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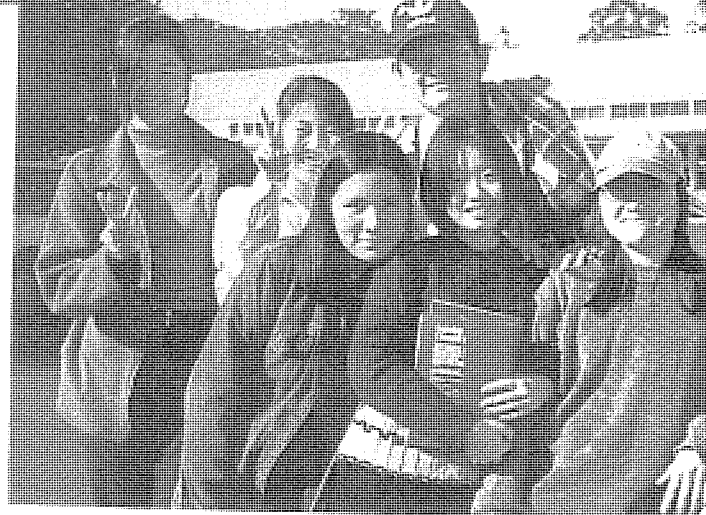
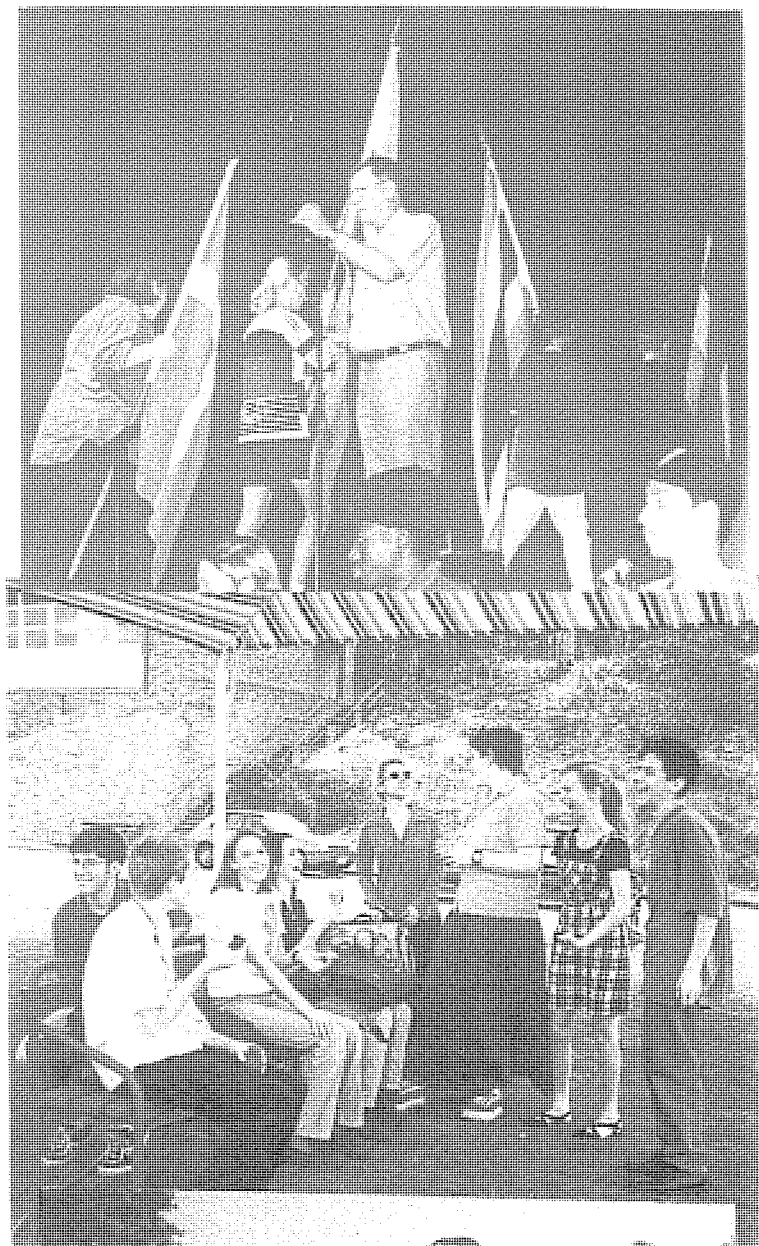
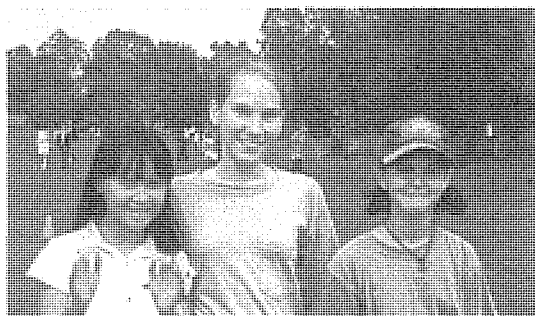
From the Principal...

At a recent dance presentation in the hall I, was struck by the ethnic mixture in one group. There were seven nationalities in a group of twenty students. What I found interesting was the fact that here were youngsters from widely diverse backgrounds all working together in yet another "culture" – that of modern dance. To make the routine that these students were to present, required support, understanding, cooperation, the following of directions and, of course, commitment. To me it clearly illustrated what has been achieved at this school in terms of ethnic harmony.

I know that as a result of their experiences the people in that group, who communicated so well and supported each other so unselfconsciously, will be, in the not too distant future, our only hope against the unpleasant forces that seek to divide us on racial grounds. I am sure they will prevail.

Finally I express my gratitude to the Yearbook Committee for all their hard work.

Rod Bailey



My thanks to all who have contributed to the '97 Yearbook. Its pages reflect the spirit of the people who make this school the truly great place that it is to work and study.

Glenda McGregor

Thank Your Indooroopilly...

Pride and Gratitude... are absolutely the essence of what I feel as I reflect over a year (or four) at Indooroopilly High School. How can I communicate to you, teachers, parents and especially students, exactly how special the supportive and diverse environment you have created really is.

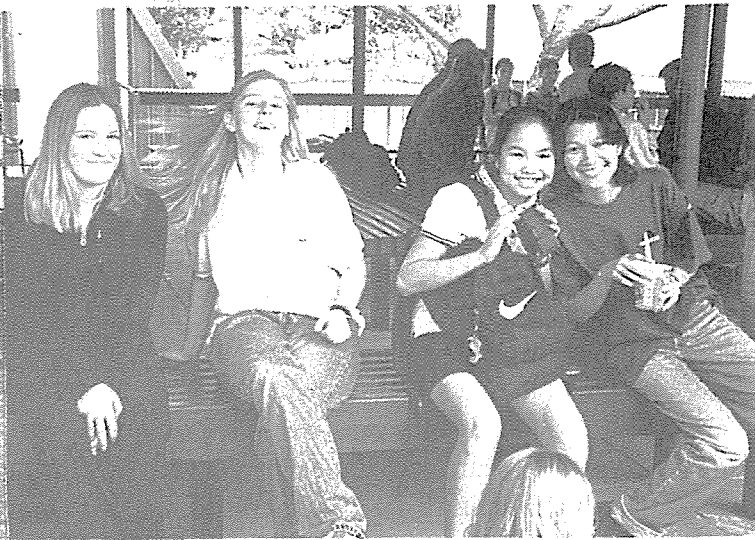
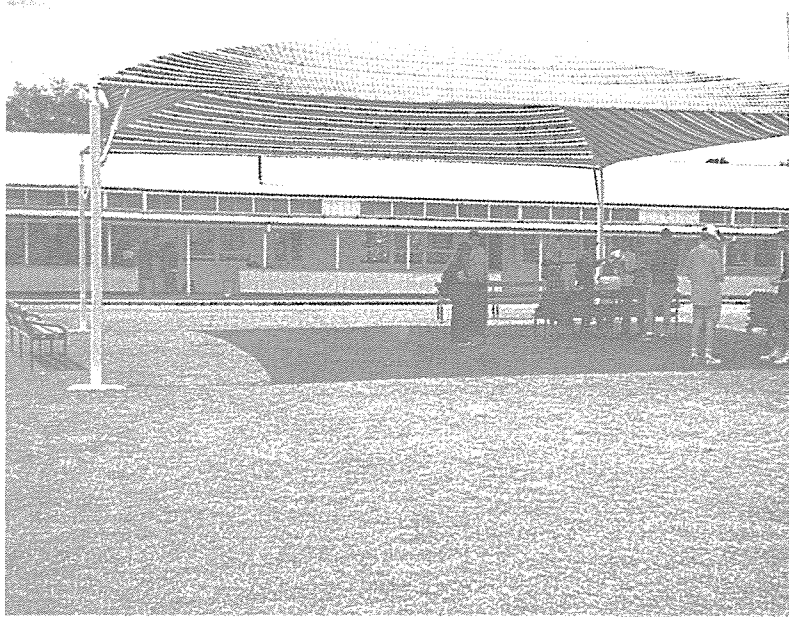
The catch phrase is "You can make a difference" and believe me, each and every one of you has. From passing smiles on vaguely familiar faces, to friendship hugs to supportive words from teachers (for anyone in a younger grade who's thinking 'What?'), let me tell you it's true - teachers who are working to be on your wavelength can make all the difference to your

academic performance and your stress levels too!).

The fact is that I still can't think of a better place to have spent my high school years. I'm honoured to have been able to represent the student body for various causes in the wider community and at school functions. Such occasions have often made me feel very proud and I hope that you share in some of that pride because believe me you have every right to. Best of luck in learning and life.

Yollana Shore
Female Captain 1997





SRC REPORT - 1997 RETROSPECTIVE

And so dawned another year for the ISHS student council, a year that was full of promise and underlying notions of extortion by a conspiracy of chief members. All this aside however, 1997 was the year when the SRC achieved several great goals. This was the year when finally our sponsored child "came of age" and so we had successfully established a future for someone who may not have had one. Thanks must also go to past SRC's as they too had a hand in this. In addition, kudos must go to the unknown contributor of the mountain bike raffle's prize. Thank you whoever and wherever you are. In our

minds, 1997 was the year of the sportsperson (or is that people?) We were undated with requests for aid, and for the most part we were able to help, and so in retrospect we can say that the council truly aided the students. So, as the sun sets on another year, we the council hierarchy say with filling eyes and lumps in our throats; "Goodbye, farewell and you'll be lucky to have any money next year because we're taking it and running!"

President: Peter Johnson
Vice President: Susan Pearce
Secretary: Linda Mawby
Treasurer: Veen Lyall-Wilson

**THE INTERACT CLUB- IT'S NOTHING
TO DO WITH THE INTERNET!!
MOTTO: SERVICE ABOVE SELF**

This year Indooroopilly State High School launched its first ever Interact Club. Interact is a sponsored service club for students aged 14-18 years old. The year was filled with laughter, frustration, successes and things that did not go completely as planned. Overall I believe that everyone enjoyed themselves and learnt something about teamwork and leadership.

We had fun at the Garage Sale held at Bob Jane T-Marts, where we spent an equal amount of time looking at what was on sale as well as actually selling it. United Nations Day was a huge success with our face painting stall. Everyone tried their best, and attempts were made to paint an almost perfect Australian flag. Other activities include Trivia night where \$350 was earned, and the snake raffle. Our major school activity was to raise money for an honourboard. This has been done and the club can take credit for this outstanding achievement. We also have extensive projects with the community, particularly The Respite House.

This opening year was a struggle, but I believe we managed to succeed beyond our expectation. All members are to be congratulated and commended on a job well done. A special thanks goes to Mr Rob Wiltshire who has continually shown support of our ideas and plans. Mr Fred Lee has also done a lot for this club and I take this chance to thank him as well.

Guide/ Link to Rotary Club: Mr Rob Wiltshire

President: Niti Prakash

Vice President: Van Lam

Treasurer: Samantha Grounsell

Secretary: Alice Lu

Sergeant of Arms: Minh Nguyen

GOOD LUCK TO NEXT YEARS CLUB!

