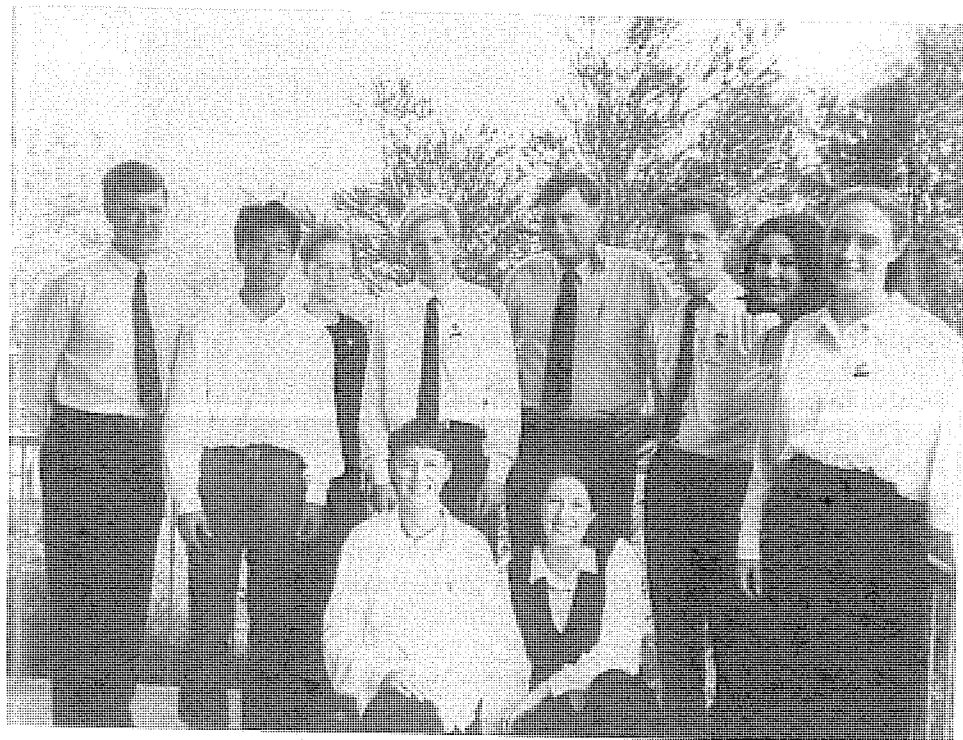


INDOOR POOL

95

STATE HIGH

# School Leaders



I approached this year with much trepidation and curiosity. After all this was the 'big one', the year that we had been preparing for ever since we entered pre-school. However, I can honestly say to all those who await the wrath of their Senior year that it's not as bad as people continually make out.

This year has been successful not only personally but for the school community as a whole. Our participation in events such as the Tournament of Minds and our fifth annual United Nations Day has complemented our results in the areas of sport, music and our usual high academic achievements.

## Vale - farewell

Compared with some years, when there have been big musicals and rock eistedfords, it has been a quiet year at Indooroopilly. (We didn't even get the Haka on UN Day!) But, that doesn't mean it has been a year without achievements. All of us, as individuals, in small interest groups, or in sporting teams have, in our own ways, reached for and achieved goals, whether it be completing year 8 or simply surviving the C.S.T. In our own Indooroopilly State High School way, we seem to have managed, as we do every year, to do it without the "support" of uptight hierarchies and regimentation - just a lot of mutual support, and respect for each other, throughout the whole school. This is what Indooroopilly High School is about and what has made being a student here, an enjoyable and positive experience for me during the past five years.

To those of you continuing your schooling, I wish you well, and to all in year 12, I wish you success along whichever of the many paths you choose to travel.

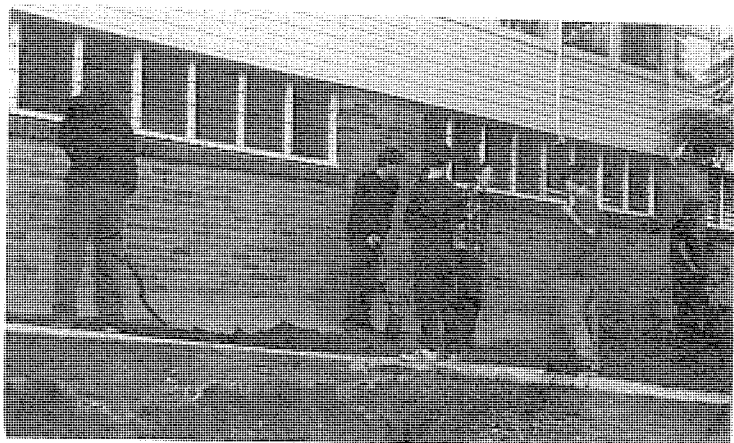
Stacey Lamb



One of the pleasures we received this year as school captains, was meeting Her Excellency, the Governor, Mrs Leneen Forde. On 31 August Stacey and I attended a meeting for school captains at Government House. During this meeting we received countless opportunities to exchange ideas and experiences with school leaders from around Brisbane. It was an opportunity that both Stacey and I relished and one that I am sure future school leaders will find equally rewarding.

From a personal point of view I can undoubtedly say that the last five years have been most fulfilling. I have no doubt in my mind that when I leave Indooroopilly High for the last time all the precious memories that I have had here will accompany me for the rest of my life. For that I truly thank all those whom I have known and whom I will never forget.

Ben Weller





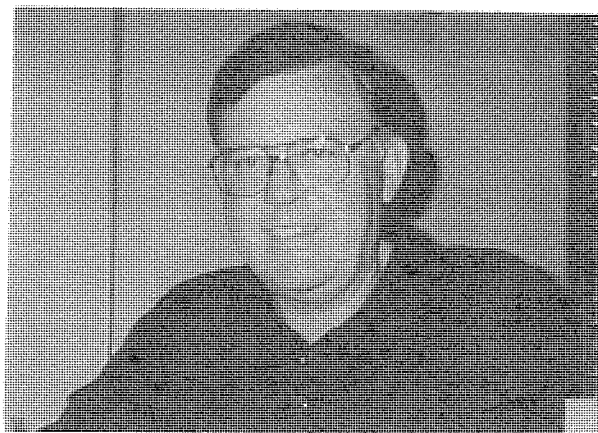
# VIP PROFILE - MR ROD BAILEY

Boarding school at age thirteen? You may well ask why a pair of innocent young twins were sent away at such an early age and so suddenly. The first five years of school at St Joseph's school passed without trouble. It happened in the second year of secondary school that the two mischievous twins, surname Bailey, decided to play a trick on the local policeman. The twins were not unknown in the quiet Brisbane suburb of Mt Gravatt. On his rounds the constable often spotted the boys not only swimming in the creek but on Friday nights they were also to be found hanging out at the local hamburger joint after 11 pm. Don't get the wrong impression, Rod Bailey was a "good student" and a fine young sportsman. He fulfilled his ambitions of becoming a teacher when he studied education at the University of Queensland. Prior to this, the consequences of a simple practical joke had landed him and his twin in De La Salle boarding school. Being a devoted student and budding sports person kept Mr Bailey from straying into any further trouble.

If you've ever overheard your mother talking about a smashing young lifeguard patrolling the beaches down Burleigh Heads way in the 60's, you may never know, but that young lifeguard may have, in fact, been your principal, Mr Bailey.



The Bailey Twins - Rod (left)



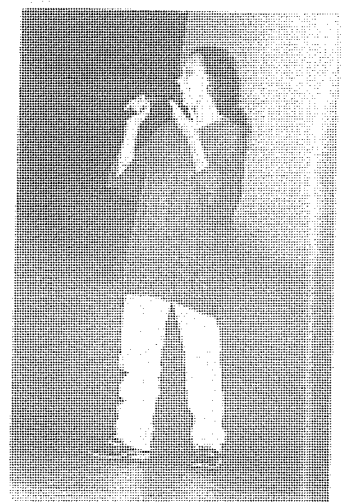
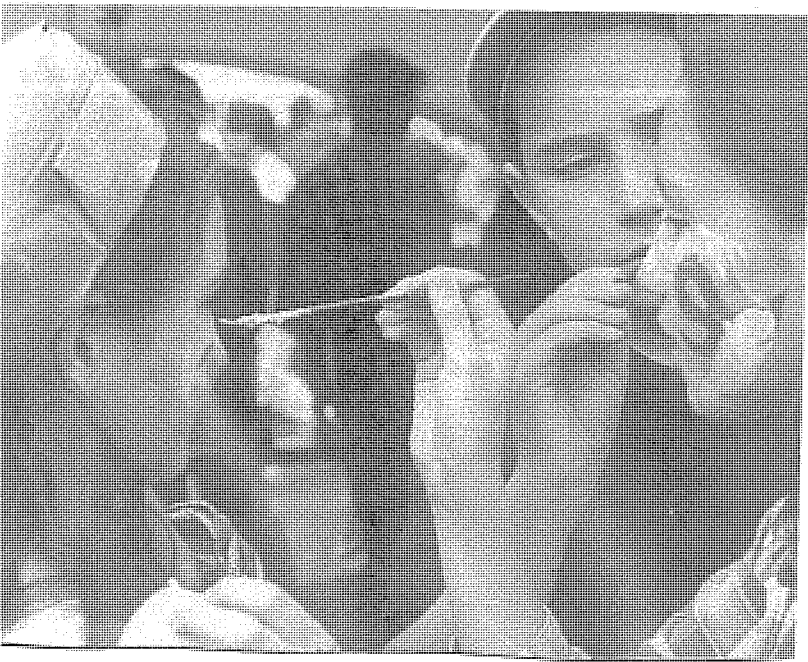
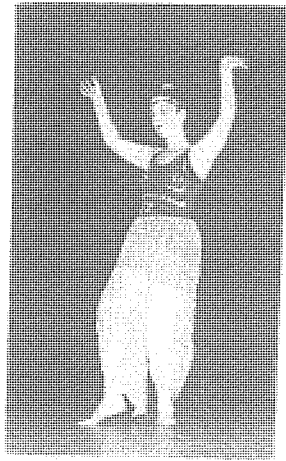
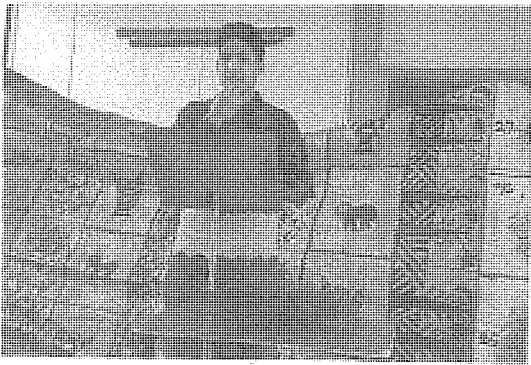
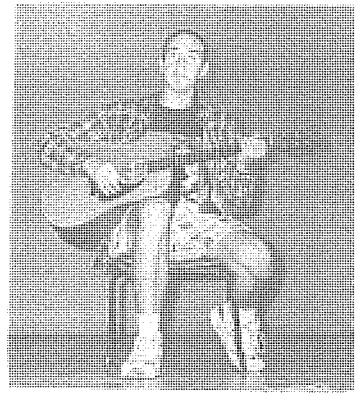
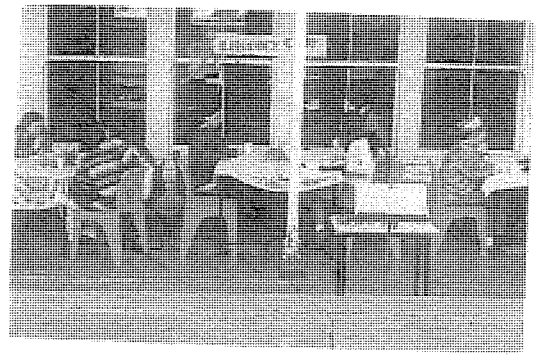
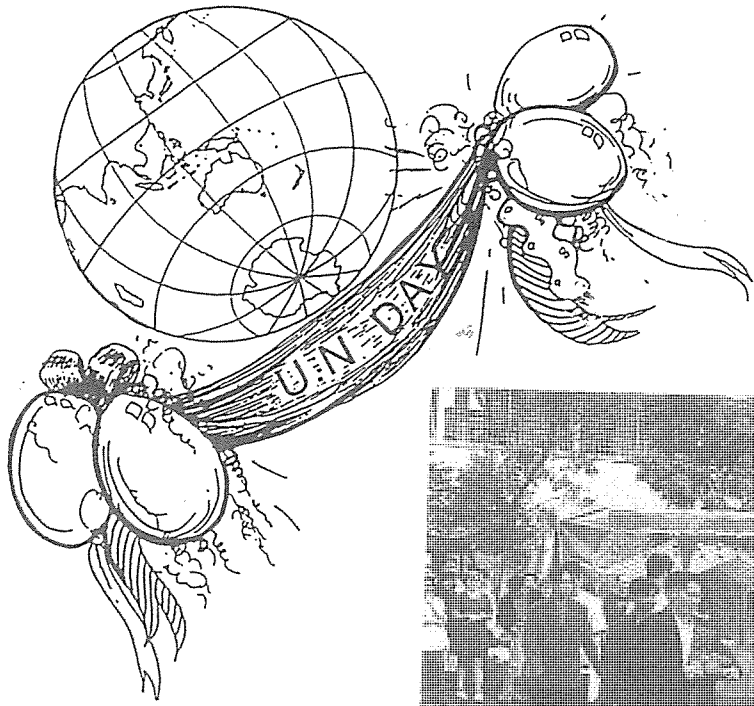
After settling down with a young wife, a four month old son and half his degree Mr Bailey was not eligible to fight in the Vietnam War. Still, the horrible period of war effected the lives of many. His once strict, conservative and Catholic mother voiced her opinion in the streets. Running around in the 60's, hugging trees and growing his hair long was never quite Mr Bailey's scene. No, he stuck to the straight and narrow, pursuing his career as a teacher. At twenty-five he fulfilled his life-long ambition of becoming a teacher and by thirty he was breaking records, becoming the youngest principal ever in the history of Queensland. After teaching in many schools all over Queensland, eight years ago, Mr Bailey found himself in the position of principal at Indooroopilly State High.

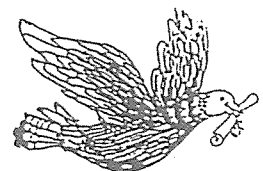
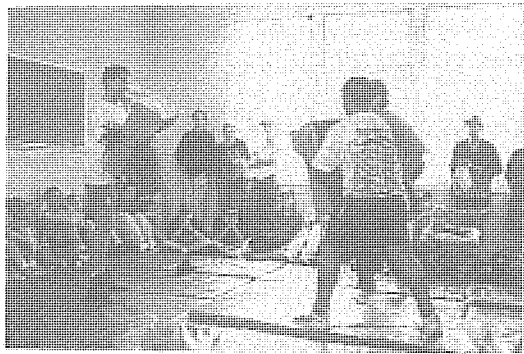
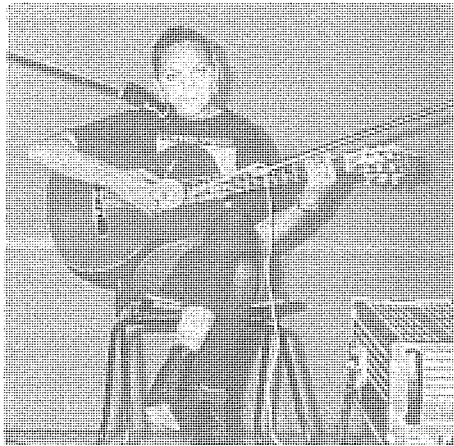
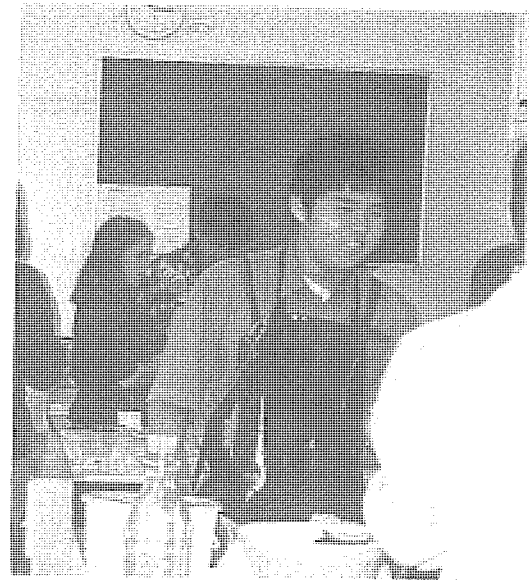
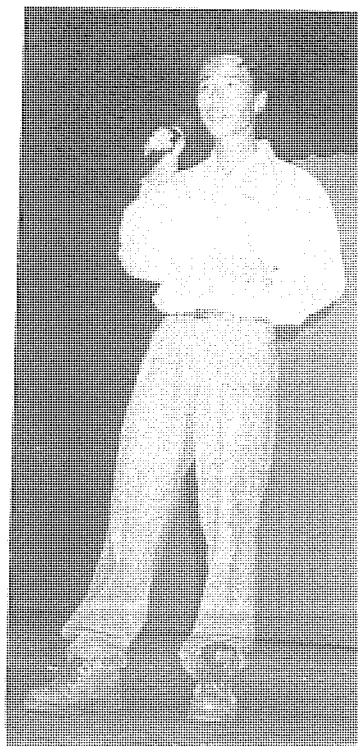
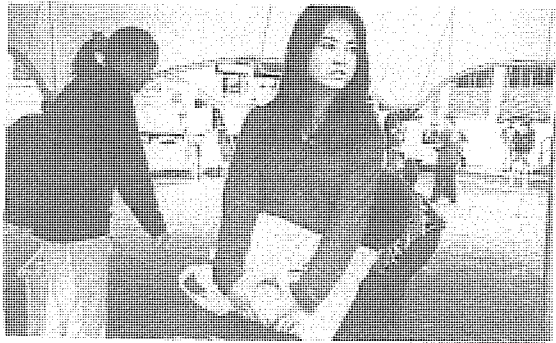
A break in Mr Bailey's hectic schedule allows time for his favourite recreational activity. Fishing, a past-time when young, has always been part of his life. Now, more than ever for Mr Bailey, the environment is the world's biggest problem. Not to be seen hugging trees in the sixties he now shows concern for the ever decreasing habitats of his friends the fish and others. Other aspects of life have also dramatically changed since his youth. Mr Bailey commented on the situation in which the teenagers of his day and those today live. "It was absolutely, definately better in my day....we had everything we needed to get a good education without distractions.....there was no such thing as drugs .....I only heard about them when I got to university." The only things he has regretted from his childhood were spending so much time in the sun and starting smoking. As well as a warning about those things, what he would like to say to the students here at Indooroopilly is "you've just got to look after yourself and not do stupid things." He says this to the students of Indooroopilly who in his eyes stand out because they are so mature.

Liberty Meltzer  
Romany Sloan









결함된 우리의 날!



# SOCIAL

WHAT A BUSY, BUSY, BUSY, BUSY YEAR IT HAS BEEN!

We've had marvellous excursions - looking at mining, airport development, a dairy farm and heritage Brisbane. We've walked around an Aboriginal Heritage Trail and visited a Brewery, walked around Spring Hill and attended a Classics Department Seminar.

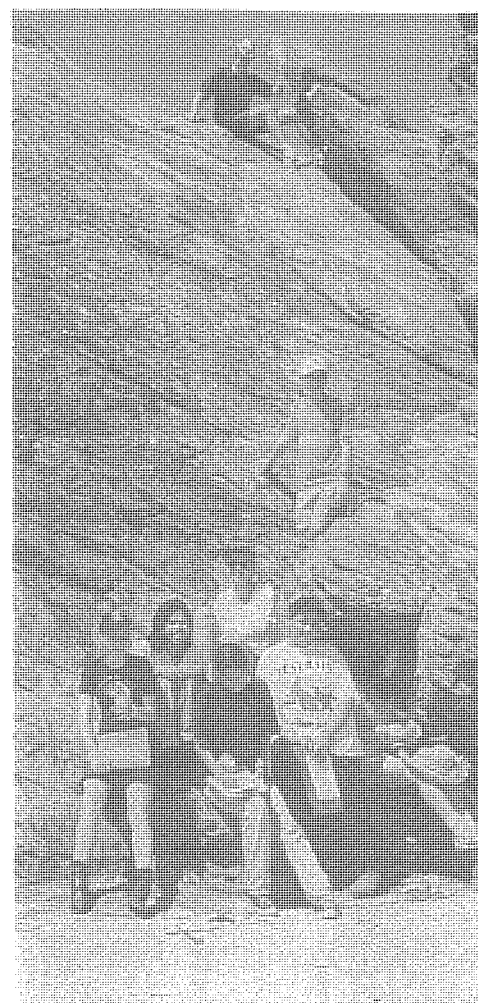
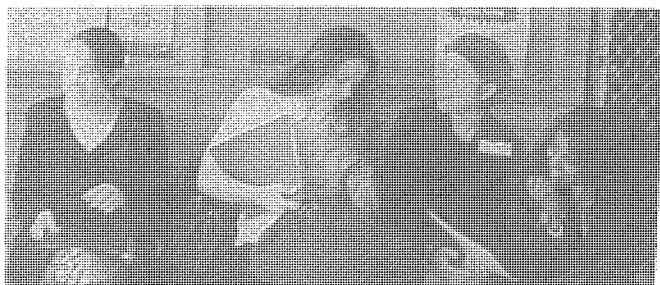
Our Year 10's produced marvellous first hand accounts of the War Years which we entered in competitions and put on display at Sinnamon Retirement Village. We have had representatives at all major functions for the AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS activities.

