

INDOORCOOPILLY STATE
HIGH SCHOOL
YEARBOOK 1994

NON SINE

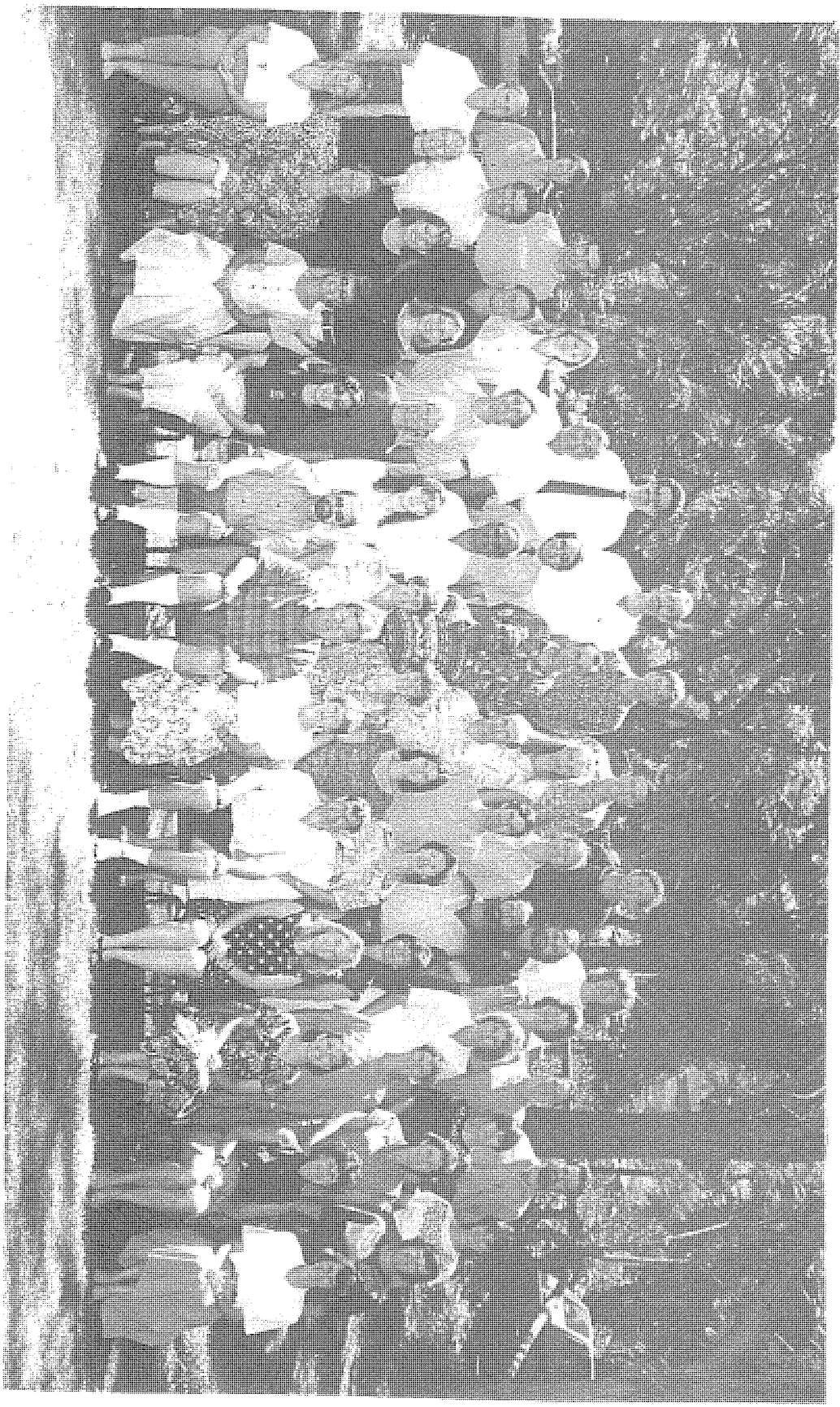
U.S.H.S.

PULVERE

RAMA



TURN
PAGE!!



STAFF

FRONT ROW: (left to right) Adrienne Jones, Christine Dyke, Hildegard Russell, Winnie Edwards-Davis, Ken Austin, Rod Bailey, Lorna Whelan, David Outram, Janet Went, Glenda McGregor, Vicki Burquez, Jeanette Lamont
SECOND ROW: Mary McCulloch, Kym Barrett, Aileen Lockhart, Trudy Kasper, Deborah Findlay, Cheryl Stokes, Deirdre Hall, Wendy Stewart, Dorothy Spurrell, Pam Warty, Bev Smith, Lynda Dyne, Jan Hannagan
THIRD ROW: Noela Stark, Andrew Waddell, Steven Davies, Wallace Smith, Baldev Josh, Chandra Kant, Peter Rolandsen, Peter Day, Warren Janetzski, June Hogan, Janet Pratt, Glenice Windsor
FOURTH ROW: Robyn Basley, Martin Kenny, Robyn Simpson, Peter Stevens, Chris Williams, Howard Pickering, Fiona Davies, Dianne Hall, Rob Wiltshire, Mirva Harrison, Judy Aylward, Zane Zaghini
FIFTH ROW: Jim Finn, Gary Anderson, Wayne Proud, John Magee, John Brew, Sue Goode
Principal: Mr R. Bailey

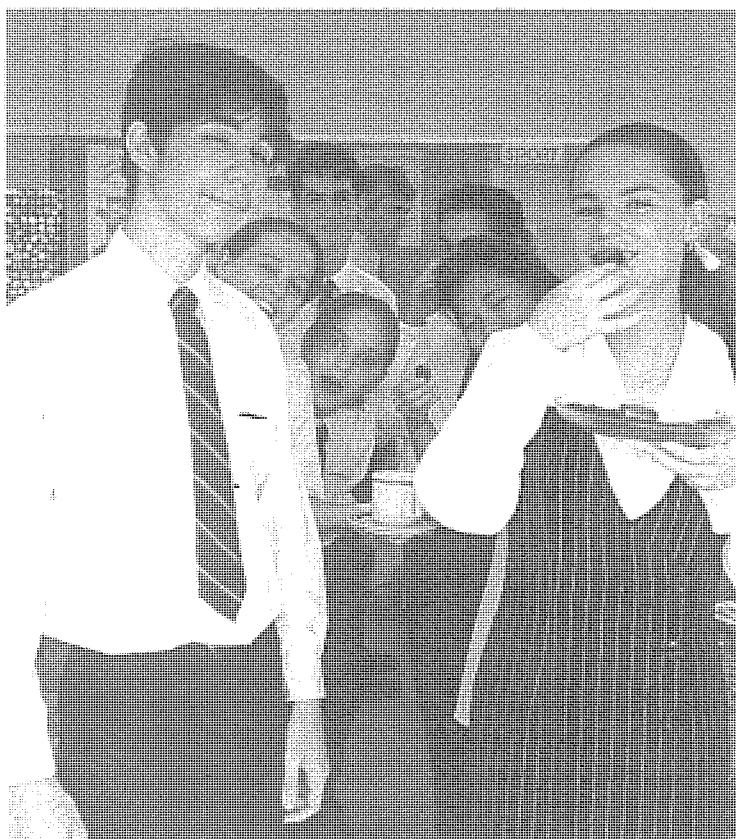
1994...

A year like the one just passing is not one which can be trifled with on paper. It has been an exquisite year.

On the new side, we've seen the first Indooroopilly Fashion Parade, the creation of a school video, sent the first group of students to study in Beijing, and watched the coming and going of a senior common room. At the same time, we continued our successes in competitions, with good results in Chinese and German Speaking, Mathematics and Sport.

Personally, 1994 has been one of the most fulfilling years for me as a student, and I am glad to say that when I leave Indooroopilly I will miss it and all the students, staff, and friends. An atmosphere like ours is hard to duplicate.

Madeleine Nickson - School Captain



**Welcome to Mrs
Julie Jeffries,
Deputy Principal**

I thought about being really sombre and formal - but thought - that really isn't me and it's not our school. After dressing up in tights and teasing my hair to play a goat in the Rock Eisteddfod and then dressing up in tights to play Sir Guy in 'Sherwoodstock', I figured that formality was not my strong point. At least I didn't run the cross country in drag!

After all, this is what our five years at Indooroopilly State High have been about: not conforming, moving about under no pretence, and exercising our own judgement, freedom of thinking and expression.

Although specific events in our history are numerous and varied (sports days, variety nights, competitions, who knows how many exams - don't get me started on that - and all the other events of school life), the times of greatest significance have been simply our times with each other.

As we, the Senior Class of 1994, head out into the world to face our individual destinies, we extend our gratitude and affection to all in the school community. Good luck to you all, especially to the Seniors of 1995.

John Cook - School Captain

EDITORIAL...

As we stand amidst the clutter and chaos of end-of-year finals it is easy to shake our heads and wonder at the speed with which this year has passed. A brief glance at the school calendar reveals a vast array of activities and "happenings" which have involved so many people working together co-operatively to create yet another memorable year for ISHS.

Achievements abound, but perhaps the memories we will cherish involve something less tangible: our sense of community. At this school we strive to foster individuality within a context of care and respect for the rights of others. The success of this ethos is personified in the outstanding young people featured in this publication.

This yearbook attempts to reflect the spirit of 1994 at Indooroopilly State High. I thank all who contributed to its production (too numerous to name) - especially my colleague, Mrs Jan Hannagan, and the Senior Editorial Committee, consisting of Alissa Macoun, Melanie Isaacs, Allan McCoy and Daniel Heckenberg.

Glenda McGregor

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT 1994

Although quiet, the Student Council of 1994 has initiated and assisted in the running of some very successful events. These events have included Hat Day, the Wake-athon, the Variety Concert, UN Day, the Fun Run and the Tidy Schools Competition - in which we were placed third amongst 24 schools. Furthermore, achievements such as these can only be attributed to the contribution and participation of the students, teachers and parents of Indooroopilly High School. Despite the school's unfortunate drop in enrolments, we feel that it is events such as these that allow our students to be recognised within the community as people with individual qualities and capabilities who, when given the opportunity, can beneficially contribute to society.

The prime purpose of our fund-raising events of 1994 has been to assist charity organisations such as Community Aid Abroad, The Rwandan Appeal and Amnesty International. However, within the school, our main aim has been to eventually purchase a student radio, to be obtained either at the end of this year or at the beginning of 1995, pending the availability of Student Council funds.

Finally, we would like to wish the Student Councils of years to come all the best and much success.

Sara Pope - President
Rachele Qusted - Vice-President
Joshua Yaqub - Secretary



TOURNAMENT OF MINDS - A FIRST FOR ISHS
This year the School played host to this prestigious event.
A big "thank you" to Mr Rolandsen.



United Nations Day

NOBODY KNOWS
BRISBANE
LIKE NEWS

HELP WHEN HELP WAS NEEDED

By August this year everyone knew about the Rwandan Crisis - thousands and thousands of people suffering from hunger, disease and homelessness. We all felt deeply for them but just watching the TV news we could not do anything to help. Well - that was me too. Every night I saw the news and I felt so sad that I could not sleep well. Finally, I promised myself that I would do something to help.

At the beginning I had no idea where to start but I thought that a school activity would be the best thing. The problem is I cannot speak English very well like other Australians, so I asked my good friend, Fiona Pang, to help because English is her first language. When I told her my plan, she was very happy to help me achieve my goal. She was very excited and enthusiastic.

First, we thought of collecting unwanted clothes because sometimes students don't have much money, but when we made inquiries we found that everyone thought it would be too expensive to freight clothes to Africa and raising money was the way to go.

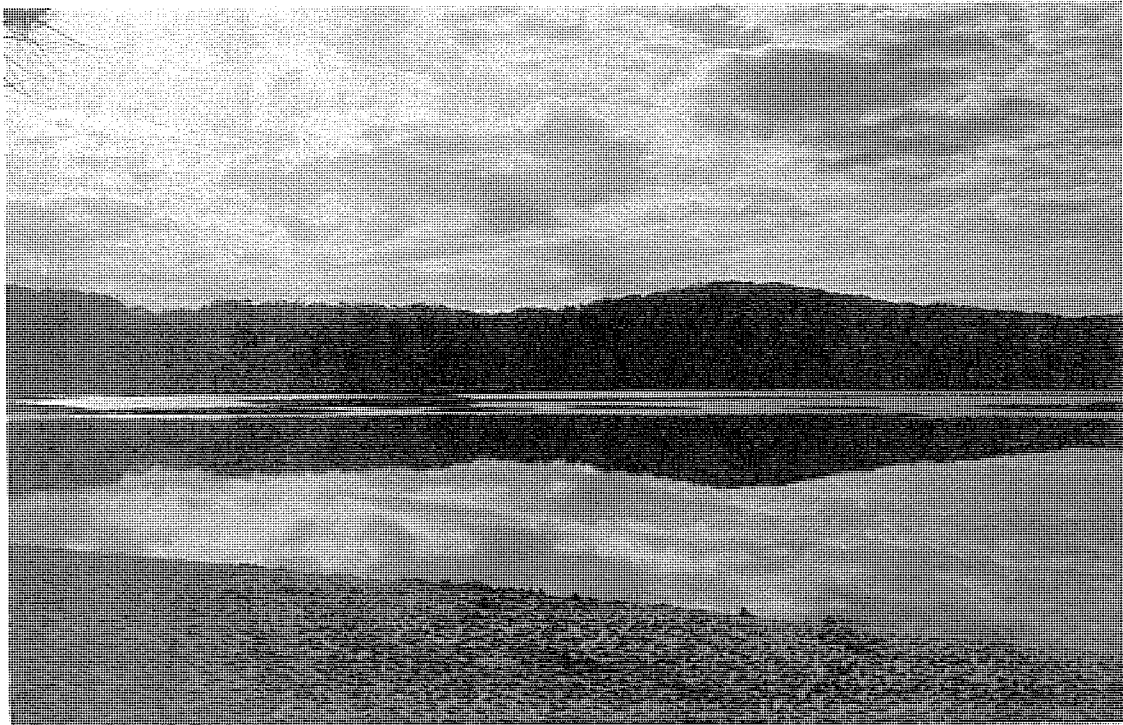
I thought we could run a Chinese food stall so we asked Mrs Whelan, Mrs Jeffries and Mrs Edwards-Davis for advice. They were very encouraging.

When everything was running smoothly, I told my parents of my plan. I knew they would always support me but this time they were not really happy. They were worried about my studies as my English is not advanced. They felt I needed more time to comprehend the difficult language and prepare for the CST. They were worried that my end of year results might be affected. Well, this time I felt that there were no excuses. I knew my results might be affected but I asked myself, "Is it school results or other people's lives that really matter?"

However, I still worried about my parents so I decided to raise funds in just one day - Tournament of Minds - and now my parents were happy and so was I. I contacted all the parents who could donate food and asked all my friends to come and help. This was not hard. The hardest part was deciding on the types of food and the quantities.

On the day many people came and it was a busy and exciting time. The food sold faster than I expected and the profits were greater than I had hoped. We raised \$610. I have to thank all the people who supported the stall on the day and especially Fiona Pang for being my partner and supporter.

Katharine Wang 12.2



Tony Cheng 12.8



Cast of ISHS Political Cabaret

THE TERRIBLE TALE

Everybody gets a crabby teacher sometimes - it's just the way things are. But when you get a totally MAD teacher, things sometimes get out of hand.

Having a teacher who is crazy is all right and normally you don't have to worry about it - unless you get one like Mr Crackup. Boy was he loony! It was sad really. After only one week of teaching us, a big white van with a padded cell pulled up and took him to the sanitorium. The nurse said that we could visit him on Wednesdays.

On Wednesday I went to the mad house. I was not surprised that I was the only one who came, for no one else really liked him.

At the front desk, a nurse asked who I was looking for.

"Mr Crackup," I said.

I opened the door of his room and saw that he was trying to climb the wall and you'll never guess what happened. He started to fly. I must have been loony. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a loud noise from outside. Mr Crackup looked very scared. He said it was all the dead and dying mad people trying to find the Book of the Loon so they could make everybody into mindless zombies.

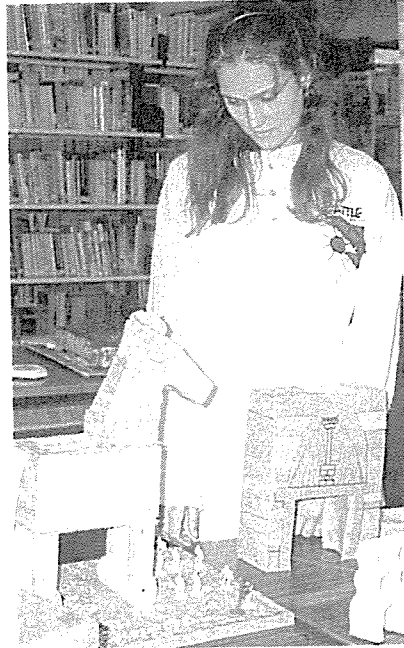
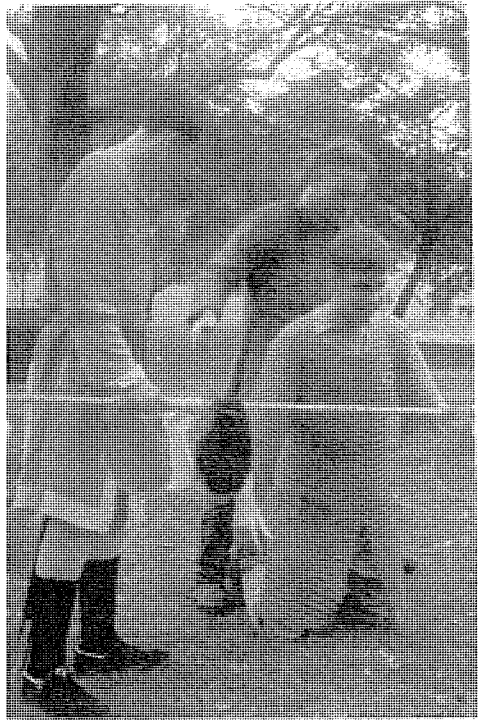
I looked outside and saw a huge army all bearing the banner of the LOON. Evil old crazy dead men and women zombies. Mr Crackup hovered over me then he gave me instructions to get rid of the Mad Dead Army. I was to get the Book of the Crazed Dead and burn it. It was in the cleaner's shed in the school.

The army had stormed the Administration office and the school hall. There was no time to lose. I picked up my school books and ran off in the direction of the school. I jumped the fence and walked to the shed.

The shed was a place of ill repute where no one ever went. Despite my fear, I kicked down the door and entered. It was a good deal bigger on the inside than the outside. In the middle standing on a music stand was the book. As soon as I touched it the sound of the army flooded into the shed. As I looked round, I saw the leader of the mad ones charge at me with a pen. It got me right between the eyes. I fell and died a very slow death. When I came round, I was on a cloud. Beside me was the book of the mad ones, and a new exercise book. So I wrote my story and dropped it down to earth.

