

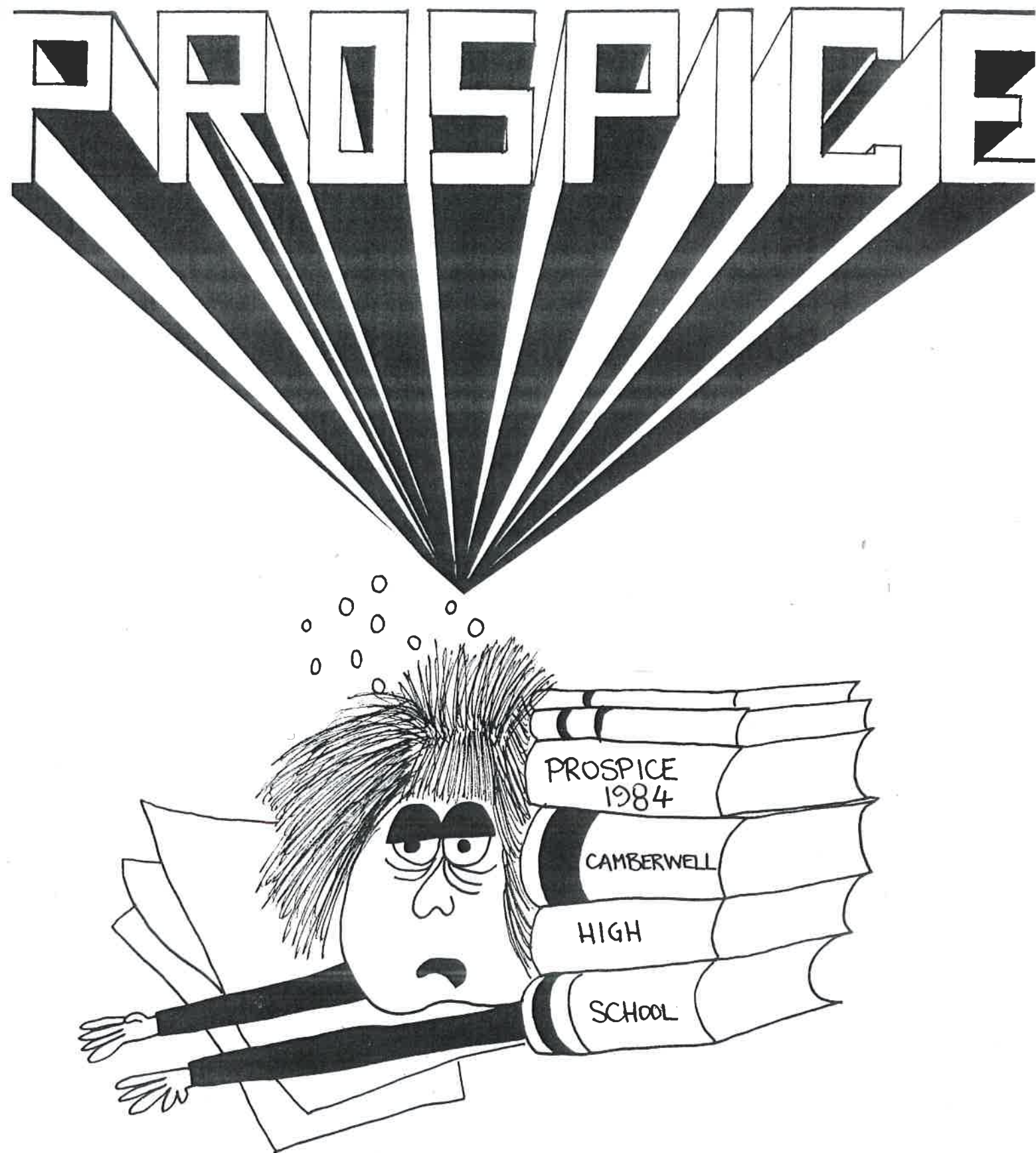


PROSPECT

1984



7Q Cinnamon Barnes Catherine Campbell Kaym Davidson Danielle Edwards Jacqueline England Vicki Gottlieb Benlinda Grace Cathy Grayson
Melissa Green Koh Amanda Julia Badenach Karl Becker Cull Brandt Bill Gianopoulos Paul Goss Con Karagiorgios Trevor Patrick Andre Paulse
Andrew Savage Chris Secretan Duncan Sherman Russel Shields Cameron Strathdee Tim Wade 7R Amanda Ashby Melissa Bunning Catherine
Diggins Sarah Carter Prue Gerrish Anna Karathanasis Fiona Miovich Jane Purvis Sarah Reeh Jeanette Walker Yvonne Zylstra Alistair Bond Angelo Di
Guiseppantonio Shane Foster Phillip Gray Grant Hagget Ashley Jaworski Mathew Klien Kah-Seong Loke Michael Overall Roger Paul Jason Phua
Paul Romas 7S Meanie Blanche Peta Currie Ruth Franklin Rohanne Hodges Rita Kambakidis Sarah Neale Deborah Pankhurst Jillian Prior Samantha
Scheiwe Greta Sutherland Thuc Phung Tran Stella Vamvoukas Jodie Wentworth Rabea Woffling Doug Collier Dimitious Dimos Peter Ferguson Terry
Galanis Mahyar Goodarz Jonathon Hoel Lawrence Miller Michael O'Keefe Daniel Ricciuti Domonic Salisbury Dung Nguyen Van John Paul West 7T
Sharon Barnett Simone Dorembus Kate Dujela Elizabeth Hillis Kate Jennings Sheana Kilmartin Angela Mortyn Michelle Pierce Jennifer Sturgess Kylie
Watt Tracey Wright Jason Biggs Jason Ewer Robert Hatvani Anthony Hoyer Richard Lewis Jim Mihalidis Rodney Missen David Owen Sage Presser
Alexander Rusmir Steven Skandalellis Harry Sklavounos Angelo Varelos 7U Sarah Bond Juliana Dekleva Natasha Ferlazzo Gillian Marchbank Effie
Maziotis Danielle Minogue Susan Newcombe Arieta Reeh Catherine Scholes Louise Sharp Alethis Stephens Melanie Thompson James Ballantyne
Jason Billings Mark Dargan Erric Dimatos Richard Paul Harry Genovezos Mark Henham Kurt Jessen Steven Katzourakid Cameron McLeod Aris
Menelaou Kon Sioulas Aaron Slade Mathew Sloan Peter Terzakis 8L Danyale Brinsmead Anna Civiti Pauline Coulepis Jacqui Henderson Patricia
Hollo Fiona McIntosh Lisa Scholes Kathy Smith Jenny Velissaris Valeria Verbanaz Colin Antoni Paul Forkas Rodney Gance Jeremy Gruzewski Daniel
Guerin Con Hatsikostas Scoot Jessen Tim Jordan Anthony Krisohos David McRobert Mark Molloy Stephen Molnar Bruce Moore Miles Sparrow
Andrew Wood 8M Ashley Adamson, Angelo Alateras Conrad Basset Brian Bowe George Brovas Tim Currie Marc De Jong Kevin Foong Andrew
Forsyth Scott Fraser Luke Gill Jerome Gilmore Eamonn Hamilton David Imberger Dugald Jellie Kieran Kilmartin Russell Kitchin Ian McLeod Nigel
Morre Marc Newman Dan O'Grady David Stavropoulos Leo Stavrou Tim Watson Simon York Ben Hansen 8N Tammy Gray Hanan Hamoui Sandra
Harbour Briti Le Vin Joanne Marchbank Katye Newton Lisa Phillips Jamie Phillips Kathy Prior Maria Tsatsaris Jenny Wellord Stephen Cassy Trent
Craig Robert Evans Douglas Flight George Koutras Andre Krivetz Marc Le Frenais John McLeod Andrew Manton Nick Oddy John Strainc Phillip
Vlahoganis Rohan Young 8Q Penny Barker Sen Ling Chang Date Dargan Keryn Litchfield Mandy McGlone Josie Matthiesson Vanessa Potheary
Celia Stahr Melinda Taylor Dean Benedetti Peter Chua Jonathon Davies Jonathan Evans James Gadsden Stuart Gunn Michael Ingvarson Hugh
McNeilly Andrew Merrick Alistair Mills Bill Sioulas Peter Skantzos Arthur Skliris Marty Smith Philipe Sturrock Mark Van Treit 8P Jean Campbell Kylie
Galtress Alissa Kraus Michelle McIntosh Kelly McLennan Kirrily Staples Fiona Warmbrunn Silas Aiton Rohan Constable Benjamin Epstein Julien
Evans Alan Franklin Michael Gilbert Simon Glance Kris Hauge Gerry Mantalvanos Paul Nankervis Paul Newton Nicholas Phelan Jurgen Tauchert
Aaron Tracey Sourisak Vilay Andree Visapaa Matthew Welsh 9F Effie Christopolous Jackie Evan Nicole Fordham Helena Forsyth Michelle Franklin
Janet Matheson Joanne Moore Caren Wilson John Aldred Nicholas Beardsley Richard Beardsley Darren Bingley Mark Boer Adam Cunningham Chris
Galanis Robert Grezeorzek Paul Hamer Adrian Lowe Wayne Manger Chris Maziotis Richard Park Shane Platts Ken Sneddon Paul Sopikiotis
Con Trahanas 9G Felicity Duncombe Katherine Forsythe Stephanie Guerillot Elizabeth Hoyer Suzy McGlone Natasha O'Sullivan Gillian Paulse Eva
Tsolozidis Erika Verbanaz Kellie Walker Stephen Campbell Simon Cassy Cameron Edgar Andrew Irwin Paul Mcldowney Ross Moorè David Myers
Andrew Paul Craig Pile Ranjit Singh Peter Stavropoulos Simon Tack Andrew Thomson Nick Tribe Nick Vamvoukas 9H Ingrid Adams Nicole Currie
Fiona Evans Georgia Katopis Anne Leeman Kathleen Litchfield Jenny Pankhurst Sonja Stilianos Vilayvanh Vilay Melville Benson Terry Chan Richard
Forkas Brett Fowler Brett Gullen Dean Hawley Dean McDonald Geoffrey Manton Mark Mucenieks David Nesci John Olah Sava Rusmir Paul Slade
Ingo Wieben Damien Zanik 9J Nicole Bowe Zinta Bruns Dina Liberis Helen Mantamadiotis Aglala Stavroulakis Mara Tennis Amanda Wilkin Jessica
Larm Michael Armstrong Zeljko Basic Tim Bond Tuan Bui John Collier Paul Cook David Flight Edward Gaffney Thomas Hatvani Andrew Newcombe
Emilio Ricciuti Jimmy Rousis Andrew Scott Jim Sotiropoulos Rohan Tennakoon Tasos Tsatsaris David Watson 9K Susan Bernhard Jodie Green
Sharyn Hoban Sheryn Jakob Liza Kennedy Carmel O'Shannessy Evelyn Robinson Kate Suterland Venessa Thompson Grant Berry Robert Burgess
Brian Duncan Simon Edwards Ben Glover Michael Harris Jim Karapanos Michael Korenstra Damien Lamb Christopher Merrus Brendan Minogue
Angie Sfougaristos Christopher Sharp Chris Sonesson Daniel Strainic Steven Victor 10A Christine Armstrong Kerrie Brooks Effie Maniatis Helen
Melaxiotis Kellie Saddington Rebecca Sharp Megan Smith Joanna Sturrock Ingrid Van Wyk Meredith Wellard Nicholas Cumming Duncan Adams
Brendan Alter David Dickson Anthony Di Nicolantonio Arthur Filopoulos Rick Leighton Nicholas Matei Mario Maziotis Angus Moore Nicholas Tobin
Nicholas Tomaras Craig Wood Anthony Yap 10B Louise Barnett Lisa Cho Melissa Duffy Susannah Duncan Katherine Goldberg Robyn Patrick Judith
Prager Danielle Sewell Linda Van Wyk Suzanne Vulic Craig Barnett Justin Benson Michael Bond Chris Ciliaris Robert Harris Christy Kilmartin John
Lamond Angus McKinstry Paul Owen Darren Stewart Edwin Van Der Graaf Jim Vassos 10C Nicole Brinsmead Angela Edwards Patricia Keffort
Susan Lynch Sonya Scobie Alina Sloan Anandora Stahr Nicky Stilianos Nicole Tabbernee Nora Tennis Elizabeth Williams Rachael Young David
Ckonin Con Alateras Garner Annett Alex Anselmo Justin Bond Joseph Calcagno Spiros Dimitroulas Malcolm Gunn Mark Phillips Mark Preston Jamaal
Sadiqae 10D Ngoc Bui Irene Coulepis Andriana Dunn Amie Evans Geraldine Gerrish Tsaetan Lee Dow Alice Matthiesson Thuy Nguyen Estelle
Pilcher Meni Roufidis Ozlem Serim Katherine Williams Chris Barras Matthew Blackman James Brown Graham Elliott Michael Gruppetta Thomas Hird
Ralph Kerin Thomas Mills Geoffrey Randell Harry Sfougaristos Ming Suy Nghia Tran 10E Kylie Black Jodie Fowler Catherine Gardner Rachelle Guy
Samantha Hauge Dia Kamfonas Susie Kitsiou Sophie Matthiesson Lorraine Nicoll Ester Papadopoulos Heather Savage Tamara Staples Angelo
Anagnostellis Rhett Ashby Byron Crofton Mitchell Fairbank Richard Gray Craig Hegarty Nicholas Ioannou Nicholas Karathanasis Peter Langtry Rhett
McKenzie Tim McNeilly Joseph Stavroulakis James Uren 11A Georgina Adamson Megan Brooke Thanh Bui Kirsten Morley Kathryn Moyle Kelly
Ratcliffe Tanja Ross Kylie Winstanley Darren Alderson James Anderson Eugene Antoni Gavin Bourrilhon Mark Braby David Campbell Paul Chow
Gerry Dimatos Bill Galanopoulos Alex Green Robert Johnson Richard Jones Bruce Joy Eowwer Lloyd Owen Marston Harjit Singh Bernard Stahr Paul
Wilkin Klaus Wieben 11B Francesca Bourgas Melinda Kraus Fiona McDonald Kylie Minogue Sita Morton Peggy Newton Fontini Tzolozidis Ahn
Tuong Alona Hanson Kristin Hanson Andrew Bajraszewski Imants Bruns Robert Carpenter Adam Chen John Chow Chris Fitzgerald Ted Freeman Ari
Ganas Peter Gray Mark James John Doutras Kim Rajic Ian Savenake Nick Sfougaristos George Skouts Geoff Smyth Ross Williams 11C Miriam
Adams Lisa Bates Georgia Braziotis Sarah Dugdale Lisa Grayson Anna Katapodis Gina Kennedy Naomi Lauer Debbie Matheson Tania Morgan
Joanne Shell Sue Whybrow Marcia Wight David Bassi Paul Berry Richard Callaghan Minhin Chong Malcolm Davis James Dawkins Jason Florence
Damian Frank Roger Jakob Martin Lodge Gavin Mount John Nardoza Nick Petroulias Luigi Scaramozzino Anthony Wright 11D Eve Buckner Virginia
Cassar Kathy Domansky Asimina Kamfonas Loan Quach Jessica Marks Stephen Abrahams Hugh Adams John Braziotis Michael Board John Di
Nicolantonio Bradley Dickson Andrew Evans Edwin Foong Anthony Galanakis Madhawa Gangodawila Timo Heyn Andrew Ioannou James Kitsiou
Paul Krisohos Denny Liberis Timothy Lynch Andrew McNeilly Mark Micic Andrew O'Grady David Robertson Peter Skiliris Jim Terzakis 11E Dianne
Bow Lisa Evans Juliette Foster Vivian Harris Dora Ioannou Bronwen Leslie Leah Mullenworth Suzanne Neale Rose Patrick Teresa Ratcliffe Julie
Savage Richard Bajraszewski Jamie Baker Stuart Barnett Zdravko Basic James Beeson William Carter Scott Edgar Troy Harrington Toan Hunyih
Sonny Kong Chi Wai Leung Adrian Manger Ilias Pavlopoulos Rolf Preston Con Sklavounos Angelo Vlahogiannis Chris Zissiadis 12A Naimah Adam
Nor Afidah Basir Norliza Baharum Simone Crofton Fontina Ganas Nor Azalena Ibrahim Birgitte Munchow Amalie Paul Rosalind Robson Lyn Tran
Adrian Barnett Paul Cho Eric Dunn Pavan Gandok Peter Kopanidis James Muntz Adrian Pease Geoff Quinlan Ian Roberts Chris Tsaoasis 12B Esta
Andriopoulos Michelle Bardwell Catherine Foster Christine Glover Norlela Ismail Fatma Koch Cynthia Leung Mash Mat Karen Power Lisa Wentworth
Nasaruddin Ali Jason Cook Michael Dean Jamie Evans Jamie Friday Brian Harris Gavin Mascas Murray Mount Steven Odgers Steven Psichalos
Justin Sheldrake Mohd Basir Zainuddin 12C Alison Barker Stella Chatzioannou Sarah Clifton Diana Green Yasmin Mahdi Shayna Ogden Sahimi
Abdullah Savas Aidonopoulos Shoal Amiet Andrew Dickinson Andrew Dureau Stephen Kelleher Tony Lovric Brian Murray Jamie Nicholas Robert
Permezal John Rimac George Rykovsky Ibrahim Senin Richard Shapcott Fuzi Shariff 12D Zaiton Abdullah Elizabeth Di Sciascio Joyce Franklin
Zuraina Ghazali Philippa Hore Bronwyn Lloyd Paula Maniatis Lisa Mier Darelle Ong Wendy Rosman Fiona Smith Zaharah Zakaria David Ansett
Nickolas Flook Mark Hand Sam Mavraganis Steven Moriarty Stephen Mullenworth Chien Nguyen Quoc Hung Phan Ensor Rodriguez John Tamowicz



Principal's Report

Camberwell High School, like any other school, comprises three vital components: the staff, the parents and the students. For each of these groups, 1984 has been an exciting and a vital year.

The contribution by the staff to the development of the student within the classroom is, naturally, what is expected of a teacher. The contribution outside the classroom, made willingly by the staff at this school, comes as a bonus. Throughout a great variety of activities, ranging from camps to choral festivities, socials to skiing, "Free as Air" to football, our staff have been most actively involved in the life of the School.

The parents have continued to show their interest, with active involvement in the Parents' and Friends' Association and the School Council, through volunteering their services in the Canteen and the Library, and by reacting positively to what the School is attempting to do. It is part of the job of the Principal to receive, and to act upon, letters of complaint from parents about the School, and some, of course, have been received this year. But 1984 has witnessed an unprecedented number of congratulatory letters from parents which are most encouraging. However, the laurels for 1984 must go to the students. Under an energetic and enthusiastic S.R.C. and eager and encouraging House Captains, they have created for themselves a student life within the school but beyond the classrooms which is without parallel in my time here as Principal. It is my hope that this magazine is a true reflection of the enjoyable year that has been 1984.

As we head in new directions in post-primary education, it will be important to maintain the vibrancy of 1984, and to ensure that the three vital components act and re-act together for the ultimate benefit of the one all-important component — the students.



Mr. D. Collins, Principal

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Students: Gavin Mount, Shayna Ogden, Nick Petroulias.

Staff: Miss B. Baldwin, Mr. R. Corum, Mr. R. Harris, Mrs. E. Nagel, Mr. D. Page, Mrs. M. Salter.

Parents: Mr. J. Brooke, Mr. W. Fordham, Mr. N. McLeod, Mr. K. Moore, Mrs. I. Scholes, Mr. P. Sheldrake, Mr. R. Wellard, Mr. R. Young.

P.F.A. Nominees: Mrs. C. Ingvarson, Mr. J. Farmer.

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

Committee Members — 1984

President: Mrs. C. Ingvarson

Secretary: Mr. K. Savage

Treasurer: Mrs. D. Randell

Committee: Mr. A. Badenach

Mrs. J. Becker

Mr. J. Farmer

Mr. W. Fordham

Mrs. L. Gunn

Mrs. S. Jaworski

Mr. J. Lewis

Mr. K. Moore

Mrs. B. Muntz

Mrs. L. Myers

Mr. R. Newcombe

Mr. C. Skandalellis

Mrs. N. Sparrow

Mrs. Z. Strainic

Mrs. H. Tauchet

Mrs. C. Watt



Senior Editorial

It is a fascinating job to read through the wealth of literary material produced by students from Years 7 to 12. The work of the junior forms particularly reflects much awareness and understanding of the problems of others, as shown by the "Loneliness" section of the magazine. The younger members of the school often wrote with great originality and self-confidence.

Similarly, the Year 12's gave a wide range of views on the problems of coping with H.S.C. Because of the limited space given to us, we couldn't print them all, but an H.S.C. paper was printed instead.

1984 has been a very active year for the students of Camberwell High — and this is reflected in the articles and reports which we have given more space to this year.

In July, the very successful musical "Free as Air" was performed. There have also been many lunch-time activities, such as films, concerts, debates and the Talent Quest, all organised by the S.R.C. The enthusiastic participation by all levels of the school, EVEN the Year 12's, is perhaps a sign of further student involvement in 1985.

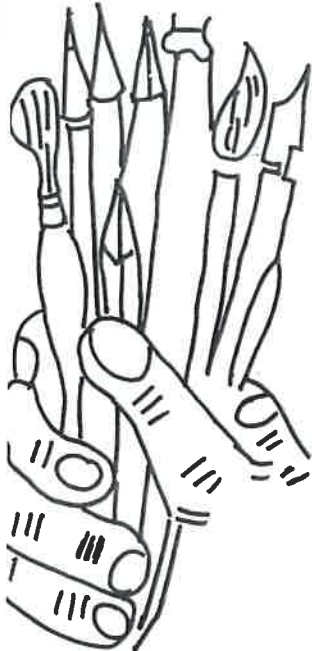
On 19th October, over half the Year 12's risked the permanent loss of self-esteem, by offering themselves for auction as slaves. (For more details see Diana Green's article.)

The Prospective Committee has been meeting once a week, the core of the group being juniors. They proved invaluable in sorting material and providing drawings and ideas. We, the seniors, had the unenviable task of deciding what was to be printed, and where in the magazine it should be placed. Another, though a more enjoyable task, was taking photos of a cross-section of the school community.

This year we tried to change the usual format of the magazine, to give the 1984 Prospective a new and fresher element. We also tried to choose a wide range of literature to show the great variety there is among our young writers.

