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School Rover

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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

The only thing wrong with doing nothing is you never know when you are done

HUT 2, 3, 4 ...

On an inexorable march into almost 'wilderness zone', a cluster of living quarters is in the process of firm establishment on the 'School farm'.

Mr. Rob McBride recently alluded to the hive of industry currently provided by several of the TAVE students from the College and other small groups from the Middle School and Senior School. These boys are entrenched in the Construction Course provided by the College and their artisan skills are being



put to sound use. Mr. Rob insists that the level of engagement by the boys replicates a 'dinky-di construction site'.

To bring variety and new learning, each of the huts is tailored with individual, distinct features. Whilst the outer appearance may suggest sameness, the boys are intimately familiar with the alternate applications.



(above) Movement at the station and (below) Alan Tranby is second in on the assembly line.



Largely prefabricated at the College, the various sections were then transported to the Wilderness site and pieced together.

The larger building currently taking shape will be equipped with a large central table with form seating which will provide meal venues and a



classroom fixtured workbench.

Mr. Rob proudly expounds on the attention to detail by the boys and the ability of some to oversee others with professional scrutiny. This particular village setting will be 'totally green'. A water tank is being installed and the boys will also pitch their skills with the rain catchment drains



that was a feature of their studies in previous classes. The skills are more evident when attention is directed to the three metre height at which some of the work is being executed.

(above) 1. "Truss me"; 2. The 'House that Leroy Kris built - with Allan Ambrym on the watch; 3. Mr. Shane Cockerell with his Home Improvement tips; 4. Finally, getting on top of the job.





The 'octet' above obviously spends the smoko break to plan the next stage of the project. Pictured are clockwise - Bagai Seriat, Newman Billy, Sean Waianga, Freddy Faid, Tim Tipoti, Leroy Kris, Gibson Joe & Glen Gibson.



One man went to mow, went to mow a meadow...



Meanwhile, two taipans have decided to vacate the block and head for higher ground.

Mr. Rob took this shot from the safety of the bus - not wishing to disturb the amorous display by a deadly Aussie couple.

HARRY'S ANGELS

Mission Control Manager, Mr. Harry Tenni (r) guided the new age Charlie's Angels through a



rigid surveillance of the Australian Defence Forces. As part of the Trade Tour for Indigenous students.

Shaienne Cameron, Carmille Pearson & Naomi Cooktown (l) battled the climate change as much as the diet of information and round the clock exercises.

(below) Harry's Angels still wondering what 'army fatigues' is all about.

It's serious business when the wake-up calls are 0300, 0415 and 0430.

Lunch was a quarterdeck affair on HMAS Harman followed by a march-through the Australian War Museum.

After dinner mints had added zing by way of tactile introduction to machine guns.

(below) "Getting bombs", girls? Better think again!!!



(above) Naomi & Shaienne with their 'giant dart'

Day 2 found the 'Angels' deep on the Information trail. The team travelled to Albury-Wodonga Army Logistic Training Centre. The journal records "many photos

were taken and the angels checked out a great deal of displays, gaining valuable information in a wide range of possible employment" - all of this is obviously, undercover jargon directed towards the oblivious.

Day 3 highlights included - watching armed combat, displays of weapons of all sorts, refuelling units, parachute unit training, field camps, tanks and, of course, all of our Djarragun Angels had to drive a truck around the obstacle course.

Infiltration of the camp was 'easy-peasy' for our streetwise recruits. As if "Dancing with the Stars" was another mission, Angel Naomi took the title of Dancing Queen for the night.

Day 4 threw more kilometres on the odometer. Harry's Angels were whisked off to the RAAF base at Wagga Wagga. It was so cold, the Angels had no trouble pronouncing the name - three or four times in one go. As alert as our reps are, even they found the experience overwhelming. The mission was readily alluded to as 'Information Overload'.

Deciphered from the Operations Blackbox were some revealing recorded messages -

"What career do I want? Just so many different roads to take..."

Did you say, 'March,'Sir? 'Quick march' is what I heard - all over the Air Force Base.

