



BOGONG 1980

The Magazine of Tumut High School



DIRECTORY

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

Deputy Principal: Mr. J. Henry, A.S.T.C.

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

Mathematics Department: Master, Mr. T. Keith, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. K. Fitzgerald, B.A.; Mrs. C. Comerill, Dip. Teach.; Mrs. J. O'Brien, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. P. O'Brien, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. P. Ayliffe, Miss P. Connelly, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Science Department: Master, Mr. J. Callister, B.A.; Mr. R. Hall, D.Dc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. Ross, Dip. Applied Sc., Ag. Dip.Ed.; Mr. G. Spence, W.D.A. Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. Brown, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., replaced by Ms. R. Stewart, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. Frost, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., replaced by Mr. S. Huff; Mr. K. Freeman, B.E.Sc.; Mr. K. Swann, B.A.; Relieving Special Master, Ms. T. Cruise, Lab. Assistant.

Social Science Department: Master, Mr. M. Norman, B.A., A.A.S.A.; Mr. R. Ayliffe, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. N. Schneider, B.Ec., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. Bankmore, Dip. Teach.; Mr. T. Kennedy, B.Ed.; Mr. T. McCullagh, B.Ec., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. S. Kenny; Mrs. J. Bawden, B.A., Grad. Dip.Ed.

Modern Language Department: Ms. C. Wilson, B.A., Dip.Ed., replaced term III by Mr. D. Brown, B.A., Dip.Ed.

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

Home Science and Needlework: Mistress, Mrs. S. Ayliffe, Dip. Dom.Sc.; Mrs. M. Davies; Mrs. W. Graham, Dip.Ed.; Ms. A. McKinnon, Dip. H.Ec.; Mrs. O'Donovan, Assistant.

Art Department: Mrs. S. McDonald, Dip. Art Ed.; Ms. L. Webster, Dip. Art.Ed.; Miss L. Spies, B.A., Dip.Ed., transferred to English Department.

Physical Education Department: Mr. G. Pike, Dip.P.E., M.O.A.; Mrs. D. Newman, B.S. (U.S.A.), New York Teach., N.S.W. Teach. B.Gr.

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

Special Ed: Ms. L. Hankinson, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Ms. J. Collyer, B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip. Special Ed.; Ms. L. Cockburn, B.Sc. Ed., Cert. Rem. Reading, Grad. Dip. Lib.Sc.

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

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

Sportsmistress: Mrs. D. Newman; Assistant, Mrs. J. O'Brien.

Girls Supervisor: Mrs. S. McDonald.

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

Library Clerical Assistant: Mrs. B. Coleman, Mrs. J. Watson.

District School Counsellor: Mr. W. Haid, B.A., Dip. Ed. Stud.

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

Teacher Aides: Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Swann.

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

Farm Assistant: Mr. M. Gaudzinski.



School Captains: Sharon Topham, Chris Doon.

Vice-Captains: Julie Arragon, David Gatenby.

School Councillors: Geoffrey Sturt, Judy Butler.

Casual Teachers, 1980: Mrs. Barbara Archer, Mr. Murray Ford, Mr. James Hayes, Mrs. Jan Henry, Mrs. Norma Herring, Mrs. Robyn Pearce, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, Mrs. Robyn Writer.



Mr. F. D. Purcell, Principal

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

One of today's favourite themes is "Personal Liberty" with its attendant overtones of victimisation, discrimination and repression. No one believes in freedom more than I, but, I wonder, do the most ardent advocates of this personal liberty admit that they want no responsibility for their actions? They want licence, not liberty!

Each of us is under some form of discipline — or we should be — be they imposed by society, by religious beliefs, by our own self discipline. It is well that this is the case because an orderly society cannot exist without rules.

Everyone of us should become far more aware of the needs of others, of the value of co-operation and of the dignity of every other human being. Given the incentive, people will work together most effectively. A recent example at this School was the marvellous work done to produce and stage "Dracula". Isn't it sad that such co-operation occurs so infrequently in the School and the community?

You and I are the ones who can change that. Let's do so now.

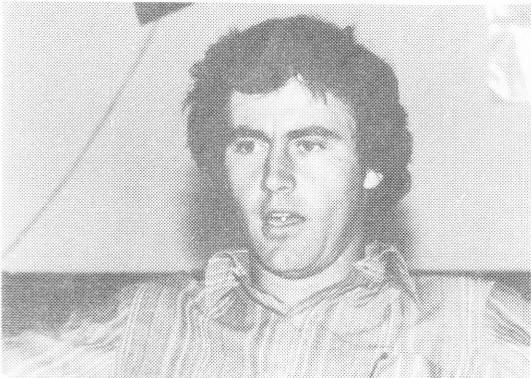
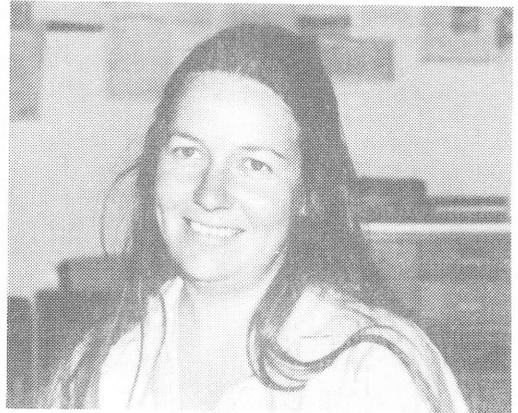
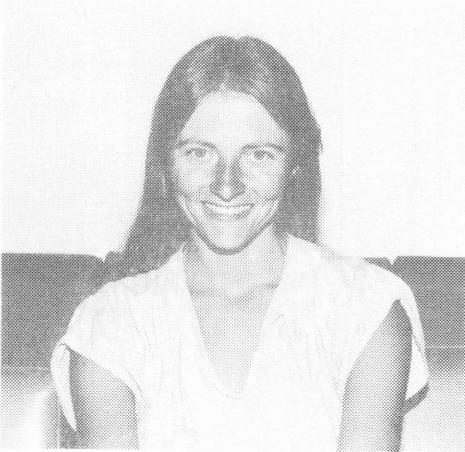
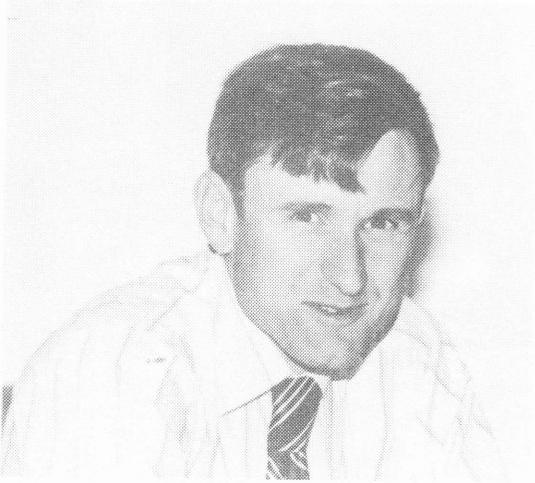


Mr. J. Henry, Deputy Principal

THEM'S WOT RUN THA SKOOL



MATHS STAFF 1980



"WHAT DID YOU SAY YOU'RE DOING NOW?"

(Year 12, 1979)

Kerry Arragon: Secretarial Course, Tumut T.A.F.E.
Malinda Beattie: Tumut Co-op
Marie Butler: Nursing, St. Vincent's, Sydney
Helen Edwards: Nursing, St. Vincent's, Sydney
Cathie Burn: Banking, A.C.T.
Anne McGrath: Banking, A.C.T.
Julie Hindmarsh: Guild Teachers' College, Sydney
Julie McAlister: Tumut & Adelong Times Office
Monica Nugent: Head Office Coles, Sydney
Pam Kell: Nursing, Westmead, Sydney
Christine Osarek: Nursing, Westmead, Sydney
Louise Rivers: Tumut & Adelong Times Office
Louise Evershed: RCAE, Wagga
Alaine Sparks: Tumut & Adelong Times Office
Leonie Kell: Bacon's Pharmacy, Tumut
Andrea Clear: Catholic Teachers College, A.C.T.
Wendi McGrath: Secretary, Bowling Club, Tumut
Jacqui Doon: Trainee Dental Therapist, Shellharbour
Karin Quinnell: Sheridan Inn, Tumut
Robert Stubbs: Water Resources Commission, Tumut.
Stephen Haberly: Clerk, Telecom Australia, Sydney
Anthony Ross: A.P.M. Mill
Ross Butler: Banking, Parkes
Michael Collie: Banking
Michael Coleman: Brickies' labourer & studying Realty, Sydney.
Russell Cole: Mining, W.A.
Scott Groves: Groves Transport
James Bridle: Agricultural College, Canberra
Mark Harris: Lab. Technician, Glamopyne
Victor Goustavsky: Science degree, Sydney
Kevin Malone: Engineering, Sydney University
Kevin Smith: Clerk, Valuer General's Dept., Canberra
Terry Ahern: Electrical engineering, S.M.A., Jindabyne
Greg Sturt: Trainee Executive Co-op, Tumut

CLASSIFIED ADDS

FOR SALE

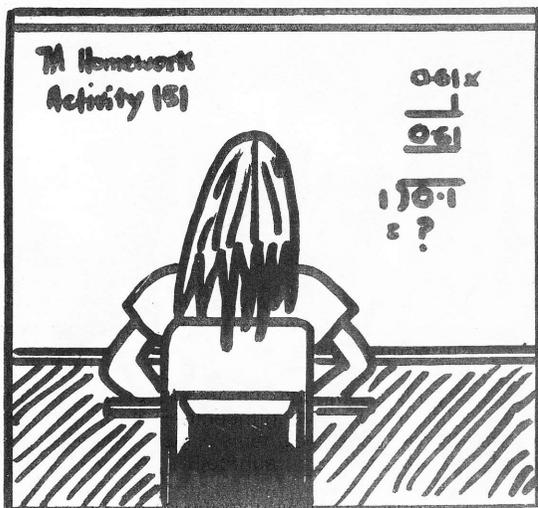
One extra large leggo kit for sale. Apply Head Master's office.

Apply at any staffroom in school for male or female brains. Hardly used. (Small sizes only).

For sale: New and used mirrors. See James Roddy for details.



Dandruff!?!



FANG-A-DU DANCE-A-THON!

The fund-raising activity for this year's production, "Dracula Spectacula", was a dance-a-thon, whereby students were sponsored to dance for six hours.

The students showed not only their dancing ability but they also displayed their dress sense!

Prizes were given to best fancy dress and various other novelty themes.

Overall, the day was not wasted but enjoyed by all and a benefit to the casts of the production. The sponsorship money raised was outstanding and a special credit goes to Deidre Eding for raising over \$60.

Thanks also are extended to the D.J., Peter Dean; and to the organising committee, Jo Burn, Juanita Trent, Belinda Carpenter, Allan Webb, Alison Cameron, Julie Hartshorn and Ms. Davidson.

YEAR 10, 1980



EXPERIENCED MOB, 10C

Back row (l. to r.): L. O'Donovan, W. Cupitt, T. Ellison, C. Back, R. Goldspink, A. Steiner, Y. Grady, K. Simonds, L. Clarke.

Centre row (l. to r.): M. Hoad, B. Whiting, G. Salan, R. Carr, G. Lowther, B. Murphy, R. Harris, T. Harris.

Front row (l. to r.): K. Harris, D. Knox, J. Bettini, P. Wilkinson, G. Buckmaster, T. Sturt, A. Luke, G. Biggs.

YMCA, 10P

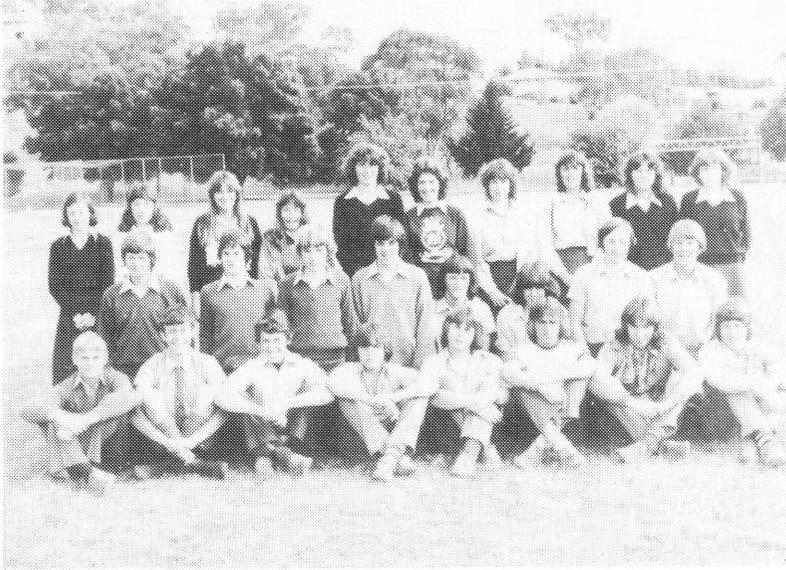
Back row (l. to r.): D. McGrath, K. Cassidy, V. Cribb, J. Douglas, M. Jamieson, L. Smart.

Centre row (l. to r.): I. Crealy, A. Kell, D. Barton, S. Rodham, R. Breed, P. Brookes.

Front row (l. to r.): T. Beattie, B. Oddy, D. Springal, M. Taylor, D. Ballard, R. Lucas.



YEAR 10, 1980



SOPHISTICATED, 10A

Back row (l. to r.): K. Annetts, T. Buckley, K. Dodd, J. Vickery, C. Malone, R. Stockwell, L. Conway, D. Dodd, L. Robinson, J. Wilde.
Centre row (l. to r.): S. Dunn, P. Haberley, S. Crain, G. Roberts, G. Yan, M. Webster, N. Carroll, M. Osarek.
Front row (l. to r.): M. Gogala, T. Gallard, R. Lowther, S. McAlister, J. Turnbull, S. Sparks, M. Fields, R. Clark.

DRAMMATIC, 10 +

Back row (l. to r.): S. Owen, S. Vickery, M. Goode, J. Tod, M. Bowdler, Ms. Davidson, C. Spannagle, J. Henrick, S. Cameron, M. Myers.
Centre row (l. to r.): M. Annetts, M. Kelly, V. Pianelli, C. Roberts, S. O'Brien, M. Anderson, A. Pheasant, L. Whiting, L. Candotti.
Front row (l. to r.): D. Collison, T. Ostagjic, R. Annetts, R. Ballard, B. Penrith.





Norman



Rankmore

SOCIAL SCIENCE



Bawden

I THINK I'M ONTO
SOMETHING HERE



Twigg



Schneider



Kennedy

STAFF



Kenny

Dulloch

P. & C. ASSOCIATION, 1980

The Tumut High School P. & C. Association is one of close on two thousand such affiliated groups throughout N.S.W.

One of the objects of the Association is to promote the interest of the School by bringing parents, pupils and teaching staff into close co-operation.

This co-operation is vital if we are to exercise a vital and effective role in the school and the community at large.

In consultation with the Principal and staff the Association should consider the following:-

(i) The education philosophy and practiced school policy; (ii) the school curriculum; (iii) the responsibility of the home in relation to the work of the school and new trends in Australian and overseas education.

Many changes are being suggested and implemented in the area of education, and as parents we need to arise out of the condition of seeming apathy and ensure we promote vigorously only that which encourage ideals and values which will be for the benefit of all concerned.

On the practical side an amount of \$4,000 was again voted towards the purchase of necessary equipment not normally made available through the Department of Education.

A further \$2,000 has also been approved towards the cost of installation of a sophisticated audio-visual system.

Assistance to the extent of \$500 was provided towards the purchase of a grand piano for the multi-purpose hall.

Most of the funds are provided through profits emanating from the canteen operation.

The annual Continental fete held early in the year, while registering a pleasing financial return, was unsatisfactory in many other respects. A hard working committee is planning a programme to ensure the 1981 effort to be held on March 27 will be a resounding success. Your co-operation and support is essential because education is simply not free and it is necessary for us to assist in supplementing the areas of deficiency.

A vital interest has been taken in the area of adequate staffing and the new building extensions now nearing completion.

During the year staff members have talked to the Association about various curriculum areas and these have proved very helpful to parents.

The Association meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month provide an excellent opportunity for you to contribute and be concerned for real growth and development in the education of your children. I trust we can count on your support in 1981.

N. Gallard
President



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHATISNAME?

- Mr. Johnson: Maths Master at Molong High.
Miss Morris & Mr. Barlow: married with a daughter, teaching at Canobolas High.
Ms. Russell: teaching in A.C.T.
Ms. Mork: teaching in Minnesota area, U.S.A.
Ms. Cuneen: teaching at Catholic School in Sydney.
Mr. Shoard: teaching, Cootamundra High
Mr. Tregeagle: Qantas Flight Steward.
Mr. Gilhome: teaching Maths & French, Sawtell High.
Ms. Ryan: teaching, Batlow Central; marrying, Xmas '80.
Ms. Jarman: teaching, Nowra High.
Ms. DeBreuys: teaching, A.C.T.
Mr. Powell: teaching, Goulburn High.
Mr. Garnett: Principal, Gundagai High.
Ms. Wilson: teaching in Nancy, France for a year.
Mr. Paull: geologist with M.I.M. (gold hunting).
Mr. Treloar: teaching, Nowra High.
Mr. D. Brown: goat farm, Batlow.
Mr. C. Brown: teaching in New Guinea 1980.
Mrs. Brennan: teaching, Condobolin High; has daughter, Shelley.
Ms. Watt: married; teaching in Sydney.
Ms. Tulk: working in England.
Ms. Strasser: married, teaching, Tumut High.
Ms. Mowbray: married, teaching at boys' school, Melbourne.
Mr. Cox: Science Master, Ballina High.
Ms. Lehtsalu: teaching, Gundagai High; married and baby due.
Mr. Gay: teaching, Narrandera High.
Ms. Morrison: Librarian, Junee High.
Mr. Appel: manager of hotel in U.S.A.
Mr. McLaughlin: teaching in Japan.
Mr. Giles: teaching Curry Curry High.
Mr. Padden: teaching, Condobolin High.
Mr. Hines: E.S.L. administrator, Wollongong.
Mr. McCollom: teaching, Lockhart Central.
Mr. Peter Ayliffe: teaching, Col River High.
Mr. Frost: Geologist with Esso.
Ms. Hall: married, teaching in Melbourne.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. COLIN BROWN [SCIENCE STAFF '79] WHO IS NOW TEACHING IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Life in Moresby has had its ups and downs. There was a lot of trouble with the "rascals" breaking into houses during the night and we came close to leaving; in fact, I'm still keeping my options open even though things have quietened down. I don't like living behind a security system — all the houses are wired to a central alarm. On the positive side, the school has good potential. I've just got the Science Master's job and \$20,000 to spend on equipment. The staff on the whole are excellent — we enjoy the international side of things. Moresby has a good theatre, some excellent beaches with great reefs for snorkling around.



