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School Rover

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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"You too must pass your days in song. Let your whole life be bhajun (hymns). Believe that God is everywhere at all times and derive strength, comfort and joy ... singing in your heart in His presence.. the Glory of God. Let melody and harmony surge up from your hearts and let all delight in the Love that you express through that song."

Sai Baba

PAUL KELLY



Adding to our growing list of established musicians who have visited the College was Paul Kelly on May 05. As well as enjoying a 'jam session' with prospective musos from the Djarragun turf, Mr. Kelly provided the whole school with a couple of items in the Undercover Area.. Most of our students were probably not familiar with his work but gave no doubt of appreciation for his performance.

Paul Kelly has accumulated a string of achievements, particularly the following :- eight ARIA Awards from the Australian Recording Industry Association, and three APRA Awards/AGSC from either the Australasian Performing Right Association alone or together with the Australian Guild of Screen Composers.

APRA also named "To Her Door", solely written by Kelly and "Treaty", written by Kelly and members of Yothu Yindi, in the Top 30 best Australian songs of all time in 2001.

Kelly was inducted into the ARIA Hall of Fame in 1997 alongside The Bee Gees and Graeme Bell. He has also won five Country Music Association of Australia (CMAA) Awards and four Mo Awards (Australian entertainment industry).

Gregory Kawiri visited his old haunts on May 12. A quick look at the 'old photo' in the College computer album revealed a n image which quietly presented as a young Jesus lookalike sporting long braids. The present face tells just how much fashions are apt to change and the possible influence of the workplace expectations.



"I attended Djarragun in 2001 when I was in Year 12. That seems like such a long time ago now and many things have happened for me since my days at school.

I have been working out in the Mine at Tennant Creek since 2007 and I am enjoying the satisfaction of being able to support my little family and the opportunity to develop skills in the work I am doing.

I operate heavy machines and Drill and Blast - 2 weeks on and one week off.



I am flown in and out of Darwin and Tennant Creek by the company. It didn't really have this type of job as an aim but the opportunity crossed my path and I took the chance to get myself into a different field of work.

My advice to my many young cousins and relatives here at Djarragun (**Maia, James and Fredson Akiba; Aquillar Kawiri**) is to stay focussed in your goals and don't give up. My biggest challenge is growing up my little children and keeping my family going.

Sometimes, you need to step out of your comfort zone so you can get on your own feet. Focus on school work because when you get accepted for a job, you'll remember that little bit of extra knowledge that made the difference for you to get approved for the job task."



Aston Wilson, Mr. Steve Daniel, Annie Mabo, Vivienne Baker & Lisa Baira jockeying for positions

CROSS COUNTRY

"If you can't beat them, join them" seems to be the attitude behind **Mr. Steven's** contribution in the Annual School Cross Country held the Gordonvale Race track. As the reigning sovereign in the Sports Academy, there was a lot riding on the turf this year.



Most students took on the challenge to run out of sight in one direction and re-appear from the opposite end of the track. The panoramic scope of the equine arena made the distinctive Djarragun colours easy targets for scrutiny. Some ran, others jogged and some walked but the fundamental element of 'having a go' seemed to be the anthem for the day. Mind you, there were those 'suddenly sick from some mysterious ailment' who carried their relapses into the grandstand. Here, they actually must have got the whiff of enthusiasm that led to some very energetic cheering for the sundry colts and fillies trundling down the finishing straight.



A note of thanks to the Gordonvale Turf Club which was kind enough to allow bipeds to tramp down the blue cooch for the second year running.

(right - Issac Mait & Romon Smith almost have their race synchronized)



Punters would have been hard pressed nominating likely winners. Unlikely candidates lined up at the starting gate. Some chafed at the bit, ready to bolt into tomorrow. Others must have left their canter shoes hanging up to dry. Sturdy stallions (bottom left) re-emerged from their retirement stalls to trample their fetlocks around the three kilometre course.



Mr. **Gareth Hose** can be complimented for manoeuvring a tidy programme in between the school lunch breaks without any falls, false starts, Fine Cotton blotches or race protests.



(above) Eliza Jacksonia, Charlie David, Allan Piva & Kieran Johnson hanging out to dry.

