

# *Trinity Anglican School*



*Magazine*  
*1989*

## **COAT-OF-ARMS**

The heraldic description is as follows:

Vert, a pale Or, in chief three crosses-crosslet fitchy all countercharged, and in base an open book inscribed with the word Trinitas proper.

Crest: On a wreath of the colours a Paschal Lamb proper.

Motto: Docentes omnia servare — Teach them to observe all things.

### **NOTES:**

The Paschal Lamb and the Crosses symbolise our association with the Diocese of North Queensland. Both are dominant features in the Diocesan coat-of-arms.

The Open Book symbolises the word of God and wisdom.

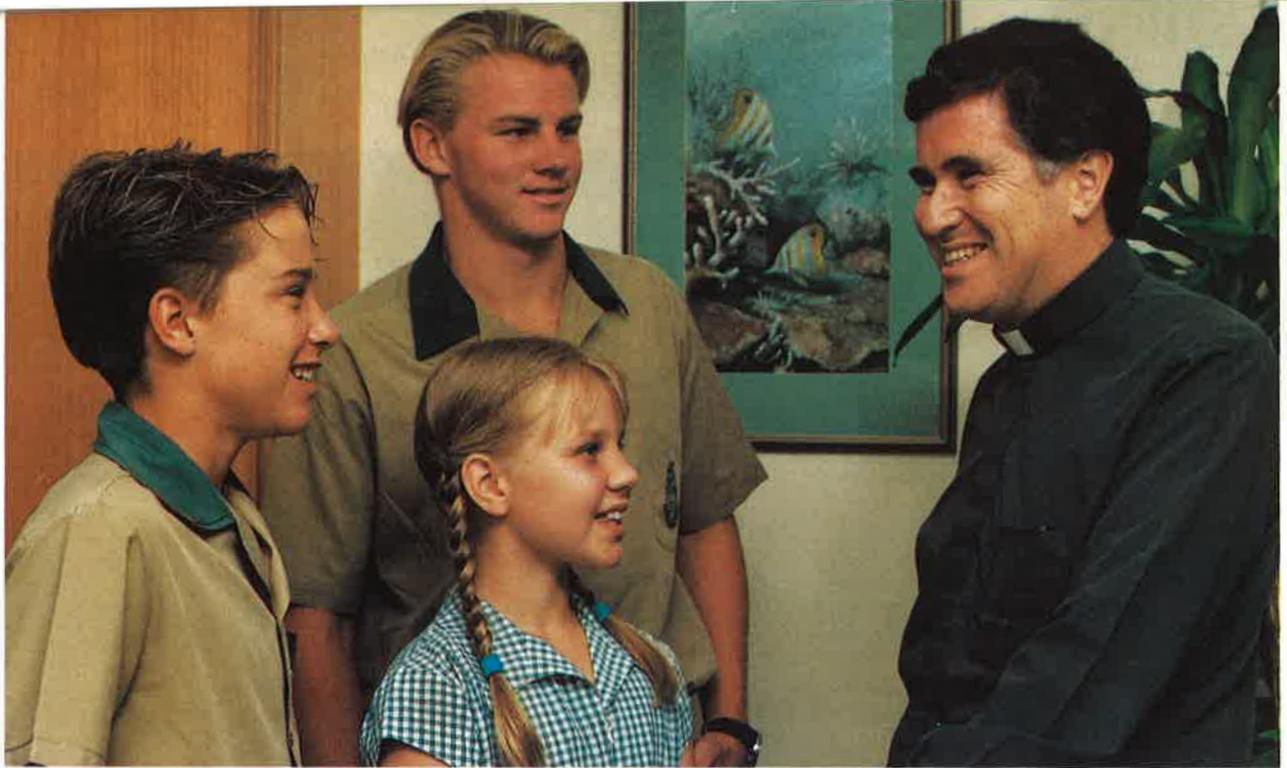
The Paschal Lamb symbolises sacrifice.

You will note the artist has a triadic theme running through the design to represent the Trinity — God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit.

The Most Reverend T.T. Read, C.B.E., former Archbishop of Adelaide and one of Australia's foremost authorities on heraldry, has written to the Bishop about our coat-of-arms as follows: "I think the Arms are excellent and can see nothing about them contrary to the laws of heraldry."



TRINITY ANGLICAN SCHOOL ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES



## THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

*"England expects that every man will do his duty." This was the now famous message which Lord Nelson signalled to his fleet at the crucial point in the Battle of Trafalgar; it was a masterly psychological strategy which destroyed Napoleon's naval aspirations.*

*Few considerations motivate people more than knowing that others they respect have great expectations of them. One of the most valuable contributions any parent or teacher can make to a child's future is to encourage him or her to visualise worthy goals with the expectation of attaining them.*

*Christ inspired the most unlikely people with great expectations. He enlisted as helpers a dozen men whose outlook was bounded by the 45km shoreline of a lake where they lived and worked. He kindled their expectation that the cause they had joined would ultimately encircle the world. They, in turn, inspired others with the same vision. It is the sharing of this vision with our students that lies at the heart of all that we do at Trinity Anglican School.*

### ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

Our senior students of 1988 achieved outstanding academic results. They were in fact our best results to date. There were excellent performances from Laurie Bowman, Jamie Kugelmann and Alexie Brasch who received the maximum T.E. score possible of 990, and Lindsay Long who received a score of 985. 40% of our students gained a T.E. score of 850 or higher. This compares with 25% throughout Queensland. Our median (i.e. middle order) T.E. score was more than 100 points above the median T.E. score across Queensland schools! Results like these obviously give our students a distinct advantage in the struggle for tertiary places in Queensland. I do congratulate the students and staff concerned. Mr Brosseuk, the Deputy Principal C/R and Mrs Ross, the School Counsellor deserve special mention.

### ENROLMENT

An additional stream at each primary year level and the fourth stream at secondary level flowing into Year 11 resulted in 100 additional students this year. This took our total enrolment to 700. This compares with 149 in 1983, 215 in 1984, 357 in 1985, 460 in 1986, 520 in 1987 and 600 in 1988. Next year's enrolment will be 750.

### RELIGION AND WORSHIP

We were pleased that the Bishop again preached at our annual Staff Commencement Service in St John's

Church on January 23. He preached on the Epistle of the day from Hebrews which dealt with covenant relationships. He spoke of the importance of our relationships with our students, their parents and with one another; of the relationship of the School with the community and with the Diocese. It was a powerful and inspiring message with which to commence our work in 1989.

In September we welcomed Captain Guy Davidson, C.A., B.A., Dip.Ed. and his wife Christine to the TAS community. Captain Davidson is a Church Army Officer whose responsibilities here include teaching Christian Education, History and English and leading worship. He completes our pastoral care team of Chaplain, School Counsellor, Christian Education teachers, Year Co-ordinators and Tutors and is working with both primary and secondary students.

Our counselling service under Mrs Ross' direction continues to perform a vital function in the School for students, parents and staff. We are very fortunate to have someone with Mrs Ross' skills and experience on the staff.

Mrs Audley prepared a group of 8 candidates for Confirmation. They were presented to Bishop Tung Yeh at a service at St John's, Calms, on Sunday October 29.

Our guest at Speech Night on November 1 was Dr Ruth Shatford, Principal of Tara Anglican School for Girls in Sydney.

### DEVELOPMENT

For some time the School Council has been conscious of the community pressure for us to establish a campus on the Marlin Coast. Following a feasibility study, Colliers International were instructed to seek an appropriate site and in August the Diocese purchased a fine property on Poolwood Road, Kewarra Beach.

This campus will commence in 1991 with classes at Pre-School, Year 1, Year 5 and Year 8. These classes will flow on until ultimately all classes, Pre-School to Year 12, are offered. Initially, Year 10 students at the Marlin Coast will transfer to White Rock for Years 11 and 12.

I would emphasise that the Marlin Coast Campus is not a separate development but will be an integral part of TAS. It is a most exciting project and will make the quality and high standards of teaching and care for which we have already earned a fine reputation in the community, accessible to greater numbers of young people.

Planning for our new Primary School at White Rock is also well advanced. This will be built on the south-east section of the property, fronting on to Leftwich Street. Construction will commence in June 1990 for occupancy from the beginning of 1991. Classes in Pre-School and Years 1 and 2 will begin at that time.

1989 has been a significant year for the Primary School with its enrolment increasing in one leap by more than 60%. This growth has permitted a more varied programme and a greater range of opportunities for students. Examples of these are our work in Japanese and Computers and the Musical production, *BILGE*, in Term 3. It has also resulted in additional demands on the Primary School Head Mr Rod Case and the staff. I congratulate them on their work this year which has resulted in a sub-school characterised by a busy, happy atmosphere of worthwhile endeavour.

We have had a management association with St Barnabas' School, Ravenshoe this year. In 1990 there will be no permanent students at St Barnabas' and it will become an Outdoor Education Centre for TAS and other schools as well as a base for overseas students visiting the region. It will be known as our Upper Tablelands Campus.

### CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Our senior students have provided outstanding leadership this year. As part of their equipping and formation there was a residential leadership camp at St Barnabas' in February and an all-day leadership seminar in March. I subsequently appointed the School Captains, Cecilla Hall-Matthews and Brenton Chambers, Sports Captain, Adam Broadley and Prefects, Liz Goulding, Lisa Graham, Sharon Henricks, Dione Silvester, Ben Adamson, Michael Boulton and Guy Yates. I do thank the School Captains and Prefects for the important role which they have played in the day-to-day administration of the School. I also thank the Deputy Principal P/R, Mr Tom Stone, for his work with and pastoral oversight of the Prefects.

The Student Advisory Council continues to play an important role providing an opportunity for students to be involved in the decision-making processes of the School. It also sponsors various social and social-service activities.

This year's Chairman Sven Bayoumy, and Secretary, Cheryl Gamble have carried out their responsibilities effectively. I am grateful to Mr Sam Leigh and Mr Ed Stolarchuk, the staff advisers to the Council, for their time and effort.

We have established the tradition of celebrating Trinity Sunday, our Feast of Title, with a special programme. This year on May 21 we held an Open Day in which a range of activities — academic, musical, dramatic, artistic and sporting were presented by students and staff. Some 1500 students, parents and members of the wider community took this opportunity to see the School in action. Our special guest was the Bishop.

At the beginning of Term 3 our annual Staff In-service day was held. The theme was *The Independent School — What Makes the Difference?* It provided staff with the opportunity as a group to reflect on our work, to

acquire new skills and to keep abreast of new developments.

Our Speech and Drama and Music Departments have presented three excellent productions this year: *A Separate Peace* and *Bon Bons and Roses for Dolly* in April and *The Furtive Fortunes of Fickle Fate* in July. The latter was a melodrama presented in theatre-restaurant style. I congratulate Mrs Falk, Mrs Barnes and the casts on the high standard of these productions.

At the end of Term 3 some 70 primary students presented a two nights season of the musical comedy *BILGE* at the Rondo Theatre. Students, parents and staff gained a great deal of enjoyment from this entertaining show, our first full-scale primary production.

More than 200 Year 12 students and their parents attended our second School Formal at the Park Royal International Hotel on August 19. This was a most enjoyable and successful school occasion with a pleasant atmosphere which resulted from the easy interaction of students, parents and staff. I thank Mrs Rigby for her oversight of the planning and organisation.

In June the School received separate visits from two Archbishops: The Most Reverend Donald Robinson, Archbishop of Sydney and the Most Reverend Keith Rayner, Archbishop of Adelaide. Both men were impressed with the extent of our School and its facilities.

Twelve students, accompanied by Mrs Barnes and Mrs Falk travelled to the U.S. West Coast in the Term 3 vacation. The two-week trip was arranged specifically for our senior Speech and Drama students and included visits to the Performing Arts faculties of various universities and colleges as well as Los Angeles film studios and a number of live productions.

In August we received visits from Japanese students and a group of French students. They were billeted by TAS students and attended classes with them. Quite apart from the obvious benefits for our students who are studying languages other than English, these visits are valuable in assisting in promoting greater international understanding and friendship within the school community.

### STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT

A number of our students have received recognition for achievement in the wider community in various activities this year:

Fiona Chapman, Jennifer Hetherington and Samantha Lennox won the FNQ final of the Apex Inter-School Debating Competition. They then participated in the North Queensland Regional Finals in Townsville and won their way into the third and final round in which they were the runners up.

Brenton Chambers and Lisa Graham gained certificates of excellence in

the Australian National Chemical titration competition conducted by the Royal Australian Chemical Institute (R.A.C.I.).

The following students gained High Distinctions (i.e. in the top 10% of the State) in the R.A.C.I.'s National Chemistry Quiz: Ainslie Chandler, Lysanne De Graaf, Marie Djohan, Zadek Freeman, Peter Henricks, Tania Humphrey, Anthony Lewis, Sarah Norman, Juanita O'Brien, Kelly Pritchard, Andrew Robinson, Aaron Rubin, Naysun Saeedi and Julian Smith. This was an outstanding effort for the School's Science Department. Tracey Carol (1st place), Sarah Brown, Merinda Fowler and Kirsten Doctor (2nd places) performed most creditably in the Schools' Japanese speech contest in July.

Bradley Ehrke and Rodney Ward appeared regularly in the published list of the top ten syndicates in the *Courier Mail's* stockmarket simulation, *The Sharemarket Game* and ultimately gained second place. They increased their initial funds of \$50,000 to \$106,352.78, only \$692.32 behind the winners. There were 3,180 syndicates in Queensland!

Ben Taylor (top 1%) Aaron Rubin (top 2%) Jennifer Hetherington (top 3%) and Jolyon Suthers (top 3%) turned in outstanding performances in the ESSO Australian Schools' Science Competition in their respective levels.

Our team of Donna Grifo, Andrew Miles, Naysun Saeedi and Alan Watters won the grand finals of the Apex Year 10 Inter-school Science Quiz and a prize of \$500.

Marko Andjelkovic was selected in the Queensland Under 14 representative Soccer side. This was Marko's second cap for Queensland.

Jason Lyons gained selection in the Queensland Under 17 Rugby Union team.

Merinda Fowler and Joanne Lillywhite both performed with distinction in various equestrian events at the Cairns Show this year.

Brett Rose was selected to play in the Peninsula Rugby Union Under 18 side.

Bernard Panton our champion cyclist had an outstanding year, culminating in his selection in the Queensland state team and the chance to compete in the Australian Championships in Canberra in September.

Matthew Buchannan, Danny Foulkes, Brett Fowler, Paul Fowler, Kylie Hough and Belinda Suthers broke records at the Trinity Coast Inter-School Swimming sports in February.

Stephen Tonks and Darren Rendall were selected in the Peninsula Athletics Team to compete in Brisbane.

### SPORT AND OUTDOOR EDUCATION

1989 was a year of mixed sporting fortunes. Our swimming team won the inter-school sports for the fourth consecutive year and our 15 and 16 year old boys won their respective

age-group championships in the Inter-School Athletics. In the Saturday competition we fielded five Soccer teams, four Netball teams and three Hockey teams. Our Under 15 Soccer team and TAS 1 Netball team won their way into the Grand Finals but were defeated. Our Under 15 Soccer Team won the Cairns Association Cup. Seven mixed Netball teams are at present playing in the summer competitions. I am grateful to Miss Jenkins, Mr Pearce and the other sporting coaches for their work this year.

We fielded two Rugby Union teams this season. A highlight of the season was a visit from Townsville Grammar School. Our thanks to coaches Mr Marchant and Mr Dray.

In August some fifty of our secondary athletes travelled to Charters Towers where they competed in an Athletics Carnival organised by All Souls' and St Gabriel's School for the five Diocesan Schools. It was a very worthwhile and enjoyable experience providing the opportunity for students to compete against one another on the sports field, to mix socially at meals and at a dance on the Saturday evening and to worship together in the Chapel on the Sunday morning. I hope that this will become an annual event.

Our Outdoor Education activities were based mainly at St Barnabas' School and the Genazzano Centre on the Tablelands with Years 10/11 participating in an Outward Bound course at Wallaman Falls. Unfortunately this Outward Bound course and our Year 8 programme were curtailed because of bad weather and widespread illness. The primary programmes, however, were particularly successful. I am grateful to Mr Van Den Bos, the Co-ordinator and all other staff who participated in the various programmes.

## STAFF

In July we extended our good wishes to David Kirkpatrick and his wife Julie on the birth of their son Joshua.

At the end of Term 2 we farewelled Graham and Kathryn Kirkpatrick who left Australia to work in Japan.

Miss Julie Panozzo leaves us at the end of 1989 to pursue her studies. We have appreciated Miss Panozzo's work in the English Department during the last three years, particularly in regard to Debating.

In Term 3 we welcomed Mrs Gaell Leaney and Mr Tony High to teach Japanese and Primary Physical Education respectively.

In Term 4 Mrs Rayanne Horne returned to full-time teaching at TAS taking over from Ms Suzanne Zamprogno who had spent seven months with us teaching English.

In July we welcomed Mr Hajime Nishino who is supporting our Japanese staff and students as well as working to promote and expand our Japanese exchange student activities. Hajime's wife Nobue and children accompanied him to Cairns.

The Heads of Department and Year Co-ordinators are playing an increasingly important role in the administrative and decision-making processes of the School. In 1990, Mrs Rigby will take over the responsibilities of Year 8 Co-ordinator. Mr Van Den Bos, Miss Jenkins and Mr Stolarchuk will each take their respective groups through to the next year level. Miss Hope will be on leave next year.

Following a review of the operation of the Forward Planning Committee, the group of senior staff which meets monthly under the Chairmanship of the Principal and advises him the Deputy Principals, the membership of this body was expanded to include a primary and secondary teacher, Mr Sheppard and Mr O'Sullivan. I am grateful for the work of this committee and appreciate the quality of advice which it provides.

At the end of last year, following a review of the management structure of the School, the School Council appointed another Deputy Principal, Mr Tom Stone, to attend to the daily routine and day-to-day management of the School in order to free the Principal for his wider executive role of strategic planning and development, promotion and public relations. This structure is working well.

Mr Bob Grandin, the former Principal of St Barnabas' School will fill a senior position on the staff in 1990. We welcome him and his wife Jan and look forward to their involvement in the TAS community.

## PRINCIPAL'S PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITIES

In February I was appointed to the position of Consultant Archdeacon in the Diocese of North Queensland.

In May I was reappointed as Chairman of the Diocesan Social Responsibilities Commission and Deputy Chairman of the Diocesan Children's and Youth Ministry Council. Other Diocesan responsibilities have included assistance with the process of selection of a new Principal for All Souls' and St Gabriel's School, Charters Towers and a review of St Barnabas' School.

I attended the Biennial Conference of the Association of Heads of Independent Schools of Australia held in Perth during October. The theme of the Conference was *Education for Excellence*. The formal sessions and the informal interaction with my peers were most valuable.

## SUPPORT GROUPS

The parent organisations have given us a great deal of support and assistance during the year. I thank Mr Dave Butler, President of the Parents' and Friends' Association and his Committee for their work and efforts on the School's behalf. The major activities of the P. & F.A. have been the Bush Dance, a Fashion Parade, the Art Show, the Ball, the Coconut Carnival, the Kevin Burry Bursary scheme and oversight of the

Tuckshop operations. As a result of these activities, some \$40,000 has been raised and spent on a range of resources for the benefit of our children.

I must make particular mention of Mr Bob Fowler who stood down after two most successful terms as President of the P. & F.A. He was a very popular and energetic President who made a significant contribution to the life of the School.

The TAS Old Scholars' Association continues to grow in numbers and will develop steadily as more members complete their tertiary studies. Alex Loukas was re-elected as President at the Annual General Meeting in February.

The School Council and its Committees have addressed a number of major policy issues this year as well as attending to the month-by-month oversight of the affairs of the School. In March the Councils of the five schools in the Diocese came together at Bishop's Lodge in Townsville for a Consultation on School Governance. The theme of the day was *Forces Shaping our Schools* and the aims of this exercise were: to provide an opportunity for interaction between the members of the various Councils; to clarify and examine in a professional manner our responsibilities as School Council members; to inform ourselves on particular issues which will increasingly impact on the operation of our Schools. It was a most successful day and will become a regular event on the Diocesan calendar.

## CONCLUSION

As I bring this report to a close, I thank all members of staff, teaching, administrative and outdoor for their enthusiasm, competence and support.

I wish to make particular mention of the Deputy Principals, Mr Norm Brosseuk and Mr Tom Stone, the Primary School Head, Mr Rod Case, my personal secretary, Mrs Marlene Bates and Mrs June Chan of the administrative staff for the high quality and conscientious nature of their work and service to the School and for their assistance to me.

I also thank the students for their co-operation, friendliness and good humour, the School Captains, Cecilia Hall-Matthews and Brenton Chambers and the prefects who have carried out their duties responsibly and effectively. I am most grateful to them.

I acknowledge with gratitude the support and assistance which I continue to receive from the Chairman and members of the School Council and the hours of voluntary work which those who belong to that body so willingly give. I thank the parents for their support during this year. I wish you a happy, holy and refreshing Christmas and holiday period and a New Year full of hope and expectation.

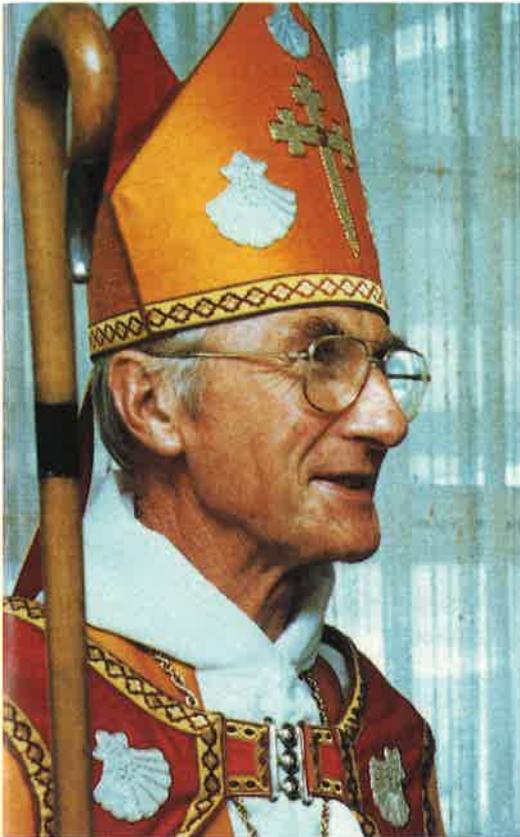
**The Venerable I.C. Stuart**  
PRINCIPAL

## AWARD TO THE BISHOP

In this year's Australia Day awards the Diocesan Bishop and Chairman of the School Council, the Right Reverend J. Lewis, S.S.M., A.M. was appointed a Member in the General Division of the Order of Australia for services to religion and the community. We do congratulate the Bishop on this achievement.

## THE PRINCIPAL APPOINTED ARCHDEACON

In February the Bishop announced the appointment of our Principal to the new senior administrative position of Consultant Archdeacon in the Diocese of North Queensland. This followed the restructuring of the Diocesan administration and was a response to the rapid and on-going development of the Church in North Queensland, particularly in this region. Archdeacon Stuart's responsibilities as Consultant Archdeacon are not limited to a region but are related to the Diocese as a whole with particular relevance to the institutions of the Diocese. The School community extends good wishes to Archdeacon Stuart on this new appointment.



*Bishop John Lewis*



*Archdeacon Ian Stuart*



*Bishop John Lewis, Dr Ruth Shatford, Bishop George Tung Yip and Archdeacon Ian Stuart on the occasion of the Trinity Anglican School Speech Night at the Cairns Civic Centre.*

# TRINITY ANGLICAN SCHOOL STAFF — 1989



## PRINCIPAL and CHAPLAIN

The Venerable I.C. Stuart

B.A., Cert.Ed., Dip.Ed.Admin., F.A.I.M., M.A.C.E. J.P.

## DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

**Curriculum and Development**

Mr N.P. Brosseuk, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

## DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

**Personnel and Resources**

Mr I.T. Stone, B.Sc.(Hons), Dip.Ed.

## HEADS OF DEPARTMENT

Languages	— Dr J. Mount, B.A.(Hons), M.A., Ph.D., Grad.Dip.Ed.
Mathematics	— Mr B. Springell, B.Sc., Dip.Out.Ed.
Science	— Dr B. Howard, B.Sc.(Hons), Ph.D.
Social Sciences	— Mrs J. Bains-Finn, B.Com., Dip.Ed.
Creative and Performing Arts	— Mrs A. Falk, B.Mus.

## YEAR CO-ORDINATORS

Year 12	— Mr I.T. Stone, B.Sc.(Hons), Dip. Ed.
Year 11	— Miss R. Hope, B.Sc., B.Ed.Stud., Dip.Ed.
Year 10	— Mr E. Stolarchuk, B.Ed., Dip.Ed.(Admin.),M.Ed.
Year 9	— Miss P. Jenkins, B.Ed., Dip.Teach.
Year 8	— Mr W. Van Den Bos, B.Ed., Dip.Teach.

## **SCHOOL COUNSELLOR**

Mrs C. Ross, B.A. (Hons), M.A.Ps.S., Grad.Dip.R.E.

## **TEACHING STAFF**

Miss P. Bagnall, B.A., Dip.Ed. — English  
Mrs M. Barnes, N.I.D.A. — Speech and Drama  
Mr R. Clegg, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. — Mathematics  
Mrs P. Crase, B.Ed., Dip.Teach., Grad.Dip. Tch.Lib., Grad.Dip.Read.Stud. — Librarian  
Mr L. Dawson, T.C. — Graphics and Manual Arts  
Mr W. Dray, B.Ed. — Economics and Business Principles  
Mrs C. Gabriel, Dip. Home Ec. — Home Economics and Art (Part-time)  
Mrs R. Horne, B.A., Dip.Ed. — English  
Mr M. Knopf — Music  
Mrs J. Kraus, B.Ed. — Mathematics  
Mrs G. Leaney, Dip.Teach., B.Ed. — Japanese  
Mr J. Little, B.Ag.Sc., B.Ed.St. — Biology and Science  
Mr P. Little, Dip.Teach. — Graphics and Manual Arts  
Mrs C. Maconachie, T.C., Dip. Phys.Ed. — Geography (Part-time)  
Mr K. Marchant, M.A., Dip.Ed. — History  
Mrs J. McCarthy, T.C., Dip.Teach. — Home Economics  
Mrs J. McPherson, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. — Mathematics (Part-time)  
Mr N. Nishino, B.A., Dip.Ed. — Japanese  
Mr M. O'Sullivan, M.Sc., B.Sc., Dip.Ed. — Mathematics  
Miss J. Panozzo, B.Ed. — English  
Mr R. Partridge, B.Ed., T.C. — Computer Specialist (Part-time)  
Mr S. Pearce, B.Ed. — H.P.E., Science, Soccer Co-ordinator  
Mr J. Rea, B.Ed., Dip.Teach. — Art  
Mrs P. Rigby, B.Ed., Dip.Teach. — Christian Education and History  
Mrs C. Taifalos, B.A., B.Ed. — Geography  
Mrs D. Tonks, B.Sc., Dip.Ed. — Biology, Science, and Mathematics  
Miss A. Tuttle, B.A., Dip.Ed. — Japanese (Part-time)  
Mrs D. White, Dip.Arts, Dip.Ed. — Art  
Mrs L. White, T.C. — French and Science (Part-time)

## **VISITING MUSIC AND DRAMA STAFF**

Mrs T. Dunstan, A.L.C.M. — Piano  
Mrs D. Langtree — Piano  
Mr R. Milner — Brass and Clarinet  
Mr D. Purdy — Drums  
Mrs M. Russell — Creative Dance

## **PRINCIPAL'S SECRETARIAT**

Mrs M. Bates  
Mr R. Mort, B.Comm.

## **ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES**

Mrs J. Chan                      Mrs M. Hubbard  
Mrs J. Ferns                    Miss L. Shields  
Mrs J. Geary                    Mrs R. Trinder  
Mrs W. Grimley                Mrs K. Tucker

## **GROUNDS AND MAINTENANCE**

Mr J. Chan  
Mr B. Tam

# SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT



*THE COMMISSIONING OF PREFECTS FOR 1989*

*L. to R. Brenton Chambers (School Captain), Liz Goulding, Ben Adamson, Sharon Henricks, Michael Boulton, Archdeacon Stuart, Bishop Tung Yep, Adam Broadley, Dione Silvester, Guy Yates, Lisa Graham, Cecilia Hall-Matthews (School Captain)*

As the 1989 school year nears its conclusion, the staff and students of Trinity Anglican School can look back on the year's events with justifiable pride. 1989 has seen the further expansion and development of not only the school, but much more importantly, our school community. The school's reputation and stature within the local community and often further afield continues to grow.

Students achievements in academic, sporting and other community related areas this year rival any made in the past, and the present student body carries on the fine traditions established in previous years; evidence of a very real and flourishing sense of pride and school spirit.

Amongst the many outstanding performances made by TAS students this year are: the impressive results achieved by both our school swimming (placing first) and athletics teams; the success of our two chemistry teams who achieved fifth and seventh positions respectively, TAS's best yet (with the hope of better results in the future); the superlative results obtained by two of our economics students — Rodney Ward and Bradley Ehrke, whose remarkable business acumen placed them in the top ten within the state for the stockmarket game. The roll continues



*Archdeacon Stuart delivers the commissioning address*

with our Junior Debating and year ten Apex Science Quiz achieving equally fine results.

In the sports arena too, TAS students have produced some exceptional results in the many and varied fields of cycling, waterskiing, soccer, hockey, netball and rugby.

In the citing of sporting and scholastic achievement it is of utmost importance not to neglect those other aspects of education which the Trinity Anglican School environment instils in the student body; discipline — both mental and perhaps even more importantly the Christian virtues of caring and self sacrifice.

1989 saw the appointment of eight prefects who fill positions of leadership and responsibility within the school community. Those elected to the position of Trinity Anglican School Prefect 1989 were: Ben Adamson, Adam Broadley, Michael Boulton, Lisa Graham, Liz Goulding, Sharon Henricks, Dione Silvester and Guy Yates. The prefects provide counselling, and where necessary, disciplinary action and act as a vital link between the student body and

school staff. We thank the prefects for their continual and much needed support throughout the school year.

This year also witnessed the second annual Trinity Anglican School Senior Formal, which from any point of view was an outstanding success. The picture presented by the many immaculately groomed couples moving in concert to the mellow tones of the Barrier Reef Jazz Band is perhaps best described by two words, sheer elegance. Though only the second such function held by the school we hope we have played a part in establishing a fine tradition which deserves to continue well into the future. We would once again like to express our gratitude, on behalf of the senior students, their partners and parents to Mrs Rigby without whose dedication the event might well have foundered.

