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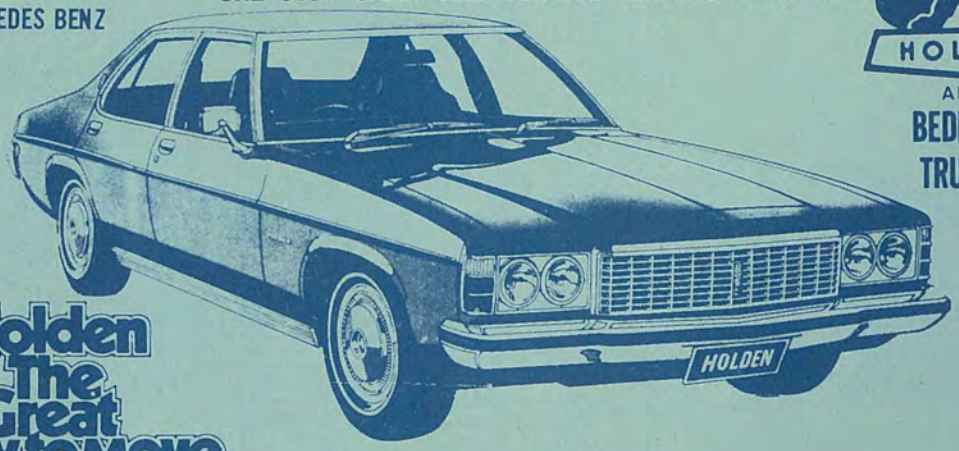
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BUNDABERG STATE HIGH SCHOOL STAFF 1976

Back row: Mr. P. Stabler, Mr. W. Byrne, Mr. J. Surman, Mr. W. Russell, Mr. I. Louttit, Mr. B. Nielson, Mr. P. Woodward, Mr. C. Duffield, Mr. R. Luthe, Mr. R. Peachey, Mr. R. McLucas, Mr. H. O'Malley.

Third row: Mr. D. Mahoney, Mr. T. Murphy, Mr. K. Pattison, Mr. I. Slack, Mr. A. Baldwin, Mr. B. Holtsclaw, Mr. D. Meikle, Mr. L.Kelly, Mr. T. Gunter, Mr. T. Salecich, Mr. K. Young, Mr. A. Smith.

Second row: Mrs. J. Bieske, Miss A. Keir, Miss M. Ash, Miss J. Richter, Mrs. C. Bowman, Mrs. J. Williamson, Miss L. Fredricks, Mrs. R. Young, Mrs. N. Higgins, Miss C. Brand, Mr. B. Hopf, Mr. G. Mellefont, Mrs. P. Pearce, Miss M. Swayne.

First row: Miss D. Abbey, Mrs. K. Damm, Miss J. Gardner, Miss J. Wright, Miss E. Stewart, Mr. G.T. Donohue, Mr. W. Pitt, Mrs. L. Reghenzani Miss H. Porter, Mrs. K. McDuff, Mrs. A. O'Malley, Mrs. M. Davies.

BUNDABERG STATE HIGH SCHOOL

STAFF 1976

Principal: Mr G T Donohue B.A
Deputy Principals: Mr W Pitt, B.Sc., B.Ed.;
Mr W H Donnelly, B.Ed.
Mr D T Mahoney, B.A. (Act.)
Senior Mistress: Miss E M Stewart
Subject Masters:
Art: Mr R A McLucas
Commerce: Mr W R Russell, A.F.I.A
English: Mr R Rowe, B.Ed (on leave)
Mr B J McDuff, B.A. B.Ed.;
Mrs P J Pearce, B.A. Dip. Ed. (Act.)
Geography: Mr R N Peachey, B.A. Dip. Ed.
History: Mr P D Hamilton, B.A. A.Ed. (on leave)
Mr W A Murphy, B.A. (Act.)
Home Economics: Mrs N O B Higgins, Dip. H.Sc.
Manual Arts: Mr I Slack
Mathematics: Mr G E Mellefont, B.A.
Mr R Kirkman, B.Sc.
Modern Languages: Mr A C Baldwin, B.Ed. (Act.)
Physical Education: Mr B G W Hopf, B.A. Dip. Phys. Ed.
Science: Mr L G Kelly, B.Sc, Dip. Ed.;
Mrs J M Bieske, B.A. B.Sc.

Academic Teachers:
Miss D A Abbey, B.A. Dip. Ed.
Miss C A Brand
Mrs N B Burgess, B.A. A.Ed.
Mr W E Byrne, A.Ed
Mrs K E Damm, M.A. Dip. Ed.
Mr B Donoghue, M.A., B.A. (Hons.)
Mr C J Duffield, B.Ec., Dip. Ed.
Miss L M Fredericks, B.App.Sc. (Maths) Dip. Ed.
Mr B J Gibb
Mr T W Gunter, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Mr P F Haley B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
Mr B S Holtsclaw, B.Sc.
Mrs H M Holtsclaw, B.A. Dip. Ed.
Mr B C Inglis
Mr I J Louttit, B.Econ.
Mr R A Luthe, Dip. T.
Miss B V Marhsall, B.A. Dip. T
Mrs B D Meikle
Mr D A Meikle
Mr J D McGovern, A.Ed.
Mr J D McKinley
Mr D M McLaren
Miss L T McNee, Dip. T
Mr R B Neilson, B.A.
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Mr J Rea
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Mr M C Riedy, B.A. Dip.Ed.
Mr A J Salecich, Dip. Sc., Dip.Ed.
Mr A J Schuhkraft, Dip. T.
Mr L E Sheppard
Mr A B Smith, B.A. Dip. Ed.
Mr P H Stabler
Mr J O Surman, B.Ed.
Miss M Swayne, B.A. Dip.Ed.
Mr P R Woodward, B.App. Sc., Dip. Ed

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Mr K A Young, A.L.A.A.

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Mrs L M Crosswell
Mrs K M McDuff
Mr K J Pattison, B.Com., A.A.U.Q., A.A.S.A

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Mr J W Honeywill
Miss J K Wright, Dip. T.

Manual Arts:
Mr R A Findlay
Mr H J Gow
Mr W A Herman
Mr A V J Lee
Mr H P Milne
Mr N H Quarrell
Mr.R J Stevenson (on leave)
Mr D B Thompson

Home Economics:
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Mrs S J Hermann, Dip. T
Miss A C Keir, dip. T
Miss C L McDonald (on leave)
Mrs R M Rea
Miss J W Richter
Mrs J J Williamson, Dip. T.
Mrs R G Young, Dip. T.

Physical Education:
Mrs R E Barnes, Dip. T.
Mr G Broomhall, B.H.M.S. Dip. T.
Mr T J Doherty
Miss J N Gardner

Resource Teacher:
Mr K Murphy, A.Ed.

Guidance Officer:
Miss J E Patterson, B.A. Dip. Ed.

District Relieving Officer:
Mr A J Rennick

Administrative Officer:
Mr R J Tramacchi

Stenographers
Miss A C Fleming
Miss J M Hancock

Laboratory Attendants:
Miss V A O'Meara
Mrs V A Ross, B.App.Sc., (R.T)

Teacher Aides
Mrs W I Brighton
Mrs F C Eastgate
Mrs J D Jacobsen
Mrs D E Johnson
Mrs J H McDougall
Mrs D P Russell
Mr D M Stark
Mrs N Wright

Janitor
Mr C A Walk (on leave)
Mr T F Foley (acting)

Groundsman
Mr S I Molnar (acting)

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Mr R H Porter
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Mrs S W Rossiter
Mrs M G Simpson
Miss C B Sladek
Mr L L Steindl

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Back row: Tracy Meikle, Susan Stringer, Peggy McKenzie, Karen Hillcoat, Barbara Logan, Vera Beuma, Karen Stephenson, Sandra Stockwell.
Middle row: Coral Lobegeir, Peter Sparks, Alan Scotton, Mark Plath, Colin McVeigh, Stephen Cullen, Wendy Brown.
Front row: Michelle Connolly, Lynette Kraak, Vicki King, Maxine Whittaker, Denise Foster, Robyn Noffke, Karen Burton.

EDITORIAL

CONGRATULATIONS to Bundy High students for producing another successful magazine. Enthusiasm and enterprise are the roots of success for all ventures – and these qualities are present in our student body.

1976 has seen many startling changes for the better taking place amidst the school complex. The timely vacating of the technical college buildings has especially led at last to the realization of many hopes amongst the staff, administrators, and students alike.

Our magazine, as the voice of this tremendous microcosm, is proud to represent this school. The contributions by those who took an interest were heartily appreciated and to those whose efforts did not make the final type, we are thankful too for your fine efforts. Again although the quantity was disappointing, the quality proved it all worthwhile. Please remember that the magazine is still your magazine and what YOU make it. Perhaps next year your support could be in black and white too!

Obviously, though, there were many whose worthy efforts combined to make this year's magazine. On your behalf we should like to express our very sincere thanks in particular to those staff members who gave up their time – more especially the efforts of Mr Smith and Mr Stabler, and also to the students, including Mark Plath who has produced the intriguing candid photographs.

Best of luck to all students for their ventures in the future, and encouragement to potential contributors to the 1977 Ad Astra.

Coral Lobegeier and Maxine Whittaker.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Principal: Mr. Donohue

I don't like rules. Students, I gather, don't like them either. I am accused of being the author of our rather formidable list of school rules. I would in fact be content to have only two rules:

(1) Students will act with common sense on all ocassions, and
(2) Students will show consideration for others

For a great many students, even those rules do not need to be written. Such students are naturally sensible, and naturally considerate.

Rules multiply when students do silly things. Some students have to be told what is dangerous, or otherwise injurious to themselves and others, or prejudicial to the good tone of the school. Other students, careful enough of their own things, could not care less about what happens to other people's property. A few students with an odd twist to their mentality even delight in destruction. Another few – perhaps the same few – will steal if they find an opportunity. Hence, we have irksome rules, hard on the sensible, decent student: such for example as those which forbid students to enter classrooms, of which they could make pleasant and valuable use, or put parts of our not very extensive grounds out of bounds.

The rules, then, are those forced on our school community by the stupid, the destructive, and the dishonest. They still do not cover every senseless, malicious, or dishonest action of which the anti-social student is capable.

A few students with an exalted opinion of their own acuteness will argue that because a practice is not specifically forbidden by school rules, it is necessarily allowed. School rules do not in so many words forbid murder or most of the other sins listed in the Ten Commandments. Nor has it been thought necessary to list drunkenness or drug-taking or even smoking in the school grounds. There are standards of conduct which everyone knows are not acceptable in our school society.

The sensible, honest student usually accepts rules without demur. The Student Council reviews them from time to time, and seldom suggests a major change. If you think a rule is unfair or unnecessary, you should see your Student Council representative.

Remember, however, the cardinal principles underlying behaviour in school and in the world outside it: common sense and consideration of others.

G T Donohue, Principal



Deputy Principal: Mr. Ron Pitt



Acting Deputy Principal: Mr. D. Mahoney



Senior Mistress: Miss B. Stewart



JILL MARTIN
Dux of the School



KERRI GORDON
Member QSSSSA Open
Hockey Team



MARIANNE McGRANE
Member QSSSSA Open
Netball Team



ALLAN SCOTTON
3rd QSSSSA Open
High Jump



MICHELLE PEARSON
1st QSSSSA Under 14
Breaststroke (Record)
Backstroke (Record)
Butterfly (Record)
Outstanding Under 14
Competitor at QSSSSA
Titles. Australian Age
Backstroke Champion.

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1976



JUDITH STEHBENS
Member QSSSSA Under 16
Netball Team



PETER WILSON
1st QSSSSA Under 15
800 m.



GEOFFREY LATHAM
Member QSSSSA Open
Rugby League Team



DIANA BYRNE
2nd QSSSSA Under 14
Butterfly
2nd QSSSSA Under 16
Butterfly



DONNA HOHNKE
Member QSSSSA Under 16
Hockey Team



DOROTHY ROBERTS
2nd QSSSSA Under 15
200 m, 400 m.



LEA-ANNE DAVISON
2nd QSSSSA Under 16
high Jump

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LADIES AUXILIARY

GLAD FAWCETT, PRESIDENT

It is now the time to put my thoughts on paper in an endeavour to inform you, in a small way the work done by the Ladies Auxiliary.

As everyone knows, the Tuck Shop is a major project, with Cent Sales a close second. The success of running the Tuck Shop again goes to Norma Fitzsimmon, a very very efficient organiser. To the mothers who never fail.to provide necessities on Cooper Cup days, the students, teachers and others concerned, a big "Thank you".

The preparation of second-hand books for sale is a task not to be lightly undertaken and for Joan Jacobsen and her task force, special mention must be given for their hours of non-flagging energy expended.

The Ladies Auxiliary comprises mothers of students past and present and to those ladies who assisted on all projects and others not mentioned my sincerest thanks. The Auxiliary meets on the second Tuesday of the month in the school library at 1.45 p.m. Will you join us at the next meeting?

A special day each year is when the Students prepare and serve afternoon tea to the Tuck Shop Ladies. This has been an enjoyable afternoon and very much appreciated.

It gives me great pleasure to say I have enjoyed being your President and have now only to say thank you to all who assisted me in any way.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

C. H. MAYNE, PRESIDENT

School Captains



School Captains: Kaye Tyson, Peter Atherton.

"School days are the happiest days of your life", a cynic once said, "providing of course, that your youngsters are old enough to go". That is a tongue in cheek approach which bears little relation to fact, as on reflection, I think you will agree that school has a lot going for it. Today's education system provides for a more stimulating atmosphere which enhances your self reliance, resourcefulness, and self assurance. In my day, the stimulation was given to the seat of the pants with a few good whacks on the backside. It took a few days before it was comfortable to sit down, so we were stimulated to greater efforts for at least that long, but whether it improved our self reliance, resourcefulness, and self assurance, is open to question.

You are given a much greater degree of freedom in the educational approach of today, and this is to be valued, but conversely, it also demands of you, a greater degree of responsibilty— a responsibility to yourselves, your parents, your school, and your community. Act responsibly, and you will be treated in the same manner.

Doubtless you have often heard it said that this is the "lucky country". If that is true, then it follows that we are the "lucky people". A quick survey of conditions in some of the undeveloped countries will soon verify just how fortunate we are, and it seems to me such a shame to waste the opportunities which our high standard of living and learning provide. Make the most of **your** opportunities, and the following little anecdote will have no relevance for you.

After a particularly trying day, two teachers were in the staff room discussing their hectic lives. Said one, "If there is anything to this re-incarnation business, I'd like to come back as a childhood disease".

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LIBRARY MONITORS
Back row: Wendy Heal, Judith Stockwell, Coral Lobegeier.
Middle row: Stephen Phillips, Ross Walker, Tammy Logan, Beth Wagner, Julie Wilson, Deanne Ford, Niles Elvery, Stephen Cullen.
Front row: Christine Tappenden, Sally Purcell, Trisha cook, Jocelyn Christie, Bronwyn Nowitzke, Cathy Graydon, Helen Graydon, Carol Kaminski, Gail Crimp.

Missing from the Photograph: Marilyn Graham, Debbie Whitehall, Debbie Warren, Suzanne Marrisse, Merran Ebeling, Kim Mellick, Kim Watson, Derita Smith, Andrea Mergard, Eve Carter, Jill Fleming, Stephen Sparks, Tony Paine.

CHESS CLUB

Like the Tac Games Club, the number of students at Chess Club was a bit down as some of our better players left. Still, lunchtimes in C3 have a lot going for them. Classes for beginners were started on Fridays and regular play is enjoyed by all students, Monday to Thrusday.

Near the end of the year we began playing many 'variations' – mainly 3–D, 3 or 4 handed chess and Chinese Chess. There was not enough interest this year for a tournament, but now as we're getting many new members, it looks like we'll be having a very hard fought one next year.



CHESS CLUB
Back Row: Mr Holtsclaw, R Stockwell, P Colquhoun, S Wright, M Zahn, L Fritschi, B Smith, L Maughan, D Cullen, D Olsen, B Hartwig
Front Row: R Gaulick, A Luscombe, A Prior, D Pickering, I Loeskow, A Blaik, A Coleman, S McDuff, A Foster, M Wolfenden

LIBRARY NOTES

Here's praise to that nucleus of knowledge, that cradle of culture and source of social group - our library.

This year transactions, up to publication, amounted to an astonishing 27,119 books, and that is not including those accidently not checked out. By far the most popular books this year were 'Go Ask Alice' and 'Picnic at Hanging Rock'.

Numerous new items for the library included 2,020 new books, charts and cassettes as well as the invaluable addition of Mrs Davies (already catalogued but never shelved.)

At this point in time the management wish to confirm the popular belief that the clocks in the library are just slightly wrong but would strongly disagree with any opinion that discounts are obtained for bulk-booking.

Another new feature this year was weekly displays of various topics ranging from wargames to textiles and from Japanese art to school magazines. New facilities also include the overnight borrowing of cassettes, cassette players, periodicals and vertical file material which means that now the only items you can't borrow from the library are the reference books and tables and chairs.

To the people who are wondering why the library doesn't smell nice it is becuase some of the carpet became damp during the cyclone earlier this year and not because of the remaining aroma from the Home Economics girl's french cooking consumed in the library on Bastille Day.

Therefore, on behalf of the ever-so-hard working monitors and the not so ever-so-hard working assistants, I should like to express our gratitude to Mr Young, Mrs Davies and the various teacher aides who work in the library, for their kind patience and attention in making 1976 a very succussful year for the B.S.H.S Library.

Stephen Cullen

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STUDENT ACTIVITY

DEBATING

The subject of economics was rampant in many fields this year, including debating topics. However, with full utilisation of library facilities, economics students and teachers, the sagacious nature of Mr Miller and the resourcefulness of Mr Rowe to whom the team extend their sincere thanks, we managed to tackle this problem.

Our efforts and studies were rewarded when we won the first round of the contest against North Bundaberg High by debating the affirmative of 'that only mugs work'. For the second round we contested the subject 'That we cannot afford higher wages' against an experienced team, Gayndah High. We unfortunately lost this closely fought round.

I would like to urge all students who are interested in debating to enlist their support. It is unfortunate that this activity has only a small following. What is needed to encourage and stimulate interest in the activity and enable an experienced team or teams to contest in the Apex Debating Contest is a programme of intra-school debating projects. The teachers are always willing to assist, it only requires student endeavour.

Our team this year consisted of Mye Wagner, Karyn Stephenson, Maxine Whittaker and our first male member for three years Peter Davis. To finish the teams year of debating we would like to immortalize our defeat motto.

'We are like an ancient Grecian urn,
Beautiful but beaten!' (Oxford Junior Debaters)

Written by M. Whittaker.



DEBATING TEAM
K. Stephenson, M. Wagner, P. Davis, M. Whittaker.

DEBATING BLUES

Full Blues — Maxine Whittaker (endorsed)
Half Blues — Peter Davis, Karyn Stephenson, Mye Wagner (endorsed)

RED CROSS YOUTH

The Bundaberg High Red Cross Youth Group has now been operating for five years. In the previous three years, an annual Handcraft Competition has been held, the Bundaberg High Group winning the shields for all sections of the competition.

Each week at school, a small, but interested group of boys and girls meet to plan it's activities which revolve around the three-fold aim — service, international friendship and health.

Our efforts in international friendship this year have included preparing health bags to send to needy countries and making a friendship album to be sent to a club overseas, who will, in return, send us an album.

Funds have been raised from record hops, a privileges day, the sale of Red Cross tickets and a 'Guess the Peas in the Bottle' competition. The total amount attained was sent to help the Italian Earthquake victims and to aid handicapped children in Papua New Guinea.

In service, we have held concerts at the Pioneer Home and Nursing Centre, and we have visited the patients at the general hospital. We are in the process of making a cot-cover for a bed on one of the children's hospitals of the State.

Sandra Karlsson (President), Marilyn Graham (Secretary) and Anne Leonnard (Treasurer) have enjoyed their positions of office during the year, and thank all members for giving up their time to attend weekly meetings.

May I also on behalf of the group express sincere thanks to our leader Mrs McDuff, for her encouraging enthusiasm and friendship at all tiems.

Sandra Karlsson (President).



RED CROSS
Back row: Neale Gear, Jane Dent, Leonie Mogg, Sandra Karlsson, Christine Smith, David Potter, Mrs. K. McDuff.
Front row: Irene Higgins, Anne Leonard, Wendy Barritt, Jenny Newman, Helen Graydon, Cathy Graydon, Kim Parker, Alison Gear, Kay Tesch.

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SOCIAL COMMITTEE
Back row: Miss C. Brand, K. Gordon, B. Dowd, J. Trebbin, J. Atherton, B. Harvey, J. Francis, V. Beumer, K. Stephenson, C. Riedy.
Front row: M. Tuttle, J. Larsen, C. Crossley, C. Bauer, P. Quivooy, J. Whittle, T. Chambers, N. McLean.



SCHOOL CHOIR

The Bundaberg State High School Choir has had a very successful and enjoyable year, under the guidance of Mrs O'Malley. Earlier in the year the choir entered the Bundaberg Eisteddfod. It entered five sections, winning four sections and coming first and second in the other.

During the year the choir's numbers have fluctuated but there is still a need for voices especially male. The choir has regular practices twice a week.

CHOIR
Back row: Suzanne Hill, Sally Purcell, Deanne Ryan, Wendy Heal, Carly Pickering, Shirley Hill, Lynette Kraak, Robyn Davis, Gail Crimp.
Middle row: Christine Graham, Beth Wagner, Jane Dent, David Pickering, Trevor Green, Doug Trevor Hunter, Jackie Dingle, Dianne Crook.
Front row: Janelle McCracken, Trisha Cook, Catherine Muller, Ruth McKay, Debbie Cree, Rosemary Chalk, Helen Graydon, Cathy Graydon, Bronwyn Nowitzke.

