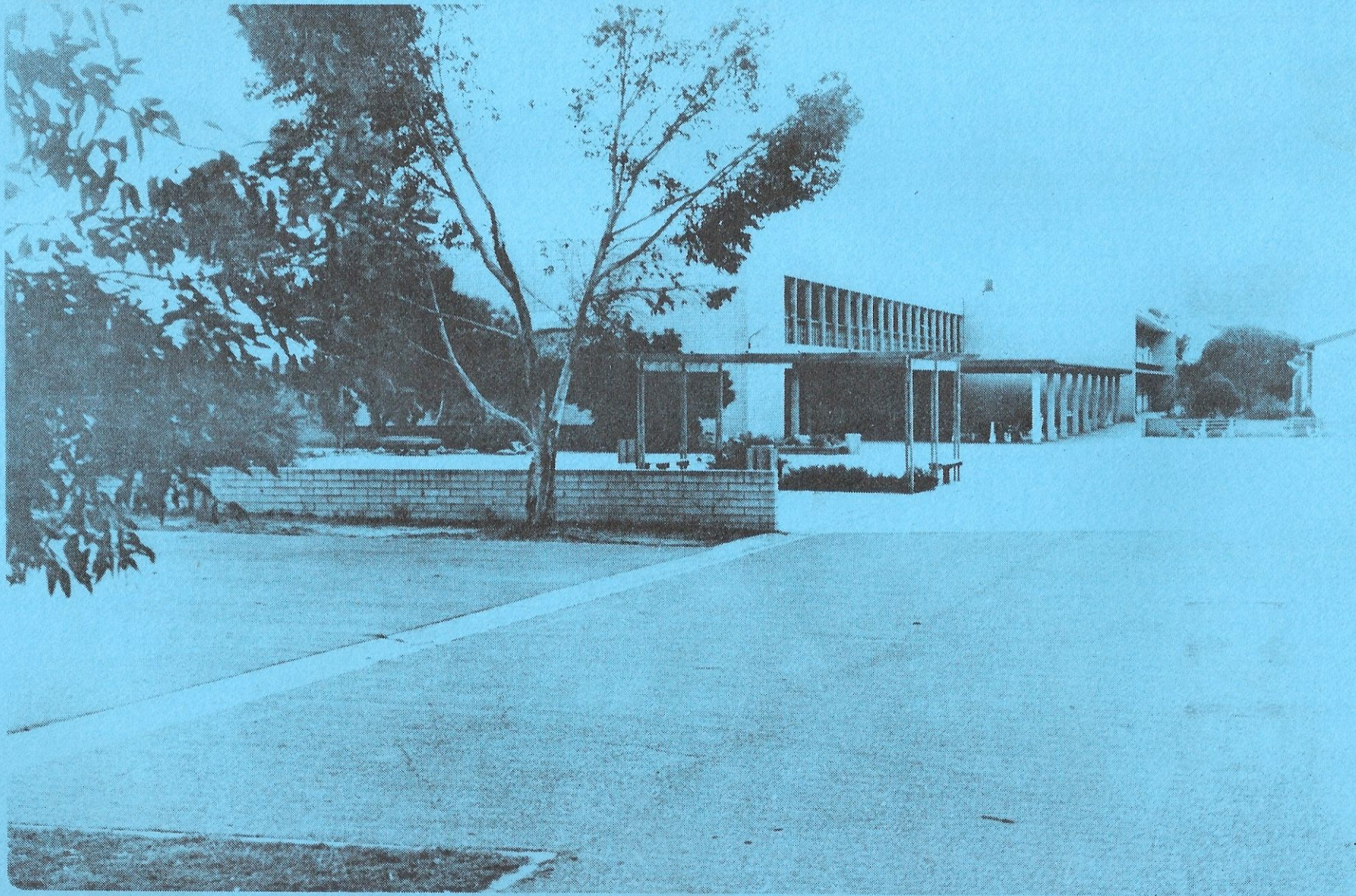


MARDEN

HIGH



MAGAZINE

1981

CREDITS

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Elizabeth TEUSNER
Tracey WORDEN
Glenys YAKAS
Debbie ZADOW

and all of the 11-6
Typing Class.

Thanks to all contributors. This year we have been overwhelmed with very good quality literary work and photography. We regret that all of it couldn't be published in this magazine.

SPECIAL THANKS to MRS GRADOLF for typesetting and to THE LUTHERAN PUBLISHING HOUSE for their help.

STAFF

Editors : Mr G. DODD
Mr M. Ortlieb

Photography : Mr B. GALIPO
and thanks to the
Tech Studies teachers
for all their help.

Typing : Miss N. RESCIGNANO

Layout : Miss P. McCLUSKEY

Our particular thanks to Mrs K. Pearce, our wonderful and long suffering printer, for putting up with our impossible demands.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the latest in a series of experiments in school magazine design. In 1978, it was a poster. In 1979, we discovered colour. In 1980 we carried the Home Handicrafts craze to its logical conclusion with a magazine printed totally within the school. This year, we feel it is time to cash in on the calendar craze.

This is the first time we have moved from the traditional book format, giving us the opportunity to experiment with different layouts, and methods of binding. As we follow the school year from the Year Eight and Twelve camps in February 1981, through to January 1982, when Lee Talbot leaves us to return to America, we hope to give you some idea of the highlights of our year, both serious and not so serious.

In the course of the journey, we will display a little of the literary skill that can be found lurking in any classroom, though we are particularly grateful for the contributions from Mrs Smith's ESL Unit. Naturally there will be the obligatory formal pieces, but the Magazine Committee have scrupulously chosen only to include material which reaches the high standards that we have set for this year's magazine.

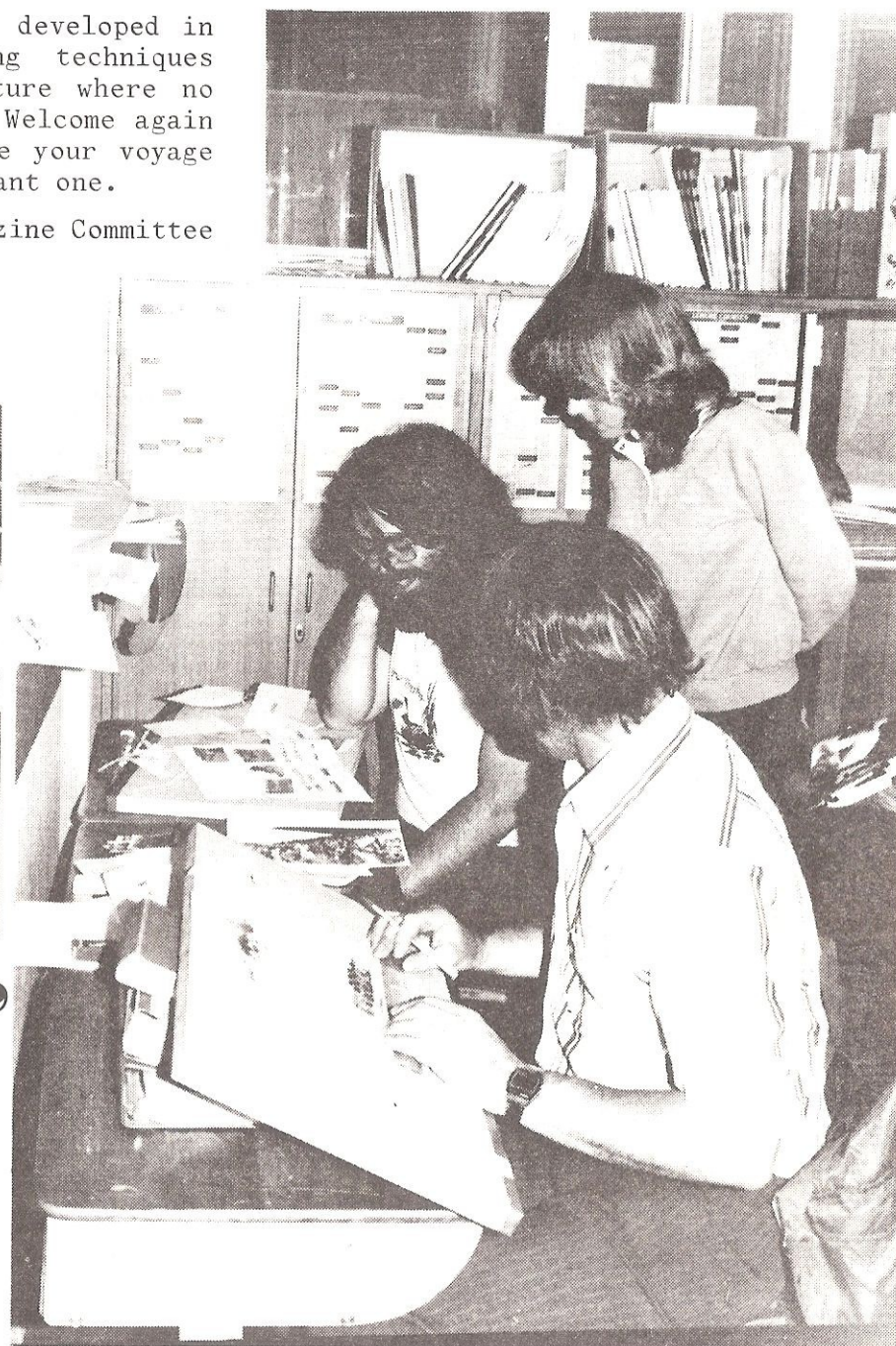
The expertise we have developed in photographic and printing techniques allows us to boldly venture where no magazine has gone before. Welcome again to the Year 1981. We hope your voyage through it will be a pleasant one.

The Magazine Committee

MAG



MAKING



FEBRUARY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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YR 12s at C

The Year 12 camp for '81 was held at the Clarendon Lutheran camp site. On Wednesday February 25th, just over ninety students from the Year 12 classes arrived at the camp and, after settling in, indulged in a little sport. Basketball and netball matches were arranged for non-footballers, whilst the athletic ones played a revised version of Aussie Rules.

The first night's speakers were Mr Arnold and Mr Corney. Mr Arnold outlined the important educational and social aspects of the last year of high school and Mr Corney gave a very colourful talk on history, both ancient and 20th century, placing great emphasis on the many powerful roles women can play.

The second day, Thursday, was a time for practical lectures. Some students played a simulation game designed to show how hard it can be for people to cope in a strange country, with differ-

ent languages and customs. Thursday night we were treated to a reading of Mr Griffin's own works, followed by a talk on the alternative Year 12 course by Mr Miller. Judging from the number of people who were suddenly awake, the highlight of the evening was the screening of the film "The Man with the Golden Gun". One could not complain about the food or the sleeping quarters, which were hardly used. The meals were terrific and the grounds in which we stayed were immense.

Friday was our final day and the lack of sleep was starting to take toll of a few people. Mr Martin gave a talk on "Seeing", which not only involved

looking at our environment, but also interpreting it. Mr Hicks' talk on "Stress", which followed, seemed very appropriate considering Sergeants Dodd and O'Reilly were "on patrol" 'til the wee hours of the morning.

During Thursday and Friday, group discussions were held and suggestions were made by the students to better our last year of school. Some of these suggestions have been followed up, e.g. organised sporting matches and setting aside a room for private study.

Friday afternoon began with a two hour session of sport and the camp was then packed up. Exhausted bodies staggered to the buses to end a worthwhile, eye-opening Year 12 camp for '81. We especially thank Mrs Aziz and Mrs Barnes, Mr Dodd, Mr O'Reilly and Mr Hicks who really tried very hard, and succeeded in making the camp enjoyable. Thanks also to our guest speakers and the teachers who came up to the site during the course of our stay.

Cathy Pederick 12-3 Candy Rathbone 12-4



Yr 8 Campai(g)n

When your roving reporters, Jason Symchoon and Lucy Keller, boarded the camp bus, finally they realised they were destined for a three day camp at O'Sullivan's Beach.

We weren't too sure of what to expect at the camp, but we certainly didn't think it would be very worthwhile with science and maths teachers supervising. We were proved wrong!

We were rather impressed with the camp site. It was very well kept, and a fantastic gym (much like our own) provided an excellent place for indoor games.

'KEPT AWAKE BY SNORING TEACHERS'

The boys were particularly pleased with their sleeping arrangements, as they had a perfect view of the teachers' dorms, through inconspicuous holes in the wall! Unfortunately, there were a few disadvantages to sleeping near teachers' dorms.

Fooling about after lights out was definitely out. Unfortunately, some

students took a while to understand this. After being screamed at by angry teachers, they finally tried to sleep. Their efforts were unsuccessful as they were kept awake by snoring teachers.

'DROWNED BY 20FT WAVES'

The second day was pleasant and we were all taken on a great, long hike over rocky beaches. On the way back we stopped to have a swim and were promptly drowned by twenty foot waves! We returned to camp wet, bedraggled and above all HUNGRY!!!!!!

We were forced to devour horrible, watery spaghetti for tea and then were landed with the washing up!

Games followed tea, then we had supper, which consisted of revolting Milo. We slept uninterrupted that night.

Despite the fact that we were insulted by teachers, poisoned by the cook and kept awake by certain members of the staff, we could call the camp a success!

Lucy Keller and Jason Symchoon 8-6



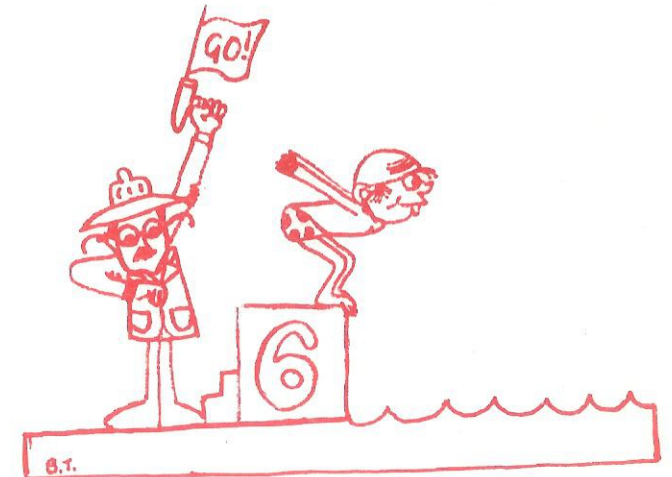
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**POOLING
AROUND**



APRIL

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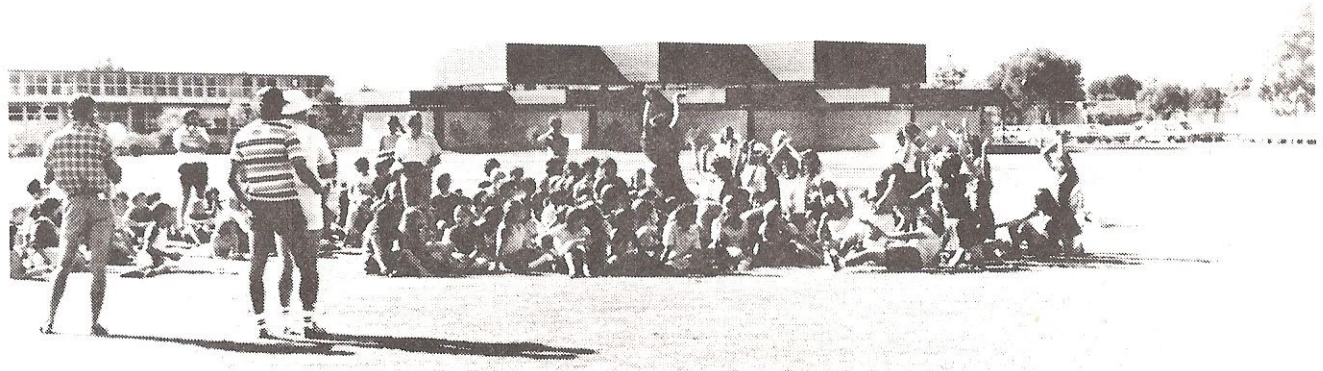
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This year saw the normal sports days being changed slightly. Each class did the various athletic activities in the morning and then in the afternoon individuals from each class competed against each other.