This has been a very positive year for competition entries. Six Economics students set themselves the task of managing the economy via the Mobil competition. Our Geography students participated in the National Geography competition (with three distinctions being awarded) and we await the results of our massive entry in the Lands Week competition. History students have entered the Japan-Australia Essay competition (ten entries - a record for this school!) and in the Armidale University (Earle Page College) Essay Competition. As the Yearbook goes to print we await our results in the ASIA-WISE competition with 33 of our Junior Social Science students competing.

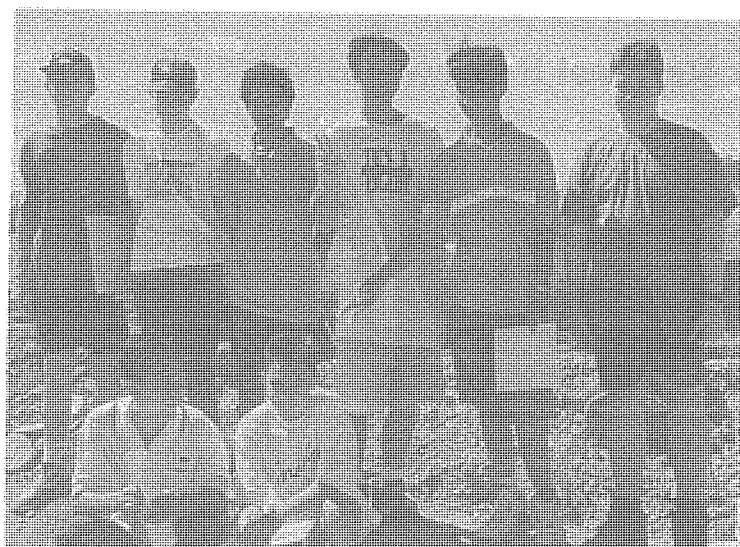
Nine of our Senior students - Melissa Hollander, Michelle Toonen, Jessica Ring, Damian West, Gerard Conrick, Aimee Clague, Nicole Johnson, Natalie Cameron and Sebastian Dubrovsky represented our school at the Rotary Model United Nations Debate held on Sunday 22nd October at Parliament House and were a source of pride for the school.

Our Year 9 Citizenship Education students undertook a marvellous excursion to the Mt Cootha Gardens during their unit on the Environment. Our Year 10 Citizenship students brought great pride to the History Department by the way they participated in the interviews we set up for them with Personnel Managers from the local community, and, the students then showed real citizenship by writing a wonderful letter of thanks to the interviewers.

At this stage I would like to take the opportunity for a special 'thank you' to Mrs Williams, the teacher of Year 10 Citizenship Education. Of course, I thank all the teachers in the Social Sciences area for their hard work, enthusiasm and loyalty, but Mrs Williams took over the Year 10 class after a particularly disruptive period of teacher change-over and she took up the challenge with such professionalism and enthusiasm that I feel particular appreciation is in order.



# SCIENCES



## VP Day

Brisbane turned out in full force on August 15 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Allied Victory in the Pacific.

Jessica Ring, Carly Macoun and I were fortunate enough to be involved in the celebrations.

After marching through the city centre in a ticker-tape parade, we then attended the Australia Remembers National Youth Forum. The Forum was televised live from Brisbane Girls Grammar and included film footage and songs that left everyone teary eyed; speeches from students represented the different areas of Australia, veterans, the Prime Minister and other dignitaries. It really was a day where Australia remembered. We remembered the horrors of war, the bravery, those that made the ultimate sacrifices and we shared the hope that it would never happen again.

The whole atmosphere and spirit of the day was incredible. Thank you for this wonderful experience.

Nicole Johnson



**Social Science Excursions:** 1995 students have travelled extensively in their quest for greater understanding of their world. Examples include:

Year 12: Moreton Bay Wetland field study

Year 11: Gold Coast - Coastal processes and urban developments from Southport to Point Danger  
Milton Brewery  
St Helena: Ancient History students travelled to St Helena to undertake an Archeological Excursion.

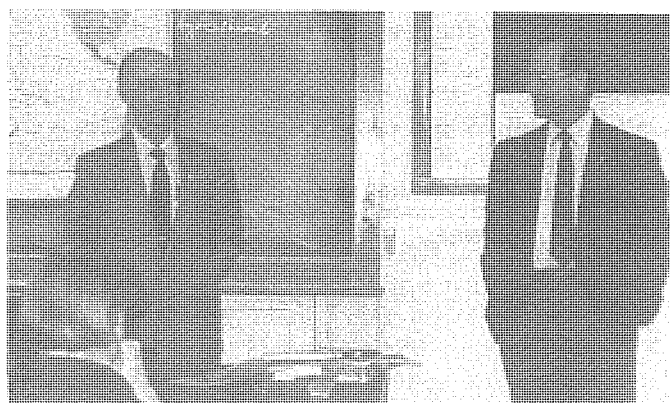
Year 10: Swanbank Power Station  
New Hope Mine

Year 9: Woollahra Dairy Farm  
Mt Cootha Botanical Gardens

Year 8: Aboriginal Heritage Walk

**WE LOOK FORWARD WITH ENTHUSIASM TO 1996 - our motto in the Department is - ONWARDS TO BETTER AND BIGGER THINGS IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES!**

Miss Sylvia Moretto - Head of Social Sciences



As part of their involvement in the "Australia Remembers" commemorations for the 50th Anniversary of the ending of World War II, the Year 10 History students were addressed by Mr Underdown (left) who served in Borneo (W.W.II) and Mr Wade (right) who experienced two tours of duty in Vietnam.



# STAR

## CSIRO Students Research Scheme

Matthew Fairchild, Kenny Loi, Shiyang Lee, Mehdi Shahbazzpour were selected to participate in the CSIRO Student Research Scheme. This is a unique opportunity for our students to participate in small scale research projects under the supervision of practising scientists in research laboratories. Hopefully, their learning experiences will ripple back through their teachers, peers and families into the community producing a greater awareness of the vital role scientific research plays in our nation's economic and environmental future.

## Vietnamese Award Winner

Vang Nguyen of 10.3 won the "Quoc To Hung Vuong" Award after being the school's nominee.

The Award, organized by the Vietnamese Community in Australia - Queensland Chapter is for young Vietnamese overseas. Vang was nominated for his high achievement and active involvement in school activities - including sport and the school band - and also in recognition of his good academic results.

## Japanese Students

This year, students from Okayama Prefecture in Japan experienced Australian culture Indooroopilly style. Parents and students welcomed fifteen Japanese junior high school students into their homes for just over two weeks. In their time at our school they participated in a special English program and teamed up with our own Yr 9 students to attend a range of subjects and enjoy a program of sightseeing tours around Brisbane. We finally said goodbye on August 14 treating our visitors to a real Aussie barbecue!

## Geography

Wonderful news for three of our students who entered the Lands Department Mapping Competition (Years 9/10):

1st Prize: S. Subramaniam  
2nd Prize: T. Dangerfield  
3rd Prize: V Halilovic

## Regional Representatives

The following students were selected to represent the Metropolitan West Region in their chosen sports:

Nathan Dixon	U/15 Rugby Union
Aperaamo Tauialo	U/15 Rugby Union
Michelle Reason	Girls Basketball
Vang Nguyen	U/15 Boys Volleyball
Yollana Shore	Cross Country
Jason Kuipers	Cross Country
Adam Coward	Mens Squash
Jared Kelly	Australian Rules Football

## Baseball

Kris Moores was selected to represent Australia in Baseball. Well done!!!

## Top Athletes

### -1994

At the State Titles on 27-29 October 1994, Ben Weller and Andrew Ruller won Silver medals for the Open and 16 years 3000m walks, respectively. Peter Herzig (steeple chase) and Ben Weller were selected in the Queensland team to contest the National Titles in December. Ben narrowly missed a Bronze medal.

### -1995

Five Indooroopilly High students will represent Metropolitan West at the State Titles on 26-28 October 1995. The students are:

Yollana Shore (3000m, 1500m), Ben Weller (3000m walk), Naomi Whitbread (200m hurdles), Kris Moores (javelin, high jump), Peter Herzig (2000m steeple, 5000m, 1500m)

Yollana, Ben and Kris achieved first placing at the regional athletics carnival.

## ART

Fabian Lim, Yr 9, received second place in the Samford Show for his still life painting and Magumi Sugiyama, Yr 9, was awarded third place for her pencil portrait.

Stanford Chan, Yr 10, gained an impressive second place for his pencil portrait in the adult section.



# PERFORMANCES

## Tournament of Minds

Saturday 19 August, was the date when the Commonwealth Bank's Tournament of the Minds were held in our school grounds. Over 200 primary and secondary schools participated in the Tournament in the subjects of literature, social sciences and maths engineering. The day was a huge success, which was largely due to the co-operation of both teachers and students. Mr Rolandson who was in charge of the competition did a terrific job organizing the tournament. Two teams from our school participated in this competition in the subjects of social science and maths engineering. Even though none of the teams won, they tried their best.

Sermin Tinni Choudhury

## Total Recall

Congratulations to all Year 8 contestants who took part in the Total Recall program on Channel 7. They all performed very well, just missing out on the grand prize in the last session to Sunnybank High.

Well done - Sally Lee, Jonny McClay, David Bond, Ryan Winell, Sarah Begbie, Isis Feehely, Fiona Chen and Jared West!

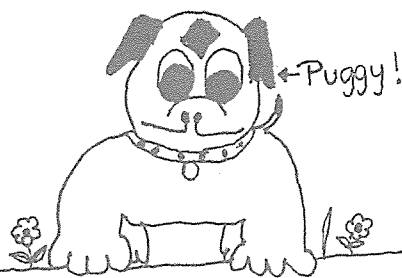
## Daniel McLaughlin

Daniel McLaughlin is no ordinary 14 year old. Other than being a superb athlete, he is a professional ballroom dancer and an actor.

Daniel began his dancing career when his mother suggested he try ballroom dancing. Now having danced for 8 years, he is ranked in the top 5, in his age group (juvenile) in Queensland. A few years ago, Daniel's dancing abilities landed him a job advertising and promoting the movie "Strictly Ballroom".

After being spotted by a casting agent on his promotional tour, Daniel changed direction to become an actor. His many T.V. appearances include: "Agro's Cartoon Connection" and starring as an 11 year old shoplifter on "Break Away".

Fiona Chen 8A



## Accounting

Lui-Lin Ngu was the winner of the Queensland Accounting Competition. Kenny Loi was runner-up. All students who participated are to be commended for their efforts.

## Legal Studies

Kathryn Day, Belinda Andrews, April Ward and Amala Groom (Year 12 students) competed in a moot competition conducted by Bond University. Although the girls were not successful in reaching the Grand Final, they are to be congratulated for the argument they presented and the way in which they represented the school.

## Rugby Union

Indooroopilly State High School continues to enhance its enviable record in rugby union. Year 10 students Aperaamo Tauilao and Nathan Dixon were selected in Metroplition West Rugby Union 15 side to participate in the State Carnival in August.

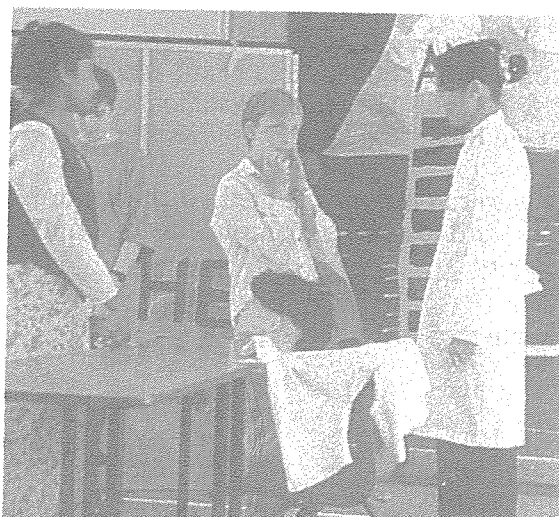
## Computer Department

### Internet Connection

Indooroopilly High is now on the Internet. Students can use the "World Wide Web" to do searches across the world to aid in research for their assignment and project work. The school's EMAIL address is [ipillyhs@mail.powerup.com.au](mailto:ipillyhs@mail.powerup.com.au).

## History

Congratulations to Jessica Ring (Year 11) on her second placing in the Queensland History Teachers' Association Essay Competition and to Ben Weller for his Certificate of Distinction in the Year 12 section of the same competition.





# MATHEMATICS

We have enjoyed another highly successful year in a number of mathematics competitions. Here are some of our results:

## Australian Maths Competition

Due largely to the enthusiasm and organisational skills of our AMC Manager, Mr Adrian Stead, we had a record 199 entries in this annual international competition. Our students won 61 distinctions and 93 credits - an excellent performance.

Sam Gaffney and Mika Ikeuchi of Year 10 scored exceptional results and were worthy winners of special money prizes.

## Years 8/9 Maths Team Challenge

Coaches Mr Buttery and Mr Williams took two teams to Mitchelton High School for the 1995 Challenge. The "A" team of Yikai Shi (captain), Sarah Goodman, Albert Lu, Ryan Winell and Anish Varsani were magnificent in claiming 2nd place behind BBC, a reversal of last year's result.

## Year 8 Maths Quiz

Our team comprised Ryan Winell, Laura Sheridan, Anish Varsani, Mary Feeney and coach Mr Buttery. We won through to the second round of competition and finished in 4th place behind BBC, The Gap and St Peters.

## AMOC Intermediate Contest

Sam Gaffney of Year 10 was invited to compete in this prestigious problem solving contest and gained second place in Queensland. This is a first step towards selection in the Australian Team to compete in the International Mathematics Olympiad. Congratulations Sam!

Mr P Buttery - Head of Mathematics

## Picture Framing

This year has seen the introduction of picture framing as a lunch time activity. Seven students participated in the inaugural activity and each of them made a picture frame to suit their own project picture.

Raw moulding was supplied, and the participants were required to use a mitre saw to cut the lengths of moulding, then stain and varnish the assembled frame, before cutting matt board, glass and backboards ready for final assembly.

Sounds fairly simple, but as with most tasks of this type, a lot of care and attention to detail was needed to produce a piece of work that the students were pleased to take home and hang on the wall.

Mr Lee plans to run this course again in the future and looks forward to enlarged enrolments in a fun learning activity.

F Lee - Teacher of Practical Arts

## Student Council Report 1995

As I stand at the summit of this year's events and next year's cliches, I wonder: will the next SRC leaders land in the job as unprepared and inexperienced as we did this year: Despite our administrative tenderness, we managed to blunder our way through the year with little damage to ourselves or others. I'd always imagined, or hoped, rather, that leaders knew what they were doing... We achieved quite a lot, all things considered, but to list them all is not only unnecessary (as the photos further along in the year book tell their own story) but completely impossible. To list even the notable achievements would be folly, for inevitably, I would leave out something vitally important and never be forgiven. Likewise with acknowledging specific people, though it must be said that the strength of the SRC lies in its representatives, who deserve collective thanks for their participation this year. In conclusion, we would like to wish the Student Councils of future years the best of purposeful meanderings and much success along the way.

President: Melissa Hollander  
Vice President: April Ward  
Secretary: Claire Gabriel  
Treasurer: Tristan Claridge



## ***My Philosophy***

*The past is the present  
The future is reality -  
So if the United Nations  
Can revolutionize their  
Independent individuality  
Against international commotions  
There would be a positive  
Balance of justice  
Towards a futuristic reality*

***Peter Hiller Yr 12***

## ***The Real World***

*You stare out the window,  
What do you see.  
Mountains, tall and reaching the sky.  
Grass so lush, wet and green.  
Birds that fly so peacefully.  
Flowers that sway back and forth.  
Trees that stand and whistle a song.*

*But this is not true.*

*It is only an illusion.  
Not reality.  
For what you really see are  
Metal structures that stand tall and strong,  
Outlined by a smog filled sky.  
Concrete, grey, hard and cold.  
Flying machines that rule the sky,  
Leaving a trail of noise and pollution wherever they go.  
Rubbish that is kicked back and forth.  
A pole rooted to the ground,  
Connected to another by a wire to give us power.*

*But it does not whistle a song.*

*How longer can our world hold on.  
For time can only tell.  
For in the end we shall all destroy ourselves.*

***Minh Van Nguyen***





# BUSINESS EDUCATION



This year has been very rewarding for students studying Business Education subjects. Students are to be congratulated for their efforts in class and in competitions they have entered.

Year 8 Keyboarding students participated in a number of school based competitions. Students were required to use their typing and creative skills to produce cards for Easter, Mother's Day and Father's Day.

Year 10 Typewriting students participated in the State Typewriting competition conducted by the Queensland Business Educators' Association. I would like to make special mention of Albert Lu (Yr 9) who participated in this competition. Albert's typing speed is 79.6 words per minute - an extremely good standard for a student of this year level.

Business Principles students in Year 10 heard from a representative of the taxation department who explained the various aspects of taxation and assisted students to complete an activity using the tax pack.

Students in Year 11 Legal Studies visited the District and Supreme Courts in Brisbane to observe court proceedings and found this excursion to be a very interesting experience. Kathryn Day, April Ward, Belinda Andrews and Amala Groom (Year 12 Legal Studies students) competed in the National Mooting competition conducted by Bond University.

Law Week was held in May. Guest speakers from legal agencies informed students of their rights and responsibilities within the community by making them aware of the Queensland legal system. Matthew Burgess and Troy James (Year 11) won a Legal Street Art competition to design a poster for *Crime Prevention*.

Accounting students in Year 12 visited the Australian Stock Exchange as a part of their study of Company Accounting. Students found the talk given to them, outlining the functions of the Exchange as it relates to companies, to be very interesting.

The Queensland Business Educators' Association, in conjunction with Bond University, conducted an Accounting competition in which a number of Year 11 and 12 students participated. Lui-Lin Ngu (Yr 12) was the State and Regional winner of this competition. Kenny Loi (Yr 12) was the runner-up.

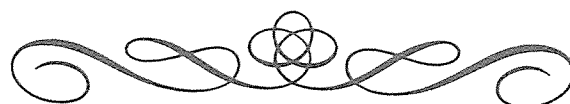
Business Education Week was held in August. During this week, parents were invited to attend classes of their students to observe class work. The main event of this week was the 'Avenues' Conference hosted by Year 12 Secretarial Studies students. Students organised the program and materials for the day. Speakers who have been successful in their chosen careers, were invited to address students on such topics as communication skills, management skills and employer expectations.

The Business Education teachers have also been very busy keeping abreast of changes in the curriculum by attending workshops throughout the year and the International Business Educators of Australia Conference in September. Our attendance at these provides the opportunity for us to provide students with the latest information.

Finally, I would like to thank the Business Education Department teachers for their assistance and dedication to their students.

Our students are the entrepreneurs of the future.

Mrs D Hall - Head of Business Education





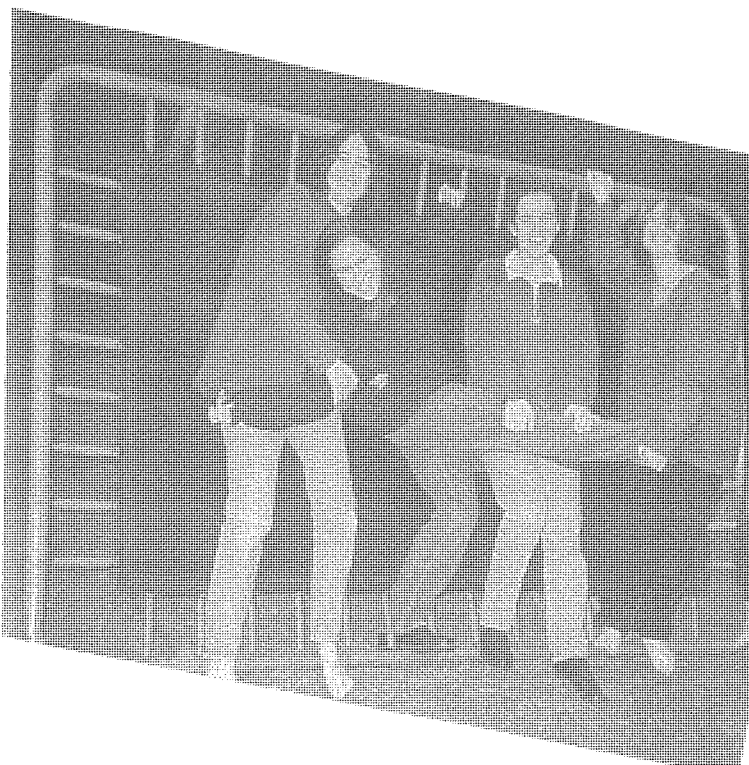
## DEBATING 1995

Well we promised we would be back and we were stronger than ever. So strong in fact, that we have managed to remain undefeated and go on to win the Queensland Debating Union GRAND FINAL!

We have come across some fantastic teams and met some fantastic and talented people. So we regret nothing - even the stress and time it takes to prepare a debate.

We would not have succeeded without the wonderful support of family, friends and teachers. We thank you.

Jessica Ring 11.07  
Kartini Oei 11.07





## A New Beginning

Ann Taylor stepped out into the morning sunlight, her long golden hair shone in the sun. Her eyes adjusted as she weaved her way through the carpark towards the old bomb her husband let her use once a week for the shopping, while he drove a BMW. She put the groceries in the car as slowly as she could, gaining every second of freedom before she went back to the place her husband called home, but which she felt was a prison.

It was okay for him. He had it easy, ordering her around like she was a servant. Just because she married him for his money all those years ago, did not give him the right to treat her like this. Her father was killed in the war just as her mother moved into the advanced stages of T.B. She needed money as Bill Taylor walked her way. It had been a fairy tale wedding right up until the day he found out the truth about why she had married him. That was three years ago. She had just about had enough. But what could she do? Bill had threatened to kill her if she left and she only had a few dollars which she had been saving from the grocery bill each week. Her head was still swarming with thoughts as she turned into the driveway.

