

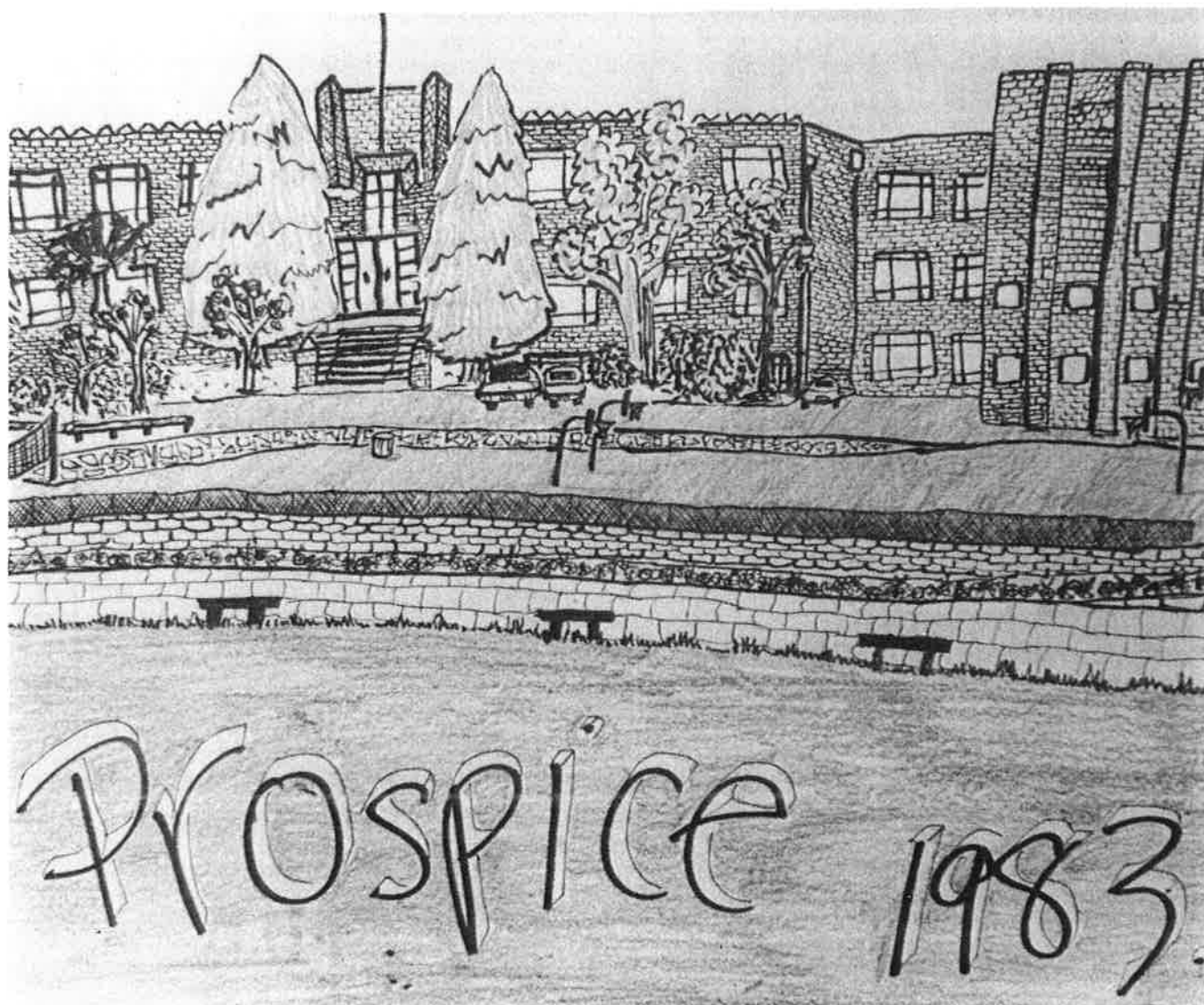


PROSPICE 1983

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

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CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



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The Principal's Message

THE SCHOOL IN TIMES OF CHANGE

There is much talk in the air of changes taking place in schools as though this were a completely novel event. Schools are always changing; my own personal experience at this school convinces me of that. Camberwell High School is a completely different type of school now, compared with the school it was in 1960 when I joined the staff for the first time, and it has undergone distinct changes during the seven years of my principalship.

Many factors are responsible for these changes, not the least influential being alterations in government policy, to which government schools have always been required to respond. Some of the other factors include parental input into the affairs of the school, educational "experimentation" (one hesitates to use the word "fads"), and the quality — and quantity — of the students who enrol at the school.

Without wishing to arrange these factors in any order of priority, I still consider that the most important one is the peculiar, almost-chemical, reaction resulting from the unique mixture of students and staff in any one year. The year 1983 has been one of the most satisfying in this regard, with students and staff morale and involvement at a very high level.

One constant which must govern the life of the school is the need to provide what is best for our students, individually and collectively.

The other is the desire and need of our students to find a place in the life of the school, to enter the adult world as mature young people, and to continue to strive themselves for what is the highest goal they wish to attain.

This magazine, which you are now reading, is a reflection of that desire.

David Collins — Principal



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Owing to the large number of excellent contributions to the magazine this year, the Committee had a difficult time deciding which poems, stories, articles, artwork and drawings to include in their production. We therefore hope that those students who submitted material for the 1983 edition of *Prospice* will not be discouraged, and we look forward to the possibility of publishing their future work in next year's magazine.

JUNIOR WRITING PRIZE

... Tragedy

I was lying down in the grass, reading a book that I had borrowed the day before from a public library. Mum was inside, having a cup of coffee with Dad, and they were discussing some business affairs. It had been a perfect Sunday morning — that was, until the phone rang, upsetting everyone. Mum answered it. "Hello? Oh yes. Wait a moment please." She replaced the receiver and turned to us tight-lipped and white. "I'll take it in the bedroom." She said this in an unusually high, squeaky voice. With that, she quickly turned and ran up the stairs into her bedroom, shutting the door. Dad turned around and with a blank look said, "Wonder who's on the phone? Your mum's never going to forgive me for this but" He lifted the receiver to his ear with a sly, but worried look. As he listened intently, that look faded away, and soon, he too, was tight-lipped and white.

Puzzled, and just a teeny-weeny bit frightened, I turned around and went up the stairs, two at a time. What could have happened? It probably was Mrs Watson, the street's gossip, ringing up to say, "Oh isn't it horrid; inflations gone up; did you see what Julie was wearing at the festival?" Or something like that. But things like that never upset Mum, and never ever Dad. I glanced outside my window and I saw some horrible black clouds covering the shining sun, and the birds and insects were suddenly hushed. It was then that I realized that it couldn't be Mrs Watson; she had gone on holiday to England for a few months.

I heard my parents' bedroom door opening and soon there was a knock on my door and my mother came in to tell me the "GOOD" news. She came in and sat on my bed and began.

I nodded grimly, preparing myself for the worst. "Well, it's your grandma, you know, Dad's Mum. She's suddenly become very sick. The doctor came and checked her up and said that she has cancer. He only expects her to live for another 12 hours." She paused, and her eyes filled up with tears. "But Granny is a strong woman; maybe the doctor was wrong." She stood up, brushed down her skirt and wiped her eyes. "Anyway, we're going over there now. And you had better change into something warmer, seeing the weather has changed," she said as she glanced out the window. She went out and I stood up to get dressed.

The weather had changed incredibly. It was thundering, and rain had started pouring down. When we arrived there were lots of cars and it was deadly quiet, and my mother said, "Oh, I hope we're not too late!" But the faint sound of voices assured us that we weren't. Mum quietly knocked on the door, and, finding it unlocked, walked right in. Dad and I followed straight after.

Only one light was on; and that was the one in Granny's room. When I walked in I felt like crying. This couldn't be Granny! My lovable Gran who only on Thursday had gone shopping with me! It couldn't be! But I had to face up to the grim fact that it was.

Granny was lying on the bed. It was a terrible sight; almost as though she had left us already. Her cheeks were hollowed out and her eyes were shut. She seemed sort of pale and dark, and she was having a lot of difficulty in trying to breathe, and she would, after she had taken a breath, wait 10-12 seconds before taking a second breath.

I went and sat down beside her bed and held her hand. I felt her hand tighten, and for some unknown reason or other, her hand slowly kept on pushing mine down onto her faintly beating heart. My eyes filled with tears, but I ferociously blinked them away. Grannie hated crying, and many times when she was well, kept on telling me, "When I die, I don't want you to cry. I do not want you to mourn for me; do not grieve. If you cry when I die I won't be able to rest in my grave, knowing that there were people up there crying and mourning." And as I sat there, holding her hand and my hand against her heart, I knew that she knew that I was there. Even if her eyes were closed, I knew she sensed it.

The tears welled up inside me, and whenever they came to my eyes, words, "Do not cry, do not grieve" came back to me, and I blinked them away. I got up and bent down to kiss that face that told of a life of great hardship, in lines and wrinkles, a face that I had grown to love, adore, cherish and trust. I knew that this might be the last time that I would see that face in the flesh, so I took my time going out. And when I was, Gran whispered or more like — murmured — a few words that sounded like "Please, do not forget me." Again my eyes filled up with tears and I went to Gran to give her one more kiss.

The next thing I knew I was in the car and being driven home. Sleepily, I drifted into a light sleep. And I had a dream.

I was standing in my grannie's room. It was empty, the bed was made, and it smelled distinctly of disinfectant and hospital. The sound of an ambulance coming down the street grew louder and louder and stopped here, at grannie's house. I started shaking my head, slowly at first, then vigorously. They were coming to take my grannie away. No. No. I wouldn't let them. I wouldn't let them. No.

I had glimpses of the trained ambulance men, packing a corpse, covered with a white, clean sheet into the ambulance, and the red lights were flashing wildly. "No. No. Please No."

I awoke, screaming "No. No." at the top of my lungs, and my mother trying to calm me down. "Ssh baby, it's all right, it was a bad dream." I came to my senses almost instantly. Grannie was dying, maybe even dead. "Mum, gran's dead," I suddenly cried. Mum got up from my bed, and said very sadly in an I — SUDDENLY — WANT — TO — BREAK — DOWN — AND — START CRYING — VOICE. "Yes dear." I was dumbfounded for a moment. I didn't want that answer, I wanted Mum to assure me that she was still alive and was coming over tomorrow. But it wasn't that way; Grannie was dead, and the only thing I wanted now was to die and join her. After this tragedy, I just wanted to die. But of course, I couldn't. I managed to get along without Gran, but I really miss her cheerful and sympathetic face — but we must turn off the past, and turn on the future. And, as I say, "A person never dies, he only dies when he is forgotten", and I know, that, in my heart, Grannie will always be alive.

DON ANDERSON AWARD

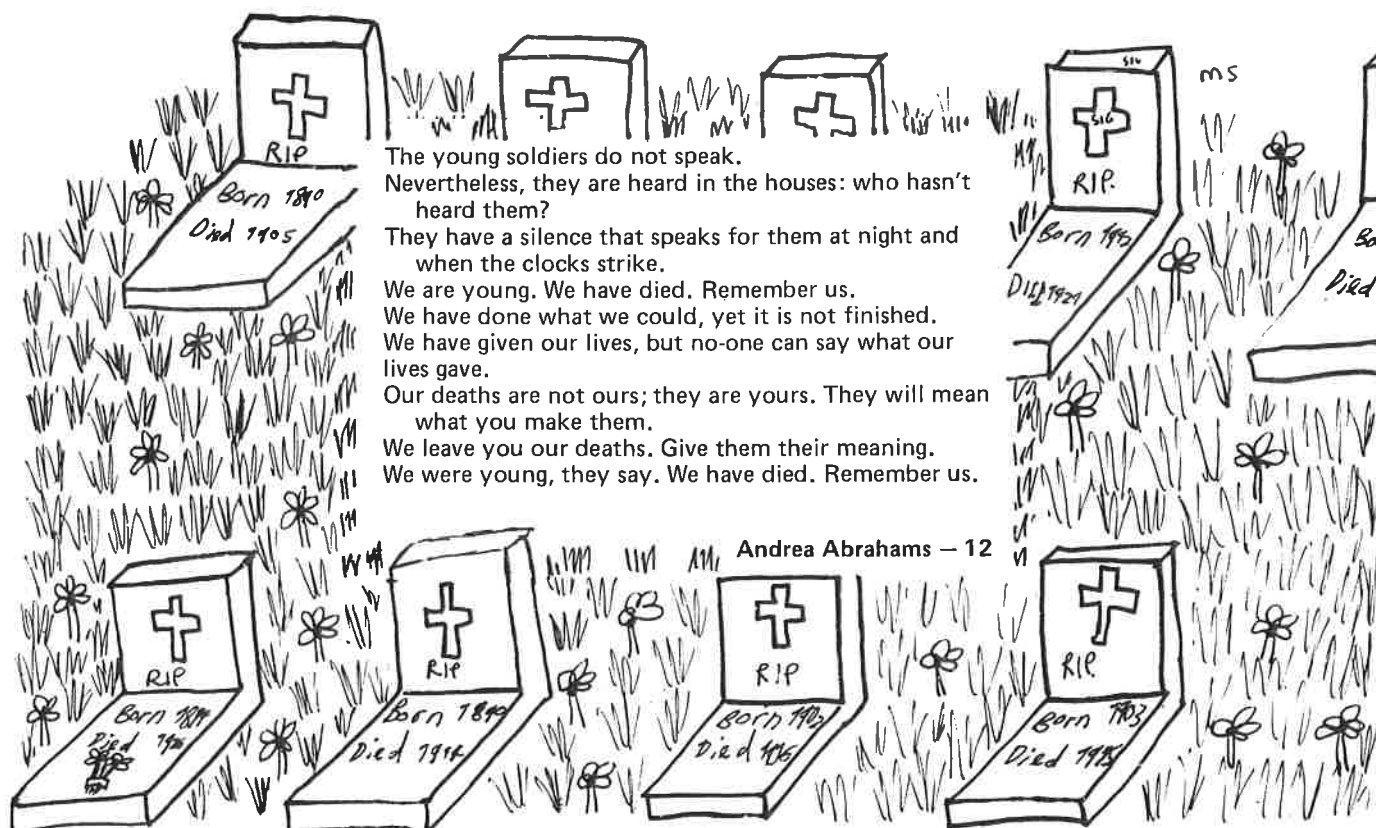
Mr. Donald Anderson was a teacher at Camberwell High School for several years up until his death on April 4th, 1974. Each year, in memory of him, a literary competition is held known as the Don Anderson Award.

Don Anderson was born in New Zealand in 1974 and gained a Master of Arts Degree from Canterbury University. His thesis was concerned with the social behaviour of adolescents, and he was keenly interested in young people.

During his years at Camberwell High School he proved to be a very capable and well-liked teacher, and was always generous with his time and energy. He was also studying for his Bachelor of Education at Melbourne University. Another great interest was his love of poetry, and as a writer of considerable promise, he had had some work published in London before his death.

Don Anderson left the school quite a large sum of money to be used in some way by the English Faculty. Part of this has been used to establish the Donald Anderson Literary Award. This award is made each year to the student whose literary work is judged the best for the year. It is published in the school magazine, and the award is open to all students. Age and maturity are taken into account, so that it is possible for the award to go to a junior student. The prize is a book of literature, chosen by the winning student.

— THEIR SILENCE



FAREWELL



Miss Margaret Pattison left Camberwell High School at the end of 1982 after eight years, one as a senior teacher and for the last seven as deputy principal. During this period she several times acted as principal. In all these positions she carried out her duties with devotion and distinction.

Miss Pattison took a leading role in many areas of the school organization including the school council, its education committee, the staff and the staff curriculum committee. Her work and her opinions on educational matters were much valued by all.

She supported all school activities, and was responsible for many innovations which have become a regular part of the school programme. One example, much enjoyed by year 7 students and their parents, is the annual Sausage Sizzle. This is also an illustration of Miss Pattison's excellent organizing ability and attention to detail.

Students appreciated the friendly and personal interest Miss Pattison showed for their welfare. She knew all members of the school by name and was never too busy to answer the many questions directed to her.

All members of the school community are greatly indebted to Miss Pattison's years of dedicated service to the school.



Wednesday, 16 March, 1983, saw the retirement from the Education Department of Mr. Ken Robertson, for many years our Senior English teacher and latterly our Co-ordinator of English. Ken Robertson joined the staff of Camberwell High School in 1961, and, except for a brief period on transfer, chose to spend the remainder of his teaching career at this school. The best measure of his success lies in the large number of ex-students, many now well established in their own professions, who regard him with esteem and affection, a feeling shared by his colleagues, with whom he shared his profound knowledge of his subject and the wisdom of his years.

Regrettably, he has been absent from school as a result of ill-health since the start of last year. The whole school community extends to him best wishes for a speedy recovery and a long and healthy retirement.



Miss Ann Rusden joined the Staff of Camberwell High School in February, 1965, as a Class III Assistant. She gained promotion within the school on two occasions, becoming a Class II Senior Assistant in 1969 and a Senior Teacher in 1973. She taught in England while on overseas leave in 1970 and took long-service leave in Term 2, 1978. Miss Rusden, as well as from time to time teaching Years 7 and 10 Science, and Years 11 and 12 Mathematics, has taught Year 11 Physics for eleven years and Year 12 Physics for 16 years, often taking more than one class at each level. She has been Science Faculty Co-ordinator for 14 years, and Year 12 Co-ordinator for 12 years. Another of her many additional duties has been the preparation of the school time-table for which she was responsible for 8 years. Miss Rusden has served on the State Standing Committee for Physics (now the Physics Subject Committee) for 11 years, and has been for 4 years a member of the VISE Committee for the Consideration of Disadvantage. She has twice served the school as Acting Deputy Principal.

But these dry facts are incapable in themselves of indicating the breadth and depth of Miss Rusden's magnificent contribution to the school: to analyse this more accurately, we need to consider the person, and that person's sense of duty as a member of the teaching profession, and her dedication to the thousands of students who have passed through this school during her time with us.

Quiet, unassuming, yet confident; forthright in the expression of her opinions, but always prepared to listen to and learn from others; knowledgeable in her subject area, yet always open to new ideas and methods; diligent and extremely capable in her many administrative functions, yet always aware of the human factor; striving always for excellence, yet always ready to assist those unable to attain such heights; aware of the incursions into teaching time of extra-curricular activities, but always actively supporting and encouraging such activities and attending every major function at the school Miss Rusden can only be described as the ideal teacher.

What we will remember most about Miss Rusden is the joy she brought to her task as Physics teacher and the reciprocal joy of her students; her genuine interest in and concern for all her students; and her amiability: we will no longer be the recipients of the bright morning smile and the cheerful, afternoon cheerio.

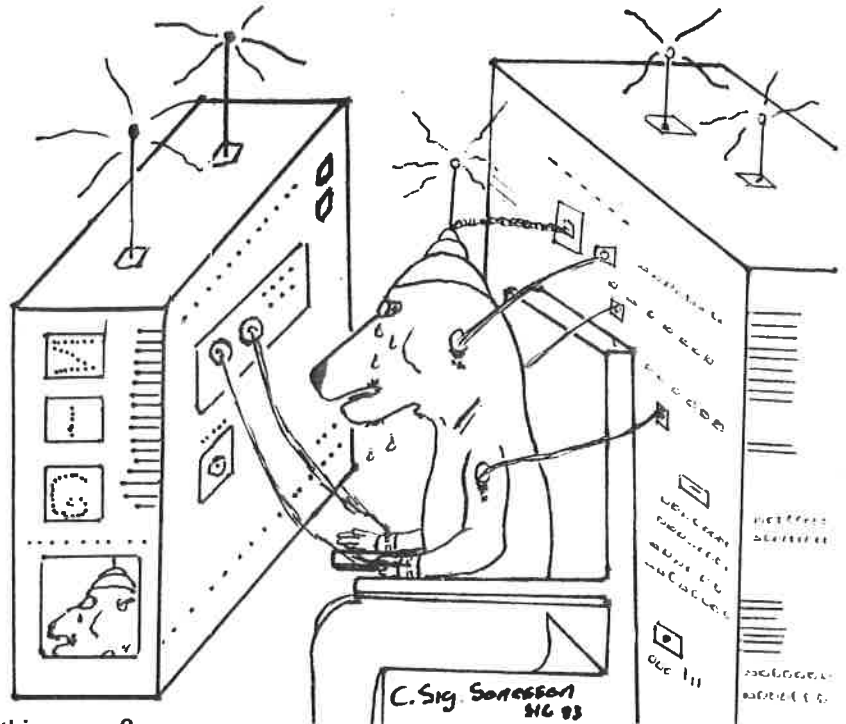
The school, which has been graced by her presence for nineteen years, now says farewell, and extends to Miss Rusden congratulations on her promotion to the Deputy Principal's position at Northcote High School, and our grateful, and humble, thanks.

