



1982

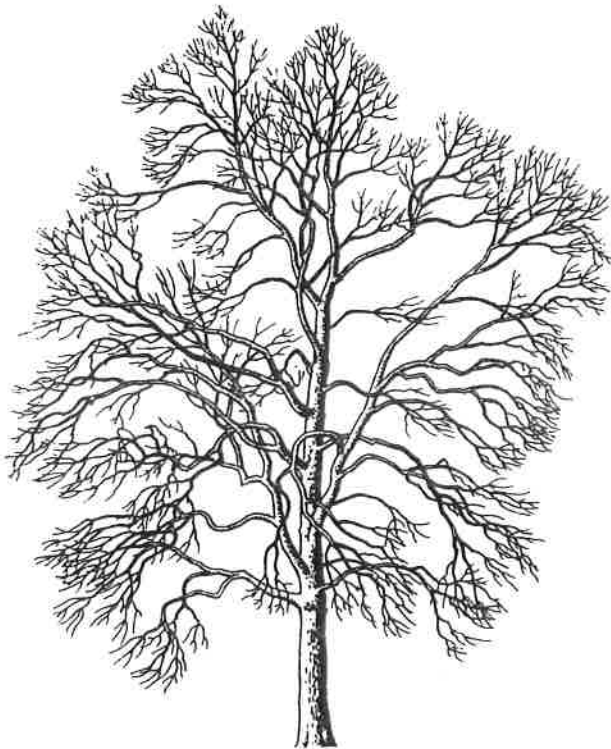
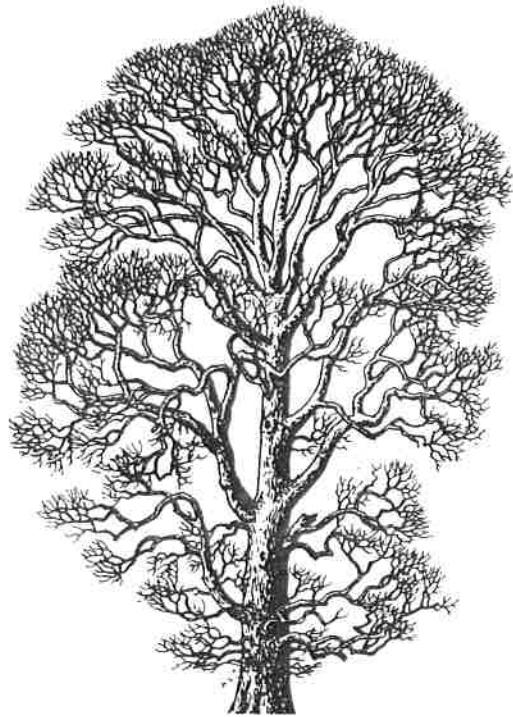
## GUM-TREES STRIPPING

Say the need's born within the tree,  
and waits a trigger set for light;  
say sap is tidal like the sea  
and rises with the solstice-heat—  
but wisdom shells the words away  
to watch this fountain slowed in air  
where sun joins earth — to watch the place  
at which these silent rituals are.

Words are not meanings for a tree.  
So it is truer not to say  
"These rags look like humility,  
or this year's wreck of last year's love,  
or wounds ripped by the summer's claw."  
If it is possible to be wise  
here, wisdom lies outside the word  
in the earlier answer of the eyes.

Wisdom can see the red, the rose,  
the stained and sculptured curve of grey,  
the charcoal scars of fire, and see  
around that living tower of tree  
the hermit tatters of old bark  
split down and strip to end the season;  
and can be quiet and not look  
for reasons past the edge of reason.

Judith Wright



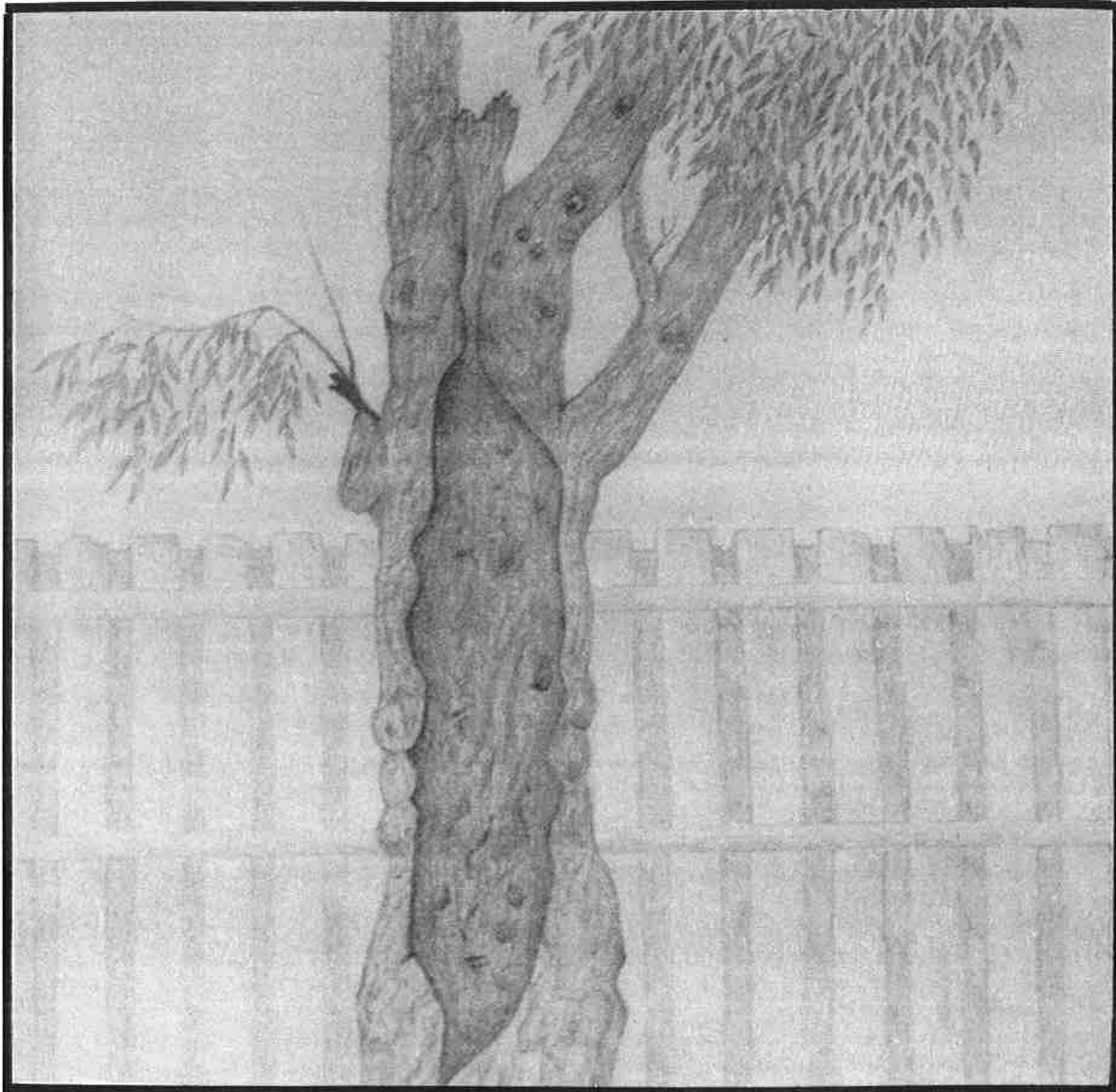
## THE AXE IN THE WOOD

I stopped to watch a man strike at the trunk  
Of a tree grown strong through many centuries.  
His quick axe, sharp and glittering, struck deep,  
And yellow chips went spinning in the air—  
And I remember how I liked the sight  
Of poise and rhythm as the bright axe swung.  
A man who fells a tree makes people watch,  
A swinging axe has always drawn a crowd.

I know the answers to the chanced reproach:  
How old the tree was, and how dangerous,  
How it might fall, how timber in a stack  
Had more good in it than a growing tree—  
But I saw death cut down a thousand men  
In that tall lovely legacy of wood.

Clifford Dymont

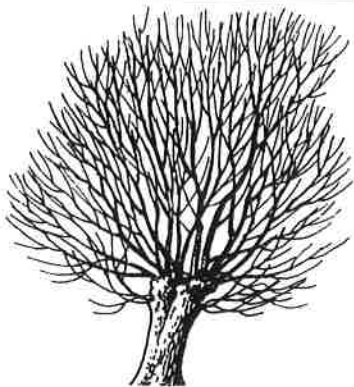
Cover by Claudette Rodenburg.



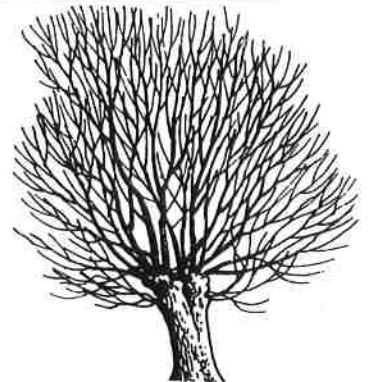
Estelle Cozens — Year 11

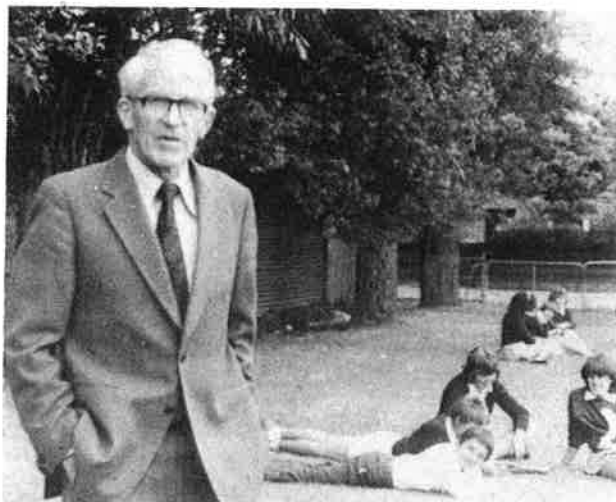
## CAMBERWELL

## HIGH



The Prospice Committee thought that it would be appropriate to arrange our magazine around this, 'The Year of the Tree'. Consequently one of our students photographed some of the beautiful trees that we in Melbourne are fortunate enough to enjoy. We live amongst many magnificent and wondrous examples of the world's trees, and we would like our readers to be made aware of the fact that unless people become conscious of the importance of trees, we are faced with the destruction of the earth's complex ecosystem. "Trees are a magical, wonderful balance of grace and quietness, power and strength, guardians of the earth". (Kuruna).





**THE COMMUNICATION GAP**

"Prospice" is one of several channels used to maintain contact between home and school. As you all know, we distribute many reminder notices throughout the year, as well as special circulars covering specific events, such as an evening arranged for the parents of a particular Year Level. We have, also, our occasional newsletter, "Disco", published by the Parents' and Friends' Association.

Keeping parents fully informed of a school's activities is never easy. It is sometimes suggested that communication would be improved if those many circulars and pamphlets could be posted home. However, when one considers that the postage bill for sending out, say, just two circulars each term to all parents would be in excess of \$1,000, one must ask whether this would be seen as a good use of school funds, which, directly or indirectly, really means parents' funds.

As well as written or printed communication between school and home, the school does provide opportunities throughout the year for parents to have more direct contact with the life of the school. Sadly, not all parents avail themselves of these opportunities.

One explanation for this may be that parents already feel that they know enough about the school. It was pleasing to note, in a recent survey conducted in schools in this area, that 85% of our parents felt that they **did** receive sufficient information about the school. However, we must continually endeavour to satisfy that remaining 15%.

This could well be achieved by the excellent publication you now hold in your hands. Prepared and written by students, it represents not only a pictorial and factual record of the life of the school in 1982 but also the aspirations of the young ones who bring us together.

Mr. D. Collins — Principal.

## **Camberwell High School Council**

Mr. P. Sheldrake — Chairman  
Mr. B. Adams  
Mr. J. Foster  
Mr. W. Gerrish  
Mr. E. McKinstray  
Mr. P. Sundram  
Mrs. B. Sutherland  
Mr. M. Brown  
Mrs. J. Berry  
Mr. P. Frost  
Mrs. J. Hazlett  
Miss M. O'Loughlin  
Mr. B. Shields  
Mr. P. Graham  
Mr. K. Moore  
Miss M. Pattison  
Mr. D. Collins

## **C.H.S. Parents' and Friends' Committee**

Mrs. T. Ratcliffe — President  
Mr. P. Graham — Secretary  
Mrs. G. Towart — Treasurer  
Mrs. N. Torriero  
Mr. K. Moore  
Mrs. C. Graham  
Mrs. M. Rowe  
  
Mrs. B. Muntz  
Mr. T. Matthiesson  
Mrs. D. Randall  
Mr. A. Pavlopoulos



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# EDITORIAL

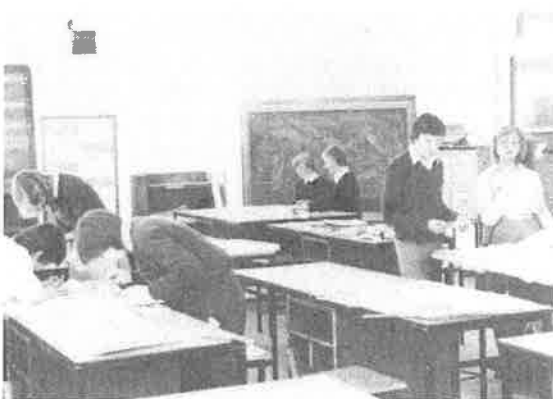
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Here it is — the product of countless lunchtimes spent by the Prospice Magazine Committee gathering ideas, discussing suggestions, designing layout and generally racking our brains in an effort to make this year's Prospice more interesting and a bit different from last year's magazine. Our job has not been easy. Many of the suggestions have had to be rejected for financial reasons, others because we didn't have enough articles submitted, some because they were of an unsuitable nature. To get contributions from some year levels has been like pulling the proverbial "hen's teeth". What has happened to the enthusiastic pride we once had in our school?

A school is a social entity, that can only work effectively if everyone shows consideration and responsibility to others in the community group, rather than looking after number one alone. There is no room for people in whom amoral and apathetic attitudes prevail, and whose behaviour only makes the lives of everyone else harder and more miserable. All that is required is a little thought and a common sense approach to life.

Our thanks go to all the students who did contribute work, the Prospice Committee, Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Sgro and other members of staff, who didn't desert the Committee even through the sometimes tedious preparatory work and other obstacles encountered during the year. A little more such support of school projects and co-operation, and Camberwell High would be an even more enjoyable place for everyone.

Anita Bruns  
Susan Wright  
Co-Editors.

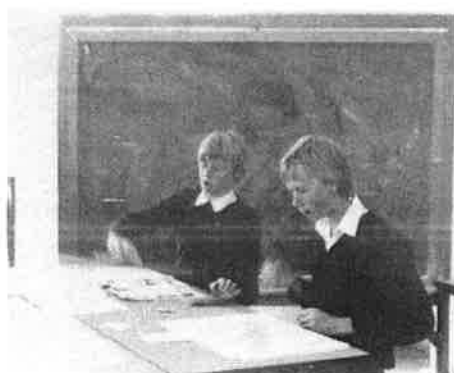


## Magazine Committee

Anita Bruns)  
Sue Wright )— Co-Editors.  
Dean Oliver  
Robert Grzegorzek  
Claudette Rodenberg  
Adriana Dunn  
Meni Roufidis  
Wayne Manger  
Shayne Platts  
Andrew McNeilly  
Robert Carpenter  
Peter Kelly  
Ian Ross

## TYPISTS 1982

Helen Chen  
Terry-Ann Cox  
Gerry Evans  
Melanie Goodall  
Priya Green  
Janet Harmer  
Tina Koresis  
Stella Kyriakou  
Andrea Langley  
Jan Lister  
Julia Mortyn  
Suzanne Patrick  
Robert Permezel  
Gordon Price  
Dhiyan Singh  
Sharon Sutton  
Mary Theodorakis  
Roula Vouvopoulos  
Donna Wilson  
Anita Zanic



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# DON ANDERSON

## AWARD

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### MY CHILD: A PARADOX

I recall my childhood as being one marked by gloom and misery. On the surface this statement appears contradictory because my mother did not attempt to dispose of me as one does with unwanted kittens. She didn't dump me on our neighbour's doorstep or in some isolated ditch. Rather she worried about me, cared ceaselessly for my welfare and mollycoddled me with inordinate amounts of love, care and affection. Worse — my father never came home drunk, bashed me over the head with a broken beer bottle, or took to me with a razor strop. He was, and still is, a patient, considerate man, one who always gave his family first place in his life. In short, this was not the ideal environment for a depressing saga about childhood. Even the area we lived in was middle class. Not a slum in sight. Mine was a stereotyped, close-knit family, living in a safe, congenial neighbourhood, producing stable rational, hardworking children of the type which I was destined to become.

So where did my problems lie? Were they sexual? The innocent little boy brought up in a stable, moral environment? We have all heard of that one. Something to do with libido and the id being constrained by the super-ego and other Freudian abstractions? The suppressive influence of the closed community and its effects on the young boy? Now this could be used as a good excuse for my melancholy beginning to life, and it is certainly one often used on the psychoanalyst's couch by some highly disturbed sex maniac. Unfortunately, though, it does not provide the explanation for my problem.

There is proof of this. Girls always attracted me, even in lower primary school, although I had never admitted to such feelings, because I had to maintain my rough, "frogs and snails and puppy-dogs tails" image before the other boys. Nevertheless, a girl kissed me in grade two. It happened during a particularly licentious game called kiss-chasey. On this occasion I was lucky. Lisa was chasing me. She was considered to be the best girl to be caught by, while playing kiss-chasey. But, determined, I ran as fast as I could. Others say that I slowed down, walked, dawdled and even crawled . . . Okay, I'll tell you the truth; I ran into her. This, though, meant my childhood problems could not have been evoked by sexual inhibitions and frustrations. All these desires were fulfilled by Lisa. The seat of the mischief must then have lain some place else.

It must, alas, have had its roots in other aspects of school life. In what way did those hallowed halls give birth to my gloomy state? It was school that ripped me away from my parents, from security, and placed me, a sensitive introvert, in a hostile, red-bricked environment amongst five-year-old barbarians, grade six moguls and monstrous teachers who breathed fire.

As I was an only child for ten years, until contraceptive methods failed, I was brought up in a predominantly adult environment. Consequently I did not feel safe among my peers. I continually wanted to run to my parents, and clutch desperately at my mother's hand. So it was not so much school itself that I hated, but rather the enforced exile from my parents.

Such a notion might seem trivial and can often lend itself to humour when looked back on. But I can still feel the trauma and deep anxiety which I then endured. These emotions were evoked in me afresh recently, when my brother began his schooling. My sympathy was wasted though, for my brother is a psychological mutant — a gregarious optimist, and is vastly enamoured of school. For him it elicits friendships, diversity and excitement. For me, an emotional, shy recluse, it spelt tribulation. Herein, then, lies the paradox: that an apparently ideal nurturing family environment can produce a child quite unfit for the rough and tumble of life outside the protective confines of home and parental protection.

Craig Zanker

SENIOR WRITER'S PRIZE:

VIRTUOUS, INTELLIGENT, SUPREME  
EXAMINERS

At any given time I am questing, not merely some adolescent seed.