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SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Back row: David Pickering, Dale Gott, Robert Mergard, Ross Stutchbury, Graham Kraak.
Second back row: Graham Sorenson, Trevor Hunter, Leanne Salmon, Sharon Plath, Sandra Stockwell, Carly Pickering, Judy Stockwell, Stephen Phillips.
Second front row: Anthony Coleman, Brian Huxley, Annette Kinne, Paige Bussey, Ruth Condon, Ann Davis, Wanda Goodrich, Catherine Muller, Derek Delbridge, Craig Wright.
Front row: Lin Fritschi, Loretta Maughan, Heather Neubauer Vicki Fawcett, Rosemary Chalk, Debbie Cree, Ruth McKay, Deanne Ryan, Robyn Davis.

BUNDABERG STATE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

'When a musician hath forgot his note, He makes as though a crumb stuck in his throat' (John Clarke).

For many years the talent of the musicians of this school had never been made the best use of until, for the first time ever at Bundaberg High a school orchestra was formed last year. During the past twelve months it has improved considerably. Under the direction of its conductor, Mr G. Walden, it performed at speech night last year and will play at speech night again this year. It will also perform at a concert it is presenting together with players from local schools and a Brisbane band which is hoped to be a great success. Part of the school orchestra played background music for the school melodrama as most student would know.

The school orchestra has almost every instrument of any large orchestra. It consists of 10 violins, 2 violas, 4 cellos, 2 double basses, 4 flutes, and 1 piccolo, 1 oboe, 6 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 1 french horn, 2 trumpets, 1 trombone, 1 baritone and percussion.

Mr Reynolds the brass instructor, conducts a band which has basically the same instruments except for strings whose tutor is Miss Halpin. As from this year we have a percussion instructor also, Mr Kennett. It is largely due to the efforts of the four teachers and especially of Mr Walden, the woodwind tutor and conductor, that we are able to have a school orchestra.

The orchestra is a very worthwhile cultural activity in the school and provides a way for members to fill in their lunchtimes by doing something which they thoroughly enjoy, and which will also benefit them in many ways.

We're sure the orchestra will continue to improve over the next few years and so keep playing as Rabelais said 'Above the pitch, out of tune and off the hinges'.

Sandra and Carly (Star clarinet and bassoon players of the orchestra).

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Neubauer
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NATIONAL MATHEMATICS SUMMER SCHOOL

Although I sat for the Mathematics Competition conducted annually by the Queensland Mathematics Teachers Association to gain experience and confidence in examinations, I was one of the lucky ones who was rewarded for the mere effort of attempting the test. The Queensland Maths Teachers nominated eight students to attend the National Mathematics Summer School at Canberra from Monday 19th January to Saturday 31st January and I was the only girl chosen in this group.

This nomination entitled me to attend the two week vacation school held at the Australian National University, accommodation at Bruce Hall – a residential college on campus and air fares. As I later discovered, it offered an opportunity to be instruced by international and national lecturers, to experience campus life, to see Canberra and to develop many long-lasting friendships.

Students, sixty-six in all, from every State and two from New Zealand, were instructed and experienced the mysteries of mathematics. 'Number Theory' – a two week series of lectures presented by Professor Ross of Ohio State University; 'Ruler and Compass Constructions' – a week of instructions by Sydney University's Dr T Gagen, 'Convex set of Points' – lectures presented by Professor Bent Christensen of the Royal Danish School of Educational Studies; 'Wallpaper Patterns' – lectures by Australian National University lecturer Dr M Newman, plus a host of selected two hour lectures on 'Biological Fluid Dynamics', 'Statistics', and Mathematical Physics'.

Tours were arranged by the C.S.I.R.O., Mount Stromlo, Parkes Tracking Station and the Academy of Science, plus tours to tourist spots about Canberra. During our various free time sessions, we were allowed free hand to Canberra's and the National Universities' facilities. On the final night the students presented a concert of appreciation to the organizers and lecturers concerned, then a dance for students only ,continued afterwards.

The school did not call for 'top of the school mathematics students', but for those who posses ingenuity and the quality of interest in mathematics. A wide scope of experiences in mathematics were presented to aid students in fulfilling their quest in the realms of mathematics.

Unfortunately one of the major sponsors of the school – the Australian Government, has withdrawn its support which leaves the future of the school uncertain. It is sad to think that students who possess talent in a field, not only mathematics, but in art, literature, music and sciences, must be affected in the development of talents by lack of monetary support, and that country students who are already disadvantaged in further education opportunites, are to be denied this one of the few opportunites available to them. Students with interests in mathematics, it is well worth your effort to participate in the Maths Competition – only three hours of your time – because, hopefully, the chance awaits you to experience as I fortunately did, this wonderful trip and exploration in mathematics.

Maxine.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE TEACHING

Around the middle of this year, Grade 11 Economics Students conducted a survey, the aim of which was to promote better understanding and interaction between schools and society and at present, we are privileged in being one of the the three areas which have been awarded the grant, and the only one in Queensland.

The 'unenviable' task of compiling the questionnaire, to be sent to selected businesses was given to 11E. Two students volunteered to do the phoning up of businesses to arrange interviews. During this, several lines were crossed causing chaotic conditions as a three way conversation was pursued between a Senior Mistress, a Local Business and a confused student.

On various days, pairs of students from 11E, 11H-J, conducted the interviews. A consumer study was also conducted to trace the changing consumption habits of Bundaberg Residents. Participating students have been filming and photographing points of interest relevant ot the topic of Economic Growth in Bundaberg. Under the guidance of Mr Murphy, a few of us undertook some research at the Historical Museums, where we were kindly allowed to look through old documents and photographs.

The result of the survey will be compiled into a booklet, an 8mm promotional film, and a centre page report in the 'News Mail'. These will be topped off by an appearance on 'Activeight' by two students.

Although this project involved a great proportion of student participation, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely and gained something worthwhile. To all the people involved, the various teachers, especially Mr Louttit, we must convey our thanks for providing us with this interesting experience.

Vicky and Wendy

Peace is the dream of the wise, war is the history of man.

* * *

City life is millions of people being lonesome together.

* * *

A closed mind, like a closed room, can become awfully stuffy

* * *

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I.S.C.F.
Back row: Ross Walker, Coral Lobegeier, Carolyn Pickering, Shirley Hill, Lynette Kraak, Suzanne Hill.
Front row: Christine Tappenden, Helen Graydon, Cathy Graydon, Browyn Nowitzke, Deanne Ryan.

I.S.C.F.

LOST Three interested teachers, namely Mrs Holtsclaw, Miss Christianson, and Mr Stenstrom – the latter two believed kidnapped en route to Canada.

But ISCF continues under the scientific and mathematically minded Mr Salecich and under the artistic touch of Miss Ash.

I.S.C.F which stands for Inter-School Christian Fellowship, is a part of the Scripture Union Movement, and our motto and aim is 'to Know Christ and to make Him Known'.

This does not imply that we sit down every Monday and study the Bible, nor does it mean that we spend 40 minutes of our Tuesday lunch hour deeply engrossed in prayer. These things have their place, but other things are important too. Hearing about Christianity from a Tongan, the Indian Ramabi Mukti Mission, and following through John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' have been some of our school time activities.

Out of school, activities have included camps, and an exhausting bike ride that took us up the Hummock and down to Kelly's Beach where we had a bar-b-que after finally lighting the fire.

Hoping to see you at ISCF in H1 and at the camps.

Remember Jesus is alive and working in BSHS. Is He real to you?

INTERACT CLUB

Throughout the year the club has given support towards a number of needy causes and the members involved in this support, had a rewarding time doing so. The club attendance took much the same form as the previous years with the support being quite enthusiastic at first, but because it was not all play, interest died away.

The activities which the club took part in and conducted, involved the annual Interact Conference on the 7th March at the Brisbane Girls Grammar, which proved both enjoyable and informative. All clubs at the conference gave reports on their activities which gave our club many new ideas.

A number of door-knocks were held in aid of the Salvation Army Red Shield and the Spastic Childrens' Appeal. A substantial sum was raised for both of these.

The 'Male of the Year' was held again but support was badly lacking, no one wanted to go in it. Thanks to the judges and the contestants who had a lot of fun and also others involved in the contest especially Mark Plath who won the title, and the comperes.

Rotary Carnival '76 was held on the 3rd April. Interact ran a stall and a pony ride which were very successful through the help of Rotarians, club members and Peter Marles who supplied the pony. Leanne Dick was the club's entrant queen and raised over $100 through various fund raising activities. Leanne was successful in gaining the title of 'Miss Personality'.

The Rotary 'Change over' Dinner was a very entertaining evening during which several interesting speeches were made by various Rotarians.

There has been no new board elected yet but we hope the club is not destined to be forgotten because it has been a well worthwhile club for those in it.

Special thanks to Mr. Donohue and Rotarians involved in our activities throughout the year.

Past President



500 club
Back row: M. Plath, I. Wright, P. Sparks, A. Scotton, P. Davis C. McVeigh
Front row: M. Busby, D. Gould, S. Cathcart, T. Chambers.

500 CLUB

Despite its formation in the latter part of the year, the 500 club grew to a size far greater than the expectations of the organizers.

However, despite the large size, there was an apparent absence of members from the lower parts of the school – grades 8, 9 and 10.

In the opposite respect, also apparent was the large following from the class 12A. From 12A came people ranging from an organiser and multicard sharp Mark Plath to those of the calibre and luck of 'honest Al'.

Noteworthy performances were shown by Greg Anderson, Peter Davis and Colin McVeigh. Kently Hassam also did well to win third place after we sponsored her in a Queen of Queen's competition held in September.

Unfortunately, our patron Mr Stabler could not always attend meetings, so the club had to be disbanded – officially. However interested students still play in C6 during lunch hours.

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The store for the Housewife and the Handyman



APPRENTICE OF THE YEAR

Ken Peterson

This is an interview with Mr. Ken Peterson, a fourth year apprentice fitter and Turner, former student of Bundaberg State High School, who was recently named the Queensland Apprentice of the year.

INTERVIEWER: Ken you completed your senior year at the Bundaberg State High School in 1972. You chose to become an apprentice fitter and turner as opposed to a full time tertiary study course, which you could have undertaken with your pass.

Why did you choose an apprenticeship?

KEN: Because I was interested in Engineering and considered that the practical grounding provided by an apprenticeship in Fitting and Turning would secure a solid foundation for the future. The fact that I would be getting paid was an added attraction.

INTERVIEWER: As you are nearing completion of your apprenticeship do you have any regrets on this decision?

KEN: No, because I now have a trade and the opportunity still exists for advancement to a higher job classification.

INTERVIEWER: Do you feel that an apprentice fulfils an important function in the community?

KEN: Yes, without apprentices there would soon be a shortage of skilled labour in all trades.

INTERVIEWER: What extra studies have you undertaken for advancement of your career.

KEN: I have almosted completed my 4th year of study of a Certificate Course in Mechanical Engineering which will qualify me as a Design Office Technician after completion of the final two subjects next year, subjects include; English Materials, Workshop Processes, Engineering Drawing, Drawing Office Practice, Electrical Engineering, Applied Mechanics, Structures and Surveying.

INTERVIEWER: You were recently named the 'Queensland Apprentice of the Year. Was this award judged on scholastic ability only?

KEN: No, the six finalists were selected scholastic and practical results for the total period of the apprenticeship. Each candidate was interviewed by a panel consisting of Apprenticeship Executive Members, Employers and Trade Union representatives. Judging by the questions I consider they were evaluating the character, community involvement, hobbies and other interests of the apprentice. Also further studies undertaken appeared to be a major factor in reaching their decision.

INTERVIEWER: Have you any advice to students considering an apprenticeship?

KEN: The student must have a definite interest in the particular trade chosen. Ensure you have attained the scholastic level required taking into consideration the opportunites for further study in that particular trade. (Exemptions are readily available for passes in Senior subjects in Further Education Courses.) Do not be deterred by apparently not having the academic ability required. Practical experience with tools of trade make for an appreciation of the theoretical problems involved.

QUOTA STUDENT OF YEAR

Quota International is a business women's club. With their Quest, they aim to encourage development of personality ,social experience, and public speaking and to reward the successful student girl with $500 towards her further education.

The contest consists of two sections – local and the Central Zone final. This year, the Central Zone decided to award the bursary at this level instead of advancing to the further level of a statewide final at Brisbane.

The procedures at both levels are similar. Each entrant is interviewed before speaking her chosen public speech, and judged by a panel of three judges on general knowledge, current affairs, cultural knowledge, sportsmanship, appearance (afternoon dress only considered at local final, school uniform also considered at zone final) and social graces. Also included in the judging is an impromptu speech on one of the judge's selected topics.

I would like to encourage all girls to enter this Quest when the opportunity arises. It develops personality, confidence in public speaking and public appearances, enables one to foster friendships with other girls of similar interests, to meet interesting people – the judges and Quotarians, and one has a chance to gain $500 to aid in continuing one's education.

Many thanks to Quotarians for taking the time and interest in promoting this worthwhile Quest.

Maxine Whittaker.

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V ACATION SCHOOL FOR SECONDARY STUDENTS

In January (19-23) this year, 25 students from Bundy High were fortunate enough to partake in the Vacation School for Secondary Students which was run at the Queensland University by the Queensland Mathematics Teachers Association.

This Vacation School was attended by over 350 students from all areas of Queensland. The prime object of the school was to give an introduction to Computer Programming. but it also served to introduce the students to University and College life.

Apart from 9 interesting lectures on computer programming, students were also able to listen, if they wished, to lectures on such diverse subjects as 'Enzymes, the Catalysts of Nature', 'The Birth, Life and Death of Stars', 'Optimisation and Differential Equations', and 'Politics and Economics'.

The Students were also addressed by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Zelman Cowen, on general aspects of University education.

Aside from lectures, tours were provided through the various faculties of the University and also a trip was arranged to the University Mine. Careers advice was provided by representatives of the University of Queensland, Griffith University and the National University. Everyone who went to the Vacation School enjoyed it and so our sincere thanks go to Mr Mellefont, who made it all possible by having a liaison with Dr Howard, the Director of the School. We also urge any other students who have the opportunity to go to this school to take it, because we can assure them that they will both enjoy it and benefit from it.

David Cullen 12 B

LIONS YOUTH OF THE YEAR

This year the Lions clubs of Bundaberg once again gave to the students of local High Schools the opportunity to participate in their 'Lions Youth of the Year' competition. The 'Youth of the Year' competition is judged on such things as the contestant's personality and topical knowledge, as well as the contestant's ability at public speaking.

Colin McVeigh and myself were selected by the school to represent Bundaberg High in the club finals, where Colin spoke on 'Consumer Protection' and I spoke on 'Australia's current strategic position'. I was lucky enough to win this club competition and then went on to the zone finals which were held in Gin Gin, where I was unplaced.

The 'Youth of the Year' competition is not however, a means by which one can win prizes only, it is also an education. The competition helps to mature the competitor and give him practice in public speaking as well as giving him an insight into the work of the service clubs. For these reasons I have no hesitation in urging next year's grade 12's to participate in this enjoyable and worthwhile competition.

David Cullen 12B

JAYCEE'S YOUTH SPEAKS FOR AUSTRALIA CONTEST

This public speaking contest aims to encourage the interest of young Australians in their country, its people and its future. To accomplish this Jaycees prompt young Australians to talk about their thoughts clearly and convincingly to others.

Incentives are involved for interested speakers. At the Chapter Final, a trophy is to be won for the school. At the State Level the winner receives a trip to New Zealand, and the fortunate National Winner is presented with a trip for two to London with ample spending money and a set of Encyclopaedia Britannica for the school.

The contest consists of a six minute proposed speech with a special theme, this years was 'Changing Australia My Way', and a four minute impromptu speech on one of the topics selected by the contestant from three categories – topical, humourous and general. This impromptu speech is preceeded by thirty minutes preparation time.

I encourage all students to involve themselves in some form of public speaking. It promotes open-mindedness and enables one to speak with confidence thereby communicating successfully with others. This contest provides an open forum to express your ideas and give us – the future adults – an open say in Australia's future.

The contest starts at the school, is open to any high school student under 18 years of age and depends on your participation, at this fundamental level. Even if you,re not successful in winning, the reward of.self confidence in public speaking is gratifying.

M. Whittaker.

HAVE YOU HEARD

The brain is a wonderful gadget that works tirelessly from the time you get up till the time you get to school.

They've invented a new type of glasses for boys who watch mini-skirted girls – they're called thigh-focals.

I could have been a violinist but I was too highly strung.

Who was the fellow in Grade 11 who wanted to write a drinking song – but couldn't get past the first two bars?

Who was the wood work student who couldn't attend class as he was too busy making crutches for lame excuses?

Ian Read

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MURDER IN THE RED BARN

The boards of the Assembly Hall stage were once more vibrating from dancing, song and the eloquent collapsing of dead bodies. Yes, the school play was on again.

This year's play moved away from the traditional musical into the 'boos' and cheers of a fruity Victorian melodrama 'Murder in the Red Barn'. The pliant heroine, mystic gypsies and suffering family all became tangled in the web of a nefarious villian from which no exuberant audience could free them.

Peanuts and sweets were never-endingly launched from the play-goers to aid the course of justice (or crime) adding to the immense enjoyment had by all.

I have no 'scruples' that our heartiest thanks must go to our producer, pronouncer and patriot to the end Miss Abbey without whom the melodrama would not have been the roaring success it was.

Tuneful old favourites were admirably infiltrated into the plot with special thanks to our musical director Mrs O'Malley and Mr Walden with the school orchestra. Thanks must also go to Mrs Davies who helped to whirl the stage in a sea of colours during the many lively dances.

The leading roles were taken by Stephen Cullen, Leighanne Johannesen, Graig Teske, Wendy Heal, Bradley Smith, Roger Collins and Sharyn Berman with Stephen Sparks, Stephen Heal, Michelle Baulch, Trevor Green and Murray Baulch.

A chorous of 23 once more resounded with an over-abundance of males.

Performances were very amusing although not always following the script. Guns had the curious habit of not going off while balloons went off with a bang. People also were determined to trip over either tables, cots or hay bales, but of course the unquestionable answer was that the minties were drugged.

Mrs Higgins was an irreplaceable organiser of the costume and food departments while the lighting achieved by Mr Byrne and the Students greatly added to the effect. The set was designed and constructed by the Manual Training and Art Departments with many thanks going to Miss Ash, Mr. Honeywill. Mr Slack and Students.

The work of Mr Donohue and the make-up girls this year was astronomically 'fantabulous', to use the latin and the help of Mr Smith and Mr Duffield back-stage was greatly appreciated. (Mr Smith didn't really mean to hang Stephen).

Special thanks must also go to a little orange, leaf-less tree who created both misty forest and rolling plain.

On behalf of the cast, I would like to express our gratitude to everyone who helped in producing this year's school play.

Stephen Cullen.







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SYDNEY EXCURSION

We left Bundaberg at 7.15 a.m. on Thursday morning the 5th August. Under the skilful driving of bus driver, Val and our three teachers, Mr Peachey, Miss Brand and Mrs Croswell.

Thursday afternoon found us at the exhibition walking around supposedly looking at the educational pavilions. After a half day at the 'Ekka' we were at Redcliffe in a scout hall at Clontarf Beach. Instead of being a tired bunch we were all ready for a good night of jokes, stories and fun. We were awoken at 4.30a.m. Friday.

On Saturday night we arrived at Sydney for our stay of four nights and three days. During Saturday night our photographer extraordinaire, Mr Peachey, took 27 pictures out of a roll of 36. A Norman's Dreamtime, 'Why We Go To Bed At Nine-thirty', was read by fire light by Sailor.

Being scientists (well at least some of us do science) we were keen to find out the response to laughter from a Gorilla and the mating habits of some of Sydney's males. Now for the results: Gorillas hate it and end up throwing more than sawdust. The males? A different story altogether, they blow kisses as one lad found out while travelling down the Esplanade at Coogee.

On Tuesday we had a night out which only half of us attended. We saw a picture and a half of another as we all ended up sleeping in the theatre. The night before three of us braved the Collaroy Waters.

We were insulted once, on the top of Australia Square, the roundest building I've ever seen. The lady in the snack bar asked us where we were from, after we answered Bundaberg, she said 'That's nice, down here for the day are you?'

On Wednesday we were off to Norman Gunston's home town, Woollongong. Here we visited the expansive iron and steel works. That night we had a fancy dress party and this was won by Rob Daniel dressed as the infamous Mr Peachey.

The water at Woollongong was cold and the surf wasn't bad so four or five young lads braved the water. Miss Brand and Mrs Crosswell were also seen as sirenes of the surf on Thursday morning as they went for a wade before breakfast.

On Thursday night we arrived in the Blue Mountains and on Friday we proceeded to the Jenolan Caves, then on to Dubbo. At Dubbo we spent a nice cool night in a showgrounds pavilion. Many people shared their sleeping bags with powder. Saturday afternoon we visited a wheat sheep farm where we attempted shearing a sheep. Nana, our friendly singer pianist, was frightened we may have killed the poor thing. May I add, even Miss Brand had a go at the shears.



At Tamworth we had another powder fight and a few of us had a free night at the dogs. We had a competition here, who had the best picture, this was won by Stephen Cullen, with his drawing of us in Sydney under Mr Peachey's navigation. The story telling was won by Cyril for his talk about his encounter with a Syndey male and Sailor for his story with the gorilla.

Snow was what we were after and we got it in a town called Guyra.