Once inside Ann lost her freedom.

"Get me a drink you old bag," barked Bill, "and something to eat."

"Hurry up I do not want to be here until next year."

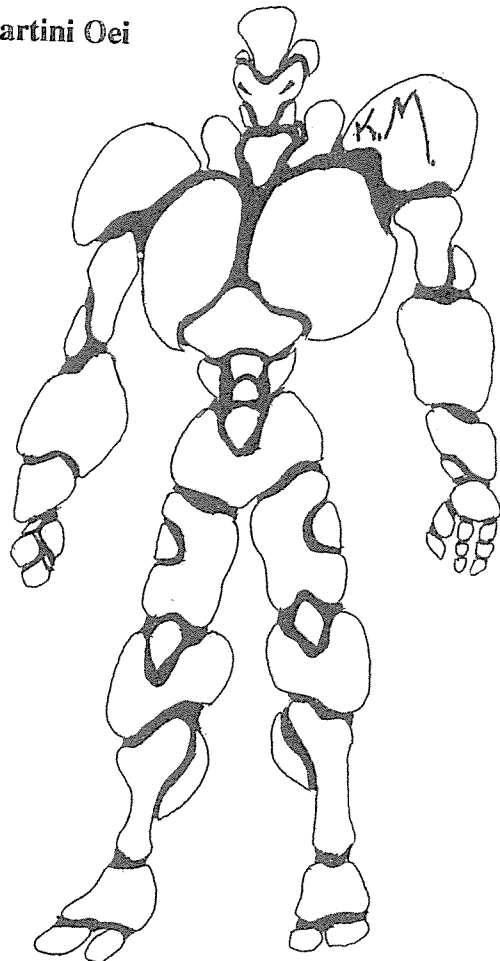
"Yes, okay, whatever you want," Ann replied automatically. Every day it was the same old story, the same old routine, the same old treatment and Ann was sick of it. But what could she do?

Theo Murry cringed as he heard the conversation downstairs. He was a sixty year old widower who rented the upstairs room in the Taylor house. He knew the full story of what was happening and had deep empathy for Mrs Taylor. He had gotten to know her through regular visits when Bill was out, which was most of the time. He was also concerned about Mrs Taylor's safety, as he had heard Bill threatening to kill her many times. The last time had been only this morning. But as he sat deep in thought, a large argument erupted downstairs.

Ann was struck with fear. She had been in arguments with Bill before, but she had never seen him this angry. She turned around and faced him and let out a blood curdling scream. A loud shot was fired and then there was dead silence.

It was twilight when a lonely figure in jeans, flannelette shirt and black beanie stepped out of the Taylor house. Theo glanced out the window and recognised this as being one of Bill's favourite outfits, but he quickly looked away. They will never find the body I thought as I hurried towards a new beginning. I pushed a piece of golden hair, that had escaped, back into the beanie and smiled.

Kartini Oei



## Freedom

*Our lives are in danger.  
We want to flee away,  
From the homes in which we stay.  
Now we live in a land of strangers.*

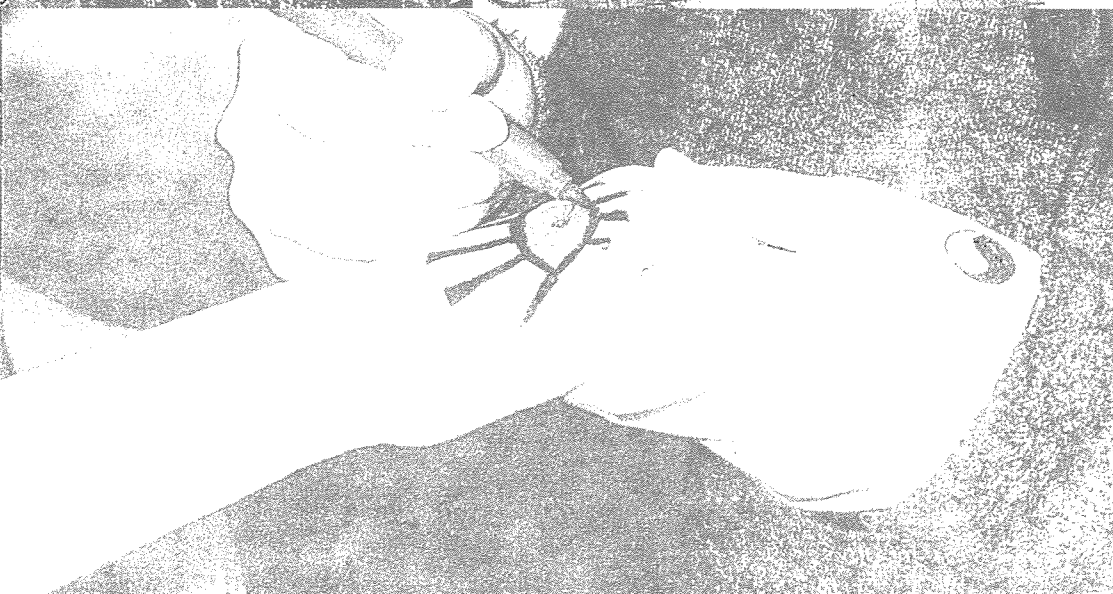
*Damn the man who invaded us,  
Taking what was rightfully ours  
The many lives lost in some short hours,  
All because of greed and lust.*

*Will we ever have our freedom back?*

*We lost the fight,  
But not the war.  
One day we'll be back on Vietnam's shores.  
Citizens live in fear like children,  
It's a poor sight.*

*We want our freedom back!*

Vang Nguyen



## *Lessons For My Heart*

*When I arrived in Australia nobody picked me up from the airport. I sat alone in the Brisbane airport for a while and finally decided to catch a taxi to the house of a neighbour who had previously lived in the same camp as I. After many years spent in Thailand, I had become confident that I was ready to face any difficulty.*

*It is very true that you can learn from life and not only from school. In my life, I have learnt many lessons outside school about sacrifice, taking a risk, friendship, honesty and hope.*

*In Vietnam, my family was very poor and could not afford for me to go on to a higher education. Besides, my father was an officer in the army of the Republic of Vietnam before 1975, so I was mistrusted by the Communist teachers. My mother and aunt did not know what to do to help me except organising an escape by boat to Thailand. Because there was not enough money for all of us, my aunt went with me and my mother stayed.*

*It was the most miserable day I had ever had. I can not forget the way my mother stood that day. Her body was not moving, as if she was frozen. Her lips were hardly moving and tears rolled down her face from her miserable eyes when she looked at me. She did not express what she wanted from me. She did not say how much she was hurt inside, but I knew that would hurt her heart so much.*

*The bus drove me away from my mother. I turned around, seeing my mother still standing there. I could not help bursting into tears. People who say that to be separated in life is more wretched than to be separated by death are right. I knew that it would have been very difficult to stay living with my mother. As well, I understood that my mother sacrificed by letting me go, because she wanted me to have a better future with a completed education and she wanted me to live in a peaceful country, where people treated me equally with others. I also understood that I had to take a risk to search for my goal. I was only fourteen.*

*I lived with my aunt for the first year that we were in the refugee camp in Thailand. Then I received the result of my screening interview, which was given by the Thai Interior Department, that allowed me to go to another if I was accepted by their delegation. The Thai Department of the Interior transferred me to another camp. I lived there by myself and I found out that daily life was very boring and sad because I was too young to be on my own.*

*I did not have any money, so I ate whatever the United Nations Commission gave the refugees. Food was very bad when the wholesalers brought it into the camp. I was given two little fish, one tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon of cooking oil, one kilogram of wood and three kilograms of rice per week. The fish were usually rotten when they gave it to me because it took a long time to dispense equally for everybody in the camp. Every day I was given twenty litres of water for cooking, washing and bathing. I had to carry water from the public tap which was very far from the place where I lived.*

*The place I lived looked like a box with a perimeter of six metres. I got rope and newspaper to make the wall keeping my own place. Every night I slept on the floor with a thin blanket given to me by the United Nations Commission. Sometimes it rained and wind brought water into my place. It got wet and I had to stay up all night because of the cold.*

*I was not allowed to go out of the camp and if I did, I would be put in jail which every refugee called "O13" because "O13" was the number of the jail. I knew some of my friends' money orders or cheques, which were sent from countries such as America, Australia and France, were kept by some Thai officers for a month because they wanted to get interest from those amounts of money. This made my friends indignant because it was not fair. Because of the difficulties that I had to face, I learnt to be satisfied with a simple life. I thought that if the Thai officers had worked in an honest way my friends and I would have seen that we had better treatment which was much different from the one we received in our country.*

*Although I lived in a refugee camp alone, I thought that if I did not have my friends whom I trusted and who shared the simple life with me, I would be very unfortunate, I found that friendship was very important to me because there was a time when I caught malaria. It was nearly Christmas but the sickness attacked me and it made me stay in bed for two weeks. I could not sit up or do anything. My friends helped me to get water, cooked for me and they visited me in the hospital every time they could. My friends made me laugh all the time and that was why I forgot my illness and recovered quickly. I was grateful to my friends because they gave me their love which I needed very much. I learnt that friendship was a valuable gift that was necessary to me.*



Hope was very important to me. I had to keep my mind on my goal, because without hope, nothing can be achieved. I kept my hope that I could leave that awful camp for another country, even though I spent almost five years there. Many years had gone by. My aunt was still in the camp, where we had lived before, but I was not yet able to leave. The American delegation rejected me because they thought that I had not enough criteria to be accepted. Maybe I was not old enough? Watching other people who arrived a long time after me, going to America, Canada or somewhere else, I felt very sad and deplored my lot. Later on, my friends left one by one. I was left behind but I said to myself that it had to be that one day I could leave as my friends and other people had done.

I tried to learn English and spent my time working as a volunteer in different places to help people. I hoped what I had done would make my good luck come. Actually my work and study as well as hoping, helped me to survive a life of suffering that once I thought I could not bear. From that I realised that hope was my salvation.

Then one day I was working at the Post Office, handing out letters from overseas. My friend, Dung, who worked in the main office ran in to tell me I had been accepted for immigration to Australia.

This year I am studying at ISHS but my mother still lives in Vietnam with my sister and two brothers. She tells me that life is better than before, but she wants to come over here and live with me. I am very sad because I do not have the money to sponsor her, my sisters and brothers. However, I keep writing to her as often as I can. My aunt is still in the camp, but does not want to go back to Vietnam. Life in a refugee camp has now become more difficult. The Thai Interior Department no longer allows refugees to send letters to their relatives in other countries. My aunt managed to send a couple of letters to my mother through people who left the camp, so we know she is still alive.

Now, sitting here in my room, I remember the painful day when my mother and I were parted. I remember how I coped with the difficulties in the refugee camp when I was so young. I remember how my friends took care of me while I was sick and how I lived a life of hardship while keeping my hope of going to another country. All these memories come back, reminding me that I have learnt many lessons. I realise that life is not having money or being powerful, it is sacrificing for someone you love, being willing to take a risk for the future and being satisfied with a simple life. Life needs friendship, honesty and hope. These are the lessons I have learned.

Giao Chau Tran





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1995

YEARBOOK  
ALL WRITTEN ENTRIES -  
REPORTS, POEMS, STORIES etc  
MUST BE SUBMITTED BY  
FRIDAY 1ST OF SEPTEMBER

## Facts of Life

A mother who cares too much and a father whom I don't really know. Since the age of 4 (could be older or younger as I've forgotten) my dad was in the army fighting for the freedom of Vietnam. I hardly ever saw him. At the age of 7 I was the only child who was close to my father. Everywhere he went I would follow. Until the day he left for Australia. My mother was left in Vietnam. She had a family to raise. Teaching her children the facts and values of life, working to put food on the table. I've now forgotten the father I knew.

Six to seven years later we got permission to migrate to Australia to be reunited with my father. The first time I saw my dad again, he seemed like he didn't care - not a smile on his face. I didn't think it was him. I didn't think he was my father.

From that day in 1985, I haven't spoken to my father at all. He seems to me like a total stranger. I don't know him. I don't know what he's like. Ten years seems a long time when feelings are kept locked up inside. I guess it's the hate that's been locked up, a grudge against my father for leaving the family and his reaction when the family was reunited. Ten years and not a word has passed my mouth.

My mother, on the other hand, cares too much. So much that she wouldn't set her children free.

I ran away to live on my own. My mum couldn't take it. She contemplated suicide. I couldn't live with the guilt if she ever died. So I moved back home after a few weeks living outside. Now things are becoming a lot better. But still no words have passed my mouth to speak to my father.

Anon. Yr 11

Artwork (left to right) contributed by:

Page 25

Rie Nagaya, Jared Kelly, Wendy Lee

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Cassie Howard, Amy Robbins, Isham Pett

Front cover designed by  
Caroline and Fabian Lim

## Hidden Personality

Everytime I think of you  
My heart throbs, my palms get all sweaty  
and my face turns red.  
Thinking that I can't be with you  
All my hopes pour down the drain,  
Tears flow like madness and  
I drown like sadness.

It feels like life ain't worth living -  
If I have to trap my love for you  
Tell me! Who are you that I can not  
Continue another day without you?

Carelessness of your heart has  
Aimed for me to shatter, like  
Zillions did with love.

Lilly in Wonderland  
Year 11



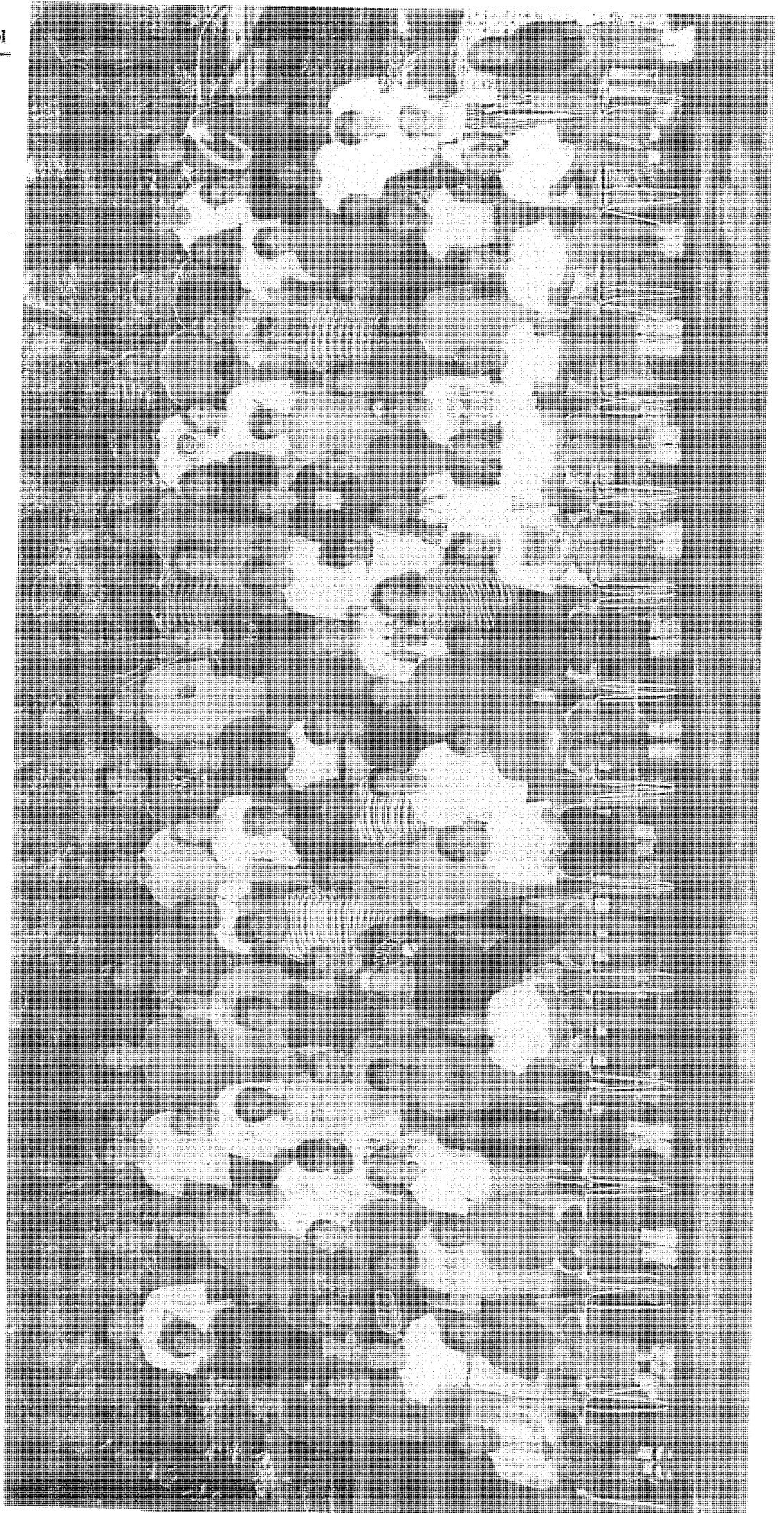
## Incubus

The sickly - sweet, cloying scent  
As you drained every precious drop.  
No vestige of pretence  
In the cruel, cold ice  
Of your face, and eyes, and whispered breath.  
No more enforced compunction in the deeply-  
etched recesses  
Of delayed impulses, sprinting through my  
consciousness.  
Only a cataclysmic explosion of raging flame  
that threatened to engulf me,  
And, like a gullible moth to the soft beckoning  
glow of a radiating luminescence,  
I aimlessly wandered into the stranglehold of  
your deceptive embrace.  
Adrift, awash in a sea of emotion  
Your intensity left no room for comprehensible  
response,  
As I felt your lips on mine.

Michelle Toonen



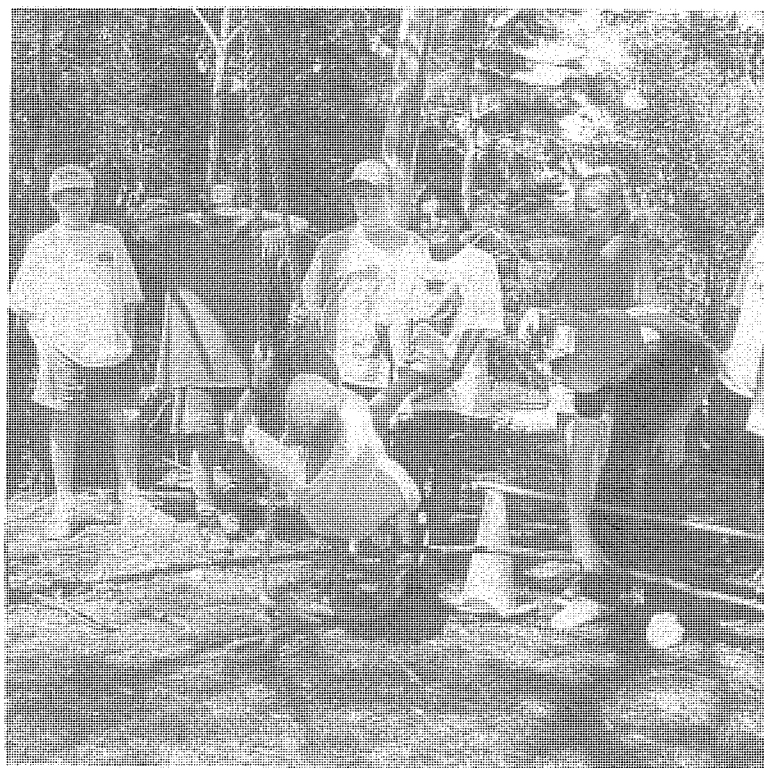
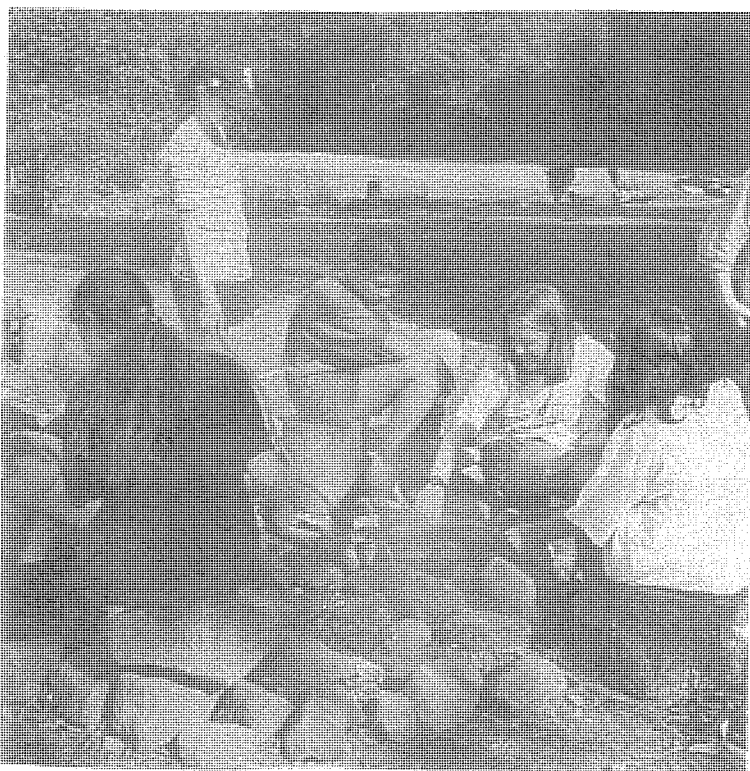
# Year 8



## Year Eight Camp

After a fairly typical 2 hour bus trip (only 1 person got sick) we arrived at the Mapleton Camp site and were allocated our cabins. A quick lunch and then into the afternoon's activities: bush rangers, spider's web, moon ball, Egyptian cricket, abseiling and swimming. The pools were the best part of the camp, especially the water slides and diving pool. The trampolines were okay too.