The quest is for truth, clarity, reality, the meaning of it all and what else an essay might or might not need. This animal, feasting on cerebration, I cannot find to feed.

It gorges on my mind and flesh, awaiting the day of the free.

So I asked a past traveller of this voyage,  
"When does the journey end?"

"In the hot days of January '83

You'll learn if Society's your friend.

For your mind is an empty cavern that has not yet taken shape."

I know better, as some past voyagers are intent on malign rape.

I entrust my dear cerebrum to the hands of a few,  
To guide and scold in the search for what is true.

Cerebrum is moderated and standardised by a silicon chip,

And rated on a print-out slip.

This, say it two hundred or four-o-five,

Sums my worth to the community — and in this,  
My future lies.

This rating's not a reflection of my inner self;  
It is a statistical compliance with which I feel  
brain could have dealt.

Now, when I have one foot on the arduous trek to  
the academic high plain,

Reality and truth have triumphed over the making  
of me a link in a chain,

For I am a universe; there is a universe in me;  
but because of the external, the inner self can  
never be true or free.



Tim Boyle

JUNIOR WRITER'S PRIZE:

THE LIFE OF A STONE

I suppose my life can be divided into three main parts. The changes from one to the other were rapid, but once a stage was reached, it seemed to stretch out to infinity, ever lasting, never ending.

My earliest memories are of hot bright, vivid, pulsating primary colours, different atmospheres, smells, colours and movements. This was the one and only time I moved of my own accord; in liquid form in a flow, slowly, flowing through cracks and crevices in rocks. There I stayed, trapped, when all around me was red, moving, burning, bright and hot. Different things shot past me, I suppose I must have been next to the bottom of a volcano. If I had also been taken to the surface of our planet, I would not be what I am now.

So now I had reached my second, and I hope, longest stage. All around me was dark, all volcanic activity had stopped and I was alone in the dark and cold. Sometimes I heard sounds above me, oh far far above me, distant and, perhaps, foreboding. The tramp of feet, rumbles, strange unrecognisable, primitive sounds. I wondered many times and indeed wished to know what was happening, or indeed for any sign of my existence. I was friendless with no contact with anything for thousands of years, it was indeed the worst time I had ever experienced.

Then suddenly, after innumerable years, everything happened at once. Light, that precious and unattainable thing fell on me and I heard gasps of "Hey, that's a beauty." Little did I know that it was all the hated years I had spent in my dark crevice underground that had made me into what man most coveted, a form of carbon very hard, beautiful and precious, diamond.

I was taken to the surface, travelled far across water and land to a place, a city far from my ancient volcanic home. Here I was split, but my spirit remained only with a small part of me, which was cut and cleaned, polished and set. I presume this is what happened to the other mislaid parts of me also. I was set into a band of yet more precious hard metal, travelled to a jeweller's shop, and put up for sale, like the object purely of decoration I had become.

Before long I was purchased, and worn as a symbol of approaching matrimony. The insecure, yet happy woman who wore me showed me to all her acquaintances, I think to show that here at last was proof of her good qualities, she was going to be joined in wedlock to someone she was indifferent to, little more than despised.

This curious social custom, which put enormous pressure to conform on single females in that period and community, was still honoured and respected; and to be married, was to be accepted as a woman, and I was the symbol of this woman's frustrating limitations, as she would soon see her hasty marriage to be.

I share a curious sympathy with my owner, as we both fell victims of circumstance and events. If this was the sort of life she would not have chosen, neither I would have chosen this life for myself. My owner was meant for a life of work, profitable and useful activity to benefit herself and others, and so was I. I was not meant for this life of passive, existence, waiting for an event that never comes.

I should have been a stone which was some piece of architecture a corner stone or pillar performing some vital function, or used in the dawn of time when stone was used for wheels or dwellings. As I am now I am passive, performing no function, doing no job. The very thing that I once symbolised has not become a symbol of love or friendship, merely one of obsession and hatred and routine.

I am useless.

Diana Green 10C

# REPORTS

## LIBRARY

There have been some changes in the library during 1982. Mrs. G. Kuhne joined the staff in 1981 and Mrs. M. Roberts was transferred from the English faculty to the library in 1982. A part-time assistant Mrs. S. Campbell was employed after having worked voluntarily for half a day each week for many years. Another parent Mrs. A. Moore still helps voluntarily occasionally.

Physical changes include relocating the fiction in a confined area. The periodicals are now on display shelves near lounge chairs for leisure reading. An area is being developed for year 12 students where they can study apart from junior students.

During third term, we should see the carpet replaced, the changing of some carrels for tables and reviewing the organisation of the library as a whole.

The library collection is now over 42,000 including books, periodicals and audio-visuals. The School Council provided money in 1981 for two Video units which are used most days. A further \$6,000 was allocated to the library for 1982 and this has been spent on references for faculty requirements.

There has been heavy demand for library service in research and reader guidance by both staff and students especially at lunch time when on an average, eighty students make use of the resources.

We are grateful to a number of people who have donated books to our library. Mrs. P. Sheldrake gave a large collection of paperbacks, Mrs. Paull a collection of art and history books, Mrs. C. Christensen has given us the 3 volumes of Flinders Voyage to Terra Australis. We thank these people very much for their generosity.

G. Kuhne, Librarian



Louis Gallardo — Year 10

## ROTARY EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM CANADA

The International Youth Exchange is a program set up by Rotary Clubs throughout the world. Its aim is to promote international understanding. The exchange students become culture capsules — taking a part of their own country and exchanging it for an understanding of the new country, which they take home to share with others.

I really didn't know what Australia would be like. All that I'd heard was that the Aussies drove on the other side of the road. Secure in the knowledge that the cars would be coming from the opposite direction, I thought I'd be ready for it when I landed at Sydney airport, but inevitably I wasn't. It never occurred to me that the drivers would be seated on the other side of the car, so I was quite startled to see a car pass by without a driver (or so it looked to me!)

The next shock was school uniform. Back in Canada, I was used to wearing casual clothes to school. I have found though that there is a good side to uniforms. At least I don't have to worry about what to wear each morning.

Another major difference I found was in the sports played here. I had never heard of Victorian Rules Football. What I know as football, you call grid-iron. And I have yet to see a cricket match.

However, I haven't found any big differences in the people themselves. Sure, our accents are different and we might enjoy different foods, but the people themselves are similar. However, no two people are the same, and half the fun of the exchange is being able to meet different people with different ways of doing things. As I will be hosted by seven different families during my stay, I am almost assured of having some interesting and unique experiences.

If you have any questions about Canada or the exchange itself, feel free to ask — I'm the one with the little Canadian flag on my uniform!

Jennifer McKinnon



# Year Seven

## YEAR 7 CAMP

An excited group of Year 7 students gathered on Riversdale platform at 7.30 a.m. ready for the camp. The train took us to Flinders Street where we got on the train taking us to our destination. When we got to Dandenong we found out that the train line was down until Pakenham. After waiting about half an hour a bus came and took us to Pakenham. When we got to Pakenham however, for some reason we couldn't go by train. We then got another bus to take us the rest of the way. About 1 or 2 o'clock we arrived at camp Coolamatong. There were about seven or eight people to each cabin which had names, Kangaroo, Emu etc. The food was fairly good and we all went into a big room to eat it. During the five days we were there we participated in many great activities. We went horse-riding, BMX bike riding, did a commando course and went kayaking. When a friend and I were chasing the teachers in kayaks we overturned and I fell into the freezing cold water. Everybody laughed but they didn't think it was so funny when they had to jump in themselves to demonstrate rescuing techniques. On behalf of all the Year 7 campers I would like to thank the teachers for joining in the fun.

Shane Platts



Ahhh!  
Shark

Not  
Re-runs  
of Skippy  
again!



## YEAR SEVEN SAUSAGE SIZZLE

On the 16th of February the Year 7's had their Sausage Sizzle. Already at 5 p.m. the barbecuing sausages could be smelt from a distance. As students, parents, friends and teachers gathered on the oval they each received their name tags and then went to join queues to get sausages, bread, salads, coffee or cordial. The large supply of food was enough to fill everybody's hungry stomachs. After about two hours, the games were organised including the pancake race. As kids cheered and shouted the races were held. They were won by Stuart Evans, Jackie Evans, Robert Evans and the parent race was won by Mr Evans. Those people were rewarded with prizes. After the races people started to leave but many still stayed till about 9 p.m. I thought the 1982 Sausage Sizzle was a great success.

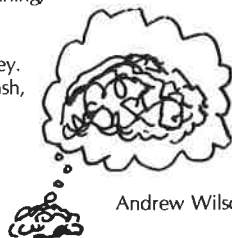
Zinta Bruns





## THE LOCKER KEY

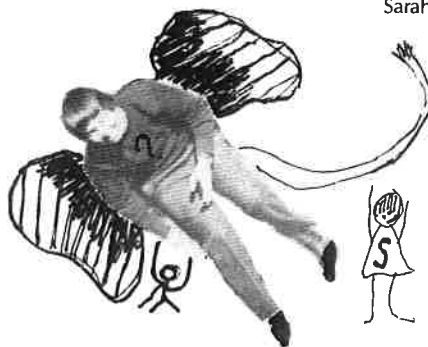
I turn the corner quickly  
Hoping to catch a tram,  
I turn the corner quickly  
Late as I am.  
The air is cold, and  
My hands are ice,  
My feet are frozen,  
Yet the sun is nice.  
Although my teeth are chattering  
I manage to greet a friend.  
So now I feel the cold  
Is beginning to end.  
Happily together  
We talk of our recent past,  
When out of the blue,  
A tram is coming fast.  
All yellow and green  
Like a great overgrown bug  
The driver then gives the brakes  
An almighty tug.  
I say to myself  
As the machine towers over the hill,  
"Now doesn't that driver  
Have a lot of skill.  
I'm sure I've forgotten something,  
Now what can it be.  
Good grief, I'm doomed . . .  
I've forgotten my locker key.  
My stomach churns in anguish,  
My heart is full of pain.  
And all the while I wish  
I had a bigger brain . . ."



Andrew Wilson

My favourite time of the day is at 6.30 a.m. when it's quiet and pleasant. The birds are chirping gaily away in the tree tops, singing their morning song, while the dogs and cats are curled up in tight snug balls. The air is fresh and crisp to start the day, and the tiny drops of dew are like lace fringing the stalks of grass. Only the odd car rumbles along the road. There is no roar or bustle of the traffic, it is peaceful and silent, and quite often our breath is like white frost in the air. While the sun creeps out from behind a cloud the buds slowly and gradually open. At early morning the scene is natural and breathtaking.

Sarah Norris 7A

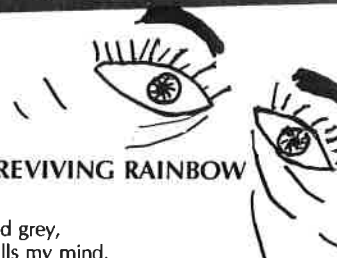


## JUMBO JET

A wondrous thing I once did see,  
A silver bird flew down near me.  
A huge great roar was all it said,  
In fear I ran and hid my head.  
It landed on a long wide road,  
Where it disgorged a human load,  
Sitting there it looked quite tame,  
I went and asked it, "What's your name?"  
I thought I'd like it for a pet,  
This huge enormous Jumbo Jet.



Jason Bennett



## THE REVIVING RAINBOW

The sky is dark and grey,  
A gloomy mood fills my mind.  
My surroundings depress me greatly,  
When suddenly I spot a rainbow.  
A deep contrast, and a delight to tired eyes,  
I gaze at the beautiful sight,  
While the wild colors seem to dance before my eyes  
They fill me with happiness,  
And I wonder how such a  
Magnificent spectacle can go with such a drab and  
Dreary background.



## THE RAINBOW

The rainbow is a wondrous sight  
after rain it shows its light  
purples, reds, yellows, blues,  
greens and oranges are its hues.

From a distance we can see  
this lovely rainbow for you and me  
what a shame its wondrous light  
will disappear before it's night.

It has a perfect circular bend  
and gold I've heard is at its end  
who cares if the story isn't right?  
The rainbow is a wondrous sight.

8

Mark Boer 7A



## WET WINTRY DAY

The roads are all slippery  
with rain tumbling down,  
Umbrellas and rainwear  
Seen all over town.  
It is so cold too  
and damp everywhere,  
Cars must drive slowly  
and take extra care.

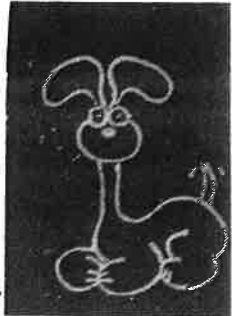
Hear the rain falling,  
Pitter-pat-pat!  
It's wetting my face  
As it drips from my hat,  
There's nowhere to shelter,  
The trees are all bare,  
It's a wet, wintry day  
With a nip in the air.

Chris Galanis 7A



## THE SHARK

The shark is a creature with rough, rubber skin,  
A creature whose jaws show an evil grin.  
Man is its prey and blood is its drink,  
When he has grabbed you it's too late to think.  
His color is black, blue, white or grey,  
But the blue sea turns red when he meets his prey



## SHADOWS

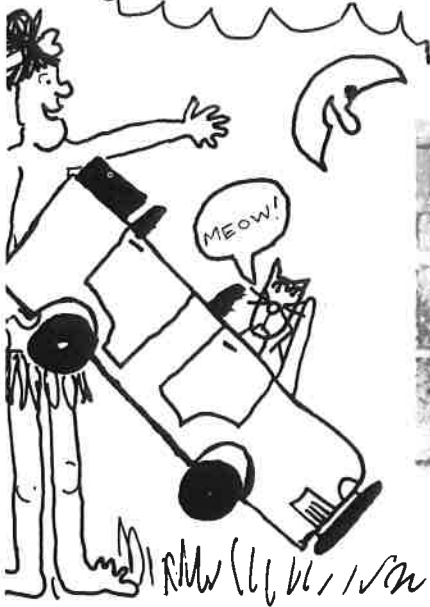
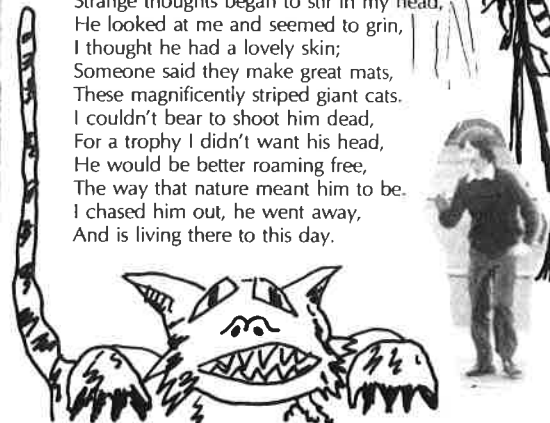
Oh a shadow so evil, dark and black  
travelling forward — creeping —  
out of the night —  
out of the wall —  
into the silvery moonlight.  
What is it — help  
Oh — I am so afraid —  
I am growing smaller —  
it gets bigger — glowing in the moonlight —  
shining in the window —  
it gets closer still.  
I clutch my pillow.  
It jumps.  
My heart jumps.  
And then it's gone  
And I am alone in my bed  
It was a dream.

Martin Sidell 7U

Boy  
this is  
heavy!



While driving down a jungle track.  
A tiger jumped into the back.  
I said, "Get out you stripey thing,  
Before a sudden death you bring."  
The native bearers leapt right out,  
And it was left with little doubt,  
That the tiger was a thing to dread;  
Strange thoughts began to stir in my head.  
He looked at me and seemed to grin,  
I thought he had a lovely skin;  
Someone said they make great mats,  
These magnificently striped giant cats.  
I couldn't bear to shoot him dead,  
For a trophy I didn't want his head,  
He would be better roaming free,  
The way that nature meant him to be.  
I chased him out, he went away,  
And is living there to this day.





# S.R.C. REPORT

## STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL —

**1982** Although many of you will not be able to cast your minds into the dark corridors of the ancient past, it might interest you to know that the present S.R.C. was not the first.

The original S.R.C. was conceived in 1964 when a number of senior students became dissatisfied with the lack of contact between students and teachers, and the resulting lack of awareness of student opinion. Their ideas were finally taken down from the shelves and the dust blown off in 1966 when the S.R.C. became officially established. The next seven years (1966-1972) saw the sponsoring of many successful and unsuccessful extra-curricular activities, although sadly the other aims of the constitution were neglected. Internal squabbling and insufficient numbers finally brought the S.R.C. to an end. This can also be attributed to a lack of support from the members of the school body whom they were supposedly representing.

1973-1977 saw the steady decline in the popularity of the Prefect System. The S.R.C. is **not** to be confused with that; it differs both in structure and function. The Prefects were made up of fifth and sixth form students only, whereas the S.R.C. consists of representatives from all form levels. The Prefects were the "watch-dogs" for the good image of the school and as such were given a certain amount of authority over other students. They should be commended for their efforts; however, their position aroused considerable ill-feeling among students. Even though the Prefects were disbanded in 1977 students **are still suspicious** of any body of students who claim to be working for the good of the school. The S.R.C. has no authority over others but rather is a representative body.

The removal of the Prefects reflected the changing needs of our school. Amidst such turmoil ideas of a new S.R.C. began to emerge — like a Phoenix from its ashes. And so it came to pass in 1978 that the present S.R.C. was formed. During the first year the S.R.C. tested its new wings but soon discovered many design-faults. The next year was spent in exile.

1980 saw the S.R.C. back in action and full of fury. They initiated the showing of films and the much appreciated introduction of windcheaters. 1981 saw further advances with the materialisation of identification cards and events such as lunchtime concerts. Now in 1982 it is high time that our aims as a representative council were reviewed. The function of the council should be to act as an outlet for ideas and suggestions initiated by the students themselves. It is not an independent body which will do "nice things" for the students, it is a representative body, and if the students it represents have no opinions or suggestions to the council, then the council can't do its job. Although sponsoring extra-curricular activities is very important to school life it is not the **most** important, nor



### STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL MEMBERS:

Kim Begelholt (12?)	Not Present
Lisa Dedman (12C) — President	Paul Cook (7R)
David King (12C) — Treasurer	Jonathon Williamson (8U)
Richard Goldberg (12A) — Vice President	Jamal Khan (9U)
Brigitte Munchow (10C)	Gabrielle Voumard (10U) — Se
Katrina Morgan (8C)	Adam Khan (11A)
Jason Florence (9R)	Fiona Morley (11D)
Ranjit Singh (7U)	

is it the only aim. The most important function of the S.R.C. (which seems to have been overlooked in the past) is to promote a sense of unity and greater co-operation in the school. This is certainly more difficult than the showing of a film and will no doubt take longer than just 1982 to fulfil. We are trying to unite the few and disjointed pockets of school spirit in this school by inviting suggestions from not only the students but also from members of staff. The council also hopes to satisfy this aim through the activities it conducts.

The council is determined not to let the embers of success die out. The S.R.C. have continued the films and windcheaters, and also introduced H.S.C. windcheaters. We are planning a lunchtime concert for late term 2; and identification cards are being improved upon and, we hope, will be distributed soon. Through such activities the S.R.C. has gained a secure financial footing. We will donate 50% of all of the profits to various departments for new equipment and supplies so that there will be some tangible evidence of our efforts. This should benefit a wide cross-section of the school's population and thus satisfy our aim to promote unity and co-operation.