"Well, we are now being treated just like the new recruits. Cool!!"

"Obstacle course. Rifle Drill. Is this where I will be living?"

"I think I can hear raining. Yep. Rain - and freezing cold. Oh, yeah, this IS cool!!"

"This place is the pick of the crop. Everything is so good and "Sir, can I join up now?" asks **Camille**.

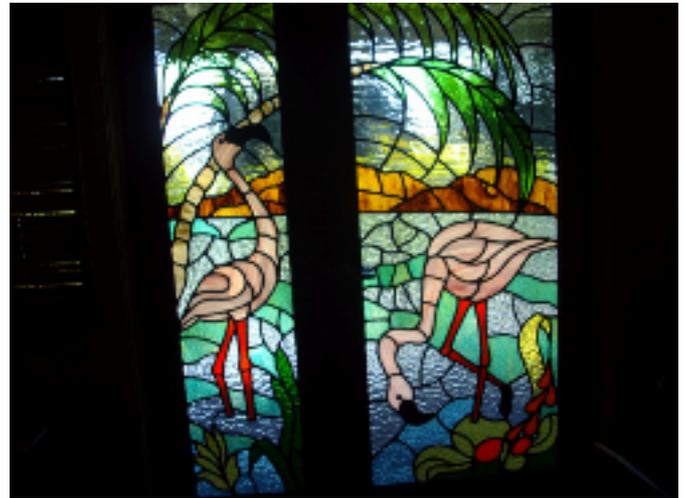
This event was a total blast and all three Djarragun Angels had eyes as big as saucers.

In an excited voice, **Naomi** says, "Do we have to leave, sir? I don't want to go home, sir."



The return flights home were necessarily pitched to lose any prospective tails. Change of terminals on the Sydney exit eventually found the illustrious trio jetstreaming into Cairns at 0020 hours - to resume their more pedestrian identities.

"Sleep, well, Angels" was the final cryptic message from Operations leader, Harry who himself needed to slip under the doona for a couple of days of recovery.



SOMETHING TO A DOOR

In customary fashion, our Djarragun Hephaestus has crafted out yet another masterpiece. Vibrant colours that transfuse the sunlight into a magnificent tapestry beam out a tropical theme. Majestic flamingos stalk the shallows and palm trees claw a shaded nook.

Mr. Joe Tamburin has had a lot of things on his mind - and this was one of them. In days gone by, one would have questioned the cause for something as psychedelic as this. However, considering all of his other creations, we can safely ascribe it as purely inspirational.

Mr. Joe mentioned that he had crafted the piece for our Principal, **Ms Jean Illingworth** and he decided to centre on an idea which was not essentially Australian Indigenous form and flavour.

Ms Jean is from Zimbabwe and so the scene is meant to capture a tropical, African tableau (without the thousand percent current inflation rate to send a ripple across the placid lake). He also recognizes all the other nationalities which help to conglomerate a diverse staff. We have always known that Mr. Joe is 'one crafty fella' but the production of such a vignette in serenity is true testament of an artisan showing his true colours.

Bravissimo, Joe.

New Librarian Christine Barker

Hi from Miss Chris. In 1991, I flew all the way from Missoula,

Montana to live in Australia with my Australian husband and our son. When we first arrived, we lived in Adelaide. Everything was so different to where I grew up. Now, when I go back to America everything there is so different. We have travelled all over Australia and I loved

everything about this beautiful country, from Adelaide to Cairns and Townsville to Darwin. My husband, Peter and I love it up north and always seem to gravitate back to North Queensland.



Over the years I have worked in two University libraries and three Public Libraries as well as a Police Academy library. In Hong Kong, I taught English to children and adults and truly enjoyed the people and food there.

BASKETBALL : ST. ANDREW'S, GOLD COAST



The following Staff and students were away at the Sunshine Coast from Monday the 10th - Friday the 14th August on a Basketball trip.

