



EDITOR

Marisa Naccarelli

MEMBERS

Carol Alexander, Vanessa Little, Helen Benton

Alice Ciganenko, Kerry Moran, Rita Jarvinen

David Peake

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. G. Belder

COVER DESIGN AND CARTOONS

Nellie Kotsionis

STAFF ADVISER

Mr. N. Wilson

**UNDERDALE
HIGH SCHOOL**

1977 MAGAZINE

Produced by the Committee





EDITORIAL

This year we have taken into account the wishes of the majority of the students and have included many varied (and we hope funny) photographs, rather than the usual amount of written material.

I personally would like to thank Mr. G. Belder for his photography extraordinaire, Nellie Katsionis for giving up her precious study to enrich our magazine with her prolific talent, Mrs. Huddleston and Mrs. Elvard for displaying their commendable typing talents and lastly, Mr. Wilson, for his contribution as staff adviser to the Committee. The effort given by these people, the committee, and all those who submitted literature and/or photographs is greatly appreciated. On a final note, I would, on behalf of the matric body, take this opportunity to thank all the long suffering inmates that have borne with us, at Underdale over the past five years.

We are really appreciative of the effort that the staff have given to our education (or lack of it), and of the friendliness shown by all the other students.

I sincerely hope that you are pleased with this year's Magazine, and that it will provide for you, as it will for me, a source of pleasant memories in future years.

Marisa Deccorelli



FROM THE PRINCIPAL

A great deal is talked about "change" in education and this is as it should be. The schools exist because there are students and our 1977 students are different from our 1967. Their needs are different in some minor or in some major areas of study and in the school organization. Through consultation with students and parents, we as teachers, using our professional expertise, must develop educationally valid curricula to suit all of our population, in as far as this is possible.

We cannot change proven courses etc. on whims. P.E. basic courses go on regardless whether the hula hoop is in or out of fashion. Physics takes little note of the popularity of the yo-yo except incidentally. **Fads** are not our concern — but the demands of tertiary education and employers, and indeed, the pursuit of happiness for our students, these are our business.

We cannot ignore the student who would much rather be up a gum-tree but who, being under 15 is obliged by law to be at school. Then there is the over fifteen who is stuck at school because he/she cannot get a job and parents insist, reasonably, on the student "staying on".

There is no carpet, problems for the sweeping under. The staff are aware of the task. It is, of course, vastly difficult to have to change, indeed even to reject, courses at which we were very successful, that is, our straight-forward academic courses.

If the students and parents talk to us, without suspicion, and we listen, without defence systems ringing bells, we will do what we are here to do.

Mrs. M. K. Ward
PRINCIPAL

the teachers



Guess who???



These people need some dough.



Heeeyyyy!!



Who shall I go out with tonight.



Meek and Mild.



A fine specimen.



Faith, Hope and Photosynthesis.



Corrrrr!!



Flying South for Winter.



2. A 'bookshop' quartet.



Trying so hard to look intelligent.



1. Life is just one long drag.



What, Christmas came early?



Who loves ya', baby.



Hair today, gone tomorrow.



Washed my tongue and
can't do a thing
with it.



2. Who told them there was a camera in the library?



I think I'm in love.



Who, Ma?



Wanna buy a French postcard?



... and then, over to my house.



1. How do you feel?



Hair today, still here.



Good things come in small packages.



Surprising what a little discipline will do.



Many hands make light work.

OUR DAVE

Isolating Mr. D. Hilterbrand (our Dave) was no mean feat. It has become apparent to the 1977 Magazine Committee that he is illustrated perfectly, by his extremely eloquent one-word answers to a few questions that were posed, before he left Underdale. (The Air Traffic controllers must have had a few threatening letters from the Underdale area as his plane did get off the ground.)

For all your avid admirers, a few personal facts!

Interviewer: What is your hair colour?
Mr. H. Brown
Interviewer: What is your eye colour?
Mr. H. Blue
Interviewer: Where is your birthplace?
Mr. H. Salem, Oregon
Interviewer: Birthdate?
Mr. H. (Sly grin) June 26 1949
— (he said 1962, but we didn't quite take to this date — he would have been 2 years younger than his interviewers!)

Interviewer: Are you married?
Mr. H. Yes (bad luck girls!)

Interviewer: Kids?
Mr. H. No

Interviewer: Where do you hope to live in America.
Mr. H. Oregon

Interviewer: What are your chances of survival?
Mr. H. Nil.

Interviewer: Has there been any highlight (apart from leaving) throughout your stay at Underdale?
Mr. H. Winning the A & B grades Girls softball.

Interviewer: How large is your imagination?
Mr. H. Large enough to survive U.H.S. for 3 years.

Interviewer: Is there any truth in the speculation that Norman Gunston is your favourite Aussie Battler?
If not is it — G. Belder
J. Maio
or Mrs. Ward

Mr. H. Mrs. Ward

Interviewer: How do you rate the intelligence of the interviewers?
(N.B. Note how our daggers gleam!!)

Mr. H. On par with Norman Gunston

Interviewer: **STAB**



Mr. Hilterbrand to you.

To the students of U.H.S.

As you can see the construction of cohesive sentences seems to be lacking in Mr. Hilterbrand's basic knowledge of the English language. This has been an attempt to bring to you a portion of the Mr. H that we all know. There will never be another staff member like him. We thank him for his courage in giving us this mad interview and hope that he will not suffer too much embarrassment from it.

The interviewers.

INTERACT CLUB



This year, as in previous years, the Interact Club of Underdale High School has been involved in communal projects, both here and overseas. In March of this year, we participated in the annual Red Cross Doorknock Appeal, and with the keen co-operation of many students we raised the pleasing total of \$132.52.

We continued in this successful vein in our next project to raise money for our overseas sponsorship. At the beginning of the year we assumed responsibility for a 14-year-old boy in Lesotho, after the girl that we had previously been sponsoring, Marie-Anne Joseph, secured successful employment in France, and thus became ineligible for our continued assistance. Our new sponsorship, Ntsie Makuebu, was in desperate need of our help. He lives with his mother and two sisters in a small rented house, far in monetary terms beyond their means. His father is deceased, so consequently Ntsie, being the eldest male in the family, is forced at his tender age to face responsibilities not conceivable by Western children at the same age. These responsibilities have instilled in Ntsie a strong element of ambition and determination. In addition to his studies he works to help support the family and educate his sisters and himself. At the completion of his junior schooling, he hopes to enter into the field of civil engineering, a hope that we in our sponsorship are helping him to fulfil. It costs \$90.00 per year to sponsor Ntsie, and with the generous response of students, parents and staff, this amount was more than covered in our May appeal. In fact, the sum raised by this collection totalled \$175.82, a staggering amount indeed. The excess money raised is being channelled to Ntsie in the form of literature, which we hope will aid him in his studies.

On Friday 24th June members of the Interact Club participated in a very interesting and informative tour through the Phoenix Society at Torrensville. This gave members an opportunity to view a highly successful project being implemented in our community, about which we previously knew very little.

August proved a hectic month for Interactors with two appeals being launched. The first, to aid "Save the Children Fund" took the form of a second-hand clothing and household goods collection for the fund's Opportunity Shops. I know this collection was greatly appreciated by the benefactors, as well as the many contributing families, who jumped at the opportunity to pass on those unwanted goods that had been cluttering up their cupboards.

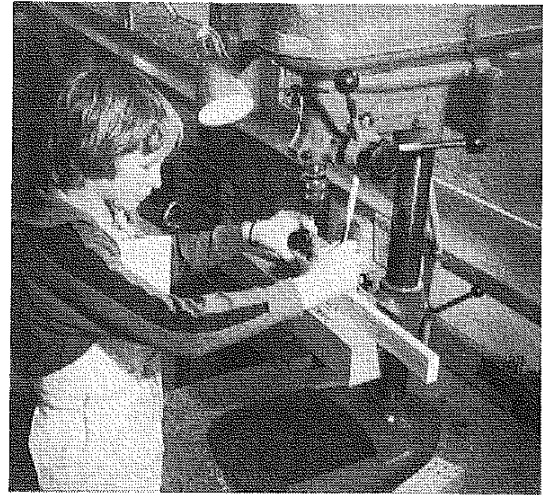
The second appeal took place on Friday 12th August, in the form of a monetary collection from both students and staff, to aid the "Blind Welfare Association". The total amount raised by the collection was \$54.31, once again demonstrating the awareness of U.H.S. families and staff in community needs.

We are planning to round off the year with an outing, which I am sure all members will enjoy, as well as benefit from. On 4th December Interact members will take twelve refugees, from the Pennington Migrant Hostel, to the Zoo for the day. This project will have a dual purpose. Firstly it will give the refugees an outing I'm sure they will enjoy, and secondly it will give us the opportunity to associate with children considerably less fortunate than ourselves.

The Interact Club, is a service club, working in the community with the aid of students and staff, and I hope that in the future the club will be able to continue with the work it has begun. Special thanks must be extended to Mr. Brereton to whom much of the success of our club must be attributed, and to whom we are greatly indebted.

Deborah Harding
INTERACT PRESIDENT

the classroom



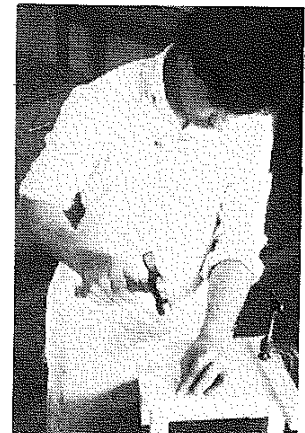
Accuracy Plus.



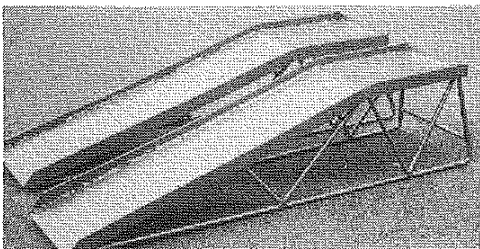
What big glasses you have.



1. We think its 'mazing.



If I had a hammer.



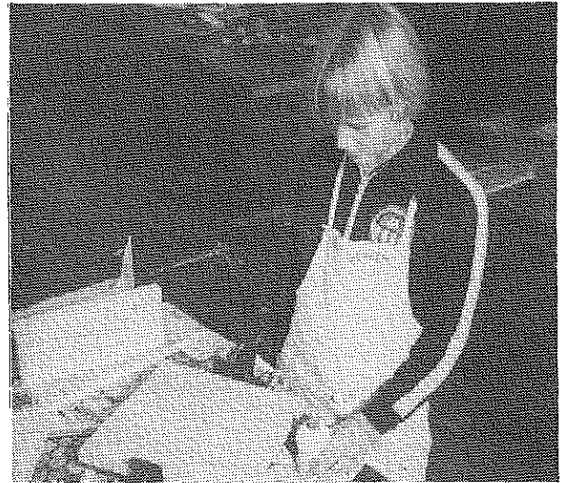
Anyone for skiing?



2. Learning how to make 4B2's.



Take me to your leader.



Frustration!



