

B. Lunden

# Bogong

Jumut High  
School Magazine 1979

Volume 22



## DIRECTORY

**Principal:** Mr. F. D. Purcell, B.A.

**Deputy Principal:** Mr. G. W. Garnett, B.Sc., Dip. Ed, M. Ed. Admin.

**English, History and Drama Departments:** Master, Mr. D. McLeod, BA; Mr. R. Writer BA; Mr. J. Arentz, BA, DipEd; Mrs. C. Schneider, BA, DipEd; Mrs. M. Combley, B.A.; Mrs. J. Paisley, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Honours); Mrs. A. Wilkinson, B.A., Dip.Ed; Ms. M. Davidson, B.A., Dip.Ed.

**Mathematics Department:** Master, Mr. T. Keith, B.A., Dip.Ed; Mr. R. Gilhome, B.A., Dip.Ed; Mr. K. Fitzgerald, B.A.; Mrs. C. Cotterill, Dip.Teach; Mrs. J. O'Brien, B.Sc, DipEd; Miss Ryan BA, DipEd, transferred to Batlow. Replaced M. P. O'Brien, BA, DipEd; Mr. P. Hynes BA (Hons) Special Master transferred to E.S.L. Unit, Warrawong High.

**Science Departments:** Master, Mr. J. Callister, Mr. C. Brown, B.Sc; Mr. P. Paull resigned. Replaced Mr. R. Hall, D. Da, Dip.Ed; Mr. D. Ross, Dip. Applied Sc., Ag. Dip. Ed; Mr. D. Brown, B.Sc, Dip. Ed.; Mr. G. Spence, W.D.A., Dip. Ed; Mrs. R. Pearce — resigned. Replaced M. T. Treloar, B.SC.BA, DipEd; Mr. K. Swann, B.A., Relieving Special Master; Miss T. Cruise, lab. assist.

**Social Science Departments:** Master, Mr. M. Norman, BA AA.SA; Mr R Ayliffe, BA DipEd; Mr N. Schneider, B.Ec. Dip Ed; Mr. D. Rankmore, Dip. Teach; Mr. T. Kennedy, B.Ed.; Mr. T. McCullagh, B.Ec. Dip.Ed; Mrs. S. Kenny; Mrs. J. Bawden, B.A. Grad. Dip. Ed;

**Modern Language Department:** Miss C. Wilson, B.A. Dip. Ed.

**Industrial Arts Department:** Master, Mr. D. Ebeling, Dip.I.A.(Ed); Mr. J. Deacon; Mr. H. Wellham; Mr. S. Huey, Dip. Teach; Mr. B. Powell, Dip.Teach.

**Home Science and Needlework:** Mrs. M. Davies, (Relieving Mistress), Mrs. B. Archer, Miss J. de Brueys, Dip. Teach; Miss W. Jarman B.Ed.

**Art Department:** Mrs. S. McDonald, Dip.Art.Ed; Miss. L. Webster, Dip.Art.Ed.

**Physical Education Department:** Mr. G. Pike, Dip.P.E.; Miss D. Strasser, B.S. (USA), New York Teach., NSW Teach.

**Music Department:** Mrs. Huey, Dip. Mus. Ed.

**Special Ed:** Miss L. Hankinson, B.A. Dip.Ed; Miss. J. Collyer, B.A. Dip.Ed., Dip Special Ed; Miss L. Cockburn, B.Sc.Ed., cert. rem. reading Grade Dip. Lib. Sc.

**Careers Advisor:** Mr. R. Ayliffe, B.A. Dip.Ed.

**Sportsmaster:** Mr. G. Pike; Assistant, Mr. N. Schneider.

**Sports Mistress:** Miss. D. Strasser; Assistant Miss C. Wilson.

**Girls Supervisor:** Mrs. S. McDonald.

**Librarian:** Mrs. B. T. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.

**Library Clerical Assistants:** Mrs. B. Coleman; Mrs. J. Watson.

**District School Counsellor:** Mr. W. Haid B.A. DipEd. Stud (School Counselling).

**School Clerical Assistants:** Mrs. M. Thatcher, Mrs M. Phillips, Mrs. J. Henrick.

**Teacher Aides:** Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Swann.

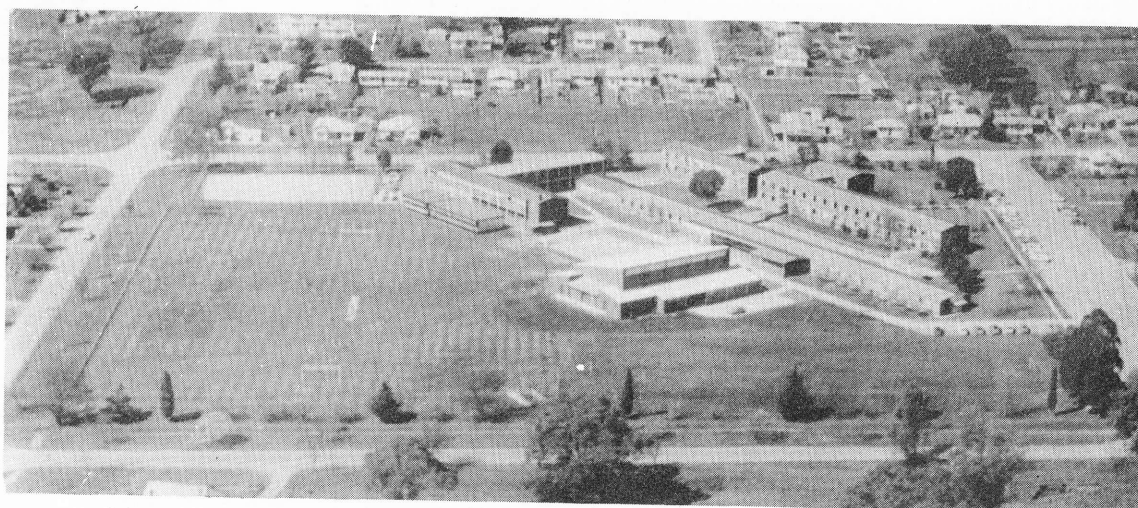
**General Assistants:** Mr. F. Hillier, Mr. E. Smith, Mr. R. Skeggs.

**Farm Assistant:** Mr. M. Gaudzinski.

**School Captains:** James Bridle, Kerrie Arragon.

**Vice-Captains:** Robert Stubbs, Jacqui Doon.

**School Councillors:** Scott Groves, Julie Hindmarsh.



Aerial view of Tumut High, November 1979



## INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCIPAL

**Q: What do you think is the character of Tumut High?**

A: I see Tumut High School as a reasonably typical country High School with the attendant strengths and weaknesses. The strengths being that there is a close personal relationship between students and between students and staff. In addition, the school has comparatively few problems and none of the major problems that exist in bigger centres. The weakness, or the weaknesses, are a product of country living because the students have had no contact with the extreme competitiveness of life in general.

**Q: What do you see as the school's role in society?**

A: The role of the school is changing because society is demanding that the school takes over instruction in many fields that have been regarded as the responsibility of the parents, e.g. health and sex education, careers training and so on. Whatever change there has been, will be small compared with whatever must happen in the near future, because students must be made more aware of the increasing pace of technological change, and its implications for their lives. They must be made to realize that change for good or bad will be part of their lives.

**Q: What do you think of student participation in school activities this year?**

A: In most ways I am quite happy with the amount of student participation in school activities but I was extremely disappointed in two things. Firstly, I see the student council as an advisory body and one whose advice I value very much. I felt that this should have been far more active. The other disappointment was the response to the Walkathon. While I see reasons for some lack of enthusiasm the general lack of enthusiasm was quite shocking.

**Q: Have students' attitudes changed since you came to Tumut?**

A: I see three areas in which attitudes have changed. Firstly, the majority of students are more prepared to seek advice from members of staff, particularly the more senior staff members. Sec-

ondly, there was in the early seventies a more concerned attitude about issues generally than there is now but this change is typical of young people. Thirdly, there is a general feeling of concern about the major problem of youth, the lack of employment opportunities. In some cases this produces a restlessness and a loss of confidence in the future.

**Q: Have any significant changes occurred in the school in the last 12 months?**

A: I think that the one significant change which has occurred — and please God it's only a passing phase — is that overall, particularly in the junior school, there has been a loss of respect for the rights of others and a disregard for an individual's dignity as a person.

**Q: How are the new extensions going to benefit the school?**

A: The new extensions must increase the overall efficiency of the school and they should, with the more pleasant conditions that they will bring, encourage a pride in the school.

**Q: What role is education to play in the future?**

A: Education must prepare people for change, but not to accept change simply for its own sake. It must prepare them for more leisure time and to be adaptable in their choice of jobs. Perhaps even more important than any of these it should teach people to be more critical in a constructive way, of their leaders. It should make them realize that education does not finish with the end of schooling.

**Q: How has education changed since you became involved with it?**

A: Education is always in a state of change with trends moving from great rigidity to freedom in the curriculum. The argument about basics has been on for at least 2000 years. During my career the trend has been from rigidity to freedom, from external exams to internal assessments, from a narrow education to a comparatively wide one, from oppressive discipline to an attempt to have students impose much more self discipline. In 1979 I think we are seeing great efforts being made to return to the "good old days" and this would be a tragedy.



Mr. Purcell making his speech at the 1979 Multi-Purpose Hall opening/Award Day function.

## CAPTAINS' REPORT

This year brought the opening of the long-awaited Multi-Purpose Hall and the commencement of the second stage of extensions to the school. The opening of the hall was perhaps our most important function this year, with Mr Eric Bedford, the Minister for Education, attending the official ceremony. Not only will staff and students benefit from the new hall, but it is hoped that the entire community of Tumut will be able to use it and, with some sporting competitions already being played in the hall, its success is undoubted.

We are proud to have been School Captains, and have learned a great deal during our term of office. The new Prefect System has now been running for two years, and it has proved very successful, with all Year 12 students being given a chance to prove themselves worthy of the honour.

Mr Ayliffe, our Careers Advisor, deserves many thanks for helping us through the rough times, especially when trying to choose a future career. We are all aware that if we keep working at it, we can find a suitable job. Thanks again, Mr Ayliffe!

Finally, some people may have forgotten, but 1979 is the Year of the Child. With this in mind, we are pleased that this year has been a prosperous one for the school. We would like to thank all our teachers for their hard work, all the assistants, Mr Callister, Mr Ayliffe, Mr Garnett and most of all, Mr Purcell. Good luck to next year's students, and best wishes to Tumut High School.

—KERRY & JAMES.



## STUDENT COUNCIL

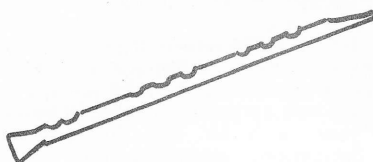
The Student Council began this year on a bright note with a different, but successful voting system. Instead of having representatives from each roll call class, it was decided that the Council would consist of two representatives — one male and one female from each year, along with the councillors, captains, and vice captains. The highlight of this year's Student Council was the gaining of a grant of \$50 from

The grant was allocated on the basis of student involvement in painting a mural for the foyer wall of the school's new Multipurpose Hall. This mural is presently in progress. On the whole, this was a very successful year. Our best wishes go to the continuation of a successful Student Council.

—JULIE HINDMARSH & SCOTT GROVES.  
(School Councillors.)



Sitting in Judgement



## CHOIR

The Tumut High Choir this year has participated in many concerts and has undertaken many fund raising schemes. All of these have been very successful thanks to the hard work and preparation of Mrs. Huey the choir mistress, who's been great throughout the year.

In first term we were proud to sing at the opening of the hall and award presentations. We also ran a cake stall, and (thanks to the teachers mainly) made quite a bit of money. This money went towards a new cassette player for the music students.

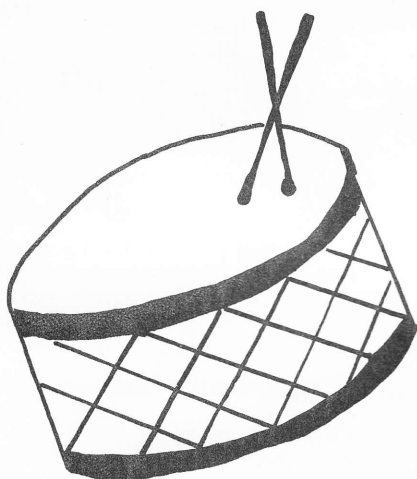
In second term we travelled to Wagga for the day to participate in the district Eisteddfod. Unfortunately, we didn't win anything, but were highly commended. We also held our first choir concert which was at the school. Parents and interested individuals attended and supper was provided afterwards. We also organised another cake stall which was as successful as the one in first term.

This last term has really kept us hopping. We sang in the right concert with the convent in a massed choir as well as on our own, held our second concert and now intend to sing at Blakeney Lodge and the hospital.

To celebrate our fun and rewarding year we're taking a day off school to go to the Junction for a barbecue and a swim.

More things are lined up for next year, so if you want to join in the fun see Mrs. Huey.

Compiled by LISA WELLINGTON, Year 8



## TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL MULTI-PURPOSE CENTRE

After several years of representations, it was agreed in 1977 Tumut High School had the need for a new hall, so the plans were drawn up and put forward.

These plans were accepted, and in first Term of 1978 the construction of the Multi-Purpose Centre was started. After construction started the rain started, which delayed the laying of foundations. However, it didn't take long for construction to get fully under way, and with the great efforts of Peters Constructions, the new Multi-Purpose Centre was completed on the 23rd April, 1979.

After the long wait, it was time for the New Centre to be officially opened. The Official Opening of the Multi-Purpose Centre was conducted by the Hon. E. L. Bedford, B.A., M.L.A., Minister for Education. During the opening, he was assisted by Mr. N. Gallard, Cr. H. Wellham, Mr. D. Buchanan, B.A., Mr. T. Sheahan, B.A., LL.B., M.L.A. for Burrinjuck, Rev. P. Read, Father J. Barwick, and Mr. H. Ritch, Inspector of Schools.

Since the opening, the centre has been booked by various groups and organisations for an average of two bookings per night, from Monday to Friday, and also a number of bookings on weekends for Conferences, etc. 1980 looks as if the centre will be booked again from Monday to Friday and the School has been approached for weekend conferences, etc.

The P. & C. and the School's main interest now is to raise enough money to purchase a piano for the centre. It is hoped the piano can be purchased during 1980.



Kerry making her contribution at the combined Award Day/Multi-Purpose Hall opening.

## P. & C. ASSOCIATION 1979

The Association performs a vital function in the life of the school, and warrants the active support of every parent. If the Association is to continue to maintain a worthwhile influence in the future, much greater interest will have to be shown than is presently indicated.

Considerable effort has been expended during the year to ensure adequate staffing and currently enquiries are being negotiated in order to preserve and maintain a high level of safety for the various students and their teachers.

During the year, monies in the region of \$4000 have been given to the School for provision of important equipment. Years of close involvement were rewarded earlier in the year when the new Multipurpose Hall was officially opened by the Minister for Education.

As a major fund-raising activity a Walkathon was conducted over a 12 kilometre course. While there were a number of mitigating factors the overall response was disappointing. It is to be hoped that 1980 will be more encouraging.

I would encourage all parents to actively support the Association and work together to ensure this school is able to provide education and facilities for our children which will promote the highest standard of development possible.

Be represented at the monthly meeting of the Association, held on the last Tuesday of each month and express your viewpoints for growth and developments.

—N. GALLARD, PRESIDENT.

## FARM REPORT

After the ravages of disease and floods in '78, this has been a year of reorganisation and consolidation. It has been necessary to replace all the laying hens, which had contracted CR.D., and it is only now that egg production is back to normal (i.e. 90 eggs per day). The sheep are still plodding on with the help of some very generous donations of hay by Mr. Mathews.

An addition to the farm this year has been playing host to a mouse plague (all in cages of course) that science students love to kill and cut up.

The Quail have a new home and can now be used more effectively. During the year, 110 meat birds have been raised as a new venture.

Because this has been a difficult year, financially, we are grateful to Mr. P. Harris for his donation of a dressed sheep which the pupils used to raise \$270, which goes towards paying off our debts. This, however, is not the only example of self-help on the part of pupils. During the year 400 sq.m. of concrete has been mixed and laid by the pupils and they have constructed a shed 3m x 9m. Drainage pipes have been installed and a large area of blackberries cleared.

Some of the extra land promised has been handed over and now requires considerable development including fencing and water.

The teaching staff and the pupils wish to thank our Farm Assistant, Mark, for all the work he has put in over the year and the obvious interest he takes in his work. (We call him 'Mark', 'cause his other name is too hard to say).



# IN A LIGHTER VEIN

## IRISH HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION

Time allowed — 7 weeks.

One extra allowed for reading this paper.

Answer any two questions.

Each question is worth 50 marks or 100 marks if answered correctly.

