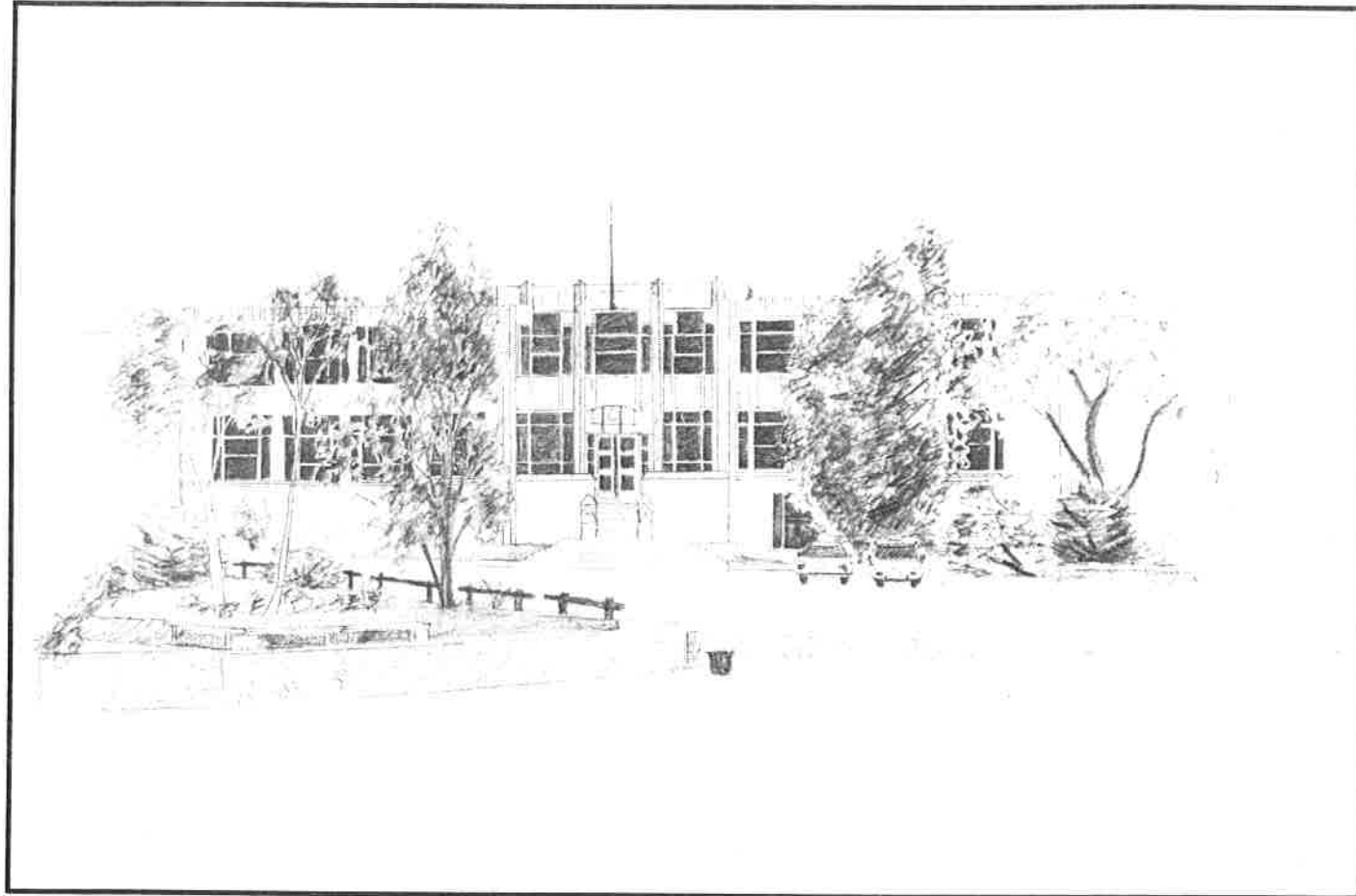




The Cast of Camberwell High

Alan Abrahams Duncan Adams Ingrid Adams Katherine Adams Ashley Adamson Stelies Aidonopoulos Silas Aiton Con Alateras Darren Alderson Catherine Allan Richard Allen Rachel Anderson Alex Anselmo Colin Antoni Mervin Antoni Peter Arhontogiorgis Amanda Ashby Judi Atkinson James Bachelard Julian Badenach Lisa Bahls Richard Bajraszewski John Bakas Arwen Baker Penny Baker James Ballantyne Paul Bambling Lynn Banh Cinnamon Barnes Craig Barnett Louise Barnett Sharon Barnett Zeljko Basic Conrad Bassett Michael Bateman Bronwen Baulch Elif Beklenoglu Samantha Bell Anna Bellamy Joshua Benson Justin Benson Melville Benson Susan Bernhard Grant Berry Jason Biggs Darren Bingley Emma Binks Kylie Black Matthew Blackman Robert Blaney Mark Boer Josephine Bolger Trent Bolton Alister Bond Sarah Bond Nikoleta Bourgas Brian Bowe Nicole Bowe Tristan Boyle Ian Braby Mark Braby Stephen Braybrook Michael Brennan Sharon Briggs Danyalle Brinsmead Nicky Brinsmead Anthony Britter Kerrie Brooks George Brovas Leanne Brown Zinta Bruns Catherine Buckmaster Ngoc Bui Tuan Bui Anthony Buntine James Burns Dino Calcagno Joe Calcagno Richard Callaghan Catherine Campbell Jean Campbell Stephen Campbell John Cantone Steven Cardwell Jane Carpenter Vanessa Carrington Daniel Carroll Sarah Carter William Carter Stephen Cauchi Terry Chan Sen Ling Chang Kevin Cheng Shian Par Cheng Christopher Cheyne Lisa Cho Alice Chong Chi Fai Chong Chi Mai Chong Pui-Shan Chong Dimitra Christopoulos Effie Christopoulos Jim Christopoulos Anna Civiti Jim Civiti Melissa Clarke Chris Ciliaris John Collier Nathan Congreve Christ Constable Rohan Constable Con Constantinou George Cooper Daniel Cordon Amanda Coster Steve Costley Julian Coutts Glen Cox Trent Craig David Cronin Patrick Cross Justin Cudmore Amanda Cumming Adam Cunningham Nicole Currie Peta Currie Time Currie Evangelina Daflos Chau Tan Dao Kate Dargan Mark Dargan Karyn Davidson Christopher Davies Jonathon Davies Samantha Davis James Dawkins John Di Nicolantonio Ton Di Nicolantonio Bradley Dickson David Dickson Catherine Diggins Dimitrious Dimas Erric Dimatos Georgina Dimitroulas Elizabeth Doherty Simone Dorembus Paul Dubois Kate Dujella Allison Duncan Brian Duncan Meredith Duncan Susannah Duncan Felicity Duncombe Andriana Dunn George Dunn Shane Dwight Cameron Edgar Scott Edgar Angela Edwards Danielle Edwards Megan Edwards Simon Edwards Graham Elliott Cathryn England Jacqui England Michael Entwistle Benjamin Epstein Andrew Erskine Jackie Evans Jonathon Evans Julian Evans Matthew Evans Robert Evans Stuart Evans George Exintaris Tarquin Faggetter Richard Paul Duncan Ferguson Peter Ferguson Natasha Ferlazzo Arthur Filopoulos John Filosoglou David Flight Lara Flintoff Kevin Foong Andrew Forsyth Helena Forsyth Katherine Forsyth Julian Foster Shane Foster Brett Fowler Jodie Fowler Katrina Fox Russell Fox Sarah Francis Daniel Frankel Scott Fraser Marcus Fung Chris Galanis Terry Galanis Kylie Galtress Ari Ganas Kate Gardner Harry Genovezos Julian Gilbert Luke Gill Rodney Glace Simon Glace Sean Gleeson Kevin Goh Kate Goldberg Jimmy Goris Jamie Goss Vicki Gottliebsen Sylvia Gounis Richard Gowan Belinda Grace Miranda Grace Geoffrey Graumann Cathiy Grayson Alex Green Belinda Green Caroline Green Jodie Green John Green Melissa Green Phillip Grunberg Robert Grzegorzek Stephanie Guerillot Daniel Guerin Francoise Guerin Brett Gullan Malcolm Gunn Stuart Gunn Phillip Guy Grant Haggett Jim Halastanis Geoffrey Hall Eamonn Hamilton Hanan Hamoui Christopher Hankin Ben Hansen Kristen Hansen Sandra Harbor Benjamin Harborrow Meighan Hardiman Ashley Harrington Troy Harrington Michael Harris Pauline Harris Michael Harvey Katrina Hassall Christian Hastings Robert Hatvani Thomas Hatvani Con Hatzikostas Kris Hauge Nicole Hayes Nicki Heale Jacqui Henderson Mark Henham Clinton Herman Suzanne Higgingsbotham Elizabeth Hillis William Hillis Thomas Hird Rohanne Hodges Jonathon Hoel Martin Hoel Patricia Hollo Vanessa Hollo Martin Holt Elizabeth Hoyer Tony Hoyer Neil Hudson Richard Hudson Nur Farinah Husodo Nurhaeny Husodo Tuyen Huynh David Ihle Christopher Ikin David Imberger Peter Imison Michael Ingvarson Nick Ioannou Leigh Irish Andrew Irwin Roger Jakab Sheryn Jakab Adrian James Ashley Jaworski Andrew Jeffs Eli Jellett Kate Jennings Kurt Jessen Scott Jessen Thomas Johnson Deidre Johnston Joshua Johnston Tim Jordan Nedim Kabas Mary Kalathenos Rita Kambakidis Con Karagiorgios Jim Karapanos Anna Karathanasis Steven Katzourakis Patricia Kefford Rodney Kenafacke Liza Kennedy Isabelle Kenny Christy Kilmartin Kieran Kilmartin Lucas Kilmartin Sheana Kilmartin Danyielle King Matthew Klein Mandy Koh Wayne Kolar Con Koletsis Peter Kolotsos Mary Kondoyiannis Voula Kondoyiannis Tania Kondres Lily Kong Sonny Kong Michael Korenstra Con Kotsopoulos Philip Kravaritis Anthony Krisohos Jason Kubasek Evan Kyrkou Mark La Frenais Melissa La Frenais Jack Lai Jason Lai Tracey Lam Kerrie Lambaart Nicole Lambaart John Lamond Anthony Langlands Peter Langtry Jessica Larm Jonathon Latu Daivik Lawton Sigrid Le Vin Anh Le Dow Philippa Lee Dow Tsaelan Lee Rick Leighton Jeep Leung Peggy Leung Rico Leung Bill Liao Dina Liberis Christine Lin Joseph Lin Andrew Lindsay Kathleen Litchfield Keryn Litchfield Simeon Lloyd Martin Lodge Travis Longmuir Timothy Lovitt Andrian Lowe Anne Ly Mandy Ly Susan Lynch Alistair MacLeod Ian MacLeod Jessica MacLeod Nick Main Tim Main Augarette Malki Sina Malki Wayne Manger Gerry Mantalvanos Helen Mantamadiotis Andrew Manton Geoffrey Manton Andrew Mantzaris Yvette Marcelle Gillian Marchbank Joanne Marchbank David Martin Kristin Martin Brendan Mather Janet Matheson Leight Matheson Robyn Matheson Alice Matthiesson Josie Matthiesson Mario Maziotis Clifton McCorkell Jane McCorkell Gavin McCormack John McCrohan Dean McDonald Jo McDonald Robert McGurk Luke McIlDowney Paul McIlDowney John McInnis Cameron McIntosh Fiona McIntosh Michelle McIntosh Angus McKinstray Cameron McLean Philip McLeod Malcolm McMahon Tim McNeilly David McRobert Aris Menelaou Nickolacs Menelaou Kelly Menker Andrew Merrick Alan Michell Jim Mihailidis David Millar Lawrence Miller Alistair Mills Katherine Mills Thomas Mills Deanna Milner Simon Milner Suy Ming Danielle Minogue Fiona Miovich Rodney Missen Christ Mizzi Mark Molloy Paul Molnar Stephen Molnar Angus Moore Bruce Moore Ross Moore Toby Moore Glenn Martimer Angela Mortyn James Mousios Rachel Muir Samantha Muir Sean Muir Devashish Mukherji David Myers Lisa Nankervis John Nardozza Sarah Neale Torquil Neilson Andrew Newcombe Susan Newcombe Paul Newton Huong Nguyen Quynh Nguyen Thuy Nguyen Tran Nguyen Van Dung Nguyen Mandy Niblett Michael Niemann Asher Nivan Brigid O'Grady Dan O'Grady Michael O'Keefe Kate O'Sullivan Natasha O'Sullivan Duncan O'Toole Nick Oddy John Olah Craig Oldham James Oliver Andrew Orman Charles Orman Kate Orman Michael Overall David Owen Jenny Pankhurst John Papalia John Papoulias Robyn Patrick Trevor Patrick George Patrikios Andrew Paull Jeremy Paull Roger Paull Andre Paulse Gillian Paulse Ben Pearcey Kathryn Perry Louie Petropoulos Nicholas Phelan Lisa Phillips Mark Phillips Natalie Phillips Renee Phillips Jamie Phua Jason Phua Craig Pile Glenn Pile William Platt Shane Platts Darren Poke Peter Pollock Judy Prager Pathana Press Sage Presser Jeremy Preston Mark Preston Ben Prior Jillian Prior Kathy Prior Corinne Proske Jane Purvis Thuy Diem Quach Paul Quaipe Craig Raeburn Geoff Randell Matthew Rasmussen Dario Rath Simon Rawther Arieta Reeh Daniel Ricciuti Emilio Ricciuti Andrew Robinson Kandall Robinson Paul Romas Ivanka Ross Tim Ross Paul Rossito Jimmy Rousis Daniel Ryvitch Jamaal Sadiqzai Shandana Sadiqzai Domonic Salisburg Warren Sanders Andrew Savage Heather Savage Georgine Savige Samantha Scheiwe Cathy Scholes Lisa Scholes Andrew Scott Natalie Scott Christ Secretan Donna Selzer Abhik Sengupta Shomik Sengupata Harry Sfougaristos Tessa Shanley Chris Sharp Louise Sharp Duncas Sherman Russell Sheilds Karl Siegling Lee Simos Benjamin Simpfendorfer Jolyon Simpson Harjit Singh Ranjit Singh Bill Sioulas Kon Sioulas Steven Skandelevis Angelo Skantzos Peter Skantzos Paul Sklavenitis Harry Sklavounos Arthur Skliris Aaron Slade Paul Slade Alina Sloan Matthew Sloan Caroline Smith Kathy Smith Megan Smith Natasha Smith Blake Sonderhof Hugh Sonderhof Chris Sonesson Paul Sopikiotis Jim Sotiropoulos Christian Stacey Arandora Stahr Celia Stahr Kirrily Staples Peter Stavropoulos Leo Stavrou Aglaia Stavroulakis Peter Stavroulakis Alethia Stephens Darcy Stephens Benjamin Stevens Sonja Stilianos Justin Stirling Trent Stirling Daniel Strainic John Stainic Cameron Strathdee David Strooper Jenny Sturgess Joanna Sturrock Philippe Sturrock Greta Sutherland Kate Sutherland Nigel Swiftie Nicole Tabbernee Simon Tack David Takacs Matthew Tame Eve Tanner Jurgen Tauchert Melinda Taylor Ryan Taylor Iize Tennis Mara Tennis Nora Tennis Ranil Tennakoon Rohan Tennakoon Jim Terzakis Peter Terzakis Kathryn Twksbury Kathryn Thompson Melanie Thompson Vanessa Thompson Annie To Nick Tobin Nick Tomaras Craig Tonkin Mario Tornatora Aaron Tracey Con Trahanas Anthony Tramonte Nhu Tran Pauline Tran Thuy Tran Nick Tribe Tamara Trickey Veronica Troup Hong Ngieup Truong Peter Tsigas Mary Tsitsanis Eva Tsolozidis Rene Turnbull Jim Uren Edwin Van Der Graaf Mark Van Treit Angelo Varelos Jim Vassos Jenny Velissaris Henry Venn Erika Verbanaz Valeria Verbanaz Jamie Victor Sourisak Vilay Phillip Vlahogiannis Ruth Vlahos George Vourazelis Suzanne Vulic Rebecca Wade Jamie Walker Jeanette Walker Kellie Walker Katie Wallace David Watson Tim Watson Amanda Watt Kylie Watt Brendan Webb Simon Welch Meredith Wellard Jenny Wellard Matthew Welsh Jodie Wentworth John West Justin West Julian Westcott Brett Weston Darren Weston Ingo Wieben Marcia Wight Amanda Wilkin Carter Williams Katherine Williams Benton Wilson Caren Wilson David Wilson Peter Wilson Kylie Winstanley Stuart Winstanley Dennis Wong Mabel Wong Tracey Wright Judy Xi Anthony Yap Simon York Rohan Young Damien Zanic

Camberwell High School



1986

Frontispiece — Andrew Paull, Year 11

Winner of the Magazine Cover Competition —
Jacqui Henderson, Year 10.

Principal's Page

MEMORY IS A FUNNY THING!

It is quite probable that 1986 will go down in history as the Year of the Devalued Dollar, or of the Pacific Peso, as it is now called overseas. But we at Camberwell High School will have more positive memories, of all those events which, added together, have made the year of 1986 memorable. Many of them — indeed, most of them — are recorded in the pages of this magazine.

But many of them are not: that wonderful summer lunch time at the swimming pool; the exciting lessons taught by your favourite teachers; the amazing netball goal you scored that recess; the old book you found in the Library; the day you were praised at School Assembly; the smell of the freshly-mown running track as you raced in the relay; the good marks you got for the subject that Dad was worried about; the sound of the Stage Band echoing through the early-morning emptiness of the corridors; the new friendships you forged which will last forever.

Perhaps, on reflection, school life is made up of much, much more than the events recorded in this wonderful edition of "Prospice", where we only find space for those major events which concerned most of us as members of the corporate body of the School. As with memory, school life is a very personal thing: the School itself — that inert, solid, staid and impersonal structure — has no memory of its own. If it can be said to have a "memory", it exists only in the individual memory of the thousands of students, parents and teachers who have been associated with it over its forty-five year history.

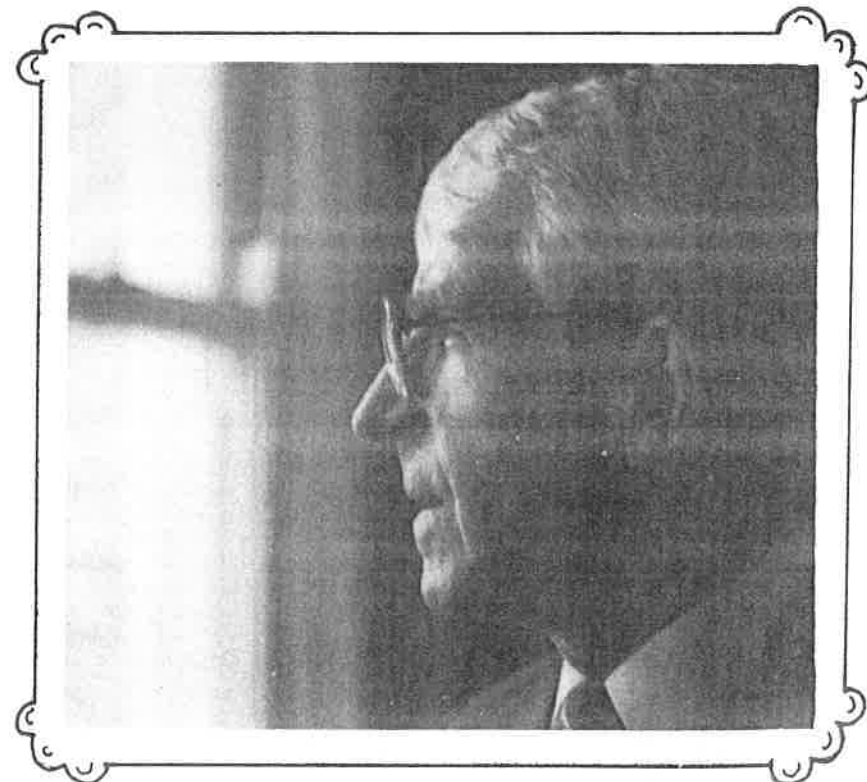
Looking to the future, one wonders what impact the many projected changes in education will have on the School, and

whether it will continue to engender the same love and affection that is enshrined in the memories of those who have already passed through its doors. We have been inundated with an avalanche of proposals for the future, and digging through — or even understanding — the paper landslide often is difficult. The contemporary lexicon of education brims to overflowing with buzz-words and buzz-phrases: restructuring, devolution, equality of access, participation and equity, school improvement, equality of success, goal-based assessment, negotiated curriculum.

The phrase that seems currently to be out of favour is "the pursuit of excellence". I do not confine the application of this phrase to the restricted grove of academic performance: at Camberwell High School, the pursuit has been much wider, across the broader fields of sport, music, drama, creativity and personal development — both physical and social. In our endeavour, we have sometimes failed. But we have often succeeded. We do not work miracles. But we have always tried to do our best.

I end with a quote from Tolkien's **Silmarillion** which I have often used in farewelling our senior students. In this place, and at this time, when the future meets the present and becomes the past, it is an appropriate reminder that, whatever else may change, all you who follow here must ensure that the pursuit of excellence, unlike the Australian dollar, is never devalued.

"For the less, even as for the greater, there is some deed that you may accomplish, and in that deed your heart shall rest."



Mr. Collins — A Decade of Outstanding Leadership

In announcing that he would not be returning to Camberwell High School at the conclusion of his long-service-leave, Mr. Collins brought to a conclusion a decade of progress and achievement under his leadership.

Throughout his term as Principal, Mr. Collins sought to preserve traditional features of the school, including its Choral Festival, Speech Nights, A.V.G. James lecture, Musicals and this Magazine, as well as encouraging both students and parents to participate in innovative programs at the school. The annual S.R.C. Talent Quest and the S.R.C. Student Participation Day are examples of recent student initiated and directed activities, whilst the C.H.S. BE IN IT program has involved many parents in planning future directions for the school.

Improvements to the physical features of the school have included the painting of, and improvements to the school and gymnasium, development and improvement of the school grounds, the provision of computer facilities and the construction of the hall servery area.

