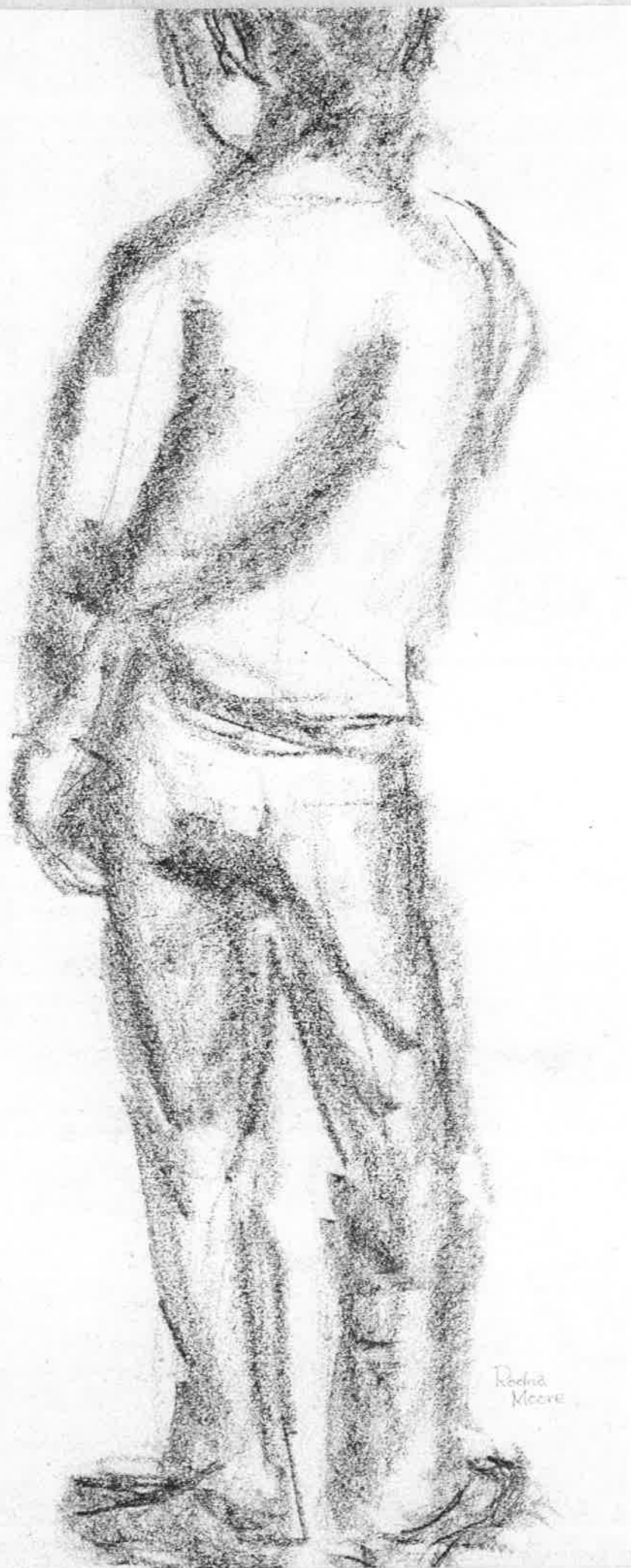


# Prospice

**1970**

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL  
PROSPECT HILL ROAD  
CANTERBURY, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

dedicated to the late Mr. R. Andrews



# Prospice

1970



## PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

A School Magazine is an historical document: it records not only the events of the academic year but also portrays the personalities of individuals and their influence on the lives of others.

The relative significance of the year's events depends largely on the part that a person has taken in the shaping of those events. Thus, from the point of view of the President and members of the Advisory Council, the most significant event may well have been the completion of our new Assembly Hall. A specialist teacher may view the provision of a classroom in the new wing or the introduction of a new subject into the curriculum as of prime importance. Maybe you derived most satisfaction from active participation in leadership, in the choir, orchestra, V Theatre, Magazine or other committee, or in sport: your personal contribution in any of these activities gives them significance. The deeper the involvement, the deeper the significance of the event or activity for you. If on the other hand the year has had little or no significance for you, you have only yourself to blame: you neglected the opportunity.

I urge each and every student to become a co-operative member of the school community thereby not only deriving maximum benefit from studies, but also contributing something to the progress and welfare of the whole school, something worth recording in "Prospice".

## OBITUARY

### Mr. R. W. Andrews

It was with the deepest regret that the school learned of the death on April 30th, 1970 of Mr. R. W. Andrews, B.Sc., B.Ed. principal of Camberwell High School from 1948 to 1952 and from 1958 to his retirement in 1965.

It would be difficult to recount here adequately the contribution made by Mr. Andrews in that long period of service, to the growth and traditions of Camberwell High School. He was first appointed as principal soon after the school was established and devoted himself to the day of his retirement to its welfare and the maintenance of its high standards and reputation. Many hundreds of ex-students and teachers will remember his wise and kindly guidance, his quiet sense of humour and his personal concern for each boy or girl or member of staff.

His keen interest in inter-school sport, particularly in rowing, is commemorated in the school racing shell named for him. In the years after his retirement he continued to be an enthusiastic supporter of Camberwell High School at the Victorian High Schools' Rowing Regatta.

To Mr. Andrews and his Advisory Council and parent bodies, we owe the original planning and negotiation for the erection of a school assembly hall. Before his retirement he had the satisfaction of knowing that their preliminary plans had been approved. It would have given him great pleasure to have been present at the Official Opening of the new hall and class room block this year.

The school extends its sympathy to Mrs. Andrews and to his son Mr. J. Andrew and dedicates this issue of *Prospice* to his memory.

## MATRICULATION 1969

Seventy-five C.H.S. students satisfied the requirements for University entry at the 1969 Matriculation Examinations. Outstanding results were those of:

Peter D. Allen, Kevin P. Bailey, Ian D. Moore and Wu Hin Wing

each of whom received four A gradings in addition to passing English Expression. Special Distinctions for General Excellence were awarded to Peter Allen, Ian Moore and Wu Hin Wing. Special Distinctions in particular subjects were awarded to the following students:

Physics — Anthony Cowdell and Wu  
Pure Mathematics — Ian Moore and Wu  
English Literature — Sandra Wethereld  
French — Sandra Wethereld  
Geography — Andrew Reeves

Senior Government Scholarships were awarded to Peter Allen and Ian Moore.

Commonwealth University Scholarships were awarded to Peter Allen, Kevin Bailey, Ross Barker, John Bate, Belinda Beaumont, Ailsa Campbell, Anthony Cowdell, Simon Gardiner, Neil Gude, Paula Henriksen, Catherine Horn, Ian Moore, Andrew Reeves, Susan Rowe, Jennifer Samson, David Schetzer, John Snell, Christine Ward and Sandra Wethereld.



## PREFECTS

Row 1: Nola Hart (girls' head prefect), Mr. Markham (boys' senior master), Deputy Principal, Miss Milne, Principal Mr. Slattery, Mrs. Moore (girls' senior mistress), Warwick Cavell (boys' head prefect).  
 Row 2: Katie Armstrong, Linda Connor, Cynthia Gordon, Kit, Rodna Moore.  
 Row 3: Toni Sanders, Glenys Van Every, Peggy Gude, Roslyn Young, Judy Cazaly.  
 Row 4: Nick Reeves, David Harris, Bruce Strange, Bruce Butler, John Boyd.  
 Row 5: Jim Davidson, David Henley, Greg Moran.  
 Back Row: Brenton Broadstock, Ian Westcott, Geoff Cliff, Allan Watson.

In the past few years, there seems to have been a growing trend towards a more liberal approach concerning matters of school discipline in small matters, with a greater reliance on the pupil's own sense of responsibility. This year, the prefects voted almost unanimously against doing gate duty, except in extreme situations. It was decided that the role of a prefect should not be centred around the idea of discipline so much as representation of the students and cohesion between the senior and junior levels of the school.

One way in which we attempted to bring this about was the adoption of a junior form by each girl prefect. During informal assemblies run by the prefects, many ideas were brought forward regarding various aspects of school life; it is hoped that the students involved have benefited by these sessions, and will in future feel free to address a senior, or a member of staff, when the need arises.

The socials have been very successful, with a large attendance both terms. The third term social promises to be equally good provided it is given plenty of support.

Considerable time has been devoted to the debate over student leadership. Are prefects useful, active, necessary? These things have been discussed by staff and students alike. Not the least vocal by any means were the prefects themselves, who have expressed forthright views on the advantages and drawbacks of the prefect system. The question as yet remains unresolved, and staff are anxious to receive constructive suggestions from members of the school. We are appreciative of the assistance given to us by members of staff, especially those who have been instrumental in the assignment and organization of duties. Thanks go also to the many students who have supported us throughout the year. No school body can function with any degree of success without the co-operation of the pupils, and we hope that those who follow us, whether in the framework of the present prefect system or in a different capacity, will receive the co-operation necessary to make student leadership an important and functional asset to the school.

The Prefects





Jim Oquhart



## SRC, 1970

Front Row:  
Kim Henley  
Heather Fist  
Bernard Corser (president)  
Anne Vassiliadis  
Susan Webster  
Andrea Powell

2nd Row:  
Susan Provis (vice-president)  
Julie Kleiman  
Linda Connor  
Gary Newton  
Nick Reeves  
Maria Millimaci  
Fiona Reid

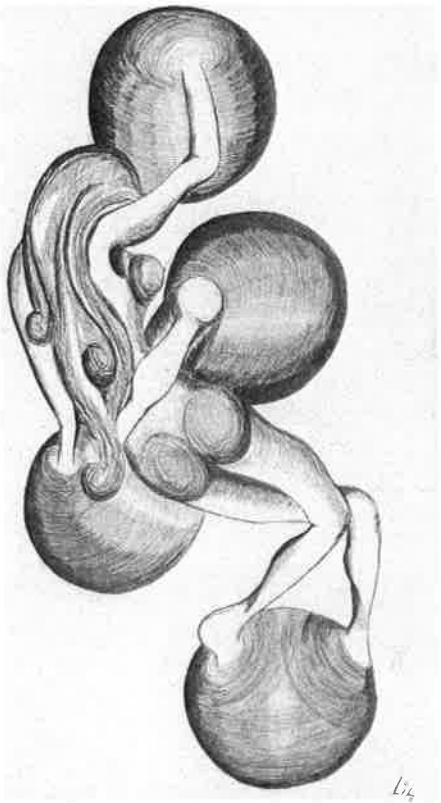
3rd Row:  
Paul Bennet  
Jeff Head  
Marc Lezon  
Scott McDonald  
David Davies  
Stephen Nethercote (secretary)

Back Row:  
Stephen Moore  
Monty Arnhold  
James Madigan  
Gary Twomey



1

## FORM CAPTAINS



MR. H. J. SLATTERY



MISS D. J. MILNE



MRS. D. MOORE



MR. A. MARKHAM



MRS. O. MOORE



MRS. M. J. DAVIES



MR. H. R. HARVEY



MR. R. W. BRAGGE



MR. J. C. DRENT



MR. A. A. HARDENBERG



MRS. M. R. BUTTON



MISS X. CROXON



MR. P. WHITCROFT



MISS M. HARDINGHAM



MR. J. HANNAN



MRS. M. J. CASEY







**MRS. E. H. EDWARDS**



**MR. G. J. GLENN**



**MR. R. J. LONGMORE**



**MISS F. GHANI**



**MRS. LYNCH**



**MRS. B. CANDELA**



**MRS. MCGREGOR**



**MR. S. M. SHEHATA**



**MR. A. B. WILSON**



**MR. G. V. POLLOCK**



**MRS. J. M. WALLWORK**



**MRS. J. E. GARDEN**



**MR. B. R. PARIS**



**MRS. O. R. BURGESS**



**MRS. B. J. BOELL**



**MR. H. H. TING**



**MR. G. L. BRADLEY**



**MR. L. G. DAVIES**

**MRS. P. LAVROFF**



**MRS. D. W. ROBINSON**



**MRS. J. E. NICHOL**



**MISS P. MILTHORPE**

**MR. B. A. DETHRIDGE**



**MRS. M. C. ALLEN**



**MRS. B. A. BEHAN**



**MR. R. TREVARE**

**MRS. R. J. THOMAS**



**MR. G. SCHINAS**



**MR. K. SHIPLEY**



**MRS. S. SANDFORD**

**MRS. H. M. STRAUNCH**



**MRS. N. A. SHAW**





MR. J. A. SULLIVAN



MRS. A. H. TEMPEST



MRS. L. H. CALLINAN



MRS. J. A. CONNOLLY



MISS G. ACKERS



MR. L. A. WILKINSON



MR. G. I. RICKARD

## STAFF

**Principal:** Mr. H. J. Slattery, B.A., Dip.Ed.

**Deputy Principal:** Miss D. J. Milne, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.

**Senior Master:** Mr. A. Markham, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts).

**Senior Mistress:** Mrs. D. Moore, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Miss G. Ackers, S.A.C.

Mrs. M. C. Allan, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.

Miss B. A. Behan, B.Juris.

Mrs. B. J. Boell, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. D. R. Burgess, B.Sc. (Hons.), T.S.T.C.

Mrs. M. R. Button, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. L. H. Callinan, B.A. (Hons.).

Mrs. B. Candela, T.C. (Prim.).

Mrs. M. J. Casey, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.

Mrs. J. A. Connolly, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Miss S. Croxon, Dip.Phys.Ed.

Mrs. M. J. Davies, T.P.T.C., Uni. Subjects.

Mrs. E. H. Edwards, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. J. E. Garden, 3 yrs. T.S.T.C.

Miss F. Ghani, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Miss M. Hardingham, T.S.T.C., Uni. Subjects.

Miss P. Milthorpe, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. O. Moore, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.

Mrs. J. E. Nichol, T.T.C. (Qld.), Uni. Subjects.

Mrs. D. W. Robinson, T.T.C. (Dom. Sci.).

Mrs. S. Sandford, Reg. Cert. (L.A.A.).

Mrs. N. A. Shaw, Uni. Subjects.

Mrs. H. M. Strauch, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. A. H. Tempest, T.T.C., (Tech. Maths.).

Mrs. R. J. Thomas, B.A. (Hons.), Dip.Ed.

