

PROSPICE '87

Principal

PROSPICE — 1987

As I write this piece for the 1987 Prospice, I have been four weeks in the position of Principal of Camberwell High School. My appointment has been a "homecoming" made especially pleasant by the very warm welcome I have received from the school community. I am most appreciative of that welcome from the Council, parents, and students of the school.

In thinking about Prospice, I turned to my copies of the many editions produced during my years as a teacher here. I was made aware again of the High standards set by staff and students in former years. It is pleasing to note already that those same standards are being maintained and that the fine traditions of the school continue. It will be my endeavour to see that in the coming years these are not only maintained but enhanced.

Education in Victoria is in the midst of a period of significant change. The school must continue to meet the challenge of these developments to ensure that present, and future, students reap the benefits.

Ann S. Rusden, Principal



EDITORIAL

1987 is the International Year of Shelter for the Homeless. We, as a Committee, feel that this is an important issue and one about which all members of the community should be concerned. Hence, we decided to make this issue our theme for the Magazine.

The things we take for granted as "necessities", the homeless look upon as luxuries. Many destitute people have a basic need for food, blankets and shelter. Lack of money means that it is impossible to buy the material goods to keep them comfortable. They live from day to day, not being able to plan ahead for their future. Is our ignorance to blame for the lack of assistance provided for the homeless?

Most of the time, people are forced out onto the street by events beyond their control. The rise of unemployment, the closure of institutions and changes in inner urban regions all contribute to making life unbearable. Many rooming houses are rat-ridden and filthy. They are lonely places to live in, as well as sometimes being places of violence.

Homelessness was once associated with alcoholic men and meant much more than a lack of shelter in the eyes of the community. This misconception still exists today at a time when families, young people, singles, aged and mentally ill people are faced with the bleak prospects of living without adequate housing. Homelessness means vulnerability.

If we have, at the least, made you think about the harsh realities that the homeless face in every day life, then we have achieved something.

Magazine Committee, 1987

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Greg Jones
Nick Baker
Sam Bell
Torquil Neilsen
David Imberger

Kathy Prior
Jean Campbell
Fiona McIntosh
Roger Paull

Don Anderson Award

A WET DAY AT THE SEASIDE

It was winter in Melbourne. As I sat in my hut, listening to the rain fall on the tin roof, I dozed.

Suddenly, I woke up with a jolt and found that Tig, my dog, was licking my face and barking joyfully. He was sopping wet! He had just been for a run and wanted me to come too. As I had nothing better to do with myself, I obliged and followed him out of the door.

I bit my lip as soon as I stepped out in the open. The icy rain and wind combined almost sliced me in half. I dashed back inside, grabbed my coat and gloves, and reluctantly trudged into the miserable Melbourne weather.

My hut was right on the beach front and I often used it as a retreat from my busy suburban life. As I progressed along the sand, miserable and cold, I wondered why I had ever agreed to such a venture.

The waves crashed against the bank and the wind carried the spray across the sand stinging my face. The beech trees and scrub lashed wildly in the wind and it seemed as if there wasn't another soul in the whole lonely world. The grey clouds looked so merciless as the rain kept pelting down. Tig was having a ball chasing the waves and yelping every time he was too slow and the rolling white water nipped at his heels. He gambolled up to me and tried to entice a game but I was not interested, and kept walking.

After a while I grew tired of the cold walk and started thinking of long hot baths with a cup of cocoa at my side back home; not in my hut, but in my flat at Brighton.

Presently I was aroused from my reverie by an unfamiliar sensation on my back. Was it warmth? I hadn't felt it outside for so long I wasn't sure! The rain had stopped, and I glanced around me when a wonderful sight caught my eyes. The sun had had a rare victory over the clouds and had broken through. The wind had also subsided. I was surrounded by a wonderland of gleaming bushes and a shining sea of colourful sun rays. Tig had noticed it too and was chasing his shadow round and round so enthusiastically that he soon tired and lay down panting on the still very wet sand. He then caught a glimpse of something moving in the scrub and scurried off, determined to smell out the intruder.

But, to my dismay, this wonderful calm was to be brief. The clouds re-captured their territory and started rumbling angrily. The wind picked up again and the rain started pelting down once more. The eye of the storm had definitely passed. I whistled to Tig and he emerged from the bushes looking very disappointed at not uncovering his prize. "Never mind," I comforted, "we'll get 'em next time"! And with that we both scurried back to our shelter leaving the raging ocean in our wake.

Andrew Botham, Year 7

Junior Writer's Prize

BI-CENTENARY

Be proud
"Australians ALL"
(we acknowledge daughters as well as sons now),
"Advance Australia Fair".
200 years ago
we came in our superior
whiteness to give this land
a sense of priority.
We educated the savages
who had strange ideas
about caring for the land
and taught them how to
suck the richness out of the soil
and make bombs.
We taught them about POSSESSIONS
and so created problems
that those ignorant fools
would never have dreamed of.
(Yes, Yes don't NAG us about
solutions — we're working on them!).
It's time to celebrate
the success of genocide
so hold your heads high
as you wave the flag,
for indeed, there is much
for us to be proud of.

Pippa Lee Dow

PERFORMING ARTS

There's the writer to
the dancer
the painter
to musician
or you could learn
to puppeteer
and be a politician.

Pippa Lee Dow

HEAVEN ON EARTH

Black velvet
covers the earth
in a blanket
of mystery.
Crystal stars
peep from the folds
of the dark night.
Ebb tide
Glow moon
Dream children.
And in those dreams
banish forever
the strain of stolen blood.
And when you wake
retain the dreaming
and find yourself
in a sane
and peaceful world.

Pippa Lee Dow

Senior Writer's

WHITE CARNATIONS

"But it wasn't my fault! I told you, I haven't even been in the kitchen today!" I was almost screaming now and my face was growing hot and red in my attempted pleas of innocence.

"Well, who did it then? I suppose a burglar crawled through the window and did it!" My mother's sarcasm really grated on my nerves at times. "There's nothing I can do now anyway! It's ruined." She was now putting on her "you — feel — guilty" voice, but how could I feel any guilt if I hadn't done a thing wrong? Then the culprit spoke up.

"It was me, mum," her sweet voice allowed. "I came home from school and took my hair off, and . . . I'm so sorry! Please forgive me." She looked at the floor. The craft show was in a week's time.

"Of course I'll forgive you, darling!" Now my mother was comforting her. Of all things! If it were me I'd have been grounded for at least a month.

Jenny's "hair", as she referred to it, was a wig. She wore it school so that the other kids wouldn't tease her. As I looked at her puffed up face, I couldn't help but feel sympathetic towards her. She had had such a fine delicate little face and such beautiful thick brown curls. And now . . . ? Well, she wasn't quite so attractive.

Jenny had been diagnosed as having leukemia a year previously. Chemotherapy had meant the loss of her curly locks, and the swollen appearance of her face was caused by the various drugs she had to ingest morning and night. But I didn't let on that I felt sorry for her. She received too much attention as it was.

My mother and father had spent a large amount of time with Jenny lately and I was beginning to feel rejected, unwanted and most of all alone. Forever, it seemed, they were travelling in and out of hospital because Jenny had taken bad, Jenny had to go in for chemotherapy, Jenny this, Jenny that. And I hated it — especially being dumped in neighbours' houses or with relations. Sure, they were all nice to me, but all I wanted was my parents' attention.

Apart from my parents, I did not have Jenny's company any more. I just felt kind of funny around her. My fear of her condition was probably the cause of this. At first I thought maybe I could catch this dreaded disease; then I was informed it was passed down from our parents. This gave me even more reason to panic. So I no longer played a game of tennis with her thinking something would go wrong; I no longer sat and talked with her for ages. Just looking at her made me feel uncomfortable.

And in that manner a year and a half went by until I realised — realised exactly what she was going through, and stopped thinking about myself. I went to meet Jenny after school one day as my grandmother was unable to pick her up. As I walked along, I pictured the normal scene outside our local primary school. Jenny would be sitting by the front gate with her best friend, Lisa, waving goodbye to the other kids. Then a thought struck me: Lisa had not been to our house for months. I shrugged it off and kept walking.

Approaching the school, I could not see Jenny anywhere. Then I spotted Lisa in a crowd of children, expecting to find Jenny with her. But as I moved closer she was nowhere in sight. I walked up to Lisa, "Where's Jenny?"

Lisa turned and stared as though I were some kind of weirdo. "Sucking up to Miss Campbell, where else?" a sharp reply came back. Her hostile voice caused my jaw to drop in disbelief.

Confused, I rushed to find my sister sitting alone in a classroom. Hearing me enter, she looked up at me, her big brown eyes full of sorrow.

"What's going on?" I demanded. She replied in a quavering voice, "Nobody likes me, Becky, 'cause I look funny. They called me 'eggy'!" A single teardrop slid down her cheek and she wiped it away with the back of her hand.

A thousand realisations and regrets cluttered my mind. I approached her, a lump forming in my throat, and wrapped my arms around her. "Oh Jenny, I'm so sorry. I didn't know, I'm so sorry . . ." I repeated over and over through the flood of tears overflowing from my eyes. She clung to me and trembled. "I'm scared, Rebecca," she confided. As we stood trying to hold each other together it dawned on me how much we needed each other.

From that day on we were inseparable. Jenny had grown up so much in the past year or so and I hadn't even noticed. Probably because she had had so much time to sit and think when she was in hospital. Her enthusiasm for life was almost overpowering, and her accepting, peaceful attitude towards death helped me to cope a great deal. Now I understood her illness and accepted any setbacks it caused me, for she had learned far more than I would know in a lifetime.

Two years since her diagnosis, it seemed Jenny was on the path to being cured. Our usual Sunday bike-ride in the local park was a happy one. She was in good spirits as well as I. Summer was on its way and the sun was shining. We stopped and sat in our usual spot, letting the rays soak into our bare legs.

I hope we go to the beach again this summer," I thought aloud.

"I hope you do too," replied Jenny. Before I could question this she went on. "Becky, see those white flowers there?" She was pointing to some white carnations.

"Yes?"

"They're pretty aren't they?" Well, yes why do you say that?"

"Oh, no reason. I was just thinking."

That night Jenny went to bed early. She walked into my room and gave me a kiss goodnight. I assumed it was just because she'd had a nice day.

I woke to hear my mother: "Jenny's not well, darling. I'm taking her to the hospital."

My parents, upon their return did not need to say a word. I knew.

Placing a bunch of pure white carnations upon Jenny's coffin, I said my final goodbye. Though she had left the earth, she will never leave my heart.

Sarah Bernhard, Year 12

Mr. Ron Eastwood — Acting Principal

Mr. Ron Eastwood was our acting school Principal for the first two terms of 1987. Mr. Eastwood came to our school at a time when we found ourselves without a permanent Principal or Deputy Principal.

He faced the very difficult task of getting our school on the move in the first term of the school year. In order to achieve this, he dedicated a great deal of time during his Christmas holidays, and we appreciated how very quickly he learned about the functioning of the school, the names of the staff and even the names of the students!

He made an enormous effort to attend extra-curricula events involving Camberwell High School, such as the Year 7 camp, music camp and the band recital in the park held on a weekend. He certainly made a fine effort to be aware of all the things we do at C.H.S. Mr. Eastwood, I am sure, will continue to watch with interest the direction our school takes in the future and retain many fond memories of his time at Camberwell.

Mr. Eastwood will be remembered for his enthusiasm and dedication to our school. We wish him well for the future.

*Mr. M. Caddy,
Acting Deputy Principal*



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to sincerely thank Miss Andy Nielson and the Lonely Planet Publishing Company for all the help they have given us in connection with the processing of the photographs for this magazine.

Our special thanks also to Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Littlewood, Mr. Liggins, and Mrs. Howson for their assistance and support throughout the year, and thank you to all those other members of staff who contributed photographs and reports on activities.

Last, but not least, a big thank you to the Year 11 Word Processing Class for typing the large amount of written work submitted for the magazine throughout the year.

YEAR ELEVEN WORD PROCESSOR OPERATORS

Kris Hauge
Mary Kondoyiannis
Luke Gill
Meighan Hardiman
Alister Mills
Daniel Ryvitch
Christine Malin
Stephanie Guerillot
Hugh Sonderhof
John Strainic
Samantha Davis
Kane Bell
Adam Merola
Jenni Velissaris
Philippe Sturrock



ENGLISH AT CAMBERWELL

The English Faculty has been buzzing with activities this year. In first term, the Senior Plain English Speaking Competition was held during lunch-times. Students presented a prepared speech of eight minutes and an impromptu speech of three minutes. This year's winner was Will Gregg, our American exchange student. Will presented an interesting and humorous account of his impressions of Australia and Australians. The topic for the impromptu speech was "If I were in charge of the canteen . . ." — This led to a lot of humorous, tongue-in-cheek suggestions.

Several theatre groups have visited our school to perform in the hall for students. We try to give every year level the experience of live theatre. Some shows already seen this year are **"Sometimes They Drive Me Crazy"** (Year 9), excerpts from **Romeo & Juliet** (Year 11), excerpts from **Macbeth** (Year 10) and **Yes Indeed's Mime Show** (Year 7).

The English Faculty organised and hosted a V.C.A.B. English meeting. Eighteen schools in the region (Independent, Technical, TAFE, Catholic and High Schools) were invited to hear Helen Howes (Convenor of English Field of Studies Committee for the new V.C.E.) and Jan Osmotherley (one of the three English course writers) explain the new course and answer questions. There was lively debate and it proved a valuable evening as far as knowing how other schools felt about the anticipated changes in our education system.



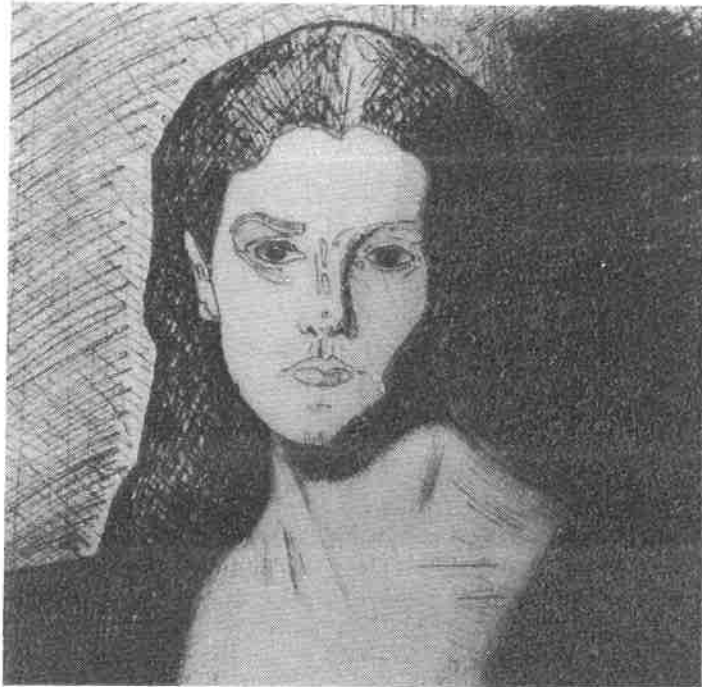
DEBATING AT CAMBERWELL

Camberwell High School participated in the Debaters' Association of Victoria inter-school debating competition. The competition involved 5 rounds of debating at Camberwell Boys' Grammar School. The competition spread out over three terms and was held in the evenings. Our school entered an A Grade (Year 12) team. Members of this team were Sarah Francis, Phillip Vlahgiannis (Year 11) and Elizabeth Doherty. We also entered a D Grade Team (Year 9). Members of this team were David Ihle, Toby Moore and Chris Ikin. Both debating teams were a credit to our school which was the only government school competing in our debating region. In third term we normally hold the lunch-time school debating competition and in fourth term the Junior Plain Speaking Competition which also prove to be very popular.



E.S.L. AT CAMBERWELL

E.S.L. at Camberwell High School continues to flourish. In general our senior E.S.L. students are performing very well and in the school's mid-year exams the school's top Year 12 student was Siva Malki who achieved six A's. Siva came from Syria a couple of years ago with no English whatsoever. She is to be highly commended for her excellent achievement and for her willingness to help fellow students. Indeed, the atmosphere in E.S.L. classes is always warm and friendly with students keen to give each other moral support and help with school work.



THE STORY OF A LONELY GIRL

She has long, fair straight hair with a thin face, and has very light brown eyes and thin lips. She looks like a musician because she is holding a guitar and plays in the band. She enjoys herself and concentrates on the music book. She shows a lot of perseverance by playing the guitar because it hurts the fingers of beginners. Therefore most people give it up when they start to learn. In fact, guitar is not that hard to play but will take a longer time to practise if you want to be a good player. She is a good person who would like to do things that other don't want to do. She is sitting erectly and her mind is preoccupied with thoughts of her life, and she looks rather stern.