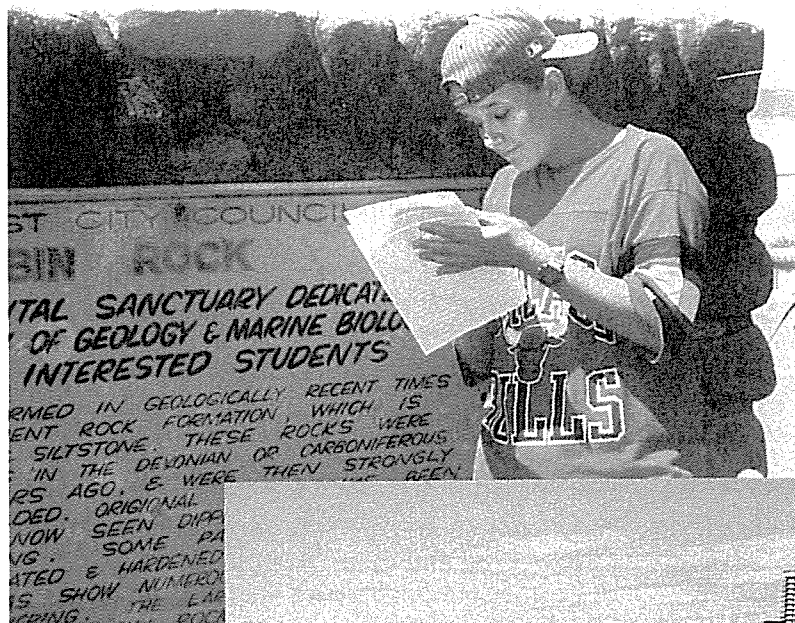
Lachlan Heybroek 8D

HISTORY... shows us other worlds



Daniel Heckenberg - Winner of Qld History Teachers' Association Year 12 Essay Competition and the Helen Mary Jackson Memorial Prize for best overall essay

GEOGRAPHY... takes you there



SOCIAL JUSTICE REPORT

The path of Social Justice and Equity in the school this year has been one of difficult but consistent progression. We have faced many challenges, not the least being our own mindsets, as we struggled to discover our own limits and abilities when faced with the loss of many of last year's leaders and motivators, including Susan, Paula and Mr Mills.

As the year progressed, however, and we found ourselves faced with issues such as homophobia, harassment and religious education, to name a few, we shook off our initial dislocation and applied ourselves to the tasks at hand.

The students of Indooroopilly have the right to expect two main privileges:

- i) equal opportunity and access to the school's facilities and resources, without harassment or hindrance.
- ii) consultation, and a voice in the principles and running of the school.

The social justice group is one way of protecting and accessing these rights, and all of us within the school have the responsibility to play our part in maintaining and promoting it. We've tried to make social justice accessible to all the groups in the school through our open regular meetings, and the advocacy system, which will hopefully remain active for years to come.

Social justice issues involve supporting those without the power in society and, so, to tackle them can be a hard decision. Often supporting minority groups (or disempowered majorities) can create serious opposition, but the issues are no less worthy because of that. No change can be achieved easily, especially when you are trying to change attitudes or structures, so it's important to keep fighting, even when it seems difficult to continue.

The Student Social Justice and Equity group is a vital and integral part of the school. We can only urge you to give it your full support next year, and in the years to come.

knowledge

*gouge beneath the
coarse, impersonal cloth of convention
squench your hands through
the ripe skin, putty soft
rub your fingers, streaming blood
over your lips
red spilling
vibrant
drops upon your breast
taste the pulsing intimacy
and close your eyes.*

*dream now, of deceit
of brown eyes rivetted shut with dismissal
of lips swelling open and oozing truth
too edged, too sharp
and lips immobile, bruised and unyielding as pride.
know your power.
delight in your impotence.
sink ever closer.*

*later, retrieve your clothes
withdraw your hands
wrap your arms about yourself and
lick the last trace of blood from your wrist
remind yourself of the fabric of truth
that is not flesh
and the desire that is betrayal.*

*place a trembling hand upon the doorknob
and leave.*

Melanie Isaacs 12.1

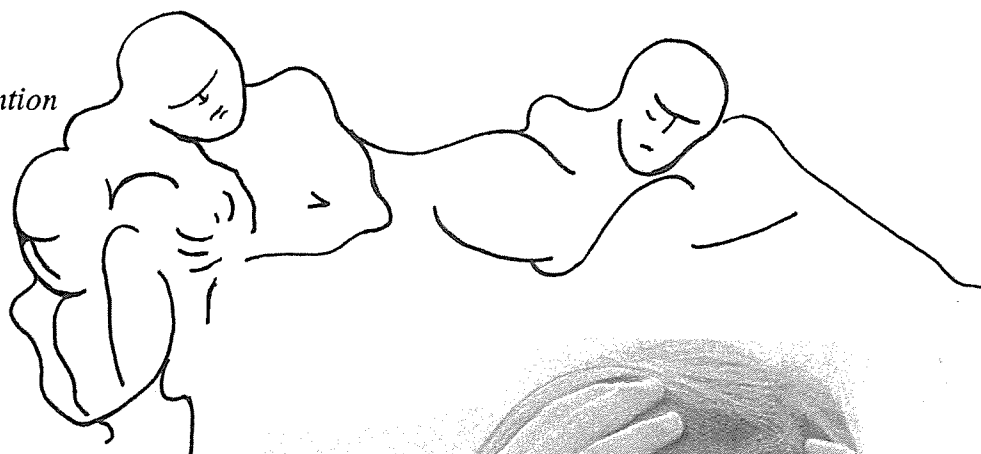


Photo by Annie Storey 12.5

CHALLENGING TOMORROW

Senior Business Education students recently hosted a most successful conference with the theme, "Challenging Tomorrow", for students from Brigidine College and Toowong State High School. The aim of the conference was to encourage students to think about their futures and gain some tips on

making the transition from school to the workforce a little easier.

The planning of the conference was an excellent learning experience for students as they were responsible for chairing the conference, registering participants, introducing and

thanking speakers, compiling conference materials and arranging catering.

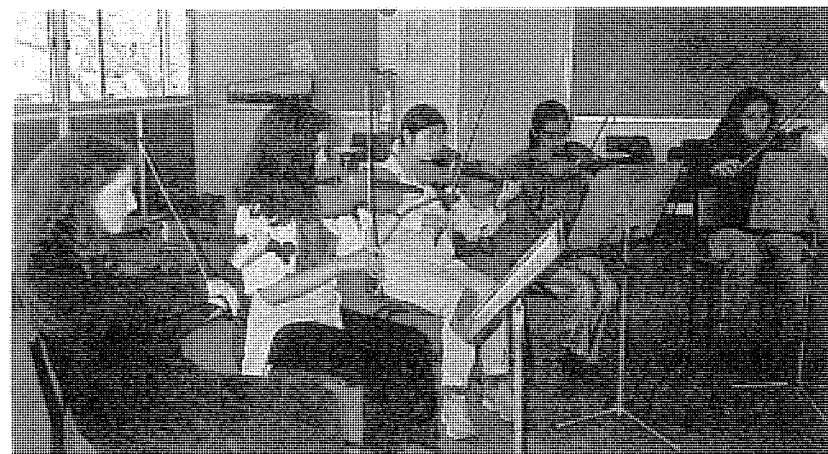
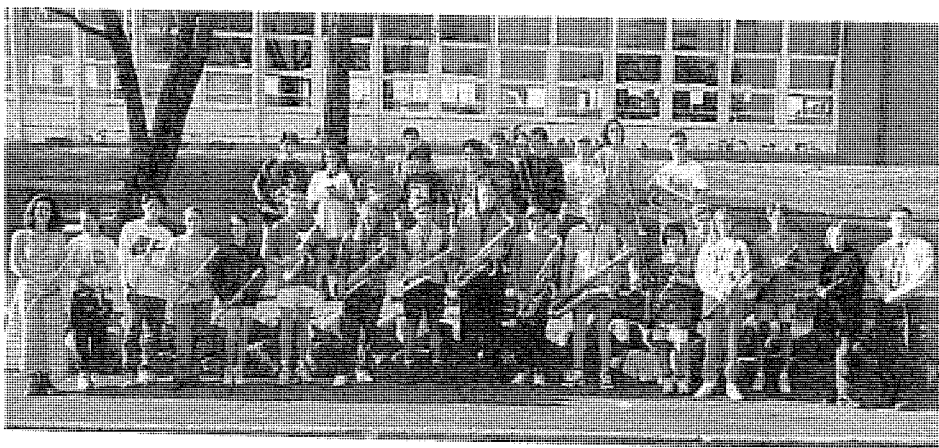
Speakers from Lorraine Martin College, The Office Business Academy, Barbie Robertson Finishing School and the Queensland Teachers' Union addressed topics relating to techniques for a successful interview, goal setting and motivation, the role of the administrative assistant, grooming for the workplace and conflict resolution in the workplace.

The Conference was generously sponsored by a number of businesses in the Indooroopilly area.

Mrs Deirdre Hall



MUSIC DEPARTMENT



Elemental Attraction

*Elemental attraction -
fire and ice.*

*Passionate flames
seek to
warm
melt
absorb
KNOW -*

*What lies beneath
that cool
slippery surface of
superior self-sufficiency,
while
always remembering,
that ice
has its own power
to burn.*

Anon

Complacent

A spirit

*Deep shadowy woods undulating with an idle wind.
Tales of forest inhabitants.
An echoing well. A rippling rivulet.
Templates of bat etched against the cerulean canvas.
Fruity transpiration of nature; aroma of soil.
Shivering grass.
A plangent cosmic explosion shoots wisps of smoke,
spark...
Shatters sky.
Lying down, unyielding, on the verdant prairie.
Rain.
Takes cover under an ancient oak, festooned by
virescent moss.
Breathes... fresh, so full of life.
All appears blurred as the blueblue tears fall,
Washing away the paints above and colliquate
Into an iridescent slide.
The evening gloom introduces shades of night.
Endless seashell-pink mine exposes besprent
nacreous gems.
Drifting infinitesimal pearls emit a powdery glow in
the dusky air.
Earth stirs... then reposes; he emerged again.*

The spirit

*Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that were.*

Tony Cheng 12.8



The Mirror

*Shedding clothes - an identity -
I pose,
naked,
Free before the mirror.*

*My body is brown - hair, skin, eyes
flashing copper and honey
subtle tints nut-polished.
I am natural,
animal,
free before the mirror.*

*My body is curved - cheek, shoulder, breast
gentle lines and swelling shapes
passion traced beneath a fingertip.
I am female,
sensual,
Free before the mirror.*

*The mirror knows the truth from which the world
shudders.*

*Strength.
Vulnerability.
Desire.*

Anon



Annie Storey 12.5

A BENIGHTED FANTASY

A silver-plattered waiter wafted delicious morsels from an obscured kitchen as Ed gazed out onto the grounds of his fabulous estate. At the window of the white tower of the shimmering castle, in the bright sunny land, he admired the neat patchwork of fields. Ed never wondered who it was that tended the fields, or cooked their produce, for tomorrow night his castle would be a white limousine that never stopped for fuel and that exhaled plumes of pink fairy floss. And there was always the girl, and somebody to laugh at his jokes; to service his wit and his whims, and never many bodies else.

The veil that night had drawn between the sleeper and reality revolved to enrapture Jesamine and leave the surgical necessity of morning blinking at Ed. Jesamine turned on her bed of discarded hessian as her phantom turned on the ignition of a shiny blue Cadillac. Ed worked in the tallest building in the city, on the bottom floor, for "The American Heritage Society". The delicately sepia face was transfixed in the cabin of the Cadillac, by the magnificent city and in particular by the tallest building marked "National Bank". As he turned his Cadillac through the underground car park of his building, Ed cursed the weights upon him.

As he sat down to an emblem of the American flag with 'white heritage' emblazoned across it, Ed conceded that they would have to use dark lettering, as the original white just got lost in the stars and the stripes. The sepia hand turned the pages of an early copy of the Bill of Rights, amused by the irony of the paper made from hemp. They ate lunch on the forty-fifth floor where Ed had a soggy sandwich served by a fat, brusque matron and Jesamine some delicious fresh bread separated by succulent roast beef and crisp salad made by the expert hand of a friendly and experienced chef.

Returned to their desk post-prandially, they opened a letter from an affiliated group, and they would be delighted to offer any assistance to the heritage cause in this newly ordered world. Jesamine promised conservation supplies to preserve the moments in history that the arms and fists in Ed's pledged program would attempt to disorder. Their feelings were of satisfaction and utility as they sent a facsimile to "The Heritage Society, South African Chapter". Ed then despaired at the height of his "in" pile and discreetly shifted the files onto someone else's desk. A US post boy appeared at Jesamine's desk with a large delivery.

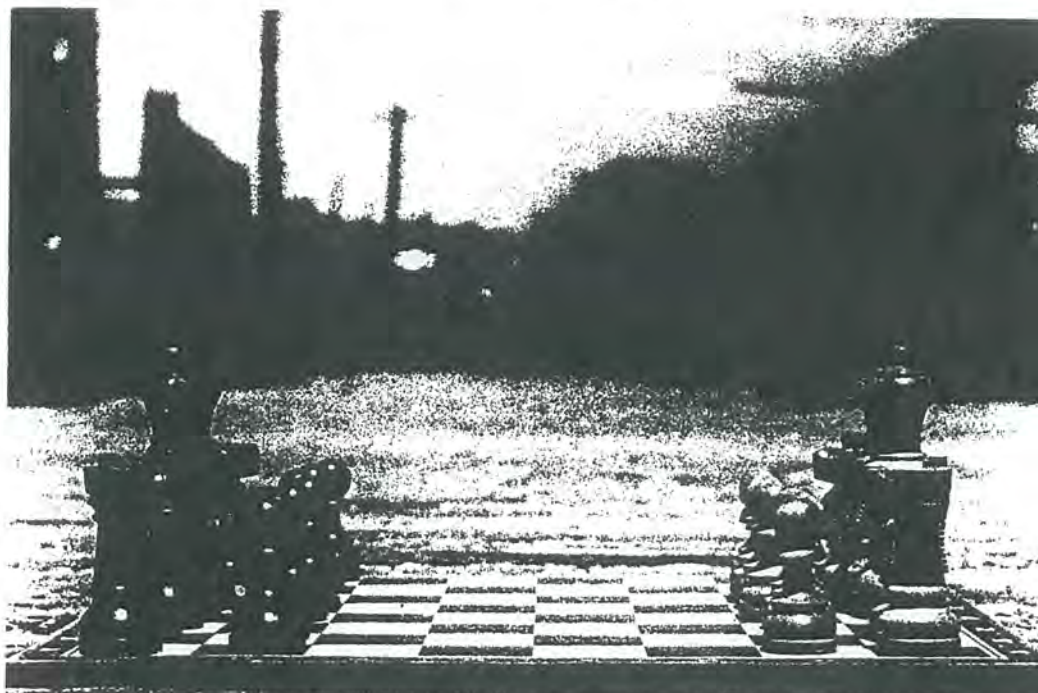
Jesamine was not woken by the lambent caress of dawn. Jesamine was not woken by the smoke or the flames. Jesamine suffocated before she could see the ardent forms shuttered by uniforms and the burning shanty facades, watching before escaping the light of day.

Ed awoke in his castle. A peculiar smell drew the curtains apart and he surveyed the torn and bloody blanket of a man who had forgone society and who would live on the street spurning passing limousines. It was covered with burns and burrs and the man had set it alight to keep his cold heart warm. But even doused in fuel, it only tarred the surface and disguised its human contact.

There was nobody else in the castle: nobody to prepare his meals, nobody to feed his desires. The empty promise of a hessian sack, charred at its edges was all that he could find in the kitchen.

Daniel Heckenberg 12.1

Photo by Allan McCoy 12.1





Annie Storey 12.5

Animals Are Coming

*The animals are coming,
The animals are coming,
Over the hills and through the fields, the animals are
coming.*

*To the cities come a thousand beasts,
Upon our flesh and bones they feast.
With a thousand claws and a thousand jaws
They'll rip us up one and all,
Glaring at us with a thousand eyes
That know no fear; know no compromise.*

*They are coming. There's nothing to do.
They are coming, coming, coming for you.
Don't lock yourself in or escape away far
They're coming, coming. They know where you are.*

*Don't you hear? Don't you understand?
The animals are coming;
They've got a plan.
They'll rip up our roads
Tear down our factories.
Can't you see; can't you see?
The end is near.
The apocalypse is here.*

*The animals are coming .
Have no fear.
The animals are here!*

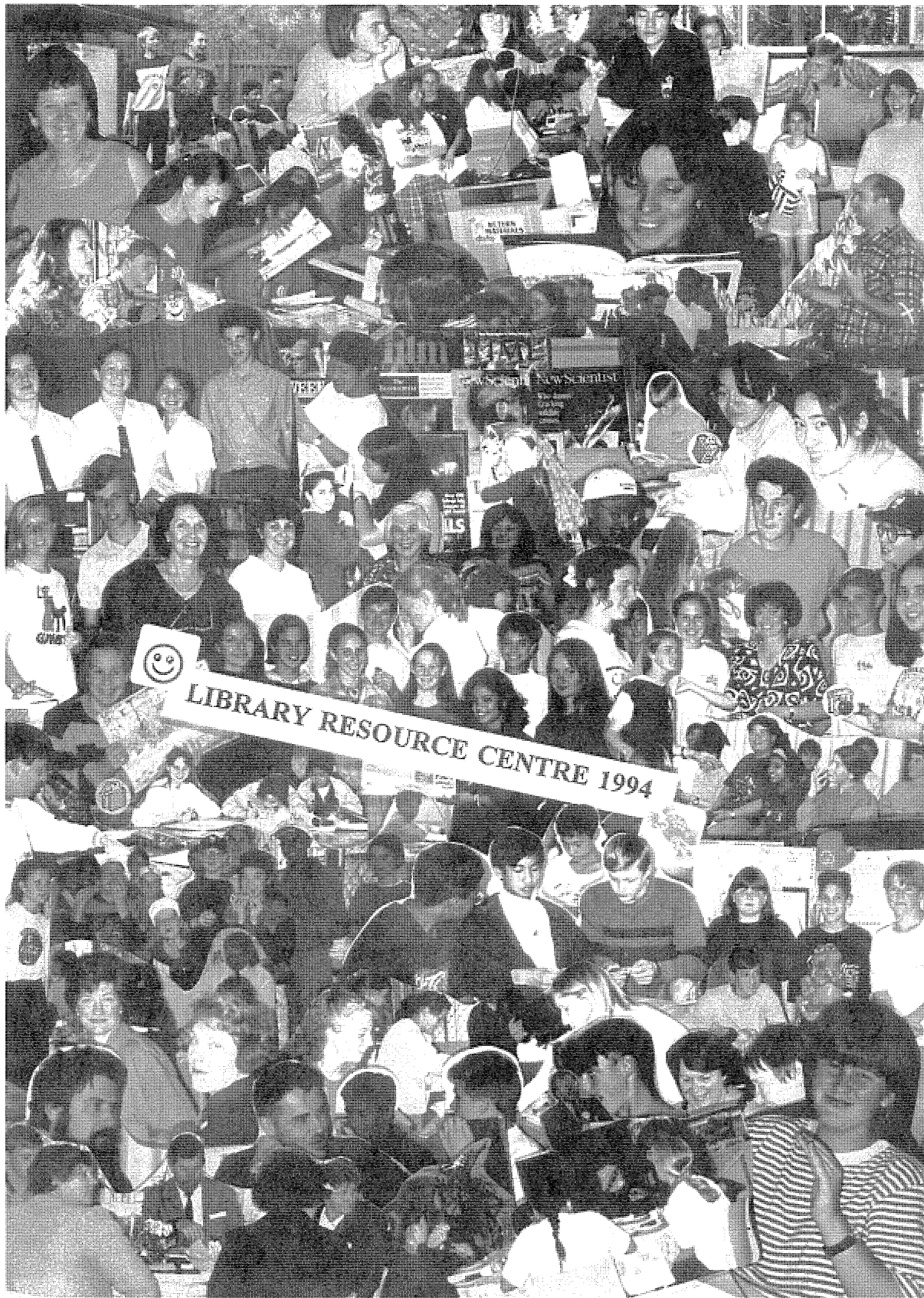
Anon

Jakarta in Summer

*Cars - small, smart, new cars
Dust-covered in the dry season
Pushing through
Horns honking
Ignoring the lights
Trucks gasp
Smelly hot exhaust fumes
Into the hot air, crowded buses stopping*

*Anywhere
When people wave
Bodies sweaty, sticky, standing, strap-hanging
People leaning out the doors
Jumping off at red lights
Modern buildings all steel and glass,
Have no shadows in the street
At midday - the sun is hot
Shaded under the canvas awnings on the footpath
People sell sweet potatoes and yellow mangoes
From wide cane baskets on their heads.
Women cook delicious spring rolls
And sweet-smelling noodles
On small camp-stoves
I miss the smell of the food
And I miss summer in my country.*

Isabel Djojopoerwanto 10.6



26/12/1892

Dear Matthew,

Merry Christmas! I can hardly believe it is nearly the end of 1892. A new year will be starting soon with fresh new wonders to experience. I wish to thank you with all of my heart, for the splendid tin soldier you posted me this year, my 11th Christmas. Mother and Father nearly died when I unwrapped him. Mira, my nanny and confidante, allows me to play with him in the nursery, though I must not play with him outside as it is not proper for a young lady to play with tin soldiers. He is my pride and joy. His red painted jacket with gold stripes gleams as he stands up to attention.

