood High School students **dominated** the Eastern Zone Swimming Carnival held at the State Swimming Centre on Monday, 22nd April.

Our girls gained **a place in all 15 events** in which they competed, and as a result, Ashwood **tied for first place** in the School Teams Event.

This makes Ashwood High School **the top School in Swimming in the Eastern Zone.**

All first placegetters go on to compete in the All-High Schools Swimming Carnival at the State Swimming Centre on Tuesday 30th April.

RESULTS

Deanne Davis	1st U.14 Breaststroke
	1st U.14 Backstroke
	3rd U.14 Freestyle
Megan Davis	1st U.21 Individual Medley
	1st U.16 Backstroke
	(NEW RECORD TIME)
Kathy Peck	1st U.16 Butterfly
	(NEW RECORD TIME)
	1st U.15 Freestyle
	2nd U.15 Backstroke
	3rd U.15 Breaststroke
Pam Peck	2nd U.21 Breaststroke
	2nd U.21 Backstroke

Under 14 Medley Relay — 2nd (D. Davis, S. Mulholland, M. Spendier, C. Easton)

Under 16 Medley Relay — 1st (K. Peck, M. Davis, P. Peck, V. Hinterkoerner)

Under 21 Medley Relay — 2nd (S. Peck, R. Derwent, S. Coleman, C. Day)

SWIMMING RECORD BROKEN

At the Victorian Secondary School Sports on Saturday April 13th a team from Ashwood High broke the 14 years and under Girls Medley Relay record. The record stood at 2 min. 23 sec. and our girls record is 2 min. 18.87 sec.

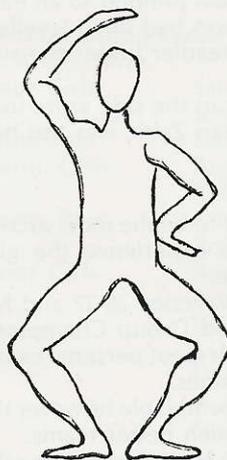
The team consisted of Megan Davis, Deanne Davis, Kathy Peck and Penny Peck. Another gold medal was won in the 14 years and under Freestyle Relay, and a bronze medal on the Breaststroke Relay, and a bronze medal in the Breaststroke Relay.

The competition from 70 private and government schools was keen, but the girls team also did well in the 16 years and under group winning two third places and an 8th place. Overall the Ashwood High girls came fourth in the Aggregate.

ALL-HIGH SWIMMING

The Ashwood High School girls **performed magnificently** in the All-High Schools Swimming Carnival held at the State Swimming Centre on Tuesday, 30th April.

Their efforts resulted in Ashwood finishing **SECOND** in the Section 'B' (school enrolment less than 500) School Teams Event, which makes Ashwood one of the **TOP SWIMMING SCHOOLS IN VICTORIA.**



NETBALL NEWS!

Netball again proved a very popular Inter School sport, with eighty-six girls trying out for the forty-eight team positions available. All teams did well — some winning more than others but all displaying good sportsmanship and dedication to training. Our Mrs. Anne van den Berg again coached the Senior teams, with Mary-Kathleen Hodgkin and Margaret Pitts (Year 11 students) again coaching the Intermediate teams. We were fortunate this year to have Mrs. Robyn Baker, one of our parents, joining us to coach the two Junior teams, and her attendance at practice twice weekly, and at all games, was a most welcome addition to our Netball crew. We sincerely hope she will join us again next season. Mrs. Baker and Mary-Kathleen also helped out with umpiring when needed and this was much appreciated.

Only two games were played away from Ashwood, and those games made us appreciate the high standard of our courts and their surroundings in comparison with others!

Congratulations to all who participated toward a happy and successful season.

ASHWOOD HIGH GYMNASTICS CHAMPIONS



Ashwood High School dominated the Burwood Group Gymnastics championships with a clean sweep of all three Team trophies : Junior Girls, Senior Girls and Overall Aggregate for routines on the Floor, Bars, Beam and Vault.

Since entering the Gymnastics competition in 1979, the Ashwood team has steadily improved, finishing Runners-up last year, and culminating in the outstanding results this year.

