



**PROSPICE  
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL  
PROSPECT HILL ROAD, CANTERBURY  
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA  
NOVEMBER, 1973**

## Principal's Page

1973? This year education has been in focus — nationally, through recommendations of the Karmel Report, and locally through the Camberwell-Kew High Schools' deputation to the Minister for Education requesting the foundation of a Senior Secondary School in this area.

Why so insistent about a Senior Secondary School? Well, the recent Campbell Survey of Canberra secondary students' attitudes and ideas reflects our case, and puts it this way: "We are faced with the situation of students staying on much longer at school. There are many more things 18 year olds can do now, e.g. they can get married without permission at 18. Quite apart from the legal aspects there is an atmosphere of social expectation. This means that in some roles high school students are supposed to be adult. In other roles they are left longer in the custodial environment of the school. Consequently in some respects their behaviour is not that of a mature adult. The picture that emerges is of students caught in a situation of conflict, because the demands of our complex society are conflicting."

Since society wants the products of its educational system to be responsible, mature, self-reliant, adaptable and creative, then that educational system must provide an environment in which optimum learning can occur, **but** one that places in the student a large measure of the responsibility for learning. By shouldering that responsibility he will mature, become self-reliant and confident of his abilities. The positions of student and teacher in the educational process need to be reversed, more or less, so that the student will do the 'driving' and thus make the decisions, while the teacher counsels and helps in improving the learning environment and the learning materials.

Thus it requires no crystal ball to see that Camberwell High School will change as it seeks to provide a learning environment appropriate to the needs of its student population. The first major difficulty will be the I-VI arrangement, that really needs to become two divisions, a I-IV and a Senior Secondary V-VI.

Do we give up? No! I go to Alain Gerbault for expression of the philosophy that urges trying again — "The man who never dares never does; the man who never risks never wins. Only fools laugh at failure; wise men laugh at the lazy and the too-contented and at those who are so timid that they dare undertake nothing."

We must reflect further and "dare" to re-shape our plans in 1974.

M. J. Essex

## Acknowledgement

We of the editorial committee, acknowledge with a great deal of pride the success of Kwong Lee Dow (who left Camberwell High School in 1953). Mr Lee Dow has recently been appointed as Professor of Education at Melbourne University, setting a fine example for us all.

## THESE ARE THE OFFICIAL SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

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## An Educational Perspective

Specialization in education may take a number of forms; for example, it may manifest itself in the increasingly narrow range of subjects being taken as the student progresses through a school, or, it may be evident in the type of school, where the student undertakes only those activities which interest him and therefore discards the remainder.

If it is accepted that the principal function of an educational institution, such as a secondary school, which deals with a majority of people in their final school years, is to fit the individual to be an active, functioning member of society, then, the idea of specialization is a notion defeating this aim. It is therefore contended that the trend towards specialization should be replaced with a broadened curricula, with sampling from as many diverse forms and fields of knowledge as possible. Forms of knowledge identified at present include Physical and Social Sciences, Aesthetics (Literature and Art), Mathematics, Religion, History, and Philosophy, whilst fields of knowledge are more broadly based, and include knowledge embracing wider areas, for example Geography and Education. Selection criteria for material for study could be based on the relevance, or contribution that the materials make to the full development of the intellect or mind, and, therefore, to the individual's functioning as a valuable society member; this, of course must be incorporated with varying levels of psychological development relating to individuals.

The preceding does not imply that students should have to deal with masses of facts accumulated from time immemorial (although some basic facts are important), but, rather more with the concepts and methods of inquiry, which made that form, or field of knowledge, a logically distinct or unique entity. In short, it is contended that a broadening of the curriculum should be undertaken in secondary education, with all students, in relation to their intellectual capabilities, undertaking, and partaking of the forms and fields of knowledge as described above, which contribute to the full development of the mind, and, thus, do not limit the individual's societal functioning.

T. Sullivan



## The Value Of Education

Although it is generally agreed that the present education system has many problems most people believe these to be concerned with the poorer inner-suburban schools which have inadequate facilities, teacher shortages and migrant problems, but not many people consider the problems facing an academically successful middle-class school like our own.

Our school has one problem which affects many things and that is student apathy. Although Camberwell High is in the position where there are not many material things students must fight for, there are some areas where student interest and activity could bring about improvement. The mere fact that we don't have an S.R.C. indicates that students either couldn't be bothered to make the effort or that they don't feel there is anything they could improve. It is true that when an S.R.C. did exist it had lost its ideals and dealt mainly with trivial things but that does not mean that students should not have ideals and that they should not fight to achieve those ideals. Education, after all, is for the students, so it should be they who have the most interest in improving it. Most students don't seem to want to become involved or accept responsibility and they seem to feel there is no need for an outlet for student opinion or a body to convey that opinion to the school hierarchy.

Although we do have the prefects as some type of link between students and teachers, they are not achieving anything because of lack of support from the students. The Prefect system was introduced into schools vastly different from those we have today, so we must support and help the prefects if they are to adapt themselves to our needs. The prefects realize there are many aspects of our school environment which could be improved but they cannot succeed in changing anything without our support.

It is up to the students to make themselves heard in the matters of the changing of educational methods and ideals. Students must realize that education at the moment is open to change, but that this change can only come about gradually and by the persistent airing of the views of students.

Perhaps one of the areas where change is needed is the structure of the curriculum. I feel we are being forced to specialize too early and this results in unwise, sometimes expensive choices, and the suppressing of students' talents in other areas. I believe the curriculum could be restructured so less emphasis is placed on science subjects as the most important and useful ones. Although science subjects ensure university entry, if one is to do well in them they require special ability and understanding and I feel the present system encourages too many students to do science subjects because they leave more opportunities open. Unfortunately many students do not possess the ability to cope with a science course, thus they are not, in reality, leaving opportunities open to themselves.

Problems like these cannot be solved by government aid as can the problems of so many schools; our aims must be tackled inside the school. The only ones who can be expected to do anything are the students, because if the students themselves are not prepared to make an effort to improve the quality of the education they receive, they cannot expect sympathy from teachers.

Susan Lovell 5



Susan Lovell 5



Mel Humphreys-Grey 5



**COMMONWEALTH SENIOR  
SECONDARY SCHOLAR-  
SHIPS — 1972**

ALEXEF, Michael  
ALLEN, Susan  
BENJAMIN, Peter  
BROWN, Andrew  
DAVY, Janet  
DOWLING, Stephen  
EISENBERGER, Werner  
EWART, Donald  
GARDNER, Mark  
GODDARD, Stephen  
HEAD, Leahy  
HEPBURN, Pamela  
HOOPER, Guy  
HUMPHREYS, Grey, Nigel  
JURIS, William  
LOVELL, Susan  
MAGNUS, Elizabeth  
MCHENRY, Susan  
MOLAR, Robert  
NEWMAN, Hilary  
NEWMAN, Sally  
PEDDLESSEN, Bruce  
REEVES, Catherine  
RINTOUL, Stuart  
TONINI, Leo  
TOWNS, Peter  
WEEKS, Graham  
WILKE, Helga  
YAP, Richard

**COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY  
SCHOLARSHIPS — 1972**

BRATHWAITE, James  
BRUDER, Jan  
DAVIES, Rose  
GAVIN, Robert  
HEAD, Geoff  
HENDERSON, Peter  
KEMP, Charlotte  
KOVACHEVIC, Ann  
KUCHMAR, David  
MUNTZ, Carolyn  
PIGANIS, Soliros  
POTTER, Elizabeth  
REED, Fiona  
SAVAGE, Andrew  
TOOMEY, Gary  
TOPP, Bruce  
TYACK, Michael  
TYSON, David

## FREE PLACE — 1972

ALLEN, Rosemary

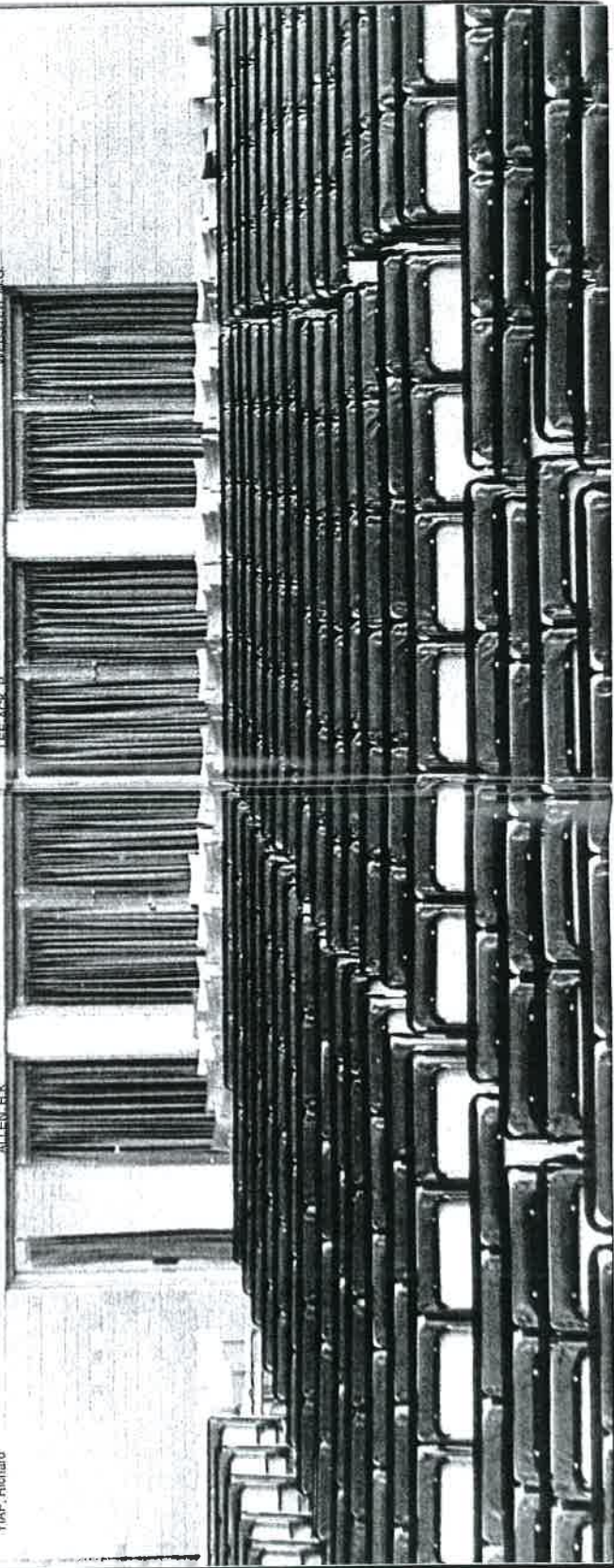
**DAFYDD LEWIS TRUST  
SCHOLARSHIP — 1972**

**BRAITHWAITE, James**

**H.S.C. PASSES — 1972,**  
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AIRD. W.R.  
ALLEN. B.K.

LOULÉ, C.  
MARENDAZ, R.P.  
MARLOW, A.W.  
MCLOSKEY, M.J.  
MCHENRY, A.D.  
MILLENACI, M.N.  
MONT, C.T. J.J.  
MURPHY, J.J.  
PIGANS, S.  
POTTER, E.  
POWELL, G.D.  
REED, F.B.  
ROBERTS, C.R.  
ROBERTSON, A.C.  
ROBINSON, N.M.  
ROBINSON, N.M.  
ROTHFORD, C.J.  
SAKER, G.R.  
SAVAGE, A.J.  
SHACKLETON, A.S.  
SHUTE, D.J.  
SMITH, A.A.  
SPENCER, M.H.  
STANLEY, M.J.  
SUTcliffe, M.J.  
SWAN, R.G.  
TEH, C.T.  
TOOMEY, G.K.  
TOPP, B.L.  
TOWARD, L.M.  
TYSON, D.  
TYSON, P.L.  
TYSON, P.L.  
WEBSTER, B.M.

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## COMMONWEALTH SENIOR SECONDARY SCHOLAR- SHIPS — 1972

ALEXEEFF, Michael  
ALLEN, Susan  
BENJAMIN, Peter  
BROWN, Andrew  
DAVY, Janet  
DOWLING, Stephen  
EBERSBERGER, Werner  
EWART, Donald  
GARDINER, Mark  
GLENN, Richard  
GODDARD, Stephen  
HEAD, Lesley  
HEPBURN, Pamela  
HOOPER, Guy  
HUMPHREYS-GREY, Mel  
JURISIC, Melita  
LOVELL, Susan  
MADDOCK, Elizabeth  
MICHENER, Steven  
MOLNAR, Robert  
NEWMAN, Hilary  
NEWMAN, Sally  
PEDDLESDEN, Bruce  
REEVES, Catherine  
RINTOUL, Stuart  
TONINI, Leo  
VODICKA, Peter  
WAY, Peter  
WEEKS, Graham  
WILKE, Helga  
YIAP, Richard

## COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS — 1972

BRAITHWAITE, James  
BRUDER, Jan  
DAVIES, Ross  
GAVIN, Robert  
HEAD, Geoff  
HENDERSON, Peter  
KEMP, Charlotte  
KOVACEVIC, Ann  
KUCHMAR, David  
MUNTZ, Carolyn  
PIGANIS, Sotirios  
POTTER, Elizabeth  
REED, Fiona  
SAVIGE, Andrew  
TOOMEY, Gary  
TOPP, Bruce  
TYACK, Michael  
TYSON, David

