

Prospice

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then they breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

— Robert Browning

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PRINCIPAL'S GREETINGS! THREE WISHES FOR CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

1. More accommodation to allow for much-needed common rooms, an enlarged art/craft complex, a sound-proof multi-area instrumental music centre, an indoor recreational area.
2. Ancillary staff to include a library technician, a handyman, a groundsman, a sick-bay attendant, teaching aides to assist over correction, equipment, subject libraries.
3. More in our school population with the disposition of Chaucer's clerk who "gladly woude he lerne and gladly teche".

Ave vale, 1974.

M.J. ESSEX
(PRINCIPAL)





STAFF:

Left to Right. Front Row:

Mr. Davies, Mrs. Fittkau, Mr. James,
Miss Rusden, Mrs. Tempest, Mrs. Hollander.

2nd Row: Mrs. Hollensen, Mr. Morrison,
Mr. Djeneff, Mrs. Flesch, Mrs. Neville,
Mrs. Hermans, Mrs. Freer, Mrs. Moore,
Mrs. Goldberg.

3rd Row: Mrs. Runco, Mr. Cocking, Mr. Jay,
Mrs. Oakden, Mr. Turner, Miss Bluett,
Mr. Robertson, Mrs. Nixon, Mr. Demunck,
Miss Hollosy, Miss Minnitt.

4th Row: Miss Smith, Mrs. Pallot, Mrs. Feehan
Mrs. Louey-Gung, Mr. Broadbent, Mrs. Snelleman,
Mr. Hill, Miss Flinn, Mrs. Sztal, Dr. Pinnow.

Top Row: Mr. Pollock, Mrs. Manh, Mr. Wigg,
Mr. Kloeden, Mr. Winiarski, Mr. Harvey,
Mr. Collyer, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Lawson,
Mr. Habasque.

Teachers Absent: Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Abbot,
Mr. Andrews, Miss Bates, Mrs. Berry, Mr. Boyle,
Mrs. Button, Mrs. Casey, Mr. Dovey,
Miss Fleck, Mrs. Gaffy, Mr. Glover,
Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Jefferies, Mrs. Jellie,
Miss Keenan, Mrs. Kilvington, Mr. McKary,
Mrs. O'Halloran, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Samec,
Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Whittaker.

WHY DO TEACHERS TAKE SO LONG TO MARK ANYTHING?

"Have you got our tests marked yet, Miss?" "Are we getting our essays back to-day, Miss?" It's a catch-cry that's catching. The whole class bursts out in an attack of vocal concern. It's a query with great disruptive and irritation value and the most must be made of it. This "miss" gives an added savour to the whole volley; no slur on the validity of your marriage-licence this; no concession to the Ms of women's lib either; just a strident reminder that you don't exist as a person but only as "the teacher".

In the more sophisticated fifth form version you find yourself involved in an argument with a student over his handing in his work late. "Look how long you took to mark the last lot!" he retorts in self-defence. Or, in extreme cases, there are threats of strike action till the previous offering is returned. One argument advanced by the fifth form is that their marking should be given first preference in the teacher's time, ignoring the fact that, having already enjoyed four years of the teacher's red pen, perhaps there shouldn't be so much need for it.

From the teacher's point of view marking is like answering a letter; best done straight away when you're still buoyed up with interest to see what everyone's said. After you've lugged the pristine sheets home in your brief-case nightly, shuffled them round the pigeon-holes in your desk, knocked a cup of coffee over them, and discovered a stray one trampled on the corridor floor, you begin to be aware of a strengthening sense of repulsion and "don't want to". Besides, because you have first to cope with the next lesson, you tend to spend your time preparing that, and then by the time you're free to mark, you're too tired.

But finally the burden of guilt becomes too great — and, besides, it's time they wrote another one for the good of their souls. So, you settle yourself down to the task. Well, there are the stunning few who have done it better than you could have hoped or expected; there are the good, hard workers who've done themselves justice; and there's the charmer with the gift of the gab and little evidence of having consulted anything but his own prejudices. What's this? A quarto page consisting of a beautifully lettered (and coloured), two-line heading, the question copied out in full (and almost accurately), followed by a full-page (!) of handwriting — the fruit of three weeks' work. What an old man Dickens must have been when he finished "Great Expectations!" An almost literate, drunken spider has staggered erratically along the lines of the next sheet of dog-eared paper, but, unfortunately, without the messianic zeal and tender concern of Charlotte. In the next, the account lurches jarringly from the unpunctuated murk of the student's own "thoughts" to the lucid prose, alas unacknowledged, of some familiar master. You spend fifteen minutes checking your impression and adding the page references to prove your point. At least, when the same passages recur, it's but a moment's work to trace them.

Does it do any good marking out all those spelling and punctuation mistakes? The red pen feels it's not doing its job properly to let them pass. The student, you must presume, didn't know any better, but suppose someone else looks at it, will he or she think you don't know either? Should that matter since the reaction to a piece of work covered in red frequently seems to be to tear it up without bothering to examine the details anyway? So you try to carry on a written dialogue with the essayist, jotting down comments on and rejoinders to his points. But does he ever read them? The avidity with which everyone hunts for the magical, numerical mark sometimes makes you wonder if anyone wants to know the grounds on which you based your grading anyhow.

"What'd I get, Miss?" "Did I pass, Miss?" Why do we go through it all, you muse. Is there briefly a moment of communication when they read the comment you wrote while your mind was still their guest?

VltH FORM ART AND AUSTRALIAN HISTORY EXCURSION TO SWAN HILL 8th-10th MAY

We were waved off by the one and only member of our fan club in his white shorts and had gone all the way to the railway line before we made our first unscheduled stop. Some intelligent observer in the back seat had realized that the boot was still open! Having rectified that small fault we proceeded on our way, making several necessary stops at service-station comfort stations. (One flooded just outside of Melbourne unaccustomed to the constant use).

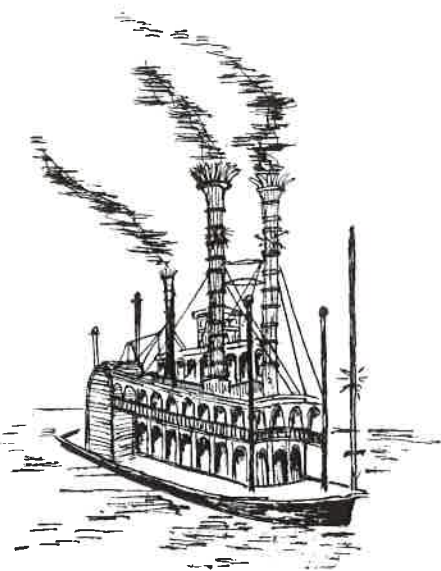
We stopped for tea at Bendigo, a swinging city at 7.30 on a Wednesday night; still the fish and chip shops did well out of us. We arrived at Kerang near 9 o'clock, and the local bikies escorted us out of the town. (Probably they could hear the rock and roll tapes blaring in the bus). We finally got to the motel in Swan Hill around 11 o'clock and sat patiently in the bus while we were allotted rooms. Amid cries of "There are cockroaches under the bed" and "What are all those black things crawling up the wall?", some of us tried to get to sleep while the others had a prolonged and sometimes rowdy discussion. Next morning we trotted off to breakfast to be faced with corn-flakes, poached eggs and other goodies(?). We staggered out to the bus and went to 'Tyntyndyer Homestead' just near Swan Hill. A squatter's homestead dating from the late 1840's in which there was plenty to see and lots of lovely oranges, still on the trees, which just happened to be ripe. Next stop was the Swan Hill Pioneer Settlement where a certain girl nearly came to a sticky end during an episode with a kangaroo and other members showed their skill by cracking whips and riding penny-farthing bikes. After a few of us had invaded the baker's shop it was time for lunch. Whoever heard of pork sausage and sauce sandwiches? Oh well, the dog and the ducks were grateful for the left-overs. Then, while the art students went off to sketch for two hours in the rain, the Australian History students, after having a lesson in the settlement's tiny class room, had a ride on the Paddle Steamer up the Murray River. Three of our more intrepid colleagues (Lesley, Stuart and Mel) steered the boat trying to keep it on the Victorian side of the river. (The Murray is owned by N.S.W.). It was an exciting trip and we even saw some koalas.

We met up with our more artistic friends and returned to the motel for dinner. Then we went to Swan Hill High to meet a few of the students. Their Australian History room was classified 'A' by the National Trust (Camberwell High Branch) and their spacious art rooms were envied by our art students. It was here that the art student teacher, Charmaine, began to show an interest in one of the larger male members of our troop but due to his moving out of her vicinity nothing came of that. Back at the motel those who didn't go to bed played a very daring game of 'Killer' until a certain teacher told us to go to bed (about 1.15 a.m.).