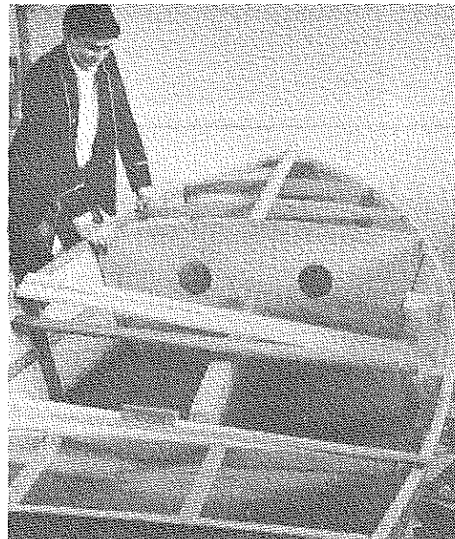
1. Onward Christian Soldiers.



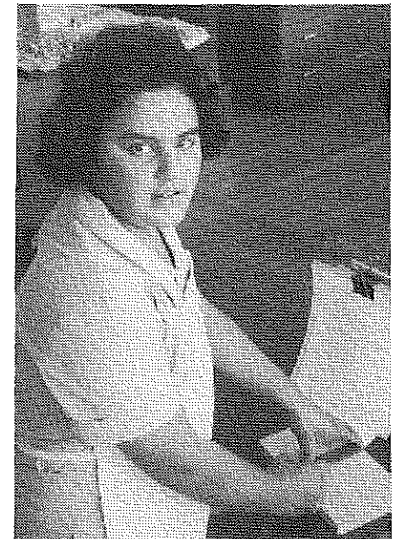
1. Defenders of Justice.



Who bent my wood?

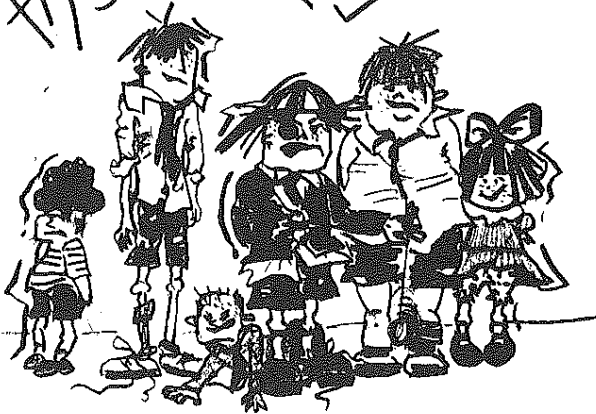


Am I really this talented??

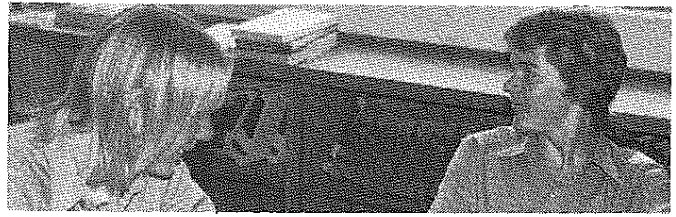


Yet another blow for Womens Lib.

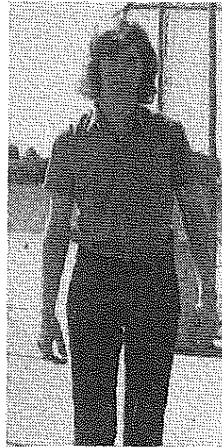
the Kids



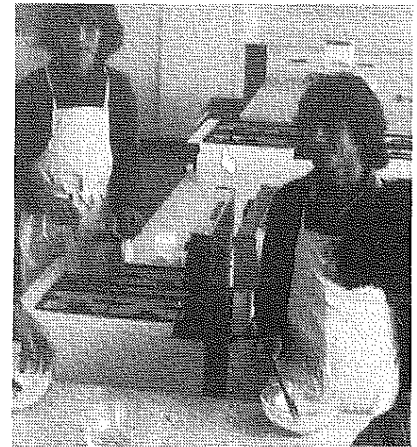
"E3 BOMBERS"



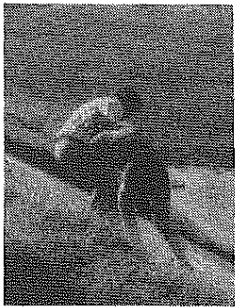
What . . . Where . . .??



An oldie, but
a Gooding.



Next year they're
getting married.



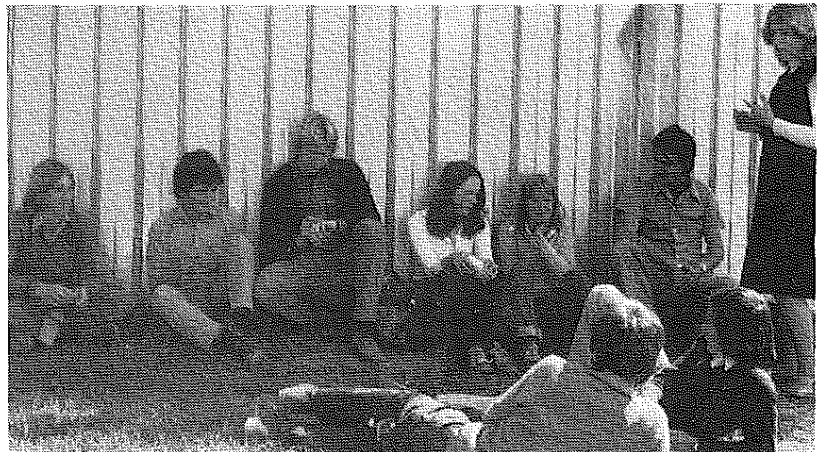
Here Flipper . . .



Are you
pickin'?



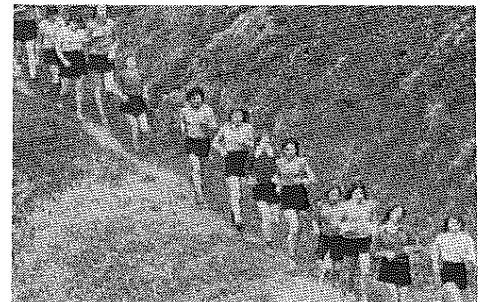
Made you look, you dirty chook.



But isn't this area out of bounds?



Please do not feed the animals.



Legs . . . Legs . . . and more Legs.



Slipping and a
Sliding.



Atlas.



Immorality Abounds.



Now who forgot the Aeroguard.



Hheeeellpppp!!



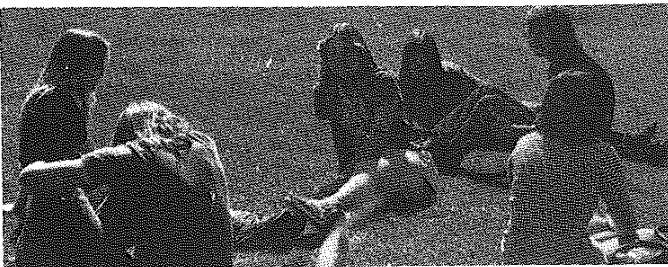
Watchit
mate



Waiting for the
tide to rise.



What now coach?



Now here's some talent!

1978 PREMIERS?



... I doubt it.



When you get out there remember the skills I taught you.



B
O
R
E
D
O
M

the stuntmen



Where's the engine gone!



What lovely feet
you have.



The Gilla Monster.



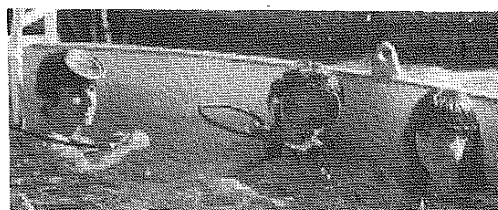
1. What target . . . Where?



Hi Mom!



I can get by without my
snorkel!



1. But I told you, I can't swim.



Fred and Ginger.

UNDERDALE 1977 YOUTH SPEAKS:

"Yet words there must be, wept on the cratered present,
To gleam beyond it:
Never was cup so mortal but poets with mild
Everlastings have crowned it."

C. Day Lewis

THE QUEEN

"We did but see her passing by."
23/3/77

We walked.
We stopped.
We waited.
We watched.
It rained.
She came.
She waved.
She went.
Alice and Marisa.

CHANGES

In a world of changes
How will our young survive,
How will they know what is right and what is not,
Will I ever be able to teach them the true values,
How can I protect them from
The changes?
I know that time never stands still;
But with all the changes
There will be no parks,
No nice clean beaches,
Or safe streets to walk on.
How will the young survive
With all these changes?
If only I could turn back the hands of time
So that generations to come
Would be able to see and appraise
The true beauties of the world, that are no more.
How will the young be able to see the beauty
With all these changes?
Changes are ever present,
Blotting out the memories
Of fun-filled, carefree times
Of days gone by.
Changes — will they ever cease to be?

Sally Nichols



SCHOOL!

Wake up in the morning ready for school,
You walk the way and act so cool,
Go down the lane and have a smoke,
And perhaps buy a drink of coke.
The bell rings at nine and you walk in,
Teacher follows you with a grin,
Before you know, she'll get you today,
If you don't listen she'll make you pay.
First three lessons slowly roll past,
You look at the time and hope it goes fast,
Because it's three o'clock you're waiting for,
But you know that you've got lessons galore.
But finally at the end of the day,
You pack your bags and get on your way,
Walk in your home and just about fall dead,
Watch a bit of telly, have tea and go to bed.
You might think I'm making this up,
But going to school is pretty tough,
Using pencils, pens and books each day,
And most of all: writing English essays.

Vince Dominelli

The sun rises high
Birds sing in brightly blue sky
The wind blows freely
Blowing further across the sea
To where my own wait for me
To where love awaits me.

Georgina West
D Intensive Commercial

I HEAR

I hear the sound of laughter from inside the room
I hear his voice, cheerful, strong, arrogant; then soft and tender.
I hear my heart beating, louder and louder
I hear nothing now, no sound, but for my heart beating,
I hear in the tunnels of my mind a different laughter,
 and go back into time when he was mine.
I hear him joking with me, playful, happy,
I hear him whisper softly, "I love you"; now he is serious and loving.
I hear myself singing joyfully when I get home,
 I am so happy.
I hear the phone, then his voice again . . .
I hear later as the weeks go by: he has found someone new.
I hear my heart beating as if it would burst, as if . . .
I hear myself ask him if it is true and then . . .
I hear him answer, "Yes", and make excuses, just lies.
I feel the hot tears spring from my eyes.
I hear myself say goodbye, and watch him go into the room with her.
I hear a shuffle from outside, and return to reality, to the hurt.
I hear myself sobbing and longing for the relief the next few
 minutes will bring,
 When it is all over.
I hear a gun as I aim it to my head, go off, then . . .
 I hear nothing . . .

Gayle Cavouras

LAST NIGHT

I'm looking over the worst hangover, that I've ever had before
The first was a whisky
The second a gin
Third was a beer with a cigarette in
No need explaining the one remaining: it's all on the kitchen floor!
I'm looking over the worst hangover, that I've ever had before.

