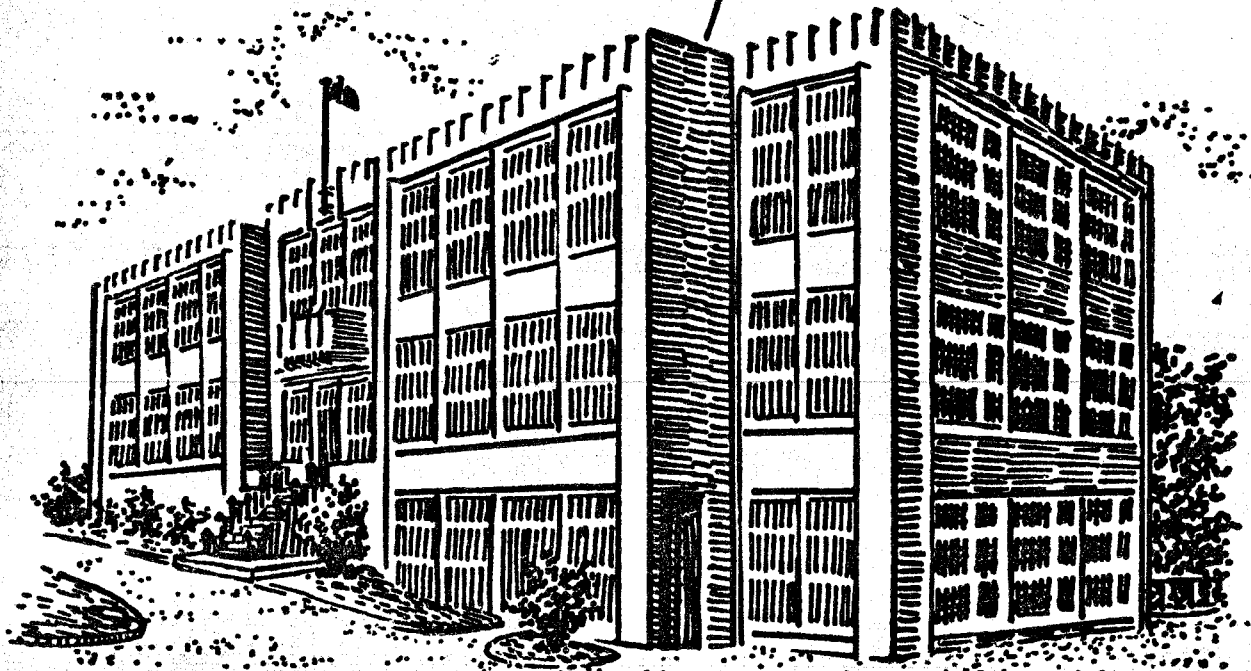


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Camberwell High School



PROSPICE

DECEMBER, 1957



Prospice

Magazine of the
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
1957

"PROSPICE" COMMITTEE 1957

Editors: Rachel Faggetter, Robert Kearsley.

Sport: Christine Fisch, Ian Sonderhof.

Art: Carolyn Davis, Ian Baker.

Current Events: Jean Ireland, Ray Spark.

Form Representatives: Eril Setford, John Anderson, Carol Blake, Margaret Sproat, Peter Gallus, Nathan Moshinsky, Bill Goodenough, Margaret Livingstone, Bill Logan, Mavis Rodda, Kerry Pratt, Jennifer Livingstone, Joy Goldstraw, Gwynyth Thompson, Peter Simmenauer, Ron Ingram, Dorothy Packham, Joy Morton, Stephen Zyga, Peter Stevens, Duncan Ross, Robin Pratt, Robert Irvine.

RETROSPECT

It is my good fortune to have lived in a time of great change, of great advance in human knowledge, and the application of that knowledge to man's use. Not the least of these advances has been in the field of secondary education, and it is very gratifying to have played even a small part in this advance.

Until the beginning of this century, the education of most Victorian children did not go beyond the primary school stage, it being considered that such a standard was sufficient for their needs. But at this time the outlook of the average man was becoming increasingly democratic, and he realised that in a democracy, it is essential to have an enlightened public opinion to maintain and advance our democratic institutions, and that this could be assured only by further education. Thus our High Schools commenced, and have progressed until now

there are more than one hundred in the State. The number itself is impressive, but our pride is rather in the high repute in which these schools are held. Their record of scholarship is outstanding, as shown by examination results and by the large number of ex-students who occupy responsible positions in the community. The first teachers insisted on a high standard of conduct, and this is still a notable characteristic of our schools.

Now, as the time has arrived for me to leave this work, I try to imagine the developments of the next fifty years and envy those young teachers who will participate in this development. My wish is that their years of service in the schools will be as happy as mine have been.

A. J. Ebbels.

VALEDICTORY

Five years ago, a stranger to most of us came to take charge of our school. He came to us with a reputation for efficiency and with a long record of experience. He assumed control in an unobtrusive manner, and within a short time the school under the stimulus of this new energetic personality was making further progress on the foundations laid by its two previous headmasters. Now, no longer a stranger to even the newest arrival, but having reached the statutory age for retirement, Mr. Ebbels relinquishes his post and enters upon a period of retirement which we know will be full of activity in some cherished direction. It is to wish him happiness and true satisfaction in the years ahead, commensurate with the hard work and enthusiasm of the years behind, that this valedictory is written.

Much could be said of the growing complexity of the task of running a school in these post-war days, of coping with a rapidly-growing school population in more or less static accommodation, of constant staff changes, of the problems presented by the enrolment of Asian and other migrant students. There is so constant a strain from so many directions that the effects on health are considerable. Yet, remembering all these factors, the most enduring impression Mr. Ebbels will leave with us will be that of a man of sympathy, understanding and humanity. Efficiency alone can be a cold quality; tact

can be a mask; but to a man of goodwill there cannot fail to be a warm response. Through the years he has shared with us, rather than merely directed the manifold activities of this school, he has indeed displayed qualities of a man of good will, and from staff and pupils alike there has been that warm response which culminates now in this expression of appreciation and the very best of good wishes. Included in these we should like to include Mrs. Ebbels who, as a headmaster's wife and behind the scenes, has shared the burdens imposed by her husband's position. We hope that, with him, she will be long spared to enjoy the rewards that are now at hand.

This year our senior master, Mr. D. Gray, also reaches the retiring age. Although with us for only one year, it has taken us less time than that to discover that Mr. Gray is a true friend to those who merit his friendship. He has exerted a very real influence on the school and has shown an interest in its welfare and progress far in excess of what might reasonably have been expected from a man facing retirement at the end of the year. We are grateful to him for a year's efficient and cheerful service to the school, for his courtesy and friendliness, and for the sense of justice he has displayed in his dealings with the staff and the pupils. On their behalf, "Prospice" offers Mr. and Mrs. Gray their best wishes for a long and happy retirement at Cannons Creek (where the big fish go!).



Mr. A. T. Ebbels, B.A., Dip.Ed., Headmaster 1953-57.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

HEAD MASTER

Mr. A. T. Ebbels, B.A., Dip.Ed.

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

Cr. R. C. Cooper (President), Mr. A. G. Brewer, Mr. B. M. Curry, Mr. H. P. Head, Mr. M. G. Levy, Mrs. T. Robinson, Mr. M. W. Yunghanns, Mr. J. G. Beanland, Prof. F. Duras, Rev. C. E. Martin, Mr. J. B. F. Moore, Mr. R. T. M. Pescott, M.Ag.Sc., F.R.E.S.

MASTERS

Mr. D. G. Gray, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts); Mr. C. L. Hallett, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. C. Tynan, B.Com., B.Ed., T.T.C. (Com.); Mr. R. A. Hart, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. G. R. Horne, B.Com., Dip.Ed., A.A.S.A., T.P.T.C.; Mr. C. O. McCallum, D.T.S.C., T.T.C. (Man. Arts); Mr. A. J. Foster, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. H. S. Begbie, B.Sc., T.P.T.C.; Mr. J. W. Onyons, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. G. A. L. Adams, B.A. (Hons.), B.Ed.; Mr. L. L. Cropper, B.A.; Mr. W. J. Ferguson, D.T.S.C.; Mr. R. W. Keene, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.; Mr. A. M. H. Aikman, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. O. D. Dowling, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. R. Doble, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. O. C. Ferris, T.P.T.C., Dip.Mus.; Mr. A. A. Hardenberg, B.A.; Mr. E. Harrison, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. Gibbons, Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. G. McCurrach, B.Com.; Mr. J. Hobill, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.

MISTRESSES

Miss L. G. Trickett, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss M. E. I. Moore, B.Sc., B.Ed.; Miss E. M. Crane, 2nd yr. Arts; Miss A. E. Webb, B.A., Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.; Miss D. Burke, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss R. M. Clark, M.A., Dip.Ed., Lib.Ass.Prel.Cert.; Miss M. Pettitt, B.A., A.T.T.I. Cert.; Mrs. B. D. Gray, Dip.Ed.; Mrs. M. L. Burke, B.A. (part of year only); Miss M. J. Burns, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. J. A. Merritt, B.A. (Hons.), B.Ed. (Terms I & II); Miss D. V. Debney, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Term I & part II); Mrs. J. E. Ikin, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. M. Dawkins, T.T.C.; Dr. G. Huttner, Ph.D., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. G. Hurnall; Miss J. Issett, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.

PREFECTS

Girls: Nicola Donkin (Head), Christine Fisch, Elizabeth Allen, Rachel Faggetter, Georgette Fink, Heather Glastonbury, Jean Ireland, Pamela Morcom, Cedar Sonnenberg.

Boys: David Raby (Head), Graeme Cox, John Brown, John Graham, Greg. Hambrook, Norman Hogg, Hugh Hopkins, Ian Sonderhof.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill: Beverley Blight, Frank Moore.

MacArthur: Judith Firth, Robert Kaegi.

Montgomery: Wendy Norman, David Chesterman.

Roosevelt: Dorothy Green, Ray Spark.

FORM CAPTAINS

Vla: Helen Jenkins. **Vlb:** Barry McIlroy. **Va:** Susan Fisch. **Vb:** Sue Roddick. **Vc:** Edward Cole. **Vd:** David Weeks. **IVa:** Oenone Lovitt. **IVb:** Margaret Horton. **IVc:** Winifred James, Michael Stevenson. **IVd:** Judith Montgomery, David Parker. **IIIa:** John Page. **IIIb:** Noelle Gray. **IIIc:** Ruth Hanslow, Colin Wilson. **IIId:** Pat Main, Stuart Weeks. **IIIe:** Barbara Cowan, Lee Austin. **Ila:** Christine Bellman, Geoffrey Allen. **I Ib:** Julie Key, Barry Vincent. **I Ic:** Gloria Crofts, Graeme Collins. **Ia:** Jennifer Gibbs, Geoffrey Wess. **Ib:** Elizabeth Roddick, Graeme Ellis.



PROSPICE COMMITTEE

Back Row: W. Logan, P. Gallus, K. Pratt, P. Simmenauer.

Third Row: N. Moshinsky, M. Sproat, J. Morton, C. Blake, N. Donkin, E. Setford, M. Livingstone, W. Goodenough, S. Zyga.

Second Row: P. Stevens, R. Ingram, M. Rodda, J. Livingstone, J. Goldstraw, G. Thompson, D. Packham, R. Irvine, D. Ross.

Front Row: C. Davies, C. Fisch, J. Ireland, R. Faggetter (co-editor), Miss Clark, R. Kearsley (co-editor), R. Spark, I. Sonderhof, J. Anderson.

EDITORIAL

THIS year, 1957, has witnessed the commencement of the International Geophysical Year, a venture unparalleled in the history of science. The aim of this vast movement is to further man's grasp of the universe, and to use the knowledge gained for the advancement of civilisation. The I.G.Y. is a rare example of man's co-operation with his fellow-man; scientists all over the world have agreed to work intensively in some particular field, and then to make their findings available to all nations, regardless of colour or creed.

Surely if this spirit of co-operation can develop in the field of science, it can also be infused into the even more vital field of international political relationships and understanding. Someone has said that increased knowledge brings understanding, that ultimate aim we should all strive for in our human relationships. Understanding means compassion and toleration, a readiness to see the other point of view.

If the men of science, whose work in the field of nuclear physics has placed man's destiny so perilously in his own hands, can work towards peace, surely we, as the future generation, can help to play our part in achieving a new age

of harmony between nations and goodwill between all men.

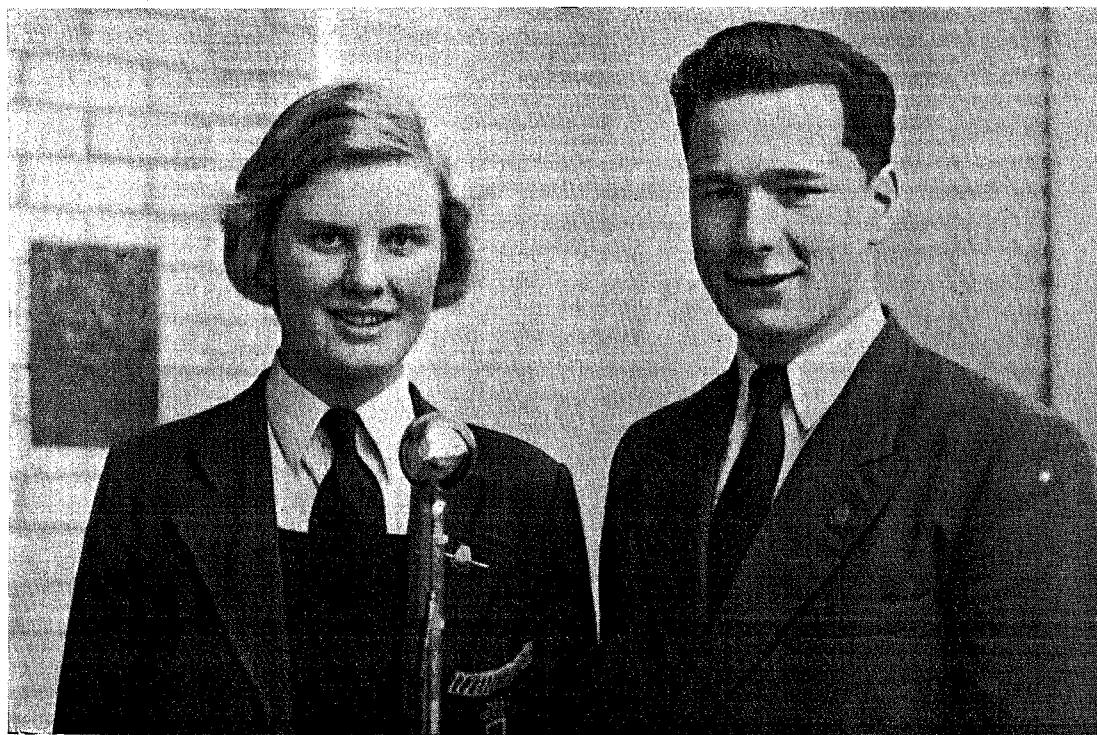
*R. Faggetter, R. Kearsley,
Editors.*

OBITUARY

Dr. A. V. G. JAMES

It was with great regret that the school learnt of the recent death of Dr. A. V. G. James, Headmaster of this school from 1941-1947. Dr. James was appointed the first Headmaster, and was in charge during the difficult war period, when the school had to change premises, and then return. He was largely responsible for laying out the grounds, and the school owes much in every way to his foundation work.

As well as being the author of many standard Geography text books, he took a prominent part in the social life of the community, and was well-known and respected by teachers, parents and residents of Camberwell. His continued interest in the school was manifest by his presence at each Speech Night and other school functions. To Mrs. James and his family, we extend our very sincere sympathy.



Nicola Donkin

HEAD PREFECTS

David Raby.

Installation of Prefects and House Captains, 1957

The Annual Installation of Prefects and House Captains for 1957 took place at the Hawthorn Town Hall on Thursday, 21st March.

The guests of honour at the ceremony, Cr. W. A. Fordham, Mayor of Camberwell, and Cr. G. S. Slobom, Mayor of Hawthorn, were officially welcomed by Cr. R. C. Cooper, Chairman of the School Advisory Council.

As is now the custom, the Form Captains were installed at the same function, and when they had been called up on to the stage, Miss Trickett, the Senior Mistress, addressed them. They then received their badges of office from Cr. Fordham, and Helen Jenkins replied to the Mayor on their behalf. The House Captains, after being addressed by the Senior Master,

Mr. Gray, then received their badges from Cr. Slobom, and Wendy Norman replied.

Finally, the Prefects were addressed by Mr. Ebbels, the Head Master. Solemnly they took the oath, and then in turn signed the prefects' book, which is a record of all the prefects throughout the history of the school. After Cr. Fordham had presented each prefect with the badge of office, the two head prefects, Nicola Donkin and David Raby, gave speeches on behalf of their colleagues.

A hymn of dedication was sung, followed by the school song, which was indeed a fitting end to such a solemn occasion.