My brother, Thomas, uses his identical soldier to fight wars in the garden. I long to join him though I shan't hold my breath. My other presents of dolls and tea cups are dull and boring in comparison with my fine soldier. I dare not say so to Mother for fear it would break her heart. She is so refined. I shall write again next Christmas,

Much love,
Sophie.

26/12/1893

Dear Matthew,

I hope your Christmas has been better than mine for this Christmas has been filled with frills and pink dresses tightly bound around my torso as if wanting to suck every last breath out of my body, not to mention itchy stockings, button boots and yards of ribbon in my hair. There is no escape from the consequences of being female. I am not to play rough games with the boys, and my beautiful soldier was locked in the attic by Father in August. I am suffocated by society and its expectations.

Until next Christmas,

Much Love,
Sophie.

26/12/1897

Dear Mathew,

Whilst you have been studying in France I have been studying here, though quite differently, I should imagine. I am learning to be a slave, a slave to the man I am to marry, a slave under the

deceiving name of wife. When I was younger, marriage did not worry me, but I now begin to question its purpose. I want to escape all the restrictions placed upon me because of my sex. As I have grown, the discrimination has become more obvious, but it has always been there. As a child, it was my clothes and manners. It has now developed quickly, due to the catalyst of age, to separate my education from that of my brother's. I have applied for positions in many colleges but have been refused admittance with feeble excuses. To be female and living in these times is to be "inferior" to men.

Sophie.

26/12/1900

Dear Matthew,

It has been a splendid year. I have met a most wonderful and educated man for whom I have the greatest admiration. He has secured me a place in a very respectable college where I can further my studies. I am a disgrace to the family but I don't care. I am spreading my wings!

Love,
Sophie,

26/12/1964

Dearest Matthew,

My favourite cousin and my strength. I thank you for keeping in touch with me over the past 72 years, since that first letter in 1892. It has been a joy to share my life's ups and downs with you. My career as a journalist has been my happiness, and though I never did marry, my life has been complete. When I left home to go to college, I took my tin soldier with me, the tin soldier that you gave me, oh, so many years ago. It was that toy soldier that gave me the courage to excel in a world of men. He is just as beautiful today as the first day I saw him, though a little dusty.

I fear this will be my last letter, as I am confined to my big double bed. At 83 years of age, I will make the last part of my journey through life with my soldier by my side. Thank you.

Sophie

The last letter never did reach Matthew. Miss Sophie died on 26 December 1964, before it could be posted.

Elizabeth Goode 10.4

HOUSEWORK - NO WORK FOR MEN!

When it comes to household appliances, have you ever wondered why modern science and technology always contrive to lift half our burden only to set off an "explosion" of troubles? Has it ever occurred to you that a mysterious supernatural power, not science, is the only plausible explanation for the failure of human morality and physical capacities in the face of household chores? Having had the privilege to observe several large families and some first-hand contact (combat is a better word) with housework six months ago, I've arrived at the "home truth" - home duties are absolutely, doubtlessly, biologically and psychologically unsuitable for the human race. (It's not sexism which prompted me to use the word 'men' in the title - I just wanted to ensure that this article is read, even if only by feminists and the male species!

Indeed, both the theoretical and practical aspects of housework elude a normal human being's grasp and comprehension. Ever heard of the Law of Housework? "What's supposed to be, isn't." Housework is supposed to be shared equally in a family, but it isn't (everyone thinks so!). It's supposed to be simple, monotonous and non-demanding on brain cells - but it isn't! Worse still, it never fails to bring out the worst in an average, sane human being. Many a time have I pondered on the following amazing phenomenon:

1. As the end of a meal approaches, people vanish.

David Copperfield, the magician, cannot better an ordinary family member in the art of disappearance and escape. One minute your close relatives are digging into their salads and the next, only you are left at the table with a mountain of dirty china and glassware. I am now studying a book called 'The Twentieth-Century: Magic and Illusions', intending to catch up in this field. However, my interest lies in making objects (such as knives, forks, dishes, etc.), rather than human beings, disappear.

2. One grows ten times more sarcastic by the minute while washing dishes.

My normally defective memory surges into life during this process. At the top of my voice, I recount every single utensil I've washed since my birth, quote 'restaurant awards' (sections on working hours, minimum rate of payment, sick leave and long service leave), and lament the general cruelty to teenagers. The most common comment at this stage is, "Whatever possessed you to buy a dishwasher whose washing power does not extend to cleaning grease?"

3. Parents are as potentially explosive as gunpowder after two hours in the garden.

For children, this is the time for obedience and respectful silence - no jokes, no retorts and no delay in response to orders. My father once admitted: "The first thirty minutes of gardening make me feel healthy but, from the thirty-first minute onwards, I'm all cranky and screeching muscles."

4. The Vacuum cleaner has a will of its own.

Independence is the word - the vacuum cleaner swallows anything ranging from a \$2 coin to a credit card but it never picks up dust and hairs on your carpet. Very selective, these monsters are. Mine specialises in single socks.

5. The vacuum cleaner is not the only independent member of the family of hi-tech household appliances which include:

a computer microwave which serves two types of steak: 'super rare with blood sauce' and 'excellent' (above well done);

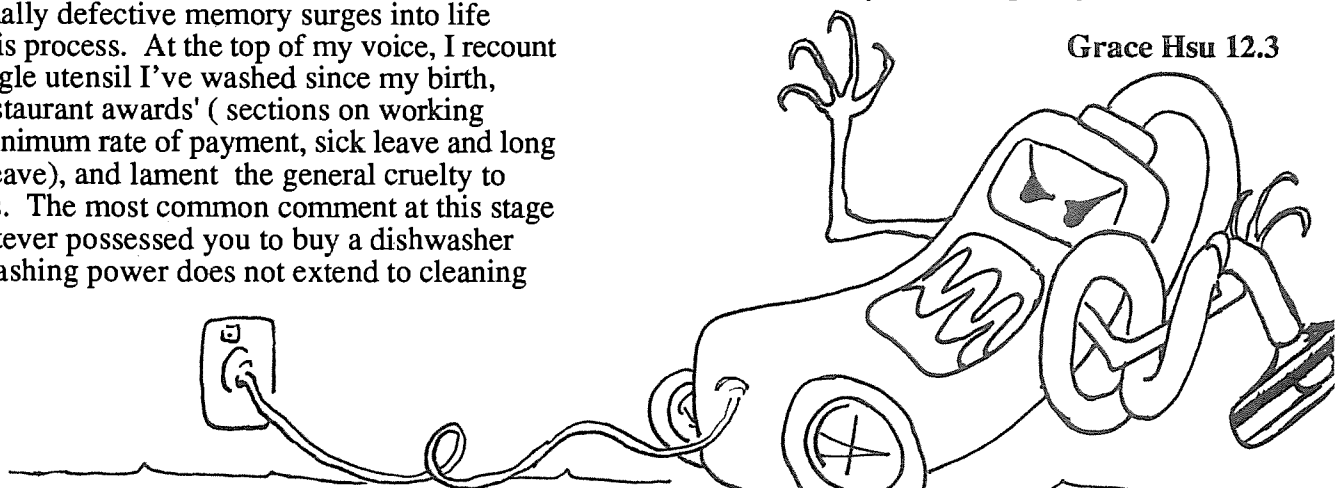
a 'completely automatic' washing machine which jerks and bounces all over the laundry until abruptly the motor ceases, leaving clothing articles saturated with soap bubbles and showing no intention of revival;

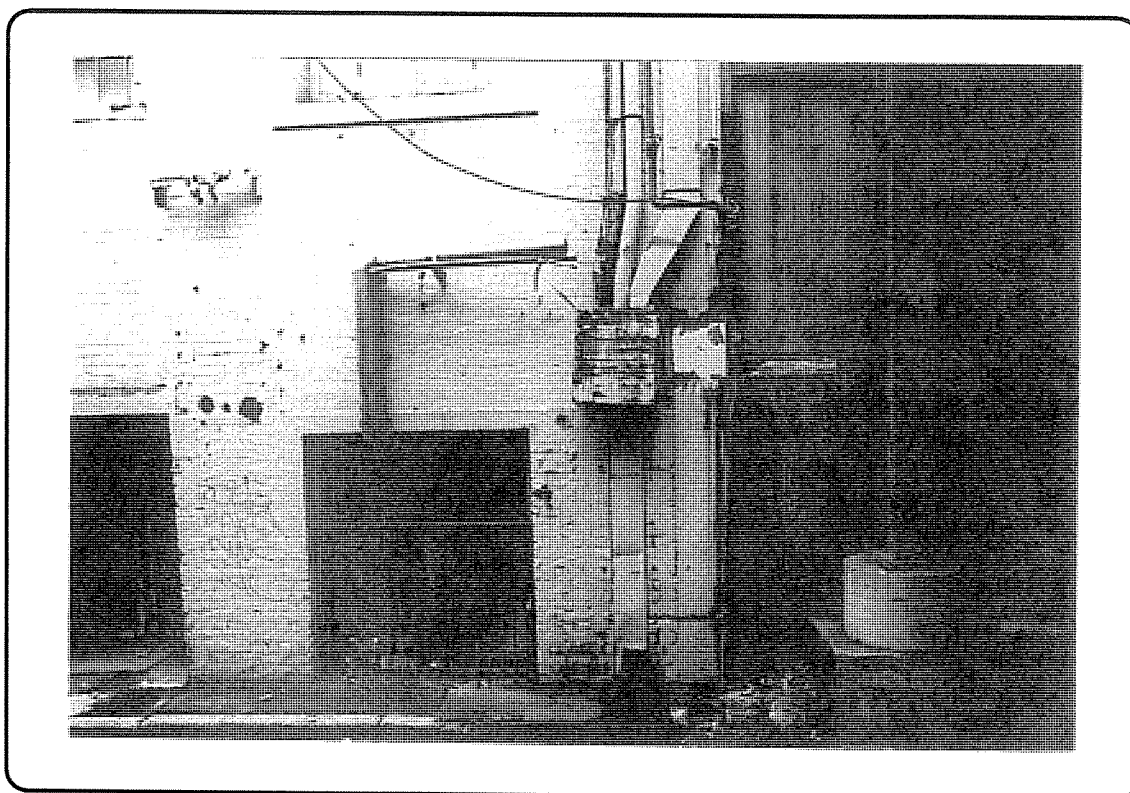
a refrigerator which freezes eggs and defrosts ice cream;

an electric stove which takes thirty minutes to warm up but only seconds to scorch a pot of potatoes into black fossil.

These occurrences are beyond the comprehension of mere mortals. Housework is for saints who have Addison's love for faulty machines and Mother Teresa's forbearance towards a difficult life. By the way, is there anyone who can tell me whether classic novels should be recycled with poetry books?

Grace Hsu 12.3





Allan McCoy 12.1

Blindness

*A flame of darkness,
Casting shadows of black
Upon the shores of night.
This light will guide my way
Through a labyrinth;
The dominion of which is boundless.*

*I journey through this maze
Perplexed,
Haunted by the knowledge
That I remain at its centre
No matter how far I dare travel.
There is no edge -
No end.*

*My light reveals my surroundings
For a short distance;
Allowing me to admire hidden beauty
Or mock it at its own expense.
This hinders my way, creating bias -
Judgement.
So without warning
I blow out my candle
And journey in darkness.*

Karim Hashim-Jones 12.6

I Am Poor

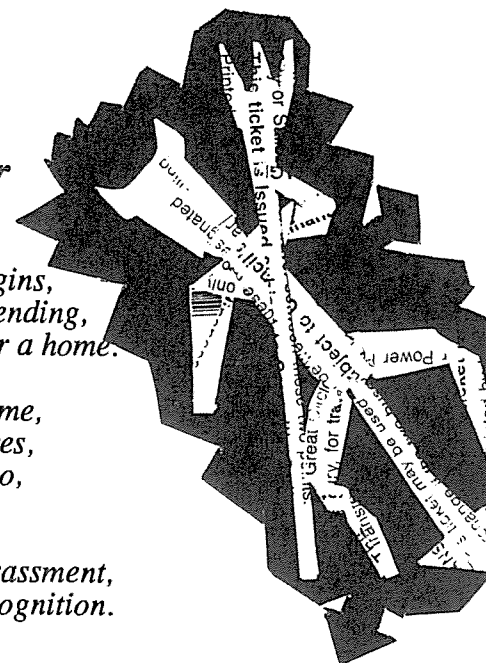
*The day dawns,
the struggle begins,
the pain never ending,
I am looking for a home.*

*No one to help me,
no one who cares,
no one to turn to,
I am poor.*

*The eternal harassment,
the quest of recognition.
I am human,
I need a job.*

*Filthy look will pierce the heart,
my shame is felt by all.
Only too soon, the evening begins,
I am still without a home.*

Marcos Caceres 10.4



*Beware
the wrath
of the
BUS ticket
Devil!*

DEBATING...

TEAM 2

Grade 10 Debating team 2 is made up of an assorted group of students who complement each other, to make the team, in the words of an adjudicator, "extremely strong". The team comprises: Kartini Oei, who at all times is cool, calm and collected, Elizabeth Goode, who can always pick up where the opposition goes wrong, Jessica Ring, who always has some hand gestures, Carly Macoun, who is the only person able to present a seven minute speech while performing a three step waltz, and Sebastian Dubrovsky, who can really ring a bell.

In all possibility, parents have become sick of seeing the team every Wednesday enacting their motto of "Stress is best". However, through the stress, laughter and tears emerged a team that made it through, in their first year of Q.D.U. debating, to the semi-finals which placed them as one of the top four teams in Queensland.

The team's deepest appreciation goes to Ms Goode, who managed to survive numerous stress-outs, Alissa Macoun, whose knowledge of debating helped the team immensely, parents, family and friends, who offered chauffeur services along with their support, and teachers who helped us to intimidate the opposition through sheer force of numbers. We may not have won this year but we'll be back!

Kartini Oei 10.4
Jessica Ring 10.6

TEAM 1

The year 10(1) debating team wasn't as successful as previous years, only making it through the four preliminary rounds.

All debaters from both teams put in an outstanding effort. A special thanks goes to Devi Stuart-Fox and the teachers, parents and students who gave their support. We hope the fine debating tradition of ISHS is kept up next year!

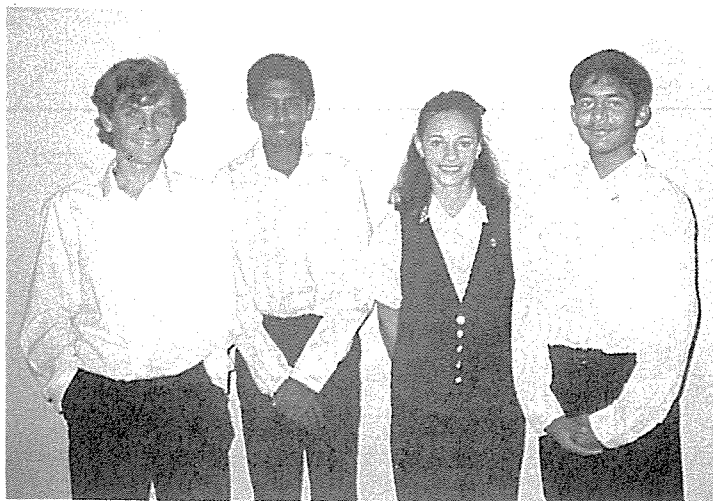
Nicole Johnson 10.3

Venus

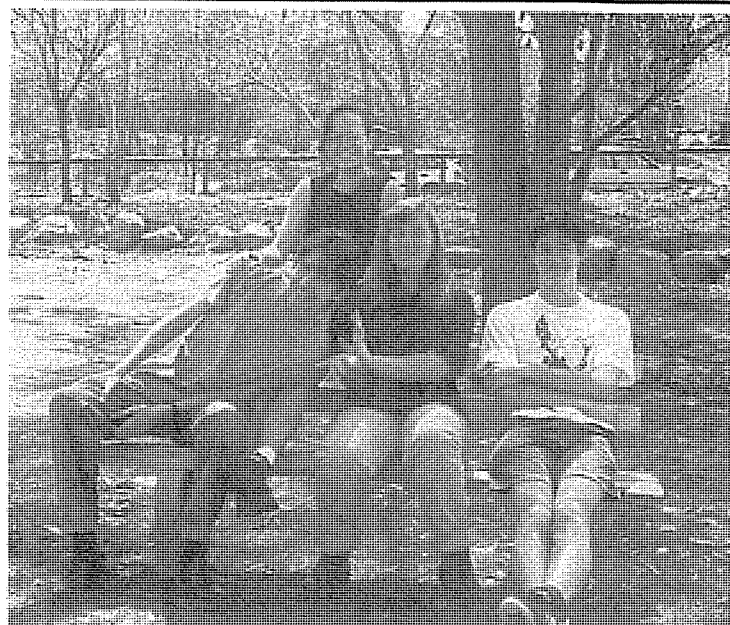
I stood there, up on a hill near the ocean, listening to the water settle, but watching the stars twinkle and shine. I wanted to see Venus this night. My eyes were then set upon this one most beautiful star. I felt at peace, and wondered then, when I would be there.

Natalie Cameron 9C





Year 9 Debating Team



Senior Debating Team
John Cook, Melanie Isaacs, Alissa Macoun,
Daniel Heckenberg

THE REPORT - WORK EXPERIENCE 1994

Chiun Wei Vun ... handled constant demands patiently, a pleasure to have Chiun on Work Experience ... (Moorooka State Pre-School).

Kathryn Day ... exceptionally bright and cheerful person would be of great value to any organisation ... (Old Police Moorooka).

Katherine Galang ... Bright and enthusiastic, displayed interest in all aspects of aged care, fitted easily into the team of carers (Canossa Hospital).

Amala Groom ... a confident young woman who shows great initiative and independence in directing her work. She has used this opportunity to its maximum potential to examine and explore issues and ideas relevant to her own life and career choice. It was a pleasure to have Amala join our team (Zia Zag Women's Resources, Camp Hill).

Natasha Horner ... extremely impressed by Natasha's maturity and confidence. I feel that she has a promising future in working with young children (Jindalee State School).

