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School Rover

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"Poverty is the worst form of violence" *Mahatma Gandhi*



DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Mr. **Spike** was welcomed during assembly last Friday, Sept. 08. He arrived from Port Lincoln, South Australia with his wife and two sons. Tearing himself away from an 80 acre piece of South Australian vista, Mr. Spike and his family are fulfilling a maturing temptation to settle

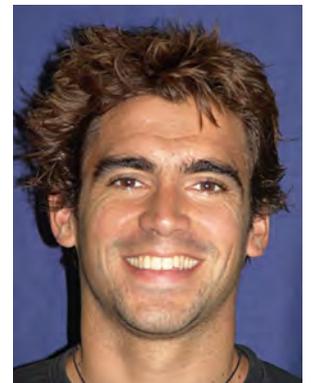
into our corner of the world. Hauling their way by car across the continent was a testing exercise but they were greeted by the lush tropical green of our northern climate. It was noticed that their family vehicle was stalked the entire distance by a trailer toting a notable craft with a seagoing hull. (Wonder what that means !!) Welcome to Mr. Simon Cotton who will be known by his alter-ego and more familiar cognomen, Mr. Spike.

ASSA FAST ASSA SPEEDING BULLET

One of the successes which regularly fall in our path this time round is the accomplishment of a record for the 200 metres sprint in the Under 19 schoolboys trials recently. **Asa Satrick** thrust his frame through the distance in a timely 21.26 seconds.



WELCOME to newcomers, **Kirsten de Bruin and Maarten de Vos**, all the way from Holland. Maarten is putting the finishing touch to his course requirements



towards graduation as a Sports teacher. Mr. Maarten will be turning his skills to benefit our boarders. Isn't it amazing that Djarragun has managed to reach European ears and that these two young professionals are willing to trek half way round the globe to join us.

In their first week, Kirsten and Maarten were thrown well into the deep end. Together with former Netherlander, Mr. **Ludo Kuipers**, they supervised a contingent of our Australian Rules players who had to travel to Weipa for a Carnival up there.

The overland haul would have allowed these three compatriots to cast fresh Dutch eyes over the rest of the cartography that Willem Janszoon in the Duyfken started back in 1606.

Making an unprecedented move towards the sporting arena, Mr. Ludo himself has given rise to speculation of a possible delayed mid-life crisis. More notable for his sound track and field camera escapades, this uncharacteristic crossing of the floor sets the alarm system on full alert. Sporting no less than an eye-catching football jersey at a recent full school assembly, **Mr. Ludo** was heard and seen to initiate the Mexican wave as a solo performance.

Spies will be positioned to determine whether any sudden influx to the McIntosh programmes are inclusive of Aussie Rules virtual games and other such spam.



THE FARM

The huge lumber stockpile from the school campus has been reduced to just a few splinters and wood chocks. The massive pile was acquired from the Smithfield Stockyards which was a venture which didn't really capture the tourists as much as the proprietors wished. What will capture the imagination is the rising edifice up at the School Farm in the Mulgrave Valley. The new dormitory block really isn't too far removed from its original intent at the Stockyards. It will still be used for counting sheep.

The neatly aligned infrastructure matches with the scaffolding to attest to a colossal effort and handicraft by unseen craftsmen. To those of us who have not been onto the property for many moons, the photographs clamour a stunning realization of intense dedication. One might easily empathize with the writer who once scrolled the sentiments - " Full many a flower will bloom unseen and waste its sweetness upon the desert air."

We, at least, will have the advantage of witnessing the finished product, and still marvel.

Congratulations, anonymous workmen. Hopefully, a later issue will reveal the identities of all of the 'culprits' and do justice to their deserved adulation.

(Above two pictures) the new dormitory shaping into a cavernous shelter

(r) Mr. Allan Edwards & Ms Jean Illingworth cast eyes of approval over the property.



CLASSROOM JOURNEY THROUGH INDIA

The major focus of study this term for a number of the Middle School students has been on India. The literacy programme engaged in the Hindu epic story called the Ramayana. The SOSE (Study of Society & Environment) juggled with the fascinating and diverse kaleidoscope of Indian culture, customs, geography and modern development.