We hope this year's Prospective provides a faithful representation of C.H.S., and that the Year 12's were all able to get a copy to remind them of this "wonderful" last year at school.

Birgitte Munchow and Rosalind Robson, Senior Editors



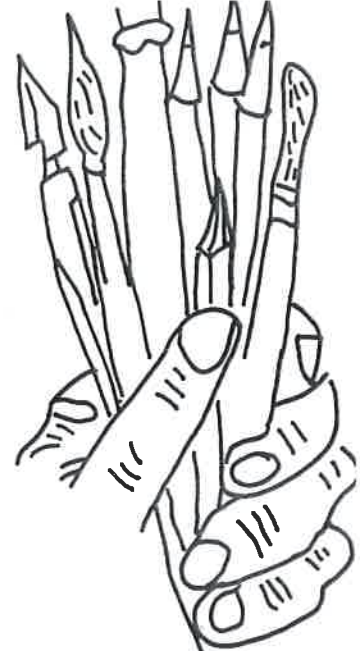
Editorial for Prospice

I have found being on the magazine committee a great challenge — turning up regularly to lunchtime meetings even when I'd rather be outside playing, and helping to find out all about the school's happenings throughout the year.

Camberwell High School is really involved in so many things that are beneficial to the students, such as music, photography, drama, social service, academic activities, business experience and sport, to name just a few! In this magazine we are trying to show you, the reader, something of the activities that go on in this big school, and hopefully there will be something for everyone.

I have found that so many of the teachers help the students in extra-curricular activities and we, the Magazine Committee, would like to thank them for all their hard work.

Ian MacLeod 8M



Magazine illustrated by :-

David Imberger

Tim Watson

MARC NEWMAN

Luke Gill

Eammon Hamilton

Russell Kitchin

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

Senior Editors — Rosalind Robson, Birgette Munchow.

Junior Editor — Ian MacLeod.

Committee — Jacqui Henderson, Tim Wade, Lisa Scholes, Kathy Smith.

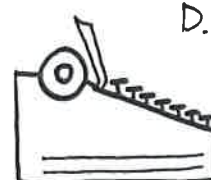
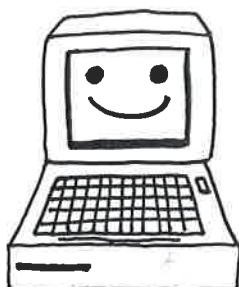
Art Director — David Imberger.

Artists — Russell Kitchin, Luke Gill, Tim Watson.

Photographers — Andrianna Dunn, Katherine Williams.

Typists and Word Processors — Francesca Bourgas, Peggy Newton, Anna Katopodis, Asimina Kamfonas, Dianne Bow, Lisa Evans, Rose Patrick, Chi Wai Leung, Adrian Manger, Georgina Adamson, Kylie Minogue, Ilona Hansen, Miriam Adams, Sue Whybrow, Juliette Foster, Jamie Baker, Zdravko Basic, Angelo Vlahogianis.

The magazine committee would like to give special thanks to: Miss B. Baldwin and Mr. D. Page for devoting a lot of their spare time instructing students and staff in the compilation of the text and the use of the word-processors for this magazine. Also we would like to thank Mrs. Littlewood, Miss Hamilton, and many other teachers for lending us their photographs.



D. Jellie

A NONSENSE OF HAPPINESS

Lying on the grass I feel
I feel the earth beneath,
beneath it turn
it turns around and I,
I follow too.
The sunlight shines
it shines on me,
warming my body
my body it turns.
My eyes are covered
and covered I see
an image that's pink
and the pink is me.
I open my eyes
my eyes they see
a sky that is blue
and the blue is the sea.
Now that it's winter
a season of cold,
I feel this warmth.
Why should that be so?
It's happiness, I know
I feel, but why?
Why I don't know.
The smiling face
in wonder's questioned,
by one amazed.
My answer is,
that what I feel
I feel the earth beneath
beneath me turn.

Birgitte Munchow Year 12

The Old Man

Gnarled fingers, cramped with arthritis, made writing impossible. His snowy white hair fell almost to his shoulders. It was sparse in some places, revealing a wrinkled, pink pate. The long legs, now only bone, held together by a very soft, pink and brown skin, stuck out, the knobbly outline of his knees showed too clearly against his trousers. Each cramped hand rested upon his knee, the misshapen joints looking sinister on the delicate wrists.

Initially, he seemed unaware of any existence other than his own, yet, closer observation revealed a sparkle in his rheumy eyes whenever someone spoke to him. He couldn't reply, remnants of his voice had dissolved long ago, faded into oblivion like the colour from his face. He needed no voice to reveal his past; the wrinkled brow conceded times of hardship, the laugh lines were deep, evidence of humour; saviour of sanity.

In his chair, wrapped in a huge blanket which had seemed small around the shoulder of others, he appeared to be incredibly fragile; a sneeze could have crumbled him into nothing but a pile of dust, to be blown away by a puff of wind.

How many people ever noticed him, sitting in the corner of his children's house? Oh, they cared. Of course they cared. They hadn't sent him to a home for the aged, had they? They weren't going to shut him away with all of his other "rejected" senile peers. He could stay at home with them for as long as possible. Until he became too much to care for. They loved him.

They hadn't talked to him in nine days. He was fed at the right times, given his Anginine each morning and night, and the television was kept on all day so he wouldn't be bored. Adjust the blanket around him. "There Dad, won't get cold now, will we?" And they don't see the look in his eyes as the community bus for the aged passes by the window, taking people out on day trips. "No, we never let Dad go on them buses. You never know what kind of people take care of them. Besides, why would he want to go to see a boring old park with some dribbling seniles?"

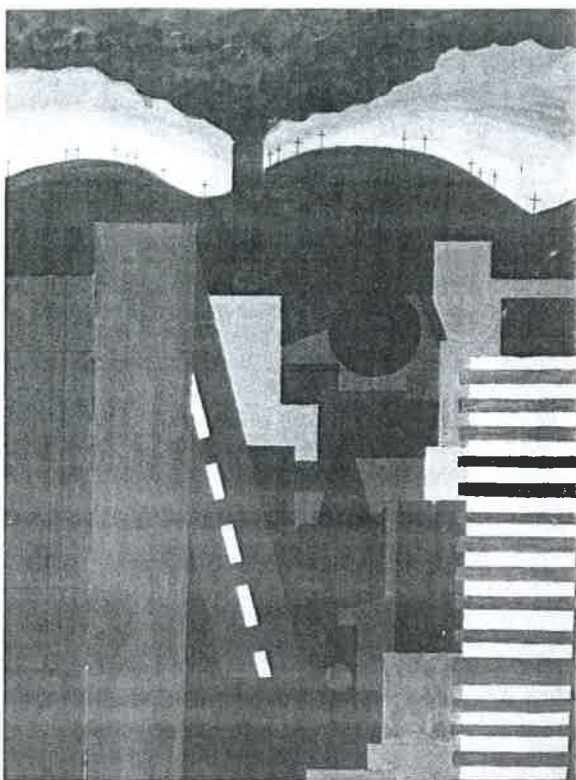
Yes, they loved dear old Dad. Why not keep him happy and at home with the family where he wouldn't be neglected in his final days? Sometimes, a violent shudder would wrack his fragile frame, and watchers would start in horrified anticipation. "Is it time?"

WINNER OF THE DON ANDERSON AWARD:

B. Munchow — "A Nonsense of Happiness".



Alina Sloan, Year 10



Kathryn Moyle, Year 11

Terminus

The old man thought . . .
 He thought of the day before,
 But he could have been thinking of any day or the past several years
 Except Christmas.
 Every day was the same in the cold, bare, room.
 Except Christmas.
 Yes, that was when the nurse strung up pieces of coloured aluminium and tissue paper, and read out some cards in a voice that seemed unpleasantly boring.
 Christmas . . .
 When had that last come?
 The only change in a strange ritual that was carried out daily.
 First he was woken up from his protective sleep, then he had to take the pills that he hated, but it was either take the pills or have the nurse call the doctor and he would force the pills down the parched throat.
 He was so miserable. . . .
 Sometimes he got angry when he thought of his lost virility, all the children he had fathered,
 his wife . . . His wife?
 Tears would trickle down his cheek when he remembered. He felt so lonely ever since his wife died.
 That was twelve years ago.
 For five years after his wife's death he had locked himself away in the house, which he used to share with his wife.
 But his family had put him in a home and they only visited once in a blue moon.
 He was lonely . . .
 The nurses of course were only in it for the money, he realised, they didn't like him, putting on fabricated smiles before they entered the room.
 The whole world was totally alien to him.
 He was completely alone . . .
 or was there someone in the rest room, maybe he was the only person in the world.
 The nurses had tried not to mention the fact but he already knew where he was. He would never leave this place. He was in Terminus. He was there to die, but he would gladly accept death!
 He was so alone!
 He closed his eyes and went back into comforting sleep, from which he never awoke,
 In this world!
 I wonder if the old man is still lonely?
 Wherever he is!

Tim Watson, 8M

After The Bomb

Before, when speaking of "The Bomb",
 People said "Don't be stupid, as if Reagan'd allow it".
 "Make a bet?" said others; we made a bet.
 I used to despise the jerks who said so casually,
 "We'll survive the War." (I never quite made out whether they were pessimists or optimists!)

I wished there had never been one — a War, I mean. Everything blown to pieces for miles around that day.
 The cigarettes sent hurtling right out of Mum's and Dad's mouths, as they sat on the brand new tan vinyl-covered hire purchased settee, in the lounge.
 Doing the norm, a couple of beers on the carpeted floor beside them. What really surprised them was the T.V. going funny, after they had just paid eleven dollars ninety-five to have the man from Croydon come out to fix it.
 Uncle Charlie swore like hell when the dishwasher wouldn't work; it was his night to clear the table. The apartment windows were blown in but no-one really minded. It was only the kids' room.
 "We'll get some more tomorra, I reckon Bob'll do me a good deal," said Dad.
 (They knew him at McEwan's.)
 "Be thankful the aerial wasn't blown off. If the T.V. didn't work, neither would the video or the computer!"
 Well, we all knew that some of us would have to go — they told us that; still, I think that everybody was a bit put out with all the signs at the entrance to the South-East Freeway, in red, black and white, official-looking writing, saying;
 "DEATH TO ALL WHO ENTER BEYOND THIS POINT."
 "I bet it's just to scare ya!" said Charlie, unconvinced. Ma was a bit dubious but despite her, we drove on. We 'got to where McEwan's used to be.
 Didn't even see Bob.
 The smell of gas and rotting bodies was pretty foul and the rain had caused dust from rubble to rise into little clouds. It was a good thing that we had been so thoroughly conditioned to this beforehand, otherwise I don't think I could have coped very well at all.
 Anyway, after that trip everybody's hair started falling out (very enhancing) — No, I'm not joking, I mean it.
 When I combed my hair, it all came out in chunks. Well, we all started to get a bit worried, when Dad turned yellow, Mum got the vomits and then we all got all of it, including the most indescribable stomach pains — excruciating.
 I can't really remember that part too well, but I recall getting emaciated and having my skin peel off; then I died, as did the others.
 But it was worth it.
 All day, every day sitting up here, in comfort with all the latest videos; they've even got a few Commodores. Dad likes it. Reagan didn't know he was doing us such a good turn: I still laugh about it.
 Gee, it was a dog's life down there.

Sophie Matthiesson, 10E

SENIOR WRITERS' PRIZE:

Shared equally by:
 S. Matthiesson — "After the Bomb".
 J. Marks — "The Old Man".
 Highly recommended:
 T. Lee Dow, S. Mullerworth, S. Moriarty.

JUNIOR WRITERS' PRIZE:

Tim Watson — "Terminus".

Thank You

This year we have decided to include a Thank You page in our magazine. It is dedicated to all the people who have helped around the school, but who hardly ever get recognition for their work. We would like to begin by thanking Mr. Don Harrop for his hours of work on things like the Musical. He uses a great deal of his spare time trying to help make the school a better place. The members of the Parents' and Friends' Association have also given much of their time preparing refreshments for such occasions as Parent/Teacher nights. We are also deeply grateful to the mothers in the canteen who do such a wonderful job serving and preparing the students' lunches. There are even some mothers whose children have left school, who still continue to work in the canteen. A few mothers have also volunteered to work in the library, covering books, typing and filing. For this we are very grateful. Also many thanks to the parents who have worked very hard on the upkeep of the school during working bees.

Without all this valuable support our school could not do many of the things it is able to do, and it would not have the attractive appearance that we are so proud of. Thank you to all who have made this another successful year.



Prospect Enterprises Pty. Ltd.

And finally . . . the First Place. I think you all can guess The First Prize of \$2,500 goes to Camberwell High School's "Prospect Enterprises".

"This Company started with many problems and looked at many areas in business, and I believe they have convinced us that we should have bought shares in their Company. They faced many problems and seemed to barge right through them." And so were the words of the Chairman of the judging panel as I walked up to collect the cheque, leaving the screams of happiness of my team mates behind me.

As at the 12th of July the liquid Assets totalled \$942, that is a profit of \$642, a rate of return of 214% on initial capital. That is, each shareholder received more than 3 times what he/she put in — and in only 4 months!

Throughout the year, the company had set itself three main fundamental objectives:

- (a) To bring a good return to the shareholders.
- (b) To learn as much as we possibly could about the business world.
- (c) To win the Competition!

So you can see we have managed to fulfil all our objectives.

Prospect Enterprises began with the election of the Board of Directors. The Board consisting of:

Nick Petroulias.....	Chairman/President
Bill Galanopoulos.....	Vice President
Georgia Braziotis.....	Company Secretary
Michael Board.....	Company Treasurer
Zdravco Basic.....	Assistant Secretary
David Robertson.....	Assistant Treasurer
Chris Ziziadis.....	Marketing Director
Peter Gray.....	Advertising Director

We also had constant help from Jim Kitsou, Anthony Galanakis and Ilias Pavlopoulos.

You may recall our profit-making ventures: The Party Night Disco, which we advertised on 3RRR, Fox FM, and 3MP Radio. We were also nominated for the "Turkey Award" on 3AW for having our disco the same night as three local Police Blue light Discos. The Disc Jockey ended up being somewhat of a clown so for half the night the people had no music to dance to, because the equipment had broken down.

Then we had our Cassette Sale and we were selling blank Audio TDK Cassettes and managed to sell almost all stock by the end of the term in office. Later we were selling, at the Camberwell Sunday Bazaar, the plants which we had been growing. Chris Ziziadis, our Marketing Director, fought to get the plants sold and tried every sales approach possible. This didn't necessarily increase sales, but it attracted a crowd who were entertained by Chris's little show, whilst Michael was half asleep in his chair and Bill and Jim were trying to pick up girls from the other schools and the rest of us were bursting with laughter.

Later we brought in video games machines to the school for a short, but profitable, visit. Then we held a martial Arts Show that was unfortunately below the expectations of our advertising Campaign.

Our total net sales brought in \$1780 and we watched that figure diminishing after the many expenses. Throughout the year we were serious about the competition and upheld a very high standard. We did research Investment and human behaviour/dealing with people. We also researched the importance of Marketing and Promotion. We were the only public school competing against private schools, and we came out undisputed as the best Company in the Competition.

We were somewhat pragmatic but that was what business had taught us. We had enormous conflict between members of the Board but through teamwork, motivation and leadership we came up on top. It was hard work but it was worth it.

*Nick Petroulias Year 11
President 1984*



What is Taekwondo?

Taekwondo originated about twenty centuries ago in Korea and has become a very competitive martial-art sport.

The object of the sport is to repel your opponent with bare hands and feet.

In the old days, Taekwondo was a way to improve one's health, physical fitness and poise.

Taekwondo requires great mental concentration and in particular, almost incredible power and good sense.

In recent years, Taekwondo has become a modern sport. It is now an international sport with tradition as well as the spirit of martial science.

Furthermore, the World Taekwondo Federation was recently granted recognition by the International Olympic Committee.

The sport is now so well known and practised that it is even being taught in primary schools for physical fitness and self-defence.

Con Trahanas and Peter Stavroupoulos

Camp Coolamatong

This year's Year Seven "Camp One" was at Coolamatong on the Gippsland Lakes. The journey there took five hours on the train and half an hour on the bus, but the journey was certainly worth it.

With the help of our teachers, Miss Dellos, Mrs. Darby, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Carter the camp got off to a great start. With over forty enthusiastic students the five days were jam packed with activities. There was horse riding, kayaking, bush-craft, swimming and an obstacle course to get through. (And if you got up early enough you could even milk the cows!)

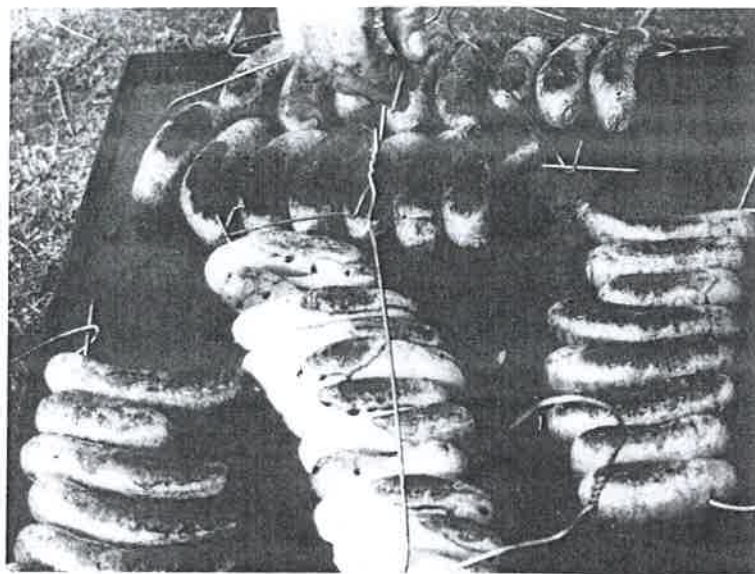
I certainly enjoyed the camp so did everyone else. I hope next year's Year Seven enjoy the camp as much as we did.

Dannielle Edwards 7Q

Year 7 Sausage Sizzle

On the 14th February this year all the Year 7 students and their parents came to C.H.S. at 5.30 p.m. for the annual Year 7 Seven Sausage Sizzle. When the students and their parents started to arrive they went to the student's form teacher so that the parents could meet them and receive a name tag. After that everyone had a great time. The annual pancake race was held as it is every year, on Shrove Tuesday (Pancake Tuesday). After this a few of the teachers attempted to teach the students some games. While the students were having fun, the parents met other parents of students in the same Year 7 form and they were also asked to fill in some questionnaires. Then some of the parents started to leave and it appeared to have been a very successful evening.

Catherine Scholes, 7U



Coolamatong Camp II

Everyone was at Riversdale station on time, and after a six hour train trip we arrived at Coolamatong at 2.30. We settled into our huts.

The camp children were divided into four colour groups — red, blue, green and yellow. These groups separately did the activities which were bushcraft with Brian, horse riding with Lyndell, kayaking with Jim, and the obstacle course with Andy. Bushcraft consisted of making a fire and cooking damper, pop-corn, scones and a pancake. The group doing horse riding would divide up, with half doing horse riding and half BMXing, after 55 minutes the halves would change around. With kayaking you would get into two-man kayaks and race, play tiggy and have a go in a one-man kayak and purposely capsize. The obstacle course had several bridges, swinging ropes and a tyre wall. These groups also made dinner, lunch, breakfast and did toilet duties.

Separate groups toured the camp. Activities were then held for each color group. When the activities were finished we had free time and an enjoyable dinner. Jim took us on an interesting night bushwalk where we played a couple of games. We had supper and then went to sleep.

It was a beautiful Tuesday morning and once breakfast was finished and the huts were marked, the C.H.S. teachers started their activities. Mrs. Darby took first aid, Mrs Salter took drama and Mr. James and Mr. Walsh took a treasure hunt on the second day, cricket on the third day and soccer on the fourth day. Before dinner there was free time while the shop was open. A treasure hunt and a quick game of spotlight tiggy was held between dinner and supper.

On Wednesday the boat trip took up most of the day. The trip went up Duck Arm, across Lake Victoria to Ocean Grove where we had lunch. From Ocean Grove we walked to the Ninety Mile Beach. After a sandstorm walk against the wind we met up with the boat which was called the C. C. Neil near Rotamah Island. In rough waters we went past Sperm Whale Head, across Lake Victoria, and down Duck Arm. After dinner we went to Jim's place and had a sing-a-long and heard about what the leaders had done before they came to Coolamatong.

It was farm afternoon on Thursday and Ken and his dog Brad came down. Ken picked eight children to try to round up thirty sheep. After ten minutes the children were exhausted and the sheep were not properly rounded up. Brad took only two minutes to round up the sheep, proving that dogs are more useful than people. After Brad's effort Ken drenched the sheep and told us about worms. The shop was then opened before Ken killed the sheep. Ken broke the sheep's neck and cut its main artery while the heart was pumping, this helped drain all the blood from the sheep. Its lungs, liver, heart, all four stomachs, gall bladder and large and small intestines were taken out by Ken.

The concert was held after dinner and there were some very funny acts. After and between the acts every child received an award. Some hilarious awards were Prue Gerrish's "Garbage Guts Award", Brandt Cull's "Late for Duty Award", Matthew Klein's "Limited Vocabulary Award" and Chris Secretan's "Aquatic BMXer Award". We played spotlight tiggy after the concert.

On Friday morning Cameron McLean, Matt Sloan and Cameron Strathdee caught a rabbit in a rabbit trap. Cameron McLean took home the skin and the carcass for the trio to eat later on. We had a boat trip on the C. C. Neil to Bairnsdale and had a pleasant train trip home.

Tim Wade 7Q

Outdoor Education at Camberwell High School

Outdoor Education is offered at Year 9 and 10 under the Elective system.

It aims to give students experience in a variety of outdoor adventure activities, and the skills to safely enjoy the outdoor environment. Many of the skills learnt in Outdoor Education are of use in day to day living. For example, navigation and map reading, first aid, nutrition and menu planning. Outdoor education also aims to encourage students to become independent decision makers and leaders, but also to be able to interact with others in a group situation. The course consists of practical and theoretical work in the following areas:

Water safety and survival
Canoeing and kayaking
Nordic skiing and snow camping
First aid
Navigation and mapping
Bush Walking
Environmental awareness

Included in these major topics are nutrition and menu planning, clothing and equipment for the particular activity, safety for the activity, fire lighting, tent pitching and leadership.