JUNIOR POETRY

THE MASTER OF THE BEAST

In the Science Lab,
What do I see?
A dog with wires attached to his head,
A dog lying in pain,
He gets no love,
No sympathy.
In the poultry farm,
What do I see?
Five thousand chooks in minute wire cages,
Laying eggs,
Eating chemicals.
To the owners, they are only machinery.
At the mink producers,
What do I see?
One hundred mink,
Being killed with ether,
So that their pelts are unblemished,
Being killed for vanity.
IN HUMAN NATURE,
WHAT DO I SEE?
A LOVE FOR PERSECUTING,
SADISTIC PLEASURE,
I AM ASHAMED,
AT MAN'S PERVERSITY.

Alice Matthiesson — 9



LUNCHTIME AT SCHOOL

The lunch bell rings,
As my mind thinks of things
That my lunch hour can bring;
The fun of kicking a ball
without having a fall.
I like to shout and yell,
In fact I think it's swell,
Lunch-time at school.

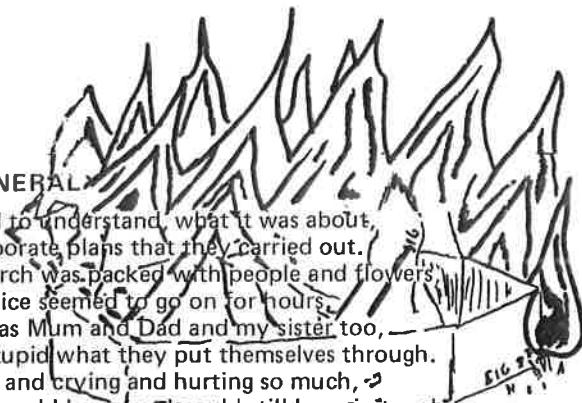


Nigel Moore — 7

MY FUNERAL

It's hard to understand what it was about,
The elaborate plans that they carried out.
The church was packed with people and flowers,
The service seemed to go on for hours.
There was Mum and Dad and my sister too,
It's so stupid what they put themselves through.
Sobbing and crying and hurting so much,
If they would be calm, I could still keep in touch.
I'm trying to reach them, I'm trying to say,
Don't be so stupid throwing money away.
I died of a disease that man cannot yet heal,
But they just drive to church, sit there, then kneel.
If they would just give money for research to be done,
Then it may save someone else's daughter or son.
They're so full of sorrow they can't hear my voice,
So with my long-dead friends I'll rejoice,
We'll have our own party, we'll laugh and have fun,
And plan all the important things we'll get done,
When we collect our new bodies and start our new life,
Gosh! I hope the world's not still full of trouble and strife.
I'll work as hard as I can, I won't be a clown
But I may burn a few stupid funeral parlours down.

Brett Fowler — 8



THE WAR VETERAN

The War veteran clings to his sheets
In a frenzied sweat he sits and weeps,
For the guns and cannons ring in his ears.
Although long past, they still hold the tears.

His sunken eyes gaze desperately around,
And his fixed expression holds a frown.
Oh how long, how long will it be,
Before this poor man can be free?

His sunken eyes with despair they brim.
They said it would all be over.
But not for him.
To families the other boys went home,
But our dear friend sits all alone.

The cannons rage,
The gunshots blast,
The fear of death has never passed.
When, oh when will this poor man be free?

Sarah Norris — 8

THE HUMAN BRAIN

The brain is a filing system,
it is a calculator,
it is an emotional response centre,
it is a place where we talk to ourselves.

Our brains tell us what to do,
and we tell our brains what we would like to do,
it is both rational and irrational,
logical and illogical.

The brain hates and loves,
likes and dislikes,
it tells us to kill,
and protects us from being killed.

It is an evil machine that causes war,
and a beautiful machine that brings peace,
it is hard and callous,
but also soft and pleasant.

It kills, loves, hates, likes, dislikes all at the same time.
Where could such a complex and incredible machine
be stored?
In our puny heads of course!

Robert Martin — 9

JUNIOR POETRY

AUSTRALIA, "THE LUCKY COUNTRY?"

Man has begun to dig his own grave,
And there's no time to cease and no time to save.
Is no one willing to pay the price,
Of destroying nature and disregarding advice?

Unfeeling, the bulldozers roar,
And thoughtlessly the drills bore.
Trees ripped from where they stand,
And gaping holes left in the land.

Australia with your tranquil waters and golden sun
so pure,
Man has been too much for you to try to endure.
'Twas once a treasure — bearing paradise made
especially for men,
Now stripped of your treasures — never to be the
same again.

People tried to tell them they were causing so much
pain,
But speeches and protests were mainly made in vain.
Soon man will see when the world comes to an end,
How he could have lived in harmony with the earth as
his friend.

Australia brought to your knees by men and drought,
You were "the Lucky Country" but your luck is
running out!



Kate Gardner — 9

GLADIATOR

The Gladiator fights on in vain,
For he has nothing real to gain,
He is often a lamb in Wolf's domain,
The gladiator fights to stay and remain.

The fearless fighters enter the ring,
Both with their weapons with light blinding.
Now shield and trident, helmets closed
To armour, net, spears opposed.
They approach each other with lives to lose,
For one to surrender would be news.
The crowd sends up a senseless roar
and anxious fighters reach to draw.

Quick as lightning a spear is thrown,
and a look of hatred, fear is shown.
Victors join in with bloodthirsty cries,
and shrill sounds of pain arise.

With a yell his sword he wields,
Unguarded by his ample shield
admits the sword;
He startles the onlooking field,
His nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no more;
His soul goes floating in a sea of gore.

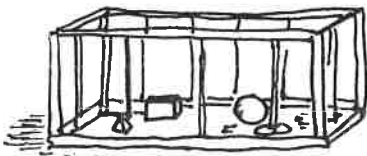
The Victor looks upon the slain,
Thinking of the day he fights again
and is the one who cops the main.



Paul Nankervis — 7

COT DEATH

Why do some babies have to die?
They don't get a chance to say goodbye.
Death is the last thing in one person's life,
It comes without warning, like being stabbed with a knife.
I don't know whether I understand it or not,
This death that occurs in the baby's cot.
Starting again is the hardest part,
And to put the tragedy out of your heart.
Young brothers and sisters don't understand why:
The questions they ask, sometimes make me cry.
I wonder if they go to heaven or hell?
This question's unanswered, I guess no-one can tell.
Perhaps one day they'll think up a cure,
And then most will live till old age I'm sure.



Kerrie Gottliebson — 9

THE DRUNK

Slowly he wandered the streets.
In solitude . . .
Disgrace . . .
Hoping for a lucky penny . . .
With which to buy a drink . . .
Slowly he walks the lanes . . .
In sorrow.
Nervously gripping an empty bottle . . .
Crying.
Discarded.
No friends . . . but alley-cats.
No home but the hard, cold,
Unfriendly cobblestone.
Wandering.
No Soul caring.
Children tease the drunk. What an idiot . . .
Longing for death . . . in a living hell.
The old man in shabby clothes . . .
Nervously walking the deserted streets.
No hope of anything.
No-one,
No-one cares . . .



Martin Sidell — 8

RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and on tree,
It rains on umbrellas here,
And on ships at sea.
Most of all it's raining on me.
Am I a moron, people keep asking me?
To think of rain as a friend to me.
I tell people that if I were a drop of rain,
and sailed up there,
I'd be sailing on water as blue as air,
And then they would see me DROP,
But they would still keep laughing at me!
What they don't realise is when we are in a drought;
The heat is a mist and the flowers are a flame.
Don't they want to see flowing rivers,
And running gutters?
Are they just ignorant or is it
Something to do with me?



Sam Hauge — 9

THE BEST PART OF LIFE

School is the best part of life. Oh yes. I can hear you squawk. Your face is screwed up in disgust; what an absolute idiot I must be!

But school is not classrooms and chalk-dust. It is not an arena for punishment and certainly not a stage for virtuous and successful students. School is learning. No! It is not homework and tests. It is not competition. It is simply the joy of learning.

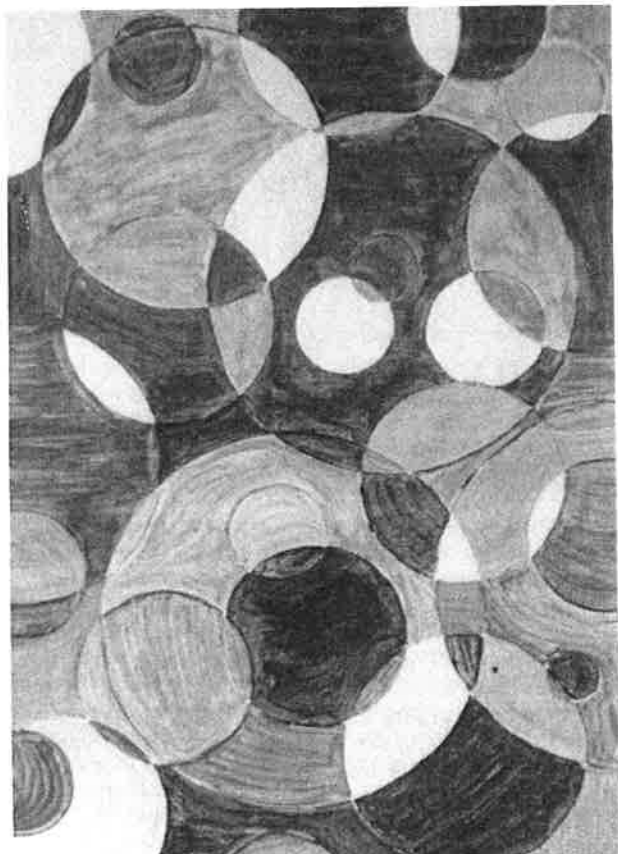
Learning is part of life. It is always present, rain or shine. Like the air we breathe. You cannot withdraw from it. No escapes. If you deny its existence, you do yourself a great injustice. You deprive yourself of life's most valuable asset: knowledge.

Learning is important to me — I cannot explain just how. Perhaps I shall never know. I want to know everything, understand everything. Yet, it is a 'mission impossible.' That is why I console myself that if I learn something today, I need not worry about tomorrow because I would learn something else. There is always something new to discover, endless mysteries to unravel, an ocean of knowledge simply waiting to be unearthed. It is a challenge; yes, it is definitely an exciting challenge. You do not have to be a scientist to discover anything. Personal discoveries are fascinating.

It seems to me that 'formal school' is merely a preliminary but important step towards that challenge. A preparation, if you like. It does not strike me as an arduous and formidable task. Certainly, there are flaws in the system; perhaps too many to mention. But that does not deter me from the joy of learning. It is fun, it is new and fresh, it is different everyday. There are too many questions in life and too few answers. Too little time. The mind should be like a sponge, soaking in as much knowledge as possible and retaining it. But unlike a balloon, you cannot burst from too much knowledge, unless it is put to wrong use!

Remember, 'There are three ingredients in the good life: learning, earning, yearning.'

Ruth Chin — 12



ALINA SLOAN — 9



KERRIE GOTTLIEBSEN — 9

THE CLASSROOM HEAT

The blackness of the blackboard
seemed to swelter in the heat,
Whilst the kids in the classroom
were sticking to the seat.
Continuously perspiring,
through the baking boiling sun,
I suddenly realised that this wasn't any fun.
The thought of the baths
was uppermost in my mind,
and the answers to the questions
I just couldn't find.
The cool clean water
was an image in my head.
As I plodded off home
With my feet feeling like lead!

Vanessa Thompson — 8

A COLD AUTUMN'S MORNING

The cold wind blew across the lawn,
The lawn itself, a blanket of frost,
Glistening in the newly risen sun.
The leaves are scattered upon the dew,
Summer has hidden her face, and
Autumn has appeared.
Leaves are magic in their own way; they
Find themselves on the ground now, and
Their colour has changed from green to brown;
The wind passes through the trees, and
The trees whisper, and the birds sing
Happy songs, swaying from side to side,
Perched high in the trees' gentle hands.

Andrew Forsyth — 7

"AFTER THE PARTY"

She lay in the long grass. The sleek blades provided a miniature forest of adventure for the insects. The soil sighed, the mercury reluctantly edged a little further up the thermometer. Her head ached; the hum of the insects reached a crescendo and the thumping in her head beat a persistent rhythm — "Hap-py Birth-day Mop-pet . . ." A blanket of lead lay on her weary body.

How silly! Moppet was not her name — just Mummy's attempt to keep her in the pram: Mummy's little darling, Mummy's little moppet . . . She wrinkled her nose uncomfortably. The word on her nametag at school had spelled "Sarah". School was so different — she became a different person altogether. There she was treated gravely and called "little lady". Her teacher smiled to see her head bent studiously over a task. Only now and then was she stern. "That's not true, Sarah", she might say a little gruffly (for she did not like scolding her children). "There are no . . . fairies in the school ground, not even in the back paddock". Sarah's big brown eyes gazed up earnestly. "But there are", she insisted. "Only for me", she whispered. "For me they dance . . . and sing . . . so sweetly! I . . . they are my friends." Her voice rang with pride.

Miss Hichfield shook her head. Such an imagination! The child could hold the class spell-bound for as long as she liked, with tales of deep red roses courting butter yellow jonquils, dancing in rows on the lush green lawns . . . The garden was her palace, the flowers her subjects. But it was not night! The child sometimes seemed too absorbed in her own world and far removed from the ideas and aspirations of the other children. She considered contacting Sarah's mother but she was a difficult woman.

Sarah's eyes opened suddenly as she deeply tossed off slumber like a light feather quilt. There! — on the lilies — bathed in the golden sunlight of the dying afternoon. There was a blur of colour-pink, blue, blood red — merging together in a kaleidoscope. The tiny figures danced with arms of pure ivory, carved with love by the shadows and sun, flirting shyly their dresses billowed and sighed, fluttering here and there. A hum of tiny voices, high pitched and unintelligible, floated on the breeze to her ears. Their gentle faces glanced up at her shyly. They had come again! Always when she was unhappy and feeling all alone in the world — in her garden while the insects planned tricks and played without her . . . her friends had come!

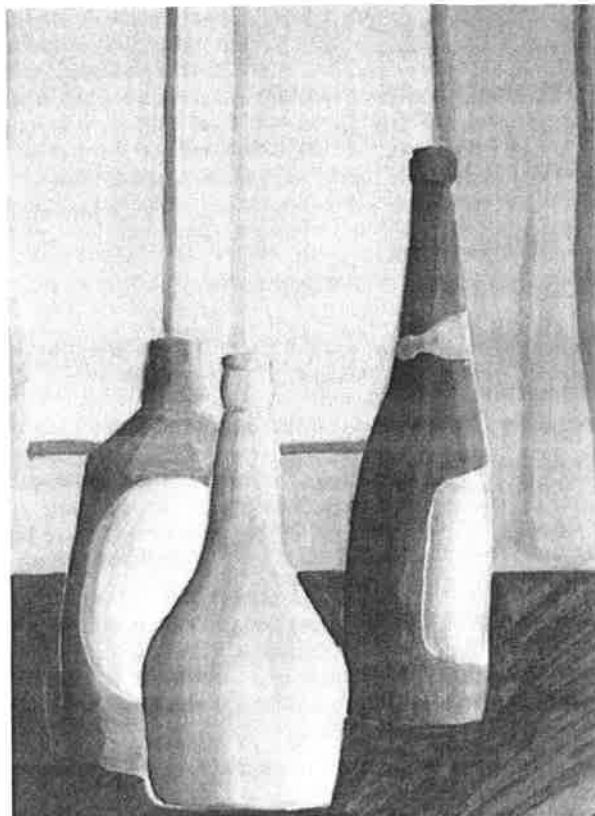
She took care not to frighten them. She crept near, her eyes shining with joy — how she loved them! They allowed her to join them and together they whiled away hours exploring each nook and corner of Sarah's territory. She picked cherry blossom for her friends and plaited it in their flowing blonde hair. They told her about their lives, stealing from garden to garden. They only liked children and kept away from grown-ups. Grown-ups refused to admit they existed and besides, they had no time for games and felt uncomfortable with them. Only children opened up their hearts and shared the joy playing could bring. . .

Dusk crept into the garden presently; the long shadows stretched and yawned, finally yielding to the damp fingers of night. The garden turned a darker shade of green, the leaves whispered together, nudging the watchful shrubs next to them. The blossoms slept peacefully, their heads tucked under the protecting leaves.

A shrill voice awakened them abruptly. A light was shining from the house; the garden too was illuminated for a brief moment of garish intensity. They lay still in the hush of expectancy. "Mop-pet!" The voices pierced the night like an arrow whistling through crisp, frosty air. "Won't you come inside?". The wind breathed a sigh of relief and the sharp silhouette in the doorway eventually melted away. Nestled beneath the dry leaves, Sarah

and her friends slept on, dreaming of blissful fantasies; their glowing hearts warmed them, the stars winked down. They needed all the rest they could get; tomorrow was the start of their longest journey yet . . .

R. Robson — 11



ALINA SLOAN — 9



OZLEM SERIM — 9

FIRE

I lay in bed, in a dream,
I suddenly woke to a great beam.
I jumped out of bed, it gave me a fright,
And there it was, the big bright light.
'Who turned it on?' I couldn't see,
The big bright light, it blinded me.
'It's fire of a dragon, it is', I said.
I could clearly make out his head.

Red, orange, yellow and pink,
The colour of the dragon I could only think.
I opened my eyes, the light still shone,
But when I looked round, the dragon was gone!

Katye Newton — 7

BUSHFIRE

Little wombat run for your furry hide,
Run from the burning flames,
Run to your hole.

Do you think it's safe in there?
Hurry, make up your mind little wombat,
The flames are coming closer.

Hurry little wombat,
Run to the river.
Cross it, little wombat,
Before the flames do.

Be careful little wombat
of the flying sparks.
Run and get out of their way.
Are you getting tired, little wombat?
Because if you are you'll never live again
To regret this moment.