The future of the S.R.C. and the effect it has on the school lies not only with the senior ranks but more importantly with those in the junior forms. For it is only through their continued initiative and support that the S.R.C.'s full potential may be realised.

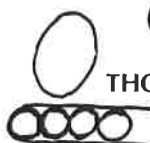
There has been an enormous amount of effort put into the various S.R.C. projects this year. Thanks should be extended to Mr. Collins, Miss Pattison, Mrs. Nettleton, the office staff, other members of staff, our diligent projectionists, the patient cleaning staff and the responsible S.R.C. members and of course the enthusiastic student body.

Lisa Dedman 12C  
(President)

# YEAR EIGHT.



## 8A



### THOSE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SCHOOL

I think the day that I started High School was the worst day of my life. It reminded me of an egg, being pulled along on a never ending conveyor belt. We, like eggs, were scrubbed and branded as vital information was squeezed into our puny brains. Like eggs we were worried about our future, knowing we could fall and break in the process. TELL THAT TO THE OPERATORS!!

We junior forms feel ill at ease, slipping and sliding down thousands of chutes. The teachers know our future, they can tell by the looks on our faces if we will be waggies in Riversdale Park or doctors at the top of Collins Street. We urgently need them to brief us on the incredible challenge that lies ahead.

Samantha Hauge 8C



### ELECTRONICS WIZARDRY

How many of you knew that amidst the population of Camberwell High School we have a student who, three years ago, at the age of ten became the youngest holder in Australia of an international amateur radio licence? Well, we weren't aware of this until earlier this year, when the Prospector committee was shown an article in the "Amateur Radio Action" magazine, not just about Garner Annett of year 8M, but actually written by him! Garner, who goes by the callsign of VK3NZZ, is an avid ham radio operator and an up-and-coming computer expert. Garner's article describes in detail his recent invention — a digital control system for changing the frequency on Icom rigs. Garner's basic design has since been used by other experts to design more complicated systems.

Garner's interest in computers began when he was only five years old. It was through his father and frequent visits to the company where his father worked as a computer technician, that Garner learnt how to program computers and understand electronics. By the age of six Garner had already set up an alarm system that was triggered off when the water level in the bathtub had reached a predetermined level.

Garner's father, who also holds a ham radio licence, noticed his son's natural ability in electronics and computers and bought a small electric computer so that Garner could experiment at home. Although Garner is very interested in computer programming, his main interest lies in the technical side of radios and computers. This explains Garner's goal to become a computer technician or repairman in the future. Already he is on the way to such a career, as he works at Vicom on Saturday mornings. This also helps to support his expensive hobby, as Garner buys a lot of his equipment himself.

His past success has been a result of much dedication and hard work. To get his international radio licence alone, he had to complete a 1½ hour electronics theory exam, a ½ hour radio regulations exam and a morse code exam in which he had to be able to send and receive 5 words per minute.

Garner feels that his work with radios and computers has significant educational value. Apart from providing technical understanding, use of the international radio enables valuable contact with other countries and cultures. Because of this, Garner would like to see a ham radio club set up at Camberwell High. He says that numerous schools have radio stations set up and can communicate with each other during lunchtimes, and he would like to see Camberwell High School join them.

We wish him success for the future and hope that his plans become a reality.

Susan Wright and Anita Bruns 12A



## 8M

oops again!

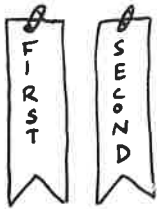




# YEAR 8 CONT.



ATTENTION!!!  
STOP DROWNING  
MR. CARTER



80000

## MY INDEPENDENCE

Watching, watching, always watching,  
I just wish that I could join in.  
If I were to run only just one race,  
I'm positive that I could win.  
But the race I'm entered in, you see,  
Is a competition just for me,  
I must learn to dress and wash my face.  
It's my independence I must chase.



## DISASTER

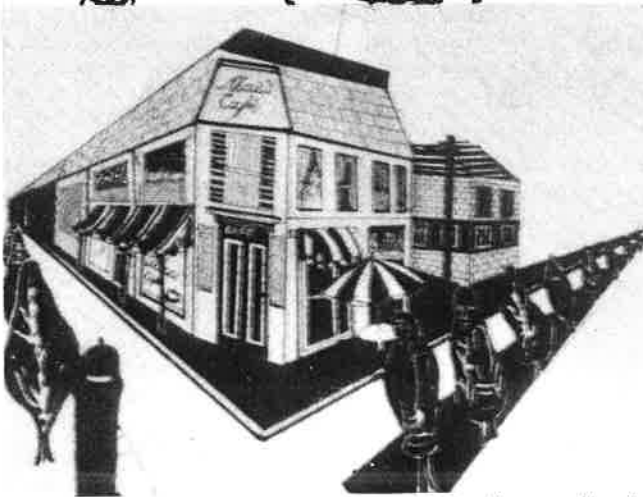
It was a normal type of day in the sense that there were people, crowded roads and rubbish. But instead of the usual atmosphere of hurry and rush there was a feeling of impending disaster and destruction. People glanced nervously at the dark, overcast sky. There had been reports of heavy rain and possible floods. People were uneasy and everyone was worried and irritable.

Suddenly there was complete calm and everything was silent. Then it began, first lightly and then with heavy determination that brought with it unreasonable panic. The rains began! Within half an hour the floods were thigh deep. There were hysterical screams and cries for help. The water's impact broke windows, there was a crashing of thunder and the weird flashes of lightning. A religious fanatic started screaming, "God is punishing us for our sins! We have sinned, we shall die!"

Then as suddenly as it began it all stopped. The sun showed his face and looked upon a scene of damage and destruction. There were broken windows, overturned cars and rubbish everywhere. For days the gutters ran with slosh and water.

The floods were over.

Tsaelan Lee Dow



Sophie Matthiesson — Year 8



80





## THE BILLY CART TWICE IS TOO MUCH!

Too late. We were over the lip of the hill and careering down its vertical slope. As we hurtled along I heard Levi screaming, "Faster! You've gotta pedal!". A very quick glance over my shoulder told me why. The billy cart was overtaking the bike. I turned my head and pumped my legs as if all the demons in hell were after me, to no avail! I felt the billy touch the back wheel. I lost control of the bike and the wheels swerved crazily, and so did the cart. Levi screamed and I frantically tried to gain control and steer the bike around the rock that loomed dangerously ahead of us. It was no use. I shut my eyes and with a jarring thump, crashed headlong. I felt a flying sensation as I was hurled through the air. The last thing I heard was Levi screaming "help", and then everything started moving and faded away into darkness . . .

I awoke to the sound of 'ee oor, ee oor', and realised I was in an ambulance on the way to hospital. Suddenly there was a screech of brakes and the stretcher rolled against the back doors, which opened and allowed me and my stretcher to be flung onto the road. As I rolled away on a four-wheeled stretcher with no brakes I thought "Not again! . . . Oh well, might as well make the best of it", and lay back to enjoy the scenery.

THE END.

TsaeLan Lee Dow 8R



## WHAT HAPPENED ON THE 1981 YEAR 8 CAMP

(Wouldn't you like to know!!!)

On the way up to camp we went to **Healesville** Sanctuary where we saw some kangaroos, emus, koalas and lots of **WOMBATS!!!** (*Diprodicus Laucius*). One wombat with a moustache took a liking to us and came to camp.

We were met at camp by Jack (the man who runs the camp with the rest of his family). Jack took us on a walk during which Miss Champ and Mr Wombie lagged behind — it turned out they were discussing cosy wombat holes (What a disappointment!!!!) OR WAS IT???? That night we were taken on a torch walk; when we got back we were **very TIRED** (Wonder why??? — All that walking of course!) The next day we woke up bright and early to witness the installation of an intercom system between Huts 2 & 3 (Code Word: 23 minties) Mrs Grundy was up at 5.30 (Yes!!! AM. NOT PM.) The other officials appeared much later. We thought the wombat had gone into hibernation! It rained most of the day.

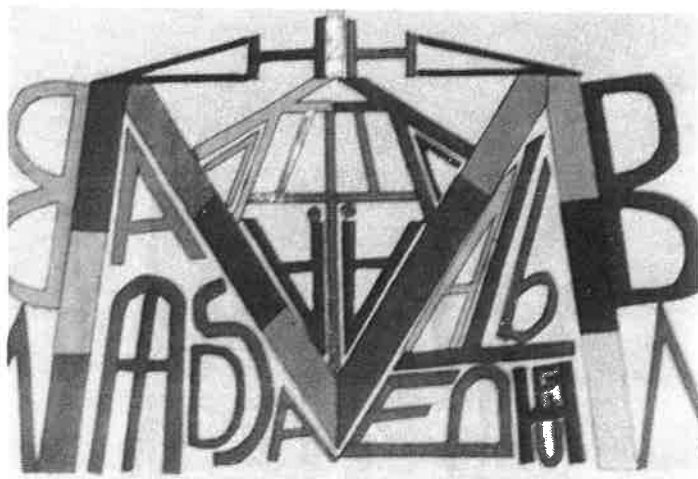
The next day we went to the Forestry Commission Office in Toolangi. During lunch a few of our company mysteriously disappeared (escaped??) from our unsuspecting wardens. Wombie and three rather lovely assistants (Gina, Julie and Kirsten) set off to recover them. Food EVERYWHERE!!! They had crept up to the milk bar and virtually raided it. We were marched back to camp . . . That night we played games in the hall and had a disco. Thursday was a washout but that night!

We went on a torchless walk and had a concert and BBQ. There were **two** Miss CHAMPS — **yes two!!** I mean **ONE IS BAD ENOUGH — BUT TWO!!!** It seemed the teachers would never go to bed but when they did!!! (We will leave what happened up to your imaginations).

The next day we drove back to school.

**OUR CONGRATULATIONS GO TO THE TEACHERS FOR SURVIVING THE 5 DAYS!!!!!!**

Romeo & Champ 11



# 81?



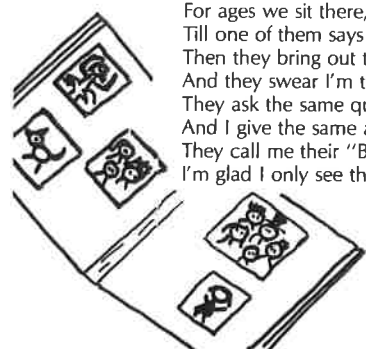
My two ancient aunts, and a big pot of tea,  
And no one else present, except me.  
For ages we sit there, nothing to say  
Till one of them says that "it's been a nice day."  
Then they bring out their photos of people long dead,  
And they swear I'm the image of my dear Uncle Fred.  
They ask the same questions each time I go,  
And I give the same answers they already know.  
They call me their "BIG BOY", worse still, "Their Dear,"  
I'm glad I only see them only once in each year.

Meni Roufidis

13



# 8R



# MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

## MUSIC CAMP

On the 31st of March, packed with one warm coat, two woollen jumpers, suitable changes of underwear, a torch and of course a musical instrument, we departed Camberwell High School at a quarter to ten for our second Annual Music Camp - 1982. We arrived at Aldersgate, Belgrave Heights at about 11.00 and after settling in, we eagerly threw ourselves into our first one and a half hour rehearsal, well, sort, of!!! A delicious lunch followed this, after which we went across the road to play a game of "World Series" Cricket.

This gave us a huge appetite so we eagerly raced back to camp for dinner. However, another rehearsal loomed before us the minute we walked in the door. It was too early for dinner anyway!!

Following this two hour rehearsal we finally got some food along with one or two servings of chocolate icecream. This was followed by one of the highlights of the camp: an electric guitar demonstration arranged by Mr. Howie. This was really great. We sat, eyes glued for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour after which Dean Barron successfully tried out the electric guitar. That night, we got to sleep quite early — about 1 a.m.

Thursday morning we awoke, bleary eyed and leapt into the shower before breakfast, then another rehearsal. Sport came next with only a few participants, because many stayed at camp to work on their skits for the night's activities.

The teachers were all tired because for some reason they hadn't slept well the night before! So they decided to try to tire us out so that we would sleep well that night, ha ha!!, by walking to the top of a hill then running back to camp.

The day's second two hour rehearsal followed this, after which we sat down to a delicious meal. This was followed by an hour and a half for concert preparation which led to "our concert" at 8.00.

This was one of the best parts of the camp. It included jokes, skits, "This is your life — Miss Keenan", an interview with a certain teacher . . . and, to pay for all of this expense, we needed a sponsor — "Sussan", who treated us to "This goes with that," throughout the night. There were also two musical items. This was followed by a bush dance which was a lot of fun.

We bounced into bed at about 11.00 as the teachers crawled around telling us to turn our lights out every five minutes. No-one wanted to go to sleep except the teachers.

Friday morning — time to go home — but not before another rehearsal. We cleaned up the camp site after lunch then reluctantly crawled into the bus with the teachers pushing us along.

We arrived back at school at about 3.15 p.m.

Please contact me if you have any queries.

Steven O.

## CHORAL FESTIVAL '82

After weeks of practice and preparation, the night of the 6th of May was finally with us. It followed a day of anticipation and build-up. All house members were tense, excited and expecting to win. By eight o'clock all the seats were filled and extra people had to stand. The lights dimmed and the 36th Annual Choral Festival was under way.

The evening commenced with a welcome by our comperes, David York and Anita Bruns. The band performed first, playing "Ease on Down the Road" and "Greatest American Hero". then it was time for the main event — the choirs themselves.

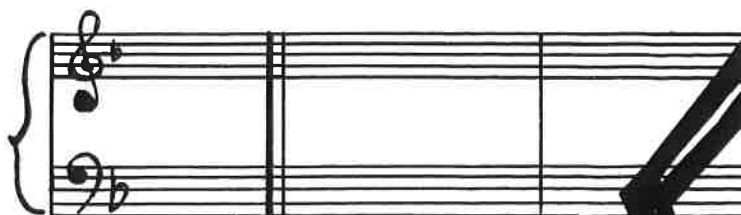
Churchill was first. Their Junior Choir sang the set song "Bright Eyes", which was to become a bit monotonous as the evening progressed. The mixed part song was "For All We Know", conducted by Peter Micic from the midst of the choir — something new for a Choral Festival. The instrumental ensemble was a short, classical piece called "Finale" by Mozart. After a round of applause, it was time for Macarthur's effort.

The Junior Choir sang a well-controlled and tuneful rendition of "Bright Eyes". After a lot of worrying about things like "We haven't got a tie!" "Trish hasn't turned up yet" and last minute warnings from the conductor, Vicki Henderson, Macarthur's Senior Choir made it up to the stage. They sang a very lively song "California Dreamin'" and then the Instrumental Group was set up. The audience was woken up with a rock version of "Song for Guy" with electric guitars, drums, trumpet, piano and tambourines. Macarthur was definitely the most interesting and original house.

After this brilliant effort, Montgomery and Roosevelt had little chance of influencing the adjudicator. Again "Bright Eyes" was sung and then "Send in the Clowns" by Montgomery and "Everything is Beautiful" by Roosevelt. Both reverted to the traditional, classical pieces for the instrumental ensemble.

The adjudicator, Mrs. L. Nesbit, tallied up the scores, went up on stage, spoke about the quality of each house's performance and kept everyone in suspense. Finally she made the announcement. Churchill 4th with 81 points, and shock of all shocks, Macarthur 3rd with 83. (What was wrong with the woman?). Montgomery and Roosevelt tied for first place with 84 points, only 1 ahead of Macarthur. The evening ended with the presentation of the cup to the four house-captains, and the usual singing of the school song, "School of Our Youth".

Dana Adomaitis 12C



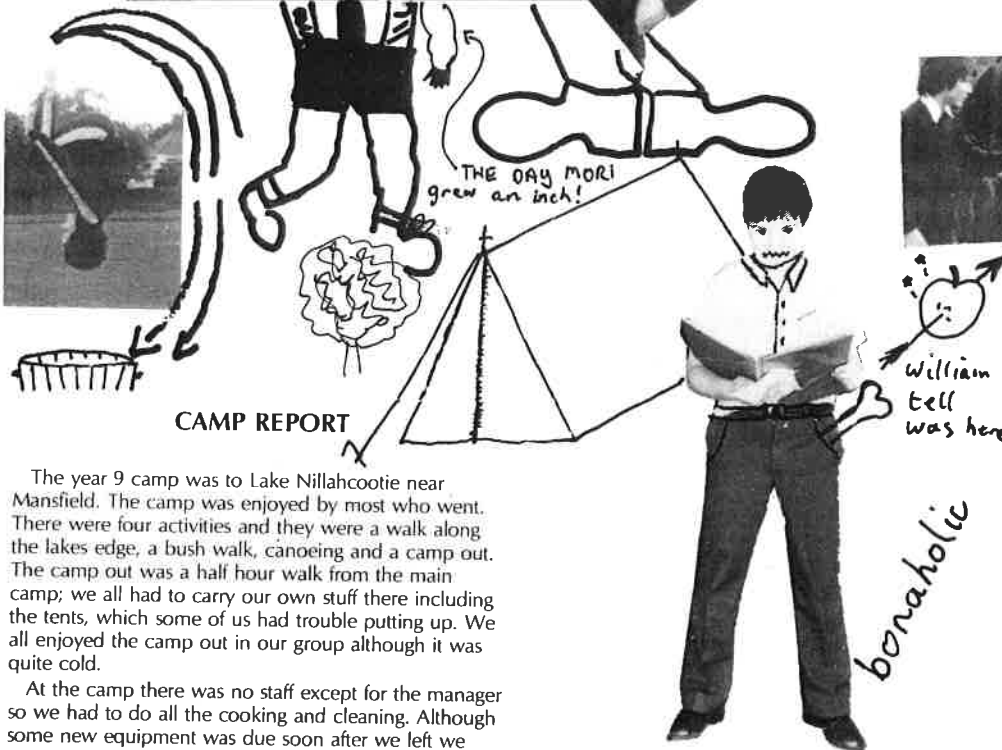
## TEACHER TOP TEN

10. We Got The Beat by The Music Staff
9. Je Suis Un Rockstar by Mrs Casey
8. When I'm 64 by The Oldies
7. I don't like Mondays by The Students
6. Shipping Steel by Mrs Aberton
5. Freeze Frame by Mr Scro and Mrs Wantrup
4. Chemistry by The Scientists
3. Physical by Ando and the Ants
2. History Never Repeats by Doc Dixon and the Diggers
1. Walk don't Run by Miss Pattison

Andrew McNeilly 9C  
(CHAMPION)



H/ 1/2!!



## CAMP REPORT

The year 9 camp was to Lake Nillahcootie near Mansfield. The camp was enjoyed by most who went. There were four activities and they were a walk along the lakes edge, a bush walk, canoeing and a camp out. The camp out was a half hour walk from the main camp; we all had to carry our own stuff there including the tents, which some of us had trouble putting up. We all enjoyed the camp out in our group although it was quite cold.