Mrs. J. M. Wallwork, Mus. Bac., Dip.Mus., T.S.T.C.

Mrs. P. Lavroff, Mus. Bac.

Mr. G. L. Bradley, M.A.

Mr. R. W. Bragge, B.Econ., T.P.T.C., Dip.Ed.

Mr. L. G. Davies, B.Comm, B.Ed., T.P.T.C.

Mr. B. A. Dethridge, B.A.

Mr. J. C. Drent, T.P.T.C., Uni. Subjects.

Mr. G. J. Glenn, T.S.T.C.

Mr. J. Hannan, 1st Hons., Cert. Art.

Mr. A. A. Hardenberg, B.A., T.T.C.

Mr. H. R. Harvey, B.A., T.P.T.C.

Mr. R. J. Longmore, Dip.Phys.Ed.

Mr. B. R. Paris, T.P.T.C.

Mr. G. V. Pollock, Dip.Comm., B.A., A.T.T.C.

Mr. G. I. Rickard, R.M.I.T. Subjects.

Mr. G. Schinas, Uni. Subjects, A.S.T.C.

Mr. S. M. Shehata, B.Agr.Sc.

Mr. K. Shipley, T.W.T.C.

Mr. J. A. Sullivan, B.A.

Mr. R. J. Trevare, Mus. Bac., Dip.Ed.

Mr. H. H. Ting, Dip.Chem.Eng.

Mr. L. A. Wilkinson, B.Agr.Sc.

Mr. A. B. Wilson, Uni. Subjects.

## THE LEGEND

In the long forgotten days before the white men came, a dismal little koala sat high up in his eucalypt home. His name was Gumbi. He sat up high in his tree because from that position he could see all the wonders of the surrounding bushland.

Gumbi however was still miserable because although he could see the rolling hills and the sweeping plains, the hot orange sun and the parched, dry ground below him, he was still not satisfied. He yearned to see the glorious pictures of his friend, Cobadong, the kangaroo had described to him of the silver ghost gums; of the blue gums; the emerald green grassy bank of the free flowing river; the foaming, rushing falls and the fierce looking crocodiles lounging lazily on the muddy banks. But the most thrilling of all was the high Red Mountain on which lived the God of Thunder, Beewah, the great ruler of the Australian Bush. Suddenly, he heard a soft rustle in the leaves and a second later a small boy appeared, clothed in kangaroo skin. It was his friend Wangi, who saw the look on the koala's face and asked what was troubling him. When he discovered Gumbi's wish to hop like Cobadong, he offered to carry him to the Red Mountain, to the God Beewah, for help.

They sat out to reach the mountain by sun-down. Hurrying past the continuous cackling of the jackass and the laughing rockpools they saw a very colourful sight. It was a corroboree with hundreds of men dancing and painted gaily. The sound of the didgeridoos and talking-sticks fascinated Gumbi so much that he began to dance. They passed through the corroboree and were soon climbing up the red rocks to a cave in the cliff face and peering through to see a very wide and solemn looking old gentleman sitting in a rock chair and bowing his head.

He looked up when he saw the pair and beckoned to them to enter. When the old man had heard their story there was a clap of thunder and a streak of lightning across the grey-skies. Gumbi looked down and saw, with delight, that he had grown the legs and the tail of a kangaroo.

He was most thankful and very happy. The little koala hopped back to his tree completely forgetting about his friend Wangi. He was dying for some of his own delicious, sweet-smelling eucalyptus leaves and he tried to climb but fell back down again. He knew why it was difficult. It was because his legs and feet were quite changed. He was more miserable than ever. Good, kind little Wangi offered to climb up the tree every day to pick the leaves for him but Gambi, realising his selfishness, decided to go without. CRASH! There came an ominous clap of thunder: the lightning zigzagged across the twilight sky and Gambi was himself again, satisfied to be a koala.

Anon.



#### FOUR PEOPLE

Four people  
Each his own  
Independently dependent  
Self justifying  
Three unifying  
Against one  
One unifying  
Against three  
A morgue  
Each with his own box  
Where  
They cling  
To insane  
Sanity  
Slowly  
Disintegrating  
Small holes  
Appear  
The tension  
Crumbles  
A cell  
Survives  
The wall  
Grows  
Again  
They sit  
Mesmerised  
In their  
Misery

Four people  
Each his own  
Independently dependent  
Self justifying  
One unifying  
Against One  
In love  
Two sitting  
On a wall  
Of forced  
Partial indifference  
An understanding  
Is reached  
Four  
Are one  
In part  
Until  
The next time  
Regression  
In part  
A slight  
Gain  
Total  
Annihilation

Four people  
Each of his own  
Independently dependent  
Self justifying  
Each unified  
In unification  
One  
Wallowing  
In self pity  
One  
Wallowing  
In self-righteousness  
Two  
Being  
Destroyed  
By both  
A crack  
Appears  
They live  
Happily  
Ever after  
In a morgue  
Each with his own box.

Marc. Lezon, 6

#### RED OR BED

Red is for a letter box  
Bed is when you have chickenpox  
Red is a fiery flame  
Bed is when you fall over in a game  
Red is a danger sign  
Bed is when you eat too much bacon rind  
Red is a telephone booth  
Bed is when you have pulled a tooth  
Red is for blood  
Bed isn't for mud.

#### THE IDEAL FRIEND

Jim. D'  
In your eyes  
I see a friend  
Loyal, considerate, trustworthy, honest,  
Do you see these things in me?  
Gayle Brown, 1

#### THOUGHTS

I could kill him,  
Thinks he's some kind of god.  
Well he's not getting me on my knees  
Worshipping him  
Without him the world would flop . . .  
I don't think.  
Thinks the girls will swoon when he goes by.  
Him!  
Male egoist.  
Odette Bloch, 4



## SUMMER SPORT



1st EIGHT (back row): Tony Elliot, Rodney Holt, David Crawford, Michael Spencer, Stewart Lodington.

### ROWING

Unfortunately, because Camberwell High School suffered from lack of rowing experience, it had a very poor season. A First Eight could not be boated and crews it did have were insufficiently trained. None of the selected crews had raced before the High School's Regatta and thus could not be expected to be outstanding.

The first four did not have any success, but the second and third Eights made their finals.

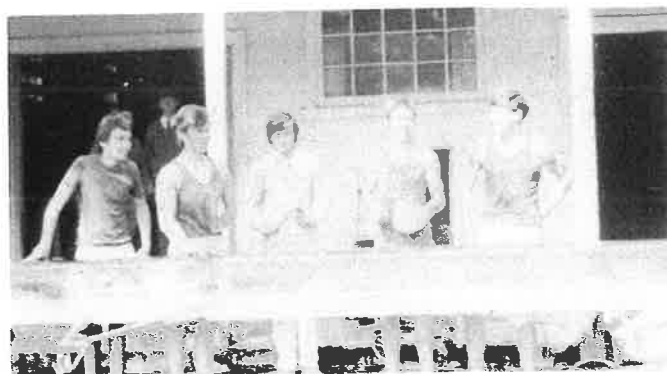
If Camberwell is to become a powerful rowing school, a much greater effort must come from students and staff. The attitude at this school is that rowing is an inferior sport and that it should be treated as such.

During the second term, Mr. Wilkinson became the rowing master and, with his help and enthusiasm, the crews should be greatly improved by next year. He has been a constant source of inspiration and is bringing rowing up to the standard it should be.

At the moment, rowing is in a favourable position being backed up by a Parents' Rowing Committee which would like to see the crews start to win at regattas. This committee would like to see everybody at Camberwell High School take an active interest in rowing with the result that our peak would again be reached.

David Crawford

Captain of Boats



1st FOUR (left to right): Randy Glusac, David Crawford (capt.), Peter Kellock (coach), Neil Johnson, Jim Davison.

### BOYS' TENNIS

The tennis team enjoyed a good deal of success this year due to the enthusiasm of the more junior players of the team and the lower standard schools in our new division which made for more competitive tennis. A lamentable lack of enthusiasm and support was shown, however, by members of the staff and sixth form students. Too many senior players seemed to wish to play only on a part-time basis and to imagine that they warranted a ready place in the team whenever available.

The team lost only two matches for the year, being beaten by Vermont and Ashwood. Players to show out consistently were Chris Baker and Peter Wingfield, who as a doubles combination did not drop a set for the season. Other regulars in the team were Nick Reeves, Alan Backholer, Philip Siebler and Barry George.

Alan Brown (captain)



RUTH STRINGER



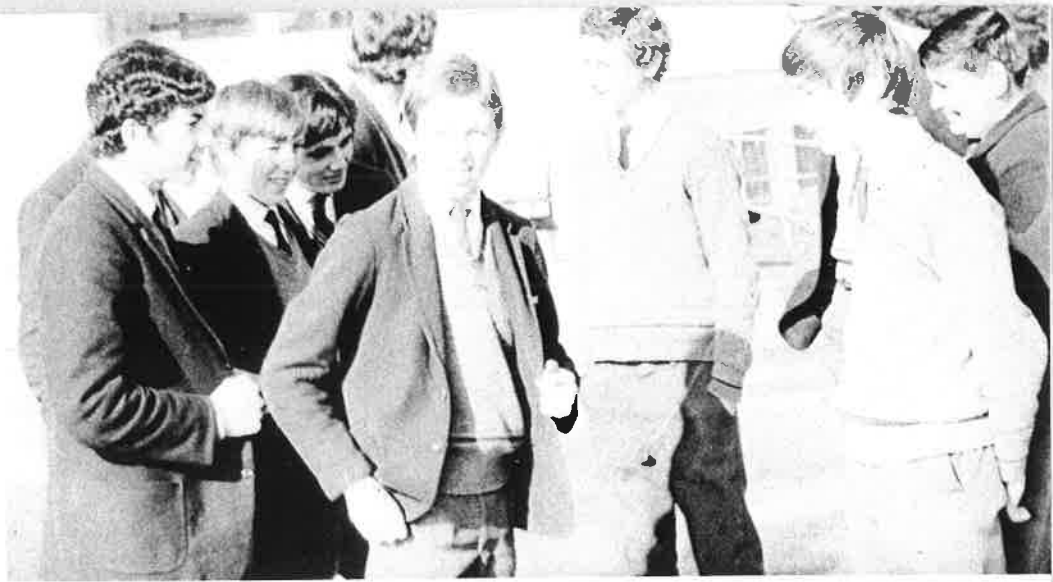
LAURIE BARTON



STEVAN MOORE

## SUMMER SPORT

Left to Right:  
 Tony Newman  
 Colvan Kelaart  
 Russel Laws  
 Doug Evans  
 Brenton Broadstock  
 Alan Laws  
 Gary Duff  
 Paul Dakis  
 Michael Labrooy  
 Johann Labrooy



## CRICKET

This year, Camberwell faced a very grave and pathetic situation from the cricket point of view. The lack of spirit and enthusiasm leaves a lot to be desired. The only match played this year, against Mt. Scopus, was due to the sole effort of a student teacher, Mr. Coles. Camberwell will continue to remain in the doldrums if a 100% effort from both students and staff is not applied.

Colvin Kelaart, Captain  
 Coach: Mr. Sullivan

## GIRLS' TENNIS

### Senior Team

Team: Sue Bodor, Carolyn Lock, Trudy Macintosh, Jenny Osmond, Pam Davy.  
 Camberwell v Balwyn  
 Balwyn won 34 (5 sets) games to 19 (1 set) games.  
 Camberwell v Kew (only 2 sets completed)  
 Camberwell won 13 (1 set) games to Kew 8 (1 set) games.  
 Camberwell v Banyule  
 Camberwell won 5 sets (34 games) to Banyule 25 (1 set) games.  
 Camberwell v Vermont (only 2 sets completed)  
 Camberwell won 2 sets (12 games) to Vermont 4 games.

## SWIMMING

Back Row: Gary Whittle, Alan Murphy, Charles Bastecky, James Madigan, Greg Whittle, Richard Marendas, Alan Watson.  
 3rd Row: Martin Middendord, Rodney Holt, Peter Elliott, Tony Doran, Barry George.  
 2nd Row: John Gude, Ken O'Donnel, Max Knight, Brian Watson.  
 Front Row: Rod. MacGregor, David Harney, Peter Enberg, Victor Harney.



## SUMMER SPORT



### SOFTBALL

Back Row: Janet Spencer, Sonye Breckenrigge, Odette Block.  
Front Row: Lynne Hughan, Helen Walker, Rhonda Dewsnap,  
Judith Boucher.



### VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Susan Moran, Raelene Burton, Annette Fordham,  
Julie Marshall, Evelyn Scheltz, Desma Williamson.  
Front Row: Marion Brentnall, Dawne Sutcliffe, Eva Rotten-  
anger, Irene Sochaki, Rosemary Conrad.



### SWIMMING

Back Row: Peggy Gude, Sue Kitchen, Rosemary Conrad, Judy  
Cazaly.  
3rd Row: Toni Sanders, Lynne Towart, Colleen Rutherford,  
Ann Fisher.  
2nd Row: Rodna Moore, Katie Armstrong, Gillian Pitt, Janet  
Hyder-Smith, Rhonda Dunning, Ruth Stringer.  
Front Row: Elizabeth Maddock, Sally Newman, Lesley Head,  
Janet Mouser, Leanne Boyd, Hilary Newman, Leonie Kenny,  
Rhonda Dewsnap.

## THE H.S.C. GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

In order to give a broad, varied account of this memorable event, we have chosen quotes from various written reports of the famous journey.

**Dawn Hamilton:** 'On the morning of the 25th May, the bulk of the Form 6 geography class set off on a geographical expedition bound for Harrierville, situated approximately 16 miles from Bright near the Mt. Bogong High Plains. The purpose of the excursion was to give students a clearer understanding of the matriculation course which includes 'Man and the Water Cycle' — covering soil, vegetation, streams etc. Several stops were made along the way for obvious reasons and to do urban studies of certain townships, the largest of which was Wangaratta.'

**Anthony W. Newman:** 'In the daytime field work was done, measuring meanders, sketching vegetation profiles and the such like; during the early evening work for the day was summed up and related back to classroom theory. The success of the camp must to a large extent be attributed to Mrs. Strauch and Mr. Sullivan whose planning and conduct of the excursion made it both enjoyable and informative.'

