

PEGASUS 1984

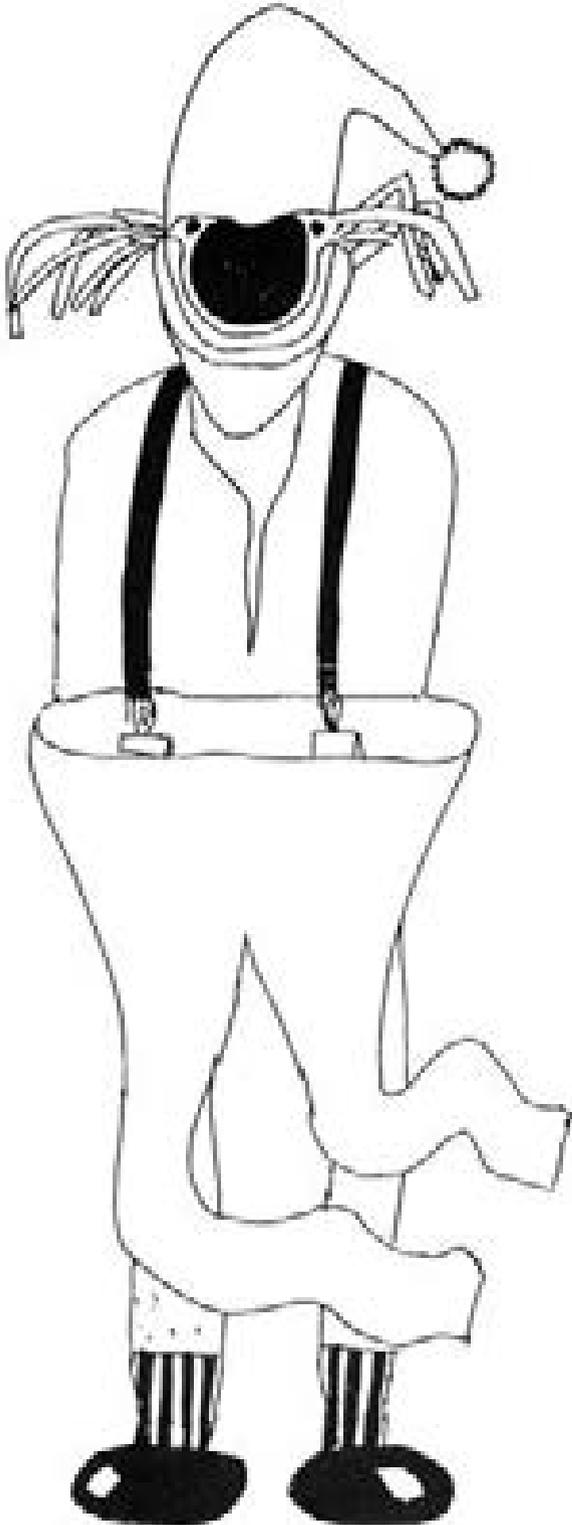


EP SCHOOL PREP SCHOOL

PEGASUS 1984

Geelong College Preparatory School Magazine

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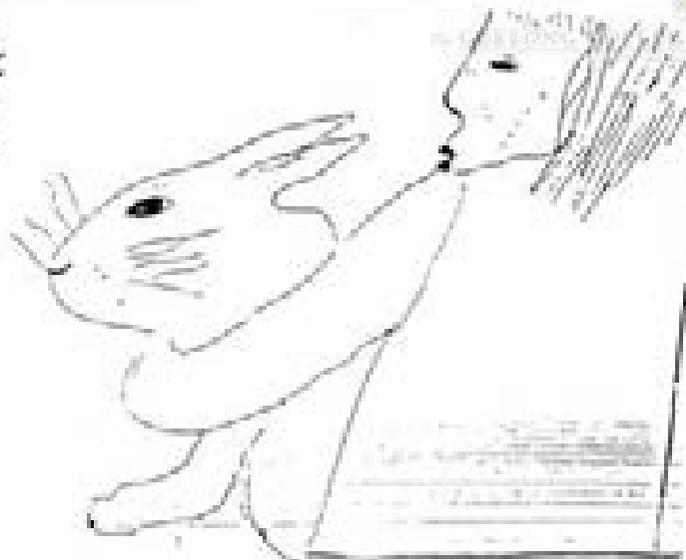


Paul Cake, Yr. 6A

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Kaleidoscope



RAIN

A soft pitter patter
Like children quietly
Tiptoeing down the hallway
To get a glimpse of their
Christmas presents.

The droplets fall
On the hot tin roof
They dry up immediately,
Hissing like snakes.

I sigh with relief
I come back to life.
Just listening,
I feel refreshed.

Sheets of rain now blanket
The roasting earth,
Slowly cooling it.

Overcome with happiness
I jump at the raindrops,
Trying to catch those
Sparkling diamonds.

Matthew Payne, Yr. 8H

Am I afraid,
Or do I just think it?
Am I hurt,
Or do I just feel it?
Am I unhappy,
Or do I just look it?
I don't really know,
But I can't help it.

Lisa Myer, Yr. 7R

PENGUIN

Waddling, wabbling along the beach
Until they're almost out of reach.

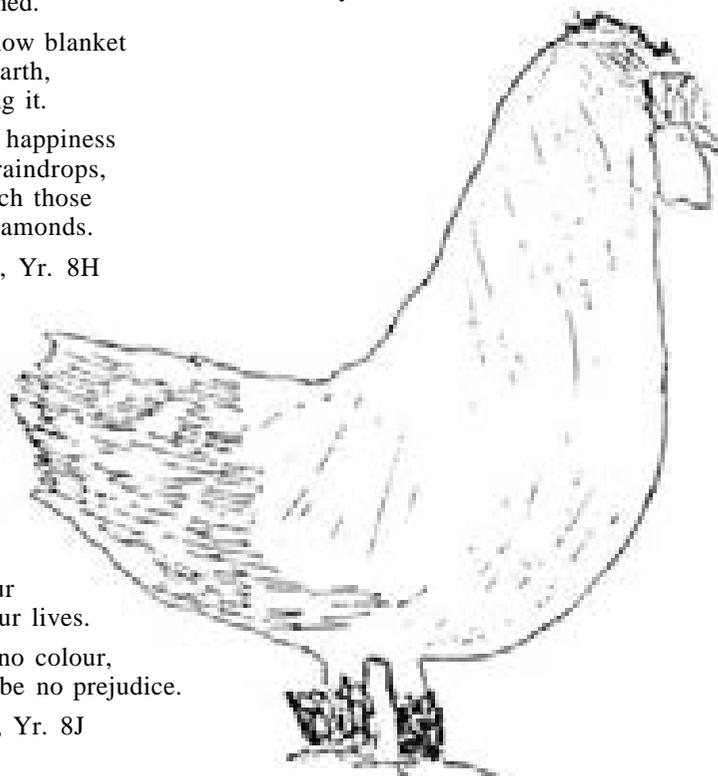
This is where I'd like to be,
With the penguins, by the sea.

White, black, white black,
Rolling down the hill,

Faster,
Faster,

Tumbling until they are quite still.

Andrew Fernbach, Yr. 4C



Colour
influences our lives.

If there were no colour,
maybe there would be no prejudice.

Kate Jones, Yr. 8J

THE SEA

The sea is like a moody child,
Angry resentful.
Pounding at the rocks and sand
A white path of destruction.

The sea is lapping the shore
Like a lion pawing its kill.
Tossing and turning,
Wailing and moaning.
The sea never dies

Sharon Waring, Yr. 7E

Black and White
A funeral solemn and sad.
A wedding bright and beautiful.
A burst of anger and hate.
Love and contentment.
The heat of fear and the unknown,
The coolness of safety and knowing.
The remains of destruction,
The building of peace.
The thought of hell and sin.
The relief of heaven and righteousness.
The end of all life
The start of all creation.
Colours so different
Yet all the same.
Judy Tymms, Yr. 7S

I ran to the park to play.
When I saw a bunch of kids playing.
They were so lively,
I wanted to join them.

They ran away.
I guess a black can't ever play.

Anand Raj, Yr. 8K



Kaleidoscope



DANCERS

Rounded legs like bottles.
 Making the floor shake like a herd of elephants.
 Yet fluttering like butterflies above the tree tops.
 Mushroom dresses, bouncing around like bassinets.

As pretty as a picture,
 As tough as oxen.

Anna Gebhardt, Yr. 8H



THE VULTURE

Gliding through the countryside,
 Poised idly on his motionless moth-wings.
 His evil eyes search for prey.
 Plummeting down on the hare,
 His menacing talons clutch its hide.
 Effortlessly he climbs towards the clouds,
 Screeching his blood-curdling victory cry.
 Settled in his nest on the cliff.
 He tears and rips the meat off the hare.
 It is an ugly sight to see,
 Vulgar, hateful and sickening.
 His sleek summer coat shines in the sun,
 He doesn't care for anyone,
 For he is king.
 King of the birds.
 He has only one enemy,
 Human beings.

Naomi Johns, Yr. 7M



Silver is my colour,
 The shape of my cat coming towards me.
 Changes to a hole in space,
 Round and down.
 Nothing but an empty space of
 Black, Black, Black.
 Down and all around me.
 Close it!

My cat disappears into
 The swirling silver colour of my mind.

Tim Drew, Yr. 7R.

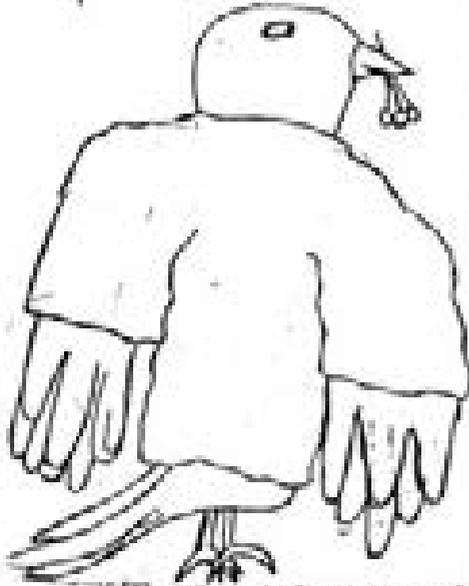


THE CYPRESS TREE

A very old man
 With warts on his arms,
 Waving in the air
 Trying to grab you as you come in the school entrance.
 His roots stretching out and holding him up
 Until he leans too far.
 With birds and cobwebs making their homes in his cracks.
 His skin wrinkled up like an old crocodile,
 And when the sun goes down
 The old man yawns and goes to sleep.

Sally Jennings, Yr. 7E

CONCEPTS OF GOD



Who said God is human?

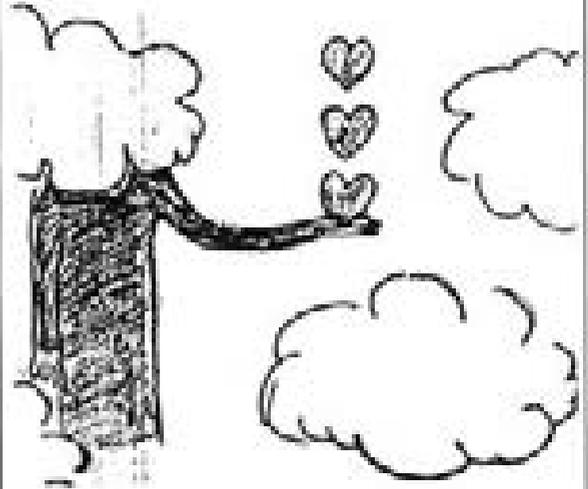
Every class was set a special exercise. We were asked to write or draw what our concept of God is, our idea of a creator. It made some of us think hard. We believe that it wouldn't hurt adults to do this also.

The students of 8H chose a few extracts to read at our C.A.R.E. assembly. There were so many, it was really hard to choose.

Campbell Royal, Yr. 8H

I feel that God is like an old, wise, encyclopedia.

I believe there is a reality in the universe greater than myself.



