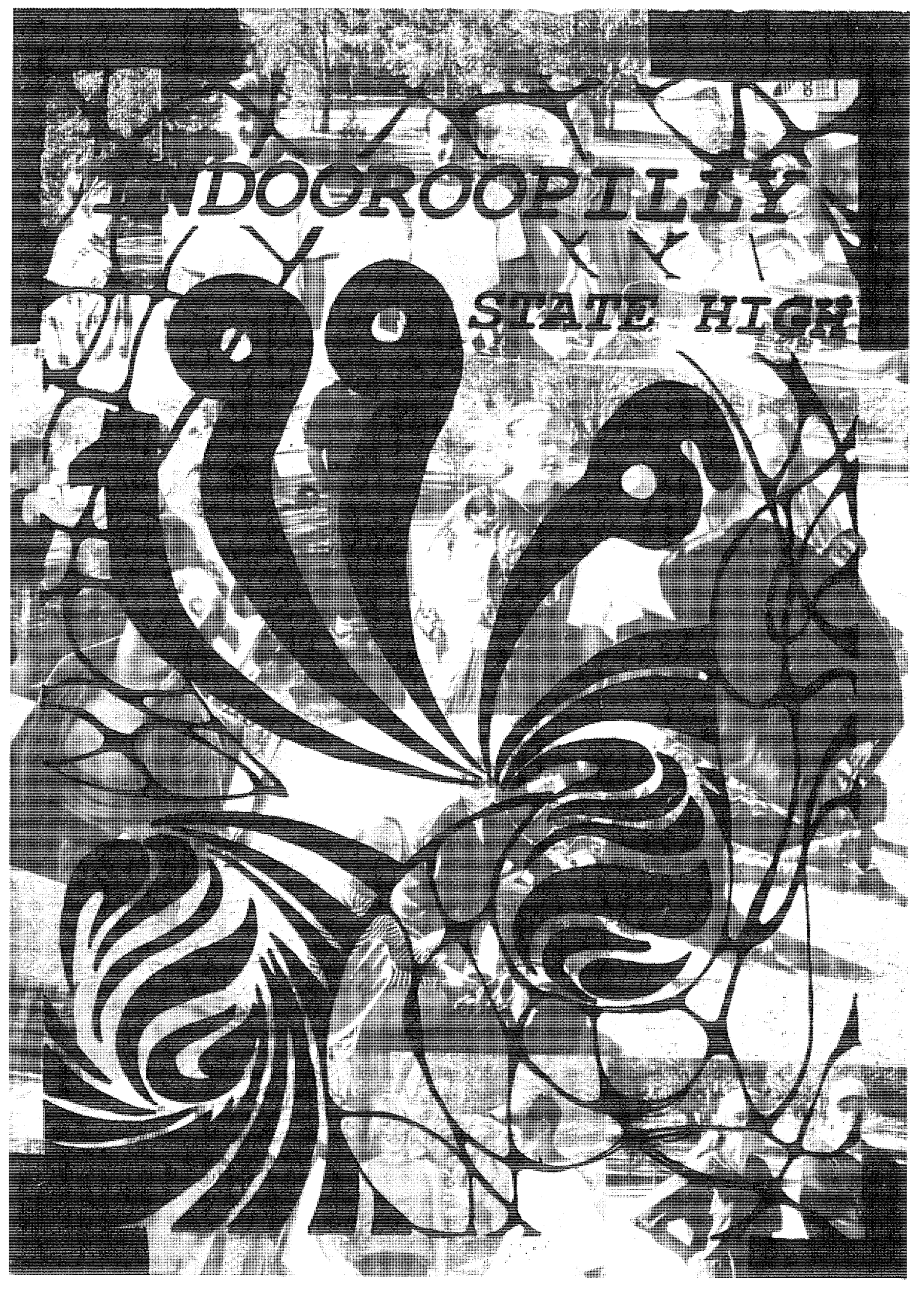



INDOORCOPILLY

STATE HIGH





gaya nhe - Matjini ... Yakarray - Nhe Dja'tpa nhe walang - Nhe Dja'tpayatpa nhima
 Nhima Dja'tpangarri nhima walangwalang - Nhe Dja'tpayatpa nhima
 Gumurtjarark Gutjuk -

Welcome to our 1996 Yearbook!

As we race towards the year 2000, there is likely to be considerable debate about the Australian 'identity' - who we are and where we should be going as a country. 'Australia' has never been one people; terra nullius was a lie and those who came here after 1788 travelled from all corners of the world. All kinds of people have made their home in Australia and the different cultures and customs have complemented those of Anglo and Aboriginal origins. In 1996, Australia is a 'rainbow' country of rich diversity and difference that should be celebrated as such. This school is a wonderful example to the wider community: Indooroopilly HS is, indeed, a rainbow school where difference is not merely tolerated but actively celebrated on occasions such as our annual United Nations Day Festival.

The young people who fill the pages of this yearbook challenge the sad messages of racial bigotry currently prevalent in some sections of the Australian community. I believe that they, along with their peers throughout this country, are indeed, the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow.

My thanks to all who have made this yearbook possible. Best wishes for 1997.

Glenda McGregor

PRINCIPAL'S COMMENT

At the recent Senior Formal I informed students and staff that this year marked, for me, twenty years of being a Principal. I began thinking back over those years and decided to report on what I had observed in the three categories of what has changed for the better, what has changed for the worse, and what has not changed at all.

1. CHANGES FOR THE BETTER.

Subject choice has widened dramatically and there are subjects in this school's current curriculum that simply did not exist twenty years ago. eg. I.P.T., P.C.M.

The use of technology for information retrieval and other applications has enriched the teaching and learning process. The first time I used a television set in a classroom was to watch the first moon landing. That was almost thirty years ago. The school that I was first Principal of twenty years ago was equipped with four television sets and this was considered lavish. We had no computers at all but there were pictures of them in recently published books in the library. The first computer I saw operate in a school was in 1982. The computer took up half a room and operated by the use of "punch cards". Communications between teachers, parents and students has become more free and less formal. The concept of a teacher ringing a parent directly is only relatively recent and still not permitted in some schools. I have seen enormous benefits brought about by more open communication and consultation with parents and students.

2. THINGS ARE NOT SO GOOD.

I am concerned at the intense competition brought about by the assessment process in schools. To me it serves very few students fairly and causes quite a number to suffer any

From Hayden George....

On my pilgrimage to ISHS at the beginning of 1995, I was often told, "A school without a uniform is a school without discipline". Since, in these times the word 'discipline' is so often confused with oppressive forms of authoritarianism, I feel quite happy to apply that maxim to Indooroopilly SH. From music to A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1996 has been an example of what can happen when imaginations are let loose from the chains of bureaucracy and students are encouraged to shape and create their own form of self-discipline. In the two years I have been at this school, I've sensed a stirring undercurrent in the student body that reaches out to challenge the status quo, and it is this that will always mark Indooroopilly State High School as a genesis of individual expression.



undue stress and the remainder to simply "tune out".

A number of factors that impinge upon student behaviour and performance have nothing to do with the school at all yet they are lumped in with the total baggage. The use of illegal substances is an aspect of society not of the education process and yet it seems to me that schools are expected to play a significant role in attempting to rectify the problem. Schools will do it but largely because teachers, and, I am one of them, have seen the human casualties and deaths that this evil brings. A recent disturbing phenomenon is the growth in the number of "self-responsible" students. I will never be convinced that the prospect of a group of sixteen to eighteen year old living together and coping with all of the pressures of modern day life, of running a household and being a full time student has the remotest chance of being successful except in the rarest of cases. Over the years I have given, money, food, furniture to these youngsters (on one occasion I was approached to legally adopt one young person) and the sad stories I can tell vastly outnumbered the happy.

3. THINGS THAT NEVER CHANGE.

Did you know that there is a special breed of dog that is bred for the sole purpose of eating homework? Can you believe that in an age when we can have space probe travel over six years to Jupiter and impact within milliseconds of its estimated time of arrival buses still cannot deliver students to school on time? Did you know that along the second law of thermodynamics it is an immutable fact that buses and trains travel slower and later in winter? Are you aware that student radio cannot possibly be successful unless it is played at a maximum volume?

Finally, I am clearly aware of the importance of school magazines. Over the years I have received countless requests from previous students for information from school magazines. I thank and congratulate this years magazine for the important work that you have done.

1996 STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

After a suitable period of lamentation of "the 1995 Indoороpilly Student Council is dead", cries of "long live the 1996 Indoороpilly Student Council" soon echoed in the (then silent) quadrangle and the year had begun. Despite subversive mutterings to convert the Council into a Student Union (along with compulsory union fees) the Council remained simply a Student Council equipped with all the usual paraphernalia of vocal and dedicated Student Representatives and eager Executive Committees (Amnesty and others).

Throughout the year the Council has shone like a beacon of inspiration and hope to the Queensland masses through wholesome activities ranging from charity participation and donations (sponsoring a child for World Vision, Melanoma Awareness Day and many others), Student Council fundraising (chocolate raffles, uniform day, United Nations Date et al) and general school improvements and reforms. However, the highlight of 1996 has been the achievement, after five years of preparation and fundraising, of a student radio. So it was with music in our hearts (as well as echoing off the walls and reverberating in our bodies) that staff, student representatives and student leaders were sold in the name of good fun (others suspected deviancy of one kind or another) to those jolly good sports who have assisted in the school's fundraising endeavours in a slave auction. Activities of this calibre and fun have peppered the year and it is our hope that green jelly will surely never fail to make at least some Indoороpillyites physically ill at the sight of it.

What then is the conclusion of the 1996 Student Council? Perhaps, generally (as the medium of the radio sings it best) we Seniors recall "are too sexy for" this school. So we, who are about to enter the real world, salute you, thank you and recommend following your dreams in 1997. With this in mind, good luck to the 1997 Student Union.

President: Jessica Ring
Vice-President: Martin Cosier
Treasurer: Luke Rayner
Secretary: Nicole Johnson



ISHS Sports Tournaments for 1996

This year the school conducted three new round robin sports' tournaments including tennis, basketball and badminton. The tennis and basketball were played at semester one and the winners of the competition are as follows:

Tennis Round Robin Championship:

Winner:

Tandon Stevenson - Muscio ~Year 11
Heidi Bolster ~Year 9

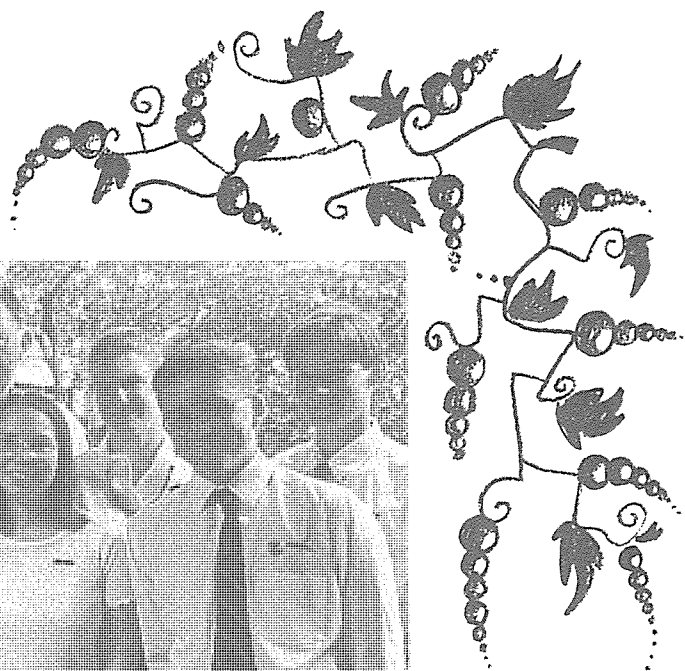
3 On 3 Basketball Competition:

Winner:

Payam-Ali Nourbakhsh ~Year 12
John Kakapu ~Year 12
Angelo Velante ~Year 12

*A great year in sports, thanks to all
the people who helped and
participated!!!*

Robert Yu
Tournament Coordinator





PETER C. DOHERTY



1996 Nobel Laureate in Medicine

for discoveries concerning the specificity of the cell mediated immune defence.

Background

Born: October 15, 1940

Place of birth: Australia

Residence: U.S.A.

Affiliation: St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee, USA

Mr Doherty attained his secondary education at Indooroopilly State High School. He was among the first intake of students in 1954 and completed his Senior in 1957.



Charlie Allom - 1st prize Senior Photography



IT'S THE TRUTH

Kristal Chapman

*They lived with the land,
They lived with the sea,
They lived in peace and harmony,
Until one day,
The Whiteman came,
He changed it to suit him well,
He turned the black people into slaves.
He even changed their only ways.*

*He changed them so they would be 'civilised'
And respectable too,
Educate them,
Give them a 'real' belief,
"God will show the sinners a way"
Gave them clothes,
Showed them shame,
Gave them money to buy meat off a bone.*

*The whites taught us their ways,
Made us forget ours,
Gave us grog,
Said for joy,
Taught us only how to destroy.*

*Now we don't know our families or our tribes,
Left us no knowledge of our lives,
Or our history,
Except what the whites had given us,
The superior race that conquered us people,
"The peaceful mob"
Which lived with all the land and animals.*

*My grandparents I do not know,
The grog killed them,
My great grandparents and family before,
Torn from their mother's breast,
And sent elsewhere,
No past and no history,
What have us blacks got to show?*

*No, money could replace,
That's a silly black's disgrace,
Land is now all gone too.
What have we got?
The whites got it all.*

Even out Past.

OH, WHAT FOOLS THESE RICH MEN BE

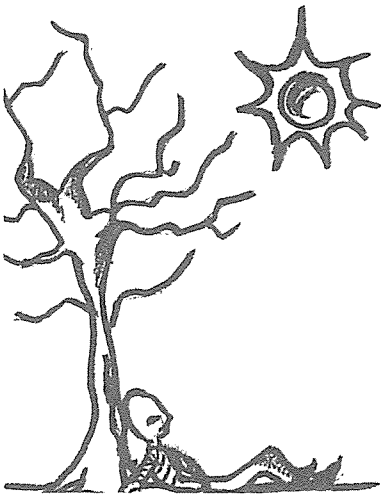
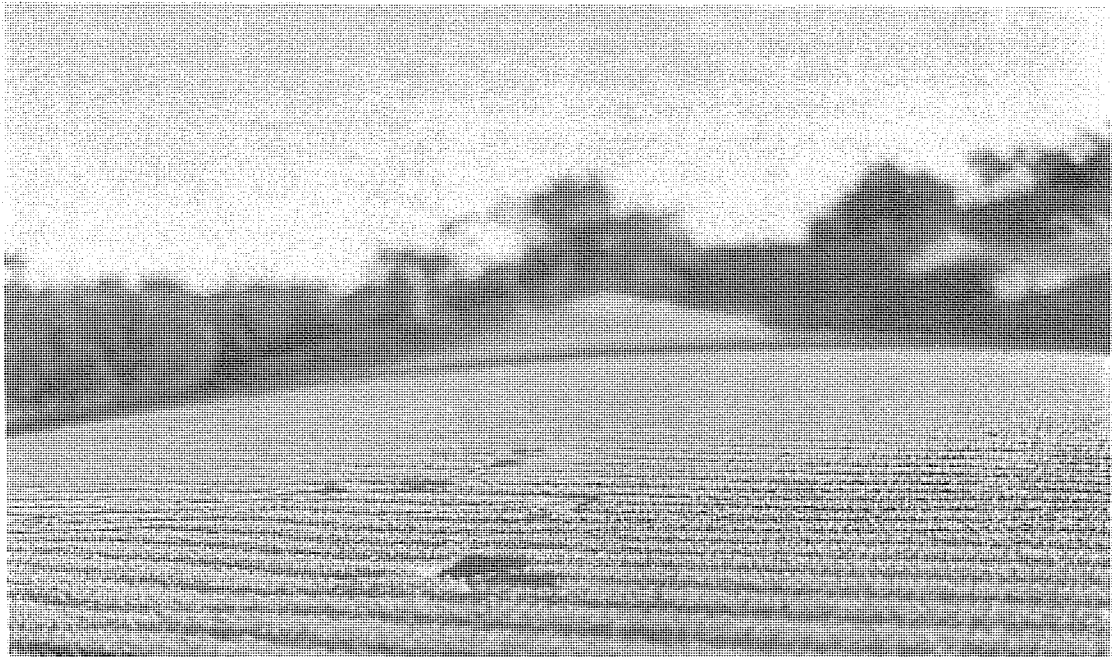
*Only together will the living dead
ever afford the ink
that writes the pages that stay,
the ones governed by these fools;
The plays that tell the story,
of this old and ungrateful world,
have neglected the importance
of these who've worked it,
describing them as merely extras
the unthankfulness of them characterises them as
fools,
for a fool is he who creates his own destruction
and a people cannot survive without scripting their
side of the play;
thus, they, together, will sit down and gain their
right to write;
to ink their struggles and resurrect themselves.*

IN THESE PAGES

*They will become the protagonists and no longer be
the slaves
of a land that serves others.
For too long, has the one man with the whip,
received all the calls on his digital
hand-held, fully automatic, beeping, call-answering-
service
For those who sing together, in harmony
are heard the most and applauded the loudest,
and beepers and whips, will no longer be
in the highrise offices in the city centres,
but on top of the director's chair,
in the heart of the farms and factories.*

S.D.

Yollana Shore - 3rd prize Senior Photography



LANGUAGES OTHER THAN ENGLISH

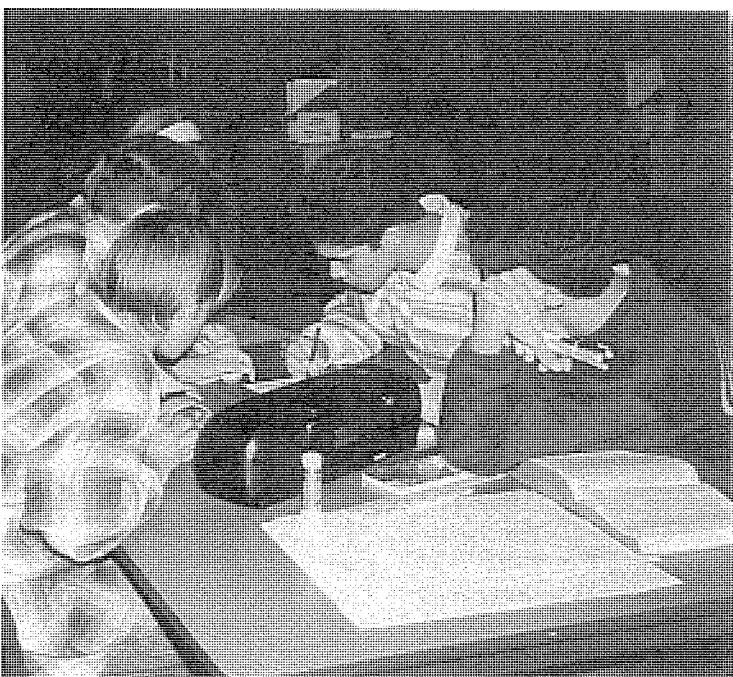
1996 has been a busy year indeed for the LOTE department. As always, there were many keen students willing to participate in a range of extension activities.

The highlight of the year, for those students involved, was the LOTE Olympics competition. Of the five teams entered, three (two Chinese and one German) met with considerable success at regional level and the Junior Secondary German team (Arif Khan, Lionel Longerich, Reuban Muscio, Mary Feeney and Tim Brereton) progressed through to the state finals.

Two large groups of Year 8 students joined with several other schools from the region in a Chinese Day of Excellence at Corinda and a German Day of Excellence at Kenmore. The range of activities provided for students was wide and challenging and the day included a lunch of Chinese or German food. The Year 10 Day of Excellence is to be held at The Gap in October and we will again be represented.

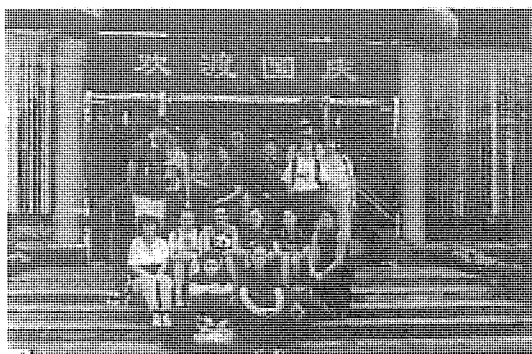
Recently, 24 students travelled to the University of Queensland to recite German poems as part of the annual Verse Speaking Competition, while our Chinese students demonstrated their talents at the Chinese Speaking competition held at Griffith University. Chinese students also entered the MLTAQ LOTE Competition and two students were awarded special merit certificates at a ceremony in City Hall.

Superb as these achievements were, they were this year somewhat overshadowed by another event that aroused great interest among the students - the pregnancy of Mrs Edwards-Davis and the subsequent birth of her baby son.



China Tour

This year two students of Chinese, Alana Green and Jeff Gill, accompanied by Vicki Burguez and Barbara Green, enjoyed a fifteen day expedition to Beijing and Shanghai. They joined a fourteen member team from Sunnybank SHS, touring famous landmarks in both cities, spending time in a real Chinese classroom, using the local transport and practising Chinese in market places where many bargains were struck. It was a wonderful opportunity for these students and a most memorable experience for all concerned.



WHEN THEY CAME

I am dying. I know that I will not live until the morning. As the last surviving member of my family, I have decided to write down the events leading up to our demise. Let me tell you about Them. To serve as a warning to anybody who might happen to find me.

It happened about three weeks ago. Our family had lived in this area for many generations, scouring the land for food to survive. We are peaceful and although it was tough we were making it. We were happy, the way we were. Then they arrived.



It started off as just another ordinary day. The hunters returned and the food was shared out. But one of the hunters was missing. We dispatched a search party immediately. They returned, dragging our companion with them. He was unconscious and foaming at the mouth. Muttering about the "Cylinder of Death", he was dead within the hour.

The scouts also reported that new creatures had been seen roaming the land. Huge ugly creatures, with pallid covering on their forearms and loose, hanging, multicoloured covering over the rest of them. No sooner had they finished telling us, when a booming sound could be heard. They had entered our domain.

Everything the scouts had said was true, but now we heard them communicating in their own ghastly tongue. They boomed and roared loudly and stamped about very noisily.

Our family gathered around and discussed what we were to do. They did not seem about to leave, so we needed to decide what to do. Eventually, we reached a decision. We were to send out a spokesperson and try to communicate with the ugly giants.

Our chosen spokesperson made his way over to the chief giant. This giant was sucking on some sort of smoky, stinking chimney. When he spotted our speaker, he let out a ferocious roar, and crushed him with his hind leg. He then went and rumbled to some of the other giants.

It was then decided not to try and make contact with the giants. We hid in the corners of the country, and hinted only at night. But things had changed. Suddenly, more food was being brought in. vast amounts, more than the scouts could carry. But we were losing hunters on each trip.

When it came for my turn to go, I was partnered with an experienced man, a veteran of many trips. He showed me the best sites for gathering and we loaded ourselves with all we could carry. On the way back, we spotted a fellow hunter making his way home. We shouted and waved and he started to make his way over.

When we arrived back home, we dropped our companion onto a bed. He was dead. We buried him next to the remains of the spokesman. The next day, when I was hunting, I noticed a low, black box with a hole cut in the side. The smell coming from the hole was very enticing, so I decided to go in. Maybe it was the giants attempt at reconciliation.

As soon as I entered, I noticed the body of my hunting companion from yesterday. He mumbled something about the smell of death before he gagged and died. I approached him cautiously, feeling the floor sticking beneath my feet. I struggled around, deciding to leave as quickly as I could. Feeling sick, I forced my way out and

As I approached, I could not see the usual activity which surrounded the family dwelling. I broke into a lurching run, as I was feeling really terrible now. Then the smell hit me. The stench of death. They had been here. My home was destroyed, my family all dead. Never again would I be happy. After burying my family, I collapsed on the bed.

So, let this be a warning to anybody who find this. I have resigned myself to death, please bury me with my loved ones. And take heed, "BEWARE THE CRUEL GIANT".

"Henry," shouted Mavis, "did you get rid of them?"

"Yes, yes I did. Now can you let me have a smoke in peace?" replied Henry. "Are you sure you got them all?" said Mavis, entering the room, "He's a sneaky little devil, your average cockroach. They can survive almost anything."

"Look, I found the nest okay," grumbled Henry, "and I doused them with Baygon. I also found one in the roach hotel."

"Do you think they felt anything?" said Mavis.

"Of course not" said Henry angrily, "they are just stupid, ugly, unintelligent creatures. That's what sets us humans apart from the animals. We have a conscience and we can think."