— *R. A. Spark, VIb.*

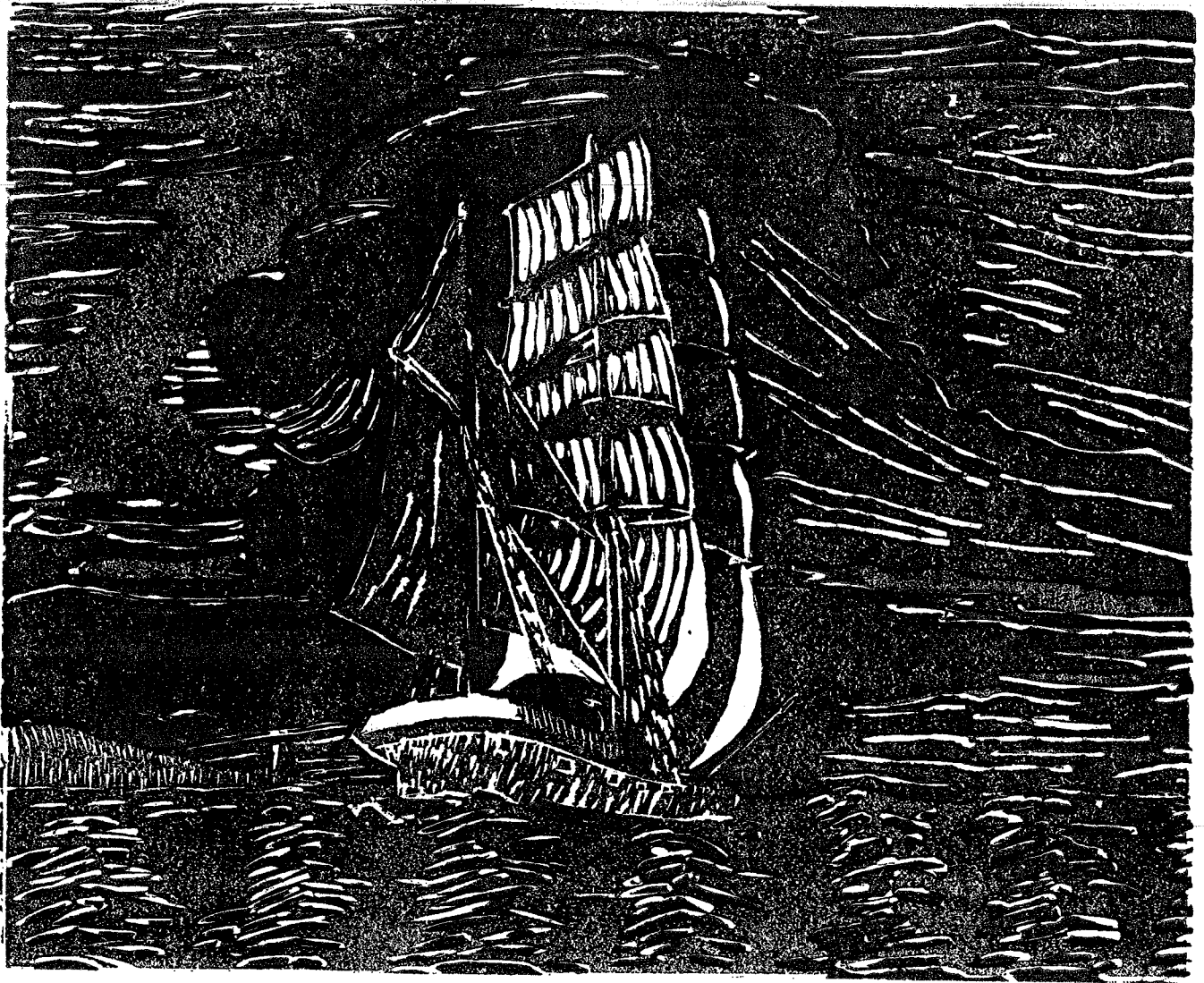
Speech Night, 1956

Speech Night, 1956, was held on the 2nd November at the Hawthorn Town Hall, and was attended by only the senior classes. The programme opened with the National Anthem and two items by the school orchestra. Then followed an address by the President of the School Advisory Council, Councillor R. C. Cooper, J.P., and massed singing by the whole school. The Headmaster, Mr. A. T. Ebbels, made a report on the school year, followed by the guest speaker, Professor F. Duras, who spoke on the ideals behind the Olympic Games.

After some enjoyable singing by the Madrigal Groups, the prizes and sports awards were presented by Councillor W. A. Fordham, Mayor of Camberwell.

The senior choirs sang three items, followed by the massed singing of Tallis' Canon. Then Miss Egan and Mr. Hallett were introduced to the audience as the composers of the School Song. After a few words from them, the programme finished with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

— *J. Ireland.*



Lino-cut by Ian Woonton, IVc.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

Dux:

Humanities: B. Mason.
Mathematics & Science: D. Wilson.

Form VI

English Expression: K. Price.
English Literature: J. Eltham.
French: B. Mason.
Latin: B. Gatzke.
History: J. Eltham.
Geography: N. Head.
Mathematics:—Pure: B. Firth.
Calculus & Applied Mathematics: D. Wilson.
Biology: S. Beilharz.
Chemistry: G. Sproat.
Physics: D. Wilson.
Accounting: R. Jones.
Music—
Girls: L. Carter.
Boys: P. Chesterman.

Form V

K. Greig, E. Setford, H. Hopkins, G. Thomson,

Form IV

J. Firth, B. Blight, M. Appleton, N. Seaton,
B. Jarasius.

Form III

O. Lovitt, M. Livingstone, L. Murray, W.
Logan.

Form II

M. Keith, K. Yorg.

Form I

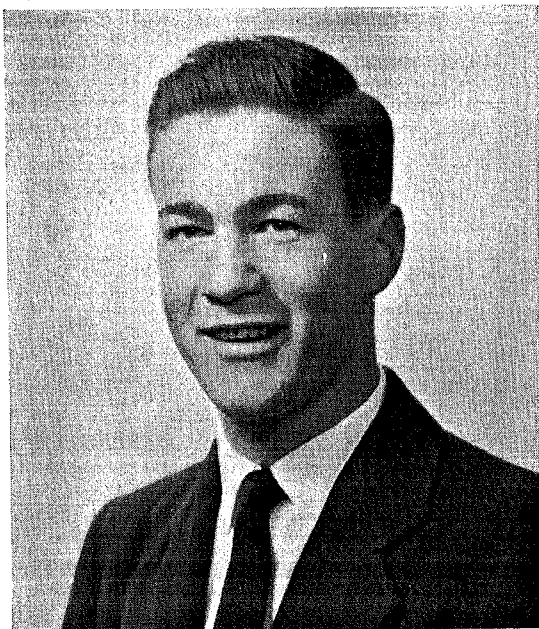
K. Walter, D. Packham, B. Vincent.

Sports Awards

Girls: L. Anderson, J. Firth, D. Green, M.
McDowell, K. Price.

Boys — Re-awards: B. Blythe, G. Cox, P.
Friend, D. Raby, N. Twitt, D. Weeks.

Awards — C. Beed, J. Brown, R. Coppin,
H. Davies, J. Eastham, A. Schwab, S. Weeks.



Gerald Robinson — First Class Honours in English Literature, British History and Geography. Matriculation Exhibition, Senior Government Scholarship, Commonwealth Government Scholarship.



Brian Firth — First Class Honours in Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Chemistry and Music (Theory). Secondary Teaching Studentship.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS, 1956

As last year (1956) was the first time students of Camberwell High School sat for the Matriculation examination, we are pleased to publish the following results, and to congratulate the successful candidates:

HONOURS

English Literature

First Class: G. Robinson; Second Class: J. Eltham, B. Mason.

Latin

First Class: B. Gatzke; Second Class: S. Beilharz, N. Head, G. Robinson.

Applied Maths.

First Class: D. Wilson, B. Firth.

Pure Maths.

First Class: B. Firth; Second Class: D. Wilson.

Physics

First Class: D. Wilson; Second Class: A. Evans, B. Firth, D. Seedsman, G. Sproat.

Chemistry

First Class: B. Firth, G. Sproat; Second Class: B. Gatzke, J. Clarke, D. Wilson.

Biology

Second Class: S. Beilharz.

Geography

First Class: L. Carter, G. Robinson; Second Class: B. Blythe, P. Chesterman, G. Galt, N. Head, R. Jones, K. Walker.

British History

First Class: G. Robinson; Second Class: C. Beed, H. Burden, L. Carter, J. de Mole, J. Eltham, H. Korman, B. Mason, C. Sonnenberg, K. Walker.

Modern History

Second Class: C. Beed, L. Carter, B. Mason, K. Walker.

Music (Practical)

Second Class: N. Head.

Music (Theory)

First Class: B. Firth.

Accountancy

Second Class: R. Jones.

German

First Class: S. Beilharz, B. Gatzke.

The following students gained their Matriculation Certificate

C. Beed, S. Beilharz, B. Blythe, H. Burden, A. Carter, L. Carter, P. Chesterman, J. Curry, J. Clarke, E. Clarke, J. de Mole, N. Donkin, J. Eltham, A. Evans, B. Firth, J. Francis, P. Friend, G. Galt, B. Gatzke, N. Head, H. Korman, R. Jones, R. Lord, B. Mason, A. Meiers, K. Petrie, K. Price, K. Quinlan, R. Reading, G. Robinson, D. Seedsman, C. Sonnenberg, G. Sproat, K. Walker, D. Wilson.

(Continued on next page)

Matriculation Exhibition (General Award)

G. Robinson.

Senior Government Scholarship

G. Robinson.

Dafydd Lewis Scholarships

B. Blythe, G. Sproat.

S.E.C. Scholarship

D. Wilson.

P.M.G. Cadetship

D. Seedsman.

Commonwealth Government Scholarship Awards

C. Beed, S. Beilharz, B. Blythe, A. Carter, P. Chesterman, J. Clarke, J. Eltham, G. Galt, B. Gatzke, N. Head, B. Mason, G. Robinson, D. Seedsman, G. Sproat, K. Walker. D. Wilson.

Secondary Teaching Studentships to Melbourne University

P. Chesterman, J. Clark, B. Firth, G. Galt, N. Head, R. Lord, B. Mason, A. Meiers, K. Price, G. Robinson, K. Walker.

REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE, 1956

Just prior to 11 o'clock on the morning of Friday, 9th November, work in the school ceased, and the pupils filed out to the front of

the school to take part in a Remembrance Day service.

A guest speaker, Rev. W. E. Hadden, gave an inspiring speech on the need of all present and future generations to remember the deeds of the fallen, and what they did to benefit the future of the world. He was listened to by a silent and attentive gathering, and at the conclusion, the Headmaster requested that all should bow their heads in silent prayer for those who gave their lives for their country.

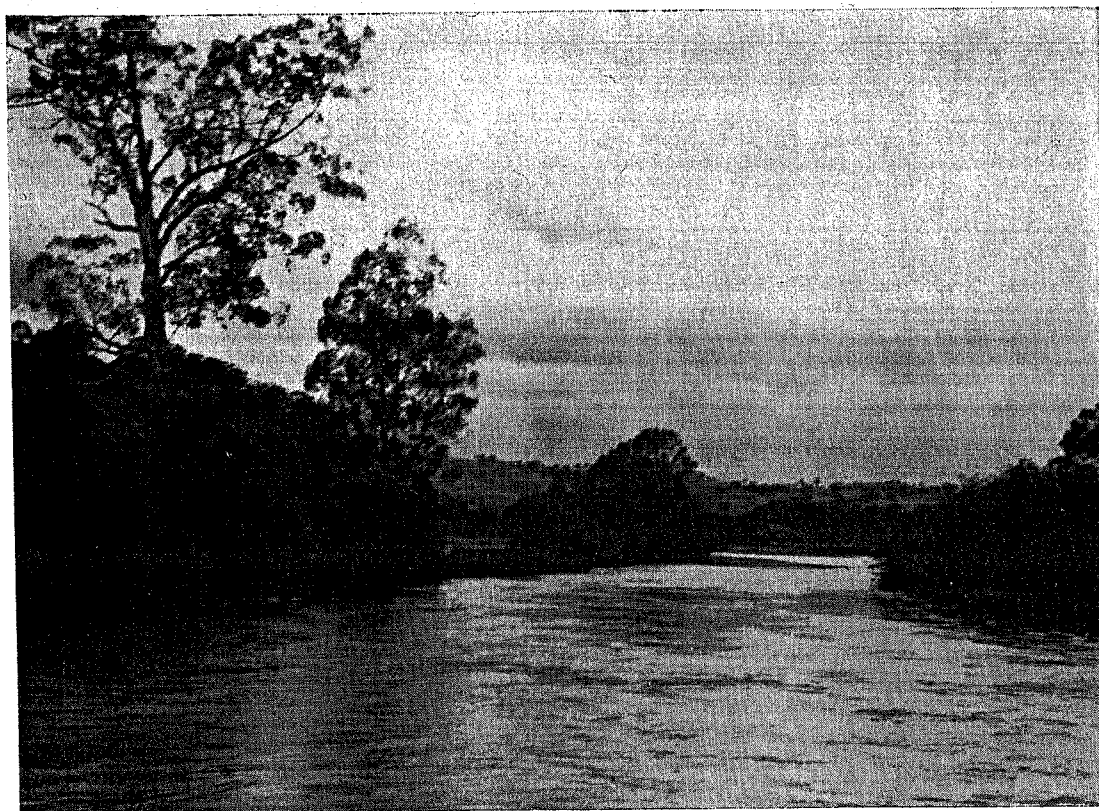
—Peter Nicholls.

ANNUAL SCHOOL SERVICE, 1956

The Annual School Service for 1956 was held once again in Trinity Church, Camberwell, on the 9th November. We sang several hymns, and the choir rendered the anthem "The Heaven of Heavens," whilst Mr. Krahnert accompanied us on the organ.

The Rev. Dr. Barton Babbage spoke of the tremendous change that was soon to take place in many of our lives, as we left the sheltered life to which we were accustomed, and plunged into the obscurity of the outside world.

At the close of the service, we all sang, "When I survey the wondrous Cross." —V. Frazer.



Snapshot by Joy Handley, IVa, winner of Out-of-School section, Snapshot Competition.



PREFECTS

Front Row (left to right): H. Glastonbury, D. Raby (Head Prefect), Miss Trickett, Mr. Ebbels, N. Donkin (Head Prefect), I. Sonderhof.
Middle Row: P. Morcom, J. Ireland, R. Faggetter, E. Allen, G. Fink, C. Fisch, C. Sonnenberg.
Back Row: H. Hopkins, J. Brown, D. Rowland, N. Hogg, G. Hambrook, J. Graham.

SCHOOL DIARY

February 5: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!"

February 22: Miss Alday leaves to become Mrs. Thurecht.

February 25: The Board of Inspectors arrive.

March 5: Roosevelt splash their way to victory in the House Swimming sports

March 21: Prefects installed at Hawthorn Town Hall.

March 27: The male members of the school justify themselves as the superior sex by winning Inter-school Swimming Carnival.

March 29: Prefects partake of satisfying repast with the staff.

March 30: Many cases of indigestion.

April 5: Nature boy makes his bid to enter school.

April 12: Rowing Regatta — complete with musicians and cheer-leaders.

April 18: Easter vacation starts

April 24: and ends!

April 25: Exams: "To fail or not to fail, that is the question."

May 16: Social — wow, such a night it was!

May 17: All have a well-earned rest.

May 28: Noses to the grindstone once again.

June 5: First XVIII just (?) beaten by University (20 goals).

June 15: Mr. Keene enters a bond other than a co-valent one. Congratulations!

June 18: Football team celebrates first victory against Northcote.

June 25: Cross-country run — "Fred and Jack enjoy a quiet stroll."

July 2: Combined High School Social — soft lights, soft music and very hard floor.

July 3: Football team unlucky after extremely hard match against Melbourne.

July 9: Football team annihilates Eltham.

July 16: Repeated against Box Hill.

July 19: Trip to Warragul — keen sporting rivalry — social.

July 20: Most boys return reluctantly after making many "conquests."

July 31: Visitors during the night.

August 6: Staff v. Form VI in gruelling football match. Staff won the match, but did they win the fight?

August 8: Exams: — "Dad, I am sure I will pass this time." — famous last words.

August 19: Choral competition. Montgomery warble their way to victory.

August 20: Correction day.

August 22: Mr. Adams leaves us for Cambodia.
Our best wishes go with him.
August 24: School Fete — an eventful day!
August 27: "Er, half a minute, have you been
to the 'Big Show'?"
August 29: Social c.f. May 16.
August 30: Teachers and pupils have a ten
days' truce.
September 10: Final term begins.
September 24: House Athletic Sports, with
Roosevelt victorious.

October 9: Inter-School Athletic Sports at
Olympic Park; the spirit was willing . . .
November 13: The period of "hibernation"
(or is it "aestivation"?—Ed.) begins for
Form VI — 2 weeks for "swot vac."
November 25: Speech Night at St. Kilda Town
Hall.
November 27: Final Matriculation exams.
begin. "Like lambs to the slaughter" they
go.
December 17: Final Assembly for Mr. Ebbels.
— *R. A. Spark, VIIb.*

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

CRUSADER-INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His
righteousness; and all these things shall be
added unto you."—*Matt. 6:33.*

Every Monday, at 12 o'clock for the past
school year, our Crusader-Inter-Schools' Christ-
ian Fellowship group has been meeting in Room
2, under the leadership of Mrs. Price, and, more
recently, Mrs. Duerdoth. Although we have an
average attendance of 35, there is still room
for greater numbers, and we would like to see
many more girls, especially from the Junior
forms, next year. Besides our weekly meetings,
we have had certain activities outside the school,
such as the camp, which none of those who
attended will ever forget, hikes and a social.

"The C-I.S.C.F. is strictly non-sectarian, its
basis of belief conforming to the great tradi-
tional statements of the Christian Churches. Its
aim is to foster all that is finest in youthful
ideals and aspirations and to develop a true
faith in Jesus Christ. It further stresses the
importance of displaying Christian character in
daily living, whether in the home, the class-room
or on the sports field."

We would like to thank Mr. Ebbels and Miss
Trickett for the help and co-operation they have
given us, and all who have helped to make this
year a success.

*B. Millard.
W. Rodda.*

FORM V. GEOGRAPHY EXCURSIONS

During 1957, the Fifth Form Geography
classes have had some most interesting and
instructive expeditions to various places.

Early in the year, the hidden wonders of
Melbourne's port were revealed to us by the
Harbour Trust. We cruised around the Docks
and then out into the Bay, trying hard not to
succumb to seasickness whilst busily munching
sandwiches.

The Silvan Dam excursion was packed with

thrills, including the exploration of dark tun-
nels, speed boat racing, and in one case, the
perilous ascent of the tower.

The Shell excursion to Geelong had two main
highlights, besides the purely geographical
aspect. One was the delicious three course
dinner served, and the other was Mr. Foster's
jive exhibition on the way home in the bus.

Altona Oil Refinery excursion was most in-
structive, and we believe morning tea was
provided for the enthusiastic geographers (c.f.
Shell).

One thing about the General Motors Holden
excursion has puzzled most of us. What were
all those engines, noises and smells meant to
signify? It was quite mystifying, but one posi-
tive thing we learned was that most of us look
quite peculiar in spectacles.

We look forward to our excursion to Wood-
stock later in the year, where the Soil Conserva-
tion Authority has been combatting various
types of soil erosion.

LIBRARY NOTES

This year, the library has been available to
all forms at lunch-time, and on an average, 190
books have been borrowed weekly. Up to the
end of July, 330 books have been added. As
well as many reference books and recent novels,
these include 20 of the "Young Traveller" series,
a number of Biographies, and the full series of
Longman's Colour Geographies. New periodicals
subscribed to are:—*Meanjin*, *UNESCO Courier*,
New Statesman and Nation, *Music and Musi-
cians*, *Australian Children's Newspaper*, *Aus-
tralian Museum Magazine*, *Australian Stamp
Monthly*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Popular Science*.
We also acknowledge periodicals sent to us by
different firms and organisations.

The Art students are designing a book-plate,
so that books donated to the library may be suit-
ably inscribed. We commend to students leaving
school this practice of donating a book to the
library.



"The Artist," Etching by W. Logan, IVc.

THIS YEAR IN SCHOOL MUSIC

When I was asked to write an article about the school music, various events immediately came to my mind. They were: The Secondary Schools' Music Festival, the Parents' Night, the Choral Competition and Speech Night, — four big events of the year in which music plays a most important part.