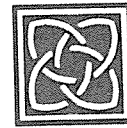
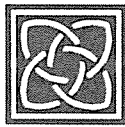
Van Lam



Help!

*It's been such a long time
since I saw this last -like a nightmare keeps returning -
- wish it could've passed.
But the mirror keeps on cracking
all the zits have came back
"Won't somebody get me
my Clearasil pack".*

Matthew Gooch



Gigantic Bird

*The gigantic bird swoops through the skies.
Stretching its long hard wing.
Flying from nest to nest
Twenty four hours, seven days a week.
This gigantic bird never stops.
We call them aeroplanes.*

Andri As'ari



Faye Del Rosario

The Road Not Taken...

On a highway, in the middle of an Australian desert plain with road stretching out both in front of you and behind: that which is behind is discovered and known and that road which is in front beckons, asking to be explored. The unbearable heat from the sun, floats just out of sight, like an unseen watcher who views both future and past with equal ease. Even with all the windows down, the heat is still great enough to make the ride uncomfortable.

Driving down a highway in the middle of nowhere, without turn or deviation. - Life, I suppose, is very like this road - prescribed by another in order to direct you towards a destination which you are told is where you want to go. Staring out of the car at the mirage, levitating off the hot bitumen at the horizon, one cannot help but be reminded that satisfaction and peace are just as unattainable. And so it is with us, that in the search for fulfillment we may not be caught in the mould of any one occupation or craft, but are never happy until all goals and whims are satisfied. However just as the seeking of skills is necessary to achieve an end, other goals open up like stars in the sky as the sun sets, each one appearing just when there is no space for more.

The road stretches farther than the eye can see, without corner or turn or branch. Each of us follows his own road, a meld of societal ideas and prejudices forced upon us. To branch out is unthinkable, for to stray from the norm into the wilderness of individualism, is to deny the wisdom of those before you and shout in their faces that they are wrong. Therefore to stray would be to become lost in the plethora of confusion and sadness that is surely found along other paths.

As fast as is possible, the miles ahead become miles behind, as we rush closer to

the edge of the map in a constant effort to pull in more of the horizon. Eagerly we strive for a position at the front of the pack, to become one of the front runners who lay the road for the rest to follow, to stretch the bounds of our consciousness and discover a new hill.

Progress, to some is a deviation from the right and true, but to others, it is the laying of new roads bringing us closer to the mirage, before it races away once more to the farthest part of the distance. Progress also demonstrates the correctness of the existing maps; to cross a boundary and not to fail reinforces the sense that today's assumptions are correct.

Each new driver is told by the one before him to stick tightly to the path laid down, not to stray from the direction in which experience points. Success is easier to view than failure and to suggest to the learner that another path may be quicker states plainly that the original road was wrong. Thus conformity is thrown on each new driver, silencing deviance and protest, and assuring that the maps used in previous journeys remain strictly valid.

Even the road makers don't fully know where it is they are heading. In their steps we follow blindly, trusting that there are no holes in the bitumen or creases on the map. The way ahead is safe, so we thank them politely, and, politely, forget them. And with them we forget that they too didn't know the way.

So it is that I stick to the path, narrow and cramped. Wondering what another path may discover. Not daring to stray. Cloned, stamped with a certainty screaming louder than words that to turn aside leads to the worst kind of destitution and loss.

Heading down a path determined by nobody in particular... towards someone else's dream.

Ben Gladwin



Kaila Gollogly

Wildness

*In the wilderness,
You look out into the vast plains,
And you can see the ultramarine sky,
The various shapes of jade leaves,
And the everlasting range of shades of the flora and fauna.*

*Listen, and you can hear,
The chirping birds, croaking frogs, creaking crickets, and
The sound of water rushing over rattling rocks.
In the rapid flowing river.
Sniff, and you can scent
The fresh aromas from the lush trees.*

*All this can only be truly experienced
In the wilderness*

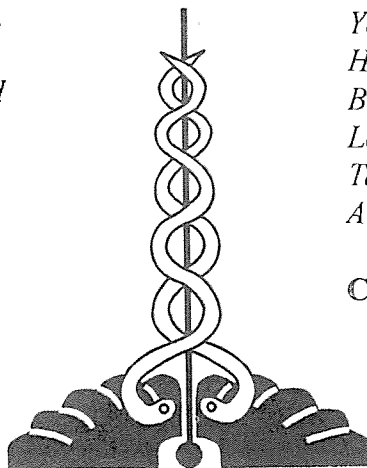
Dalbert Ton

Elements

*Washing away my unhappiness
You are like the rain
You fill the void with joy and trust
Where once, was only pain.
Drying up my tears
You are like the sun
You bring me warmth, light up my life
Passion has begun.*

*Holding me, comforting me
You're strong like the earth
Your will that keeps me going
Has been with you since birth.
But will you ever leave me?
Leave me like the wind
Taking with you all my love
And everything I believe in.*

Christian Stirling



1997 Ski Report.

Our trip to the snow commenced at 1:30pm (a time, which Jeremy often confuses with 2:00). For the bus ride down, we sat cheek by jowl with our travelling companions from 'Good Shepherd Lutheran college', one of whom threatened to drive us insane with his magic Walkman, which allowed him to listen to music at full volume for the entire twenty-two hours and still fall asleep. Our muttered threats in his direction must have angered someone, as the heavens opened and our bus was set upon by a powerful hailstorm, which broke the perspex roof. The two bus drivers stopped the bus and then proceeded to fuel the already violent debate - 'How many bus drivers does it take to fix a sun roof?' by standing around, pointing at the hole and muttering for lengthy periods.

The other event worth noting on the trip down was Susan, who, after taking several blood oaths not to either fall asleep, or let anybody else fall asleep, promptly fell asleep. We proceeded swiftly through our nation's capital, stopping only briefly for breakfast. Managing to avoid both a tour of parliament house and of the war memorial, we made our way up to Jindabyne in search of more ski time. We left our 'friends' from Good Shepherd at the lakeside village and proceeded up to the station resort, where we were shown to our rooms and fitted with our gear. It would take more than a twenty-five hour bus trip to stop us skiing, so on the return of the bus (which had driven down to Jindabyne to collect the other school) we drove up the hill for our first day of skiing. In our weakened condition it took us three hours to find our ski legs, which promptly left us later, after an evening of T.V., junk food and cards. All left the cabin that night some what less enthusiastically than we had entered, and badly in need of sleep. The next morning, contrary to our pleas and oblivious to our bribes, Mr. Janetski

knocked on our doors at 6:00 and stirred us all.

We dragged ourselves through breakfast and onto the bus. The ride to the slopes was spent for the most part in vainly attempting to snare some more sleep. The sight of snow at Smiggens seemed, like magic, to rouse us from our death-like state and we lurched off the bus and on to our skis. The first day went off without a hitch, except of course for Ben, Nathan and Martin, who became lost in some phantom 'fog' (which no one else noticed), turning up an hour and a half late. It was only their bedraggled state, combined with their pitiful looks of innocence, which prevented the entire bus from tearing them limb from limb. Upon arrival back at the accommodation we made our first major mistake of the trip - we let Martin have the first shower. Forty-five minutes later Martin emerged to face our somewhat disgruntled comments and twenty-five minutes later all six of us went to dinner, showered and clean.

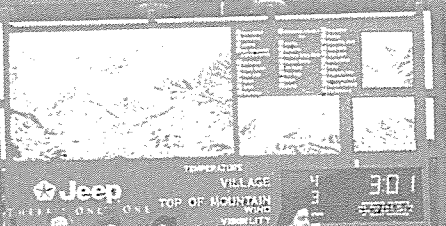
The rest of the week passed smoothly, if you exclude Miss Cooke's accident, severe lack of sleep, various snow fights, endless numbness, the entombing of Susan (which we all eventually paid for), Shane's endless stories of jumps (most of which should not be believed), various attempts to find more successful ways for conserving body temperature and the obligatory hand full of bruised bodies. Contrary to all that's been said prior to this, all twenty of us would like to thank Mr. Janetski and Miss Cook, for the organization of the trip, all the pointers and all the other things of which there are too many to list (not the least of which involved being 'willing' targets of our snowballs). I think it would be safe to say that all involved had, quite possibly, the most enjoyable week of their year.

**Matthew Maywald,
Ben Gladwin.**



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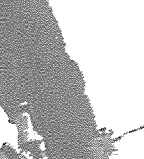
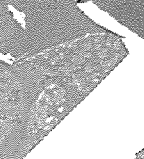
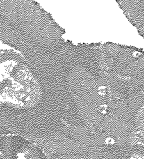
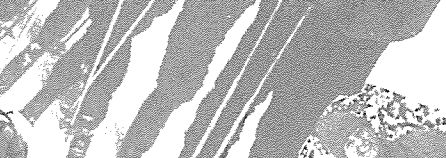
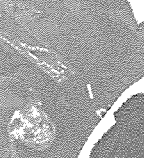
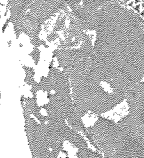
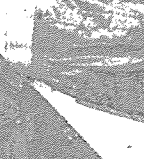
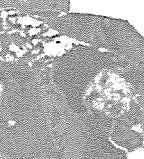
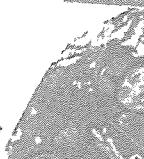
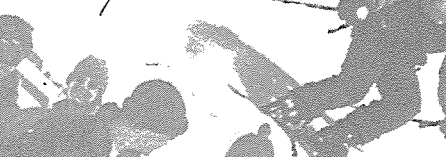


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Holiday

Yipee!

I'm going on holiday.

Seatbelt's clicked, got my apple juice, got my...

Stop Mummy!

Nearly left my teddy!

We're on the road now.

Ooh, look how the trees rush past our car!

Not as fast as Super-Ted

That's my teddy.

Zoom! Zzzz! Watch him zip past...

(SHUT UP!)

Better be quiet,

Or else hammers will start,

Knocking in Mum's head again.

She'll have a Split-tin-my-grain.

Shhh, I'll just drink my juice,

OOPS!

Better cover the rest of the seat with juice.

She won't notice if it's the same colour

Oh oh,

Mummy's really angry now.

Naughty Teddy! Next time no juice for you.

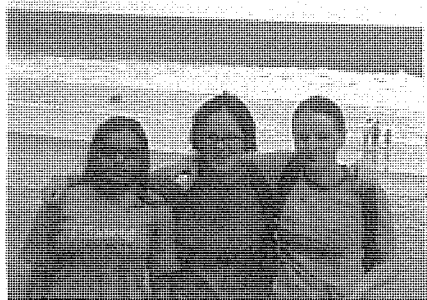
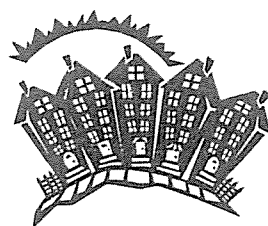
Yipee!

We've arrived.

Mummy? You look tired,

Don't worry, we're on holiday!

Fiona Chen



9.1



Department of Social Sciences

My thanks go first to all members of the Department for the work they have done this year in the various subjects which fall within the ambit of Social Sciences.

Mrs Austin	Miss Lamont	Mr Wiltshire
Miss Finnemore	Mrs Lucus	
Mrs Hammant	Ms McGregor	
Ms Laing	Mrs Stark	

We introduced in 1997 the idea of a Year 8 Study of Society and the Environment, with students studying an equal number of units with historical and geographical input. This unit will continue in 1998, with emphasis being placed on incorporating basic concepts of Citizenship within the existing studies.

In Year 10 we expanded on the unit entitled 'Active and Informed Citizenship' in all three subjects (History, Geography and Citizenship Education) and this unit will continue to be a feature of the Junior Social Sciences course.

A feature of 1997 was the link between Modern History and the University of Queensland, with one of our students, Linda Mawby, completing a Semester Unit at St. Lucia, which will be credited towards her eventual degree should she choose to attend this University. This 'Advanced Studies' course will be available in 1998 to specially chosen students who wish to be challenged and are willing to give of a great deal of personal free time to complete the course of study. Hopefully, one of our Geography students will participate next year along with students in Modern and Ancient History. There is also the option for a student of Year 12 Economics to participate.