KISS

The eighties rock-group, Kiss,
Some people say they're mean.
I think they're the best,
Ace, Eric, Paul and Gene.

The make-up is the highlight,
Of their great success.
The many coloured costumes,
guitars and all the rest.

I think they'll be around
For many years or more.
Just like the Beatles,
The fabulous four.

— LOUISE DOWELL, 7A



KISS — JOIN THE ARMY

The kiss army roam far and wide
to tell the world of their great pride.
White faces and masks of black,
A band like that is never slack.
Thousands and thousands come to see
the great stage of fantasy.
You'll never see their unmasked faces;
Paul, Gene, Eric and Ace's.

— VANESSA, 8B

RENOVATIONS, EXTENSIONS and NEW BUILDINGS

Administration Block:

Ground Floor extended to include 1 new Boys' Clinic, 1 new Girls' Clinic, 1 interview room, Deputy's office relocated, Principal's office as was, Clerical assistant's office relocated and extended, new duplicating room, large reception area, ancillary staff common room, covered walkway for students to A block.

A Block: Music room converted to Art room, A13 and A14 renovated with new operable wall — stage area — renovated to become OA/GA suite, A16 classroom converted to Music room, locker area downstairs converted to a bulk store, A3 converted to an Ag. Lab.

B Block: Canteen area doubled, Tech. drawing room to become part store and part coverway to new building, woodwork/metalwork room to be extensively remodelled and extra machinery supplied, major projects area, Foundry and Welding Bay to be built on northern side of the woodwork room.

C Block: Library to be converted to 2 classrooms and Audio-Visual area, staff common room to become a Resources Centre.

The new block upstairs will contain a Library, 3 seminar rooms, a small audio visual room, library office and workroom, a classroom and senior study and the Careers' Adviser's Office.

Downstairs: - 2 Science labs and a prep. room, staff study, interview room, tech. drawing room, materials testing lab., Industrial Arts staff room, bulk store, 2 classrooms with operable wall between.

The new block is connected both upstairs and downstairs to C Block. All the upstairs section to be carpeted — downstairs — 2 classrooms and staff study to be carpeted.

Total cost of the new building and renovations \$800,000.

Mortar and Bricks:

The improvements to the school are progressing. The constructions and renovations which will be finished next year, will provide better educational facilities for teachers and students.

Vandalism during Term III set back constructions by a day and a half and cost \$500. The amount is trifling, but the principle stands.

Amidst the new specialist rooms presently under construction, a grant of one and a half thousand dollars has been given to equip each of the Science and Agriculture labs. and Industrial Arts rooms.

— CHRIS McMANUS, Year 11



Ms. COCKBURN

Remedial Staff

HUFF

SCIENCE



HALL

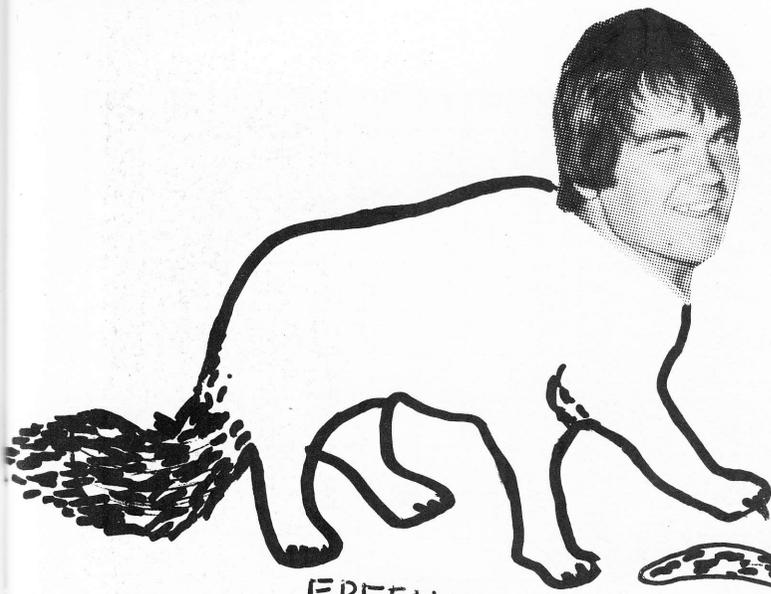


CALLISTER



ROSS

G.L.



FREEMAN



SPENCE

STAFF



SWAN



STEWART

SOCIAL COMMITTEE 1980

The Social Committee has had a terrific year. We held six socials, each with a different theme. These socials were enjoyed by the teachers, the students and the social committee.

Unfortunately, during the year we lost social committee members, Peter Dean and Julie Dean, and Mr. B. Powell to Goulburn High School. However, Miss Stewart was offered the position and accepted.

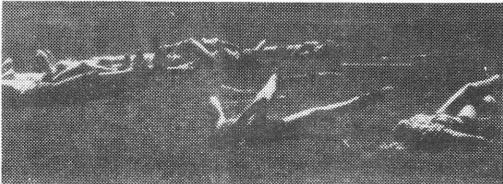
Mr. Deacon put a new idea to the social committee that the profit made by Inter-school visit socials should be used to buy sporting goods. It was agreed upon and \$700 is being used to buy two complete sets of football guernseys for the school.

The Social Committee re-elections took place on Tuesday, 14th, and twelve Year 10 students were assigned control of six school socials to be held during 1981. The chosen committee are Anneve Pheasant, Linda Candotti, Jenny Tod, Maree Jamieson, Cathy Spannagle, Tracy Buckley, Steven McAlister, Shane Sparks, Jimmy Knight, Roger Clark, Steven Dunn, Basil Penrith, Robyn Lilley, Glenn Roberts and Phillip Wilkinson.

During 1980 the social committee has also carried out jobs, besides socials, including making tea, coffee and pikelets for the careers day.

Anyhow, 1980 Social Committee hopes you have enjoyed the socials as much as they have.

Social Committee, Vintage '80: Raelene Sutton, Allan Webb, Dianna Martin, Kate Kell, Erich Gruener, Tracey Blunt, Paul Nugent, Suanne Allen, Roger Maybury, Julie Dean and Peter Dean.



SPORTSMASTERS REPORT 1980

Sociologists inform us that the stress and pressures of everyday existence are taking an increasing toll on our physical and mental well being. The inability to cope with these circumstances has created a situation where individuals are dropping out, declining to participate and becoming disinterested bystanders. This reflects in our current life-styles with regard to work, attainment of goals and simply 'getting involved.'

Some parents and students are reinforcing this 'copping out' attitude with regard to school sport through the production of notes, excuses and an increase in absenteeism.

Sport in schools is one of the better training grounds for individuals to gain experience in coping with the pressures and stresses of a competitive world. This training is invaluable to a student in later life and develops a sound platform for effective and meaningful interaction with the many varied situations and people that we all meet at some stage.

My message is simple. You must 'have a go', make an attempt regardless of your abilities. If you 'cop out' now you will 'cop out' for the rest of your life.

— MR. G. PIKE

t	p	r	p	t	c	o	t	o	r	p	o
t	c	r	r	c	t	e	c	t	t	r	p
c	p	e	o	e	t	p	c	e	c	o	t
e	r	p	t	t	r	r	t	p	e	p	t
t	o	o	t	o	e	o	e	r	t	r	u
o	t	c	t	r	r	c	p	o	o	o	e
r	e	e	t	p	r	p	t	t	r	t	t
p	c	o	e	t	o	r	p	e	p	e	o
t	t	t	p	r	o	t	e	c	t	c	r
t	c	e	t	o	r	p	e	t	c	t	p
t	p	t	c	e	t	o	r	p	e	o	t
o	o	t	p	r	o	t	e	c	t	c	p

How many times can you find the word protect?

— M. MALONE, 9.3

CARNIVAL RESULTS

Swimming Carnival:

Phillip 894, Macquarie 850, King 630, Hunter 566.

Age Champions: Girls, 12 years, A. Burt, 13 years, D. McGrath, 14 years, C. Dean, 15 years, R. Davey, 16 years, D. Dodd, Open, J. Callister.

Boys: 12 years, D. Fredericks; 13 years, D. McDougall; 14 years, P. Jones; 15 years, S. Dodd; 16 years, T. Ballard; opens, P. Candotti.

Cross Country:

Macquarie 636, Hunter 571, King 502, Phillip 491.

Age Champions: Girls, 12 years, K. Doyle; 13 years, E. Gulliford; 14 years, F. Williams & T. Yorgey; 15 years, P. Andrews; 16 years, J. Owen; Opens, J. Graham & S. Topham.

Boys: 12 years, C. Adams; 13 years, N. Weaver; 14 years, B. Whiting; 15 years, D. Nasser; 16 years, S. Sparks; Opens, E. Gruener.

Athletics — Field Events:

Age Champions: Girls: 13 years, C. Bulger; 14 years, T. Yorgey; 15 years, J. Dunn; 16 years, J. Trent and J. Hartshorn; Opens, Cathy Kell.

Boys: 13 years, N. Weaver; 14 years, N. Webb; 15 years, S. Russell; 16 years, Shane Sparks; Opens, J. Ostejec.

Riverina Reps: Fiona Williams and J. Gallard (Cross Country), S. Dunn (Volleyball), G. Sturt (Golf), F. Williams, S. Gogala, B. Penrith, S. Sparks, M. McDonald (Athletics).



May I
have this
dance?

Hey, fellas!
The ball's
over there,
so cut it out!





May I
have this
dance?

Hey, fellas!
The ball's
over there,
so cut it out!



Something's in
the air, Craig,
and it's not love.

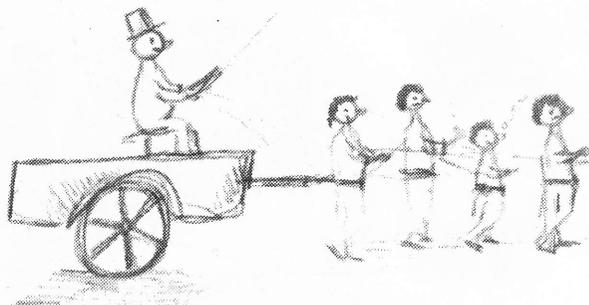
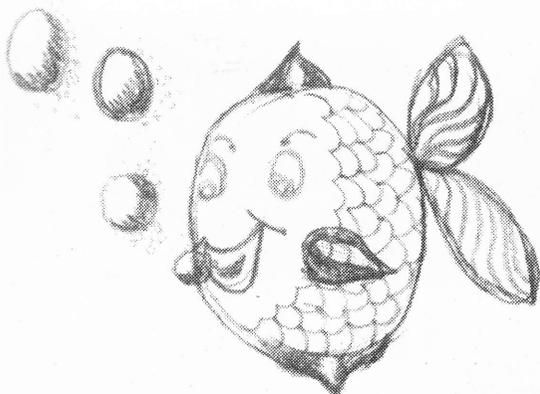


Jenny: You give me goosebumps?!
Fiona: You give me



Who lost the
bobby pin?





SPORTS REPORT 80

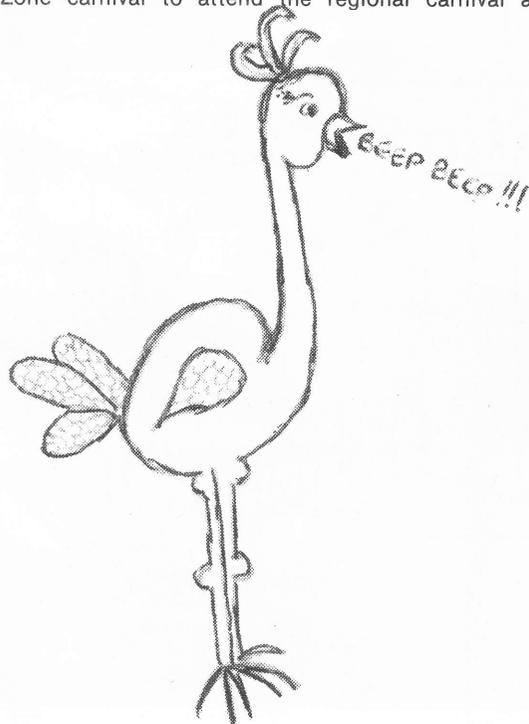
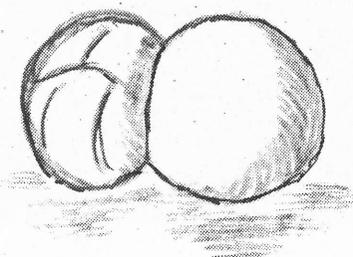
Thanks must go all those people who helped to make sport 1980 successful; teachers, coaches, parents, referees and the students themselves.

The girls and I would especially like to thank Mrs. Ebeling for her assistance with the hockey team, (who played one "helluva" game at Canobolas), Mrs. Ann Wilson for teaching us Jazz Ballet and Mr. Pike for all his help and support in the running of sport.

Results of the Zone swimming carnival held at Junee were very disappointing with Tumut getting fourth position. After last year's first place it was a bit of a comedown. It will be necessary for Tumut swimmers to train if they are to return to the top.

Congratulations to Troy Ballard who won the Southern Slopes Zone 16 year age championship.

Six of our students swam well enough at the Zone carnival to attend the regional carnival at



Griffith. They were D. Fredericks, P. Jones, T. Ballard, S. McGrath, D. Dodd and J. Callister.

Tumut High School hosted the Zone Cross Country carnival with outstanding performances by the sixteen years boys who won the first six places in the squad, the open boys who took out the first three places and our own bundle of energy Fiona "Mic" Williams who won her age race here and at the regional carnival.

Nine of our road runners went to Wagga for the Regional carnival. They were T. Gallard, B. Penrith, J. Bettini, N. Carroll, M. Marlowe, D. Mariotis, J. Graham, J. Dunn and F. Williams.

T. Gallard joined Fiona Williams in winning his age race and the trip to Sydney to compete at the State level.

Our athletics carnival held over two days proved to be a very enjoyable day for both staff and students as a great effort went into adding variety and novelty events into all the carnivals. The three-legged race, chariots, ball and racquet races are examples of just a few additions to our carnival making it a day not just for the competitive and athletic but for all students.

Exceptional performances at the Regional carnival at Griffith led B. Penrith, S. Sparks, M. McDonald, F. Williams and S. Gogala to the State Carnival at Sydney.

With our Summer Zone competition drawing to a close Tumut's Boy's and Girl's Volleyball and Boys' and Girls' Basketball go into the grand final undefeated. Best of luck!

— MRS. D. NEWMAN
Sportsmistress

February



.... June



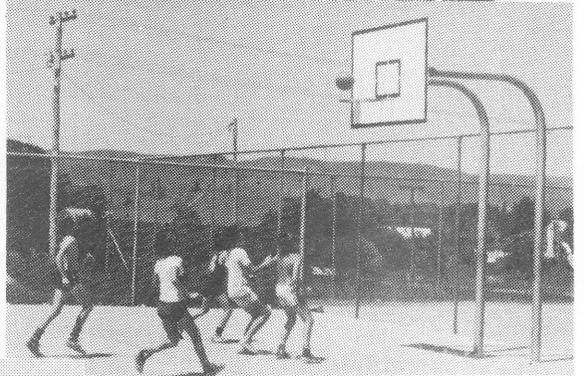
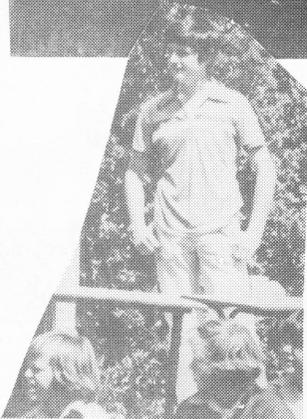
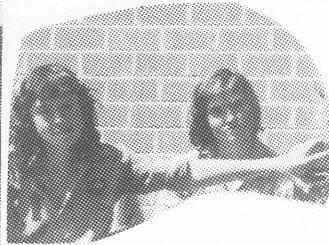
A friendly

reminder from

Mr Ayliffe



.... November





DEBATING & PUBLIC SPEAKING

J. Tod, S. Fredericks, R. Maybury,
S. Allen, L. Wellington.

SWIMMING AGE CHAMPIONS

Top (l. to r.): P. Candotti, S.
Dodd, P. Jones, D. McDougall, T.
Ballard.

Bottom (l. to r.): D. McGrath, J.
Callister, R. Davey, A. Burt, D.
Dodd.



ATHLETICS AGE CHAMPIONS

Top (l. to r.): S. Russell, D.
Dean, K. Kell, S. Sparks.

Bottom (l. to r.): J. Trent, J.
Dunn, T. Yorgey, C. Bulger, J.
Hartshorn.



SOCCER

Top (l. to r.): R. Clarke, M. Gogala, T. Gallard, M. Osarek, S. Sparks, R. Ballard, S. Dunn.

Bottom (l. to r.): J. Wilson, T. Dean, B. Mayes, A. Boekendorf, D. Nuss, S. Skeers.

BOYS OPEN HOCKEY

Top (l. to r.): M. Osarek, R. O'Keefe, S. Beaven, T. Ballard, S. Dunn.

Bottom (l. to r.): E. Gruener, P. Nugent, R. Maybury, C. Doon, D. Gatenby.



CRICKET

Top (l. to r.): P. Nugent, S. Beaven, S. Russell, T. Ballard, B. Penrith.

Bottom (l. to r.): D. Penrith, R. Maybury, D. Gatenby, D. Barnard, R. Ballard.

GOLF

Top (l. to r.): S. Alchin, D. Schafer, G. Webb, R. Worsnop, J. Knight, A. Kell.