## FREE PLACE — 1972

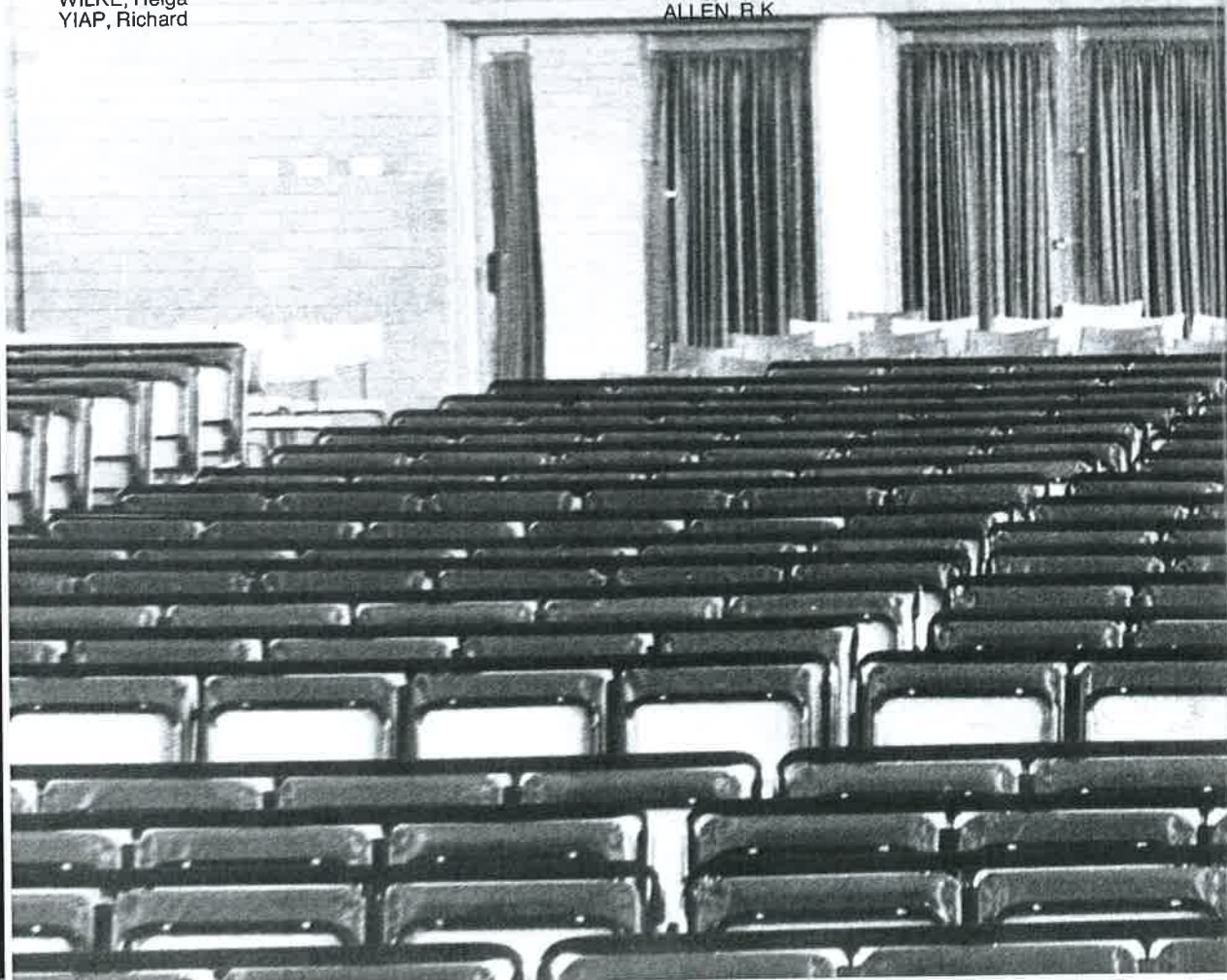
ALLEN, Rosemary

## DAFYDD LEWIS TRUST SCHOLARSHIP — 1972

BRAITHWAITE, James

## H.S.C. PASSES — 1972.

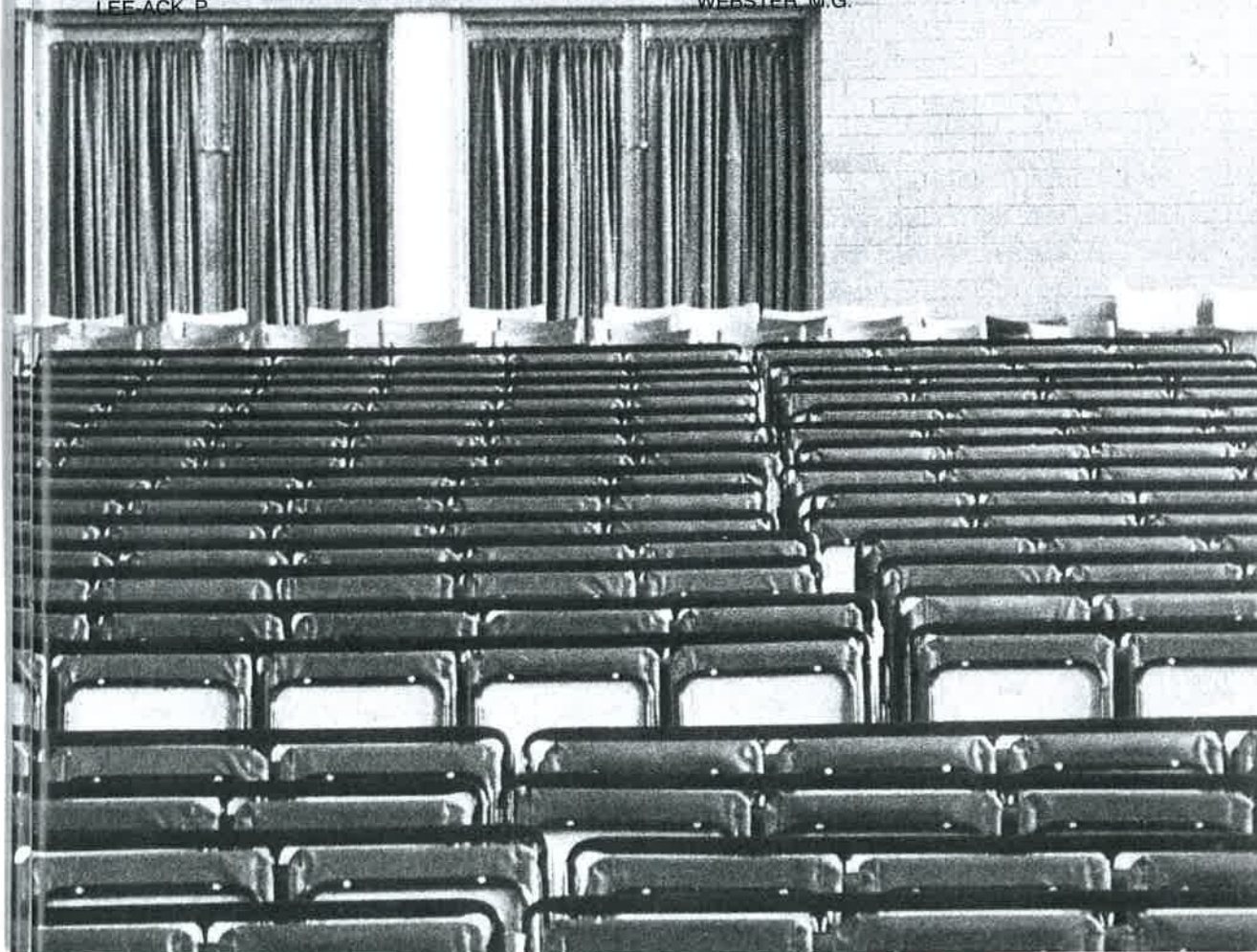
% PASS RATE 71.15  
AIRD, W.R.  
ALLEN, R.K.





BAKER, C.J.  
BRAITHWAITE, J.H.  
BRUDER, J.N.  
CHEN, C.L.  
CHEN, W.L.  
CHIN, S.F.  
COATES, C.E.  
CORCORAN, M.L.  
DANIELSON, J.L.  
DAVIES, R.O.  
DORMER, J.E.  
ELLIOTT, P.M.  
EVANS, T.O.  
FARLEY, F.E.  
FARRANDS, R.J.  
FAUNCE, K.L.  
FOSTER-JOHNSON, W.  
GARDNER, N.S.  
GAVIN, R.H.  
GAYTON, F.W.  
GIBSON, D.  
HEAD, G.A.  
HENDERSON, P.J.  
HIRST, J.F.  
JURIC, V.V.  
KAKONYI, S.G.  
KELAART, B.C.  
KELAART, E.C.  
KEMP, C.S.  
KOK, H.F.  
KOVACEVIC, A.  
KUCHMAR, D.  
LANCASHIRE, N.F.  
LANDMAN, R.M.  
LEE, S.H.  
LEE ACK, P.

LIDDLE, C.  
LOCK, R.L.  
MARENDAZ, R.P.  
MARLOW, A.G.  
McCLOSKEY, M.J.  
MICHENER, A.D.  
MILLEMACE, M.N.  
MUNTZ, C.J.  
NICHOLLS, J.J.  
PIGANIS, S.  
POTTER, E.C.  
POWELL, G.D.  
REED, F.B.  
ROBERTS, C.R.  
ROBERTSON, A.C.  
ROBSON, N.M.  
ROONEY, A.W.  
RUTHERFORD, C.J.  
SAKER, G.R.  
SAVIGE, A.J.  
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TOWART, L.M.  
TYACK, M.R.  
TYSON, D.  
TYSON, P.L.  
WEBSTER, B.M.  
WEBSTER, M.G.







## Fred

A boy had a brother named Fred  
Who never liked going to bed.  
Each night in the dark  
He made such a noise  
As he bounced up and down on his head.  
Marisa Castellucci 1

## Stork

There was a young boy called Pork,  
Who went to see rated "R" Stork.  
He went to the Bercy  
And also saw "Percy" —  
That dirty minded boy called Pork.  
Dale Robertson 1



## Frog Jam

There was an old lady called Mam Digam,  
Who always made tasty frog jam.  
The colour was green,  
When it's cooked it's a dream  
That Mysterious lady, Mam Digam.  
Anne Cripps 1

## The Man From Goat

There was an old man from Goat,  
Who thought he had a frog in his throat,  
He ate grapes by the plates,  
And crates full of dates,  
Then went for a trip on a boat.  
Carrie Wescott 1



## The Man From Crewe

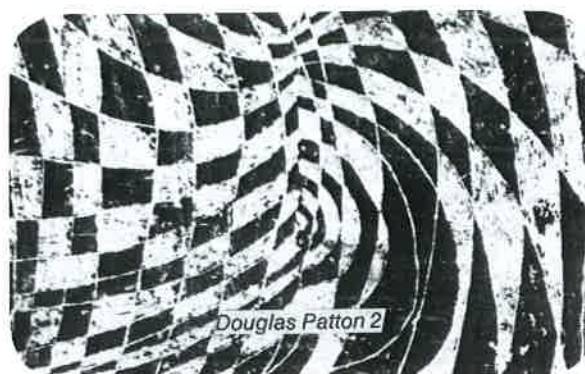
There once was a man from Crewe,  
Who wanted to build a canoe,  
But when in the river,  
He found with a shiver,  
That he hadn't used water-proof glue.  
Anonymous

## The Old Man From Skite

There was an old man from Skite,  
Who thought he'd go fly a kite.  
He first bought some strings,  
And all different things,  
And eventually it reached a great height.  
Marion Wiles 1

## The Song Of The Doctor.

I like cats,  
I like lizards,  
I like pulling out people's gizzards.  
I like bees,  
I like seas,  
I like banging people's knees.  
I like honey,  
Aren't I funny,  
I like taking people's money.  
I like thrills,  
I like pills,  
I like sending people bills.  
Dianna Peirce 1



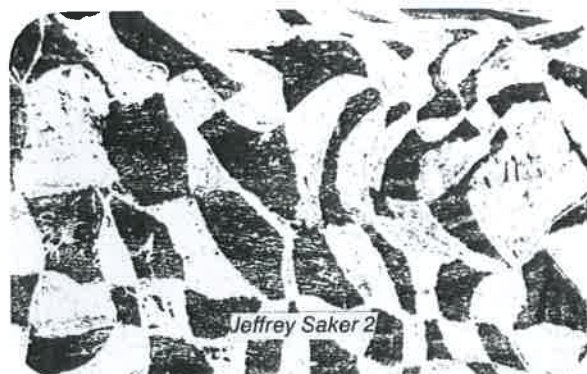
## Winter.

Dark and cold,  
dull and wet,  
Winter's here again,  
evenings darker,  
Mornings lighter,  
dark by half past ten,  
frost on gardens,  
Ice on walls,  
dull as dull can be,  
I feel so sleepy  
Sad and cold,  
Winter's not for me.  
Maireath Weston 1



## Kamburwell Hi!

No eatin', in corridors!  
No pushin', in queues!  
No wackin', off classes!  
No smokin', in the loo!  
No open necked shirts or  
The wrong colour tie!  
No wrong coloured stockings  
Or wrong coloured shoes!  
No stealing of money!  
For if you get caught  
You are dealt with severely  
And taken to court!  
Anonymous



## Midnight In The Forest.

Bats screeched like a witch's cackle;  
Trees swayed like her broom,  
Clouds darkened black as night,  
As she lay restless in her room,  
Moans and groans came from everywhere,  
Twigs stood out like her matted hair  
Dark is the forest late at night  
Go there if you dare.  
Maireath Weston 1





## Drama Festival

We (the kids concerned in the Festival) never thought it would arrive and then suddenly there it was staring us in the face — August 21st, the opening night of the Drama Festival. Well, those who attended the Festival must have had a really tremendous time if I can judge by some of the comments that I heard.

The people who I think must have enjoyed it most were all the kids that participated in the Festival. All plays and sketches were student written and directed which shows great promise for further Drama Festivals to come. Of course, none of this success could have been achieved without the aid of Miss Hollosy, Mr Harrop, and of course, our stage crew. Thanks a lot to all of you because we couldn't have done it without you. There were the usual things happening that happen before all these types of things such as stage fright, loose bra straps, eye brow pencils stuck in eyes, but everything went off really well on both nights.

Congratulations, kids! It was also good to see the teachers coming, both past and present. If this year's Drama Festival is any indication of how Camberwell High School's future Drama Festivals will be, they promise to be really tremendous.

Looking forward to seeing you all next August!  
Pam Bruder 5



## The Deserted House

It was dark and lonely,  
The snarling frontage  
Forbidding any to enter.

I stopped, and hesitated,  
Then crept on,  
Towards the tumble-down cottage  
I reached the door, and tapped.  
An eerie silence  
Enveloped the house and me.

I entered the house,  
Cobwebs covered  
Everything in sight,  
All was quiet,  
None were astir.

My moments slaved,  
My energy seemed  
To sweep away,  
Out of my limbs,  
To some invisible magnet.  
Silence greeted my every inquiry  
The house rejected  
My overtures  
Of kindness.

Suddenly, a whirring noise,  
Then, a purring noise,  
Then, a beating noise,  
A buzzing, a banging,  
A clanging, and a clapping  
All were astir  
All were moving.

I shouted  
I screamed  
I tried to run  
But I was glued  
To the spot.