Mr. Virgil Gill
Ms Monika Duggan

Lizzy Gowa
Elaine Matthew
Gina Ware
Daniella Ware
Shaienne Panuel
Leesa Baira

Aquillar Kawiri
Tim China
Craig Waldon
Solomon Faud
Tyrone Dotoi
Ronjamine Mosby



Tyrone Dotoi was part of the group and enjoyed the trip :-
"I enjoyed the experience. I had to play a game against St. Andrew's. This was a friendly game held at the lunch break and the school came to watch in an outdoor court. We went around and visited all the Primary classes. This was part of the Sports Academy. I want to thank Ms Monika and Mr. Virgil for taking us down for the trip."

Other students added their comments to questions:-

Where did you go?

Solomon: We flew to Brisbane then drove up to the Sunshine Coast, to a school called St Andrews.

What was the purpose of the trip?

Tim: To experience a different culture and to play the school at basketball.

Who went?

Tim: Lizzy, Leesa, Shaienne, Tim, Solomon, Ronji, Craig, Daniella, Aquillar, Gina, Elaine & Tyrone.

Where did you stay?

Tyrone: We stayed with different families from the school. Everyday after school we went home with our families.

What was it like to be billeted?

Lizzy: We were really nervous at first but they were friendly and looked after us

Tim: Awesome, we went to the movies, restaurants, bodyboarding at the beach and had pizza.

Tyrone: It was fun cause we got to stay up late and the food was wonderful!

Daniella: They were very kind people. They ate different foods and were very outgoing. Every afternoon was a new activity.

How did our teams go in basketball?

Tim: It was a close game but we won, so yeah it was great

Daniella & Gina: Enjoyable, we beat them easily

What did you get up to besides basketball and being at school?

Tim: We went shopping, surfing and visited Underwater World

Tyrone: After school we went swimming at the beach, rode a scooter at the skate park and played basketball

HIGHLIGHTS ?

Lizzy: Scoring the first goal in basketball!

Tim: Staying at home with our billet family, they were really friendly

Tyrone: Touring the school especially visiting the primary classes

Daniella: Surfing and spending time at the beach

Solomon: Exploring the Sunshine Plaza

Meet any interesting people?

Tyrone: Magic Man- A Yr 10 student at the school who showed us deadly magic tricks and taught me how to do them.

Tim: Our dad. He was so easygoing and friendly.

Daniella & Gina: Our billeting family told us about themselves and then wanted to know about us

Solomon: The school girls.

Overall the trip was a great success. Our billeting families had only positive things to say about our students. It was a culturally rich experience for our Djarragun mob but also for the students of St Andrews. If all goes to plan, an exchange program with St Andrews will eventually work both ways and continue into the future. Ms Monika



NATASHA BRUNNE

Welcome **Natasha Brunne** - it is thrilling to have our ex student coming back and adding a new dimension to the staff team. She is employed as a health worker trainee in the mornings and in line with the holistic view of health in the College she will work with health classes and sports in the afternoons. If you would like Natasha's support please see Vimal who will oversee her timetable .



ROCK & WATER

A programme that has taken a pivotal role in the genesis of the Djarragun ethos is the Rock and Water programme. Dutchman, **Freerk Ykema**, designed and developed the dynamic schema to promote self esteem, composure, personal assertiveness and healthy awareness of the forces around us.



The impressions and dynamics which surround youth during their years of development can be overwhelming and the 'calling forth' of innate strengths and ideations are recognized as every individual's personal resource bank. This is a vital form of promotion in which Djarragun students are encouraged to engage in positive growth and confident wellbeing.

A couple of the Primary students comment on its use :-

Team Acacia (6/7) Rock and Water

Rock and water is a programme at our school that trains you in self-defence and how to look after yourself when you are alone.

Mr G. teaches our class Rock and Water and we practice Rock and Water on the oval or in the under cover area three times a week.

Rock and Water teaches us ways to protect ourselves, defend ourselves and how to stay out of trouble and away from bullies who want to harm us. **Breanna Yeatman**

Rock and Water is a tool that teaches kids how to be and act safe at school or in the community.

Our teacher, Mr G does Rock and Water with us nearly every day and it's a good way to start the morning.