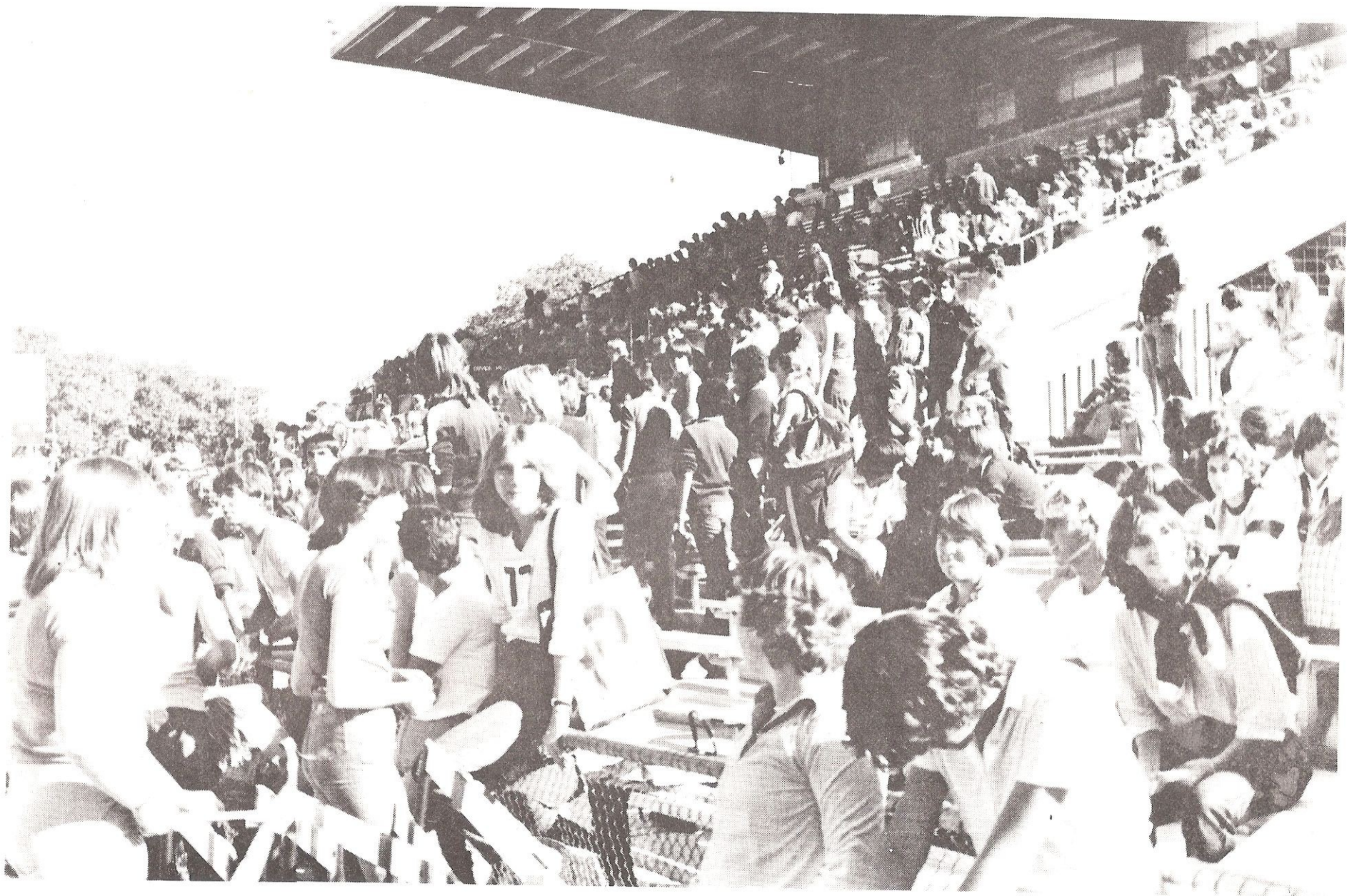
The final results were

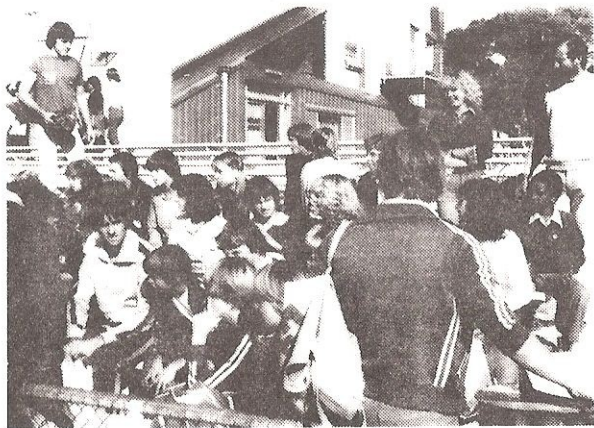
YEAR 8	YEAR 9	YEAR 10
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YEAR 11	YEAR 12	
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From these athletic days the team for Interschool was chosen.

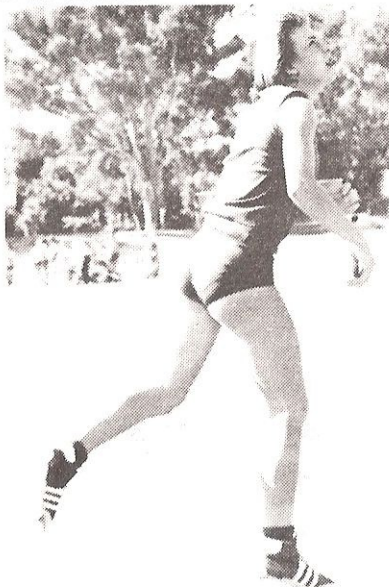
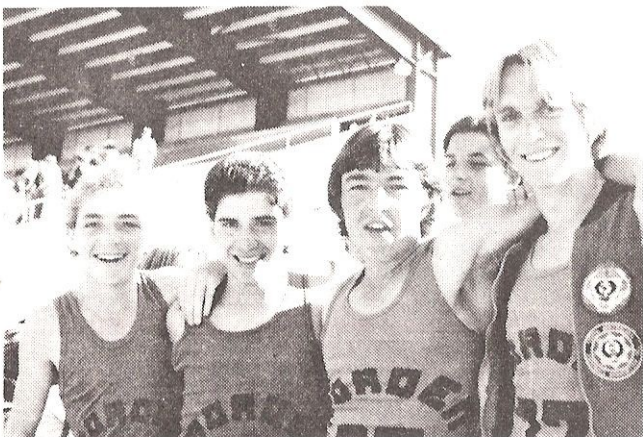


SCHOOLSPORTS

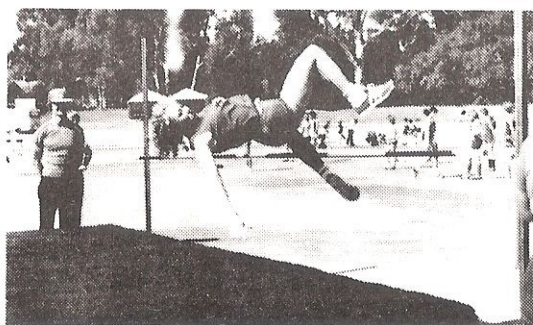
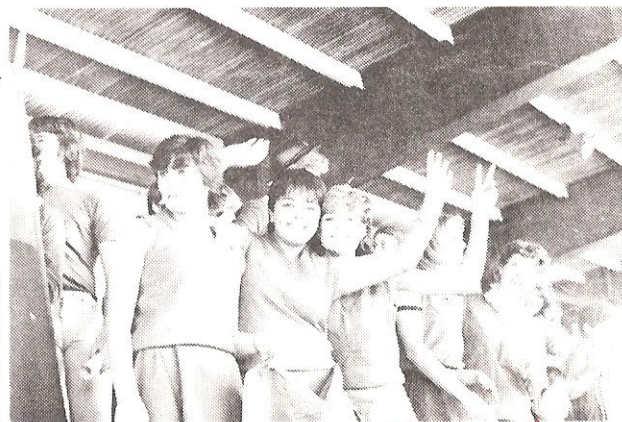




INTER



SCHOOL



MAY

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De Fence Project

At last we are beginning to reap the rewards of all the hard work done around the school grounds by parents, students and teachers over the past few years. It's cooler, greener and now certainly a more attractive place to be.

During 1981, much of the work begun in 1980 was consolidated. Two working bees were held. During the first one, the Year 12 area was paved and a pergola was erected. Fences to delineate and beautify pathways were built near the Year 9 classrooms and the soccer field at the end of the 600 block. As well, an area in front of the 400 block was extensively paved for use by Year 8's. Unfortunately, these tasks were not completed on the day and Mr Corney's 12 "Magnificent Men" put in an Herculean effort to complete these projects on the second working bee held in June.



Student groups too have contributed to landscape development as part of their studies this year. The Year 12 Transition class, under the guidance of Mr Miller, paved a path behind the Home Economics centre providing access to the gym. This was followed up by Year 11 Wider Studies "Landscaping" groups who, with the help of Mr Freeman and myself, levelled and seeded areas adjacent to this path, cut and pinned sleepers bordering these areas then planted trees and shrubs to provide shade in the future. Planting was also done in the Year 9 and 12 areas. In the latter, an ash tree and several wisterias were planted. This part of the school should be an excellent outdoor study area for Year 12 students in the future, once seating is built to complement the pergola there.

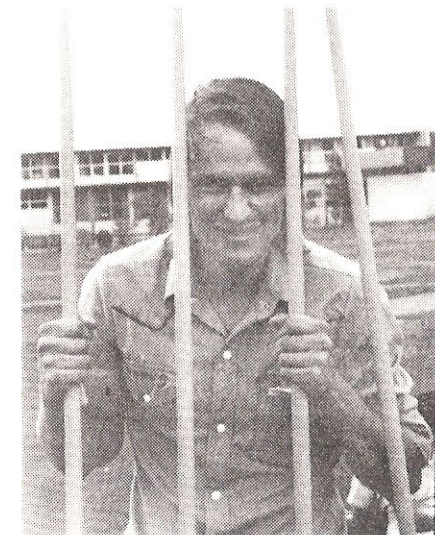
Next year, we hope to further consolidate the projects mentioned above. Several sites need replanting. These

include the area between the 400 and 600 blocks, sections in the main quadrangle and the area in front of the music suite.

We are especially grateful to those parents who contributed their time and effort at our working bees and to those groups of students who have worked so willingly during the year to make the environment a more enjoyable one for us all.

Mrs Grandison
B.O.M. Committee

MR CLEAVELEY BARRED FOR LIFE



BUSHWALKS

The Hike

"Well, I'm ready to go," I said.

Bob had said that he was going to take me somewhere special for the day, and I had hurriedly donned a pair of dressy grey velvet jeans and the dark crimson shirt which I had just bought.

"Good. Get in the car love."

After we had been driving along for about twenty minutes, I realised that we were on our way to Belair National Park.

"Hey Bob, aren't we going the wrong way?"

"Huh?"

"I said 'Aren't we going the wrong way?!'"

"No. This is one of the best hiking spots I know."

"Hiking!"

"Yes. I though we could go hiking."

"Oh!" I should have realised that Bob's idea of a special occasion would be a hike. He's such a nature freak. Anyway, I decided that I might as well make the best of it.

We got out of the car, and started to trample through the scrub. Bob was taking it all in his stride, but I was finding it an effort to keep up with him. After all, this was my first hike.

We came to a creek, and Bob jumped over it. In my attempt to follow, I lost my footing on a slimy rock, and was drenched.

"Damn! Hey, Bob, could you come and help me?" I yelled. He was already well ahead. I helped myself up, using a tree root protruding from the bank, but just as I was getting my balance, the root snapped, and I landed in the creek again.

Bob was yards ahead now, and I had to run to catch up with him. I was hot and bothered, and had forgotten all about the fact that I was wearing my good clothes. I came to another creek, which was wider than the previous one, but I thought if he could jump it, then so could I. Unfortunately I forgot that his legs were longer than mine, and I found myself in the creek for the third time.

Somehow I managed to finish the hike, and, by the time I caught up with Bob, my clothes had dried, though they did feel extremely tight and uncomfortable. I walked up to Bob, and he started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" I said irritably.

He was looking at my clothes. I looked down and was shocked. My dressy grey jeans were now "ankle freezers", and my crimson shirt had shrunk up around my midriff.

"Well Robert John, what have you got to say about this? It's all your fault!"

Robert replied, quite seriously, "It just goes to prove - too many brooks spoil the cloth."

Elizabeth Camp 11-1



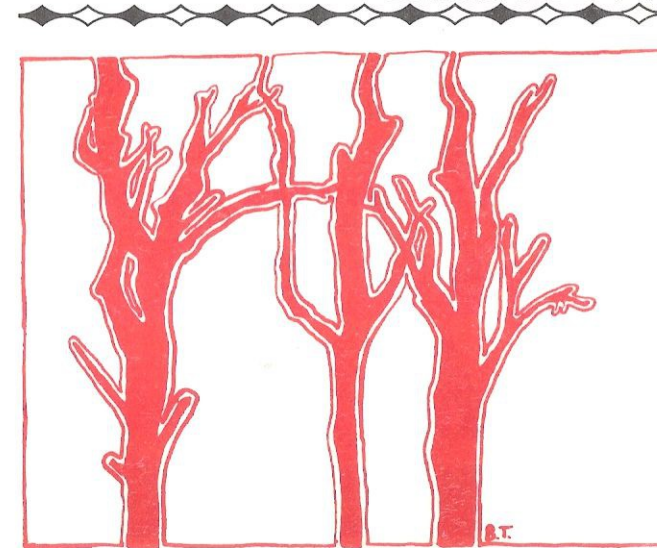
AUSTRALIAN CRICKET

It's cricket time again,
It comes but once a year;
The hopes, the joy, the fears,
The crowds, the fans the cheers.

Lillee's bowling like a demon.
Chappell's batting like a champ.
They're working for Australia,
As the wick works for the lamp.

Pascoe's taking well-earned wickets,
Marsh is diving like a swan.
Hughes is hitting over pickets.
Hurray! Hurray! Australia's won.