The Secondary Schools' Music Festival was held early in the year in the University's magnificent new Wilson Hall. A large number of schools entered, and all performed individually at a series of minor festivals. These were followed by a grand final night in which all took part. Our choir put up a very creditable performance, and thanks are due to Miss Webb for all her efforts expended on our behalf. On the final night, hundreds of parents were present to hear massed singing, choir and orchestral items. Altogether, the festival was a great success.

The second event that came to my mind was the Parents' night. A flute trio, made up of Jennifer Winford, Sandra Eltham and Elaine Robinson, rendered items which were greatly enjoyed by all present. The singing of the school Madrigal group was also greatly appre-

ciated. It was a pity the Orchestra, which was in abeyance, was not able to perform here.

For the Choral Competition, House choirs, conducted and organised by House members, were hard at work during second term. The competition took place after the exams, Dr. A. E. Floyd being the adjudicator on this occasion. Lastly, in preparation for Speech night, we anticipate a busy third term of practice.

To sum up, this year has been, musically speaking, "allegro," and we hope that next year will be "vivace."

THE CHORAL FESTIVAL

This year, the annual Choral Festival was held on the 19th August at the Hawthorn Town Hall; this was somewhat later than usual, to enable practices to take place both before and after the examinations. The afternoon opened with the singing of the School Song and the welcoming of the adjudicator, Dr. A. E. Floyd, by David Raby, Head Prefect. Each choir sang a set song and a part song, while a group from each choir sang an unaccompanied three part song.

Set Piece

"Hand and Hammer" MacMahon

Other Items

Roosevelt

"Beauty and Truth" Coleridge-Taylor

"Breathe Soft" Paxton

MacArthur

"Viking Song" Coleridge-Taylor

"Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair"
Stephen Foster

Churchill

"Finlandia" Sibelius

"O Peaceful Night" (German)

Montgomery

"The Jovial Beggar" Rowley

"The Gipsies' Laughing Trio" Glover

While Dr. Floyd was reaching a decision, three pupils of the school entertained us with a flute trio. A new event on the programme was the appearance of press photographers who photographed both Roosevelt and Montgomery choirs.

Dr. Floyd then spoke, commending Miss Webb, our music teacher, on her work in helping the choirs, and commenting on the faults and good features of the various items. The results were then announced, with Montgomery house winning by one point. Dr. Floyd presented the cup to Montgomery's conductor, Wendy Norman, who then thanked him, and also thanked the other houses for their keen competition.

This most enjoyable afternoon was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

*Front Row: D. Green, W. Norman, B. Blight, J. Firth.
Back Row: R. Spark, D. Chesterman, F. Moore, R. Kaegi.*

HOUSE NOTES

CHURCHILL

Churchill began this year's activities with a burst of enthusiasm, as a result of which Beverly Blight and Frank Moore were elected House Captains. Next came the Swimming Sports, and every Member of the house (well, a few anyway) trained keenly to participate. After a very pleasant afternoon, the boys managed to struggle into third place, while the girls were not quite so successful. We must not forget, however, Ong Choon Lim, senior champion and Captain of the swimming team, and Necia Haxton, a very promising swimmer, both of Churchill.

For some weeks prior to the next event of note, the cross-country run, male members of the House, were to be seen plodding around the streets of Camberwell and surrounding districts at odd hours of the night, in an attempt to get fit, but this succeeded only with Brian Maley, who saved the House team from disgrace by gaining both first place and fastest time. Nice work, Brian!

House sport during the year was not a roaring success for Churchill, the only notable success being in the boys' football team, which completed the season undefeated (take note, girls — "undefeated"). General opinion among

House members indicates that if Churchill persistently tails the field, the House scoring system should be abolished, the shame as one mounts the stairs at either end of the school being too great to bear. However, we look forward to success in the Choral Contest and the Athletic Sports. Our choir, although fairly well off in numbers, lacks volume, despite the untiring efforts of conductor Margaret Cole, and the great work of Frank Moore in conscripting the volunteers.

Finally, all members of Churchill join in thanking our House Mistress, Mrs. Gray, and Masters, Mr. Foster and Mr. Aikman, our Captains and their assistants for a very enjoyable, if not wholly successful, year. "The important thing is not to win, but to take part," and we've certainly done that.—*R. Kearsley.*

MACARTHUR

Under our two able House Captains, Judy Firth and Robert Kaegi, we have completed a fairly successful year. During her presence, Miss Moore was of great help to the girls, and Mr. Keene has given much of his valuable time to the boys. Mr. Ferris has been a dominant influence in the Junior House, aided by David Wilcox.

MacArthur is proud of the fact that we have been well represented in all the school sporting teams. In the swimming, we came third, and in the cross country, the final aggregate found us last.

Much hard labour has been carried out by our House choir conductor, John "Cactus" Anderson, with Judy Firth as our extremely capable accompanist.

With the Choral Festival and Athletics yet to come, we can only hold optimistic hopes about our chances in these events; at least we cannot do any worse in the Choral Contest than we did last year.

The House would like to convey its thanks to all those mentioned, and at this stage wish for the speedy and complete recovery of Miss Moore, of whose presence we were unfortunately deprived in second term.—*J. G. Onto.*

MONTGOMERY

Montgomery's efforts this year have been like the curate's egg — good in parts. We did very well in the Swimming Sports, coming second to MacArthur by only one point. We are reasonably confident of success in the Choral Contest, providing enough of the choir have recovered from 'flu to make the top note of "Hand and Hammer" audible, at least audible enough to reach the adjudicator. A number of our members were swimming champions, and we are hoping for the same result, if not better, for the Athletic Sports in third term.

We would like to thank our captains, Wendy Norman and David Chesterman, for their work throughout the year, and our House Teachers, Miss Crane and Mr. Onyons. Mr. Onyons deserves a special note of thanks for his efforts in recruiting boys for the singing practices.

—*N. Donkin.*

ROOSEVELT

Under the watchful eye of Miss Burke and Mr. Begbie, and with the leadership of Dorothy Green and Ray Spark, Roosevelt is completing another very successful year. We began our victorious season by winning the Swimming Sports in grand style. Modesty forbids us enlarging upon this except to congratulate our individual champions, Katrina Walter and Jeanette Anderson.

Next was the cross-country run in which we gained the most points, but congratulations must be given to Brian Maley on his well-earned win.

The House Choir practices are now in full swing under the able baton of Margaret Cowan, while Elizabeth Uren and Peter Jones thump out the accompaniment to a few feeble voices. It is with much torture and persuasion that we now have three permanent male members in our ranks, but nevertheless we hope our efforts will not be in vain. Time will soon tell.

Finally we must thank the other Houses for their friendly competition, and tell them not to give up hope when we streak out in front once again.



Lino-cut by Judith Hogg, Va.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: N. Haxton, B. Reynolds, K. Walter, T. Roberts, J. Crout, R. Horwood.
Front Row: P. Brewer, J. Anderson, G. Samblebe, Ong, C. L., J. Graham, R. Lang.

INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

This year, the Annual Inter-House Swimming Sports were held at Camberwell Baths on Tuesday, 5th March.

The results were:

	<i>Girls</i>	<i>Boys</i>	<i>Total</i>
1. Roosevelt	95½	96	191½
2. Montgomery	75½	82	163½
3. MacArthur	72	82	154
4. Churchill	52	72	124

BOYS' SECTION

In the boys' section, the swimming was of a very high standard, especially in the Open Group, where a new record was established in every event.

The winners were:

Diving

David Taylor.

Backstroke

John Gordon, 31.8 sec.

Freestyle

Ong Choon Lim—

100 yds. 57.9 sec.

200 yds. 2.23.5 min.

Breaststroke

Eddie Koleits 34.6 sec.

Butterfly

Eddie Koleits 33.3 sec.

The Individual Champions were

Open: John Gordon.

Under 16: John Graham.

Under 15: Robert Lang.

Under 14: Terry Roberts.

Under 13: John Crout.

Under 12: Ross Horwood.

GIRLS' SECTION

Open

Winners were:

Diving

Hillary Savige.

Backstroke

Joan McNally.

Breaststroke

Frances Seedsman.

Freestyle

Gail Samblebe.

Butterfly

Pat Brewer.

Individual Champions

Open: Gail Samblebe } Equal First.
 Joan McNally. }

Under 16: Jeanette Anderson.

Under 15: Pat Brewer.

Under 14: Katrina Walter.

Under 13: Bronwyn Reynolds.

Under 12: Necia Haxton.

ALL-SCHOOLS' SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

In these championships, held at the Olympic Swimming Stadium on the 30th March, Camberwell was well represented, and considering the numbers and high standard of the opposition, did very well.

Eddie Koleits won both the Under 19 Butterfly and also the Under 19 Breaststroke, with Norman Hogg second. The following boys succeeded in reaching the various finals:

John Gordon (3rd), John Graham (5th), Dieter Guenther (6th), Eddie Koleits (7th).

The school also reached the finals in the following team events:

Under 16 & Under 15 Relay (8th), Under 19 Medley (4th), Under 16 Medley (8th), and Under 14 Medley (6th).



ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

Front Row: J. Reilly, G. Kemp, J. Morton, R. Horwood, K. Webster, J. Lockwood.
Back Row: J. Firth, J. Crellin, W. Lascelles, G. Cox, S. Weeks, D. Parker.

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

This year, the House Athletics meeting was held on the school oval. This proved a great improvement on former years, and we would like to thank all those who helped to make the sports such a success, especially Miss Issett, Mr. Hobill and Mr. Aikman.

Individual champions were:

Girls

Open: J. Firth.

Under 16: G. Thompson,
 J. Crellin.

„ 15: G. Kemp.

„ 14: J. Morton.

„ 13: J. Reilly.

Boys

Open: G. Cox.

Under 17: D. Parker.

„ 16: S. Weeks.

„ 15: W. Lascelles.

„ 14: K. Webster.

„ 13: J. Lockwood.

„ 12: R. Horwood.

Final Results

	<i>Girls</i>	<i>Boys</i>	<i>Total</i>
Roosevelt	106½	197	303½
Montgomery	141½	154	295½
MacArthur	141	127	268
Churchill	110	148	258

INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Once again, the Inter-school Athletics Meeting was held at Olympic Park, on October 9. Camberwell came last in both the Boys' and Girls' sections, but in both sections there were a number of fine individual efforts.

In the Under 17, 440 yards, Jim Turnbull was most unfortunate to be disqualified, after finishing first and breaking the former record, for crossing into the wrong lane several yards from the finish.

Event winners were:

Girls

L. Ramshaw: Under 15, 75 yards, 100 yards.

J. Morton: Under 14, 75 yards, 100 yards.

Boys

K. Webster: Under 14, 75 yards, 100 yards.

The final points were:

Girls

MacRobertson: 121½.

University: 75.

Camberwell: 56½.

Boys

Melbourne: 135½.

Box Hill: 127.

Northcote: 120.

University: 91.

Camberwell: 69.

METROPOLITAN HIGH SCHOOLS' SWIMMING SPORTS

The afternoon of Wednesday, 27th March, was a memorable one for Camberwell High School sport this year. The school team won the Inter-High School Swimming Sports at the new Olympic Pool. The final points were:—

Camberwell	93½
Melbourne	89
Northcote	74
University	50
Box Hill	49½

We gained four first placings in individual events:—

- John Graham (under 16 backstroke).
- Ross Horwood (under 12 backstroke).
- Ong Choon Lim (open freestyle 100 metres).
- Edmund Koleits (open breaststroke).

Ong Choon Lim's effort is particularly noteworthy as he not only set a record (64.1 sec.) but defeated John Olson (Melbourne High) who is a State swimming champion.

However, our success was due not only to a few boys, but to the fine efforts of all our swimmers. This is shown by the fact that we gained 14 second placings and 8 third placings, John Gordon and Robert Lang each gaining two second placings.

The sports were perhaps the most exciting

held for many years and it was fitting that such a fine contest was held in the new Olympic Pool. Before the last race, the points were: Camberwell 85½ and Melbourne 84, the result of the sports depending on the final event (Open Relay).

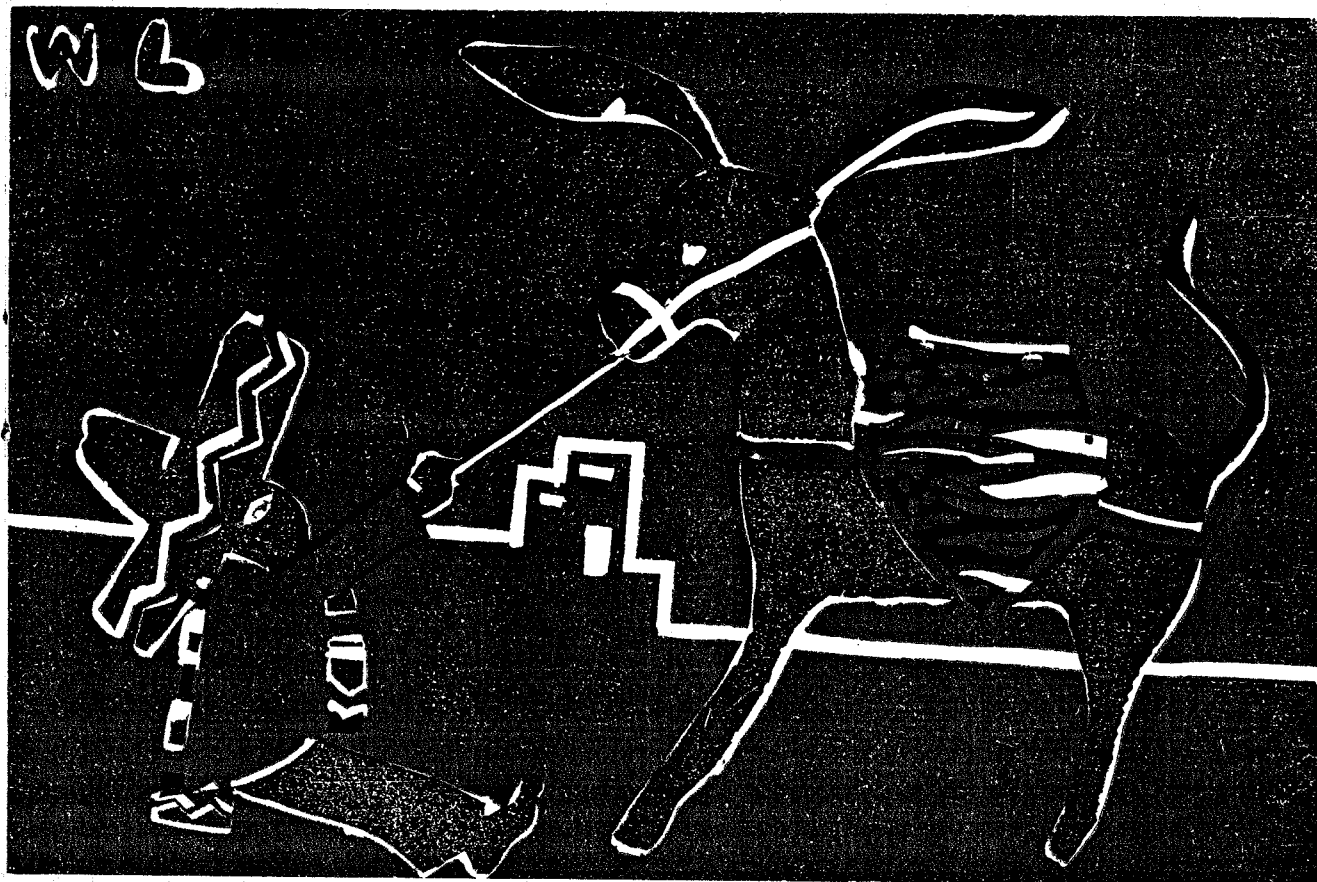
Our team was: 1. John Gordon, 2. Norman Hogg, 3. Edmund Koleits, 4. Ong Choon Lim.

The race began amidst great enthusiasm and tension. Olson, swimming second for Melbourne, gained a lead of about three yards, with Camberwell second. Koleits reduced this lead slightly, but with one lap remaining, Camberwell were still two yards behind. However, Ong Choon Lim, our final swimmer, passed the Melbourne High swimmer with about 25 metres to go, and went on to win by two yards. The time for this event was 2 mins. 1.5 secs., breaking the existing record (2 mins. 5.4 secs.).

The swimming team is to be congratulated on this magnificent effort and for their co-operation with the Captain of Swimming, Ong Choon Lim, and Vice-Captain, John Graham.

Finally, the boys would like to record their appreciation of the untiring coaching given by Mr. T. Askeil of the Camberwell Baths.

"Donkey Serenade" — Lino-cut by W. Logan, IVc.



PREFECT PERSONALITIES

NICOLA DONKIN: Head Prefect, Captain of Hockey Team. Has a terrific stare, remarkable hair, an answer to everything. Theme song: Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we diet. For further details see *Prospice's* 55 & 56. N.B.—This is not an advertising stunt.

ELIZABETH ALLEN: Our Yankee Prefect. Is perpetually trying to understand the Australian way of life, especially the intricacies of school uniform. Her chief attribute is her eyes, hence her theme song: "Two Lovely Black Eyes!"

HEATHER GLASTONBURY: Femme fatale! Is always laying in food supplies. Her problems seem mainly of a chemical and physiological nature, and she's perpetually discovering fresh new ones. Her favourite saying is, "Hey, Ant, can I borrow your Prac. Book?" Theme Song: If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again, and if you do succeed, keep on trying!

RACHEL FAGGETTER: *Prospice* Co-editor! Peculiarity is her eyelashes which she flutters incessantly, though she swears she doesn't know a thing about it. Her ambition is to marry a wealthy squatter, and boy! does she mean wealthy! Theme song: "Waltzing Matilda" ("Down came a squatter . . .")

GEORGETTE FINK: Arrives 2 minutes before the bell, saying, "Hi, Rake, what've we got?" Her peculiarity is her smile which hides nothing — she's the most innocent prefect!! She hates being told what the French are like — she's just the opposite, of course. Motto: J'attendrai. Theme Song: "Smiley."

CHRISTINE FISCH: Capt. of School Basketball team. Is perhaps the sanest prefect, but even she goes off the deep end once a week with the Doncaster Rebels, a basketball outfit. Her perpetual occupation is sneaking dark looks at Mr. Begbie when he expounds the peculiarities of the Dog Fis(c)h. Theme Song: Shall we dance?

JEAN IRELAND: Is by far the quietest prefect, whose only audible sound is a slight sigh when asked for the umpteenth time to lend out her notes. Her peculiarity is that she's brilliant at French and yet remains sane. Motto? Deenk miek for sanity.

PAM MORCOM: Basket-ball Vice-Captain —Is the girl who's driven to school each morning, apparently without ill-effects. Is always saying "Ye gods and little fishes" when she's shocked, which happens quicker than you can say "Jack" Robinson. Theme Song: she can't sing.