Bottom (l. to r.): D. Gatenby, G. Sturt, J. Trent, P. Candotti, T. Ballard.





TENNIS

Top (l. to r.): M. Gogala, P. Nugent, T. Ballard, D. Barnard, R. Maybury, A. Kell.
 Bottom (l. to r.): R. Faulder, C. Kell, A. Henrick, J. Henrick.

SENIOR BOYS VOLLEYBALL

Top (l. to r.): T. Gallard, M. Gogala, M. Osarek, S. Dunn.
 Bottom (l. to r.): D. Gatenby, P. Candotti, C. Doon, R. Maybury.



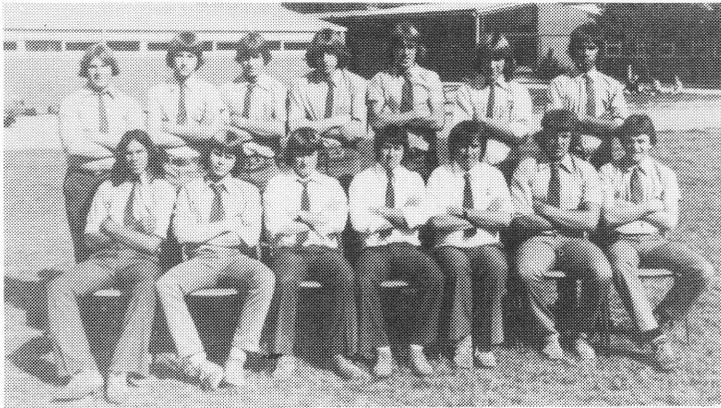
JUNIOR BOYS VOLLEYBALL

Top (l. to r.): C. Veitch, N. Webb, C. Thomson, M. Callister.
 Bottom (l. to r.): R. O'Keefe, A. Kelly, G. Murphy, G. Webb.

SQUASH

Top (l. to r.): M. Brayshaw, C. Doon, S. Topham.
 Bottom (l. to r.): K. Doyle, J. Trent, B. Carpenter, S. Topham.





OPEN LEAGUE

Top (l. to r.): D. Springall, R. Clarke, A. Todd, D. Barton, S. Sparks, M. Field, B. Penrith.

Bottom (l. to r.): S. Russell, J. Turnbull, D. Gatenby, C. Doon, S. Beaven, S. Dodd, J. Knight.

NETBALL

Top (l. to r.): J. Hartshorn, J. Vickery, T. Yorgey, J. Thomas.

Bottom (l. to r.): L. Whiting, B. Carpenter, R. Goldspink, D. McGrath.



GIRLS BASKETBALL

Top (l. to r.): F. Williams, D. Dodd, T. Yorgey, J. Hartshorn, A. Pheasant, L. Whiting.

Bottom (l. to r.): J. Trent, B. Carpenter, B. Tezak, K. Hartshorn.

BOYS BASKETBALL

Top (l. to r.): S. Sparks, D. Barton, N. Webb, D. Barnard, R. Maybury, B. Penrith, S. Russell.

Bottom (l. to r.): D. McDougall, A. Todd, D. Penrith, C. Veitch, G. Murphy.





Top (l. to r.): S. Delaney, J. Lowther, J. Molineaux, M. Nowlan, R. Davey, D. McGrath.
 Bottom (l. to r.): J. Miller, M. Annetts, C. Bulger, K. Graham, N. Carpenter, S. Smith, B. Blinksell.



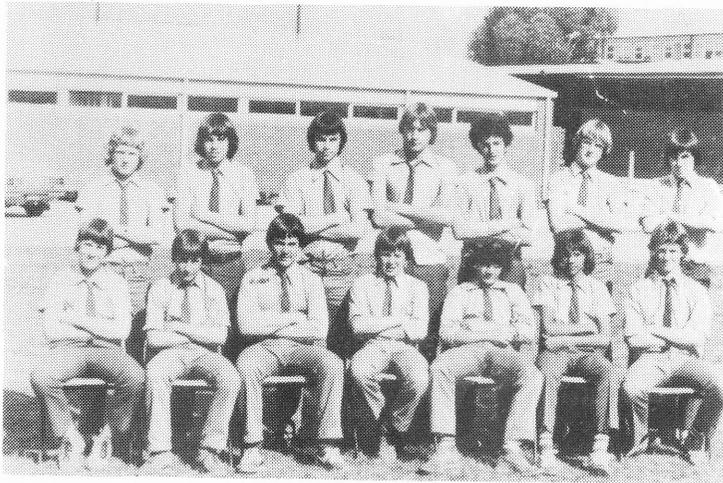
Top (l. to r.): J. Trent, B. Clarke, J. Callister, J. Schafer.
 Bottom (l. to r.): D. Dodd, A. Henrick, H. Garnett, B. Tezak, S. Topham, M. Wilson.



Top (l. to r.): K. Duckinson, L. Wellington, T. Kell.
 Bottom (l. to r.): B. Anderson, J. Lowther, C. Seidl, T. Hampstead.



Top (l. to r.): K. Kell, M. Nowlan, C. Kell, A. Pheasant, J. Hartshorn.
 Bottom (l. to r.): B. Carpenter, D. McGrath, A. Brumby, D. Dodd, J. Trent.



Top (l. to r.): S. Sedgeman, C. Veitch, W. Herring, N. Webb, S. McGuire, C. Wyse, B. Whiting.
 Bottom (l. to r.): D. Johnson, W. Swan, N. Weaver, S. Tod, D. Holmes, M. Marlowe, M. Callister.



Top (l. to r.): T. Gallard, M. McDonald, P. Nugent, E. Gruener, F. Williams.
 Bottom (l. to r.): S. Gogala, J. Dunn, B. Penrith, S. Sparks, M. Marlowe.



Top (l. to r.): J. Dunn, R. Clark, F. Watson, J. Molineaux, B. Blinksell.
 Bottom (l. to r.): J. Graham, V. King, J. Piper.

YEAR 12 FAREWELL ASSEMBLY

Have you ever longed to know the details of Mr. O'Brien's private life?

Have you ever seen Michael Ziemer with spaghetti wriggling down his shoulder or Mr. Spence in a frilly pink nightie?

All these questions and more were answered at the Year 12 farewell assembly held on the morning of Thursday, October 16.

"Mr. Henry, come out with your hands up, we've got you covered." A number of staff members were similarly summoned from their slumbers at 6.20 a.m. Thursday morning. They were then escorted to the Junction Park in a variety of vehicles, including one with a "POLECE" sign and siren. There, they participated in a breakfast of sausages, rissoles and fresh salad before being escorted back home. Doon's "Homer" lost its way, however, and deposited slightly nauseated staff members back at school at 8 a.m.

Then the action started. The younger students of the school were treated to a totally new experience, while the older students, well, they hadn't seen anything like it since last year's Muck Up Day. The school had been appropriately transformed into Pentridge Prison. Seemingly the cell mates had escaped and were now seeking revenge on the outsiders.

After numerous coats of shaving cream, water and perfume were deposited on all, the challenge now was to find a safe path to the classroom! On the way, many saw Mrs. McDonald perched up in the middle of Staffroom 3, quite content with the fact that the room was totally full to the ceiling with crumpled newspaper. Some were able to witness Ms. Davidson being ejected from her classroom by her loving but disloyal Year 10 class.

Once in the room, most were safe (for the time being). The crims were still at large. After a very unsettled first period, all classes proceeded to the quadrangle to witness the assembly.

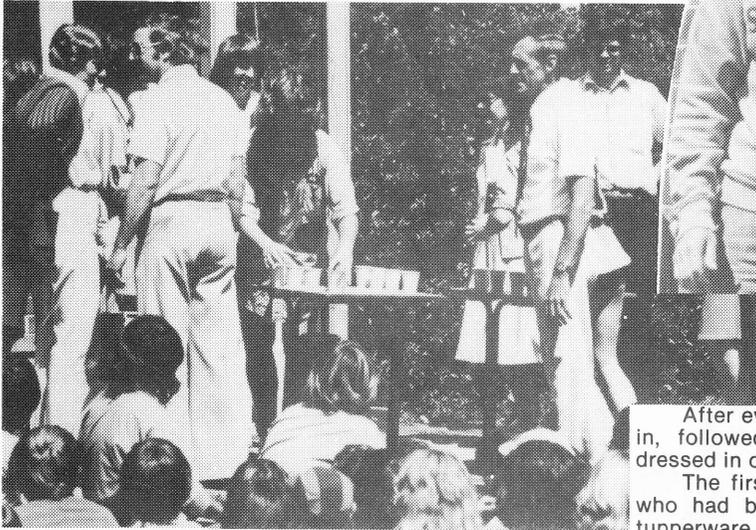


Cheese!



You should see me really dressed up!?!





You make me feel like dancing!

After everyone was seated "The Judge" walked in, followed by a somewhat fishy looking jury dressed in convict attire.

The first defendant was a certain Mr. O'Brien, who had been convicted of illegally attending a tupperware party. He pleaded not guilty to the offence. His wife was then called to the stand to offer condemning evidence. After much consulting by the jury and the judge, Mr. O'Brien was found guilty and sentenced to the guillotine.

Other activities on the assembly included a number of novelty races, including a drinking contest and a spaghetti eating race. Other pupils were convicted of being "Ladies of the Day", "Ladies of the Night" and "Ladies of Many Talents."

Mrs. Combley appeared pleased with her nomination in this competition; the ever-popular narcissus award, which was judged by James Roddy, the reigning king; a vanity award; a lover's award, which heralded a shower of confetti over the winners; and a muscle man contest, in which the luckless competitors ranged in body size from Tracy Piper to the winner, Jack Ostgie. Finally, Mr. Purcell was presented with the paintings, which had been stolen by Year 12 earlier that day.

After an eventful morning, classes were resumed as usual for the 4th and 5th periods.

The afternoon was taken up with a new feature in the Year 12 farewell agenda, a special assembly, to which parents, teachers and the school's pupils attended.

Our thanks go to Year 12 for a day which the school will not forget for a long time.

— LINDY AND LINDA, Year 10

Year 12 Farewell 1980



**JULIE
ARRAGON**
(Spanger)
Vice-Captain
Football
"What?"



**SHARON
TOPHAM**
(Top)
School Captain
Cross Country
Hockey
Squash
"But I love
physics"



CHRIS DOON
(Doonie)
School Captain
Social
Committee
Football
Hockey
"Oh Jeese
I dunno"



**DAVID
GATENBY**
(Fish)
Vice-Captain
Social
Committee
Cricket
Pink Fords
Pink Shirts
Pink Anything
"Censored"



JUDY BUTLER
(Jude, But)
Student
Councillor
Camping
"Oh bull"



**BEVERLEY
CLARK**
(Matron)
Prefect
Social
Committee
Hockey
Athletics
Camping
"Leave it all
up to me"



**HELEN
GARNETT**
Prefect
Social
Committee
Hockey
Marrying Peter
"I love
chemistry—not"



**JENNIFER
JONES**
(Jenny)
Making it to
school on
time



JILL BRIGHT
(Wik)
Prefect
Border Leicest
Camping
"I hate T & D"



JENNY CRAIN
(Jenn)
Prefect
Bogong
"Hey Rowie"



**ROBYN
GRADY**
(Grad E)
Prefect
"And oh"
"Biology's
the best"



**MAJELLA
KERR**
(Maj)
Driving with
Despo
"It's just
the go"



MIRIAM BURT
(Bertie)
(Miz)
Prefect
Camping
"Half your luck"



**KRISTINE
CRAIN**
(Kris)
Prefect
Bogong, Boys
"Where do we
go after this"



**KAREN
HARTSHORN**
(Skin)
Prefect
Basketball
Camping



**MARGARET
LYNCH**
(Margie)
Prefect, Jon
Camping,
Cornpatch
"I don't like
Mondays"



SUE BOOTSMA
(Bootie Babe)
Prefect
Little black
sheep
"Ha, Ha, Ha..."



ROWENA
FAULDER
(Rowie)
Prefect
Bogong
Tennis



ADRIENNE
HENRICK
Prefect
Hockey, Tennis
The Muppets
Boging Bikes
"I'm bored"



DESPO
MARIOTIS
Prefect
Bogong
Hockey
"Are you
coming Maj?"



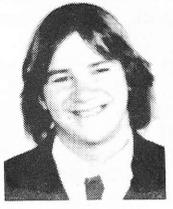
JUDY
SCHAFER
(Schafe)
Prefect,
Social
Committee
Hockey
Camping
Joey
"Yehh Wilson"



KATRINA
WILSON
(Kat)
Prefect
Social
Committee
Hockey
Camping
Stacking
Motorbikes
"We were
only joking"



GREG DAVIS
(Jolly)
Prefect
Swimming
Bikes
"Oh yarr!!"



GEOFFREY
STURT
(Turtle)
School
Councillor
Social
Committee
Golf, Hondas
"It's Cool"



ELIZABETH
SEIDL
(Liz)
Prefect
Bogong
"I hate
English"



PAUL ADAMS
(Grizz)
Prefect
Linda, Punting
"I bet that..."



JAMES RODDY
(J.R.)
Social
Committee
Stirring up the
Groupies'
"I know
everything"



DION
RODHAM
(Moóch)
Prefect
Golf
Maybe.....



BRIGITA
TEZAK
Prefect
Social
Committee
Hockey
"I need a lover"



TIMOTHY
BARTON
(Tim)
Nicotine Kid
Jill
"Can I bludge
a smoke"



PAUL HUGHES
(Hughsy)
Prefect
Bogging Cars
Beards
"I don't
understand
that"



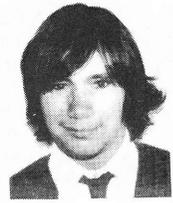
MICHAEL
ZIEMER
(Zim)
Prefect
Social
Committee
Bogong
Public
Speaking
"I have to ask
Mum first"



ROBYN
CAMPBELL
(Rob)
Prefect
Motorbikes
"Whatever
turns you on"



PE'ER
CANDOTTI
(Digby)
Prefect
Golf, Fosters
"Ya' comin'
Jolly"



KEVIN KING
(Ringa)
Prefect
Golf
Pinball
Machines
"I'm Hungry"

I.S.C.F.

This year has been a fairly active one for the Inter School Christian Fellowship group. We have been to two "Youth for Christ" meetings at Wagga and managed to fit in a bit of ten pin bowling while we were there.

We've also been visited by Hedley Thompson and Kel Willis, who spoke at a couple of our meetings and gave us their viewpoints on different aspects of Christian living. At some of our meetings we watched audio-visuals like "The Champion" and "Enry", and listened to some cassettes.

This year the first co-ed "Easter Explorers Camp" was held at Cave Creek and was so successful that a camp reunion was held. We also had a one-day walk up Blowering cliffs and were fascinated by the view. Another great outing was when we had a barbecue on the shore of Blowering Lake. There we canoed, sailed and swam, but the thing that almost everyone got involved in was the mudfights. This outing was only equalled by the trip up to the snow.

In the Christmas holidays we will be going on a camp to Goobragandra where we'll be going horse-riding, biloing, canoeing and bushwalking, just to name a few things.

In conjunction with I.S.C.F. a new youth group has been formed. The meetings are held every second Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley. Everyone's welcome.

Regular prayer meetings are held every Tuesday at recess. These have strengthened the work of the I.S.C.F. as we pray for the state-wide I.S.C.F. work.

Any student wishing to know Christ and make him known should seriously consider the benefits of regularly attending I.S.C.F. meetings and activities. I.S.C.F. meetings are held every Thursday lunch-time in C7.

— LISA WELLINGTON, Year 9
— NIGEL CARROLL, Year 10

DOWN TOWN TUMUT ON A FRIDAY NIGHT

The time — 7.30 p.m.; the place — somewhere in the vicinity of Wynyard Street.

Large proportion of the younger population of Tumut are gathering for their weekly rage, causing both chaos and havoc to the town and its people. Police are ready and standing by.

The evening's events begin with parading down the main street, all bearing the letter "P". People hang out of these vehicles and shout slogans and make finger gestures to amuse the spectators. When this part of the evening's entertainment draws to a close, the female population go to one of three places: the pictures (so they say), the local corner hang out, or naturally enough with "the boys".

But the young gentlemen who do not own a car (for various reasons — too young, booked for D.U.I., crashed it or getting repairs) — have to amuse themselves and innocent victims by breaking street lights, climbing poles, harrassing girls and "getting blotto" behind the Co-op in the car park.

The conclusion of the evening's entertainment is heralded by a sudden invasion of cars belonging to parents, followed by a steady stream of young people leaving (or making out they're leaving) the picture theatre. For any young ladies and gentlemen who remain behind to continue the festivities, their pleasure is hindered by the presence of a blue wagon bearing the words "Police".

— JUANITA TRENT, Year 11

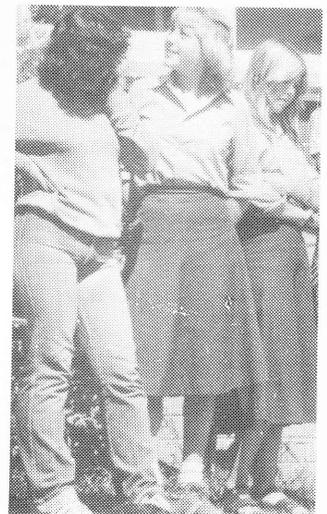
TO LAP THE MAIN [On Foot]

Four o'clock, the mates and me meet at a pre-arranged spot. We proceed on foot to the majestic main street of Tumut, though it may not be big, there's no place like it.

We arrive at the A.N.Z. Bank corner and proceed towards the opposite end of the main, "the Woolie". On the way we note the bird life and juvenile delinquents who seem to be drawn like flies to the main. We then proceed to lap the other side of the main, visiting the usual haunts — the Music Centre, Tumut Co-op, Weedens; matter of fact, anywhere music is retailed.

Generally, about five-thirty, the usual slugging match develops between our mob and any delinquents present, finger signs and words erupt before one party beats a retreatgenerally us. At about six o'clock the thumbs are shown and some mate on "P's" whisks us home to the ear-bashing — "Where were you all afternoon?"