Belinda Noble 9-7



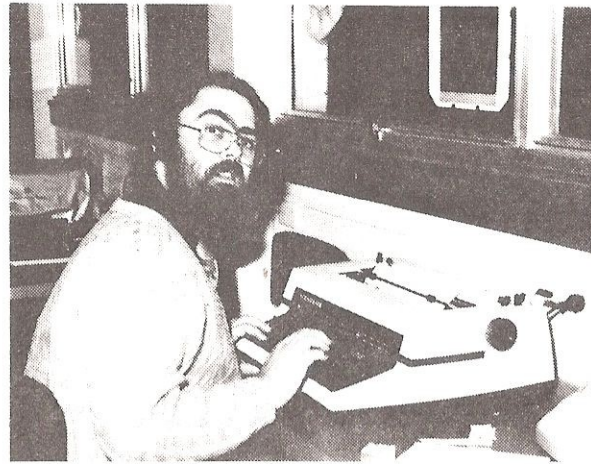
JUNE

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STILL ALIVE

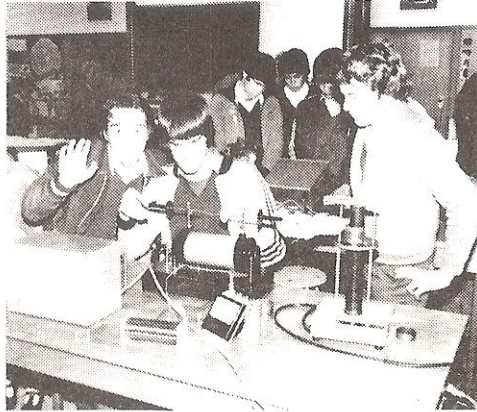
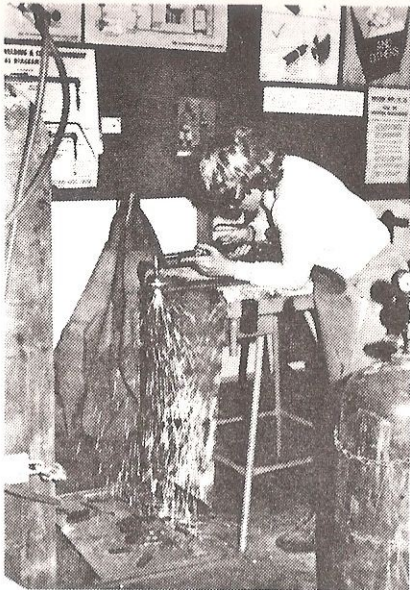
Crowded corridors, bright lights
And the Earth is no longer revolving.
Empty rooms, waiting for inquisitive
parents and prospective students.
Nuclear fission erupts our brains
setting off chain reactions.
The brass instruments waiting
for hot breath to set them in motion.
Weird equipment relaying
voices across the pale room.
Old faces reappear in haunted rooms.
Black and white men spread
far across a chequered board,
Something old, something new.
And tapping constantly like rain
on a tin roof.
Will we have a 35 hour week,
or will we be left in despair
The rain in dilemma does not harm
The untarnished dolls.
We are alone and afraid - but we
know school will get us through ...
hopefully.

Kathy Lodge and Megan Muir 11-5



OPEN NIGHT





TOMORROW

Never again will the wheels turn
 on the hands of time.
 Nor will the light of day shine
 on the earth around us.
 We did it to ourselves.
 Destroyed everything we had
 accomplished.
 We must now start all over again,
 But we will remember
 and pass on our knowledge to
 the future generations not to make
 mistakes.
 Realize now that the future will look
 bleak,
 If the same things are repeated.
 Things must be inverted to enable us
 to see the blue skies above.
 Lines, lines as long and as distant
 as the horizon
 will cease. No more queues for the
 unemployment cheque.
 We all had a hand in dismantling our
 world,
 Now we must all work together to build
 ourselves a better home.

Kathy Lodge 11-5



**OPEN
NIGHT**



JULY

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CAREERS NIGHT

WEDNESDAY JULY 22

This year, twenty-six visiting speakers spoke to students about conditions of employment and job opportunities on Careers' Night.

So that as many students as possible could hear more than one speaker, each speaker held two sessions in various rooms in the school.

Most of the students who attended came from Years 10, 11 and 12, but we were pleased to see quite a few Year 9 students who seemed interested to learn about areas of interest where there are some job opportunities.

To illustrate the range of professionals and trades represented, here are some of the areas which were covered; social work, law, hairdressing, animal care, banking, schools of further education, and the army, navy, police and air force.

Prior to this night, Mr Malcolm Taylor, from the Department of Labour and Industry, spoke to a large group of students one Friday in the Tiered Demonstration Room. In fact, the room was full to overflowing and the students gave Mr Taylor their undivided attention. As he is an inspector of apprentices, he is very knowledgeable about conditions and so he was able to answer questions authoritatively.

The Committee wishes to express publicly its appreciation to those speakers who gave up their time to come to our school on such a cold and miserable night, and we hope that the students who came gained valuable insights into job requirements and possible employment prospects.

Mr Berry

SRC report

The SRC is the student representative Council. It takes students' ideas, complaints and suggestions, and tries to make sure that some action is taken.

It consists of a President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, three members of the staff, and three students from each year level.

This Council also helps people outside the school. At present we are sponsoring a child in India, to provide him with a healthy, stable life.

We have students representing our school on all the school committees:

School Council -

policy, funding, major decision-making

Social Interaction -

organizing social events for parents, staff and students

Uniform Committee -

if possible, correcting the uniform to students' likes and needs

Advisory Curriculum -

forwards ideas for courses and subjects

10th Anniversary -

students' ideas for ways of celebration

Canteen Committee -

put forward ideas on the students' preference on food bought from the canteen.

This Council plays a very important part in the school system.

But the SRC works not only in the serious matters, but also to provide socials, discos, gala days, and funds for school purposes; we also sponsor many other charities, to help them as much as we are able.

Lisa Johnson 11-6

SRC President



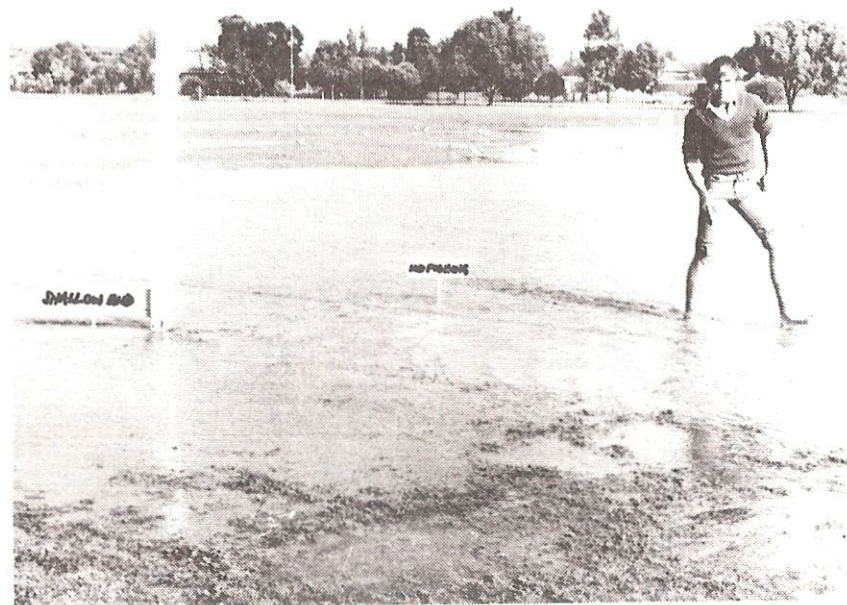
AUGUST

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SHARKS!



THESE THINGS I HATE

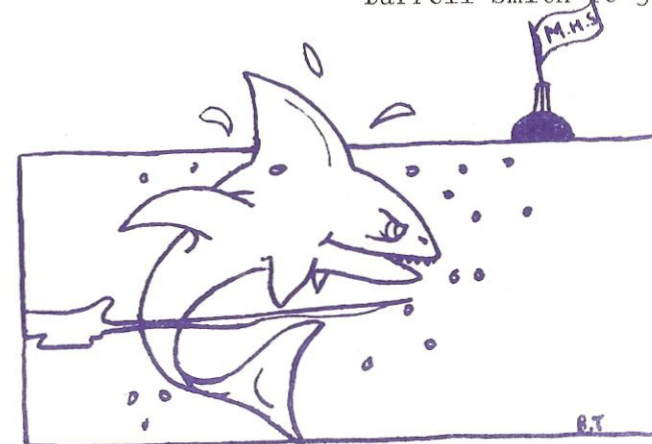
I hate my brother when he beats me up.
 I hate it when I don't win the best
 player cup.
 I hate the dark, black sky when the
 clouds gather around,
 And the flash of lightning which makes
 no sound.
 I hate the furniture factories and the
 sawdust in the air.
 I hate the milling crowds jostling at
 the fair.
 I hate spinach when I eat it nearly raw.
 I hate it when a cat scratches me with
 its claw.
 I hate the thunder rumbling like a jet
 up in the sky.
 I hate going on a see-saw when I'm up
 very high.

Judith Turner 8-2

THE SNOW

The rebellious image of pure nature
 As falling snow covers the pollution.

Darrell Smith 10-5



SEPTEMBER

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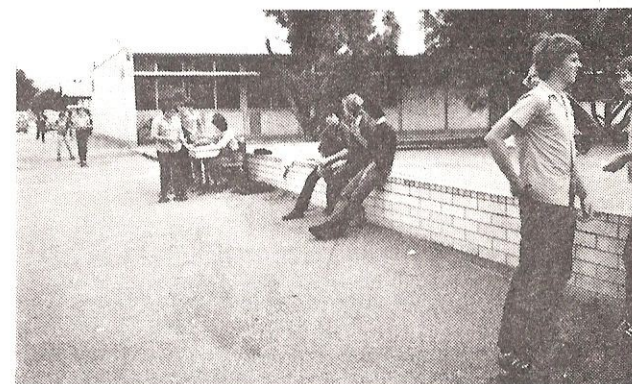


This year's Moveathon was held early in the final term and again proved to be a successful fundraiser. The Year 8, 9 and 10 students who participated organized their own sponsors who contributed approximately \$1,200 and we would like to thank all of those kind sponsors for their generosity. Most of the students participated willingly and either walked, ran, rode or skated their way around the different courses marked out within the school grounds.

However, we feel that certain things have to be said about some of the disappointing aspects of the Moveathon. Many of the students were either too lazy or too uninterested to arrange for sponsors and did not contribute a single cent to the total. Another problem was in the collection of money and return of forms to our Bursar, Mr Lang. This took many weeks and some students are still to cooperate with us.

In 1982 we will have to review the courses of action and perhaps limit the Moveathon to only those students who are willing to participate and to raise money from sponsors. Perhaps the rest can be involved in some other worthwhile activity which will benefit their school.

Mr Codrington, Mrs Aziz



A Moving Experience 

SPORTS

Some teams from MHS have done very well indeed in their competition this year, and we hope their example will be followed by many more. The new Sports Committee we know, is anxious that the spirit of competitive sportsmanship develops healthily at the school. Here are some brief reports and comments:

U/14 SOCCER

The start of the season was a good one for the U/14 Soccer Team because they won three out of the first four games. As coach, I was very pleased with the way the team played. They applied themselves well in the field and played with courage and endeavour. From the first games I could see that we had some skilful players such as Michael Theodorou, Claudio Cristancig, Ross Nardi and Cuono Riccio. The middle of the season was very bad for us and I did not think we could make the finals, but to the boys' credit, they fought back and won the last three games which put them into the semi-finals.

The semi-final was a poor game on our part but we tried hard; we were not good enough. The players mentioned already, played consistently throughout the season alongside others who have real futures in school soccer.

Vic Morano 11-5

OPEN SOCCER

The 1981 Soccer season was not a very successful one for Marden High School, but most of the players showed great promise. We played many good matches, although we were defeated by

stronger and more experienced teams. We defeated the eventual League winners 6:1 on one occasion, which showed our ability to perform well in matches. We had some very skilful players, but we were not consistent enough to do well. This year we only had one player representing Marden High School at State level, but there should have been at least two more players added to the list.

A lot of time and effort was put into the organisation of Open Soccer and a lot of credit must go to Mr G. Scalzi, whose involvement was greatly appreciated by the players. We also thank Mr Freeman for his helpful work in preparing the grounds.

Let's hope next year will be a successful one for Marden High School.

Mario Boffa 12-2

U/15 FOOTBALL

The 1981 season was enjoyed by most, even though there was a great turnover of players and only a small core prepared to work hard at training. The team won seven out of twelve games and gave the undefeated Gilles Plains side their hardest game of the season. All players performed well with Stewart Smid standing out. John Rinna handled the captaincy in a very capable manner. Many thanks go to Mr May for looking after broken bones, Mr Palmer for waving flags and the other parents who kindly gave up time to transport the team. The highlight of the season was the cow jumping off the truck incident with Baz Bayre's kicking for goal coming a close second.

Mr Cleaveley

CRICKET CHAMPS

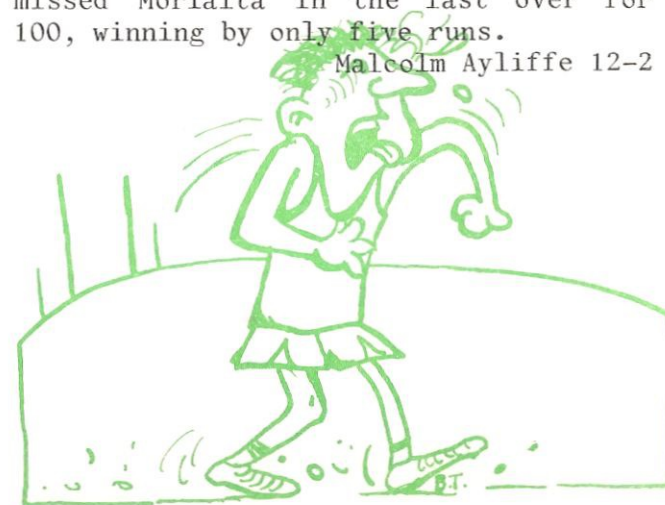
In 1981 we saw the comeback of cricket at Marden High School.

In the first term, some senior boys played cricket after school on Tuesdays, with teachers umpiring.

It was not until third term, however, encouraged by Mr Codrington, that we formed a senior school team. It played on Tuesday afternoons and, because of this, quite a number of Year 11's wanted to play. Who in his right mind would want to stay in a classroom for three lessons in a row when he could be out playing cricket for the school? I know what I'd rather do.