Next morning after a very early breakfast, us students of higher intellect watched 'Sesame Street' and 'The Pig Report', (not to be confused with the 'Bigge Report') on TV while the others loaded up the bus. We took with us from Swan Hill a new addition, Fred. Any of the students will give varying physical descriptions of him. At Bendigo, while the art students studied the Bendigo Art Gallery, our friendly bus driver, Peter Davy, took the history students to the gold fields and to the 'Central Deborah Mine' where we all marched around to the tune of 'Colonel Bogey'. After picking up the budding artists, we had a quick visit to the Cathedral (to study it's artistic merits only) and then we went to the Chinese Joss House. It was built during the late 1850's and many of us found how trusting those Chinese were. All the ornaments were permanently at-

tached to the altars. More pork sausage and sauce and cheese sandwiches, then it was off to the Bendigo Pottery where we were overcome by our guide, Rosemary, who had a surprising falsetto voice. Then we met Rodney and his fellow skilled workers. It was an interesting tour and some of us bought Mother's Day presents there. Back in the city of Bendigo we had another stop but most of us were tired and anxious to get home, which we did by about 7.30 p.m.

It was a well organized and an interesting trip. Thanks to Mrs. Feehan, Mrs. Hermans, Charmaine, the bus driver, Peter, and of course the drunk in room 7 at the motel who livened up our lives by trying to make dates with some of the female students.



Suzanne Pickering

FORM VI SNOW TRIP

'Twas in the early owls of the morecombe that a true story actually happened. Forty-five eagle-beavers, one Fling and an unexpected Doctor aroused themselves from the dreaded Sleep. In aid of the manual Snow Trip (oops!).

What fun and freezling times were waiting to pounce? But what carrot have happeled to the Bus? (Thyme now is 4.55 and brekky). Never fear. Petal Davy (a hired Bus Driver) packed us up — he was growing in the same way. Back to the dreaded Sleep for a few brief interludes.

Bruding people saw snow for the fust time and were rewarded handsomely with a coach, for distinguishing it through the falldown. This aforementioned fallingdown depended on the rain, as mattles of fac, not, as was previously bereaved, snow. At least it was due to Mr. Wheather Man who was on strike this particalala day, and of whom musk have returned because the clouds ceased rain at around 2 of the clock.

Many few hoped onto sleds and hammers and had ripping rides. Some few drugged up to the Village hopping to be noticed by Athol Guy and Snow Bunnies. Neither of them worked. Most important crucial, it was devoured about this age, was the omnipresence of foodfoodfood. It was eaten much of.

It was with great sorrow to see the Great Conch and other daring ladies mount their planks and rush off. Plead- ingly we said "Have a good time", and they did. Turn- her-Over did a remarkabubble experience that will go down in the annals of much diaries as the happening to "Take the Cake". It was rumoured that dew to engulfing wetness N.(500) Kat. and some eastimber were forced to remove all leggings. Alas, for the School's Speechmaster of General Assembly fame (Kobbelcheski), no jok(e)s were the limit. Thank Goody Griff, cried persons of lesser renown, that hear we find tables of pool (Which insinuates the terrible trout in the heated one. Caring to fish, pay and you may). Gazing at dials, the time was poaching for farewell. One more slun down the rope, two mor sprock- ets of the ball, five more slugs of snow, twenty-seven moor waddles to the toilet. Ready to brace the long but lengthy lope to the bustle. Irreverently les cartes were again proffered but as yet nobodles was Hungary.

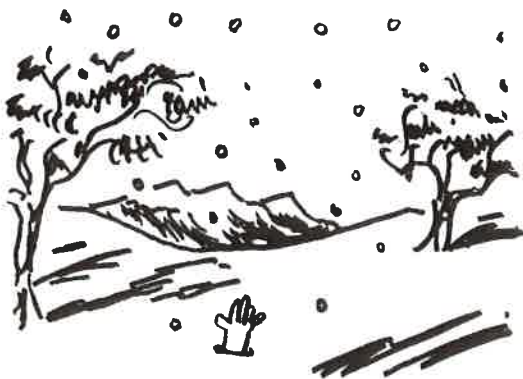
Ha, it was oblivious neck day, ebrydoppy had a cold to catch and it must have been in bed. That's were they all where. Snow Committed was a trifik bulk ace and once a year fillum. It is a defiant must for all the familias to enjoy, reminding, of course, that all who see it became an utterly wearied but verrily happy.

Please preprepare hot-bottled showers for travellers and turn on lekky blankets. 'Tis a chilling sight but pranks to learning — Imparters of willing material and previous- told committed to snow — (Malex If, Toast Wood, Block- wood and Beter Prown).

J. Durst (with a little help from John Lennon)



Suzanne Pickering



4th Form Excursion.

On May 9th, 25 students of Form 4 participated in an excursion to Mt. Derrimut Agriculture (Experimental) Farm, Deer Park. Two of the lecturers at the farm spared us their valuable time to show us around the farm. We saw many varieties of sheep, cattle and chickens along with many pieces of farming equipment. A good time was enjoyed by all and we give our thanks to Miss Williams who gave up so much time in preparing the excursion.

Harrietville Maths Camp.

On Monday, January 28th, 1974 ... (yes, it was still the school holidays) eighty-six mad idiots commenced their journey into the unknown world of Mathematics: i.e. their journey to Harrietville, 10 miles from Wangaratta (Mt. Hotham).

Anyone would think we were all 'Mathematics maniacs' giving up beautiful sunshine and freedom to go on a 'Maths Camp', but, no, not really; along with the two of us, there were a lot of other dumb dumbs who were also there for a good time.

Alas, we did have to put up with 16-hour-long lectures on Maths, but I s'pose this was to be expected. However, not just on ordinary run-of-the-mill-high-school-type- of Maths, but **interesting** things like computer programming, connections b/n the pyramids and Maths etc. Point to note here is that intending 5th form students wishing to apply for any of the M.A.V. camps, be warned, that the Maths done on these camps is NOT an introduction to 6th Form Maths in any shape or form!

Besides Maths lectures during the day, there were all sorts of exciting things to do at night such as Origami, soma cubes, chess, all sorts of interesting puzzles, or, if you were lucky, you managed to absent yourselves completely. Of course, night of nights was the social, where a "Miss Harrietville" quest was held. Unfortunately, none of the girls would participate so it was left to the male (?) members.

The traditional **hike** down Mt. Hotham was held on the Thursday. Some idiots who we really never did think would make it, actually 'ran' all the way (nine miles steep descent, and managed to arrive 20 minutes after the buses. One girl won the prize for the greatest amount of blisters. (14!).

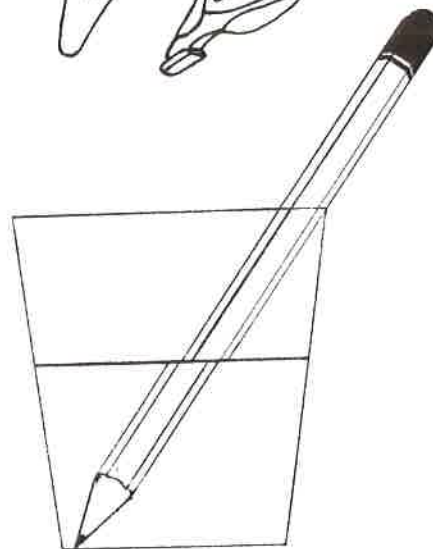
On the next Saturday, we arrived back at Spencer Street, after 6 tremendous days of fun. The majority of so-called teachers were now well and truly just some more new friends.

So, if anyone's got a slight craving for Maths, apply for the camp; it's well worth it.

Elizabeth Maddock
Janet Davy



MATHS CAMP



19 G. A. C. V. A. E. L. Z. E. W. S. T. 6

Form V Snow Trip

Scheduled to leave at 5.00 a.m. We were required to be at school by 4.30 a.m. at the latest Departure time was at 5.30 a.m., a little early, but "the biggest snow-man gets the snow" so they say. We hit the road eventually, and apart from floods and detours, and other inhibiting factors, we finally slid into Yea. A bus load of healthy looking passengers snowballed the only existing milkbar, otherwise known as "Kim's Kaz Bar". For some unknown reason the Chocolate milk and chewing gum were popular attractors, not mentioning the fact that the somewhat overfresh milk found its way into rubbish bins, fishponds and gutters. The chewing gum however, earned a far grander reputation as was apparent later in our journey. A somewhat meek, and utterly unwary member of our party discovered to her surprise that she was harbouring a rather large wad of second hand chewing gum. Amputation was thus called for, as you can avidly imagine, and a rusty pocket knife was dramatically produced. Amidst uproar, a rather amateur barber came to light, and the deed was done.