— STEVEN BEAVEN, Year 11

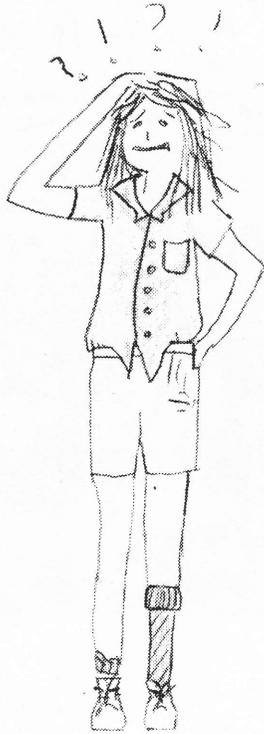


TATHRA
Yr 11
Biology

LOCKHART
all years
to see
dracula

SYDNEY
Yr 12
Tand D

CANBERRA
Yr 11 and 12
Careers



JUNCTION
Yr 9E
Science

SYDNEY
Art + C-Text
Yrs 11 + 12

Excursions 80

GUNDAGAI
all years
to see
Oliver.

WEE JASPER
Yr 10
Science

JUNCTION
Yr 9 + 10
Science

SWAN HILL
Yr 7
History

Tracey Blunt



WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE FLYING SAUCERS?



WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS A MOLE WITH A PORCUPINE?



A TUNNEL THAT LEAKS

WHAT DO OCTOPII WEAR ON COLD DAYS?



TWO WEEKS AGO AFTER MY WEDDING

WHAT DO YOU CALL A YEAR 12 WITH HALF A BRAIN?

VERY LUCKY

COATS OF ARMS



ISAY, ISAY, ISAY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE NON WHO WALKED INTO THE TOILET, SAW THE SEAT UP AND FAINTED?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IRISH PAPER FACTOR

IT BLEW AWAY



MY BROTHER RUNS THE HUNDRED METRES IN 7 SECONDS

THATS A LIE, THE WORLD RECORD IS 9 SECONDS

WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS A VAMPIRE WITH A DWARF?



A MONSTER THAT SUCKS BLOOD FROM PEOPLES ANKLES.



AH! BUT HE KNOWS A SHORT CUT



SILENCE REIGNS

Her young, graceful body trod across the beach, her wide paws treading softly as she neared her prey

The young animal's ears pricked up instinctively. Her eyes showing whites at their corners in her fear. She almost seemed to stop breathing as she listened. Not a sound. Still she sensed danger at hand; her eyes sought any slight movement in the landscape around her.

She had been following the young animal for only an hour, carefully putting her body behind the wind, so that her scent would not alert the agile gazelle. Her eyes watched, her whole body listened, every muscle in her body was alert, every fibre alive and waiting. The wild plants around hid her body from the young animal completely. Her steps seemed to her to echo and re-echo until they rounced up at the young gazelle, screaming for attention, yearning to be recognised. She knew something was wrong now. Yes, the young gazelle knew the wild cat was after her. There was no escape. She stepped out in the open, her stipes standing out now, her body low to the ground, ready to pounce, her fangs revealed themselves from their hiding place, white and merciless.

The young gazelle, turned swiftly, and swung into the tiger's face. The tiger's mouth opened and she pounced

The shot rang out from nowhere, hitting the gazelle in her flight. The tiger's powerful body slumped to the ground, her eyes reflecting the emptiness now inside.

Now silence, true silence, reigned.

— J. HENRICK, Year 10



Maras Rees
1977

AN EXAGGERATED STORY

What would happen if we shrank and every insect became a carnivore?

We would be looking around. Along comes an ant, three times bigger than us. Then along came a caterpillar. We watch them fight. The ant won. It is coming for us. RUN!!!

As we were running away, we came face to face with a spider in its web. We were trapped! What could we do? Then along came a plane. No, it was a bird! It ate up the spider. We ran further and we came face to face to the deadliest rodent. A RAT!!! What can we do? Usually we would kill it, but it was a hopeless situation. We closed our eyes and let it come and devour us.

— NEVILLE THOMAS, Year 9

A stream of tears tumbled over her smooth brown cheeks,
An unsympathetic bystander pretends not to notice,
The drunken wino slurps from a bottle in a brown paper bag.
The busy crowd hurry on.
Why was she crying?
Fond memories of a love just lost lingered back to caress her mind.
The laughter, the joy, the sunshine was gone: so was his love.
She pushes on, threading a zig zag path through the crowd.
At the corner she remembers,
His sweet voice, his unfulfilled promises, his vows of love.
Suddenly she ran to the kerb, blind to oncoming traffic.
A screech of brakes.
The acrid smell of burnt rubber.
The brutal crushing of broken bones.
A scream.
A last lingering thought.
Happy Anniversary darling.

— SUEANNE ALLEN, Year 11



Is that Maxwell
Smart up front?



Kevin: "Look, my
lips aren't even
moving!?!"



Yea, I'd cover
that face, too.

EARLY MORNING ROUTINE OF STAFFROOM 3

- 6.55 am: Jug put on to boil, coffee drained to the last drop.
- 7.00 am: Staffroom 3 join together in choir rehearsals.
- 7.15 am: Ms. Webster puts finishing touches to her latest masterpiece (which looks suspiciously similar to Picasso's "Seated Woman.")
- 7.30: Mr. Brown is up on the sink practicing his serve.
- 7.31: Mrs. Huey, practising her higher falsetto collects a tennis ball in the teeth.
- 7.32: Mr. Brown practising his cover drive for the forthcoming French Cricket Gala Day, puts a new angle on Ms. Webster's masterpiece, now renamed "Blood & Guts."
- 7.45: Ms. Hankinson arrives just in time to be enlisted as Mr. Brown's silly mid-on — just outside the window.
- 7.50: Jug put on to boil. Coffee drained to last drop.
- 7.51: Ms. Collyer draining coffee, chokes on spoon. Mr. Brown rectifies the situation with an ace serve in the middle of her back. Howzat!
- 8.00: Mr. Pike visits; jug put on to boil. Ms. Collyer still reclining, declines coffee.
- 8.15: Movement of students in corridor heralds ceremonial staff pencil sharpening session. Mrs. Mac issues one valium each on return trip from the garbage bin.
- 8.30: Mr. Brown practices javelin throwing from the window.
- 8.31: Phone call. Mrs. Mac goes to clinic to tend to fifteen-year-old and javelin victims.
- 8.32: Mr. Brown is held down and force fed 6 more valiums.
- 8.45: Mrs. Mac returns blood stained javelins to Mr. Brown who is now reclining under his desk singing an obscene version of "Frere Jacques".
- 8.46: Jug put on to boil as Mrs. Newman conspicuously arrives before the bell!?!?
- 8.47: Mrs. Newman parks her bicycle only to notice Mr. Newman coiled precariously in the rear wheel spokes.
- 8.48: Mr. Newman and the bike leave. Mrs. Newman leads staffroom 3 calestnenics.
- 8.49: Mrs. Huey's dog strains his tail on the push-ups. Hastily rushed to Scroope's surgery.
- 8.50: Mrs. Newman puts jug on to boil. Reaches for staff Valium bottle. Realizes it is empty! An R-rated version of "Alloutte" exudes from under Mr. Brown's desk.
- 8.55: Ms. Hankinson returns through the window, a javelin clenched firmly in her teeth.
- 8.56: Staff admire Ms. Hankinson's newly pierced ears which are suspiciously similar in shape to the tip of a javelin.
- 8.57: Jug put on to boil. Aroma of coffee revives Mr. Brown just as
- 9 a.m: Staff cringe, anticipating the dreaded sound of the bell.
- 9.01: Staff still cringe in fear, anticipating the dreaded sound of the bell.
- 9.02: Knock on the door. Staff still cringe in fear, anticipating the dreaded sound of the bell.
- 9.03: Mr. Purcell, dressed in shorts, T-shirt, thongs and towelling hat greets staff. "Hey, er, y'ow — it IS Saturday!?!?"



I walked through the corridors of my old school,
 that, which I had left many years ago.
 The walls were still dirty with graffiti,
 the rooms still hot and muggy.
 Children still laughed and were cheeky to the
 teachers.
 To think I used to be part of it.

It makes me smile now, knowing
 how much I hated it before,
 Those cold winter days, crowded together,
 sharing a cigarette in what we thought
 was such a hostile environment.

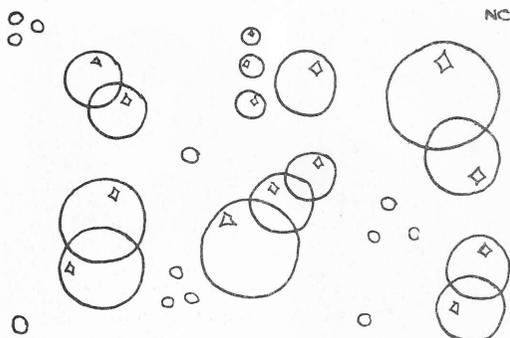
All the hassles of everyday life
 come back to me now.
 Walking through the streets on hot summer nights,
 drinking cheap booze and smoking stale cigarettes,
 vandalised that with which we disliked.

I was relief and so was the rock 'n' roll we followed.
 We worshipped the men who bought us the music.
 Night after night we played the songs
 till our ears began to hurt.

I left the place and returned
 to what used to be my home.
 I walked amongst the hills, the hills
 I used to play in.
 After a time I came to the river,
 the river I used to swim in.
 I dug my hand into the earth,
 I felt the wind blow in my hair,
 I smelt the scent of flowers growing wild.
 This was the earth and I was here.

Close memories revealed also the hatred,
 the hatred I had for this earth.
 This damned stinking world.
 But we no longer lie, cheat and steal,
 We no longer take for granted this world,
 for this damned stinking world has ended
 and I am but a ghost. Dreaming

— SHAZ, Year 10



MAL

It's a bird, it's a plane — no! it's super Fraser!!
 Faster than the rising rate of inflation,
 More powerful than Bob Hawke,
 Able to leap Parliament House in a single bound.
 Malcolm, fighting for justice, truth, and the
 Australian way.

Mal Fraser. Politician. A man barely awake.
 "We can't rebuild him, we haven't the technology.
 We haven't the capability to make the world's first
 bionic Prime Minister.
 Well, "life wasn't meant to be easy"
 — ROBERT WHITING, Year 11

ME

Two eyes, two ears,
 A nose and a mouth,
 A mind full of hopes and dreams

I can see, I can hear,
 I can smell, I can taste,
 But nobody knows what I think of.

My teeth as white
 as they could be;
 My hair not as sleek as it should be.

My hair not as blonde
 Nor my eyes blue,
 But no one is perfect
 Are you?

— G. PHEASANT, 8.4

THE DYING SOLDIER

My eyes are getting heavy,
 My pulse is getting weak.
 The familiar shapes and colours
 Have turned to an eerie streak.

For my country I fought;
 For my country I died;
 For the wounded they have pity;
 For the dead they have cried.

— LYNELLE CLARKE, Year 10.1

There was a young sailor from Eden,
 Some female companionship he was needin'
 He said the wrong word to a lush lookin' bird,
 And was left with a black eye and nose bleedin'.
 — LINN ARMOIR, 7.4



Ayliffe?

McKinnon?

Davies?

Graham?

Oops!?! The Home Industrial ... the Industrial
Science the Home Arts Staffs!?!



Huey?

Deacon?

Ebeling ?

Wellham?

SCHOOL PROTEST

I was here plus me too
Is written all over the desks,
The toilet walls are covered with grime,
And cigarette smoke fills the air,
At home, it is cleaner,
At home you learn more,
Than staring at blackboards,
And copying words,
Listening to teachers scream and shout,
That's what school is all about.
Scool givs yuu a good edjukashun!
— TIFFANY LOHS, 7.1

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies flutter and flutter,
Their favourite food is butter.
They eat it every day
In exactly the same way
Butterflies fly from flower to flower.
Even though it takes them an hour.
— KERRIE STURT, 7A

THE FROG

He is such an ugly fellow,
Sometimes brown, sometimes yellow.
He bounds around
above the ground
Hip, hip, hop
Bounce, don't stop
Croaks around the garden, so
Poor old fellow, he'll have to go.
— STEPHEN COLLISON, 8C

THE MOUNTAIN

Rugged rocky cliffs
Icy cloudy dark windy peaks
Breathless cold mountain

ACTION

Dogs growl
Owls hoot
Cats meow
And people shoot
— VICKI ATKINS, Year 8

BIRDS

Are whistling in the trees
While the sun
Is glaring from
Above.
— TINA WALTON, Year 8

SPRING

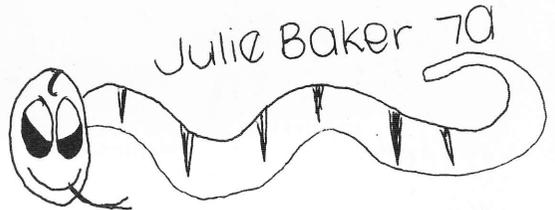
The winter stealthily slips away,
To greet the awakening Spring.
And what beauty beholds this day,
As the birds merrily twitter and sing.

Delicate white blossoms on the apple tree bloom.
And the bees hum a sweet little song.
From flower to flower they soar and zoom,
They never stay still for too long.

A light mist shrouds the valley,
The sky is a china blue.
The sun pierces the darkest alley.
While a worm slides with ease through the dew.

The glistening water slips over the rocks.
And lazily the willows lean.
Sheep drearly wander in their flocks,
Over the pastures of green.

— FIONA MAKIN, 8A



WINTER

Winter are the months June, July and August.
Winter is freezing cold.
Winter is sitting by the fire.
Winter is frosty mornings and falling snow.
Winter is animals hibernating.
Winter is in its own way beautiful.
— MICHELLE TOZER, 7A

Somewhere up there,
Beyond that barrier of blue,
There's another world waiting
Just for me and you.

Another time,
Another place,
Maybe even different
From our own human race.
There may be yellow, pink, green or blue,
But I know they're waiting
Just for me and
You.

— DAVID FREDRICKS, 7.2

HEAR

The scraping of a chair
Teacher yelling loudly
For all to be quiet.

— TINA WALTON, Year 8

LEAVES

Rustling leaves whisper,
Laugh quietly at the wind
Dancing in the breeze.

— BELINDA HARRIS, Year 8

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

I was on a hiking trip by myself. It was 9 p.m. and I was walking along an old dirt road looking for a place to sleep. As I strolled along I saw what looked like an old church looming in the mist. I walked towards the church with caution. It looked spooky and it gave me the shivers. Suddenly I heard a blood-chilling scream, which echoed over the countryside. It had come from the old church.

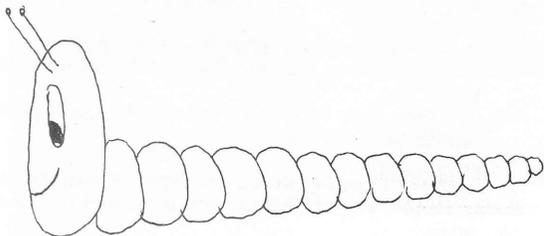
I rushed inside and to my horror found a naked lady lying on the floor in a pool of blood. She had been mauled by a wild beast. I saw footprints leading away from the body. They were twice the size of a man's foot.

Slowly and cautiously I followed them out of the church and around the back where I found a graveyard. I followed the footprints till they ended at an old grave. The dirt on top had been disturbed recently. I started to dig until I finally discovered a coffin.

Slowly and carefully I lifted the lid. There, before me, was the ugliest thing I had ever seen. It was half man, half Sussquase. It reached out and grabbed my throat. I struggled hopelessly with the thing all over the graveyard. It finally threw me down. Just beside me was a wooden stake. I stabbed the beast through the chest with it.

As soon as the stake made contact with the monster he began shrivelling up. He kept shrivelling until he was a pile of ashes. I ran back to the church and gathered my belongings, then I sped off out of that place as fast as my legs would carry me.

— A. SHAW, 8C



-Kerrie Sturt 7A

THE RESISTANCE

It was a cold, misty morning as our Wellington's engines began to roar. My co-pilot clicked on the radio. "PL 731 all clear for take off." With propellers whirling, we began to taxi down the air strip. Slowly we began to rise. We raised the wheels and began our journey over to Berlin. Rising above the clouds, I put the plane onto automatic pilot, setting the dial for the course on which we would be travelling.

Crossing over into Berlin our bombs were dropped, and we headed for home. Five German Messerschmitts darted out of the clouds and started firing. Our rear gunner sent two down before he was killed. The gunner's quarters caught fire and the ammo went up and spread the fire. Our navigator set a new bearing for a French Resistance camp.

The clouds were still heavy, so we were able to lose the remaining fighters and land at the resistance air field. At touch down our plane exploded. I was the only one to get away before it went up. I reached safety and collapsed. The resistance group quickly extinguished the fire. The crash of the plane had brought the attention of German troops. The resistance commander, Marcel Renard, carried me to safety while his men fought the Germans off. Then they, too, headed for safety.

For many weeks I worked with the resistance ambushers, blowing up fuel dumps and factories. Eventually a Dakota was sent for my return to Britain, but as the plane landed it was blown to pieces by a Messerschmitt patrol.

Two weeks later another Dakota made a successful landing. This time I was leaving for England and would not see Marcel until after the war, if he survived.

Marcel was caught three weeks later. He was sentenced to death and faced a firing squad two days after the trial.

— STEPHEN COLLISON, 8C

FOREST OF MYSTERY

Through the forest:
Strange noises —
Got to get away! Get away ...
A cave! Safety!
Got to get there:
Run, faster, faster,
Got to run faster,
Nearly there!
Run, run.
Here at last!
Go in, get in.
A damp, dark cave,
Noises here, too:
Deafening noises, so loud!
Echoing danger.
Got to get out,
Out of this dungeon!
Light ahead, nearly there!
I'm home, at last, I'm home
And alive.

— JENNIFER MILLER, 7D

THE STORM

The sun is shining, slowly disappearing in the west
The wind is softly blowing.
All is quiet, all is still,
the clouds begin to form,
and every soul upon the earth
witnessed the calm before the storm.
The lightning flashes, the thunder roars,
the world stands alone.
The forces of nature overtake,
the thoughts of freedom are gone.
Then onto the earth comes the rain,
Soothing, helping, wetting,
Touching every blade of withered grass.
every piece of uncovered land.
And as I sit and listen
to the soft pounding on the roof.
the drops trickle down the window.
The sun rises, all is gone.
'Tis but a new day.

