

.. ALL OF US!

Sandra Aarons, Rebbecca Abrahams, Brooke Adams, Katherine Adams, Charmaine Adams, Nicholas Adams, Andrew Aedo, Natalie Agnew, Kathryn R. Agnew, Cameron Agnew, Stelios Aidonopoulos, Angela Aiken, Craig Allan, Catherine Allan, David Allan, Justin Allen, Lisa Anderson, Christopher Andrews, Mervin Antoni, Con Apostolopoulos, Sam Arambatzis, Vayia Arambatzis, Peter Arhontogiorgis, Rocky Armstrong, Amanda A. Ashby, Mahesh Aswani, Chris Badenach, David Badger, Lisa-Maree Bahls, John Bakas, Amie Baker, Arwen Baker, Marnie Baker, David Baker, Emma J. Baker, Christopher P. Baker, Nathalie Balemian, Mourad Balemian, Sara J. Ball, Anna Banh, Marshall Barker, Daniel J. Barker, Sharon Barnett, Sally-Anne Barrett, Paul Barton, James R. Baum, David Bear, Glenn I. Beaumont, Nick Bell, Gemma Bender, Joshua Benson, James Benson, Namila Benson, Nadia Berkaooui, Nadine Berry, Michael Berry, Jason Biggs, Jason Billings, David Billings, Emma Binks, Sophie Binks, William J. Binks, Lina Birrell, Chris Bishop, Dario Biviano, Benjamin Blaschka, Trent Bolton, Alastair Bond, Sarah Bond, Andrew S. Botham, Nikoleta Bourgiaris, Tristan Boyle, Jolyon Boyle, Louise Braby, Ian Braby, Simeon Branca, Emily M. Briant, Stephanie Briggs, Anthony Britter, Jamie J. Broderick, Christopher Brooks, Sam Brown, Heath Brown, Samantha M. Bruni, Catherine Buckmaster, Thanh Bui, Winston P. Burchall, Daniel Burgoyne, Robbie Burns, Sean Bussell, Liam Bussell, Jan-Paul Buxton, Anouree Byrne, Philip Cadman, Ben Cain, Dino Calcagno, David Campbell, Timothy Campbell, Jane Carpenter, Vanessa Carrington, Melalani Carroll, Adam L. Carter, Amanda Cartwright, Matthew Cartwright, Joseph Caruso, Ana Casiano, Bryan Chan, Andy (ka-Hing) Chan, Michael Chang, Fai B. Chang, Fai L. Chang, Shane Charleston, Gregory Chintock, Scott Chirnside, Eva Cho, Sunny Cho, Ada Chong, Derrick Choy, Helena Choy, Miranda Choy, Danielle Christie, Jim Christopoulos, Jamie Churchill, Yani Civiti, Nicole Clark, Blair Collins, Anastasia Constantinou, Natalia J. Coote, Georgia Cornish, Marc Coulter, Sean Counihan, Ryan Counihan, Isabell Courteau, Nathan Crawford-Condle, Fiona A. Cresswell, Antony Cross, Matthew Cudmore, Justin Cudmore, Jordan Cullis, Peta Currie, Lai Dancer, Aphideth Daravong, Karyn R. Davidson, William Davies, Adam S. Dawes, Bradley Dean, Cindi-Lee Dean, David Debono, Dennis Deckas, Che Degenhardt, Marcus Demko, Paul Demko, Dimitry Dimas, Erric Dimatos, Daniel Dodson, Russell Doreian, Lainie Dorembs, Alexander Douglas, Sam Drake, Simone Drake, Ross A. Duffy, Allison Duncan, James Duncan, George Dunn, Paul Dunn, Hung Duong, Kirsten Dzwiza, Joanne Eddington, Megan Edwards, Rebecca Edwards, David Ellis, Benjamin Emmett, Claudia Engel, Jacqueline England, Michael Entwisle, Daniel Entwisle, Andrew Erskine, Stuart Evans, Gregory Evans, Jonathon Evans, Craig Everard, Dale Ewert, George Exintaris, Betty Exintaris, Richard Faul, Nicole Fausten, Quentin Feast, Peter Ferguson, Shane Ferguson, John Filosoglou, Julian Firminger, Terry Flores, Christina Flores, Fung W. Foo, Shane W. Foster, Simon Foster, Julian Foster, Jesse Foster, Katrina Fox, Russell A. Fox, Daniel Frankel, Scott Fraser, Jason Fulton-Jones, Mathew L. Fulton-Jones, Marcus Fung, Benjamin Gadsden, Tracey Gadsden, Anthony Gadsden, Ashley Gale, Vicki Gallis, Ruth E. Gamble, Ari Ganas, Harry Genevezos, Harry Genovezos, Pota Genovezos, Chris Genovezos, John Georgakopoulos, Susan Georgiou, Jagvir Gill, Luke Gill, Adam Gilmour, Nina Ginsberg, Christen Gitzen, Matthew S. Godden, Leigh Gold, Sasha Golubovic, Vanessa Gordon, Jimmy Goris, Dominic Goss, Vicki Gottliebsen, Danny Gounis, Philip Gowan, Simon Gowling, Jim Grammatikas, Renae L. Grant, Cathy Grayson, Sarah I. Green, Caroline Green, Melissa Green, Antanas Grincevicius, Andrew Gritscher, Thomas Gritscher, Gabrielle Gronn, Clare L. Grover, Phil Grunberg, Francoise Guerin, Nick Guthrie, Joshua Guy, Tieu-Binh Ha, Dung Ha-, Robin Hajek, Jim Halastanis, Christopher Hall, Geoffrey Hall, Matthew Hamilton, Damien Hammet, Timothy Hammond, Ben Harborow, James D. Harcourt, Paul Harmat, Pauline S. Harris, Clint Harrison, Michael Harvey, Philip Harvey, Justin Hasek, Chris Hastings, Nicholas Hastings, Stuart Hatton, Robert Hatvani, James R. Hawthorn, Christopher Hay, William Hay, Mark M. Henderson, Vijay S. Henderson, Ravi Henderson, Mark Henham, Mikkel Henriksen, Clinton Herman, Liana Herman, Belinda Herwood, Greg Higginbotham, Suzanne Higginbotham, Hannah Hill, Felicity Hillis, Elizabeth Hillis, Van-Yung Ho-, Rohanne Hodges, Adrian Hoel, Jonathan Hoel, Martin Hoel, Kristina Hoel, Alvis Hohlweg, Matthew P. Holcomb, Vanessa Hollo, Martin Holt, Rohan Holt, David Horne, Anthony M. Hoye, Matthew Hughes, Craig Hughes, Stephanie Hulme, Jenny Husodo, Emily Husodo, Huu-Duy Huynh, Nicholas Ibrahim, David Ihle, David J. Ingram, Bradleigh Itter, Adrian James, Andrew Jeffs, Emma Jenkins, Kurt Jessen, David Johnson, Diera Johnson, Amy Johnson, Ben Johnson, Joshua Johnston, Jonathon P. Johnston, Stuart Jones, Toby Jones, Gregory M. Jones, Santiago Jong, Mary Kalathenos, Con Karagiorgios, Arthur Katra, Steven Katzourakis, Marina Kelaart, Justine Kelley, Rod Kenafacke, Wayne Kenafacke, Patrick Kendall, Jodie Kennon, Claire Khelfaoui, Lucas Kilmartin, Sheana E. Kilmartin, Bradley Kilpatrick, Adrian King, John Kitson, Scott Kitson, Amanda (Mandy) Koh, Yuri K. Koh, Jamie Kolar, Wayne Kolar, Tania Kondres, Lily Kong, Con Kotsopoulos, Gerry Kourtessis, Phillip Kravaritis, Jeremy Kwan, Evangelos Kyrkou, Melissa La Frenais, Jack Lai, Jason B. Lal, Tracey Lam, Eric M. Lam, Margaret Larkin, Daivik Lawton, Hoi-Du Le-, Phuong M. Le-, Thi-Phuong Le-, Tam Le-, Uyen Le-, Adam R. Learmont, Aaron Lee, Chris Lee, Julian Lee, Pippa Lee Dow, Paul Leeman, Sarah Leigh Elizabeth A. Lewis, Gareth Lieberman, Jennifer Lightfoot, Howard Lim, Geoff Lin, David C. Lin, Joseph Lin, Sylvia (mi-Tai) Lin, Cameron Litchfield, Colleen Litchfield, Julian Littler, Simeon Lloyd, Travis Longmuir, David Longmuir, Jennifer Longmuir, John Lourenco, Sonia Lourenco, Tim Lovitt, Matthew Lowe, Nathan Lowe, Annie Lu, Jeremy Lu, Sherry Lu-, Grace Lu-, Phong Luu, Thi-Tuyet Luu, Tuong Luu, Mathew I. Lynch, Sonia Macaro, Tuyet-Binh Mach, Amy Mach, Sonny Mach, Rohan Mack, Jessica Macleod, Alistair Macleod, Ian T. Macleod, Ashley Magnus, Frank Maguire, Tim Main, Steve J. Malcolm, Gerry Mantalvanos, Denise Mantalvanos, Ian Manton, Andrew Mantzaris, Shane A. Manzie, Yvette M. Marcelle, Philippa Marchbank, Gillian Marchbank, Matthew Marsland, Cara Martin, Natalie J. Marvin, Jamie Masterson, Robyn Matheson, Leigh Matheson, Flora Matthiesson, David Mawson, Andrew J. McCulloch, Paul McAlpin, Sean M. McCarthy, Jane McCorkell, John McCrohan, Daniel McCubbin, Scott McCubbin, Luke McElDowney, John McInnis, Cameron McIntosh, Antony R. McKay, Rachel McKellar, Michael C. McKenzie, Cameron McLean, Elsa McLean, Malcolm McMahon, Megan McMahon, Toni McSweeney, Nick Menelaou, Andrew Menelaou, Jim Mihailidis, David Millar, Lawrence Miller, Jacqueline D. Minator, Jason L. Minator, Fiona Miovich, Ashley Missen, Christopher A. Mister, Chris Mizzi, Caleb Montesalvo, Tobias Moore, Cameron Moore, Naomi L. Morris, Angela Mortyn, Rachel Muir, Samantha Muir, Gerard R. Mulholland, Richard Munro, Alexander Murray, Emilia Murray, Zac Myers, Sarah Neale, Torquil Neilson, Leigh Nelson, Susan Newcombe, Paul Newton, Silas Ng-, Cornelia Ng-, Ming-Hoi-James Ngan, Lan Ngo, Chan-Thi Nguyen, Huong Nguyen, Quynh Nguyen, Tuyen Nguyen, Jung Nguyen, Linh Nguyen, Thuy Nguyen, Kellie V. Nguyen, Nam Nguyen, Minh-Van Nguyen, Thi-Thuy-Trinh Nguyen, Paula A. Nicoll, Anthony Niemann, Asher Niven, Anthony D. Nowlan, Susanna M. Nyborg, Sean O'Brien, Maya O'Callaghan, Brett O'Donnell, Brigid O'Grady, Kate O'Keefe, Bridie O'Neill, Kate O'Sullivan, Meghan O'Sullivan, Nick P. Oddy, Craig Oldham, Simon M. Olive, James Oliver, Robert Oliver, Chen-Nam Ong, Christopher T. Orlando, David Orlando, Michael P. Overall, Lee-Anne Page, Johnny Papamichael, John Papoulias, Jeremy Paull, Roger Paull, Ben Pearcey, Justine G. Pell, Christopher Percy, Jennifer A. Perkins, Kathryn Perry, Louie Petropoulos, Rohan P. Pfisterer, David Pham, Duc-Thang Pham, Thanh Phan, Stephanie (Sandra) Phan, Natalie Phillips, Andrew Phillips, Glen Pile, Anthony Piperkos, Gianhi Poc, Dan Poc, Darren Poke, Jason Pollock, Vanessa Pollock, Katie Porthouse, Tony Potocnjak, Margaret Potocnjak, Antonia Potocnjak, Mara Potocnjak, John Prappas, Sage Presser, Justin Presser, Jeremy Prien, Jonathan P. Prien, Kate Priest, Jillian B. Piror, Benjamin Prior, Corinne Proske, Pierre Proske, Cameron Purton, Jared Purton, Dao Quach, Paul Quaipe, Carrie Quaipe, Marcus Quartel, Dallas Raft, Matthew Rasmussen, Nicholas Rasmussen, Dario Rath, Jennifer Redgen, Trevor J. Redgen, Hayden Reeh, Arieta S. Reeh, Adar Riley, Andrew Robinson, Kandall Robinson, Emma Rodenburg, Orlando Rodriguez, Mandy Romney, Natalie Rose, Damien Rose, Paul Rossitto, Melissa Rossitto, Andrew Rotsikas, Raimonds J. Rudzitis, Bettina Ruhland, Colin Russell, Steven Ryan, Jared Ryvitch, Daniel Saldaner, Gui Salgado, Maria Salgado, Leigh Saly, Simone Sandell, Warren Sanders, Andrew Savage, Georgiana Savige, Lisa M. Savige, Catherine A. Scholes, Warren Scott, Benjamin Scott, Camer M. Setchell, Tess J. Shanley, Louise A. Sharp, Gareth Shaw, Samantha Shaw, Emma Sheehan, Ben Shenton, Duncan Sherman, Bruce Sherman, Luke Sherman, Russell B. Shields, Joseph SHirley, Alexander Shuttleworth, Jenna Shuttleworth, Dylan Shuttleworth, Gabriel Silver, Daniel Simos, Jason Simos, Benjamin Simpfendorfer, Jed Simpfendorfer, Jolyon Sinclair, Harbindar Singh, Sanjeev K. Singh, Satbinder Singh, Ranjit Singh, Con Sioulas, Ganesh T. Sithrasenan, Yasophtha Sithrasenan, Steven Skandalellis, Angelo Skatzos, Paul Sklavenitis, Harry Sklavounos, Barbara Skolarikis, Aaron M. Slade, Matthew J. Sloan, Siriwi Somprasong, Blake Sonderhof, Andrew Spencer, Carroll Spyropoulos, Betty Spyropoulos, Daniel Stanning, Fleur Stephens, Matthew Stephenson, Hiromi A. Stone, Jaimey Strathdee, Cameron Strathdee, Alistair STraughan, Kathryn Strauss, Jennifer Sturgess, Jamie Sutherland, Thomas D. Sutherland, Greta J. Sutherland, Joanne Swansborough, Phillip A. Swansborough, Mark A. Swift, Nigel Swift, Benjamin Swiggs, Michelle Tabbernee, Pave Taborsky, Raymond Tack, Tom Tahos, David Takacs, Daniel Tame, Joanne Tame, Matthew Tame, Nanthaporn Tanmahapran, Permporn Tanmahdran, David Tantis, Cassian Taylor, Ryan M. Taylor, Gwyneth S. Teh, Ilze Tenis, Ranil Tennakoon, Han-Yuan R. Teo, Sacha Teschendorf, Thawat Thanasampatti, Christina Theodoropoulos, James Thompson, Adrian C. Thompson, Rachael J. Thompson, Jacquelyn Timbury, Annie To, Craig Tonkin, Daniel Tonkin, Martin Toomey, Alberico Tornatora, Mario Tornatora, Aaron J. Tracey, Thuc-Nhi Tran, Tony Tran, Pauline (Thuc-Phung) Tran, David J. Tremewen, Djad A. Trenery, Tamara Trickey, Melanie Trickey, Veronica J. Troup, Wendy Truong, Chu Truong, Terry Tsakiridis, Maria Tsitsanis, Hans T. Tu, Steven Tuong, Jem Turemis, Rene Turnbull, Lana Turner, Robert D. Turney, Anthony E. Tyzack, Cameron Van Burck, Michael Van Burck, Sacha Vanderwaard, Adam Vanderwaard, Angelo Varelas, Louie Vassos, Erkki Veltheim, Inka S. Veltheim, Valeria Verbanaz, Ruth Vlachos, Julie Vlachos, Stavroula S. Vronis, Sandra Vulic, Vy Vuong, Christopher Walker, Jamie Walker, Harry Walker, Tanya Walters, Mathew Ward, Tiffany K. Ward, Rachel Watson, Carl Watson, Stuart Watson, Amanda L. Watt, Aaron Watts, Brendan L. Webb, Andrew Welch, Simon Welch, Ming-Shen Weng, Jodie Wentworth, Benjamin Westcott, Julian Westcott, Sallyanne Weston, Christopher P. White, Sean White, John P. Whiteman, Darshan Wijesekera, Carter Williams, Emerlia Wilmot, Christopher J. Windsor, Stuart Winstanley, Sara E. Woods, Benjamin Woolhouse, Bevis Worcester, marianne Worley, Luis-Andrew Worley, Kirsty Wright, Lee-Ting Wu, William Yau, Chih-Kuang Yen, Yeuk-Kei B. Yeung, Rohan Young, Lain Zanker.

WELCOME TO CAMBERWELL HIGH!

- 1989 -



Tervetuloa

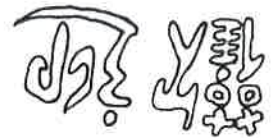
Καλησπέρα

Benvenuto!



Wilkommen!

BEM VINDO



Chào đón các bạn!!

Selamat datang

Bienvenue!

MABUHAY

CULTURAL DIVERSITY

'Culture is everything that is socially learned and shared by members of a society. It includes knowledge, beliefs, art, morality, law, customs and behaviour.'

Australia is a multicultural nation with many ethnic groups. These immigrant groups try to maintain their own customs and culture, while at the same time try to adapt and fit into their new homeland.

Observing the environment, we are able to see the different cultural groups which make up our society. Ethnic groups find it difficult to integrate into the Australian society and identify themselves with the Australian culture. What is the Australian culture? Australia is made of so many ethnic groups, with various customs, that it is difficult to determine what THE Australian culture really is.

A youth comes to Australia from a non-English speaking country. S/he may feel that, because of the language barrier, s/he doesn't belong. When, and if, s/he does adapt to the new culture s/he will be torn between two cultures. The youth is faced with adapting to the new culture, fitting in with his/her peers and new way of life, or neglecting his/her native culture. Youth of today find it difficult to balance out the two cultures. Conflict of values, customs and commitment may arise.

Have you noticed that ethnic groups stick together? They feel afraid of being rejected and intimidated because they don't fit in with society. Does society give them a chance? Do we make them feel wanted? It is no wonder that ethnic groups stay within their cultural confines.

It is idealistic to think that all cultural groups could live harmoniously together. This is impossible as human nature would not allow it.

When you call someone a 'wog' and mean to hurt or degrade the person, put yourself in their position. No-one likes to be humiliated. With some effort by both groups, take the time to get to know people, as you may learn something from their culture and heritage.

Valeria Verbanaz, Year 12

MULTICULTURALISM

Multiculturalism means many cultures, it means people coming from all over the world to live in one country because it offers hope and freedom and a chance to have a better life than the one they are already living. The many different cultures represent the contributions that the immigrants can make to their new country.

Julian Foster, Year 10

Racism at Camberwell High School is fortunately not a major problem only very rarely does it rear its ugly head. It is common to see Asians and Europeans associating in groups of their own race. This to some Anglo-Saxon Australians is the major cause of negative attitudes directed towards migrants. Obviously these bigoted Australians have not examined the reasons behind this behaviour. Migrants quite naturally feel more comfortable being in the presence of people of their own race and having similar beliefs, values and culture. Life is an alienating society, is harsh to say the least. If we all strive to understand other people's beliefs and history, perhaps Camberwell High could become an example to the larger community.

Toby Moore, Year 11

RACISM

Racism is really a major issue in today's society. Different people from different multicultural backgrounds are somehow always against each other for superiority. Racism also plays a major role in school, especially when the school has lots of multicultural students. In my opinion, the school should really mix the young students together and discuss to them about different nationalities and cultures so when they are old enough, they will understand. I think Camberwell High is one of the best multicultural schools I have been to. At my other school, there was a lot of discrimination. I can remember being called a "Nip" and also calling other students "Stinky Wog". So really, a school with racism is not the place to be educated or to make new friends, but a place of hatred and war.

Anon.

OUR MULTICULTURAL SCHOOL — C.H.S.

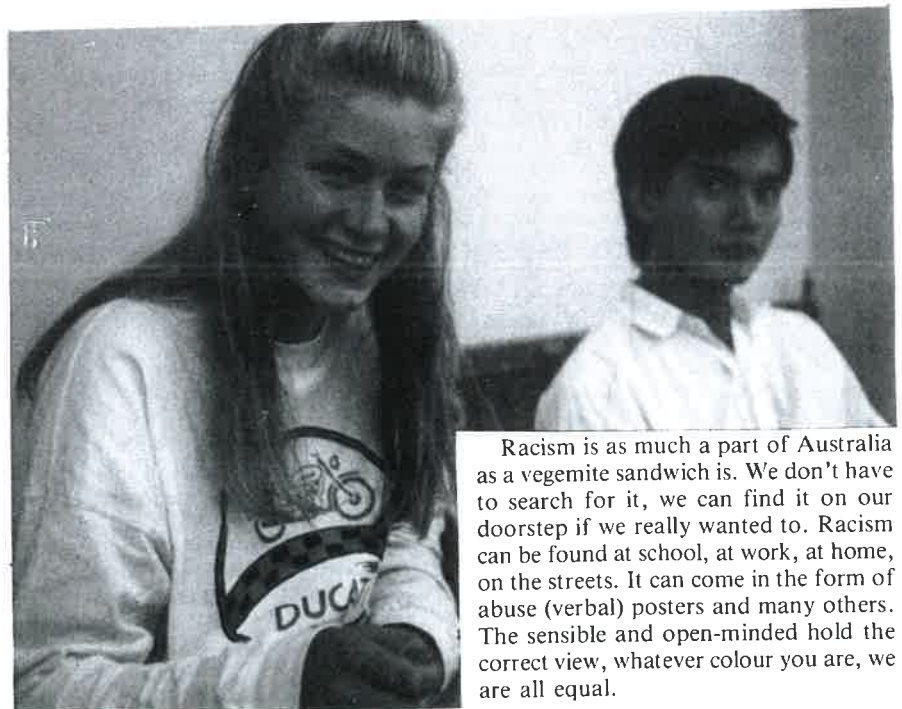
Some interesting statistics were revealed this year as the Non-English Speaking Background Census was being completed for the Ministry of Education.

We have 749 students enrolled at C.H.S.

- 322 students have one or both parents born overseas
- 137 students were born overseas.
- 178 students do not use English as their main language at home.

These students and their parents come from the following countries: Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Lithuania, France, Latvia, Austria, Estonia, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Croatia, Cyprus, Malta, Turkey, Bulgaria, Holland, Germany, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Wales, Morocco, China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, Vietnam, India, Sri Lanka, Singapore, East Timor, Laos, Philippines, Papua New Guinea, Pakistan, West Africa, South Africa, Mauritius, Egypt, Argentina, Mexico, Chile, Curacao and U.S.A.

We also have one Aboriginal student. We are proud to be a multicultural school. Those of us who consider ourselves "fair dinkum Aussies" need only look back in our own family trees to find our ancestors came to this country from all over the world. Australia has been host to all of us in the past 200 years and it is on this basis that we should keep our hearts and minds open to the riches and advantages a multicultural community can bring.



Racism is as much a part of Australia as a vegemite sandwich is. We don't have to search for it, we can find it on our doorstep if we really wanted to. Racism can be found at school, at work, at home, on the streets. It can come in the form of abuse (verbal) posters and many others. The sensible and open-minded hold the correct view, whatever colour you are, we are all equal.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

1989 has seen the building plans of previous years become reality. At the end of Term 1 work commenced on the upgrade of the administration area and the construction of the two new classrooms which will provide a link between the two main wings at first floor level.

The hope that this work would be completed before the close of this year has not been realized as there have been delays which seem to be always present with this kind of building project. However both staff and students have worked well together so that the inconvenience of the building process has not hindered the ongoing life of the school. At the time of writing this, immediately following the Term III vacation, there remains much still to be done but with the modification to the Music and staff areas in progress we can begin to see the school as it will be when the improvements are complete.

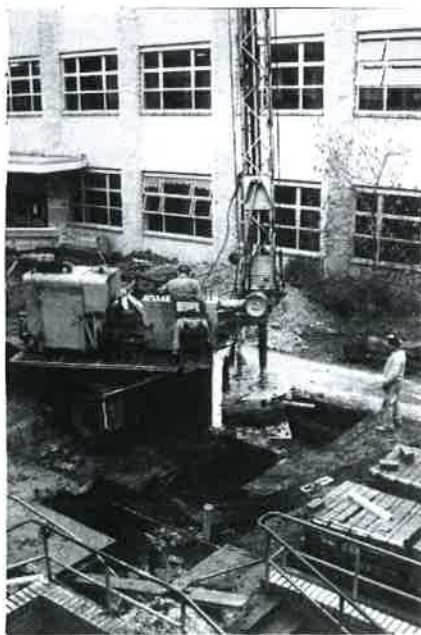
This year too has seen the redevelopment of the terrace area separating the basketball courts from the oval. School Council, together with the Parents Association, provided the means to enable the purchase of seats and trees to make this area a pleasant recreation space for students.

There has been much activity too in planning curriculum changes in line with government policy. Staff have contributed greatly to the development of new courses in all subject areas and have prepared for the introduction of Australian studies in 1990.

A feature of this year has been the active participation of so many students in the school and house activities. Increased opportunities have been gladly accepted and the Student Representative Council and the House Captains are to be congratulated for their excellent leadership which produced such enthusiastic support.

Years spent at High School are a small part of a normal life span. Yet in retrospect many people recall them as significant years. Camberwell High School continues to provide worthy experiences which will be remembered with a pleasant sense of achievement.

Ann S. Rusden
Principal



SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council has the responsibility for shaping policy for the School. However, it does not do this in isolation. In fact, Council strongly encourages interaction between other school agencies, such as the Curriculum Committee and Parents and Friends Association.

In the centrally important area of curriculum, there is strong interaction between the Curriculum Committee, the format for the teaching staff to develop curriculum policy, and the Council's Education Committee, a forum for parents, staff and students. The policy pathway of Curriculum Committee — Education Committee — Council is a well trodden one.

Council has been active in its support of the work of the P.F.A. It has welcomed and encouraged initiatives of the P.F.A. such as the Curriculum Evening held in term 2 and the Year 7 Parents Meeting (held in early September). Council endorsed the P.F.A.'s suggestion that a jacket be added to the school uniform, and received reports on parents opinion on a whole range of issues, including the Ministry's "name change" proposal.

The building programme has been a regular agenda item for Councils this year. Reports are received from the Buildings and Grounds Committee and the Principal, and on the basis of these decisions are made which directly affect the building additions and renovations.

Led by parent representative Sam Ginsberg, the fundraising effort continues. The object is to have a gymnasium built for the Jubilee year, 1991.