They came nearer to me  
Glaring eyes,  
Flaring eyes,  
Clutching hands,  
Grabbing me.

Stabbing me  
With vulgar gesture  
And pointed finger.

I turned,  
I ran.  
I never returned  
To that house,  
Of wandering souls.  
Still I wonder,  
On dark, windy nights  
Of what will happen  
To those dead living ghosts.  
Diana Jefferies 2

## The Music Machine

David Bowie was in his dressing room, making sure that his hair was the right shade of green. He parted it in the centre so that a white strip ran down his skull. He powdered his face to a snow white colour to make a contrast against his green hair and flaming red cat-suit. After making sure he would look the same after he finished running and screaming and jumping and singing, he left his little table with its bright bulbs and little bottles, and made his way to the stage. Behind the curtain was a triangular guitar and a mess of wires and huge amplifiers. David Bowie bent down and lovingly picked up his guitar and began to tune it. From behind the curtain, he could hear the kids whistling, screaming, talking and making their way to their seats.

Four doors down the street, Pablo Casals was straightening his tie. He too, looked in his mirror, at his neatly combed hair, black tuxedo, and his white crisp shirt. He left his little room, and proceeded to the stage. Behind the curtain was a brown cello, one music stand, and a piano. He bent over and lovingly picked up his cello and went over to the piano to tune it. From behind the curtain, he could hear people quietly moving to their seats, while whispering this and that.

The curtain rose and David Bowie plucked one note on his guitar. The hall immediately filled with screams, yells and wild teenagers. A bass guitarist came on the stage and a pianist. The music started. It was loud enough to cover the screaming.

Pablo Casals picked up his cello, and went to sit in his chair as the curtain rose. The audience clapped. Pablo waited until the audience was silent before he started on his variations for cello and piano. The audience sat quietly and listened to the maestro.

David Bowie jumped, screamed and sweated; the audience loved him.

Pablo Casals played with such beauty and clarity that the audience loved him.

The crowd left David's concert deaf and happy. Pablo's audience left with their hearts full of love for the beautiful music. They too, were happy.

Alan Slater 4







## S.R.C.

### Students Representation

In October 1964 a group of students came together in response to a felt need for a student voice representative of **all** students at Camberwell High. This was the first real attempt for student representation.

It was the opinion of this group that the best way to meet these needs would be by the formation of some organized body which could act as 'a focal point for the voicing of student opinion, and as a closer point of contact with the staff of the school'.

Following a discussion with the Principal, Mr Andrews, this group was formed to investigate the possibilities of forming the student body to be known as: 'The Student Representative Council of Camberwell High School'.

The purpose of the council being:

- (i) To promote a sense of unity and greater co-operation in the school,
- (ii) To give all students opportunities to voice opinions regarding the life of the school,
- (iii) To serve as a greater liaison between the students and staff,
- (iv) To serve as a closer point of contact between the students and staff,
- (v) To foster extra-curricular activities, designed to enrich the experience of the students and consolidate the life of the school.

### Formation of the S.R.C.

When the desire for an S.R.C. was first mooted in 1964, it was not well received and unfortunately the S.R.C. was 'shelved' until two years later, (1966), when the first S.R.C. at Camberwell was formed, at last giving the students a voice.

It is to the credit of some teachers of the time that they attended early meetings of the S.R.C., giving the students some insight into the difficulties confronting a student council of this calibre. The mixed feelings toward this body could only have made it stronger and more united in its cause — student representation.

At that time the S.R.C. had very important aims which were designed to improve the facilities, status of our school, and more importantly staff-student relationships.

### Apathy

Last year, 1972, the S.R.C. seemed to argue over very trivial matters, and questioned the entire education system today, completely raising the S.R.C. out of its context, with the result that very little was achieved in that year. It seems a pity that the discontent, which was seeping into each meeting, finally led to the lapse of the S.R.C. in that year. The necessity for a body, representative of 'all students' was overlooked, I believe, when Michael Spencer retired as President. This victory for the 'stirrers' and 'disruptive influence' in our school was indeed a defeat for the student body, which was forced to accept the fact that an S.R.C. could no longer represent them.

It seems strange that more members of the elected council would not speak up to challenge the disruptive and loud-speaking persons attending the meetings; perhaps their apathy was the real reason for the S.R.C. faltering as it inevitably did.

The value of an S.R.C. was directly questioned, and made suspect, by the inability of the other members to carry on after the president had retired, even with the suggestion for a new constitution. Questions now arise as to the need and desire for an S.R.C. in our school; if so, I hope it would be an S.R.C. supported by the student body as a whole, allowing the council to help the school function to its greatest capacity. Last year the S.R.C. lost its ideals. It is true that in our middle class environment there is very little which we have to fight for; indeed it may well have been the resulting apathy which was to 'break the back' of our S.R.C.

### Looking Forward

Until the day comes when the student body stands united in order to obtain something vital to the welfare of the students or the school, I do not believe a strong representative council is possible.

The hopes of Camberwell High must now rest on the inexperienced shoulders of the juniors, to show the inspiration which the senior students so obviously lack.

I suggest that you read again the opening paragraph of this article, giving some serious thought to whether the values and ideals of a 'Student Representative Council' are worth fighting for...

I believe they are.

Stuart Rintoul 5



House Captains: Left to right, Back row: G. Pitt (Roosevelt), G. Lockwood (Montgomery), D. Coldham (Roosevelt), H. Panagiotidis (Churchill). Front row: J. Lyon (Churchill), J. Mouser (Montgomery), J. Tyson (Macarthur), M. Gardiner (Macarthur).

afternoon and evening programs is better, but many prefer just the evening performance. Although this means that some acts have to be left out from lack of time, more of the excitement is preserved. The individual items brought out some of the school's latent talent. There is argument going on as to whether or not the Choral Festival should be compulsory, but whatever the outcome, its undoubted worth lies in the fact that it is the one activity in which every person can actively participate.

We thank the house teachers who have given continued support during the year, and those students who gave their individual services in whatever way possible. Future achievements are in your hands.  
The House Captains

## House Report

Writing a combined report presents some problems because there have been differences in attitudes between the houses. For example, we felt that there was some increase in enthusiasm among the boys, but throughout the school the prevalent attitude has been one of apathy. There are always a minority of people ready to do the work and gain the satisfaction, but it seems that House Spirit among the masses is dead.

Are you, the students of the school, afraid of involvement or are you just reluctant to do something which might help someone other than yourself? We believe that house competition should continue, but it is in your hands as to whether or not it survives. We ask that next year every person in the school, and this does not only include the students, puts something into house activity.

One of the main problems this year was a general disorganization, particularly noticeable at the athletics sports. The timing of these was inopportune, being immediately after the term one exams. Thus the house captains had only two or three days to organize teams. We were faced with a near tragedy when the injuries incurred by the dynamic Montgomery leader as he surged across the finishing line became almost fatal due to the lack of medical facilities. The potential success of the day was marred by a lack of preparation.

With the Choral Festival there are again differences in opinion. Some think that the traditional format of separate

## HOUSE RESULTS

### Swimming:

Roosevelt 225  
Montgomery 202½  
Macarthur 167½  
Churchill 150

### Athletics:

Churchill 407  
Montgomery 402½  
Macarthur 340  
Roosevelt 303½

### Choral Festival:

Churchill 80  
Macarthur 79½  
Montgomery 76  
Roosevelt 75

### Total:

Montgomery 681  
Churchill 637  
Roosevelt 603½  
Macarthur 587



## House Swimming

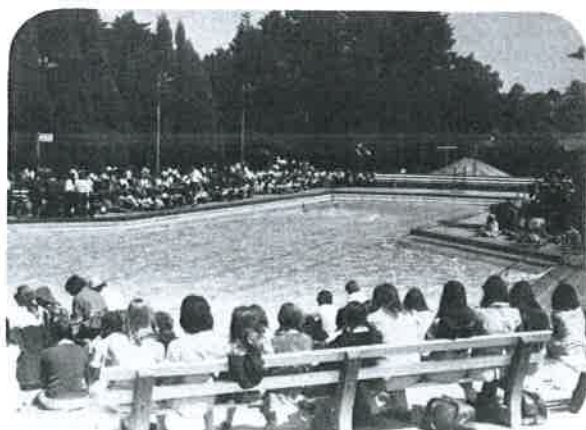
Friday, 23rd February dawned, warm and sunny. Today was the swimming sports, and nothing could quell the excitement radiating from most of the students of Camberwell High.

Due to very close competition between Montgomery and Roosevelt, many people became anxious and spent half the time in delirium.

As the interest and excitement grew, more people visited the kiosk, which was being manfully patrolled by the prefects. I wonder how they managed to get served first?

After a long, hard day, Roosevelt raced away to gain first place with 225 points. Captain Doug Coldham's inspiring speech was the highlight of the day, leaving no one in doubt about his feelings towards non-participants.

Final points —  
Roosevelt 225  
Montgomery 202½  
Macarthur 167½  
Churchill 150  
Lindy Jones 4



## House Athletics

You might have guessed what our annual house athletics were going to be like by having a long, hard look at the day — miserable!

The few that excelled themselves and attended the sports, cheered ecstatically as their favourite athletes jogged, swam or crawled over the finish line; they cheered so enthusiastically that many were tempted to leave the sports in disgust, after straining their ears in an attempt to hear even a few 'encouraging' remarks.

Competitors amused themselves by placing casual bets on the time the rain would end the agony of competing.

There were of course those who put their best foot forward (in a desperate attempt to trip someone up) in true sportsmanlike fashion. The eventual victors, Churchill, must have done this very well indeed, under the competent leadership of Joyce Lyon and Harry Panagiotidis — it's a pity there aren't more students like these at Camberwell High.

As the clock slowly passed the hour there was a noticeable increase in the scramble for the kiosk food line. Athletes, prior to their 'big event', were seen hungrily devouring rather small and expensive hot dogs, followed by other indigestible delicacies . . . an indication of the perfect training diet, no doubt!

The 'cream' of Camberwell's main athletes (the long distance boys) suffered an ego shattering blow as the little red-headed dynamo — Janet Davy — lapped them all in the 'open mile' . . . a blow for women's lib, Janet!

Mercifully, the rain came down. Some of the 'spectators' should have been competing if the pace they showed is any indication of their ability and desperation when attempting to find shelter. The competition might have been better.

It might not have been one of our finest hours, but at least there is plenty of room for improvement.  
Stuart Rintoul 5



Final results were:

1. Churchill 407
2. Montgomery 402½
3. Macarthur 340
4. Roosevelt 303½ *A.G. Kowalczyk* 5

## Choral Festival

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. We are here tonight at that internationally renowned centre of culture; that's right — you guessed it folks — Camberwell High School. This is the twenty-seventh annual House Choral and Instrumental Festival. Appearing tonight are those great celebrities on stage and off: Montgomery, Roosevelt, Macarthur and Churchill.

Well now, I can see we are in for a hectic night; the conductors are issuing last minute threats and the tension is rising. Mr Lee is taking his place at the judge's stand — the bell rings and they're off.

First up is Churchill.

The choir is ready, and here comes the conductress, Jenny Smith; her baton waving in the air, closely followed by her trusty pianist brandishing his trusty fingers — Cameron Wallace. With a hoarse cry of 'Big attack' the choir launches into the compulsory unison song 'What the World Needs Now' by Bacharach. Next comes the special choir singing 'My Soul's Gonna Rise Again' led by that foot-tapping Dormer, Cathie, assisted by Annette Winthrop. Now we have the instrumentalists; first, Cameron playing on the piano Beethoven's 'Für Elise', followed by Cathie's performance of Mozart's 'Clarinet Concerto in A Major'.

Having cleared Churchill off the stage (at last!) we now see Janene Davies leading an irate bunch of Montgomerians in the aforesaid unison song, accompanied by Sue Allen on piano. Now Jenny Mason with the help of Joy Malseed will 'carry their choir back to green pastures' with that haunting melody of the same name. The audience is now sobbing nostalgically to the gentle strain of 'Stranger On The Shore' played by Stuart Rintoul on his trumpet. Then Janene takes the floor again and sings her way through 'Gone With The Rainbow'.

In next-to-no-time the back-drop changes to blue, and lo and behold we see before us Roosevelt, with their swinging rendition of the unison song led by our beloved Head Prefect, Mark Henderson, accompanied by Margaret Fribence.

Special choir mounts the stands — turning to their fearless leader (friend to all and sister to no man) Keith Pfeiffer, begins 'Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring'. Margaret, having grown roots by now, launches into Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata', after which Kate Mappin — Flautist extra-ordinaire, gives a rendition of 'Gavotte' by Gossec.

The backdrop is changing again — it's green! Macarthur floods the stage! From amongst the confusion emerges their commanding conductress Heather Gray; Janet Davey begins the now familiar notes of that never to be forgotten tune. How could we forget! Sue Richardson proceeds to steal the show with her nifty interpretation of 'Blowing In The Wind', accompanied by Jane Phillips on piano and special choir on the rostrum. We then hear Peter Bartlett playing 'Beyond The Sunset' with variations, and Chris Shute's lively presentation of 'Sonata, Second Movement' by Saint Saens.

Now for the adjudication — People are on the edge of their seats, programmes are floating to the floor. Mr. Lee slowly mounts the stairs to the stage.

The adjudication is read out —  
In fourth place — Roosevelt with 75 points.  
In third place — Montgomery with 76 points.  
And it's a tie! No it's not!  
Churchill finished in first place with a hard earned 80 points, followed by Macarthur with 79½ points.

Oh! the pathos! Half a point!! The Cup is received — and dropped — with a resounding clang! The officials are leaving with the triumphant winners, closely followed by parents, friends, losers and others!

Goodbye, folks! Till this time next year when once again

the dubious musical talents of the unsuspecting students of C.H.S. will be dragged out into the open for all to see.

Heather Gray 6 Jenny Smith 6



Jenny Smith 6



Heather Gray 6



Janene Davies 4



Mr Collyer



## Staff Vs Students Soccer Match.

On Thursday, 12th July, the match of the year was played at Camberwell High: CHUST Vs The Staff All-Stars. Line up on the day was:

### All-Stars

Mr James (Capt.)  
Mr Broadbent  
Mr Morrison  
Mr Davies  
Mr Andrews  
Mr Cocking  
Mr Pugioni  
Mr McDaniel  
Mr Mason  
Vlado Juric  
(an ex-student ring in)

### CHUST

John Winiarski (Capt.)  
Drago Juric  
Warren Mack  
Joe Manno  
Andrew Nowak  
Keith Pfeiffer  
Mike Ioannou  
Ross Agosta  
Peter Jencik  
Robert Toth  
Steven Jencik

Needless to say, the student body turned out in great masses to cheer their magical, ball-moving gladiators of glory (CHUST) and to support their extremely popular, but under-dog Staff All-Star Team. The result? After 60 minutes of gruelling soccer, the All-Stars stood defeated — 1 goal to nil, however, in all fairness, we must admit our only goal was by a staff member (best left unnamed.)