- 1 Who won World War II? .....
- 2 Who came second?.....
- 3 What is a silver dollar made of? (Extra 20 marks if you say how much it is worth).....
- 4 Explain Einstein's theory of relativity or write your name in block letters.....
- 5 Spell the following: A. DOG .... B. CAT .... C. CARROT .....
- 6 Approximately how many commandments were given to Moses? .....
- 7 What time is the News at Ten on? .....
- 8 There have been six kings of England named George; the latest being George VI. Name the other five .....
- 9 Write down the numbers one to ten (Marks will be deducted for any out of sequence) .....
- 10 Who built Stephenson's Rocket? .....
- 11 What musical instrument does Phil the Fluter play?.....
- 12 Of what country is Dublin the capital? N.B. Candidates must not write on more than two sides of the paper .....
- 13 Do you understand Newton's Law of Gravity. Answer yes or no .....
- 14 Spot the deliberate mistake "An apple a day gathers no moss".....
- 15 Name the odd man out — Cardinal Heenan, The Pope, Jack the Ripper or the Archbishop of Canterbury .....
- 16 Name the odd man out — Shamas O'Toole, Idi Amin, Sean O'Regan, Patrick Murphy .....
- 17 Is a dunker A) a contraceptive; B) a person who dips biscuits in his tea; C) a cattle drencher.
- 18 Name the winning jockey in the 1979 greyhound derby.....
- 19 Who built the great pyramids A) Vikings; B) Pharohs; C) Japanese; D) IRA
- 20 In the Irish sheep dog trials how many were found guilty? .....

—From RUSTY.



"I'm no good at archery", said the camper aimlessly.

"Would you like a drink?," asked his mother cordially.

"It is a very sunny day", the girl said brightly.

"This lemonade has been opened too long", he said flatly.

—ANONYMOUS, Year 9

### \*WANTED

A big tube of superglue  
Mr Deacon entered the 40hr famine  
and went to pieces.

### \*WANTED

One lightweight grasshopper body builder for  
Mr Arentz, who is getting ready to start  
a plague.

—ANONYMOUS

## CONVERSATION BETWEEN OBNOXIOUS ART STUDENT AND WEARY ART TEACHER

Art Student: Where's the paint?  
Art Teacher: Where is it usually?  
Art Student: How should I know?  
Art Teacher: Why don't you know?  
Art Student: Why should I?  
Art Teacher: Why are you so obnoxious?  
Art Student: Who says I am?  
Art Teacher: Doesn't your mother teach you manners?  
Art Student: Does yours?  
Art Teacher: What's that got to do with it?  
Art Student: Got to do with what????  
Art Teacher: Why don't you sit down and get on with your painting?  
Art Student: Do I have to?  
Art Teacher: For what other reason did you take Art if you're not going to paint?  
Art Student: Is that any business of yours?  
Art Teacher: Why are you so rude?  
Art Student: Why can't I be?  
Art Teacher: Haven't you got any respect for your teachers?  
Art Student: Has the bell gone yet?  
Art Teacher: Did you hear it?  
Art Student: Didn't you?  
Art Teacher: Are you going to leave then?  
Art Student: Are you?  
Art Teacher: WILL YOU GET OUT OF HERE????!??

CATHY and MORAG, Year 9.



## CAREERS

The beginning of 1979 saw the completion of the Innovations Grant, which was given by The Schools Commission to set up the careers room (Careers Reference Centre).

The materials purchased include:

- \* Filing cabinet, which contains information on several hundred careers;
- \* Pre-recorded tapes which give information on various jobs and organisations;
- \* Tape recorder and projector audio-visual sets including "Finding and Getting a Job"; "The Jobs Choice Programme".
- \* Many reference books covering topics such as interview presentation, letters of application, factors to consider when choosing your career, Sydney and Melbourne phone books, "Careers N.S.W." newspapers, and many more.

The careers room is open to all students to use, though, due to some petty pilfering, is not open when unattended. It is hoped that all students realise that the material in the room is for the use of all, and once stolen, much cannot be replaced.

Year 12 this year used the material quite extensively, and hopefully to their ultimate advantage. Several in fact have already landed interesting and potentially rewarding careers.

Some trends which have appeared this year should be borne in mind by all students thinking about their futures. These include:

- \* A growing preference by employers for the Higher School Certificate or completion of Year 11 for apprenticeships;
- \* Fewer jobs for people who do not have the School Certificate;
- \* A growing number of applicants for each advertised position (e.g. apparently about 10,000 applicants for about 400 apprenticeships offered by the Public Service).
- \* An increasing number of students interested in The Services (Army, Air Force, Navy), leading to greater competition for the places available.
- \* A much smaller number of Teacher Education scholarships (700 this year as opposed to about 2500 last year).

\*Greater competition between C.A.E.'s for students, meaning more literature available for prospective students, but some of it using a "me too" advertising technique.

Overall, more students seem to be working harder on their career choices, and this is encouraging. Remember that the decision you make now can affect all aspects of your life for the next 50 years. It pays to make the right one!

## I DON'T SAY THAT . . . ?!?

Mrs. O'Brien: "Excuse me-e-e-e, 9B-e-e-e!!

Ms. de Brueys: "Don't lick the bowl!!"

Mrs. Mac: "I'm trying to make myself heard!!!"

Mr. Arentz: "You repulsive little girl!!"

Mr. Writer: "It'll be marked by the twelvth . . . of never!!"

Mrs. Cotterill: "Get outside the Maths staffroom, and hav'a go — you can do it!!

Ms. Strasser: "Get your bodies over h-e-r-e, LADIES!!!"

Mr. Rankmore: "MOVE IT, MOVE IT, MOVE IT!!!"

— ANON

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

1979 was a fantastic year for this year's social committee.

With the opening of the new multi-purpose hall we were able to hold five very successful discos, each attracting large crowds.

The Disco held for the Canobolas inter-school visit was the most successful ever held.

Since last year, Discos have become the hottest thing around. More and more people seem to attend Discos.

One of the main attractions at this year's discos was our local import Yuichi Kato, who seemed to have captured the attention of everyone.

The year 12 Graduation was once again a lot of hard work.

This year's social committee consisted of

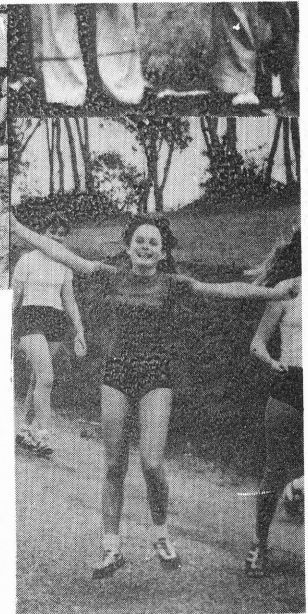
Judy Schafer, Geoff Sturt, Brigita Tezak, David Gatenby, Katrina Wilson, Michael Ziemer, Helen Garnett, Chris Doon, Karen Hickson, Andrew Knight, Bev. Clark and James Roddy.

On behalf of the Social Committee we would like to thank Mrs. Cotterill and wish her the best of luck for the future.



Taking  
an  
interest  
in  
careers





## THE T.H.S. PECKING ORDER

### A YEAR 7 STUDENT:

Leaps tall buildings in a single bound,  
Is more powerful than a locomotive,  
Is faster than a speeding bullet,  
Walks on water,  
Gives policy to the school principal.

### A YEAR 8 STUDENT:

Leaps short buildings in a single bound,  
Is more powerful than a shunting engine,  
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet,  
Walks on water if the sea is calm,  
Talks with the school principal

### A YEAR 9 STUDENT:

Barely clears a prefabricated hut,  
Loses a tug-o-war with a locomotive,  
Can fire a speeding bullet,  
Swims well,  
Is occasionally addressed by the school principal.

### A YEAR 10 STUDENT:

Makes high marks on a wall when trying to clear tall buildings,  
Is often run over by a locomotive,  
Can occasionally handle a gun without injuring himself/herself,  
Dog paddles in the bath,  
Is lectured by the school principal.

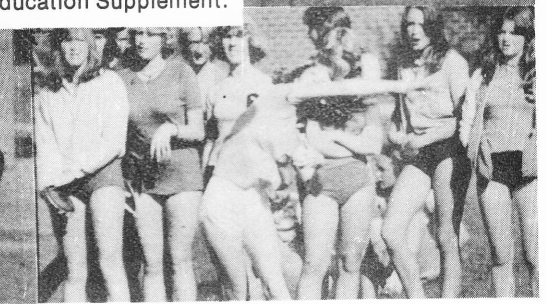
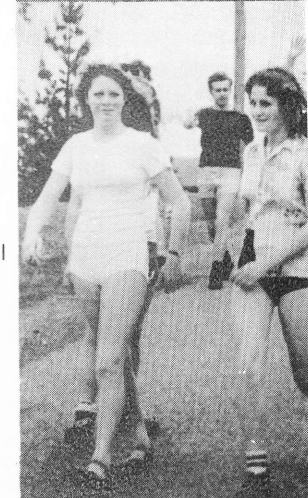
### A YEAR 11 STUDENT:

Runs into buildings,  
Recognises locomotives two times out of three,  
Is not given ammunition  
Can stay afloat with a life jacket  
Talks to walls.

### A YEAR 12 STUDENT:

Falls over the doorstep when trying to enter buildings,  
Says, "Look at the choo-choo",  
Wets himself/herself with a water pistol,  
Plays in mud puddles,  
Mumbles to herself/himself.

With apologies to the  
Times Higher Education Supplement.



## REMEDIAL READING REPORT

During terms one and two of this year many Year 11 students have been involved in implementing remedial reading lessons for younger students experiencing reading difficulties.

Year 11 students rostered themselves for one lunchtime four days a week to assist these pupils with their reading. These lessons were very successful and enabled poorer readers to concentrate on and overcome some of their difficulties.

A marked improvement was noticed in the self-confidence and appreciation of those students that participated. Thanks are extended to those in Year 11 who helped with this project.

—MISS COLLYER.

For nearly twelve months now, the High School has had a Remedial — resource teacher as an addition to the normal staffing whose aim is to help these students in need of remediation in their schoolwork. Students are helped in two ways: (a) in a team — teaching role with the class teacher so certain students with problems can receive more individual attention; and (b) in small withdrawal groups — the student is withdrawn from the normal class situation.

There is a special resource reading room equipped for the classes and this is improving each term as more books and equipment is purchased.

The variety of activities helps to keep up student interest and, hopefully, any improvement in a particular student is noticed eventually by the classroom teacher and/or parents at home.

Any student with problems in spelling, comprehension, reading and deciphering words is welcome to discuss the problem with me.

—L. COCKBURN.

When 7C, as A class, go to reading on Monday and Tuesday for one period each day, they have a programme to follow. Some people go to Area A, B, C, D and E. Area A is for language skills, B for comprehension, C listening to a tape and reading along as well as answering questions. D is for study skills practice and at Area E you just read and write a bit about the story. There are also small groups that come to the resource room and they spell, play scrabble, card games, do exercises with the tutor system.

I learn how to spell, listen to tapes, as well as tape myself reading. I think you would get a lot out of it because you're practising reading and spelling. Coming to reading is really fun and exciting. The stories on the tapes are very good — some are mysteries and some are funny. There are also serious ones. The books at Area E are about ghosts, jokes, love stories, novels and are interesting as most of them are about boys and girls our age.

—JILLIAN TAYLOR 7C.

I come to reading on Tuesdays and Thursdays and sometimes Friday second half of lunch. There are different groups that I come with — in a class once a week and then in a small group twice a week. We go to a special room where there are different activities to do. We use tutor systems, listen to stories on tape, play Scrabble, revise spelling skills with cards. I enjoy it a lot because it helps you in many ways. I tape myself reading and find my mistakes, then try them again.

—JULIE WHITING, 7E.



Model Miriam

## FASHION PARADE

This year, Tumut High School held its 3rd annual fashion parade. (Probably the last one after our behaviour at rehearsals!)

Back stage on the night make-up was being applied heavily, nerves were being calmed and late-comers were hurriedly being put into their outfits and into order. Rushed practises of parading were taking place, with some girls almost knocking down those who had their confidence under control.

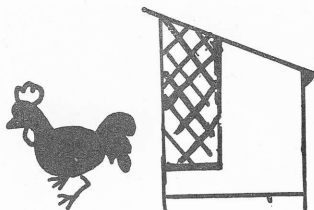
Judy Butler, our compere, and the Year 11 girls did a great job of helping with make-up and showing us how to walk at rehearsals.

The Year 7 dance group gave two marvellous performances before and after the parade. Thanks go to Miss deBrueys for making the outfits for them.

A few mishaps occurred, like the steps giving way, and a few people falling down the steps, but there were no injuries ..... surprisingly!

Supper was served afterwards and the night was a great success, enjoyed by all.

Many thanks are extended to both Miss de Brueys and Mrs Davies, who worked so hard to prepare us for the parade; and to Miss Jarman who supervised the selling of tickets at the door.



## THE CHICKENS WHO HAVE FLOWN THE COOP

Ian Gatenby — Uni. of NSW, Science Degree.  
 Karen Henrick — Wollongong Institute of Education  
 P.E. Teaching.  
 Bridget Bowdler — Draughts personship with forestry.  
 Christine Seidl — Tumut — working at Coles and the Hospital.  
 Doug Mayo — Tumut  
 Fran McLaughlin — Bank, Queanbeyan.  
 Craig Pearce: Drama course, Melbourne.  
 Rhonda Rivers — Bank, Canberra.  
 Trish Salan — Melbourne Institute of Technology — Fashion.  
 Mark Lucas — Telecom, Sydney.  
 Elizabeth Garraway —  
 Stephen Candotti — Forestry.  
 Alison Davis — Macquarie Uni., B.A.  
 Chris Hopper — Tech, Sydney.  
 Margo Lindley — NSW Bank.  
 Ted O'Kane — Farmer, Adelong.  
 Jenny Piper — Institute of Technology — Computing.  
 Peter Foley — Pyneboard, storeman.  
 Anne Nugent — Nursing.  
 Jenny Whiting — Nursing, Wagga.  
 Kenneth Kell — Radio, Sydney Tech.  
 Peter Barbe—  
 Michael Battenally — ANU Canberra.  
 Susan Hoad — Tech., Wagga.  
 Doug Garner — Tumut  
 Lesley Doon — Computing, Canberra College of Advanced Education.  
 Harold Ritch — NSW Bank, Tumut.  
 Melinda Beattie — Repeat 6th form.  
 Brendon Hill — Wollongong.  
 Diana Archer — nursing.  
 Jacqueline Harmer — Tech., Tumut.  
 Roger Stuckey — Tumut.  
 Veva Johnson — returned to America.  
 Jenny Kell — nursing Albury.  
 Sue Reekman — Macquarie University BA Dip Ed.  
 Mark Krupinski — Cabramurra, S.M.A.  
 Corrine Dent — Bank of NSW, Tumut.  
 Mark Crain — Farmer.  
 Peter Peel — Cannery, Batlow.  
 John Learmont — Tumut.  
 Michelle Fillery — Sydney.  
 Mary Whitley: Secretarial Course, Canberra.  
 John Baker, Tumut.  
 Leanne Robson — Married.  
 Karen Marlowe — Canberra.  
 Sue Worsnop — Tech., Tumut.

## INTER SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

This year we have seen more members coming to our I.S.C.F. meetings with the biggest increase being in girls. Weekly meetings are held in C7 mainly on Thursday, while a smaller group meets for prayer each Tuesday recess. The weekly meetings have followed a variety of topics, but have concentrated mainly on the lifestyle of Jesus and His relevance to us today.

Variety has been added to the meetings with a film called "Run To The Sea" in Term 1, slides of camping at Easter, and a most challenging talk by a visiting speaker, Mrs Mary Fewchuk, on her experiences in Russia as a Christian. One of the most challenging and best attended meetings was that run by evangelist, Dan Armstrong and a musical team from Sydney.

The highlight of the year was the annual "Bogong Bivouac" — an Easter bushwalking Camp attended by ten boys from Tumut High. The venue was the Cave Creek area of the Kosciusko National Park. Activities included exploring numerous limestone caves and climbing Mt. Bimberi, the highest point in the Brindabella Range.

Other outings were sailing on the dam, a day walking trip to the top of Talbingo Mountain in October (it actually snowed), a bus trip to the Billy Graham Crusade in Sydney, organised by Mr Neville Gallard, and a trip to Wagga to see a christian musical called, "The Witness". On another occasion the group went Ten-Pin bowling in Wagga and attended the Youth for Christ Rally there.

A barbeque at Mr Keith's place, followed by a film evening at the Baptist Church was another activity planned for October, as well as an overnight camping trip and a sailing afternoon. Probably 6 to 8 boys from Tumut will be attending an ISCF Canoe Camp led by Mr Keith in the week before Christmas.

1979 has been a steady and interesting year with a regular and bigger group than in 1978. It is our prayer that more students in the school, especially girls, will attend ISCF regularly next year. Our group wishes to thank Mrs Helen Ridley and Miss Cockburn (Term 1) for their help with the group during the year.

—NIGEL CARROLL (Year 9),

—MR T. KEITH (Counsellor)



Some of our Year 7 wonders



# WHO SHOULD BE STUDENT OF THE YEAR

[Overheard in Common Room earlier this year . . .]

Who Should Be Student Of The Year? (Overheard in Common Room earlier this year.....)

Miss Webster: That's just not good enough!

Mr Arentz: Woof, Woof.....woof.

Mr Writer: Sit down, you donkey.