**Mr. Sullivan:** 'On the first day the initial stop was in the thriving township of Wallan; well it wasn't thriving before we came but after considerable spending on health foods,

i.e. fish and chips, pies and sweets, new-found prosperity reached Wallan.

'The bush telegraph had operated quickly, for small parties lined the streets or street as the case may be in the next towns.

'On our excursion we were fortunate to have the services of Mr. Sum and his Goodtime Three who sang and sang; and then sang some more. Unfortunately their repertoire was slightly limited as the only song they knew was 'Cottonfields'; to be slightly more accurate the first four lines . . . it was rumoured that after the first two days and nights of 'Cottonfields' the teachers in charge had to rise on the average of 25 times a night to pacify students who were sitting upright in bed screaming this popular tune (the first four lines) in their sleep.

' . . . he had a ready supply of 1927 vintage MacRobertson 'Snack' chocolate for sale. Our party, immediately recognizing 1927 as a good year bought up reserve stocks.'

**Sum Hoy Tuck:** 'Life back at the hostel was fun save for the dreaded discussion of the day's work at 9 p.m. However we had our share of recreation and this was usually devoted to a game of ping-pong or trying to fix up the rotten contraption they called the TV. Making the scene about 11 p.m. was the Jam Session, an impromptu group consisting of about a dozen male waiters, guitars, bottles and rubbish cans.'  
' . . . will always be dear to our memories . . . '



## ALIIS IN WONDERLAND

"Aliis in Wonderland", the school newspaper, has had a lot of ups and downs this year. So far the main direction has been down! Among the numerous things that have plagued Aliis consistently, probably the most significant, is that the first editions were too serious in nature and didn't cater for the school as a whole. The constant changing of editors on the committee didn't enhance the school's opinion of the paper either. In fact, the real consistency of Aliis will undoubtedly lie in its ability to have a change on the editorial committee at every new edition. This "policy" looks like continuing in the future as exam. pressures increase. Aliis's lack of success is also due to student apathy (which isn't unusual). A good example of this is the fact that the second edition was written wholly and solely by two students — the editors. At the time of writing, a third edition is nearing completion. A number of changes has occurred (yes — even another change on the editorial committee), but this is THE edition — not only does it cater for every section of the school, but included in it is humour — Ha, Ha, Ha. The birth of a second newspaper, "Swalbre" (my sincere apologies to its editors if the name has been spelt incorrectly), did to some extent increase student interest in Aliis's monopoly (or monotony).

In conclusion, I would like to thank the co-editors of the first edition, Noel Disken, Anthony Newman, Nigel Oliver and Diane Ortmann; of the second edition, David Hughes, Esq.; and of the third and current edition, Stephen Nethercote.

If this article sounds like one great BIG apology . . . it is.  
Stevan Moore



## HARRIETVILLE MATHS. CAMP, 1970

Last January, as I shared with most other holiday-makers the joys of loafing on a beach, I began to think that I had been quite mad to apply to spend the next week doing, of all things, mathematics. I knew no-one else who was attending the camp, and it would take almost a whole day's travelling to reach Harrietville. However though it may surprise the non-mathematical people in the school to some extent, and perhaps the people who do maths to an even greater extent, the camp was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. Run by the Maths Association of Victoria, the camp was open to all Victorian Leaving maths students and it was interesting to meet people from different types of schools. The 40 boys and 40 girls at the camp were split up into lecture groups of about 10, and on most days the morning and part of the afternoon were spent in informal lectures and physical education classes (which included co-educational water polo in the Ovens River). On hand there were two small computers which were great centres of attraction at first but both showed their inferiority to man by breaking down before the end of the camp. Not all time was spent in pondering over maths, although the enthusiasm was enough to delight any teacher. There was a bus trip to Mount Hotham, table tennis, walks and a dance on the final night. Those of us who went to the camp hope to meet each other at universities next year.

Pam Davy

## SOMERS CAMP

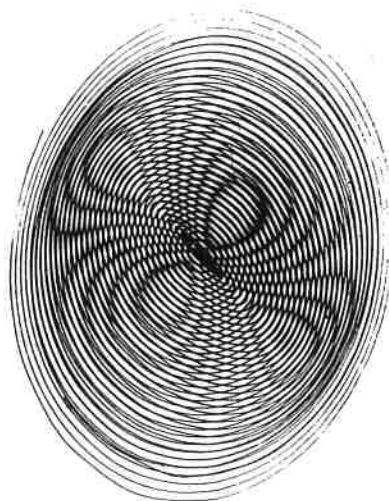
The 1970 Mathematics Camp at Somers on Westernport Bay was held in late January, amid bright sunshine and clear skies. The object of the camp was to have five days of pleasure and recreation, and, at same time, learn about some interesting points of maths that are not normally covered in the school curriculum. It succeeded admirably. There were two lecture periods daily, where we discovered such previously unheard of topics as Zeno's Paradox, Polar Geometry and Finite Number System and also delved deeper into such familiar concepts as infinity, thinking about them in unaccustomed ways. In fact, the seven lectures brought a greater sense of genuine interest and enjoyment than my previous five years of high school maths. Away from the lectures, there were many spare hours that were spent, in the main, on the nearby beach, where everybody relaxed, sunbathed, swam and generally unwound. Other activities included an amusing trip to the local open-air cinema. The whole tempo of the camp was one of ease and leisure. A good time was had by all.

Allan Ray

## GEELONG MATHS CAMP

The camp organizers were just bursting with surprises. Having faithfully promised buses to take us from Geelong railway station to "Ye Olde Maths Camp Site" they decided it would be healthier if we made the two mile trek on foot. They decided too that we had eaten too much — an average of 7.2 slices of bread per person per meal, so breakfast on Thursday consisted of one sausage — just the right thing before symbolic logic and the law of the excluded middle. And evening lectures turned out to be games nights of the making paper hats standard. Apart from such oddities it was our plain everyday maths camp. The teachers thought we did a lot of maths; we thought we did a lot of rubbish, but everybody learnt something — Freddo frogs are slightly dearer in the country. A horrifying reminder of school days was compulsory phys. ed. However, summer heat prevailed and obligatory volleyball and table tennis gave way to necessary swimming at Lorne, all very mathematical! The phys. ed. and lectures were held at the Geelong Teachers' College which by its condition seems to prove that the Education Department spent more money feeding us than on their college. Apart from the one-sausage breakfast, the meals were good, three courses or more depending on how many dessert servings you fancied. As for the maths side of the camp, the most enjoyable lecture was one on Topology. It sounds horrible but all we did was cut up strips of paper. The other lectures were all very interesting but . . . All credit goes to the supervisors for keeping 60 girls in hand (more or less) during such a delightful week spent in an aura of quiet study and developing genius.

Jan Faunce





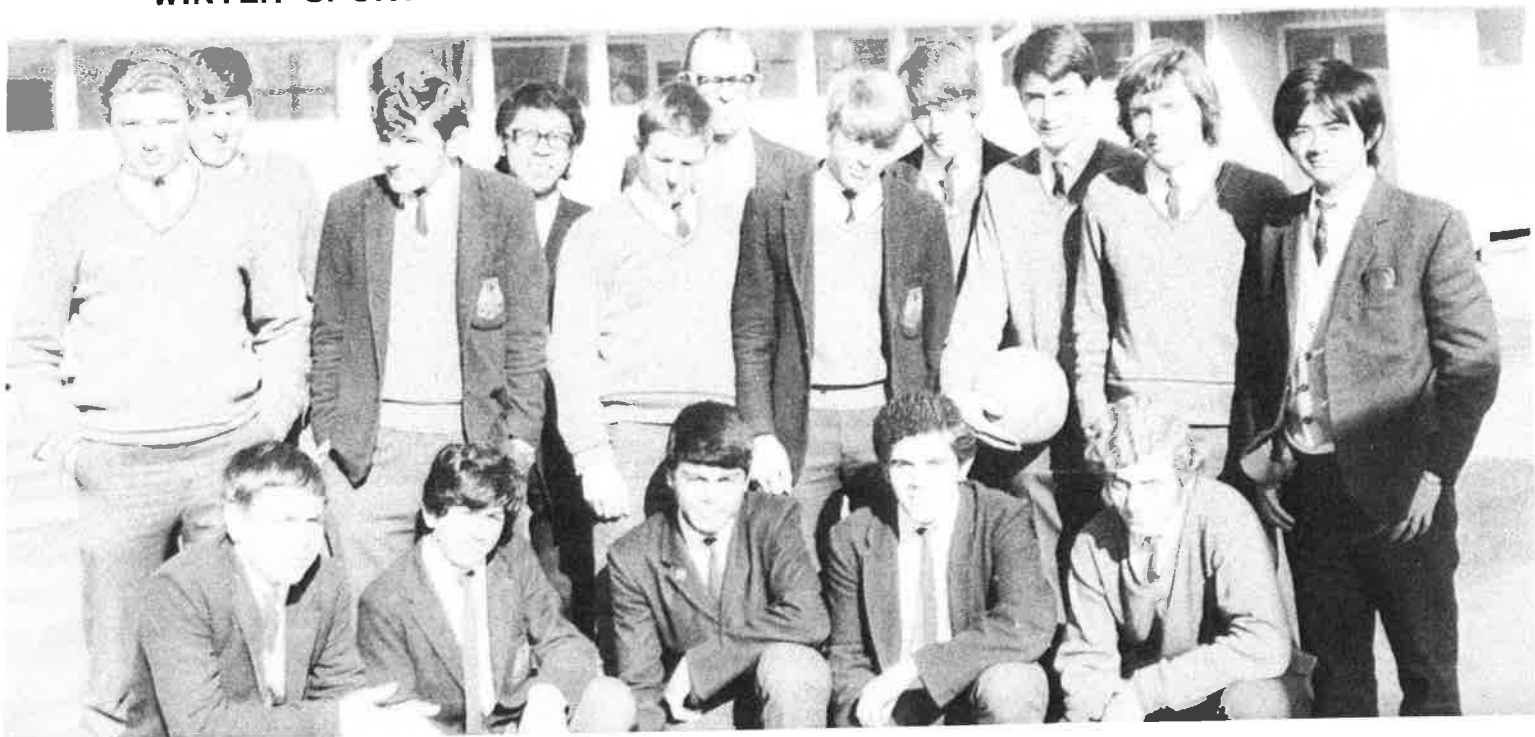
**THE BALKAN (slowly)**

Red is dead  
But Rico's not!  
(More amoré pouring forth),  
With heavy heart  
And bloodshot eyes  
He's left the north.  
Red is dead  
Yet Rico lives,  
Riding on his squalid mule  
Belly heavy on it's neck,  
Grieving for the Red who mocked  
The drunken fool.  
Red is dead,  
And Rico lives  
Riding south to find new lands,  
The north has grown sad for him,  
The villages so often plundered  
Now are concrete blocks of peace  
With power laid on;  
And battles that he fought and won  
With Guan Lareldo, are  
Laughed at by the village children:  
Where once he rode with fifty men  
And thundered through the mountain passes,  
He rides again, alone.  
He sits upon his little mule,  
And gently sways his way  
Towards the valleys of the south.  
And knowingly he shakes his goonish head.  
His one regret  
That Rico lives  
Now Red is dead.

Anthony Newman



## WINTER SPORT



### SOCCKER

Standing, Left to Right:  
Andrew Nowak, Max Knight, John Tamas, Goh Swi Bang,  
David Shute, Mr. Drent, Ken O'Donnell, Marc Lezon, Geoffrey  
Lockwood, Martin Kellock, Pee Tek.

Kneeling, Left to Right:  
David Maher-Smith, Ali Kemal, Michael Dodin, Tony Coulepis,  
Paul Lom.



### TABLE TENNIS

Left to Right: Phillip Johnson, Donald Savage, Chris Baker,  
Graeme Bradthe, Andrew Savage.



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

1st Team:  
Left to Right:  
Fiona Boyd  
Pam Billington  
Gayle Gregory  
Lisa Cowdell  
Sue Kitchin  
Julie Wailes  
Glenda Marshall  
Ann Robertson

INTER SPORT



SQUASH

Left to Right:  
James Urquhart  
Ross McCallum  
Gary Caripis  
Alan Ray  
Michael Sacerdoti  
Milton Long

HOCKEY

Left to Right:  
Ruth Rutherford  
Katie Armstrong  
Paula Jones  
Rodna Moore  
Karen Armstrong  
Ruth Stringer  
Pam Spear  
Fiona Reed  
Sheila Walsh  
Jannette Ohan  
Susan Armstrong  
Dorothy Grievson







## FOOTBALL

## WINTER SPORT

### 2nd EIGHTEEN

Back Row: Tony Elliot, Charles Bastecky, Boris Karaulo, Jim Davidson, Rodney Clements, Greg. Whittle.  
 2nd Row: Dennis Riley, Peter Elliott, Peter Tyson, Gary Gibson, Colvan Kellart, Doug Evans, Peter Legget.  
 Front Row: Stephen Jenkins, Robert Thomas, Jim Pillios, Mr. Paris, John Boyd, Paul Dakis, Russell Laws.



## BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right: David Henley, Brenton Broadstock, Rex Kitchin, Gary Twomey, Brian Watson, David Tyson, Alan Watson.



### 1st EIGHTEEN

Back Row: Laurie Barton, Jeff Cock, Michael Jageurs, James Pillios, Alan Major, Colvan Kelaart.  
 2nd Row: Stuart Whyte, Chris Jenkins, James Davidson, Ian Westcott, Tony Newman, Chris Kirby.  
 Front Row: Jeff Clift, Rodney Clements, Paul Guggenheimer, Mr. Glenn, Greg. Moran, Phillip Triglar, Bruce Butler.

## WINTER SPORT

### SOCCER

This year's senior soccer team has been one of the most successful that has ever represented Camberwell High. We managed to win 8 of our 9 matches and only just missed out on taking the district finals. We kicked 34 goals and had only 7 kicked against us, 6 of which were kicked in one match.

Our defence consisted of Philippe Dodin (whose brilliant playing was the main reason for our success), Geoff Lockwood in goals, Marc Lezon, Chan Pee Tek, David Shute, Ken O'Connell and Andrew Nowak. The attacking power of our forwards was due to the fact that played as team combinations and not as individual players. Our only defeat was the result of individual efforts. Our forwards were John Tamas, Martin Kellock, Ali Kemal, Paul Lom, Goh Swee Beng and Steven Snow.