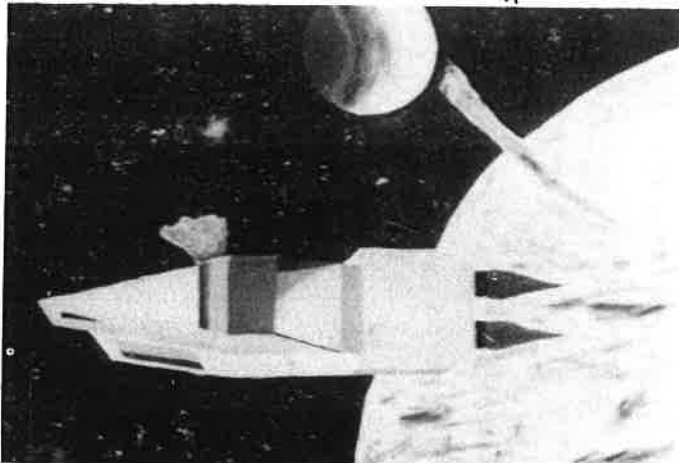
At the camp there was no staff except for the manager so we had to do all the cooking and cleaning. Although some new equipment was due soon after we left we managed to get by. The rooms had eight beds and a table. The recreation hall and dining room had tables and a ping pong table.

We were fortunate that it did not rain although some of us got wet while kyaking. On Thursday night Mr Dennis built a large fire outside, in a pit that was already there. Most of the kids stayed inside, but all the teachers and a few kids gathered around it. Generally the camp was fantastic.

David Campbell



William Carter — Year 9



"tennis balls"  
Pigs in  
SPACE!

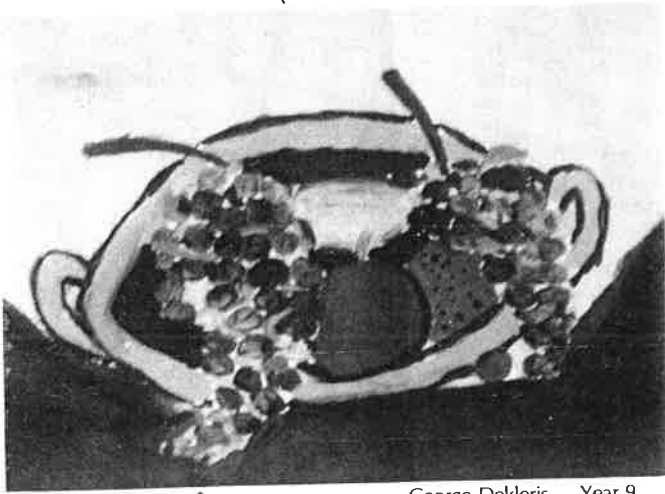
## THE OUTDOOR EDUCATION CAMP AT FRASER NATIONAL PARK

At five o'clock p.m. we arrived at school and piled our packs into the trailer and got into our twenty-two seater bus; Mr. Harris drove (no! we didn't have any accidents!), while Mrs. Darby and her eagle eye sat in the front, occasionally casting withering looks (if looks could kill we would have had twenty people dead in the back) of disapproval at the noise issuing from the rear section (you guessed it, Kelly Ratcliffe was back there!) At Healesville we stopped to eat, (not that we were hungry, I've never seen so much chocolate in my life). At a late hour we arrived at Fraser and pitched camp. Two hours later you could hear the message whispered around the tents, "Mr. Darby is here", and the repeated question, "What does he look like?" and the answer, "I don't know, it's dark, dummy."

Next morning everyone's curiosity was satisfied. At about nine o'clock we set off on our four hour walk. Sarah Dugdale hurt her ankle (she wasn't content with falling off buses), and limped around for the rest of the camp. Our four hour walk turned into six hours. That night Hugh Adams mysteriously fell into the mud. A certain Julie Savage fell over on the walk and after, about twenty times at least. We also had a party of keen skiers, Leah, Andrew M, Andrew O (Granny), Roger, Kelly, Julie and Fiona (there was no snow incidentally). All of us were tired (I think it was arranged on that six hour walk, cunning Mrs. Darby!)

Sunday was very foggy and we set off earlier as we had to be back at the bus in time to get home. Today was the six hour walk (will it be eight hours?) There were many kangaroos and birds around, and Mr. Harris showed his expertise in identifying the latter (Mr. Harris walked around in what looked like a dinner suit, well, colour coordinated). The walk was great and we even arrived back at the bus on time. We again had tea at Healesville, where a little bird dropped a message on the head of Andrew O'Grady. On the way home the bus was filled with singing "I like traffic lights", and variations such as "We hate Nanny Goats", and another song "Rubber ducky you're so cute". Andrew Evans had a sore head in the bus and was the only addition on the homeward journey to the injury list. And you guessed it — we arrived at school late! The camp was great and thanks go to Mr. Harris, Mrs. Darby and Mr. Darby (alias Dick). N.B. None of us got food poisoning even though we planned our own menus (says something for the cooks of the younger generation).





George Dekleris — Year 9

↑  
PUT YOU OFF YOUR TEA THIS  
WOULD!  
THE OTTER

A sleek, brown face with appealing, wide eyes and big whiskers peered over the embankment, looking anxiously around. He could see nothing in the still, clear water and decided to wander towards the forest.

The otter was lost, he had been separated from his mother and the other cubs. Ignorant of all safety rules he had wandered on calling to his mother, whimpering plaintively, further and further away from where she was, teaching the cubs to hunt.

Suddenly the air was alive with the sounds of dogs barking and horns blowing. The otter, sensing danger broke into a clumsy, stumbling run. The dogs were nearer, the cub ran faster, blindly pushing through the undergrowth. Snap, an excruciating pain rocked the body of the cub, a sawing, grabbing pain in his leg. The more he struggled, the worse it was.

The barking grew louder and louder, in a minute they were upon him, ripping his flesh, crunching his body in their teeth, tearing the cub apart. Far away, an otter searching for her lost son could only hear his cries.

Julie Savage 9C



We were  
supposed to have some  
tree theme!?

Babs, Fats + Ginger were here



9M MONKEYS

Rapente

Chadwick Kelly

## THE DESERT



Walking aimlessly onward,  
With nothing more in sight,  
I have just been poisoned,  
By a venomous snake bite.

It's making me feel dizzy,  
The sand's between my teeth  
The dunes are looking hazy,  
Oh, help, somebody please.

I lie on the scorching sand,  
Waiting for the moment.  
I'm lonely in this barren land,  
Oh, save me from all torment.

The snake is now long gone,  
Caravans in full view,  
The skin is peeling off my bone,  
'Tis the last I'll see of you.



Vivian Harris 9R



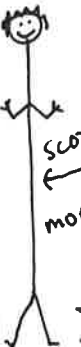
WHAT! PINK AND PURPLE  
HAIR.



9A ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM



THE BUSHWAKERS





# BABS and NINE (IX)(9) FATS

AHHHH NUTELLA

WHAT A MESS



THAT FINGER? OR WHAT?

LOOK AT THESE CHAMPIONS!

GROW UP RO6 you don't want your photo taken on a step ladder all the time



9R ATBAGS



20TH

## OUTDOOR EDUCATION SKI DAY

It took us about three hours before arriving at Lake Mountain. We unpacked the bus and got ready to go. Carrying our skis from the car park up a track to an area where we would be taught some skills, took us about 15 minutes.

The morning was spent learning the diagonal-stride, double pole, walking sideways, and turning. When we finished lunch we skied three kilometres to a hill where we learnt the snow-plough and snow-plough turning. After practising for a while, everyone had free time, when we went to a steeper hill and skied down and also went off a small jump.

At about three o'clock we headed back to the bus by skiing down the track we walked up in the morning, racing each other. After cleaning our boots and packing the bus, we headed back for Melbourne after a great day.

EARRING

Andrew McNeilly 9C

JASON FLORENCE WAS 'ERE AND HERE! ALSO HERE! DONT FORGET HERE! PICTURES



Wot a Hero! cough cough

SKOOTA MACA

17



Hi to - Leah + Gina + Liz + Megan + Rita + Marc + Graw + Roger + Yarnoc + Mar + Emma + Dean + Scott + Joe + Jamaal + Brunny + Jason + Ros + Mark + every one else who was there to help us, the na in her

Mary Iassonidis - Year 9

LATE AGAIN ROLF



I just came out of the kitchen after getting a cup of tea. I don't get around much because of my arthritis, it keeps me from the little jobs I do each day. A nurse comes in every morning and night to put me in and take me out of bed, I feel so dependent. The nurse's name is Hanna, she comes from a European country, I don't seem to remember which one though she has told me many a time.

In the afternoon Hanna checks on me, for sometimes I fall out of my chair and just lie there helplessly, and humiliated at my own weakness. I feel like a baby not being able to walk, or get off the ground when I fall. Many times my family thought it better for me to go to a home for old people. My instincts tell me they don't want any part of me, as I'm so old and incapable of self-support.

They don't come to see me any more. My Saturdays were filled with love and laughter, but now they are like endless hours of loneliness and depression. I think we all need love, don't you? I wonder how old Paul is, eight or nine isn't it? Last time I saw him was when he was knee high, I miss him and my family so.

I've got no-one to talk to, nothing to do but sit, read, wait and watch T.V. Why is life so cruel, lonely and meaningless?

Teresa Ratcliffe 9C WHO'S THAT

ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD READ THIS

I TOLD YOU NOT TO READ IT, BUT YOU DIDN'T LISTEN

NEED A HEADBANGER

# FACES



## THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE FACE

The face I will never forget,  
A woman's face clad in despair,  
Dark eyes staring into space,  
What could she not forget?  
Mouth in a sad pout,  
Head tilted in a defensive way.

It is her eyes I will never forget,  
Large, dark, despair-filled eyes,  
Glistening with tears.  
Heavy smudges of black under her eyes.  
Aristocratic eyebrows,  
Outline her despair.

High cheekbones,  
Give her the air of a fairy.  
Long black wavy hair,  
Fumbles in a mass about her shoulders.  
This dark mass outlines a pale face,  
A hurt face.

What has happened to her?  
Jilted by a lover?  
A bereavement of a dear one?  
Cast out by her family?  
Or just simply an off day?  
What has killed her smile?

I wish I knew,  
So that I might comfort her,  
Or offer words of kindness.  
And as she walks past me,  
Those deep eyes, so like caverns of sadness,  
Look right to my soul.

Oh, I will never forget,  
That girl with her haunted face.  
A face that reaches into my dreams.

Julia Pearson 10C

## THE MOST FASCINATING FACE AND THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE FACE

His name is Max and he's a tramp in the slums of London. He's tall and happy and his only companion is a cat.

His face is a merry one. It's just one of those you can't imagine sulking. His eyes are small but they seem to twinkle like little marbles, looking at you in a way that says, "What have you been up to lately?" His mouth is like a thin line across his face. It's a mocking one. One of those which doesn't really smile but somehow it shows that he's happy. It never changes but it's never dull.

His eyebrows are probably the most distinctive feature of his face. They're curly and are lifted in a curious way which can change his whole expression. Whenever he's thinking very hard about something they seem to knot together.

His cheeks are always red and big. It always seems as though he's got strawberries underneath them. One wonders if he once used the play the trumpet.

It is a unique face. It's very friendly, but it can also be very distant. His eyes can look at you and you know he really isn't looking at you but thinking of something far away. Something you wish you knew but you couldn't because Max hated people interfering in his thoughts.

His nose is rather big and in no way graceful, but somehow you're glad it isn't because it would spoil his face's complexion. His dimples are very amusing because it seems as though they're always there. Never fading away.

He's an understanding listener, never interrupting and never laughing in the wrong part. His eyes can be very sad one moment and twinkling like mad the next. It looks as if his eyes are doing the listening and not his ears. They can be very fatherly and comforting and they can ask, "What's the matter?" without Max having actually to say it. They're the kind that make you want to tell him everything and still you know he's not being inquisitive. He's not handsome in any way, but his eyes seem to brighten up his whole appearance. They can be the most charming to friends and very stern to enemies. To me it is what makes his face fascinating and unforgettable.

Birgitte Munchow 10C





### THE FACE I FEAR

Some may think this a strange face to fear but I do.

His face is long, elongated, with a Roman nose. His chin sticks out like the end of a violin. His lips are small, thin, and very red, and above his mouth is a grimy grey smear of a moustache. His eyebrows artistically are high and stretched in a half moon over his eyes, which are big and blue and stare out expressively and unhappily. His hair, above a very high forehead is black, and parted at the side, but put together there's something slippery, something distrustful about him.

Either side his ears stick out like handles, and the whole face is perched on a long thin neck, leading down to a white collar, black tie and black suit. Big hands are tucked into his trousers, with big long fat fingers and broad palms. He leans against a bricked dead end.

He looks like a 30's gangster. Or maybe the gangster's side kick, but definitely villainous and seedy, as though he's lived all his life in slums of Paris. Yes, he definitely looks French.

I can imagine this man following a young girl late at night in a badly lit street. Perhaps she is a waitress in a cafe. When she leaves he follows her, 20 yards behind slowly, stealthily, silently! 'click . . . clack' go her shoes on the pavement. 'slush . . . squelch' go his big black heavy boots behind her. A little faster . . . 'click, clack, click, clack' and him 'slush, squelch, slush, squelch'. She's running now 'a clickclackclickclack' and so is his 'slushsquelchslushsquelch'. He catches up with her, puts his big hands round her throat and slowly presses . . .

He never speaks, never laughs, never smiles, never writes. Just looks, and walks, and kills.

He scares me.

Diana Green 10C

### THE MOST FASCINATING FACE

The face I see is locked in deep thought, staring at me. It is taut, features projecting sharply, the hair is combed back flat, behind the small protruding ears.

Although the face gives a strong expression of character, the almighty, this man looks weak. He looks the cowering type that cringes under fear. The eyes are small, pupils dark, eyebrows undefined. The beady appearance shows anger, with mouth set in an unusual pout, but with a smile hidden beneath the moustache.

The neck is thick, out of proportion to the head. It looks tense. The body looks tense. The body and soul together are working as one in conjunction with the mind, concentrating, thinking, analysing me in fine detail. Just as I, thinking and concentrating, analyse the face.

His eyes look through my eyes into my mind and they absorb what they see, my mind at work, studying his mind, his face. In his face, I can see the soul's feelings of this being: feelings of pride, happiness, sorrow and most of all, I see revenge. The revenge seems to be directed at me, a simple observer at work. I believe this being is not very happy at the idea of close contact. He believes that I am infringing on his privacy, and that it is not my right to know what is turning in his mind.

The eyes squint, knowing I am digging deeper into the brain of this man. Hatred is obviously there, the looks I receive are deadly.

The function of his mind is fascinating. Why is it fascinating? Why, because I have never observed a mind in motion before. It is like an individual attached to the man's body, not part of it. A being of its own. The mind sends messages to the muscles in the face telling it what appearance to give. It is the mind that expresses hate, not the body, not the face. How fascinating.

Shayna Ogden 10C



A selection of daring C.H.S. Staff  
Who dared to have their photos taken  
for this daring spread?

**S T d F**

WORLD  
SOCCER  
CHAMP

I PREFER  
TENNIS

THE SPORTSMEN.

Most of them are  
really quite pleasant!

I DON'T  
REMEMBER HOW  
THE BOOGIE - WOOGIE  
CHA - CHA  
GOES

THE BOSS

THE PANCERS.

THIS IS A PROSPICE PIN-UP !!!

JUST WHO IS  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
"SNOW BUNNY"?

THE REAL  
THING

THE RABBIT

ONE WAY

THE  
ATHLETES.

HMM!

THIS WAS  
RIGGED!

I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT.

The gals in  
the office.

Type, two, three...  
Type, two, three...

Now PETITE SHOO.

THE  
THINKERS.

2

20

3

LEGS OF THE YEAR!





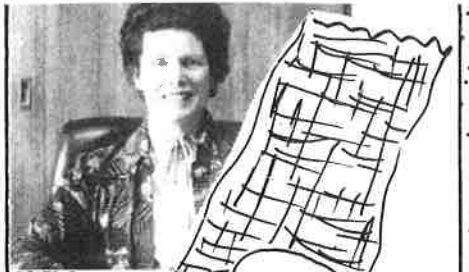
ISCO



THE DISCO TRENDIES.



STAFF '82



IRONMAN  
TO THE  
RESCUE!

THE  
HEROES



PASS  
THE  
GENI  
PLEASE





# ASIAN PAGE

## LET'S VISIT MALACCA THE HISTORIC CITY OF MALAYSIA

Malaysia is a beautiful country with the touch of nature where there are lots of unspoilt beaches, waterfalls, lovely hill resorts and where it's fun to go jungle tracking.

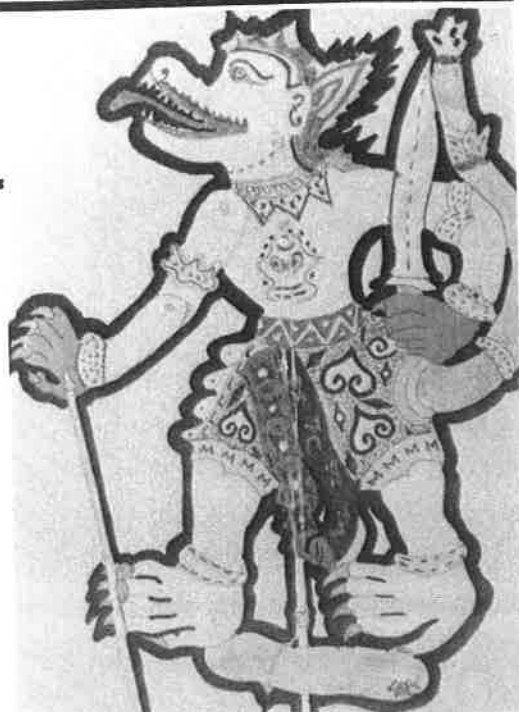
Perhaps one of the many interesting towns to visit in Malaysia is none other than Malacca. Many things in Malacca today tell us of great events of yesteryear. Of kings and kingdoms. Of conquerors and the conquered. And of splendid displays and pageantry of an unforgettable ancient civilisation which gave unique personality to Malacca.

Malacca was founded in 1402 by an exiled Telugu Prince, Parameswara of Palembang, Sumatra. He took refuge in Tumasek (ancient Singapore) and later escaped to Muar (51km NW of Batu Pahat, my hometown), in the state of Johore, to avoid being captured by Siam (now known as Thailand). From there he proceeded to a village near the coast. While resting under a tree, he talked to his men about naming the place. He then asked the name of the tree under which they were sheltering. When they said it was the Malacca tree, he named the place Malacca. (Melaka).

Soon Malacca was booming to become an important port of call to Indian, Javanese and Arab traders as it had a deep natural harbour. In no time it became the centre of trade in south east Asia and also the most powerful kingdom in the region.

All the charm and exuberance of this ancient Malay Kingdom is well-preserved. Malacca's quaint mediaeval, narrow streets, picturesque architecture and polyglot population are the heritage of centuries of colourful history.

The Portuguese were the first foreign invaders to rule Malacca from 1511 for some 130 years. They made Malacca one of the mightiest fortresses in the Orient. The City walls enclosed a castle, two magnificent palaces, a hall for other Portuguese Councils of State and about five churches. A well-known landmark is the City Cross erected by the Portuguese to indicate their settlement.



Today the only surviving vestige of the famous old Portuguese fortress, is the gateway of Porta de Santiago. The walls were demolished by the British in 1807, when they occupied this settlement during the Napoleonic Wars.

Remains of one of the more famous churches left by the Portuguese stand on the top of Residency Hill overlooking the whole city and surrounding country. First built as a Chapel in 1512 and dedicated to Our Lady of Grace, St Francis Xavier once used it when he visited Malacca. He was buried there briefly before his remains were transferred to Goa. The church was finally called St Paul's (as it is known today) when Malacca fell to the Dutch and was used by them. Later they relegated St Paul's as a burial ground for their notables.