Mr Rankmore: Now then, gentlemen....Who **should** be student of the year.

Miss Jarman: Um,..... Um,..... Um.....

Miss Hankinson: James Roddy! He never is quiet in class.

Mr Spence: "Dennis" Lilley's easy — he's never in class!

Mr Garnett: Paul Stokes, he's my constant companion.

Mr Pike: Give me Shane Rodham!

Miss Davidson: Give me Jim Bridle — he's.....

Mr Wellham: (interrupting) Nice day, isn't it?

Mr McCullagh: I've just about had enough of this lot! What about Andrew Knight — he's ignorant!

Miss Ryan: Hear, Hear!

Mrs Combley: Well, if ignorance is the yardstick — Ute Pens is my choice.

Mrs Archer: No, no — Donna Freeman!

Mrs Kenny: Julie Piper!

Mrs Cotterill: Chris Klaus!

Mrs O'Brien: Kerry Beattie!

Miss Collyer: Debby Connally!

Miss de Breuys: Margot Myers!

Miss Wilson: Shane Sparks!

Mr Writer: Listen, donkey, I'll back Jacqui Doon.

Mr Deacon: Yea, double or nothing!

Mr Keith: My question is simply this.....

Mr Scheider: Let's forget it — too many starters! Pack up and get lost!

# COUNTDOWN....

MOLLY MELDRUM: Hi there, and welcome to this year's edition of Countdown! Your host for tonight is Des Purcell with his big hit, "Highway to Hell". Take it, Des baby!

MR. PURCELL: Tremendous! Thank you very much, Molly. But to get straight into it, here are this year's CHARTBUSTERS!!! (prerecorded applause and screaming) . . . They are:

MR. EBELING with "Cruel to be Kind",  
MRS. COTTERILL with "Born to be Alive", and  
MRS. BAWDEN with 'Baby, let your Hair Down' (canned applause and screaming).

'Tremendous! Now, the annual PREDICTIONS a-r-e . . .

MR. NORMAN with "No Rest for the Wicked",  
MR. PIKE with "Two Outa Three Aint Bad",  
MR. POWELL with "Knock on Wood",  
MRS. CALVERT with "S-s-single Bed", and  
MS HANKINSON with "I am Woman", (more canned applause and screaming. . . )

"Right, y'ow, now, it's back to you Molly for the Flashbacks and the National Top T-e-n. . . (very tinny canned applause and screaming. . . )

MOLLY MELDRUM: Thanks, Des, and good luck with that great single. Oh, yes, oh, um, ah. . . the FLASHBACKS!!!

(More canned applause etc etc. . . )

"First, a couple of nauticals, it's MR SWANN with "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and Mr. GILHOME with "Sailing". And let's not forget that great noise of the past, "The Sounds of Silence", presently being revamped very successfully by MR TRELOAR! MR AYLIFFE'S "Mull of Kynntyre" is still an obvious favourite, and who'll ever forget last year's two biggest chartbusters; MS CRUISE with "Dancing Queen" and MR KEITH with "Heaven Can Wait". Last of our flashbacks is our very own, Australian born MR ARENTZ with his great double-sided hit, "They're Coming to Take Me Away/Horror Movie"!!!!

"A-N-D N-O-W The NATIONAL TOP TEN!!!

(canned applause and hysterical screaming. . . )

10: MR. HUEY with "I'm on Fire".

9: MRS WILKINSON with "Never a Dull Moment".

8: MS DEBRUEYS with "Let's Go".

7: MS WILSON with "Ga Plane Pour Moi".

6: MS DAVIDSON with "Love and Other Bruises".

5: MRS DAVIES with "Stand Tall".

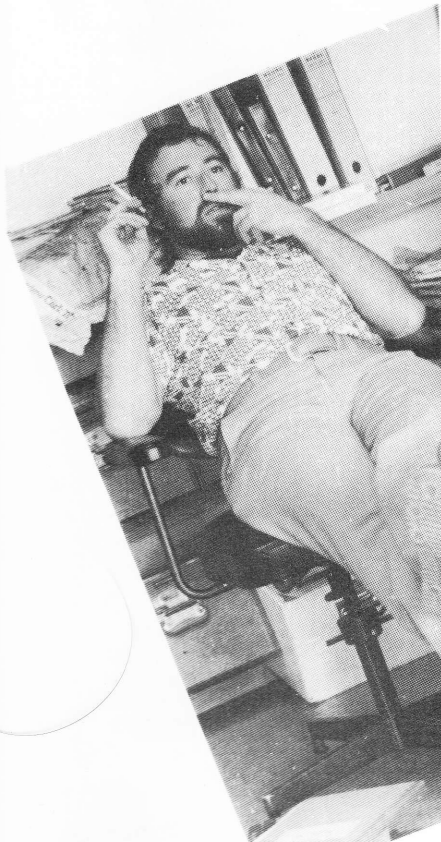
4: MR DEACON with "Carry That Weight".

3: MR GARNETT with "Leader of the Pack".

2: MS STRASSER with "Say Goodbye to Hollywood".

AND NUMBER ONE RIGHT AROUND THE COUNTRY IS-S-S-S...

MR O'BRIEN with "You Give Me Goosebumps" (canned cheering, clapping, screaming, crying, etc etc etc...)



## YEAR 12 FAREWELL

Thursday, October 18, was a devastating day at the High School! Pupils were treated to a performance extraordinaire put on by Year 12 students as part of their annual muck-up day. Teachers and students alike were sprayed with perfumed water, and Year 11 were "caged up" during the assembly which brought out "secrets" about selected teachers and students. It was a fun day for all!

That evening the Graduation Ball was held, for the first time, in the School's Multi-Purpose Hall. Thanks go to the Swimming Club ladies who provided a scrumptuous smorgasboard.

Distinguished guests present at the function included: Mr and Mrs F. D. Purcell, Mr and Mrs G. Garnett, Mr H. Ritch (District Inspector of Schools) and Mrs Ritch, Mr N. Gallard (President P & C Association), Cr. H. Wellham (Tumut Shire President) and Mrs Wellham, Mr H. Hill (Principal Tumut Primary) and Mrs Hill, Mr T. Ellis (Principal Franklin) and Mrs Ellis, Mr K. Barnett (Principal Adelong) and Mrs Barnett, Mr and Mrs L. Betts, Miss Marie Malone.

Chris Doon and Sharon Topham were chairpersons.

After dinner, speeches given by Chris Doon, James Bridle, Mr Purcell, Kerry Arragon and Mr Ayliffe, were followed by the cutting of the cake.

Year 12 were later presented with their scrolls, after which they danced the Pride of Erin to music supplied by Ocean.

Year 12 then presented the school with an engraved plaque, which has been aptly placed in the senior study. The plaque reads: "Today will be Yesterday Tomorrow".

Special gifts of thanks were also given to Mr Ayliffe and Mr Deacon.

Thanks are extended to Mrs Cotterill, the Year 11 and Year 10 Social Committee members and to Mr Powell for their hard work in organising and the decoration of the function

—By SANDRA NOLTE.

## YEAR 12 PRESENT THE GUMBOOT AWARD



## TOGETHERNESS



## AUSTRALIAN MATHS COMPETITION

Over a 3-year period, the Australian Maths Competition has grown from a local A.C.T. competition with approximately 1,000 entries to a National Competition with around 60,000 entries. The Competition is sponsored by the Bank of New South Wales. It has become one of the significant competitions of the world.

Prizes are given to the very best entrants. Distinction Certificates are awarded to those who were placed in the top 15% of their State age group. Credit Certificates are presented to the next 30%.

This year, the Competition was held in July. 63 students from Tumut High School participated.

Those who achieved certificates were:

YEAR 7: Distinction, Andrew Hassett (Special congratulations go to Andrew who narrowly missed out on getting a prize); credits, Carol Seidl, Christine Thomas, Richard Hart.

YEAR 8: Distinction, Maria Nowlan; Credits, Simon Moglia, Roslynne Clark, Belinda Blinksell, Janice Molineaux, Fiona Watson, Lisa Wellington.

YEAR 9: Credits, Jennifer Wilde, Cathy Spannagle, John Pens, Nigel Carroll.

YEAR 10: Distinction, Donald Brooke; Credits, Roger Maybury, Julie Piper, Colin Contessa.

YEAR 11: Distinction, David Gatenby, Credits, Donald Collie, James Roddy, Adrienne Henrick, Judy Schafer.

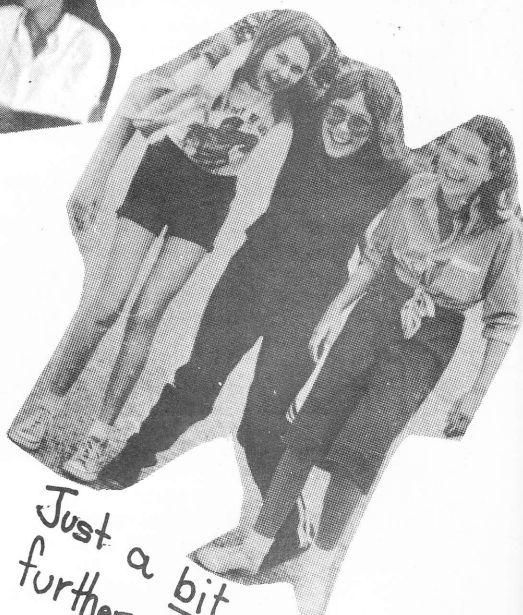


Fifth Form confined in their cage on Sixth Form muck up day.





Experimenting

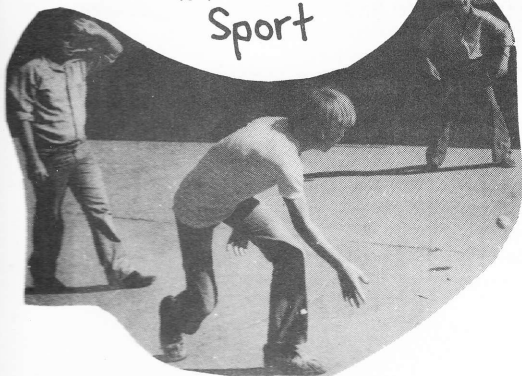


Just a bit further, Mrs Wilk!

UNISEX!!



T.H.S National Sport



Prefect's Nightmare in Canteen Area



THEY  
think this  
is cordial!!



Need  
a hand,  
Jim?



Yea!

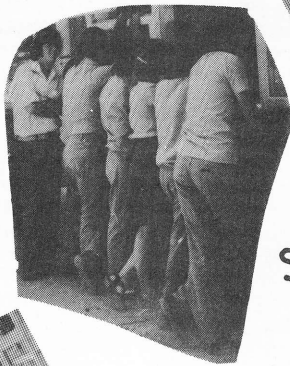


Uh, oh!!

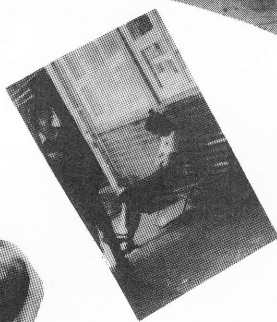


JAZZY!

I think I can,  
I think I can...

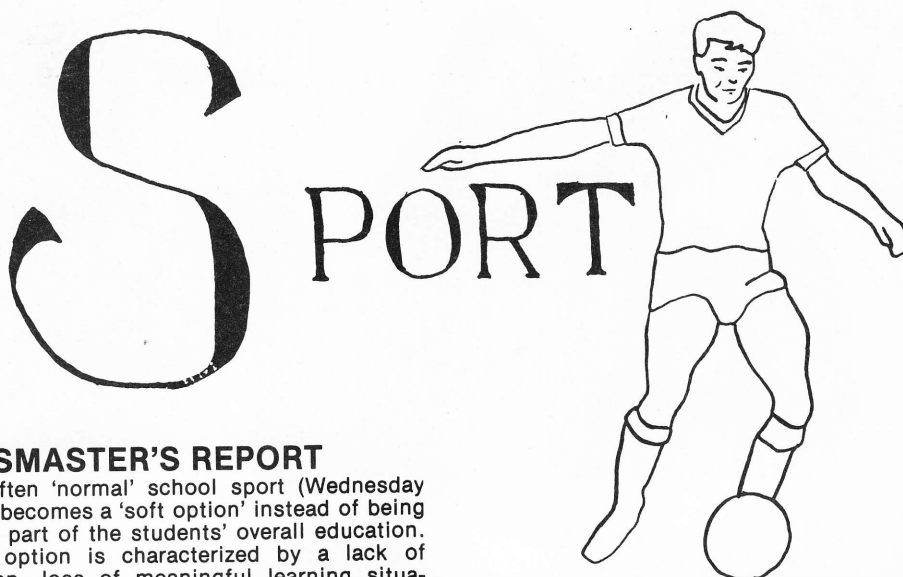


Juz'  
Window  
Shoppin'



You  
rough  
beasties!





## SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT

Too often 'normal' school sport (Wednesday afternoon) becomes a 'soft option' instead of being an integral part of the students' overall education. This soft option is characterized by a lack of participation, loss of meaningful learning situations, presentation of minor excuses and an increasing identification with 'Norm'.

The 'soft option' attitude can be reinforced by the attitudes and efforts of a school staff. Fortunately at T.H.S. there exists a large nucleus of dedicated, keen and talented teachers who will always ensure that the ogre of 'soft option' sport never raises its ugly head.

The Sport programme developed at a school can also play a part in denigrating school sport by not providing the opportunities to equip the student with the necessary skills to successfully utilise his/her leisure time, both now and in the future. In this regard the programme at T.H.S. challenges the students to participate to the height of their ability level by offering a wide range of individual games team sports and recreational activities that fulfil all the inherent values of sporting activities. The old adage still holds true — 'You have to be in it to enjoy it'.

Sport at T.H.S. is also designed to equally cater for both the elite athlete and the less physically talented student. In this regard 'sport' has been extremely successful with the latter. However, the performances in representative fields were not as extensive as in previous years with the possible exception of the Buckley Shield Rugby League team.

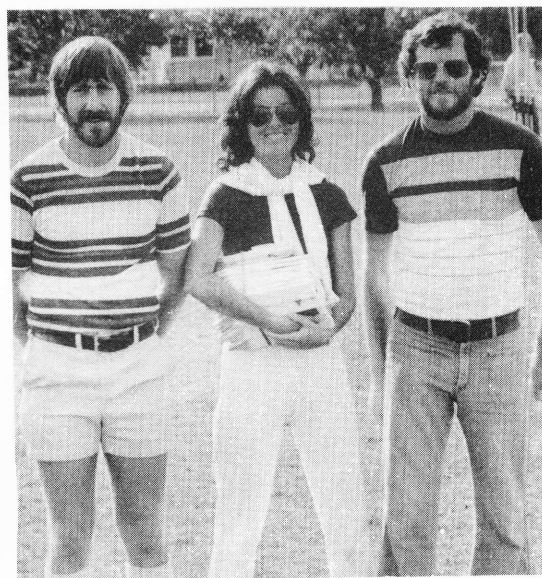
Therefore, the overall plan for school sport in 1980 is to maintain the standards of participation and effort during 'normal' school sport and to increase the possibilities for representation and the skills of those teams and individuals who demonstrate above average abilities.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the Sportsmistress (Miss Strasser) for all her work and support throughout the year. I would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate and praise the staff for their tremendous efforts that made Wednesday afternoon sport so successful during 1979.

Finally, to the majority of the students at T.H.S. 'Great Effort' — 'More Power to you'.

Let's make 1980 a memorable year for Sport at T.H.S.

—GARNET PIKE,  
Sportsmaster



Mr. Pike, Miss Strasser and Mr. Schneider (l. to r.) at the Athletics Field Events Day.

## CARNIVAL RESULTS

**School Swimming Carnival:** Phillip 838, King 827, Hunter 683, Macquarie 647.

**Age Champions:** S. Haberley, D. Black, D. Barton, S. Dodd, P. Jones, S. McDougall, S. Topham, R. McGrath, D. Dodd, A. Garner, J. Post, T. Yorgey.

**School Cross Country Carnival:** Macquarie 688, Hunter 653, King 616, Phillip 610.

**Age champions:** N. Weaver, G. Murphy, J. Smith, T. Aragon, K. Beattie, K. Smith, T. Piper, T. Yorgey, M. Annetts, D. Dodd, C. Webb, O'Sullivan.

**School Athletics Carnival:** Hunter 851, King 644, Phillip 624, Macquarie 595.

**Age Champions:** N. Webb, S. Moglia, S. Russell, B. Penrith, G. Bye, M. Russell, J. Bridle, T. Yorgey, A. Pheasant, J. Trent, K. Kell, L. Rivers.



## SPORTSMISTRESS' REPORT 1979

This year Tumut High hosted the Southern Slopes Zone swimming carnival. Due to the superb organisation and the tremendous efforts of the staff members from T.H.S., this proved to be a most satisfying and successful day with Tumut High School going into the last event leading the field with Temora, in second place, only one point behind. Tension mounted as the final of the relay saw Tumut and Temora neck-and-neck, and only a touch away from first place in not only the Relays, but also the Zone Championship. Luckily for Tumut, it was our hand that touched first!