Credit must also be given to our enthusiastic coach, Mr. Drent, who devoted much of his time to our training. Further credit must be given to our captain, Philippe Dodin, and our vice captain, Paul Lom. We hope next year's soccer team can go further and win the district finals.

### BASKETBALL

#### "A" Team

Coach: Miss Hardingham

The "A" team was very successful this season. It was impossible to select one or two girls from the team and call them the best players, as I consider we had a team of best players.

#### 2nds Team

Coach: Miss Hardingham

#### 3rd June, 1970

Camberwell defeated Balwyn 39-11

This match proved to be a trial as this week's 2nds were promoted and continued to play as the 1st team.

### SQUASH

Thanks to the support of Brian "Volley" Dawson the squash team comfortably came out of the season undefeated. Although joining the team late in the season J. Urquhart and S. Ray played brilliantly to spearhead our attacks — both on and off court. Special thanks go to Milton's Mazda.

### HOCKEY

Camberwell defeated Kew 10-0

Camberwell drew with Balwyn 2-2

Camberwell defeated Blackburn South 10-0

Camberwell defeated Banyule 7-0

Camberwell defeated Ashwood 4-1

Warragul defeated Camberwell 5-3

### FOOTBALL

#### First Eighteen

Season 1970 was one of the most successful seasons for many years. Despite a sad lack of height and physical strength we missed the final by one game only.

Many thanks must go to our coach, Mr. Glenn, whose great enthusiasm has helped put the 1st XVIII back on the road to success. If he is given more support next year we are sure that it will not be long before Camberwell will again be a force to reckon with.

Ian Westcott (captain)

Greg Moran (vice captain)

#### Second Eighteen

The 2nd XVIII had its most successful season winning all its competition matches and finishing premiers of the Eastern Division. Tremendous enthusiasm was shown by each member of the team throughout the season.

On behalf of all the members of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Paris for his keen and active interest throughout the season.

Jim Pillios (captain)



### BASEBALL

Left to Right: D. Drakeford, W. Briggs, S. Kalogerakis, S. Field, C. Van Dort, P. Brown, G. Duff, P. Dakis, R. Marende, A. Laws, M. Davidson, E. Clark, D. Owen, D. Evans, R. Glusac.



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

#### 2nd Team

Left to Right: Peggy Gude, Jan Faunce, Barbara Reid, Jenny Danielson, Sally Webb, Ruth Withington, Heather Bates, Colleen Rutherford, Lyn Towart.





## MUSIC

### MADRIGAL SINGERS

Left to Right: Marion Brentnall, Neil Johnson, Janet Dormer, Anne Harper, Ruth Rutherford, Jim Davidson, Barbara Reid, Glenn Hunter, Pam Davies, David Henley, Rosalyn Young, Nola Hart, Nancy Kilner, Kathy Milburn, Adrian Guthrie, Robert Gavin.

### ORCHESTRA

Left to Right:  
 Back Row: Paul Jones, Jim Davidson, Barry George, Ian Carlsson, Rosemary Farens, Susan Marshall.  
 5th Row: Richard Roberts, Andrew Brookes, Phillip Carter, Jeff Head, Tony Coulepis, Nola Hart.  
 4th Row: Jonn Rottman, Dorothy Grievson, Colleen Rutherford, Fiona Reed, Rosemary Allen, Katie Armstrong.  
 3rd Row: Tony Sochak, Janet Dormer, Caprice Carter, Kathy Dormer, Ruth Stringer, James Braithwaite, Mr. Trevare.  
 2nd Row: Deborah Bouvier, Kim Henly, Sebastian Bombaci.



### DANCE BAND

Left to Right: Nola Hart, Jim Davidson, Malcolm Linsell, Jeff Head, Tony Coulepis, Ian Carlsson, Richard Roberts, Barry George.



## MUSIC

### THE SENIOR CHOIR

This year, 1970, the Senior Choir has grown splendidly to the extent that at our annual Dandenong excursion, several members had to sit out, anxiously listening to the self-appointed soloists and other mistakes. We sang two songs. One was "Old Joe has Gone Fishing". During this item, the whole choir appeared to be bouncing gaily, which was most irregular. The other, being more dignified, caused the hall to fall silent, "The Lord is My Shepherd". After this ordeal, everyone was convinced of failure and widespread gloom prevailed. When the results were announced by a small, roundish little man, fourth place was not ours (as we had tried to hope) neither was third, so you can imagine our surprise when we came second! So endeth the Dandenong Festival. By the way, the money won (all \$16 of it) was dutifully collected by Nola Hart, our head prefect, for future use in the adventures of music. The Senior Choir was also invited to sing "The Lord is My Shepherd" at the funeral of Mr. R. W. Andrews, former headmaster at this school for many years. We were honoured to represent the school which for so long had been his interest.

Nancye Kilner, Barbara T. Reid

### MADRIGAL GROUP

For a number of years now, a madrigal group has existed at the school. This group, consisting mainly of 5th and 6th formers, would perform at such functions as Choral Festival and Speech Night. No accompaniment backed any items. This year, however, there has been an interesting digression from the traditional pattern. The group, comprising 16 students, could now more appropriately be called a "small choir", for some items have been accompanied. At the Dandenong Festival, the group obtained second place in its section. (Could this result have been influenced in any way by the fact that only two groups were competing?). The night of the Choral Festival saw this group present, in addition to the two numbers done at Dandenong, an arrangement of "Scarborough Fair", using piano, guitar and flute backing. Activities are not entirely restricted to the realms of school performances. For example, the group was invited to sing at a morning service in Highfield Road Methodist Church. Although this invitation was unable to be accepted, it gives an indication of the interest stimulated in some who have heard the choir. Parents are to be commended on their high level of tolerance at the practices. Thanks to these people and Mr. Trevare, as well as a pleasantly informal atmosphere prevailing always, the members can honestly say that the experience of belonging to "The Madrigals" has been great.

Nola Hart

### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The school orchestra began the 1970 festive season with a smash hit — so popular that students and teachers alike cannot refrain from singing along — "God Save the Queen". Between its performances of this school favourite, the orchestra has prepared pieces including "Chorale" and a minuet; however Mr. Slattery, in the interests of the rest of the school, usually puts off the recital till the following assembly. Thanks must go to Mr. Trevare for his patience and understanding of our incapacities. Special congratulations go to "the band" of 3rd clarinets — all twelve of them. N.B. If you want to hear the orchestra play well, come on Thursday afternoons (we get nervous at assemblies).

Katie Armstrong

### THE CHOIRS

This year three senior choirs performed at Dandenong. One of these was the newly formed Male Voice Choir consisting principally of fourth form boys. The other choirs were the Madrigal Choir and the Senior Choir. Although the Male Voice Choir did not receive a placing, the adjudicator, Don Hardy, offered a favourable report on the two songs: 'The Pirates' Chorus' accompanied by Michael Tyack and 'The Galway Pirate' which was sung unaccompanied. The Madrigal Choir was a credit to the school and took away second place honours. Again two songs were sung; the first being accompanied by Robert Gavin ('Sure On This Night') and the second unaccompanied was "April Is In My Mistress' Face". The Senior Choir also received a place with an excellent performance of "The Lord is My Shepherd" and an unparalleled performance of "Old Joe has Gone Fishing" which many parents may remember from last Speech Night. The performance of this song earned an enviable 90 points. Finally, thanks must go to Mr. Trevare who freely donated his valuable time for rehearsals. He was justly rewarded for his efforts by the performances of his well-trained choirs.



## MUSIC

### BOYS' CHOIR

Left to Right: John Nicholls, Graeme Bradke, Heinze Scheer, Robert Gavin, David Kirkpatrick, Warren Roberts, Ross Davis, Michael Tyack, Adam Shackleton.

### JUNIOR CHOIR



### JUNIOR CHOIR

About 40 of our most lovely junior girls were prevailed upon — after the application of various degrees of "encouragement" — to begin practising for this year's Dandenong Festival.

As successive Wednesdays went by, enthusiasm mounted and attendance became more a joy than a chore — for most girls, anyway. Mr. Bradley — who had chosen two Mendelssohn items ("On Wings of Song" and "I would that my Boundless Love") for us — gradually became less worried, as our standard improved. The choir performed with real credit at Dandenong — we received 84 marks for each song and some kind words from the adjudicator. After this hurdle had become history, we performed before the school at the end of the first term and at the annual Choral Festival. From the warm praise which we received, it seems likely that the choir achieved a standard which compares most favourably with our junior choirs of recent years. We would like to thank both Mr. Bradley, our conductor, and our pianist, Glen Hunter, for their enthusiasm and patient leadership.

### DANCE BAND

1970 was a very enjoyable and successful year for the dance band, with the parents enjoying the older styles of music we played. Thanks must go to Mr. Trevare for all the effort he put into our rehearsals and organisation.

Jim Davidson

### SENIOR CHOIR





## "LA DELUGE"

It came silently at first, down the mountain in a silver, tippling ribbon. Closer though, you could hear a threatening growl which broke into a full-throated roar; it had reached its valley. Joining the other rivers, filled with the rains, it became another current, another force in a giant, bellowing animal. It stormed along the valley floor, devastating all in its path, gathering momentum, to strike at the town — the town that had captured its territory.

Trudging along the dirt road leading from the valley, the women looked back with regret at the lace-curtained windows and neat gardens that they had left behind. Sickening lumps rose in the men's throats as they saw the products of hard labour battered against the town they had helped to build. Children thought of swings and toys, of favourite haunts now flooded and disfigured by the bloated figures of cows. All was now lost, all desolate . . .

Trees, grotesque and mocking, waved their branches towards the sky, above the water, above the dead cattle and battered sheep. The town's roofs stood out like coolies' hats in a paddy field. A dog sat shivering on the stone-sculptured head of the town's founder, "Thomas Crown, born 1800 — died 1863 . . ." But all was not lost. The flood would go, muttering with the foul breath of rotting animals. Rich, dark silt would be left and the people would return to rebuild, resow. Now, they would say, there won't be another flood for years, perhaps never again. They would live peacefully, in harmony (or so they thought) with nature: until the liquid beast returned, stronger, and bellowing with murder and revenge.

Carolyn Muntz, 4

## CONFESSIONS OF A SPENT YOUTH

OH HELL!! what a crummy school! This would have to be the worst school in the world. The teachers are all incompetents. The buildings are shoddy. Even the new one is falling down already! Planned Obsolescence. Ha, what a joke!

I must state that I disagree completely with the above attitudes, it's just a sneaky way of getting everyone's undivided attention. Actually, my opinions are the exact opposite to those mentioned. The most effective way of observing life is by experiencing it. I have been to a few schools, for several years at each, and, combined with my extra years, I think I am able to get a reasonable view of the merits and demerits of Camberwell High School. As I am aiming at entering the teaching profession I have been observing very closely both students and teachers in classes — their attitudes and reactions (if they only knew). The impression I have gained of the school is a very favourable one, particularly at the Higher School Certificate level.

I have not been aware of such freedom, both physical and cerebral, in any other school I have seen or been to. The liberality of Camberwell High is one of its high points. It is important and exceptionally good training for doing tertiary training, specifically at universities. The teachers I have come in contact with are competent and able, and have helped their classes immeasurably (pity they're not marking my exams now).

Perhaps it is unfair to bring this point up again but it is necessary. That is, that observation is most effective through experience. I have seen for several years what life is like "outside" in that big wide world. Believe me, it's not so rosy for one lacking good qualifications. When I was last at school I had a poor, a pathetic attitude to education and my future. Consequently, when I left school, I found myself in an increasingly undesirable situation. Fortunately I have been given a second chance to remedy the situation, but not many people have such luck.

All too often I see many young people with apathetic attitudes to everything in general and education in particular. It disturbs me to see so many with the same trait that I had when I was previously at school. It takes only a casual look around to see that I'm not a Robinson Crusoe in this. The most obvious example is the tremendous and increasing number of people attending night schools.

Perhaps this is more relevant to forms below the sixth, but even in that form there are quite a few who need to take note of what I'm saying. The point is, there are examples all around of the acute need for education and qualifications, and Camberwell High School is one of the better institutions to gain these, or at least a good grounding for further study. Take it from one who has realized.

Think about it!

M. J. LONG, Adult Student

# SURPRISE AT CAMBERWELL

## GENERAL COMMENTS

CAMBERWELL HIGH'S contribution to The Sun School Theatre competition produced a night of surprises.

The surprise was in the variety of the offerings and the high quality of performances.

The shows ranged from drama and satire to farce, incorporating ballet, poetry, acting and a film.

All were impressive.

The first play was "Hunger," an illustration of present-day society's needs and greeds.

Nicholas Reeves, as Karnak, a despot with an insatiable appetite was strong in his part. So too was Nerada Gordon as Panna and Adrian Guthrie, as Amran.

The set was well designed and the sound effects fitting with good co-ordination.

● Thornton Wilde's "The Long Christmas Dinner" was a very competent production in the hands of its young producers Rodna Moore and Jeannette Worrall.

The play required several actors to age, without make-up or change of costume, within a single scene.

This was done with good effect, especially by Jeannette Worrall, Martin Kellock, Anne Harper, and Paula Jones.

All actors did a good job of managing, with a minimum of props, to give an impression of people eating a meal — a difficult thing to do without neglecting the business of acting at the same time.

● "Aria Da Capo," a morality play, contrasting



**PLAYS:** One-act plays.  
**SCHOOL:** Camberwell High. Review by NOEL PARROTT.

the absurdity and seriousness of life, was cleverly handled by Trudi McIntosh who played the part of Columbine.

John Nicholls as Thrysis and Peter Saunders as Corydon gave creditable performances as the friends who turn to suspicion and murder.