Music is the only thing that she can play because she is sitting in a wheelchair. She lost her legs in an accident last year. Before that, she was a very active person. She always went out by herself and went camping with her friends, but after the accident, she felt very upset because she thought that she could not do anything without her legs. No matter how hard she tried to walk, she failed.

Now she cannot walk, she cannot do anything that she likes such as camping, swimming or other sports and she feels like no one can understand her.

Although she can't walk, she still remembers what she had been doing, and the cheery times she's had in the past. Every time when she thinks of it, tears roll down her face.

One day her friend came to her house and visited her. He felt very sorry for her because she was a very unlucky girl. He was a Christian, so he told her lots of stories about God in order to make her feel happy, and he told her not to do silly things. Also her friend told her to play some music because it would make her forget her misfortune.

Every time she reads the Bible and plays music, she really forgets all the bad things in her mind. So she decided to be a Christian and now she believes in God.

Chi Fai Chong, Year 11

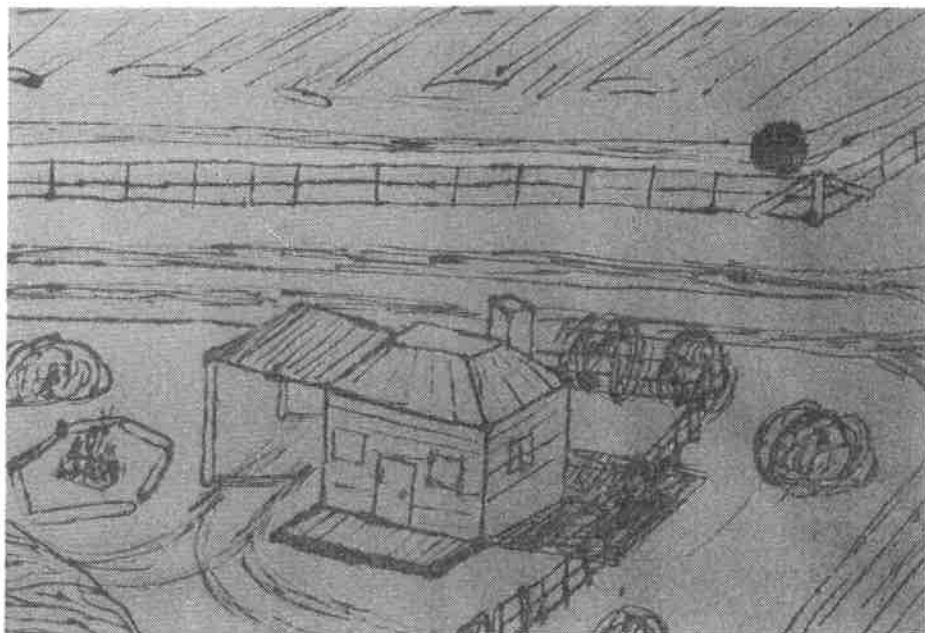


Thoughts on the Homeless

THE UNLUCKY HOMELESS PEOPLE

Homeless people
Very rarely visit the steeples
They live in alleys
Not in nice valleys.
They do not have a roof over their head
They sleep on park benches instead
They are always on the run
Which isn't much fun.
They only have one set of clothes
And always cold toes
For them it is not pleasant
They've never got presents.
They never learn to write or read
Which is very sad, not to succeed
They do not have a job
So sometimes they rob.
They don't have any money
Nor any honey
They are very scarey
And the men are mostly hairy.
Some of the homeless can be dangerous
Many also are cantankerous
Some hang around schools
And act like fools.
They spend what money they have on alcohol
And are not given to protocol.

Flip Hillis, Year 7



HOMELESS PEOPLE

Homeless people are so weak
Homeless people have nowhere to sleep
Homeless people are very nice
Homeless people might have to eat rice
Homeless people want to care but no one is there
Homeless people aren't so rare
Homeless people like to eat so give them some meat
Homeless people don't ask for much
Homeless people aren't in a rush
Homeless people want a chance
How would you like to be homeless?

Lisa Anderson, Year 7

ALONE AND HOMELESS

He lay still on the hard, wooden bench, with newspapers from head to toe. It was an icy morning; he must have been frozen. I watched him from a safe distance, afraid he would wake and see me staring. One of his hands had escaped the protection of the papers and in it he held a bottle, his only source of life.

From where I stood, I heard the rustle of papers as he woke. He carefully sat up, folding each paper and placing them next to him. He remembered the bottle; he took a long sip. It was the last, for he staggered to his feet, with the help of the bench, and threw the bottle to the ground. He looked unsteady. He reached for the bench, and slowly lowered himself down. He reached into his pocket; he pulled out a few coins, but not enough for another bottle. Disappointed, he put the coins back in his pocket. He rummaged within again, and his hand came out, covered in a glove with more holes than wool. It held a photo. He rubbed his eyes and pulled it closer to them. I think it was of someone he had once loved but who had long since gone. He rubbed his eyes again but this time he was rubbing away tears. He put the photo back into a pocket close to his heart.

He picked up one of the papers and started to read the old news. After he could read no more, he placed the paper down. He took off his tattered, old hat, scratched his bald patch and replaced the hat. He sat motionless, staring at the ground. Then suddenly as if the life was put back into him, he jerked to his feet. He bent down to the ground and picked up a note — a ten dollar note. I didn't know what to feel for him, disgust or pity, as he walked down the street and into a pub.

Caren Wilson, Year 12

HISTORY AT C.H.S.

"What's Past is Prologue"

William Shakespeare

The study of history is flourishing at Camberwell High. As well as being taught as a core subject up to and including Year 10, there are two history classes in Year 11, European and Asian, and two at Year 12, Australian and Asian.

Students who take history in Year 12 often wish to enter Arts, Law and Commerce faculties at tertiary level. Some of our students have studied History in preparation for officer-training in the Australian Armed Forces; some have been interested in a career in the Department of Foreign Affairs and some see the value of combining a commercial career with a deeper knowledge of Asia. Others are interested in journalism or careers (such as theatre and film-making) in which a knowledge of historical events is also desirable. However, our central aim at all year-levels is to enrich our students' lives by providing one of the elements of a broad, general education.

Throughout the past year, our history students have enjoyed a performance by the much-respected Indian classical dancer Dr. Chandrabhanu and a visit by Mrs. Martha Wise who was a victim of the Holocaust. Students are also observing the preparation for the Bicentennial Celebrations and participating in the Essay Competitions which have evolved from the official program for this event.

Dr. L. Dixon, History Co-ordinator



RED HEART

I am Borrobora, my tribe is the tribe of the Nyulla. My father was an elder of the tribe. They were wise men, they knew much of the world. Then the white men came, the spirits of the dead they were called. They came bearing gifts and sticks of fire. I am all that is left of my tribe. The white men killed them all. They came from far away, long ago, in great winged boats. As I stand here on the sacred rock, I think of all I have seen and heard. I am afraid. A man should not be afraid. I am a hunter, but my spear will not hurt these men with guns.

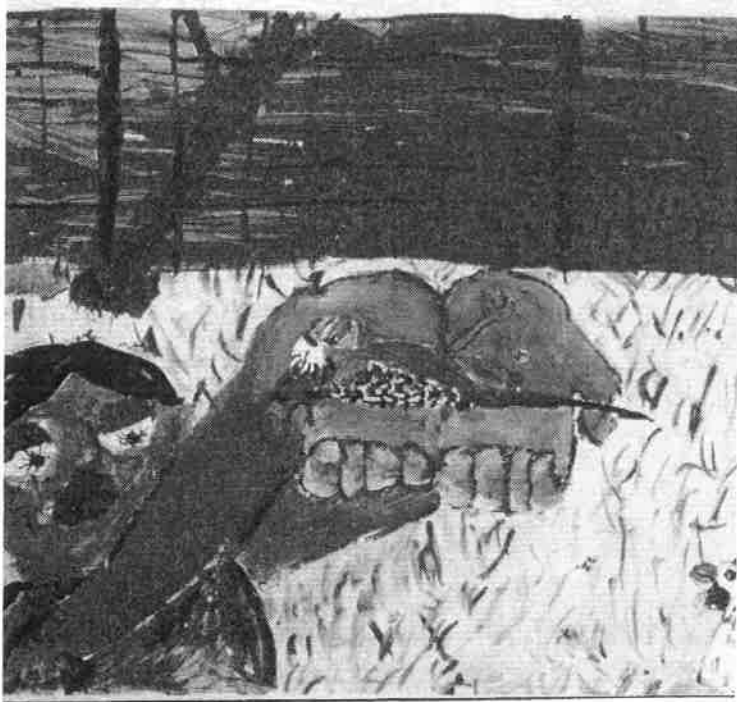
The sun slips below the mountains, purple shadows that mark the border of Western Australia, hundreds of kilometres away. The sunset is a spectacular light show of pink and blue, slashed with bright red and yellow, blinding to indigo with the approach of night. Standing on top of Ayers Rock, the vast space looming overhead and the endless land below engulfs me. I have a feeling of total isolation, and almost fear being so small and un consequential, in the emptiness all around. The Kingdom of nothingness.

The white men have come, I am alone, my world is gone, my home destroyed. My people knew not of these white men from across the water. They have destroyed our sacred land, they kill the living spirits, the emu, the wallaby. They brought guns and strange food, water that brings madness. They are my enemy, but I must run like a frightened lizard, not fight like a man.

The red land has faded to a deep purple under the light of the moon. It is so quiet, so still, so different. The distance in this country suddenly becomes apparent after travelling for hours and not seeing anything longer than a clump of spinifex, or a wallaby dashing for cover. The landscape never changes, always in burnt red, covered by grey-green shrub. Occasionally a dead bleached tree relieves the monotony. It is dry and still, and unchanged for centuries. I lie back and look at the stars, and dream of life, centuries ago . . .

. . . I Borrobora, nothing can change this land, no-one can destroy the heart of my land, my spirit was here in the red heart.

Brett Gullan, Year 12



COMPUTERS IN COMMERCE

The Computer Age has arrived and the Commerce Faculty is meeting it head on.

1987 saw the introduction of Keyboarding to Year 7 students. Each form group spent two periods a week, for 10 weeks (one term) learning the basic touch typing techniques. Students were taught the correct fingering and encouraged to type without looking at their fingers. Many students became quite accomplished. By learning the correct typing techniques early it is hoped that students will gain maximum benefit from computer usage later in their school life and not be hindered by slow typing.

Students in Years 10 and 11 Keyboarding classes spend a good deal of time using computers for word processing. This enables easy editing, such as re-arranging paragraphs, correct spelling and adding extra information, with much greater ease than at a typewriter. Year 11 students have also spent time using data base facilities.

Accounting students have been introduced to the wonders of budgeting and planning finances by using computers with spreadsheet packages.

*B. Baldwin,
on behalf of Commerce Faculty*

~~*COMPUTER MANIA!~~



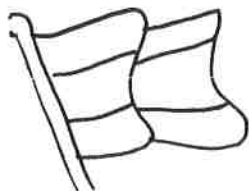
A COMPUTER
I sit on the desk, bright shiny and new
And there aren't many things I cannot do,
I can play computer games,
I can go on the blink,
but one thing I cannot do
Is to feel and think.

Ian Manton, Year 7

COMPUTER CLUB

The Computer Club runs on every day of School week. It is run by teachers who volunteer to give up their lunchbreak to enable student access to the School's twelve Apple IIe computers and one IIc. Students wait for teachers outside and when teachers arrive they move to the computer room at about one o'clock. Inside students use educational software provided by the school or they can use their own, but no games are allowed.

Marcus Fung

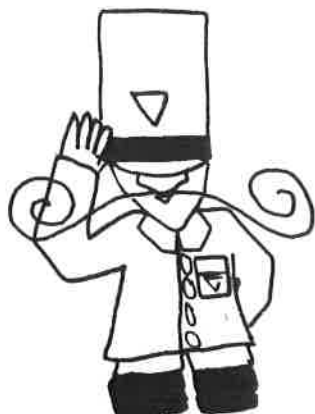
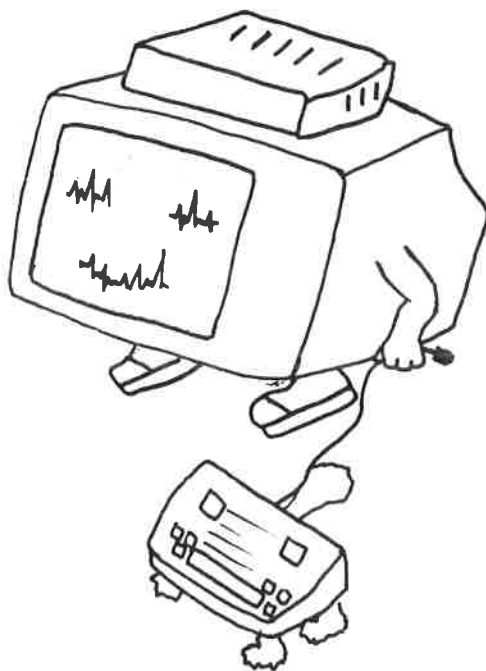


MODERN LANGUAGES REPORT

All students at Camberwell High School have the opportunity to learn French from Year 7 to 12. French is a core subject only at Years 7 and 8. In Year 9 students may take up German and continue this study through to Year 12.

The school is fortunate to have the services of a foreign language assistant every Tuesday to help French students in Years 9-12 with their oral work. This year the assistant is Mademoiselle Anne-Mary Bodin.

Languages Co-ordinator



THE CHESS CLUB AND TEAM

THE TEAM

Our team consists of: Stephan Campbell
Eric Acgood
Alistair Mills
Stuart Gunn
Duncan Sherman

At the end of second term we played against many teams. We all played to the best of our ability, but at times it was not enough. The scores were:

	US	THEM
Xavier	4	0
M.L.C.	0	4
Trinity	1.5	2.5
St. Kevins (B)	1.5	2.5

THE CLUB

The Chess Club consists of: Stephen Campbell — President

Stuart Gunn
Alistair Bond
Alistair Mills
Duncan Sherman
Jed Simpfondorfor
Greg Jones

Every lunchtime we come in to play chess. Mr. Ellingford usually comes in here to help us also. New members are always welcome.



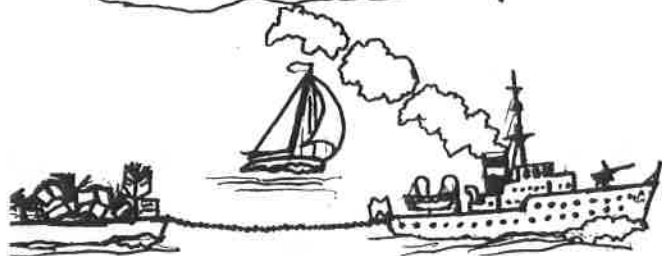
LIBRARY REPORT

We have been meeting at lunch time on Tuesdays once or twice a month this year. At library committee meetings we all express to Mrs. Kuhne the sort of books we, and all the other students, would enjoy reading. Sometimes we do work, like stamping books or processing them.

Book Week was a great item in the library's calendar, needing decorations and displays to be put up. We would like to thank Zeljko Basic for the loan of his kayak and Mrs. Harkness who loaned us some interesting naval items for use. Thankyou also to committee members who helped to arrange the displays. Members this year include:

A. Mills	C. Proske
R. Paull	K. Mills
P. Lee-Dow	K. Cheng
J. Oliver	M. Lynch
G. Savage	K. O'Keefe
K. Fox	L. Kong
J. McLeod	H. Venn
T. Lamb	T. Lovitt
V. Carrington	S. Bell

SAILING AWAY WITH BOOKS



Kate Mills and
Kevin Cheng

S.R.C. PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1987 has been, to date, a dynamic year for the Students' Representative Council. Many projects have been undertaken and much has been achieved. Throughout the year, the S.R.C. has embarked on an ambitious program based on real representation of student interests. Much emphasis has been placed on communication as the S.R.C. has attempted to make itself aware of the concerns of students. Assemblies, surveys, written reports and open meetings are some of the means by which this end has been fulfilled. Where the S.R.C. has successfully communicated with students and the school community in general, positive results have been yielded. On its political level of operation, an area still in its developmental stage, the S.R.C. has represented students

on the School Council and its Committees. It has undertaken investigations into a number of areas of school policy and has responded to discussion papers on issues such as curriculum and school re-organisation. Again the S.R.C. has brightened up the academic year with various social events. The Talent Quest, the Junior Social, the Chocolate Drive and casual days are among the social functions the S.R.C. has arranged.

I believe the S.R.C. this year has worked reasonably well, however, there is always room for improvement. I am optimistic and hopeful that student participation at Camberwell High School will be fostered and will become a valuable component of the school's life.