Under the auspices of the Department of Social Sciences, our students attended the

Student commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting at Parliament House, where they acquitted themselves in a mature and responsible manner as the Delegation from Great Britain. As per usual, our students achieved High Distinctions in the Australian Geography competition while four of our Economics students achieved High Distinctions in the AMP Investments Economics Competition. We await the results of the Asia Wise Competition, the Lands Department Mapping competition and the Queensland History Teachers Essay Competition.

For the Department, the most exciting aspect of 1997 has been our first moves into Information Technology. We started along this path with the construction of a Social Sciences Home Page which has now been incorporated into the School's Homepage. We have begun the process of Professional Development for teachers and Room A4 is to become an Electronic Classroom with 6 computers linked to the Internet.

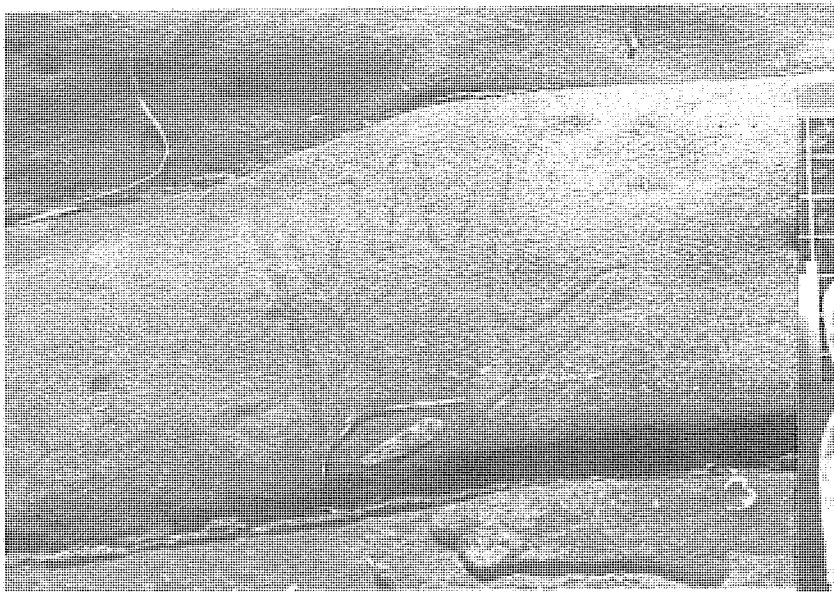


Our students are already accessing the Net for their research:- (Cit.Ed. Students and the Year 12 Modern History will complete an assessment based on contacts made with other schools, via the Net. We hope to participate in the world-wide Educated Guess Competition and in 1998, the Year 9 History cohort will learn all about living in

Medieval Times through an excellent Medieval Project already in operation, once again, via the Net.

All in all, we look back with pride and forward with anticipation.

Silvia Moretto
Head of Department



The Coming of the Hero

*The old king surveys his land
to see the horror that is at hand.
Wielding Magyck's sword that should not be used
and ancient powers that we abused.
The Balreg came and swept the land
turning the Kingdom into a desert of sand.
Claiming the castle and the throne
The Kingdom was turned into an evil thing's home.
But the coming of the hero turned our fate
and the Balreg resisted him far too late.
The Kingdom restored and the hero the king,
The hero who possessed the giant magic ring.
The ring with the power, the ring of Shannon
The ring that belonged to the hero Kayron.*

Chris Simonis



Cry From the Light-Horse

*I wait in my trench
For the General's orders,
I think of my dreams
To be an Olympic Sprinter.*

*With my bayonet and musket
Against machine gun and Turk,
We do not stand a chance in the Gallipoli
sands,
Though I will be loyal to Australia.*

*The General is crying,
He has orders to attack again,
"Raise Bayonets" - Our knives stand above*

*The trench-like fence posts,
Everyone's but mine.
I have used it to pin a note to my family,
Against the steady sand bagged walls.*

*As I bravely face my death,
I repeat words passed between my coach
and me-*

*"What are your legs?"
"Steel Springs."
What are ya gonna use em for?"
"Hurling me down the track."
"How fast can you run?"
"As fast as a Leopard."
"How fast are you gonna run?"
"As fast as a Leopard."
"Well let's see you do it then!"
And I did....*

Jared West



Destiny

*The sun dawns on a new day,
Refreshing and renewing life.
Its fingers reach out and touch the world
Awakening the Earth.
An old man closes his eyes,
He knows it will be for the last time
He is tired and longs for sleep,
The sleep that will take him on a journey.*

*Two young lovers run hand in hand,
As the twilight takes hold of the Earth.
Time will change them,
Into what, no one can know.*

*A mother looks over her newborn.
Admiration plain on her face,
For the crumpled bundle of life she has
produced.
Who will the child become?*

*A young woman sobs by a hospital bed,
Lamenting the loss of a husband still
loved.
One moment here, gone the next.
The hurt will lessen in time.*

*A family sits by a fire in a warm house,
They have not known much sadness.
They want for nothing,
The life they lead is sheltered, but not
forever.
Birds in trees, fish in water, animals on
land,
Life is their reason to live.
The sadness they know is dealt with,
And the happiness is revelled in.*

*Time changes us all.
We are not immortal.
Life is to be lived,
And changes to be endured or welcomed.*

Roberta Buckingham



Primary School Visitation Report Ben's BIG Day!

In an attempt to ensure future year eight students for the services of Indooroopilly, Mrs Stokes, accompanied by various students, visited primary schools in the area.

At Jamboree Heights Primary School we were faced with eighteen keen students - some more keen than others it would soon be proved by a tall, ashblond-haired vice captain.

Ben ('Stud') Gladwin had the girls swooning in the aisles. With a deviously cheeky grin, he continued to cut a swath through the hearts of four girls during the morning. Lines like, 'Oh... good choice', and 'Indooroopilly High has everything for you' along with a raised eyebrow brought crimson tides to innocent faces.

After an hour we had to tear the reluctant Ben away from, (as Mrs Stokes put it'), 'the long-legged girl with brown hair'. Quite the ladies man our Ben!

DEBATING 1997

Debating was very much a junior school phenomenon this year with teams in years 8, 9 and 10. All teams worked hard and had their share of nail-biting, triumphant and disappointing times. One of the year 9 teams made it through to the first round of the finals and even challenged some of the seniors to a lunchtime debate. Are cabbages better than roses? I'm not sure anyone was any the wiser in the end but all enjoyed the talents of our entertaining debaters in the process. We can look forward to some spirited challenges for debating crowns in future years by many of these students.

Fiona Laing



It brought back memories of the formal - Ben and Ms Lamont dancing the night away. Yes. Quite the ladies man.

We are sorry (Not!) for this big payout on you Ben. Besides, we did agree (Matt, Mrs Stokes and I) that Mrs Stokes would tell just a few more people and we'd inform the rest... We don't lie. Check the school website.

Proudly - for now, written by **Alison, Julian and Matthew.**



Australian Mathematics Competition

This year was the first time the whole of Indooroopilly State High School participated in the Australian Mathematics Competition. The decision to include the whole school was taken for several reasons; to give the students experience in an internationally recognised competition as one of 36 participating countries, to give students experience in an externally marked form of examination and to give the students the opportunity to test their problem-solving skills against more than half a million other students.

Our school's results have again shown the high level of academic prowess of its students. The table below summarises these performances. Please note the significant number of high distinctions in the top 2% of their year group.

Year	Prize	High Distinction	Distinction	Credit	Number Participated
8	1	2	8	27	86
9		1	13	44	114
10		2	23	33	134
11		2	21	35	154
12	2	4	19	57	153

Of the prize winners **Same Gaffney** received a 'Special Prize' for his particularly high standard of performance, while other prize winners were **Ian Grice** from Year 12 and **Liam Pomfret** from Year 8



Impression of A Kitchen

My earliest memory dates back to the age of two, sitting on the kitchen lino floor playing, while my mother cooked. From happily banging pots and pans or amusing myself with fascinating soapsuds, I progressed to helping dad make pancakes every Sunday morning. The kitchen was the best part of the house, a place of delicious smells and endless adventures. From painfully sticking my tongue to a metal ice-cube tray, to discovering how bitter aspirin tastes when chewed, the kitchen taught me my first lessons in life.

I remember the first meal, I made by myself, was a Mother's Day breakfast of black tea and generous lashings of vegemite on toast. Later down the track, mum told me, "I could hardly eat the toast because it was so unbelievably salty. But you were so anxious to find out my opinion, asking 'Don't you like it?' So, I forced down every sodium-saturated mouthful and told you it was delicious. Still, it was the best tea I have ever had - it was perfect for washing down everything". The irony of this disaster cannot be compared to the extent of my mother's love.

While I do recall making that breakfast, this incident has been retold by my parents so many times, I am not sure if the vivid scene I can recall is a memory or my imagination. Nevertheless, I am sure it did happen, although whether it was a psychological reason behind why I hate seafood, is another question.

At about the age of three, my parents left me alone in the kitchen with live seafood in the sink. Like most children, my curiosity outweighed any danger involved. So I toddled over to the sink to have a closer look at this six-legged friend. Indeed, I was able to study the unknown creature. Screaming with fright I ran to

my parents, who discovered one live mud crab exploring our kitchen. To an adult, it looked like a poor crustacean, making a desperate attempt at escape. Through the eyes of a shocked infant, it seemed like a menacing monster, waiving a set of tremendous, sharp claws, steadily approaching its next victim. Luckily my parents rescued me and the crab was never seen again. (I was too traumatized to eat dinner.)

After that horrifying experience, I never touched anything with more than four legs or gills. I still do not eat seafood because everything tastes and smells fishy, but blaming it on my first encounter with a crab is another question. I guess the only one who truly knows the answer has been killed in a boiling pot of water, twelve years ago.

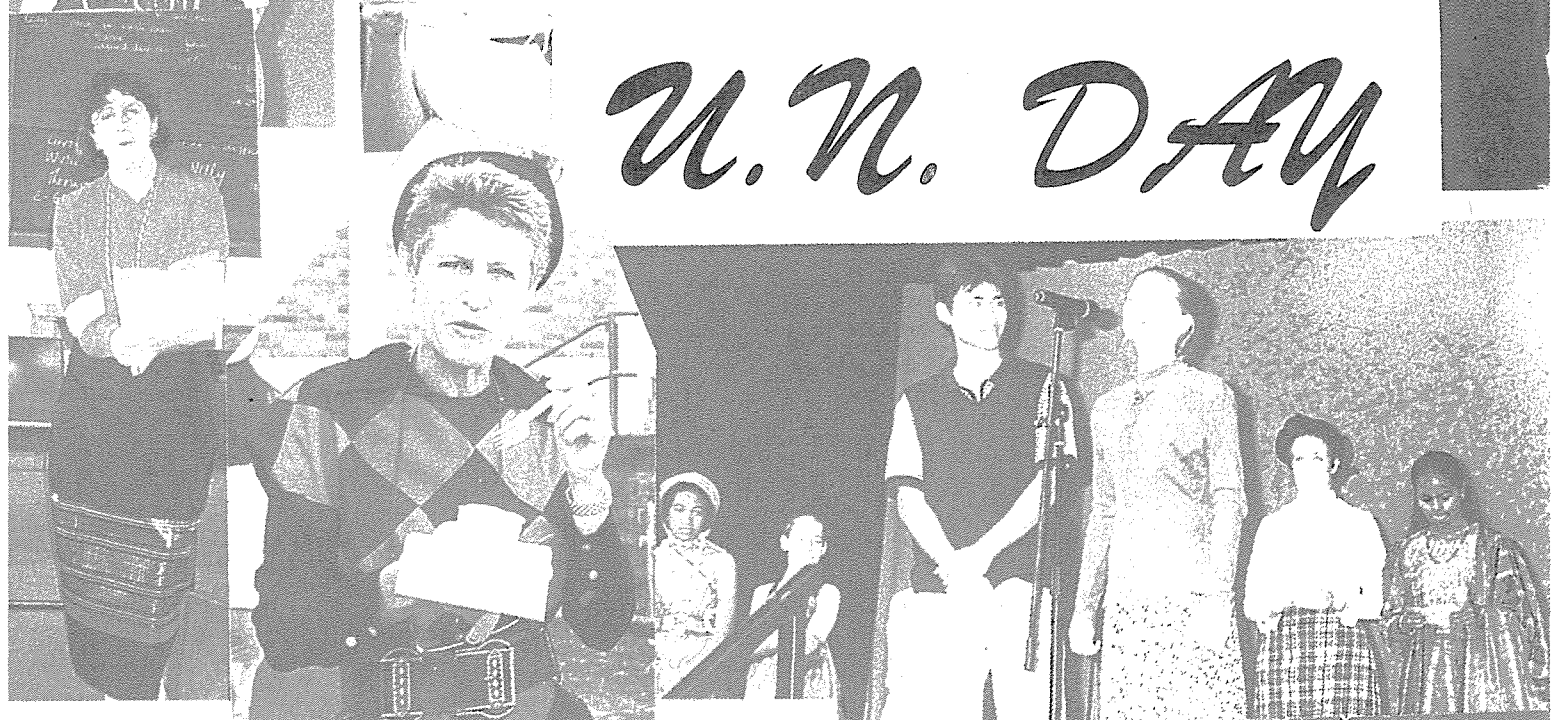
Now, the kitchen is not the place of carefree play, or innocent wonder. I no longer chatter endlessly to Mum, while she prepares dinner - we seem to get on each other's nerves frequently, these days. I will never ask Dad for an ice-block on a hot summer's day. I am tall enough to reach the freezer handle, old enough to choose when and what I eat and insecure enough to feel guilty after eating a Snickers bar from the fridge, for fear of putting on weight. The mouth-watering aromas of Mum's delicious cooking, wafting out of the kitchen, can no longer fill me with excitement or engulf my worries and take them away. It is no longer the extraordinary place it used to be, but I will cherish the memories I have, in the kitchen.