I think that a lot of him is you. He is your feelings and your conscience.

I haven't actually seen God. I've had many visions but not always complete.

Creator, life giver, destroyer.

Maybe God is just another name for the world.

To me God is the sky — He stretches right across it. He is a giant spirit, transparent.

I think He has a giant computer and remote control to control the world.

Every now and then things happen that have no explanation and I start to have second thoughts.

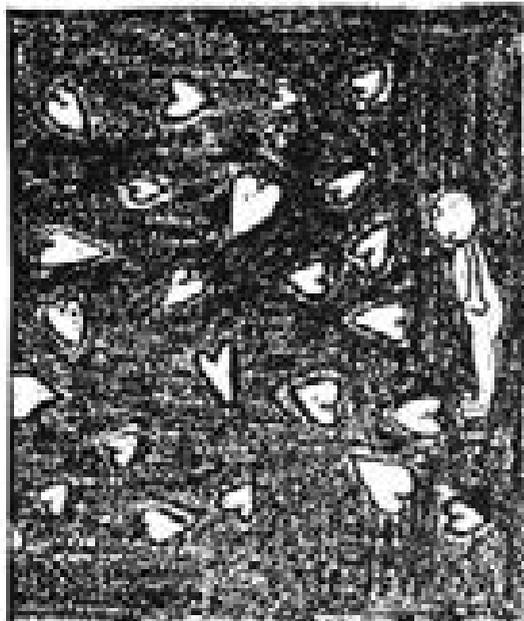
I see God as an eternal light shining, in a large wooden door leading to a kingdom of peace and happiness. There, in the kingdom, everyone lives in peace and harmony. The light is like a shining star in the sky and has beams like the sun setting over a desert terrain. The beams take in the whole of the universe as if he has the whole world in his hands.

God is immortal, all-seeing and He has endless forms.

I believe in God because God is inside me. I have no evidence, because if you believe it you don't need to prove it.

In my case, I picture God not as something in human form, but a bright light, an almighty parent!

God is, I think, a leader. God is sometimes really close to me. Sometimes I'd like for him to be here and sometimes I wish he wasn't watching.

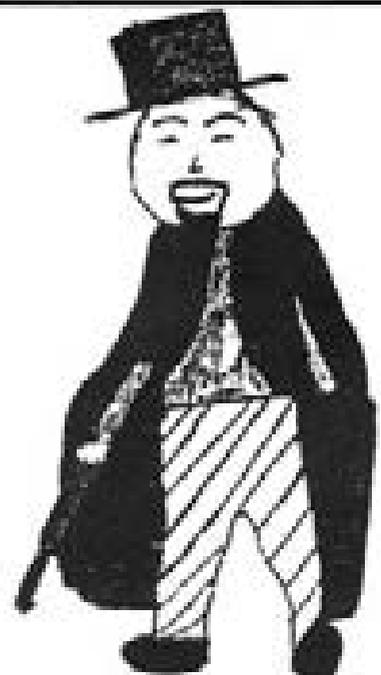


I think heaven is a peaceful state of mind, no pearly gates or red velvet thrones. I don't think heaven or God are in the clouds, but just a caring, placid image in the mind.

God is a light. He lights up people's lives.

God is not something that can be described in words. He is perfect, words are not. Even perfect is a word that does not describe God fully.

I believe God has great power, he is a great leader. God is a friend I can refer my problems to some of the time, it's easier talking to him about my problems than to one of my friends.



Movement and

REVIEW OF THE YEAR FOUR CHILDREN'S DRAMA AFTERNOON

The play called "The Featherduster Worms" had a variety of characters which gave each child a part in the play. They were interesting and all acted well. There was the sea monster, with his ferocious paper mache head and the lively waddling, wobbling penguins. The costumes were bright, effective and well planned, the backdrop was excellent. The play was of high quality for year four children.

Peter Wells, Yr. 7S

I particularly enjoyed the dances of the penguins and the flying fish.

Miriam Hercus, Yr. 7S

The featherduster worms were delightful, especially when they chanted "Work, work all night and day, with no time to play or to say goodday." I must confess the sea monster was my favourite. Sometimes the children didn't speak up enough, but that was probably just nerves.

Alistair Jennings, Yr. 7S

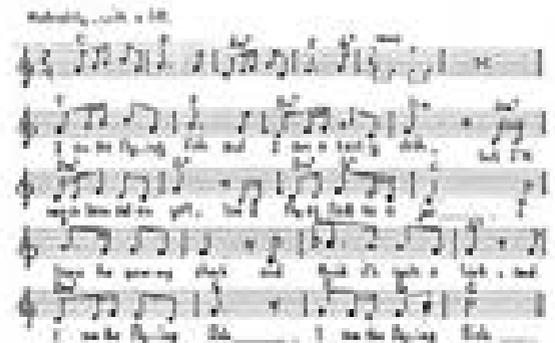
I also enjoyed the end, when the sea creatures gave all the members of the audience kelp pills to refresh us, because the worms no longer needed them. In all, I thought the year four play was a fantastic effort.

David Wilmot, Yr. 7S



I AM THE FLYING FISH

Music: B. Edwards Lyrics: Joanne Simpson, 41



OUR PLAY

Our class did a play about Captain Moonlite and a very wealthy family. I was the mother and I had six children. Nicolas was the father. We all played instruments. We really did have a riot on stage. What would you do if you were in front of an audience and your treble went wonky? I don't know, but Shem Fitzgerald handled it very well. P.S. We all had fun.

Yr. 41 Children THE END



FEATHERDUSTER WORMS

YEAR SIX DRAMA EVENING

Reviewed by Scott Selle, Yr. 7L

Hay bales, eucalypt branches, spinning wheels and gas lamps helped to set the atmosphere of early Australian days for the year six students' drama evening. Many members of the audience dressed in costumes of the early days.

There were many and varied sketches as well as several items for audience participation. We all joined in singing "Bound for South Australia", accompanied by musicians.

The bushdancing, accompanied by the bush band added variety and it didn't go for too long.

All items were interesting and the last one, "Said Hanrahan" was acted well, helped by a baby's crying, which later turned into a laugh. It was an enjoyable evening.



YEAR 5 PEGASUS AND BELLEROPHON TRIUMPHANT



YEAR 8 MOVEMENT

FIRE

Gentle breeze
 Light rustling
 A little flame appears
 Light crackle
 Animals sense danger
 Musty, smoky smell
 One bird warns the forest animals,
 With a caw, caw, caw
 Other birds join in.
 Suddenly, a bang!
 Whoosh, roaring.
 A fire is blazing, devouring, demolishing!
 Animals scampering, flying, bounding,
 Digging underground going to the waterhole
 Running back to their homes.
 Animals are frightened,
 Begin to panic,
 Just as I, a tree, am about to burn....
 The wind changes!
 I am so relieved
 The fire has nothing to burn
 Gradually it dies down,
 Not a spark left!
 Animals look for new homes,
 In the black mess.

Fleur Dickie 5F

Year five children acted as this poem was read out during the year five drama afternoon.



POLYGLOT PUPPETS' VISIT

Up at the middle school we watched the puppet show but I didn't like the grandfather very much.

Nicola Simpson, Yr. Prep

We saw a play called "Somewhere Else".
 It was all about Reve a dreamer. I thought it was good.

Julia De Boos, Yr. 2



**Ben Watkins,
 Yr. 2**



A poem written by the year 5D children was set to movement for the year five drama afternoon.

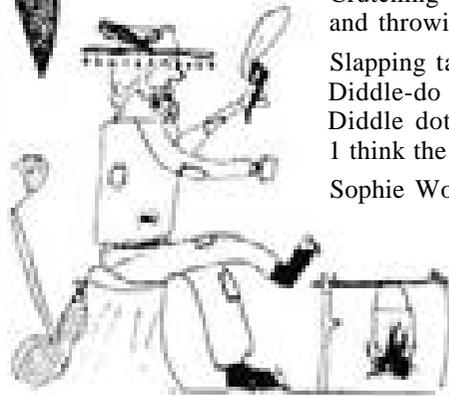
CLASS POEM

It is night,
 Dark silence.
 A star glistens and sparkles.
 It twinkles, silvery, through the night.
 An owl hoots.
 Pitch black trees sway in the midnight breeze.
 Naughty cats caterwaul their love songs.
 The moon's golden glow drives a hole
 into the night.
 A distant dog howls mournfully at the moon.
 He is joined by a deafening chorus.
 A naughty puppy has the last bark of the night.

Let's Go Bush

SHEARERS

The smell of wool in the air
men perspiring
everywhere
Crutching sheep
and throwing dags
Slapping tar and filling bags
Diddle-do and
Diddle dot
I think the shearers cop the lot.
Sophie Woolnough, Yr. 6B



YEAR SIX CHILDREN STRIP THE WILLOW

A FORTUNATE SWAGGY

Whistling a merry tune, a swaggy was waltzing along, when he heard a gun shot. He quickly folded up his long grey beard and jossled off through the bright yellow wattle. Soon it was nightfall and he laid himself down beside a barbed wire fence. Early in the morning he awoke, startled, for the rain had been dripping from the barbed wire into his eyes.

His tummy began to rumble, so he set his rabbit snares for lunch. Whilst doing so, he smelt an odour which he had never sensed before. Slowly he lifted himself up, holding his back for support. Suddenly, he jumped back and stood there staring, blind with sleep, at what seemed to be an octopus with eight arms. He rubbed his bloodshot eyes and soon realised he was face to face with some bush rangers.

"Your money or your life", they said, out of rhythm.

"Take it all, all of it", the swaggy insisted.

Slowly but surely they moved forward.

Bang, bang, bang, off went the rabbit traps.

"Sorry", said the swaggy, grabbing the guns, "but you really gave me the impression of being poor, little, bruised and battered bunnies".

Then he walked off into the bush.

Michael Eagles Yr. 6A

MINER'S LAMENT

Down by the creek with shovel and pan,
Bent the figure of a muscley young man.
Panning for gold his luck to try,
Like thousands of others his hopes held high.
Shovel in right and pan in left hand,
Shifting through dirt and shovelling through sand.
Hour after hour his body a wreck,
All that effort for just one speck.
He is typical of those brave and bold,
Who earned their living by panning for gold.

Nicky Gill, Yr. 6A



A BUSH DANCE

THE DRY LAND

The sunburnt grass crackles under your feet. You feel the intense heat. A foul stench of a dead beast floats about your nose. You see a starving kangaroo slowly hop over the dry, cracked earth. You are irritated by flies hovering around you.

Scott Boul, Yr. 6A



Some year six students' costume designs for their Turn of the Century Australian music and drama evening.

THE BUNYIP OF LAKE CONNEWARRE

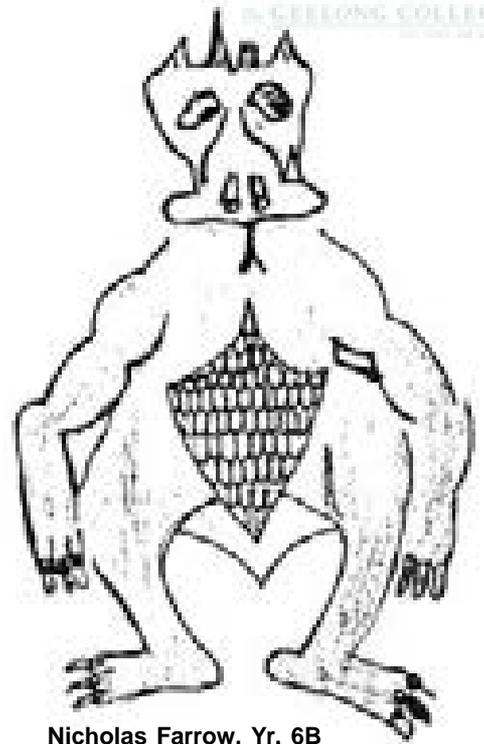
He is about four feet high. He has a hammer-head and a green face, with two large, khaki nostrils. His two pointed ears have horns between them, the left one is broken. He has a short, forked tongue and a breast plate which overlaps a brown, scaled abdomen. He has red, human-like arms with three fingers, which have acquired long, grubby fingernails. He also has a light, green, short, pointed tail.