Ultimately, the purpose of the secondary school system is to prepare young adults for their place in our society. This is a purpose which Trinity Anglican School accomplishes admirably and this year's senior group is the proverbial proof of the pudding

— the result being approximately eighty well educated and mature young men and women more than adequately equipped for either further study or the work force. Even so it is with a sense of foreboding that we look to the future, a future without the friendship and guidance provided by the school staff, to whom we owe so much, and without the support of many friendships formed over the long years that we have spent together. We should like to thank all of the senior students for their continued friendship and support. We wish all TAS staff and students, present and future, the very best of luck in the challenging years ahead.

For our part and that of the senior students it is not so much goodbye as aurevoir for as MacArthur, or was it Churchill (sorry Mr Marchant), said — "We shall return". Not all at once perhaps (heaven forbid!), but in ones and twos we will return to renew old friendships and pay our respects to a memorable and much loved part of our lives.

**Cecilia Hall-Matthews  
Brenton Chambers**



**STUDENT ADVISORY COUNCIL**

*Back Row, L. to R. Natalie Manning, Joanna Murray-Prior, Sonia Denham, Noelle Fraser, Michelle Bradley, Karen Hillery, Nava Derekshan*

*Middle Row, L. to R. Paul McEniery, Penny Robins, Duncan Mallet, Darren Rendall, Marko Andjelkovic, Rebecca Morgan, Shelley Robins, Simon Ivanovic*

*Front Row, L. to R. Paul Chapman, Cheryl Gamble (secretary), Sven Bayoumy (president), Mr Stolarchuk (staff advisor), Chadden Hunter (vice-president), Troy Price (treasurer), Melissa Riordon*

# CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

The 'war of the 1980's' is not that of countries ravaged by bombs, lives and limbs torn apart, but one of equally devastating consequences. The war I refer to is that of the continual bombardment our youth is being subjected to in the quest to be one of the 'beautiful people'. One soft drink firm tells of being 'simply irresistible' which, one assumes, will occur when one consumes their product. Clothing advertisements continually drop their own brand of poison gas on our youth, the image portrayed is one of streamlined, suntanned, scantily dressed bodies. Does this mean the 'larger proportioned' remains naked? The sensuous portrayal of 'perfect 10's' by perfume manufacturers adds further ammunition to the war. What then, of the scrawny colt like pimpled youth or the adolescent plump, braces wearing youth? Where does he or she fit into this image of the 'beautiful people'? They quite simply do not fit in at all. Society's perception of the 'beautiful people' can and is quite battering to the self-esteem of the ordinary youth. Life at school, home and in society can be made miserable if he or she does not fit the mould.

Thus, Christian Education must make a special contribution to our youth and their self-esteem, it must 'de mask' the superfluous outer image and reveal the true strengths and talents which often lay embedded in the inner image.

Our Christian Education classes focus on personal affirmation, this in turn encourages students to realise their self worth, their special gifts, their uniqueness; in short that they are 'beautiful people'. For without an appreciation of one's own self-worth one cannot possibly 'clear the mist' to appreciate others' gifts and talents.

The Christian Education team at TAS sees that Christian Education has the capacity to be as interesting, as challenging and as relevant as any other subject areas. Opportunities have been provided for our students to experience open enquiring Christian Education while at the same time acquainting them with Christian traditions in Theology, Scripture, Morality and Spirituality.

The year twelve students have this year been involved with the 'Little Buddy' programme, a programme designed to foster positive relationships, trust and learning in a comfortable environment. This activity with its humble beginnings has been a very enjoyable experience for all concerned, but most importantly it may eventually be a valuable step taken in the direction of responsible parenthood.

Our year ten students have been continually challenged this year to be involved in life-centered discussions based on conscience formation. The use of audio-visuals has enhanced these discussions. There were many opportunities for presenting Christian viewpoints illustrating Christian values thus helping the students to become more aware of the influence of religion on their lives. The group

# SUBJECT REPORTS

dynamics in these sessions were electrifying and hopefully provided the students with an avenue of religious motivation for committed social action.

Christian Education, because of its sensitive personal content, has its own distinctive approaches and possibilities for learning that can make it the most educationally valuable subject in the curriculum. The Christian Education team at TAS has undertaken this journey of growth with vigour knowing we are constantly called to develop attitudes and values arising from the richness of our christian tradition.

We welcome Captain Guy Davidson to our team this year, Captain Davidson from the Anglican Church Army will enrich our work immensely.

We wish to thank all the parents and friends for their support in the Christian Education of the children.

P. Rigby

## ENGLISH

A disgruntled academic once described the teaching of English literature to undergraduates as casting artificial pearls before real swine. One wonders what he might have said about teaching a ROSBA programme to secondary students in Queensland! The man was not only manifestly wrong, but a positive menace to the teaching profession.

Literature, like all creative arts, is not a dead thing — it is, rather, the visible representation of a mind in action. Philosophers of the Renaissance believed that the material world, in all its beauty and diversity, reflected the blueprint of Creation and hence the mind of God. A more contemporary philosopher observed that 'there is more to the world than the outer forms which nature might suggest' (See the Art Dept. report below). The same is true of literature which cannot and should not be approached in the spirit of autopsy. These bones do live. They live through the act of sensitive and sympathetic reading. It is a wonderful and rewarding experience to be able to share the perceptions and visions of gifted men and women even though they may be long departed.

Unfortunately, and for reasons too numerous and too complex to deal with here, literacy is on the wane. Many students read as if translating from another language — of course it seems irrelevant and difficult — and unfamiliarity breeds a kind of arrogant contempt. Many will never gain access to the marvelous world of books and it will be their sad loss as they grunt their way through mundane lives.

I feel that it is the responsibility of teachers and parents, by encouragement and example, to stimulate a love of language in the children at as early an age as possible. Let them learn to love English — without it, they are very literally dumb!

J. Mount  
HEAD OF LANGUAGES.

## MATHS

This year has been very rewarding for the Mathematics Department at TAS. There have been continuing changes and improvement in all aspects of the department. Mathematics is one of the most important subjects in secondary school and the interest, dedication and hard work shown by the Mathematics staff and by the students have been quite exceptional.

In the Junior Grades (Years 8, 9 and 10) this year, we have introduced new text books which are proving to be very successful. We have some streaming in the junior grades to avoid the problem of large differences in mathematical ability within the one class. There is a top stream Advanced Mathematics class in Years 8, 9 and 10. The streaming is not rigid and there is an overlap of abilities in the classes. All advanced classes are taught the same material and sit the same tests. The cut-offs for the upper achievement levels have been raised in Junior Maths to give students a better indication of performance in Year 11 Maths I. The new cut-offs are VHA 85%, HA 70%, SA+ 60%, SA# 50% and SA- 40%.

In Senior Mathematics (Years 11 and 12) we have successfully introduced the new assessment scheme that involves the separating of Content/Skill and Process. The greater emphasis on Process increases the student's ability to problem solve and apply mathematical techniques and analysis in new situations.

Calculators are discouraged in Years 8, 9 and 10 as far as possible and mental arithmetic is stressed and encouraged by teachers. The Wednesday lunchtime tutorial sessions for all grades have been well attended throughout the year. In these sessions, several maths teachers are present to answer students' questions. Also mathematics teachers give optional extra work for classwork and for homework. There is always something for students to do to improve their mathematics.

This year, TAS mathematics students have participated enthusiastically in several mathematics competitions. Three Year 8 students, Jane Broadley, Aaron Rubin and Suzanne Schoenmann were narrowly beaten in the final of the Cairns District Maths Quiz Night. In the Queensland Problem Solving Competition, consisting of 5 extremely tough problems, Julian Smith gained 6th place in the Year 12 section, Anthony Lewis received an Honorable Mention in the Year 11 section, and Sarah Watts received an Honorable Mention in the Year 9 section. At the time of press we are anticipating good results in the Westpac Australian Mathematics Competition. Congratulations on the fine efforts of all maths students and the encouragement and support from the maths staff.

B. Springell  
HEAD OF MATHS.

## SCIENCE

*"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."*

Brewster's *Memoirs of Newton*.

The Science Department has had a very good year in terms of student achievement. Sharon Henricks in Year 12 this year returned from a very exciting academic experience at the Science Summer School in Canberra in January. Sharon shared her newfound knowledge with us at assembly and in class. The Year 12 Titration (Chemistry) competition saw our best result in the three years that we have been entering the competition. Special mention must be made of Lisa Graham and Brenton Chambers who achieved excellent results in the competition. The RACI Chemistry quiz and the Esso Science in Schools competition produced good results at all levels. Aaron Rubin Year 8 and Ben Taylor in Year 10 were awarded prizes.

Our brilliant Year 10 Science Quiz team gained a place in the semi finals. They survived with flying colours some gruelling competition from St Mary's, St Augustines and Cairns State High School to gain a place. The team members were Donna Grifo, Andrew Miles, Naysun Saeedi and Alan Watters.

## FRENCH

Quelle annee! What a year it has been — packed with activity from start to finish and laden with promise for the future!

The Bicentenary of the French Revolution has brought France and her people to the forefront of international focus, reminding the democratic peoples of the world of the debt we owe to a nation which fought so desperately for the ideals we take for granted. We are reminded of how French history, culture and philosophy are intrinsically bound up with our own. The bicentennial celebrations have been a source of both controversy and interest world wide — even Japan has looked to Napoleon for advertising inspiration!

TAS Francophiles celebrated the "Bicentenaire" in fine style on July 14th with Grade 9's and 10's performing on stage in the City Place with the youngest members of the Alliance Francaise. Our students performed with "eclat" although all would have to agree that the star of the show was a very small French girl with an impish grin and a great deal of "savoir faire". Grade 8's shared in the bicentennial festivities with a French luncheon at school — sandwiches French style and delicious pastries from Gerald's Paris Croissants. Our guest speaker was Madame Francoise Nozaic from the Alliance Francaise and the day was certainly a gastronomic success even if we did run out of time for the intended cultural pursuits.

*Farewell to the French exchange students*



1989 TAS SCIENCE QUIZ TEAM WINNERS OF THE APEX YEAR 10 SCIENCE QUIZ FOR FAR NORTH QUEENSLAND

L. to R. Alan Watters, Andrew Miles, Dr B. Howard (Head of Science), Naysun Saeedi, Donna Grifo

There has been so much talk in the press of the "greenhouse effect" that the Science Department decided to build its own greenhouse on campus to study this effect at close range. Mr Little and his greenfingered team of student helpers have spent many afternoons working on this project. The Year 11 Biology students used the greenhouse to good effect for their assignments this year. They did dreadful things to plants — poured acid rain on them, gave them toxic chemicals and even poured soapy water on them. They must have been the cleanest plants in Cairns. The students learned an enormous amount from this experience. Do keep an eye on your own gardens at home.

The Aquarium Club, consisting of

Narelle Christensen, Tony Lewis, Ivan Moran, Brian Ronnie, Troy Price, Cameron McPherson and Lisa Puccini, has performed a great service for the running of the Saltwater Aquarium. They fed the fish, carried out chemical tests and updated the filtration system. This new system allowed the inclusion of live corals, and a larger variety of fish including seahorses.

Physics students decided to become more physical and attended a lecture entitled "The Physics of Games and Sport" given by Prof. Cashion on 29th September. It was a very stimulating and interesting lecture.

It certainly was an exciting and busy year in the Science Department.

Dr B. Howard  
HEAD OF SCIENCE.

1989 has also been the Year of the L.O.T.E. — Languages Other Than English. Teachers throughout Queensland, in both private and state schools, have received a wealth of encouragement and inspiration, and teaching and assessment material which resulted from these. We owe a special thankyou to our L.O.T.E. sister school, Somerville House in Brisbane, for the assistance and encouragement we have received.

Other highlights of the year have been the Alliance Francaise film nights, some of which were attended by Grade 10's. It is hoped that next year some films may be available which will relate to wider interests and a range of age groups. Grade 10's also visited Gerald's Paris Croissants and ordered their snack in their best French style and Grade 9's enjoyed a visit to the French Bistro to savour some of the food they had been learning about. Grade 8's have learnt to say such a lot about themselves

and their interests and many have enjoyed writing to a French penfriend.

However, the most outstanding feature of 1989 has been the visit to TAS by a group of sixteen French students, most of whom were hosted by our families. They were excellent ambassadors for their country, attending classes, assembly and sporting events and giving our students a great deal of encouragement, answering all questions with patience and sharing unstintingly their knowledge and experience. Close ties were established with host families as well as friendships within the school. We have been assured of a warm and excited welcome when we make our return visit to France.

In 1990 the French department welcomes the first class of Grade 11 students and we look forward to the challenge and the enjoyment the new year will bring. Vive la France!

L. White



# JAPANESE

'89 — although TAS didn't go to Japan this year, Japan has come to TAS.

Thanks to a great variety of exchange programmes such as Rotary, AIUF, KINETSU and to the many privately organised visits, TAS students of Japanese have had multiple opportunities to make friends, practise their Japanese and learn first-hand about the differences between Japanese and Australian culture.

The Rotary Exchange students, Sachiyo Hamano, who left in March, and Fumi Masuyama who arrived soon after, have made great contributions. Fumi has been teaching Japanese Folk dance to Year 5 students, calligraphy as a Thursday afternoon activity in Term 3 and has demonstrated the art of tea-making (Japanese ceremonial style).

In July, thanks to the generosity of 17 families who acted as hosts, TAS welcomed 17 Japanese students for an extended 3 week stay. This was the annual KINETSU homestay programme, a time when firm friendships were made. The Japanese students attended all classes, Science, Home Economics, Health and Physical Education... the lot. Speech and Drama was a big hit with the visitors who were amazed at what was taught. Japanese classes became bi-lingual classes, and students became teachers, teaching one another, and exploring all the possible ways of communicating they knew. Masaru Miyazawa (Masa sensei) left the class room, and introduced the traditional sport of Sumo to all TAS students with his lunchtime demonstrations. Masa may not have the bulk of the professional Sumo wrestler, but it was great entertainment.

This year's homestay program culminated with a farewell International Night. Japanese, French and Australian students demonstrated some of their country's particular food, songs, dances and other aspects of their cultures. A very talented group of Japanese students persuaded the French and Australians to join in some festival folk dancing, to taste the true thick green tea of the Japanese tea ceremony and to have a go at calligraphy (writing Kanji with a brush).



*Sumo comes to TAS*

Year 9's this year have explored typical Japanese cuisine, thanks to the staff of the Cherry Blossom who prepared a great variety of food to a large group at low cost. A very successful night.

A new event in the Year 9 calendar has been the introduction of an October undokai, or not-so-serious sports carnival.

Year 10's made a collage for the Japanese room, depicting the seasons and festivals of the year.

Year 11's introduced a new unit on Japanese cooking which involved establishing a one-night restaurant and inviting local Japanese people for an evening meal prepared by the students. The invitations, of course, were written in Japanese.

A further new adventure for Year 11's has been the start of a new Pathfinder Competition between TAS students and Cairns State High students. The students made teams of two and had to follow a series of Japanese directions through the Central Business Area, answering questions and collecting special items as they reached particular check-points. With the co-operation of the business community, this was a very realistic exercise where use of Japanese was essential.

TAS was well represented in every section of the Japanese Speech Contest this year and performed well. Special mention should be made of Merinda Fowler who won a flight to

Brisbane to compete in the Queensland Titles. This is the first time the Peninsula region has sent any student down to Brisbane. Out of a field of 60 students from South-East Queensland, Merinda delivered a speech of very high standard, although failing to take first, second or third position.

A major change of staff occurred in July when Mrs Kirkpatrick left to join the Japan Exchange Teacher (JET) program and extend her Japanese skills through teaching in Japan. Mrs Kirkpatrick has been replaced by Mrs Gaell Leaney.

Japanese at TAS has started developing new and exciting directions with the arrival of Mr Hajime Nishino and his family from Tokyo. Nishino-sensei brings a wealth of resources, of personal experience, books and videos into the school together with a great sense of fun and energy. He spends time with each class at every level and focuses on conversational Japanese.

The Japanese department has also acquired this year a TV/Video capable of replaying tapes copied on the Japanese NTCS system. This video is also capable of playing and recording the Australian system. From the beginning of Term 4, TAS Japanese students have had access to Japanese TV with cartoons, movies and lots of ads! It's a great way of learning.

**A. Tuttle**

# HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

With the implementation of the new ROSBA programme this year, the HPE department is able to offer a broader based approach to the subject. Students have two years in many units to become more competent and skilled in Games and Sports as well as elective units. This increase in skill development has been seen to help and be of use in many areas of the school, especially in the sporting realms. We can safely say that TAS's excellent performance can be attributed to a better HPE programme. New units which we have introduced into the Years 9 and 10 programme are

Archery and Tennis and, into the Years 11 and 12 programme, Squash and Badminton. All these units have proved to be most popular with our students.

Each year all HPE students must study two theory units. These range from Basic Anatomy and Physiology, Smoking and Alcohol through to Exercise Physiology in Years 11 and 12. These are the units where students can relate the theory with the practice, culminating in Year 12 with continuing Training Programmes. Students can see and understand how

our body actually works under the stress of exercise and why the body functions in certain ways.

I certainly would encourage more students to select HPE, as in today's society one certainly needs to know how to use leisure time more constructively and effectively, as well as understanding how our bodies actually work.

My thanks must go to Mr Stephen Pearce and Mr Paul Little and, in Terms II and IV, Mrs C. Maconachie for support and co-operation during the year.

**P. Jenkins**

# HISTORY

*'I saw that for the greatest part, men came to the reading of History, with an affection much like that of the People in Rome, who came to the Spectacle of the Gladiators, with more delight to behold their blood (sic), than their Skill in Fencing.'*

Thomas Hobbes.

This is not a case for blood sports in the History classroom or an exercise in self-indulgent whimsy on my part but a genuine attempt to address that age-old chestnut — Why study history? A fair question, for if one accepts Henry Ford's contention that 'History is bunk' then we bunk pedlars of the History Department are obviously guilty of a grave disservice! It does serve as a useful tool by which T.E. Scores can be maximised and it does, too, allow the competent writer every opportunity to shine. But, on another plane, the appeal of history is imaginative. Given that intellectual curiosity is the life-blood of real civilisation, our imagination craves, as we read, to give past peoples, form, colour, gesture, passion and thought. It is a soulless individual who reads good history with disinterest. Yet for many, history is devoid of relevance and romance, weaned as they were on history books that consisted of political annals with little reference to their social and economic environment. Happily today, history is a humanising experience for, as G. M. Trevelyan put it: "Without social history, economic history is barren and political history is unintelligible."

The human dimension is best illustrated by two incidents that occurred in class this year. One concerned a student who arrived at his lesson without his text to sheepishly explain that Dad was still reading it and was loathe to give it up. The other concerned a class that had just grappled with the complexities of Nazi Domestic Policy. Having studied the collective horrors of Hitler's regime, the group were at once amazed to learn that this monster of mythical proportions had one redeeming feature: his affection for Blondi, his favourite German Shepard. The duality of human nature was at once all too much for them. Overwhelmed by awakened curiosity... "but how?" "Why?" "If he..." I desperately tried to retrieve the object of the lesson.

The scope of history is infinite, then, in its interest. It does not concern itself solely with Great Men and Movements but with the daily lives of the inhabitants of the land in past ages. This includes the character of family and household life, the conditions of labour and leisure, the attitude of man to nature and the culture of each as it arose out of the general conditions of life in the ever-shifting impulses of literature, religion, music, architecture, learning and thought. Herein lies the fascination of history, because the past can offer up so much.

Next year sees the introduction of Ancient History as a subject at Trinity Anglican School and at the time of writing seven students have bravely indicated their interest. The emphasis of the course is on literature as primary source material and major

consideration will be given to Greece and Rome. The success of the course depends on the interest and success of its adherents. Hopefully, they will display the same qualities as Leonidas and his three hundred!

K. Marchant

# GEOGRAPHY

Twelve months ago the environment was an issue that occupied people's minds only occasionally. However, climatic changes and the hole in the Ozone layer, the Greenhouse Effect and apocalyptic visions of the future have awakened the communities into action.

The prospect of owning waterfront properties full of sewage and toxic waste paled when Exxon covered Alaska in basic black, the Brazilians proceeded to lawnmower the Amazon and African wildlife continued to be slaughtered for the assumed power locked away in their horns and tusks. 1989 has been the 'Year of the Environment' and Education has been spotlighted as the means through which the community's consciousness regarding the environment can be raised. In this respect, Geography has an important role to play as students are able to explore the facts behind the emotion and make their own well reasoned decision about the future of the world which they will inherit.

Aside from these issues and their set curriculum TAS geographers have taken the theory learnt in class and applied it to reality with field studies being undertaken by all Year levels in their own local environment.

Year 8 braved the elements, leeches and mosquitoes to undertake studies of the mangroves and rainforests, while the Sugar Industry provided the base for studies of commercial agriculture in Year 9 with a trip on the Mulgrave Rambler through the canefields, a tour of the Mulgrave Mill and a visit to a cane farm, where all sampled sugar in its natural form.

The urban landscape of Edmonton provided the basis of a study of functional zones within towns for Year 10. Whilst for Year 11 a trip to the Tablelands to explore volcanic landforms and later field studies at Yorkey's Knob to study coastal processes proved to be most enjoyable.

The most dedicated geographers would have to be the Year 12's, for they have braved ferocious dogs, hostile mosquitoes, mangroves and sheer cliffs in their pursuit of data. So we have become more aware about the state of the environment. Geography will certainly be viewed as the means through which students will be able to better understand the physical and cultural elements of the world in which we live.

C. Taifalos

# ART

*'Art is a process which enables ideas to enrich and enhance the life of man and because of this it is not too imaginative to visualize the artist as a sort of priest, charged with the cleansing of the world.'*

P. Gettings 1982

One of the greatest joys of teaching art comes when you see a student's work progress and you are aware of their feelings of pride, happiness and accomplishment. This, however, is the end result and only those who have produced works of art know of the long solitary road that precedes accomplishment and that the journey is often fraught with frustration and at times despair. But all who have experienced these emotions in the course of the creative process will tell you that it can be the journey of a

lifetime, because all good art comes from within, it is of the soul. The students come to realize that their role as artists is to remind other people, particularly the less creative and more material among us, that there is more to the world than the outer forms which nature might suggest; that there is something higher than the external forms; there is an innate beauty in all things.

All art is the expression of the idea, the mental image, the vision that precedes accomplishment, and it is because the ideas of the world are as varied as man that art itself can be so varied, so various; it can be a truly enjoyable and rewarding experience for those with the vision and the courage to try.

J. Rea

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Well, it's time for the usual brag from the Music and Drama Departments. Not only can we claim to have lured an actor from the *Les Miserables* cast to perform at short notice in our musical this year, but we managed to perform a play which not only confused the audience but baffled the actors as well, not to mention Mrs Barnes and that pianist who couldn't follow her own compositions!

The choir, when they were at school and not attending workshops, were busy fathoming conventional and graphic scores of music. Some may remember the *Ronde* at the Cultural Concert. Some people even invited them to perform at various outside venues under the guise of 'entertainment' — commiserations to the Fashion Parade, Civic Centre etc. The award for the most rehearsal time

changes must go to the orchestra led by that acclaimed baton twirler, Mr 'Reef' Knopf, who still claims to have had his composition performed by the Queensland Youth Orchestra in Brisbane. All the orchestra could say about that was 'Raspberry Surprise'.

The jazz and rock bands have been known to scare innocent shoppers at Earville and the City Place at peak times of trading. Luckily the Staff Band has only been unleashed on the world twice. The drummer was especially talented (loud!), but we are yet to hear the others.

The string quartet tries to provide some class but unfortunately are rarely heard.

Overall, the year has been quite ho-hum with the odd performance every fortnight. Better luck next year.

A. Falk, M. Barnes

## HOME ECONOMICS

Home Economics has had an interesting year of consolidation and growth in the school. Our first Year 12 class has produced some excellent academic work, not to mention a wide range of gastronomic delights. The year has produced many interesting and varied experiences and problems for students.

Year 8 students have been busy learning skills to equip themselves with "basic survival tactics" to face the real world. The Year 8's have displayed great enthusiasm for the subject despite pleas of "No! I won't need to know that because I will have a dishwasher, chef, dietitian, housekeeper, ironing lady, tailor etc etc." or simply "Mum does all that."

Year 9's started the year with a study of the kitchen environment and a visit to Jayco Kitchens Showrooms and Chandlers Appliance Store. Here they observed the latest developments in kitchen equipment and planning, in order to design their own ideal kitchen. Food preparation skills were developed with the presentation of many tempting dishes. Basic nutrition facts were also developed. Year 9's are at present working their way through a maze of tangled threads towards the creation of their first truly individual garment. Clothing design will be the focus of fourth term's work and students will be expected to create individual and functional garments and solve clothing problems.

During first semester Year 10 students studied meal preparation in our own and other cultures. Some extremely exotic and attractive dishes were prepared. Solving the everyday food needs and problems of different individuals, along with their different nutritional requirements was the focus of this unit.

Students also visited the restaurant 'Creme De La Creme'. As well as sampling its many palate pleasing

delights, students were able to observe a large display of garnishes and decorations especially prepared by the Chef to assist them with their own presentation techniques.

Year 10 students are at present constructing a garment and will finish the year with a Human and Relationships unit and some "Consumer Affairs" to help them deal with consumer problems.

Clothing Design was the first semester unit studied by year 11 students. Fashion history and design principles were learnt and used by students to design clothing suitable for local requirements. Two garments were produced.

Housing needs are this semester's topic with an emphasis on tropical housing, design and function in the "Human Habitats" unit.

Year 12 students dealt with the relationship between food and health and the many nutrition problems facing Australians today. They prepared a range of interesting and diverse food and focused on solutions to both food and food related health problems.

During second semester, Year 12's are studying Human Development and Relationships. This is designed to help them understand themselves and others better and to assist them in the formation of positive relationships with others.

Home Economics is an important inclusion in the School curriculum as it not only prepares students for work in related fields, but also for 'life after school'. It helps them to deal with the basic problems of life, ie. food, shelter, clothing and relationships with others. The department has had a very successful and rewarding year with many contributions being made by a band of enthusiastic and energetic students.

J. McCarthy

## COMMERCE

The 1980's have been a decade of Debt. Australian consumers, companies and governments are venturing into very deep water, the level of which is rising exponentially. During the 1980's average household debt has increased to over 70% of household income. This, coupled with increasing interest rates, has seen unparalleled growth in personal bankruptcies and consumer credit problems. But the debt blowout does not end here; our companies have been borrowing a great deal more. The latest figures suggest that for every \$1 of shareholders funds invested in companies, an additional \$1.15 in extended liabilities has been borrowed from both Australians and foreigners. And then there is public borrowing that accounts for about 1/3 of our total debt.

The Australian outlook for the 1990's is far from rosy. However, a prophet of doom I am not — sage perhaps would be far more appropriate. The plight of all Australians is one that cannot and should not be ignored, but how can this alarming debt trend be reversed? The key of course, is Education, and it is the role of the Commerce Department at Trinity Anglican School to address, discuss and research issues such as budgeting, investment decisions, business literacy and the legal framework of our society.

During 1989 we have offered our traditional Commerce range including Junior Business Principles, Senior Accounting and Economics as well as introducing Senior Legal Studies. Students have been exposed to a range of learning experiences including:

- Business Computer Applications
- Excursions to C.B.D., Coca Cola, Earville Shopping Centre and the Law Courts
- Survey preparation and computer analysis
- Participation in various statewide competitions including The Sharemarket Game, Year 12 Accounting Competition and The Pacific Coal Economics Essay Competition

I believe that those students who chose to study Commerce subjects in 1989 have been given the opportunity to gain invaluable knowledge and insight that will not only prepare them for life after school but will enable them to make rational and mature decisions throughout their adult life.

Finally my special thanks goes to Mr Bill Dray for his work within the Commerce Department and my best wishes go to all of my Year 12 students who are pursuing their careers next year, many of them in the Commerce and Business field.

J. Bains-Finn  
HEAD OF SOCIAL SCIENCES.

# SCHOOL COUNSELLING SERVICE

This year has seen enormous growth in the participation of students and their parents in services offered by the School Counsellor. The range of services available has remained similar to those available in 1988, with the main areas of activity being personal counselling, vocational guidance, assessment of academic ability, and assistance with study skills.

The vocational guidance and education programme has been expanded this year, and further development in this area will continue in 1990. As in previous years, the year levels which receive priority in vocational guidance are Years 10 and 12, as students in each of these year levels are at a point in their lives where they must make important decisions which will have far-reaching consequences for their future lifestyles.

During Terms 3 and 4, students in Year 10 and their parents were invited to attend a Careers interview, to look at options which may be available after students have finished their schooling, and in preparation for this, to select subjects for Years 11 and 12 which will enable students to enter courses of tertiary study or careers of their choice. In preparation for these interviews, students completed vocational interest surveys, and both parents and students found the feedback from these helped them to better understand the needs, interests and abilities of the students. Nearly every student in Year 10 has participated in an interview, and feedback received indicates that the experience was regarded as useful in making informed career plans.

Year 12 students are also heavily involved in career planning. These students are at a point in their lives where definite decisions must be made about what to do in 1990, and it is important for them to spend much time and thought in making sound decisions. To assist them in this process, visits to the school are encouraged from representatives of universities and colleges of advanced education, from the defence forces, and from a number of other industries prominent in Cairns. As well, students had the opportunity to visit James Cook University of North Queensland (Townsville campus) for a three-day orientation experience. This year, twenty-five senior students, accompanied by Mr Robert Clegg and myself, attended this residential experience, and I believe the students gained valuable insight into university life — not just the possibilities in the academic programme, but also the strengths and weaknesses of the social life available on campus!

Further attention was focussed on Year 12 students when the process of preparation for the Common Scaling Test (ASAT) was undertaken. This year a major change occurred in the composition of this test, with a

Writing Task being included for the first time. This task required students to compose a 600 word piece of prose in a two hour time limit, and students spent considerable time in English lessons and tutorial sessions preparing for this task, under the guidance of Dr John Mount. Preparation for the ASAT multiple choice tests was also undertaken during tutorials, so that students would be well aware of what to expect in the tests, and would have developed some of the analytical skills needed to successfully tackle the questions posed.

Another major part of any career education programme is the provision of opportunities for students to gain work experience. This year work experience was offered to students in Years 10, 11 and 12, and about fifty-five students participated. During their week in the work force, Mr Sam Leigh visited each student to monitor their progress, and the reports he received from employers indicate that our students conducted themselves in a most responsible and professional manner. Reference reports were received from employers after the completion of the week of work experience, and these also prove how well regarded our students are in the community. We are proud to be able to recommend our students to employers, knowing they will be a credit to their parents and their school.