Throughout these captivating occurrences we had passed through many miles of rugged Australian country. The Mount Buller sign loomed into full view, and along with squeals and shouts of glee, gumboots, goggles and gloves, were produced rapidly from amazing cubby-holes, and donned in several interesting ways. This premature burst of excitement was uncalled for though, as our destination was not to be reached for some time. This resulted in many cases of heat exhaustion, dehydration and ultimate suffocation.

Finally we arrived at the "check-in" station and the "automatic-chairs" were found to be unrequired. An unmentionable female was quite disappointed that the "automatic chairs" were not to be used, but nevertheless our trusty bus managed to trek up Mt. Buller without any complaints. The excited passengers inside, were too dazzled by the glistening acres of white snow to notice how precariously the bus tended to protrude over the edge of the road. Once the "bus-park" had been accidentally discovered, the real fun began. The excited fifth formers rolled and tumbled their way to the "Buller Village", cautiously fumbling their way down again. Unfortunately not all of us were expert skiers, as was a certain male teacher, and a group of over enthusiastic amateurs. He who laughs first laughs last though, as the skiers were the last to return to the bus for the return trip. They did arrive eventually however, (not mentioning that they were somewhat frost bitten and snow burnt!).

On the way home, along with the "Saint marchin'in" and "Carols by Candlelight", many people slumbered peacefully, overpoweringly refreshed by the day's activities. Refreshed but a little tired though! A thoroughly enjoyable day was conquered by one and all.

Lindy Jones



The Old Man

I met a man in the cafe tonight,
I'd seen him there before
when I'd gone,
and sometimes at the other place up the road,
'cos the first one's closed on a Monday.

He's a sad man,
though he wouldn't say so
unless you went down deep inside,
but it would have to be very deep.

He was an old man, but not that old,
with a tight face,
and rimless glasses,
and a little moustache, I think.
And as I sat down,
I thought I'd like to say a few words,
but as I got near
I felt him raise a wall,
and so I didn't say a thing,
I didn't mind and just sat there.

The girl brought him his steak,
and he began to eat it.
But every now and then he would stop,
put his hand on his forehead,
stoop a little,
and a grimace would come to his face,
as if he was in pain,
But then he would go on again.
He never looked like saying anything.

Eventually he finished, paid and went out.
And as he went out the door he seem a bit awkward.
He was gone,
But I guess he'll be back tomorrow night,
The sad old man.

J. McA. Lawson (1969)

Annual Swimming Sports — February 22, 1974.

This year the sports were organised on a combined form/house basis, to try to provide more interest and incentive for participation. Instead of having age groups from Open to Under 13, there were only 3 sections — junior, intermediate and senior. The elimination of some age group events meant that a variety of novelty events could be included in the programme, and these were found to be enjoyable for both competitors and spectators, especially the umbrella and pyjama race. It was felt that more students who were not competitive swimmers could enter in events and enjoy participating, and that students would be interested in swimming for their form as well as for their house.

The house competition was won by

1st	Roosevelt	230 points
2nd	Montgomery	202
3rd	Churchill	185½
4th	Macarthur	178½

The form competition was won by

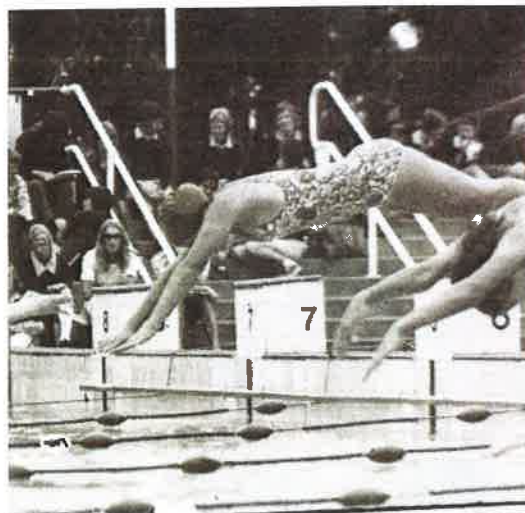
4E	with 83 points
2nd 2D	59
3rd 2E	45
4th 5B	42

It is proposed to run the 1975 swimming sports on the same basis unless students have other suggestions.

Age group champions were:

BOYS	Open	Stephen Dale
	Intermediate	Michael Wilson
	Junior	Peter Head
GIRLS	Open	Diane Dugdale
	Intermediate	Joan Coldham
	Junior	Paula Henderson.

— Mrs. J. Berry





1st Junior Boys' Soccer. Left to Right, Back Row: Paul Didyk, Con Tsartas, George Moustafis, Con Vassos, Alfie Dell'Orso. Middle Row: George Sopikiotis, John Moustafis, John Limogiannis, (Captain), Roman Dodig, George Georgiou. Front Row: Steven Jencik, Peter Sherer.



Senior Boys' Hockey. Left to Right, Back Row: Philip Sorgetti, Peter Dempsey, Colin Morley, Ian Davies, Eugene Smarrelli, Floredano Mammarella. Front Row: John Adgemis, Siegfried Rempel, Joerg Schnelle, Stuart Anderson, Michael Hegarty, Ian Botham.



Junior Girls' Hockey. Left to Right, Back Row: Paula Henderson, Lesley Reid, Judy Cobb, Debbie Scheltus, Helen Sanders, Glenda Cardell. Middle Row: Joanne Botham, Kim Goodall, Bronwen Power, Susy Affarian, Sharryn Boyd. Front Row: Sandra Rosman, Dianne Arnold.



Senior Girls' Volleyball. Left to Right, Back Row: Pam Nakas, Jean Kozak (Captain) Bev Hunter, Lindy Jones. Middle Row: Sandra Aranha, Vicki Bonython, Kerry Linehan. Front Row: Gayle Brown, Judy Fenning, Julie Lawrence, Anne Taylor.



Junior Boys' Football. Left to Right, Back Row: Gareth Husband, Mark Brown, Nick Romas, John Reid, John Lawrence, Bobby Cincotta, Kevin Stallworthy. 3rd Row: Jeff Saker, Leonard Sorgetti, Sam Cincotta, Colin Gottliebsen, Bobby Cincotta, Gino Pascuzzo, L'Yall McDonald, Ralph Folie. 2nd Row: Joe Toscano, Sam Cincotta, John Adgemis, Peter Ashby, Gary McQuiggan. Front Row: Tony Cincotta.



Senior Girls' Netball: Left to Right, Back Row: Sue Effenberger, Kerry Linehan, Brenda Krahner (emergency). Front Row: Janet Mouser, Julie Ortmann, Rensa Calcagno, Sally Henley. Absent: Margaret Mappin.



Senior 1st Boys' Cricket: Left to Right, Back Row: Warren Mack, Stephen Goddard, Mark Gardiner, Michael Alexeef. Front Row: Peter Aird, Stuart Rintoul, Mel Humphreys-Grey (Captain), Graham Mitchener, Dirk Balthazaar.

Senior Boys' Cricket: 1st Team Emergencies: A. Aranha, D. Coldham, G. Kowalczewski, M. Crossin.



1st Senior Boys' Basketball: Left to Right, Back Row: Robert Molnar, Werner Ebersberger, Nick Katsanevakis, Ian Shears, Michael Ng, Bill Louey. Front Row: Michael Alexeef, Peter Bow (Captain), Graham Mitchener, Raymond Wong, Matthew Louey. Absent: Andros Christodolou.



Extra Curricular Sport — Netball

This year girls from school netball teams and a number of ex-students competed in the VNA night and Saturday competitions at Royal Park. The teams were most successful winning 3 premierships (2 senior 1 junior).

We believe that everyone benefited greatly from this experience as the teams now compete in a major competition, have the opportunity to watch outstanding players, and hence are able to set a goal for themselves.

A number of girls attended selection for state teams and some were successful in reaching final selection. This activity has been a most successful extension of our school programme and one that could be extended to other teams.

Lastly thanks must be extended to the parents who supported us throughout the year.

—M. Mappin (Snrs)

—S. Henley (Jnrs)

HOUSE ATHLETICS SPORTS

With exams just over, on Wednesday, May 1st, the students of Camberwell High loaded themselves into two buses and made their way to Box Hill Sports Ground for the annual Inter-House Sports.

There was as usual segregation of the sexes on the buses (could it ever be any other way?), but Women's Lib struck again, the girls' bus being first to leave C.H.S. and first to arrive at B.H.S.G.

Although it was the Matrics' day off, they were fairly well represented, but unfortunately due to prior commitments our Principal, Miss Essex was unable to attend.