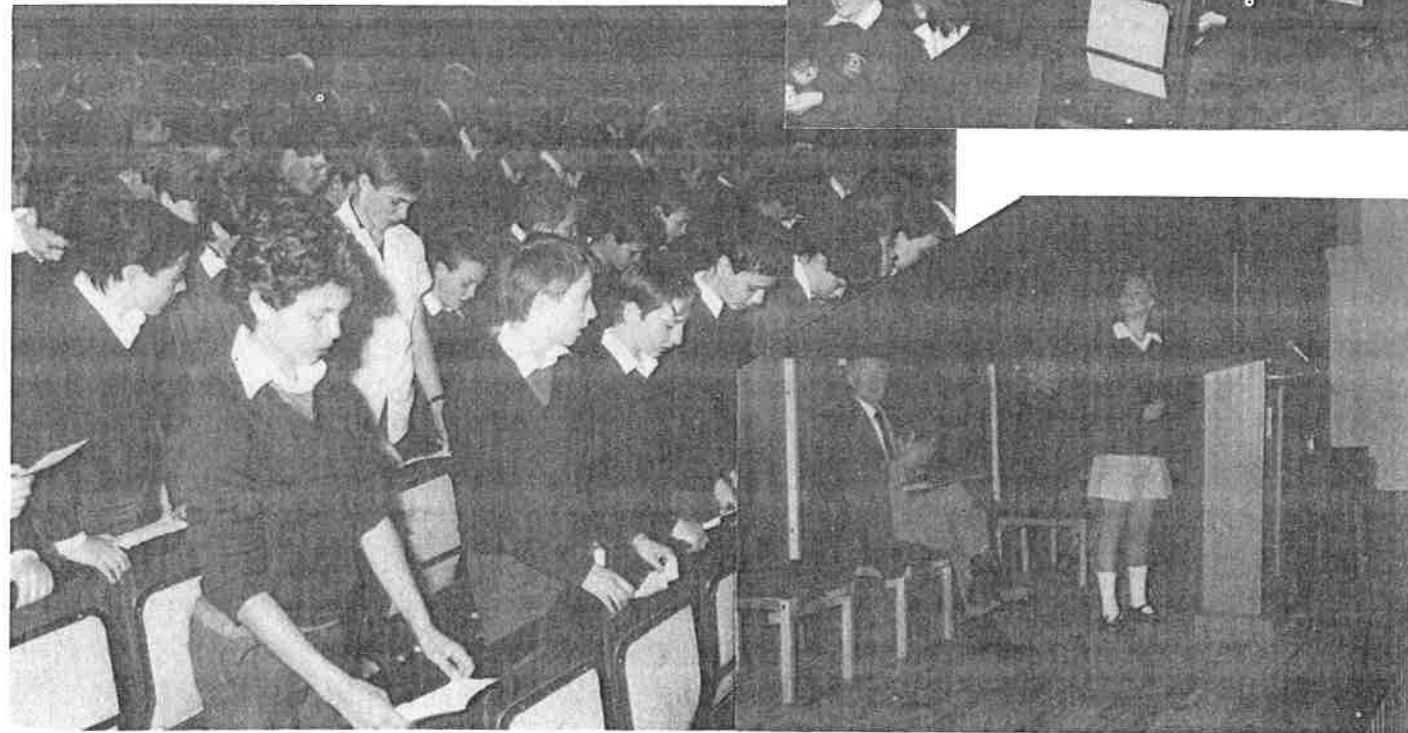
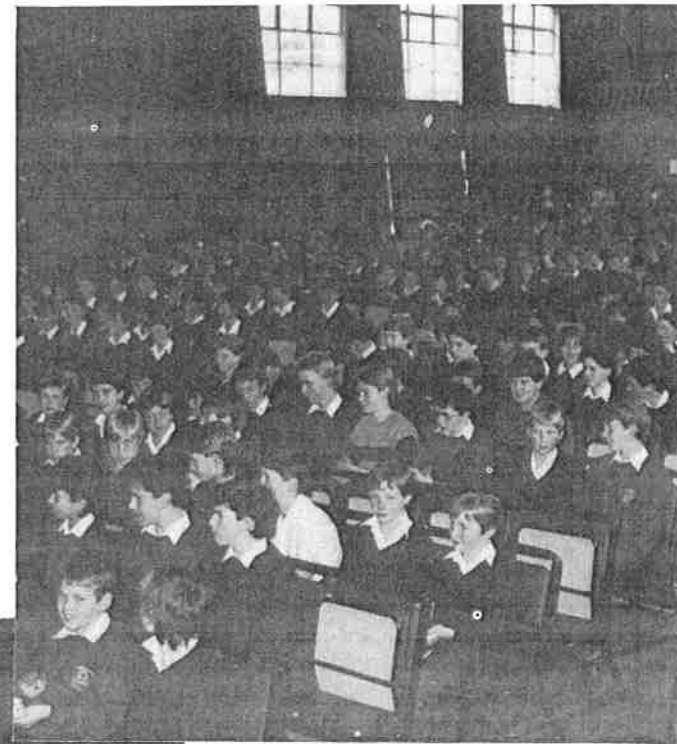
Whilst parents, staff and students have all contributed, it has been the tireless energy and exceptional organising ability of Mr. Collins which has brought all of these programs to fruition.

Throughout the period of his Principalship Mr. Collins has been ably supported by Mrs. Collins, who has maintained a genuine interest in the school and its students and has participated in many school activities.

As a result of the leadership of Mr. Collins, Camberwell High School is now well placed to adapt to a future of change in post-primary education.

Mr. Collins will certainly be missed but not forgotten at Camberwell High School.

*Mr. Roy Coram,
Acting Principal*



EDITORIAL

We, as a committee, would like to dedicate our editorial to this International Year of Peace.

Throughout the world the Year of Peace has been observed by the holding of meetings and rallies, all of which have been attended by many people. In our school, students have shown tremendous enthusiasm in writing on the theme of peace, and there have been many discussions amongst students and teachers both in class and outside class. Apparently peace is something that is uppermost in most people's minds at the moment.

Since it is rather an abstract thing, perhaps we should stop and ask ourselves what is actually meant by peace. One way of looking at it is as freedom from war. This is the peace between nations, and the most important manifestation of peace from the point of view of security of human life and property. There is also peace in each individual society. This can mean a society free from caste or colour wars, or problems with youth and employment. Going a step further we come to the household, where once again peace is essential for coexistence. Then of course there is the peace of nature, which induces peace of mind in the beholder — the peacefulness of a forest or a deserted beach. This, of course, is where it all begins and ends — peace within ourselves.

We must ask ourselves, how far have we come in attaining peace. A look at the international situation would convince us that we have a long way to go, but we must not lose heart. If we remember that all of us have the capacity to take up the responsibility for the attainment of peace, be it in our homes, our schools, and out in the society in which we live, all hope is not lost. The youth of today are not only aware of the problems facing them, but are eager to solve them. We believe that when the world is in their hands, peace will be established.

Magazine Committee, '86

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank Miss Neilson and the Lonely Planet Publishing Company for the invaluable help we received in connection with the processing of the photographs; we would also like to give our sincere thanks to Mr. Page, Miss Baldwin, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Saker for their constant support throughout the year, and to Mrs. Littlewood, other members of staff and students who generously contributed photographs.

Our special thanks go to the Word Processing Class for their quick and efficient typing and processing of all the written work that has poured in throughout the year.

Mrs. Wilma Webster

Students and staff at C.H.S. would like to say thank you to Mrs. Wilma Webster for all the help and enthusiasm she has shown over the years that she has been manageress of the school canteen. Her efforts have gone far beyond just canteen matters, as she has involved herself in many other school projects. She has been a familiar figure who will be greatly missed by everyone. We wish her all the best in her retirement.

YEAR ELEVEN WORD PROCESSING CLASS

Nicole Bowe
Sylvia Gounis
Jodie Green
Janet Matheson
Tom Mills
Deanna Milner
Jenny Pankhurst
Ivanka Ross
Sonja Stilianos
Eva Tsozozidis
Amanda Wilkins

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Helena Forsyth
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Abhik Sengupta
Augarette Malki
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Amanda Watt
Shannon Briggs
Georgina Dimitroulos
Dimitra Christopoulos



Don Anderson Award

Winner: Tessa Shanley, Year 10

BLIND

Do you know how it feels
To hurt for someone else
Who isn't hurting at all?
They don't accept your
Sympathy
But that's not what it is.
It's wishing they had it easy.
Wishing they had the things
You have
And wondering why
God had to make them
Blind.

RUPTURED HARMONY

A disagreement, blown out of proportion.
Vicious remarks are thrown about.
A vase smashes.
A door slams.
"Don't go!" she screams
She begs, she pleads.
But he has gone.
He left a lifetime of memories behind.
She's never seen him since.
Now she sits alone
In the corner.
Staring at the walls.
Emaciating away to nothing.
If he could see her now
Would he take back
Everything he said?

I'M GONE

Hour after hour,
Day after day,
I sit in this little corner
Trapped and encased
By four white walls.
And that's all.
People wander in and out.
They've come to visit me,
Giving me the attention
I so desperately needed.
But it doesn't mean anything to me
Anymore.
They look at me with despair.
They wonder where the person
They once knew went.
Well, she's still here.
She just doesn't respond.
I just sit and peel the paint
Off the wall.
Everyone thinks I'm dead.
I'm not dead.
I'm just not alive.

*The distant cry of hungry seagulls.
The sea nearby, gently lapping,
The far-off rumble of crashing waves,
Grey skies loom above me.
A chilly breeze envelopes me
As I dig my toes in the wet sand.
Trees sway and leaves rustle
Away from civilisation,
Nature dominates,
Nothing is a threat
To any thing else.
Nothing else to think about,
I become a part of it,
I'm living and breathing nature,
Not a soul in sight.
No one to disturb
My inner peace and tranquility,
I'm overdosing on calm;
A thousand happy times
Cannot come close
To what I feel now,
If this is peace,
I'm all for it.*

SOMEWHERE MAN

Sometimes I sit studying your face
In a photo of us together.
I was only a baby then.
I'm not expected to remember.
You're not highly spoken of
In our family.
But I don't care.
I love you.
Those strong, tanned arms
That held me as a baby.
That kind Irish face.
I wish you were with me now.
Every New Year's Eve,
While everyone is happy
I sit looking out the window,
Thinking of you and crying.
Who is responsible for me being alive
Whom I don't even know.
I have no memories of you.
Just a few simple reminders.
Where are you Dad?

LIFE

Just when you've got all the answers
They go and change the questions.
When you've finally pulled yourself
Together
They come up with a song to make you cry.
When you've found perfect harmony
Something comes along and destroys it.
Some people say this kind of thing
Is hard to describe.
But it's simply known as life.
Don't wait for things to happen.
Go and make it happen.
No matter what the future holds,
Good or bad,
Look forward to it.
It's a whole lot better than the past.
Don't try to remember.
Try to learn.

WORTHLESS

It's okay.
You can sit down and cry
But when you're done
What will you have achieved?
A wet pillow
And a heavy heart.
It doesn't make sense.
A sad song made you weep
But you weren't even upset.
If I were you
And I needed to cry
I'd take a look at the world
And then I'd really have
Something to cry about.

Senior Writer's Prize

MY FAMILY

The picture of my family makes an abstract, brightly-coloured painting in my mind. Each member is represented by a colour or variety of colours which represent what part they play in my life. For some members, shape means something, too.

My parents are situated in the centre, because my life so far has centred around them. My father is green. Green is my favourite colour, and if I had to choose between my parents I would choose my father, thus the colour green. However, the green is quite dark in places, and this is because I stand in awe of him — sometimes I am afraid of him.

My mother is a dominating, round figure next to my father, of a pretty salmon pink and pale grey. These are the colours she looks best in. Around the edges the roundness sags a bit, and is darker grey in colour. This represents the times she is angry or sad; when I want to get close to her, but can't, as I don't know how.

My siblings then surround my parents. They are quite unobtrusive, but are definitely there, nevertheless. My eldest sister is a vulgar, bright yellow to orange colour, the sort of colour you'd wear to a bad taste party. Her manners and character reflect this "bad taste" colour. Yet right in the centre of the orange, almost hidden is a beautiful, pale, peachy apricot colour. Just a tiny smudge of soft, gentle kindness, which normally can't be seen. It is a great contrast but strengthens her character a hundredfold.

My younger brother and sister are two pot plants holding hands. Their leaves are bright colours, yet not noticeable at first glance. They represent evergrowing young children who will soon be larger than me. They hold hands because my closed mind refuses to let them grow up. That is, the symbol

Winner: Susannah Duncan, Year 12

of holding hands means they are sweet, young, innocent children growing up untainted in a corrupted, insane world. They need to help each other fight off the "bogey-men", long since past the age of holding hands to cross the road, but my painting is painted, and I cannot change it.

My grandparents are a pale, frail smudge in the corner. Insignificant, but always there. My grandfather has another side to him though. He is a very pale shade of green, which can be seen by no one but myself. This shade is my favourite, more so than my father's colour even, but I do not see it clearly. My grandfather used to be the one I'd turn to before anyone else. He used to give me one extra chocolate than the others. But I only have memories, for he will not show me that side of him anymore, therefore it is pale and difficult to see.

The rest of my abstract painting consists of a mass of colours, usually in pastels. These are significant of the many relations I have met but don't know, or have simply heard of.

The colour which intrigues me most is the one in the right hand corner at the bottom. Black, it represents my other grandfather, the one who is dead. It is not a sombre or frightening black; more fascinating than anything. That is because I have very few memories of him, but am supposed to look exactly like him, and act similarly also. Thus: my family. Abstract, colourful, describing those close to me, and those distant. However, I need to paint a new one each year, or sometimes sooner: for my outlook on life changes, and thus my picture of my family must change.

Susannah Duncan, Year 12

Junior Writer's Prize

Winner: Lisa Nankervis, Year 8

A small wrinkled figure rocked back and forth in an old, wooden rocking chair on the porch. As it rocked it squeaked.

A small pair of beady, tired eyes peeped over a pair of fine wire glasses, that were balanced on a twisted, wrinkly nose. One hand always rested on the arm of the rocking-chair, the other tightly clenched, lay on the lap of the elderly woman. Rarely the gnarled, worn fingers would move. The face seemed as sullen and tired and the lips were always tightly pursed, showing determination. This woman had been through many years of fighting battles and wars.

All through her life she had struggled through years of depression, fighting for peace.

Was that too much to ask for?

Now as I pass the old wooden rocking-chair on the porch, I imagine the sound of the creaking of the rocking-chair as it rocks, back and forth, the way it creaked when the old lady was there.

For she is gone now, to a place where, it seems, is the only place where it is peaceful.

Where there are no wars or battles to fight.

She has left us and won her battle, her fight for peace . . .

Lisa Nankervis, Year 8



C.H.S. Juniors

THE CONTENTS OF MY MOTHER'S FRIDGE

The countryside rolled by as the train sped along the tracks. I had been waiting for this trip for years. My mother had been living in London for three years now. I still remember when she first left. I cried for hours. Time had drifted by and a ticket had arrived in the post with a message attached:

It has been too long,
My love for you has grown,
I miss you,

Love Mum xxx

Dad and I discussed the matter and came to the agreement that I could go for a week and no more as long as I caught up on my schoolwork. The excitement was killing me. Pulling up at the station, the train screeched to a halt. I grabbed my suitcase and jumped out of the door. I showed my ticket to the inspector and walked out onto the pavement.

There she was, a vision, long blonde hair, and deep blue eyes. Her red sports screeched to a halt.

"Jump-in", she invited. We talked for hours, when we got to her house. About life, school, our loves and lots more. Eating at dinner she brought up the subject of how long I could stay.

"Well, Dad and I agreed on a week. You see, I'm missing out on school and everything." She swallowed her mouthful of soup deeply.

"A week, is that all! I haven't seen you in three years and all Rolf can think about is your school work!"

"Mum, no personal attacks, please."

"I'm sorry. I miss you, that's all."

The rest of dinner was silent. We had supper and I went to bed. Lots of thoughts poured through my mind. Something was different about her, I suppose people can change alot in three years. I drifted off to sleep. I don't really know what happened next, but I was aware of a slight chill. The chill developed into a breeze which developed into an icy feeling. My eyes sprung open, and I found myself in the fridge. Chickens to the left, sprats to the right. Funny, I had always wondered if the light went off when you closed the door.

I started to bang on the door. The harder I banged, the more frustrated I became.

"Don't bang pet, I'm trying to sleep." It was Mum's voice.

"Mum, let me out. What are trying to do?"

"I want to keep you here forever. So I'm going to preserve you."

"My God", I thought. "She must be crazy."

I've been in here for days now. It's lucky I found this chicken to write on or I would go crazy.

Danielle Edwards, Year 9

Little prince Harry was the worst of little boys.
He was nasty to his nursery maid and broke all his toys.
He stuck his dirty little finger in a newly baked cake,
And tied up his nanny and pushed her in the lake.
He ran over the gardener while on the stairs,
And he stole the butler's trousers without any cares.
He always made a fuss when it was time to take a bath,
Once he stole his Daddy's chessboard and used it as a raft.
He squashed his mummy's roses,
They were her pride and joy.
Oh dear, did you ever hear of such
A naughty boy?

S. Bell, Year 7



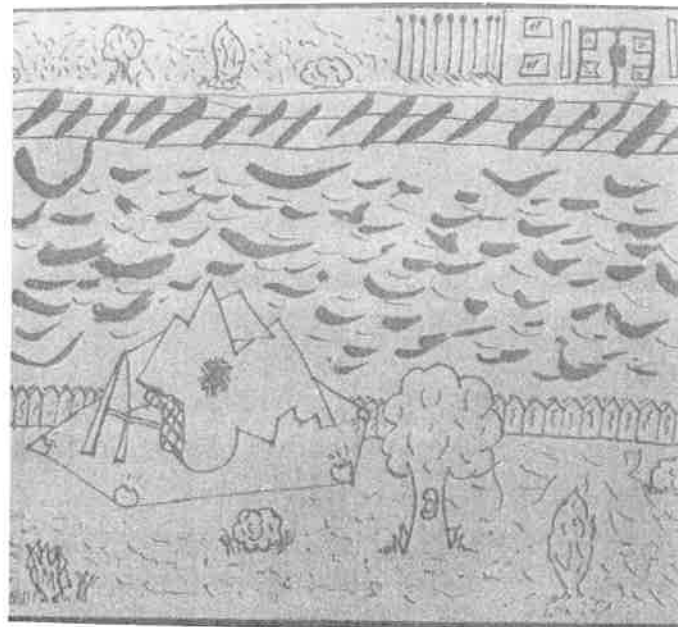
Kate Mills, Year 7

I'm at peace with myself, the young man said.
My troubles and worries have gone from my head.
I'm as free as a bird on top of the world,
Because the war is over, it made no sense.
Great was the cost, nobody won, but many lost.

J. Paull, Year 7

When I see clouds grey and thick,
I know that God is feeling sick,
He throws control down in the dump,
And then he sits down with a slump,
I feel God's anger being spat at me,
It's then I wish that he could see,
What a good girl I can really be.
He throws his hate out with a yell,
And then we know he's getting well.
Than at last the sun comes out,
And we know he's well again.

K. Mills, Year 7



Sean Gleeson, Year 7

YEAR 7 SAUSAGE SIZZLE

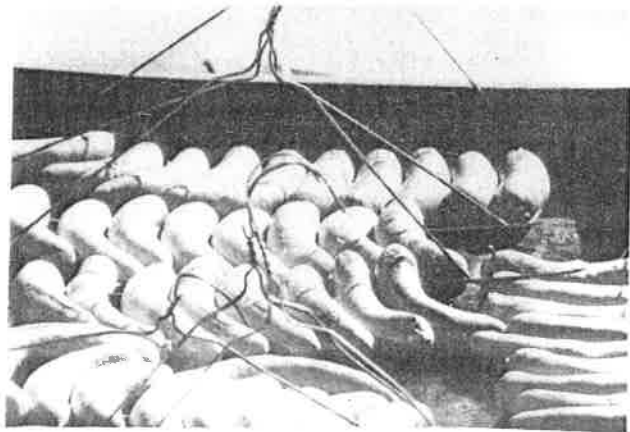
This year's Year 7 Sausage Sizzle was a great success with most students turning up, and most of them bringing their parents. It was a beautiful, warm summer's night, perfect for such an event. The food and drinks were good, especially the sausages, and much appreciated by all. The kids joined in for the pancake races, ("pancakes" kindly donated by Miss Benny), and on the whole, it was a great night. Some comments as gleaned by our roving reporter, Torquil Neilsen, on the night:

"It was casual and enjoyable".

"I thought it was fine. A very good idea".

"I thought it was a good idea, but I didn't think segregating the parents into class groups was such a good idea".

"A great success".



CAMP COOLAMATONG 86

We're on our way,
To fun and play,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.
We've packed a bag,
And we're not so sad,
To have to leave home,
For we're not alone,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.
You can have a ride on a horse,
Or do the obstacle course,
You must go there soon,
For there's a farm afternoon,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.
You could try some kayaking,
Or maybe some biking,
You might try some bush-craft,
But I doubt you would make a raft,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.
There's the ninety mile beach,
Where some of us collected a shell each,
There's a national park,
Where the trees are stark,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.
Well we're on our way home,
And we still don't feel alone,
For we will remember Coolamatong,
Where we once sang a song,
At Coolamatong,
At Coolamatong.



Laurenne Listokin, 7R

YEAR 7 CAMP 2

Never in the history of Camberwell High has there ever been such an outrageous camp 2, consisting of ten girls, twenty-seven boys and three teachers.

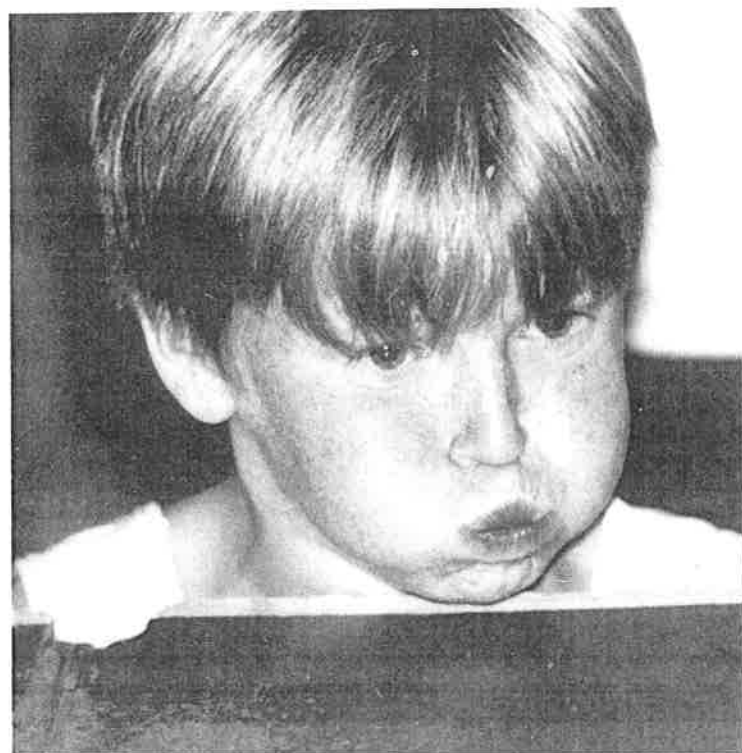
It was a huge success. How else would we have coped without life's joys such as: James and his gun; Cathy's Coolamatong tee-shirt; Effie's famous jewellery; Josh's "Nike" tracksuit and cool sunglasses; Tony — Yum Yum!; the famous Anzac's hat belonging to Justin; Kevin seeing his first kangaroo; Phil's clothes; and Lucas' lovely smile.

Everyone's favourite master of ceremonies; John, Chris and Caroline singing "Cocaine"; Asher's colourful clothes; Tom's twenty cents worth of jelly babies; Anton's cheerful face everywhere; Rod Kenafacanacanaca; Jamies' comment to Sam, "You look like a frog but you're not"; Ben's birthday "Happy Birthday To You", and Jane and Andrew, the horse people.

Memorable moments: Swimming in jeans at the 90 mile beach; gutting the sheep; hot Milo that burns your tongue; singing Happy Birthday on the C.C. Neil; talcum powder fights; chocolate pudding; taking group photos; queueing up for a ten cent icypole; sending post cards home; singing in the train; getting stuck in the train (at 8.00 a.m.).

"It's Coolamatong, click click"; voluntarily peeling vegetables; coming back to good old raining Melbourne; standing on the station realising how much you really missed home.