CEDAR SONNENBERG: Is the prefect you can never find, for the simple reason that she's never here. SHE's always trying vainly to convince Mr. Hallett that she knows French. Her ambition is to marry, but don't ask whom — she doesn't know yet. Her probable fate is at least three marriages, and her motto? Never say die!

DAVID RABY: Head Prefect.

Pet Aversion: His cap.

Peculiarity: Wears his cap.

Perpetual Occupation: Dropping his nose.

Theme Song: "Little Boy Blew!"

Probable Fate: Who nose?

JOHN BROWN: Captain of Tennis.

Peculiarity: Can hit a tennis ball.

Ambition: To turn professional for £50,000.

Probable Fate: Assistant weed-puller at Koo-yong.

Pet Aversion: The weaker sex.

Favourite Saying: "Late again, Francis, lad!"

GRAEME COX: Captain of Football.

Favourite Saying: "Now, if there's one thing I like, it's . . ."

Perpetual Occupation: "Botting" lunch.

Pet Aversion: Work.

Theme Song: "Gone Fishin'!"

Probable Fate: Oblivion.

JOHN GRAHAM:

Favourite Saying: "How ya goin', Hairy?"

Perpetual Occupation: Haunting the library.

Ambition: None at all.

Probable Fate: We can only wonder!

Theme Song: "Now is the Hour!"

GREG HAMBROOK: Captain of Cricket.

Peculiarity: Never rises before 9.30 a.m.

Ambition: To learn the "ins and outs" of his car.

Probable Fate: Pushing it home.

Favourite Saying: "How'd ya go Saturday, Jack?"

Theme Song: "My Merry Oldsmobile!"

NORMAN HOGG:

Peculiarity: Plays golf 7 days a week.

Ambition: To win the British Open.

Probable Fate: Green-keeper at Wattle Park.

Theme Song: "No John, no John, no John, No!"

Perpetual Occupation: Replacing divots.

HUGH HOPKINS: Captain of Boats.

Ambition: Test Pilot.

Probable Fate: Disaster!

Peculiarity: Talks?

Perpetual Occupation: Paddling his own canoe.

Theme Song: "Row, row, row, row!"

DAVID ROWLAND:

Favourite Saying: "How's the work going, chaps?"

Pet Aversion: Walking slowly.

Ambition: New Guinea Patrol Officer.

Probable Fate: Ornamental shrunken skull (size 7½).

Theme Song: "Li'l Darlin'!"

IAN SONDERHOF:

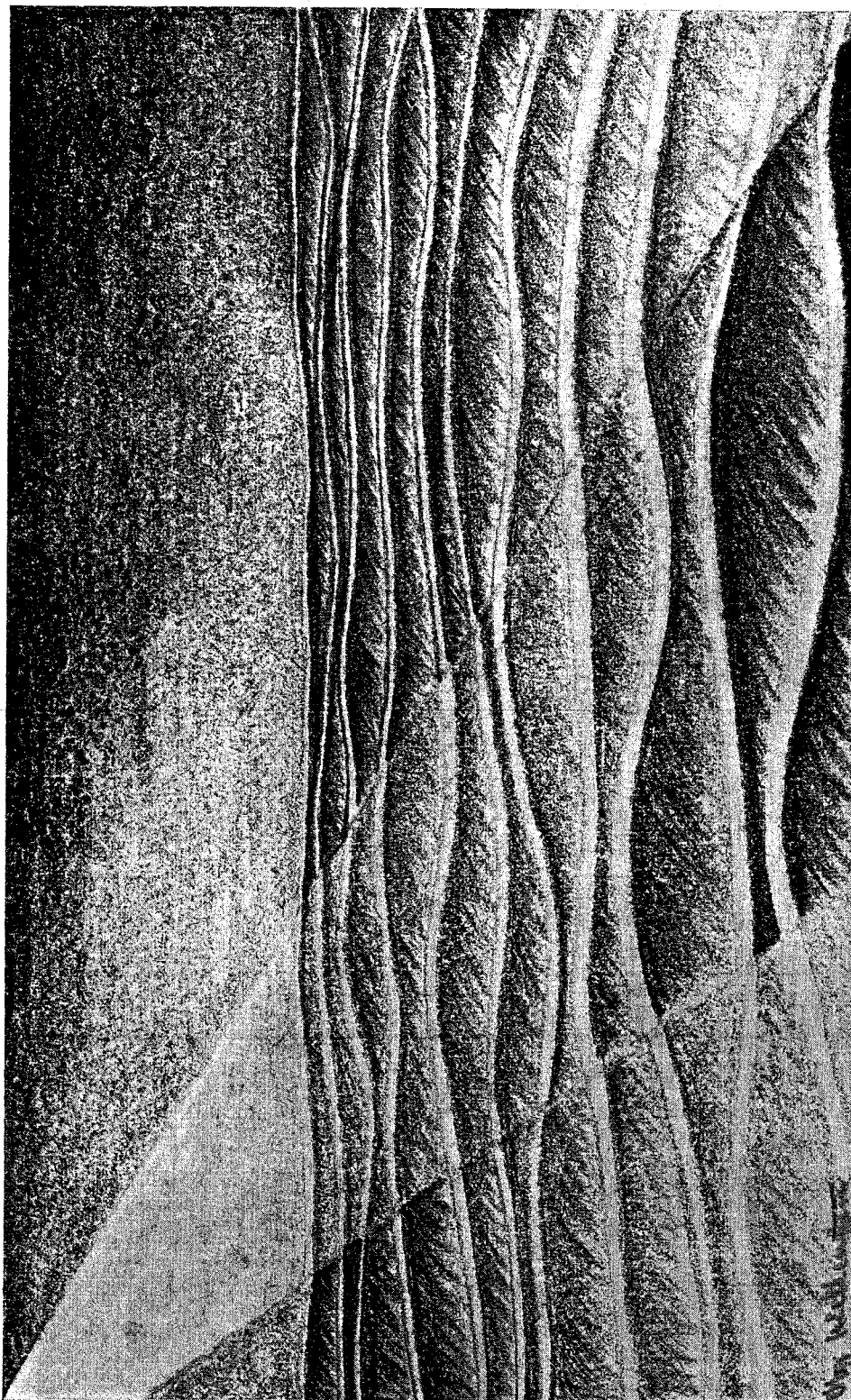
Favourite Saying: "Now, I mustn't go out this Saturday night."

Perpetual Occupation: Going out on Saturday nights.

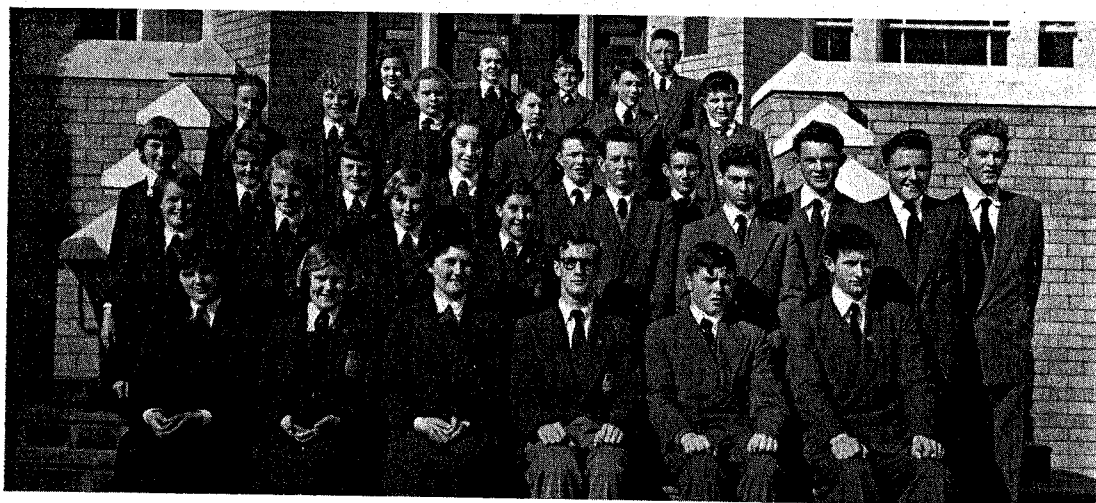
Pet Aversion: Learning mechanics.

Peculiarity: Supports country hospitals.

Theme Song: "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think!"



"The Face of the Waters" — by Fay Wellington, Vb.



FORM CAPTAINS

Back Row: E. Roddick, J. Gibbs, G. Webb, G. Ellis.

Fourth Row: G. Crofts, J. Key, C. Bellman, G. Allen, B. Vincent, G. Collins.

Third Row: B. Cowan, P. Main, R. Hanslow, P. Niquet, J. Page, J. Ware, S. Weeks, D. Austin.

Second Row: E. Mauger, W. James, M. Horton, O. Lovitt, B. Osborne, M. Stevenson, D. Parker.

Front Row: S. Roddick, S. Fisch, H. Jenkins, B. McIlroy, E. Cole, D. Weeks.

FORM NOTES

Form I

We are the "big noise" of the school, but in that respect, we are gradually decreasing. We had an interesting afternoon at the Melbourne Town Hall, when we went to hear the Victorian Symphony Orchestra. During 2nd term, I raised £5 for social services by holding a stall, and in the school fete, will be responsible for help on the flower stall and for a darts competition.

Form II

Form II have had a successful year, particularly in Sport, having in our ranks the Swimming champions Katrina Walter, Bronwen Reynolds and John Crout, and Kim Webster, Captain of the under 14 Football team. Several members also did well in the Cross-country run. We have appreciated the work of our Form Teachers and Form Captains during the year.

Form III

We have had some successful — and unsuccessful — achievements, under the capable leadership of our Form Teachers and Form Captains. Many of our boys distinguished themselves in the Under 14 Cricket and Football teams, and others are in the school hockey team. Several were rowing in the regatta. The girls have had members in the tennis, softball and basketball teams. We are hoping that the end of the year will see many other achievements.

Form IV

Form IV's year has been highlighted by the combined Fourth Forms' Social in first term. We are also indebted to Mr. Dowling who arranged for us to go to the "Merchant of Venice." Our school work is conducted in quite an orderly confusion, and we are well represented in Sports teams, most members of our Forms taking part. We are now settling down to some earnest (?) study for our examinations, which loom in the near future.

Form V

Our Snow Trip to Mt. Donna Buang was very enjoyable despite the complete absence of snow. Many of us also attended the Inter-School social. To further our knowledge of Shakespeare, we went to the National Theatre's production of "Macbeth."

We have enthusiastically participated in every form of the Inter-School sports matches, and have many outstanding representatives in our midst, including John Gordon, the school swimming champion and Brian Maley, winner of the cross-country run.

Having made a contribution to our Social Service fund, we now intend to participate in the forthcoming fete with a few original ideas. Vb were very sorry to lose their Form Mistress, Mrs. Merritt, during 2nd term, and wish her and her husband every happiness while they are abroad.



"Promenade" — Lino-cut by Rhyll Slater, Vb.

Form VI

During the year, we have had several hikes in the Dandenongs, which were very educational, for we learnt how to climb up about 1,000 steps, and we studied the art of climbing waterfalls!

We are often to be seen making our way along the top corridor with preoccupied steps, heavy tomes under our arms, our destination being the library. Here we engage in some serious meditation on the Electro-chemical equivalent of a colloidal electrolyte, etc.

We have been well represented in all the sports teams and many of us are in the school choir. Those elite personages known as prefects all belong to our ranks, too.

Finally, we would like to thank all teachers who have taught, grinded, and generally shaped us for the future, during the six years that most of us have been at Camberwell High.

WARRAGUL VISIT, 1957

On the cold and frosty morning of Friday, 19th July, a group of eighty-six students and four teachers left Flinders Street on the "Gippslander" bound for Warragul. Amid general excitement, everyone settled down for the two hour journey, but not before exploring the full length of the train and sampling the delights of the Buffet Car.

At Warragul station, we were given a great reception by press and radio alike, and then we

walked up the long hill to the school, where we got to know everybody over soup and buns. After the official welcome, the sports matches commenced amid the greatest interest, Camberwell having a field day. At 4 o'clock, we piled into the school buses which took us, sometimes as far as thirty miles, to the homes of our hostesses. At the social, everyone seemed to have a wonderful time, even though the hall was a trifle crowded. The Camberwell boys who danced every dance were greatly admired by the Warragul girls, who apparently are unable to budge their own males from holding up the walls all night. The supper was typical of the wonderful Warragul hospitality, as were the reports from all round of the staggering country meals and the real cows' milk.

Everyone managed somehow to catch the 9.45 a.m. train at Warragul next morning, though some, admittedly, were cutting things a bit fine. After what had seemed an amazingly short time, we were heading for home, sharing tales of milking cows and eating lashings of cream.

This year more than ever, there seems to be a feeling in both schools that this visit be conducted on a larger scale, with extra activities like debating being included in the programme. The Warragul visits are very thoroughly enjoyed by all who take part, not only from the sporting angle but from the wonderful friendship and goodwill experienced by all.—R.F.



FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN

Back Row: J. Francis, B. Blanksby, D. Weeks, D. Jenkin, R. Webster, A. Clarke.
Front Row: A. Schwab, D. Chesterman, G. Hambrook, Mr. Adams, D. Raby, G. Powell, R. Fenton.

BOYS' SPORT

In August of this year, we were extremely sorry to lose Mr. G. A. L. Adams who left for Cambodia to take up an appointment under the Colombo Plan.

We would like to express our appreciation of his work as Sports Master this year, his vigour and tremendous enthusiasm in encouraging sport, as well as his friendly spirit and co-operation.

CRICKET — First XI

The season was an interesting one, although the team was defeated in each of its four encounters. The team was young, and with the experience gained, boys returning next year should form a strong combination. Sixteen-year old Alan Schwab was the outstanding performer with the willow, while Powell, aided by Jenkins, Fenton and Raby, did well with the ball. David Jenkins is only a fourth former and he bowled extremely well for his age. The highlight of the season was the near victory over Melbourne High.

Results

v. Box Hill

This opening match was played at Box Hill, and we were set the task of making 234 runs in 40 overs. We were not up to it, and after the dismissal of Schwab, the side collapsed, and we scored only 110. Chief wicket takers were Powell 4/53 and Jenkins 3/75.

v. University

We won the toss and decided to bat on a firm wicket. The bowling of Leigh proved too difficult and we were dismissed before lunch with our score only 65. Raby hit a fine 21, and a 6 scored by wicket-keeper Chesterman was a fine effort. University went on to score 5/175 at stumps.

v. Northcote

We again batted first, and fine hands by Schwab, Raby, Powell and Fenton enabled us

to score 116. Northcote resumed after lunch, and were soon in trouble when 4 wickets were down for only 30 runs. However, a fine mid-innings stand enabled them to scrape home by 20 runs.

v. Melbourne

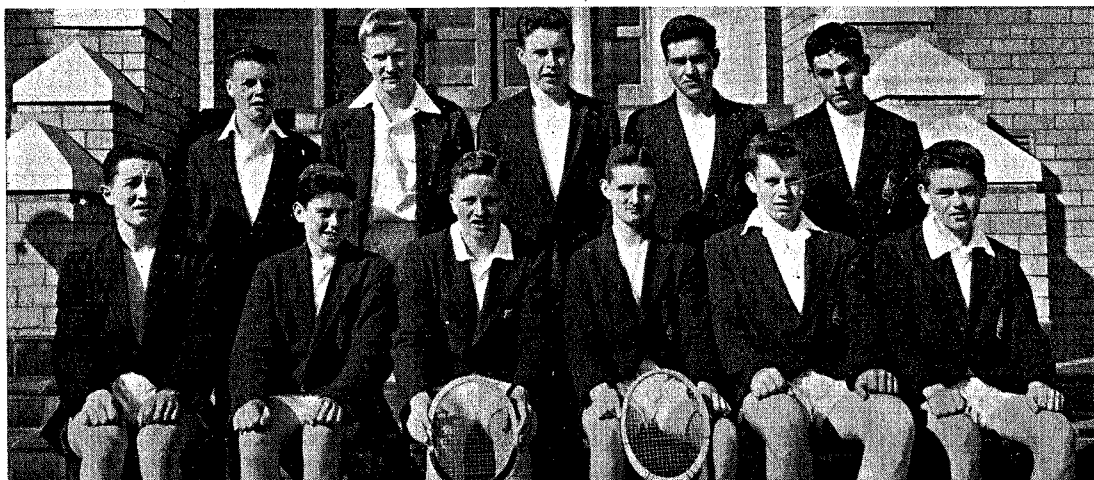
The team felt they were improving, and were full of confidence for the encounter against Melbourne. Going in first, we lost V. C. Cox early, and Raby soon followed. Schwab, Blanksby and Powell came to the rescue with the result that we scored 109 runs. Melbourne began confidently and had 45 runs up before they lost their first wicket. But then outstanding bowling by Jenkins, Fenton and Raby enabled us to fight back until they were 8/96. The excitement was terrific when they scraped their way to 9/108. A lucky snick through slips, however, finished the match, with Melbourne victors by 2 runs.

The team would like to express their thanks to the energetic efforts of sportsmaster Mr. Adams and to the untiring coaching of Mr. McCurrach.

*G. Hambrook, Capt.
 G. Cox, V.-Capt.*

Second XI

The Second XI played three matches this year. Of these three, we won one and were narrowly defeated in two. The quality of the cricket and the spirit in which it was played by our XI, either winning or losing, were a credit to our school. Under the eye of Mr. Adams, who did a good job as selector, David Weeks as Captain, Marcus John as Vice-Captain, and certain young players, Eric Joiner, Eric Shade and Michael Stevenson, were introduced to senior cricket and played creditably.



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: D. Walter, J. Francis, I. Smith, J. Onto, R. Seedsman.

Front Row: G. Barrow, T. Eastham, J. Brown, G. French, A. Cole, G. Simmons.

Results

Camb. 6/83 v. Box Hill 4/70

Bowlers: Joiner 2/16.

Batting: Webster 21, Willing 19, John 20.

Camb. 7/91 v. Northcote 7/109

Bowlers: Pearce 4/19, Stevenson 2/40.

Batting: Weeks 41, Clarke 12.

Camb. 9/58 v. Melbourne 7/116

Bowlers: Shade 6/28.

Batting: Francis 15, Shade 15.

Under 14 XI

We played the first match of the season against Box Hill in an interesting game. Camberwell won by 41 runs. Box Hill batted first and were dismissed for 78, Vincent being chief wicket taker with 4/16. We then batted, and at stumps were 7/119. Top Scorers: Bradbury 28, Lawrence 25, Bond 20.

The next match was against University. In a thrilling game with the winning hit made in the last over, University won by 10 runs. Camberwell batted first and were dismissed for 64. Top scorers: Lovitt 25, Lawrence 12. The rest of the team failed to reach double figures. University then batted and made 7/74. Wicket takers: Vincent 4/28, Lawrence 2/12.