Matthew Maywald

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

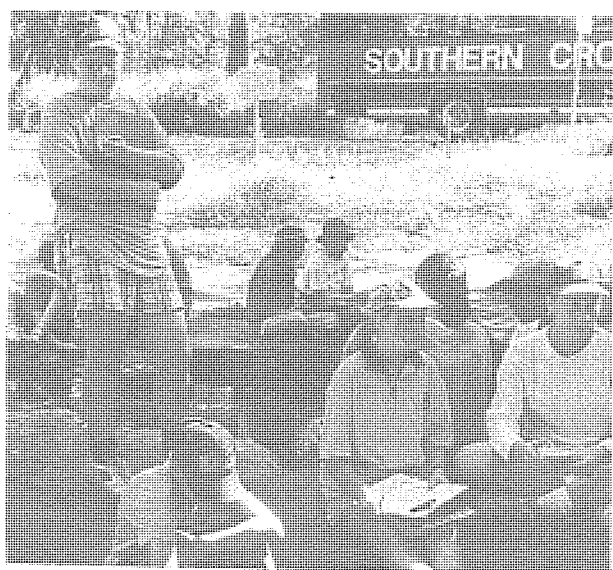
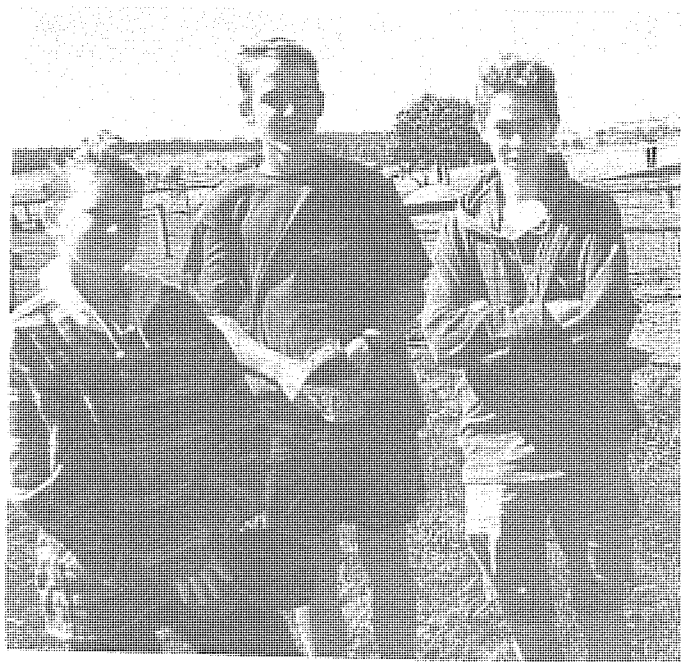
Once again, a busy year for our Department. We have undertaken our full quota of excursions, to the Gold Coast, to Moreton Bay, to a model farm, a coal mine, a mountain walk to learn about Aboriginal heritage, a walk through Spring Hill, a walk around the streets surrounding the school, the Milton Brewery, an Economics Seminar, and an Historical/Environmental River Cruise. Our Year 10 Citizenship Students made us very proud as they participated with maturity in a 'real-life' job interview situation with the assistance of members of the community.

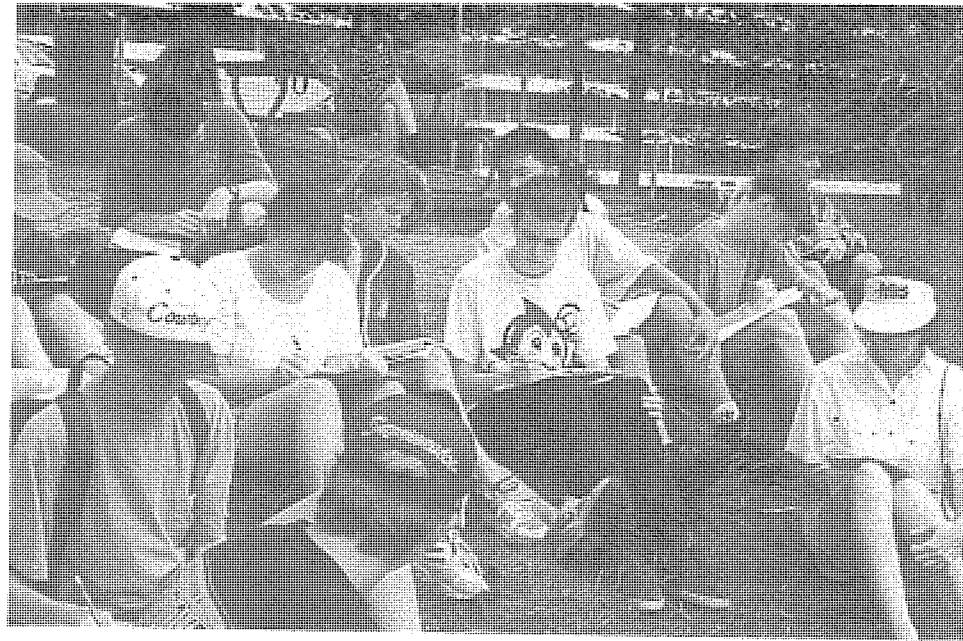
We have entered the National Geography Competition and the Map Week Competition. We have seven entries in the Queensland History Teachers' Association Essay Competition; two of our students completed essays for a Newspaper competition on an examination of the Media, and one of our students entered the Australia-Japan Essay competition. We wish all entrants the very best and congratulate them all for the extra effort involved in completing these tasks.

1996 saw the introduction into Year 10 Social Sciences (Citizenship Education, Geography and History) of a unit entitled 'Civics and Citizenship'. This unit will be expanded upon in 1997.

As Head of Department, Social Sciences, I wish the very best to all students of Geography, Economics, History and Citizenship Education, and look forward to meeting with you in 1997.

Sylvia Moretto.





Emma McGrath - this year's winner of the senior division of the Queensland History Teachers' Association essay competition. Emma also received a Highly Commended for her entry in the ancient history section.



Jessica Ring received a Highly Commended for her entry in the ancient history section of the Queensland History Teachers' Association essay competition.



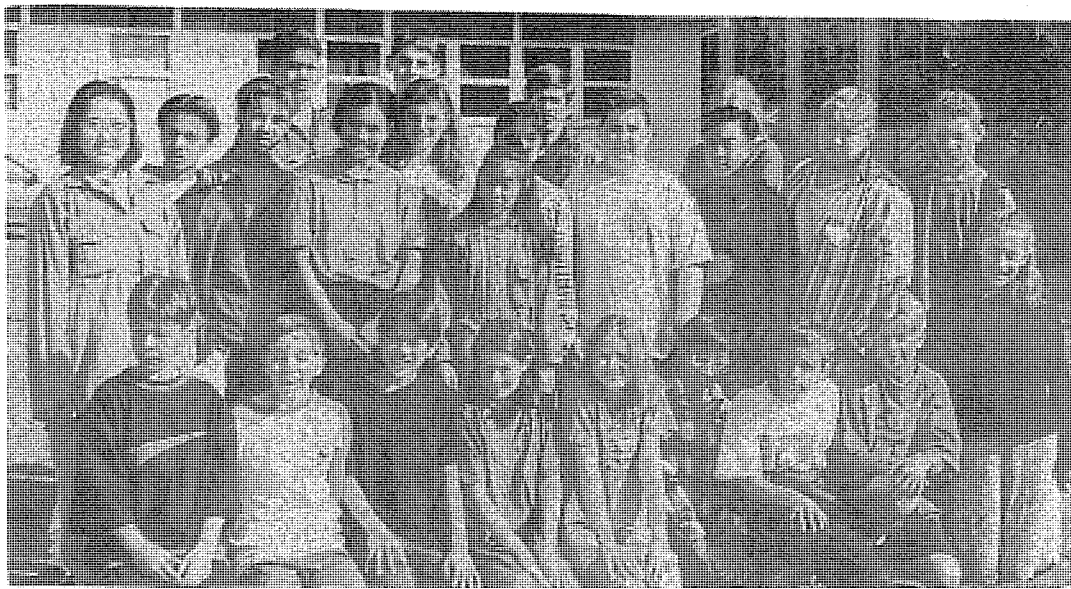
GRADE 11 ECONOMICS TOUR OF CASTLEMAINE PERKINS BREWERY

After everybody finally arrived at the foyer of the Castlemaine Perkins brewery we were ready to endure what would be a long day of following our tour guide, observing the production processes and methods of a wide (and delicious), range of beers, for national and international distribution - (including the famous XXXX Bitter Ale). As an inevitability, the "Sorry, we don't give out free samples", punch-line wasn't avoided (or laughed at), but all lamentation aside, it was a great day (off school), and we all learnt a lot about the factors of production and internal economies of scale.



Christopher J. West



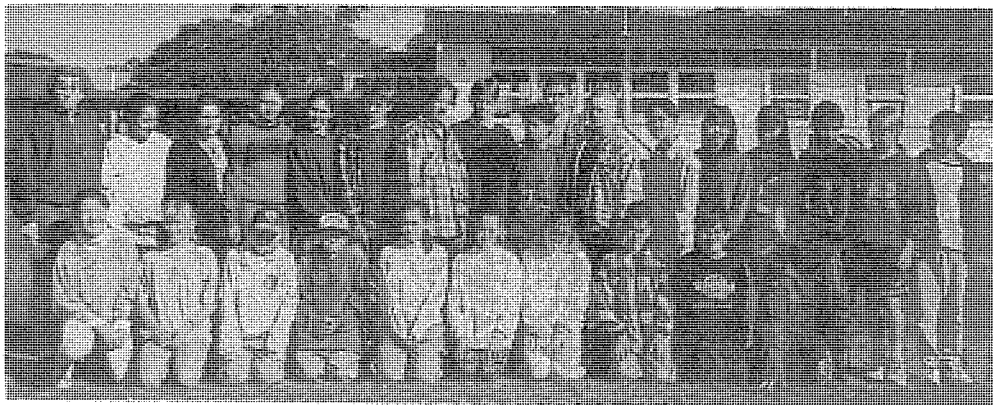
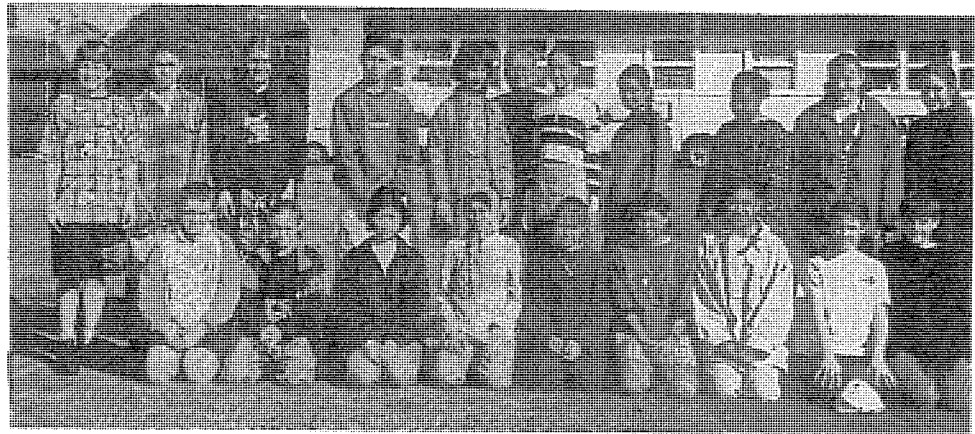


Eights!

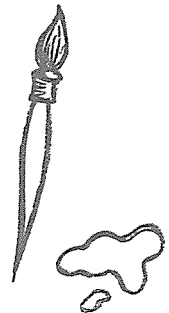
8.01



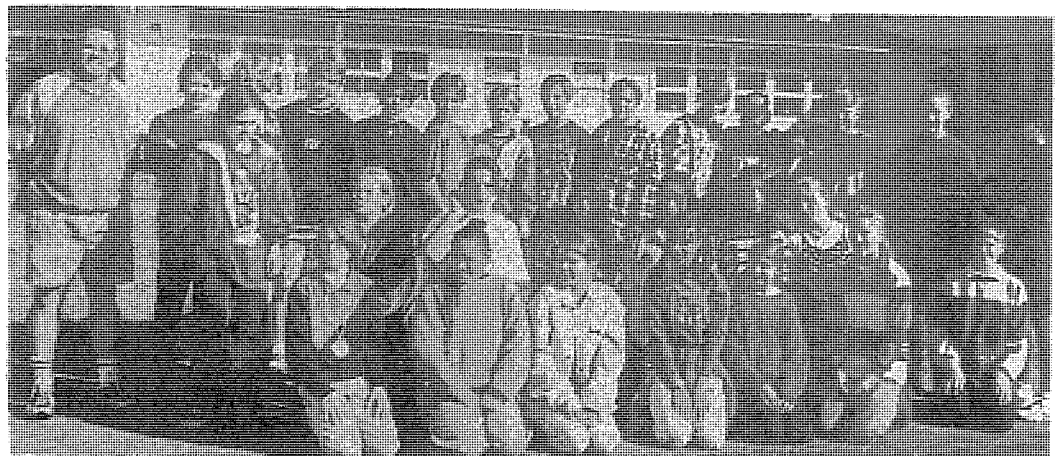
8.02



8.03



8.04



JUST THE PEOPLE

(dedicated to the victims of the Port Arthur Massacre)

*The people
just imagine
not living
for today
everyone
goes crazy*

*wheres the sense
what do I say?*

*All the people
oblivion
and cursed
dying
sacrifice
what colour
hearse?*

*Just the people
round about you
just normal
folks
no one quite knows
thats the problem
all go berserk*

*Weird people
don't you know it
are all the norm
killing you
and going crazy
lie inert*

*Can you ever
understand
things going through
can you realise
people dying
just cause of you?*

Jonny McClay

1st prize Junior Photography



JUST ANOTHER VICTIM

*The blackman sits in an unwanted heap,
Feeling sad, feeling cheap,
To him his life has no purpose,
After all he's just a victim.*

Christina Pitt

*So he'll carry on,
Without an identity, or place to call home,
Another day brings more hatred, more pain,
To him life's a prison, death a sanctuary.
But still he'll go on living his painful existence,
Lacking pride, lacking fame,
Dreaming of a day when he will rise once again,
The day when culture or race causes no pain.*

DISCRIMINATION

*Discrimination is the name of the game,
Everybody plays it, everybody hates it.
I was called names once,
By boys I hardly knew.*

*What have I ever done to them,
to deserve what they did to me?
To deserve the comments they threw at me,
the kicks, the slaps they gave me.
They said I was weak,
because I am woman.*

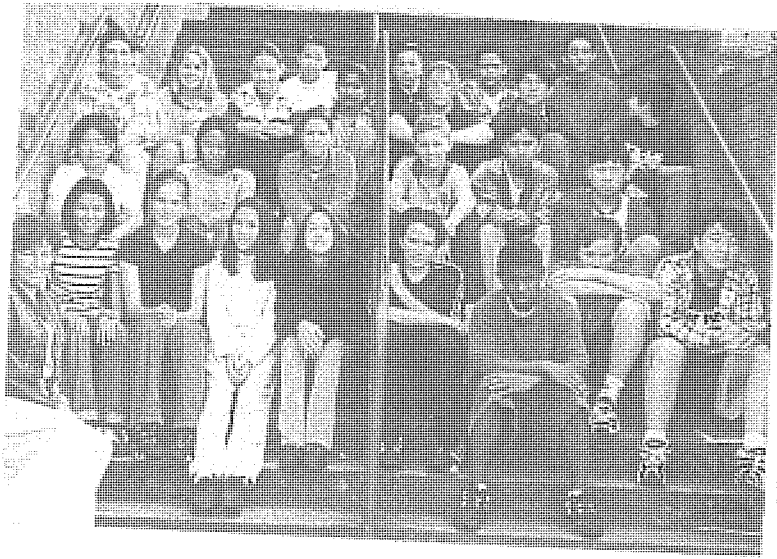
*Think again, for I know that I am strong and smart,
And I made them pay for what they did.*

Sharmin Choudhury

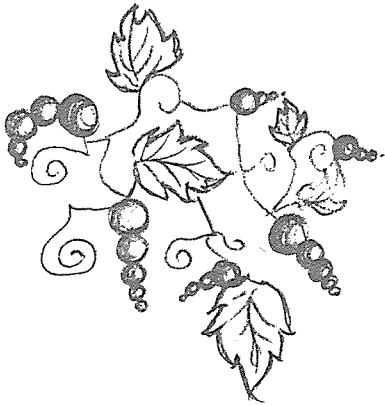
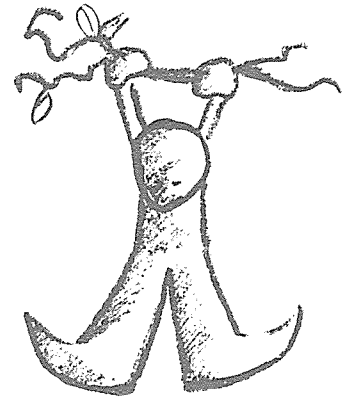
*Wondering if there'll be a day when everyone is treated
the same,
Or if forever he'll remain a victim of pain,
What's the point, why should he go on?
Would it make any difference if he were gone?*

*To him life has no purpose
After all, he's just another victim.....*

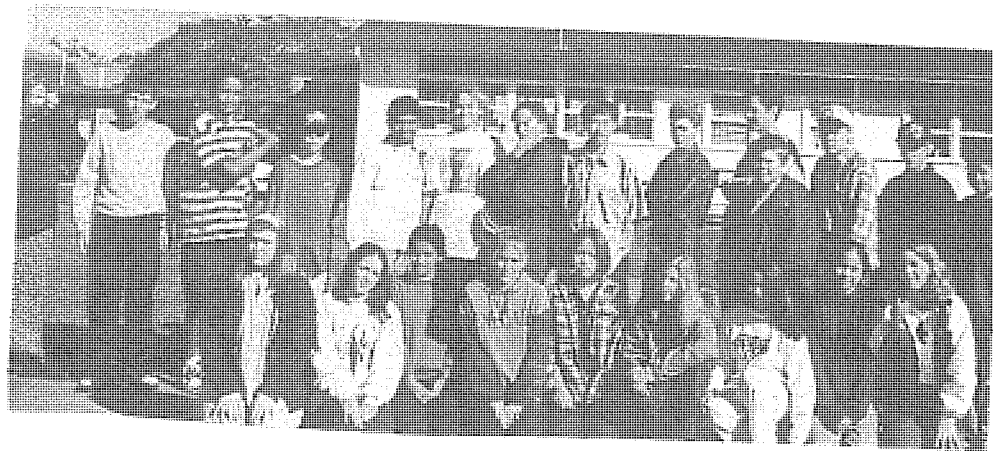
Samantha Grounsell



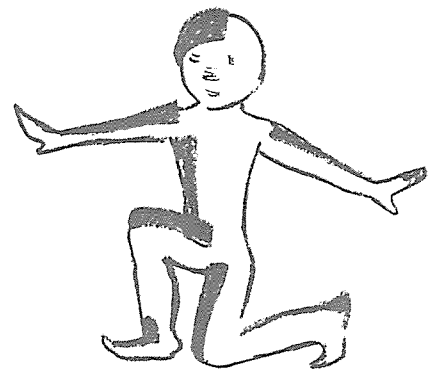
9.01



9.02



9.03



Wines!

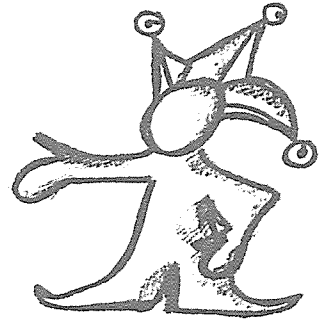
9.04



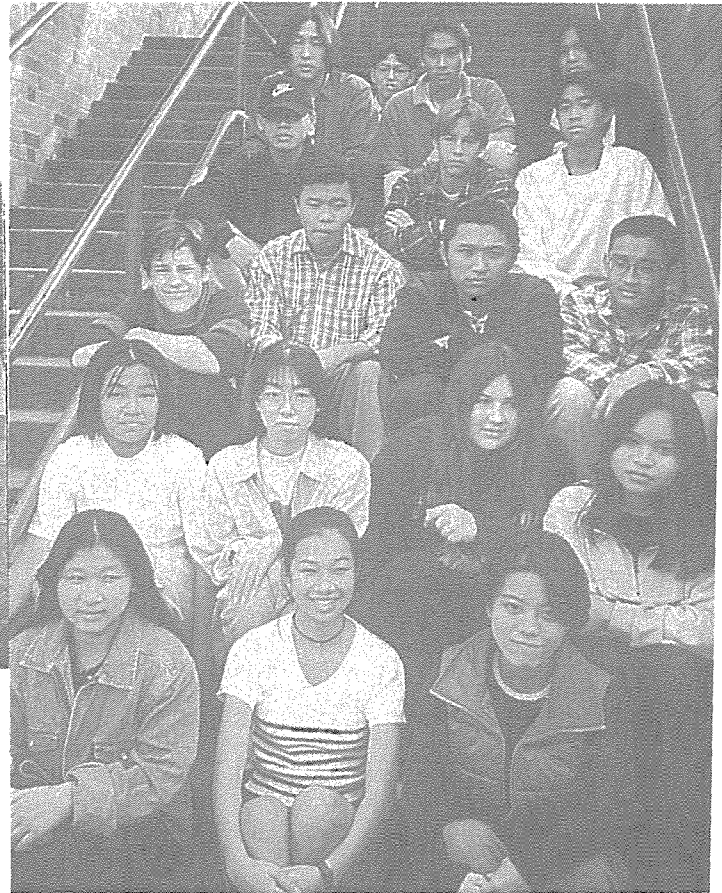


10.01

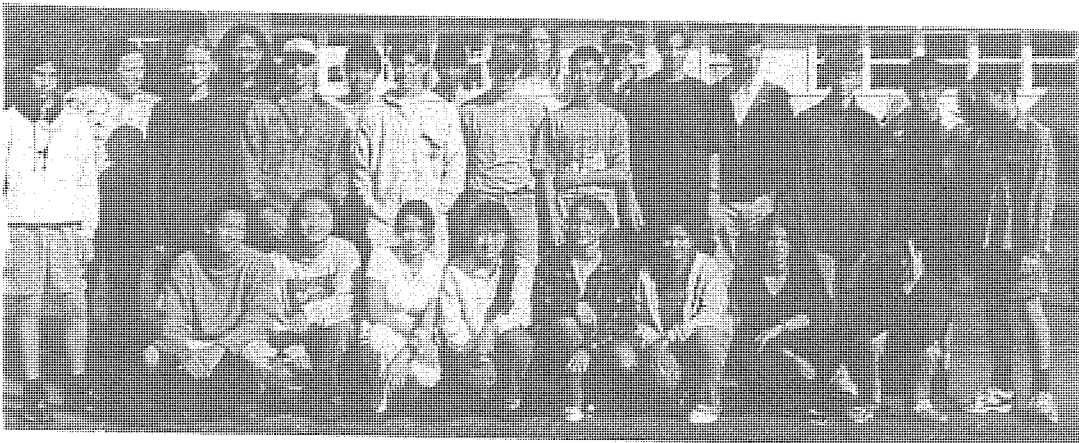
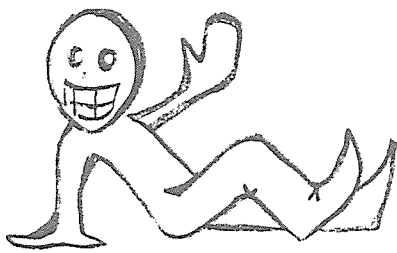
7ENS!



10.02



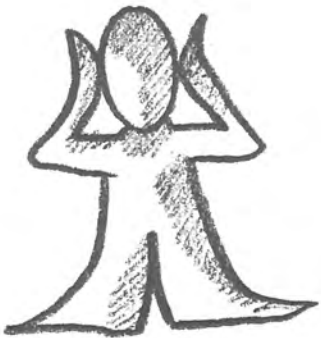
10.03



10.04



10.05



10.06



11.01

Elevens!



Hi Lindsaay the rest
Happy holidays all
and blah blah Van
as

11.02

PEG THE BABY HEN

A baby hen, who's name was Peg,
Said, "Mummy, Can I lay an egg?
I wish you'd tell me what to do,
Then I could help you with a few."
Her mother smiled and shook her head.
"You're far to young for that," she said
"But do the things that you've been taught,
And think a nice round egggy thought
And one day it will come around,
And egg will pop out on the ground."