Some of the introductory lessons were very capably injected with an absorbing Powerpoint presentation by one of the James Cook University students, Ms **Maria Way**.

Though the study is not precisely in-depth, it has drawn enough interest to make it an enjoyable exercise. The many mysteries that emanate from a culture which is so vastly different from the one in which we live has helped to maintain some of the awe or bewilderment.

Obviously, the Hindu pantheon cast most of the students into instant quandary but the connections with some elements of our Rock and Water programme did shed light on the tantric side of our existence. An impressive delve into the life and thoughts of Mahatma Gandhi might not have converted anybody to Hinduism but it may just have provoked some towards being better Christians.

Students are presenting individual chapters of their own so that the compiled aggregate will comprise the Djarragun class version of the Ramayana. A few are resorting to drawings to depict certain elements of the epic.

Inside the classroom, a collection of Indian products and artefacts are housed in a glass display case. Meanwhile, lateral walls are draped with a sari, material from a skirt with inlaid mirrors and a throwover with elephant, camel and horse block print design. The generous provider of these items was courteously informed that the classroom presently resembles one of her laundry days down in the quiet precincts of Gordonvale. Thanks, Ms **Michelle Soans** and Ms **Miriam Torzillo** whose photographic collection depicts engaging scenes of a bygone era from which the photos themselves can be regarded now as artefacts to their digital cousins.

A mortar and pestle plus a stainless steel tableware set from the **Shankaran** treasury immediately indicates their wealth as well as the modern form now lent to an ancient art. Brass and copper vases dug out from an archaeological find at Yorkey's Knob help to authenticate the colour scheme to the display.

A couple of statues donated by erstwhile classroom anthropologist, **Eathen Maas**, begs the question - "From whence will Buddha emanate next."

Some students have really given the project a sturdy shake and eagerly scouted the websites for all manner of information and material regarding the Indian civilization. For whatever it's worth, some will be able to count to ten in Hindi to begin their own Mumbai mumbo-jumbo.

By the way, for those who might be interested in counting to ten in Hindi -

Ek, Do, Tin, Chay, Panch, Char, Saat, Ath, Nau, Das.

SCIENCE IS A BLAST QUESTACON

Emanating from the Australian Capital University in Canberra, **Christina and Ben** treated the Primary and the Comets and Suns classes from the Middle School to some amazing scientific facts. An ill-feted pirate character spun his maritime tales involving the world of sludge, slime and pendulous excrements.

Involving the students by way of plying hands-on and into some gruesome gluck, **Mr. Ben** enticed the tactile faculties to suspect compounds. He maintained a very entertaining episode explaining the qualities and properties of water, oil and honey. Other substances set harder when stirred while another became more pliable. Such was the pirate's experience when he first encountered the South American opossum.

Ms Christina showed one of the exercises that confuses the brain and explained why most people cannot operate the middle and ring fingers independently.

By far, the most impressive activities involved the liquid nitrogen demonstrations - Lettuce and onion frozen in seconds; a balloon poodle deflating and expanding; a sealed metal container exploding its top.

WRITER'S CRAMP

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Little Black Jack. His mother said to Little Black Jack, "Here. Take this cake to Grandma's place." He did a runner.

He jogged through the woods and he saw Mr. Johnson and he was over the moon to see Little Black Jack because he made a chair for Little Black Jack's grandma. When Little Black Jack got to his Grandma's house, he went in. His Grandma was in bed and he said to his Grandma, "Grandma, what a big nose you have and what big eyes you have. Little Black Jack ran out the door and the wolf ate his grandmother.

The wolf took his crew. He was the leader of the pack. Little Black Jack ran to Mr. Johnson and said, "Mr. Johnson, the wolf ate my grandmother."

He ran back and the wolf was gone.

When everybody heard the Little Black Jack's grandma passed away, they were like moths to the flame. When they had the funeral, the Bishop talked and talked and talked. Little Black Jack's mother said loudly, "Just cut to the chase."