The girls trained three days a week for five months prior to the competition, training twice a day for the last two weeks.

The team members were drawn from Year 7 - 12 and consisted of:

Junior "A"

Marlies Spendier
Kathy Peck
Sheridan Mulholland
Lisa Reitbauer
Lesley McMillan
Janeen Distel

Junior "B"

Christine Jones
Melanie Pritchard
Kerry Mortimer
Sharon Geoghegan
Jennifer Felsenthal
Natalie Saunders

Seniors

Megan Layton
Anna Pascal
Karen Phillips
Shelly Coleman
Libby Rochstein
Melanie Smith

It was a magnificent team effort, with all girls performing well under pressure in a very high standard competition, and was a deserved reward for the dedication shown over a number of years.

Two girls who also received individual honours by finishing in first place in the voluntary routine section were Kathy Peck on Beam, and Shelly Coleman on Bars.

Many thanks go to Mrs. Rochstein and Belinda McCaskill (Year 8) for their invaluable coaching assistance, and to the parents who helped to transport the girls.

Juniors Final Points

1. Ashwood 'A'	102.40
2. Glen Waverley 'A'	97.80
3. Mt. Waverley 'A'	97.70
4. Ashwood 'B'	96.70
5. Mt. Waverley 'B'	92.25
6. Syndal	90.75

Seniors Final Points

1. Ashwood	106.6
2. Glen Waverley	103.4
3. Mt. Waverley	100.2

Team Aggregate

1. Ashwood	209.00
2. Glen Waverley	201.20
3. Mt. Waverley	200.70
4. Syndal	190.95

The girls then represented the Burwood Group in the Eastern Zone Gymnastics Championships and again produced excellent results, with both teams finishing in third place, and Ashwood winning the Overall Aggregate.

G. Shipp
Sports Master

CAST OF HUNDREDS

1985 OFFICE BEARERS

School Captains — Kelly Pratt and Andrew Gill
Vice Captains — Trevor Adam and Nadia Dell'orso
Prefects — All of Year 12

Form Captains —

7A Natalie Saunders	9C Vanessa Meckes
7B Natasha Ansell	9D John Thomopoulos
7C Sally Hiam	10A Wayne Burrows
8A Greg Kouloxizellis	10B Bryce Davies
8B Janeen Distel	10C Mandy Mortimer
8C Tia Kingshott	10D Tony Ising
8D Grant Firth	11 Duncan McKenzie
9A Megan Davis	Richard Thomas
9B Rod Eder	Kim White

House Captains —

Cassinia

Junior Girls	Jodie Hall
Junior Boys	Stephen Answerth
Senior Girls	Cecilia Urritia
Senior Boys	Greg Arvidsson

Poplar

Junior Girls	Melanie Smith
Junior Boys	Christian Jackson
Senior Girls	Jodie Jackson
Senior Boys	Chris May

Vannam

Junior Girls	Kathy Peck
Junior Boys	Grant Firth
Senior Girls	Emma Hume
Senior Boys	Phillip Symington



YEAR 7A

BERNADO, Daniel
 BEWLEY, Paul
 BOUPHAPHANH, John
 CROLL, Dale
 DOUGLAS, Emma
 FELSENTHAL, Jennifer
 GEGUC, Rosa
 HIGGINS, Belinda
 HOCKING, Scott
 HILL, Matthew
 KENDRICK, Melanie
 LAND, John
 LENIOR, Rachael
 MCKENZIE, Cameron
 NEWTON, James
 PRITCHARD, Melanie
 ROBINSON, Mellisa
 SAUNDERS, Natalie
 SCANLON, Lynda
 VAN SCHILT, Sonia
 WAKEHAM, Kylie

YEAR 7B

ANSELL, Natasha
 ANSWERTH, Graham
 BAKER, Louise
 CARROLL, Mark
 GRACE, Vanessa
 HURLEY, Jason
 JENKINS, Adam
 KOSCHMANN, Louise
 LY, Hong
 MARICIC, Milan
 McGRATH, Debbie
 MOCK, Mellisa
 NGUYEN, Luan
 NKKLAS, Haldi
 NORTH, Lisa
 PURDY, Sarah
 REITBAUER, Peter
 SHANNON, Rachel
 STITT, Craig
 WADE, Jason