Three students from Tumut won the Zone Age Championships at this Swimming Carnival. They were David McDougall (12 years), Paul Jones (13 years) and Stephen Dodd (14 years).

Competing further at the Riverina Swimming Carnival, Diane Dodd and Christine Rolles were selected to represent the region in Sydney for the State Carnival.

At the Zone cross-country carnival, Tumut was not as lucky when a bus "break-down" caused our twelve and thirteen year olds to miss out on their races. As a result, Tumut High gained a disappointing third place in a carnival that we usually win. Nine students were selected at the regional carnival to compete at the C.H.S. G.S.S.S.A. (State) carnival. They were Fiona Williams, Diane Dodd, Sharon Topham, Belinda O'Sullivan, Louise Evershed, Tommy Aragon, Mark McLennan, Tim Gallard, and Kerri Beattie.

Schedule an Athletics Carnival and it's bound to rain, so it would seem here at Tumut, as we ran our 100 metres slip and slide (as predicted in last year's report.) James Bridle and Simon Moglia competed and did very well in a wide range of events. Both won the Zone age championships and represented the region at C.H.S. in Sydney.

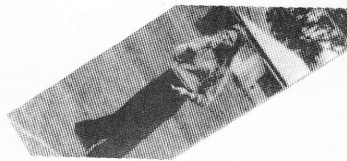
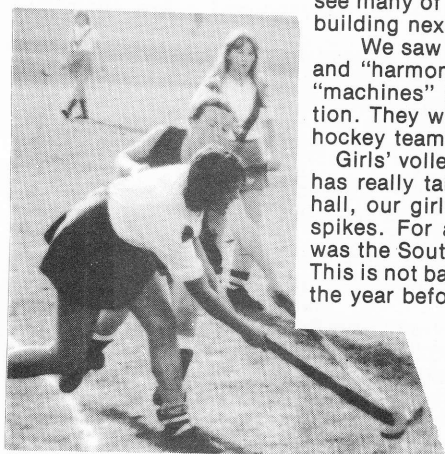
Third Term saw us back in the Southern Slopes Zone Summer Knockout. We competed in boys and girls basketball and volleyball, boys cricket and girls softball. Five of our teams reached the grand finals. This competition allows us to provide competitive experience for new team members who take the places of the Seniors we lose after Sixth Form Graduation.

### Outstanding Team Efforts

The Girls' Basketball, a team that was developing into quite a formidable force, will now see many of its star players leaving, so it's back to building next year.

We saw the girls hockey striving for perfection and "harmony" as they worked and tried out their "machines" in both the town and school competition. They will peak next year into one of the best hockey teams the school has ever produced.

Girls' volleyball, a relatively new sport in Tumut, has really taken off. With the opening of the new hall, our girls have been practising their sets and spikes. For all their hard work, their final victory was the Southern Slopes Volleyball Championship. This is not bad for a team that came last in the Zone the year before.



1970-1980

# TEN YEARS THAT

## IMPENDING DOOM

1970

Slowly she opened the large door in front of her. There was a prayer on her lips, for this was her last chance. Once through the door she raised her eyes and then came to an abrupt halt. Directly in front of her stood a rough-looking man dressed in a white coat. The coat was covered with blood and in his hand he held a huge knife. For a moment all was silent. Then she said pleadingly, "Have you no heart?" "No!" The white-robed monster snapped. She sighed fitfully, then walked closer to examine the rest of the meat in the butcher's showcase.

—JOHN RODDEN, 5th Form.

## TUMUT'S TREES —

1971.

Visitors to Tumut must wonder what has happened to the delapidated trees along the shopping area of Wynyard Street.

The Tumut Council has chopped the branches off. It seems pointless to have the trees left in that bare state.

If the Council intend keeping the trees they should be left alone; otherwise, they should be completely removed as it is a waste of time and labour to have them "pruned".

Carol Vine

## "BLACK AND WHITE TENSION"

1974

Troy Roche Award — First Junior Poetry.

Darkness,  
A sudden streak of white,  
dark, irregularly shaped  
patches.  
Razor sharp daggers  
enclosing a rough,  
pink formation.  
The bursting onto the scene  
of two brilliant,  
golden orbs. —  
The black and white cat  
yawning,  
opening his eyes,  
arching his back  
and strolling from view.

—ANNE BOTHWELL, 3A.

## DEATH

1976

Eventually everything must die,  
It's inevitable,  
People, places, friendships,  
love.  
So live your life to the fullest  
Don't waste your time thinking of death,  
Or you will never live  
Don't spend your life lamenting lost loves  
And broken friendships  
Or you will never love.  
This life is short and often not so sweet,  
Perhaps somewhere a Utopia exists  
for believers and non-believers alike,  
But until then we have to be content  
With this life.  
Don't waste it.

—MANDY SMITH, Year 11.

Not everything in Bogong is brilliant, but there have been many outstanding pieces printed in the Bogongs of the past decade. Here are a few selections.

## "DON'T PASS ME BY"

(1974

Schoolwork, schoolwork,  
TV, sleep.  
Schoolwork, schoolwork,  
TV, sleep.  
Schoolwork, schoolwork,  
TV, sleep.  
Schoolwork, schoolwork,  
TV, sleep,  
Saturday, Sunday,  
TV, sleep .....

II

As shattering events shake the world  
life goes on without me.

A president dies, a new one is born,  
life goes on without me.

Days pass by and time marches on,  
Life goes on without me.

Plod of events, another month gone,  
life goes on without me.

I stand in sun, I stand and talk,  
life goes on without me.

Me head splits inside, I stand and talk,  
life goes on without me.

—MICHAEL WELLHAM, 4A.

## "ALICE"

1974

An exciting experiment in drama, music and art result in the presentation of "Alice" during second term. The production was a musical adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland", performed on four stages, and amongst the audience. This was Miss Fowler's brainchild and was an extension of last year's "Toad".

Perhaps the outstanding first impression was colour-brilliant reds and yellows with clear card symbols repeated on scenery, costumes and make-up. The main stage was dominated by an ingenious background of revolving cards designed and made by Mr Peterson and a few apprentice carpenters.

The cast, headed by Karen Henrick as Alice, worked hard all year to learn their lines and movements. They were ably backed by the school orchestra, chorus and dancers, who played, sang and danced to music adapted and arranged by Miss Morris.

The cast showed great adaptability and resourcefulness in coping with more than the usual hazards of the actual performances. Alice was performed for students from surrounding schools as well as interested adults. The young children especially showed their appreciation in actually being involved in the production.

The art department deserves a special mention for transforming the Boys' Club Hall into a veritable "wonderland" with life-size sketches of the characters, as well as fantastic masks, costumes, headpieces and puppets.

# SHOOK TUMUT HIGH

TIME

1977.

How wonderful we think it would be to live forever. We have all we need here in our life. Peace, serenity, joy, love, food, clothing, luxury....It seems all we could ever want. But most of all we have the priceless commodity — time in which to enjoy these gifts.

Then we think again. Amongst those gifts in our life that we have so much to enjoy we also have hurt, sadness, hate, cruelty, despair, disappointment. These things would seem to be enough to oppress anyone. Still, life urges us on. We still have the most important possession. There is still "time" to test out these experiences. For that is what life seems to be about. As long as we have "time" to analyse what our experiences have done to us we still live.

It doesn't matter whether we drudge through a lifetime of suffering or seem to glide through on a carpet of unlimited joy. We still exist. If we allow ourselves "time" to try to work out how our attitudes to life have changed through our experiences then we do indeed 'live'. We don't just exist and submit ourselves to all the grief and suffering that exists around us. We look and search and with "time" we seem to be able to find a different attitude. Our outlook changes as we realise, with time, that life actually is worth living, not just existing through. We realise all the wonderful aspects of life that still lie before us, undiscovered, unexplored. Only "time" allows these things to happen.

Without "time" where would we all be? 'Time' is the substance of life. It is what life depends on. If we squander time, we waste our life. Once we have lost that precious hour, that cherished moment, we can never recover again. Memories must live, but time goes on. Time, for us, runs out through what happens when our 'time' shortens and death is imminent? We become afraid, vehemently afraid. No matter how much time we have had in our life we still want more. We don't know what awaits as our time runs out.

Without 'time', without life, what have we got? No one has survived death to tell us. We can't resign ourselves to the unknown. We must become upset with worry and fear. Perhaps death will be worse than the most agonising experience we have yet had to live through.

Why worry though? As long as time continues we have no choice. We have to submit to the most powerful force we know as it carries us through its avenue of living. We can't stop time as we can't stop life. No matter what we do it still survives. 'Time', that fathomless commodity. Not until we begin to lose it, to realise we are running out of 'time' do we appreciate the vast power it possesses.

'Time' to know the secret of your power, the strength you possess. That would undoubtedly satisfy all the quests for knowledge and fulfilment that plague our race.

—SUE ALDWELL.

"ZIGGER-ZAGGER" — ZOWIE!!!

1975

I'm not really sure that "There'll always be a city while there's a football fan". What I am sure of is that "There'll always be a theatre", while there's the energy, the zest, the enthusiasm that I saw and felt generated in a cold and draughty showground pavilion in Tumut in August.

The size of the cast and the scope of the play are almost epic in their proportions, but far from allowing these factors to daunt him, the director, Don McLeod, exploited them to their fullest. A huge chorus sang and cheered mightily (and looked perfectly splendid in their blue and red scarves, rosettes, capes, banners) and that vast empty place became an arena where Harry's life was played out. I was full of admiration for the way in which the whole area was used and for how the audience was made feel a part of, rather than separate from, the action.

Technically, the whole thing worked superbly. Lighting was particularly effective, the transitions accurately timed to keep the action moving along. Simple props, well used; basic costume highlighted by the everpresent red and blue (getting the audience to wear rosettes was an inspired idea) and gain the chorus, standing up, sitting down, swaying from side to side. This is the real stuff of good theatre.

The action tended to slow down a little in the quieter moments. I'm not too sure some of the principals fully understood what they were about and some good lines went unrealised, particularly in the indoor scenes. Some sort of musical accompaniment might have made the individual songs stronger, especially those written to original scores.

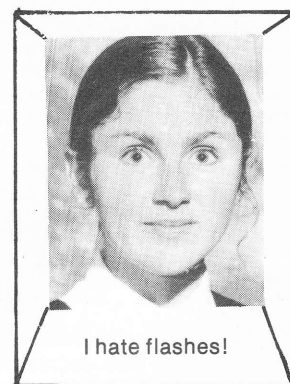
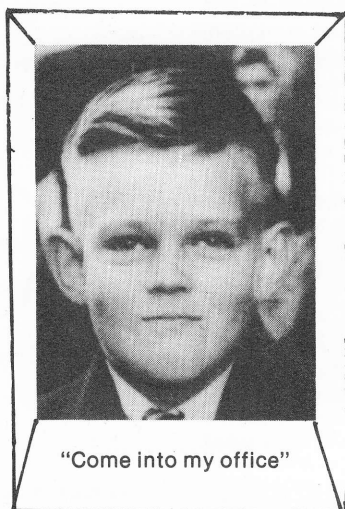
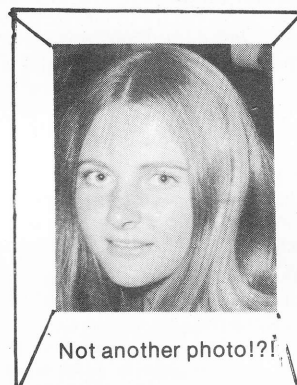
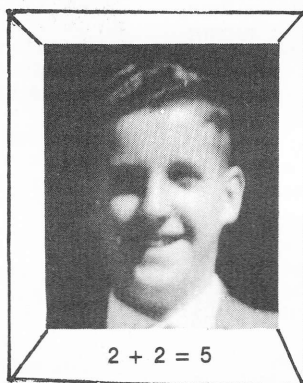
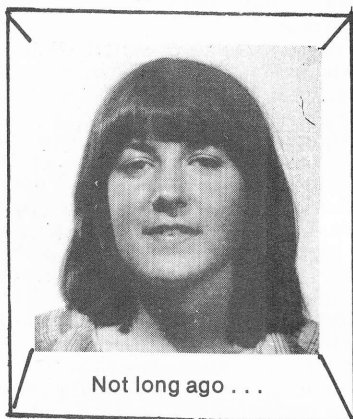
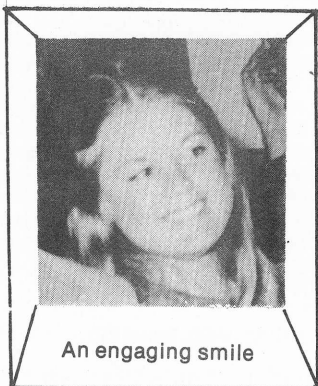
But these are minor points. What remains is the memory of 190 odd (no pun intended) students having a marvellous time, working together, creating something that was absolutely their own. It was such a team thing, it would be wrong of me to pick out individual performances. Instead, let me congratulate you all for bring "ZIGGER ZAGGER" alive and for giving me a totally memorable night out.

—COLIN R. ANDERSON,  
Lecturer in Drama,  
Riverina College of Advanced Education.





# FACES OF THE PAST

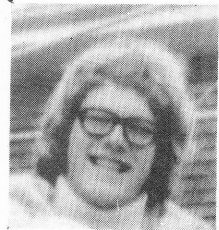




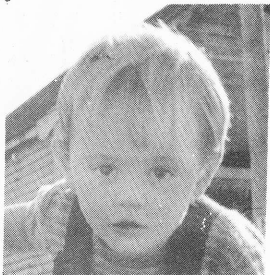
Principally speaking,  
I am high!



Eat'cha heart out,  
Hollywood



What a plague! Chirrup!



Goosebumps?!?



Music is my life!



No pigtails, but still  
a loud voice!



Cheeze (young English!)



A fourth form  
Newcastle Norm!



I am sixteen . . .  
you know!



A young donkey!



Younger Day-vps . . .



You can't change that!



**TERRY  
AHERN**  
(Bumer)  
Prefect  
Volleyball  
Hockey  
Swimming  
Interschool  
Socials  
"Were you  
born in a  
tent?"



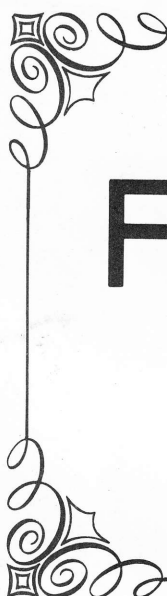
**ANDREA  
CLEAR**  
(Clearasole)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Wagging  
Maths  
Barmaid at  
Talbingo  
Country Club



**MALINDA  
BEATTIE**  
(Mah)  
Prefect  
Hockey  
Bob's ute  
6th Form  
"Allo!"



**RUSSELL  
COLE**  
(Streak)  
Prefect  
Hockey  
Soccer  
Honda's  
Beards



# Farewell 19



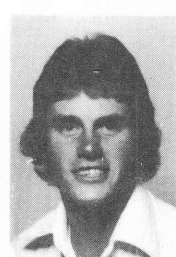
**CATHERINE  
BURN**  
(Spider)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Netball  
Weekends  
Tia Maria and  
Milk  
"I don't say  
much"



**MICHAEL  
COLEMAN**  
(Sid)  
Prefect  
Volleyball  
Shooting  
neighbours  
English  
graffitti  
"Strategy  
mate"



**LOUISE  
EVERSHED**  
Prefect  
Cross  
Country Rep.  
Netball,  
Athletics,  
Swimming  
Colin  
"I forgot"



**JAMES  
BRIDLE**  
(Jimmy)  
School Captain  
Student Council  
Social  
Committee '78  
Hockey, Cricket  
Football  
Basketball  
Athletics  
Cross Country  
Judy, Minis  
"You ask Pete!"



**MARIE  
BUTLER**  
(Bottler)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Bucket Seats



**MICHAEL  
COLLIE**  
(Wolfer)  
Prefect  
Volleyball  
Hockey  
Basketball  
Canterbury  
"See the  
movie on  
Saturday  
night"



**VICTOR  
GOUSTAVSKY**  
(Rasputin)  
Prefect  
Golf  
Mokes  
Manly



**MARK  
HARRIS**  
(Harry)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Biology  
Coles  
"No Greg,  
that's wrong"



**ROSS  
BUTLER**  
(Flash)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Social  
Committee  
Hockey  
Football Club  
Kerrie, Minis  
"Wahhh!"



**HELEN  
EDWARDS**  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Attending  
sport  
"Don't be so  
stupid!"



**STEPHEN  
HABERLEY**  
(Hab)  
Prefect  
Social  
Committee '78  
Basketball  
Tennis  
Squash  
Swimming  
Jokes  
Pete  
"He's bloody  
hopeless"



**JULIE  
HINDMARSH**  
(Bugs)  
Student  
Councillor  
School  
Committee '78  
Bogong '78  
Volleyball  
Netball  
Crashing into  
poles  
No. 96 Football  
"Gees I feel  
crook"



# Year 12 79



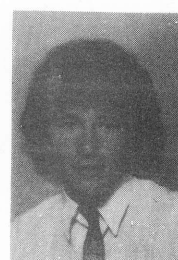
WENDIE  
McGRATH  
Prefect  
Social  
Committee  
Netball  
Softball  
Basketball  
Bogong  
Greg  
"Who's on  
canteen?"