Phillip Vlahogiannis

The S.R.C. held a chocolate drive in Term 3 and this was a great success with \$3,450 being the total sum raised. A prize of a ten-speed racing bike was awarded to the student who raised the largest sum. The lucky winner was Roger Paul of Year 10. Congratulations Roger!



1987 NATIONAL CAPITAL SEMINAR

Since 1980, the Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee Trust conducted for young Australians has, among its many other projects, conducted an annual seminar in Canberra aimed at providing one hundred Year 11 students throughout the nation with a unique opportunity to learn about the Australian system of government.

On the last day of first semester I received a letter from the co-ordinator of the seminar informing me of my successful application. The seminar took place in the week beginning Sunday 16th August and ending Saturday 22nd August. Usually this week would coincide with the Budget session of Parliament. However, this year it did not due to the Federal election.

I, and ninety-nine other privileged Year 11 students from all over Australia, arrived in Canberra in the afternoon on Sunday. The opening ceremony was a taste of what was in store throughout the week. His Excellency Sir Ninian

Stephen, the Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia, formally opened proceedings. In attendance also were numerous other distinguished guests — ambassadors, diplomats, politicians and others.

The seminar itself comprised a series of talks in the multitudinous aspects of Australian politics, and guided tours of the various landmarks within the national capital. Over six days we were addressed by a total of approximately thirty speakers (Senator Fred Chaney, Ian Sinclair, Joan Child, His Excellency Mr. Ziv Kedas, Ambassador of Israel, John Dauth), and visited fifteen venues (Parliament House, new Parliament House construction site, the Australian National Gallery, the Australian War Memorial, the Australian Institute of Sport). By far, however, the highlight of the week was our reception at "Yarralumla". His Excellency Sir Ninian and Lady Stephen had invited us all to afternoon tea at their official Canberra residence.

Phillip Vlahogiannis, Year 11

A WET NIGHT IN MELBOURNE

I felt the warmth of the car
I saw the black of the road
Above me I heard the pitt patt of the rain on the roof.
Small figures shuffled by
Fighting the rain with their heads bowed low
The flash, flash, flash of the lights around me
Lit up the sky in wondrous streaks
I heard the purr of the motor as we stopped at the lights
And drove on with the lashing rain
Pelting down on the roof.

Kate O'Keefe, Year 7

THE LONELY WIND

I can see you, but you can't see me,
You can feel me, yet not touch me,
I can make you cold on a warm day
You can blow me away, yet I'll still be there.
I can go to America and be back in a flash,
Yet you would take forever
I can die down as fast as you go to sleep
And awaken you fresh in the morning.

Ashley Missen, Year 7

THE PASSING OF TIME

I was just a young man a minute ago,
But now I've grown older, weary and slow.
Older are the trees than I remember them last,
Older is the breeze, as it blows its way past.
As the days go by, and turn into years,
I realise this, for I know the end nears,
For the trees are now dead, that used to be high,
The wind is blown out, and so am I . . .

Daniel Hodges, Year 7

THE BLENDER

The blender sits there and watches me
Its evil looking blades are ready to
spring into action
It doesn't work.
It knows when it's me and refuses
to co-operate.
Then I realise it isn't switched on.
I hear its sinister laugh and know
it's directed at me.
Then the buttons stick.
This is too much.
I get really aggravated.
Finally when I get it to work it
gurgles at me, so I poke my tongue
out at it.
It really affects me.
The phone rings
Help! I can't get the blender to stop
I try to find the "off" switch
It must have disappeared
I get the phone and as I pick it
up the phone goes dead, the lid
comes off, and the mixture
erupts everywhere.
Help!

Meghan O'Sullivan, Year 7

A Palindrome
by Kate O'Keefe, Year 7
A man, a plan, a canal, Panama.

THE WITCHES OF THE MOUNTAIN

In caverns dark and gloomy
So musty and not roomy
The witches, with their jet black coats
Make spells to turn little girls to goats.
The spells must be made in the right type of weather.
With a lizard's leg and a flying horse's feather.
The moon must be shining full and bright.
And they must stir up the spells with all their might.

In the morning while the sun shines
All the witches learn their lines.
For the spells they make the next night running
will depend on the witches cunning.

Many children, skipping gaily
Picking flowers, go there daily.
For they don't know that danger's near
And so the children have no fear
OF THE WITCHES
OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Marianne Worly, Year 7



CAMP COOLAMATONG

On Monday 23rd February we set off for Camp Coolamatong (just out of Bairnsdale). The camp was for year seven students to get to know each other.

We caught the train to the city, then a train to Bairnsdale, where we were met by a bus and taken to Camp Coolamatong which is a huge farm. It has cows, goats, horses, sheep, dogs, cats, geese and lots of wild kangaroos and birds.

When we arrived, we were divided into four groups and shown around the farm.

Throughout the week we rotated various activities: horse riding, canoeing, bush craft (which included mud brick making, it was fun!) and bike riding.

On Thursday we went out on Camp Coolamatong's boat, the C.C. Neil. Some of us took turns in steering the boat. As well we took part in a night hike, a wide game (in a huge paddock in the dark), a joke telling contest, a Coola Trivia game, a sheep dog demonstration and a sand castle competition.

The food was excellent. There was homemade jam, homemade sauce, and fresh fruit and vegetables grown in their vegetable patch. Our cook, made terrific meals. We were in groups for washing up and setting the tables before and after tea.

The staff were great and they all had a good sense of humour.

On Friday 27th February we went in the C.C. Neil to Bairnsdale and then the trains back to school, where we were met and taken home.

Jenny Lightfoot, Year 7



THE "PEOPLE" SIZZLE?

It was not only the sausages that sizzled in the thirty degree heat at the Year 7 barbeque, people also fried (except Mr. Frost, who came armed with a hat).

But apart from the heat the sausage sizzle was a success. There was the usual amount of sausages, salad and of course Mars Bars for those people lucky enough to win one of the cold "pancake" races.

Some comments picked up from those attending:

"A pleasant evening."

"A nice, friendly night."

"Smoothly run, a great night."

"Good, but should be in a cooler spot."

Nick Baker, Year 7



YEAR 11: CENTRAL AUSTRALIA — THE LONG HIKE!

"Time up" informed the examiner. Placing my pen down, my mind stopped deciphering chemical equations and took up deciphering its mixed emotions. Half of me felt relieved to escape school for three whole weeks, the other half worried about how I had managed this final chemistry exam.

We promptly arrived at school at 6.30 a.m. to find the bus really departed at 7.00 a.m. There was early bird Eastwood and sleepy Sinclair waiting patiently for everyone to arrive. From the bus windows, students' eyes met those of their parents' sleepy ones for that one last glance. Whilst our minds were spelling out PARTY, their minds weren't quite functioning at this ungodly hour.

Our first stop was Parkes in N.S.W. and from there we were to go to Mount Isa, but due to flooding we were redirected to Nyngan. Our itinerary had to be altered because of bad weather and this was a pity as we missed out on Queensland. It was on to Broken Hill on the following day, stopping at Port Augusta for the night.

At Alice Springs we had a lengthy stay — all of two days. We even had a chance of dancing to a live bush band to make up for the Senior Social we never had. Before arriving at King's Canyon we had the doubtful privilege of riding a camel — a very humpy ride it was too! The drive from King's Canyon to Ayers Rock was the best, short and more scenic than the previous flat, red terrain. We turned in early that night so as to be wide awake for the big climb the following day. At the break of dawn, we snapped the sunrise and by the fall of dusk, we snapped the sunset. In between the rising and setting of the sun we climbed Ayers Rock — the moment we had all been waiting for. The journey up was exhausting, the journey down somewhat less strenuous, but either way, flying over the Rock was the more tolerable for me! No wonder we spent so much time travelling on the bus, we needed to conserve our energy for the climb!

Apart from sleeping in tents, eating Trish's meals, sitting in a bus all day, and climbing the Rock, the trip was A1. I also thought it was great how students and teachers intermingled. Students I've been going to school with for five years now, whom I've only ever said hello and goodbye to, I now find I can carry out a more lengthy conversation with. I even got to know teachers I've never encountered before and also got to know some in a less formal manner.

It was an enjoyable and memorable experience. Thanks Mr. Frost and all the other teachers for arranging and making possible such a successful ordeal!

Fiona McIntosh, Year 11





YEAR 11 BIOLOGY CAMP

This year's Biology camp was at the Candlebark farm in Healesville. It was held from the 4th-7th May. About forty students and four teachers came on the camp and enjoyed it immensely. We arrived at the campsite on the Monday night. After dinner some students ventured into the bush on a night-hike with Mr. Smith, Mr. Liggins and Mr. Walker who managed to take the group around in circles. The more wise students stayed with Miss Hamilton around a warm fire in the recreation hall.

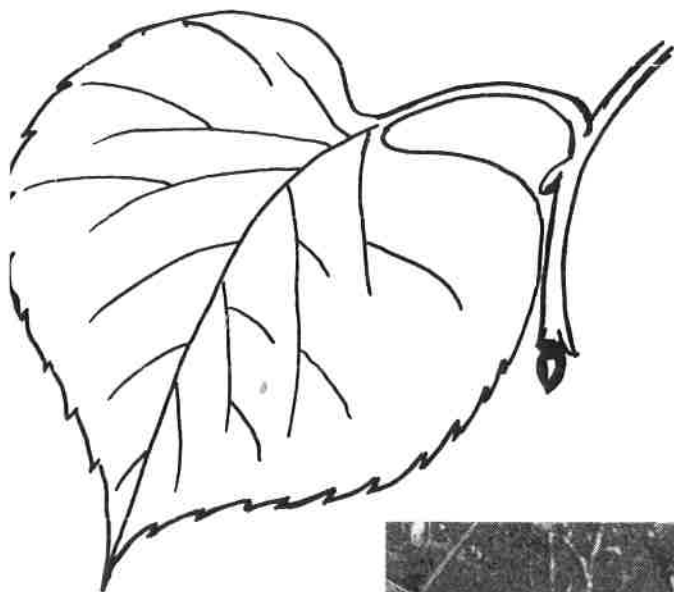
Over the next two days we completed a large practical exercise about the area around the farm and the ways in which it had changed over the years. This involved setting up plots and studying the different plants and trees within that plot.

On the Wednesday we had a day trip to the Healesville Sanctuary and that night we did an activity from our student manuals.

Amongst the work and our time at the Healesville Sanctuary some of us had time to go on the flying fox, kick a football, walk around the farm or just play the piano in the recreation hall.

Overall I think everyone had a good time and thought the camp worthwhile.

Kathy Prior, Year 11



Year 11 — Student Response Day, July 1987

The Year 11 Student Response Day was a new and innovative approach in the confronting and discussing of our problems. The teachers were our "group leaders" with minimal authority and awesome respect — they were one of us for just one day. The atmosphere was very relaxing and friendly with no uniforms to remind us of school. There, at Wattle Park Chalet, we were given the unique opportunity of being allowed to whinge, whine and complain at the expense of school time and with our teachers' ears wide and willing.

The day enabled us to isolate and identify our concerns and troubles. We were encouraged to discuss these with the group but we were not to feel obligated or pressured to do so. The choice was solely our own. Both our own lend-a-hand Mr Beam and psychologist Tess McLaughlin were available to give personal advice if we felt that we needed it.

The groups discussed a variety of troubles and concerns with their group and these were eventually reported back to all of us during the feed-back session. The difficulties in communicating with teachers and attempts from both parties to "break down the barriers" were strong points of discussion. Time management was another issue. We established that each individual should organise his/her timetable and find a harmonious balance between school, sport and social activities. Problems faced with parents and friends were also touched on but these areas had the potential of becoming quite personal, so, the tendency was to subtly avoid them.

The allocating of our priorities and the short-term setting of our goals was a major and important part of the day. We were required to ask ourselves what we feel is important to us and to see whether our priorities are compatible with our goals. We also discussed resources which may help us in the pursuit of our all-important goals.

Overall, the day was a highly effective and successful one. Much constructive criticism and suggestions were contributed and we all hope that this raw data will be used to its best advantage. We owe many thanks to our co-ordinator Mr Sinclair and the committee who devoted much time, heart and enthusiasm into the organisation of the day. For conservative C.H.S., the day was the first of its kind which marked the breaking of a rigid tradition and the creating of an entirely new, open and fresh approach to our life at school.

Simone Dorembus



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

"If a job is worth doing it's worth doing well." This hackneyed expression is to be the motto for my final year at school. It was not until February when I entered the school hall for the first assembly that, I realised the intensity of my hopes, aims and expectations of that daunting year ahead of me. However, one important goal which I had already decided on was to contribute more fully to school life.

With expectations clarified, I planned my life accordingly. My plans for the future, which had once, not so long ago, been mere scratches at the possibilities were now becoming realities. Whilst writing this, I sit at my desk anticipating my end, hoping that it will be positive rather than the unfavourable, unthinkable opposite.

I began to wonder what my expectations are. I sat, pensive, deliberating, procrastinating. After some time I decided that my "great expectations" were to succeed in every subject that I am studying and every area of school life in which I participate. The ultimate aim of this is to gain entry to a tertiary institution to further my education. So, with my "great expectations" in mind I set to work to achieve them. I follow a recipe prescribed to me by past H.C.S. students. The recipe for success is, "if the job is worth doing it's worth doing well" and this means four hours of study every night. No matter what, this is the convention that I and many others adhere to in order to achieve our goals.

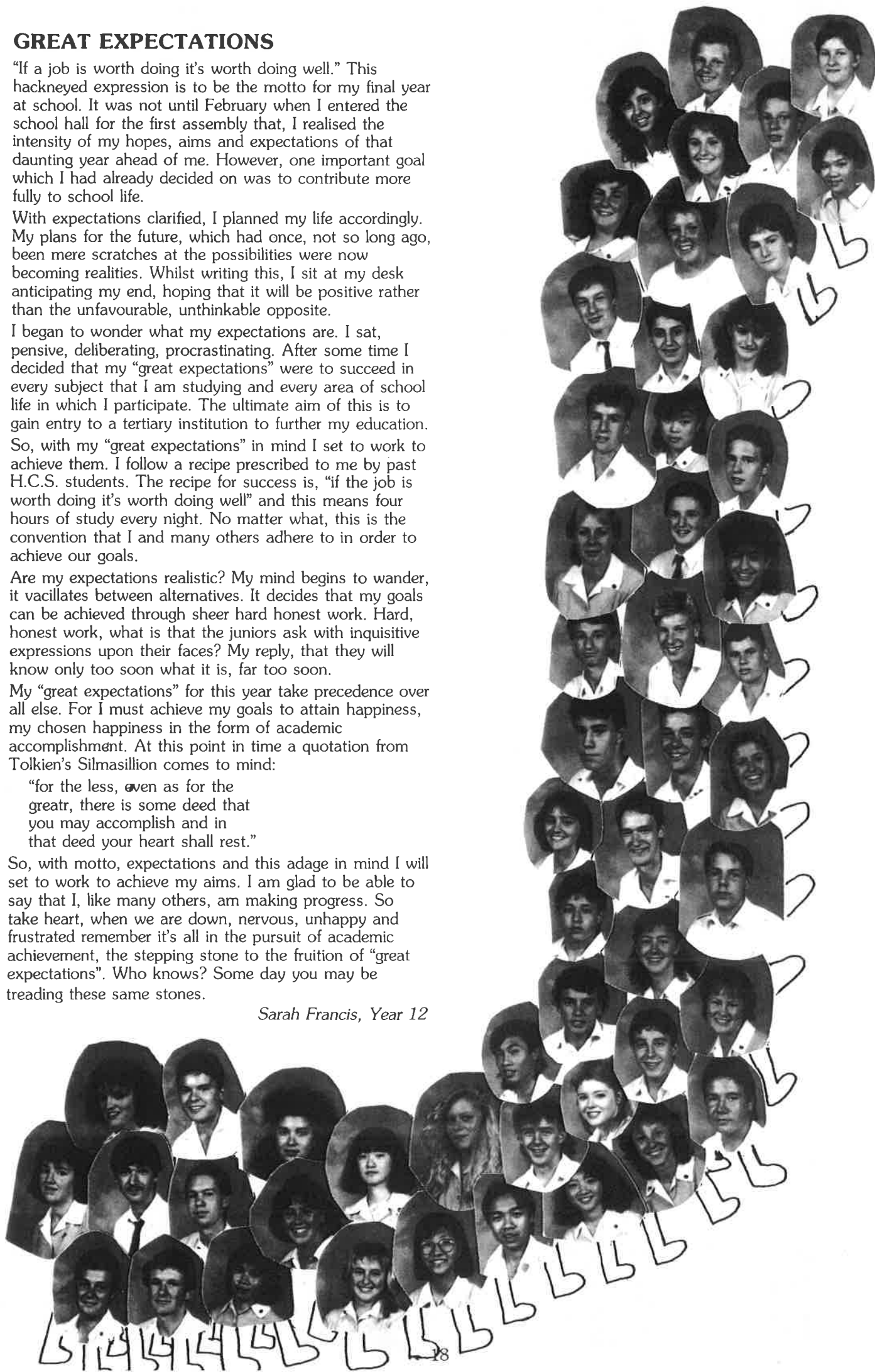
Are my expectations realistic? My mind begins to wander, it vacillates between alternatives. It decides that my goals can be achieved through sheer hard honest work. Hard, honest work, what is that the juniors ask with inquisitive expressions upon their faces? My reply, that they will know only too soon what it is, far too soon.