Gerry Mantalvanos — 7

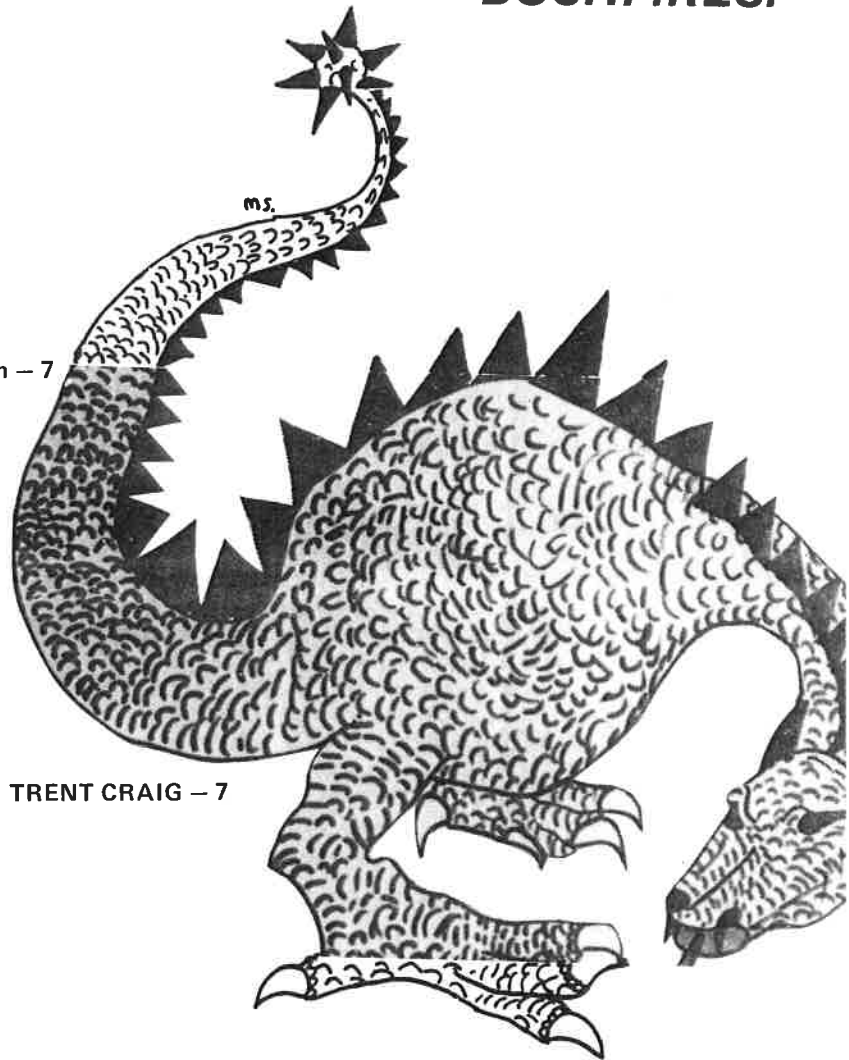


POEM

The day was hot, the heat haze rose,
The dust would come to clog my nose.
Around it swirled, this way and that,
It almost made the sky turn black.
Then fires came and the flames danced high,
It seemed the end of earth was nigh.
Gusting and blustering the wind blew strong,
Drowning out my favourite song.
Fire trucks came speeding in,
Everywhere was noise and din.
Water gushed in a curving spray
Action a plenty it was this day.
At last the dust began to settle,
The fire-men had won their battle.
Wearily the men trudged back,
To a well earned rest and then a snack
The wind stilled, the sun had set,
I hope and pray we never get
another day as wild as that.

Jason Bennett — 8

BUSHFIRES!



TRENT CRAIG — 7

FASTER! FASTER!

The small bird beat his wings as hard as he could in a vain attempt to escape from the towering inferno that made up the massive bushfire in the Otways. He plunged down to the river and he could barely hang onto the floating stick on which he was perched. Gulping down the water as fast as he could, the little honey-eater was very tired as he had been flying for over half an hour. His usual maximum was ten minutes.

Several parrots flew past the small bird and he longed for wings of a larger size. Wings capable of carrying you faster. Wings capable of soaring high up into the deep blue sky.

The honey-eater stirred himself from his dream, took one last gulp of water, and once again put all his energy and strength into flying.

He, alas, decided he could go no further when below him appeared a convoy of cars and trucks. Had they just appeared out of nowhere? No, that was not possible. He must just have not noticed them. He was wary of such things as these, but in an emergency where the only other alternative was death, the honey-eater decided to chance it.

He flew down into the back of a ute and settled himself amongst someone's precious belongings. As he lay there being sped away from the fire he presently fell asleep. He dreamed the most beautiful dreams as he was safe.

Katherine Williams — 9

ASH WEDNESDAY

The heat of the day was intense, and sweat ran down my face as I swung the heavy pick against the rock-hard clay. Dust from the tinder-dry plains around me blew into my eyes, making work difficult until finally, the last fence-post was in place. I pulled the dividing wires taut, secured them tightly, and satisfied, headed off to the cool shade of the big gum tree after a hard day's work.

I lay down looking up towards the sky. It appeared unusually hazy. My suspicions were aroused, even though I did not come to any conclusions. Everything seemed extremely quiet; not a single bird call could be heard. Forgetting all this, I reached for my transistor and tuned it to the local station. Pleasant music sounded gently in my ears. I relaxed and enjoyed it for quite some time, but then suddenly the tune was interrupted. It was a man's voice warning of a huge, threatening local bush-fire. The safety of my wife sprang instantly into my mind and unconsciously I scrambled to my feet and ran for my Range Rover. I had blindly ignored the thickening mist in the air.

The Range Rover's wheels came to a spinning start and it wasn't long before they were turning at maximum capacity, flinging dust from beneath them to both sides of the car. The further I drove, the denser the smoke became, giving me an eerie feeling that I was heading into the fire, thus into danger. I arrived home to find my wife distressed and crying, waiting for my safe return by the front door. With great speed I ran up to her, explained the situation in brief, told her to collect any necessary clothes and valuables, and be ready to leave as soon as I returned. Meanwhile, I ran next door to warn our neighbours. They were thankful for my concern and had left before I even had time to explain. I could now only see a metre or two ahead and the wind had strengthened to a very strong eighty knots.

We gathered up any valuable belongings and compressed them all into two large suitcases. We were going down the garden path towards the car, when one of the suitcases burst open and all our clothes and other valuables were strewn about. We tried to get them all back into the suitcase, but it was too late. Further down in the valley could be seen slivers of light and flames shooting high from bursting trees. The heat was unbearable. We left everything and ran back to the safety of our home. The windows were being pelted with flying cinders, and I could see the cords holding the rolled up canvas blinds just catching alight. Spontaneously, I told my wife to wet everything inside while I ran out and soaked the outside, but my efforts were meaningless. I was forced inside as fire took hold in trees just metres from the front door. Trees all around were exploding as if they were bombs, some were ripped from the ground.

We covered ourselves with blankets and wrapped towels soaked in water around our mouths to stop the choking smoke. My wife was in a state of panic as we watched in terror and prayed. All the time the deadly sound of wind and flames could be heard roaring around us. At this moment, many thoughts crossed my mind. In the distance I could hear the sirens of firefighting units and I could imagine what all those brave volunteer firefighters must be going through; helping to save other people's property while their own was probably burning down. The fibro exterior of the house had started making a crackling sound and flames and sparks were coming in under the door. We had to put towels along the crevice to stop it. Guttering caught fire and windows cracked as a result of the great heat. It was like 'hell', and was an unnerving, terrifying experience, the most frightening thing I had ever seen.

After two hours of the torture we thought it would be safe to go outside. The danger had passed. By a miracle, the house was still standing, but outside the scene was different. A garage and a shed containing a long saved-for tractor had been reduced to nothing but a pile of rubble. I couldn't hold back my tears any longer. The suitcase and its contents which we had left behind in the confusion was now only a heap of dust. Plastic pipes on the outside of the house had melted like limp spaghetti. All around, as far as the eye could see, black ghostly trees, some uprooted, were silhouetted against the white ground. The landscape of towering gums and eucalypts had been turned into a black desert, where feet sank into soft grey troughs of ash, and the only sound was shrivelled leaves rattling like bones in the wind.

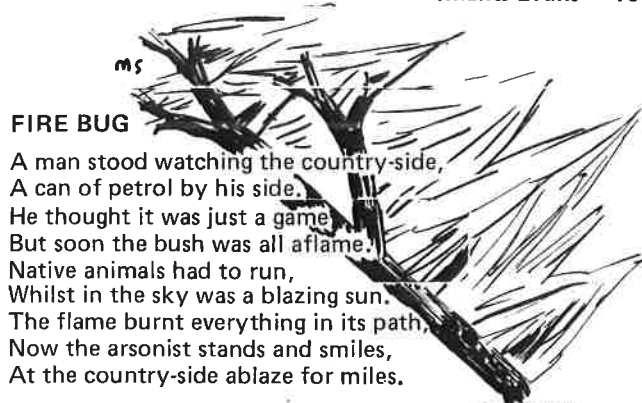
All around there were the smouldering remains of houses not so lucky in the night's inferno. My Range Rover, which I had left by the house, had also been affected by the heat; however, it was still in operation. We drove to check our stock. Everywhere, abandoned burnt-out cars littered the roadside. Many of them appeared to have hit fallen trees before their owners took off on foot. We passed a firefighter unit which was still on patrol, hosing down remains to prevent another outbreak.

When we reached our paddocks, we were confronted by a heart-breaking sight. Injured stock wandered aimlessly in the burnt out paddock although most of the sheep had gone, having died where they stood. Their blackened and charred bodies dotted the countryside like burnt-out tree stumps.

I had brought my gun along, as somehow I already knew that I would be needing it. Those sheep fortunate enough to be alive had to be shot to put them out of their misery. This was something that had to be done, and while I was performing this task, a brown butterfly lurching around the blue smoke trails rising up from still smouldering tree trunks, caught my eye. It was a wonderful sight to see nature beginning over again so quickly.

It was only later when I had recovered from a state of shock and had returned to reasoned thinking that I realized how lucky we were to be alive. Only then did I realize the great losses and the hard earned dreams which had been shattered, but which I was determined to rebuild.

Imants Bruns — 10



FIRE BUG

A man stood watching the country-side,
A can of petrol by his side.
He thought it was just a game,
But soon the bush was all aflame.
Native animals had to run,
Whilst in the sky was a blazing sun.
The flame burnt everything in its path,
Now the arsonist stands and smiles,
At the country-side ablaze for miles.

Rohan Constable — 7



REPORTS... REPORTS... REPORTS....

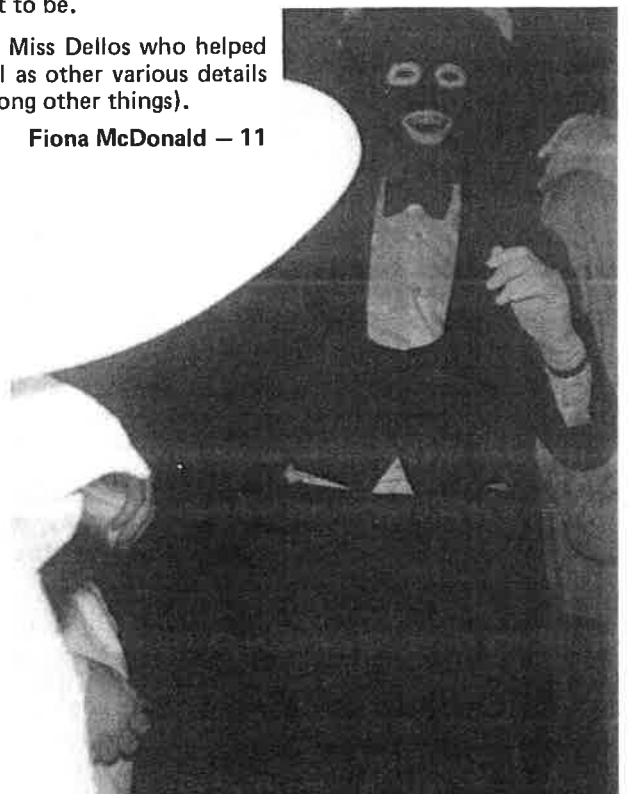


1983 SENIOR SOCIAL REPORT

This years senior social proved to be a great success. At approximately 7.30 p.m., "finely clad" bodies appeared in the unusually informal foyer entrance and the festive sensation slowly warmed, until by 8.00 p.m. the dance floor was a mingle of closely "moving" bodies. The music was danceable, loud and popular at most times of the evening, and the various prizes awarded throughout the night also gave a few students some entertainment. I, as one of the inter-minglers, had a very "interesting" evening and so too did the various Arabs, punks, Indians, bumble-bees, fairies, and other whatevers in the crowd. The many teachers who attended this wonderful night must be congratulated on costume attempts, if not encouraged to try again next year. Overall, the 1983 senior social provided many students with an enjoyable evening and congratulations must be extended to all the S.R.C. members who worked extremely hard to make the night as successful as it turned out to be.

A very special thankyou goes to Miss Dellos who helped out with the organisation, as well as other various details (such as a very convenient car among other things).

Fiona McDonald — 11



REPORTS... REPORTS... REPORTS....

BIOLOGY CAMP

The year 11 Biology Camp was both successful and educational. The camp was designed for us to take part in practical activities in various environments.

Our first destination was Sherbrook Forest where we observed the natural wild-life. Next we visited the Mangrove swamps, where many students found themselves up to their armpits in mud. Other activities included plant classification, observation of aquatic and crab life as well as a look at a local dam. Following each activity, we were required to write a written report summing up all our observations ugh!

However, the camp was not a case of 'all work and no play.' In the evenings there were games to play, films to see and even our 'own-constructed' disco!!

Overall, it was an enjoyable camp, which was beneficial for our term's work. Thanks to Miss Dellos and Mr. Smith for their organization, and Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Page for their help.

Karen Power — 11



SOCIAL SERVICES IN 1983

The students of Camberwell High participated in the following activities. Without the help of the students these services would not have been a success. Prospective would like to thank all the students who participated in the following events. We would also like to thank Mrs. Salter for organizing these activities and the teachers who helped.

March 1st to 25th — Easter egg drive \$200 profit
Monday 25th April — Anzac day badges were sold.
All during June — Multiple Sclerosis readathon.
June 17th to 19th — World vision 40 hour famine
Sunday, 3rd July — Salvation Army door knock, about 40 students participated.

August — Casual day end of term two
September — Lamington drive
September to October — Give a Meal Appeal
November — Sale of poppies for R.S.L.
December — Christmas Hamper
Odyssey house donation of \$50

Visit to Government House for social service awards related to the Give a Meal Appeal. Five students plus Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Salter attended.

Assisting the fire victims through collection of clothing, food, money, cake stall, casual day and cash donations.

TEENAGER OF THE YEAR QUEST

Our school has one entrant in this quest this year, Brigitte Munchow from year eleven. She must raise a minimum of \$300 and compete against other representatives from state and private schools throughout Victoria. Money from the Senior social is to assist Brigitte Munchow in Teenager of the Year Quest.

State schools relief fund money collected from students' parents.

We also had to support our foster child in Indonesia, Sri Sokiye.

THE YEAR 12 CAKE STALL

On Ash Wednesday, disastrous bushfires swept through Victoria producing drastic results among numerous families. Thousands of homes were destroyed and many people lost loved ones as well as irreplaceable and personal possessions. A Bush Fire Relief Fund was established in order to financially help these homeless families in their struggle to rebuild their lives.

Some Year 12 students from Camberwell High School came up with the brilliant idea of a cake stall to help contribute towards the worthy fund. With the knowledge that the average student relishes home baked goodies, they knew this venture was bound to be a roaring success.

The night before the stall was scheduled, the delicious aromas of freshly baked cakes, slices and biscuits wafted through the homes of many Year 12 students.

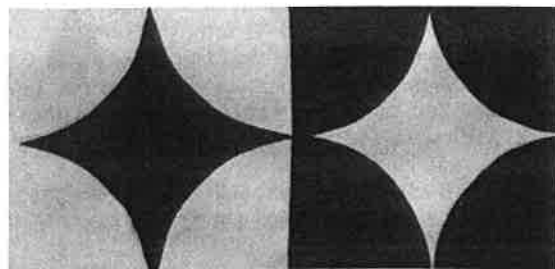
Early the next morning, participating students arrived laden with generous donations which were stored in the Home Economics room and by 9.00 a.m. a variety of mouth-watering delicacies had appeared: chocolate eclairs; nutty fruit cakes; cream-filled sponges; assortments of biscuits, vanilla and coffee slices, coconut ice; rich chocolate cakes; calorie-laden cream cakes; chocolate chip and butter cookies; lemon cup cakes; and lots more.

During roll call, teachers were privileged to be permitted first choice of the luscious cake display before the hungry mass of students converged upon it.

Each slice was sold at a price of 5–15 cents and by half-way through lunchtime, the mound of palatable goodies had vanished and, left in its place, was a pile of silver coins. The mission had been finally accomplished, the money was counted and, to our astonishment, it totalled an amount of \$135. With the additional idea for a casual day at the cost of 40 cents a student, held the following day, the effort became a staggering total of \$420.

The success of this project was only possible through the time and effort devoted by many Year 12 students and teachers, and by the support of the students of Camberwell High School.

Annette Chen — 12



CON TRAHANAS — 7

REPORTS... REPORTS... REPORTS....

YEAR 10 & 11 SKI TRIP

It was the dark hours of the morning. Under the sinister structure of Camberwell High School a small crowd gathered. Gradually the crowd grew until, at last, all were present. Then the order was given to count the numbers. After a few moments of shoving and pushing, twenty-one students and three teachers sat on the bus. A moment later they departed. The 1983 C.H.S. Ski trip had begun.

Six hours later we were on the slopes having our first lesson. By the end of the day we were tired but happy and settling into our lodge, which would be home for the next five days. On thorough investigation we were glad to discover that the lodge was to our liking.

After our dinner of "Carter's Casserole", the agenda was given for the night's entertainment, which consisted of a movie "An American Werewolf in London", a series of unrepeatable Richard Alderton jokes, milo, ricebubbles and then to bed.

Over the next four days we were slammed into consciousness by the inconsiderate scream of Mr. Carter between 7.30 and 8.30. After a hasty breakfast we would ski together until midday, and then from twelve until two o'clock we had ski lessons, for which we were most appreciative.

By the time the trip had finished, everyone could ski proficiently; the beginners of five days ago were attempting some harder slopes, and the intermediates were improving their technique. But by far the best skiers were Mr. Carter, Richard Alderton, Gavin Mount and Justin Sheldrake. The most reckless of the beginners was Jason-The-Koala-Florence. He fearlessly plummeted down slope after slope and occasionally even reached the bottom without falling.

Skiing was not the only memorable part of the trip, as the indoor activities tended to be just as interesting as outdoors. For example, on Wednesday night, Jenny Brooke and Phillipa Hore added a new dimension to fried chips, Richard Callaghan succeeded in destroying the puddings and Sally Davis quite nearly blew Mr. Carter up. It was, however, interesting to see Mr. Carter with smouldering eyebrows and curled hair. Dinner was finally served to the satisfaction of group two and to the immense relief of one "medium-rare" teacher.

At the conclusion of the camp Richard Alderton was awarded skier-of-the-trip and general-good-guy award, which took the form of a gold skier mounted on a wooden trophy. Richard, overcome with emotion, choked back the tears and accepted the award cheerfully.

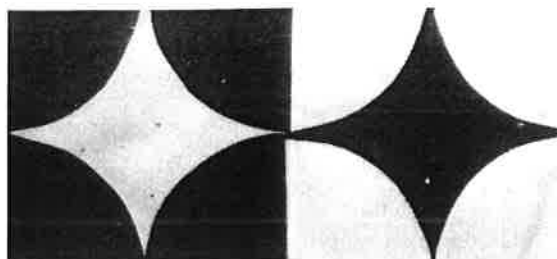
After such an enjoyable trip, it was with great reluctance we left behind our ski lodge. The final snowball had been hurled in one last ferocious fight, and we bade farewell to Mount Buller and the slowly melting bodies of our snowmen.

Steve Moriarty — 11

YEAR 7 — SAUSAGE SIZZLE

On Tuesday the 15th February (Pancake Tuesday) the annual Year 7 Sausage Sizzle was held. Children from year 7 and their families came; there were about 450 people. All the food was provided by the school council and pancake races were held for students, parents and staff. The champion of the students' race was Daniel Guerin, and Allan Geurin won the parents' race. It started at about 5.30 p.m. and finished at 8.30 p.m. During the six years that it has been held, twice it has been a total fire ban. The sausage sizzle is the first major event of the year for families of year 7 to get to know other staff and other people.

Kathy Smith
Lisa Scholes — 7



PARENTS AND FRIENDS

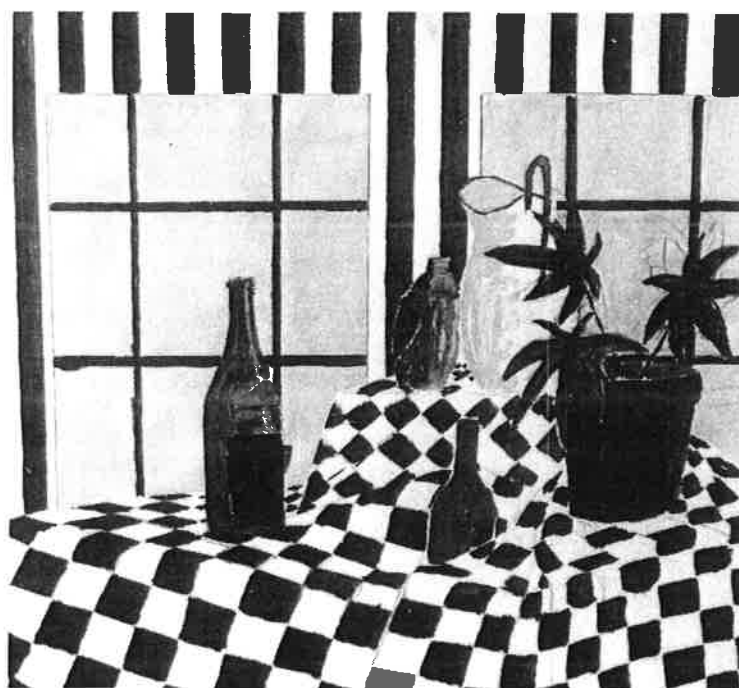
What or who are the P.F.A. of C.H.S? It is a committee of parents who meet once a month (at school) to discuss projects for fund raising which provides the facilities of C.H.S. with aids to help both students and staff. At each meeting reports from the Principal, School Council, Education, Canteen, Buildings and Grounds committees keep us in touch with all that is happening, which enables us to be a liaison between parents and school.