The field events had previously been contested and despite the fact that this was right in the middle of important examinations, competition was still fierce.

This year saw the appearance of exciting new events such as 3-legged races and egg and spoon races, which along with the form novelty events and races provided a lighter interlude in the events and a great deal of school spirit.

The victors of the day were Macarthur with 379½, who out scored Churchill with 293½, and Montgomery with 271 and Roosevelt with 223.

Age Group Champions Were

BOYS — Open	1st	Mark Gardiner
	2nd	Nick Katsanevakis
Inter	1st	Nick Romas
	2nd	Alfie Dell 'Orso
Junior	1st	Paul Pavlou
	2nd	Gareth Driver

GIRLS — Open	1st	Gill Pitt
	2nd	Julie Ortmann
Inter	1st	Naomi Allen
	2nd	Cynthia Wardle
Junior	1st	Claudia Thockloth
	2nd	Sue Dormer

The form results were

1st	6B	79
2nd	2B	72
3rd	6A	65

Congratulations must go to the members of all houses, and most of all to the house captains and co-ordinators who managed to organize teams despite the strain of studying and teaching for exams.

Thanks must go to the Sports teachers and co-ordinators, the starters, scorers, time-keepers and anyone else who helped on the day, with special thanks to Liz Maddock for a superb display as commentator.

Julie Ortmann 5B

Congratulations to Julie Ortmann for breaking the 80m. Girls Open Hurdles record.



CHORISTERS AT CAMBERWELL??

If I recall rightly doctor (i.e. psychiatrist) my nightmares began for no apparent reason, after attending Camberwell High's (my school!!) auspicious, notorious, awe inspiring choral miscellany (sounds like mistake). You think it might help if I told you all that happened on that day? All right, I'll begin. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, people were happy (not for long because ...) then I thought of school. (Why do I bother to think?) and the choral festival. Which house would rise from the depths of mediocrity to the heights of honour and glory? (What I'm trying to say in plain layman's english is that everyone wondered who'd win). Doctor, I'm haunted by the non-ending sounds of the non-ending practices that went on that day. The eight conductors (see program for names) and pianists were at the end of their respective tethers wondering how they even began on this road to misery and destruction.

The night came and with it the choral festival and the time for reckoning. The noise of the audience rose to a deafening crescendo and then lulled to soft whisperings until finally — SILENCE. The bell rang — courtesy of Mr. Worland — and Macarthur faced the music (that's funny, laugh!! Oh well, I think you had to be there). Oh yes, the songs??? I personally feel that Mr. Collyer's (How much do I get sir?) choices of Skybird and Dear Father were daring and rebellious choices! Was Mr. Collyer really trying to tell us, the teachers and our parents to reach for the farthest shore? — to exert ourselves and in our exertion find ourselves. He wasn't?? Well, it was only a thought!

As I said Macarthur faced the music --- then Churchill then Montgomery and finally THAT house Roosevelt. (The endurance of the ears astounds me). Besides supplying their audience with delightful (??) strains of "the songs", each house provided two instrumental items. Seriously I'd like to congratulate the artists who took place in these items for their perseverance and decry those who made up the audience for their lacking manners and poor musical appreciation.

Highlights were — Macarthur's singing of Dear Father, Macarthur's singing of Skybird, the conducting of the Macarthur conductors and Howard's speech.

As well as the performances by each House, items were supplied by the Recorder group, the School Orchestra and The String Orchestra. As usual I'm expected to give the results, even though I think the adjudicator was blinded by the charms of the Roosevelt conductresses.

ROOSEVELT First
MACARTHUR Second (Oh the injustice!)
MONTGOMERY Third
CHURCHILL Last

Anyhow ... as Confucius says 'Beauty is in the ear of the listener.'???

— G.B.



DRAMA FESTIVAL

The Drama Festival was an entertaining and enjoyable experience for both actors and audience. Humour, drama and slapstick were combined in a diverse and enthusiastic fashion.

Student talent was displayed in The National Security Trilogy, Kidnap, Hijack, and these, along with the professionally written "The Valiant", were well performed plays with substance, offering the audience some food for thought.

The Toy Shop gave an enjoyable insight to creative dancing and humorous plays of 'The Case of the Missing Folder', 'Sam', 'Dogs', 'The Stage of Society' and 'Airflop' together with sketches, 'Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow' and 'Irritation' were cleverly arranged throughout the program to provide amusement and enjoyment to the audience during the evening.

Tinsel Star and Nert Bewton wound the evening up commendably. Congratulations are also due to Miss Hollosy for arranging and co-ordinating such a glittering performance and also to the actors and behind-the-scene people in all the plays which were appreciated by all for their skill, execution and variety.

— L. W.



General Committee

Early this year, form six was given the choice of retaining, amending or abolishing the Prefect System. After much discussion, several alternatives to the Prefects emerged; these all ran along the same basic lines and were eventually consolidated into the idea of a General Committee. The essential difference between this and the Prefects is that we are not here to do all the work ourselves, but to initiate other interest groups to form committees for themselves, and, if necessary, to assist them in organisation. These functional committees were to exist only as long as they had something to do e.g. the Social Committee dissolved after the Social took place. Thus the General Committee of 9 members is a stable body throughout the year which can act as a channel of communication for all these interest groups.

In trying to carry out our established aims, we have encountered many difficulties, not the least of which was this actual communication. As a committee established by form six to serve the whole school this was to an extent inevitable, but it seems likely that there are students within the school who are not even aware of our existence. Consequently we would suggest that next year, if the Committee System is continued, form five should play as great a part in it's functioning as form six. This would assist, not only in lessening the workload of exam-conscious matrices, but in trying to reach students throughout all levels of the school.

One of our stated aims is to encourage interest groups, but there seems to be a scarcity of ideas coming forth from the students. We originally envisaged the instigation of lunch-time activities, such as debates, but very few people brought ideas to us and were prepared, at the same time, to follow them through. Admittedly we were not able to achieve everything students asked for, such as a Social for the Juniors, but we found ourselves instigating activities in the hope that students would participate. A notable example of this is the Film Night planned for October, and it remains to be seen how successful this will be. Even so, this is not what we are really here for. If students do want things to be done, it logically follows that a group who are vitally interested will have more success than a Committee which is unsure of how far the students support it.

At the moment there is uncertainty as to which system, if any, will be chosen next year. We can only present our experiences and make suggestions; the success of any group lies essentially in the individuals which comprise it. Students should think very carefully about whom they elect. One of the apparent problems of the running of a Committee such as this is that with a group of individuals with extremely diverse opinions the problem of unity in decision making and action-taking arises. Thus a functionally efficient committee may be one in which there is a certain lack of initiative and innovation. The necessity of a balance between ideas and work must be carefully considered.

These are a few of our experiences this year. In some fields we have had success; in some, failure. It seems essential to judge the viability of such a system not by our individual failings, but by the extent to which student ideas have the potential to be developed and carried out.

Greg, Jo, Joyce, Lesley, Liz, Mark, Peter, Steven.

In Retrospect

With only a few weeks of school to go, it is easy for sentimental matric. students to get involved in esoteric reminiscences. The past six years have seen profound changes at Camberwell, both physically and in the school "way of life". There is a tendency to deplore the passing of certain traditions, but their value must be assessed in the light of the thinking that motivated them.

This year's form six will remember chanting "amo, amas, amat" in the old prefabs, and watching prefect inductions as the temperature on the oval climbed to 103°F. In those days the seniors always seemed so big; it is hard now not to feel that the school has become younger. Gradually the school's centre of gravity shifted from the front steps to the quadrangle, as the old toilets made way for the "New" building. Now the sixth formers were looking down on us from a height of three storeys instead of perhaps three years. When you finally get to the top corridor it is hard to reconcile yourself to the fact that there are five years behind you and only one more to make the most of what Camberwell has to offer.

That many of the memories are no more than that is perhaps reflected in the fact that the final year, in many ways, is the best year. It can be exciting to see how the experiences of a school career have shaped the person you are today, and how the people around you have changed so much.

There are certain institutions at Camberwell which have been, and are likely to continue to be here for a long time. It is essential that these things are judged not by their form or structure, but always by the reactions of people participating. For instance, over six years the Choral Festival has changed a lot, but the Choral Festival as such cannot be successful without the students and teachers who so far have not failed to put on the program.

When speaking of changing attitudes, it is important to think about student/teacher relationships. This is harder to see than the development of individual students, because the turnover of teachers is so high. However it becomes clear that student/teacher relationships are as important as student/student ones, and there is scope for the development of these at all levels of the school. It may have been our age or it may have been the teacher's personality which made certain music classes an almost terrifying experience.