Dinner (yuk!) was followed by mini Olympics in the hall and then bed, or rather, to battle: we were determined to stay awake, the teachers were determined to spoil the fun. Well some of us managed to stay awake all night!



On day 2 we were rudely awakened by Mr Anderson's large fist smashing briskly on the door-it was time for early morning exercise. (Don't teachers need any sleep?) Day 2 activities included canoeing (yes - some people did fall in), problem solving, bush skills (an American instructor teaching us how to cook damper on sticks - that's after we had managed to get a fire going!), archery, more abseiling and swimming again. There was also a school talk - but it didn't really count. By this stage nobody had any change for the coke machine and the teachers were getting snarky if we asked them for some.

After dinner there were social games with lots of prizes (all edible) in the hall. Then we could watch a video in the common room till midnight. Most of us were too tired to stay awake.

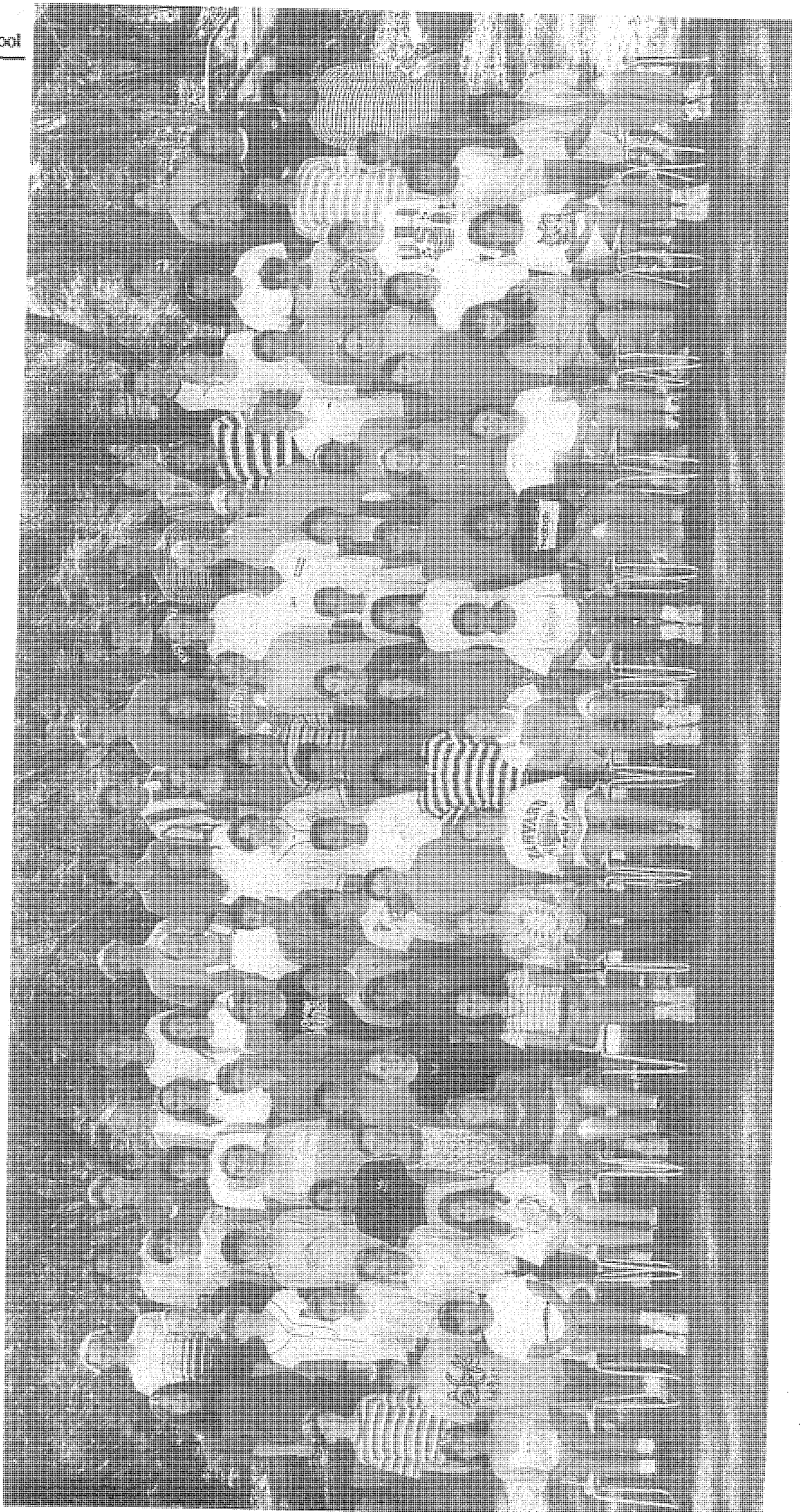
Day 3. "Pack up and clean your cabins!" was the command that woke us. We did get breakfast after this was done and then we headed off for a variety of photography and sketching sessions around the camp. After more food and watching the camp video (how embarrassing!) it was onto the bus and back to Brisbane, mum's cooking and A SLEEP IN!!!

By 8C

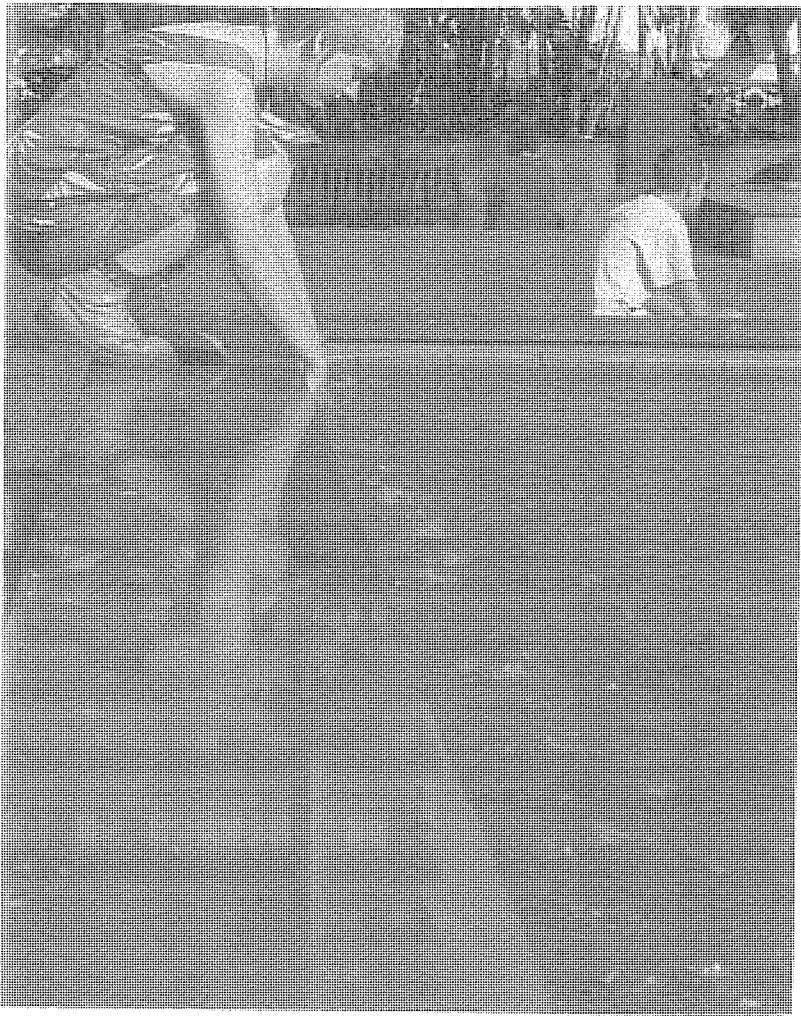




# Year 9







## Fear

*Like a global vacuuming vortex  
my fear erodes me.  
My insides twitch and convulse  
as I consider my inevitable doom.  
Questions convolute my thoughts  
of my being tomorrow.  
Images flash before my eyes  
which I dread to connect.  
Stress and headaches of my future  
I experience now.*

*Soooooooooooooooo*

*I prepare myself:  
I switch off the flashing thought corridor,  
I turn once again to the lines of my past.  
I prepare to face the initiator of my fear.  
Perhaps grade 12 won't be that bad.  
But why listen to reason when  
Ben Weller is screaming.*

*Dedicated to all grade elevens.*

*Jessica Ring*

## The Story of the Rain

'Rain,' the scholar informed the village. 'The mysterious falling water is called rain.'

'Rain?' The word echoed throughout the village. It was from another world, so the scholar said, from a world where the unpleasant emotions existed. To the village people, who were so perfect that they worked everything out logically, it appeared that this rain was the Gods way of telling the village people that they were unhappy with them.

'What can we do?' the villagers asked the scholar.

'I know,' cried one of the few smart villagers. 'The Gods are unhappy with us, so we will try to cheer them up.'

This suggestion was met with a loud roar of approval, so loud that the Gods must have heard it. But how were the village people going to cheer up the Gods? After various conferences the village finally knew how. The bright colours of their world gave them so much happiness and harmony, it was just logical that these colours would have the same effect on the Gods.

Everyone in the village set off, trying to find all the cans of brightly coloured paint. As each tin was found it was thrown up at the sky, and within moments the sky was alive with sudden bursts of bright colour.

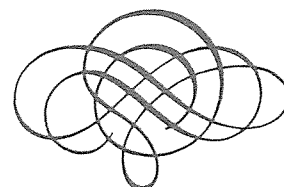
As colour stained the grey sky, the rain began to ease. Finally, when all the cans of paint in the village had been thrown up at the sky, the rain stopped. The village looked up at the sky and were amazed at the bright colours, so bright that they looked like party lights. What they saw was a rainbow, the very first rainbow.

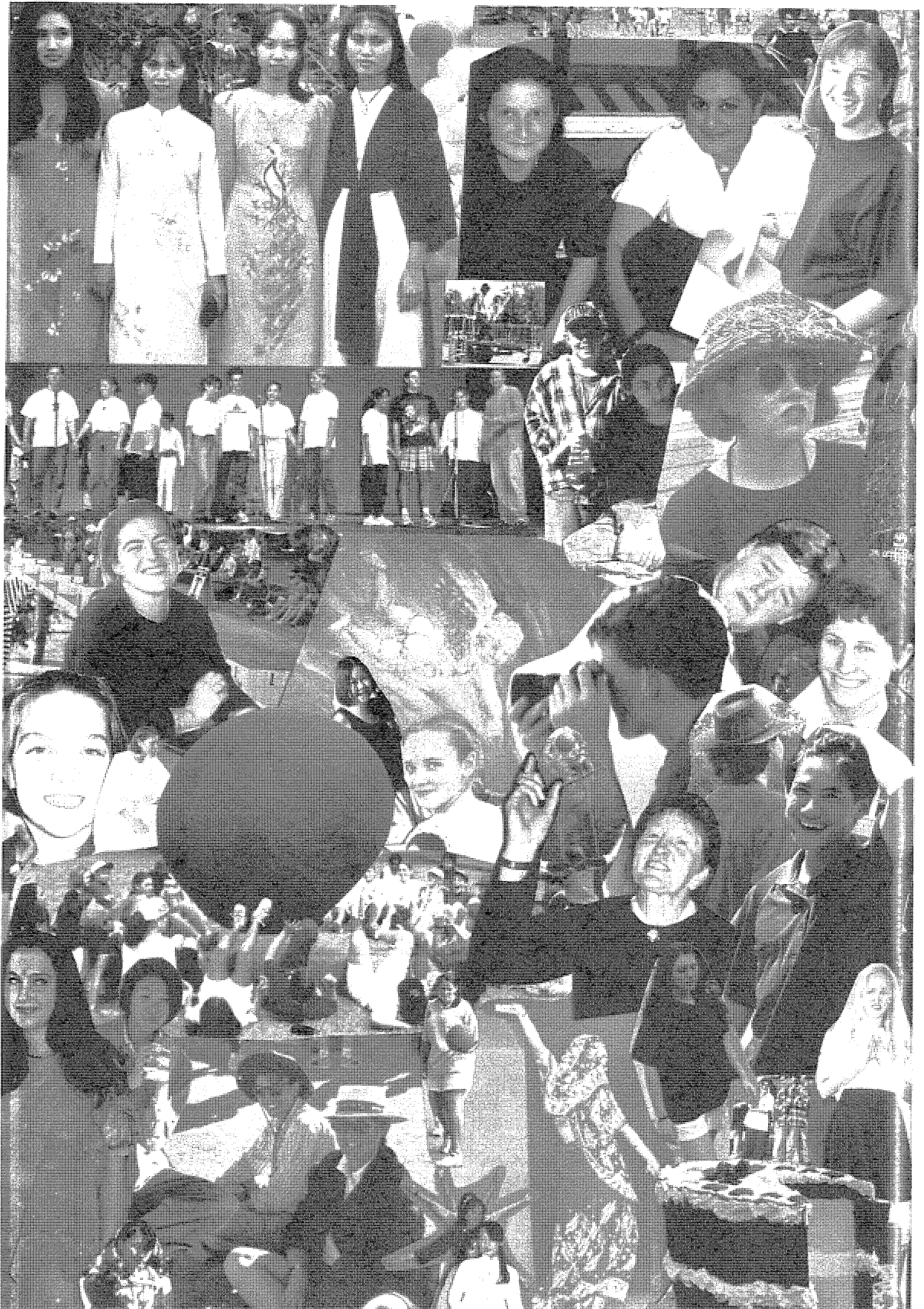
The village people were relieved now. This rainbow, as the scholar called it, was a token of appreciation from the Gods, a sign to show that they were no longer unhappy. The village could now continue its carefree existence.

Their relief didn't last long. It had only just finished raining when something else began falling from the skies. Empty paint tins.

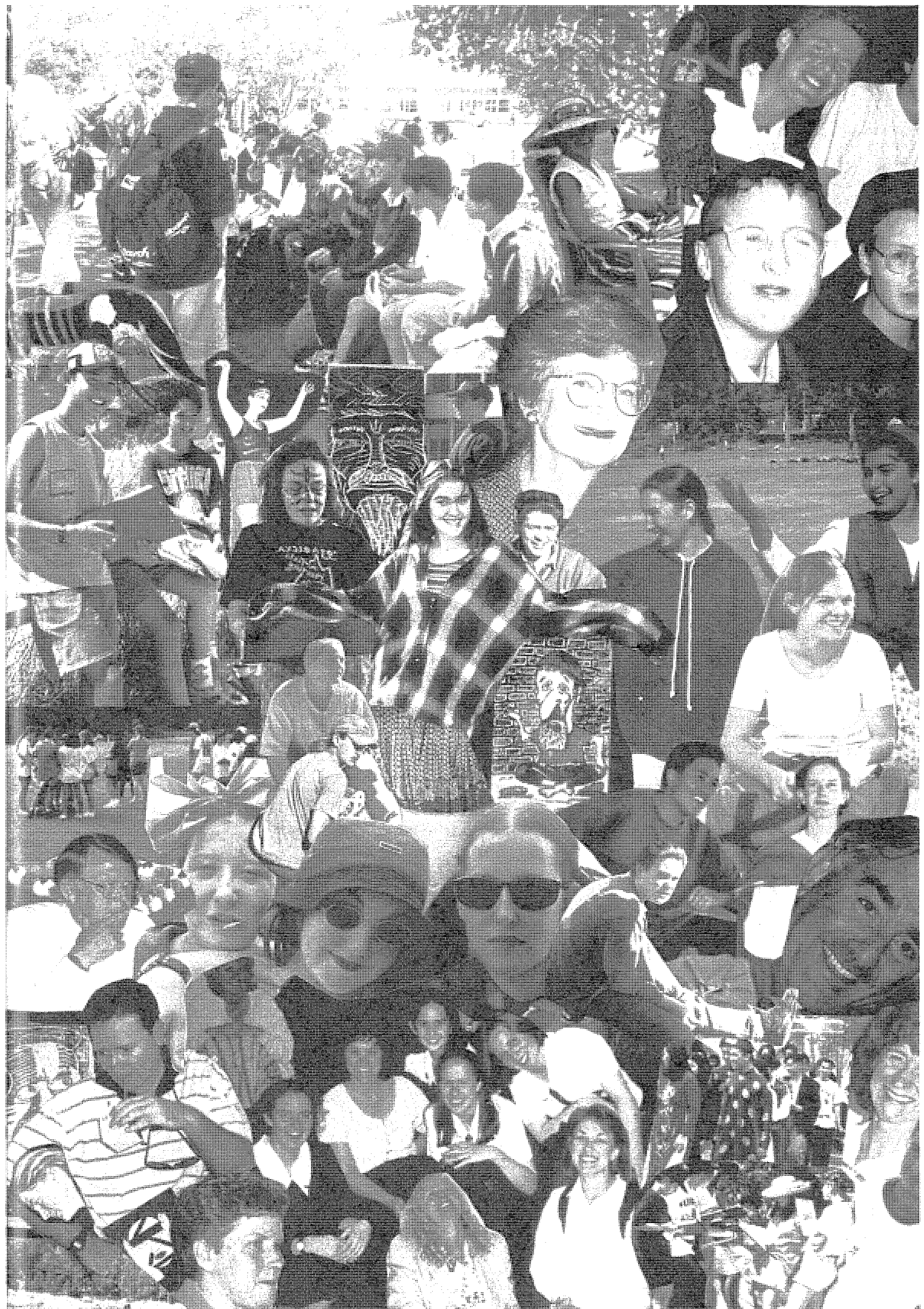
Now whenever it rains, the Gods are said to be angry at the world. Whenever it hails, it is said to signify those paint tins falling on the perfect civilization. And whenever there is a rainbow, it is said that the Gods are happy once more.

*Sarah Goodman 9B*

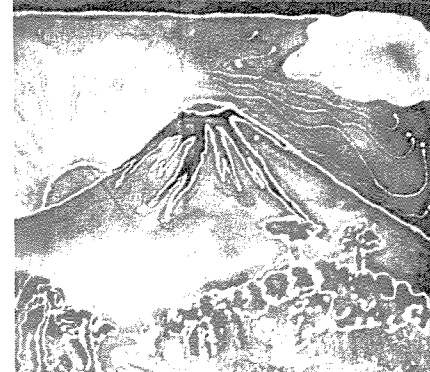
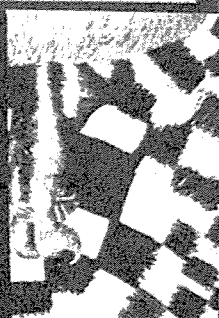
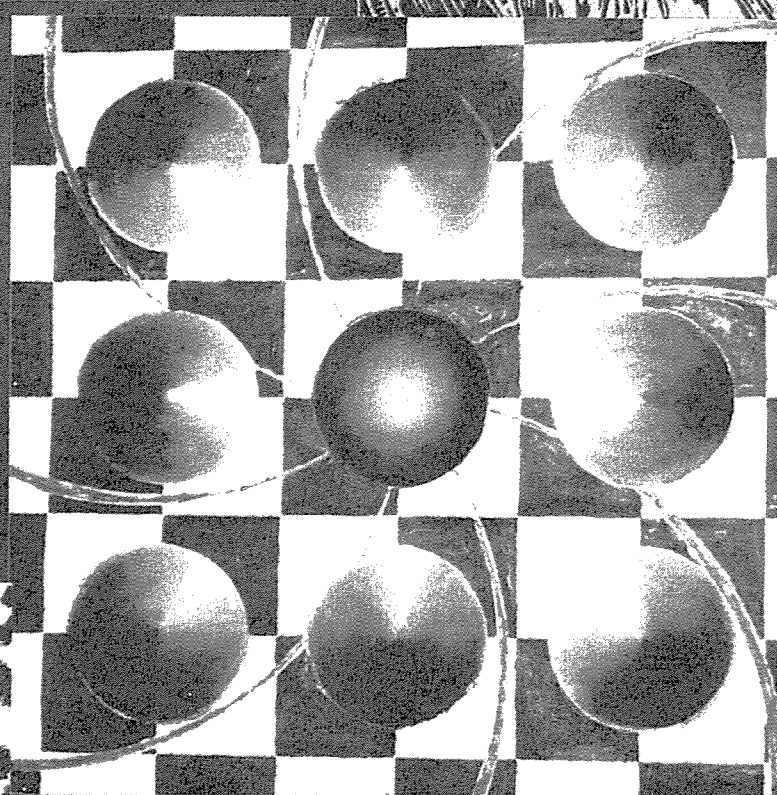














## Departed

Gone -  
No longer living, perhaps in another world  
or perhaps not at all.  
Left this world of love and hate  
pain and pleasure  
Like a puff of wind:  
Yet there isn't evidence  
that you whom I loved,  
ever existed.  
The sands of time have washed  
over all wounds it seems, except mine.  
My heart bleeds for your return  
Yet I know it could never be;  
Your time has come and gone  
But your memory still lives.  
Nothing could ever replace you -  
Nothing could ever fill the void.  
Gone -  
No longer living, perhaps in another world  
or perhaps not at all.