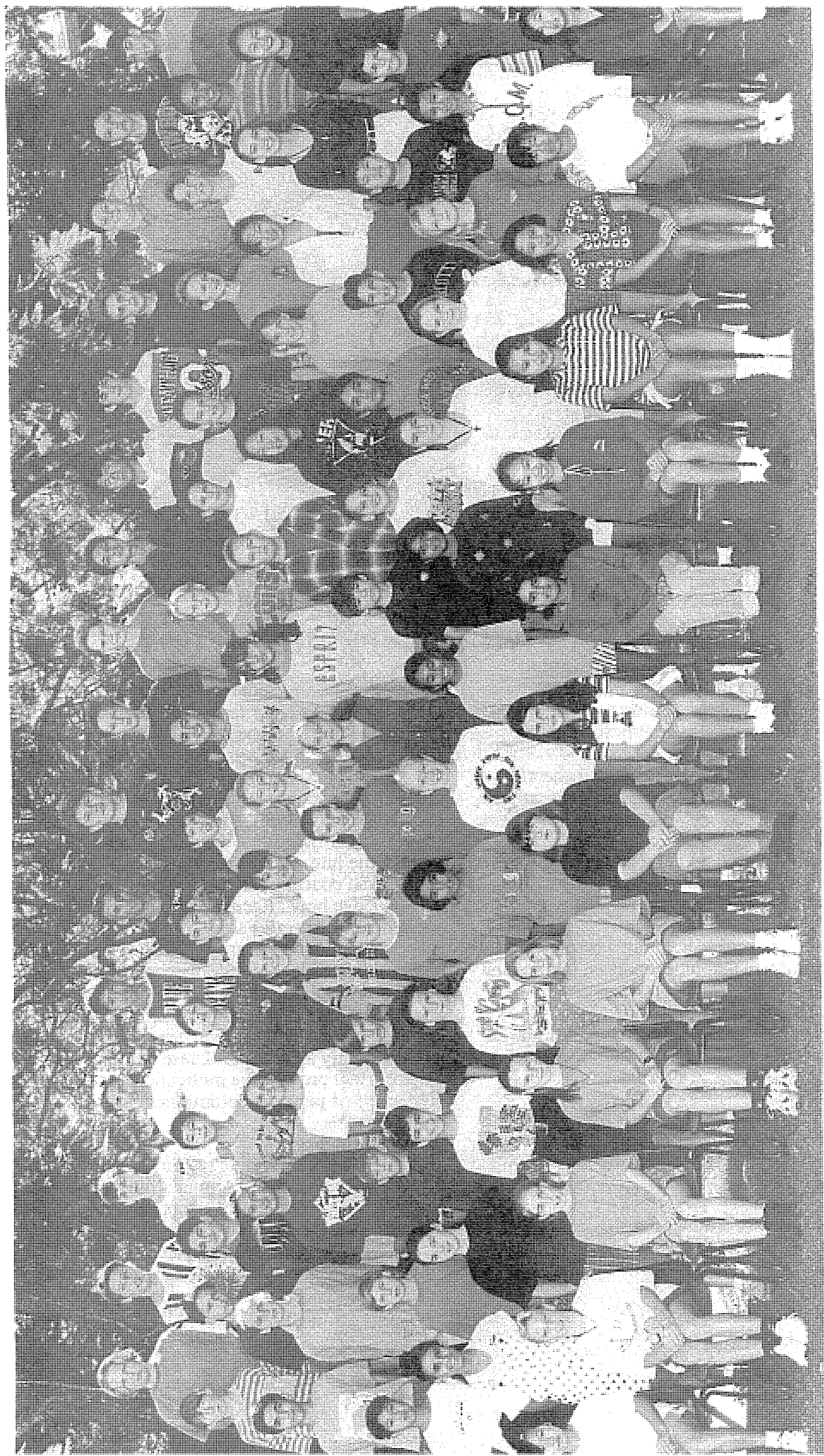
Langi Taufatofua ... A bright, enthusiastic girl, quick on the uptake and flexible. Rapid comprehension skills, high level of consistent accuracy, an eye for detail (Greening Australia).

The above comments speak volumes of hope for our collective future, dispelling the media claims of

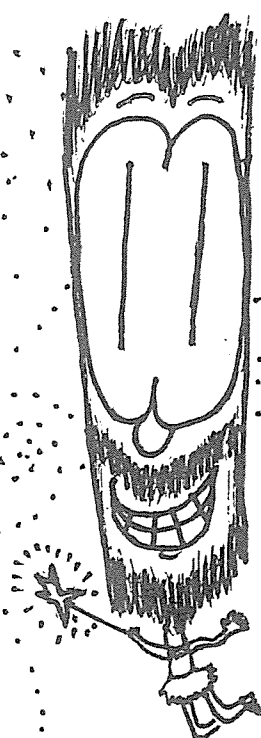
Doom and Gloom from our recalcitrant youth. The reality is that the latter tend to be an insignificant minority that blights the overall performance of the silent majority. This was spelt out conclusively in our own in-house programme - only 2% let the 98% down. Our students continued to set benchmarks of excellence, further consolidating our business reputation for individual excellence and their ability to integrate into an existing team structure. As parents and educators, it is our collective duty to acknowledge how effectively the students have applied their collective skills from both home and school to a real life situation, "Work Experience". The most pertinent point drawn from the employers' responses relates to the inter-personal business etiquette of our participating students, their high level of interaction displaying general courtesy. This was constantly alluded to. These points are the tangibles that provide the motivation to maintain our high levels of personal commitment to the programme.

May I also use this avenue to communicate my thanks, especially to the Administrative team, and Mr Bailey in particular, for the programme which draws heavily on the school's resources, and to Mrs Chris Collier for her ongoing patience as events became progressively more hectic as that dreaded deadline approached. Chris has certainly earned her quasi-official title of "Miracle Maker Mark IV".

Rob Wiltshire



YEAR 8



MAGIC!

MR. ZAGHINI

Year 8 Co-ordinator



My River Flows

*Standing, weak on liquid ground,
Life's essence flows before me.
A turbulent path,
Uncertain dreams.
Collection of archaic streams.*

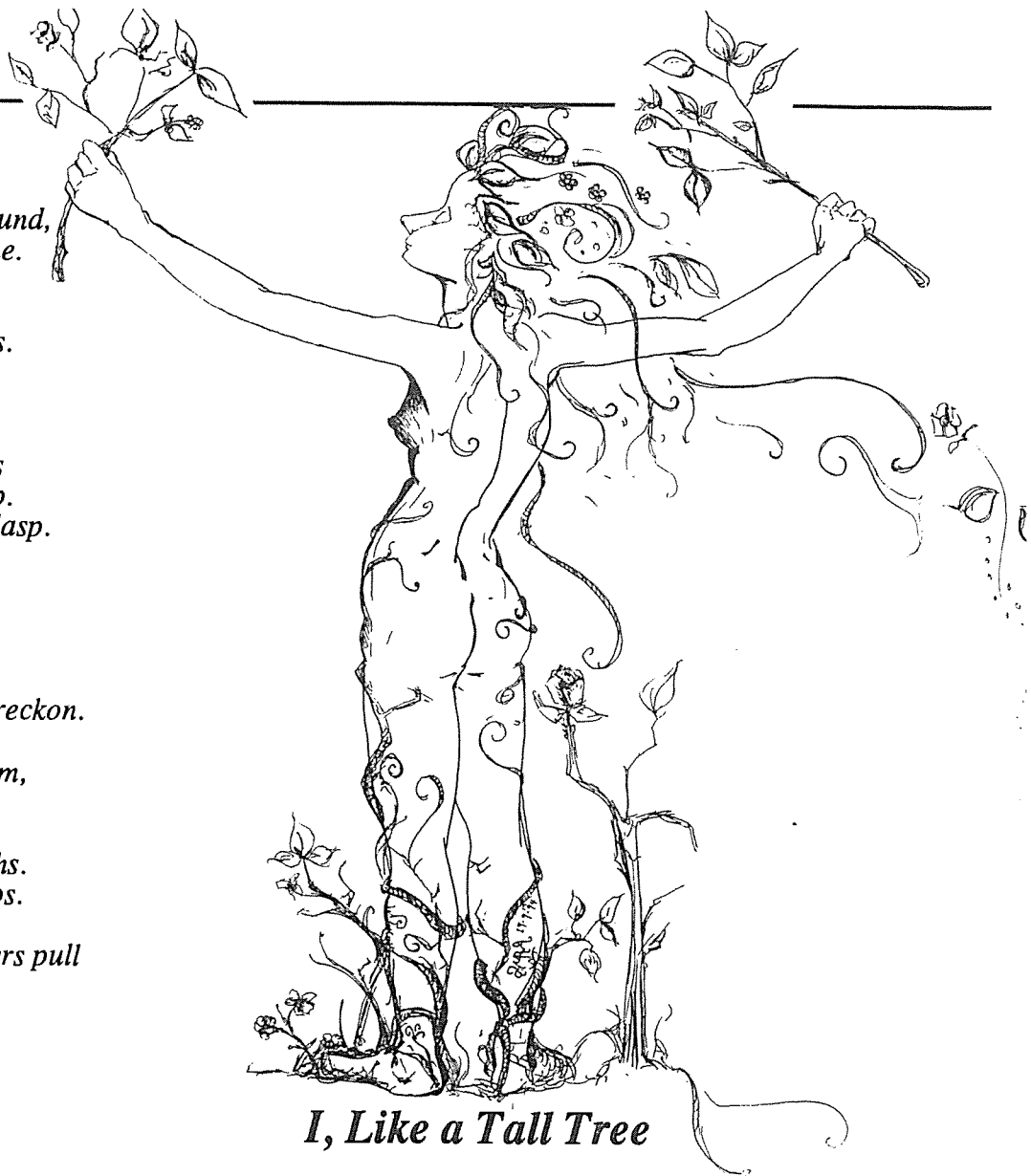
*A useless tool,
No wind can carve
Or sculpt these stormy rapids
Into something one can grasp.
Raging torrents, weakened clasp.*

*Flowing, wild and furious,
Hypnotic currents
Of the river of my fate
Reach out and beckon.
Towards a future, none may reckon.*

*Weary I grow, of fighting them,
For sooner or later
They will consume
And carry me to unseen depths.
Before me lie a thousand steps.*

*From where I stand, the waters pull
My battle, it must cease;
I let go, am washed away;
Swept towards eternity.
My only stop, my destiny.*

Karim Hashim-Jones 12.6



I, Like a Tall Tree

*I, like a tall tree, have a natural sense
of balance, though I lean to one side.*

*I have deep roots in which I take my
stand and stay myself with.*

*I grew a tough bark to keep myself
comfortable - neither too hot nor too cold;*

*I have branches reaching out to touch my fellow
trees,
And green leaves to sway with laughter.*

*I have fragrant airs and flowers,
Which tame the fleet steed of the wind that rushes
into me;*

*I have an azure sky for my dreams
And a night sky for starry thoughts.*

I have an annual ring to encompass my identity.

*I have everything, yet nothing.
I have everyone, yet am quite alone.*

Michelle Toonen 11.3

The Death of God

She sits beside the ice,
slowly repairing her storm troubled face,
seeing by the light of the candle,
killing her own reflection.
And if
the creases at the corners
of her never ending eyes
depict
the frayed edges of her soul,
Who can blame her?
Cassandra, Ophelia, Iphigenia, She.
A link in a chain of blood and silver
weaving its pattern through the ages.
Each distinctly different,
living all one life.
Moonlight on the water.
Always she holds the knife herself
picking the poison
that shapes her fate.
Flickering and fading,
her head is bowed.
Mountain goddess, Earth mother, Moon spirit, Yin.
Encased behind the veil
of stone and steel,
opening her eyes to the few who seek.
The daughters,
wandering and homeless.
She watches them
and cries.
Allowing herself to be slowly shackled,
Silently forming the true cross.

Alissa Macoun 12.1

Something to Cling to

His eyes, they once held a steely purpose
But where that sparkle once was
There now resides a dull lack-lustre glow.
Under those heavy lids, in hidden depths,
Unknown to friends or foe,
A crimson flame of malice and revenge dost burn:
When he sees the one who scorned him so.
He who is now a shadow of his old self.

Everything must seem hopeless now, lost
But those who knew him well can occasionally see;
A glimmer of his former self, a bastion of hope,
They show him kindness, they sympathize,
For they know he feels that all is gone.
As if life was cast into the forgotten realms,
He walks his path alone.
Who would want to walk with him?

Stuart Toonen 12.7

Alone in Silver

The moon shines down,
Down on a lonely figure.
She perches on a wooden park seat,
Hunched over, her head lying in her lap.
The world passes by her at great speed,
Like a train whizzing through the country,
Stops as she sits alone,
Alone in the silver moon beam.
She is as lonely as a single flower,
In a garden full of weeds.
A single hawk soars by chanting its cry,
But it passes over this back-bent girl.
She looks up with a pleading eye,
But the hawk ignores her.
She is as alone as a single flower,
In a garden full of weeds.

Kartini Oei 10.4



M.P.



YEAR 9

CROSS

COUNTRY

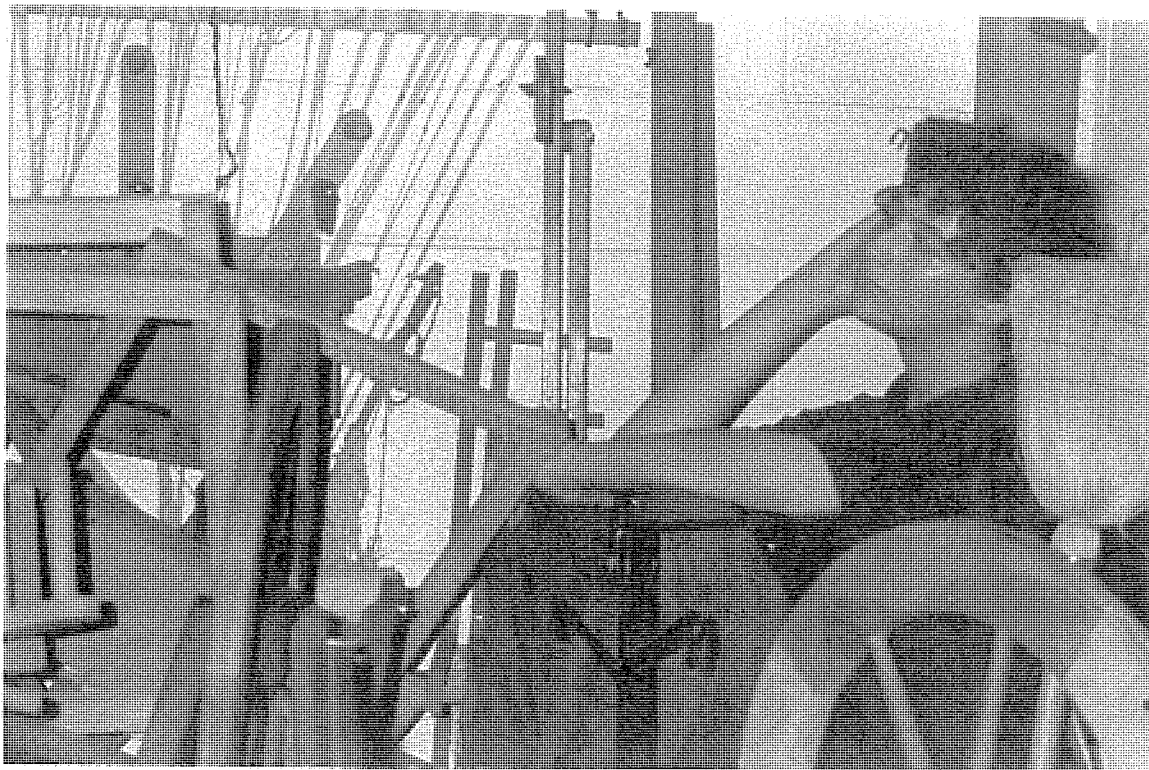


SKI TRIP '94

It was 7 am when our 21 hour bus journey, which involved movies, very little sleep and food from petrol stations every four hours, finally ended. Our destination was the motel in Jindabyne known as 'The Aspen'. Our rooms were not yet prepared so we weren't allowed into them. The two schools, Indro and Balmoral SHS, were forced to change into ski gear and eat breakfast in the freezing cold.

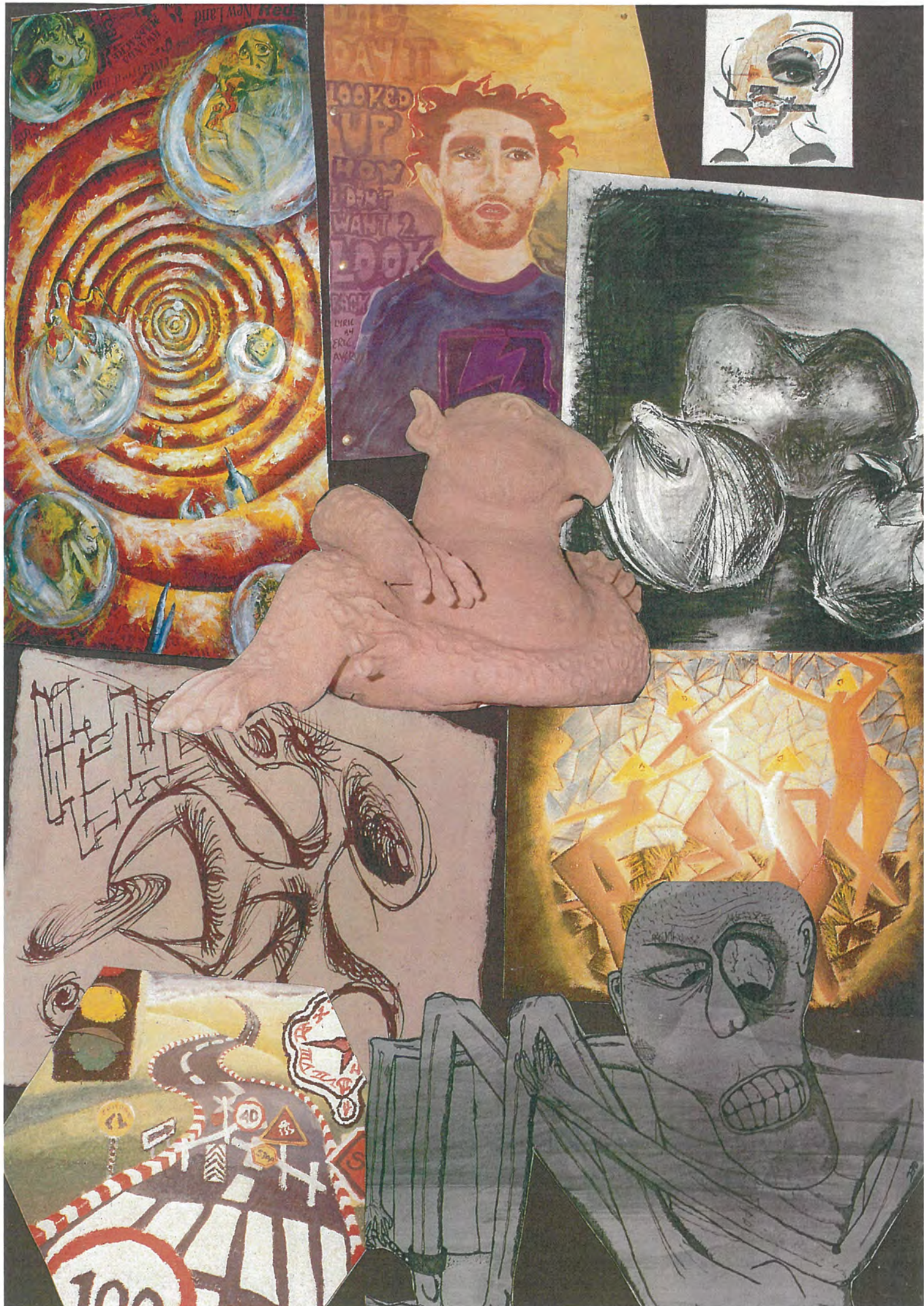
Our first day at Thredbo began with a ski lesson - Thank God! This gave all of us 'amateurs' a start. Mr J, being the hellman that he is, took us up on a lift known as 'GUNBARREL EXPRESS' after lunch. Reasons for its name became apparent once we had reached the top. Most abandoned the slow turning process and took on the killer slope head first - literally! This was to be the start of a week filled with thrills and spills.