All joking aside, it was a great afternoon's entertainment, which was enjoyed by all.

Keith Pfeiffer 6 (CHUST Manager)

## International Soccer

On Tuesday, the 20th March, Camberwell High participated in an International Football Association match, (to footy followers, read International Soccer match) with some Russian Merchant Navy Cadets from the "Professor Yushchenko."

Although the match was won by the Russian cadets, it would be the best soccer ever seen on the school ground.

It was a fine day, and many spectators were present to watch C.H.U.S.T. take the initiative and manage a half time score of 2-2. After half time, C.H.U.S.T. again pressed, but after about the mid point of the half, the Russians' far greater reserves of strength and fitness made a telling blow to our team, and we finished by losing 6-2.

After the match, and all handshaking, back patting and photograph-taking had been completed, we were extended an invitation by the Russians to go back to the ship, and of course most of us went. We were given a lengthy tour of the ship, tea, and a rather protracted talk with the cadets (most of whom speak English). In fact, if they had not been preparing to leave the next day, we would probably be talking still.

I can only write now from a personal viewpoint, but for me, this was one of the most memorable highpoints of my HSC year. For others? Well, I feel they all share my viewpoint, as we all learnt one Russian word that night — "Tovarich". Translation? "Friend".

Keith Pfeiffer 6 (CHUST Manager)





**Prefects.** Left to right, Back row: J. Wood, J. Manno, G. King, K. Suttie, K. Pfeiffer. Middle row: J. Phillips, C. Lambeth, M. Rutherford, J. Conrad, W. Mack, M. Henderson (boys' head prefect), H. Corser, C. Di Guilmi, N. Small. Front row: M. Gordon, J. Bow, S. Birch, S. Webster (girls' head prefect), K. Rowe, K. Mappin. Absent: P. Dakis, R. Kitchen, R. Paget, R. Ward.

## Prefects Report

As in past years, the old idea that Prefects are just another form of authority still exists amongst students in the school although not as much as in past years. We have tried to bridge the gap between students and teachers, but due to lack of understanding and communication we have not been as successful as we hoped to be. The most successful of our projects have been with junior form meetings in which many problems have been sorted out. A casual day and competitions have proved fruitful for our bursary.

Thanks go to the administration and to the staff members who gave us constant support throughout the year.

Also many thanks to the sixth form students who helped us through the year — all two of them.

P.S. The Prefects are not to be confused with 'perfects' but this is indeed possible.

The Prefects:

Mark Henderson — Boys' Head Prefect  
Sue Webster — Girls' Head Prefect

## Justification for Prefects.

In the past, a prefect was a policeman catching other students doing wrong throughout the school and reporting them forthwith. Prefects of this era performed their task well.

Over the last few years, however, the ideas and roles of a prefect have changed to where we try to act as liaison between staff and students to try and bring a better understanding between the two groups. This especially applies to younger students who have yet to learn the new life of the secondary school.

At the moment the prefects are in the early stages of this new system and are still looking for new ways of getting students to understand this and finally have complete faith in the prefects so that the system can work. Of course the ideal situation is finally to have an understanding between student and teacher so that prefects are not necessary at all.

But an ideal situation is not possible because of human failing which can never be erased. Therefore the prefects are justified and will continue to be in the foreseeable future.

Mark Henderson,  
Boys' Head Prefect





Senior Boys' Cricket

Senior Boys' Cricket. Left to right, Back row: G. Lockwood, M. Gardiner, W. Lawrence, M. Humphreys-Grey, D. Coldham, R. Paget (captain). Front row: G. Kowalc-

zewski, H. Panagiotidis, J. Whyte, M. Robertson. Absent: S. Rintoul, J. Southall.



Senior Boys' Football

Senior Boys' Football. Left to right, Back row: G. Sullings, D. Cox, J. Wood, M. Gardiner, D. Coldham, D. Maher-Smith, M. Crossin. Middle row: N. Small, G. Lockwood, J.

Whyte (captain), G. Mitchener, M. Humphreys-Grey, P. Vodicka, N. Aird, M. Robertson, M. Henderson, G. Saker. Front row: R. Paget, H. Panagiotidis, W. Lawrence.





Junior Girls' Hockey. Left to right, Back row: S. Rosman, C. Head, T. Guggenheimer, L. Barker, J. Paapaa, J.

Evans. Middle row: D. Arnold, D. McCulloch, K. Gerlach, R. Dormer. Front row: D. Rosman (captain), L. Gerlach.



Senior Boys' Soccer. Left to right, Back row: A. Nowak, J. Conrad, K. Pfeiffer, K. Rowe, J. Manno, W. Mack, R.

Agosta. Front row: M. Ioannou, P. Jencik, J. Winiarski (captain), G. McCaskie, R. Toth.





*Junior Girls' Basketball*

Junior Girls' Basketball. Left to right, Back row: R. Smith, D. Dugdale, P. Poesch. Front row: L. Stefanaki, B. Trembath (captain), F. Gavrilidis.



*Senior Girls' Volleyball*

Senior Girls' Volleyball. Left to right, Back row: G. Brown, J. Lawrence, P. Nakas, J. Kozac (captain), L. Jones, J. Fenning. Front row: K. Henderson.



*Senior Boys' Volleyball*

Senior Boys' Volleyball. Left to right: T. Sochacki, V. Rabusin, D. Cox, B. Disken (captain), K. Kinder, M. Steurink.



*Senior Girls' Netball*

Senior Girls' Netball. Left to right: J. Ortmann, M. Mappin, S. Effenberger, R. Calcagno (top), A. Wingfield (captain), J. Mouser. Absent: K. Linehan.



*Junior Girls' Volleyball*

Junior Girls' Volleyball. Left to right, Back row: A. Serekididis, D. Dirins, A. Taylor (captain), H. McGowan. Front row: L. Cardell, M. Juric, Y. Tilley.



Senior Boys' Basketball

Senior Boys' Basketball. Left to right, Back row: G. Mitchener, W. Ebersberger, N. Katsanevakis. Front row: B. Peddlesden, P. Bow (captain), R. Molnar. Absent: M. Alexeeff, M. Sayers.



Junior Girls' Netball

Junior Girls' Netball. Left to right: A. Lacey, B. Ratcliffe, S. Henley (captain), A. Coldham, J. Richardson, J. Coldham, S. Watson.



Junior Girls' Softball

Junior Girls' Softball. Left to right, Back row: S. Jones, C. Bailey, C. Hopcraft, H. Pitt, C. Pickering. Front row: A. Johnson (captain), N. Caia, J. Harney, J. Grimshaw.



Junior Girls' Tennis

Junior Girls' Tennis. Left to right, Back row: N. Alexeeff, C. Wardle, N. Allen. Front row: K. Drury (captain).



Senior Boys' Golf

Senior Boys' Golf. Left to right: P. Johnson, M. Midden-dorf, R. Baker (captain), J. Herbert.



Senior Boys' Squash

Senior Boys' Squash. Left to right: C. Fletcher (captain), G. Moutafis, S. Bombaci, D. Michael.





Senior Girls' Hockey

Senior Girls' Hockey. Left to right: P. Williamson, L. Head, J. Gavin, H. Newman, L. Kenny (captain), C. Reeves, M. Kakonyi, J. Ohan, J. Mason, L. Bell, M. Rutherford. Absent C. Bloch, M. Dormer, M. Gardiner, S. Newman.

### Winners: Table Tennis

Senior Boys' Singles	— Greg Kowalczewski	5
Junior Boys' Singles	— Dennis Ujvari	3
Girls' Singles	— Marion Dormer	4
Boys' Doubles	— Mark Henderson	6
	— Warren Mack	6
Girls' Doubles	— Marion Dormer	4
	— Carol Gordon	4