Alison Chew

## Prejudice

*The humiliation falls  
into the deep abyss  
of hate and anger.*

*The waves of feeling  
crash too strong to resist  
so I flow, and feel.*

*In darkness there is a place  
where every crime to the human  
soul returns to ferment,*

*Then rises again  
to the climax  
of revenge.*

Anon

## Flight of Pain

*I walk on the edge of sanity  
Through the tears that fall from the sky  
A voice deep inside of me  
Pierces the blackened night*

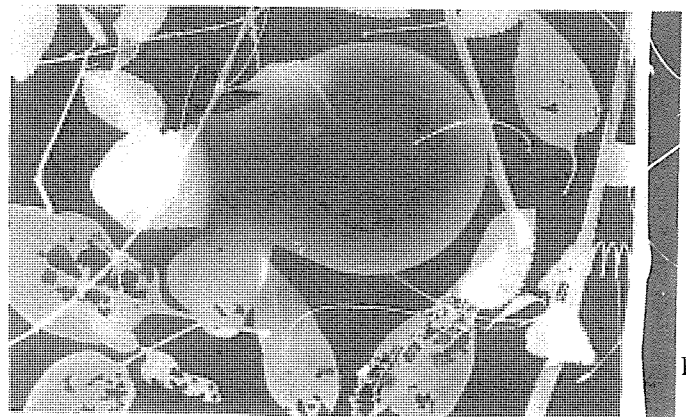
*My subconscious wakes  
From the endless arduous dream  
The fantasy of life crumbles beneath me  
A weary soul takes flight*

*An avalanche of pain  
Plummets from the top  
Crashes abruptly  
Wreaking chaos in its path*

*The crowded street shatters  
Revolting sirens howl  
Blinding light breaks the sky  
Screams fill my mind*

*Dark devours the body  
Light liberates the soul  
Another life lost to suicide  
The flight of pain dies*

Matthew Malone

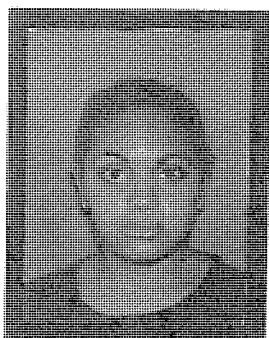




# *Seniors 1995*



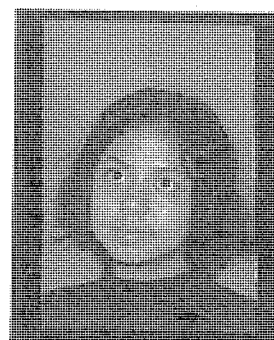
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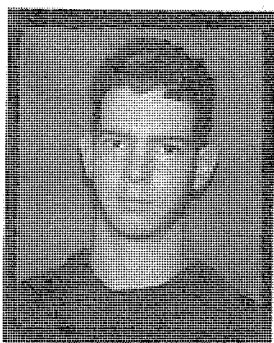
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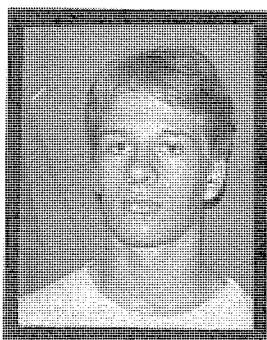
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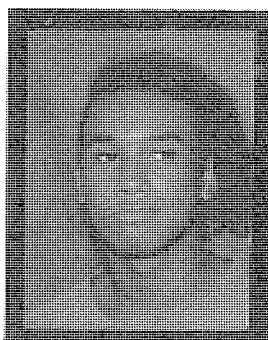
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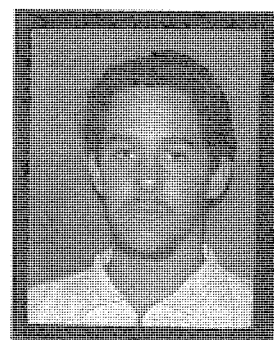
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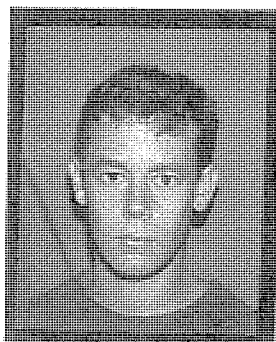
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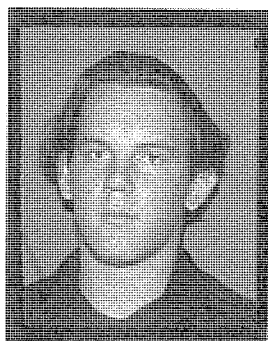
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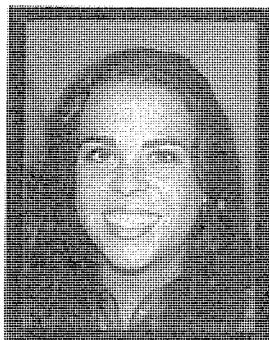
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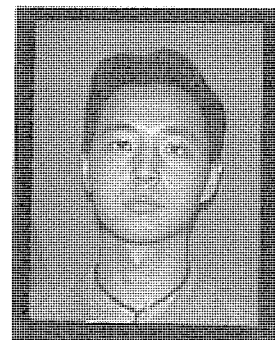
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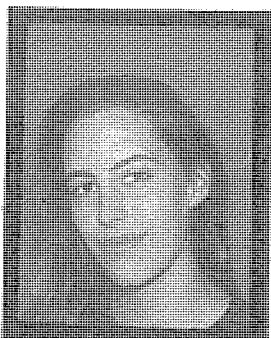


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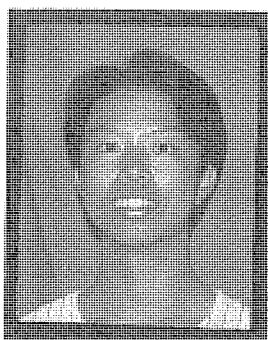


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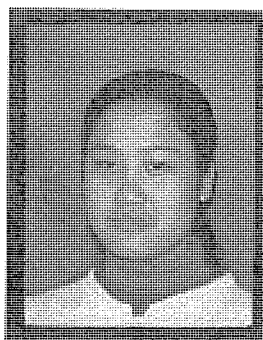




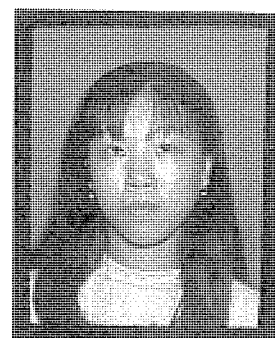
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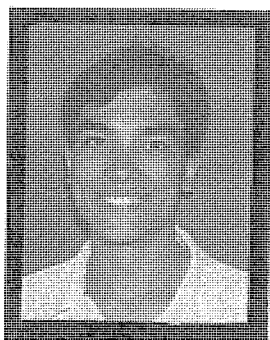
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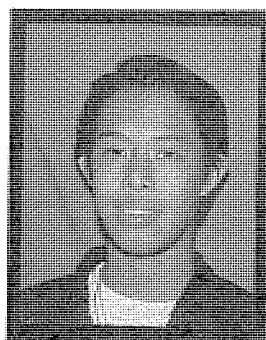
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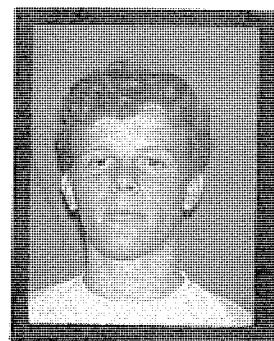
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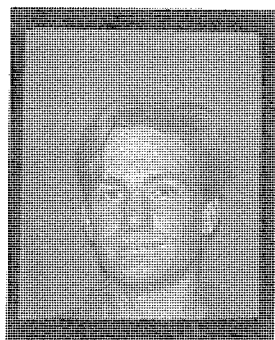
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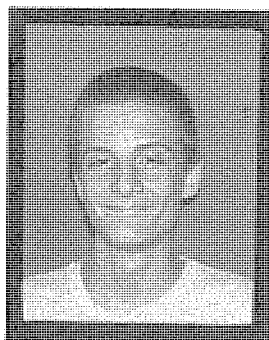
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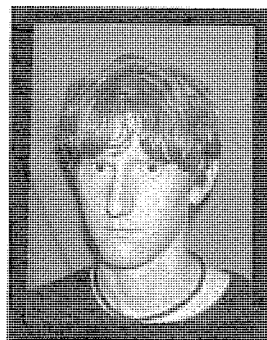
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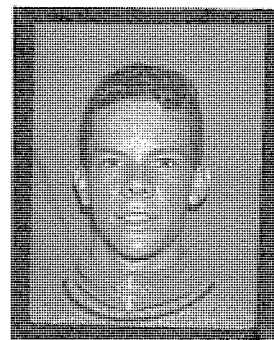
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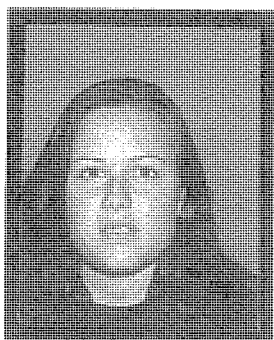
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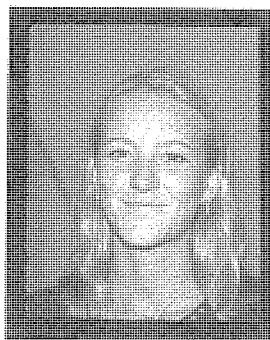
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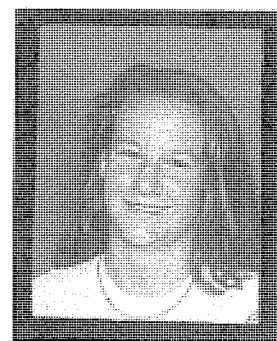
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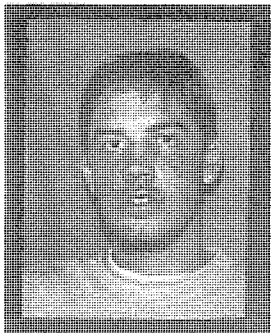
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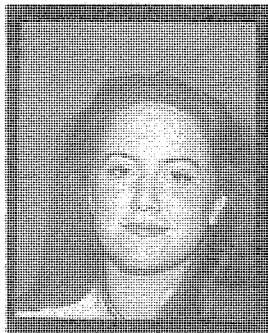
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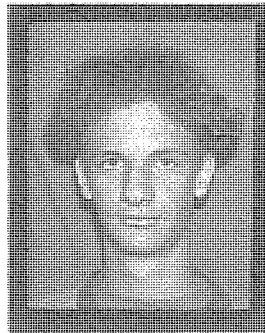
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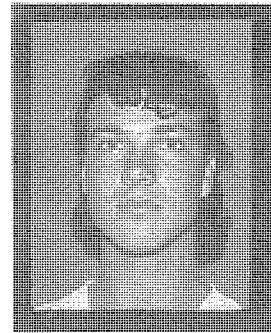
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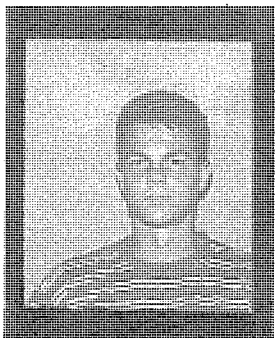
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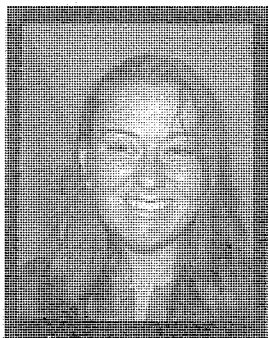
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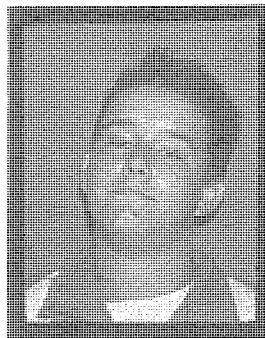
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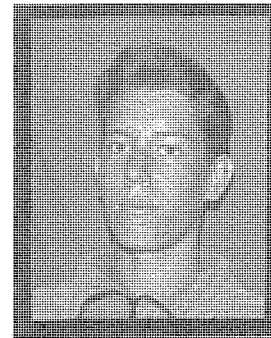
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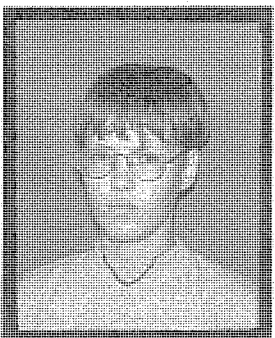
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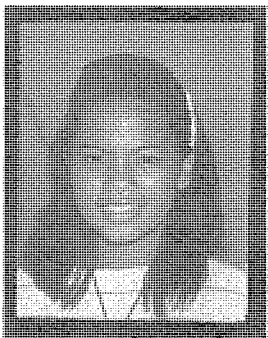
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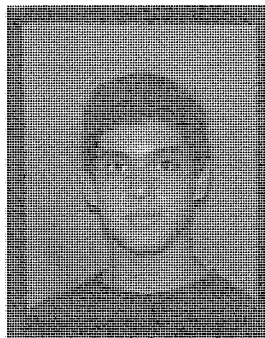
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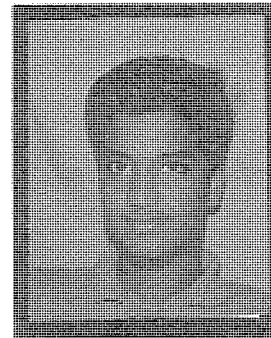
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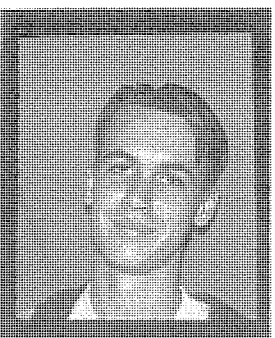
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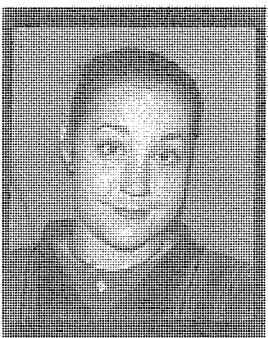
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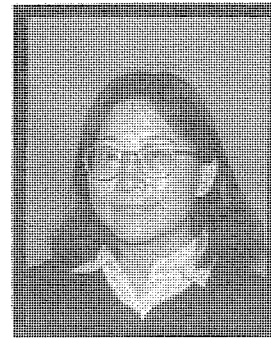
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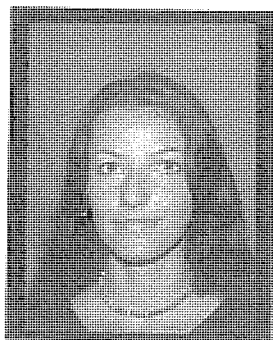


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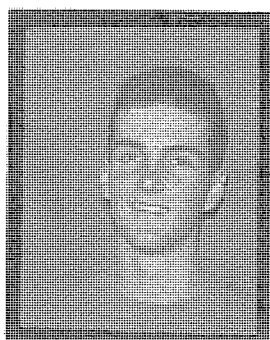


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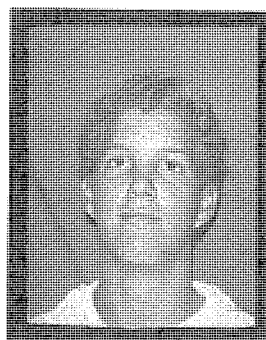




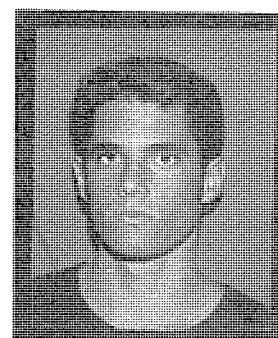
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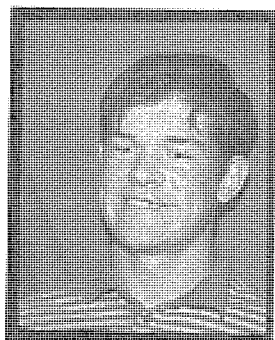
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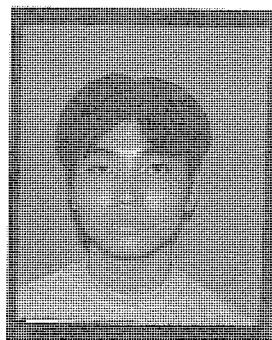
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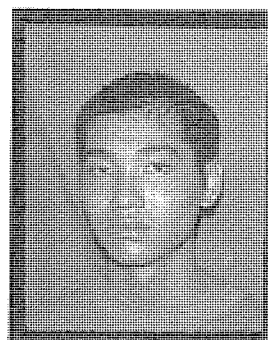
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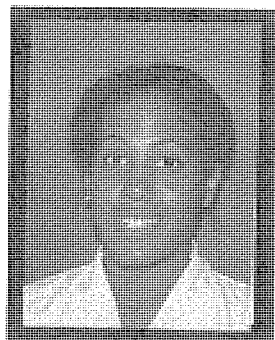
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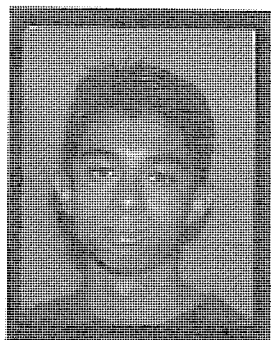
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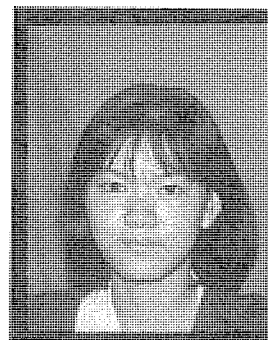
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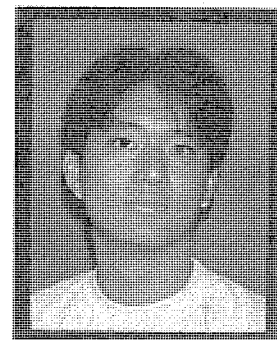
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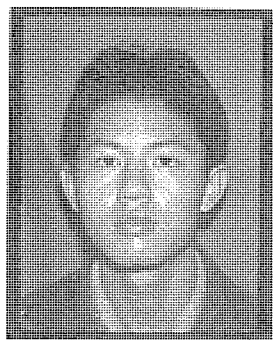
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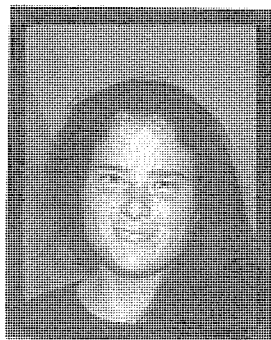
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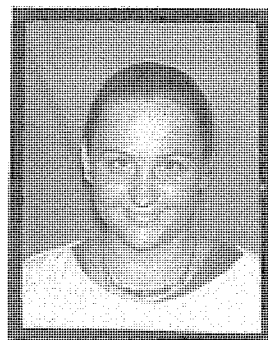
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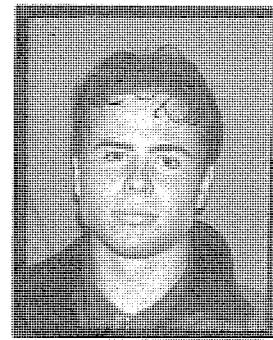
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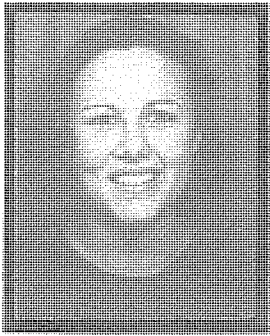
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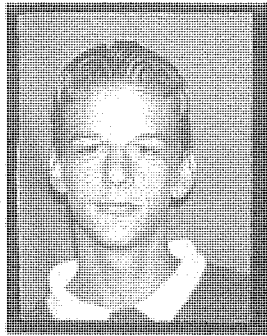
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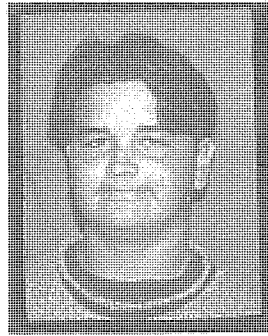
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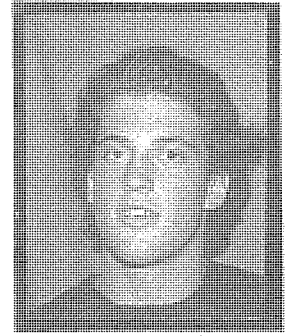
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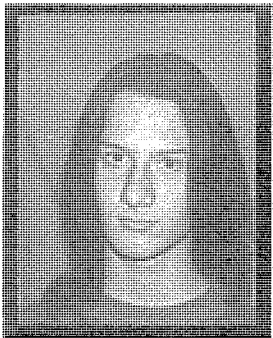
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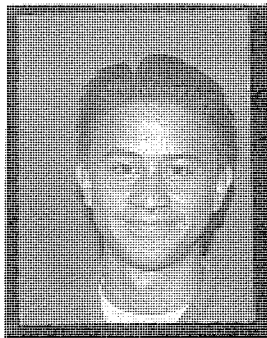
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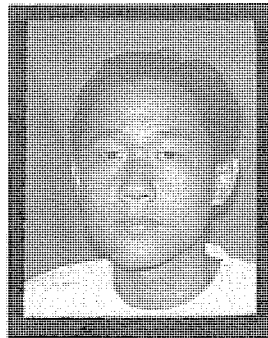
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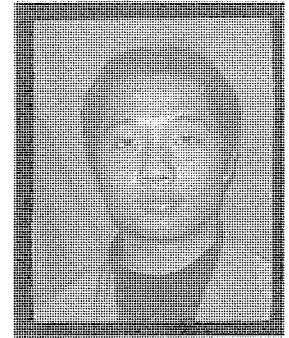
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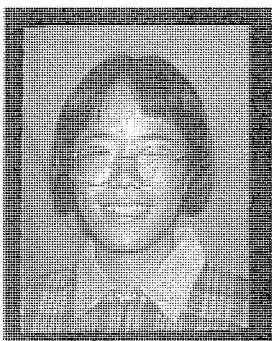
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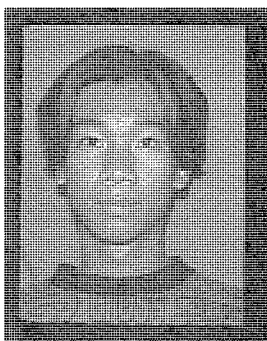
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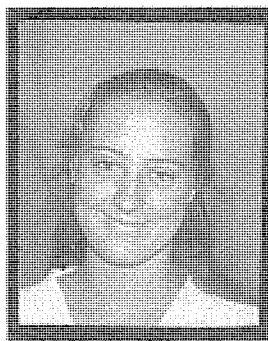
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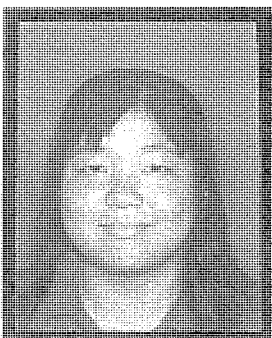
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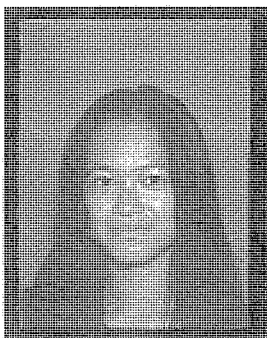
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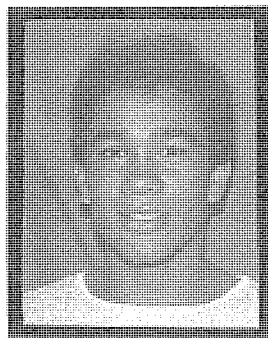
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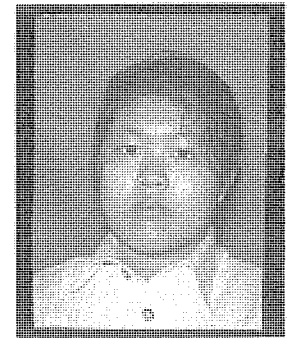
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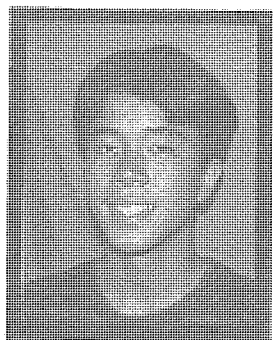