An addition to the careers guidance and education programme this year has been the provision of classes for students in Years 8 and 9 to assist them in career choices. In the case of Year 8, each class received a session on making subject choices for Years 9 and 10, and the importance of making correct choices for the long-term was explained. For Year 9, a presentation was given which covered ways of thinking about one's own interests and abilities, and the effect this should have on choosing a career. It is hoped next year to extend careers work with Years 8 and 9, as we have found from experience that although many students change their career

choices during their years at secondary school, those who have a vision of the kind of future they want for themselves appear to be the best motivated, and will therefore achieve at the best level they can.

A new area of activity this year has been in the area of study skills training. Although only a small beginning has occurred, both staff and parents have frequently commented on the fact that students at most year levels need help in learning to organize and plan their study time effectively, and we are keen to offer guidance in this area. One useful aid in improving students' ability to organize their time has been the introduction of a Term Planner in the secondary and upper primary schools. These are issued to each student at the beginning of each term, and if used correctly, assist students in planning their study time effectively. It is expected that more guidance will be offered to students at all levels in the area of study skills in 1990.

As in previous years, assessments of the general ability of students in both the primary and secondary years have been undertaken. These tests are of considerable use to teachers in understanding each student, and in setting reasonable expectations for achievement. New students coming into the school from Years 8 to 12 are also assessed on areas such as reading, written expression and maths, to provide their teachers with information on their current achievement levels. Such screening assists in achieving a smooth orientation into the TAS community for these incoming students.

All in all, 1989 has been a busy but productive year. Support and feedback from parents and students for the activities offered by the School Counselling service has been heartening, and has provided fruitful ideas on ways to improve the scope and quality of the services offered. I hope to be able to implement some of these suggestions in 1990.

**Carmel Ross**  
SCHOOL COUNSELLOR.



C. Ross

# LIBRARY

With the Primary school population doubling this year, to over 200 students, the resources centre has an increased emphasis in that area. A special reading corner has been set up for the younger students. Of course they are welcome and encouraged to use all areas in the library.

Once a week every primary class has a library session in which research skills are taught and literature is enjoyed. Teachers of secondary classes co-operate with the librarian to organize research lessons based on specific assignments.

From the large number of visitors on Trinity Sunday, it is obvious that parents accept that the library plays a vital role in their children's education, not only academically, but for recreation purposes as well. We were delighted at the splendid donations of quality books valued at \$800.

"Book Week" in July was a huge success. We were fortunate to have two prominent local artists, Mary Haginikitas and Percy Trezise, to entertain and inform the primary students about local Aboriginal stories. From David Ridyard, publisher of "Childerset", the children discovered the development of a picture book — from the original idea through to the bookshop.

Displays are a vital part of the library. This year with the aid of the History department, a great ANZAC display was mounted. The Art department has loaned students' masterpieces so that we may all appreciate their talent. For the final term, World Children's Day and the theme of Christmas were the major displays.



With thanks to Mr. Brosseuk, the new computer system is working well with the entire catalogue on-line. From Term 2, the circulation system was operational. Users are now able to determine the status of any book in the library — whether it is out on loan, when it is due back and the name of the borrower.

In 1989, we have encouraged regular parental assistance in the library. Many thanks to Mrs. K. Pritchard, Mrs. J. Urquhart, Mrs. C. Van den Brand, Mrs D. Ford, Mrs I. Harrison, Mrs P. Marshall, Mrs A. Millis, Mrs R. de Graff, Mrs S. Stevens, Mrs P. Spanagel and Mrs F. Pittman. There are also

student monitors who help during lunch times by carding and shelving books, allowing the library staff to assist students in their research work.

With the above new developments, 1989 was an exciting year for the resource centre. With extensions to the library building planned next year, 1991 will be even better! There will be a separate seminar room, teaching areas for two classes, more space for the vertical file cabinets, for recreational reading and for larger displays.

**Pat Crase,**  
TEACHER-LIBRARIAN.



LIBRARY — WORLD WAR I DISPLAY



P. Crase

# PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

We began the year with a very well attended Annual General Meeting on 22nd February. At that meeting the members present overwhelmingly endorsed a proposal that the P & F Association should undertake a feasibility study into providing our school with a swimming pool. The Management Committee has spent many hours investigating this exciting proposal and its submissions will be presented at the next Annual General Meeting.

One of our first objectives this year was to reorganize the management of the Tuck Shop. To this end a Tuck Shop Sub-Committee was formed under the chairmanship of Val LaMacchia. This Committee, which meets regularly, has worked very hard to improve the Tuck Shop operation — indeed, the Tuck Shop is now making a small profit. It should be stressed that the Tuck Shop is not looked upon primarily as a money-making enterprise, but rather as a service to the school community which attempts, all the time, to balance profitability and nutritional value.

I would like to thank most sincerely all those ladies who have assisted in the Tuck Shop this year. Tuck Shop helpers are hard to come by and we appreciate all the help that we can get. I would also like to thank our Tuck Shop Convenor, Mrs Klara Furness, for her enthusiasm and dedication. Klara has made very significant contributions to both efficiency of operation and quality of food produced. Finally I would like to pay tribute to Mrs Val LaMacchia who, almost single-handedly, revitalized the entire Tuck Shop operation. Val and her hard working committee have done a wonderful job this year and together they deserve our grateful thanks.

This year the Bush Dance took place on April 15, 1989 and, despite the ominous promise of rain, the event was well attended and most successful. This annual event is meant to be a fun night out for the whole family and it's always edifying to see so many mums and dads dancing with their sons and daughters. Once again our thanks to Val LaMacchia and her organizers for a thoroughly enjoyable occasion.

On May 27, 1989 we had a Fashion Show at the Park Royal Hotel. This hugely successful project was masterminded and organized by Annie Millis and Judy Ivanovich, two talented, indefatigable ladies whose energy and ideas seemed to know no bounds. The considerable financial success of this spectacular event was greatly enhanced by the intergration of the school community into it on so many levels. A wonderful effort and our thanks to Annie and Judy.

Following on the success of last year's Art Show, came TAS ART '89 which was so very well organized by

Mrs Sylvia Watts. This impressive function took place on 2nd June, 1989 and I believe that it was so successful that TAS ART is now firmly entrenched on the art calendar for Far North Queensland. Sylvia and her committee are to be congratulated on their professionalism and their hard work. Financially this was another big success.

This year the TAS Ball was held at the Park Royal on 14th July. For those who attended this gala occasion it was most enjoyable and very successful. Once again we are indebted to Val LaMacchia who seemingly undeterred by so many irons in the fire, convened this function with her customary aplomb.

Our next major event is the Coconut Carnival. Peter Carthew and his committee have two tigers by the tail — that is to say, that the committee has serving on it two members of staff, namely Steve Pearce and Nigel Hunter, whose energy and zeal are flabbergasting to say the least. I'm sure that this event, our annual major fund-raiser, will be bigger and better than before. Peter and his committee have been meeting weekly for some time now and I would like to thank them and indeed all those who help with this project in whatever capacity, for their selfless efforts.

The Parents' and Friends' Association has again provided funds for the Kevin Burry Memorial Bursary. This bursary, in honour of our founding principal, assists in the retaining of scholars in the school who, for some financial crisis or another, would otherwise be obliged to leave.

The Association has also maintained its support for the Library by making a monthly donation for the purchase of books.

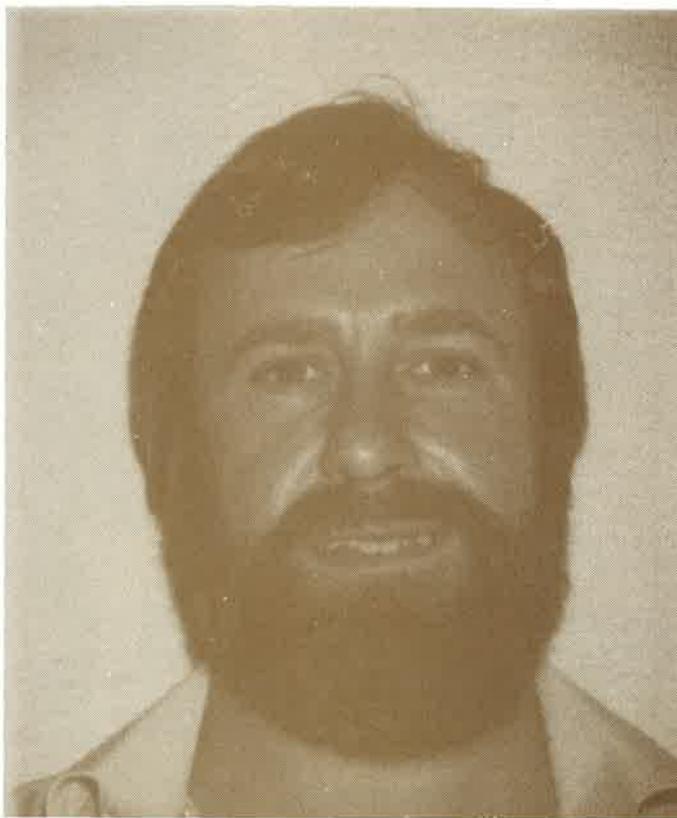
A mobile barbeque has been donated to the School and a set of canvas awnings which can double as tents for sporting events, have been ordered and should be on display at the Coconut Carnival.

Our last event for this year will be the Cheese and Wine evening on 22nd November. We look forward to seeing many members at this function which, in the past, has always been well attended.

I would like to thank all those parents who, in one way or another, contribute so significantly to the School by donating their time, money or energy to this cause which we all hold so dear. At each and every function that we have organized, there has never been a shortage of willing volunteers. Many parents, either individually or through their businesses, have made donations or provided sponsorships, and to them I would like to record our thanks and our gratitude.

Finally, I want to pay tribute to the School staff and Administration members who have always been readily available and most co-operative. I believe that the input which Trinity Anglican School receives on so many fronts from so many people, gives our community an ethos which not only lives up to the exhortations of the School crest, but also is the envy of many.

**Dave Butler**  
PRESIDENT, P & F ASSOCIATION.



# OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

As 1989 draws to a close, Trinity Anglican School will see its first group of Old Scholars emerge from their respective tertiary institutions, degrees in hand and ready to join their fellows of the 'Class of '86' already in the work force. The new graduates have mixed feelings about leaving university where many of them have been able to maintain the close ties of their TAS days. Some will return to Cairns, others will move on elsewhere, so the role of the Association as a means of communication with the school community will become even more important.

The now traditional Australia Day function at the school is welcoming larger groups of keen Old Scholars each year, in keeping with the growth of the school. The Association's Annual General Meeting is held in conjunction with the social function. Office bearers elected this year were: Alex Loukas, President; Tim Roberts, Vice President; Jo Pearce, Treasurer; Pamela Clark, Secretary and committee members Peter Turner, Nick Loukas and Aileen Clark.

Selecting a few individuals and their achievements always involves the risk of upsetting those not included. It is really a difficult task but it is a means of keeping in touch through the 'grapevine' and it is with this sole purpose in mind that we will be able to catch up with many others in this way over the years to come.

Cathy Townsend (1986) — Second year apprentice chef at the Metropole Hotel and Convention Centre, Neutral Bay, Sydney.

Alex Loukas (1986) — Final year Bachelor of Science at the University of Queensland. Will be going on to do his Honours year in 1990.

Penelope Lister (1986) — Final year Bachelor of Arts in Journalism at the University of Queensland. Plans to live and work, teaching English in Japan in 1990.

Jason Tassell (1986) — Third year apprentice electrician in Sydney. Major achievement for 1989 was being nominated 'Best New Talent' at Eastern Suburbs Rugby League Football Club in Sydney. Played with distinction in the President's Cup (Under 21) competition and hopes to score a guernsey in reserve grade or A grade competition next year.

Wendy Beswick (1986) — Final year Bachelor of Pharmacy at University of Queensland. This year joined the Australian Army as Lieutenant and will pursue her Army career in 1990.

Jason Price (1987) — After spending a year in Japan as an exchange student is now a Bachelor of Business undergraduate at Bond University.

Brad Fitzgerald (1987) — Second year apprentice draftsman with Shell Australia.

Dion Henricks (1987) — Second year medicine at University of Queensland. Living on campus at Duchesne College.

Andrew Soanes (1987) — Second year Bachelor of Forestry at the Australian National University in Canberra.

Alexei Brasch (1988) — First year Bachelor of Commerce at University of Queensland.

Chris Kirk (1988) — Working with Suncorp in Cairns. Studying externally through the Darling Downs Institute of Advanced Education.

Sian Ferguson (1988) — Spending a year in Japan as an exchange student.

Jason Fowler (1988) — First year Bachelor of Business (Banking and Finance) at Queensland University of Technology.

Nikki Britain (1988) — First year Bachelor of Law and Japanese at Bond University.

The Association congratulates all its members on their success in their various fields of endeavour and looks forward to seeing as many as possible at the January, 1990 function, particularly those from the 'Class of '89'.

1990 will be an important year for the consolidation of our Association with many important issues to be resolved at the January Annual General Meeting. The future of the TAS Old Scholars' Association depends on the support of its members and the opinions of all will be welcomed. The school community looks forward to seeing you all. A definite date for the Cairns reunion has yet to be set but all financial and prospective members will be advised as soon as possible. An annual Brisbane 'regional' reunion is a high priority.

**Sarah Pleasance**



*School Captains - 1986*

## TRINITY ANGLICAN SCHOOL CHOIR



## TRINITY ANGLICAN SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



# MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC!



**STRING ENSEMBLE**

*Standing: Catherine Lynch, Rozlyn George, Vanessa Ciccotosto, Fiona Chapman. Seated: Melanie Burgess, Susan Lewis*



**YEAR 11 ROCK BAND**

*Michael Edwards, Justin Gibbins, Darren Rendall, Cory Jackson*



*Back standing: Paul Chapman, Kirsten Stewart, Peter Tame, Sam Sturgess  
Kneeling: Jan Hetherington, Rebecca Riordan. Piano: Cory Jackson. Standing: Veleachia Vale. Teacher: Michael Knopf*

# Little Buddies

The Buddy programme is a new and exciting component of Senior Christian Education at Trinity Anglican School. This year, two Year Twelve classes have become "Big Buddies" to the Grade Threes. The programme was introduced as a concrete expression of Pastoral Care.

The Christian Education formal lessons provide the philosophical foundation for pastoral care; the Buddy programme provides the practical expression for pastoral care. The programme also creates a sense of belonging and thus enhances school morale. This bonding of students offers support and affirmation for the individuals.

Much of the Buddy programme has learning based activities which give the students a one to one situation where friendly "chit chat" enhances the learning process. "Buddies" is another expression of the Christian School's service to its students.



Nature study

## BIG BUDDY

For most of the year, two out of three of the Year 12 classes have had "little buddies". During our Christian Education lessons we would wander over to the Year 3 area, some willingly and some reluctantly, where we each had a little buddy and we were their big buddies. Throughout the next few months we listened to their reading, played sports, wrote "big books", cooked, had a "Teddy Bear's Picnic" and played some memory games. We would talk to them about their families, likes and dislikes and whatever took our fancy. They appeared to think the world of us and indeed most of us thought our little buddies were great kids. When Term 3 came along some people were getting tired of the programme (you either like little kids or you don't.) The majority ruled and we kept going over each Friday — there was a slight shuffle of buddies.

Overall, I think it was enjoyed and both parties learnt something. Term 4 arrived and we had to start a new programme but next year I think it should continue.

Penny Sturgess  
YEAR 12.

## PENNY

Penny is my Big Buddy. She has short brown hair and a few freckles on her face. Penny and I love horses. She once lived on a farm and she rode horses a lot. She's a good cook and her fingers never got found in the jam or cream. (Only once or twice when we were making scones in the cooking room.)

We had lots of fun doing things together.

Written by Kimberley Prettejohn,  
Year 3D.



Writing stories



"Bingo"

## DEBATING

When one looks back upon the many months spent debating, there are many memories. I'd say that the first reminiscence that enters my mind would be handing in a draft of a speech and have it given back so covered with the unescapeable red pen you can hardly recognise or decipher what is written thereon. But don't let me paint such a bleak view of an experience that I enjoyed and was enriched by. I could somehow never imagine this year without debating.

I now believe that Samantha Lennox, Caitlan White, Jennifer Hetherington and I have become authorities on



*Junior debating regional winners relaxing before the finals*



*Samantha Lennox, Fiona Chapman, Nadine Duncan, Jennifer Hetherington, Pia Hattersley, Caitlin White, Emma Channer, Frances Allen*

many subjects; the follies of mankind, the economic perspective of our nation, political intervention in sport, true freedom, parental permissiveness and various other subjects under the faithful and never ending guidance of Miss Panozzo, our coach, without whom the success we achieved would not have been possible.

The junior debating team enjoyed the success of winning the Far North Queensland debating trophy and then proceeding down to Townsville where we became the runners up for the whole of North Queensland.

When I remember the time Samantha, Jennifer, Miss Panozzo and I spent in Townsville in July, it is with warmth. One could hardly forget the University cuisine. Nor could one forget the nights spent revising speeches over takeaway pizza. And last and certainly

not least, one remembers the friendships made in Townsville.

On the whole it is a time which will remain in our memories for years to come. A time of arduous work, friendship and the ability to work as a team with one objective in mind.

The members of the team will certainly never forget the many interviews we embarked on to gain further background into our subjects. One thing we found was that politicians do have the remarkable ability of being able to tapdance around an issue, which was at times quite amusing.

So, if you ever contemplate taking on debating be prepared to work and then reap the benefits of an enlarged education perspective of today's society.

**Fiona Chapman**

## SHAREMARKET REPORT — TAS TYCOONS

Simulations, in contemporary times, are becoming an integral part of our culture. Illustrations of this abound: for example aviation, military and political recreations. On this basis, it is with little wonder that year 11 and 12 Economic students have now been confronted with a 'sharemarket simulation.' Finally this high risk financial sector is within reach of the monetarily deficient and in many cases economically illiterate (names won't be mentioned.) Thus with optimism personified and enthusiasm

— only rivalled by the limits of numeracy — students, after forming syndicates, underwent the transformation to corporate executives.

Paralleled with this the consumption patterns of the school community were altered dramatically. Out went comic books and videos, to be replaced by 'The Australian' and 'Business Review Weekly.' Possibly this competition was only a ploy by the English Department to alter our

reading habits and stimulate any 'remaining remnants of intellect', as Dr Mount would say. Obviously, once again, this refers only to the majority, needless to say, present writer excluded.

Essentially the simulation involved the allocation of a hypothetical \$50,000, with the principal aim being to accrue the maximum profit from this initial investment. The duration of the competition was divided roughly into six equal intervals, with trading i.e. buying and selling shares, allowable only during one designated week of each period. Over 3000 syndicates entered the sharemarket game, from throughout Queensland.

Despite our relative remoteness and lack of facilities compared with southern counterparts, TAS is the only school to appear among the top ten state positions in every decision week thus far. On a personal level, the syndicate that I am involved with, B.R.E.W., is the only group to lead the competition for two consecutive months and hopefully this trend will be maintained to the end. As well as illustrating the inherent superiority of grade 12 over grade 11 this simulation provided a functional understanding of the operations of the sharemarket.

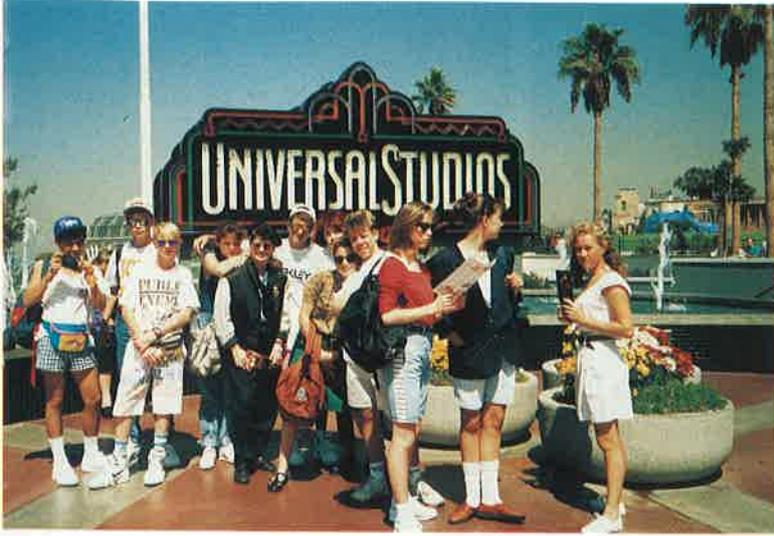
**R. Ward**

*P.S. Direct any financial inquiries to B.R.E.W. care of TAS along with \$50 per consultation and any surplus funds for investment. Results guaranteed (good or bad!).*

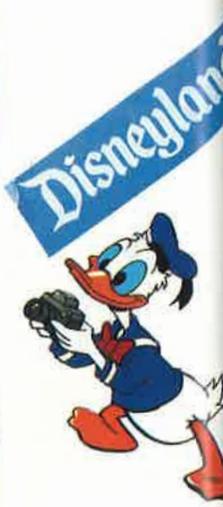
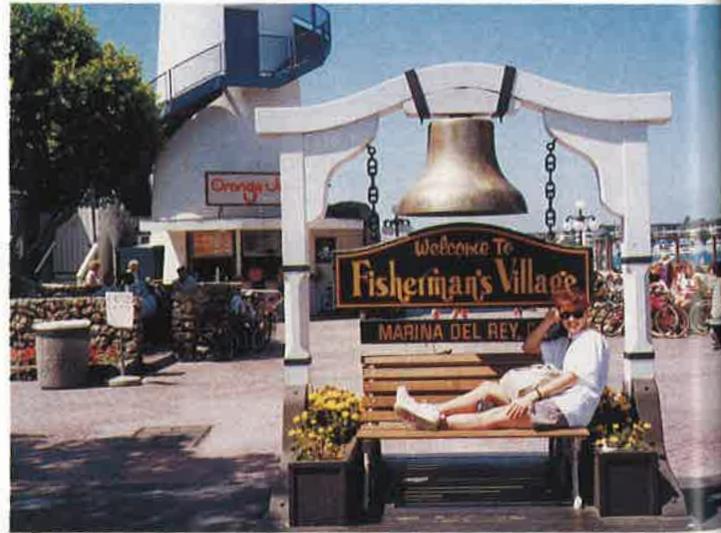
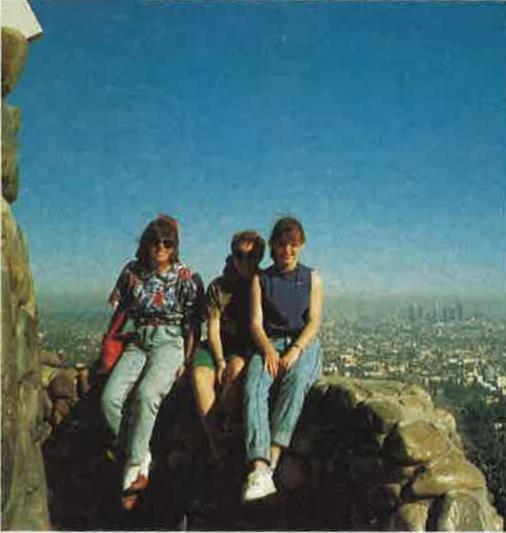


*Mrs Jo-Anne Bains Finn, Bradley Ehrke, Rodney Ward. State runners up in the Queensland Stock Market Game. "Sorry Bondie!"*

# America Trip



# America Trip



# TAS DRAMA TRIP TO THE WEST COAST OF THE USA 1989

Earlier this year, several fortunate students were lucky enough to embark upon the "TAS Drama Trip of 1989". The two weeks in which we were away, took us to the west coast of the USA as well as Honolulu.

September 2nd, we bade farewell to our beloved parents whom we knew we'd all miss terribly and entered the Departure Lounge at Cairns International Airport. The excitement hadn't really hit us yet, so we just sat and read magazines.

Once we boarded the plane our first stop was Brisbane, where we were all overjoyed to meet Megan McEwin (former TAS student), who joined us for the rest of the trip. After about 22 hours of flying the excitement still hadn't really hit us (or had it already worn off?) as we rose from the sandpaper seats miserable and sweaty. We finally reached customs at Honolulu which we all cleared with no fuss. Things were going well and we moved through quite quickly and we even managed to lose Jason, which raised our spirits somewhat. Unfortunately he was found and spent the rest of the trip with us.

Over the next few days we visited Disneyland, Venice Beach and other weird and wonderful venues and between giant clothed mice, old men in bright red shorts on rollerskates and open air black body building shows we were thoroughly absorbed by the culture.

Praise and Worship must be devoted to Jack Faith who organized much

(not all) of our Los Angeles visit and enabled us to see many interesting venues unopened to the public ie: Paramount and other studios, where we visited sound stage studios of all our favourite sitcoms. (Oh, and we saw Whoopi Goldberg... Whoopi!). To lead us through the star studded studios was the biggest Star Trek fan/nerd of all time: Richard, who knew everything and anything about the show. (We met all the characters whilst they were shooting their new series).

We met so many famous people like um... ah... er well we did meet a few! But that just wasn't enough so we went to Hollywood (stayed in the Hollywood Inn) and tried to meet some more by visiting Universal Studios. The last thing to be enjoyed in L.A. was a "Lazor Show" Extravaganza — at the L.A. Planetarium.

Before leaving L.A. we showed our appreciation to Jack Faith for all that he'd done by presenting him with a didgeridoo. You've never seen such curiosity, and bewilderment on the one face at the one time. We did eventually tell him that it wasn't a toilet cleaner or a drain pipe but a musical (?) instrument to be blown through, but that didn't change his facial expression.

Then we painstakingly found our way back to the Airport, through the smog and jet setted to San Francisco. This is where we were first "set loose" on the shopping malls where the few privileged students, whose parents

donated their beloved bankcards for *emergencies only*, found an emergency in every store. There was one problem, when changing shopping venues we were continually harassed by dirty, old, smelly beggars asking for quarters... it was strange that Fleur never managed to get rid of them for the entire 3 days. We saw a play, visited "Fishermen's Wharf" and many men's fashion stores containing employees with vast sexual identity problems.

The first new exciting thing to happen to us all in Honolulu was that we were all decorated with flowers by pretty girls. The next three days we basically spent on the beach because no-one had any money left, except those with mummy's and daddy's bankcards. 14 days had gone by and we were all reluctant to leave this country of hash browns and excitement... but despite all the reverse charge calls (or maybe it was because of them) our mummy's wanted us home... so we went.

Special thanks must go to Larie Ford, for without him it would not have been possible, and to Maggie Barnes whose knowledge of foreign travel and organisation was finally found at the Cairns Airport (for that's where she'd left it). Also to Mrs Faulk (being over 21) who enjoyed the trip more than anyone else.

Thanks to all students who made it so enjoyable and to their parents who paid and... Have a Nice Day!

Ivan Moran  
YEAR 11.



## DRAMA

Keeping with school tradition there was great deliberation over what to present as the 1989 School Drama.

Two major problems arose, those being — 1. The play eventually chosen "A Touch of Silk" by Betty Roland was too dramatic in the third act and not wanting to take the risk of having the audience laughing at us instead of crying with us it had to be abandoned and 2. "A Touch of Silk" involved approximately nine characters. Although that is the usual amount, Mrs Barnes the director, had at least twenty skilled, keen and very interested students wanting to be involved.

After a tense week of a lot of play reading and very loud drama lessons the impossible was accomplished.

The cast of "A Touch of Silk" was now the cast of "Bon-Bons and Roses for Dolly" by Dorothy Hewett and those students still keen and so far not involved were given their own play which preceded the main drama, that being a twenty minute one act play called "A Separate Peace" by Tom Stoppard.

"A Separate Peace" is written in the style of the theatre of the absurd. "Ever wanted to be nursed? *Ever wanted breakfast in bed without guilt? JOHN BROWN DID! But they wouldn't let him, they didn't understand.*"

The play, set in a nursing home, shows one man's struggle for peace and tranquility, but due to him not being ill he is forced to move on.

The cast, after working through the play many times, developed their own unique interpretation. The final production was as much theirs as it was Tom Stoppard's.

Although only on stage for twenty minutes, the cast of five, along with Ella Riggert, Inga Norgrove and Kate Brisbin, became the most dedicated backstage crew imaginable for the larger production.

"Bon-Bons and Roses for Dolly" is a musical fable of lost innocence. It presents a portrait of life and death, encapsulated in a moving picture house. Through three generations who celebrate a heightened sense of living it demonstrates how the golden years of Hollywood made promises of youth and happiness that real life couldn't keep.

Dorothy Hewett's theatre creates its larger than life effects through spectacular visual and musical devices, stylised or ritual action through sensuous and emotive language.

The play was an immense challenge and at times daunting. Don't worry if you didn't understand it fully, it took us two and a half months. And over that two and a half months (in concentration through the Easter break) the amount of input was incredible. We learnt and experimented with staging, voice, sets, music, lighting and the script.

Everyone had to work hard and we all thank Mrs Barnes for her direction, support and encouragement to keep

on trying. We were rewarded by our final production, for we had found our characters, the meaning of this, at first thought too difficult a play and learnt and experienced more than enough from one production.

Many thanks to Yon Ivanovic for his spectacular projection screen.

Now I would like to leave you with one of the main themes of both of the plays: "You can't always get what you want!". (The Rolling Stones 1969).