Samantha Bell and Amanda Watt, Year 7



TRANQUILITY

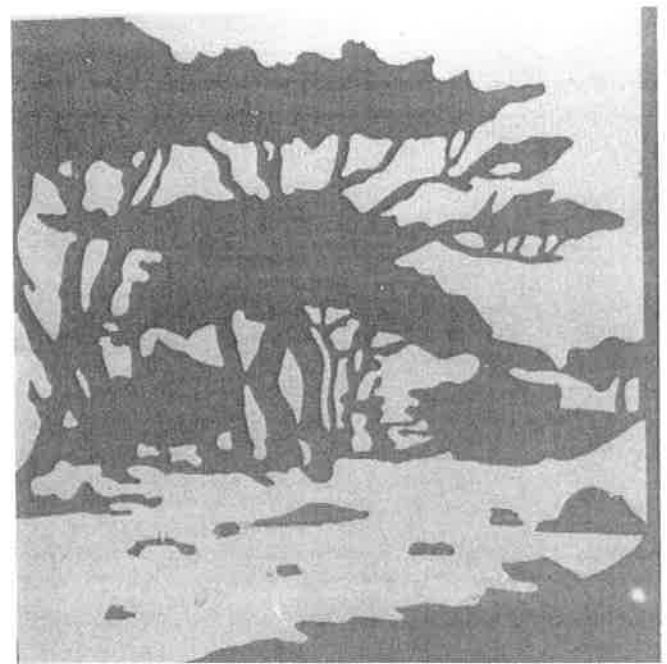
A quiet breeze bent the trees gently and blew a few orange and red leaves across the yard. They tumbled over and over until they came to rest on the lush, green grass. Another leaf fell off and floated down to land gently on the grass.

A tabbycat kitten walked slowly across the yard, making no noise, though the fallen leaves covered her up to her ankles. She made her way over to a small pile of red and orange under a large oak and went to sleep, covered up to her head in leaves and protected from the wind by the nearby wall.

The large oak trees stood tall and strong. They guarded the yard and provided a peaceful haven for the birds and squirrels of the neighbourhood. It was they that spread their branches over most of the yard making sure it was never too hot or too cold and that the air was always clean.

Over on one side, sitting under another oak, was a boy. He had been viewing this scene and he had been thinking. He took up his wooden flute from beside him and began to play the soft, quiet, tranquil theme of the yard.

Michael Niemann, Year 8



Melissa Clark, Year 12

The Richest Man in the Universe

I know the richest man in the universe! His name is Chovo Muchabach. He is rich because . . . No, I won't tell you yet, how he got so rich and famous. It's a secret. He lives on the planet "Miguelli" with "his" invention all around him. Can you guess his "get-rich-quick" scheme yet?

If you can't guess, I'll give you a few more clues.

1. He didn't really invent "his" invention — he only patented it, which means he got it from someone else who was deceased or very sick.
2. No-one can live without it. If you can guess what it is go directly to the last paragraph and you will see if you are right.

Continue reading to find out more about Chovo Muchabach — even though I don't give any more clues to what "his" invention is. He lives on the planet "Miguelli" with one of every kind of Earth's animals — with the only humans being his servants and family. And by the way, you can't buy "his" invention in the shops.

"His" invention is P E A C E !!! That's all he eats, drinks and sleeps. Lucky man!!!

Robert Blaney, Year 7

BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies, butterflies,
With winds of golden dust,
Spread out towards the sun.
They soar and glide in the wind,
Absorbing the breath taking beauty
of their surroundings.

Butterflis, butterflies,
With fluttering wings
they move from one flower to the next.
Standing still with their wings folded,
Then suddenly flying up and up,
Further and further away from
the beloved earth.

Butterflies, butterflies,
Over the hills they come flying and frolicking,
Their small delicate faces glowing with life
letting the wind take them wherever it pleases.
Up and down, right to left they go.

Butterflies, butterflies,
Never a care bothers their simple lives.
When the scent in the air is strong,
The blossom stirs in the spring breeze,
You may see the butterflies among the dazzling flowers,
Playing eternally.

Diem Thuy Quach, Year 8

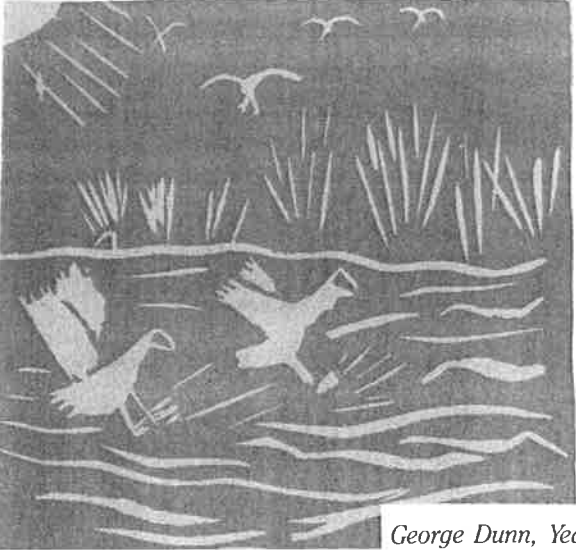


Tarquin Faggetter, Year 7

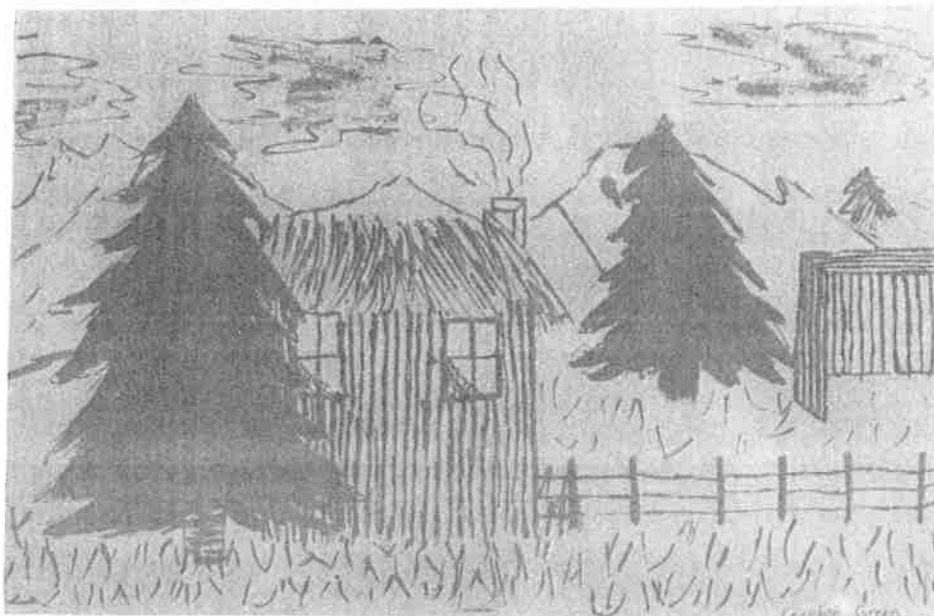
THE STORY OF ASHAKA

In the year 299 B.C. there was a king in India called Bimbisara who had a hundred sons. The name of his eldest son was Ashaka. Ashaka was a merciless and ruthless warrior. When King Bimbisara died all his sons began to fight for the throne. When Ashaka heard about this he came to the capital and fought and in the fight all his brothers were killed. Then he took over the throne as the king. But the son of his 89th brother escaped and started preaching Buddhism in the villages near the capital. Because of so much killing even Ashaka's wife and sons left him. Years passed by and Ashaka won battle after battle and he conquered the whole of India, Pakistan and parts of Afganistan. Then he wanted to stop fighting and make peace but his mind was not at rest. One day he was sitting under a tree in the court yard when he saw a monk in the distance. He asked his guards to bring the monk to him. When the soldiers brought the monk to Ashaka, he recognised the monk as his brother's son. Then Ashaka asked him if he hated Ashaka, and the monk said no. He said if Ashaka stopped fighting and brought peace to his people he would prosper even more. Then Ashaka stopped battles and brought peace and justice to his subjects. He built roads, resthouses, libraries, temples, planted trees and did many other things. In a few years his kingdom was the most properous kingdom ever found.

D. Murkherji, Year 7



George Dunn, Year 7



Caroline Green, Year 7

Student Conference

Phillip Vlahogiannis and I were accepted to attend a student conference at the Institute of Educational Administration in Geelong. The conference was held from Sunday, 10 August to Tuesday, 12 August, and was organised by the Eastern Metropolitan Region Student Board of which Phillip is a member. It was funded by the Participation and Equity Program. The conference was entitled "Students Participating in Administration, a student leadership development program".

We were picked up outside Camberwell High School at 9 o'clock Sunday morning and travelled to the Institute by bus. We arrived at 11 o'clock and were officially welcomed by the Minister of Education, Mr. Ian Cathie.

After lunch was a session concerning student leadership. This was a skill development session where we firstly defined leadership and then identified our own leadership style. We then identified leaders and their qualities and watched videos of Australian leaders.

The next session was decision-making where we were introduced to the different ways of making effective decisions.

After dinner we did a session on public speaking. First we learned how to write and present a good effective speech and then we broke up into three groups — the speakers, the good audience and the bad audience. This was to give people the chance of speaking in a real situation.

The next day we awoke after only 5 hours sleep at 6.20 a.m. and ran to the beach for some exercise.

The first session started at 8.30 a.m. and was a role play of a committee meeting.

DEBATING 1986

The thought of becoming a debater first crossed my mind during first term. So with some inspiration I decided to enter a team into this year's debating competition. This team consisted of Toby Moore, David Ihle and myself. The competition started in the opening weeks of second term, when topics such as the following were debated: "Sport is a good thing"; "School uniform is necessary"; "Should capital punishment be introduced?"; "Should there be authority?"; and "Adults have a sour view of life". After several debates only the team of Mark Phillips (Year 12), Sarah Francis (Year 11), and Elizabeth Doherty (Year 11) and our team were left. After many delays the final occurred when our two teams clashed for the trophy. We debated the topic "A flower garden is better than a vegetable garden". At the end of the final debate we found that we were victors and also the debating champions of 1986!

Chris Ikin, Year 8

After that we watched a John Cleese video called "Meetings Bloody Meetings". This video highlighted the common mistakes in meetings.

Session 2 on Monday was "Making Meetings Work" and was a follow-on from the first session. This session included organisational skills and preparing for meetings.

After lunch we broke into groups and each group discussed any aspects of the book "Take a Part" that interested them.

We then discussed the setting up of both sub-regional and regional networks and how they could be improved. This session included two guest speakers from another region.

After dinner the workshop was entitled "The Effective Student Representative Body". We examined why we had S.R.C.'s in the school. This was to help us with any problems at our individual schools.

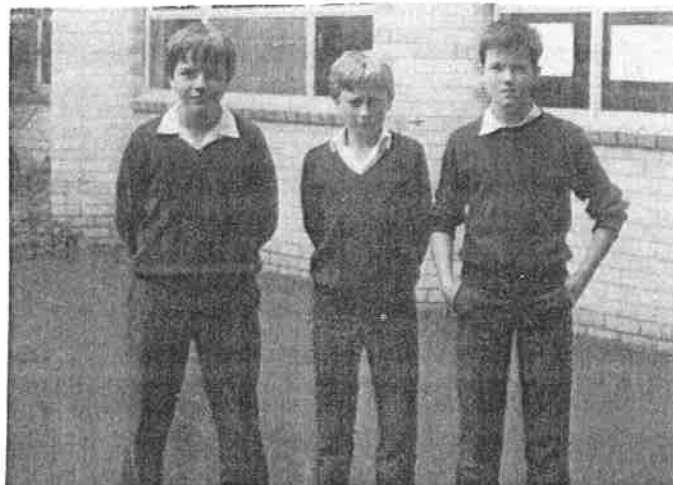
After the end of work at 9 o'clock a group of students produced a booklet as a reference guide to the day's activities.

We were awake (well most of us) at 6.30 a.m. after only 3 hours sleep and ate breakfast. The first session started at 8.30 a.m. and was on Rights of Students in Education.

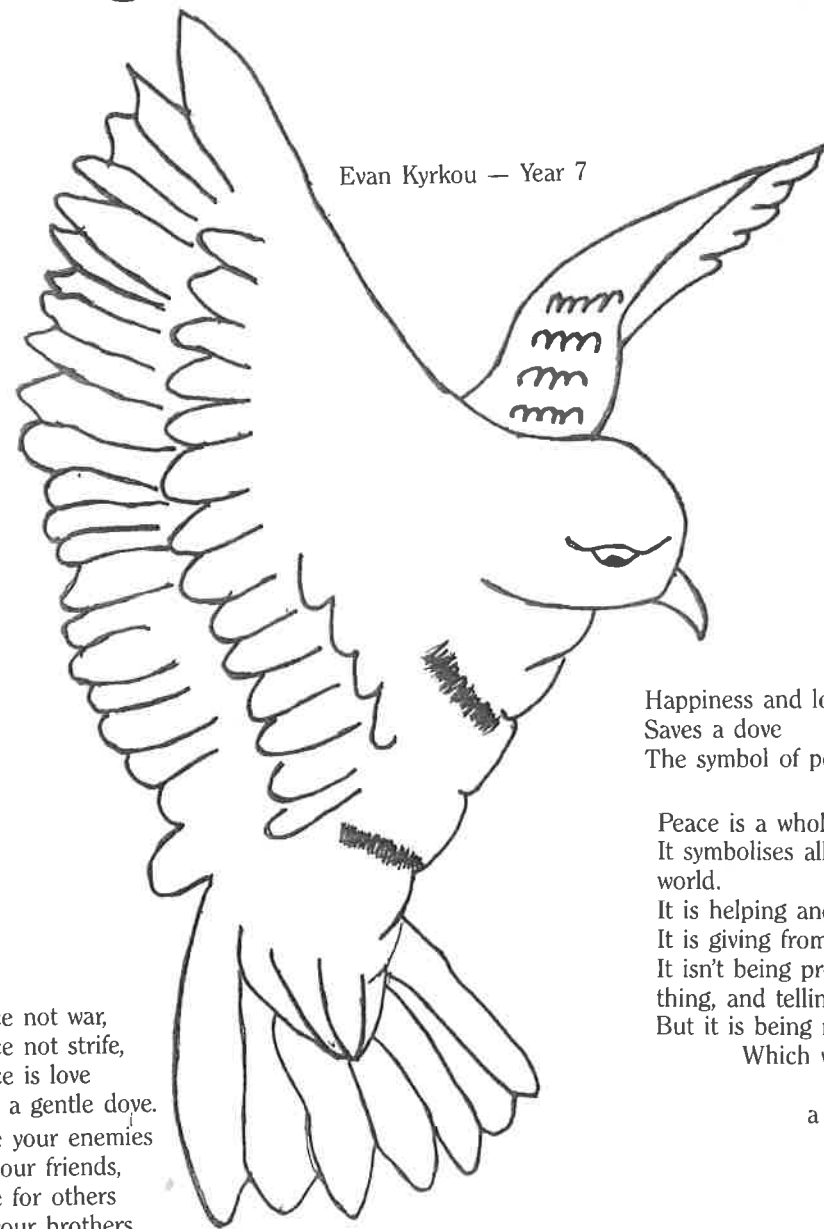
The final session for the conference was "Conference Resolutions". We developed action plans with time lines to ensure that uncompleted projects were finalised, networks were maintained, contacts were established and that sub-regional and regional groups were finalised. Finally we evaluated the conference and were presented with certificates.

We arrived back at Camberwell High School at 3.00 p.m. a very tired group of students. We had worked hard and long, harder than we would have at school and we learnt more in those three days than we would have at school in the two days we missed and of course, we had to catch up on all the work we had missed.

Andrew Jeffs, Year 8



Thoughts on Peace



Evan Kyrkou — Year 7

Peace not war,
Peace not strife,
Peace is love
Like a gentle dove.
Love your enemies
As your friends,
Care for others
As your brothers.
Regardless of colour
Regardless of belief,
Peace is love,
And love is peace.

Brigid O'Grady, Year 7

Peace is as easy as shaking hands, but you need the courage
to trust your enemy.

I would like the world
To make sure there
Will be no more wars
In the world
With peace in the
Future it will mean
That no more people
Will be killed; there
Will be friendship. We
Will be able to play
Outside without fear.

Dimitra Christopoulos, Year 8



Live and let live and the world will have Peace!

Happiness and love
Saves a dove
The symbol of peace.

Samantha Bell, Year 7

Peace is a whole world in itself.
It symbolises all the quietness, kindness and generosity of the world.
It is helping and caring about others.
It is giving from all your heart, giving all you can give.
It isn't being proud of yourself if you do one good little thing, and telling the world how fantastic you are.
But it is being nice and kind to all people all the time.
Which would you prefer, a world full of peace,
or
a world full of cruelty and hatred?

Augarette Malki, Year 7

Peace. At last Mrs. Rumpley sank into the large comfy armchair. Her hair was tied up in rollers — she hadn't had time to take them out yet — she had her huge fluffy pink slippers on, her apron was tied around her waist, and she had no make-up on. But the house was peaceful, and Mrs. Rumpley closed her eyes. "No I musn't!", she thought, "I may fall asleep!". The thought was rather pleasing, so, soon Mrs. Rumpley gave in, and off she dozed.

Her children, Tom, Stacy and Melinda, aged ten, eight and six respectively had all finally dawdled off to school, with homework and lunches neatly packed into their backpacks. Mr. Rumpley had been out of bed since 6.00 a.m. and had been working on their renovations, as he was a builder. The noise of it had woken everyone, including Spot, the deaf dog. The children and the dog had added to the noise by turning on the television, radio and heater (it had a habit of making strange sounds such as thumps, bangs and clinks), and then they proceeded to chase the poor dog around the house. Mrs. Rumpley finally restored order to the place, fed them breakfast and sent them off to school. The television, radio and heater had all been turned off, and Mr. Rumpley had gone out to fix up a contract. No more screaming, yelling, laughing, barking, blaring, thumping, banging, clinking, hammering, clanking or sawing.

This was peace.

Allison Duncan, 8P

Amen to that!

The survivors come home
For now the war is over,
Back to trees, grass, blue skies
And rolling hills or clover.
Because the war is over
Out of happiness they cry,
We can't stop the next war
But we could at least try.
There has been too much hate,
Anger, distrust and pain,
And we don't want
This to happen again.
In the last war,
They all said it couldn't last,
They were wrong, you know,
But that's a thing of the past.
From my heart, I ask you,
Let there be no war;
But I can only ask you,
I can not do more.
When we all join hands together
All the bad feelings will cease,
So when we throw away our weapons,
The world shall live in peace.

The tranquillity of a forest just after the winter's snow. The early spring dew dripping from the new spring gum leaves. The serene rock pools with the green moss and lichen creeping into the water; the crispy cold water flickering in the sun like a candle, full of life. The gentle breeze coming from the sea shore. The trees swaying in the wind in their placid glory. The joyful colour of the new spring daffodils and a newly hatched kookaburra, singing its joyful song about life. Some happy little rabbits scampering across green meadows. The harmony of undisturbed nature, not harmed by man's destruction and cruelty. No pollution of bombs going off everywhere, no four-laned highways. Peace is better left undisturbed.

Ben Harbrow, Year 7

The sky shines
Birds are whistling
Their colours flashing
Away from the city
Long, lush, green grass,
Free, uncut
The trees stand tall
Proud and strong
Leaves rustling, gently.
Now the sun is sinking
Peachy pink clouds form
The sky's ablaze
Softly sinks the sun
Gently fades away
Leaving only an orange glow
The night comes creeping in.
The moon rises
With a black velvety background
A full round moon
The shimmer of stars
Like a glimmer of hope
Day to Night
PEACE ...

Caroline Smith, Year 7

Peace is happy,
Peace is calm,
It's friendship, quiet, but not sad.
Like a bud of a rose just opening out in the sun.
Peaceful sun, peaceful rose.
The world can be peaceful,
Though the world can be cruel,
A happy and sad world is ours.

Jane Carpenter, Year 8

The warm, soft sand was a mattress for my tired body; it warmed and made comfortable my weary limbs. My eyes turned to the azure sky, no clouds wisped overhead and the sun's rays heated the sand and rocks. It was a perfect day.

My ears were filled with the sounds of the coast, no wind deafened my hearing but the gentle sonatas of the rolling ocean and the symphony of a flock of seagulls above me.

I felt so free on that desolate beach. My mind was at peace, closed my eyes and my imagination took over.

I was a swift in an ocean of clouds, I was a dolphin cutting through the waves, I was a leaf floating in the breeze. I was ripple in a peaceful lake. How fantasy thrives in such atmosphere.

My eyes opened and I turned to the ocean. The water was still and it was as clear as glass; in the water below the reflection of sea gulls, tropical fish danced to the hypnotic rhythm of the waves lapping at the warm sand. On the horizon a large sailing vessel glided over the diamond surface of the sparkling expanse of water.

I thought to myself nothing in the world could be as peaceful as this as I absorbed more of nature's beauty.

Toby Moore, Year

Sport

THE SWIMMING SPORTS — A DAY TO REMEMBER??

The swimming sports took place on Wednesday, the 12th of March. This year the sports were held later than usual, and we were very lucky that the weather was absolutely perfect. It was a day the organisers had hoped for. The sun shone on the water's surface creating a sparkling effect which made the day seem magical.

There was a buzz of excitement around the school before the sports. House captains and helpers were at the pool in the morning to set up their house decorations.

During the sports we sent our roving reporters, Dimitra, Georgina and Torquil, around the pool to interview spectators. It seems, from the interviews, that there were differing views as to what made the sports worthwhile. Some people seemed to enjoy the sports only because they could get out of school. One person said he enjoyed seeing the girls in bathers. What kind of attitude is this? However, the swimming sports still seem to have some meaning to people. People said they enjoyed the events the best, while others found the decorations interesting. Let's hope we can keep the decorations up to a good standard next year. It was also a social get together for some, who found that it was an opportunity for talking to their friends.

The cheerleaders added colour to the occasion as they were easily, according to popular opinion, the highlight of the afternoon. It appears that most of the time the spectators did have an idea of who had won a particular race, and which house was leading. According to the polls, maybe because of a certain bias, all houses seemed to have the best decorations and the most involved spectators! The best cheersquad was Montgomery, very closely followed by Macarthur, with Roosevelt and Churchill somewhat behind. Macarthur, however, seemed to have polled the most votes for active participants.

It seems that students at the sports showed quite a lot of interest in the events. They enjoyed the fun and excitement of the whole affair, but they felt that there could be some improvement in the selection of the squads. Some want to see the cheersquads improved.

The students interviewed appreciated the amount of work put into the sports by Miss Bennie, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Kenneally, also all the house captains and the actual swimming participants.