My "great expectations" for this year take precedence over all else. For I must achieve my goals to attain happiness, my chosen happiness in the form of academic accomplishment. At this point in time a quotation from Tolkien's *Silmasillion* comes to mind:

"for the less, even as for the great, there is some deed that you may accomplish and in that deed your heart shall rest."

So, with motto, expectations and this adage in mind I will set to work to achieve my aims. I am glad to be able to say that I, like many others, am making progress. So take heart, when we are down, nervous, unhappy and frustrated remember it's all in the pursuit of academic achievement, the stepping stone to the fruition of "great expectations". Who knows? Some day you may be treading these same stones.

Sarah Francis, Year 12





1987 V.C.E. CAMP

On Wednesday, March 11, approximately 90 students waited at the gates of Camberwell High School for the two buses which would take us to our Frankston camp where we were to begin to understand the pressures and responsibilities of a V.C.E. student.

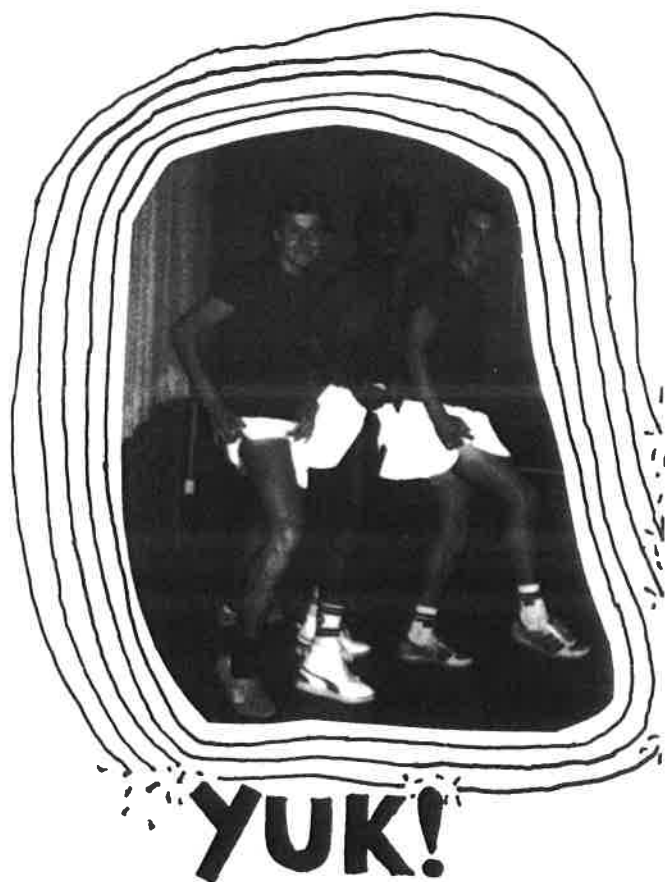
We arrived at the camp at approximately 5.00 p.m. and there was a rush to get the best hut — furthest away from the teachers of course! By the time everyone was organised it was time for dinner. After dinner we saw the film "Tess", from one of the novels we are studying. This finished at about 11.30 p.m. and the majority went to bed straight away, exhausted by their efforts in the swimming sports the same day.

On Thursday morning we had our first lecture. This was conducted by Dr. Peter Sharpe and the topic was "Study Skills". Following this we had lunch and then started our long trek to the beach. No sooner had we got there than it started to rain and we had to walk all the way back to the campsite — deprived of a swim! That night, we were free to do as we liked. Most tended to congregate in their groups in a particular hut. By the time everyone got to bed it was the early hours of the morning.

Friday morning arrived and we had our second lecture by Mr. Bern Tinney, the topic being "How to Cope with Stress". Of the two lectures, the majority of students enjoyed the second one more and found it most beneficial as it was conducted in a jovial manner. After this we were free to do as we wished and most of us either played cricket, football or table tennis.

We would like to thank all the teachers involved but particularly Mrs. Nagel who put her time and effort into making it a beneficial two days for us all.

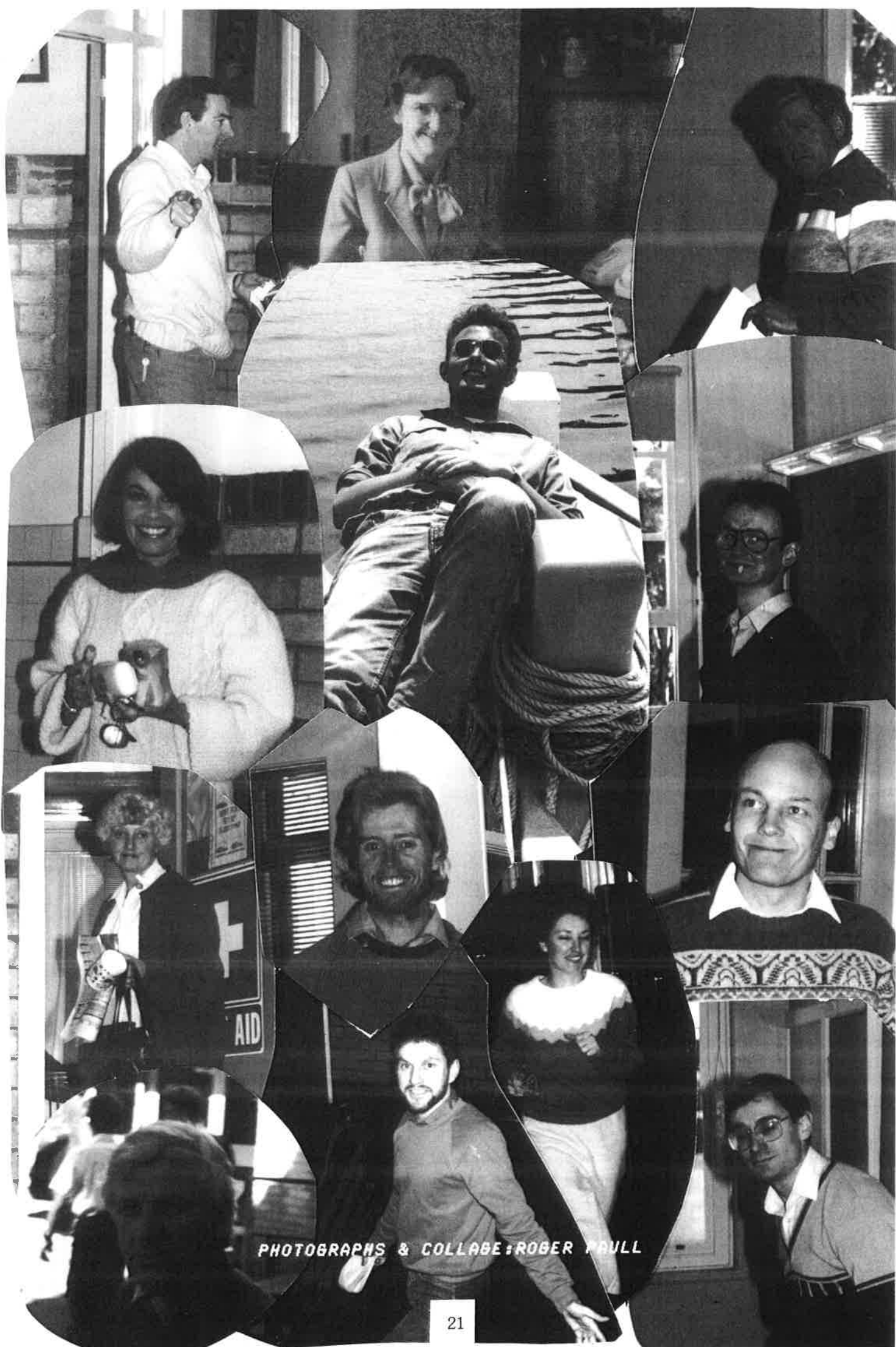
Kathleen Litchfield, Year 12







PHOTOGRAPHS & COLLAGE



PHOTOGRAPHS & COLLAGE: ROGER PAULL

Work Experience Year 10

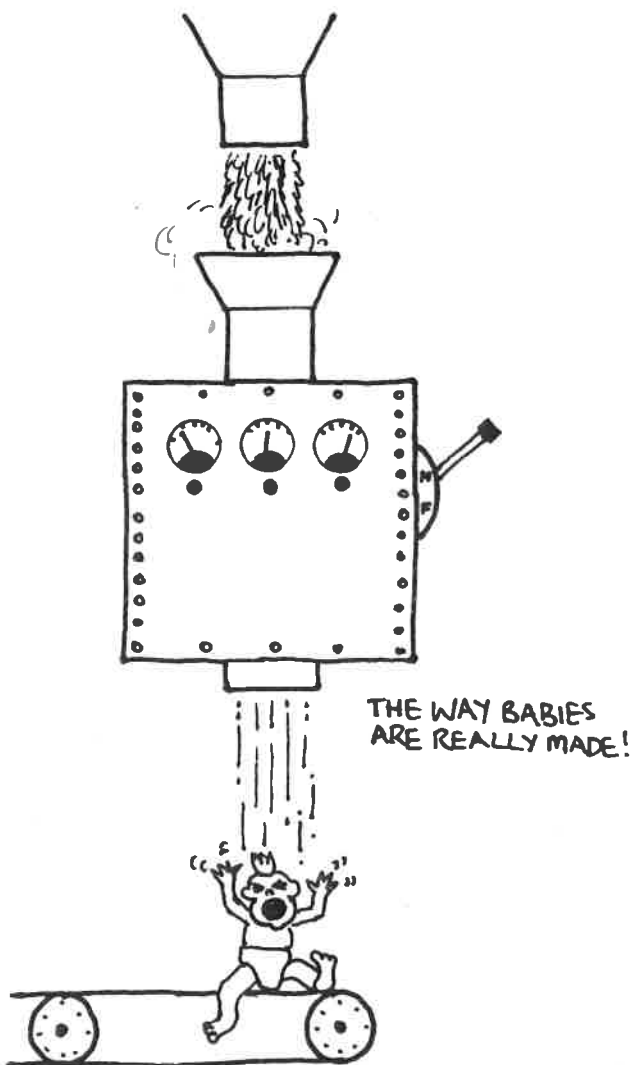
At the end of the second semester all of Year 10 went out to work experience. I was stationed at the Royal Women's Hospital for two weeks.

On the first day, I arrived there early, in fact one whole hour too early. I remained in the lobby trying to cope with a faltering, jumpy heart and my tightly strung nerves. An hour slowly, almost unwillingly, passed, and I summed up my courage and went to the front desk to ask for the Personnel Department. I was escorted there, given a tax form to fill out, and then taken up to my "workplace".

I was introduced to my supervisor and told to do whatever he said. I measured some water and weighed some chemicals before mixing them together. This was easy enough. After lunch I was taken into the operating theatres to see a "Caesarian Section" (i.e. where the mother's womb is cut open and the baby is pulled out). This was a very enlightening experience as half way through the operation my head started spinning and I felt dizzy. I somehow managed not to faint.

This sums up my first day of work experience, and it is not one that I will quickly forget. The Work Experience Program was helpful, interesting, educational and very enjoyable.

Erric Dimatos, Year 10



WORK EXPERIENCE AND WHAT YOU NEED

Work experience was a new experience. The grumble in my stomach in the early hours of my first work experience day, was loud enough to wake every person in the house. I reached The Regent Hotel in Collins Street, feeling proud in a way, for I had managed to struggle to overcome the tangle of the nervous feelings which had struck me and which I had believed would never forsake me. During my work experience at this elegant hotel, I actually experienced what it was like to be an integral part of a workforce. An hotel, as I see it, is an establishment in which every employee becomes like a piece of clockwork. Without you, the "clock", would not work. However there are many things which one may need to experience before working at The Regent Hotel. Many skills were necessary, although those with which I was more unfamiliar, were soon explained and demonstrated for me. The people who you work with understand that it is your first time in a place like the hotel, and that most skills required will still be unmastered by you. However, I do believe that it is possible to almost master most of the skills within the two week period, with a little effort and patience. One of the most helpful skills to possess before going to such a job — which is a practical one — is that of being able to cut correctly. The two main reasons for this, which were explained to me, are that bad cutting will eventually result in the loss or severe damage of a finger. The second reason is that poor cutting can waste a lot of time. A good method is not only safe, but also efficient.

Certain standards are expected, even of work experience students, when you are in the work force. These vary from job to job. In a hotel and its kitchens, I discovered quite a few. The first is punctuality. People depend upon you each day to do certain jobs, like collecting food supplies from the stores or preparing the essential ingredients for a daily dish. International guests and a huge staff cannot wait for one person to do things when they feel like it. Your future reputation is also at risk if you are late — especially if your work experience employer is the one who you wish to go to after you leave school.

Work experience was one of the most exciting things that I have ever done. It meant to me, the opportunity to meet many new people and to explore a part of a city which very few people have or will ever see. It was also a very valuable evaluation for myself, of what I would like to do in the future. There is much to experience in a place that one has never seen before. New skills, high standards of behaviour and how to consider those around you, are tips for a, "to-be work experience student". They should be valued and practised where possible, because even with the few skills of preparation which I had, I found it easier to get the most out of the program and come even closer yet to the vital decision which will affect my life — the choice of my career.

Roger Paull, Year 10

YEAR 10 OUTDOOR EDUCATION

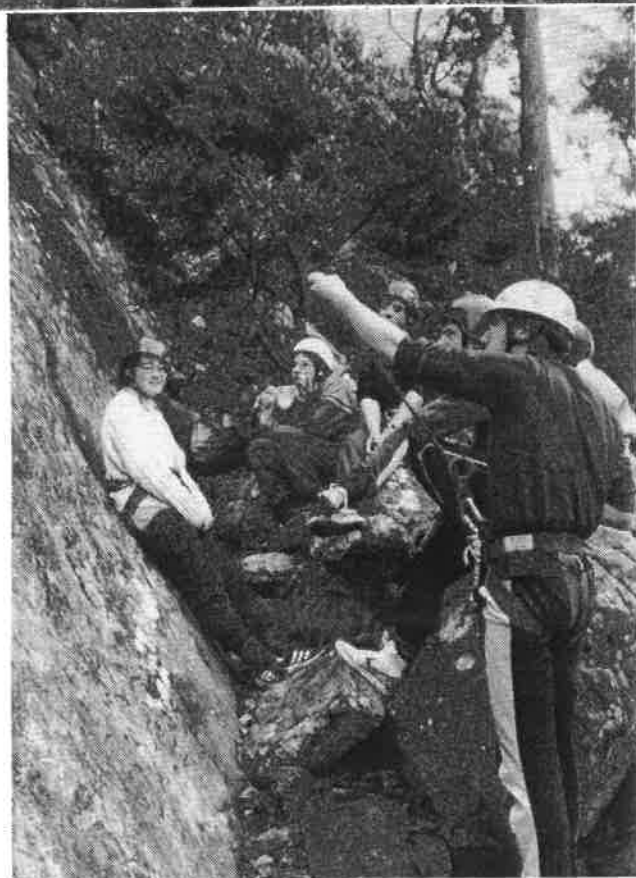
The Outdoor Education elective has many exciting courses to offer. It allows students to participate in many outdoor activities during school time such as Rock Climbing and Canoeing. It also helps people to become aware of basic safety procedures when you are in the outdoors.

The year starts off with going over water safety procedures at the Camberwell Pool. In these few weeks you study water safety, first aid for injured people and how to swim in an emergency situation. After that when the weather started to get a little cooler we moved back to the classroom for some theory on canoeing. In this we learnt the basic strokes, types of canoes, types of river courses and their danger level. We also learnt safety procedures for canoeing such as treating a hyothermic victim. Once we had learnt all of that, we went out for two practical lessons on canoeing on the Yarra River at Fitzsimmons Lane. The next topic we did was the use of a map and compass. Again we did many lessons of theory, but one Saturday we went to a place near Lake Eppalock for a day where we used a map and compass to navigate around the countryside. The next topic we covered was Rock Climbing and Abseiling. After a couple of weeks of theory we went to the Cathedral Ranges where we had a great day climbing up and down a steep rockface. On that day we learnt the basics of roping up, how to climb up and how to come down (very fast at that!). About two weeks later a man brought a Rock Climbing Wall to school where we learnt another way to Abseil.