Neil Curnow

"AN ANIMAL I DISLIKE"

I have a cat called Mouse. She is three years old. When she has kittens, she loves them so much she will start to cry if you touch them. If Mouse gets on my nerves I get her ear and flick it, then she will run away and the kittens will start to cry. I would stop and think what to do, then I'll start chasing her. When I caught her I picked her up and took her to the box. I don't know what is wrong with that cat, she gets me so mad. But when the kittens grow up and they go to her to have some milk she bites them. I tell you she gets me so mad. When it comes to eating she gets so stubborn that she will eat nothing else but mince and milk, mince and milk. Don't say scraps to her. She'll bite a piece out of you for being so rude. That's the cat I dislike.

Chrisi Georgiou

THE LAUNCHING

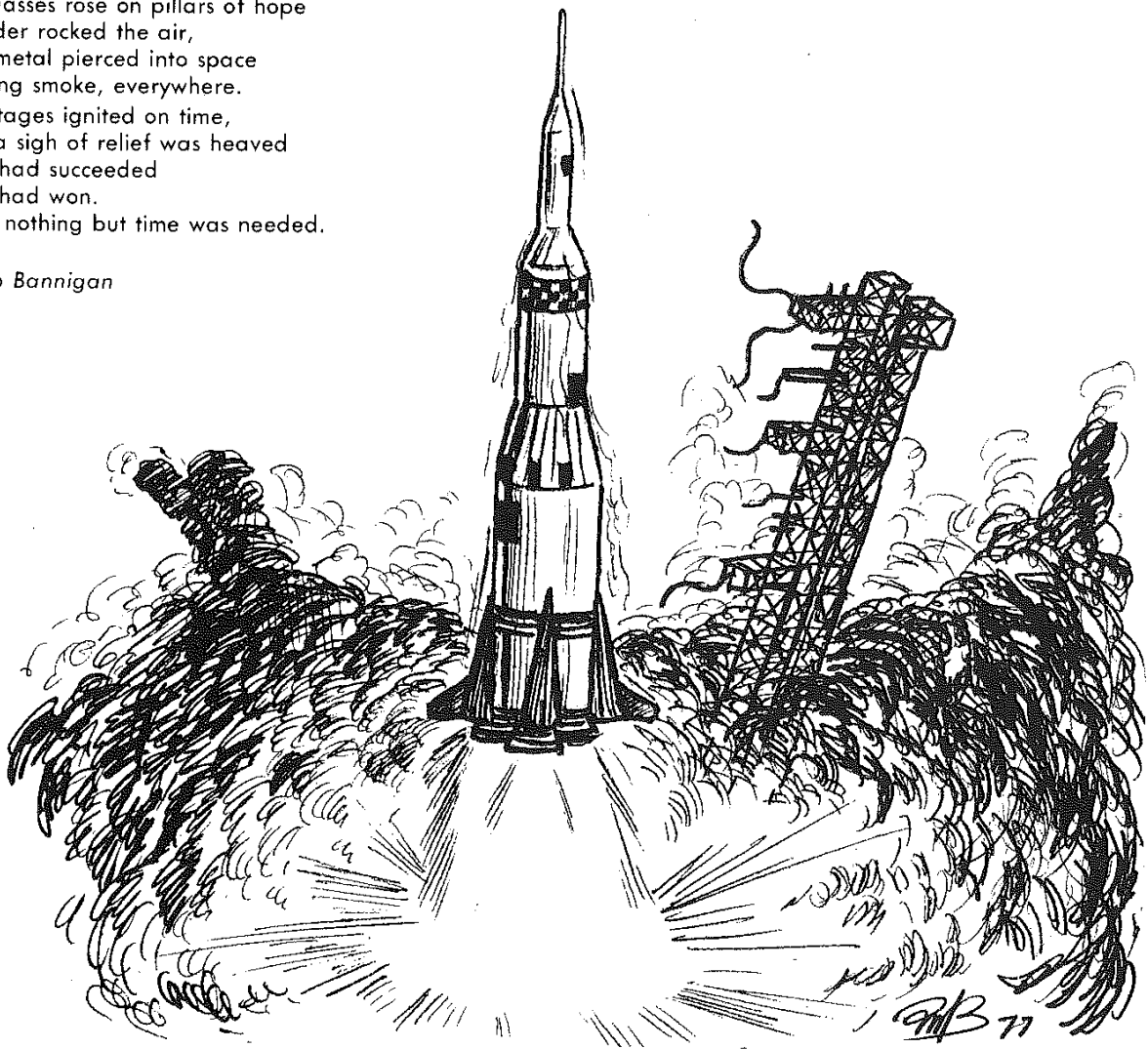
The monotone voice counted off time
The wide stretched eyes stared.
Video screens flickered,
And sweaty fingers waited, prepared.
Time pulsed on, marching
Rows of heads, watching
Waiting for naught
The time . . .
The finger pressed down.
IGNITION!
Firy gasses rose on pillars of hope
Thunder rocked the air,
And metal pierced into space
Leaving smoke, everywhere.
The stages ignited on time,
And a sigh of relief was heaved
They had succeeded
They had won.
Now, nothing but time was needed.

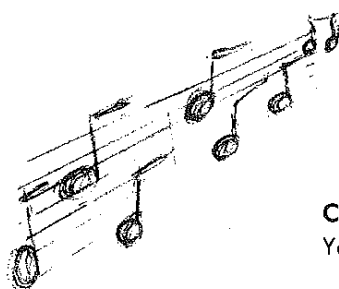
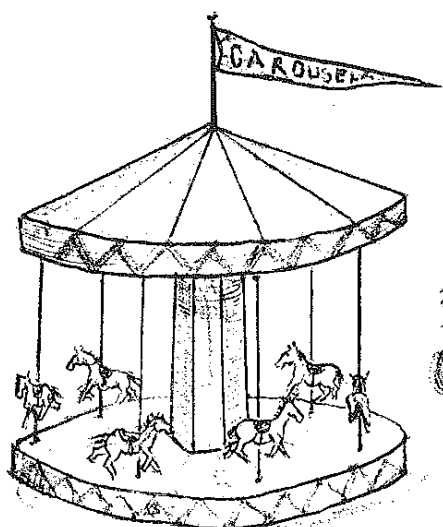
Phillip Bannigan

LIFE IN TIME

Here and there
I see a white hair,
What's going on
What's the matter with me,
Am I growing old
or more mature?
Am I gaining knowledge
or losing it?
Changes are taking place within me.
Time is becoming plentiful
Soon, I'll have more than enough to spare.
I'm in a world of my own
A cold and lonely world
A world that I cannot get out of
A world that I'll be in till I die.

Rosie Sotiriou





D. BING

CAROUSEL

You know life is like a carousel,
 With all its ups and downs,
 But why more down than up, pray tell?
 Life is also like a stage
 And every man its actor.
 Then why pray tell, have I no part?
 That is the major factor.
 I sit here and wonder
 Where am I going Oh! brother?
 The world so strong and alive,
 Then why can I not survive.
 My heart aches so,
 For I would really like to know
 Why more down than up, pray tell?

Helen Antoniadis

ACCORDING TO PLAN

The week-end at last, I thought to myself as I lay on my bed on Friday after school. While I lay there, feeling comfortable, I decided to plan what to do on the week-end. I came to a conclusion that this week-end I was to write my English essay on Saturday afternoon, so I could have the whole of Sunday free to myself.

I was not going to go through the same stage as last Sunday. What happened was that some of my friends had come round unexpectedly to pick me up, so we could all go to the soccer match that was on that day. I wanted to go so much, but couldn't because I was bogged down with tons of homework. That was not going to happen to me this week-end, I thought to myself.

Actually what's been happening is that I've been putting off writing this piece for the past two days. Instead, I've spent the past two days thinking of other things to do even things I loathe doing like ironing the clothes after the Saturday morning wash. I kidded myself, of course, that while I was ironing, I could be working out what to write. But what I mostly thought about was what I would do next to avoid doing my homework. Even though I really wanted to get it all over and done with, I didn't feel in the mood to. My mum soon solved my problem by helping me finish off the dress I started making for my kid sister two months ago. A good job that would give me more time to think about what to write, I thought. But I was so engrossed in trying to sew straight with the machine that kept on breaking down, and trying to put the pieces of material together properly, that all I thought about was sewing. A successful day I thought. Full of achievement without putting a pencil on paper.

This morning was clearly destined to be for writing whether I liked it or not. The only thing is that my sister and brother and I got into a crazy mood of playing a game of softball outside on the drive-way after breakfast with our pyjamas still on. Indeed, if I put my mind to it, I could probably spend most of my life doing things in order not to do other things. It's not only in writing essays, but also things like walking down to the post office to buy a stamp so I could send the letter I wrote to my cousin in Canada two months ago. It's not that I'm lazy, it's just that I have to be in the mood of doing something. I could write a book if I was in the mood, I could paint a picture in one day if I was in the mood. In fact, once I remember waking up in the middle of the night to finish off a project I had started for school.

Anyway, I think I've spent enough time on this and it's time I got down to studying for that dreaded maths test tomorrow.

Helen Vlachos D20

Peaceful is the eve
 Stars like fire-flies in the sky
 Memories abound.
 While the moon shines forth
 The wind is rustling the trees
 A cat slinks about
 For now the world is at peace
 But what about tomorrow?

Felicity Lines B21/1

Read a book of poems
 That people wrote,
 What are they trying to say?
 Stop, look at my note!
 People smoke pot, drink their booze
 And have their day,
 Along comes a cop, or a bird,
 And takes it all away.
 The night has come
 The sun has gone. Tell me,
 What would happen to man,
 If the sun grew tired,
 of shining on such a race,
 And decided never to return?
 Flowers are not pretty
 they are just alive,
 Pick them,
 And they are dead.

John Vitale

Bloom — the almond tree
 Swaying gently in the breeze
 Blossom softly falls
 In abundance to the ground
 Falls with perfect beauty down

Leslie Penno
D Intensive Commercial

MY FAVOURITE TEACHER

Harsh and strict is not my style,
 I prefer a casual smile
 The teacher who is the favourite for me,
 Is one that helps me in time of difficulty.
 She understands my problems and ideas,
 Without causing me to be bashful or in great fears,
 That she may burst out in a rage,
 Over a simple error on my page.
 Patience and tolerance are required,
 To establish the relationship desired.
 This is my type of teacher,
 No lecturer nor preacher.
 All of these characteristics combined together,
 Will make my subjects a lot more of a pleasure.

OUT THERE

I sit, locked in by woolen walls of grey,
 In a fluorescent lighted room, on a plastic chair
 Teacher talks of Hardy
 Yet nature is through the window, out there.
 Books, pen, shuffle, scurry, steps to climb.
 My well-postured friend.
 Revolution, war, politics, all in their time.
 I once saw a man cry, out there.
 Off at last to rat-tat ringing,
 Potato in pastry,
 My friend and I relax
 Air raid!
 Chatter through a beard,
 Suspended numbers,
 I don't quite hear
 It's pay-day out there.