Fiona Chen



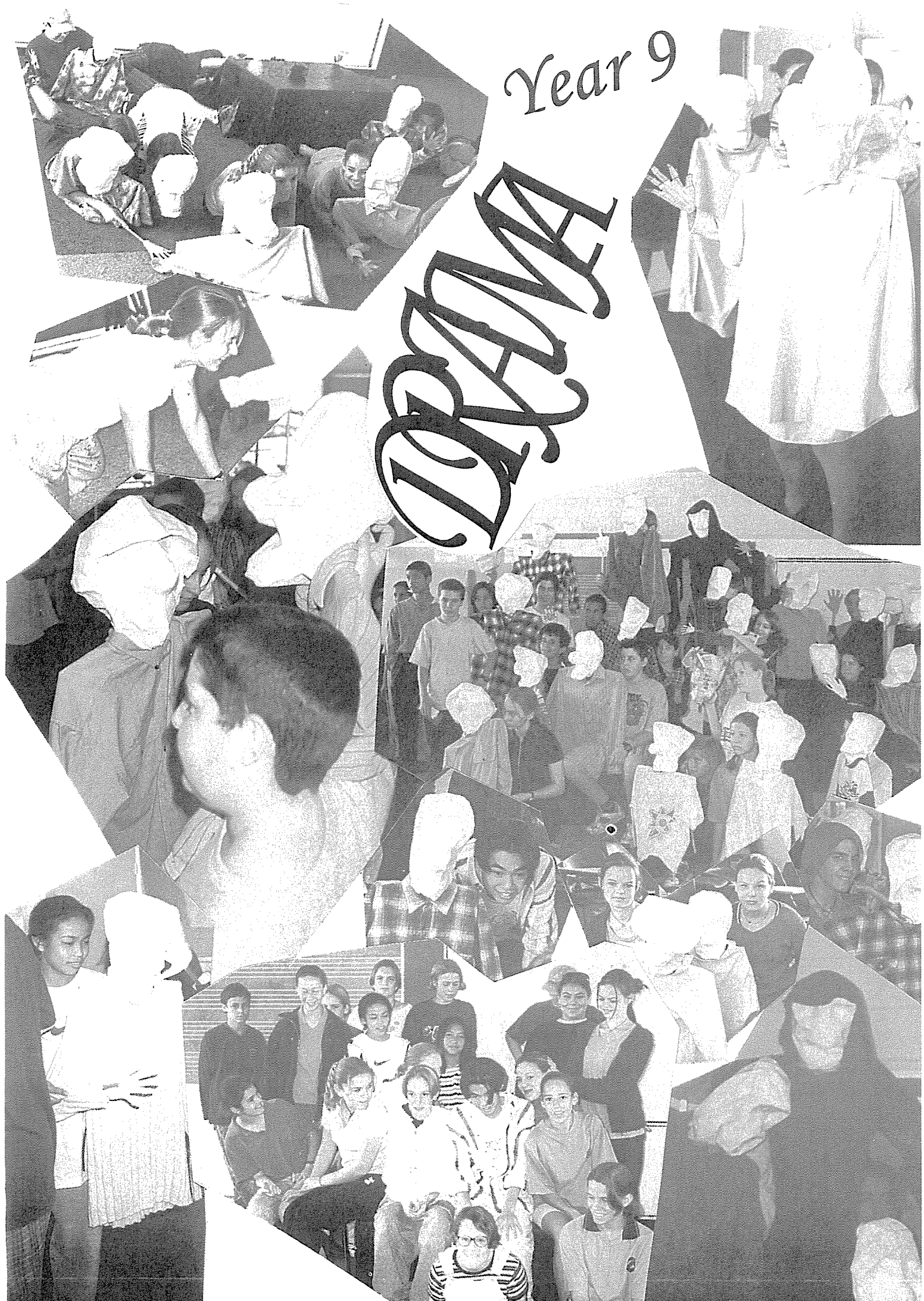


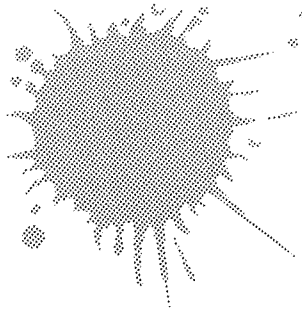
U.N. DAY



Year 9

DATA





Unexpected Danger

Running for my life through the dense woods, I try to ignore the searing pain rippling down the side of my body. I am blindly making my way out, completely disorientated if it were not for the shafts of moonlight that break through the pines. "Don't stop!" my mind tells me as my body is on the edge of complete exhaustion.

"Julia!" he calls. "Give up. I know you're tiring". With that menacing message, my assassin throws a petrol drenched torch stick. Watching in horror, as if in slow motion, I see a ball of fire drop into the bushes in front of me. Instantly, the dry area explodes into a blazing inferno. Regardless of the intense heat and smoke from the fire, I keep on running, stumbling occasionally on fallen trunks along the way.

Finally, just as my legs can go no further, I arrive at a clearing with a farmhouse in the distance. Using the last of my drained energy, I turn around to face my killer and an idea suddenly comes to my mind. I grab the nearest burning branch and light every single bush near me.

"No!" I hear the desperate man shriek. "Help! Somebody!" He cries out in agony. My enemy can no longer hunt me down, for I have trapped him behind a wall of suffocating flames. His screams are soon replaced by the sickening smell of burning flesh. Soon after, I drop down onto the ground of the clearing, feeling nothing but the throbbing pain in my side,

and fall into a state of deep unconsciousness.

What seemed like the next morning, but was actually a week later, I wake up to find myself in a soft feather-down bed. At once relief overcomes me as I realise I am not in any more danger. Panic slowly swells up in me as a large woman comes into the room and towers over me.

"Feeling better honey? We found you in the barnyard. Thank God, Joe went there in time to extinguish the fire. But I'm sorry dear; your friend was killed already, How did.."

She fails to finish her question, collapsing into a lifeless heap by the side of my bed. Heart pumping, I step over her body and walk into the hallway.

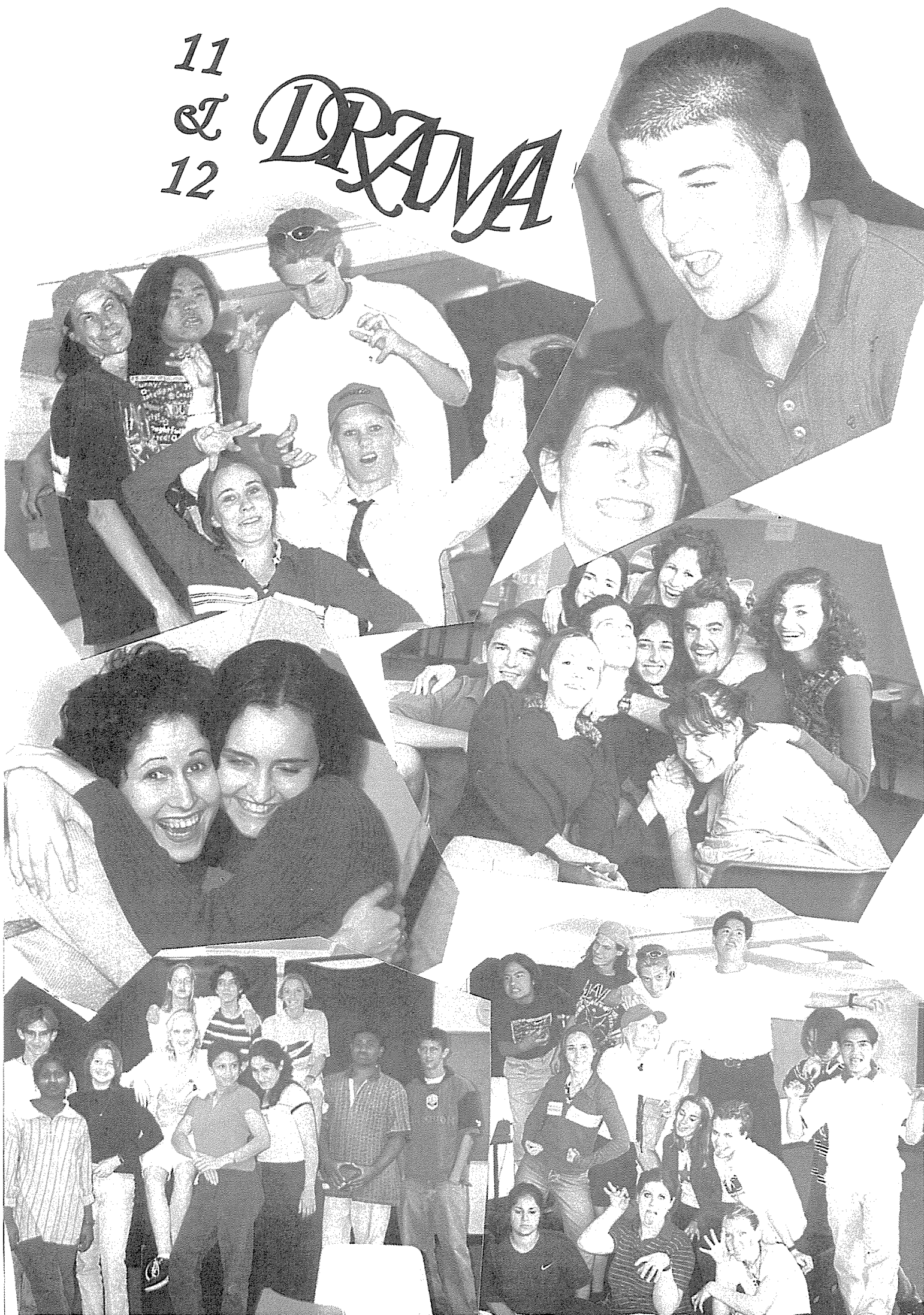
"Joe?" I call out. Hearing approaching footsteps, I draw the warm knife behind my back, with a twisted smile on my face.

Fiona Chen



11
&
12

DRAMA

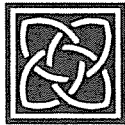


Tear Drop

*Block out the anger
Block out the fear
Block out the noise
I don't want to hear
Slamming doors
Sound no more
Tears are falling
Children bawling
Gun shots roaring
People mourning
Different meaning,
Different war,
Different violence,
Different score.
Silent screaming
Red rain teeming.
No more violence
No more tears
No more war, creating fears*



Tarmia Otter



Love...