His home is in the southern part of Lake Connewarre, at the Ocean Grove end. He often disguises himself as a surfer. When surfers get dumped he sucks blood from his victims. He replaces it with venom.

This bunyip has been sighted as far north as Moorabool Street.

Overall, he is a gruesome creature.

Nicholas Farrow, Yr. 6B



Nicholas Farrow, Yr. 6B

BUNYIP

It is dusk now. Soon it will be night.
In front of Bunyip's fire bright
He roasts swagman stuffed with quail.
And as a fork he uses his tail.

Davin Smith, Yr. 6B

WALKING THROUGH THE BUSH

The dripping water creates an icy feeling as it splashes into a puddle near my feet. The colourful parrots suddenly flutter away, causing a jumble in the air. Squawks and cries fill the air with terror.

Then, in a couple of seconds, all the parrots are gone, without a trace of them ever being there.

Dampness fills the atmosphere with a watery coldness. A grey kangaroo bounds onto the track and then disappears.

Craig Rawlings, Yr. 6A



SPINNING DEMONSTRATION



YEAR FIVE CHILDREN LEARN WOOD TURNING



Fun Times

YEAR 8 SOCIAL

I've heard of a lot of "P's" before. There's pea soup, peanut butter, Peter, pea-cular, pea's of wood, and pe-sistant. There are split peas, dried peas, fried peas, green peas, brown peas and black eyed peas. There's even P.O.Q. but I've never heard of a "P" social.

I suppose there'll be pensioners, porpoises, pirates, parachutists, punks, peasants, pets, petticoats, pixies, pisces, piranhas, porcupines, posers, pipsqueaks, pioneers, pilots, pilgrims, pikes, plumbers, poets, poor pontiffs, poodles, popes, polar bears, polaroids and pimples.

I personally predict that pupils will be plentiful and precocious. Personalities will possibly perplex the poor people present. Petting will not be permitted and peashooters may prove popular. Principals and parents will be perplexed.

It will be P - P - P - P - Phun.

Martin Kinnane, Yr. 8 J



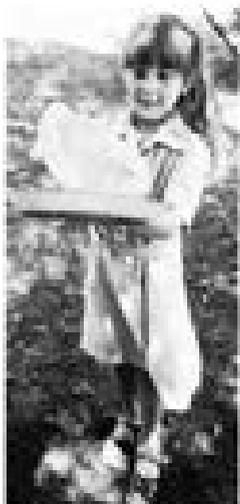
SKIPPING

One, two, three, four.
I'll have to skip more.
Up to a hundred.
CAUGHT!

Verity Mason, Yr. 4C

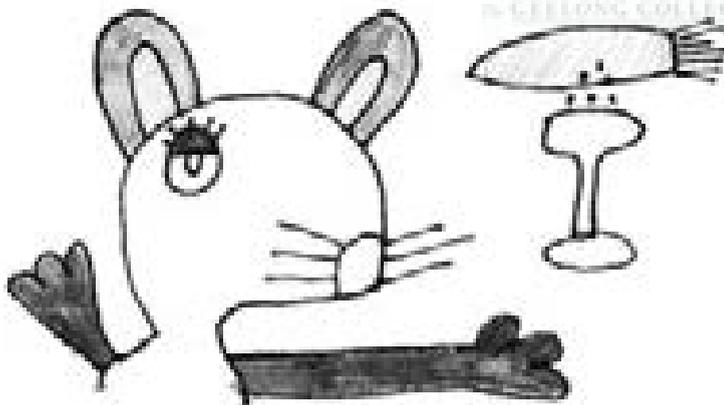


PANCAKE TUESDAY AT CAMPBELL HOUSE



Campbell House Knights of 1984

Wacky Wednesday at Prep. Shoes were mixed up. Spoons were in a vase.



EASTER

Easter Bunny is thinking of a carrot and champagne.

Annabel Magarey, Year Prep

OPEN DAY

Everyone helped collect gumnuts and decorations to make wreaths for Open Day. We arranged the leaves, nuts and dried flowers and if the pattern was pretty, we stuck them on. It was great fun. We made \$56. The wreaths really looked good.

Claire Hanson, Yr. 41



Pictures and Words

THE GOLDEN GOBLET

As I looked up I noticed something strange about the trees that loomed overhead. Dark, ugly branches looked as though they were arms, growing out from the trunk. It seemed as if the trees were all staring at me with an evil look on their faces. I wondered where I was in this strange, mysterious wood, filled with evil. I couldn't remember anything that had happened the day before, except falling down an enormous hole in the ground. The only light in the wood was a ray of sunlight coming from behind me. I realized that I must be in another world, beneath the earth.

I didn't like this place at all and I wanted to get back to earth, somehow. I looked around hoping to see a small path leading out of the woods, but all I could see were the dark, ugly trees. I made my way through a clearing, but when I looked around, it was just the same as before. The sunlight was now fading, as I desperately searched for a way out.

When night fell, I was completely exhausted and I collapsed. I was awoken by the sound of rustling leaves. I looked up to see a small, ugly goblin staring at me with red, beady eyes. He wore a kind of coat but with no sleeves, made from the skin of some animal. Around his waist was a large leather belt. Joined to that was a leather pouch with a vicious looking bone through it. There was hair on the bottom of his feet and he was smelly and dirty.

He said something like "Are you lost?"

I said, "Yes", and the goblin waved his hand for me to come with him. I followed him at a short distance, as he led the way through the woods.

On the way he told me that I had fallen down the "Forbidden Hole" and woken up in the Gwobblen of Woods. I asked him who he was, but he wouldn't tell me.

At last we came to a pool of water that was as clear as glass. The goblin told me that it was a magic wishing pool and if you wanted a wish you had to drink the water. He took a little gold goblet out of his pouch and handed it to me. I dipped it into the water and drank it. The water was crisp and cold and I could feel it going down my throat. As soon as I had finished drinking I said my wish: "I wish to be back in bed immediately."

I felt myself being blown upwards.

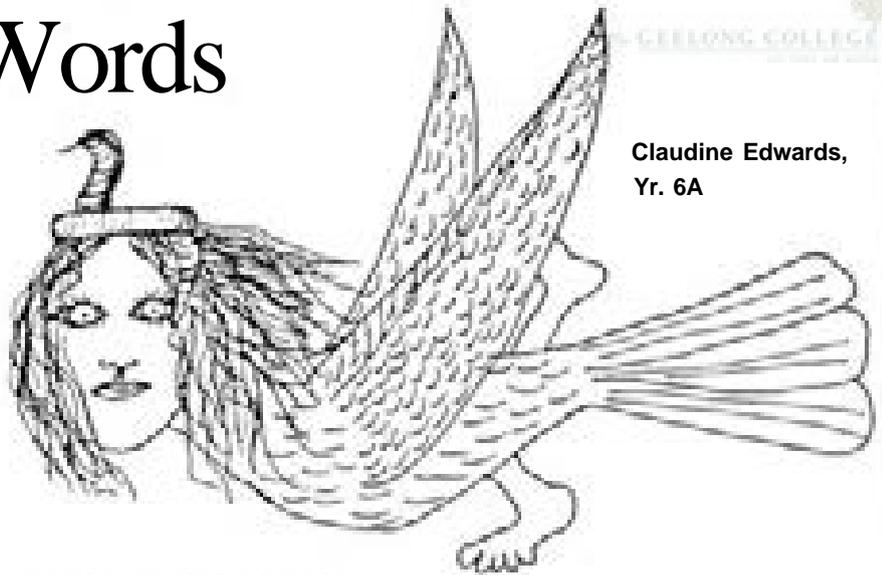
The next thing I knew I was in my bed, rubbing my eyes, I was sure it was only a dream, but I felt something cold in my hand. It was the golden goblet.

Elizabeth Nelson, Yr. 6A



Stephen Davis, Yr. 7L

Claudine Edwards,
Yr. 6A



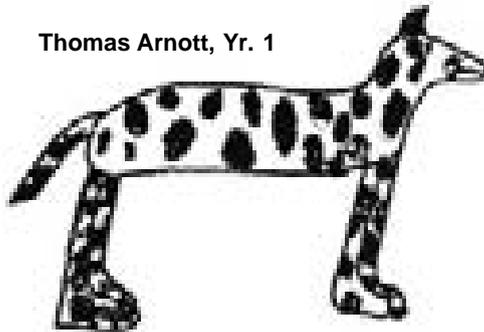
THE BUNNY AND HIS DREAM

The bunny was hopping along one day when a dragon fly came along. He said, "I would go west because it is going to be winter and the Queen of crows is going to kill all the rabbits and the others."

So he took notice and he ran and ran for a long time. He went to a place where there were no crows. It was only a dream.

Richard Mason, Yr. Prep.

Thomas Arnott, Yr. 1



After Reading "I AM DAVID" by Anne Holm, Kay Linaker, Yr. 5F, wrote:

DAVID'S LETTER

I heard everything you said!

It hurts me more than it hurts you.

As that's the way you feel about me, I would feel uneasy staying any longer. If I explained the truth you would not see it my way and you would turn me over to them.

I love you and your family dearly, but freedom I love most, seeing and learning new things every day.

As I am not there in person, I can't answer every question you would like to ask me, but I have covered enough and it will soon be light.

But think...to be captured is to take away the freedom you have never seen, the beauty of the big world ahead. I hope you understand me.

I have to see, seek, find and learn about the world ahead and find the place where I can rest and not be bossed about and yelled at.

Thank you so much for keeping me warm, safe and comfortable.

Send my dearest love and thanks to the children. Remember me as I remember you. Saving one of your children was my pleasure.

Thanking you,
David.

RECIPE

For Making a Good Teacher

INGREDIENTS:

Equal amounts of: Humour, ability to control temper, a soft, gentle voice, patience, good manners, understanding, kindness, consistency, ability to explain problems, extra amount of genuine interest in children, liking for the subject s/he teaches, ability to speak WITH children not AT them, bad memory for setting homework.

Serves: Whole Class

Method: Mix Vigorously

Recommendation: When teachers are interviewed, give this check list to the Headmaster.

George Dickinson, Yr. 8H

THE GHOST OF GEELONG COLLEGE

One day at Geelong College it was a freezing cold day. When we were going to art the trees were tossing and the wind howled. Everybody started to run except me. Once they were in the art room, a ghost came up to me with chains all over him and without a head.

"Whoooooooooooooooooooooo!"

I squealed and all the children came running out, even the art teacher. I yelled, "There was a ghost." Miss McKeown said, "Okay, Abi, draw the ghost."

At recess, when we were playing chase in the hall, the ghost came again and we all squealed and ran to Mr. Mac and said, "The school is haunted."

Mr. Mac didn't believe us. One day Mrs. Hearn saw the ghost and her hair fell out. She ran to Mr. Mac who said "Don't be silly". That same day the windows were slamming, the floor creaked and the door opened and closed. Mr. Mac came into the classroom and saw the ghost with Kay. The ghost was holding Kay, so Mr. Mac did some Karate and disintegrated the ghost.

Abigail Crompton, Yr. 5F

OUR 'ENVIRO' CENTRE

BEGINNINGS

The Environment Centre, affectionately known as 'the enviro', was established in 1977. The purpose for the centre was to provide opportunities for young children, especially those who came from the cities, to experience the growing and caring for plants at first hand. In 1978 animals were introduced. This gave students the chance of caring for animals.

Mr Harbison came to the Prep School in 1976 and taught Environment Science until 1981, when he retired. When he first taught this subject, there was no classroom in the centre, so he taught outside, in the area which is now the site of the classroom.

At first the centre cost nothing. Mr. Harbison salvaged materials for cages and parents donated animals and feed. Every Friday Mr. Harbison would sell to parents, in the car park, the vegetables, fruit and eggs produced in the centre, to feed the growing number of animals. In the second term of 1982, Mr. Don Selway took over the job of teaching Environment Science.