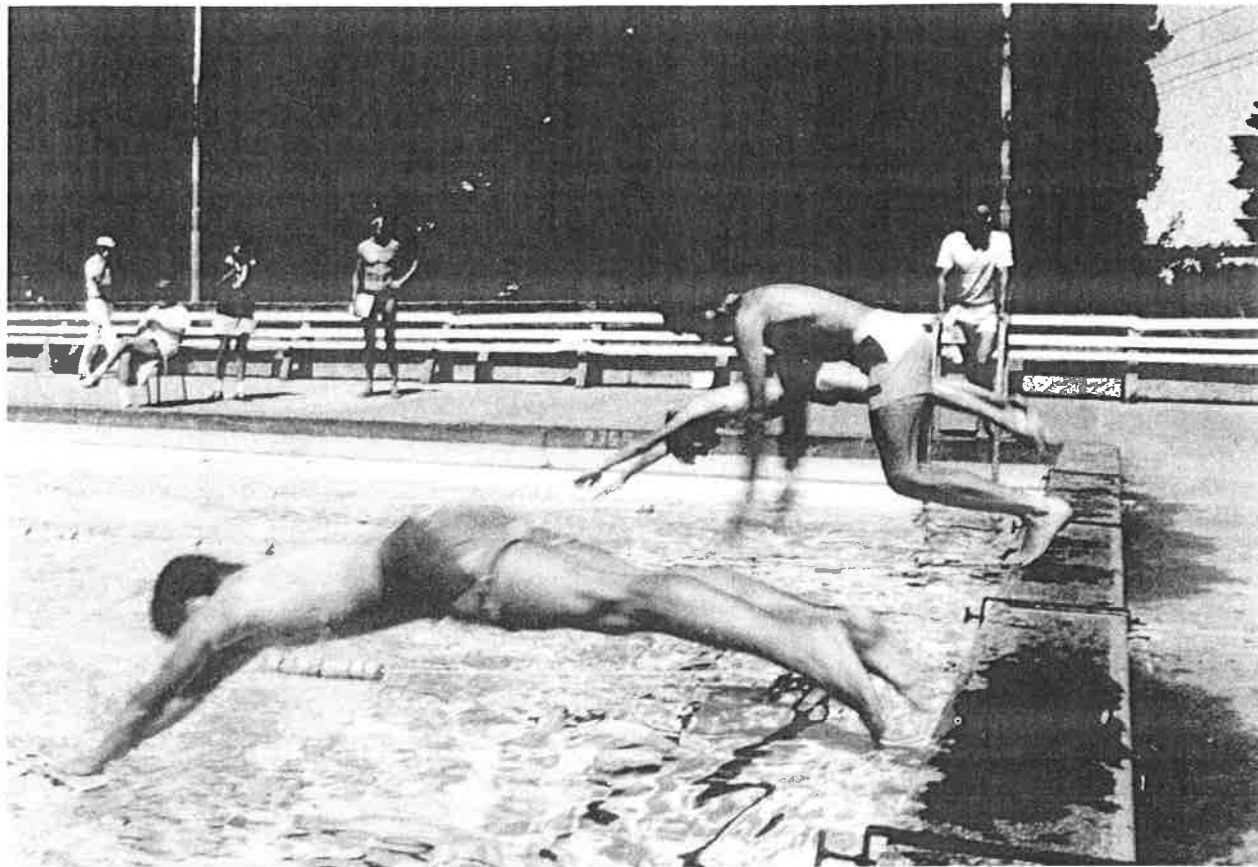
Overall, the spectators who were interviewed seemed to want more participation. Well, why don't they next year, instead of being interviewed as spectators, get involved in the actual events?

House captains were also interviewed and the main problem they faced was the lack of participation. They found the spectators did not co-operate, which made their task of organising swimmers into races a very difficult one.

It seems that if the swimming sports are to continue there will have to be more active involvement in the events. Those who did compete this year enjoyed themselves. I know I did. Next year let's make it a better day. So support your house AND SWIM!! I look forward to seeing everyone involved.

Katherine Forsyth, IIB





Intermediate Boys' and Girls' Tennis



Intermediate Girls' Softball



Intermediate Boys' Cricket



Junior Boys' Volleyball

SENIOR BOYS CRICKET

Training began at the Hawthorn Indoor Cricket Centre. Twenty of Camberwell High School's finest cricketers were sweating it out — fighting for the last thirteen places in this distinguished team.

The coach was Mr. Smith, cricketer extraordinaire. Besides the inspiring speeches, he instructed us on the finer points of the game.

The place was Mahoney's Reserve, Nunawading; the day, hot and sunny, 32°. A day where drinks, sunhats and fly-repellent were necessities.

"The first game is vital!" were the words of wisdom given out by Mr. Smith. As it turned out, the first game was vital, and after a creditable performance in the field we passed Blackburn's score of ninety with just a few balls to spare. This paved the way to the final to play home team, Nunawading. Mr. Smith was subdued, telling us to field well and we'd be in with a good chance.

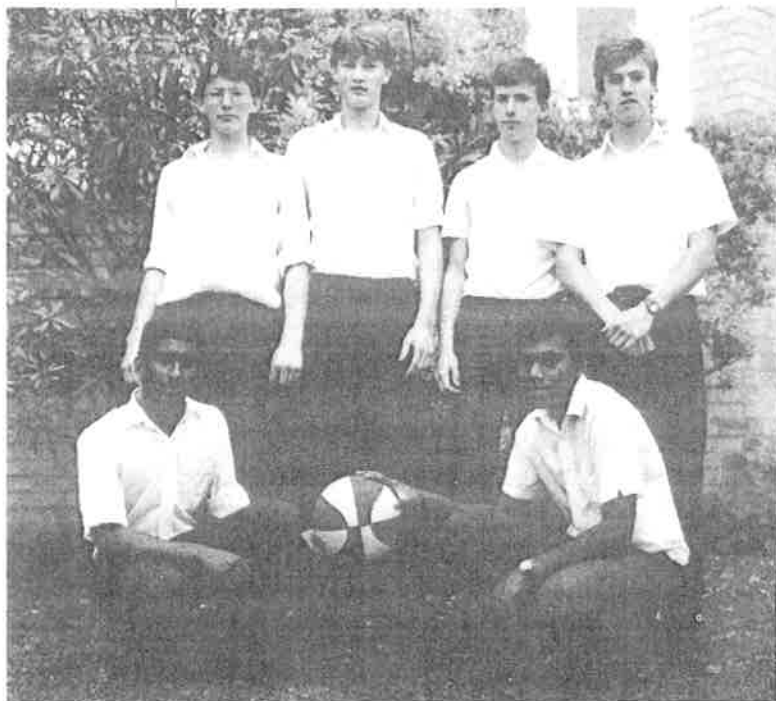
Captain Rohan Tennakoon won the toss and we fielded first again, hoping for the same result as in the previous game.

This game we weren't as lucky; Nunawading had amassed one hundred and ten runs off just fifteen overs, a target we were quietly confident of reaching.

After a healthy start, the middle order collapsed and to win, we required twenty-five runs off just fifteen balls, a difficult proposition for any team. Mario Maziotis came in and hit a six and a four off consecutive balls. We were in the showing. The final run required to win came off the last ball, and Camberwell High Senior Boys' Cricket won Whitehorse Group for possibly the first time in its history.



Senior Boys' Cricket



Senior Boys' Basketball

BOYS BASKETBALL

As you would probably have seen at lunch times, when our basketballers were playing other schools, that basketball is not one of our strongest games. But this has not prevented us from trying. With some practice before school, at lunch times, after school and even on Sundays at Albert Park, we have started to reach a high standard in playing the game. The Juniors, coached by Steve Molnar and Colin Antoni came 4th place overall in the Whitehorse Group. The Intermediate boys coached by Mark Molloy, came 5th place overall, and our Senior boys, who trained themselves, came 3rd place overall in the White Horse Group. This was a great effort by all the boys. I would like to thank all the coaches for giving up their time to coaching the Juniors and Intermediates. And especially to thank Deane Milner, Zinta Bruns, Jeanette Walker and Sue Higgenbotham and any others for being officials by either scoring or umpiring on the days of the Basketball Round Robin, and I hope with more practice and competitions at lunch times that we will be able to beat Nunawading at their own game for once.

Thank you.

Rohan Tennakoon, Year 11



Boys' Badminton



Cross Country Team

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

This year Cross-country teams were some of the best this school has seen. All teams, Junior, Intermediate and Senior, fared very well at Whitehorse Group. From all teams, sixteen went through to Eastern Zone. The Senior Girls' team, which was comprised of six runners from Year 11 and Year 12, did extremely well, with Heather Savage (2nd), Helena Forsyth (5th), Katherine Forsyth (6th) and Megan Smith (7th), all going through to Eastern Zone. The Boys' team did well, having several going through to Eastern Zone. This has been one of the biggest group of runners to go through to Eastern Zone in quite some time. From Eastern Zone we had Andrew Robinson, Travis Longmuir and Heather Savage going through to All High, where each did very well. I would like to thank, on behalf of all the runners, Mrs. Kenneally for all her time and support before and on the day of the competition. I would also like to thank the P.E. staff at Camberwell for all their help.

Helena Forsyth, Year 11



Junior Boys' Hockey



Senior Girls' Cricket

GIRLS' SPORTS' REPORT

Girls' teams, once again this year, fared well at most competitions. Although all teams played extremely well, there were a few highlights and few unlucky losses. First of all Volleyball; although the juniors are yet to play, we expect them to do well; this year the Intermediate group only losing by one point. The Senior Volleyball team came third at Whitehorse Group, but played very well and showed great promise for next year.

As with Volleyball, the Junior Netball team is still to play, but the Intermediate Netballers came a good second and the Seniors fourth, both at Whitehorse level. The Netballers had another chance to show themselves when they entered the All Schoolgirls' Competition. This is where all teams, including private schools, from around Victoria compete against one another. Our Intermediate Netball team did very well with an excellent third placing.

Once again this year the Girls' Hockey teams (Senior and Intermediate; unfortunately there were not enough girls to field a junior team), did very well. The Intermediate girls team showed promise at Whitehorse Group and we hope to get a good team next year.

Again (like last year) the Senior Girls' Hockey team proved too strong for the opposition at Whitehorse Group, going through undefeated. At Eastern Zone the whole team played extremely well, but missed out from the first only on goal average.

Our Intermediate and Senior Softballers this year had some close matches, but unfortunately did not get through to Eastern Zone. The Junior team is yet to play.

Of the Girls' teams at Camberwell, the Cricket teams are some of the strongest ones. This year, as in the past, the Senior Girls have been the side to beat at Group level. The Senior side excelled at Whitehorse winning all their games. They went onto Eastern Zone where each team member contributed to the excellent performance. They won two games but lost the third narrowly, therefore finishing the year. The Intermediate side played well but did not make it to Eastern Zone.

Overall this year for all girls' teams proved to be an excellent one. Thank you to all P.E. staff who helped make this a great year.

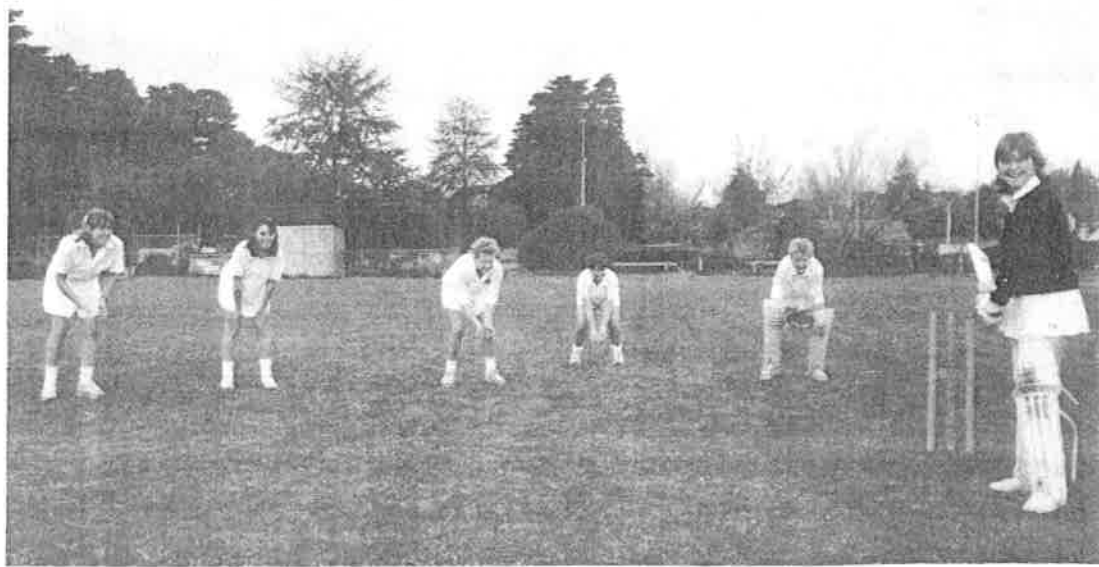
Helena Forsyth, Year 11



Intermediate Netball



Intermediate Girls' Volleyball



Cricket



Intermediate Boys' Hockey

Senior Boys' Baseball



Senior Boys' Soccer

Music at C.H.S.

Camberwell High has got a lot of talent in the art of Music. Choral festivals have stayed in the school through tradition and they are still of a very high standard.

The school's band has participated in various competitions throughout the years, most of the time finishing high in the ranking. This success is achieved through practice and the dedication of the students and teachers. Instruments are lent by the school to the people who aren't fortunate enough to own their own. The opportunity of learning how to play a wide range of instruments is available to the students from form one to H.S.C.

The choral festival is held every year during the first term. The houses compete against each other in various types of music, and there are the instrumental, senior and junior choirs. Students are involved in the organisation, presentation and can pick the music which is to their liking.

Musicals have been held over the years, and from my personal point of view they have been of a great standard.

I have never participated in any of the events, but as an outsider I can still see the amount of time and effort put in by the students and (not forgetting) the teachers. The reward for it all is the warm applause given by the more than satisfied, knowing themselves that it was a job well done.

Nick Tomaras



MUSIC CAMP 1986, 12th-14th FEBRUARY

They started out early in the morning, a bus-load of rather excited students heading for Monbulk to begin the 1986 annual music camp.

Arrived in high spirits until the shock . . . we were expected to master a number of pieces! We thought this was going to be fun . . .

After we settled in and explored the grounds the dreadful moment had arrived, the unpacking of the instruments. (Mr. Brookes was serious . . . this meant work!!). At first the noise produced was interesting but it improved gradually.

We settled down (you could hardly call it settled, much to the teachers' disgust!) to our first night, the air heavily infested with insects. At about 4.00 a.m. the music staff finally retired to their bunks after a weary night of spot the escapee.

During the following day people tried their skills at the rope course, only finding their reward was a handful of rope burns. The day continued with much practice. It was beginning to sound better and better with our new pieces coming on well.

Of course this year's music camp was an extremely successful one with the merging of the year 8 junior band and the seniors. I am sure everyone who participated in this year's music camp would like to thank the teachers involved for their time and effort.

*Katrina Fox, 8L
Catherine Buckmaster, 8M*



WASTED TIME?!?

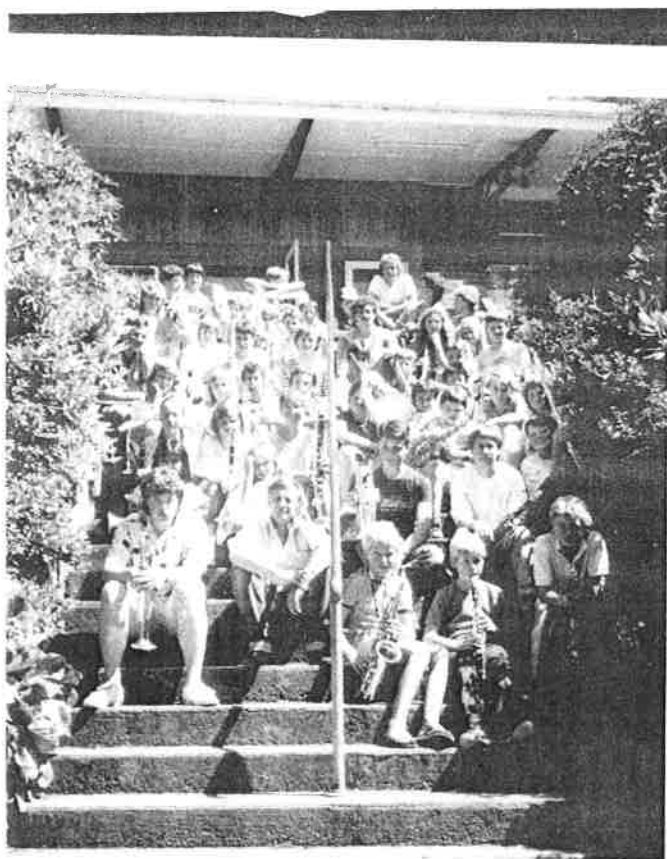
Every lunch time in the hall or room 105 a group of students, including me, get together to play music, mainly jazz, and we enjoy ourselves immensely. I find myself wondering why I'm not a musician instead of being a slave-driven student (my own choice, of course). Why aren't I doing my Biology option, my four English essays which were due ten days ago, and my five Human Development and Society practical exercises, instead of enjoying myself? It is fun playing "different" music.

In academia you are told what to do and when to do it. The classical field is like the Baroque style of music with strict rhythm and tempo, a small range of tones and harmony and a very strict form. This music can be very exciting, but compared to "our" special music I feel it's repetitious and tedious.

At lunch time jam sessions, fellow musicians and I feel free to play anything we want, with no strict tempo, melody or harmony. We work together, giving each other ideas to produce what I call music. There is no score arranged. The keyboard player might begin by playing a two chord structure, and build on that form; the rhythm section, (bass and drums), will join in and then, once finding the key, I will start playing the tenor sax. It is free entertainment for students, everyday, and especially on wet days. Not only do we enjoy it but I am sure the audience does too.

I have found an alternative to H.S.C. and that is to become a jazz musician. It is a change, from working six periods a day and writing overdue essays during lunch time. My time is not wasted (as some people put it) but is time out.

To break the monotony of study I choose to play music. It makes me stop thinking about all the work I must hand in and I thoroughly enjoy myself. You could say it was a form of escapism.



CHORAL FESTIVAL

On the 25th of March at eight o'clock, Camberwell High had its 40th annual Choral Festival. The announcers were Tsaelan Lee Dow and Christy Kilmartin with adjudication by John and Julie Seal.

At the start of each student's year at C.H.S. the P.E. staff places each student in a house — Macarthur, Roosevelt, Churchill and Montgomery. That evening we saw the four Houses at their best.

To start the evening off, the school band, conducted by Mr. Martin West, played three wonderful pieces — "Feel the Spirit", "Jet Stream" and "Wild Walk".

In the competitive part of the night the houses' instrumental ensembles entertained us. First was Churchill with "Gaillarde and Saltarello" led by Simon Tack; next was Macarthur with "Latest Trick" led by Angus McInstry; then Montgomery with "Gymnopedie" led by Alex Green; and last but not least, Roosevelt with "Roose Blues" led by Andrew Newcombe. Andrew is to be commended for presenting an original composition.

Next were the senior and junior choirs. Traditionally the seniors present a mixed part song and the juniors present a "set" song. This year's set song was "Heartlight". First the Churchill seniors sang "After the Gold Rush", then the juniors sang the set song. Macarthur followed with "Up Where We Belong" and the junior's set song. Next was Montgomery with "26 Miles to Santa Catalina" and their juniors. Roosevelt ended this section of the evening with "State of Heart" followed by the juniors. The adjudicators were left with their papers to finalise the results while we were entertained by the "Madrigal Group".

After much suspense the adjudicators walked onto the stage. The audience waited impatiently. They finally announced that Montgomery with 83 points was not far behind Churchill with 84 points. Roosevelt came in second with 86 points. We didn't wait to hear who came first because all of us knew and Macarthur were screaming, cheering, stamping and whistling. We finally let Mr. Seal say, "Macarthur first with 88 points". All the Macarthur music captains went up to collect the cup. The cheering didn't cease until Adam started his speech thanking all the people involved. We all left the hall contented and glad the night came off as well as it did, and we were also glad that students, parents and teachers enjoyed



Angie Daflos — Year 12

the night. In the 40 years that Camberwell High has had the Choral Festival, Montgomery has won 9 times, Churchill and Roosevelt 10 times and Macarthur 11 times, including this year's performance. Congratulations to Macarthur on their win. A last thank you to everyone who made this year's Choral a memorable event.

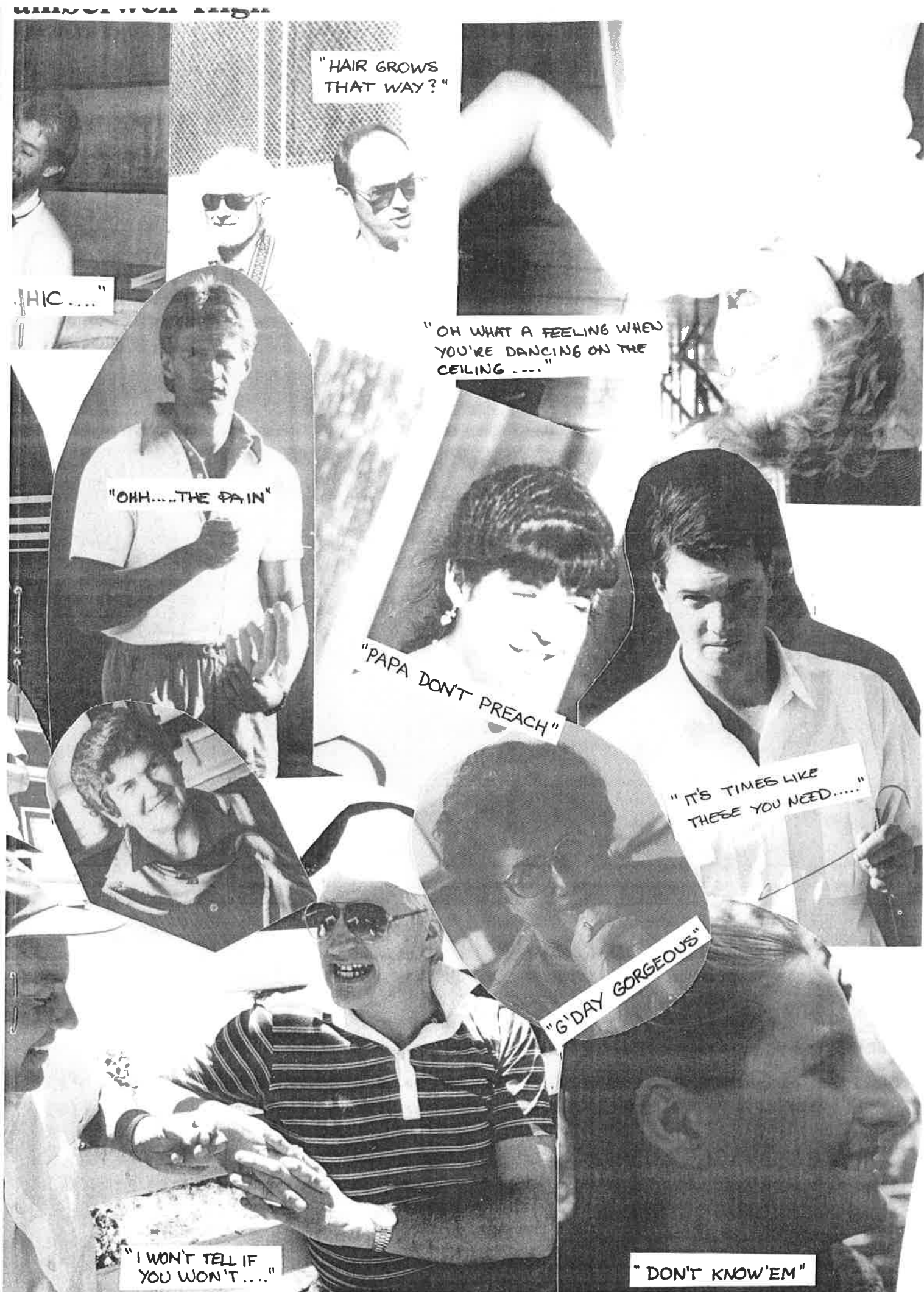
Georgie Dimitroulas, Year 8





The Crew of Camberwell High





Studenticipation

“Grease”

The curtain went down for the final time on numerous curtain calls. The weeks of hard work had finally paid off. The play Grease was a hit.