Outdoor education is becoming increasingly popular in Victorian schools as it can be taken at H.S.C. as a group 2 subject, can lead on to tertiary courses, can lead on to employment in, for example, the National Parks, Forestry Commission, Department of Youth Sport and Recreation and Municipal councils. Perhaps most importantly, Outdoor Education gives students skills to survive in this time of increasing unemployment, social change and increasing leisure and recreation time.



AUSTRALIAN MATHS COMPETITION

Prizes:

Tim Lynch, Stephen Campbell, Kah Seong Loke.

Distinctions:

James Friday, Brian Murray, Esta Andriopoulos, Andrew Dickinson, Ian Savenake, Chi Wai Lueng, Anthony Galanakis, Alex Green, Alina Sloan, Angus Moore, Heather Savage, Grant Berry, Daniel Strainic, Karl Becker, Mahyar Goodardz, Eric Dimatos, Jodie Wentworth, Steven Skandalellis, Julian Badenach, Robert Hatvani, Alistair Mills, Phillip Sturrock, Josie Mathieson, Marc De Jong, David McRobert, Stuart Gunn, John Strainic, Miles Sparrow, Andrew Merrick, Bill Sioulas, Paul Nankervis, John McLeod, Katherine Prior, Phillip Vlahogiannis, Andrew Savage, Phung Tran, Sage Presser, Tim Wade, Roger Paul, Fatma Koch.

AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICAL OLYMPIAD

Congratulations to Chi Wai Leung (Year 11) who has been invited to train for the Victorian State team, which will be competing at the national level later in the year. This "Olympiad" is organised by the Australian Academy of Science.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA

A talent quest was organised this year and won by one of our students, Karl Becker. Congratulations, Karl.



Douglas Collier, Year 7

Year 10 Geology

9.00 a.m. on Friday 3rd August a bus load of Geology students left C.H.S. to embark on a great adventure; to discover the secrets of Werribee Gorge. Our normally vocal class was very subdued as we listened to the Olympic races. Mrs. Devine was worried about our silence, but it didn't last for long.

We arrived at our first destination, Bacchus Marsh, to collect the guide who was going to shed some light on the mysteries of synclines, anticlines and varying strata types.

Arriving at the gorge we stopped to collect some fossils, very interesting when you are able to distinguish them from cracks or dust on the slate, but nevertheless we found some. The next stop was at the top of the gorge and here we discovered some new rock types, with C.U.B. labels and of a brown colour. Obviously they had been left by the creatures who inhabited the gorge's railway.

A short hike was punctuated by stops at points of interest; a fold in the ordovician strata or determining the rock type in an anticline. A few people found the rocks hard to leave, so they took them along.

Our first obstacle was a railway embankment and our worthy guide took us the hard way over, and then up a sheer cliff (well it looked like that to us!)

By now we were beginning to wish we had stayed in the bus with Mr. Harris and not winding our way through trees towards the edge of the gorge.

But it didn't end there. We went down the gorge wall and along a narrow path of rock. Many of the class learnt the graceful way of falling very quickly! One step left or right meant instant down, down, down to the bottom of the gorge.

The Werribee River was winding its way along the bottom of the valley. Here, we planted our sore feet on to rocks and ate our lunch. Another hike back to the bus, on the way learning of the mating habits of the hawks, meeting the saint of the gorge and listening to endless jokes from the guide. Back to Bacchus Marsh and then to C.H.S.

It was a great day as the sun shone the whole time and I'm sure all our class and our worthy leader, Mrs. Devine (not to mention Mr. Harris), had a most enjoyable day.

Tamara Staples 10E

S.R.C. President's Message

Seventeen dedicated students representing a good cross-section of the school, as well as one equally dedicated teacher, comprise the 1984 C.H.S. Students' Representative Council.

Over the past five months, since our establishment this year, our continual "Make Camberwell High School an even better place" campaign, has seen ideas from all over the school evolve and materialise through our often rather . . . energetic meetings. These meetings are held at 8.15 a.m. every Tuesday (despite some of us wishing to remain in bed!). The suggestions we receive and ideas we generate ourselves usually evolve into pleasing successes, although, admittedly, on occasions, our more ambitious bursts of inspiration have been known to fail to progress from the drawing-board stage.

By conducting "casual clothes", we have managed to raise in excess of \$200 to add to the S.R.C. account. I trust many of you recall the day Camberwell High was overwhelmed by hats! (These ranged from motor-bike helmets through floral extravaganzas, to balaclava abstractions!)

With some of the money raised we hired and screened the film, "The Blues Brothers". We charged no admittance, and accordingly attracted the majority of the students to the school hall during lunch break. A lot of effort has been put into trying to establish room 100 as a year 12 common room. A number of posters have been donated and purchased by S.R.C. members to decorate the windows and walls. A heater has been requested through the School Council, and even an old carpet was very kindly given and transported to school by Mr. Harris. For this we express many thanks. However . . . as the area doubles as a thoroughfare outside of school hours, the carpet could not be tacked to the floor, and was thus a safety hazard. (No underfelt plus polished floors equals slippery carpet) . . . This resulted in its prompt removal. Furthermore, several posters have mysteriously disappeared from room 100, which I, for one, find rather disappointing. Ideally, to create a sanctuary and work environment for "veteran" students, comfortable chairs, a fridge, a stereo system, an electric kettle, a toaster, an urn and pianola would be sufficient for our needs . . . (to start with at least!)

Coming down to earth I must report that identification cards were recently distributed to all students who requested them in the senior year levels. These plastic-coated cards (complete with photo), apart from looking very official in a wallet, enable students to receive discounts in cinema admission costs and the like.

The S.R.C. is currently considering taking steps to construct a brick wall on the school grounds. This would serve as something on which to play the popular lunchtime activity, "Downball", and hopefully prevent a few more windows falling prey to stray fast-flying tennis balls.

On 28th June, we have scheduled the Senior Social. Judging by the student response so far, by the time you read this, it will have been a most successful occasion. The theme is to be "Dressed to Impress".

Summing up all these accomplishments and ideas, the S.R.C. has been very busy throughout the year. We are open to suggestions that can in any way benefit the lives of the students at Camberwell High School. In fact, suggestions are a S.R.C.'s "food source". Feel free to contact us.



Murray Mount President

S.R.C. consists of:

Year 7 — Kate Dujela, Jason Ewer, Michelle Pierce.
Year 8 — Pauline Coulepis, Phillip Vlahogiannis.
Year 9 — Jacquie Evans, John Aldred.
Year 10 — Tamara Staples, Byron Crofton (Treasurer).
Year 11 — Andrew McNeily (Secretary), Nick Petroulias, Kelly Ratcliffe, Julie Savage.
Year 12 — Birgitte Munchow, Murray Mount (President), Steven Odgers (Vice President), Michael Dean.
Plus Ms. Dellos (Teacher Representative).



Library Report

Over twenty students from Year 7 and Year 12 have been attending library committee meetings. It is good to see several Year 12 students joining with the other students especially at working bees. These students play an important role in many aspects of library including the selection of books. From their knowledge of class sets and fiction, they suggest where further sets would help students in completing their assignments and most of these books have arrived and are being used at present.

Besides students being active in library activities, we have several mothers who each give up half a day every week. They are Mrs. Joan James, Mrs. Judy Becker, Mrs. Pamela Munchow and Mrs. Roberta Ashby. To these mothers we say a very big thank-you as they spend their time either covering books, filing and sorting cards, shelving and many other tasks that must be done in the library.

We must also thank Mrs. Paull who again has donated some more books.

The library collection which has grown to over 46,000 is a very valuable asset to pupils and teachers of this school. However, it is unfortunate that there are a few students who, rather than being honest and borrowing a book, steal it and it is usually an important reference that is taken. We hope that in the future we shall have a system that will prevent students from this undesirable practice.

With the introduction of computers in the school, we look forward to a computerised system in the near future.

Library Committee Members

Alistair Mills, Bill Sioulas, Stuart Gunn, Arthur Skliris, Birgitte Munchow, Bernard Stahr, Sen Ling Chang, Malcolm Gunn, Steven Psichalos, Savas Aidonopoulos, Angela Mortyn, Lawrence Miller, Jim Sotiropoulos, Alistair Bond, Lisa Phillips, Michelle Bardwell, Lisa Scholes, Kylie Black, Kah Seong Loke, Melanie Thompson.

The Home

My Great Nana broke her leg and couldn't look after herself too well. So our family decided to send her to a home. She didn't want to go and she was very upset; but she went anyway. In the home she made many friends whom she kept happy. The nurses in the home said that Great Nana kept everyone happy and probably was the best in the old persons' home. She had one friend who lived in the room next door, and whom she liked very much and respected. Great Nana made many paintings and craft work. I showed one in class, but that wasn't the best thing she had made. A red hobby horse was the best of her work at the home. She gave it to my little brother. She was still happy until a few weeks ago when her best friend died. She still is upset and Mum doesn't know whether Great Nana will recover from the shock for some time; still she is a great person!

Russell Kitchen, 8M

The youth of today don't show much respect for the old people in our community. I think they should because if it wasn't for many of the old men and women who were in the war, we may not be here now.

Conrad Basset, 8M

When I grow old, if I get old, I'd like to be happy and go for walks and take care of myself like my Pop.

Mark Newman, 8M

No, I don't think the youth of today respect old people, but I think we should because many of the old people fought for our country in the second and first world wars, and may have saved us, and many old people were inventors who invented things we take for granted, and many old people teach us things about when they were small children.

Dugald Jellie, 8M

No!! The youth of today do not respect elderly people today. I think they should because the elderly are very clever, knowledgeable people. They can teach you a lot of things and make you aware of the world before you were born. I think we should respect old people.

Russell Kitchen, 8M

Loneliness In a New Country

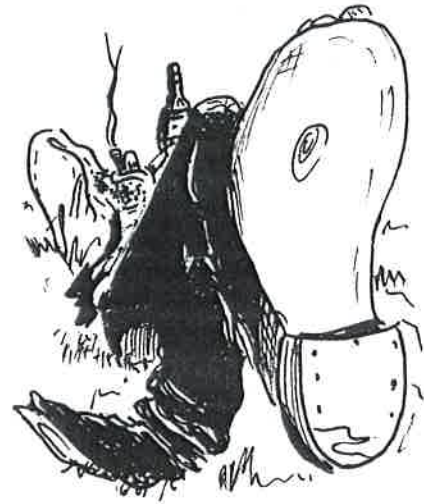
I feel tense,
I look around
I feel watched,
I am.

A group of children,
sitting there staring,
One speaks in another language,
They giggle and snigger,
I move on.

I walk into the main street,
I feel I am under a microscope,
Tiny and insignificant but of interest,
I am uneasy.

I am a stranger in town,
A threat maybe?
I feel insecure,
Will I be accepted?
I stand in a shroud of uncertainty,
As everyone stares at me,
Why do I have to have the Stranger's face?
No-one is friendly,
This is LONELINESS.

Dan O'Grady, 8M



Loneliness

Through the thickness of the crowd,
I spotted a man, an old man,
His skin all wrinkled, like a gnarled tree,
No one to talk to, no one to see,
Sitting on a graffiti'd bench.
He was mumbling poetry to himself,
Mainly to keep himself awake;
He needed somebody, for heaven's sake.
His clothes all creased, tattered and scarred,
His wiry hair, rose up in peaks,
His scarf with holes, stains and folds,
He suffered from pneumonia, flu and colds.
He wanted a friend, he needed one badly,
He tried to talk to people, to communicate with them,
But they didn't listen, they thought he was mad,
I walked over to him, for I felt sad.

Dugald Jellie, 8M

I find the prospect of becoming old quite daunting because I don't know whether I'll enjoy it or I'll be bundled off to an old folks' home. Anyway, I might not make it to being old.

Dan O'Grady, 8M

I don't think that the youth of today show respect to the elderly. I think they should because older people are much wiser.

George Brovas, 8M



Danielle Sewell, Year 10

Lost

There he lay,
Under the scrunched up papers;
The wind was blowing through his crinkled face;
It started to rain,
But still he slept on.
One hand protruded through the papers;
In it was a bottle.
His hat blew off into the distance,
And through his shoes poked dirty grubby toes,
No socks,
No shoelaces,
Only tattered black leather shoes.
He had no home.
No one to love,
He was by himself,
All by himself,
He was lost in a world that he didn't understand.

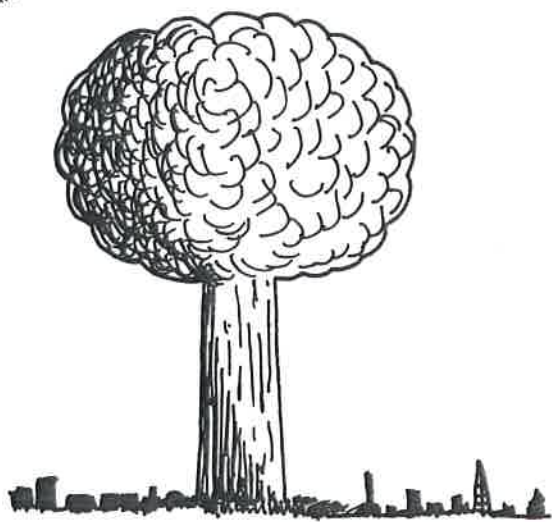
Russell Kitchin, 8M



Nicole Tabernée, Year 10

The main problems facing youth today are unemployment, drugs and nuclear war.

Andrew Forsythe, 8M



Some changes in modern life that I would like to see would be the end of the arms race, more jobs, more caring for the old and less crime.

Dan O'Grady, 8M

A Plea

Why do they not understand
the problems we have.
Why can't they live in peace.
Why can't they love and share?
When will the world revive?
no troubles nor fears.
When will mankind unite
and make our lives worthwhile?
That day seems ever so far
and I don't understand,
Why the world is dim not clear
and our future not in our hands.
Perhaps they cannot hear us
our offers of help.
We understand,
We are committed
But they ignore us.

By Phillip Vlahogiannis 8N

The Tramp

Life is strange in the way it moves.
When morning comes the tramp will move.
He moves slowly as if in no great hurry.
He walks as though he has just been beaten
and with the amount of money he gets
he hasn't eaten.

A child is near,
roaring as though he were in four gear;
so much life, so much energy,
but still the tramp moves on.
With each step he looks more uncertain,
each step gets closer to the ground
for soon he will stumble.

Still he moves with lack of attention
to the state of nowhere land.

It is now a race for life
and mind over matter,
But lack of energy is winning,
the mind is going, going, gone.
Then all too suddenly the ground rushes up
to meet the tramp at the end of his life.

Scott Frazer, 8M

The problems facing today's youth is the problem of needing a good education for getting a job. There is a lot of pressure brought about by concerned teachers and parents. Also there are the problems of alcohol, drugs, and violence.

Kieran Kilmartin, 8M

Some of the changes I would like to see are the governments of all countries being friends so that there would be no need for war or a nuclear one and then everyone could live without fear.

Scott Fraser, 8M

I find the prospect of being old quite scary, because sometimes I think there won't be a world left by the time I grow up. If I do grow up I would like to be happy and healthy.

Russell Kitchin, 8M

Hot Gossip

It was a beautiful, clear, spring morning. The birds were singing cheerfully, and in the gardens, the flowers and trees were standing tall and proud. The sky was just a sheet of blue; no clouds in sight.

"Beautiful day, isn't it, Rose?"

"Yes, absolutely gorgeous. Isn't the garden looking pretty, Iris?"

"Mmmm, that gardener is certainly doing a good job with it. I can remember when I was younger; it was like a tip. Really disgusting!"

"Yes, well that was a bit before my time, Iris," Rose says with a teasing giggle.

"Very funny, Rose." A note of annoyance is present in Iris's voice.

"Sorry Iris — it was only a joke; really."

"I know. It's all right. By the way, I had a visitor today."

"Really, who was it?"

"No one special; just Sam. Ate me out of house and home, he did. A real nuisance! Hanging around like a busy bee, just waiting for a bit of gossip. He had plenty to tell me of course. I wouldn't trust him though; he'd just go straight to Violet and tell her everything. He's been hanging around her a lot lately, you know."

"What news did he tell you, Iris? Rose is nearly frothing at the mouth when she asks this; she thrives on gossip."

"Oh, just something about Violet being found dead on the garden path. She died of dehydration or something."

"Really? I can't wait to tell everybody about this."

"Now, Rose. Remember, it was Sam who told me; he probably made it up. Anyway, he would have told Daphne by now, and she'll have already told everybody."

"Yes, I suppose, oh well." Disappointment spreads across Rose's face.

Iris tries to liven up the conversation: "Lovely weather we've been having isn't it? I mean . . . after the drought and all".

"Yes, that was shocking, wasn't it? The water supply was at its bare minimum; we could have died!"

"No, we WOULDN'T have died, or at least I wouldn't have; it would take an ox to kill me."

"Killed by one's own kind, hey, Iris!" Rose lets out another of her teasing giggles.

"Very funny, Rose. I swear I'll . . ."

Iris's sentence is cut short by a tremor and a couple of loud thumps.

"What was that?" Rose asks worriedly.

"I . . . I don't know," Iris replies, trembling slightly.

More tremors and thumps continue and it starts getting darker.

"Wh . . . What's happening Rose? Rose, what's happening?" Iris is hysterical.

"Ca . . . Calm down Iris . . . it'll be all right. Oh no! Help! Ahaaah . . ."

"Ooooh Mummy, look at these lovely flowers I've picked."

"Yes, they're beautiful dear."

Liz Hoyer, 9G



My Ambition

I would like to be able to live in a place like Bairnsdale because it is a pleasant place with lots of good weather and it's not too crowded. But it's a sleepy place in the morning. On a warm sunny day you can hear the occasional car or truck on the main road, the quiet chirping of birds, but otherwise it's a peaceful, bright town.

The job I would get there would probably be as a carpenter, as I would be outside most of the time and be part of the warm, bright and joyful days that occur in spring.

My daily life as a carpenter would be like this; I would wake up in the morning feeling cheerful and start planning for the day ahead, and go into the kitchen bright and energetic, have breakfast, then get dressed, and do the daily chores.

Then joyfully I would collect the tools I would need and be off to the part of the town where I would be working. In the evening I would come home gleefully and have tea and then have an early night.

If I was able to do these things I would be content, but at the moment I have to do with what I have.

David Ingberger, 8M



Human Beings

In life, there are several species of human beings, all it really involves is seeing, beyond their cover or their mask, At times this is really quite a task.

There are the proud and indignant, Some are witty, some are tactful, some are nervous and some are helpful. The tactless and the rude, don't forget the ruthless and the crude.

There are some brainy and knowledgeable, there are some quick tempered and some quite vulnerable.

Some sullen, some pathetic, some bright, some enthusiastic. There are the modest or the opinionated, there are the sly and the easily provoked.

The above are a few examples of the varieties of the human race, always remember to look beyond the face. For when you don't or try to avoid that card, Life will leave you, not bruised but scarred.

Simone Dorembus, 7T

Friend of Mine

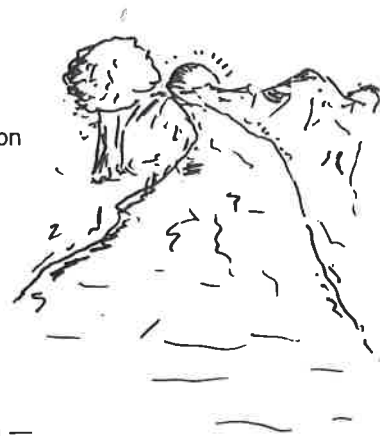
There is a really good friend of mine
And he has been my friend for years;
He tells me all about his life
And of all the things he fears.
He says the world just kicks him down
And he asked me, "Is it fair?"
So I reply to this friend of mine
That it happens everywhere.
I try to tell this friend of mine
That happiness will come his way.
So by now you're probably wondering
Just who is this friend so fine,
Then I guess I'll have to tell you
that this friend is really my mind.

Jim Sotiropoulos, 9J

The Stream

It starts silently —
Carefully —
Gracefully —
Moving timidly over fine sands,
And glistening in the early morning sunlight.
The stream makes its way down the mountain,
Getting louder and braver at every bend,
Until it rushes down a valley
Or, splashes over rapids
And moves at full speed.
Over stony ways it babbles
And flows along with ease,
It quickly passes human construction
That scans the landscape,
And pulls fragments of trees along
In its wake.
On and on it surges
With the sun and moon reflecting
Off the mirror surface.
It winds in and out
Around scattered obstacles
Rushing into eddying curves,
And trickling into quick bays,
Until it finally reaches its destination —
The sea.
While a new piece of snow melts
Up in the mountain —
And starts a new stream.

Lisa Phillips, 8N



Marc De Jong, Year 8

Year 9 Camp

On the 18th June the Year Nine Camp commenced. The camp was held at Lake Nillahcootie. Some of the activities that were held on the camp were canoeing, archery, a rope course and an orienteering course. We also did tent pitching and were taught how to build a fire. A couple of films were shown on rock climbing and cross-country skiing. The students had to cook their own meals and wash up. Overall the camp was very well organized and thanks should be given to the teachers who went.

Thanks for a great camp Mrs. Darby, Miss Bennie and Mr. Hardyman.

Katherine Forsyth Year 9



Social Service Activities

A summary of the social service activities which Camberwell High has participated in and the various fund raising activities conducted:

The school is responsible for the sponsorship of Sri Sokiym, a Foster Plan child in Yogyakarta. To assist with the sponsorship an Easter Egg Drive was conducted. The drive was very successful with ninety students placing orders for the four sizes offered. A total of 2994 eggs were distributed, with an overall profit of \$230. Three students deserve special thanks for their efforts: Cinnamon Barnes and Jill Prior sold \$160 worth of eggs, and Matthew Klein sold 39 of the largest size. These students received Brash's Vouchers for their efforts.

A casual day was organized and raised a further \$92 and a jelly bean count raised \$15. The prize of the jelly beans was won by Jacqui England.

During Term II some 92 students participated in the World Vision 40 hour Famine and collectively the participants raised \$1,591. Also during this time some eager students assisted with the Multiple Sclerosis Read-a-thon, raising \$162 by sponsorship for the number of books read. It was pleasing to see senior students participating despite their homework and study commitments.

The Annual State School Relief appeal was conducted during July and this year parents and students contributed \$233 to this very worthwhile cause.