We are a small, dedicated, hard working group of parents who this year have been able to provide funds for:

- Donation (bush fires)
- Suppers at school activities e.g. Parent Teacher Nights
- P.E. (paint for gym)
- Sick Bay (fan)
- English (tapes and cassettes)
- Scholarships for Year 10 students to continue studies
- Year 12 Luncheon
- Money raised in 1983 from sale of windcheaters
- Secondhand clothes, film night (poorly attended)
- Your donation on the levy sheets
- Organising working bees and providing morning and afternoon-teas to "Mum's and Dad's".

I would like to thank the P & F committee on your behalf, and ask YOU to support them in 1984 by joining them, because new members and ideas are needed NOW. My thanks to those who have supported us in '83 and looking forward to seeing you in '84.

PRESIDENT: T. Ratcliffe



TED FREEMAN — 10

REPORTS... REPORTS... REPORTS....

REPORT OF HISTORIC EXCURSION TO PEKING OPERA

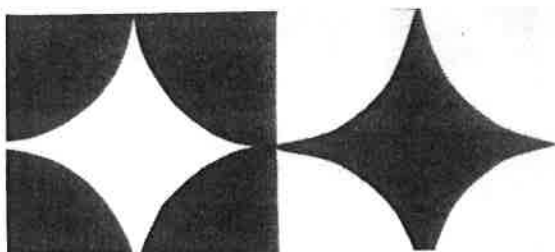
On Wednesday 16th March, more than fifty senior history students were invited to a special performance of the Peking Opera. The performance was especially organized for several Melbourne schools by the Australia-China Council. The Jiangsu Peking Opera Theatre Company were touring Australia to commemorate the tenth anniversary of diplomatic relations between Australia and the People's Republic of China. The tour was sponsored by many organizations, including Michael Edgley and Benson and Hedges Pty Ltd., and whilst in Melbourne, The Opera was performed at the Princess Theatre.

The Peking Opera troupe presented two brief works from their total programme. These works were called 'Lying Tiger Trench' and 'Cross Roads Inn'. 'Lying Tiger Trench' is about a young man, Ai Hu, who is a trained and honourable fighting man, but severely hampered by poverty. He has consented to have a marriage with a girl he has never seen, and he sets out to meet his prospective father-in-law who lives in a remote place called Lying Tiger Trench. However, Ai Hu does not know that his fiancée is a member of a vigilante force, combating all forms of injustice and oppression in the neighbourhood. Ai Hu, kidnapped by a number of bandits, is eventually rescued by his fiancée, whom he has never met. The arranged betrothal turns into a love-match at first sight, and the pair continue onto Lying Tiger Trench. The Second Piece, 'Cross Roads Inn', is basically about an upright and brave general, Jiao Zar, who has been unjustly convicted and sentenced to exile. His commanding officer is not convinced of his guilt, so he orders a young officer Ren Tanghui to follow him secretly and protect him. Overhearing Jiao's guards plotting to kill the General, the innkeeper decides to intervene and save his life. Ren Tanghui arrives and questions the innkeeper, who suspects that Ren is involved in the plot to kill the General. Ren and the innkeeper fight to kill each other, until the innkeeper's wife brings the General to meet Ren whom he recognises. The misunderstanding between Ren and the innkeeper is dispelled amidst laughter.

The audience at the Princess Theatre were also treated to a behind-the-scenes look at the Peking Opera Theatre Company. Two actors from the Company displayed the work involved in applying make-up to their faces. It took the actors over twenty-five minutes to apply the make-up, and a further ten to fifteen minutes to don their costumes. It was difficult to appreciate the dedication of these people, who must appear in over five hundred performances a year. We were also shown the various costumes used by the Company, most of which cost over \$1000 to manufacture.

Overall, the Peking Opera was a wonderful experience, enabling the audience to compare the Ancient Chinese Theatre with the Ancient English Theatre. The excursion was indeed valuable to the Year 12 Asian History class, who gained great understanding of Chinese culture through the Opera.

Gerard Petty — 12



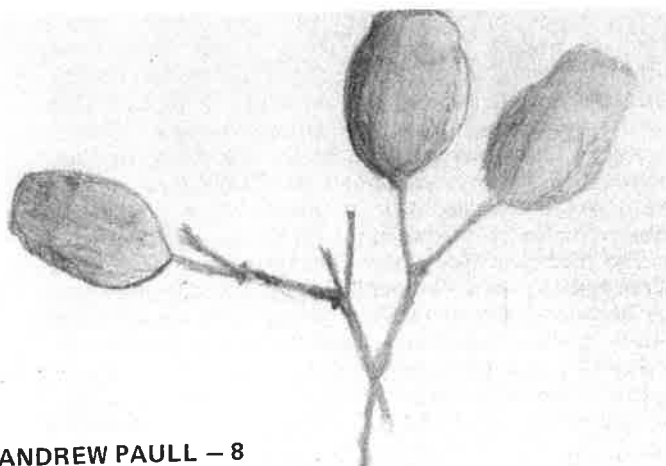
S.R.C.

From the outset, this year's Student Representative Council has tried to provide for the needs and desires of the student body. In days past the S.R.C. has had a poor reputation with students — this year we hoped to change that. This proved to be no easy task with our effectiveness hampered by masses of red tape and poor attendance at meetings.

Meetings were held once a week during lunchtime for approximately forty minutes. Any upcoming event which the S.R.C. proposed to organise would be discussed at these meetings. A new addition to the S.R.C. was Miss Dellos who acted in a Staff Representative capacity. Miss Dellos was present at all meetings, and although she had no voting power, advised us on many matters. It was a great help to have her with us and I think that all future S.R.C.'s would benefit from having a suitable staff representative at the meetings.

Early in second term a casual day was organised, and \$100 was raised, whilst later in the term a fancy dress Senior Social was held, which was a tremendous success thanks to teacher/student response, and hard work from the S.R.C. Third term will see the S.R.C. planning activities such as the Junior Social, after-school recreation, films and videos for students, and donations to charity organisations.

Mark Torriero — President S.R.C.



ANDREW PAULL — 8

EMERALD

Towards the end of February this year a group of Year 11 Business Studies students formed a business that was later called EMERALD PTY LTD. The task of the business was to compete in a competition that was being run by the Rotary Club of North Balwyn. It was absolutely necessary to see that the business met all legal, financial and insurance requirements.

The funding of the Business was gained through the sale of shares which were sold to staff and students at the cost of 40c per share. A stall was set up at the Camberwell Bazaar on Sunday the 29th May, and it sold second hand goods which were either given to us to sell for the owner, or given to us altogether.

Although we did not win a prize out of the six schools that were competing, we were nevertheless pleased to see that shareholders would get a return of 60% on top of their original investment.

It has been a project through which my Board of Directors and I gained a lot of experience. Good luck to next year's group.

Ian Ross — 11
Managing Director
EMERALD PTY LTD.

REPORTS... REPORTS... REPORTS....

LIBRARY

There have been many improvements to the library during 1983. New carpet has been laid, excess carrels disposed of, some new tables and chairs added and by arranging the furniture, the library has a more spacious and neat appearance than before.

New to the library staff is Miss J. Bayliss who was transferred from Caulfield. We were very pleased to have Mrs. Ramage working with us until she left in May. Miss J. Kerger has been helping us for several periods a week. During Term 2, Miss Bayliss was on six weeks leave and she was replaced by Mrs. M. Driller.

Two volunteers have joined our staff. Mrs. Munchow and Mrs. Bates spend many hours typing and doing other chores to help relieve our increasing load of work. To these volunteer workers, we say 'thank you' and we certainly appreciate the valuable work they do for the school.

There have been a variety of displays featuring different themes during the year. Displays of students' work has proved popular such as Year 7 history projects and poems written by 7A. Also there have been geography displays such as an excellent project on Maldon. The library looks forward to more class work to display.

The Library Committee has a very enthusiastic group of students from all levels. Members pass on information and ideas to librarians from their forms and they have resulted in suggesting changes to loans, many new titles of fiction books and they roster themselves for duty during lunch time. The Committee organized a library Amnesty hoping to retrieve some of the many books lost over the past years. Lisa Scholes and Jacqui Henderson volunteered to use the microphone in Safeways, Camberwell on a Friday after school asking ex-students to return library books. Despite the efforts of the Committee, the Amnesty was not a wonderful success; however, we did receive thirty of the lost books, one which was lost in 1959 and another in 1963!

The feed-back from these Committee members is very important to the librarians, as besides the assistance the librarians give to faculties and their needs, the Committee give constructive suggestions for both study and leisure needs of students.

G. Kuhne

LIBRARY COMMITTEE REPORT

After a slow start with very few members, the Library Committee is now an active school body with 25 members at least. The majority are junior students who have shown great interest and enthusiasm. They certainly weren't afraid of speaking up and Mrs. Kuhne has therefore been able to buy dozens of new books knowing that they would be of interest. We would have liked to have heard from the senior students as well!

Despite the late start, we have been quite busy, particularly in third term. In the second term a library Amnesty Week was organized, but due to the lack of support and interest, it wasn't very successful, though 30 books were retrieved.

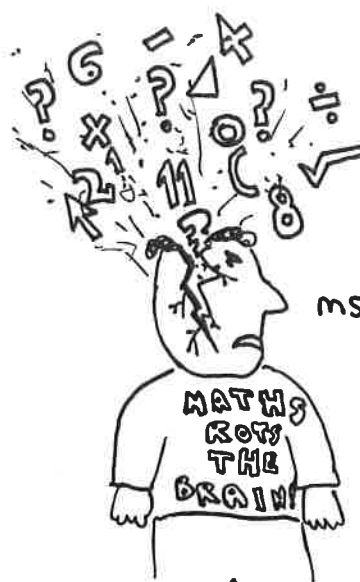
But the Library Committee isn't just concerned with books. We aim to reach a mutual understanding between staff and students so that 'nagging' and resentment will become a thing of the past. Also, we try to make the library a place for everyone, especially in the way of appearance. Hopefully, next year we'll have even more members, and we will be able to get off to a quick start.

Birgette Munchow

MATHS

Maths is when numbers fly like pigeons in and out of our heads. Maths tells you how many you lose and win, that's if you know how many you had before you lost or won. Maths is 7x11 all good children go to heaven, or 5x6 a bundle of sticks. Maths is numbers which you squeeze from your head to your hand to your pencil to your paper till you get the answers. Maths makes you happy if the answer is right because then you can look out the window and see the nice blue sky. Maths can also make you upset and angry when the answer is wrong because you have to start over again. If you take a number and double it and double it and then double it a few more times, the number gets bigger and bigger, and goes higher and higher and only Maths can tell you what the number is when you decide to quit doubling. So Maths is very exciting and important.

Dean Hawley - 8



Once again CHS students did very well in the Australian Mathematics Competition.

Chi Wai Leung of Year 10 gained a prize for being placed on the top 5% for his age group.

The following students were placed in the top 15% and received distinction certificates.

Matthew Baker
Shoal Amiet
Elizabeth Hoye
Philippe Sturrock
James Friday
Heather Savage
David McRobert
Thuc Tran
Duncan Adams
John Strainic
Boo Teong Khoo
Andrew McNeilly
Paul Nankervis
Loo Hai Teh
Alex Green
Andrew Wilson
Martin Sidell

Ian Middleton
Alistair Mills
Cynthia Leung
Malcolm Gunn
Andrew Forsythe
Pavan Gandhiok
Alina Sloan
David Stravropoulos
Amalie Paull
Min Chong
Josie Matthiesson
Caroline Lee
John Chow
Marc De Jong
Chai Khor
Jamie Evans
Michael Dean

In addition to the above, 49 students were awarded credit Certificates for being placed in the top 30% of the competition.



MUSIC 1983

Music plays a very important role in the life of our school. Students are fortunate in being able to learn a wide range of instruments and have lessons regularly from visiting music teachers. Their instruments may be hired from the school for a reasonable fee, and although not quite up to Melbourne Symphony Orchestra standards, they enable students to participate in a large number of musical activities both within the school and in the more humble of the venues which the community has to offer.

The senior band, now widely recognised throughout the school with varying degrees of affection, has acquired a junior counterpart which was formed in the early part of the year. Both bands are fairly large and practise each Friday, the members of the senior band employing great strength of will to arrive at school, looking bleary-eyed and somewhat less than enthusiastic, by eight o'clock in the morning.

During Moomba, the school band accepted its first engagement for the year and on Sunday 6th March performed a number of items at a ground in Batman Avenue. Those green-clad musicians who trekked across the dry expanse of drought-stricken stubble searching expectantly for a covered stage, however, were sadly disappointed. Chairs and music stands were assembled somewhere near the centre of this unwelcoming scene and the band played feverishly in the blazing sun, those amongst us in possession of plastic instruments waiting anxiously for the first drips of black plastic to appear in our laps.

On Sunday 19th June, Mr Brookes and Mr West conducted our second 'Blowathon', this year more aptly christened the 'Blow —, Bang — Scrape-athon'. Miss Dellos also gave up her day to help supervise this slightly cacophonous occasion, which was designed to raise funds for the school music department.

The 1983 music camp, involving forty-eight junior and senior band members, was held at the Church of Christ Fellowship Centre in Monbulk from Thursday 8th to Friday 9th September. As well as rehearsing for the approaching South Street Competitions, the students were able to make use of trampolines, a flying fox, a table tennis table and a pool table, and could enjoy the magnificent views afforded by the camp site. Thanks to Mr. Brookes, Mr. West, Mr. Ryan and Miss Dellos, both bands made good progress during the camp and a great time, if not an excessive amount of sleep, was had by all.

The band was invited to provide the afternoon's musical entertainment on the A.N.A. Lawn on Friday, 16th September at the Royal Melbourne Show. Much excitement was generated by the fact that our name was printed on a large sign for all to see — we are as yet unaccustomed to such extravagant reminders of our fame. Mr Brookes, having handed out stylish wooden clothes pegs to prevent our music blowing away, conducted selections from our now quite extensive repertoire. Many thanks to Mr Brookes, Mr West and our gratifyingly enthusiastic but 'planted' audience, Mrs Rainer and Mr Ryan.

Possibly the most exciting event for the band this year was its performance at the Royal South Street Competitions in Ballarat. At four o'clock on Saturday, 17th September we clambered onto our bus and departed from the school, farewelled by Mr Collins. We arrived in Ballarat shortly after six o'clock and after a hurried meal drove to the South Street Society to unpack our instruments and warm up. We played three pieces: "Grecian Dance of the Sea", "Aria and Gigue" and "Brass Fever", all of which were conducted by the indefatigable

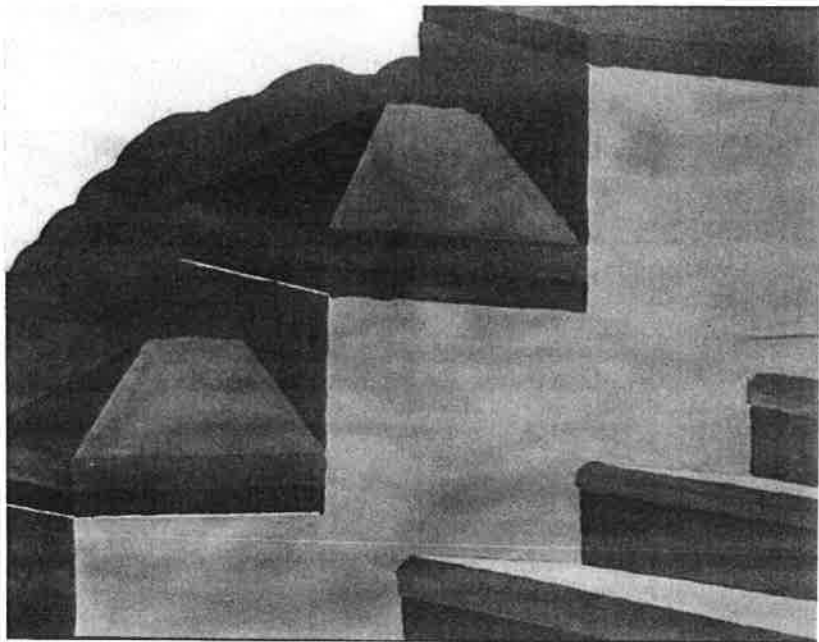
Mr Brookes. Finally, at about midnight, the results were announced. Camberwell had gained 85 points to come a close 5th out of twelve bands! It was a happy but exhausted group of musicians that arrived back at school at 2.00 a.m. on Sunday morning. Special thanks to Miss Dellos (who thought to make a list of everyone's names in the back of her address book), and to Mr West, both of whom devoted their weekends to accompanying us. Most of all, of course, the band would like to thank Mr Brookes for his patience and help, not only on this occasion, but throughout the entire year.

A major musical event for the school in 1983 was the thirty-seventh Annual House Choral and Instrumental Festival. Weeks of preparation and hard work on the part of teachers, conductors and choir and instrumental group members preceded this highly successful occasion, which was held on Wednesday, 17th August. The entry of each house consisted of a junior set song — "The Rainbow Connection" — a senior mixed part song and an instrumental item. Miss Rusden must be thanked and congratulated for her part in organising the evening and ensuring that all ran as smoothly as possible. Thanks also to Mr J. Howie, Mr A. Brookes, Mr M. West, Mr P. Ryan and to all the teachers who gave up their time to join and help the choirs. In particular, the conductors and organisers would like to thank all the students, both junior and senior, who participated in the choirs and instrumental items, and who helped to make this such an enjoyable occasion. And finally, last but by no means least, congratulations must go to Macarthur house and their conductor Suzanne Patrick, who won the competition with 86 points.

On Thursday 27th October music formed a large part of the entertainment at this year's School Speech Night. The senior choir, which was formed in late September and trained by Mr Howie, performed two songs — "Don't Fence Me In" by Cole Porter and "Lady" by Lionel Richie Jnr. The band, conducted on this occasion by Mr West, performed its favourite item for the year — "Grecian Dance of the Sea" — and the less invigorating "Birdland". A band which was formed by a group of year ten students earlier this year performed a piece composed and arranged by the students, while Michelle Bardwell, Sarah Clifton, Sarah Dugdale and Steven Odgers presented a flute quartet entitled "Epigrams". The H.S.C. overseas students performed a number of songs from Asian countries, adding to the interest and variety of the evening.

This year a number of students learning woodwind instruments entered for A.M.E.B. examinations and managed to gain five B's and one A, in grades ranging from one to three. Congratulations to Judy Prager, Angela Edwards, Sue Lynch, Nora Tennis, Alice Matthiesson and Stuart Gunn. Earlier in the year, Alex Green was awarded second prize in the Victorian Schools' Music Festival for his horn solo — congratulations to him also.