Shaun Loh





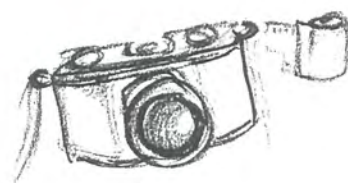
11.03



11.04



11.05

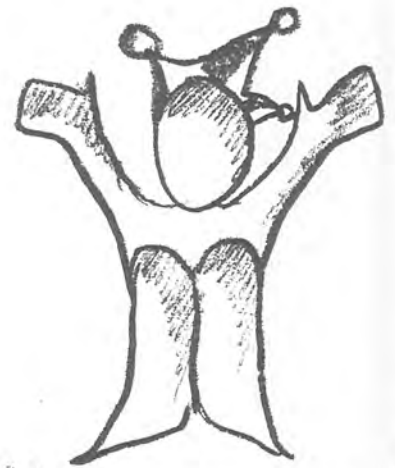


you Bio
FOB friend
stay cool,
stay calm
& drawing
Heather 11.06





M. Mrozkiewicz



Curtis
11.07
1996
All the best
in studies
next year

celi (my son)

*Venomous spot
Is green, is acrid, is poison,
Is angry, hungry, thirsty;
This spot
Swallows me up.*



*A cancerous spread,
First soft and wet-
A marsh;
At first an empty marsh*

*With trees,
Trees, that hang-
Trees invite-
Bitter-croaky black bird.*

*They come.
They come swooping
Across a hollow distance,
Weaving wings;*

*Dive they do-
Glide they do-*

*Across this empty: mass of tree,
Hanging tree,
Wet tree.
Glowing darkly, wetly this marsh;*

*It grows, creaking blows,
Quietly, slyly grows;
Is wet,
Is malodorous,*

11.08



*Steady breathing, clammy heaviness,
Deathly baritone silence;
Is warm and grown.*

*Up and out it flourishes,
Reaching, ever reaching
Cobweb
Of sticky heat and vine.*

*Now it stays.
Slow.
Gentle.
Less growing.*

*Rests its heavy head of trees,
Shallow breathing resting-
Looming shadow-birds nesting,
Breeze of shyness shifting,
Nothing disturbs
This peace.*

*Heat. Gradual waning
With mists; hard cold creeps,
Toeing, stalking, tipping*

*It's good to know that
you're not leaving. Have a
wonderful summer
holiday! - a
hot one.*

*Icifying,, crystallizing, fossilizing,
Brittle heap.*

*Harder now,
And harder still where,
Momentary was sleet.*

*Old mud
Porous rock within contracts,
Introverted,
Craggy skirted,*

*Sits
And forever
Within its cold
Still and immovable space
Lurks. A hard spot.*

Elizabeth Noble

SENSES

She had grabbed a handful of my hair and jerked my head backwards. "I am going to show you something," she said and I had been flooded with pride and expectation at the proposition. As my eyes began to water and my neck to strain I stared into my sister's eyes and yearned to have their power, their beauty and their enigma.

Then she had pushed me to my knees, squelching me into submission in the mud by the dam. Of course, this did not bother me because all I was thinking about was the fact that I had been deemed worthy of enlightenment. At the time I was not questioning her motives.

She then tightened her grip on my hair as she pushed my face towards the dam's surface. "Look closer, see deeper little sister," she urged evoking a desperate desire within me to appease her. Frantically I searched the dam's reflection for a trophy that I could drop from my drooling jaws and present to her.

"All I see is me Veronica," I finally said in disappointment. Obviously, my eyes were flawed, they did not have Veronica's required insight and were consumed with the mundane world. However, she did not give up. She pushed my head closer and closer to its reflection until I'd screamed, "I think I can see from here Veronica!"

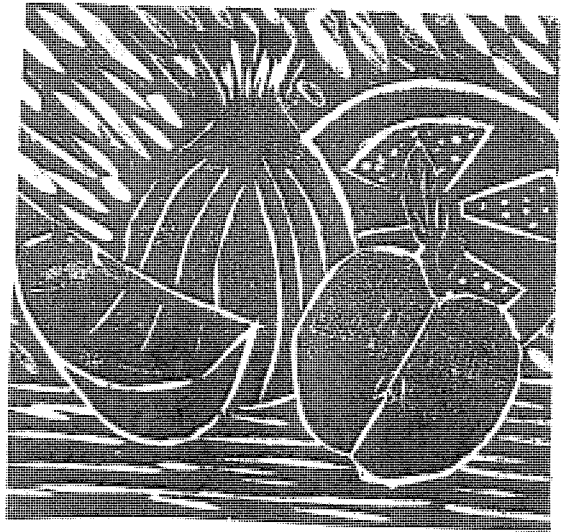
"Can You?" she had said, obviously doubtful. "Well, what do you see little sister o'mine?"

"I see my eyes watering in the water. My lips swollen and red. My nose dripping and sad. My hair a brown veil. My cheeks strained. My neck extended and taught...." I relayed, descriptively, I thought at the time, what I perceived.

"Sister o' mine, you don't see that," she had chided. Vengefully, she had proceeded to push my face closer until my hair was anchored to the water just as I was anchored to her. She was the only thing preventing me from plunging to my watery (not death) state. "Tell me what you see, not what you think I want you to see, to see."

"I see.... I see a brown, smelly dam," I had said at last. She had responded slowly and precisely by pushing my head below its watery reflection and by keeping it there until I had stopped resisting. Then she had pulled me back into the mud and breathed life into me. As I had gulped in air and spat out algae she looked at me very disappointedly.

"Time for dinner," she had said and that was all.



Now in my living room, a hundred years later, as I look at her holding my daughter I can see that she is again trying to suck a sense and I remember the dam. My eyes, which have always been able to see, are impaired by my thoughts while her eyes, which have always been blind, are impaired by her heart.

She's whispering to Sonia so I cannot hear her. But I can guess what she is saying. She is rocking back and forth with her hand over Sonia's eyes and with her lips pressed against Sonia's ears. She is whispering a torrent of directions, questions and descriptions.

"I am going to show you something," she will say and Sonia will strain to hear and satisfy the person who has captured her. "Listen closer, hear deeper little niece," she is urging as I see Sonia's head strain with concentration as she tries to reach Veronica's world.

But Sonia only hears Veronica breathing so Veronica stops breathing until Sonia screams "I think I can hear now!"

With doubt Veronica breathes again and she asks "Well what can you hear little niece o' mine?" and Sonia is speaking of birds in flight, violent wind, floors creaking in agony, the chair squeaking, the fire crackling... until her description runs out. "Niece o' mine, you don't hear that," she chiding and I can see her press against Sonia's head as she releases another wave of demands to "hear what she really hears."

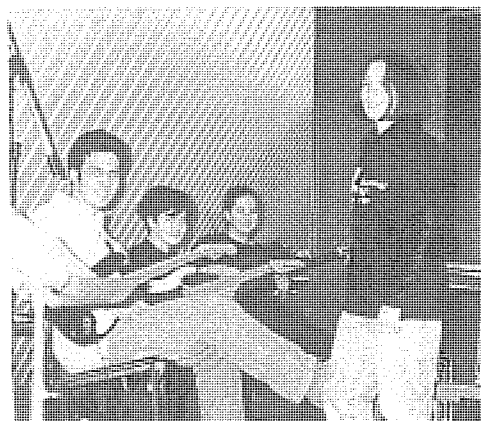
But it has gone far enough in my opinion so I walk over to Veronica as she walls into Sonia to say what she hears and I whisper softly "Time for dinner." But that is not all, because Sonia and I will continue to see and hear through Veronica for the rest of our lives. That is why we must love her and keep her for when she dies we sink back safely into the mud beneath our knees and we never know what we see and hear or even that it is dinner time.

*****MUSIC NEWS*****

This year has been a busy one for the students of the music department. A major highlight was the school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The students involved composed original music in a variety of styles including Blues, jazz fusion, classical and folk. It was a lot of hard work putting together the acting and dancing with the music, but the experience was one which would be remembered by all.

The Concert Band continues to develop and has performed at a variety of functions and schools. This year Indooroopilly High hosted heats of the Education Department's Instrumental competition, FANFARE '96. Ensembles from fifteen primary and secondary schools competed for the chance to perform in the concert extravaganza at the Queensland Performing Arts Complex. The Band performed very well but was unsuccessful in reaching the finals. Comments from the adjudicators were very positive and especially commended the expressive qualities of the Band, which shows our students' sensitivity to music. Many thanks go to Mr Steve Stiller who has conducted the band this year. Well done.

Another highlight has been the commencement of the small group vocal program. This is a trial program allowing students to participate in vocal lessons from specialist voice teachers.



The school has some very talented vocalists who are gaining valuable knowledge regarding correct breath control, posture, projection techniques as well as learning to sing in harmonies. Many thanks to Dr Guy Jansen from the University of Queensland for his time in assisting to set up the program.

Earlier in the year, the school also hosted heats of the High School Rock competition. This is an initiative sponsored by various community experience with qualified adjudicators providing constructive criticism. Indooroopilly SHS had two bands entered, SUPERMARKET FANTASY and CUBAN STORY. Although unsuccessful at progressing to the final, our students were recognised in individual categories, with Gareth Naylor receiving an award for best drummer of the heat and CUBAN STORY recognised as having the best original song. This certainly shows the creative talents of some of the students.

The Senior music students had the opportunity to attend the recent production of *My Fair Lady* at the Lyric Theatre. For some students it was the first time to spend an evening at the theatre and we all enjoyed dressing up and viewing the show. Having studied a musical theatre unit, the students were able to put their music analysis in practice as they watched the excellent production.

Some of our percussion students were also given a unique opportunity to participate in an African Drum ensemble to accompany the African Dance performance at United Nations Day. It was great fun playing the jimbabayas!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the students who have worked tremendously hard this year. It has been a very demanding but satisfying year.

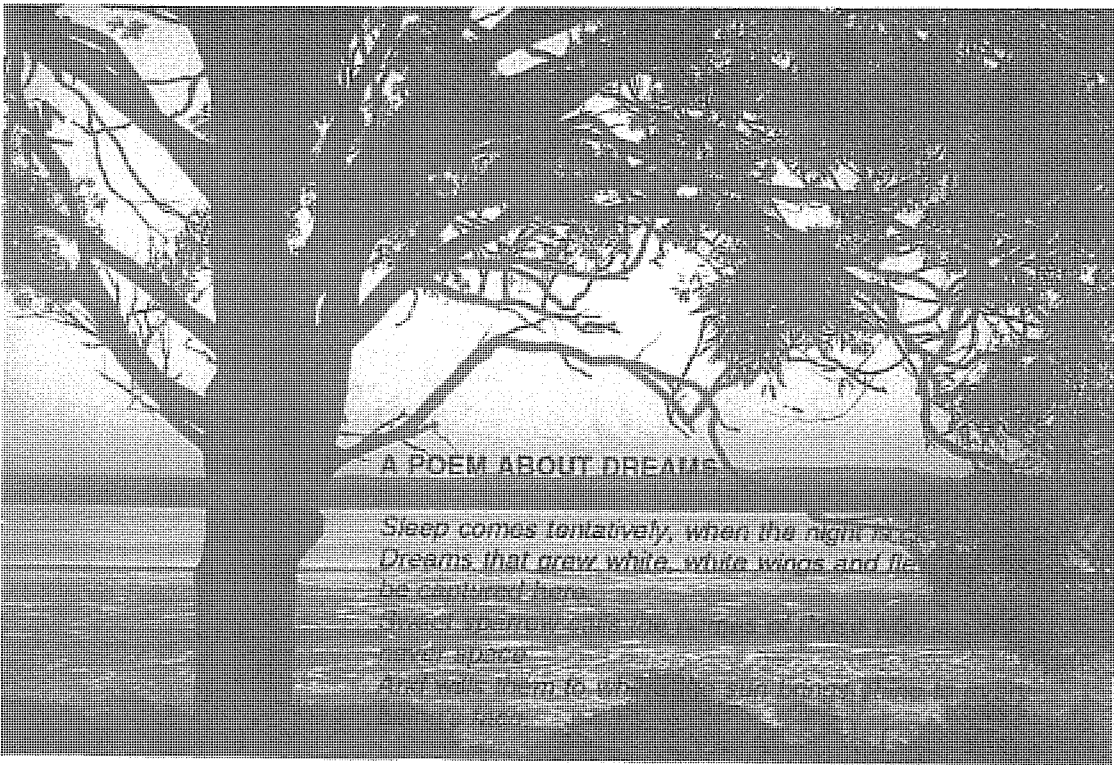
Colleen Toohey
Music Teacher.



The Witches

of A-Block





A POEM ABOUT DREAMS

*Sleep comes tentatively, when the night falls
Dreams that grew white, white wings and fle
be captured here
of the dreamer's mind
and space
And all - them to with the sun, who
can*

*Jane Butler -
2nd prize Junior
Photography*

*The darkness clouds each thought of light, on a stark
and starless night,
And dreamers will not dream for darkness paralyses
flight.
Then when the sparrow calls to them, awoken from
their death,
They are lost for they are dreamers who forgot the
dream's sweet breath.*

Yollana Shore

MY LOVE TO YOU

*Like raindrops to a rose on a wet day in Spring,
My love is an emotional force from within.*

*Like a fire in the snow on a cold and freezing night,
My love has a burning desire to burn for you and
bright.*

*Like a tiger cub to a little ball of wool in a soft and
snuggly place,
My love is a cuddly teddy bear that will bring a smile
to your face.*

*Like a violent storm to a roof under which we safely
live,
All the stars in the universe could not compare to the
protection I could give.*

*Like the skin that covers our bones when we grow
old,
My love is a blanket that will warm you from the
stinging cold.*

*Like a boy to a girl in an innocent and endless youth,
I have loved you, I still love you, and I always will
love you.*

Arif Kahn

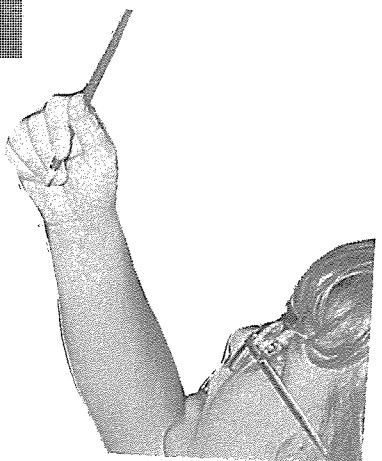
JOY, BEAUTY AND PEACE

*I am the sun,
Joy is my being,
Love are my rays,
I shine on all.*

*I am the flowers,
Beauty is my being,
Fragrance is my breath,
I shed it on all.*

*I am the rainbow,
Peace is my being,
Charm I reveal;
I am good.*

Sandhya Aiyar



ENVIRONMENT 1996



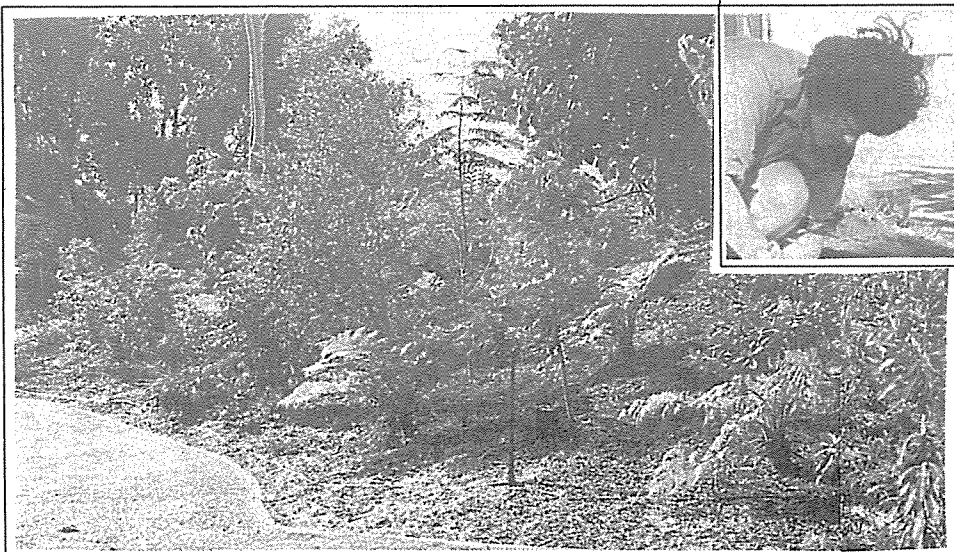
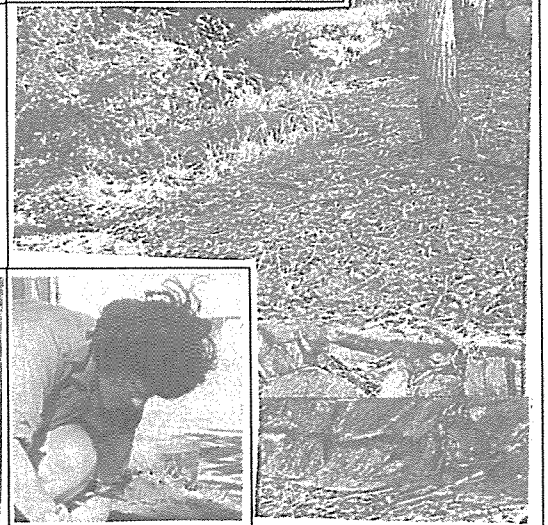
*The Big Burn
late 1995*



*E Block
working bee
July 1996*



*Eroded
Art Block
Bank*



The Ward Street Main Entrance

STATE of the

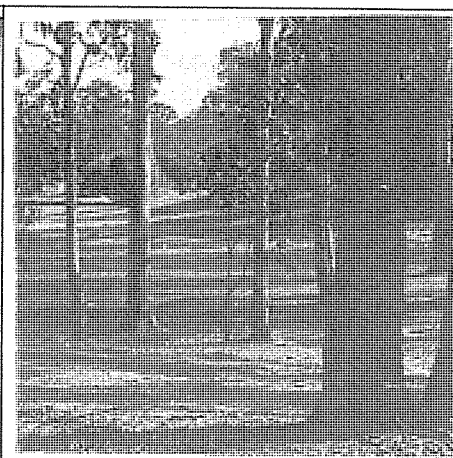
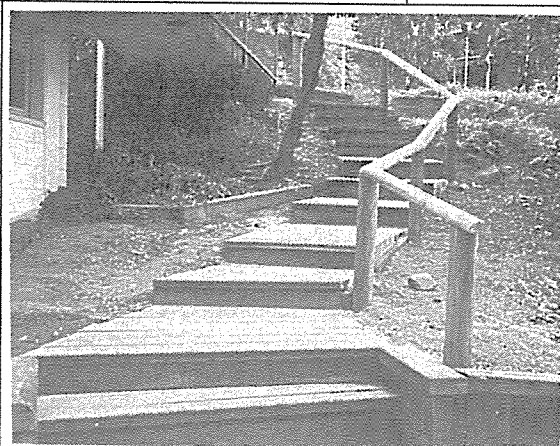


Regenerating wattles after the Big Burn



The Rainforest - 5 years on

*New Boardwalk
on the
Art Block bank*



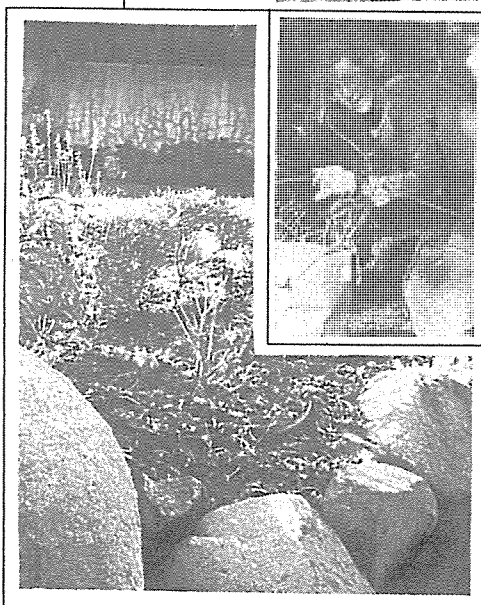
Nimmo Place



Willing workers



Scott's Corner below Manual Arts



The Flower Garden

ISCF WEEKEND AWAY 1996 - THE UPS & DOWNS OF LIFE

ISCF weekend away this year ran from the 14 - 16 June. The students had told me that they wanted to be in tents, near the beach - notwithstanding the June dates. I dutifully checked out and booked a nice (sheltered) camping spot near Dicky Beach, with under cover cooking facilities. We had planned four lots of challenges - abseiling, water skiing, surfing for those who were really keen, hiking up Mount Coolum. As it turned out, the biggest challenge was to stay dry and warm.

We abseiled Friday night at Kangaroo Point, joined by the intrepid Mrs Whelan and Ms Toohey. Just as we were BBQing sausages for dinner, the rain began.

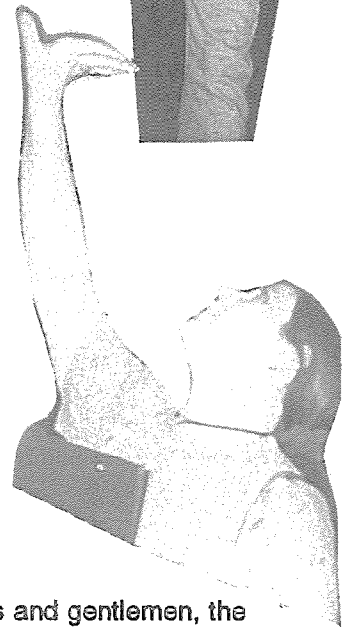
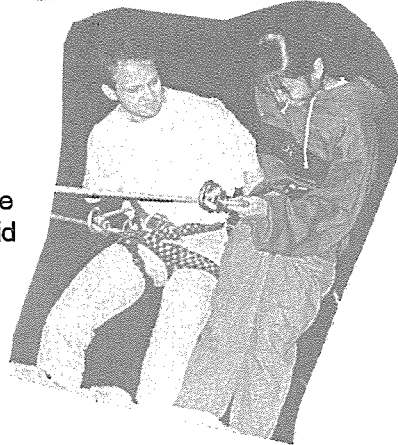
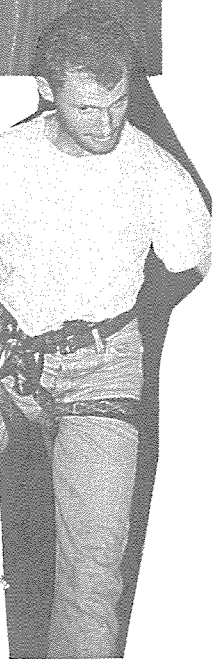
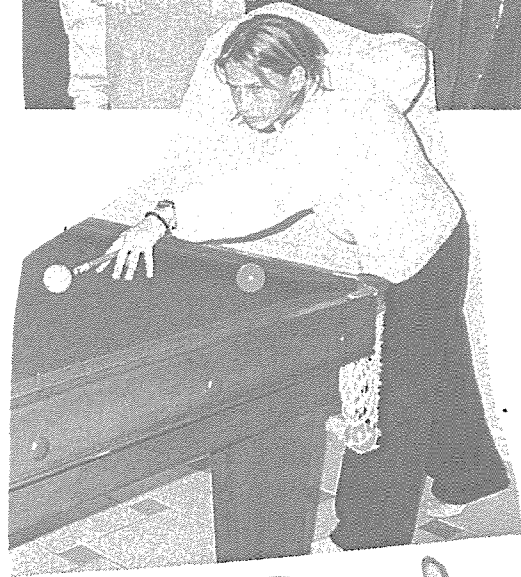
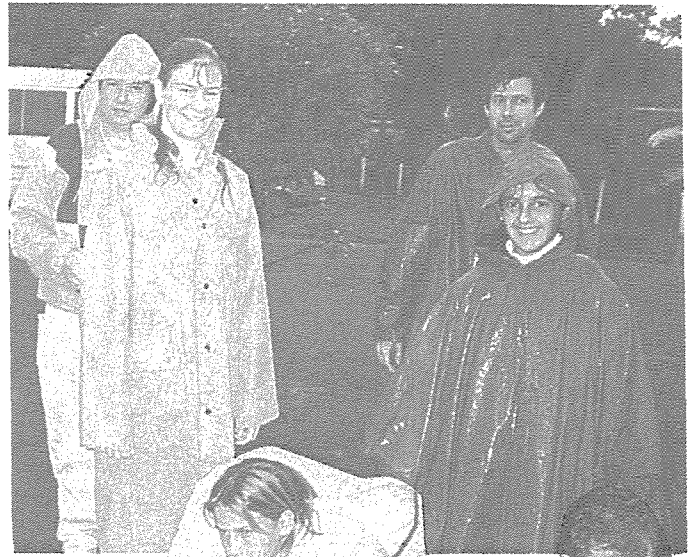
Undaunted, we ate and jumped on the bus to head to Caloundra where Mr Day and family had been putting up our tents for us. To cut a long story short, it rained continuously for about 14 hours. We did all start the night in tents, but some finished it sleeping in the under cover cooking shed! Rebecca Begbie, it needs to be said, was about the only one who spent the night warm and dry - what an overachiever!

Disregarding Rebecca, who couldn't understand at first why we were contemplating pulling the tents down and heading back to Brisbane, that's what we did - after investigating the shops at Maroochydore. Tarnya Hawkins, cook and other leader, graciously allowed us to finish the weekend at her house, complete with pool table and video player. We make good use of these.

As we sat down for a discussion on the Saturday night in the house, we had a power blackout. Candles added to the atmosphere for the next couple of hours; when the lights did come back on, they were promptly turned off again.

Although the challenges didn't turn out to be quite as we planned them, all were met and overcome. What shall we try next year?