The last large fundraising effort was the school's annual participation in the Victorian Association for Deserted Children — "Give-a-Meal Appeal". Over the past four years Camberwell has done extremely well, in gaining recognition for the money raised and in 1983 with Mrs. Salter as Social Service coordinator the school gained 3rd place in the Secondary School's section. Five students went to Government House to receive a shield and had afternoon tea with the Governor and Lady Murray. At the time of writing this, the 1984 details are not yet available.

I would like to thank all students and parents for their generous support throughout the year.

Mr. N. Liggins

An Evening at the Rotary Club of Camberwell

On Wednesday evening, 21st of March, James Nicholas and I attended a function held by the Rotary Club of Camberwell to make young people more aware of Rotary. Students from seven other local schools were also invited. As soon as we arrived we were able to talk to the other students. Talks were then held by various Rotarians, who informed us of the many different aspects of Rotary. It was founded in America in 1905, and then later it became international. In Australia and New Guinea there are about 1,108 clubs and 48,000 members.

What Rotary Stands for:

The object of Rotary is to encourage and foster the idea of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

First, the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

Second, high ethical standards in business and professions.

Third, the application of the idea of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business and community life.

Fourth, the advancement of International understanding, good will and peace through a world fellowship of business, and professional men united in the idea of service.

Rotary is also involved with many youth activities, the best known probably being the "Overseas Exchange" programme for secondary students.

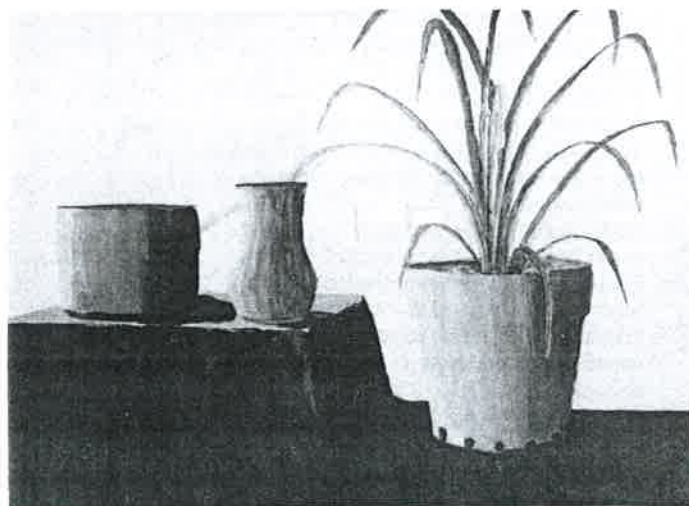
Afterwards, when we had a chance to ask questions, many of us were shocked to learn that Rotary was an all male club, with only partial involvement of the members' wives.

At about six o'clock, the Rotary members (Rotarians) began to arrive, and we were able to talk briefly to them before sitting down at the table. Students were encouraged to mix, so I sat with a girl from Canterbury High together with seven Rotarians. After the main course, we were taken through an ordinary Rotary meeting. This was mainly the reading of the weekly bulletin plus general nonsense and comments from the members, which relaxed the atmosphere a great deal.

After dessert we were introduced to Dr. Douglas Thomas, who was the guest speaker. First he spoke generally about the road toll and the people killed, of whom the great majority were under 25. He then told the story of a 22 year old boy who had barely survived a car accident, but whose friend had been killed. The boy's parents and girl-friend, faced with the grim problem of his consequent brain damage, enrolled him at Bethesda Hospital who help accident survivors back to a normal life. Much to our surprise, the name badges we were wearing had been made by the various patients there.

The evening finished at about quarter to eight, and both Jamie and I found it very educational as well as enjoyable, and thank Rotary for their invitation and interest in students.

Birgitte Munchow Year 12



Ingo Wieban, Year 9



Leigh Doddy, Year 9



Angela Mortyn, Year 7



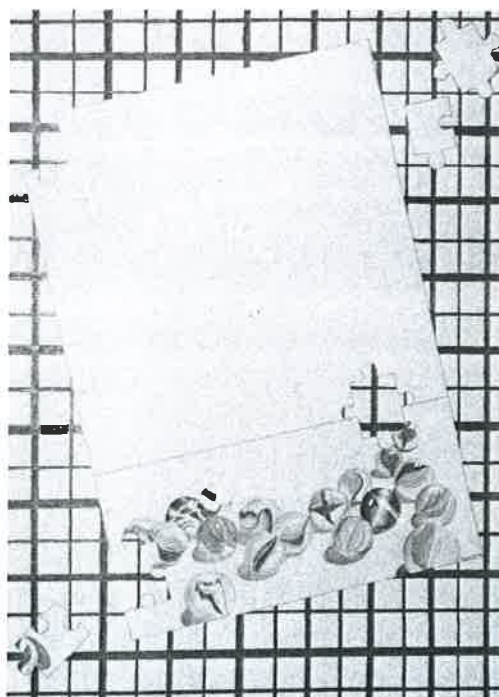
Nicole Tabernee, Year 10



Andriana Dunn, Year 10



Chris Fitzgerald, Year 11



Kylie Minogue, Year 11

The Senior Social

Held on Thursday 28th June, this probably proved to be the most successful event of the year. More than two hundred students and outsiders attended, many of them dressed in impressive attire. Swirling dresses, top hat and tails, bow and ties, feathers and sparkling jewellery were all a part of the fun. Many teachers, too, were dressed to the theme "Dress to Impress", the most startling being Miss Dellos in her flaming "paper" dress, floating like a tropical sunset.

The atmosphere, though full of fun and enthusiasm, was quite different from last year's zany atmosphere of the fancy dress. This year there were naturally more people, since both year elevens and twelves were allowed to bring outsiders. The teachers had therefore accepted more responsibility, and were no doubt pleased with the absence of trouble-makers.

Extra money had been spent by the S.R.C. to pay for the smoke-machine and the colour-coordinated decorations of pink and black. Mrs. Webster was there, reliable as always to provide the refreshments.

During the evening a competition was held for the best dancers and best dressed. David Dickson of year ten and Fiona Smith of year twelve won the prizes for best dressed, and Byron Crofton and Angela Edwards, both of year ten, won the prize for the best pair of dancers. After the dance competition, a circle of people was formed, where dancers had a chance to perform their various rap-dancing routines. It took a five dollar note encouragement, however, before the first girl joined in.

It gives the S.R.C. much pleasure to have organized something so successful, and to have received such immense support, especially from the year twelves who were willing to give up a weeknight. The third floor, though, was conspicuously silent Friday morning, and during the day it was yawning and groaning from exhaustion and aches, that were to permeate the rooms. Teachers replaced interrogation with patience, as our concentration span soon deteriorated.

The agony of jabbing needles in the toes, stiffness in the legs and aching of the back (all inevitable results of this night out) seems to have been worthwhile after all.

Birgitte Munchow Year 12 S.R.C.



Nick in Parliament? What next!

The National Capital Seminar 1984, sponsored by the Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee Trust.

"You are the coming generation of Australians and you are the potential leaders of Australia in various walks of life. Hence the future is yours. Undoubtedly most of you will in years from now occupy important positions in society, as policy makers, and decision makers, and will shape the Australia of the future. Therefore, it is not an exaggeration to state that Australia's destiny is in your hands."

Thus pronounced the Ambassador of Indonesia as he addressed one hundred blushing faces — representing all parts of Australia — who secretly hoped his ebullient prophecies will become a reality.

I, with ninety-nine others from all over Australia, had the most privileged and unforgettable experience of representing our state in Canberra at the National Capital Seminar. This is a major project of the Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee Trust who financed the venture. The aim of the seminar, which was held from the 2nd to the 8th September, is to bring together a hundred Australian students who have shown identifiable qualities of ability and leadership, and to educate them on the Australian system of government and our democracy as a whole, and moreover to encourage these students to participate in community affairs.

The principal in each school in Australia was invited to nominate one student. From this pool of students only a small percentage was chosen for the seminar — so we were constantly reminded by our tutors that our ties should be straight, shoes shining, hair combed and our suits clean!

I was pleasantly surprised at the other students up there (because I was expecting to be besieged by 99 bookworms and M.G.M. librarian types), and promptly acquainted myself with my roommates and eventually with everyone there. When we were dressed, formally dressed as we were instructed, we attended the opening ceremony where we were addressed by the Governor-General, Ambassadors, High Commissioners and others.

Our schedule for the following six days was assiduous, very active and bustling. On Monday we were awoken at six, ate breakfast at seven and had our first lecture at eight. Every day we were in suits, collared shirts and ties and the girls were in long dresses — if ever your tie was loose they'd kindly let you know!

Our first talk was on "Parliamentary Operations and Procedures" accompanied by a short film. After each talk we had tea and biscuits, where you were obliged to socialize with the renowned speakers. Then there was a lecture on the "Role of the Government" by the Hon. Dr. H. A. Jenkins, Speaker of the House of Representatives. This was followed by the talk on "The Federal Minister" by the famed M. A. Young, Special Minister of State. Then the "Role of the Opposition" by the Leader of the Opposition in the Senate, Senator Chaney.

Following the talks was a short recreation time, and after that a dinner and a debate — "That in a Democracy, the majority's first obligation is to protect the rights of the minorities". This debate went for two and a half hours and the negative side had the winners.

Tuesday was employed with visits to the C.S.I.R.O., Dept. of Foreign Affairs, Telecom Tower, High Court of Australia and the new Parliament House Construction site. The current Parliament House is only a provisional one and has run out of office space. This new Parliament House (which will be completed in 1988), is projected to fulfil the requirements of Australia for the succeeding 200 years. It's BIG.

Tuesday afternoon was occupied by lectures on "Role of the Public Service", "The Role of the Independent Member" — by Senator B. Hardine who will most probably be the last Independent Member of Parliament. This was "topped off" by a talk on "Business and Government" by two notable lobbyists. Interestingly, one of the lobbyists, Mr. Drysdale (former Press Secretary to Malcolm Fraser for six years), was a student at Camberwell High, I discovered whilst chatting with him.

Wednesday was the most outstanding of my days in Canberra as it was spent at Parliament House. After a tour of the building

we had morning tea with the members of Parliament. There I had tea with Andrew Peacock (briefly); a long chat with my member, Roger Shipton; a most memorable chat with R. J. Hawke himself; a chat with other members including the Speaker of the House, and a brief nod of hello with Paul Keating (Federal Treasurer). Unfortunately no-one was permitted to take a camera into Parliament House so I could not get a photograph of any of the members.

Then it was to the House of Representatives Chamber where we observed from the Public Gallery the Business of Government. The most enjoyable experience being — everybody's favourite — Question Time. This is the time during which the Opposition has an opportunity to scrutinize the Government Ministers. Here is where the fireworks fly and fun starts. In the Chamber it is a theatre where the members play out roles and the Gold Logie must go to Bob Hawke, who after receiving questions turns them into other questions and serves them back and discredits Peacock and his troops.

Following Parliament in the evening we had more lectures including one by Senator Margaret Reynolds. The following day it was off to Parliament again. All day this time it was the Senate Chamber that I observed. During Debate in Parliament both Chambers are empty apart from a handful of members in each. This startled me at first until I discovered the rest of the members were in their offices doing their work whilst listening to the session on an intercom. I realized the amount of work they had when I noticed the mail carts which arrive four times a day with at the minimum a bag of correspondence for each member. Each member has only three staff of which at least one must be back in the office at the electorate. Members have constituents demanding to see them all the time and are obliged to fly from Canberra to their electorate and return on numerous occasions each week. An interesting moment is when the bells ring in Parliament. In each corridor and room is a clock with two light indicators, a green for the House of Representatives, and a red for the Senate. When the indicator flashes as the bell rings, the members must be in the Chamber concerned in two minutes before the doors close or their party may lose in numbers. During this time all people in the building go to the side of the corridors where you watch doors burst open and members come dashing out, others hurriedly tripping down the stairs missing a few steps and appearing quite awkward, and others piling into elevators. The rest of the day consisted of lectures by eminent diplomats, High Commissioners and assorted Ambassadors.

The next day we were engaged with a brief visit to Parliament, then to various Embassies, Government Departments and the National Library. The remainder of the afternoon included talks and lectures by all denominations of distinguished guests including Jeanette McHugh, who revealed to us everything about the life of Members including relationships of her cat, and Dr. Helen Nelson.

It was quite common for a student to be called up unprepared amongst the crowd and be asked to give his ideas on a particular topic. It was this that improved my ability to make impromptu speeches in front of illustrious and eminent guests and introduce speakers, give reflections on the day and give a vote of thanks.

Our final ceremony on Friday night was formal and we were presented with our certificates. Following the formal ceremony the students had their own, right through the night, and it was a relief to take off the suits and ties that we had been obliged to wear all week, and enjoy a celebration.

Saturday 8th September was the day each of us had to board our flights back to all parts of Australia, from whence we came. Here tears were shed by all. Since becoming closely attached to each other over the past week we realized we would probably never see each other again. The whole experience will remain an outstanding week of my life, an imperishable memory. It was an excellent experience to see the Government and be able to see that there is no glass shield separating us from it and it is not a distant thing but all around us.

I must express gratitude to Mr. Collins, our Principal, for his nomination and hope that I have fulfilled the purpose of my visit.

Nick Petroulias Year 11

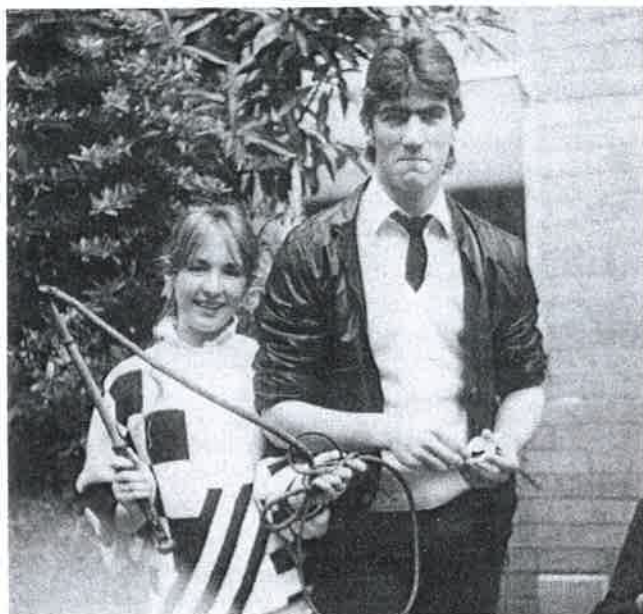
Slave Day — The Auction and the Day After

The rumours of the auctioning of Year 12 had been growing for several weeks prior to its official announcement and confirmation. Speaking as a member of this group — those attempting H.S.C. in 1984 — I can say that on our side there were feelings of doubt, suspicion and even fear. Such questions as "What will we be expected to do?", "What if I don't get sold? It would be awful". "I'm not going up there . . ." and even "Trust the S.R.C. to think up something like this . . ." were widespread. No-one knew what was going to happen, what the prices would be — in general, how the rest of the school would respond to what a few viewed as another crackpot idea emanating from the minds of our eminent student politicians.

There was a feeling of anticipation in the air on Thursday, 18th October, heightened by the conviction some of us held: that the Year 12's who had refused to sign up to auction themselves off, should be persuaded to. (We had heard on the grapevine on the possible use to which the S.R.C. was going to put the money — buying champagne for the Year 12 dinner!) So at lunchtime, with the slaves nervously clustered around the steps and the seats full of students anxious both to buy and to watch, the bidding began.

The prices ranged from \$1 for the early bids to a whopping \$8.50 and over \$10 for lots comprising 3 slaves. S.R.C. members were ecstatic, as they had guessed (wrongly) that many slaves, most of whom were admittedly little known to the juniors, would fetch only the set minimum price of 40 cents. In fact, S.R.C. members could be noted jumping up and down, doing swift mental calculations, and muttering "Wow, that's 7 bottles already!" We can only guess at the motivation for such enthusiastic and determined bidding, but it has been suggested that several heated rounds of bidding were precipitated by the promise of having your very own heart-throb as your slave! (We're here to please.)

The prospect of slave day itself was greeted with general delight, and the Year 12's' eagerness was noticeably increased by the notification of a casual clothes day for our year only. The first indication of the direction events would take was given by the antics observed during recess in the quadrangle: Mr. Frost with his slaves as waitresses, footstools, newspaper holder and one to waft a sandalwood fan close to his delicate brow; Jamie Friday assiduously painting his master's finger-nails; Sadie Clifton mending her master's school trousers; Murray Mount (honoured and respected president of the S.R.C. itself) on his knees (!) polishing an assorted collection of masters' shoes; Shayna Ogden, Geoff and myself receiving and repeating our commands from Mr. Anderson (for example: "Abe Lincoln was wrong", "Beside you, all men pale into insignificance") and (this was the one that galled) "Equality is a non-issue".



Once lunchtime arrived a small percentage of slaves had been liberated (discounting those bought by the seemingly liberal staff-member, who were liberated moments after their enslavement as a plea for social justice). For some of us, however, our work was just beginning. I served a table of ten a sumptuous meal of coffee and sandwiches from silver jugs and platters, to the amusement of other members of staff and students; others ran races round the oval; Ensor Rodriguez's subjugation involved skipping backward whilst singing "Follow the Yellow Brick Road . . .", and Jamie Nicholas had to go through the Ordeal of having make-up put on him, poor boy. In the line of costuming Mark Hand had to wear a grey pinafore dress, which went delightfully with the Hawthorn football socks and unshaven legs. Justin Sheldrake had a clown suit and mask of a pig's snout (surely unjustified) and Eric Dunn, under Pavan Gandhok's tutelage was attired in a golden turban and a Father Christmas outfit. Other tasks set by demanding, insatiable masters were to carry them around, piggy-back fashion, to take on characteristics of a dog and wear a leash, and to adjust their manicure, toilette and hairstyle. All in all, those of us who had refused their chance to be a slave for a day felt quite left out and disgruntled.

Looking back, the whole escapade was amusing, and successful. My own master thought it has been "one of the best things to happen at school": and was "great fun". Murray later admitted that it had been conceived and planned deliberately near the end of our school year partly to bid farewell to the rest of the school, and leave everyone with a fond remembrance of what fools we could make of ourselves, but for me, that was the spirit and the enjoyment of the day.

Many thanks to everyone involved, particularly the S.R.C. for the inspiration, and to both slaves and masters for their unmitigated efforts.

Diana Green, Year 12

Exchanging Societies

"Experience is not what happens to you, it is what you do with what happens to you", Aldous Huxley.

Having the opportunity, not just to travel to, but to live in another country as a member of a family unit, provided me with an experience which became both memorable and educational.

Whilst preparing to leave I examined many thoughts, none-the-least of which was the revelation that once in the U.S., I would become the alien and it would therefore be my customs and traits that would be under microscopic scrutiny. Because of this, if my social customs and behaviour were not accepted, it would be I who would have to change and learn to surrender some or many of the values and traits that I'd held throughout my life, in order to fit into a new society.

Behaviour which I found unusual could have been thought of as unintelligent or unacceptable, but this opinion would have shown little understanding of why people in different parts of the world live with their own unique social customs. To understand this behaviour required an open mind, tolerance, and a realisation that the new social customs and human patterns which surrounded me, whilst not being familiar, were not "dumb" or "weird" but merely different.

So, having left Australia to live in the U.S., I was forced into an encounter with another society whose customs and attitudes I knew little of, and whose values I would have to try to understand and probably adopt as my own — at least for the period of time that I was there.

People selected under the exchange scheme were advised to leave Australia with an open mind about their destination; that is, to erase prior to their departure any pre-conceived notions or hopes of what the U.S. would be like. However, it was difficult to prevent minor or even major hopes and fears from pervading and enveloping our minds.

The first four weeks after my arrival were spent trying to familiarize myself with the traits of the family that I was living with, and learning what was expected of me as a member of the household.

I gradually became aware of the culture around me and they also became familiar with mine; and whilst my vocabulary and accent had to undergo almost complete metamorphosis so that the Americans could understand what I was saying, I found that my ways of doing things were accepted in a genial manner. I also discovered that many of the minor differences in behaviour encountered could have been met similarly by moving in with the next-door neighbours at home!

Undeniably, though, there were notable differences. Society was structured differently and relatively little was run by the Government. The people had different ideals and objectives from those of Australians, with respect to their day-to-day lives.

I lived in a small country-town where the entire population was enveloped in an enormous community spirit reflected, especially, in sporting activities and social functions. For me, most of my social-life revolved around the school, because although education was the school's major function, it was the school which provided most social events and attracted crowds of literally hundreds of spectators to all high school sport.

As I came to know better the people with whom I lived and associated, any preconceived ideas that I'd had began to erode. The American people whom I'd come to know were not, generally, impressed by their country's world dominance and aggression, and did not resemble the picture of American Society that is presented in most television programmes, novels and movies.

All the Americans were very "open" and interested, and although they were generally ignorant of the world outside their own country, most invited knowledge of where I was from and what life was like in Australia. Some people had preconceived ideas about Australia (as I had had about America), and one girl even became upset when I informed her that we too had skyscrapers and didn't all live in grass-huts; however, most people welcomed information and a broadening of their knowledge of the world.

Education-in-school and school-life were two major differences that I encountered. We had the same six subjects each day, in the same order, with lunch after the third period (and with no



David Imberger, Year 8

reasons). For lunch everyone lined-up outside the lunch-room and upon paying 65 cents received a hot meal, milk, bread and dessert.

In class the teachers hardly ever wrote on the board. Notes were taken from the teachers as in lectures and occasionally worksheets were handed out. The students displayed little respect for the teachers, resulting in little work being done by the majority but surprisingly, outstanding achievement by the minority or those willing to work. Most subjects were tested regularly each week and report-cards received each six weeks. Exams were held twice a year for grades nine to twelve; however, these did not have to be taken if fewer than three days school was missed during the semester.

All school expenses were paid via the taxation system. Therefore, such commodities as the school-bus, school textbooks, paper and pencils, were all provided free of additional charge.

In my mind I had made the transition to American Society admirably, and was an integral part of this new world by the time I had to prepare to leave. It was almost impossible for me to comprehend that I would be leaving a world that I now belonged in behind me, perhaps never to return once I'd left. Yet the fact remained. I had to leave. I was, undeniably, anxious to return to Australia but at the same time wanted to remain in America.