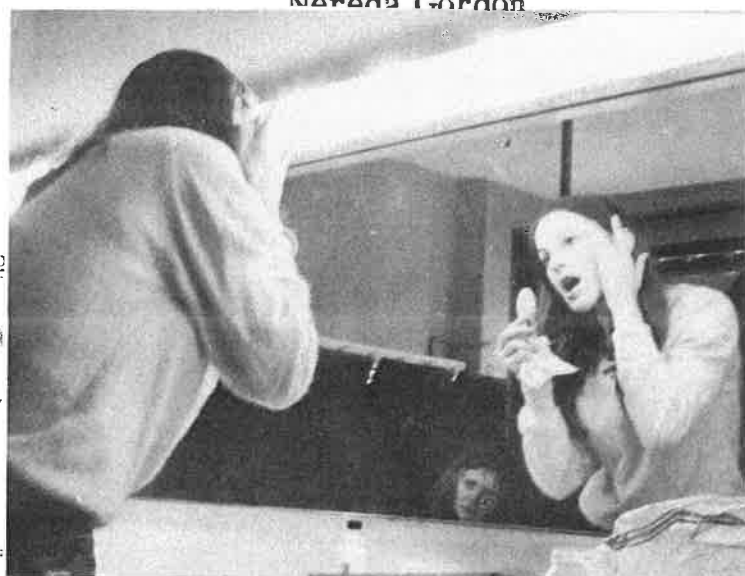
The other offerings, "Feeling," the film "Til Human Voices Wake Us and We Drown" and an unnamed court scene frolic, lacked any real, clear cohesiveness.

All were gallant attempts in their respective fields.

I feel that, with a little more development and experience added to the enthusiasm already there, many worthwhile productions could result.



Nerada Gordon



"an adventurous choice"  
"on the whole the plays represent one aspect of humanity."  
"were better than in previous years"  
"TECHNICALLY THE MOST DEMANDING, SUCCESSFUL & REWARDING EVER."  
"lacked consideration for audience in choosing plays"  
"Not enough variety — theme depressing"  
"all the same — all trying to make you think and you got sick of it."

FOR THE SECOND YEAR WE HAD THE STIMULATION OF CAMBERWELL CIVIC THEATRE — A REAL THEATRE, PROPER EQUIPMENT, PROPER ATMOSPHERE. WE LIKED IT.



# FILM

"FAILED TO SEE ITS MEANING  
BUT QUITE INTERESTING."  
"TECHNICALLY PATCHY."  
"PHOTOGRAPHY WELL DONE."

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with sea-weed red and brown  
"A WASTE OF CELLULOID"  
"TIL HUMAN VOICES WAKE US AND WE DROWN,"

"WHILE THE AUDIENCE WAS  
LOOKING IN THE CLOUDS FOR  
THE MEANING OF THE FILM,  
IT SHOT BETWEEN THEIR LEGS"

... T. S. Eliot

is a study of apathy in our community. It takes the form of one man's reaction  
to social problems. The film is set in an everyday situation yet our man is  
taken to the realms of self appraisal in his sub-conscious while taking lunch.

"INFUSED WITH THE SAME  
PRIGISHNESS THAT MOTIVATED

Written and directed

Produced

Filmed and Edited

Sound

Our Man

Voice

T.S. ELIOT."

"NOT VERY GOOD AT ALL."

"LOOKED AS IF IT WAS TRYING

TO BE DEEP; BUT REALLY

DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT

WAS GOING."

"TECHNICAL PROBLEMS."

"ONLY ONE FILM HAS BEEN

MADE THIS YEAR. WHY SO

FEW?"

Julie Armstrong

Andrew Reeves

David Crawford

Bernard Corser

Marc Lezon

Gary Newton

# HUNGER

HUNGER

..... Jakov Lind

"PERHAPS IT STIMULATED

THE QUESTION: WHAT

IS A PLAY & WHAT

MAKES IT WORK?"

"I DIDN'T LIKE HUNGER."

"COULDN'T UNDERSTAND

IT AND IT WAS

PRETTY LONG."

"GOOD ACTING."

"GENERALLY THOUGHT

'Hunger' was

TO BE

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

& EVEN DISLIKED

represent one

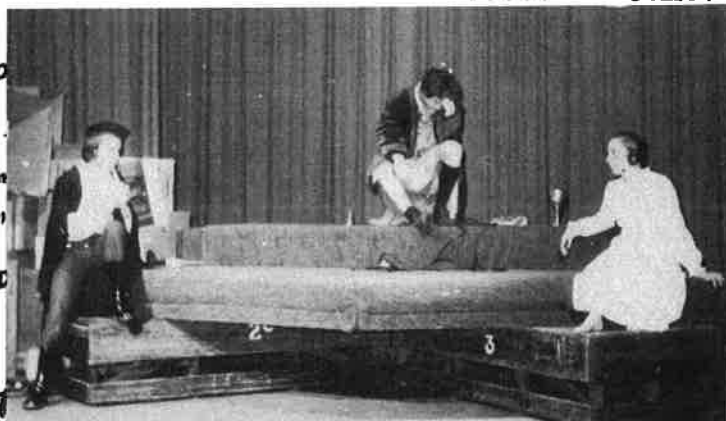
AS A PLAY."

RIGHT to LEFT

• NEREDA

• NICHOLAS

• ADRIAN



Nicholas Reeves

Adrian Guthrie

Nereda Gordon

Bradley Whittle

Donald Ewart

Bernard Corser



# ARIA DA CAPO

ARIA DA CAPO

Pierrot  
Columbine  
Cothernus, Masque of Tragedy  
Thrysis  
Corydon ADAM

..... Edna Millay (1892 - 1950)

Adam Shackleton  
Trudi McIntosh  
Marc Lezon  
John Nicholls  
TRUDI Peter Saunders ADAM



"A BIT DULL - DRAGGED OUT"  
"I DIDN'T LIKE IT AS A PLAY, BUT IT WAS WELL ACTED."

"ADAM'S ONE PERFORMANCE AS PIERROT WAS VERY GOOD. MICHAEL TYACK'S ONE PERFORMANCE AS PIERROT WAS A STUNNING FEAT OF MEMORY."

"FOR A SONG IT WASN'T VERY MELODIC."  
"hness, pettiness and By using her creative feel, given this"

"INTERESTING STYLE AND IDEAS"  
"It begins."

"IT IS PART OF U.S. ANDS."

LITERARY TRADITION WHICH IS NOT NECESSARILY APPLICABLE TO US

.. Gary Kiripis.  
Piano ... Nola Hart.

Lucia )  
Young Lucia ) .....

Jeannette Worrall

Mother Bayard .....

Eleanor Cosh

## THE NOOSEABLE

"Comic Relief - when over"

"HAMLET WAS GORGEOUS"

"BEST BLACK BIRD EVER SEEN"

"Parts they didn't mean to be funny were funny."

"ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FAILURES EVER"

"NOOSEABLE WAS A LATE SKIT."

ADDED LAST TO THE PROGRAM."

Sam .....

Martin Kellock

Gary Kiripis

Annette Fordham

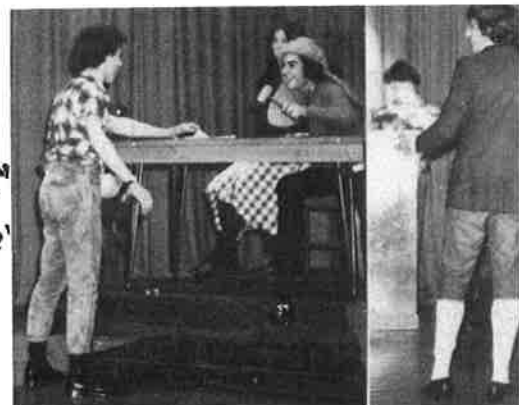
Tony Newman

Anne Harper

Michelle Hurst

Paula Jones

Alan Ray



Produced: Rodna Moore, Jeannette Worrall.

# FEELING

ARIA DA CAPO

..... Edna Millay

PUTTING 'FEELING' FIRST BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS MOST IMPORTANT.

Pierrot  
Adam Shackleton  
Trudi McIntosh  
Marc Lezon  
John Nicholls  
Peter Saunders

ANNE HARPER : DESIGNED & CHOREOGRAPHED IT ▶▶▶▶▶

'Aria Da Capo' is a morality play, it is a portrayal of self-greed which have existed throughout man's social history. imagination in the structure of the play, Miss Millay has, play particular meaning and vividness.

'FEELING' WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN CHS. PLAYS  
Aria Da Capo' is a musical term meaning that the song first  
MR. MURDOCH."

Produced: Trudi McIntosh, with a little help from her friends

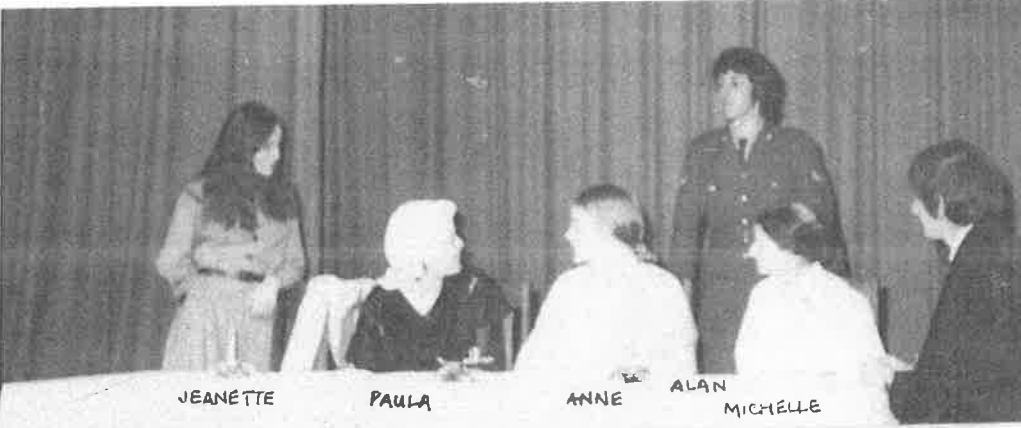
## THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER

PUTTING IT SECOND BECAUSE IT WAS MOST POPULAR.

DOUBTLESSLY THE BEST"  
SHOWED IMAGINATION ON THE PART OF PRODUCERS"  
BEST OF THE LOT"  
FEW FUNNY PATCHES - BUT DIDN'T 'END'."



IN 'THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER' ..... Thornton W



Genevieve ..... Anne Harper TONY



MARTIN



MICK, RODNA, BARRY



## SELECTED PERVERSIONS OF THE MAD ANARCHIST

Authority is an inherent characteristic of all organisations from a croquet club to a Communist state. It is the link between the laws of an organisation and the people subject to them. It involves the factor power and the use of force or threat of force to maintain itself and the laws it represents. Ultimately all authority is self-established to impose the morals and beliefs of a group (whether it be a majority or minority) of people upon the whole of a particular society. Once established this authority will cling tenaciously to its position and will resist all attempts to change the status quo. Thus a moral code will be handed down through generations, amidst vastly changing conditions of life, unchanged. The moral code may have worked perfectly well at its inception, but it must be continually under review if it is to remain. On this point I say that authority must be questioned at all times and never accepted blindly.

We are born helpless into a society of established authority and morals, with virtually no say in the matter at any time in our lives. We are forced to accept and obey the beliefs of others. If we do not wish to do so we become "drop-outs", enemies of society. Why must we be made to live under these predestined conditions? On this point I say that authority must always be open to question and change. Unfortunately authority must be placed in the hands of people, and thus it is open to mutation following the desires of the person who has authority. Sometimes this can be good, but usually because of the incredible fallibility of human beings this is not the case. The person in authority may warp, twist and misuse his power to his own ends and thus become a despot. It is also true that men cling to power and authority for their own sakes, and lose sight of the real purpose of their position. Because of the human factor of authority I say never give in the fight against the evils of authority; be ever on the look out for rotten authority; and always be ready to destroy it.

Robert Nowak, 5

## WARBURTON LITERATURE SEMINAR, 1970

### PRELUDE

Enthusiasm  
Concentration  
Talk/communication/discussion  
Easy-going mood  
Isolation  
People  
Snow on the mountain  
Laughter  
Education because you want it

### DIATRIBE

Education is experience, which is inward communication, plus expression, which is outward communication.  
Life is communication.  
Education is communication.

The Literature Seminar is a tremendous example of what we can do now, here, educationally. Education lives. Once a year at Warburton?

### DESCRIPTION

Three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in July. Warburton Chalet, painted choice ochre and green.

Format: Lectures and tutorials interspersed with talking, eating and sleeping time respectively.

Teachers' College and University lecturers.

10 different schools.

183 different students.

### TRIBUTE

To the enthusiasm, care and imagination of organizers, lecturers and people who took tutorials; particularly our Mrs. D. Moore.

### RECOLLECTION

3. Incredible conversation(s) during meal(s)
2. "Oedipus the King" filmed in Zonk
1. Peace and talk.



## MT. BAW BAW SNOW TRIP

On Friday, 7th August, all 26 of us, Baw Baw veterans and novices set out for Mt. Baw Baw. The reunion with Norm the bus-driver was quite touching.

We finally arrived at our hut at about 8.30 that night after freezing on the chair lift. Once inside, a fire was lit, the swearing stopped and everyone felt much happier, although some people only made it to bed at about 5 o'clock in the morning.

The weather was great and those who couldn't ski were taught by those who could, while everyone else stood to one side and laughed. Tempers became frayed and snow-fights developed. The highlight of the trip came when David Davies fell in the creek, skis and all.

We had a bit of trouble getting home because the chair lift broke down and a truck had to pick us up as well as the hundreds of day-trippers. Some chose to ski down to the car park. The journey on the truck (we had to haul it out of a ditch at one stage) gave one an insight into the way cows feel being transported somewhere. The ordeal was too much for some people as a couple of them missed the buses for Warragul the next day.

The trip was organized by Michelle Hurst and Christine Mouser who did a lot of work in preparing it. Thanks also to the teachers who went.

Martin Kellock



## THE SRC SNOW TRIP

We went to Lake Mountain to look at the snow:  
Two busloads of us, HSC and Leaving kids.  
And when we got there we threw snow at ourselves  
And each other and people we had never seen  
And people who threw snow at us,  
And everybody.

"Hi," said our bus driver, "my name's Arthur."

"Hi, Arthur," we all said,

And then we sang songs or talked as we sped towards the snow.

Songs we all knew egged on by Johnny Boyd  
(in our bus) and fed with ready inmates for the  
quartermaster's store by such lesser bards as  
Ian Carlsson.