P. O'Donoghue E2

MATRIC CAMP

It was 16th to the 18th March that 74 courageous Matrics and staff embarked upon an expedition that may have far reaching effects on their future lives. Tatchilla Lutheran Camp, due to lack of originality (and previous favourable reports) was once again chosen for this most prestigious event in the social calender of any Year 12 student or teacher.

Upon arrival, the males (??) of the party were politely reminded that although sexual discrimination was now illegal in employment, the education department being as progressive as only we know how it can be, had not heard of this minor detail and the females were graciously (with a few *minor* complaints) given the modern, clean, comfortable and insect-free dorms.

Rae W. and Debbie T., two of our more vocal girls kept a lively exchange going until well into the small hours of Thursday morning, when Mrs. Elcombe finally put an end to all the fun and frivolity.

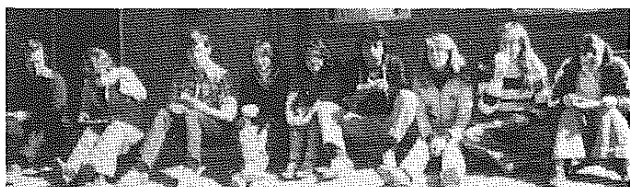
The disturbance didn't finish there, however! Meredith G. created a mild rumpus when she called 'hello' into the silent stillness of the night (in her sleep, of course). Naturally, all the well-mannered members of our group replied with the accustomed civility. It has been heard also that one David P. returned from a short walk during the night to find all but the base of his bed had disappeared.

Mr. Mazengarb seemed to have become the chief target on the camp. This is probably due to the fact that he was identified as the Phantom Toast Thief. He was ceremoniously adorned with toothpaste, shaving cream, talc powder and zinc cream by several enthusiastic runners, including John K. Miss O'Doherty proved herself to be made of the "right stuff" when she took the dare of some students and caused Mr. Mazengarb some embarrassment when he was talking to his mother-in-law (we thought it was his wife) on the telephone. His facial colouring will go down on record as the closest to tomato red ever seen!

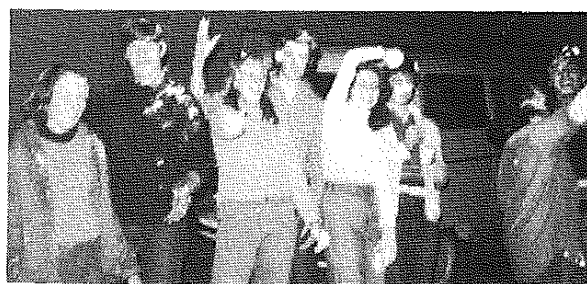
Mrs. Elcombe too found difficulties on the camp. When mid way round the marathon hike, she discovered the lack of Public conveniences on route and thus found it necessary to move at a rate, not usually observed in one so *mature*. Activities on the camp included Motor cycling, archery, swimming at Maslins beach and Winery Tours, including wine tasting (hic). Mr. Magor also enlightened us on study habits. Thanks may (or may not) go to Nicki L. who chose a classic "Count Yorga-Vampire" film for us to see — just before the night hike. It also seems appropriate that the least said about the quality of the square-dancing, by both students and staff, the better. Many bruises were still clearly visible, the Monday after the camp.

Overall, thanks must go to the Camp Committee, including Nick K., who was unanimously (and very democratically) elected as Chairman and to the staff, who either visited or stayed to suffer their torture like men (or women). Mr. Gibson, especially must be thanked and congratulated on his splendid organisational effort (except on the hike where he got lost). A good time was had by all — although we hope *not* to be present next year. Thank you.

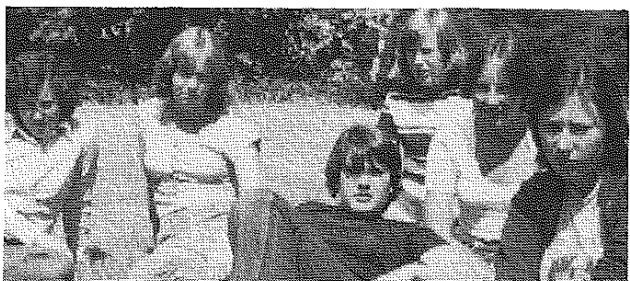
Vanessa Little E2/8



I don't want to go home.



Cleanliness is closer to Godliness.



Le creme of the crop.



Happiness is . . . Togetherness.

MATRICULATION CAMP



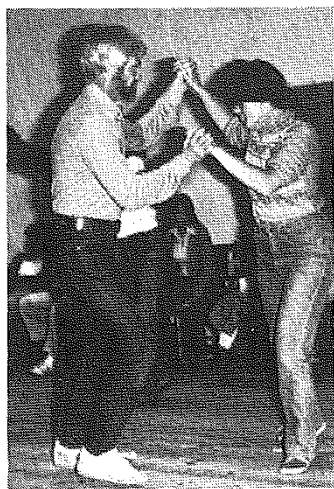
Square dancers.



Alison's my kind of girl . . .



Amazing Garb.



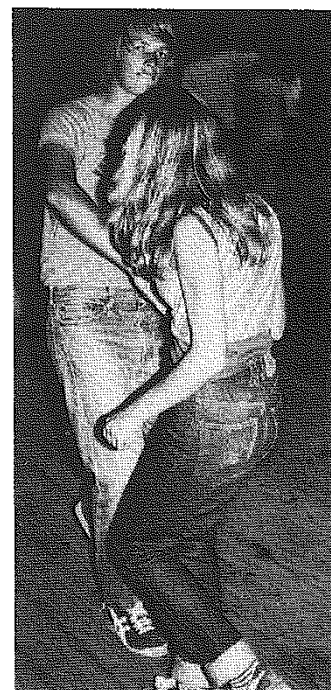
More than just a
mathematician.



A day in National Park with
Tim Lekis.



Who's that behind those VYI's.



Dancing becomes
romancing?



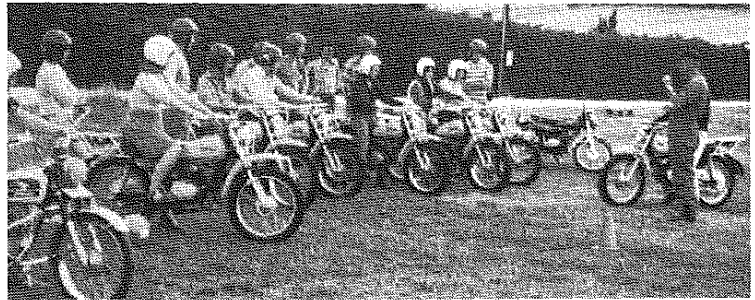
Economics with Mr. Oswald.



Fred Astaire's annual ball.



It's got no reverse gear.



Hell's Angels' annual picnic.

Reluctantly returned . . .



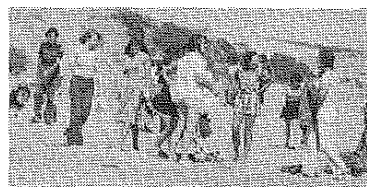
. . . by Mr. Oswald (camp organizer extraordinaire)



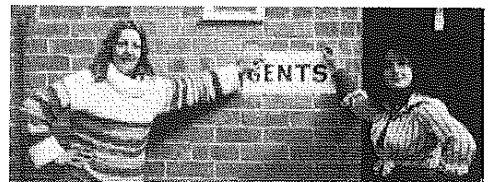
Beach Bums.



Max Walker on leave.



More Beach Bums.



This photograph speaks for itself.

...and
the Sportsmen



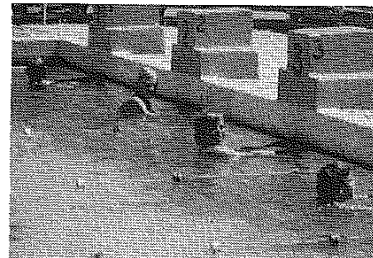
SWIMMING CARNIVAL



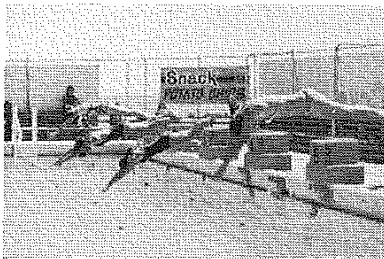
1. Just because I failed one test.



Who colours your world
— Channel 2?



Lend me a rear-vision mirror.



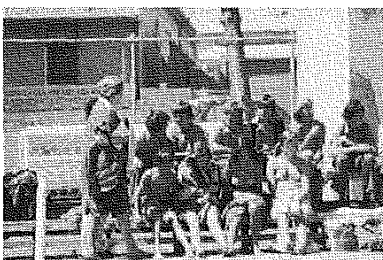
2. Who dropped the 5c piece
in the pool.



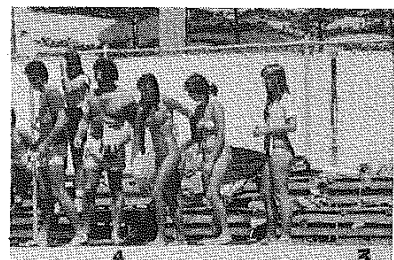
Don't look at me
like that.



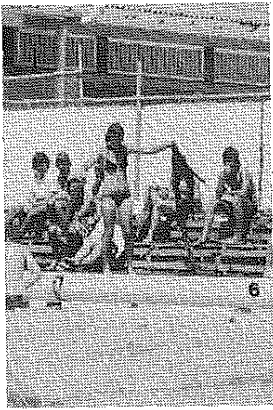
We're being followed.



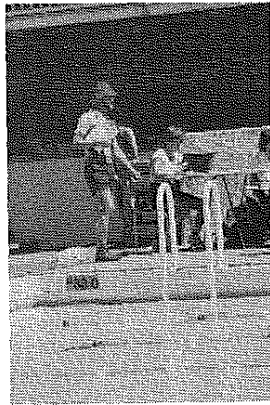
Look alive you lot.



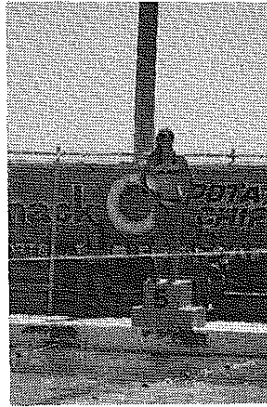
Look, someone's drowning.



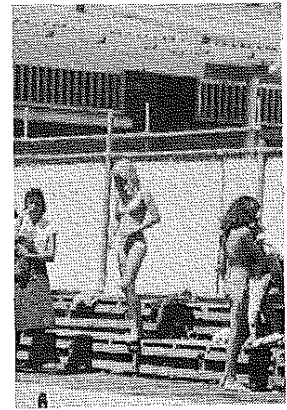
Striptease?



A card game?



Chip on the old
block.



Miss Beachgirl Quest.



We must have B.O.