A few people got hit and I'm sure the people in the house next to the snow thought we were barmy.

Our last night was spent at Toowoomba where we had music from Mr Peachey, Nana and Ruth and Cecil, Sailor and Cedric. Another powder fight was had along with some shaving cream which was rather unexpected. A few people were rather rowdy during the night with cards and jokes, not naming anyone, John, John, Derek, Rob, Paul, Lyn, Carron, Lyn, Lesley and any other mischievous person who was talking, singing, playing or any other act perhaps not to be mentioned here.

We would just like to thank the three teachers, Mrs Crosswell, Miss Brand and Mr Peachey for all behaving themselves and not getting into any trouble apart from Mrs Crosswell's encounter with a drunkard on the street outside the Town Hall whereupon our brave Mr Peachey came to the rescue and told him what for. Thank you all.



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TACTICAL GAMES CLUB

1976 was a very mixed year for the Tactical Games Club. The loss of many of our older members, as they departed for universities, etc, left us short of experienced players. However, things were not all that bad, as we gained many new members from grade 8 and 9. These new members while inexperienced, make up the enthusiastic cadres which thrash out a battle with the rest of us on a Thursday afternoon. In about three or four years, we should have a bumper crop of experienced wargamers. One sad point about membership still remains. There are too few female players! Where are all those women's libbers? Break new ground by being the first women in charge of an army.

This year saw the first step in the unprecedented organisation of the club. Officers were elected as follows:

President – David Cullen
Vice-President – Steve Wright
Librarian – Mark Zahn

The first move of the newly elected officers was to thank Mr Holtsclaw for founding and helping the club.

'TACCOM I' our first tournament, is now well under way. The early favourites are David Cullen, Steve Wright and Alex Prior. Many of you wonder how a competition can be held over a lost battle. Well, this all comes into the question of what is a wargame, or to give it its proper title a Conflicting simulation'. Conflict simulations are an attempt to reduce a conflict situation to mathematical terms (and to have some fun at the same time).

The club now has several games of its own, instead of relying on the members to bring in their own games. These club games are the charge of the librarian Mark Zahn. The club has also put up half the money for a subscription to the wargaming magazine 'Strategy and Tactics' which is now available to all students in the school library. In addition the club has donated several books on wargaming to the library.

Another first for the club this year were our displays in the library. For the American Bi-centennial we prepared a diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill in the American Revolution. Our other display was on wargaming, with posters and practical demonstration. We managed to get some members to play wargames there each lunch hour and try and explain to people what we do. As was done last year, we put a display in the 'Arts and Crafts' display in the Civic Centre for the Harvest Festival. This was quite successful, gaining interest from the public and some new members.

We have fulfilled the traditions of an enjoyable afternoon in C13. Screams of surprise and joy have mingled with the groans of anguish from the losers, as armies have battled and died for our greater glory. And all without a drop of blood being spilt, (although several of our members did tend to get a bit 'physical' on losing).

We are looking forward to an even better year in 1977, as we continue to get more students involved.

Steve Wright, Vice President.









IT TAKES ALL TYPES




BUT, I USE A DEODORANT.
SCHOOL BUS

Academic Success 1976

GRADE 12

Dux of the school	Jill Martin
English	Coral Lobegeier, Jill Martin
French	Jocelyn Alberts
German	Lynette Kraak
Ancient History	Margaret McKeon
Economics	Jocelyn Whittle
Geography	Jocelyn Whittle
Modern History	Jocelyn Whittle
Mathematics I	David Cullen
Mathematics II	Peter Davies, Geoffrey Latham, Jill Martin
Biology	Jill Martin
Earth Science	Alison Kindt
Chemistry	Jill Martin
Physics	David Cullen
Art	Marian Drew
Accounting	Dianne Hall
Home Management	Alison Kindt
Geometrical Drawing and Perspective	Ian Larsen

GRADE 11

Grade prize for Top Student	Andrew Whittle
English	Vera Beumer
French	Jillian McKeon
German	Vera Beumer
Ancient History	Julietta Valks
Economics	Murray Hogarth
Geography	Vera Beumer
Modern History	Karyn Stephenson
Mathematics I	Andrew Whittle
Mathematics II	John Eisenmenger
Biology	Andrew Whittle
Earth Science	Ian Read
Chemistry	Andrew Whittle
Physics	David Vieritz
Multistrand Science	Leanne Salmon
Art	Jeffrey Thompson
Accounting	Judith Greenhalgh
Home Management	Lyn Pitt
Geometrical Drawing and Perspective	Alan Kingston

GRADE 10

English	Nattolie Huntir
Foreign Languages	Anne Levett
Geography	Alan Surman
History	John Whittle
Citizenship for.Commercial and Technical II courses	Leanne Denton
Mathematics	Anne Davis
Science	Paul Colquhoun
Art	Rosemary Chalk
Commerce	Rosemary Chalk
Home Economics	Beverley Scott
Technical Drawing	Brett Gamiln
Woodwork	Evan Bengtson
Metalwork	Kevin Pitt



Jill Martin – Dux of the School

AWARDS AND SPECIAL PRIZES

The Mayor's Medals: Peter Atherton, Kaye Tyson.
Vivian Eriksen Memorial Bursary: Maxine Whittaker
The Heathwood Memorial Prizes: Beverley Scott, Keith Baldwin.

CLASS PRIZES:
10A1 John Whittle, Alan Surman. 10A2 Anne Davis, Beverly Scott. 10A3 Roslyn Ruback, Nattolie Huntir. 10B1 David Pahl, Colin Crosswell. 10B2 Ross Essex, Lloyd Miller. 10B3 Kevin Pitt, Warren Schulte. 10B4 Kerry Philips, Peter Trotter. 10B5C6 Cheryl Streat, Laurelle Heilbronn. 10C1 Rosemary Chalk, Kathryn Logan. 10C2 Maree Mooney, Robyn Lampres. 10C3 Kay Cameron, Bronwyn Appo. 10C4 Genevieve Hutcheon, Jacqueline Samuels. 10C5 Leanne Denton, Elinore Priebe.

GRADE 9

German Prize: Suzanne Hill.
CLASS PRIZES:
9A1 Robyn Davis, Diana Byrne. 9A2 Jillian Tuck, Peter Damm. 9A3 Ken Dale, Stephen Uebel. 9B4 Stepehn Phillips, Warren Walker. 9B2 Greg Riedy, Shane O'Brien. 9B3 Russell Chapman, Ian McCracken. 9B4 Ross Bauer, Desmond Weller. 9B5 Frederick Taylor, John Portman. 9C1 Suzanne Hill, Meryl Dinsey. 9C2 Bernice Appo, Carol Myler. 9C3 Kaylene Larsen, Gaye Moar. 9C4 Norelle Johnson, Estelle Hurley. 9C5 Belinda Williams, Dainna Potter.

GRADE 8

Mathematics Leonie Fricke
German Glenys Tesch, Craig Wright.
CLASS PRIZES:
8A Trevor Schulte, Glenys Tesch. 8B Craig Wright, Peter McDuff. 8C Andrew Luscombe, Ian Leoskow. 8D Nils Stephenson, Terry Haan. 8E Leonie Fricke, Warwick Elvery. 8F Robert Mayes, Scott McDuff. 8G Joanne Stringer, Heather Linderberg. 8H David Harris, Donald Wallace. 8J Jenifer Latimer, Jane Dent. 8K Tracey Hood, Margaret Dooley.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Gail Wilson	– High School Teacher, Nambour State High, Senior 1971.
Julie Wilson	– Final year, Food Technology, Gatton Agricultural College, Lawes, Senior 1973.
Dawn Wilson	– Clerk, Taxation Department, Brisbane, Senior 1974.
Patricia Hosking	– 3rd year Primary School, Capricornia Inst. of Advanced Education, Rockhampton.
Janette Rybka	– University of Queensland, Bachelor of Arts, Senior 1973.
Cathy ~~Allen~~	– 3rd year Primary School Teaching, Capricornia Inst. of Advanced Education, Rockhampton.
Ann Pitt	– 3rd year Secondary School Teaching, Mount Gravatt Teachers Training College, Brisbane.



Kureha Inagaki – Japanese exchange student in 1975

Grace Karlsson	– 1st year, Primary Teaching, Capricornia Inst. of Advanced Education, Rockhampton.

University Of Queensland

Jean Fleming	– Arts 1
Christine Walker	– Arts 1
Sarah Menso	– Arts 1
Helen Chenery	– Speech Therapy 1
Noelene Nielson	– Speech Therapy 1
Jane Whittle	– Medicine 1
Peter Grant	– Medicine 1
Caroline Black	– Music 1
David Pitt	– Vet Science 1
Lindsay McLean	– Vet Science 1
Leigh Howard	– Vet Science 1
Howard Larsen	– Architecture 1
Greg Eisenmenger	– Engineering 1
Evan Bieske	– Engineering 1
Jill McDuff	– Human Movements 1
Julie Geddes	– Social Work 1
Margaret Low	– Science 1
Denise Heaps	– Pharmacy 1
Narelle Smith	– Medicine 2
Debbie Hillcoat	– Medicine 2
Lyn Cleary	– Physiotherapy 2
Margaret Kenzler	– Physiotherapy 2
Heather Scott	– Speech Therapy 2
Darryl Hewson	– Medicine 3
Terry Stedman	– Medicine 3
Donna O'Sullivan	– Medicine 3
David Whittle	– Medicine 3

BUILD THE BOY

There was a father who, in trying to keep his son occupied, cut up a picture of the world into jig-saw pieces. Soon afterwards, his son brought him the puzzle, completed. Surprised, his father asked him, 'How did you get this puzzle back together so soon?' His son replied, 'Well Dad, there was a picture of a man on the other side – so I just put the man right, and that made the world come out right.'

Submitted by John Eisenmenger 11A.

Let Nature conduct the life of man, not man, the life of Nature.

* * *

Problems are to the mind, what muscles are to the body

* * *

"It is the province of the knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen" (Longfellow).

* * *

Mans' flight through life is sustained by the power of HIS knowledge.

* * *

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Learn to Swim – It can Save a Life

CLASS PHOTOS



12A

Class Teacher: Mr. Mellefont

Class Captain: M. Plath



12B

Class Teacher: Mr. Noble

Class Captain: P. Sparks



12C

Class Teacher: Mrs. Higgins

Class Captain: T. Meikle



12D

Class Teacher: Mr. Salecich

Class Captain: M. Lathouras



12E

Class Teacher: Mr. Russell

Class Captain: K. Tyson



10A1

Class Teacher: R. Peachey

Class Captain: Derek Berghofer



10A2

Class Teacher: Mr. Baldwin

Class Captain: Annette Kinne



10A3

Class Teacher: Mr. Rowe

Class Captain: Roslyn Ruback



10B1

Class Teacher: Mr. Nielsen

Class Captain: John Valuch



10B2

Class Teacher: Mr. Riedy

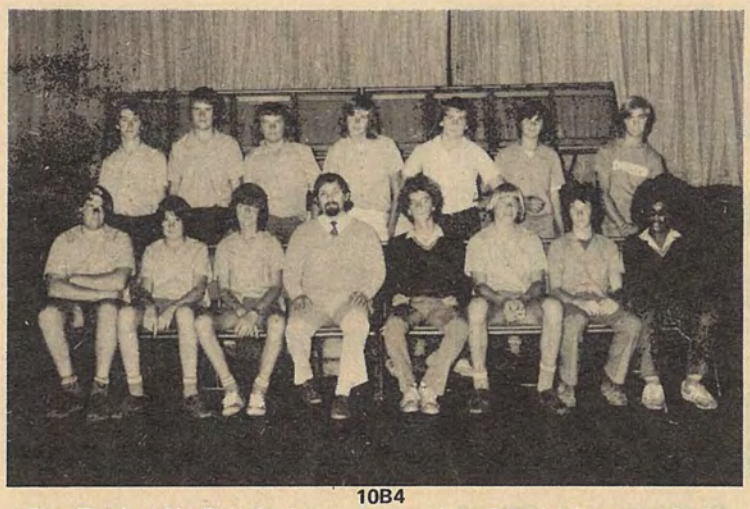
Class Captain: Ross Essey



10B3

Class Teacher: Mr. O'Malley

Class Captain: G. Robertson



10B4

Class Teacher: Mr. B. Holtsclaw

Class Captain: Raymond Davies



10B5

Class Teacher: Miss Ash

Class Captain: Brian Bauer



10C1

Class Teacher: Miss Swayne

Class Captain: Rosemary Chalk



10C2

Class Teacher: Mrs. Burgess

Class Captain: Julie Willson



10C3

Class Teacher: Mr. Murphy

Class Captain: Lyn Campbell



10C4

Class Teacher: Miss Porter

Class Captain: Gayle Strokarck



10C5

Class Teacher: Miss Brand

Class Captain: Janice Pfingst

Student Inspirational Work

FACES ON THE STREET

The lights of our city remain unignorable in contrast with the multitude of faces, all going places. Faces light their path with the magic of their timely motion. Like gulls on a windy cliff do they float, seemingly upon air; for one does not look upon the body but the face that carries life upon its' shoulders.

Zombie shoppers in a trance, controlled by the monetary decimals, to record hoppers in a frenzy controlled by musical decibels by day rule the concrete jungles, and by night plunge a knife into its' heart, and spell out light into the pavement. Faces all going places.

A mood of the moment can alter your facial expression into a whirl of muscular confusion, and into someone elses' opinion of you. What you see is what they are. The urban street dweller to the gypsy from afar. Young and old, shadowed and bold. Short and tall, you can see them all.

I can see an old man talking; beside his bones, a child; walking. Their faces are together in expression, the agony of living and the agony of walking. The lights of the city are the lights of faces. Short and tall, you can see them all.

Adolescents with shirts open like latin lovers promenade in search of teenage heaven: peace. But I see, a sad and lonely, dejected face. Where's your place? It's not in this crowd by the shops, but at home, crying aloud to your flower-pots.

A smile floats, by attached, to some face with a cigarette in the middle. Another smile. A frown from a clown enraptures your heart, and tears you apart. Cry aloud to your flower-pots. . An impudent student saying please to release kicks a can into obscurity. His face is malicious, the slim line so vicious. I slink away to find a dumbfounded expression of confusion: It's all an illusion.

Beards and moustaches disfigure a countenance to hide their emotion. Slow motion. A scar from a knife or a fight from the wife can ruin your chances at local dances, or so they all say. It's all an illusion to add to lifes' confusion.

Age and rage will caress your eyes from the faces of many races, the people of living lights. You can see them all in a show to enthrall. Roll up! see the person on the street, shuffling his feet, looking dead-beat. The citys' heart beat. It pulses and races and slows down and dies around midnight until resuscitiation begins at eight. Don't be late! Grab your money, grab your money and waltz into the bloodstream. See the heart-beat. Savage heat. The come and go, but they're all on show. Faces to remind you, faces to help you forget. Faces are the life-blood, the city lights that light the nights. Love and hate, open like a gate.

You can change them and re-arrange them but they're open like a gate. (But beware of the dog).

Andrew Lonsdale 11G

THE SURFER

The onshore breeze whispered against his face,
Gently lifting strands of bleached hair,
Letting them fall back onto his bronzed shoulders,
Far off he heard a sea gull call,
Closer a wave thundered;
And he was shattered into awareness.

He turned and padled ut as another wave collapsed;
In front of him a sett reared up
Beautiful and glassy- a perfect tube.
It rolled and thundered onto the beach
Scaring the fulls into full flight.

Susan Sparks 10A1

BLACK

Black is the colour of death, dismalness and depression.

Black is night with the dreary moon casting a faint shadow as it disappears suddenly under low angry clouds which herald rain. Then the loud rumbling thunder can be heard preceded by flashes of vivid lightning illumination. The pitch black night gloomy, forbidding is the future of the little children in the war devastated country - a country with no end to the conflict in sight. The colour black to a child means fairy tales, wicked witches with their long black peeked hats and the sleek smooth furred cat that rides on her broom. Black-faced weary coal miners emerge from the confines of the pit in which they work - and another day has passed.

Black is a sullen, solemn and unforgiving colour.

by S.L. 10C2

The Obedient Husband

I had eighteen bottles of whisky in my cellar, and I was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink - OR ELSE.... So I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third and poured the contents down the sink, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sink with the other, which were seventynine, and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle which I drank. I am not under the affluence of incohol, way the by, though some thinkle peep I am. I am not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish, I dont know which is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

A.A. 11A

Amid all the rush and hurry of today wouldn't it be lovely to stop the world for a moment.

* * *

Children are not things to be moulded, but people to be unfolded.

* * *

The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil

* * *

A man saw a policeman up a tree and said, "What are you doing there?".
"Shh!" replied the policeman, "Special Branch".

* * *

HAPPINESS

Lazily canoeing down happy lakes,
Faded jeans and t-shirts,
Walking barefoot on hot pavement,
Blue mountains with snow covered peaks,
Fishing and swimming in seas of lemonade on watermelon afternoons
Black, rich mud squarming through your toes,
Lying in a field of flowers, dozing off in a bird song,
Sailboats riding the waves off freckled beaches
And guitar - strummed, songs over a slowly dying fire
To me these things are happiness

by Belinda Williams 9C5

INNISFREE

A fine young horse named Innisfree,
Tried his success in a metropolitan scene.
When he first won, not many were glad,
But after a few races no one was sad.

This little brown gelding was ever so smart,
But he soon stopped winning, with the weight he couldn't cart.
One day when he was tied up with a rope.
Someone crept in and he was a victim of dope.

Anonymous

There are 365 days in a year; no, let's make a correction– 366. You only work 8 hours a day which leaves.122 days. You don't work on the Sabbath – That's 52 days of the year. You don't work on Saturdays – that's another 52 days of the year. Then with 4 Bank Holidays, it leaves only 14 days and that's your fortnight annual leave. SO MAN, YOU DON'T WORK AT ALL!

366 X 8 = 122
24
–52
70
–52
18
– 4
14
–14
0

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After school satisfy your thirst with Salters

On the shoreline by Moonlight.

Its cool green scent
Sums to expand
As it creeps up to the shoreline
Muting with the sand.

And upon its Silvery Surface
As the moon shines down,
It forms a large green carpet
Three quarters the way round.

As the stars twinkle above,
Where darkness is penetrated,
It birth in time
Is so far undated.

Its depths have not been measured,
Its secret is untold,
How it ever got there
Is yet to unfold.

Its foam like a wet rich coating
Its surf leaping high,
For it will still be there,
Until the day we die.

And far in the distance,
Where birds only fly,
All made by Gods hand
It meets with the sky.

D. Jamieson 10C2

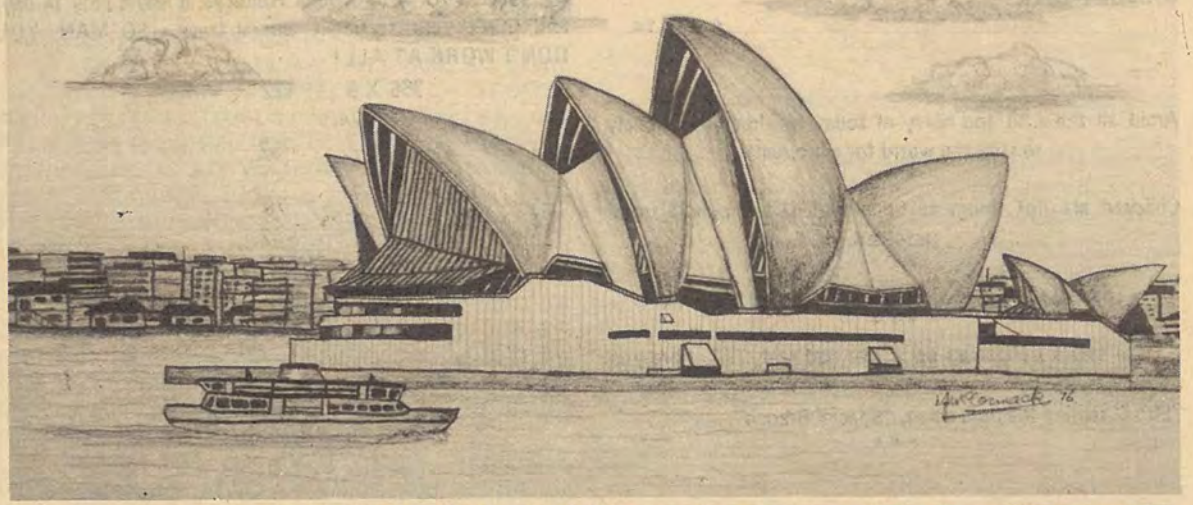
The thoughts of a Senior Student

I have been at this school for five years, five long dull and uninteresting years. Many adults say that the years spent at High School are the best years of your life. Well, if this is true, can life be worth living? I have said that school life is dull and uninteresting but unfortunately school is also more than this, school is hypocritical.

A school as defined in the Oxford Dictionary is an Institution for education of boys or girls or both and so one would assume that the main purpose of a school is to educate its students in the sciences and the arts and yet this is not true of the B.S.H.S. The most important thing that one can do at this High School is not be become Dux of the School or to win an academic prize. No, the most important thing is to win a sporting Blue, and surely this is not the idea of a school.

If one looks at the lists of prizes presented at the school, one finds many sporting prizes and only a handful of academic prizes. Sporting achievements are recognized all year around on parades and in class notices. While academic achievements are recognized only on one night of the year. In my humble opinion it has got the two roles mixed up. Education is the most important thing, sport is simply a pastime which should come after Education.

David Cullen 12B



This page sponsored by ANSVAR INSURANCE
Agent: J. E. KRAAK, Phone 71 5411

6.30 I drag my self reluctantly out of bed to find another devastating day at school.

8.30 "Do I have to go?" Even the thought of it makes me sick.