After the funeral, it was raining cats and dogs and Little Black Jack got his back up. Then, the town decided to hunt for the wolf and all the wolves had to lie low.

Then a boy saw the wolf and he said, "Hey, look at that wolf!!"

The man said, "Shut up!!" and Little Black Jack had to take a back seat. Then they saw the wolf and he was just about to shoot but Little Black Jack was always sending him round the bend.

Then Little Black Jack chewed on his T-shirt and all the men said, "Break that habit!!!" **Eliza Jackonia**



Crusader Cup AFL Carnival

On Sunday morning 3 September 2006 we set out in a new Toyota Prado with our players **Alton Matthew, Comrie Tabuai, Daniel Dau, Frank Charlie and Repu Kris plus Kirsten de Bruin and Maarten de Vos** from Holland to drive 820 km to Weipa, Cape York for the Crusader Cup AFL Carnival. We had lunch in Lakeland and arrived in Weipa just when it was getting dark; we then drove around for a long time trying to find out where everyone else was until we got to the camping site and saw to our relief **Shane Mimi**: so we were at the right spot. Shane was already there, as he had been at an AFL camp for players up to 11 years of age. We met **Rick Hanlon**, who was the organiser who showed us which tents we could use. We didn't have mattresses, so our players slept on blankets on the ground!



The next three days we had a great time. There were students from all over Cape York and the Torres Strait who were divided over 4 teams that would compete for

the Crusader Cup: **Alton, Daniel, Frank and Repu** were playing for the Cook Cluster Cats; this team also had players from Yarrabah (including ex- Djarragun boys **Jamie Ludwick** and **Joel Stafford**), Cooktown and Hopevale; there were also two girls in this team who were every bit as tough as the boys. **Comrie** and **Shane** played for the Central Cape Lions, a team that, until then, had never won the trophy. This team also had two tough girls among them. The other two teams were the Torres Strait Dockers and the West Coast Eagles.

In the mornings they did their training, ball techniques, but also learned a modern Aboriginal dance, to the tune of Yothu Yindi's "Treaty" song, from Rita, an indigenous dancer; some were at first reluctant to join in, but it became clear that, if they wanted to be team players, they might have to get out of their comfort zone and before long they danced with enthusiasm, also the white kids for whom this was something new. We went back to camp for lunch and then in the afternoon two games were played: both teams that had Djarragun players in them (the Cats and the Lions) won their games with a large margin.

The second day, Tuesday, followed the same pattern, and they also were practising an Aboriginal dance with didgeridu, and a Torres Strait Island dance as well (Abua - a- eeya!). That evening was the Cultural Performance where all did the dance that they had learned from Rita, plus the Aboriginal and Torres Strait dance; four boys did a Michael Jackson number and three others a skid about not fighting. And the coaches also performed to great laughter. Tourists came to see the show and it was a great night.

The last day, Wednesday, was the Grand Final; first the two losing teams, the Eagles and the Dockers played each other and their scores were very close. And then it was the Cook Cluster Cats against the Central Cape Lions for the final battle for the trophy. Our boys played

very well indeed and it was a great match that was narrowly won (just a few points difference) by the C C Lions. Well, I can surely say that our boys made the difference: **Comrie**, who guarded the goal posts, stopped many balls and **Shane** seemed to be everywhere at once in the middle of the action. But **Alton, Daniel, Frank and Repu** also did a great job: they are all great sportsmen.

After the trophy was handed over to the captain of the winning team, medals and coaches' awards were given; we then had some lunch, a swim in the pool at the camping site, packed up our stuff and started the journey home. We drove as far as Coen, where we had a swim in the river and stayed in a house at the airport, with the teams from Yarrabah and Cooktown/Hopevale. We had a barbecue dinner and off to bed. The following morning we were already on our way at

6.30, had lunch in Lakeland and, via Kuranda (where we had a look at Barron Falls) we dropped everyone home in the afternoon. It was a great trip!

Ludo Kuipers