In the next match against Northcote, Camberwell had a comfortable win. We batted first and declared at 8/113. Run getters: Wilcox 33, Lawrence 27, Smith 17.

Northcote then batted and were dismissed for 24. Bowlers: Shade 5/3, Wilcox 4/5, Vincent 1/13. We then put Northcote in for the outright, but could dismiss only two batsmen for 10 runs. For the match, Shade took 6/9 and Wilcox 5/9. On the whole, Camberwell played well to win 2 out of 3 matches.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Adams for staying on Monday and Tuesday nights to give us some very good practice.

David Wilcox, Capt.

Eric Shade, V.-C.

TENNIS

This year the tennis has been fairly successful, as we have won 6 matches and lost 3. During the first term, the team won against Box Hill and Northcote, being defeated by Melbourne and University.

After reorganising the team, we met with greater success in the second term, defeating University, Box Hill, Northcote and Warragul, and being beaten only by Melbourne.

I would like to thank all members of the team for their co-operation throughout the year. (Sportsmaster's comment:

I wish to record my appreciation of John Brown's efforts in organising the complete activities of the tennis this year).

Results

1. Camberwell 14 sets 110 games d. University 9 sets 95 games.
 2. Camberwell 12 sets 92 games d. Northcote 2 sets 54 games.
 3. Melbourne 7 sets 52 games d. Camberwell 3 sets 38 games.
 4. Camberwell 14 sets 121 games d. Box Hill 3 sets 38 games.
 5. Camberwell 10 sets 91 games d. Warragul 2 sets 49 games.
- Won 4. Lost 1.

Players

J. Brown (c), G. French, T. Eastham, A. Cole, G. Barrow, D. Walker, G. Simmons, J. Onto, F. Seedsman, J. Francis.



THE FIRST EIGHT

Bow, R. Bell, 2, D. Taylor, 3, I. Sonderhof, 4, K. Wilde, 5, F. Moore, 6, N. Fuller, 7, H. Hopkins, Str., K. Mayberry, Cox, R. Mollison.

ROWING

Rowing as a school sport has not been long established, but as a result of the enthusiasm of the oarsmen and their coaches, we were able to enter nine crews for the Annual High Schools' Head of the River on the 13th April.

In the second week of term, the Boat Club was formed, and the following officers elected:—

President: Mr. H. S. Begbie; *Vice-President:* Mr. A. M. H. Aikman; *Captain:* A. H. Hopkins; *Vice-Captain:* F. R. Moore; *Committee:* E. Cole, K. Mayberry, G. Morris, I. Sonderhof.

Almost immediately, the crews were boated and commenced the long hard training schedule designed to have the oarsmen at top pitch for the 13th. Various terms such as "Pink pills," "Power ten," "You're late 3" and "4 laps around the oval, chaps," became very familiar. Lack of experience was evident, but under the Olympic-style tutoring of Mr. Aikman and Mr. Cowie, the crews soon developed into extremely hard-working combinations. We rowed many miles in training, and as the coaches cycled along the tow-path, bellowing orders through their megaphones, they became just as fit as the crews.

As a result of this keenness, eight of the nine crews reached the finals. The first heat of the eights proved extremely exciting when Camberwell beat University by 3 ft. Well rowed, eight! In the final, our lightweight crew (average 10 st. 6 lbs.) was at a slight disadvantage, and we secured 3rd place, two lengths behind the heavy Melbourne crew and one

length behind the "bush-bred" Ballarat eight. The crews consisted of the following boys:—

1st VIII

K. Mayberry (stroke), A. H. Hopkins, N. R. Fuller, F. R. Moore, K. T. S. Wild, I. L. R. Sonderhof, D. M. Taylor, R. G. Bell (bow), R. Mollison (cox).

1st IV

K. Mayberry (stroke), F. R. Moore, N. R. Fuller, A. H. Hopkins (bow), J. Morse (cox).

2nd IV

D. M. Taylor (stroke), I. L. R. Sonderhof, K. T. S. Wild, R. G. Bell (bow), D. Friend (cox).

3rd IV

G. Morris (stroke), J. Corrie, J. O'Hara, G. Shaw (bow), I. Tracey (cox).

4th IV

W. Caulfield (stroke), S. Weeks, R. Oliver, R. Lang (bow), R. L. Pearce (cox).

5th IV

J. I. Redfern (stroke), R. Powne, N. I. Bradbury, R. Taylor (bow), B. Patching (cox).

6th IV

J. K. Webster (stroke), I. R. Cole, J. J. Page, A. B. Hart (bow), I. Clark (cox).

Finally, we would like to thank our coaches, Mr. Aikman, Mr. Begbie, Mr. Corrie, Mr. George and other Hawthorn helpers, and also the oarsmen for the terrific interest and enthusiasm which they displayed. Altogether it was a highly successful season, and a strong foundation for years to come.

H. Hopkins, Captain.
F. Moore, Vice-Captain.

FOOTBALL

First XVIII

Camberwell High School 1st XVIII enjoyed their most successful season to date, winning five of their seven matches. Much of this success must be attributed to the time and energy of their coach, Mr. Keene, and the interest of Mr. Adams, Mr. Aikman and Mr. Hobill.

Mordialloc v. Camberwell

At Mordialloc Oval. In a practice game, in which 24 players were tried, Camberwell held off a strong finish from Mordialloc to win by 2 points.

Camberwell 7-4-46 d. Mordialloc 7-2-44.

Goals: Cox 2, Spark 2, Maley, Schwab, Gordon.

Best: Worrley, Cox, Spark.

University v. Camberwell

Playing spiritless football, Camberwell was thrashed by a relentless University team. Only in the final term did Camberwell match their opponents, whose overall superiority was evident from the first bounce.

University d. Camberwell 21-14-140 — 2-7-19.

Goals: Spark, Parker.

Best: Spark, Chesterman, Hogg, Raby, Worrley.

Camberwell v. Northcote

In a match marked by the infusion of fire and vigour into their play, Camberwell, after an even first half, played a strong third quarter, kicking three goals against the wind, established a winning break and gained their first win ever against Northcote. The dominance of the Camberwell followers inspired the whole team to a great victory.

Camberwell 9-10-64 d. Northcote 6-4-40.

Goals: Pearce 3, Powell 3, Morrow, Schwab, Hambrook.

Best: Hambrook, Chesterman, Hogg, Cox, John.

Melbourne v. Camberwell

Against the crack Melbourne team, considered to be the champions of Victoria, the team made a magnificent effort to lead well into the last quarter. However, in a few minutes of the final term, Melbourne goaled several times, the strong wind then making our task hopeless.

It was pleasing that Melbourne, through their coach, Mr. B. J. Munday, acknowledged our effort as one of their hardest games.

Melbourne 10-13-73 d. Camberwell 4-8-32.

Goals: Hambrook 2, Spark, Pearce.

Best: Cox, Hambrook, Worrley, Chesterman, Raby.

Camberwell v. Eltham

In a non-competition game, Eltham were no match for the bigger Camberwell side who won easily.

Camberwell 24-17-161 d. Eltham 1-2-8.

Goals: Pearce 6, Hambrook 5, Schwab 4, Spark 2, Powell 2, Cox 2, Parker, Worrley, Morrow.

Best: Hambrook, Spark, Worrley, Schwab, Pearce.

Camberwell v. Box Hill

Playing with confidence, we overpowered and outclassed Box Hill to score an easy victory. It was evident that the younger members of the team were settling down and with competent players in every position, our evenness was a big factor in this win.

Camberwell 15-16-106 d. Box Hill 6-5-41.

Goals: Spark 5, Pearce 3, Schwab 2, Cox, Crocker, McFadden, Jenkin, Worrley.

Best: Spark, Blanksby, Cox, Anderson, Pearce.

Warragul v. Camberwell

After Warragul had shocked the confident Camberwell with a first quarter lead of three goals, the team settled down to take control in the second term, and go on to a comfortable victory. The ability of the team to fight back from behind was a most pleasing feature of this final match of a most successful season.

Camberwell d. Warragul 13-16-94 — 7-5-47.

Goals: Pearce 5, Spark 2, Hogg 2, Schwab 2, Blanksby, Morrow.

Best: Worrley, Spark, Cox, Hogg, Stevenson, John.

G. Cox, Capt.

G. Hambrook, V.-Capt.

Second XVIII

Under the able guidance of Mr. Aikman, the 2nd XVIII football team met with mixed success during the season. Our best performance was against University High School, and although beaten by four goals, we gave the opposition a hard fight and were not disgraced, which was contrary to some 'expert' opinion.

Results

University 12.6 d. Camberwell 8.8.

Goals: Schwab 3, Crocker 2, Bucknell, Morrow, Jenkins.

Best: John, McFadden, Roberts, Schwab, Crocker, Stevenson.

Northcote 11.13 d. Camberwell 2.8.

Goals: Duncan, Gallus.

Best: Webster, Roberts, Turnbull, Scurrah, Hopkins.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row: K. Roberts, J. Anderson, D. Raby, Mr. Keene, G. Cox, A. Schwab, K. McFadden.

Middle Row: D. Pearce, P. Blunden, I. Jenkin, D. Chesterman, R. Spark, G. Powell, M. Stevenson, A. Worrley.

Back Row: R. Crocker, B. Maley, N. Hogg, G. Hambrook, M. John, B. Blanksby, R. Morrow.

Melbourne 12.7 d. Camberwell 1.4.

Goals: Duncan.

Best: Roberts, Duncan, Monaghan, J. Sonderhof.

Camberwell 17.23 d. Eltham 0.1.

Goals: Duncan 4, N. Roberts 2, K. Roberts 2, Taylor 3, Sonderhof 2, Guenther 2.

Best: K. Roberts, Sonderhof, Duncan, Gallus, Jenkin, N. Roberts, Taylor, Graham.

Camberwell 5.4 d. Box Hill 4.9.

Goals: Duncan 4, Graham.

Best: Graham, Taylor, Gallus, Duncan, N. Roberts, Kaegi.

K. Roberts, Capt.

R. Kaegi, V.-Capt.

Under 14 XVIII

This year the Camberwell under 14 Football Team has had a fair season, winning six matches and losing five. In the Lightning Premiership, we won our first three contests to enter the Grand Final, which we lost by a single point to Marcellin College after a very even struggle.

All members of the team would like to thank our coach Mr. Hobill for his keen interest and the professional advice he has given us.

The results of the matches are as follows:

Camberwell d. Hawthorn West Central 10.7 to 3.8

Goals: White 4, Cahill 2, Redfern, Lascelles, Bradbury, Webster.

Best: Lester, Williams, Selway, Bradbury, Cahill, Headberry, White.

University d. Camberwell 24.24 to 2.2

Goals: Bradbury, Williams.

Best: Bradbury, Selway, Webster, Collins, Williams.

Northcote d. Camberwell 17.14 to 2.3

Best: Webster, Bradbury, Lester, Waters, Cahill, Hotchins.

Gardiner Central d. Camberwell 5.9 to 3.12

Best: Lester, Webster, Waters, Lockwood, Bond, Redfern.

Camberwell d. Box Hill 4.4 to 3.7

Goals: Lovitt 2, Bond, Shannon.

Best: Webster, Lester, Williams, Selway, Bradbury, Cahill, Collins.

Eltham d. Camberwell 6.12 to 5.7

Goals: Lovitt, Lester, Bond, Shannon, Belzer.

Best: Lester, Tress, Bradbury, Selway, Collins, Lockwood.

Camberwell d. Deaf & Dumb 7.8 to 5.8

Goals: Page 3, Austin 2, Pearce, Lovitt.

Best: Page, Austin, Waters, Bradbury.

K. Webster, Capt.

N. Bradbury, V.-Capt.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Climax of this year's hockey was the match against Melbourne at Matlock Park. An over-confident Melbourne was beaten by a much smaller but superior Camberwell team. After a good goal by Camberwell forwards in the first half, a really hard game ensued, Camberwell winning by one goal.

Our team this year defeated Northcote twice, and also defeated Melbourne. Our only loss was against University, but we were playing under very poor conditions.

Success this year has been due mostly to coaching by Mr. Foster who gave up valuable time each Monday evening to improve our play.

The team had several young players who should keep up the strength of the team in future years.

Results

Camberwell 4 d. Northcote 1

Best: D. Weeks, S. Weeks, E. Shade.

University 1 d. Camberwell 0

Best: D. Weeks, S. Weeks, E. Shade.

Camberwell 2 d. Northcote 1

Best: D. Weeks, S. Weeks, M. Gill, E. Shade.

Camberwell 1 d. Melbourne 0

Magnificent performance by whole team.

M. Gill, Capt.

D. Weeks, V.-Capt.

VOLLEYBALL AT LUNCHTIME

As you can see, the battle on the volleyball court is rather popular. The rumoured reason for the match, apart from offering some physical exercise, is that the boys may have a chance to 'get back' on their teachers, and vice versa. Here we see Mr. Onyons delivering a characteristic smash, which few dare to intercept in case of broken fingers.—*V.H., VIa.*



Snapshot by Valerie Heath, VIa, winner of School Activities Section, Snapshot Competition.

SOCCER

Although only moderately successful during the season, the Soccer Team, led by Michael Taussig, won one match quite convincingly. Having lost over half of last season's team, we were in the throes of team building, and many of this year's team played soccer for the first time. Mr. Hardenberg and Mr. Doble gave the Captain and his assistant, Tom Shen, valuable support in their duties as co-trainers of the team. As indicated by the scores, we have improved steadily, our fine win against Box Hill being the culmination of an enjoyable season's soccer.

Results

Camberwell 0 v. University 9

Best: M. Taussig, J. Moo, D. Mun.

Camberwell 2 v. Northcote 9

Goals: D. Mun, T. T. Hock.

Best: J. Onto, M. Taussig, D. Mun.

Camberwell 0 v. Melbourne 3

Best: M. Taussig, J. Onto, T. Shen, T. T. Hock.

Camberwell 7 v. Box Hill 0

Goals: F. Tan 3, D. Mun 2, M. Taussig 2.

Best: D. Mun, M. Taussig, T. T. Hock.

M. Taussig, Capt.

T. Shen, V.-Capt.



BOYS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row: J. Graham, B. McIlroy, N. Roberts, D. Taylor.

Front Row: A. Willing, J. Sonderhof, R. Kaegi, I. Sonderhof, J. Francis, R. Spicer.

BOYS' SOFTBALL

The team played only one match this year, against Warragul High School. After a bad start, Camberwell broke through in the 4th innings with 8 runs, and were untroubled to go on and win by 29 runs to 13.

Home runs: J. Graham, R. Kaegi, N. Roberts.
I. Sonderhof, R. Spicer.

R. Kaegi, Capt.

I. Sonderhof, V.-Capt.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This year, the cross-country run was held over a slightly longer course, on Tuesday, 25th June. More boys competed this year than previously, mainly because of the enthusiasm generated by Sportsmaster Mr. G. A. L. Adams; out of a total of 324 boys taking part, Churchill headed the list with 91.

As in recent years, the Cross-country was again dominated by Roosevelt, who scored 483 points; second were Churchill with 333 points, third Montgomery 250 points, and fourth Mac-Arthur with 243 points.

On the individual basis, the run was a victory for Brian Maley of Churchill, who won with the fastest time of 19 mins, with Ralph Hill second (19 mins. 15 secs.) a very creditable performance by both boys. The next three places were filled by Roosevelt runners.

Individual Champions

Open: I. Sonderhof.

Under 16: Brian Maley.

Under 15: R. Seedsman.

Under 14: R. Hartnett.

Under 13: J. Lockwood.

SCHOOLBOY CHAMPIONSHIPS

During the May holidays, several boys represented the school in both Tennis Championships at Kooyong, and Golf Championships at Greenacres Golf Course at Kew. In the Under 19 age group of tennis, John Brown succeeded in reaching the final and was defeated by M. Hobbs 6-5, 6-2. Both Geoff French, under 17, and Trevor Eastham, under 16, reached the semi-finals of their age-groups.

Golf

Norman Hogg entered the two-day Championship at Greenacres with great success, coming third in the 36 Hole Championship and equal first in the 36 Hole Handicap, with a total of 163. His second day round of 77 was the best for the day, winning the second 18 Holes Handicap event.

Congratulations to these boys for the excellent job they did in representing the school.

REPRESENTATIVES IN COMBINED TEAMS TO PLAY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Camberwell was very well represented in the teams chosen to play the Public Schools. Graham Cox and Ray Spark were selected in the 1st Football XVIII, Brian Blanksby and Brian Maley in the Under 16 Football; David Weeks and John Farrant in the Senior Hockey, Eric Shade, Stuart Weeks and Barry Teesdale in the Under 16 Hockey, while John Brown, Trevor Eastham and Geoff French gained places in the Tennis team.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row: F. Wellington, L. Curran, H. Young, H. Lloyd, K. Hillman, F. Seedsman.
Front Row: L. Wilcox, L. Whalley, S. Fisch, B. Rennie.

GIRLS' SPORT

SOFTBALL

This year we were unfortunate in not having a member of staff to coach our teams. The senior team did not manage to gain any victories, but the Fourth and Third Form teams must be congratulated on their victories over U.H.S.

Results

Seniors

- U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 13-7.
- U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 33-2.
- M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 64-6.
- M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 35-4.

Fourth Form

- U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 20-18.
- C.H.S. d. U.H.S. 21-11.

Third Form

- U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 5-3.
- C.H.S. d. U.H.S. 13-10.
- M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 50-3.

TENNIS

On behalf of the girls' tennis team, I would like to thank Miss Alday (Mrs. Thurecht) who chose the team on her last day at school and gave us a few helpful hints. Although we were not a strong team, we had improved greatly at the end of the season. In the matches against MacRobertson and University High Schools, we were defeated, but we are looking forward to a better season next year.

HOCKEY

Although the first hockey team did not begin the season with any great successes, we have improved steadily throughout the year, as the results show.

1. U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 3-1.
2. M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 8-0.
3. M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 4-0.
4. C.H.S. drew U.H.S. 1-1.
5. C.H.S. d. W.H.S. 3-1.

The second school team, composed of girls mainly from Fourth and Fifth Forms, also did very well. It was the first year we have had a second school team.

1. U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 2-0.
2. C.H.S. d. M.H.S. 1-0.
3. C.H.S. drew M.H.S. 0-0.
4. U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 1-0.
5. W.H.S. d. C.H.S. 2-1.

We would like to thank Mr. Foster very much for all the coaching and general help he has given us throughout the year.