In 1982, Mr. Selway managed to get some more money to build a new plot, fence and paving for the garden plots.

In 1982 the centre received its first classroom and a year later lighting and heating were installed.

In term three of 1983, Mr. Selway gave the position of managing the Environment Centre to Mr. Stuart McCallum, but still continued to teach Environment Science.

HOUSING THE ANIMALS

In 1983, Mr. David Rookes came to the Prep, school as Laboratory Assistant. He also has the job of letting the animals out to roam around the centre and putting them back at night.

He does this during the week and over the weekend. 'Tom' (as he is known to students) feeds both the animals belonging to the centre and those owned by students.

Tom is one of the groundsmen, but also helps the students with the building and repair of cages in the centre.

LIVESTOCK

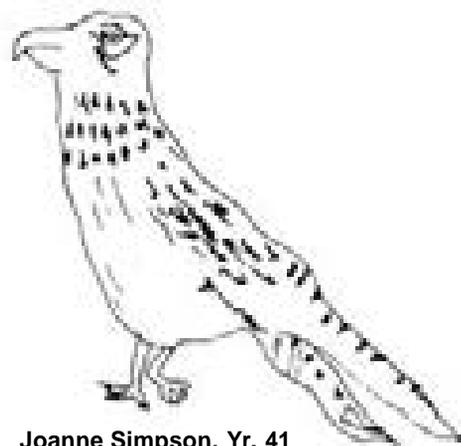
Over the years the population of animals in the centre has grown from a few chickens to today's population of: a grey rooster and chickens, two geese, eight ducks, one sheep and a lamb, three silkies, three pheasants, guinea pigs and a very large population of rabbits. An aviary contains at the moment, three doves, two freckled quail and a female king quail.

The chickens, rooster, ducks, geese and the silkies, are allowed to roam around the grounds during the week. The sheep, and the lamb were given to the centre this year. Both are tied to stakes, by long chains, around the centre to graze on the grassy slopes.



VANDALISM

Vandals also create a problem. They break the cages and steal the locks, pick the vegetables and fruit grown in the centre and kill animals, or let them loose. One solution to the problem would be to build a high, strong fence around the centre, but this would cost a lot of money, which the centre cannot afford.



Joanne Simpson, Yr. 41

GEESE ATTACK

The two geese can be seen, usually, roaming around the grass area, near the teacher's car park or, in the car park. Some people dislike the geese because often, if one gets too close to them, they snap at people or chase them. To visitors it is often very funny to see two large white geese plonked down in the middle of the carpark. It's amazing that no-one has run them over. Besides obstructing traffic in the car park, the geese play an important part of the centre. On one occasion they actually chased off a dog which attacked a duck, unfortunately not in time to save the duck.

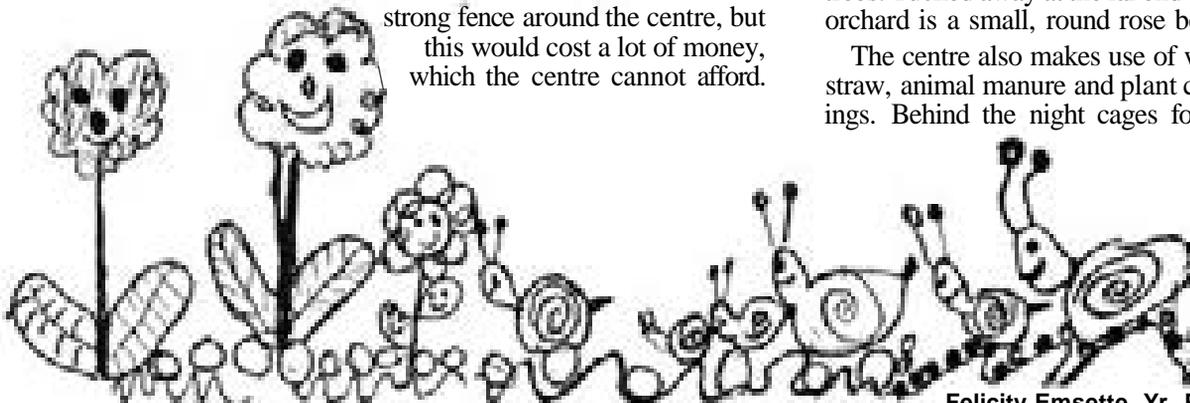
Dogs and other predators are a big problem in the running of the centre. Dogs often attack the animals, both outside and inside the cages. They seem to be a bigger threat during the holidays and weekends, because there aren't many people about the school to frighten them away.

MARKET GARDEN

The centre has twelve plots, surrounded by a fence. There students grow a variety of flowers, herbs and vegetables. There are six small box hot-houses, which are used for growing seedlings. There is also an orchard consisting of a lemon tree, three apricot, peach and pear trees and seven apple trees. Tucked away at the far end of the orchard is a small, round rose bed.

The centre also makes use of waste straw, animal manure and plant clippings. Behind the night cages for the

We planted plants and they grew, but the snails got them.



Felicity Emsette, Yr. Prep.

chickens and ducks are a number of compost bins which provide the plots with good, rich compost.

EVERYONE IS WELCOME

The centre is not just for those who own animals or garden plots. There are a number of things anyone can do in the centre. One can help build cages, or care for the animals, enjoy a pleasant walk through the centre or just sit in the sun on the benches or on the green lawns.

One can even enjoy a barbeque lunch with friends or the whole class at one of the centre's two barbecues.

Because of the centre's relaxing atmosphere it is a popular place to go to unwind after being inside all day. As long as the rules of the centre are obeyed, anyone is always welcome to enjoy the centre. There is always something to do.

Jane McKenzie, Yr. 8N

IN THE 'ENVIRO' CENTRE

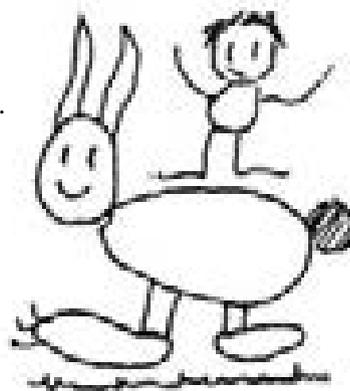
The sun is streaming down.
I'm smelling and observing flowers and birds.
The dew has dried up.
The ducks are prancing round in the sun.
Poppies are popping and flowers and shooting,
Bees are humming, birds are singing.
The sawdust on the ground is lovely and warm.
The flies are looking for rubbish.
I hope it's like this tomorrow.

Daniel O'Brien, Yr. 4I



One day there was a big spider.
It was a Huntsman and it hopped
under a rock and there was a
lizard. The lizard attacked the
spider and the fight was on for
the rest of the day.

Simon Williams and Ashley Salter, Yr. 2



I am Riding a Rabbit
Rod Crawford, Yr. Prep.

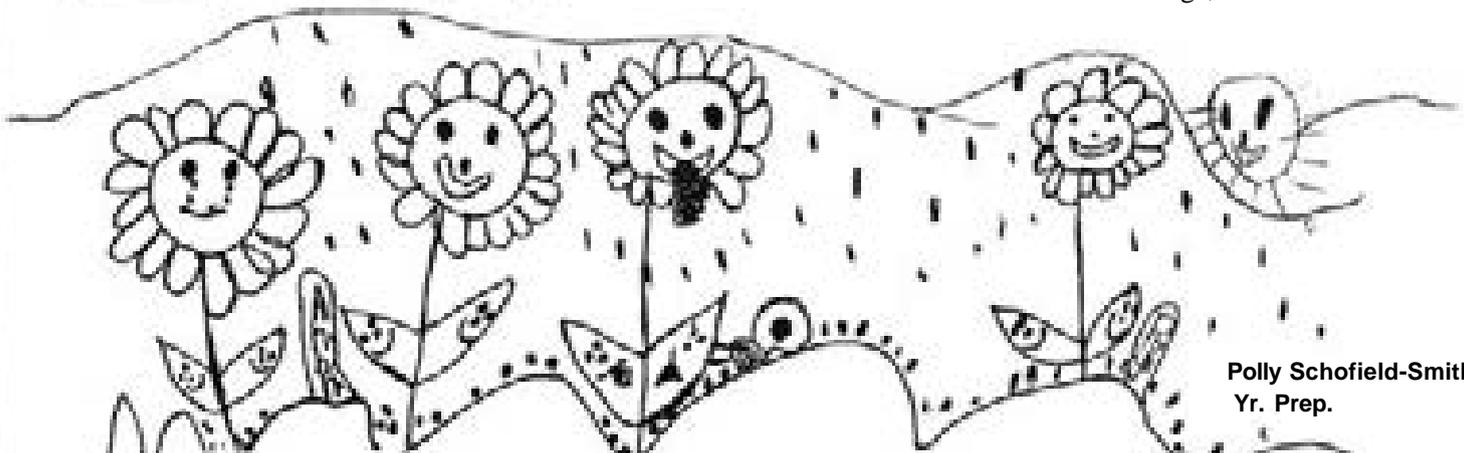
A LONG VIEW

As I look down I can see luscious, green grass. The sun's golden rays make it glisten. There are trees, all the shades of green you can think of.

I am looking at one tree in particular. It is standing gracefully by the river-bank, it is light green with little silver tips on the ends of its long, slim branches. A little, dark green tree is looking up at the older trees, wondering whether it will ever be as big and strong as they are. Another tree is naked, it has no branches, it is standing there in solitude.

I look down at the river, winding in and out, reflections are on its surface, without ripples to disturb them. Peacefully it runs on and on, how long is it, I wonder?

Roberta Armitage, Yr. 7L



Polly Schofield-Smith,
Yr. Prep.

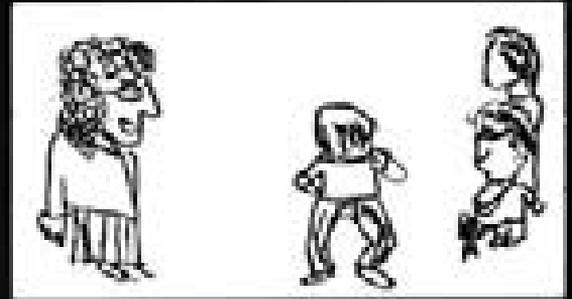
We are polyglots means we speak many languages

Mrs Ciach teaches us Italian. My Italian name is Beniamino.

Ben Watkins, Yr. 2



Jarred Toyne, Yr. 41



David Mitton, Yr. 8K



14 Juillet, Bastille Day

Jeudi le vingt Septembre la classe et moi allons au restaurant. Nous quittons le collège à midi et quart. Nous arrivons à midi et quarante. Nous allons à la table et nous nous asseyons. Je nfassieds avec mes amies. J'ai le pain à Tail, c'est bon.

Susan Tucker, Yr. 8N

Le mousse au chocolat est instant. Les escargots sont verts et degoutants. La quiche est bonne mais trop farineuse. Tout est à Tail sauf le mousse et l'eau.

Susan Andrews, Yr. 8K



Maria Henderson, Yr. 5F

Wir lernen deutsch und singen deutsche Lieder. Wir trinken Apfelsaft und essen Apfelstrudel.

Melinda Hobbs, Yr. 41



Elizabeth Villiams, Yr. 7S

We are polyglots means we speak many languages

We are polyglots means we speak many languages

We are polyglots means we speak many languages

Campbell House Pirates



Year Four Children's Review of Campbell House children's PIRATICAL RUMBUSTIFICATION

I loved the Rumbustification in the gym. The decoration of the gym was very inviting.

The story line was excellent and so was the singing. The S.S. Mouldy Mullet must have taken ages to make. The acting was fantastic. The play was fine, but some teachers were acting too much. The best bit for me was when they argued about who was going to walk the plank. They must have worked hard to get all the singing right! Ruby Rhyll was funny. She wore a ruby necklace and she sang very well. I think she should have swum home, but she didn't.