In the middle of the 17th Century the Dutch ousted the Portuguese and ruled Malacca for 154 years leaving their mark on still more churches and buildings. Probably the best expression of Dutch architecture left in Malacca today is Christ Church, of salmon-pink bricks. On the centre of the inlaid marble altar is a brilliant painting of "The Last Supper". The old tombstones laid in the floor and the fine collection of antique silver vessels bearing the Dutch coat-of-arms on display give an ancient creepy feeling. Anyway, today, Christ Church is an Anglican Church.

There is another unique landmark. Behind the Poh San Teng Temple rises a large hill called Bukit China ("Chinese Hill"). Back in the 15th Century the Sultan of Malacca's Ambassador brought back the Ming Emperor's daughter, Hang Li Poh, as a wifely gift to the Sultan after visiting the Court of Peking. The Princess and her retinue of maidens were given the hill as a residence, hence its name. Some of the oldest Chinese relics in Malaysia are found on the hill which, together with two other hills, forms one of the largest Chinese burial grounds outside of China. Still intact and well preserved are graves of many early Chinese notables.

Not forgetting another architectural facet to the scene is the 55 year-old Tranquerah Mosque, of typical Sumatran design. In the mosque is the tomb of the Sultan of Johore who signed the union of the island of Singapore to Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819.

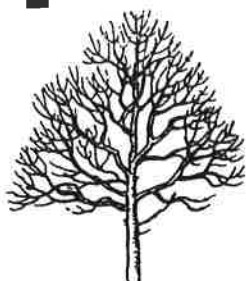
Last but not least, is the Malacca Museum, which is a 315 year-old Dutch building. It shows the state's history from the ancient Malay Kingdom, through Portuguese and Dutch rule and British occupation to its present position as a state of Malaysia.

Isn't it a colourful historical town?

OH: Such  
Flattery



# "year ten"



Mark Schneider — Year 10

## THE GOBLIN

The goblin lurks  
Behind a snide smile  
He lives alone  
In the trunk of a tree.

His face is distorted  
Into a thousand wrinkled lines  
His green eyes glow unnaturally  
Like illuminated waters  
Of a murky pond.

And hidden in the unfathomable  
Depths of his soul and mind  
Something sinister lies  
Just waiting to awake.

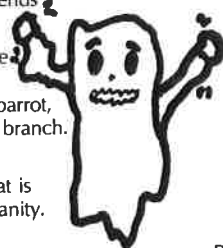
His body is small —  
A mis-shapen, deformed shrub —  
Twisted, like his mind;  
He crouches ready to spring.

Haunched down before me  
I view him with fascination and disgust.  
He gazes at me —  
I fear him.

His movements are quick,  
His manner brusque.  
Necessarily he offends  
He speaks.

His voice is hoarse  
Highly pitched  
The screech of a parrot,  
The creaking of a branch.

I am shocked  
He suggests all that is  
On the fringe of sanity.



Cloak of dark!  
Blind me now  
Of cruelty and reprimands  
Of men and death  
Life.

Yet I see them  
In shadows of grey  
Walking tall  
Fools hide us  
Man,  
Fall in step behind  
Follow their footsteps  
Toward the distant horizon  
Fury twilight  
Hell.

Shredded of the shell  
Exposed and humiliated  
Finders of ice  
Squeeze; envelope the  
Mind.

Now we step aside:  
Let them pass  
They file on  
Amber light glows  
Within.

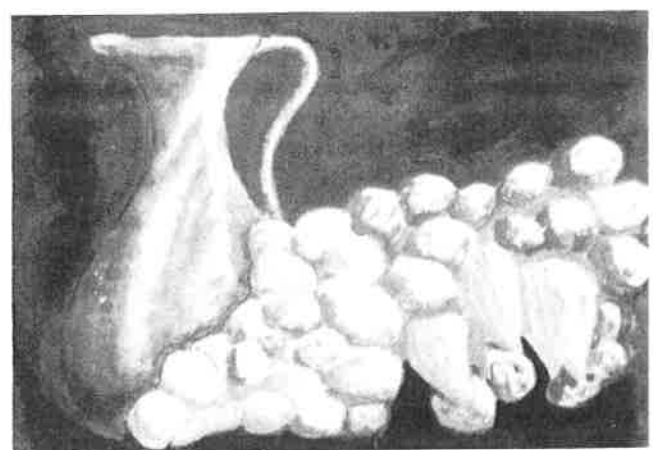
We glide down  
Slipping past the ghouls,  
Ghosts and men —  
To the pit  
Bottomless.

Swallowed by the black!  
Fire in my heart  
Is quenched forever  
And life slips  
Away.

R. Robson 10R



R. Robson 10R



Mark Schneider — Year 10

## SPRING RAIN

Rain floats gently  
Down  
On roofs, on trees,  
To the ground,  
Silent.

The sun streams  
Through  
The clouds.  
A normal spring,  
Usual.

Now, beauty.  
Glistening drops settle  
On young leaves.  
Droplets surge  
Into miniature rivers  
Ending in  
A waterfall  
Down  
To earth.

Above the trees,  
Nestled in the clouds,  
A rainbow makes  
Its journey  
From horizon  
To horizon.

The rain dies  
And the sun greedily  
Snatches back  
The sky.



Alan Reid — Year 10

David Fribence 10U

This year I had the opportunity to become an international exchange student. This came about as a result of a scholarship which was offered by my father's company.

I applied in March this year. The application involved filling out numerous forms, sending all of my high school reports, obtaining various written references and attending meetings, interviews and reading hundreds of newsletters and notices.

In May I received the news, along with even more reading material, that I had won the scholarship and was to head off for America for one year on August 15th.

A year eleven boy at Camberwell High — Murray Mount was also successful in his application to be an exchange student. He left for Sweden in June this year.

Upon receiving the information that we had been successful we had to attend a "Toastmaster" speech training course which involved giving prepared and impromptu speeches, one night per week for eight weeks.

Becoming an exchange student meant that we would leave Australia for a period of one year and become a part of a 'host family' in a foreign country.

We receive our allocations shortly before we go.

The object of these exchanges is to create a better understanding of the cultural differences between countries and to gain an experience of what life is like outside our own country.

Steven M Odgers 10M

### CONSCIENCE

Pricks incessantly  
Somewhere in the back of a mind  
A nagging pain,  
An unuttered cry  
Of regret.

Rouses now  
And furious feeling follows  
The solid door  
Is closed now:  
I regret.

Sleepless nights  
Juggled thoughts in absolute disarray  
Never forgotten minute  
Re-lived in agony.

Time continues  
Cannot forget the exact moment  
Torture exquisite  
Reminders of ice  
Melt away.

One escape  
Searching frantically for release  
Found at last  
The mind still  
No regrets.

R. Robson 10R

Walking and bumping among the crowds in the city streets,  
Just one of the millions individually doing the same things.

A massive swarm of bees, working for a common cause.  
What cause?  
No-one knows!

A red light looms ahead.  
This symbol is obeyed by thousands  
Why are we subjected to this control?  
What if I contest this governing force?

Moving into the land that is taboo,  
This time different from the masses,  
Who, in amazement, stare.

My head turns instinctively,  
A car bears down.  
Jumping back — again the instinct,  
But the governing force is beaten by will.

No time to feel pain —  
Pain is a deterrent;  
I cannot be stopped now.

Hit by the car,  
Thrown into a lamp post.  
Lying physically dead,  
Experiencing a different consciousness.

Drifting from the body that had been mine,  
Floating from the crowd:  
One of unknowing mortals that gather rapidly  
To have a last stare  
At this unaccepting individual.

A feeling of pleasure radiates through my spirit  
Still existing —  
But as thought only,  
Not as matter.  
Experiencing true isolation;  
Communication is impossible.  
A viewer from another plane of existence,  
Looking through a one-way window.

Stephen Mullerworth 10R



why do they  
always chop  
our Feet  
off.

In any section of society one's sure to find a conformist.

"It's not worth it!" is one of the great excuses conformists when they don't wish to front up to "They can't get away with it!" is what the non conformist says when he sees victimisation, corruption or anything that he feels is wrong. The simplest difference between these two types of person is wishes to avoid pain and trouble, while the other to stand up for his or her rights.

The conformist is usually the weaker, both physically and mentally. The conformist fears that the battle lost, so thinks that there is no use in fighting for One might as well surrender.

One of the classic cases of mass conformity was during the thirties and forties in Nazi Germany. A regime of terror was sweeping the country, with resistance from the victims. Hitler's henchmen were numerous and ruthless, and those Germans who disagreed with the ideology of Hitler were forced to huddle in their corners. Few showed resistance. When Hitler's war took a turn for the worse (for Germany) did the Germans begin an uprising against a dictator.

A thing I noticed is that the two types of people conformist and the non-conformist, tend to look at each other with pity. The non-conformist sees the demoralisation that the conformist suffers, and the conformist notices how the non-conformist's actions cause pain for himself, with no compensation or personal satisfaction.

It is much easier to admire the non-conformist the conformist. In movies, novels and television actions of non-conformists dominate the story-line. Obviously, everyone can see the merit in non-conformity but not many have the courage to practise it.

The conformist has a problem. Bullies and gangsters capitalise on the conformist's nature. It is hard to persuade an aggressive or righteous person to conform so they victimise the natural conformist.

It appears there is no merit in being a conformist.

Brian M



### NIGHT CAT

Sun dies.  
Night comes to life.  
Sounds echo.  
Silently,  
He makes his move.  
Scratches — scampers —  
Stands to fight.  
Wounded  
From the scene he goes.  
Under the night  
He has his fun.  
He is home.  
He is king.



Bradley Cr



"year

gimme  
my  
leg.  
back

WINTER MORNING

Dull, miserable, forgotten world  
With fog  
covering like a curtain.  
The streets are lonely,  
Like a ghost town.



Scott Gardner 10U

ten"



I Just  
Love  
Photos



### THE PLACE I GO TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

It was three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. The bawling of my brother was still ringing in my ears, as well as the yelling of my quick-tempered father. I was running quietly along a dusty track, gum trees surrounding me and birds singing. There was a soft breeze and the sky was blue, but I was oblivious to the beauty of this typical Queensland day.

Yet again my charming little brother had done one of his daily deeds — there was always something he **had** to do to break the peace. This time he had tipped half of his sandpit — buckets, spades and all — into the pool. I, big sister, was supposed to be keeping an eye on him. Forgetting that 'keeping an eye on him' meant watching every move he made, I had been rudely awakened from a peaceful sleep by the ranting of my father. As always, it was MY fault. Mum had left for some neighbour's place, and no-one was present to sort out the wrongs and rights of the situation, and Paul was left with a sore backside, me with ringing ears.

Disgusted by yet another injustice on my part, I stormed down Plantain Road and up the trail bike track to a place I had visited many times. It was just a tree, but it was a hideaway sacred to me. When lonely, angry or frustrated by the lack of other children in our area, I would tear up the trail and sit quietly on its branches or on the soft grass below, apple or orange in hand, and stare into the sky.

I would return home an hour or two later, to the smell of the barbecue, the apologies of a calmer parent, the sneers of my sweet Brother, or the loud demands of a confused and worried father or mother.

In that huge tree I felt sheltered and welcome, and could go home peacefully, my angry thoughts healed and my frustration cleared.

On one occasion a girl who was to become a good friend of mine, shyly followed me there, and introduced herself, being new in the neighbourhood. I told her of the situation, and the brat of a brother I had left at home, and as we became friends she too shared that one spot amongst the trees, it being a lot closer to her home than it was to mine.

It was where I lay quietly after the announcement of my parents' separation — confused and hurt.

I also sought its refuge in times of loneliness; when I left my beloved school to make friends at a new one where everyone knew each other, except me.

Even when all else was lost, I knew I had that space in the bush, where I could be peaceful, content and comforted . . .

Perhaps I was leaving behind more than a tree when I left for Melbourne. Maybe I was abandoning one of the greatest friends I had made.

The last time I visited Queensland, I saw a revolting modern house where the winding tracks and whispering trees used to be — where the birds sang and wildflowers swayed.

But that small piece of land had not been wasted — it had served a purpose. In times of doubt and confusion, it had comforted someone who had needed comforting — who had been confused and misunderstood.

When there was no-one else, it had stood unknowing of its comfort to one person — and of the place it held in her heart.

Tracy Neilsen 10R

*Tracy Neilsen*

# SPORTS

## SPORTS REPORT

Throughout the year Camberwell has maintained a high standard in sports, both inside and outside the school sphere. Various new activities have been created and all have proved successful.

Lunchtime competitions that were organised included two cricket matches between the Year Twelves and the Staff, a six-a-side soccer tournament, and inter-form netball and football games.

One of the most popular events was the Camberwell Conquerors, a test of both running and swimming. It consisted of eight laps of the Camberwell pool followed by a 1.7 km run around roads near the pool. The overall winner of the contest, with a time of 14 min. 51 secs. was James McEwan.

This year's swimming carnival was won by Churchill, with 195 points, MacArthur came second with 194, Roosevelt came third with 137 and Montgomery fourth with 132.

During term one, no pennants were won, yet all the teams battled hard in a true competitive manner. The senior cricket team played well, losing one and winning one. The intermediate cricket lost both its games, as did the senior girls' cricket team. The intermediate girls' cricket team played well, showing great promise for the future, winning and losing one.

At the school athletics carnival, Roosevelt were the winners with 311½ points, Montgomery came second with 213½ points, Churchill third with 210½ and MacArthur fourth with 147½. The champions at each year level were:—

Year 9, Asimina Kamfonas, John Chow

Year 8, Geraldine Gerrish, Jim Vassos

Year 7, Felicity Duncombe, Richard Beardsley

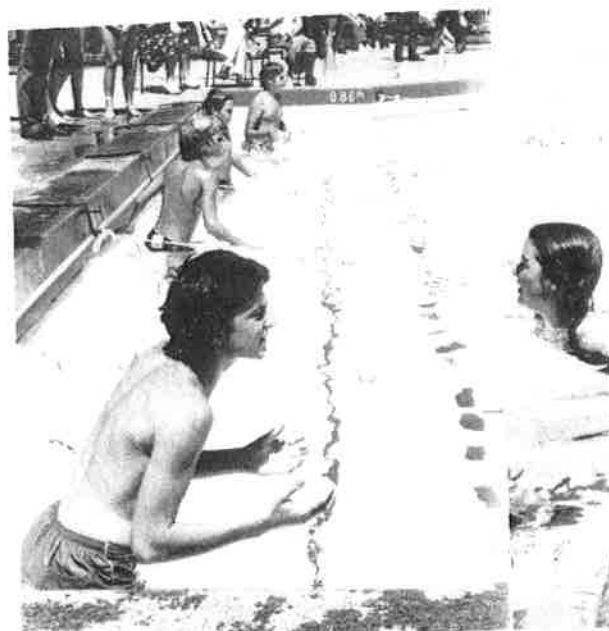
Constantly, in term two, teams that put effort into sport were rewarded with good results. For instance the senior football team, which had a lot of effort put into it, were able to win the Whitehorse Group and were unlucky to come third at Eastern Zone. Also the junior boys hockey, who won both the Whitehorse and Eastern Zone finals and go onto the All-High finals.

At the intermediate level, the boys soccer were the only team to win at Whitehorse level, but all the teams put a lot of effort into the games.

The intermediate boys hockey, the junior football team, who won at Eastern Zone, and the intermediate boys soccer teams all won at Whitehorse level and progressed to Eastern Zone.

All sport played this year, was played with friendliness and competitiveness and the teams conducted themselves in a manner which gave credit to the school. Thanks should be given to all the P.E. staff and other staff who helped with activities. Camberwell can look forward to a great future in all areas of its sport.

Dean Oliver 12A



## SWIMMING SPORTS

As usual the beginning of the sporting year was marked by the annual "swimming sports". Inevitably the sports were a great success with the overall winner being Churchill with 195 points, followed with only one point less MacArthur 194, Roosevelt with 137 and last but not least Montgomery with 132 points. The junior inter-form trophy was awarded to 7R who had 56 points.

Twenty-nine new records were broken including five of them by an outstanding athlete, Sara Land, who went on to compete in the Whitehorse group sports. It was also good to see students not participating, acting as officials. Overall it was a most enjoyable day probably best summed up by Mr. Carter who said "The Swimming sports are designed for students to test their own swimming ability against others, to realise their limits, and to enjoy themselves." Unfortunately as students rise up the school they become somewhat apathetic and these aims are not fulfilled. However overall it was a most enjoyable day. Congratulations to all who participated.

Gaby Roumard





# ROUND~UP

## SENIOR FOOTBALL REPORT

The 1982 Senior Football Squad enjoyed a most successful season. The squad earned the title of Premiers of the Whitehorse Group of schools and were undefeated in the competition. It was this team that represented the Whitehorse Group in the Eastern Zone High School competition.

The squad's success, however, should not only be evaluated in terms of its field victories. We feel it has encountered success in a number of equally important areas.

Firstly, the 1982 season saw the re-establishment of Senior Football as an important component of the school's curriculum. Being actively involved in a team sport such as football is a great learning environment for developing responsibility and a sense of commitment in young men.

Secondly, the season facilitated a close relationship between the school and the St Mary's Football Club. St Mary's provided an embroidered towel as a "best on ground" award for each game, and along with the Camberwell Football Club provided the school with end of season trophies. We thank these Clubs for their support and look forward to a continued relationship next year.

C.H.S. is in the zone of the Hawthorn Football Club and it was particularly pleasing to see the school develop a fine working relationship with them. The school's liaison with the H.F.C. enabled the boys to observe their senior training, attend a pie night with video and receive complimentary passes to a V.F.L. night game. Further, the senior coach of the H.F.C. accepted an invitation to address the school's footballers. We thank Mr Jeans for giving up his time to support the team. Next year our bond with the H.F.C. will be strengthened by wearing our newly acquired Hawthorn jumpers. We must thank the C.H.S. P.F.A. and the H.F.C. for their help in acquiring these jumpers at a very reasonable price. The H.F.C. should also be thanked for allowing us the use of their ground for a number of games.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, the 1982 season was a memorable one because of the degree of application and involvement by the boys themselves. Most training sessions were well attended, even the early morning ones, and it was great to see the way the Year 10, 11 and H.S.C. students combined and worked towards a common goal. Further, the boys need to be commended in the way they approached the actual games. One only need remember the magnificent 2nd quarter against Blackburn, the inspiring last quarter against Box Hill and the 4 quarters of sustained effort against Nunawading. We were proud to be associated with the boys throughout the season.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the following people who gave real support to the team.

A big thanks goes to Mrs Webster who was a tireless worker for the squad. Her activities included gathering moral and financial support from the C.H.S.P.F.A., preparing breakfast and luncheons for the boys and being an effective liaison point between the school and the H.F.C. Thanks Wilma.

The squad would also like to thank Mrs Johnstone who supplied the team's jumpers for the season. This was a tremendous benefit as it gave the team its identity.

Thanks go to Mr Harris who volunteered to drive the bus to V.F.L. Park and assisted in transport on other occasions.

Mr Lamon of the St Mary's Football Club, who, as president of his club, gave tremendous tangible assistance to the team.

The squad would like to give special thanks to Mr Bill Deller, the V.F.L. umpires' advisor who made time to address the footballers of the school. Our boys have been lucky to hear the experiences of two prominent figures of the V.F.L. — Mr Deller and Mr Jeans.