Ultimately, it is the people in the school, not their products, by which the character of the school must be gauged. And this character can be seen to have changed over six years, although generally speaking, it is not individuals who leave the greatest impression. Thus certain groups project certain atmospheres, but in six years, how many of the present sixth form group will be remembered? In fact, how many of today's teachers will still be here? It is hard to express in words the atmosphere, almost the smell, that represents Camberwell 1969. In contrast to the day to day reality of noise and study, it has a hazy chalk-and-sweat hot summer day feeling about it, and is sometimes suddenly felt in the same way that you dream about a situation, knowing you have already experienced it.

The school magazine may be a fitting place to record such an historical account, and indeed reading old *Prospices* plays a large part in the recollection process. However, in six years, another group of sixth formers will have another set of memories, all of which will reflect Camberwell as it was. We must be aware of the purpose of these memories, and again be reminded that *Prospice* means "looking forward". This, surely, is what the learning experience should be developing us to do.

— Lesley Head VI

School Social 1974.

The following are the results of a survey conducted to obtain student and teacher impressions of this year's social organized by a sub-committee of the General Committee.

Form 4: "Well organised"

"Well arranged"

"It was nice serving the coffee"

Form 5: "It was really fantastic, the groups were good and the decorations were terrific."

"The band and guys were good."

"I liked the refined people in their top hats."

"It was good as far as it went."

"Very embarrassing."

"I liked the differences in dress."

"The Palace Hotel would have done the best business it had ever done on a Wednesday night. There were queues back to the school, and everyone was happy when they finally made it back there."

"Should be able to bring partners from outside."

"The social was the highlight of my year."

Form 6: "Howard was grouse."

"Who needs a group when you've got Howard?"

"It's worth having another one."

"Great!"

"It was good; but ..."

"It wasn't the best one I've been to; wasn't the best of attendance."

"Lack of supper from the school."

"It was a good one, the students enjoyed themselves and especially when they participated with the group."

Teachers: "Very nice ... very good decorations, very good atmosphere. The kids were in good spirits too, altogether with the above factors and the atmosphere, it was a success."

"I thoroughly enjoyed myself dancing with all my 5th form students, it was really good."



The Epitaph of a Dead Society

Unfortunately, it seems that the organization known as C.O.T.E.S. is no longer existent. The reason is the general lack of support from the students of the school, most of whom seem unable to organize themselves or help one another to achieve anything constructive.

C.O.T.E.S. was set up in 1971, and was begun largely as the result of an assignment set for form two Science by Mrs. Nichol. A number of people attended several meetings of the society, and because of the encouragement and help given by Mrs. Nichol and some interested students, C.O.T.E.S. was able to achieve a good deal.

Gradually, however, especially after the President left school and Mrs. Nichol was transferred elsewhere, the progress of C.O.T.E.S. slowed down considerably, and only a small number of sincerely concerned people attended the meetings. Nevertheless, a few dedicated members, under the leadership of a determined President, Lynette While, kept the organisation going, and tried very hard to achieve the aims of the society.

Most people who ridiculed C.O.T.E.S. said that the members should have been wandering around cleaning up rubbish and other pollution in the local area; but these were not the aims of the organisation, as it was impossible for about ten people to clean up all the pollution in Camberwell. The main aims of the group, as decided at one of the first meetings, was to make people aware of the terrible problem of pollution and the need to conserve our resources.

The members of C.O.T.E.S. believed that if enough people knew about the deplorable results of pollution and the immense effect of man on the whole Balance of Nature, then perhaps they could urge governing groups, industries, and so on to attempt to do something about solving these ghastly problems before man is destroyed by his own waste products. It has been suggested that eight out of ten cancer deaths are a result of our foul environment, and the current energy crisis is just a drop in the ocean of problems concerning lack of resources that will inevitably confront us.

But, as with the majority of things in schools, most of the students do not want to become involved, and this I believe is one of our greatest problems. Perhaps, some day, an organisation such as C.O.T.E.S. will be re-introduced into Camberwell High School. I only hope this will be before it is too late for everyone.

Frank Pagram 5E

MISSING SPREADS GERMS;
GERMS ARE HATED;
SO KISS ME BABY,
I'M VAXINATED.

Canteen Staff: Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Rempel

On behalf of the students we would like to thank these ladies and all the other mothers who helped at the Canteen throughout the year for their dedicated work in providing the school with this most necessary service.

Office Staff: Mrs. M. Schmidt, Mrs. E. Lacey, Mrs. C. Nyhuis, Miss M. Baldock.

The magazine committee would like to express special thanks to the office staff for their help and co-operation with the typing of the articles for "Prospect".

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Christian Fellowship at Camberwell High School has been in existence for a number of years as a result of Christian students and teachers having a desire to share their faith with others. The aim of the Fellowship has been to express a Christian voice in the school and to proclaim the relevance, peace and help that is found when people commit themselves, through belief in Jesus Christ, to a living and caring God.

Students and teachers have met during the year for prayer and Bible studies. These two activities are essential for a life dedicated to God and to the goodwill of others and enable a greater understanding of God's dealings with man. In addition there have been a number of more formal meetings with guest speakers.

Unfortunately, the group has not functioned this year as it's members would have wished and this article concludes with the challenge and desire that those in the school, especially students in junior forms, meet more actively in 1975.

THE LIBRARY

This year has seen the formation of a fifth and sixth form committee. This consists of approximately eight student members, and meets in the library about once a month on a fairly informal basis.

The library staff and the committee have had many discussions and it seems to have been a profitable exercise for both parties. The senior students and library staff now have a valuable two-way channel of communication.

The library monitors have made a most valuable contribution to the school, in the form of the service they give in the library.

The workroom monitors process materials for student and staff use. There are many other volunteers who serve on the desk, and on the floor of the library in a variety of capacities.

The library is moving into the "audio visual era". Soon extensive alterations will be made to the library, which will facilitate the use of audio visual materials.

Already the library has a large collection of slides and tapes, which are used extensively in the class rooms.

The careers section is proving very popular with the students. This section is housed in shelving just inside the library door.

The library staff would like to thank the students for all the help they have given during the year.

— Mrs. L. Jefferies





The Donald Anderson Bequest

Both staff and students were saddened by the sudden death on April 4th of Mr. Don Anderson, who had taught here for eighteen months. Born in Ashburton, New Zealand, in 1944, the son of a clergyman, he graduated Master of Arts at Canterbury University. His thesis was concerned with the social behaviour of adolescents, and all his life he was keenly interested in young people. A good all-round sportsman, he played first-class cricket and rugby in New Zealand. He was also a keen philatelist and lover of classical music.

After teaching in Western Australia, Don came to Camberwell High School in mid-second term of 1972. He immediately proved to be a competent and popular teacher, one who was generous with his time and energy, e.g. in giving extra assistance to his sixth form English students. At the same time, he was studying for his Bachelor of Education at Melbourne University.

One little-known fact about Don's interests was his love of poetry. He was himself a writer of considerable promise, who had had some of his work published in London before his death.

Mr. Anderson left the school quite a large sum of money in his will to be used in some way by the English Faculty. After a good deal of consideration by various members of the staff and some consultation with students a number of proposals were made, and Mr. Anderson's widow was asked to select the proposal she wished. The proposal she selected was the following:

(a) Mr. Anderson had published at least one volume of poetry. It is to be hoped that a copy of this could be obtained, suitably bound, and placed on the school library shelves.

(b) The Donald Anderson Literary Award will be made to the student who presents the best literary contribution for publication in "Prospice", the school magazine, during the next 6 years. The first award will be made this year.

This award is open to all students, the age and maturity of the students will be taken into account, and it will be just as easy or difficult for a Form 1 student to win the award as for a Form VI student.

The prize will be a book of literature and the winner will be consulted about the title of the book.

(c) About two thirds of the bequest will be used to buy records of modern poets reading their own work and books in which these poems are published. These records will only be used to make tapes; this means they will be used almost indefinitely, as only the tapes will be used for replaying. So the collection of records will be a valuable asset to the school, members of staff and others have expressed the opinion that these records and the books should be suitably housed, and that teachers, students and friends be given the opportunity to contribute to the cost of the housing of this collection, and to a suitably engraved plate ("Donald Anderson Memorial Collection").



ANDERSON AWARD 1974

My Favourite Pastime

Dark night, hushed wind
All relaxed in a quiet mind
Just me and my telescope
To search afar
To comb the heavens in search of a star
The thrill to see a comet flash by
With it's silver tail all afly.
To see the Moon in it's silvery gleam
To reveal it's secrets, to someone?

to whom?