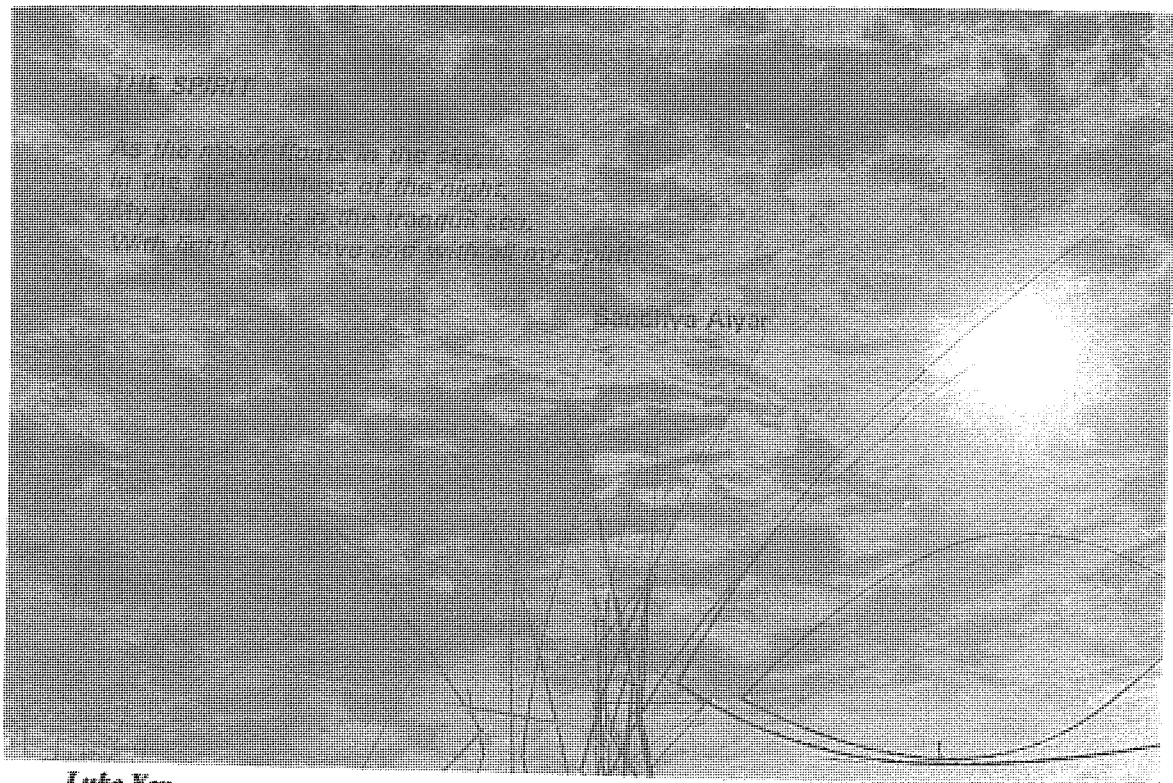
Andrea Prickett, School Chaplain.



Year 9 Debating

Good evening adjudicator, ladies and gentlemen, the opposition. Tonight I am here to tell you about the year 9 debating team. Our first speaker told you how debating taught us good public speaking skills, how to communicate better, how to get your point across clearly. I will talk about what fun it was. Really! We had fun, drawing pictures, fighting with each other, running across the tables but anyway, these memories will last a lot longer than the bitter taste of defeat which we became quite accustomed to). So will this yearbook, which will record only what we choose to tell it. So, with the truth sacrificing itself in favour of a good conclusion, we never lost, we always got along, never felt angry about using our Wednesday afternoons shouting ourselves hoarse. Those were the days. Thankyou.





Luke Yen

THE LOVE LOST

*The moon was shining bright and white
On that Autumn's cloudless starry night.
The wind was still and the air was crisp,
And that's when she left me, in the damp mist.*

*A slashing laser light pierced the blinding fog,
A screeching pitch built up but my throat was clogged.
Shiny silver crystal drops my red eyes did make,
And silence was a patience killer as I waited for a
ricochet.*

*Her eyes were an addiction.
In a story of fantasy fiction.
Her body flowed like water,
How will I fair this winter's torture.*

*The now lost love was like a flower,
Petal by petal each devoured.
Until one was left to bathe in sorrow.
For what fate awaits it tomorrow.*

*Her absence has given me a mighty blow,
For I am stale stiff and sluggishly slow.
I have come to an end, there's nothing left,
So I'll take this opportunity for perfect death.*

Reuben Muscio

LOVE SAID...

*I said I loved you,
Did you hear me?
Or did you already know?
Why did you have to leave?*

*I said I loved you,
I hope you heard me,
I hope you remember my face...
If we meet again*

*I said, I loved you!
I know you heard me!
I know you ignored me...
Please come back...*

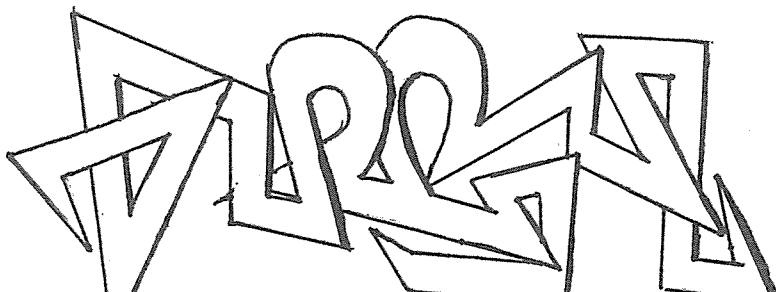
LOVE SAID...

*You said you loved me,
did you mean it?
or did you just want me in bed?
I said no, is that why you left?*

*You said you loved me,
I hope you meant it,
I hope you would say it again
if by chance we met*

*You said you loved me,
I know you meant it
I know...but I ignored you
Do you want me back?*

Sophia Sambono



MY CITY OF LIFE

Streets of anger, faces of fear
unknown existence that the end is near
ignorant but intelligent, people are blind
they have not seen the light - I find
discovery of new, old is now fading
bigger and better things are now shading
the soil which has now been smothered with tar
for a solution to laziness, called the car
this way of living has created a hole
to swallow the heart and swallow the soul
fulfilment of wants as well as needs
the grass is dying, what's growing is weeds
we should enjoy our lives and make them last
the past has gone by, much too fast
what we need is to slow life down
live every moment and change the sound
a gun has taken place of the knife
Slow things down -
- in my city of life

Jason Kuipers

BEDROOM JAIL

"Noooo! Don't wanna!" I irately stomped my little feet and stared at her brazenly. "You've been a very naughty girl. Now go to your room this instant Fiona," said Mum, in an unruffled voice. Seething with rage, I screamed out as many insults that I could think of, while bolting down the lengthy corridor. Hot tears of frustration stung my cheek as I retreated to my bedroom, slamming shut the massive door behind me.

Charlie Allom

"You'll regret punishing me when I lock the door and won't come out!" I vehemently said to myself. My gaze travelled all around the overwhelmingly enormous room. In one corner there was my bed, nearly as tall as me and in the other stood my wardrobe, the perfect hideaway. The polished wooden floors beneath me felt cool to my feet, but inside I burned with revenge. Defiantly I stared at the creamy white door, which towered over me. I overcame this great obstacle by stacking two pillows, a book and a teddy, on top of each other, on my miniature blue chair, and pushing it against the door. Cautiously, I ascended the wobbly pile and stood up unsteadily. Balancing myself, by grasping the smooth, silver doorknob, I used my other hand to turn the old-fashioned key. I heard a tiny click and smiled triumphantly.

Just as I was about to climb down, Mum knocked and told me it was dinnertime. I pondered the thought of having the satisfaction of getting my own way and going hungry, or giving in and eating dinner. Delicious aromas wafted through the window and my stomach grumbled loudly. Succumbing to my gnawing hunger, I gave in. Attempting to unlock the door, a wave of panic rose in me, when I couldn't turn the rusty key. "Mum!" I screamed. "The key won't turn!" Mum calmly reassured me and told me to slip it through. To my dismay, the key went under the door but didn't reach the other side. I started to panic again and wildly groped around for the key.

Anxiously, I kept on trying and finally pushed the key through to her. The door creaked open and relief washed over me. "Mum!" I shouted with joy. Giving her a huge hug, I was glad the whole nightmare was over. "If you use the key once more..." Mum sternly warned me. I never even closed the door again!

Fiona Chen

Anzac Day finds its roots deeply embedded in a day exactly eighty-one years from today. Where a battle was fought on the western coast of Turkey that is known to us a Gallipoli. It was from this battle that the Anzac legend was born, a legend that has come to shape the Australian society as a whole and has ended the glorification of war, which was common practice throughout the world before World War 1. This war was significant in granting Australia a separate nation status as Australia was now a nation that had experienced war and proven herself. However the irony of the situation was that the Anzacs were fighting for Great Britain, and had lost their lives for Great Britain.

Nevertheless, Anzac Day is significant in commemorating all those who have fought in wars throughout history. Many lives in the past have been lost similar to the Anzacs as a result of war, often these soldiers did not know what they were really fighting for. In many cases it was hatred driven by patriotic propaganda. However the sense of love between all humans no matter what race or nation they are from will overcome this unfortunate loss of lives. A legacy resulting from this very fact and WW1 has been a sense of camaraderie between old opponents. At Anzac Cove, in Turkey where Australian, New Zealand and British troops fought against the Turks in the Gallipoli campaign of 1915, there stands today a memorial, erected in 1934, which carries these words from the Turkish president of the time, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, whom himself fought in the Gallipoli campaign.

A VICTIM OF WAR

A candle is lit,
To show a stranger his way.
The candle is blown out
From the wind behind.

He falls, he stumbles
Then and there he lies
No sudden move
Nor sound does he make.

We wait and wait
For a sudden burst of life
But no it won't happen
Alas he is DEAD!
Dead to the world.

There he once lay
But he lies no more
His body has decayed,
But his soul
Still remains.

Another victim lights the candle
Brought here by the war.

Anita-Kelly Carr

*conform
interesting never
to make life
be always
your old etc
hey, money now
to Lindsay*


"Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives. You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie side by side here in this country of our... You, the mothers, who sent their sons from far away countries, wipe away your tears, your sons are now lying in our hearts and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well."

Kerem Kozan 12.09



C. Doblo





A Midsummer Night's Dream

This year ISHS decided to try something different: a musical, but a Shakespeare! 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was the final decision for our post-modern musical vision. It became an exciting mixture of original music, theatre in-the-round, video clips and an out door setting. The cast was extended with characters such as fairies representing extinct animals. They were part of a lost tribe who lived on the edge on a city. The lovers and the Duke were part of the indulgent city life. Staff and students worked very hard to make this one of the most memorable and enjoyable productions of this school.

RADIO RAP!

Silence filled the ovals, rooms and corridors of ISHS for three long years. But, alas, the SRC finally got its act together in '96 and after an almost infinite number of quotes, decided to buy the state of the art equipment that now adorns room D12 1/2.

But smoothness would not describe our proceedings. With an oversupply of DJ's and a limited array of material to play, student radio started a very dark and bumpy ride. The radio has also served some educational purposes as we learnt how far (and loud) the radio could go before the dreaded 'decibel meter' made its appearance! Theme days and live performances became an integral part of our program. Sports carnivals and UN day also received our FREE and FRIENDLY services! We send our blessings to future radio organizers and DJ's.

Luke (El-Jay) Rayner
Sebastian (Sebi-Zeb) Dubrovsky

WOES OF THE YOUNG AND UNINSPIRED

How to be poetic...

My surroundings are sure to make poetic brilliance easy, beach, ocean, rippling waves, sunset, seagulls, even those little ripples on the sand make by an abandoning tide. Now all I have to do is let the magic of the moment form some unique insight and some how manipulate the English language into something I can pen my name to... What overwhelming desires monopolise my soul?...

Sunbeams dance as the waves lap against the sand... too cliché.

Lusting, thrusting, surging...over the top.

Tinned spaghetti and a sleep behind a tent....perfect.

Carly Macoun









FORMAL 96 - A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

After months of shopping, days of planning, hours of styling and minutes of mindless mayhem the night of August the thirteenth had arrived and it was the Formal. At pre-formal celebrations champagne corks popped, Seniors shimmered and toasts rang out in a fitting beginning to a memorable evening. Parents pressed their mundane noses flat against mundane windows and peered in on scenes of glamour and movie-like splendour. The worth of shares in film companies soared as eyes watered at the blinding flashes of a million cameras and at the blinding beauty of a million friends. Then pumpkin carriages of various chameleonic shapes and sizes whisked fairytale cargoes of Cinderellas and Prince Charmings to the Greek Club for a memorable night.

Parents, photographers, teachers, members of the administration and students mingled to the sound of "darling you look beautiful/handsome sweetie darling: and to the sight of hugs, kisses and handshakes all round. The stars that glimmered that night were overshadowed by the sheer beauty of sparkling jewels, pieces of cutlery (forks) and flowers which adorned all from head to toe.

We ate, sat, watched and were entranced by speeches of incomparable wit and insight (the memoirs of the class of 96) and by a rendition of "In My Life" which rendered the whole audience speechless and with moist eyes (well crying would have given us all demonic red eyes which isn't in season).

Pure anarchy broke out as mingling, talking and dancing became the main activities of the night. However, dancing was the priority as eyes were desperately averted on the dance floor when satin boxers made their presence known to all. Formal night was also the night that we were taught that teachers could also move, groove and shake their tushes along with the best of us as well as the worst. Cinderellas and Prince Charmings continued to boogie in various locations into the wee hours of the morning for some and well into the next week for others.

Looking back on the evening with hindsight the highlight of the evening can be seen to be not the disco dancing, the sumptuous food or our glamorous appearances but the making and rediscovery of memories. A big thank you must be extended to Miss Moretto for making it all possible.

Kartini Oei
Jessica Ring

ALL IS DIVINE

*To know or not to know,
To be attached or not,
To act or not to act,
To be in the world or out of it,
This is not important.
Make life a spontaneous flow,
An Expression of an innocent heart,
In the splendour of love.
Life is divine - all is divine;
And be ever free and blissful.*

Sandhya Aiyar

CONTACT

*Mists of gold surround its darkly cloaked body,
and shadows dance
on the mossy cobbled walls.
In its eyes,
silvers, blues, sea greens and sparkling
champagne pinks,
jump like devils
on fiery red coals.*

*Its eyes behold fierce, scaled dragons
With pearled teeth, as sharp as daggers.
Perfect princesses,
in their gowns of the deepest velvet and
softest silk.*

*Mermaids,
wrapped in their golden hair that hangs like waves
around their smooth skinned shoulders.
Giants, live in palaces,
that sit in the clouds
of your dreams*

*it knows what we wish for.
it can see into our thoughts,
and fears.*

*it is stronger than any beast,
and more powerful than any man.*

*The cloak drops, the shadows pause.
You peer into the darkness,
and see,*

an image. Yourself, Your mind. Your Imagination.

Meg Edwards

TOO LATE

*When you smiled,
It was the sun that brightly shined.
And when you laughed,
It was the wind that softly chimed.*

*Your eyes were the stars,
That shined in the night.
I thought it was love,
That glittered so bright.*

*But it turned out I was wrong,
There was never love in those eyes.
And now I see clouds,
Passing through crystal blue skies.*

*And now I see rain,
And thunder and hail.
And I now feel the wind,
As it whips with it's tail.*

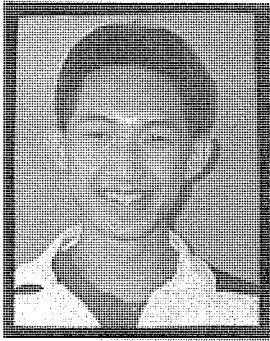
*I feel the cold.
I feel your hate.
I know I've lost.
I know it's too late.*