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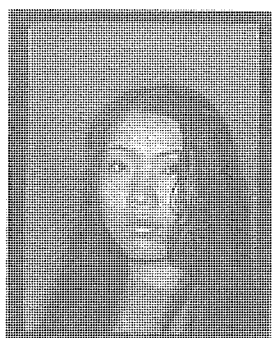


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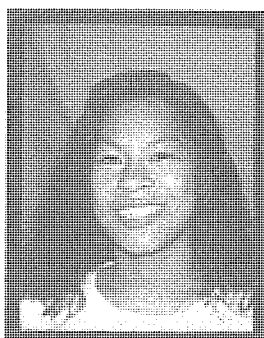




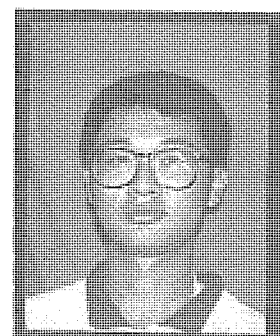
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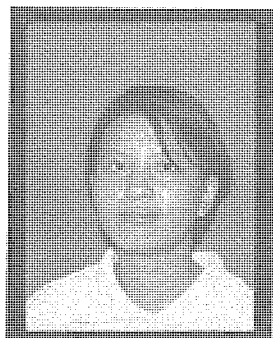
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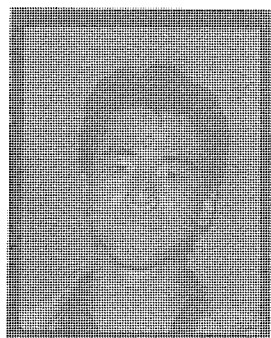
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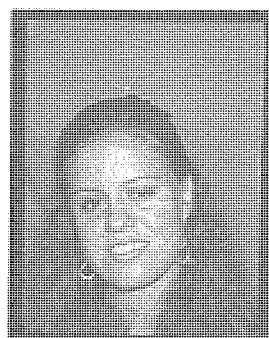
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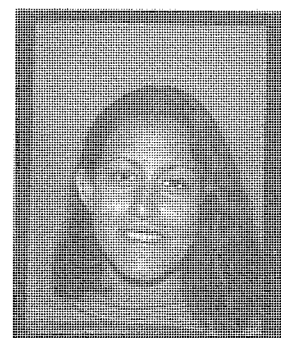
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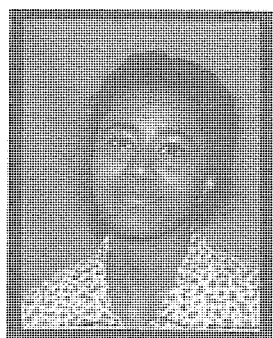
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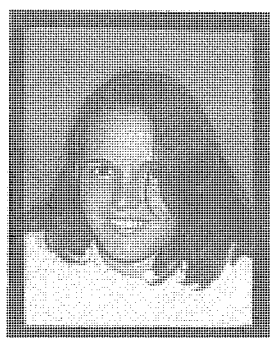
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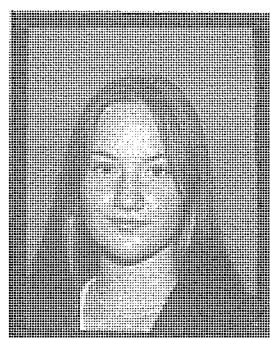
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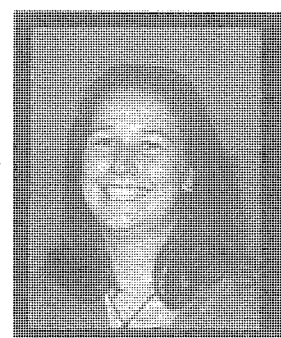
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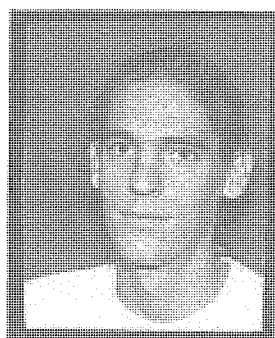
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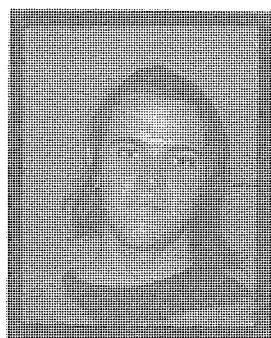
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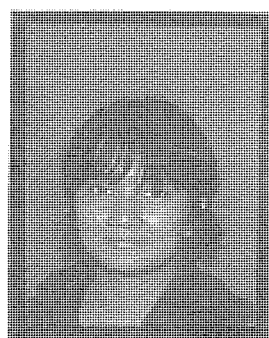
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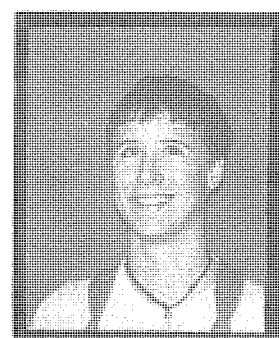
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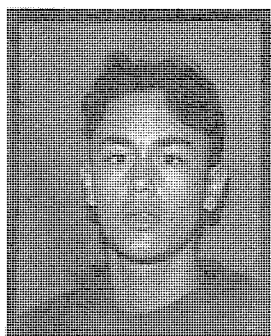
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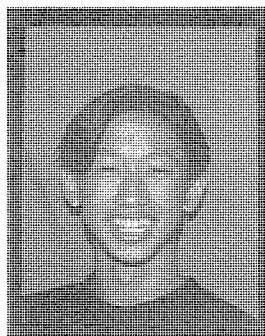
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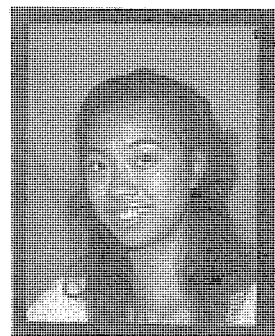
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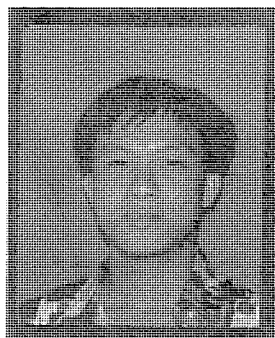
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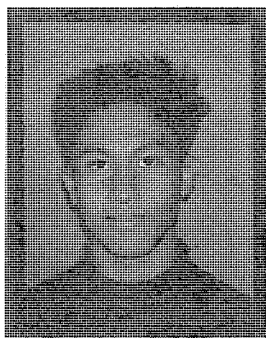
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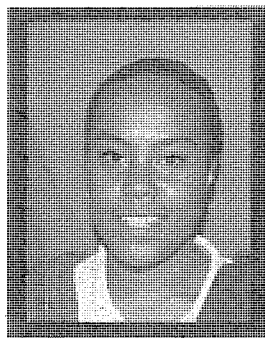
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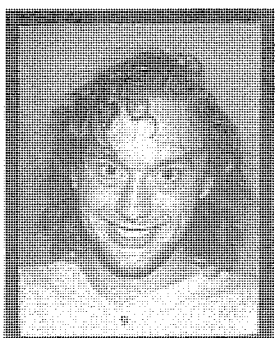
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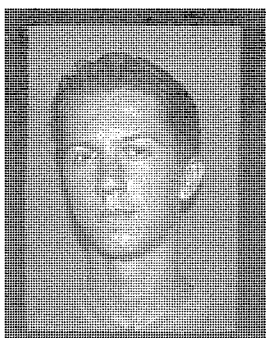
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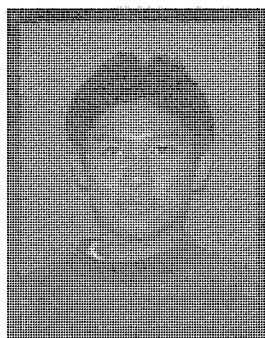
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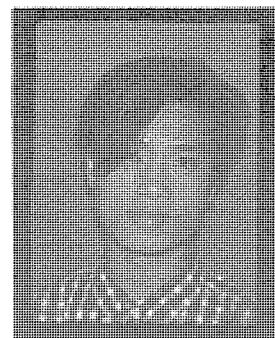
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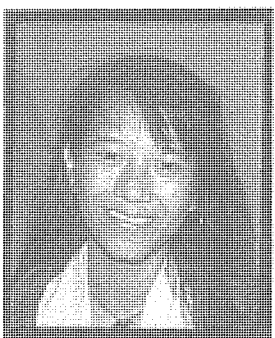
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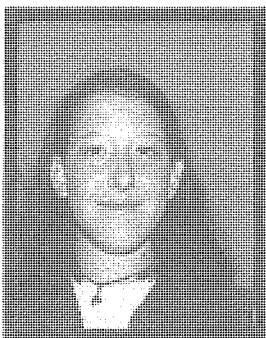
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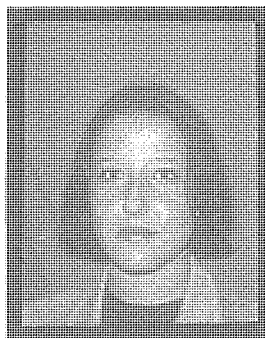
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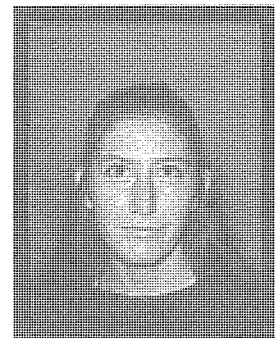
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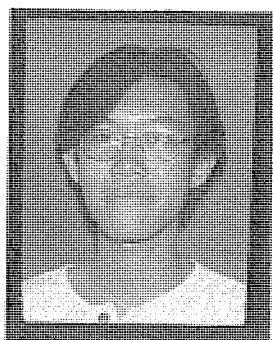


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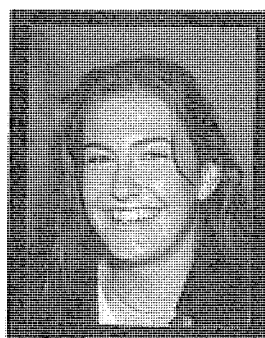




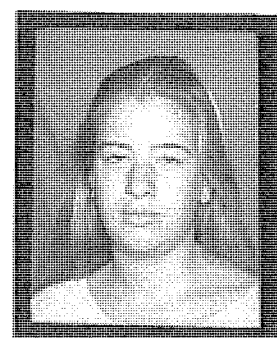
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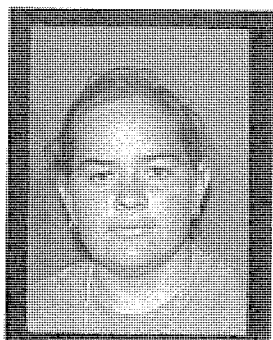
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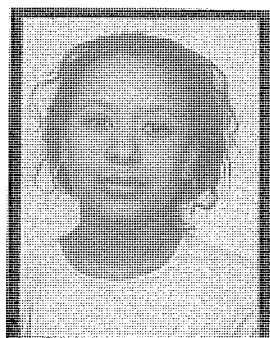
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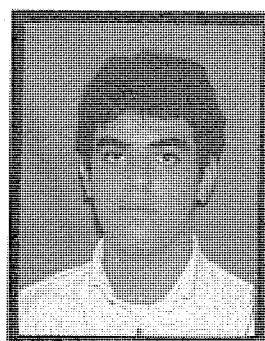
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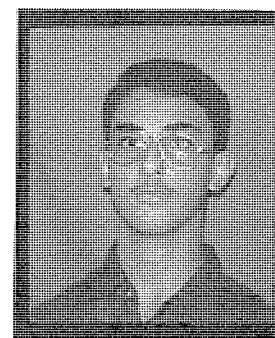
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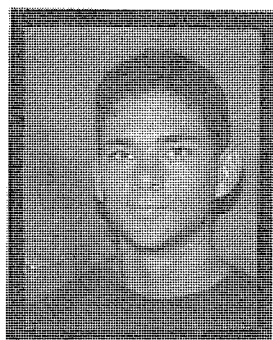
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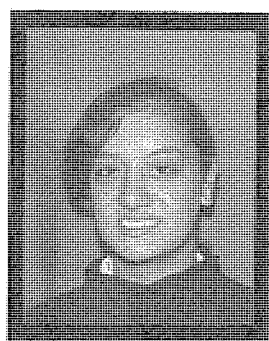
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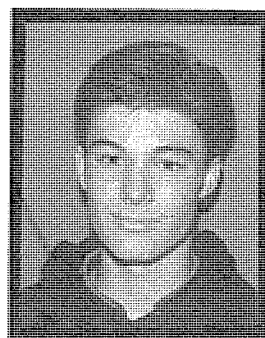
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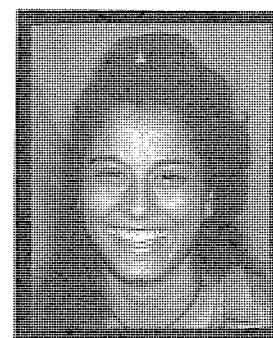
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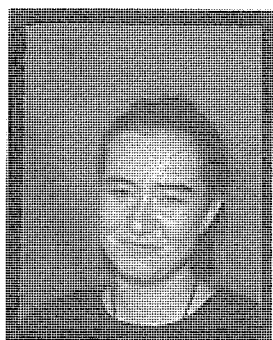
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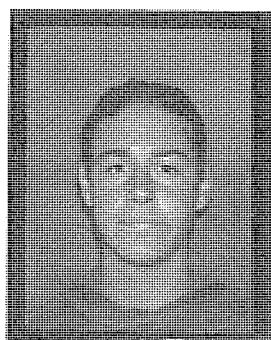
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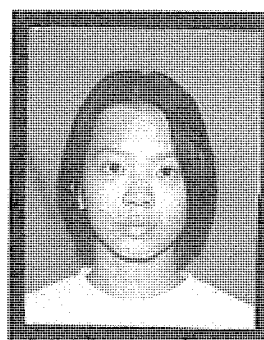
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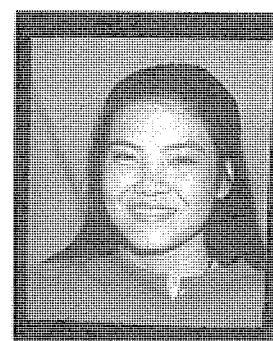
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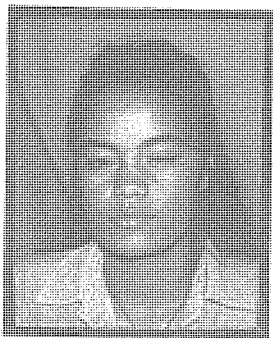
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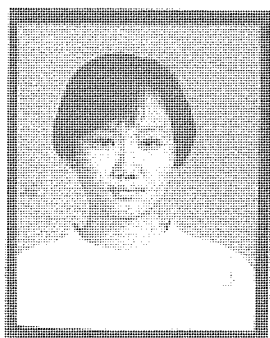
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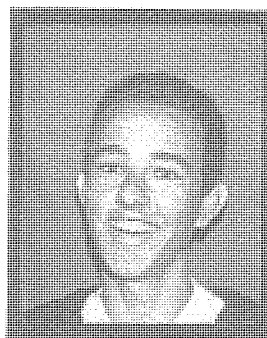
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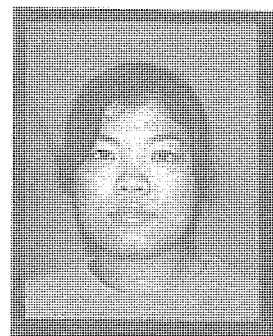
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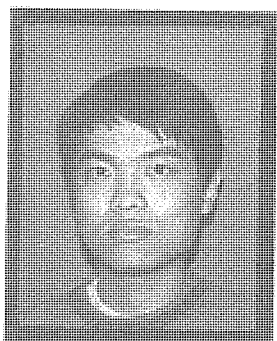
TEOH, GAIK



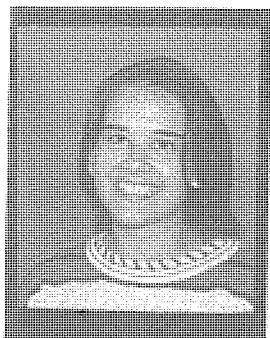
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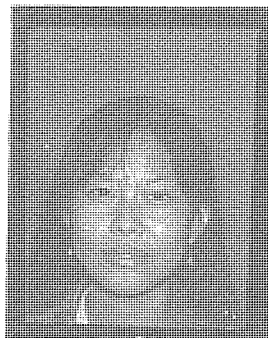
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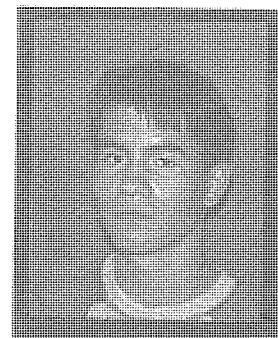
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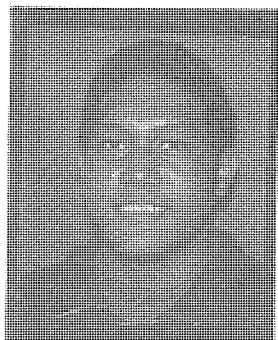
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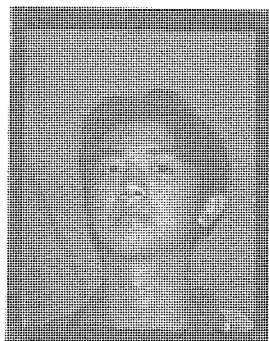
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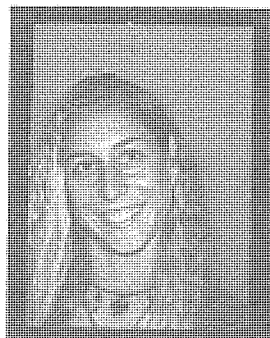
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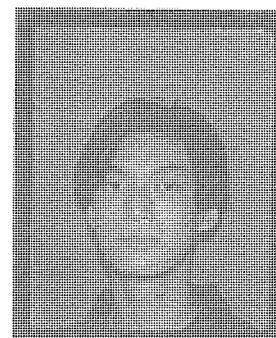
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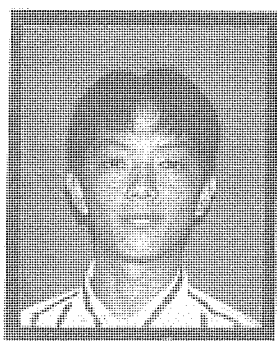
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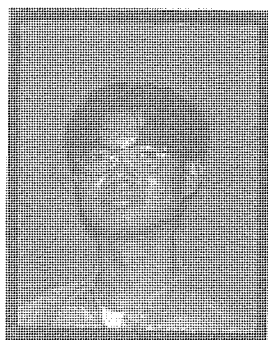
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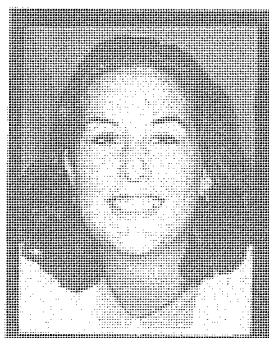
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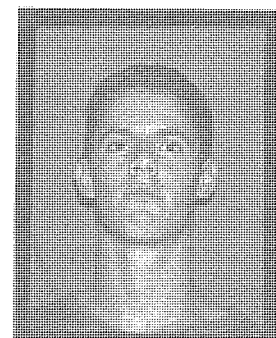
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WANG, MARK