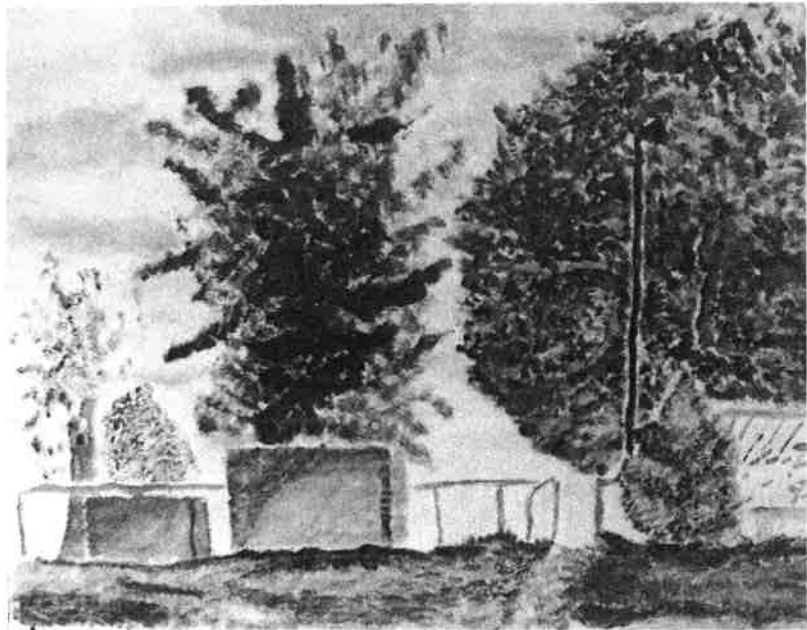
1983 has been a highly successful and enjoyable musical year for Camberwell High. Special thanks must be given to Mr Collins, Mr Coram, Miss Rusden, all the music staff and the teachers, parents and students who have organised and participated in musical activities throughout the year.



CHRIS FITZGERALD – 10

Views of our School

by Year 10

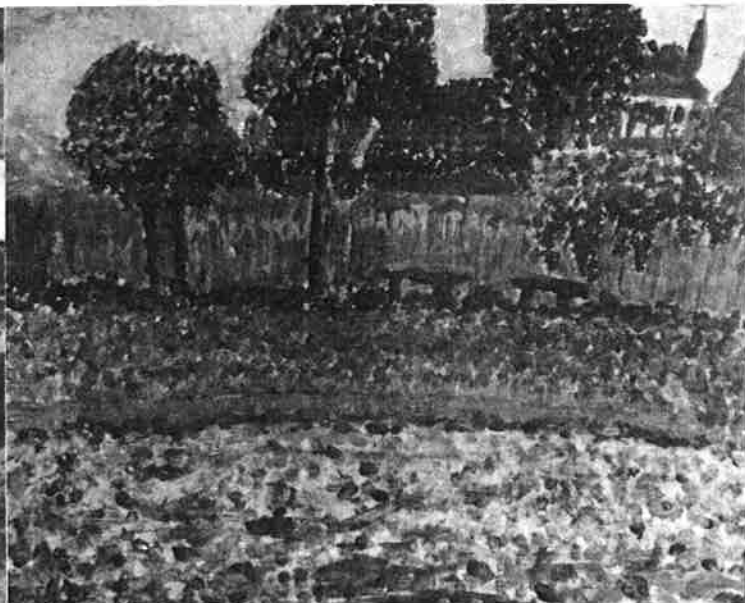


MEGAN BROOKE – 10

ROLF PRESTON – 10



GEORGINA ADAMSON – 10



A LITTLE HISTORY ABOUT OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Many, many years ago back in the 1920's, the Hawthorn and Camberwell districts got together and decided that there was a need for a new high school in the district. For seven years citizens and councillors explored for suitable sites but it wasn't until 1928 that they discovered the present site. The Camberwell, Hawthorn, Kew and Blackburn-Mitcham councils donated 6,000 pounds to purchase the site of 5¼ acres, which was part of a 13 acre site between Riversdale and Prospect Hill Roads. From 1929 to 1936 no action was taken to build the school. Successive deputations by the councils and parliamentarians inevitably made them refuse to build the school for they considered more immediate cases to be dealt with first.

During this period it was assumed that the new school would be for girls only, to complement the Box Hill Boys High School. In 1939 there was a change in department policy to the extent that the new school would be for both girls and boys.

In June 1939 the Director of Education recommended that the school should be built. Costing about 20,000 pounds, it was approved by the minister in October 1939 and was to be completed and ready for occupation on 27th May, 1941. The school opened for the first time with an enrolment figure of 147 boys and 215 girls. The first principal was Dr. A. V. G. James and alongside him were twelve staff members.

However, this occupancy did not last long, for it was recommended by the Education Department on 3rd March, 1942 for Camberwell High School to disperse its students to central schools. This was owing to the fact that the United States Army requested that Melbourne Boys High School and the MacRobertson Girls High School be vacated immediately, for the buildings were to be used for military authority and war-time administration. Strong protest from parents and councillors got nowhere and it wasn't until 1945 that the original students of Camberwell High School returned.

On the second opening of the school the enrolment figure was 345 pupils. Within one year the school was crowded with 484 pupils. Enrolments increased steadily but rapidly, and by 1962 the school had 889 pupils almost one hundred more than it has at present. Of course the new building had not been built then and all these students had to be crammed into the old building and some pre-fabricated classrooms. Despite additional rooms to the old building such as room 20 and 13, and the help of the pre-fabricated classrooms, there was still a need for more space. Then in 1962 the gymnasium was built to accommodate some pupils. The overcrowding of facilities was a major feature of the school. However, after 1962 the numbers declined to some extent, for other schools had been built also. The Advisory Council had been agitating for fifteen years prior to this for more classrooms and an Assembly Hall. These began to be built in 1968 and were to be completed and ready for occupation by May 1970.

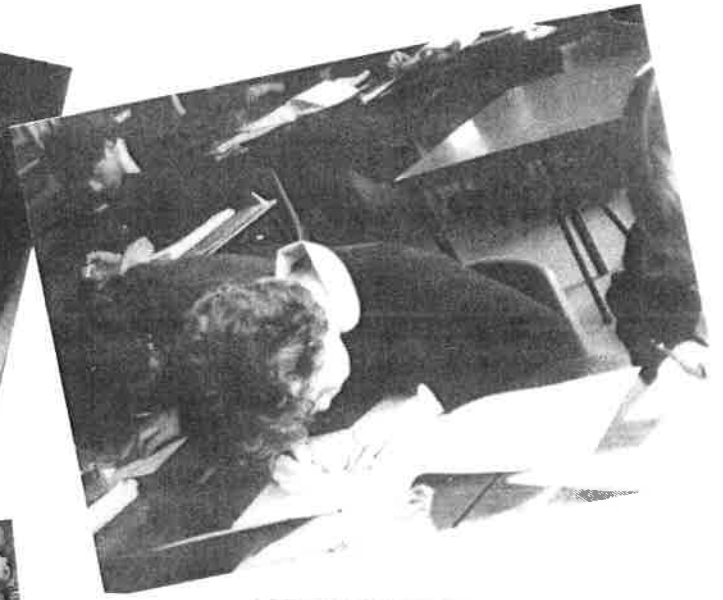
During the four decades of existence the school has had seven principals: Dr. A. V. G. James who opened the school in 1941 to 1947; Mr. R. Andrews from 1948 to 1952 and again from 1958 to 1965; Mr. A. J. Ebbels filling his position from 1953 to 1957; Mr. I. Gazzard from 1966 to 1968; Mr. H. J. Slattery from 1968 to 1970; followed by Miss M. J. Essex from 1971 to 1976; and finally succeeded by the Principal of Camberwell High School today Mr. D. J. Collins, who first came in 1977.

Camberwell High School has been fortunate to have leaders of such calibre as these seven fine people. Backed by an active Advisory Council and assisted by teachers and parents who have identified themselves with the school's aims and activities, the school's position has been enhanced both in the community and in the State Education System. This was proven when in 1952, Melbourne University raised the status of Camberwell High School to a class A school in Leaving Certificate.

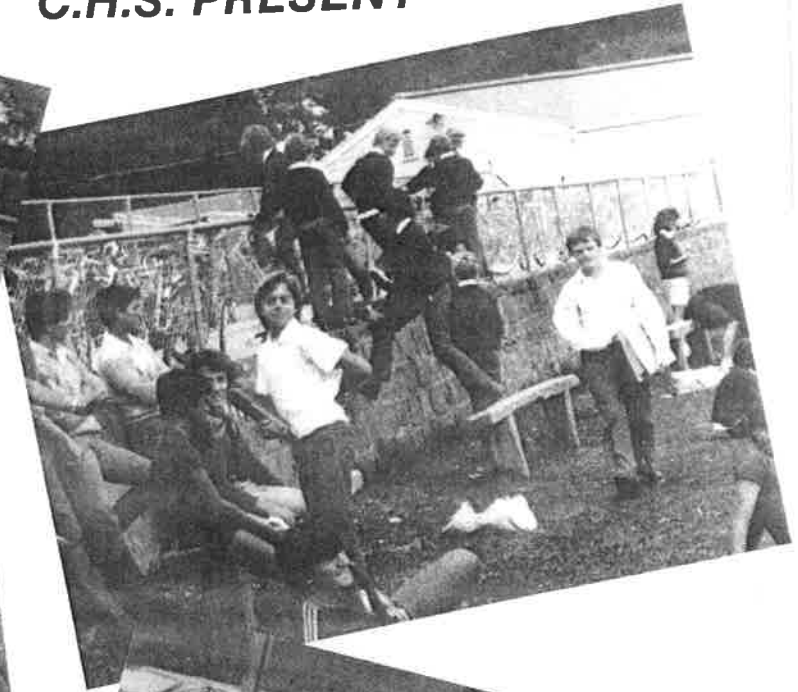
Camberwell High School has not only been a school just for students, but a place where a person literally starts his life off. For over forty years people have come and gone and the school's been through so many things that it's hard to think of our school once being someone else's. As it has improved a great deal in the last forty years, hopefully in the forty years and the years to follow it will keep improving. So a little bit of history about our school has enhanced our knowledge and given us a better understanding of what's been happening.

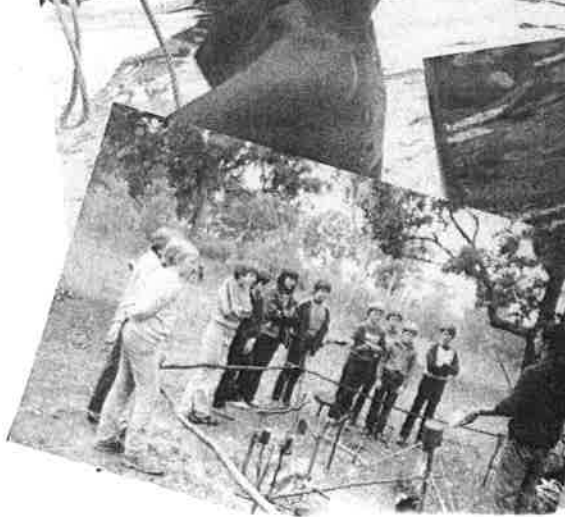
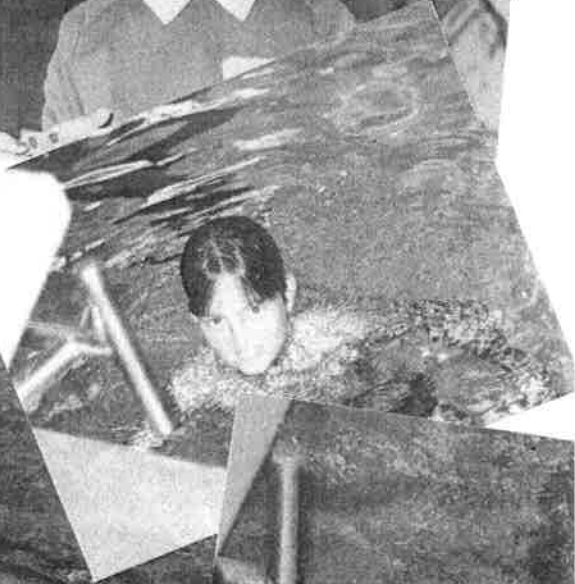
Dora Ioannou — 12





C.H.S. PRESENT





C.H.S. FUTURE

Now, let's get one thing straight, when I say the future I don't mean 1 or 5 years I mean 50 or even 100!

Yes, of course I know that it may not even exist, a bomb could destroy the entire school tomorrow, for all I know. A blazing fire could burn everything. What would it really be like? Just remember that this is only my point of view, it may differ from yours greatly.

My job is to fill you in on most aspects of our school in the far distance of time. Not only the tangible things like the canteen but also intangible things like the teachers' and students' mental attitudes. Will it be long before computers take over the teacher's position completely? Can you honestly tell me that you would like to be taught by a computer and talk to a computer? What on earth would happen to the word "communication"? Could a computer teach you to communicate, to have a normal friendship with a human-being?

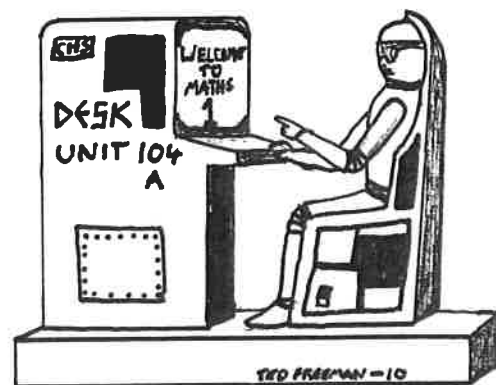
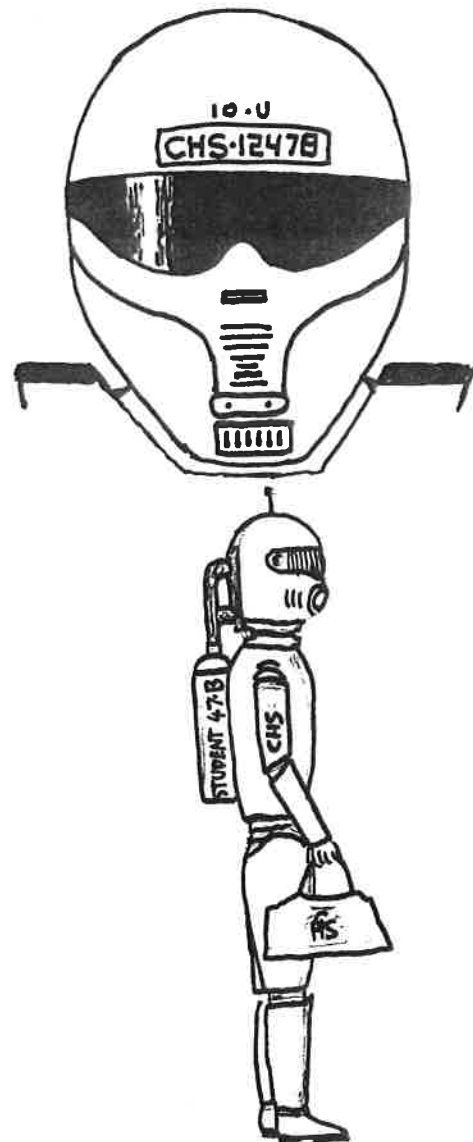
As everything is going to be so technical and advanced, how on earth can I begin to explain or even imagine it? I will start to discuss the library; will it be filled with many varieties of video discs and tapes which you would insert into a computer? Would this be all writing or like a television show? If it were a television type show what would happen to writing and reading? In our new world would there be newspapers for which we would have to actually strain our eyes and waste time reading them **ourselves**? I feel that a librarian would have to be there to assist people in finding various discs or simply supervising things. You may be able to insert your library card number and the disc number into a machine. This would stamp and record the book without a librarian needed.

In a canteen, most things would be packaged, processed and made in an automatic slot machine. There would be an enormous variety of slot machines with many sorts of foods to choose from, surrounding the huge eating place. There would be no use for people . . . (people, what are they, in this computer age?) except to refill the machines when the food supply runs out. What am I saying? Computers or robots can do anything we humans can do, if not better, so I guess they can refill the machines! What's going to happen to employment?

Elevators will run from both directions in the corridor picking up busy, eager students in their comfortable uniforms, which adjust according to the weather. School bags will no longer be necessary since all students will have computers at home in which discs and tapes can be placed. A built-in bag is sewn into the uniform depending where the particular person wants it to be. This is not bulky since all discs are conveniently small, there is no use for pens or pencils. What about art? What's art? Oh yes, I forgot, art can be so artistic on computers!

As the robot inserts and programs everybody on what they have to do on to the large screen, the students continue with their work. Intelligent students can go ahead with advanced work because they no longer have to wait until the teacher is ready to teach them. Every student wears earmuff-type things so you and the computer can practise reading without disturbing anybody. This also lets you concentrate without being distracted by annoying or noisy people.

Here I am raving about computers and how bad they will become, what about all the good things they will bring to our school life? How does anyone know people will even use them at all? Something even better may be invented and used by then. Life may be run in cycles, school life could go back into the 10th century. Don't say I'm wrong because exactly how do you know?







The Departure from My World

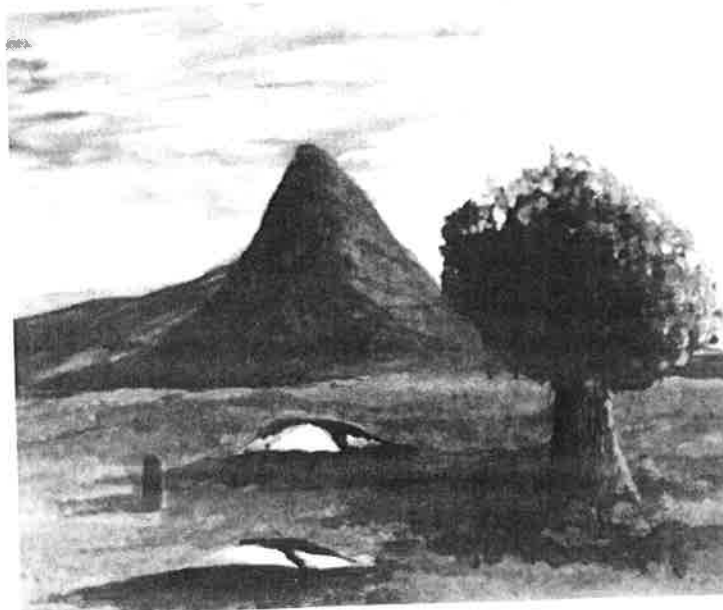
Incessant pulsation. Trapped in a warm secure world. There's no light only red, reassuring warmth. Safe in my incubator, I can hear the rich gurgle of blood, the rhythm of a beating heart. I'm safe in here, secure, surrounded by warm red walls. I twist and turn, kicking, floating in my warm, noisy world.

My walls move, they are pushing against my body. They press hard, forcing me to move, but I don't want to go. They push so hard; and for such a long time ... I am being pushed out of my world ... I don't want to go. The walls are relentless, they compress my body, forcing it to move. Stop walls, you are destroying my world, stop moving me. You are moving me, you are pressing harder, stop, stop I don't want to go. Wait, what is that coming into my world, it hurts my eyes, I have never seen it before. Something touches my head, fingers bigger than mine, gently pull at my head. I can't delay it any longer, I start to emerge. I am leaving my home, my head is compressed for a second and then it bursts from my world into a bright room. The light hurts my eyes and I want to go back, but the walls push harder. I don't want to go, and I kick. But the walls keep pushing and I am being forced into this light, huge place. My body feels a pair of warm hands hold me, I start to cry, I don't like this big place.

I hear a sound, a murmured laugh and I am carried by another pair of hands and placed against my body. Warm arms surround me, and a smiling face looks down at me. I move over and find a breast. I start sucking the warm sweet milk.

The sounds of clattering metal makes me jump. I am lifted again, placed in warm water, a bit like my world. All the red remains of my world float off me and I am dried. Gently I am placed against my mother's body. Warm arms envelope me and a smiling face, close to me whispers, "You're a beautiful boy..."