YEAR 7C

ALATERAS, Kostadinos
 CARDOSO, Elizabeth
 CARDOSO, Francois
 CHUNG, Nghi
 CHUNG, Thu
 DE ZILVA, Michael
 EASTON, Carly
 HALL, Matthew
 HEWGILL, Victor
 HIAM, Sally
 KALLINIKOS, John
 MURTHY, Sunitha
 SMIRNEOS, Themis
 SPENDIER, Marlies
 SWINTON, Benjamin
 TEO TEO, Sialae
 TRIMBLE, Corine
 VINEY, John
 WAKEHAM, Joanne
 BERNADO, Daniel

YEAR 8A

ALLENBY, Robert
 BEBE, Julie
 BRASH, Sandra
 BRIGGS, Gillian
 DEERING, Tracey
 DIAZ, Juan
 HADZIC, Bobby
 KOULAXIZELLIS, Greg
 LOMBARDI, Linda
 McCASKILL, Belinda
 McMILLAN, Lesley
 PECK, Kathryn
 PHAM, Thuan
 LLOYD, Michelle
 SALM, Corey
 THAI, Drew
 TINNING, Jason
 TROWSDALE, Glenn
 WENZLER, Robert
 JONES, Christine

YEAR 8B

ARMSTRONG, Susan
 BRUNNING, Shelley
 CACCETTA, Vincenzo
 DAVIDSON, Jason
 DAVIS, Andrew
 DISTEL, Janeen
 GOFFIN, Lawrence
 HOOD, Laura
 LAY, Chang
 MESZAROS, Steven
 NO, Leng
 PETROPOULOS, Diane
 PHILLIPS, Karen
 SANDERSON, Cameron
 SINADINO, Irene
 STODOLAK, Robert
 TAYLOR, James

YEAR 8C

AALBERS, Mark
 ABELA, Maree
 ALIVIO, Dave
 CHURCHUS, Jodie
 DAVIS, Deanne
 GEOGHEGAN, Sharon
 GOFFIN, Rohan
 HAMPTON, Linda
 HANCOCK, Libby
 HOMEWOOD, Roland
 KINGSHOTT, Tia-Jane
 LEONG, Fum Queale
 MEAD, Clifton
 MORTIMER, Kerry
 MULHOLLAND, Sheridan
 NGUYEN, Truong
 PHIPPS, Shannon
 SAUNDERS, Darren
 WITHERS, Robert
 ALIVIO, Dave

YEAR 8D

BAKHACH, Abdallah
 BALAYANNIS, George
 CARDOSO, Anabela
 DIAZ, Gladys
 EDWARDS, Marnie
 FIRTH, Grant
 GINN, Colin
 GREENWELL, Jessica
 HARRISON, Derryn
 HOLT, Tony
 HOWELL, Linda
 KRISTIANSON, Tracey
 LEONG, Tsin Vam
 MARCUS, Jeanette
 MORRITT, Yvonne
 NADJ, Ruth
 NEAVES, Glenn
 NGUYEN, Loan
 PETROVIC, Dusko
 REITBAUER, Lisa
 RILEY, Jeffrey



YEAR 9A

ADEM, Tracey
ANSWERTH, Stephen
BIRD, Lorraine
CHAMPMAN, Shane
DAVIES, Rowene
DAVIS, Megan
GARAGONOULIS, George
GHEBLIKIAN, Doreen
GOTSIS, Katrina
HODGKIN, Rebecca
HOLA, Ron
JACKSON, Christian
JORDAN, Bradley
KOULOOURIS, Andrew
McKENZIE, Mathew
MARCUS, Julie
MARTIN, Robert
MOFFAT, Lori Ann
SWINTON, Emma
WHEAREM, Mark
THOMPSON, Salle