— SHAZ, Year 10

FROM A TO B

As I walk from A to B
Many people, I know, see me,
They simply drive past and smile,
I'll give you a lift within the next mile.
But a funny thing I've found,
They never seem to come back around.
I think to myself, when I'm in the driver's seat
and you just happen to walk the same street,
I'll smile and wave — 'hi'
and simply drive by.

— J.M.B, Year 11

THE KOOKABURRA

The Kookaburra sat on a lonely limb
Waiting for his dinner, but it looked quite grim.
Then all of a sudden along came a snake
and down dived the Kookaburra and made no
mistake
Back to that limb he flew with glee
and gobbled up that snake and laughed merrily.

— MICHAEL KELLY, 8.3

I looked out my window just in time to see the truck come through! The men studied the barbed wire around the fences. Then the man hanging on the fence caught their eye. They stared at it for ages; then they pulled up outside the colonel's office.

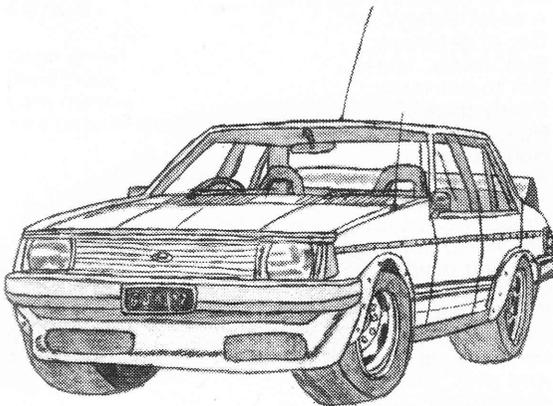
The colonel came out and was talking to the driver of the truck. Then I heard voices, then shots, and then I saw a hole in the fence. I saw men carrying another man back into the camp. I watched them take him to the colonel's office and everyone gathered round.

This was the chance I was waiting for! I ran to the door and opened it. I looked at the people at the colonel's office and then at the fence. I made a dash for the fence. I got through and was heading through the scrub.

Suddenly I heard voices and I swung around in the state of fright.

I woke up a few seconds later and looked out my window, just in time to see the truck come through! The men studied the barbed wire around the fences.

— ROBERT ANNETTS, Year 10



G.Salari, 10.4.

THE TUNNEL

He didn't have a choice between whether to die or not to die.
It just all fell into place with the fatal battle cry.
The medic came to aid, but he couldn't smile with glee,
For he knew only too well the way the young boy would be.

He tried words of comfort, but didn't rightly know
A way to tell young Tommy his time had come to go.

"Now, don't be glum, boy, be merry and bright,
Consider life a tunnel between darkness and light."

— LYNELLE CLARKE, 10.1



NOW FOR THE NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL TOP 10

NO. 10 is our Maths Master of the maths staffroom, MR KEITH, with I WALK WITH GOD.

NO. 9 is our biggest member of the woodwork room, MR. DEACON, who is still in the Top 10, but he has dropped down considerably since last year with CARRY THAT WEIGHT.

NO. 8 is our jazziest English teacher, MRS. COMBLEY with FUNKY TOWN.

NO. 7 is our one and only Sportsmaster, MR. PIKE, with MACHO MAN.

NO. 6 is our school's favourite teacher, MR. HENRY, with TOTAL CONTROL.

NO. 5 is our twiggist (MISS TWIGG) with EMOTIONAL RESCUE.

NO. 4, the school's most loving maths teachers, MR. & MRS. O'BRIEN, with LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

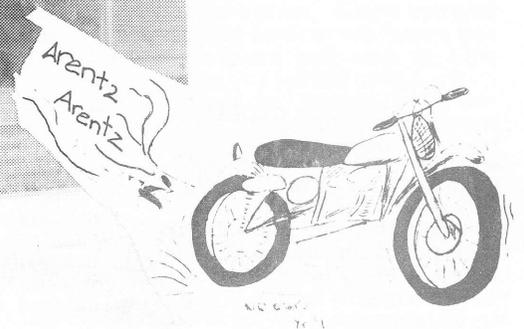
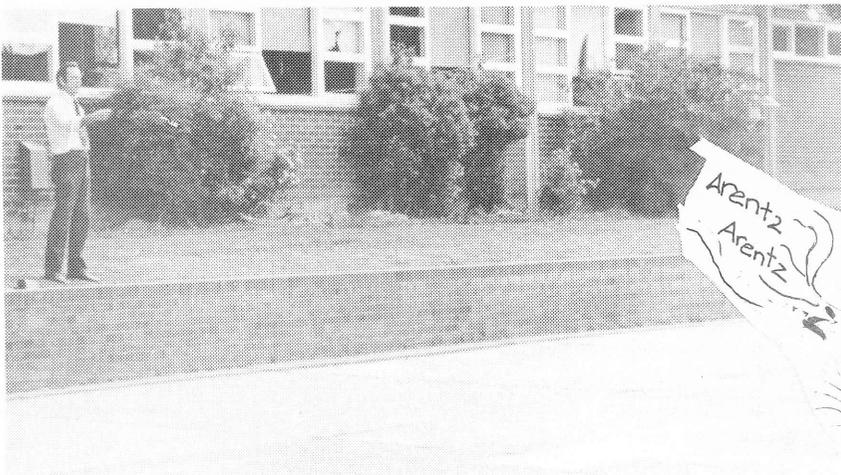
NO. 3 is our cool, calm, sophisticated English /History teacher, MRS. PAISLEY, with GIRLS TALK.

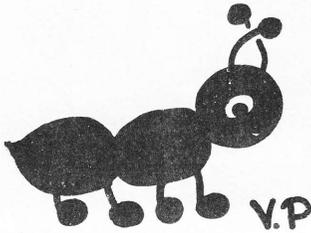
NO. 2, our red head of the wood work room, MR. HUEY with WE ARE GLASS.

And now for the biggest hit of the century. I turn over to the one and only Mr. Henry to tell you our No. 1. Thank you Molly. Our No. 1 is our one and only music teacher with YOU CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC.

I leave you now to read the rest of the Bogong.

— ELIZABETH BAKER & SALLY OAKMAN, 8.1





THE "POWERFUL" KRYPTON ANTS

It was a dark, rainy night as Mr. Brown drove home in his Kingswood. All of a sudden he saw a giant red flash and a big BOOM.

Mr. Brown thought he'd better investigate. When he looked over the bushes he saw green ants the size of humans. So off he went as fast as his legs could carry him. Then, as he was about to grab a phone, it melted right in front of him.

When he turned around there were the ants, but they were now near the foot of his car.

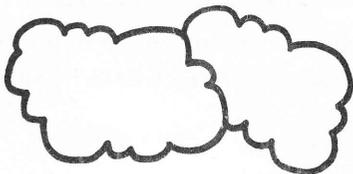
"Of course", he said. "Ants love honey!"

After the ants had finished the honey in Mr. Brown's car they flew off.

Thinking intelligently, Mr. Brown devised a plan. He would bring them to a rocket loaded with honey, and when the ants were in — BANG, into space it would go.

The plan worked and the green ants were never seen again.

— JAMIE WILSON, 7C



CLOUDS

Swiftly moving clouds so high
 Drift across the blue-grey sky,
 Puffy clouds like cotton balls
 Move with the wind when it calls.
 Black clouds threaten in the morn,
 Letting us know there'll be a storm,
 Waiting patiently for the first sign,
 Maybe tomorrow it will be fine.

— LISA, Year 8

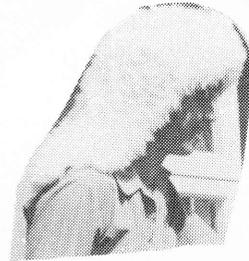
THE HORRIBLE MONSTER

As the waves battered against the rocks and the wind howled in the night, I lay in my nice warm bed with my soft pillow under my head.

The night seemed dark and eery, but I knew I was safe in my quiet room. Then I heard it. Tap, tap, tap.

I was horrified, I clung to the sheets. I could see the door slowly open with a loud creak. I saw the shadow against the wall. I was about to scream. Then I saw my little brother poke his head in.

— BEDE SPANNAGLE, 7A



FIRE

Golden hands
 reach for the sky,
 Waves of heat
 Slowly float by,
 Black horses gallop
 across the dark sky,
 The rain then comes
 fire, goodbye.

— SONYA DELANEY, 8.1

BIRDS

What do we see flying up up in the sky?
 Flying at incredible speed past our eyes
 Soaring, diving, swooping, gliding,
 BIRDS, with their wings beating to and fro.
 Birds with their bright colours and skinny legs,
 that look like matchsticks that could break any
 moment.
 Some so small and fragile, others large and husky.
 Some are so large they can't fly
 Like the ostrich or emu.

— TIM HILLY, 8C

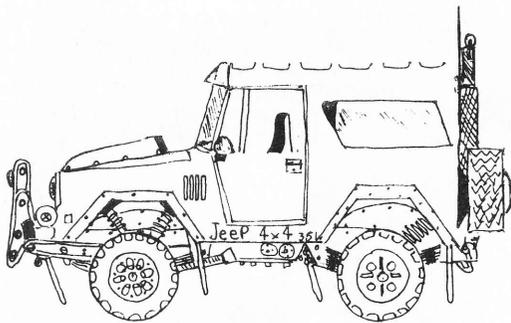
THE OLD HERO

I'd like to get some things straight.
Before you're confused and it's too late.
You love the tough young cowboy heroes,
But before too long their days become your
tomorrows.
His superchamp smiles are no longer in the news,
Cause his tough rodeo stunts can no longer be
used.

Now what's become of this champ;
His spurs have gone rusty and his bucking gear
damp.

His leather chaps lie in his memory chest
And his big black stetson has been put aside to rest.
All he has now from his everlasting shows
Are some faded old ribbons and a cup that no longer
glows.

— LYNELLE CLARKE, 10.1



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ESCAPE FROM TORMENT

They stood and fought,
They knew they ought
but there was one,
who was on the run.

He was against it from the beginning
Even if their side was winning.
He kept running and running to get away,
But he knew they would catch up with him
someday,

It was early in the morning
And the fog lay low
And he knew that somewhere a wife would be
mourning
For soon she would be a widow.

On this night he tried to sleep,
But it was dreadfully cold.
Crumpled up in a heap
He felt a thousand years old.

Before his eyes, his life passed him by
And half buried in the snow, he died.

— CHRIS McMANNUS, Year 11

SWEARING.

I think swearing is an absolutely purposeless habit. The English language has already been created and it doesn't need additions of this sort to it.

Apart from serving no useful purpose, swearing also gives away what type of person you are, and your background. For example, how many times have you heard the Queen swear? None! How many times have you heard a criminal (if you've ever met one) swear? Probably every second word is a distasteful metaphor.

If people still can't give up the habit of swearing they should be made to do it where it won't offend anyone or be a bad influence. Young children now roam the streets swearing because their parents, older brothers and sisters do it. They take it to school and influence the other children, who, in turn, pass it on. Now I ask you, is comparing everything to distasteful objects such as cow manure or blood, worthy repeating? Is there no other way to express yourself? Surely the English language isn't that bad that it has to be "coloured", so to speak?

— LISA WELLINGTON, Year 9

WHY THERE ARE STORMS AND MOUNTAINS

Once there was a God called Radiant, who fell in love with a goddess, Sheiva. Sheiva was the most beautiful goddess in all the heavens.

Radiant tried to please Sheiva by bringing her charms of love, but she was not interested. Sheiva was in love with a man, a mere mortal, called Hypera.

One day Hypera saw Sheiva looking down from the heavens. He immediately fell in love with her. He begged her to come down and meet him personally, but, alas, it was against the law of the Gods to meet a mortal, because if they did meet Sheiva would instantly become a mortal herself.

Sheiva told her father, King Mightus, the King of all Gods, that she had fallen in love with Hypera. Her father was very mad and ordered the marriage of Radiant and Sheiva immediately. Sheiva was put in a cell in case she made an attempt to escape to Hypera. But, with her powerful charm, she led the guard to believe that she would marry Radiant if he took her to the edge of the heaven. Sheiva betrayed the guard and sped towards Earth where Hypera was waiting for her. The guard ran back to King Mightus's palace and told this terrible news.

King Mightus ordered for Radiant, who was furious and heartbroken, to submit a punishment for Sheiva. Radiant said, "Have her made immortal again and trap her beneath the Earth and make it storm. Then make the earth's crust stay hard and compact."

So Sheiva was trapped beneath the earth, and she makes mountains where she clamours to get out, and it storms now and then to keep the Earth hard, keeping her from getting out.

— GRANT RANNARD, 9C

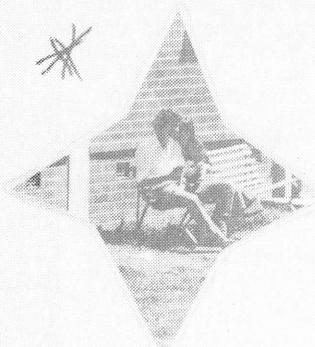
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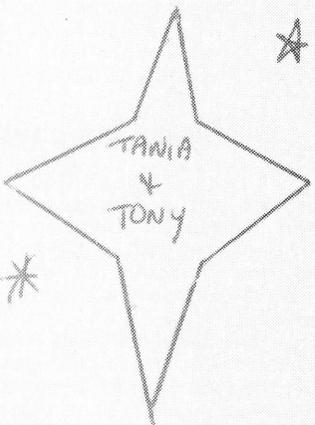
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WILL BE
NO KISSING
AND
CANOODLING



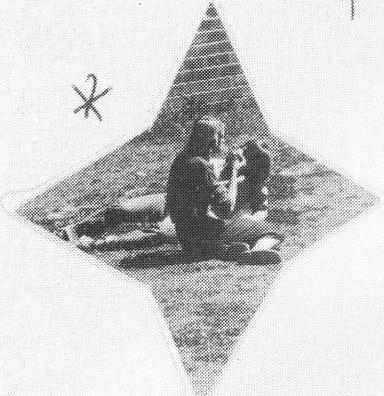
JAMES
+
JAMES



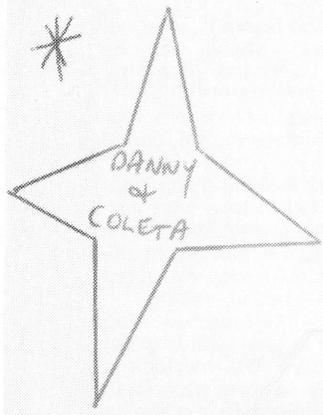
GRIZZLY
+
LINDA



TANIA
+
TONY



MARGARET
+
GAVIN



DANNY
+
COLETA



ROGER
+
SUE-ANNE



GARY
+
VICKI



MELISSA
+
PETER



SHARON
+
?

(see last page)

THE ONE THING

I walk a lonely road,
Wanting that special feeling that I will never know.
I don't want much,
Just the one thing that I can never have.
Oh, for that one thing.

Some people are torn apart by love,
Some people by money,
Still others are ripped to shreds by hate;
But me? By the one thing that I can never have.
Oh, for that one thing.

Everyone has had something that they expected in
this world;
Something which they had taken for granted in life.
Without it, they have no change or change their
world.
But I just sit and seethe and think
Oh, for that one thing.

But some things can only happen once and can
never be undone,
"Just forget about it", I'm told, "I have!"
Just forget the pain, the hate, the tears,
Ignore the voice inside screaming for revenge:
Sobbing for the peace that I will never know.
.....Oh, for that one thing

— ROGER MAYBURY, Year 11

THE MOUNTAIN

Miserable shadows,
Treeless rocky, bumpy peaks,
Breathless slippery cliffs.

— JULIE WHITING, Year 8

A SERGEANT IN THE IRA

I'm Sgt. O'Hagan of the IRA.

I was training some new recruits one dull day in
the art of grenade throwing. Unfortunately Private
Last Class O'Fool threw the pin instead of the
grenade. Alas, poor O'Fool, I knew him well.

After weeks of training we were ready. Private
O'Dock and I tried to blow up a bus, but
unfortunately O'Dock burnt his lips on the exhaust
pipe.

So we decided to join the Navy, the Submarine
Corps. to be exact. I submerged the vessel.
Unfortunately three men drowned while sitting in
the deck chairs and the water came through the
gauze doors. Naturally we abandoned the Sub.

Next we thought we would join the Parachute
Corps. My first jump was with Private O'Shamus.
We jumped out and fell for a while, then I said,
"5000 feet. Pull your rip cord."

"No! no! no!" he said.

"3000 feet. Pull your rip cord," I said.

"No! no! no!" he said.

"1000 feet. Pull your rip cord."

"No! no! no!" he said.

"500 feet. Pull the rip cord or you'll die!"

"No! no! no!" he said.

"10 feet. Pull your rip cord for godsake!"

"No need. I can jump from here."

— MURRAY HOGAN, 8C

DAYDREAMS

The lesson begins with the teacher delving into
the intimacies of the life of a woodworm.

Desmond begins to re-enact last weekend's
happenings, wondering how he looked to his mates.

The woodworm, at this stage, is two
centimetres long, and eating constantly.

As it happens, Dorothy is thinking over the
many of tomorrow night's party, tossing up between
frankfurters and devon rolls.

Mating season approaches and the woodworm
makes ready, oblivious to the unanimous lack of
interest within the classroom environment.

Raymond and Shirley are creating new master-
pieces on their desk tops, periodically hiding their
illegal textas than re-introducing them to finish their
works d'art.

By this time, the woodworm has become a
family man and has seven hundred mouths to feed.

Dorothy, Desmond, Raymond and Shirley are
miles away.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the teacher begins
asking questions, and guess which four have to
spend their next lunchtime studying the life of a
woodworm.

— SHARON FREDERICKS, Year 11

The wind in the trees,
The gentle summer breeze,
The girls making daisy chains,
The boys playing trains.

Summer happiness fills the air,
Everyone attends our small town fair,
They all go out in the sun,
To have a bit of summer fun.

Summer is a time of joy,
For every girl and every boy.

Seeing a little hunger,
Reaching out for love,
Hearing the sound of happiness
To ride the wings of life.

— MARY, Year 10

Thoughts buzz around your head like loud and
insistent bees. How do you get them down on
paper? There is so much to be said, and such
complicated feelings inside.