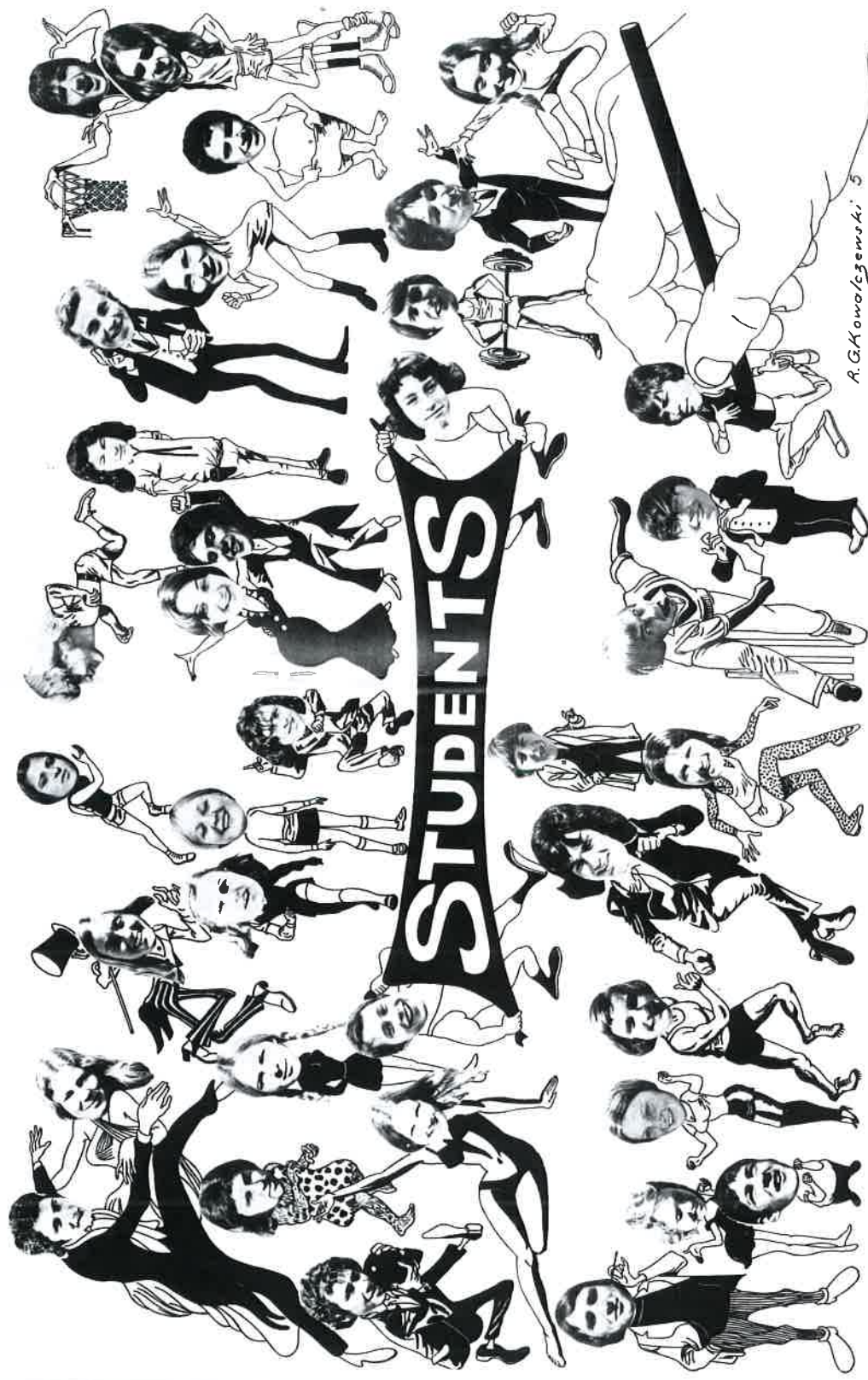


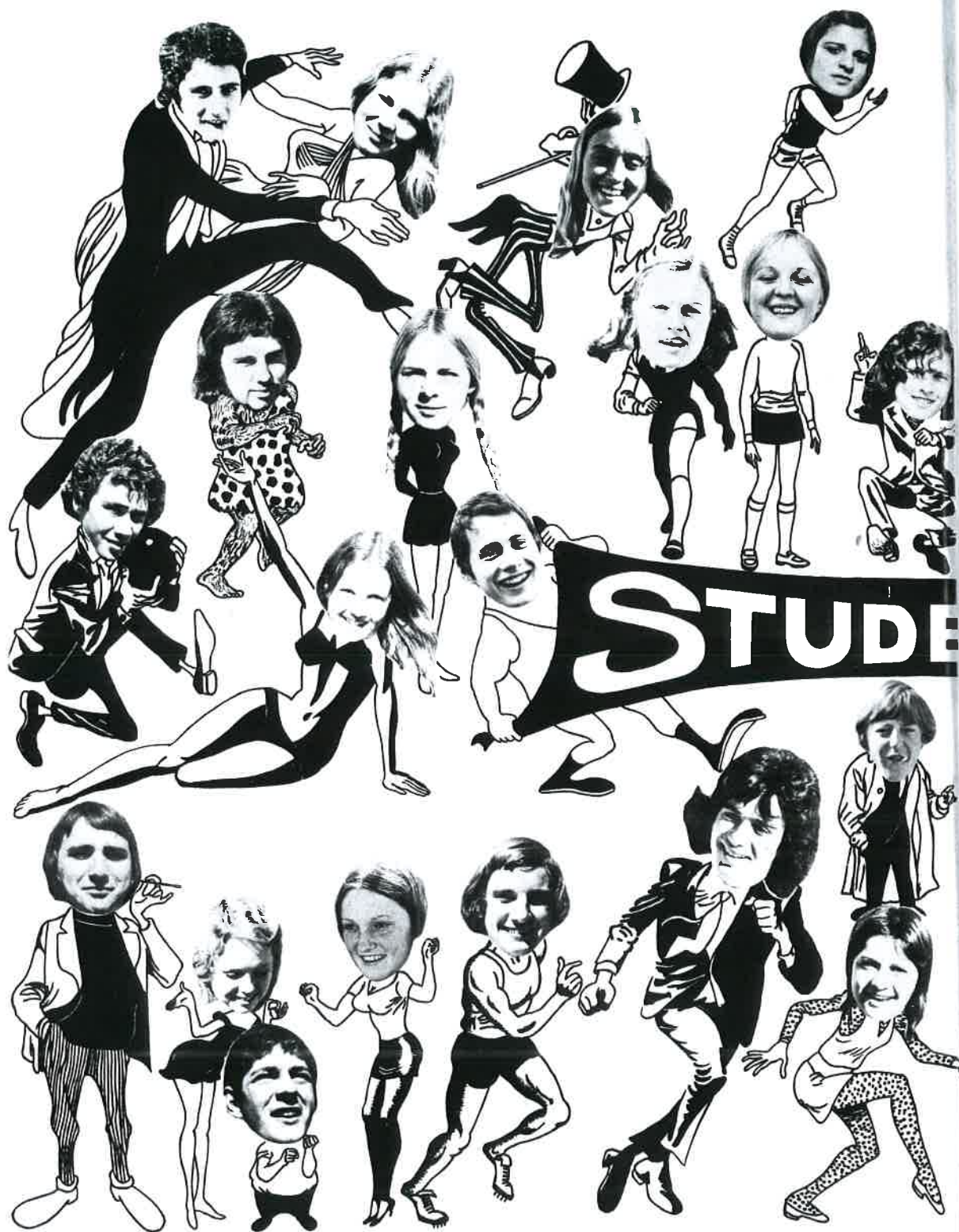
Mr Robertson



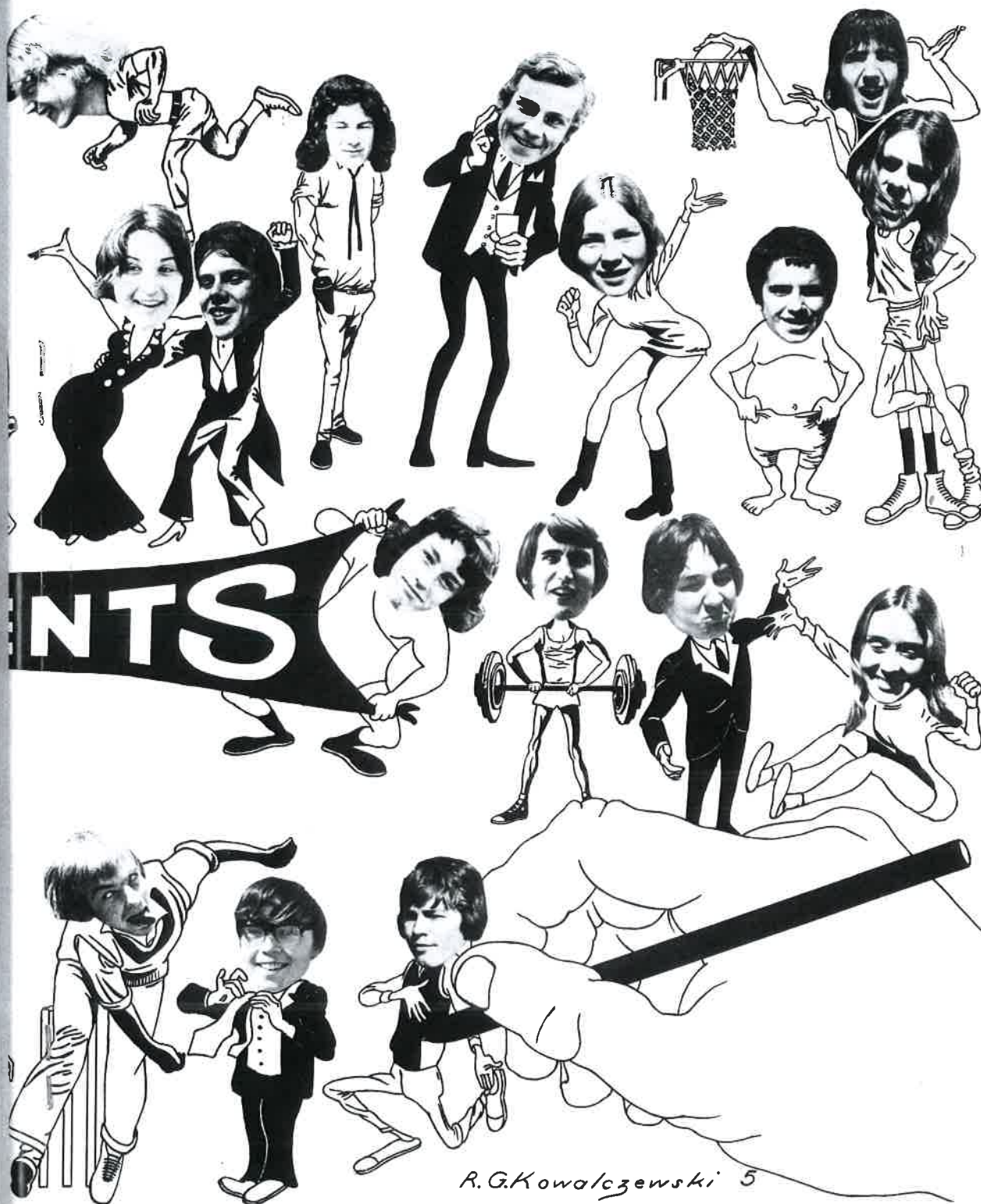
Doug Coldham 5











## Senior Boys' Basketball.

The senior basketball team had a reasonable year. We had our share of wins and losses during the second term, when Camberwell High played a series of games against other schools in this district. In our first game we were defeated by Vermont. The following week we defeated Nunawading. Next, we came up against Wattle Park, a team physically the same as ours but our determination and enthusiasm pulled us through to defeat them by a small margin. The good players throughout the whole season were Michael Sayers, Michael (elbow) Alexeeff, and yours truly.

The whole team played exceptionally well, considering we did not have a coach, and I believe that next season our team will be unbeatable.

I am looking forward to next season and I hope we can acquire a coach to assist us. Congratulations to all the players and special thanks to Mr Longmore for his valuable assistance in organizing our games.

Scores:

C.H.S. 21, Vermont 79

C.H.S. 51, Nunawading 43

C.H.S. 56, Wattle Park 52

C.H.S. 18, Blackburn 66

C.H.S. 36, Mt. Scopus 28

Peter Bow (Capt.) 5

## Senior Boys' Cricket

The Cricket season this year consisted of two one afternoon games for the firsts and one for the seconds. In the first game, both teams overwhelmed Mt. Scopus, and in the second, the first eleven went down by one run to Box Hill High.

Throughout the "season" several players did well. Jeff Whyte and Jamie Southall bowled well, Mark Gardiner made a good 30 against Box Hill, and Bill Lawrence did well behind the stumps.

It is a pity, but cricket appears to be the poor relation in sport in this school. There are plenty of students coming through the school with genuine talent, but there is no incentive to play at all: when one considers that there is no regular competition, equipment is often sub-standard, and there are no practice facilities worth speaking of. Batting on the "turf" wickets at school is literally dangerous.

Had it not been for Mr Sullivan's enthusiasm, and good coaching over the years, I'm sure that cricket would have died a natural and complete death long ago.

Captains:

1st's Robert Paget

2nd's Mark Henderson

Geoff Lockwood 6

## Senior Boys' Football

Camberwell's success this year was mainly due to the inspiration and the enthusiasm of Mr Sullivan. With his support we managed to win seven games out of nine. Camberwell won the Eastern Division final against Glen Waverley for which we received a pennant. We went on to play Brighton in another final in bad conditions at St. Kilda Football ground. Brighton won this match by a narrow two points.

The results were as follows:

(Practice Match) Box Hill d C.H.S.

C.H.S. d Vermont

C.H.S. d Nunawading

C.H.S. d Wattle Park

C.H.S. d Blackburn

C.H.S. d Mt. Scopus

C.H.S. d Northcote

C.H.S. d Glen Waverley

Brighton d C.H.S.

The C.H.S. Football Team was a very well-balanced side, we lacked height but overcame this by good constructive teamwork.

Jeff Whyte (Capt.) 5

## Senior Boys' Soccer

The new "look" Camberwell High soccer team began this year with several new members, and a lot of old members, a new name, and a new stripe. We now play in red and white and call ourselves C.H.U.S.T. (Camberwell High United Soccer Team). This is a part of our publicity drive; however, with the way we play, we don't really require this:

To date the results are:

9 games played: 6 won, 2 lost, 1 draw. 30 goals for: 22 goals against.

In our competition, we were placed second in our division. (We must mention that we defeated last year's champions, the team which beat us last year for that championship. Blackburn High School — 2 goals to 1). If we had turned in a less dismal performance against Nunawading we may have had a better record; we may even have been division champions; but we have enjoyed ourselves immensely and have provided some good soccer for some spectators, so we cannot complain.

There are a lot of people to thank for our successes throughout the year:

Mr Winiarski and Mr Shipley for the magnificent refereeing they have done for us.

Mr Don Harrop for all the help he so readily gives.

Mr Davies for his organisational ability.

We must also thank our orange girls Karen Rowe and Janet Conrad (Karen and J.C.), also all of our supporters. (including the fourth form girls). The team throughout the year was composed of:

Forwards: Mike Ioannou, Robert Toth, Ross Agosta, Gregor McCaskie, also John Winiarski, Keith Pfeiffer and Steven Jencik.

Half Backs: John Winiarski (Captain), Keith Pfeiffer, Warren Mack and Mike Ioannou.

Full Backs: Andrew Nowak, Joe Manno, Warren Mack, Nick Mantzioros and Drago Juric.

Goalkeepers: Peter Jencik, Drago Juric, Robert Paget, Tony Sochacki.

Reserve: Robert Molnar.

Water Boy: Drago Juric.

Keith Pfeiffer 6 (CHUST Manager).

## Senior Boys' Squash

The Senior Squash Team this year consisted of Chris Fletcher (Capt.), Sebastian Bombaci, Dennis Michael and George Moutafis. This year we only played two matches. In the first match, which was the first time we had played together, we were badly defeated by Nunawading, but in the second match at home against Blackburn, we showed much improvement, and were narrowly defeated by one game. Unfortunately, we did not have the support of the 5th and 6th formers, or any of the teachers, but with more experience, we hope for a better season next year.

Sebastian Bombaci 4



## Senior Girls' Cross-Country Team.

The Senior Girls' Cross Country Team had to overcome a major disadvantage this year in having "Rudy Judy" competing with us at Wattle Park. But even with this handicap, we gained startling results. Janet Davy, the star of the team, won the event for the second year in a row, the rest of us following close behind!

Many outstanding performances were apparent, this being mainly due to the excellent conditions, and the organisation — well, that was something else. It was most unfortunate that the track was "slightly" muddy, as one unmentionable had a hole in her runner... "I think I'll wear gum-boots next time." After our event had finished, three of us went to investigate the trams, which are left there for recreational purposes! Several minutes later, we found that getting down from the roof of a tram wasn't as easy as it looked. A very sensible prefect just happened to be walking in our direction, and when she discovered our plight, was more than willing to show us how to get down! Could it be that this sensible prefect was coming to investigate the trams too? ... She ended up giving us a biology lesson at the top of a slug-infested tree, which was "unfortunately" interrupted by impatient shouts that the bus had arrived, and a very exhausted mob of Camberwell High students "and Mrs Feehan" piled in and sank into the hard seats.

P.S. We won.

The Team:

Janet Davy  
Margaret Rutherford  
Judy Fleming

Lindy Jones  
Mary Gardiner  
Lindy Jones 4

## Senior Girls' Hockey

This year we managed to pull together a fairly competent and quite successful hockey team. We began training early in the season, under the coaching of Mrs Berry. Out of the many games we played, we lost only three, our worst defeat being to Blackburn High. This defeat did not worry us unduly when we found out that we were the only team to have scored a goal against Blackburn in two years. The official games were not particularly successful, in that we either thrashed, or were thrashed by, the other teams. On the other hand, the unofficial matches we played were of a high standard, and very closely fought, with Camberwell coming out on top in most cases. Mary Gardiner, our star Centre Half-Back insisted on falling over at least half a dozen times a match, and Margaret Rutherford was struck on the arm by a fly hit (deliberate of course) — showing quite clearly that we were not without our fair share of injuries. However, we struggled on through the season, each of us continually suppressing our inherent laziness (towards the end less successfully) to drag our battered bodies along to the matches and a few practices. Besides being quite successful, I believe we all enjoyed playing together as a team and frequently exhibited a high standard of play.

Leonie Kenny (Capt.) 6

## Senior Girls' Netball

The Camberwell High Senior A Netball Team this year 1973, was oh, so successful. We lost only the one match, and that was to our everlasting rivals Wattle Park (and even then they just beat us by 6 goals) whilst we won all other matches (both socially and competitively) quite soundly. The wins are attributed of course to the great, fantastic and incredible abilities of the players, however, we must through tradition thank the person behind the scenes (we're sure everybody is familiar with her) — our coach Mrs Feehan, for giving up her invaluable time just to coach us.

Anne Wingfield (Capt.) 6

## Senior Girls' Volleyball

For the past year, girls' volleyball has lacked the eager support of the students at C.H.S., particularly the seniors. During lunchtime the volleyball courts are swarming with enthusiastic players, but when it comes to joining the school team, people are either not interested or are already members of established netball and hockey teams.

However, this year three teams were picked, two juniors and one senior. The volley ball season started early and practices were held twice a week. In the first term practice matches were organized against Wattle Park.

The junior A team was in perfect shape illustrated by the fact that they won most of the matches they played. The B team was also successful.

The senior team, consisting entirely of Fourth formers, had mixed success. Unfortunately a streak of bad luck ran against us, for we lost the first two games by only three points, winning only three out of seven games.

Thanks must go to our coach, Mrs Reid, who gave up much of her time to organize matches and practices for us. Also I must not forget the senior boys who helped us during the season.

Jean Kozak (Capt.) 4





## Junior Boys' Basketball

The Junior Basketball team this year was very successful. We won all our matches by considerably large margins. We had a few talented players such as Russell Curtain, Denis Ujvaris and John Arvanitis. With the fast teamwork, co-operation and skillful play we reached the finals and played a top side in Mount Waverley, who defeated us easily, doubling our score. The side fought very hard for the whole match but Mount Waverley proved too good on the day. Overall we had a very successful season and would like to thank Mr Longmore for his co-operation in arranging these matches.