We stopped at Healseville on the way  
For fifteen precious minutes to see the town  
(for obvious reasons)

Then we were on the road again boisterously singing.

It took two hours to reach the snow.

First traces were isolated patches

Pin-pointed by the high pitched squeals of the

Women on the buses. Then the snow gradually gained in intensity

And area, and the ground accepted a gradual covering

Widening into a total cover of white,

And snow was falling from the sky too in gentle flakes

Just as in Dr. Zhivago they all exclaim.

Splat! Thoughts of Dr. Zhivago dissolve into the retreat from  
Moscow as our buses round the corner to come under heavy  
fire

From Cossacks lining the edges of the road.

I dive for cover as a hunk of snow flies through

The window in front of me.

"Shut that window Armstrong," I scream

And my words are echoed by a dozen other stout hearts

Quivering under a fire they are unable to return.

At last we reach the snow proper and commence the

Savage onslaught mentioned in the first stanza.

For lunch we had a barbecue, and then most of us

Began to drift towards the summit still six miles distant.

It seems all and sundry, to coin a phrase, were at the

Snow. Mr. Don Murdoch was there and upon observation was

Dealt with severely. An offended Daryl Driver was also

There (take heed SRC).

At the end we all piled back into the buses

And sped homeward, lustily singing

"Oh you can't get to heaven."

After the Healseville stop the singing died

As the weary heads sank below the level of the seats

Until barely a few were left to think and plan the future

And that is how it always is.

Oh you can't get to heaven (repeat)

In Warwick's car (repeat)

'Cause Warwick's car won't get that far (repeat)

Repeat, repeat at all times.

Thanks Ian Carlsson.

Anthony Newman, 6B



## 'CONSUMING' EDUCATION

### A Teacher's Viewpoint

"Canberra relaxes . . ." said The Australian of July 7th, but Mr. Gorton had advance knowledge of events to come. He was safely patrolling the peaceful mountain passes of New Guinea.

From 5.30 a.m. lights had been switched on at odd distances from C.H.S. in response to alarm clocks or the courtesy of the PMG for an over-anxious member of staff. By 7.15 a.m. 28 Form 4 boys, Mrs. Allan and Mr. Bragge, the latter with a minute to spare, boarded the bus for Essendon airport. For the most part an uneventful ride through slowly waking Melbourne. One slightly undernourished lad began his consuming function for the day by a second breakfast of sausages and bacon upon arrival at the airport, but the remaining 27 automatically by-passed 'Hunter' (or did he elude them?) for more fair game — a real live SUSAN JONES.

8.50. The window seats claimed by the strong, we rose into the air. By threes we captured the cockpit, but the planned hijack was thwarted by the almost bewildering array of instruments. More attention was gained by the hostesses who produced biscuits and drinks for the consuming class.

10.00 Canberra Airport. More consuming activities. One must be fortified for the next 10 minute bus ride!

10.15 Vince drove us to Regatta Point. An excellent view across a spouting lake to Parliament House, which unfortunately was not spouting today. From here we made our way to the National Library. This proved to be an impressive building, with informative displays, especially of students whom we were able to observe from the observation window. The latter feature was voted far superior to anything the Melbourne Zoo had to offer. On to Parliament House where we circumnavigated the corridors of power, viewed the paintings in King's Hall, then relaxed in the public gallery of the the Senate.

12.15 Consuming time again. A delightful three-course meal that whetted the appetite for further consuming.

1.15 Through the Embassies, to a lookout point that fortunately was dominated by a kiosk. On to the Natural Science Museum. What a display! Bones, skulls, digestive tract-in short, a static picture of the human body.

Our next port of call was the newly established College of Advanced Education. Here the staff co-operated splendidly, keeping their students from under our feet, by way of examinations. This permitted us to roam noisily. A biology lecturer produced a number of interesting items and even screened a short film. Mrs. Allan at this stage deserted us for the wonders of the typewriting and stenography world that only a Canberra establishment could finance.

3.15. More consuming — fish & chips, chocolates, milk shakes, etc. fortified us as we roamed freely the main city area.

4.00. Scientifically, educationally and physically fortified we now stormed the War Museum, capturing a two-man submarine on the way. Mrs. Allan deserted her post, lured by a pot of tea in a nearby kiosk, which was supposed to be a cure for sore feet. The relics of two World Wars proved extremely interesting, and quite a serious effort was made to make the return flight in a Lancaster, Spitfire and V-2 Rocket which were discovered in a back room of the Museum. However, a bugle sounded a charge and before we could take-off the pilot descended upon us with instructions to withdraw. He kindly turned off the lights which made the task of evading booby-traps (glass display tables) quite difficult. We were a smashing success! Time running out, and the Mint refused a loan earlier in the day.

5.15. Canberra airport. Consuming activities, plus a round of sandwiches which Mrs. Allan thought might prove valuable on the long flight back to Essendon.

5.30. Take-off. Into the dusk with Canberra far below looking like a city of fairy lights. The homeward flight was smooth, but the wind buffeting caused a number of gyrating stomachs — ask Mr. Bragge. Hostesses again supplied food. We managed to keep our appetites at bay while the other passengers were fed.

7.15. C.H.S. again. Carlights quickly disappeared into the night as 28 exhausted, consuming educationalists suddenly vanished into the same darkness from which they had emerged some 12 hours previously. The teachers, now more like two surviving relics from the War Museum, breathed a sigh of relief.

The Australian for July 8th, read, "Canberra residents are advised that the army which overran the city and its environs yesterday, was only a scouting party. Residents should be prepared for a further attack on July 14th when a similar group from C.H.S. led by the resourceful Mrs. Boell and the redoubtable Mr. Davies can be expected to cause further interruptions to our relaxed way of life."



## THE TALENT QUEST

This year's talent quest was held in the new hall. It was the first time the acoustics were fully tested and came out with flying colours.

Everybody who went was much more comfortable than in previous years and it was financially much more successful. The winning group was the 'Everlastings', a moderate pop group. Other competitors included the heavy 'East End', the unlikely 'Edward and the Mad Shirtgrinders' Gutbucket Blues Band, the 'Oriental Creation', Marion Brentnall, Maren Utting, Elizabeth Bartlett, and of course the irrepressible Glenn 'Johnny' Hunter.

However despite the many successes of the new hall, it had one grave fault — there was hardly any atmosphere. In the old gym we were crowded, the acoustics were terrible, organization was hopeless; but in all it always seemed that the audience was participating in the whole thing. This year's talent quest was sterile, no character whatever. This probably explains why there were none of the unique comedy acts that often appeared before. Nonetheless the organizers (6K) must be congratulated.

One last word must be given to our master-of-ceremonies — Gary Newton — who did a great job, jokes and all.

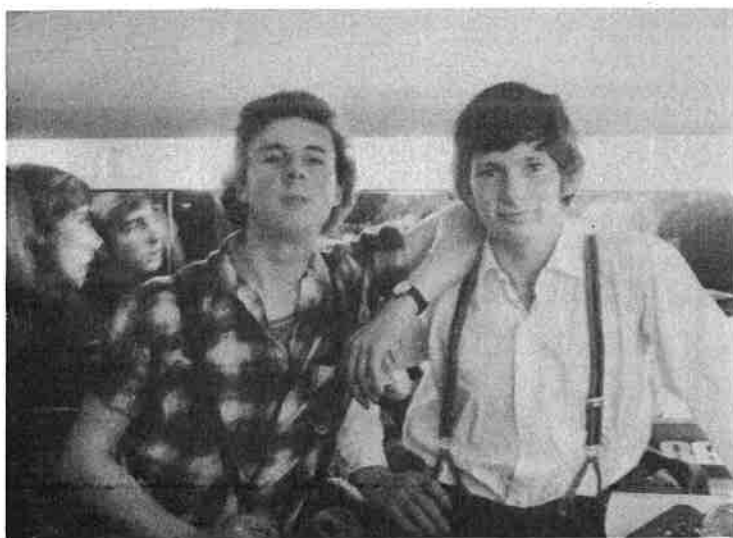
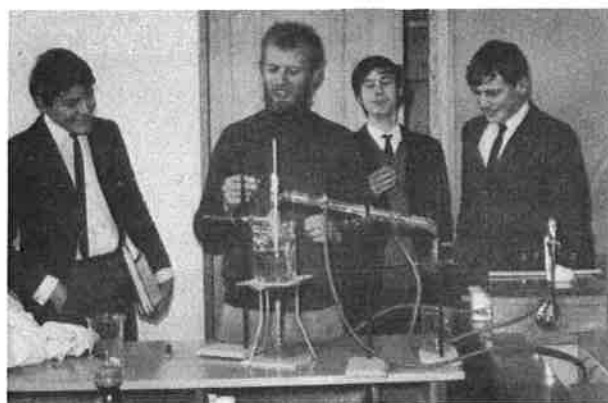


## MY BROKEN HEART

My sweetheart, it has been so long,  
And now we meet again,  
Oh woe is me, your wounded soul  
Was left at war and slain.  
My heart is pounding for the touch of your lips,  
But you are so far away.  
I still remember the games we played.  
Before you went to war.  
And now I cannot bear to think,  
What we were longing for.  
Farewell my love, I must depart.  
We shall not meet again,  
For now my heart is broken and my longing for love is plain.  
Karen Utting, 1

## FOG

With shuddering breath  
she creeps on  
and glooms over the grassy  
field  
and her thick dense blanket  
of silence  
presses coldly against  
my face  
and the deep cool smell  
of the morning  
tries to break through  
her short barrier  
of frost  
Silently and gradually  
the patches of her  
cover are melted by short drops  
of golden sunshine  
and soon all will be  
clear and the only remains  
of her will lie in frost  
upon the morning flowers.  
Nereda Gordon, 5







## ATHLETICS

	Churchill	Macarthur	Montgomery	Roosevelt
<b>Girls:</b>				
Track	37	55	81	100
Field	45	51	70	74
<b>TOTAL</b>	<u>82</u>	<u>106</u>	<u>151</u>	<u>174</u>
<b>Boys:</b>				
Track	100	115½	75	69
Field	75½	70½	67	62
<b>TOTAL</b>	<u>175½</u>	<u>186</u>	<u>142</u>	<u>131</u>
<b>GRAND TOTAL</b>	<u>257½</u>	<u>292</u>	<u>293</u>	<u>305</u>

### INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

Girls		Boys
J. Mouser (Mont.)	Under 13	T. Willoughby (Mac.)
E. Maddock (Chur.)	Under 14	B. Hirst (Roos.)
L. Towart (Roos.)	Under 15	I. Adair (Chur.)
R. Stringer (Mont.)	Under 16	C. Bastecki (Chur.)
G. Marshall (Mac.)	Under 17	T. Evans (Mac.)
P. Gude (Roos.)	Open	D. Harris (Mac.)

### Girls' Open Cross-Country:—

1st R. Stringer  
3rd K. Armstrong

## ONE HALF OF THE STORY ON WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BACK AT SCHOOL

Most of my friends and relatives looked at me askance when, at 22, I decided to attempt a year back at school. One uncle even voiced the belief that it would take real intestinal fortitude to come out of the other side in one piece.

True, those first few days — the stiff formality of learning, the flat wooden benches and all the unknown faces filled me with apprehension. But as for guts, well . . . Is there a choice between doing the same job all day, everyday, and weaving a path through so many varied disciplines? To walk from home instead of spending hours on peak-density roads or squashed in trains? To spend all your working hours with a few world-weary cynics or with a crowd of people who still have time to laugh? In short, to take leave of the world of the money god and return to the nice friendly feel of words and numbers.

Eleven of my young years were spent in school with the glories of academic pursuit writ large on a sky-spanning banner. I must still believe it to be content spending hours with books and pens.

Inside it does feel different. I now know I haven't the ability to become what I wanted to be. I have to be satisfied with what skills I have. The pent-up, bewildered, parent-sibling baiting fury of adolescence is gone. And the terror that an awkward school-boy felt at meeting anyone socially, especially girls, now makes an amusing story to a wife.

And so you see uncle I am enjoying it, perhaps even with an undignified gusto not befitting my age. If I pass I won't have to return to the jobs and places — the getting of experience — that was fun for a while but which soured to frustration and boredom. For when I left school, I vowed that I had done with the getting of wisdom. I ran in the opposite direction just as fast as my little legs would carry me.

A love-hate relationship, it's probably called.

David Hughes, 6

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I was seated next to a middle-aged man, very much middle-aged, and I noticed he was reading 'Letters to the Editor' in his newspaper. In my most polite voice, so very softly I said,

"I am glad to see you are reading that column."

He sat up slowly, pulled his hands tightly down upon his knees and said without looking at me (he was disconcerted I think),

"Young lady what **do** you expect?"

I don't mind anybody much but I was cross, so feeling this way I told him flatly:

"I didn't expect anyone over 45 to consider anything seriously . . . simply because of the state they have left the world in . . . and I won't accept excuses or apologies from any one of you."

I was standing on the luggage rack frightening everyone to death (this was in a train you know) and just as I finished he gave a curt little smile and said,

"But young lady, dear foolish young lady, today is my 44th birthday, and if you will permit me . . ." at which he promptly elevated my body and heaved it out of the train.

Julie

## SO WHAT?

I heard the words

I've heard before

I I I myself

I love nothing

I love nothing only some-one

For nothing is material

For someone is life.

Go and cry, crunch yourself up into a

soft hot ball, whirl around your

self and mangle your own brains but

come on over for ninety-nine years is

a long time. Come on over and say hi!

I don't have to agree but I'll listen.

This girl has two enormous lips

Pouting, red and sad

This man is dead

He got shot in the head

This child is happy

This woman loves life

This boy in jacket and jeans loves nothing

This world

This face

These hands

This voice

Says simply hello, with no deep voice

or rippling lyrics or catchy witticisms

Just Hello.

Anon.

## MIDNIGHT NOISES

It was very late one night. The moon shone in through the open window. Not a sound could be heard. But it would have been better if there had been plenty of noise. It was as if an eerie silence had settled over the neighbourhood.