By now winter had set in so we started to look at Cross-Country Skiing. We covered everything from the skis to the clothes you wear. One weekend in August our class went on a ski camp to Mount St. Gwinear. With this weekend we learnt the basics on how to cross-country ski. The next thing we covered was the art of map making, more indepth study of a map and how to skilfully use a map. We also studied other things like field leadership and trip planning. Near the end of October we again went out to do practical work. This time it was at the Cathedral Ranges.

That completes the year of Outdoor Education of which we had a great time at learning new and exciting things that we can go into much more as we get older. This course was very good in teaching us about safety and having fun in the great outdoors. Many thanks to Mrs. Darby and husband for the hours in helping us.

Chris Secretan



YEAR 9 OUTDOOR EDUCATION, 1987

The Outdoor Education elective group commenced the year with water safety and survival sessions at the pool. This was in order to prepare us for our canoeing/kayaking sessions on the Yarra River at Templestowe.

Our next major activity was mapping and navigation. After practising at school we went to Wattle Park and then ventured out for a day of map and compass work near Lake Eppalock.

Next we learnt some rock climbing and abseiling on a climbing wall at school.

After an introduction to snow survival and nordic skiing, we spent a day at Lake Mountain, learning to ski.

During the rest of the year we will do some First Aid, Orienteering and go for a weekend bushwalking at the Cathedral Range on Lerderderg River Gorge.

Emma Binks, Vanessa Hollo, Kate Strauss

Music



SCHOOL BAND

Music plays an important part in our school. Many musical events are held throughout the year. This is only possible through the efforts of students and staff in and out of school hours. Apart from the Choral Festival and the Musical production, the school band gave several performances during the year.

The band's first outing was the Music Camp, early in Term I, at Camp Waterman, Monbulk. Students spent time rehearsing and getting the band off the ground for 1987, so to speak. It was a most enjoyable and beneficial practice period. It has been a tradition for many years to have a Concert Band camp.

Our first performance was at "Frog Hollow Reserve", during Camberwell City Council's Elderly Citizens Week. Despite the fact that the Band was most appreciated by the people watching, it could not be described as our best performance.

Soon after, we performed for a small festival in "Beckett Park", Balwyn. The weather conditions were awful, being windy and very cold, but our performance was of reasonable quality, and was enjoyed by the general public. Our major performance for the year, in Term II, was in The Great Hall at the National Gallery. With us, were three other schools, Eltham, Balwyn and Greythorn High. All four bands played well, the acoustics of the Great Hall helped us enormously and for a finale we all played together as one band. The night was a huge success.

The band competed in two competitions during the year, the V.S.M.A. festival and the Royal South Street competition in Ballarat. We had four entrants in the V.S.M.A., the Concert Band, the Stage Band, the junior Stage Band and a trumpet solo by Jurgen Tauchert. All sections were up against tough competition, and did quite well. The Concert Band also played at South Street, Ballarat as part of the Ballarat Competitions.

I would like to thank on behalf of the band: Mr. Brookes, Mr. West, Mr. Cairns and Mr. Ryan, without whose dedication this school would not have the instrumental programme of which it is so proud.

Alistair Mills



The 1987 Choral Festival

For the 1987 Chorals to be a success, an ingredient, alien to C.H.S. tradition, had to be added. In order to even speculate on the secret, House Captains and others had to face a difficult task — to remove the myth that the Choral Festival is an outmoded, boring waste of time that only “nerds” are interested in. For the first time, the Chorals were trendy and rehearsals were “where it was all at”. A consensus of enthusiasm and interest built itself up as the student input rose dramatically.

The audience at the Choral festival was a mixed bag. Teachers plagued the place to ensure that all students were in uniform. The hall was filled with interested parents, neighbours, teachers and ex-students who made an effort to arrive. The audience helped C.H.S. in the finding of our missing ingredient.

An exception to the classical trend in the Instrumental section was Macarthur's revised version of “Teddy Bear's Picnic”. This outstanding item was amusingly presented and very entertaining.

The Senior Songs were remarkably well finished and widespread in variety. There was not one that did not display mass enthusiasm, mass vitality and talent.

The outcome of Macarthur winning is slightly irrelevant as these Chorals, for me, showed a precedent in C.H.S.' history. It demonstrated and proved that our school does contain the secret to success — SCHOOL SPIRIT. I hope this quality, school spirit, is here to stay.

Simone Dorembus



MUSIC CAMP

As the bus pulled out of the parking spot, carrying thirty-five musicians ranging from year eight to year twelve, the students who weren't going on music camp were envious of their friends who played in the band. The campsite was in Monbulk. It had six cabins, cabin number one being nearest to the bathrooms, cabin number six being nearest to the teachers' rooms. There were three trampolines, a flying fox (which we weren't allowed to use) and a rope course. Most of our free time was centred around this equipment.

After settling in, we had a delicious (!!) meal of spaghetti bolangaise followed by vanilla ice-cream. Then, to the year eights' shock and horror, we had a two hour practise session before bed.

And off to bed, but we didn't go to sleep. Of course not! Not many people were surprised when a lot of people turned up to breakfast in their pyjamas. The next day was spent practising 98% of the time, free time 0.5% of the time and eating 1.5% of the time. Another late night, but some people even slept?? (excluding the teachers who watched for the people who didn't sleep). Even on the last day, in between meals, washing and cleaning up, we played our instruments.

The final result was: some **very** tired students, some exhausted musical instruments (which were going through an identity crisis because they thought they were clocks) and some staff members who were about to have a nervous breakdown. But those of you who heard us play at the chorals will surely have to agree that the music camp produced some excellent results. We're all looking forward to next year's music camp.

Samantha Bell, Year 8

Sport

CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

This year the Whitehorse Group Cross Country was held at Wattle Park. Camberwell High had a large team and everyone competed well against other schools. Although no teams from Junior, Intermediate or Senior got through to Eastern Zone, six individual students got through to Eastern Zone. These students were Andrew Robinson, Travis Longmuir, Sarah Bond, Ashly Harrington, Carolyn Green and Stephen Ryan. All of these students did very well against strong competition at the Zone. We would like to thank Mrs. Kenneally for all her time and effort in training and also organising teams. We would also like to thank all the P.E. staff for the organisation of the events.



INTERMEDIATE BADMINTON

On the 17th June, the Camberwell High Intermediate Badminton team played in Whitehorse Group, defeating all the teams. Whitehorse was no match for the Intermediates. The team then went on to the Eastern zone. On the 13th August the team performed at a very high standard. The C.H.S. team had tough competition but managed to get into the finals beating three schools. In the finals the team played against some of Victoria's best badminton players. They proved too good for us and we came second at Eastern zone. Overall, it was an excellent performance from the Intermediates. On behalf of the team, we would like to thank Mrs. Howson for supporting us at Eastern Zone and Mrs. Harding for giving up her lunch to let us practise.

John Filosoglou, Captain

JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

On the second day back at school, our junior hockey team competed in the Whitehorse Group Round Robin, which was held at Matlock Reserve. The only team we played that day was Nunawading who we defeated 5 - 2. Then, on the 31st July, we competed in Eastern Zone Round Robin where we played at Waverley. After defeating Donvale 2 - 0 and Vermont 1 - 0, we then defeated Balwyn 4 - 1. At the end of the day, Balwyn were first, Camberwell were second, Vermont were third and Donvale were last.

Marcus Demko, Captain



GYMNASTICS

On Wednesday, 22nd July five Camberwell High gymnasts went to compete at Canterbury High School. They competed against Canterbury Girls, Wattle Park and Blackburn High Schools for the girls' gymnastics. Our gym team finished second and all of the gymnasts did very well. The girls' names were Kate O'Keefe, Gabby O'Conner, Kathy Allan, Francoise Guerin and Michelle Tabbernee. We thank Mrs. Howson for taking time to coach us and teach us the routines.



THE SWIMMING SPORTS

The swimming sports were truly an excellent day. A large majority of the school participated and this was very pleasing to see. We were rather lucky that it was such a lovely day.

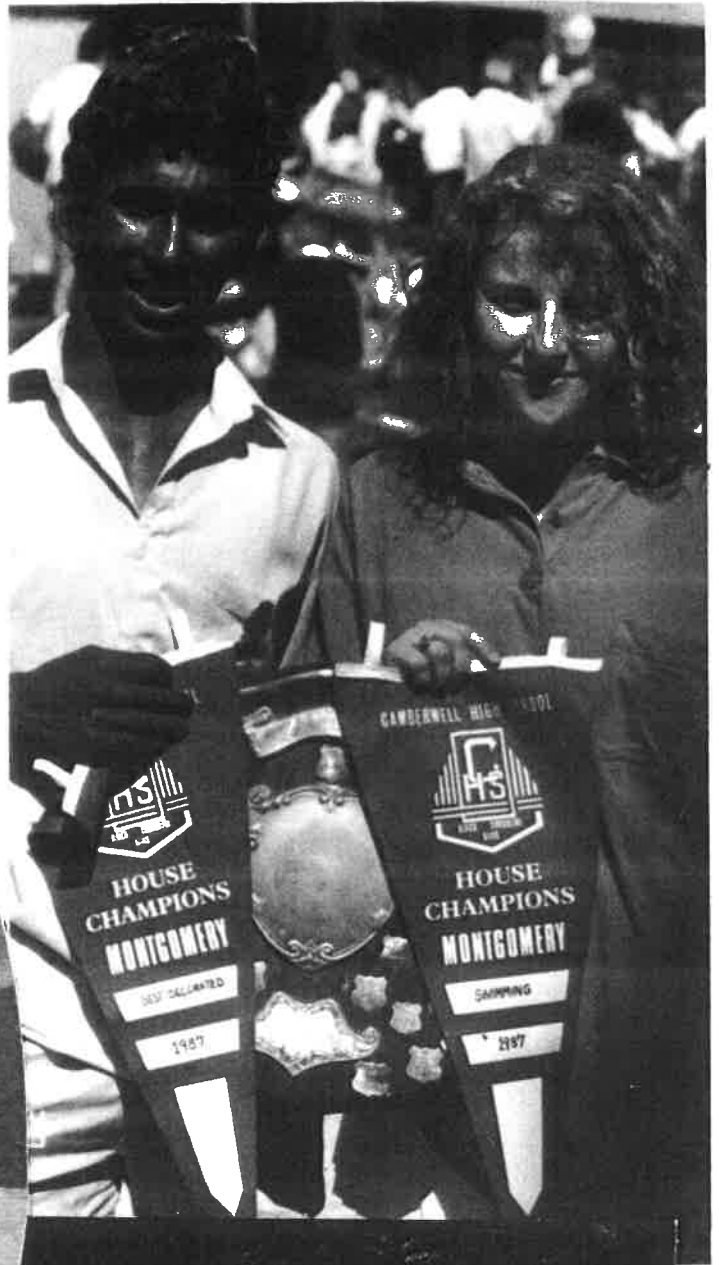
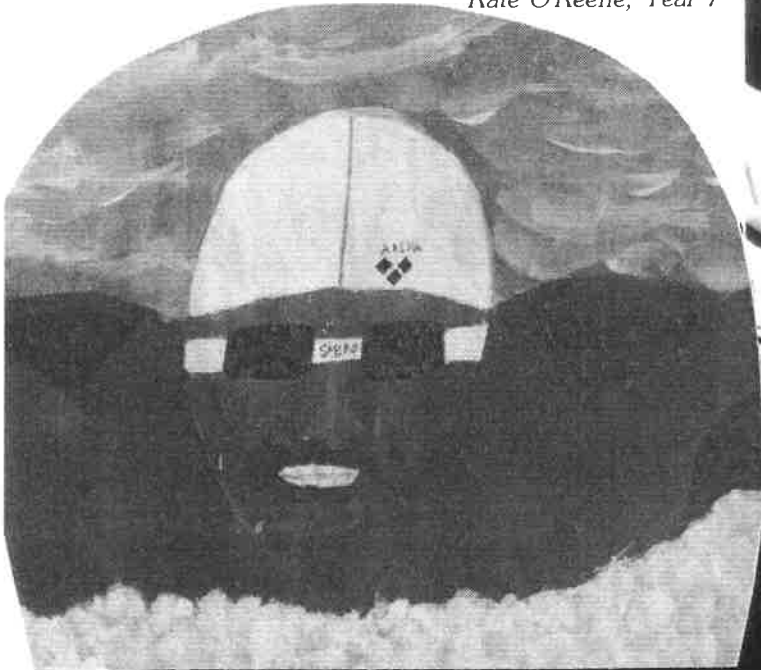
Congratulations to Montgomery on winning although it wasn't an easy win. Congratulations to all the people who won medals and ribbons.

It was extremely pleasing to see that so many people got through to Whitehorse Group and congratulations to all the people who continued on to Eastern Zone and further. Clinton Herman did remarkably well to get second in the all High Schools competition.

Thank you to Mr. Anderson for helping organise the sports and to all the others who helped him.

We are rather lucky to have such nice pool owners who let us use their pool. The house group banners and all the different colours around them looked excellent. It was good to see that all the areas were left spotless. I hope everybody enjoyed the house swimming sports and good luck for next year!

Kate O'Keeffe, Year 7



JUNIOR NETBALL TEAM

On the second day back of term, our netball team played at Ashwood Netball courts in Whitehorse zone. We played five games, drawing one, and winning the rest. Everybody played excellently, and in the end we won the Whitehorse group, winning by three points. We played in Eastern zone on the 31st July, and came third, being beaten by the winning team in the finals. Everybody played well and it was a great team effort. On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mrs. Howson and all the other people who helped coach us.

Jenny Lightfoot, Captain



SENIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

On March 5th, Camberwell High School Senior Softball team went to Nunawading High School, Whitehorse group. Everyone played well with great team spirit. It was a very close competition losing against Nunawading High School and drawing against Canterbury Girls' High School. The overall team effort placed us third. Thank you to Mr. Liggins and Mrs. Kenneally for the excellent coaching and time they gave to us.

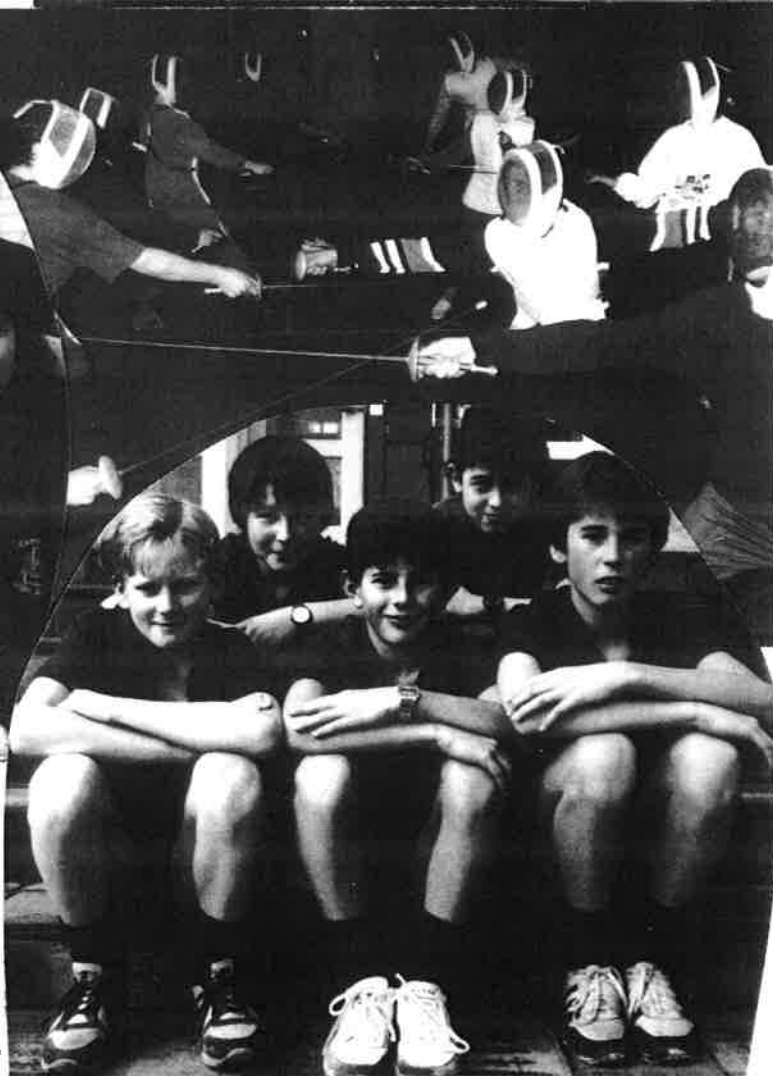
Cathy Grayson



INTERMEDIATE BOYS CRICKET

During the second term, the Intermediate Boys Cricket Team played at the Whitehorse Group round robin. We played three matches and lost all three, losing the last match by the narrowest margin. We had an excellent team, but we were unlucky to lose all three matches. The whole team played well, and on behalf of the team, we would like to thank Mr. Liggins for coaching us.