### CAST:

*"A Separate Peace"*

by Tom Stoppard

John Brown — Gavin Burns  
Nurse Jones — Sally Broadley  
Doctor — Rebecca Kelly  
Nurse Coates — Joanna Murray-Prior  
Matron — Emma Brigden

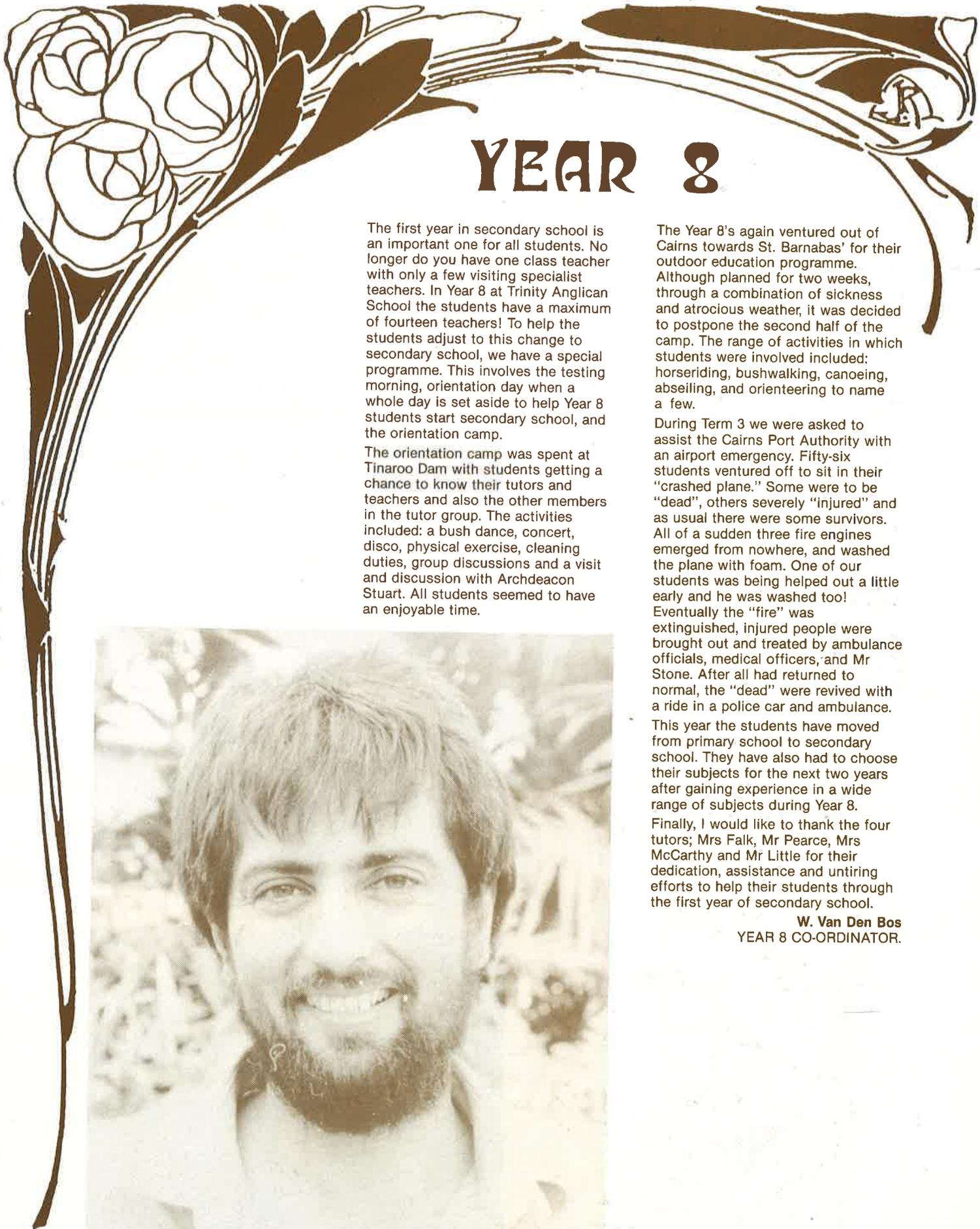
*"Bon-Bons and Roses for Dolly"*

by Dorothy Hewett

Mary Cracknell — Chelsea Hunter  
Ned Corker — Simon Ford  
Jack Garden — Chadden Hunter  
Maddy Corker — Georgina Hutchinson  
Dolly Garden — Megan Shorey  
The Boyfriend — William Audley  
Mr Ortabee — Ivan Moran  
Ollie Pullitt — Lisa McClymont  
Mate — Himself  
Workers — William Audley,  
Vanessa Muscio, Nadia Lavers,  
Darlene Williams  
Mrs Ortabee — Chani Burgess  
Chorus Girls — Emma Brigden,  
Rebecca Kelly  
Twinnies — Ella Riggert,  
Tristan Beaumont

Chelsea Hunter





# YEAR 8

The first year in secondary school is an important one for all students. No longer do you have one class teacher with only a few visiting specialist teachers. In Year 8 at Trinity Anglican School the students have a maximum of fourteen teachers! To help the students adjust to this change to secondary school, we have a special programme. This involves the testing morning, orientation day when a whole day is set aside to help Year 8 students start secondary school, and the orientation camp.

The orientation camp was spent at Tinaroo Dam with students getting a chance to know their tutors and teachers and also the other members in the tutor group. The activities included: a bush dance, concert, disco, physical exercise, cleaning duties, group discussions and a visit and discussion with Archdeacon Stuart. All students seemed to have an enjoyable time.



W. Van Den Bos

The Year 8's again ventured out of Cairns towards St. Barnabas' for their outdoor education programme. Although planned for two weeks, through a combination of sickness and atrocious weather, it was decided to postpone the second half of the camp. The range of activities in which students were involved included: horseriding, bushwalking, canoeing, abseiling, and orienteering to name a few.

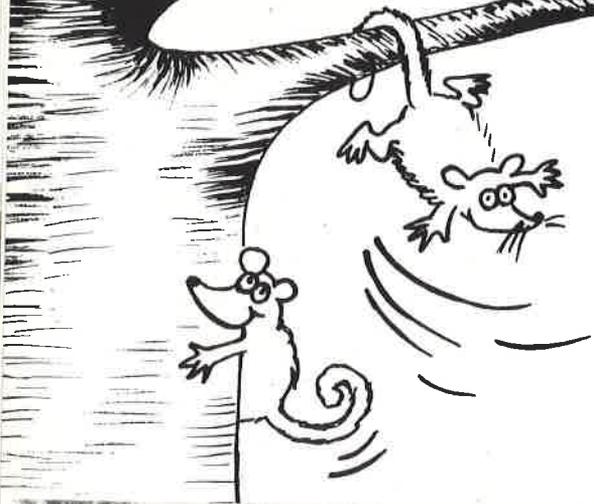
During Term 3 we were asked to assist the Cairns Port Authority with an airport emergency. Fifty-six students ventured off to sit in their "crashed plane." Some were to be "dead", others severely "injured" and as usual there were some survivors. All of a sudden three fire engines emerged from nowhere, and washed the plane with foam. One of our students was being helped out a little early and he was washed too! Eventually the "fire" was extinguished, injured people were brought out and treated by ambulance officials, medical officers, and Mr Stone. After all had returned to normal, the "dead" were revived with a ride in a police car and ambulance.

This year the students have moved from primary school to secondary school. They have also had to choose their subjects for the next two years after gaining experience in a wide range of subjects during Year 8.

Finally, I would like to thank the four tutors; Mrs Falk, Mr Pearce, Mrs McCarthy and Mr Little for their dedication, assistance and untiring efforts to help their students through the first year of secondary school.

**W. Van Den Bos**  
YEAR 8 CO-ORDINATOR.

# Outward Bound



# THE PATHWAY OF LIFE

It was daybreak. The sun was creeping over the mountain on this crisp Sunday morning. I awoke from my sleep. I looked out of my window. I could not see the road because the washing on the line obscured my view. I had been aroused by my newborn baby brother crying for his breakfast. He had beautiful brown hair and a pair of adorable brown eyes. He was dressed in a bold red pair of overalls. His cot was painted blue, so too was his room. On his cupboard sat his chocolate brown teddy bear and numerous christening presents. To keep him quiet my mother fed him some warm milk. After that she fed him breakfast.

By 8 o'clock I was ready. I ran down the carpeted stairs, through the front door and jumped over the anodised aluminium fence. I jogged to the end of my street and came to the pathway. I had only been walking for a few minutes when I came across a field full of daisies and daffodils.

Skipping through the field was a young girl of six, in her beautiful party dress, holding a small present under her arm. Around her wrist was a charm bracelet which her mother had given to her. The girl had lovely long blonde hair, blue eyes and a clear complexion. She sat down to pick some of the colourful flowers. After that she put her woven hat back on and started skipping again. How dainty she looked with her flowers and party dress. I watched as she

skipped happily along the pathway into the distance.

I started to walk again. Shortly a young boy about eight years old rode past on his brand new B.M.X. He had one hand on the handle bars and the other was holding a small carton of flavoured milk. He had black hair and blue eyes. The most outstanding feature on his face was his devilish grin. He started to peddle faster and faster until he had so much speed that he could not see the road so he missed the pathway and disappeared into the gloom of the forest.

Further along the pathway I saw a high school. In the closest classroom there was a group of fidgeting Year Twelve students and a bald, cross-eyed maths teacher. The teenagers threw paper planes and flicked rubber bands. At lunch time a group of boys went behind the toilet block. As one boy kicked the empty syringe across the dirt he felt faint and his sight was blurred.

It was midday when I reached the city. It was a seething river of people. In the centre of the city was its tallest skyscraper. On the 31st floor with a black marble desk and black leather chair was my father. The office had a grey carpet and the walls were covered in abstract paintings. On his desk there was a cheque book with a gold pen beside it. There were three telephones next to the facsimile machine. A cup of steaming black coffee was being gently sipped. From

his window he could not see the pathway nor the beautiful flowers lining it.

I walked for hours before escaping the roar of the city. I was in the suburbs standing in front of Aunty Jan's house. The washing on the line was hanging limply in the still air. Aunty Jan had curlers in her hair and a cigarette protruding from her mouth. She was ironing in front of the television as she watched "Days of Our Lives". Aunty Jan rarely finds the time to walk along the pathway.

It was late Sunday afternoon when I came across Grandma's house. The sky was pink and the sun was sinking behind the mountains. Grandma is on the verandah of her old fashioned house. The wooden boards were creaking under the rocking chair. The red and green checked rug over her lap made a comfortable bed for her cat. She was knitting a shirt for her young grandson. On the antique table beside her was a book and a cup of cold tea. Her grandfather clock was ticking in the background. As I walked through the creaking gate I noticed the broken wooden fence rotting away. The oak tree in the front yard was bare. The flowers lining the pathway had withered and died. The pathway was cracked and worn. Grandma could no longer look after the path. I reached the end of the pathway but the house was hidden in darkness.

Simon Ivanovic



## SNAKES

Snakes slide silently stretching along,  
Hidden amongst us  
and slowly but surely,  
move in no rush.

Their mysterious hiding places,  
are no huge bases,  
But holes and dark faces  
of their own.

These serpent-head creatures  
with venomous features,  
lie waiting to pounce  
on their prey.

Like man-eating sharks,  
Some leave not a mark,  
but swallow their prey  
straight away.

Snakes, slither along,  
No trace, but all gone,  
Still in no rush  
to get home.

Kelly Lazarus

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## MEMORY

The weathered hands that had seen many autumns come and go, lay limply across the ginger cat that had not stirred since the grandfather clock struck one.

The lace trimmed curtains danced slowly on the window sill as a breeze blew lightly from the east, bringing with it dusk.

The browning leaves sauntered across the dust laden floorboards of the cottage which had stood there for many years protecting many generations of her ancestors.

Her knitting lay beside her untouched. Her fingers weren't nimble anymore. Her pastime now was to sit in the rocking chair from lunchtime till dusk and recall her memories of yesteryear.

Annabelle, her most treasured possession, jumped off her lap and on to the antique chair that sat at the entrance to the quaint kitchen that had shared with the family the goodtimes and the bad.

Clawing the chair was Annabelle's way of letting her owner know that it was dinnertime as the old lady had no sense of time.

She lifted the crocheted blanket off her lap as her frail frame edged out of the rocking chair.

Her pale face looked pained but her blue eyes were still filled with life as she got closer to the cupboard.

All her energy was drained by the time she had bent down far enough to reach the cat food.



*Karyn Blanch*

Annabelle had never not been fed and this wasn't about to be the first time.

The lady slowly straightened her legs and got up after setting the cat dish on the floor.

She walked back to her bedroom

accompanied by the sound of the creaking floorboards, worn with age.

The night sky lowered itself gently into place. Another day had passed silently.

**Chelsea Lawson**

## THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

He was beginning to pant now, sweat flowed down his sticky forehead and stung his eyes. The hypnotic rhythm of his pounding feet began to slow to a steady jog. Blood oozed from the bullet wound to his leg as the excruciating pain slowly crawled upwards.

He was in the shadows, hiding like a scared child running from an angered Father. They had gone, and the loud pounding of horses feet had become a faint drumbeat in the distance. He crept silently into the shop, which he thought was abandoned.

Its door was a soldier, guarding the entrance to a musty, weathered world. The faded sign which hung rigidly above his head spoke angrily to him as he opened the dusty door. Its brass handle tarnished and cracked from many years of use from sweaty palms.

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DR & MRS STEWART

His eyes grew accustomed to the ink like darkness and above his head spiders silently made and repaired their crystal webs, dancing like ballerinas on air. Their webs hung like bleached curtains covering the ceiling. Floorboards, chipped and old moved like the keys on a piano, under the mercy of his feet. The shop smelled of dust so old it had begun to wrinkle and crack. This thick layer of dust covered everything like a blanket on a cold winter's day.

Jack sat in the darkness wondering how long it would be before he was finally captured. Would they be kind and kill him immediately? Or make him suffer torture sessions and be dragged through the streets? His horrific daydream was halted by the sound of a door opening. He began to cringe like an animal cornered by a

hunter. Yet this hunter was slow and was muttering to himself.

Had he seen him? Jack wasn't sure, so he stayed still, barely breathing in hope that the man would not hear nor see him.

A sudden beam of sunlight flooded though the etched panes of glass and he could see that his hunter was old, stooped and looking straight at him! He opened his parched mouth to plead for help yet the man turned his back to him and calmly limped out of the shop glancing back with a look of knowledge, and for a split second old and young stared at each other yet no barrier of age separated them.

Jack arose to find a book laying abandoned on his desk. It was entitled, "THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD".

**Margueritte Rossi**



Teacher: Mrs. A. Falk

Back Row: Gwendolyn Chew, Sarah Norman, Kate Maconachie, Suzanna Schoenemann, Jane Broadley, Margueritte Rossi  
 2nd Row: Kelly Pritchard, Aaron Rubin, Weng Nish, Ben Washington, Rudd Rankin, Zadek Freeman,  
 Simon Ivanovic, Michael Woodward

Front Row: Nikki Wong, Chelsea Lawson, Emma Lander, Ainslee Chandler, Roslyn George, Julie Bosanquet



Teacher: Julianne McCarthy

Back Row: Hamish Dobson, Mark Vegar, Joshua Grant, Dale Jorgensen, Shane MacKenney, Joseph Christopher,  
 Travis Luscombe, Phillip Delphos

2nd Row: Karen Humphrey, Melanie Thompson, Lyndel Connolly, Sally Joel, Maureen Gamble, Tennille Moisel,  
 Marcelle Bowman, Kylie Rose

Front Row: Melissa Riordan, Kylie Hough, Veleacha Vale, Rachel Litherland, Amanda Walker, Jane Richardson



*Teacher: P. Little*

*Back Row: Myles Mosotto, Shannon Hill, Martyn Brown, Brett Slattery, Justin Verlanic, Craig Breene, Matthew Lee, Scott Symonds, Steven Lawrence*

*2nd Row: Christopher Riggert, Camilla Ronnle, Melissa Boulton, Simone Reynolds, Kerryn Luppi, Olivia Lamacchia, Leasa Stephen, Damian Ehrke*

*Front Row: Amber Hemborrow, Tania Stokes, Natalie Manning, Renee Hoffman, Naomi Painter, Marina Portelli, Helen Tannock, Elspeth Wells*



*Teacher: Mr S. Pearce*

*Back Row: Phillip Yee, Kerrie Myhill, Michelle Aggiss, Michelle Bradley, Tei Ahloy, Kylie Lindsay, David Clark*

*2nd Row: Cameron Silvester, Lyndon Bapty, Jason Subloo, Jason Lederhose, Richard Yates, Remco Bults, Sean Hewett, Andrew Millyard*

*Front Row: Orianna Kaufman, Jane Langford, Marie Cook, Kellie Lazarus, Kamala Silijs, Nikki Booth, Leanne Phillipson, Karyn Blanch*

# YEAR 9

"The bell rings for lunch and crazed Year 9 students charge for the Volleyball courts or the Handball squares to get the best court or the best ball."

1989 has seen in Year 9 a most commendable ethos with Social games during break times. Apart from the pressures of coping with the demands of ROSBA for the first time, Year 9 is a very important year emotionally and physically. Strong friendships are established which may last many years. It is encouraging to see the Year 9's out at break times interacting on the Volleyball courts and the Handball squares.

As I indicated before this is a most important year for students. Some students learn essential lessons the hard way. They are learning to cope with the new demands on their once free time; homework requirements must be met; there are more tests and assignments to complete; there are emotional traumas to be overcome and that's where understanding and patience is needed.

Unfortunately, the Year 9 Outward Bound Camp had to be cancelled for a

number of reasons, which to many students and certainly myself, was quite disappointing. We tried to arrange a shorter camp during Term IV, however, no venue could be found that offered suitable dates. We hope that the Year 10 camp next year will make up for no camp in 1989.

I wish my first group of Year 9 students well with their Year 10 studies next year and hope that they will take the valuable lessons learned at Year 9, with them.

My thanks must go to Mrs K. Kirkpatrick and Miss S. Zamprogno, who were Year 9 Tutors before their departure from TAS, as well as my new Tutors, Mrs G. Leahy and Mr A. High. Special thanks must go to Miss A. Tuttle and Mr M. Knopf (the stayers!), who have provided both myself and their students with the support and encouragement that is required at this level.

My last thanks must go to Mr T. Stone who has guided support and encouraged all co-ordinators in 1989.

**Patrice Jenkins**  
YEAR 9 CO-ORDINATOR.



*Patrice Jenkins*

## YEAR NINE REVIEW — 1989

Long, long ago in a galaxy far, far away, known to humans as Trinity Anglican School, there was an alien life-form unique to the 9th planet. After much observation by Earth scientists, it was discovered that each year these aliens migrated to a higher planet consecutively from the 8th planet to the 12th. After spending one year on the 12th planet, the inhabitants took up their posts throughout the universe which they had been training for during their five years in the galaxy. The TAS galaxy was a tough training course with stringent standards set by the inhabitants of the head planet 'ADMINISTRATION'. These standards were enforced by those highly intelligent (cough, cough!) life-forms from the planet 'HEADS OF DEPARTMENT'. However, they generally assigned this trying task to their apprentices from the most alien planet of all — 'TEACHERS'.

Here is a report compiled by two Earth Research Co-ordinators who were based on Planet Nine, but due to a pilot strike, had to leave at the end of the third term.

January 1989 — Approximately 100 aliens all dressed in the same mundane uniform, (supplied by Harris Bros, from Clothing Retailers Planet), assembled in the 'GYMNASIUM'. They were assigned their year's rules and regulations by the leader of their squadron Group-Captain Jenkins. After this was completed they were divided into four main groups, known as 9AT, 9ZP, 9KK and 9MN, with each group being led by an advisor, known as a 'tutor'. These tutors were Tuttle, Zamprogno, Kirkpatrick (who were later replaced by High and Leaney respectively, due to stress and other factors) and of course, Knopf.

Each alien had chosen five optional subjects to study, in addition to the compulsory, English, Mathematics and Science. They were given their equipment and departed to their respective continents.

On Friday afternoons, the last day of their galactic week, their tutors devised many means of occupying the aliens' own free time, whilst they signed their record manuals, (although a few tutors often neglected this tedious task!) One option which was met with mixed opinion was the weekly 'softball' games. Fortunately for those less athletic aliens, it usually rained just before the games were about to commence.

The majority of the aliens were all eagerly anticipating the beginning of their two week break from the rigours of Planet Nine life, during Term Three. However, due to other aliens on even more alien planets than the ninth turning ghastly shades of green, yellow, purple and even pink and orange polka dots, this was cancelled. For some unknown reason, aliens from each continent threw their hearts and souls into raising money for the

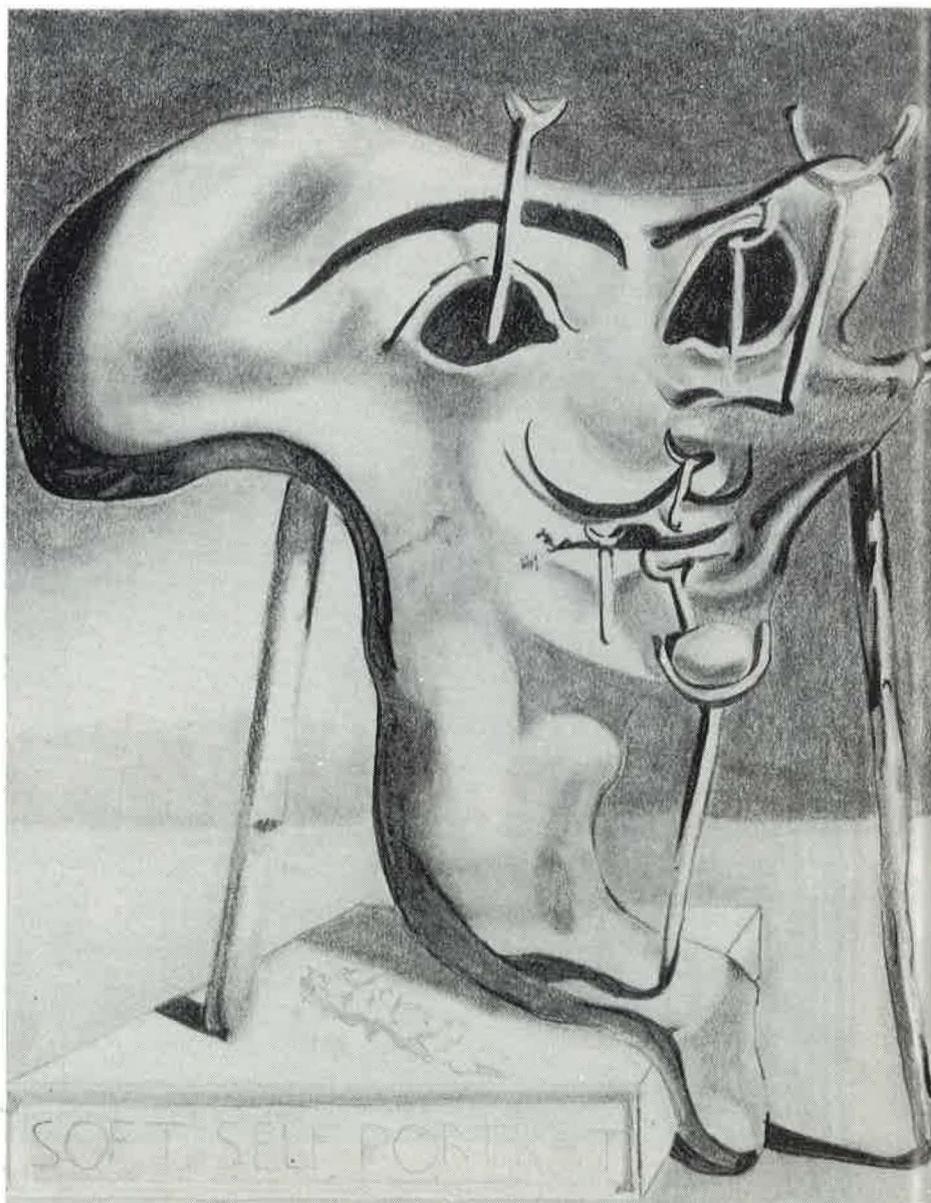
annual publication, the 'Galactic Magazine.' The most successful (and easiest) method was found to be the ever popular cake stall. Apparently this was not sufficient, so along with the 8th planeters, they were required to perform what they found to be an extremely ridiculous task — a SPELAFON. However, they did have the advantage of knowing the words in advance, and thus had the opportunity of learning them — not that many aliens did though! Why the teachers did not simply save trouble and time and just give them all 100% automatically, is beyond comprehension. This example merely reinforces the belief that teachers are

definitely creatures of extremely low intelligence.

There were a few other fairly routine matters during the year, but none worth mentioning, so we will now conclude our report, but first, A WARNING! Visitors are most welcome to Planet Nine. However, considering the poor standard of living imposed upon those on Planet Nine, we strongly advise against this. The Ninth Planeters lead a very sorry life — due to no fault of their own — and suggested improvements will be outlined in a later report.

**Sarah Watts B.H.S.M.Q.R.P.★!**  
**Jennifer Hetherington C.I.T.N.R.S.Q.?!**

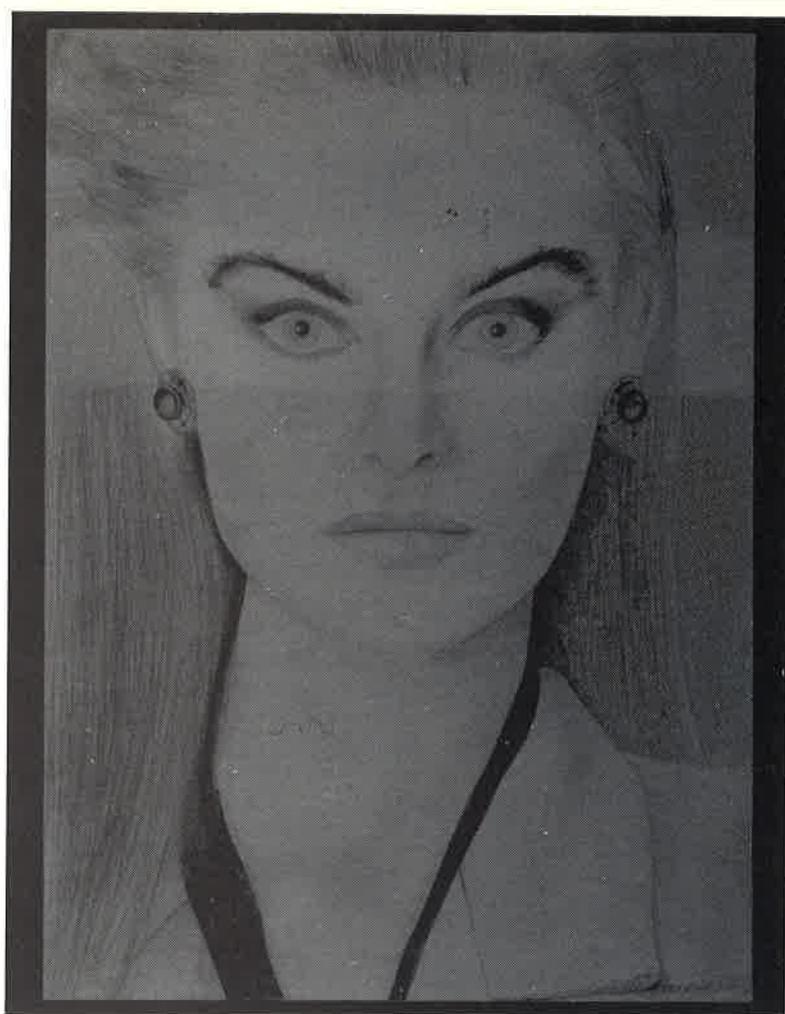
*Myree Pritchard*



## A NEW BEGINNING

She stood  
At the edge of the field  
Looking eastwards.  
Behind her, it was spring.  
The flowers had blossomed  
Into red, yellow and green  
And blue, once the colour of the simple  
dress she wore.  
But something was wrong  
The flowers were bending backwards  
Stretched to breaking point  
And the smell of salt was on the wind.  
She took one step closer to the edge  
And looked down  
Waves crashed against the dark, menacing  
rocks  
But the sea itself was even more awful  
Churning greeny-brown waves  
Covered in the white foam  
Kicked up by the wind  
The mouth of a maddened animal  
Chasing its prey.  
She shivered.  
The wind whipped her hair across her face  
She, who had once loved the wind so!  
She turned  
Silent tears ran down her face  
Blurring her last view of life  
She turned once again  
And saw the black thunderclouds move  
threateningly toward her  
She smiled a sad, half-smile  
And stepped forward  
She fell.

Sarah Watts



Scott Laursen

## HIDING FROM LIFE

The great wall was built,  
An ark of stone.  
Within it she sat,  
On her pearl white throne.  
The surrounding horizons  
Were so crystal clear,  
Her life was afloat  
Upon a silvery year.  
The air was so cool,  
Yet inside so warm!  
Within her great barrier,  
They could do her no harm  
Thicker and thicker  
Her shell had grown.  
And she sat, locked deeper  
On her pearl white throne.  
Absorbing friends' pressures  
And betrayals alike.  
Within clear brightness,  
Outside cold, dark night.  
The shell grew thicker,  
The inside grew dim.  
Once a fire, now a flicker,  
Of the person within.  
She was dying, disappearing,  
True self now unknown.  
Her smile, her personality,  
Now almost gone.  
The last fatal blow  
Was struck by a friend,  
Another betrayal,  
On the list that never ends.  
The small kindled flame  
On the pearl white chair,  
Spluttered and died,  
In the depths of despair.  
The shell of protection  
crumbled inside.  
There would be no more fear,  
No reason to hide.

Nyree Pritchard

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Scott Laursen

# YEAR 9 POETS' CORNER

## MISS BIGELOW

Did you ever know  
A person called Miss Bigelow?  
This dreadful woman saw no wrong  
In chewing gum all day long.  
She chewed while bathing in the tub,  
She chewed while dancing at her club,  
She chewed in church and on the bus,  
It really was quite ridiculous!  
When she couldn't find her gum,  
She'd chew up the linoleum,  
Or anything that happened near,  
A pair of boots, the postman's ear.  
She went on chewing, till, at last,  
Her chewing muscles grew so vast,  
That from her face, her giant chin,  
Stuck out just like a violin!  
For years and years she chewed away,  
Consuming fifty bits a day  
Until one summer's eve, alas,  
A dreadful business came to pass.  
Miss Bigelow went late to bed,  
For hours she lay awake and read,  
Chewing, chewing, all the while  
Like some great clockwork crocodile.  
At last she put her gum away,  
Upon a special little tray,  
She settled back and went to sleep,  
(She managed this by counting sheep).  
But now, how strange, although she slept,  
Those massive jaws of hers still kept  
On chewing, chewing through the night,  
Even with nothing there to bite.  
They were, you see, in such a groove,  
They positively *had* to move,  
Faster and faster, chop, chop, chop,  
The noise went on, it wouldn't stop.  
Until at last her jaws decide,  
To pause, and open *extra* wide,  
And with the most tremendous chew,  
They bit the lady's tongue in two!  
Thereafter just from chewing gum,  
Miss Bigelow was always dumb,  
She spent her life shut up in some  
Disgusting sanatorium.

Catherine Lynch

## SUNSHINE

Step out in the sunshine,  
Smile at the day  
See the beauty grow,  
While the world goes on its way.  
Whispers in the wind,  
Grasses softly sighing.  
Endless blue above you,  
And someone else is crying.  
Trees singing freely,  
Of living in the breeze.  
Feel the love surround you,  
Someone cowers on their knees.  
The world is your oyster,  
Words tumble through your head.  
*Your* life is perfect,  
While someone else is dead.

Katie Archdeacon

## SHADOWS

Only their shadows remain,  
Their dull, lifeless shadows,  
Sitting there  
Watching,  
Waiting,  
Waiting for life to claim them.  
They sit vacantly staring,  
Thinking about what once was,  
Dwelling in the past,  
Forever in the past.  
They are people just as us,  
Yet they have been-tossed aside  
Like broken toys,  
Put away and forgotten about.  
And when the darkness of death  
Finally creeps upon them,  
There are no mourners.

Tania Humphrey

## THE SEA

Green, deep and calm,  
Like a looking lass  
It mirrors our emotion,  
Violent, stormy with passion,  
It shows us ourselves.  
We cannot compare,  
It is a soul,  
Clear yet sometimes murky,  
In it we see ourselves.  
The sea withholds history's secrets,  
Forever silent,  
Like a God its power  
Controls us.  
A majestic body which  
Saw the beginning  
of time,  
And will see the end  
of ourselves.