The “playlever” had started in early April, when auditions were held. Many young hopefuls lined up outside room 105 nervously waiting their shot at stardom. By looking at some of the expressions on their faces I don't know why they put themselves through it! One by one these hopefuls emerged from the room, some with expressions full of excitement (they'd obviously gone well), and some with faces full of gloom (they knew they had gone wrong somewhere). When the parts were posted up it was the same story all over again, there were the happy faces and the sad, some had received the parts they were aiming for, others had not. Some who did not get the part they wanted argued, but to no avail, they could like it or lump it!

When all had calmed down over the issue of whose part was whose, it was time to start rehearsals. Much time was spent at lunch times and after school going over and over lines trying to get things just right (well, at least presentable). There were numerous arguments over sets and costumes, it seemed no two people agreed, everything was a scramble and at one stage the play looked like being scrapped. But luckily this did not happen, everything came together as the opening night approached to the relief of the director and organisers.

By far the funniest event was the dress rehearsals; all the cast could not stop laughing at themselves in costume. But the opening night was only two days away at this stage, so it was back to the hard work.

The day finally arrived, the day all the play had been dreading, opening night. Back stage everything was tense, the whole atmosphere was full of nerves and tension, people were reading over and over lines, just to make sure they didn't forget and giving fellow cast members last wishes of luck. The lights went down, the audience became silent and the curtain rose.

Everybody in the play went marvellously, nobody forgot their lines, not a single thing went wrong, and when the last scene finished the audience could not stop applauding. Grease was a success, the months of hard work had paid off.

Congratulations everybody and let's hope next year's is just as enjoyable.





GREASE

On behalf of the cast and crew I would like to acknowledge a great many people. Thanks to the tireless efforts of Adam (Director), Mr. Cairns (Musical Director), Mr. Frost (Producer), Miss Mitchell, Edwin and the back stage crew. Without their brilliant efforts the show would not have been as big a success as it was. As one of the leads I would just like to say we enjoyed ourselves immensely. And thanks so much for the opportunity.

Great effort guys!

Felicity Duncombe (Frenchy)

Cast

Opening Soloist
Miss Lynch
Patti
Eugene
Marty
Jan
Rizzo
Doody
Roger
Kenicke
Sonny
Frenchy
Sandy
Danny
Vince Fontain
Radio Soloists

Johnny Casino
Cha-Cha
Teen Angell

KATE SUTHERLAND
JACQUI HENDERSON
ALLISON DUNCAN
JURGEN TAUCHERT
JOSIE BOLGER
KATHY PRIOR
KIRRILY STAPLES
SILAS AITON
CHRISTY KILMARTIN
TIM WATSON
ANDREW ORMAN
FELICITY DUNCOMBE
SUSANNAH DUNCAN
MICHAEL INGVARSON
PAUL NEWTON
ARIETA REEH
KATE SUTHERLAND
ADAM CUNNINGHAM
KYLIE GALTRESS
JULIAN CAIRNS

Musicians

Musical Director
Sound Engineer
Piano/Synth
Bass
Guitar
Drums
Saxes

MR. JULIAN CAIRNS
MR. KEN WOLLARD
MR. JULIAN CAIRNS
JON CHIDGEY
GAVIN CHARLES
GLEN MORTIMER
MR. MARTIN WEST
MR. PETER RYAN
GUS McINSTRAY
ANDREW NEWCOMBE



YEAR 10 OUTDOOR EDUCATION

This year's Year 10 Outdoor Education course included field days of navigation, rock climbing, canoeing and a weekend of skiing and orienteering. Classwork covered theory of all practical sessions, resuscitation and training for Surf Life Savers bronze medal.

Canoeing was done over two weeks. Equipped with canoe, helmet and life-jacket, we risked our lives to canoe (or attempt to) down death defying rapids on the Yarra, to end up at the end of the sessions with world standard canoeing skills.

Navigation was conducted at the Kimberley Ranges. With map and compass and only the minimum of navigational skills, in pairs, we found our way to predetermined locations.

Rockclimbing was the most enjoyable activity. We achieved great heights (about twenty metres) as we climbed huge mountains. The element of danger spurred us on to take part in one of the world's most dangerous sports.

Skiing was held at Mt. St. Gwinear over two days. This camp was very enjoyable and we had a great deal of fun. A highlight was a metre and a half giant snowball. Skiing was enjoyable but difficult, but perseverance paid off.

Altogether the 1986 Outdoor Education was well worth it.

David MacRoberts, Dany Brinsmead, Year 10



YEAR 9 OUTDOOR EDUCATION

We began this year with a number of swimming sessions, as well as theory lessons preparing us for canoeing which was done on two Fridays. During this session on the Yarra we learnt technique strokes and had to capsize at least once.

We did a few lessons on orienteering which was followed by a trip to Lake Eppaloch where we were supplied with a compass, a whistle and a map. After walking up and down hills, along spurs and through the forest we made it back to the bus.

The next few lessons were spent studying first-aid. This included a lesson doing mouth to mouth resuscitation (on a dummy that is!), which was, to say the least, quite um . . . er . . . interesting!

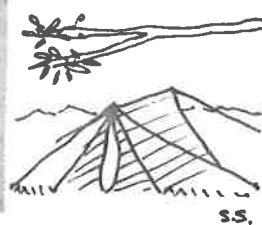
The next outing was to Lake Mountain for a day's Nordic Skiing. Although we had to leave at 7.45 a.m. (yawn, yawn!), as soon as we had those skis on our feet and the stocks in our hands, we were off (some standing, some on their faces!). The day was most enjoyable, although we arrived back at school fairly tired and bruised.

We then did two lessons of orienteering at Wattle Park on an orienteering course. This was done on two Fridays with the entire class attending.

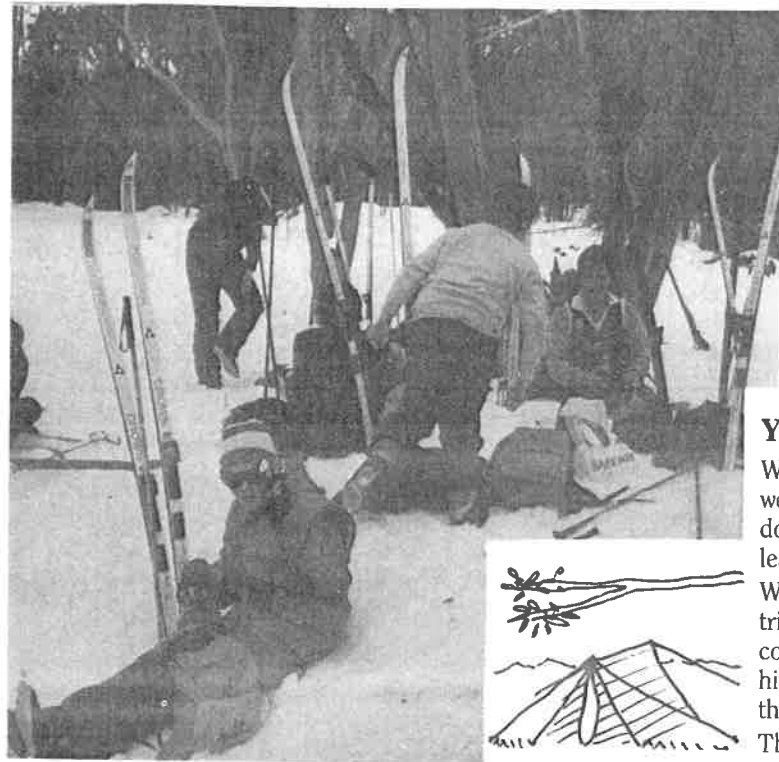
We may not have skied down the slopes of Mt. Everest, or orienteered through the jungles of Papua New Guinea, or canoed down the Amazon River, but at least this is a beginning.

Many thanks to Mrs. Darby and her husband for contributing so much time and effort to this Year Nine Course.

Cathy Scholes, Jodie Wentworth, Year 9



S.S.



THE 1986 STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Year 12:

Justin Benson, Nicky Brinsmead (President), Jamaal Sadiqzai, Heather Savage (Vice-President)

Year 11:

Zeljko Basic, Zinta Bruns, Felicity Duncombe, Andrew Scott (Treasurer)

Year 10:

Danny Brinsmead, Phillip Vlahogiannis (Secretary)

Year 9:

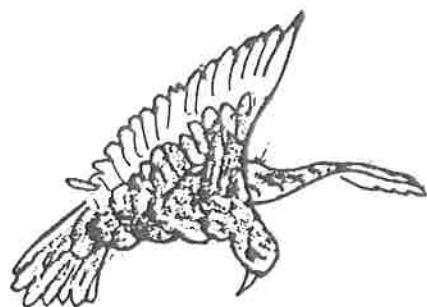
James Ballantyne, Aaron Slade

Year 8:

Andrew Jeffs, Pippa Lee Dow

Year 7:

Catherine Allan, Justin Cudmore



YOUTH PARTICIPATION DAY

Tuesday, 16th September was "Youth Participation Day" in conjunction with "Youth Participation Week". It was a major organisational effort and the people involved put a tremendous amount of time into it.

It was a day for the students featuring talks and group activities on the "Community and You" and "Peace". Year levels 7 to 10 participated.

We had a B.B.Q. lunch and a fun film. However the day was by no means a "bludge" day. Camberwell Youth Workers came to the school to lead the sessions on "Community and You", which included basic human rights activities, small groups, and talks about the wants, needs and functions of a community. The students listened to a talk on "Peace" and watched Helen Caldicott's, "If you love this planet".

Just getting the day to happen was a success in itself, and the large amount of time and effort put into the day was fantastic. It was the first of its kind and though by no means perfect, it was very worthwhile.

Pippa Lee Dow, Year 8 representative

S.R.C. REPORT

So far this year the S.R.C. has instigated and been involved in many different activities. Various fund-raising efforts, such as the lost property sale, chocolate nut drive, sportswear sale, a senior social held first term, casual days and barbeques have been held throughout the year. Some of these efforts have been fun rather than profitable — for example our recent barbeque which raised a profit of four dollars!

In conjunction with the English department a "Plain Speaking Competition" for the seniors was held, as well as a "Debating Competition" for years 7 to 12.

Youth Participation Day was a major effort organised by Year 7 to 10 representatives, interested students, teachers and Camberwell Youth Workers. It was held on Tuesday, 16th September, in conjunction with Youth Participation Week. It was a first and an achievement that the event happened!

Earlier this year the S.R.C. purchased a new photocopier for student use which was placed in the school library. Not only is the paper of a much better quality but it is also less expensive.

These are just some of the activities that the S.R.C. have achieved this year. However with the Talent Quest and the Socials coming up, amongst others, we're not finished yet!

Pippa Lee Dow, Year 8 representative

Enrichment Courses

Camberwell High School has participated again this year in the Enrichment Units organised by Camberwell/Doncaster cluster. Students have had the opportunity to attend special classes in Public Speaking and Communication; the History and Development of the English Language; Australians as seen by our Playwrights; Biological Microscopy; Introduction to Domestic Architecture; Ghost Story Writing; a mixed bag of Mind Benders; Photography; Introduction to Australian Theatre History; French Poets and Singers of the 20th Century; and Elementary Latin. It has been gratifying to see the enthusiasm shown by a large number of students, and to think that they have used this wonderful opportunity to broaden their horizons.

Kate and Vanessa went to an enrichment unit at the Science Teachers Centre, at Camberwell, for one day every six weeks in term one to learn about public speaking. It was an interesting experience. We learnt how to arrange a speech, project our voices, speak clearly and concisely. It was lots of fun.

Vanessa and Kate, Year 8

We go to Marcellan College for our enrichment unit known as “Beginner’s Chess”. The teaching is simple and we are given photo copies of pages from a book as our text. At the end of the lessons we are going to have a tournament. The enrichment unit is a lot of help for the real beginners. But the lessons, I find, are too elementary, and I think that a little more advanced teaching would be a good idea.

Abhik Sengupta, Year 8

Extra-Curricular Activities in Camberwell High School

A five day, thirty lesson week will, for most students, quickly become monotonous. School becomes predictable and often boring. School life can be easily pepped up, however, with some extra-curricular activities. Camberwell High offers many different activities and those who participate tend to keep more of the benefits of school life.

Within the school, Camberwell High offers such clubs as the Chess Club and the Dungeons and Dragons Club. There are debating competitions, the school musical, choral festivals, the school band and orchestra and there are also year level camps. The Phys. Ed. department offers numerous sports teams which anyone can enter and which do exceptionally well in inter-school competitions.

Excellent out-of-school activities are offered to all C.H.S. students by the Education Department. Every term a list of “Enrichment Units” are offered. These units are run for ten consecutive weeks for one morning or afternoon per week. The units are taken by talented, enthusiastic and knowledgeable teachers; some of the units which have been run are: Poetry; Short Story Writing; Becoming an Informed Theatre Goer; Architecture; Rudimentary Latin; the Origins of the English Language and Musical Mathematics. These units give students an opportunity to mix with other students from nearby schools. All of the students are genuinely interested in their selected units, thus creating a mature atmosphere in which they work efficiently. These classes are informally conducted and are extremely profitable for all. These units supplement school subjects and help to broaden the students’ minds. Unfortunately many C.H.S. students do not apply for these units because they feel that a particular talent in the subject is necessary. This is not the case. A genuine interest is all that is required.

Students who make the effort to participate in activities outside the regular school day usually find themselves taking a greater interest in school, they learn to socialise and they become more rounded and mature individuals.

Alice Matthiesson, 12A

Year Ten Work Experience

The Year Ten Work Experience Program was conducted from the 23rd to the 27th during the month of June. I had managed to find myself work experience in an office in Caulfield called the Victoria Amateur Turf Club. The Victoria Amateur Turf Club deals with horse racing.

Like any normal Year Ten student I was very nervous on my first day. I ended up being fifteen minutes early when I arrived there in my suit and tie — looking pretty smart I thought. I walked up to the receptionist, introduced myself and then asked for my boss. When he came out we shook hands and then he started to introduce me to other people while showing me around the place.

After that we got straight down to business — and that meant work. The boss said, “Right, one of the first jobs we’re going to get you to do is sorting out the mail”, and wouldn’t you know, there was a mail strike. Then the boss said, “Take a seat Mark, and we’ll have a little chat before we can think of something that you can do for us.” After our little chat I finally got down to work.

My first job was one of the worst jobs I have done, in fact it was the worst job I have done. The job was shredding thousands of sheets of paper. Later on I started to get on to things a little bit more interesting like sorting out horses’ names and other things dealing with racing. There was one thing I learnt from my first day work experience and that was that the days are a lot longer than those of a normal school day.

On Tuesday the mail strike was over and that meant I was going to be very busy. The reason for this was that thousands of members of Caulfield and Sandown race courses were sending back cheques for renewal of membership. I was so busy that day that I worked through my morning and afternoon tea breaks.

Wednesday was the most enjoyable day, the reason being that Caulfield held a race meeting that day, which meant I could experience “punting”.

For the remainder of the week I remained very busy, but it was all worthwhile when I received my pay packet. Overall I think the Year Ten Work Experience Program was both successful, and enjoyable.

Mark Van Treit, Year 10

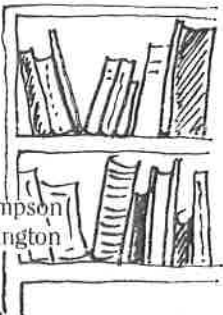
LIBRARY REPORT

The library is becoming involved in technology. In 1985 we had an electronic security system installed and this year we have bought an Apple Macintosh. Next year we will add a Modem to the system and this will assist teachers and senior students in their research via Viatel etc.

The Library Committee meets in the library during the lunch hour on a Tuesday and these meetings have become a profitable means of communication. They suggest new resources, complete tasks of processing books, shelving, displays and reviewing books, besides discussing any shortcomings or problems with the library. Members this year include:

Alistair Mills
Kevin Goh
Peter Imison
Michael Niemann
Shandana Sadiqzai
Pauline Harris
Natasha Smith
Georgiana Savige
Pippa Lee Dow
Malcolm Gunn
Lisa Nankervis
Chris Cheyne

Kate Mills
Tim Lovell
Henry Venn
Roger Paull
Lily Kong
Diem Quack
Kathryn Thompson
Vanessa Carrington
Tracy Lamb
Katrina Fox
Corinne Proske
Stelios Aidonopoulos



DIARY 1986

23/24 July — I woke up bright and early, ready for an experience I'd never forget — boy! was I nervous — in fact nervous would be an understatement, petrified is more precise.

The train ride into the city seemed to take hours. After arriving in the city it appeared that I had been too eager to arrive on time and I got there half an hour early — which I spent walking around the cold city.

I walked into the Stock Exchange Building and looked up "Mullens and Co." on the list of tenants. They are on the 11th floor. Once there, I introduced myself to the secretary, who in turn introduced me to the other members of staff, including brokers.

For the past two days I have been working with a messenger — this is a person who delivers settlements and letters in the city area, they also do basic secretarial work. Mullens has only one messenger, Melissa, whereas the larger companies, such as McIntosh, may have as many as sixteen.

The first two days seemed to fly by and the longer hours didn't seem to affect me in the slightest. It was rather exciting going into the city and getting off at Flinders Street with thousands of others in the "real world".

25th July — Today I spent the whole day with John Davres, one of the stockbrokers with whom I am working. John explained to me all the basics of being a broker and how the market and trading floor operates. I was a bit confused at first but some reading material I was given by John helped me understand what was going on.

26th July — Today I worked with Sue. She probably has the most difficult job of all; she does all the paperwork of the company and must keep up to date on what has been bought and sold on the floor. She fills different coloured forms out representing various stocks and securities that have been sold in the past day: a very difficult and demanding job and one I'm glad I'll never do. But as Sue says, "Someone's got to do it!"

27th July — The final day of Work Experience — sigh. Today I was allowed on the trading floor with Phil and Michael who are both operators. That is, they are the people who actually buy and sell stocks — they receive an order from the brokers upon which they act. Everyone on the floor has a coloured badge with a number on it: a black badge signifies that you're a broker, a yellow badge shows that you are an operator, and a red badge signifies that you're a clerk; and the number represents the firm that the person is from. Mullen's number is 52.

At 10.00 a.m. a bell sounds at the exchange to signify that trading can commence, the posts are opened gradually until the whole market is open for trading. The atmosphere is fantastic with the people screaming and moving around the place in a hurry. The trading continues from 10 until 12.15 p.m., then reopens at 2.05 p.m. and stops for the day at 3.15 p.m. After the floor closes Phil and Michael (the operators) have to go back to the office and record any sales that occurred and that didn't occur. Anything that they cannot sell in Melbourne they ring up either Perth, Brisbane or the Sydney Mullens and Co. to see if they can sell it there. Working out what the trading boards meant wasn't really difficult after some practice. I thoroughly enjoyed this short term employment with Mullens and found it rather beneficial to future employment choices.

Simon Glance, Year 10

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY AT CAMBERWELL DAY HOSPITAL

As I waited outside Camberwell Day Hospital the usual question of not knowing what to expect arose in my mind. What will they think of me? and what if I am unable to perform the tasks to my best capacity? The answers were beyond my ability.

I walked up the winding path and entered the sliding doors. The receptionist introduced me to my employer's assistant. She explained all about Occupational Therapy and how the hospital worked. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were for the patients who had strokes and Fridays were for the Parkinson's disease patients. I was shown a range of exercises that were given to the elderly, and various daily living aids.

The patients started to arrive around 9.15 a.m. Some had almost lost touch with reality and needed constant attention. Others had only minor problems and intelligent conversations could be carried out with them.

I helped with the moving activities. These were on an individual basis, helping each patient with blood circulation in the hands and movement of the shoulder. To create blood circulation in the hand, either hot water or ice-cold water was used depending on patient's need. This relaxed the muscles and increased the poor blood supply to the damaged hand. After lunch, group activities were held. Indoor hockey, badminton, volleyball or soccer were played, but plastic balls and bats were used in case of an injury. These exercises helped movement in the legs, flexibility and bending up and down. Mental activities were also carried out. These consisted of Trivial Pursuit, Uno, Hangman, Word Spelling and Puzzles. Patients who benefited from these were ones who had their brains affected by strokes and needed to regain some of their memory.

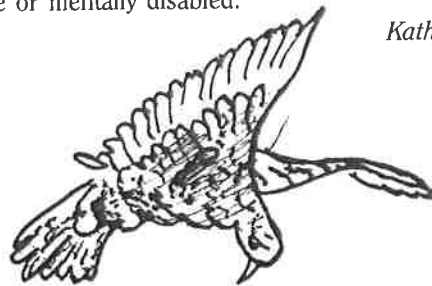
Occasionally the hospital would get a new patient who needed to be assessed. Dressing and undressing, cooking and walking were all taken into account; if a particular patient needed an aid to help him carry out a daily activity, then it was recommended by the Occupational Therapist. Some of the inventions which helped the patients were excellent. They made a difference between whether the patient was sent to a nursing home or lived independently.

On Wednesday I went with my employer to assess a patient's house. The bedroom was investigated and we found that the mattress was too soft. A firmer one was needed. The bathroom needed a rail on the side of the shower so that getting in and out was easier. These daily living aids were expensive — especially for the elderly to pay for, because they are imported from Europe.

Occupational Therapists do not only work with patients who have had strokes and Parkinson's disease. They can specialise in head injuries, mentally retarded, Repetitive Strain Injury (R.S.I.) and younger children.

I thoroughly enjoyed my five days at Camberwell Day Hospital. The staff were kind and looked after me. The patients were friendly and inquisitive. But most of all I was delighted to be able to help someone, whether she/he was senile or mentally disabled.

Kathy Smith, Year 10



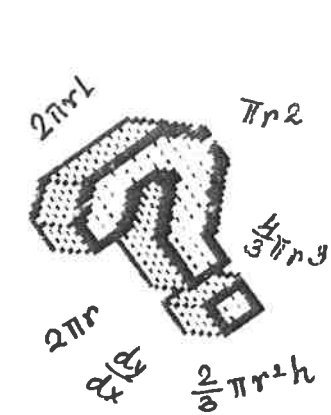
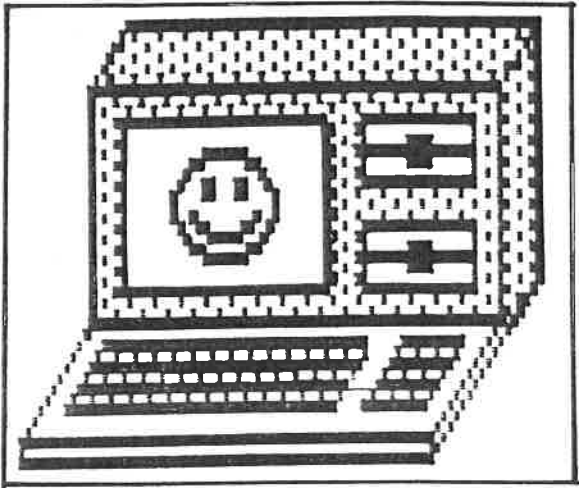
COMPUTER CLUB

The Computer Club is open during lunch time everyday except on Monday. It is open to everyone who is interested in computers. Mr. Page conducts the Computer Club and helps anyone who has any problems.

We can use any of the computers at the Computer Club, but we are not allowed to play games. The most popular programmes are "Printshop" and "Bank Street Writer". Many students learn to use computers by going to the Computer Club. I might say for myself that I know a lot more about computers, now that I have started going there.