Council meetings are busy, lively affairs. Discussion moves across the whole range of issues, from immediate, practical issues such as building and ground maintenance, the monthly payment of accounts and purchasing of equipment, to the setting of long term goals, programme planning and the more to co-operative arrangements with neighbouring schools.

The 1989 Council consists of:
President: Prof. Kwong Lee Dow
Vice President: Phillippa McLean
Executive Officer: Ann Rusden
Treasurer: Lindsay Evans
Parents: Errol Firminger, Sam Ginsberg, Barbara Gronn, Cliff Malcolm, Barry Prior, Ralph Simpfendorfer.
Staff: Birgit Dean, Olwyn Gray, Ed MacAulay, Maureen Salter, Geoff Sinclair, John Worcester.
Students: James Baum, Gilliam Marchbank, Duncan Sherman.
P.F.A.: Sue Simpfendorfer.
Co-Opted: Noel Bear, Keith Moore.

G. Sinclair

THE DAY THE VIDEO WENT MISSING

Extracts from the diary of the Deputy Principal and Acting Principal (Term 2) Mr. Geoff Sinclair.

There were looks of consternation and bewilderment around the D.P.'s office. Where was it? It was in Room 8 last night. In fact, according to the cleaner, it **may** have been in Room 8 this morning. But it certainly wasn't there now, at 8.45a.m.

The T.V. was still there, perched on its scarecrow stand, but in the place of the V.C.R. which produced all those historical, geographical, scientific and (above all) educational pictures, there was a rectangle surrounded by dust.

Perhaps the builders had borrowed it? Could it have been taken to another part of the building? Has the librarian sent it off for a grease and oil change?

The last people to use it were those at the Neighbourhood Watch meeting last night, and they don't "borrow things". On the contrary . . .

By the afternoon, consternation had turned into resignation. It was likely that the ground floor classrooms of the Old Building would survive without the video machine, for one day at least.

Should we call the police? Should we offer a reward? Should we take hostages?

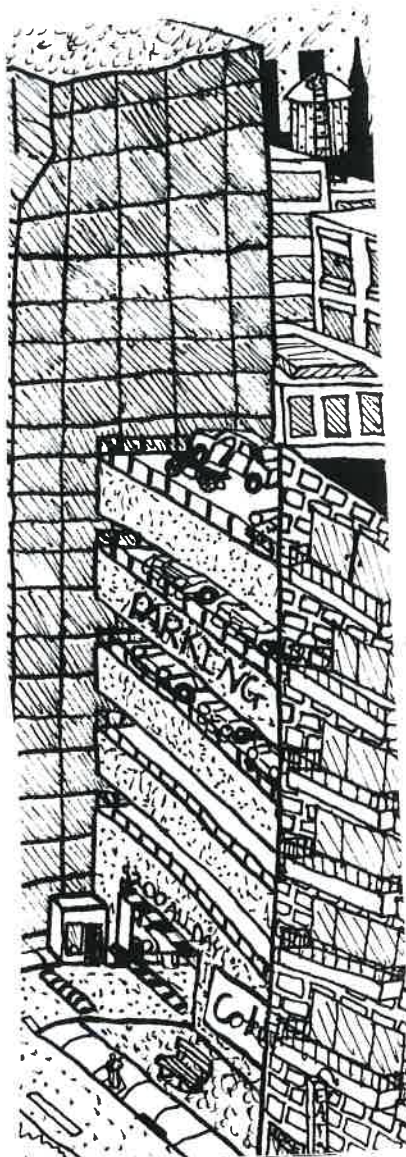
The case of the missing video was urgently added to the agenda of the Year Level Co-ordinators' meeting at 3.30p.m. The gap under the T.V. on the stand was a tangible presence as we debated the issue.

At 4.45p.m. the meeting broke up. The Chief Executive and the almost Chief Executive were deep in conversation outside the door of Room 8 (about you know what) when a man appeared in the corridor, carrying . . . the rectangular black box that makes the T.V. educational. Yes, the video recorder had returned.

The apologetic man was a member of Neighbourhood Watch. At the end of their meeting he had done what any conscientious Neighbourhood Watcher would do — he returned the video to the Camberwell Police Station, from whence (he thought) it had come.

No sir, when you were told to return the video to the Camberwell Police Station after the meeting, it was the video you were to take back, NOT THE . . . video.

The next day the magic pictures re-appeared.



THE DAY THE BRICKS ARRIVED

I am delivering a letter to a student in Room 18. Or was it Room 8? I must see Mrs. Gray about the V.C.E. meeting on Tuesday — I'll drop into her staffroom on the way. Two chaps appear in the foyer — I'll bet they're from the Health Department. They'll want to go over the routine for Tuesday's survey. I must see Mr. Alves about the agenda for tonight's meeting. A red jumper wants to know if a V.T.A.C. form has been handed in. The site manager approacheth. I'm too slow, I can't escape.

"The bricks have arrived."

(I know. Everyone at school knows. I'm sure most of Camberwell knows. In my youth, they threw bricks off the truck and stacked them. Now a very big brick truck with a science fiction claw, driven by a loud engine, dumps them in blocks wired together.)

"But they're the wrong colour."

(They're purple. I'll paint them. Contrasting colours would be a marvellous feature, a real talking point. I'll take them all back to the brickworks in my trailer this weekend. I can't, it's Mum's birthday. I'll have a Buildings and Grounds Committee meeting. Don't panic.)

"Come and have a look at them. See what you think."

(Why me? My sensitivity to colour can only be detected by the most advanced technology. As it turns out they're not purple bricks. They're a browny-pink. They definitely do not match the 1940's and 1960's cream of the existing buildings.)

"The brick company is responsible. But it'll be a month before they can replace them."

(A month! Does that mean the builders will be here for another year? I can't imagine what living without drills, saws, grinders and hammers would be like. The silence would be unsettling.)

I pick up a brick. It is the same colour on all six sides. I get straight to the point:

"It seems to me we have two options here. We either use these bricks or wait for the correct coloured ones."

The site foreman quickly agrees. He is obviously impressed with my appraisal. "Let's wait. Let's wait for the cream bricks."

"O.K. Good idea. There's a huge difference in the colour I reckon."

STORY STARTS WITH THE DAY THE VIDEO WENT MISSING

EDUCATION FOR THE FUTURE AT CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

1990 will see the beginning of an exciting new decade of education. Innovations which affect curriculum structures from the preparatory classes to Year 12 will be widely implemented and as a result, the total learning program will be a coherent whole.

Frameworks is the curriculum program which operates from Prep to Year 10 and is designed to be complementary to the Victorian Certificate of Education, which will be awarded to students who have successfully completed Years 11 and 12.

Partial implementation of the VCE occurs in 1990 when new Study Designs for English, Maths and Australian Studies are introduced.

These study designs, together with those to be introduced in 1991, contain a balance of practical and theoretical work. Their nature is such that a serious commitment is demanded from students in the post-compulsory years. Students will be encouraged to undertake many more self-directed learning tasks than before — tasks which are specified in the Study Designs and which will be undertaken in varying forms by all senior secondary students in Victoria.

Assessment will be closely linked to these learning tasks, with individual grades being assigned to them and their satisfactory completion being noted on the final certificate.

In 1991, the remaining Study Designs will be introduced at Year 11. At this level, the Study Designs are labelled as Units 1 and 2. During the same year, Year 12 students will study a program comprising VCE English and Maths (should they choose the latter), together with a selection from the current Group One offerings. In 1992, Units 3 and 4 of the new VCE Study Designs will be introduced at Year 12 level. Once the VCE is fully operational, students must undertake to satisfactorily complete 16 of the 24 units included in their programs. The units will have been chosen for breadth and depth and with vocational aims in mind.

Staff at Camberwell High School have participated in professional development programs during 1989 so that all is in readiness to begin work in an innovative new decade.

Curriculum Information Evenings are a regular feature of the school calendar and an invitation is always cordially extended to parents and friends to attend these events. Items of curriculum interest are regularly published in the Parents' Bulletin.

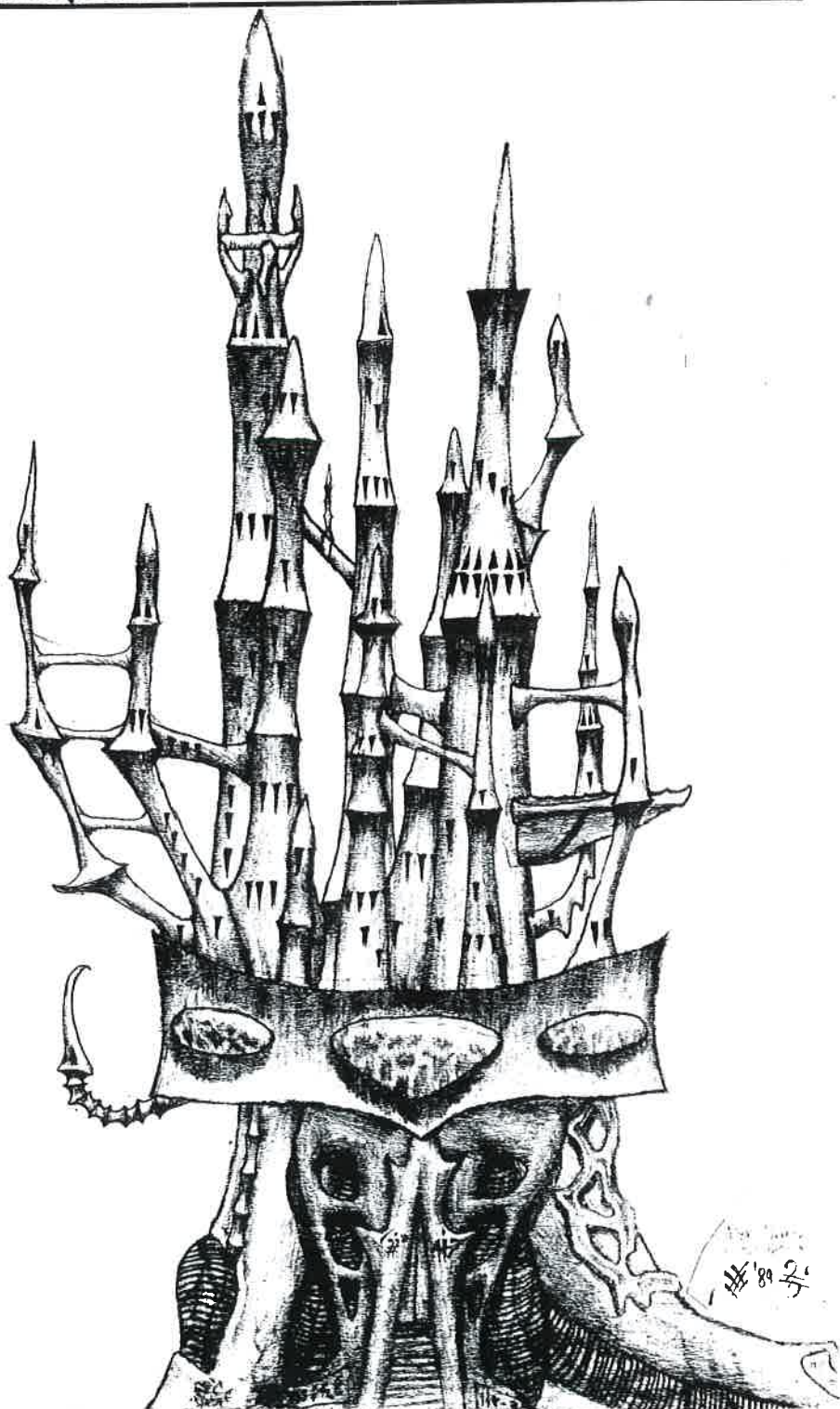
The rapid rate of social change means that the school curriculum must be flexible enough to respond to needs which may not have previously existed. Curriculum change at Camberwell High School always builds on solid educational principles and every effort is made to inform and consult with parents to ensure that all areas of learning are worthwhile, challenging and of enduring relevance.

Olwyn Gray, Curriculum Co-ordinator

VCE

...WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO..

- THE VCE IS A TWO YEAR CERTIFICATE FOR YEARS 11 AND 12. IT IS MADE UP OF SEMESTER OR HALF-YEAR LENGTH UNITS OF STUDY.
- EACH STUDY IS MADE UP OF AT LEAST 4 UNITS OF WORK.
- UNITS 1 AND 2 LEVEL IS THE EQUIVALENT OF YEAR 11. YOU CAN CHOOSE TO DO ONE OR BOTH UNITS AT THIS LEVEL.
- UNITS 3 AND 4 LEVEL IS THE EQUIVALENT TO YEAR 12. YOU HAVE TO DO BOTH UNITS AS A COHERENCE AT THIS LEVEL.
- MOST STUDENTS WILL DO 24 UNITS OVER TWO YEARS. YOU CAN DO EXTRA OR FEWER UNITS AND TAKE MORE TIME TO COMPLETE.
- YOU WILL HAVE TO SELECT WITHIN YOUR 24 UNITS
 - 4 UNITS OF ENGLISH
 - AT LEAST 4 UNITS OF ARTS/HUMANITIES (TWO OF WHICH WILL BE AUSTRALIAN STUDIES).
 - AT LEAST 4 UNITS OF MATHEMATICS/SCIENCE/TECHNOLOGY
- THE IDEA IS TO SELECT A PROGRAM THAT INCLUDES UNITS THAT MEET THE REQUIREMENTS ABOVE PLUS OTHER UNITS THAT ARE APPROPRIATE TO YOUR INTERESTS FOR TERTIARY STUDY TRAINING AND EMPLOYMENT.



S.R.C. REPORT

As my term as S.R.C. President draws to a close I look back upon our year's work, satisfied and proud of what we have achieved.

It was the general understanding of the S.R.C. that it would be unrealistic and frustrating to attempt to change the world during the term of our office. So, giving nothing away in ambition, idealism or enthusiasm we set about making our corner of the world better for our having been there.

Social service became a benefactor of S.R.C. fund raising days such as casual days. Red Nose day and other events. Unhappy with letting funds lie idle in an account, where we decided they did no-one any good, we resolved to use any money we raised to better 'our corner'. Accordingly significant contributions were made to the Royal Children's Hospital Good Friday Appeal in first term, to the education of a Balinese student in second term and to the Peer Support Program throughout the year. All students can be justifiably proud of these efforts as the S.R.C. is representative of all students.

It was heartening to see that the junior S.R.C. members (Years 7, 8, 9) although not the driving forces in the S.R.C., were enthusiastic and eager to learn and contributed throughout the year. Hopefully this momentum will be conserved for when it is eventually their turn to take up the reins of leadership. Should this happen Camberwell High will be in good hands.

I would like to extend to Mr. Sinclair the S.R.C.'s thanks for being a most capable, entertaining and genuinely sincere staff liaison. It is in this area that the S.R.C. must exert itself it is to become a serious force. The Camberwell High community — the students, staff and administration — must learn to work with each other if the school is to reach its full potential and become an enjoyable place to live, learn and grow.

On a more personal note I would like to extend to all the students my gratitude and warmest thanks for their faith in allowing me to represent them. I hope that as the school grows and extends so too do the instances in which the students are sought and volunteer to make a significant contribution to the life of Camberwell High School.

Simon Olive, S.R.C. President 1989



ANZAC DAY — A DAY FOR REMEMBRANCE

The assembly hall was very active as the students and teachers pushed and shoved their way in to grab a seat for the nineteen-eighty-nine Anzac Day assembly. Mr. Sinclair was looking extremely thoughtful, respectful and mindful of what was about to happen. There were many men who died trying to keep Australia free, and in the process, strengthened the country into what it is today.

"Later, when there was leisure, I began to consider the Dardanelles Campaign, not as a tragedy, nor as a mistake, but as a great human effort, which came, more than once, very near to triumph, achieved the impossible many times, and failed in the end, as many great deeds of arms have failed, from something which had nothing to do with arms nor with the men who bore them. That the effort failed is not against it; much that is most splendid in history failed, many great things and noble men have failed. To myself, this failure is the second grand event of the war; the first was Belgium's answer to the German ultimatum."

— John Masefield, Allied Soldier

There were a few foreign children from other countries who spoke on their hardships and troubles of their own countries during the wars. Many lived to tell the tales, many did not. That is the price we have come to pay for war, and we can but hope that it will not happen again. IF W.W.III does come, it will consume, and destroy, us all.

Colin Russell, Year 8D



It was a glorious warm day. Six small faces glanced around smiling shyly at each other. The bell had rung, and a shuffling of many feet broke the silence. Loud voices rang down the corridor, doors opened and closed, and the light above the students' heads flickered in a distressing manner. Then, amidst the shuffling and unfamiliar voices, appeared two friendly faces — those of the peer support leaders. The leaders greeted the younger students and they made their way to 'the house'.

The leaders themselves knew little of what was about to happen — how would these students react? Would they co-operate in the activities? Would they suddenly run wild and fly into a collective rage the minute they entered 'the house'? Time would tell . . .

After playing a few 'ice breaker' games, to melt the ice that the warm glowing sunshine had already helped to thaw, the students began a discussion about the problems and worries of coming to a new school. High school is a whole different world from the safety of primary school.

Students opened up to each other as time went on and nervous giggles developed into sunny laughter. The air smelt warm and of summer, the shapes were cut out clearly by the bright copper sunshine, and the warm breeze tickled the leaves on the trees. With a glance at her watch, the leader realized that it was almost time for the bell, and their first meeting drew to a close. They made sure of the time of their next meeting and then made their way back to school . . .

It was a relief to have the first meeting behind us, — not that it was an unpleasant experience but it was rather a worry. Perhaps now the road would become more smooth and organized, without quite as many hassles related to the timetable for support lessons, and without the hindrance of the many other going-ons in the school curriculum at that time.

The group of students came a long way from that first strained meeting. Six cheeky faces grinned knowingly at the students around them. Although the sun no longer shone so willingly, and the first steady drizzle of winter rain had set in, the ice thawed without the help of the sun, or of the ice-breaker activities. Games were based on trust, leading to honest friendship.

Without a doubt, peer support gave a sense of belonging and security to the newer students in the school, but here at Camberwell there has always been good rapport between senior and junior students. Peer support is simply an added advantage to help integrate the two groups. .

Year 7 I'm sure benefited but I know Year 11 students had a great time. At the training program, we learnt so much about ourselves and our friends. We were able to work with the staff as equals and that was an enjoyable experience.

Without enthusiastic Peer Support Leaders we would not have survived — so thank you Ms. Minack, Mrs. Yannopolous, Mrs. Howson, Mr. Crook, Mr. Loveday, Mrs. Kenneally and especially Mrs. Sinclair for organizing the program. I suggest if you have a chance to be a Peer Support Leader — do it — it's great.

Jane Carpenter and friends, Year 11

PEER SUPPORT



GIRLS' SAY...



In our school community the students all stick together and it is a very close-knit group. However the majority of the students are boys and girls are only a minority. For every girl there are three boys that is the ratio of boys to girls. Although girls are the minority it doesn't discourage the girls from competing in sports, debates, talent quests, and many other competitions, against boys.

When there are competitions such as volleyball or basketball and it is boys against girls immediately the boys are against the girls, each group cheering the group on and backing them up.

That really is the only time when the student body splits up. Students stick with each other and support each another's actions. Being a student from Camberwell is like being in one whole big family. Everyone goes out of their way trying to make students fit in and welcoming new students. There is every type of activity suited for particular students. Everyone is made to feel welcomed and accepted.

Tracey Lam, Year 11

on behalf of year seven.....

I thought peer support was good and worth having. We talked about things going on in the school and ourselves. We found out quite a lot about each other. We played games, they were alright, but the best bit was the parties (we had two). On the holidays they sent everybody a postcard and I think that was great.

So thanks to all the Year 11 Peer Support Leaders from everyone in Year 7. We did appreciate the way you looked after us and introduced us to Camberwell High School.

Shane Ferguson, Year 7C

ROLE OF STUDENT WELFARE CO-ORDINATOR

The role of Student Welfare Co-ordinator is becoming increasingly appreciated and important throughout the school. Mrs Sinclair's work extends into many facets of school life, for example:-

- financial assistance,
- social service [fund raising],
- finding accommodation for students unable to live at home,
- equal opportunity,
- [taking] study programs,
- work in conjunction with the Salvation Army
- small discussion groups,
- peer support,
- the provision of professional counselling,
- setting up of the school house,
- as well as being an accessible confidante and friend to 750 students.

On any given day the cosy office in which Mrs Sinclair enthusiastically operates bears a startling resemblance to Flinders Street station. People are constantly coming and going from before school until late in the day, everyday.

From my point of view it is not possible to over emphasise the importance of having an effective Student Welfare Co-ordinator in a school. The link that we have managed to achieve with Mrs Sinclair is what makes students feel understood and cared for as people, rather than just feeling like another body filling the green uniform...and believe me, this is the difference which for many of us is the between sinking and swimming.

In all spectrums the illumination we have gained by the efficiency and perception of the S.W.C. work has been invaluable. It is this element of school-life which fosters the fantastic sense of community and friendship we have throughout the school.

If you scratch a little below the surface many people are coping with more trauma than you might think; to have a mechanism within the school to deal with this, and remove obstacles to learning is essential...and wonderful.

I'm sure that everyone speaks with me when I thank Mrs Sinclair for her brilliant input, and her dedication to problem solving, in all areas of school life.

Pippa Lee Dow, Year 11



Salam Sejahtera

*Ibu sudah saya terima tgl 5
juga, sedang ini Dewi masit
juga semoga Ibu, Bapak, dan
salam lingkungan Tuhan.
sekolah yang akan saya
Pembidikan dan Latihan PIRU
sekolah*

I wish there would be peace
in every country in all people
and I wish I could
help the poor and homeless
people and also sick ones.
I also hope there would
be faith in every person's heart.

Ana Casiano, Year 8



SOCIAL SERVICE

Social Service has had many varied and interesting activities this year. Montgomery, Churchill and the S.R.C. raised money by selling Easter eggs, snowballs and holding an 'out of uniform' day. This money was used to assist an Indonesian girl Komung. Komung had successfully completed Year 12 and wanted to go on to further study. Komung's family live in a village and work in the rice fields. There are many children in the family and the parents earn \$30.00 per month. Komung wanted to do a Hotel Management Course which would cost \$600.00 per year. Her family could not afford this so her alternative was to work in the rice fields. Because of the money raised Komung has enrolled in her course and is very grateful to the students from Camberwell H.S. for giving her a new life.

Term II holidays found 35 students braving freezing conditions to paddle 80km over 5 days raising money for Homeless Youth. Students sought sponsors and raised \$5000.00 from individual and corporate sponsorship. This money was then used to assist in the setting up of the student house which provides safe accommodation for students in Year 11 and 12 who are unable to live at home and wish to stay at school. Students and families have also provided handmade pottery, patchwork quilts and other items for the house.

The S.R.C. supported the Royal Hospital Appeal and raised \$265.00 from an 'out of uniform' day and a group of enthusiastic Year 9 students raised \$40.00 for Legacy by selling badges.

A strange phenomena struck Camberwell H.S. on Friday 8th September — students appeared to have lost their uniforms and grown large red noses. This was a joint venture by Macarthur and Churchill and was all in the cause of Sudden Infant Death syndrome, we were thrilled to be able to send off a cheque for \$700.00. Montgomery raised \$165.00 by having an out of uniform day.

Year 7 students read book enthusiastically for the Multiple Sclerosis Readathon.

State Schools Relief have always been very supportive of students needing uniforms and we were pleased to financially support them.

In 1989 we have raised \$5000.00 for many different causes. It is important that we as a community realise that there is a wider world and that we have some responsibility in caring for our fellow man.



White Water Classic

SALVO'S WHITE WATER CLASSIC

We were the 'guinea pigs' or so they said, of the first 'Salvo's White Water Classic'. An event that was to bring out the school's closet rafters in an enthusiastic effort to raise money for the homeless. So after much planning, both organised and unorganised, we found a group of students who were eager to enter the event. What did the rules stipulate?

- That each house were to enter a team consisting of eight people.
- We were to supply our own food and camping equipment. Or putting it more bluntly, apart from transport we were on our own.
- Most importantly we had to raft down the Macalister, a full 75 kilometres in five days. Each team raced twice a day, four in the morning and four in the afternoon, and both legs were to be timed to eventually find a total race time that would decide finishing places.

Giving a general description of the five days I could say it was cold, but then I'd be lying for it was beyond cold and more into the reaches of arctic conditions. But none the less we all made it out on to the water each morning, with wetsuits on, of course; and then each team began to prove their worth. Competition was fierce in the last few days and rivalry between teams was high, both on and off the water.

In the end we all made it to the finish and after packing up we drove back home with the thought of what could only be called an exhilarating week packed full of danger and excitement behind us. Above all that it was just good fun.

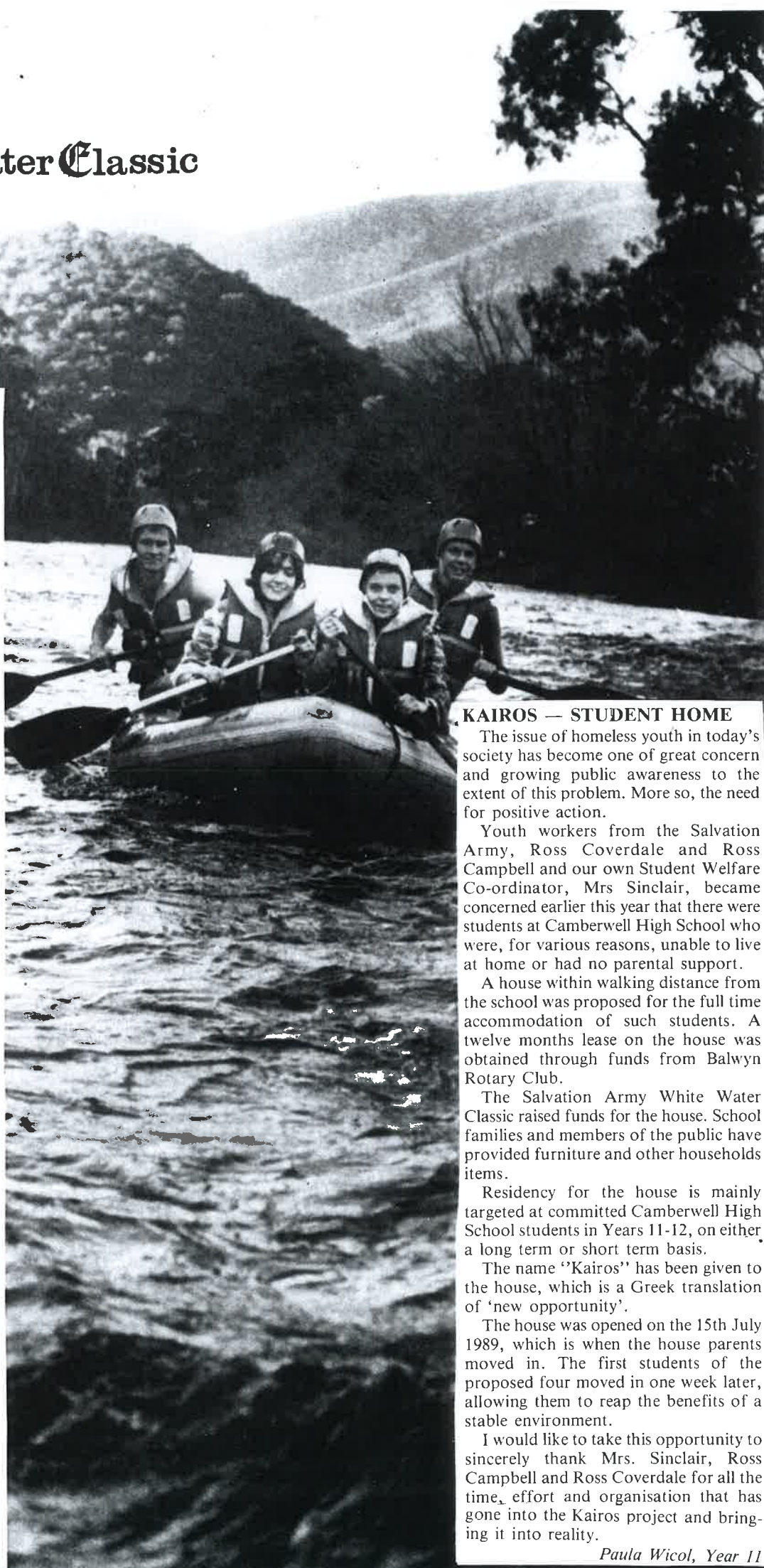
The backup support was professional, and there are a lot of thanks owed to the organisers who have set up what looks like to be an annual event that can only get bigger.