VOLLEY-BALL

Under the able captaincy of Jennifer Page and Vice-Captaincy of Cedar Sonnenberg, we had a very enjoyable, if not wholly successful season. We feel that, although the victories were few, the team spirit was not daunted. Results: C.H.S. d. U.H.S. 3-0, M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 2-1, M.H.S. d. C.H.S. 5-0, U.H.S. d. C.H.S. 2-1.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: M. Cowan, C. Fisch, Miss Issett, P. Morcom, H. Jenkins.
Sitting: L. Brewer, B. Arnold. (*Absent*—J. Firth).

BASKETBALL

Although the two Senior Basketball Teams did not fare very well this year, we can hope for future successes, as the 4th and 3rd Form teams all had a number of wins. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Issett for her coaching throughout the year.

Results Seniors

June 5th	1sts.	U.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	29-4.
	2nds.	U.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	19-12.
June 18th	1sts.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	25-9.
	2nds.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	36-12.
July 16th	1sts.	U.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	37-10.
July 3rd	1sts.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	39-11.
	2nds.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	27-13.
July 19th	1sts.	C.H.S.	d. W'gul	23-9.

IV Form

C.H.S.	d. U.H.S.	25-20.
M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	25-7.
C.H.S.	d. U.H.S.	21-20.
M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	36-13.

III Form

1sts.	C.H.S.	d. U.H.S.	20-17.
2nds.	U.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	7-6.
1sts.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	41-22.
2nds.	M.G.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	23-12.
1sts.	C.H.S.	d. U.H.S.	22-10.
2nds.	U.H.S.	d. C.H.S.	17-9.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held at the school on Monday, 18th March, with a good attendance of parents.

The following office-bearers were elected:

President: Mr. A. G. Brewer.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. E. Goodman, Mrs. I. W. Scott and Mrs. I. A. Robinson.

Secretary: Mr. B. M. Curry.

Treasurer: Mr. B. Pettigrew.

Much to our regret, owing to an interstate transfer, Mr. Pettigrew resigned and was succeeded as Treasurer by Mr. R. Key.

Membership of the Association for this year has dropped to 335.

We held a very enjoyable Social Evening in the Camberwell Town Hall on the 9th May, and our guests included the Hon. E. P. Cameron, M.L.C., Minister for Health, Mr. Vernon Wilcox, M.L.A. and Mrs. Wilcox, and representatives from other schools.

A great deal of time was spent by the Committee and parents in arrangements for our Fete which was held at the school on Saturday, August 24th. The weather was perfect and helped to make a very successful function, both socially and financially. On behalf of the Committee, I would like to express our sincere thanks to the school staff and students, and those parents and friends who gave so much help.

Our Headmaster, Mr. A. T. Ebbels, has, as usual, been most co-operative and helpful to us during the year and, indeed, ever since he came to the school, for which we are most grateful, and we wish him every happiness in his coming retirement.

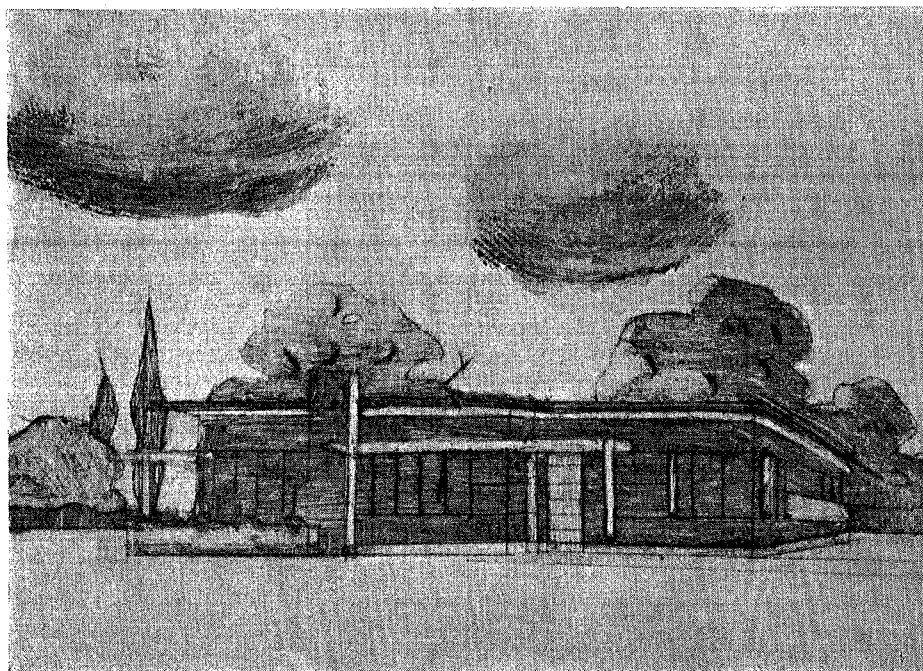
— B. M. Curry, *Hon. Secretary.*

EXCHANGES

The Editors acknowledge with pleasure receipt of magazines from the following schools: Alexandra H.S., Bacchus Marsh H.S., Balwyn H.S., Bendigo H.S., Box Hill H.S., Carey Baptist G.S., Camberwell Girls' S.S., Coburg H.S., Dandenong H.S., Drouin H.S., Eltham H.S., Essendon H.S., Fintona G.S., Geelong H.S., Hampton H.S., Hemingway Robertson Institute, Lilydale H.S., MacRobertson G.H.S., Melbourne H.S., Methodist Ladies' College, Northcote H.S., Presbyterian Ladies' College, St. Albans H.S., Scotch College, Seymour H.S., Sunshine H.S., Swan Hill H.S., Terang H.S., Wangaratta H.S., Warragul H.S., Yallourn H.S., Burwood H.S., Leongatha H.S., McKinnon H.S., Shepparton H.S., University H.S., Wesley College, Ringwood H.S.

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION

A satisfactory number of entries of varying standards was received. Mr. Ferguson, as judge, awarded first prize for school activities to Valerie Heath, and for out-of-school activities to Joy Handley.



Etching by G. Brooks, IVc.



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

*Standing (left to right): G. Gray, C. Sonnenberg, C. Davies, Y. Bource, C. Griffiths.
Sitting (left to right): P. Rushton, C. Schuster, E. Allen, L. Sheehan, J. Page.*

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE DAUGHTER OF TIME"

by Josephine Tey

For centuries, Richard III has been regarded as one of the blackest villains in history, who began his short reign by murdering his two nephews, the Princes in the Tower, and ended it on Bosworth Field shouting "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Josephine Tey presents a plausible and fascinating theory that this conception of the last Plantagenet king has arisen wholly from Tudor propaganda, that the usurper Henry VII was in reality responsible for the murder of the princes, a crime necessary to strengthen his own slender claim to the throne, and unscrupulously fastened the blame on the dead and dishonoured Richard.

"The Daughter of Time" is a detective story, a "whodunit" with a difference, not a history book. It is written in fictional form, its central character being a detective who, in a period of enforced inactivity in hospital, amuses himself by delving into the distant past. The devious inconsistencies in the story of Richard III, which have puzzled many historians, stimulated his curiosity and aroused his interest to such an extent that he began a detailed and at times baffling search to discover the truth. Slowly

evidence of a crime is uncovered, a crime committed in the turbulent 15th century, in an England torn by the Wars of the Roses.

Slowly also Richard emerges, not as a ruthless murderer and tyrant, but as a leader of outstanding integrity, ability and courage who, in the two years of his reign, wrought many changes for the better in his country, and won the love of his people. When he was killed by treachery in the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, the Town Recorder of York wrote, "This day was our good King Richard piteously slain and murdered, to the great heaviness of this city."

The hunch-backed monster of history was Tudor fiction, and as soon as the Tudors no longer occupied the throne, vindications of Richard's character began to appear. Josephine Tey's book, beautifully written, fascinating and exciting in the slow unfolding of the mystery, has become extremely popular, and in reaching a wide public, has helped to spread, after all these centuries, what appears to be the truth. As the old proverb says, "Truth is the daughter of time."

—Louise Thorne, Vb.

(Modern historians do not accept Josephine Tey's interpretation, interesting as it is.—Ed.)



"The Old Road," by Sandra Pitkethly, IVc.

"THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL"

by Anne Frank

It was in 1942 that life suddenly changed for 13 year old Anne Frank, the younger daughter of German Jews who had migrated to Amsterdam nine years previously, when Hitler's persecution of the Jews began. For some time, the strictest rules regarding the Jews had been enforced; Jews had to wear a yellow star, Jews were forbidden to drive, Jews could not visit theatres or cinemas; in fact, Jews were practically debarred from society. But in July, 1942, came the dreaded stroke, and rather than obey the Gestapo summons, the family went into hiding.

It is the succeeding two years in hiding which form the subject matter for Anne's diary. Her father, realizing the future danger, had been for months preparing "The Secret Annexe," (as Anne called it), the sealed-off back rooms of an office building, now run by two Dutchmen. Shortly after their arrival, the Franks were joined by the Van Daans with their 16 year old son, Peter, and yet later, by the dentist, Dussel. And so, for two long years, the families lived together, never once venturing out-of-doors, suppressing any noise, and living in constant dread of discovery. But for their loyal Dutch friends who constantly supplied their needs in the way of food and clothing, this would have been impossible.

That is the general story. But Anne's intimate diary tells us of the details. We read of the stupidity of Mrs. Van Daan and the endless arguments, of the selfishness of Dussel and Anne's

belief that her parents fail to understand her. And as we read, we see how Anne is gradually growing up, maturing prematurely in this forcing atmosphere. She realizes this herself and comments on the fact.

Anne is a child of amazing intelligence and gaiety. In terrifying moments and in monotonous days, she can always find some pleasure. Merely watching a sunset gives her the greatest delight, and she finds interest in studying the natures of the few people around her. Confined within these narrow limits, Anne manages to read numerous books, Greek history being a favourite topic. Towards the end, we hear of Anne's awakening love for Peter. All the exciting sensations of her love are faithfully recorded, and we can watch this love as it develops.

Then abruptly the diary ends. We are as unaware of the approaching doom as Anne probably was, for no mention is made of any particular fear of discovery.

But there is an epilogue in the book. Three days after Anne's last entry, the "Secret Annexe" was raided by the Germans. Mrs. Frank and Mr. Van Daan were put to death. Mr. Frank escaped. Six months later, Margot, Anne's elder sister, died from typhus, and her death "did to Anne what all her previous suffering had failed to do: it broke her spirit. A few days later, she died."

Anne had written in her diary: "I want to go on living even after my death." This she will certainly do, for she will live for many days in the pages of this remarkably well-written and informative diary.—*A. Huttner, Via.*

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

ALMA MATER

(With apologies to Tennyson)

During the past few years, many strange expressions have found their way into our school. We wonder if, some day, there will arise an entirely new language, emanating from Camberwell High School.

"Good lad," he said, and pointed towards Room 5,

"The ringing bell will free you from this work,

*The consequences of your late getting up,
One of the little problems of your life
Which you must learn to conquer, ere you die.*

*Just meditate, and you will see your fault.
It would be most commendable to try
To rise five minutes earlier each day,
And save all this lost time, and all our effort too."*

"Not good," he said, "that young lads such as you

Should disobey the rules which keep you safe

*From mental and from physical unrest,
A subtle trap, which has, alas, caught you
And others of your kind. Young players,
all!*

*Just led astray by those who know full well
The meaning of all rules. Oh lads! When you*

Are old enough to leave this dear old school,

*Keep in your hearts this lesson — always
be on time!"*

— N.D., VIa.

THE DROUGHT

Already the blackened iron on the hut roof burnt to the touch. Inside, the heat was almost unbearable; the figure lying on the tanned-hide bunk stirred restlessly as jumbled images fled across his mind. Gradually the restlessness increased until, with a start, he awoke, dragged himself to a sitting position, squinted his eyes and gazed, as he'd done every day since this scorching drought began, out over the shimmering plain.

To Sandy McAlpine's tired eyes, it looked just about the same as it had yesterday, only a little drier, a little less hope-inspiring. The stunted tree near the door trailed its aching

arms a little nearer the uncompromising earth; the cracked surface of the dried-up waterhole served only as a mockery to Sandy of the inviting greenness that had been this, his selection, a short eighteen months ago. As he chewed mechanically on the chunk of dried beef that served as a midday meal, Sandy's eyes were drawn to the pitiful heaps of bleached bones that were the sole reminders that he, Sandy McAlpine, had once been a prospering small cattle-raiser. Now, with the last of the cattle gone, he was unwilling to face thoughts of the future; all his savings were gone, that few hundred pounds he'd earned from the detested flogging; looked as if he'd have to go back to it now

The small water-tank under the tree was nearly empty; Sandy trudged around to the lean-to behind the hut, where he was managing to keep his horse alive on what dry grass remained on the property. But he wouldn't be able to make the journey to the distant rock waterhole today, or any other day . . . the horse was dead! Sandy stared bleakly at the carcass, fingers groping unconsciously for the tobacco which had run out a week ago. He walked slowly back to the hut doorway, gazing unseeingly at the little willy-willy dancing its way across the lifeless plain. The drought's taken everything now, he mused bitterly, everything but life itself. The heat was more intense than ever inside the hut. Sandy tossed his few belongings into his bag and threw himself on to the bunk, his fingers playing over the simple carving on the butt of his rifle. The silence that had once seemed so friendly to him now became oppressive, an enemy waiting to pounce

Two gaunt crows flopped wearily on to the bare boughs of the stunted gum, seeking a respite in their ceaseless foraging for food and water. But their rest was not to be, for the sound of a shot from the direction of the hut sent them flapping onward; living objects suspended between a brassy sky and a barren earth, symbols of despair over a stricken land. To the crows that shot had merely indicated humans, and they were best avoided; but to the now lifeless clay inside the hut, the shot was a parting knell to an empty life, a signal of release to a soul embittered by hardship, and tortured by Life's enemy — DROUGHT.

— Robert Kearsley, VIb.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Dear Lin,

I was very glad to receive your letter again after such a long interval. Thank you very much for the lovely photos you sent me. My cousin and I are surprised at the beauty and splendour of the city you live in. We are equally thrilled at your description of the people you met, the places you visited and the experiences you had during your long summer holidays. How very fortunate you are when compared with all the folks at home!

Dear Lin, you know very well that we were the best of friends before you went overseas to study. And I am quite sure that the bond of our friendship is still the same, even though we are now separated by distance. We have always confided in each other our thoughts and aspirations, and we have always asked for each other's opinions before we took any important step in our lives. Furthermore I think we are both true exponents of the maxim 'give and take.' And with such a long history of friendship between us, I think it is but natural for me to take the privilege of speaking frankly to you.

In your letter, you said that since your arrival in the city, you began to realise what a great world it was, and how wonderful life could become. There were so many beautiful things which made life happy. You felt sorry for the years you had wasted in the small home town, and in order to enjoy life to the full, you were not going to waste even a minute of it from now on. That, I agree is what happens to any person when he comes into contact with a bigger and more advanced city or country. But your saying that you were contemplating discontinuing your study after the coming term, in order to gain more experience in life, makes me doubt the wisdom of such a move.

From my limited experience, I have heard and seen a number of men and women who would have made a success of their lives today had they not made a wrong decision at the crucial moment. All of them possessed the faculty for learning, the good fortune to go overseas and study, but they had been a failure because they were dazzled by the attractions of the big city. They had forgotten the real purpose of their going to the city. They were intended to become learned, and later to spend a useful life with their acquired knowledge.

Unfortunately, it was usually too late when they discovered the cause of their misfortune.

How they wished that they had resisted the temptations offered by a big city! As they were young and quite innocent then, they were only too eager to take to enjoying life. Now they have to spend their remaining life lamenting their ill-luck, nay foolishness, of not knowing earlier.

Therefore, I earnestly hope that you will consider the idea of leaving your study midway. Certainly, dear friend, you will not disappoint all the friends and folks at home who have placed so much hope in you. You know very well that we will always stand by you through thick and thin, and we hope you will not let us down.

With best wishes to you,

Yours sincerely,

Cecily.

— Cecily Chin, Va.

THE SIXTH-FORMER

(With apologies to Roderic Quinn)

*He wields his pen in the frosty morn,
The ink flows clean and free;
He must not cease ere the work be done,
For a student wise is he.*

*At his desk he sits in the fading light,
Oh, life of misery!
And though the seat of his pants wear thin,
A giant at work is he.*

*He scrawls his Maths. on blotted page,
With a weary hand scrawls he;
When guesswork bold has wrought its will,
What shall the harvest be?*

*Though lessons be his sole regard,
Though he give of his best,
Forsakes the joys of social life,
He shall not pass the test.*

*Not grinding toil if he would pass,
But rest and relaxation;
And like the bear, the winter he
Should spend in hibernation.*

*Though now he be in prime of youth,
If work be his whole rule,
When age has bent his hoary head
You'll find him still at school.*

— Jean Ireland, VIa.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing (left to right): M. Sproat, N. Donkin, Mr. Foster, H. Glastonbury, W. Ablett, D. Schmidt, R. Faggetter.
Kneeling: D. Green, J. Tress.
Sitting: D. Organ, M. Cole, S. Roddick, S. Cox.

AUTOMATION

During the early nineteenth century, the ordinary working people of England lived under the fear that widespread unemployment would prevail in their country. That was the time of the Industrial Revolution, when machines were invented and introduced into the factories.

Today, a similar fear seems to be with us that automation will cause unemployment and poverty amongst workers. But if we look at the question closely, I think it can be shown that this is unlikely. Automation, when all is said and done, is merely a new word for the great increase and progress in mechanisation. And surely mechanisation has been making progress since the Industrial Revolution itself. At the present time, the newest and most feared innovations appear to be automatic control and the electronic computer. Both of these are more effective than man himself because of superior efficiency, precision and reliability, and thus the worker is afraid of being thrown out of work. But it must be remembered that the machines themselves require supervision, and there is a great shortage of the highly-skilled technologists needed for the introduction of these machines into the factories.

Automation will also necessitate a certain amount of shift work, an idea which, at the moment, does not appear to be acceptable in all places. However, when automation is finally

introduced into all factories and into the home, the ultimate results will be less manual labour and more leisure hours which, it is to be hoped, people will be able to spend profitably.

There is, too, another side to the story. In E. M. Forster's short novel, "The Machine Stops," we have a truly horrifying picture of what could happen if automation got out of hand, — when machines no longer served man, but man was subject to, and actually worshipped the machine; and the human race was slowly being destroyed by its own creations. Whether this story was written merely for the sake of a story, or whether it is intended as a grave warning, is difficult to say, but surely we can have sufficient faith in our own common sense never to allow mechanisation or automation, call it what you will, to reach such an extent.

However, to take things from a less serious point of view, perhaps the real reason for automation can be summed up succinctly in the following lines, reproduced here by kind permission of the author:

"Men are getting lazier every day,
 They only want their women, wine and pay,
 They love to shirk
 And hate to work,
 And thus is automation here to stay."