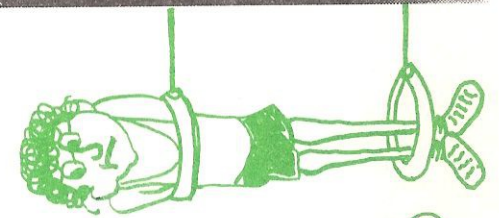
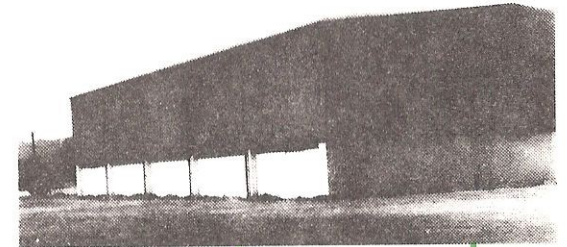
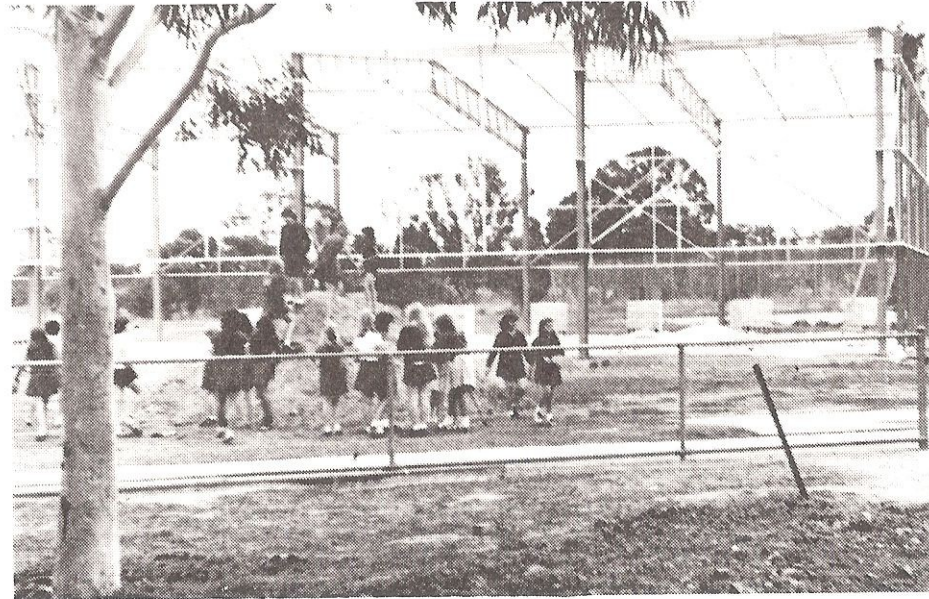
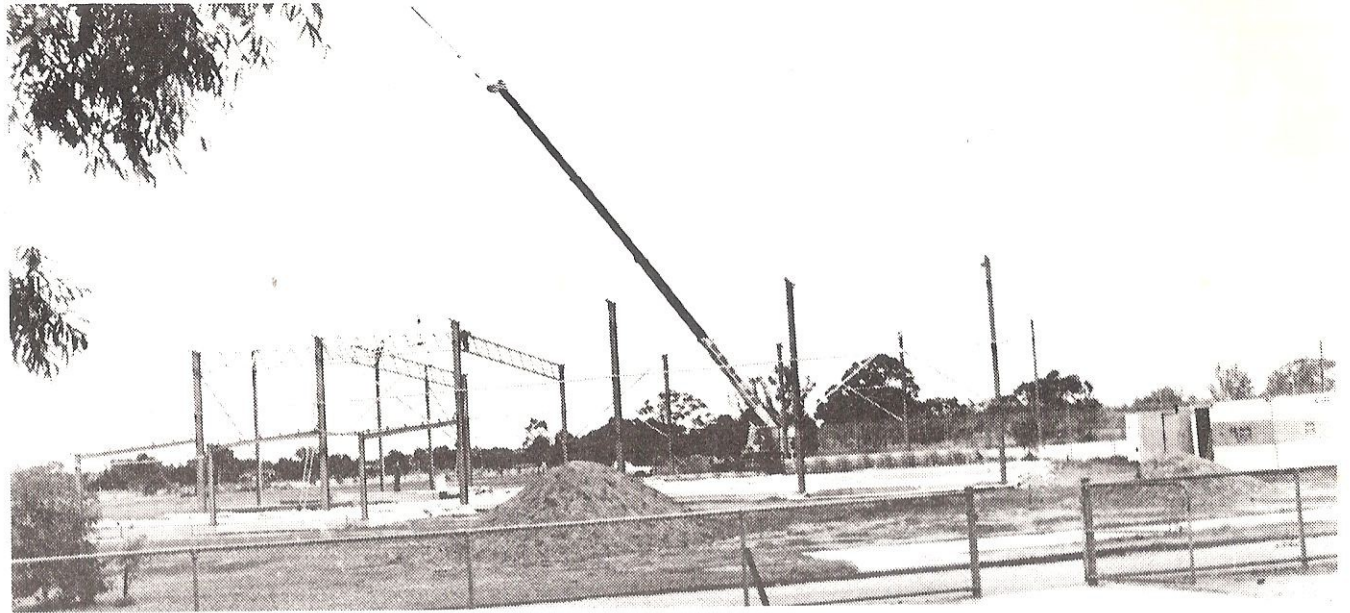
Our first game was against Morialta High School at Morialta. We lost the toss and were sent into bat on the first day. With no batsmen getting into the 20's, we were 6 for 105 after 1½ hours' batting with sundries top scoring with 23. The next week, due to some good bowling, Richard (Tangles) Crewdson 3-5, Jamie (one hand) Williams 2-13, we dismissed Morialta in the last over for 100, winning by only five runs.

Malcolm Ayliffe 12-2



OCTOBER

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JANUARY to GYMNASIUM

NOVEMBER

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BADMINTON

The Badminton team's second season has been very successful.

We had no place to practice, but were undefeated throughout the season, and we feel we have reason to be proud of our achievement.

The team consisted of Wendy Osborne, Steven Konetschka, James Williams and myself, and the highlight of the season was winning the Grand Final against Morialta.

With the recent completion of the gym we were privileged to play the first Grand Final on our home courts.

Many thanks to Mr Thomas.

Kathy Pederick 12-2

YEAR 8 NETBALL

Overall, the team came second, and it was a great effort by the girls.

The team consisted of Karen Durkin (Captain), Sherry Morris (Vice Captain), Gina Piro, Kathy Barber, Linda Mason, Julie Dodman, Daniella Francescangeli, with reserves Margaret Bonomi and Debra

Lord.

I would like to thank the players for their time and effort, the parents who helped with transport, Pat Vecchiotti for umpiring, and teachers, Mr D. Hicks, Mrs M. Mastins and Miss Thompson.

Mira Radisavljevic (Coach) 12-2

GIRLS' TENNIS

Marden entered two teams in the Interschool Tennis Competitions held during Term 1. Thanks to Mrs Geary's coaching, some fine talent and plenty of enthusiasm it was a very successful season. Both teams were in the same division, although age-wise, Marden 1 was composed of one Year 9 girl, Lynda Graves, and three Year 12 girls, Sharon Tindall, Candy Rathbone and Kathryn Pederick, and Marden 2 of four Year 8 girls, Kerry Graves, Miranda McInnes, Amanda Lewis and Julie Dodman.

At the end of the minor round the two teams found themselves facing each other for the final, which went to Marden 1 after some of the best sets either team had had for the season.

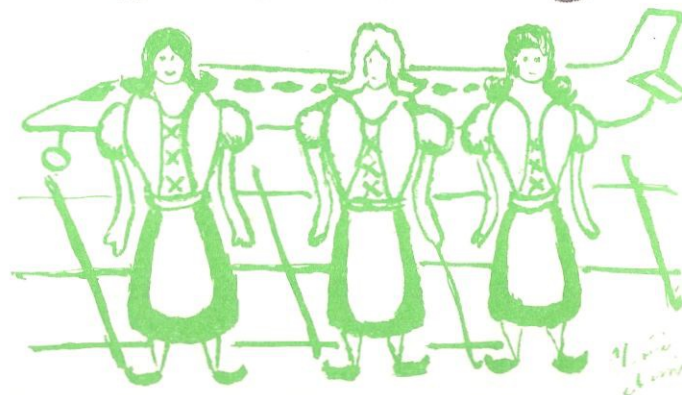
It was a pleasure to be associated with these girls. Their attire and conduct during the games were faultless - congratulations to all of them.

Mrs Gregory

To Germany

Three students from Marden High School will leave on Sunday, November 8th to spend about three months in West Germany, attending prominent German Grammar schools. They are Nicole Page 10-5, Ann Swaine 10-7 and Grant Buckfield 10-6. Nicole will be staying in

PEINE, near Hanover, Anne in the famous University city of GOETTINGEN and Grant near HAMBURG. All three students will be billeted with German families and they will return to Adelaide some time in February. In July next year, the three German students, in whose houses Nichole, Anne and Grant will stay, are coming to Marden High School for about 6-8 weeks to further their studies in English and learn about our way of life. Our students may, for the first time in their lives, experience a 'White Christmas'. The exchange was arranged by Mr K. Buesing.



DECEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31

January

Recruiting for Police Academy if you are between 16 years 9 months and 17 years 9 months; for further information see Student Counsellors. Application forms for Officer Training (Army) available now. Applications close about August.

February

Check in your Job Guide - Find at least six jobs - some you really want to do, some you will settle for if the ones you really want don't come up. One to two years' waiting list for Nursing - start applying now.

March

More work in the Job Guide. Have you got the subjects you need? - Will your course lead to all the jobs you would like? Recruiting for Police Academy if you are 16 years

9 months and less than 17 years 9 months. Can you get a part time job or Work Experience in the kind of work you want?

April

Some Banks start recruiting now. Check bank recruitment information in Student Counsellors' office; visit the Career Reference Centre, Gawler Place. Year 11 and 12 students - Work Experience can be done in school holidays or Saturday mornings if you are free. You don't want to lose lesson time.

May

Start checking Advertiser Wednesdays and Saturdays. Most large firms, e.g. banks, insurance companies, government agencies, will advertise between now and September. Most banks start recruiting next month. Check the bank

If you don't want to be left out in the cold next year.

For those who want to leave school for work or further study this year and in 1983.

For those who want a piece of the action next year.

This calendar includes only a sample of career dates and these dates may vary from . year to year.

Check with each organisation well in advance.

You need a School Leaver's Statement and references for most job interviews.

CAREER

CALENDAR

recruiting information in the Counsellors' office.

June

Check Advertiser as above. Start looking up organisations in the phone book and writing to ask if they have any vacancies. Most banks are recruiting now. Recruiting for Police Academy if you are between 16 years 9 months and 17 years 9 months. DRC Recruiting - What is DRC?

July

Check Advertiser. Write to employers. Apply to Automobile Chamber of Commerce for aptitude test - applications close next month. See Counsellors. Telecom recruiting now. DRC applications close about now. Officer Training (Army) closes soon. Tertiary Information Week. Gather character references.

August

Check Advertiser. Write to employers. MBA aptitude tests arranged next month. Printing Trades aptitude tests next month; apply now. ACC aptitude tests. Register with CES.

Start checking Tertiary courses you'll soon have to choose.

September

Check Advertiser. Write to employers. Recruiting for Police Academy as before. MBA aptitude tests. There are still a few firms recruiting for next year. Register with CES. Check out Tertiary Courses. School Leaver Statement.

October

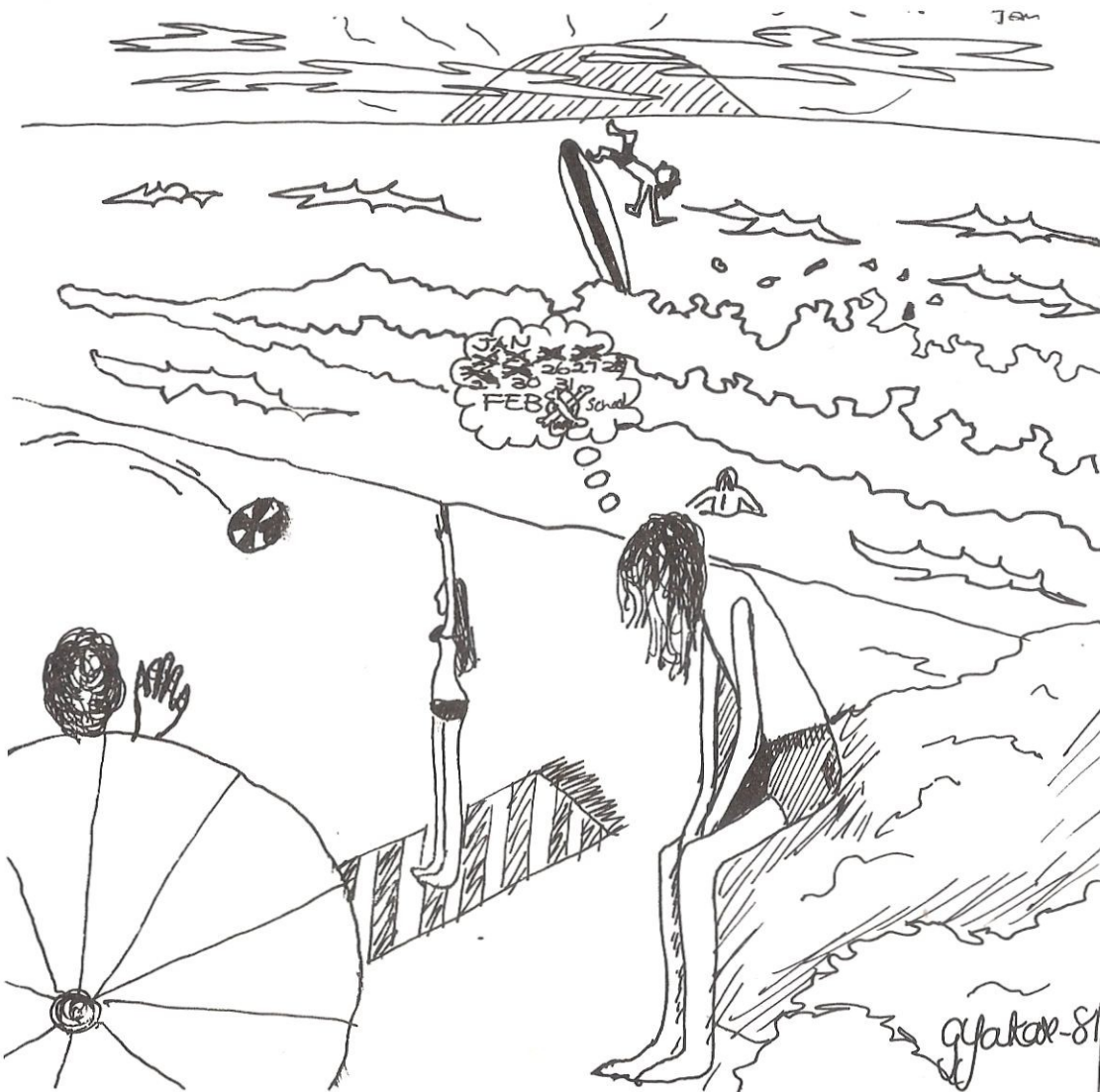
You're missing the boat. Keep checking the papers. Write to employers. Register with CES. School Leaver Statement.

November

You'd better start thinking about returning to school if you still haven't started - there's not much left now! Try the papers, CES. Write to employers. School Leaver Statement.

December

To those who followed our advice and found jobs - congratulations. To those who missed out - get in early next year.



HOLIDAYS

During the Christmas holidays my friend and I are going to Europe to visit our families and see the countries where our parents were born.

First of all we will go by aeroplane to Melbourne. Then we will fly with Qantas to Paris, the 'City of the Universe'. My friend is going to stay in Paris with his cousins, but I will catch a train and go to visit my family. They won't know I am coming and it is going to be the surprise of their lives because they are always saying, "Come and visit us." And so I am going to.

Then my friend will join me where I am staying with relatives and I will show him around France. After that he will go to Yugoslavia to visit his father.

I am going to Italy to visit other members of my family. After that I will join my friend and he will show me around Yugoslavia.

I can't wait for the holidays to come.

Angelo Saba 10-1



JANUARY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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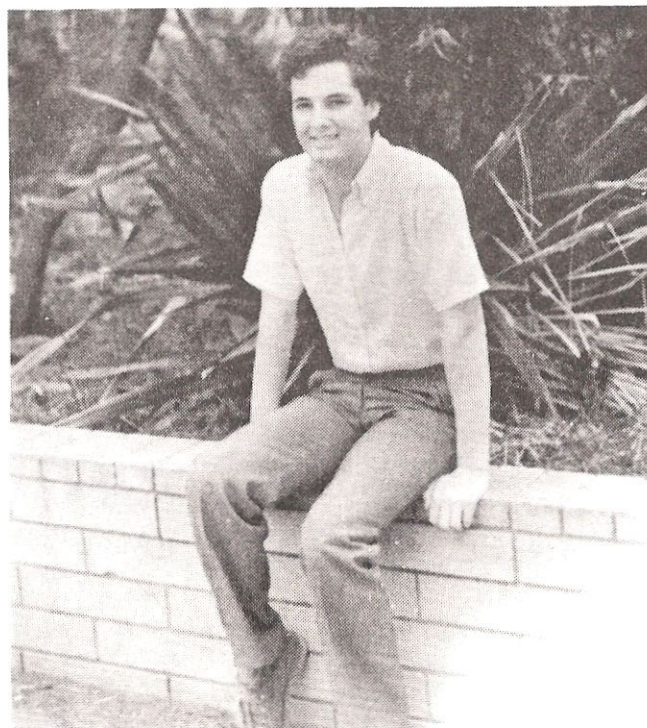
Tales by Talbot

Hi Y'all! My name is Lee Talbot and I'm an American Field Service (AFS) exchange student from Pine Bluff, Arkansas. I can hardly believe that my year as a Matric at Marden High has drawn to a close. Gee wobbles, it's been more fun than in Disneyland!