*Three guesses
as to who this
is about (and
the last two
don't count!).*

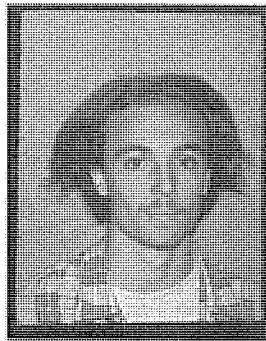
↑

Marta Mrozkiewicz

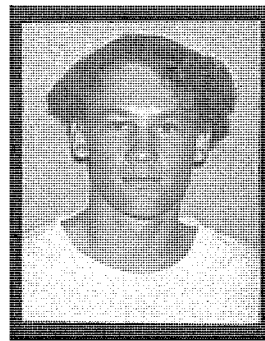
Seniors 1996



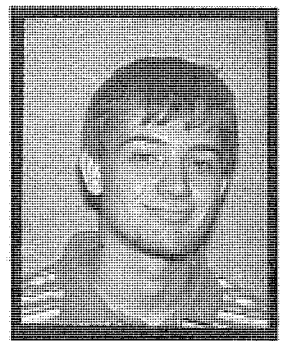
Nyco Agung



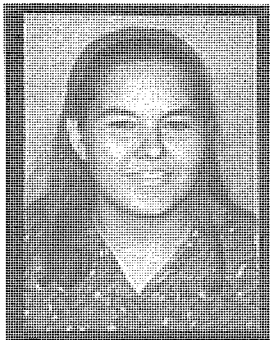
Jamie Aitchison



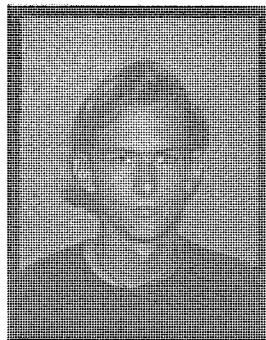
Andrew Allen



Luke Aylott



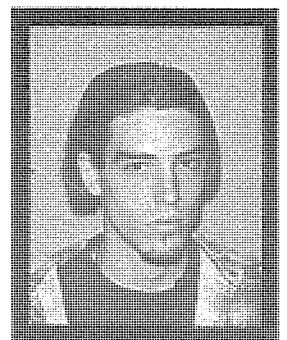
Caroline Barker



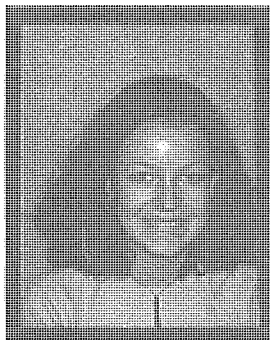
Ben Beck



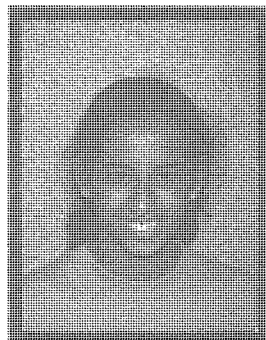
Rebecca Begbie



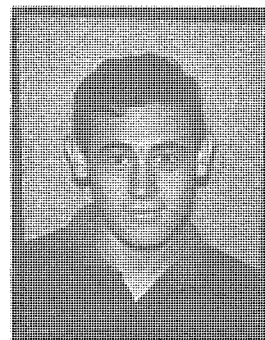
Adrian Berry



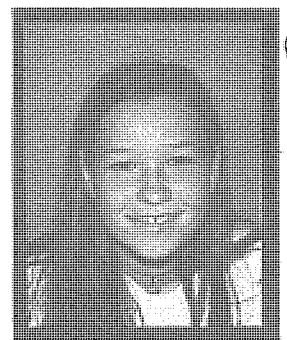
Emily Betts



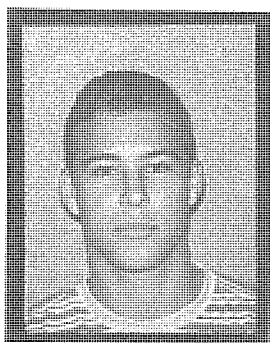
Tamika Bowden



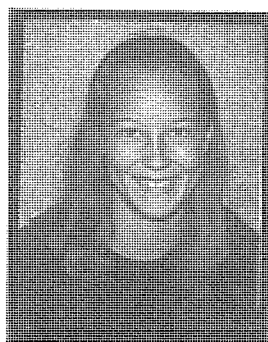
Peter Boyd



Leah Brewster



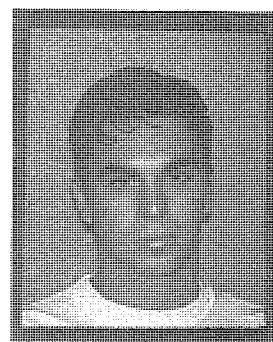
James Brown



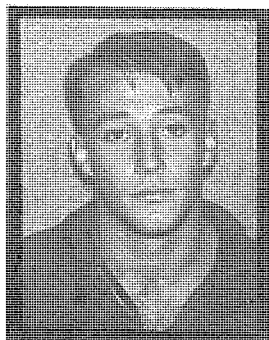
Sonia Brown



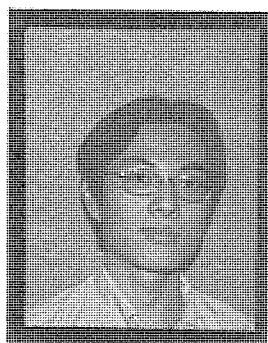
Leslie Bryant



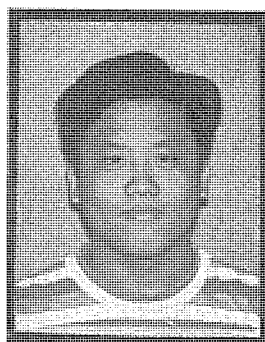
Marcos Caceres



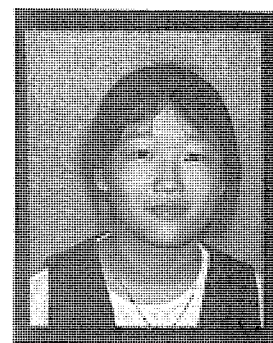
Jay Campbell



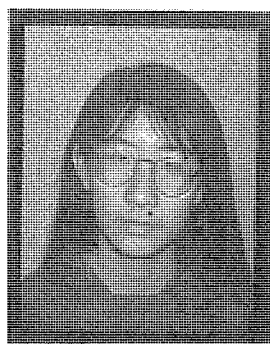
Winson Chan



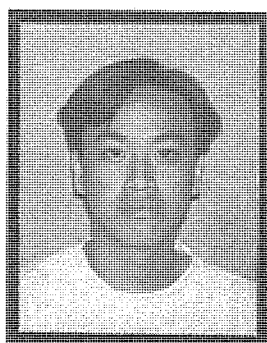
Chin-Kuei Chan



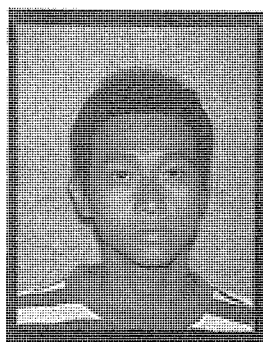
Katy Chang



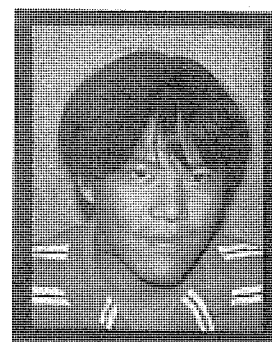
An Chen



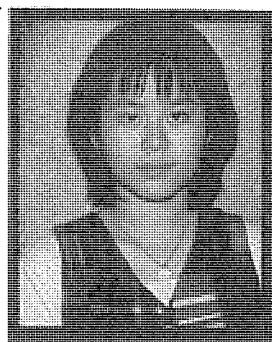
Eric Cheng



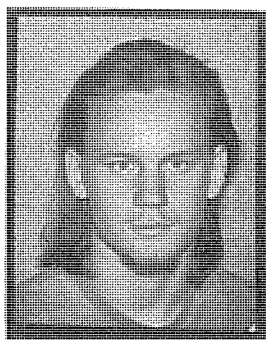
Gary Cheng



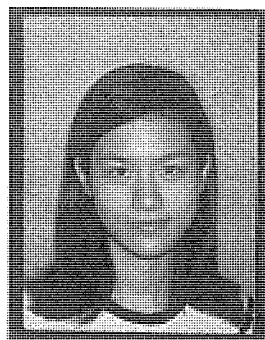
Michael Cheng



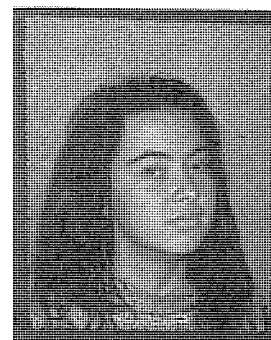
Iris Chew



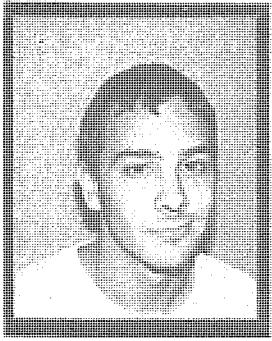
Jakub Chrbolka



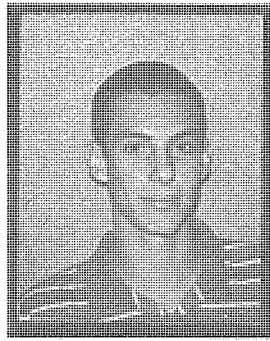
Christina Chu



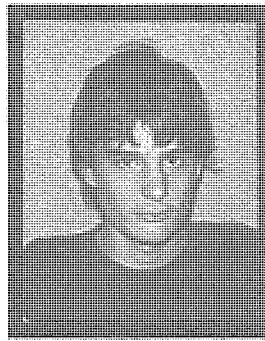
Aimee Clague



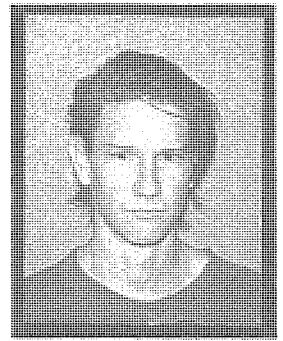
Joshua Cohen



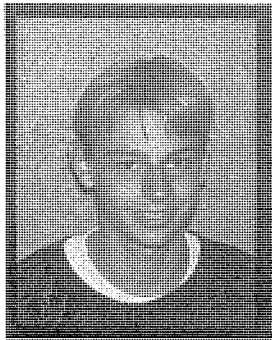
Cuchulain Coker



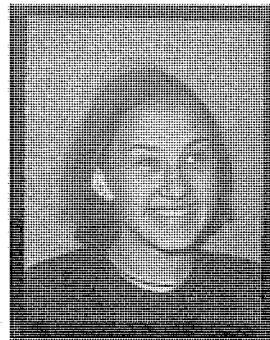
Jon Collerson



Gerard Conrick



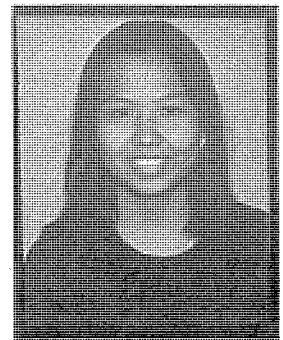
Martin Cosier



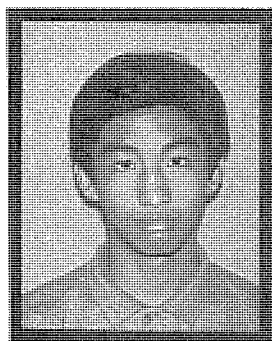
Jillian Craven



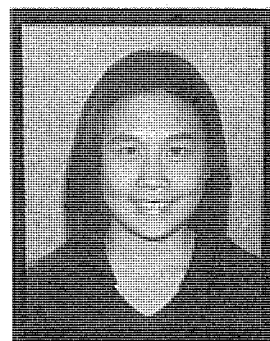
Kathleen D'Costa



Sharon Del Rosario



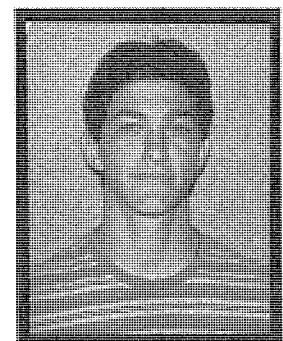
Duy Dinh Vu



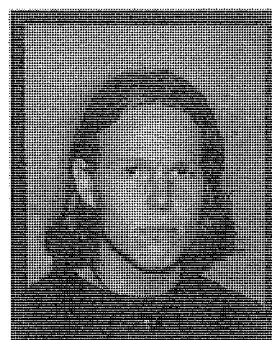
Isabel Djojopoerwanto



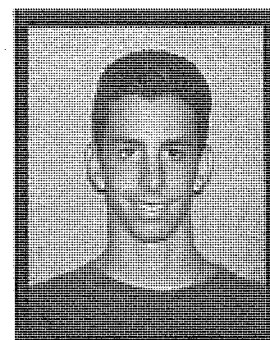
Winnie Djojopoerwanto



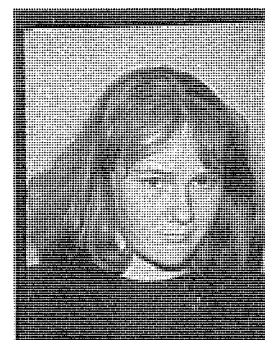
Sebastian Dubrovsky



Peter Dufty



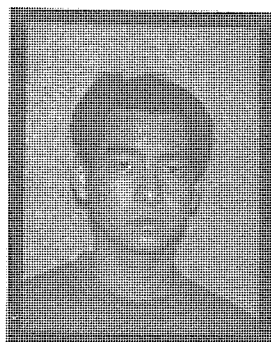
Shane Farina



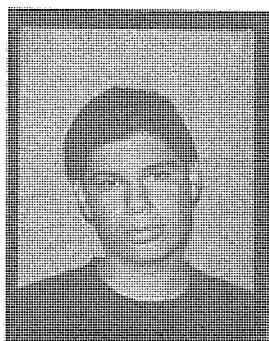
Suzannah Firkins



Gentian Foley



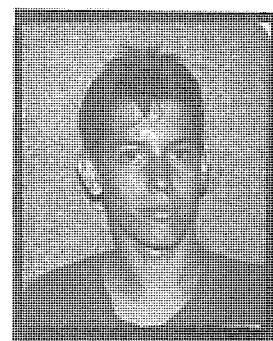
Jit-Siang Foo



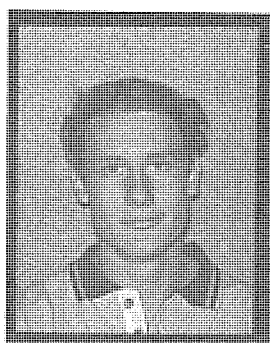
John Foster



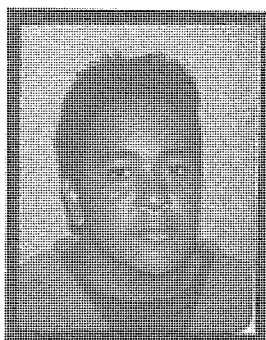
Alita Freeman



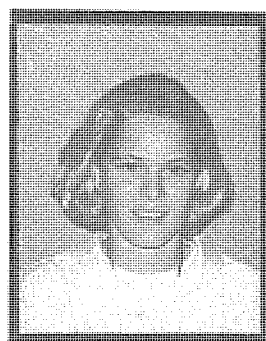
Justin Frost



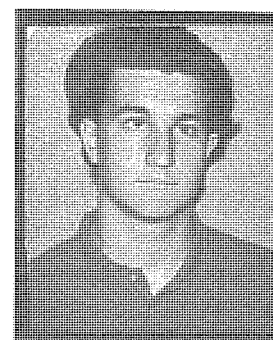
Brett Gates



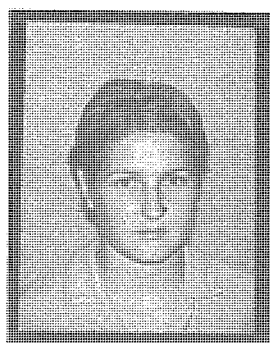
Hayden George



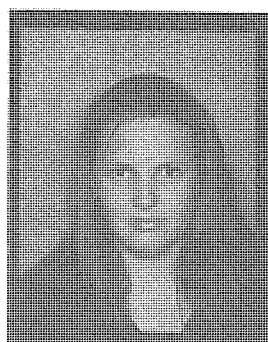
Robyn Gibbs



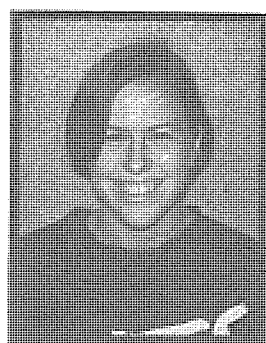
Jeff Gil



Kym Gill



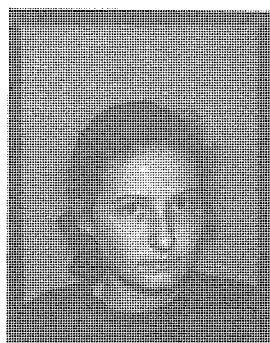
Polly Gillman



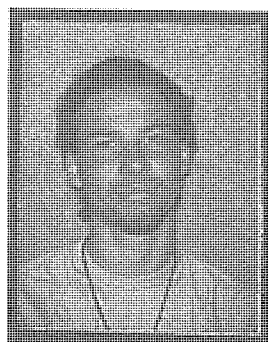
Elizabeth Goode



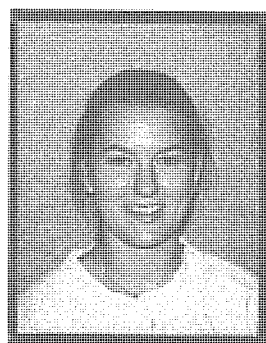
Colleen Gorbacz



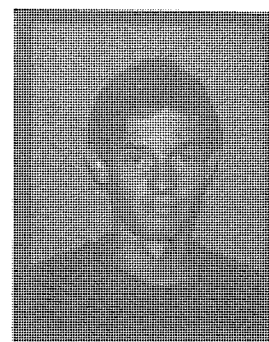
Alana Green



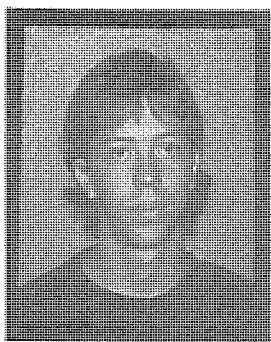
Ian Grice



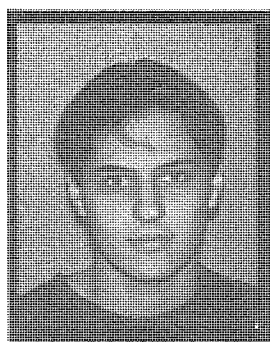
Nadine Hartwich



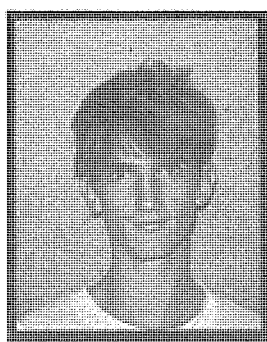
Daniel Harvey



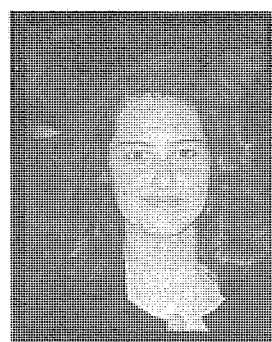
Damon Hearl



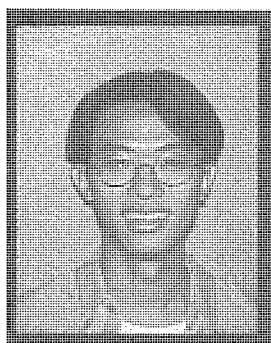
Michael Heath



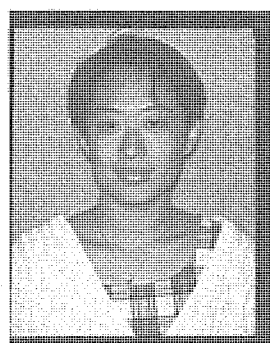
Gavin Heybroek



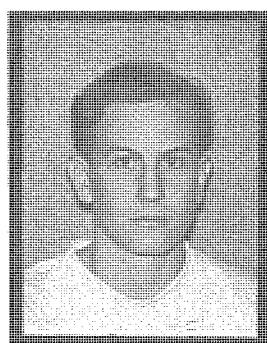
Melanie Hicks



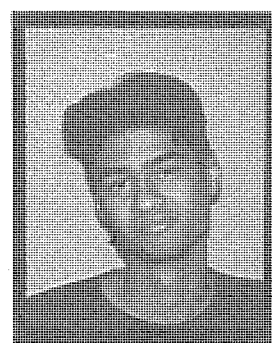
Henry Ho



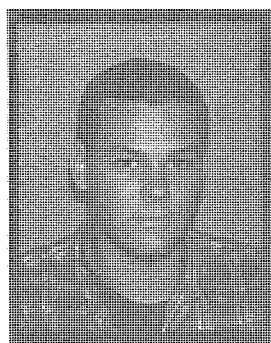
Iva Ho



Richard Holden



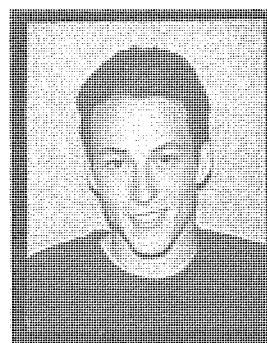
Zaved Hossain



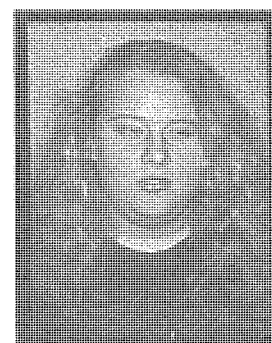
Tom Isaacs



Kristy Jabs



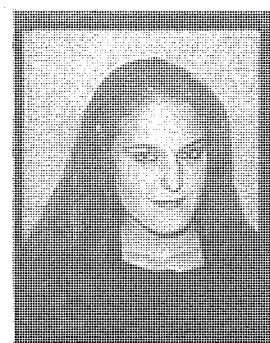
Troy James



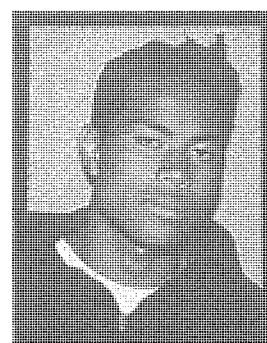
Angela Johnson



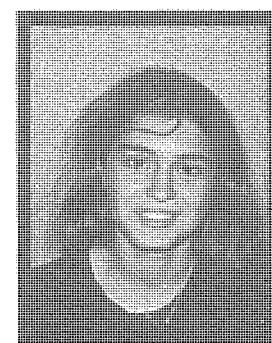
Nicole Johnson



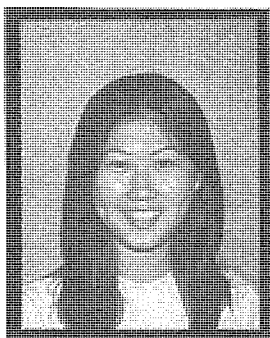
Jacqui Jones



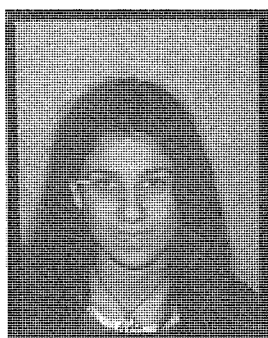
John Kakapu



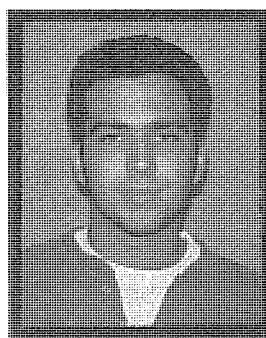
Niculina Keller



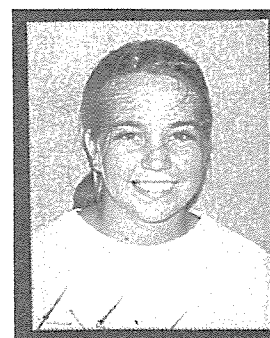
Irene Kesuma



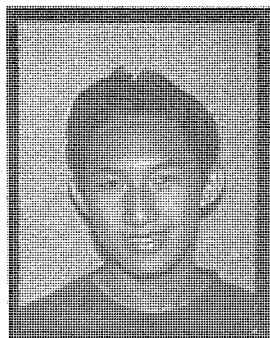
Sarah Khan



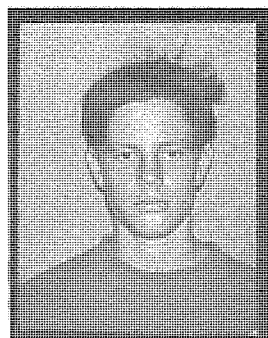
Kerem Kozan



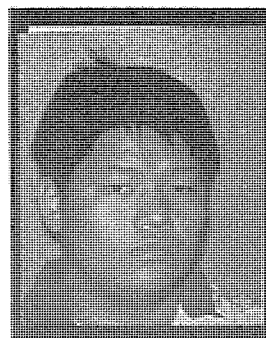
Amie Krikstolaitis



Baari La Ode



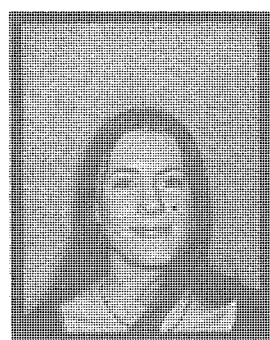
Michael Lanham



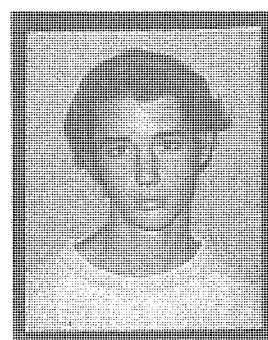
Lee-Chung Lau



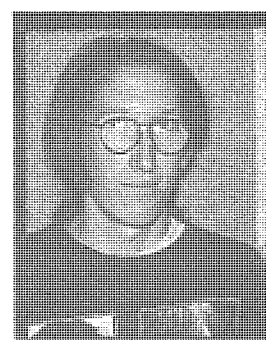
Phung Le



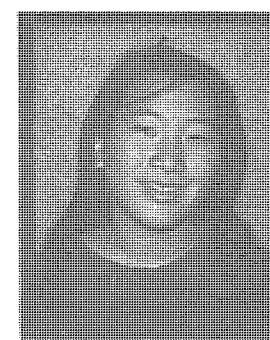
Meredith Le Seur



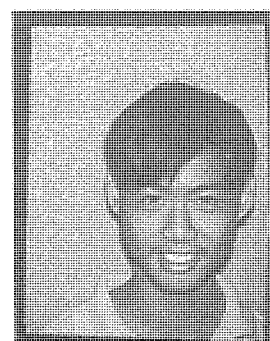
Ian Lindenmayer



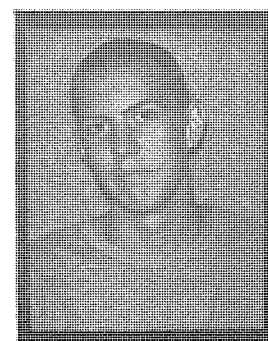
Zak Lindsey



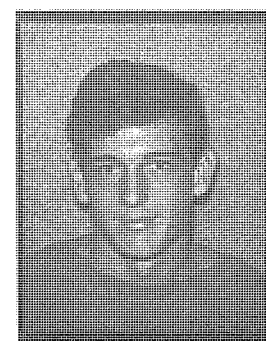
Hannah Liu



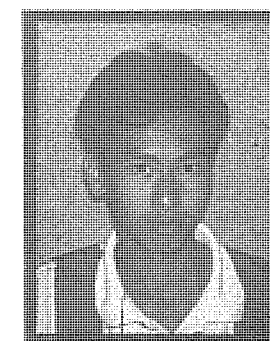
West Loh



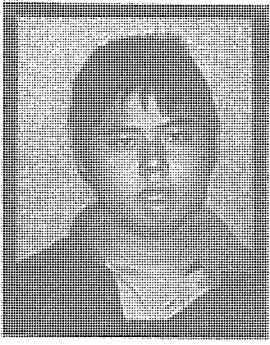
Greg Lovett



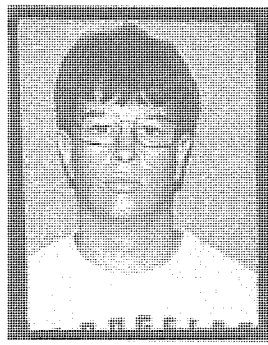
Billy Low



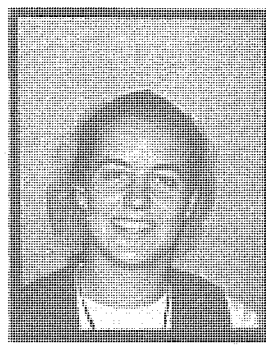
Dong-Tran Luu



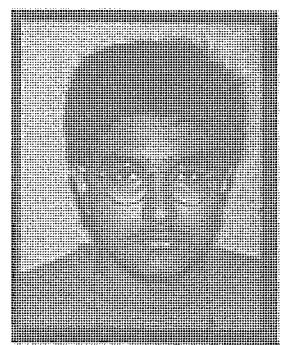
Yusuke Machida



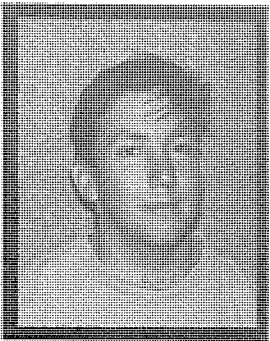
Lee MacKinnell



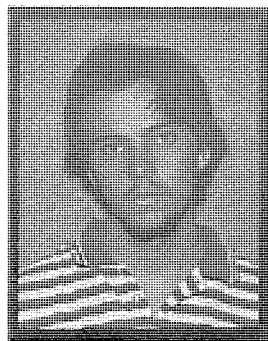
Carly Macoun



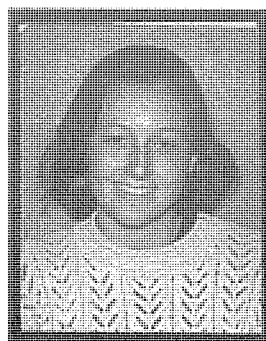
Kumeran Mahalihga-Iyer



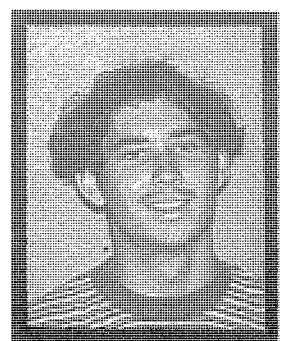
Mat Malone



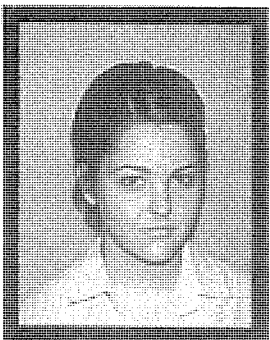
Ben McGowan



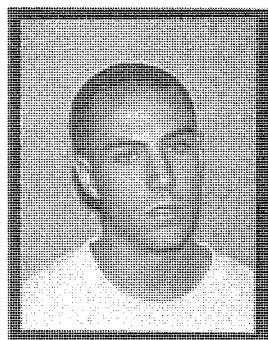
Emma McGrath



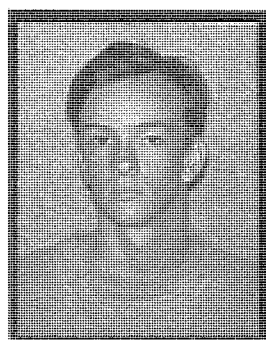
John McLennan



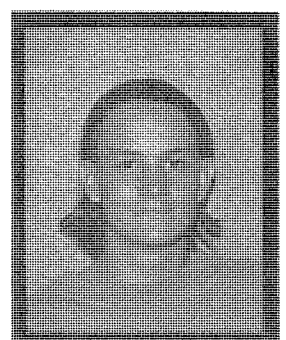
Kerri Mercer



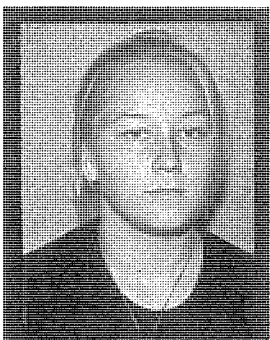
Michael Mersiades



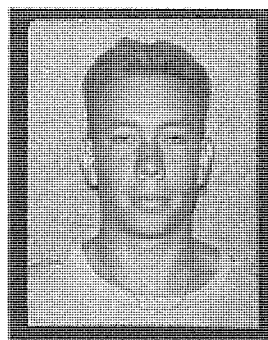
James Mitchel



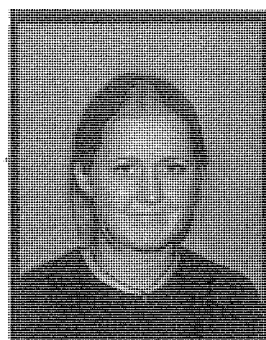
Kris Moores



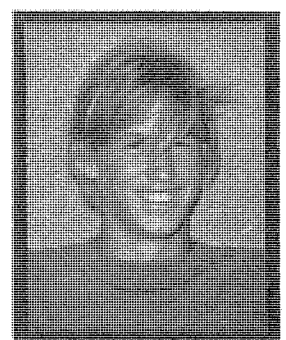
Katie Morgan-Lloyd



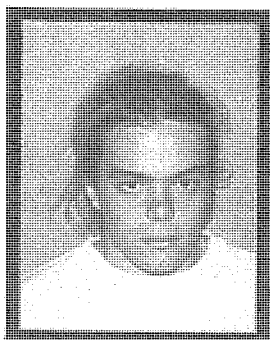
Stephen Moy



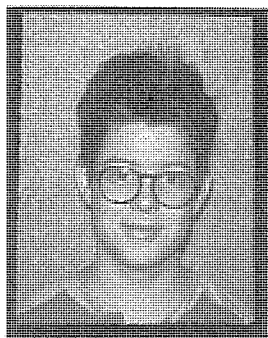
Kira Muldoon



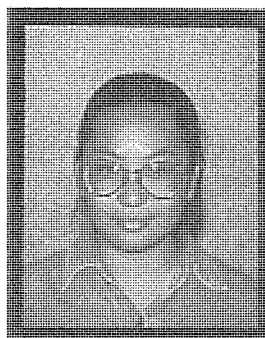
Joel Muscio



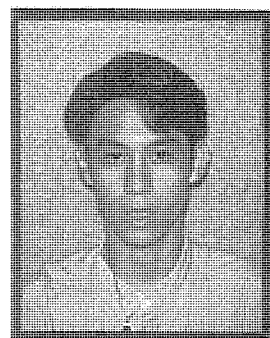
Gareth Naylor



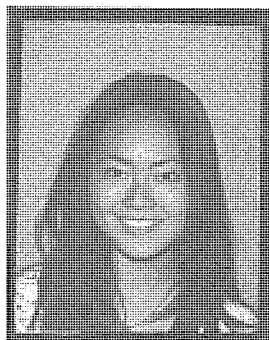
Jarrod Nettleton



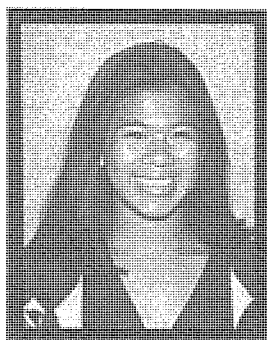
Anh Nguyen



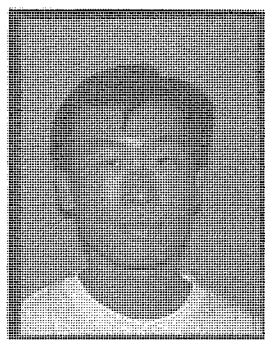
Dien Nguyen



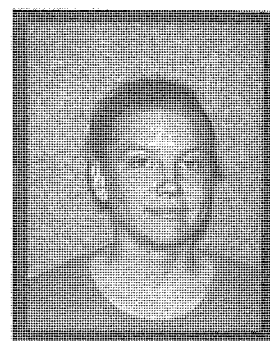
Hue Nguyen



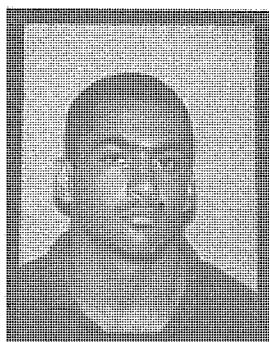
Thang Nguyen



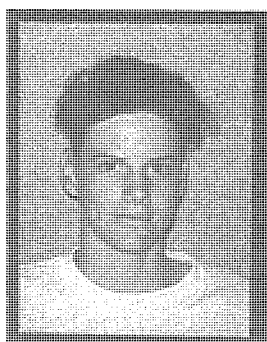
Andy Nien



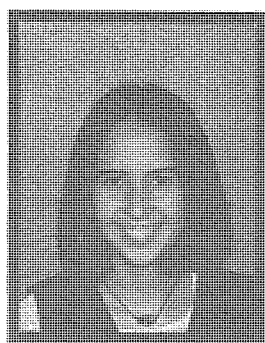
Elizabeth Noble



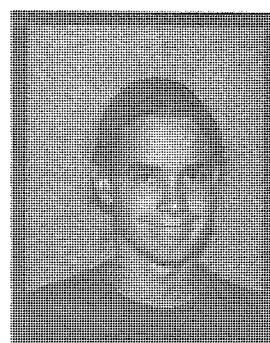
Payam-Al Nourbakhsh



Blake O'Hanley



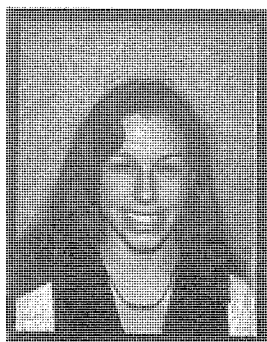
Kartini Oei



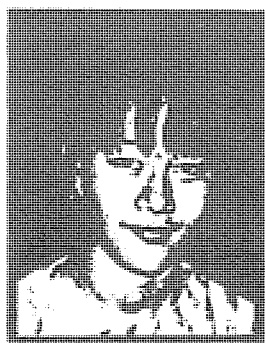
Jamie Ovens



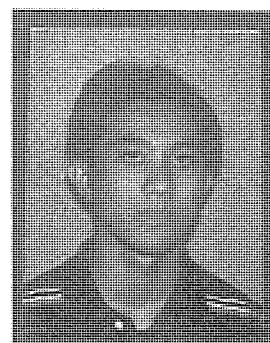
Sue Ozanne



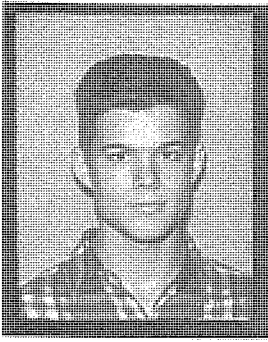
Kris Perkins



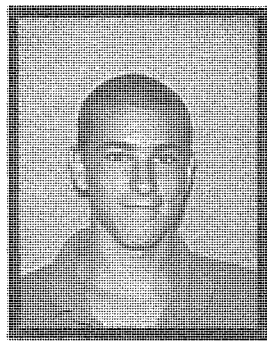
Ly Phan



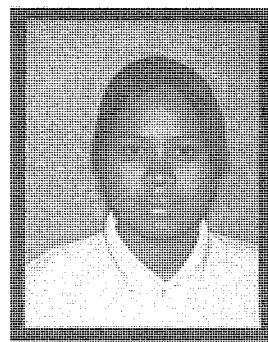
Nghia Phan



Grant Phillips



