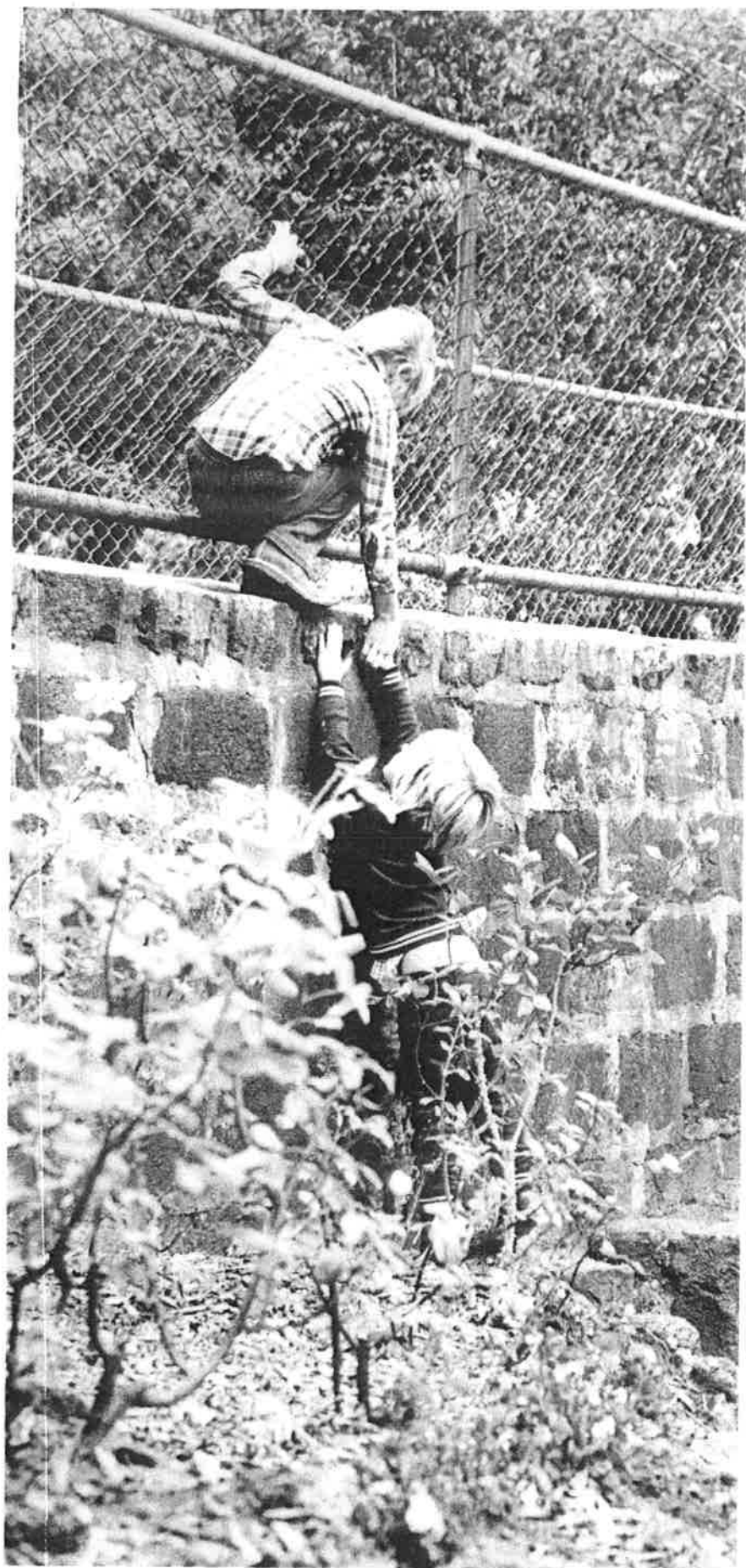


A black and white photograph of a beach scene. The foreground is a sandy beach with several footprints and scattered dark rocks. The middle ground shows a shallow, wet area with more rocks and some white foam or sand. The background features a rocky shoreline with waves breaking. The text "PROSPICE 1980" is printed in the bottom right corner.

**PROSPICE  
1980**

'Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.'  
[Longfellow: A Psalm of Life]

Cover photography by Kim Mascas  
"Footsteps in the sand"



Photograph by Marion Frere  
"A helping hand"

# PRINCIPAL'S REPORT



In 1981 the school will celebrate its 40th anniversary. On such an occasion there is always a tendency to look back over the past, and, in the planned fortnight's celebrations, no doubt there will be an opportunity to do this. But the theme of the birthday celebrations, "Forty Years On", obliges us also to look forward.

We sometimes bemoan the fact that we are living in difficult times, and there is no denying that our young people do face an uncertain future. But this is not the first generation of students, in our relatively short history, who have had to face adversity: our very first students were enrolled in the darkest days of World War II.

It would be wrong to say that the problems of youth today are over-emphasised: it would, however, be fair to say that more stress could be given to how these problems are to be faced. This, ultimately, becomes an individual responsibility, the success of each young person depending on the way he or she is prepared to meet, and deal with, uncertainty in a changing world.