8.36 "O, hell! I forgot about that B.P. assignment. Why is it I never remember the stuff?"

8.45 Arriving at school to all those exuberant faces is really encouraging. Like walking into a morgue.

8.55 Mr. Pitt's on the cat walk, and Miss Stewart's busily taking girl's names who are out of uniform.

9.15 Shorthand – What a way to start the week. How does Mrs. Burgess expect our dilapidated brains to function on all those confusing dots and dashes so early in the day?

9.55 Typing – What are they trying to do to us? First dots and dashes and now all these keys. She just doesn't know the trauma our brains are going through.

10.35 Geography – Mr. McDuff is at the board with his detailed diagrams and explanations.

11.15 A break at last. Until Mr. Pitt catches us sitting on the wrong seats. "I've told you before. Off you go – 20 papers."

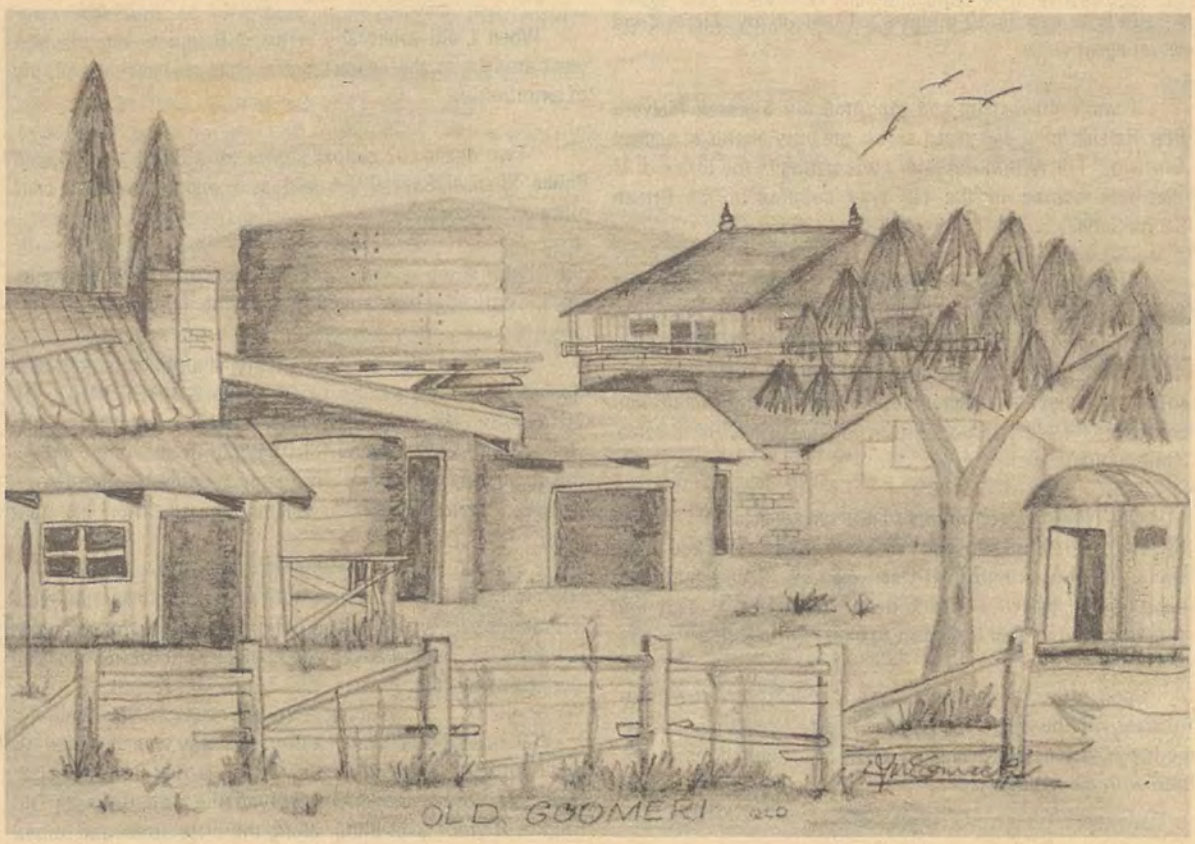
11.35 B.P. – Mrs. Benecke's lesson starts and finishes with "Tanya and Desly!!! Raymond?"

12.15 English – Mr. McDuff rushes in the door armed with "Julius Caesar", chalk and homework. Now comes the main weapon of the day, "It's only 4 weeks to your exams. You've got to finish 'Julius Caesar', 2 poems and a book!!". We're exhausted before the lesson begins.

12.55 A whole hour to recuperate. Choosing lunch from the school tuckshop – Am I really hungry?

2.00 Maths – Mr. Stabler is ever ready to help you, as long as you're willing to suffer one of his corny jokes.

2.40 German – The language brain, Mr. Donoghue. Will we make it through the lesson?



BOND MEETS SILENT WILLIE

From the first time I laid eyes on Silent Willie, I sensed he was somehow different from the rest of us. It wasn't just the clothes he wore, always dark grey or black, but his behaviour. When he looked at me with those cold, green eyes set in a blank, pasty-coloured face, it aroused a strange sort of alarm - an instinctive fear. My friends laughed when I mentioned it, but one day, something happened to prove my fears were well founded.

It all happened during class where we had just watched the test flight of the proto-type TITAN Mk. 1 – a rocket. Actually it was a paper plane with a fancy paint job. All the publicity was to confuse the Russian spies hiding in our school locker room.

Just then MC the head of British Secret Service contacted me on my radio/transmitter which was cleverly disguised as a ham and pickle sandwich. Inconspiciously hiding behind my Science book, I bent down to take the call.

"Hello" said a sweet voice, "Is Peter there".

"I'm sorry you have the wrong number", I said in my normal voice. I hung up the phone. A minute later the phone rang again. This time it was MC with a new assignment for me.

"I'll be over in 30 minutes", I said in my James Bond secret agent voice.

I went downstairs and mounted my 5-geared Malvern Star Raleigh bike and raced across the busy streets of central Gin Gin. Thirty minutes later I was sitting in the office of M that was housed in the tall grey building of the British Secret Service.

"I'll come straight to the point", said M in his Head of British Secret Service voice, "Those Russians, dastardly clever chaps that they are, are smuggling nuclear weapons disguised as babies' dummies into Yugoslavia." He paused to show me a detailed diagram of a disguised atom bomb and smuggler. "I see", I said, again using my James Bond voice, "this could be tricky."

Just then a nice looking young girl wheeled in a tray of biscuits, fruit and cups of tea. Carefully I checked these things for bugs or hidden nuclear weapons. Seeing that there were none, I passed a banana to M who peeled it, ate it, and dropped dead! I had forgotten to check for poison.

Soon after, I boarded a plane for Siberia to throw the Russians off the track. During the flight, the woman next to me had a violent convulsion in which she stabbed me in the head with a knitting needle..

"I'm terribly sorry," she said in a middle aged hypochondriac type voice.

"That's quite alright," I said as I dabbed at the gushing blood with a corner of my handkerchief.

On my arrival in Siberia I hired a pram and began the long, dangerous trek to Yugoslavia. On the third day of my tedious journey, I noticed a group of wildly ferocious pack of prairie dogs following me across the burning tundra. Suddenly in a hunger stoked frenzy, they attacked me. I drew the piece of black, rubbery licorice that I always carried for such emergencies and viciously beat them off. Even the determination of the man-eating prairie dogs could not carry them past the whistling licorice and they slinked away from the deadly weapon.

Onward, ever onward, I forced my pram further and further "move you beast!" I cried as I lashed at it with my bullwhip. Gradually the air filled with a roaring crescendo. I looked up into the sky and saw a squadron of Russia's best budgy bombers winging in in fixed formation..The deep blue of the sky was darkened by the lice that came tumbling down from the racks beneath their wings. I threw the pram, which was towed by 26 of my brother's pet lizards in a frantic attempt to escape the tumbling canisters of death. I succeeded in this and continued on my journey.

When I did eventually arrive in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, I went straight to the nearest gunsmith to replenish my supply of ammunition.

"Two dozen .02 caliber stones for a Smith and Wesson Police Shangai Special", I said as I slapped down a cent piece on the counter.

"Sure thing Mister," said the gunsmith in a quivering voice. I noticed a frightened look flashing in his eyes.

Armed to the teeth with my shangai and pellets, a pocket knife and a copy of 'A GIRL GUIDES BOOK OF SELF DEFENSE' by Harriet Peterson, I strode out to the street. Suddenly I spied Silent Willie at the other end of the street. As he walked slowly towards me, I could clearly see the 75mm. Howitzer dangling loosely from his right hand.

So it was to be a shoot out! Who would have the steadier hand? Who would have the sharper eye? As for weapons, although he had the advantage in range, I think my weapon was more accurate.

Silent Willie was only 100 yards away when he fired his first shot. I dived into the dusty gutter and the shell screamed above me and destroyed the East Belgrade Old Peoples Home. Grovelling along the dirty street and loosed

off two quick shots at Willie one of which hit him on the lower leg and the other bounced harmlessly off the still smoking Howitzer.

The next shot of Willie's landed much closer, sending burning shrapnel everywhere, including my left shoulder. Two more shots are propelled from the mouth of the red hot cannon blowing up the Belgrade Post Office and the city council's main public convenience.

Carefully I took aim and fired with the deadly shangai. The stone whistled away and struck Willie in the temple. He staggered and fell, all the life gone from his battered body. Another mission is over, I hailed a cab and gave the driver the address of the British Consul to Belgrade. Slowly the cab accelerated off.

9B2

MANS INHUMANITY TO MAN

The innocent were heaped with the rest. They were killed brutally in the street before their friends - by men whose hands and minds were stained with blood and did not care. It was another war! Yet what did we think? The wave of repulsion, of pity - passed and was swept aside, our lives returned to practical thoughts of our own world. They were there and we were here, their country, their sorrows their cares were not ours.

Man has lived since time itself, under the apprehension that to fight is to guard one's rights, that to achieve extra land is to be equated with power and satisfaction - there must always be two sides.

Why, even He was killed by being nailed to a cross - humiliated and degraded despite full innocence. The one man that the world still mourns two two thousand years after His life, two thousand years of famine and war, bitterness, distrust and selfishness. It too was a rash and cruel deed by men incensed with hatred and fear, a deed directed at a race and a man.

The millions of bony Asians, working themselves to death. farming their patchwork sets of barren soil brought about by a war, unjust or just? The atrocities of one nation, one tribe, one family, one person against another. We hear a war has crippled a nation and a world, but, who are we to mourn now?

Must every man continue to aim his arrows at his fellows, build a wall about his plot? Will that power-craving self-fulness ever be satisfied? No - the end is but a blur except for one true certainty ..... the end of war, of inequality, of hatred and of inhumanity, will surely come only at the finale of this finite world itself.

C. Lobegeier.

WHITE

White has a pleasant feeling. It is the colour of snowfields and snowmen. White is cold, so on with the winter clothing. You come inside to a blazing fire and friendship. You can sit by the window and watch the snowflakes fall. White makes you think of the weddings and confetti you may have seen. White is cold and yet gives you a warm, happy feeling.

Lee Hill 10C2

A LAMENT FOR THE LOSERS

One of the most striking things which one sees about this school is that, while we worship our champions we do not care about those poor souls who I shall call the Losers. A Loser is somebody who has a misguided belief in the 'House Spirit'. He is someone who believes that it is right for him to sweat his guts out so that his house will have a chance. And believe me, it is not the points of the winners which win competitions it is the one point the Losers bring in.

'House Spirit' is most definitely dying, soon no-one will want to enter a race unless he feels he can beat all the others and then imagine what it will be like, because after all a race with one competitor is not really a race, is it?

So cheer up fellow losers, be happy in the knowledge that there is at least one other who realizes your true worth and remember in the long run we will have the last laugh.

David Cullen 12B

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR STUDENT

The last five years at Bundaberg High School have brought with them the torment of unlearned facts, the fear of exams, the monotony of lessons and the brief respite of sporting activities. One lesson which has really been brought home to me is that the ability to recreate is of paramount importance to modern man. It would be naive to suppose for a moment that the lessons most relevant to living and happiness are confined to the classroom.

What purpose does the temporary committing of facts to memory and their regurgitation in exam have on everyday life? After all we only retain what really interests us.

The school is a microcosm of society, is a place where every person is original and unique and should have available to him the chance to fulfil his particular role in the world. The person who becomes the slave to scholastic achievement is destined for a miserable existence. The school has a diversity of activities available to any individual who takes up the initiative. If he does, his school days may prove to be the best days of his life.

Anonymous

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MORNING STUDY

Five. And the icy fog still rolling
From the steely knives of morning; voracious sun
Swallows frost-webs chasing echelons away:
Lost in the coolness of the mountain
They drown in the volatising dew.

In percolated silence I hear the shattering stillness
And sour on wings of wisdom
And on coffee black and thick;
While sparrows (with smiling nihility) drink sweet dew
In the warm pink mist of dawn.

But textbooks cut my silence and the hateful yellow bulb
Expels the mist from my eyes: intolerable neoclassics!
Anaesthetising Dryden! repugnant Pope! How I envy
Wordsworth
Lost in leafy Yorkshire dales
And chuckling over Chaucer at Trompington.

Prosaic hours pass and dispassionate didactics
Chafe a languid mind; scythe-like in stupor
I close the tired pages (my November epitaph)
And wake to aromas of sizzling relief:
Culture stems from the stomach after all.

T.M.

TREES

In the field the sentinel stand on high,
Watching all the cars go by,
A haven for insects and bees,
And dead brown leaves up to your knees.

When young children are in distress,
They run to their leafy fortress,
Here they're safe from all other kind,
It is their secret which none shall find.

It has shade from the midday sun,
And more to spare for everyone,
As you stand beneath this leafy tower,
Appreciate the tranquility in this peaceful bower.

With all these wonderful features,
Who would harm a fellow creature.
But still they poison and ringbark,
Not thinking about the home of kookaburra, koala and lark.

All this adds up to form a tree,
Something to cherish for you and me,
So don't harm or kill this creation;
Don't poison and burn and start its cessation.

by Stephen Uebel 9A3

A FEELING

It is something that happens when you're all by yourself,
In a room or a crowd where there is no people about,
Its a feeling of rage or a time to be glad,
But when you look at yourself,
You find you are sad.

There's a tree and its branches,
But no leaves will catch on,
Or maybe they have, but now they are gone,
Gone to look for a tree that is bare,
To add to it joy and tell it it's there.

Maybe it's you or maybe it's me,
But I think it's both, we have no company,
I am empty,
I am willing to reach out and touch,
A person to guide me and love me so much,
As to be willing to love me for the rest of my life,
So the feeling I feel is no longer in sight.

The feeling Ifeel begins with an 'L',
And you find it quite often,
When you're alone by yourself.

Anon 10C2

Dear

The line remains always a blank
Why must it be?
Of blanks and spaces.
My mood is philosophical
and I ponder
But what shall I ponder?
My mind is blurred
By the sheer injustice of it all
Thoughts surround me
But I cannot grasp their meaning
Friendless among friends
Always alone among a crowd
Where does it lead?
The road is endless
The thoughts are pointless
Void of meaning
Drifting is a sea of fathomless depths
Unrestrained
The conquering of such langour
Lies beyond my comprehension

And at the termination of life
I shall retire
Freed from the pangs
Of a life
I never knew.

Veronica Irwin, 11C

MAN IN SPACE

Man - in Space
He is only of microscopic significance
Though his uniqueness is outstanding.
He is the well meaning but rather muddled innocent,
Whose eyes are gradually opened to the real state of things.
He has always thought of the world
As a small haven of warmth and light
Amidst the alien darkness and coldness of space

Space, its not dark and cold
But flooded with light and warmth from the sun.
The light is not a pure white
But the palest of all imaginable golds.
The heat, so free of moisture
Strokes the skin like a giant masseur.

There are no mornings, no evenings, no night,
Nothing but an endless, changeless noon.
Which has and will fill centuries.
It becomes a true symbol of eternity.

Space is the womb of worlds.
We have come a long way from the time
When space was supposed to be completely empty.

Travelling
Is not like an island of life journeying through an abyss of death
But the opposite, and if it could get in, would kill
Not out of cruelty - only by its vitality.

Space produces a physical sense of well being,
And planets in space
Give recognition that non-human forms of intelligent life
Can be natural and not monstrous.
One has to accept its 'Otherness',
And stop assuming all rational beings
Must be some sort of human.

Creatures, first seen as distorted men are monstrous,
Giants - ogres - ghosts - skeletons ... Spooks on stilts,
But when seen in themselves
Man must recognize their grave and dignity.

Our outlook on space must and will broaden
And we shall 'grow up'
And become more complete
Human Beings.

by B. Scott 10A2

THE CLOSING OF THE NIGHT

The dust settled and the distant bleat of the motherless lamb drifted across the plains and mingled in with the odd cry of the lonely dingo. The sizzling steaks and the billy tea was welcomed by the stockmen after their hard day in the saddle. Their weary bodies relaxed to hear nature stirring to the oncoming night. It was though, Mother-Earth herself gave a long weary sigh of relief to know the heat was gone and the coolness of the night had taken its place.

The shadows helped to camouflage the nightlife which were foraging or hunting. Even though the dogs knew the presence of the wildlife, they didn't show any inclination to give chase. Even the noisy cockatoos began to settle, while other bushbirds circled in the breath-taking sunset of colours that were so beautiful they were beyond explanation. Even the dust that was tolerated throughout the daylight hours could be looked upon with beauty and serenity.

The moon was at its full when the men fell asleep to the tune of the crickets. The snoring of the men did not frighten the world of small animals and insects. A rabbit squatted and sniffed the unusual scent of the dying campfire. The red embers glowed in the darkness to give off a small circle of light.

The night owl screeched, and swooped on its unsuspecting prey. The momentary blanket of silence smothered the plains again. The stockmen's horse snorted at the fox carrying its prey stealthily past the camp, on its way to its young who were patiently waiting her return, for they knew then they would satisfy their hunger.

These are the sights and the sounds that a few privileged people experience in outback Australia. People do not realise how beautiful our country is, until it is gone or been replaced by concrete cities.

Genevieve Hutcheon 10C4

"ALONE"

The feeling of being left out
Not liked by anyone,
No one cares, no one loves,
Where your lips feel like rough bark,
And stick together, close and tight,
Where your eyes like the wall of a dam, won't open
Knowing if they do, the wall will burst,
And the water will rush out.

by Belinda Williams.

This page sponsored by WRIGHT SALES

Bundaberg's Cycle Specialist

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

He looked down at his hands and was almost horrified by the ugliness he found there. 'NO,' he whispered. The tanned fingers uncurled slowly and the weapon dropped protestingly on to the muddy ground. 'NO!' he screamed. 'God, NO!'

He moved backwards his eyes still transfixed on his now trembling hands. He moved back to get away from them -- to blot them from his sight. What had he done? GOD, WHAT HAD HE DONE! He stumbled and fell. He could feel the lush brown mud oozing between his fingers. He screamed hysterically and the sound of his voice shattered the insane silence. As if the sound of his voice had slapped him he stopped suddenly. A cool breeze blew webs of tangled blonde hair into his eyes but he didn't notice. Quickly his hands went up to his ears.

Something was pulling at his head. He could feel it. Fingers were ripping into his skin trying to get into his brain. They were trying to let the blood into his brain! He could feel their sharpness clawing at his scalp. Fingers, scraping. He screamed at them and jumped up to run but fell. The blood! He could feel it seeping into his head. His body writhed like a molten snake as he twisted and turned trying to rid himself of the blood, the fingers. The fingers were hurting and he screamed in pain.

Then quiet.

Blue eyes looked up cautiously. The fingers had gone. The blood had gone. The glare of the sun cast knives of light into his eyes and he shut them quickly. A hazy face drifted before him. A girl. She was smiling. Rivers of pale brown hair wisped playfully in the breeze and greenish eyes twinkled in devilish delight. The frown between his brows smoothed and he whispered almost docilely, 'Margaret?' but the image did not answer only floated into the abyss of his mind.

Another image drifted into his head. The same face but eyes spitting fire and mouth drawn angrily. 'Will you get out! I told you before I don't want to see you again! Can you hear me, HATE YOU!' The frown came back and a shadow passed over the pained features. His hurt voice was almost pleading as he spoke tenderly to the image. 'No, Margaret. Margaret please don't say that. Please I--' He stopped.

His head pounded and automatically his hands went up to his ears. His body cringed. The fingers! They were back!. The blood. He could smell its rich sickly smell. He could feel it! It gushed around him in sticky warmth. The fingers were digging at his brain. His temples pounded as he felt the thick blood flow into his head. It was slurring round his brain. He could feel it. His brains were being pulled out of his head. He was drowning in the thick foul redness. He could taste it! Hear it as it lapped gently over his body. He screamed as he started to run. He must get away from it. Get away from the fingers. The fingers were hurting him! The word 'pain' drummed loudly against the walls of his head. Pain! he screamed in agony as he ran. The fingers! The pain! The PAIN! He ran until finally exhaustion overtook him and he fell down into the slosh.

The fingers had gone; the blood had gone.

He could feel the cool smoothness of the mud against his skin. A soft soothing rain began to fall but he didn't notice. The only thing that disturbed the solitude was the sound of crying. Great sobs wracked his body and with the tears that flowed the tension ebbed away too. That was how they found him. Wet blonde hair clung to his head and his jeans and T-shirt clung to a trembling body.