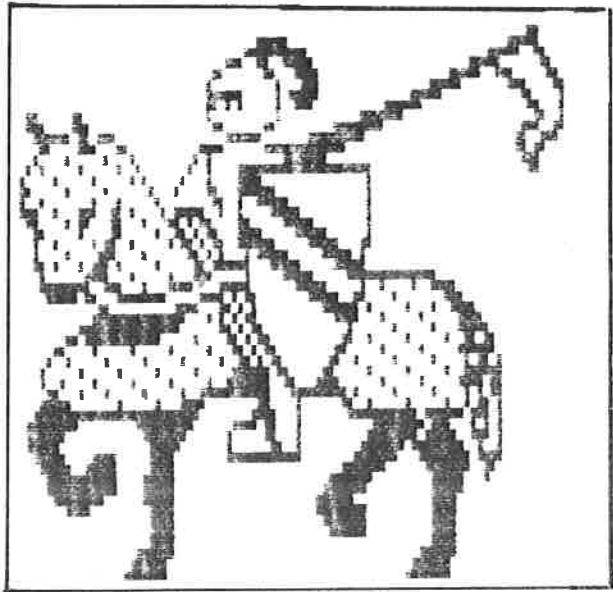
However, in spite of all these facilities, the computers are sometimes misused. Students have been banned from using the "Printshop" due to misuse by some inconsiderate people. The Computer Club is, in fact, one of the indispensable parts of the school.

Abhik Sengupta, Year 8



ACHIEVEMENTS IN MATHS

The A.N.U. — A.A.M.T. National Maths Summer School is held in Canberra once a year. For the first time in eighteen years, two of our students, Stephen Campbell and Shomik Sengupta of Year 11, have been chosen to attend the school. Camberwell High School performed exceptionally well in the Westpac National Competition too, with four prizes, thirty-one Distinctions and fifty Credits. In addition to Stephen and Shomik, Stephen Cauchi and Abhik Sengupta of Year 8 won prizes.



CHESS CLUB

The Chess club is one of the most important parts of the school as the age-old game of chess incorporates tactics with enjoyment.

It meets at most recesses and lunch times in Room 103 and within minutes of the ten or so boards appearing, games are well under way. Not just traditional chess is played either. The sight of Mr. Ellingford (a regular member) playing "lightening" (against the clock), the Year 9's playing "transfer" or a number of assorted individuals playing "suicide", is commonplace. However, those who are content just to watch are generally accepted except if they start giving hints to the oppositon.

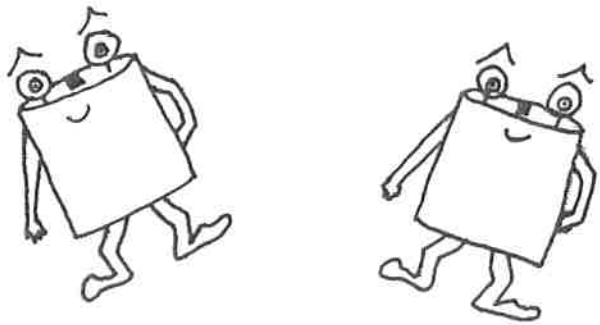
Many students from all year levels get great enjoyment from playing chess in any of its forms, either competitively or socially or both. For those who aren't brilliant chess players the Chess club provides an opportunity for them to play against more skilled opponents and improve their game.

It is a haven from the hectic life of the school and a chance to get a little bit of relaxation.

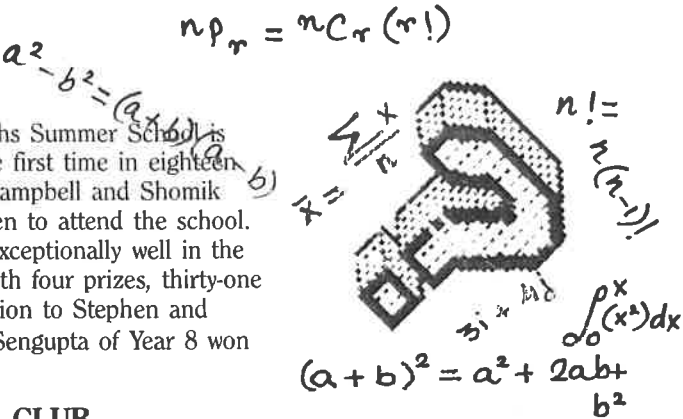
Michael Niemann, Year 8

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

This year has been another successful one at C.H.S. in the field of social service. A very successful Easter Egg Drive took place, a Readathon, and later money was raised for the World Vision Forty Hour Famine Appeal. The National Bank sponsored a competition whereby schools could raise money for the Deafness Appeal. Students earned 50 cents for this appeal for every essay or poem on Peace that they wrote. More than 300 students wrote on this subject, thus raising quite a considerable sum of money. At present the Give a Meal Appeal is well under way, and already single students have raised up to \$300. Last year C.H.S. collected more money than any other high school in Victoria. We hope we will be able to reach that goal again.



Torquil N.



C.H.S. Seniors

MY SCHOOL IN INDIA

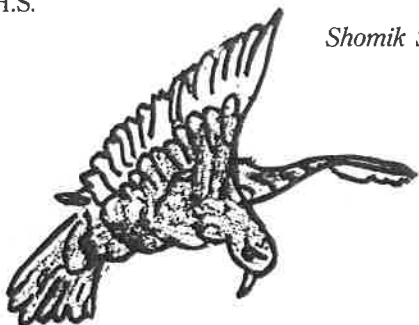
Having lived in seven cities for more than one year, it is natural to expect that I have attended quite a few schools. As a matter of fact, Camberwell High School is my sixth. Of these, the one I attended last is St. Xavier's School (Durgapur). It is a boys' school, set up in 1964 and run by the Society of Jesuit Fathers. It is located at a leading industrial town a hundred and fifty kilometres North West of Calcutta, the capital of the Indian state of West Bengal.

There are vast differences between St. Xavier's and Camberwell High. Firstly of course are the school hours, which are from 8.30 to 1.00 p.m. There are five 40 minute periods and one 45 minute period. There is no lunch, only a 25 minute "break". The mode of transport is buses, of which the school has three. It is a 45 minute journey and we had a lot of fun. Then there is the curriculum and the standard of study. The difference exists perhaps mainly because students in India have to sit for a Public Examination after the completion of Class 10. Not only is the range of subjects wider, but the treatment is more rigorous too. A typical example is in Maths. In St. Xavier's students do most calculations mentally and the difficult ones using tables. Calculators are reserved for University level only. But kids in Australia reach for calculators to do quite simple calculations. Another difference is in the general attitude of the students. In St. Xavier's, on an average, students are more serious and keen about studies. Teachers are treated with much more respect, almost like demigods.

But there are some aspects of Camberwell High School which are absolutely marvellous improvements over St. Xavier's. One of these is the library which is not only extremely well stocked, but also easily available. In St. Xavier's library benefits are restricted to one story book per week till Class 10. This, too, is sometimes made the responsibility of a few students who subsequently monopolise it. The system of having special Science rooms is very beneficial too. In St. Xavier's students and teachers have difficulties understanding and conducting science lessons in a bare room. Visits to the lab. are restricted to days when we have practicals. But this system of changing rooms plays havoc with subjects like English and Maths. I can never be sure where I am due next for these subjects. Maybe we could have specific rooms for these subjects too!

There is also a very wide field in which the schools differ without being better or worse. This is the education system itself. As in C.H.S. the year is divided into three terms, but they begin respectively in June, October and March. Unlike C.H.S. there are three sets of exams, one in each term. In the first two terms, they are spread out and one is taken each Friday, while in the third, they are taken over a fortnight. Thus students are always on their toes but they are also involved with only one thing at a time. Teachers are always yelling, "You only study so and so subject three weeks a year."

I loved my school and would have felt very homesick but for the helpfulness and friendliness of the students and teachers of C.H.S.



Shomik Sengupta, Year 11

AMERICAN EXCHANGE STUDENT

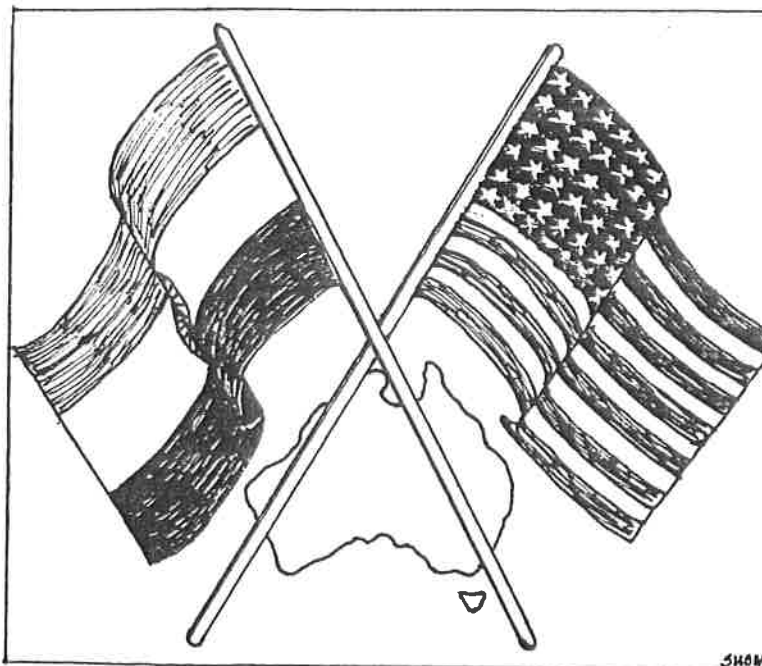
Upon leaving the airport in Sydney, I walked into a small coffee shop with a few of my fellow Americans and was greeted with the condemnation "Damn Yanks!" With those words I was to begin my year in Australia. Fortunately when I met my family, the Evans, I was welcomed much more hospitably. With their friendly helpfulness, I was able to adapt to my life in Melbourne. Yet this was not to say I did not have my share of problems understanding and adapting to the Australian culture. I learned quickly that kangaroos did not hop down Bourke Street, nor did koalas swing from trees in parks about Melbourne. Many other differences which were much subtler I only discovered after living here for several months.

One misconception I had before I arrived was that Australians and Americans speak the same language. Within my first month here I was convinced differently. Often I had to ask people with particularly Ocker accents to slow down and repeat things. I was laughed at for pronouncing the "r" in Melbourne or when I said the "di" in "dinky di Aussies" with a short "i" sound. I was intimidated by having to call the toilets by that name. In the States we pretend to be more polite by calling it the bathroom or ladies room.

School in America is also quite different from the way I have found it at Camberwell High. School bags, pencil cases and uniforms were all new to me and I can't say that I took kindly to the last item. However it was quite easy to adapt to the 9 o'clock school start and the full hour for lunch. At home we start at 7.45 and are only allotted 25 minutes to gulp down our peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. In my lunch hour here I have grown to love the delicacies of Australian cuisine: Violet Crumbles, Wagon Wheels and meat pies. I regret to say that my taste buds were never reconciled to vegemite!

In Australia I have spent what was probably the most beautiful year of my life. As it draws to a close I can hardly believe how quickly it has flown. It seems so long ago that I was called a damn yank in that restaurant. Now I feel I belong in Australia nearly as much as I do in the United States. My only regret is that when I return to the States in January I will be homesick for Melbourne.

Kristin Martin, Year 11



1986 H.S.C. CAMP

On Friday the 14th of February about one hundred H.S.C. students milled around in the quadrangle, waiting for the two buses which would take us to our destination, "The Lady Northcote Camp", Bacchus Marsh.

The buses eventually arrived and we hurriedly loaded the various bags and cases, and finally left shortly after 4.00 p.m., with the temperature in the mid thirties. The trip up was a long one but made more enjoyable by the air-conditioned comfort of the buses. The buses arrived at about 5.30 p.m. amid cries of, "Why did I come?" and, "I knew I should have stayed home", from the students.

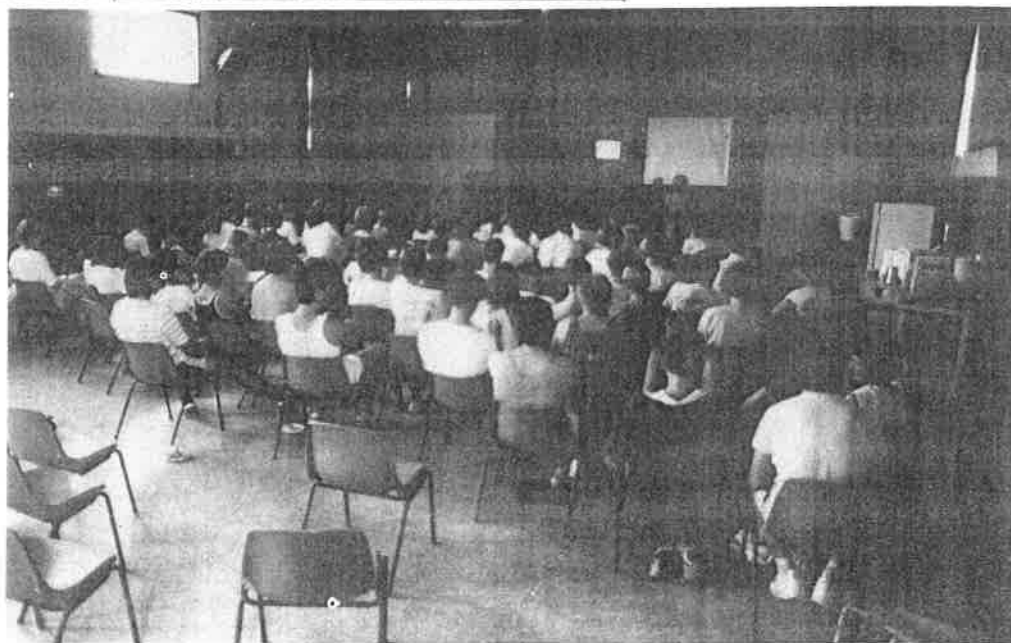
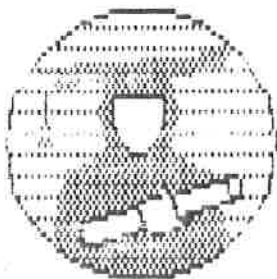
We unpacked enthusiastically and rushed off to our delegated huts, in an endeavour to get the best bed. Each hut had its own kitchen and lounge-room, two bathrooms and enough beds for twelve students and a teacher. The recreational facilities at the camp included a tennis court, trampoline, volley-ball court, commando course and a shallow but adequate swimming pool. The pool got a lot of use in the hot weather.

However, the object of the weekend was not only to relax, but to help the students develop a better understanding of the theme, "Learning and Experience", and to improve study techniques and to learn to cope with stress. After breakfast on Saturday the 15th we attended the first lecture, which was on the novel, "The Chosen", and it also discussed the Jewish religion in great detail. This was followed by lunch and after lunch a lecture on the transition from school to university or other tertiary education. After a short break we were given our third lecture on how to cope with stress by means of meditation. Most students found this to be the most enjoyable and beneficial lecture of the weekend.

By the end of the day we were all hot and bothered so we cooled off in the pool. That night we were lucky enough to be treated to a film called "Breaking Away". After the film all the students gathered in hut number four in an attempt to have a party, which was eventually broken up by the teachers. On Sunday the 16th we endured our final lecture and took one last dip in the pool. Then after lunch we packed up and waited for the buses. The food on the camp was typical camp food apart from the chocolate cake enjoyed at lunch on Sunday.

We would like to thank all the teachers involved, especially Mrs. Nagel for all her time and effort.

Scott Edgar, 12B





H.S.C. BLUES

Andriana Dunn, Year 11

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary track of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher . . ."

I pause in my quotation. I sit at my book-strewn desk, and stare at the words "Prospice Article, due Monday the 21st of April, 1986". But like so many, I am a chronic timewaster and a day-dreamer, and I just sit here, pondering the rainwater on the window pane, looking out upon a day so like that in Edgar Allen Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher", and letting my mind run over his writings. How I wish to equal his literary genius. But I abhor work and every word I write is a struggle.

Perhaps I could write this tomorrow, and watch that old John Wayne movie now, but no, there's that massive economics option, those monotonous mathematics exercises to do, and a myriad of balance sheets waiting to be balanced.

My thoughts turn to the H.S.C. and what it all means, A lot of hard work and hopefully, success at the end. But then there's that ogre; that unknown quantity; V.I.S.E.

The hum of a distant refrigerator intrudes upon my lazy thoughts. I'm hungry, and there's that delicious left over roast chicken. But again no! This is just another excuse to escape from this odious homework.

At this point the not-so-diligent student stares down in surprise at the handwritten page. Nearly completed! I'm really getting somewhere now!

But at this moment I feel a gentle but demanding nudge upon my leg. The black cat is demanding to be fed. It's sitting upon the pale pink carpet glaring at me with those cold impersonal yellow-green eyes. How good you have life, cat. Eat, sleep, and play. No H.S.C. for you.

"Okay puss. Just a sec.", I say, cursing this unwelcome interruption as I stumble over my school bag on the way to the kitchen. Now, where's that cat food? (Is this another legacy of being an H.S.C. student? Are you so involved with your studies you forget even the most vital pieces of information: the location of the cat food?)

Ten minutes later I finally feed the cat with some of the left over roast chicken and return to my cluttered desk. And with a final burst of my waning energy and enthusiasm I write ". . . I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder . . . and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of Usher."

David Cronin, Year 12

FAREWELL CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

AUDIENCE: For those who enjoy reading sentimental Year 12 farewells.

As I complete my final year of schooling I know that not only will my mind be full of facts and figures accumulated over the years, but also of a greater understanding of myself and other people. I count on this to stand me in good stead as I face the large, awesome world beyond the comforting boundaries of Camberwell High School.

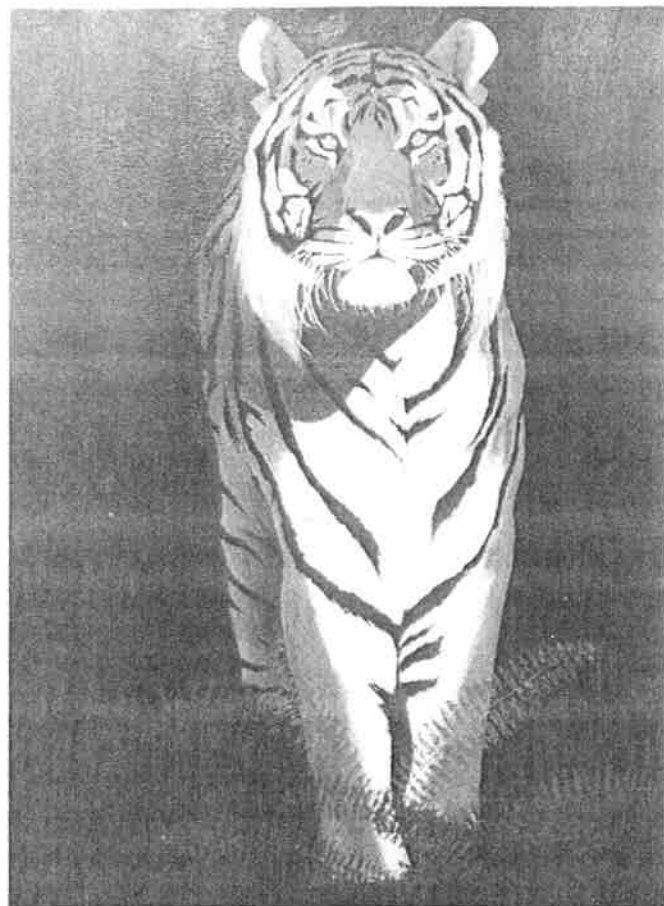
Times have changed! I can remember a shy little boy in short, unpresed school trousers shaking in his shoes, staring down, horrified, at a million other students from a position at the front of the stage. Today the little boy has pressed trousers and no longer shakes in his shoes quite so frequently. The hall has diminished in size, and the faces are a lot friendlier.

My H.S.C. year is proving to be the most enjoyable, demanding and thought-provoking of all my school days. School is now full of purpose, new meanings, hidden meanings and motivating challenges. The full realisation that teachers are really our friends and are human beings also suddenly dawns.

I have but one piece of advice for younger students: school life, in general, is what you make it. Any 1986 H.S.C. student will testify to the fact that anything you give throughout your years at Camberwell High will be repaid in full. Whether you give through the chorals, the aths, or the musicals, your schoolwork, or simply your cheerful personality; it does not matter. The importance is in the giving itself, and your reward is the pleasure, the experiences, the knowledge and the friendships that walk out the gate with you on your final day at school.

But for those who walk out alone and miserable, take heart for whilst it may not be true that these are the best days of your life, it would be agreed upon by all that they are certainly the longest!

Roger Jakab, Year 12



Chi Fai Chong — Year 11

BIOLOGY CAMP REPORT

On the 21st April, the two Year 11 Biology classes set out to broaden their biological horizons, at Healesville. On the first night Mr. Liggins and Mrs. Parkinson taught us the ins and outs of how to get lost in the bush. Hours later we returned to the camp site, only to be sent to the isolation of our dormitories. This allowed Mr. Liggins and Mrs. Parkinson to indulge in a quiet discussion in the dimly lit dining room about the next day's itinerary. The next fun-filled, action-packed days saw us visiting beautiful Healesville Sanctuary. Mr. Walker entertained us with his witty humour and "dastardly dirtier deeds". On the last night the students participated in a dazzling production of original and outstanding performances, including the Bolshevik Singers (consisting of Jessica, Paul and Ingo). They performed a stirring rendition of "Bronske" which contained an effervescent Russian flavour. Other acts included "Industrial Disease", "Vegemite Kids", "The Munchkins", and "The Bette Midler Fans". All in all the Year 11 Biology Camp of 1986 was successful, productive and enjoyed by all. A special thanks goes to Mr. Walker, Mrs. Parkinson and Mr. Liggins for their great organisation and efforts.

Natasha O'Sullivan and Liz Hoyer, Year 11



THE 1986 SENIOR SOCIAL

The Senior Social was built up to be the best ever. The effort and imagination put into the decorations put us in the pink, but the D.J., Dynamite Don, and the music were a disappointment. He didn't really help generate the mood of the occasion and didn't give away enough prizes. Although the theme was 1950's and '60's, he hardly played music of the era — not even the Beatles or the Rolling Stones. Most of the music was ex-top 40's, Madonna, Wham, and Prince-type music, so the different tastes in music weren't catered for adequately. Several people requested songs but they weren't played and further, Dynamite Don said he hadn't ever heard of them, so last year's D.J. was more professional in that respect. It was also disappointing that only one hundred and twenty people turned up; congratulations should go to those who participated, and shame on all those squares who didn't come because of the pathetic excuses such as "too much homework" or Chemistry option tests.

A wide variety of people were there: "headbangers", "trendies" and even teachers. Many dressed in 1950's and '60's clothes, while others came in normal casual gear and others really dressed up for the night. A large number of people stayed outside or stood at the side of the hall, instead of dancing, for most of the night, but others didn't stop until the end of it.

Congratulations to Mr. Ymer (rigged) and Amanda for winning the Best-Dressed Competition. Also, congratulations and thank you to Miss Dellos and the S.R.C. for all the time and effort they put into organising it all and making it go ahead. However, in future it would be better to stick with the D.J. we had at last year's Senior Social instead.

Joanna Sturrock, 12C



THE DINOSAUR

The gigantic body of the dinosaur moved slowly through the mud laden water as it searched for its goal. The long neck and hide of the reptile was scarred blood red; the result of a previous encounter with one of the kings of the primitive world.