With all the money counted up, the race raised well over \$10,000. All rafters learnt much about the homeless as most of the backup crew had direct involvement with these kids and were definitely not your normal Salvo's.

To finish it off, all I can say is the Camberwell homeless now have a home.

Ben Simpfendorfer

P.S. Churchill were the official winning team with a mixed crew of Andrew Savage, Dylan Shuttleworth, Ben Prior, Jill Marchbank, Ben Simpfendorfer and Julian Foster and Nigil Swift. Congratulations on a magnificent effort.



KAIROS — STUDENT HOME

The issue of homeless youth in today's society has become one of great concern and growing public awareness to the extent of this problem. More so, the need for positive action.

Youth workers from the Salvation Army, Ross Coverdale and Ross Campbell and our own Student Welfare Co-ordinator, Mrs Sinclair, became concerned earlier this year that there were students at Camberwell High School who were, for various reasons, unable to live at home or had no parental support.

A house within walking distance from the school was proposed for the full time accommodation of such students. A twelve months lease on the house was obtained through funds from Balwyn Rotary Club.

The Salvation Army White Water Classic raised funds for the house. School families and members of the public have provided furniture and other household items.

Residency for the house is mainly targeted at committed Camberwell High School students in Years 11-12, on either a long term or short term basis.

The name 'Kairos' has been given to the house, which is a Greek translation of 'new opportunity'.

The house was opened on the 15th July 1989, which is when the house parents moved in. The first students of the proposed four moved in one week later, allowing them to reap the benefits of a stable environment.

I would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank Mrs. Sinclair, Ross Campbell and Ross Coverdale for all the time, effort and organisation that has gone into the Kairos project and bringing it into reality.

Paula Wicol, Year 11

CAMBERWELL CARES ABOUT OUR PLANET

THE ENVIRONMENT

Everybody seems to be concerned with the destruction of the environment. It's trendy to be associated with a greenie, it's the 'flavour of the month' to have 'ozone friendly' fly spray. This is all very well if you're fashion conscious, but if you're concerned about the environment, it doesn't help you very much.

If so many people say they are concerned with the destruction of the world's environment, why are so few people actually doing anything about it?

It seems in this age of heightened awareness about the environment, has led to a feeling of apathy among the general public. Some people still seem to believe that it's not their problem, and someone else can do the work. Nothing is ever going to get done if even a few people do not think it's their problem. This needs commitment.

Anon.

OUR ENVIRONMENT

Plant a seed,
Plant a tree,
Clear the sand,
Clear the sea,
Burn no toxins,
Plastics or waste,
Recycle and save,
With all your haste,
We've done it ourselves,
Used and abused it,
So do something now,
Or we're going to lose it.
Flora Matthiesson, Year 9



During the year our students and staff have put a lot of work into the school garden.

A concreted area has been partly dug up and trees established to create a pleasant luncheon area overlooking the oval. Money earned by recycling paper has been spent on fifty or so native plants including collistemons, grevilleas, westringias, acacias, hakeas and hibbertias which will be enjoyed by all those who approach the school along the main driveway. Mr. Hill and his Year 8 horticultural students also created an Australian garden along by the portables; grevillias, banksias, croweas and callistemons were planted.

There was also a house garden competition. While this was hampered by inclement weather and heavy soil the students of 7C persevered. The warmth of spring brought with it a display of phlox, lupins, salvia, aster, aquilegia and campanula.

Staff and students have worked together to improve the environment for the whole school community. So much has been achieved during the year that we can all be proud of Camberwell High — and its students.

Meg Kenyon



AUTUMN

The autumn time is here,
the leaves are turning from green to
brown,
and fleeing the trees where they were
found.

The leaves swiftly fall to the ground
like
parachuters jumping from a plane in
the sky.

The warm summer has turned into a
cool autumn,
like a moon turns a bright day into a
dark night.

The parks are filling with discoloured
leaves

this brings excitement and adventure
into mischievous minds

The children play and dance in the
leaves,

while the parents look on from the
park bench on the side

Many couples take walks through the
parks,
taking advantage of the cold weather
to cuddle.

Autumn to me is the start of new
weather,
new trees, new scenery all put
together.

Autumn is the time to start raking
rusty leaves,
then jumping and kicking them to
make it all messy.

Autumn is the process to prepare for
winter,
take jumpers out and warm woolly
clothes.

I like autumn and all the bright
colours,
which give it that flavour of
excitement and curiosity.

Lainie Dorembus, Year 9



One World..

There is an Australia-wide response to the crisis facing our planet directed by the Australian Council for Overseas Aid. It is called the 'One World Campaign' and is a campaign for global change.

Because we, as human beings, have taken over this planet and reaped so many benefits from the changes we have made to it. Some, drastic changes, such as the clearing of three quarters of Australia's 8 million hectares of rainforest. We must now take the responsibility to change our way of life before the world is destroyed beyond repair.

The One World Campaign aims to make people aware of the little changes they can make to their lives (such as using unbleached toilet paper — the bleaching process is harmful to the environment). In the long run, if enough people care enough to make these changes a big difference will be made to the health of our environment. And no one can afford to take the attitude of "why should I do anything? One person's non participation won't make any difference." Human selfishness has brought on these problems. Lose that selfishness or perhaps lose the world — it's your choice. The Greenhouse Effect and the depletion of the Ozone layer aren't just things you learn about in Geography or Science, they are real problems facing every single person on this planet, whether they are using unbleached toilet paper or not.

Think about it. The One World Campaign is something you can be involved in. Saving the world doesn't take much effort. Remember, "if the world dies — you die with it."

Arwen Baker, Year 11



1989 CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA FESTIVAL

What's a suitable play for the drama festival?

Whinnie the Pooh? A thriller? A comedy? No! No! A Fairystory? Maybe, it could work, why! Let's try!

Auditions!

Meetings! "Would all those interested in acting, directing or backstage please attend a meeting in room 2?" "All Roosevelt actors please meet in . . ." Notices! Bulletins! Casting! Work! Lights! Carpetnry! Paint! "Are your lines learnt?" Characters developed.

Stage rehearsal "Lunchtime Rehearsal for Montgomery on stage, Macarthur room 2, Churchill room 1."

Thus begins the great activity as all starts to be planned for the big night. The school becomes a hive of activity as one and all are caught up in the excitement of preparing for the festival. An air of mystery surrounds the corridors of the school as no one knows exactly what each house has in store. The occasional rumour is whispered "Macathur, a fairystory, Roosevelt - the twilight zone." Rehearsals are now in full swing and the occasional props are brought along, interesting substitutes for sets are used and costumes are now on the drawing board. Lines are learnt, ideas perceived, and still the intrigue continues as sets are designed and painted and the directors' dreams begin to breathe life.

Finally, all is running smoothly - the complete play is now rehearsed and the vision seen by the drama captains, directors and actors is portrayed on stage with costumes, sets and sound effects.

The day comes, and all is rushed into place for the morning's dress rehearsal in front of an audience of Year 7, 8 and 9's. This is the first time the mysteries are revealed as a whole and the results of all the work are portrayed. However, what you may think of a play at this time may drastically change by the night's performance, for during that afternoon every aspect of the plays are discussed between the actors, their drama captains and directors. Last minute changes and amendments are made to try and increase the chance of winning. The hall grows dead by the end of the day and all is quiet as the stage waits in anticipation to be lit up and brought to life that evening.

The stage is greatly decorated awaiting the first drama. Macarthur's "The Princess and the Woodcutter", a story-book fairytale. Macarthur were praised for their sets and the appropriate sound effects which were exactly on cue. Macarthur's costumes were also taken note of by the adjudicator, Mr. Ben Shaw of the "1812 Theatre". The acting and character portrayal were outstanding. The actors mentioned by Mr. Shaw were, Georgina Savige as the narrator, Nina Glnsberg as the princess, Malcom McMahon as the woodcutter and Adrian Thompson as the yellow prince.

Macarthur was followed by Montgomery. An unusual play "Do your own thing" which began with an excellent lip synch to the Queen song "I want to break free". The smooth flowing dialogue and the great acting brought about an overall well performed play. The magician granted the wish of the clown to make the world a place of laughter. The hippie wanted to change the world by doing nothing. Finally we have an interesting character who lives by the philosophy that money brings happiness and makes the world a better place. The play ends with our friends the clown, the hippie and Mr. Midas, the miser all declaring they would not try to change the world, but leave it "to do its own thing". The exceptional acting recognised by Mr. Ben Shaw were Simeon Branca, the magician — Torquil Nielson, the hippie and Ben Simpfendorfer, the policeman.

. . . As the night is now in full swing and backstage is a hum of activity, makeup is still being applied or taken off, costumes are being put on and props carried, the discussion is of encouragement for those plays still to come and great praise for those who have already conquered the stage . . .

Finally, Roosevelt's production is underway, bizzare as it might be "The dream of the crunchy railway goat." The performance opens with a very unusual child being put to bed with the likes of Derryn Hinch being taped, for her to watch. Her mother insists that she goes to sleep and after a short discussion about the child's eight foot tall father and his absence, she falls asleep. The story begins in the lounge room, where a police officer is joined by an investigator to discover the mystery behind the murder of the victim, who lies on the floor.

Finally the eight-foot, leaning backwards, guards officer is revealed with a goat thrown in for good measure. The action now moves to the middle of the stage, where Miss Parrot and Inspector Praline consult Mr. Hilton about his absurd whizzo confectionary. Here we learn of Mr. Hilton's distasteful real crunchy frogs dipped in chocolate as well as other assorted monstrosities.

The final train scene is acted with three of the craziest and most diverse characters inside one train. The antics of the eccentric old woman annoying the composed city gent are contrasted to the activities of a small child on board. This play ends as extraordinarily as it began. The stage setup and the absolutely exceptional acting won great favour with the adjudicator. The imaginative characters were played with great talent by: Veronica Troup as the eccentric women, Lainie Dorembus as the child passenger and Simon Foster as the city gent. Alison Duncun also put in a superb performance as the child Penelope.

While all is cleared on stage by the crew and the scene set for Churchill's astonishing production yet to come, our school singers, James Hawthorn, Sheana Kilmartin and Natalie Coote are performing the song Janelle. All is ready and the crowd waits in anticipation — what more could be in store?

From this imaginative play the night grows even more exciting as Churchill's play "Roomers" takes to the stage. We meet the insane, loveable and unloveable characters of a Melbourne boarding house. The butch landlady, the dim-witted Dana-Jo (the hopeful country singer) Meg, the fitness fanatic, Lasha whose heart and mind are in his stomach, Sheila (the unusual actress, Holly the girl who is a mother seeking independence and Jen, a vindictive money grabbing wench. There is Kirsten, the most sane of all and Kimbo, a rich foreigner from whom Jen gets all her money. Garney the landlady is responsible for all these people, she takes them in as long as they pay. Money speaks if you want a room. The activities of these tenants and the house may be peculiar. However all the tenants stick together like a family, even if some need a little persuasion, such as food or money. Even the owner of the vultures on the roof has his say at the tenants' meetings.

This action-packed play was very well performed and timed. It gave acclaim to actors such as: Andrew Botham as the landlady (Garney), Jane Carpenter as Shiela and Fiona Cresswell as Jen.

And while the suspense mounted as all awaited the final results to be collated, we were again entertained by our singers with song "You'll never walk alone".

The exotic and very imaginative plays were all still fresh and captivating in the minds of the audience when the adjudicator Mr. Ben Shaw came to the microphone. Mr. Shaw made mention of the professionalism of each house in acting, staging, sound and costume. He then mentioned in turn each house's achievements and individual acting achievements. He then awarded three people encouragement prizes for their exceptional performances: Veronica Troup — Roosevelt, Andrew Botham — Churchill and Adrian Thomson — Macarthur.

Finally, all house drama captains held their breath and every person involved with the performances listened tentatively as Mr. Shaw announced the winner.

ROOSEVELT were the winners with their most bizarre, extraordinary but most exciting performance. Well done to all in Roosevelt. All the hard work and commitment paid off and everyone was victorious each house had accomplished a goal. Each individual had made a personal achievement.

And as the lights grow dim and new friendships evolved and old ones rekindled, the drama festival has again brought Camberwell High School community together. And the lines still echo in our minds:

"Lobs of ooze, primevil ooze!"

"I say has anyone seen the princess?"

"Oh no! not bread!"

"If I could change the world, and do my own thing."

"Tenants meeting!"

Adrian Thompson, Year 11

"all the world's
a stage.."



DRAMA

GEOGRAPHY ON THE MOVE AT C.H.S.

What an exciting, busy and very successful year for Geography at C.H.S. Increased student numbers taking Geography were accommodated by an enlargement of the staff team to seven: Mr. J. Worcester, Mr. M. Loveday, Mrs. D. Van Arkaide, Mrs. T. Minack, Mr. P. Frost, Ms. J. Fabris and myself. Such a large team has been able to draw on a great diversity of experiences, expertise and generally give Geography at C.H.S. a much higher profile. Thanks team for your enthusiasm.

A special thanks too to the students who brought artifacts, books, maps, photos, newspaper articles etc., from home to embellish classroom lessons, arranged displays of student work in the hall foyer and who helped arrange the visits of guest speakers or thanked our hosts on our many field trips.

C.H.S. Geography staff have made a major commitment this year to take students out of the classroom to experience Geography in the real world. By the end of Term III, 17 classes had been involved. Some of the venues included:

- Fairfield and Studley Park Boathouse areas.
- The new Point Nepean National Park.
- A landuse survey of the Maling Road Village.
- A cruise on "HM Commissioner" as guests of the Port of Melbourne Authority.
- An investigation of the proposed Victoria Harbour Project incorporating the Olympic Village
- The \$5 billion renewal of the C.B.D. ("downtown")
- Visits to Haining Dairy Farm, Launching Place.
- Inspection tour of A.P.M.'s Heidelberg Plant in recognition of C.H.S. recycling initiatives.

Student assignments and research projects have been very impressive with many students showing great initiative and drive in researching and presenting their findings.

An exciting development later in the year was the acquisition of "Supermap" — a sophisticated I.B.M. computer database of the 1981 & 1986 National Census Results. This will greatly enhance student research. For example, the computer can construct a 1 km radius map of the local area and plot a range of socio-economic characteristics. This will be fantastic for Geography in 1990.

Jeff N. Watson

Geography Co-ordinator.

JUNIOR DEBATING

Montgomery Team consisted of: Jonathon Prien who replaced Wayne Kenafacke and Daniel Barker.

Macarthur Team consisted of: Alex Shuttleworth and Nina Ginsberg.

The juniors fought a close contest. Montgomery won the final against Macarthur. They debated that "convenience foods should not be sold in school canteens."

Well done to both teams!

SENIOR DEBATING

Despite many postponements, that nearly drove the judges and teams crazy, we finally managed to lock individuals in a room and let them argue.

The first debate that took place was between Montgomery and Churchill. The topic: "Day is better than Night". The Montgomery team, made up of two Year 12 girls, Gilliam Marchbank and Catherine Scolles. A fine effort from the girls with a score of 139. The Churchill team was made up of Roger Paull — Year 12 and Dylan Shuttleworth of Year 10. Congratulations to Churchill, with a score of 159. The next senior debate was between Macarthur and Roosevelt. Topic: "Flower gardens are better than vegetable gardens." The Macarthur team consisted of only one individual, who handled the topic well and managed to take on the role of 1st, 2nd and 3rd speaker. Eric Dimates of Year 12, with a score of 85, well done Eric!!

However, Roosevelt, with the students Gwenyth Teh, Duncan Sherman and myself also argued well, with a score of 240!! If I may say so, a great team effort!

The final was held on Friday the 4th of August at lunchtime, between Roosevelt and Churchill. The topic was: "That the Olympics should be stayed in Melbourne, not Athens, in 1996." The Churchill team consisted of Roger Paull and Alastair Bond of Year 12 and they concluded with 129. For Roosevelt, our first speaker, Gwenyth Teh had a good introduction and I was also involved. Duncan Sherman showed true talent with a very good rebuttal and a fine conclusion. Continuous team work was evident throughout the debate. Roosevelt ended with a score of 137. Therefore, I think Roosevelt needs to be greatly congratulated — WELL DONE ROOSEVELT! and Churchill once again a fine effort.

Last but not least, all those who participated in debating would like to thank Mrs. Scott for her time and involvement as organizer and chairperson, and Mrs. Goldberg and Miss Stone for their participation as judges. Thank-you to those teachers and well done to all debaters!

Mary Tsitsanis, Year 12

CHS LIBRARY FOR THE FUTURE

1989 has been a busy year for our library. We averaged over 300 users each day. The Library Committee has met occasionally. Mrs. Paull has again donated many valuable books for which we are most grateful.

The library staff has changed and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Waterhouse have joined us. Mrs. Gronn commenced as a library assistant in October this year.

The book collection is over 53,000 and audio-visuals over 4,000, besides the very comprehensive vertical file records, so staff and students are fortunate in having such a very good collection. Students, especially the seniors, arrive early each morning from 7.30a.m. onwards and make use of the very quiet surroundings for study.

As from 1990 we shall be seeing changes in the organization and use of our library. So far, the library has served the staff and the students who are studying for traditional Group 1 H.S.C. subjects. This has meant that senior students have set private study periods in the library. The new VCE will change this pattern as students will have to do more research for all subjects and time-tabled private study will almost disappear.

How will the library assist the students and staff?

At present we have five vertical file cabinets containing files of different subjects. We are now adding extra subjects related to all aspects of Australian society and world topics which affect Australia, for the new Australian Studies course. Additional books and materials have been ordered and purchased for this subject as well as mathematics and other subjects. The Curriculum Committee and Faculties are continually advising the librarian on all necessary resources.

In 1990, it will be inevitable that the library will have to adapt more to the new methods of learning and it will be a challenge to staff and its users.

Mrs Kuhne, CHS Library 1989.

A STATEMENT IN FAVOUR OF TEACHING & LEARNING GRAPHIC COMMUNICATION

It is believed that 60% of all information we receive is in visual form. Effective graphic design is currently under-utilised in Australia.

Nearly 60% of all printed material in Australia is less than 50% effective.

Graphic design is communication. It has the power to inform, motivate and sell.

It can translate images into emotions and create favourable impressions.

How a market perceives an organisation, a company, or its product greatly depends on the effectiveness of its graphic expressions.

Vincent Hardiman (Co-ordinator)

EXCHANGE STUDENTS 1989

This year, Camberwell High School has hosted a number of exchange students from many countries. It has been really rewarding to have these young people with us in Year 11 and Year 12, as they have brought a different perspective to us on education in their own countries and have added to the multicultural flavour of our school community.

In Year 12, we had Anneke Ketel from Holland, Bettina Laursen from Denmark, Angie Singerling from U.S.A. and Isabelle Courteau from Canada. In Year 11, we had Mikel from Denmark and Bettina, Claudia and Kirsten from Germany. Here are a selection of quotes from some of these students —

"In the year before our final year exams we have excursions to Berlin, Rome, Paris, London and Prague. Young people get a lot of freedom in Holland. In my school there is an area packed with tables and chairs where you can study, listen to music and smoke. There is also a cellar with graffiti done by artists, which was allowed by the Principal. Young people are trusted — you can go to a pub or cafe after school. The community provides a lot of support centres for young people with problems. Meetings are advertised with colourful posters around the schools." — Anneke Ketel.

"Where I come from in Denmark, many things are different to here. We don't wear school uniform — that can unfortunately cause a bit of competition in what kind of clothes you wear. We call our teachers by their first names. I prefer that, because it makes us more on the same level as the teachers and when we are better friends, we can better communicate and co-operate. As a Rotary exchange student, you get sent out as an ambassador for your country. That can often be a hard job, as I always have to be on my 'best behaviour!' — Bettina Lawsen

"We are Claudia, Bettina and Kirsten and we are all from West Germany. Claudia lives in the north-east in Guttingen. Bettina and Kirsten both live in the industrial centre in the north-west, in Knefeld and Dusseldorf. Life in Germany is very different from Australia. Our school starts at 8.00a.m. and finishes at 1.20p.m. We haven't got a lunchtime and have our dinner right after school at home. Then we have the whole afternoon to ourselves. In the evening, we eat only sandwiches and cereal. Then we have the evenings free. Even though Australia is different, we are really enjoying our stay here."

"In Denmark formal, compulsory school does not start until children are 7 years old. We finish school at age 17, so Danish children have two years less of formal school. In Denmark all books and transport are provided free and it is allowed for students to smoke and drink light beer at school once they are 13. The relationship between the students and teachers is different — in Denmark teachers are one of the class group and lead the students in this way whereas, in Australia the teachers tend to stand apart from the class and take a superior position. In addition, there is a great integration of boys and girls in Danish School. A really interesting aspect of C.H.S. is the large number of children of different nationalities — there are very few Asian children in Denmark." — Mikel.



Angie Singerling - U.S.A.



OUR FRENCH EXCHANGE TEACHER

"Why have you come to Australia?" some students asked me when I arrived at the school.

I could answer what Voss said in one of the masterpieces of Australian literature: 'I will cross the continent from one end to the other. I have every intention to know it with my heart.'

In fact I have chosen to spend a year here to know a country which fascinates European people, to speak a language I love a lot, but also to be more familiar with the educational system in this country.

I teach in a school situated in Enghien-les-Bains, at 12 kilometers from Paris. At "Lycee Gustave Nonod", there are 2,000 students and 200 teachers.

In France the students spend 7 years in High School (4 years in a "college" then 3 years in a "lycee"). At the end of the secondary school they take an exam, the Baccalaureat, in all the subjects they study (about 8).

The last 2 years they specialize either in Science or Arts/Humanities or technical studies. However some subjects are compulsory for everybody, such as French, philosophy, a foreign language, history, geography, math, science and P.E.

Many countries are 'envious' of our students' two month summer holiday. But do you know that they spend more time at school every day. They work in general from 7 o'clock, or 8.30 to 3.30, 4.30 or 5.30.

There are no assemblies and they don't wear uniforms.

The students can join clubs in the school (drama, photography, chess . . .). Unfortunately most lycees — or students' timetables — don't allow them the opportunity to do subjects like woodcraft, home economics, or even music. That is why I look forward to seeing various achievements which are the fruits of your aptitudes and talents.

Maryse Baeza



CHS MUSIC 1989

Another busy year for the developing Music Program at C.H.S. Of significance was the introduction of Choral work for the instrumentalists and with it a marked improvement in sight-reading and pitching.

1. Burnley Garden Expo (Term 1)

Of all schools throughout the metropolitan area invited to play, Camberwell and Balwyn High Schools were the only government schools to accept — both bands being controlled by Mr. Tony Brookes.

2. The Choral Festival (Term 1)

Yet another enjoyable and varied program.

3. Sydney Trip (Term 2)

Choir/band — a busy weekend and a purposeful one — services at the Cenotaph and the Garrison Church plus Band Recitals at The Rocks and Darling Harbour.

4. Berlioz Spectacular (Term 3)

C.H.S. Choir sang, as part of a larger choir, the music of Berlioz at the Tennis Centre (commemorating 200 years since the storming of the Bastille).

5. Great Hall, National Gallery, Concert (Term 3)

Choir excelled itself with very fine work in another varied program (A Balwyn H.S./C.H.S. combined effort).

6. Ballarat Sth. Competitions (Term 3)

The Concert Band played in the Sir Arthur Nicholson Prize Section and gained an Honorable Mention with 90% — 7 schools competing in the section.

7. Melbourne Town Hall (Term 3)

Launch of the Youth Hostels Association 50th Anniversary commemorative postage stamp.

The Band provided music for a Vice-Regal Salute (the Governor-General being present) plus background numbers. The Governor-General, Mr. Hayden personally thanked the Band for a fine performance.

8. Concert for Elderly Citizens (Term 3)

At the Camberwell Salvation Army Citadel. Being 50 years since the outbreak of W.W.II, the choir sang a selection of W.W.II songs, with a few extra numbers thrown in. A most enjoyable event and a happy atmosphere.

9. A.M.E.B. Exams

A number of candidates presented at the College of the Arts for the September/October session of exams and scored well. An AMEB exam result is always a good yardstick.

10. Spoleto Festival (Term 3)

The Band played for an hour by the Floral Clock in Alexandra Gardens and was paid well for its efforts (\$400.00).

11. Alan Eaton's Studios (Term 4)

Recording Session. A cassette tape of superb quality containing numbers by the Band and Choir. What a marvellous experience for students — a real live 40-track studio!

12. Senior & Junior Presentations. Band & Choir

Camberwell H.S. is further consolidating itself as one of THE music schools in Melbourne. It is always a pleasure to work with C.H.S. Music students in and especially out of school, where students are always excellent ambassadors for the school..JULIAN CAIRNS



THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL CHORAL FESTIVAL

This year's Choral Festival brought with it yet another enjoyable evening's musical entertainment. The night began with the school band's rendition of "Jesus Christ Superstar", under the direction of bandmaster, Mr. Tony Brookes.

Next came the house presentations — each performing the Junior set song ("Every Day" by Buddy Holly, arr. James Taylor), an instrumental item and a Senior Choir Song of each House's choice.

Under the adjudication of Ms. Ros McMillan, the senior section was won narrowly by the Macarthur choir, singing "Marriage Bureau Rendezvous", by 10CC. The instrumental was also won by Macarthur, who gave a version of the Second Movement of Piano Concerto No.21 by Mozart, as interpreted by Daniel Frankel. The junior section (students from Years 7 to 9) was won by the Roosevelt Junior Choir.