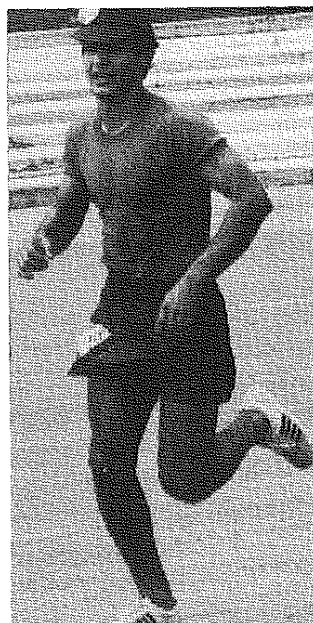


The millinery parade.

SPORTS DAY



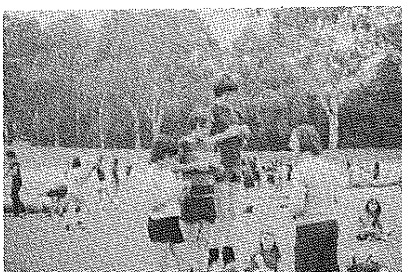
And they're off . . .!



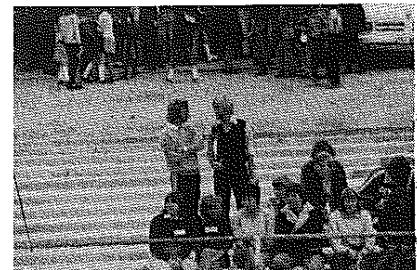
The Golden Greek.



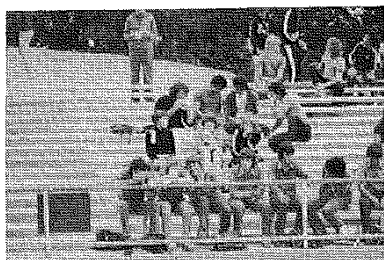
Who said Santa was coming?



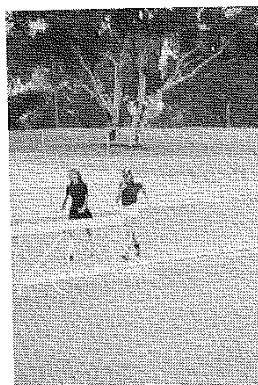
Tomorrow the Olympics.



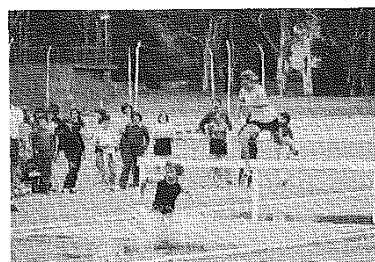
There was a crowd until we came.



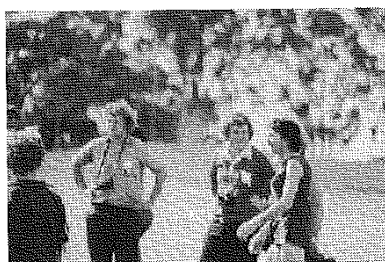
The crowd going wild.



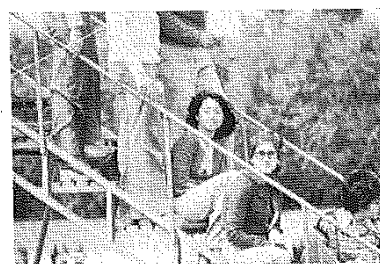
It's a long way to Tipperary.



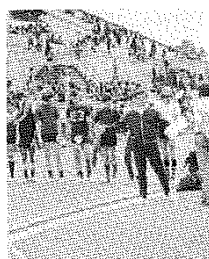
Cowa-Bunga!!!



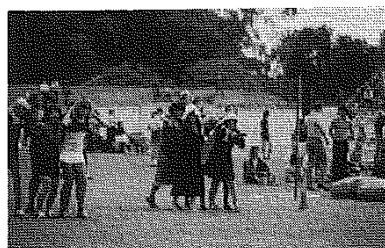
Waiting for a streaker.



Do you want our autographs?



... Stealing the limelight.



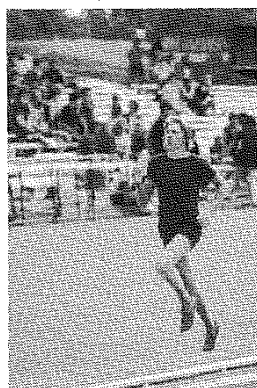
A taxi would have been cheaper.



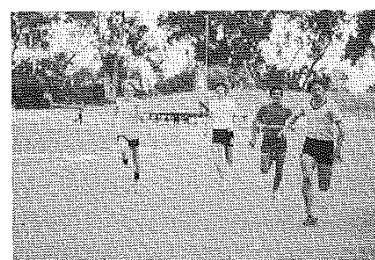
Stairway to heaven . . . didn't quite make it.



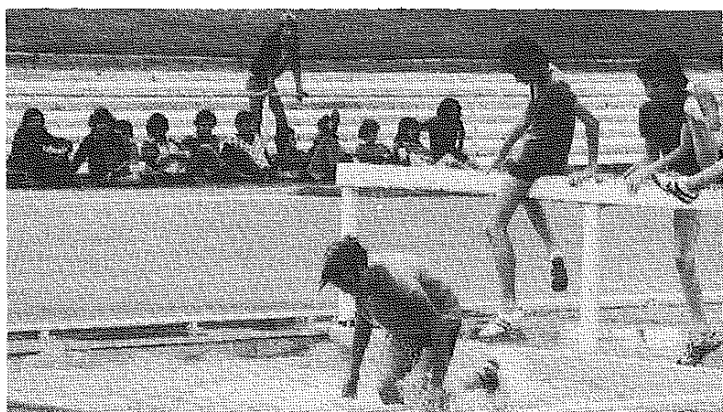
Next time I'll take TAA.



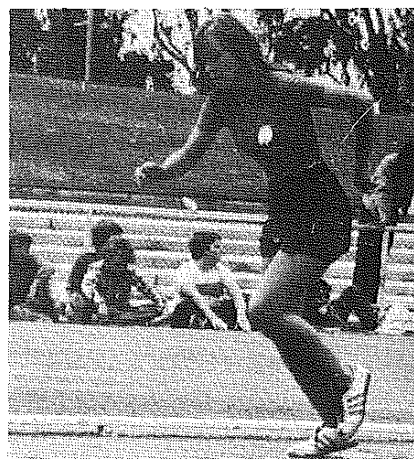
My girdle is killing me.



MI !! LI OI . . . MILO!



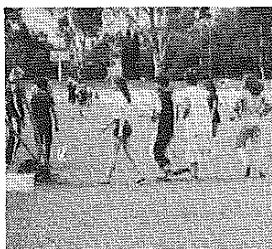
No Massa . . . Please No!!



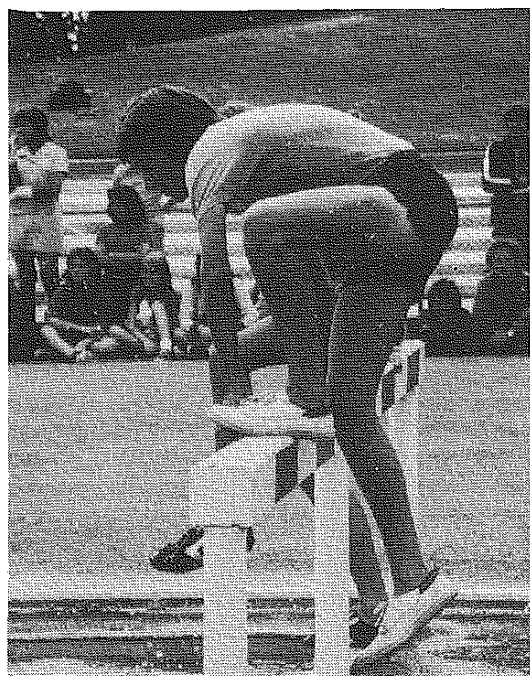
How long do I have to pose like this.



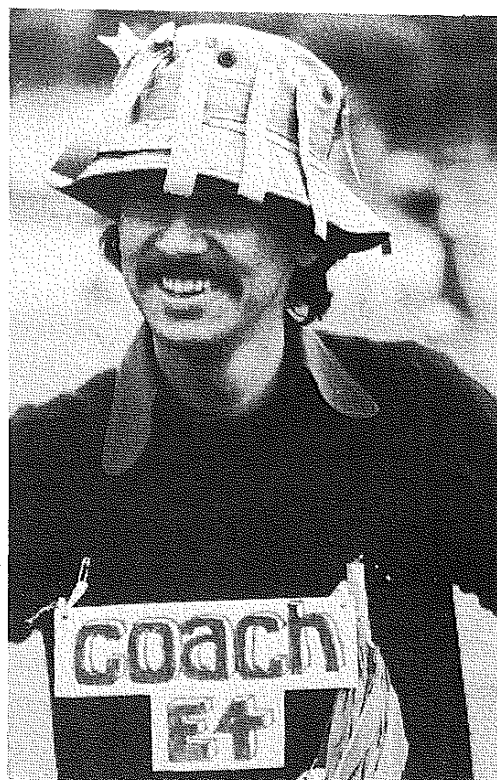
It's all over now, Baby Blue.



Follow me.



Climb every mountain. 🎵



Bob . . . Incognito.

A SPLASHING SUCCESS STORY

Picking the appropriate weather for a swimming carnival is rather like taking a shot in the dark; fortunately, who ever did it, hit the target right on the spot — in simpler terms — the weather was great!

Perhaps you might also be interested in knowing that the venue was changed — yes! unlike the monotonous history of the past, Underdale did not hold their swimming carnival at the North Adelaide pool this year. Instead it was held at the slightly cramped, sea water pool found on the shores of Henley Beach.

All spectators were unfortunately banned from watching one of their favourite annual events, that is, all but a few who managed to sneak in passing as officials.

Nevertheless, thanks to the P.E. staff and all others included, those who were privileged enough to have attended were far from disappointed.

ATHLETICS DAY

As usual, the Athletics Carnival was held at Kensington Oval. Everybody loved it because it not only provided the chance to escape from the boring, daily routine of schoolwork, it also supplied entertainment for students and teachers alike.

Nearly each class was represented in this great battle, which concluded itself to be a battle of wits.

The Hilarious Antics of the well loved novelty events and staff/student relays, were, as usual, the highlights of the day.

We wish to extend a warm voice of gratitude to our beloved P.E. staff, and to everyone else who helped make this day such a great success.

THE D23 CLASS CAMP

Date: 17-19 June, 1977 Longwood Campsite

The bus pulled slowly into the main entrance. Yes! The D23 mob had arrived! Soon after, although hampered by drizzle, our sporting freaks went into action with football in hand. Meanwhile, back at the Mess-hall, Mr. Brereton was playing a game of his own invention called, "Catch the Clock", and a thunderous crash signaled us that he had lost. But all was not woe, because Sandy entered the room to comfort her father.

The first night was spent in various ways. The group divided and the table-tennis table was put to good use. Others listened to music while playing either Scrabble or cards, some of which proved to be, to say the least, interesting. At last the night came to an end — almost . . . but some made life rather difficult for the tired members, even though they were being fed with fresh cricket scores, and offerings of either Fantales or Minties. Meanwhile, the female members were being lulled into slumber by Sandy's gentle snoring.