Sergeant John Kane knew him and had read and reread his past record. Garry Stevenson did not seem unlike any other eighteen year old boys he knew. A lot of the townspeople thought he was mental but no doctors had ever suggested it in any medical report. He had been up for drunkenness, driving without a licence, and once a mild assault. Kane heard the endless whirring of police cars as more and more came to the scene of the crime. They had found the girl and the knife. Her description was vague– "light brown hair, green eyes, slight build and the only form of identification a bracelet engraved with "To Margaret all my love Mike".

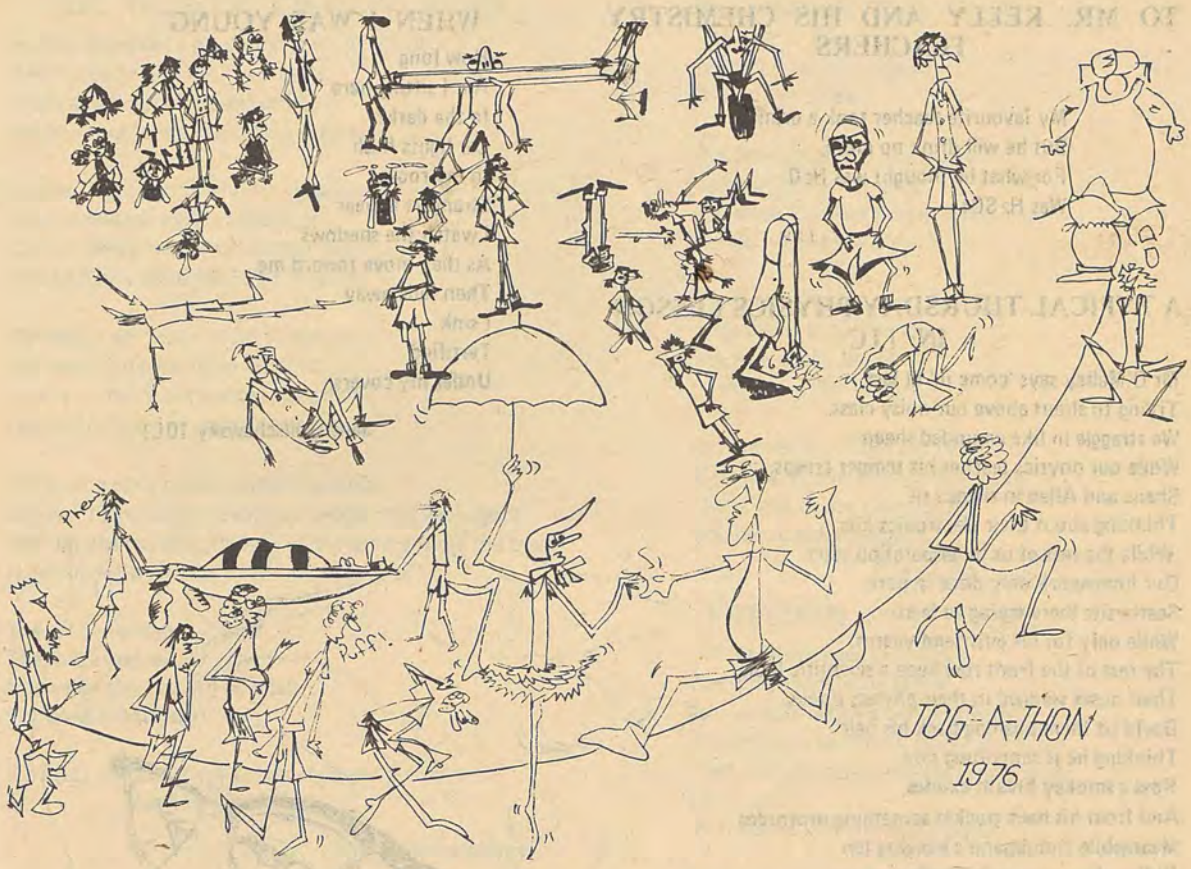
Garry heard the sirens but did not move. He felt two arms grip his shoulders and was startled. They picked him up. He smiled to himself. The noise of the sirens would scare away the fingers he thought. Yes, the fingers would be too scared to come back. He felt strangely secure. He looked up at the officer at his side and smiled. The officer did not smile back.

As they walked back over the mud he grew more and more serene. Of course! The fingers would be scared of all this noise. The blood would stay away. The fingers would stay away! The ambulance had come because his head had been badly scratched and it was obvious that he had done it with his own hands. The fingers would stay away for the while he thought. Yes! no more pain. A shadow crossed his face. But for how long? They would come back and he was alone! He grew frightened and clutched at the officer's arm. He pleaded with urgent blue eyes, "You won't let the fingers get at me will you?". The officer looked down puzzled. "No son," he said, and turned his back. Garry felt secure. He was smiling as they took him away . . .

Grade 11

This page sponsored by W. E. CURTIS

Auctioneers and Real Estate



PROVERBS ADAPTED TO EVERYDAY SCHOOL LIFE

1. Everything has its beauty but not everyone sees it – Students Art work
2. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some to be chewed and digested – The Tuckshop's in competition with the Library
3. Dead men tell no tales - English
4. Repetition is the mother of education – But also the seed of boredom
5. Idleness is the only refuge of weak minds – We must all possess one
6. Knowledge is power –Students ruling biology class.
7. The pen is mightier than the sword – How can you doodle with a sword?
8. In the end truth will conquer – But until then one may as well take advantage of lies
9. In sleep we are all equal – Should go to school at night.
10. Necessity is the mother of invention – Excuses for no homeowrk.

Anonymous

JOKES

After moving into a new home, a woman in Detroit became weary of a succession of peddlers ringing her doorbell. When still another ring came, she yelled through the door, 'I can't talk to you! I'm on a long distance call'. But the man kept leaning on her doorbell. Finally she threw open the door and began bawling him out. 'I told you I was on the phone long distance,' she said. 'Why do you keep bothering me?'. The man smiled and said softly 'Ma'am, I happen to be from the telephone company. I've come to connect your phone.'

●

A housewife put some dog food on a plate in the refrigerator. Naturally, when her husband came home, he made a sandwich with it. What hurt was his reaction: 'Honey, this is the finest meat loaf you've ever made.'

Deleece Purkis 10C2

TO MR. KELLY AND HIS CHEMISTRY TEACHERS

My favourite teacher took a drink,
But he will drink no more,
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

12B

A TYPICAL THURSDAY PHYSICS LESSON IN 11C

Mr O'Malley says 'come in' at last
Trying to shout above our noisy class.
We straggle in like wounded sheep
While our physics teacher his temper creeps.
Shane and Allen in silence sit
Thinking about their electronics kits
While the rest of us in desperation start
Our homework only done in part.
Searly sits there trying to learn
While only for his girlfriend yearns.
The rest of the front row keep a scientific look,
Their noses wedged in their physics books.
David sit there pushing back his hair
Thinking he is something rare.
Ross's smokey breath exudes
And from his back pocket something protrudes
Meanwhile Rohdmann's hanging ten,
Riding the waves on his ballpoint pen.
A word of physics Schmmidty never hears
'cause he's too busy piercing his ears.
Though Pat doesn't talk he's still quite jolly,
It's just that his mouth is stuffed with a lolly.
Mr O'Malley's scowling eyes,
Object to Veronica's jaw exercise.
Sara too with open mouth
Causes the teacher to throw her out.

POETRY

It's hard to write poetry good and pure
When the grassy dale is now the sewer,
When the cherry-blossom dare not bloom
In case it coughs in smoggy gloom.
When dew upon the humble blade
Reeks of oil, postage paid,
And everywhere the rat-race runs
Trampling games and joyous fun.
Oh, poetry so ripe and rich
Modern life fits not your niche.

Stephen Cullen.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

How long
Am I sitting here
In the dark?
Car lights flash
In my room
Strangers appear
I watch the shadows
As they move toward me
Then fade away
I sink
Terrified
Under my covers.

Jane Gollschewsky 10C1



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THE TALE OF GRANNY JONES

Granny Jones lived where the grass grew high,
And the birds sang until late night.
A tale about her being old and bent
Was not true 'cause this is how it went.

Granny Jones was five hundred and one,
Shot trespassers with a big old gun.
Had no mercy for her cat named 'Bash'.
Kicked him around, like a bit of trash.

She kept a pet snake called Rigglesoot.
Ate everything including her foot.
Like it so much, he wanted the other,
Invited for lunch his sister and brother.

She's got a great nose to match her chin,
Can run 100 miles per hour up the road and back again.
One day she struck a pot-hole as she went around the bend,
It pulled down Granny to her merciless end.

The cat was happy,
The snake was sad,
From that day onward he'd say...
She wasn't that bad.

MORAL: If you've got a tasty foot you'll always
stay a snakes' friend.

By Leanne Johannesen

ME

I broke my mother's heart,
I ruined my father's name,
My brother's reputation
Will never be the same.

I set our house on fire,
With the quarrel's burning bright,
All because I kissed
'Whats-his-name' goodnight.

THE CANDLE

The lively candle,
Vanishes all sombre gloom,
With its glistening.

THE SUNSET

The Jewelled sunset,
Bathes the solitary land,
In tranquil beauty.

We are the group 11D.
The year is '76.
In B19 there are no guys,
Only all we chicks.

Our form teacher is Mrs. Pearce
To tame us she has tried,
But when it comes to responsibilities,
We always want to hide.

Ros is our class captain
Ambivalent about her task-
She, like us all, would
In the sun prefer to bask.

So here we live in this old tin Shed
With an excellent view of the sports-
That's why in our exam results
You see so many noughts.

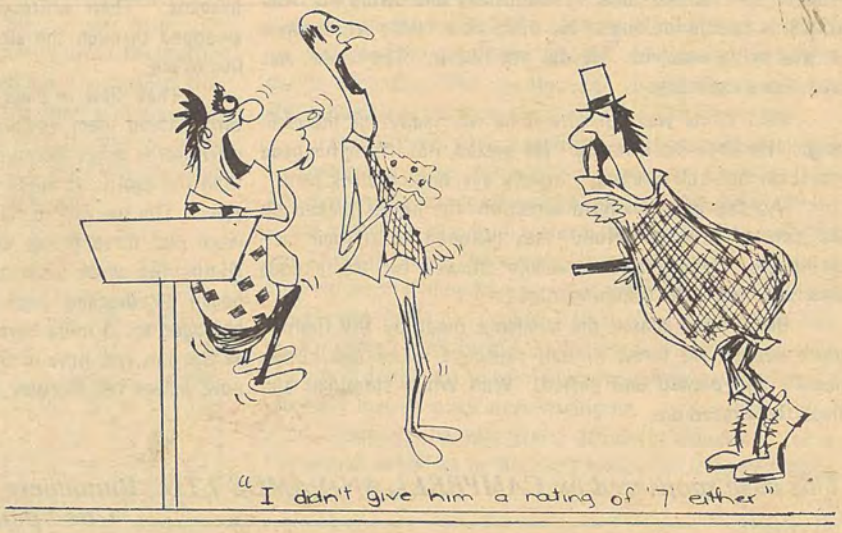
The 11D Dolls

FREEDOM OF A GULL

The sea foams against the cliff,
The spray catches my cheek
As I bend to watch a gull far below,
The rocks are scattered, jagged and sharp,
Black and glistening, making deep sounds
Like a cello;
What would I feel if I was a bird?

Falling, falling, then rising on.
The strength of my wings.
So close to death, and yet--
In fact, so far.

Robynne Cross 11H '76



BLACK DEVIL

The leader of the herd was black, and under the brilliance of the sun he gleamed like polished leather. No other colour blemished his beautiful black coat. He cropped the grass and brought up his head from time to time to look at his large herd. He was king. He had a haughty attitude, and a wild roving eye.

The mob gave him proper respect. Mares and foals did not doubt his authority, did not dare. The young stallions clearly feared him and rightly. He was supreme. He was the leader.

Black Devil had won his leadership. He had been a young stallion in the herd and he had challenged the old leader and they had fought like only wild horses can. After the fight the old leader lay dead on the grass. Nature had taught him that one day he would also face a challenge.

He was keeping his eye on a young white, a wild one. This had been a good foal, strong, beautiful to look at. The snow-coloured coat was relieved only by a pinkish, soft muzzle tip and big, gentle brown eyes. Wild White was full of spirit from the start; frocilsome and energetic; a good eater. Fast on his feet, faster than any foal in the herd. He grew quickly. He left his mother before the other colts of the same age. He stopped his childish romping at an early age. His brown eyes became less gentle as he grew older. His body was well proportioned and his muscles were hard and thick. The white grew nearly as kingly as the black leader himself, and Black Devil began to fear him.

Black Devil knew this was his challenger. When, he did not know. But he would always keep his eye on the herd so that they would not forget, he was leader. He began to prepare himself for the time to come. Wild White was well liked among the mares but Black Devil would protest if any became too friendly.

One morning the sun was shot and the black leader was irritable. He would look up frequently and swing his head from side to side looking at his white rival. Wild White knew he was being watched. He did not like it. The leader was ready for a challenge.

Wild White was not sure if he was ready for the challenge. He kept his distance. He grazed, not lifting his head very high but still keeping a steady eye on the black leader.

As the wind changed direction, the horses picked up the scent of men. Fearfully, they galloped on at their fastest speed. Wild White especially showed his tremendous speed by passing the galloping mares.

Black Devil sensed the challenge made by the flashing white beast. He threw himself sideways. The two bodies clashed and paused and parted. Wild White stumbled and Black Devil raced on.

The white stallion was quickly back beside the leader, jaws open ready to take a hold of the shining, black neck. The black swerved away from the danger. With a scream of fear he reared up and launched himself at the challenger.

The white pranced on his hindlegs. The two horses, like badly shaped boxers, threshed at each other with flashing hoofs. Wild White lost balance and fell to the ground. Black Devil reared to his rival with falling hoofs.

Then he noticed the horsemen charging down the hill, holding ropes tightly in one hand and steering their horses with the other. Before turning, Black Devil pawed the ground near his white opponent. He then raised his head into the air and gave a terrifying whinny. He galloped back to rejoin his herd with tail stretched out and head in the air.

He was still king.

Coleen Riedy 11J

You are the moon that shines through the night;
You are the sun that gives me light,
You are the one that I adore.
You make me feel like I never felt before.
You are wonderful, - - too good to be true,

Thank God for the day that I met you.
You're the only person no-one can forget, . . .
You are the dream too unreal to be true.
These are the reasons I fell for you.

Robynne Cross 11H

As the dawn broke over a glittering sea, I held my breath as hundreds of shining white birds ascended into the heavens. Their white wings scarcely moving and yet they swooped through the air in the most graceful way I will ever live to see.

They flew in pairs, others in flocks with one enormous bird leading them upward, and then suddenly they'd swoop downwards to let their wings tip the edge of the Jewel Sea, and then rise again. It made the sky look like it was full of falling stars. The sea was so calm and the sky was cloudless. There were just three things visible, me, the sea, and hundreds of glimmering white birds, my heart missed a beat as the birds began to descend back to the island paradise that they belonged to. I must have been there for hours, just watching, as the sun was now in mid-sky. I left the beach. And even now, I have left Norway, the sight is still pinned in my mind.

by Cathy Graydon 9C2

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KLASSROOM KAPERS

12C CLASS NOTES

This years 12C's will be able to look back at their last year at Bundy High with more than a little sentiment. It has been a year of achievement and finding out that maybe we did spend the best years of our life at school (although it certainly did not feel like that at times!)

We could boast the cream of the senior art and H.M. students if we tried, with some hidden academic talent being displayed throughout the year. (No offence Greg and Jocelyn). But the highlight of our achievement would have to be our "Hanging Garden", the money for which was hard earned hawking soup around the school. But it was all worth while when we knew that we were immortalized at the school in a flowerpot.

Not being hogs we'd also like to apss on some of our credit to our abdicated class teachers, Mr Hamilton, who is enjoying a hard earned rest, and Mrs Higgins our other class teacher. And so end off our final year with best of luck for the future to fellow seniors, and here's hoping that those who follow in our footsteps do as good a job as we did.

J.F.

9C2 – GLANCES AT CLASSROOM HISTORY

Well, apart from the few major disasters known as EXAMS, and some of the teachers' sick jokes, we've managed to survive this year fully assembled, brains and all. (Brains)??.

Once again due to the brilliant neatness of (wishes to remain anonymous) a mothercraft prize went to this class (don't ask me how). The class, still recovering from shock, decided to conduct a bike-a-thon. Boy, it was really co-operated on. A whole bunch of 8 turned up at the starting site. During the ride, everyone dived for cover when they thought someone was shooting at them, now who'd want to shoot at them except maybe Karen's tyre. On the rest of the 18 mile journey to and from Sea Park, no other incidents occurred except for the slight case of sunburn.

School Rule 120X

"Teachers are to push their cars in and out of the School Grounds for safety reasons."



THE 10C2 LAMENT

Work! Work hard till the break,
Must keep on working our future's at stake.
Must pass this exam; we've got to get through,
Must keep on studying if it's the last thing we do.
On with the lesson, work, if only we could,
If Mrs Burgess says so it's got to be good.
For, if we get caught we'll be put on the mat.
There goes the bell we're off for lunch,
Hope we get there in front of the bunch.
It's now 2 o'clock and we're all on parade,
Mr Pitt yells, 'It's no masquerade
Come here son I saw you talking,
Now for me you'll do some quick walking.
Down to the office to see the headmaster,
And there to receive something quite a bit nastier.'
He asks us in with a sort of wry grin,
And proceeds to warn us, 'If you're caught again ...'.
He's bluffed us he thinks, put on a good show,
And with paper and pen reporting we'll go.
P.E. now with Hoffie and the rest of his band,
Doing running and jumping, to their every command.
English and maths which we have to do,
They say everyone does it so we do it too.
More lessons now with Mr McDuff,
Who is a good teacher, but he can be tough.
Now someone is here to teach us book-keeping,
It's Mrs Benecke and she thinks we're still sleeping.

When exams are all done, we hope we get through,
Just to show them all that we are 10C2.

Raymond Simpson 10C2

During the grade 9 class sports or should I say downpour our allies were 9B2. So with the combination of B2C2 we just couldn't lose. We 'dragged' the enemies in all the events excluding 'The egg throwing competition', someone else copped it in the face, I'm glad to say.

Our German class consisting of 21 students managed to smuggle a letter through the post to a German class. Apart from the minor complication of not being able to read it, we somehow managed to read the important parts: Did you know that over there they don't have to wear a uniform and besides that they have a special room where students can smoke and don't get copped either. How about that, now there's some topics to put to the student council meeting. Though I doubt if the administration would accept it as in Garmany they're much more intelligent.

Anyway, the two brains prizes (or flowers prizes as Sue would put it) go to Bern and Weedy (alias Bernice Appo and Carol Myler).

SHARYN

9A3 CLASS POEM

In this class of 9A3,
Eighteen boys and four girls are we,
We are definitely an assorted cluster,
But we're the best guys and gals one can muster,
Heather and Jenny as athletes shine,
While Leanne leaves her mark on the hockey line,
Ray and Perce are the men to see for advice,
They'll help one and all and ask no price.
Sharyn and Brian tend to act the clown,
The class may laugh but the teachers' frown,
Bully, Bill and Kingo will they ever understand,
It's safer to show peace to your fellow man.

Our teachers are a thick-skinned special brew,
There's O'Malley, Louttit, Doherty and Schuhkraft to mention but a few,
But don't get in a sweat Mac and Pete there's nobody forgotten you,
What with a bunch of fives and knuckle sandwich on the menu.
Mr Gunther is the captain of our ship,
He uses lines to make the penny click.

Don't be upset if there is no mention,
That hasn't been my sole intention,
For next years scribe may get even,
With a cryptic quote on a boy named Stephen.

Stepehn Uebel 9A3

10 C1 CLASS NOTES

Friends, Romans and school students, lend me your ears. I am here to speak what I do know.

Among the boring, uninteresting things such as sweet-stalls and record hops, 10C1, this year made heroic efforts to raise funds for donations to the "Freedom from Hunger" campaign.

Through the term, 10C1 has shown their skill and athletic ability, especially in the game of netball, when we soundly beat 10B1. It was a close game, 10B1, but the best lot won. Hard luck, fellas.

Among our athletic stars we have Donna Hohnke and Paul Horton. Apart from athletics, Donna was chosen in the Q'ld Under 16 State Secondary Schoolgirl Hockey Team.

Judy Stebhens was selected for the Q'ld State Secondary Schoolgirls Netball Team. She was also selected in the Australian Team.

10C1 fought bravely through the exams. 'Twas a hard and bloody battle, but we managed to get through almost unscathed.

These were the noblest students of all.

9C5

Our class number is 9C5
Our class teacher is Mrs McDuff
To do good work we do strive
In maths, english and all that stuff.

The class captain is Dianne Potter
Vice captain Jackie Wolf.
They stop the class from making a clatter
That sounds like Harris singing (Rolf).

We are the champion Softball team
We won with great enthusiasm.
Michael Phingst led the team
With Vice Captain little Kim Austin.

Toni Medlin plays volleyball
She was selected for the Australian team.
She then surprised us all
By winning shotput in our twilight team.

You'll never see kids with a better personality
Than Janelle Glass and Debbie Smart,
Shelly Unwin Kayleen Lee.
These four have the kindest hearts.

The newest members to our school home
Are Kerry Catchpole and Dierdrie Payne.
You can be sure we make them Welcome
And have stuck by them shine or rain.

The quietest members in our class
Are Joanne Reed and Carmel Woodgate,
Annette Turkelson, Dianne Lutz.
Being the quietest we don't debate.

Jacky, Belinda, Karen Shorten,
Lorriene, Suzanne, Sharon Wouters,
Jenny, Darlene, Sandra Davison,
Sue and Julie, Rosemary are more of our class.