How do you express what you feel within the
confinements of pen and paper?

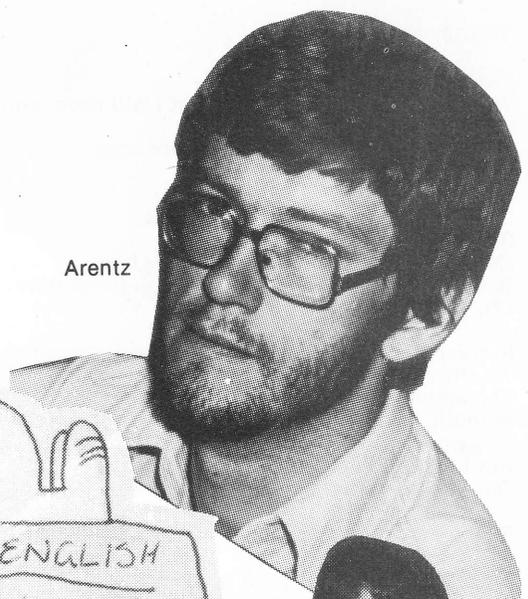
Words are inadequate, but as yet are our most
advanced form of communication.

And then, from within the turmoil of your
thoughts and feelings, three words are summoned
— words that have been used since time immortal,
expressing to the last letter the emotion that all
humans feel. Those three ageless words that are
now writing themselves over my paper and my mind
are simply — "I love you."

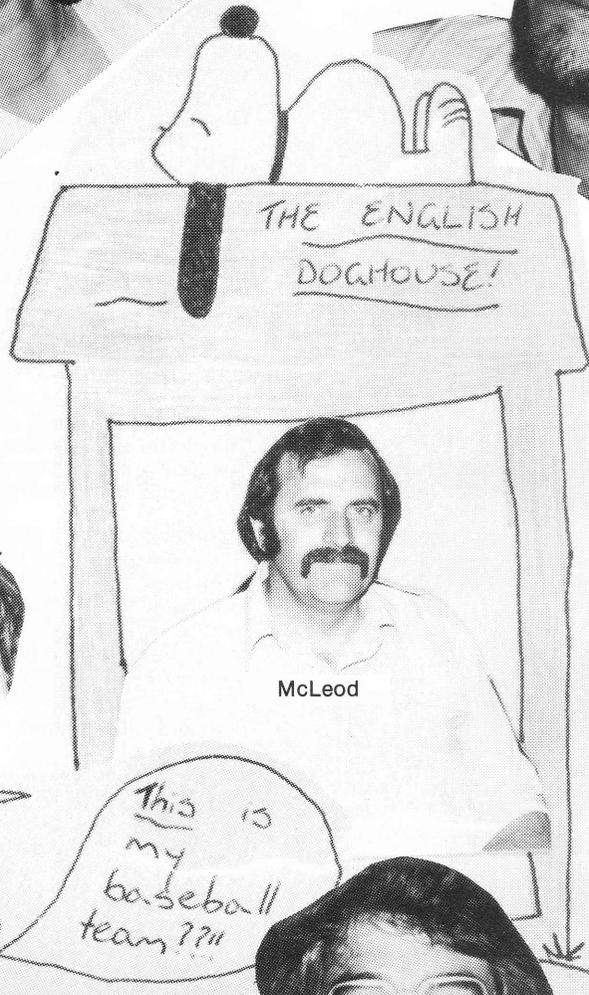
— ANON, Year 10



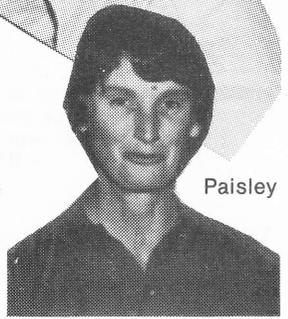
Davidson



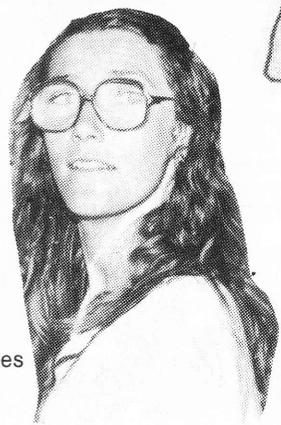
Arentz



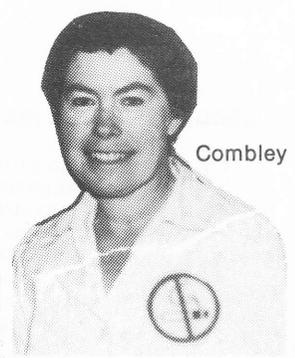
McLeod



Paisley



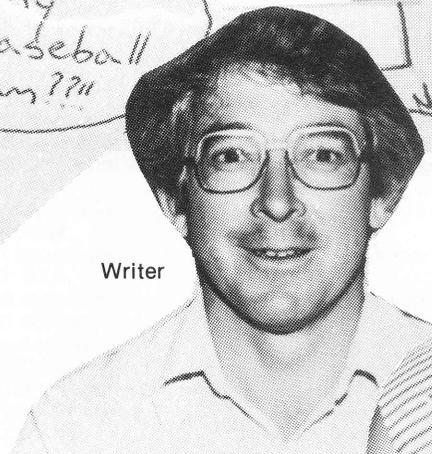
Spies



Combley



This is my baseball team??!!



Writer



Schneider

CLASSIFIED ADS

Save the world — ban man.

 Tomorrow has been cancelled due to lack of
 interest.

 Prevent pollution — stop breathing.

Kids all go out to have some fun
 In the glorius summer sun.
 — KERRY ROBINSON, 9.4

SCHOOL

Aha! What a topic. Even at this moment I can feel you all cringing into your lounge chair and quickly flipping the page of your Bogong to a less revolting topic.

To be truthful, it wouldn't be very difficult would it? Your mind quickly wanders to boyfriends, girlfriends, disco's and parties. Tons more fun than school, isn't it? Believe me, I know but still, we are here, and I have committed a sin worse than death, I have actually chosen to come back after Year 10, rather than escaping from the desolate cement prison, to the carefree, glamorous life of a dole bludger.

But truly, what is wrong with school? Wait! Don't answer that! I can do it for you: and I should know, since I have spent 99% of my waking hours since age two at some sort of educational institution (and I am still here!!). It makes me wonder whether my parents are responsible for my utter brilliance and articulate manners (not to mention my good looks, bubbling personality and, above all, my extreme modesty) or some senile, boring old man or woman, commonly referred to as a teacher.

Like it or not, school is a place where you will spend at least eleven years of your younger life. It is a place to meet people and new experiences, and establish the basis for a career in whatever avenue of employment you choose. School is good fun, except for the homework, discipline, tests, hours, teachers, assignments and the punishments.

Some people say "School is the best time of your life", and it may be, but if you really want to get on in the world, my advice is: marry Prince Charles?!?

— BELINDA CARPENTER, Year 11

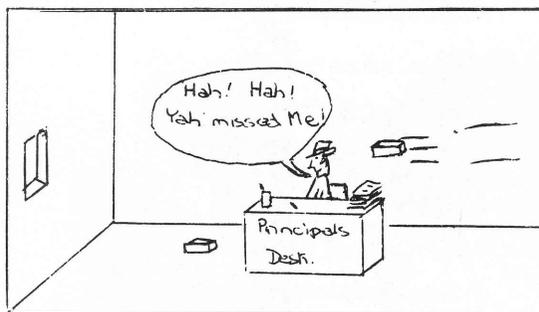
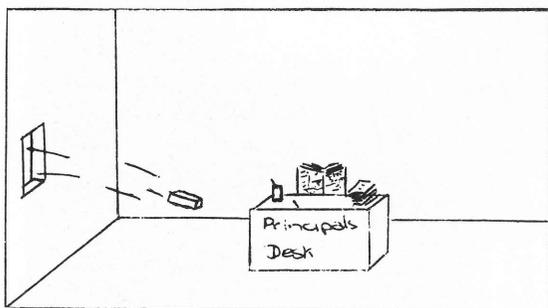
MONEY

When you went outside today,
 Did you consider the money we pay?
 Dimes and coins, dollars and bills.
 It's an honest-to-God fact, it's the money that kills.
 Pirates and bandits; searching for treasure.
 Having to pay for the simplest pleasure.
 Love is no longer a golden locket,
 But how much money jingles in his pocket.
 Banks and safes,
 Old Mr. Scrooge,
 Disco lights, eye shadow, lipstick and rouge.
 Women's dreams are no longer sand and palms.
 But a generous millionaire with out-stretched arms.
 Fun is no longer a walk on a bush track,
 Just being able to have money enough to stack.
 The gold at the end of the rainbows is no longer
 there,
 Except for the very few of us, who really do care

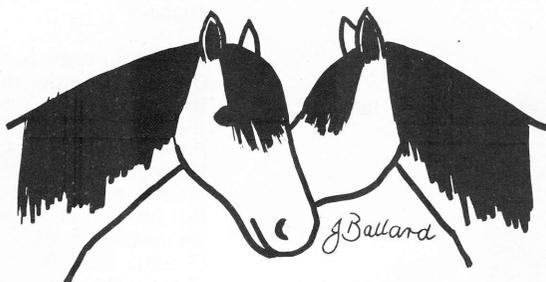
— LYNELLE CLARKE, 10.

My artificial sunlight streams through the protective
 light guard,
 I awaken to begin the same old routine.
 The slops shoved through a crack in the door
 I gave up attempts of communication with the
 outside years ago.
 Was it years?
 Maybe it was; maybe it was just days or hours ago,
 I tried,
 My shell echoing my pleas.
 It is a shell, like a snail's.
 It grew upon me. It can't be shaken off.
 I befriended an ant once.
 He died.
 I'm going to die.
 My shell will eventually suffocate me.
 I wonder who will cry?
 I had a family once.
 They didn't die, but they will.
 We all will.
 I lie on my bunk and eat my slops.
 Fond memories, cruel memories, hazy memories.
 Life is over for me.
 There is nothing, no-one for me.
 Me, a prisoner of life.

— SUEANNE ALLEN, Year 11



Simon Bowdler. S.A.



HORSES

Foal, born out in the open
 the wind dies down to make way
 for the newcomer,
 Sweet smelling clover,
 Underneath the cool shading gums,
 long, lanky legs galloping,
 Galloping across the prairie
 Foals stay close to mother, exploring,
 Rollicking in the sand.
 Hot day is coming to an end,
 horses and foals, standing, standing
 like soldiers in an army.

— TIFFANY LOHS, 7.1

I was walking down the STREETS OF LONDON
 and LISTENING TO THE RADIO and what do you
 know — I CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC and fell over.
 I yelled "HELP!". I met a girl called SAMANTHA,
 who was drinking a MILKSHAKE. She was
 TURNING JAPANESE! She called out, "WE ARE
 LOST!" The WAR OF THE WORLDS has started!
 Then we met a man who looked at Samantha in
 disbelief and said "DON'T GO BREAKING MY
 HEART". All of a sudden, there was great
 EXPLOSIVE HITS everywhere!

After the war had finished, I caught a plane
 back to Australia. When I got there a Russian spy
 named BABOOSKA was waiting for me!

— KELLIE DOYLE, Year 7

HAS ANYONE?....

Has anyone ever told you
 You were spunky?
 Has anyone ever told you
 That they cared?
 Has anyone ever told you
 That they cried over you,
 And stayed awake all night long?

Please listen to me,

If no-one has, cause I'm gonna
 tell you
 I want to tell you, you are
 spunky,
 I wanna tell you how I feel,
 I wanna say "I care darling",
 even if no-one else will.
 I won't say it meaninglessly,
 I won't say it without love,
 But
 I'll have a hard time saying it
 Cause
 I'm shy?!

— TIFFANY LOHS, Year 7

SPRING

Spring is my favourite time of the year
 When all the waters are cool and clear,
 And all of the young animals are to be born
 Like rabbits, birds and baby fawns

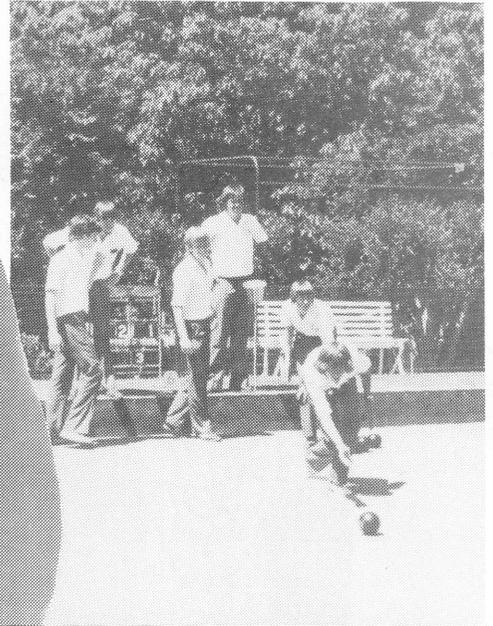
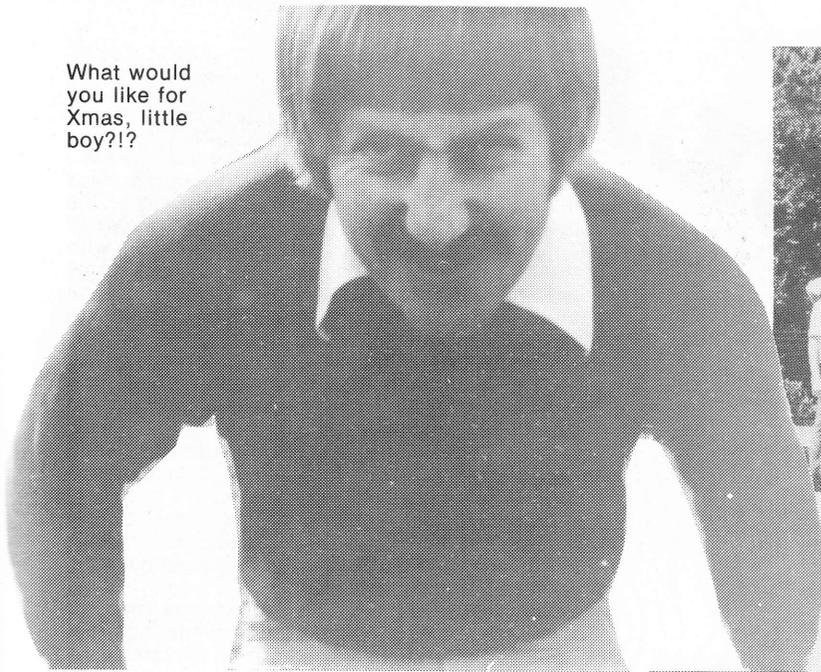
— GLENDA WEBB, 7D

Somewhere up there
 Beyond that barrier of blue,
 There's another world waiting
 Just for me and you.

Another time,
 Another place,
 Maybe even different
 From our own human race.
 They may be yellow, pink, green or blue,
 But I know they're waiting
 Just for me and
 You.

— DAVID FREDERICKS, 7.2

What would you like for Xmas, little boy?!?



What am I doon?



I forgot to shave my legs!



Looking forward to parole in six years.



Howzat!

DRACULA



DRACULA SPECTACULA SHOW

The Tumut High School production for 1980 was "The Dracula Spectacula".

The show was performed for the public during September in the Multi-Purpose Hall. The Show was the culmination of many months of hard work, rehearsing and building sets. Special mention must go to those behind the scenes; Mr. McLeod, the director and general slave driver; Mr. O'Brien, the producer and stage manager; Mrs. Combley, choreography; Miss McKinnon, costumes; Mrs. Paisley and Miss Twigg, rehearsals; and, finally, Ms. Davidson and her girls in makeup.

Special mention should also go to Mr. Holmes for providing the music and to Mrs. McLeod.

Every show has its setbacks, and this show had enough to satisfy everybody. Twice as many smoke/mist machines were sent to the show than were required, none of which worked. Pipes that were carefully installed to support the lights were found to be too large. These were later replaced with the correct size.

The show was full of lighter moments, such as the time Mr. McLeod's dog made a show stealing entrance mid-performance, or when Genghis ripped the curtain with the South Tower. There were also mishaps that the audience did not see, such as the time Nick and O'Stake went to make a perfectly-timed entrance from the rear of the hall, only to find themselves locked out.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, these and other setbacks, the show was a roaring success.

Pupils from Lockhart, Gundagai, Batlow, Adelong and Tumut attended the matinees. Overall, the show was very well-patronised and this made all of the months of hard work worthwhile.

— ROGER MAYBURY

DRACULA BEHIND THE SCENES

Well, Dracula gradually fell into place. The pieces fitted together and the puzzle was complete. When the show was staged, the audience saw a splendid, well-rehearsed display of talent, comedy and wit. Only the people who partook in the presenting of this performance saw how much time and work had been put into the show. Many hectic rehearsals were attended, where the cast and crew of "Dracula" endeavoured to meet the expectations of Mr. McLeod. It's hard, trying work, but despite the ups and downs of moods, the "Dracula Spectacula Show" was ready for opening nights.

During rehearsals, the main characters were asked for their opinions of being in "Dracula" and the rehearsals they were attending.

Dracula: The rehearsals get very boring sometimes and Mr. McLeod drives me "batty" (sometimes). But I think when the actual show is on it will turn out very well.

Countess Wraith: Well, I like being in Dracula. It's fun doing something different and meeting other people. I get a bit cheesed off at rehearsals as everything we do seems to be wrong, but Mr. McLeod knows what he is talking about. Sometimes I think the show is a waste of time, but it's good when you get on stage.

Genghis: The show's alright.

Father O'Stake: I think that being in "Dracula Spectacula" is good experience and a lot of fun. Rehearsals could be better, but they are as good as the cast makes them.

Hans: I think it's good to be in "Dracula Spectacula". Rehearsals are good. I thrive on them. I would like to be in more shows.

Gretel: It's a very interesting part unt has a deep insight into ze German vay of life. The rehearsals are long and tedious. (They drive me up the wall).

Nick: I think "Dracula Spectacula" is fun and beneficial. Rehearsals are hard work, but enjoyable.

Nadia: Well, I don't really know. (Being her usual naive self).

June: It's O.K., but sometimes rehearsals get a bit much. (I don't comment much).