Virginia Male



*Teacher: Anne Tuttle*

*Back Row: Bradley Hortin, Susan Lewis, Rebecca Morgan, Susi Georgi, Rosanne Reitze, Tobi Tonks, Nicole Bruce, Bruce Hewett*

*2nd Row: Mark Jorgensen, Justin Kirkman, Paul Fowler, Vince Backhaus, Jason Reimers, Robert Norman, Wayne Mason, Andrew Hill, Brad Billingham*

*Front Row: Amanda Brigden, Christine Mappas, Susan Burns, Taryn Lewis, Neda Manshed, Danielle Manning, Eleana Brasch, Kristi Wong*



*Teacher: Kathryn Kirkpatrick*

*Back Row: Vanessa Ciccotosto, Fiona Chapman, Melanie Burgess, Sarah Watts, Nicola Butler, Tania Humphrey, Kirsten Stewart, Catherine Lynch, Laurel Fraser*

*2nd Row: Peter Henricks, Janita Colahan, Emma Brown, Philip Quinn, Geoffrey Neubecker, Sean Kelly, Katie Archdeacon, Jennifer Hetherington, Scott Laurenson*

*Front Row: Lysanne De Graff, Caitlin White, Belinda Corbett, Karen Hillery, Sarah Mann, Jodie Werder, Virginia Male, Miriam Hall-Matthews*



*Teacher: Michael Knopf*

*Back Row: Geoffrey Christenson, Joshua Adamson, Scott Ridge, Michael Spanagel, Brett Bannister, Stephen Tonks, Scott Ellis, Nicola Bordujenko, Ben Driscoll, Damien Plath*

*2nd Row: Tim Crase, Brendan Spiridonou, Susan Foden, Rachel Pedro, Hayley Price, Freda Taplar, Anthony Hargraves, Michael Rogge*

*Front Row: Jodie Smith, Georgina Coenik, Nicole Bruce, Rachel Chan, Kellie McKenna, Tania Christensen, Arnia Elderton, Nyree Pritchard*



*Teacher: Miss S. Zamprogno*

*Back Row: Bryan Ballantyne, Glenn Thomas, Jason Boydell, Danel Foulkes, Angus Dick-Smith, Justin McCarthy, Jack Watts, Ian Sheward, Russell LeBhrez*

*2nd Row: Roger Hockey, Kahn Millis, Shelly Robins, Kathryn Boyce, Yasmin Thomas, Kirsten Sperling, Alison Grimley, Richard Capton, Michael Delfos*

*Front Row: Magnolia Hannah, Jennifer Zandee, Loryanna Leftwich, Kate Brisbin, April Shield, Inga Norgrove*

# YEAR 10

This year's Year 10's were a great group of students to supervise and work with. The students were generally very co-operative, even in accepting discipline for breaching School rules! Academically, most students performed up to expectations with some students doing exceptionally well.

A Year 10 student represented the School at the Regional Youth Conference of the Anglican Church, and the Diocesan Youth Conference of the Anglican Church. Other highlights include many Year 10's participating in various charity door-knock appeals, preparing and presenting assemblies, participating in musical/drama

productions, helping with the art show, and representing the School at various regional and state sporting events; several students participated in, and won both state and national titles in non-school sporting events.

The Year 10's ran the Lost Property Pound again this year, with each of the four Tutor Groups operating the Pound for one term. In addition to providing a valuable service to the School's student body, the activity also provided the Year 10's with an opportunity to exhibit their high degree of responsibility, as well as gain experience in the management of the Pound float and revenue. The funds collected at the Pound during the year are to be donated to a charity of the Year 10's choosing at the end of the school year.

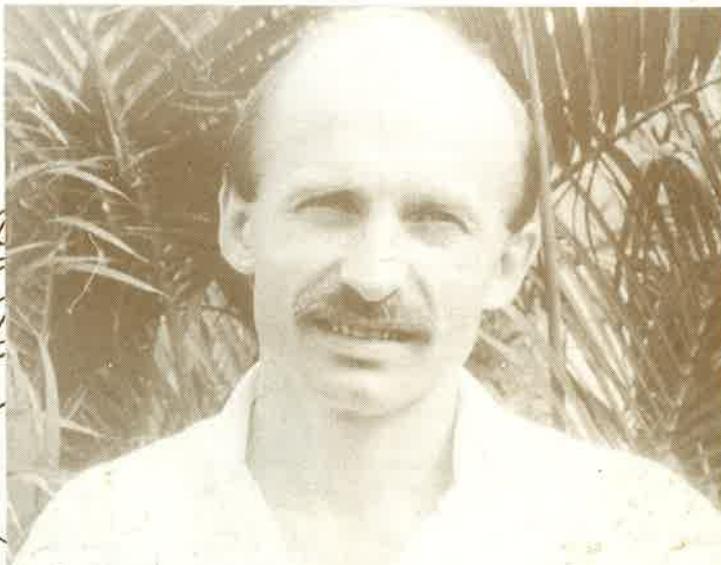
Unfortunately though, the year will most probably be best remembered by the Year 10's who were introduced to a tiny organism called *Shigella*. These students' end of second term Outward

Bound experience turned into a nightmare due to a *Shigella* outbreak, with all those affected being hospitalised, and some being rehospitalized due to a relapse. Thankfully, all students were fully recovered for the beginning of fourth term.

I'd like to thank the Year 10 Tutors, Mrs Barnes, Mrs Kraus, Mr Dray, Mrs Taifalos and Mrs White for their support, suggestions and co-operation throughout the year, and for a difficult task well done. Thanks are also extended to Deputy Stone for his suggestions, and his always being there to listen to all my problems and complaints.

Finally, to the Year 10's, may you be fortunate enough to experience good health, success in senior, and many more happy memorable experiences at TAS.

**Mr E. Stolarchuk**  
YEAR 10 CO-ORDINATOR.



Mr E. Stolarchuk

## YEAR 10 REVIEW.

Although we're still not seniors, those of us in Grade Ten have not had the easiest of years, especially in regards to subject selections for our final years of secondary education, Grades Eleven and Twelve.

The subjects we choose now may or may not decide the careers we chose to follow in the years to come. Do we take the subjects that are closely connected to the occupations we want to pursue, or those which will help us to obtain the highest T.E. Scores? Do the subjects we take in Year Eleven and Twelve affect the subjects we may wish to take in university?

One way out of the problem is to take subjects guaranteed to have high class averages, those with high pre-requisites. With these subjects, a student could get a high T.E. Score, use it to gain entrance to a well established university, and then either

change to other areas of study or stay with the subjects they took in Grades Eleven and Twelve. Even then there are problems: Will I be behind others in the university if I switch from one set of subjects to another? If I do take the more difficult subjects towards the end of my secondary education, will I be able to cope with the workload?

Next year's workload will definitely come as a shock to all of us, no matter how well prepared we may think we are. Subjects we enjoy now may become a chore, and those we don't enjoy but choose to take for their importance will grow harder and harder still. To have the ability to perform well in a subject is one thing... to be interested enough to enjoy it, and to enjoy it enough to stay with it is another.

There are those who may disagree with me, but I strongly believe that to

succeed in something, you have to enjoy doing it. Many of us (students in Year 10) have now reached the stage where we are totally confused as to whether to select subjects that will give us a high T.E. Score, a high-paying occupation, and/or the subjects we enjoy. I have been told that it doesn't matter which subjects you take, as long as you can get a good mark. Does the mark a student gets, however, depend more on his or her ability or that of the class he or she is part of? I don't know. Life is not meant to be easy, and it very rarely is. If we thought choosing the subjects was hard, I can imagine our experiences studying them. Some, like myself, had the majority of our subjects chosen early in the year, while others did not, and I hope that in the years of our school-time still to come we will find that we've made the right decisions.

Alex Thomas

## YEAR 10 ENGLISH

Let us recapture the moments of the first encounter with the First Assignment. It was a beautiful day; the sun shining high over the landscape, the birds singing melodiously and the students conversing cheerfully. English to us, was a study of art, unlimited intrigue and something to do with, well, English!

This all changed with the first briefing that is, a back-to-school, happy-new-year, 1000 word book review, describing the theme, style and plot of the first chapter of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, due in for the following day.

Tears were shed. Hearts crumbled. Fear enveloped our minds as we recalled that unique, no-extensions-allowed, Smile.

Candles burned till early light the next day, as the enslaved students scribed on bits of slate to be handed in for assessment.

The account of receiving the results is far too agonizingly distressful to express. Nevertheless, time healed our shattered English expectations.

As time passed on, we grew tougher and learned to endure the sufferings in the cause of perfecting our English abilities. However, His Royal Sentence-Structureness developed a new method of inflicting agony — one thousand words grew to two thousand! More was to come: formal 20 minute speeches on the Interior structure of popcorn, the role of Trilobites in the Cold War and the rise and fall of the four legged fish, just to mention a few.

It is inevitable to mention good ol' Bill Shaksy. He must have turned in his grave as excerpts, pages in length, from *A Mid Summer Night's Dream* were performed as part of another torturous scheme devised by His Englishness.

Another mountain was conquered in the name of English. By this time our mediocre skills had risen to standards that even made Perfection itself jealous.

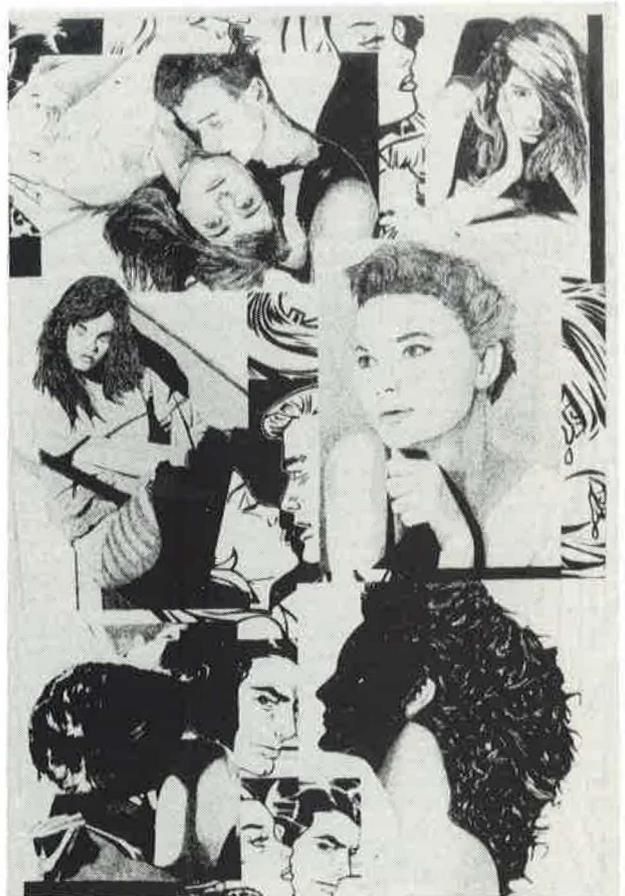
This had come about as a result of those frightful days and nights striving to satisfy the requirements

ordered by His Essayness, the Popular Dr J. Mount.

Good luck to all those who are lucky enough to be lacking luck in the next unlucky but fruitful year.

Words of Wisdom.

Naysun and Navid  
(FAVOURIED PET PUPILS!)



# METAMORPHOSIS

Traffic moved a metre each hour through the enveloping smog. Shifty glances shot from dull eyes to duller eyes, regarding the steaming gutters with contempt. There was no bird-song, not even the hoarse 'squawk' of an aged crow. There were no birds left. Old men sat against the crumbling walls watching as the shadows of the skeleton like pedestrians disappeared into the labyrinth of chaotic cracks in the pavement.

A young boy ran down the street clutching an over-sized jacket to his pot-belly. If people had been interested, they may have noted Asbury's peculiar build, for from the ample sleeves protruded two frighteningly thin arms, and the child's body carried by two legs of similar proportions. Surely these limbs could not belong to a belly of such size? Had they cared for anyone other than themselves, they would have deigned to be worried by the absurdity of carrying such a heavy coat in the unbearably hot weather. However, they either didn't, or couldn't.

Once the door of the one-roomed apartment was closed behind him, he raised his arms reverently. From the jacket spilled a bundle of dull, coarse grey, the colour of the sky, the city and its people. Christiana smiled. It was wrong to ask a child to steal, but the only way the family could save enough money to live was to stop spending.

In the next room, a woman screamed in anger at being disturbed by an imaginary noise. Whether it was created by drugs, heat, alcohol or pain she could never explain. She returned to an imaginary peaceful sleep, only to be woken once again by laughter. Real laughter. Hardesty stood in the doorway, a sheet of paper in his hand. "I've done it!" he cried. "We were the last three people on this planet to get one of these." He held the paper above his head like a trophy. "We're going to the Seventh World! We're going to live!"

There was no ecstatic dancing and hugging and kissing. Six hands joined, and six eyes looked towards the heavens in anticipation.

★ ★ ★

The journey was one of unearthly silence. From the moment the carrier left the grey Sixth World and its passengers pressed their faces to the port-holes to take a final glimpse of their old home to the moment landing preparations began, no-one spoke. Everyone on the ship was terrified by the thought of a new life.

Lightly, the egg-shaped craft came to rest. It wavered, hesitating, and then hatched. In single file the people stepped down, and then fanned out in every direction, gazing incredulously at their new home. Everywhere they looked were colours they had only heard of as children — flowers of brilliant reds, yellows and pinks, blue, opalescent lakes and every way they

looked was a deep, cool green. This was perfection.

By day the children played games by the water, singing and dancing as only children could. Their fathers explored while their mothers wandered through the trees picking flowers and then returning to lay out a banquet of the sweet, juicy fruits of the planet.

By night they slept beneath the blanket of stars, with the soft, fragrant grass as their mattress needing no other cover, for the temperature was neither hot nor cold, warm nor cool, but a delicious mixture of all four, creating ideal weather for sport, swimming or any other pastime the settlers chose to pursue.

The people's pale, grey-tinged skin tanned to a healthy brown, their thin limbs and torsos filled out, and the heavy burdens of life on the last planet lifted, making way for simplicity, sharing, love and peace.

Peace, however, had never been known to last. Perfection would always be one step away, no matter how ideal the situation may be, and the Seventh World was no exception. Time passed, and it was not long before some, those who had been rich and powerful before, grew tired of being 'equal'. Conversations became littered with questions.

"What if we..."

"Wouldn't it be easier if..."

"Remember when we had..."

The sources of these questions began to judge and grade others until the settlers divided into the age old groups: rich and poor. Once rich and once poor. The once poor feared the inevitable change — it would throw them back through time to the life they had known since childhood. This, though, would be worse. On this planet they had known paradise. They had been themselves without being out-casts. Dreams of being rich and happy were all coming true without fortune and glory. Until now, they had been equal.

"It's happening again! Can't you see? This is how it was before!" Hardesty screamed. His audience scoffed him. "Don't laugh! We've got to stop it, please!" His cries fell upon deaf ears. All communication between the two classes ended, and the attitudes became frighteningly familiar. The same people laughed while the same people cried. Tension swelled, and eyes filled with steaming anger shot furious looks at others. The new world was trapped inside a bubble, straining, stretching, tempers rising until finally it burst..."

In the darkness of the night, had the stars had eyes, they would have seen two shadows on the surface of the sleeping planet. The two were separated, but not far enough away from each other to be out of sight, and one was at least twice the size of the other. If they had watched, they would have noticed that one group, the smaller of the two, was very slowly gliding further and further away

from the other. Those who had not lost interest would have watched the former start to run, tearing across the plain until finally they faded into the shadows and disappeared into the jungle.

The group, led by Hardesty, moved as one, hands joined and winding through the trees like a dark, fast-flowing creek. They finally came to rest, the creek filling out into a pond, in a small clearing in the very heart of the jungle, and it was there that they slept. When they woke the following morning it was as though they had just arrived on their glorious planet for the first time. To them, the planet became a living, breathing creature. They cared for it, loved it, and it, in turn, provided for them. As the children played, they climbed the trees, hiding behind the intricate patterns of the liana. They took nothing from their benefactor but the fruit from the vines and water from the twisting streams as they needed it.

As time passed, their skin colour deepened to a rich brown, the shades of the earth and the sturdy tree trunks around them. Their hair grew long and free in streaks of gold and copper, bleached by the sun, and their eyes changed. Looking into them you could see tranquility, and the shine of happiness, the serene grace of wisdom. The swirling pools of blue, green and turquoise disappearing deep into their trouble-free minds.

Through exercise they grew supple and strong, and they began to grow with the planet, speaking only with the sounds of the wind, the jungle, the plains and the stars. They were part of their world, and covered it with their thanks, all but the dead plain.

Unhappy living together, the once rich had returned to the ship that had brought them together in the first place. From under the grass and flowers, it apologised by presenting them with gifts: technology from the Sixth World. Trees fell to axes and saws, providing material for the construction of walls, separating one family from another. Walls became huts to completely isolate opposing groups. At once, competition became a driving force as the huts turned to houses, the houses to rambling one-storey mansions that spread over the land like flies over a corpse. In fear of limitation, fences linked more area to these homes, trapping lakes, trees and rocks, creating opportunity for greed to swell and suffocate the people.

"I'll give you two melons for a bucket of water!"

"Make it three — and that's cheap compared to what 'they'd' ask you."

The more people possessed, the more they could trade, for larger profits. Power obsessed them, and as they hungered for more, they began to experiment. If you put the juice of one fruit onto the fibres of a certain tree, it became stronger. By keeping this

**CONTINUED PAGE 46**

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## YARRY BOON

Parts of the roof lay embedded in abandoned cars across the littered street, The ominous dripping of ancient rusted taps diminished into the background, The unhinged door was left unnoticed, The putrid stench had no effect, The blackened kitchen was left to smoulder, The weeds were free to romp where they pleased. A scrawny arm covered with infected sores, Pushed back greasy strands of limp hair, Uncovering a pale yet charcoal smeared face. Deep in the hollowed sockets, eyes became, alive, A reflection of the periwinkle blue sky. The wretch of a human stood amongst sodden yellowed newspapers, smashed beer bottles, decaying cats and wild weeds. She faced the sky, with arms outstretched. Cracked lips broke into a warm smile. The sun shone, and, she laughed.

Jan Crase

FROM PAGE 45

## METAMORPHOSIS

discovery a secret, one could make a huge profit selling this unique material to others. Families began to set up factories for mass-producing goods. Fuel was brought from the ship, and created by burning leaves, vines, flowers or grass. As they spent more and more time hidden in their factories, their skin paled to an almost translucent white. They grew thin and weak through lack of exercise, and the saving of the food they now used as money. People struggled and fought to be the best until finally it was decided that to clear the road to success, and eventually perfection, you must remove everything and everyone in your path by means of extermination... A short year later, another cruiser landed. Conditions on Earth had worsened and yet another group of dreamers had lined up in hope of a new life. On landing they filed out onto a desert-like plain, suffocating in a penetrating stench. They walked, huddled together, until they found the ruins of what they presumed to have been a great civilization. In the grey rubble they came across a frail, ghost-like creature.

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## COLOURS

As vivid as the scorched homeland,  
Virgin as the approaching dawn,  
A single hesitant glance behind  
At the jaded and withered elder  
Chanting soft echoes of the soil,  
mournfully.  
He is paralleled to his earth,  
Soul and texture equal.  
As he sighs his final breath with the land,  
A fresh shade of colours takes over his kin;  
From a baked brown to a concrete grey.  
Novel, optimistic influences,  
A suit and tie.  
As he mingles with the crowd,  
Black against White,  
There seems to be no difference...  
Foreign ships wait in the harbour,  
Angry colours — red and white,  
A mellow wind,  
Oriental,  
Sweeps over the city.  
The conversation begins deliberately at first,  
Struggling to control his life;  
An eventual violent escape.  
Black against Black,  
Parallel, and still young, he  
Sleeps with his homeland — a bedrock.  
Mother Dreamtime still beckons.  
A concrete-grey business coat, lies displaced in the bronzed dust.

Matthew Becka

"I won!" he gasped. "I'm the last of us, the greatest! Soon, I'll find them, and beat them too! They can't hide forever. I see them sometimes, watching from that rise over there. I'll beat..." With those words, he died.

An alien, they decided. The last of a strong and noble breed, destroyed by the hostile race he had spoken of. He was paler than they, but only by a shadow, thinner, but only by a hair. They did not realise the similarity of any more than his appearance, failing to recognise the familiar attitude, and the word 'greatest'.

"Sir, Sir!" A young boy came running towards them. "I've found space-people! In the jungle. They're hard to see, 'cause they're the same as the trees — tall and brown. I nearly didn't see them, they move with the wind, not making any sound except these funny noises! Can we catch them?!"

"No, son. You don't know anything about them. They are probably behind all this destruction. Best you stay away. These creatures can be very nasty, and tricky. I just hope we can get to our lot before they do.

Lynley Jorgensen

## OBSCURITY

I see a sky framed with cold metal and separated from me by a sheet of glass. Once there existed with the sky, but in more gentle forms; as dust and sand being blown by the wind. I sit on wood hard, square. It has been carved, and forced into a shape it was never meant to be. Existing in another form, I make blue marks on its White surface. Squiggles That mean nothing except in the minds of learned scholars. But What are we then? There is a process in which we are forced to conform. They mould us and scrape away at our pitiful faults; fill us with cotton wool substance. They stuff our heads with facts.  $E = mc^2$  Who cares? Who cares. We couldn't need to know about the hole in our precious sky, if there were no cars, planes, factories, to put one there. What is the point of knowing whether We will suffocate before we blow up, or blow up before we can destroy everything beautiful or hide it behind technology's grey breath. Is life as unimportant as all this?

Erin Chandler

## MINGARA

Dried Apricots  
sit by the great brown sugar jar  
Smells of herbs  
and rainforest leaves  
Rainwater pours  
from a dull copper tap

Cast iron chair  
sits on the verandah  
with the garden at its feet.

Bamboo overhanging  
the dusty road

The delicious smell  
of rotting fenceposts  
as they crumble in my hands

The wind dances  
nimble across the field  
The grass lifts its head  
to receive a gentle kiss

The water drifts slowly  
through the rainforest patch  
deep in the grass clothed valley  
in which stones;

Monoliths inset in the afternoon sun  
and the day drowns  
hills with shining faces  
and dark cloaks

And the twilighted grey  
hangs in the air

And way in the distance  
a single light appears

And in Mingara  
set aside my fear

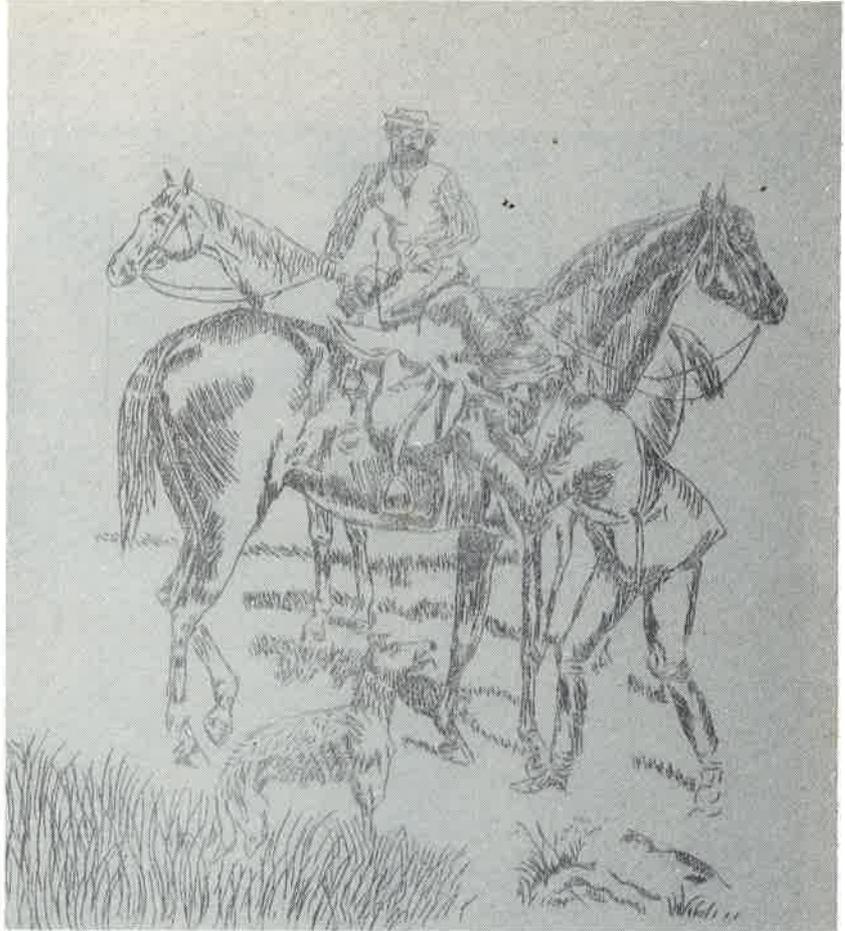
For fears I have;  
the death of Butterflies  
and that Mingara

is but a pool of light  
in the evergrowing darkness.

William Audley



'Just another loser' Megan Shorey



'Squatter' Joanne Howard

## YOU

Loneliness stands in the shadows,  
Hiding.

Spurned and ignored  
For being  
Individual.

She can speak,  
No one listens.  
She can cry,  
No one cares.  
She could fade,  
Vanish.

No one would notice.

"Why should I?"

You laugh.

"Her hair is different!

"Her eyes are different!"

"But she has feelings."

Your conscience persists.

But your image, it seems,

Means more  
Then the plight  
Of another.

"What would they think,

If I spoke to her?

Comforted her?

No!

I can't.

It's..."

Kind. Considerate.

Human.

"No!

Imagine what they would say!"

Who are they?

What gives them the right

To judge,

Condemn?

Loneliness stands in the shadows,  
Hiding.

Spurned and ignored

For being

Individual.

You will not change.

You do not know how.

Lynley Jorgensen



Back Row: Bernard Panton, Ben Jackson, Megan Shorey, Wendy Smith, Jodie Simkin, Paul Collins, Jason Christopher  
 2nd Row: Warwick Chambers, Matthew Adamson, Marko Andjelkovic, Aaron Rose, Jeffrey Hassell, Darryn Young  
 Front Row: Lisa Mariner, Simone Carthew, Larissa Ehrke, Rebecca Roberts, Tristin Beaumont, Kylie Prendergast, Cynthia Richardson



Teacher: J. Kraus  
 Back Row: Doug Pettit, Justin Werder, Simon Kranzi, Tim White, Mark Crooks, Adam Painter, Brett Tudor, Wayne Mawer  
 2nd Row: Joanne Lillywhite, Mellissa McCafferty, Nerilee Ford, Joanne Howard, Ruth Daniels, Sonya Paradine, Joanna Murray-Prior  
 Front Row: Shona Lewis, Ella Riggert, Kate Nisbet, Suzanne Spanagel, Amanda Hargrave, Justine Lawrence



*Teacher: Maggie Barnes*

*Back Row: Matthew Muscio, Gavin Crowther, Jason Farnham, Darren Rendall, Brett Fowler, Neil Bartlam, William Goulding*

*2nd Row: Tara Britain, Adam Watson, Cameron Le Bherz, Amanda Meyer, Jodi Gordon, Drew Pittman, Alan Carrette, Leanne Alderice*

*Front Row: Michelle Quinn, Vanessa Kay, Donna Hay, Tegan Rankine, Nadia Lavers, Peta Heazlewood*



*Teacher: William Dray*

*Back Row: Matthew Buchanan, Scott Sheppard, William Audley, Andrew Miles, Paul Horn*

*3rd Row: Rebecca Riordan, Navid Derkashan, Matthew Becka, Naysan Saeedi, Michael Schuele, Alan Watters, Ben Taylor, Tracy Carroll*

*2nd Row: Sarah Brown, Sally Hollis, Donna Grifo, Natalie Brett, Erin Chandler, Lynley Jorgensen, Samantha Lennox, Jann Crase, Penny Robins*

*Front Row: Alex Thomas, Amanda Millyard, Jane Buckler, Stephen Kirk, Filipa Brasch, Tamara Sivijs*

# YEAR 11



1989 has been a busy year in which the Trinity Anglican School community has seen a majority of Year 11 students actively involving themselves in a wide variety of school events. We began with the interhouse swimming carnival which was well organized by the eight Year 11 house swimming captains who were elected by the students of each house. This was the first time we have used Year 11's to organize this event. The Year 12's were away most of the week prior to the carnival attending their leadership camp. Congratulations must go to the following students for their successful organisation: Belinda Suthers and Kris Tassell (Kennedy), Troy Price and Moya Steele (Dalrymple), Gavin Burns and Emma Brigden (Mulligan) and Chad Hunter and Natalie Jensen (Leichhardt). One of the benefits of this Year 11 involvement was a large number of very enthusiastic Year 11's participating in the cheering and/or swimming for TAS at the interschool swimming carnival held a few weeks later.

Talent is definitely not lacking in this year level. A significant percentage of talented 11's keenly participated in the school drama and the very enjoyable school musical. Under the expert guidance of Mrs Barnes and Mrs Falk, these students produced fine performances. There are also many Year 11 pupils who show other musical talents and hence perform with the school choir, orchestra, the jazz band and the very popular rock band. The latter, comprised of Michael Edwards, Corey Jackson, Justin Gibbins (all Year 11's) and Darren Rendall (Year 10, has represented TAS at various venues in the local Cairns community this year.

Merinda Fowler, after successfully winning local Japanese speaking competitions, travelled to Brisbane to represent TAS at the state finals. Year 11MO tutor group's eagerness to be involved in the school was rewarded when they won the senior division of the Volley Ball competition organised by Year 9AT to raise funds for the school magazine.

We have had the valuable opportunity during the year to welcome three full-time exchange students. From Japan — Fumie Musuyama was with us for nine months and Kako Ikuta, who came to TAS for June and August. From Sweden — Markus Paulsson stayed at TAS for semester two. All three visitors joined the students in

Year 11MO tutor group, who with Mr O'Sullivan, their tutor, helped to make these guests feel comfortable in a typically friendly, Australian fashion. Many other exchange students from Japan and France were hosted by some of our Year 11 families. The exchange programmes offer our students a unique opportunity to meet with others and come to understand something of other cultures and social systems in our wider international community.

Within the Year 11 group, a number of pupils have been motivated by the opportunities available to our international visitors and they have applied for exchange positions for next year. At the submission of this report we are waiting to hear who has been successful.

Fundraising has proven to be a Year 11 forte. The outstanding efforts of 11MO and 11PA as drinks sellers at various school events and their general involvement in the Year 11 revue are to be commended. At this rather entertaining 'show' students and teachers performed skits, the staff band made a guest appearance and the rock band nearly raised the roof off the gym! It was a successful money raiser for the school magazine. Just look at the excellent use to which this money has been put!