Every single move for the dinosaur was an enormous effort, almost too impossible for its tiny brain to cope with, as blinding pain erupted from its wounds with every move. But the animal seemed to ignore this torturous pain, driven on by a feeling that was greater than its instinct for survival.

The perpetual noises of other animals, trying to survive the ruthless laws set out by nature, died down with the coming of nightfall, but still the maimed dinosaur moved along the river of murky water it knew as home. Its weakened body was using all its strength to resist the ever present suctioning force the thick mud was exerting on its legs. The river which was once safety and shelter from its carnivorous brothers was now becoming its enemy, threatening with every step, to make the beast come to a standstill without reaching its goal.

Throughout the night the dinosaur moved along the river, without knowing where it was headed, and it moved silently, never making a noise despite its pain. It travelled for hours until it finally arrived at the goal it had struggled to reach. The animal's small brain recognised the lagoon it was in as its birth-place, and with this recognition, came the realisation that it was here to die.

The dinosaur moved to the edge of the lagoon, and let its tortured body sink in the thick layers of mud beneath it. It looked around the lagoon for the last time and without a struggle at all it allowed its head to sink below the surface of the water.

Darren Alderson, Year 12



SHEEP MAY SAFELY GRAZE . . .?

Three solitary sheep wandered painfully along a dusty red dirt road. A drought had overcome the countryside fourteen months before, and had kept a right-fisted grip on the land ever since. When the clasp was tightened further, to strangulation point, by hot and windy days which kept the country headlocked in desperation, the owner of the sheep had let the whole flock free, no longer having the money to feed them, nor the moral fibre to shoot them.

For three weeks the flock had stumbled slowly, searching for food in the parched land but finding little. Its numbers shrank from five hundred, gradually at first, and then faster as malnutrition weakened further the already frail bodies. Finally, there were only three left. All were emaciated, two were covered with dirty dried blood and each was obviously dying. Their long journey, it seemed, was almost over.

Together, their slow gait synchronised, they entered a shrivelled paddock and stumbled towards a distant tree, thoughts of the shady relief windowed in all six eyes. The gate, left open by the farm's owner who had nothing more to lose, banged noisily against its lock in the hot wind behind them.

Two men, dressed in patchy, faded shirts and shorts and worn sandals, passed by them, heading south down the round. Six children, dressed similarly in scanty clothing that was old and worn followed the men, trailing by a few hundred metres. They, breaking momentarily in their chatter, saw the sheep, and within seconds were running with cruel energy towards them.

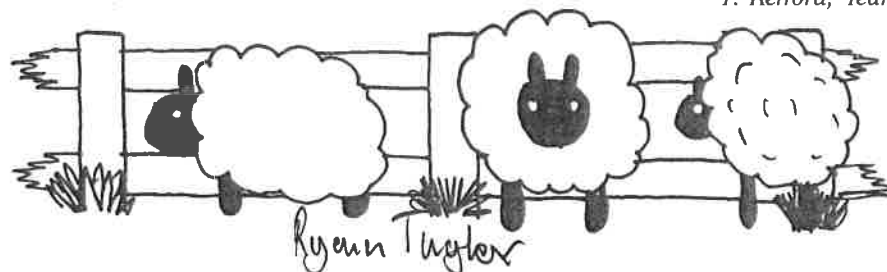
The strongest sheep, without the blood stains of his companions, and with the energy to last a little longer, sighted the children racing towards him and the others. Completely cynical, his eyes reflected his re-discovery of the great disillusionment, the untrustable nature of human beings. These eyes showed no surprise when, at their arrival, the children picked up large clumps of earth, and aiming them at him, had thrown forcefully. Fearfully, the sheep lowered his head slowly, but was caught by one of the missiles at the base of his ear. Blood trickled down his nose and dropped on the ground below, laboriously, as even this movement had caused a painful expenditure of energy.

A loud toot of a car-horn attracted the children's attention. A voice, female and harsh, rose from an opened window, offering all six "a lift". Distracted from their torturing, the children ran towards the dusty car, completely forgetting those whom they had tormented. Alone again, the sheep became absolutely still, as if waiting for death to arrive.

Later that day, when darkness finally fell, a violent storm attacked the world, shooting fire in the sky, screaming obscenities in the wind, and sending torrents of water to the earth's surface. In the local farms and houses the people were happy and laughed loudly. The drought was finally over. In the paddock, the rain and the wind brought a final calm to the bodies of the three sheep. Everybody was content at last.

Early the next morning, when the sun had just begun to warm the damp earth, the owner of the farm drove to his most distant paddock, where, the day before, stray sheep had been sighted. He covered the miles quickly as the drought was over and the sheep would be valuable now.

P. Kefford, Year 12



Thoughts on Peace

Part II

“PEACE”

Walking in the woods one day,
I noticed something odd around
Me. Not a twig or leaf did sway,
Undisturbed and fresh lay the ground,
Patterned by falling raindrops.
The wood around lay quiet and still
Like a factory when machin'ry stops.
Seeing this my heart with joy did fill.
But with joy, alas, there came sadness
Which I'm sure is felt by every man
Who has lived e'er since his life began
In this world full of war and madness,
Why cannot mankind live in such
Peace which in woods there is so much?

Shomik Sengupta, Year 11



SHOMIK.S.

It's my twelfth birthday tomorrow and it will be the end of my peaceful life. Of lazing around at home, eating what I like and when I like, I won't even be able to sit and watch the sunset.

My life will totally change as from tomorrow. You see I am from Cambodia and at the age of twelve we must all join the army and fight for our country. My life will involve listening to bomb shells being dropped, dodging bullets, and my sunset will be fires and bombs exploding. I often think to myself why do people have to fight, why can't there be peace in our world?

I have heard many tales about this bloody war that our country is involved in. I have been dreaming over the last couple of weeks that the war is over and there is peace. I have now lost all hope for that, for now I must say good-bye to my family, maybe for the last time. It is terrifying.

The battle field is worse than I had ever imagined. The sounds of the machine guns just shatter our ears. The bombs being dropped have a lasting impression on my mind, they start fires which we have to flee from and worst of all, they kill innocent lives. The worst aspect of this war, is the killing of innocent lives. I hate this bloody war.

I am now in my last hours, I have just been shot in the back. My buddies are trying to save me, but who wants to live? Who wants to go back and fight? Not I, I want to die to find the peace I have always dreamt of . . .

Nicki Currie, Year 11

THE DYING PEACE . . .

When I look at their lonely world:
I feel hunger, I see war and cold . . .
I see pain and the bleaching bones,
hiding in the earth with the rotting stones.
But wait . . . Wait I say . . .

When I look a little deeper
into the heart of this poor soul . . .

Yes, there it is, I see it . . .

It is a bloody battle which I feel
between good and all the ugly evil.

Ah, yes, it is the same old story
which has trapped this little planet
into the red fields of the evil glory.

Memories of my own world come
flooding back to me

Oh . . . Oh . . .

How I wanted peace, happiness and joy.
Tears splashed and wash my soul
as it cried out for . . . Peace, love and all . . .

Yes, I remember how, . . .

We joined our universal feelings
one by one

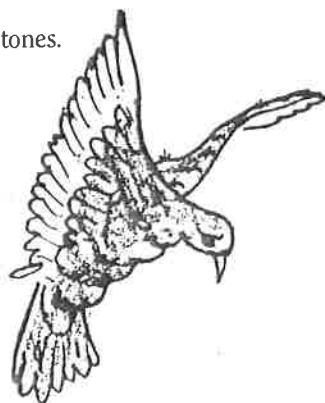
like a string of . . . Pearls

And suddenly there was light and brightness

and we were as in heaven

together like the golden hair in the baby's curls . . .

LET IT LIVE . . . PLEASE



Nedim Kabas, Year 11

PEACE IN THE CLASSROOM

What is peace in the Classroom?

Is it when a teacher timidly walks into a Year Nine classroom, to find all the students sitting on the chairs (instead of throwing them)?

Is it taking a Year Seven class at the beginning of the year?

Is it after a teacher has sent fifteen of the twenty-four students down to Mr. Coram's office?

Is it handing out an essay for homework and not one student handing it in (therefore no marking)?

Is it attempting to teach a Year Ten class (while having only one student concentrating) and suddenly have all the pupils' heads pivot and their eyes staring aimlessly at the blackboard — due to Mr. Collins walking past?

On the other hand the teachers don't have all the fun!

What is peace from the students' point of view?

Is it when you are in Year Nine and three of your teachers are away?

Is it when everyone is quiet and you are able, finally, to concentrate?

Is it when everyone is yelling and screaming and you cannot hear what the teacher is saying?

Well, I know it certainly isn't when you ask your teachers to explain something and they turn around and give you the famous line, "You'll understand it better when you know it." This kind of answer gives teachers a bad name (IQ wise) and makes a student very confused.

Overall, peace in the classroom would have to be when all the teachers and the students have gone home!!

Anthony Yap, Year 12

Peace is a state of quiet or tranquillity, freedom from disturbance or agitation. Specifically, absence or cessation of war, general order and repose. Peace is also freedom from riot or violence, a state of reconciliation after strife or enmity. Since the beginning of history, peace has been regarded as a blessing and its opposite, war, as a scourge. Thousands of people throughout the world are working for the prevention of wars. Their organised effort is called the "peace movement".

People interested in the peace movement have two outstanding objectives. As one means of abolishing war, they hope to bring about settlement of international disputes by arbitration. Another is to achieve limitation and reduction of world armaments.

Grave problems face those who work for peace. Wars arise from many causes. War usually occurs when there is conflict among political groups involving hostilities of considerable duration and magnitude. Also nations with large and growing populations have often gone to war to gain territory.

Fear has always been a major cause of war. When a nation saw a neighbouring state grow stronger it feared for its own security. It increased its armaments and perhaps sought allies. Distrust followed. Then a relatively trivial incident started an international conflict.

One of the causes of war is the emphasis that some nations place on their "right" to do as they please. They insist on the sovereignty. They refuse to accede to world opinion or to the combined judgement of the family of nations. Often, they insist they are free to fight or arbitrate.

The chief instrumentality through which countries have actually attempted to preserve international peace by reconciling hostile interests, has continued to be diplomacy. Quite often, diplomatic meetings are held between countries to discuss world problems. Usually these conferences do not achieve a great deal. However, in some cases, these are a gesture of saying that they are trying to negotiate world problems peacefully, instead of causing a war due to lack of communication.

As people think of the horrors of a future thermonuclear war, they realise the inadequacy of international relations. They also hope that a workable substitute will be found, so that they can live in a politically secure and peaceful country.

Rebecca Wade, Year 11

A crowd of young school boys hurrying in my direction sparked by some fiendish energy, were cloaked by ignorance and opened to iniquity. Curbing the herd, I turned in horror . . . to find a purile lad in whimper, wounded by the intentional attack of savages, painted in blood.

Magnify the occasion as much as you will, use suggestive, expository language to pass on the vision of evil . . . If it exists within you, there is a need to express it.

But, if it happens around you, how can you miss it?

The rays of light reflected on the golden locks. His sweet, placid countenance triggered a happiness within me occupied by some charitable service, radiating a celestial aura; cherub?

He enhanced my spirit . . . as if carried by a refined vigour and flavoured the air that I breathed.

The extremes oppose each other, and exist only when both are united and realised. Magnify good more than you will, delete the reality which brings images of fiends. This I did, my conscious is tranquil, I am at peace . . .

Jessica Larm, Year 11

First, there were the air raid warnings. The city then went into a state of hysteria for the second time that year. Traffic became chaotic as people leapt from their cars for the nearest shelter. All that could be heard above the screech of brakes and the screams of people was the monotonous wailing of the warning siren.

I became caught up in one of the steady streams of people rushing towards an air-raid shelter, and there was nothing I could do but go along with the crowd. Once I was in the shelter and the heavy blast doors were finally closed, leaving many distraught people on the other side, a strange silence befell the crowd.

Gradually, however, people began to move about their new concrete home, and it was found that there were four large-screen televisions, one in each corner of the main hall. The only program to be found on these was a prolonged news broadcast. Everyone was watching attentively as the President addressed the nation about the imminent nuclear attack. That was when the crowd became silent for the second time, as it made everyone realize that it was not a false alarm, as happened two months ago, this was for real!

Moments before we felt the walls shake, then heard the blast, the President re-appeared on television. He reassured us that although we were under attack, we had launched our own nuclear weapons; "in a last-ditch and sincere effort to restore world peace . . .!"

Brett Fowler, Year 11



The little girl made her way down the street, she attracted plenty of spectators. You could not help but to look at her radiant smiling face. She glowed like the pure light of a candle, with golden hair and bright clear eyes. The people around her could sense her; she passed through each and every one of them.

She passed a hurrying lady, eager to get to her office. She was a very powerful lady with a trail of success following her every move. Never in her intense career had she paused to look around her, until today. She stopped just to look at the child, she saw the sun shining and the cloudless blue sky. "Well, children have a way of getting to you," she thought as she went on her way, for the first time since her youth she had observed the beauty of her world.

The golden girl skipped along and spread the light of a beautiful day ahead. People opened up to her and let their senses take over for a while. She came to a youth who stood slouched against a wire fence; he was in a bitter world. Hardship and pain had made their presence felt and he crumbled under the weight he carried on his shoulders. "Hello!" the golden girl beamed up at him.

She got no answer but her goal had been achieved. The youth watched her as she skipped away. She left him wondering why she was so cheerful. He thought back to when he was about her age and remembered something, he smiled at the thought. The sun shone over him and the light summer breeze brought him back to the world. The golden girl skipped along until she finally got tired and took a rest.

"Peace!" called her mother, "where have you been all day?" The golden girl looked up and smiled, she was doing her deed even if it was little by little.

Helen Mantamadiotis, Year 11

16 Days in the Back of Beyond



Central Australia Camp

In the early morning of May 3, 43 Year 11 students gathered at Camberwell High School with bags, pillows, and sleeping bags. They were about to embark on a 16 day journey into the Centre of Australia. Chaperoned by Mr. Frost, Miss Mitchell, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Hendy and accompanied by a cook and a bus driver, this was the first Central Australia camp in the history of Camberwell High School. After heading west to Adelaide, they travelled North to Alice Springs while the return trip was via the Flinders Ranges. Although most of the trip was spent travelling, the exciting stops included Ayers Rock, Kings Canyon, the Olgas and Alice Springs. Nearly all of the students made the tiring 1.6 kilometre climb to the top of the largest rock in the world. However, for Miss Hamilton, it was even more of a victorious feat. Having slipped and torn the tendons in her ankle, she crawled the final 100 metres to the top. Four days later she was flown home from Alice Springs.

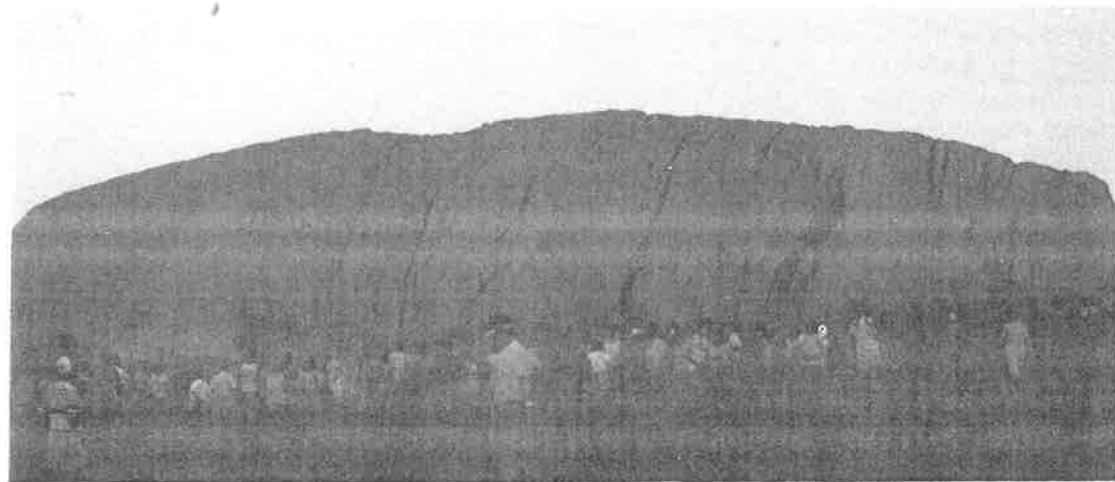
Another overnight stay was in a dugout in the small mining

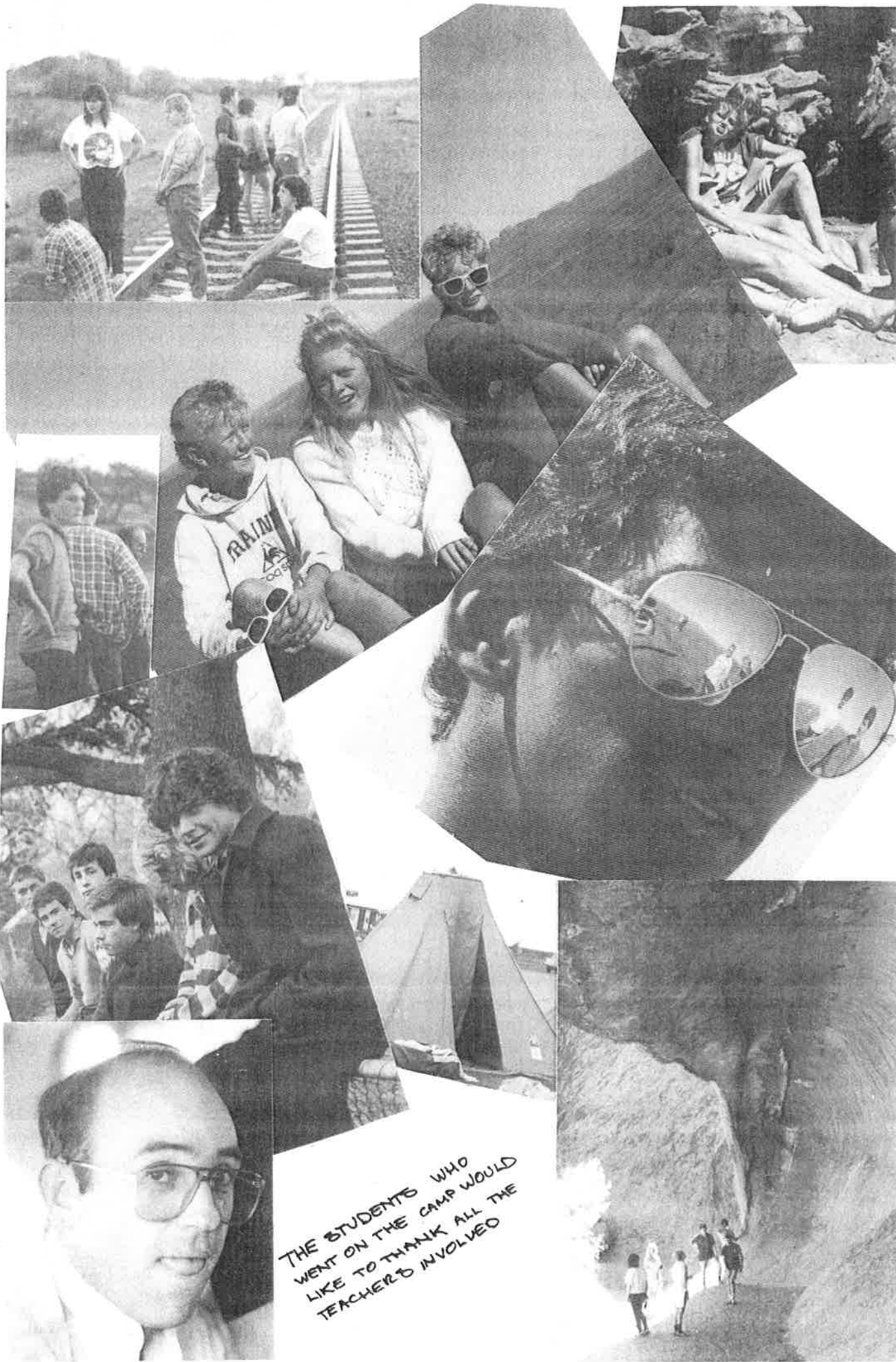
town of Coober Pedy. Being one of the hottest and driest places in Australia, students had the opportunity to appreciate the scarcity of water. In other stays, there was no water available, except for what was brought on the coach. These were the bush camps which were virtually in the middle of nowhere. Tents were pitched by the side of the road and bonfires were lit that burned late into the night.

The trip was not without its share of practical jokes. Miss Mitchell hobbled back from a climb in the Flinders Ranges with a splint on her leg, an apparently bruised face and seemed to be in much pain. Two of the students were about to carry her to the Ranger's station when she jumped onto both feet and made a miraculous recovery. Other students amused themselves with water, egg and pillow fights.

Overall the camp was a huge success. Students experienced the beauty, desolation and serenity of Australia's outback first hand. It is a journey which is a part of the ultimate Australian experience, and hopefully it can become a part of Camberwell High School's tradition in years to come.

Kristin Martin, Year 11





THE JOURNEY I REMEMBER

This is the story of a journey in which my family, together with a few other families and some teenagers, escaped from Vietnam to find freedom. A journey which was dangerous, endless, fearsome and yet adventurous. In this journey we voyaged in a small boat for approximately seven days on the vast ocean, facing all sorts of things. There were times of happiness, fear, hopelessness, hardship, frustration and sadness.

I was thirteen years old when we went on this unforgettable journey. It was early in the morning, before dawn, that all of us assembled at the boat getting ready to leave. As soon as I set my feet on the boat, I saw unfamiliar faces, babies, toddlers, teenage boys and girls and adults, mums and dads, sitting and scattered everywhere on the boat. Glancing at the cabin, I saw boxes of food, large containers of oil (for the boat) and water, which were all stored there.

The voyage had started, everyone looked fresh, clean and seemed cheerful. The sea was calm. Personally, I felt somehow excited and contented, deep down.

During the second day, everybody appeared normal and nothing had changed yet, except that we were completely out of sight and could not see the shore from where we had started anymore. The men prepared the meals and distributed the food to the children and women. They cooked the meals mainly on a stove which burned by kerosene.

On sunny afternoons, as well as rainy days, a large piece of canvas was tied to the poles and was stretched over us to keep out the scorching hot sun's rays.

Starting from the third day and onwards, everyone seemed restless and tired. The cheerfulness and excitement on the women's faces had already vanished. Here and there people suffered badly from sea sickness. The men looked very calm and took turns at steering the boat. We were headed in the direction of Malaysia.

We almost ran out of water when we were half-way through. There were only two barrels of water left to share among one hundred and twelve people. We felt so hopeless looking around, seeing only the mountains and the blue water which surrounded us. Later in the afternoon that day, we sighted a couple of large ships in the distance. We took turns using the binoculars that we had brought along and were anxious waiting for their help. Everyone on the boat, including all the restless women who had been lying without eating for the past few days, were persuaded to sit up, waving and making signals for rescue.

We were terribly disappointed that some of the ships didn't see us or just passed by and refused to help. I can hardly describe how we felt the following day when we met a fishing ship, which coincidentally spotted us and was willing to help us. We asked them for a few barrels of water and some fish, and we knew that they were Malaysian. So we asked them the way to reach the shore, how long would we have to travel and so on. We were relieved after that and sailed further on.