Congratulations to all Houses on a high standard of musicianship, and a good competition. The final aggregate was again won by Macarthur, with Roosevelt second, and Churchill and Montgomery equal third.

Thanks must go to Ms. McMillan for the adjudication, as well as all staff and students involved.

Senior Choir Songs:

Macarthur —

"Marriage Bureau Rendez-vous", 10CC

Churchill —

"The Rose", Bette Midler

Montgomery —

"Rikki don't lose my number",

Steely Dan

Roosevelt —

"Somebody Who Cares",

Paul McCartney

Allison Duncan, Year 11



CHOIR TRIP TO SYDNEY

From Friday May the 19th to Tuesday May 23rd, the Camberwell High School Concert Band and Choir were in Sydney to perform several public shows. Our accommodation was at the Uniting Church's Camp Narnaroo in Chatswood — timber cabins set in idyllic natural bushland just 15 minutes from the city centre.

Whilst in Sydney the band performed both at the Rocks on the Saturday morning and the new Darling Harbour Complex on the Sunday afternoon, both of which were received with much delight and applause by passers by. The Sunday afternoon also included sight-seeing at Centre Point Tower, free time at Darling Harbour and a test ride on the new monorail.

The choir, on Saturday afternoon, performed at the Cenotaph War Memorial in Martin Place, accompanied by the Royal Navy Band, in a commemorative service marking the 45th anniversary of the battle of Crete. Many Greek dignitaries and war veterans were present adding to the solemnity of the occasion.

On Sunday morning the choir, before sight-seeing and Darling Harbour, performed and led the singing at a further commemorative service for the battle of Crete at the Garrison Church in the Rocks. The Greek Ambassador, the Governor of N.S.W. and many other dignitaries attended, some brought to tears by the memories the occasion prompted.

All in all, the trip was exceedingly rewarding for all choir/band members in many ways; the social aspect of school activities, the pride in representing the school and the lesson learnt of the horrors of war and the honour and respect that those who fought for us deserve.

Members of the music faculty, other supervising teachers and Miss Wilmot should be thanked for the wonderful opportunity they gave us in organising the trip.

James Hawthorn



DON ANDERSON AWARD

BALLAGUNDI CORROBOREE

Ballagundi celebrated New Year's Eve with a Corroboree. I don't think the few aborigines who lived here were very impressed with the name. I meant to ask Nicko in Form 3 how he liked the idea, but I never got around to it. Perhaps it was just as well, because Nicko, like a lot of the young Aborigines who went to school, had already turned sour.

It was nothing like a corroboree, or what I thought a corroboree was like. Except that the girls got done up and there was a disco in the town hall, but I was never allowed to attend. Mum said there were too many "undesirable types" for me to go and there was a fight usually, and that's a fact. Mum was right of course, it did sometimes get a bit out of hand. The blokes from Carrabright always came over and stirred the Ballagundi boys. They beat us in footy for years and they won the New year's Eve fight, too. They scared me, although I didn't bother to tell anyone this.

Titch's Dad was on the organising committee of the Ballagundi Corroboree this year, 1974. I heard him telling my Dad one night as they were sitting around the kitchen table drinking beer, how "no bastard would get off their arse and do anything". It was, according to Titch's Dad, going to be "piss-poor" as usual. I could see Titch's Dad was sorry he'd got on the committee. He was Shire Secretary and reckoned to be pretty efficient at his job.

Anyway, he wasn't far wrong. The 1974 Corroboree was nothing to write home about, except for the one thing that happened that Titch's old man had no control over. I'll tell you about it.

At six o'clock people were starting to gather in the main street, Federal Street. Mind you, there wasn't much to do. Titch, Duck and I just wandered up and down the street. We had tea at the Young Farmer's barbeque, watched the early rounds of the tug-o'-war (McCurdy's Engineering Works were a certainty because they were mainly sober) and then we went and watched the jazz band from Melbourne set up. Like Titch's Dad had said, there wasn't much going on.

While we were watching the band set up, Duck's girlfriend came up and started talking. She wanted Duck to go to the disco, but Duck wanted to go to the party around at Gray's where his parents were going. Maureen, his girl, left, not very impressed. Duck seemed unconcerned. He was not what you'd call desperately in love at this stage.

The parade didn't start until eight o'clock, so we had a fair bit of waiting around to do. We eventually wandered around to Mawson's Readymix yard where the parade was being assembled by Titch's Dad and a couple of other blokes with clipboards. Boy, was it ordinary, right down to the guides and brownies.

By eight o'clock we were back in the main street, where the parade rolled around the clock tower and headed up towards the newsagency. (It did three laps of the block to stretch it out for half an hour.) By now there were rumbles of thunder and a few lightning flashes, and it first occurred to me that the parade might be up-staged. The air had got really still and it was pretty muggy. All the street lights had been turned on as well as a big spotlight set up to light the street. The jazz band played away and a few people jived and shuffled in time in front of the stage.

Leading the parade was a huge steam engine called Bessy, driven by the town jeweller who bought these things and did them up. The came the scouts and cubs sitting on the back of Stan Magee's truck with a banner on it saying "BE PREPARED" with branches of gum trees on the tray. Some scouts were on the truck and some strolled along beside the truck. Next came a vintage car with a clown in the back (probably Ken Cullen from the SEC — he was usually Santa Claus too). He was throwing lollies to everyone. Then another truck came along with the Young Farmers on the back sitting on hay bales and looking embarrassed. The girls wore gingham dresses and the boys had stetson hats and wide, toothy grins. Riding alongside were a whole lot of lads who had tied streamers through the spokes of their bikes. This was the best decorated bike competition. The local department store, Hawthorne's, had a float with all their fashions on it paraded by the ladies from the tennis club. Next in the parade was the Guides and Brownies marching. Then there were 4 or 5 vintage cars and a truck from the Ballagundi museum. Finally, along came another steam engine, Mary-Lou.

As we watched this parade go past three times, I started to wonder more about the weather. Duck said there was no problem, the storm was south of here and would fall on Carrabright and serve them right anyway. But I wasn't so sure. The sky looked really black with no stars at all. As the Apex train roared by packed with screaming kids (and Maureen I noticed, although I didn't bother mentioning it to Duck), I felt the first drops of rain — a couple of big thick splashes on my head. Not pings, but splats, if you get my drift.

A gust of wind whipped up the street, lifting dresses and rubbish. Lightning flashed horribly close, followed by an enormous crash of thunder.

People started to move towards the verandahs and inside the pubs and milk bars. Then an amazing thing happened — the heavens just opened. As I recall, It was just as the decorated bikes went around the clocktower for the third and final time. It poured. The gutters became torrents, rubbish swirled by.

Titch, Duck and I and lots of other kids just stood there. It wasn't cold, but the rain was so heavy you couldn't look up or you'd be blinded.

Then there was another enormous thunder clap and the lights went out. Right in the middle of the Corroboree, with hundreds of people in Federal Street, rain pelting straight down and bouncing back off the street, the bloody lights went out!

In complete darkness we just stood there and laughed and laughed, our clothes sticking to our skin, heads bent to protect us from the rain and arms over our heads to protect us from the little kids who were running around like idiots.

We shuffled our way down Federal Street, past the stage whee the master of ceremonies was yelling something dreadfully distorted through a megaphone to the effect that everyone should move quietly home or to the carpark. Later on the band played again, probably to try to cheer everyone up.

We walked the length of the street, slowly, bumping into people, saturated and a bit scared. We made it around to Gray's in the next street. The rain had eased off a bit and they had the candles going in the carport. Everyone was laughing. Titch's old man was there, looking like a drowned rat in his safari suit, clutching a beer can. "Serves 'em bloody-well right," he said.

Jolyon Sinclair, Year 12



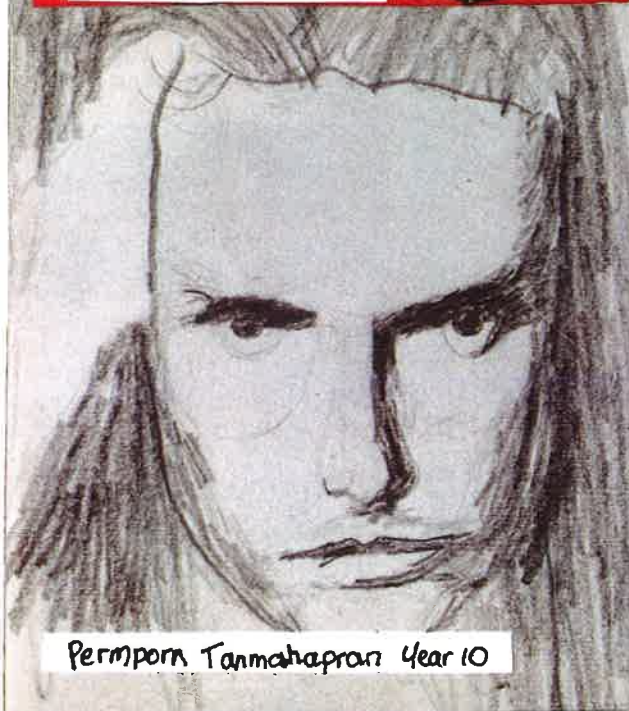
Robbie Burns Year 10



Lai Dancer Year 9



Melissa Green Year 12



Permporn Tanmahaporn Year 10



Maya O'Callaghan Year 9



Jenny Lightfoot Year 9



Geoff Hall Year 12

FENCING..Arieta Reeh...

The art of fencing has certainly come a long way since the Middle Ages. Back then, it was a way of survival with no second chances; where the winner was a hero and the loser unfortunately had no further say in the matter.

Many people associate fencing with the famous three musketeers. Yet, there are some that visualise the wooden fence surrounding the house and others who have never heard of fencing. Nevertheless, the art of fencing has changed dramatically. Unlike the three musketeers a 'sword-fight', or bout, no longer involves swinging from chandeliers, sliding down bannisters and jumping over chairs and tables.

Fencing is a challenging sport which is both physically and mentally demanding. It requires the ability to think and react quickly as well as having enough stamina to keep you going.

Fencing is quite different from any other sport. It teaches one discipline and aids in relaxation. It is an activity that enables a person to take out their frustration and tension on another person. In a bout situation a fencer forgets all about the outside world, concentrating only on fencing. One doesn't have to want to be a champion fencer, it's a great activity to do just as a hobby and you're staying fit at the same time.

Unfortunately, here in Australia fencing is a very low-profile sport compared to the European countries. There is little government support and it is seldomly advertised to help further promote the sport. It is a sport which should be acknowledged more.

I originally started fencing as a hobby at the age of eight. Only in the past few years have I realised my potential and taken it seriously. At the age of nine I won my first state title and at eleven my first national title. Since then I have won two national titles and six state titles. My recent success at the World Championships has been one of my greatest achievements and an indication of my abilities and the amount I still have to learn. The overseas competition is certainly of a much higher standard, as the sport is given greater support and recognition.

Till now I have been very fortunate to have enough assistance to allow me to continue with fencing. On occasions I have received free equipment, my coach always provided me with free lessons and the recent sponsorship from Rotary have enabled me to keep pursuing fencing.

For the last two years I have supported my fencing needs by coaching. After my coach retired, I took over the coaching positions at MLC, Lauriston, Merton Hall and Loreto girls' schools. I found coaching to be a great challenge than competing at times. However, I've gained a great deal of experience from it and as a result a couple of my pupils are currently the state and national title holders.

Fencing has been an inspiration to me and by coaching I hope to put something back into the sport. After devoting eight years towards fencing, I somehow can't see myself ever giving it up.



SENIOR BOYS CRICKET REPORT

Camberwell Senior Boys' Cricket team completed a successful tour-de-force Mahoney's Reserve during the summer round robin, winning 3 out of 5 games in comfortable fashion. Most bats produced the goods to ensure victory with an average run rate being 9 runs per over. Notable performances coming from Jolyon Sinclair, 53; Jag Gill 45; Roh Young 28.

In the bowling Camberwell was well represented with fiery opening spells from speed demons Simon Olive 8/57 and Chris Stacey 12/38. The openers were well supported by Ranjit Singh and T Main. With good individual and team performances we looked towards the final with confidence.

The final was played at Highfield Park in damp conditions. Camberwell's concentration in the field lapsed at times and the opening batsmen for Box Hill were dropped on a number of occasions. Camberwell paid dearly for those lapses in concentration as both the openers made 95 out of Box Hill's 132 runs. Although our bowling at times was lacking, an exceptional performance was turned in by Ranjit Singh with the figures of 42 for 12 very tight overs. He was well supported by S. Olive — 5 overs, 17 runs and C. Stacey with 4/35.

Openers: Jag Gill 22 and Jolyon Sinclair 37, started Camberwell's innings and quest for glory well. Camberwell then lost 4 for 7 until Rohan Young 24, Art Tracey 13 and Travis Longmuir 9 made a spirited sprint for glory. In the end it came down to the last two batsmen needing 2 runs off 2 balls. In an ugly turn of fate Cameron Strathdee was run out and our quest ended — defeated by a single run.

The team would like to thank Mr Smith for coaching and moulding the team and Andrew Robinson for scoring.
Jolyon Sinclair, Captain 1:



ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

On Monday 28th August the Whitehorse Group Athletics were held at Hagenauers Reserve. It was a very cold and windy day, but despite this Camberwell High triumphed, winning the Grand Aggregate. To do this we had to gain more points than seven other schools, we did it easily with most of our competitors claiming First ribbons. There were many great individual efforts. Among them were three records broken by Camberwell students:

Jason Pollock U.15 Hurdles

Dario Rath U.16 Shot Put

Jason Simos U.17 Triple Jump

The day was greatly enjoyed by all competitors, and I'm sure that they all like to thank the sports teachers involved in organizing and running the Aths.

Dario Rath

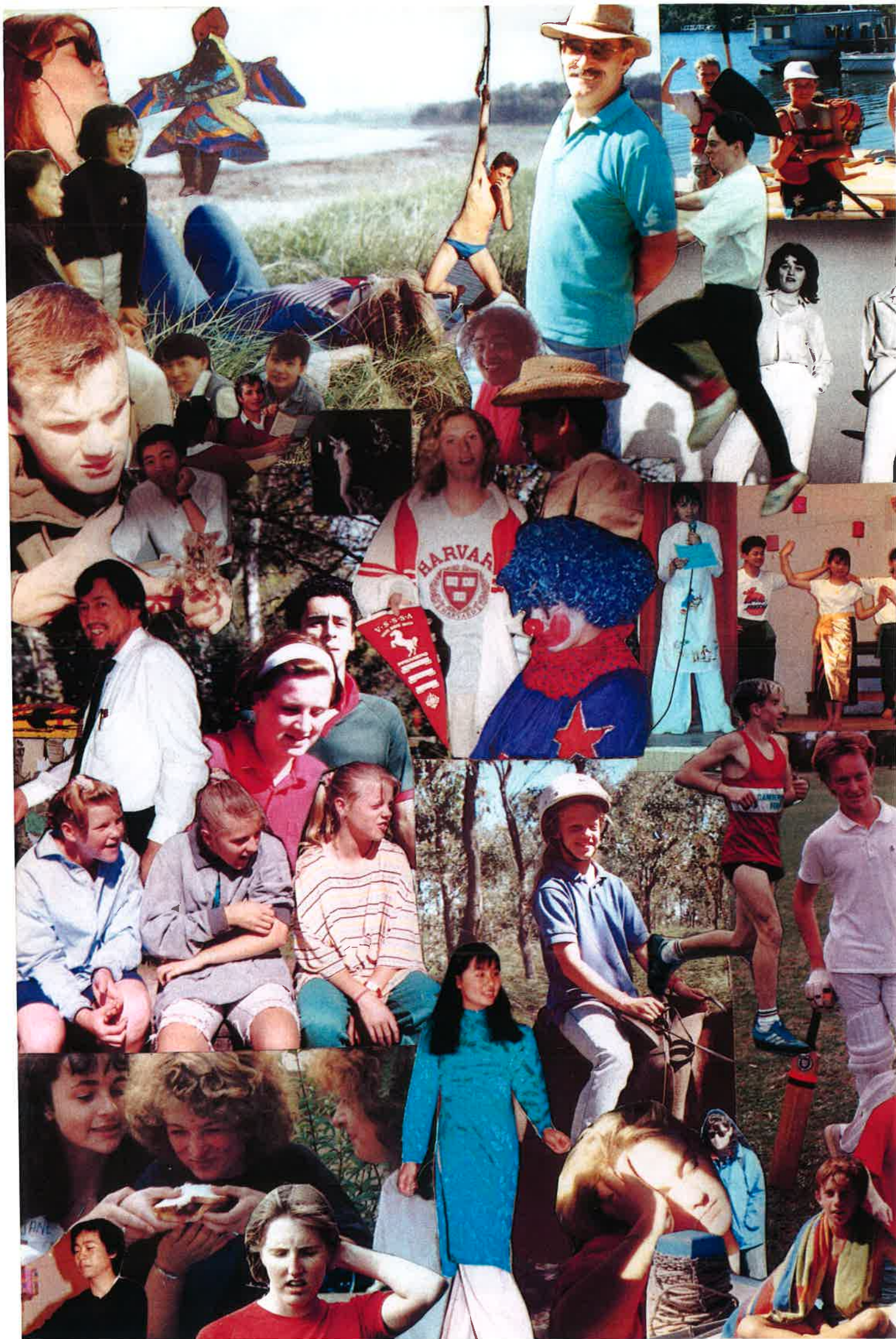


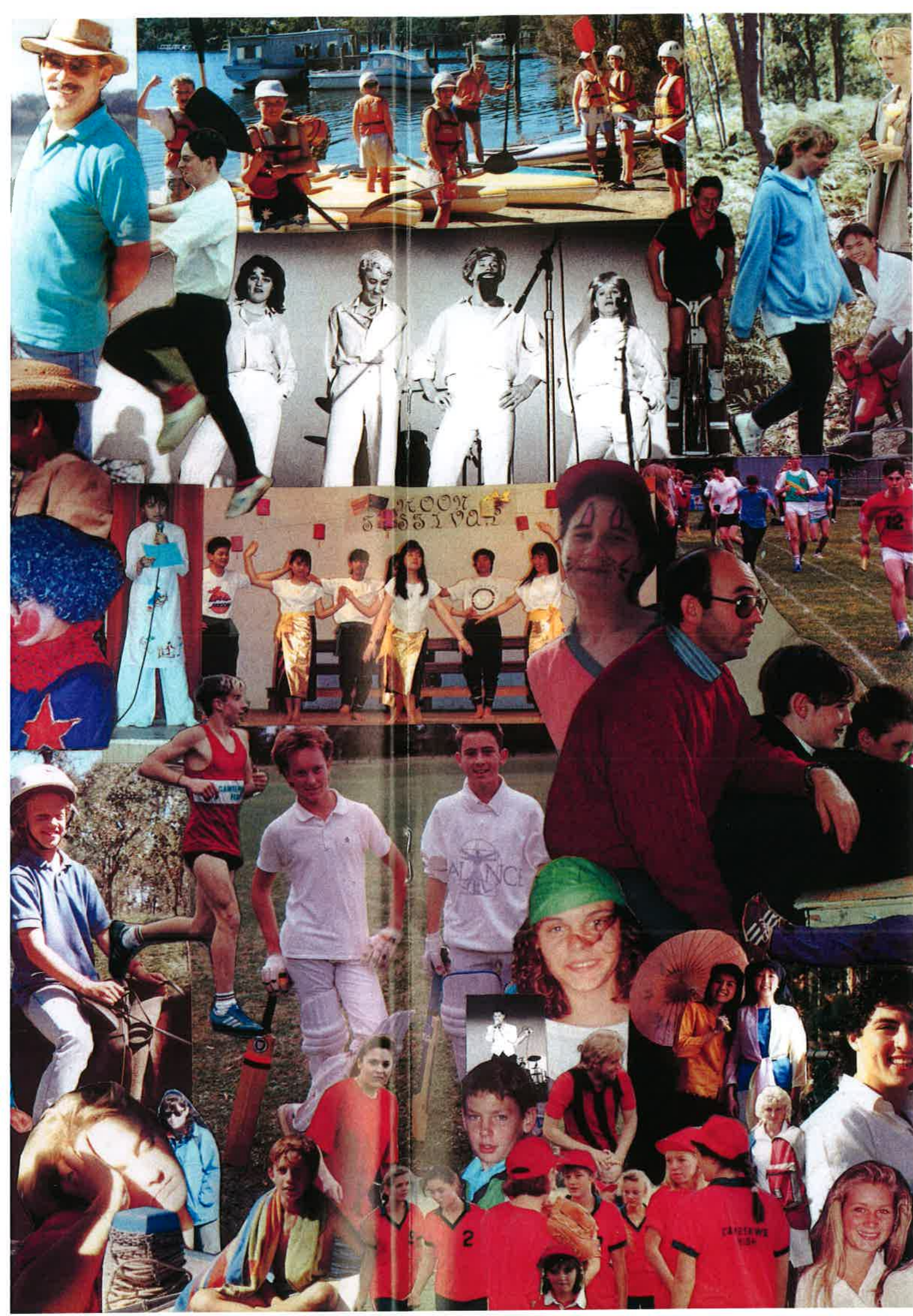
HOUSE SPORTS REPORT

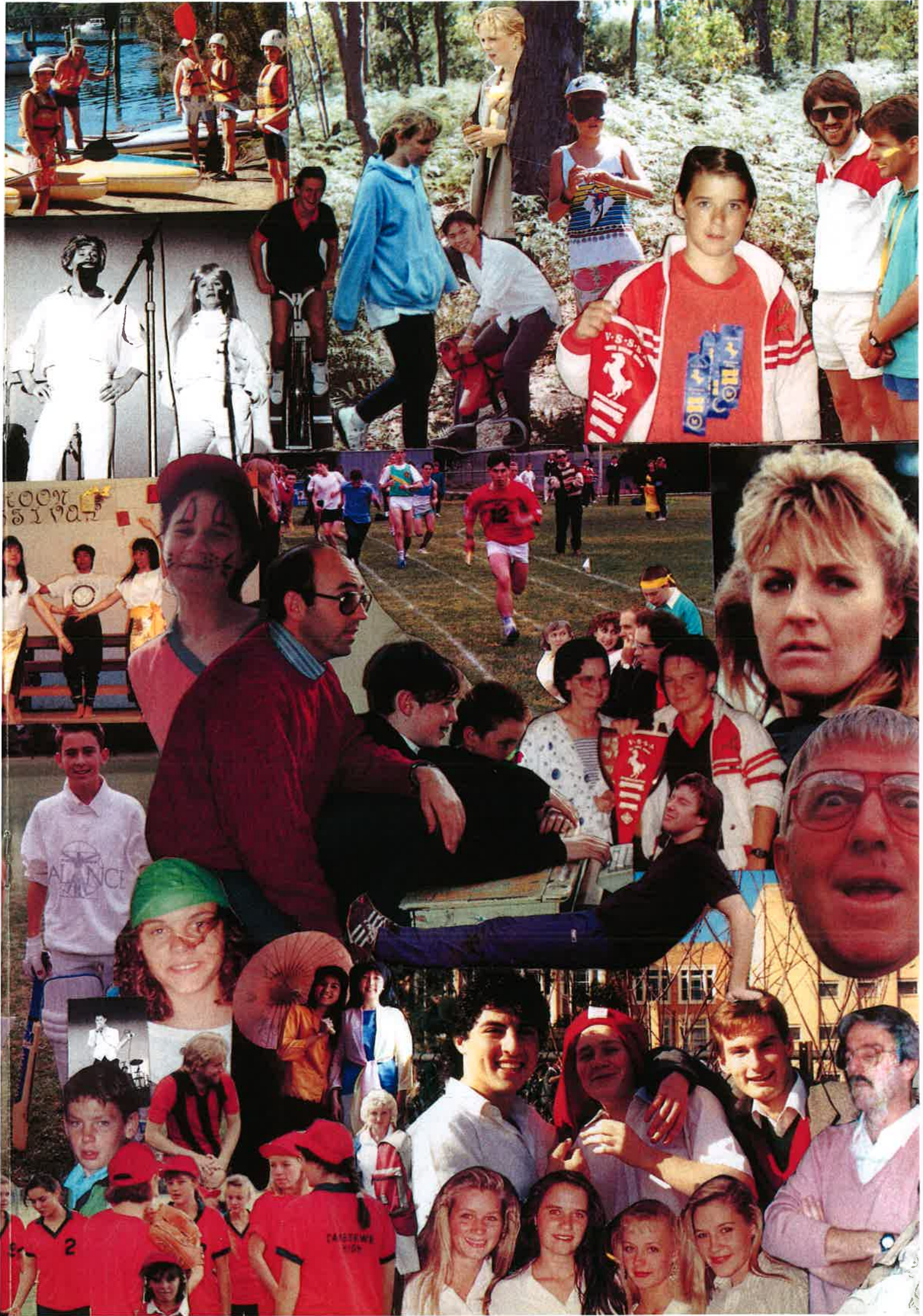
This year's inter-house sporting began with the inter-house swimming sports in March. Roosevelt continued its strong form in the pool and the past few years, winning the sports convincingly. The other major inter-house sporting event of the year, the athletics, was won by Macarthur, with Roosevelt coming second. The year has also included the mixed netball, the basketball and soccer. There was also an inter-house rafting contest in June, which was held in order to raise money for the Salvation Army.