A special congratulations must go to Michaela Pleasance who used her own enthusiastic initiative to raise over \$250. At the moment the Year 11's are plotting their next money raising ventures for the coming Coconut Carnival. It seems to me that we have some fine potential for the future business world developing within this group.

At the beginning of Term IV all Year 11's attended a pastoral care seminar which focused on two very important issues relevant to students of this age: Aids and Leadership. The students showed a mature and co-operative approach to this day and hence I believe the majority were able to gain valuable knowledge which will be useful to them as TAS seniors next year and for their future lives.

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank the Year 11 tutors: Mrs Tonks, Mrs White, Mrs Maconachie and Mr O'Sullivan for their continuous efforts and much appreciated support throughout the year. We look forward to seeing these students take on their senior responsibilities and school leadership next year. It has been an enjoyable and satisfying year for me as co-ordinator of this fine group of Trinity Anglican School students.

**Ms R. Hope**  
YEAR 11 CO-ORDINATOR.



Ms R. Hope

## YEAR 11 REVIEW

Well, we all made it! We finally made it to the year where still noting counts towards our T.E. scores, with a dramatic exit from Junior High school. All our schooling has been in preparation for this moment. You guessed it, Grade Eleven! Everyone warned us how our homework would triple exponentially to the third power overnight, and we wouldn't even have time to eat, sleep or take a shower. However, they were wrong. We didn't even have time to go to the toilet, let alone take a shower. Seriously though, Grade Eleven wasn't that much different from Grade Ten. The only thing that changed was the number of subjects we took and the fact that we were moved closer to the primaries playing cheap out-of-tune recorders of a Wednesday afternoon. At least this dulled the monotony of our excruciatingly painful Chemistry classes.

Early in the year, "Nerds inc." formed the largely successful Aquarium Club, successful meaning that we managed to keep at least some of the plants alive. Shame about the fish though, but what could you expect after our ruthless games of "Bop the Fish" with extremely large pieces of coral and old rusty hacksaw blades. We are

quite proud of the fact that we led the game of "Let's Kill the Archer Fish", with Keith Emerick topping the inaugural points table after his record-breaking 2009 fish squashed into one clam.

It hasn't all been hard work though. In fact we even managed to squeeze some unsupervised games of indoor cricket into certain science lessons, however we stopped after a while because we wanted to get down to some good, solid study. In other words we got caught. As well as our cricket games we enjoyed such sports as "Let's connect the entire power supply of TAS to Glen Lochheads braces and immerse him in water" or "How many gas taps need to be turned on to ignite the whole room." (For interest's sake, it takes 4.5 gas taps to successfully char seven students whose names have not been revealed for insurance purposes).

Later in the year was the "Death Camp" of 1989, the combined Grade 10/11 Outward Bound at Wallamin Falls. Contrary to popular belief, we did have fun on the camp, especially those of us who did not get sick. Chad "Mushy Boots" Hunter led the Death Brigade to Base Camp,

collapsed in a heap, and was then taken to hospital with 20 others of our 'lergified' comrades! For the uninitiated, the "Lergy" is a form of food poisoning which causes severe vomiting and diarrhoea. Out of the depths of despair rose the "Sagacious Six", and Jason. This mighty band of stalwart heroes consisted of none other than Sarah Brown, Jann Crase, Donna Hay, Scott Shepard and of course, yours truly Ivan "Matt Biondi" Moran and Cameron "I'm not gona get the Lergy" McPherson. Well done to us! Oh, we forgot about Jason Christopher, not that anyone really cares.

Other important events were the Year 11 Review, which raised a Grand Total of \$2.95, and the A.I.D.S./Leadership seminar held at the Yugoslav Hall. All Year 11 found this most informative and we sincerely thank the guest speakers for showing us several ways of getting A.I.D.S.

Overall, Year 11 was enjoyable and we look forward to entering Year 12, where finally something counts towards our T.E. scores. (Or so they say!).

**Cameron McPherson  
and Ivan Moran**



'Etching' Jacinta Tim So



'Screenprint' Kylie Wells

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THE ROBERTS FAMILY

# THE POETRY OF FAR NORTH QUEENSLAND

## JACKIE

She lay peaceful and content,  
In her pure world  
Until a consistent noise distracted her  
Halted dreaming  
The soft purring of the cat  
The piteous barking of dogs  
The sweet cries of famishing calves  
The brutal tug at the leg.  
Flourishing a new day  
Donned with patched blue jeans  
Saved for yet another year  
Paper thin checked shirt  
Nothing else, of course.  
Striding in oversized, worn boots,  
Topped with — shall I say?  
A hat.

Energy and vitality flow  
From one place to the next  
No task being troublesome  
Although only four  
Handled with ease.

Authority of a king  
Gentleness of a dove  
They love to see her come  
Brings cherished affection  
Relief from night  
Release from pain.  
All done quickly  
Precision and expertise  
Fitted for a farm  
Little Sweet glides along  
Only the best worth giving.  
Alluring scents drift to her nose  
Breakfast, at last.  
Satisfying odour,  
Sizzling steak and eggs — fresh  
It is what she's come to expect.  
Chatter at the table  
Incomprehensible  
"Nothingness" outside  
More intriguing  
Contemplation at least.

"Jackie honey, today mummy wants  
you to help daddy and water a few  
sick, old cattle back to the  
yards, O.K. honey?  
Like a lioness with new cubs  
Onto the motorbike  
Proud, competent and sure  
Ready to face the wide open plains  
To capture the roaring beasts.  
Skill and capability  
Over earth and bones  
Enclosed in dust  
And — oh damn, beasts  
A quick turn, a roar.  
Scattered, spooked and fearful,  
They were lost,  
Shamed, bruised, too young  
She is lying.

Narelle Christensen

## THE CANE

It stretches as far as the eye can see,  
The sugar cane of Queensland.  
Fields upon fields of thin, green  
leaves,  
Is all you'll see in Queensland.  
All year 'round the tractors go,  
To cultivate, to fertilize, to spray.  
Without them, no cane could grow,  
To earn the Farmer's pay.  
Everything changes, come the  
crushing,  
The mills start living again.  
The trams move also, always rushing,  
Carting bin after bin after bin.  
Burning the cane is a fantastic sight,  
The tourists all stop and stare.  
The tongues of flame creating light,  
For all to see and share.  
The cane black comes, the curse of  
the North,  
Floating, suspended mid-air,  
In relentless clouds it swarms forth,  
Leaving it's mark on all who are there.  
Then, late one night, sick of  
harvesting, burning,  
You feel you can take no more,  
you hear a shout, some laughter, a  
whistle  
Come from the mill next door.  
"It's over!" You hear, "The crushing,  
it's finished!"  
"That's it for another year!"  
You grab your coat and head for the  
pub,  
'Cause there'll soon be a party there.

Anthony Lewis

## THE COMING OF RAIN

Mountains, hiding, still deciding,  
whether to show out,  
from the heavy clouds.  
Thick, unyielding,  
numb of feeling. Senseless,  
senseless pounding, rain on rain.  
Drain to drain.  
Pane to pane.  
Wind does strain, to break.  
Trees submerge,  
watery funeral dirge.  
Mud sliding,  
quick on deciding,  
a way to turn.  
Like a river, its banks  
it doth spurn, instead,  
it runs ahead, destructive.  
A bird is still, covered till  
a droplet forms,  
on a palm leaf frond.  
Quivering, quivering,  
a natural bond,  
a friendship longed  
for, the need is great  
land to anticipate  
the coming of rain.

Moya Steele

## THE MAN COMES

The moon,  
hesitated behind a silver cloud,  
disguising the land below.  
The moon,  
with a tug of remorse  
left, now its beauty to show.  
The gum,  
white and saintly,  
proud, below a moonlit sky.  
The gum,  
patriotic and strong,  
hides the quivering and the shy.  
The eyes,  
bright and shiny,  
with just a hint of fear.  
The eyes,  
blinking, hiding,  
intelligent, animal clear.  
The forest,  
whispering, silent,  
yet lively, yet still,  
The forest,  
pulsing, alive,  
The man,  
arrogant, aggressive,  
chainsaw in hand.  
The man,  
unthinking, destructive,  
wants to clear land.

Moya Steele

# CONSEQUENCE OF FEAR

Bernard sat silently, mindlessly, in a room. A room flowing with a sweet tropical essence. The brightest, yellowest, sunlight enveloped his grey work clothes, his medium build and his cropped blonde hair. The room was beautiful, exotic; the walls coated in skyblue, like sugar crystals — paintings and photographs of beaches and nature's unique landscapes decorated the walls. A gay, tropical print covered his furniture and potted palms flourished in every corner. The scent of the air was salty, restless and tasted of coconuts; as if it was guarded by the tides of freedom and gentleness. The noises of voices, drenched in emotion and music which exuded moods, carried moods, wafted in its wake.

In the very middle of the room was the television set, situated so no matter which room you were in, in this looping, whispering apartment, you could see it, hear it, smell it, taste it and feel it. The television vibrated through the warm, honey air; reaching and holding everything in the room. The 3-dimensional projection was fascinating, captivating and the most extraordinarily beautiful thing ever made. The figures moved in a heady drama, in a hypnotic, luxurious effect. They were so desirable and so hedonistic.

Bernard gazed at the colourful hive of activity with his grey, baleful eyes. The sun always shines on TV. He lay there, drinking in the excitement, the addiction which radiated from the projection with indulgence and greed. It was like a drug, a source of animal gratification, of bodily enjoyment, and he immersed himself in its qualities. It was the only thing which made any noise, had any passion in this skeleton room. A room which lingered with a warmth and a promise beauty but in reality didn't possess anything which resembled those connotative words. Bernard's breath raked over his teeth, coming in ice, going out in fire. His mind was like a grey, cancerous lung soaked in a world of invincible, god-like heroes. Heroes which radiated such a presence of persona, that it caused people to fall to their knees, crying out their revered names with despairing devotion. To love their faces like they loved their own lives.

And everything was perfect in the multi-dimensional cone. All your boredom was swallowed in technicolour bombardment, a sickly sweet wine seeping into the cavity growing in your mind and filling it with dizzy laughter. Everyone knew what was going on, on television. No one knew what was happening in the real world. Anyway, who cared, when TV promised everything; sex, pleasure, goodness and calm, ecstasy, anger and violence. Even love. The television was the collective persona of the whole country. It was the mind and the sensors; the noise, the tongue, the ears, the eyes, the hands.

Sometimes, Bernard's thoughts turned to the emptiness and frustration of his life. The kaleidoscope of memories and thoughts, were hissing sparks, fitful flickers, fireless, circling for escape; emitted like sparks from a car's exhaust, then blanketed and snuffed out in an airless vacuum. These moments of introspection were a painful reaction, yet that beautiful shimmering box of colours was the world's greatest aspirin. Empty beds, loneliness, bad marriages, dreams like burned out corn husks, it sucked away that misery, finding it sweet. It was forever hungry. A person's torment called it like dogs in the night, and it fed, fed well.

"I will always love you. You are my salvation, my drug," the beautiful woman said on television, her ample breasts clasped in the tightest dress reason would allow. It was a beach scene, the scent of salt spray and the feel of summer washing over him, and a seagull's squawk came faintly to him, "Whenever I am alone with you, you make me feel I am free, free, free..." she said, with tears in her eyes, glistening in painted emotion, her hands in a prayer-like grip, reaching out without hope, so helpless.

"I will always love you, you are my shame. You are my obsession. I am never alone because you are omnipotent, and you are my captor, my torture," replied Bernard softly, not even realising what he was saying.

Then as abruptly as the words had sounded, Bernard thought the room looked like a hideous, plastic imitation of something else. He could feel the thoughts rising like escaping streams of air bubbles, or those deep-sea fish that explode when they reach the surface. And it was pressing painfully against the roof of his skull; a blot, a thing hammered and torn at, flung down and trodden upon, quelled and subjugated. Darkness was spinning in and out. There was shadow in the room which hadn't been there before.

He stood up and moved to the window and drew the tropical curtains. Above, through the concrete slab buildings, he could glimpse the lingering, metallic sky — a sky which reeled in a fever. No one could walk in the naked sky anymore, he thought, a touch of regret poking at his forbidden thoughts. The UV rays fried you, transformed your skin to a festering raw hide, cratered with sunspots and skin cancers. Bernard was sure there had been a time when people could face the swollen, orange globe hanging in the sky. He could feel the tears on his cheeks. They tasted of relief and freedom. And he stared at the relentless television with confusion and fright. He was sinning against the government, against the TV, but the thoughts were flowing freely now and he couldn't stop them. Never, ever again.

Karen Vegar





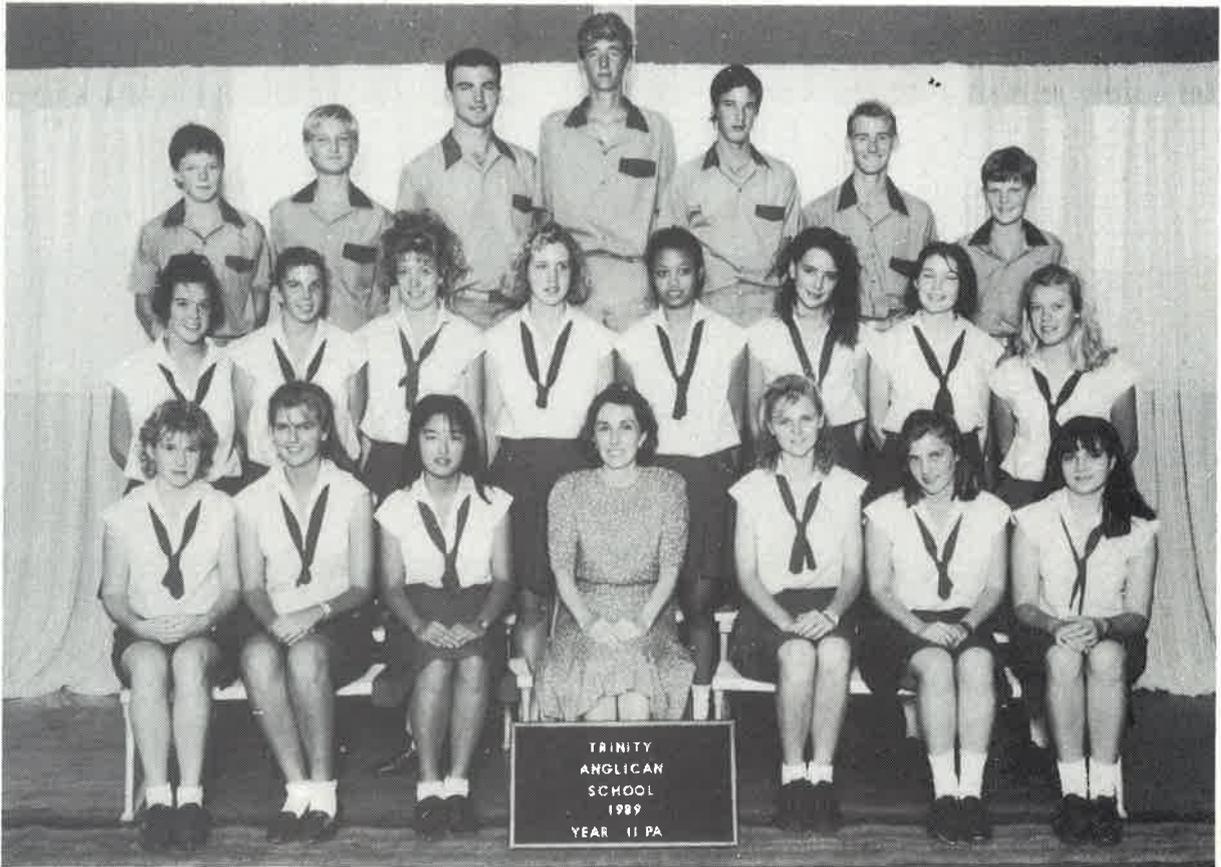
Teacher: Mrs D. Tonks

Back Row: Troy Price, Keith Emmerick, Brian Ronnie, Brett Rose, Anthony Lewis, Cameron McPherson, Gavin Burns, Ivan Moran  
 2nd Row: Georgina Hutchinson, Dawn Dawson, Merinda Fowler, Moya Steele, Tamara Seward, Pia Hattersley, Karen Vegar, Chelsea Hunter  
 Front Row: Niki Kyriazis, Lisa Puccini, Janina Cain, Narelle Christensen, Rebecca Kelly, Nadine Duncan



Teacher: Mr Max O'Sullivan

Back Row: Tristan Jones, Justin Gibbins, Sam Sturgess, Hamish Dobbs, Chad Hunter, Greg Blanch  
 2nd Row: Grant Burley, Kim Nish, Fiona Flett, Belinda Suthers, Catherine Smith, Tonya Chellingworth, Natalie Kerr, Chani Burgess, Jason Reid  
 Front Row: Fleur Holt, Vanessa McCarthy, Vanessa Muscio, Robyne Owens, Rachael Kelly, Kylie Wells



Teacher: J. Panozzo

Back Row: Corey Jackson, Lindsay Jensen, Jason Lyons, Tony Crooks, Gavin Symonds, Stephen Booth, Brendon Knopke

2nd Row: Karen Walker, Fiona Dawes, Pene Dredge, Emma Tucker, Jacinta Tim So, Clare Fraser,

Lisa McClymont, Emma Brigden

Front Row: Sarah Livings Michele Bults, Sachiyo Hamano, Cheryl Gamble, Natalie Jensen, Debbie Mappas



Teacher: Mrs D. White

Back Row: Michael Clark, David McKenna, Robert Lowry, Kris Tassell, Scott Fitzgerald, Peter Tame, David Bosanquet

2nd Row: Glen Lockhead, Maxwell Stewart, Sally Broadley, Sheree Bauld, Terri Sullivan, Michaela Pleasance,

Michael Edwards, Roger Osborne

Front Row: Danielle Young, Kylie Wells, Sonia Denham, Alana McInerney, Melita Ballantyne, Nikki Zapp



## YEAR 12

There is no doubt that students, as they approach their final secondary year, both look forward to and dread various aspects of the year.

On the positive side for them is the "image" of finally being the "top dogs" in the school; the privileges that go with being a Year 12 student; the social functions throughout the year and the prospect of finally finishing their regimented secondary studies.

On the negative side is the drudgery of another hard year of study with all its important tests, assignments, etc; the ASAT testing and the related TE scores; the restrictions of another year of secondary schooling when the mind and the body is yearning for more freedom.

It is thus with considerably mixed emotions that many a student embarks upon their twelfth year of formal education. The presence of familiar faces, all of whom are suffering the same conflicts to varying degrees, is no doubt quite reassuring. The Year 12 Leadership Camp is good ice-breaker, a chance to get to know others, share ideas and prepare for a demanding year. I would imagine that the selection and commissioning of Prefects gives some joy, creates apprehension in a few, disappointment in others and maybe even bitterness in a small minority; but such is life, and the last year of school is not a bad time to learn that not everything goes as planned.

I must take this opportunity to congratulate the vast majority of Year 12's on fulfilling their leadership role in the School so well this year. The Prefects have done a magnificent job this year, but so too have the rest of the Year 12's who have supported the Prefects and also led the rest of the School by example, in their behaviour, uniform and observance of rules. Many have taken up the challenge of "leading" in other areas of the School; be it sporting, SAC, Christian Fellowship groups, Bus Monitors, Library Monitors and many other helpful tasks around the School.

I have enjoyed watching the group mature, felt some of their anguish as they have suffered the stresses of Year 12 studies, its tests and assignments and the every-day strains of entering adulthood in this complex world. Overall, the 1989 Year 12 group have impressed me with their

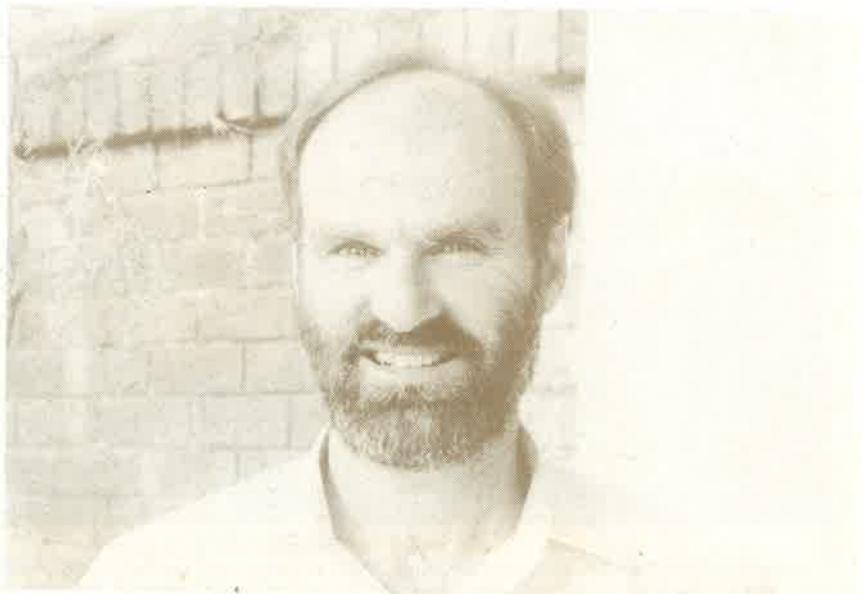
- application
- large core of hard-working achievers
- determination and
- responsibility

Things augur well for Trinity Anglican School if all future Year 12 groups are as good as this one. With few exceptions they have been fun to work with and, in my experience, enjoyable to teach, being ready to learn.

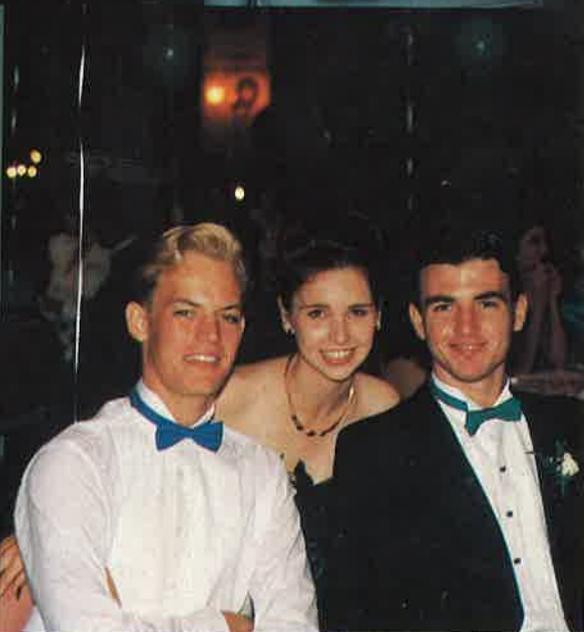
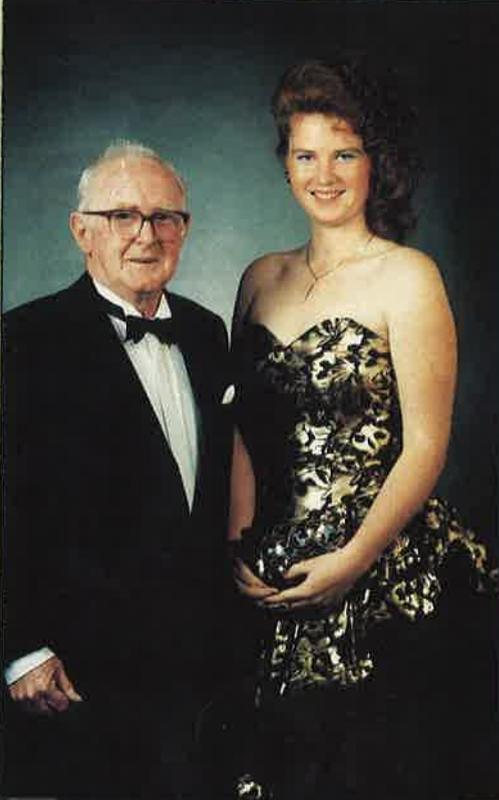
I feel that most are well prepared, as the year rapidly draws to a close, to face life outside school with its decisions, more decisions and even more decisions. Let us hope they make all the "not so wrong ones" on their way through a successful and *happy* life.

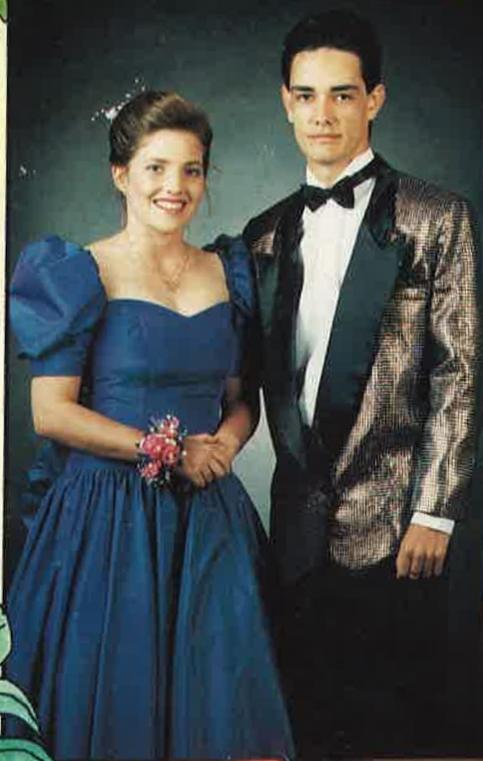
Many thanks must go to the three Year 12 Tutors this year, Mrs Pamela Rigby, Mr Brian Springell and Mr Robert Clegg. Although each have had a different style, they all had one common aim, to get the most out of the students in their studies and consideration of others.

**T. Stone**  
YEAR 12 CO-ORDINATOR



T. Stone







So early in the year, the night of Saturday, 19th August seemed such a long time away; a date tucked in the back of the mind. However, now, with a treasured assortment of photographs and memories, the night of the senior formal is one which will be remembered by all.

To each Year 12 student, the formal is not just another date on the school calendar, but a night representing an accumulation of many years of school life and one could even say of "growing up". This night of the year is one when each student in senior group feels perhaps the strongest sense of friendship and pride, a sense which is undoubtedly shared by all parents and staff present.

Of course, a formal does not just "happen"; it requires a great deal of organisation and preparation. Preparations for this year's formal were well underway early in the year. Once partners had been chosen, the weekly Tuesday ritual of dance practice in the gym after school began. The progression from awkward partners shuffling across the gym in leather school shoes to elegant couples gracing the dance floor, heels and all, was substantial. As the date steadily approached, the number of Tuesday dancers predictably increased.

Throughout the week preceding the big night, as could be expected, students were preoccupied with the numerous last minute details — seating arrangements, final dress fittings, hiring of suits, limousine bookings and morning hair appointments.

Finally, the night which had been anticipated for so long arrived. As the limousines, one-by-one, delivered their passengers to the door of the Parkroyal Hotel the foyer became abuzz with excitement. Being so used to seeing each other daily in uniform, it was truly an amazing sight to see one another in suits and gowns.

The time spent waiting for the doors to be opened to the grand ballroom provided the opportunity for studio photos to be taken and for friends to gather together for personal snaps.

When the doors finally opened, guests were met by a sea of green and white balloons decorating the room.

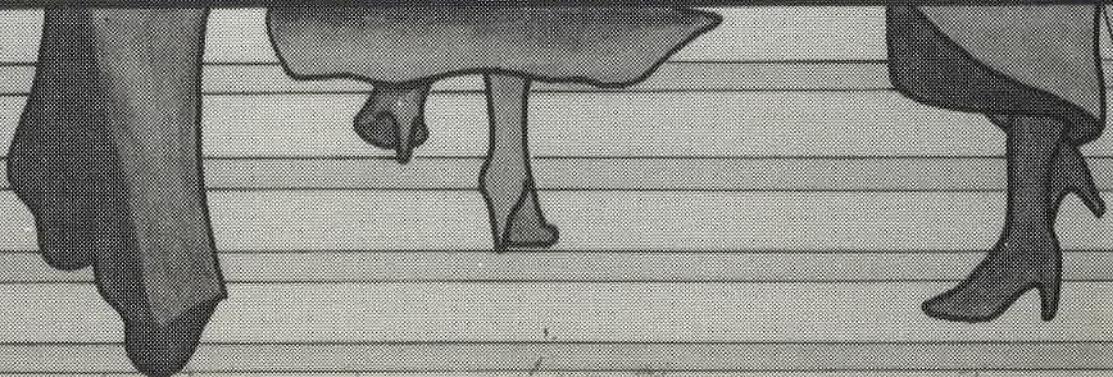
The evening's menu began with an entree of prawn cocktail, followed by chicken Kiev for the main course. Dessert was apple strudel with cream topped off with the special formal cake, ceremoniously cut by the school captains during the course of the evening. This moment was a most popular one among all those owners of cameras in search of that special "action shot" as the knife cut the cake.

Entertainment for the night was provided superbly by the Barrier Reef Jazz Band. The formal dancing for the night was kicked off by the student's special dance, The Serenade. After a string of formal dances (the weeks of practice DID pay off as couples dodged collisions on a floor crowded to capacity), students, staff and parents alike let their hair down and worked off a hearty dinner as they jived and bopped their way to the end of the night.

As the formal approached a close, undoubtedly the wish in most minds was that the night didn't have to end. As the last of the revellers left the Parkroyal, souvenirs of green and white helium balloons aloft, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the evening had surpassed all expectations and had been worthy of every moment of preparation put in.

To all those who gave their assistance in any way, (for there are too many people to detail) we thank you for making our senior formal a night which will stay with us for many years to come and remain a highlight in our memories long after we have walked out of the school grounds for the last time.

**Juanita O'Brien**



## YEAR 12 IN A NUTSHELL

Noelle: (earnestly) When asked by Dr Mount to write something for the School Magazine about our year in grade twelve, Rachael and I contemplated a number of various approaches (actually, I contemplated: Rachael ironed her uniform). The following is a result of our combined efforts to do something worthwhile this year, giving us the opportunity to leave behind a little bit of ourselves; to inspire the future students of Trinity Anglican School to strive for excellence in their academic pursuits; to stimulate —

Rachael: Wait a minute. Can I tell them the *real* reason?

Noelle: (flustered) What could you possible mean?

Rachael: Noelle graciously offered to write this piece to show the rest of the school what a great sport she is about not having been chosen a prefect. I told her she could include this piece, plus her position as grade twelve S.A.C. rep *and* grade eleven, deputy S.A.C. rep. in the 'self-worth' column of her university application form and maybe still have a chance of being accepted.

Noelle: (hesitantly) Excuse me... um... well... I kinda was a Year 11 monitor too.

Rachael: (encouragingly) That's right! You were too. Just pin both badges to the form and you'll practically be guaranteed a position.

Rachael: Okay. Enough about you. Let's talk about *my* achievements.