ANTHONY  
ROSS  
(Bean).  
Bogong '78  
Social  
Committee '78  
Golf Rep.  
Swimming  
Basketball  
Squash  
Fosters  
Studying Mahi  
"Bung one on  
for the boys"



KEVIN  
MALONE  
(Scobie)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Football  
Volleyball  
Honda's  
"To a degree"



KEVIN  
SMITH  
(Merlin)  
Prefect  
Football Rep.  
Hockey  
Squash  
Tennis  
Hair  
"Up the  
Sharkies"



KERRY  
ARRAGON  
(Gont)  
School Captain  
School Council  
Social  
Committee '78  
Athletics  
Cross Country  
Basketball  
Netball. Scott  
Off-road rallying  
"I hate  
Physics"



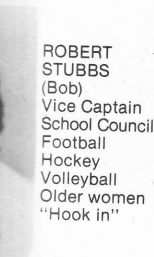
PAMELA  
KELL  
(Ethel)  
Prefect  
Social  
Committee  
Bogong '78  
Softball  
Endurance  
Riding



MONICA  
NUGENT  
(Mon)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Basketball  
Volleyball  
Aussie Rules  
"Are you going  
up the senior  
study Julie?"



ELAINE  
SPARKS  
(Glitter)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
5th Form  
Textiles  
Adelonians  
"Wish it was  
Friday"



ROBERT  
STUBBS  
(Bob)  
Vice Captain  
School Council  
Football  
Hockey  
Volleyball  
Older women  
"Hook in"



JACQUELINE  
DOON  
(Jacki)  
Vice Captain  
Social  
Committee '78  
Basketball  
Netball  
Squash Rep.  
Mark  
"No Maths  
today"



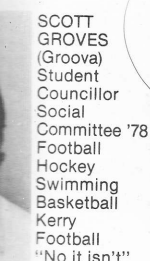
JULIE  
McALISTER  
Prefect  
Basketball  
FJ's and  
bashed up  
Escorts  
"I like me  
scotch"



CHRISTINE  
OSAREK  
(Radar)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Debating  
Volkswagens  
Sewing



GREGORY  
STURT  
(Sturdy)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Golf  
Battered old  
Land-Rovers  
"Oh Harry"



SCOTT  
GROVES  
(Groova)  
Student  
Councillor  
Social  
Committee '78  
Football  
Hockey  
Swimming  
Basketball  
Kerry  
Football  
"No it isn't"



LEONIE KELL  
(Slim)  
Prefect  
Squash  
Petrol  
Bowlers  
"Fiddle  
sticks"



ANNE  
McGRATH  
(Annie)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Netball  
Volleyball  
Mountains  
Going to club  
"We're on  
Gate"



LOUISE  
RIVERS  
(Gru)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Athletics  
Drains  
Sculling Tia  
Maria and  
Milk  
"When are we  
going to  
Orange?"



KARIN  
QUINELL  
(Teeth)  
Prefect  
Bogong '78  
Hockey  
Reading  
romances  
Dare-devil  
driving  
"Flipplitt"



[illegible]

## Below

Mr 9  
Adelung  
Science  
Group.

Canobolas  
Interscholastic  
Visit

✓ 10 Science  
Wee Jasper

Yr 11 Biology  
Morris Creek  
Talbingo

Yr 8 + 9 Commerce  
Wagga Wagga

Yr 11 + 12  
Academy Sc

de Canberra

7F, 8F + 9F  
Coles

Yr 7 Local History

Yr 11 + 12 Agriculture

Yanco & Wagga Wagga

## yr 7 History

## Locally Interviewing

Yc 11 Agriculture Wagga Wagga

$Y_c = 11 + 10$   
Narabeen

Queenbeyan Interschool  
Visit

yr 12 Industrial Arts

4-11 Geography

Nacki Nacki +  
Yavern Creeks

# MRS JESSUP ADVISES



Dear Ida,

I have a problem. I am an 18 year old girl, but have never had a boyfriend and have never kissed a boy. I get on with boys my own age, but they never seem to get interested in me in a . . . you know . . . sort of way. Could it be my buck teeth and glasses? Could you give me some advice?

"Puzzled"

Dear "Puzzled",

You certainly are misguided. Any male worth tuppence will be attracted to your vibrant personality . . . [ . . . you have got a vibrant personality . . . haven't you?] Looks don't count, petal. But, p'raps a quiet visit or two to the eye doctor and the dentist would be in order.

Dear Ida,

I keep getting bashed up by Debbie Connelly in the canteen lines. It's never happened to me before in my four years at the school.

"Victim"

Dear "Victim",

In short, dear: Wear Kneeguards.

Dear Ida,

I have this terific ability too spell. It is mi best subject, allthow I somtims not very offen thow mined ewe, have a tendenci too leaf letters out. I wish too no wear I can gett a jobb.

"I. L. Literate (10A)"

Raed "L.L.I.",

Os uoy kniht ev'uoy tog a melborp!

Dear Ida,

I have a slight problem. I've learned a lot about Cambridge University from my English teacher, but find her cutting tongue really demoralizing.

"Tallest Person in the School"

Dear "T.P.I.T.S.",

It's amazing how you manage to understand the lower level of classroom interaction. Pip, Pip!?!

Dear Ida,

For months I have been hopelessly in love with Andrew Knight, but he says that five years is too much of an age difference. Do you think if I kidnapped his cockatoo, he would see things in a different light?

"Suffering Seventh Former"

Dear "S.S.F.",

Obviously you ARE suffering! Kerry Beattie's more your size.

Dear Ida,

Have you heard of rent-a-jogger? Well do you know of anyone who provides a similar service for getting the mountains of homework done on time?  
"Writer's Cramp Sufferer"

Dear "W.C.S",

Gosh, we do have a number of sufferers here! But to get to your problem: I hear Year 12 have had a lot of time on their hands all year, so why not ask them? Either that or just hang in there till you're in Year 12.

Dear Ida,

I am suffering deafness and dizziness from the lunchtime traffic which circulates the block our school is on. Can you suggest a solution?

"Deaf and Dizzy"

Dear "D & D",

Introduce lout detectors? Get anti-lout guns or roads?

Dear Ida,

My school lunch consists of smoked pork and mutton sandwiches. I eat it on the lawn outside the Senior Boys' Toilets. After being breathed on by some "freak" wenterers of the Senior Boys' Toilet, I can't even stomach this.

"Smoked Out"

Dear "S.O.",

Wear a gas mask, dear, though I guess that will restrict the eating process. Hmmm... Yours is a burning question. I'll just let you smoulder on it . . .

Dear Ida,

Ever since I had my hair permed, all my teachers bark at me. Also, all my friends have now had their hair permed. Do you think straightening my hair will solve my problem?

"Red Trend-Setter"

Dear "R.T.S.",

Every year has its group.

Dear Ida,

I never get to school on time. I've tried alarm clocks, reminder calls from friends, sleeping in ice cold baths, not going to bed at all and even allowing my mother to enter my bedroom, but to no avail. Please help me.

"Doz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-y"

Dear Doz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-y,

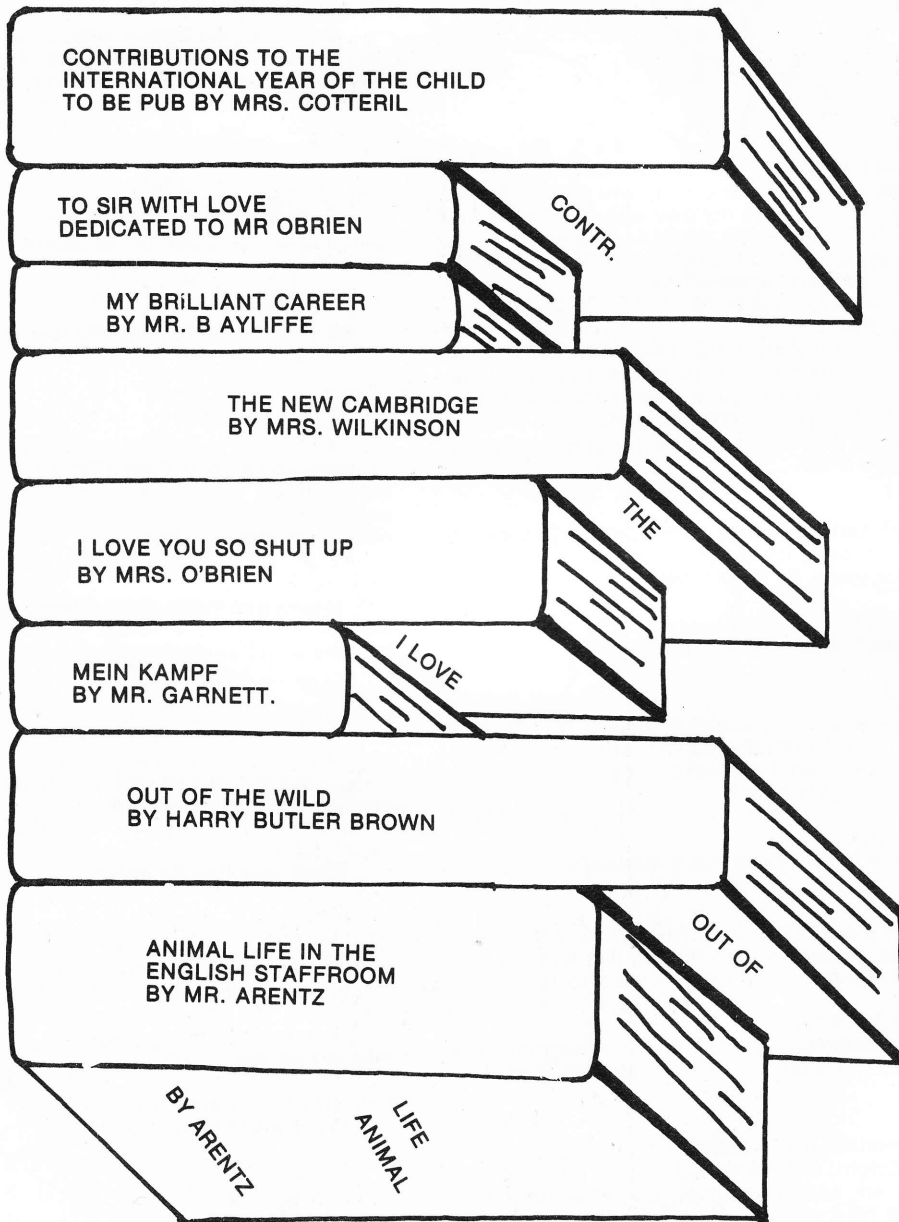
Wake up to yourself.

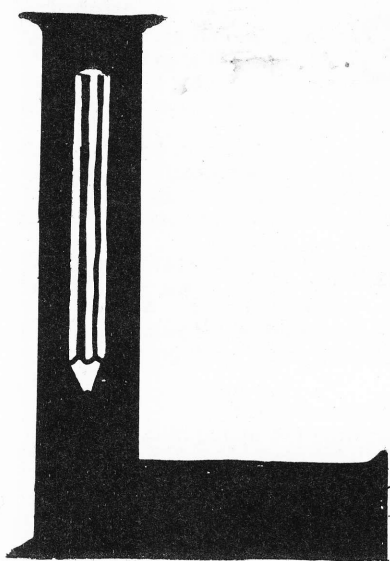
Well dears, I hope my hopespun wisdom has helped you in these moments of conflict and misery. Remember what my mother, Mrs. Jessup Snr. always taught me: "When darkest seems the night, the morning is near".

IDA



# RECOMMENDED READING





## EDITORIAL

As you read through the following pages, you will find a wide variety of articles.

Some of the articles depict observations of nature. Some of the articles express feelings about nature, man or animals. Some of the articles tell stories, both sad and happy, about people, animals or the supernatural. Other articles pass comment on human nature or man's destiny.

Whatever the subject material, all the articles illustrate that our youth is thinking and caring about its world.

# LITERATURE



### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.....

Mist out on the water,  
Soaking up the day,  
Sun's rays pierce the heavens  
To herald the break of day.

The trees start to form around,  
The birds begin to sing  
To warm the hearts of dying souls  
Of bought and buried men,  
To chill the minds of those to come;  
Are you one of them?

People begin to stir awhile  
Their minds not out of bed,  
To rise and bring new destructions,  
Yet murmured in their heads.

Casting aside the warmth they got,  
Planning to ruin the world  
By winning wars and losing lives;  
Their time will come in hell.

The plans are put into action;  
Boys are marched out to die,  
Tortured with the world's cruel emotions  
For them they do not cry.

The sun sets over the water,  
The stars begin to shine,  
Nine billion lives were lost today  
And twenty more million minds.

Tomorrow the sun won't dare show its face  
And we will understand why  
To shine upon a world that is disgraced  
Is reason enough to die.

—KEVIN SMITH, Year 12

# NATURE

## MORNING STREAM

The spring day now is dawning  
With just a touch of misty morning.  
The dew drops as jewels upon the grass,  
Being stolen as the day comes to pass.

The mountain stream rushing through the field,  
High peaks, their winter snows yield;  
Sunlight strikes off its watery rush,  
Almost to the rhythm of the merry singing rush.

The water, life of creatures large and small,  
Plunges down the cliff as a solid wall,  
Tumbling down the warming slopes as nature's play  
For showing all her love and joy.

—R. MAYBURY, Year 10.

## "IMAGININGS"

As the breakers break  
Upon the sand,  
And the mist curls up  
From off the land.

I stand and watch  
And look and see  
The shining dark tides  
Of a burnished sea.

As I stand on the cliff  
And watch the gulls wing,  
I think of faraway places  
And that sort of thing.

My mind is as high  
And as wide as the skies;  
It swoops and it soars  
Like the eagle that flies.

The stiff sea breezes  
That tangle my hair  
Tell me of places  
That are not there.

And the bright dawn light,  
Spreading over the sea,  
Reminds one of things  
That I'd like to be.

—MARIA NOWLAN, 8A.

## THE WIND

It starts to blow  
With such a force  
It would blow you away  
Without a second thought.

It whistles and howls  
And gets stronger with force  
It blows through the leaves  
Round and Round and Round and Round.

It's a nuisance, you know  
With it's howling force,  
But when it dies down  
With a whisper short

The stillness returns  
As the day breaks down . . .

—M. McDONALD, Year 9

## "GRASS AND SUN"

The grass sits there without much fun,  
Soaking in the summer sun.

Lying there all squashed and hurt,  
Almost gone, almost dirt.

The winter comes and the rain falls down,  
Softening and moistening the dry dirt ground.

By spring the grass is back again  
With blades of green from the falling rain.

At last the spring draws to a close  
And the summer starts to fast impose.

When the summer is at its highest peak  
The ball of fire turns the grasses weak.

Soon there's nothing left at all  
Except that hungry orange ball.

—BRETT WHITING, Year 8.

## THE DEATH DAWN

Tucked away in the southern mountains there  
Is a hill. It used to be my hill; it stands alone. Alone  
I would wander to the top of the hill. Alone, was  
how I loved to be. My hill and I were in harmony for  
many long hours each peaceful day.

On my hill I dreamed, thought and I conversed.  
Mostly I would settle and await the appearance of  
the dawn. Dawn would come. Clusters of reds,  
yellows, oranges and purples would emerge across  
the peaceful sky. These dawns I would remember  
for the rest of my life.

The dawn I remember best was the grand finale,  
the one I saw before I left the mountains. I saw a  
silent sensation of vivid colours billow across the  
sky. I inhaled fresh air; my lungs tingled. The  
picturesque scene of both dawn and the peaceful  
countryside pleased my eyes.

Many years passed; my heart was yearning to  
witness the dawn once more. The magnetic  
attraction was too much; finally I returned.

My heart sank, I found foul, sluggish, gloomy  
smog smothering my hill. It buzzed with whizzing  
cars which beeped in confusion. I was shattered. In  
a daze I wandered the hill once more. Confused and  
upset I waited for the dawn.

It came and went. The dawn lost it's radiance,  
peace, beauty and silence. I had lost it's part in my  
heart. It was dead, lost in the smog, cluttered with  
noise and smothered with a putrid smell.

To me it was the death of the dawn, the deathly  
dawn, the dawn of death, THE DEATH DAWN.  
R.I.P.

R. SUTTON, Year 10A.

### FREEDOM

Moving with its rhythmic charm,  
The river flows with grace,  
To those who wander it brings no harm  
It merely reflects their face.

Gently it runs in crystal blue,  
Life woven within its path,  
The lives it takes are very few,  
Some, the creatures that come to bath.

Within the shade the willows blow,  
They tint the water with green,  
The river with its shining glow,  
Flows swiftly, cold and clean.

—ANONYMOUS

### FEELINGS

I'm standing right beside you now,  
But who am I to say,  
That what I felt for you before,  
Is still the same today.  
'Cause a feeling's not a feeling,  
If you don't believe it's true,  
And it's not all worth the trouble,  
If I can't believe in you.  
It isn't worth the time it takes,  
To show me how you feel,  
'Cause it leaves me feeling empty,  
If I don't believe its real.  
So I'm standing now behind you,  
Afraid to let you see me,  
That if I can't believe in you,  
I can't believe in me.