Cameron Strathdee

Roosevelt Sports Captain







SWIMMING REPORT

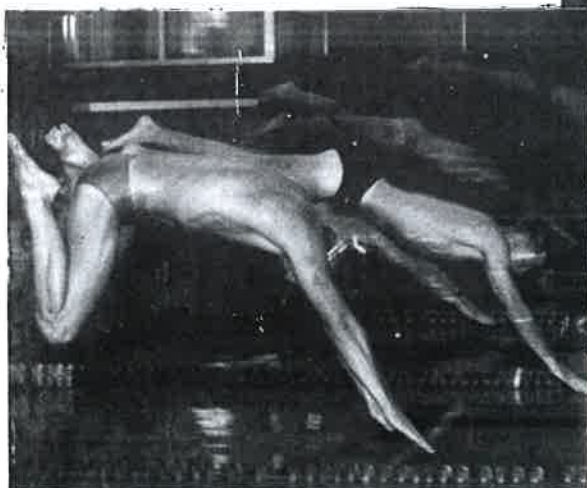
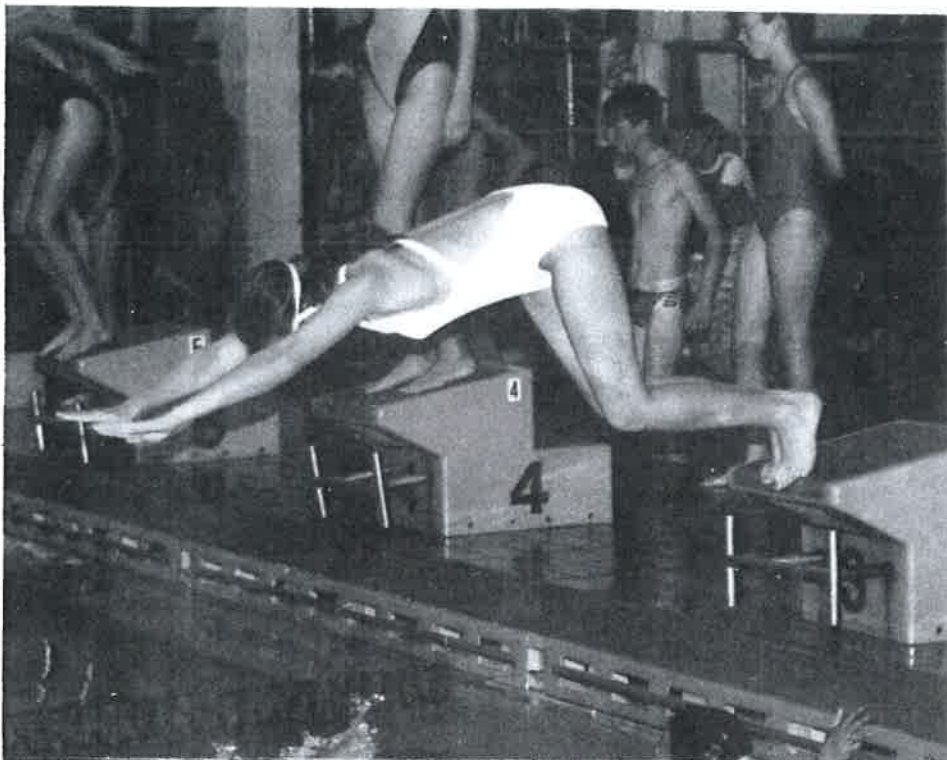
Nineteen eighty nine has been one of the most successful swimming seasons in Camberwell High's history. The year began when the annual school swimming sports were held in March. Victory went to Roosevelt. There were many strong individual performances, a sign of things to come.

Held in April, Whitehouse group proved to be dominated by Camberwell, winning the junior, senior and intermediate boy's shields, the overall boy's shield and the aggregate shield by an impressive margin. Probably the most notable achievement of the day was by Camberwell's girls, who won the junior and senior shields and for the first time the overall girls' shield; a great effort considering the usual winners of the girl's shield, Canterbury Girls, greatly outnumber the girls at Camberwell. There were strong performances all round, in particular Clinton Herman and Bruce Sherman. Eleven of Camberwell's relay teams came first.

With our largest team ever, Camberwell also performed well at Eastern Zone, a competition representing a significant numbers of schools. Camberwell finished a very creditable 14th overall. Strong individual performances came from Clinton Herman (4 individual seconds) and Damian Chambers in the diving who came first. Camberwell's greatest success in the swimming itself was the senior boys' 4 x 100m freestyle relay team who swam in first in an exciting finish. The team Cameron Strathdee, Sasha Goluboic, Jason Phua, and Clinton Herman competed at All High's and although swimming a much slower time than at Eastern Zone still managed a third. In the Under 17 diving, Damian Chambers achieved first place.

All round it was a wonderful year for Camberwell's swimmers, and a particularly encouraging sign was the performance of our juniors. The excellent performances in the relays shows the depth of talent at Camberwell; all good signs for the future.

*Cameron Strathdee
School Swimming Captain*



HOCKEY REPORT

Hockey this year promised us great things, but unfortunately while still giving a solid performance our teams fell short of expectations.

With a large group of club players at the school and a world standard synthetic playing ground within walking distance, hockey has become a major force in Camberwell's sport, with teams regularly turning in worthy performances.

Both junior and intermediate boys' teams flew through Whitehorse division with large wins behind them, to enter Eastern Zone with great hopes. All matches were fiercely played by both teams at a high club standard but to no avail with more experienced sides narrowly winning, at the expense of our teams.

In the past few years hockey skills have risen considerably. The school has introduced many students to the game who have gone on to play the game for a local club. And we now regularly field sides which contain a full team of Saturday morning players. A far cry from the age old days when a small group of five regular players struggled along in a minority sport.

Obviously with this, goes thanks to the P.E. staff who have bought excellent equipment of late that has helped considerably. And of course how could hockey at Camberwell be complete without mention of the most dedicated member of staff, Mr. Anderson.

To him there are hundreds of sport — enthused students who give thanks.

Ben Simpfendorfer

BASKETBALL

Way back in the year of 1865, a man named John Naismith needed some type of sport to keep his football and baseball stars busy in between seasons.

He came up with a peach basket attached to a wall, a soccer ball and some basic no-contact rules so as his players would not receive any untimely injuries.

It would be 1921 before Australia got its first taste of a new sport called basketball.

It has taken a while for basketball to gain any recognition, around 45 years in fact, since the first game ever played in Sydney. Basketball in Australia is growing rapidly everyday with a very high standard indeed.

Evidence of this can be seen at schools all over Australia, especially here at Camberwell. With three basketball courts and, hopefully, an indoor court, our school boasts excellent facilities. You can see at recesses and lunchtimes, and even the more dedicated after school, there are always kids out there enjoying and playing the game. The whole of Australia is beginning to accept one of the superior sports to emerge in this century.

Brendon Webb, Year 10C



BASEBALL

Mr. Barrett took up the job of coaching the senior baseball team. We only had a couple of training sessions prior to the round robin because of lack of numbers.

We played our first game against Burwood Heights and beat them decisively. In the next game we met Wattle Park after they had played Burwood Heights and won by a smaller margin than our team. We were three runs ahead of Wattle Park going into the last innings but Wattle Park had batted first so they had to make 3 runs, go out and then get us out. They made the runs but didn't go out. So the game was called a draw although, by the rules, we should have won.

The official on the day then said that it would be taken back to the game against Burwood Heights. Although we had beaten them by a larger margin, they worked it out on averages. As a result, we finished third on the day but we were good losers!

GOLF

The season started with about 10 golfers taking part in the international competition being played at Wattle Park Public Course in March. The best six golfers then went to play in the Whitehorse District Competition held at Morack Public Course. Phillip Grunberg was the most successful competitor, winning the individual event then proceeded to the Eastern Zone finals. Representing the school he came fifth.

School golf team: Stuart Evans, Paul Rossitto, Ranil Tennakoon, Andrew Erskine, Phil Grunberg and Simon Foster.

Phil Grundberg



NETBALL

Netball is growing very fast as a popular sport throughout the world.

It is now an olympic sport and Australia has a well represented team. There is also a Victorian netball team who compete against other various states.

Camberwell High School has a lot of netball players. The school competed against other schools, and received quite high results. We also had an inter-house netball competition with mixed teams. It was successful event with MacArthur winning the final.

There is now a new sort of netball starting. It's netball played indoors with mixed teams. The rules are slightly different and it is a much faster moving game. It is good to know that netball is so popular with females and males. It is an energetic, and very enjoyable sport.

Robyn Matheson, Year 10C

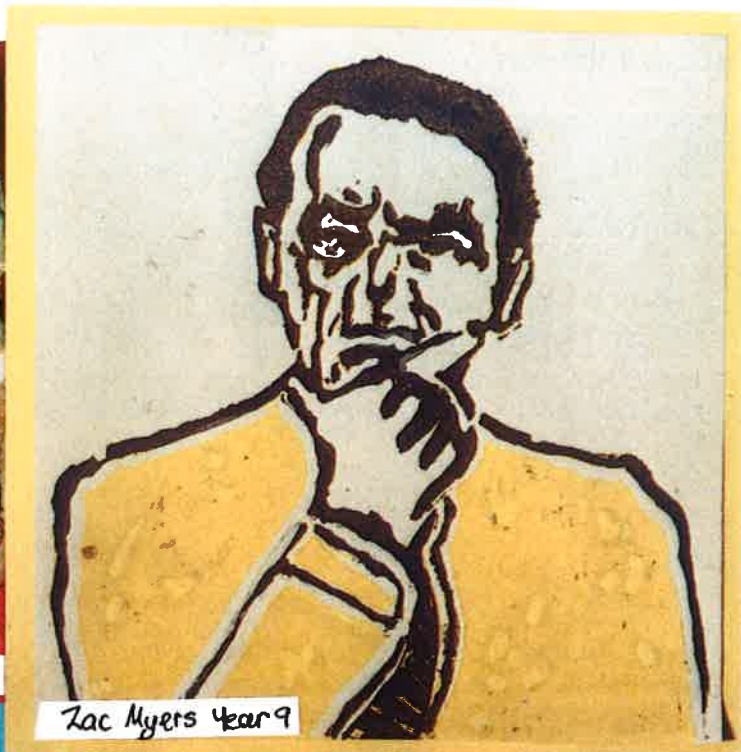
CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

This year was one of the most successful for Camberwell High in cross-country. From Whitehouse group, five of our six teams made it to Eastern Zone. From Eastern Zone two individuals and one team made it to All-High. At All-High the junior boys (Carl Watson, Jesse Foster, Jolyon Boyle, Sean O'Brien, Stuart Jones) came a great 2nd. In the individual results Stephen Rayn 13th, Travis Longmuir 11th both ran well. Special thanks to Mrs. Kenneally for her help with training.

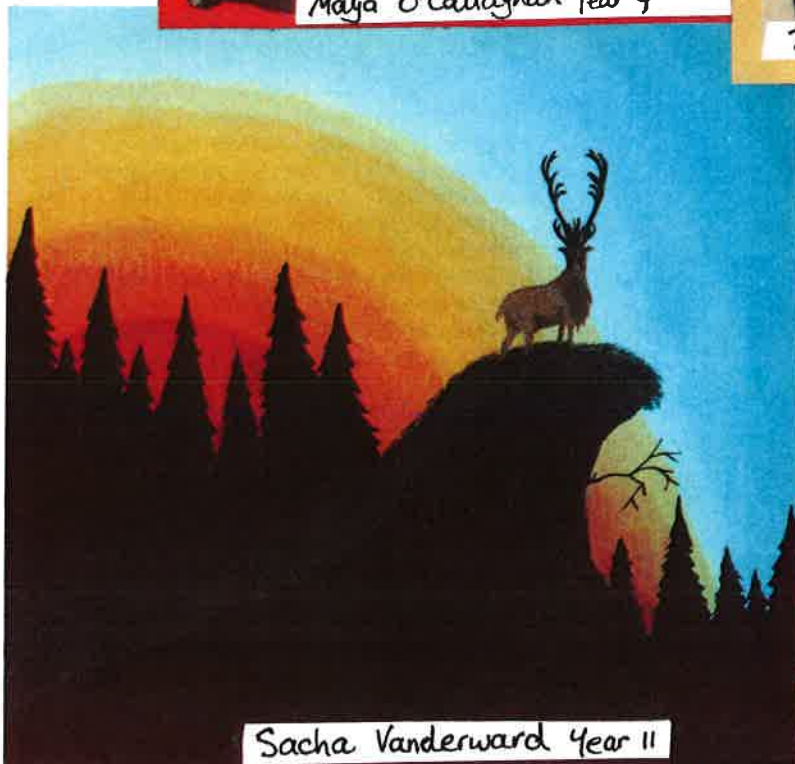




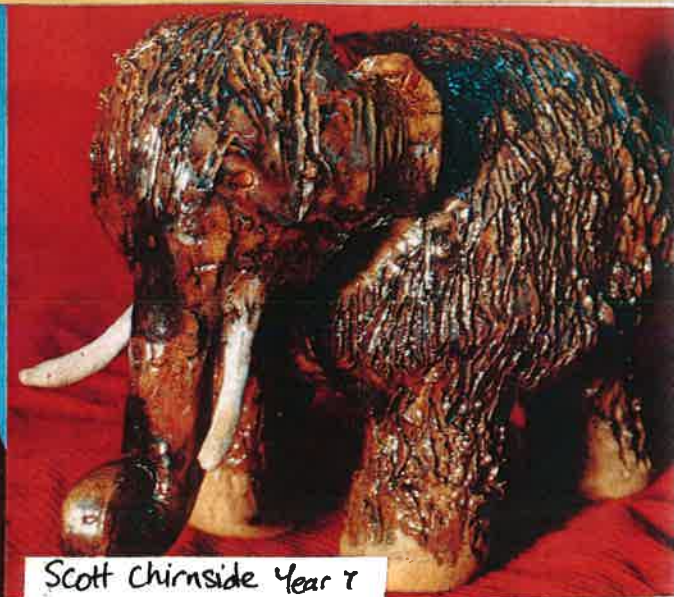
Maya O'Callaghan Year 9



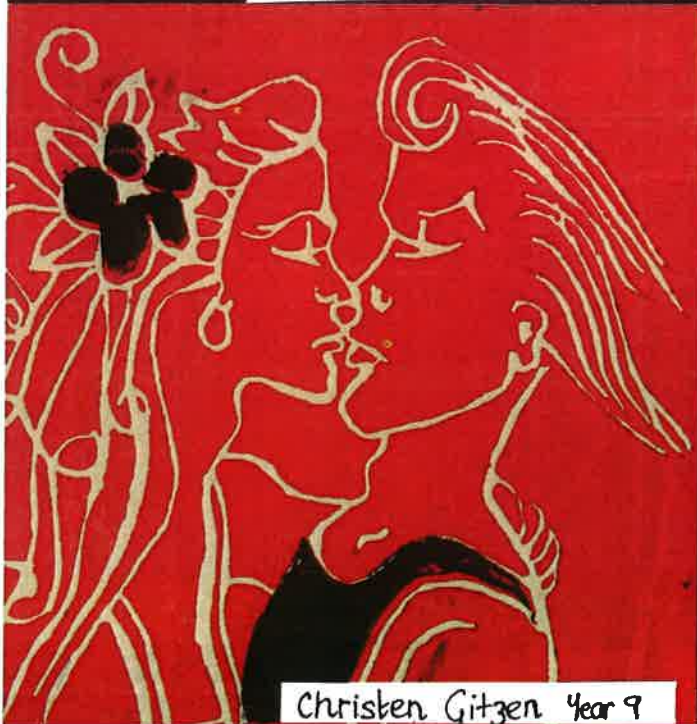
Zac Myers Year 9



Sacha Vanderward Year 11



Scott Chirnside Year 7



Christen Gitzen Year 9



Tony Tran Year 9

JUNIOR WRITERS' PRIZE

Looking out the unclear, dusty window, watching the rain as it dropped on the pebbles outside making a rattling noise, I watched my mother as she packed my clothes in a large suitcase; the one that we always took when visiting our grandparents. Mum's eyes were thickly covered with tears, but she tried to swallow them back. When I asked why she was crying she simply answered, 'I'm not crying, it's just that I've been peeling too many onions.' I know she wasn't telling me the truth for in her eyes the tears were real, and painful.

My sister came in with her favourite doll, the doll with the long silky golden hair and light gentle blue eyes that blinked. Dad bought it for her when he was coming home from war. I whispered in her ears asking Mum why she was crying. She snapped back at me: "You shouldn't ask too many questions. It's not very good to be a busy body when you're only four!"

At midnight, Dad called us up and said that we were going on a long journey. With that he put me on his shoulders and set off. My mother had a big suitcase in one hand and my nine year old sister in the other hand. I watched my brother, who was eleven, dragging another suitcase behind him, every now and then he would stop to gasp for breath. After a while I fell asleep on Dad's broad shoulders.

I woke up finding that we were in a small boat, on a small dirty boat surrounded by strange people. Heavy tears covered their dark coffee eyes. Some people cried out loudly on each other's shoulders. Their tears were the same tears that I saw on my mother's eyes. Some sat on their own crying silently to themselves. Looking at them made tears fill my eyes. Deep inside I felt as if I was separating from something that belonged to me, or something that I belonged to. I felt as if a part of me was missing. I felt that, that part of me I could never have back. I felt that I was growing further and further from it every moment. I knew there was no way I could ever come back to it.

A couple of days slowly passed. It seemed like years till we reached an island, where we had to change boats. The boat that we had to change to was a fraction bigger, but as dirty as the one before. Its number was K.G. 2000. There were about a hundred of us all together on the boat. For days we had to put with sleeping sitting up along the hard wooden wall of the boat. Our sleep was restless, for the rough waves continually pushed our boat up and down without sparing us a moment of peace. We had to eat half raw salty rice, for it was cooked by sea water and we drank salty water to satisfy our thirst.

Day after day we sat without any room to move. We had to stay in one position to do everything. It was so noisy, people were yelling, talking and children were crying combining with the noise of the waves smashing against our boat.

We were nearly running out of petrol. Everyone was petrified. People were saying things which terrified me. Although I don't really understand the meaning of death, I knew it wasn't a nice thing.

From a distance three large boats approached us. Our driver thought that they had come to help us so he stopped the boat. When these boats came closer we realised they hadn't come to help, but they were pirate ships from Thailand. It was too late to run, for they had already surrounded our small boat. Horrible men jumped over to our boat. They had long messy hair and looked as if they hadn't shaved or bathed for years.

My grand-auntie had two pieces of precious green marble stone which was carved in the shape of Bhudda. She hid them in a sugar bag. After the pirates took our jewellery, they pushed us over to their boats. The waves pushed the boats together and parted making them crash violently together. While going over to their boat my mother's thigh got caught between the smashing boat and bruised her leg badly.

Once they had turned our boat inside out, they pushed us back and left us in very poor condition and with very little petrol. If we had run out of petrol, we would have been stranded in the middle of nowhere or maybe have even drowned. Old ladies screamed for help even though they knew no one was around to hear. They scattered themselves on their knees around the boat and worshipped God, praying to him to have pity on them.

God must have heard and answered their prayers for suddenly out of the mist, an oil tanker came towards us. It had huge, faded black tyres hanging on every side of its red rusted walls. It was the biggest thing I'd ever seen in my whole life, especially if you were standing next to it and looking up at it. It looked as if it was touching the sky.

We climbed up the hard rotten tyres, which blistered my hands. I was afraid of falling into the sea. My mother was always below me lifting me every step I took. As soon as I reached the top a rough, muscular pair of hands grabbed and pulled me up. I thought he was strange and different. He looked exactly like my sister's doll but a male version, for he had blond hair a blue eyes. The spoke in a language I couldn't understand.

It was the first time in two weeks we had proper and unsalted food. I could fill up my stomach with fresh water and not worry about anyone else not having a chance to drink. I didn't eat much food, for it was unfamiliar to me.

They lowered us onto the deck with something very like a lift. It could only hold four people at a time. So I was left behind with my father while the others went first. I thought they were taking my family away. I thought I would never see them again. I was frightened, but my father calmed me down. Seeing him so happy and confident, my fear slowly faded away.

On the deck they gave us a place to sleep and move around freely without being afraid that someone might take our place. My sister usually took me to the edge of the boat and we would look down at the sea. This made me dizzy and I felt as if butterflies were flying in my stomach. I felt as if a force was going to push me into the sea.

Once a strong wave rocked the oil tanker, everyone fell to one side of the ship, and we all tumbled over each other. I grabbed tightly to a pole on the end of the ship. Even though the sight of the sea made me sick, I still hugged the pole close to me. My hands felt itchy as if they had pins and needles. I felt as if my hands were slipping off the pole. I grabbed on tighter for I didn't want to tumble on those people and fall off the ship between the bars that surrounded the ship. The wind forced me to look at the dark blue sea. Below me I saw three sharks swimming around in circles, one after another as though they were chasing each others' tails.

After two to three luxurious days on the oil tanker, we reached a small island called Malaysia. It was the first time I could look out to the clear blue sea from land. The sand was soft and pure white it ran through my toes like water. The soft glow of the golden sun, shone with melancholy on the sea, making it glitter as if diamonds were scattered on it.

Apart from this glorious sight, we were stranded on this island which we knew nothing about. A small shack stood nearby the bay. It was made of sticks and logs.

The family had escaped from Vietnam too, but now they were called to the refugee camp, where they were to be picked up and sent to another place that I'd heard to be a fantastic place.

We swapped the green marble that was hidden in the sugar bag from the pirates for a shack where we struggled to make ourselves a comfortable home.



SENIOR WRITERS' PRIZE

We ate and slept in the same room. We slept on mats which were laid down on the soft, sandy ground. There wasn't a toilet or bathroom. To go to the toilet, we had to climb up millions of loose wooden steps that led to a platform about 15 metres above the ground. We had to stand above a hole and all our waste would go into the river below. The wood on the platform was half missing and there was nothing to hang on, on the sides. To bathe we went to a clean river near the sea. It was very rocky, but the water was so clear and with the sun shining on it you can almost see your reflection as clearly as a mirror.

Looking out onto one part of the sea you could see cities, for the land had an extraordinary curve in it. At night, city lights shone brightly with all different bright colours, competing against one another to exhibit their beauty.

At last we were called to the refugee camp at 'Kuala Lumpur'. There it was extremely hot. We slept under one big plastic sheet, to protect us from the rays of the hot yellow ball of fire. We were almost the last ones to arrive there. All the best and coolest places were taken up by selfish people who wouldn't spare room for anyone else. We had to sleep further out from the shade of the plastic material. Every morning I would be woken up by the glare of the sun which painfully stung my eyes.

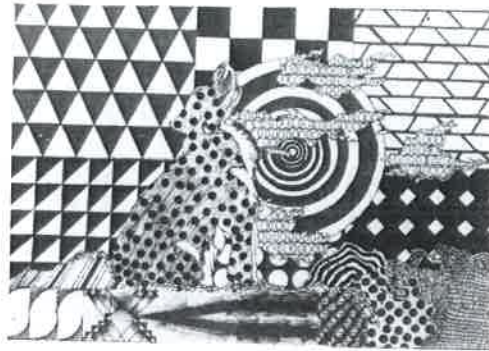
Suddenly a loud noise roared across the sky. A big white machine with two wings on each side of it. It landed nearby forming a lot of hot humid wind. Our names were called to board it. When I came closer I could see it more clearly, there was a sort of red animal with a very long tail. On its sides were six big capital letters; QANTAS.

Entering this thing there was a strange, unfamiliar, fresh smell of Ajax which playfully tickled my sensitive nose. This was the most immaculate place I'd ever set eyes on. They had coloured boxes with miniature people in them.

I gazed out of the small, clear window seeing soft white smoke around me. I wanted to reach out and run my hands through it. Looking down a million miles away, there were different shades of green blocks equally divided.

As the plane descended, I realised we were in a completely new surroundings. Unlike Vietnam, this place had cement roads which had been in my dreams. A place I never knew existed. I had no fear of being shot at, the sky wasn't filled with helicopters carrying bombs around. There weren't any guards with guns on them. No more did I have to hide. My fears and dread had all disappeared. This was the moment I've been waiting for, the moment I dreamt of... I was FREE!

Stephanie Phan, Year 9



ODE TO AFRICA LAND OF CONTRAST

O dark and secret land of many climes
Your mysteries man has not revealed
Though he has tried so many times.

Dark and forbidding yet somehow
inviting
You entice the adventurous to visit
your shores
At every turn you show things new
and exciting.

Your many nations have created your
mysteries
The mixture of cultures has not been
utopic
However each will retain his own
histories.

O Africa you host a people of many
destructions
Of war, of hunger, of prejudice and
death
However your beauty shines from
jungle to city constructions

Like the heart beat of a baby
Like the beating of a drum
One day all may live in your Eden
eternally

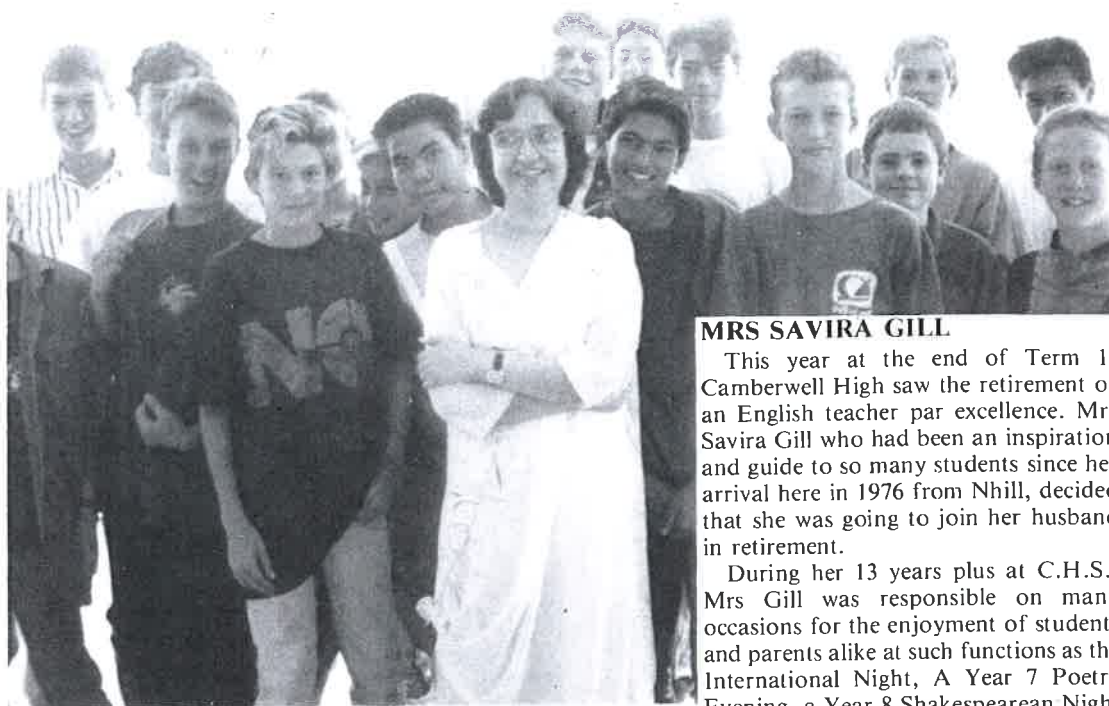
I thank thee O Africa for bearing my
soul!
And wish thee farewell as they burn
the black coal.

Adrian Thompson, Year 11

Footnote: Adrian was born in Africa in Zimbabwe and lived there and in South Africa until he came to Australia in 1985. The poem was written from his own experiences living in Africa and is set to the soundtrack of the movie "Shaka Zulu".



Chris Myster Year 9



MRS SAVIRA GILL

This year at the end of Term 1, Camberwell High saw the retirement of an English teacher par excellence. Mrs Savira Gill who had been an inspiration and guide to so many students since her arrival here in 1976 from Nhill, decided that she was going to join her husband in retirement.

During her 13 years plus at C.H.S., Mrs Gill was responsible on many occasions for the enjoyment of students and parents alike at such functions as the International Night, A Year 7 Poetry Evening, a Year 8 Shakespearean Night and many Speech Nights and Information and Orientation Evenings for the new and prospective families. Her ability to gain a very dramatic and polished performance from groups of all ages left her audience and performers with a sense of admiration.