The Milky Way
All astray
I see a star far away
Where it lies I cannot say.
A falling star, falling, falling.
I look up in a startled way,
To see a star flash through the skies.
I wish I had a great observatory
To reveal the planets in all their glory.
Saturn, Venus, Uranus, Mars.
As far, as far away as the stars
I see a flash far over my head.
"Could it be a Super Nova" I said.
Dark night,
Hushed wind,
All relaxed in my quiet mind.

— Damon McGregor 1A

Noise!

Buzzing bees
a tooting sneeze
crackling leaves
noise
cats meowing
a ghost howling
owls hooting
noise
shoes slosh
water wish-wash
ladies posh
noise

— Melinda Poulter
Anna Perri
Judie Lowenthal 1D

Haiku

The butterfly lights
On the pink cherry blossom,
Then flutters away. Haiku

Rain, you startle me.
Walking in drowsy sunshine,
I am awakened. Haiku

The candle flickers
In my ever darkening room.
So gently it dies. Haiku

Leaves, like many birds,
Float from the trees, brown and red,
Then alight on ground.
— Anonymous

Town

Bright light. Confusion.
Shops crammed and busy.
The whole world is in a hurry.

— Linda McGurk 2F

Disobedient Child!

"Now David! David! Don't climb up there!"
"Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I?"
Climb up there?"
"Because the ladder might break and you might fall!"
"Well, then I will go up the tree."
"No! No! David, you know you can't climb at all."
she turns and walks away.
"I'll show her!", I say.
I start climbing, climbing up the tree.
My branch breaks
The ground is rushing up at me.
I crash to the ground. "Ouch! That hurt!"
My mother appears
"Disobedient child!!!"

— David Bereson 2F

Breakfast

I was curled up in a bundle asleep when the humans came rushing in to get their breakfast. Of course, they forgot me, which wasn't unusual. I was getting hungry so I whined for about five minutes. That didn't work so I then tried barking and, you know, they were so engrossed in their breakfast and the morning paper that they didn't even hear me. I jumped onto an empty chair and just watched. They were eating egg and bacon and you know how dogs like bacon! I scanned the table again and noticed them eating toast, being my second in favour as far as foods go. Then they pour milk into their coffee.

I was so thirsty that I could even drink the taps dry. By the time I was almost dead someone threw a bit of bacon at me and before it could hit the floor I had finished it. (Oh, and by the way, that was all the breakfast I got!)

Chuck Fowler 1B

The End

Nothing at all
Just a barren wasteland,
Of white scorching sands
And dying trees,
A wasteland,
Which was once a thriving city,
But man created the earth,
And he alone will destroy it.
It settled on that city.
It destroyed and did not care,
for it was man made.
So I picture the earth,
Like the beginning.
Man created it,
And man fell in it.

M. Marcou 5D

The Memory Of A Man

As I gazed out the aeroplane window and watched the desert sands whiz by, I reflected on my holidays and on a man I had talked to in the town of Monola. I stepped off the bus as it came to a rough halt, dust rising everywhere. When I looked up I saw everyone in this town had stopped what they were doing and were coming towards the bus. They greeted us with dancing and handshakes.

Out of all the people in the street there was only one who had not come to greet us. He was seated in a corner near the door of the hotel peeling a piece of fruit and smoking a cigar. Through curiosity I walked towards him. I reached as far as my shadow hanging over him. He did not move a muscle, just kept on peeling. I asked him if he was the manager of the hotel. For a few seconds he watched me, looking me up and down, inspecting me. He turned back to his fruit, peeling slowly as though there was not a care in the world. Then with a rough, husky voice around his cigar he replied, "I might be. Why?"

I answered that I wanted to stay the night. He then finished peeling the fruit, butted his cigar in the dirt, stood up from his wooden seat and stared me right in the eyes. This person was big and heavy, well-built, unshaven and generally scruffy.

Without saying a word he picked up my suitcases and walked inside. I followed him inside where he placed himself behind a counter. Saying nothing, he opened his book, drew out a pen from a drawer and pointed to a place where I could sign my name. He then fetched my key and showed me to my room.

— George Sopikiotis 3A

Time Stood Still

Black as fear,
Fifteen feet of pure muscle,
Vile, stinking,
Yellowed teeth,
Craggy hands clawing,
Into the dark of the night,
Scrambling after me
More of them.
My feet, frozen
To the ground; heart palpitating;
Dry mouth; damp, clammy hands;
Knees weak, petrified;
Empty silence, but for the thudding of feet and
My heart.
I ran, stumbled, exhausted and terrified,
Until we came to the end of our journey ...
A precipice.
And time stood still
While I woke up from the nightmare
To the sunshine.

— Michele Thompson 4B

Curious

Creeping silently, instinctively,
Eyes glued with curiosity,
To this 'thing' that has alighted upon the fence,
Surprised he ventures on.
A cock of the head, as he stops, very close to it.
Has he seen it before? Is it dangerous?
Would it make a good playmate?
But the ignorance of curiosity drives him on.
Alarmed by this intruder the bird rises to a tree,
And a dispirited kitten turns to the assurance of a safe
home.

— Peter Harmer 2E

Hamlet

What is the right and what is wrong?
My mind does not offer a solution,
Oh, how hard I've tried to reach a conclusion.

Like a lost sheep I wander through
the blooming paddocks of my mind;
The answers are there, all that is needed
But to bend and pick up a colourful bunch,
Yet there's no hope in sight ...

or is there!?!

What is there that's right and that's wrong?
To follow one's parents' opinions or to develop one's
own?
To be guided and supported like an infant, or to fight on
my own?
To believe in God, or to laugh behind their backs?
To belong or to just hang on?
To love, to hate, or to pity the desperate?
To believe in people, or to distrust one and all?

What is right and what is wrong?
Does anyone know for sure? Is it written somewhere?
What is the truth and what is the lie?
What brings some joy, to others disgust?
What gives us the right to criticize others
And to think that we are saints and perfect men?
Maybe, in time I'll know what is right, and
What is right for myself, if I'll go
Hamlet

— ANONYMOUS

An Empty House

I know some empty house off the road
A robber'd like the look of
wooden barred,
And windows hanging low,
Inviting to
A portico,
where two could creep:
one hand the tools,
The other peeps
To make sure all's asleep,
old-fashioned eyes,
Not easy to surprise.

How orderly the kitchen'd look by night,
with just a clock
But they could gag the tick,
And mice won't bark,
And if the walls don't tell,
None will.

A pair of spectacles ajar just stir,
An almanac's aware.
Was it the mat that winked
or a nervous star?
The moon slides down the stair,
To see who's there.

— Phillip Georgiou 1B

Bush-Fire

Once just a small family barbecue,
Now — a raging inferno.
The hungry tongues of vermillion and orange
Reach forth to the tinder dry leaves.
Hungrier; it encircles trees — burning them to death.

Confusion among the surviving animals.
Bounding wallabies, sleepy koalas and shrieking birds
Wosh! Sss! Crash! Thump!
Hiding from their enemy — fire.
If they're lucky they'll get away,
But — for most it is certain death.
Volunteers — with sooted faces — trying to beat the fire to
death with their sacks
Water — squirted at every flame.
The howling north-west wind — dying.
The fire brigade is on top!
Hurrah! The fire has been beaten, and, is dying away
To a pile of hot smouldering cinders.
The fire is gone, but it's trail of death can be seen.
Once magnificent gums are burnt to a smoulder
And there is the foul stench of dead carcasses in the air.
Oh yes, the bush-fire has died
But, it will be a while 'til 'Mother Nature' can replace its
enemies' destruction.

— Lorraine Cardell 4B

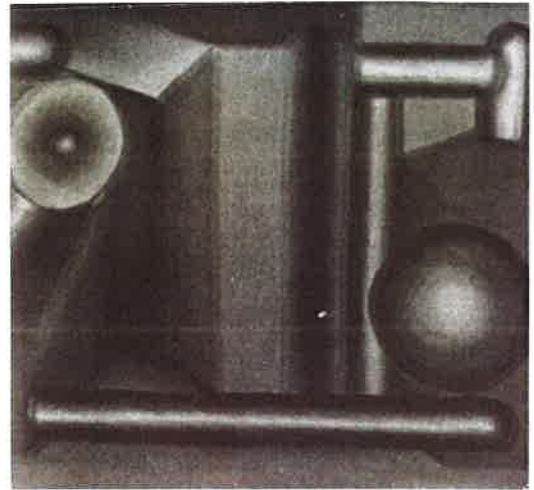
The End Of Peter

Peter's father closed his paper and got up and walked
straight through him. "Golly!", he yelled, "Dad! you
walked right through me", but Peter heard no answer. His
father just went out of the house looking for Peter.
Peter at last gave up and went to look in the mirror to see
what had happened to him. "Zoicz!", he screamed,
"where am I? I'm not here. I'm not still in school. I've
finished school".
Peter went quite mad. He ran outside down the steps and
accidentally tripped. Down he fell, down the steps, but he
kept on falling, kept on falling, through stars and clouds.