—HAYLEY KRAUSE, 10A

### SILENCE

Surrounded by pure and utter  
Silence  
All around me.  
Silence  
day and night  
Silence .....

—TRACY HAMPSTEAD, 8A.

### THE DYING EMBER

The sunburnt hills seem desolate in the vast land of  
nothing,  
The warm breeze rustles through the dying grass  
As the sky seems to linger on endlessly

The dust covered trail leads into what seems a  
never-ending voyage that has no return,  
The landscape is dry and withered, the feeling of  
death confronts you as you see the small  
innocent creatures struggling for their lives.

The heat is so immense that the grasses crackle  
with rays of sunlight which are too hot to  
escape from,  
Desperation takes over and the whole atmosphere is  
like a dying ember.  
The silence is deafening and the day's light flickers  
on.

—DONNA DOUGLAS, 10A

### THE HAWK

Flying, flying  
Soaring wild and free,  
Swooping and diving,  
Above the tree.

In the breeze,  
That blows over the land,  
Feathers, flutter,  
Like a ghostly land.

Beady eyes,  
As black as ink,  
Search for food,  
Before they sink.

The prey is caught,  
And borne up to the sky,  
So that one may live,  
Another must die.

—MARIA NOWLAN, Year 8.

### SUMMER

The summer heat dried the thirsty plants,  
The summer wind burnt the small defenceless  
leaves,  
The bright summer sun threw its golden rays  
mercilessly onto the parched countryside.  
But as night drew near,  
The wind cooled,  
and the sun disappeared behind a cloud.  
The plants swayed gently in the breeze as  
night approached.

—M.B., Yr. 9

### DAWN

Bursting over the horizon, like a meteor in the  
night, the sun rises, sovereign over man and beast.  
Pouring out its golden light, carefully filling every  
nook of god's earthly mould.

A ray of liquid gold strikes the dew drops  
sleeping upon the leaf, it suddenly awakens,  
display all colours in a waking extravaganza.

The early bird has caught the worm, now, the  
droplets of technicolour light are dying, and how  
many men have missed such beauty, solitude and  
awesome majesty of a springtime dawn.

—ROGER MAYBURY



# THE SUPER NATURAL

## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND

A prefect on the gate when you haven't got a lunch pass;  
A cranky teacher when you're late for class;  
Remembering that your homework isn't done;  
Finding flies in your finger bun;  
Lighting your smoke as the teacher walks in;  
Learning that littering is a sin!  
Finding that the principal is an "old friend" of your mother;  
And that you've got the reputation of your brother;  
Having a memory blank throughout the exams;  
Getting caught stealing the Ag plot's lambs;  
Finding a missing text book in your case;  
It's the right time but you're in the wrong place.

—ANON. 10A.



On the flickering flame hath placed,  
A spurging black cauldron thickened with paste  
Into the cauldron evil and plunder,  
Hear us, oh spirits, toil and blunder,  
Into the poisen'd entrails cast,  
Six hairy spiders' legs .... at last at last,  
Adder's ears, bewildered bee's sting,  
The croak of a bull frog, baby bats wing  
Blood of a white rat, bone in its back,  
Now fellow souceresses our Enchantment is done,  
Rest weary bodies, after wild wacky fun.

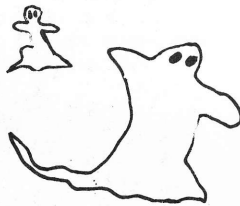
—FIONA MAKIN.



## GHOSTS

Have you ever heard a ghost  
In the early morning light?  
Have you ever seen a ghost  
In the early morning light?  
With a boo boo boo,  
He'll jump at you.  
So get up and head for the hills,  
So if you ever see a ghost or  
even hear one,  
Head for the hills or you'll be done.

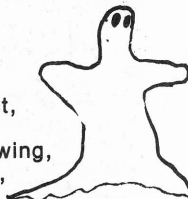
—STEPHEN COLLISON, 7C.



## THE ENCHANTMENT

On the flickering flame hath placed,  
A spurging black cauldron thickened  
with paste,  
Into the cauldron evil and plunder,  
Hear us oh spirits toil and blunder,  
Into the poisen'd entrails cast,  
Six hairy spiders legs....at last, at last,  
Adder's ears, bewildered bee's sting,  
The croak of a bull frog, baby bats's wing,  
Blood of a white rat, bone in its back,  
Liver of a raven, and feathers black,  
Now fellow souceresses our enchantment is done,  
Rest weary bodies, after wild, wacky fun.

—FIONA MAKIN, 7A



## THE GHOSTLY LOVER

Edith Bergers and her daughter lived at 99 Bank Street. Edith's husband died just recently. Anyway, it started when I got a phone call from Edith. Half breathless Edith told me (Betty) on the telephone how a possive spirt personality had been annoying her and her daughter for the past four months. It was her husband who was forcing himself on her — physically! The attacks were so violent Edith had to sleep in the same bed with her daughter. I told her I'd come to see her on Monday for I had another case to cover on the weekend and if she got in any trouble to call me on the number 471512. A day later I got a phone call. It was Edith; she said the ghost had become such a desire as to follow her everywhere she went. Also whenever she was with other men and they would kiss her, she would hear his angry voice. Suddenly I heard a terrifying scream from Edith. It seemed that the ghost had pulled her hair in a most painful fashion, as if to prove he was still very much in evidence! The hauntings continued. On Monday Edith asked me to come around for a few days. The Bergers turned out to be a very level-headed, Middle class family. The day was over and I went to bed, willingly. Later in the night to my horror I woke up to find the ghost before my bed, stark naked! I stared at him, totally petrified until he vanished. That same night Edith has a visit from the ghost, but he was fully dressed this time. He said to her he had been listening to her and the new stranger in the other room and how she wished he would go away. Well, he told her he will wait for her and that he was sorry for what he done. Edith and her daughter live happily now and I have heard no further from her.

—VANESSA DURHAM



A spell to make hair go green.  
Place the cauldron upon the flame,  
Pour in the poison, the exclaim.  
"Fire that crackles, burns and sizzles  
Poison that bubbles, froths and fizzes  
Creatures of evil and powers of hell,  
Help me now to succeed with my spell".  
Ten a sickly green the poison will go,  
Add some snails slime, and a frogs toe  
The scale of the toad, horn of a bat  
Grease of a pig, tooth of cat  
Stir with a human bone,  
On which flesh still hangs.  
Mix in a living grone,  
And two venomous snakes fangs.  
Into this potion now you must clip,  
A rusty old ladle covered with muck.  
Force the victim to take a dip,  
With sickly green hair he will be stuck.

—BELINDA HARRIS.



A ghouel sat on a bridge one night,  
Shaking all a quiver,  
He gave a cough, his head fell off,  
And floated down the river.

—D. WILKINSON, 8B

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

## A CRY IN THE NIGHT

"When am I ever going to get to sleep?" I said to myself as I rolled over to look at the time. It was half past two in the morning and in another five hours I had to rise and shine. I leaped up out of bed and went to the refrigerator to get something to fill my bottomless stomach. Just as I was about to drink my milk a terrifying scream shook the house. It scared the wits out of me and made me drop my milk right down my pyjamas. This made me really mad. I ran back into my room put some clothes on and then went out to find that unhuman like thing.

It was pitch black outside; I could'n't see a thing except the prickly bush I fell in when I tripped on the doorstep. After an agonising two minutes pulling all the thorns out I made my way to the garage and found a torch. I then stepped outside to investigate again. The night air was cold and foggy and this made it almost impossible for me to continue the search, but I wanted to find the source of that siren like noise. I continued to search for another five minutes until my eyelids felt like stone.

Just when I was walking back to the house feeling defeated, the same deafening cry again filled the air. This woke me from dreamland to a further search, and walking straight over to my neighbor's fence, I peered in. The torch light was dim, but there it was, perched high in a cage — the biggest, smartest most stubborn Cockatoo in the world.

I stood there for about ten minutes cursing, yelling, shouting and threatening the daylights out of that half witted bird, but it just kept crying merrily to itself until the first touch of sunlight.

## THE THING

It was a dark, scary night and the wind was howling through the trees. I was alone, walking home through the park, when all of a sudden I heard a strange eerie noise.

I started to run, but I didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Then out of the sky came this "thing". It was a huge monstrosity. It had great bulging eyes, and six legs. It had an oval shaped body, and it looked just like an over large spider.

Scared! I stood still and watched with tearful eyes at "The Thing". It started coming closer and closer! Then it just faded away into the darkness of the night. I was left there feeling lost and bewildered.

What could the shiny silver object have been?

It may have been a U.F.O. coming to observe the life of we humans. My mind went wild with ideas of the earth being taken over by unknown outer space creatures, who want to develop a new race of beings on our earth.

Then, with a shake, I was awakened from the land of subconsciousness. When I woke, I found I was just having a bad dream.



## MY STRANGEST EXPERIENCE

I looked at my watch, yawned, then fell back into my contoured couch. As I was about to take my rest period, I happened to catch fleeting glance through the Plexiport, of a monolithic giant of shimmering white steel pass by my ship.

It drifted silently through this void of blackness, silhouetted against the neighbouring stars. This hulk of a ship intrigued me immensely, being something previously unknown to me.

As I watched it pulsate and glimmer by some strange force acting upon it, it suddenly began to move toward me.

A violent wrench of terror came over me, bringing thoughts of my ship being splintered into oblivion by the massive hulk moving towards me.

The terror grew more and more as it accelerated toward my ship, glowing and shimmering as it advanced.

Just as it was about to collide with me, it suddenly veered to the right, then completely vanished before my eyes.

—D. WILKINSON.

## "LOST IN SPACE"

I was mystically sleeping on a strange planet. I woke up and found myself lying on what looked like a beach. There were waves crashing on the shore. I looked up expecting to see holiday homes lining the perimeter of the sand, but instead saw nothing but sand and rocks right to the horizon, as far as the eye could see. The waves that I heard weren't from an ocean, but from a lake, a small dam, a pool of stagnant water.

The aridity of this land was unbelievably frightening; nothing was there, but I could sense something else, close, watching me. Was it from the pool of water? That bottomless pit of lifeless liquid. I tossed some sand into it and as soon as it touched the glimmering surface of the dam it disintegrated into nothingness, not a trace of it where it had been. I did the same with a stick and only half came back. I wondered if it would do the same to me, human flesh. Should I try it: NO! NO! I retorted. My mind was still curious, what was it? I tried my trick a few more times with some more sand and a few more sticks. Then it dawned on me, if there were sticks, then there must have been trees or bushes. This was a sign of civilisation; ancient or modern? This eerie landscape was driving me crazy. Again I thought about jumping into the lake and ending it all. I just couldn't take the terrifying suspense of this planet. I was probably going to die anyway, one way or another. Should I or shouldn't I? My insides were tossing and turning, like in a bad dream. Then I saw one lonely star in the sky, was it where I belonged? Nobody knows. Even if I did belong there, I had no means by which to get back home. I started to get up, slipped, fell, smack onto the water.....

POISON,  
DEATH,  
SLEEP.

SIMON MOGLIA, Year 8.

# MEMORIES

Each day, on my way to school I see him. He sits on an old chair, against the wall, staring. He doesn't smile or frown, he just stares.

Sometimes, when I look closely enough, I can reach his eyes, his thoughts, his feelings. He sits and remembers, remembers his life gone by, the happy and the sad. Yes, he remembers.

He remembers the war — fighting in the trenches for his life. He remembers the rain, the agony at being shot, the heartbreaking sorrow of his family when they heard.

He remembers the army hospital — the trench of sweat and blood, the cries of dying men and the pain. That everlasting pain that showed in everyone's eyes.

Yes, he remembers the depression — starving and living like a dog, scratching for food, stealing just to eat. They were hard times and they are forever imprinted in his mind. They will never forget.

He will never forget the death of his wife, his family, murdered for the joy of killing. Anguish and sheer hatred swelled up inside when they told him. They never caught the killer but he knows who he is.

So, let him live with his own conscience, that is the best punishment of all.

He sits on his chair and remembers his life, full of fear, tears and anguish. He never smiles, he just stares, and remembers.

SHARON FREDERICKS.

The hard labour,  
Long hours of yesterday  
Seem too much to bare,  
Yet they called them the  
Good old days.  
Many a man fought in a  
War or two,  
With longing memories  
Trapped inside waiting  
For someone to find the key;  
Faces known grow few  
The ones left are wrinkled  
and separated from the rest  
of the world.  
The over taking of power strengthens,  
Digesting only what's wanted,  
Not what's needed.  
Will they ever learn?  
Wasting the Earth's energy and uses.  
Soon they'll have to go back to  
The way it used to be,  
During the good old days  
But who will teach them the ways,  
We will all be gone.

Remember way back,  
Back to your childhood.  
Childhood games of fun and joy,  
Ups and downs, sadness and rejoicings.

Remember way back,  
Back to your schooldays,  
Days of learning and talk,  
Friends and competition,  
Winning and losing, tests and results  
Holidays welcomed, forever welcomed.

Remember way back,  
Back to your first job  
Young, raw and strong,  
Willing and able,  
Hard work and easy.

Remember way back  
Back to your wedding,  
Cleanly dressed, bride in white,  
Bells tolling, announcing to the world,  
We're married today, I do, I do ....  
Remember way back.  
(—DONALD BROOKE.



## IN FIFTY YEARS TIME . . .

My eyesight failing, glasses I'd wear,  
A grey tinge would appear in my hair,  
To my little grand children, I'd recall,  
The good old days when I was small.  
The cattle I'd milked from dawn unto dusk,  
And how we thought it a blessing to have pink  
coloured musk.  
The people I knew, the places we went,  
How hard we worked, the little we spent.  
Our form of transport? Horse and cart,  
Of our first car and how hard it was to start,  
I'd tell of the joys and sorrows we went through,  
And how our old shack rocked when the winds  
blew.

—LYNELLE CLARK, 9C

# THE "DRAMATIC" PAGE

## "THE ENEMY"

A young, red roo in his thoughts stands alone  
Rising behind him a sun fully grown.  
Quietly he watches the mob and their eminent fate,  
Feeding silently by him is his faithful mate.

The sun shifts through the stopping glide,  
Alighting the day and the countryside.  
Above on the hill, an enemy stands,  
Waiting, Waiting for the life of the land.

The proud, young roo senses danger above,  
Just as the figure raises his gun, without love.  
But the roo is alert, watching that figure with care,  
He calls the mob to hide and beware.

The gun calls out, at its ugly victory,  
As an old, aged man roo falls, from its trickery.  
But the life of the group is unperturbed,  
And the daily pattern continues, undisturbed.

—BELINDA BLINKSELL, 8B

## "LIFE AT STAKE"

Bang!!

The sound of the gun echoed through the eerie silence and I tried to shake the feeling of sleep from my bones. How long had I been up here? It seemed like years but I knew my vigil had lasted only a few short hours. I opened one eye and then the other, very carefully trying to find my kidnapper who had taken me hostage to save his own life.

I remembered in terror the horrifying experience that I had tried to block from my mind but found my thoughts slowly wandering back to it.

"Don't think about it, you fool!" I yelled. My kidnapper jumped, startled at the noise after the long silence. He came over to me to check I was tied securely. Satisfied, he walked back to where he was sitting and lit a cigarette.

"Want one?" he said and I realised that they were the first words he had spoken to me since the start and I was slightly puzzled of the tone of the voice. I said no and he settled back to enjoy his cigarette, drawing back to appreciate it fully when another "Bang" brought him to his feet.

He stumbled to the window with a gun in his hand and fired a shot. I heard a scream of pain and realised that he must have hit someone.

"You murderer!" I yelled at the top of my voice realising that I could be the next one to die. He turned and smiled at me, a terrible smile that made me feel sick right to the bottom of my stomach.

I turned from that smile, to look at a blank wall and I could sense him coming towards me. I looked for something to protect myself with but found nothing. My hands, arms and legs were weak, tied to a chair, so I turned to face him. To my surprise, I found him untying me and I flexed my unbound limbs gratefully, thankful to be loose. I realised, however, that he was not untying me out of thoughtfulness but rather to show that he meant business and would kill me if he had to.

He turned sharply as we heard bangs and thuds against the locked door. Suddenly it sprang open as the locks gave way and four policeman barged their way in.

I was safe! My ordeal was over.

—BELINDA CARPENTER, Year 10A.

## DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Joseph Catalotti was Italian, Mafia style. He had just fire-bombed the store of Mr. Andy Jones, a man who had refused to pay for protection from Joseph's boss, Leonardo Peliini.

As Joe sped away from the scene of the crime, he saw old Ned, the 'wino', staring suspiciously at his car, a black Cadillac with tinted windows. Joe was taking no chances. He pushed a button on his dashboard marked "plate covers", and two black roll-a-door type mechanisms slid down over his number plates. Joe knew this wasn't enough. He would have to find Ned and do away with him, so to speak, but not tonight because the sirens he could hear meant the cops were at Jones' store.

The following night around 11.30, he headed for Ned's shack behind the dump. The place stank of vile smells, but he walked slowly towards the shack stepping quietly and carefully, expecting to catch Ned off guard. He pushed the door open. It creaked and then there was silence. He walked in and saw Ned's bed. There was a lump in the flimsey blankets and he drew his knife and brought it down into a heap of old tin cans and bottles that had been piled under the blankets.