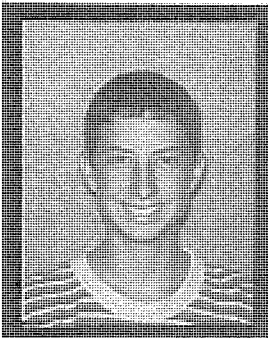
Stuart Phillips



Panotporn Pongprudhanon



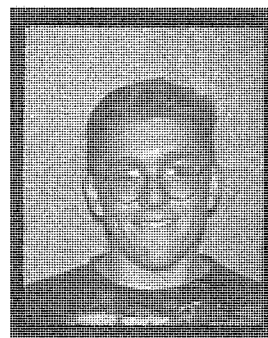
Cherie Pyzik



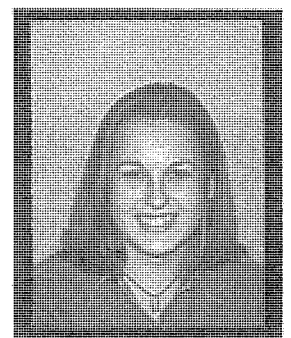
Matthew Quici



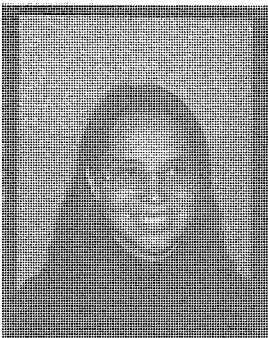
Kirthi Ramachandran



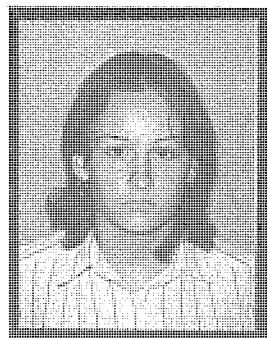
Luke Rayner



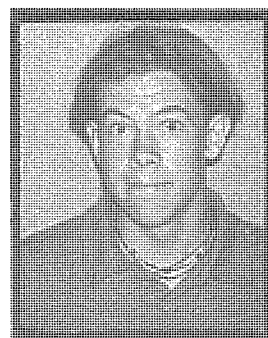
Tara Richards



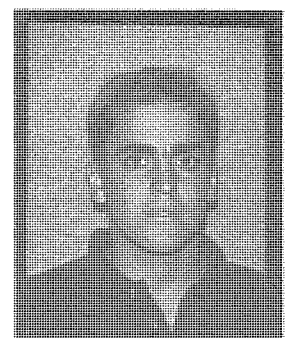
Jessica Ring



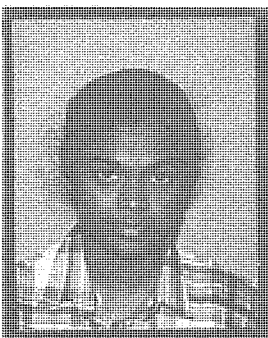
Kylie Roberts



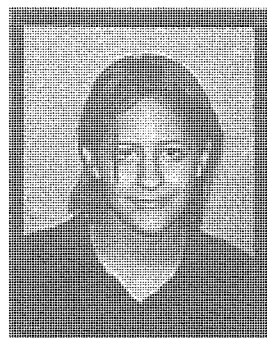
Simon Rode-Bramanis



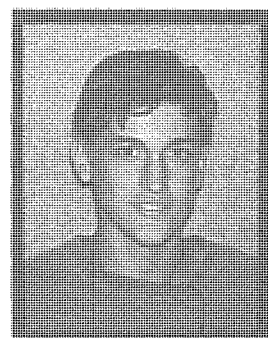
James Rothwell



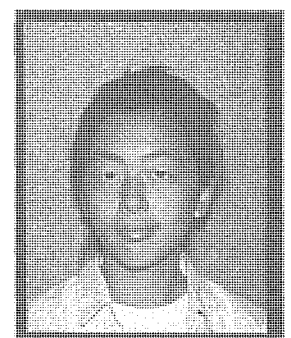
Saumi Satkurunathan



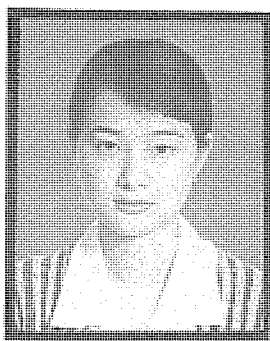
Dana Schaub



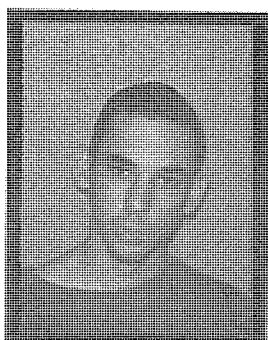
Nathan Shaw



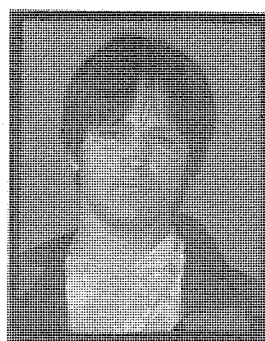
Frances Shen



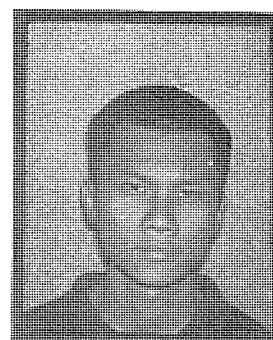
Jessie Shi



Chris Sier



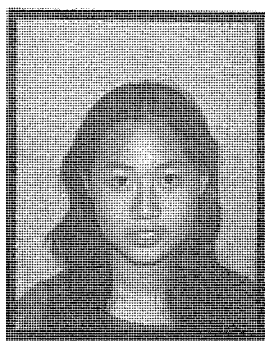
Wayne Smith



Yih-Siang Tan



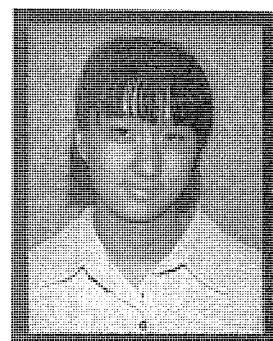
Alice Tang



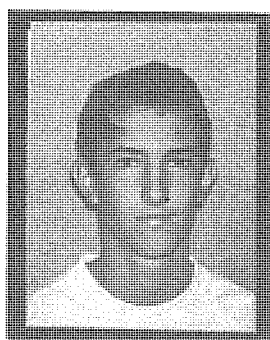
Eva Tang



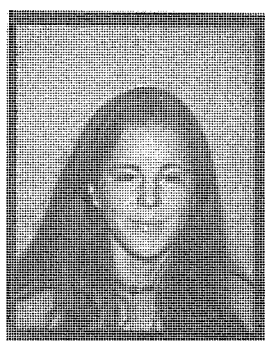
Siong Tew



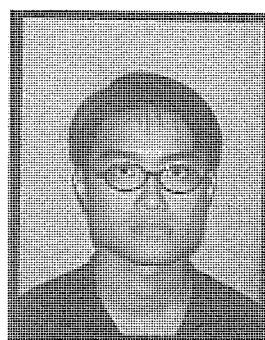
Mary Tham



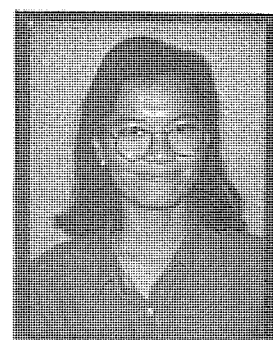
Luke Thurgood



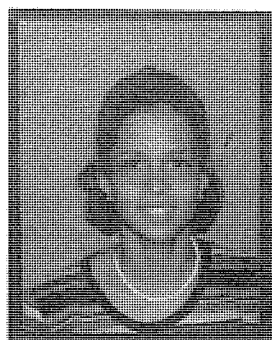
Cara Tindall



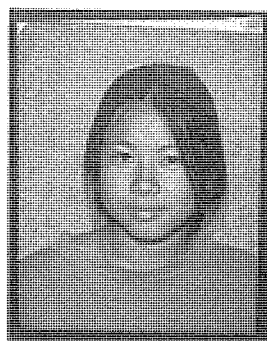
Stanley Tong



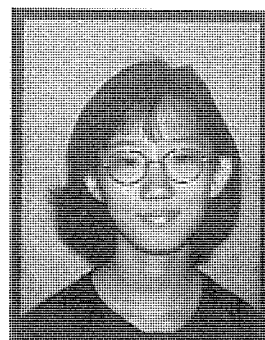
Phuong Tran



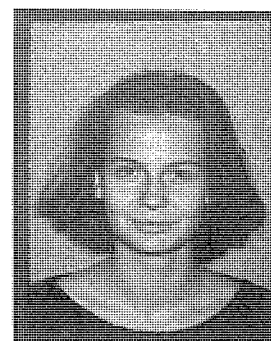
Novena Tranchida



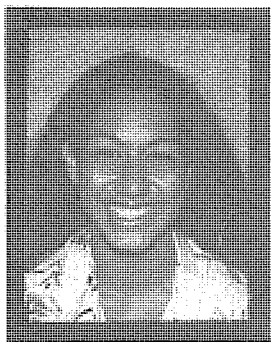
Loan Trinh



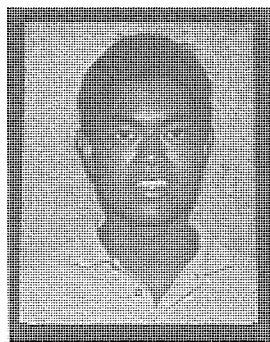
Peggy Tsou



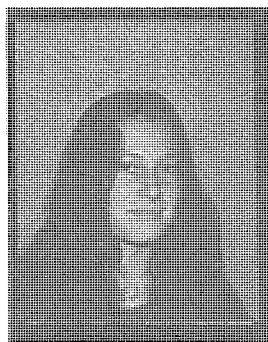
Veronika Valena



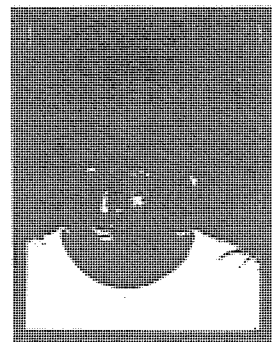
Tatiana Vasserman



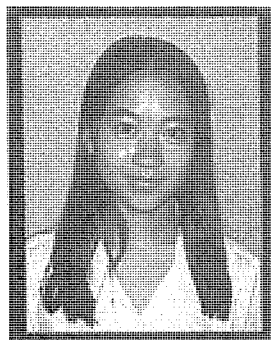
Angelo Velante



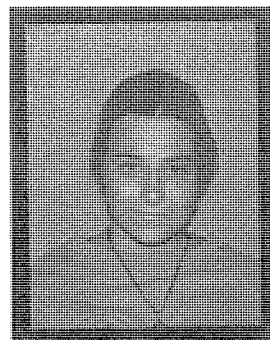
Lydia Vickers



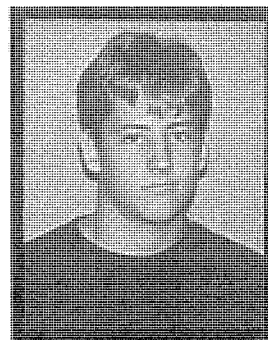
Anil Vithanage



Thao Vo



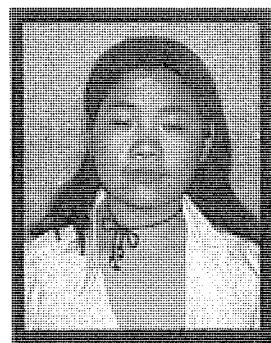
Rashelle Wade



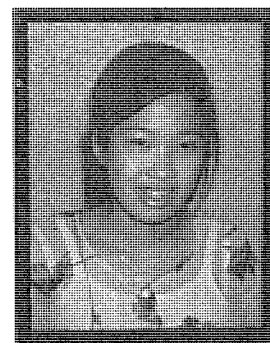
Kieran Wallis



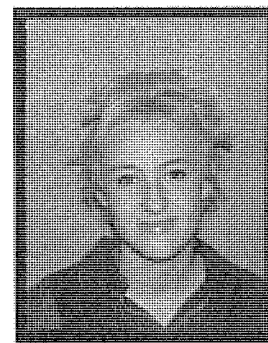
Karen Wei



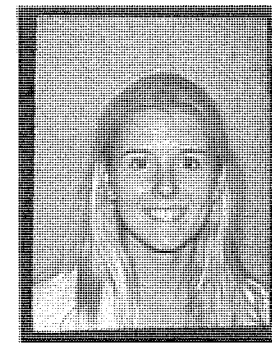
Rebecca Wei



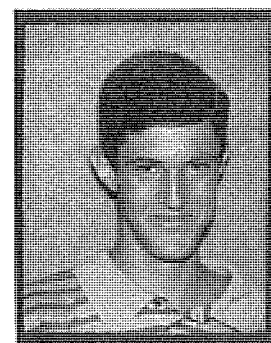
Wendy Yen



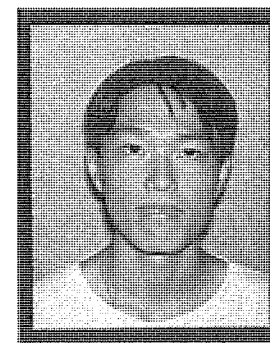
Jenny Young



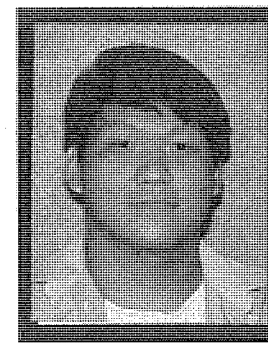
Samantha Young



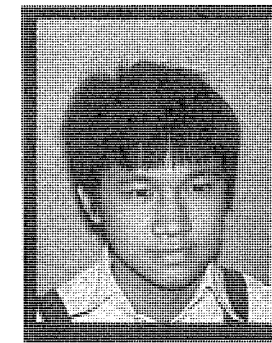
Damian West



Karter Yu



Robert Yu



Justin Yuen

EYE ON THE WORLD

It was summer time and Alexander could feel the cool breeze that lofted through the rolling green grounds of the hospital. It was the same breeze that appeared everyday in summer, a ritual which greatly comforted Alexander. Everyday he would indicate to be pushed outside and would sit under his tree looking out, until the light faded and the clouds dispersed into the atmosphere as the dark sheet of stars was pulled over the world. Alexander did not appreciate the stars, always ensuring that he was safely inside before this blanket of blackness appeared, but he did not have to think about that right now. Right now there was a brilliant blue sky and white fluffy clouds. It then suddenly went black and then, like that, it was back to light. Alexander jumped. He had tried to keep his eyes open as long as possible but for some unknown reason he couldn't fight the urge to blink. He had tried and tried and each time he was defeated. Just then it happened again. It was like someone was flicking on and off the worlds giant light-switch. This blinking business scared him. I reminded him of the darkness that fell each day ending his time, peacefully spent outside.

It was a funny thing about Alexander, once he came outside it was as if he transformed. Sitting in a wheelchair may have restricted his movements in reality but once he crossed the borders of the hospital door he became free, limited by nothing and no one. Once outside he became "Alexander the Great". His mind and spirit were free of his sick and inhibited body. It was in this state, looking up at the blue sky, that Alexander had achieved amazing things, just last week he had had a holiday skiing in Japan. Alexander smiled with delight as he recalled his latest adventure.

"This is your captain speaking. This flight 710, non-

of QANTAS I would like to thank you for choosing to fly with us." Alexander nestled back into the comfortable leather lounge of first class. This was definitely the way to travel he thought to himself. The flight itself was very uneventful and he landed in Kobe Japan right on time.

Fighting his way through the crowded Japanese airport was a nightmare. Everywhere he turned, Alexander saw an elbow, purse or piece of hand luggage heading his way. It was a task just standing still, let alone trying to move in any particular direction. Three hours later he was heading towards a sign with "Alexander" printed in unsure lettering on it. The English seemed strangely out of place amid the hustle and bustle of this foreign land. A few moments later, a black stretch limousine whisked him away from the congestion of the airport towards the peace and quiet of his hotel room.

The next six days were filled with hour after hour of delightful and often dangerous skiing. Alexander lost count of the number of times he had come speeding down the looming mountain, right into the ski lift line (knocking a few people of course) had hopped onto the lift and froze while he was carried up metre of mountain. Expertly and efficiently dismounting the ski lift and then wound his way down the slope often harassing other skiers at the same time. The pleasure he achieved from skiing was unmeasurable, it was sheer fun. Alexander was alive when he was on the slopes. But wait a minute. He could feel himself moving, yet he was in line for the ski lift and there were skiers in front of him. What was going on? There was the terrifying darkness again. Just for a split second, but it was there. "Come on love, back to the ward for you. Did you have a lovely time out again, Dear? You must enjoy something or else you would not ask to come out here every day." This soothing, caring voice cut into Alexander's thoughts as he was violently dragged back into reality. "Y-y-yes it wasss v-very n-ice" came Alexander's reply. There was an awkward moment where Alexander was deep in thought and then out it came.

I-I-I w-want-t to tell y-you about-t my-y t-trip. Itt begins I-like t-this. It w-was s-summer and-d....."

Kartini Oei



T. Pham



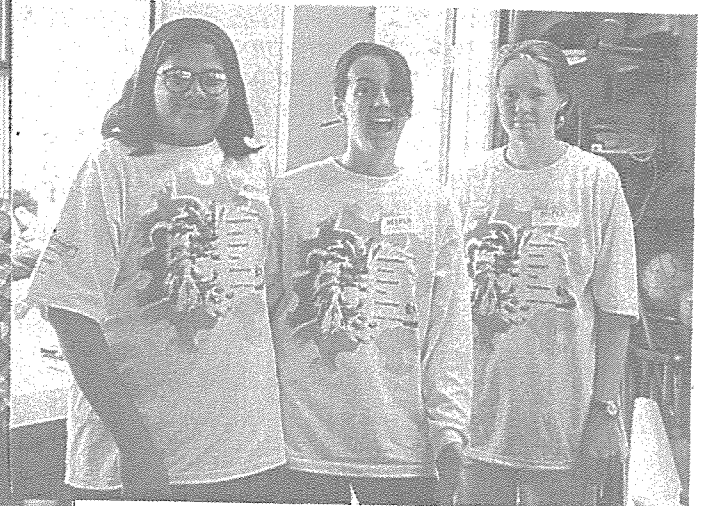
SHADOWED WARRIORS

Starlight assassins lurk silently between the shadows of reality and illusion,
Seductively edging their way, without meaning, towards life;
Their rhythmic ripples of existence surf aimlessly through the chilled air,
Forever ricocheting off globules of sorrow weeping from the earth,
Only to lodge firmly within the cavity of the human soul.