Michelle Bardwell 11



CHRIS FITZGERALD — 10

THE DANGEROUS VOYAGE

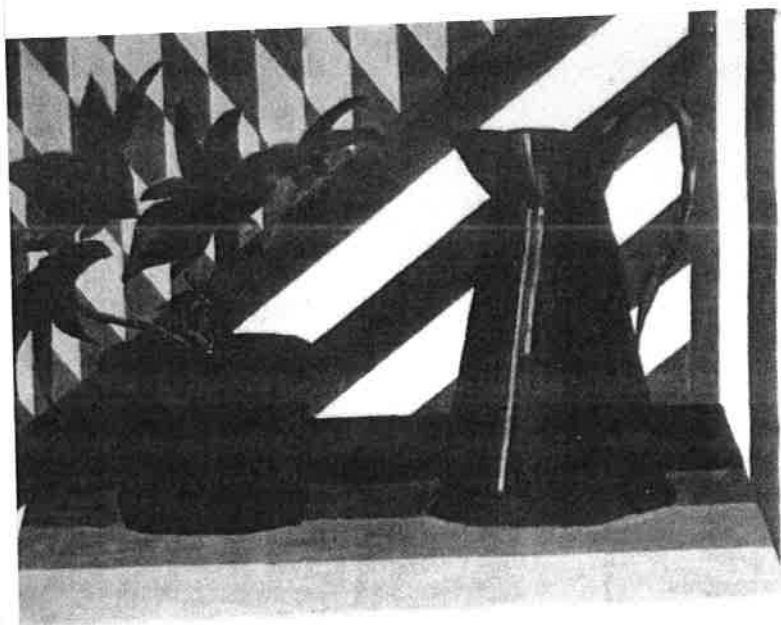
Still Ha had never been overseas before. She kept on thinking of how this dangerous voyage would change her life completely, how she could bear hunger, thirst, pirates!

Ha left Vietnam at about 8.30 p.m., she had to say good-bye to her parents and her relatives. She was going off by herself for the first time in her life. There would be no more care from Mum, strictness from Dad or joy from her brothers or sisters. She had to decide for herself now! Although she was very sad, she tried not to cry and kept herself confident. She had been on the boat for one day now but there was no sign of any other boats on the sea, no other boat except her own, a small boat whose length was about ten metres and width one and a half metres, which carried a crowd of people of a hundred and forty. There were children of only three to four months old, old ladies and teenagers. Children were crying of starvation and thirst, adults were praying. Only Ha was sitting and thinking about her family. Why did she have to leave her country where she had grown up and had learned how to talk from her parents? Why did she have to risk her own life for just a little reason that seemed very hard to understand, 'freedom'? She went on thinking and soon fell asleep...

The second day came, nobody on the boat had any water or food. There were no people praying now. They were like dead people with lack of energy. She was very dirty now, she looked like a mad person sitting motionlessly staring out at the endless sea, waiting to die.

It was the third day now, third day on the sea. Children were so weary that they couldn't cry, some people had died. Suddenly, a boat appeared. Everyone seemed to awaken from their tired, exhausted, still positions, and gazed at the boat, the only one who could help them, save them from death. The boat came closer ... They could see that it was a pirate boat which would rob people, kill them and rape girls ...

Ngoc Bui — 9



KYLIE MINOGUE — 10

MELBOURNIANS

As the hour approaches midday, Melbourne's renowned city square rapidly becomes clogged with bodies. Male and female, old and young, the motley crowds are in search of a bite.

The soft, grey pigeons hurriedly abandon their feeding ground on the wide expanse of concrete, and fly up to the age-old gutters and ledges of the Town Hall when the many feet disturb their meal.

Likewise, an old destitute man slowly stands, and drags his heavy feet in the direction of the Brotherhood of St. Lawrence soup kitchen. A large rip in his trousers bares an unsightly and putrid smelling expanse of skin. His life and home are in the worn canvas bag slung on his shoulder. He shares it with no-one, mainly because no-one is willing to share it with him.

The smart, fashion-conscious ladies, reeking of perfume, and the distinguished looking, dark-suited businessmen make a wide berth of this fellow, but not slowing their brisk, purposeful marches. They're sure he deserves the condition he's in. Their faces remain blank, emotionless. Some sneak a covert look with a tinge of compassion in their eyes. But there's nothing they can do to help him. They have their own problems, their own lives to live.

A group of tough youths push each other down the stairs, splashing each other with the recirculated water, laughing and swearing at each other. Each one is clad in tight black jeans, and an equally tight-fitting Eastcoast sweatshirt. It's the outfit the chicks really admire. Before venturing under cover to the 'rock'n roll' shop, each boy leaves his mark on the already ravaged graffiti board.

Another group, this one female, but the same age, think these guys look like a bit of fun. They casually stroll after them but wait for them to make 'the first provocative comment, of course. These girls are 'with it' too; their clothes chosen specifically to outdo what the girl beside her is wearing. But it seems unfortunate that they all wear the same outfit. Tight, very short mini-skirt, hot pink T-shirt with 'Cold Chisel' or 'AC/DC' printed in black across the chest. It's important that plenty of your legs are showing, or the boys won't notice you.

A tired old lady quickens her step when she sees these youngsters 'at play'. She climbs the grey stone steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, going to pray for forgiveness for her sins, and those of others, to her Lord. She'll ask for strength and understanding while she's there, in order to somehow continue her life in this mad, confusing world.

Back in the Square, a bright-eyed, bearded young man sets his guitar case down in front of him, slings his guitar over his shoulder and strums his first mellow chord for the day. His voice is rich, deep and vibrant, and attracts listeners, needing something to do while they finish their four 'n twenty! The coins pile up and the occasional note flutters down into the busker's case. On the other side of the Square, the 'Professor', an old-hand at the trade, screeches away on his fiddle. Sadly, his audience, and hence his takings are considerably less than his younger, more energetic rival.

A couple of University students, escaped from the confines of the lecture-theatre, move jauntily in the throng down to the ice-cream parlour, engrossed in a mixture of technical talk and University jargon. Their faces are gay and alive from a distance, but a close-up view displays the tired eyes and the developing frowns. Life wasn't meant to be one big, pleasant game, but let's enjoy this moment for the heck of it.

And then, a familiar face. Amidst the hundreds of unknown faces I spy an acquaintance. I, too, have been recognized, but there's only time for a brief smile and a 'hi' — then you're on your own again.

Another old man, this time respectably dressed, complete with forties hat and heavy, tweed overcoat, stands and gazes, with sweet wonder, at a small lone cricket on the ground. It turns in circles, confused and frightened by the heavy pounding and the ominous shadows around him. A light smile on the man's face shows his love and understanding of nature, and he bends and carefully picks up the cricket and deposits it in his pocket.

All these people are rather ordinary, and don't deserve a second look, that is, if they were lucky enough to get a first one. There's nothing special about them. All those worried, sad, confused expressions pass by unnoticed. But they don't want to be noticed. It's none of your business — you have your own worries, your own life to live.

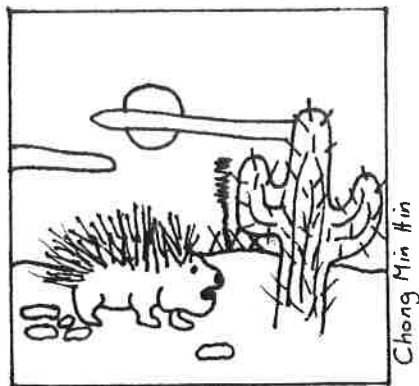
My gaze falls upon an approaching figure — heavy bags in one hand, a large parcel clutched to her chest. Her face is relaxed and pleasant; she looks around, not straight at the ground. Her walk is not rushed, clumsy or dejected. She has purpose in her stride, but no hurry. She catches my gaze. And she smiles. She SMILES. A true, friendly smile. Her eyes and mouth working together to produce genuine feeling in her face. I smile back, and I make it real, too.

That smile was for me, and me alone. It gave me a feeling that I am a part of the world — a warm glow inside me. And there's a smile for you in the world — you just have to have your eyes, and your heart, in order to receive it when it's offered to you.

Vicky Moore — 12



MARCUS BREBNER — 9



Mutti?

EIN URLAUB AM MEER

Neben dem Meer stand ein altes Haus. Für vielen Jahren war es leer. Schliesslich klingelten die Zimmer mit den Stimmen der Kinder. Es war Sommer, und meine Familie war angekommen. "Ich möchte dieses Zimmer", rief meine Schwester, Belinda. Sie stand am Fenster. "Was für einen wunderbaren Ausblick!" Nicht weit vom Haus entfernt lag das tiefe, blaue Wasser. Es glänzte in der Sonne des Morgens. "Komm baden!" sagte Belinda sehr aufgeregt.

"Zuerst aber musst ihr mir helfen," unterbrach Mutter von der Küche. "Nein!" erwiderten wir zusammen. Also liefen wir aus dem Haus und zu dem Strand. Fröhlich scherzten wir ins Wasser. Es war kalt wie Eis. Der Strand war leutlos. Belinda pumpte die Luftmatratze auf und lag auf ihr. Jetzt auf Sand badete ich in der Sonne.

Unglücklicherweise aber hatte Belinda Pech. Ich hörte eine Stimme, die Stille brechen. "Rosalind! Hilf mir!" Mit Angst sah ich hin, wo sie war. Jetzt war sie nur einen Fleck im Wasser. Ich wusste nicht, was zu machen. Plötzlich sah ich ein Boot. Es war nicht so weit von Belinda.

Dankbar war ich, als die Bootmänner sie auch sahen. Bald war sie sicher und gesund auf dem Sand neben mir. Der Urlaub hatte nur noch begonnen ...

Von Rosalind Robson
Year 11

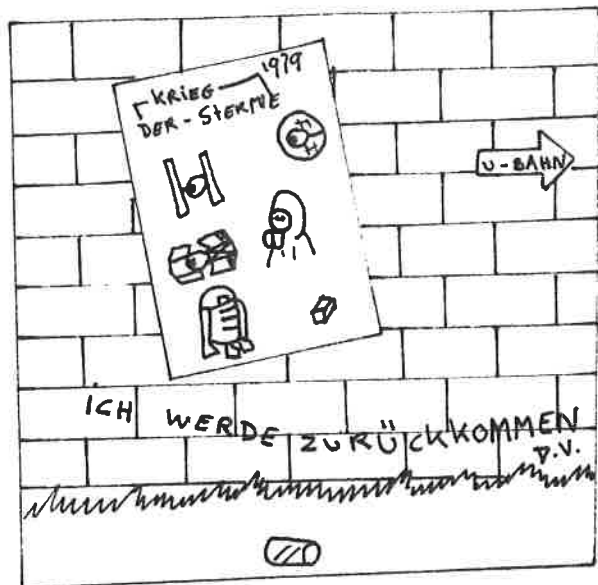
SPORTRÄTSEL

von Eugene Antoni

Volleyball	Bogen
Jagd	Golf
Fechten	Schwert
Rennen	Spor
Reiten	Tennis
Segeln	Federball
Fussball	Ball



DEUTSCHE



DIALOG IM LEBENSMITTELGESCHÄFT

Herr Müller ist in dem Geschäft. Er ist der Verkäufer. Frau Meier kommt herein.

Herr Müller: Guten Tag, Frau Meier.
Frau Meier: Guten Tag, Herr Müller.
Herr Mü.: Was möchten Sie, bitte?
Frau Me.: Ich möchte eine Flasche Milch und ein Brot, bitte.
Herr Me.: Ein Moment. (Er holt sie.) Sonst noch etwas
Frau Me.: Ja, und zwar 200 Gramm Salami.
Herr Me.: Ist das alles?
Frau Me.: Ja, danke. Wieviel ist das zusammen?
Herr Mü.: Das ist ... 1,40DM für die Salami, 1,30DM für das Brot, und 60 Pfennig für die Milch. Das ist 3,30DM.

Frau Me.: Hier ist ein Fünfmarschein.
Herr Mü.: Danke, und hier ist das Wechselgeld, 1,70DM

Herr Holstein kommt herein, als Frau Meier hinausgeht.

Herr Müller: Ah! Guten Tag, Herr Holstein.
Herr Holstein: Guten Tag, Herr Müller. Wie geht es Ihnen?
Herr Mü.: Ach, ganz gut. Gestern habe ich Schweinebraten bekommen. Möchten Sie mal sehen?

Herr H.: Oh, ja! Gerne!
Herr Mü.: Der ist gut, nicht wahr?
Herr H.: Ja, den nehme ich.
Herr Mü.: Der kostet 4,75DM, Herr Holstein.
Herr H.: Ich glaube, ich habe das richtige Geld. Ja, hier!
Herr Mü.: Danke, das ist sehr gut. Auf Wiedersehen.
Herr H.: Auf Wiedersehen, Herr Müller.

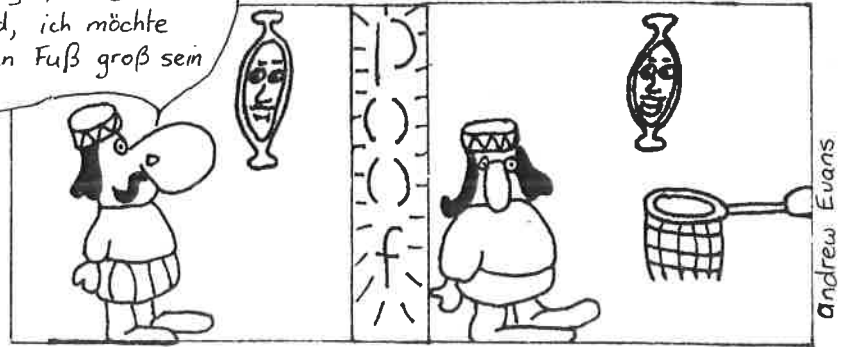
Craig Bens
Kathy Domans
Andrew Eva
Year

SEITE

Ausgelegt mit Hilfe

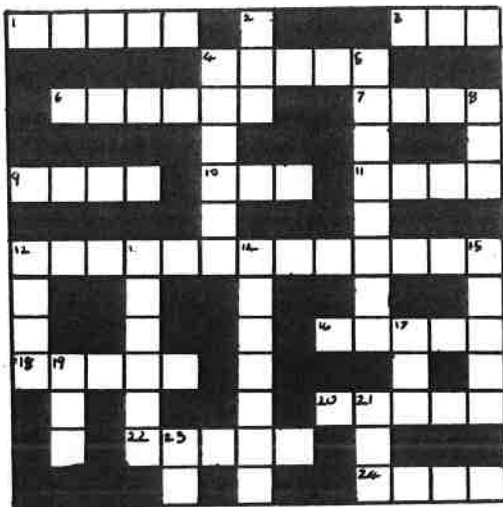
von Alex Green und
Edwin van der Graaf.

Spiegel, Spiegel an der
wand, ich möchte
sieben Fuß groß sein



KREUZWORTRATSEL

von Arandora Stahr



ACROSS

1. stand
2. o'clock
4. kitchen
6. books

7. no
9. end
10. off
11. hallway
12. bookcase

16. city
18. ceiling
20. nephew
22. radio
24. after

DOWN

2. door
4. cellar
5. distant
8. only

12. picture
13. stool
14. sixty
15. cat
17. on, open

19. eleven
21. a, an
23. on, at

EIN URLAUB IM CAMPINGPLATZ

Letzten Januar hatte ich einen Urlaub in einem Campingplatz. Die Ferien kosteten weniger als zweihundert Pfund zusammen, weil meine Familie die Zelte letztes Jahr schon kaufte. Meine Mutter und mein Vater gingen oft zelten, aber für mich war es ein neues Erlebnis.

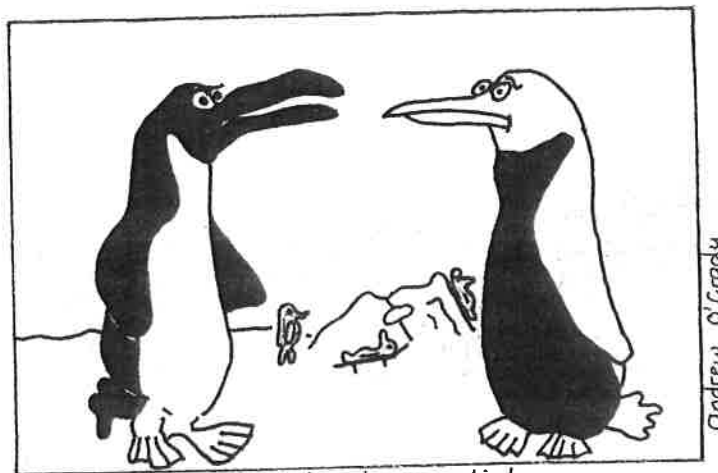
An einem heißen Donnerstag kamen wir auf dem Campingplatz an. Wir bezahlten und dann fanden wir ein hübsches Ort unter einem grossen Baum. Mir war die Pflicht gegeben, die Zelte aufzubauen, und für die nächsten neunzig Minuten stellte ich Gestänge auf, legte Zelte darüber, und schlug Heringe in den Boden. Es gelang mir, nicht nur die Heringe, aber auch meinen Daumen mit dem Holzhammer zu schlagen.

Später fand ich die Duschanlage, duschte, und dann kam ich zu meinem Zelt zurück. In meinem Zelt pumpte ich meine Luftmatratze mit einer Luftpumpe auf. Als es fertig war, sass ich im Bett und las, aber ich war so müde, dass mein Buch bald fiel und ich einschlief.

Während der nächsten sechs Tagen hatte ich einen wunderschönen Urlaub. Das Wetter war fantastisch, und ich schwamm oft und wanderte über den Bergen zweimal. Ich besichtigte ein kleines Dorf gegenüber dem Campingplatz, und ich lag am Strand in der Sonne und wurde braun.

Aber alle gute Dingen müssen einmal enden, und am nächsten Donnerstag mussten wir unser Campingplatz verlassen.

von Stephen Moriarty
Year 11



Du bist sehr negativ!

SENIOR POETRY



POEM

The harsh sound of an alarm clock
Runs screaming through the brain,
Oh no! the weekend's over
It's back to school again.

A one-eyed recca of my room,
Confirms my darkest doubt,
School uniform and un-read books,
Strewn liberally about.

I crawl dejected from my bed
And gaze about me sadly,
I tell you now, with a qualm,
This Monday will go badly.

From here on in disasters seem
To call from every side,
My skirt plays an elaborate game
Of "you-go-seek, I'll hide."

My hair-brush throws itself under the bed,
It takes half an hour to retrieve it;
I hit my head, and graze my shins,
I really don't believe it.

I fling on a shirt, only to find
Two buttons have taken leavage,
And I really can't say that I wish to display
Such a large expanse of cleavage.

Just keep your jumper on, old girl,
Do nothing that is strenuous,
The strength of the buttons left holding the fort,
At the best of times is tenuous.

I slip into the bathroom
(who left shampoo on the floor?)
Stub my toe on the shower
And slam my thumb in the door.

I clean my teeth and wash my face
And brush my shiny locks,
Put on my jumper, shirt and blouse,
Then blazer, shoes and socks.

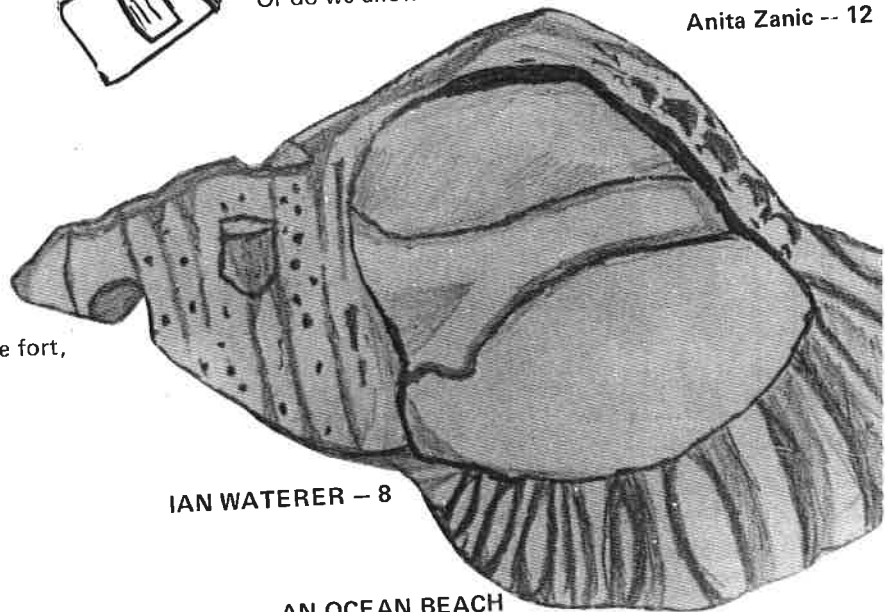
I peer into the mirror,
Well, let's face it, let's be blunt,
You have to be quite mad to put
Your skirt on back to front.