The atmosphere and feeling of the '94 ski trip is something that cannot be put into words. The only way to experience the feeling is to actually go there.











THE MINISTER CAME TO VISIT

*The Richmond Birdwing Butterfly Project
National Launch*

"Do you want to be on Burke's Backyard?"

The whole world apparently wanted to meet Don Burke! So volunteers slaved, weeded, tidied, pulled vines and generally saved the Rainforest from "death from weeds" and made it look fantastic.

The Richmond Birdwing Butterfly was once common around Brisbane but now, due to loss of food vines, is very rarely seen. Our school became involved in a project to plant vines to re-establish a habitat for these beautiful insects.

The Minister for Education, the Hon Mr Pat Comben, came and planted the first vine, Friends of the Rainforest planted 15 more and we erected trellises. Dr Don Sands, a world authority on butterflies, came and delivered a lecture. Ranger Stacey came with "Totally Wild" and did a segment and yes - finally - Burke's Backyard came - but what's this - NO DON BURKE!!

We were robbed! But we'd do it all again anyway because it's good to be able to do something to help the environment, help the school and help ourselves.



Ms S Goode



SCIENCE DAY

They came in thousands! The organisers swung into well oiled action...

Paper planes of incredible ingenuity flew, glided and bombed out. Mr Finn was a totally impartial judge. Competition was fierce for the chocolate egg prizes.

Congratulations everyone.

Ms S Goode



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: MY BIOLOGY ASSIGNMENT

One must take time to recognize those who make this possible. I would like to thank the Almighty Creator who not only made the world but also put yeast upon it. Without this, the assignment would have been much harder.

He also placed upon the earth Adam and Eve. That is irrelevant but, from them, derived the nice old lady at the Botanical Gardens Library who helped us find books (which I will have to remember to return).

I don't know who invented pens and paper but, as soon as I find out, I will thank them because I don't think I would enjoy having to carve all this into a stone tablet.

I would like to thank Enya, U2 and Enigma whose background music was inspirational.

In closing, I am very grateful to almost everyone.

(No animals or yeasts were hurt in the making of the production.)

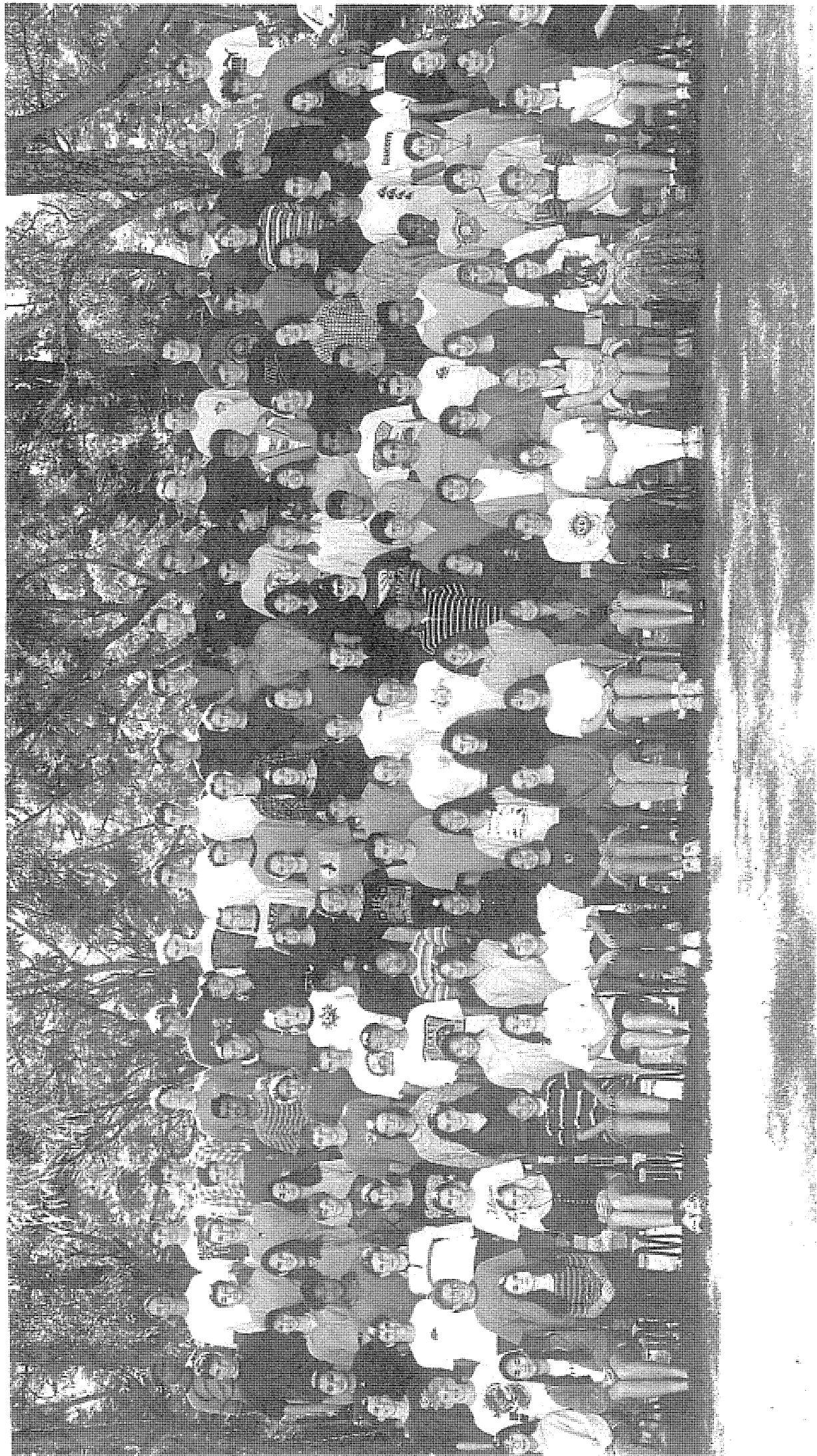
Mark Perkins 12.6

Parasitic Love Song

*'Come,' said he,
'We shall be schistosoma
and live forever intertwined,
rippling simultaneously
through the champagne-busy bloodstream.
Together in the midst
of the anonymous, bustling traffic of cells
we shall glimmer unique and terrifying as death
before we vanish beneath the masses
burrowing towards our ultimate goal.
There, in the quiet flows of the bile duct
(where the atmosphere is sweeter),
we shall dance in reproductive abandon
and forget the world around us.'*

*'Come,' said he,
'nestle deeper within me -
I will protect you
and we shall journey together.'*

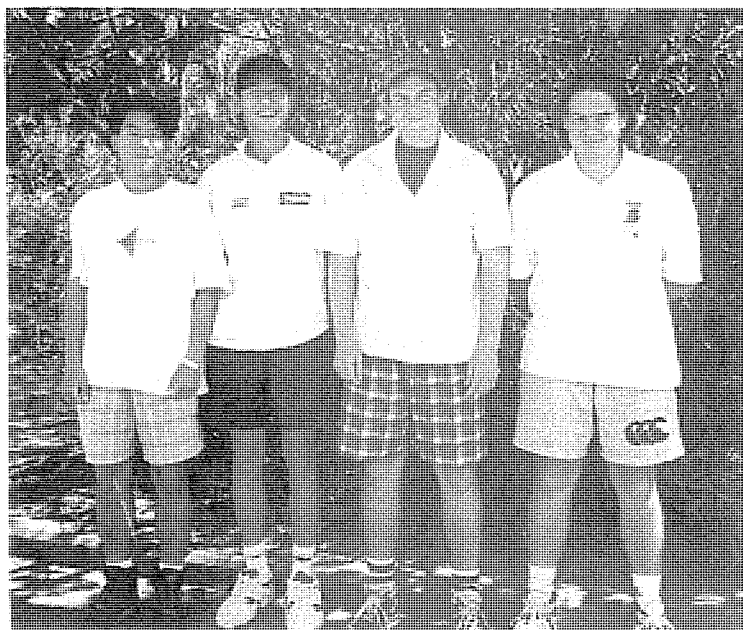
Melanie Isaacs 12.1



YEAR 10



YEAR 11



Boys Open Tennis Team

BOYS TENNIS

Summer Fixtures

The 'A' team - West Loh, Kerem Kozan, Daniel Harvey and David Yu, completed the season undefeated.

The 'B' team - Damien Thomas, Sam Gaffney, Robert Yu, Nathan Shaw, Michael Cheng and Tony Cheng had only one tight game against Kenmore.

Both teams won the Zone Premiership - a great effort.

Winter Fixtures

The U/15 team - Kerem Kozan (Captain), Daniel Harvey, Sam Gaffney, Robert Yu, Luke Jordan and Ben Gladwin remained undefeated to win the Zone Premiership. They played strongly in the quarter finals against McGregor State High School but were defeated 32-17. McGregor went on to win the Metro Finals. Kerem and Daniel won their games. Congratulations on a great season and superb sportsmanship.

The Open team - Rodney Krahenbring (Captain), Paul Delugar, West Loh, David Yu smashed their opposition to convincingly win the Zone Premiership.

At the BBC Courts, their quarter finals against McGregor State High resulted in a 32-10 win. Their semi final against Runcorn was an easy victory 36-4. On Wednesday, 14 September, the four boys took on old rivals, Pine Rivers State High, at the Milton Hardcourt Complex. The score 36-10!! It was a wonderful result followed by the acceptance of the Championship Cup, won by ISHS back in 1970. Kerem Kozan, the reserve player, acted as spokesperson and congratulated the organizers and opposition.

The Season was superb for both teams and I have thoroughly enjoyed the role of Manager. Thanks to all of the team members for their commitment, graciousness and tenacity.

SWIMMING REPORT

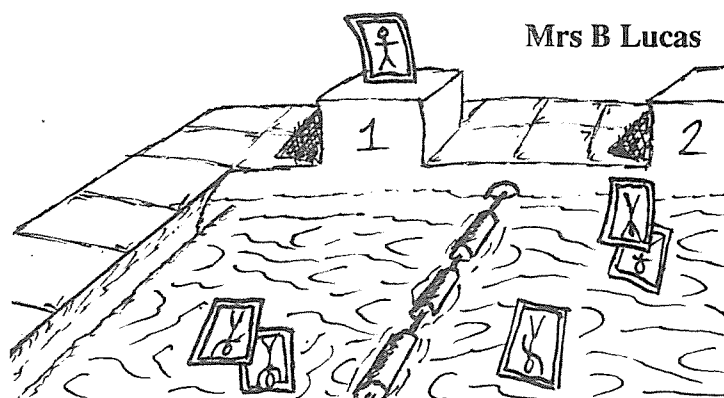
On Monday 14 February, we held our interhouse swimming carnival. It was an exciting and achievement-filled day with a level of student participation greater than that which we have had in a long time. Also, a special thanks to "Richard - Watch" for his immaculate life-guarding skills, and to the teachers and officials who ensured a smooth ride.

House results were as follows:

House		Points	Total
Paterson	Boys	59	308
	Girls	249	
Lawson	Boys	249	612
	Girls	318	
Evans	Boys	409	658
	Girls	249	
Kendall	Boys	228	458
	Girls	230	

and well done to the age champions as well:

13yrs	Reuben Muscio	Vina Varsani
14yrs	Joel Muscio	Fleur Gamble
15yrs	Kris Moores	Nikola Paget
16yrs	David Heyden	Davina Boyle
Open	David Murtagh	Jane Heyden
	Tom McGhee	
	Daniel Heckenberg	



SWIMMING PHOTOS !



RUGBY

1994 was going to have its ups and downs and, as usual, training was not a high priority. But, in the Indooroopilly way, we just turned up and played.

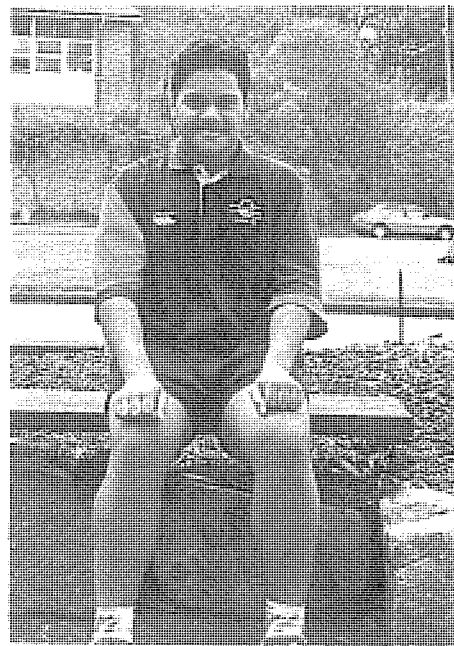
We won 2, lost 2 and drew 1 and that was enough for us - we had a good time.

A special thanks to Anthony for his special bus driving. By the time we made it to the footy field, we didn't care if the other side was full of 196 cm high and 110 kg blokes, so long as we didn't have to sit on that bus again and play chicken with large trucks, not to mention going up a hill on the wrong side of the road. Thanks, Anthony, but no thanks.

To the Coach, Mr John Brew, who, for some strange reason, manages to call people names with "y" on the end such as Marty, Davey, Timmy, Pauly (and it's quite off-putting when you are running down the field and you hear in a deep male voice, "Go, Timmy, go"), thanks and, if any of us see you in a bar, we will buy you a drink.

Paul Hearfield 12.2

Girls Softball



**Old Junior Rugby Union Representative -
Julian Weir**

HOCKEY '94

The benefits of the new sport rostering system introduced for the 1994 season whereby Indooroopilly played only Corinda, Toowong and Kenmore were quickly evident for the hockey team. Gone were the frustrating days of endless forfeits against schools like Inala, Richlands, etc, and at last we could get some serious hockey.

The team which was ably coached by Mrs North consisted of Wadi Nadzri, David Topp, Sreenath Aiyar, Shane Hughes, David Murtagh, Terence Lim, Sam Crozier, Andrew Ruller, Brett Reilly and goal keeper, Richard Robson-Petch plus a host of younger players, many of them novices who quickly excelled in their debut season.

The nemesis of the team this year was not the old enemy, Corinda, but rather Kenmore who won both games against us. Of the three games against Corinda, the first was a loss, the second a draw and the final game a convincing victory, which definitely augurs well for the future since the majority of the experienced players answered SOS's from rugby and soccer on that day, leaving the younger players to play an important part in the victory.

Responsibility will now lie with these younger players to take charge of the hockey team when the seniors leave. Best of luck for season '95!

David Topp 12.6

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

After several weeks of advertising and organisation, the School Athletics Carnival began. The participation level was high, the atmosphere, excellent, and the outcome was the same as it has been for a couple of years, with EVANS winning. From the results of each event, the Age Champion for each age group was calculated. These champions were:

	<i>Male</i>	<i>Female</i>
13 yr	Ben Hughes	Naomi Whitbread
14 yr	Vang Nguyen	Fleur Gamble
15 yr	Kris Moores	Nikola Paget
16 yr	Peter Herzig	Elizabeth Goode
Open	David Murtagh	Rachele Qusted

A School Athletics team was then chosen from the place getters of the School Carnival. These people participated in the District Carnival at Kenmore and Indooroopilly State High Schools. Congratulations to all those who competed and contributed in events where they were desperately needed. Students were willing to compete if someone else was sick or unable to compete and helped the school finish in third place out of the eight schools.

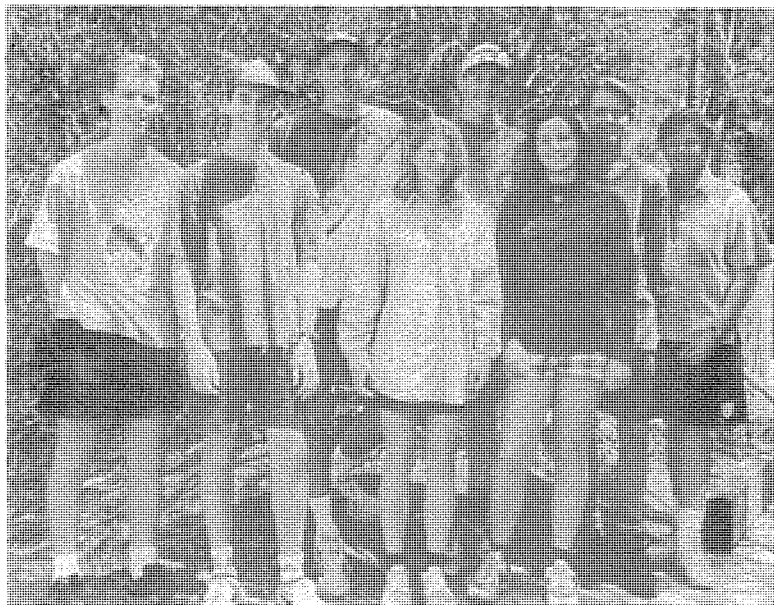
Special Thanks must go to all the HPE staff for organising the School Carnival and to Mrs Lucas for her continued support, encouragement and training of all the athletes.

ATHLETICS COMPETITION

Thirty-four athletes (24 boys, 10 girls), were selected in the BRISBANE WEST Zone Team to compete at QEII on 4-5 October.

These athletes were in multi-events:

Kris Moores (Javelin, Hurdles, Triple Jump, High Jump)
 Naomi Whitbread (200 m, 80 m Hurdles, 200 m Hurdles, Discus)
 Peter Herzig (Steeple Chase, 1500 m, 3000 m)
 Vang Nguyen (100 m Hurdles, 200 m Hurdles, Long Jump)
 Yolana Shore (1500 m, 3000 m)
 Liza Polowyj (Javelin, Discus)
 Nicole Anderson (80 m Hurdles, Long Jump)
 David Murtagh (Steeple Chase, Javelin)
 Chris Johnston (110 m Hurdles, 400 m Hurdles)
 Luan Van (110 m Hurdles, 300 m Hurdles)
 Nathan Dixon (800 m, 3000 m)
 Andrew Rutler (3000 Open Walk)



The above TRACK and FIELD Competitors (with Mrs Lucas) were successful in their events and will wear the GREEN and GOLD Metropolitan West Regional Uniform at the STATE Championships at QEII on 27-29 October .