(We have had a walkathon and raised $89.95. We then had a bar-b-que at Tracy Daileys place.)

Dianne Potter

9A1 CLASS NOTES

Our Class Teacher is Mr Kirkman and our class captain is Sue Pitt who is ably supported by Murray Baulch. There is no doubt among any of us that the brains of the class is Robyn Davis. Our class is very musically minded as we have pianists, violinists, cellists, guitarists, vocalists, clarinetist, viola player, saxaphone players, a flautist, an organist and recorder players. Deanne Ryan is our most outstanding musician while Michelle Pearson, Diana Byrne, Vicky Collins and Sue Pitt lead us in the sports field. Our netball team won the inter-class netball finals and we came a close second in the inter-class sports.

HAPPY DAYS OR WASTED DAYS AND WASTED NIGHTS

(We couldn't make up our minds which was the best)

GRADE 12E CLASS NOTES

SLAVE DRIVERS:–

Mr. Russell – Sounds of silence
Mr. Smith – Fooled around and fell in love
Mrs Damm – Push-bike song
Mrs Bowman – Devil woman
Mr McDuff – Welcome to my nightmare
Mr Honeywill – Afternoon delight
Mr Gunther – No more Mister Nice Guy
Mr Surman – Whistle a happy tune
Miss Marshall – Too hot to touch
Mr Baldwin – The wanderer
Mrs Reghenzani – Howzat
Mrs Crosswell – Girls, girls, girls

SLAVES:-

Colleen - Rolling stone
Karen and Michelle - Let's stick together
Alanna - Oh what a night
Diana - Dancing queen
Dianne - On the prowl
Elizabeth - Looking for an echo
Christine - Sweet baby brown eyes
Lynette - Piano man
Kathy - Live Wire
Carly - Roll over Beethoven
Margaret - Curiosity killed the cat
Lyndell Welcome back
Marie - Ballroom blitz
Stephanie - Quick on the draw
Sandra - Jump in my car
Bernadette - Movie star
Kaye - I just don't know what to do with myself
Beth - Too young to know
Kristine - Keep on smiling

SLAVE DRIVER QUOTES:-

Guess Whos's ??????????
I'm not a mug you know
Commit that to memory
I'm warning you, this is your last chance; next time you're out
Now this an almost serious work
Interesting isn't it
Ladies this is not a C.W.A meeting
Stop that Yap, Yap, Yap
OK you blokes (majority of class is girls)
Even blind Freda could see that
Don't be so obstreperous
Get off my wavelength
Monday Period 1
Teacher - Bonjour la classe!
Class - ... hiss ... mumble ... growl ... grunt ... burp
Teacher - Mademoiselles s'il vous plait!

Roses to those who made our senior year 'fun'
Raspberries to those who made it sheer torture

11G

Should you be foolish enough to battle your way along the strangely hazy verandah to the end of 'B' block, you will find - tucked away in a breezy little classroom - a weird and wonderful bunch known to some as 11G. You may find them at work ... and then again you may not. There are 25 in the class - athletes (running away from a false start in life), academics (trying to ward off failure with heavy books), musicians (still trying to find an echo to their sound), an American (afraid of drowning in more Water-y scandals?), comedians ('Laugh and the world laughs with you' - today the classroom, tomorrow the world, boys!), and, fortunately, a few more-normal people ('these things are sent to try us'). God and The Timetable have destined them to be separated for most of each day but any lost time is very rapidly made up. Not even the Timetable can keep them apart. Class-meetings find them especially companionable - their sharp minds engaging in swift and brilliant repartee over subjects of weighty importance. Oh, were it possible for them to put it into words, they would astound you! But, seriously, they're generally a happy and healthy lot, sporadically industrious, and possessing a lively, if macabre sense of humour. To their equally colourful collection of teachers they wish to extend thanks, commiserations, and death-threats, and would like to leave the thoughtful reader with a question which puzzled both the wise and foolish among them ..."How did India get to be overpopulated?"

C.C.

CLASS "NOTES", 10BC6

Bunny – Puffing Billy
Carolyne – Hungry Sandwich Eater
Gail – Seaweed of the Class, Stirrer No. 1
Michelle – Music Lover, Stirrer No. 2
Cher – Pop Star Dreamer, Stirrer No. 3
Laurelle – Head over Heels in Love
Rob – Alias Phantom Runner
Moggy – Big Boozer
Shaylee – Biggest Wagger
Glen – Photo Flogger of the Class
Alan – Prince Charming
Mark B – Late Arriver
Mark C – Dart Thrower
Leslie Moore – No, Less, No More
Scott – M.P.H. – Minute Prickle Head
Brian – Beagly
Eric – Chalk Thrower
Wayne – Parrot
Kerry – Heavy No. 2
Barry – Big Bear
Jeffrey – Heavy No. 1
Malley – Star Footy Player
Willy – One of the Harlem Globe Trotters
Miss Ash – Best Class Teacher in the World

CLASS NOTES 12D

The leader of the gang is our mop-headed - P. Marles, idolised by lost puppy G. Mortein (pressure pak). Closely followed by Muhammid Ali (one chop) Toohey) who by 'brute' force tries to be the dominant genetic constitution of our class.

The 'lads' - Mic, Jeff, List; all appreciate the illegal gambling club and the bunny girls at the local casino, round the corner and up the road a bit.

Our own private bar-girl, Breffy, rolls up every Monday morning at school, blood-shot eyes ... from a 'relaxing' week-end studying important biology chapters for future reference.

Our Biology and Class Teacher who is playing his hand at fatherhood is letting his over-paternal chromosomes (Prac. 35) interfere with our component class work,

Margaret who is the newest addition to our mad house of a class is always misplacing her 'teeth'. She is also at a complete loss when Whinny her offsider is away on holidays.

Under the watchful eyes of our Texan, Debbie S, our equestrian club is vastly saddle burnt. Students, Leigh and Margaret had a habit of falling off the horses while at a Stand Still,

Now we come to the trier of the class, Debbie B. who tries to accomplish much at ...

News Flash ... Panel-van ethics ... by R. Dionysius.

Casanova '76 Glen Manning fancies himself as an artist as well as a great Romeo.

The class 'twits' this year, Robyn and Terri, were completely baffled by the workings of a cupboard from the inside. The other part to Bobyn is the portable cafe she takes with her wherever she goes.

Jenny our contact with the hierarchy downstairs (all in the family).

Leanne our energetic athletic (not), runs a four minute mile every day.

And of course our Golden Greek (Snorky) who faints twice into the strong arms of our headmaster Mr. Donohue. (What a catch).

CLASS MEMBERS

Debbie Buchbach, Helen Bulow, Leanne Dick, Robyn Dionysius, Maria Lathouras, Margaret McKeon, Glenda Morton, Leigh Muller, Jenny Pitt, Robyn Rybke, Debbie Sheehan, Terri Shelton, Julie Toohey, Michael Dunn, Lister Dyer, Glen Manning, Peter Marles, Jeff Weber.

N Nothing is too hard
I In class work we are the best
N Norman Stuckey is our star artist
E Even better than 12A
B Built like a Mack Truck that's 9B5
F Fortunate to have good teachers
I In hard times we can always come through
V Victory in everything comes our way
E Even Raines works Hard all day.

10C3

10C3 is a class of high degree,
we are the best one you see.

Lyn is our class captain and clown,
She tries to stop us from fooling around,
She tries to set examples,
But, look where it got us.

Jenny Weber is our vice,
She is always friendly and nice.

Helen and Ann sit there and talk,
While Kaye and Kay take a walk.

Lesley and Robyn try their best,
While Kerry and Kay get top of the test.

Bronwyn and Paula are the best of friends,
While Jenny's and Debbie's friendship never ends.

Janet and Fay are in our netball team,
While Carol and Raylene are on the beam.

Jenny and Thea are our swimmers,
While Frances and Kay are the timids.

Judy and Cheryl try their best,
While Jenny, Kim and Jan are having a rest.

This ends the poem of 10C3,
Which proves to you that we are of high degree.

By Judy Loy, 10C3.

11 E

Sandy sits there trying to look smart,
But she has never mastered the art.
And next to her, Jill sits there
She spends her time doing her hair!
Duncie thinks of his drunk-driving nights
And of his girlfriend who with the girls will fight.
Wally, Sbrizzi and Lindsay too
Dream of the days when school's taboo.
The bell has gone and it's time to go
But Mr. O'Malley says "Oh, no"
We race to the door, he's beaten us there
To check our homework is his affair.
Oh well some other day
To escape, Oh yes we'll find a way.

11D CLASS NOTES

11D! We're all girls and that's the way we like it! Besides being the neatest and most well behaved in the entire school may we say with modesty, that we are also the most charming and witty and of course, feminine. Kerry Gordon gave a fine example of feminity when she delicately fainted on sports day and was carried off gallantly.

You may have noticed some delicious fruit punch being handy on some Fridays – rich, cool and refreshing, laced with fruit. That was us! You know it was good because WE couldn't make anything that flopped – we're Home Economics girls, you know! We all thought it was an easy course but WE WERE WRONG!

Naturally, we have star sportswomen Lyn Pitt, Jenny Porter, Barby Burrill and Kerry Gordon who were some of the members of the softball team that played against the guys at the beginning of the year and who, out of their generosity, were kind enough to let the guys win. Lyn has also broken a few records and we may send her to the next Olympics.

Most of the girls besides having a superior intelligence also have a great personality. Those who do not have these qualities are not in our class!.

Mrs Higgins has provided a motherly image to our Home Economics class because she realizes that perfection like ours comes only once in a lifetime.

There is only one dirty four letter word we shun and detest. If possible we avoid any one using it or about to mention it – WORK.

Roslyn Burns is our class captain and she is skilled at dodging – work and of course class captaining.

Many girls have left us because of too much of a good thing but to those eight we say "Hi!"
Hang ten there 11D!

Loy, 10C3.

10B4

Our Class 10B4 is in a quiet school area right away from other class rooms, we are learning a Technical Two Course.

Mr Holtsclaw has been our class teacher for the last year and R. Davies has been our class captain with P. Mallet vice-captain and roll monitor. The brains of our class , K. Phillips and P. Trotter won the class awards while N. Culey and L. Green came first in 'Head of the River' - collecting blue ribbons. In other contests S. McMullen won the Manual Arts Poster and also received a science award.

As you can see 10B4 is quite a class and we hope other classes are like us. We all give thanks to all of the teachers who have taught us in the last three years and best of luck to all of those students continuing school and finding work for they are both hard.

10B4

9A2

Overall I would say that 9A2 is quite a quiet, behaved boring class of students, but some of our teachers think otherwise. Each day the class elect a 'victim' who has to be sent out during the lessons or else the remainder of the class either die from boredom or are squashed to death and die from claustrophobia. (As you may have guessed from my last statement, we live in K block, K3 to be exact).

Our class, however, is not all hopeless. We have a few outstanding athletes, including Dot and Ingrid, and these are the pride of the class. With the help from the others we managed to get a 2nd in the inter-class sports, mainly because of the help from 9A1 and 9B5.

Earlier in the year, we had a sweet stall which raised a considerable amount, more than $19, for Red Cross.

9A2 especially enjoys our Science and Art lessons. In these lessons only a maximum of 5 kids get sent out. Otherwise this total is sometimes doubled (not really). I hope the teachers of the above lessons are reading this review of the class.

Whether they're kidding or not we don't know, but they're always telling us how good we are. I suppose it is just natural though, from our class anyway.

Well I suppose you're getting quite bored, that is if you've read this far, so I'll end off.

Class Slogan – Modesty is a crime.

9A2

9C1 NOTES

Our School song includes a line 'We've brains and brawn and beauty' - well 9C1 have 'brains and beauty'. Suzanne and Meryl not only have ability but work hard to keep ahead of half a dozen 'brains', and one has only to gaze upon the class to realize that there's plenty of beauty. Some class members of course are more renowned for other things such as shifting the hose (ably done by a red-headed leprechaun).

Earlier in the year 9C1 raised the second highest amount of money by getting sponsors for the jog-a-thon by teachers around the school oval. For this we enjoyed a free night at the pictures. To help increase the sports fund we also had a successful record hop (helped by the fact that it was a wet day) and a showing of photos and slides of the activities during the jog-a-thon.

Members of 9C1 have tried to improve the appearance of the lawn and rose garden near E block, helped with Red Cross work and the library and thirteen students have represented the School at sports. During the week-end at least twenty students participate in sporting fixtures - we didn't ask what the others did.

Thanks to our teachers for their help throughout the year and best wishes to Peter and all Grade 12 students and other school leavers.

9B2 STORY

This is the story about 9B2,
In the sports our runners flew,
We made some money,
Which was funny,
As we make our teachers spew.

There is a brain storm in our mob,
The marks he gets would make you sob,
Even though he runs quite fast,
He always manages to come about last.

The fattest boy has a name like Hulk,
As he usually buys his lunch in bulk,
The shops restock when he comes in,
Because he buys just about everything.

We have a monkey in our midst,
Who wears a Seiko watch on his wrist.
He finds it fun to fly a plane,
The jokes he makes would give you a pain.

Having the best teachers in school,
Would make us brainy as a rule,
But as we stir in nearly everyway,
We fail our exams day by day.

This is the end of this verse,
The teacher's giving me a curse,
As I'm writing this in class,
I think the teacher is going to give me a kick up
the * * * *.

By I. Lamb and D. Johnson



Warwick Elvery, 8E

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Why did the boy take a ladder to school?
He wanted to go to High School.

Why did the boy throw the clock out the window?
He wanted to see time fly.

Kathy Ford, 8B.

* * *

Why do storks stand on one leg?
Because if they didn't stand on one they'd fall over.

Vicki Norval, 8G.

* * *

LADY: Sir, can I have some alligator shoes, please?
SHOPKEEPER: Certainly Madame, what size does your alligator take.

P. McDuff.

* * *

MARY: Did you know that it takes three sheep to make one sweater?
JIM: Really? I didn't know sheep could knit.

P. McDuff.

* * *

Mary had a little lamb.
Which had a sooty foot
And into Mary's Bread and Jam
His sooty foot he put.

P. McDuff.

* * *

Who started vulgar fractions?
Henry the 1/8.

Kathy Ford, 8B.

* * *

QUESTION: What did the lion say when he saw the man on roller skates.
ANSWER: Meals on Wheels.

* * *

What is it?
A camel passing a window.



* * *

Tongue Twister – Tall thick thistles prickle

* * *

QUESTION: What is black, white and red all over?
ANSWER: A zebra blushing.

Joanne Norvis, 8B.



8K CLASS NOTES

Class Captain - Ian Grills.

We spent most of the year in T block. There were several advantages to that building, some of which were: being closer to the main part of the school and cupboards in which to put our books.

When we shifted into Q block we still had Michael Saunders tagging along. We thought we might have been left behind with the junk that remained. Even though Mick was a stirrer, he has settled down to a quiet life of studying and now he only stirs as a hobby not as a fulltime occupation.

We didn't have much luck in the interclass athletics although we came fourth. We only had one winner, who was Shelly Jack with the long jump, even though Ian Grills tried hard to beat Arron Dunrobin in the relay.

Although we aren't the best at sport we have a small amount of knowledge stored away up top. Janelle McCracken and Paul Nauman are our best students.

We were going to mention teachers but we didn't want to suffer the consequences especially those of our normal teachers.

THE FIRST MAN ON VENUS

It was a warm, sunny day when the space capsule landed on Venus. There had been a few rumours on Earth when the space capsule had left, that there was life on Venus. All of their ideas had been laughed at.

But, as the capsule landed, a whole lot of people came running out of the craters and came towards the astronaut. What a surprise it was to find that life existed on another planet.

The astronaut was hurried off towards a crater while Venusian newsmen asked questions and took photos. Suddenly, they reached a crater but instead of falling, there were steps leading down towards the middle of the planet.

When they came to the end of the steps, there, before the astronaut was a city. To his surprise he saw buildings of solid gold and pavements layed with diamonds.

They took him to a building which said 'Museum'. Inside were pictures of Venus and to his surprise there were pictures of Australia, also some very important documents which only the Prime Minister was allowed to see.

After he had inquired about them, he was told that in Australia and all the other countries were spies, who were stealing all documents. Also, they were causing diseases which would soon cause the world's population to die off. This is what they wanted as they wanted to live there.

D. Yates, 8J.

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AIR RAID!

It was 10 o'clock at night, and I was preparing to go to bed, when suddenly a loud whining noise split the stillness of the night air.

I knew too well what that signal meant. Quickly I drew the curtains and extinguished the lamp. I stood waiting for about five minutes, until I gradually heard a soft droning in the distance. The droning grew louder and louder, and as I peered into the dark, moonless sky, I vaguely made out three Messerschmidts approaching our town. In another five minutes the great aeroplanes were flying over the hills that surrounded the township.

Bombs were being dropped out of the planes causing damage everywhere they flew. The attack lasted only a few minutes, as a platoon of soldiers had arrived with anti-aircraft guns.

A big howitzer spoke twice, bringing down one of the planes but the other two managed to get away. As I walked out into the street, nothing but smouldering ruins could be seen. The town was completely wrecked. It would never be the same again.

Stuart.

8D CLASS NOTES

At the beginning of the year our first class teacher was Mr Baldwin and our home room was M4. Then we had 32 pupils in our class and now there are 34. Our class captain is Julie Armstrong and our vice captain is Glen Smith. When our temporary time-table changed, we also changed our class teacher to Miss Marshall. OUr class prefects are Glenda Morton and Peter Sparks.

During the year we had reasonable success in Sport. In football we reached the semi-finals, in Netball we reached the Grand Final and received second place, the scores being 11–8. In soccer we reached the Semi-finals, and we won the athletics, but in Swimming and Softball we didn't exactly do too well.

In the first week of the second term we went on a geography excursion. On this trip we went down to the coast to observe coastal landscapes.

The day after the geography trip we held a Record Hop in aid of Austcare; we raised $5.00.

In the science display two of the boys in our class won prizes, Andrew McGown won First Prize which was $10.00 and Terry Hahn tied for Second Prize and received $2.50.

A short while later we moved to T13.

The speech night prizes for 8D went to Nils Stephenson who won first prize and Terry Hahn, second.

No more events have happened, yet as we have not yet come to the end of the year.

8H

Throughout the year 8H
has tried hard in
everything we have done
Some members did well
in the inter-class sports
The boys made the semi-
finals in soccer but failed
to win. The girls enjoy
their cooking and sewing
and often make a mess.
We would like to thank
all the teachers for teaching
and putting up with us
throughout the year.

BRANDING

"Hey Joe! Did you innoculate this calf? Come on. You haven't got time to stop!"

It was a busy scene in the branding yard. The hundred or so bawling calves had to be branded before nightfall and that meant no time for stopping.

Baaaa aaaa! Baaaaaa! There was a smell of burning hair and skin as each calf was put through what must be a painful ordeal.

"Here Frank, go fill the billy with water and don't dawdle". Frank knew what would happen if he didn't hurry. Each person was allocated to different jobs and if he wasn't there to do his, it would mean someone else would have to do it so a few seconds would be lost! Every second added up!

One person innoculated and brought the calves up while the others, branded, de-horned, castrated and ear-marked.

All hands were needed with one particular calf; it was red Brahman and had been missed last season. It was too big to scruff so the ropes were needed. It was much stronger than the other bawling poddies and wasn't going to give in easily. But the swift workers were experienced and knew how to handle troublesome ones like this.

Cows in opposite yards sent out bellows in protest at the sound of their crying poddies.

The fire was fed again and again until at last the last calf was put through. The stockmen could rest now. Soaked in sweat and covered in dust they sat down in the shade of a nearby tree. It was no longer a busy scene as calves ran to their mothers who then led them off down the paddock.

It was all over until next year.

B. Wagner 8J.

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8J

Go back, Go back, go back to the woods,
Cause you ain't, you ain't, you ain't got the goods,
You may have the rhythm,
You may have the jazz.
But you don't have the team that 8J has.

Our class teacher is Mr Gibb. Class captain is Kate, Vice, Michael. With a class of 37 we have quite a few athletes in our form. Nearly every member of the class is in some activity at the school. We have our moments like everyone else, we also have a class heavy W.P. and a class stirrer G.P. (Dorrie). But they are all pretty good at times. In the past we have been quite good in sport, girls have won both in inter-class netball and softball and the boys came second in the soccer. We would also like to thank all the teachers who have put up with us.

THE CONVICT DAYS

Across the mighty roaring sea,
Admidst the rats and dread disease,
Many a scoundrel, many a crook,
Came to that land discovered by Cook.

Nobody dare defy the court,
Or to the far land they were brought.
Children 'cause they caught a fish
In places where the Lord's don't wish.

Came to this land to start a new life,
Because America gave England strife.
There was no gayness, nor was there mirth,
Here in our land.they gave its birth

By Jenny Latimer 8J.

LIFE

What is life?
What is life?

Is it a place of tease and resent?
Or is it a place of like and acceptance?

Is it a place of ugliness.and hate?
Or is it a place of beauty and love?

Is it a place of greed and war?
Or is it a place of share and peace?

What is life

C.P. (8K).

GRADE 8 OPEN AREA

At last after nine months of waiting, six of the grade 8 classes have moved into the open area.

Occupying the eastern side of the block are three of the German classes E, F and G, while the western side is occupied by the French classes H, J and K.

This building is a very modern block. The top floor consists of six open open class rooms with three classes at each end. In the centre area, there are staff rooms and a study area equipped with a small library.

The ground floor consists of an art room, science lab, small staff room, meeting room, art room and a few small closed in rooms for different subjects. There is also a locker room and toilets.