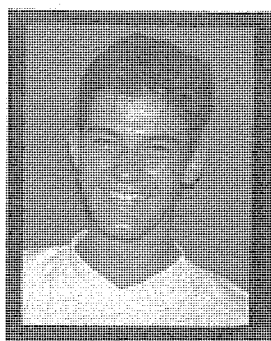


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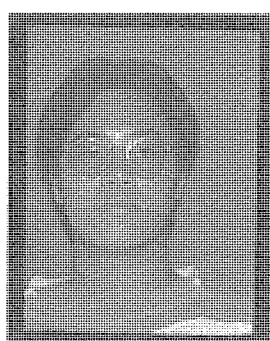


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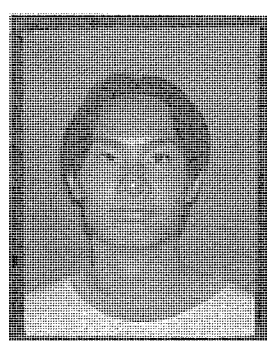




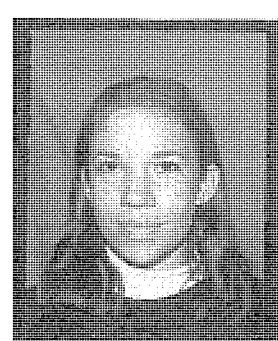
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WENG, JEF



WENG, DAN



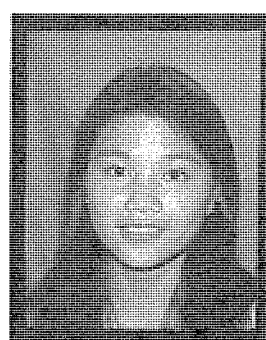
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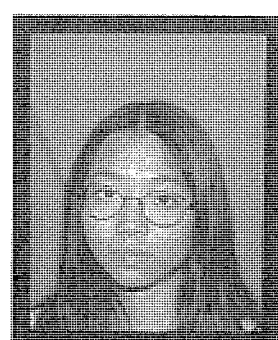
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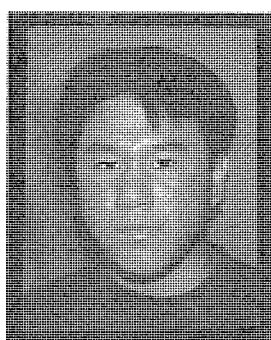
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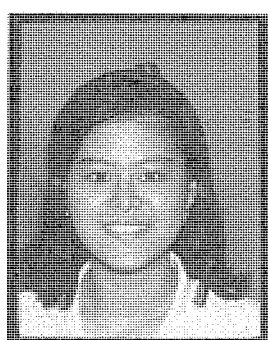
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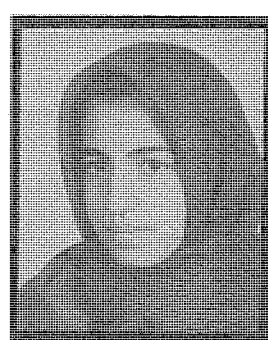
WONG, JENNIFER



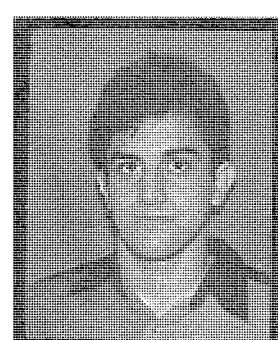
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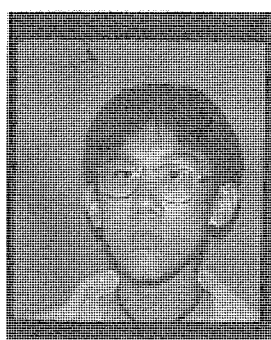
WU, DENISE



YEGANEH PANAH, AZADEH



YEGANEH PANAH, OMID



YU, PETER

Also in Year 12:

COCHRANE, DAVID  
 NGUYEN, JACLYN  
 PATTERSON, RACHEL  
 PAUL, CRAIG  
 PETT, ISHAM  
 TAPUAKA, ELIZABETH  
 YANG, KENNY



## An Apology

### Procrastination is the Thief of Time

An intelligent man with overwhelming initiative once said, "Time is money." I don't know if it is fair, or even legal to quote from someone you don't know the name of, (however, I have narrowed it down to Casey Jones, Rockefeller or Mr Henry Ford). I do believe this break in the communication barrier is made smaller by the direction of my opinions towards procrastination or any method of non-constructive activity.

If people took it into their own hands to break off engagements at every possible opportunity, the world would be a disfunctional haven of disfunctional citizens for disfunctional citizens. People would not have any desire or subconscious motive for work or work related exercises; this, in turn, could provoke a mass depression reminiscent of circa 1930's where a stock market crash in New York City left the western world in a deluded daze, whilst recovering from that unidentified lorry that knocked carcasses to the ground, attracting posteriors like the toilet marked "TOURISTS" in sunny Acapulco, Mexico, where the only thing hotter than blazing sun is the locals Chilli Concarne.....

As Robin Williams repeats all throughout 'Dead Poets Society', "Carpe-Dium", or seize the day. By this I suppose he means "Life is short; live every day as though it is your last." Unfortunately, while at school, this is not as easy as it may sound. Basically, school is an institution which allows every human being on this earth an opportunity to be educated and complete secondary education, at the same time being led on the 'straight and narrow'.

An institution such as school relies on a few acceptable factors to run smoothly before everything is clockwork. Once you have a class, a capable teacher, a classroom and, if necessary, teaching aids, if a spanner is thrown reluctantly into the works, the schedule must be instantly reviewed and altered. A likely spanner is a small party returning late from recess with no valid or legitimate excuse. As a result of this blatant act that my friends and I took part in, you are reading this paper, which may possibly be wasting your time. If any good came out of this, it is the guarantee that it won't happen again.

Chris West 10.4



## Love in a Stormcup

*The novelty's been scraped away,  
the evening wear has come to fray,  
there's Swiss holes in my cheese  
but I'm OK - for now.....*

*Eat me bite me squeeze me tightly  
if not for comfort at least nightly....  
Under the doona in the black  
feast upon witch's wicked snack;  
Under the eider, one with the dark -  
squirming, sensual, sleazy, stark  
naked and the windows rattle for  
their pain - the tension, strain  
against the elephantine heaven's rumble;  
the beer is brewing the apples' crumble and  
FLASH!  
the camera steals its picture  
without film or optic fixture and  
FLASH!  
Gordon is hearing colour  
emitting from the parrot's valour  
ESCAPE!  
and flee and run with glee;  
the captor's lost in writhing sleep -  
A vicious nightmare yet  
titillating dream -  
to peck out mouth organ's harmony.*

*Eunuchs you know are never the same.*

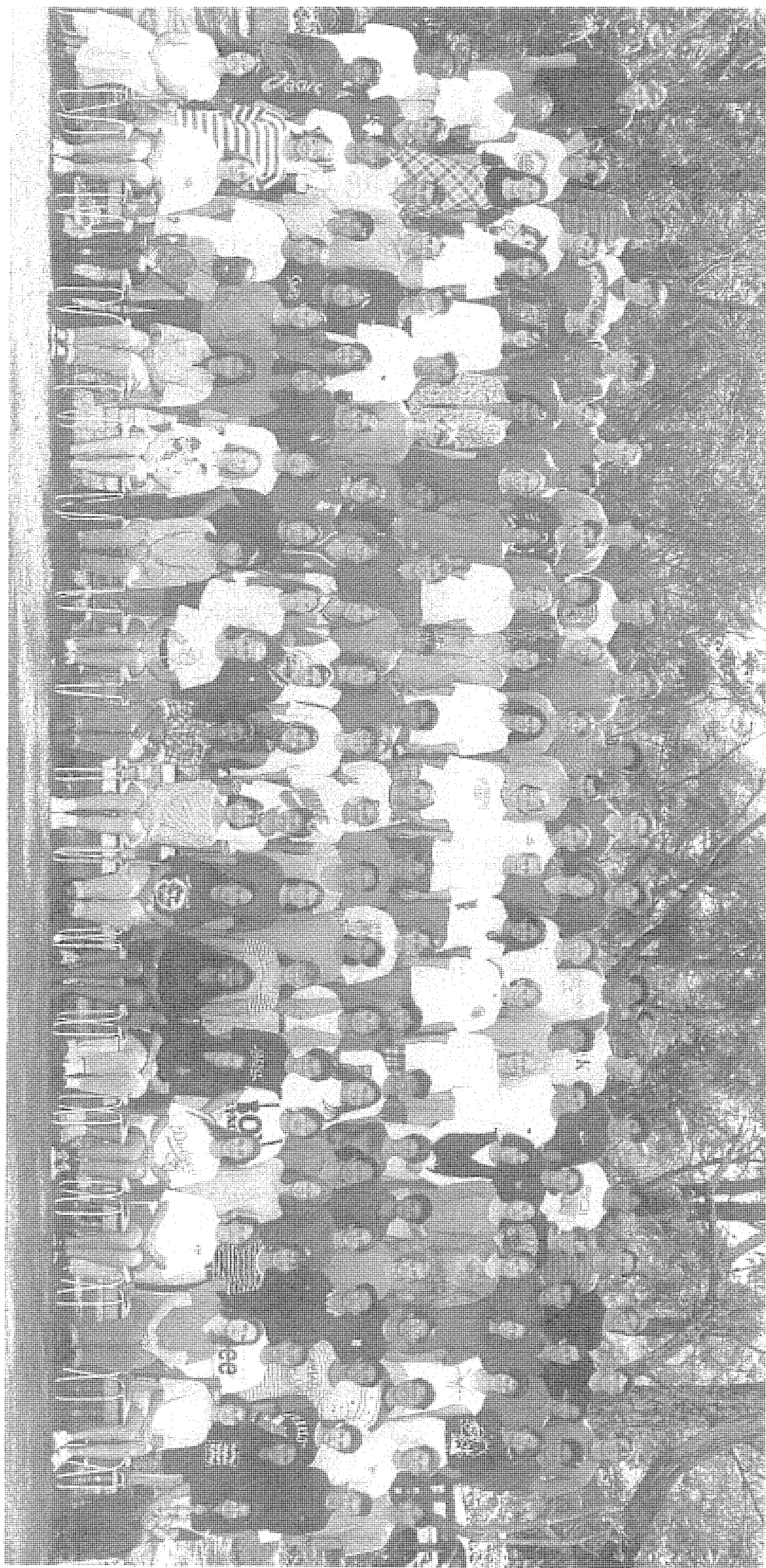
*An actor's folly to revel; in fame  
of last nights floppy fumbling forage  
into seeds of future wither, so no  
applause; the player's knowledge  
knew no claim to  
this here chalice of clumsy carving,  
A modern glint of Reubenian marble.*

*"It" hates me surely as I hate  
"It" yet; I loathe abhor and smell regret;  
a putrid whining little child  
born of mother rankly defiled...  
Abort the thought,  
roll the carcass  
across the straw that will not  
last us; or this unsound arrangement.  
The slippers they were dipped in borax  
and each mock toe - suck...well....  
Suspended sign form hanging tree,  
"Beware of lady (loopy) Nell",  
And still Sir it concludes a truth  
best left under the grey tin roof -  
"My services...received with veneration stifled?"  
This belief this corn; this rifle  
held to your own Appoloni"  
crown - sire, will not this threat tell "It" yet -  
"your services are no longer required"!*

Jackie Marshall 11.07



# Year 10



# SPORT

## House Captains for 1995

Congratulations to our 1995 House Captains.

Paterson: Belinda Andrews & Quentin Barba  
Tatum Davidson & Allan Christensen

Lawson: Elizabeth Goode & David Heyden  
Amala Groom & Adam James

Evans: Julie Markham & Wadi Madzri  
Emma McGrath & Jared Kelly

Kendall: Ivah Seeto & Adams Williams  
Fiona Soo & James Rothwell



## Swimming

Congratulations to the swimmers who represented the school at the District Swimming Carnival. The team was placed fourth overall, and second in the percentage trophy (number of points scored per school population). The following students were selected to swim at the Regional Carnival:

Sally Lee	Melinda Ahsam
Penny Mercer	Kristy Allan
Luke Welsh	Kris Moores
Katherine Kennedy	Vina Varsani
Albert Lu	David Heyden

## Age Champions

13 yrs Katherine Kennedy and Anish Varsani

14 yrs Vina Varsani and Reuben Muscio

15 yrs Melinda Ahsam and Joel Muscio

16 yrs Sharon Herzig and Kris Moores

17 yrs Lisa Callinicos and David Heyden

## Swimming Carnival Results

Paterson: 510      Lawson: 533

Evans: 890      Kendall: 284

## Cross Country

The Annual School Cross Country and Fun Run was held on Wednesday, 3 May.

Girls Champion House:	Kendall
Boys Champion House:	Evans
Overall Champion House:	Evans

Theme:	Ugliest Tie/Hat
Winner:	Claire Gabriel
Second:	Jennifer Murphy
Junior	
Winner:	Luke Gabriel

Congratulations to all runners, especially the Age Champions:

### GIRLS

### BOYS

13 yrs	Vicki Mercer	Ryan Winell
14 yrs	Zoe McGrath	Reuben Muscio
15 yrs	Yollana Shore	Jason Kuipers
16 yrs	Rebecca Begbie	David Geard

## Athletics Carnival Results

Champion House: Evans

Girls: Paterson

Boys: Evans

There were many outstanding performances including that of Hung Pham in Yr 8 who broke the 13 years boys 200 metres record with a time of 25.01 seconds.

## Age Champions

### GIRLS

### BOYS

13 yrs	Ha Nguyen	Hung Pham
14 yrs	Nicole Anderson	Reuben Muscio
15 yrs	Melinda Ahsam	Tandon Stevenson
16 yrs	Rebecca Begbie	Sebastian Dubrovsky
Open	Elizabeth Goode	Peter Herzig



## Summer Fixtures

### Tennis (Boys)

Both teams were Zone Premiers.

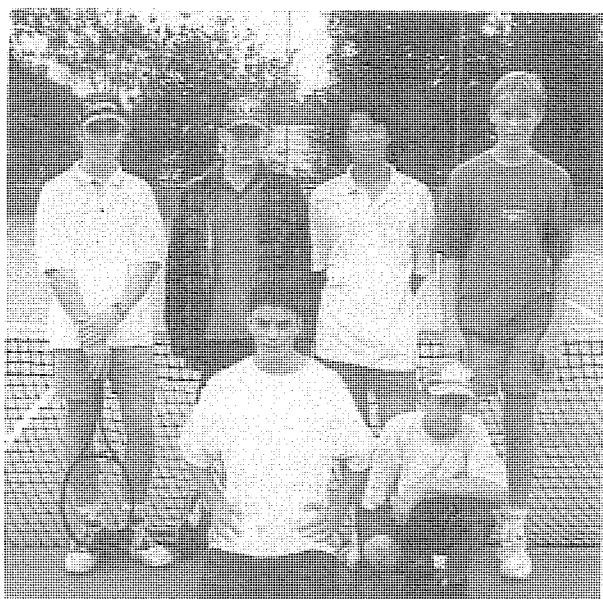
The A team K Kozan, D Harvey,  
S Loh, S Gaffney.

The Under 15 team  
T Muscio-Stevenson, B Gladwin,  
A Lu, R Muscio, B Hughes,  
J Muscio.

Once again I thoroughly enjoyed the Summer and Winter seasons - all Zone Premiers. The boys conducted themselves superbly and I thank them for their commitment, reliability and teamsmanship.



A Team



U/15 Team



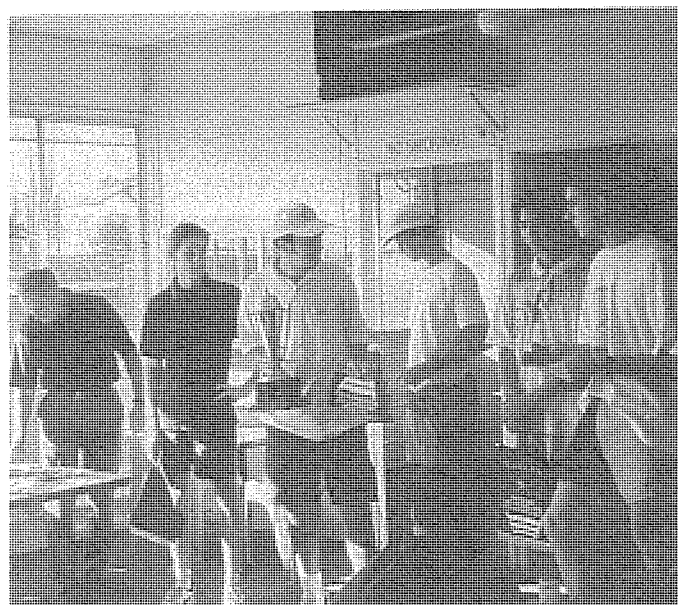
## Winter Fixtures

### Tennis (Boys)

The Winter Season once again proved successful for our Open and 15 years teams.

The Under 15 team of Shaun Loh (Captain), Sam Gaffney, Tandon Muscio-Stevenson, Ben Gladwin, Luke Jordan and Albert Lu reached the Metropolitan semi-finals losing to Clontarf High, 37-38 - a nailbiting afternoon.

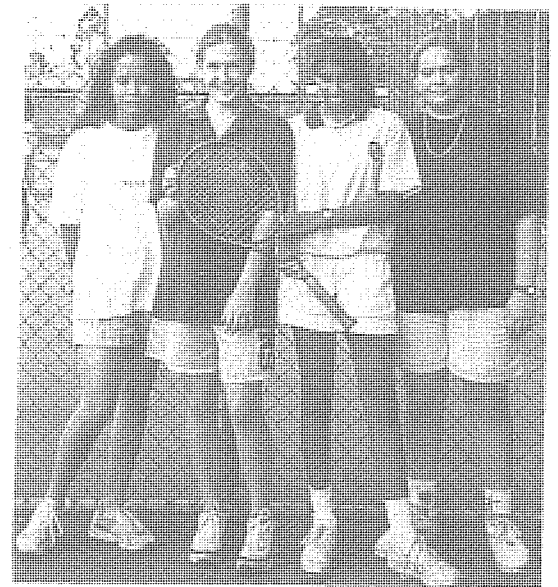
The Open team of Kerem Kozan (Captain), David Geard, West Loh, Craig Paul and Daniel Harvey defeated Sunnybank High 35-16 in the semi-finals. They advanced to the finals against McGregor High at Milton. The match resulted in a victory for Indooroopilly High 36-5. This is the second year in a row this team has won the premiership.