A re-arrangement of the garb,
That makes me what I am,
Then off towards the kitchen,
For some soggy toast and jam.

This ritual completed,
I march bravely to my desk,
The sight of so much work not done,
Is shocking and grotesque.

But I simply close my mind and fling,
The whole lot in my bag,
I collect my gloves and leave,
Before my conscience starts to nag.

As I walk towards the school,
I think along the way,
As long as I'm at school I'll go
Through all this EVERY DAY!!!



IAN WATERER - 8

The River
Part of Australia's heritage,
An area of irreplaceable beauty —
Intense beauty,
At times
Peaceful,
Calm,
Then — suddenly —
Mood changing,
the fury and the strength are frightening.
A rainforest surrounding,
Full of life,
Containing our past,
Waiting for the future;
But now
Its future is at stake,

This River
Now a public issue
The question?
Whether to dam or not?
Its destination,
In our hands lies.
Will we permit its beauty and life to be drowned,
Or do we allow its continuous journey to go on?

Anita Zanic -- 12

AN OCEAN BEACH

Winter:
Wild foaming water spewing itself up onto the sand
Windswept beaches,
Continually changing shape.
Debris scrounged from the ocean's depths,
Laid to rest at the high-tide mark.
Sandstorms,
Stinging the eyes of the lonely fisherman.
Darkness,
Merging to ominous grey skies,
Back again into darkness.

Summer:
Constellation of bathers,
Interspersing the blue — green collage,
Families.
Screaming children,
Leaving a mosaic of footprints in the sand;
The warm, rich, strength of the sun,
Penetrating and burning unprotected flesh.
Nature repairs and rejuvenates each night
Her lovely beach in preparation for the expected ho

Tony Barnett —



SENIOR POETRY

TRUST

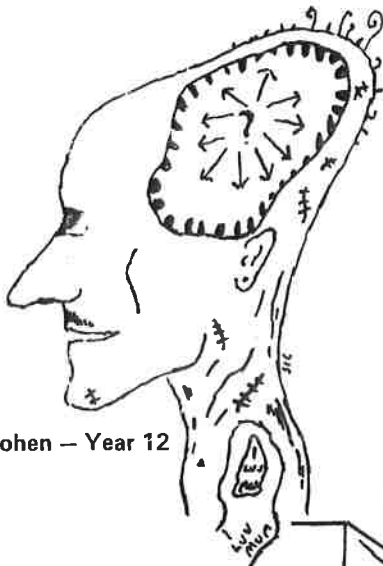
A thing in this world
That seems very scarce,
Something everyone should have,
But doesn't,
Trust; blossoms like a flower,
Opening fully to the world around it,
Without any armour to protect itself.
Suddenly an unexpected event
Takes it by surprise,
It didn't have time to prepare itself,
There was no warning to give it a chance.
Crushed to the earth are the petals of trust,
Beneath the callous tread of a boot,
Lying on the ground in misery
Where they are left,
To gather themselves up again —
When they have the strength.
Some never acquire that strength again,
for that trust was a once-
In-a-life-time event, for them.
Those that have the courage to trust again
Never bloom with the same naive trust
That they once possessed,
and cringe at the slightest hint
Of being shattered once again.
They build a structure around themselves
To try to prevent any further hurt,
But this guard eventually deteriorates
and the pain penetrates once again,
Leaving behind a ghost of what once was
an extremely beautiful feeling,
Never, ever in that same life-time
To be felt again.



Julie Boykett — 12

CONFUSION

The eternal spinning,
The distorted mind,
Searching for the meaning of life,
Becomes soiled and decayed.
Time progresses faster than life itself.
The answer unreachable,
Problems unsolvable.
Questions swirl and become neatly
Filed into the corridors of the mind.
Always searching,
Answers so unsure.
Faster, spinning, going nowhere;
Ageing, old, decayed;
As time progresses without me,
Still I'm lost in life.



Rebecca Cohen — Year 12

POEM

She is my friend, my best friend;
She is always there when times are bad
To cheer me up when I feel sad,
Because she is my friend.
She is pretty with soft brown hair,
But if she weren't I wouldn't care,
Because she is my friend.
Many times I've yelled and cried,
Yet she's stayed forever by my side,
Because she is my friend.
She taught me to laugh and how to live,
She taught me to cry and how to forgive,
Because she is my friend.
I love her as I do no other
Not only because she is my mother,
but because she is my friend.

Debbie Quiltie — 12

Alluding to an illusion
He is somewhere
in time
suspended.
Sweet wanting, but
never realising
the ambition
of Discovery.

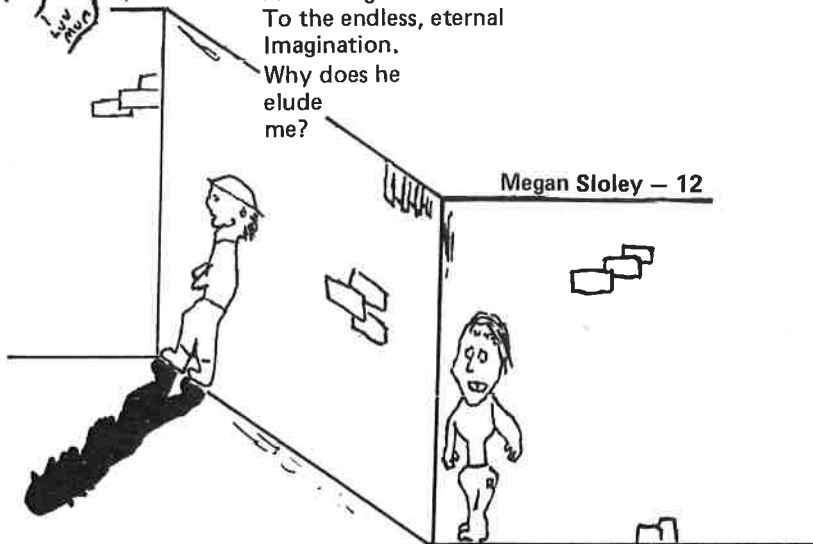
Wanting,
To ascertain
the future
with him
only
Time refuses to
Eject the wonder
Of he.

Pleading
With the powers that be,
To release
the physical or spiritual
with which he
Binds me.
That is,
My own absolute desire
To be a part
Of his
Perfection.

Desire
is uncertain
What remains is
the epitome
of escape.
No elixir can transfer
The light with
which
He fills me.
But
Transpiring is
the transition to
Another Woman.

Finally
the dust
Which is he
Coughs in its Anonymous
Need.
Yet, I
Am left to bear
Existence
Forever desiring
He
Who is, was always,
A challenge
To the endless, eternal
Imagination.
Why does he
elude
me?

Megan Stoley — 12





VILAYVAHN VILAY — 8



INGO WIEBAN — 8

THE HALL CREW

Thursday, 3.15 p.m. Room 204. Lawrence sat cowering in his desk in the half-lit classroom — the teacher droned on, the boy next to him also talked unceasingly — both were completely unaware of his rising terror.

Lawrence tried to focus his thoughts on the page in front of him, but he could not. "Why? Why? Why?" The word, which was a pointless question, for the answer was of no importance, sang round his head. It did not matter why they had chosen him as their victim — they had and he knew there was no escape. In Lawrence's mind they were the Hall Crew. He tried never to name them for the name itself terrified him, as it did everyone else.

They had spent the past three days threatening, teasing, embarrassing him. They had confused him — first he was their victim. Something told him today was D-day . . . Tonight, tonight . . .

That night after school Lawrence loitered for as long as possible in the corridors, hoping that the Hall Crew would think him gone. At 4 o'clock he decided it would be reasonably safe to assume that they had gone to their "meeting" place in the near-by park.

Lawrence, in spite of his attempted swagger, all but crept down to the stairway at the end of the passage. He descended the stairs to the first landing, then turned in surprise as a mocking voice behind him "hem-hemmed."

A strangled cry rose in his throat as he saw, at the top of the stairway, the nine members of the Hall Crew. "Think ya' could fool us? We're gonna get you! — You've got ten to get away!!" The leader, also the founder of the Hall Crew, smiled malevolently down upon Lawrence, who turned as the countdown began. He leapt desperately down the stairs with the sadistic laughter of the Hall Crew ringing in his ears.

Gasping for breath, Lawrence sprinted down the corridor to the front entrance of the school, knowing the side doors to be locked after 4 o'clock. A voice came floating down the corridor to him as he ran. " . . . 7 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . "

Once in the yard he headed for the oval, hoping to cross it and get out of school. Lawrence glanced over his shoulder and pulled up with a gasping choked half-sob as he saw them standing at the top of the steps which led to the front door. "We are coming — NOW!" At the sound of that last word he turned and pumped his tired legs to even greater efforts. The thump of feet came closer and up on his left side. Horrified, Lawrence realized that his only escape route out of the school was being cut off. Even as he veered to the right he knew the chase was being held on their terms — they were herding him!

His heart beating wildly and his pulses racing, Lawrence leapt the fence back into the main part of the school. As the members of the Hall Crew laughed maliciously behind him, he ran into the thin space between the gym and the equipment shed. Side stepping to the end of the opening, Lawrence was about to turn left when he saw, on his right, two high-jump mats. He dragged these towards the opening and did his best to make them jam-up the small space. This done, he headed quickly in the direction of the main body of the school buildings. Lawrence slowed to a jog-trot and breathed deeply, trying to stop shaking.

Suddenly, a menacing laugh rang out threateningly behind him. Lawrence whirled around and his jaw dropped in confusion as the Hall Crew sauntered towards him. "Run, run, little lamb run . . . !!" As these taunting words floated through the darkening air Lawrence came to his

senses and turned and fled. The Hall Crew members grinned and looked hopefully towards their leader who, seeing the sadistic gleam in their eyes, nodded and a thin lipped ruthless smile appeared on his cruel face. With a whoop of pleasure the Hall Crew all turned in different directions and disappeared into the fast descending night . . .

Lawrence, exhausted, scared and shaking staggered into the toilet block and collapsed in a heap on the floor in the quiet darkness. The past fifteen minutes had literally been living hell — running, running, running . . . He had sprinted all over the school, hurled himself over fences, leapt up and down stairs and used more energy and stamina than he really had. Always, behind him, had been the pounding of feet, getting nearer, dropping back, always forcing him on. Finally he had lost them. How? He had no idea.

As Lawrence lay still, his thin, sloping shoulders ceased to heave, his breathing became more even and the winded feeling left his chest. However, just as he stopped shaking and twitching from fear, Lawrence heard voices approaching from outside the toilet block. As his eyes widened in fear and the hairs on his arms rose, his tired body rocked with silent sobs. Struggling desperately to his hands and knees Lawrence crawled, completely exhausted, into the last toilet cubicle.

All the cubicles were in complete darkness and as he crouched in the corner Lawrence, who had begun to shake again, his heart thumping against his heaving ribs, realised that there was no escape for him. He was completely drained — he had used his last resources.

Slowly, Lawrence realised there were no sounds. No feet, no laughter, no panting or taunting — "They have gone! They've gone . . . gone! They've left me . . .!" It took a long while for the words to seep into his tired, shocked mind. Lawrence slowly heaved himself to his feet, slowly, for his shaking legs were reluctant to support him. As he stepped out of the toilet cubicle, hot white lights flashed on, burning into his eyes and blinding him. When he could see again he was staring into deep blue eyes, filled with hate and sadistic pleasure.

TsaeLan Lee Dow — 9



LIFE IS FOR LIVING

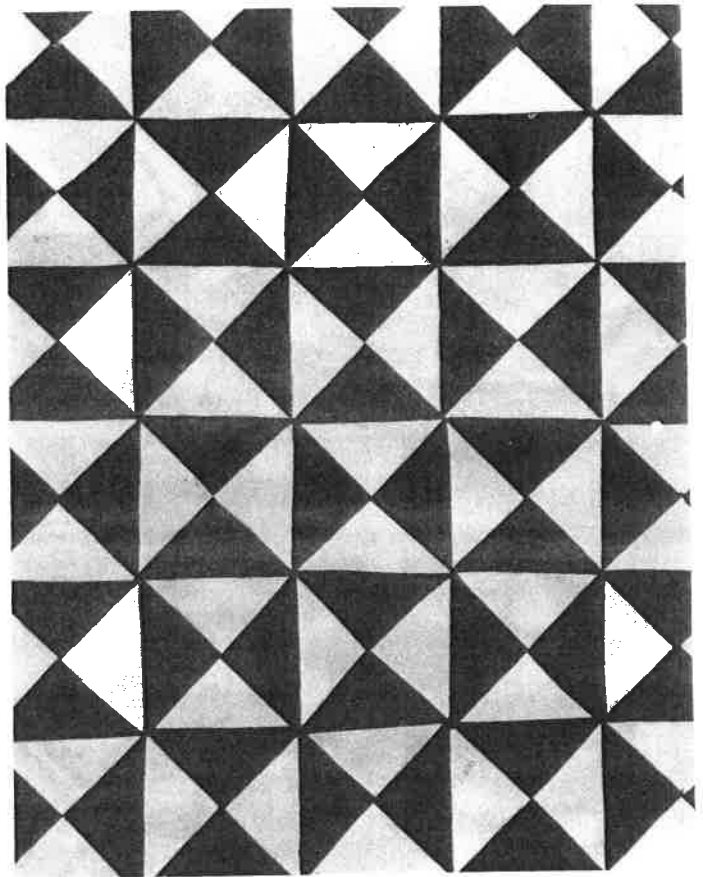
Death is a state, limbo,
Where our essence floats around,
in meaningless space.

We are aware of the world,
where we no longer belong,
but we lack the ability to do.

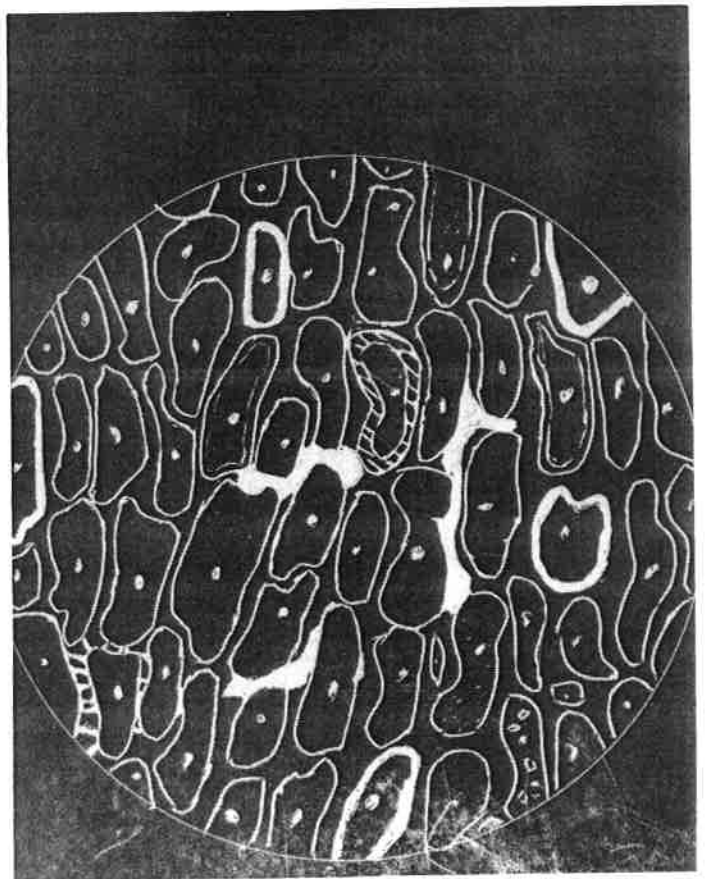
Eternity is neither a Heaven or Hell,
only an empty nowhere,
where nothing is resolved.

Life is the one and all,
where you reign in the world of the living,
maintain content.

Terry Lucak — 12

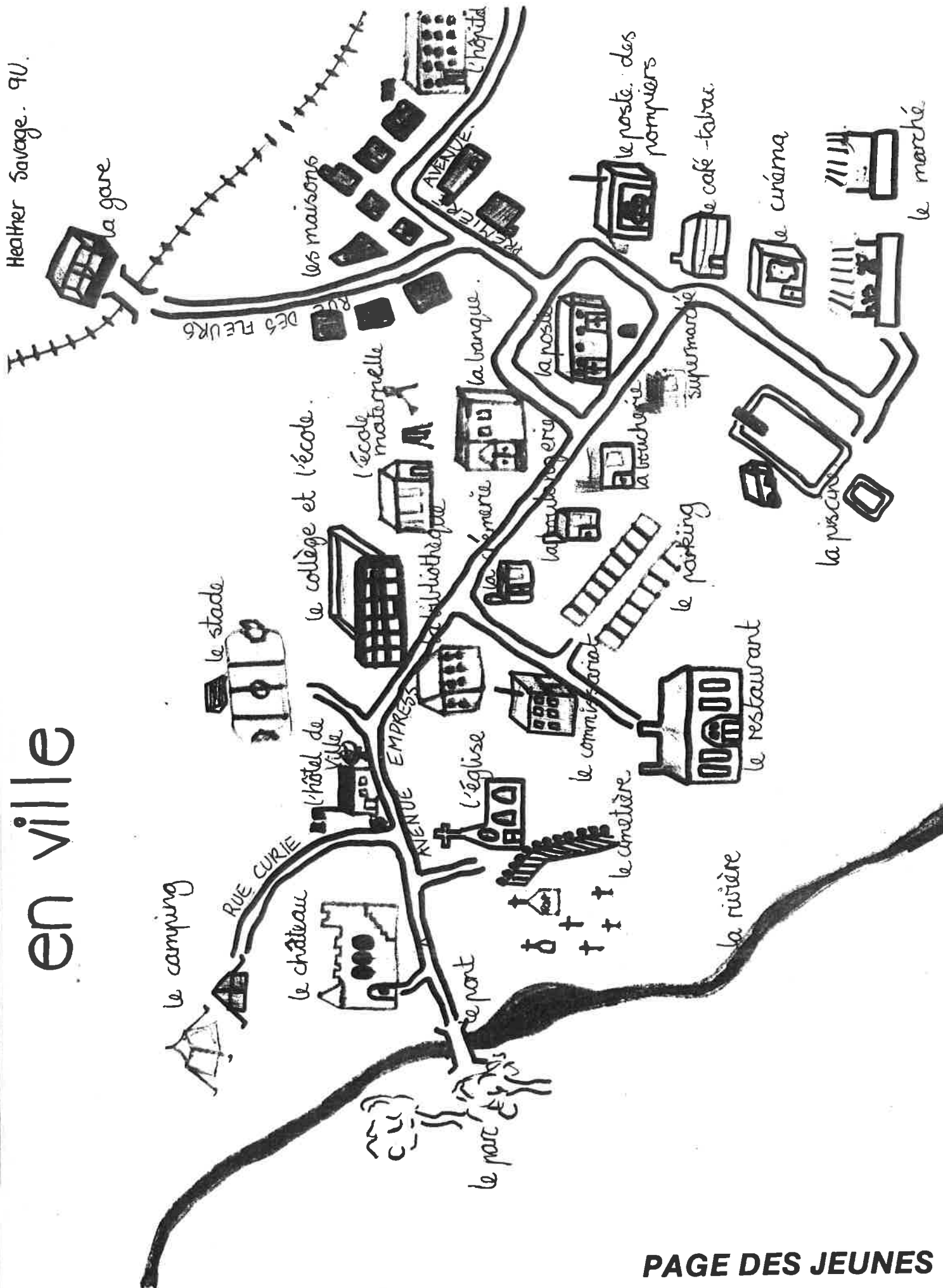


HELENA FORSYTH — 8



en ville

Heather Savage. 90.