### Junior Team:

Allan Bow (Captain)  
Russell Curtain  
Dennis Ujvari  
John Arvanitis  
Ted Nowak  
Bob Mason  
Michael Di Guilmi  
Spiros Condos  
Gordon Clarke

### Scores:

C.H.S. 64 Vermont 4  
C.H.S. 34, Nunawading 21  
C.H.S. 46, Blackburn 2  
Final:  
C.H.S. 41, Mount Waverley 82  
Allan Bow (Capt.) 2

## Junior Boys' Hockey

We started off the season pretty well with a win over Vermont at Matlock Park. But for the remainder of the Inter School matches we had unfortunate byes due to other schools not being able to field a team, and so got into the semi-final of M.H.S.A. without much match practice. In the semi-final we played Moreland and won 3-1. The following week we played in the Grand Final and were defeated 2-0 by Altona. All told it was a pretty good year but it was bad luck we couldn't bring home the flag.  
Ian Davis (Capt.) 3

## Junior Girls' Hockey

This year's Junior Hockey team won three of our four major matches and numerous other social games. We did this mainly because most of the teams we played had never played hockey before. It is impossible to single out individual performances, but there is no doubt that the inclusion of Mitch on the half back line added colour to the game. We all enjoyed the season tremendously and particularly thank Mrs Berry for her enthusiastic support in organizing regular matches for us.

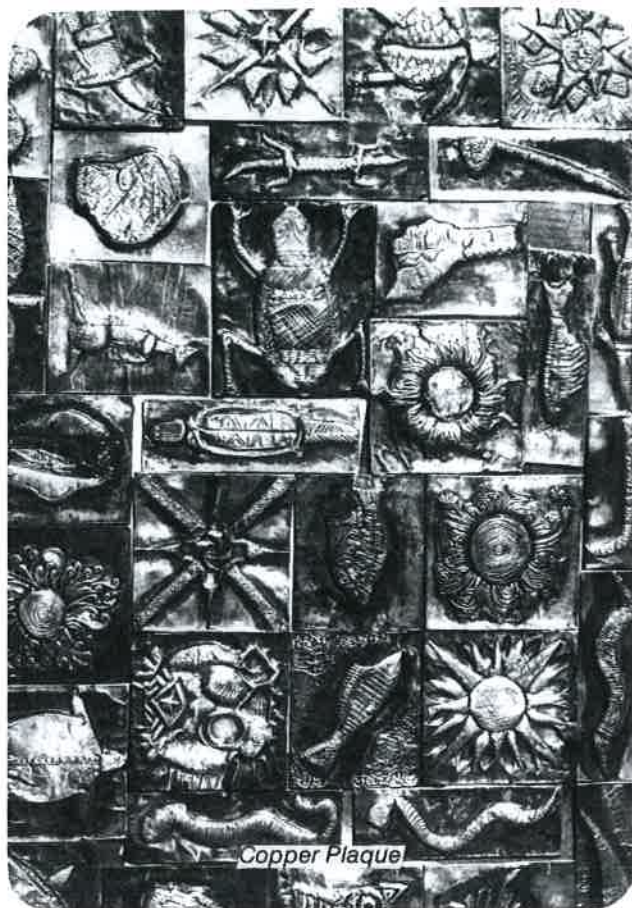
Dale Rosman (Capt.) 3

## Junior Girls' Net Ball

This year, the Junior Netball Team was selected basically from Form 1 girls, with the idea of establishing a good team for future years. The team played school matches, other matches in a Saturday afternoon competition, and also competed in the Schoolgirls Championships. Although only moderately successful, a good effort was made by all, and every girl played well. We gained a great deal of experience during the year, and were certainly enthusiastic.

The team would like to thank Mrs Feehan for coaching us.

GS Sue Watson  
GA Alison Coldham  
WA Joan Coldham  
C Anne Lacey  
WD Bernadette Ratcliffe  
GD Sally Henley  
GK Janette Richardson  
Sally Henley (Capt.) 2



Copper Plaque




Julie Waters 5

Joyce Lyon 5



## Time Stood Still



A soaring mid-summer day,  
The sun, scorching the unprotected earth  
Dehydrating its last water drops.  
The parched fields and pastures, drained by heat  
of their colour;  
Oh, when will the rain come!  
Even people, the robots of emotion,  
Slowed down in their daily quest  
Sensing the unfair, unbearable heat,  
Scurrying and scrounging, thinking of nothing  
and everything.  
Oh, when will the rain come!  
One minute, illuminated world,  
The next, darkness at noon.  
The fatigued crowd turned incredulous, inquiring faces at  
the sky;  
An abrupt change of expression, glaring with awe . . .  
Penetrating through the dense darkness  
Descended soft translucent lustrous white, blurred  
spheres.  
As if time stood still  
The people, petrified expressions of raw fear,  
Their feet cemented to the ground,  
The blood frozen in their veins,  
Their glass eyes watching every motion.  
The spheres, numerous in quantity,  
Descended solemnly lower, lower, lower . . .  
Accompanying them, sonorous high-pitched sound  
Which strengthened by minute.  
Boom! Unexpectedly the spheres exploded and  
splattered their contents;  
Red-glowing ooze of fire over the awe stricken crowd.  
The hour of doom was known!  
Terrible screams, spasmodic yells, painful shouts  
Broke the barrier, as the ooze came in contact with the  
flesh  
Disintegrating the whole body.  
Panic arose — people clutching their ears,  
Madly hurried, tripped, cursed, yelled, crawled, sobbed,  
whined, shrieked . . .  
Nothing to help them,  
The defenceless, crawling ants attempting to escape the  
fate!  
Their efforts — futile, frivolous . . .  
Oh, when will the help come!  
As if the worst has not occurred,  
Far away, a thunder boomed,  
Soon, the white sword lashed across the sky,  
Splitting the black cover.  
Then, the rain began to fall  
But no one noticed.  
Commotion did not cease — blind fear drove them on.  
Then, silence.  
No one spoke, stirred.  
People, paralysed statues of marble, not daring to look,  
The joyous ending — a baby, an innocent angel  
cried "Mama"  
A word that stopped every heart.  
A hysterical laugh, another  
Relieved the tension and wiped out the fear.  
Dirge, was drowned by a happy rejoicing.  
And that is why, until today,  
People worship the rain!

Jean Kozak 4

## Form 1 Snow Trip

In 1973 we are very fortunate in having such generous prefects who put themselves out to take 150 Form 1 students to Mt. Donna Buang, on Monday 20th August. They certainly took a big risk!

We were well looked after and supervised, but the prefects soon got tired of counting the dozens of disappearing heads.

The teachers had a bad time, as the students relieved all their pent up feelings for 1973. (I wonder if the teachers did the same). I bet some of the teachers were bruised after what they went through in the snow fights and the competition to climb to the summit.

To satisfy our hunger the prefects, expertly assisted by the bus drivers, cooked a barbecue lunch of chops and sausages.

At 3 p.m. we left the mountain (leaving it in one piece) returning to Camberwell High at 5 p.m. cold, wet, muddy and exhausted.

Even though a party of people tried very hard to get lost, we all had a very wonderful day and wish we could go on more outings with the prefects.

Anne Lacey 1

## Form 6 Snow Trip

As Camberwell awoke to the sound of 1000 (maybe a few less) alarms, early on Sunday morning, the 22nd July, most of the 40 students concerned staggered out of bed, (the others not even having been), gathered their many belongings (and bags of food) and wandered dazed through the moonlit streets of Camberwell, in the direction of the school. The sherry flagons were left behind and the singing began early.

At 5.00 a.m. the bus rolled up and everyone clambered on board. The bus trip, uneventful as it was, was highlighted by a series of songs from the driver, and a stop at Yea, where we all invaded the obvious place in the centre of the town. (The second most obvious place still being closed as it was only 7.00 a.m.). We then made our way up to the mountain, and, despite the urges of 'faster, faster', the bus crawled up the winding 10 mile road for over 30 minutes.

Upon reaching the carpark, everyone piled out amid the childish, (as to be expected from a group of 'mature' 6th formers) squeals of "Snow?" "Where is it?" and "Stop it, you pig!" We then set off equipped with gum-boots and money for the top. After trekking for miles and miles in the blazing sun we eventually reached the village, turned, and set off full steam ahead for the summit. Some, they say, made it, others didn't, and, as the story goes, there are several being kept up there in a frozen state, and, believing them to be a new variety of toboggan, are being hired out by the Mt. Buller authorities.

While the wise snow-goers followed the road, one small group with adventurous inclinations, played follow-the-leader over a 'short cut' under the supervision of their driving leader, and exceptional pioneer. Several cracked rivers and wet scarves later, we located the remainder of the group, some of whom had raided (which is not to be confused with raided) the kiosk at the top, others who had gone through hair-raising experiences at the top with cliffs and uncontrollable toboggans, and yet others who had just been having a good time. After much walking, general sloshing, sunburn and many snowballs later, we arrived

back at the bus ready for our trip home with yet another, full-of-excitement stop at Yea.

### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DAY WERE:

- An accurate snow fight with a particular male member of staff
- The ride of another member of staff (female) down a steep slope, over some rocks and onto the road on a large piece of plastic.
- Cold pies for lunch, followed by a jerky chair lift ride (not the best for delicate stomachs)
- And free chips and drinks from the kind proprietor of the summit kiosk for the fortunate few who happened to have the 'knack'.

All told, the day was a tremendous success (barring a few minor incidents) and was enjoyed immensely by all those who attended.

Thanks go to John Wood who went to a great deal of trouble to organize the day, and also to the members of staff:— Miss Ditty (and company), Mrs Fittkau (and hubby) and Mr McDonald, as, without their much needed, and enthusiastic support, the day would not have been possible.

Janet Conrad 6

## C.O.T.E.S. Excursion

One unusually beautiful Saturday morning, and precisely on March 17, at around 9.15 a.m. sixteen students, two teachers, one stowaway and a teddy-bear made their way to Camberwell station. Miss Cavanagh, our leader, wrote names and ages (we all paid half fare) on a piece of paper, and trotted to the ticket office to take a group ticket. After half an hour, when the station master realized she wasn't kidding, he managed to write us a ticket. Finally we got on the train, but alas, one of our crew was missing! Some of us got off at the next stop, Auburn; the unfortunate Miss V was rescued, and the group re-united at Princes Bridge Station, where we caught the next train to Hurstbridge, and after a couple of roll calls, to ensure that everyone was aboard, the train tooted off. We arrived at Hurstbridge at lunch time: it was a pretty deserted bellbird-type station, and there was no-one around in the streets. (We later discovered that they were all out playing cricket.) We found a clearing near Diamond Creek, and started to build a fire, everybody took out meat, and millions of flies swarmed on us in no time. Among "we forgot the Aerogard" we started to cook the meat. After a while, the empty cans we had used to prop up the grill— since there were no bricks around — melted, and some got stuck. Anyway, we managed to eat our lunch, and then some went exploring. Later, we were somewhat tired, but we were talked into doing a bit of spring cleaning as we are a C.O.T.E.S. group; the previous campers must have had some party! After that, the survivors were persuaded to go on a short hike, and started off boldly but soon we were back on our hands and knees begging for water. The senior students present declared it was too far to walk to the station, so we drank out of the river; even if the teachers did say it would give us diarrhoea. Eventually, half the party fell in the Creek, and so, wet, exhausted, but pleased, we made our way back. I can honestly say it was a terrific excursion, and I only wish there were more students to enjoy it. Thanks go to Miss Cavanagh and Mrs Freer, and I hope that in future we will have more people to support us, as C.O.T.E.S. is a MOST important organization.

(Believe -it-or-not).

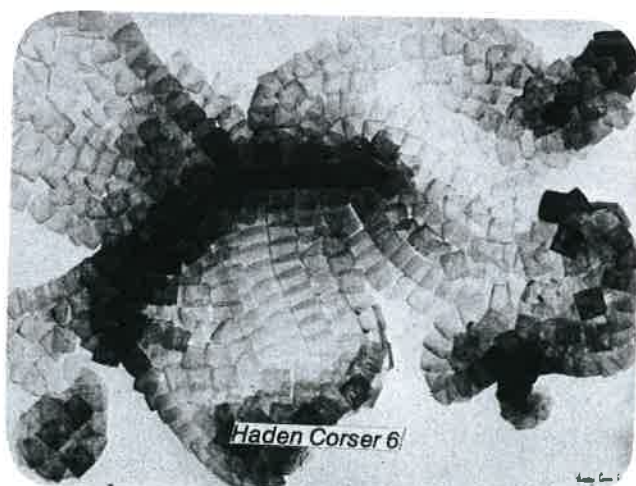
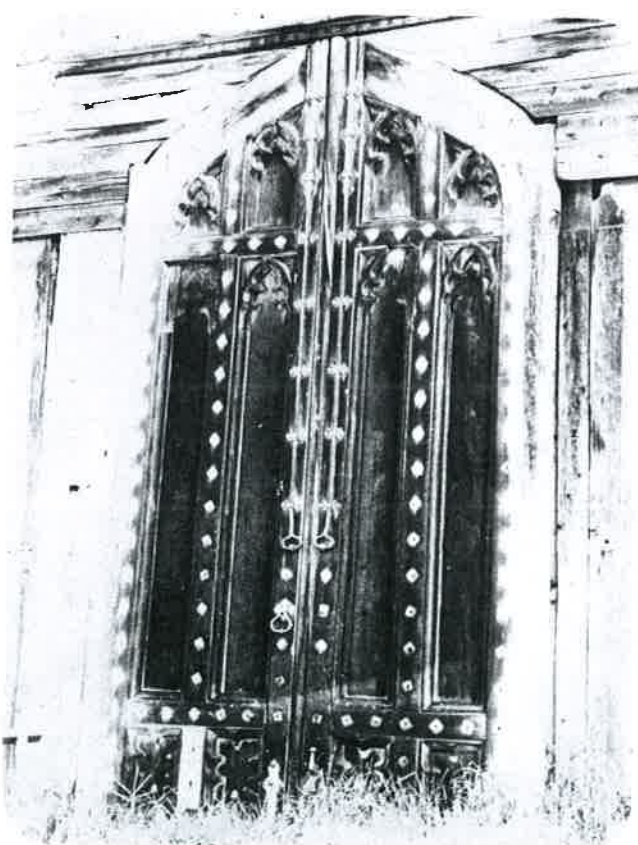
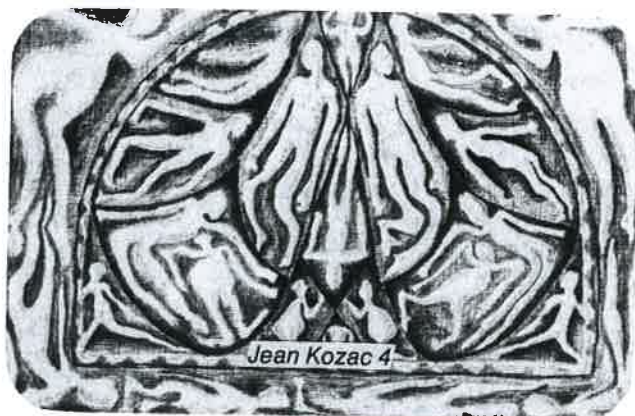
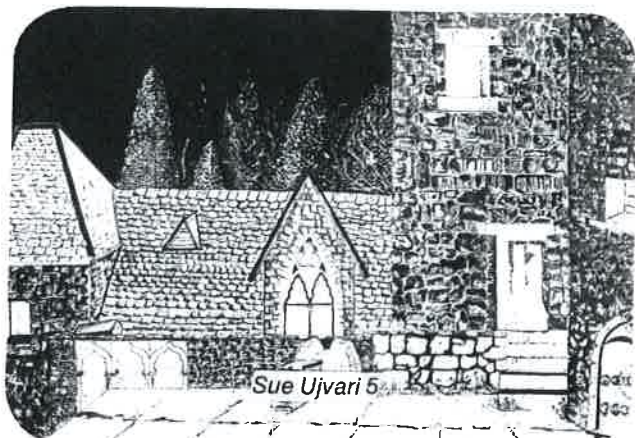
Isabella Trivisonno 4



## Geography Excursion.

Tally Ho! Tally Ho!