Renil Tennakoon, Captain





INTERMEDIATE BOYS HOCKEY

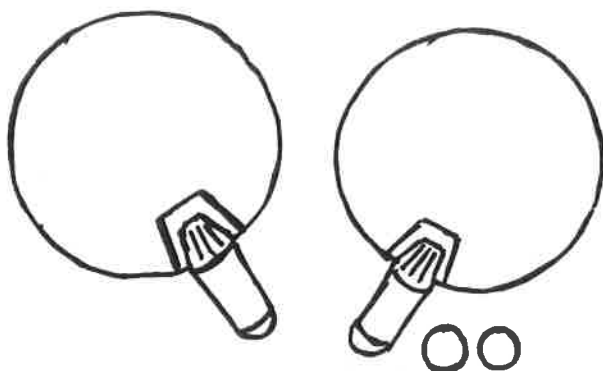
The Intermediate Boys came second in their division of Eastern Zone hockey. We lost the first game by a large margin. In the second, we drew nil all, and the third we won by a large margin. Overall, it was a good team performance. Thank you to Andrew Savage, Kieren Killmartin and Mrs. Harding for coaching us.



TABLE TENNIS

On 31st July, a group of five boys went to Burwood Heights to play table tennis representing Camberwell High. There was opposition from Blackburn, Wattle Park, Burwood Heights, Canterbury Girls and Box Hill High Schools. The competition was very tough, and we saw the best game from our team from Tony Tran and Steven Ryan who made a great doubles team. The whole team played extremely well and finished coming runners up.

Chris Badenach



CAMBERWELL HIGH SWIMMING TEAM

This year, we didn't win as we have done for the last two years, but Nunawading had to train three times a week to beat us. Well done to everyone who competed at Whitehorse Group. The following people won their races and competed at Eastern Zone — Clinton Herman, Travis Longmuir, Jackie England, Kate O'Keefe and Cameron Strathdee. Clinton Herman broke records at Whitehorse Group and was the only one to go on and compete at the All High competition.

Clinton Herman



STUDENT COUNSELLING

Mr. Beam became the Pupil Welfare Co-ordinator at the beginning of this year. This position involves helping students who are having problems. If there are problems at home or with friends, if a student is leaving school or if a family tragedy occurs or in a variety of other situations, he tries to help as much as possible. The student, though, must make any changes. This position was created because of the need for students to be able to talk. It is a service to help students cope more effectively at school.



SOCIAL SERVICES

Government House, May, 1987

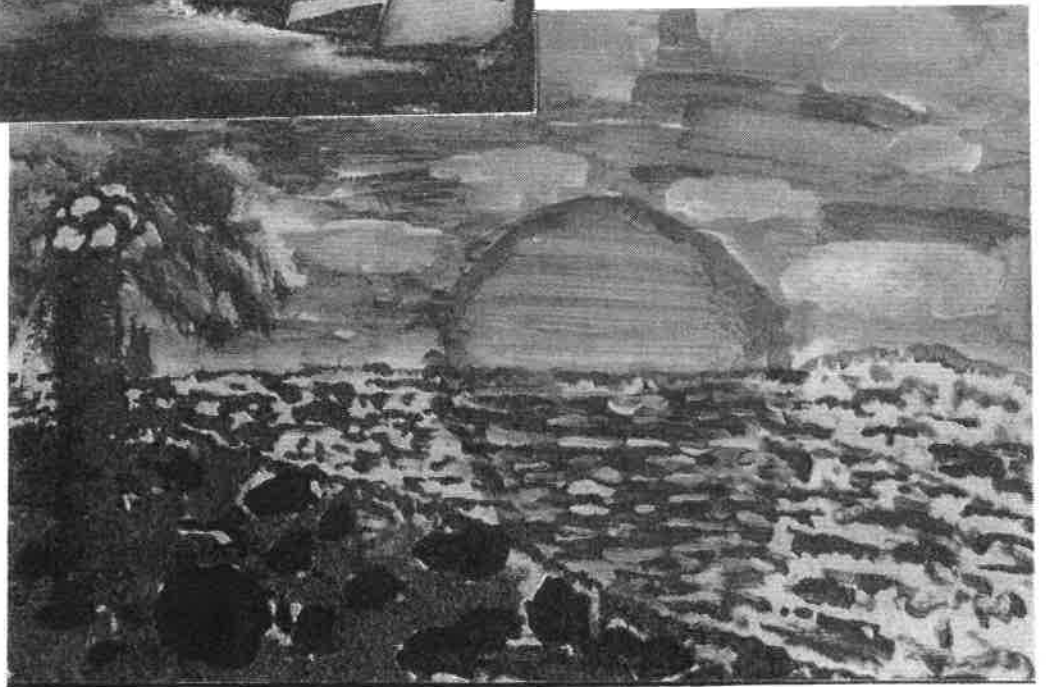
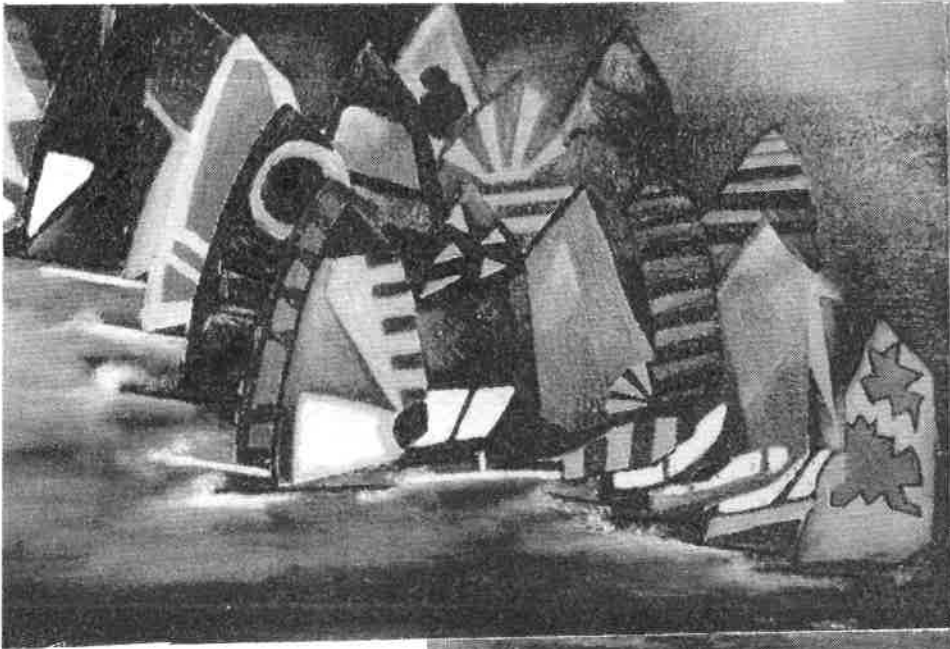
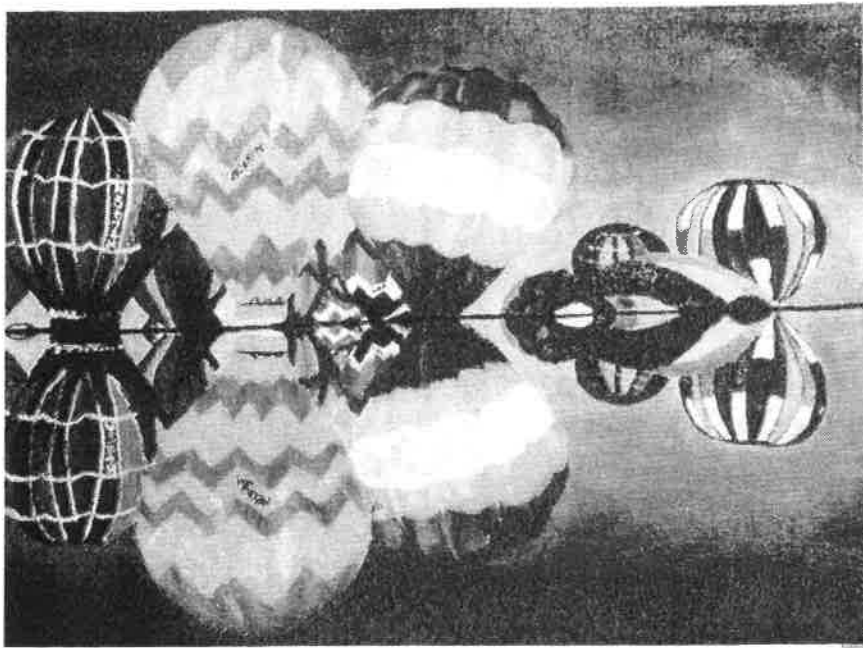
The Governor of Victoria, Dr. Davis McCaughy, presented C.H.S. with a Community Service Award for the school's outstanding efforts in raising money in 1986 for the Deserted Children's Association of Victoria.

Back Row (L to R): Mr. Ron Eastwood (Acting Principal), Steven Skandallelis, Steve Katzourakis, Mrs. J. Ogada-Osir (Social Services Director 1986). Front Row (L to R): Eric Dimatos and Richard Faul.

Students raised \$288 by selling Easter eggs this year. This money helps to sponsor our Indonesian foster child, Sri Sokiye. The Forty Hour Famine Appeal was very successful with students raising a total of \$732.63 to aid famine victims in Mozambique. Other events undertaken by students include the M.S. Readathon to aid Multiple Schlerosis victims, the Give-a-Meal Appeal and the State Schools Relief Committee Appeal.

Mr. M. Loveday, Social Service Co-ordinator

·ART·



EUGENE HIGGENBOTTOM AT 3½ YEARS

Hi! My name is Eugene. Some people call me "you"
I am 3½ years old so I am dictating this letter
to my Mum as I cannot write yet.
I have all my teeth except for the two front ones.
I wear glasses.
I have two earrings in my right earlobe.
I have blonde spiked hair and I wear flares.
I wear a shirt saying "Tonka Tuff".
I hate girls.
I love my Mum (but she is a lady).
When I grow up I am going to marry her.
I am an excellent sandcastle maker, but I hate
it when my cat climbs on them. I love destroying
them after I have made them.
I have big, blue, blood-shot eyes.
I hate drugs and alcohol, and I hate "Sesame
Street", but I love Dave Allen. John McEnroe
gives me the "irrates".
I wish I was better than Fred at fingerpainting.
I have a lisp. I hate McDonalds, but I love Sushi.
I think Barbie Dolls are better than G.I. Joe dolls.
I hate sparks — but I love the thrill of being electrocuted.
I pretend I can speak Japanese, but I really only know
Sushi, Toyota and Sanyo.
I always get lost in shopping centres, but I really only do
it to get my name announced over the public address
speaker.
I have a set of 24 crayons — (there were 25 but I ate the
the red one first).
I hate "Mr Men" characters
Beastie Boys rule.
Yours sincerely,
Eugene Higgenbottom.

David Hicks, Year 9

SCHOOL LIFE

Stuffy classrooms
Broken radiators
Uniform passes
Canteen queues
Netball at lunchtime
Smoking in the toilets
H.S.C. jumpers
Chewing gum under the table
Heavy bags
Lost homework
Overdue projects
Broken pens
Graffiti-covered desks
Scuffed shoes
Wet day lunchtimes
Inky hands
Cranky teachers
Best friends
Boy friends
Running for the train
Last bell on Fridays.

Sam Bell, Year 8



DESCRIPTION OF A GIRL

Her hair glistened in the bright, golden sunlight as she paddled in the shallows of the everlasting beach. Her hair was brown in colour with a red sheen to it like a chestnut. It was long and wavy, bouncing off her shoulder with each step she took. She had lightly tanned skin as smooth and clear as the water sparkling at her feet. Her lips were dry and cracked, and tasted of salt. But her beauty did not make her vain, she was as innocent and sweet as candy.

She had her faded, baggy jeans rolled up to her knees, and was wearing a loose aqua green shirt. She swooped down gracefully and flicked some of the clear moving water with her long, slender fingers. There was nobody else on the beach, she felt she was king of the castle. She began to run, with the light grace of a swan. She stopped to watch a seagull swooping and swaying in the wind. Her blue-green eyes dodged and swooped as the gull did and were vigorously young and alive. The gull flew off into the stormy, blackened sky.

The wind stirred up the waves and the sunlight disappeared like magic behind the stormy sky, the cold front had approached it. She turned back and started making her way home. It became darker and darker. The first few heavy drops of rain speckled her clothing. Then the rain came, and did it come! She was blinded by sheets of rain. She made her way up the beach and sat under a tree, drenched, pale and unhappy. There she sat, her clothes clinging to her, her hair wet and in stringy curls, and tears streaking her already wet face. The storm seemed never ending.

Jane Carpenter, Year 9

School Musical

"Me and My Girl"

After four months of hard work this year's school musical "Me and My Girl" was finally staged. All the mixed feelings of anticipation and nerves reached a peak as the curtain rose. Finally "Me and My Girl" was on and nothing could stop it.

From the beginning it was unsure of how this year's musical would shape up, it would be hard to better last years musical "Grease". No auditions were held so as cast lists were posted everyone waited in eager anticipation. there were a few confirmations and minor adjustments to be made to the cast but when the final cast was formed rehearsals got under way.

Time quickly went by, each day bringing us closer to the due date and no more ready to go on stage. Basically the musical was a shambles with no costumes, no sets and no one knowing their lines or songs. Being part of the turmoil only made the finishing product even more miraculous to me.

With two weeks to go things started falling into place. Scenes that were once a blur of lines were now finally making sense. The set of Hareford Manor was built and musical numbers were running smoothly. But it was not until the dress rehearsal that anyone thought "Me and My Girl" would work.

The costumes gave the show a lift and everyone walked away thinking, "yes, we can do it." The Primary School kids loved the matinee and the show went well.

Opening night came and went with few mistakes, the next two nights were fantastic and better than anyone could have expected. All in all the show was a success and heaps of fun.

I would like to congratulate the cast and crew for putting on such a great show. I would also like to thank Mr. Frost, Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Gray for all their support and help, and all the students who helped to make "Me and My Girl" a success and credit to all involved.

Kirrily (Sally)



(In order of appearance)

Cast List
Role

Person

Gerald Bolingbroke **Gerard Mack**
Lady Battersby **Kathy Prior**
Lord Battersby **Joel Sinclair**
Lady Brighton **Jacqui Henderson**
Jacquelin Carson **Kylie Galtress**
Charles, The Butler **Jamie Walker**
Mr. Parchester, The Solicitor **Jurgen Tauchert**
The Hon. Margaret Aikington **Allison Duncan**
Lord Jasper Tring **Silos Aiton**
Charles Boulting-Smythe **Jon Evans**
Maria, Duchess of Dene **Josie Bolger**
Sir John Tremayne **Rohan Constable**
Bill Snibson, Lord Hareford **Tim Watson**
Sally Smith **Kirrily Staples**
Mrs. Brown, The Landlady **Jean Campbell**
Bob Barbing **Jon Evans**
Police Constable **Don O'Grady**
Telegram Boy **Jed Simpfendorfer**



**THE CAST WISHES TO
GIVE THANKS TO
MR CAIRNS FOR ALL
THE TIME AND EFFORT
HE PUT INTO THE
MUSICAL.**



A FAMILIAR PLACE

The hall once echoed with the rich symphony of choir boys, but now the great, ancient cathedral stands like a great sentinel looking over the sins of everyday suburbia. The tall spires, standing erect, with the illusion of entering Christ's Empire above, give a most glorious appearance. Inside, the height of the structure becomes apparent, snake-like columns rise to the roof, fine cracks have appeared on their surface, but the weight is not their burden, the never-ceasing weight of time is. Looking upon the somewhat barren interior, the admiring onlooker is suddenly confronted by a rainbow of colors projected by the massive stained glass windows onto the suffering body of Jesus who died for mankind. This place is one of solitude, silence . . . and holiness.

Toby Moore, Year 9



A.I.D.S.

There have been two advertisements shown so far concerning the problem of the ever growing epidemic, A.I.D.S.

The first commercial released has some horrid looking grim reapers, who signify death, the A.I.D.S. virus. They roll bowling balls down an alley. People from all walks of life stand in place of the pins. The balls skittle them over, showing they have contracted the virus and are dying.

Many people have been shocked by this commercial, because they have realised that anyone is susceptible to the disease. Children have been scared by these terrifying characters. Many people who are not open about this issue have been offended. However, everybody must know about it and there is no way the facts should be concealed. I think that this scaring method has been used to make people sit up and take notice. It caters for every level of mentality. People who live in a world believing that A.I.D.S. does not exist make it dangerous for themselves and others, for it is not just a homosexual or bisexual disease, it is not just contracted through sexual intercourse, and is very relevant to their lives.