(right) Juliet Thaiday, Lynley Costello, Shakira Thaiday Marcus Satrick & Peter Giblet hold the hang dog expression typifying those punters whose horses have not yet come in. Better luck next time, guys.



Girls' Leadership Camp



(Elizabeth Gebadi, Latoya Tom & Mr. Daniel Hollis)

A raft of canoes, a rabble of raucous teens and a madrigal of maverick maidens set out on a small journey of personal discovery starting from the Djarragun Wilderness Centre. The Senior girls traded the relative ease of airconditioned comfort for the wiles of one of Mother Nature's rivers.



The Grand Master of the pandemonium pack was Mr. **Daniel Hollis** (left). Preparation for the mystery journey began with some three hours of skills and safety instruction. Some of the hard yards had to be undertaken in formal classroom exercises in the Great Hall.

Simulation games on the grassy knolls tested the problem-solving acumen of united wits.



Stranded inhabitants on plank islets needed to be saved from the rising sea levels created from global warming. Logic, anticipation, enterprise and coordination were prompted from dormant sectors of the brain hemispheres. Mr. Daniel pointed out **Elizabeth Gebadi** as the one who seemed to have all six thinking caps on at the same time. When the thought waves were undulating at fever pitch and before cerebral meltdown resulted in total shutdown, the girls hit the waterfront.



Daisy Noah is first to hit the open water

Decked in life jackets, this phalanx resembled the rearguard of the Bondi lifesavers. Paddling techniques, T-rescue operations, water entry and landing procedures had to be soaked into psyches of these erstwhile waterlillies.



Elizabeth Gebadi, Laurianna Baira, Ester Asai & Isobel Ware take on the last minute instructions before the final assault.



Ms **Irene Whelan** coordinated the small workshop and discussion raised notions such as 'cooperation', 'listening', 'respect', 'commitment', 'focus' and 'team work'. The final outcome from the brainstorming and cerebral analysis within the groups was the formulation of a 'Camp Agreement'.

Democratic process took the floor and seemingly, almost at the swirl of a magic wand, a team of energized, focussed, hyperventilating amazons launched an attack upon a totally unsuspecting Old Man Mulgrave River. A voiceless salute of raised paddles was followed by craft sliding gently into the quiet waters. Each girl took a deep breath for added assurance and the argosy began.



Cloaked with the menacing silence of seasoned SAS veterans - WRONG!!! That's a completely different story...

Operation Ross & Locke was under way. The flapping of paddles was spattered between the chorus of squeals and shrieks. A sound wave straddled the banks and reverberated through the valley. Wildlife took sanction from their hideaways and birdlife seemed to have taken a temporary vow of silence. Only the river had any nerve to prime some form of reprisal - **the rapids!!!**



Retrieving a swamped canoe in a mid-stream rescue

Laurianna Baira was the first to re-enact the plot of the 'Poseidon Adventure'. **Annie Mabo** and **Daisy Noah** had their work cut out recovering from a 'man overboard' episode. It eventuated more as a prolonged case of 'Oops a Daisy'.

Ms Monika Duggan eventually moored alongside and directed the operation to a completed mission.

Isobel Ware may well have the blood of Inuit flowing through her veins as she was determined to repeatedly complete the kayak roll.

(right) **Ms Monika** preparing for her **Zena the Warrior Princess** role



This was a two-hour adventure by girls that would have Huckleberry Finn livid with envy. A bus waiting at the rendezvous point returned the girls and boats intact back to the Wilderness Centre.

The rest of the programme slotted in like clockwork. Games to install confidence, thought provocative exercises that primed the regulators for negotiative and cooperative nous integral to group dynamics. Stacking milk crates skywards flexed the engineering skills and collaborative efforts of the group and the



long pervading haunts of the Rock and Water Programme re-emerged with the Golden Rooster and spine-chilling yelps - "KEE -YAAA".



Night activity included the ambience of a swirling bonfire complete with the traditional potency of toasted marshmallows on glowing embers.

(left) **St. Daisy** appears with her halo or is a prime example of internal combustion going to her head.

As the nightshade took inexorable control over its customary realm, hushed voices lingered over the diminishing firelight. A quiet review of the day embraced the silent successes and gloated over the surprising bank of genuine quality within the group of participants.



Ms Monika & Ms Irene summing up the day.



A
happy
ending.