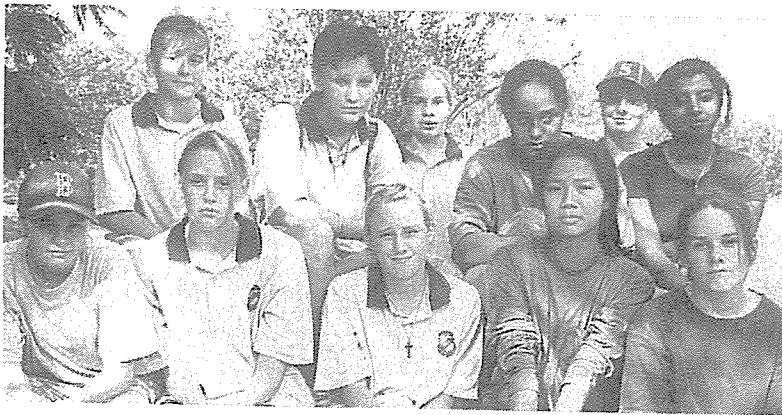


**A Netball**

# TEAM



**Girls Open Tennis - Summer**



**U/15 Girls  
Softball**



**U/15  
Boys  
Volleyball**



**Girls B Volleyball - Summer**



**Girls  
Open  
Basketball**

**U/15  
Netball**



**Girls U/15  
Volleyball**





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# SPIRIT



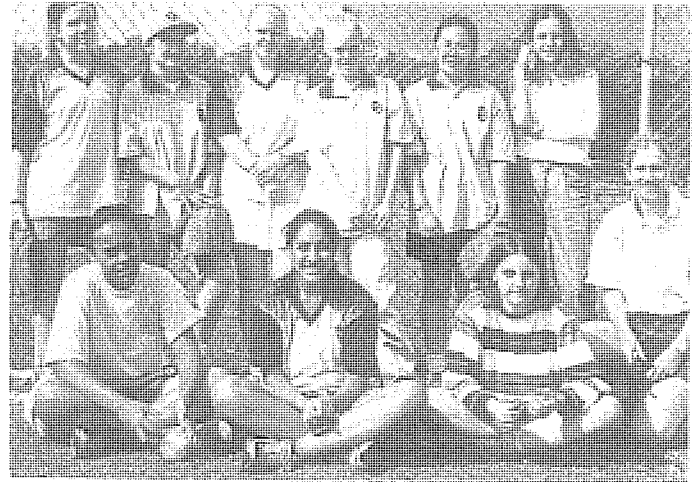
**U/15 Boys Basketball - Summer**



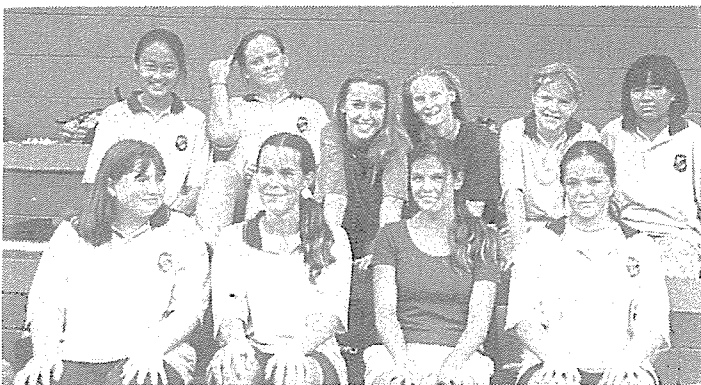
**Boys Open Volleyball - Summer**



**Hockey A**



**Girls Open Softball**

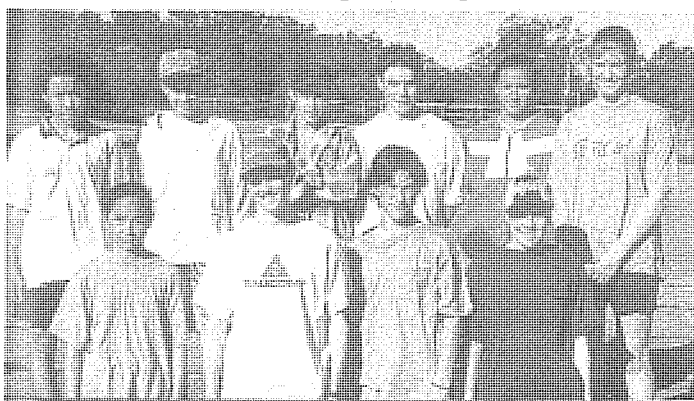


**Girls U/15 Basketball - Summer**



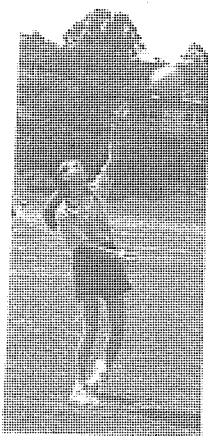
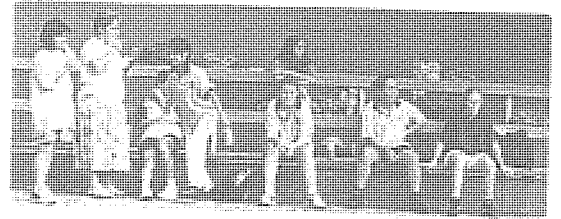
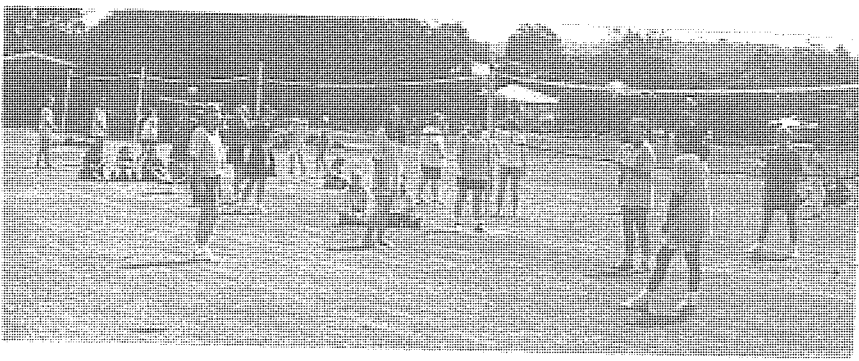
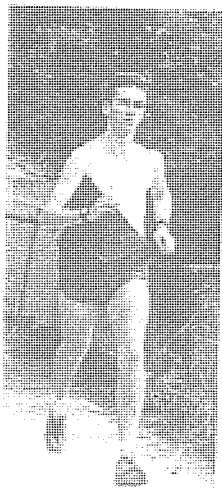
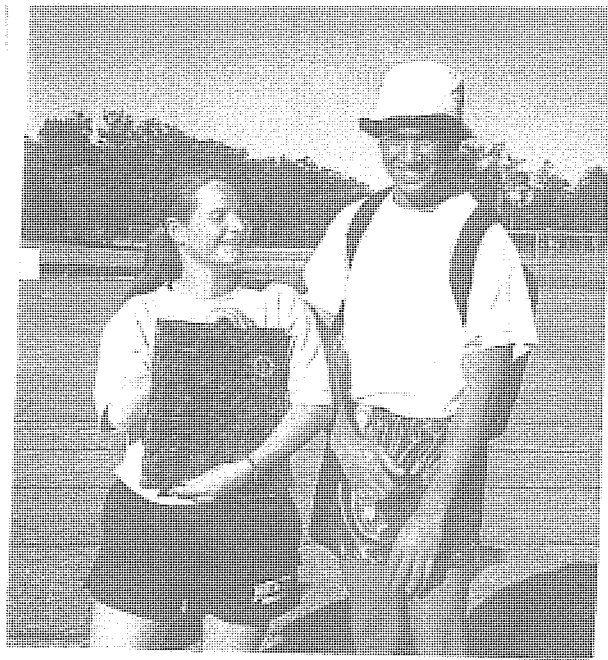
**Boys Open Cricket**

**Athletics - Age Champions**

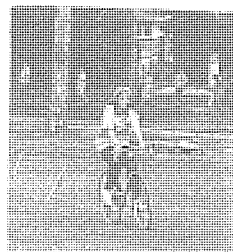
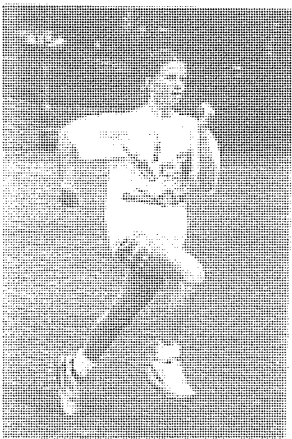
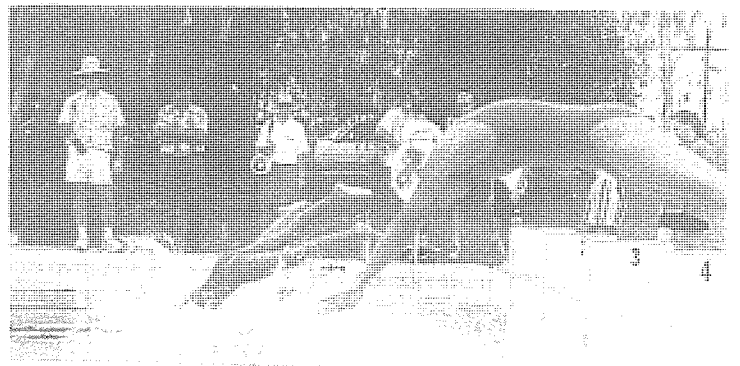
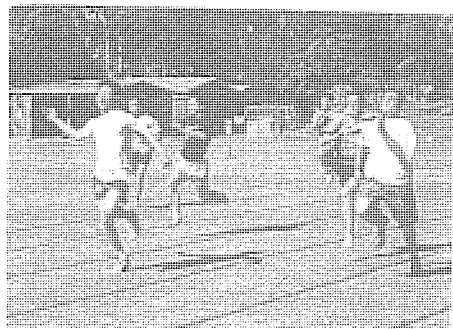
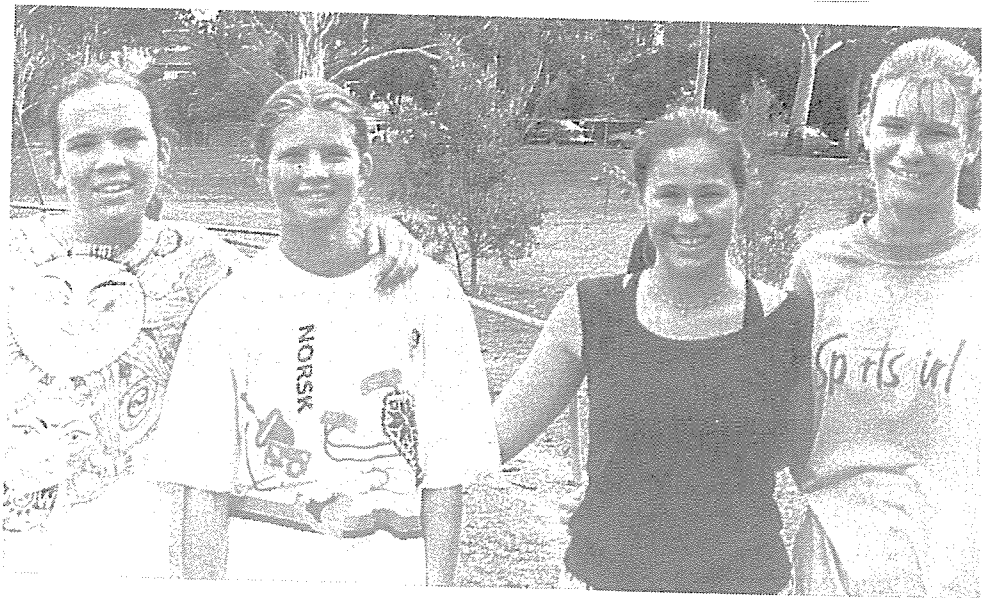
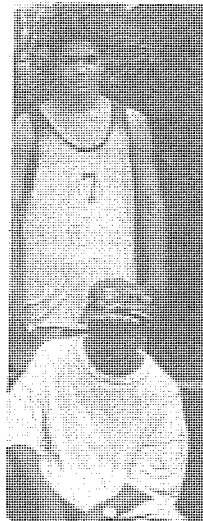
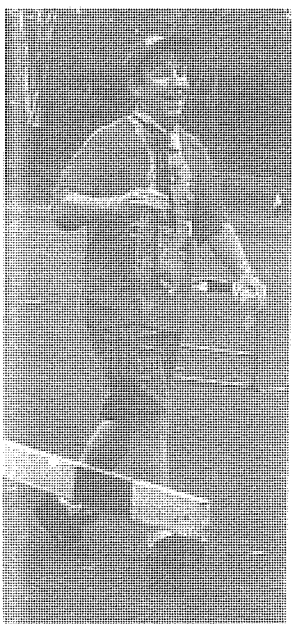
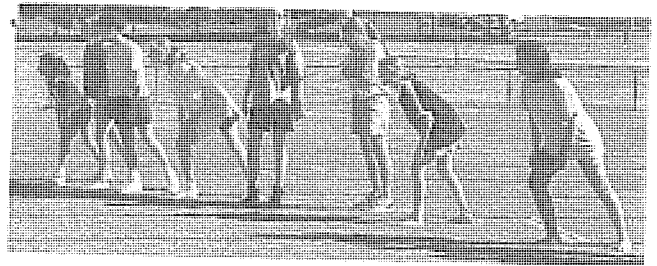
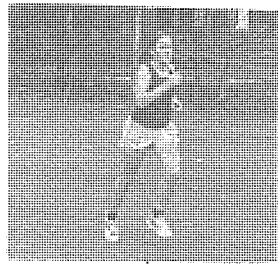
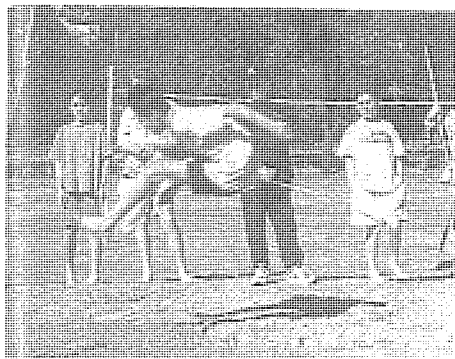
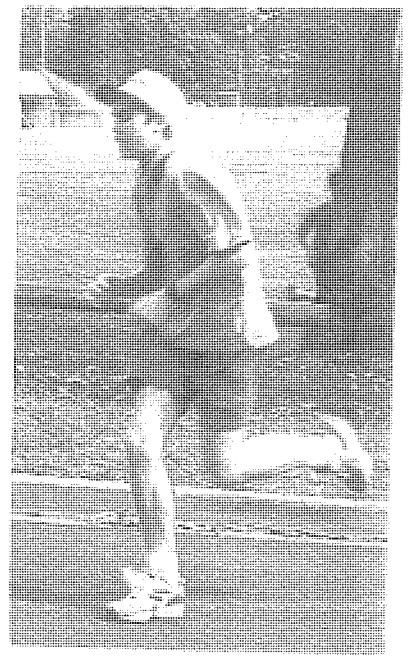


**Soccer A**













## ***I Remember***

*As I stand here at the tomb,  
of an unknown soldier,  
I fight down emotions  
Long thought gone.*

*I remember the day that my innocence was stolen,  
The day when the card arrived.  
My birthday, my downfall:  
Too young to drink, too young to vote  
but old enough to kill.*

*I remember the barracks, old, rotting, pathetic.  
My company, my mates, most are now gone.  
I shed a tear in the memory of them,  
and another for the day I left.*

*The thumping of the Iroquis blades,  
the only comfort to me.  
I fight the fear that has possessed me  
as I descend to the ground.*

*The jungle quiet and foreboding,  
the silence roars in my mind,  
The stillness erupts in fire,  
As the napalm steals the air.*

*My lungs are burning  
My head is spinning*

*My company dead, and dying  
I stumble around like the blind in a crowd.*

*A burst of bullets awakens my senses,  
I'm still holding my gun,  
I stalk down my enemy  
Their tracer fire, their undoing.*

*My body erupts in pain  
My gun continues to roar  
No knowledge of its user's condition -  
Darkness engulfs my soul.*

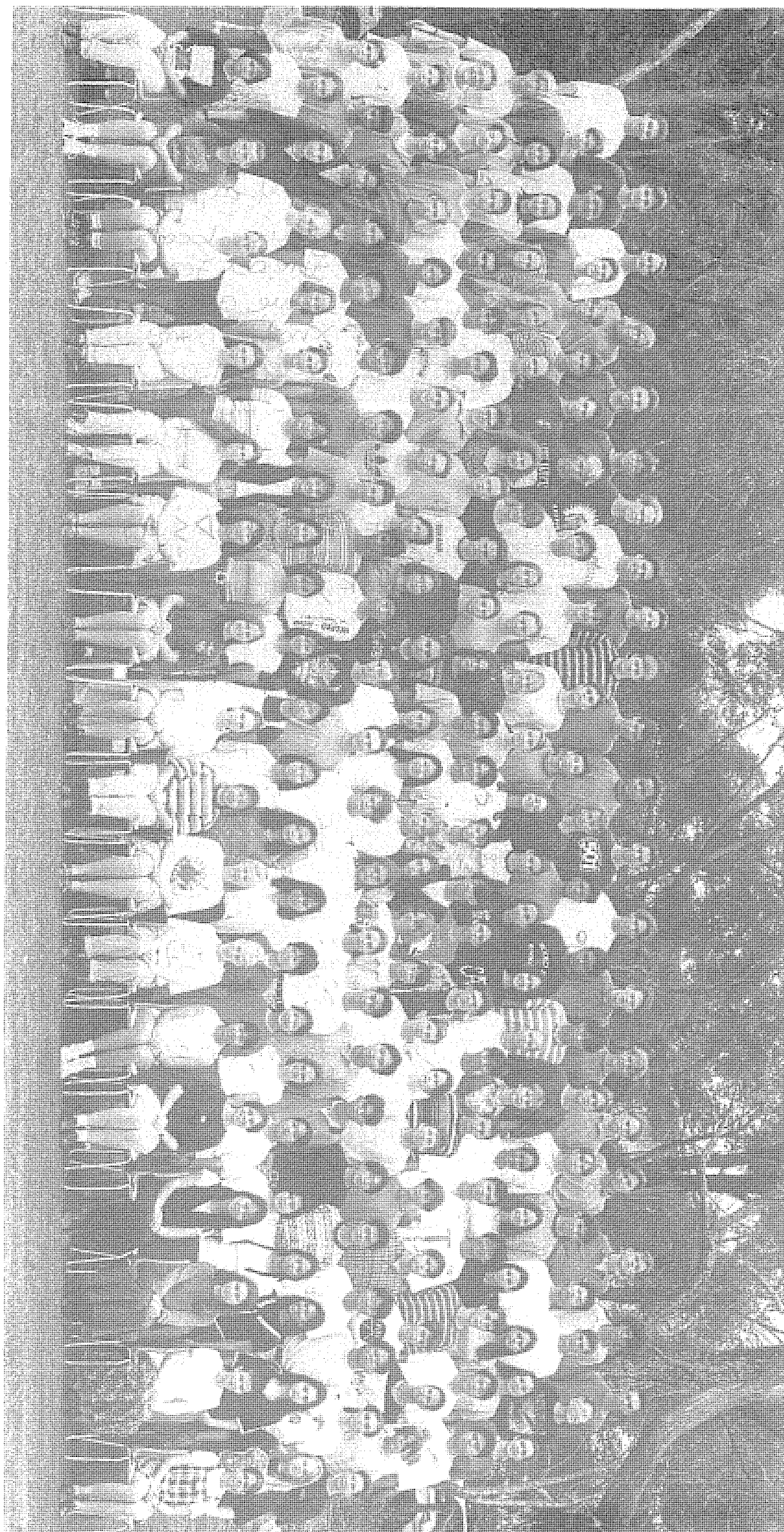
*The Iroquis' thumping revives me,  
I see a soldier, then nothing  
I awake in a hospital,  
I awake without my leg.*

*I remember my innocence  
I remember my life  
I shed a tear for all that was lost  
And another for nothing gained.*

*As I stand here at the tomb  
of an unknown soldier  
I fight down emotions  
long thought gone.*

*Peter Johnson Yr 11*

# Year 11







## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

### STAFF

#### PRINCIPAL

R.A. Bailey B.Ed.

#### DEPUTY PRINCIPALS

J.A. Jeffries B.A. Cert.T.

L.M. Whelan B.Ed., Dip.T.

#### GUIDANCE OFFICER

A.Back B.A.,B.Ed.,M.Ed.Studies (School Counselling)

#### HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS

**Business Education:** D. Hall B.Ed., Dip.T.

**English:** J. Brew B.Arts,B.Ed.,Dip.T.

**Fine, Visual & Performing Arts:** A. Lockhart B.Ed., Dip.T.

**Mathematics:** P. Buttery B.Sc.

**Practical Arts:** W. Janetzki B.Ed.,Dip.T.(Sec.)

**Science:** K. Austin B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

**Social Sciences:** S.Moretto B.A.,M.A.(Qual.)

**Unattached:** V. Burguez B.A., B.Ed.St.,Dip.Ed.,G.D.B.A.

#### Teaching Staff:

A. Alexis B.S.,M.S.,B.Ed.,Dip.T.

G.D. Anderson B.Ed.,Dip.T.

K. Barrett B.Ed., Dip.T.

A. Clarke B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

F. Davies B.Ed.,Dip.T.

P.J. Day B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.,M.Sc.

S. Driscoll B.A.,B.Ed.St.,Cert.T.,M.A.C.E.

W. Edwards-Davis B.A.,Grad.Dip.T.

J. Finn B.Ed.,Dip.T. M.A.C.E. A.A.I.P.

S.F. Goode B.Sc.,Cert.T.

A. Hayes B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

M.R.A. Harrison B.A.,B.Ed.St.,Dip.Ed.,Grad.Dip.T.Lib.

L. Hooper Grad.Dip.Applied Linguist,Dip.T.

C.E. Hudson B.A.,Dip.Ed.

A. Jones B.Ed. B.Communications.

B.R. Joshi B.Ec.,B.Ed.,B.Sc.

T.A. Kasper Dip.T.

M.C. Kenny B.Bus.(Comm.),Grad.Dip.T.(Sec.)

J.C. Lamont B.A.,Dip.Ed.

D. Langford B.A.,Dip.Ed.

F. Lee Dip.T.

B. Lucas Dip.T.

G. MacNaughton B.Ed.,B.Sc.

J.R. Magee B.Ed.,Dip.T.

M.A. McCulloch Dip.T.

G. McGregor B.A.,Dip.Ed.

M. Milner B.A.,Dip.Ed.

K.J. North Dip.T.(Sec.),Grad.Dip.Health Promotion.

D. Outram Dip.T.

S. Phillips Cert.T.,Grad.Dip.T.(H.R.E.)

C. Pingel B.App.Sci.,B.Ed.,Dip.Ed.,AAIP.

K. Rainbow BHMS (Ed.),Assoc.Dip.Civ.Eng.

P.G. Rolandsen B.Ed.St.,Dip.T.

Z. Rumreich B.A., Dip.Ed.

H. Russell M.A.(Hons). Dip.Ed.

N. Stark B.Ed.,Dip.T.

A. Stead B.Ed.,Dip.T.,Grad.Dip.(Compute Ed.)

P.G. Stevens B.Ed.,Cert.T.

W. Stewart B.Ed. Dip.T.

C.M.A. Stokes Dip.T.

C. Toohey B.Ed.,Dip.T.

A.D. Waddell Dip.T.,Grad.Dip.Comp.Ed.

A. Waterfall B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

A. Williams B.A.(Hons.),Postgrad.Dip.T.

C. Williams Dip.T.,B.Ed.,M.A.C.E.,J.P.

O. Williams B.A.,Grad.Dip.Ed.

R.C.T. Wiltshire B.Ed.,Dip.T.

L. Young

Z.J. Zaghini B.Sc.,Dip.Ed.

#### Cleaners:

J. Ballard

A. Dillon

J. Galvac

V. King

W. Mahon

E. Steenberg

#### Canteen Supervisor:

C. Matson

#### School Chaplain:

A. Prickett Dip.T.

#### Support Staff:

##### Registrar:

J. Hogan

##### Administrative Officers:

D.A. Fitzgerald

S.M. Looker

##### Administrative Assistant:

B. Perry

##### Scientific Assistants:

E. Anders

G. Windsor

#### Teacher Aides:

J. Aylward

M. Braithwaite

J. Kurz

F. McKinnon-Salzer

Y. Nguyen

K. Ooi

L. Pickering

R. Simpson

D. Spurrell

#### Janitor:

R. Murray

#### Groundskeeper:

G. Ibbs

#### Parents & Citizens' Assoc.

##### President

B. Low

##### Vice President

T. Khan

##### Secretary

H. Anderson

##### Treasurer

P. Herzig