I think Campbell House children did a great job.



Photo courtesy of Gee long News

FURTHER PIRATICAL PURSUITS

Once there was a pirate named Jake. He was an evil pirate. He plundered and he killed people if they came onto his ship. One day Peter Pan came onto Jake's ship. He said to Jake, "I'm not frightened of you." They had a sword fight. Peter Pan killed Jake and the world was happy again.

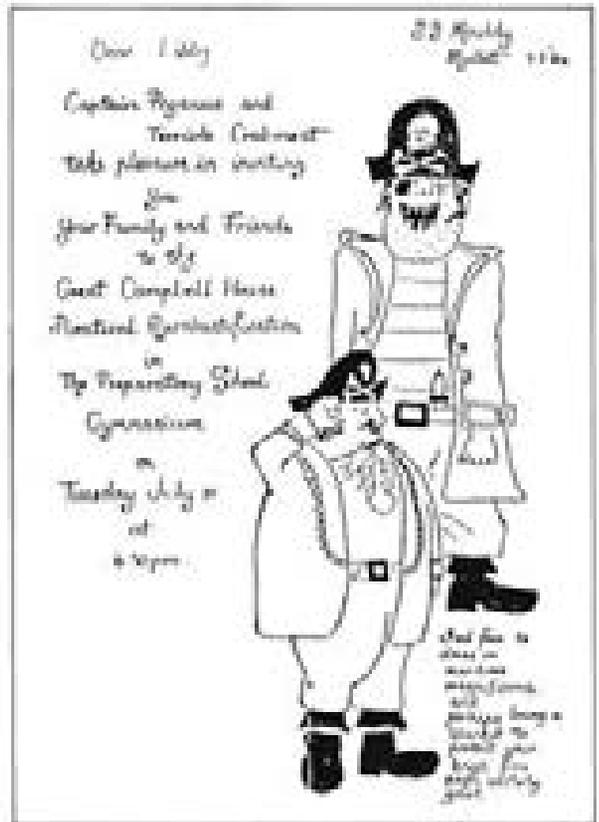
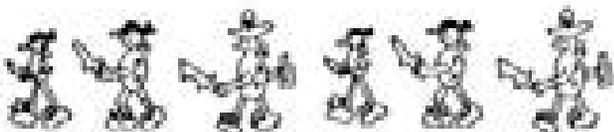
Tim Di Stefano, Yr. 1



RESCUER

My name is Sarah and I am the Queen of the Sea. Oh No! Here come some pirates! I will tell you more of myself under the sea. Phew, I got there just in time. Now about myself. I am wearing lovely clothes and I am not bossy to the other mermaids. I have a child and she is the princess of the sea. Her name is Elizabeth. I am married to a prince. I have even been caught by a pirate, but my daughter came and rescued me, so now I call her "rescuer".

Rhiannon Bourke, Yr. 2



THE BUCCHANEERS OF CAMPBELL HOUSE

(An extract)

A ship appeared on the horizon. It was moving very fast. A skull and crossbone flag was flying on her mast. A ship came alongside the "Dame Diane" and hundreds of pirates with beads and gold earrings in their ears and sharp daggers in their teeth jumped on board. They made our crew walk the plank, stole all our jewellery and food and then sank the "Dame Diane."

We were prisoners on the "Mean Macmillan" pirate ship. Sir Harris was very brave and tried to stop his sister, Lady Bucknall from crying. Nanny Brown was crying too and I tried to calm her down.

For the first night they held us in the hold. It was cold and dark in there and rats nibbled at our toes. We had been on our way to see Queen De Boos in a far off land.

Andrew Jenner, Yr. 3



Out and About

ABSEILING, YEAR SEVEN CAMP

I'm on the edge of the cliff,
wondering why I'm doing this,
Thinking what will happen if I fall.
I'm scared.
Looking down at the bottom,
Praying I don't fall,
Wondering whether I will slip,
I take the first step down
Hoping that the harness won't snap.
I start jumping down...
I'm there, I've made it!
Here's the bottom
and relief.

Glen Urquart, Yr. 7L

YEAR FOUR CHILDREN'S REPORT ON THEIR CAMP

Weeks before the camp we organised what we would do. Everyone was on edge. Would we be allowed to go? Would there be DRACULAS?

At camp, 3 am:... the rooster started to crow so loudly that it woke us up. But worse, it woke up the other rooster too. They kept us awake all night. Miss Constable threw something at the rooster.

THE ROOSTER HUNTERS



TWO NIGHTS AT STEIGLITZ

Gold
Claim Jumping
Digging in mines
Finding a gold nugget
Rich!

No one in our group found any gold. We played cricket, had a lovely BBQ., had songs around the fire, visited the court house, and I was one of the few who got a good night's sleep.

Davin Smith, Yr. 6B

REPORT ABOUT A VISIT TO SERENDIP

By Year Two Children

Henry is a brolga and he eats white mice. Henry followed us where we went. We saw some kangaroos, frog mouths, parrots, and we saw some ducks. I liked the musk-duck, Henry and the Cape Baron geese were nice.



CAPTAIN NEPTUNE - A VISIT

The day of excitement is here, with marshmallow cake sea bubbles and with all sorts of yummy things. We went to see King Neptune with his necklace on.

Dear King Neptune,
I hope it will
get warm at your place.
Do you ever see
pirates? It must be good to live
in the water.
That's all I've
got to say.
Many wishes,
love

from

Simon O'Brien, Yr. 2



A TRIP TO EASTERN BEACH

BATTLING THE ELEMENTS

Do you wonder what the sea-gulls think?
Twisting and turning in currents so strong
Battling, Screaming and Screeching in throngs,
Wheeling and banking, against the driving gale,
Joyfully breasting the air overhead,
And finally coasting to calm repose.

Rowena Lee, Yr. 6B



Catherine Dimmick, Yr. 6A

EXCURSION TO THE MELBOURNE ART GALLERY

As a light rain fell we set off for the Melbourne Art Gallery. We were startled by the mesh structure perched on top of the Concert Halls, it was so massive and unexpected.

Once inside we were attracted by the beautiful decor and the paintings by Melbourne artist Sydney Nolan.

Next we visited the State Theatre, however, we were only allowed into the viewing room. From here we could see only about one quarter of the stage area, but this was quite adequate to visualize how magnificent the rest would be.

The Bass Booking Agency was next on the list and from here you could buy tickets to anything such as sports events, live entertainment or films.

Ingenious is the only way I could describe the Experimental Theatre. Once inside I felt like one of the operators of the lighting system, which was exciting. Special effects could be created by carpet which could be rolled up and down, to soundproof when needed.

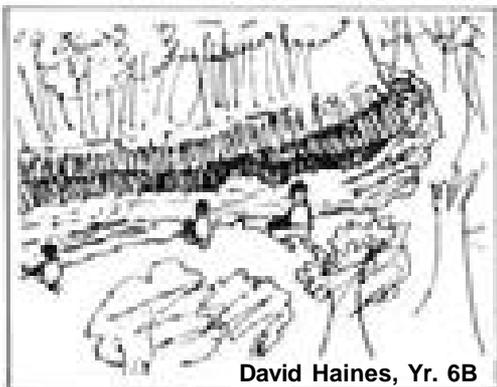
Our next stop was the Gallery and on the way we passed through a strange passage which was permanently sound-proofed with carpet, and strange it certainly felt.

The Gallery was underground, and the effects that were achieved by the use of different shades of carpet was breathtaking. We also saw the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra in practice — hope they finally tune up!

After lunch we visited the Art Gallery and found ourselves in the Great Hall where the entire roof is made of the most beautiful stained glass. From here we went to the Australian Artists' section, which had many familiar painting.

The last exhibition we saw was the works of the world famous artist, Picasso. His paintings appeared abnormal to me, because they seem twisted and uncomfortable, but I thought his blue and rose periods were certainly the painting of a great artist.

David Hume, Yr. 6B



David Haines, Yr. 6B

BARWON RIVER EXCURSION

We enjoyed a long walk along the path beside the Barwon River, passed ponds. We also walked through the fun park.

Mr Heard cooked lunch while we sketched. We looked at the mill across the river and talked about the history of the river.

We all had fun.

Lucy Macmillan, Yr. 5D

Pictures and Words



Ben Watkins, Yr. 2

CAVE IN

Jamie, the youngest member of the party, began to cry and the rest of us looked around helplessly. "Let Jamie go first", my friend Joey said shakily.

"He's more likely to make a blunder of things", retorted Rachel, with a grimace. I agreed with her and looked around for someone to lead us through the crevice. There was no one and I foolishly said, "I'll go through first and help the rest of yous".

"You, not yous", corrected Joey mechanically. Her absolute calmness astounded and annoyed me and I cried, "I'm going now then."

"No", shouted Pete, the fifth member of the excursion.

"I'm a Boy Scout, so I'll go". Rachel looked around unhappily and comforted Jamie. "If you don't make up your minds the whole cavern will cave in."

"Okay, then, Ros can go first", said Pete reluctantly. "See ya soon", he added with an air of resignation.

I found my knees knocking together, but I forced myself to climb up the wall. Rachel's torch faltered and I whispered to Pete to turn his on. He did so and I braced myself to crawl through the miniature crack. Suddenly the rubble moved and the whole pile crashed to the ground. I lay on the ground, feeling partially stunned and dizzy.

I raised my head only to see my friends staring at the vibrating ceiling with terror.

"Run!", I screeched, willing the roof not to collapse. Pete came to his senses and yanked Rachel's arm. She in turn pulled Joey and Jamie and they all fell in a heap at the foot of the rubble.

"Oh, my God", I moaned as the roof tumbled down where the others stood only seconds before. The cave in ended as abruptly as it had started and Jamie began to wail again. I sat up cautiously and almost fell down again, when I saw a faint glimmer of light. Pete must have caught sight of it at the same time, for he let out a wild whoop and began to scramble over the loose rock. Joey caught my eye, grinned sheepishly and walked towards me, tripping over Jamie at every step.

I cannot attempt to describe the expression of rapt delight on Rachel's face, when she found she was still in one piece. Then with one accord the four of us began to follow Pete towards the cave entrance.

Ros Lethbridge, Yr. 8G

FIRST DAY AS A YEAR SEVEN STUDENT

I was frightened...scared...I was lonely...It was hard to find all the rooms... I was so nervous... Here I was, with hundreds of children around me and I knew no one...not one person...At my old school I'd felt KING OF THE KIDS, then I was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of faces and I couldn't recognise any of them.

The first days back were classic: boys were falling for new girls and too shy to tell them.



Andrew Durante, Yr. 7M

TRANSITION FROM PRIMARY SCHOOL TO YEAR SEVEN

We asked each other many questions about our feelings now, as year seven students, and about our first day feelings.

Now as a Year Seven Student:

I feel like a new person, I feel grown up and like being someone.

Everything is so much better now, and exciting.