Being in love is like sitting on a branch of a tree - just big enough to hold you as you sway with the wind song. The sunlight reaches you through a myriad of clouds and the breeze caresses you, invisible and passionate. In a way you are alone, yet the world surrounds you in its splendour. And it is beautiful.

Yollana Shore

Life

*Life is but a dream,
or a play if you will,
perhaps an epic tragedy,
a war of good and ill.*

*Maybe life's a song
where everyone joins in,
or just a giant ocean,
wherein you sink or swim.*

*Whatever the case may be,
don't give it too much thought,
because if life is certainly one thing,
it's far, far to short.*

Matthew Maywald

How the Pelican Got Its Beak

A long time ago when dinosaurs ruled, man walked on all fours and the Pelican had the tiniest beak and there lived a creature called the Dollygon. Dollygons were a bird species that are now extinct as a result of deforestation. The Dollygons were well known by the other birds because of their trickery and egg poaching. The Pelicans and Dollygons became very good friends and slowly the pelican learned the secret methods the Dollygons used for egg poaching.

When the eagle was going to nest, the Dollygons said to the Pelican chief,

"I think you should steal the eagle's eggs when they have been laid." The Pelican was surprised and said, "Why should I do a thing like that?" "So that the other birds will stop picking on you and the other pelicans," came the reply. They will hold you with great respect. Being gullible the pelican believed him.

The Pelican, pretending not to be impressed, then said, "I'll have to think about it." And then he flew away. The Dollygon called after him, "Be quick in deciding, because the eggs will hatch soon."

The following day the deal was made and the chief of the Pelicans bravely flew up to the rocky mountain top and waited to get the eggs.

The mother eagle was the smartest bird of that age and she had her suspicions about the Dollygons stealing her egg. So one night her husband collected a few smooth pebbles from the beach, all about the same size as the eggs.

The next morning the chief Pelican was suddenly awoken by a rock that had fallen on his head. He thought the Dollygon was giving him a signal to go and steal the eagles' eggs. So quick as a flash the Pelican flew up to the top of the crag and scooped up as many eggs as possible, but when he was about to swoop away, the mother and father appeared!

The mother eagle scolded the Pelican, "Why did you try and take my precious eggs?"

But the pelican could not answer because his mouth was full of pebbles.

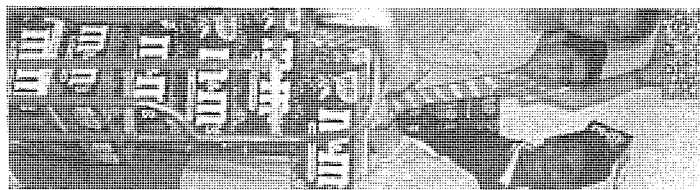
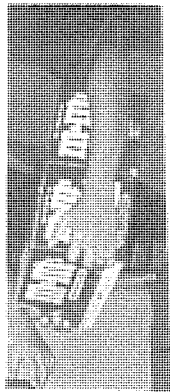
They hung him by his tiny beak over the side of the cliff. The Pelican hung there all morning and when he was finally released the mother eagle put as many more stones into his mouth as she could and he went rocketing down to the ground under the weight of all those stones.

When he woke up, there was a large group of birds around him, and his beak had now stretched and was long and he had a large bilge in his chin because of all the stones he had been carrying. One bird said to him, "Why did you try to take the eagle's eggs when you knew that if they caught you, you would be severely punished?" But the Pelican was too ashamed to answer because he knew he had been tricked by the Dollygons. So he flew away.

Unfortunately the Dollygons tricked other Pelicans into stealing the eagle's eggs, and the same thing happened to these unfortunate birds, and that's how the Pelican got its large beak.

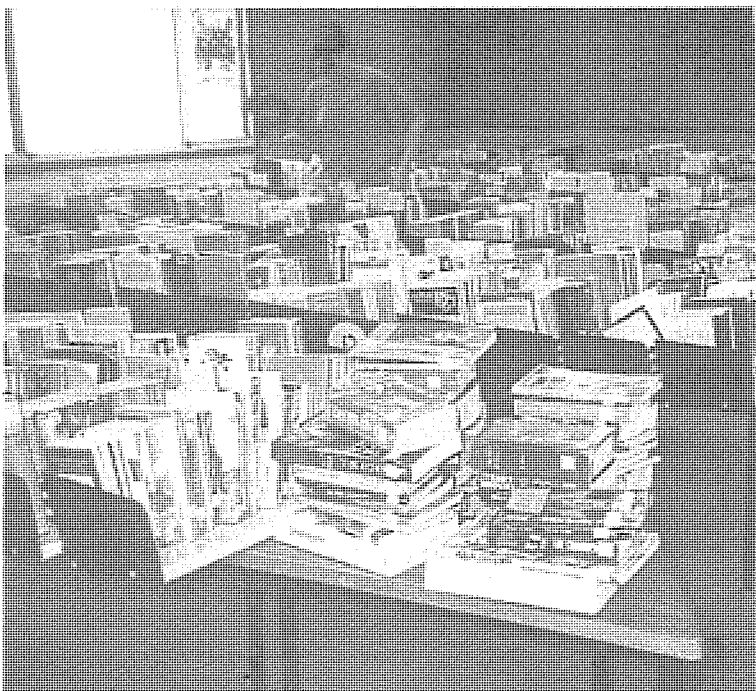
Katina Franzidis





LIBRARY.....

THE GREAT MOVE!



Don't Let the Grass Grow...

I think that I know when it all started now - that old 'wisdom', originating in Ireland they say, but I'm sure it wasn't their fault....

"Don't Let The Grass Grow Under Your Feet".... Well, if only those early pastoralists could see where that got us! The classroom walls rise up around me like hollow boulders weighing heavily on the earth. There's no grass beneath my plastic-soled shoes - only a grey, vinyl carpet, oozing out on the ceiling of the room below.

Lunchtime comes, hailed by a bell which screams its harsh vibrations across a bitumen -choked ground. I walk down cement stairs - adding the throbbing of my footsteps to the beat that wears away the core of what is beneath.

Step... Step... Thousands will step, grinding their meaning into the woeful face of our lifeline. We become her other heartbeat, getting louder, and drumming down the sound of the subtle nature-rhythm beneath.

Now I learn of History - Feudalism, Agriculture, Fences and Aaah ...the Industrial Revolution. How ferociously unkind was human kind as they repeatedly reaped/raped this earth, the home of their children's children.

Yet I think I know now, just why they did. How they could. For the human race, they realised, is mortal. Like the leaves on a tree we bud and grow and wither and fall. The people were scared to fall...

We must now wither! The town crier called and the people lent an ear. For this 'withering' is a mistake, a slip of the pen when Nature was writing. Come all ye and know that WE MUST NOT WITHER.....

And so the people gathered in a great meeting. What shall we do? We must not wither! Well, its Time - Time and Nature that make us wither. Then Quick - said the people - stop the clocks, stope Time for this is the key that we shall not wither. The clocks were stopped and the people were content. They continued on their merry way until the first wisp of grey appeared on the head of one woman. Aaaah! Cried the people. We will Wither, We will Wither! Quick - said the people - someone stop Nature.

And so it came to be that everyday an area of Rainforest the size of Victoria, is desecrated in favour of the buildings and concrete which cement the earth without so much as a pore for breathing through. The immense obstruction of growth is devastating and the grass has been cut so many times that it has been far removed from human consciousness. Or has it?

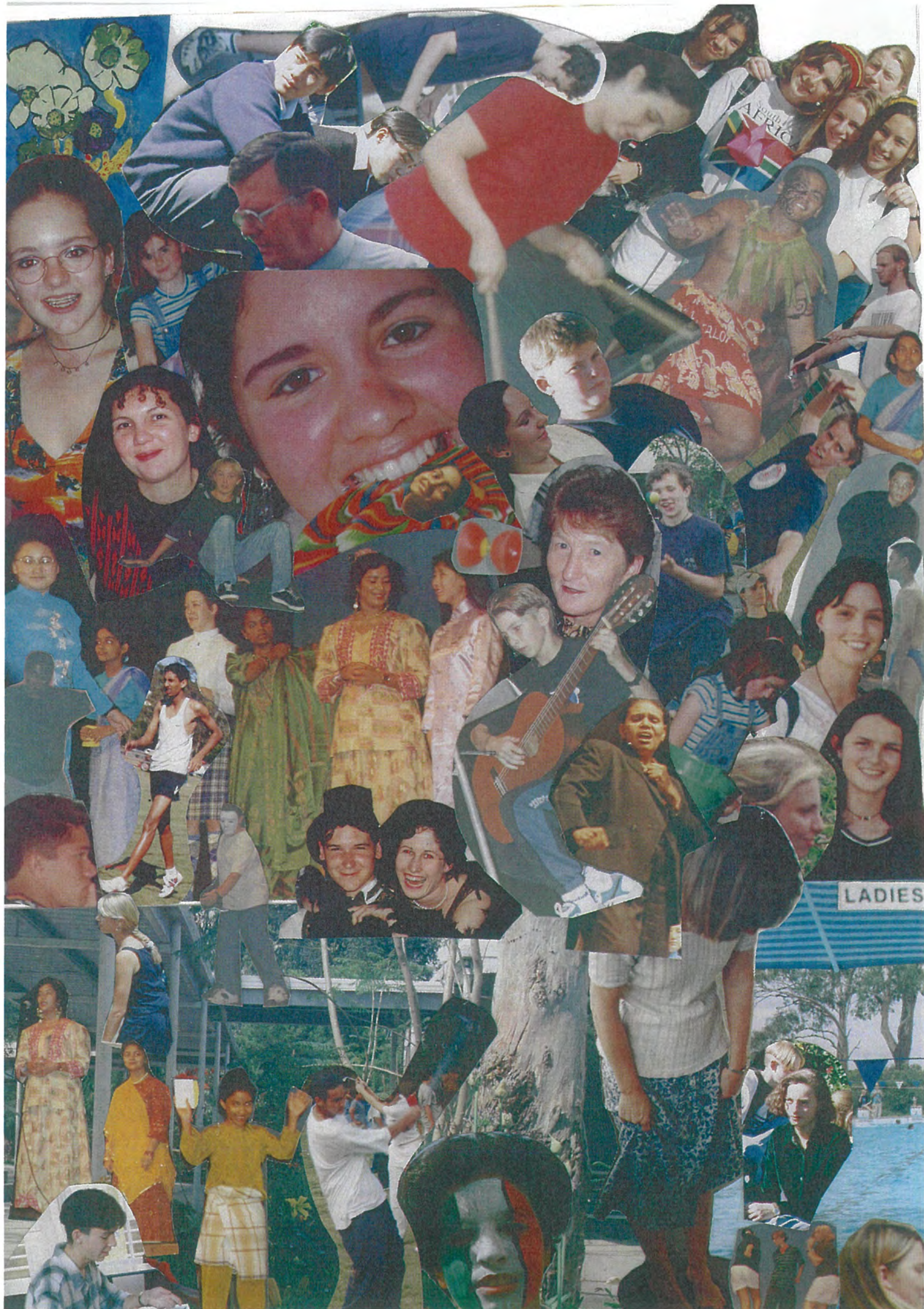
I dreamt that I walked and I saw that the walls were cracking. I passed a bird whose melodious song rang sweetly in the air, and so enthralled was I that I thought there was no other sound. I saw the vines that crept up the buildings, the office blocks and town houses, the garden walls and playground equipment. I saw roots, though dormant beneath the bitumen, gather strength unheeded. Their swelling arms of tissue embraced the struggling concrete with all-encumbering arms. They were pushing through the cracks in the great ugly blanket that weighs on the ground, as a statement of their power. Now there's room for grass to grow.

For we wither, we will wither... and we will fall and bud and grow. If we took the time to listen we'd understand...Nature's voice is louder.

Yollana Shore









MUSIC

1. Guitar lessons offered Term 1 to interested students - taught by Mr T. O'Brien.
Students learned Blues guitar techniques.

2. Commencement of stage band 1997

Performances

- *Zonta Fair
- *Brunswick Street Mall
- *2 Festival Music Comp.
- *Speech Night
- *U.N. Day Concert

3. Brass Ensemble offered Term 3 and 4 - conducted by Mr Craig Cunningham, a member of the Queensland Symphony Orchestra - an extension activity for talented Brass players.