Joe turned angrily towards the door that was opening slowly. Ned's voice said, "I've been expecting you Catalotti". Ned was carrying a sawn-off double barrel shotgun.

"Oh yes, I saw what happened last night", Ned said slowly. "But don't worry, you won't have to go to jail. I know you came here to kill me, but now the tables are turned, aren't they Catalotti?"

"No, no, no. I didn't Ned, honest," Joe pleaded.

"Bull!" Ned yelled and fired at Joe with both barrels. "That's that". Ned muttered as he pushed the body under the bed and put the gun in his pathetic closet. He pulled from the pocket of his coat a bottle of Vickers Gin and lay down on his bed to drink it.

—S.M., Yr. 9

## DISASTER

It was a horrible scene.

Mutilated bodies everywhere, lying in pools of their own blood. I recognised the face of one. It was my father. The colour drained from my face, and I turned around, feeling wretched.

"It can't be true!!", I screamed.

But it was and it was putrid. I walked through the rubble of broken bodies. The stench was revolting. It was apparent that they had been lying there for some days.

I glanced towards my feet. Toward the right of me was a hand that bore my mother's ring.

I bent down, picked up the blood-stained hand, it felt terribly cold, and carefully I removed the ring.

My eyes were welling up with tears.

A noise came from behind me. I turned around to see a terror stricken face of a body lying against the pile of sickening, dishevelled, stinking bodies.

Seeing me, he slowly raised his arm. His body stiffened and then fell . . .

I buried my face in my hands.

I cried . . .

—LINDA CANDOTTI, 9.1



# SEA

## THE SEA DOG

The sea is a well fed dog;  
Giant and blue  
He lulls on the beach all day  
With his gleaming teeth and laughing jaws.  
Hour upon hour he greedily chews  
The rolling, crashing pebbles,  
And he "plays, plays, plays, plays!"  
He finally barks.  
Licking his playful paws,  
And when the night is still,  
And the moon glistens in the clear sky  
He jumps to his feet and smells and sniffs,  
Shaking his sandy sides over the cliffs  
And yells and barks long and loud.

—NEVILLE THOMAS, Year 8.

## WHALING

At the crack of dawn  
The hunters arise,  
The spout flies high  
In the early morn,  
The chase is on  
through rough, tough seas,  
The spear does fly,  
Why not let whales be

—G. ROBERTS, 9A

## "THE SEA AT NIGHT".

Every night the sun goes down  
The sea turns a pretty red,  
The surfers coming in and out  
Until the sea seems dead,  
But it always livens up again,  
Although sometimes rather slow.  
Again the surfers paddle out,  
The sea swinging them high and low.

—K. DUCKINSON, Year 8.

## SEA

Deep, wide  
Blue, cold, salty  
For ever swelling, splashing  
water.

—HEATHER VEITCH, Year 8A.

## "WAVES"

Sweeping up the rocky cliffs,  
Tossing and swirling, spindrift whirling,  
Sparkling, gushing, always rushing.

Golden sand, sea shells and dams,  
Shadow sneaking, always creeping  
Foaming edges keep on leaping.

—JOANNE THOMAS, Year 8.

## THE SEA

Rising and falling  
A rhythmic motion  
Everlasting, evermoving  
Goes on and on and on.

—TRACY HAMPSTEAD, 8A.

## THE SEA!!

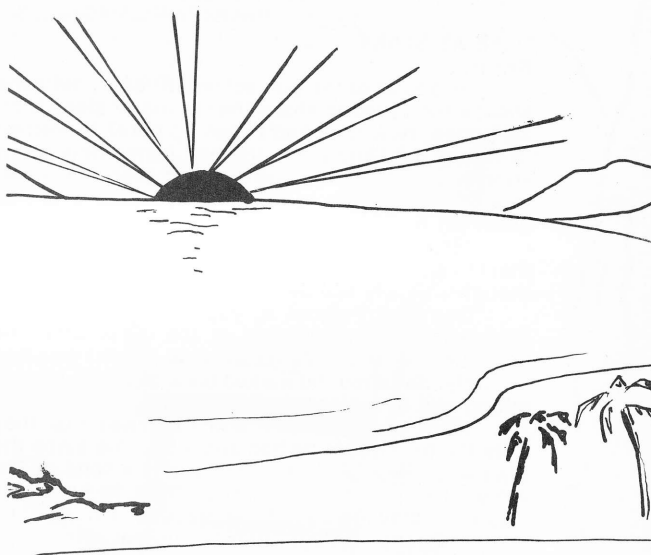
Gently swirling  
Swish of the surf  
Calm waters  
No harm to others.

Now its angry  
No longer gentle  
First it was still  
Now it aims to kill.

—EDITH SEIDL.

## WATER

Clear as clear as day  
water whirling over rocks  
keeps running onwards.



## ROLLING IN

Rolling in, rolling in,  
Where have you come from,  
Where have you been,  
Ocean, wide and mysterious?

Rolling in, rolling in,  
Sometimes angry, sometimes calm,  
Sometimes threatening to harm.  
Ocean, deep and serious.

Rolling in, rolling in,  
Crashing against cliffs,  
Crashing over rocks  
Ocean, wild and furious.

Rolling in, rolling in,  
Breaking over beaches,  
Breaking round piers  
Never ceasing, always curious.

—MAXINE BALL, Year 8.

# THE WEST

## HORSES

Free and wild  
Caught and tamed

Saddles and bridles  
And plaited manes

With wisping tails  
And sorrowful eyes

They run around  
In corral with style

With whining cries  
They lay down to die

And when they are dead  
They thank the Lord

They are free again  
Just to roam the wild

—MICHELLE McDONALD, 9.3

## SUNRISE

The sun came over the mountains like a flaming ball of light against a ragged end of black velvet. The light of the sun spread out with golden beams covering the valley with warm sunlight and slowly melting the mist away like ice cream in a golden green bowl.

—JOE TURNBULL, Yr 8

## "MY HORSE"

Having strong legs is great,  
On the gun, at the start,  
Riding ever so swiftly,  
Silently as a butterfly,  
Even after he wins a race, strong!

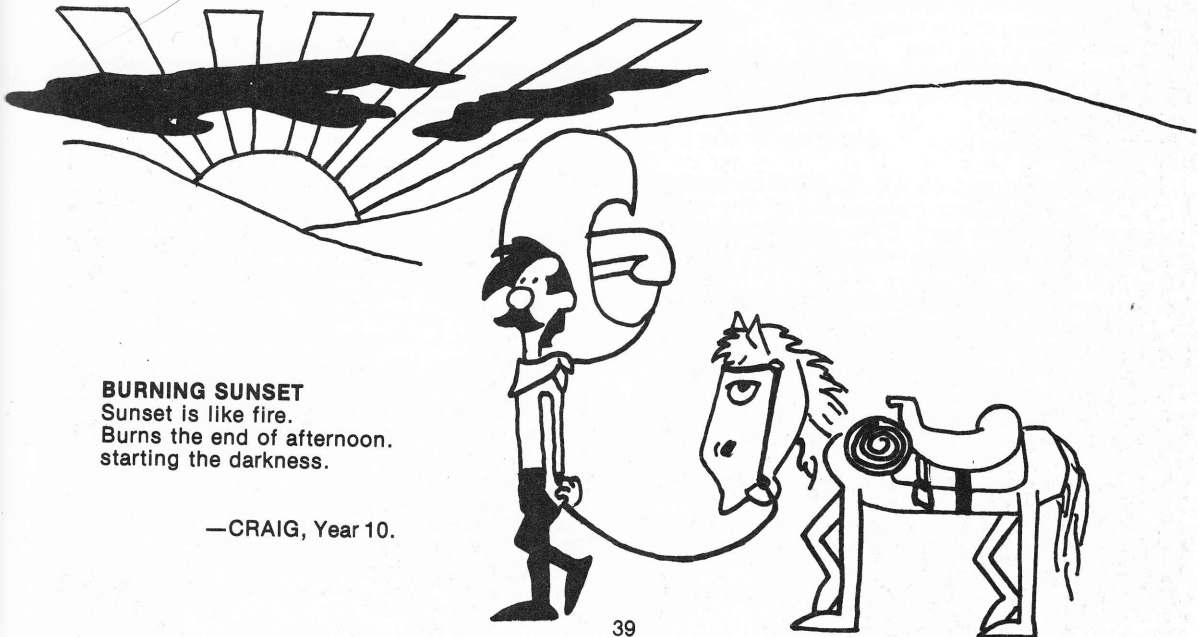
—STEPHEN MILLER, 8C.

## THE COWBOY

The prayers are many, the jokes are few,  
In the hope that one may ride the time through.  
The ruffle of chaps,  
Cattle pup yaps,  
Spurs start clinking,  
Cowboys thinking—  
IS the monster they've got  
hard to ride or not?

As he mounts the leather creaks,  
In another world a crowd shrieks,  
Then breathing deeply he gives a shout,  
"Come on boys — let him out!"  
The shoot bosses clear,  
From the spur-driven steer.  
And as the tension starts to grow,  
He remembers he must give the crowd a show,  
Every buck means strain,  
Every jolt gives pain,  
A bond is formed between the devil and the man,  
And he'll stay there as long as he can.  
Then the whistle goes,  
His score? God only knows.  
Then he is told,  
The words of gold,  
That for the work he has done  
First prize he has won.

—LYNELLE CLARKE, Year 9



## BURNING SUNSET

Sunset is like fire.  
Burns the end of afternoon.  
starting the darkness.

—CRAIG, Year 10.

# A LOOK . . .

and

## MY SUNGLASSES

One day I went for a drive out to my uncle's. The sun was blazing. It was hot and I was dry. I had my sunglasses on. Just as well, the sun was blazing. There was only my two brothers (Spana and Andy) and me there.

I mucked around over at the dairy most of the day. I had my sunglasses on. Just as well, the sun was blazing.

We had a water fight at the dairy. Then Hubert and I went down to the hay-shed to catch some mice for Red (our cat). I had my sunglasses on. Just as well, the sun was blazing.

We mucked around with the dogs for a while and then with the cats. I had my sunglasses on. Just as well, the sun was blazing.

I went and saw my girlfriend. Then I went riding the bike. I had my sunglasses on. Just as well, the sun was blazing.

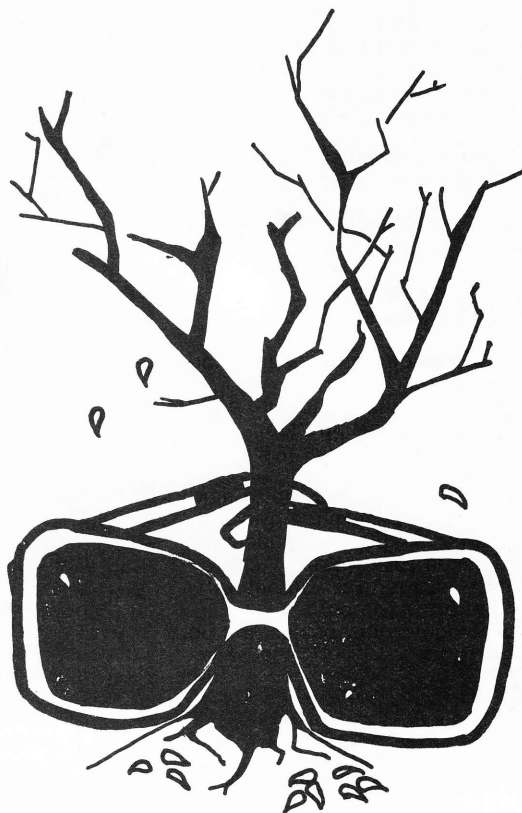
That afternoon we went swimming. When we got back to the house, the sun was blazing, but I didn't have my sunglasses on. I ran back down to the river. I looked in the river, on the bank, everywhere. Then . . . there they were, in the grass.

I picked them up and was running to the river to wash them when I tripped over and broke them.

I was sad all the rest of the day. The sun was blazing, but no sunglasses.

The next morning I got up and it was raining. Just as well I had my raincoat.

—ROBERT ANNETTS, Year 9



## "ALIVE"

Alive like the breeze in the trees,  
Alive like the hum of the bees,  
Alive like a fish in the river,  
Alive like a lizard covered in slither,  
Alive like a bird flying overhead.

—ANON.

## THE SEA DOG

The sea is a satisfied dog,  
Calm and blue,  
He gently rolls on the beach all day with his snow  
white teeth and gentle jaws.  
Hour upon hour he grows,  
The shifting, trembling stones and softly roams,  
rooms . . . rooms!  
The contented sea dog moans  
Happy all the day.

And when the stars begin to shine and the moon is  
bright in the night sky,  
He idles to his feet and yawns,  
Sliding his wet sides over the cliffs  
And murmurs and sighs.

— PAUL VINE, 8B

## I LIKE AUTUMN:

The leaves changing colour,  
The grass playing gently,  
The children running freely.  
Winter's on the way,  
But I'd prefer to play  
On a warm Autumn's day.  
I like Autumn.

—KERRY, 8C.

The rustle from the leaves  
As a breeze whistles through the trees,  
Like swaying giants, reaching for the sky  
Two bright green leaves just passed me by.

They fluttered to the ground  
Where they were soon found  
Raked in a pile,  
Soon turned to the colour of the Nile  
They died in a state of shock.

—ANNA BRUMBY

# A CLOSER LOOK

## HALLS AND DOORWAYS.....

Time roils by like a bird on the wing,  
Come close now sit beside me.  
Come close and we will sing  
Of glaring dejections, of motions never moved,  
Of lost and lonely lovers,  
Of accepting the wooden spoon,  
Of broken hearts and bruises,  
Of burnt and buried fears,  
Of tired and tortured eyes now,  
Too tired even for tears,  
Of cats and kings and crooked minds,  
Of free minds on a string.  
Don't run, don't hide, don't shy away.  
Are you one of them?

We were singing of the mountains  
That people could never move,  
Of nature's chevalier mountains,  
Of streams and trees that sooth,  
Of falls of walls of wisdom  
That experience can only choose.

Crawling to the end now,  
Sold and sickly souls,  
Riddled with defeat now  
Of valour they never know'd,  
Only of making money  
Through buying and selling souls,  
All the money won't stop them  
From reaching hell's goal.

—THE CARETAKER.  
(Kevin Smith)

## THERE'S ONLY ONE CATCH .....

The gallery of villians rest on their morals  
To cultivate destruction, the seeding of horrors  
In the world of the insane, the sun never shines  
I am the sighted in the country of the blind  
For I am the Innocent here among the wolves  
Immortality defeated survival's the only rule.

They are the blind men, they cannot see  
And, being unaware, they cannot be free,  
They dwell in insanity that is their own,  
Where the flowers don't grow 'cause the clouds  
don't rain.

Fools rise to power, the history books read  
In the wars gone before us  
Through the nothingness they've achieved.

I looked in the window, I didn't like what I had seen,  
A captive in spirit, the sterile being.  
Unaccommodated man is no more  
But such a poor, bare, forked animal  
As thou art, and have been before.

Every victim a culprit, every culprit a victim,  
There must be some way to break this lousy chain of  
existence.

Men must endure, ripeness is all.  
I'm not spilling my guts all over the floor;  
I've got responsibilities, I've got a life to lead;  
I don't want garbage, I want to be free.

—THE OBSERVER.  
(Kevin Smith)

## WAR

One fine day in the middle of Kent  
A man was called to war, and so off he went.  
He went to the front where the war it raged.  
At home he left a girl; they were to be engaged.  
The war he found it cruel, he found it horrid.  
If the rain came at all, it came in torrents.  
The home he left, he longed for once more,  
Down by the sea, down by the shore.  
The war changed him and made him temperamental,  
And when he returned they discovered he was  
mental.  
The doctor's told him he could no longer mingle;  
He couldn't visit his friends, or his best mate,  
Pringle  
This they call the tragedy of war.  
I cannot accept it any longer, no more,  
For this is the bad part, the part I despise  
Where a man comes home and is told nothing but  
lies.

—M. McLENNAN, Year 10.



## TO ALL WOMEN AND MEN — A TOPICAL COMMENT

Just when I was thinking equality was in,  
I had to clear my mind for things looked grim.  
Women of Australia, I thought we had it made,  
But it seems our position is beginning to fade.

For decades we've struggled to get what we've got,  
Though still it seems we're not really top.  
Now I haven't really got a great deal to complain,  
But there's this question that keeps racking my  
brain

"Why should women be rubbished when men are  
praised?"

Surely if I had my way the ears would be raised.

"Disgraceful, awful, how could you do that?"

"Good one, beauty", — pat on the back!

Well, I'm definitely not going to wait to be  
drowned,

Put on the joggers and spread the word around

There's only one obstacle we've yet to clear  
Look out Aussie men, we're nearly here!

—DEBBIE BRIGHT, Year 8



# FRIENDSHIP

## FRIENDS

Forever sincere  
Racing around together  
In a group  
Everlasting friends  
Never arguing  
Daring in all ways  
Somewone who cares.