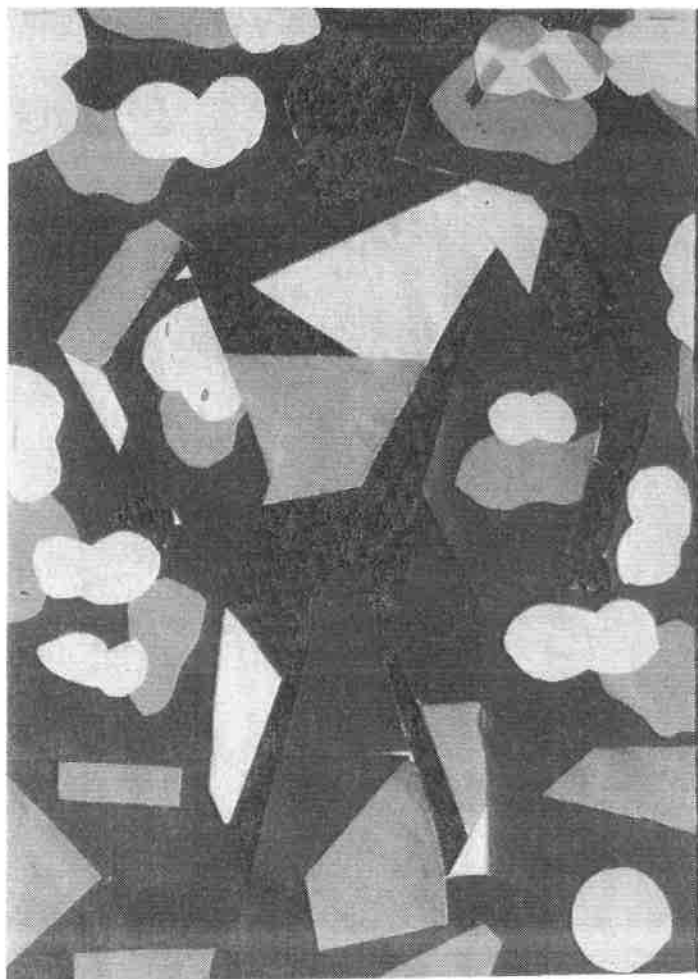
The second commercial released was warning about the use of needles. While drugs have always been dangerous, there is a new player in the game, A.I.D.S. A.I.D.S. can easily be caught through sharing needles; it is highly contagious.

Neither advertisement was very informative about the different ways in which you can catch it, but they have both made bold and powerful statements. They are a step to increasing awareness. Other ways by which they have spread the message are books, leaflets, stickers and posters handed around, blood tests and the A.I.D.S. hotline counselling service. Everyone is now more aware and conscious of the simple necessary precautions to take, for it is not a new disease. It has been around for many years, but no one was sure of what it was, so it was not publicised.

Both gimmicks for advertisements are unlike the comic approach in England, and the purely sexual approach in France.

Obviously the commercials are helping. Perhaps some more informative ones will be presented when they believe everyone knows that A.I.D.S. is here, and fatal. I believe they were very successful advertisements, as it brought the message across to me and many others of all ages.

Danielle Minogue, Year 10



HOW TO EAT SOUP AT AN AMBASSADOR'S DINNER PARTY

When you're confronted with a seething hot bowl of soup at an ambassador's dinner party, this is exactly what you do:

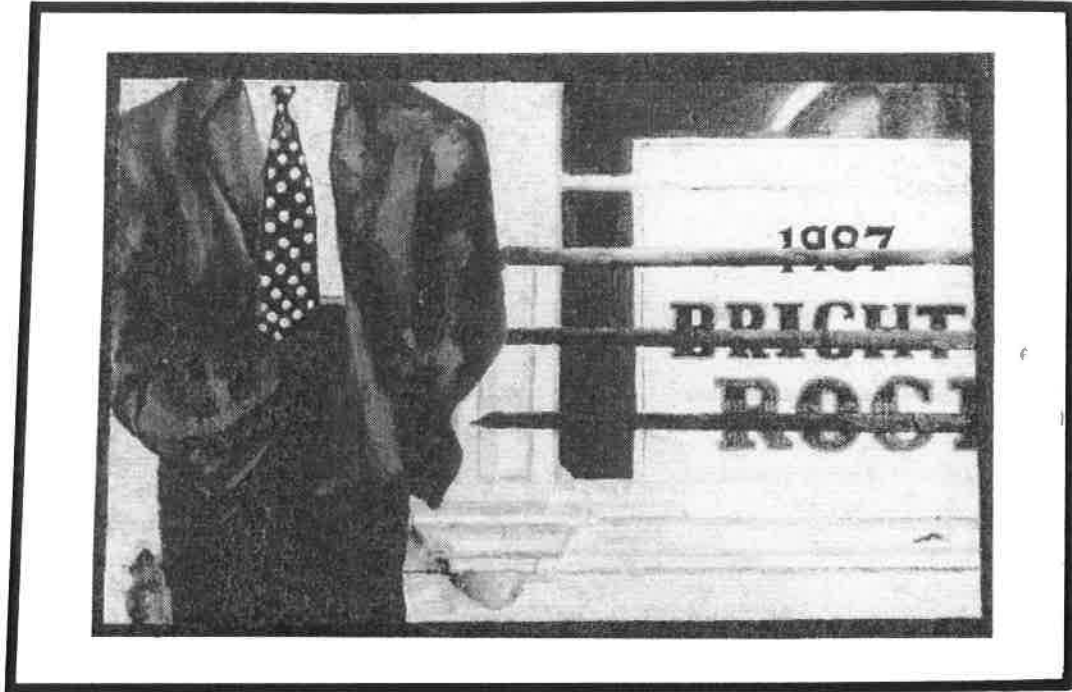
You reach for your large, white napkin, carefully unfold it and place it delicately upon your lower abdomen and lap. Once you have completed this task you must now tackle the flaming dragon in front of you.

You pick up the spoon, which is situated at the right of your plate, and hold it as you would a pen (i.e. in between your thumb, forefinger and middle finger). You hold your spoon a little way over half way up its handle. You then slowly but smoothly move your spoon towards the bowl's edge opposite you. When approaching the

edge, tip the outer lip of your spoon elegantly and allow a minimal amount of steaming liquid to enter it. As soon as the liquid has entered you level your spoon and raise it out of the babbling soup. You continue to raise the spoon to the level of your nose before bringing it to your mouth. Quickly and elegantly suck and pour the tepid liquid into your mouth. Be careful not to slurp! Lap the liquid in your tongue like a cat, and swallow. By repeating this process you will soon finish your soup.

Your last few steps are simple. You drink something, and congratulate the host (his chef) on a great meal. Finally you raise the corner of your napkin, purse your lips elegantly, and with three delicate taps you wipe your face. Your meal is over!

Erric Dimatos, Year 10

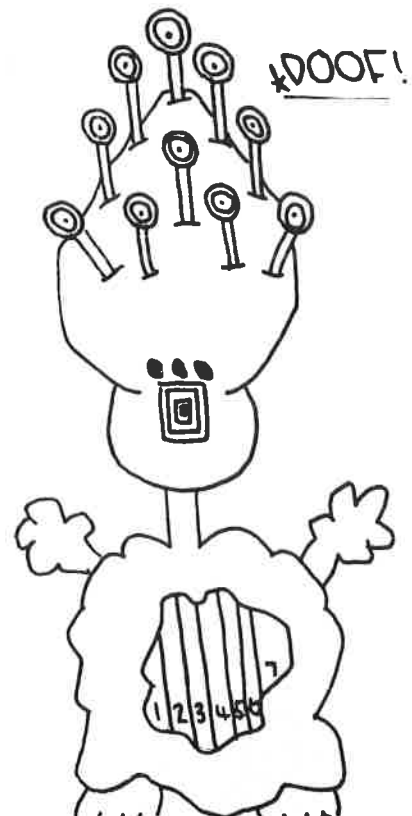


DESCRIPTION OF DOOF!

This ten eyed, mischievous creature can be summed up in five words — funny mixture of strange jelly. He has a head of an alien and a cute body which could be described as a little bundle of slime. It has three breathing holes in the middle of its green head and a square mouth that sucks in any type of junk food.

Food, now that is something this monster can relate to. No, this monster is not Adrian James but called Doof, which is "food" spelt backwards. Doof watches his diet. He has seven main food groups which are McDonalds, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Pizza and four other nutritious junk foods. Each junk food falls into place in Doof's stomach which can be seen from the outside. The hole in his stomach (where the food groups are) is surrounded by all the oil and fat from the junk food which sits under his neck, acting as a body, but a very slimy one. Doof does not just sit around all day looking like mould, he is very mischievous. One of his favourite tricks is to put his head inside his stomach and curl his hands and feet up so he looks like green jelly. Soon someone comes up to him, and, thinking he is jelly, puts him in their mouth. Once Doof is in someone's mouth he jumps up and dances around. Which isn't that funny for the person who has Doof in his mouth.

Adrian James, Year 8



ME

I live in a house
Although my ancestors once lived in caves.
MY HOME HAS A TWELVE FOOT HIGH CEILING
Even though there aren't twelve feet hanging from it
I hate THE WAY CATS STICK to the ROAD AFTER
THEY'VE been run over.

I reckon that ~~TRANSFORMERS~~ are great
I hate Ronald McDonald.

I think that ~~SWANS~~ Rule!
ALTHOUGH WARWICK CAPPER'S A PONCE.

I love money.
Even if I can only ~~dream~~ about it.

I ~~AM~~ addicted to ~~TELEVISION~~

I think that Joe Bjelke-Peterson should become a truck driver

I think that Mzuri, the Gorilla is an egotist.

I reckon George Lucas should make another ~~STAR WARS~~ movie.

I reckon smokers are ~~MEGA-DUMB!!~~

I LOVE TO TRAVEL

But, I'm an IMPATIENT TRAVELLER!

I think that Carlton footballers cheat (steve)

I love being SILLY

I think KOJAK should get a haircut.

I enjoy to ~~DRAW~~ (alot)

I think RAMBO should take ENGLISH lessons



HULK HOGAN'S A WIMP

I DETEST POSERS (UGG! Revolting creatures)

Thermos flasks are ~~A~~ amazing!

I ADORE VOLKSWAGONS.

VOLVO drivers make me SCREAM!!

I'm ~~HOOKED~~ on ~~CARTOONS~~!!

I ~~LOATHE~~ ~~SARAF~~ PUFFED PASTRY ADS

Then she rolls it, folds it, and folds it again.

I think Jack and Jill were SET UP!! and that Ernie AND Bert should sue their interior decorator.

I live, eat and ~~BREATH~~ HOT CHIPS

gimme gimme

THAT'S ~~ME~~ in a nutshell.



C.H.S. — A MEMORY

After six years of struggling through the Victorian Education System I have made it! I am a V.C.E. student now. I've spent some of the most important years of my life in a school which I will be proud to name when asked. That school is, believe it or not you students out there, Camberwell High School.

It has been six years full of memories, good and bad. I can still remember being a quiet, little boy in casual clothes being taken to class by Miss O'Loughlin, the then Year 7 Co-ordinator. I was admitted to the school pretty unexpectedly, so I didn't have a uniform for a short period of time. That would have been the worst time in my school life. I was a foreigner to the country then, and my English was hopeless. So I didn't really know how to answer questions such as, "why are you in casual?", "Why haven't you got a uniform pass?"

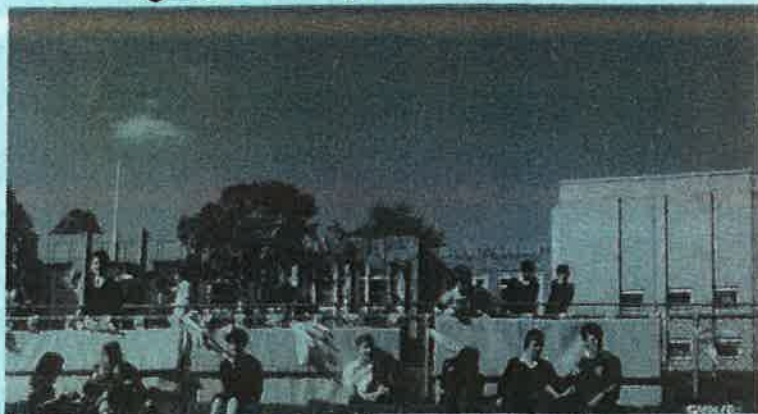
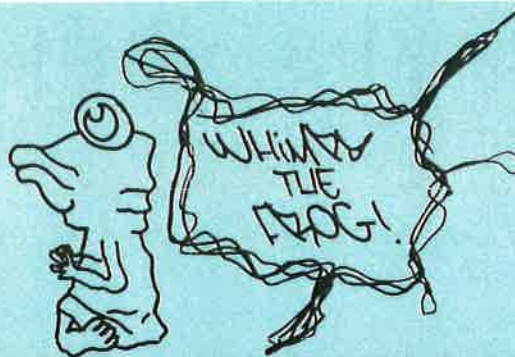
I knew deep down, I had a disadvantage: coming to school a few days late, all the kids had friends and I was isolated. I felt sad and angrily (though quietly to myself) accused these kids of being racial bigots because they didn't hang around with me. Eventually, I realised that I was wrong and those students were, in fact, very friendly.

There are people and events that I won't forget when reminiscing about school life. The first person I remember is Zeljko Basic, who lent me textas when I was in trouble with Miss Darby in Year 7; he didn't even know me then. I would remember Tasos Tsartsaris: Ask any teacher who was there when Tasos was around, they would tell you what a "swell" guy Tasos was. He was my first friend in Camberwell High. Now, I have got so many friends that naming them all could take over two pages. Then comes my favourite teacher: believe it or not, it's Whimpy the Frog, Mr. Ymer. I would never forget Mr. Harris, "Are you going to play tennis or are you going to school?" or Mr. Coram's "That's just not on" and now Mr. Caddy's "Tuck your shirt in". They will stay in my mind forever.

To all you students out there, I say, if you don't like a teacher at the start of the year, don't let that affect your school work. Just hang in there and you will like them by the end of the year. That is wisdom derived from first-hand experience. You will find that teachers only have one thing in their mind. No, it's not whatever you are thinking. They only want to help you to achieve your goal.

For over six years, this school has been like a second home to me. I will miss it a lot; however, I do not hope to come back here to study next year. I have spent almost as much time at school as I did at home. There is an invisible bond between the school and me. Mind you, it is neither a covalent bond or ionic bond or even metallic bonding. It is just an emotional attachment that I have to this school. You will probably feel it too, once you have spent six years in this place. I hope all you students achieve your ambitions so that when anybody talks about Camberwell High School, they say it with great respect.

Tuan Bui, Year 12



CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

Principal: Miss A. Rusden

Acting Deputy Principal: Mr. Max Caddy

Mr. B. Anderson
Miss B. Baldwin
Mr. M. Beam
Mr. P. Boekel
Mr. M. Caddy
Mr. J. Cairns
Mrs. N. Darby
Mrs. B. Dean
Mr. G. Dennis
Dr. L. Dixon
Mr. R. Dobron
Mr. C. Ellingford
Mr. P. Frost
Mrs. S. Gill
Mrs. J. Goldberg
Mr. R. Grant
Mrs. C. Gray
Miss E. Hamilton
Mr. V. Hardiman
Mr. S. Hill
Mr. M. Holland
Mrs. F. Howson
Mr. A. Jacobs
Mrs. L. Johnson
Miss H. Jones
Mrs. J. Kenneally
Mrs. M. Kenyon
Mr. G. Kuhne
Mrs. E. Lancaster

Mr. T. Leung
Mr. N. Liggins
Mrs. J. Littlewood
Mr. M. Loveday
Mr. E. MacAulay
Mrs. H. Mathews
Mrs. A. Michell
Miss T. Minak
Mr. F. Moya
Mr. R. Murray
Mrs. E. Nagel
Mrs. J. Ogada-Osiri
Mr. D. Page
Mrs. G. Pearson
Mr. R. Porthouse
Mr. P. Ryan
Mr. J. Saker
Mrs. M. Salter
Mrs. N. Shaw
Mrs. S. Smith
Mr. G. Sinclair
Mrs. D. Taylor
Miss J. Trenchard-Smith
Mrs. P. Tuckett
Mr. R. Thomson
Mr. C. Walker
Mr. G. Walsh
Mr. J. Watson
Mr. T. Ymer

SUBJECT ASSISTANTS

Mrs. Phillippa Mullumby, Library
Mrs. Marlene Dirins, Home Ec.
Mrs. Betsy Louey-Gung, Science
Ms. Anne-Marie Bodin, French
Mrs. Tricia Saxby, Humanities

CLEANING STAFF

Mr. Don Harrop
Mr. Bill Ollington
Mr. Len Duncan
Mr. John Dwight
Mr. Ken Johnson

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Mr. Anthony Brookes, MU Office
Mrs. Nicole Brown, MU Office
Mr. Edward Grigoryan, MU Office
Mr. Martin West

MUSIC LIBRARIANS

Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, MU Lib./leave T.
Miss Christine Vincent, MU Lib.
Mrs. Lena Frankel, MU Lib.