YEAR 9B

ABELA, Kelly
ANDERSON, Jason
AFCOULITIS, Nicholas
ALLY, Cyril
EDER, Rodney
ENGBERG, Susan
KRUSS, Leanne
LILLY-WHITE, David
LIM, Kam
LUONG, Anh
MACALUSO, Patricia
MELVILLE, Glenn
MIHAN, Paul
ROSS, Fiona
ROWLANDS, Maria
SMITH, Karen
THORN, Kellie
WILSON, Amanda
GRAY, David
WALTER, Andrew

YEAR 9C

ANDERSON, Carole
CHHOR, Thirith
DUNLOP, Michelle
FUGILL, Kirk
GEORGAKLIS, Con
GIANNAKOPOULOS, Jim
GILL, Jonathan
HOMWOOD, Warwick
HUTCHENS, Jodi
KANDYLLOTIS, Nick
KINGSHOTT, Anthony
KERNEY, Christine
MECKES, Vanessa
NICHLAS, Paul
PARSONS, Elizabeth
PATTENDEN, Gabrielle
RENDALL, Rachel
RIMBALDO, Leanne
SMITH, Kathryn
WELSH, Guy
MILLS, Sheryl-Lee
HASELL, Melissa

YEAR 9D

BANCI, Steven
BEWLEY, Michael
CHEESMAN, Gregory
COX, Grant
HALL, Jodie
HALL, Lenise
HARDING, Justin
HAYLOCK, Steven
LEESON, Tracey
MILLS, Therylee
PAPADAKIS, Manios
PELTEKIS, Jim
SMITH, Melanie
THOMOPOULOS, John
TIZI, Victoria
TREBELAS, Arthur
ARRUTIA, Marcia
VARTANIAN, Arthur
WARFE, Lyndon
WATTS, Tracey

YEAR 10A

ARCHER, Jodi
AUNG, Sang
BRASH, Heather
BURROWES, Wayne
CHARDOSO, Maria
CHAPMAN, Sharon
ENGBERG, Martin
GALES, Jodie
HARBRON, Chantelle
HAROUTUNIAM, Philip
HUMPHREYS, Timothy
KARABATSOS, Stephen
KETTLEWELL, Jenny
MASSEY, Lisa
PARISI, Enza
POWELL, Kevin
RILEY, Paul
SALM, Wendy
SILVER, Susan
STITT, Debra
TANSEY, Sharon
THAI, Thanh
TRAN, Stephen
POVARCHUK, Irena

YEAR 10B

AALBERS, Simon
ALEXANDROU, Steven
ASHLEY, Julie
BROOMHEAD, Geoffrey
CHUNG, Linh
DAVIES, Bryce
EDER, Natalie
GOFFIM, Ruth
HINTERKOERNER, Vikke
HORNBUCKLE, Robert
HUEL, Libby
HUME, Emma
LAY, Julietta
LIEU, Phuong Chi
LIM, Kam-Kek
LUONG, Trang
ROSS, Suzanne
SALAMA, Pierre
SMITH, Dean
STRATIS, Stratis
VELONA, Donny
WONG, May-Lee
ZERVAS, John

YEAR 10C

ADAMS, Ross
BEAUCHAMP, Michelle
BOURCHIER, Vicky
CADDY, Russell
CHUNG, Hang
DELL 'ORSO, Marco
DUNNE, Susan
GOODWIN, Sharon
HANRAHAN, Ann
ISING, Craig
KOUVARAS, Chrissy
KRUSS, Jennifer
LAMBIE, Linda
LAYTON, Megan
LEE, Cameron
McKAY, Cameron
MORTIMER, Mandy
PARSONS, Janene
PHILLIPS, Vanessa
QUICK, Lisa
RILEY, Julie
SIMPSON, Tania
THORN, Dean

YEAR 10D

BRUNNING, Jennifer
BUMPSTEAD, Megan
COX, Craig
GOC, Kalinka
GOFFIN, Mark
HALL, Samantha
HOOD, Colin
ISING, Anthony
JOHNSON, Andrew
KARABATSOS, Christine
KARALEKAS, Jim
MADDER, Kerry
PASCAL, Anna
PECK, Penny
ROBERTS, Melissa
SCAHILL, Stephen
SMITH, Fiona
VIGO, Paul
WIEDRICH, Lisa
PRITCHARD, Janine