DEBBIE, 10C



## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is giving someone  
A portion of your heart,  
Love is thinking of them  
When you're close or far apart.

Love is caring when they're glad,  
And caring when they're blue,  
Love is sharing good and bad  
As though its part of you.

Love is finding happiness  
In just a touch or smile,  
Love is everything that counts  
It's what makes life worthwhile.

—ANON



## FRIENDS

When good friends walk beside us  
On the trail that we must keep  
Our burdens seem less heavy  
And the hills are not so steep.  
The weary miles pass swiftly  
Taken in a joyous stride  
And all the world seems brighter  
When friends walk by your side.

—LISA COLEMAN

## LOVE

You've loved him since  
You don't know when,  
You've loved from  
Here to then.  
Cold winter nights  
That are so dim,  
And hot summer days  
You just keep dreaming of him.  
There's love in your heart,  
But tears in your eyes.  
You'll never part  
Till the day he dies . . .

— SHAZ, Year 9

# FAR FROM THE CROWD

## DESOLATION

Alone I stand in a deserted landscape with nothing for company but a few corpses of animals already claimed by the hungry land.

A slight breeze stirs the air  
bringing a stench wafting towards me  
the nauseating smell of death.

Slowly the night begins to engulf the desolate land  
the sun a burning ember sinks slowly through the sky.

I wait keenly for the coolness of night  
to overcome the day's crippling heat  
yet knowing the next day may be my last.

Soon I may become just another part of this dead  
and barren land.  
Slowly sinking into the endless sea of sand.

Another lifeless companion for the many lifeless  
bodies, strewn throughout the land.

Perhaps prey for a hungry scavenger  
circling high in anticipation  
waiting with an ever watchful eye.

Perhaps to become just another one  
of the many scattered  
groups of bones on the horizon.

—CHRISTINE WALSCH, Year 10A.

## "COLD NIGHT"

Old lady sitting on the park bench,  
Sharing her crumbs with the pigeons.  
She has no where to sleep, nothing to eat,  
But what do they care  
As long as she's there with her crumbs.

She finds a nice place in the gutter,  
Away from the water and the splutter.  
She finds an old piece of rug;  
She lies there hoping not to be mugged,  
But she is still cold.

Along comes the Sydney City Mission;  
They give her a meal from their kitchen;  
They give her a bed to rest her head;  
She was saved from the cold.  
—CRAIG WYSE, Year 8A

## ALONE

You come to me in the dark of night  
You catch me unaware  
I am alone  
In the shadow with no light  
I have love and warmth to share  
But no-one to share with.

My eyes are filled with tears,  
But no-one to cry with,  
I am alone.  
The cold of night filling me with fear.  
I walk alone through the streets of life  
for I am alone.

—ALISON CAMERON. 10A.

## ALONE

Lonely unknown man  
Finds food where he can  
He sleeps in the street  
with mice at his feet  
No one dares to go near him  
For they think it's a sin  
He lives all day in sorrow  
For there is no tomorrow.

Winter covers the streets with white;  
The poor old man knows that isn't right.  
All night he wanders through the town,  
Hoping that someone will bed him down.  
There are old people with out a home,  
Which they could really call their own,  
But "What!" do we care?  
They only get in our hair.

—EDITH SEIDL, Year 8A.

## MY WORLD OF DARKNESS

Alone in a world of darkness.  
In a world thats strange and new.  
Not really knowing where I'm going,  
For I canpt see my path like you.  
The sea, the birds, the flowers;  
I can't see them, anymore;  
But I know they're still around me,  
Like the pictures on the wall.  
The colours of the day,  
No more do they come my way,  
For I'm in a world of darkness,  
A world where I', to stay.

—By JUDY SMITH, Year 10C.

## "ALONE"

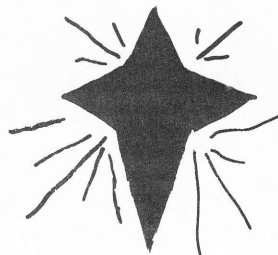
I was standing on the sidewalk,  
Looking across the road,  
Seeing if there were any cars  
So I could cross the road.

I had no money on me;  
In other words, I was broke.  
For an old fellow it was bad;  
I didn't even have a smoke.

The nights I slept on benches,  
Looking at the lights,  
Thinking what it would be like being rich,  
How it would be nice.

I have to put up with what I've got,  
Cause there is nothing else I can do,  
Being alone,  
Not being with you.

—DAVID MURPHY, 8A.



# ANIMALS

## ANIMAL CRACKERS?

[Nick-names have been used to expose the victims]

They arrived at the campsite weary and exhausted. As the bus slowed down, BOPPERS fell out the window wrenching his belt buckle from its stays.

"Quick, throw the TOOL," he yelled desperately as his trousers swirled around his ankles. As he was fixing his buckle, a great gust of wind hurtled through the bus and threw COCKY into the MURRAY River.

"I'll save him!" grunted PIG as he stripped down to his shorts and hurriedly dived into the icy cold water. A tuft of white hair bobbed dangerously near sharp rocks and EMU's quick thinking and long legs only just saved COCKY.

When all three were safely on the muddy banks, bedraggled and wet through they were, the tents were pitched and a roaring fire started.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was just on dusk and everyone was collecting around the fire, when CHOOK strutted off towards the roughly constructed outhouse. He was about to KNOX on the door to see if anyone was in there, when a rare red-eared drop—GORILLA swung from the trees and grabbed him by the neck. CHOOK screamed and ran white-faced from the scrub. Everyone stopped singing CARROLLS and dropped their PENS, all eager to know about CHOOK's narrow escape.

They finally calmed CHOOK down and proceeded to have their dinner. There was an enveloping silence as they munched hungrily on their food. EMU concentrated on devouring his apple, and then painstakingly wrapped the core in Glad Wrap, while COCKY ate his tinned baby food and watched with amusement.

While this was going on the rest of the campers ate their food: CHOOK pecked daintily at his unpeeled orange; BOPPERS attacked his daily choc block and drank his carton of chocolate milk; PIG wolfed down his six sandwiches, and TIKI chomped into his two buns.

They enjoyed their meal heartily, checked the bushes surrounding the camp for unwanted drop-GORILLAS, then retired into their vermin infested sleeping bags. Thus their first day at Cave Creek had come to an end.

—ANONYMOUS. Year 10.

## ARE YOU A MONKEY TOO?

Monkey, monkey who?  
Monkey at the zoo,  
Yellow monkeys,  
Purple monkeys,  
Monkeys quite a few  
Be a monkey do!  
Who's a monkey, who?  
She's a monkey,  
He's a monkey,  
You're a monkey too!!

—SANDI DAVIDSON, Yr 9

## WITH A CAPITAL S, THAT RHYMES WITH MESS, which stands for school.

If you happen to peashoot someone,  
And the teacher gets in the way  
Better beware, better care  
Or detention you'll suffer all day.  
So — with a capital S, which rhymes with mess,  
which stands for school.  
If you happen to get caught in the library,  
Chewing gum, 'Oh' what a sin.  
The teacher'll march you to the bin straight away,  
And you can be sure that the gum will go in.  
That's school with a capital S, that rhymes with  
mess, which stands for school.  
If you try wagging it one day  
Ooo, the price that you will pay  
When you come back to a capital S,  
which rhymes with mess, which stands  
for SCHOOL.

—CHRISTINE THOMAS, 7A.

## FISH BIG

The DTF.7 line flew through the air hissing as it went, at the end of a 3x leader with an imitation grasshopper.

A fish rose and I promptly directed my cast 3 feet in front. There was a splash and I struck.

The fight was a grueling match of wits, with the fish trying to throw the hook at every chance. One moment he would not put up a struggle, then the next he would streak away at top speed. I was at my limit of endurance as I had been fighting the fish for more than an hour. The fish turned towards me and I had to reel at top speed to keep up with it. The runs were getting steadily shorter and the fish getting tired, I began reeling in as the fish gave little resistance.

I finally slipped the net under him and carried him up the bank.

The scales went down to 38lb 15oz, this was a new world record for trout. It now adorns my bedroom high on the wall, in a place of the highest honour.

—STUART CRAIN, 9.1

## BIRDS

Birds flying freely  
Beautiful as the rainbow  
high, low, everywhere.

—D. BARTON  
Year 10.

I love living  
The receiving and the giving  
The newborn and the old  
The heat and the cold  
Children and toys  
The games of young boys  
The rhythm of seasons  
Rights and reasons  
Peace and Nature's mother  
Love between sister and brother  
the hum of bees  
The wind through the trees  
I love living

—LYNELLE CLARKE, 9C

# TRUCKS + BUSHRANGERS

## "MORT DRUCKER, BUSHRANGER EXTRAORINAIRE"

There was once a bushranger called Mort Drucker. Boy, what a dook!! He was so dumb, he once went into a local hardware store and saw a roll of sandpaper. He thought it was a map of the desert! He came out to New South Wales with the second fleet. He thought it was a cruise of the Bahamas. When he arrived, he discovered he had left his wallet back in England, and had to fend for himself out in the bush. He tried to kill some animals for tea, but he got caught in the snares.

He eventually decided to turn to bushranging. He stole a gun, but shot himself in the leg while he was learning how to use it. He also stole a horse, but it got away when he tied it to the wheel of a wagon heading south. It dragged that poor horse 100 miles on its face.

Well, anyway, Drucker was badly allergic to money. One day, he robbed the town bank and got caught. They put him in gaol, but after three months they couldn't put up with the sneezing anymore.

But he was finally caught. He tried to rob the bank the second time with a peg on his nose, but when he came running out of the bank he jumped onto the sheriff's back and thought it was his horse. The sheriff just trotted him straight into gaol, where he stayed. They brought capital punishment in the next day so they could hang him and get him out of the way.

—RON, Year 9

## RUBBISH TRUCK

Bang, bang, crash, thump,  
Rubbish truck at the dump,  
Dropping objects, everyones' litter,  
Dull tin cans, and some that glitter.

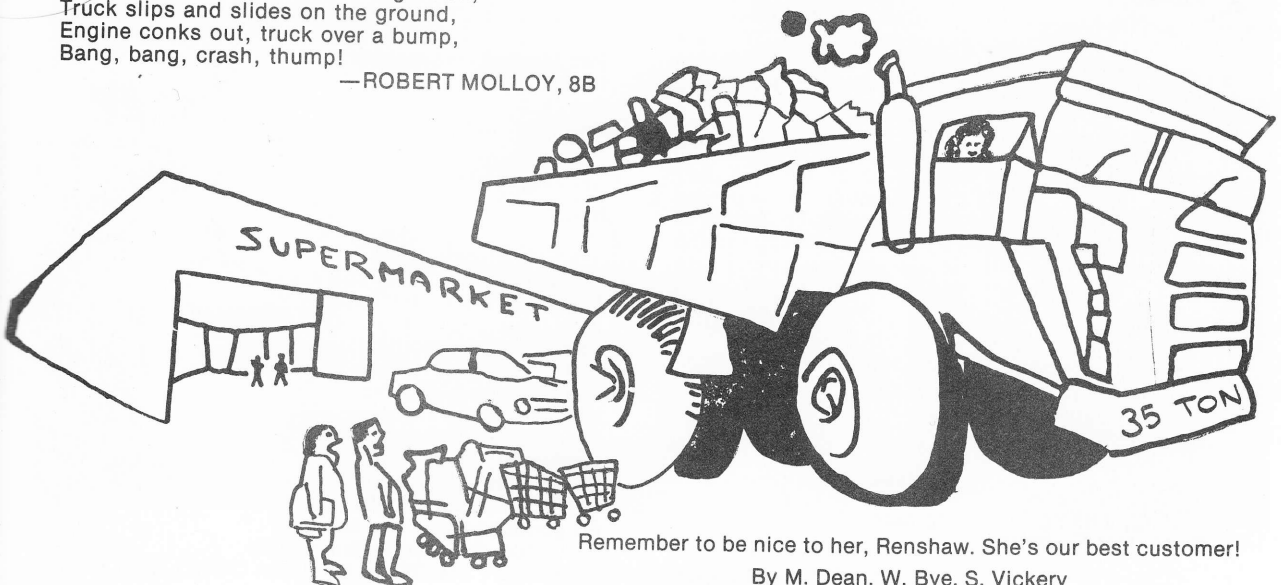
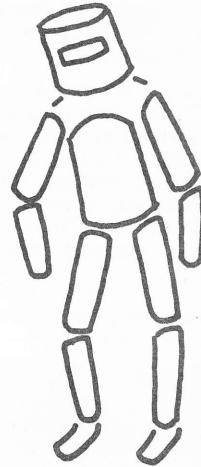
Thunder and rain come tumbling down,  
Truck slips and slides on the ground,  
Engine conks out, truck over a bump,  
Bang, bang, crash, thump!

—ROBERT MOLLOY, 8B

## TRUCKS

Tough man-made machines,  
Rugged as their master.  
Ugly brutes, they are, ever trying to go faster.  
Crazy racers,  
Kings of the highway,  
Sure, they'd be in gaol, if only I had my way.

—KERRY WHITING, Year 8



Remember to be nice to her, Renshaw. She's our best customer!

By M. Dean, W. Bye, S. Vickery



# OTHERS

## TUMUT

Tumut is typical of a small country town; the large green hills dotted with mint patties, flies and dust, the never ending buzz of the women reporting today's events over the fence, the sweeping plains and bough and, of course, the young lads and lasses that decorate the nearest corner.

The name, Tumut, was not the original title for such a small community, it was derived from the Aboriginal word, "Doomut", meaning "by the riverside". The first settlers in the town were not content with this name and changed the name to something quite unique. Either way Tumut is written or read it'll always be the same.

After deciding on an easy name for the township, the Tumut folk decided on expanding. Now 3 mills, a swimming pool, two parks, various restaurants and cafes, 6 pubs, 3 clubs (with another on the way), 2 vets, 5 doctors, one printing office, one tab, one hospital, 5 schools, one technical college and no trees later, Tumut has emerged into her full light and is ready to emerge even further.

The Shire Council has great plans to evacuate all living and presumably dead trees, to make Tumut look like the Nullabor's sister.

Although high-rise buildings and traffic lights in Tumut are definitely something for the future, she does not lack the night life that a city has. The once-a-month discos the Golf Club holds keep you remembering and preparing for the next month's "date". Remembering not to go and preparing yourself for the worst if you are forced to go. Yet, you can't go past the typical country pub, like the Oriental. Where the cows that wander through town leave their trademarks on the front steps and the boys from the bush bring in their crop to show and even sell if the price is right. But it possesses an atmosphere unique to any other pub in Tumut. The two man band singing songs to all types, the juke box appealing to those who are lonely and the nice array of fresh grown vegies for those who are willing to buy.

Nevertheless, Tumut isn't that bad, where else would every man and his dog go on a free Friday night? Where would the Adelonions and the Mountain men go after the sun sets? To Tumut of course, because it's only a wood and a wedge to the small community that offers you everything you could wish for except trees.

JMD-015, Year 12

## PICTURE

Figure in a frame  
Staring, smiling, dreaming face  
Gone. Not Forgotten.

—L. CASEY, 10C.

The bell rang. I bent over to put my books in my bag and had to fight off a boy's leg which was getting dangerously close. I walked coolly and calmly out of the classroom only to be hit by a wave of dangerously tiny first formers. I had to fight them off with my steel capped case. I managed to knock down two, and marked the notches off on my case. That made 100. They were after me now, there were too many, even my electrified suit case couldn't handle that many. I ran into the loos only to be hit by a solid wall of smoke, so I pulled a hanky to my face before the smoke completely engulfed me.

That was close. They almost got me that time! I made my way to the doorway only to be shoved through by some vicious 3rd formers. I struck out with my hand. Another notch! Walking down the hall I was attacked by a swarm of desk racers. I managed to knock 5 over.

Before our teacher came, I rushed into the classroom only to be bashed by a flying door. I managed, I don't know how, to get away. Calmly and sedately I sat myself down just in time. Mr. Fitz nonchalantly strolled in. They almost had me, but I was too fast for them. I wasn't called 000 for nothing.

—JOANNE HENRICK, 9.2

## SHOOTING

Lots of rifles  
Foxes, little white tail bobbing  
up and down  
Aim, fire, death again.  
Shooting.

A magazine article I must write,  
To show the kids I am bright.  
Pen in hand I sit and think.  
I must hurry or I'll be out of ink,  
But I just sit here like a drone,  
Dear, oh dear I can only moan.

—ANON.

## FAREWELL TO TEACHERS

Goodbye to all the teachers  
Who have taught us through the year.  
There's lots we could say to you,  
But it's too bad for you to hear.  
The things you've tried to teach us  
We never understood  
But thanks for trying anyway  
It never did us any good.  
The year is all but over,  
We'll be leaving you real soon,  
So goodbye to all you teachers  
And good riddance to this school.

—By JUDY SMITH and BELINDA O'SULLIVAN 10C.



"But, darling, do you think they REALLY enjoyed the Christmas concert this year?"



Highlight of the concert: "Are My Ears on Straight"



The 1979 Bogong Committee:  
Absent: Miss Davidson, Jenny  
Crain, Despo Mariotis,  
Brigita Tezak, Judy Schafer.

## BOGONG CREDITS

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