So, coming home became an unnerving experience and once at home, the jubilation having subsided, I had to learn how to live in Australian society again. In this transition I noticed where similarities and differences lay between the two societies that I knew intimately. On the one hand I could see the familiar customs which became me, but on the other hand I could judge these customs against similar American behaviour. Australian social custom did not, in my opinion, always triumph over the American equivalent.

Still, as with the American migration, I had to live here and therefore had to accept the society as it was. I readjusted easily, to my advantage, but to my disadvantage I had missed a year's work and had to do a tremendous amount of extra work to catch up. Luckily, and with the help of Camberwell High School staff, particularly Mr. Frost, who assisted me with my work, I managed to pass at the end of the last year.

The knowledge gained from such an exchange is priceless. Learning everything you know to become a solitary, strange being in a new world, who has to survive, is a formidable yet rewarding venture. "Experience is not what happens to you." It is undeniably what you do with what happens to you that matters because for each of the hundreds of exchange students who shared similar ventures to mine, each gained or lost in different ways and each person's experience was different because they each chose to make something different of what happened to them.

S. Odgers Year 12

Exchange Student

Hej! Jeg var en Australske i Danmark. That means Hi! I was an Australian in Denmark.

In July 1983 to July 1984 I lived in Denmark for a year as an exchange student. In my year overseas I was able to learn another language — that being Danish, experience a different culture and meet lots of new people. A year away gives you a broader outlook into an understanding of other people's way of thinking and lifestyle. It is a whole year for yourself, to do what you want (well almost!) and it becomes a part of you that you will never forget.

I was one of five Australians sent to Denmark and was lucky enough to live in Aarhus, the second biggest city. I lived with one family and attended a nearby school. I was treated as a member of my family from the day I arrived and shared some really special experiences with them as well as the more ordinary things like housework! Traditions like Christmas and Easter I will always remember as being different from what I know in Australia — the fact that it was freezing cold and there was a real Christmas tree with candles instead of electric lights in the lounge room, but since it is celebrated on the 24th December, it was funny thinking that I was celebrating Christmas at the same time as everyone in Australia, due to the time difference. There were so many traditions celebrated which emphasised the importance of the family.

School in Denmark is very different. It is fairly undisciplined in the higher classes, but this is because the students are considered mature enough to discipline themselves. There is not much pressure on students to do homework, but it is expected of everyone and so if the student does not pass his exams he has only got himself to blame.

Students don't wear uniforms, are allowed to leave the school during breaks and smoke outside the buildings. Because of this freedom the students have a responsibility and so they don't abuse it. In the classroom too the students have more say as to their dislikes and likes about the school, teachers and school work — providing they have a good argument.

At first it was an odd feeling hearing Danish instead of English and thinking that I was just one Aussie among thousands of Danes. But with the help of my family, friends and determination I managed to learn the language so that after six months I could have been taken for a Dane.

In the beginning it was as though I had a strange aura surrounding me because most people didn't know much about Australia, and marvelled over kangaroos, koalas, aborigines and the expanse of the outback — not to mention the Sydney Opera House which was designed by a Danish architect! But this soon wore off and I became just like one of them.

There are thousands of differences between Denmark and Australia, but I found the climate the most noticeable. In summer (this can be related to early spring weather) the temperature was 20–25 degrees, whereas in winter it went to the other extreme where the mercury could get down to minus 25 degrees. Although while I was there the winter I had was considered "mild" at minus 10 degrees to minus 15 degrees!

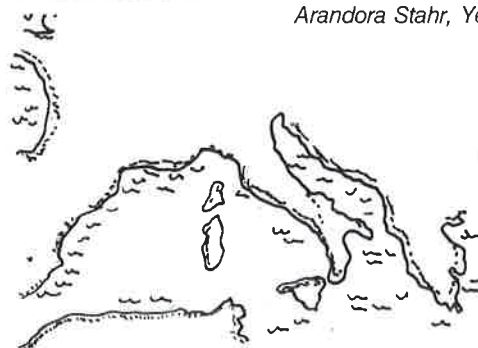
A year away is an indescribable experience that you need to experience personally for it to mean anything. It doesn't matter where in the world you go, just the fact that you are there, it is real and it is happening, even though you may not believe it until the year has flown past and it is time to come back.

Hej, Hej.

Lisa Bates, Year 11



Arandora Stahr, Year 10



David Bassi — Italian A.F.I. Exchange Student

It has only been one and a half months that I have been in Australia, and although my permanency here is only for a short time due to study, I can say that this country is really wonderful and attractive.

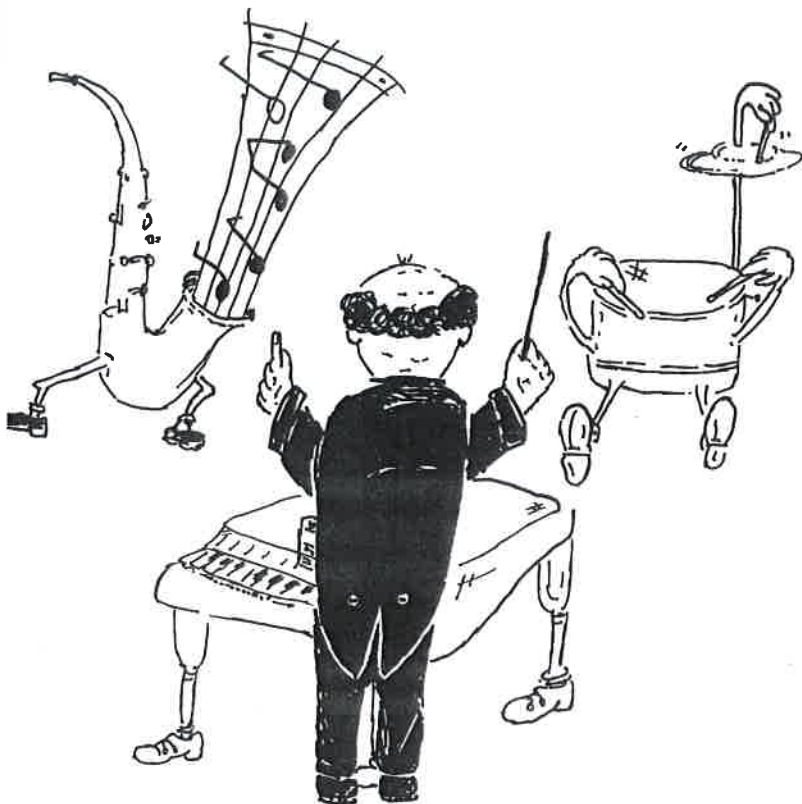
Australia is very different from Italy and Europe in its way of life, thoughts and manners. For me this difference is evident, but has caused no great problems. My first impression on arriving at Tullamarine when I met my new "Family", from whom I received a warm welcome, was that everyone here is so friendly and it is a "Lucky Country".

Up to now, I've met many people like this — my teachers for example who are very patient with this new student and my school friends who help me often in moments of difficulty during class time. Lessons are sometimes a bit difficult to follow in that they are in English.

Outside of school time here I am trying to gain profit as much as possible from my experience here as I don't know when I'll be able to repeat it again. I've visited museums and more and I've read a lot of books about Australia because I don't know if I'll ever be able to visit all of it being such a large country.

In the not too distant future, I hope to return to this very pleasant country of which I will have positive memories about everything. I hope this would be the same for you in my country.

David Bassi, Year 11

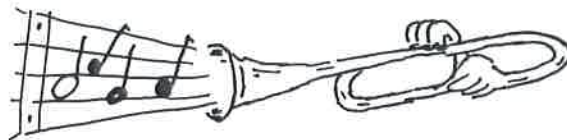


The Thirty-Eighth Annual House Choral and Instrumental Festival

The 1984 Choral Festival was characterised by an eager and spirited reaction from all who organised, supported and participated in the numerous choirs and instrumental groups involved. Students and teachers worked together with an enthusiasm unparalleled in recent years, in a concerted effort to make a "fresh start" after last year's highly controversial occasion. Their labours culminated in an evening flavoured with an infectious spirit of excitement and camaraderie which was shared by teachers, parents and students alike.

An important feature of this year's Choral Festival was the revised programme order, which was decided upon by a committee of music representatives from each of the houses, under the guidance of Miss Slater, our new music co-ordinator. It was also the responsibility of this committee to devise an improved method of adjudication and to specify the number of adjudicators whom it felt could provide the most equitable result. This year it was very pleasing to see a number of students from each of the four houses taking an interest in these decisions, instead of being reserved for the music-staff and a small select group of students.

With the decision-making behind us, the task of choosing and practising a part song and an instrumental item could be tackled. The senior students who, driven by a fascination with martyrdom and by similar egotistical and unbalanced motives, had taken it upon themselves to organise and conduct the senior choirs in their respective houses, began campaigning ruthlessly for support and enlisting members enthusiastic and otherwise. For lunchtime after lunchtime the school resounded to the strains of "The Rhythm of Life" and "Arthur's Theme", and with the voices of frustrated conductors hurling sarcastic abuse at choirists who refused to sacrifice their every moment of rest to the cause, and echoed with the receding footsteps of the offended parties as they removed themselves from rehearsals. Apart from all the dramas of "Showbiz" though a healthy competitive spirit flourished as the choirs improved leading inevitably to widespread speculation about who would rise to claim the coveted title of "winner of the Choral Festival". Paradoxically, it was the house conductors who took little interest in this speculation and instead sympathised with and encouraged one another, each being fully aware of the amount of hard work and worry which the other three had put into training their choirs.



After weeks of practising, and just as tempers were beginning to fray at an alarming rate, the evening of the Choral Festival finally arrived. The usual practices of "How to Bang the Seats", and "How not to sing the School Song" had been held, along with the dreaded last-minute rehearsals, where everything always seems to go wrong, and the conductors had issued final frantic warning and orders to their choirs. Hosted by our two senior announcers, Rosalind Robson and Pavan Gandhok, who dealt composedly with everything from violent on-stage uprisings amongst members of the school band to unrehearsed lighting and sound effects, the evening ran relatively smoothly. The new order of items on the program was extremely successful, with the junior song, "On the Other Side", being performed by the instrumental ensembles — "Song from Mash" from Montgomery, an allegro with a disappointing limp from Roosevelt, "Stairway to Heaven" from Churchill, and "Midnight in Moscow" from Macarthur. Congratulations must go to David Fribence for his arrangement of a "Stairway to Heaven", and to Pavan, for his Russian accent.

The highlight of the evening, though, was the mixed part-song section. Montgomery performed a difficult arrangement of "Memory" from the musical "Cats" with ease. They were followed by Roosevelt, with their enthusiastic rendition of "The Longest Time", Billy Joel, and Churchill, executing "The Rhythm of Life" with precision and vitality. The competition concluded with Macarthur singing "Arthur's Theme", which won them first place in the senior song section. While the two adjudicators, Mr. Bruce Macrae and Miss Mary Kelleher, retired to collate their results, the school recorder group, under the direction of Mrs. Gunn, performed four short items. At length the adjudicators returned and Mr. Macrae, in an apparent state of utter confusion and to the accompaniment of several sets of gnashing teeth in the front row of the audience, began to announce the results: Churchill fourth with 67 points, Montgomery third with 75 points, Roosevelt second with 77 points and Macarthur, the winners with 78 points.

This year's Choral Festival, regardless of who did and did not win (there would be something dreadfully amiss if the outcome of a Choral Festival ever left everyone feeling ecstatically happy), was a huge success in the atmosphere it generated alone. The year twelve students who took responsibility for organising choirs and instrumental groups gained a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure from co-operating with one another to present such an enjoyable evening of music in their final year at Camberwell High School. Congratulations to all singers and instrumentalists who participated, especially to those in Macarthur. Special thanks are also due to Miss Slater, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Brookes and Mr. West for their help in making this Choral Festival such a memorable one.

Amalie Paull Year 12





“Free As Air” 1984

“Free As Air”, the musical the school staged in 1984, was performed on the 10th, 11th and 12th of July. The vast majority within the school probably have little idea of the intensive rehearsing schedule for both actors and chorus, the immense amount of work needed to put on a production, and most of all the stress and demands made on everyone.

An approximate estimation of the number of hours that were spent in rehearsal runs into the hundreds, not taking into consideration a weekend camp and time spent practising or preparing for rehearsals and the actual performance. Sometimes I wonder about the value of the effort and time if there is nothing to show for it apart from the three nights’ performance — it all seems to be over and meaningless in such a small space of time. It doesn’t matter how many times a step or movement or line is practised, if it doesn’t come over on the night. I can hear our producer’s voice: “You’ve got only one chance on the night! You’ve got to get it right first time, if you don’t, that’s it!” To give the reader some idea of how much time is involved in just putting together one chorus number I’ll outline the steps. First, the song itself must be learnt, all in different parts — none is totally in unison throughout, then the stage-movements are worked out — moving approximately sixty people around cleanly and attractively is no mean feat. Combining the routine and singing can be the lengthiest part of the process, and still to come are working out entrances, cue-lines and exits. Even when all this is done, the number has to be rehearsed repeatedly and thoroughly, and then fitted into the surrounding dramatic action.

“But if all this is necessary, and so time consuming and tiring, why do you do it?” may be the question that presents itself to you. And perhaps after a shouting-match, or abuse from the director, any member of the cast may say deliberately “Good question!”. But catch us in a more favourable and thoughtful mood, and everyone’s reasons would come out: in some cases, experience for a later career, for the experience itself, to improve singing and acting ability, and for everyone, the enjoyment of participating, creation and performance. This is what we will remember: the “high” of something coming off perfectly and having the desired effect; the extra elements to the day when the discovery of a rehearsal is made, the unity and comradeship felt throughout the cast, particularly with those playing complementary roles; and the final, ecstatic atmosphere.

Klaus Wieban, Year 11





But even with everyone's total commitment, many difficulties and setbacks were encountered this year, that it seems to me weren't present last year. To begin with, a comparison of the dates between this year and last year when rehearsals began indicates our slow start this year, particularly for the choruses, which presented a problem in themselves as there were a greater number of them, each involving more people. And as one member of the cast remarked "We didn't have to do this much last year. It was all Tim and Jane". This is borne out by a glance at the size of these parts in both scripts: eleven songs and almost eight scenes by the two leads in "Salad Days", four characters who recur throughout the play, and the other scenes dominated by different characters who never reappear. In "Free As Air" the same size of parts is not apparent. In our director's words "The same people are on stage all the time, so you've got to make it interesting. The audience is listening to the same voices all the time, so there's got to be variety". The pairs, Geraldine-and-Albert, Potter-and-Miss Catamole, Mutch-and-Lord Paul, Jack, Ivy and Lily represented almost all the dramatic action in the entire show, which meant more difficulty in rehearsing; more people needed for more of the time.

These are a few of the reasons behind the "Monday nights" from 6 till 9 p.m., and Sundays from 10 a.m. till 5 or 6 p.m., and not infrequent Thursday nights too. Added to these difficulties was the involvement of some outside school, who could only get to these rehearsals well outside school-time, particularly our choreographer for several chorus numbers, Miss Susan Nicholson. The unavailability of staff-members to co-ordinate props and costumes compounded these setbacks that made starting the rehearsal-cogs turning even more difficult. The purchasing of materials and designing of sets was by necessity first handled by Mrs. Rainer, our producer, and Damien Frank who played Potter, though both were already burdened with producing and acting respectively. Though admittedly Mrs. Morley was in charge of the costumes, Mrs. Rainer was still in demand to answer many questions about fabric and patterns simply because Mrs. Morley, as a parent, was not available at school. Despite this apparent array of problems, which at the time appeared almost insoluble, or at least severely disadvantaging, I don't want to leave the impression that it was a miracle that the curtain ever rose! The dedication, energy and painstaking effort that everyone connected with "Free As Air" exhibited in order to make the production real, and hugely successful, ensured that it had every chance of being so.

Diana Green Year 12





Music Camp February 1984

A music camp! What thoughts of earnest young musicians that conjured up! Budding Mozarts and Beethovens so intent on making music that they would barely give thought to food or sleep! What a privilege to be invited to spend two days in their company! And so I set off on my first music camp, not as a player, but as a supervisor.

The official aim of band's camp is to "break the back" of the year's repertoire. Two days' work without the distraction of unimportant things like Maths, Geography or English classes enables the instrumental teachers to put in some concentrated effort on four or five pieces which can then be perfected at the normal band rehearsals.

Despite the help of some of our eager young players, the bus-driver finally managed to stow their assorted luggage, instruments, music-stands and other paraphernalia into the baggage compartment. (Who said round pegs won't fit in square holes?) And off we set for Monbulk with Miss Slater, new to the school, but an old hand at camps, clutching her clip board and a FIRST AID KIT. That last item had me worried. I'm fairly competent with the odd band-aid or two but I'm no nurse. We surely wouldn't need that many band-aids for two days! The overheard snippets of conversation seemed to centre, not on what music might be played or for what concert they were preparing, but rather on which subjects were being missed, what fun had been had last year, and whether an ample supply of 20 cent coins was available or not. By now I had my suspicions that these were quite normal high school students — not the prodigies of my imagination.

Upon arrival at the camp, rooms were allocated, equipment set up and the round of band practices, recreation and meals began. Each activity, even doing dishes and mopping floors, seemed to be undertaken with much enthusiasm. Trampolining, table-tennis and pool, for which those 20 cent coins were needed, were all popular pastimes as was "THE WALK" traditionally led by Mr. Brookes. The avowed intentions of some young hopefuls to beat "the teachers" at the table games did not come to fruition. Whether or not keeping the "Gestapo Patrol" awake as long as possible at night was part of this campaign was never clear. If so, it didn't succeed as Mr. West proved an indomitable opponent who was beaten only once at table-tennis and that because he was challenged to play left-handed!

Two days passed all too quickly and it was time to return home, fortunately still with a well-stocked first aid kit — though one of my patients seemed to limp a lot from an insect bite to his arm! Even the music teachers admitted, about a week later when they had recovered, that it was a successful camp with a lot achieved musically in a short time along with all the fun. My only suggestion for improvements to future camps would be the introduction of beginners' trumpet lessons (for flautists) or drum lessons (for clarinet players) to be held outside certain student bedroom windows at about 6 a.m.!

L. Gunn Year 12

Monster Night

The Combined Concert, presented by the students of Camberwell, Canterbury and Balwyn High Schools in the Civic Centre on 16th August, provided a delightful evening's entertainment.

Camberwell High contributed mightily to the programme, being well represented in all the combined items, as well as providing a couple of items of their own, each of which, the Recorder and Percussion Ensemble and the Choral and Brass Ensemble, were cleverly presented and very well received.

Highlights of the evening were the Wind Ensemble, presenting a very professional rendition of Mozart's Serenade in B flat, and the Combined Band, made up of well over one hundred students. Their choice of programme was superb, their playing was magnificent and their sound incredibly good.

Congratulations to the young musicians and their teachers in all the schools, with special thanks to our Miss Slater, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Brookes, Mr. West and Mr. Seal.



Music Library Concert

A delightful evening of music was experienced by the eager audience who attended on Friday, 27th April.

The programme commenced with our own Concert Band, performing very creditably under the baton of Mr. Tony Brookes.

Other schools taking part in this enjoyable concert were Ivanhoe Girls' Grammar, Blackburn High and Melbourne High, with their big string orchestras, and the music of the Youth Recorder Ensemble, including two of our students, Alice and Sophie Matthiesson, was enjoyed. The concert concluded with the Dorian Le Gallienne String Orchestra.

Special thanks are due to our Music Library Staff, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy and Miss Christine Vincent, for arranging and organising the concert.



South Street

The band travelled to Ballarat to compete in the competitions on 15 September, this time under the direction of Mr. West. Their performance of "March to Nowhere", "Agnes Dei" and "Jesus Christ Superstar" earned them fifth place against some stiff opposition. Congratulations to the band members, and to Mr. West and Mr. Brookes who give so much of their own time for rehearsals.

Music at Como House

Sunday, 1st July, was a clear winter day. Visitors walking up the gravel drive to the old house were greeted by the sound of pleasant music emanating from the spacious music room of the large mansion. Closer inspection revealed that two alternating groups of Camberwell High students were providing the appropriate period background music for the many visitors and tourists who passed through the house on that afternoon.

Amalie Paul, Sarah Clifton, Alex Green, Alina Sloan, and Mr. West, substituting for Susannah Duncan, constituted the Wind Quintet. Alistair Mills, Stuart Gunn, Malcolm Gunn, Stephen Campbell, Catherine Campbell and Marty Smith performed as the Recorder Group. The quality of the sound was superb and the standard of performance excellent.

Congratulations are extended to these young musicians, with special thanks going to Mrs. Gunn and Mr. West for their greatly appreciated direction.



Second Music Library Concert

The second benefit concert for 1984 was held on Friday evening, 1st June, in the presence of an enthusiastic and receptive audience. The accent was definitely on strings, with a wide variety of items, ranging from Bach's third Brandenburg concerto to "The Windmills of Your Mind" being presented.

Our guests for the evening were the Methodist Ladies' College Strings, the Eaglemont String Players, the Junior Strings of the Melbourne Youth Music Council — looking smart in their black and white outfits, the Malvern Youth String Orchestra, and the Melbourne College of Advanced Education String Orchestra. The change of accent came from the Preston East Technical School Band.

The School extends its thanks to Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, our Music Librarian, and Miss Christine Vincent, her assistant, for organizing yet another concert of such excellent quality.



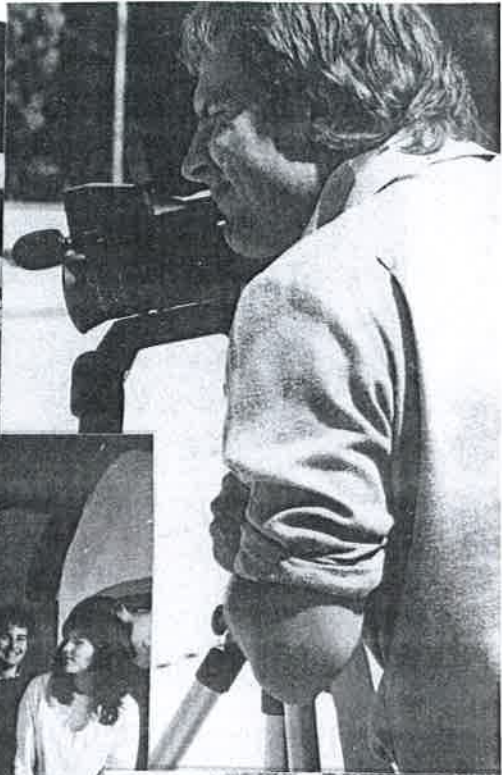
Royal Show

Another annual event for our young musicians is the trip to the Royal Show to entertain the crowd on the A.M.P. lawn, weather permitting!!! 28 September was one of those days.