4. Continuation of Concert Band 1997

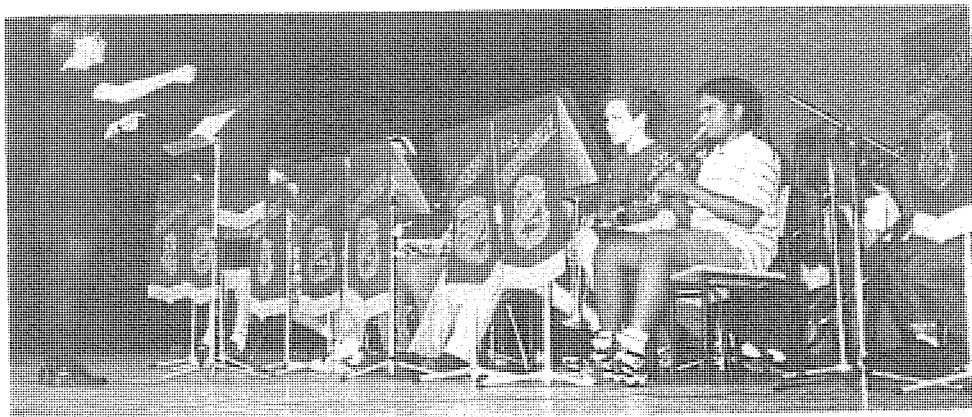
Performances

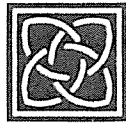
- *Tournament of Minds
- *Brunswick Street Mall
- *Speech night
- *2 Festival of Music Competition

5. Recording of C.D track.

Kathy Marshall - Vocals
Emily Mason - Bass
Dean Carson - Lead/rhythm
Kurt Yang - Drums
Don Ribu - Saxophone
Tharanga Basnayake - Keyboards

Students wrote/composed an original song and recorded this at Vander Sounds. Lots of hard work!!





As They Saw It

I was bored, just like I usually was at my grandparents farm. In desperation, I had resorted to poking around in the garage, although even this was starting to look grim. Then I spied an old looking box, shrouded in dust. I saw a glint of metal, so I decided to investigate. Rummaging through the box yielded some old books and a medal. As I took the medal, a shadow fell over me.

"Tom! What do you think you are doing in here?" remarked my granddad angrily.

Shoving the box back where it was, I looked up guiltily, "Nothing granddad."

"I saw you going through my things", observed granddad, "and I know you kids get bored easily, so how about a story..."

"On Sunday, the 17th September 1944, it was warm and sunny. One of the many people enjoying the fresh conditions was Hans Heinbaum, part of the 9th Panzer Division stationed in Arnhem, Holland. Hans was feeling especially good because he was 150km away from the front line, and about to go on leave for five weeks. As he strolled around the camp, he passed on officer.

'Heil Hitler!' he saluted.

'Heil Hitler,' replied the officer, "I hope you are all packed for tomorrow.'

'Yes sir,' responded Hans, 'all packed and ready to leave.'

'Good,' answered the officer.

"Suddenly, the air raid siren wailed, and the faint drone of planes could be heard. Hans has started over to a bomb shelter, when the planes came into sight. There was an awful lot of them, many more than usual. As they flew over the camp they

started dropping what? Hans had no idea. They looked like snowflakes, there were so many of them. As Hans stood there watching dumbly, he heard a shout, 'Paratroopers! Invasion! Everybody get armed!'

"Hans hurried over to his tent shaking his head in disbelief. How could this happen to him now? After three months of fierce fighting in Russia, how could he fight again? Cursing all English, he geared up and rushed outside."

"Outside, the camp was a mass of confused soldiers scrambling about and shouting things like, 'There are thousands of them!'" and 'They have us surrounded!'" As Hans searched for an officer, he heard the crackle of gunfire in the distance."

"On finding his sergeant, Hans was quickly organised into the battle plans, and the rumours of thousands upon thousands were quickly dispelled. The combat continued throughout the night, but as the Germans grouped together the fight began to go their way. The British and Americans had succeeded in capturing some bridges, but the fighting was extremely intense."

"The next day Hans experienced some of the toughest fighting he had ever encountered. The popping of gunfire was occasionally eclipsed by the booming of artillery, as the British and Americans had even moved in tanks! Hans went on patrol twice that day, and on the second trip his platoon was fired upon. All Hans' friends who were also due for leave perished in the skirmish. Only he and one other returned to base camp. In the afternoon, another wave of Allied troops dropped into the area and the outlook for the 9th Panzer Division looked increasingly grim. Their only hope was that the 10th Panzer Division, being refuelled and refitted nearby, would arrive in time to save them."

"That night Hans was went out on patrol again, and this time he was shot. His frantic companions carried him back to base camp where he was treated. Fortunately it was a flesh wound, but Hans has lost all hope. Couldn't the Führrer see that it was all useless? Hans was not stupid, he could see that the war was being lost. He and his friends were looking forward to their leave so that they would not be captured by the Allied soldiers and become prisoners of war. That hope was now dashed; Hans' friends would never see the end of the war."

"The Germans managed to hold out through the night, and just when all looked lost, the rumble of tanks was heard. The 10th Panzer had broken through! Although the Allies fought with courage, they did not stand a chance. The remnants of the Allied forces were destroyed after three weeks, and Hans was sent off to his long awaited leave fully recovered

physically, but still bearing the memories of his friends who died, just a day before their leave, for a corrupt cause. He would never forget them."

"Well, its time for lunch now Tom," observed granddad.

The story of Hans had me so enthralled that I had lost track of time. As I looked up, I saw granddad shed a tear. After lunch, we said goodbye to granddad and grandma and left for home. On the way, I realized I had the medal in my pocket. I must have unconsciously slipped it in there during granddad's story. I took it out to have a look at it.

It read Presented to Hans Heinbaum for Bravery.

Matthew Maywald





Prisoners

*The bell rings - start of work,
Forced to work hard
We are slaves, we are prisoners.
A place with rules,
Masters to obey, forcing information
Into your brain.
Years later,
We are released,
But we didn't leave empty handed.*

Dina

Space

*I gazed at the starry sky
And wondered about space.
I gazed at the cloudy sky
And wondered about earth.
I gazed at the sunny sky
And realised how small we are
Floating in this empty space.*

Sharmin Choudhury



Gillian Naylor





The Parrot and the Pelican

On a lush Island where the forest meets the sea, there lived two selfish birds- the parrot and the pelican. At this stage of evolution both the parrot and the pelican had very ordinary beaks. The parrot lived in the tropical jungle, eating seeds and the pelican flew over the large ocean in search of fish.

One day, the parrot met the pelican at the edge of the forest. The pelican snubbed the parrot, and told him he was ridiculous to live in the dark forest. The parrot laughed, and said, "Meet me in the forest and I will show you why I live in the forest." The pelican nodded and turned his back, laughing silently to himself and thinking nothing could be better than fresh seafood.

That night the parrot and the pelican again met at the edge of the green forest. The pelican dressed in his best dinner suit, had brought a fresh serving of octopus and oysters. The parrot brought along a little bag of seeds. The pelican looked at the seeds and turned away, disgusted. The parrot did not like the look of the fish either and guaranteed that the seeds were nice.

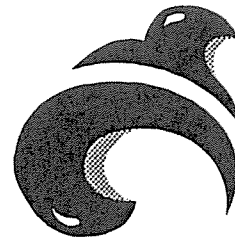
The parrot had worked hard collecting and cracking open the exotic seeds. He told the pelican that he was very selfish not to try the delicious seeds. The pelican angrily replied, "I have tried just as hard to bring this octopus and oysters for you tonight." The parrot said, "Who cares? It's not hard to catch fish. I could do it any day. I bet you can't crack open seeds."

They fought on about this for quite a while until finally they decided to dare each other to swap foods for a whole week. The parrot would fly over the large ocean and live on fish. And the pelican would live in the dark forest, finding and cracking open seeds.

By the end of the week, both the parrot and the pelican were not proud and were feeling very ill. Parrot had not found fishing very easy at all. Unlike seeds, everytime he saw a fish, it would move- his food would

never stay still. Pelican could not crack open one seed. They were both starving. In desperation, pelican swallowed a large coconut. It got stuck in his throat. Pelican swallowed and his throat stretched, and stretched, and stretched. Parrot tried to eat a pippy, but the shell got stuck in his beak. So from then on, parrot would always have a hooked beak, and pelican would always have a large throat.

Kate Story



A Rotten Egg

*The egg sits with all the other eggs.
At first glance the egg appears normal,
just like every other egg.*

*But deep inside all is not well.
It's only until the outer shell is shattered
that the inner part of the egg is revealed,
for all to see.*

*But at this point, it's too late,
Nothing more can be done.*

Christian Stirling

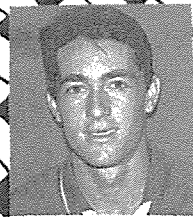


Seniors





Regina Lo



Nathan Dixon



Neil Yu



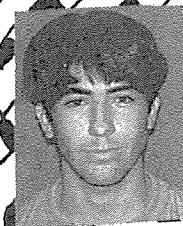
Nicole Kamp



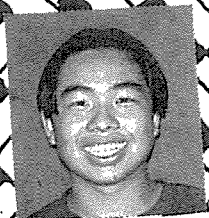
Lito Cabili



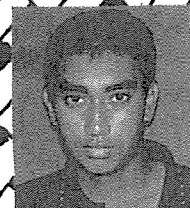
Laurie Brooks



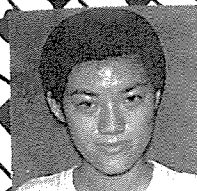
Julian Killen



Joseph Le Nguyen



Ishqi Shuaib



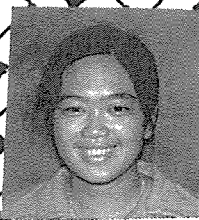
Marina Chu



Kevin Chiu



Sam Rounsevell



Andrew Lin



Julia Lethbridge



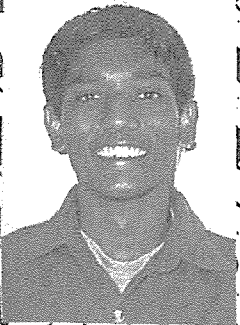
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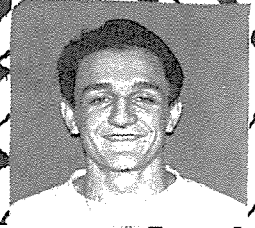
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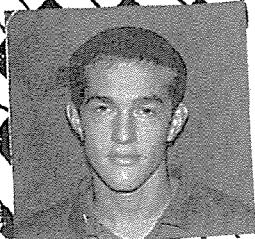
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Don Prasad



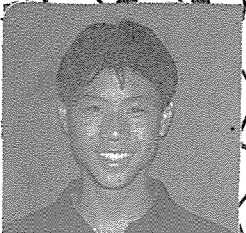
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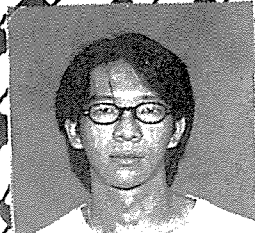
Charlie Allom



Liberty Meltzer



Minh Nguyen



Stanford Chan



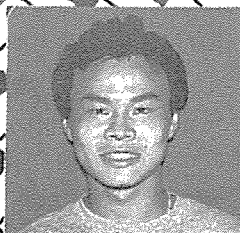
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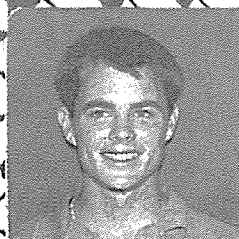
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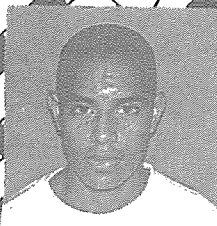
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Phoenix Liu