A final thanks must go to Mr Anderson for his general support and to the teachers who "tolerated" the disruption that the team caused, but tried to minimise.

Mark Carter  
David Page



## SENIOR BASKETBALL

'82

I, being of senior status, can understand that the juniors of the school look up and believe that we are academically minded. Well, contrary to popular belief, this is not always so. Occasionally we do go out and have some fun, and, of course the senior basketball team is no exception. For the past few years the senior basketball squad has been fairly weak and has had to be content with fifth or sixth (in a six team event). However, this year **had** to be different!

There seemed to be a beaming light shining at the end of the tunnel. The team, consisting of six year 12 students and one year 11 student, had been training for six years for this very day. The senior round robin was undoubtedly the major event of our school life. Our whole future depended on this single day. If we ever hoped to receive a basketball scholarship in some major American university, our faith depended on this day.

We arrived at Blackburn High School at approximately 9.30 a.m. and our first game was scheduled on the "air-conditioned" outdoor court at 10 a.m. Immediately we started to limber up for the clash against Blackburn. Blackburn, for the past three or four years had yielded a very strong line-up and this clash was expected to be one of the major events of the 20th century. Well, after a major struggle, we finally succumbed to the pressure and finally lost 22 points to 13. Well, that was a major blow to our egos but the show had to go on.

Our next game was against Burwood Heights High School, who had won the last two finals and were obvious favourites. Well, this game was a major clash up until half-time and the scores were level at 16 points all. However, again we gave in and finally lost 33 points to 25. This was another major setback and probably lost our only chance to win the title.

Another shock was the obvious absence of top American talent scouts. We believed we deserved more than this and were determined to win our remaining three games. Against Nunawading we finally won 28 points to 26 which had Mr Carter, our coach, flying on cloud nine, but the best was yet to come. Wattle Park, probably the weakest team present, were our next victims. We showed vigour against token resistance and won 58 points to 2. Our last game against Box Hill was a great match in which we won 3 games and ended up being third. We did well. However, life must go on.

Gerard Petty 12C



# YEAR ELEVEN



## LIFE IN VIETNAM

Due to the terrible conditions in Vietnam, many of the Vietnamese people have thoughts of settling in Australia.

The great majority struck me as being very ordinary people, most had no strong political consciousness, they were people who, in their wildest dreams five years before would never have contemplated leaving Vietnam. Yet history had overtaken them and changed their lives beyond their imaginings to such a degree, that they decided to leave all their loved ones behind them and risk their lives and all the terror of the unknown future. Some left their parents, brothers and sisters and all they knew.

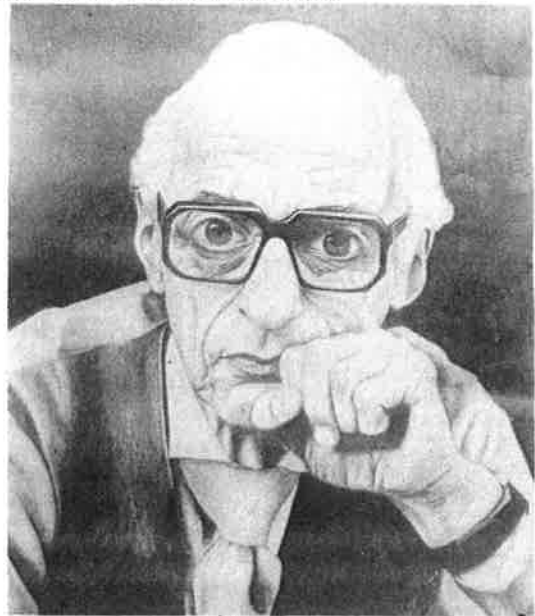
In Vietnam their life was always under a threatening cloud. The Vietnamese had lived and become familiar with the sounds of shells or bombs, and some felt indifferent to them. One day they would fear that someone had been shot dead, friends and relatives with their innocent faces would run along to see those bodies and find out whether they were men known to them or strangers. From afar people could smell the odour of death. Some would try to get into the middle of the crowd so that they could see everything. A few bodies would have been blown to bits by shells and the blood curdled and congealed. Many bodies would be bent, the teeth gripping into the clothes. The arms would be curved as if they had tried to hold on to life. For a few days people would talk about the death of other people, and then forget.

Later they came to hate the war. They had seen generations growing up, and dying with no chance for pleasure in their lives. They had seen how war made people indifferent so that they did not behave like human beings. The war had made the children's lives insignificant and taken away their future. Most of the people started hating war and those idiotic people who fought for an ideology. Some people did not like shooting others because shooting would give them a very bad image. Instead they sent them to remote areas where they would die of hunger and disease. At first when people had something to eat they stayed there. But when they could not find anything to eat in the remote areas, they found they had two alternatives, either to stay there and die or attempt to get home, even at the risk of being executed.

In Vietnam, there was a terrible shortage of food and family planning was encouraged, being placed as a number one priority. If the Vietnamese had more than three children, they could be severely reproached, but contraceptives were very scarce. Abortion became a common practice in the new Communist society.

Children were sent to school with the sole aim of gaining some certificate so that they could deceive themselves that they had some kind of future. Parents seeing their children grow, had a great fear that they were growing up to be slaughtered. But they knew they could not do anything so they just left their future to God.

Diyan Singh 11C



Irene Skoutas — Year 11

## THE HOPETOUN EXCHANGE

The traditional year 11 exchange between Hopetoun and Camberwell High Schools, started in the early hours of the 12th July when the Hopetoun students boarded the train; the very train that was going to whisk them from their open country area to the concrete jungle called Melbourne.

They arrived at Camberwell High at approximately 2.30 pm on July 12th. The first ten minutes or so were very tense for all involved but eventually everyone relaxed a little and enjoyed a cup of coffee and biscuits arranged by the S.R.C. and Mrs Webster.

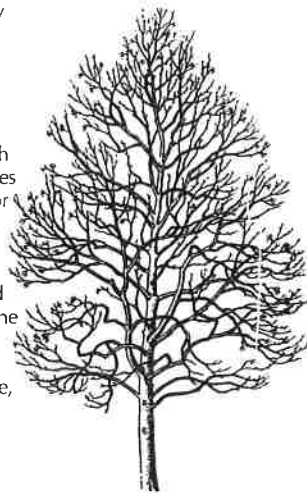
Throughout the week they saw various tourist attractions and places of interest; places such as Parliament House, the Stock Exchange, the National Gallery, the Zoo, the Victorian Market and the Old Melbourne Jail, just to mention a few.

As well as the program the teachers had planned for them, the hosts had a few things planned for their enjoyment also; such as ice skating, a party on Tuesday night for everyone to get to know each other, bowling, and the most enjoyable night out was undoubtedly the night at the "Spaghetti Theatre" where everybody gorged themselves on the delicious food.

After the final examinations in November, the Year 11's of Camberwell, will get an opportunity to go to Hopetoun students, and be shown the countryside they talked about so much while they were down here.

Thanks must go to Mrs Nagel for organising the Camberwell end of the exchange and hopefully there will be similar support from future year 11's for this invaluable exchange to continue.

Gordon Price 11C





## SENIOR SKI CAMP 1982



An early rise, a late start but we were on our way to Mt Buller for the 1982 Senior Ski Camp.

We arrived at Mt Buller at approximately 10.30 a.m. after an hour of hustle and bustle to get our ski gear. We hit the slopes (we hit them hard) for our first ski lesson by 11.30 a.m.

At the end of our two hour lesson we stopped for a five minute lunch and were off again to conquer the slopes in every manner, on our backsides, faces, hands and even feet if you managed to stay upright.

Not unexpectedly the weather for the four days (10th-13th) August wasn't worth writing home about. We were blessed with a perfect sunny day for our first attempt at skiing, then the weather turned on us, it hailed, snowed very heavily and the fog rolled in as thick and as fast as Uncle Bruce's smoking habit.

We had our minor mishaps and our semi major ones too. Megan Sloley had Uncle Mark in a panic stricken state when she didn't arrive at an attendance check on Friday afternoon. She exhaustedly staggered in 15 minutes later after spending the afternoon looking for friends. Matthew Foster, in one of his flying stunts at falling off a Poma, was struck in the eye by another passing Poma as he stood up to get out of its way. He was branded with 3 stitches in his left eye and a wopper of a black eye.

Our "Most Improved Poma Rider Award" would have to be given to Peter Kelly who between his chook impersonations managed to stay on the Poma 2 times out of 10. Great effort Peter. His effort was followed close behind by Uncle Bruce who like the good caring uncle figure he acquired, kept an eye on Peter.

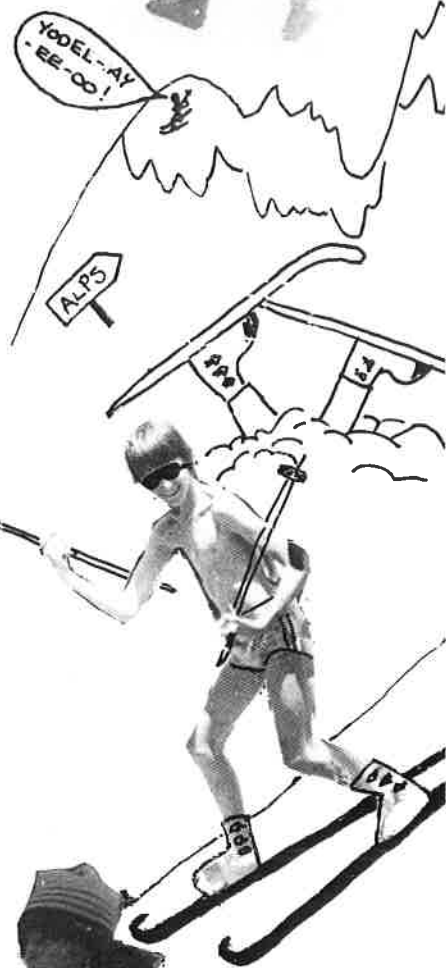
Megan Sloley was top on the gossip column after her magnificent feat at sliding down the mogals in no less than half an hour on her backside; her skis made it to the bottom before she did.

Other events worth noting are Richard Alderton and Tim Fraser who made many suicidal attempts at every run and slope of the mountain. Jamie S. (egghead), Matthew F. (lobster), Charlie L. (Godfather), David P. (big nose) and Adam K. (flapjack) developed a kamakazi run where they tried to ski over each other at thunderbolt speed but in the process hit many innocent by-standers. We must not forget Mrs Grundy, or the Flying Granny as we know her, who ended her skiing career when she became over confident and hit a massive mogal and sprained her knee.

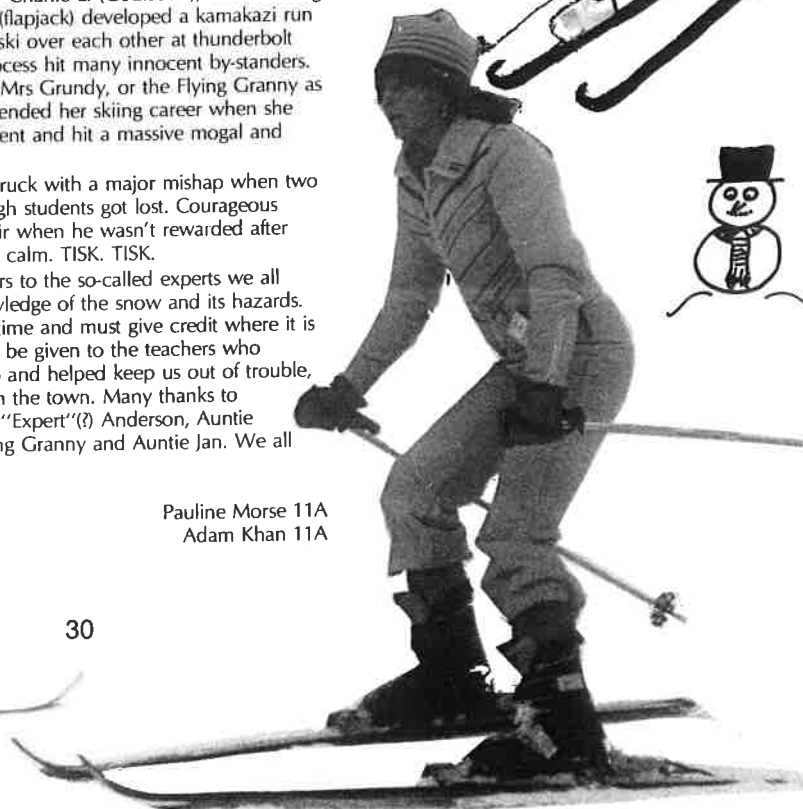
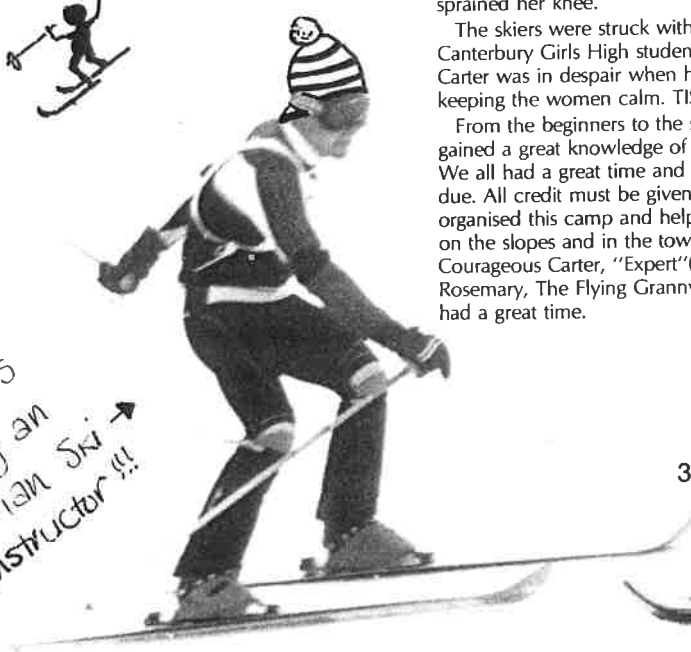
The skiers were struck with a major mishap when two Canterbury Girls High students got lost. Courageous Carter was in despair when he wasn't rewarded after keeping the women calm. TISK. TISK.

From the beginners to the so-called experts we all gained a great knowledge of the snow and its hazards. We all had a great time and must give credit where it is due. All credit must be given to the teachers who organised this camp and helped keep us out of trouble, on the slopes and in the town. Many thanks to Courageous Carter, "Expert" (?) Anderson, Auntie Rosemary, The Flying Granny and Auntie Jan. We all had a great time.

Pauline Morse 11A  
Adam Khan 11A



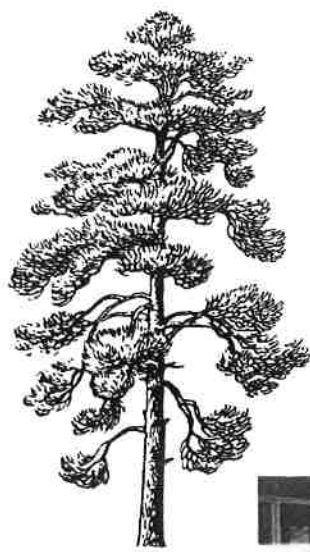
This is really an Austrian Ski Instructor!!







Voula Metaxiotis — Year 11



## THE DIRECTOR'S SPEECH

Good evening members of Rotary, students, parents and friends. Over the past months the students involved in 'EMINAR' have been working to their utmost to ensure that this project would be a successful and worthwhile experience. Many hours have been spent in correspondence, promotions, designing and producing share certificates and purchasing stock. All of this work has not been done solely for the opportunity to win prizes but more so for the desire to gain knowledge and experience in the areas of commerce and if nowhere else, I think 'EMINAR' has been successful in this aspect.

Firstly I would like to explain something which people continually ask about and that is, how did we get the name 'EMINAR'; this simply comes from M and R, the M coming from Mark and the R coming from Rhonda who is the assistant manager.

When we first were told of the opportunity to enter into a competition which involved setting up a business there were close to twenty people; however a month later the figure had dwindled to about seven. But by this small number of students a large number of tasks were performed. It is very hard to explain the difficulties of running a business while you are trying to do all your school work. It means that you have to squeeze it into your free time which can be frustrating and inconvenient, however we managed to have meetings every week. It was at these meetings that we discussed our progress and the tasks which still had to be completed. As far as work goes this usually consisted of writing letters, promotions and keeping an eye on financial matters. Probably the best thing about being involved in this competition is that instead of sitting in a classroom and scribbling down meaningless words, you can actually get to perform the tasks with practical experiences so that you can really begin to understand how things operate in the real world.

Something which I learnt through this sort of experience is that when you write a letter to certain organisations, the answer that you want or in fact any reply at all is not received after the first letter. And when you finally do receive any reply it is that the person who should deal with your letter is on annual leave or that your request will be dealt with when you send it in with the appropriate forms. Before I became involved with 'EMINAR' I never really knew what red-tape meant; however I think I have now started to realise what it is.

The single activity which took up most of our time was probably the task of fund-raising, 'EMINAR' achieved this by selling shares at school. We operated the system on the basis that students, teachers or friends could purchase a maximum of forty fifty cent shares and 'EMINAR' would use the revenue from the share to pay for the expenses we encountered, and if 'EMINAR' made any profit it would be redistributed among the shareholders accordingly.

This proved very successful and was an education to students especially because they became part-owners in a business venture. Of course not all of our activities were successful, the worst of which was the so-called shareholders' meeting which had a grand total of two people in attendance. Another thing which springs to memory when I think of the more regrettable moments, was walking around the Camberwell Bazaar before sunrise for one hour and a half searching for a teacher who had bought a new car unbeknownst to me.

One of the conditions of the competition was that your business sell its goods on two dates at the Camberwell Bazaar. It was from these two days that we learnt the most. One of these things which we learnt was that people will buy the most useless items once they are at one of these bazaars as long as it is reasonably cheap. One good thing about selling on two separate dates meant that the mistakes which you made in the first week could be assessed and prevented from occurring in the second week.

One of these unnecessary problems was the fact that there was no need to arrive at the bazaar as early as we did in the first week, if the car was parked in the car park the night before. Also things such as having more home-made cakes in the second week, were lessons learned from experience. One other great thing was that we met people at the bazaar and made friends with the other sellers there. More importantly than most other things was the fact that a group of students who had previously not known each other established a close working relationship and have hopefully become better friends.

As I have continually stressed I will say again, the competition has been a great learning experience and I am sure I not only speak for Camberwell High School students but all other students who have participated.

So I would like to say a sincere thankyou to Rotary for running the competition and offering the very generous prizes as incentives for students, and it is these prizes that will be helping students of the future in their education. Also I would like to thank the teachers who gave us help when we needed it, and I must thank the parents of the students involved in 'EMINAR' who also helped. And I say thankyou to the other members of 'EMINAR' who worked so hard, and last but not least I must thank an anonymous lady in Camberwell who gave us some hot water when we had run out.

Mark Torrieno 11A





# LITERATURE



'I opened my eyes but nothing was visible, I tried to scream but no sound came, I tried to get up but my limbs would not move.'

I was a complete vegetable, my only sense — if you can call it a sense, was thought. Time seemed endless. Yet as I hung there suspended in limbo I noticed that a dim light with no central focal point was growing lighter and lighter, on my left hand side. A dull tingling sensation that started in my legs and crept slowly upwards through my body granted me the freedom of movement.