— Christine Fisch, *Vla.*

THE FIFTH FORM SNOW TRIP

What a day! A snow hike to Donna Buang all complete with 80 of us, two small buses and no snow! Yet for all that everyone enjoyed their day immensely, especially the knee-riders and arm-holders.

We set out at about 8 am., and on reaching the terminus at Donna Buang, all turned out, only to pile back in again pretty quickly, because it was exceedingly cold. But after a few brave ones finally ventured out the others followed like a flock of sheep. Before lunch, we developed a terrific appetite by trudging slowly and laboriously two miles up the road to the tower, then sliding down with a speed which made the ascent seem ridiculous (even though in some cases the descent *was* faster than meant).

After a lunch of burnt or raw chops (depending on how hungry one was), everyone once more climbed to the tower, this time up a steeper, shorter??? path than the first, and then once more bumped down to the bottom. What to do now? We'd exhausted the tower and there was no snow. One of the Foster twins had a rubber ball which was unceremoniously taken from him, and the rowdiest game then began. Boys v. Girls and Teachers. Who won? Girls, of course!

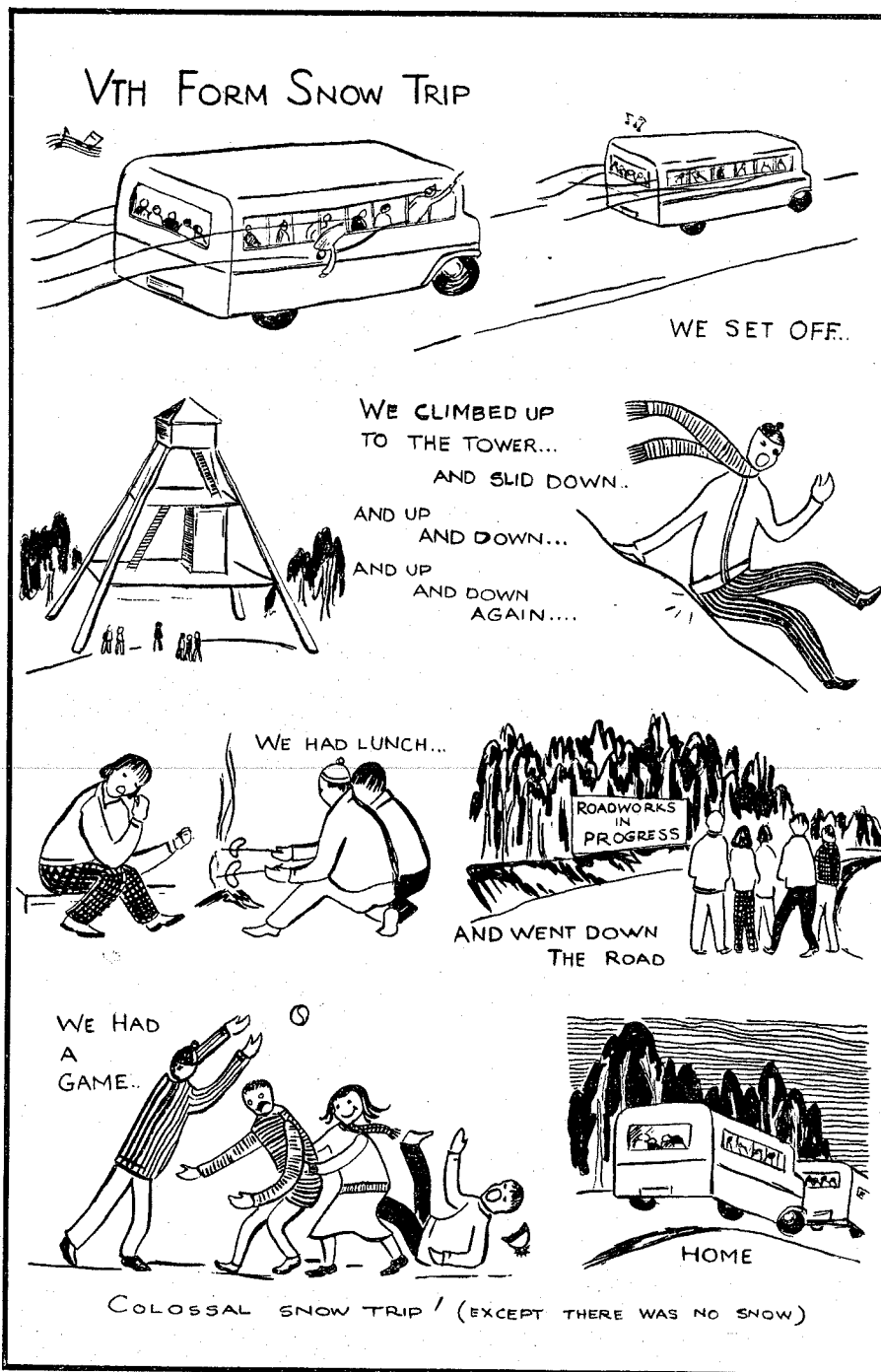
Then, tired but happy, we piled into the buses only to find four people missing. Needless to

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say, this caused a certain amount of anxiety among the teachers, but when, after about half-an-hour, the adventurers returned, the buses set off, and the 1957 Donna Buang SNOW trip was over, even though the effects of that bus ride still remain in the hearts of some people.

— Anon, Vb.

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POMPEII

On our recent trip to Europe, we visited many very interesting places. Among these was Pompeii, which we had the good fortune to visit when our ship called at Naples. This Italian city is situated on the beautiful Bay of Naples, with Mt. Vesuvius dominating the scene. It was the eruption of this volcanic mountain which, in A.D. 79, covered the city of Pompeii with cinders and ashes to a depth of 21 feet, and it was not rediscovered until the 19th century. After seeing some of the sights of Naples and the handcrafts of the people, which include beautiful dolls and music boxes, we boarded a coach which took us to Pompeii, stopping en route at a cameo and mosaic factory where we saw skilled artists at work.

Our first view of Pompeii, which is about 15 miles from Naples, was most exciting. Here is a city several square miles in extent, and practically intact, except for its occupants. Most of the buildings, which are built of stone, are just as they were left, that terrible day so many centuries ago. Those buildings which had stone roofs are in perfect preservation; even the paint work and murals on walls and ceilings are still legible. In the shops, are still to be seen stone wine vats and grinding stones which the bakers used. One of the best preserved buildings is used as a museum, in which can be seen the money, tools, surgical instruments, cooking utensils, etc., which compare quite favourably with our modern ones. There were also the petrified bodies of people who were caught in the city at that time, but fortunately most escaped.

Going into one of the public baths we saw, through cavities in the walls, the steam heating system they used, and the copper water pipes, which all indicated a high degree of skill and knowledge. The open forum with columns and seating for the population, in which area the laws were made, is still there. The wealthy merchants of the city had their coats of arms laid in mosaic on the footpath outside their homes. Each had its little courtyard, many with fountains and garden beds. All the streets are paved with stones, and at intersections there are large raised stepping stones equivalent to our "Zebra" crossings and placed in such a manner that chariots would slow down. All in all, it was a most memorable visit, and we came away with the feeling that the people of that time were very civilised, even though eighteen centuries have passed since that devastating day.

— P. Rushton, *Vb.*

WATER SKIING AND THE JOYS THEREOF

On reaching the secluded township of Yarra-wonga, situated on that quiet stream, the Murray, all members of our party emptied the car and trundled cake tins, thermos, beach bags, towels, skis and life jackets towards our selected log where the speedboat was moored ready for work.

Very soon, I was standing in the water, shivering of course, forcing my numb feet into sockets on the skis. The remaining portion of my anatomy previously protruding from the lake, namely that portion above the waist, was gingerly submerged, save for the essential respiratory organ, and I crouched back on to the skis, grabbing the rope with a remarkable measure of confidence. This was to be an experience—my first attempt to water-ski. An endless flow of kindly instruction penetrated my tingling ears as I concentrated on keeping my knees bent, leaning and pressing on the calf and heel muscles, and not failing to keep arms outstretched at all times.

The signal was given, the boat started off, I felt the tug on the rope. Slowly I was moving forward. My measure of self-control was astounding as the instructions flashed through my mind. One by one I followed them carefully, straightening my knees, leaning forward, and pulling the rope towards my shoulders. For the second, I seemed to have stopped, but that was only for the second. The one following found me landing most gracefully under my skis in the wake of the boat. Glub! Yes, I was at the surface again. Nothing like a cool shock to stimulate the nerves! Fishing for my skis, I sent them skimming toward the bank, quickly following myself.

This process was repeated several times at frequent intervals, until I completely lost my nervousness, and remained upright in a moderately satisfactory position, on the water, successfully completing one circuit of the lake in fine style. Coming to a gentle stop, I knew the thrill of success, the air of triumph, only to be greeted by a fellow sufferer with, "You think you're good, don't you?" To this I replied, "Certainly, and so would you if you'd had 35 tries."— B. Rennie, *Vb.*

MORNING

*The light of day is breaking,
The dawn is silver-pearl,
And in the shadow'd places,
Soft skirts of grey mist swirl.*

*The faintest flush of crimson,
The herald of the light,
Dispels the velvet darkness,
The mantle of the night.*

*In dazzling shafts of glory,
The golden light streams down
Aslant the dewy leaflets
Of the forest's ferny gown.*

*By a streamlet in the valley,
Whose pools are molten gold,
In the music of a blackbird,
Are the joyful tidings told.*

*The world is bright with beauty,
Another day is here,
Oh, rise, all ye who hearken!
The Lamp of Life burns clear.*

— Wendy Dabourne, IVa.

A DREAM IN THE LIBRARY

There he stood, the untidy little man, with the overcoat with the fringed hem, the squashed hat and the battered brief case, at the front gate, which was swinging gently to and fro on its hinges. His face bore an anxious, if rather awe-struck expression. As another swift gust of wind swept across the cold dark moors, he drew his ragged coat more tightly around him. Then with a purposeful stride he walked up to the door of the parsonage at Haworth.

The door was opened by a very plain young woman, but her face was full of expression. It was such a gentle face; the eyes were meek, surmounting a pleasant little nose. There were lines of pain around the mouth, yet her countenance wore a sweet look of patient suffering. In explanation came the words: "I'm Anne Bronte, and Emily is expecting you!"

The girl showed him into a warm study. Surely he did not deserve such niceness. As he entered, another sister, supposedly Charlotte, slipped from the room. He was alone in the *Presence*. He saw a striking visage, with a well-defined jaw, and enormous eyes. The hair was severely drawn back from the forehead. The face was intelligent, and the eyes had wrinkles of humour at the edges.

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"Silhouettes at Sunset"—Lino-cut by Gary Boardman, III.

He shifted his gaze to the window. The wind was raging, bending the trees. The moors were menacing. They were dark, and stretched to infinity. The grey-black expanse of the sky was threatening. Was a storm brewing? It was as nothing to the storm of gratitude in his heart, gratitude for this opportunity. He shivered. Would that it would pour in torrents, wiping out this blackness, and leaving the world clean, unsoiled, as God had first created it!

He could understand now the moral upheavals of Heathcliff. He could hear a plaintive voice crying, pleading, wailing, beseeching "Let me in; I'm lost, lost on the moor!" The wind howled. He saw a little white hand clutching at the bars, grasping, grasping, yet never quite reaching, never . . . quite . . . reaching . . .

★ ★ ★

And the librarian found him there, as she came to close the library. A copy of "The Life of Charlotte Bronte," by Mrs. Gaskell, lay on the floor, and he snored blissfully and gently, while he held to his chest a copy of "Wuthering Heights."—Betty Veitch, Vb.



"MOUNTAIN GALLERY"

"The most brutal crime committed against the Australian bush at the hands of the white fellow is the burning of the holy forest and the destruction of the native animals that live in them." These words are written on a tablet at Mr. Ricketts' Mountain Gallery, Mount Dandenong, where this photo of an aboriginal's head was taken. Mr. Ricketts has lived there since 1937: he owns four and a half acres of land, and has built a small house from slabs of timber in a clearing which he levelled out with a spade.

Mr. Ricketts lives very close to nature there; many of the forest birds will fearlessly eat out of his hand, and the lyre-birds, the shyest of all, come round his house when no strangers are there. He has an intense love for all the birds and trees around him, and also for the Australian aborigines in their native state. Several times he has gone to live with them in order to understand them, and seeks to help them by interpreting their ways and legends to the white man through his sculpture.

He is self-taught and intensely individualistic. He uses a soft clay for his work, which is baked for three days in a home-made kiln. He has no help from the Government, but is supported by a small number of patrons, and the money he makes by selling some of his work. Some were accepted by the Sydney National Gallery.

Mr. Ricketts' home is indeed a Gallery, filled with his clay models, aboriginal faces peeping out of every nook and cranny. It is open to the public at all times, and is well worth a visit of inspection.—*Joy Handley, IVa.*

'FAIRYLAND'

Have you ever been to 'Fairyland'? I went there only the other day. To reach it you must take a trip up to Olinda in the Dandenongs, and turn off the main road at the Log Cabin Tea Rooms. Up on the hill, on the corner of Ridge Road and Sunset Avenue, delightfully situated, is 'Fairyland'—Peg Maltby's studio.

On either side of the gate are two of her paintings. The first is of an aboriginal child, and the other a painting of Australian Wild-flowers. On either side of the path, through the neat flower-filled garden, are little, painted garden gnomes, sitting among the plants.

The door stood invitingly open, when we paid a visit there, and we stepped into a fresh attractive room hung with pictures. A tall, pleasant, elderly man appeared to show us round and answer our questions.

Most of Peg Maltby's pictures are delightful little fairyland scenes or pictures of fairy folk. She also paints Australian native birds and flowers, and those active paintings of aboriginal children, which are so popular now.

In three corners of the rooms are three little dioramas. Tiny modelled figures of fairies, elves and animals have been arranged among natural flowers and grasses. Each little scene has its own story which hangs in a frame beside it.

Peg Maltby also illustrates and writes children's books. I have one of hers on my bookshelves — "Meet Mr. CobbleDick." It is full of intriguing sketches as well as many beautiful full page pictures.— *R. Whitelaw, Vb.*

THE PROGRESS OF SINGAPORE

Many still have the misconception that Singapore is a jungle land, frequented by the Sakais (aborigines), and that if one did set foot on it, the dangers of head-hunters, disease, humid climate and boiling sun would seal one's fate. However, this is a misconception of this little island of two hundred square miles, which is now well on its way to the spotlight of fame and publicity.

When Sir Stamford Raffles first set foot on this island in 1819, he predicted for it a bright future. Then the rush for tin on the mainland helped to set it on its feet. In its strategic position, Singapore served as a link between the East and the West. Its importance was fully realised in the Second World War, when the Japanese over-ran the island. The good harbour with its efficient management facilitates trading of a kind that enriches the country. The fact that it is a free port, and the importance of the products of the mainland, tin and rubber, certainly make it the apple of Britain's eye.

Modern developments have followed, such as 'American' skyscrapers, houses, factories, smooth wide roads brilliantly lit, electricity, water works, gas works. Thus all modern luxuries are available for tourists. The City Council functions with vigour, whilst the Rural Board concerns itself with decentralisation. Social services provide for the welfare of the people. Hospitals with all modern equipment care for the sick. All these have achieved world standard in a very short time, and Singapore has earned for itself the reputation of being the cleanest city in the East.

Education for the children and illiterate is not neglected. Many new schools have been built, and their success is shown in the high percentage of passes in the Overseas Examinations. Two universities have been erected, one with the financial help of the Government, the other by public-minded people. But even these cannot cope with the great demand for higher education and thus many students migrate overseas to Australia, England and America.

With the increase in importance both politically and commercially, men of Mr. Lin Yen Hock's calibre have come to the fore. With the co-operation of the people, he is helping the government to run smoothly. Of course, there were subversive elements — as would be expected — who tried to excite the workers with words of honey and the promise of another El Dorado, but truth, as was learnt from past experience, has prevailed.

When the people were roused out of their

main concern, business, to the realisation of their own efficiency, it was decided to despatch a delegation to England with the intention of obtaining complete independence, a Herculean task for the new-born infant. The talks ended "in smoke," but the people were not in the least put off. They were as determined as ever to obtain what they cherished, and put faith in the maxim, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Finally, perseverance brought its reward, for the second conference concluded with smiles on both sides. The half-loaf promised by Britain has been accepted as a start, further developments being awaited.

The once-believed Singapore has vanished forever. The swamp of long ago is no more there, a dream that is no more remembered. It has been transformed overnight, so to speak, not by the touch of the magic wand but by the sweat of the people. The rapid developments of the last decade will not terminate here either. There is still room for expansion, and many situations for bright young men who have initiative. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the two hundred odd square miles of Singapore were covered by edifices of all colours and hues? That surely will not be long in coming.

*Ying Yam Kee,
Johnny Moo,
Vib.*

TELEVISION

A box with a glass pane placed right in the centre, an aerial wired to the roof, to the chimney preferably, a wire connecting the two, and another from the box to a plug.

Marvels! You have a T.V. set!

Switch it on! What happens? Nothing.

You turn one of the two knobs under the screen.

Hooray! You can see a few lines and patterns. Tut-tut! — not focused!

You turn the other knob. The lines disappear altogether.

Ah-ha, some noise comes from the box! Someone is talking.

After more turning and twisting both knobs, you are able to hear it clearly — but no picture at all!

Ah, now it comes, a picture *and* sound!

What a wonderful instrument this is!

Blow it! You've missed the programme you most wanted to see.

In anger you turn off the set.

You fool, now you have to go through it all again!! — *Sandra Levi, IIIc.*



"Wild Geese" — Lino-cut by Diane Lawson, IVd.

A GEM IN THE MALLEE

Two hundred and sixty miles from Melbourne, in Northwest Victoria, lies the small Mallee township of Rainbow. It was from here, one morning in early September, that my parents, my sister and I started on a trip to Wyperfeld National Park.

We kept a wary eye on the weather, as the sandy Mallee roads can be very treacherous when wet. Several miles from Rainbow, we made a very interesting stop at Lake Albacutya. This lake has been dry for twenty-seven years, but now, after heavy rains, it is full, and provides a harbour for the wild birds and animals that frequent the area. The colourful plumage of the birds, together with the golden wattle and bright wildflowers made a truly beautiful sight.

Traversing rolling wheat country, we arrived at the tiny railway siding of Yaapect. As we turned to the west, the tall wheat silos of Yaapect were quickly lost, and we were travelling through a vast loneliness, the only sounds

being the gentle sougling of the wind in the tender, green wheat shoots, and the discordant cawing of a crow over the plains.