Mrs Gill's greatest contribution to life at Camberwell however, came in her daily work in the classroom. Whether she had the students lying quietly on the floor doing drama exercises or involved in discussion on a novel or important issue, she always commanded their respect. No student was beyond her reach or her understanding, each student knew that to her he was an individual with his own special qualities.

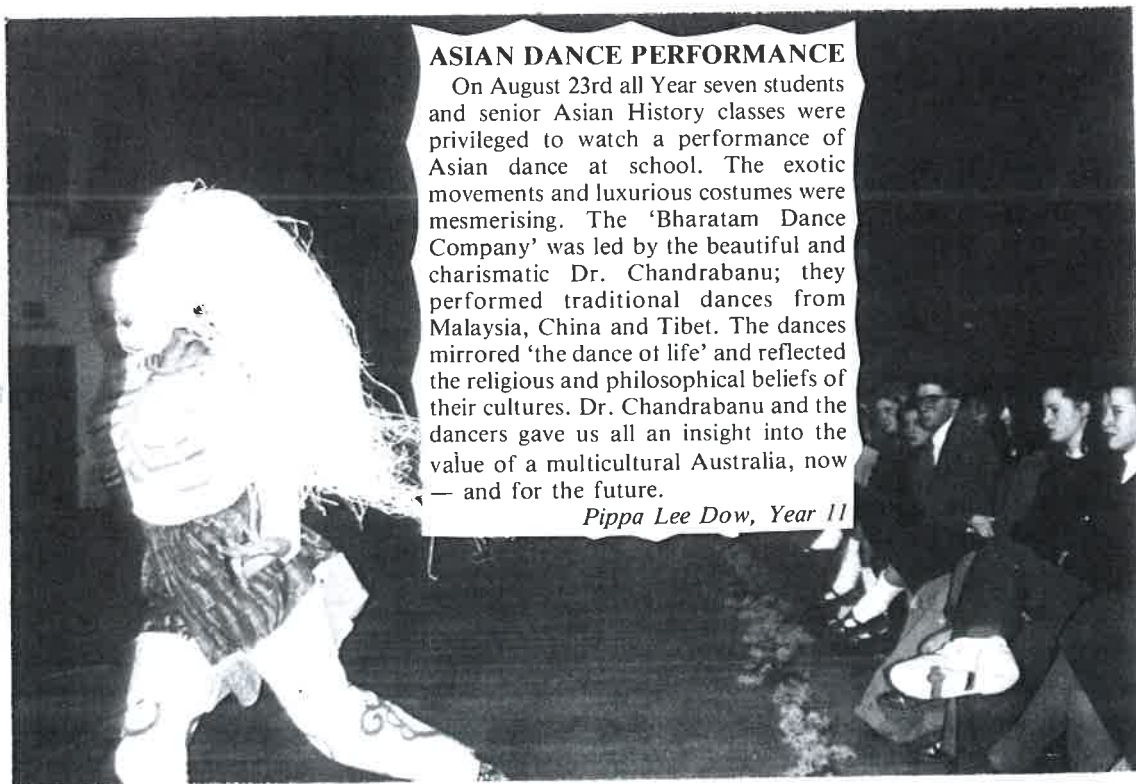
VIETNAMESE MOON FESTIVAL



ASIAN DANCE PERFORMANCE

On August 23rd all Year seven students and senior Asian History classes were privileged to watch a performance of Asian dance at school. The exotic movements and luxurious costumes were mesmerising. The 'Bharatam Dance Company' was led by the beautiful and charismatic Dr. Chandrabanu; they performed traditional dances from Malaysia, China and Tibet. The dances mirrored 'the dance of life' and reflected the religious and philosophical beliefs of their cultures. Dr. Chandrabanu and the dancers gave us all an insight into the value of a multicultural Australia, now — and for the future.

Pippa Lee Dow, Year 11



VCE 1989



FRONT ROW

Kneeling (L to R): Diera Johnson, Sharon Barnette, Sarah Leigh, Fiona Mioovich, Jenny Sturgess, Pauline Tran.

Sitting (L to R): Richard Faull, Joseph Lin, Emily Husodo, Vicki Gott Liebsen, Veronia Troup, Greta Sutherland, Arieta Reeh, Cathy Grayson, Gwennyth Teh, Natalie Coote, Samantha Bruni, Sylvia Lin, Rohanne Hodges, Gill Marchbank, Greg Chintock, James Ngan.

FIRST ROW

Standing (L to R): Tom Tahos, Bill Yeung, Derrick Choy, Jason Biggs, Dimitry Dimas, Paul Newton, Andrew Savage, Miah Nguyen, Ronald Teo, Con Sioulas, Trent Bolton, Angelo Verelas, Tim Main, Dai Vy Vuong, Andy Chan, Jung Nguyen, Tuyen Nguyen, Robert Hatrani, Aaron Slade.

SECOND ROW

Standing (L to R): Melissa Green, Nicole Clark, Susan Newcombe, Sussana Nyborg, Jill Prior, Cathy Scholes, Jacqui England, Biddie Hillis, Sarah Neale, Rachael Thompson, Jodie Wentworth, Lisa Savage, Valeria Verbanaz, Mary Tsitsanis, Betty Exintaris, Sheana Kilmartin, Sarah Green, Suzanne Higginbotham, Mandy Koh, Karen Davidson.

THIRD ROW

Standing (L to R): Dao Quach, Shane Foster, Steve Malcolm, Duncan Sherman, Aaron Tracey, Scott Fraser, Jason Lal, Geoff Hall, Erric Dimatos, Ross Duffy, Nick Oddy, Ranjit Singh, Jag Gill, William Yau, Cameron Mclean, Darren Poke, Sasha Golubovic, Michael Overall, James Baum, Lawrence Miller.

BACK ROW (L to R): James Hawthorn, Roger Paul, Tony Hoye, Ian Macleod, Rohan Young, Jamie Walter, Jolyon Sinclair, Steve Standlellis, Simon Olive, Russel Shields, Blake Sanderhof, Mark Henham, Alister Bond, Steve Katsourakis, Robin Isiah, Cameron Strathdee.

GOODBYE FROM VCE 1989!

Dear Camberwell High School,

At this, the end of our time together, I feel that a short note is in order. After all, it doesn't seem so long ago that I was meeting you for the first time. You were so overwhelming — with your endless corridors and ever-elusive classrooms, (some of which I am sure do not exist) not to mention the fact that I had all but dedicated myself to you for the next six years of my life only to find the existence of a 'dungeon' (not a great confidence boost). Nevertheless, I adjusted and grew to accept you as you were. Yet, I don't think that anything could have prepared me for what I was to experience in the years to come.

Learning Latin in Year 8 detention, was, no doubt invaluable, as was diving into the frosty waters of the swimming pool at 9.15a.m. — always to the delight of the onlooking P.E. staff. The house athletics and swimming sports had to be lived through to be believed. A true battle of the houses ensued each year as we decked ourselves out in our green, yellow, blue or red in support of our teams. This of course, was not the only time our appearances would vary from the uniform. Once a week, almost religiously, we would leave home-economics plastered head to toe with the day's creations. A complete transformation takes place each year in slave-auctions, musicals, talent-quests and, of course, the infamous casual day. (I remember when it used to cost only 20c!)

Where else but here could I have experienced one-to-one contact with an ox's eyeball in Year ten science? And who could ever forget those camps? Year 7 at Coolamatong was a time where, as the new kids in town we made new friends, rode horses and strung sheep's intestines across a paddock. It was a time for staying up really late (at least 12.00) and telling ghost stories and jokes and singing songs as teachers patrolled outside. Slightly different, but no less memorable, was that infamous Year 11 Central Australia tour. Sixteen days of red dust, 6 and 7 o'clock starts and camp cooking — in all its sandy glory. Again the camp was a time for meeting people and establishing permanent friendships along with seeing places I had never before encountered. The climbing of The Rock on this trip can be easily compared to my climb from Year 7 to 12. The journey was difficult and seemingly endless but on reaching the top I could look back admiringly and firmly conclude that it really was worth the effort.

I never imagined I would feel this way at the end of my time with you. Surely I should feel ecstatic, relieved, finally-it-is-all-over but instead, as the wheels begin to turn in my life, leaving you behind arouses feelings of sadness and appreciation of the good times you have provided me with in your 'hallowed' halls.



I grew up with you and what I experienced under your watchful eye has helped make me the person I am today, good or bad — I cannot say. You have allowed me to encounter people and events in my life that will stay in my memory — forever and for that, above all else, I thank you.

Jill Prior, Year 12E

YEAR 12 STUDY CAMP REPORT

It was Wednesday 15th February and the beginning of the Year 12 camp at Bacchus Marsh. I had absolutely no expectations of this camp being a particularly enjoyable or relaxing one since the word 'study' had been strangely emphasised by teachers and co-ordinators for the previous few days. At 3.30 p.m. around one hundred Year 12 students loaded their bags onto the two buses and before long we were on our way. One bus arrived safely at around 5.00p.m. with the second arriving around twenty minutes later. What happened to the second bus still remains a mystery. The camp itself was situated around a massive oval with a swimming pool, basketball court, recreation-and-dining hall, dam and about ten small houses each accommodating eight or more students and one or two teachers to uphold 'law and order'.

The aim of the camp was generally to help prepare Year 12 students for the V.C.E. year. Each day consisted mainly of lectures on a variety of topics such as study skills, stress management and how to choose the right tertiary course or field of employment. The lectures were long and sometimes tedious; however, I am sure everyone found them informative and beneficial for the end of the year.

The camp also provided a perfect opportunity to get to know new students, teachers and co-ordinators, various recreational activities were organized with certainly the most memorable one being the 'Mini Olympics' organized by Mr. Magee. However, it seemed that most 'athletes' preferred a quick sprint to their cabins rather than round the recreational hall.

Before long Friday came and after all of the dirt had been cleaned out of our cabins we had a surprisingly delicious lunch consisting of sandwiches and chocolate cake, piled onto the buses, headed back to school, our heads clearer and minds ready to conquer the year before us.

Our thanks to Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. Hill, Mr. Worcester, Mrs. Kenneally, Mr. Magee, Mr. Loveday, lecturers and visitors and not forgetting Mr. Dobron for his excellent bell-ringing recitals.



**CONGRATULATIONS
DUNCAN SHERMAN!**

CULTURAL ENCOUNTERS

The old man was sitting, his grey, string-like hair tangled, his shabby clothes barely clinging to the bony figure. The bus shelter was his home. To me it was where I waited for the bus which was once again late. Even after seventeen years of living in Australia, never once did I remember the four past eight city-bound bus from Box Hill to be on time. To the permanent bus shelter occupant it did not matter if the bus was on time or not. And this attitude seemed to be shared equally by the bus company.

Yet one would arrive home in the evening to a glossy television advertisement for the company, boasting their high values for punctuality. But what did it matter to Jim or Jack or any of the other drivers if they made people late? I never dared to ask them — they would most probably tell me to see their boss, or his boss, or that boss's boss!

Little did I know that if I remained calm, looked around and listened, the bus shelter would prove more educational than any place of learning. The dark haired, middle aged woman sat between me and the shelter resident. In fact she sat closer to the old man than to me, not appearing to be disturbed by his odour or unhygienic appearance. The woman's face was that of a Greek's or possibly a Yugoslavian's. She was heavily laden with string bags full of packages of meat neatly wrapped in butcher's paper, and vegetables recently hand picked from the local market. Her clothes were plain, probably hand made, but she was certainly going to eat heartily with her family this weekend.

The lady did not appear to become distressed by the fact that the bus was now over ten minutes late. Instead she produced a large, partly finished, red woollen jumper from one of her unnumerable string bags, which now leant against her legs, and began knitting.

Meanwhile, two young boys had also approached the grey cement structure forming the bus shelter. Making room for them to sit, the foreign lady moved further towards the shelter resident and the boys sat between me and the woman. I waited, but they did not deliver. There was not one "thank you", yet the foreign lady did not even raise her eyes from her knitting in surprise or disgust.

The two boys were busy chewing on "McDonald's" burgers and had not yet spoken. Eventually they did break the silence by asking each other why they thought the bus was so late. The boys were Australians, distinguished mainly by their accents. After fuming for some time, they proceeded to stuff their mouths with purple gum and block out civilisation with "Sony Walkmans".

I was amazed at how even the two cultures of the foreign woman and the Australian boys differed so greatly. There was the woman with her fresh food and the knitting to occupy her spare time, who wasn't worried by the late bus, and there were the two boys who consumed fast food, were irritated that the bus was late and felt compelled to occupy their time with more "junk" food and modern, material items.

Then, as if I was the observer in a comedy film, a man approached the bus stop. He was an elderly Jewish man dressed in the traditional black robes and well distinguished by an abundance of greying hair, accompanied by earlocks and a black hat. In his right hand he carried a small black book, most likely his Torah. There was no room left in the shelter to sit, but this didn't bother the man and even when I offered him my seat, he said he would rather stand thank you. He stood straight and proceeded to study his book. He had traded no part of his culture for another, obviously relying strongly on and placing great faith in his religion which had dominated his people for thousands of years. To me, this represented a very strong-willed man and one worthy of respect.

The two boys giggled loudly as they noticed the man beginning to read. The Jewish man took no notice. He had survived for all these years and was obviously not going to allow himself to be affected by a culture in which some gained pleasure in ridiculing others.

I had always drawn my own conclusions about other people, their cultures and the effects of the various cultures on people. But what was to happen next actually tested my hypotheses practically. As I reached into my bag to remove something to read, the gusty Autumn wind which had been blowing all morning took hold of a page of my notes and carried it away. As I fumbled with the rest of the pages to avoid them from also being taken, I noticed some very interesting things.

The permanent bus shelter resident who still had not woken did not move. Likewise, the response from the two young boys was non-existent — as their ears were blocked, so were their eyes. The foreign woman struggled with her knitting and dropped a stitch as she put out her foot in an attempt to stop the paper, while at the same time her bags fell on their sides.

But it was the Jewish man, older than anybody there, who dropped his Torah and ran to retrieve my paper, I got up and thanked him sincerely then went back to sit down, realising how my theories had been confirmed. It was the one who relied most on his heritage for morale, and strength by following tradition who made an effort and helped me.

The bus finally arrived and everyone boarded. The two boys climbed the steps first, then the foreign woman, then, despite my efforts to let the Jewish man on first, I boarded, followed by the Jewish man. The bus moved away from the stop. For some, there is no heritage to fall back on, and so there is nothing that people or new cultures can alter. Their lives are simple. The bus moved further away from the shelter, leaving one such person behind. The old man was sitting, his grey, string-like hair tangled, his shabby clothes barely clinging to the bony figure. The bus shelter was his home.

Roger Paull, Year 12E

MOTHER'S DAY

The last time I can recall your arms
around me
Was when I was a little girl —
A memory so tangled and confused
with others that
It doesn't fit in anywhere.
Eight years of opposition and
bitterness
Have been steamrolled over into
One long battle;
It's hard to comprehend the fact that
It hasn't always been like this.
And at the end of a week of spats and
screams
You expect me to hand over to you
A present
To show my appreciation of you.
I couldn't come at such a half-hearted
gesture
As that, just like an unnecessary lie.
So when I heard you on the
telephone,
Your sudden choked sob, the sniffing
For ever after that,
My indifference was shattered,
And each pang of guilt
Tore a piece of me away like vicious
teeth.
I fought the strangest urge to
Go out to tell you how deeply sorry I
was,
To justify the absence of that gift,
Knowing you would say you didn't
care,
That you were beyond expecting
anything from me
In your coldest voice.
How could you expect me to pretend
For one day
That our relationship is part of
My vivid imagination,
When every look at you makes me
aware
Of how much distance there is
between us.
For every tear you cry
You won't once concede that
Perhaps it is your fault too.
On this one day of the year
That is specially set aside for you,
You decide there is a reason to
Be upset for it all
And I'm the criminal
For ignoring it.

Tess Shantley, Year 12D

THE BARRIER

The tour bus halted in the centre of the recently renovated, yet still dusty, Alice Springs. The tour guide informed us we had two hours to browse through the town, before the battered bus returned to the camp site.

It was late in the afternoon and shops were closing, so Sheana and I strolled through the deserted mall, towards the supermarket to purchase a few necessities and satisfy our cravings for chocolate and soft drink.

Amber rays, projected from the setting sun, coloured the town copper. As I sat on the grass, opposite a cluster of souvenir boutiques, I scanned the deserted mall. The facelift of Alice Springs had obviously occurred for the benefit of the expanding tourism industry. However, the classical outback ruggedness had been lost when the concrete, city-like, pastel coloured construction was erected. It seemed only tourists and the local Aborigines inhabited the mall at dusk. I studied a nearby group of Aborigines. Their clothing was old and worn, belonging to the fashions of the previous decade. Some would smile bashfully at the tourists, others would regard them in an adverse manner. I sympathised with the Aborigines, who had become the outcasts of society in their own land, and I strongly resented the impact our Europeans ancestors had exerted upon them, interfering with their life of contentment and simplicity.

I mustered my courage, hoping to break the barrier between the local Aborigines and the stereotype tourists who scorn them. An elderly Aboriginal sat in solitude; gazing at the people clad in shorts and gimmicky singlets, pointing at things of interest, clicking automatic cameras and investing money in cheap, plastic items bearing the title "Alice Springs".

"Hello," I greeted him. He responded with a desolate smile. I hesitated, wondering what I should say next, wanting to open a conversation with him, yet not knowing how. I wanted to learn of the lifestyle he had adjusted to, and his opinion of it. Awkwardly, I stood before him, searching for a topic to communicate with him. I could not ask him how he spent his days, fearing he would assume I was sneering at his apparent lack of employment. My constrained poise was now intensifying, pushing forward my thoughtless request: "May I take a photo of you?"

The sad, deep brown eyes suddenly lifted with astonishment. He stood up and walked towards the banks of the currently dry Todd River. Scolding myself for insulting his dignity, I turned away.

"Hey!" The Aboriginal summoned me towards the sandy riverbed. "Take a photo of me here." He smiled broadly, revealing large, almost luminous teeth, and retaining within a firm sense of pride.

After I had taken the photograph, his proud, bold stance collapsed, and tears tumbled down his coffee coloured cheeks. Clutching the remains of his tattered self-respect, he sauntered down the riverbed. I gazed after him, feeling a mixture of compassion, regret and helplessness. His figure diminished with every stride he took, until his form blended with the earthy, textured land to which he belonged. —Sue Higginbotham, Year 12.



★Moama?..★★

It is six-thirty again and another day's work is, officially, over. Camp is yet to be set up, but that is a small job and shouldn't take long.

Life as a volunteer "Red Shirt" for the Red Cross on the Murray River Marathon means long days, usually starting at 5a.m. and going through, non-stop, until dusk.

The nights here are remarkable. The coming of the moon brings with it a beautiful cool breeze which batters the humidity and heat down, freshening the atmosphere. Then, as darkness falls, the sky lights up with millions of stars, all shining so brightly that one thinks they are going to explode. Unlike the cities, here there is no layer of pollution hiding the night sky's brilliant, beautiful stars, seemingly revelling in their majesty.

I have seen the night sky a thousand times, from Melbourne, Sydney, the Gold Coast, Central Australia, the Alice and hundreds of places between. None have compared with the view of the cosmos that can be gained from the Murray River at Moama.

The view is expansive, and overwhelms the imagination in an almost total experience of the vastness of time and space. A glance is not enough. To be immersed in the night's display is an experience unique in its perfection. This is a wholeness that must be felt to be fully appreciated. The experience immediately sets the mind racing, wondering, theorizing. Eventually you become intoxicated by it all — the beautiful, fascinating stars, the scent of the gum trees, and their silhouettes swaying in the cool, massaging breeze. Just within hearing is the sound of the Murray sliding down to the sea. It is a soothing sound, obliterated in daylight by wildlife. It is a sound that reaches inside you, awakening unknown instincts and heightening the senses to dizzying levels of awareness.

One inevitably wonders. Where has it come from? Who made it? How? Why?

This then is my favourite nightspot. Not a pub, nightclub, or a friend's place. The place I like best to be is on the Murray track, near Moama, stargazing from a dusty road, contemplating a creation beyond human understanding.

Blake Sonderhof, Year 12B

"DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER"

I noticed, thankfully, the bus was almost empty. Only a granny or two could be seen. I slid onto a seat and relaxed. I looked at my watch. Three-zero-four. If I have calculated correctly, I'll avoid all the revolting "Box Hill Techians" whose reputation I've only heard of and have yet to encounter. It is a meeting I think I could definitely live without!

The murmur of the bus engine lulled me, caressing my eye-lids. Slowly they began to droop. I sink into a peaceful slumber . . . But peace only lasted for five minutes. I was abruptly woken by the crude shrill shriek of a girl. I lifted my head . . . Shock! Horror! Gasp! Box Hill Technical School has been dismissed early.

They crowded towards the narrow door — millions upon millions of them, like ants swarming towards some ill-fated cake crumb. I was trapped. I squashed myself against the window. My head turned and my gaze fell and secured itself upon some poor specimen of a tree. One by one I heard them shuffle along to find a seat. Nothing would make me look at them.

"Move it, Craig, ya' dumb idiot!" The temptation to see who or what said that was overpowering. I turned to see a female — well something that slightly resembled a girl — for she was wearing a uniform that was at least 375 sizes too small for her plump body. The seams cried out in agony as the bulging flesh tried to force its way through the stitching. "Any minute now," I thought, "the seams are going to burst open like an erupting volcano." I became aware of a penetrating look burning a hole in my face. I lifted my head higher and met the girl's stare.

One could tell by this girl's appearance that she was surely the 'ruling queen'. Nobody unless insane, would question her authority. She looked mean and as though she meant business. I gulped.

Her hair was the colour of old, yellowing straw with regrown roots that were jet black. I lost count of how many earrings adorned her ears. Her face resembled a panda's with black circles around the eyes in a white face. The only difference was that that trait looked beautiful on a cuddly panda bear. The thick black paint radiated from her squinty brown eyes. Those same eyes were peering at me. A movement from her mouth grabbed my attention. I saw a green, slushy substance moving up and down like the fake Martian slime you used to see in the old 1940 horror movies. I was fascinated with the "chewy" in her mouth. Up and down. Up and down. Up and . . . A callous giggle from behind released me from that hypnotic chewing.

A voice squealed "Aie, check out tha private school snob sittin' in front of yas!" As I was the only other school person who didn't belong to Box Hill Tech on the bus, this comment invited thousands of heads to turn and set their

beady little eyes on me. "I don't go to a private school!" I screamed silently. The panda look-alike decided to sit next to me. She rolled herself onto the spare seat. Oh no! Would I ever reach my destination alive?

The bus closed its doors and my life flashed before my eyes. "Come on, bus," I urged, "hurry, hurry, hurry." Loud, abusive comments flew around me. I sat there, pinned against the wall scared of people I couldn't comprehend.

The bus seemed to take an eternity to find Box Hill Central and the station. Finally we arrived. I waited until everyone else disembarked before I got off. I walked towards the station savouring the taste of security when I heard familiar snickers and insults from four Box Hill Tech girls who were following me. And then suddenly, from nowhere, 'panda' materialized. Just when I thought it was over! I could imagine her fist slamming down upon my nose any minute now, just as I've witnessed on T.V. I was surely going to die or at least have my face remodelled!

"Shut up, Sheryl," panda stated. All four girls halted and faced their leader.

"But, but . . ." they stammered.

"Just shut up and leave her alone." The look she gave them silenced anything else they were going to utter.

I scurried off towards the station. For a brief moment I was grateful to a girl I'd never known. Then I began to wonder why she helped me. She must have a kind patch underneath that tough exterior, which only goes to prove the saying 'don't judge a book by its cover'.

Samantha Bruni, Year 12A

YOU

I have always felt at peace looking at you

You always look so beautiful and calm

Always brimming with life and joy

Touching you . . . feeling you

Gives me the simplest thrill

Lifting me to greatest heights of exuberance.

Yet, I have seen you when you were angry

Lashing at those helpless and innocent around you

Knowing no sympathy . . .

You can be so cruel

As though you were proud of your magnificence . . . your mere existence

But I love you best when you are serene

Because in this serenity, I feel a strength surging within me

In this serenity, I feel brave enough to face the world again.

If ever I fall, I know you will always be there for me

To help me pick up the pieces time and time again.

You are a true companion

Sea . . .

Yes, you are indeed my inspiration.

Gwyneth Teh, Year 12A

PEOPLE'S REACTIONS TO MASSACRE IN BEIJING

On the fourth of June 1989 more than ten thousand people were killed in Tiananmen Square. The brutal suppression of the students by the Chinese government gave the whole world a shock. Nothing else is more merciless than a nation killing its own people. My Chinese teacher said that he was totally disheartened at Deng's government.

The most pathetic thing is that people living in other parts of China were reported by deceiving proclamations. The Beijing Communist Party rewrote history and transmitted their stories through television and broadcasting networks around the country. More upsetting, Chinese citizens outside the capital seemed to accept the government's simplified and filtered account of events. Why? Firstly, it is because China is such a huge country, people living in the villages and outback have very little access to independent information. Besides, more than a fifth of the Chinese population (according to my Chinese teacher), that is, at least two hundred million people, are illiterate. They would not be able to read their own newspapers, let alone any foreign publications or listen to programmes like "Voice of America". Perhaps the truth is too painful to accept!

After the massacre, Beijing's leaders started to arrest the "counter-revolutionaries". They listed out twenty-one sought student activists, called "most wanted hooligans", and encouraged people or forced, I should say, to betray their own kith and kin (since they said this is a citizen's "duty"). The system of spying is working very effectively and is supported by civilians around the country. Someone who lives in Beijing said, "A week ago we were free to say anything, but now I suspect everybody." As you can imagine, the present situation in China is very tense. It is impossible to know what the people are thinking; they have lapsed into silence.

I learned much of this information from one of my friends from China. He was very resentful of the injustice done to the students who were killed savagely or captured by authorities. He told me angrily that: "They simply asked for democracy, more freedom, and reform. They still supported the government. They never attempted to overthrow the government. They were just a group of young people who were keen to develop their country and took real action in wanting to break down heartless and disintegrating administration. It is distrustful! It is hopeless!" I was wordless; what could I say to console a broken heart?

Sylvia Llin, Year 12A

Year Eleven

WORLD PEACE

The twentieth century has stood as a witness to the most devastating wars in man's history. For the first time a war was thought to be so expansive that it took the title of a world war. Now, however a new trend seems to be coming to the fore in world politics, one of peace. Maybe because world leaders, after years of threats in devastating actions and reactions have finally realised whatmost of us have known for years. No-one would win a Nuclear War.

Ruth Gamble, Year 11

MALE DOMINANCE

Male dominance is the basic inequality in the world today. Until it is substantially reduced, there can be little success in reducing other forms of dominance and inequality. Racism, imperialism, and most forms of social injustice have their foundation in this basic inequality.