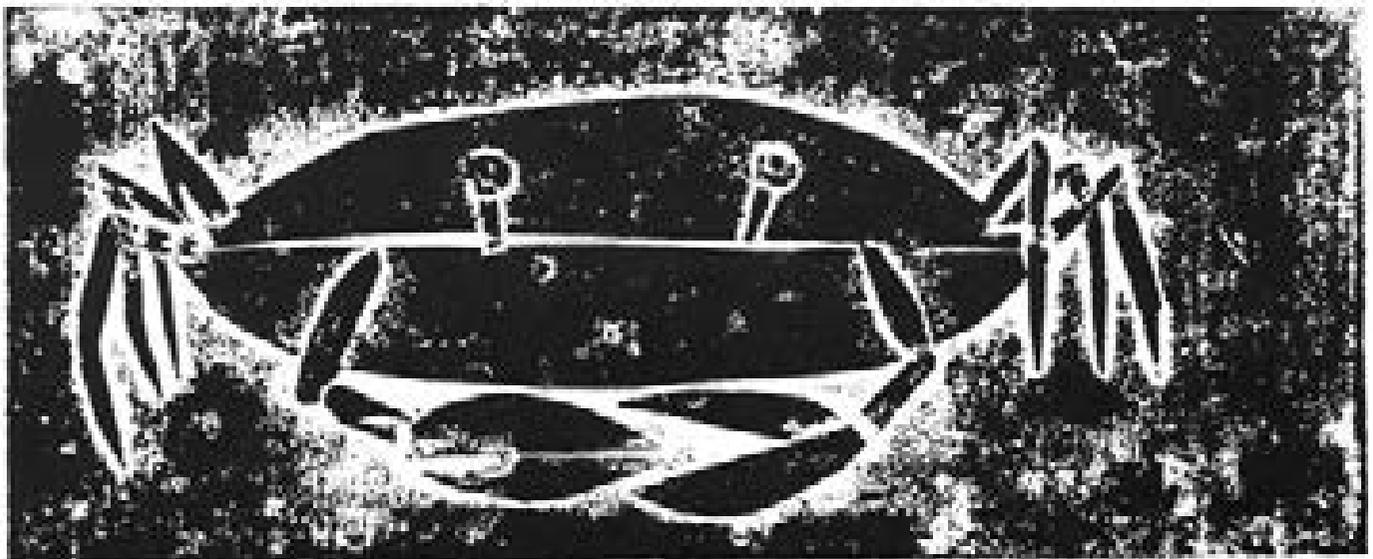
I feel suddenly grown up, sort of.

It feels magnificent to have so many good friends, maybe even better friends than I had at my old school.

It's good to walk along the upstairs corridors without being told to "Nick off!", like last year.

Since the camp I've made lots of new friends and I feel at home now.

This is the best year I've ever had at school. Last year I felt dull. Now I feel awake and alive.



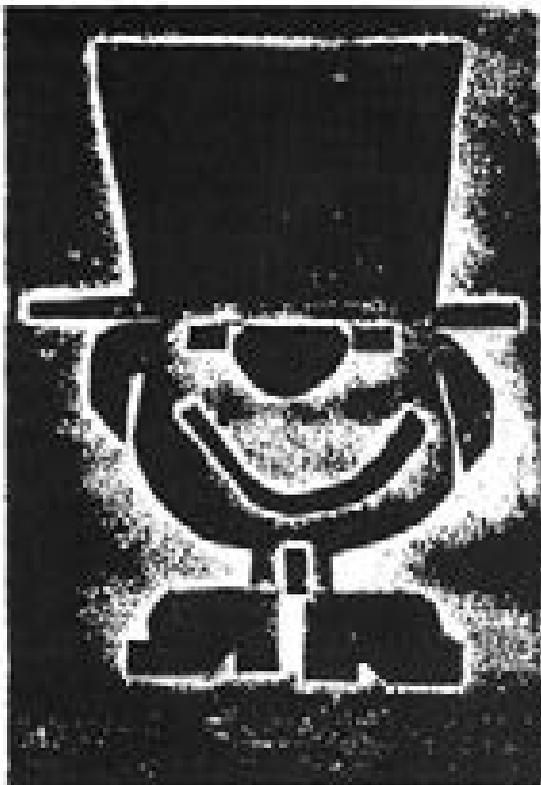
Jacob Golding, Yr. 7M

Pictures and Words

I am a famous story-teller. I tell my stories under my verandah and sometimes near shops. Lots of children come to hear my stories. Their parents come too. They asked what my name was and I said Anna Schofield-Smith. One day when I was telling stories outside the newspaper factory, one of the men came out. He said, "You should be in the newspaper."

I had to stop telling stories and have my photograph taken. I did not want to stop telling stories, because the children liked them but the man said I had to. So I had to get my photograph taken for the newspaper and I had to tell someone about me and tell them my name.

Anna Schofield-Smith, Yr. 2



Matthew Illingworth, Yr. 7R

Big Max was the world's best detective and one day the King of Pooka Pooka told Big Max that his horse got away. The King of Pooka Pooka knew Big Max was the world's best detective.

"And did you come by aeroplane or helicopter?"

"No, by umbrella and I'll be right there."

And on he went. On the way he saw some birds and he was asked, "Why are you up here?"

"I'm looking for a missing horse."

"There's no horse here."

"I smell smoke coming from that ship."

And he went to discover it. Down he went and he met the captain and he said, "There's smoke coming from your pocket."

"It is only a pipe."

He was walking over another hill and Big Max found the horse. It was his birthday and Big Max got a piece of cake for a reward and that is the end.

Ashley Salter, Yr. 2

GOODBYE PREP

"I suppose it's part of growing up, having to let go of things we enjoy, like having to leave Prep."

This is what a year eight student wrote, when asked to describe what it feels like to leave Prep. Here are more thoughts on saying farewell to Prep days, written by year eight students.

I'm still a big fish in a small pond, soon to be a small fish again, in a huge pool. I love Prep. It's the best school I've been to. A great responsibility is put on us by the teachers, to look after the smaller students and to set a good example. I like that. This should help every student later on in life. Most of the year eights try hard to set a good example to the younger students.

I'm looking forward to Senior School. I'm ready for the change. I get a bit tired of all the little kids around. I suppose next year, we'll be treated as "little kids".

I've had many more ups than downs in my time at Prep. It's been a wonderful time.

This year seems like a countdown to next year, our major step to Senior School. "Which house are you going into?", "What subjects are you doing?", "Are the rumours true?" (no one really knows what rumours), these questions are on the tips of all our tongues. Only experience will tell. We'll have to start all over again. Looking up to seniors, putting up with superior stares, but the best thing is that we've got our friends to stick close to.

Being one of the oldest students at the school gives me a strange feeling of being scared and yet being respected by the younger students.

I often catch a look from the younger students and I can see their hopes of soon being a year eight, like us. It's weird being the oldest, one feels like having to be good, just to set a good example, but still we're young enough to be silly at times.

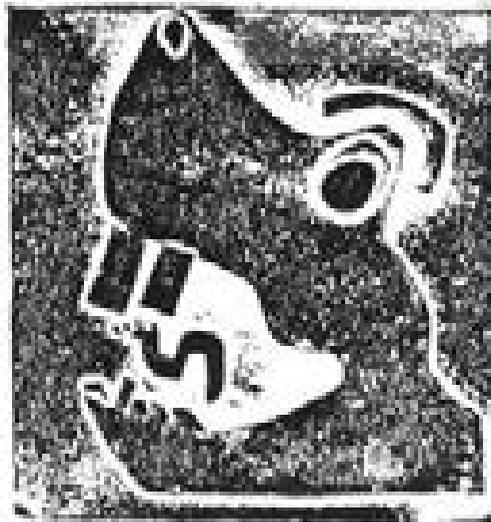
The time has passed happily and extremely quickly this year. Things I looked forward to and really worried about in the past years, now seem insignificant and stupid.

This last year feels fantastic. I really feel I belong here.

I got lost here on the first day. I'm already dreading my first day at Senior School, I'll get lost, that's certain.

There was once a mouse. She liked keeping the house clean. One day she decided she would go and buy some flowers. She got some magic ones, she didn't know that they were magic ones. She told the children not to step on them. She fell in them and was never seen again.

Susan Barrett, Yr. 1

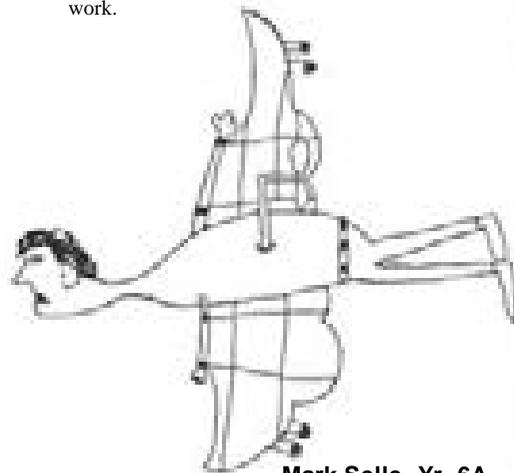


Kirsty Bellis, Yr. 7S

THE PEGASUS HUNT

"This is a Pegasus hunt", said our English teacher, "we need your best writing for submissions to Pegasus."

Everyone was busy looking through their folders. I just stared at a blank page, hoping no-one would notice that I'd lost all my English work.



Mark Selle, Yr. 6A

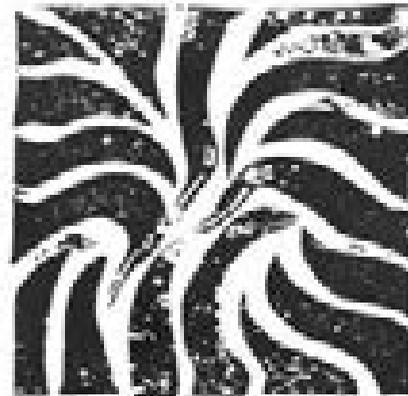
I suddenly saw the winged messenger sent from the heavens. He was being hunted. The mortals thought he was a curse from Hades.

Pegasus' graceful, broad, silken white wings swayed back and forth, giving him swift flight. The mortals were still in pursuit.

He tired and hovered in one place. A fatal mistake. A mortal threw a rock at him and he plummeted to the ground.

A mortal aimed a spear at him. His mark was true and pierced the winged beauty's heart.

Craig Salen, Yr. 7M



Anna Hoskin, Yr. 7L

Music Music Music

I am famous I play music. People will cheer after I have finished songs and my name is Anita. I play the violin for music. I go around the world so people know my name and what I look like. I play in Sydney and I make money. I also play in Europe I love playing the violin and then after I've played morning to night I would go home to bed.

Anita Ciach, Yr. 2

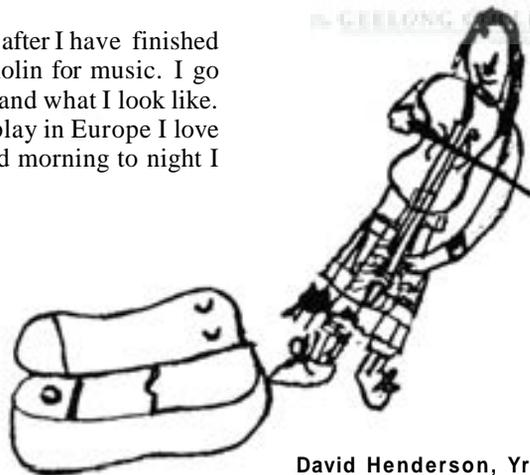


YEAR 2 RECORDER LESSON

YEAR 5 INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE



YEAR 8 VOCAL ENSEMBLE CLASS



David Henderson, Yr. 2

CELLO MASTERCLASS

The Victorian College of the Arts is one of the most musically active places in Victoria. It takes in talented musicians every year, who have left school and who want to study music further.

They conduct classes there, just as at the conservatorium of music at the university. The place is large, with its foyer facing St Kilda Road. Staring through the window is a white statue, wearing black rimmed glasses, which seemed to stare at me and gave me an uneasy feeling, as I entered.

I was there to attend a masterclass given by an English cellist, Ross Pople. This is rather like a big music class, with the artist as the teacher and select students to follow his training. Only for a masterclass, there is an audience.

The first player was tense and nervous. He started to play and the accompanist, not quite ready, hurriedly came in two bars late. After a few bars, the cellist began to relax. He was now very much at ease, he closed his eyes and he swayed sideways in his chair, as he played. Both the audience and Ross Pople were rather disconcerted by his peculiar mannerism, but the student played on, not paying much attention to the advice given by the master.

The next player was nothing spectacular and the audience seemed ready to nod off. Then we heard a movement from a quartet *To The End of Time*, which is quite modern and nobody could understand why the player chose such a difficult piece. This one didn't rock sideways, but nodded her head, which looked extremely funny.

The last player chose a piece of music by my favorite composer, BACH. This beats all pop stars by miles!

An enjoyable evening. The only worry was that it was a Monday night and the thought of school the next morning made me even more tired.