Final Music Library Concert

In September, the final Music Library Concert was held, with a small but appreciative audience in attendance. Korowa, Greythorn High and the Melbourne State College String Trio joined the C.H.S. Wind Quintet and the C.H.S. Recorder Consort to provide the program, which commenced with a fine rendition of Saint Saens' "Carnival of the Animals" from the Korowa girls. Our own small ensembles acquitted themselves well, benefiting from their experience during the year.

Thanks must be recorded to Mrs. M. McCarthy and Miss C. Vincent for arranging the concerts; to Mr. D. Harrop for looking after the lighting and Mr. J. Dwight for acting as caretaker; to Mrs. B. McKinstry for assisting with supper; and to Dr. N. McCarthy and Mr. E. McKinstry, assisted by Master Gunn, for arranging the music stands between items.





The Camberwell Cluster Enrichment Program

Camberwell High School is involved with several other secondary schools in the running of an enrichment scheme which aims at providing extension work for students who display a particular talent in some specific area.

The Cluster Group enrichment programs provide opportunities for:

a broader range of experiences; interaction between children of like talents and similar ages; in depth study at higher cognitive levels in an atmosphere of ease; maximising use of specialist facilities, expertise and information in schools, institutions, and the community; stimulation and challenge which enhance more positive attitudes to schooling; students to develop a more realistic view of themselves.

These are some comments from students who have availed themselves of this opportunity:

.....

Two enrichment units we attended recently provided a greatly appreciated change in the every-day routine. The groups were comprised of a cross-section of students from local (and not so local) schools. Everyone involved had different views and ways of approaching the subjects we tackled. We went to a six week course on "Becoming an informed Theatre-goer", and later to a series of poetry classes.

The atmosphere was terrific, the conversation lively and the topics absorbing, in both units. In a short time, we covered a wide range of subjects. The was the effect of combined effort, co-operation and common interest.



Alice and Sophie Matthiesson, Year 10

Work Experience

Many students over the years have had an invaluable opportunity to extend their knowledge of the "outside world" through the Work Experience program, organised by our Careers teacher, Mr. S. Hill. These are some of the comments made by students who have been on work experience this year.



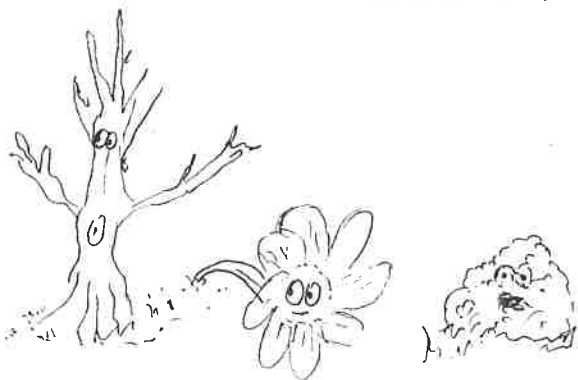
During the last week of Term 2, I worked at the Camberwell Municipal Offices in the Architectural Department. Of course I didn't do any actual drawing, but I got a good idea of what goes into a simple drawing. I also learnt how each section co-operates with the other sections. For example the road builders work closely with the landscape architects. The staff there were really helpful to me and they made my stay an educational and enjoyable one.



Adriana Dunn, 10D

At the end of Term 2, I did work experience at Fryer's Nursery, in Hawthorn. The work was mostly physical — sweeping, moving plants, potting up, and maintenance work. This week helped me to learn a lot about both the nursery business and plants. The week was very enjoyable, even though I had to catch up on the work I missed during that week.

Katherine Williams, 10D



The Journalism Enrichment Program I completed during Term 2 ran for six weeks of two to three hourly sessions once a week.

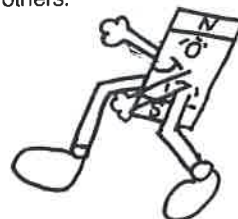
I think most people who attended this course found it interesting and gained much knowledge pertaining to writing styles, research methods and of course, the journalistic way of life. Most of us began the program with a glamorised and idealistic idea of reporters and their jobs. Our illusions we soon dispelled as we laboured under the pressure of completing the set articles on such topics as "A Working Day of a Reporter" and "The Editor's Place in the Journalistic Team".

However, the Journalism Enrichment Program was certainly helpful to those interested in the media, or in writing. It was successful for nearly everyone who attended and it was a great break from the monotony of the school week.

Tsaelan Lee Dow, Year 10



Recently I visited Malvern Central School for a very enjoyable Enrichment Unit on Magnetism. It was conducted on a weekly basis and each week a different topic was researched. About seven students attended, all from various schools in the area. Facilities at the school were excellent and the teaching methods were also very good. Many interesting areas of magnetism were discussed, and I greatly enjoyed it all. The unit went for five weeks and I just wish it had been longer. I thoroughly recommend it to others.



Miles Sparrow, 8L

No, I didn't spend the whole week canning tomato sauce or jingling tea bags, but in the kitchen of the home economics department.

I arrived at 8.55 a.m. on Monday, eager to please, yet nervous of making mistakes. After being introduced to Jean Blake and Debbie Carr I was left alone to start my first day at "work".

I donned an apron and started peeling onions. The purpose of the kitchen is to test the products of Rosella-Lipton against the products already on the market. I was making spaghetti sauce and testing the taste, colour and smell of various tomato cubes or stock powders against the continental brand. A tester came in to see the end product and compare the look of the Continental sauce with the others.

Besides testing and comparing products, the home-economist answers letters from the public and other companies, sends out leaflets, booklets and other information to these people, and prepares company lunches. These are for management board meetings and are three courses. They take a lot of preparation and can show the company executives the results from the product.

My week at Rosella-Lipton enabled me to get a more specific idea of the work behind commercials, both television and written material. I was allowed to accompany Jean and Debbie to Channel 10 and watch a television commercial being made, and then to a photographic studio to watch shots being taken of dishes for the packets of soups. It was all very interesting and Jean, Debbie and the rest of the people I met at Rosella-Lipton made my short stay there very enjoyable.

Tamara Staples, 10E



“Animus and Ocean”

It was a beautiful, wild sight. The beach was deserted, empty except for one lonely old man who stood with his shoulders hunched against the wind, which was sharp and cold and bit into his tired old bones.

Empty beach stretched out in both directions, the sand a dull golden brown, with long dark shadows cast by the dying afternoon sun lying on the coarse surface. Away in the distance to the left, craggy rock formations stood, their wrinkled, uneven planes beaten away by the storms of many years, and like the old man's face, holding the secrets of forgotten times.

The scene spoke of natural forces, stronger than man and above such concepts as good and evil.

But it was the ocean that held the power of the untamed elements. It stretched out in all its majestic beauty to meet the sky, grey-blue joining grey-blue.

The waves rose out of the unknown depths, the core of their power, the eye of the storm. With a never-ending, muted roar they crashed onto the beach, their foaming white caps racing up in the dark wet sand.

As the shadows grew longer and the thick, billowing grey clouds skittered across the darkening sky, hurried by the wind which bore a salty tang, the old man turned to face the sea. With a tiny movement of his shaggy white head he seemed to salute the untamed, uncontrollable power of the ocean.

He began to walk slowly away as the first large drops of heavy rain fell from the sky, a prelude to the coming storm.

The old man had disappeared when the first flash of blinding white light split open the sky. Thunder grumbled, roared and bellowed, a drum roll suitable for a conflict between the gods.

The ocean became wild and dangerous as it swelled and tossed to meet the millions of tiny drops that fell, fast and hard, to earth. Waves crashed and raged, racing back and forth on the drenched sand.

Containing all the forces of nature — wild and untamed, generous and greedy, careful and caring, reckless and fickle; neither good nor evil, but both at once — the ocean changed quickly.

The old man knew this: he knew he would return tomorrow.



Tsaelan Lee Dow, 10D

A Day in the Life of a Shopping Trolley

Chain through my arm, crammed close together, hour after hour. Sun comes up, lights go off, the halls start to swarm.

In mass collections we're pushed outside, left in the morning sun. Another dreadful day begins.

One by one my comrades are taken from behind, hauled away for their first job. A small boy grabs my handle, wrenches me out of the column and goes to show his mother his prize.

A nappy wrapped baby is placed on my seat, mother takes my handle and the small boy leaps on the front and off I go through the day's obstacle course.

Little boy grabs things, dropping them over the side and into the basket, mother joins in filling me up to the brim. My wheels lock, steering left for right and right for left, I'm driven into the shelves, I'm left in the corridor, I'm jumped on and endlessly driven around.

Finally, the cash register, but this only leads to a worse ordeal; slowly unpacked and then restacked I'm wheeled through the complex; little boy with sticky candy fingers jumps on for a ride, baby tired of the day slowly wets my chrome, mother slowly pads out to the car where I am once again relieved of my burden.

I sit in the car park as they drive away. Watching warily I wait for the inevitable, and here he comes, a big blue car backs up . . . no . . . no . . . not again, I crash to my side, my wheels swinging as the driver says "Oh brother".

Kylie Black, 10E



THE DEATH OF SOMEONE

Outside, nothing could be heard above the deep moan of the wind and the relentless downpour of rain as it struck streets, played tunes on tin roofs and collected, forming puddles, in the slightest dip in the glistening, cold ground. Inside, a different noise dominated, that of an old stained grandfather clock that seemed to pause longer than necessary between the acknowledgement of a second. The room was partly illuminated by the moonlight as it beamed through the smallest gap in the curtains. It shone on the sparse furnishings of the room, the hard-grained tallboy, the scratched and battered cupboard and the straight-barred chair. Over the wooden seat hung a pair of wide, dark-grey trousers, the bottoms of which had been rolled. The only movement was the rise and fall of the creased blankets which kept in time with the rasping inhalation and exhalation of breath. The cause of the movement was the sleeper and within his dreams a conclusion was forming . . .

. . . Life is such an irresistible compulsion, even I tenaciously cling on. I spend my days gazing through the windows onto an alleyway which has been forgotten by life. I spend it struggling downstairs into a violent world, needing help but not daring to ask, wanting warmth, receiving nothing. I spend it listening to distorted voices from the radio, I spend it making coffee and cleaning the cup. Each time I sit down it becomes harder to rise; each time time I am hungry I want to starve and each time the radio crackles into laughter I am sad. When I wake I want to cry. Yet I maintain my condition simply by living. Can I carry on? Hah! The Absolute Escape, why, you are ever in my thoughts. You formed a foundation and now you aim to overcome my condition, to control my moves . . . to take me. You want my life, you want to seize the leaden hours ahead, the days that last months, the months that act like years and the years that are an eternity . . . an eternity . . . an eternity . . . No, I cannot continue. I face torture with every second, I am defeated, not only by you, death, my enemy, but by what I had to defend. My life has meant nothing but suffering and I can subject myself to that no more . . . let me be conscious . . . conscious for death . . . for the peace it brings . . . peace . . . an end . . . to my torment . . . the ache of life . . . gentle rest . . . subsiding . . . subsiding . . .

Sunlight shone through the smallest gap in the curtain. It shone on the chair and the tallboy and the cupboard. The birds could be heard singing but inside, the drawn-out ticking of the grandfather clock drowned all. The trousers with the rolled bottoms still hung over the chair and nothing had been altered from the night before, all was still, nothing moved. Even the rise and fall of the creased blankets had ceased.

Steven Moriarty, Year 12

Snake

The time I saw a snake for real
It scared me out of my skin.
It hissed; it reared before me,
As it emerged from the bush within.

Its eyes bore through my head,
There was nothing that I could do,
Because I was so petrified,
My thoughts were clogged with glue.

It hissed at me, its tongue flicked out,
It was ready to attack;
And there I stood, a stick in hand,
Not game to break its back.

And then it turned, and slid back,
To the bush from where it came;
And I just stood there, brushed by death,
But all was just the same.

Andrew Manton 8N

The Dead Snake

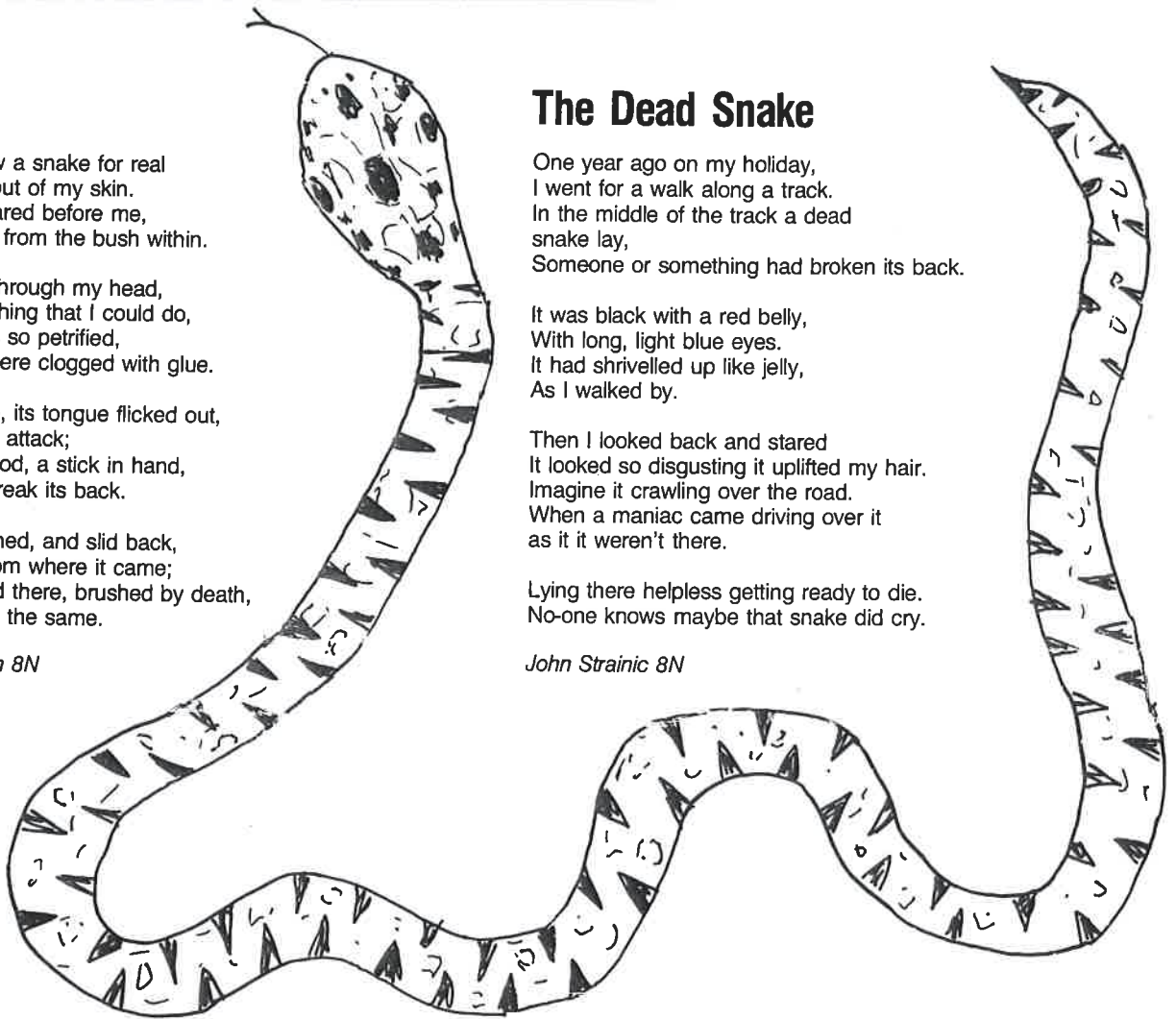
One year ago on my holiday,
I went for a walk along a track.
In the middle of the track a dead
snake lay,
Someone or something had broken its back.

It was black with a red belly,
With long, light blue eyes.
It had shrivelled up like jelly,
As I walked by.

Then I looked back and stared
It looked so disgusting it uplifted my hair.
Imagine it crawling over the road.
When a maniac came driving over it
as it weren't there.

Lying there helpless getting ready to die.
No-one knows maybe that snake did cry.

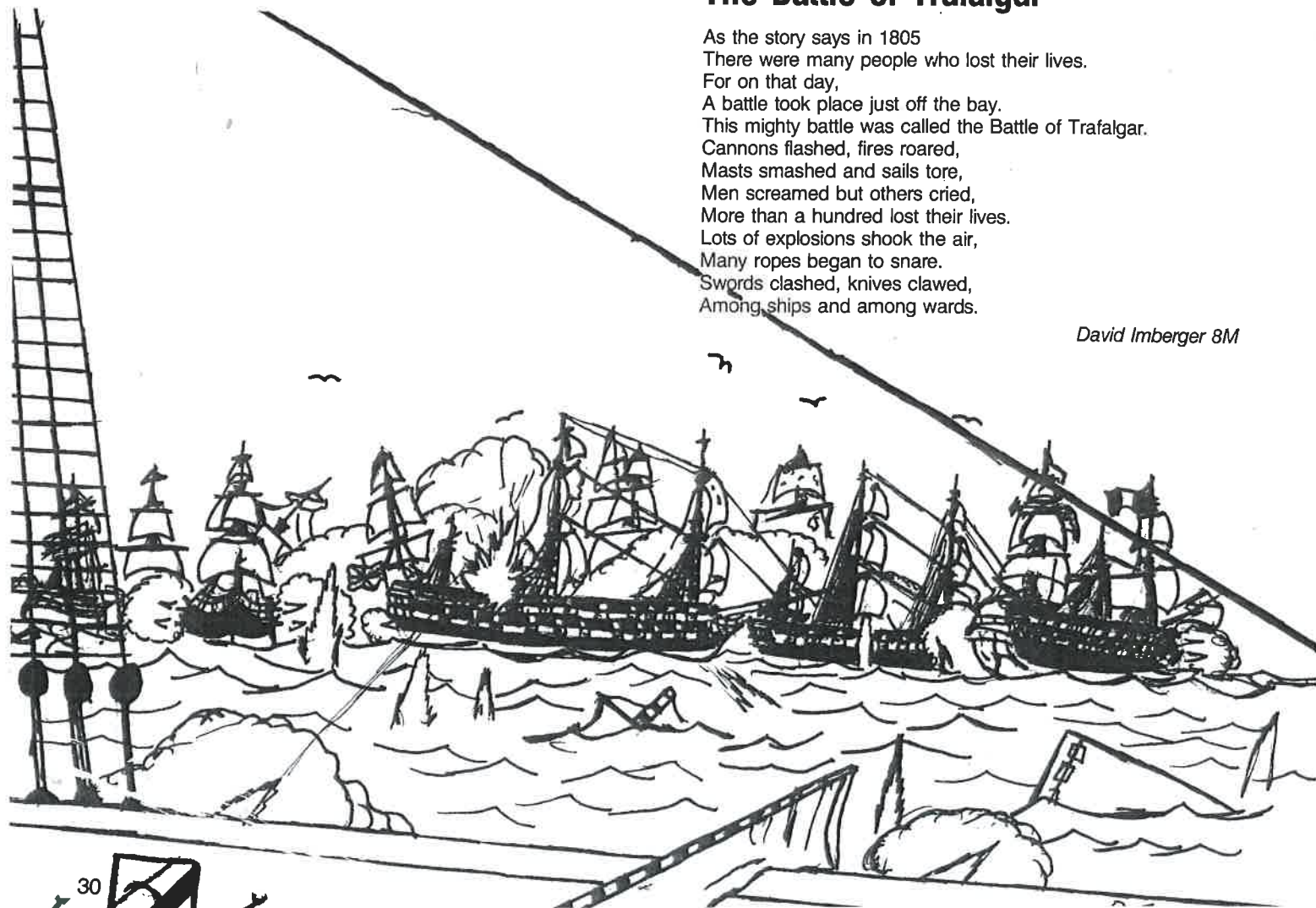
John Strainic 8N



The Battle of Trafalgar

As the story says in 1805
There were many people who lost their lives.
For on that day,
A battle took place just off the bay.
This mighty battle was called the Battle of Trafalgar.
Cannons flashed, fires roared,
Masts smashed and sails tore,
Men screamed but others cried,
More than a hundred lost their lives.
Lots of explosions shook the air,
Many ropes began to snare.
Swords clashed, knives clawed,
Among ships and among wards.

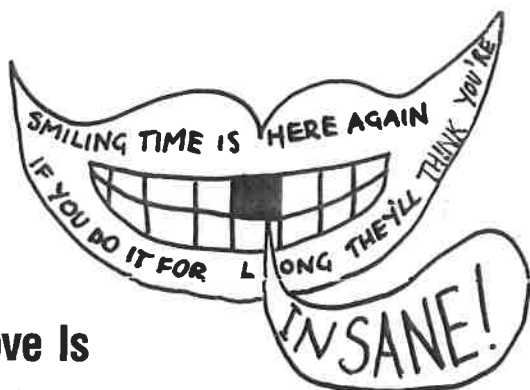
David Imberger 8M



Winning Is Beautiful

Winning is beautiful,
To hear the gun fire.
To push off from the block.
To pass other runners.
To feel the wind pass you.
To feel no weight upon you.
To hear the crowd urge you on.
To feel the speed.
To break the tape.
To break a record
To stand up on the winner's stand.
To be presented with a gold medal.

Nick Phelan 8P



Love Is

Love is . . .
Love is a lion
who roars from deep within
caring and compassionate
his roar is eternal.

Love is a tree
that reaches out to you and me
its branches long and slender
its trunk alive and tender.

Love is a drum
continuously beating in our hearts
beating a song so meaningful,
so strong and powerful.

Love is the essence of life
the single law of peace and unity
a law by which we should abide
a solution to all problems.

Enjoy Life

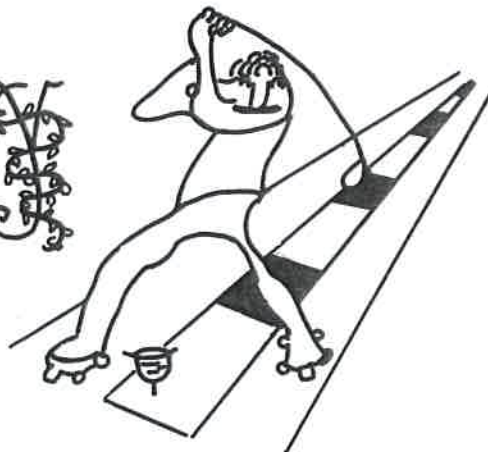
Enjoy Life
Laugh don't cry
choose life, don't die
Live for today
not yesterday, not tomorrow.