Noelle: Sure. Let's see... (embarrassed silence).

Rachael: Haven't I done anything in the two years that I've been here?

Noelle: I'm thinking. Sure you have. Once when it was your rostered day to pick up litter at lunchtime you cleaned up your whole assigned area and didn't even get annoyed. You read the announcements one day too, very well I might add.

Noelle: Oh, by the way, have you paid the \$2040 dollars you owe Club 12 yet?

Rachael: No, I'm waiting until after ASAT. Whatever happened to that anyway? We haven't had one of those fun Year 12 ASAT discussion periods lately, with Mrs Ross.

Noelle: Yeah, I think we must have had it. Wasn't that when Mrs Rigby interrupted our proceedings to organize the dinner checklist for the formal and announce that STAG's had sold out of white tails and pink ties?

Rachael: Probably. Listen, what activity are you choosing this term? The choices are: weight training, aerobics, rollerskating, tennis, squash and 101 different ways to do your hair using bones and other primitive artefacts, which is being organized by Dr Mount. Remember, Mr Stone is very adamant that there should be no swapping over of activities without a doctor's certificate. Actually, I think I'd be more inclined to go with Mr O'Sullivan to "Farmarama" every Thursday afternoon. It would give me a chance to brush up on my cow-milking techniques which I acquired at

St Barnabas' agricultural barn during the leadership camp. They say I'm a natural, you know.

Noelle: Wow! Haven't they just introduced a new course at the University of Queensland dealing with that?

Rachael: Yes, it's a very specialized joint cow-milking/Law 101 course, but the TE score is too high.

Noelle: What a darn shame. What is it exactly?

Rachael: I can't remember exactly. Mrs Ross has a spare pamphlet on it if you're interested. I put it first on my QTAC form on the off chance that I get an offer.

Now we would like to end with a song to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" (Should Qld Acquaintance Be Forgotten): "See ya later TAS we'll remember you, As the No-Doz pills wear off, Let most of the twelves (as some will be returning next year) Join in this song To say farewell to you".

Thank you Archdeacon Stuart for allowing us the privilege of joining the TAS community and thank you to all our friends and teachers for making us feel so welcome. A special thanks to Dr Mount for giving us this opportunity to thank everyone, and for being such an inspiring influence in our final year of high school. As always, your North American cousins,

**Noelle Fraser and Rachael Kobin.**

## THE EXTENSION

It was 6.30 on a Thursday morning and the smell of a \$20 night at Renos was still thick in the air. We awoke to the sound of street cleaners slowly making their way through the inner suburbs of Cairns. The sights, sounds and smells of Munro Martin Park were not unfamiliar to us although, on this particular day, an uneasiness lingered in both our minds. What could it be? Were the stories given to our trusting parents absolutely watertight? Had we remembered to give all those girls our phone numbers? Yes and yes, but still that vague sense of impending disaster lurked persistently.

As we walked towards school the routine questions arose. Could we get away with wearing P.E. gear all day? Could we get yellow slips for entire uniforms? Then "IT" hit us, a savage realization which instantly erased those special memories of the previous night and shook the very

foundations of our being. Our English assignment: "A Critical Appraisal of the Complete Works of TS Eliot" was due in only a matter of minutes. Mulgrave Road took on the significance of the short walk from the death cell to the electric chair.

There was nothing left to do — it was excuse time! Passing Bob Jane T-Mart with minds racing, we tried to come up with something plausible yet original.

"We could say that last night as we were driving to the library we were forced off the road by a busload of bikie bank-tellers escaped from Boggo Road who were involved in a high speed police chase. Then we could tell them that I sustained massive head wounds and that you carried me all the way from Edmonton to the hospital. Upon arrival I was admitted with several internal injuries and you collapsed and were rushed to a

cardiac arrest centre."

"We'll need medical certificates for that," Rob replied hopelessly.

At this moment fate appeared in the form of a large Kenworth loaded with bricks...!

★ ★ ★

I'll always remember the day I painfully awoke to see, through the bandages, Rob smiling as he slowly wheeled his chair over to my bedside. "How are you feeling?" he mumbled through his reconstructed larynx. "I'm not sure. I haven't regained feeling in any limbs yet."

"Then I've got some bad news, I'm afraid," said Rob sympathetically. "You'll probably need dialysis treatment every day for the rest of your life but we have got an extension on that essay."

**Sasha Andjelkovic and Rob McEwin**

# JAMES COOK UNIVERSITY RESIDENTIAL EXPERIENCE

The date was May 2nd. The place Townsville. The scene — some 500 students from all over North Queensland streaming from a convoy of local buses. The occasion was the James Cook University Residential Experience 1989 at which TAS was represented by a group of 25 Year 12 students with teachers Mrs Ross and Mr Clegg. Soon to be faced with important decisions regarding our course of study (or otherwise) in 1990, the three-day experience offered an opportunity to explore the possibilities of tertiary education.

The program included twelve sessions in which lectures and tours were available under the headings: Arts/Law, Commerce/Economics/-Tourism, Education/Teaching and Engineering/Science.

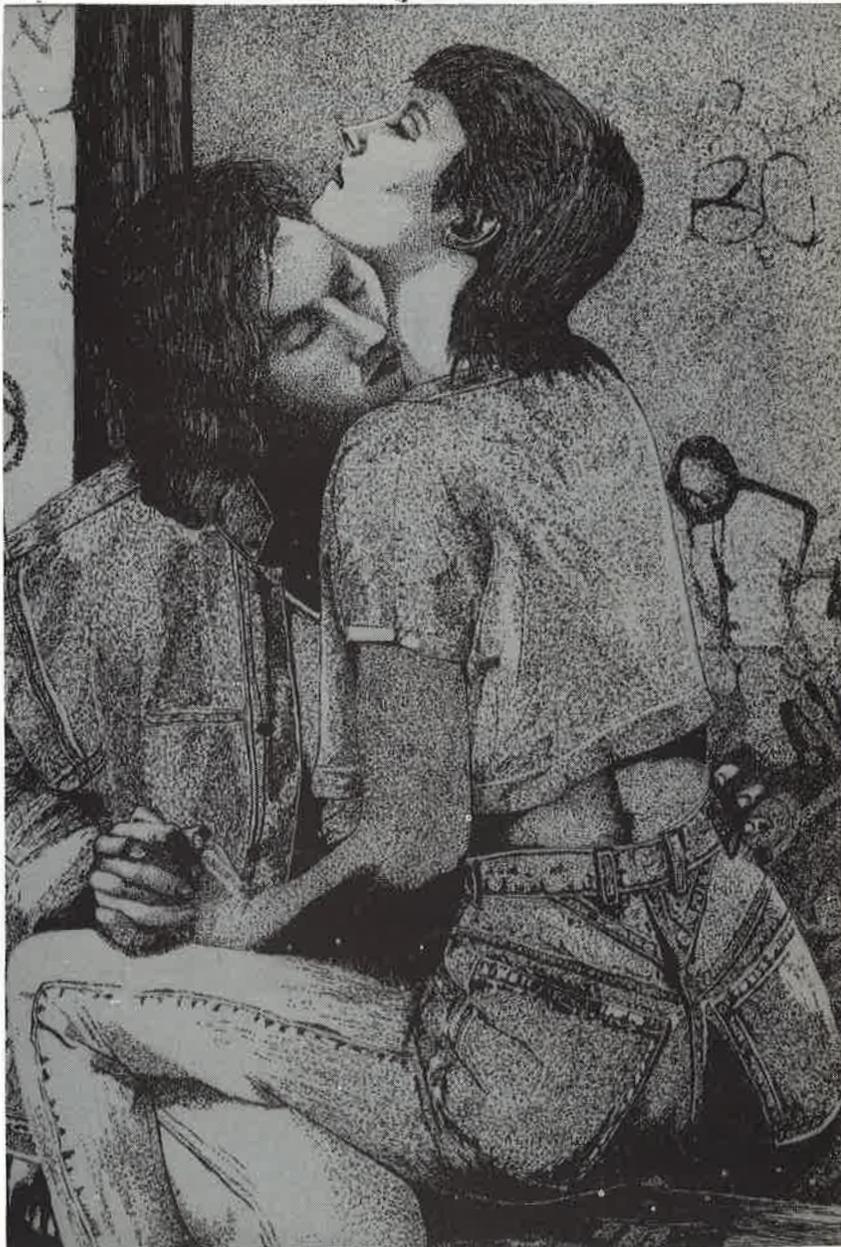
Examples of the numerous lecture topics included, "Why study a foreign language?", "Chemistry can be fun" (not that we needed any convincing!), "The serious business of tourism" and, (prepare yourself for this one) "From Quarks and Sparks to Monster Black Holes: A Complete History of the Universe"! This, we feel, was a deliberate ploy to lure the unsuspecting into what one would normally call a Physics lecture.

We must admit, however, that it wasn't ALL hard work in the lecture theatre. Recreational activities included a barbecue, disco and a performance by the James Cook Performing Arts students in the "Cowshed" (an experience in itself).

Our student group left a lot fitter than when we arrived due to the cross-country hikes to get from one side of the uni to a lecture on the other in 5 minutes! We also learnt a new way to make friends — simply buy ten large pizzas for tea, sit in the middle of a major walkway and you can wrap any hungry teenager around your little finger!

The residential experience was undoubtedly a worthwhile one and gave us a taste of life in a uni college and an insight into the avenues we have all, by now, decided to take once we leave the secure community of our final school year.

**Juanita O'Brien**



*'Body Language' by Sven Bayoumy*

## YEAR 12 LEADERSHIP CAMP

From the 6th to the 8th of February the 1989 Trinity Anglican School Seniors participated in the annual leadership camp held at St Barnabas. All Year 12s were separated into eight groups and took part in various activities. Of course there was some leisure time which was spent swimming at Millstream Falls, playing cricket or planning the skits for the final evening.

When mealtime came around many complaints about the food were aroused. The fussy eaters resorted to the fact that their diets would start from the first day but ended with the midnight feast of chocolates and lollies on the final evening. The most enjoyable section of the camp would have been the skits where all the students had the perfect opportunity to make fun of the teachers. The prime target was, of course, Mr Stone, after his patrolling of the male dorms like a rampant guard dog. All Year 12 students found the camp to be an unforgettable and enjoyable experience as well as an excellent way to the start of their final year of school.

**Lisa Graham**



*Staff brain drain during the leadership camp*

# LEADERSHIP CAMP



## DIES IRAE

(...and the bomb exterminates them.) — Kurtz. *Apocalypse Now*.

The divine act  
A light illuminates the void.  
Time... passes.  
High altitude spark,  
Graceful, free.  
From the four-engined dove  
The thunder of equine hooves.  
The dark egg,  
Silent, grotesque  
Inscribes a deadly parabola,  
An inexorable downward arc.  
Below...  
They, the unknowing  
Greet the rising sun.  
Pale radiance on sallow skin.  
Children of a Levant God.  
In seventeen seconds,  
Fiery, multifoliate rose.  
The fatal seed sown in a foreign soil.  
Blackened rose.

Time... passes.  
A lock, a key  
Beyond the ferric veil,  
A man, a glowing button.  
Controls apocalyptic gates.  
Mala fide  
The button pressed.  
The darkness loosed.  
The scales uneven.  
Simultaneously rising pillars,  
Greet the rising sun.  
Pale radiance on many-coloured skins  
The global rosebed,  
And then the dust-filled wind  
Farewells the dying light  
Only yesterday's memories,  
Welcoming oncoming night.  
Ex nihilo, nihilo fit.

**Brenton Chambers**



'Apocalypse Now' Joe Mann

# THE MASTERS GIFT

*The future world of The Master's Gift is one of desolation and destruction of human freedom, the world being run by the 'Masters', Gods whose teachings govern all events and activities. This future is grey and bleak, all nature destroyed by technology, leaving a concrete, towering jungle of an inhumane society where perfection is a reality, not an ideal, and equality is achieved by total destruction of hair follicles so that no one individual is more attractive than another. In this world where perfection is indeed real, young women are required, from the age of 17, to produce children every year as a Gift to the Masters, these children being conditioned until the age of two when their fate is decided. If they reflect the Master's ideals their lives continue but, if not, they are killed and their bodies used as spare parts to indeed make perfect human beings not only in body but also in soul.*

A single diamond tear trickled slowly down her porcelain face, cascading across her smooth, youthful skin and catching the sole ray of sunlight that bravely filtered through the crack in the door and encompassed the room like a solitary star in the night sky. Quickly, Lydia brushed it away, so wary of its ever-present threat and remembering the eleventh of the Master's teachings: "never cry, emotions are a burden to our society; never show emotions — never cry". The constant whimpering of the small bundle cradled in her arms brought her back to reality and her eyes sank, once again, to gaze at the delicate features of the baby nestled against her chest... her baby.

Suddenly, the great doors of the white sterile production room thrust open and through them marched Technicians A, B and C, Subunit Y. Without even a murmur they seized the tiny form from Lydia's arms and placed it in a metal casket at the room's end, fastening to its head what seemed like a million tiny electrodes. Lydia cringed and turned away, trying to escape the agonising screams of her baby's pain as each of his softly curling locks of hair were permanently burned out of his scalp so that he, too, would go into society as everyone else — bald and unattractive. The helpless whimpering of her child brought her back to her own sorrow as she lifted her hands to feel her own smooth, bare scalp, remembering her childhood when her dark, wavy hair reached to her waist. That, of course, was before the Masters had declared that hair was a sin, making some people more attractive than others, and that it should be abolished so that everyone would look the same, coming one step closer to the dream of equality.

Lydia, for three days, had been a prisoner of this production room, its hauntingly naked walls staring at her day and night as she struggled to give birth to Bart, her first child. Only this year had she reached the compulsory Master's Gift Age of 17 and from this year forth she would be required to produce a child a year as a gift to society. But, indeed, what type of gift was it? Only if the infant was approved at the age of two would survival be permitted; otherwise, death would follow and the tiny organs used to make 'perfect people'.

The straps that had pinned her down during this time of 'gift giving' were now removed and Technician C thrust her helpless boy child into her arms, his head still smouldering from the burns and his sorrow still painting shadows over his soft, fragile face, pain still in his eyes and fear in his

heart. Slowly, Lydia slid out from the coverings that hid the hard metal bed. Steadying herself on the white tiled floor, and with a deep breath, she began the long journey back into society.

The air outside was thin and crisp as Lydia stood on the steps of the production factory, her baby rocking gently in her arms, still whimpering slightly from the pain he had endured. She shuddered slightly as she contemplated what she could do and where she could go, the icy wind slicing through her body and sending electric shivers through her spine. She could not return home.

Overcome by the chill that swept across the stoned pavement, Lydia began to wander aimlessly, unconscious of her actions. Bart huddled against her as she wrapped her coat around him to protect him from the forces of nature. The dark night sky sunk between the stone-grey wall of the city, encompassing it in blackness and fending off passers-by who might delve deeper into its heart... but still Lydia moved on.

The subway lights flickered eerie shadows on the pavement ahead, casting mysterious, dancing figures on the faceless wall surrounds. The gentle fall of water on to her face sent Lydia's heart into panic, the acid rain already beginning to burn her bare scalp and eat away at her clothes. Anxiety filled her body as she frantically looked for a place to retreat, running aimlessly through a maze of hallucinating forms in the alley that appeared, as if from nowhere, during her desperate search for refuge. Pushing through a time-carved door, she succumbed to the immediate blackness and moved carefully through the nothingness, unaware of the consequence of her movements but so grateful to have escaped the outside terror — how could she have forgotten her acid-rain jacket — what had happened to her?

Suddenly, struck with exhaustion, Lydia sunk slowly to the cold floor, gently holding her baby who had already fallen into a peaceful sleep. She knew that by now she would be being looked for as, after not returning home at the due time, the technicians would, undoubtedly, have reported the absence and launched a search. It was, indeed, not her whom they sought; her life was expendable but Bart's existence at the moment was crucial. As if answering her thoughts, Bart coughed slightly and sighed deeply.

"Goodnight my love, goodnight my love. I'll see you in my dreams... Bless you my love, bless you my love..."

I'm watching over you...

Lydia's sweet singing was interrupted by footsteps outside, two sets approaching purposely down the alley, their steps not faulted by the alley's forbidden entry but almost rhythmical in their march. Terror seized her body as the footsteps stopped outside the door. She closed her eyes, each second seeming like a lifetime. The footsteps started again but this time they were different and moved away from the door... the intruders had gone.

Relief flooded her body and she clutched her heart to ease the pressing pain that had engulfed it. A shadow began to close on her mind and, slowly, she detached herself from the situation that she lay in... slowly she began sinking deeper and deeper, the floor caving in and her mind falling through its bottom — she felt lighter as sleep finally overcame her... sleep... sleep.

The mechanical ringing of machinery jolted her back to consciousness and life now occupied her secret retreat that she had only known as blackness. Moving slowly, she slid towards the banister that appeared to tower above this ominous noise and peered cautiously into the work area in the underground bellows beneath. Shock bulleted through her, trays of hands, feet and numerous other body parts moved on a large conveyor belt suspended over a pool of water... this was the spare parts factory. Her body quivered uncontrollably and she hoped, with all her heart, that Bart would not wake. She had to escape before the lingering smell of freshly-slaughtered flesh overcame her. Hurriedly, she moved towards the door, trying to ease her way through it without drawing attention to herself or her baby. With a jolt, it swung open and she found herself, once again, in the alley.

Not daring to retrace her steps of the previous night, Lydia continued into the alley's jungle. Suddenly, she heard those footsteps again, the same two sets following behind her and this time rapidly approaching. Not looking back, she surged forward as panic consumed her and forced her into a run. A bright light shone at the end of the alley, beckoning her towards it and alienating her from the voices that called from behind. The acid rain now ate into her ankles, leaving pools of blood dotted precariously behind her. The light now surrounded her and she felt lifted by its presence... and then she was floating... tumbling through space... blackness... darkness... nothing.

Sharon Henricks

## COLOURS

Solitary darkness  
Black-mossed, vacuous space.  
Inky velvet void where  
Lost and lonely souls drift,  
Helpless, blind.  
Sombre darkness  
Awaiting the Light;  
The illumination of creation's colours...

Morning is the spring of life;  
Muted pastel flush  
Of naive joy and hope.  
Pale straw of nascent sun  
Transcends hyaline, tremulous  
daybreak.  
Horizon's distant mists fuse  
Celadon and lapis lazuli.  
Fragile citron sunbird, hovering  
On tiny fawn-gold shimmering wings,  
Sips nectar through slender spicule.  
Ice-pink exquisiteness,  
Delicate dewdrop-mirrored rose petal  
Unfolds...  
Perfection, purity, innocence.  
God's colours speaking  
Of man's infinite perfectibility,  
Warmed and illuminated by mystic  
tenderness  
For all mankind.  
Yet Eden's ophidian treachery  
Lurks silent, unheeded:  
There is false fleeting blue  
In the newborn's eyes...

The light of God's belief  
Spills like bright  
Over the triumphant day, tinctures  
The glorious supernal summer.

Verdant valleys rising  
To amethyst hills;  
Ultramarine seas smoothing  
Marbled sands;  
Prismatic, translucent waterfalls  
hidden  
In luxuriant emerald rainforests.  
Terrestrial bliss, masterpiece  
Of the supreme artist;  
Visible reminder of Invisible Light.

But sated souls enveloped in a cloud  
of myth  
Let beauty too richly veil the face of  
truth.  
Desire surpasses happiness,  
Avidity consumes reason.  
Deific colour transforms to clown's  
facade  
Of discordant tones, garish and  
gaudy.  
What colour now the evil eyes?

Raw, sun-bleached air gusts,  
And dusts the sere sienna earth.  
Day's final flourish, emblazoned  
In evening's florid flames.  
Sunburnt autumn tones —  
Russet, ochre, sepia —  
Dried and dissipated,  
Parched and desiccated;  
Rufescent solarian demise.  
With a final silvery shiver  
Colour dies.  
And heaven fades  
Into mere sky.  
The young and wise grow old  
And are again but fools;

Unseeing monochromats;  
Sciostic souls:  
And God's tears fall as soft serene  
In the deeping gloom.

Beloved day, night is here.  
Darkness and fear of darkness,  
The fear of fear itself,  
Penetrates doomed, foolish souls.  
Destroys the cherished dreams of  
men;  
Stifles the silent screams of men  
Lost in eternal superstition and  
disbelief  
Amidst the drear, dead dust of despair.

Black, winter-stripped murmuring  
trees  
Tremble in tenebrous, skeletal, airless  
air

As Death rides his pale horse  
Through the stygian gloom.  
Only God perceives  
Beyond the satanic obscurity.  
He reigns, but does he rule?

Is God trying?  
Can He prevent evil  
And will not;  
Or wishes to do so  
And cannot?  
Is God dying?  
Deserting mankind  
As His colours deserted the earth?  
Between darkness vivid hues  
Attend the ethereal master.  
The ailing world awaits  
The colours of the new dawn...

Guy Yates

## THE FACTORY OF MASKS

My Sibling,  
Bless her calculating heart and soul,  
soared through school with no talent  
at all,  
Save the one superb aptitude  
for flattery.  
Dux of Smithfield: Quoggie Bower.  
Myself:  
Curse my handicapping respect for  
truth,  
fought through grades, with no  
acknowledgement  
Damned by my natural instinct  
for genuineness.  
Naive innocent: Virginia Bower.

My Principal:  
Thanked me for reporting the boy who  
cheated,  
assuring my part would not pass his  
door.  
Next day my deed was broadcast  
around the grounds  
under the culprit's venomous glower.

My Teacher:  
Sir you are wrong re the ozone hole.  
The Antipodean pole is its main  
location.  
You can read for yourself in  
this article.  
Low mark for geography, at the crucial  
hour.

My Father:  
Out of his cynical view of life:  
"Lies are the lubricant in this factory  
of masks.  
Begin elsewhere with a different  
attitude.

In society,  
bald honesty cannot flower."

The Robot:  
Rewarded for its smiles and nods  
proceeds through the system with no  
friction at all,  
trailing only the sobering question:  
Where vanished  
The girl, Virginia Bower?

Virginia Bower



Shannon Brischke

# YEAR 12 1989



Teacher: Mr B. Springell  
 Back Row: Sashenka MIlston, Ryan Zandee, Tim Lane, Adam Broadley, Phillip Kirwan, Rodney Ward, Bettina Denham  
 3rd Row: Sarah Bucklar, Brenton Chambers, Guy Yates, Michael Boulton, Sasha Andjelkovic, Ben Adamson, Jalinda Fearne  
 2nd Row: Melanie McAuliffe, Liz Goulding, Virginia Bower, Juanita O'Brien, Tracy Farnham, Noelle Fraser, Juanita Mellick, Kirsten Doctor  
 Front Row: Sharon Henricks, Dione Silvester, Rachael Kolin, Narelle Hansford, Cecilla Hall-Matthews, Wendy Jaensch



Teacher: Mr R. Clegg (Absent)  
 Back Row: Julian Smith, Shawn Pittman, Mark Hubbard, Warun Wilkinson, Justin Goddard  
 3rd Row: Shane Moes, Rick Heaziewood, Sven Bayoumy, Brad Sheahon, Ross Sheppard, David Slatyer, Scott Horn  
 2nd Row: Brad Ehrke, Amber Peters, Emma MacCallum, Angela Bowman, Jenny Messina, Lisa Graham, Jo Mann  
 Front Row: Shannon Brischke, Kate Pearce, Mellissa Bell, Fiona Paterson, Janette Bailey, Sulipa Bell, Helen Lockhead



Teacher: Mrs Pamela Rigby  
 Back Row: Justin Chan, Simon Ford, Lance Edward, Scott Christensen, Michael Lane, Simon Cranwell, Duncan Maillet, Raymond Elderton, David Yee, David Hazelwood  
 2nd Row: Kylie Merritt, Caroline Booth, Brett Grimley, Robert McEwin, Graham Lillywhite, Craig Mills, Andrew Robinson, Nicole Merritt, Tanya Livings  
 Front Row: Debbie Radloff, Beth Crase, Kirstie Jones, Penny Sturgess, Katherine Hetherington, Marie Djohan

# SPORT



## TAS SPORTS CAPTAINS

*Narelle Hansford (Mulligan), Melanie McAuliffe (Leichhardt), David Heazlewood (Kennedy), Penny Sturgess (Dalrymple), Kate Pearce (Kennedy), Seated: Sasha Andjelkovic (Dalrymple), Rob McEwin (Leichhardt), Absent: Simon Ford (Mulligan)*

### TERM I

With our TAS Sporting Calendar there is no easing into the new year. House Swimming Trials were held the 2nd week back. From here House teams were selected by the Year 11 Swimming Captains, who must be congratulated on their wonderful organisation of their teams and the day. Week 3 was the Annual House Swimming Carnival, which this year was held for the first time at the new Woree Bicentennial Pool. This day proved to be most enjoyable (well, apart from the sunburn!). 1990 will see a Grand Stand for both Competitors and Spectators which will certainly be more comfortable for all concerned. The TAS School Squad was selected and trained 2 mornings each week from 7.15-8.10am. This extra training proved to be most successful to strengthen the depth of our Squad.

The boys 14 years, girls 15 years, were all victorious in their age division, with the following overall result being attained:

Overall Results	Overall School
Girls TAS 2nd	TAS 1156 pts
Boys TAS 1st	St Mary's 1141 pts

The points difference between TAS and St Mary's narrows every year, so TAS *must* continue their training during Term IV 1989 and early 1990 if they wish to stay on top at the Trinity Coast South Swimming. Well done to all Squad members and good luck for 1990. Train hard!

Kylie Hough was selected in the Peninsula Team which competed in Brisbane. A great effort, Kylie.

The final day of Term I saw the House Cross Country Event. The course for this year was most challenging for all competitors. Congratulations to Kirstie Wong and Jeff Hassell, who ran the course in the fastest time.

### TERM II

After many hours of training the Cross Country Squad competed at St Mary's in May. All runners performed exceptionally well in the adverse conditions. Kirstie Wong and Emma Lander were selected in the Peninsula Cross Country Squad, where they competed in Brisbane. Well done girls!!!

### TERM III

This term saw the continuing of the precedent set in 1988 with a Sport and Activity time allocation. This time was invaluable in training the very large Athletic Squad. (This year 130 Athletes!). An intensive and worthwhile training programme was implemented which paid off on the Carnival Day. I would like to thank the 10 staff members who trained these athletes so diligently over the 7 weeks.

The first weekend in August saw 47 students travel to Charters Towers to compete in the "Inaugural Anglican Schools' Athletic Carnival". This weekend proved to be of great benefit to the team both athletically and socially. Students were housed in the

All Souls & St Gabriel's Boarding Houses on Friday and Saturday nights. On the Saturday we competed against All Souls, St Gabriel's, The Cathedral School, St Barnabas and the Whitsunday School.

It was a most successful weekend and one only hopes that the tradition of competing against other Anglican Schools will continue with Athletics as well as other sports.

Unfortunately TAS competitors did not win any age groups, however, we were placed 2nd in two.

Stephen Tonks — 16 years boys.  
Shona Lewis — 15 years girls.

Well done to both and to all athletes who participated during that weekend.

Friday, August 25th saw the TCS Carnival at St Mary's. There were many excellent performances with TAS breaking 10 records.

Results	Overall School
Girls TAS — 4th	TAS — 4th
Boys TAS — 2nd	

**15 & 16 yr Boys**  
TAS — 1st

This year 18 TAS athletes were eligible to compete in the Peninsula trials, gaining selection in the Peninsula Team. Good luck!

Another large TCS event on our Calendar is the Triathlon. This was held at Lake Placid, in July. TAS won 4 of the 8 age divisions, and therefore won the overall event in both TCS and TCN. Congratulations to all Triathlon Relay competitors.

### TERM IV

This term is a "slower sporting term" with only social events. TAS entered 8 Mixed Twilight teams, ranging from Year 8's to Year 12's. This is a very social/fun competition, where all teams performed very well.

### PENINSULA REPRESENTATIVES & CAIRNS DISTRICT REPRESENTATION

Every year the number of TAS students selected for Peninsula teams and Cairns Representatives teams increases in many and varied sports.

A School Colours system was introduced this year, with Half Colours for Years 8-10, and Full Colours for Years 11-12 for students who were selected in Peninsula Teams. These colours take the form of woven cloth badges with the Sport labelled on the badge and sewn to the boys' pocket and girls' tie. It is very gratifying to see students walking around the TAS grounds with 2, sometimes 3 colours on their tie or pocket.

This is my final year as Sports Mistress and I must thank most sincerely all staff and parents who have encouraged, helped and supported me over these past four years. I have appreciated it greatly. I also must thank Mr Stephen Pearce and Mr Paul Little whose dedication and support were essential to TAS's success this year.

**Patrice Jenkins**  
SPORTS MISTRESS.

# HOCKEY

The newest Saturday sporting team has been a second Girls Hockey team which had a most successful 1989 season in reaching the Semi Finals. Well done girls! Both the Boys Hockey team and the Division IV Girls Hockey team finished 3rd in their

respective divisions.

These 3 Hockey teams must be specially commended for their loyalty to their coaches. It was impossible to find adult Hockey coaches this season. All avenues were tried, and

finally four of our senior students volunteered their coaching expertise. All Hockey players and the school thank these boys — Gavin Burns (Girls Div 4), Cameron McPherson & Ivan Moran (Girls Div 6), and Chadden Hunter (Boys Div 4).



## TAS BOYS HOCKEY

*B.R. Kahn Millis, Ivan Moran,  
Brett Fowler, Michael Spanagel,  
Peter Henricks, Tim Crase  
F.R. Jeff Hassell, Michael Delfos,  
Chadden Hunter (Coach), Thorsten  
Hohenstrater, Greg Blanch*

**TAS GIRLS DIVISION 6 HOCKEY**  
*B.R. Helen Tannock, Vanessa  
McCarthy, Pia Hattersley, Tammy  
Sheward, Kate Nisbett, Jann Crase,  
Niki Kyriazia  
F.R. Karen Blanch, Fleur Holt,  
Emma Brigden, Emma Channer.  
Coaches: Cameron McPherson  
and Ivan Moran*



**TAS GIRLS DIVISION 3 HOCKEY**  
*Vanessa Muscio, Sharee Bauld,  
Fran Allen, Clare Fraser,  
Jodie Simkin, Gavin Burns (coach),  
Sally Broadley*

# NETBALL

Term II saw the beginning of the 1989 Netball season. TAS entered 3 teams in the Saturday competition. From this competition many of our TAS students were selected in Cairns

Representative Age Teams, which competed in Brisbane and Ingham.

Four of our TAS girls, Michelle Thomsen, Kirsten Sperling, Kirsten Stewart and Rachel Pedro were selected in the U/15 Cairns Representative Talent Squad to play in the Australian Titles next year.

TAS 1, coached by Mrs Jill Fowler, were runners up in the Open Age Division. Well done TAS!