Wyperfeld National Park, the largest in Victoria, is two hundred and sixteen square miles in extent. The country north of Wyperfeld lay below the sea in ages gone by, and the Murray, Murrumbidgee, Darling and Wimmera emptied into a great gulf. As the land rose, the sea receded, leaving an area of great lakes. The plants and animals have had to adapt themselves to the drought conditions, with many remarkable results. Here is where the Mallee fowl builds its "incubator" nest, and the emu roams the plains. The beautiful parrots, scrub robins, Gilbert whistlers and many others make their homes remote from the disturbing presence of man. The most beautiful and rare wildflowers of our State bloom in riotous profusion in this fantastic country with a beauty peculiar to itself.

— Rosemary Mead, IVd.



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: T. Roberts, D. Mount, C. Notley, Tan, T. H., Ying, Y. K., B. Van Twest, Tan, S.H.
Front Row: Tan, P. S., J. Onto, M. Taussig, Mr. Doble, Mr. Hardenberg, T. Shen, Mun, K. T., Moo, K. C.
Holding Ball: P. Stevens.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL AND YOU

In starting this article, I would make it clear that I mean by "you" every pupil who attends this school, from the First Form to the Sixth.

In my slight experience, I have seen the effect enthusiasm can have in a school. I have seen enthusiasm in this school, but it is only a minor effort compared with what it could and should be.

We have seen this enthusiasm in our sport organisation, and time was sacrificed for this task. It appeared in cricket practices; the only reason it did not have the success it deserved was because of lack of numbers and facilities. We had it in the rowing, where students who had the ability were prepared to train over a long period. It brought us victory in the Swimming Sports. We saw this fine spirit in the football, first with the improved dress of the team, then with the victories of a determined and fiery team. Let us hope it will appear in the Athletics.

It is not only in sport that this wonderful earnestness should prevail, but in other activities at lunch-time and after school. It could be shown in the formation of clubs and societies of different kinds, such as a Debating Society, Literary and Dramatic Societies, Record Club, Pen-friends Club, Chess and Draughts Clubs, Scientific Club, Art Club, Dancing Club, and others. These could be brought into the daily routine of the school, and be appreciated by every teacher and student who has some interest in Camberwell High. But they will not succeed unless we overcome the apathy often shown in our attitude.

The forming of a school's tradition is helped by these clubs, and now that we have Matriculation classes, we have the opportunity to form a tradition in this way, as well as by high scholastic results, and organised coaching in sport. By our enthusiasm, we can help to make Camberwell High School a school where teachers and students will desire to go, and build up a worthy school spirit.— *M.S., IVc.*

A CAUTIONARY TALE

(With apologies to Hilaire Belloc)

*Here is a story of sadness and woe,
 Of what befell Willie a few weeks ago,
 A boy who loved pudding and biscuits and cake,
 And scorned any warnings his dentist might
 make.*

*He raided the larder between every meal,
 A toothbrush was something he really did feel
 Was useless, until, crunching toffee one day,
 His teeth started aching. What utter dismay!*

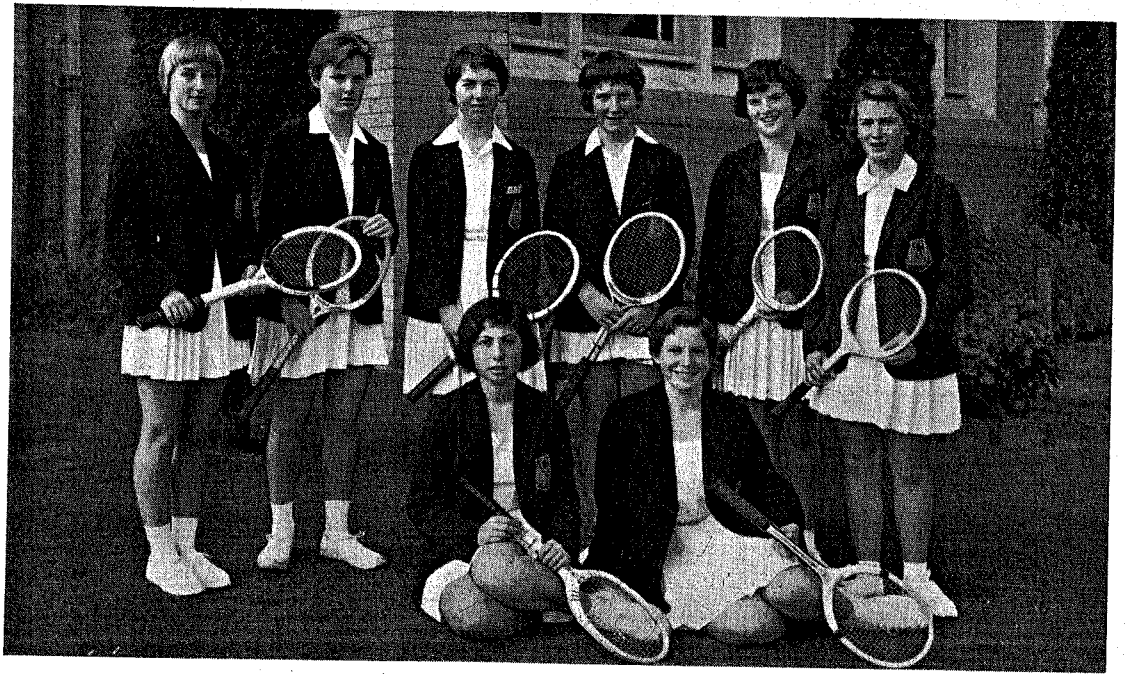
*To his consternation, the dentist then said
 That all Willie's teeth must be pulled from his
 head.*

*The agony that our poor Bill had to bear
 Will remind him forever on what he must fare.*

*And so all my friends who like food that is
 sweet,*

Remember poor Willie — and be more discreet!

— Kay Ireland, IIIc.



GIRLS' TENNIS EIGHT

Standing: S. Webster, M. Cole, J. Ireland, F. Wellington, S. Roddick, M. Lander.
Sitting: E. Zselenyi, D. Schmidt.

"THE MURRAY GENERAL"

The Murray Glen General Store, settled complacently amongst the tall upright eucalypts and low mulga scrub, smiled benignly on one and all, for today he was celebrating his 100th birthday anniversary. Old Father Crump, who was born the day the store opened, had died only last year, leaving the "Murray General," as it was affectionately known, the oldest inhabitant of the Glen. Just one hundred years ago, Mr. Wills had erected a modest wooden building on this site. Subsequent owners had added to and fortified the erection, making today's ancient but solid Murray Glen General Store.

The Glen had seen many different types of people, but the store was their general meeting place, where all the district decisions were made. People came to regard it as a shopper's paradise. Safety pins, underwear, shoes, stockings, soap, sweets, food, cosmetics, bath-tubs, beds, chairs and tables were among the items purchasable.

That day, the store was a happy meeting-place, but as darkness fell, it gradually lost its contented look. The benign smile changed to a ghostly leer, and the silver patches of moonlight were interspersed with eerily-shaped shadows. No comforting glow of light could be seen in the store window, as there was no electricity in the area. A cloud blotted out the moon, and as the wind rose, sinister creaking noises could be heard mingling with the whistling of the gale.

The moon, reappearing, outlined small trees bent double by the force of the wind.

Suddenly, lightning flashed, showing up the landscape with ghostly brilliance. A terrific roll of thunder sounded overhead, giving the impression that the very earth had exploded. Another flash followed, more brilliant than the first, and a bolt of fire sped for the store. In an instant, the building was a mass of flames. Quickly it was burned to the ground. The rain which had started to pour down soon put out the glowing coals, and as the storm died down again, all was calm and still.

Next morning, old men and young boys, arriving early for their weekly supplies, were petrified with horror at the sight which met their eyes. Their beloved Murray Glen General Store had gone, and in its place were a heap of blackened wood, and twisted shapeless masses of metal.

All in the surrounding district were very unhappy at the loss of the store, so they set to and built another. Today, if you go to the thriving township of Murray Glen, you will see, set on the side of a hill, a modern building of ugly red brick. This new store, unlike its predecessor, has an extremely discontented expression. Not all goods are stocked, and would-be purchasers often leave unsatisfied. No longer is it used as the district meeting place. In fact, this modern store has none of the qualities for which the "Murray General" was famed.

— Marion Keith, III^d.

TO SYDNEY BY THE DAYLIGHT EXPRESS

A journey which I shall never forget was the trip to Sydney last January on the Daylight Express. I woke very early that morning, as I had to be at Spencer Street Station by 8 a.m. We arrived in plenty of time, to find the train, consisting of seven sitting cars, a buffet car and a parlour car, already in the station. I was well settled, when at exactly 8 o'clock, diesel B82 let out a musical blast on its horn and rolled the nine car train towards Albury. While passing through the suburbs, it kept down to about thirty-five miles per hour, but after Broadmeadows, it nearly doubled its speed. I had a window seat which helped me in my train timing. I found the average speed from Melbourne to Albury to be fifty-seven miles per hour, and the maximum sixty-nine miles per hour.

Within forty-five minutes, we were throbbing over the Great Divide outside Kilmore. After an hour or so, the novelty of sitting in one position wore off, so I decided to explore. I found the cars much noisier than the advertisements stated, and standing in the car ends was absolutely deafening. Then I went into the buffet where I found the food very good. I also visited the Parlour Car which gave an excellent view of the passing panorama, and is the last word in luxury and comfort.

As the mileage rolled on, we entered the rich, but at that time very dry pastureland, flanked by tall stately gums. Along here, the Hume Highway followed the now single line, the double line having ended at Mangalore. The train thundered through Glenrowan, the home of the Kellys, and on to Wangaratta, where a good view of Mt. Buffalo could be seen. Finally, at twelve o'clock, we rumbled over the still flooded Murray and ground to a halt at Albury's long platform.

The New South Wales division awaited our arrival, and after a quick change of trains, a red and gold diesel pulled the eight-car train towards Sydney. We roared over a level single track where the "Rock," a huge outcrop resembling a lion, could be seen. One hour and forty minutes later, the train halted at Wagga Wagga for two minutes. As I was getting cramped, I once again began to explore. The carriages were of the saloon type and were fitted with fluorescent light. There was also a buffet car, where the service, like the food, was excellent.

PROSPICE



"Vengeance" — Lino-cut by Winifred James, IVc.

Forty minutes later, a halt was made at Juneec, a busy rail junction, for six minutes. Leaving Juneec, the train travelled over undulating country until the Bethungra Hills were reached. Here is situated the Bethungra Deviation which enabled the gradient on the up-line to Sydney to be reduced by half, so that a pilot engine is unnecessary. After short stops at Cootamundra and Harden, we continued through lush sheep pastures to Yass Junction, thence over the Breadalbane Plains, where I recorded the highest speed of the trip, seventy-one miles per hour.

After a six minutes stop at Goulburn, a busy railway junction, we departed into the gathering dusk, proceeding up the long grade to Moss Vale. By then it was dark, and after leaving Picton, I became lost as to where we were. The darkness ended in a blaze of lights as we thundered through Liverpool, the beginning of the Sydney electrified area. The train reduced speed and crawled through the outer suburbs, until eventually at 9 p.m., I was met by my uncle at Strathfield. That night, as I lay in bed, I reflected upon a most enjoyable trip.

— Peter Harcourt, IVd.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: I. Cole, K. May, I. Fraser, R. Kotzmann, B. Teasdale, A. Carter.
Front Row: D. Munro, F. Bruce, M. Gill, Mr. Foster, D. Weeks, S. Weeks, J. Farrant.

IN A COUNTRY STORE

The door stood ajar. In the cool darkness of the interior of the local country store, comfortably-clad, suntanned farmers discussed the wool market, crops and other people's business.

Leaning against the wide, cumbersome counter of the "Grocery Department" of the store, which smelt pleasantly of cereals, hessian bags and dust, was Mr. Jim Shepherd. Jim Shepherd was a stocky person, with muscles that rippled when he moved. Hot and unshaven though he was at this time, it was he who stood, clean-shaven and impeccably dressed, to read the announcements at the small brick church on the hill each Sunday.

Near Jim stood his elder son, a younger, more handsome edition of his father, with brilliantly white teeth and a wit as sharp as the scythe he was leaning on. Standing erect and angular a few feet away, stood Joseph Elliott, a tall, fair, shrivelled personage who was much older than the rest of the company. Joseph always stood erect, spoke precisely, and acted deliberately. His two sons were his main source of worry; they insisted on doing most of the heavy work on the farm. They were also his main topic of conversation, apart from "the poor season it is this year."

Folded up in the corner of the store, wedged between the biscuit tins, sat young, six-foot-odd-tall Bill Roberts, contributing little to the conversation, but missing none of the gossip to take home to his wife. Despite this weakness, Bill is the salt of the earth, — always there in time of need, or in time of trouble.

In the time we have spent observing these farmers, the topic of conversation has varied from Joseph Elliott's new fencing and the cricket team's outstanding win last Saturday and their chances for next weekend, to the minister's buying a new car, the arrival of the local police-

man's sixth son, and the never-failing topic of the weather.

Jim Shepherd was just commenting on how fortunate they had been during the harvesting, as they had had no rain. As he was saying this, through the half-opened door with the squeaking but useless spring, came the District's Chief Pessimist, Harry Schulz. His figure was silhouetted as he came through the door, a thin, miserable, worried-looking, bow-legged individual, whose greeting was:—

"I don't like the look of the weather. I'm sure it's going to rain tonight. Never get those hundred acres taken off."

"Never mind, Harry," said Bill, taking the very words from the mouths of the three others, "You're far from ruined yet."

No one took Harry's moans seriously.

Bill took Harry's entrance as a cue for his exit, and before long the company had dispersed, each going his own way, after a satisfactory, if not profitable morning.

— Gwynyth Thompson, III^d.

THE WANDERER

*As he wanders from track to track,
 His heavy swag upon his back,
 He watches animals, trees and birds,
 The slowly moving cattle herds.*

*He rests awhile beside a stream,
 Where silver fishes dart and gleam,
 The bell-birds make a joyous sound,
 As autumn leaves float to the ground.*

*Then once again he's on his way,
 Roaming, carefree, all the day.
 So we leave him, the wandering one,
 To the moon and the stars,
 When day is done.*

— Margaret Perry, III^c.

TARANTELLA ON THE CROSS-COUNTRY

(With apologies to Hilaire Belloc)
Do you remember the run,
Dear friend?
Do you remember the run?
And the straining that's pertaining
To all excessive training,
And those who were groaning and those
 who were moaning,
And those who were beginning to bend?
And the cheers and the jeers as each runner
 appears,
Plodding, staggering on to the end?
Do you remember the run, dear friend,
Do you remember the run?

And the cheers and the jeers as each runner
 appears,
Whose muscles are torn,
And whose hope is forlorn,
And the wheezing of his breath and his
 lungs?
And the Blow! Blast! (and worse)
Of the curse
Of the hapless on the ground, and the sound

Of his friends all jeering,
Sneering,
Appearing
Laughing and leering,
Hurrying to their unlucky companion, run
To make fun —
And the Thid, Thod, Thud on to the bend!
Do you remember the run,
Dear friend?
Do you remember the run?

Never again,
Dear friend,
Never again.
Only a sport for men
Who are reaching a score not after ten.
All bare
Is the route of the moot, destitute
Of any
Of the feet of athletes, and is there
All bare,
But for the shoe
Left by the one who never knew.
— Keith Ward, IIIa.

THE FASCINATION OF MAPS

From earliest times, map makers have tried to represent the earth's surface on a chart. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when people thought the earth to be flat, queer maps were drawn of places visited by traders in their caravans or in their small sailing vessels which crept around the coasts of Europe, Asia Minor and Africa.

Throughout the years, men have tried to tell their stories with the help of maps. Whether they tell of travel, beauty, horror, or of unique discovery, untold work has been put into every stroke, dot and circle. The charting of coastlines plays an important part in map-making, and often many thousands of miles of coastline have to be duplicated before a map is complete. Scientists and astronomers put years of observation and calculation into weather charts.

The difficulty of map-making is today somewhat lessened by the use of aeroplanes, as in the latest Antarctic expeditions, where it would be almost impossible to work without the help of modern equipment.

The map-makers of today allow for the play of one's imagination, which is the ability to

picture and understand the setting and physical features of a map. To do this, one must mentally see the vegetation, population, factories and terrain together with any other distinguishing features likely to be in that region. This ability often depends on the age of a person and the stage and state of his education. A little boy views a map of America with a different idea in mind from that of his father. The little boy pictures cowboys and Indians with perhaps an occasional town amongst the hills, whereas his father thinks of the development of factories, atomic projects, high-powered cars, wide roads and large cities, and perhaps an occasional Indian, when he thinks of Texas.

The advantage of maps in different walks of life is invaluable. To holiday-makers, the purchase of a map greatly assists in viewing, searching and discovering. The same applies to travellers going interstate or abroad. To school children, a map is often clearer than a book. Maps also play an important part in military operations. To the surveyor, town planner, builder, architect, astronomer, pilot and sea captain the study of maps is the most important part of their work. — Len Cook, Vc.

A WASTELAND WHERE NO-ONE COMES OR HATH BEEN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME

It is a lonely, sandy waste, torn by the cruel hands of winds, trodden upon by no man, seeing nothing of modern monsters and succouring neither man nor beast. The very trees are twisted in great grotesque shapes, shapes that point to hell as though they know that is their ultimate destiny; yet these trees are dead. Everything is dead.

The only movement is of sand, whipped by the wind into howling, blood-sucking tornadoes, or blown screaming over trees, rocks and pile after pile of dead wood.

No rain has ever fallen. No rain will ever fall. Time has forgotten this desert. God has forsaken it. No one remembers it because no one has ever seen it. No thing knows of it or has ever seen it except the blood moon by night and the searing sun by day. The sun rises, the sun sets; the moon rises, the moon sets, but never at any TIME, because Time has forgotten this place.

Trees die and crash to earth; no one hears them, no one sees them. The rocks eroded by

the continuous lashings of the sand finally crumble, forming more, more, more sand. The tops of many trees are hidden beneath this ever-rising sand, but are they trees? Can you call twisted grey trunks and clinging grey branches trees?

Perhaps, at one time, you have wondered why the earth is tilted on its axis? This is to allow the baobab trees to grow upright. Before the beginning of time, the earth was covered with these trees, but when the sun's rays reached their jelly-like foliage, many of the weaker trees melted and became salty oceans which cover great portions of the land. The other trees withered and fell. The burning sun was destroying them, and finally, just before time began, there were only three or four hundred left.

Perhaps the lonely waste is where the trees began, perhaps it is where they will end; yet there are no beginnings and ends where there is no time. Days are merged into nights, there is no commencement and no finish. Time has not begun, time will never finish; love has not started, love will never die; joy has not grown, joy will never cease; but this desert will live eternally because it is in existence and any power that exists, can never perish.

— Frances Seedsman, *Vb.*



"Sunrise" — Lino-cut by Jennifer Waghorne, 111e.