We do Rock and Water so we can feel safe and confident when we are alone or in a strange place.

People from all around the country and World should be trained in Rock and Water. **Lorretta Messa**

Cooktown Cluster School Championships 2009



The AFL Cooktown Cluster was held again in 2009 in Cooktown and it was great to see schools participate in this great event. Schools included Djarragun, Yarrabah, Cooktown, Hopevale, and a



combined schools side made up of students from the cape. This year saw Djarragun take away a younger side than in previous years to retain the Cooktown Cup, and right from the word go Djarragun sent a message out to the other schools that even though we had a younger list we still had what it takes to win the Championship for a third time. Djarragun burst out of the gates early with a win over Cooktown in the first game; **Adrian Dau, Stephen Auda and Ralph Daniel** stood out and helped get Djarragun off to a great start to the carnival.

Hopevale was the next opponent for Djarragun and straight away **Justin Hill**, our Captain **Thuraka Sammons, Emmy Charlie and Clinton Sullivan** played fantastic games to give Djarragun the ideal start to the carnival. Game 3 was against Yarrabah and what a great game it was, very evenly contested game with Djarragun getting over the line in the end and going on to win the Cooktown Cup for a 3rd year in a row.

AQUACULTURE



Mr. Shane Cockerell and his 'fingerlings' around the fish tank are keeping their heads above water for the time being. Replicating Mother Nature or Father Neptune isn't as easy as it sounds. Last term an unfortunate percentage of our



'underwater school' succumbed to a bacterial infection. With delicate handling, the more resilient ones are showing some of the tenacity of Nemo and inching their way towards barra proportions.

U16 BOYS - CHAMPIONS OF A SORT



In the background, the Gordonvale Mill silently spewed out a constant billow of steam. It tried to make itself noticed but the flurry of feet across Johnson Park operated independently and swirled in its own millstream of activity. Djarragun House teams were on trial.

(l) Aunty Mary Scott in her Olympic pose

The team colours didn't play a predominant role this time round but the sense of play

and natural ability still rose to the surface when it wasn't expected and limping hypochondriacs suddenly emerged at the decisive terminal point to add another ribbon to their respective chests ... and limp off again.

(r) Stirling Fourmile burns around the track on one of his displays of speed



The **Under 16 boys** came with their annual supply of reasons for not being able to negotiate the first event - 800 metres. That distance is only meant for horses !! Time limped on and whilst the Under 16 girls were dropping beads of perspiration around the circuit, the boys' stable seemed deserted. No Viking, Knight or Warrior was itching at the gate.



Frank Charlie races in the age above his level and receives the baton from Patrick Atu in the Under 16 relay.

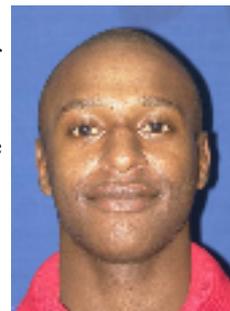
Thankfully, **Alton Matthew** volunteered a less than convincing nomination and a wounded **Mark Akiba** decided to provide him with company. Warm-up stretches and preparatory flinches were cast on the backburner which would have sent shudders down the spine of the Sports Academy staff. However, by the time the starting pistol was again poised heavenward, all the lanes were filled and despite the prospects of having to return to the starting point twice (on the same day), the semblance of a race filled in what moments earlier appeared the making of a hiatus.

As luck and strong legs dictated, **Alton** notched up his first blue ribbon for the day and this set the tone of quite a remarkable turn of events.



The next point of rivalry took place at the Javelin V. Only three combatants registered their names. **Neil Butcher** fronted up as a mesmerized neophyte and fell back on his customary spearing skills. **Mark Akiba** nursed one arm whilst making very creditable distances casting with the other. **James Wosomo** wielded his coy and inexperienced look (only seen during Literacy classes) and innocently broke the school record on his second throw.

The Discus pit fielded the same line-up of perplexity and amidst the fumbled hoists another star entered the constellation. **Arthur Dau** seems the human equivalent of a trap from a clay pigeon shooting range. Unfortunately, only three throws were the order of the day and his record breaking was severely hampered. The shot put was treated with similar disdain and the forearm strength of this Under 16 seemed intent upon muscling into the Record book once again.