Ben Weller	16 yrs 3000 m
Peter Herzig	Steeple Chase, 1500 m, 2000 m, 3000 m
Chris Johnston	400 m Hurdles
Yolana Shore	14 yrs 1500 m
Andrew Rutler	3000 Open Walk
Emma McGrath	15 yrs 3000 m
Kris Moores	15 yrs Javelin, 15 yrs High Jump

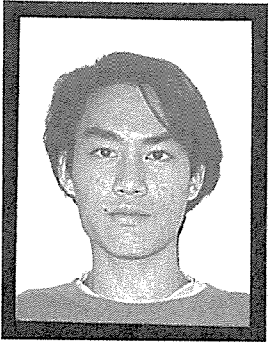
Absent from photo were:

Liza Polowyj	14 yrs Javelin, 14 yrs Discus
Naomi Whitbread	13 yrs 80 m Hurdles

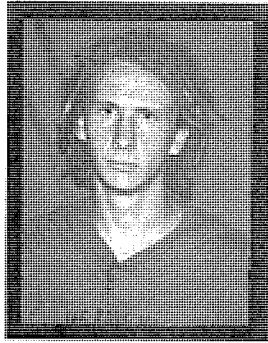


Boys Under 15 Volleyball

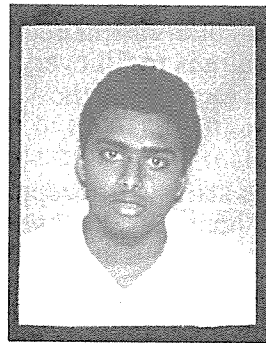
Seniors 1994



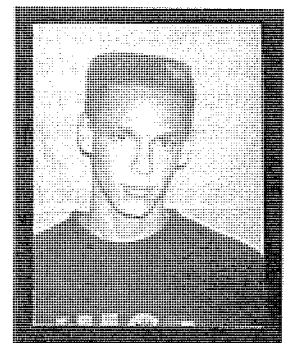
Tony Cheng



Tim Ainsworth



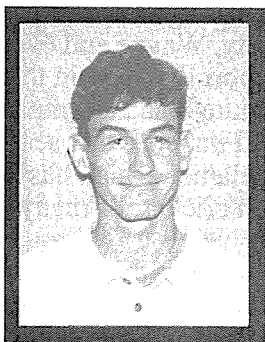
Sreenath Aiyar



Keith Amos



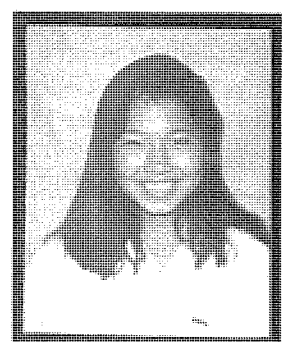
Ivan Anderson



Martin Bignell



Maria Bui



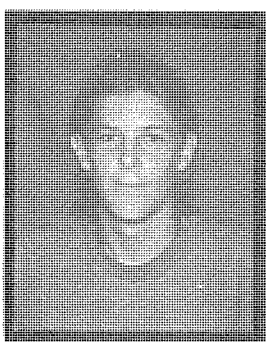
Thuy Bui



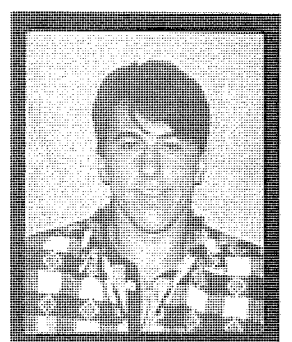
Megan Burt



Lorraine Butner



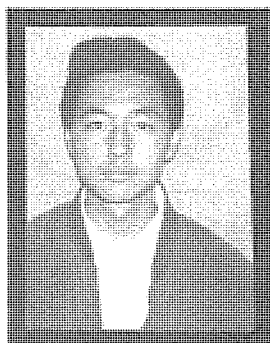
Leon Buynevic



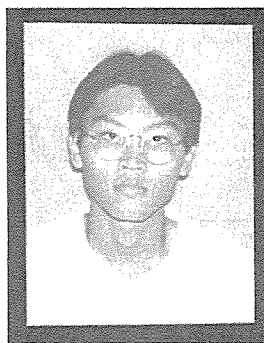
Michael Buzinkic



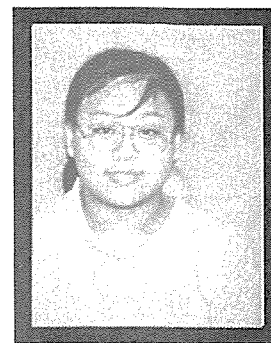
Anthony Cadden



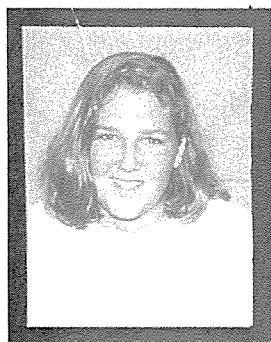
Wilson Cai



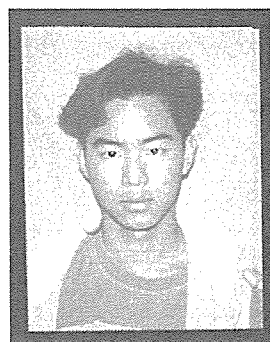
Abel Chang



Lily Chang



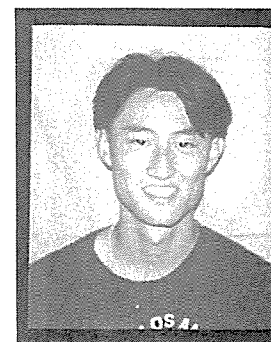
Belynda Charles



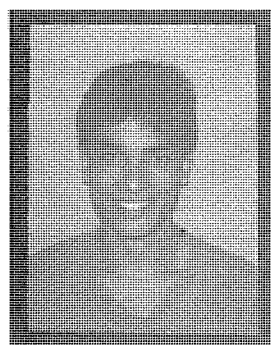
Mike Chau



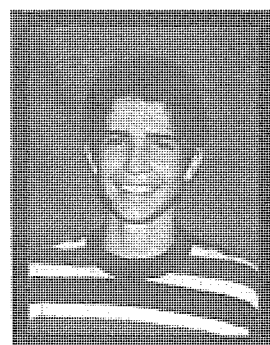
Angela Chauvin



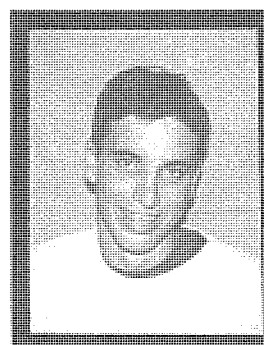
Derek Chen



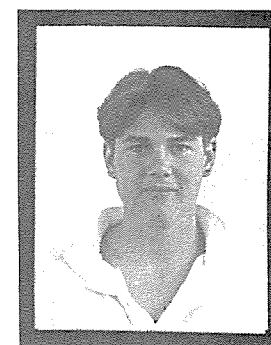
David Chew



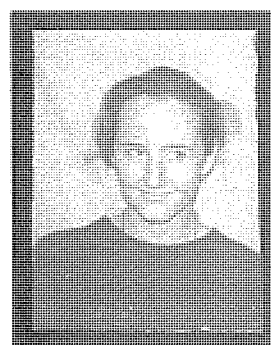
John Cook
School Captain



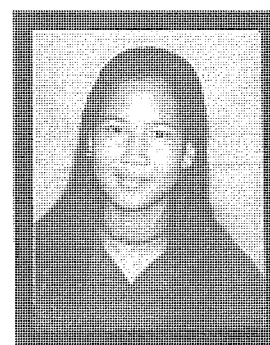
Travis Craig



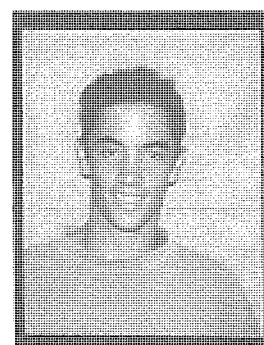
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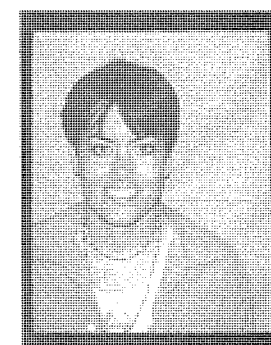
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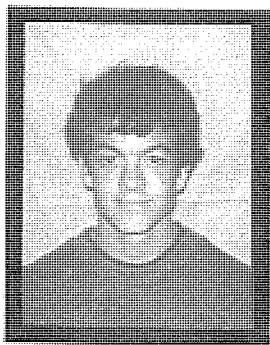
Thuy Dinh



Bart Doedens



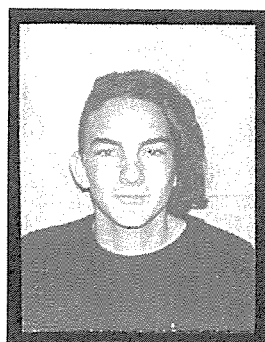
Belinda Doedens



Adam Dolejs



Guillermo Dubrovsky



Russell Elliott



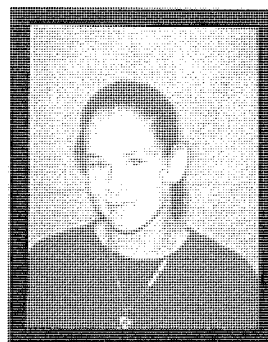
Jeffrey Ellis



Emma Feehely



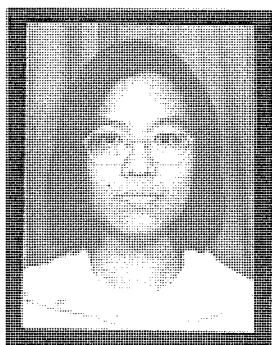
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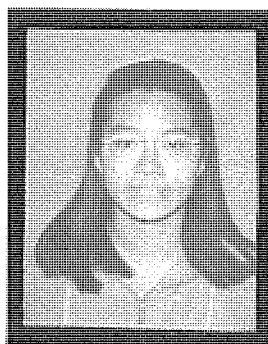
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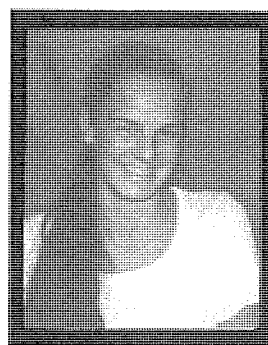
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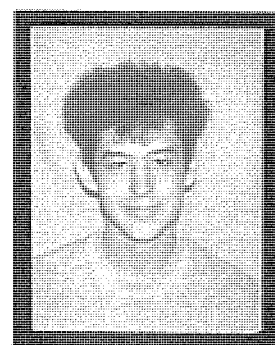
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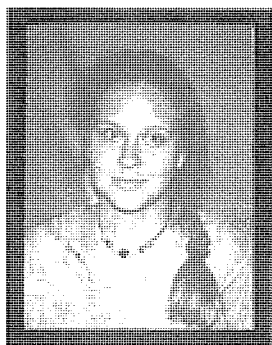
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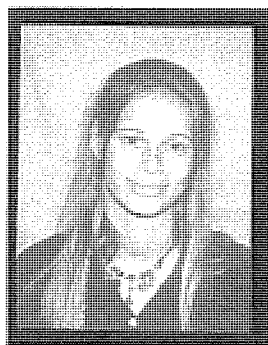
Carly Gayton



Cameron Gleadhill



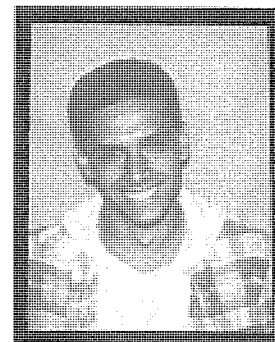
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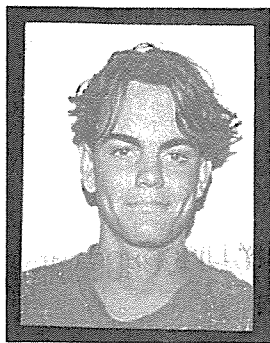
Rachel Green



Gabrielle Hadcroft



Karim Hashim-Jones



Paul Hearfield



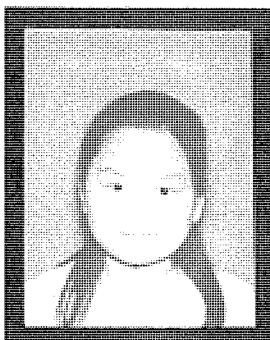
Daniel Heckenberg
School Vice-Captain



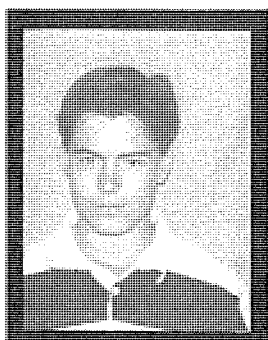
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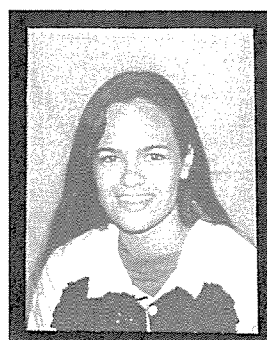
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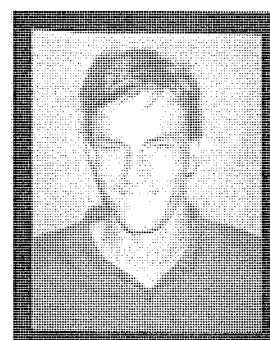
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Shane Hughes



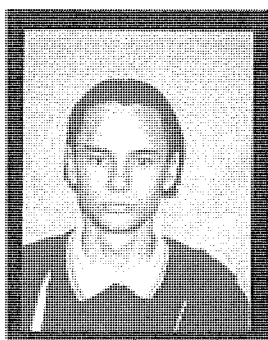
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Christopher Johnston



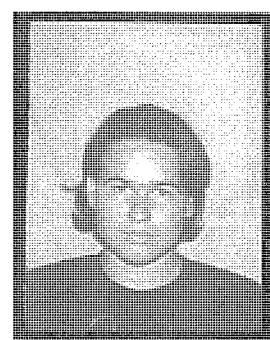
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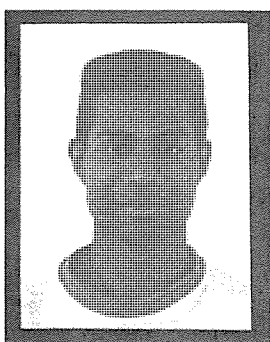
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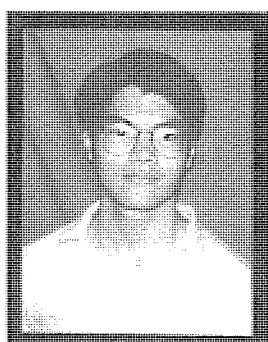
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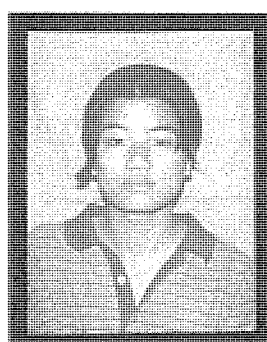
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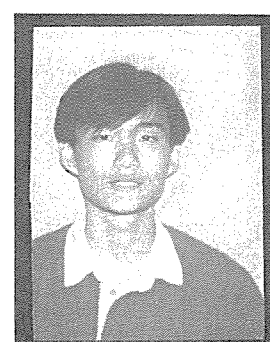
Philip Kulwaum



Gordon Kuo



Fiona Kwok



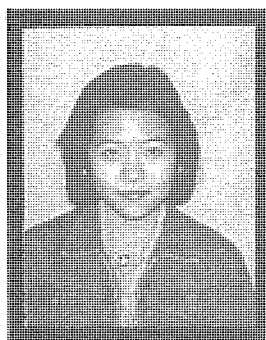
Andy Lau



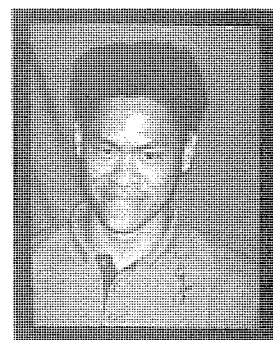
Wayne Le Bas



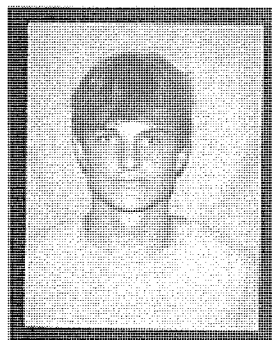
Kimberley Learmont



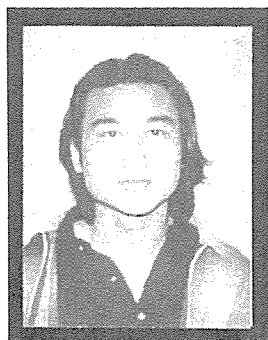
Anna Li



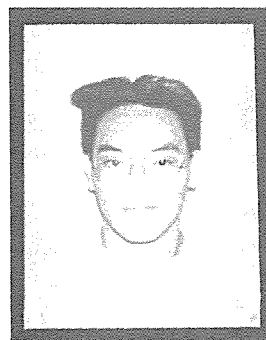
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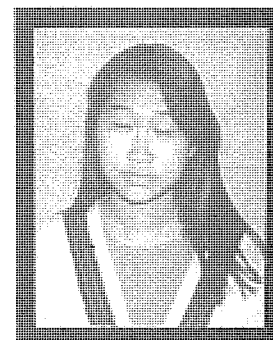
Jeremy Lindsay



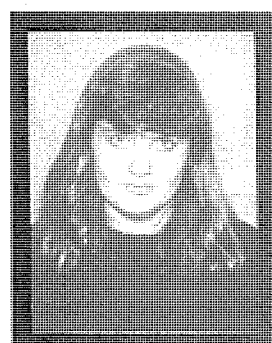
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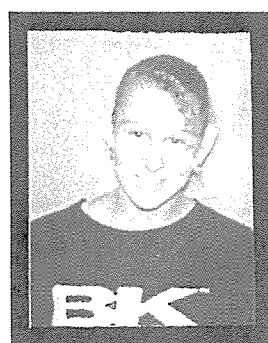
George Liu



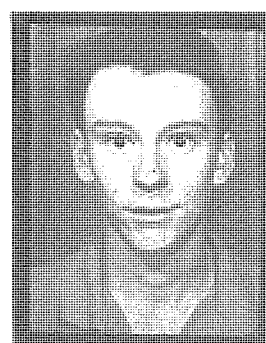
Priscilla Lui



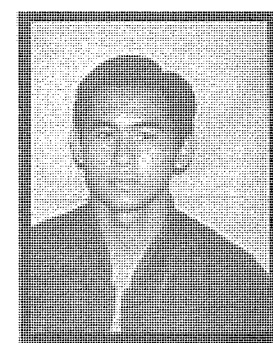
Alissa Macoun
School Vice-Captain



Kim Maelich



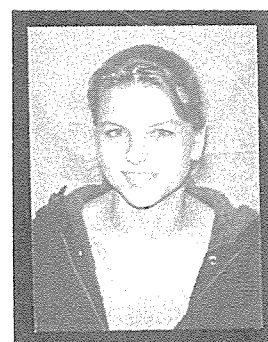
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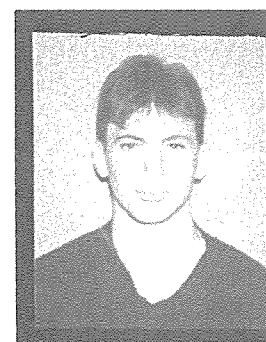
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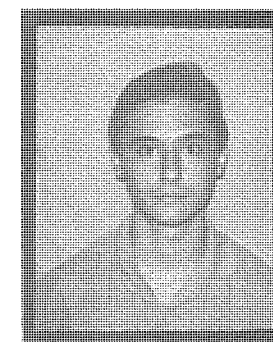
Allan McCoy



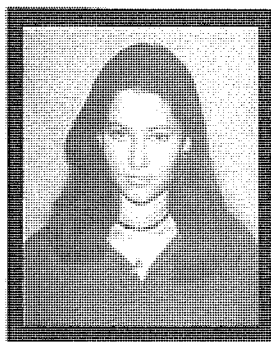
Gena McDonald



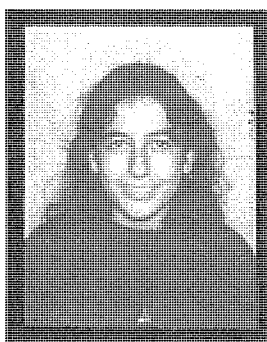
Gregor McEwan



Ben McFadyen



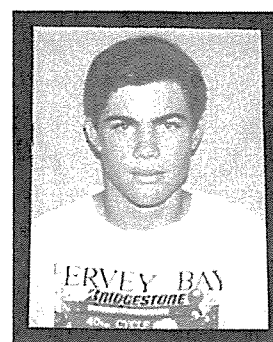
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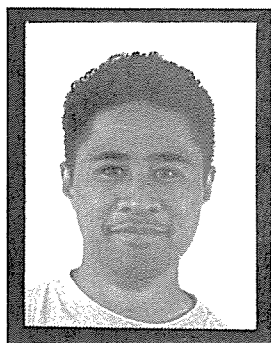
Elizabeth Moraitis



