

**YEAR 10  
YEARBOOK**

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**1981**



## REFLECTIONS

In 1978 we arrived from all corners of the inner Belconnen "catchment" area, some of us feeling that we were starting four year prison terms - the other option being death by trigonometry. Some of us felt a new and exciting feeling as we walked through those huge doors to our first class; we could say, "I'm in high school now" and feel tough.

We had arrived by 9.00 am on the first day of school and stood in school groups shaking at the knees which were hidden in our long school uniforms (everybody wore school uniform in Year 7!). Terrified, we were shepherded into the hall and allocated into class colours. Then the rush was on - three minutes to get to class. We'd never make it!

Somehow we survived to the 2.55 pm bell and ran all the way home.

But they're distant days. Now after 800 days, or 6,400 periods we've battled on, our hands grown sinewy from gripping a ball or from furiously finishing science assignments at 2.00 am in the morning. Now we too are hardened by long days of English, Maths and Social Science. All of us are chewing gum addicts and terrorizers of the Year 7's.

After Year 7 things changed a lot. The girls felt silly for the crushes they'd had on the Year 10 boys the year before. Their dresses went up an inch each year, and by Year 10 uniforms were non-existent. Our attitudes kept changing all the time. The year 7's seemed to get smaller each year and now we could push people around in the canteen. We either slacked off after Year 7 or worked harder. We either got to like teachers better or dislike them more.

Probably the most interesting thing to watch over the four years was the groups that formed. From the first day you were labeled either a "dag" or a "tough". Some of us didn't quite make either group and were the outsider "squares". The groups were actually made up of an incredible mixture of different people. Each had its leaders, usually people with forceful personalities and a good sense of humour. Often though, there seemed to be a cruel streak in some of them. They all had a following of people trying to be carbon copies of their leaders; within each group there were plenty of people who remained individuals, but most conformed to the standards set by the groups of the particular years. In year 7 we seemed to be a pretty innocent group and we were usually well dressed. After that we mostly fell into a great decline. When we got into Year 8 girls started to wear make up, smoke and dress the same. Everybody chewed gum. We started to lose interest in the sports carnivals. By Year 9 the rot had really set in. Everyone was blasé - no-one seemed to give a damn. But in Year 10 we started to regret the previous two years. Now in third term, we were all trying to improve our grades although hardly anyone wears school uniform, the majority smoke and a minority of girls still wear make-up.

There are so many things that we will remember, from teachers' favourite sayings: "Loads of potential", "You dreadful child!" to the smell of rotting lunches in the bottom of lockers. Assemblies have to be near the top of the list. How will we ever forget sitting on the uncomfortable ground, the stones sticking into the palms of our hands and leaving patterns all over our legs and

hands; and all the cursing we did as we chipped our more-often-than-not artificially straightened ivories in a frenzied fit of shivers that ran through us as we endured yet another assembly in that frozen time of Canberra's dreaded winters. Of course, there were always entertainment starved people who enjoyed assemblies or those who had a double in science or Maths next, or a computer studies test. And then, the assembly over, we would stagger off with cramps in derrieres and feet, resembling a congregation of ailing lepers.

All of us have memories of P.E., from thinking up excuses to get out of it, to wondering whether Mr Kinno can actually play basketball or whether Mr Dehlsen can play anything at all! One thing though, after the rigours of h istory etc., it was always a pleasure to slip the brain into neutral and appreciate the activities organized by the great, pleasant and hard-working P.E. crew.

We'll all miss the fire drills and the thrill of missing out on ten minutes of our "favourite" subject. And there was always the secret wish that this time it was for real with the stairwells packed with over-excited people screaming dramatically.

There are lots of other things to remember, from the wall of smoke in the girls' loos to Mr Wilson's always remembering your name. There are teachers we'll never forget. Many happy times were spent here along with difficult, depressing and trying times, but we've made it. We've finally made it through high school at Canberra High and now we're leaving to branch out further into the world.

Thank you Canberra High School.



RINGER

# around the traps





# Our beloved teachers



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# SPORT...



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LISA



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OLIVE OLE



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GROTTY PUNK



BABOON HEAD



GUFF



MACHO

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EASTIE



THE ENZ



CHRIS



LOTTY



FISH



DI



FROG



VIV



VICKIE



JEFF



EDDIE



GELLY



JOCK



STROP



ANDREW



GERINGO



CHRIS



MARC



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MARGARET



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TANYA RAZEW



CHRIS



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CUMMO



HELLEN



OWI



SUE



PIP



GET OUT OF IT !



TRENDY



FASHION  
KILLS



OINK OINK!



THOSE  
BOYS !



DOCILE



SOME  
PEOPLE.....



HMMMM....



LA DI DAH !



THIS'LL  
KNOCK 'EM  
OUT

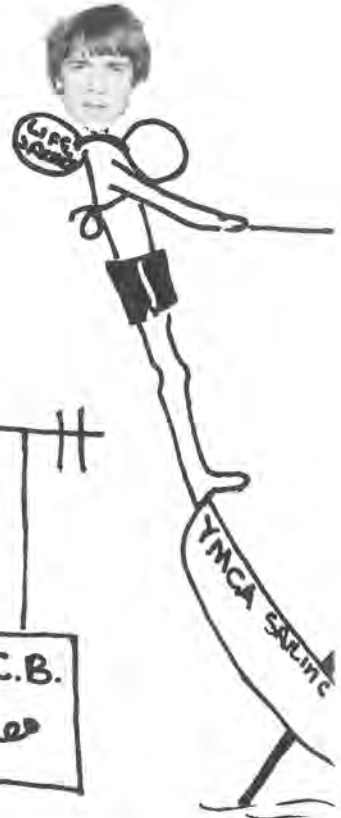


I AM THE  
MESSIAH.

# yearbook committee



mr. dunn  
miss lasmanis



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MR SOMERVILLE: "UH - UH".

MR MORTON: "YOU SILLY WOMAN!"

MISS LASMANIS: "YOU'RE ADDING TO MY GREY HAIR".

MISS FOREMAN: "IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE SILLY, GET OUT!"

MR SANDEMAN: "RIGHTO GENTLEMEN, WHERE'S MY TWO LINES".

MRS WHITEHEAD: "DARREN CARNE!!"

MR WEDDELL: "WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO TRAINING?"

MR HOGAN: "YOU'D BE A MUG NOT TO!"

MRS HARRIS: "THAT'S GREAT. LOADS OF POTENTIAL."

MR DUNN: "WHO KNOWS?"

MR SEE: "SERGE!!"

MRS McKEE: "I'LL SEND YOU TO MR PORTER".

MRS McCULLOCH: "I CAN'T LEARN THEM FOR YOU."

MRS YOUNG: "LEAVE YOUR MACHINES ALONE!"

MRS HEDDITCH: "THAT'S JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

MR KINNO: "12 JUMPING JACKS".

MISS DOCKETT: "DON'T BE SILLY!"

MRS COOTES: "IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT."

MR WILSON: "NO WAY! NOT IN MY SCHOOL!"

MR LOWE: "IF YOU WANT TO INTERRUPT THE CLASS, GET PERMISSION!"

MR EADES: "JUST SHUT UP!"

MR PATON: "TODAY I WANT YOU ALL TO WORK QUIETLY."

MRS LUCAS: "DID ANYBODY WATCH DALLAS LAST NIGHT?"

MR QUESTED: "NOW TODAY WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME WORK."

MR STEINMETZ: "IN THE MAIN."