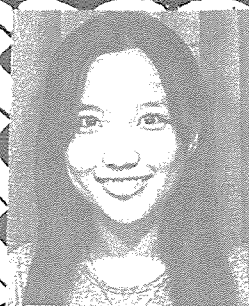
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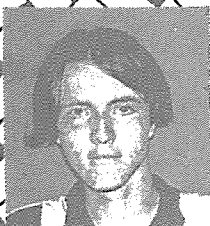
George Ali



Janette Bui



Tram Vo



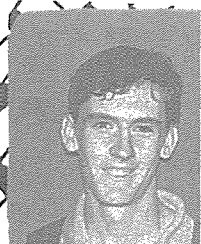
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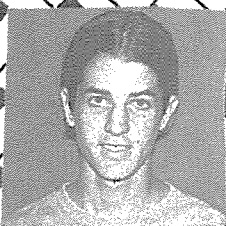
Nanne Mitchels



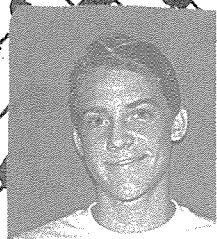
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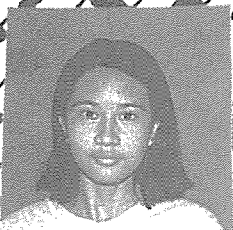
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Luke Jordan



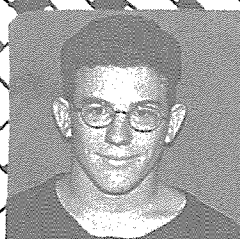
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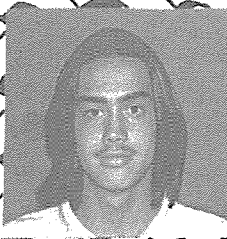
Laura Pandeiro



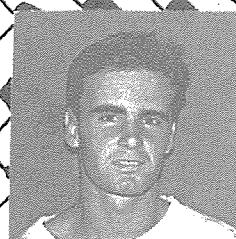
Samantha Grounsel



Steven Maelich



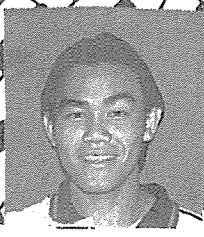
James Chan



Martin Cmunt



Donna Sanidad



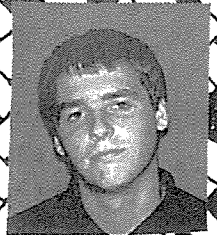
Khuong Nguyen



Langdon Green



Alana Smith



Christopher Steinbach



Catherine Chardon



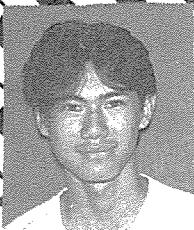
Alexander Soo



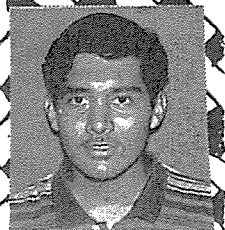
Meghann Morris



Peter Johnson



Vang Nguyen



Myilone Anandarajah



Jonathan Samiec



Sharyn Herzig



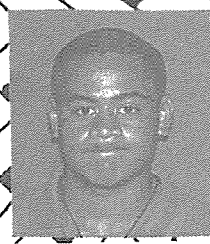
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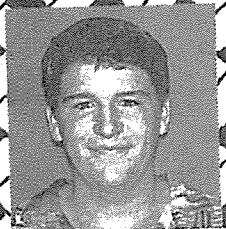
Ting-Kuei Chang



Anna Chang



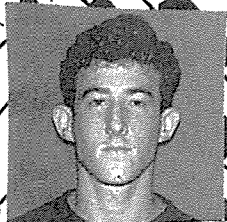
Aperaamo Tauialo



Robert McVey



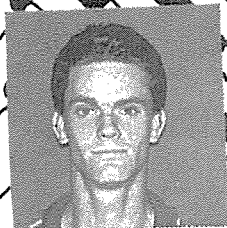
Mika Ikeuchi



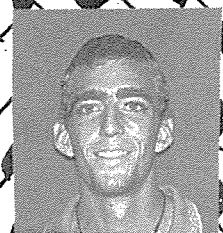
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Krissy Wallace



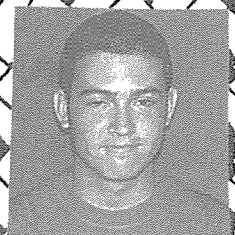
Arron Dennis



Scott Evans



Fleur Gamble



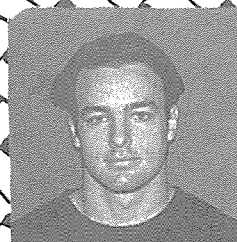
Christopher West



Luke Gilbert



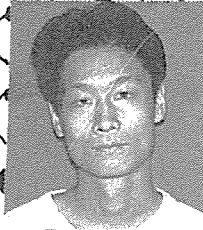
Jody Shipway



Jonathan Davies



Danie Smallwood



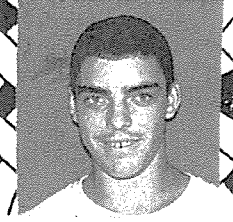
John Jung



Susan Pearce



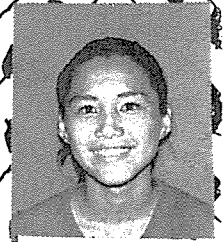
Jemima Sambono



Tandon Srevenson



Jo-Anne Davis



Cyen Tran



Eric Hii



Carl Semmelink



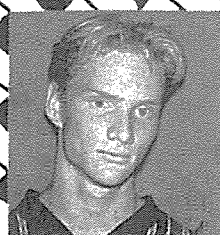
John Yip



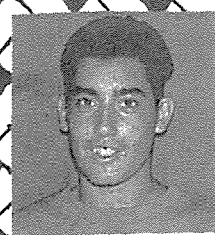
Suresku Subramaniam



Amy Wilkinson



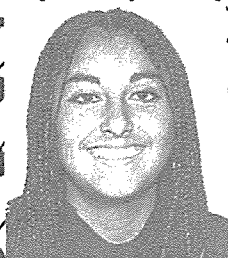
Trent Beckenham



Joel Di Ianni



Lindsay Hogan



Fabiola Lizana



Vu-Huynh Hoang



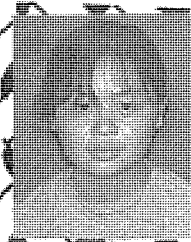
Julian Butler



Ineke Kertawijaya



Nathan Synnott



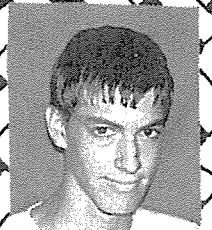
Michelle Haung



Dushyantha Liyanage



Jason Thong



Peter Holloway



Linda Mawby



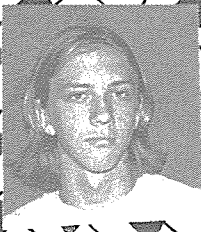
Casey Benns



Lindsay Crawford



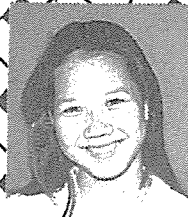
Hai Ho



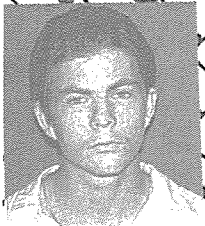
Andrew Mutton



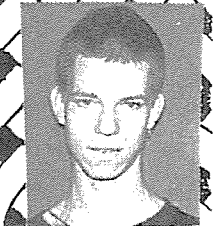
Beverly Galgo



Thu Dinh



Colin Bultitude



Manuel Unger



Roger Takaya



Nicole Ruiz



Marta Mrozkiewicz



Quy Pham



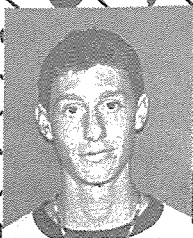
Steven Curtain



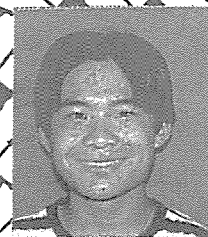
Janani Mahalinga-Iyer



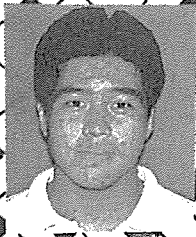
Morgan McKennarley



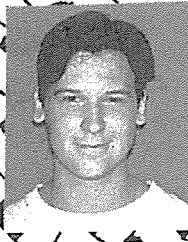
Stefan Majewski



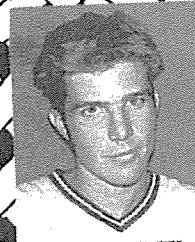
Luke Yen



Lance Wee



Matthew Maywald



Veen Lyall-Wilson



Brett Callinan



Benjamin Gladwin



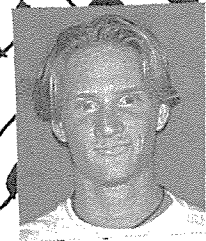
Megan Parkin



Alison Chew



Helena Ziehmer



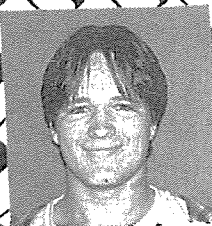
Dion Beckenham



Huda Tarish



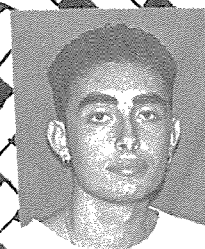
Liesje Hamlyn



Wayne Smith



Lars Ginader



Angel Aguirre



Romy Stevens



Cindy Wong



Van Lam



Cuc Pham



Jolene Bui



Melinda Ahsam



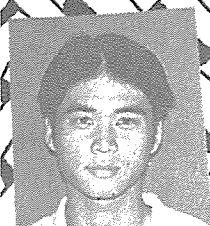
Sandra Saeidi



Gavin Monoharan



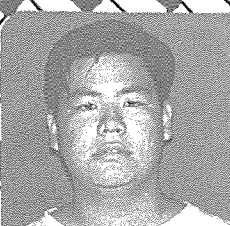
Melissa Dancey



Jason Lan



Jaishree Traikamji



Yung-Jin Rho



David Carlin



Tabitha Humphries



Damian Hill



Jade Robinson



Richard Liu



Owen Ribu



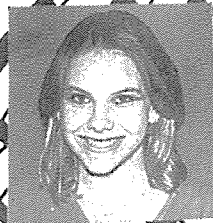
Natalie Cameron



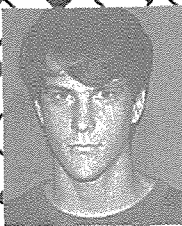
Toan Dao



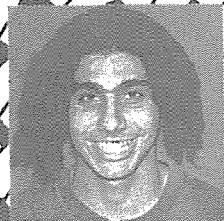
Ian Grice



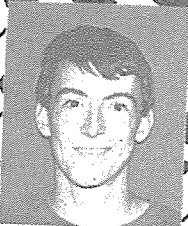
Karmen Coker



Matthew Gooch



Matthew Bell



Andrew Kennedy



Amy Robbins



Carl De Castro



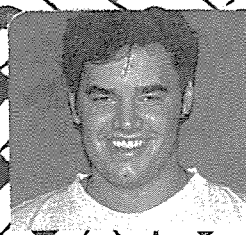
Nasim Asadi-Khomami



David Geard



Romany Sloan



Marc Doedens

Jared Stonier

Matthew Jacobi

Tu-Uy Nguyen

Michelle Lin

Ben Carter

Zak Lindsay

Daniel Wang

Arron Dang

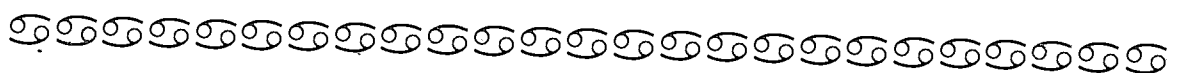
Rie Nagaya

Harriet Shawcross



CROSS COUNTRY

'97

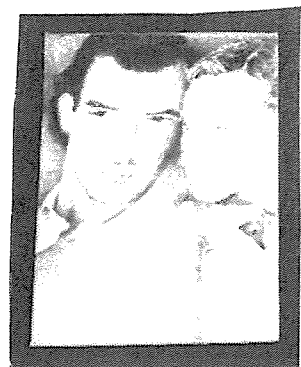


Our Journey Is Over

*I felt the soft rays of the morning sun,
And I remembered how the stars those nights had shone.
I gently opened my tired little eyes,
Without you near me my heart cries.*