Not a sound could be heard — not even the rustling of the leaves of trees, as the wind blew through them. The dim street light made the night look gloomy and ghostly. The furniture cast frightening shadows on the wall. I had been dreaming and my imagination was worked up. Suddenly I heard the piano! Was I still dreaming? Why was the piano playing in the middle of the night, and who was playing it? My mind whirled! "Could it be my sister?" I asked. As I looked over, I saw a lump in my sister's bed which I gathered was her body. Mum and Dad were in bed too. I heard it again. No! it was not my imagination. Ghosts, that's it. I didn't really believe in them, but you never know. I pulled the bedclothes over my head and tried to sleep. But even through the blanket I could hear it. I decided to do something. I plucked up enough courage and crept cautiously into the study, where the piano stood. I remembered later that I had left the lid of the piano up after practising. And there it was, a white four legged creature, running along the keys. The cat!

Carola Block, 1

### THE MAGPIES

When rosy patches tint the sky  
The little magpies come out and fly  
They fly and play all through the day  
And are always happy and gay.  
When evening comes and day is gone  
They look at the sun which shone  
The grass so green, the sea so deep  
In the big tall trees in which they sleep.  
William Louey, 1

### WATCH

On a strap, encased in glass  
With numbers and three hands  
Revolving, chasing after each other  
But they achieve no purpose  
For themselves.  
But without them  
Can man exist?

Patrick Taylor, 5

A wombat has a low I.Q.  
Of brains he has a very few  
And walking he's a funny sight,  
I wonder if he feels all right.  
John Stone, 2M

### 8 TO 12 RIDE . . .

Artificial environment,  
Our preplanned enjoyment.  
Separated for our instructions clear,  
Then togetherness in.  
It's there for all, and the few,  
But nearly none, due to one.  
Just sign along the dotted line.  
Big Brother will be watching,  
Middle of the road that's us.  
Hope you enjoy the 8 to 12 ride . . .  
Bernard Corser

### SHADES OF SPRING

The silent smell of grass  
Is there and trees  
Leafed full and green  
And greener still  
Cicadas rise and ride  
Or rest and sing  
And heady glare as harsh  
as orange paths  
And yellow flutterings  
Of buttercups  
Are there and smile  
At the green  
That laughs back.  
Christine Newman

### MY WISH

God give me pain of death  
Without it love is not;  
Give me hate and torture  
And torment and rage for  
Without them love is not.  
Life throw me all your store,  
I'll face the fears of many  
And I'll love more than all;  
But grant me this I beg,  
Don't let me die asleep,  
I beg to die for life  
For nothing is so fine.  
Anon.

### TRANQUILITY

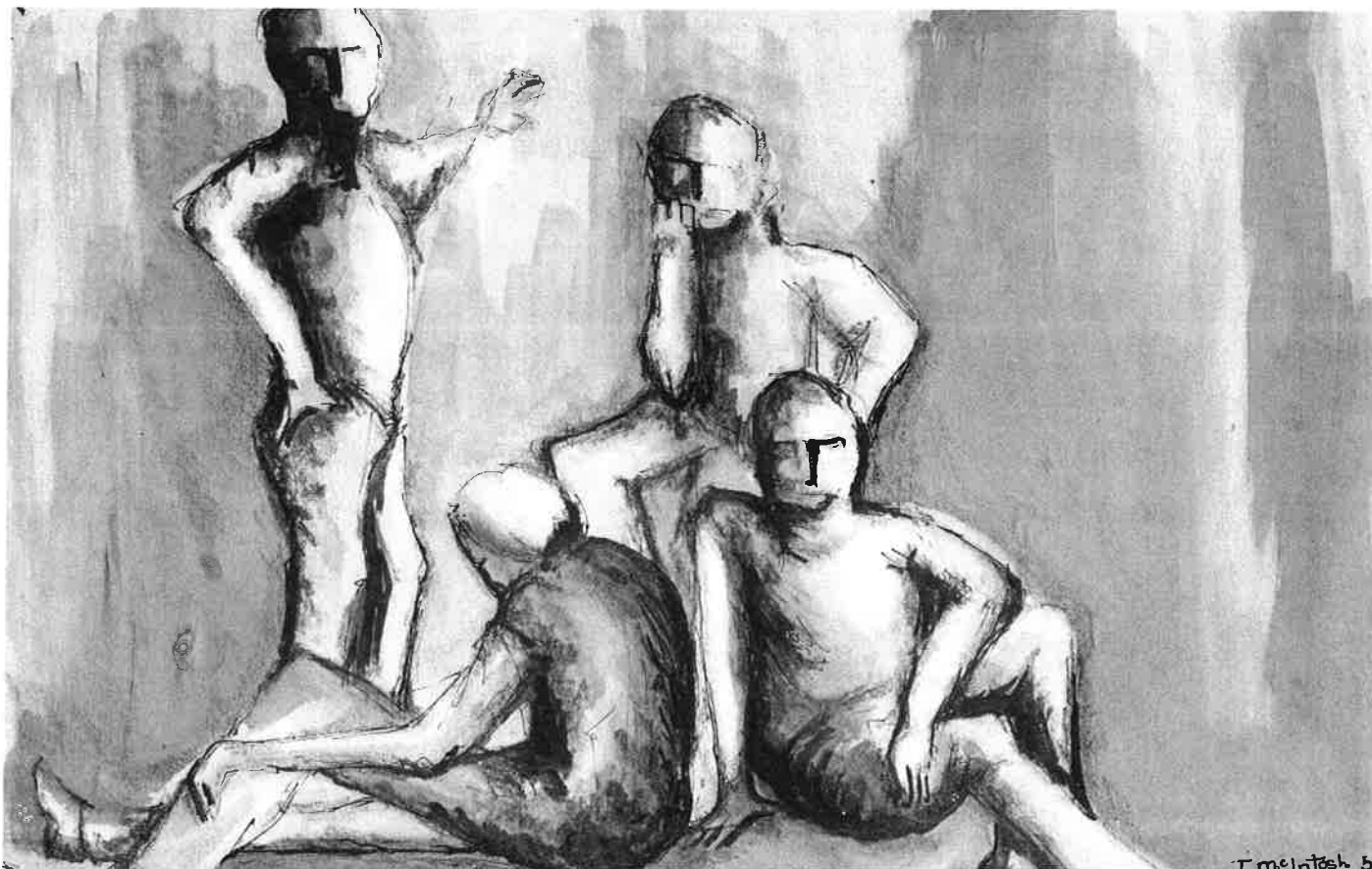
An army of perfect badges and ponytails  
Drowned in the sea  
After poisoning the water with  
Rose Petals.  
Meanwhile Paroah bet on the Doomben Stakes  
Twenty cents each way  
But Cleopatra comes first  
Worshipping the bull.  
The sun fell out of the sky  
And the moon caught on fire  
What-a-sight!  
Nobody could get his mittens off  
And the temperature was 100°  
His hands were freezing  
A boa constrictor accidentally killed itself  
Got mixed up in its own coils

Anon.

### OF YOU, OF ME

Mighty Condor spread your wings,  
searching the world for a thousand things.  
Probing eyes seek to search and find.  
Craned neck and hooked beak,  
you soar, then plunge from azure heights,  
Needle eyes pierce the light of day.  
Descend to me you bird of prey.  
My crinkled hand reached out  
Don't kill the man that needs you,  
Don't savage the hand that feeds you.  
Hooray I wake to walk at last  
the noise the haze then you and peace.  
Darkness will kill the day my friend  
endless way of nature's will  
As with Life and Death, progression of days.  
You! newborn child,  
ignorant of all learning and experience,  
to the cost of humanity must learn  
what the corpse laid freshly in the grave  
just wiped from mankind's mind.  
The hopelessness of destiny  
To live and learn  
for which you live to die.  
Tell me if anything was ever done?

Bernard Corser





### IF IT BE SO — WHY?

Children see The Light of Love  
Destroy The Night  
As it will —  
They cry.  
Mothers' tears descend as  
They see themselves die —  
Their children cry.  
Young mens' hate  
Turn what they hope is love  
To dust —  
They must to survive.  
Behind doors the answer burns  
And is withdrawn —  
The light blinds.  
Tranquil screams shatter minds  
As they search  
For what they find —  
Nothing.

Mark Lezon

### UNDER, AWAY

You go  
Through the barrier  
You're there,  
But not long  
For breath of air  
Polluted,  
You rise  
Then down again  
Leave air,  
For a while  
Enjoy, where  
You've come.  
'Tis a world  
No problem  
Communication —  
Not any  
You'd stay  
But for air.  
So you rise  
To the problems  
And air,  
Polluted.

Janet Hider-Smith, 3

### UNSEALED DEATH

I know I will be killed,  
How or when I know not.  
I sit alone caged in fear  
There are no chains — but I cease to move  
There is no torture — but I feel the pain  
The air clings to the damp  
surface of my body — it burns  
My mind repeats the anguished details  
My death sentence signed by betrayal.  
So now I sit and wait,  
As the minutes draw me closer —  
To peace of mind and  
Endless sleep  
I know I will be killed,  
How or when I know not.  
I sit alone . . .

Raelene Burton, 5



## THE BEACH

She awoke. The sun flowed through the window and burnished her auburn curls. Her name was Faith.

She rose and went down to the kitchen. No one was awake. Taking some bread and cheese from the cupboard, she quietly slipped out the back door. It was Sunday. It was 7 a.m. Her bare feet padded across the paddock. The wind whipped her nightgown into eddying curls and her hair streamed behind. She knew where the birds would nest in the spring, where to find a shy bunny. She hurried across the paddock to the beach.

She was beautiful.

Faith reached the beach. Today he would come, today he must come. He had not come yesterday or the day before, or for many days before that. Today he would come. He had promised.

She sat on the sand; alone. She ate the bread and cheese and looked out to sea. Rising, she dusted the crumbs from her lap. They fell to the sand. She walked along the beach: the sand was clean and smooth unmarred by the scars of man. Her solitary footprints made but small marks on the wide expanse. She reached the point, turned and looked back. Nothing.

Faith began to walk. She stopped to pick up a shell; a pretty shell. Inside it was pink and pearly. She held it to her ear, and heard the sea. She looked up and saw the sea. It was blue, and the waves bubbled and foamed and turned white. Then they tipped over and scurried in to the shore. Faith ran to meet them, and they swirled about her feet. Her toes tingled. She lifted the hem of her nightgown to free it from the water, and walked back up the beach.

It was a lovely beach, it was the most beautiful beach in the world, she thought. The surf rolled onto the clean, white sand. The sand was clean. It was not littered with cans and lolly papers. Not many people came to drop cans and lolly papers. The water was clean too. It was fresh and clear and had a salty tang.

Yes, she loved this beach. She loved him too. And he loved her. He had kissed her and promised to return. When would he return? Without him her life was dark and empty. Her family were not people. They were things, unreal things. Only the beach was real. Only the beach could she love until he returned.

Only the sand — and the surf and the gulls and the sky. They had lain on the sand together, and they had swum in the surf. They had collected the shells and fed the gulls and gazed at the sky.

Those were wonderful days. Maybe one day they would do those things again. But not today. He was not coming today. She walked back up the beach, towards the paddock.

The sun burnished her auburn curls. The wind whipped her nightgown into eddying curls and her hair streamed behind. Her name was Faith, and she was beautiful.

Maybe he would come tomorrow.

Maybe tomorrow would be the day.

Lesley Head, 2M



## FIRE

Gleaming little flames,  
Like splinters . . .  
Emerge from under logs.  
Like little hands reaching out for something  
But never able to get the —  
Splinter of Love.

Pauline Adgemis, 1



**MACARTHUR**  
Anna Burgess, Tony Newman.



**CHURCHILL**  
Rhonda Dewsnap, Douglas Evans.

## HOUSE COMPETITION, 1970

	Chur.	Mac.	Mont.	Roos.
Swimming Sports	25	10	15	50
Choral Competition	50	10	15	25
Athletic Sports	10	15	25	50
Girls' Corridor Duty	5	10	25	20
Junior Girls' Long Distance Run	5	25	10	20
	<hr/> 95	<hr/> 70	<hr/> 90	<hr/> 165

## MACARTHUR

Macarthur House achieved only limited success this year, coming third in each of the three major inter-house competitions. This lack of success could, to some degree, be attributed to the failure of many girls to participate fully in House activities. This failure is verified when it is considered that the boys managed to win their section of the swimming and athletic sports — too often the girls lacked competitors in events.

Macarthur did, however, enjoy considerable success in the Senior Cross Country with Robert Nowak and David Harris filling first and second places, and Robert Osmond and Tom Evans fourth and fifth places. Nobby and Jack are especially to be congratulated on their performances in this and in the inter-house athletic sports.

Thanks must go to Jim Davidson and Ian Carlsson for taking on difficult task of conductors, and to Pam Davy and Suzanne Bodor for playing the pianos.

We would also like to thank vice-house captains Susan Provis and Rodney Clements for the sterling assistance they gave to us throughout the year. Finally we would like to thank all those who took part in inter-house competitions either voluntarily or when we prevailed upon them. These were the people in our House who were important in 1970.

Anthony Newman, Anna Burgess

House Captains

## STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The S.R.C. has again survived another year in 1970. Apart from dealing with the usual trivia we have managed to arrange a snow trip for Forms V and VI and to distribute school diaries. Unfortunately many matters of relevance to students were either "beyond the powers of our constitution", or were choked off due to apathy and lack of co-operation at various levels.

Support from students, staff and various bodies associated with the school for the S.R.C. is needed if the S.R.C. is to have any effective influence. It is up to every student to assist, devise and support activities for the S.R.C. for the benefit of students.

The S.R.C. must be acknowledged as a body that could assist greatly in uniting the few and disjointed pockets of school spirit in this school. This could come through some much needed extra-curricular activities. These activities would enliven the education of students. The gap that exists between teachers and students would best be bridged in the informal and relaxed atmosphere associated with activities outside the narrow scope of events that comprise our formal education.

If S.R.C. activities received the same degree of co-operation that activities such as the school choral festival received, the student activities in the school would flourish to the benefit of all.

One point is certain, Camberwell High School will never function with any degree of unity and purpose unless student participation in the school is much greater. The school must recognise this need and move rapidly to change its attitude.

Bernard Corser,

President, S.R.C.



**ROOSEVELT**  
Sheila Walsh, Alan Laws



**MONTGOMERY**  
Sue Kitchen, Gary Whittle

## OBITUARY

We deeply regret the passing during the year of John Corlass, a leaving student. The news of his death shocked all who knew him, and we convey our sympathies to his family.