Fifth and sixth form geographers ventured forth once more — this time to the Lower Plenty Purification Plant. After being given a brief outline of the layout of the plant we were split into two groups and shown around. Expecting the worst, we were surprised to find that raw sewage looks no worse than rather dirty dishwater. Some of our members were very intrigued by all the little birds (feathered) which had been attracted to the plant. Thanks to Mr. Wellard and Miss Williams for escorting us.  
Lesley Head 5



## Autumn

Green leaves, yellow leaves,  
Dangling on the trees,  
They look so pretty  
I always come and see,  
I see if they have run away, or fallen out of sight,  
Green leaves, yellow leaves  
so beautifully bright.

Kim Goodall 1

## Cold Old Man.

Have you seen the cold old man  
Who sits out on the street?  
Out in the rain and thunder  
With nothing on his feet.  
Have you seen that cold old man?  
Where he lives I do not know,  
But his coat is like a patch-work  
With holes where the wind can blow.  
Have you seen him?

Andrew Rossborough 1

## Lost Thoughts

The condemned man looked down, upon the watery way,  
And sighed once more to think, of this, his final day.  
He left none behind to mourn his passing from this earth  
His death would be as was his birth  
With none to weep or laugh.  
He observed a boatman rowing  
Over waters calmly flowing  
O'er the crests, the vessel glided  
The gentle peace, it derided.  
It left behind, in its wake,  
A writhing turbulent lake.  
The placid river was no more  
The wind and waves the surface tore.  
As he watched the ripples spread  
His thoughts, it seemed, to God were led  
In his heart where hate had been  
The calm clear stream had washed it clean  
The waters below to him now spoke  
Of Liberty, Eternity and Love.  
His mind now cleansed of bitter thought,  
His mind released of pride and haught,  
He prayed to God on bended knee,  
For what had been and what would be  
And as he walked towards his death,  
In his soul, he could feel God's breath.

Diana Jefferies 2







Geoff Law 4



Paul Edwards 3



Kathy Henderson 4



Jon Newsome 3

## **Bandit — A.M.T.**

And there will fall soft rains  
quietly, they'll blanket us, like a fall of flowing snow  
Brightly shall their fall be heralded, by a lighting sun  
And all around shall cry in wonder, asking how  
and all will realize, that they had loved someone  
And wondering why, he stumbled on, down a darkening  
road  
He's lost what he most needed, and he cried out, looking  
for another door  
He'd seen within, and horror-struck, reeled with the blow  
And crawling, on, he realized just what had gone before  
There was no pity for him. Rightly so  
But he would try, and perhaps reach again, the plains of  
his desire, no more alone  
No more in chains of what he felt within  
Free, with . . .

Andrew Picouleau 6

## **Captured**

I was galloping hard, but it was no use,  
The saddle was slipping; the girth was loose.  
The trappers behind were gaining fast.  
I prayed my weary horse would last.  
Dark craggy cliffs loomed up ahead,  
The sun was setting and all was red.  
Illuminated by the sun's last ray,  
Showed roots and boulders barring my way  
As I came to a twist in the track,  
I swung around and doubled back.  
I approached the troopers, and held up my hands,  
They clasped around them iron bands  
Heart in my boots, and head drooping down,  
I tramped towards prison, in Sydney town.

Diana Jefferies 2

## **Deliverance**

Deliver me from the trials of life  
I've seen men live and die  
Lead me to your Valhalla hearth  
Where the lonely mockingbird sighs  
For the sands of my life expire  
Pierced as the bleeding rose  
I've felt the lust, the greed and fear  
Now I bow my head to thee  
I sit, and wonder, till . . .  
The rain on the cobbles of the road outside  
Heralds my peace is come  
True strength I've found  
In the pains of death  
I'll walk that road alone.

Stuart Rintoul 5

## **Razza Rat**

Rule Britannia!  
Britannia rule the waves,  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Rule the sharpeners!  
The rulers rule the page,  
Biros never, never, never shall be slaves.

Rule the fools!  
The fools will rule the land,  
We three fools will never be banned.  
Razza, Rat and Cuddy

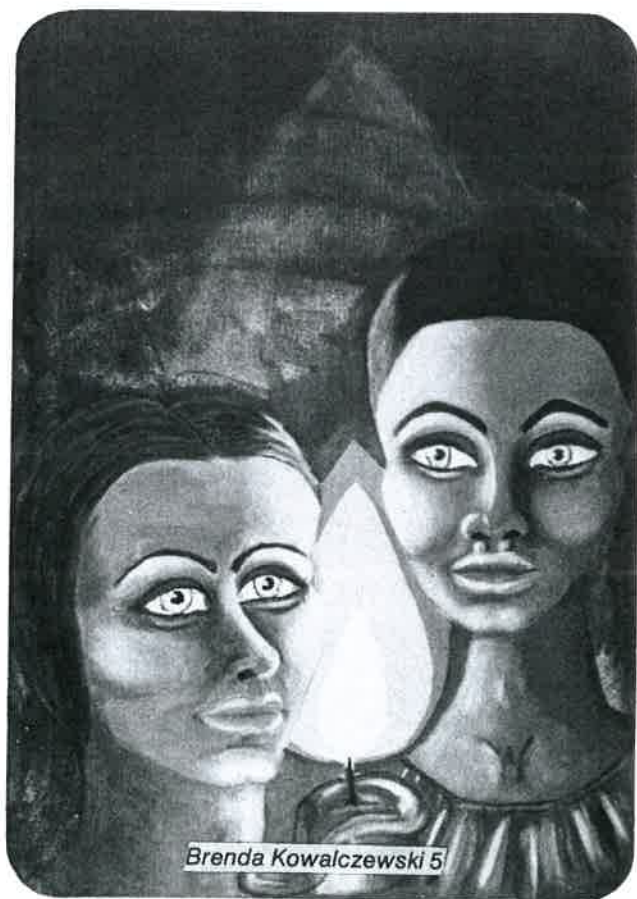




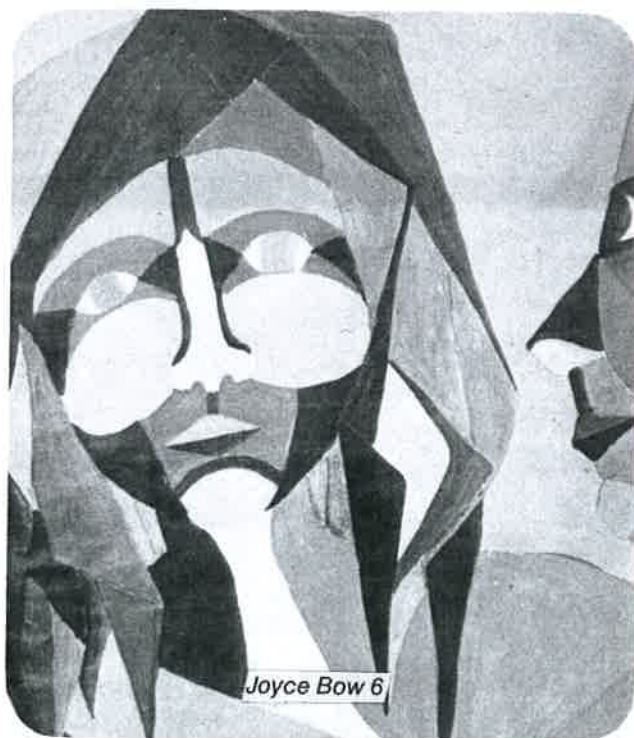
Stuart Riley 2



Janet Conrad 6



Brenda Kowalczewski 5



Joyce Bow 6

## Death of a Child

Such a cold, quiet child,  
No sweet wine of life  
We thought it unfair  
On this child cold and bare.  
To the flowering of youth  
She couldn't respond.  
All had awaited her,  
Too late, she was gone.  
She experienced no life  
Had just been born,  
Death whisked her away,  
Oh how we do mourn.  
Her pale, cold hands  
And her beauty so fair,  
'Twas a heart-breaking death,  
From an illness so rare.  
In the midst and darkness  
Of the coffin she lay,  
Where her sisters wept  
While the parents did pray.  
For sorrow and despair  
Are all that remain,  
Of a life short-lived,  
She'd suffered no pain.  
Janet Bouvier 6

## Darkness

The darkness, the solitude  
The complete blackness,  
Encircling, no light, absence  
And the utter soundlessness.  
Except for the water, slimy  
Trickling from moistened walls  
Dripping on the earthen floor,  
Forming small rivulets and streams.  
Stone surrounds, above and below  
Jagged, it cuts deep, and hurts,  
Lice crawl, breed, and die,  
Making life one mad hell.  
A brief scream, sharp,  
The guards sigh inwardly  
A corpse is carted out  
Another despairing martyr.  
Douglas Chamberlain 4

## No Grey Days

Great man of steel;  
What are you?  
Remnant of society's sludge;  
Human debris  
Lifetime of scrawled obscenity; Is this truth?  
"Smoke more pot," you say —  
"No grey days."  
Dead end and no return.  
Eyes Bulge;  
Pass the pot and the needle, Veins pulsate.  
You're filled with machine blood;  
Hooked!  
Your dying frame has turned to concrete nakedness.  
Lindy Jones 4

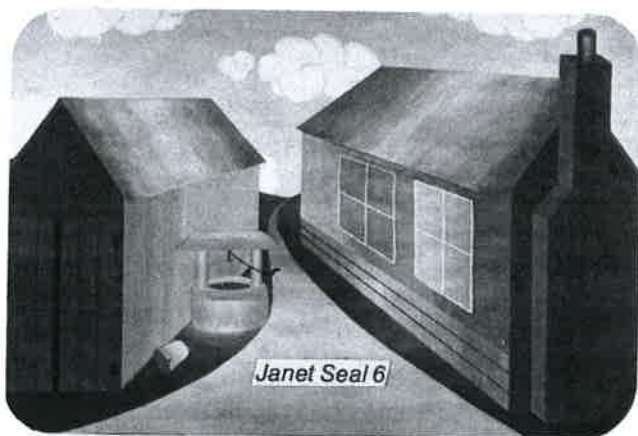




Heather Gray 6



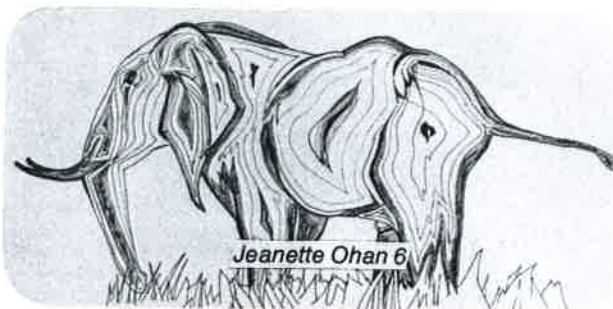
Cathy Reeves 5



Janet Seal 6



Victor Rabusin 6



Jeanette Ohan 6



Gillian Pitt 6



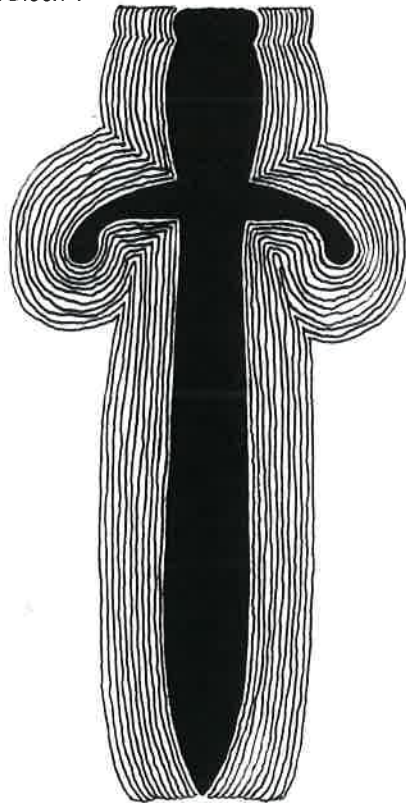
Peter Smales 4



Andrew Harper 3

## Time Immortal

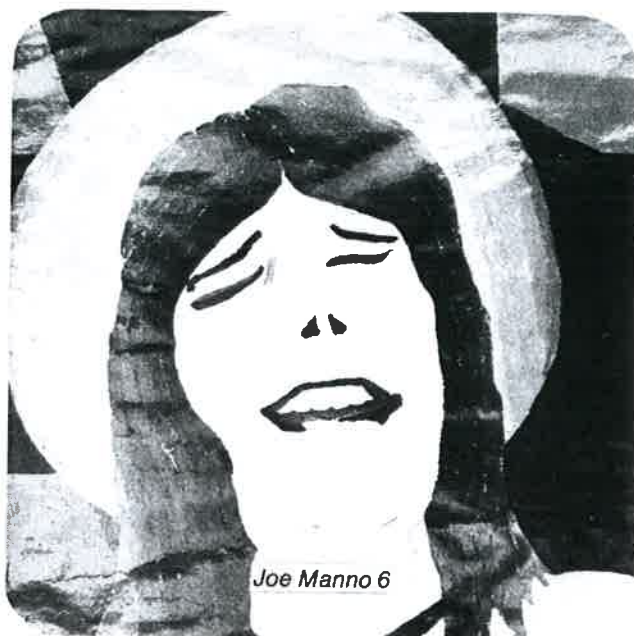
Controlled by cruel, stubby fingers,  
The long, silver knife  
Moved towards me.  
One step,  
One second away from me  
Lay death!  
I saw the glare in his eyes;  
I heard him labouring for breath;  
His hands trembled with fierce uncontrol.  
Finding his secret —  
The blue body of a girl —  
Gave me this, my reward . . .  
I trembled!  
Mist covered my eyes,  
Wiping away the ugliness.  
I began to notice many trivial things;  
The winter sun appearing through  
The crack in the ceiling —  
Reflecting as a piercing, silver gleam on the cold steel.  
Sharp!  
Pointed!  
The ceiling lowered itself, cramping me in a space  
Not large enough to accommodate a fly.  
I knew then what life meant;  
We were all imprisoned in its walls  
And controlled  
By the unknown,  
And the inevitable.  
I knew too, that I was dead —  
Not dead from the knife,  
But life was frozen in my blood —  
Never to circulate or warm itself again.  
Windows and doors bulged beside me,  
A mirror cracked. I now entered  
The world of the dead  
In which sound was incomprehensible.  
The knife changed colour . . .  
To red!  
Into a body,  
Which its soul was leaving,  
The mirror shattered.  
Carola Bloch 4