— Malcolm Grumach 1E



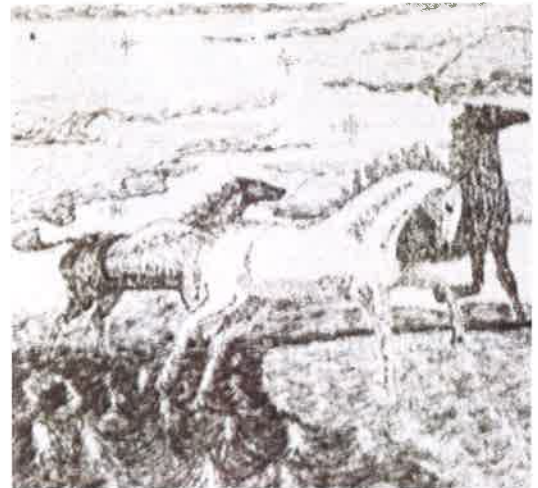
Arthur Varelas 3



Brenda Kowalczewski 6B



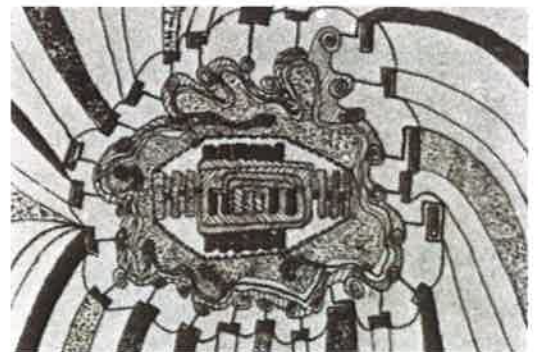
Robin Eastwood 3



Jeffrey Saker 3



Melinda Coxhell 6



John Dowds 3



Helen Jagger 3



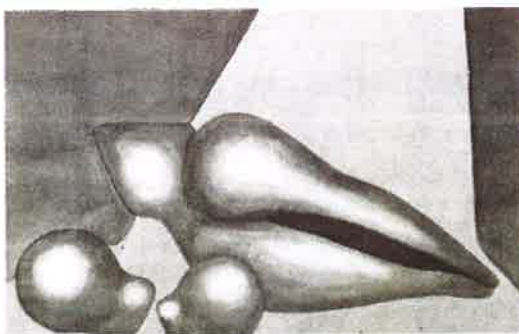
Graham Corlass 2D



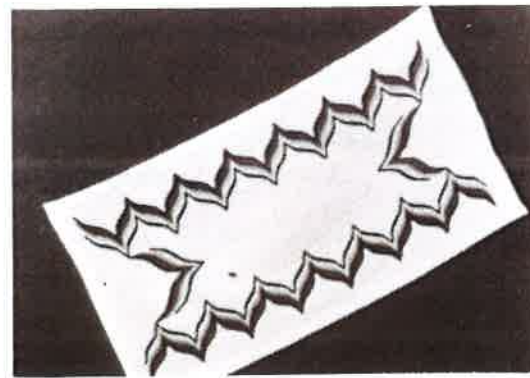
Kenneth Lund 3



Peter Smales 5C



Justine Rottman 6



Frederiki Gavrilidis 4D

The Old Man

The worries that the old man had suffered
in his young life were now evident:
His shapely face has been wrinkled with deep concerning
lines,
The lively expressions in his eyes have disappeared and
have been
left to sink back in his skull.
Old age has left his cheeks as flabby, blackhead-infested
skin.
His lips are chafed and dry, they will no longer taste the
sweetness of wine.
This poor old man has nowhere to go and loneliness is his
burden.

No one really cares about him, his movements are so
slow that he seems motionless.
Young people had made him realize that time has passed
him by.
"This world is for young people", they exclaimed.
"No one wants an old fogey like you."
And now, all this old man wants to do is to die.

— Kerry Watson 4B

Summer

Hot, tired and sticky,
Groaning and grizzling; the heat
becoming unbearable.

— Ronald Lau 2F

I Opened The Chest

I Opened the Chest
Inside was the strangest, weirdest gizmo I had ever
seen. There were tiny holes, about the size of a grain of
sand, all over the hemispherical dome on top of it. In each
of these, at the bottom, were tiny little globes of different
colors. Around the sides of the cubical base were things
that looked like fern leaves. I touched one. It felt metallic,
although the things look rubbery. Just then a strange thing
happened. The dome became alive with light. And not
ordinary light. This light seemed to seethe and boil. It
changed color. I must have blacked out, for the next thing I
knew I was at the top of a cliff, overlooking the sea. The air
was warm. There was a volcano erupting in the distance. I
looked up at the sky. It was a hazy grey-blue. The sea was
covered with a strange slime. All of a sudden I knew
where I was.

I was in the Prehistoric Past.

— Stephen Thomas 1E

The Moon

People look
But do not see
The beauty of the moon.
Like a nomad.
A fleeting, Silver glimpse,
of someone's imagination. — Anonymous

My Love

Over the sea and far away,
There we'll be together I pray.
For the love of ours is so strong;
That's where we belong.

They say it won't last,
They say we're too young.
But what do they know
Of young love.

We are young, we know;
But, we can't change our feelings.
Yes, we have quarrels,
But that's all in the game of love.

My love can't wait for someone else,
Please don't take him away.
Because they don't know how we feel
About Love.

Love is so many glorious things,
Love is the mating call of birds.
Love is a sweet baby boy,
Love is MY LOVE.

— Mary Vasiliou 1E

Scuttle's Fable

One day there was a little girl called Cinderella Scuttle
who went walking in the scary forest. It soon became
dark so Cinderella climbed up a tree to see if she could
see a house. She did and fell down the tree in excitement
and got slight concussion. The moral of this story is "Don't
jump to conclusions".

F. Scuttle alias Shane Phillips 3A

Waves

The pounding noise
of waves beating the shore —
an endless motion.

— Julie Pastars 2F

A Day In The Life Of A Garbage Bin

I was sitting outside my house one day and I said to
myself "It's garbage day again." Oh! and here come those
awful men who empty me out. "Up we go old thing", said
the garbage man, then threw me upside down. "Oh, I feel
dizzy" I said. "Come on somebody turn me over." Oh, oh!
I'm falling over. Aah! Here comes a car, and he's going to
skittle me one for a sixer. Phew, he missed! Good, here
comes Mrs. Jones to take me inside. I hope her silly little
poodle doesn't lift his leg up on me again. I stink after he
does. Great, here comes brekky. An empty orange juice
container, burnt toast, 10 banana peels and sour cream
— yummy. I think I'll go to sleep for a while."

— Craig Jessop. 1D

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS 1973 for 1974

ADOMIATIS, Bronwyn J.
ALEXEEF, Natalie
ALLEN, Naomi V.
ANASTASIADIS, Victor
ARNOLD, Dianne E.
BRADBURY, Clare R.
BROOKS, Trevor J.
BROWN, Celia M.
BROWN, William
BURK, Nella L.
CHRISTODOULOU, Kyrpos M.
COLLINS, John R.
COLOSIMO, Giuseppe
DAVIS, Susan E.
DeCERFF, Sandra J.
DIRINS, Donna L.
DOMANSKY, Andrey
DORMER, Rosemary A.
DUFFETT, Karen J.
HENLEY, Sally A.
HUSBAND, Gareth M.
JEFFERIES, Diana C.
KARASTAVROU, Steven
KLEIMAN, Gregory
KNEZEVICH, Susan
KOPANIDIS, George
KRNIC, Peter
LAW, Hilary
LOVELL, Robin
LOWENTHAL, Jackie
MANDERSON, John
MASON, Susan
MAY, Heather
MITCHELL, Tony
NICOL, Ian
POLACK, Helen D.
REID, John M.
RICHTER, Manfred R.
ROBSON, Ian L.
ROMAS, Nicholas
RYAN, Karen E.
SAKER, Jeffrey
SHUTE, Anthony J.
SKERRITT, Timothy R.
SKETCHER, Mark R.
SMITH, Rosemary
SOPIKIOTIS, George
SPENCE, Paul
STEELE, Jillian E.
STEWART, Patrick
STONE, Nigel B.
THOMPSON, Rosalind M.
THOMSON, Merryn J.
TRIVISONNO, Laura
VARELAS, Arthur
WALLACE, Cameron
WARDLE, Cynthia
WILSON, Michael