M.J. Malone



Year 8 Sports Day

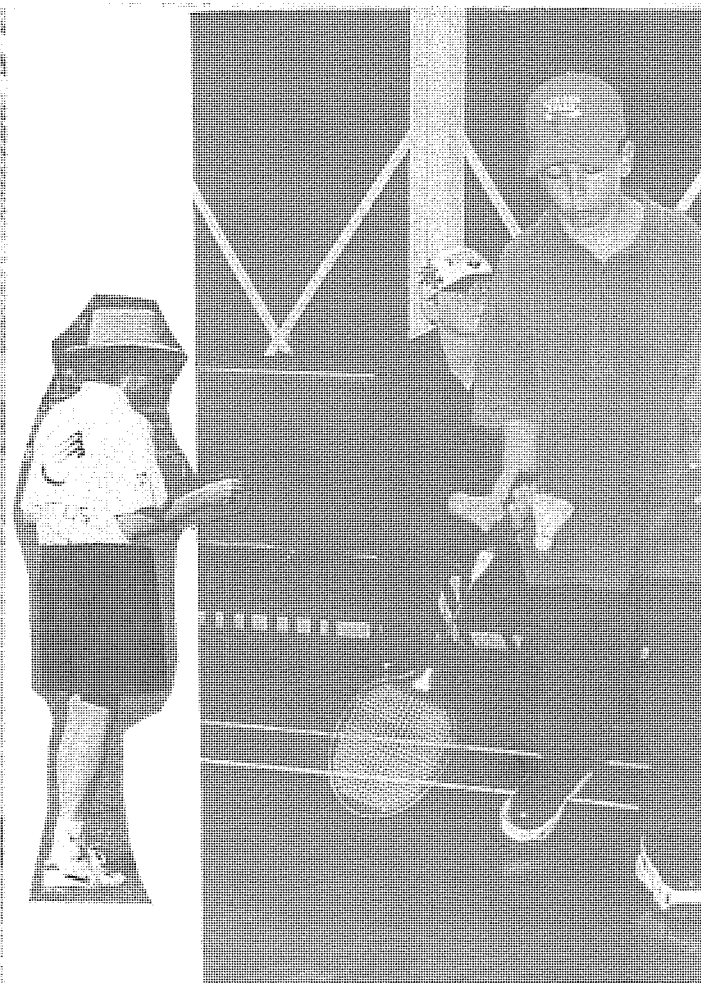


1996 Yearbook Committee



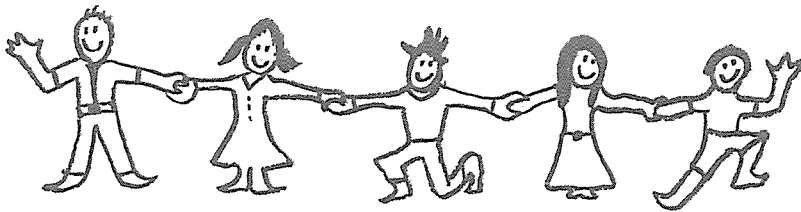
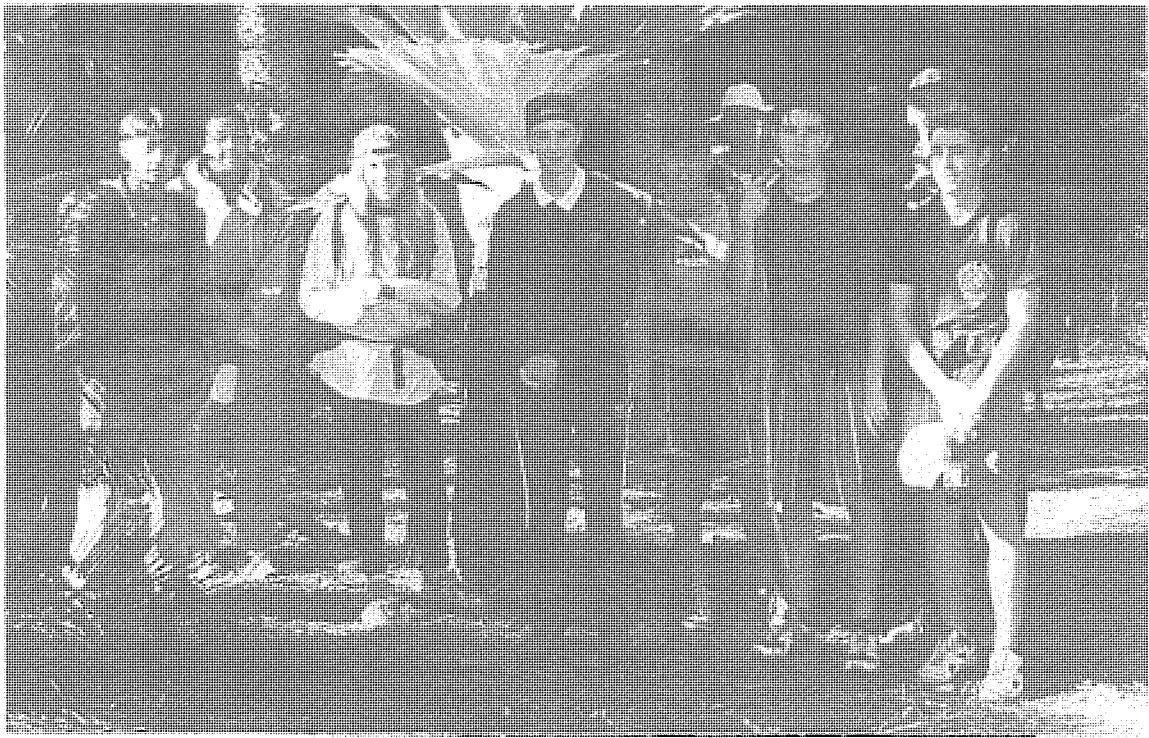
Once again the Tournament of Minds was held at ISHS and was a wonderful day.
Thanks Mr Rolandsen





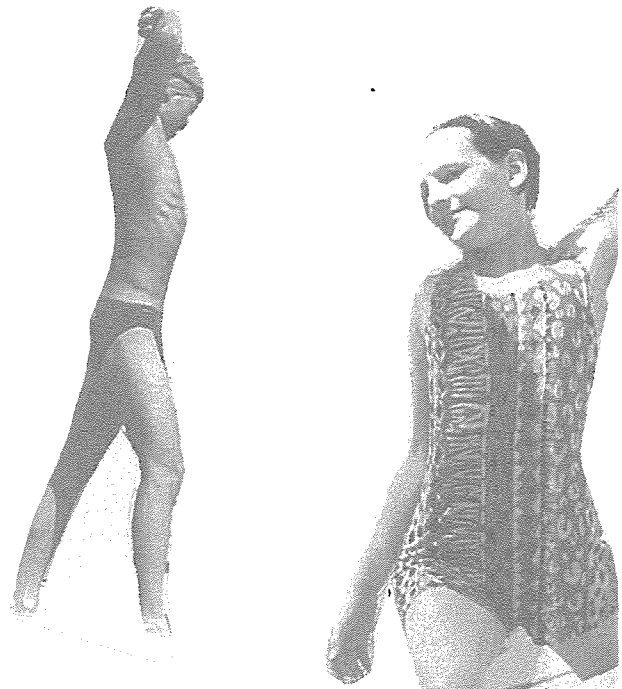
GOOD SPORTS





HOUSE CAPTAINS

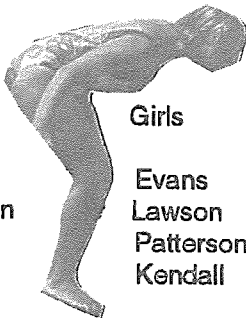
	Boys	Girls
Evans	Kris Moores Vang Nguyen	Thang Nguyen Marta Mrozkiewicz
Kendall	Damien West James Rothwell	Yollanna Shore Naomi Whitbread
Lawson	Daniel Harvey Richard Holden	Nicole Johnson Tabitha Jehu
Paterson	Marcos Caccres Martin Cosier	Rebecca Begbie Jolene Bui



SWIMMING

Interhouse Carnival

	Boys	Girls
1st	Evans	Evans
2nd	Paterson	Lawson
3rd	Kendall	Patterson
4th	Lawson	Kendall



AGE CHAMPIONS

	Boys	Girls
13yrs	C. Turner	M. Ahsam
14yrs	S. Oei	K. Kennedy
15yrs	A. Lu	E. Leggett
16yrs	J. Muscio	C. Wang
Open	K. Moores	C. Gorbacz



CROSS COUNTRY

Interhouse Carnival

Boys

Girls

1st	Paterson	Lawson	Paterson
2nd	Evans	Evans	Evans
3rd	Kendall	Paterson = Lawson & Kendall	
4th	Lawson	Kendall	

Age Champions

Boys

Girls

13yrs	C.Harrop (P)	G.Lynam (E)
14yrs	M.Culic (P)	S.Gorbacz (K)
15yrs	C.Ware (K)	M.Amitage-Low (L)
16yrs	J.Kuipers (E)	Y.Shore (K)
Open	D.Geard (L)	R.Begbie (P)

The following students represented the school at higher level competitions.

Sophie Gorbacz (14yrs) District & Regional Team

Jason Kuipers (16yrs) District & Regional Team

ATHLETICS

Interhouse Carnival

Boys

Girls

1st	Paterson	Paterson	Paterson
2nd	Evans	Lawson	Evans
3rd	Kendall	Evans	Lawson
4th	Lawson	Kendall	Kendall

Age Champions

Boys

Girls

13yrs	N.Brooks (P)	H.Muscio (E)
14yrs	J.Warry (E)	S.Gorbacz (K)
15yrs	D.Mclaughlin	N.Anderson (K)
16yrs	V.Nguyen (E)	A.Wilkinson (K)
Open	= D.Harvey (L)	E.Goode (L)
	D.Gerard (L)	

At the time of printing the District team was selected to go to the Regional Track and Field Championships.

Those nominated were:

13yrs: Chani Lang, Gemma Lynam

14yrs: Hung Pham, Robert Mugridge, Sophie Gorbacz

15yrs: Gerard Willis, Corey Ware, Reuben Muscio, Peter Davani, Naomi Whitbread, Dhuha Gatei, Melanie Armitage-Low

16yrs: Martin Cosier, Joel Muscio, Vang Nguyen, Alex Soo, Jason Kuipers, Gavin Manoharan, Yollana Shore, Fleur Gamble

Open: John McLennan, Kris Moores, David Geard, Andrew Allen, Tatiana Vasseman, Kristal Chapman

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

NATIONAL TEAM

Baseball - Kris Moores

STATE TEAM

Baseball - Kris Moores

REGIONAL TEAM

Baseball - Kris Moores

Cross Country - Sophie Gorbacz

Cross Country - Jason Kuipers

Rugby Union - A. Truilo

Cricket - Steve Magoffin

DISTRICT TEAM

Swimming - Katharine Kennedy

Swimming - Michelle Ahsam

Baseball - Kris Moores

Soccer - Cristian Austidillo

Soccer - Khoun Nguyen

Soccer - Jason Kuipers

Soccer - Geoffrey Richert

Volleyball - Vang Nguyen

Volleyball - Vu Hoang

Volleyball - Benwa

Volleyball - Veen Lyall-Wilson

Volleyball - Alex Soo

Basketball - Aga Lofipo

Netball - Kara Tindall

Netball - Robyn Gibbs

Tennis - Daniel Harvey

Tennis - Tandon Stevenson

Hockey - Todd Evans

Hockey - Amy Wilkinson

Cross Country - Sophie Gorbacz

Cross Country - Daniel Mclaughlin

Cross Country - Corey Ware

Cross Country - Jason Kuipers

Cross Country - Martin Cosier

Cross Country - Nathan Dixon

Rugby Union - A. Tauialo

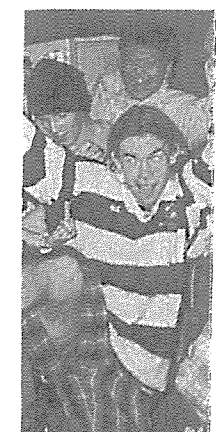
Rugby Union - G. Willis

Cricket - Steve Magoffin

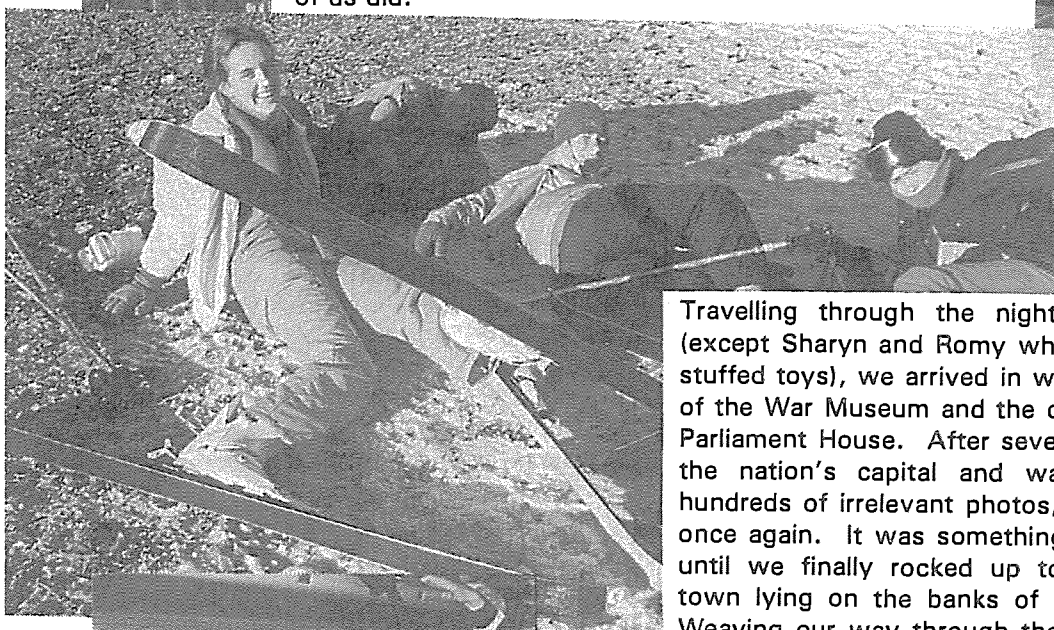


SKI TRIP

Our week long adventure began as we boarded our legendary bus, the 'Foxy Lady' (which to my knowledge Martin never did end up cleaning), and commenced on our 25 hour crusade to the Snowy Mountains via Canberra and numerous roadside petrol stations when we had the urge for the munchies as well as to fulfil the call of nature (which seemed for some people every two hours). After we were introduced to our weird bus drivers, Cyril and Scott, everything seemed to be rosy, except for the fact that Simon (Whom I believe received the award for the most annoying person on the trip) was constantly pestering people by walking up and down the aisle asking them to give him a foot massage. However the confusion created by Simon and his so-called band of Cool Kids Club at the back of the bus could not possibly rival the constant bickering



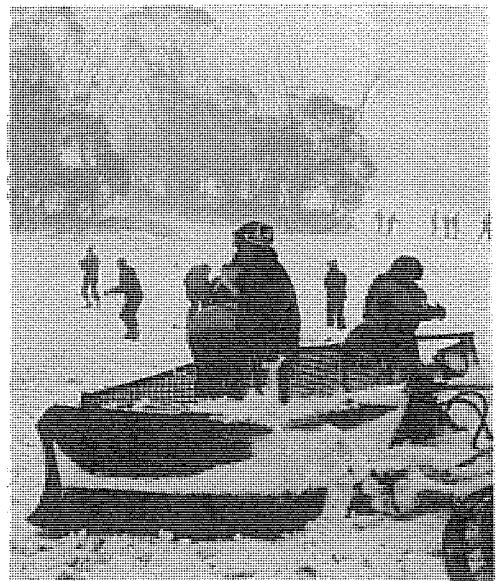
between the ever persistent Kartini, boisterous Fleur and determined Justin over the type of movie they each wanted to watch at the front of the bus. None the less through the chaos and anarchy of the movie bickering, the constant drone of headphones, the irritating beeping from the computer-game brigade of Tom, Daniel and Robert and the try hard chorale singing of Liz and Liberty who were no competition with the magnificent singing ability of Simon and myself (I believe we were compared with the brilliance of the Three Tenors), sat the quiet patient group of Audrey, Alic, Phoenix and Christoph who never once complained on the bus trip of the smell of Mr Janetski's feet, the sight of Stuart's chickenlegs or the sound of Carly and Jessica's endless supply of music like the rest of us did.



Travelling through the night, getting very little sleep (except Sharyn and Romy who had the company of their stuffed toys), we arrived in wet chilly Canberra for a tour of the War Museum and the chance to climb the walls of Parliament House. After several tedious hours of circling the nation's capital and waiting for Novena to take hundreds of irrelevant photos, we started on our journey once again. It was something like 25 hours on the road until we finally rocked up to Jindabyne, a small quiet town lying on the banks of beautiful crystal clear lake. Weaving our way through the narrow streets we arrived at Vikas Lodge, which was to be our residential abode for the following week. After the chaos of finding our rooms, fighting over the best beds, getting our skiing equipment, having icy cold showers and gorging ourselves at dinner, we crashed into our warm beds to get some well needed sleep in preparation for the next five snow-filled days of skiing, this as well as the fact that Mr J. was going to wake us up at 6:00 hours the next morning.

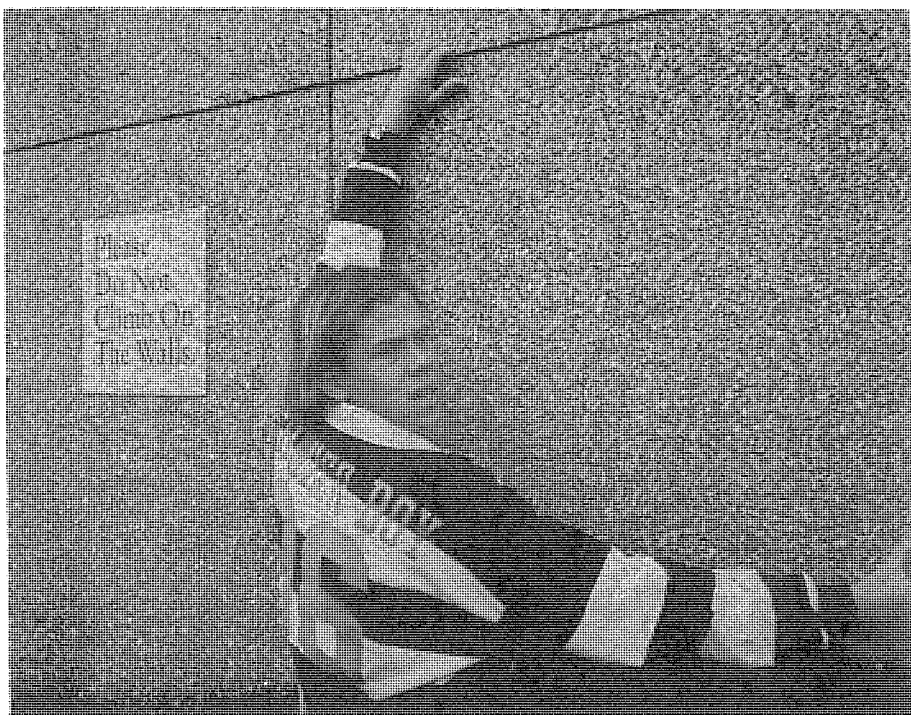


Well the next five days proved to be an adventure to remember. Those people who had experience on the snow (or as a lot of us got to know it, the cold wet mushy stuff) as well as those who had only been skiing for three hours (not mentioning any names) began to show their talents on the lower easier slopes, well some thought they did any how, so they ventured up to the top of the mountain. This proved to be a big mistake for some! However, the racing trio of Simon, Stuart and Luke, decided to show us all how to do it. The demonstration would have been quite good except for the fact that they nearly got kicked off the slopes for going too fast! Another trio of Alita, Polly and Novena nearly got kicked off the slopes as well, except that they weren't going too fast but too slow (or should I say extremely slow - sliding down the hill on their bottoms). Five fantastic full days of skiing, falling over, skiing and more falling over was an amazing experience not just for myself but I believe for every-one else who went on the trip. I would recommend to anyone who is thinking about going on the trip in the future - take the chance and cherish it, because I assure you, you'll have adventures and some very funny memories. Without



the excellent company of Ms North and the weird and wonderful stories of the Janetski Brothers, I believe the ski-trip would have lost some of its magnificent flare and enjoyment, so thanks a lot! The stories and yarns coming out of the ski-trip were both numerous and hilarious, it was funny though that the boys of Room 29 were very quiet - something weird was going on in there, and I never did find out what. Some of the more impressive stories included the Stealth Snowball Squad (I warned you guys I'd seek revenge). Suzanna's shocking nursery rhyme singing in the shower, Alex's very loud Thunder-like snoring, Kartini's Swiss ski chalet dream, the thrills and spills of the Snow Board Stunt Team, Simon being locked in the toilet in the dark and the reason behind my newly gained nick-name - But that's for me to know and for you to find out!

Mat "Kamikaze" Malone



BOYS TENNIS

Once again, total success for the Summer and Winter teams. The Open and 15yrs won 4 Zone Premierships.

The Summer Premiers

Open Tandon, Ben, Dong, Albert, Ishqui
15yrs Joshua, Jacob, Hung, Daniel, Bryan, Simon

The Winters Premiers - will compete for the State Schools' Title in September.

Open West Loh (Capt), David Geard, Kerem Kozan, Daniel Harvey and Tandon Stevenson-Muscio
15yrs Josh Rayner (Capt), Reuben Muscio, Hung Pham, Jacob Jordan, Anishih Barsani, Bryan Crowl

David and West were Seeded 1 and 2 for the Regional Play offs for Metropolitan West but unfortunately were not able to compete at this Tournament.

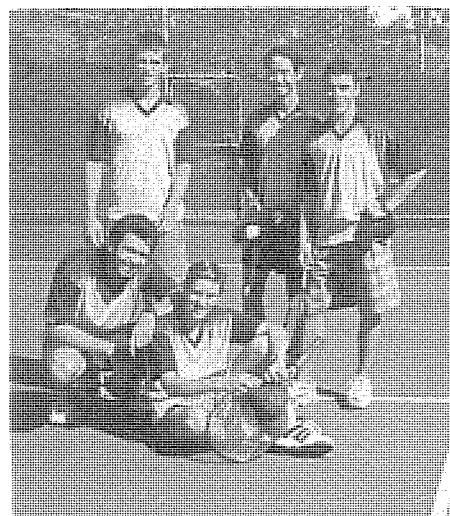
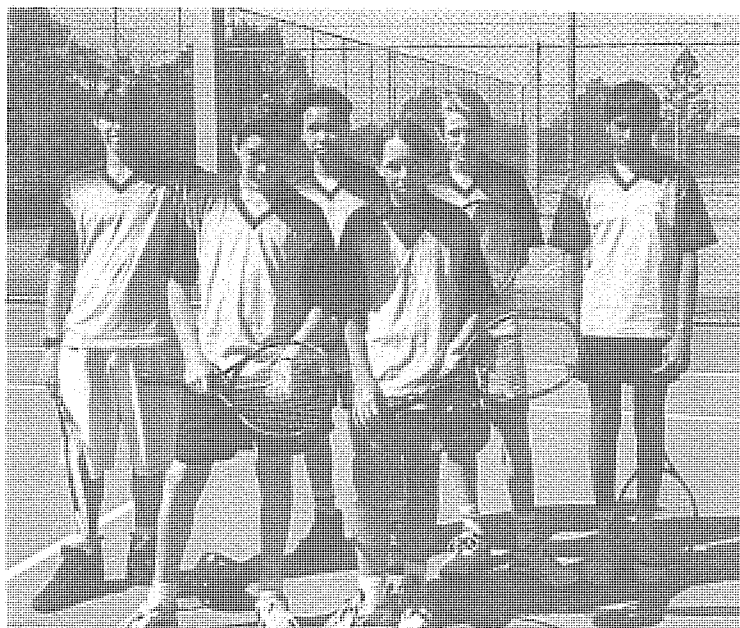
If the Open Team is successful, it will be three wins in a row of the Tennis Cup - the first time it has been achieved.

Both the Open and 15yrs Boys Teams won the Quarter Finals of the Metropolitan Championships but were unfortunately defeated by McGregor in the Semi Finals.

The Open Team went down 28-30 lowering the chance to defeat their 2 wins in a row. McGregor went on to accure the trophy, defeating Pine Rivers 35-14.

Well done on another almost successful year.

B.Lucas



GIRLS TENNIS

Girls interschool tennis has had another successful year. Our open summer team comprising Nancy Lee, Nilushka Pulle, Janette Bui, and Nicole Anderson and our Winter team of Janette, Nilushka, Vina Varsani was joined by Najju Ranjit to be zone runners up winning 6 out of 8 matches.

The Under 15 summer team comprised Heidi Bolster, Elissa Leggett, Fiona Chen and Nicole Graham and were zone champions. In winter they were joined by Nicole Anderson and Lauren Richardson. They had wins against all other school teams except for our main rivals, the overall winners, Kenmore. Our valiant efforts, secured an overall placing of second with which we are delighted.

Our thanks go to coach, Miss Lamont, who urged us on to greater achievement. Her efforts were greatly appreciated by all members.



ON FRASER ISLAND

The sun rises at 6:20 in August. I know because a bunch of us got up especially to see it - twice! The first was our beautiful Lake McKenzie, heralded at first by an orange glow behind the hills, gradually lighting the edges of the clouds and trees, then spilling over the hills onto the lake. Melinda was mesmerised, "Is that the sun?" she asked.

Our start wasn't so rosy though. The group arrived at the Transit Centre before 8:30, all of us full of expectations and our packs full of lead. At 9:00 the vehicles hadn't arrived so Maca's was the obvious refuge. Finally at 9:30 not on 4x4 but 2 slinked up to meet us. "Flat battery! Broken seat belts! Wrong trailer fitting! Lost fuel card..." the excuses flowed. After jump starting the "Troop Carrier" we were away, albeit with a certain amount of trepidation. As it turned out, the vehicle performed perfectly... except when Mr Ibbs bogged on in the sand.)