Male dominance may be regarded as the basic form of inequality and suppression, since it is the oldest, most widespread and most blatantly obvious form of exploitation.

Despite the advances which have been made in industrialized countries, women are still denied proper rights. Women in Australia are usually better off than women in non-developed or Islamic countries, but despite this, they have a disproportionately small political influence.

The fact that women have been allowed to vote for many years has led a large number of people to believe women have more or less equal rights. In fact, women make up less than ten percent of our state and federal governments. Our governments are supposed to represent the populace, yet they effectively manage to silence half of Australians. The constitution should be amended to make it compulsory that political parties must make one half of their candidates women. Women are the ones who are best able to understand and gradually eliminate discrimination against women.

To have equal male/female representation is an entirely logical extension of our often unfulfilled democratic ideals.

Jonathon Hoel, Year 11

QUAND

Quand il fait froid dehors
et le ciel est obscur
Quand il fait nuit
dans mon coeur;
et mon ame crit,
Quand c'est difficile d'exister
et que la destinee est cruelle
ye me souviens de toi
et je vois un arc-en-ciel.

Par Pippa

TRANSLATION

When it's cold outside
and the sky is dark
When it's night in my heart
and my soul screams
When it's difficult to exist
and fate is cruel
I remember you . . .
and see a rainbow.

Pippa Lee Dow, Year 11

GRAFFITI

Graffiti is a drug in itself. Although it does not have the death toll that drugs do it can kill and it is definitely addictive. Kids as young as ten are vandalising cars, trains, trams, walls, buses and anything else that is in public view. They feel a compulsion to grab a little bit of fame amongst their peers. Like addicts, some are so involved they almost forget that it is illegal. Many government projects have been set up to rehabilitate the "Artists" but they still continue to deface community property.

Matthew Rasmussen, Year 11

Graffiti! What is Graffiti? Pictures? Wild, senseless scribbling? A challenge for teenagers to prove their braveness? Or is it much more than the 'every-day traveller' thinks it is? I, for myself, separate between 'masterpieces', 'tags' and simple scribbling.

I like masterpieces and the pictures. I think that they give a nice difference between everyday greyness. They bring colour in our surrounding and put your train-travelling-bored mind, for some moments in some other direction. Why should it be punished, if an ugly, grey, old wall suddenly appears in the most beautiful colours in a great design. Masterpieces are not boring, that makes the grey, dusty, ugly places looking better and friendlier.

I am absolutely against tags and scribbling. They are nothing special, put everywhere, looking like some strange lines lost anywhere. They make walls, stations, banks, houses look ugly, because they are put (written) down in any place, there is no plan, no thinking, no directions. Tags and scribbling is an unorganized writing down.

Anon., Year 11

The emaniated body lay lifeless on the hard concrete. The water lapped at the ice blue feet. Later, the cause of death would be written down, in some file, as drowning, but the real reason lay in two large tracks up and down each arm. Several were large with blue circles around them. Others were barely noticeable but for most of the people who stood around staring it was the only thing they noticed. They grabbed the viewers' attention like some warped advertisement for the heroin express.

Ruth Gamble, Year 11

CHEMISTRY

One of my favourite subjects is Chemistry, although I don't get very high marks for it. I like doing calculations in Chemistry like in Maths, or some theories but not experiments. This is because a Prac. needs a good understanding of English. Sometimes the Prac. interests me and I just write down a few numbers I've got. Maybe in the future I could do Chemistry without Prac. Is there anyone else who has the same problem as me?

Huong Nguyen, Year 11

"THESE ARE THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIFE"

In May, 1979, my family was aboard a small refugee fishing boat and we were on our way to a foreign land where we could start our new life together. Stranded across the Pacific Ocean, we fled from communism and hope to start life all over again. Recapturing these haunting memories of the open sea and disasters, I just wondered how lucky we were to be alive and especially how courageous and wonderful my mother really is. An extraordinary person she is, who by the time when we were trying to escape had to cope with three young children aged between four to eight years and also a toddler, who always had to be carried around. We were stranded on the open sea for nearly eleven days, surviving through threatening storms and shortage of fresh water. We also encountered pirates and they took everything they could get their hands on, even young females. Through love and concern for us, our mother managed to keep us all together through tough encounters and also in good health. We arrived on Australian soil on the 22nd August 1980.

It was a new world and a new year for us as we were transferred to Enterprise Hostel and I recalled it the hostel was situated near Springvale. Everything was strange but very satisfying. I can remember my first experience of the beds. They bounced! Now I remember clearly that my sisters and I used to climb up on to a shelf, count to three and just all jump on to the soft, comfortable cushions that were waiting for us.

Memories I can recall are my first sight of a colour T.V. From our point of view it looked like we were living in luxury with a good bed and a colour T.V. you couldn't ask for more. Back where we came from, you had to be very rich to have a colour T.V. and a comfortable bed. At this particular time, one of the most unusual things we discovered was blonde hair, my sisters and I had never seen a person with blonde hair and so we were very baffled. In the next few years, we managed to become more used to our surroundings.

Michael Ha, Year 11B

SCHOOL UNIFORMS

Our school uniform is embarrassing because a green jumper plus dark grey trousers or a green skirt looks just like a frog, so there are many frogs 'jumping in C.H.S.' Such a colour doesn't suit our teenage students. It should be changed to yellow jumper and white or black trousers.

Silas, Year 11

School uniforms can be real ugly, but it is there for an important purpose which usually cannot be seen by the students. It is there to show a 'belonging', a 'respect' and it does save time each morning . . . but somehow schools with uniform want to go without, and schools without, want one. Why?

Nam, Year 11

YEAR 10 GIRLS DAY

Year 10 girls were informed that we were to have a special day entitled "Girls and Decision Making". We were all curious to know what this was going to involve. The day was to be at the Salvation Army premises in Bowen Street and out of uniform — there was no need to say any more, we were won over!

The day started with much chatter and the organizing of name tags. After a couple of fun activities, we were divided into groups with each group lead by a staff member — Mrs. Howsen, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Goldberg and Mrs. Sinclair were the staff involved. Each group was to look at a particular situation — for example — Parents were to be away for the weekend and friends suggested they should have a party. What would we do in this situation and how would we go about making the decision? Lots of lively discussion took place. We then returned to the large group and pooled our ideas. Mrs. Sinclair then guided us through the process of making decisions.

1. Identify the decision to be made.
2. Look at all the alternatives.
3. Gather information and identify resources, needs and values.
4. Look at the consequences, advantages and disadvantages of each decision.
5. Choose appropriate action.
6. Accept responsibility.

We saw videos and did activities to give us practice using this model, addressing issues related to causes, relationships, drugs, and peer group parties.

In the latter part of the day we were shown a video on sexually transmitted diseases and we were all given a chance to ask anonymous questions. The staff formed a panel and answered these interesting questions frankly and honestly.

The day was most successful and it was great to get to know other girls and also we feel we got to know the staff better.

Many thanks to Mrs. Sinclair for organizing the day and other staff for their participation.

Katie Adams, Year 10

I'm not a 'nerd' or a 'square'
I'm not 'frigid'
Mr. Anderson is scarey,
I don't know what all the buttons on
my scientific calculator mean
I don't know where room 206 is
I play bat-tennis at lunchtime.
INXS RULE
BROS SUX
I buy 'milkos' at the canteen,
I am a year seven.

Russell Fox, Year 10

Monday 21st August . . .

Finally, after weeks of Mr. Watson frantically attempting to squeeze \$4 out of everyone, we were on our way. 10B and 10D climbed onto a bus which took us to the north wharf just across from Victoria Dock. Waiting for us at pier 15 was a very large boat [or small ship] which was, during the afternoon, going to take us on a guided tour of the Port of Melbourne. The weather for the occasion was wonderful — most people [including me] were really tired at the end of the cruise, after sitting in the sun. The ship cruised around the docks including Appleton, Holden and Victoria, down the Yarra to Williamstown and then back up the river towards home. As the port holds the largest Container Terminal in the Southern Hemisphere, it was strange to see that there were absolutely no ships in it at all. Thanks to an officer of the Port of Melbourne Authority giving a running commentary during the afternoon, we learnt that this was because of industrial unrest and so the ships were waiting off the coast rather than coming into the port.

Thanks very much Mr Watson, the Port of Melbourne Authority and their ship, the M.V. Commissioner, for an extremely enjoyable and interesting cruise.

Fiona Cresswell, Year 10B



"Hey fatso!"
"Skinny legs!"
"Shorty!"
"Big nose!"
. . . Teasing — part of school life.

WHY DO YOU FALL IN LOVE?

It depends on many different things. I don't think it has happened to me so I can't really answer truthfully. I know some people pretend to fall in love usually because they feel they have to, i.e. everyone else has a boy/girlfriend so I had better get one.

At school you are not allowed to fall in love but you are allowed to 'go' with someone, meaning you can write them verbose letters about nothing, swap clothes and make up stories that your friends don't believe anyway. All of these couples seem to break up in the midst of some juicy scandal which at the time is really big news but in a couple of weeks everyone has forgotten the details.

Reading this probably makes it look like you fall in love just to be the centre of attention and when people start to get bored you have to stir up their interest with a scandal; this is often the truth in school. Outside school relationships last longer probably because we've grown up by then or we're very good actors. As to why I fall in love, it comes down to a combination of things; what she looks like, what she thinks of me (and what I think of her), and, most importantly, she must have a brain and know how to use it. I can't stand people, male or female who continuously talk — without actually saying anything. For example, a girl whose favourite topic is what colour ribbon looks best in her hair or a guy who will only talk about himself or others and repeats what someone else has said without having any of his own opinions. The only thing I hate more is someone false either through a facade or wearing lots of makeup.

No one knows the exact moment they fall in love; first you think about someone, then you can't stop thinking about that person. Finally when you walk straight into a pole or tree and someone asks you if anything is wrong they take one look at your eyes and they know. If this happens at school or at some other place like it, for example, jail, in about five minutes flat everyone who's anyone knows exactly what's going on.

At a guess (educated of course), I would say that people fall in love mostly because they want to, sometimes because they feel they have to and, even rarer still, because they are actually in love; the kind of love you find in old songs not the three dollar kind from a discount Mills & Boon. Love is not always for a person, it can be for a favourite pet or your first car. People who commit mass murders are often described as being in love with the gun or knife they used.

Everything I have said are only examples of how we try to express love because it is a feeling, something abstract, so it cannot be properly described, only felt. Maybe that's why so many records are sold with love as a theme.

Tim, Year 10

WHAT IS TO BE SEEN FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW

I spent my days in front of the window, the world passing slowly and yet sometimes racingly by. I took much interest in what was to be seen for it was so exceedingly different every day. We would talk, ceaselessly of the many relevant issues surrounding us. Each seemed so drastic and life threatening that I always felt exceedingly important. All there was to do was sit and stare and talk or learn. It was terribly monotonous, but I knew no better.

I loved waking up early and sitting in front of the window waiting for the sun to rise. It gave me immense pleasure to feel the splattered sunlight streaks over my legs and arms and to smell the pure morning innocence. Dappled light danced through the leaves outside the window throwing monotonous shapes all around. Then reality shone through as business men emerged from their holes to face yet another day at the office. At this stage a melancholy wave would wash over me because I always felt there was nothing intriguing enough to keep me at the window sill.

Each evening I would sit in my dawn position, I always avoided the five o'clock rush for this I detested more than anything else. I loved full moons when the moronic moths would slowly kill themselves off merely by fluttering too close to those moon beams. At this time of night the world held a sense of exhaustion; yet also of exultation carrying the knowledge of another twelve hours. Neon lights flashed eternally, representing their profoundly rich millionaire inventor. Jealousy unfailingly crept in.

In summer the heat trapped me as though in a plastic bag. I was smothered by its strength, and held up no defences. Summer tortured me, it beat me repeatedly, knowing full well I was already beaten. The flies would buzz around drowsily and then die on my feet, as though trying to spite me. It was school holiday time, children looking for fun would throw rocks at my window and run away trying with no avail to suppress giggles of victory. This amused me.

I loved the winter frenzy, with everyone running around pointlessly trying to keep up with the Christmas rush, for they all seemed so stupid. I was quite content to let this flow over my head, especially the foolish idea of dressing up some tree. At this time snow fell in six-pointed stars, building up around the edges of window frames, so I was told I had to be content with what I knew, and believe in what I was taught. Though I had no alternative, I wish that just once I could have seen with my own eyes that Christmas tree, those six-pointed snow-flakes and even a five o'clock rush. And finally to break my bedroom window with that white cane I have grown to abhor.

Kate Adams, Year 10D

TIME MACHINE....

On the fourteen September 1989, I was ten years old. It was a cold rainy day, as the rain spattered into the open window.

I thought to myself, how would I look like in forty years time.

Will I have children?

Will I be married?

Will I work?, or

Will I be a drunkie?

There was a noise, noise that I do not come across! There it was again! I looked around my bedroom, everything were still and silent.

Somehow....my desk drawer slid open, white smoke came out, making the whole room blurry.

Suddenly, I felt myself going smaller and smaller. I don't know why? But I turned very...very small.

Then, out of the drawer, came a big force...pulling me inside.

My body started to spin very fast!!!!

PHEW!! PHEW!! PHEW!! PHEW!!

As I stopped spinning, I found myself standing in front of a large mirror, in a dark room.

I was not alone. I heard a weird voice...saying, "Look in the mirror and you will see yourself, at the age of fifty, on the 14th of September, 2029, and when you walk inside the mirror, you will meet your daughter and your wife. Good luck!"

"Come back! come back! I do not want to be here, take me back home, take me back to 1989."

There was no response, I walked into the mirror, I found myself in an unknown living room.

At the centre of the room was a girl. As she saw me, she approached me and said 'Daddy . . . Daddy . . . you're home.'

Nanthaporn Tanmahapran, Year 10

It was a cool Autumn morning. I got up and opened my window to let in the fresh, breezy zephyrs that caused the leaves on the lawn to dance before me. As the wind began to blow stronger I noticed a small leaf falling from a high branch. It slowly swayed from side to side as it descended, almost as if it was trying to guide itself to safety. As it came closer to me, I began to get a glimpse of the bright vibrant colours, in which Autumn had painted itself. With each twist or turn it was like seeing a million colours at once. At first I could only see the green of the leaf, which slowly faded into yellow. The yellow was then overcome by a fiery red, which in turn changed into orange and then yellow again. I now had to lower my gaze as the leaf was nearly at the end of its flight. Before hitting the ground it gave one last flutter and then lay motionless, amongst several other leaves which had suffered the same fate.

Julian Westcott, Year 10

I always thought of my future when I was little and I still do. First I thought I would go to Africa and live in the jungle. But over the years I changed ideas and I thought of being a biologist or a veterinarian. When I got to high school I started to ask people what subjects I needed to do to take biology and they told me that I needed maths. When I heard about maths and I knew that I wasn't good at maths I was terrified. At the moment I am caught by the claws of maths, and I have to be kept inside a really boring jail called a class where I have to work hard. At this moment I am confused. I can't decide my future just because of those big claws of maths which wouldn't let me go throughout my life if I was to take biology.

But now that I have a good teacher who doesn't go too fast so I'm beginning to like maths. I think that if I try hard enough I'll make it. If I get free of those big claws to the safe spot I'll pass maths but if I don't I'll always be terrified by it. Of course I am forgetting that I can take a course without doing maths. But then again, I wouldn't choose my favourite career such as becoming a biologist or veterinarian. But if I get, through the maths I will take the biology course to become a biologist or a veterinarian. When I finish my biology course I would like to work in the outback of Australia, and study the environment and animals living there.

John Laurenco, Year 10

A thick cloud settles over the city. On the horizon you can see it. A deadly mixture of carbon monoxide and other poisonous gases. People know about this problem but still these toxins are getting pumped out into the atmosphere. Today's children have to take a stand to stop poisoning the world because they are tomorrow's future.

Anon., Year 10

YEAR NINE....

VIOLENCE ON TELEVISION

Does violence on television cause children to become violent in latter life? I believe it does: this does not mean that there will be a major crimewave when today's generation are older. But it does mean that these people may turn to violence to help solve problems in later life. Most of the violence we see on T.V. we don't take any notice when someone is violently shot to death on the screen; we just sit there, stupidly, and stare as he is ripped apart by bullets, not really realising what is going on.

The shows that are the worst offenders are crime serials, war movies and westerns. Westerns are often said to be less influential because they are more remote from the child's everyday life. Crime serials are probably the very worst as they are generally set in the same sort of environment, the suburbs. So the child sees shooting and killing in a place similar to where they live and play.

It is true that the news shows violence and killing but I feel that because of the way it is presented, in a factual way, it's boring to the child. The child generally pays no attention to the news so is not influenced by a man in a suit saying something like, "Today a man shot dead five others in an apartment in Camberwell — the killings followed a domestic dispute."

Many children watch cartoons and these cartoons include violence. I don't believe that the children comprehend this violence, only the underlying humour. Even so, the child still sees the violence subconsciously and this may affect the child in a number of situations e.g., The child is at school. There is a smaller kid they all pick on. The child may act like the cartoon characters and hit the smaller kid and do other nasty things to the child.

You often see children playing war games imitating their favourite movie star e.g., Rambo. They watch these shows, see these 'heroes' and want to be just like them. They may only be playing games when they are young but when they have outgrown games they still have a need for violence. When they are young, running around, playing war games, they have no idea what war is really like: all they have seen of war is what they have seen on movies. The movies they watch make war look glamorous and fun.

It is my belief that violence on television does affect children but nobody notices; nobody thinks it strange to see kids running around pretending to blow each other away. In my opinion, this is a direct result of violence on television. I think we have grown immune to violence as we experience so much violence from watching television. Television is why it is dangerous to walk around the city alone at night.

Chris Baker, Year 9

Soaring buildings, reaching high
Streamline cars zooming by.
Strange orange light staining the sky
No grass, no trees, no aqua seas,
Destruction.

Tall robotic humanoids, creatures,
giant forms,
Eyes that glow like burning coals.
Clutching hands that search for their
goal
Flashing guns that gouge out holes.
Without discrimination,
Destruction.

People screaming, falling, dying.
Children out in the street are lying
Still nothing moving, no more crying
Just the thud of metal feet,
Thing I don't care to meet,
Destruction.

Where can I hide, where can I run,
Away from these monsters with their
guns.

What is that I see in the ground?
A manhole cover leading down.
I must be quick without a sound,
Destruction.

Down into the stinking dark I climb,
Sewers with yearsof built up grime.
I sit and listen straining to hear,
Waiting and listening for what seemed
like a year.

The only sound, the scratching of rats.
Destruction.

Tony Tyzack, Year 9D

THE COMPUTER

The light flashes across the dark black
screen

Beep, Beep, Beep. The sounds making
me scream.

Return —

Error —

Return —

Error.

Letter after letter. Number after
number.

An unfeeling human being.

Thinking but not seeing.

Pressing the buttons trying to make it
print.

Confusion. No instructions, not even
a hint.

Hardware. Software. Hardware.
Software.

I stare at the screen. I stare and I
glare.

Not knowing what to do.

Not the slightest clue.

It's said they make it easy to learn
But I feel sick when I know it's my
turn.

All this technology, it's a waste of
time.

Just a waste of time, in this life of
mine.

Because I can't understand it,
and I can't use it.
So I turn it off,
And hope it will rot.

*Vanessa Gordon &
Meghan O'Sullivan, Year 9*

SURVEY REPORT

This is a report on the Year 9 survey administered to fifty Year 9 students. We found that 60% of those students watched television, 42% play individual sports, go out to movies and watch sporting events. This indicates that C.H.S. Year 9 students are socially active, outside the school. Most students do odd jobs around the house, such as washing the dishes and vacuuming.

We found wagging classes, smoking and drinking are popular among Year 9 students. We found that Peer Group Pressure seems to affect the way one acts but not who they associate with.

It was strange to see that 54% thought school was O.K., only 22% said it was boring, and only 4% hated it. This indicates that most C.H.S. Year 9 students felt school is "so so" but it has to be done. However, 16% thought it was fun.

Considering the lack of excursions, it was not a total surprise to see that 60% said they wanted more excursions, but none said they wanted more camps. 52% thought a greater variety of subjects were needed. There were many responses for; longer lunchtimes, getting out earlier, more holidays, etc., but this was predictable.

60% voted P.E. as the most popular subject. An equal number of people voted for maths, graphics, health and human relations, and next English (43%).

The following statistics give major cause for concern: 43% said they lie to their parents, 76% said their parents could trust them and 74% said they're honest. (Who is telling the TRUTH?!)

It is soothing to see that 71% like their family situation and the way they are treated at home. It is also ironic to see that 72% believe that they are treated fairly at school, considering the amount of snide comments of "it's not fair" and "I hate school."

We believe that the results of this survey do not necessarily truly reflect the attitudes of Year 9 students as not all students took the survey seriously and/or didn't want to let out emotional secrets.

We would like to thank all those who participated in the survey.

Julian Firminger, Year 9B



RACISM

If there's one thing I really don't approve of it has to be racism. I get really disappointed when people start making racist comments towards people from foreign countries. Why should someone be any different from anyone else because they're a different colour or speak a different language. I honestly feel it shouldn't make any difference. People that are racist make comments such as: "Why don't you go back to where you come from?" "We don't want you here!" Can you imagine how that person feels after being told all of this? I can. They feel unwanted, as if the whole world is turning against them. It really gets me fired up to see people like this hurt so much. But what I can't believe is how people can actually be racist. For what reason? Everyone in the world should be treated equally. No-one should be treated like dirt. In this world today everyone should help and learn to love one another, not to hate one another, and make enemies. But by being racist that's what you are doing — making enemies. I have come upon racist people who have made similar remarks towards me. It's really depressing and you feel really down and hurt. From then on I came to realize how mean and cruel some people can really be in this beautiful world of ours.

Pota Genovezos, Year 9

IS THIS HOW YOU END A WAR?

Who ordered the "American Military Forces" to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the so called representative of the people of America; A man who was supposed to represent the country's wishes and to convey them to the world. His reason for dropping the bombs was to end the war and stop the continuing deaths. But no. He caused even more deaths and suffering in one bombing than any person could ever imagine. Some of the devastating effects were that nobody could help those who were injured with wounds such as their intestines being exposed to the elements, terrible burns and many other wounds as many hospitals were destroyed. Fires ruined the city and radiation killed humans, animals and plant life that were thought to have escaped the devastation. The great blast was caused by the atomic bomb called "Little Boy". It was called "Little Boy" because although not the same shape, it was the same size of a copper bomb. It is surprising to think that a bomb so small could kill so many people in such horrible ways. We do not know how such a thing was ever allowed, so we ask you to stand with us and never let it happen again!

Rocky Armstrong, David Longmuir, Clint Harrison, Greg Jones, Year 9B

QUESTIONS?

Look up there, I saw something in the sky,
Was it an alien or was it a fly?
I couldn't tell from way down here,
It might've been a cup or an elephant's tear.
Where is now? Where did it go?
Did it go up or down? Will I ever know?
So many questions, so few answers,
What is life without dreaming the chances?
Maybe I could chase it, follow it somewhere?
Then I would reveal what's hiding in there.
It flew away so very, very fast,
Just like the future turned into the past.
It probably went up into outer space,
But I'll never know as it left no trace.
. . . What if I had a detecting machine,
With a press of a button I'd have it on screen.
Anything I wanted could be mine at first sight,
So I wouldn't need to ask questions or put up a fight.
But how boring life would be, without a doubt,
Nothing to fantasize or make stories about!

Lainie Doremus, Year 9

FAVORATE SUBJECT; SCIENCE

My favorite subject is science. I just lurvvv learning about acids and bases they really turn me on. I really lurvvv science teachers to, they are sooo nice and really love spending time with you so they always keep you in. Its just fascinating learning about how air currants affect the way horseshoe crabs mate. Or if Ann and Benjiman add $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ to $H_2O_2C_2$ they get $C_{14}O_2H_{24}$ or something like that.

The smell of the science room is gorgeouse, everybody loves it I think rotten chemicals have a lovely aroma.

We're always late to science because science rooms always happen to be in the other building to where your locker is so you have to go down 2 flights of stairs walk down 2 corridors, up 2 flights of stairs and down another corridor.

There's no doubt about it SCIENCE RULES.

Anon, Year 9

My favourite subject is Health and Human Relations. The class is fair and co-operative. We talk about social life and other subjects, including human development. Everybody participates and understands how you feel when someone says something in the classroom. I get along well with every member of the class and the teacher. During this I also have a lot of fun. The topics that we talk about are interesting such as relationships and self understanding. This is important as it helps you to cope with the modern-day crisis.

Anon, Year 9

MACHINES, MACHINES, AND MACHINES

How can I begin,
And make this poem thin.
We use machines everyday,
For example an oven and a tray.
There are cars that pollute the air,
Which makes life for some not fair.
With all the electricity we use,
We could really blow a fuse.
People that watch television at night
Know that I am right.
That we find our sources from the ground.
But one day there'll not be enough to go around.
We can create new inventions
That can make life have less tensions.
But technology can be pleasure,
And most of all it can be leisure.

Anna, Year 9

WHY?

Here we are on a small, small world
On an elliptical plane, whirling, so curled.
Development is in our nature, it must go on.
Flying in the face of humanity, like a big, big con.
Why?
We are born and bred to beljeve bigger is better so we build
Little did our ignorance conceive we were being killed.
Not by others, but by us, suicide.
Why aren't we on the same side?
Why?
We quench our thirst for knowledge with development,
That's why.

Julian Firminger, Year 9

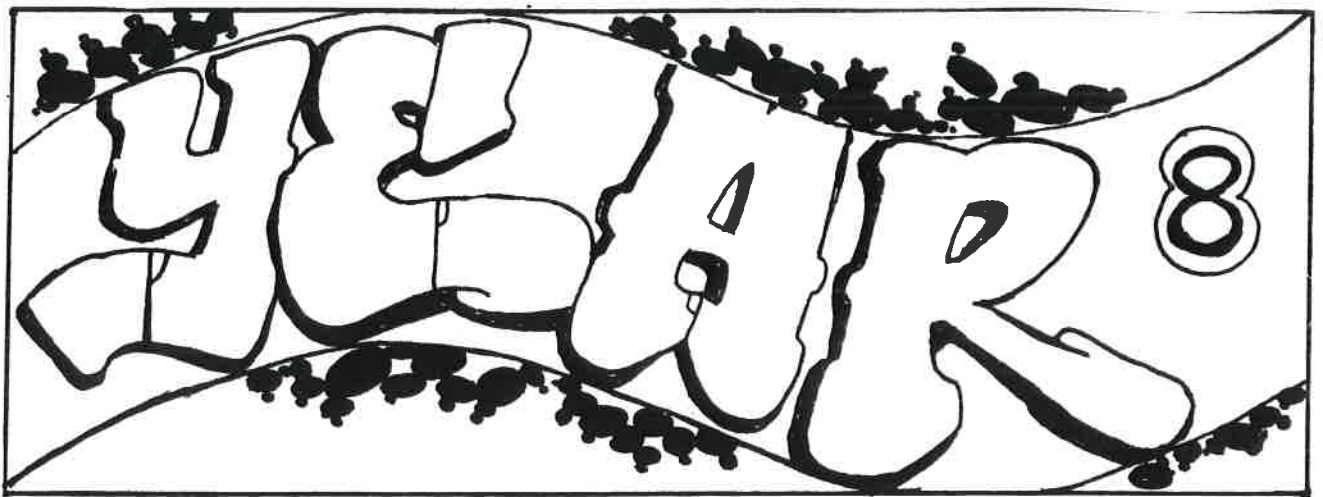
Being alone, to me, means thinking about things that have happened lately. To think problems over and listen to music and try to improve myself at anything I can.