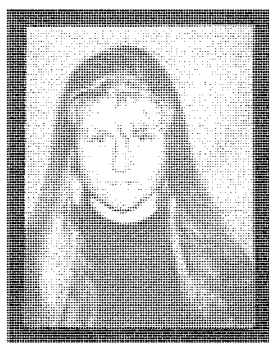
Bob Mouton



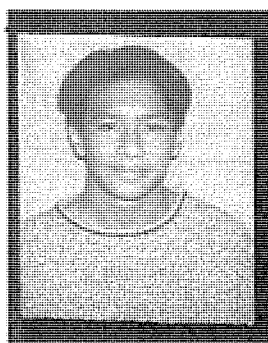
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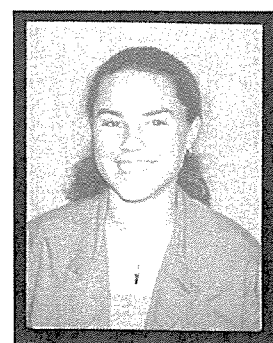
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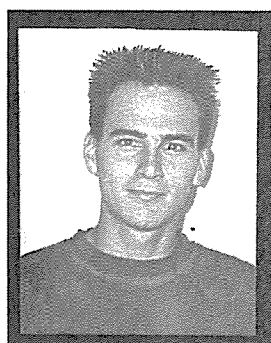
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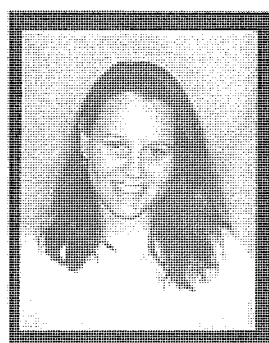
John Nguyen



Madeleine Nickson
School Captain



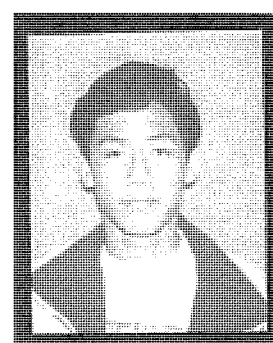
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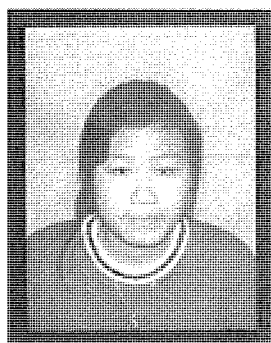
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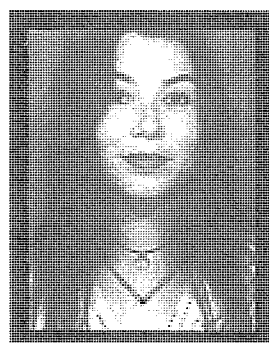
Terry O'Toole



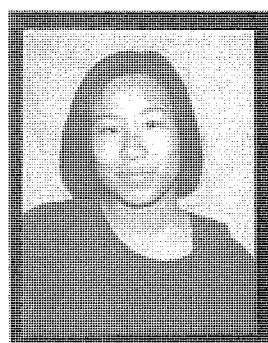
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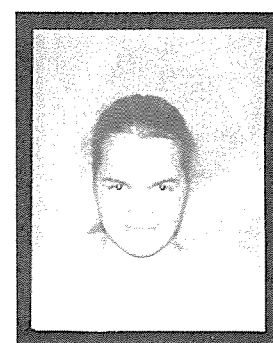
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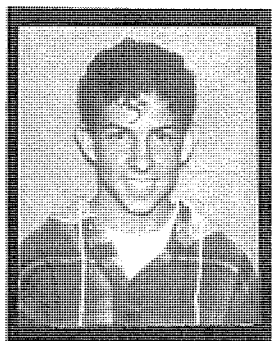
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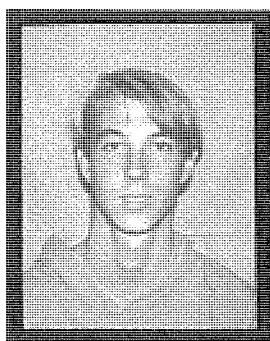
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Nicola Parsons



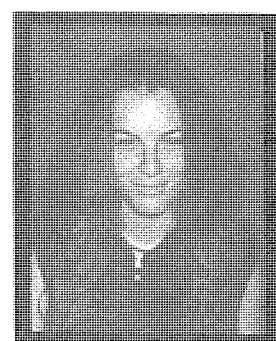
Mark Perkins



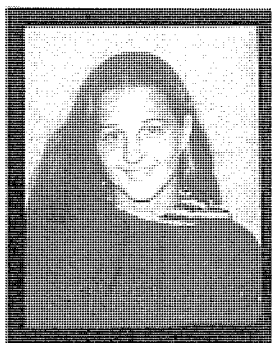
Nathan Pickering



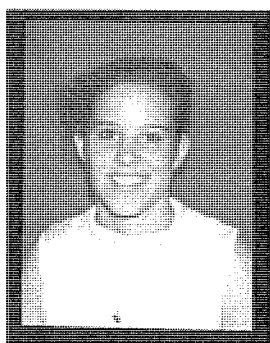
Sara Pope
President Student Council



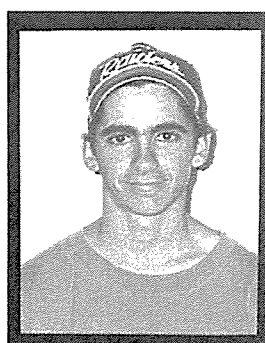
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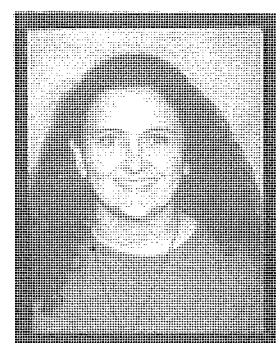
Rachele Quested



Catherine Reid



Brett Reilly



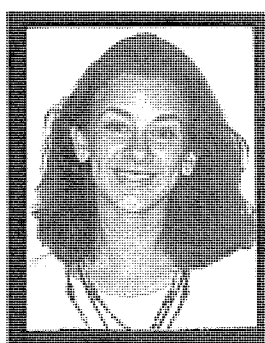
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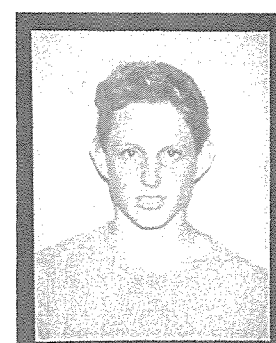
Richard Robson-Petch



Erin Rolandsen



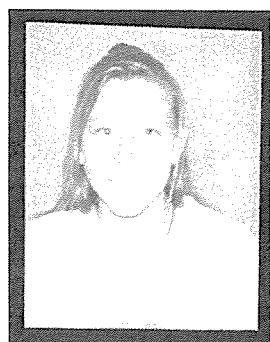
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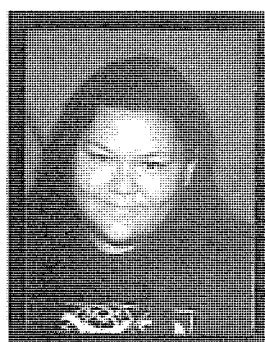
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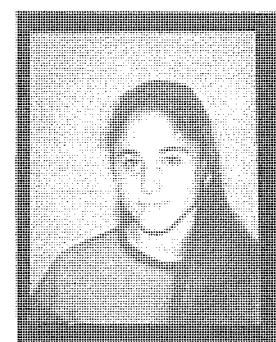
Skye Rush



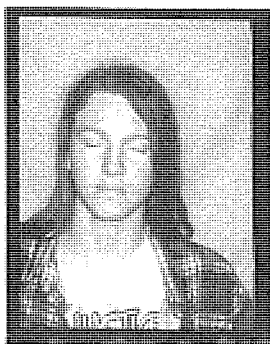
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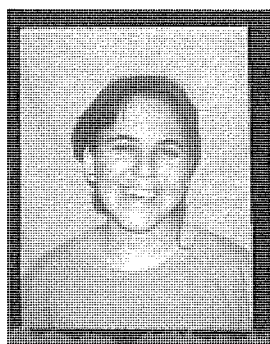
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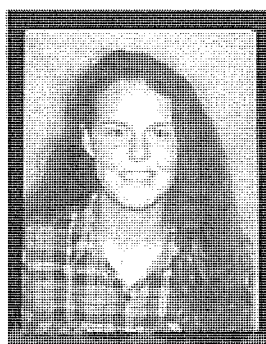
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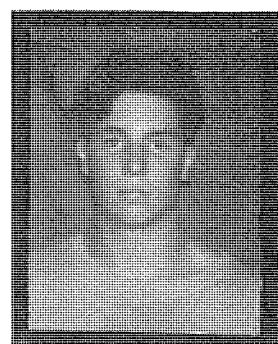
Chad Skulskyj



Lisa Stevenson



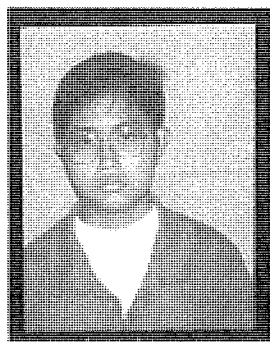
Annie Storey



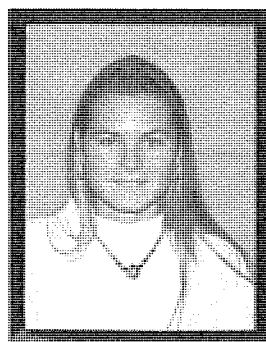
Timothy Strong



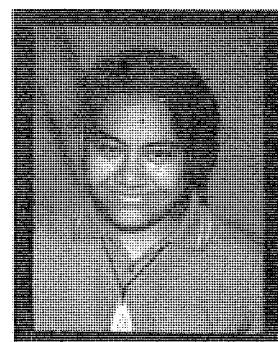
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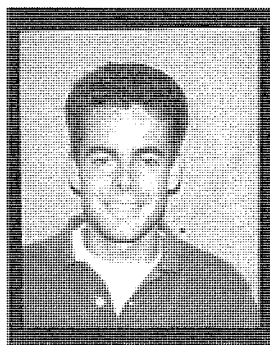
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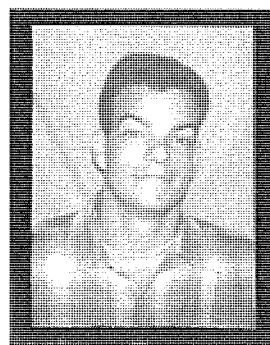
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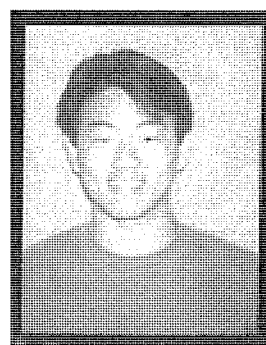
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Carlo Thomes



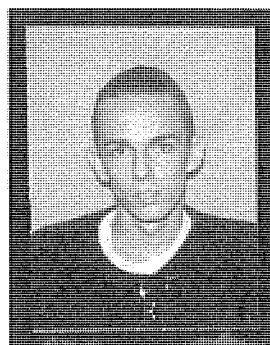
Mitchell Thornton



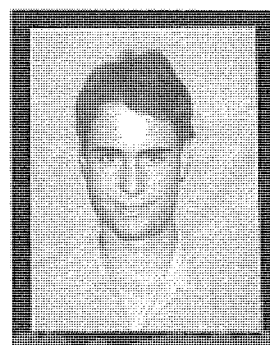
Michael Tio



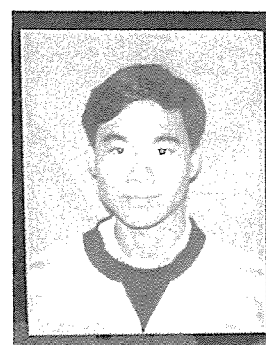
Julianna Toms



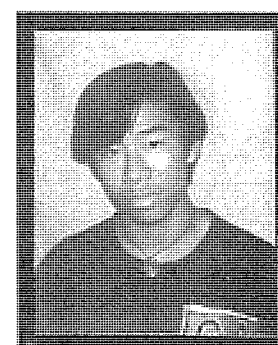
Stuart Toonen



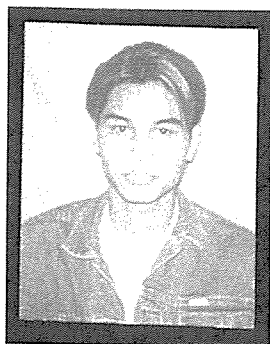
David Topp



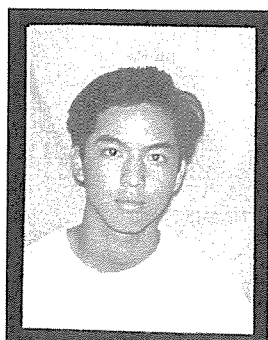
Cuong Hiep Tran



Tuan Tran



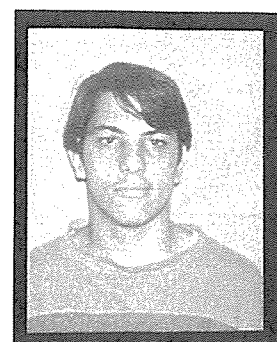
Anh Trinh



Luan Van



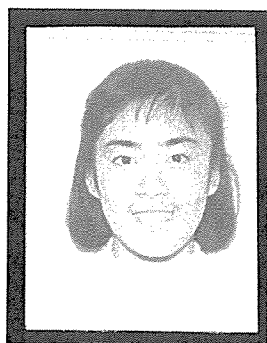
Tracey Vine



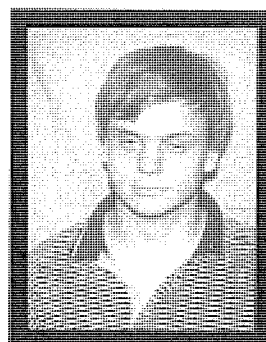
Christopher Voutsis



Jennifer Walker



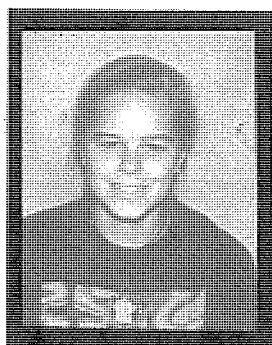
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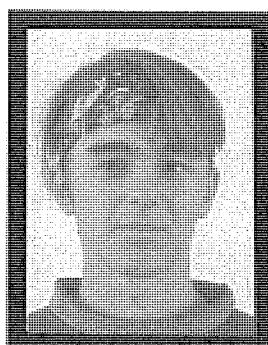
Eric Whitney



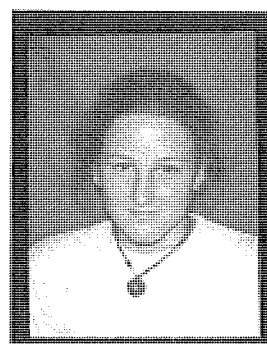
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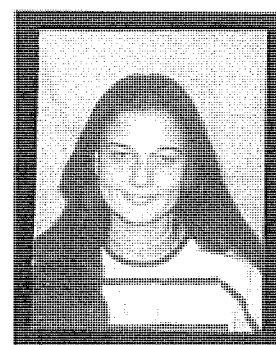
Carmen Wilkes



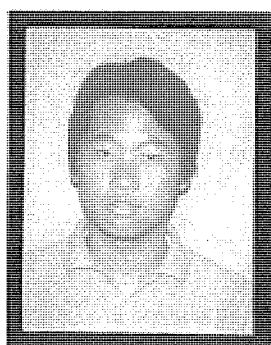
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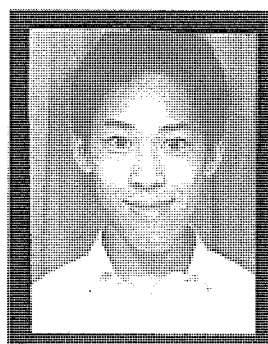
Jessica Williams



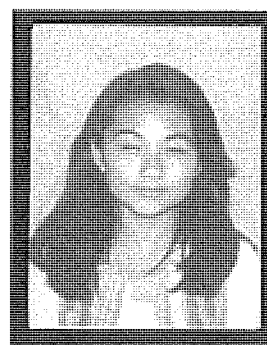
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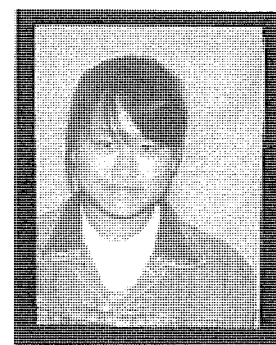
Alan Wong



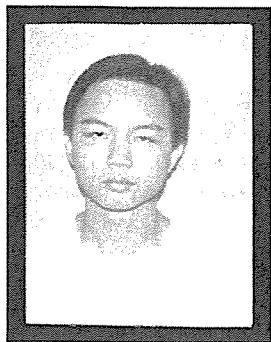
Horace Wong



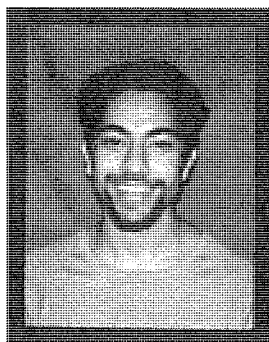
Karen Wong



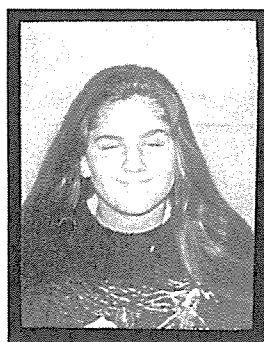
Yvonne Wong



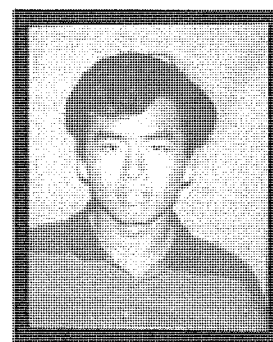
Phillip Wu



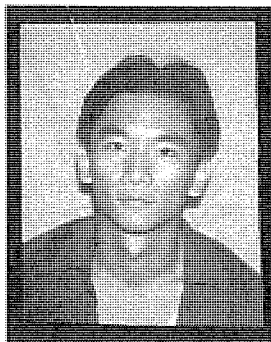
Joshua Yaqub



Evie Yegdich



Tony Yu



William Yu



Rafael Adams

The following students also attended
Indooroopilly State High in 1994:

Nili Alavi

Simon Gagliardi

Eugene Lee

Shabana Nisha

Myron Seiuli

Antoni Bozin

Simon Hennig

Daniel Liu

Bevan O'Donohue

Adriana Zamora

Matthew Fairchild

Jeffrey Kim

Neil Monteith

Jung Rho

Tao

*Upon his return from the mountains, a man
recalls his dreams.....*

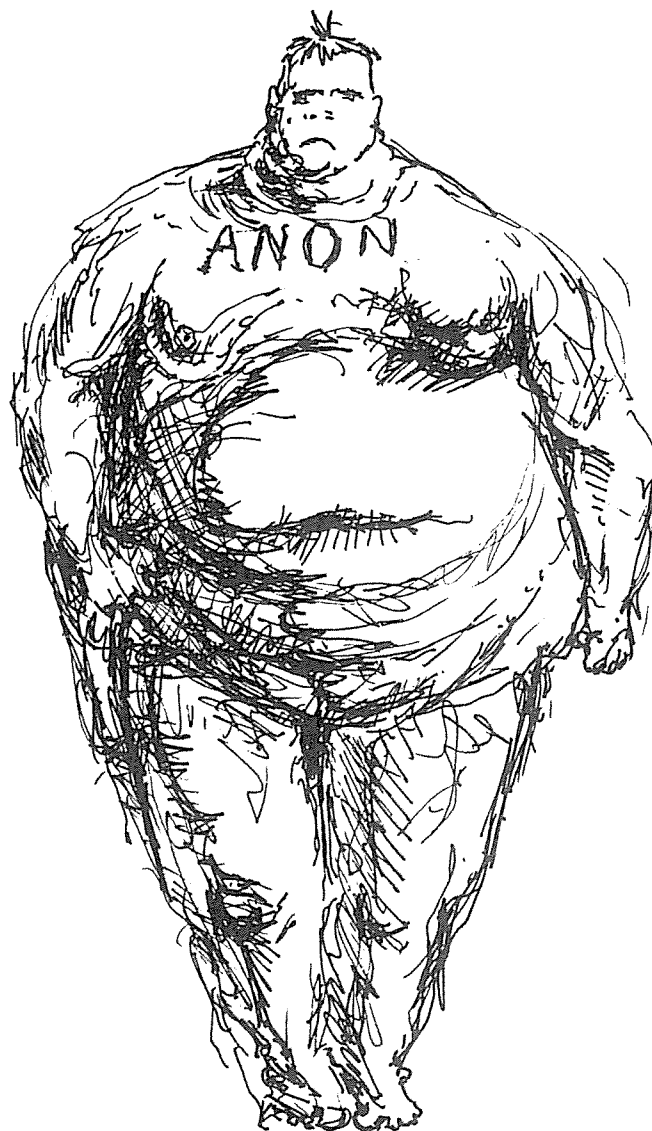
*Winds of fire,
Waves of ice
Merge in glory
Harmonize.*

*Storm of peace,
a tempest, calm,
In tranquil rage
Enveloping.*

*The night of light
Will dawn at dusk
When sun and moon
Embrace.*

*Life is death,
Death is birth,
Ahead, the past
Eternities.*

Karim-Hashim Jones 12.6



CHINA...