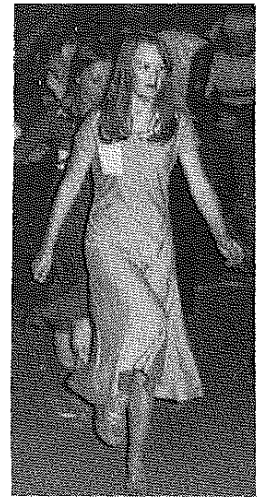
They awoke moaning but hungry, and with one magical blast of the horn, flew in to rid themselves of their desire for food. In very little time this was relieved and with the aid of an automobile and navigator the hiking organisers started on their quest to find a scenic path. Although at first the weather seemed against them, the hike proved successful, as the weather changed for the better. The mob trekked through bush and bitumen and gallantly survived the mud to return to camp, hungry.

After a satisfying meal, they proved the day was not finished, and they took chair in hand, and armed with flashlight, divided into appropriate groups. The men, or so they preferred to be called, proved to be outdone by the crafty schemes of the girls, but their revenge came forthwith with the help of Mr. Brereton.

The following morning's events consisted of a battle of the sexes at softball. Although the girls didn't win in total score, they certainly won in fairplay. It wasn't long before the softball match resulted in a friendly free-for-all game of "touch football". The afternoon proved to be the peak for our soccer teams who were making aggressive competition for each other. After this, the more lively survivors involved themselves in a friendly match of the mature game called "Piggy-back fights", until their parents arrived to return them to civilization.

*By Jeff Morgan & Tracy Gregory.
D23*

YEAR 9 SOCIAL

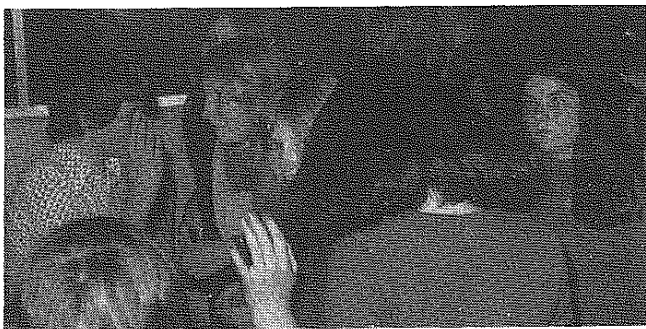


EAT, DRINK



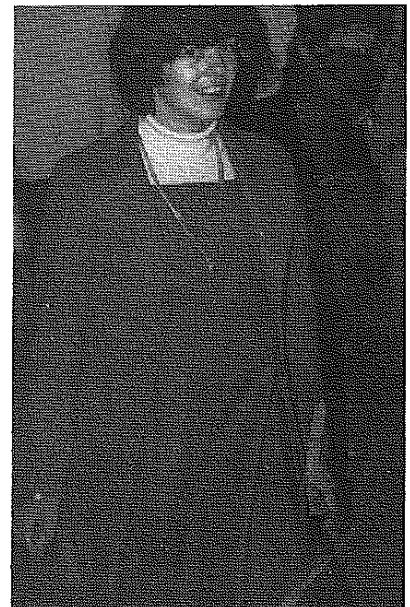
AND BE

MERRY AND



TOMORROW YOU'LL

FEEL SICK!



YEAR 8 SOCIAL

The Year 8 social was a great success and the teachers, I think, enjoyed it as much as we did. The music was good and games were fun. Though I think a few teachers went home with an ear-ache as all of the balloons fell down at once but in two minutes flat the balloons were deflated. They all were sat on.

Our thanks to all the students and teachers who took part in organising it, also to the people who contributed a plate for the supper. But most of all to those who came.

YEAR 9 SOCIAL REPORT

The Year nine social was held on the 29th of July, on the school premises between 7.30 and 11 o'clock.

Although it got off to a slow start, by 8.00 the social was well under way.

Mr. Sih took care of the musical entertainment, while Mr. Moat and Mrs. Maio took care of the games. Thanks to all the teachers who attended, both past and present, for keeping things under control, and to all the students who came along and participated.

THE MALAYSIAN FESTIVAL

It is seldom the students of Underdale attend a function en bloc. The visit to the Malaysian Display, held at Elder Park, was one of these rare occasions.

After a brief delay they swarmed through the open gates and were soon engulfed in a sea of curious sight-seers. The students enjoyed their anonymity and were soon scattered everywhere. Some proved adept in paddle boats on the river, others enjoyed a bicycle rickshaw (trishaw) ride and many hoped the food and drink stalls would reveal a facet of Malaysian life likely to please.

The batik centre interested the students, especially when they were allowed to experiment with their own designs. Many were made aware of the simple pleasures derived from flying a kite while others were entertained by skilled balancing feats, dragon boat races, music, singing and dancing.

The display of Malaysian homes was very worthwhile as it brought home to the students that weather conditions are a prime consideration in their architecture. Many were amazed to find the homes comprised of one large room!

All these aspects of Malaysian culture were a good introduction to our neighbours, and would in the long run boost trade between our countries. Any attempt to familiarise us further with Malaysian life would have been financially unwise and frustrating. Maybe, Adelaide will attract more festivals of varied national flavours and this will make us a more appreciative and aware people.

THE 1977 MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Although few in number, and consisting entirely of Matrics, this year's Magazine Committee did manage to survive long enough to complete this marvel of the written word.

Plagued by apathy, inflation (stagflation for Mr. Mazengarb's benefit) and the usual heavy workload of matric, a few of us have been able to remain together to bring to you the 1977 Underdale Magazine. Our long suffering (but ever smiling) editor Marisa should be applauded, if not knighted. Without her persistence, patience (and resultant nervous breakdown) the Underdale Magazine would be non-existent and the Matric body would be deprived of one of their favourite characters.

We have, with depleted resources and little finance, endeavoured to bring to you a broad picture of the events and people at Underdale this year.

It is hoped that we have achieved this aim.

SCHOOL ROLL 1977

CLASS A33

BOYS

ARSCOTT, Linton
CLELLAND, Brenton
CULLEN, Mark
DEDRICK, Peter
MADGEN, Mark
McCORMICK, Christopher
MILLINGTON, Robert
PALUMBO, Frank
PETERSEN, Colin
SHEGOG, Brenton
SWIFT, Russell
NICHOLS, Cameron

GIRLS

ADAMS, Donna
CALCATJICOS, Fanoula
COOPER, Angela
COPELEY, Terry
ELLUL, Mary
GLYPTIS, Irene
HORSNELL, Debra
HINGSTON, Janine
POPE, Melissa
RICHARDSON, Kay
SAVILL, Christine
SINCLAIR, Karen
ZIMMERMAN, Tracey
CATANZARITI, Anna

CLASS A34

BOYS

AMOS, Malcolm
GEORGIOU, Jim
HARWOOD, Shane
HASCH, Gary
HOLMES, Mark
KITTO, Roger
NICOLO, Enrico
PANOUSAKIS, Jim
PICKERING, Paul
ROBINSON, David
VOZZO, Robert
WAKEFIELD, Russell

GIRLS

CAPALONGO, Concetta
GARUCCIO, Enza
GOLDSWORTHY, Tracey
GRENVILLE, Grace
HAZEL, Tina-Marie
KOSTOPOULOS, Marina
MILL, Roseanne
REESE, Lynette
SMITH, Alison
SMITH, Julie
TASSONE, Laura
VITALE, Nella
WILLIAMSON, Catherine

CLASS A35

BOYS

BAKOPANAS, Jimmy
BLATCHFORD, Geoffrey
COCKS, Andrew
DOYLE, Peter
DIERIKX, Kym

FOOTE, Stuart
HADDON, Stephen
JOLLEY, Darren
MATTHEW, Mark
PAGODA, Joseph
PARASKEVOPOULOS, John
TAVITIAN, Peter
TERTIPIS, Frank
WRIGHT, Peter

GIRLS

DROUKAS, Vaula
JAMES, Caroline
JOHNS, Heather
JOHNSTON, Glenys
MESISCA, Maria
MITSOULIS, Barbara
O'BRIEN, Trudyanne
RICHARDSON, Deborah
SEVENHUYSEN, Lisa
STALLARD, Cherie
STANDISH, Tracy
SAVIC, Angela
ZANES, Poppy
BARRETT, Donna

CLASS A36

BOYS

ANTONIADIS, Michael
COSENTINO, Pasquale
FALLON, Christopher
HODSON, Russell
HOLLAND, Michael
HENWOOD, David
HUTCHINS, Grant
KEMPSTER, Mark
MAIO, Guiseppe
McDOWELL, Peter
NIXON, John
PAPRZYCKI, David
PRESTON, Glen
STARK, Barry
TAYLOR, Mathew

GIRLS

BRIGGS, Karen
BURFORD, Leanne
CONSTANTINIDIS, Katina
HYAM, Alice
KARAMANEAS, Angela
KING, Michelle
LENTAKIS, Betty
MACHEDA, Helen
MARTINI, Angelita
MORRIS, Felicity
MORRIS, Verity
PAHOR, Sonja
PONTECORVO, Gina
ROBINSON, Judith
TRAEGER, Leonie
TRICE, Peggyanne
WATERS, Lisa

CLASS A37

BOYS

ABBOTT, Graham
CASSIDY, Andrew
CASTELANELLI, Carmello
CRIARIS, Nicholas

CUCH, Andrew
DARLING, Andrew
DUVAL, Scott
GOJACK, Viado
INGLETON, David
McINDOE, Peter
McLAY, Craig
NIXON, Stephen
PANOS, Apostolos
PERCY, Wayne
TALBOT, Mark

GIRLS

GEYER, Karen
HARRIS, Debra
HARRISON, Leanne
HAROUS, Susanne
HOBBS, Kylie
HOUSTON, Dianna
JONES, Kathryn
KARASSOULOS, Anastasia
LAWSON, Pamela
MATHEW, Helen
MAURIDES, Persefoni
MILLER, Joanne
MONSIEUR, Monica
PATE, Joseette
SNOOK, Sharon
STACEY, Gail
WAJER, Peggy-Ann

CLASS A39

BOYS

BLIGHT, Peter
COVINO, Alfred
FRANCESCA, Angelantonio
KONCZ, Peter
LITTLE, Martin
MANUEL, Peter
MORETTI, Paul
PALMER, Geoffrey
PANAGAKIS, John
PENKO, John
SMITH, Michael
SPANIO, Domenico
WEBBER, Colin

GIRLS

BAILEY, Jillian
BEAUMONT, Debra
GEORGIOU, Chrissie
GLASS, Jennifer
GRIEVE, Tammy
JACOB, Leanne
KYLE, Donna
PIPNIAS, Maria
PISANELLI, Anna
RAU, Suzanne
WHITE, Kathryn
WARBY, Lisa
ZURZOLO, Francesca
VOGIATIS, Filio