Kelly: I like it because it is good experience and a good way to fill in time. It also helps us to co-operate with people. And about rehearsals. Well, if you're in it you've got to be prepared to give up your time.

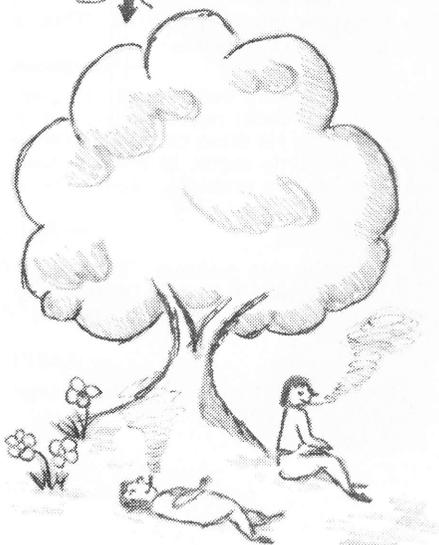
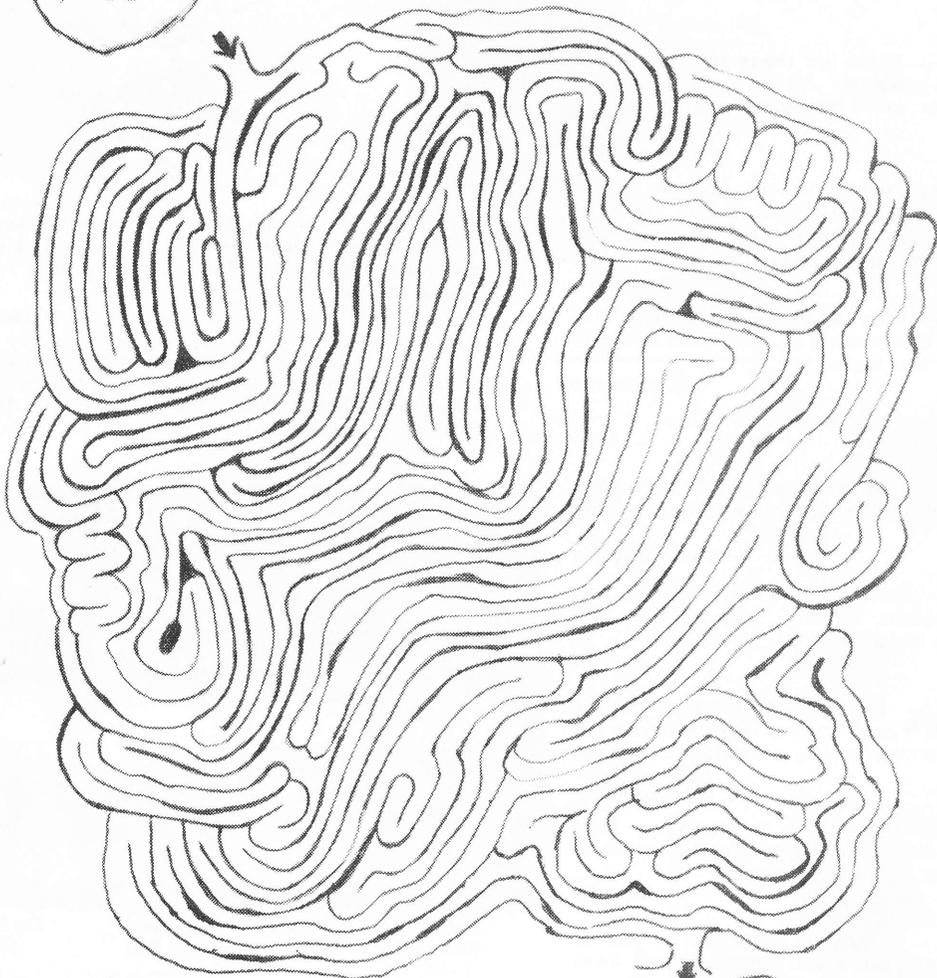
Elvis: I think Mr. McLeod does a #?%!# lot of work. I've also ruined two pairs of socks, one shirt and one pair of trousers. Rehearsals are hard work but necessary. (Being patriotic, if you know what I mean!)

Well, there we have the opinions of the cast, and the overall opinion seems to be that the hard work put into it is worth it in the long run. After all, how many people can actually say they've been on stage with Dracula?! Admittedly, rehearsals have been a lot of work, hard work and, although there's been a lot of shouting and upsets, everyone has really enjoyed themselves. (Although they wouldn't dare to admit it).

One member of the cast, when describing Mr. McLeod being angry says he "puffed up to twice his size". Our only regret is that we couldn't interview the Director himself as he was never in the same place twice. Oh well, that's show biz!!!

— MORAG, YEAR 10

THE SMOKING GAME



Dean Lumby 9.3
* Colata Xell Year 11

Dear A.H., — I am a Year 11 student who has a problem. It is my present English teacher. Some say he bought his teaching Degree on a street corner, who knows? What can I do?

— Desperate

D.D., — I suggest that when he is locked up for the night you steal the key. If this does not work, hang a mirror in his staff room and scare him to death.

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — There are these two friends of mine who have a problem. All day long they hang all over each other, and I honestly think something is wrong.

— Disgusted

D.D., — The only method I can suggest is that you put garlic in his aftershave. If this does not work then your last hope is to steal his razor. The end result will scare anyone away.

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — I am desperate for a friend. A true friend who I can confide in. Someone who will care. You're my last hope.

— Lonesome

D.L., — Tough luck, kid!

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — I am Irish and my friends keep stirring me and telling me Irish jokes. What should I do?

— Oscar O'Reilly

D.O.O.R., — The only cure for this is to just ignore these ignorant "friends". By the way, did you hear the one about the Irish priest

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — My biggest problem is my wandering hands. I can't control them and they get me into some embarrassing situations. Please help.

— The Wanderer

D.W., — Sit alone in a corner away from anyone and see how you like wandering hands on you. This should cure your problem.

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — I have a problem. I am an irresistible person, but I can't drag myself away from a mirror long enough to enjoy it. This is ruining my image. Please help me.

— Gorgeous

D.G., — You need more help than I can give. I suggest you visit your most regular customer in this field, James Roddy. He often comes for advice on such matters. My only regret is that we have never found a cure for this problem. Just look at James.

— A.H.

Dear A.H., — I have this problem. Everytime I walk into the senior loos, I find it difficult to breathe. I have fainted many times due to this. Help!

— GASP!

D.G., — I suggest you try overcoming the urge when nature calls by not entering at all.

— A.H.



Dear A.H., — I am deeply in love with one of my teachers. I can't take my eyes off her and I kiss the ground she walks on. The problem is that I'm too young for her.

— Youngun

D.Y., — Unless you like your mouth full of dirt I suggest you find out more about this teacher. You may find she has nasty habits that you dislike. Besides I, too, am in love with her. So push off.

— A.H.



See No
Evil

Hear No
Evil

Speak
No Evil

Do No
Evil

EXCHANGE STUDENT REPORT

Hello. My name is Shari Garrett and I'm from California, U.S.A. I arrived in Australia in August and will be here until next July. Things have been really great since I've been here. The kids are great. I can't say that for the flies. I come from northern California in the mountains. There is a lot of skiing, camping, backpacking, hunting and swimming. It doesn't get as hot there as it does here.

The schools are a lot different. We don't wear uniforms. I go to the El Dorado High School. This is grades 9th to 12th ages 14 to 18. Our school year starts the beginning of September and it goes to the beginning of June. Then we have a three month summer vacation.

Things are really great here in Australia and I'm looking forward to the rest of my stay.



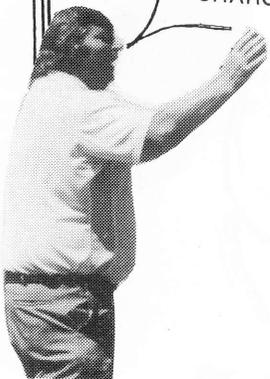
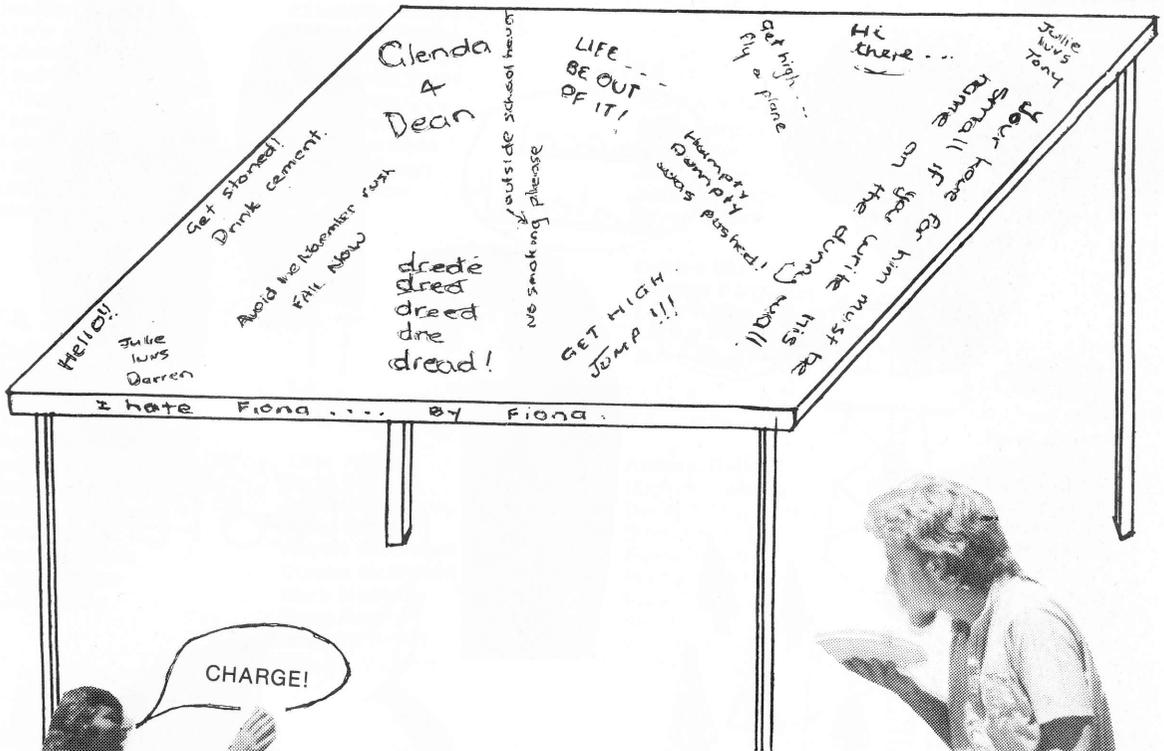
Textbooks?

BLOCKED
BY A PRINGLE



Fleeing the
Combley!

MURRAY!



CHARGE!



That's a
funny way
to eat your
lunch!

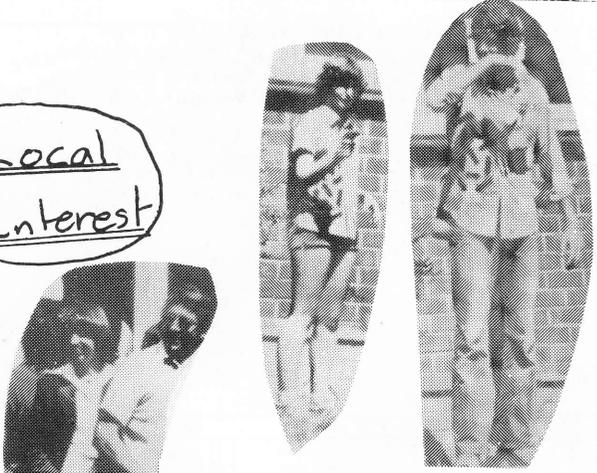


Science Staff Room
At 7:00 A.M.



Scott Banwell
7.4

Local
Interest



The Red Pony



Susan Sutton, 8B.



INMATES

7.1:

Peter Davis
Mark Etcell
Neil Gatenby
Darren Gordon
Stephen Hegedus
Shane Lubke
Lachlan Owen
Marcus Read
Bede Spannagle
Steven Tod
Damon Washington

Justine Ahern
Karyn Annetts
Julie Baker
Jan Ballard
Raylene Brown
Helen Davis
Louise Dowell
Jennifer Fleming
Jenny Harris
Suzanne Hartley
Stephany Kell
Tiffany Lohs
Tania Reljanovic
Kerrie Sturt
Kathryn Tod
Michelle Tozer
Melissa Watson

7.2:

Craig Adams
Geoffrey Blewitt
Tom Dean
David Fredericks
Ross Gorman
Justin Hassett
Brendan Hayes
Simon McGuire
Derek Nuss
Michael Shaw
David Vayne
Greg Willis

Melinda Barnett
Catherine Cassidy
Louise Doolan
Sonia Gogola
Debbie Goode
Lisa Harris
Angela Lawson
Dawn Miller
Joanne Molloy
Deidre O'Keefe
Kirsty Thomson
Sarah Turnbull
Sarah Wilson
Sharon Winters

7.3

Lee Annetts
Adam Boenkendorf
Ian Brooke
Peter Buckmaster
Scott Day
Darren Dean
Grant Elliott
Stephen Leathley
Dean McDonald
Nigel Machell
Christopher Monogue
Warren Sutton
Robert Toppin
Timothy Webb
Jamie Wilson

Donna Abbott
Angela Burt
Debra D'Arsie
Wendy Green
Elizabeth Gulliford
Donna McGrath
Fiona O'Sullivan
Bernadette Pryor
Virve Repo
Inna Rosanen
Julie Simonds
Neralee Smart
Anne Spicer

7.4

Linn Armour
Scott Banwell
Andrew Barton
David Blunt
Robert Brockwell
Steven McMullen
Mark Marlowe
Dean Radford
Bernard Smith
Wayne Vickery

Jenny Ball
Tanya Benson
Della Blinksell
Cheryl Bulger
Jacqueline Dalby
Kellie Doyle
Alicia Giddings
Narelle Goldspink
Tanya Goldspink
Jennifer Miller
Kim Sturt
Tanya Venables
Julie Walton

7.5

Michael Baker
Peter Bush
Warrick Cole
Mark Edwards
Albert Jones
Michael Lucas
Peter McAlister
Steven Oddy
Anthony Post
Sean Skeers
Michael Whiting

Tanya Alchin
Colleen Bradshaw
Lisa Brown
Julie Field
Colleen Freeman
Gaylene Godfrey
Clarice Ingram
Louise Morgan
Sandra Pianelli
Glenda Webb
Joanne Williams

7.6

Tony Adelheim
Peter Ferguson
Phillip Harris
John Jones
Adam Moorby
Bryce Moore

Debbie Blundell
Daphne Ferguson
Leith Hillier
Leona Mangelsdorf
Jan Sutton

8.1

Andrew Ballard
Michael Beaven
David Booby
Simon Bowdler
Russell Burn
Michael Callister
Brian Cassidy
Stephen Collison
Andrew Coulton
Scott Doyle

Lisa Ahern
Lian Armour
Vicki Atkins
Elizabeth Baker
Lisa Biggs
Kim Bond
Kerry Brown
Rosina Brumby
Vicki Casey
Nicole Carpenter
Debbie Connolly
Patricia Conway
Sonya Delaney
Jacqueline Doulis
Vanessa Durham

8.2

Marcus Farthing
Eric Fenske
Steven Flynn
Mark Foley
Dean Freeman
Ricky Gilchrist
James Goode
Jock Haris
Robert Harper
Rodney Harris
Robert Harris
Steven Harris
Richard Hart
Andrew Hassett
Wayne Herring
Tim Hilly
David Hobby
Murray Hogan
Dale Holmes

Karen Ferguson
Joanne Fredericks
Angela Godfrey
Kaylene Graham
Linda Graham
Belinda Harris
Judith Holmes
Deborah Hounsell

8.3

Darren Jackson
Andrew Jeffery
David Johnson
Vaughan Joyce
Stuart Kell
Anthony Kelly
Michael Kelly
Rodney Kent
Chris Klaus
Lachlan Knox
Brent Krause
Vincent Love
David Lowther
Brett Lynch
Tim McAlister
David McDougall
Andrew McGrath
Peter Machell
Graeme Martin
Martin Middleton

Tracey Kell
Karen Lefevre
Jane Lowther
Fiona Makin
Lynette Moorby

8.4

Gary Murphy
Neil Murphy
Rodney Oxley
David Penrith
Grant Pheasant
Gregory Post
Peter Roberts
Paul Russell

Debbie Murdoch
Sally Murphy
Sally Oakman
Vivienne Pearce
Fiona Phillips
Cindy Piper
Tracey Piper
Jennifer Post
Donna Radford
Jacqueline Roberts
Patricia Roddy
Marjean Salan
Tracy Salmon
Carol Seidl
Michelle Shaw
Karen Sheather
Sharon Smith
Sandra Sturt
Mellisa Sutton
Susan Sutton
Kathryn Swan

8.5

Steven Sedgman
Anthony Shaw
Lindsay Smith
Paul Stokes
Wayne Swan
Craig Thomson
Craig Veitch
Stuart Washington
Noel Weaver
Nigel Webb
Andrew Williams
David Winters
Adam Yan
Uwe Ziemer
Werner Ziemer

Jillian Taylor
Christine Thomas
Jennifer Turner
Tina Walton
Dianne Webster
Christine Whiting
Julie Whiting
Fiona Williams
Irene Williams
Linda Williams
Sharon Williams
Jenna Woolley
Tania Yorgey

9.1

Ken Adelheim
Scott Alchin
Hugh Aldersea
Warwick Allen
Mark Arragon
Andrew Baker
Kevin Blunt
Tim Bowdler
Mark Brayshaw
David Brown
Gregory Brown
Wayne Bye
Anthony Claffey
Phillip Contessa
David Crealy

Bernadette Anderson
Narelle Annetts
Tempe Archer
Maxine Ball
Wendy Barnett
Belinda Blinksell
Debra Bright
Leonie Brown
Vicki Brown
Wendy Brown
Anne Brumby
Rozeanne Brydon
Cathy Casey

9.2

Gregory Dean
Michael Dean
Stephen Dodd
Anthony Doulis
Scott Dowell
Doug Ferguson
James Gorman
Bruce Graham
Robert Gregory
John Harris
Petri Hietanen
Ray Hounsell