Arkansas, my home state, is nestled in the southern part of the United States with the Mississippi River as the eastern border and Texas and Oklahoma on the west. Being from a landlocked state, I still see the beach as a great novelty. Agriculture is the state's primary industry, growing mostly cotton, soybeans and rice. Each of these crops is grown on my family's farms. Arkansas is very proud of its long history and Southern heritage — that is why I refuse to be referred to as a "Yank" — a Yankee is a northerner!

I live in a relatively small town (56,000 inhabitants) but attend the

state's largest high school. It has three grades: 10, sophomores, 11, juniors, and 12, seniors, and about 2,000 students: 52% negro, 48% white. Year 12 or "senior" is usually the easiest year, with the emphasis on social activity. There are no external exams, but an aptitude test is taken in Year 11 that determines our general knowledge and learning ability, and this is used for university entrance.



Compared with Australian schools, there is little or no homework, but a great emphasis is put on extracurricular activities such as sport, music, and various clubs for students with similar interests. Most students have part-time jobs. (I worked at an Orthotics/Prosthetics Laboratory) and the school helps

to find jobs. If a student has a job, he can have flexible school hours — starting later in the morning or finishing up to three hours early in the afternoon.

Early in my Senior year I applied to become an AFS student to the Southern Hemisphere, which meant that I would have to leave in the middle of the school year (January). Finally in late December, I got a call that said I was going to Payneham, South Australia. Immediately I called an AFS student from Melbourne to find out all about Payneham. I was quite distraught when she said, "It could be a sheep station, because that's about all there is in South Australia". A more adventurous person might be excited by the prospect of living on a station, but I was not. However, I soon got the full details and found that Adelaide would be my final destination.

Within a few weeks while still suffering from Jet lag and culture shock, I found myself confronted with a sea of unfamiliar faces, all dressed identically (uniforms?!) at Marden High School. In a thick Arkansas accent, I explained who I was, and so the year began.

Soon my accent mellowed, and I began to understand most of what was being said. Things stopped being "neato" and became "beaut". Before long I was wearing desert boots, "raging" to the music of Split Enz, and putting Twisties in my roll. Free lessons took on a whole new context when I learned of the magical word "bludge". But mostly I learned that Aussies can be just as deranged and

Tales by Talbot...

funny as any American, and I will always have the memories of the great friends I have made, and the great times I have had here. Togas ... "S and M" hot dogs ... doublefrees ... "D.Y.S.Y.P's?" ... "OOOh, Sadie!" ... "Come again?" ... memories such as these I can never forget.

I would like to thank all the staff and students for their time and effort in making this a most enjoyable and rewarding year.

Lee Talbot 12-4



ALONE AGAIN

Here I am
alone again
In my dark and lonely room
But how I wish
you were here
To brighten up the gloom.

Assunta Paravia 11-6

GOODBYE ELSIE



Elsie was an exchange student at Marden High from August '80 to May '81, from the Rotary Club of Bacolod City, Philippines. She proved to be a great scholar with an even greater personality. Elsie taught us a lot about her country and its customs and learnt a lot about Australia. I am sure she enjoyed her stay as we loved having her. Always remembered as 'Our Banana Tree Swinger'.

Andrea le Plastrier 12-5



THESE THINGS I LIKE

I like the sun when it's burning hot,
And when it makes you sleep a lot.
I like horses galloping away,
And when I'm riding I float away.
I like strawberries red and ripe,
And juicy to eat with cream that's

pipied.

I like the beach with its tickly sand,
I like it so much I wish it were canned.
I like the oval when it's nice and green
But when it gets on my dress I really
could scream.

Julie King 8-2

HURRICANE

The angry evil is whistling;
Birds are hovering in mid-flight;
Choking on dust in the air;
The harsh sting of a whip on bare legs;
Willows being stripped of their lovely
gowns;
Mother nature has left her scars.

Biddy Smyth 8-2





1981

The Official Version

As I write this, our new Gymnasium is being used by students for the first time. It seems appropriate that our last major building should be completed in this, our Tenth Anniversary Year. We see the new Gymnasium playing a major role in our physical education and sporting programmes, and, since research does show a definite link between physical development and academic achievement, I strongly encourage all students to participate to the full in the new programmes. The Gymnasium also provides the school with an opportunity to widen the links between us and the community, as it will be hired out to local sporting groups.

In our Tenth Anniversary Year, I note a growing pride in the appearance

of the school. Students and staff have worked hard producing murals and planting trees. The Beautification of Marden (BOM) Committee has built pine fences and pergolas, and has laid brick paving. It seems fitting that we should also remember the work of those who have provided help within those ten years. I thank all those who have provided help, and especially those volunteers who still work in the Canteen, Learning Assistance Programme, Resource Centre, and on various parent bodies, working bees and the like. Your support is a vital ingredient in providing the best education we can for our children.

Finally, a note to our students. I urge each of you, in the few years that you are at school, to let nothing stand in the way of your pursuit of excellence. I am proud of your many achievements. To those of you who are leaving I wish a future which you will be able to face with strength and purpose, helped by your days at Marden High.

C.B. Smith

As the first ten years of Marden High School nears an end, it is worth looking at some of the areas in which Council has been involved in the school, particularly during 1981.

The duties of the School Council and the areas in which it is now involved have changed markedly in the past few years, but the role has not changed. This role has always been to support the development of pupils and to attend to their welfare. In 1981 the Council has worked hard in a number of areas in support of this aim.

The Gymnasium has now been completed. It has been unfortunate that so many delays have slowed down the hand-over. We look forward to the official opening.

The construction of a toilet block between the Year 8 block and the administration block should be completed this year.

The BOM Committee has again been very active in the improvement of the grounds. Fencing, paving and further tree planting have been completed.

Other activities of note during 1981 included the film nights and the Bingo sessions that provided enjoyment for those who attended, and some much needed revenue for the school.

Open night this year was the evening when we celebrated our tenth birthday. Many students, teachers and School Councillors, both past and present, attended an enjoyable evening. The Council provided a barbeque tea and supper for visitors.

Council Report ...

In the less visible areas, development has also continued. The Social Interaction Committee is preparing for a major fund-raising activity early in 1982; the Gymnasium Committee is looking at the leasing of the Gym to outside organisations; the Finance Committee has prepared a budget for the new year, as well as introducing an improved accounting system. One of the latest developments is the establishment of a Sports Committee to look at the development of intra- and inter-school sports activities. A Communication Committee comprising students, teachers and parents has been formed to investigate the processes of communication, especially within the school, with a view to improving it.

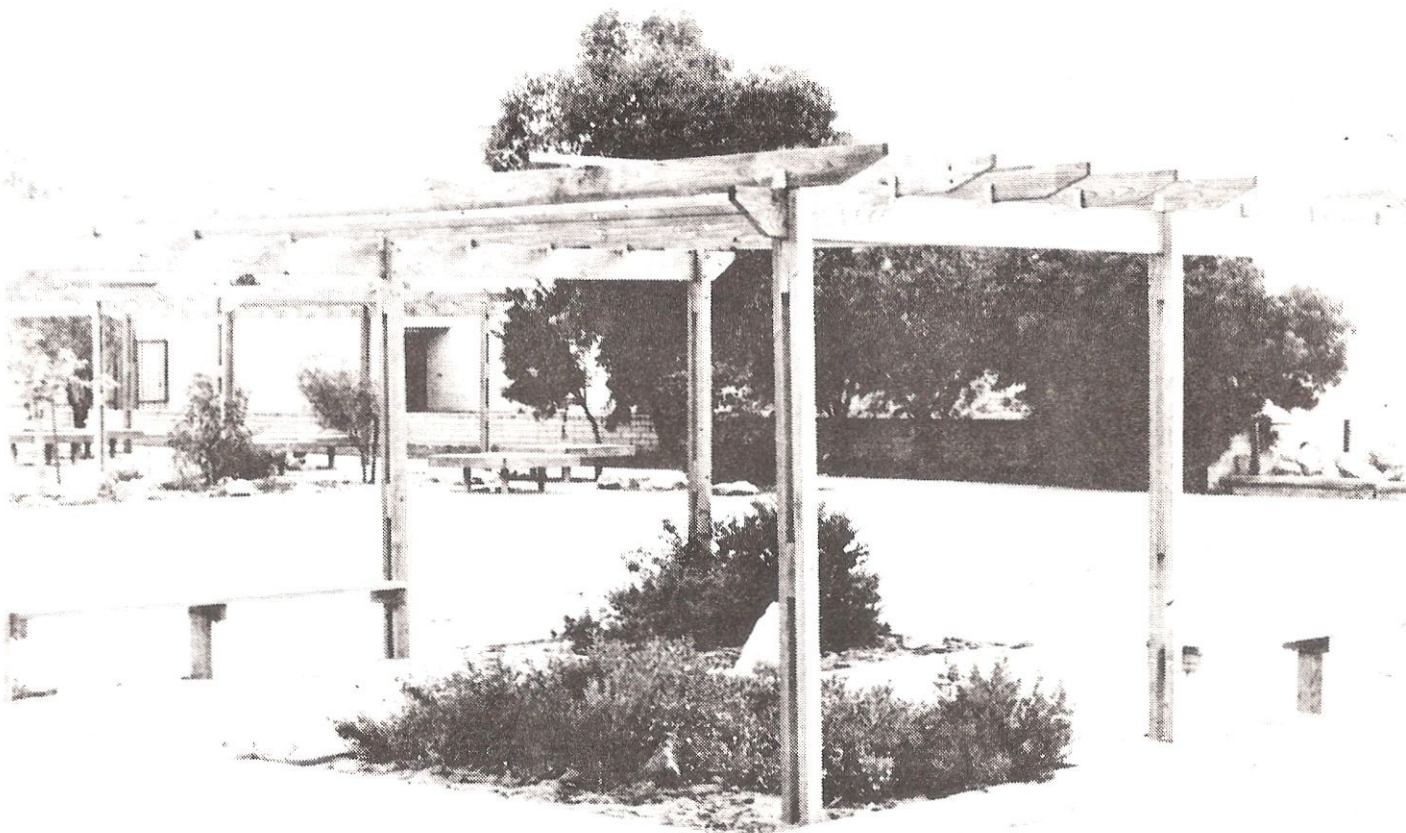
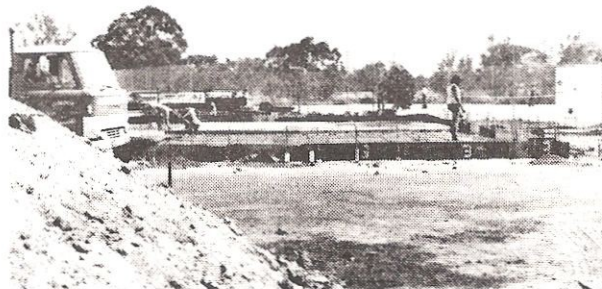
The continued development of the grounds will be a priority. The Northern oval area that is due to be fenced very soon will need urgent attention. The area around the Gymnasium will be seeded and the tennis courts resurfaced.

The document "Into the 80's", released this year, presents many challenges for schools and undoubtedly Marden will be concerned with many of the issues raised in this document.

In conclusion, I believe that there has been much development of which we can be justly proud over the past ten years. It is important that we should be aware of this. It is equally important that we are aware of the areas that need our attention in the future. Continued support from parents, students and teachers alike will be needed if we

are to provide the kind of education we believe our children deserve through the '80's.

Mr L. May,
Chairman of School Council



CHESS CLUB

This year Marden High entered four teams in the South Australian Junior Chess League. Teams were fielded in the B, C, D, and E Grades.

The eight round competition was held in the Chess Centre for B and C Grades, and in the basement cafeteria of John Martins for D and E Grades.

There was a possible maximum of forty points for the season. Our final results were:

B Grade - Thirteen out of sixteen teams, with $17\frac{1}{2}$ points.

C Grade - Second out of twenty six teams with $25\frac{1}{2}$ points.

D Grade - Eleventh out of twenty five teams, with 21 points.

E Grade - Eleventh out of thirteen teams, with 16 points.

One of our D Grade players, Michael Riley, was awarded a certificate of merit for winning seven out of his eight games. Players receiving trophies were Robert Dvorak, Michael Riley, Guiseppe Catalano, Roger Barton and John Duthie. Players who received school certificates were Franco Principe, Frank Horvat, John Szilagyi, Michael Gaczol, Tom Loipersberger, Martin Loipersberger, Tony Horvat, Jason Symchoon, John Phoenix, Chris Tan and Craig Mitchell.

We practised in the Resource Centre annexe every Thursday lunchtime, and were lucky in have Mark Chapman, the 1980 Australian Junior Chess Champion, coach-

ing us in second term. We were, however, short of players, and many vital points were lost on forfeits. For 1982 we will need more players, and we feel that chess within the school would be encouraged if it were introduced as an elective in the Wider Studies Course, or in Phys. Ed.

Next year we plan to raise money for a chess computer and a demonstration set in order to improve our skills.

I would like to thank the members of the Chess Club for giving their time on Friday nights.

John Duthie 11-3
Chess Club President



THE BEE AND THE DANDELION

See the giant yellow launching pad,
Risen to an enormous height.
And the shiny black and yellow jet,
Extracting fuel on its flight.

Pablo Muslera 8-1

RABAUL

Hi! My name is Anthony. I was born in Vietnam in 1965 but I have not lived there since I was nine years old. I have lived in a lot of different places in my life and one of the most beautiful places is Rabaul, which is an island in New Guinea.

Rabaul is on a tip of the Gazelle

Peninsula. It is surrounded by some volcanoes and there are many beautiful beaches which are very clean and blue.

My house is very close to the beach, about two to three hundred metres away. Every afternoon I used to go to the beach for a swim or to collect shells. Sometimes I went with some friends to see the Japanese tunnel and cave which were dug by the natives in World War II. The tunnel was dug to hide three submarines and cannons. I used to help my friends looking for guns, bullets and cannon shells.

On weekends my friends and I sometimes went to look at the volcano. The volcano is on the other side of the bay. We used to have a canoe and paddle ourselves to it. As we approached the volcano we could smell the sulphur coming from the crater. It really smelt horrible. It only took us fifteen minutes to get up to the top of the volcano. When we were there, we could see the whole of Rabaul. In the crater we saw smoke coming out, we could feel the heat of the ground. There were ropes on the side of the crater so people could go down if they wished. The top of the crater is very narrow to walk along and dangerous in some parts. If you don't watch where you are going you may not live. The side of the volcano is very steep except in some areas. Down in the crater the ground is warm, some areas are hot. We used to collect sulphur and other different rocks.

Rabaul is a very nice place to visit or to spend your holiday.