Even though I could see no ground beneath my feet I seemed to be supported, or starting on some solid mass.

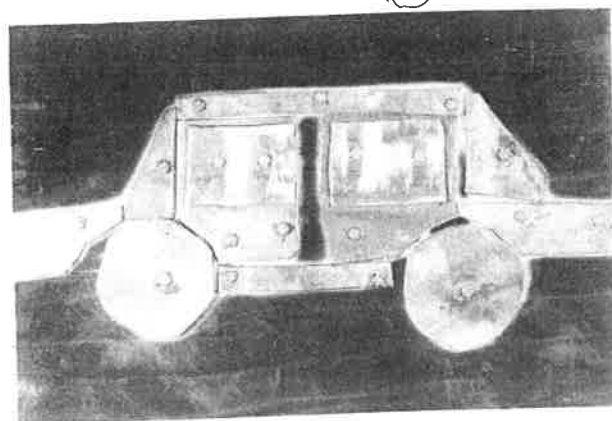
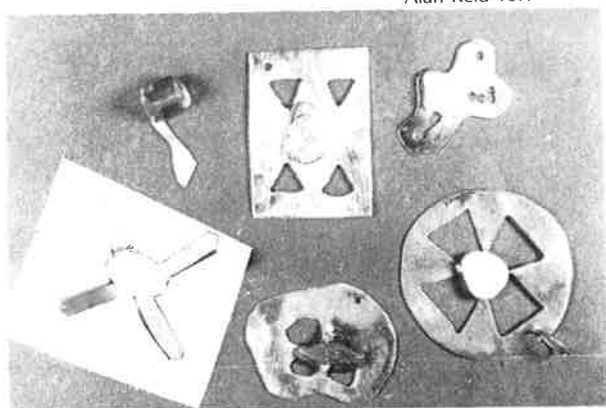
The light again drew my attention and then as though I were a lump of magnetised metal and the light was a magnet, I was slowly drawn towards the light.

Ever so slowly, ever so slowly was I drawn towards the light. The mist that swirled around my feet and restricted my vision parted before me, and beside me. A shiver ran down my spine and my stomach churned, for all around me were bloodied figures gliding beside me. They were dressed in the same khaki uniform as I, and were all mutilated in one way or another. Some missed legs, others arms, and some were even without heads. Then as I looked down at my own body, covered in blood, I noticed my hands had no fingers and my feet — no toes.

As the silent parade moved on and on and the light drew closer and closer I was sure I could make out a huge wall. Of what substance? — unknown. In the wall were doorways, and beside each doorway stood a doorkeeper. The light had now vanished altogether and yet the silent parade moved on and on. Then, as though guided by some invisible arrows the parade split up into separate lines, each heading towards a different doorway. Now I could make out the different doorways, to their own heavens ruled by the gods of their beliefs. Each doorkeeper — of the same nationality — yet giant in size, clothed each soldier and mended their wounds. They were very skillful and worked silently and swiftly. Once through the black doorway a brilliant flood of light hit me and I stumbled onto the white stain of heaven.

My movements were now my own and my wounds, which had been healed, seemed to cause me no pain as I climbed the stairs to the gateway above. It seemed strange to me, yet as I reached the gateway there was no gatekeeper. Stepping through the doorway brought me into a large forest near the edge of a clearing. Familiar sounds met my ears and I shuddered in fear and remembrance. The realisation that there was no heaven, as we had all been so foolishly led to believe, struck me so hard that I knelt down, sobbing in confusion. Life and death were all the same as one led into the other in an endless cycle. Men were sent back to war in a new world. Like a robot to war in an endless conveyor belt that circled the world from the North Pole, to the South Pole, and back again, I picked up my weapons anew and charged into combat with a relentless, fearless battle cry.

Alan Reid 10R



## ALL COMPETITION IN SCHOOLS IS NOT A BAD THING

In my opinion, competition in schools, and anywhere, is not a bad thing. It is both beneficial and worthwhile to any student. It is what makes that student strive for that highest mark, fastest time or the most praise for a job well done.

Competition is, after all, what this world is all about, men and women constantly competing against one another, striving for success and achievement. It is the instinct of man to do so, to reach for the stars, and aim for the top. No-one and nothing can stand in his way; he must excel at what he does and be equalled by no other man.

Leonardo Da Vinci, painter, philosopher, astronomer and writer, was said to have been born above his race — some go as far as saying he was a "superhuman genius". But what is the definition of a superhuman genius? Man prefers to see such greats, such legends as examples to live their lives by, and to fulfil their dreams. Are they not, after all, yet another to compete against? Again, we are not willing to accept that there will always be 'greater and lesser persons than ourselves'. By saying that geniuses are born above the human race is, I think, degrading that race; as though any genius would not be human. Man has made for himself a world that has had, does have, and will have many more of these 'superhuman geniuses'; human — not above humanity; they have merely carried their ambitions to the full.

Competition in school, therefore is where this instinct is first exercised, and could not be a bad thing. How could it be when it brings the very best out of those who are striving for their best? It is satisfactory for students to pass, to achieve what is necessary in their world — but if they can compete against others, against themselves, achieving their utmost, they will be doing everyone a favour; including themselves. No-one is born without the ability to strive — so why not use that ability, that instinct, to its fullest?

If everyone is aiming for the best, the best is what will be brought out, and that is what life is all about.

Standards are constantly being raised, and will continue to be so as long as man continues to strive for the best. School is merely the beginning — the beginning of future geniuses and champions. No-one is born without intelligence or ability — but it is his choice how he exercises that ability.

Tracy Neilson 10R

# THE 1982 H.S.C. PAGES



## 12A

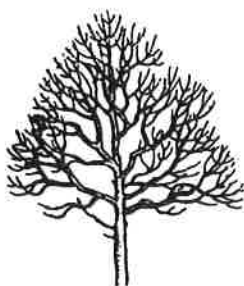
### "IN RETROSPECT"

Teach if not so late in years  
The joys and importance of truth.  
Voices of wisdom that light the years,  
Inspire thoughts and dreams of youth.  
Oh! Philosophic minds perpetually  
Sing in our ears.

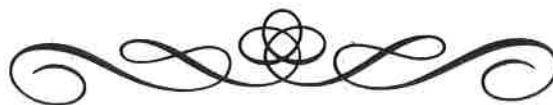
Words of wisdom that one by one,  
Relay culture and all its message  
Bears.  
Patterns of school which must be done,  
Regulate fate for all we are, be theirs.

Oh! What encouraging thought,  
All of that endears.

Claudette Rodenburg Year 12C



Susan Wright — Year 12



### A WARNING NOTE

I write in haste, knowing that soon my life will be violently terminated. At this very moment they are searching for me, for they now know that I am a threat to their regime. The message I bring will shock you, but it is the truth. This democracy-loving country of Australia is inexorably threatened by a totalitarian movement — the education department. By controlling our schools it is striking at the grass-roots of this country — at the Australians of tomorrow, and a police state is about to engulf the school.

You may scoff, but I assure you the beginnings of this dictatorship are even now becoming obvious in our day-to-day school life. Witness our assemblies. Do they not bear a terrifying resemblance to the communist ceremonies of Stalin? At our assemblies tyrannical rulers scream of the school's greatness, extolling its virtues and glorifying the successes of its sport teams and choirs. They threaten us with harsh punishments and exiles in room 8 after school if we fail to comply with the regime's draconian laws. Notice also those who sit behind the speaker's stand: do they not remind you of great communist generals fully behind their leader and his cause? And what of those K.G.B. members, disguised as teachers, who scan the seated masses ready to pounce on any wrongdoer?

Do not be misled by the regime's attempt to placate us with laying new carpet in the old building. The reason for this ploy is that they realised that the former austere, spartan classrooms reminded pitiful occupants too much of prison cells. In an effort to pacify us, they have imitated "the artificial flashiness of any good capitalist society", but be assured, the carpet will go when the take-over is complete.

The unit system of forms two and three, once advertised as freedom, has now turned into a lottery system with the odds stacked against you for obtaining the units you picked. As for the naming of these units: MA 013, SC 005, MU 901; this is undoubtedly secret communist coding, and whenever the "coup d'etat" occurs will be replaced by the more obvious labels of U.S.S.R. 1982 or M.A.R.X. 2000.

Then there's the Higher Socialist Certificate (H.S.C.), run by the V.I.S.E. (Victorian Institute of Socialist Education). The H.S.C. year is designed to overwork and overstrain students thereby preparing them for the arduous years ahead under the communist government. Note, also, the distribution of windcheaters in anticipation of the day when our green uniforms will be completely scarlet. And what about the increase of Karl Marx's books in the library, as well as ... Wait, I hear footsteps ... jackboots ...

(Editor's note: This manuscript, folded into a small dart, was found wedged in a bush in the quadrangle. We have been unable to discover from which window it was launched.)

Craig Zanker



### A FAINT CONNECTION

Dad and I advanced towards the school. Firstly, we heard squealing, yelling and laughter emitted from about two hundred Chinese pupils. Despite obvious language differences, the noise sounded similar to that of Canterbury Primary School, Australia, during lunch-time.

The school was a duplicate of grey quarystone buildings further down the street; its bleakness blending in with dark mists swirling over ploughed fields, knee-deep in mud.

As I lifted the camera to my eye, (for the forty-seventh photograph that week), the children, realising the presence of both European and camera, scattered in all directions. However, overwhelming curiosity suppressed their shyness. They approached cautiously, hoping to be given an artificial gold kangaroo stickpin. We were enclosed by children of various ages. The younger ones, their coal-black hair sticking up as if electrified, were dressed in layer upon layer of clothes until finally resembling a coloured, roly-poly ball. A uniform of navy blue coat, trousers and cap, (common throughout China), was worn by older students. The wind whipped up their sockless trouser legs, exposing bluish flesh. Streaks of red, belonging to neck scarves, caught my eye. Only members of the Young Pioneers of China could wear those scarves.

In addition I was surrounded by runny noses, spasmodic, body-shaking coughs, scabs which refused to heal and glowing faces, all breathing inside this living enclosure. Not surprisingly, I moved out. Nevertheless imprinted upon my mind was their apparent innocence, a contrast with some of their prematurely-aged, tarnished Western counterparts. Take, for example, the girls who suffer from an overdose of mascara, jewellery and cigarette smoke. They are nineteen at fourteen, and forty-five at thirty.

I remember standing inside this spartan classroom on a dirt floor. Apart from the ubiquitous portrait of Chairman Mao staring at me from above a blackboard, there were no bright posters, paintings, cupboards or pot plants. Instead, just three rows of small brown wooden desks. In fact the whole interior was as dismal as its exterior — so vastly different from the carpeted, painted and heated classrooms of Camberwell High.

Unlike this Chinese school, whose teaching aids consist of an abacus and blackboard, we are fortunate to possess, among other things, a piano, video, computer, stage, trampoline and library. Still, some inconsiderate students are never satisfied. They persist in stealing books or leaving rubbish in rooms. Other moronic actions include dislodging taps in science rooms and slashing typing chairs. It's a pity such talentless students do not realise that canteens, toilet seats and four-square courts are non-existent at Han Shan State Farm. Nor is the sensation of effortless jumping on a trampoline been felt by these Chinese children. They have never borrowed a library book; moreover, they probably never will.

Jane Gerrish

### GONE

The sound of noisy children is stilled,  
With dust the bluestone courtyard filled;  
No footsteps echo on the floor,  
Fallen leaves in heaps block up the door.  
For they, my friends, are all but lost,  
And I am left, in hopeless anguish tossed.

The days and months do not last long  
The springs and autumns follow one by one,  
And when I watch the fall of flowers  
And of the leaves and of the trees  
I know that all my friends must go,  
One by one.

I stop, and think of these friends  
I may never see again;  
And late in the lonely hours of the night  
I turn towards the school gate,  
Tears flowing down like rain.

Peter Micic



### WHO CARES ?

The back streets of Fitzroy were deserted. Grey, dismal-looking houses filled these streets, making the place like a slum area.

In the gutter a lonely body was lying, clutching tightly a wine bottle, half empty because most of it had split out onto the road when Old Joe staggered and fell into the kerb. No-one had found him; nobody cared if he lay there. Was he hurt or even dead? Who cared? Joe was only a derelict with no home to go to; nobody to care for him, penniless and distressed. Who cared?

The figure began to move slowly, trying to stand. Finally Joe succeeded in getting up but staggered and toppled over again. "Ah, where's me bottle?" he mumbled to himself. Sitting up, Joe picked up his bottle and took a swig. "Ah, that's better." Joe must have sat there for at least an hour, muttering about the ol' days, how he was once young and chased the ladies.

Finally Joe got up and placed the bottle in his old, tattered overcoat and brushed himself down. Taking a small step he balanced himself on the footpath. Slowly he started walking down the street, aiming to get to the rubbish bin which was ten feet away.

Reaching the bin, Joe scavenged looking for food, something, anything to eat for he hadn't eaten for days. Joe pulled out a half eaten blue-moulded sandwich. "This ought to do for lunch." He carefully placed the sandwich in his other pocket.

Joe started down the street again, knowing that once again he would be sleeping in the gutter or on a park bench and scavenging for food in rubbish bins — but who cared? No-one.

Lynette





## 12C

'Which books do you need dear?'

'I've ticked the necessary ones.'

'My goodness, this is going to come up to quite a bit for the two of you. I hope it's tax deductible.'

And so started my grand H.S.C. year, the year I've most looked forward to avoiding since the tender year of grade three, the daunting thought of arriving at H.S.C. has filled me with loathing. Although H.S.C. has not been my only dread. Leaving a private school (whose name I shall not mention) in grade five to go to join the heathens of a public school was enough to fill me with a certain fear. This attitude, however, could not last; after all, 'No man is an island, complete unto himself'.

My feelings concerning Camberwell High are best left unsaid (discretion is the key to survival). The students are very diverse, some interesting, most boring. I am not trying to say I'm a magnetic Sartre, but when people start to form little trends and mod groups for security, the world is reaching a sorrowful state. It's time to abolish such *avante gardes*; ah, but do I hear a cry for democracy? No, maybe it's just a moan; anyone who commits him or herself to a view should be pitied; anyone who does not possess any views should be shot. He's no help in the job market. This brings me back to H.S.C., the year which decides how you are to help mankind in his quest for self-preservation.

Oh Lord, now I'm being immoral! God made us for a purpose, to go to heaven afterwards, to live frugally down under in order to pick the lush fruits of the saints.

Yes, boyfriends, girlfriends, cars, the Saturday nights, the strains placed on these commodities by the VISE system is enough to tear the heartstring of sexually budding students. Can one really be expected to concentrate on the binomial factor theorem when one thinks of how 'she' met 'his' eyes across the crowded classroom. But, what is sexual gratification next to knowledge gained in H.S.C., that this is a step towards further tertiary education?

After that you can look forward to rewarding life in your chosen occupation, or in the unemployment office. Either way you will always be rewarded with the knowledge that you have a degree to back you up. One may wonder why we just can't continue with postgraduate courses. Well no, ask the razor gang. However those admired few with Ph.D., can always rest assured that they are well and truly looked up to.

But alas, school life is a mundane lot. After listening to the voluble, maybe apathetic speeches of Cain, one thinks of our school assemblies. The enlightening, repetitious speeches thrown to deaf ears, year after year. H.C.S. students have been found littering the gardens of our neighbours' houses. Their own plot of land in this world, a microcosm of the universe. Ah, but there is a moral to this futile beration, to respect your fellow man. After this time-consuming, amusing heartfelt speech, the H.S.C.'s have the privilege of leaving first, followed by the younger years. A situation Reagan would envy. Yes, the privileges that go with being an H.S.C. make it all seem worthwhile: we have now reached our maturity.

Anitha Sundram

### LIFE ON EARTH?

"Look! There goes one now! See the tell-tale signs of the species: blood shot eyes, lemon-white skins from lack of sun and the horribly curled hand with jagged, bitten nails. This one's an excellent example of these rare and pathetic creatures who struggle to survive in a merciless world that does not accept second best.

"No, don't make any noise at all, they are timid creatures, rarely seen out of doors, and they scurry back to the security of their artificially lit dens at the slightest disturbance.

"These poor mindless creatures strive laboriously for a large part of their lives towards a goal that is no longer significant in the modern world. Conditioned since birth to accept that this goal is the most important thing in their lives, they have struggled on while their weaker peers have been mercilessly weeded out over the years.

"Yes. It is pathetic how they slave for years under an unseen God who dictates and arranges them until they are faceless carbon copies, grasping their worthless reward in their crippled hands as the wander aimlessly in a cold hostile world that they are ignorant of.

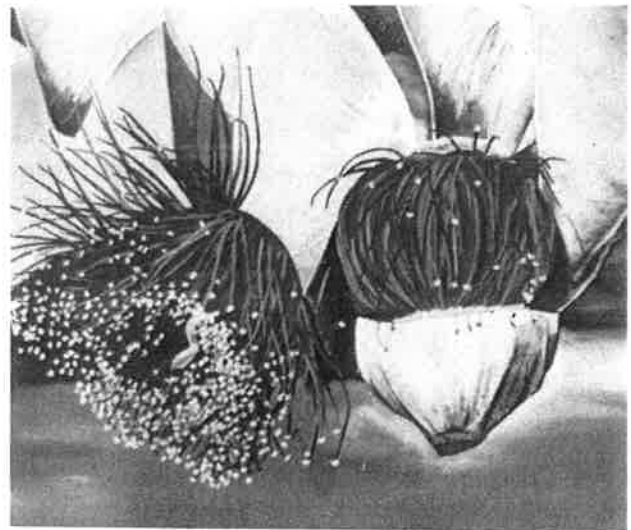
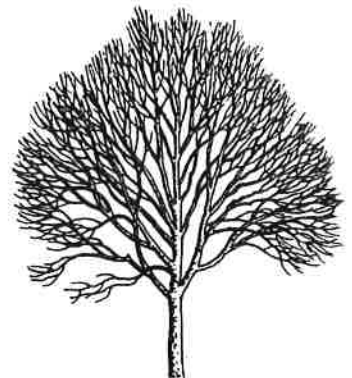
"Their appearance may be identical to the other members of the species, but these poor creatures are the ones without hope. The younger of their type can still escape and start again, but the disease has gone too far in these creatures. Yes, these poor beings are of the H.S.C. Species.

"Pathetic, aren't they?"

G. Towart



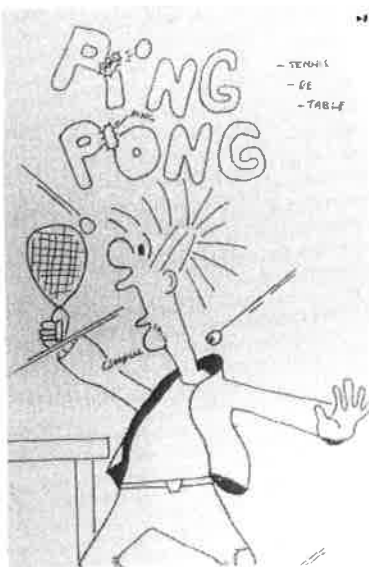
Vicki Henderson — Year 12



Susan Wright — Year 12

# MA PAGE !

Ma page.



La journée d'André.