Wake up, don't sleep,
run, don't creep.
Leave your problems behind
and do what your heart desires.

You are a dove
winging swiftly in the sky.
You are a fish
deep in the sea you lie.

Enjoy yourself
laugh and play, sing and dance
Live life today
for our lives are temporary.
Don't let the world pass you by.

Philip Vlahogiannis 8N



Philip Vlahogiannis 8N

Music is Beautiful



Music is beautiful, I always say,
Like the morning sun rising, on a clear summer's day.
There is nothing to equal a steady beat
That echoes softly — like a bird's soft tweet.

I love the sound of notes forming steadily
To bring out the tinkling of a well-known melody
A piece of Beethoven played sweet and fair
Leaves notes hanging delicately up in the air.

The sound of clear notes being played boldly
The well-known tune of a 'golden oldie'.

The tapping of a foot, beating in time
The piece ending softly — like the end of a rhyme.
Yes, music is beautiful, I always say
Like the golden sunset, at the end of the day.

Lisa Philips 8N

The Tree

The old graceful tree,
Stands tired in the icy breeze,
Feeling miserable, cold and sad,
Recalling old memories.

Thinking about the youthful days,
Thinking how the time passed
away,
With its wrinkled leaves quietly
falling down,
It slowly awaits the sun,
To appear in the blue sky
once again.



Sen Ling Chang 80

Mad

Mad is a driver who speeds down the street
Mad is a runner who wears out his feet
Mad is a teacher who yells at his class
Mad is a goldfish who eats moss off the glass

Mad is a golfer who drives down the straight
Mad is a chef who cooks food that you hate
Mad is this world that is peaceful no more
But maddest of all is this Nuclear War.



Andrew Manton 8N

The H.S.C. Syndrome

February 1st, and about a hundred students sit at the back of the hall. Relaxed after a two months holiday, and nervous about the ten that lie ahead, these students are here for what they hope will be their last year at school. Some are here willingly; others are here grudgingly, because there is no work; some come from overseas; and some are here under pressure.

On the third floor we inspect our lockers, time-tables and computer-lists, cheering with the discovery of a top-locker, a "free" or a class with friends. The time has come for our first class, where our minds become crammed with words like "core", "option", "external assessment", "internal assessment", "oral", "VISE", etc, etc. The blackboard is covered with H.S.C. jargon.

The "frees" are spent in the areas delegated for Year Twelves . . . chatting. By the end of the week we've been through all classes, and are happily looking forward to the weekend.

"So you're in H.S.C. . . . The Big Year." How we would like to abuse the speakers of these cliches, but we merely smile courteously, and pretend we appreciate their "concern". The funny thing is actually the BIG year. Talking and wasting time is the most obvious example of our ignorance, and it is only into second term, that the silence gradually creeps in and we become more like Year Twelves. This is after the disappointments of the first-term results, and we begin to realise that it is our responsibility to get work done, and that it can't all, unfortunately, be done at home. Giving up television and hobbies is bad enough, but to give up social talking too, seems to be too much for many of us. Some of us try, but it's very hard when reality hasn't dawned upon some of our group. But then, you only need a few to ruin it all for the others.

No one wants to be called a "goody-goody", and it hurts when the impression is sometimes given. Whether we like it or not, H.S.C. is the year for making sacrifices, terribly many in fact. Holidays don't exist. They're just days we don't spend at school: the work remains all the same.

And weekends? Only a few hours can be afforded for the luxury of relaxing — doing whatever suits you. The rest are, of course, spent working.

If this sounds like an encouragement for students NOT to do H.S.C. I apologise. H.S.C. surprisingly enough, does have its good sides. I certainly feel sorry for any student doing all of H.S.C. by correspondence. Students and teachers have a great deal to do with the enjoyment and satisfaction of H.S.C. We are all in it together. No one has the right to criticise the pressure, the work, because it's the same for all of us. Teachers have an enormous amount of responsibility too, and it is unfair to complain to them about our own mistakes or for something that they can't possibly change. By now, we should have reached the last stages of maturity, and if we can't communicate and control ourselves properly, there's little hope we ever will. We are, more or less, like pressure-cookers and the letting off of steam is what the younger students will probably note as "that crazy behaviour of those Year Twelves". Sometimes we seem like babies, and the Year Elevens particularly, find us hard to understand, just as I myself did last year.

H.S.C. CAN be great fun, without our being flippant. It's all a matter of knowing when to let off steam, and when to be serious. We're not perfect, and, unfortunately, we have to learn the hard way. For some of us it takes five "failures", to make us spend our time more wisely; for others it only takes one. Some don't even learn till it's too late, and for them it's even harder. It's no wonder then, that we feel the rebellion surging up in us. "I'm fed up with making sacrifices! Tonight I'll do as I like!!" A statement usually followed by a guilty conscience, and a return to work.

Thank you all teachers and parents for putting up with us, and may we all pass.

Birgitte Munchow, 12A

The Construction of Prospice Prose

It is Thursday, 19th of July, 8.45 p.m. I sit alone in the house contemplating what style of written language I shall produce to submit as an article for Prospice to be counted as part of my H.S.C. English core assessment for 1984. Like many, I often lack inspiration and motivation for my work and hence sit up till late at night, wondering, pondering, thinking, allowing my mind to drift aimlessly along on many tangents of thought while I slump back into the chair, feigning studiousness.

I ring a friend in the hope that she may suggest brilliant ideas and topics that could be developed and moulded intelligently to produce an "A" standard piece of work. But alas, Gab and I only chatter precious time away, discussing our proposed end of year trip to Italy, financial worries, school news, future employment prospects, who's going out with whom, and who's been left "broken-hearted", people we don't like, people we do like and finally, we each give a run down on how far behind we are in school work. "Really? Gab, you can't be that far behind. . . Four weeks? . . . Seriously? . . . Hell!" I question her further, desperate for story material, but she has no brainwaves to contribute.

A vision of Jill Casey's somewhat disappointed face flashes before my eyes. But my beloved friend offers to recite an old year ten essay she intends to rewrite and resubmit as a writing workshop piece. It tells a sad tale about the antics of a cat; I'm not too impressed but I thank her anyway. As we prepare to launch into another topic of conversation, she declares the belief that her mother is arriving home, as she hears the key rattle in the front door. "O-oh, I must away, see ya Shane", and I hear the dial tone.

In another effort, to stir my mind to action, I wander aimlessly to my bedroom and browse through all my high school work, stored lovingly in moth balls and cardboard boxes beneath my bed. I flip through year ten and eleven essays, to no avail. Becoming side tracked, I take interest in the year seven folders which stir vague memories and dim reflections of my earlier school days of so long ago. I begin to feel ancient. I look with pride at the glamorous bright headings, and beautiful presentation with colourful drawings and sketches of imaginary characters. I am proud to think that I once was so dedicated. The phone rings. I run to answer it, anxious for company, conversation, inspiration, motivation, something, someone to relieve me of the relentless, tedious task of writing my short story. It's a S.T.D. call. "Hello? . . . Hello? . . . Hello, is Margaret Ogden there please?"

I answer, "No, I'm sorry, she's not. May I take a message?" The woman on the other end explains that she wants my mother to sell raffle tickets. I politely answer that I am truly sorry, but I don't think my mother would be terribly interested. The woman goes on to enquire my age, is my father home? No, when will my mother be home? Late. We hang up. Immediately evil, frightening thoughts race through my mind. I become paranoid. The woman, who must have vaguely known me, rang in search of information which she intends to pass on to an attacker of some description, rapist or kidnapper, who undoubtedly has plans to break into my house whilst I am alone. The thought ricochets back and forth through my mind, as I scramble in a mad panic, gripped with fear to lock all doors and close all curtains.

Controlling my fear with great effort, I settle down to write, but once more am interrupted by the ringing of the phone. I freeze in terror. However, it is only Gabby ringing back to inform me that she has successfully manipulated her mother into financing a return air fare to Rome, making our trip possible. "Great, fantastic!" I exclaim with honesty, and we giggle with excitement. I read to her my draft essay and we further giggle girlishly into the receiver and she remarks at my audacity. "Well," I say, "I do declare that I have completed my Prospice prose." It is now 10.15 p.m.

Shayna Ogden, Year 12

My Red Balloon

My heart is like a balloon;
Red and vulnerable.
Lying flat and lifeless on the ground,
it is carefully wrapped up
and put away;
gathering dust
in a remote and unknown place.
Suddenly remembered,
it is taken out again —
Cleaned,
and made presentable.
A few repairs are made,
and then comes the air.
Hot . . . hot . . . hot
filling . . .
filling . . .
filling it up.
It expands.
The ropes are taken away.
And then it takes off,
rising . . .
rising . . .
rising high.
The sand-bags are dropped.
And the wind
leads it away:
Violently, quickly,
gently, slowly,
or not at all.
And it drifts . . .
drifts . . .
drifts alone,
with its basket of straw
dangling insecurely . . .

Perhaps it will land,
in a fabulous place.
The garden of true love
one always dreams of.
It would land peacefully and quietly.
But it never will.

Perhaps it will drift,
Drift over the sea,
not knowing its destination.
Gradually it will drown.

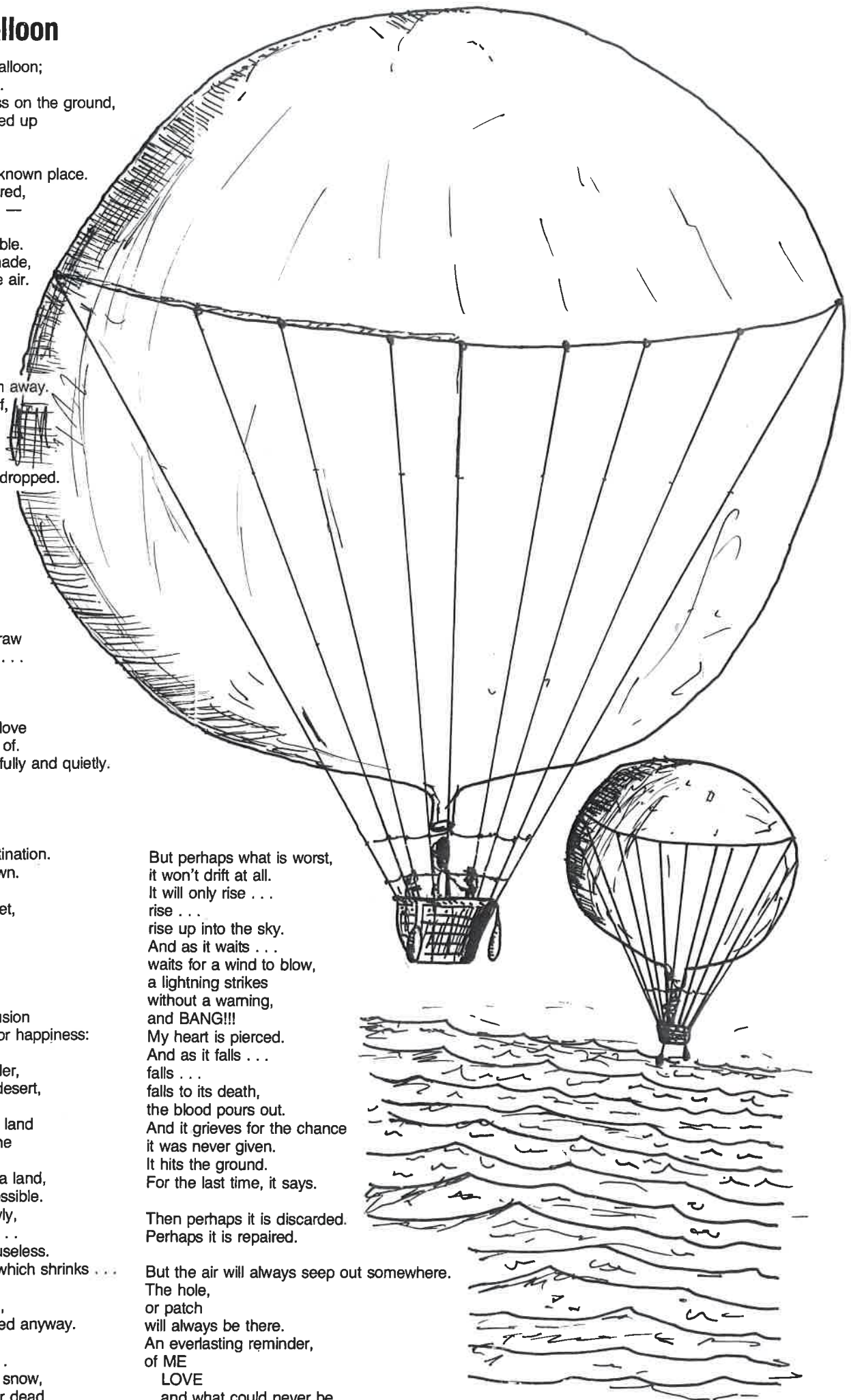
Drown with its basket,
but leaving the red,
dead tissue,
floating on top
of no other use,
but to be ridiculed
for an innocent delusion
devised in a hope for happiness:

Perhaps it will wander,
Wander through a desert,
only to sway . . .
sway hesitantly and land
on a windswept dune
or a shelf of ice —
only to find itself in a land,
where living is impossible.
And the air will slowly,
but surely exhaust . . .
until my balloon is useless.
Merely a red lump which shrinks . . .
shrinks . . .
shrinks in this place,
where no love existed anyway.
And eventually,
it will be covered . . .
covered by sand or snow,
forgotten and left for dead.

But perhaps what is worst,
it won't drift at all.
It will only rise . . .
rise . . .
rise up into the sky.
And as it waits . . .
waits for a wind to blow,
a lightning strikes
without a warning,
and BANG!!!
My heart is pierced.
And as it falls . . .
falls . . .
falls to its death,
the blood pours out.
And it grieves for the chance
it was never given.
It hits the ground.
For the last time, it says.

Then perhaps it is discarded.
Perhaps it is repaired.

But the air will always seep out somewhere.
The hole,
or patch
will always be there.
An everlasting reminder,
of ME
LOVE
and what could never be.



Birgitte Munchow Year 12

H.S.C. 1

My sore eyes strain to focus on the clock by my bed. Eleven o'clock. The radio hums in the background, playing some forgotten song. The window, a frame of black, is open slightly at the top: fresh air is a compulsory part of my study. The heater at my feet blows out hot air to combat the chill that accompanies the fresh air I find so necessary. The bedroom door is closed, to keep the sounds of my radio from disturbing the slumbering members of the household. A thin layer of books cover my floor; in the corner lies my empty schoolbag, resembling a used tube of tooth paste, the contents squeezed out of their crumpled packaging. My desk, too, is difficult to see, for the mess which so effectively hides it. Strewn across its surface lie a dozen newspaper clippings, from some long forgotten assignment. Three or four text books, two dictionaries, a modern encyclopaedia (printed in 1925), a handful of sheet music and many an unusual object, share the restricted desk top on which I work. I look at the clock again. Five past eleven — then check, for the third time, that my electric blanket is switched on, the bed is warm, waiting. Boy, are my eyes sore!

Now check over what homework is due in, putting off, indefinitely, doing anything constructive. I have found that I can spend hours of homework time, without doing any homework. I go through each subject, mentally listing what can be left for a little while, and what I have to finish for tomorrow. There are those options too, I should have started them; they must be due in soon. Really, I should start studying, the exams must only be about four weeks away. . . .

The digital clock blinks as it changes to eleven thirty.

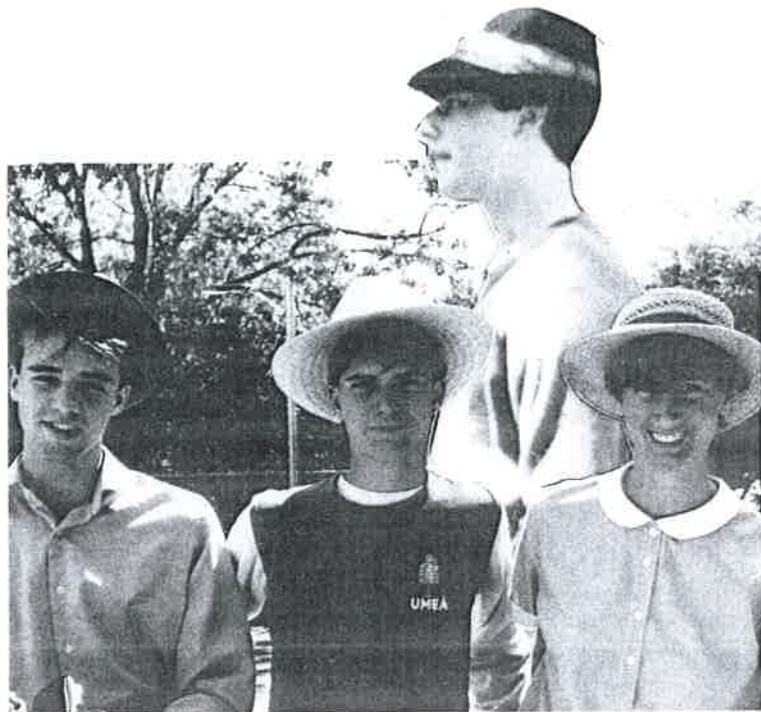
The first subject seems all right. Wait! There's some homework I missed, and another piece! I can't even remember when they were due. I had better get them finished for tomorrow. What am I going to do about study-notes? I can't find first term's notes anywhere!

Flip the divider over: next subject. Two option practical experiments in with my core work. They should be in my option-folder. Wait, this one's not finished; neither is this one. If they're not finished within a fortnight, I automatically fail my option! I'll have to complete them tonight. There are some unanswered questions, I remember, I don't understand them, when am I going to get a chance to see the teacher about them? I'll need extra study here too, I really had better start.

Right, third subject, just the one essay here, due in the day after tomorrow. It's going to be difficult to make notes here though — too much reading and not enough time, only four weeks.

Eleven forty six. It's getting late! So much work to be done.

David Ansett, Year 12



The Voice

An extraordinary phenomenon has been experienced by all at Camberwell High School over the years. This phenomenon, usually known as "The Voice" occurs regularly (some students have been known to set their watches by it); another of its peculiar properties is that the silence between its frequently-ordered messages has been timed at precisely three seconds. The source of The Voice is still unknown, but following the recent increase of reported "hearings" many theories have begun to surface.

One such theory suggests that we are being subjected to the ultimate form of brainwash-advertising, that any message relating to cake stalls or ticket-sales is being imprinted into our brainwaves.

A more popular belief is that hearing voices is a symptom of insanity (associated with the intense study conducted by all C.H.S. students). Perhaps those people who refuse to hear The Voice are making a desperate attempt to keep in touch with reality. I myself have certainly experienced a sensation not unlike a little man in my head attempting to chisel his way out. I can hear him repeatedly tapping at the inside of my skull, then blowing away the dust.

Perhaps, though, it is just our consciences keeping us in check. It reminds us about unreturned library books and rehearsals we must attend, or induces an overwhelming feeling of guilt as it booms out: "There are still people in the corridor!"

Still others claim that the stimulation of a bell to be rung in the near future awakens a long forgotten E.S.P. ability, messages and entire conversations sometimes being relayed to students and teachers alike without warning.

Some students feel haunted by Big Brother. They fear this all-powerful yet unseen figure which delights in all forms of audio-sadism. "Are you ready?", it has asked in a steady but aggressive tone before beginning its verbal assault. Students dread the day they will hear the words: "I would like to see . . ." precede their names. They cower in the corner until they are "released" from the classroom.

Still more theories suggests that a phantom ventriloquist is at work; C.H.S. is situated on the true Mt. Sinai and God can be heard here; The Voice is the bell at very slow speed; we are hearing a new Monty-Python recording.

It is possible that none of these is correct, and that the place from whence The Voice originates will never be known for sure, but next time you feel your very body vibrate to the words, "Please listen for announcements!" do not dismiss them from your mind, but rather continue the search for the true source of The Voice.

Stephen Mullerworth, Year 12



Time Escapes

He is poised at his desk,
Thoughts circulate in his mind.
Pen hits paper — an error of judgement.
paper is disposed of.
Is time disposable?
Time has passed
And frustration dominates his body.
Hot flush,
This is Matriculating year.
Time is being wasted.
Phone rings,
A distraction and an excuse;
"But the phone rang".
The television is on,
Another senseless fantasy,
Idealistic lifestyles,
Trivial, petty dramas.
"Shattered" lifestyles on television screens
Depicting stress and strain,
But this is Matriculating year,
"They've" got it easy.
More time has passed.
Guilt feelings seep into his mind,
His lifestyle rests on this year,
Petty television dramas, he tells himself,
His life is more important.
A quick flick of the channels,
Then the television is off.
He returns to his room.
Too hot,
Too cold — he cannot work,
But he must.
Clean paper, fresh paper, a new start.
A word is written,
Two, then three.
A page of writing — will it suffice?
Poetry, or is it?
His life is on paper,
His life is at school,
His life is on paper,
His life is disposable.
He thinks of the future,
His neck bends.
Writing spreads across the page,
He tells people of his life.
Now the writing is done,
And time has passed,
Has he achieved anything?
Or just another page in his life?

Toby Stinson Year 12



During A Private Lesson

In a corral,
In the library.
In the background;
An E.S.L. class is in progress,
The tap-tapping of a typewriter;
A car goes by,
The whisper of students speaking
In their native tongues;
A truck goes by,
(I wish I had a radio,)
The honk of a car,
The bark of a dog,
the bang of an elbow accidentally
Hitting a table;
Someone flipping through pages,
The dog is still barking,
Another car;
the teacher summons his students
For a short lecture,
Yet another vehicle,
And me writing this.

Fatma Koch Year 12



Robert Grzegorzek, Year 9

School

A bored face sits
Crooked in the curve of a palm,
with two gazing chasms
Measuring a familiar terrain of
Maps, rulers and chalk.
Within this room are many replicas.

Exam room five silently waits.
Green lino soars on the walls
and paints images of coldness
Which is momentarily illuminated
by a flickering light.

A cheery rush of legs, folders, elbows and heads enter the
motionless hall.
Each corner is transformed as human forms settle in the
chairs.
Test 120; Chemistry, has now commenced.