TAS 2, coached by Mrs Leitha Pedro unfortunately did not reach the finals. However, it was wonderful to see the moulding of this young team throughout this season. I do hope their skills keep improving next season.

TAS 3, coached by Mrs Sue Yuille, were defeated in the semi finals. These girls, too, are young and we hope that they continue to learn and excel in this sport.

Our Netball break-up was held after the Grand Final where Special Trophies were awarded.

**Fairest & Best**      **Most Improved**  
 TAS 1  
 Rachel Pedro      Sarah Mann  
 Michelle Thompson

TAS 2  
 Lorianna Leftwich      Georgina Coenik  
 TAS 3

Simone Reynolds      Leasa Stephen  
 I would personally like to thank our 3 coaches, Mrs Jill Fowler (TAS 1), Mrs Leitha Pedro (TAS 2) and Mrs Sue Yuille (TAS 3), without whose dedication and tireless hours of coaching the season would not have been successful.



**TAS 3 NETBALL**

*Neisha Beaumont, Mrs S. Yuille,  
 Leasa Stephen  
 Elspeth Wells  
 Jane Langford, Niki Wong*



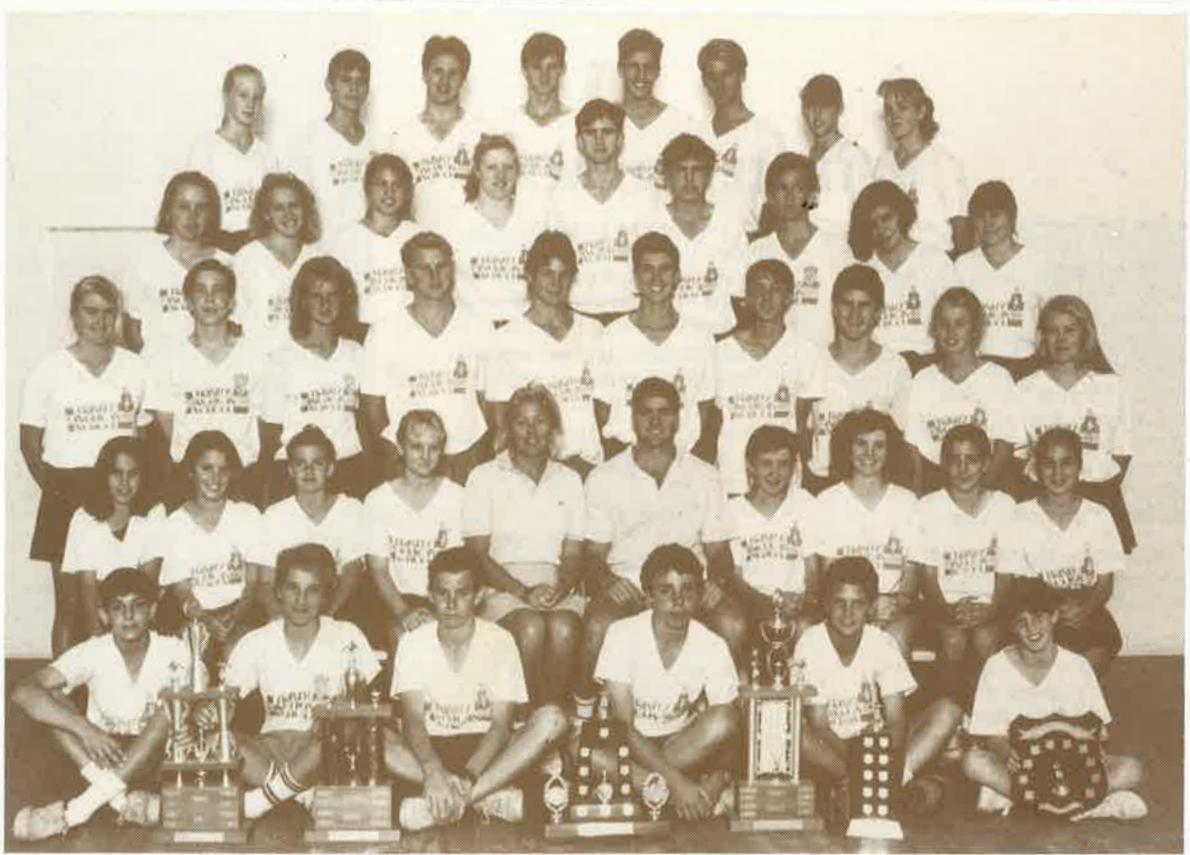
**TAS 1 NETBALL**

*Mrs J. Fowler, Leanne Alderdice,  
 Tristan Beaumont, Danielle Young,  
 Sarah Brown, Hayley Price,  
 Rachel Pedro, Michelle Thomsen,  
 Kirsten Stewart, Kirsten Sperling*

**TAS 2 NETBALL**

*Kirsten Wong, Kamala Sivijis,  
 Caitlan White, Laurel Fraser,  
 Vanessa Ciccato, Lorianna  
 Leftwich, Emma Brown,  
 Coach: Mrs L. Pedro*





## THE SWIMMING TEAM

- B.R. Renee Hoffman, Paul Fowler, Troy Price, Scott Sheppard, Sam Sturgess, Jasen Reid, Michelle Thomsen, Sarah Brown*  
*3. Vanessa Muscio, Amanda Hargrave, Wendy Smith, Belinda Suthers, Graham Lillywhite, Glen Lockhead,*  
*Penny Robins, Narelle Hansford*  
*2. Michelle Quinn, Matthew Buchanan, Kirsten Sperling, Adam Broadley, Brett Fowler, Shaun Pittman, Wayne Mason,*  
*Brett Tudor, Rebecca Riordan, Emma Brigden*  
*1. Kirstie Wong, Melissa Riordan, Kylie Hough, Stephanie Kirk, Miss P. Jenkins, Mr P. Little, Alex Thomas, Simone Carthew,*  
*Christie Mappas, Niki Wong*  
*Seated. Aaron Rubin, Matthew Muscio, Warwick Chambers, Martin Brown, Scott Symonds, Simon Ivanovic*



## TAS TRIATHLON SQUAD

- B.R. Shona Lewis, Bernard Panton, Wendy Smith, Ben Jackson, Neil Bartlam, Drew Pittman, Donna Hay, Paul Horn*  
*2. Matthew Muscio, Warwick Chambers, Richard Yates, Naysun Saeedi, Jason Farnham, Mark Crooks, Scott Sheppard,*  
*Natalie Brett, Michelle Quinn, Shannon Hill*  
*1. Tracy Carroll, Matthew Buchanan, Jeff Hassell, Marko Andjelkovic, Aaron Rose, Adam Painter, Brett Tudor,*  
*Martin Brown, Darryn Young*  
*Front. Simone Carthew, Filipa Brasch, Alex Thomas, Kirstin Wong, Miss P. Jenkins, Emma Lander, Stephanie Kirk,*  
*Amanda Hargrave, Sarah Brown*

## "A DAY IN PORT IS A DAY WELL SPENT"

This was certainly true the day I was fortunate and lucky enough to be invited to attend a coaching clinic held by Greg Norman at the fabulous Marina Mirage Country Golf Club. The prospect of getting a day off school to watch and listen to the world's most exciting golfer was an opportunity I could not miss!

The Clinic was held on the Friday preceding the \$600,000 Super Skins which included golfing greats Jack Nicklaus, Curtis Strange, Asao Aoki and of course, The Great White Shark. Upon our arrival we were shown to the club's aquatic driving range where we sat eagerly awaiting the arrival of Greg.

When he finally arrived carrying his bag of clubs and accompanied by the general manager of the Resort, the one hundred junior spectators fell silent. Once the introductions had been made, Jack Nicklaus made his way through the crowd and informed us that it was going to be "Mr Norman's" birthday next week. We all joined in and sang happy birthday to him before getting into the serious coaching.

During the Clinic Norman went through the fundamentals of golf such as the grip, the stance, the take away and the follow through for he stressed that the better you knew these, the better the golfer you would be. He also spoke about his own positive

philosophy of how every golfer should think and play aggressively.

Throughout this part of the Clinic we all asked numerous questions about the techniques of the game in order to try and increase our knowledge on how to do things the correct and proper way.

The final part of the Clinic was certainly the most entertaining. Urged on by the crowd Norman showed us his tremendous touch and power by playing delicate pitch shots as well as booming drives in which the ball travelled in excess of 250 metres!

The worst thing he probably said came at the very end of the Clinic. Just as we all had made silent

promises to practise harder than ever, for Greg had explained this was the only way to improve, he shot us down. He said that we should concentrate on our school work before our golf because not everyone can make it to the top. (Damn, I guess I'll be going to school on Monday.)

Overall, I found the Clinic most enjoyable and informative. Though I had already been taught most of the things Greg Norman had showed us, the fact that it came from one of the most sensational players in the world inspired me to continue to concentrate on the basics of the game.

Scott Sheppard



Scott Sheppard and Greg somebody or other!

## A RUNNING JUMP

Deep in the jungle of western Queensland lies Charters Towers. Charters Towers was once the site of an unsuspecting, moderately dull, town, never before in contact with the TAS factor — the sonorous, obstreperous, vociferous, clangorous, wonderful TAS athletes.

On the 5th of August, 1989, a bus load of athletes in the peak of condition left the place of seemingly endless lessons in the theory of quadratics and the tenuous hours on the reproduction cycle of fruit flies and the neverending tautological lessons on the necessity of English, to wit TAS. The destruction of this ungainly lot was Charters Towers, for the inaugural Anglican Schools Athletic Carnival.

After a, what can I say, interesting bus trip, consisting of endless hours of singing, loud music, McDonalds and unaccountable jollity, we had arrived at the institution that was to become our home for the next two nights. All Souls boys school basked under the all-powerful shadow of sporting mastery: a nameless wag suggested a slight alteration to the name, i.e. Poor Souls; they don't have the privilege of attending Trinity Anglican School. After dropping off the lesser half of the team, the bus and Graham, the tolerant bus driver, weary under the weight of such extreme happiness, drove the last leg to the girls' retreat.

Chad house lay waiting, and pleasant smiles came from all walks of life. The assignment: to get plenty of rest, for tomorrow TAS wins the athletic carnival, well... not quite, the dormitory mother, Mrs Thomas (nice name: see foot of page) pleasantly suggested three hundred and thirty times that we were to go to sleep. The prospect of the next day proved too great a temptation. After meeting many interesting people who were curious as to what sort of athletes they were to be sharing accommodation with for the next two nights (of course, their findings — the greatest sportspeople in the history of mankind) countless ticking brains drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the thrill of Victory.

The day we had all been waiting for arrived and proved very exciting. Thanks to the hours of training and the expert coaching of Miss Jenkins, Mr Clegg and Mrs MacConachie as well as all the other athletic teachers of TAS we achieved exciting results, Nikki Wong, Runner up 13 years champion girls. Shona Lewis; Runner up 15 years champion girls. Stephen Tonks; Runner up 16 years champion boys, as well as many individual achievements, not to mention the sunburn. All Souls and Saint Gabriels were overall winners in all respects.

Even more exciting was the Disco that

night (let's get our priorities straight!). The Cathedral School from Townsville, Whitsunday Anglican School, Saint Barnabas School and All Souls and Saint Gabriels had never before seen such a fun-loving, intelligent, sporting (and the list goes on) mob as TAS. Filling the room with vitality, the TAS athletes made a grand entrance and many, many friends. On return to the dormitory reports were already circulating — all positive.

That Sunday was a dolorous occasion. After attending a special church service, it was time to say farewell to many new friends and good sportsmanship to return to those great halls of learning. Living up to our reputation the journey home proved equally joyous as the trip to Charters Towers had been... a Western Queensland town never to be the same again... a town feeling the effects of the TAS factor. Many things had been accomplished over the course of the weekend:

1. Success in both sporting achievement and sportsmanlike behaviour.

2. Many friendships formed.

The consensus after participating in such an exhausting weekend was one of taking a running jump — LITERALLY!

Alex Thomas

# ATHLETICS



TAS GIRLS ATHLETICS TEAM



TAS BOYS ATHLETICS TEAM

# RUGBY UNION



TAS FIRST XV 1989



TAS U16 1989

Oswald: *I'll not be struck, my lord.*  
 Kent: *Nor tripped neither, you base  
 football player. (Tripping up  
 Oswald's heels).*

In these immortal lines from the play *King Lear* (written about 1605). Shakespeare's opinion of the contemporary footballer is very clear: an unsporting ruffian. Yet today, his assessment could not be further from the truth. Certainly, at Trinity Anglican School, our players turn on a rugged game, but more importantly their play exemplifies discipline, commitment, team effort and spirit — qualities that will continue past school to enrich their future lives.

While our own tradition is still young — we have now completed our third year — rugby plays a major role in the continuing development and growth of the school. This micro development reflects the continuing growth and attraction of the region as a whole to touring rugby sides. The media attention and gate sales accorded by the Lions-Queensland B game is paralleled, through in much smaller measure, by the London Freeman's School-Cairns game, in which incidentally six TAS players took part. An Under 16 team coached by Mr Bill Dray was introduced into the inaugural Cairns and District

competition. Though they placed third, their future potential is unlimited as anyone who saw the last game against Smithfield High will attest. On this occasion TAS demolished a strong opposition 41-3. Mick Edwards proved throughout the season to be a very cool headed Captain especially capable in defensive play. Sam Sturgess proved an unflappable Vice-Captain notable for his thinking football. Chadden Hunter, the Fowler brothers, Brett and Paul, Troy Price, Steven Tonks and Kris Tassell were all prominent point scorers, supported throughout by a whole team of competent players.

The First XV, whilst not enjoying the success of 1988, fared quite well placing fourth in a competition that featured six metropolitan and one regional team (Innisfail). With eleven competition games this season and several TAS representatives being involved in a number of others, the five month season was certainly a busy one.

In April several TAS players represented Cairns in the "Malanda Milk" Rugby tournament in Townsville. The Open players were as follows: M. Lane, B. Rose, D. Mallet, J. Lyons, R. Elderton and R. McEwin. The U/16 representatives were: S. Tonks, M. Edwards, B. Fowler, G. Crowther, W. Audley and T. Price. Games against teams from Townsville, Whitsunday, Innisfail, Burdekin and Mackay ensured that their 'learning experience' was as wide as possible.

Early in May the whole secondary school provided a highly vocal audience to what will become an annual event, the TAS-Townsville Grammar game. Losing 26-0 to a very experienced side, several of whom were State representatives, TAS fought very bravely, often turning defence into attack. Archdeacon Stuart spoke of the fraternal links occasioned by such an event in the later official presentation in the library. Trinity Sunday provided a further opportunity to show rugby off at the school and an exhibition game with St Augustine's was arranged. The result, incidentally, was a three all draw. Rugby photographs, posters and memorabilia, including Jason Lyons' Rugby Queensland Country guernsey were displayed in the library prompting much interest. D. Mallett, B. Rose and R. McEwin represented TAS in the Mulgrave Schools v Cairns Schools curtain raiser to the British Lions game at Barlow Park. Their side won the game in what was a thrilling encounter and obvious honour. Duncan Mallett's skills and ability resulted in his captaincy of the Cairns side in the City of London Freeman's College game at Buchan Street in July. B. Rose, M. McEwin and M. Lane played as well in what was a narrow victory for the young Englishmen. The benefits deriving from this international point of contact are at once obvious.

Jason Lyons, who captained the Open side this year, has proved a very valuable player and worthy rugby ambassador for the school. His selection in the U/17 Queensland State side, which defeated N.S.W. typifies the unqualified success that he has derived from the game. His achievement is unparalleled. At the time of writing, Jason is a good prospect for selection in the Queensland Schoolboy's team. Ultimately, some of these members will tour Great Britain and the Continent with the Australian Schoolboys after Christmas.

Apart from the Captains' medallions to Jason Lyons and Michael Edwards, other awards were as follows:

Opens:

Best and Fairest Forward - J. Lyons

Best and Fairest Back - D. Mallett

U/16

Best and Fairest Forward - T. Price

Best and Fairest Back - S. Sturgess

Each of these awards aims at paying tribute to the skills and pursuit of excellence which were so ably demonstrated by their recipients. Featuring the school crest and a bottle green ribbon, these personalized rugby awards constitute an endearing memento of schoolboy rugby.

The season has proved to be very satisfying on a personal basis, largely because of the interest and dedication of several individuals deserving of acknowledgement and thanks. Much encouragement has come from Archdeacon Stuart, whether it be through his presence at a game, willingness to listen to some rugby related whinge from me or generous outfitting of our very smart (and expensive) Canterbury jerseys. To Miss Jenkins, our sportsmistress, Mr Tam — who so capably attended to ground marking — Mr High, the



And the big men fly...



Jason Lyons  
U/17 Queensland Rugby Union  
Representative



Brett Rose  
Open Peninsula Rugby Union  
Representative

referee, and all those others, whom space does not permit me to acknowledge, my profound thanks. Finally, I would point out that 1989 marks the last school season for one of our graduating Year Twelve

students who has played rugby since its inception three years ago. 'Vale', Richard Heazlewood, you will be sorely missed!

Mr K. Marchant  
RUGBY CO-ORDINATOR.



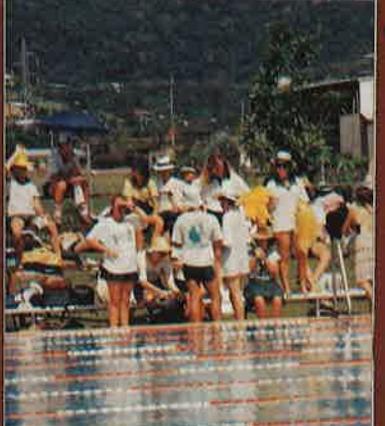
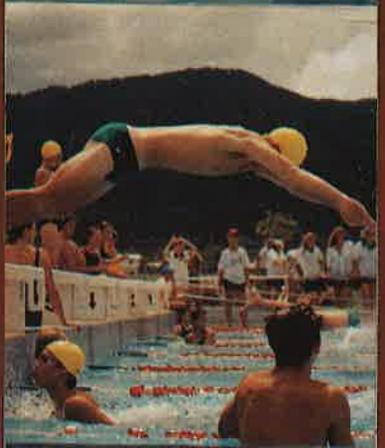
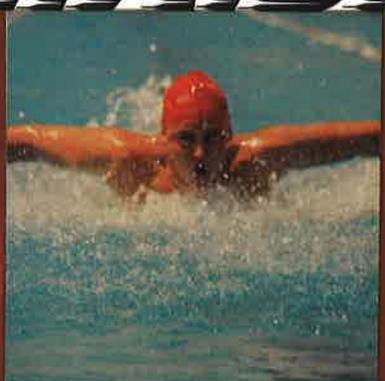
Cairns and District Rugby Union Open Representatives 1989  
Standing L to R. R. Heazlewood, D. Mallet, M. Lane, R. McEwan  
Seated L to R. B. Rose, Mr K. Marchant (Manager/Coach), J. Lyons



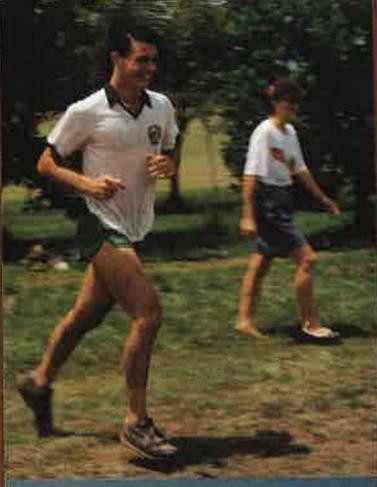
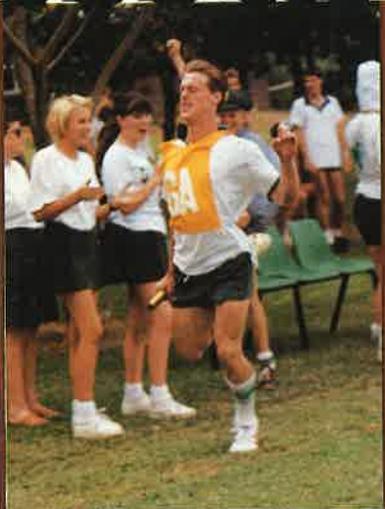
Cairns and District Rugby Union U16 Representatives 1989  
Standing L to R. B. Fowler, S. Sturgess, G. Crowther  
Seated L to R. T. Price, S. Tonks, M. Edwards



# T.A.S. SPORT



# TALES SPORT



# SOCCER REPORT

The beginning of the 1989 season saw the TAS Soccer players sporting new guernseys, and together with fine marching, collect the trophy for the winning club at the March Past.

This season also welcomed new coaches Mr Tom Stone (U/8), Mr David Kirkpatrick (U/9), Mr Nigel Hunter (U/10) and towards the later half of the season, Mr Tony High (U/11 Tigers). Together with their managers, these coaches, along with our experienced coaches Mr David Butler (U/11 Tornados), Mr Doug Andjelkovic (U/15) and Mr Robert Clegg (U/11 Tigers) ensured that the TAS players participated in an enjoyable and worthwhile season.

Congratulations to our U/10 and U/15 sides for reaching the finals. The U/15s were truly the dominant side of the competition.

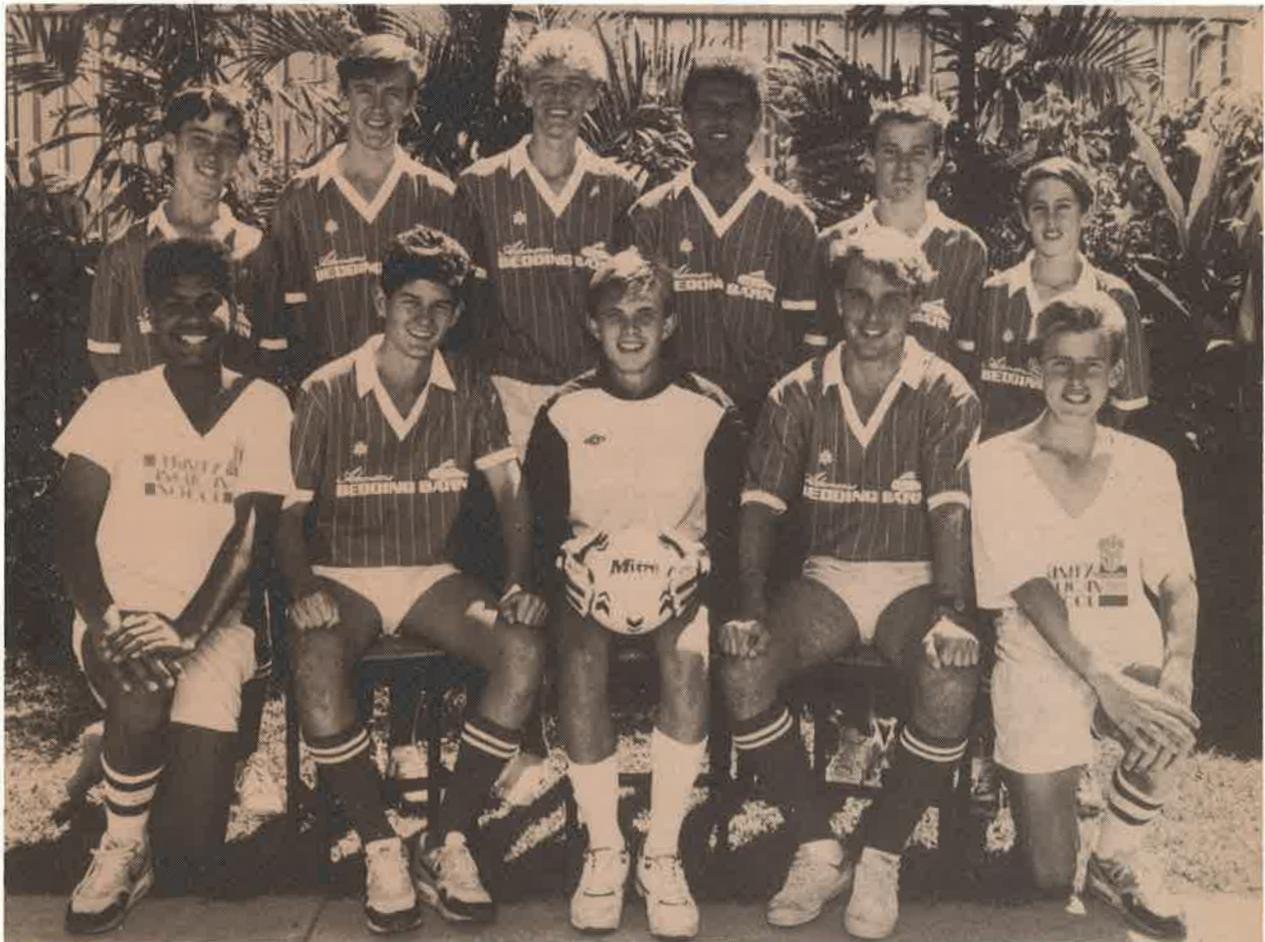
Congratulations to the many TAS players who were selected to play in Cairns Representative teams. Special praise must go to Marko Andjelkovic who was selected in the Australian U/14 squad.

On behalf of the school I would like to thank all the coaches and managers for their efforts throughout the 1989 season.

**S. Pearce**  
SOCCER CO-ORDINATOR.



*Marko Andjelkovic*  
*Australian U/15 Representative*



TAS U/15

*Back. Doug Pettit, Drew Pittman, Mark Crooks, Stephan Tonks, Warwick Chambers, Will Goulding*  
*Front. Mark Pedro, David McKenna, Adam Painter, Marko Andjelkovic, Matthew Adamson*

# THE FURTIVE FORTUNES OF FICKLE FATE

It began three months before the 6th, 7th and 13th of July when they all stood in the drama room and were told that the villain always enters from stage right, the hero always enters from stage left, 'To the goldfields!' means from left to right, and 'To Macedon' and 'To the house' means right to left. Confused? It's alright, so were they. And why? Because this year Barnes and Falk Ltd. introduced a new concept to the annual Trinity Anglican School musical — theatre restaurant! Despite the protests of a minority in the cast expressing a reluctance to be eaten, Maggie Barnes and Alison Falk pressed on, then pressed off, then pressed on again, and chose a meaty Australian melodrama perfectly suited to the medium: "The Furtive Fortunes of Fickle Fate" by Nevil Thurgood. Although there was some initial difficulty in pronouncing it, student enthusiasm ran high and before one could say the title three times quickly a cast and a venue were chosen. The venue was the then Trade Winds Outrigger (Now Country Comfort, a change hopefully not precipitated by the musical!) and the cast is listed below. The venue promised to feed the masses a sumptuous three course meal and the cast promised to entertain them. Both of these promises were fulfilled impeccably. The musical itself was a light-hearted and amusing episode of the goldrush days, liberally interspersed with music hall songs, corny jokes, high-decibel audience participation, and chicken fillets with white almond sauce (the Trade Winds' contribution). The story

was one of greed, murder, love and revenge. The disarmingly innocent Lynne Family arrive in Williamstown, Victoria from the old country, to seek a missing relative and put claim to the Guttle Wally mine, a half-share of which they own. Along the way they encounter the evil Sir Jasper Murgatroyd, and are led astray, for he was the bane of their missing relative and it is he who has the other half-share of the mine! Exciting isn't it? Real edge-of-the-seat stuff, which of course made it quite difficult to eat at the same time.

There were as per usual many 'magnificent' performances in the course of the musical. Chad Hunter, as the Chairman (named thus for his propensity to fall off them), was wonderful in whipping up the audience to a frenzy of uncontrollable emotion, making them boo and hiss, laugh and applaud, and, of course, throw food. The evil Sir Jasper aka William Audley, was almost as sickeningly slimy as his hair, whilst Percy Proper, played by Matthew Muscio, was really cute despite the flares. The amazingly naive Lynnes (Ivan, Juanita, Chelsea and Caitlyn) were a delight in their attempt to find their relative and save their share in the mine. Special mention must be made of Simon Ford who stepped into Ivan's role on a few solitary hours notice and performed with immense enthusiasm. The other goodies and baddies, Captain Cursem, Uriah Cheep, Gertle Gethem, Nausia, Mrs Shipton, Fanny Adams and of course old Mother Brown worked tightly with the rest of the cast to create a clever

production, using difficult but well-honed melodramatic techniques not easily mastered even by students of normal intelligence.

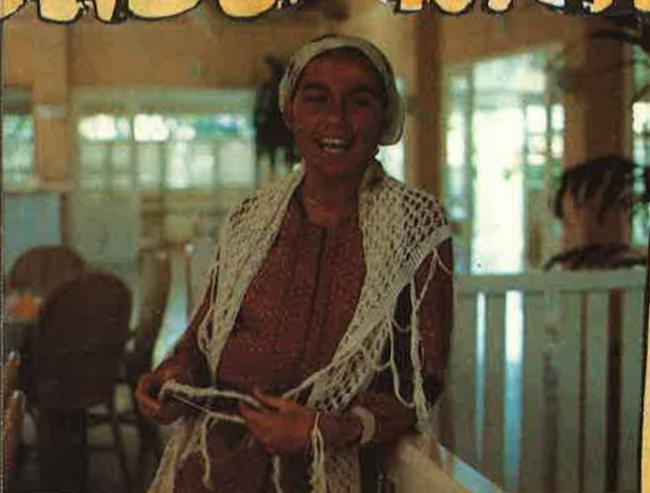
All of the choreography in the show was devised by Juanita Mellick and Chelsea Hunter, and all the songs and musical numbers were just as aptly performed. Most of all, the show was incredible fun; for the people acting in it, and judging by reactions, for those watching. Actually, with each performance, the audience seemed to accumulate more lines than the cast. So thanks to Mrs Barnes and Mrs Falk, all those who were involved in it, the Outrigger for all their help, and also to everyone who came to see it. See you next year, and remember — if you don't dig the diggers, they'll dig you. (Whatever that means!).

## THE CAST

The Chairman — Chad Hunter  
 Adam Lynne (father) — Ivan Maran  
 Eve Lynne (mother) — Juanita Mellick  
 Maude Lynne (daughter/heroine) — Chelsea Hunter  
 Amber Lynne (2nd daughter) — Caitlyn White  
 Sir Jasper Murgatroyd (villain) — Willaim Audley  
 Percy Proper (hero) — Mathew Muscio  
 Gertle Gethem — Darlene Williams  
 Uriah Cheep — Joshua Adamson  
 Fanny Adams — Emma Brigden  
 Polly & Molly Perkins — Nadia Lavers & Tristan Beaumont  
 Mrs Shipton — Pene Dredge  
 Nausia — Sarah Mann  
 Captain Cursem — Gavin Burns  
 Mollie Brown — Lisa McClymont  
**Chelsea Hunter**  
 YEAR 11.



# DRAMA DRAMA



# 1988 VALEDICTORY