A sept heures André prend le petit déjeuner.  
 A huit heures moins dix il va au collège.  
 A neuf heures dix le premier cours commence.  
 C'est la géographie.  
 A onze heures cinquante le quatrième cours commence.  
 C'est le français.  
 Il aime le français.  
 C'est intéressant.  
 A treize heures moins le quart c'est le déjeuner.  
 A seize heures moins vingt-cinq il quitte le collège.  
 A dix-huit heures il regarde la télévision.

Andrew Wilson 7A

Salut.

Je m'appelle Sarah. J'ai treize ans et mon anniversaire est le Treize novembre. J'ai les yeux Noisette.

A l'école, j'aime les sciences, L'histoire et le français.

Mes mois préférés sont décembre, Janvier et février - les mois Des vacances.

J'aime beaucoup les gâteaux et Le chocolat.

Mes couleurs préférés sont rouge Et jaune.

Signé, Sarah Land 8U

C'est moi.

Je m'appelle Wayne.

J'ai douze ans.

J'habite à Camberwell.

J'aime Les maths,

Les travaux manuels,

L'orange,

Le français.

Je n'aime pas le vin rouge

Et le vin blanc.

J'ai Deux oiseaux,

Deux canards,

Un chien et

Dix poissons rouges.

Wayne Manger 7A

Vielen Dank an  
Imants Bruns und Alex Green  
für ihre Hilfe mit dieser Seite.

## ESSEN UND TRINKEN

von Susie Whybrow 10m

Suche die Wörter!

Ananas	pineapple
Eis	ice cream
Forelle	trout
Gurke	cucumber
Kaffee	coffee
Kirsche	cherry
Kuchen	cake
Milch	milk
Pflaume	plum
Rindfleisch	beef
Salat	salad
Schinken	ham
Suppe	soup
Wurst	sausage
Zucker	sugar

k a t s r u w z c a r  
r a l l e h w u p n e  
i n f r p l v n f n k  
n a p f o r e l l e c  
d n s t e k m a a h u  
f a u z n e i s u c z  
l s b i x k l a m u s  
e a h b l r c i e k u  
i c w k a u h a b c p  
s d a s g g e t n u p  
k i r s c h e e m z e  
h c s i e l f d n i r



## DER GOETHE POESIEWETTBERB

von Rosalind Robson 10r

An dem 28. Juli, reisten drei Studentinnen von Jahr zehn nach Monash Universität. Einige Studentinnen von Jahr elf kamen auch mit. Wir mußten eilen. Wir gingen mit dem Zug. Die andere Mädchen mit mir waren Birgitte Munchow und Diana Green. Wir kamen an der Universität an und Frau Fischer, die Deutsch-lehrerin, führte uns ins Menzies Gebäude. Die Mädchen waren aufgeregt. Nachdem die Empfangsdame unsere Namen nachschlugte, gingen wir zum dritten Stock. Da fragten wir unsere Gedichte vor. Ich trug "Der König in Thule" vor, Diana "Das Zerbrochene Ringlein", und Birgitte "Die Lorelei." Danach gingen wir in das Restaurant. (Wir brauchten Speisen!) Wir hörten die Beatmusik ("Madness") und unterhielten uns. Nach vielen Minuten, gingen wir nach Hause. Es war gut.

Diese Studenten erhielten Zeugnisse:

Diana Green - Year 10  
Rhonda Pragar - Year 11  
Andrea Abrahams - Year 11  
Sylvia Heil - Year 12  
Dana Adomaitis - Year 12

## EINE AUTOBIOGRAPHIE



Tag. Mein Name ist David Campbell, und ich bin vierzehn Jahre alt. Ich habe braune Augen und braunes Haar. Ich bin 1,50 Meter groß. Ich habe zwei Brüder und eine Schwester. Ich sammle Zeitungsartikel, Briefmarken und Münzen gern.

Ich sehe auch das Fernsehen gern, und spiele mit unserem Hund gern. Meine Lieblingsfächer sind Mathe und Deutsch.

## AN OLD MAN'S WINTER NIGHT

In a dark and quiet street sat a small, lonely house, its garden tangled and overgrown. No light was to be seen outside, but the warm orange glow of an open fire shone through the broken windows.

Inside the house sat Henry, his tired old bones aching and his sad eyes reflecting his weariness as he lifted himself painstakingly from the rock-hard, springless armchair. He wasn't hungry — Jean would be home soon, with a warm smile and treat for dinner. She told him that Robert would be home from the war soon . . . They would be a family again.

He decided to fix himself a snack — honey on bread was enough. He opened the cupboard to find no other food — he'd do without butter for tonight. Jean would bring . . . he was jolted from his thoughts as a large mouse scampered across the floor.

"Damn rats."

Maybe he should buy some poison for the pests. But he didn't dare go to the grocer's — some stupid woman insisted that he owed a ridiculous sum of money. Just like the newsagent's — he hadn't been delivered the Herald for at least five weeks. And wouldn't be, they said, until he paid his bill.

"Ridiculous", he murmured again. He picked up the phone to see if it had been re-connected. Cut off as usual.

As he finished his meal, he hobbled into the bedroom and slipped between the musty sheets. The stench of mothballs was his only greeting . . . maybe Jean was working late again. He felt the usual pang of guilt — it was he who should be the breadwinner. But his arthritis worsened each day, and Jean enjoyed her job at the nursery. Maybe he would work in the garden tomorrow — it was such a shame that it had gone to such ruins.

The chilly wind crept through his damaged bedroom window as he thought of the last phone call he had received — some smart teenagers playing a joke. They'd be old, too, one day.

But Jean would fix up the telephone. It was inconvenient not being able to call her to see when she'd be home. What did people have against him, anyway? The Davids family had lived here for years — a well-known and respected family, and now these demands for money, and axing of deliveries and telephones. Henry sighed as he slowly rolled over.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was glaring through the window, and the echoing sound of someone's knock on the wooden door could be heard throughout the empty house.

Jean!! He swung his aching legs to the floor and, with the help of his walking stick, rushed to open the door.

The girl stood impatiently on the doorstep, chewing noisily as she looked straight at him. Her hair was blonde and shaggy, and she grinned as she began to speak.

"G'day, Mr Davids. I'm from the Aged Persons Association. We'd like to know if you'd like a girl to come round every couple of days — y'know — for a bit of a chat. Kinda like Meals on Wheels. Make the lonely hours go quicker sort of . . ."

She drew back as the old man began to shake with fury.

"I don't need your's or anyone's help . . .", he spluttered. "I've got a wife to talk to and a son to support me."

The door slammed in her face.

A tear ran down Henry's face. The cheek of those young people . . . he didn't need anyone, except Jean and Robert, that was enough.

He looked at the date — 4th August, 1982. His birthday . . .

Outside the girl shrugged as she pulled out of the driveway in a red Ford Laser.

"Crazy old thing."

She had been told that he was alone in the house — his only son had died in Germany and his wife of a heart attack.

Inside, Henry sighed as he sat heavily on the chair. He gazed at Jean's photo. He was 70 today, and she hadn't even brought a cake . . .

Tracy Neilsen 10R

## THE TERRORIST

The small town was gripped by fear. All through Northern Ireland riots, fires and open battles with the British had flared up again and again. In Belfast, the latest battle had raged for six days, both sides exchanging gunfire, petrol bombs, flying explosives, shouts and shots. A large apartment building was engulfed in flames, while firemen risked their lives — not in the fire, but from the I.R.A. snipers who were picking them off their ladders.

All this news had come through on the radio to Newcastle. The whole town had listened to the broadcast, waiting for news of their own battle. The fighting had started last evening, continuing through the night. The picture was the same as in Belfast, but on a smaller scale.

It was four in the morning. The town was lit by a hundred fires and the sounds of the night were obscured by the gunfire. No one could sleep. All sat up, occasionally looking out of windows, but none dared venture out.

On the edge of this scene a lone figure was standing, hidden in deep shadow. He watched for a long time, as if deep in thought. Suddenly, he moved and walked quickly, keeping in the gloom. He made his way along the edge of the main street, then circled behind the British trucks and troops. He carried a small bag. He stopped, and removed a compact object from it. He moved stealthily, then ran as he left the shadows. He reached the trucks and looked around. Nobody had noticed him. He lifted the object to the light and turned a dial. He climbed under a truck and fastened to it the bomb. He pressed a button on the bomb, scrambled out from under the truck, back across the street to his bag and down a dark alley. To wait.



Slowly the gunfire died away. The tired rebels had gone to snatch a few hours sleep before the next round of violence. The British troops, too, were in need of rest, so while some stayed behind to cover the guard and make sure that this lull was not yet another accursed Irish trick, the others piled into the truck to catch some sleep. Five minutes after the last shot had been fired, all was quiet. Except for the crackle of the fires, it seemed like a normal crisp morning. The quiet before the storm.

The truck roared into flame — an enormous roar accompanied by screams of agony from the soldiers who had been thrown from the truck, their uniforms a mass of flames. Panic seized those soldiers who were unhurt. They rushed about frantically trying to help their friends. But most soon stopped screaming.

Back in the alley, a dark figure watched. He began to walk in the other direction, his conscience clear.

David Fribence 10U



## THE FUNERAL

The train of black cars wound its way slowly down the street. I was in one of the last ones, and the smooth, easy mobility of the car contrasted sharply with the awkward atmosphere inside. My mother looked out the window, rubbing her finger absentmindedly along the velvet arm of her seat. I felt dull and numb. I didn't feel I knew the man whose funeral we were attending at all. But he had been one of my mother's closest friends.

My memories of him were vague and abstract, he was just a man who said, "G'day princess" when I skipped in the gate after playing at my friend's house; just a man who argued interminably about politics. Now he was gone, never to be seen on the face of the earth again.

I felt sorry but I was strangely unaffected. "Why should I feel upset?" I wondered. I hadn't even known the man. I could not comprehend my mother's cold detached air. I had tried to speak to her, to ask her what I should wear to the funeral (I had never been to one before), but she had not answered, and had just walked away from me, as if in a dream. "He's gone to a better place than here," said my grandmother. I did not know how she could be so sure. I was about to ask her but she had already gone in the hearse with my grandfather.

My sisters were unusually subdued and they, too, were unapproachable. Why was I so young? It wasn't fair; I felt older but nobody would explain things I wanted to know. I felt angry and frustrated, but I climbed silently into the car with the rest of my family, clean and neat with a black velvet dress on and a black ribbon tying back my blonde hair.

It was a dismal day; the sky was bleak and grey with unyielding masses of ominous clouds. The pavements were littered with golden leaves and the trees were bare and vulnerable looking.

I had a strange sensation that I too, was to be buried with the strange man — my mind was prone to wandering even then. I grasped the side of the door and looked around wildly but my family was as aloof as ever.

We finally arrived. The ground was wet and muddy. Soon my legs were splashed brown. The dead man's widow stood at the gate of the cemetery, looking like a solemn black rose with a veil covering her face. She looked suitably grave. Her youngest son was crying, quietly, not because he realised his father was dead, but because he didn't like the oppressive atmosphere of the cemetery and because his mother paid him no attention.

I went up to him and took his hand. I guided him over to my family, standing on the fringes of the crowd gathered around the deep hole in the ground. The widow, Mrs Snow, came over too. All the mourners had expressed their grievances to her so the crowd around the grave was complete.

The wind picked up and tree branches waved in a frenzied fashion, like a mad man's arms. The wind howled like a wounded animal and seemed to be protesting, "No . . ." to this little ceremony. The wreaths of flowers that provided colorful relief to the bleak cemetery hopped along the ground.

The priest began to speak in hushed tones. His talk of eternal life in God's kingdom made little sense to me, so I turned and looked around the cemetery. It was a forlorn place, overgrown with weeds. Grey, crumbling headstones that had creepers taking a stranglehold on them and weeds infiltrating cracks, stood helpless, their once upright dignity decaying to slovenliness. My imagination caught on fire and I spied a man, draped in black, beckoning to me from the largest crumbling headstone. Was it the epitome of evil, Satan, that the priest had mentioned? I cried out in horror. My family turned and looked at me with cool surprise. I was trembling and ran to my mother. "Over there," I sobbed, pointing to the column.

"Hush darling," soothed my mother. "There's nothing there. Nothing at all." She was right but I just cried louder. Didn't she see strange, unexplainable things too? Obviously not.

I had interrupted the ceremony and the priest stood waiting patiently. His expression was blank, devoid of any emotion at all. Perhaps he was bored. I suddenly realised that he had conducted thousands of funerals before this man's. Was death like that? Just an every day matter of course for some?

My mother became impatient with my sniffing and sent me over to stand with my Grandma and Grandpa. Grandma laid her hand on my shoulder. She looked grave and serene. Unlike me she was in control of both her emotions and her imagination. She had been to many funerals during her life. One day Grandma herself would be down in that hole, where the man was lying cold and still in the casket. I began sobbing again.

"I don't want to die!" I burst out in an urgent whisper. "I want to live forever."

"Darling, you don't have to worry yet," smiled my Grandma.

"But you do, Grandma," I said, my eyes widening.

"Well, I don't want you worrying on my behalf."

Why didn't Grandma reassure me that I didn't have to die? It wasn't fair that it was my inevitable fate, as well as every one else's, to end up lying in a hole in the ground. If God was in charge and he was good, why did he let this happen to people?

I stamped my foot. "I won't die. Everyone else can but not me!"

"Quiet, dear," breathed Grandma, her cheeks flushing pink. She was too caught up in the ceremony to pay any attention to my worries. Wasn't anybody allowed to show any emotion? I realised all was quiet except for the whimpering of the boy.

The funeral reached its climax. The heavy casket was being lowered down. It was deposited with a simultaneous thud and a sigh from the lowerers. The wind sighed too. A suppressed sob from the child with me, a sprinkling of dirt and the funeral was over. I felt I too had fallen trapped into the earth and was lying there with the man, unable to breathe, unable to call out for help, unable to live . . .

I have observed, with some curiosity, the number of children who do attend funerals. I see them, sullen faced, cloaked in black, trailing along behind their families. Why should they have to go? I was sure some of them were as deeply affected as I was, yet I still see them. Perhaps it's some strange unchangeable western custom. I only know I won't let my children through the same experience that suddenly made my association with death much closer than ever before. R. Robson 10R



Bradley Craig — Year 10

## THE PURPOSE

I guess everybody must ask himself the question sometime during his life. The question that leads you to your destiny. What is the purpose of my life? Well . . . it happened to me quite a long time ago and I still don't have an answer. You see I'm not particularly religious so I don't believe in eternal life in heaven after death nor in reincarnation — so that leaves me one chance to fulfil my purpose in my only life.

I am frequently disturbed because I haven't found my purpose and the thing is that I have limited time. I often wish I hadn't been born until some time in the future where, if the earth still existed, I could find a better world. There is so much wrong in the world today that I wish I had the power to solve every conceivable problem now existing. I know this is only a dream but I am depressed to think that I am alive in a world of wars, hunger, poverty, greed and death. I hate the human race for this and I really wonder if we are basically evil inside.

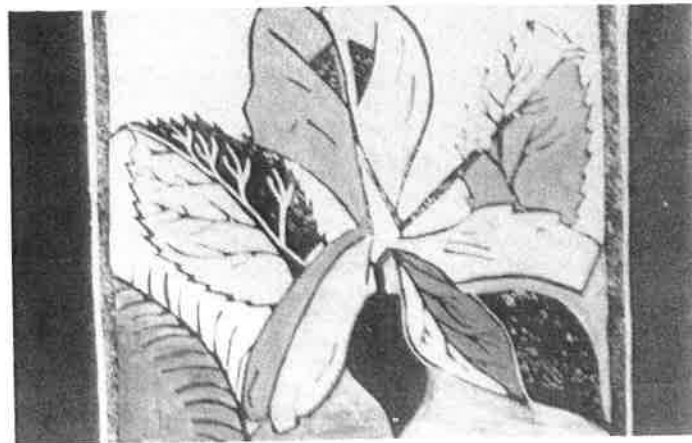
They say that "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely", but I believe that if I could have absolute power I'd try to solve the world's problems, but then again you could never know whether or not corruption was going to creep up on you, until you experienced those circumstances, and this doubt forces me back to my suspicion of internal evil. I've often wondered what other people's purpose in life might be, and I've asked a few. Some said that they didn't know, others said that the purpose in life is to achieve something which is not only self rewarding but also beneficial to mankind as well. That sounded pretty good to me but I couldn't help but wonder about all the people in the world who had jobs that weren't rewarding and wouldn't be beneficial to mankind.

I don't know why but the idea of having a job and working for a living doesn't appeal to me as being the purpose for my existence. It seems too futile and unimportant. Maybe I'm wrong, but I need something else.

This is why I often wish I had been born in the future. Perhaps then I could have found a more important reason to do something purposeful. The future could hold extraordinary things that would seem incredible, unbelievable or magic to us in this present age. The world could be at peace and perhaps the evil in mankind would have been banished long ago.

I guess I am an adventurer or a dreamer, but right now I feel as if there's a great big gap in my life and I know that I won't feel satisfied until I fill it up. The question is with what? I only hope I find something.

Patrick Merdy Year 12



## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EDUCATION: Schools of the Eighties

Daily attendance at schools, five days a week, had serious repercussions on each student of that era. They could see and hear the others, but their words and actions only induced a deep sleep. Classrooms, blackboards and artificial minds clogged senses, and to distinguish reality from a dream soon required too much effort. The continual search for a variable to transform the results of their movements was hindered by the unavoidable catalysts which always triggered off routine thought patterns.

Nobody questioned the significance of the regular bells, or the reasons behind the strange senses of repetition felt each day. Conversations lost all meaning even before they had begun, and laughter and tears grew to be synonymous. The loss of individuality incurred by the presence of uniform clothes created one body, with several hundred separate minds all trying for attention and dominance. Each would resort to an identity hastily and thoughtlessly developed in a stage of desperate need for self-expression. They would come to rely on superficial pleasures and escapisms to enforce their sense of individuality. To compensate for their pathetic attempts at this self-inflicted mutation, artificial morals would be enforced on their empty minds which were hungry for substance.

Another method used to avoid the impossibilities involved in the self-development process, was to assume that knowledge of facts was sufficient to form an identity. The search for intelligence dominated many minds, and usually resulted in a successful scholastic career. The inevitable introduction of the 'filing system' ensured that intelligence was rewarded, and stupidity either punished or converted. Thus students found a purpose in what they were enduring, and even occasionally forgot the sorrow they felt every morning as they woke up remembering the previous day's monotony.

Nature and beauty only existed for a warped and selfish purpose; greens and vibrant flower colours blended and eventually were hidden by the dull greys and browns, to create the illusion that nature was an essential aspect of the school's beauty. Paintings and graffiti fought for the dominance of the walls, with teachers supporting culture, and students forming a rebellious body. Music, poetry and drama were all consumed by the school, to produce a narrowly stream-lined sub-culture, which tended to contradict what the students learnt and experienced in their separate lives outside. They were told where beauty lay, taught who was a nice person and who wasn't, but found the application of their lessons very difficult. Abstract concepts supported by one example each, was what they groped for from the emptiness of their minds but each concept merely dulled their awareness of reality.

Contradictions were soon ignored as minds grew too saturated. The constant search for the relevance of lessons to their loosely-formed and vulnerable self-images, resulted in a breed of senseless echoes of artificial morals, masquerading as individuals.

Belinda Robson Year 12

# AUTOGRAPHS