Her ink is driven
With a proud and purposeful hand
Onto blue lines,
Flowing from her astute mind.

Damian Frank Year 11C





Learning Things

A haggard man, his dogs, his sledge
 Alone in a dry, white land
 A crooked, twisted wilderness
 Under nature's heavy hand.
 This man was an island
 Surrounded by a sea, of soils
 A sea of dangers, mysteries,
 A sea where ice contracts.
 He dragged his sledge, ever on;
 Four hundred miles to go
 On a journey over glaciers
 So exhausting, hard and slow.
 A smudge on the horizon;
 Distinctly shaped, a grave
 Built for some explorer
 Whose life luck would not save.
 One false step would end it all;
 For that cold and lonely man
 Temptation linked —
 To be swallowed by that barren land.
 He slipped, he fell, the sledge stuck fast,
 He had a choice before him
 To be living or be dead?
 Oh, it would be easy
 To cut the rope and fall
 To be swallowed by the darkness
 To quickly end it all.
 But what a tragedy,
 Oh, what a waste,
 To lose his life, his work
 Through a foolish act, in haste.
 So there he hung and pondered
 With silence all around;
 He thought, he wished, he wondered
 If he ever would be found.
 But the challenge set before him
 Was one he could not feign.
 His only hope? To climb out —
 To set off once again.
 He gave his all, he strained, he fought,
 And slowly he did make it.
 He saved his life, but with this thought:
 The next crevasse might try to take it.
 And so he laboured onwards,
 Such a man was he,
 He had acquired wisdom
 To help him cross his sea.

Michael Dean, 12B



Alina Sloan, Year 10

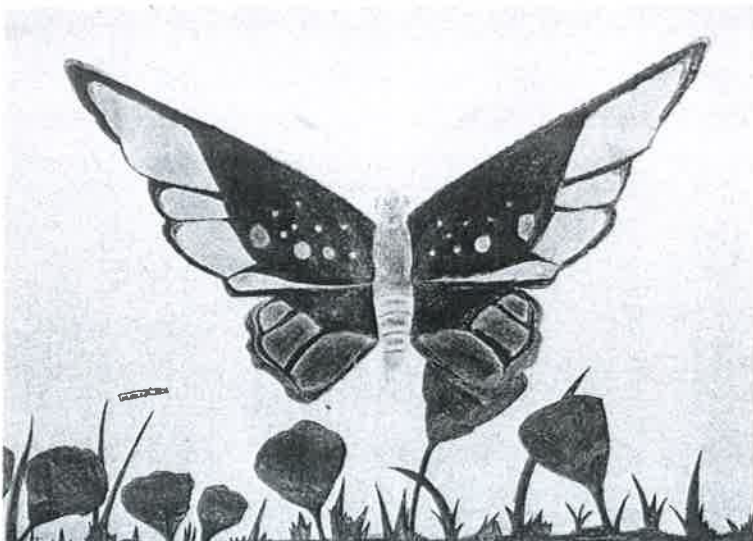


Brett Gullen, Year 9

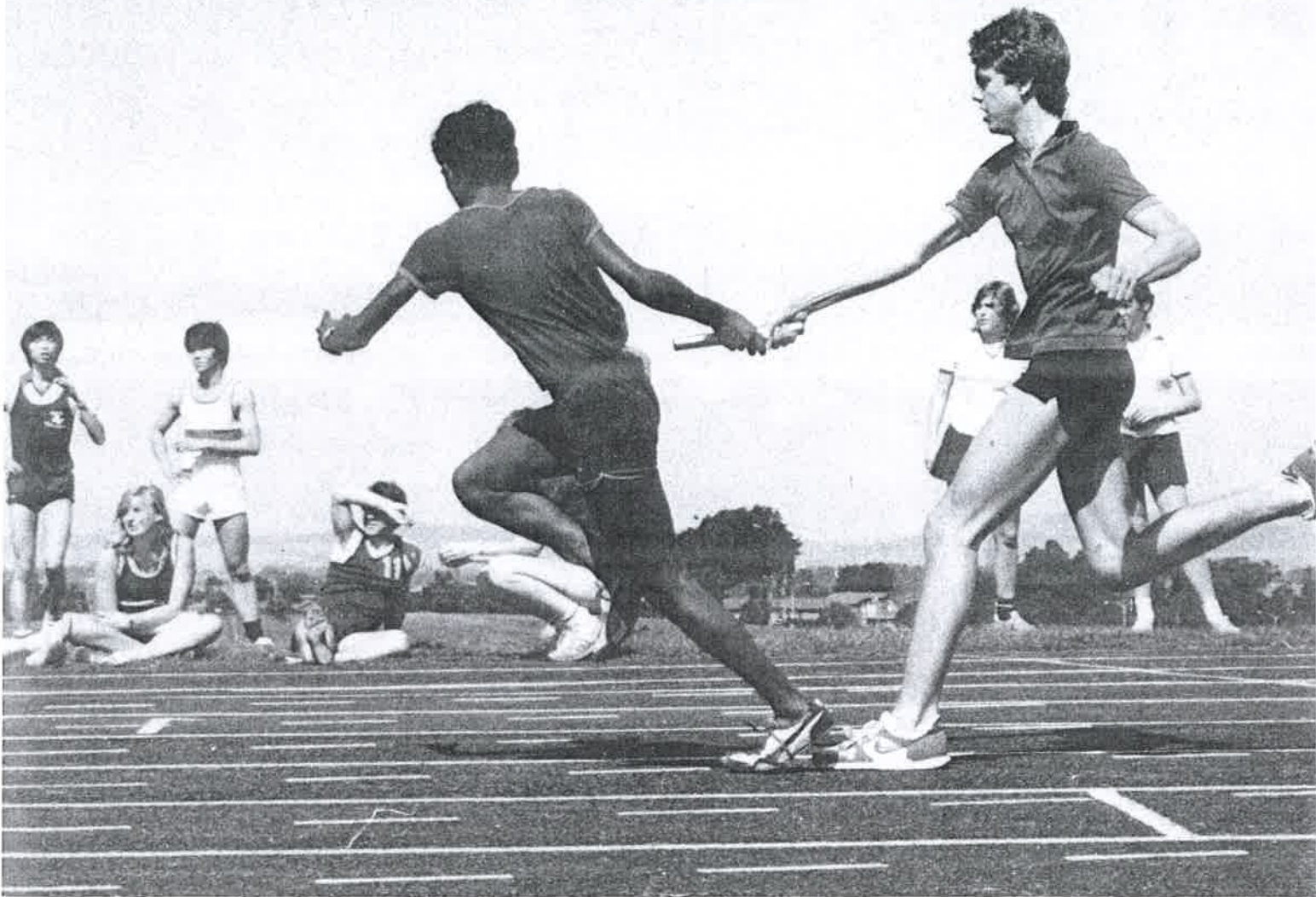
Words

Words are often spoken
 Without thought and without care,
 And we often have to tell our tales,
 To someone who's not there.
 But when we really mean it,
 And we have a lot to say,
 There's always something to make us think,
 Then rules get in the way.
 If people listened to their hearts,
 And let their heads take second place,
 A lot of kind and generous words,
 Could put a smile on every face.
 But people cannot do this,
 The rules of speech have changed,
 Now everything we want to say,
 Must firstly be rearranged.
 So don't let rules get in the way, just say what you want and mean it,
 Throw all the do's and don't away,
 And just get on and say it.

Jim Sotiropoulos, 9J



Colin Antoni, Year 8



Sports Report

Sport plays a major role in the life of our school. Students are fortunate enough to be able to participate in a wide range of sports.

About sixty teams were fielded this year, which is an astonishing number considering the population of our school. Two of the major teams this year, as in other years, were the swimming and athletic teams. Both teams did extremely well due to the hard work put in by both teachers and students. The athletics results were particularly encouraging as this year's result was our best in recent years.

Boys teams, once again this year, fared well at most competitions. Although all teams played extremely well, there were a few highlights and few unlucky losses. Senior boys hockey team were runners up at Eastern Zone, losing by one penalty stroke over the entire day's play. The Intermediate boys hockey team won at Eastern Zone and played as well at All High. Reinforcing the high standard of hockey at Camberwell High, Junior boys hockey team also played extremely well at both Eastern Zone and All High.

The Junior boys soccer team were very unlucky losing by only one goal at Eastern Zone level.

Senior boys Badminton team achieved a commendable third place at zone level. Finally the Junior boys badminton team were convincing winners at Eastern Zone and played at an equally

high standard at the All High competition.

Camberwell High's female population also made commendable contributions to the sporting life of our school. All the teams we fielded at the various events played extremely sportingly at a very good standard. Once again all the girls hockey teams (Junior, Intermediate and Senior) played very well at Whitehorse level.

Our senior cricketers were also rewarded well for a good level of cricket at Whitehorse and zone level. Our table tennis players, netballers and all other team-members must be congratulated for the time they gave, not only on the day of competition, but the many hours spent in prior preparation.

Once again this year organisational duties were carried out efficiently by a high number of our students. These students were a vital part of Camberwell High's physical education programme. Lunchtime activities were very popular and very well run by the appropriate physical education staff.

This year the very important House Competition has been very closely contested with all four teams fighting for vital house points. Congratulations to all concerned, especially the various captains of each house for their great organisation and enthusiasm, which helped to make 1984 a very successful sporting year for Camberwell High School.

Fiona McDonald, Sports Captain, 1984

Dear Mum and Dad,

I thought I would keep a scrapbook of my sporting life and experiences here at Camberwell. That way you can see some of the "heroes" and most of the "characters".

For an "imbo", I have done quite well in school teams. An "imbo" is, I gather, somewhere between an "unco" and a "turkey". It is shouted at us by this big bloke who runs sports.



Kylie, Georgina and Gerry, dressed and decorated.

Macarthur House won the Swimming shield this year. Big Mal the captain of Montgomery was upset as he had tried to motivate us and was disappointed at the loss. But, we won the House Shield for 1987, so that was a fantastic surprise on Speech Night.



Montgomery House, student officials, a shady Mr. Harris. See Sioux, Jeffers, Ted, Mal, Alex, Tom!



Robert, Gina, Mr. Collins, Ross, Joanne. Holding the Swimming shield at the pool. Gina is a great swimmer, and she Robert Joanne and many others swam for the school at White Horse Group. The Senior Girls won the shield this year. I go swimming every lunch-time with the school.

Photos by me? Andrew Paull, Andrew McNilly.



Now you would think that these young ladies typified skill and sportsmanship. Miss Bennie their coach has turned them into the "mean machine." Mara thinks they are the "A TEAM." Zinta plays a demonic game, and Nicole has been known to be fouled off in the first half. Eva, Stephanie, Kate, and Amanda complete the group.



Robert — Rohan — Adam.



FIONA McDONALD was School Sports Captain 1984.



Captain Carpy, James, Robert, are just some of the outstanding Seniors in the school.

350 students were in 1984 teams.

Badminton is a very popular game at Camberwell. Lunch hours; every day of the week, the hall is packed with racquet wielding hopefuls. The school teams did very well, winning two "group" pennants, and the Junior Boys went on to win All High.

Edwin coached them, and he even called a training session in the holidays. Eugene, Jim, Nick, Peter, Adam, and Lisa encourage and help with teams.



What are they looking at?
Who are they looking for?
Megaw the runner, the
swimmer, the cross-country
performer?
Michael and Ashley look worried.



The Intermediate Boys
Baseball Team made
All High. This photo
was taken after
their win at Group.
A great team effort-
for the first time
ever at Camberwell.
We play House Baseball
at lunch-time.



Mum, this is
"Budge", he
leads a very,
very, interesting
life.

Cooky - sitting
in the middle
was in the State
U14 Lacrosse
team.



Another photograph of our
House Athletics Carnival,
which was held on a cool
wet day.

Kelly preparing to throw
at Whitehorse Group
Athletics. The Junior
Girls won the Shield.

Simone, Sarah, Cathy,
Cinnamon, Arieta, Cathy,
and Louise
Arieta is an Australian
Junior Fencing Champion

Eric Dunn (Capt. Cricket) Peter Kopanidis (Capt. 1st XVIII) Mark Hand (Capt. Tennis) Richard Callaghan (Capt. Hockey)
Gina Kennedy (Capt. Swimming) Mal Davis, Sarah Dugdale (Winning House Cpts.) James Beech (Capt. Cross-Country, Athletics) - they made 1984 one of the most successful ever - thank you Seniors.
Mr. Smith, Mr. Carter, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Page, Mrs. Berry - all coached teams. Miss Bennie deserves special thanks and praise for being dedicated.



Steven, Mahyar, Paul
Tim, Michael, Russell, Kurt.
Year 7 students won many titles
and were represented at Zone
in 4 titles. Well done!

David Dickson and Hugh
McNeilly played State Hockey
Camberwell Hockey Teams
3 at Zone, 1 Runner-up
at All High.



Kelly, Liz, Gillian,
Nicky, and see,
Felicity does smile.



Daniel, Conrad, smile Michael!



Andrew passes to Rohan.



Anthony, George, Gavin,
Senior students competing for
their Houses. That's Mr. Harrop
in the background, and we thank
him for keeping the grounds looking
so good for everyone.



Heather ~ a top runner.

A 1984 HONOUR ROLL

Lisa Wentworth
James Beeson
Angela Edwards
Megan Smith
Sonya Scobie
Richard Callaghan
Jim Vasson
Gerry Gerrish
Gavin Bourrilhon
Fiona McDonald
Heather Savage
Phillippa Hore
Gina Kennedy
Ilona Hansen
Leah Mullerworth
Teresa Ratcliffe
Mark Hand
Pavan Gandok
Peter Kopandis
Rolf Preston
Adrian Pease
Roger Jakab
Kelly Ratcliffe
Jo Shell
Tszelan Lee Dow
Ozlem Serim
Edwin Van Der Graaf
Craig Wood.
Eric Dunn

CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

PRINCIPAL: Mr. D. Collins

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL: Mr. R. Coram

STAFF:

Mr. B. Anderson
Mr. I. Baker
Miss B. Baldwin
Mr. M. Beam
Miss F. Bennie
Mrs. J. Berry
Mrs. D. Burgess
Mr. M. Caddy
Mr. M. Carter
Mrs. J. Casey
Mr. G. Cronk
Mrs. N. Darby
Miss E. Dellos
Mr. G. Dennis
Mrs. B. Devine
Dr. L. Dixon
Mr. R. Dobron
Mr. P. Frost
Mrs. M. Gaffney
Mrs. S. Gill
Mrs. J. Goldberg
Mr. D. Goldsmith
Mrs. C. Haberler
Miss E. Hamilton
Mr. R. Harris
Mr. V. Hardiman
Miss S. Hendy
Mr. S. Hill
Mr. C. James
Mrs. J. Kershaw
Mrs. G. Kuhne
Mr. N. Liggins
Mrs. J. Littlewood
Mr. F. Moya
Mrs. E. Nagel
Mr. D. Page
Mr. R. Porthouse
Mrs. R. Rainer
Mrs. M. Roberts
Mr. P. Ryan
Mrs. M. Salter
Mr. S. Serim
Mr. J. Sgro
Mrs. N. Shaw
Miss R. Slater
Mr. S. Smith
Mrs. D. Taylor
Miss J. Trenchard-Smith
Mrs. S. Wantrup
Mr. G. Walsh
Mrs. M. Westmore
Mrs. G. Yates
Mr. T. Ymer
Mr. P. Wheaton

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Mr. A. Brookes
Mrs. N. Brown
Mr. E. Grigoryan
Mr. J. Seal
Mr. M. West

STRING MUSIC LIBRARIANS

Mrs. M. McCarthy
Miss C. Vincent

HOME ECONOMICS ASSISTANT

Mrs. M. Dirins

LABORATORY ASSISTANT

Mrs. B. Louey-Gung

LANGUAGE ASSISTANT

M'selle M. Piveteau

NURSING AIDE

Sister M. Drake

TEACHER AIDE

Mrs. P. Vassalotti

GENERAL OFFICE

Mrs. R. Nettleton
Mrs. E. Lacy
Mrs. M. Redfearn

CLEANING STAFF

Mr. D. Harrop
Mr. W. Ollington
Mr. L. Duncan
Mr. J. Dwight
Mr. K. Johnson

CANTEEN MANAGERESS

Mrs. W. Webster

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Mrs. S. Campbell

STUDENT OFFICE BEARERS — 1984

Student Representative Council

Year 12:

Murray Mount (President), Steven Odgers (Vice-President),
Michael Dean, Birgitte Munchow

Year 11:

Andrew McNeilly (Secretary), Craig Benson (Treasurer), Kelly
Ratcliffe, Julie Savage

Year 10:

Tamara Staples, Byron Crofton

Year 9:

Jacqui Evans, John Aldred

Year 8:

Phillip Vlahoganis, Pauline Coulepis

Year 7:

Susan Newcombe, Catherine Scholes, Kate Dujela

SENIOR HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill:

Julie Savage and Robert Carpenter

Macarthur:

Gina Kennedy and Ross Williams

Montgomery:

Sarah Dugdale and Mal Davis

Roosevelt:

Amalie Paull and Craig Benson

Other House Captains elected this year are:

Churchill:

Senior Vice Captains — Teresa Ratcliffe, David Fribence

Junior Captains — Liz Hoye, Robert Burgess

Junior Vice Captains — Stephanie Guerillot, Andrew
Thompson

Macarthur:

Senior Vice Captains — Leah Mullerworth, Gavin Mount

Junior Captains — Jacqui Evans, Adam Cunningham

Junior Vice Captains — Kate Sutherland, John Alfred

Montgomery:

Senior Vice Captains — Lisa Wentworth, James Beeson

Junior Captains — Kelly Walker, Darren Bingley

Junior Vice Captains — Sharyn Hoban, Dean McDonald

Roosevelt:

Senior Vice Captains — Fiona McDonald, Marc Micic

Junior Captains — Liza Kennedy, David Flight

Junior Vice Captains — Amanda Wilkin, Tasos Tsatsaris



3rd Row L-R

Geoffrey Smythe, John Koutras, Anthony Moran, Kim Rajic, Nick Slougaristos, Peter Gray, Ian Savenake.

2nd Row L-R

Ross Williams, Ari Ganas, John Chow, Chris Fitzgerald, Imants Bruns, Ted Freeman, Robert Carpenter, George Skouras.

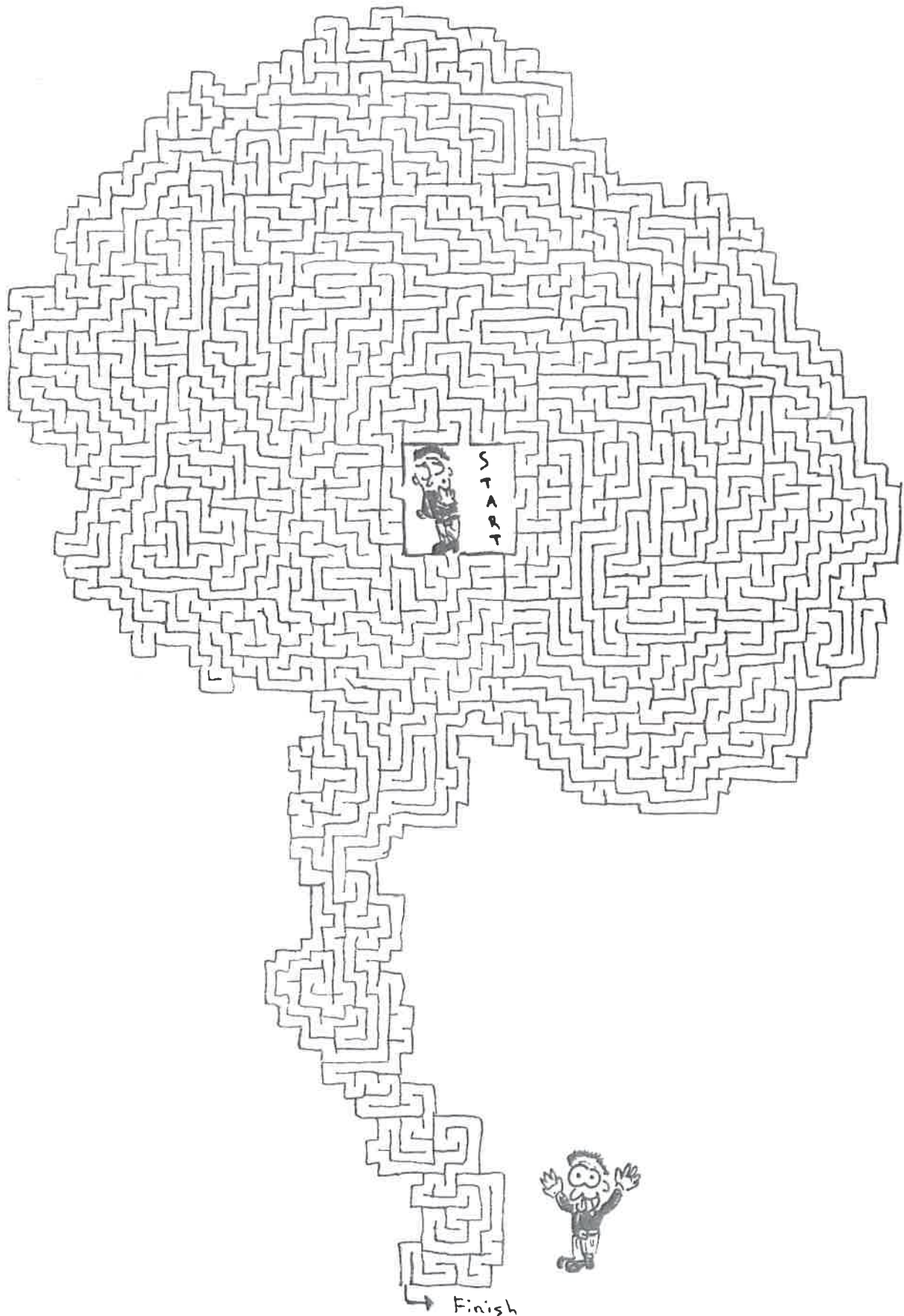
Front Row L-R

Ahn Tuong, Fotini Tsolezidis, Peggy Newton, Melinda Kraus, Fiona McDonald, Sita Morton, Francesca Bourgas, Kylie Minogue.

YEAR: 11 B

“BRAIN SPACE” AUTOGRAPHS

by Alistair Mills, Year 8



FOLDER