*I thought of all the lovely days,
How happiness filled this place.
It is very hard to forget it all,
I know I will always recall.*

*My tears found their way down my cheeks,
Just like the waters in the lonely creeks.
Memories and regrets covered my head,
Knowing that our true love is dead.*



Athletics

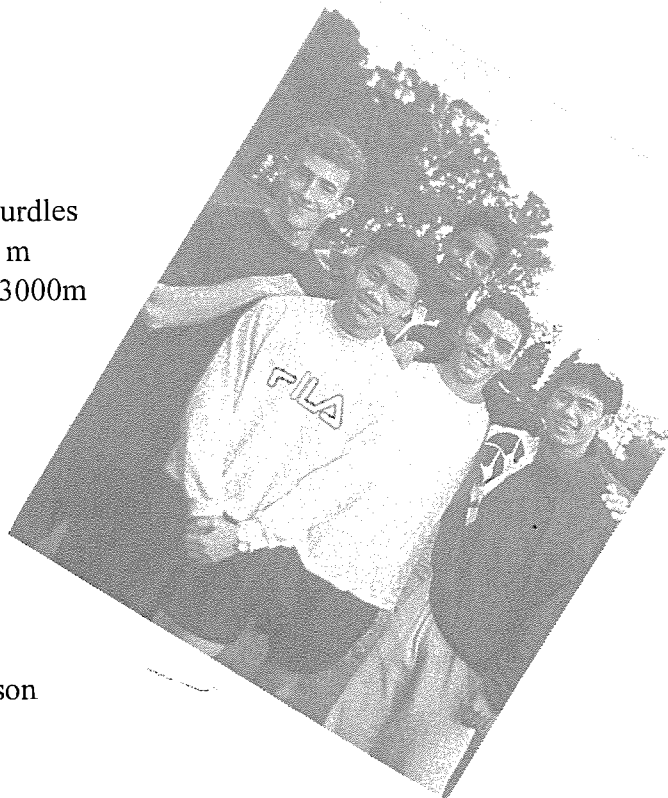
On Tuesday 7th, Wed 8th October, 15 students competed in the Met-West Regional Athletics Carnival at QEII.

Results:

Nicole Anderson- 2nd Long Jump
Melanie Armitage-Low- 2nd High Jump
Kurt Willett- 3rd 300m Hurdles, 4th 100mHurdles
Martin Cmunt- 3rd 400m Hurdles, 5th 5000 m
Sophie Gorbacz- 3rd 800m, 4th 1500m, 4th 3000m
Gavin Manoharan- 4th triple Jump
Crystal Samuels- 4th Shot put
Nathan Dixon- 5th 400m
Kristie Allan- 6th Discus

The following students made the finals:

Vang Nguyen	Reuben Moss
Kelly Olsen	Kurt Nelson
Natalie Cameron	Nicole Anderson
Sam Gaffney	Kurt Willett



Martin, Sophie and Gavin have been selected to compete at the **STATE TRACK and FIELD Championships** from Oct 23- 25th. We congratulate them and wish them well.

On Sunday 12th October our Open Boys relay team came 5th in the **All Schools Relay Championship**. They ran a time of 45.17 (electronic time). In 1981, a school record of 45.09 was set using hand held timing. So this marks the beginning of a record for new electronic timings 16 years later. The teamsmanship and commitment were a credit to **Vang, Gavin, Dan, Tandon, and Chris**.

Mrs B. Lucas





15 and Under Soccer

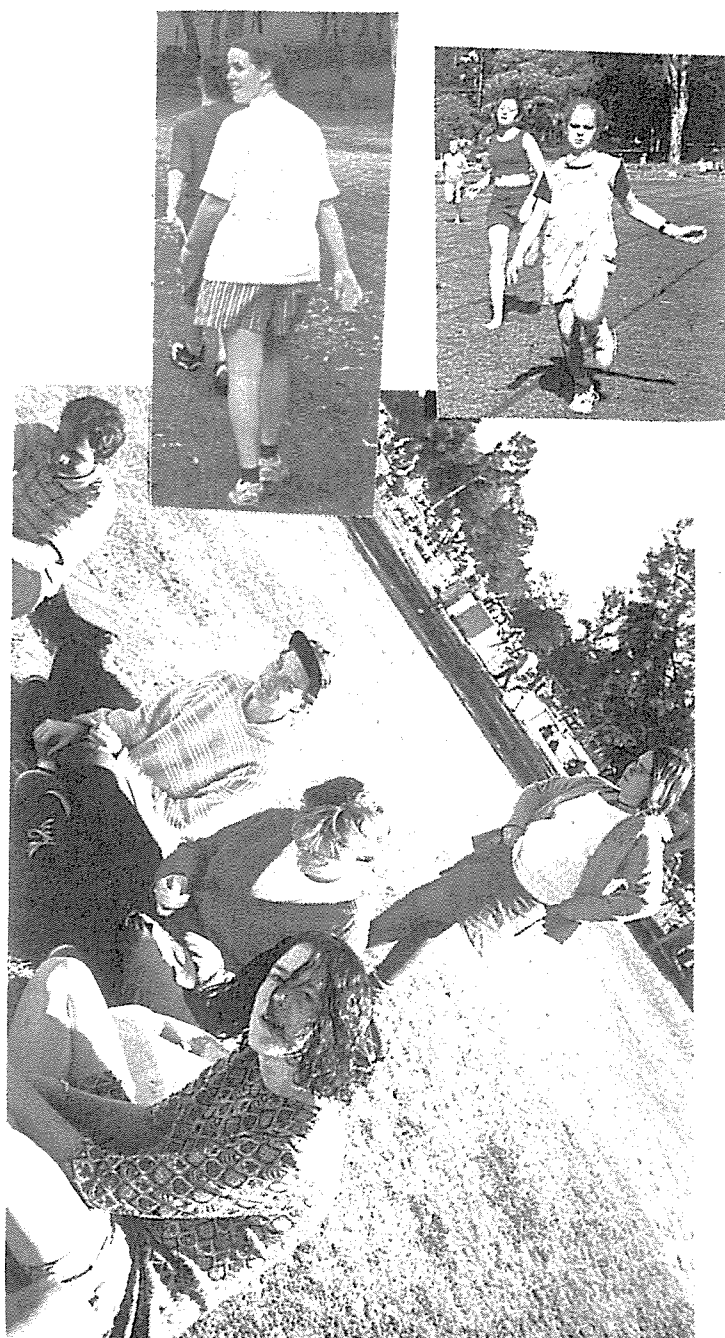
The boys 15 and under Soccer Team included- Kurt. W (Captain); Ian (Vice), Luke D; Raz; Jay; Kurt. N; Luke H; George; Steven; James; Jordan; Tim; Jarod; Eshon; and Nathan (the Goalie).

We only lost 3 games this season (what an improvement from last year!). One of our highlights was when we beat Corinda 1-0 with George slamming the ball just below the crossbar (What an amazing goal!).

Thanks must go to our "Coach" Natalie who put in a valiant effort despite being yelled at a lot of the time. Well Done! Mr Wiltshire also deserves a vote of thanks for taking over Natalie's position when she had to leave due to "study commitments".

Thanks to everyone in the team for a great season, and I hope to see you next year in the Open Boy's Soccer Team.

Kurt Willett



Tennis

The Open boys Team **David Geard** (Captain), **Tandon Moss**, **Shaun Loh**, **Sam Gaffney**, **Reubin Moss** (Reserve) played MacGregor at Milton Hardcourts on Wednesday 17 September in the final of the South East Queensland Competition

Results: **Win!!! 32-19**

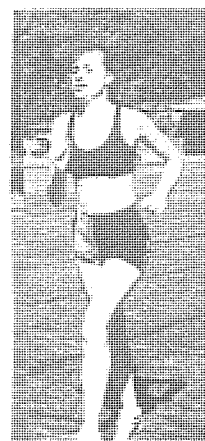
This is the fifth time Indooroopilly High have won in 44 years - more than any other school.

The 15 Years Team **Bryan Crowl** (Captain), **Anish Varsani**, **Jacob Jordan**, **Nick Gladwin**, **Simon Crowl** (Reserve) played Pine Rivers in the Semi-Finals on 10 September. The boys were defeated however **Bryan Crowl** won his singles and **Anish Varsani** and **Jacob Jordan** won their doubles 6-2.

Thank you gentlemen for a wonderful season of commitment and teammanship.



Mrs B. Lucas



Girls' Tennis

Our interschool Girls' Tennis A team has had another successful year. The winter team was runner up for the Metropolitan quarter finals, winning 7 out of 8 games. Though we were narrowly defeated by Corinda, it has been a great year.

The winter team comprised of: **Lauren Richardson, Jocelyn Wilson, Nilushka Pulle, Janette Bui, Isis Feehely and Luximi Gnananathan.**

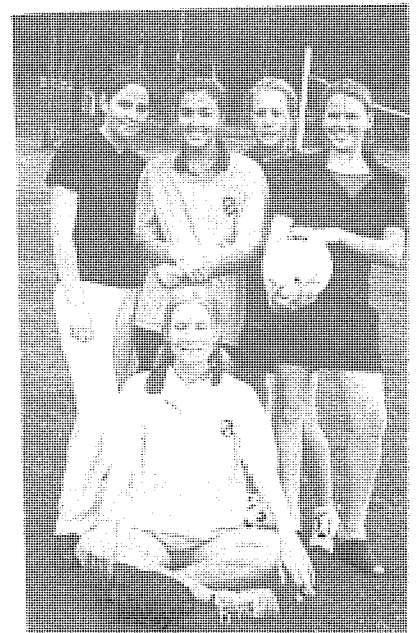
We were also fortunate to compete in the Queensland Secondary Tennis team competition. This team consisted of **Heidi Bolster, Janette Bui, Nilushka Pulle, Nichole Graham** and **Fiona Chen** as reserve. Unfortunately we were defeated by Laidley State High School, but gained a great deal of confidence and experience.

The U15 girls team of **Heidi Bolster, Fiona Chen, Nichole Graham, Renee Peters and Najju Ranjit** emerged as the Metropolitan West champions. Unfortunately we were defeated in the quarter finals by Corpus Christie College but we will be back again next year with fighting spirits.

Special thanks go to **Ms Jeanette Lamont** who consistently kept us motivated and on our toes. Her support was greatly appreciated.



Janette Bui and Nicole Graham



Farmer's Pain

*The drought was long and hard
without break for years on end,
cattle starving, bony, without lard,
and farmer's livelihood condemned.
Then suddenly came the rain,
it came swiftly and without name,
to wash away the farmer's pain.*

David Cooke

The White Tiger

*Ice blue eyes
Snow white coat
Dark black lines
The white tiger
With its mystic glow.
It walked on the snowy path
Leaving its heavy tracks
Heading towards a snowy grave
Death comes to it
As a hunter's bullet.*

Sharmin Choudhury



Sophie Sambono

some '97 staff



PRINCIPAL: Mr. R. Bailey

Row 4 L-R: Rob Wilshire, Peter Day, John Magee, Paul Bergin, Peter Buttery, Chris Pingel, Anne Clarke, Peter Rolandsen, Warren Janetzki, Ken Austin.

Row 3 L-R: Zane Zaghlami, Baldev Joshi, Wendy Cook, Fred Lee, Robyn Besley, Melinda Wallace, Jeanette Lamont, Aileen Lockhart, Rhonda Fanning.

Row 2 L-R: Milena Stephens, Shan Mager, Bettina Hammant, Gwenda Durrington, Mirva Harrison, Judy Aylward, Fiona Laing, Bronwyn Lucas, Meryl McCulloch, Sue Goode, Wendy Stewart, Angela Back, Linda Austin.

Row 1 L-R: Dora Aiken, Kim Milford, Margaret Braithwaite, Raelene McFadyen, Julie Jeffries, Rod Bailey, Lorna Whelan, Cheryl Stokes, Kirsty McIntyre, Kath North, Deirdre Hall.