Low tide meant we could drive along the beach back to catch the barge to the island. Surf on one side, hardly any people, wind in the hair, week away from school - Beauty!

We camped on the beach the first night. Veen played Moses and picked up a surprised snake he thought was a stick. Focaccia bread was the most popular meal.

Next morning we set off inland past lakes with names

Two lads were overheard discussing the differences between Open Sclerophyll and Woodland forests - the school room was never like this! A quick climb up a sand dune and an even quicker run down! Eventually we trudged into Central Station - Tuesday's camp. Ginormous staghorns, a roaring camp fire and hot showers!

After a short walk on Wednesday we arrived at Lake McKenzie. This was where nature stuck back.

Case 1: A dingo stole an opened can of spam (rumours it died are unfounded).

Case 2: Dingoes ripped a tent & pack to get at food carelessly left behind.

Case 3: Mrs North was spotted by a crow.

While the braver (sillier) ones went swimming in the crystal clear and very chilly lakes, others read books, played beach cricket or just worked on a tan. Mr Ibbs had been raving about going fishing. It was a very pleased angler who returned late that night with 12 freshly caught tails (fish). These were cooked for breakfast and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Jason, Van, David and Amy put in some athletics training. Turning a 31/2 hour walk to Lake Wabby into a 1 hour massive sand blow gradually being swallowed up by the shifting sand. These sand cliffs begged to run, jumped and slid on - so we did. A short walk brought us back to the beach and our last campsite. Around the camp fire that night we endured Daniels jokes, toasted marshmallows and showed lateral thinking in the great quiz show.

Other memories included Alex playing the role of bodyguard, Joel juggling sausages - Joel dropping sausages while Steve and Nathan put out a serious challenge for the Australian Beach cricket team.

This year only Health Physical Education students went on the trip. My advice is - if you have the chance to make this camp - GO!



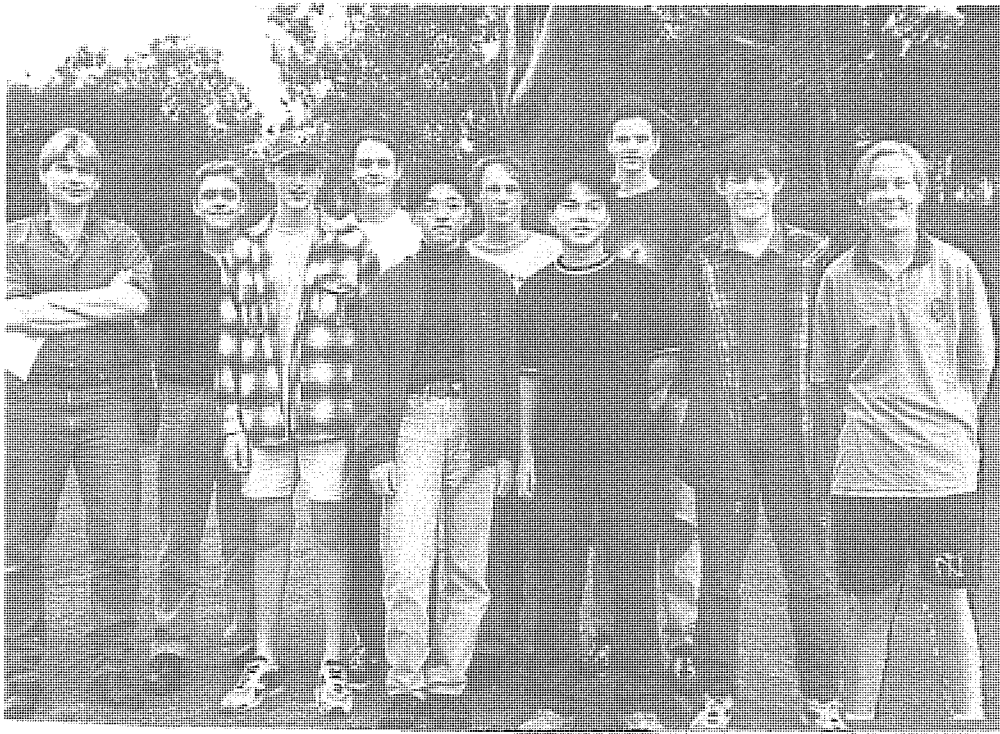
from people long gone, Boominggen, Birrbabeen. Not a blackboard in sight, yet the lessons are all around us. No longer were birds, yellow tailed black cockatoo, 'Noisy Friar Bird' and 'Spangled Drongo'. We find ourselves watching for causeries (cockatoo food), looking for differences in banksias, and dodging cycads.

Dear Lindsay,

Thanks for letting me sleeping over. I enjoyed it very much.

You are one nice friend. See Ya next Year





BASEBALL

Indooroopilly Boy's Baseball Team won the Regional Titles this year. Significant victories over old foes were ensured by a superb and cooperative effort on the part of all team members. Well done team! Shame about the rain.

BASKETBALL

After a slow start to the summer season the open girls basketball team soon developed into a force to be reckoned with. Aggressive fast play together with superior shooting and ball handling saw some good quality wins by the team.

Melanie Armitage-Low played a key role in the games and teamed well with Rachelle Wade, Amie Krik, Adela Halfar, Zoe Cruikshank and Shoko Nagaya to create a very good team.

The Under 15 side also improved greatly during the season, although early game results reflected the team's inexperience. Watch out though, for if the girls continue to improve and develop as they did in the summer season they will be very competitive next year.



K. Barrett

OPEN CRICKET

The Boys Open Cricket team played some good cricket on some difficult turf wickets during the season. Ably led by Captain Steve Magoffin the team was riding high after Round 7 we had won 4 and lost 1 match to lead the District. Unfortunately 2 close losses to Kenmore in Round 8 and Corinda in Round 9 meant we would not finish as Premiers in 1996. The highlight as far as bowling is concerned was Nathan Dixon's Hat trick in Round 6 against Toowong. I expect this side to be contenders in 1997.

J. Pendall





OPEN BOYS SOCCER

The Open Boys Soccer Team, under the leadership of Christian Astudillo, put in a valiant effort throughout the season although the desire to win was not transferred through to the winning of too many games. Better luck next year to the Year 11's who select soccer next year.

P. Rolandsen



GIRLS OPEN SOFTBALL

Awards for persistence and courage should be given to the A softball team. Although many of the matches saw us defeated on the score sheet, the team continued to give their best, week after week. The most exciting game was our 8 - 1 victory over Glenala. A special mention must be given to Melanie Hicks for her pre-game organisation and her leadership on the field. We would like to see many more keen softballers trying out for the team next year!

K.North



VOLLEYBALL

The girls interschool volleyball teams, both summer and winter, trained regularly, played fairly and had lots of laughs. We played very well every week but usually our opposition played better! Maybe our high heels held us up?

S. Goode



UNDER 15's SOFTBALL

The under 15's softball team included Nurdina (Capt & pitcher) Michelle Herzig (2nd Base) Renee Peters, Luxine Gnananathan, Najju Ranjit, Pia Horvath (Catcher), Kylie Hamlyn (3rd base), Sherrie Birt (1st base), Huong Tran (Short stop), Denise Nguyen (scorer).

We all played our best, tried our hardest and improved our skills throughout the season.

The highlight of the season was a game against Glenala which we won 32 - 0. (the best game we played). We all enjoyed playing softball, coached by Mrs Burguez.

Nurdina

STRIKE!





NETBALL

Throughout the season the open Netball team, played a consistently good attacking game but were unable to keep the opposition out of their circle.

Whilst Corinda and Kenmore proved too strong, some close games were played against Brigidine and Toowong in which opportunities for wins were available. Unfortunately, we were not able to capitalise on these.

The final game of the season, though, was also our finest hour with a good win over Glenala. All players - Melinda Ahsam, Casey Benns, Maree Bowering, Pam Dubois, Fleur Gamble, Joann Hallums, Vicki Hallums and Helen Van Nooten played well and were pleased to see some points on the winners board.

K. Barrett

WINTER GIRLS BASKETBALL

Junior Under 15 Team

Team members were all from Grade 9 they were Nurdina, Michelle, Tanya, Shoko, Amber and Pia. On occasions Cassie and Kelly from Grade 10 stepped in when we were short of players.

The team all tried hard and played well, improving as the season progressed. They won most games, losing to Corinda who proved to be strong opponents. Shoko was the leading goal scorer but was well supported by Nurdina. Amber and Tanya played well in defensive positions and Michelle and Pia fitted into any position in the team. Amber and Nurdina also helped out with scoring. Well done girls on a co-operative team effort.

Senior Open Team

The team members were all from grade 10, which gave a disadvantage against schools like Corinda and Kenmore who were able to field strong teams of Grade 11 and 12 players.

Despite this opposition the girls tried hard and played well. Melanie Armitage-Low was our star player being chosen to represent the Brisbane Colts team. Melanie helped other girls with positional play etc and was the top scorer. She also helped with refereeing/umpiring some junior girls and boys games.

The other team members were Shanna and Zoe who were very strong in defence assisted by Summer, Adela, Hollie, Kelly and Cassie. Krystal Chapman of year 12 a new member at school also played against Corinda in our last game. We managed some success against Toowong and Acacia Ridge. Zoe also helped with scoring.

Thanks girls for a great effort.

15's BOYS CRICKET

....96' the year of the team rather than the individual burning bright stars the following students: Pradeep Basnyake, Asron Butler, David Cooke, Christopher DeLacy, Sam Gaffney (Capt), Dushyantha Lilyanage, Grant Page, Sureskumar Subramaniam

Amish Varsani, Jared West, Nathanael Whyte and Gerrard Willis (Vice Capt) were "THE TEAM". At no one time did they say die... The early encounters were reminiscent of "little big horn: and a series of "skill massacres" occurred. As the season progressed a "Right back" evolved with a series of wickets, "scalps" were claimed in on inspirational "Captain" lead charge. David Cooke and Nathanael Whyte need special mention in dispatches for an amazing number of catches in the closing stages of the season. Without a doubt this team will be "Competition winners in the year s to come. As coach, it would be gratifying to be able to "bestow" an award for "Teams membership" at sportsmen night. Hopefully the friendship made under "fire" will carry through your school like and beyond.

R. Wiltshire



S. Phillips



BOYS BASKETBALL

Senior Open Team

It was good to get a few grade 12 students who participated and helped to strengthen the team. These were John, Payam and Alvin. There were some very close games especially against Corinda/Toowong and Kenmore. The boys produced some convincing wins against Glenala and Oxley. The grade 12 boys were ably supported by Scott, Chris, Michael, George and Jared.

Thanks for a great effort.

Junior Team Under 15

It was very difficult to select a team as a number of students tried out, who all showed ability and skills. The team consisted of Gary, John, Indra, Arif, Albert, Salman, Ben, Marcos, Renard and Favian.

All the boys played well together as a team and had some successful results. Our losses were sometimes due to our lack of scoring when it mattered.

Thanks for a great effort and the good sportsmanship displayed by all the boys.

Well done.



BOYS SQUASH

This year ISHS fielded two squash teams in the interschool competition. The 'B' team consisting of Carl deCastro, Dui Dinh Vu, Baari Laode and Ting Chang consistently out played the opposition, but were ineligible for the finals.

After becoming zone premiers the A team (Michael Lanham, Paul Olsen, Langdon Green, Nathan Synnott) advanced to the regional finals where we went down in a close match to a superior team on the day.

Langdon Green
(Coach) A. Stead



15's BOYS SOCCER

The 15's Boys' Soccer team showed diligence, team work and a great deal of humour during the season and a number of nail biting games.

M.Kong



BOYS OPEN VOLLEYBALL

Our boys open volleyball team have won the district winter round. We were only beaten twice, once by Kenmore and once by Glenala.

Our team playing positions were as follows:

Team Member	Usual Position
Vu Hoang	About 1m above the ground
Quy Pham	Hanging from the net
Yung-Jin Rho	In the Umpire's face
Dou Ribu	On the sidelines with a good book
Luke McCarthy	Mid-court with hands in pockets
Minh Nguyen	As far away from Glenala players as possible
Veen Lyall-Wilson	At Midsummer Night's Dream Rehearsals
Steven Magoffin	Back line with mouth open
Toan Dao	Watching the basketball game next door

Mr Hayes



GIRLS SOCCER

After the games, each team member voted for the girl they thought was the best player. At the end of the season, every player had received points. There were two players however, that showed consistent skills, courage and commitment. At the end of the season, our team members voted as most valuable players: Amy Wilkinson and Van Lam. Viv Fanlesa, Dhuha Gatei and Krissy Wallace tied for second.

Thanks must also go to our Manager, Liesje Hamlyn, who performed a number of antics including time keeper, gear watcher, cheer leader and "full time" horn blower.

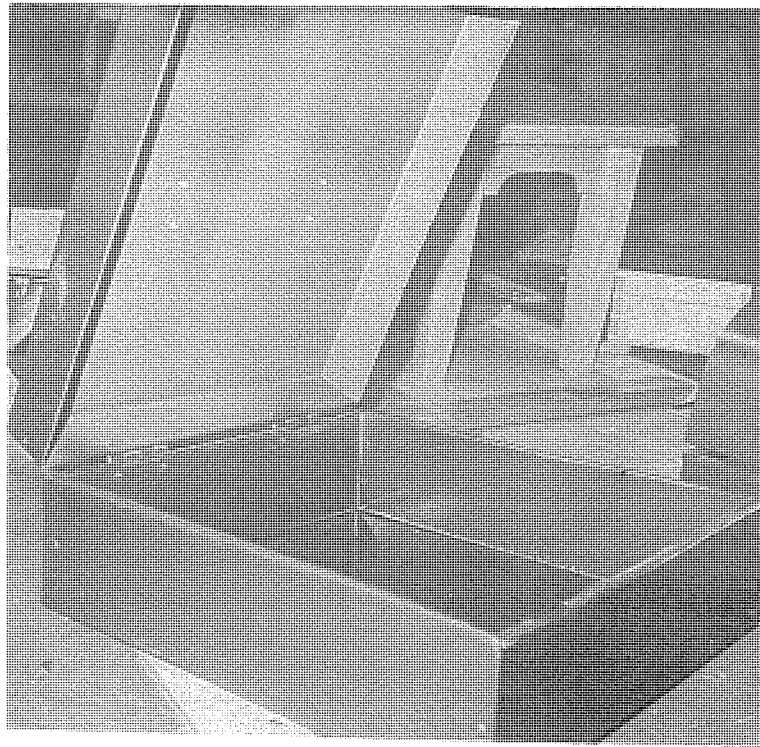
During the bus trips to and from matches we had many fun experiences. After a match one day Krissy, Amy, Janne and Lorrie had fun holding up signs saying "Honk your horn if you think we're legends." We managed to drive back to school with a chorus of car horns.

Samantha was the main commentator of the team, she stood on the side line shouting encouragement to her team.

Our whole team would like to thank Mr Janetzki for being a helpful and supportive coach. Mr Janetzki as well as being team coach was referee for many of our matches.

Liesje Hamlyn

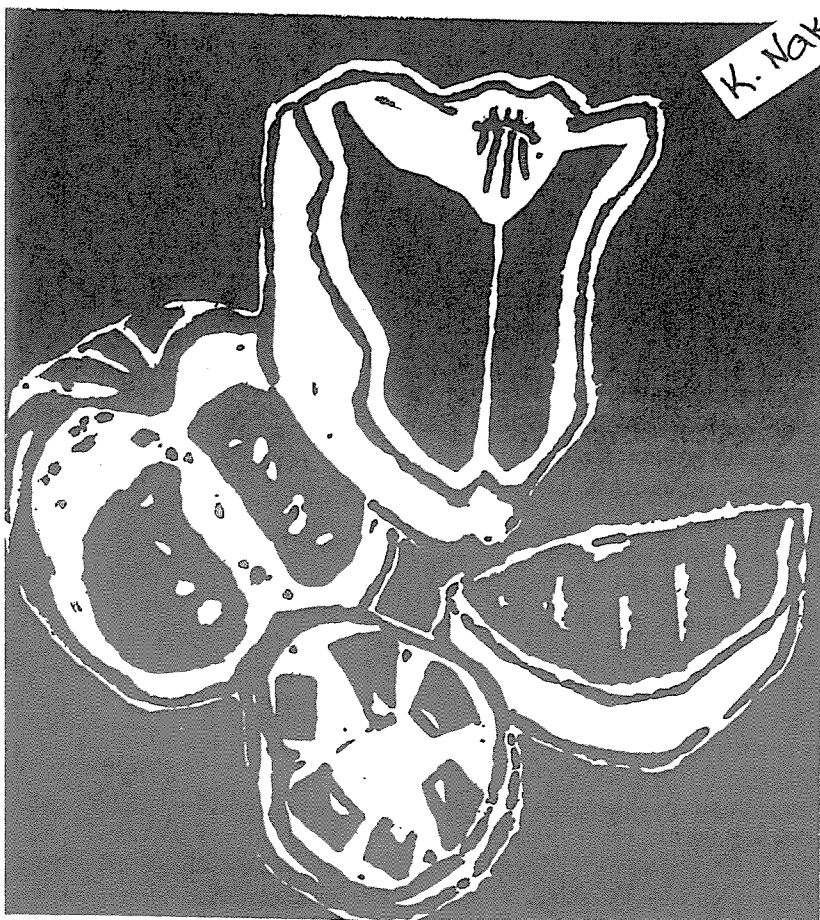
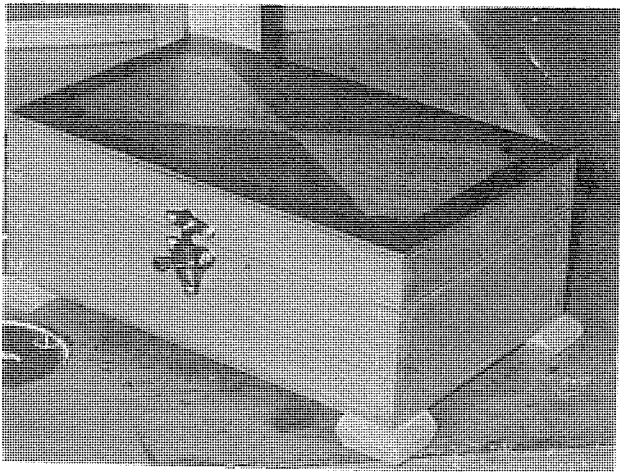




MANUAL ARTS

This year all grade 8 students have been given basic knowledge of graphics, along with making a number of projects in the workshop. Years 9 & 10 have further enhanced their graphics skills and have made items using lathes, pan brakes, spot welders and plastic blow moulders. Amongst the items produced have been a fruit bowl turned on the wood lathe, a concealed compartment jewellery box in the shape of a book, and a free design money box. Year 11 students have studied the newly revamped graphics course which was only introduced this year. The basis of the course is a prelude to a more interesting year 12 graphics module which will include the use of the computer drafting and design software Autocad. The 1996 Year 11 technology students have been studying design in preparation for their entry to year 12 in 1997, when they will have their work cut out for them to better the 1996 Year 12's who have produced admirable self designed pieces of work.. 1996 is the last year that Trade Studies will be offered, however it will be replaced with a course of Industry Studies in 1997.

Picture Framing courses have been run again this year during lunch breaks on Thursday, and when advertised that it would run again was so popular that a second class was begun on a Tuesday afternoon. This class consists mainly of Indooroopilly teaching staff and parents.

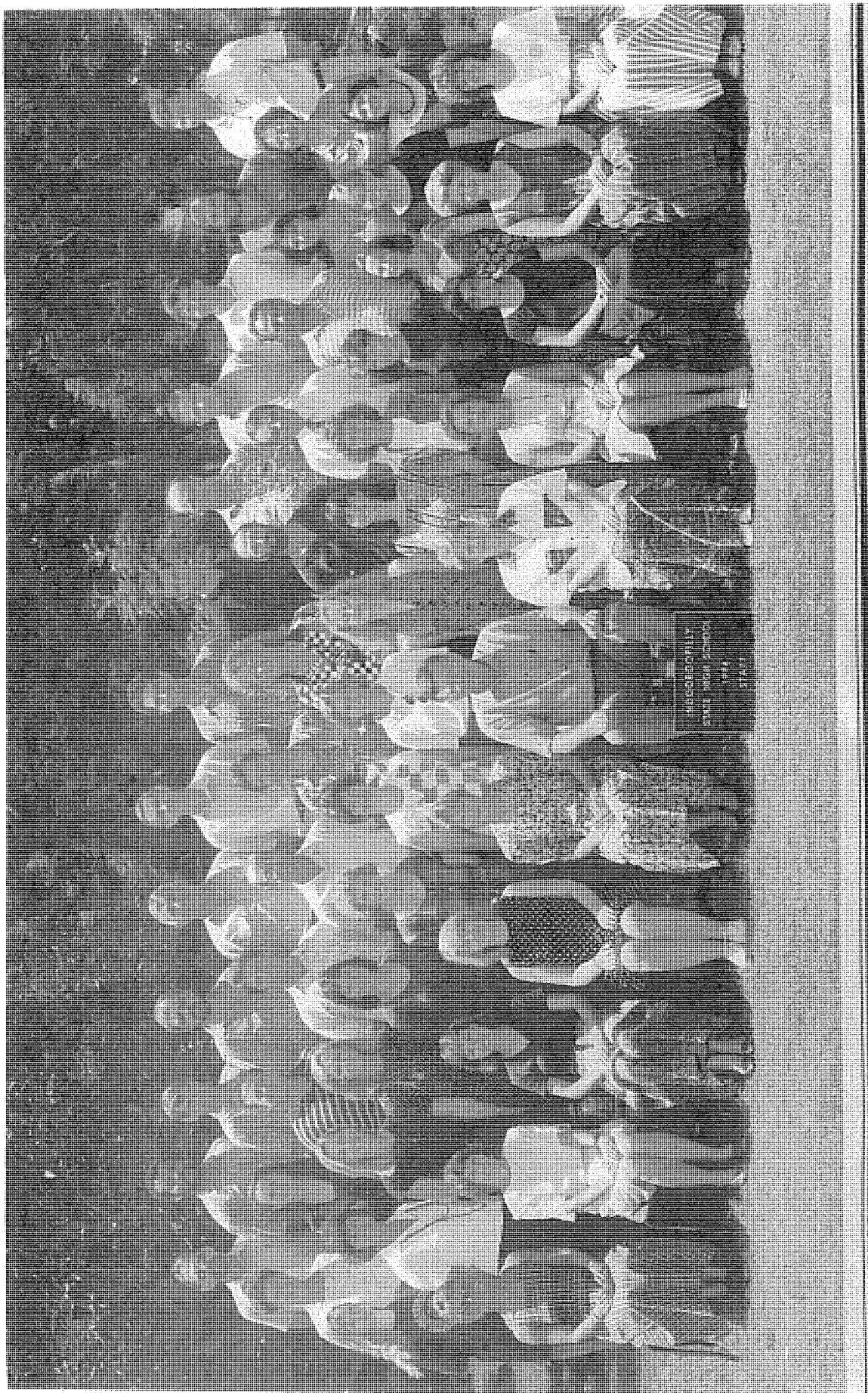


Front cover designed by Megan Parkin

Library Resource Centre

anywhere
any time
any book





PRINCIPAL: Mr. Rod Bailey.

FRONT ROW: Hildegard Russell, Rhonda Fanning, Glenda McGregor, Adrienne Jones, Lorna Whelan, Rod Bailey, Julie Jeffries, Vicki Borgez, Winnie Edwards-Davis, Angela Back, Deirdre Hall. **2ND ROW:** Suzanne Frazer, Sue Goode, Aileen Lockhart, Fiona Davies, Wendy Stewart, Margaret Braithwaite, Mirva Harrison, Kath North, Meryl McCulloch, Alison Williams, Jeanette Lamont, Linda Austin, Colleen Toohy, Kym Barrett, Dawn Langford. **3RD ROW:** Bev Smith, Zdena Kunreich, John Pendall, Zane Zaghini, Fred Lee, Peter Day, Adrian Stead, Warren Janetzki, Chris Williams, Baldev Joshi, Yen Nguyen, Dorothy Spurrell. **BACK ROW:** Ken Austin, Astar Alexis, David Outram, Chris Pingel, Peter Stevens, Peter Buttery, James Finn, Martin Kenny, Peter Rolandsen, John Magee, Andrew Waddell, Rob Wiltsure, Aaron Hayes.



EDUCATIA

*She is the land of the trees of knowledge,
Where the untamed dragons of science roam the
sky.*

*Where many squires come to live under the trees,
And absorb the knowledge they hold.*

*The forests of knowledge are vast and wide,
With their emerald leaves stooping low with wisdom.
Swaying in the wind, rattling, whispering, calling the
squires
To come and harvest their knowledge and learn.*

*Here the druids of profession roam,
Who have lived with the trees and nurtured them,
Helping them to grow, thrive and gain knowledge,
To help the generations to come to understand the
ways of the world*

Possumus is a commonly used motto here,
With everybody trying to achieve its meaning in life
Knowing that reaching it means success.
And being attracted to it as bees to honey.*

Tharanga Basnayake

** Latin for "We can"*