Anthony Venczel 10-4

THE BATTLE FOR THE ASHES

The boys from Aussie went overseas
To retrieve the ashes from the Pommies.
In test number one, we hit the right score,
And in test number two, the rain forced a draw.
The ashes we thought were safe in our hands,
Until the selectors called Brearley to command.
The English side, with a new lease of life,
Soon fought back to put Australia in strife.
Botham, with the release of captaincy's pressure,
Took the bowlers apart and scored with leisure.
Our bats could not stand Willis' pace,
And in tests three and four we lost the race
To keep our hopes of the ashes alive;
It was imperative that we win test number five.
Alas, once again our batsmen failed,
And as kangaroo-killers the English were hailed.
And with pride diminished the Aussies will return,
Determined that, next time,
England and not the bails will burn!

Nigel Malone 11-1



THOSE THINGS I HAVE LOVED

Sight:

Gum trees silhouetted, against an orange sky.
A little baby kookaburra, just learning to fly.
Horses grazing peacefully, in meadows green and grassy,
The eyes of a chinchilla – sea-green and glassy.

The majestic eagle, circling its prey,
An old wooden, rickety, abandoned bullock-dray.
Mist rising off the water at dawn,
The sight of a sweet, little new-born fawn.

A waterfall surrounded by ferns,
And up in the sky, dove-grey terns.
A little field-mouse scurrying away,
A donkey quietly munching on hay.

Sound:

Frogs croaking throughout the night,
The cry of a dotterel in his flight.
The scratching of paws, digging a hole,
The whinny of a young, frisky foal.

Birds awakening in the Aussie bush,
Pushing through reeds with a whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.
The trickle of water in a brook,
Geckos barking in a little nook.

The sound of waves rolling into the shores.
The echidna ripping into an old tree with his claws.
The crunching of Autumn leaves, under my feet,
And tiny chicks, their voices so sweet.

Smell:

The smell in the air of coming rain,
The essence of burning sugar cane.
The scent of sheep on a lonely farm,
The rose, whose prickles cause much harm.

Touch:

Mud squelching between my toes,
The velvety petals of a deep-red rose
The soft, green grass on bare feet in the park,
The little fluffy tummy feathers of a baby lark.

Taste:

A big juicy pineapple, yellow as the sun,
A nice piece of fresh bread, or a finger bun.
Clean brown onions, even though they make me sob.
Lovely, fresh, golden corn, eaten off the cob.

Biddy Smyth 8-1



HAILSTORM

Monday 17th August, 1981, near the tired end of an extraordinarily wet winter, mid-morning lessons were interrupted by a fierce rain-and-hail storm.

Here it is, as reported by Year 8.

The day started off windy with not much rain falling down. When the bell rang I went inside and started working, when all of a sudden, there was a down-pour. Everybody in the class stood up to see, what looked like ice cubes, falling from the sky on to the ground, making the ground look like a sheet of white glass.

The hail gathered up on the edges of the buildings, looking like thousands of white mice, climbing on top of each other, trying to get to the top for shelter.

At recess we went out and saw everyone picking up ice and throwing it around at everyone. There were stacks and stacks of ice gathering around the new toilet block, and from there you could see the cars in the car park with ice on them looking like white blankets thrown over the cars to keep the sun out.

Nancy Griggel 8-4

Remember the day of the hail? It came down suddenly in the middle of a lesson and everyone stood up to have a look. Then the teacher said, "Sit down!" It changed from big drops of rain to

small-beanbag-stuffing hail that hammered on the roof. Lightning flashed in the sky. Thunder shook the air.

The teacher couldn't be heard over the noise and allowed the class to go to the window to have a look. Through the stormy weather, trees writhed and whitened under the hail. The ground was white like new fallen snow.

The recess bell rang and everyone rushed out the doors to be showered by small, cold hail stones.

The hail fights broke out. "Throw it at him" ... "Oh I missed" ... "Good shot" ... "Bull's eye" ... "Down his jumper" ... "Yeek! It's melting" ... "Watch out" ... "Got you". All recess time the hail went on a second flight before it melted.

Recess finished, back to work wishing it would hail again. Sadly at lunch time we are confronted with sunshine and a blue sky.

Jenny Allen 8-6



Remember the day of the hail? As

soon as the recess bell went all the kids rushed to the sides or corners of the buildings, grabbed some in their hand, and threw it at each other.

They had never seen this type of snow before, so they had as much fun as they could because they knew it would probably never happen again for a while.

I had the same thought, so I joined in. It was so much fun. Even though your hands were as cold as ice and going blue, who cares! It's a once a year event. It's not every day that it 'snows'.

Marisa Di Tomaso 8-6

Remember the day of the hail!
The belting down on the tin roofs.
The thunder sounding like someone with
a stomach ache
and the lightning looking like a crack
in the wall.
The noise was tremendous and the sky was
grey.

Kylie Worden 8-6

Remember the day of the hail?
It came thundering down in the early
morning.
The teacher found it hard to speak.
Outside it lay on the ground, glistening
white like snow.
Then people started throwing it.
It came hurtling through the air, like
a bomb, and it hit someone on the head
and exploded.
Alas! It was over too soon as recess has
ended.

Suzanne Haines 8-6

It came down in a great cascade from the overhanging clouds. As the siren droned over the school, every student with a head on his shoulders ran out of the room straight into a wall of hand-thrown ice.

They all found their own depository of hail, and from where they stood, they let fly. Some got hit in the back, some the face, others in the rear. No one escaped a good plastering.

Then the hooter hooted, and everyone dragged wet and sluggish clothing up steps and through damp doors and corridors, to their next boring lesson. A smile on each one's face, knowing that this is probably the closest they will ever get to snow in Adelaide.

Nick Goodenough 8-4

Remember the day of the hail! An unanticipated crack of thunder disturbing our History lesson, followed by an instant flash of lightning. Tumultuously the rain and hailstones pelted down. It sounded like an orchestra of drums. All of a sudden it stopped. We could hear nor see no more.

Amanda Lewis 8-6

As soon as the bell sounded everyone rushed outside to find hail heaped up against walls, under trees and in the grass. It was not long before we started scooping it up and throwing it at each other.

Nearly everyone got into the act,

even some teachers. The air was full of remarks such as: "Oh, AH! there's some down my back" ... "Got him!" ... Hey, let's get Johnny" ... "This is great fun!"

The bell sounded. Everyone went back inside slopping in their shoes and blowing on their hands to get rid of the numbness.

Andrew Lane 8-4

Thunder rolled out like bowling balls down the alley. Lightning flashed, like the forked, darting tongue of the rattler. Dark, menacing clouds were releasing what they had held back for so long.

Finally recess time came and we were allowed outside. Hailstones like the ball bearings of shotgun cartridges were being hurled from all directions. No one had seen anything like it before in Adelaide.

Finally the bell signalled the end of recess. We were then herded, unwillingly, like a load of baaing sheep, away from the strange, cold pellets of ice.

Leigh Rhodes 8-6

REFUGE

I was born in Laos. I went to live in Thailand in 1977. I lived in a refugee camp with my family. There were

six people in my family and we lived in one room in the refugee hostel. We used one end of our room for cooking and eating; we slept at the other end.

Food was provided from Bangkok - fish, meat, rice and vegetables and cooking oil, also charcoal for cooking. We had to buy everything else that we needed - cooking pots, a stove and blankets. My father did not work, but I have a grandmother and an uncle in France and they sent money to my family nearly every month. Some people sold things in the market. They bought food and clothes from the city.

There were not many things to do in the camp. I went to a French school for one hour each day. The school started at eight o'clock and finished at nine o'clock. After school finished my friends and I went to the rice fields to play. Sometimes we had picnics there because the weather was hot and there were many trees. Sometimes we went to shoot birds and lizards to eat, or just for fun. We used stones fired from a sling.

In autumn there was a lot of rain and after the rain stopped we went out to the fields to catch crabs and fish. We played soccer in the evenings and at night time we played hiding, or we played fought. On Saturdays my friends and I went to the city to watch a film or to watch the soccer match.

I was very happy in Thailand.

Hong Yang 10-7



LITERARY SECTION—

Some of our students show promise as budding writers. Here are some examples of their work:

UP!

(Dedicated to Nikolai Ivanovich Lobachevski)

Godfrey and I set off up Mount Climeyifyercarn early in the morning. This nine thousand foot mountain would be a new high for us, as we'd never previously been above six hundred feet.

Half way up, we encountered wet, slippery snow. We started to slip.

"I think we're treading on thin ice sir," said Godfrey.

"Don't be so wet Godfrey," I said. "Where are the ice picks?"

"We didn't bring any. I guess it just slipped my mind."

After getting over that patch, we continued up the mountain, but then stopped for a cup of tea. Being English, we thought it best. We'd scarcely got going again when a really hairy monster completely covered in fur appeared in front of us.

"Yeti, I think sir," said Godfrey.

"I must talk with you," said the Yeti.

"All right. Let's not split any hairs," I replied.

"Let me talk!" bellowed the Yeti.

"All right. Keep your hair on, or this talk will bristle with difficulties. Go on."

"I ... I ...," said the Yeti.

"Don't be so hare-brained," I said.

The animal just stared at me in horror. He let out a mighty cry, and ran screaming down the hill.

We continued up the hill. Suddenly there was a loud rumble, and hundreds of boulders came down in an avalanche. It rocked the ground, and we thought we heard the sound of music.

"The hills are alive with the sound of music," said Godfrey. "Probably the rolling stones."

Luckily they missed us, but we didn't miss them. There was a low wailing now as we reached the top. We were have one whale of a time up there until I found out that Godfrey was a card shark. It all sounded fishy to me, as I knew that Godfrey was as slippery as an eel. Having scaled the mountain, we planted our flag.

"Would you like some supper sir?" said Godfrey.

"Super."

So we sat down to tea. After than it was all downhill. We saw the Yeti run away yet again after he saw us.

"That was a bit hair raising," said Godfrey.

The wolves started to howl, and we came to a wood full of big thick trees.

"Do we have to go in there?" asked Godfrey. "I don't feel like playing cops and robbers."

"You big sap! You're trembling like a leaf," I mused.

"We aren't out of the wood yet either," Godfrey said. "This is leaving me in the dark."

"I'd as lief not be here either old bean."

Godfrey and I returned from Mount Climeyifyercarn late that night and we went straight to sleep.

Nicholas Goodenough 8-4

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

They're no match for us

Not long ago, all seemed to be running smoothly at the BBC. True, the company wasn't exactly setting the world on fire, but it had become an illuminating enterprise. As life wasn't meant to be easy, however, the Brymay Box Company was beginning to feel the effects of the 'red' element among its ranks. "We must do something about that bright spark!" thundered the company heads, in agreement. "He's inflaming the others and the situation is becoming explosive."

And that is exactly what Matt, the fiery red headed leader, had in mind as he addressed the thin, scrawny bunch around him. "We must unite! We must all

stick together!" he yelled, his face ablaze. "Flaming Hell! We are not merely objects that can be used once and then thrown away. They must not think that we are just off-cuts."

The crowd became aglow. He was hot today, they thought, really on fire.

He was going to give it everything he had. "We are under-staffed!" he screamed. "We have only forty-seven in our out-fits. This is just not good enough. We need our full staff; we need fifty."

The crowd gave a roar of approval. One of them shouted, "They've rubbed us the wrong way for too long"; another joined in, "They're the ones causing the friction." "Simmer down," Matt said. "Remember, we also are under-equipped and don't have enough material. We need more phosphorous!"

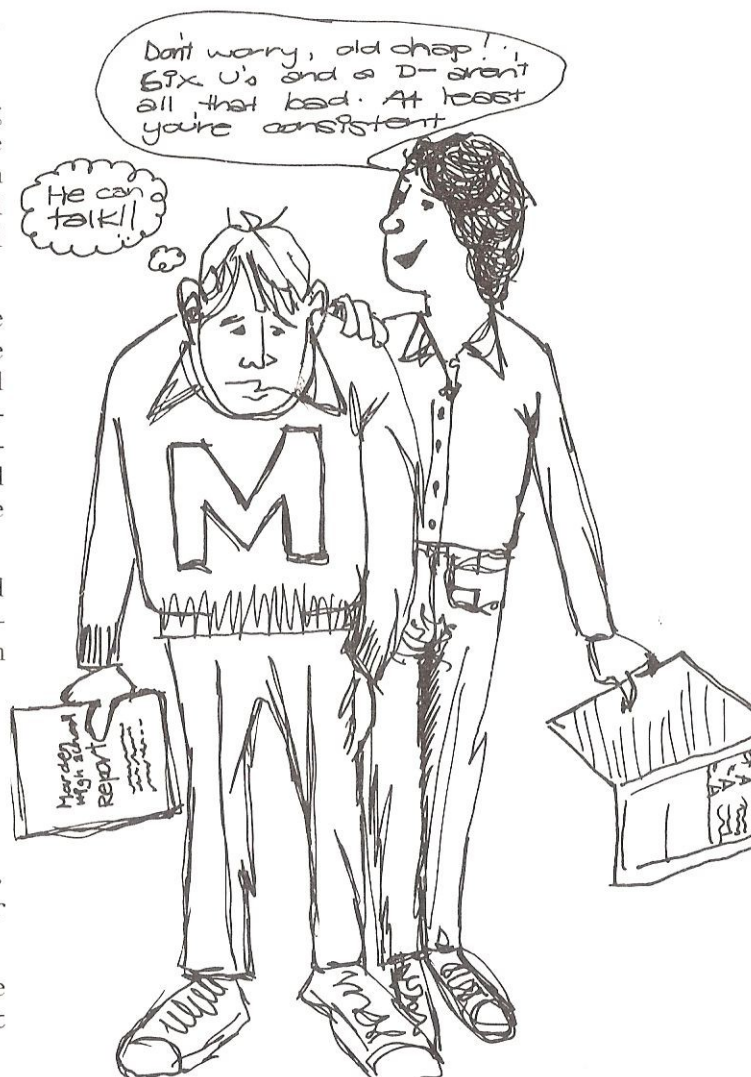
Again the crowd roared. He had ignited them all and tempers were starting to flare. As one, they canted in chorus:

"More, more jobs for us
Else we'll get cantankerous ...
More, more jobs for us
Else we'll get cantankerous ..."

This is what he wanted, real heat. He needed them all on his side in order to match the might of the company.

There is only one thing to do!" he screamed, in a blaze of glory. "We must strike!"

Kathy Lodge 11-5



gMyakax-gi

THE HOURS OF OUR DAYS

School, school, school, school. That's all we do, five days a week; we go to school from 8.45 am to 3.35 pm. That's six hours fifty minutes we are at school doing the same old things, day after day, week after week, month after month. But there's one thing that makes you really mad; they give you homework to do at home. You come home from school, sit down and do two more hours of school work. That makes it 6 pm. Our family usually has tea at six o'clock. An hour of tea and it is 7.00 pm. You go outside for an hour, see your mates, have a small game of cricket and then it's nearly dark. It's 8.00 pm. You come inside to watch an half hour of your favourite television show and it's nine o'clock. You then get ready for bed, read a book and it's 9.30 pm. Then it's time for bed. Day after day you do this, for five out of seven days a week.

School's worth doing when you look back at it, when you're older and working. School helps you get a better job in the future. You could be proud of your school days when you grow up. "School days are the best part of a man's life," say many hard-working men.

Bradley Tindall 9-3



SCHOOL

We learn and listen,
And watch the teachers during the lesson.

But when they shout and shout,
I would just like to cry out,
"It isn't easy you know,
Trying to learn when you don't know!"
But then I think I'll be known a fool,
So, for now, I'll play it cool.

I want to be a doctor,
But to be a doctor you need maths.
So I'll stick to trying to be an actor,
and if I get higher grades, I'll be a doctor;
perhaps.