Outside the block, there are two courtyards. One is used for art work and the other is used for environmental study.

In both english and maths, the three classes at each end are divided into three groups according to their ability. Each person works at his or her own pace. There is plenty of work and assignments are handed out frequently. The students in this open area have not had sufficient time to form an opinion of this open area.

BRISBANE EXHIBITION

He sat in his car on a bright sunny day.
He watched the birds as they went on their way.
He was off down the road to Brisbane.
Yes and he had all the children.

He drove past town and city alike.
Followed cars and motor-bikes.
He's going there to meet his friends,
All the little animals in the pens.

It's the Brisbane Exhibition.
With children, dogs, cats and even pigeons.
They're going there to have some fun.
On all the rides under the sun.

Now they're there, Oh boy how big,
That show with all its thing-a-me-jigs
On rides and off again they went
Until the money was spent.

He wanted to see the animals first.
They fed them till they nearly burst.
Then off they went home once more
They're all tired and poor.

Jane Dent, 8J.

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8E NOTES

Our war-cry (that was never used):

8E, 8E, yah, yah,
We are the best by far, far, far,
Teams will come from near and far,
But we will beat them, rah, rah, rah.

Our prefects (Alan Conden and Tracey Meikle), science teacher (Miss McNee) and history teacher (Mrs Powell) try very hard to keep a straight face with all our sick jokes while they are in the room.

The leaders of our very rowdy mob are, David Gibson, our loud-mouth captain, and Tess the vice.

Our main stirrers are Tony Funge, Robert Grieve, Trevor Dargusch and Bryan Raines.

Mr. Sheppard, our class teacher, tries his very best to keep us entertained and working hard.

Congratulations to the boys on their wins in Soccer and Football.

A TREE

Moving madly in the wind like a child's
Ball being thrown backwards and forwards.
Then stopping and not moving at all.
The child is resting.
Then a slight breeze, the leaves like millions
Of tiny butterflies, fly from the trees outstretched arms.
Blowing furiously again the wind tugs at
The tree's arms.
The tree looks sad as it waves goodbye to
The tiny leaves

K. Uebel, 8B.

PLANES

Planes fly high in the sky,
You can see them gliding by,
Some are big, some are small,
Some are very, very tall.

In the war these planes were used,
In the air they would cruise,
They would fly round and round,
Some were shot to the ground.

S. Tanner, 8B.

DROUGHT

The water is now dried up
There's no water for the swagman's cup.
The sky's so hot the birds can't fly
The steers are trying to find a.place to lie.
The sun has added many bones to the sand,
Also it has charred Australia's once beautiful land.

Kevin Wilson.

COMPUTER

Box, big and square,
Steel, grey and bare.
Use, rubbish eater,
Country is much neater.
Humans think they are kings
Computers are just things.

Computers are kings,
Humans ordinary things,
Country eat rubbish,
Use, Use, Use
Bare square, big grey steel box.
B-a-r-e s-q-u-a-r-e b-i-g g-r-e-y s-t-e-e-l b-o-x.

K. Uebel, 8B.

RAIN

Pitt Patt the rain is back,
Rain is something we often lack,
It gives a bit more life to the plants,
But often it will destroy the ants,
But sometimes during times of drought,
We often hope the rain will come about.
We will often hope that rain will bring,
Some nice clean water during times of spring.

Kevin Wilson

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COURTICE HOUSE CAPTAINS
Glenda Morton, Peter Sparks

COURTICE HOUSE

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Glenda Morton and Peter Sparks.

This year has proved to be an exception from the past with Courtice House improving tremendously in many aspects of sporting abilities, enthusiasm and house co-operation.

Although narrowly missing victory we clinched many of the championships in all major sporting events contested.

The swimming carnival, our first major event produced strong competition; the girls were narrowly defeated by Hinkler and Loney to gain third position; while the boys events stepped up the score in their two way tie with Hinkler resulting in a narrow defeat overall by the strong Hinkler swimmers.

Individual performances worthy of recognition were J. Alberts; (U16 champion) and K. Gordon in the girls; R. Smith, D. Trebbin (U14 champion), F. Lowe and G. Carter in the boys.

Rain once again interfered in the year's programme and the Annual Head of the River was postponed for a short time. On the re-run the boys were narrowly defeated while our girls crew due to lack of time and other girl crews, didn't get a chance to touch the water.

The cross country this year though poorly represented in the senior events provided strong and keen competition for our younger athletes with P. Wilson (U15) in the boys section; D. Roberts (U15) and J. Alberts (U16) in the girls section gaining championships. Others to do well were N. L. Johannsen and T. Vidler.

Athletics this year proved to be our stronges point resulting in our narrowly being defeated by Hinkler House.

Age champions were A Neubauer (U14); I. Brieffries (U14) and J. Alberts (U16) in the girls; P. Wilson (U15) and Sparks (open) in the boys, while fine performances were noted from A Pitt, J. Thompson, D Roberts, N Pitt and K. Gordon.

Each individual's performance for the house deserves our many thanks for without the co-operation Courtice House would not be the strong house it is today.

In conclusion, assistance rendered by vice captains J. Alberts and M. Busley; all house teachers, deserve our most hearty thanks.

Special thanks goes to Mr Hopf for making all this year's competition possible.



HINKLER HOUSE CAPTAINS
Peter Atherton, Kaye Tyson

HINKLER HOUSE NOTES

As in the past, this year has been one of intense inter-house rivalry. Fortunately the house spirit did not let us down and we had a very successful year.

Hinkler participated in the swimming carnival this year with more success than usual. Thanks to the outstanding efforts of our girl swimmers, we won the carnival by a fair margin. Outstanding efforts were made by C. Poschalk (under 13), and R. Condon (under 15) who won age championships in the girls and R. Grieve who won the boys under 13 championship.

Special thanks go to the enthusiastic cheer squad who urged their team mates on to greater efforts.

Luckily, we were blessed with better weather for the athletics carnival this year than last, and the competition was keen, especially between Hinkler and Courtice. Once again the Hinkler girls saved the day and we won the carnival narrowly. In the girls J Marshall (under 15) and J Plath (open) competed with special success, winning their age championships, and outstanding efforts were made by R. Grieve (under 14), D Anderson (under 16) and A Scotton (open) in the boys.

Loney won the cross country overall, but not without a fight from Hinkler. David Anderson won the under 16 boys section, while Deborah Riedy and Jocelyn Whittle won the girl's under 14 and 16 and over sections respectively. Thanks go to all those who competed.

Thanks also to the Hinkler teachers who helped to organise the carnivals. Special thanks also go to the vice-captains, Mark Plath and Jocelyn Whittle, who gave up much of their time assisting with the carnivals.

Let's hope that Hinkler's young and promising athletes can maintain the standard set.

Kay and Peter.



LONEY HOUSE CAPTAINS
Alison Kindt, David Gould

LONEY HOUSE REPORT

Well the prospects of Loney Houses' sporting future certainly brightened in 1976. We feel confident that the losing streak is behind us now and a steady climb to supremacy ahead. We've learn't our lessons in losing well so a change would be quite pleasant!.

And so our thanks must go as much to those who participated in house events as to those who won. We are very proud of our notable sportsman – including our captain, David, who was a bag of pleasant surprises – but perhaps more so of the enthusiasm evident in Loney Supporters. It's all linked to that old last term 'House spirit'. But it was evident this year that Loney's house spirit was still going strong especially in the younger school who filled in many vacant positions and as a house captains' hardest task to fill the nomination sheet, we were very grateful indeed.

Perhaps the outstanding example of this was the cross-country. Despite the scarcity of Loney age champions (David Gibson) to boost the points, Loney was able to take out the aggregate points. That to us certainly shows that it is enthusiasm and personal will that won the day.

Noteworthy performances were registered by Diana Byrne, Scott Evans (both age champions) while M McCrane and P. Quivooy in the Swimming Carnival, while competitors such as David Pahl, Ross Essex, David Gibson and Jenny Wooten showed their form in the Athletics.

Our excuse has always been (for our run of lasts) that Loney students are more academically minded than sporting and hence our energies are spent elsewhere. Certainly, the Ad Astra Cup for debating, which is presently in our care, bears us out and we are confident of retaining it in '76, with our all girl team headed by Coral Lobegeier.

Alison and I would like to convey our thanks to captain Neil Searle and Coral Lobegeier as well as Miss Brand and Mr Gibb for their support throughout the year. So best of luck in '77.

David and Alison.



KRONE HOUSE CAPTAINS
Janet Tuck, Ian Wright

KRONE HOUSE

Year after year, the Krone House notes seem to be a series of apologies and excuses as to why the Krone Competitors fail to achieve results. Let's be honest with ourselves – Krone team members have failed to compete and deserve the results that they have not attained.

From a school of 1430, only four hundred of these are Krone . . . whoops! . . . only 350. It seems that Krone lost interest in school this year and our members are down, now don't tell me all the students who left were budding young Stephen Hollands and sparkling Paul Narracotts.

Team spirit starts at the top and maybe the upper school has let the old team down or maybe the lower school just haven't tried to offer a lift.

Yes, that's right, it's not our fault. It's the fault of the house captains and the prefects and the teachers but its not ours; we pulled our weight and participated, didn't we? We won all the trophies and those we didn't, we won all the prizes for cheering and team support, didn't we? Well, didn't we Krone?

Bouquets must go to Hinkler and Loney for their achievements this year and we'll take all the brickbats, but '77 is not the year for any phoney . . . We'll make it a year for Krone!

Congratulations to Janet Tuck for being House Capain of the year.

Janet and Ian.



PREFECTS 1976
Back row: L. Kraak, A. Loxton, A. Condon, T. Meikle.
Middle row: P. Davis, P. Sparks, C. Pickering
C. Lobegeier, J. Whittle, A. Scotton, M. Busey.
Front row: I. Wright, P. Rayner, J. Tuck, J. Alberts,
G. Morton, M. Wagner, T. Chambers, N. Payne.

INAUGURATION OF PREFECTS





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SPORT IN THE B.H.S.

SPORT IN THE B.H.S.

1976 has been another successful and rewarding year in sport for the Bundaberg High School. In interschool competitions we have experienced outstanding success and continue to maintain our position as one of the Queensland's most formidable sporting schools. The highlights are many, but the moments most vivid include the tremendous staff effort in the jog-a-thon; the netball girls winning both major trophies at the interstate carnival; several of our students being named in Australian teams; and our First XIII League side being most valiant in defeat in the cliff-hanger final 'test' against Kepnock – a real winner for sport and sportsmanship. Some disappointments are there too, the major one being our inability to arrange a 'Salisbury type' social sports exchange with a Brisbane school. Hopefully next year, an exchange with McGregor will be a reality. While looking into the crystal ball, I hope we may soon boast of our very own gymnasium. To cut the dreaming, it's now my pleasure to invite you to turn the following pages to recapture our outstanding moments in sport.

B.G.W. Hopf.

SPORTING BLUES

BOYS

CRICKET: Full – John Nixon
Half – Jeffrey Weber
RUGBY LEAGUE: Full – Peter Huntly, Geoffrey Latham
Half – Peter Rayner, Pat Steindl, Leslie Black
VOLLEYBALL: Full – Gregory McDiarmid
Half – William Potts, Peter Murton
BASKETBALL: Full – Phillip Lonsdale (endorsed)
Half – Bruce Morton
SWIMMING: Full – Ian Wright
Half – Gary Carter
TENNIS: Half –John Black, John Nixon
AUSTRALIAN RULES: Half – John Osborne, Trevor Essam
ATHLETICS: Full – Allah Scotton
Half – Peter Wilson (endorsed), Peter Sparks, David Anderson

GIRLS

SOFTBALL: Full – Helen Bulow
NETBALL: Full – Jill Martin (endorsed), Judith Stebhens
Half – Helen Bulow, Stacey Ford, Maria Lathouras, Marianne McGrane, Lynn Pitt, Jennifer Poschalk, Kaye Tyson.
VOLLEYBALL: Full – Glenda Morton, Toni Medlin
SWIMMING: Full – Michelle Pearson
Half – Diana Byrne (endorsed), Maria Lathouras, Ann Loxton (endorsed)
BASKETBALL: Half – Suellen Christiansen (endorsed)
HOCKEY: Full – Kerri Gordon
Half – Donna Hohnke, Jocelyn Alberts
TENNIS: Half – Beth Walters
ATHLETICS: Half – Joselyn Whittle, Lynne Daley, Lea-Anne Davison (endorsed), Dorothy Roberts (endorsed)





UNDER 14 RUGBY LEAGUE

The under 14 Rugby League enjoyed a year of mixed success. In the local competition the games against Brothers were very close. The first resulted in a win to Brothers while the second was a draw. Bundaberg beat North and Kepnock in both games played although the result was very close on two occasions. The social visit to Gladstone saw the team combine at its very best. Good heavy work in the middle by Jim Brogden allowed his supports to run wide with the result that Peter Ross scored five tries. In the Cooper Cup match against Maryborough the team again played well. Tony Funge got his backs going well and Andrew Nielsen and Rob Hal Hallam scored two tries each and Ben Klassen three. The trip to Gympie was disappointing because of withdrawals from the team and a sound beating was the result. During the year the forwards were our strength and Jim Brogden, Peter Ross and Bill Heron played very good football. Tony Funge tried hard in the backs but lacked consistent support. Tony lead the team well and his attitude to training and matches could well have been copied by some other members of the team.



U/14 RUGBY LEAGUE
Back Row: D Stedman, B Herron, B Heidke, J Brogden, R Hallam, W Walker, R Moffat
Front Row: T Funge, P Reidy, I Grills, B Klassen, A Neilson, S Biden, P Ross.



U/13 RUGBY LEAGUE
Back Row: M Powell, L Miller, B Potts, J Gorton
Middle Row: G Stedman, M Jealous, R Grieves, T Gardner
Front Row: L McCormack, B Seeds, H Highland, C Bulow



Bundaberg Rugby League President Mr George Moore presenting $200 cheque to Mr G Young Kepnock. The cheque was to cover costs for Wide Bay Secondary School and Queensland Representatives from Bundaberg and Kepnock High Schools.
L to R: Mr G Moore, Zac Sarra (Kep-Qld Capt.)
G Latham (B.S.H.S – Qld Rep), Grant Sarra (Kep-Qld Rep.)
Mr J Young, (Kep. Principal).



FIRSTS RUGBY LEAGUE
Back Row: Mr J Rea (Coach), R Long, D Douglas, G Latham, P. Murton, G Roffey, P Huntly (Capt.), S Hodge, P Sparks, B Ryan, D Gould, L Black, P Steindl.
Seated: R Essex, D Harrison, N Culey, M Mason, P Rayner, G Duncan.



U/16 RUGBY LEAGUE
Back Row: S Smith, S Foster, J Baldwin, G Robertson, M Cox,
Middle Row: W Scotney, T Raynor, K Baldwin, M Cook, N Kenzler, B Bauer
Front Row: P Horton, D Berghofer, G Hughes, R Essex, D Douglas, Mr Hamilton



CRICKET
Back Row: P Hills, J Nixon, P Murton, L Davidson, R Simpson, J Weber, S Cardiff, D Pownell, M Clarry
Front Row: T Raynor, N Hall, R Symonds, W Gallagher, S McHugh

FIRSTS CRICKET

This season the first XI played five games and won two. We played Christian Brothers, Kepnock, North High, Gympie and Maryborough. The first XI this year contained a number of young players who gave a good account of themselves and justified their selection in the team. Our fist game was against Brothers: we dismissed them for 57 due to some good bowling by Stephen McHugh who took 4 – 20 and Peter Murton who took 4 – 6 off only 6 overs. In reply we managed to pass their score, John Nixon scoring 26 and Murray See, 14.

Our next match against Kepnock saw them score 150. Good bowling performances were recorded by Kenny Eggmolese 2 –23 and Stepehn McHugh 2 – 48. We managed to score only 51 which would have been worse except for Murray See who scored a valued 14. Against North we recorded our best win. After the limit of 14 overs, North were 5 – 41. In reply we knocked up 142 in 14 overs. John Nixon scoring 51 and Wayne Adnams 28.

The first Cooper Cup game was against Maryborough. Rainy weather made scoring difficult. Maryborough scored a 106. Best bowling performance was by Stephen McHugh 6 – 16. We replied with 61. John Nixon scoring 15 and Murray See 13 not out. Against Gympie in Bundaberg we scored 89. John NIxon was best bat again scoring 34. Gympie scored 8 – 173 declared Peter Verdon took 3 – 24. We were sent in again and dismissed for 24.

I would like to thank all the players who played for the first XI and also Mr Murphy our coach.

Jeff Weber, Captain.

SECONDS CRICKET

The Seconds Cricket team was unlucky not to play any games together before Cooper Cup.

Good batting performances were the main thing lacking in the team. The bowling section was good especially from Michael Clarry and Peter Ross.

We travelled to Maryborough for the first Cooper Cup game, which was washed out just after lunch. Best player was Michael Clarry (3–42) which helped us have them We did not bat because of the rain.

The second game was in Bundaberg against Gympie in which we were dismissed for a low score of 21 in our first innings. Our bowlers started off well having them 3 for 35 runs, but they went on to make the good score of 144. Best bowlers were Peter Ross (3-36) and Ross Symonds (2-7). In our second innings, we were off to a bad start of 3 for 7 but good batting from Neville Hall (15) and Geoffrey Laffey (14) helped our score on to 52. Our best players were Neville Hall and Peter Ross.

UNDER 13 CRICKET

Our under 13 cricket side was very good. Winning every game we competed in. Some of the teams we played were Kepnock, Maryborough, Gympie, Norths and Christian Brothers.

Best Bowlers: Mark Higham, Dany Loney, Cameron Bulow.

Best Batsmen: Mark Kaczmaroski, Jarvy Eggmolesse, Mark Powell.

Craig Christensen, and Gus Stedman were very quick in the field.

Our team was very quick in the field and many games we achieved runouts.

OLYMPIC SPIRIT

On the day of the athletics carnival, the long awaited arrival of the torch from the dressing sheds of the Bundaberg State High School captivated the atmosphere of the proceedings. The torch carried by four well known athletes (ha, ha) straight from the Bush Olympics burned furiously for the first five minutes of the athletics, then went out.

The crowd roared and cheered (yawn) as Graeme Jensen, Wayne Fulcher, Kent Hassam and David Gould never made it to the finish line. This set the atmosphere for a brilliant Athletics Carnival, which would never have been the same if we had not got the flame from the very well known establishment, the South Kolan pub.

Ross Taylor.

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"A" NETBALL NOTES

"History has been made"

This statement is all true, as the "A" Netball Team has been undefeated throughout the entire netball season, since it became a sport at school. Throughout the season our stamina increased and so did our victories.

QSSSSA

Our team had great success during the QSSSSA State Championships held in Bundaberg on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd May. Many High Schools throughout the State were represented at this carnival. Bundaberg's Open Team members were: H. Bulow, N. Clarke, A. Condon, P. Kohn, M. Lathouras, J. Martin, M. McGrane, L. Pitt, J. Poschalk and K. Tyson.

RESULTS OF GAMES PLAYED

Bundaberg v. Central Burnett (38—4); Bundaberg v. Magnetic (30—9); Bundaberg v. South Brisbane (29—12); Bun Bundaberg v. S.W. Queensland (42—10); Bundaberg v. Burdekin/Whitsunday (26—4); Bundaberg v. Inner Downs (24—9); Bundaberg v. Fraser (46—8); Bundaberg v. Toowoomba [semi-final] (27—10); Bundaberg v. North Brisbane [final] (22--18).

SEMI-FINAL — BUNDABERG v. TOOWOOMBA

This game proved to be a display of superior ball handling and positional play from Bundaberg. Good defence tactics by Helen and Pam and also the experienced zoning technique by.Marie and Jill, disrupted Toowoomba and their game deteriorated greatly. Goal shooting from Kaye and Lyn was outstanding, and vital passes were backed by Jenni. Proping experience was displayed by all team members.

FINAL — BUNDABERG v. NORTH BRISBANE

Bundaberg fielded their strongest team. North Brisbane was considered to have a distinct advantage over us in their height. Zoning from our team members, as was put into practice and brought penalties against Brisbane. Co-ordination between both teams was fast moving. One minute before half-time, one of our experienced defenses, P. Kohn was carried off the field, and M. McGrane came on to take up her position. After half-time team co-ordination improved, and we increased our small one point lead to eventually win: Final score : 22—18.

Some spectators reported that the game was a battle between the "Amazons" and the "Pygmies", as Brisbane was considered as a much "bigger" team.

Good sportsmanship was displayed by all teams throughout the carnival. Three of our team members gained selection in the State Team: P. Kohn, M. McGrane and J. Martin. Some members were considered very unlucky not to gain a place in the State Team.



'A' NETBALL
Back Row: K Tyson, L Pitt, M McGrane, J Martin
Front Row: Mrs Higgins, M Lathouras, J Poschalk, H Bulow

INTERSCHOOL

Our first netball match was against Kepnock. Altogether some players were'nt experienced, the experienced players did the best they could in combining the team. Our team was credited for its ability, its play on the field in any conditions. Final score: Bundaberg.69, Kepnock 3.

Gladstone was the next contender for our team. We led from start to finish. Although our team was superior, good sportsmanship was displayed by both teams. Final score: Bundaberg 69, Gladstone 7.

COOPER CUP

These two matches are the main matches for the school honour:— Mr. and Mrs Cooper Cup, against Maryborough and Gympie. Maryborough was first. Our combination and team work showed the opposition what we were made out of and victory was ours. Final score: Bundaberg 100. Maryborough and Bundaberg's Cooper Cup team was: H. Bulow, M. Lathouras, J. Martin, M. McGrane, L. Pitt, J. Poschalk, and K. Tyson.