Genevieve Code, Yr. 8N



Susie Campbell, Yr. 4C



Alex Doran, Yr. 2

ON FIRST HEARING DANCE MACABRE

Death in his grey black cape
All the dead he does wake.
Out of the grave they do clamber,
Then they do a good Samba.
Death plays the fiddle
Dum dum diddle,
The rooster crows for the morn,
The dead go to coffins, all forlorn.

Joanne Simpson, Yr. 41



Brett Walker, Yr. 6A

THE MELBOURNE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

One night, when the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra was asleep, one of the latches on the harp's case came undone. The harp came out and said, "Everybody wake up! The people have gone to sleep."

Everywhere there were clicks of cases opening. There were violins, violas, clarinets, trumpets, flutes, recorders, french horns, trombones, cellos, tambourines, xylophones, guitars, coranglais, base clarinets, tubby tubas, drums, pianos, the grand piano, piccalos, double bases, cymbals, triangles, gongs, tapping sticks, glockenspiels, oboes, basoons, saxophones and horns. All the instruments woke up.

Then the wise harp said, "I thought we'd wake up for a party." All the other instruments clapped, chirped, clicked, and shouted for joy. The old harp raised his hands for silence, and one of the violins said, "What will we have to eat at this party?"

"We will have resin for the stringed instruments. Vaseline for the wood wind instruments and the brass. We will tighten the screws on the drums and the tambourines and give the triangle a new leather strap. There'll be new strings for me and new keys for the pianos," said the harp.

"But where will we get all this from?", said the french horn. The old harp had an answer, as he always did. "We will get it from the storeroom."

But one of flutes said, shaking, "Who will go to get it?"

"We will", drummed the drum and the gong. Everybody wanted to be chosen.

The old harp stepped down from a pile of cases and walked through the instruments. First of all the harp picked the strongest, he chose the cymbals and the cellos. Then he chose the swiftest, the violins and flutes.

Then the harp said, "Now we will give them three cheers for good luck." So everyone played "Hip hip hooray", and off they went to get the things for the party.

On the way they had to pass the conductor's bedroom. It would be very hard not to wake him up. So they tiptoed. The conductor stirred in his sleep, but he did not wake up.

In the store cupboard they found all the things they needed and quickly rushed back. But on the way, the cello vibrated and dropped two boxes of resin. The cello was just about to go back to pick it up when he heard the conductor talking. The cello was about to pick up the resin, but he thought to himself, "Nobody will notice."

A big cheer arose from the instrument crowd and the party was the biggest ever. When the sun came up, the instrument packed themselves quickly back into their cases. Everywhere there were clicks of cases shutting.

When the conductor came out for rehearsal, he noticed two packets of resin on the floor. He didn't mention it to anyone. But he puzzled over it for the rest of the year.

But we know how they got there, don't we?

Verity Mason, Yr. 4C

YEAR 1 MUSIC



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



SPORT



HOCKEY

This year Geelong College had two teams entered in the local U/13 competition, a Green team and White team.

The White team did well and just missed out on winning the season's trophy, while the Green team did well in coming fourth. Lochlan Buchanan for the White team and Andrew Warmbrunn for the Green team both played well on the back line. Campbell Royal played well on the forward line for the Green team as did Michael Nelson for the White team. The two teams combined to play in the end-of-season Lightning Carnival and played well winning all their matches and the trophy. Steven Motteram, Yr. 8G

HOCKEY

Sprinting, dribbling, whacking long.
Twisting, swerving, bash.
Leaping, churning, tackling, strong,
Sweating, pushing, crash.
Kate McGregor, Yr. 8H

SOCCER

Steven Horvat (Year 8) was chosen to play for the Victorian Country Region team. His team came second in the championships. He was also chosen to represent Victoria in the Australian Soccer Championships, played in Melbourne. Victoria came second, losing to New South Wales by one goal. The Victorian team received silver medals.

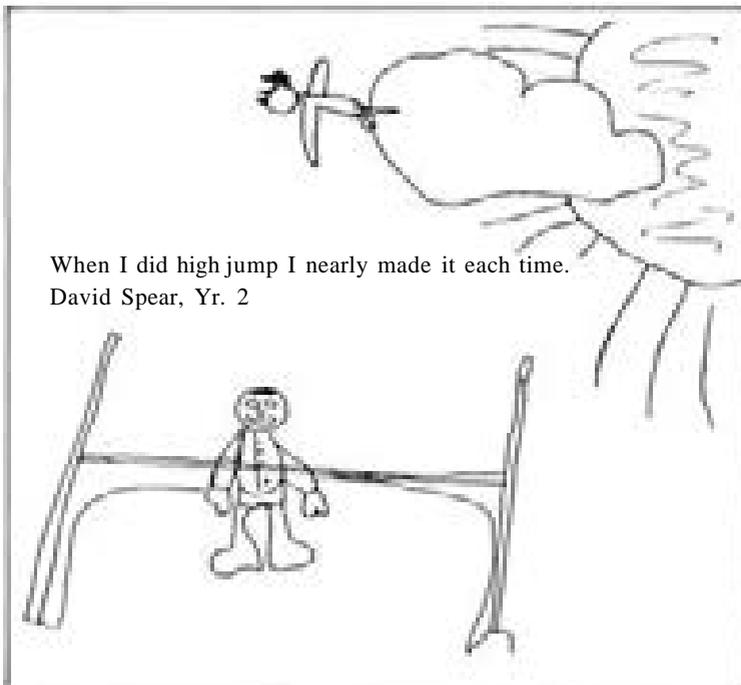
SOCCER

Whistle, start, stop, kick.
Pass, run, spin.
Sweat, tired, raining, sick,
Header, goal, win.
Ivan Skoko, Yr. 8H



CAMPBELL HOUSE GAMES DAY

When I did Welly Welly throwing I threw the boot a long way.
Aidan Flynn, Yr. 2



When I did high jump I nearly made it each time.
David Spear, Yr. 2

SURFING

Damien Wilson (Year 7) competed in several surfing competitions. He won the Victorian U/13 Apex Schoolboys' competition, was third in the U/16 Super 8 Malibu contest and placed fourth out of 96 in the U/15 Victorian Scholastic Championship. This result means that Damien will be a Victorian representative at the Australian Scholastic Surfing titles at Narrabeen, N.S.W. in December 1984.

SURFING

aerial, tube,
cut back, re-entry, 360.
My most favorite hobby.
RADICAL.
Ashley Lockhead, Yr. 7R

SKIING

Samala Singer (Year 8) recently finished in second place in the Australian 13 and under Ski Championships.

SKIING

White, exhilarating,
Friction-free, fast.
Dangerous, cold.
Beautiful snow
Flying.....scary.
Kim Connelly, Yr. 7S

Swimming



Diving, swimming, breathing, quiver.
Lanes, stroke, speed.
Ripples, splashing, cold, shiver.
Freestyle, PEGASUS lead!

Cathy Leigh, Yr. 8H



HOUSE SWIMMING

Primary Yr. 4 - 6
Bellerophon 61
Minerva 51
Helicon 50
Pegasus 37

Secondary Yr. 7 - 8
Minerva 45
Bellerophon 34
Helicon 33
Pegasus 20

CHAMPIONSHIP SWIMMING CARNIVAL — AGE CHAMPIONSHIP

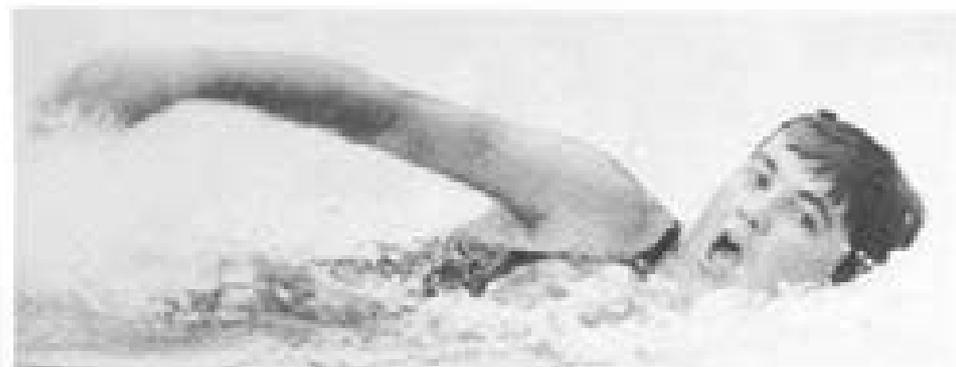
	Girls	Boys
Under 9	Jane Barrett, Sarah Gill	Shem Fitzgerald
Under 10	Lucy Macmillan	Dylan Lees
Under 11	Larelle Burgess	Ben Mitchell
Under 12	Julia Kent-Hughes	Ben Lees
Under 13	Sarah McGlone	Duncan Frame
Under 14	Jillian Macmillan	Rohan Frame

ALL SCHOOLS SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

GOLD MEDAL: Ben Lees (boys 12 and under Butterfly 50 m)
SILVER MEDAL: Shem Fitzgerald (boys 8 and under Backstroke 50 m)
BRONZE MEDAL: Shem Fitzgerald (boys 8 and under Freestyle 50 m)

QUADRANGULAR SWIMMING SPORTS — Years 4 - 6.

The carnival was hosted by Geelong Grammar School. Other schools which participated were Geelong Grammar, Ballarat, Clarendon College and Ballarat Grammar. There was no award system. Many good performances by Prep school swimmers were recorded.



Football

FOOTBALL RESULTS

The Year 8A team was successful in seven of its matches, while the 7A's were successful in four. The Year 8B team played with enthusiasm managing a win against Wesley College. The Year 7B's played well during the season having success against Geelong Grammar and Wesley College.

LIGHTNING FOOTBALL PREMIERSHIP — YEAR 7

Some Year 7 students participated in the Geelong Football Club's Year 7 Lightning Premiership in May.

HOUSE FOOTBALL

Grand Final — Minerva 12.5.77 defeated Bellerophon 4.5.29

HOUSE FOOTBALL LADDER

Minerva
Bellerophon
Pegasus
Helicon



FOOTBALL TRAINING

Puff and pant Puff and pant
Play the game
Puff and pant Puff and pant
Kick the ball
Puff and pant Puff and pant
I'm all puffed out.

Nicholas Heffernan, Yr. 41

YEAR 5/6 SPORT

During Term 2 children took part in the Southern Districts Primary Schools Sporting Association Round Robin competition. Teams were fielded in Netball, Football, Soccer, T-Ball.

All children participated each week.

The following children were selected to represent this district at the Regional Cross Country on 25th July: Ryf Quail, Davin Smith and Nicholas Gill.

Netball

The Preparatory School had ten teams in the Y.W.C.A. Competition this year. Results of these teams in their various divisions were as follows:

Secondary		Primary	
Team 1	Runners Up	Team 7	Premiers
Team 2	Fourth	Team 8	Third
Team 3	Fifth (Won Intermediate Encouragement Award)	Team 9	Fifth
Team 4	Third	Team 10	Third
Team 5	Premiers		
Team 6	Sixth		

It was a very rewarding and enjoyable season. Katharine Tarr (Year 8) was awarded equal Best and Fairest in her division.

HOUSE NETBALL

The Secondary House Netball was a close contest. At the end of the round-robin of games Bellerophon, Helicon and Pegasus were equal on points.

Goal scoring averages were used to separate the teams with Helicon proving to be the strongest team.

FINAL RESULTS

1. Helicon
2. Pegasus
3. Bellerophon
4. Minerva

NETBALL

Bounce, bounce, bounce.
Haven't got it yet.
Bounce, Bounce, bounce,
Hooray it's through the net!
Jane Barratt, Yr. 4C



Athletics

INTER SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVALS

The Prep school athletics squad competed in three carnivals. The Quadrangular Sports were held in Ballarat, where our team took third position. The girls competed in two carnivals, the Geelong All Girl Sports at Corio and in an invitational meet held by Lauriston.