Roslyne Clark
Wendy Crain
Trisha Daley
Robyn Davey
Colleen Dean
Tanya Dean
Kay Dunkinson
Joanne Dunn
Deidre Eding
Kim Elliott
Joanne Flanders
Janice Freeman
Audrey Garner

9.3

Paul Jones
Paul Kell
Ray Kent
Dean Lumby
Peter Lynch
Terry Machell
Michael Malone
James Mason
Mark McDonald
Steven Miller
Steven McDonnell

Tracey Hampstead
Deanne Kell
Margaret Kell
Patsie King
Glenda Mangelsdorf
Maria Mariotis
Priscilla Marlowe
Patricia McMahon
Kim McNamara
Donna Mellen
Margaret Melrose
Janice Molineaux
Tracey Morgan

9.4

Robert Molloy
David Murphy
Darren Nasser
Paul Neuss
Rodney O'Keefe
Danny Osis
Grant Phillips
Michael Post
Grant Rannard
Stanley Russell
Darrell Schafer
Anthony Shepherd
Wayne Sparks

Jacqueline Mors
Denise Morris
Maree Murdoch
Denise Myers
Maria Nowlan
Tania Oddy
Tanya Paton
Maxine Piper
Elizabeth Pitcher
Catherine Purcill
Janet Richards
Kerry Robinson
Cheryl Sargeant
Edith Seidl
Lucy Smith

9.5

Paul Shelley
Darren Stuckey
Andrew Sturt
Graeme Sturt
Michael Sutton
Neville Thomas
Adrian Tod
Stephen Topham
Joseph Turnbull
Warren Turner
Scott Vickery
Paul Vine
Gordon Webb
Andrew Whiting
Brett Whiting
Kerry Whiting
David Wilkinson
Michael Wilkinson
Stephen Wood
Robin Worsnop
Craig Wyse

Dianne Thatcher
Joanne Thomas
Heather Veitch
Colleen Walsh
Fiona Watson
Jeanette Webb
Lisa Wellington
Megan Whiting
Sonya Ziemer

10.1

Robert Annetts
Derek Ballard
Ronny Ballard
David Barton
Toby Beattie
John Bettini
Grant Biggs
Robert Breed
Phillip Brooke
Gary Buckmaster
Nigel Carroll
Rodney Carr
Roger Clark
David Collison
Stuart Crain
Ian Crealy
Steven Dunn

Mary Anderson
Kirsten Annetts
Mary Annetts
Carol Back
Morag Bowdler
Tracy Buckley
Susan Cameron
Linda Candotti
Karen Cassidy
Lynelle Clarke
Leanne Conway
Vicki Cribb
Wendy Cupitt

10.2

Michael Field
 Timothy Gallard
 Mark Gogala
 Peter Haberly
 Kevin Harris
 Richard Harris
 Trevor Harris
 Murray Hoad
 David Holmes
 Andrew Kell
 James Knight
 David Knox
 Geoffrey Lowther
 Roland Lowther

Sandra Davidson
 Catherine Denson
 Dianne Dodd
 Keryl Dodd
 Julie Douglas
 Tracey Ellison
 Rhonda Goldspink
 Margaret Goode
 Yvonne Grady
 Joanne Henrick
 Maree Jamieson
 Margaret Kelly
 Robyn Lilley
 Gwen Lowther

10.3

John Love
 Raymond Lucas
 Alexander Luke
 Stephen McAlister
 Brian Murphy
 Brett Oddy
 Mark Osarek
 Tadija Ostojic
 Basii Penrith
 David Piper
 Glenn Roberts
 Shane Rodham

Catherine Malone
 Michelle McDonald
 Dianne McGrath
 Margot Myers
 Susan O'Brien
 Louise O'Donovan
 Sharon Owen
 Cheryl Penrith
 Anneve Pheasant
 Viviana Pianelli
 Karen Pratt

10.4

Ken Patterson
 Tony Russell
 Garry Salan
 John Smith
 Shane Sparks
 David Springall
 Tony Sturt
 Marden Taylor
 Jamie Turnbull
 Mark Webster
 Bruce Whiting
 Phillip Wilkinson
 Leslie Williams
 Gavin Yan

Leanne Radley
 Catherine Roberts
 Lynette Robinson
 Karen Simonds
 Leonie Smart
 Catherine Spinnagle
 Alice Steiner
 Roslyn Stockwell
 Jennifer Tod
 Julie Vickery
 Sharon Vickery
 Lindy Whiting
 Jennifer Wilde



12.1

Paul Adams
 Timothy Barton
 Peter Candotti
 Gregory Davis
 Christopher Doon
 David Gatenby
 Paul Hughes
 Kevin King
 James Roddy
 Dion Rodham
 Geoffrey Sturt
 Michael Ziemer

12.2

Julie Arragon
 Sue Bootsma
 Jill Bright
 Miriam Burt
 Judy Butler
 Robyn Campbell
 Beverley Clark
 Jenny Crain
 Kristine Crain
 Rowena Faulder
 Helen Garnett
 Robyn Grady
 Karen Hartshorn
 Adrienne Henrick
 Jennifer Jones
 Majella Kerr
 Margaret Lynch
 Despo Mariotis
 Judy Schafer
 Elizabeth Seidl
 Brigita Tezak
 Sharon Topham
 Katrina Wilson

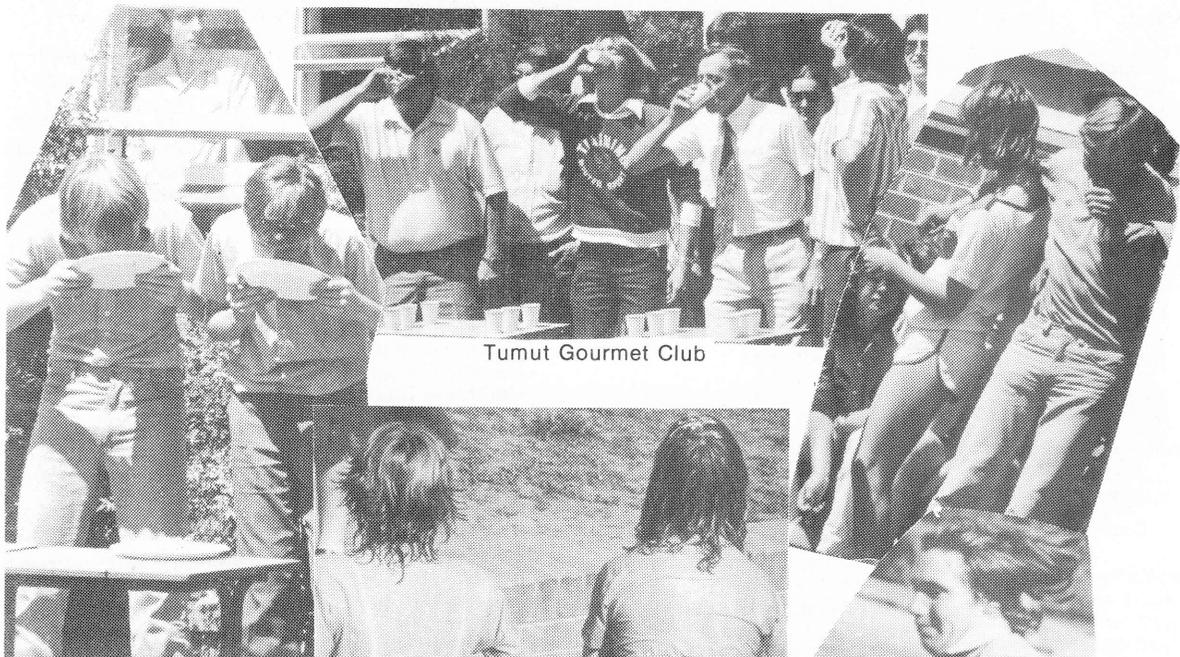
11.1

Sueanne Allen
 Penny Andrews
 Tracey Blunt
 Joanne Burn
 Jane Callister
 Alison Cameron
 Belinda Carpenter
 Geraldine Daley
 Julie Dean
 Donna Douglas
 Sharon Fredericks
 Shari Garrett
 Janelle Graham
 Linda Hargreaves
 Janine Harris
 Melissa Hart
 Julie Hartshorn
 Kathryn Hoad
 Catherine Kell
 Coleta Kell
 Vicki King
 Narelle Leece
 Dianna Martin
 Julie Piper
 Raelene Sutton
 Juanita Trent
 Christine Walsch
 Lesley Webb
 Melinda Wilson

11.2

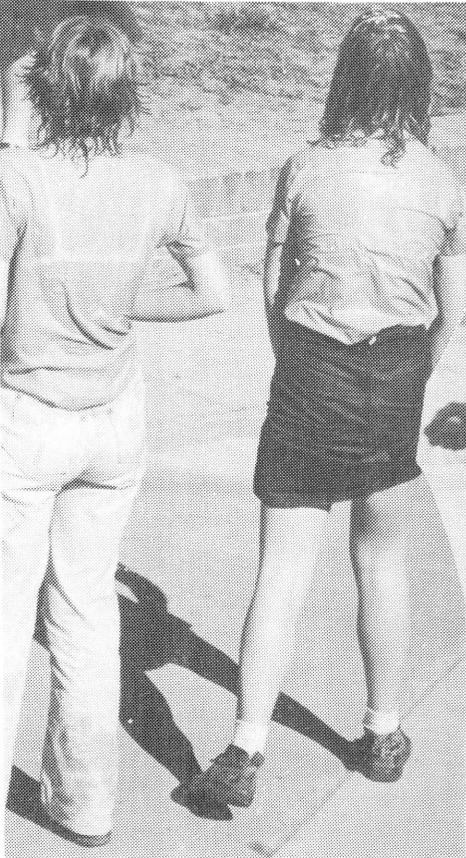
Troy Ballard
 Danny Barnard
 Steven Beaven
 Donald Brooke
 Colin Contessa
 Eric Gruener
 Darren Lane
 Mark McLennan
 Christopher McMannus
 Roger Maybury
 Paul Nugent
 Zelemir Ostojic
 Craig Phillips
 Peter Pitcher
 Alan Webb
 Robert Whiting





Tumut Gourmet Club

"I used to be a 90lb weakling till I learned to fold my arms."



Donkey!

BOGONG JOKES

There were three men sentenced to 10 years in jail. One an Irishman, one an Australian, one a Scotsman. They were all allowed one last request before they were put into jail. The Irishman wanted 10 years supply of smokes. The Australian wanted a 10 year supply of K.B. and the Scotsman wanted a shapely blonde. Ten years went very quickly and when they got out the Scotsman said, "Boy! Am I tired." The Aussie was very drunk. The Irishman said, "Anybody got a match."

— D. KELL, Year 9

What did the horse give the bartender?
Four bucks.

Kelly! Put your head out the window and tell me if the blinker is working.

Pat: "O.K. Yes, No, Yes, No

D.E., Year 9

Did you hear about the Irish grand prix driver? He made a hundred pit stops, four for fuel and the other ninety-six for directions.

— GREG BROWN, Year 9

Priest: "Today I am going to tell you of the terrible effects of alcohol. (Drops a worm in water. It wiggles a bit and he pulls it out).

Priest: You see. There is nothing wrong with it. (Then he puts the worm in whiskey and it shrivelled up and died).

Priest: There, you see.

Wino (From rear of church): Yea, I see that if you drink plenty of whisky, you won't get worms.

Q. What may mislead hunters who are following hounds through the woods?

A. The bark of the trees.

— D.M., 7B

TEACHERS TOP 40 HITS

1. Mr. Arentz — It's Not Easy Being Green
2. Mr. Pike — Hard to be Humble
3. Mrs. Huey — Can't Stop the Music
4. Mr. McLeod — Fame
5. Mr. Deacon — Send in the Clowns
6. Mrs. Spies — We are Glass
7. Mr. Keith — Living in Sin
8. Mr. Skeggs — Ashes to Ashes
9. Mr. Hall — Another Brick in the Wall
10. Mrs. Combley — There Ain't No Age for Rock 'n' Roll

11. Mr. Freeman — He's My Number One
12. Mr. Purcell — Leader of the Pack/Rock 'n' Roll High School
13. Mr. Fitzgerald — He's So Shy
14. Mrs. Bawden — Driver's Seat
15. Mr. Huff — Ride Like the Wind
16. Mrs. Thatcher — Life at the Outpost
17. Mrs. Cotterill — How Does It Feel to be Back?
18. Mr. Brown — Je t'aime
19. Mrs. Paisley — Doctor, Doctor
20. Ms. Davidson — Night on the Town

21. Mr. Freeman — Daddy Cool
22. Mr. Writer — Little Donkey
23. Ms. Twigg — Emotional Rescue
24. English Staff — Mental As Anything
25. Mrs. Orr — Quiet, Please
26. Mr. Spence — I Don't Like Mondays
27. Mr. Ayliffe — In the Navy
28. Mrs. Graham — Blue Jeans
29. Mr. Kennedy — Money, Money, Money

30. Mrs. Swann & Mrs. Pringle — What I Like About You
31. Mr. Welham — Knock on Wood
32. Mr. & Mrs. Schneider — You Took the Words Right out of My Mouth
33. Ms. Cruise — Dancing Queen
34. Mr. & Mrs. O'Brien — I Love You More Than I Can Say
35. Mr. Pike & Mrs. Newman — YMCA
36. Mr. Rankmore — Generals and Majors
37. Mrs. Pringle — Video Killed the Radio Star
38. Mr. Henry — Total Control
39. Mr. McCullagh — Another One Bites the Dust
40. Mr. Norman — I Can't Help Myself

T.V. GUIDE — T.H.S. 3

SATURDAY

10.15 a.m.: IN YOUR GARDEN with Mr. Swann
11.00 a.m.: HANDY MAN with Mr. Deacon.
11.30 a.m.: MENTAL WORKS with Mr. Huey.
12 noon: YOUNG TALENT TIME with Mrs. Huey.
1.00 p.m.: BOATING with Mrs. Orr.
1.30 p.m.: LITTLE WOMEN with Mrs. McDonald
3 p.m.: MY BRILLIANT CAREER with Mr. Ayliffe.
4.30 p.m.: WHAT'S NEW IN SCIENCE with Mr. Hall
5.30 p.m.: COUNTDOWN with Mrs. Cotterill
6.30 p.m.: NEWS with Mr. Henry
6.55 p.m.: WEATHER with Ms. Webster
7 p.m.: DES' WORLD with Mr. Purcell.
8.30 p.m.: MACHO MAN with Mr. Pike

— JAMES, Year 8

TOP SELLING ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

1. Mrs. Newman — Breakfast in America
2. Mr. Writer — Scary Monsters
3. Mr. Brown — Supertramp in Paris
4. Mr. O'Brien & Mr. Henry — Boys Light Up

DONATIONS

\$1:

Tumut Discount Fabrics.

\$2:

Chit-Chat Coffee Shop, Excelsior Cafe, Herron & Piper, Jones' Delicatessan, Patricia Fashions.

\$5:

Bank of NSW (Adelong), Milton Archer, B.P. Tumut Service Station, R. J. Bryan (Ideal Butchery), Charcoal Grill, Clarion Dry Cleaners, Clarke's Ridapest, J. N. Clifford Chemist, Trevor Gill (Optometrist), Hair Affair, Handcraft Boutique, H. Kell & Sons, Kettle Interiors, John J. J. Learmont's, The Loft, Marilyn's Hair Artistry, Moongamba Meats, Motel Ashton, Nancarrow's Tumut Datsun Centre, Tumut Music Centre, Tumut Secretarial Services, Tumut Office Supplies, Mrs. Pat Webb, Tumut Co-op, Meyer & Sons Pty. Ltd.

\$6:

Weedens

\$10:

Riverina Fluid Power Pty. Ltd., Tumut Shire Council, Goode's Tumut Coach Service, Peters Constructions Pty. Ltd., ANZ Bank (Tumut), Rotaract Club of Tumut, Holloways Bread (Tumut), Talbingo Service Station, C. Doon & Sons Pty. Ltd., Pyneboard, Tumut Auto Sales and Service, Tumut Valley Tyre Service, Richard Woolcott & Co., Rural Bank (Tumut), PGH Radiata Pine, Tumut River County Council, E. A. Bourne Pty. Ltd., Talbingo Supermarket, Tumut Plant Hire, Commonwealth Bank (Tumut), A. Murray & Son, Amaroo Motel, Jim Brook's Real Estate, Broughton & Bowley, Burt's Menswear, A. B. & C. K. Cowling, Welding Engineers, Creel Motel, Golden Chicken Take-away, Doctors J. H. Grime & A. A. Samann, Harris Chiropractic Centre, Health and Bulk Food Centre, A. J. Manning & Co. Pty. Ltd., Parktown Motors, Pheasant's Jewellers, Pidsley Bros., Sheridan Inn, H. D. Smart's Jewellers, James Tod Pty. Ltd., Tumut Art Society, Tumut Bowling Club, Tumut Valley Tyre Service, I. Wood & J. Ahern (AMP), Talbingo Country Club.

\$35:

Tumut R.S.L. Sub-Branch.



Bye, Mr. Powell!

BOGONG COMMITTEE:

Tracey Buckley, Sharon Fredericks, Jannine Harris, Raelene Sutton, Donna Douglas, Jane Callister, Chris McManus, Roger Maybury, Sueanne Allen, Julie Piper, Melissa Hart, Narelle Leece, Dianna Martin, Vicki King, Janelle Graham, Ms Davidson and Mr. Huey.

We hope you enjoyed Bogong '80!

Aue Boatman

Minist

Rawena Faulder

Kevin King

Beo Clark

Peter Candotta

Paul Adams

Julie Aragon

Don Rodham

Myella Kess

James Bowley

Judy Schaefer

Robin Goady
Christy Brown

Paul Hughes

David Gatenby

Helen Garrett

Knobe

Yoko Mariko

Sunny Caan

Margie X.F.T.

Miriam Burt

Urea Davis

Hot #5

Lenny Jones

Elizabeth Seitz

Dusty Butler
Teresa

Robyn Campbell

A.J. Herrick

Guilt Stout

K. Hankston

M. Werner

Bill Bright

Urea Davis

Knobe

Urea Davis

James Bowley

Judy Schaefer