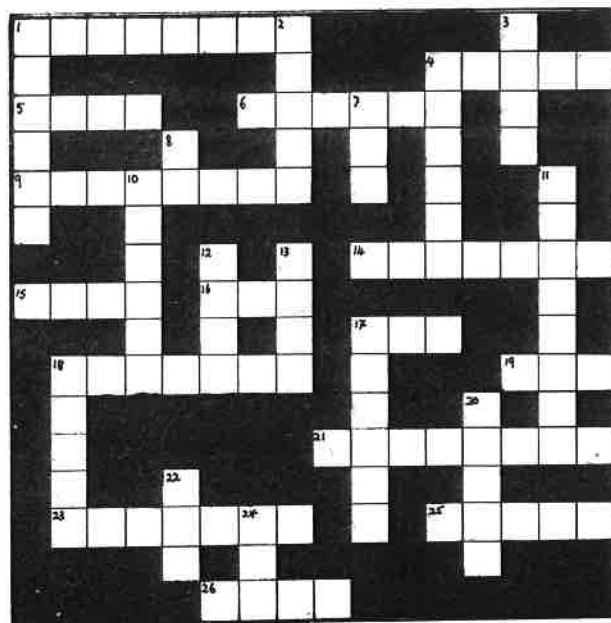


ACROSS

1. A SUBJECT
4. FUN
5. BUT
6. COASTAL TOWN
9. SUNDAY
12. WINDOW
15. WELL
16. HERE
17. THE END
18. MUSIC
19. NO
21. HISTORY
23. SIXTH
25. STADIUM
26. TO READ

DOWN

1. SATURDAY
2. SIXTEEN
3. BLACK
4. ART
7. A ROBOT
8. ONE
10. A FRUIT
11. 'SEE YOU'
12. FIVE
13. LIKE
17. EASY
18. ANOTHER SUBJECT
20. POST OFFICE
22. TEN
24. ME



BORIS ET SERGE

BORIS



SERGE

Allô, , c'est toi ? Ici . Écoute. Mets la 
dans la . Va à la  à neuf heures. Prends
un  pour Paris. Mets la  à la . Puis
va au . Achète un paquet de . Mets le
ticket de  dans le paquet de  sur
la . Puis prends le  pour Paris.
Tu comprends ? Bon !

Zelyko Basic 8R

SCHOOL MUSICAL — "SALAD DAYS" — *The inside story*

"Look tired!" urged Miss Kerger, the choreographer of the "Out of breath" chorus for the fourth time. "You're meant to be exhausted!". General grumblings echoed around the hall, nervous glances were shot at the clock saying "4.30" and the lines were hammered out with fervent conviction:

"Stop! stop! we've had enough,
Find the going far too tough,
Weary legs, weary feet,
Nearly melting with the heat . . .!"

Thus ran many-a rehearsal of what became known as the wretched musical by the less tolerant in its final stages. Fortunately, by the time the curtain was opened on the 4th of July, enthusiasm was renewed and the cast, numbering sixty and ranging from year 7 to year 12 students, were ready to give their best.

The story of "Salad Days" can be traced back to early Term 1 when Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Rainer decided that it was time the frustrated actors and singers of the school were given an opportunity to display their talents. The tradition of an Annual Musical had been dropped for two years, and great sacrifices were needed from all involved, including the Director/Producer Mrs. Rainer, Producer Mrs. Gill, Musical Director Mr. Howie and our Wardrobe Wonder Mrs. Grundy. The project was given the go ahead from the top, and auditions were under way.

Students were very enthusiastic and were allocated parts carefully; the musical had been chosen for its large cast and it was practically guaranteed that anyone interested could secure a role, at least as one of the chorus.

The rehearsals stretched over 21 weeks, including after school and weekend rehearsals. The "Tuesday Night" rehearsals became particularly notorious as they ran from six o'clock to nine o'clock. However, these rehearsals provided great social interaction between both teachers and students. Mrs. Rainer seemed like the child with a new toy, as she buried herself in every facet of production. Organisation was, without exception, the key to the great success of the musical.

Enthusiasm reached fever pitch in July; school work became a secondary concern, and students involved could be seen mumbling lines as they walked the corridors or sat up at the back of the class room. Concern over Lisa Bates' health bordered on an obsession; "Mother Hen" Mrs. Rainer ensured that Lisa remained at home to recover, and was forced to allocate an understudy; reports varied as to whether she suffered a common cold or "mild pneumonia". However, by the first performance Lisa had recovered, and the other various illnesses complained of by other members of the cast also miraculously disappeared.

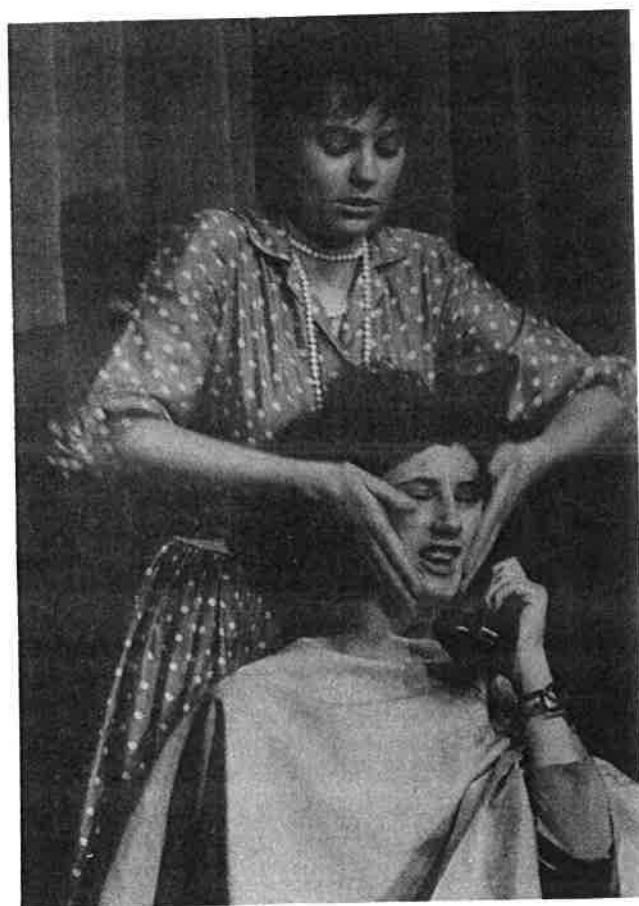
The first performance attended by primary school children contained a few minor catastrophies — Timothy Dawes, alias Jason Cook, forgot his first line and insisted it be written on his hand for the next two performances, and the breakfast table from Tim's home remained in sight during the Park scene (?). However, the next two performances ran like clock work, the only problem being a missing, or what the back stage crew call, invisible park bench (which the tramp deposited casually on the stage). We played to a packed house on both nights; nerves were conquered and the musical regained a sparkle and enthusiasm that made it a joy to be part of. All involved had a unique and rewarding experience which was made possible by the excellent production team and extremely hard working cast.

After the build up, recommencing the old routine was rather an anti-climax; but hints of the good old days can still be gauged occasionally; in mathematics Tim may begin to reel off his lines **without** prompting; dance

routines may be jumped outside lockers, looking ridiculously out of place. Still — the question on everybody's lips now is — "What will it be for next year? . . ."

Rosalind Robson — Jason Cook — 11





1983 SPORTS REPORT

Physical education forms an important part of the program of general education. It includes physical activities and sports of all kinds designed to improve physical development and general health and fitness. Physical education also provides great fun and recreation.

Throughout the school year many various sporting activities are offered to our many "enthusiastic" students. From year seven through to year ten, students have the chance to participate in physical education classes, during which time they are able to develop their various skills with the help of the dedicated and vibrant physical education staff, (Mrs. Berry, Miss Bennie, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Carter). As well as these classes, teams are often prepared well before hand in order to meet in "combat" with various other schools in the Camberwell zone.

This year a remarkable 69 teams were fielded, including the swimming and athletic teams. Although only a fifth place was gained at the swimming sports this year, congratulations must be given to all involved for a great team effort. Camberwell did very well at the Whitehorse Group Athletics and were awarded a well earned third place — our best effort for many years.

The boys' teams fared very well at the Whitehorse Group Competition. This year, as with previous years, many different sports were played at different year levels. All teams must be congratulated for a great effort, not only on the day but for the many weeks of prior preparation. Although all teams did well, there were a few teams who achieved some outstanding results. The Junior Boys Soccer team did extremely well, winning their Whitehorse final and gaining seventh place in the Eastern Zone Competition. The Intermediate Badminton Team also won their Whitehorse competition and were placed third at Eastern Zone. The Junior Badminton also did very well gaining a third place at the Eastern Zone. By far the most successful teams at the Whitehorse Competition this year were the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Hockey teams, all winning their finals. For the Junior and Intermediate Hockey teams, the outstanding performances continued all the way up to the All High Competition where, after many good hockey games, both of our teams won their final game. This achievement created a new record, Camberwell High School being the only one ever to have two sporting teams to win two All High Pennants on the one day. Congratulations to both teams on a fantastic effort, and to all the boys who participated in some way or another in sporting teams — well done! Oh, by the way, the Senior League Soccer team was defeated after only two rounds, but it was a great effort, and the Amco-Herald Football Shield side, although eliminated after the first round, also tried hard and put in a commendable effort.

Despite the small number of girls in the school, Camberwell gained at least its share of girls pennants. Again at Whitehorse level many good achievements were gained by many girls involved. The Intermediate Hockey team won their Whitehorse Group final and placed a third at the Eastern Zone competition. The Senior Girls Cricket and Table Tennis teams also won their Whitehorse Group finals, the cricketers being defeated in the Eastern Zone semi-final and the tabletennis players gained a fourth place in their zone competition. Congratulations must also be extended to all the girls who gave their time and effort towards the sporting life of Camberwell High School.

It was pleasing to note the number of students who volunteered for many sports organizational duties during the sporting year, those duties being carried out very well

indeed. These duties were not only carried out during school time but also after school when social matches against the various schools in the area, Strathcona, Carey Grammar, Canterbury Girls, and Canterbury P.S. were organised. Lunchtime sporting activities were very popular once again this year, making the competitions very close indeed, and giving students a variety of lunchtime "entertainment" to choose from, including basketball, volleyball and netball. There are too many teams to list, and anyway the names of some of the teams are unbelievably ridiculous.

A very important event throughout every school year is the House Competition in which each house strives to gain the greatest number of points by participating in different activities in the school. The greater the participation by students the greater number of points gained. This year, after a close running of events, the school swimming competition concluded with the following results: Roosevelt — 189 points; Churchill — 220 points; Montgomery — 234½ points and the winners, Macarthur, with 307½ points. The athletics also proved to be of a high standard, and thus resulted in some more close competition: Churchill — 257 points; Macarthur — 303 points; Roosevelt — 307 points and Montgomery with the winning total of points — 326. An entertaining night was had by all who attended the annual Choral Festival and the results proved to be equally exciting. Roosevelt, after a great attempt (I am slightly biased, of course) gained 80 well earned points; Churchill received 83 points; Montgomery were awarded a very close 84 points and, of course, as you have probably quite logically already deducted, Macarthur were victors with 86 points. If you have not been making careful additions along the way, you should not know who one the shield. Well, I'll give you time to do the addition now. No I won't, the suspense is far too much, so I will give you the results very briefly. They are as follows: Churchill — fourth place with 560 points; Roosevelt — third place with 576 points; Montgomery — second place with 653½ points and Macarthur — first place with 696½ points. Congratulations Macarthur on a well earned win!

P.S. A special congratulations must be given to our Maths teacher, Mr. Williamson, who was awarded the title "Australian Underwater Sports Champion of 1983". Great hey!!

Fiona McDonald — 11

UNDERWATER HOCKEY

During most of first term a group of C.H.S. students played underwater hockey once a week at lunchtime in the Camberwell Baths. This unusual game, which originated over twenty years ago in England as a means of maintaining fitness levels of Navy divers during the winter months, is now played throughout Australia.

The players are equipped with a pair of fins (flippers), a snorkel and mask, a short wooden stick, and a protective glove and cap. Using teamwork the aim is to PUSH OR PASS a lead puck along the bottom of the pool to goals situated at either end.

This sport is excellent for increasing the efficiency of your lungs and promoting general fitness. Many students developed their snorkelling skills and overall became more confident with their movements in and under the water.

A small group of students has continued to play the game at Camberwell Boys Grammar after school on Thursdays. It is hoped that this year a small schools competition will be held in conjunction with the Victorian titles.

FREE FREE FREE FREE FREE

All of the players below are yours for FREE. An offer not previously made. Take one today. Low mileage, hardly ever kicked a ball, no goals, never been over walking pace. Pick up any time.



FOR HIRE

Four fast mermaids. Used to chlorine but will adapt to salt water. Experienced at Zone level. Currently swimming at Camberwell and Pt. Lonsdale.

Applications with references to "Flipper" Hore, Andrea "Tumble Bishop, Gina "Tram" Kennedy, Leah "Conqueror" Mullerworth.



SPORTS CLASSIFIED

LEASE

Excellent quality for work over long distances and rough terrain. These young colts and fillies are well trained and in prime condition. Currently racing as 1 year olds — "Katie", "Dugald", "Daniel". 3 year olds — "Duncan", "Andrew", "Paul". 3 year olds — "Heather", "Angela". 4 and 5 year olds — "Ted", James, Andrea, "Richard III".

Enquiries to: F. Bennie, Wattle Park Stud.

LEASING — LISA WENTWORTH

Overseas applications invited for outstanding female cricketer. Qualifications includes 5 wickets from 5 balls. Play at any level. A top bat.

Applications to: J. Berry, Cricket.

CLEAR OUT SALE — BEST OFFER

Damaged goods at bargain prices

- o "Peter Kopanidis", one damaged leg.
- o "Two" Basics! One with no legs, the others are damaged.
- o An "A. Lowe", smudged face, body in working order.
- o "Twin Beardsleys", hard to start in the cold but good movers.
- o A pretty "Petty", no longer plays, but useful for filling unwanted space.
- o One "Speedless Edgar". Ideal for walking a tortoise.
- o A "Moriarty": high mileage, one owner, still going.

C.H.S. Hockey Teams

C.H.S. Hockey Teams made sporting history in the All High Schools' Victorian Championships at the State Hockey Centre, Royal Park, on Monday 12th September. It was a new experience for the boys to play on the special "Astroturf" surface.

Mr. B. Anderson is to be congratulated on coaching two successful teams. C.H.S. became the only school to have two boys' teams in the All High Finals; and for the first time in history C.H.S. won two All High Championships on the one day.

Congratulations to all team members.

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

On February 23 cheers of excitement and enthusiasm could be heard for miles, as the Camberwell High Students competed against each other for the House Swimming Sports. The majority of students took part in this annual event, and it was pleasing to see the others acting as officials or giving competitors moral support before their races.

For the first time in history Macarthur finished up overall winner. Well done, Macarthur.

SPORT



PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Fiona McDonald, loves cricket, soccer, swimming, softball, netball. Pet name "J.T.D".



Philip Preston

Interests include badminton, cycling, skiing, swimming, racquet throwing.

Julie Savage

Loves hiking, hockey, swimming, and breaking legs.

John Koutras wishes to correspond with boy/girl who likes basketball and basketball.

Nicky Brinsmead would like to exchange letters with boy who likes basketball and tennis.

SKILLED BADMINTON PLAYERS

Players required at Intermediate level to replace departing champions. Can you replace. Nick Ioannou, Edwin Van Der Graaf, Jim Uren, and Peter Langtry?

LOST AND FOUND

Lost Senior Boys I Badminton, but we had a team which was separated from the winners by only 5 points. Eugene, Adam, Phillip, Anthony are our champions.



FOUND

Intermediate Girls Hockey team who won Whitehorse Group. Well done to Sonia and Company.



FOUND

An inspiring Captain in Jim Vassos who led the Inter. Boys Soccer Team to 5 wins but runners-up at Group.

FOUND

One Whitehorse Group Pennant currently in the possession of Senior Girls Table Tennis team.



POSITIONS VACANT PHOTOGRAPHERS

Wanted school photographers. Exciting position. Exp. req. Travelling exp. Publication guaranteed.

SOCCER COACHES

Year 7 coaches required to replace Roger Jakab and George Skoutas. They retain their champion Year 7 team at Inter-level.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMERS

Contact David Campbell and James Beeson for interesting and innovative work on programming Inter school Sport.

PUBLIC NOTICE

All other schools are hereby warned that in 1984 Camberwell High will be going for the All High treble in Hockey

PUBLIC NOTICE

All students in Year 10 are given public acclaim for their services to Sport in 1983. Their help at Inter-school championships in swimming, cross country, soccer, football, hockey and basketball was invaluable.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Special thanks is tendered to all staff who helped with sport, supported sport and who were understanding when sport disrupted their classes.

Thank you from all who benefited.

VIDEO

"The Winning Wicket" — Girls Senior Cricket.

"Basketball Bishop" — A non religious look at the life of Andrea at play.

"They Call Me Con"

Karate — "as a meana" sport.

"Football Frolics" — Rhett Ashby, Paul White.

"A Boy is 10 Feet Tall" — Nick and Richard Beardsley.

A powerful Tic, "Tack", To.



"LIFE AT THE BOTTOM"

Underwater Hockey heroes led by Australian number one Keith Williamson.

"NOT JACK HIGH"

The unique talent of the staff ten pin team revealed in slow motion as they destroy the egos of Davis, Chidgey, Baron Wilkin and Rowe.

Rated: Hilarious

FOR SALE

Ideal for entertainment. Ten beautifully attired basketballers. Red, green and yellow. Big and small and they all bounce bats. They are well trained and promoted.

Apply to the sole distributor: John Koutras.

WANTED TO HIRE

Motivational film for young footballers aged between 12 and 14 who have undergone on field tactical manoeuvres. The film must not contain material which will frighten or offend them.

SPORT SPORT

FILMS FILMS

"HOW TO LOSE"

A new football documentary on how to lose with grace and dignity. Features one of the all time great losing coaches.

M. Carter and a cast of thousands.

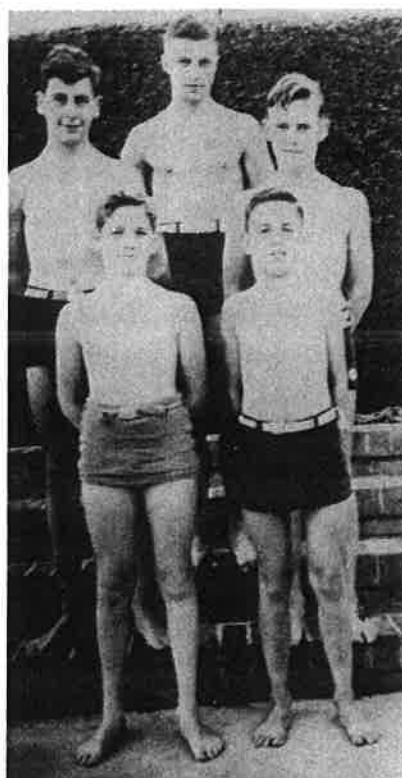
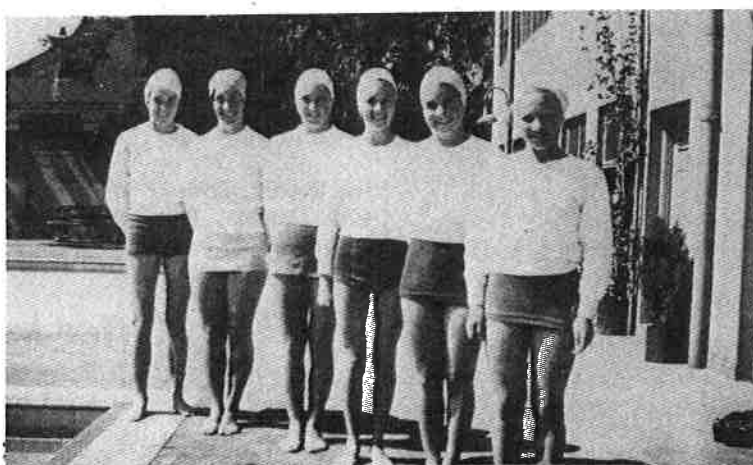
Rated: Pitiful.

SEARCH AND RESCUE"

The chilling tale of two young heroes

"Kid" Currie and "Hannibal" Hamilton throw victory away and put themselves in peril in the wilds of Doncaster.

Rated: Sad



"BUY THE BEST" — SHOP AT C.H.S.



For the best value in talent we offer sensational value.

State Stars.

Sava Rusmir, Zdravko Basic, David Dickson, Neil Kidd,
Geoff Quinlan, Con Sklavounos, Craig Wood, Simon
Tack, Andrew Rowe.

On Offer in 1984



AUTOGRAPHS