H.S.C. PASSES — 1973

BELL, L.G.
BOURNE, R.H.
BOUVIER, J.M.
BROOKES, A.R.
CARLILE, I.R.
COHEN, P.B.
COKER, R.J.
CONRAD, J.P.
DORMER, C.G.
DRAKEFORD, R.D.
EDDY, R.W.
EGAN, J.G.
FARLEY, S.E.
FENNING, M.A.
HENDERSON, M.D.
HUTCHINSON, A.G.
JOHNSON, P.C.
JURIC, D.
KARASTAVROU, M.
KENNY, L.E.
KINDER, K.J.
KING, G.W.
KNEZEVICH, J.
LAMBETH, C.S.
LEONG, Y.P.
LOCKWOOD, G.
MAPPIN, K.E.
McCLOSKEY, D.S.
McLEOD, J.M.
MILLEMACI, M.N.
PFEIFFER, K.R.
PHILLIPS, A.V.
PHILLIPS, J.C.
PHUA, K.C.
RICHARDSON, S.G.
ROWE, K.
RUTHERFORD, M.L.
SCHERLIES, C.B.
SEAL, J.A.
SMALL, N.J.
SMITH, J.D.
SOCHAKI, A.A.
SULLIVAN, S.E.
TAN, S.H.
TREMBATH, K.W.
WARD, R.
WATERS, L.C.
WEBSTER, S.M.
WINIARSKI, J.A.
WINTHROPE, A.E.
ZATCHEJ, M.M.

QUOTES.

"What's the use of having a toilet, when you can't see it."
— Greg Kowalczewski on smoking in toilets.

"Tidy with a tie.." John Gude telling boys what to wear for
a school social.

"Teachers, please do not smoke!" an appeal made by
John Gude to the better conscience of the staff, not to
smoke at the social, as it is only fair to the students who
are not allowed to do the same.

"It's a little cold comfort for you and me if you'll "excuse
the pun". Miss Essex on oil shortage.

H.S.C. STUDENTS, 1973 — STUDENTSHIP RESULTS

BELL Leonie Primary
BOUVIER Janet Primary
BROOKES Andrew Secondary
COHEN Peter Primary
CONRAD Janet Secondary
DORMER Catherine Secondary
DRAKEFORD Russel Secondary
EGAN Julie Primary
FARLEY Sally Primary
HENDERSON Mark Secondary
KENNY Leonie Secondary
KNEZEVICH John Secondary
MAPPIN Katherine Secondary
McLEOD Janet Secondary
PHILLIPS Jane Primary
SEAL Janet Secondary
SMALL Norman Primary
SMITH Jennifer Secondary
SULLIVAN Susan Primary
WEBSTER Susan Primary
WINTHROPE Annette Primary
ZATCHEJ Magdalene Secondary

COMMONWEALTH SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS 1974.

ANDREWS, Robert
BLOCH, Carola
BOMBACI, Sebastian
BREWER, Sandra
BROWN, Gayle
CSELKO, Frank
CURRY, Geoffrey
DEMPSEY, Peter
DER Joseph
DORMER, Marion
EFFENBERGER, Susan
EVENSON, Steven
FENWICK, Andrew
FLETCHER, Christopher
FRIBENCE, Margaret
GARDINER, Mary
GRIFFITH, Margot
HARVEY, Mark
HENDERSON, Kathryn
HENLEY, Kim
KENNY, Craig
KOZAK, Jean
LAW, Geoffrey
MAPPIN, Margaret
MARSHALL, Helen
MURRAY, Kevin
NAKAS, Pamela
PAGRAM, Frank
PATRIKIOS, John
PICKERING, Suzanne
REED, Philip
SAYERS, Andrea
SLATER, Alan
SMALES, Peter
THOMSON, Rodney
TRIVISONNO, Isabella
WHILE, Lynette
WILES, Michael
WOLFRAM, Paul

EDITORIAL 1974

Committee: Editor — Kathy Henderson

Layout — Lynette While

Jean Kozak, Mary Gardiner

Sandra Brewer, Judy Fenning

Andrea Sayers, Marion Dormer

Jill Murray

Julie Lawrence

Pam Nakas, Leanne Penton

Lindy Jones, Michael Koutsoukis

Photographers — Damien Milk (Form 3)

Richard Yiap (Form 6)

This year the committee comprising, with the exception of the two photographers, all form 5 students, has attempted to capture the school's itinerary for the year, in illustrated and verbal form. We think that so many more of the students would appreciate the work we are portraying, from the various events of the school life, if they were visual. With this in mind we have reduced the number of written reports on the various activities and have replaced them with photographs which we feel are both accurate representations of the topic and make the reading of the magazine more enjoyable. It also enables recollections of the activity, to actually SEE what was happening.

With the current paper shortage and the rising prices for every service or resource used it has been necessary to reduce, once more, the size of the magazine. We were reluctant to do this as it restricts the capacity for new ideas, but we must accept the situation and we hope that the students will appreciate the circumstances leading to this decision.

With regard to the type of articles in the magazine we have tried to get work from all sections of the school and in all the various fields so that students who do not excel academically can still be represented in other areas like sports teams, music groups or through art work.

We have been fortunate this year to have been given support and help from the teachers which has benefited us tremendously. We would like to thank them for their co-operation in promoting student interest and participation in the magazine and even making their own contributions.

Similarly we would like to thank the students for their articles and co-operation and our only regret is that we couldn't include all those that were submitted, due to the shortage of space.

We feel that we have successfully completed the task we undertook in producing "Prospice" in the sense that we have learnt, through the magazine, of the many new fields opening in the school and have had indirect contact with each level of the school to see their talents and attributions set down in print. We hope, too, that the magazine will have shown the different school levels to the other students to make them aware of other factors in the school life which might not have been known or understood, without the magazine.

As a record of the school life we know that "Prospice" has a definite place in the school and we would like to encourage the students in the years to come to participate in the production and organisation of "Prospice" as a means of student contact and to enhance student outlook. We would also like to wish our future successors on the "Prospice" committee a year as prosperous as the one we have just completed.

The meaning of the Latin word "**Prospice**" is very appropriate to our feelings since we are "Looking Forward" to the future in expectation of greater successes.

Thanks go to Brian O'Donnell for this year's "Prospice" cover.

Kathy Henderson

THESE ARE THE OFFICIAL SCHOOL ORGANISATIONS

Camberwell High School Advisory Council

PRESIDENT: BRETNALL, Mr. R.H.
SECRETARY: ESSEX, Miss M.J.
TREASURER: REEVES, Mr. J.H.

Committee:

AIRD, Mr. W.T.
BROOKES, Mrs. P.
BROWN, Mr. R.H.
GREGORY, Cr. C.A.
HENLEY, Mrs. M.
LOVELL, Mr. A.B.
RICHARDSON, Mrs. F.J.
RICHARDSON, Cmdr. P.S.
THOMPSON, Mr. D.O.
WEBSTER, Mr. D.T.
WILSON, Dr. J.

Camberwell High School Parents' & Friends' Association

PRESIDENT: REED, Mr. A.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: MASON, Mr. R.
NEWMAN, Mr. E.
SECRETARY: WEBSTER, Mrs. W.
TREASURER: PITT, Mrs. M.

Committee:

BOYD, Mrs. P.
BRETNALL, Mr. R.H.
CASTELLUCCI, Mr. S.
CLARKE, Mrs. D.
DRIVER, Mrs. S.
FENNING, Mrs. M.
HUTTON, Mr. C.
MADDOCK, Mrs. D.
REEVES, Mr. J.
RICHARDSON, Cmdr. P.
ROBERTS, Mr. P.
SUTCLIFFE, Mrs. D.
TOPP, Mrs. M.

Camberwell High School Women's Auxiliary

PRESIDENT: RICHARDSON, Mrs. J.
SECRETARY: SHUTE, Mrs. J.
TREASURER: PITT, Mrs. M.

Committee:

AIRD, Mrs. B.
BROOKES, Mrs. P.
EVANS, Mrs. M.
GRAY, Mrs. L.
HENLEY, Mrs. M.
HUNTER, Mrs. J.
MAKOWSKI, Mrs. W.
MILLAR, Mrs. N.
PHILLIPS, Mrs. J.
SAYERS, Mrs. V.
SHELTON, Mrs. E.
WARDLE, Mrs. S.
WEBSTER, Mrs. W.



QUOTES.

"Therefore the discriminations . . ." Mrs. Tempest explaining a Maths problem to her eager students, making a mistake by saying "discriminations" instead of "discriminants".

"They keep my hands warm". A statement made by a certain 5th form girl to justify the length of her 3 cm nails.

PROSPICE
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
PROSPECT HILL ROAD, CANTERBURY
VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA
NOVEMBER 1974