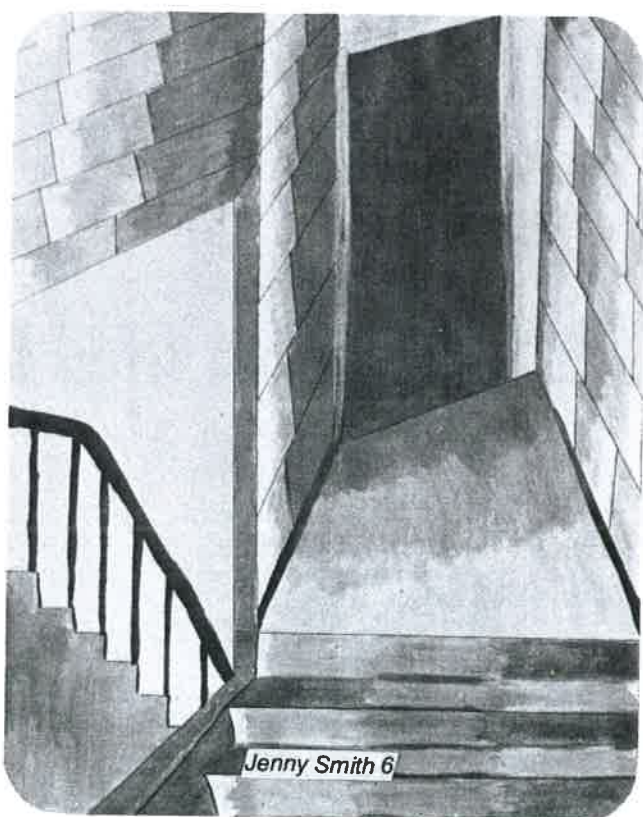
Jenny Evans 3



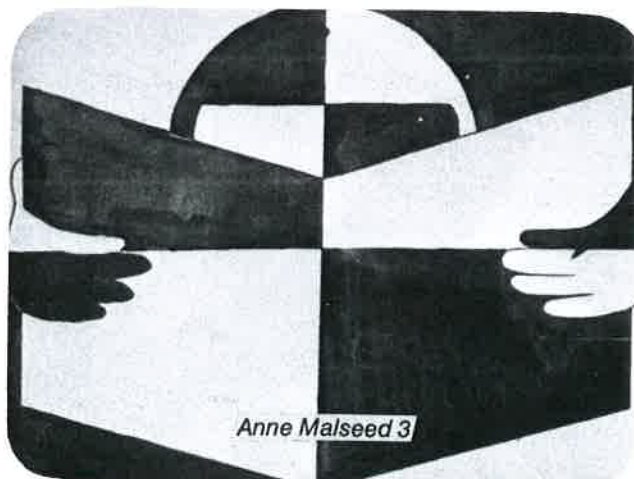
Joe Manno 6



Christine Scherlies 6



Jenny Smith 6



Anne Malseed 3







Joyce Bow 6



## Saying Thank You

I am pleased to report on the activities of the community groups associated with Camberwell High School. Throughout the year these groups have provided a wide range of activities aimed at reaching their objectives of establishing a harmonious relationship between parents, staff and students, and of improving the facilities of the School by their personal efforts and through the funds they collect.

The groups comprise the Parents and Friends Association, the Women's Auxiliary and its associated team of voluntary canteen workers, the Rowing Committee, the Canteen Committee and the Advisory Council.

The day-time meetings of the Women's Auxiliary and the evening meetings of the P.F.A. continue to offer interested parents and friends informative and stimulating speakers and events. What a pity that more people do not join in!

Arising from the efforts of the members of these groups the School benefits from the wonderful canteen service, the working bees in the school buildings and grounds, and gifts of equipment and aids which improve the facilities for students and staff.

The Advisory Council has been concerned during the year in the planning for improved educational facilities both in this School and for other nearby secondary schools, particularly in regard to the desirability of having a senior High School in the area, and has conferred with the local City Council regarding joint school and community facilities for the wider use of the community in general.

I am sure that all readers will be pleased with the improved appearance of the gardens and grounds of the School. The efforts of our gardener and the many helpers, young and a little older, are greatly appreciated. The care and attention given to these areas by the students and staff are evident and of great credit to them.

Finally I would like to offer my congratulations to the officials and members of these groups for their year's work and thank them on your behalf for their devotion and concern for the school, its students and its staff.

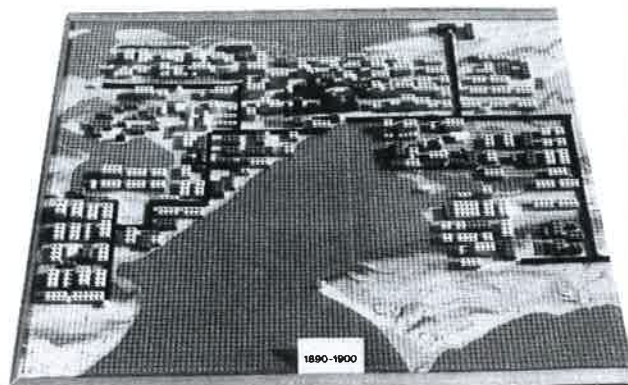
Ron Brentnall,  
President,  
C.H.S. Advisory Council

## Library Report

The library committee was divided into three sections this year: the work room artists, the patrol officers, and desk monitors. The work room monitors look after the books and prepare them for the shelves. They accession them, type pockets and labels, cover them and when they come back broken, mend them. The monitors also do odd jobs around the library like dusting and putting books away. The patrol monitors move around the library at lunch time, keeping control(?), putting books on shelves, kicking kids out of the library, and generally making more of a pest of themselves than the pests.

The desk monitors sit at the desk all lunch time, letting large queues develop, mixing up borrowing cards, and playing with the stamp. This does happen sometimes, but usually things and people work smoothly in the library. In all three sections, the library committee is haunted by phantom people; people who are all eager to join until they have to work, then suddenly they're invisible. We still get work done. So borrowers from the library can be thankful that there is a committee to do all the work for them.

Andrea Sayers 4



## Model of Portsville

With the aid of a story of Portsville, a town in U.S.A., each group was to make a model of the town. The town was to have industry, three classes of residents, a commercial area and public buildings each sector to be indicated by the colour of the blocks. Parks, cemeteries and landfill were also shown by coloured plastic. Even streets were to be indicated. It was not a matter of arranging the blocks so that the colours matched and made a tapestry; it meant thinking (and arguing) about where each sector was to be situated on the board on which the blocks were erected. Tempers often flared about positioning, and each member became involved by stating his opinion when this situation occurred. It did not mean sitting back, letting the others do the work. Everyone was involved and everyone learnt more (I'm sure) than if the work had been covered in class lessons. I found it enjoyable — not because it let me off answering questions — but because this was a different, more interesting way of learning. Other people in the group criticized your placement of blocks, and in this you learnt from your mistakes.

Through this, we not only learnt Geography, but also to work with others. This is something that does not usually evolve from class lessons.

Thanks, Mrs Feehan, for recognizing the student's plight.

Carola Bloch 4



Left to right: Mrs Gude, Miss Baldock, Mrs Lacey



## Overseas Report

Schools in different countries may differ in many ways but school life is the same everywhere — boring lectures, work and examinations.

At the beginning I did feel rather strange being enclosed within a building with four brick walls and glass windows when I should be 4000 miles away in a school that is much more open with a large, elegant concrete building and a clocktower towering up the centre, and where Australians are as rare as Asians are in Camberwell High School.

Being newer, C.H.S. has better facilities. The library is beautiful and is indeed a very good place to have a chat. The laboratories have all the necessary equipment; however, chemicals do get mixed up sometimes, and experimental error of 100% is not uncommon.

As far as discipline is concerned, C.H.S. is not too badly off. However, there is much less restriction here than I used to have back home where every school rule must be obeyed.

What I like best about C.H.S. are the marvellous teachers I have. On behalf of the Asian students, I would like to thank all our subject teachers, especially Mrs Scurfield and Mrs Feehan who have been so very helpful.

On the whole I would say C.H.S. is a wonderful school and if I could convey a message to the future Asian students, I would say, "You're very fortunate to be here." Yew Pung, Leong 6

## Some Comparisons . . .

When I started teaching at Camberwell High School (after being in Australia only four days), I had no preconceived notions about either the high schools or students here; however, since being here, I have been struck by some noticeable similarities and differences between Australian and American high schools.

One similarity is that Australian students take basically the same subjects as American students, e.g. geography, maths, science, foreign languages, and of course the ever-present English. Also, just as Australian students take part in socials, drama festivals, and musical concerts, so do American students. In addition, students in both countries do tend to misbehave in similar ways: talking out of order, throwing paper, writing on desks, and even smoking in toilets.

More interesting than the similarities are the differences. For example, while students here dress in uniforms, American students are, for the most part, allowed to dress as they please (though dress codes in some schools may prohibit the wearing of outlandish items, such as tattered or patched jeans, and those currently-popular shoes that look like modified stilts). Another difference is the marking system: American students usually get letter grades for each assignment. In addition, school sport teams (such as Basketball and Football) in the United States usually play their games at night, and students as well as townspeople attend the matches. Yet another difference is that American students eat lunch at tables in a cafeteria, and while Australian students munch on salad sandwiches, meat pies, and pasties (all of which would, incidentally, be unknown to most American students), American students will perhaps chomp away at some hamburger (minced steak) concoction and pumpkin pie.

Though there are other similarities and differences, those listed here are some of the outstanding ones.

Dr. J. Pinnow

## Christian Fellowship

"And this is the testimony, that God gave us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He who has the Son has life, he who has not the Son of God has not life." (the Bible).

Have you ever wondered why we have a Christian Fellowship at Camberwell? We are a group of young people who have discovered "life" with Jesus Christ and we want to share this new discovery with all the students. We believe it to be essential that we tell others about Jesus Christ, in what we say and do. Every part of our life should be involved in a sincere effort to help all people understand the "Good News"; by being willing to enter into honest conversation and friendship. As we engage ourselves in this task we experience a sense of unity and purpose deepening the spiritual lives of Christians through prayer and bible study. We also aim to stimulate an active interest in evangelistic and other Christian work.

These aims have been supported by various activities during the past months. These have included a panel discussion between two teachers with opposing views about Christianity — this confrontation provoked lively discussion. Our outstanding speakers this year have been Ken Granakan, the ex-pop singer from India; the Reverend Roland Croucher who spoke on the Authority of the Bible; and students from Melbourne University and Teachers College — who presented the basic gospel message, with lively christian music.

We believe that prayer (communication with God) is the underlying strength behind all our work. "Christianity hasn't been tried and found wanting; it hasn't been tried. Try it!"

Robert Paget 6



Antonella Della Gatta 2



**STAFF — 1973**





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Mr Kloeden

## Editorial 1973

### COMMITTEE:

Co-editors: Greg Kowalczewski 5  
Stuart Rintoul 5

Layout: Lesley Head 5  
Michael Sayers 5  
Peter Broadhead 6  
Kathy Henderson 4  
Lindy Jones 4

Photographer: Richard Yiap 5

In the production of the school magazine we realize that we are the 'shop window' through which Camberwell High School is viewed. We have deliberately endeavoured to obtain a broad outlook of school life, knowing that, if readers will accept that constructive comments or criticism are the elements of improvement, then we will have achieved this aspect of our responsible task.

In retrospect, we believe that there is a definite advantage in form five producing "Prospice", in that it seems quite unfair for form six students to have the added worry of a school magazine whilst studying for matriculation examinations.

"Prospice", we further believe, should be representative of all forms, both senior and junior, and we have attempted this year to bring out even more of the talent of our younger students.

Our one real regret this year, was that many students showed so little concern for 'their' school magazine. Our expectations of a magazine, fully supported by the student body, were dashed on the blackened stones of apathy.

When students are prepared to stand idly by and watch the banners of their school lowered, the days of active student spirit, we believe, must surely be numbered.

Success in this year's "Prospice", will come with the pleasure and pride of a few; failure, with disappointment from the remarks of ignorant critics who did not really exert themselves to better the magazine. Whatever the case the magazine committee, through this editorial, applaud the efforts of those students who felt the magazine was important enough to make their contribution worthwhile.

The editorial committee are mindful of the need to make "Prospice" a record of the achievements of the year, and a record of personal efforts; yet at the same time a view of school life at both teacher and student levels.

There are always those to whom we are indebted, and this year we especially thank Mr Andrews for his untiring efforts in developing photographs.

The Latin word "Prospice" means 'looking forward' . . .

Looking forward to what?

Stuart Rintoul 5.



## **Influence**

Under the overbearing power.  
of the wind.  
the twig snaps.  
Carola Bloch 4