Gympie was one of the hardest contender as we played to our standard of game, but were degraded by indecisional refereeing. The team kept their good sportsmanship high and played to the full capacity. Gympie's play was noticed, but we played with our superiority in ball handling and positional play to win back our confidence. The final score: Bundaberg 26, Gympie 11.

Now we come to the most important part, and that is to thank the coaches for putting their effort into our team, Mrs. Higgins and Miss D. Howard (for the State matches). Last of all the "team" for keeping their cool under pressure and good sportsmanship shown throughout all matches we played.

Also, we would like to thank the parents for billeting the players for the weekend of the State Titles.

M. Lathouras

U/14 NETBALL

The combination of the Under 14 Netball Team proved defeatful to their opponents. Cooper Cup and local games were won convincingly. Gladstone were our strongest opponents, the final score being 31—11 in our favour.

Team members, M. Wood, M. Pearson, D. Byrne, B. Appo, L. Schmidt, S. Pitt, S. Mason, J. Smith, B. Huntly (reserve).

The team thanks Mrs. Higgins for training, supervising, and putting up with us during the season.



U/14 NETBALL
Back Row: D Byrne, M Wood, B Appo, L Schmidt
Front Row: S Mason, M Pearson, S Pitt, Mrs Higgins

U/13 NETBALL

under 13 Netball Team was quite good although the team didn't win every game in Bundaberg. The school's reputation was kept in Coopa-Cup. The team members were Chris Ryan, Sue Peardor, Anne Evans, Gayle Schmidt, Joanne Stringer, Helen Kirgator, Tammy Togar, Cathy Poschalk, Lorelle Seeds. No one could pick the best players as these girls played as a team, not as individuals.



U/13 NETBALL
Back Row; G Schmidt, C Ryan, C Poschalk, L Seeds, T Logan
Front Row: Mrs Higgins, H Kingston, J Aisthorpe, J Stringer, A Evans

BASKETBALL A MEN 1976

Well, congratulations us. This year has proved to be one of the most successful years for our A grade team for more than six years. An undefeated record at last and full credit goes to the sportsmanship and teamwork of a well drilled team.

Our first game of the season was against Gladstone where it took us until the first half to realize that rugby league tactics would need to be employed to survive. An exciting game, we won 42 points to 30. Game two was an old tussle we have yearly with Kepnock. However, this year we proved too strong and won 42 points to 28. Game three perhaps Bundy's greatest rivals in basketball, we at last beat Maryborough. Through strong attacking play and plenty of work on the boards we defeated them 38 points to 26. After hard basketball throughout the year, what a better way to finish up than our defeat over Gympie. With little trouble and a game which most enjoyed, we won 72 points to 24. Alas no ton.

We would like to extend our thanks to Mr Doherty and wish him all the success in his new position in Gladstone.

Phil Lonsdale, Captain.



BASKETBALL 'A' MEN
Back Row: R Hallam, I Clayton, S McHugh
Middle Row: A Philips, R Essex, C McVeigh
Front Row: P Lonsdale, B Cardiff, B Morton, A McKenzie, Mr Doherty



TENNIS
Back Row: Y McCracken, G Tesch, J Howard, K Inglis, H Lassig, D Whitehall
Front Row: B Whittaker, B Walters, D Purkis, A Leonard, Miss Brand

GIRLS 'A' BASKETBALL

The Girls Basketball team for 1976 consisted of J Dalton, J. Valks, G Morton, L Davidson, B Appo, J Rogers, S Mason, S Christianson. The excellent combination of these players led to 3/4 victory. With strong rebounding power from G Morton and L Davidson and outstanding defensive combination from J Valks, J Dalton, J Roger and B Appo, the Bundaberg High team provided good competition to Kepnock, Gladstone, Maryborough and Gympie with only a close loss to Maryborough. Thanks go to Sue Mason for her help in team shortage and also thanks to Mr Doherty (coach) who helped to keep the team together and lead us to victory.

Suellen Christianson, Captain.



GIRLS 'A' BASKETBALL
Back Row: J Valks, J Rogers, B Appo
Front Row: S Mason, L Davison, G Morton, S Christianson, Mr Doherty

U/14 TENNIS TEAM

The team had a very successful season winning all their matches against Kepnock, Maryborough and Gympie. The team was Greg Scott, Murray Baulch, Peter Wilson (Capt.) and Darryl Langridge.

SCORES

Maryborough V Bundaberg 5 – 48
Gympie V Bundaberg 9 –37
Kepnock V Bundaberg 5 – 24

Also the team would like to thank our coach Mr Surman for his help through the season.



U/14 TENNIS (BOYS)
Back Row: K Wilson, P Wilson, M Baulch
Front Row: I Murton,.G Scott, P Gould, B Saunders

'A' VOLLEYBALL

The boys 'A' volleyball team played much better volleyball this year and lost one out of nine games. We started the year well with wins over both Kepnock and North in the Bundaberg Combined Schools Selection Trials. Being rewarded with two North, two Kepnock, and six of our players in the Bundaberg team to play in the State Titles.

STATE TITLES:

After a slow start the team gained momentum defeating Warwick 3–0, Caloundra 3–0 and then the highly rated Brisbane team 3–1. At this stage, Bill Potts was doing a tremendous job in both backcourt and on the net play. With both him and Bruce Moreton, who excelled himself with good spiking and fast blocking, we defeated the first two teams with quite a bit in reserve. We then played in final against Townsville who proved to be the better side with a 3–1 victory. Although we went down the team threw everything into it. None more so than Peter Murton who with accurate, powerful spiking broke up their block on many ocassions. Due to incredible selections by boys Brisbane selectors, Bundaberg High received only one player in the Queensland team Greg McDiarmid as captain.

COOPER CUP:

Our first game was against Maryborough. They were not expecting our teams strength and went down 3–0, K Philips being our best player. Other players to stand out was BIG Owen Raines and Peter Verdon.

Our last game of the season was against Gympie. We went out with only two of our original players. I would like to thank the players who filled in at short notice as they did a good job. After a tight game, Bundaberg managed to pull away to a 3–2 win. Peter Verdon used both skill and experience to lead us to victory.

I would like to thank Mr Quarrel for the time he spent with us in training.

Greg McDiarmid.



'A' VOLLEYBALL
Back Row: R Symonds, G mcDiarmid, D Downey
I Campbell, K Philips
Front Row: P Medbury, O Raines



'A' VOLLEYBALL TEAM
Back Row: Ingrid Brieffies, Vickie Philips
Middle Row: Sue Pitt, Janelle Jones
Front Row: Fiona Gibson, Derita Smith

UNDER 14 SOCCER

Throughout the season the team played well; We managed to come second in the local competition.

Our games :-

1st round beat C.B 8–0
beat North High 2–1
defeated by Kepnock 6–3
2nd round C.B and North High Forfeited
defeated 4–0 by Kepnock.

In Gladstone we had an easy 7–0 victory. The whole team played well most of the time, so it would be unfait to pick out certain players.

Paul Verrills;

Sport opens every door – the friends you make on the sports field you have for life. If you can face up to the problems in sport, you can face up to life's problems and lick them.

Ruby Robinson.

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OPEN SOCCER TEAM

Of our soccer team only four were Sub-seniors and we had no Senior students in our team, which I though as being a disappointment to the team and of the Upper School.

We had an unlucky season this year finishing third. But this due only to bad luck as we had quite a good team including such players as Murray See who is Captain of Aston Villa and is a Bundaberg Rep. to whom I am personally grateful , for playing, plus three other outstanding players, Cardiff, Law and my Vice-Captain Cook. All of whom played quite well in most of the games.

In the Cooper Cup we lost to Maryborough 3–2 after a close and exciting.game. Our scorer being Law and Cardiff who both scored with skill and accuracy and played well.

Against Gympie we lost 5–1 but this due to some of our best players not being able to play because of club fixtures and also because we were used to space and being able to pass balls instead of running to each other.

Downigg played quite well in goal but we put him in there too late to save the game. We thank Terry Edwards for playing with us ocassionally.

Other players of our team who played well ocassionally and deserve a mention are John Eisenmenger, Cottrill, McCurley, Bradford, Pownell and myself Stropp.

We sincerely thank Mr Louttit for trying to coach us and for his patience when we went down 9–1 against Crhistian Brothers, who we played again in our last game in one of the roughest and worst refereed game I have ever seen.

Well, you can't win them all, maybe next year we'll do better.

Ian Read (Captain)



OPEN SOCCER
Back Row: D Cook, S Cardiff, D Pownell
Middle Row: K Walker, I Read, W Schulte
Front Row: T Cottrill, J Eisenmenger, D Downey
C McCurley

BUNDY HIGH VIGORO TEAM

Though not as good as the year before, the Vigoro team has provided strong competition. Due to rainy weather at the beginning of the year, and with our coach being transferred, the team was in a poor state.

When the rain clouds cleared however, and when Kepnock mustered enough courage to face us, the game was on! It was short and nerve-racking. Bundy High was dismissed for 35, in about 20 minutes, due to the Kepnock bowling. However, this didn't stop us. We walked onto the field – and then only a few minutes later, we walked off again. With our fast accurate bowling and expert catching, we dismissed Kepnock for 25, in only 15 minutes.

With our new coach, Mrs Higgins, we went to Maryborough. The game there went for a little longer than expected – about 2½ hours longer. Except for the Captain Diana Gabrielli, and the wicket keeper Margaret Sullivan, we had an entirely new team. In beautiful Maryborough weather – Rain, we walked onto our water-logged CRICKET PITCH. Madonna Appo and Sue Sparks gave the Maryborough team a confusing time. With Madonna's fast accurate bowling and Sue's spin bowling, we dismissed Maryborough for 88.

Maryborough's bowls were slow and easy to hit. Madonna, Sue and Paula didn't have any trouble hitting them. For that matter, nor did Diana and Margaret as they were both out for 'DUCKS'. Our final score was 84. Considering Maryborough had a little more practise than our team, and that we had a very inexperienced team – some not knowing how to play – we felt we had WON the game!.



VIGORO
Back Row: Mrs Higgins, J Medlin, L Dorron, E Kitching,
M Rouse, M Sullivan
Front Row: J Pfingst, P Sheppard, D Gabrielli, J Semple
B Walters

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'A' SOFTBALL

This year our team had mixed success winning 3 out of 5 games. We defeated Kepnock 22–17, 24-13 and lost 22–29, due to extra activities. Our team showed good co-ordination and strong batting ability to comfortably defeat Maryborough 14–5. However, the tables were turned when we met Gympie who defeated us, due to their superior fielding ability 27–7.

Our team: Lyn (easily overcome by her own sheer strength), Marie (continual happy attitude), Kerri, Helen (Buff), Anne, Jenny, Julie, Tania, Carol and Leanne played well in all matches.

Our final matches were against the First Cricketers and the Teachers. There was some doubt over the final scores in both matches due to inescapable circumstances but we ran out the losers in both matches.

We would like to thank Miss Brand for giving up her valuable time to coach us and we hope that the 'A' Softball team of '77 enjoys a successful season.

Helen Bulow.



'A' SOFTBALL
Back Row: A Levett, C Gear, M Lathouras, J Porter, K Gordon, Miss Brand
Front Row: T Evans, J Alberts, H Bulow, L Davison, L Pitt

UNDER 14 SOFTBALL

Bundaberg High School under 14 girls softball team was very outstanding especially Andrea Pollack and Helen Lester. The team played well and won 4 out of 6 games. Those games were against, Kepnock verses Bundaberg and Bundaberg won 19–10. North verses Bundaberg and Bundaberg won 24–14. Convent verses Bundaberg and Bundaberg won 29–3. Kepnock verses Bundaberg and Kepnock won 11–8. Maryborough verses Bundaberg and Bundaberg won 6. Gympie verses Bundaberg and Gympie won 23–7.

The team is pleased with their effort and would like to thank their coach Mr Strenstrom.

Under 14 Softball.



U/14 SOFTBALL
Back Row: Mr Strenstrom, J Pronger, H Neubauer, K Houston, H Lester
Front Row: D Cross, S Catlin, S Pownell, S Achurch, M Dunn



U/13 SOFTBALL
Back Row: Mr Hansen, D Wilson, T Medbury, A Neubauer, K Posture, P Black
Front Row: D Potter, S Newman, M Livingstone, A Evans, C Ryan

GOLF NOTES

This year saw the inclusion of golf in Cooper Cup and we fared worse than was expected. In Maryborogugh Ian Lamb played the best but lacked support from other players. In Bundaberg against Gympie better weather helped both teams. However, again lack of support stopped the lower pair from stemming the tide. Gary Carter played the best against Gympie. Next year should be better as the younger players should improve their game.



GOLF TEAM

S Evans, G Carter, I Lamb, G Unwin

ATHLETICS NOTES

1976 was yet another successful year for the Bundaberg High School Athletics Team. The enthusiasm shown by the grade 8s this year will guarantee our future success. Some of the younger members who performed well were Donald Gibson, Laurel Shaw, Peter Wilson and Dot Roberts. With en couragement and training these athletes could form the backbone of our future team.

Our first carnival against athletes from other schools was at Kepnock. The competing schools were Bundaberg Kepnock High, Christian Brothers, the Convent and North High School. This carnvial did much to boost the confidence of the team. Outstanding competitors were Peter Sparks, Allan Scotton, Jill Thompson, David Andersson, Ross Essex, Dot Roberts, Peter Wilson, Peter Ross and David Gibson.

A 'skeleton' team was taken to Gladstone, but they proved to be stronger than we had imagined. Lyn Daley and Dot Roberts were the outstanding girl competitors and Derek Berghoffer, Allen Scotton, David Andersson and Jill Thompson the best of the boys.

Again Bundaberg High Athletes dominated the Twilight Meet against Aspley, MacGregor and Hendra High Schools. The heats were held in the morning and the finals at night. Most local competittors found that their times were considerably faster than earlier in the season. David Gibson surprised spectators when he defeated the Aspley 800M World Age champion. Apart from the usual group of athletes who perform well, others also shone. The whole week-end turned out to be a great success, thanks to Mr Hopf, Mr Stabler, Mr Duffield. Miss Fredericks, Miss Gardner and other teachers who gave up their Saturday to assist.

Following this were the Isis meeting and most important of all, Cooper Cup. At Isis our best athletes, Dot Roberts, Lyn Daley, Jeff Thompson, David Andersson and Peter Wilson came up against some pretty hefty competition. Cooper Cup was very close this year but Bundaberg High managed to return with three of the Cups, some of which had been seriously in the balance before the carnival. Congraulations Bundy High, you've done it again!

Last but not least a team of athletes from all the State High Schools in Bundaberg travelled to Brisbane to compete in the State Athletics Carnival at Mt Gravatt. All who went put up a fine performance and brought credit to themselves and to their school. Peter Wilson was the most successful athlete of all. He won the Under 15 800 metres state title, which is a magnificent feat. Others who competed well were Dot Roberts who was second in the Under 16 Girls 400 metre and 200 metre; Allen Scotton who was third in the Open High Jump; Leanne Davison, second in the Under 16 high jump and Lyn Daley with fourth place in the open 100.

The whole season proved to be a success and we have our coaches to thank for it. In particular, Mr Hopf who has given so much of his time to organise the carnivals to run smoothly, as well training the athletes.

Also many thanks to the other coaches who contributed so much to this year's successes.

Jocelyn and Allen.



BRISBANE ATHLETICS REPRESENTATIVES'
Back Row: L Daley, J.Wootton, D Roberts, L Pitt, N Pitt.
Middle Row: J Pronger, V Naumann, J Marshall, I Brieffies, L Davison, J Alberts, S Pitt, B Klaassen.
Front Row: M Miller, A Pitt, D Gibson, A Scotton, G Thompson, M Jealous, P Wilson, G Hughes.



BOYS ATHLETICS
Back Row: L Miller, S Smith, E Ackerman, D Gould, I Read, A Scotton (Capt.) P Sparks, G Thompson, G Hughes.
Front Row: D Gibson, A Pitt, M Jealous, P Wilson, S Sparks, M Miller, B Hohnke, T Robertson.



GIRLS ATHLETICS
Back Row: L Pitt, K Gordon, L Daley, J Wootton.
Middle row: B Scott, R Condon, S Pitt, J Alberts, S Sparks, I Brieffies, L Davison, N Clarke, W Pitt, J Whittle (Capt.), D Roberts, V Collins.
Front Row: V Naumann, D Hohnke, J Marshall, J Atherton, H Neubauer, J Pronger, L Johannesen, P Black.

1976 SWIMMING NOTES

The 1976 swimming programme was seen with the return of an afternoon inter-house carnival. Hinkler had a concerting win over Courtice with Loney third and Krone fourth.

Individual Age Championships were closely contested and the results were:

GIRLS:

U/13 C Poschalk, U/14 D Trebbin, U/15 R Condon.
U/16 J Trebbin Open D Byrne

BOYS:

U/13 R Grieve, U/14 D Byrne, U/16 S Evans.
U/16 C Pearson Open I Wright.

In the five way inter-school meet Bundaberg High scored a concerting win and showed promising performances for the Cooper Cup. Bundaberg High dominated the Cooper Cup swimming the Mr and Mrs Cooper Cup and the Williams and Inspectors Cup for the U/14.

The district team in Brisbane made a notch in State Swimming circles, the team coming third in the State Finalist in the ASSSSA were:

MICHELLE PEARSON – 1st and records in U/14 Br/s Bl/s B/Fly
7th – U/14 Fr/S
6th – Open Fr/S, 200 medley
2nd – Open Br/S, Bl/s, B/Fly
DIANA BYRNE – 2nd U/14 B/Fly
U/16 B/Fly
LEONIE BUSCH – 4th U/16 Bk/S
RUTH CONDON – 5th U/15 B/Fly
IAN WRIGHT – 6th Open B/Fly
DAVID TRIBLIN – 6th U/14 Fr/S
6th U/14 B/Fly

It is hoped that next year there will be an Inter-school meet with Rockhampton. Special thanks to Mr Stabler, Miss Brand and Miss Gardner for their active support throughout the year. Also special thanks to the cheer-squad for their active support throughout the year.

Anne and Ian Wright.





SENIOR BALLGAMES
Back Row: A Condon, T Meikle, C Byrne, J Hall, A Loxton A Kindt
Front Row: J Alberts, M Lathouras, H Bulow, J Poschalk



U/15 BALLGAMES
Back Row: J Willson, T Graham, K Supple, J Jones,, R Tyson
Front Row: K Medaris, K Ward, L Schmidt, A Gear
Coach: Miss Brand



U/13 BALLGAMES
Back row: Miss Porter, J Dent, W Pennigh, D Kreig, J Duggan, L Kunde, D Yates.
Front Row: J Latimer, K Watson, S Winham, B Wagner, A Learmonth, D Crook, J Bennett, L Everett

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ROWING

OFFICERS

President: Steven Cathcart
Secretary: Maria Lathouras
Treasurer: Leanne Dick

A suggestion by a teacher Mr. McLaren was to form a rowing club in the school and also have outside links with the Bundaberg Rowing Club.

The first meeting of the newly formed club was held on the 16th March, 1976. During this meeting officers and election of committee members were finalized after a secret ballot. Officers were S. Cathcart (President), M. Lathouras (Secretary) and J. Porter (treasurer). As Jenny Porter has left school, Leanne Dick has taken over the position as treasurer.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Roslyn Burns, Warren Zielke, David Avenell, David Draney

During the rowing season, several events took place; Interhouse "Head of the River; Interschool Head of the River; Easter Egg Raffle.

The Interhouse "Head of the River", the Houses were represented by their crews: Junior and Senior (Boys).
Senior: WON by KRONE Junior: WON by COURTICE

Girls were unfortunately to have to cancel their "Head of the River" because of unfavourable weather.
Hinkler/Loney: M. Lathouras, J. Martin, L. Dick, J. Francis.
Courtice: R. Dionysius, G. Morton, J. Alberts, M. Wagner.

A boys and girls school teams have been formed to compete in the interschool rowing regatta.
GIRLS: M. Lathouras (Stroke), L. Dick (Three), R. Dionysius (Two), J. Francis (Bow), D. Avenell (Cox).
JUNIOR BOYS: N. Culey (Stroke), A. Busby (Three), E. Bengston (Two), L. Green (Bow).
SENIOR BOYS: T. Franz (Stroke), T. Silcox (Three), J. Larsen (Two), C. Teske (Bow), M. Staib (Cox).

In the near future, I hope to see the school rowing club continue to expand with enthusiasm. Thanks to the teachers who put time and energy in training our teams.

M. Lathouras, Secretary.



ROWING OFFICERS
M Lathouras (Sec.), S Cathcart (Pres.), L Dick (Treas.)



GIRLS' ROWING
M Lathouras, R Dionysius, L Dick, J Francis



ROWING – HEAD OF THE RIVER – KRONE
Cox: M Staibe, Stroke: T Franz, Stroke 2: T Silcock.
Stroke 3: J Larsen, Bow: C Teske



GIRLS' HOCKEY
Back Row: L Martin, D Honke, P McGregor, A Mergard, J Batt, V Irwin
Middle Row: J Cronin, J Alberts, D Lund, K Morrison, A Loxton, D Hodgkinson
Front Row: J Hodgkinson, H Lester, J Francis, J Alberts, W Male, K Austin



U/14 BOYS HOCKEY
Back row: T. Gardner, R. Mergard, B. Honke.
Middle row: D. Barritt, J. Quaite.
Front row: O. Raines, A. See, R. Stutchbury.



KRONE
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Mergard,
Morrison,
J Alberts,



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Autographs

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