CLASS B15

BOYS

ALOI, William
BUCKPITT, Warnick
CRAFTER, Stephen

GOWER, Christopher
HALL, Stephen
McINDOE, Grant
MONTELEONE, Mario
NAPPER, Jamie
O'LOUGHLIN, Tim
WIX, Paul

GIRLS

ATKINSON, Michelle
DONATO, Ada
GARUCCIO, Lisa
HAYWARD, Elizabeth
JARMAN, Lyrilee
LUCAS, Leanne
SMITH, Tracey

CLASS B21

BOYS

BARNES, Paul
BARRACLOUGH, Paul
CLARK, Andrew
DEVINE, John
GARNETT, Bruce
HARVIE, Shayne
HATZIGEORGIOU, Zacharia
KARAKONTIS, Kon
MICHAEL, Lakis
MONSIEUR, Vincent
PAUL, Nicki
ROMAINE, Mark
TUSTI, Gordon
VLACHOS, Paul
WEBBER, John

GIRLS

DALLAS, Angela
DE SYLLAS, Jeanie
GLASER, Heidi
HAMMER, Kathryn
HUNTER, Vicki
LINES, Felicity
PANAZOLA, Loretta
ROBINS, Jane
SAVILL, Sandra
STEVENS, Jane
WHITTAL, Meredith

CLASS B28

BOYS

BURGESS, Nigel
FALLON, Paul
GARLAND, Rodney
GERKEN, Paul
HAINES, Gregory
HARRIS, Geoffrey
LOBASSO, Stephen
MORTIER, Francis
PARKINSON, Geoffrey
QUINN, Robert
SMITH, Ricky
TAYLOR, Kevin

GIRLS

BROWN, Susanne
CAPPER, Shariene

CONRY, Julie
DUGGAN, Jennifer
ELSWORTHY, Jillian
FREEMAN, Lesley
GILBERTSON, Debra
HAROUS, Cathy
HOFFMAN, Julie
KOKINS, Andra
LUKEHURST, Judith
MADGEN, Leeann
STOCCO, Lisa
TRENGOVE, Susan
WARHURST, Karen
WOODCOCK, Anne
TRIANTAFILIDIS, Emerald
SANSONE, Antonella

CLASS B29

BOYS

BERLOW, Steven
CATALANO, Joe
CUA, Scott
GIANCASPRO, John
JONES, Wayne
KELLY, Michael
KING, Darren
KOCHER, Glen
LEARHINAN, Robert
MARCH, John
MILANESE, Dennis
PARKER, Neil
SHENTON, Robert
SMYTH, Brenton
SURACE, Steven

GIRLS

BURNS, Sandra
DORAN, Debbie
GREEN, Kathryn
GREGORY, Susan
GUERIN, Jayne
McCONNELL, Tracey
O'DONOGHUE, Celine
PADGET, Cynthia
RICHARDS, Camille
RISELY, Julie
SMERDON, Judy
WALLER, Karen
GEBLER, Jodie

CLASS B31

BOYS

ANDRICIC, Bozo
ATKINSON, Craig
FOUNDAS, Emmanuel
HARDY, Lindsay
HREMIAS, Jim
MALAVAZOS, Michael
MILOCHIS, Nick
MUCCITELLI, Tony
PACILLO, Raffaello
PFITZNER, James
RACZ, Malcolm
SIERP, Craig
STANDISH, Paul

GIRLS

BRUNTON, Rochelle
CARETTI, Alf

DAMAS, Despina
DUNSTALL, Robyn
KARAMANIS, Maria
MUIR, Evelyn
O'NEILL, Lisa
RAUMANAS, Vasso
SARGEANT, Carolyn
SMITH, Deirdre
SUDLOW, Sharyn
TIMPANO, Antoniette
VLACHOS, Caroline
HOPKINS, Kerry

CLASS B32

BOYS

CRISMANI, Michael
GREEN, Peter
GABBUSCH, Godfrey
KUYIS, Corneluis
LEARHINAN, Cliff
LIVADIOTIS, Cliff
McCONNELL, Chris
PANETTA, Tony
PELLICCIOTTA, Angelo
RAFTOPOULOS, Arthur
RAPPA, Robert
STEPHENSON, Mark
TANNER, Gary
TAYLOR, Geoffrey
TRIANTAFILLOS, Ilias
WHITE, Colin
WYATT, Peter
ZVAIGNE, Valdis

GIRLS

EVANGELISTIS, Annette
FRAZIS, Jenny
HILL, Donna
HOWARD, Joanne
MARTIN, Karen
McCONNELL, Linda
MULLINS, Andrea
MUSCARA, Carolyn
RELLOS, Antonia
SHENTON, Lea Ann
SILK, Christine
FEDERICI, Susanna

CLASS C6

GIRLS

BLIGHT, Vicki
BONFIGLIO, Josie
CHAMBERLAIN, Cathy
CHARLES, Vicki
CONSTANTINE, Christally
COPELY, Novalene
DEUTER, Keryn
DOMANSKI, Vola
FALLARINO, Anna
FAZZALARI, Rosa
FIELD, Christine
FISHER, Debbie
GLASS, Kerri
GREEN, Lisa
HUTCHENS, Wendy
MANDER, Cindy
MAROUDAS, Patricia
MILLINGTON, Fay
MOORE, Lisa
MORDEN, Sandra
PEILSCHMIDT, Susan

PENNA, Debbie
PUTTILL, Karen
QUIN, Lianne
ROMANO, Sue
SKRABAL, Kay
SMITH, Sandra
TIVER, Anne-Marie
TSOUTSOURAS, Labrina
WILLS, Lorraine

CLASS C7

BOYS

BULLING, Nigel
CAPRARI, Robert
GIANNAKODAKIS, George
GRIVAS, Peter
IDEMA, John
MONAGHAN, Trevor
PARKINSON, Timothy
TRABUCCO, Dino
VLACHOS, John
WEBER, Christian
RIFAI, Abdel

GIRLS

ANGELOPOULOS, Mandy
CHRISTOPOULOS, Antonia
CHRISTOPOULOS, Dori
DESYLLAS, Lavina
EDWARDS, April
FURINA, Carmelina
GOJAK, Mira
GORMLIE, Heather
HILLIER, Karen
JARVIS, Leanne
LENTAKIS, Anastasia
MARTINI, Flavia
McINNIS, Jan
McQUILLAN, Wendy
NIXON, Margaret
RACZ, Dianne
SCHILLER, Linda
SMITH, Sharyn
SOCRATOUS, Lola
STEPHENS, Jill
TONKIN, Carol
TORPY, Deborah

CLASS C8

BOYS

BERWICK, Stephen
BOSS, Mark
BROWNE, Ian
BURFORD, Steven
SCARCE, Craig
DENTON, Greg
FOX, Rodney
GRAY, Anthony
HOWARD, Glenn
KODELE, Jordan
MULLER, Wayne
NELSON, Geoffrey
NOVICE, Andrew
PALEOLOGOS, Paul
PALMER, Robert
READ, Darren
RUNDELL, Peter
SUTTON, Glen
SZANTYR, Bernard
THORNTON, Gregory
TRIPODI, Vince

GIRLS

BOYD, Alison
GIDDINGS, Robyn
GRIFFITHS, Deborah
INGLETON, Suzanne
KEMP, Cathy
TUCKER, Sonya
WATSON, Kathryn
HARVEY, Amanda

CLASS C9

BOYS

ANDERSON, Russell
ANIC-KALIGER, Mark
ANTONIADIS, Chris
BRADBURY, David
CREEDON, Adrian
HOWARD, Craig
IGNATIOU, Lambros
KEMP, Richard
MACRO, Wayne
NICHOLAS, Theo
PANAGAKIS, George
PETERSEN, Leon
PRESTON, Darren
SALAPATAS, Theo
SHERRIFF, Darrell
SIGLEY, Kevin
TSAGARIS, George

GIRLS

ARVANITAKIS, Mary
BLAIR, Frannie
HRISAFINAS, Sylvia
KROEHN, Janine
LIND, Katrina
MALLION, Kay
PONTECORVO, Maria
ELLUL, Esther
CATANZARITI, Mary

CLASS C10

BOYS

BAKOPANOS, Michael
DEBOAR, Darren
DECASTO, Vic
DEMASI, Steven
EMMS, Gary
FRY, Richard
GEORGESON, Scott
GILL, Tim
KAINES, Jeffrey
KIRGIANIS, Con
MITTIGA, Sam
MORITZ, Greg
NACCARELLI, Claudio
POTTER, Bob
RAWLINGS, Neil
READ, Ashley
SAVIC, John
SNOOK, Wayne
STRAVOLEMOS, Peter
TALBOT, Neil
THOMAS, Gary
WIX, Derek

GIRLS

CARNIELLO, Anna
DRAKE, Kathy
EVANS, Sue
HILL, Jacki
PELLICCIOTTA, Lorena

CLASS C14

BOYS

AGOSTINO, Dominic
DAVIS, Gary
FELEPPA, Paul
GEORGIU, George
SPANO, Guiseppe
GUGLIELMI, Victor
HARTHOM-THWAITE, Neville
LINARDIS, Tony
MARKOPOULOS, Tom
MULLINS, Martin
SHANON, Peter
STEVENS, Keith
VLACHOS, Chris

GIRLS

CHRISSIKOPOULOS, Kallin
DEBONO, Pauline
FYFFE, Christine
GALANIS, Patricia
MAIO, Luisa
SCHULTZ, Heather

CLASS C17

BOYS

BEAUMONT, Gregory
BROWN, Mark
BURGESS, Simon
CULLEN, David
GARRETT, John
GOLDSWORTHY, Craig
HAINES, Randall
HODSON, Gregory
HEMPEL, Philip
HORN, Daryl
LIAPPAS, Jim
POWER, Michael
PRESTON, Russell
RAKOCEVIC, Bernard
RESCHKE, Christopher
SMITH, David
TADDEO, Guiseppe
TUREK, Dalibor
WEBB, Kym

GIRLS

ASHFORTH, Wendy
CARETTI, Enza
CHRISAKIS, Vassiliki
PARRINGTON, Roxanne
SHEGOG, Debra

CLASS C18

BOYS

ABBOTT, Phillip
ANASTASOPOULOS, Arthur
BERRY, Peter
BANNIGAN, Stuart
CHUGG, Errol
CLEAVE, Peter
CLOUGH, Gary
FISCHER, Mark
HARVEY, John
HOBBS, Richard
HIGGINS, Peter
JONES, Mark
McLEAN, Glen
RAMSEY, James
RUGARI, Daryl
SIGLE, Leonard

SOWTON, Ashley
SEIRCH, Michael
WARD, Peter
WHITTALL, Stephen

GIRLS

DOUNAS, Penelope
ELSWORTHY, Karyn
MITSOULIS, Christina
PATCHING, Jann
PURVIS, Kerry
WILLIAMS, Roslyn
ZIDLOCH, Suzi