I don't have to worry about what people think of me, I can really be myself.

Andrew Spencer, Year 9

RACISM

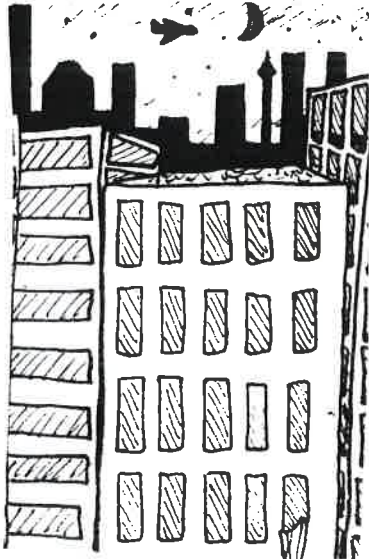
I have two points of view towards racism. In one respect I feel that it is a double-sided thing. It is mainly brought on when two races of people do not get along, and it is not just always one race. I think it takes two groups to make these things happen. But on the other hand, if you take the Aborigines for example, all the racism involved there is basically our fault. We're the ones who won't let them become involved in our society. So I have a two-sided opinion when it comes to racism.



SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT

The world can be a great place if we all put in a bit of effort in one way or another. The environment is gradually being destroyed by thoughtless people. Ways in which to help the environment would be to recycle paper, put rubbish in bins and don't use products with C.F.C.'s, there are lots more ways. In forests around the world woodchipping and the cutting down of trees takes place. The outcome of this could be disastrous. The results of this would be the extinction of animals and the amount of oxygen would decrease. So be thoughtful and respect our environment.

Natalie Rose, Year 8



RACISM

"Islamic long brain, black Brazilian refugee" there they go again calling out those racist comments to poor Zoltan. I thought of sticking up for Zoltan but he and his foreign contorted tongue were too busy shouting out bizarre words, so I kept with my racist friends.

DENNIS D 8E

DRUGS

Drugs are about the dumbest thing to take. They are for people who want to kill themselves. And if I was you I wouldn't take them. If you are dumb enough to take them well you probably won't live long enough to find out what your friends think about you and about drugs. So don't take them and you might live to have fun with your friends. But if you live after taking them you may not have any friends left because they will hate you.

Cameron Moore

IT

"I don't need it," she said, as she reached for the water. "I don't need it," she said, as she grabbed her own hand. But the evil, the temptation building up inside her head, she felt as though about to explode. "No," she screamed. "Yes," she yelled, even her own thoughts had struck her in blackmail, making her feel the agony and the pain. The sweat blurred her vision, clouding her thoughts into a red, hot fire of anger.

Suddenly time stood still and she was alone again except for the presence of IT. She was intimidated by IT. It had a power, a control over her body. She lunged forward. The tablets in her hand, she felt so ashamed. The muscles in her face fought the power refusing to open her lips and her fists were now clenched with fury. She lay down and cried to sleep, left to worry about tomorrow.

Jacquelyn Timbury, Year 8

INDEPENDANCE

I think we don't have enough independance to choose a language we want to learn. We need Asian languages — particularly Chinese and Japanese because there is an increasing number of Asians coming to Australia. In Australia, French is not needed as much as Chinese. For instance, look at Melbourne. How many Chinese restaurants and shops would you see in the city compared with French restaurants?

I've been into a few French Bakehouses and I said "Parlez Vous Francais?" and no-one understood me, but I go into the numerous Chinese shops and I say "Wo Shou Zhong-wen. Ni Ne? Ni Hou. Wo Shi Huan Zhongaoan" (I speak Chinese — and you? I like Chinese food) and they understand me and talk to me in the language. Do you find many French people? I don't. When I walk down the street, I don't hear French — I hear English, Chinese or Japanese. I see many Asian people — especially in the city. We need Asian languages for work opportunities are increasingly in daily life. As well as that, these languages are extremely interesting, fun and good to speak. We must revolutionize languages in schools. There should be more opportunity for Asian languages to be learnt!

Kristy Hoel, Year 8



SPIDERS

I can't stand spiders. I'm terrified of them. When they walk across you their hairy feet feel like a feather brushing against you. When this happens to me, I don't stay calm. My instant reactions are to run around the houses like a raving maniac. It's strange because when I was a toddler I used to love huntsman. I'd let them crawl over me and play with me. Now, I would faint if I saw one. Their eyes tend to bulge out of their heads and stare at everyone. Their fangs look very pointy and sharp. I would hate to get bitten by one of them. It's not so much the large ones that frighten me; it's the ones with weird colours and patterns on them.

If I had the choice of either being in a room with one spider or being in a room with 1,000,000 snakes, I'd prefer the snakes. Can you believe it? Oh well, I'm only human.

Nazim, Year 8E



MY LIFE AS A SPIDER-HATER

I HATE SPIDERS, and I always will. The reason for this is when I lived in N.S.W. — In Pacific Palms to be precise — and I had many a run-in with a huntsman during my days as a young child growing up. These, I think, just helped to fuel my fear of spiders in years to come. Truly I think that of all the horrendous, vile and disgusting things in the world the spider has to be up there with a fighting chance.

I think that instead of winged demons the devil should have in his/her (a non-sexist writer) employ large hair, bestial spiders with gore on the fangs (for effect). I don't know if this seems childish to you but to me spiders are the one main thing that spoil life for me (of course, besides the issues that we all should be aware of). Anyway this is the creature I fear most.

Liam Bussell, Year 8E

SKIING

Elevating up to the top of the hill on the ski lift and looking down on the trees that are covered with snow I can hardly wait to get on the slopes and ski them. After a seemingly endless trip to the top of the mountain I eagerly grip my stocks and make my way to the start. What a sight from here to the bottom of the hill. I slowly push off gradually skiing faster and faster as the hill goes on, speeding away like a bullet, jumping over hills losing balance nearly falling and then stopping at the bottom of the first slope to wait for my brother who had now caught up with me. He brakes abruptly in front of me, covering me in a shower of snow. By the time I had reached the bottom of the slope I had fallen many times and was covered with snow: it was still great fun!

Andrew Gritscher, Year 8

THE NICE OLD LADY ON THE CORNER

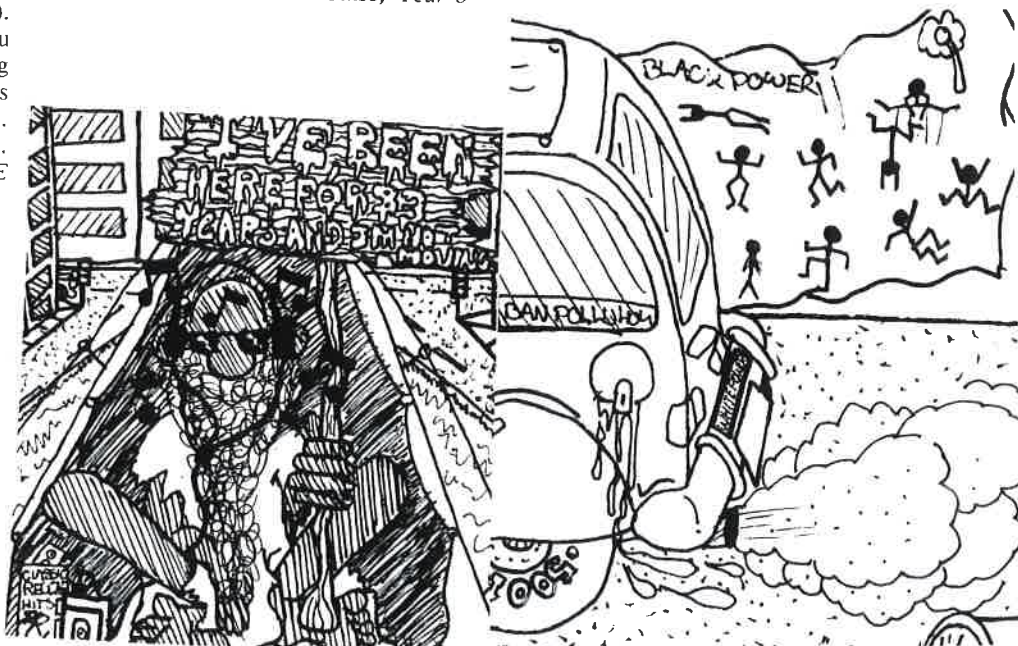
As I watch her getting older
Greier and her shape saggier
Lined with wrinkles
I see a side to her that others can't
A side that is hidden
Under weak smiles that fade as the days go by

I can see her struggle
As she stands and trembles
Her frail, weak body
Depending on a walking frame
But she keeps on going day after day
Not knowing when her days will end
"Snap out of it, old gel!" she tells herself.

"You're the nice old lady on the corner."

And so she is.

Louise, Year 8



CHESS

There are more possible chess combinations than there are atoms in the known universe! Very debatable.

Chess has been around for at least 1200 years. Where did it come from? Who invented it? If you can answer this you're a better man than I am Gungadin. However, a game that has been around for that long must be worthy of note.

At Camberwell High, chess is played at lunchtime either in room 7 or 8. If you want to find us just listen for shouts of "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Membership of the Chess Club is lagging. There are no girls and not enough senior students. Mr Sinclair has kindly offered to purchase some new chess sets but at the moment I don't think there is enough demand to warrant it. I know chess is not a great game to watch but it is very exciting to play. "What's he up to?", "Why did he do that?", "Will he see my plan?". Sweaty brows are often seen in the chess room.

Camberwell High did not compete in this years interschool chess competition due to lack of willing players. We'll get them next year.

Well, that's all from me, but I hope to see a dramatic increase in the amount of players in the chess room.
Good Knight.

Sam Drake

YEAR SEVEN!!

A VISIT TO HAINING FARM

On the 25th of July, Tuesday, we, the Years 8C and 8E students went to Haining's dairy farm.

We left school at quarter past nine in the morning and arrived at Haining Farm at twenty past ten. We changed our footwear to wellies or boots to prevent our feet from getting wet and our shoes from getting muddy. At the start, everyone was excited and were looking forward to seeing the cows and how they are milked. The path was very sticky, not only with mud but also with a lot of cow dung. We tried not to step on any but failed as it was all over the place!

We had a guide, an Education Officer and their chief person in the farm who toured us around the place and didn't mind us for being so fussy. He told us everything we wanted to know, and more about the cows, how they are fed and milked. He also told us interesting things about the cows' food, their calves and of the pastureland and we also learnt about different types of cows.

Some students played and ran after the cows while others were very scared to go near them. After having a tour of the pastureland, we went in a milking shed and watched the cows being milked. Two cows were near the 'milking machine' waiting to be milked. They knew where to go and what to do to be milked, by the milking machine. After the milking session, the cows automatically take the 'suckers' off their 'teats' or cow nipples. Before getting off the machine, their 'teats' are then sprayed with a special detergent to leave them clean and smelling nice and fresh.

We had lunch outside the bus, near the farm. We played for a while then set off for home. We all enjoyed ourselves and each of us is looking forward to going to another interesting and very educational excursions. We all thank Mrs. Van Arkadie, Mr. Loveday and Ms. Banic for organizing the excursion or field trip.

Ana Casiano, Year 7

FINLAND

In Finland there are two official languages, Finnish and Swedish. There is a third language too, language of the Lapps, but it's not official. There are three more letters than here: A, O and Å.

In Finland there is a cold winter and warm summer. In winter, the temperature is usually -10—20°C, maybe -25°C. There is a lot of snow and lakes and the sea freezes over. Sometimes the ice is strong enough to drive a car over.



GRAFFITI

Graffiti is a major problem these days with a rapid growth of so called 'artists' taking part. For instance, you can't get on a train without a 'tag' being on it. And just think what they're done to contribute to the ozone problem when they use cans containing CFC's and also the amount of money being spent each year to clean the trains of graffiti.

One of the best known graffiti artists 'HUGH DUNIT' has recently hung up his cans and called it a day.

Andrew McCulloch, Year 7

DRUGS!!

Drugs are dangerous substances that the kids can be forced to use. Reasons why kids fall into the habit of taking drugs are: maybe they were kicked out of home, or had an argument with their parents or friends at school forced them. This is due to peer group pressure.

Examples of drugs include marijuana, heroin, cocaine, LSD, crack and painkillers.

There are also other substances that are referred to as drugs but really are not so dangerous. Examples are caffeine in coffee and tea. Drugs can be taken by either smoking them, example marijuana or hashish, sniffing them, example cocaine, or inserting in the skin by a syringe, example heroin.

We must be careful to keep away from drugs and not to take any of them.

John Prappas, Year 7

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MY CATS

My cats are just the same as everybody else's. They just laze around on chairs and anything that's comfortable.

The thing that they do all day is look around the house or just get up to eat and walk around trying to find some food and then fall back to sleep again.

Late in the afternoon they wake up and start running around, tearing up the carpet tiles and knocking over anything that is expensive near them.

We have three cats and one which is not ours. Their names are PICKLES, FUZZY and YENGAS.

Yengas and Fuzzy don't get on all that well: THEY ALWAYS HAVE FIGHTS and Yengas comes off second best nearly all of the time.

They seem to walk around the house looking for trouble, and they always walk around the house with caution, because they don't know where Yengas is.

AND THAT'S ALL THEY DO ALL OF THE DAY.

Chris, Year 7

THE MAKING OF A PERSON:

One who is best

This is for all people who think they are the best, or hope you might be, but not yet . . .

To have strength over other people is not to mean you are the best.

One who has skill is not to be the best. One with skill easily outmatches strength, though not to other people.

One who has intellect is wise over others, but not in all ways.

A person with all three is the best. If they believe in other people, then they can believe in themselves. One who is looked up to. This is the true champion.

Carl Watson, Year 7B

A dinosaur is green.

He is the spring.

In the grasslands of the pre-historic world.

He is strong, hot, sunlight

He is a diving suit.

A dining table. (For dining-saurs!)

He is 'Horizons'.

A mouthful of grass.

A Fireman is red.

He is the summer.

On the back of a fire engine.

He is windy.

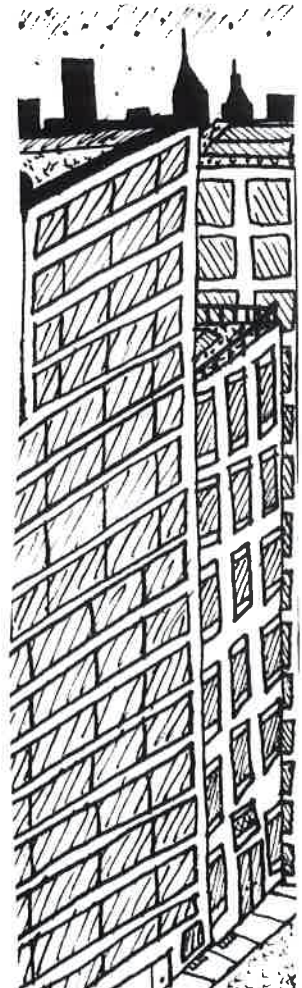
A fire-proof coat and helmet.

A shiny, brass pole.

He is 'The News'.

A half eaten pizza.

Bevis Worcester, Year 7



WHERE DID I COME FROM?

My name is Curve-switch, I'm a secret detective so I can't tell you that my real name is Jim Sanders. I have burdened myself with the task of finding out where I came from. I am situated in front of the only non-food shop in Lygon Street, which shouldn't be too hard to find, ah, um, no! Wait a sec, this is Grattan Street, Lygon Street is round the corner! See you in Lygon Street.

* * *

Hello again, now I'm in Lygon Street outside the only shop that sells ah, ah, um, ah, the only shop that sells pink elephants, yeah that's right, the only shop that sells pink elephants. I think I'll ask this lady coming towards me my question. Excuse me, madam . . . "Young man, your fly is undone" . . . ah, thank you, zzziiip! Ahh, could you please tell me where I came from . . . "ahh, well I, um, ah, well, I really must be going now, um, goodbye" . . . yeah, right, see-ya. Well, I didn't get much information out of her. I'll ask this boy here, excuse me lad, could you please tell me where I came from. . . "well, I don't know where you came from but I reckon that I was brought in by a stork" . . . thank you very much, bye. A clue, yes a clue!! Here comes a man. I'll ask him my question, excuse sir, but could you please tell me where I came from . . . "home I hope mister" . . . no, no, no, I mean where did I originally come from . . . "well, when I asked my dad he said that I was brought in by the cat" . . . thank you very much sir, goodbye. Well, another clue!! It's beginning to get busy so I'll ask around a bit.

* * *

Hello again, glad you came to my office to see me. Well I asked around a bit and I came up with these answers: Dad found me in his beer, I was brought in by the fairies and mum found me in hospital. I've typed this all out on a sheet of paper for evidence. I have also written my conclusion on the document.

My conclusion is that I came from a land where there was great magic whose inhabitants could change into any form or could teleport things to different places.

Bradley Dean, Year 7

Rocky stood outside a house in Surrey Hills. He had been dropped off outside the house because he was spending the night at his friend's house. He soon realised that the house he had been dropped off at was not the right house because this house was number 22 and his friend had told him it was number 2. He decided to walk down the street to number 2. So he started walking. As he was walking, he noticed that there were many hills in the area and he thought that the hills looked like camel's humps. He laughed to himself thinking of a camel with 10 humps. He then turned around and noticed all the pretty flowers in people's gardens. He thought that they were very beautiful and it reminded him of a multi-coloured quilt. He then turned around and noticed some of the houses. He saw that they were all freshly painted and that the brick houses all looked reasonably modern with many windows winking at him in the sunlight. He now arrived at two Glendale Street. He saw a face appear at the window and then he saw his friend coming out of the house to greet him.

Mark Henderson, Year 7

CONSIDERATION ON PUBLIC TRANSPORT

When you catch the train, do you look around at the walls and ceiling in disgust, for they are ALL smothered in various coloured paints and textas, all printing vain logos and names! Then you sit down on a seat in the train, only to find half the stuffing fall out onto the floor, for the seat was slashed! Have a bit of consideration, those of you who do these vile acts, for the government, who has to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to clean this mess, and consider the people who use this wonderful form of transport. How would you like it if someone came and graffitied your bedroom walls?

Chris Andrews, Year 7



SCIENCE FICTION SHOWS THE WAY!

Our thoughts and imagination.
That's what triggers exaggeration.
Happy mood, Fantasy Land.
Sad mood, Sad land.
When we relax, it's a tropical Island
We want,
When we're tense, it's evil creatures,
And bad wishes
Against man and woman
Sometimes people look at trees
And it makes them
Enter another land
Now machines are destroying
Those trees, which destroy
The door to the other land.

What is the purpose of this?
Just to make
More room for cities.
By the year 4,000 there won't
Be any trees left.
If there are no trees
There is no oxygen
No oxygen means
NO LIFE!

Sonia Macaro, Year 7



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Mr. Ed. MacAuley
Mrs. Maureen Salter
Mr. Geoff Sinclair
Mr. John Worcester

Executive Officer:
Miss Ann Rusden

HOUSE CAPTAINS — 1989

CHURCHILL:

House Captains: Greta Sutherland, Andrew Savage
Sport Captains: James Baum, Fiona Midvich
Creative Arts Captains: Jane Carpenter, Jamie Walker

MACARTHUR:

House Captains: Paul Newton, Arieta Reeh
Sport Captains: Francois Guerin, Mathew Rasmussen
Cultural Captains: Vanessa Carrington, Malcolm McMahon

MONTGOMERY:

House Captains: Aaron Tracey, Sarah Bond
Sport Captains: Louise Sharp, Andrew Robinson
Cultural Captains: Catherine Scholes, Jillian Marchbank

ROOSEVELT:

House Captains: Jacqui England, Clinton Herman
Sport Captains: Cameron Strathdee, Emma Binks
Cultural Captains: Veronica Troupe, Jonathan Evans

OFFICE STAFF:

Tracey Etherington
Lynne Beddoe

BURSAR:

Janice Bernetzke

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Tony Brooks
Edward Grigoryan
Paul Matoott
Martin West

CLEANING STAFF:

Don Harrop
John Dwight
Len Duncan
Bill Ollington
Jim Rea

MUSIC LIBRARY

Margaret McCarthy (retired Term 3)
Catherine Dewhurst
Christine Vincent

PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION 1989

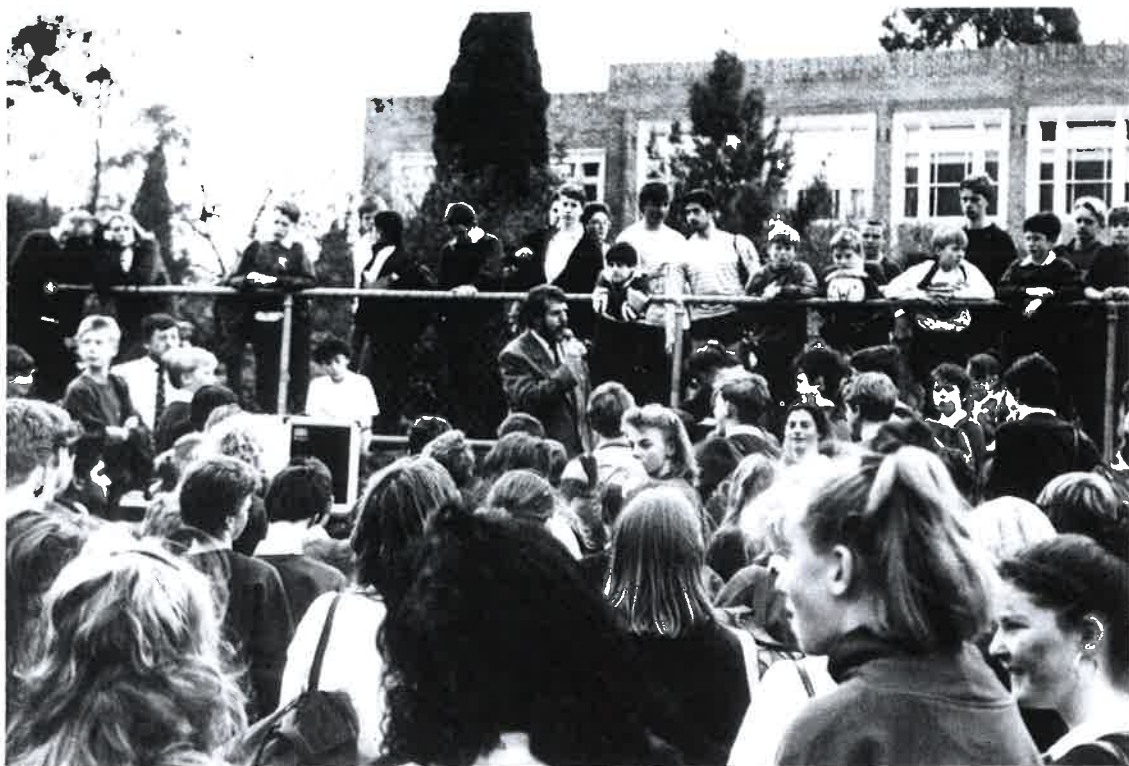
President: Mrs. Jeanette Botham

Secretary: Ms. Philippa Mclean

Treasurer: Mr. Gawdat Ibrahim

Committee:

Mrs. Barbara Lee	Mrs. Alison Jones
Mrs. Margaret Counihan	Ms. Mary Henderson
Mr. Errol Firminger	Ms. Marian Mclean
Mrs. Nancy Cross	Ms. Mayron Edwards
Mrs. Gai Woolhouse	Mrs. Birgit Dean
Mrs. Karen Kennon	Mr. Geoff Sinclair
Mrs. Jenny Ginsberg	Mr. Bruce Anderson
Mrs. Sue Simpfendorfer	Ms. Margaret Blaschka
Mrs. Sheridan Tyzack	



POINT NEPEAN: GEOGRAPHY YEAR 11

On the 11th of April, 1989, our Year 11 Geography class visited the new Point Nepean National Park.

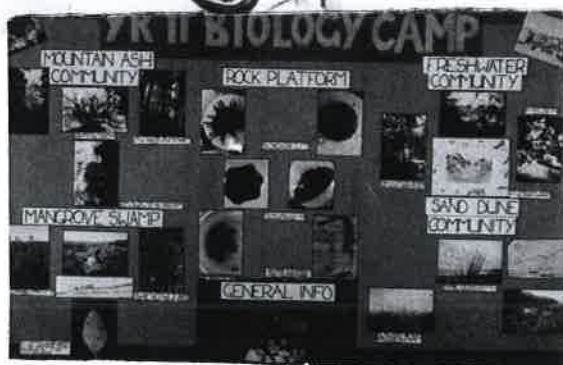
We left C.H.S. early in the morning and arrived at Point Nepean at about 9.30a.m. Point Nepean has a lot to do with the history of Port Phillip Bay and Melbourne. The Forts were built way back in the 1880's.

Point Nepean is still being used by the Army as a training ground although this does not stop you from seeing all the great sights. We were escorted from the information centre to a large caterpillar-like tractor, similar to a small train. This land train took us firstly to Cheviot Hill. Cheviot Hill is above Cheviot Beach, the place where one of Australia's Prime Ministers, Harold Holt, went missing.

After Cheviot Hill we moved on down to the gun emplacements at the end of Point Nepean. We moved on through a maze of brick corridors, until we came to what was called a 'Disappearing Gun'. It had been buried for 40 years until 1988, when it was dug out. After this, it was on to the jetty for lunch, then home.

The whole class enjoyed the day and enjoyed seeing some of Melbourne's past history. Overall it was a great day, thanks to Mr. Watson.

*Aaron Lee and Simon Foster,
Year 11 Geography*



YEAR ELEVEN GRAPHICS

Year eleven graphics could be only described as an experience only to be seen or experienced and absolutely indescribable. The course involved drawing a room from a different view, designing a pamphlet for a ski lodge or a time share resort which included a logo, map and perspective drawing. There was some technical drawing, but much more design, a lot more than last year. Unknown to us, Mr. Hardiman had us doing VCE work for the first half of the year. In spite of this most of us enjoyed ourselves. Some people got better than last year, others got worse. We got to put up with Mr. Hardiman and his awful music but have to wait till next year for his cooking.

Sacha Vander, Year 11F

AUTOGRAPHS..



By: Lee Ting Wu &
Marianne Worley G.