SCHOOL COUNCIL 1987

PARENTS

Michele Donegan
Lindsay Evans
Carolyn Ingvarson
Craig McInnis
Keith Moore
Margaret Sloan
Rod Wellard
Robert Young

TEACHERS

Max Caddy
Nigel Liggins
Judy Littlewood
Scott Smith
Judy Goldberg
Geoff Sinclair

PARENTS & FRIENDS

Lois Gunn
Errol Girminger

GREEK PARENTS

Harry Trahanas

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Ann Rusden

HOUSE CAPTAINS — 1987

CHURCHILL:

Captains —

Senior: Nick Tribe, Felicity Duncombe
Junior: Louie Petropoulos, Katrina Fox

Music —

Sahrah Francis

Swimming —

Andrew Paull

MONTGOMERY:

Captains —

Senior: Rohan Tennakoon, Natalie Scott
Junior: Leigh Irish, Megan Edwards

Music —

Tim Watson, Kathy Prior

Swimming —

Louise Sharp, Ben Simpfendorfer

MACARTHUR:

Captains —

Senior: Mark Siegling, Jackie Evans
Junior: Justin Cudmore, Francoise Guerin

Music —

Jurgen Tauchert, Judy Prager, Daniel Frankel, Katie Mills

Swimming —

Daniel Guerin, Janet Matheson, Chris Mizzi, Vanessa Carrington

ROOSEVELT:

Captains —

Senior: Zelko Basic, Kerry Litchfield
Junior: Clinton Herman, Allison Duncan

Music —

Kirily Staples

Swimming —

Clinton Herman, Jacqui England

GENERAL OFFICE

Mrs. Rosa Nettleton Mrs. Glenyce Wooden
Mrs. Elizabeth Lacey

COUNCIL APPOINTEES

Mrs. Mary Drake, Sick Bay
Mrs. Cynthia Duggan, Canteen
Mrs. Tricia Saxby, Tchr. Aide

STUDENTS

Jean Campbell
Liz Doherty
Phillip Vlahogiannis

PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

Committee Members 1987

President: Lois Gunn
Secretary: Diana Phillips
Treasurer: Gawdat Ibrahim
Council Rep: Errol Firmsinger
Education Committee: Danielle Proske
Buildings & Grounds: Helen Tauchert
Canteen: Zoya Strainic
Barbara Lee
Margaret Counihan
Phillipa Spencer
Leily Myers
Peter Ryan

Staff Rep: Peter Ryan
Acting Deputy Principal: Max Caddy

The Cast of Camberwell High

Alan Abrahams, Kate Adams, Stelios Aidonopoulos, Silas Alton, Cathy Allan, Eric Allgood, Lisa Anderson, Rachel Anderson, Colin Antoni, Mervyn Antoni, Vayia Arambatzis, Peter Arhontogiorgis, Rocky Armstrong, Amanda Ashby, Juel Atkinson, James Bachelard, Chris Badenach, Julian Badenach, Lisa Bahls, John Bakas, Arwen Baker, Nick Baker, Penny Baker, James Ballantyne, Anna Banh, Lynn Banh, Cinnamon Barnes, Sharon Barnett, James Barry, Zeiko Basic, Conrad Bassett, Bronwen Baulch, Elif Baklenoglu, Kane Bell, Sam Bell, Raphael Bender, Joshua Benson, Melville Benson, Susan Bernhard, Michael Berry, Jason Biggs, Emma Binks, William Binks, Lina Birrell, Chris Bishop, Tarquin Black, Mark Boer, Josephine Bolger, Trent Bolton, Jason Bonanno, Alistair Bond, Belinda Bond, Sarah Bond, Andrew Botham, Daniel Boulton, Nikola Bourgas, Tristan Boyle, Ian Brabry, Shannon Briggs, Danyelle Brinsmead, Anthony Britter, Glen Broadbent, Jamie Broderick, George Brovas, Justin Brown, Zinta Bruns, Catherine Buckmaster, Tuan Bui, James Burns, Ben Cain, Dino Calcagno, Catherine Campbell, David Campbell, Jean Campbell, Stephen Campbell, John Cantone, Jane Carpenter, Vanessa Carrington, Adam Carter, Sarah Carter, Amanda Cartwright, Stephen Cauchi, Bryan Chan, Terry Chan, Fai Bin Chang, Luke Chen, Kevin Cheng, Chris Cheyne, Ade Chong, Alice Chong, Chi Man Chong, Benton Choy, Derrick Choy, Wilson Choy, Dimitra Christopoulos, Jim Christopoulos, Jim Civi, Blair Collins, Chris Constable, Rohan Constable, Con Constantinou, George Cooper, Daniel Corden, Georgia Cornish, Amanda Coster, Sean Counihan, Julian Coutts, Glen Cox, Patrick Cross, Justin Cudmore, Matthew Cudmore, Amanda Cumming, Nicole Currie, Peta Currie, Tim Currie, Chan Tan Dao, Mark Dargan, Karyn Davidson, Christopher Davies, Jonathon Davies, Samantha Davis, Kynan Dawes, Anna Decent, Marcus Demko, Dimitrios Dimas, Eric Dimatos, Georgina Dimitroulas, Tony Dinicolantonio, Tri Do, Elizabeth Doherty, Simone Derembus, Andrew Drake, Samuel Drake, Kate Dujela, Allison Duncan, Felicity Duncombe, Andriana Dunn, George Dunn, Cameron Edgar, Danielle Edwards, Megan Edwards, Simon Edwards, Cathryn England, Jacqui England, Daniel Entwistle, Michael Entwistle, Andrew Erskine, Jackie Evans, Jonathon Evans, Matthew Evans, Robert Evans, Stuart Evans, George Eximaris, Adam Falls, Richard Faul, Duncan Ferguson, Peter Ferguson, John Filosoglou, Julian Firminger, Lara Flintoff, Luke Flintoff, Olivia Flores, Teresita Flores, Kevin Foong, Andrew Forsyth, Helena Forsyth, Katherine Forsyth, Julian Foster, Shane Foster, Simon Foster, Brett Fowler, Katrina Fox, Russell Fox, Steven Foxall, Sarah Francis, Daniel Frankel, Scott Fraser, Jason Fulton-Jones, Marcus Fung, Ben Gadsen, Chris Galanis, Terry Galanis, Ashley Gale, Kylie Galtress, Ari Ganas, Harry Genovezos, Harry Genovezos, Pota Genovezos, Luke Gill, Nina Ginsberg, Christen Gitzzen, Rodney Glatton, Simon Glatton, Matthew Godden, Sasha Golubovic, Geraldine Gong, Jimmy Goris, Vicki Gottlieb, Phillip Gowan, Belinda Grace, Mandy Grace, Jimmy Grammatikas, Geoffrey Graumann, David Gray, Cathy Grayson, Caroline Green, John Green, Melissa Green, William Gregg, Thomas Griether, Clare Grover, Marnie Grover, Phillip Grunberg, Robert Grzegorzak, Stephanie Guerillot, Daniel Guerin, Françoise Guerin, Brett Gullan, Stuart Gunn, Phillip Guy, Jim Halastanis, Chris Hall, Geoff Hall, Eammon Hamilton, Hanan Hamoui, Christopher Hankin, Ben Hansen, Sandra Harbor, Ben Harborow, Meighan Hardiman, Richard Harding, Ashley Harrington, Michael Harris, Pauline Harris, Clint Harrison, Michael Harvey, Katrina Hassall, Chris Hastings, Robert Hatvani, Thomas Hatvani, Kris Hauge, William Hay, Nicole Hayes, Jacqui Henderson, Ravi Henderson, Mark Henham, Clinton Herman, David Hicks, Greg Higginbotham, Suzanne Higginbotham, Elizabeth Hills, Filip Hills, Helen Ho, Tommy Ho, Daniel Hodges, Rohanne Hodges, Jonathon Hoel, Martin Hoel, Patricia Hollo, Vanessa Hollo, Chris Holt, Martin Holt, Victoria Holt, Elizabeth Hoye, Tony Hoye, Troy Hudson, Matthew Hughes, Emily Husodo, Jenny Husodo, Nur Farina Husodo, Oscar Husodo, Nicholas Ibrahim, David Ihle, Christopher Ikin, David Imberger, Michael Ingvanson, Leigh Irish, Andrew Irwin, Adrian James, Ashley Jaworski, Andrew Jeffs, Eli Jellett, Kate Jennings, Kurt Jensen, Scott Jensen, Natalie Jeuric, Ben Johnson, Tom Johnson, Joshua Johnston, Greg Jones, Stephen Jones, Tim Jordan, Nedim Kabas, Mary Kalathenos, Rita Kambakidis, Sasha Kaminiski, Con Karagiorgios, Jim Karapanos, Anna Karathanasis, Steven Katzourakis, Rod Kenafacke, Arthur Kerrey, Kieran Kilmartin, Lucas Kilmartin, Sheana Kilmartin, John Kitson, Andrew Klaussner, Mandy Koh, Wayne Kolar, Mary Kondoyiannis, Voula Kondoyiannis, Tania Kondres, Lily Kong, Con Kostopoulos, Gerry Kourtesis, Philip Kravaritis, Evan Kyriakou, Marc La Frenais, Melissa La Frenais, Jack Lai, Jason Lai, Tracey Lam, Bill Lawford, Davik Lawton, Tam Le, Siggy Le Vin, Brett Lear, Aaron Lee, Philippa Lee Dow, Dina Liberis, Gareth Lieberman, Jennifer Lightfoot, Christine Lin, Geoff Lin, Joseph Lin, Sylvia Lin, Andrew Lindsay, Colleen Litchfield, Kathleen Litchfield, Keryn Litchfield, Simeon Lloyd, David Longmuir, Travis Longmuir, Tim Lovitt, Adrian Lowe, Matthew Lowe, Ned Lukic, Annie Ly, Hout Ly, Mandy Ly, Matthew Lynch, Rebecca Lynne-Howlett, Sonia Macaro, Amy Mach, Gerard Mack, Alistair MacLeod, Ian MacLeod, Jessica MacLeod, Tim Main, Christine Malin, Sina Malki, Gerry Mantalvanos, Helen Mantamadiotis, Andrew Manton, Geoff Manton, Ian Manton, Andrew Mantzaris, Yvette Marcelle, Gillian Marchbank, Joanne Marchbank, Philippa Marchbank, Matthew Marsland, Janet Matheson, Leigh Matheson, Robyn Matheson, Flora Mathiesson, Josie Mathiesson, Jasmine McClelland, Jane McCokell, Clifton McCokell, Gavin McCormack, John McCrohan, Dean McDonald, Robert McGurk, Luke Melldowney, Paul Melldowney, John McInnis, Cameron McIntosh, Fiona McIntosh, Michelle McIntosh, Cameron McLean, Malcolm McMahon, David McRobert, Toni McSweeney, Nick Menelaou, Kelly Menker, Andrew Merrick, Alan Micheli, Jim Mihailidis, David Miller, Lawrence Miller, Alistair Mills, Kate Mills, Simone Milner, Danielle Minogue, Fiona Miovich, Ashley Missen, Rodney Missen, Samantha Muir, Chris Mizzi, Mark Molloy, Paul Molnar, Stephen Molnar, Caleb Montesalvo, Bruce Moore, Ross Moore, Toby Moore, Glenn Mortimer, Angela Mortyn, James Mouras, Rachel Muir, Samantha Muir, Sean Muir, Devashish Mukherji, Richard Munro, David Myers, Zac Myers, Robert Nadalin, Sarah Neale, Paul Neilsen, Torquil Neilson, Andrew Newcombe, Susan Newcombe, Paul Newton, Diem Quynh Nguyen, Dung Nguyen, Huong Nguyen, Thuy Nguyen, Tuyen Nguyen, Van Dung Nguyen, Van Tung Nguyen, Vinh Nguyen, Mandy Niblett, Anthony Niemann, Asher Niven, Gabby O'Connor, Brigid O'Grady, Dan O'Grady, Kate O'Keefe, Michael O'Keefe, Kate O'Sullivan, Meghan O'Sullivan, Natasha O'Sullivan, Nick Oddy, John Olah, Craig Oldham, James Oliver, Michael Overall, David Owen, Jenny Pankhurst, Johnny Papamichael, John Papoulas, Trevor Patrick, George Patrikios, Andrew Paul, Jeremy Paul, Roger Paul, Andre Paulse, Ben Pearcey, Jennifer Perkins, Kathryn Perry, Louie Petropoulos, Ben Pfisterer, Huong Pham, Nicholas Phelan, Lisa Phillips, Natalie Phillips, Renee Phillips, Jamie Phua, Jason Phua, Craig Pile, Glenn Pile, Anthony Piperkos, William Platt, Darren Poke, Jason Pollock, Peter Pollock, Judy Prager, Sage Presser, Ben Prior, Jillian Prior, Corinne Prosko, Jane Purvis, Benjamin Pusey, Paul Quail, Matthew Rasmussen, Dario Rath, Brett Reed, Ariela Reeh, Daniel Ricciuti, Emilio Ricciuti, Andrew Robinson, Kendall Robinson, Paul Romas, Ivana Ross, Tim Ross, Paul Rossito, Andrew Rotsikas, Jimmy Routsis, Ramonds Rucizitis, Steven Ryan, Daniel Ryvitch, Jared Ryvitch, Shandana Sadiqul, Dominic Salisbury, Warren Sanders, Andrew Savage, Georgiana Savino, Samantha Scheiwe, Catherine Scholes, Lisa Scholes, Andrew Scott, Natalie Scott, Warren Scott, Nicholas Sebold, Chris Secretan, Harry Sfougaristos, Tessa Shanley, Chris Sharp, Louise Sharp, Duncan Sherman, Russell Shields, Karl Slegling, Lee Simos, Ben Simpfendorfer, Jed Simpfendorfer, Jolyon Simpson, Jolyon Sinclair, Ranjit Singh, Bill Sioulas, Con Sioulas, Steven Strandalellis, Angelo Skantzios, Peter Skantzios, Paul Sklavennitis, Harry Sklavounos, Arthur Skliris, Aaron Slade, Paul Slade, Matthew Sloan, Caroline Smith, Kathy Smith, Richard Shell, Blake Sonderhof, Hugh Sonderhof, Chris Sonnesson, Paul Sopkioitis, Jim Sotriopoulos, Andrew Spencer, Christian Stacey, Kiri Staples, Peter Stavropoulos, Aglaia Stavroulakis, Peter Stavroulakis, Alethia Stephens, Darcy Stephens, Trent Stirling, Daniel Strainic, John Strainic, Cameron Strathdee, Joanna Strauss, Kate Strauss, Jesse Streeter, Jenny Sturgess, Philippe Sturrock, Greta Sutherland, Kate Sutherland, Thomas Sutherland, Nigel Swifte, Michelle Tabbemee, David Takacs, Matthew Tama, Jurgen Tauchert, Melinda Taylor, Ryan Taylor, Bronwyn Tempest, Tia Tenis, Mara Tenis, Ranil Tennakoon, Rohan Tennakoon, Paul Ter, Peter Terakakis, James Thompson, Kathryn Thompson, Melanie Thompson, Annie To, Craig Tonkin, Daniel Tonkin, Mario Tomelara, Aaron Tracey, Con Trahanas, Anthony Tramonite, Pauline Tran, Tony Tran, Nick Tribe, Tommy Trickey, Veronica Troup, Chu Truong, Mary Tsitsanis, Minh Tuong, Rene Turnbull, Michael Van Burch, Mark Van Trett, Angelo Varelos, Jenny Velissaris, Henry Venri, Erika Verbanaz, Valeria Verbanaz, Misha Verplak, Jamie Victor, Sourisak Vilay, Julie Vlachos, Ruth Vlachos, Philip Vlahogiannis, Robert Vodopivec, George Vourazellis, Sandra Vulic, Chris Walker, Jamie Walker, Jeanette Walker, Kellie Walker, Katie Wallace, Bryan Watson, David Watson, Tim Watson, Brendan Webb, Simon Welch, Jenny Weller, Matthew Welsh, Jodie Wentworth, John West, Justin West, Julian Westcott, Darren Weston, Sallyanne Weston, Ingo Wieben, Carter Williams, Caren Wilson, David Wilson, Peter Wilson, Christopher Windsor, Stuart Winstarley, Mabel Wong, Marianne Worley, Lee-ling Wu, Judy Xi, Amanda Yeo, Peter Young, Rohan Young, Damien Zanic