YEAR 11A

ANH, Veng
ASHLEY, Helen
AUNG, Sim
BAKER, Dianne
BAKHACH, Nada
BARLOW, Janine
CHECKLEY, Mark
CROOK, David
DADY, Leanne
DAY, Caroline
DeVRIES, David
DISNBERGS, Andris
DIXON, Jim
DUGAN, Paul
GARAGONOULIS, Louie
HALL, Darren
HODGKIN, Mary Kathleen
HOLT, Gavin
HOWARD, Colin
HUGHES, David
HUMPHREYS, Nicholas
JONES, David
JORDAN, Kristine
KUKUROZOVIC, Slavko
KYRIAKOU, Helen
LAZONGAS, Nandia
LEONG, Po Yung
LIEU, Nhi
MACALUSO, Sam
MARQUET, Joshua
MAY, Chris
McDONALD, Stuart
McKENZIE, Duncan
McLEOD, Kylie
MESZAROS, Helen
MOORE, Sue
MOMIROSKI, Sashu
ROSS, Leslie

YEAR 11B

NEWTON, Melanie
NGUYEN, Thuy
PAPADIMOS, George
PAPADOPOULOS, Anthea
PARSONS, David
PASCAL, Effie
PECK, Samantha
PHILLIPS, Andrew
PHILLIPS, Mark
PITTS, Margaret
PURDY, Simon
RILEY, Phillip
ROCHSTEIN, Elizabeth
SALE, Jeanette
SEAGER, Mark
SHEAN, Darren
SILVER, Adrienne
SMIRNEOS, Effie
STAMBOULTGIS, Julie
STRUUK, Peter
THAI, Luong
THEODOROU, Paul
THOMAS, Richard
TRAN, Luong
TURNER, Anne
URRUTIA, Wilson
VARTANIAN, Rita
VELONA, Louise
WARD, Linda
WALKER, Alasdair
WARFE, Jason
WARREN, Brett
WHITE, Kim
WHITEHEAD, Kaye
WILSON, Anthony
WOODGATE, Zarina

YEAR 12

ADE, Trevor
ANSWERTH, Dianna
ARMSTRONG, Fiona
ARVIDSSON, Greg
BACOLAS, Vicky
BALAYANNIS, Atha
BAMBERY, Ross
BEACH, Lance
BLANCHE, Stephen
BOURKE, Anthony
BRENNAN, Nicholas
BRIEN, Vicki
BROWN, Suzanne
CHEESMAN, Kerrie
COLEMAN, Shelly
DELL 'ORSO, Nadia
DERWENT, Clive
DERWENT, Rachel
DIMOPOULOS, Spyros
DROBOTIUK, Tania
FARRELL, Debra
FEILD, Candace
FIRTH, Dean
GIANNOPOULOS, Jenny
GILL, Andrew
HALL, Lisa
HANRAHAN, Jennifer
HORWOOD, Nicole
HUGHES, Leanne
JACKSON, Cherylee
JACKSON, Jodie
KOULAXIZELLIS, Anna
LANGKAU, Karl
LAYTON, Jennifer
LEONG, Man Yung
LIEU, Nhuan Dich
MASSEY, Vicki
McKAY, Adam
MONDON, Danny
MOUSTAKAS, Peter
PEARSON, Julie
PLANNER, Carolyn
PILAKIS, Jim
PLUMMER, Warren
POLYZOS, Hellen
PRATT, Kelly
RATTRAY, Lynda
RICHARDSON, Julie
RILEY, Catherine
SEAGER, Paul
SCOTTI, Russell
SINADINO, Sophie
SMIRNEOS, George
STEVENSON, Elaine
STUART, Kirsten
STUBBS, Philip
TELBURN, Andrew
TEO TEO, Fanaua
THODAY, Simon
TSIGARDIA, Joanna
URRUTIA, Cecilia
VANDERSTADT, Lucas
WELLS, Melissa
WILDE, Jennifer
YORSTON, Sarah
ZABIC, Goran



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