The next morning I woke up, lying very still, I could see my brother and my uncle were laughing and talking loudly. Immediately I sprang up and saw this beautiful shore with palm trees but uninhabited by any natives. Such a beautiful day it was, bright sunshine, clear sky crowded with pigeons plunging freely back and forth over us. It was the best day we had had in our journey so far. It was a peaceful morning to be alive. I was filled with great joy for I knew we were near our destination.

We were half pleased and half worried. We knew that we had reached Malaysia, but could neither sight a shore with natives nor any other boats there. So the captain steered the boat very slowly, keeping the speed at minimum pace. We ended up at a place (on the sea still) where there were a couple of canoes in which very dark-skinned people were catching fish. While we asked them for help, they feared us and drew away hurriedly. They probably misunderstood us and interpreted us as some kind of robbers who wanted to harm them.

So for the rest of that day we just wandered around searching for a shore. It was at dusk that we were deserted in the middle of the sea. Unexpectedly, a canoe with three dark men approached us at an incredibly fast speed. We were astonished as they came nearer to us. Each of them had a gun pointing at us. My heart was pumping fast and shivers ran up and down my spine. I froze and almost went unconscious. I had never experienced anything so terrifying until then. Very soon after that I acknowledged that they were pirates wanting to rob valuable things from us.

At the same instant, we saw a large merchant ship pass by, but we did not dare to call them over; suddenly they steered the ship around and approached us with a couple of canoes which carried food and water. At this moment, the pirates knew that they were unsafe so they automatically hastened away. This ship not only had helped us a great deal but also gave us bananas and fish to eat.

On the seventh day, which was the last day of our journey, we were floating hopelessly on the surface of the sea. It was lucky for us that the coast guard saw us. Not one of us could stretch a beam on his or her face. It lessened our anxiety because we were safe then. These decent people led us to the shore safely. We finally settled in a refugee camp where there were already others living.

Tuyen Huynh, Year 12



A FEW WORDS FOR YOU, DAD!

Every winter comes and brings along with it many heavy rains which make me remember the winter in Vietnam, especially one evening in September ten years ago. Two strangers barged into our house and accused you of serving their enemies, the South Vietnamese Army. At that time, I didn't know what they were saying to you, but I saw the worry in your eyes. They spoke to you in harsh tones. You didn't say even a word but you were ready to protect Mother and myself.

Mother sobbed, I burst into tears. I ran to you and held onto your legs. It was as though for survival. I was holding onto a piece of wood in the middle of the ocean. I looked at them with indignation and supplication. "Please don't take my father away", I begged. But they pushed me off you, bound your hands and took you away. The door banged shut. The dreadful sound echoes in my mind even a decade later. It cut off contact between you and us.

Although in my immature mind I couldn't understand what had happened between you and them, I felt unpleasant things had happened to our family, especially to you. "Dad's gone and when will he come back?" I asked Mother this same question a thousand times and every time Mother cried bitterly. She raised her hand, caressed my head and said reassuringly, "Dad will come home in a few more days, my poor child!" Mother went to our Altar and lit the incense with shaking hands. Her eyes were tightly shut and she was whispering. I stood solemnly beside her and the two of us knelt down in desperation for two hours to pray to God and Buddha to save your life. From that day on, every night under the pale light of the oil-lamp we knelt in front of our Altar for hours to pray.

Time passed but still you didn't come back. I was growing up. I understood who those two men had been and what they had done to you. I resented them so very much. I wondered how they could have the same colour skin as us and speak the same language but be so indifferent. Perhaps in the North of Vietnam, they only learnt how to fight and how to take revenge, so that they hadn't got any sentiment left in them. Perhaps they no longer had any understanding of the relationship between parents and children. While they were laughing at our tragic situation, they didn't realize that Mother and I were crying silent tears of sorrow.

From that day, Mother had to run after money to keep the two of us alive, and we leaned on each other to cope with life. Mother worked very hard but still we hadn't enough food to eat and she couldn't afford for me to go to school anymore. I became a nursemaid. Every day I carried a child,

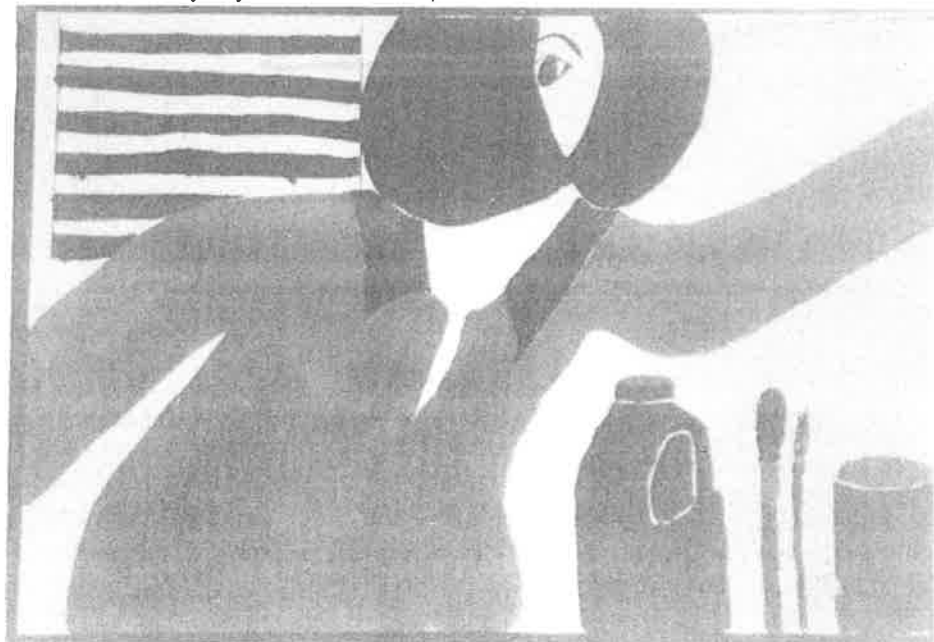
on my back, wandering beside the school and watching the children play. Sometimes I wished to go into the play-ground to play with them or pick up a pen or a rubber for them, when they dropped it. I loved the school yard, the chairs, the tables, the teachers and everyone associated with school. Every time when the school dismissed, children rushed out of school noisily calling their dads and mums. I stood behind the tree watching them hungrily until they had all disappeared. I quietly went home with great jealousy in my heart.

One day as I was passing a book-shop, I saw a lovely book which I desired very much. But I wouldn't dare to ask Mum for the money because I was hurt when I saw Mother counting every single coin from the bottom of her purse. For a girl developing into a woman clothes became important, but I hadn't got a new dress to wear even when the New Year came. Nor did I taste the sweetness of lollies any more. When you were home I never lacked those things. That's why the Vietnamese people have a proverb, "When your father is alive, the heels of your feet are as red as lipstick, and when your father is dead, the heels of your feet are black".

It had been five years since the day they took you away. Mother and I were still hoping for your return. It was very cold that year and Mother thought she might knit you a jumper. One night while I was doing the dishes and Mother was knitting, a quiet hand tapped on our door. I ran over to see who it was and in a quick hope that it was you. But it was a man who came and let us know that you had died in prison. For a moment I couldn't believe my ears. I thought I was dreaming. "Bang . . .", the door shut which brought me to the present. The man quietly walked away and took along with him all my expectations which I had saved for five years. Mother was faint with the horrible news. Her face was pale. I clasped Mother to my heart and shouted, "Dad, Dad . . .!" It was a word that I hadn't said in five years and then I said it when I needed you desperately.

Years fell heavily. I cried to see you off and I always wish you happiness and peace in that world on the other side of life. I know you would wish me the same in my life on the other side of the world.

Thuy Nguyen, Year 12



THE CLASSROOM

Happy . . . smiling . . . relaxed.

Screaming, leaping, throwing.

Surprise . . . shock . . . tense.

Laughing, leering, crude.

Seriousness . . . hardening . . . ANGER!

"STOP!" Bellowed . . . angry furrowed brow.

"Sit down and be quiet!" Glaring . . . sparking eyes.

Snigger, snigger.

A small white plane, fine blue lines its only markings . . . arches high into the air, curving to the right in a smooth turn . . . suddenly pitching forward toward the teacher's desk, diving as if attacking . . . crash-landing in his chalk box.

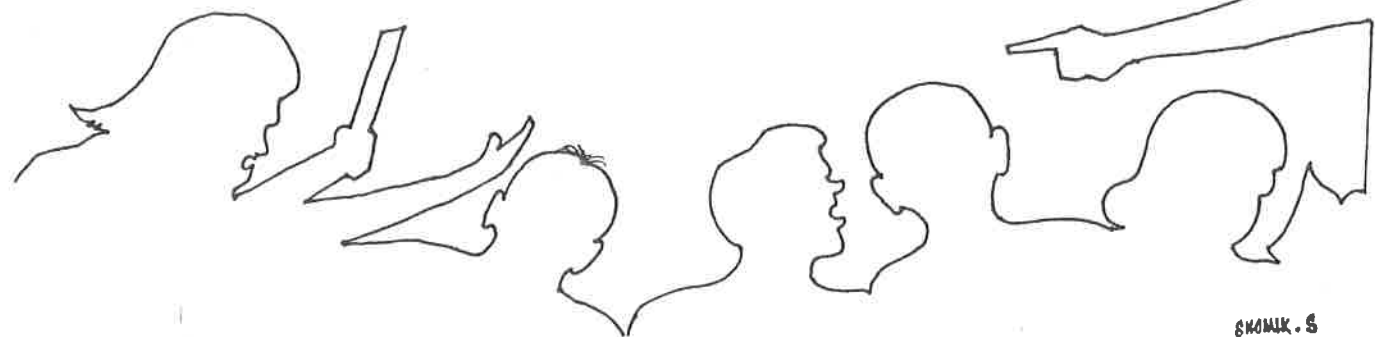
Raucous laughter fills the room . . . calling, jeering . . . the banter starts anger.

An undulating message sounds . . . like the signal of a flood, great waves of bodies flow . . . and ebb, into the corridor.

Tearing, corrosive, it washes through the passages and down the stairs.

A loud grumble is heard . . . "I hate that teacher, he's always picking on us! Giving us a hard time!"

Exhausted, defeated, crumpling, a small paper plane . . . he drops it in the bin, and plunges into the corridor. Exhausted, apprehensive, tired.



THE AVERAGE PRIVATE STUDY PERIOD

In the beginning, there is silence, permeating the long, cold, desolate corridors. A quick shuffling of the feet followed by loud laughter shatters the peace. Here it begins, everyone's favourite period — private study.

A huge cloud of dust arises from the heels of a dozen mad HSC students racing down the stairs to room 100, to cluster as close to the heater as possible. Those who come in late put up with putrifying in the refrigerator corner, which we so lovingly named.

Throwing our lead-like books on the graffitied tables we huddle around the rickety old heater, like eskimos trying to keep warm, and deliver our daily resolutions.

"I **will** do some work today, I will not talk to anyone, I must concentrate".

But no sooner are we seated when we all agree that we are incurably hungry. Diving hands into our pockets for money, we nominate someone to knock on the canteen door. Unwillingly the "chosen" one stands and paces to the door, shaking from cold and nervousness — heels tapping.

Arming ourselves with two weeks' worth of food we manage to find our seats amidst the havoc of donuts, buttered rolls, wagon wheels and steaming tea and coffee. Then it's supposedly back to work. Pens poised in hand, cream bun in the other, we begin.

The silence reaches every one of us as our minds begin to wander and heads look up from work to stare with blank

Quiet . . . talking . . . relaxing.

Relief . . . unwilling . . . appreciation.

Silent . . . friendly . . . working.

Happy . . . relaxed . . . smiling.

"Good morning!" Cheerful.

"Hi Sir, have you heard the one . . ."

Uproarious laughter, rippling across the room.

"Hey that's a good one, but have you heard . . ."

Quiet . . . relief . . . smiling.

"Come on you lot", smiling . . . cajolling, "you've got some work to get through today."

Quiet . . . attentive . . . co-operative.

The undulating message sounds again . . . "Bye Sir" echoes from the walls as this tributary empties into the main stream.

Cheerful . . . relaxed . . . he smiles reflectively, as he plunges into the corridor.

"Hello dear". Soothing.

"How was your day?" Tentative curiosity.

"Good and bad." Lying back . . . relaxing . . . smiling. "Hey love, did you hear the one . . ."

Kylie Black, Year 12

faces at the yellow brick walls, scattered with a few battered posters, adding a touch of colour to the drab cell.

"Oh no!" comes a helpless cry. "I've just remembered, I have a biology essay due next lesson!"

This is the cue for our own lengthy, overdrawn discussions on our favourite topic — homework. This usually involves a debate on which subject gives the most homework, with Chemistry and Physical Education leading by four lengths.

Slowly the topic is changed, from the next party coming up to what happened on "Dynasty" the previous night. The conversations hardly cease, while the school books lie strewn around the room, withering from misuse.

"What!" a voice screeches from the other side of the room.

"There's only two minutes before the end of the period!"

From this follow more shrieks of protest and disbelief.

"It can't be true, is it?" someone asks, voice hopeful. "I haven't finished my donut yet."

"Your donut? My maths!" moans an exasperated voice from the corner.

Suddenly the room is buzzing with movement again, as everyone swoops up their belongings, throws away garbage and left overs. As usual nothing has been accomplished, and we all begin to feel the guilt seeping into our bodies.

Reluctantly we trudge onwards, like lambs to the slaughter, to our next lesson.

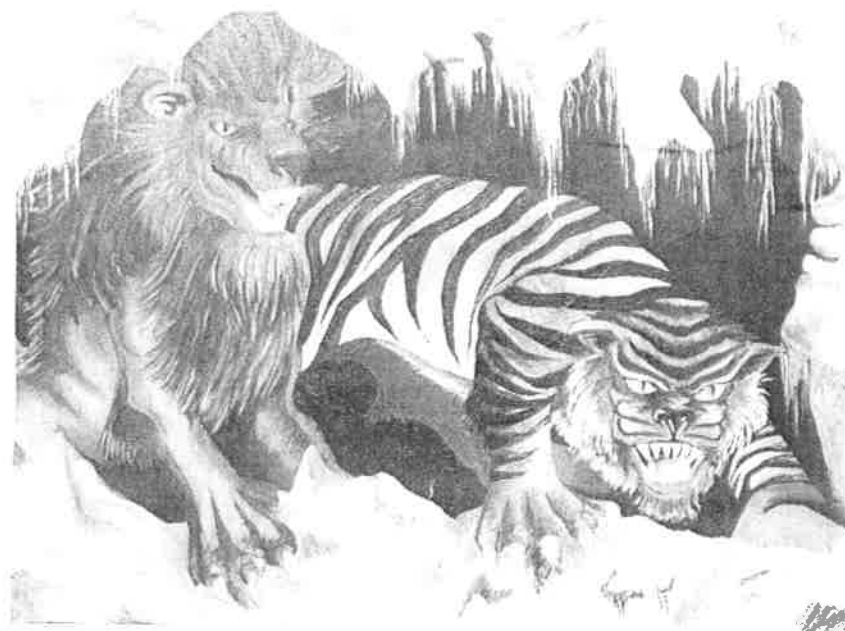
"urghh, Chemistry . . .!"

Suzanne Valic, Year 12

BLACK CAT

Black cat
Sitting on your mouse
How your eyes do gleam
Your tail does twitch
You little witch!
Show me, and I'll not snitch!
Its nose sticks out
Beneath your folds
Of fun that glisten black
You let it slip
Away a bit
I see the flame in your eye a-lit.
Roll on your back,
You take your time —
Stretch out your claw . . .
And snatch it back!
And toss it up!
You chase it, scrambling, round the floor.
I watch you let it run,
If you can call that —
For its poor little mind
Has been made blind,
And its blood to run chill
And thick with fear.
Oh what sport!
I watch you,
Judge you,
Near condemn you,
But then —
Selfish nature's yours.

Isabelle Kenny, Year 12



Deanna Miller — Year 11

READY TO GO

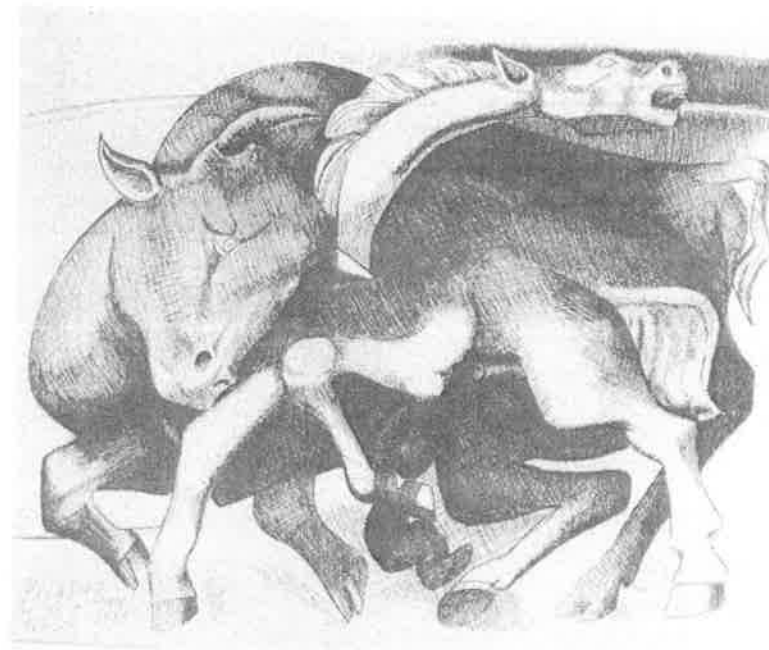
A cylindrical shaped object faces the sky,
An object with more destructive power than anything else on
the face of this Earth.
More power than a thousand earthquakes,
More destructiveness than a thousand tornadoes.
It's capable of exterminating all life forms.
It stands there ready to be assigned, ready to be launched.
It is a tool of the powerful,
A senseless toy of powerplay,
A toy that shouldn't exist — but it does.
And total global destruction can be triggered off by
One foolish press of "the button".

Daniel Strainic, Year 11

I LOVE A WINDSWEPT COUNTRY . . .

I love a windswept country
A land of soot and dirt
A land that's filled with hatred
Of hunger and of hurt.
I love the pain it's filled with
Hawke's peace talk — "so sincere"
You see they are quite useless
For our destiny is clear.
"The bomb" will end it All they say
Destroy the life that's known
The animals the birds and trees
To oblivion shall be blown.
I love the mess they've left us
The turmoil that we're in
This place is full of sadness
This place is full of sin.
But underneath this brave facade
There dwells a heart of gold
It belongs to those like you and me
Or so we have been told.
But can we save humanity?
Or is it too late?
Have Reagan, Hawke and Gorbachev
Already sealed our fate?
I love that landswept country
Like I love no other place
But only if we act right now
Can we save the Human Race.

Liz Doherty, Year 11



Harry Sfougaristos, Year 11

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Captains —

Senior: Edwin Van dar Graaf, Tsaelan Lee Dow
Junior: James Ballantyne, Viki gottliebssen

Music —

Senior: Andrew Newcombe, Alice Mathiesson
Junior: Mathew Evans, Alison Duncan

Swimming —

Senior: Richard Gowan, Liza Kennedy
Junior: Cameron Strathdee, Emma Binks

MONTGOMERY:

Captains —

Senior: Jamaal Sadiqzai, Kylie Winstanley
Junior: Jim Mihailides, Cathy Scholes

Music —

Senior: Alex Green, Sue Lynch
Junior: Aaron Slade, Danielle Minogue

Swimming —

Senior: Richard Callaghan, Angela Edwards
Junior: Rodney Missen, Louise Sharp

MACARTHUR:

Captains —

Senior: Craig Bennett, Judy Frager
Junior: Russell Shields, Arieta Reeh

Music —

Senior: Justin Benson, Suzanna Duncan
Junior: Lawrence Miller, Nu Tran

Swimming —

Senior: Angus McKinstray, Danny Brinsmead
Junior: Peter Terzakis, Vanessa Carrington

CHURCHILL:

Captains —

Senior: Cameron Edgar, Heather Savage
Junior: Andrew Savage, Shandana Sadiqzai

Music —

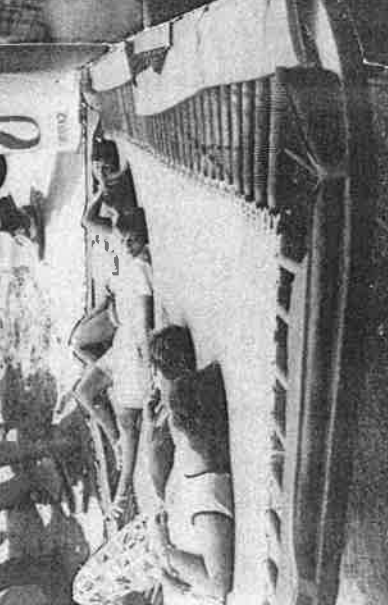
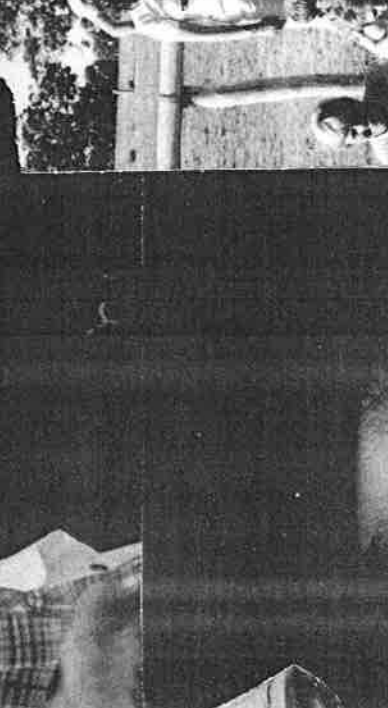
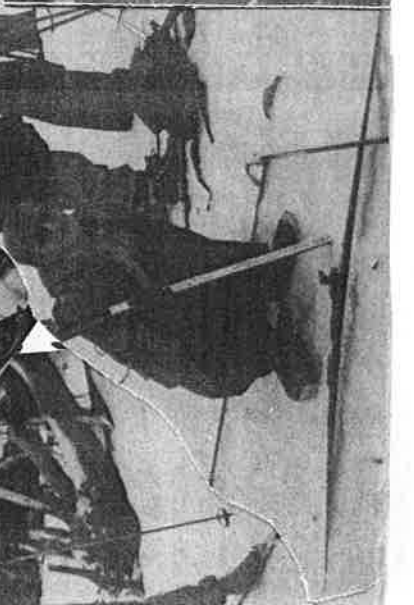
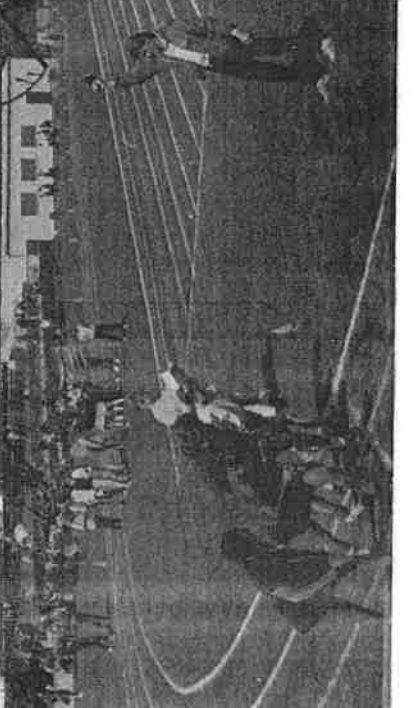
Senior: Simon Tack, Kylie Black
Junior: Shane Foster

Swimming —

Senior: Heather Savage, Stephanie Guerillot
Junior: Roger Paull







Autographs