## ADVISORY COUNCIL

Matters which have concerned the Advisory Council during 1970 have been mainly those related to the new buildings. The acquisition of equipment for the Assembly Hall, such as stage lighting, curtains, amplifying apparatus, etc. has been of prime importance. It is hoped that by 1971 the hall will be supplied with all the desirable extras to make its use of considerable benefit to the school.

Because of the new buildings it has been necessary to alter the general layout and levels of the area around the school. While requesting certain changes the Council has been aware of the need for rest areas and improved recreation facilities. The planned site works, it is hoped, will be completed at an early date, and that the matters referred to will materialise. The need for increasing the land area of the school has again been referred to the Education Department with a recommendation to acquire some properties adjoining the school. The Department has agreed to our request and will act as soon as funds are available.

In the meantime, steps have been taken to reserve these properties, which are in Prospect Hill Road and Byron Street, for educational purposes.

R. D. KEY,  
President

## PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

President — Mr. J. Reeves  
Secretary — Mr. E. Newman  
Treasurer — Mr. D. Phillips

1970 has been a successful year for the Parents' and Friends' Association and we consider that the increased attendance at some of our activities, particularly the lectures on high school staffing and the drug problem, augurs well for a vigorous 1971 programme.

As usual we have supplied the suppers for the Parent-Teacher nights, arranged for a "Careers Night" and organised working bees. Again we have produced "DISCO" which serves as a vehicle for disseminating information from other school bodies and general school news.

One can reasonably say that the association exists to further the interests of the school, and that means our children, in any way possible, be it by organising lectures on educational matters or by co-operating with the Advisory Council in the provision of labour to dig jumping pits.

May I remind every parent that this is the only organisation at the school that both parents can join and thereby contribute to the betterment of our school.

The committee thanks all those who have helped us this year.

ERIC NEWMAN,  
Secretary

## WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

President: Mrs. P. Brookes  
Secretary: Mrs. E. Webster  
Treasurer: Mrs. M. Pitt

The Women's Auxiliary has had another busy year with good support from parents.

We meet on the 4th Wednesday of the month at 1.00 p.m. in the Assembly Hall at the school. This year our main speakers have been staff members and, as this has proved popular and informative for mothers, it is our hope to continue this next year.

Fund raising as always presents difficulties but we find our film/luncheons at the Rivoli a very good source of funds. A very enjoyable evening was had at our wine tasting at "Anne's Garrett". A further source of revenue is the sale of second-hand uniforms and also several items of new clothing and school bags.

Fund raising is not our only object; we are keen to stimulate interest in the school amongst parents, and to give parents the opportunity to meet staff members. This year we had a morning coffee morning for Form 1 mothers at the home of Mrs. R. Key. Some staff members attended and it is hoped to make this an annual event. The staff luncheon and the luncheon for Form 6 students are two functions we have pleasure in arranging.

The president and committee wish to thank all members for their support and encouragement. We are also grateful for the help and consideration given to us by the Principal and staff.

E. WEBSTER,  
Hon. Secretary

Committee: Mesdames M. Baxter, R. Elsum, D. Farrén, R. Gardner, M. Henley, M. Johnson, D. McCloskey, M. Osmond, J. Perry, B. Phillips, M. Topp, W. Webster, T. Blythe, J. Phillips, J. Trathen, N. Ortman.

## CANTEEN

During June of this year, we were able to move to our new canteen in the new building. It seems apparent that all, especially students, appreciate the convenience of our new site and the pleasure of having an enclosed area in which to lunch.

At the beginning of the year the balance sheet for 1969 was presented, and a comparison of the 1968/69 figures is presented as follows:—

In 1968 a gross turnover of \$13,477 resulted in a net profit of \$2,169.

In 1969 a gross turnover of \$14,947 resulted in a net profit of \$2,006.

These figures show, on a higher turnover, a drop in profit of \$163. After considering these figures, the committee decided to increase prices on sandwiches and bread rolls by 1c. Any other increases that have occurred have been on proprietary lines which are not controlled by the committee. As usual, our manageress, Mrs. Campbell, has been instrumental in the efficiency and conduct of the canteen, and has been aided by the numerous helpers who give their time so willingly. To all who co-operate in this capacity, we offer our grateful thanks.

To our Principal (Mr. Slattery) and all members of staff, our appreciation for the encouragement and help which is always readily given.

The members of the management committee for 1970 are as follows:—

The Principal — Mr. H. J. Slattery;  
Convenor, Mr. R. D. Key;  
Secretary, Mrs. J. Gordon;  
Treasurer, Mr. W. Aird;  
Roster secretary, Mrs. M. Pitt;  
Auditor, Mr. J. Conrad;  
Members, Mrs. M. Henley,  
Mrs. B. Phillips,  
Mrs. W. Webster.



## **SPEECH NIGHT**

**Tuesday, 27th October, 1970**

Speech Night this year had a varied programme. Dr. McKenzie, vice-president of the Advisory Council, gave a stimulating talk on the finances and future welfare of the school as planned by the Advisory Council. Mr. Slattery gave an interesting talk on school life in general, punctuated by cheers from old students whose results were announced.

As always the performances of the orchestra, choirs and madrigal singers were of a high standard and the dance band could be considered as still swinging.

The awards were presented and noticeably the most popular students and their House (Roosevelt) were heartily clapped. The usherettes and teachers did marvellous work in organizing the evening and Mr. Harvey's announcing must be commended.

Thanks to all those who participated and to those who came.

## **CHESS CLUB**

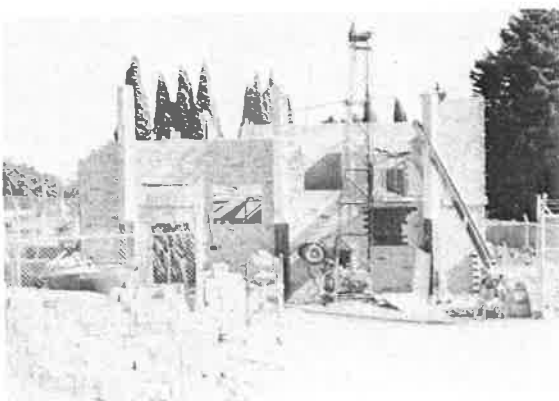
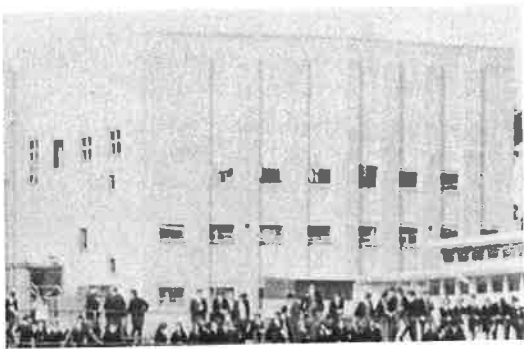
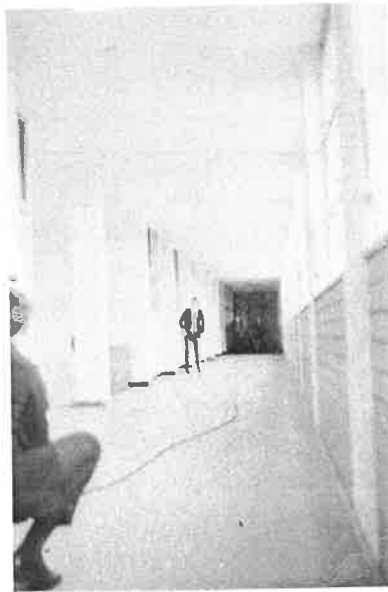
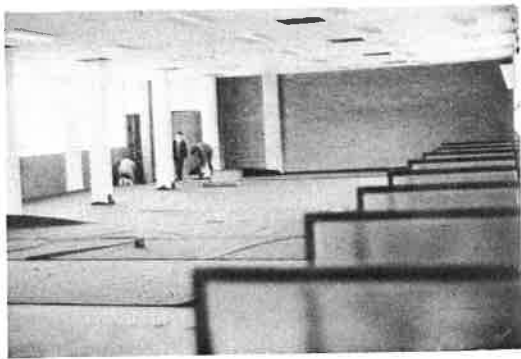
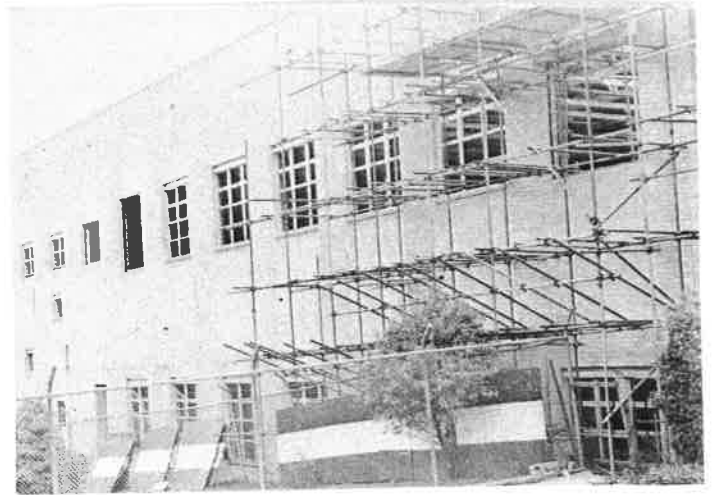
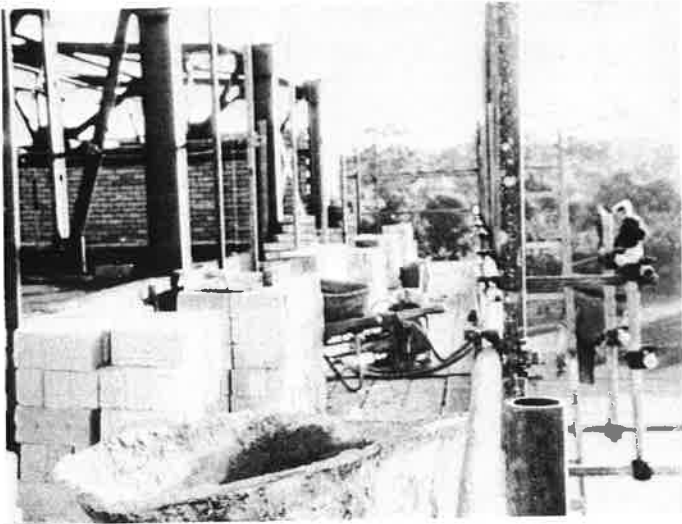
It has been a rather dull year because nothing has happened. Membership decreased and although Alan Redcliffe attempted to hold a Chess Tournament similar to last year's competition in order to increase membership, it was a flop and therefore was cancelled. Few entered because of student "APATHY".

Mr. Drent has livened the atmosphere with his sense of humour every time he comes along to play or just to watch. We missed Mr. Pollock's handy hints on winning a chess game this year. The Chess Club IS open to members of staff and girls. We hope to see more student participation in 1971.

Dom. Marano

## **LIBRARY COMMITTEE**







**JUNIOR  
TENNIS**



**JUNIOR  
SOFTBALL**



**JUNIOR  
SOCCER**



**JUNIOR  
BASKETBALL**

**JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL**



**JUNIOR HOCKEY**





## THE CHINESE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL

Chinese New Year is celebrated on the first day of the first moon of the lunar calendar. It is a 15-day long festival considered the most joyous and most important of all Chinese festivals by the Chinese who go to great pains in preparing for this annual occasion. Their houses are re-decorated to look their best, (with usually a red ribbon and gold character-writing on red cardboards somewhere in the houses).

Superstition plays an important role during the New Year. All things borrowed throughout the year should be returned to their rightful owners before the New Year. Attempts to patch up any quarrels are also vital if a happy year ahead for every one is to be ensured. A special gathering of all relatives is held on New Year Eve. Many travel great distances just to be home with their own families for the annual Chinese New Year Eve dinner. The Chinese also believe there is a kitchen god in every household. The job of this god is to jot down notes of what goes on in the family. On New Year Day, he ascends to heaven to make a full report on the particular family to the king above. A special gluey and extra sweetened cake is baked for the kitchen god. It is hoped that, after eating this cake, the god will either not be able to make his report as his lips will be glued tightly together or, if he is still able to speak, that the cake will have sweetened the god.

There must also be no sweeping or vacuuming on the first day of the festival — who dare risk sweeping all the good luck (just "granted" to the family) away?

On New Year's Day, the children receive red packets (red signifies prosperity and good luck) containing money from their parents and all married relatives. This is traditional and so are all the resolutions they claim they intend to keep. The children are especially excited about the New Year Eve as they are allowed to stay up to welcome the New Year. Parents do not object to this at all as there is this superstition that the parents will live longer if their children stay till midnight. As the clock strikes 12, fireworks light the skies.

It is also customary for relatives and friends to pay each other visits. Special new year edibles are prepared for such visits. These visits are believed to help goodwill from everyone to anyone.

A favourite form of entertainment for the New Year is the lion dance. The family pays the Lion Dance Association to perform at their house. The lion is made up of colourful material, the head resembling that of a real lion but more lovable! Two men take their place beneath the "lion", one at the head and the other at the tail. This beautiful lion, "dancing" to the beat of drums, is believed to have the power to frighten away any evil spirit (which has been dwelling in the house), thus making room for good luck to enter the house. The association does not receive the money in an envelope or in cheque form. No, the lion with its extraordinarily big head has to look for the money while it does its performance.

The 15th and final day of the New Year is also a favourite, but only to young, single men and women. This is their annual chance to make wishes at the bridge with carrots and oranges (dropping one at every wish) for suitable and prospective wives and husbands respectively. (Happy be the person who sits in his boat under the bridge with a net!)

I write to you about the Chinese superstitions but really . . . I'm not superstitious . . . touch wood!

Kit Mun Wong, 6K





Gary Whittle



### **MAGAZINE COMMITTEE**

**Kneeling or Standing — Left to Right:**  
**Adrian Guthrie, Nereda Gordon, Linda Connor, Dom Marano, Paula**  
**Jones, Julie Armstrong.**  
**Sitting: Martin Kellock, Robert Nowak, Julie Kleiman.**



**Peter Wilson (supplied and developed film).**