But one thing I think which wouldn't be bad,
Is to have no teachers to make you sad.
I mean, just imagine it, no teachers at all,

Every day there would be a brawl.
But without the teachers how could you learn?
You would just play and your brains would
Rot, disintegrate, just fade out or burn;
And how could you keep law within the school?
Everyone would act and play the fool.

So perhaps school isn't bad at all,
I'll stick to the rules,
And we won't have any brawls.
So school is O.K. for me.
I guess that it will always be
That I'll complain and sit about,
And listen to the teachers shout.

Vinka Vojisavljevic 9-4

SONGS -

UNDERSTANDING

Having dreams that seem to make it all worthwhile,
If we knew life half as well we'd probably try.
A picture hangs on the wall without making a sound.
Like clouds in the mind, round and round.

Take this pebble from my hand.
Grind it away to sand.
Take this pebble from my hand.
Try to understand.

The situation it seems has taken control.
We're working to find a place that's not so cold.
But one thing if at all will never change
our understanding will remain.

Sunlight shines upon the ground,
it falls without a sound.
Sunlight shines upon the ground,
show us what we've found.

Sit back in your nice chair and relax,
you've got it all but you don't know the Facts
get that pebble that you've ground away to sand
just reach out and grab life with both hands.
Try to understand.

Shapes and energies that waste away,
here we go again it's just another day.
An image fades away on a screen
just a replica of what's been.

Tomorrow will be the same
it's never going to change
Tomorrow will be the same
our understanding will remain.

Adrian McCluskey 11-2

Feelings

I am but an emotional pen,
trying but not succeeding to write my
feelings on to this blank and
unapproachable

scrap of paper.
It looks at me openly
waiting for my touch,
But I am once again lost for words.
Thoughts fly in and out of my head,
but try as hard as I can,
I am unable to capture them.
If I do manage to imprison them,
they will remain on the page,
to be imprinted forever.
The incidents, no matter how hard
I try to erase them,
will be there constantly to remind me
of my
stupidity.

Kathy Lodge 11-5

Love Was....

I was born in a world
of human hatred.
I grew up under surveillance
and lived a life of hunger,
and then greed.
I saved all my pennies
and bought a house.
I let the essence of
love in my back door,
but made a mistake
in doing so,
I locked it.
For the moments
we shared together were special
I wanted to freeze them,
and capture those moments

forever.
But you need fresh air
as you developed claustrophobia
so you broke down the back door
But, you were you.
And me, well, I was me.
You gave me a gift,
that I will treasure forever.
You gave me a today.
Now I have bolted my back door.
But the front door will be
forever open ...

Megan Muir 11-5

US YOUNGIES AND OLDIES

Will the generation gap ever close?
The answer to this, heaven only knows.
The 'oldies' try to put us in our place,
But is this only saving face?
They tell us of the good times they had,
But everything we do is bad.
If they realize that things do change,
Then a compromise can be arranged.

Their days were filled with gangsters and thugs.
They tell us we have all this, plus drugs.
Of course we cannot deny this insinuation
But drugs were introduced by the older generation.
And the pop stars, they tell us, are a bunch of drips
But Crosby and Sinatra give me the pips.
They say that all the wars were for a cause.
And expect this to be greeted with applause.

What can one say of generations gone by?
Perhaps us kids should give them another try.
Mistakes we will have to correct real soon,
Because in our time man has reached the moon.
In their times they studied geography.
All we are left with is pornography.
But life for me has not been bad,
Because I know the people who care - my mum and dad.

GREEN

Green is the colour of the trees,
Blowing in the breeze.
Green the grass for picnics and fun
Green is an alligator, a frog, a pea.
In China they even have green tea
Green is a forest after the rain
Green is for people when they're in pain
Green is the feeling of happiness and

joy

Little babies have little green toys
Green is the chalk upon the board
Green is the cordial mum just poured
Green is the seaweed in the sea
Green is the greengrocer waiting for me
Green is the socks I wear on my feet.
Green is a colour no one can beat.

Robyn Lovegrove 8-3



The size of your heart is not
measured by how many you love but
how many love you.

R. Kerry 12-5



THE FOREST

A blade of grass,
A tree to hack.
A tiny ant,
Its lumber jack.

Mark Coleman 8-2

Karen Newham 10-4

LATE FOR TEA

"Oh Jack, please come and have a look
At this thing I have found
A small dark rusted metal thing
At one end it is round."

"Oh blow that stupid thing you've found
And come along with me
Oh leave that stupid thing you've found
Or we'll be late for tea."

"Oh Jack," she wailed "come here and
look,"

And then began to cry,
"Oh don't be such a sooky kid,"
Was his frustrated sigh.

"Oh come on Sal, please come on home
And you can read a book."
"Oh no, Jack, no. Come over here
Please come and have a look."

"Oh come on Sal and do not pout
Oh come along with me.
Our mother will be very cross
For we are late for tea."

Carrie Royal 9-7

LOSING

How can I remove myself
From this icy-cold menagerie
And be warm again?
Instead I run through catacombs
And only ever reach the moon.
For my life is so cold and fragile,
And my small stream is sinking
In mud.
I once had an undivided ocean
But my conscience took it away.

And now I am frozen and alone
In a world of timeless temptation,
Where Heaven is not such an easy
Place to reach.
Searching, yet not finding
A chemical explosion to warm my soul.
I am exploited in front of puppets,
That have no fantasy but thrive
On beetles and flies.
Now wisdom has come over me and
I accept the fact, that the creature
Developing inside of me is melting
And I know I will never share the
Same warmth it does.

Megan Muir 11-5

FREE ME

Free me and help me to see the
lollipops I once saw long ago.
And let me run through an
alley of stars and see how bright they
are.

Help me escape the chair I'm bound to.
I can no longer hear the wings
of the earth wailing
past my bared windows.
And I can tell those plastic
people, that always shut me
out, the things that possess me
but I can tell my imaginary friends,
and the lollipop that I once had
has gone and now I only have a stick.
I try to stand it up but it only falls
to the ground.

Mandy Ashby 11-5

FOR US

We're only just beginning
And that's the hardest part
So careful not to end it

Before we really start.
Discovering how to make you smile
and subjects to avoid
I'm listening while you take me back
To times that you've enjoyed.
We've shared so little time so far
But all we've had's been good
I've felt more these past few weeks
Than I ever thought I could.
So if you leave tomorrow
I'll have but one regret
And that's that I love you still.
I'll wish we'd never met.

Assunta Paravia 11-6

ODE TO AN ILL FATED LOVER

I took my love a garden rose
And placed it on her knees.
But as she put it to her nose
She gave a giant sneeze.

I took my love a purple band
And tied it round her hair
But as she rose she gasped out loud
I'd tied it to her chair.

I took my love a feathered bird
She put it in a cage
But when I told her it was stuffed
She went bright red with rage.

I took my love a silver spoon
And put it on the table
And as she lifted it to sup
She found it was a ladle.

I took my love a tiny chain
And clasped it round her wrist
But when I asked her to be mine
To me she shook her fist.

J. Taylor 9-6

FROM THE MULTI- CULTURAL ANTHOLOGY

This year, Marden was fortunate enough to acquire the services of a teacher qualified in teaching English as a second language. Many of our students have come from such places as Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, India, Thailand, Malaysia, France, Greece and Italy and work in Mrs Smith's ESL unit.

These stories below show how effectively they are able to use their new language after a short time. They also give us some idea of what life can be like in other countries.

SCHOOL IN LAOS

I started school in Laos when I was six years old. Lessons used to begin at eight o'clock in the morning so I had to get up about seven o'clock. After I'd had some breakfast I used to walk to my friend's house as we always went to school together.

One morning when I woke up, the rain was falling and it had been raining all night. I went to my friend's house as usual and he said that we should catch a bus to school, but I thought it would be better if we walked. The road was very muddy and slippery, and before we reached the school we had to go past a rice field.

When we got to the rice field there was water all over it. My friend and I looked at each other, then put our shoes in our bags and walked through the field. Suddenly I slipped and fell into

the water. My clothes were all wet and I was late for school. I missed one lesson.

After we had a maths lesson, one of the teachers came to my class and told us to wait outside the school at ten o'clock because we were going to the zoo. When the bus came, the teacher told us to get in and we were very excited.

We got to the zoo about twelve o'clock. After we'd had our lunch my friends and I walked around the zoo. We saw many different animals, snakes and birds. We felt very tired so we decided to go to the shop and buy some drinks and then go to the pool to look at the fish and turtles. The fish looked very fat. I looked around to see if there were any teachers coming, then we all jumped into the pool to catch the fish. We caught a very big one and we were just coming out of the pool when we heard footsteps and suddenly the teacher was standing in front of us.

When we got back to school our teacher sent us to the headmaster who was very strict. He caned us, then locked us in a little room for the rest of the day. After school finished he gave us each a note to give to our parents, but we threw them away on our way home. We said to each other that we would never do naughty things again.

When I got home from school my mum asked me what happened to my clothes. I told her that a kid had poured water on me.

Hong Yong 10-7

THE TANGI (FUNERAL)

When a Maori person dies the body is taken back to the pa¹ where the person was brought up. The body is laid outside the meeting house for all the visiting relations to see. It is placed on a mattress in a coffin. The body is left uncovered and placed on a porch by the entrance. A canvas is usually placed over the shelter to keep the rain off the body.

The Maori kuias² call people to the marae³ by doing a karanga⁴. This call is made on a high pitched note and each word is held to give a long sound. This is a call which is done traditionally by the older women who have been taught to do the call by their mothers. This call is answered by the eldest person in the group. Usually the group is made up of the relations of the dead person.

The ladies hongis⁵ with the dead person's relatives and, as they pass the body, they hongi with the body. As the ladies hongi, the men are passing messages between the karoas⁶ and the young men. After the messages have been passed one to another the men go and hongi. After the ladies have hongied around the coffin they go and hongi with the karoas.

Sleeping arrangements are that the visitors sleep on the right hand side and the relations sleep on the left hand side. Sometimes the body is placed on the left hand side with the relations.

When it is the burial day everyone dresses up and the mourners have a sort of church service and they give the body

to God. They take the body over to the cemetery and make a little speech and they they bury it. After that the Maori people have a hangi. They eat so as to forget their grief. They eat in a place called a Wharekai⁸. This all takes place in a wharepungi⁹.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Pa | Meeting Place |
| 2. Kuia | Old women |
| 3. Marae | Meeting Place |
| 4. Karanga | Maori Call |
| 5. Hongi | Pressing Noses |
| 6. Karoa | Old Man |
| 7. Hangi | Food cooked underground |
| 8. Wharekai | Eating Place |
| 9. Wharepungi | Meeting House |

Rachael Mohi 8-6

LIFE IN THE CHERATING REFUGEE CAMP OF MALAYSIA

There were 7000 people in the camp. We waited for a re-settlement delegation for about six months. We lived in tents and it was very hot and very hard to get water to take a bath. Also there was not enough food to eat.

People tried to escape from the camp to other places to buy something to eat. If the Army saw us and caught us they would take our money and take us back to the camp for very hard punishment.

Many families were separated by the delegation and taken to different countries. If people didn't want to be separated from their family, they had to wait a very long time until a country would take all the family together.

Anyway I was only there for three months. I was very lucky because the

Australian delegation accepted all my family for re-settlement. Then we moved to another camp in the capital city of Malaysia.

While we were waiting for the aeroplane to take us to Australia, the doctor gave us a check up to make sure we were all healthy. During the time I was in Cherating I had a look at the city and it is a very beautiful place. It looked like the cities in Viet-Nam, before 1975. Many Chinese lived there, and there were Chinese stalls in the street.

That is how I know about the city of Kuala-Lumpur. I lived there for one month.

Vinh Luu 11-4

LIFE IN ITALY IN THE 1930's

When my father was a boy in Italy he had to work very hard both at home and at school. In the mornings he used to get up very early, do all the things we do, then go off to school, which started at 8.00 am and finished at mid-day. After he got home from school, he had to do his homework then go outside and help on the farm. He used to work until dark and then go to bed.

My dad's family was very poor; he didn't have any shoes but school ones which he had to take off as soon as he got home. There was no gas, electricity or water in their home. For cooking and heating they used wood, of which they had very little. They used candles at night for lighting. They had to travel several miles to a well to get water

which was carried home in barrels strapped on either side of the donkeys.

At school my father had only five minutes' break to have a snack. School was very strict. If children just talked to someone or asked if they could borrow something the teacher would do terrible things to them. Sometimes children were given ten lashes on each hand. Sometimes they had to place their hands on their knees then kneel on sharp stones which would cut into their fingers. When the weather was freezing the teacher would make them plunge their hands into the snow or dip them into a bucket of icy water.

My father had to leave school when he was very young - about eight years old I think - maybe just a bit older. Anyhow, he had to go to work, looking after flocks of sheep out in the wild. Later on his father died and then he had to travel from L'Aquila to Rome to get work. It was a long way, about 140 kilometres.

When he was twenty-two years of age my dad set off for Australia with his three brothers, one of whom later decided to go back to Italy. But my dad and the other brother stayed in Australia where they got married and had a family. They each had a boy and a girl.

Roger Perilli 8-4

LIFE IN A VIETNAMESE JAIL

In 1973 the communists came into Vietnam. It was hard for us to live there. We had to give up the business we had developed and there was a problem

with the supply of food. At this time it was very hard to pay the gold or money to the government to go to another country. So people tried to escape by boat. But this was very dangerous.

Once I escaped with about forty people, but unfortunately we were caught by the communists. They took all our money and gold, then put us into jail. This jail was for political prisoners. It had about 2000 prisoners. I was then 15 years old and I was the youngest prisoner in the jail. There were some people 70 years old, so they loved me and liked to play and talk with me. Some were in jail for big crimes and had been there three years already, and they didn't know what day they could go home. It was very hard to pass the days, because this jail was in the capital city of Vietnam so there was nothing to do, and not enough food to eat. There were about 25 people in one room. It was very hot and had no window for air to come through. One good thing was that we had water in the cell, so I took a bath six times each day.

Every day we let two people clean the floor. After that we played cards or chess all the time, and then overslept. Sometimes we could get out of the door of the room for sunshine for ten minutes. Anyway, I was in the jail for seven months and then they allowed me to go home. By the way, if the people escaped in any village and the communists caught them, they just put them in the jail for two or three months. They were not in the jail for the whole day. They had to walk a long way and get water, and grow some vegetables for the

communists to eat.

That is how we lived in the jail in Vietnam.

Vinh Luu 11-4



PARTING

You have gone,
You have already gone,
Today, I already know.

With tears in my eyes
I came to see you off.
It's always hard to say goodbye to
a friend
who means so much.

I saw you walk into the plane,
I saw it fly towards the blue sky,
until it
disappeared in the clouds.

Your wishes were too big for this
country.

I knew you wanted to find a perfect
life.

You were excused when you left.

But when you come back,
Will you sing me a song?
When you come back,
Will you tell me a story?

Goodbye for now, goodbye for now,
But remember a person will miss you
Tomorrow ...
tomorrow,
and every tomorrow.

Jing Shyuan Lee 9-3

FISHING

The early cold breeze blew in our faces.
We threw down the bait.
Something was pulling our line.
It gave me such a fright
That I nearly fell into the bay.
Slowly I pulled up the line.
With surprise I found I had caught a
sting ray.

Le Nguyen 10-4

NEW LIFE

I study to better my mind.
With two hands I begin to build a new
life.
Diligence helps to make a better life,
A bright life like the sun-rise on the
hillside.

Minh Trieu 11-4

PEOPLE

Karen is the girl who sits nearby.
She likes singing all the time.
Her voice is sharp and rather nice.
'You light up my life' is her favourite
song.