CLASS D16

BOYS

BUCKLEY, Brett

GIRLS

ANDREWS, Julie
BAKOPANOS, Mary
CAPORALETTI, Norma
DECKART, Brigitte
DELUCIA, Lisa
DOWLING, Sue
FURINA, Guisppina
GIRALDI, Sonia
GREEN, Karyn
JAMES, Wendy
LITTLE, Desiree
MATHEWS, Dianne
McCONNEL, Lynette
MODRA, Heather
MOUNCE, Leane
MULLINS, Anne
NEWBURY, Jennifer
O'DONOGHUE, Michelle
PENNO, Leslie
PILKINGTON, Carol
TRIPODI, Sylvana
TURNER, Elizabeth
WARBY, Jenny
WEST, Georgina
YANNAKOPOULOS, Maria
CATANZARITI, Rosa

CLASS D19

BOYS

BING, David
CIROCCO, Peter
CURNOW, Neil
DOMINELLI, Vince
ERREY, Michael
GRATZIS, Con
GRAY, Mark
HAMMER, Craig
JACUK, Daniel
LOCKHART, Stephen
MacKENZIE, Bernard
McLAY, Gary
MORRISON, Peter
TSAGARIS, Theo
SENESE, Joe
SMITH, Greg
TIKULIN, Richard
TUSTI, Ian
WEBBER, Geoff

GIRLS

ANTONIADIS, Helen
BURTON, Lindy

CAVOURAS, Gayle
CROCCO, Rosemary
DEUTER, Jane
GALANIS, Polly
IVETT, Diane
LOESCHER, Dianne
MARTIENSEN, Lynne
TAYLOR, Rosslyn

CLASS D20

BOYS

ANDERSON, Michael
COPLEY, Leslie
CRAFTER, John
DeMARIA, Peter
DEVINE, Tracy
FOX, Trevor
GREEN, Mark
HOWARD, Greg
KARAMANIS, Theo
KAY, Gordon
KEMP, Greg
LINDSAY, Tim
PANTAZIS, Jim
PICTON, Noel
SIMONS, David
SMYTH, Peter
THORNTON, Peter
TSITSINARIS, Con
VITALE, John
YOUNG, Ralph

GIRLS

ANDREWS, Darlene
JANOVICH, Bernie
JOHNSTON, Ruth
SCHILLER, Shirley
SMITH, Melanie
SOTIRIOU, Rosie
TIKULIN, Susie
TUREK, Darja
VLACHOS, Helen

CLASS D22

BOYS

ANDREWS, Peter
GARDNER, Andrew
HATZIGEORGIOU, Steve
HUDSON, Stephen
HUTCHINS, Gregory
KENT, Ivan
KILNER, Kelvin
LEARHINAN, Peter
LOBASSO, Michael
MAIO, Domenico
PAPADOPOULOS, Peter
SIMMONS, Greg
SHARRAD, Steven
SKAKA, Omer
VLACHOS, Con
ZUILL, David

GIRLS

COLDWELL, Paula
FARKAS, Marian
GRIVAS, Olga
GIANNAKIS, Soula
KOTSIIONIS, Jay
McCORMICK, Julie
SOBOTNIK, Halyha
STARCEVIC, Deborah
WAJER, Wendy
WILLIAMS, Helen
WINCHESTER, Kerry

CLASS D23

BOYS

BETTISON, Gary
BURNS, Alan
CRISMANI, Chris
FLABOURIS, Arthas
GARLAND, Tim
GAZETTAS, Sam
HODGE, Glenn
HOCKING, John
JONES, Michael
KOUNIAS, Emanuel
LICUL, Tony
MORGAN, Jeffrey
SINCLAIR, Grant
SUDLOW, Brian

GIRLS

BARTLETT, Jan
BUSCHENINGS, Doris
CASTELANELLI, Adriana
CHAPLIN, Tracey
DOMANSKI, Alina
GEORGIOULAS, Olga
GLYPTIS, Maria
GLYPTIS, Voula
GREGORY, Tracy
HARDING, Deborah
JONES, Sharon
KARASSOULOS, Dora
MULRONEY, Mary
PAPPAS, Tina
PITT, Julie-anne
SAMUELS, Dianne
WHITE, Jaynene

CLASS D26

BOYS

BANNIGAN, Phillip
BANYTIS, Greg
BIGNELL, Ian
CHARITONIDIS, Harry
CHARLES, Dougal
DUGGAN, Chris
DUVAL, Kym
FRANCESCA, Vincent
GOODING, Mark
KAPSAMBELIS, Steve
MIHALOPOULOS, Con
NORRISH, Michael

REYNOLDS, Stephen
RICHARDSON, Mark
WADE, Kym

GIRLS

AHRENS, Cheryl
BARNES, Kathy
BASTELLI, Rosanna
BERRY, Kristine
COCKS, Chris
COOKE, Annette
DOUNIS, Afrodite
GEBERT, Nelia
JONES, Andrea
PROCAK, Jackie
ROSE, Judy
TREMBATH, Mydair
SHARRAD, Wendy

CLASS D27

BOYS

BAGNARA, Claudia
BOURBOUS, Bill
BOURCOTOS, Evangelos
BROOKER, Kevin
CANZIANI, Ray
CARUSO, Tony
HANCOCK, Paul
HUTTON, Peter
KANELOS, George
KANTILAFAS, Alex
LEARHINAN, Stephen
LUCAS, Eric
McPHERSON, Andrew
MARTIN, Stephen
MAVRIDES, Emanuel
MORAKIS, Billy
OATWAY, Darren
ROMAINE, Peter
SCARCE, Martin
STRAVOLEMOS, Michael
TIVER, Robert

GIRLS

GEORGIOULAS, Sophie
HOUSTON, Lynda
HUNTER, Kerry
PANNUTI, Stella
PIPINIAS, Afrodite
SHERRIFF, Jane
STOCCO, Grasiella
WALKER, Carol
GOWER, Amanda
NICHOLLS, SallyAnne

CLASS E1

BOYS

GENTILCORE, Robert
GIRALDI, Giovanni
GROSS, David
QUINN, David
RAKOCEVICK, Bruno
ROSSITANO, Rocco

GIRLS

BLAIR, Jenny
CHRISSIKOPOULOS, Angie
CIGANENKO, Alice
FANOULIS, Lamon
LEARHINAN, Annette
PANNUTI, Josy
PAPADOPOULOS, Kerry
ZISOGIANNPOULOS, Eugenia
ZOOMIS, Soula

CLASS E5

BOYS

ATKINSON, Mark
DODMAN, Andrew
DODMAN, Scott
HILLIER, Trevor
HYAM, Paul
McDERMOTT, Bruce
MORRIS, Graham
TAYLOR, Christopher
WOODLOCK, Ian

GIRLS

ALEXANDER, Carol
BENTON, Helen
BETTISON, Karen
CHIVELL, Sandra
FIELD, Bernice
GALANIS, Olga
HARRIS, Lee-ann
HENDERSON, Karen
HODSON, Susan
KLUBA, Margaret
LAWSON, Nicola
SMYTH, Julie
TUCKER, Lisa
WALLER, Gillian

CLASS E4

BOYS

BASTIRAS, Stan
COSENTINO, Domenico
DOYLE, John
GARDIAKOS, Crist
KANTILAFAS, John
LEKIS, Tim
LUCAS, Martin
MARTIENSEN, Peter
NICOLO, Amedeo
RICHARDS, David
ROBERTSON, Grant
SHANNON, Robert
STEVENS, Robert

GIRLS

ATHANASOULIS, Dimitra
GARRETT, Robyne
GROVES, Christine
HAUBER, Kerry-Lynne
KOKINS, Mara
MATKOVIC, Tracy
NACCARELLI, Marisa
SWIFT, Alson

TONKIN, Tracy
TUCKER, Debra
GELIOS, Angela

CLASS E3

BOYS

BOGICH, John
BOYD, Martin
CATALANO, Carlo
CLARKE, Jeff
DEE, Mick
GELIOS, Paul
HOWARD, Steven
HRISIFINAS, Manuel
KOTSIIONIS, Peter
KOULIZOS, Petros
LAWSON, Jock
MARCIANO, Tony
MATKOVIC, Adrian
RACZ, David
SAMARAS, John

GIRLS

ANDERSON, Sandra
CLARKE, Kerry
DEBOAR, Debbie
GLASTONBURY, Meredith
HAROUS, Elizabeth
HARRISON, Joanne
JARVINEN, Rita
MUIR, Linda
O'HAZY, Suzanne
VITALE, Tina
GOWER, Cathrine

CLASS E2

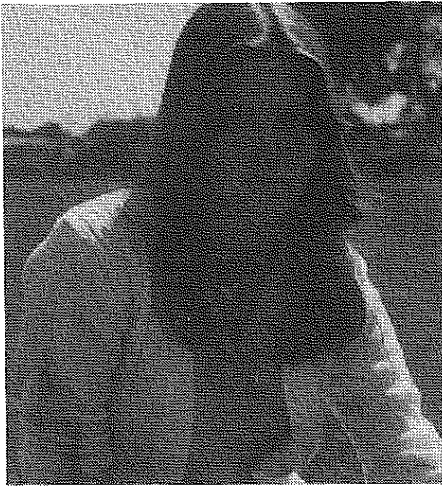
BOYS

ARSEGO, Frank
KALAITZIS, Nicholas
KARASSOULOS, Nick
LIVADIOTIS, Peter
MAXTED, Simon
MOECK, Stefan
O'DONOGHUE, Philip
PEAKE, David
ROLLEY, Craig
VLACHOS, Chris
WOODCOCK, Robert
ZISOS, Tom
TRAMONTIN, Livio

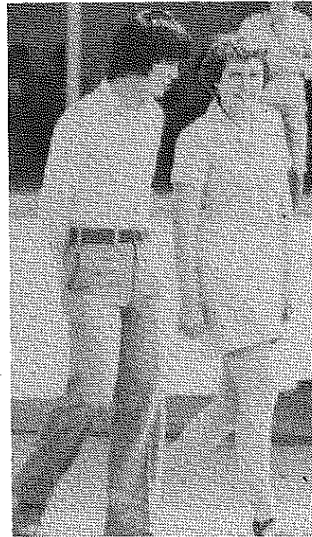
GIRLS

GRAY, Susan
IGNATIOU, Margaret
KELLEY, Sharon
KYRIAZOPOULOS, Helen
KOTSIIONIS, Litsa
KOTSIIONIS, Nellie
LITTLE, Vanessa
MARCIANO, Antonia
POTTER, Christine
RELLOS, Maria
WARNE, Raelene
WHITTLE, Jan
MORAN, Kerry

MATRICULATION



Now do I break into song?



Your place or mine?



Cue-ing up to see?



We must be good for something.



And now for something completely different.



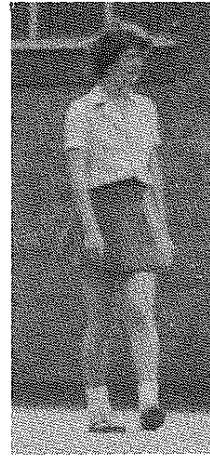
We'd better not hear anybody laughing.



TAXI!



Knees up,
Mother Brown.



Nobody
loves me.



It beats doing work.



Hopefully, help is on its way!

YEAR 11

D 20 (Class No.)



D 16





D 23



D 27



D 22

D 26



D 19