SECONDARY HOUSE ATHLETICS

Under 13 girls — Megan Jackman
Under 13 boys — Andrew Harris
Open girls — Kate McGregor
Open boys — Ben Neville

Pegasus	3004
Bellerophon	2723
Minerva	2606
Helicon	2543



PRIMARY ATHLETICS

A Primary athletics team of 40 children from years 4,5 and 6 represented The Geelong College Prep in the Southern Districts Athletics Sports held at Landy Field. Many good performances were recorded. Six children, were chosen to compete in the Geelong Regional Athletics Sports.

11 years boys high jump— Nicholas Murphy	12 years girls high jump— Sophie Woolnough
— Nicholas Gill	
11 years boys 100 metre— Craig Williamson	12 years girls long jump— Rowena Lee
— Nicholas Gill	— Sophie Woolnough



PRIMARY HOUSE ATHLETICS

All children from years 3 - 6 competed in an eight events standard sport. Points were scored by achieving an allotted standard in all events.

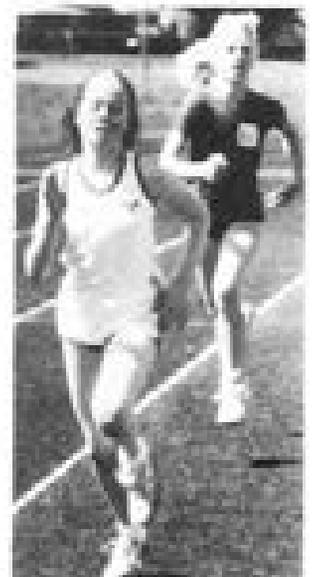
The events were: 75/100 metre sprint, long jump, highjump, discus, spot put, 200/300 metre, hurdles and a skipping race.

Bellerophon	1101
Helicon	960
Minvera	893
Pegasus	812



Running, puffing.
Can't look back.
Running, puffing
down the track.
If you'll stop you'll lose the race,
but if you win, you'll be an ace.
Lucy Idle, Yr. 41

JAVELIN
You're running along,
you throw the thing.
It hits the judge,
the poor old thing.
Jono Spear, Yr. 41



Cricket

CRICKET RESULTS FOR TERM 1

In general the Year 8 cricketers had a successful and enjoyable season. The Year 8 A side won five of its seven matches and the Year 8B's won four of its seven matches.

Apart from the success enjoyed by both teams there were some excellent batting and bowling performances during the season.

Both year 7 teams were enthusiastic about their cricket and there was improvement with each game. The 7B team had one win and the 7 A side did not gain a win.

CRICKET

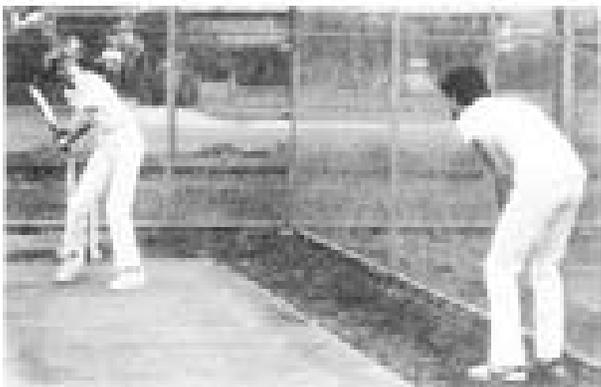
Batting, wickets, keeper, pads,

Bowling, spinners, slips.

Googly, fast, adults, lads,

Bowler, speeding, trips.

Jane Brushfield, Yr. 7S



Badminton

This year has been a particularly successful year for the students involved in badminton in the Geelong Junior Badminton Association.

In the Winter Pennant two teams competed with the CI Team winning the grand final. The following students were in the successful team — James White (Capt.), Tim Edwards, Campbell Royal and David Fowler.

In the Spring Pennant four teams participated, three in CI Grade and one in DI Grade. All teams performed creditably, with the DI Team and the College Blue Team winning their respective grand finals. The Blue Team comprised the following students — Tim Edwards (Capt), Michael Hynes, David Fowler, Andrew Wait and Jamie Bennett. The successful DI Team included Matthew Kennett (Capt), Andrew Cronin, Andrew Neal and Fiona Long.

It has been most heartening this year to see so many students participating in badminton for the first time. A total of twenty-six students have played competition badminton and approximately forty other students have been involved regularly in badminton as an after-school sport. The important thing has not been the winning of grand finals or pennants but rather the students' enthusiasm, determination, team spirit and their obvious enjoyment gained by participating in a different sport.

BADMINTON

Shuttle, racket, serve, drop.

Lob, lop, bang.

Running, hitting, good shot,

String breaks, twang.

Campbell Royal, Yr. 8H

Cross Country

CROSS COUNTRY

Ready to go.

Don't start off slow.

You'll never win now.

Look out for that cow!

CRASH.

Simon Mitchell, Yr. 41

SECONDARY CROSS COUNTRY

Held in warm conditions the cross country was run along an undulating course within the Prep. School grounds.

The Under 13 Boys and Girls ran a two kilometre course.

The Open Boys and Girls ran the three kilometre course.

RESULTS WERE:

Under 13 Boys	Nicholas Gill - Bellerophon	9 min. 50 sec.
Under 13 Girls	Megan Jackman - Helicon	12 min. 12 sec.
Open Boys	Tim Wilmot - Minerva	12 min. 29 sec.
Open Girls	Kate McGregor - Pegasus	14 min. 04 sec.

HOUSE RESULTS:

Bellerophon

Minerva

Pegasus

Helicon

Family Album



Sunday Morning.



The Notice Board.



Snaps around the School



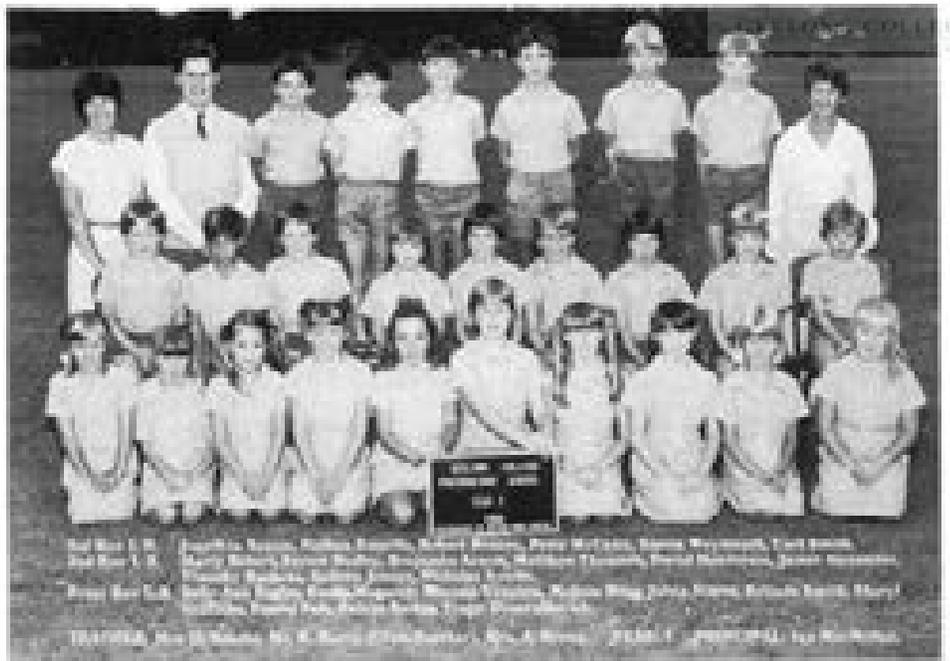
Letter.



Photos taken from a 1926 PEGASUS.



Autographs





Autographs





1st Row L-R David Wilson, Tim Ellis, Andrew Brimley, Adam Cameron, Anisiah Martin, Dennis Akins, Alexander East, Mark Ross, Ian Dow
 2nd Row L-R Vanessa Spyer, Jacqui Black, Andrew Brown, David Mann, Matthew Roberts, Neil Smith, David English, Anna Fisher, Morgan, Lark McIlroy
 Front Row L-R Lyndal O'Grady, Caitie Foster, Kelly Pothoven, Stephanie Bell, Alison Hall, Fiona Andrews, Deborah Cook, Anne Price, Fiona Long
 TEACHERS: Mrs. Linda Harris, Mr. Mark Taylor YEAR 7 & 8 PRINCIPAL: Mr. Ian McMillan



1st Row L-R Deborah Campbell, Andrew Gault, Stuart Leigh, Matthew Dunstan, James Lovley, Andrew Stacey, Roban Frame, Michael Nelson, Jeffrey Fervall
 2nd Row L-R James Egan, Matthew Frost, Grant Matheson, Fraser Burns, Brian Apple, Mark Gray, Adrian Zenger, Tony Minors, Dean Fyfe
 Front Row L-R Louise Tarkenton, Karen Tucker, Anna Campbell, Louise Angwin, Jane McKeown, Lorrie Hutton, Catherine Purvis, Susan Young, Lyndell Taylor
 TEACHERS: Miss A. Brown, Mr. W. Jennings YEAR 9 & 10 PRINCIPAL: Mr. MacMillan

Autographs





1st Row L-R: Jimmy Hamilton, Grant Haines, Stephen Bell, Matthew Cunningham, James Gidding, Terry Griffiths, Richard Ford, Craig Thomas
 2nd Row L-R: Andrew Dwyer, Michael Hines, Adam Gill, Craig Kaine, Adam McDermid, Andrew Ross, Philip Dunn, Gila Whelan
 Front Row L-R: Michael James, Sarah McKeown, Robert de Arden, Samuel Johns, Savannah Baskin, Anne Young, Joe Harkin, Peter Ryan
 TEACHER: N. J. Morris, Ms. W. Hillier YEAR: 13 PRINCIPAL: Ian MacMillan



1st Row L-R: Lorraine MacNess, Lisa Alho, Nicholas Kline, Gregory Erwin, Matthew Wilson, Andrew Davlin, Stuart Giffen
 2nd Row L-R: Tim O'Leary, Ashley Lockwood, James Dwyer, Damien Wilson, Matthew Hingworth, Chris Polson
 Front Row L-R: Liam Dunne, Julia Keogh, Marina Hinchliffe, Kate Lee, Nicola Smyth, Andrew Zee, Sharon Mackenzie, Anthony Perrelli
 TEACHER: Ms. Eithé Beaudin, Ms. Deirdre Gleason YEAR: 14 PRINCIPAL: Ian MacMillan



1st Row L-R: Peter Wells, Ross Breen, Tim Wilson, David Wilson, Andrew Warrabene, Andrew Harris, Scott Hebbeman, Eoinna Fegan, Carl Cunningham, Ma. Salaty
 2nd Row L-R: Alan Wynn, Adam Dwyer, Matthew Ryan, Nick McCann, Ben O'Connell, Paul Glynn, Paul Curran, Albinus O'Connell, Sam Connolly
 Front Row L-R: Elizabeth Williams, Kirsty Bell, Harriet Harris, Jody Tyrone, Jane Brennan, Emma Hinchliffe, Claudia Campbell
 TEACHER: M. Kelly, Alan Wood YEAR: 15 PRINCIPAL: Ian MacMillan



Autographs



Back Row: Mary Wilson, Audrey Smith, Tina Johnson, Pam Larkin, Audrey Adams, Cheryl Davis, Barbara Brown,
 Kim Lee
 2nd Row: Susan Jones, Jennifer Smith, Catherine Smith, K. J. Smith, Betty Price, Audrey Johnson, Barbara
 Johnson, Mary Lee
 Front Row: K. J. Johnson, Jennifer Smith, Barbara Smith, K. J. Johnson, Jennifer Smith, Barbara Smith, K. J. Johnson
 Director: Mr. Johnson



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 Director: Mr. Johnson



CANDID SHOTS



FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD





CONCENTRATION



BEHIND THE SCENES



PEGASUS 1984



SCHOOL PREP SCHOOL PR