During the September school holidays a small group of adventurous students of Chinese, led by the even more adventurous Mrs Winnie Edwards-Davis and Acting Principal, Mrs Lorna Whelan, and husband, Les, travelled to China as part of an organised study tour.

Our gratitude is extended to the Australia-China Council for the financial assistance provided to the following student group: Madeleine Nickson, Rachele Quested, Tracey Vine, Maria Bui, Kim Maelich, Michelle Toonen and Gabrielle Lurje.

BEIJING - ABOUT AS PUBLIC AS TRANSPORT CAN GET

The easiest way to meet people in Beijing is to ride the public transport. After all, when you're squished into a space half-a-metre square with three other people on a bus, you find yourself getting up close and personal (regardless of whether you want to or not) with someone you don't know. The fact that what you find out about that person is usually that they smell like beer, shouldn't be standing with their arm up, and had something heavily spiced for lunch doesn't matter - it is simply part of the quaint, homestyle atmosphere.

Beijing's Bus System is unlike any other I have ever encountered. ("Travelling Human Bricks" is one name that they could be called.) It's prompt (with buses running every two to five minutes), but the abundance of bicycles, taxis, cars, and pedestrians on the roads, along with the total lack of enforced traffic regulation, results in the bus ride itself taking a monumental amount of time. (See, nothing travels over fifty kilometres an hour at the best of times, but

in some cases, such as during peak hour, one can't help wondering whether or not travelling by lame elephant would've been faster.) However, the tickets were cheap - only five Australian cents - so it didn't matter either that one had to fight one's way through hairwidth spaces to a shouting ticket seller to get one...

The subways, while being faster and several times the length of a bus underground, weren't a whole deal more spacious - as Rachele and I found out.

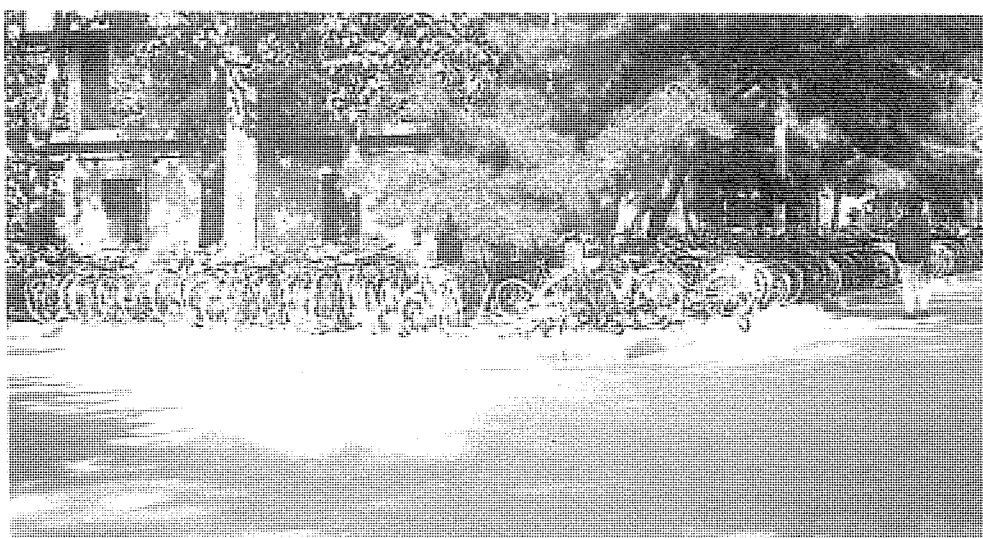
As we found ourselves separated from the group by merit of having been quite literally swept along in a crowd onto a subway train, we realized that we had no need to even hold on to anything (like a roof rail) to remain standing because we were playing the world's greatest game of sardines.

We did survive, though, after holding our breath for two stations, then panicking and pushing like the blazes to get off the train in the two minutes that the doors were open... GOLLY!!!!

Beijing Public Transportation is incredible. Not for the faint hearted or claustrophobic, admittedly, but incredible nonetheless. It was worth the trip to simply see the clunking buses and subways, and to become one of the thronging multitude an added bonus.

Madeleine J. Nickson 12.3

中华人民共和国



ENTERTAINMENT

Whilst in China, it was important for us to have some entertainment for which we didn't have to walk miles.

We discovered a dance that the uni was holding on campus, which started at 7.00 pm and finished at 11.00 pm, and a few of us decided to venture to it. It was interesting to say the least and it was completely different from any dance we'd see here. The cost was three kuai (kuai = Chinese dollar) per person, which is about 60c Australian. We walked in and a lot of people turned and looked at us. To every song that was played, someone would ask us to dance and of course we had to accept. Then we would waltz to any kind of music, fast or slow. Most of us were lucky and had a good experience, unlike Gabrielle. The dance wasn't that bad, it was just very different!

We also went to a Chinese Opera and some Acrobatics. None of us thought that it was going to be a rage, but they weren't half bad. Apparently the opera was very westernised and, after a while, the lady's voice became a bit irritating but there was more talking than singing. The second story at the opera, I found to be more interesting as there was more action and actions, dancing and more of a storyline.

The acrobatics was great. It lasted about an hour and it kept our attention well. The gymnastics was the best part of the show. It was exciting and fascinating as some of the acrobats were roughly the same age as us and one was very old. There were also some Chinese dances, some magic and other different acts. Some of these performances weren't so captivating, but they weren't bad by any means. Overall it was pretty good.

I wouldn't say that we loved the Opera, Acrobatics and the Dance enough to say we'd go often. They were just a different and interesting entertainment break from all the travelling, walking and sight seeing we were doing.

Tracey Vine 12.3



SHOPPING

In a shopping contest, there's no competition - mainly because I've already bought out the stores! As the undoubted winner of the title, "The one most likely-to-shop-till I drop", it's a pleasure to share some of my perceptions of our shopping expeditions in China. Well, Zsa Zsa Gabor and the like, eat your hearts out! Thailand, even with just a quick glance at airport duty free and souvenir shops, and the local markets, is a shopaholics delight!

From the moment we set foot on Chinese soil, the variety of markets and shops (even a Chinese equivalent of Myer or David Jones) proved a natural temptation. And by chance, opposite the People's University where we were staying, were day markets and, after 5.30 pm, night markets as well! Clothing in all shapes, sizes, colours and materials, a private CD-selling store, stationery and book stores, leather goods, shoe shops, fruit sellers with exotic wares - these were the sights, sounds and scents of our immediate geographical repertoire.

Further afield, we visited the Friendship Stores, which catered to obviously Western tastes, and the Beijing version of Myer. I was in my element! Then one day, deciding to avoid the tourist haunts, I headed to where the Beijing locals shop - Wanfujing - a whole street block of stores, where the Beijing Department Store, the Arts and Craft Gallery, book stores and silk sellers co-existed beside McDonalds, alleyway markets, kite sellers, restaurants and photo film selling outlets! To my shame, I found this to be

a claustrophobe's nightmare. The sheer volume of milling people had me heading off to the nearest seat with a cold drink in hand!

Many thanks to Kim for letting herself be dragged around shopping and attempting to restrain me! You're the best!

Michelle Toonen 11.3



CHINESE HOSPITAL VISITING

It had been a long and exhausting day, a day when one would least expect to visit a hospital down a dark alley somewhere in Beijing. Darkness fell and the three mortals, Mrs Edwards-Davis, the saviour, our knight in shining armour, Mr Whelan, and I, the invalid, hit the pavement in search of a nebulizer. We hailed a taxi driver. Surprisingly, he actually knew where he was going and twenty minutes later dropped us outside the hospital.

We finally discussed my sickness with a lovely doctor who was too concerned for my liking, so concerned her main objective was to have me over night with a drip. The doctor ordered me to have a blood test and an x-ray. The nurse pricked my finger with a rusty blade and I nearly threw up.

Eventually, we returned to the university, tired and relieved. Dr Edwards-Davis fed me my pills, while Nurse Madeleine Nixon straightened my bed. Not to mention my friends for all their help - oh, actually I forgot, they were all asleep. This night will be a vivid memory for the three survivors who went places no tourist would ever go or make it out alive.

Gabrielle Lurje 11.3

ACCOMMODATION / SCHOOL

China is extremely different from Australia in its culture and food, but especially in its educational methods (teaching) and facilities. The most wonderful experience for all of us in China was learning to adapt ourselves to the University life style, the facilities and their method of schooling - which basically meant that we all had to wake up at 7.30 am to get ready for class which commenced at 8.00 am and ended at 12.00 pm. We all had three breaks for three minutes in between these classes.

The beds we slept on were quite comfortable despite the fact that the quilt came out of the doona if you kicked it around too much. The pillows we had could have caused severe head injuries if we had had them for any longer than two weeks because they were stuffed with rice husks.

The bathroom had a small sink for us plus each room had been given a small bowl. Although we didn't know the purpose for it, we all used it to wash our socks and undergarments in. The shower we used was practically above the toilets, which meant that, if

we moved around too much, then we would bump straight into the toilet.

Actually we all thought we would never settle in but, by the second day, everyone was used to the facilities and the different ways of life. Despite all these minor problems, we all survived it and even have to admit that it was a truly wonderful experience.

Maria Bui 12.3

FOOD

While in China we observed many different kinds of foods. The canteen at the University served both Chinese and western food at lunch and dinner, and, at breakfast, cake which was dry, hard boiled eggs, yoghurt with sugar, rice porridge and leftover steamed buns from the night before, chopped into smaller bits and fried, ending up being similar to toast. Small restaurants lined the streets and we could see live animals sitting in cages just outside the door. These ranged from snakes, fish and turtles to chickens and pigeons and it was not unusual to see animals like these in supermarket freezers.

The last day the University treated us to dinner for graduating and the dishes set before us included fried frogs legs, sea cucumbers and what we were told were squid livers. Also, a steamed fish was placed on the table and we were informed that it is custom that the person at whom the fish is facing when first put on the table must remove the eye and eat it. Tracey was the lucky one on our table and eventually she removed its eye but declined to eat it.

All in all, we all came back fairly healthy and I think that we all enjoyed our trip thoroughly.

Kim Maelich 12.3



SCENIC SITES

For me the biggest thrill in going to China lay in visiting the places that I had read so much about. On our third day in China, we visited Tian An Men Square and images of the masses of students assembled there in 1989 persisted as the huge square was adorned in an array of Maoist propaganda, celebrating the ensuing 45th anniversary of the communist entry to Beijing. The square itself was situated beneath the contemplative eyes of Mao himself and his portrait still shows signs of paint scars from 1989.

On the same day we visited the Forbidden City, then on Tuesday, Beihai Park, Wednesday, the Summer Palace and on Tuesday 27th September, the Temple of Heaven. There were all fascinating examples of Ming and Qing dynasty architecture. The intricate design on the ceilings and on the altars and statues captured the colour and spectacle that must have surrounded the Emperor and his kin centuries ago.

The one thing that I thought spoiled these sights, however, was the souvenir shops which appeared every metre, all selling exactly the same merchandise. There were few chances to absorb any sort of atmosphere because there was a constant noise of people, people pushing me along or trying to palm some sort of tacky thing off onto me. There was one moment, however, at the Summer Palace when Madeleine and I veered off the main path and found ourselves wandering along a rocky, uneven bush path overlooking the entire park. It was a rare moment indeed.

The Great Wall then, when I arrived on our final Saturday in Beijing, was breathtaking. Set in a

background of free covered mountains, this incredible structure which is now several structures, bears an awesome stamp of the Ancient Chinese warriors. In some places the wall was so steep that I had to haul myself up by gripping onto the next step up. It was worth the expended energy however as it afforded a view that extended for miles.

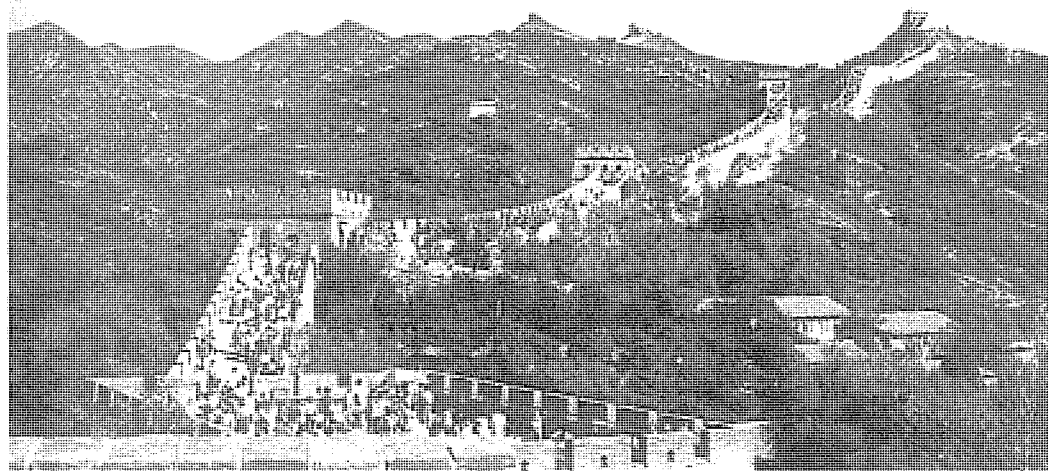
The most horrific part of my sojourn in China, however, was not the smell, not the crowds, but the appalling conditions the animals resided in at the Beijing Zoo. The magnificent members of the feline family were all caged in four square metres of cement, the lion's mane was shaved, the tiger was



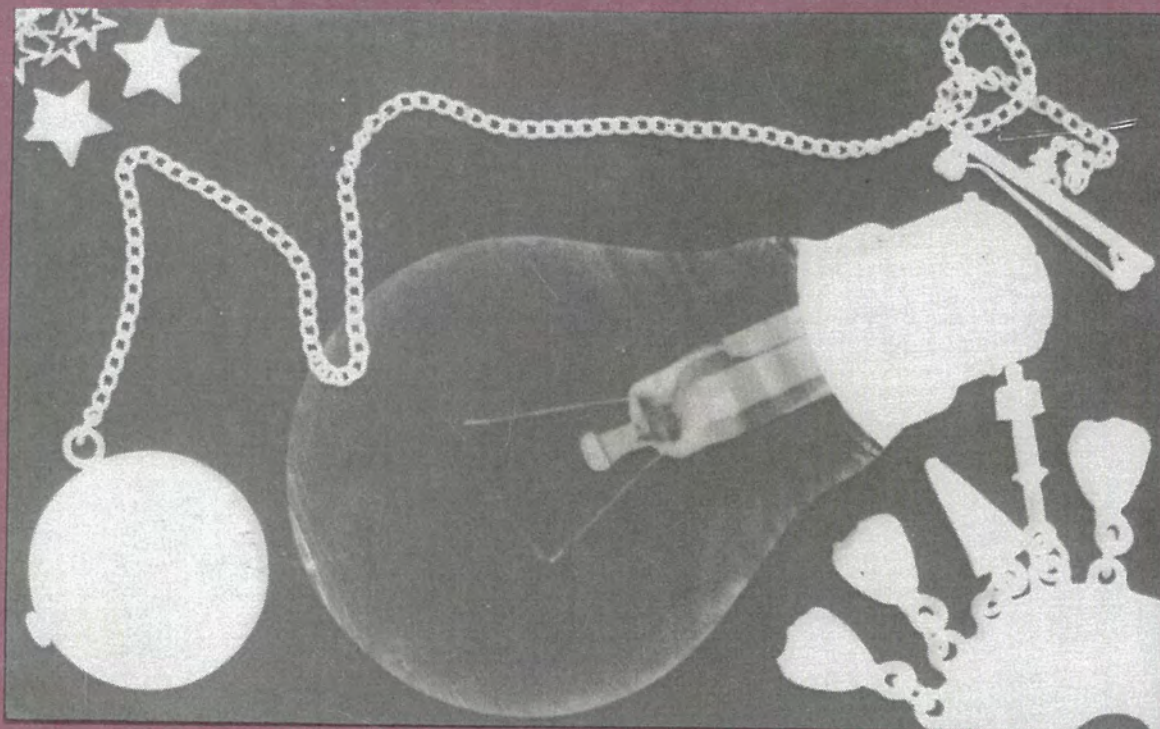
pacing ceaselessly back and forth and the rest were curled in foetal positions in their cells, ignoring the shouts and whistles directed at them by a laughing crowd. I could not stop crying as I saw this and then entered the realm of the bears - polar bears lying prostrate on the ground in the heat and grizzly bears who had learned to dance for their supper as eager tourists poured softdrink on their paws. I did not go to any more exhibits.

Despite this though, the sense of history evident in Beijing was incredible and the cultural and religious aspects of her ancient architecture were fascinating. In short, it was worth four hours of study each day to be able to witness it.

Rachele Quested 12.3







Every man has a genius, though it is not always discoverable, least of all when choked by the trivialities of daily existence. But in this disturbing country, as far as I have become acquainted with it already, it is possible more easily to discard the inessential and attempt the infinite.

You will be burnt up most likely.

You will have the flesh torn from your bones.

You will be tortured probably,

in many horrible and primitive ways.

But you will realise that genius of which you sometimes suspect you are possessed, and of which you will not tell me you are afraid.

Doss.

Patrick White.