When she sings, you wish she wouldn't.
'Cause your ears will ring and ring.
Mike is a hardworking boy,
His glasses have many contour lines,
When you see one word, he sees
thousands.

History is his favourite subject.
You ask him one question; he answers
ten.

Jing Shyuan Lee 9-3

MY STORY

A long time ago, I was born in Cambodia. I left my country in the year 1974 but before I left, the army of Polpot had already attacked my country.

After my family had moved to Vietnam the army of Polpot fought and won and took all the country of Cambodia. The leader of the people told them what to do very well, but then they changed the leader of the people. The Government took much of the food, for the army, and the people of Cambodia did not have enough to eat. The people were sent from the city to work on the farms. Most of the people died of hunger.

Then after a few years the army of Vietnam fought with the army of Polpot. At the end of the fighting the army of Vietnam won and took all the country of Cambodia. Many people died. Then they got a third Government which was better than the second Government.

About 1979 the Communist Government of Vietnam sent all the people to the farms, just like the Government of Cambodia. My older brothers and I moved out of Vietnam by boat, and then came to Malaysia.

My two brothers and I stayed in Malaysia for about a year. The Government of many countries interviewed the people who came in our boat. One day they called my name through a speaker in the top of a tree. They called someone else too. Then I moved and came to Australia by aeroplane. It was my last move; I didn't move to any other country.

Since I came to Australia, I have been happy. I go to school again and many things are free for me. I hope I can stay in Australia for all my life.

Long Chau 9-4

INDIA

My mother and I left Australia for India on 8th May. We travelled by Air India arriving in Bombay at 1.20 am Indian standard time. As we landed at the International Airport, one of the first things I noticed was the heat. It was just as intense as the middle of a summer day in Adelaide. Then we went to the domestic airline where our next plane was due to leave at 6 am. But it was late and did not take off until 11.15 pm on 9th, so we finally arrived at Calcutta Airport at 1.15 pm. I enjoyed the plane very very much. I did not feel sick at any time.

My uncle and cousins met us at Calcutta Airport. I was glad to see them because we hadn't seen each other for four years. At first I did not recognize my cousins; they had grown up and changed so much. I spent a day with my aunt before leaving by express train for Muzaffapur where I stayed for three days until my mother arrived from Calcutta.

The journey to Muzaffapur was interesting. I saw farmers harvesting crops of rice and vegetables with sickles. They were dressed in loose-fitting, light cotton garments because of the heat.

I liked Muzaffapur very much. In fact I think it was probably my favour-

ite town in India. It is the junction for trains and buses going to many parts of India and it is very busy. My cousins took me to see several comedy movies in Hindi, which I enjoyed. I also liked the food, especially the freshly grown mangoes and lichees.

When my mother arrived from Calcutta she took me to my home town of Bettiha which was a four hour journey by narrow gauge train. However, I did not stay long because my uncle wanted me to visit his home at Gorakpur and I planned to return to Bettiha later in my holiday. Although I spent a week at Gorakpur the heat was so extreme that I could not go out much.

On 24th May my uncle took me to his sister's place in New Delhi. We travelled first class by express train. I like to travel by train. I feel very excited, especially when I sit near the window. The train to New Delhi does not stop at every station, only at junctions and important stations.

When we arrived at my aunt's place it was very cool because she has all the modern facilities. My relatives took me to see many famous places in New Delhi. We visited Mahatama Gandhi's Statue and the Hindu Tomb. I saw the Red Fort and the Pillar, and of course we went to see the Hindi movie, "Lowaris".

On 1st June I left New Delhi to return to my home town, Bettiha. It is quite a big town having a population of nearly 1,000,000 people. Nearly everybody goes to work. I met some friends who I used to play with when I was very small and I felt very happy to see them

again. But I did not have very long with my friends as we left for Calcutta on 5th June.

We were supposed to take off for Australia on 11th June but we missed our flight. We left Calcutta on 12th and flew back with Qantas, arriving in Australia on 14th June.

How boring it is. I want to go back to India to live.

Brian Joseph 9-1

MY LAZY CAT

When I lived in Vietnam I had a lazy cat called Miaow. She was a tortoiseshell cat and her colours were white, black and tan. She liked to sleep for much of the day; she didn't like to go and hunt for a mouse. After she had been sleeping she would get up and look in her dish. If there was nothing for her to eat she would come to me and miaow, asking for food.

I used to feed her each morning and evening on fish and rice. Sometimes I just gave her rice without any fish and she wouldn't eat it. I didn't give her milk to drink but she used to drink lots of water. In my house we used to put little bowls of water under the legs of the cupboard to stop the ants from getting into the food. The cat used to come to drink water from the bowl and then the ants could get into the food, so I had to remember to keep filling the bowls with water.

I liked to play with Miaow. Sometimes I used to tie little pieces of paper to her tail. Then the cat would

whirl around and around chasing her tail. When she couldn't catch her tail she would sit down and swing her tail around to her mouth and bite the paper off.

When she caught a mouse she liked to play with it before she ate it. She would let the mouse go and it would run away for a little distance and then she would pounce on it. After that she would pat it.

My lazy cat liked to go to sleep on the chair, on the floor or on my bed. At night time she liked best of all to sleep on my bed near me, but sometimes she made me angry and I chased her away.

Sometimes when I was careless and I left meat out, my lazy cat would come and steal it and eat it. This made me angry and I always hit her. One day she left my house and went next door to have her kitten. I went to get the kitten and bring it back to my house, but the mother took her kitten back next door again. After that I left her alone.

After a little while she started coming back to my house to look for something to eat and I always gave her food. Then one day she came to stay where she lived before. So the lazy cat became my cat again.

Long Chau 9-4

OLYMPIC HALL

Sometimes I go with my family to social functions which are held at Olympic Hall in the city. Olympic Hall is used by a number of Greek clubs in Adelaide. It is a two-storey building,

the first floor of which is used as offices by members of the Greek community, and the ground floor is available to clubs for parties and other social activities.

Every two years, the Greek community holds an election, when people vote to choose between the three main Greek groups. The group which is in office at present is led by my uncle, who is one of the presidents of the Greek community. My dad is the secretary.

Social evenings are often held at Olympic Hall to raise funds to help finance the Greek ethnic schools. A couple of months ago I went to a party at Olympic Hall which was attended by about two hundred people. We had a five piece band - two guitarists, a bouzouki player and a drummer. They played Greek dance music; the most popular dances were the zorba and the kotchari.

There was a lot of different food to choose from. This was set out on long tables surrounding the dance floor. Most people seemed to prefer sausages, salad and shaslicks. My favourite food is the shaslick. There was a small shop in the building where children were able to buy drinks and sweets.

My cousin Helen sometimes performs with a group of dancers at Olympic Hall. They dress in national costume and entertain the people with ethnic dances. Some of the older people still enjoy these dances, but ethnic dancing is not as popular as it used to be four or five years ago, when large crowds were drawn to Olympic Hall especially to see the ethnic dancers.

Anthony Vlavgelakis 9-5

NIGHTMARE

When I was at primary school, Bruce, Jamie and I used to go for a walk along the banks of the River Torrens on our way home from school. One day I slipped on the slimy mud and fell back on an old creepy tomb stone. When I found out I had landed on a tomb stone I was stiff with fright. I had to call my friends to pull me up.

After that I kept on talking about ghosts and this made my friends angry because they didn't believe in ghosts and I do. Finally Jamie said to me, "If you say one more thing about ghosts we won't be your friends." Just then I saw a branch move and I was really scared. I shouted, "Watch out! There are ghosts!" Jamie was really angry with me and said, "Get lost. Go back home!" I went home feeling very sad.

That night I had a nightmare. I remembered the walk down the river and falling on the tomb stone. Then I saw my friend Bruce floating in the air. Somehow, although I can't really explain it, I knew it wasn't actually Bruce but his ghost; I was terrified. Then I heard a noise on the other side, and looking around, I saw the ghost of Duncan!

In a blind panic I rushed towards an old motor bike which had been dumped in the river. Frantically I tried to kick start it, but it wouldn't go. Then the ghost of Bruce grabbed me; the ghost of Duncan floated near with a plank of wood in his hand, and ...

I woke up. I never went to the river again but I have since made friends with

Bruce and Duncan.

I had the same nightmare for five nights, and every night I wakened up at the same stage of the nightmare.

I hope I never have an experience like that again.

Gino Callistro 8-1

SCHOOL IN VIETNAM

I can still remember my schools in Vietnam; they were completely different from the schools in Australia. For one thing, most children only had to go to school for half a day, so some students had lessons in the morning and some had lessons in the afternoon. But my father wanted me to have a good education, so I had to go to two schools - one in the morning and a different one after lunch.

I usually woke up at 6.30 am and had an hour to get ready for school because lessons started at 7.30 am and continued until 11.30 am.

The school that I attended in the morning was very small as it only had about two hundred and fifty students altogether. It covered grades one to six and there were about thirty students in each grade. The building was made of concrete and the yard of cement. There was no grass or trees and the whole ground was about the size of the Marden soccer field.

My house was next door to the school. I didn't have far to walk. Also I was able to make money from the students who were boarders at the school. When my uncle brought cans of soft drink, which he had got from the

Americans, I used to sell it to the boarders instead of drinking it myself. They always wanted to buy it because they only had water to drink at school.

One of the windows of our house opened into a classroom. The students often stayed there to talk to me and I used to charge them twenty dong to watch my television through the open window. This made my mum angry and she used to yell at me for selling food and drinks to the boarders. I saved about one thousand dong, but then I lost five hundred to my sister when we were playing Black Jack.

In the afternoon I had to go to another school which started at half past two and finished at half past six. It was a much bigger school. Girls and boys had their lessons in the same classrooms until the end of grade six. After that, and until the end of year twelve, boys and girls were in separate buildings on opposite sides of the school grounds, and they weren't allowed to mix with each other, or with the young children.

The school I went to in the afternoon was very strict. Teachers always caned students who had not done their homework. I can still remember when I hadn't done mine. The teacher told me to lie on the table and he caned me on the backside. It hurt so much that I couldn't sit down for a couple of days without pain.

Le Nguyen 10-4





THE LADYBEETLE

When I look very closely,
In a long, wide crack,
I see a red, spotty
volkswagen,
Chugging down a track.

Biddy Smith 8-1



THE UNBORN CHICK

Pulsating with life -
Like an unknown planet,
A world all alone.

Charmain Gordon 8-2



COME BACK

Do you still love me?
I just want to know
if the feeling's the same
as it was long ago.
When you held me and promised
that you'd never leave
You must know that I need you
Come back to me please.

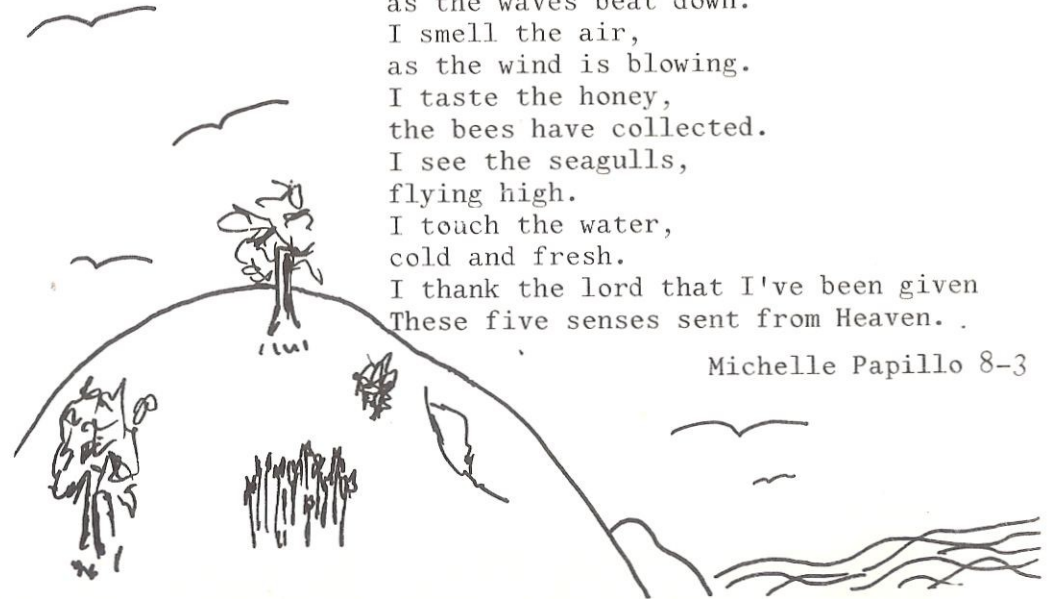
Assunta Paravia 11-6



MY SENSES

I hear the sea,
as the waves beat down.
I smell the air,
as the wind is blowing.
I taste the honey,
the bees have collected.
I see the seagulls,
flying high.
I touch the water,
cold and fresh.
I thank the lord that I've been given
These five senses sent from Heaven.

Michelle Papillo 8-3



CARIBOU

Shrouded in biting cold and darkness
The journey has begun,
Across the etched trails
Away from the snow-powdered trees
Winter chills will soon disappear
And the tinkling of ice will be heard.
The caribou have started their journey
Across the snow covered lands
Across the rivers and lakes
Travelling in the footmarks of their
ancestors

Pingoes rise on the horizon
And the end of the journey is near
Here they will stay until winter chills
the atmosphere
Then they will travel back,
Back across the lakes that will soon
feel
The silent stilling touch of ice
Back to where the journey began.

Robyn Lovegrove 8-3



COLOUR POEMS

White is the colour of winter's snow,
White is the colour of a waiter's bow,
White is the colour of a baby's bottom,
and white is the colour of a reel of
cotton.
White is the colour of tennis socks,
and white is the colour of clean, river
rocks,
White is the colour of a seagull's
breast,
and white is the colour of a cockie's
crest.

Athena Cozamanis 9-1

Purple

Purple is the colour of small flowers,
Purple is the colour of diving towers,
Purple is the colour of my sheets,
Purple is the colour of my favourite
sweets.

Purple is the colour of my clothes,
Purple is the colour of cold toes.

Ruth Etheridge 9-3

Yellow

Yellow is the colour of a hot summer's
day,

Yellow is the colour of horse's hay,
Yellow is the colour of our classroom's
door

Yellow is the colour of an apple core,
Yellow is the colour of my bed where I
rest,

Yellow is the colour that I like best.

Brett Schuppan 8-2

Red

Red is the colour of the sun at dawn
a welcoming fire soothing and warm.
Red is the colour of the leaves in Fall
which hang from trees, majestic and
tall.

Red is to me as wings to a dove;
Red is to me kindness and love.

Brett Schuppan 8-2



THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOONCAKE

My name is Minh. I come from Viet-
nam. I have been in Australia almost two
years. I want to tell about a festival
in my country. We have the mid Autumn
Festival in our month of August. We eat
Mooncake and the children have a lan-
tern.

The children walk down the street
and some people sing songs. They have
a lot of fun. But the mothers are very
busy because they are cooking and making
Mooncake and getting ready to make them
at night to eat. So they are very busy
but the children have a lot of time to
carry the light lanterns and walk down
the street of somewhere else. The candle
has a flame inside the lantern and that
makes the light.

At night the children carry the
dragon and dance down the street.
Musicians beat drums and carry banners.
The children let off hundreds of little
red fire-crackers. Sometimes there is
a songfest for boys and girls. Sometimes
the singers fall in love with each other
and then they get married.

Minh Lu 8-3



中秋赏月

AUTOGRAPHS