The High Jump bar also was raised to a new height when **Jarrod Fourmile** hurtled his lithe frame into the atmosphere to depose the previous record-holder from an ill-fated status.

(r) Mr. Virgil, Mr. Gareth, Mr. Shankaran & Mr. Tekoa congratulate Serai Noah - captain of the winning team - Warriors



Congratulations, to **Mr. Gareth Hose** who managed to orchestrate a very enjoyable programme. Staff were allotted serviceable tasks and the whole carnival ran smoothly and promptly.

Racecourse commentator, **Mr. Stephen Daniel** plied the airwaves with his topical humour and egged tired legs to the finishing post on several occasions. **Mr.**



Frank Van Pamelan pumped the beats over the loudspeaker system to keep the blood coursing through straining veins and palpating hearts. The range of music was practically universal and revealed his probable intimate familiarity with Blue Tooth and other modern accoutrements of music.

TOWNSVILLE CULTURAL FESTIVAL

Message from the Head Boy - Paul Walit

Our three day excursion to the Townsville Festival was a great success and I would like to thank the staff who took the time to accompany the students down for the event. It was group that consisted of students as young as 8 years of age to TAVE students aged 20.



Last week, Thursday, our school dance group went down to dance in Townsville festival and we danced at the Strand. There was so much people and that was my first time that I was going to dance in front of that many people.

I was feeling shame to dance but Mr. Rob said, "Shame don't get you nowhere."

So I said, "O.K."

We danced three dances. Then the next day, we danced a couple of more dances. We stayed at the Riverside in Townsville. The first day we got there, the boys and I played a big game of touch footy. Bagai Seriat

Some of us are more than well enough aware of the immensity of demands involved when traipsing around the country with a haulage consisting of a troupe of buses, trucks and vans laden with a generation of 100 youth and food, bedding and camping equipment to house and contain the trace elements of hyperactivity for three whole days and nights. Then again, some people actually think it's fun!!!

As ever, glowing reports filter their way back and even though the bodies look tired and the grins assume a slightly wry appearance, there is always a telltale sparkle in the eyes that indicates a quiet satisfaction.

Then the stories leak out. It's not necessarily true that the males are the heartier snorers on the planet. It's now recorded by reliable sources that the tent of

certain female occupants was seriously close to implosion. A certain global traveller is also known to have abandoned his natural instinct for navigation and suffer the indignation of a wayward commute.



top left : Uncle Aurie
Nor meke warup sarup

top : Demi Whap - nor sabi
stap

2nd top : Titus Tamwoy &
Ali Dau - Rap balas

above :
Nyrie Sam - the lei on legs

left : Aboriginal girls take to the
stage with Queen Bee of the
Sugar Bag, Nan Shirley



Tonya Ludwick is honing her skills on Mr. Rob McBride Tonya is already undertaking a traineeship for hairdressing and has her career in firm grip

The Djarragun caravan closely resembled something you might imagine on the Silk Road. Dancers and musicians aside, **Ms Estelle Nielsen** set up shop with the salon and her bevvvy of hair-raisers. Trims and tints, bleaches and glints, shears and shades, straighteners and braids - all of this took place in the great alfresco.



In idle niches, dance practices vied for valuable moments and adjusted the routines for last minute inspirations.



The Hula team above is wearing out patches in the lawn. It's all in for young and old - swaying in the breeze in the shadows of the trees... Family dynamics fall into play as the older students tailor the 'miniatures' who will eventually displace their mentors and role models.



Angie Ware lets her fingers do the talking with Ms Erica amid the warping and wefting.

Darren Banu casts a striking pose before the Bow & Arrow dance swings into full flight.

Down below the Aboriginal dancers have left stage fright well and truly out of a job

When Tent City is taking shape, there are just those minor details of construction that have escaped two of the 'would-be' occupants.



.. At the going down of the sun, And in the morning. We will remember them.....