To help students achieve this type of success must be one of the more important aims of our school. Whether or not the school, in turn, succeeds will be a matter for judgment in the years to come, perhaps by those who take our place forty years on, in 2021!1

**Vice-Principal** — Miss M. Pattison

## **Camberwell High Council**

President — Mr D. Webster  
Executive Officer — Mr D.J. Collins  
Treasurer — Mr B Adams

## **Camberwell High Parents' and Friends' Committee for 1980**

President — Mrs J. Ratcliffe  
Secretary — Mrs B. Bossonnet  
Treasurer — Mrs B. Stevens

## **Canteen Committee of Management**

Chairman — Mr D. Collins  
Secretary — Mrs N. Wingfield  
Treasurer — Mr E. McKinstry

# EDITORIAL

As with most projects, enthusiasm is shown in the early stages, but as time and difficulties progress, interests wain until, finally, only mad panic ensures an on-time completion. Such was the case with the compiling of this magazine.

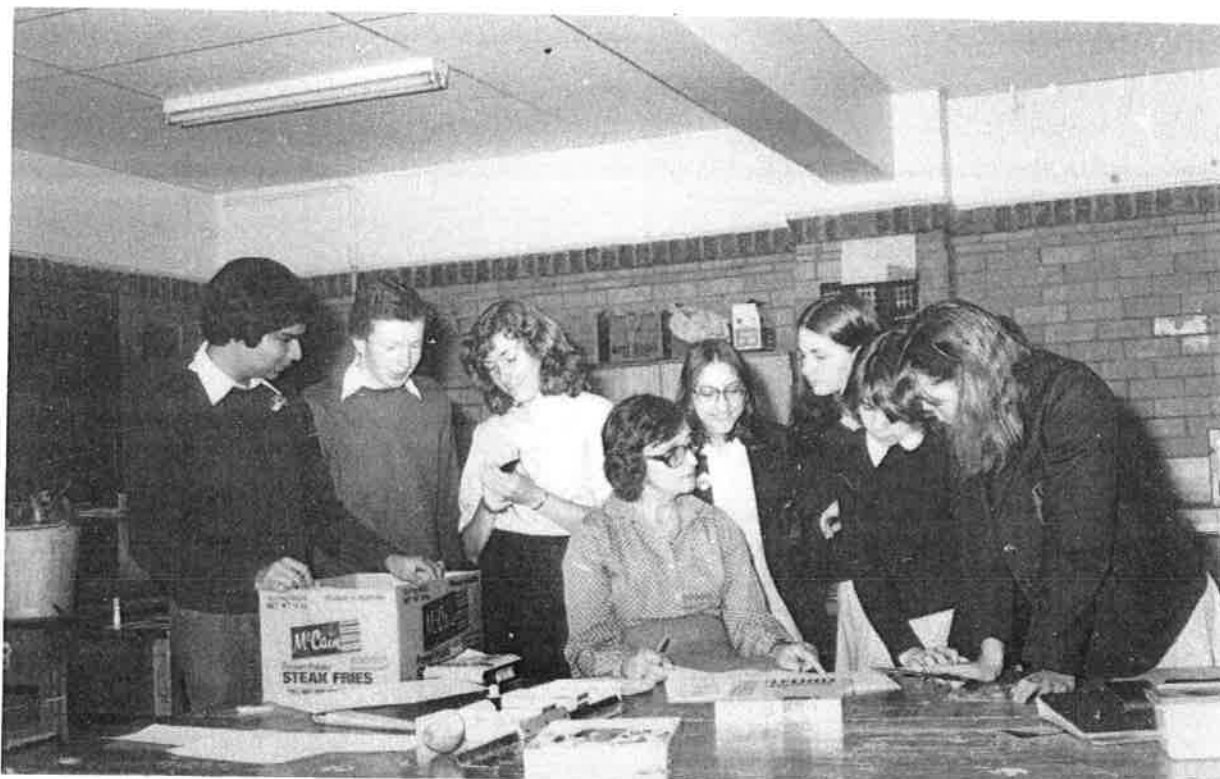
We, the people involved with the creation of this year's issue, have tried to appeal to everyone by making it more attractive in presentation and contents. We have added more photographs, contri-

butions from each year level, and varied the layout.

Please consider this magazine as a work of art, endurance, co-operation and sweat, and I hope you will keep it and refer to it in the future. After all, its function is to keep alive the memories.

Finally, many thanks to those who did play a part in the recording of thoughts and deeds. I, as the representative rather than the editor, want to thank the team, "the gang", who bunched together to make it all possible.

Helen Millicer



Winner of the Don  
Anderson Award 1980

## "THE MORTAL PAINTER"

See that tree, how it comes to life,  
'Tis my brush that strews those forms so right,  
But that heart is shy of my brush so tired,  
And the paint can't blend to show those fires.  
If I could fly as I can paint,  
Gems of heaven would be mine to take,  
For earthly people, their fate to see,  
Just as my brush does paint that tree.  
But even then my brush so fine,  
Can't flow to show those eyes,  
Divine.

Andrew Mezei

## Magazine Committee

Helen Millicer — Editor  
Simon Cohn — Photographer  
Wendy Fowler  
Suzanne Polack  
Lisa Dedman  
Anita Bruns  
Sue Wright  
Claudette Rodenburg  
Graham Parker  
Ulysses D'Souza  
Wendy Fowler  
Marion Frere  
Belinda Robson

## Typists

Daisy Anastasiou  
Louise McKay  
Julie Choi

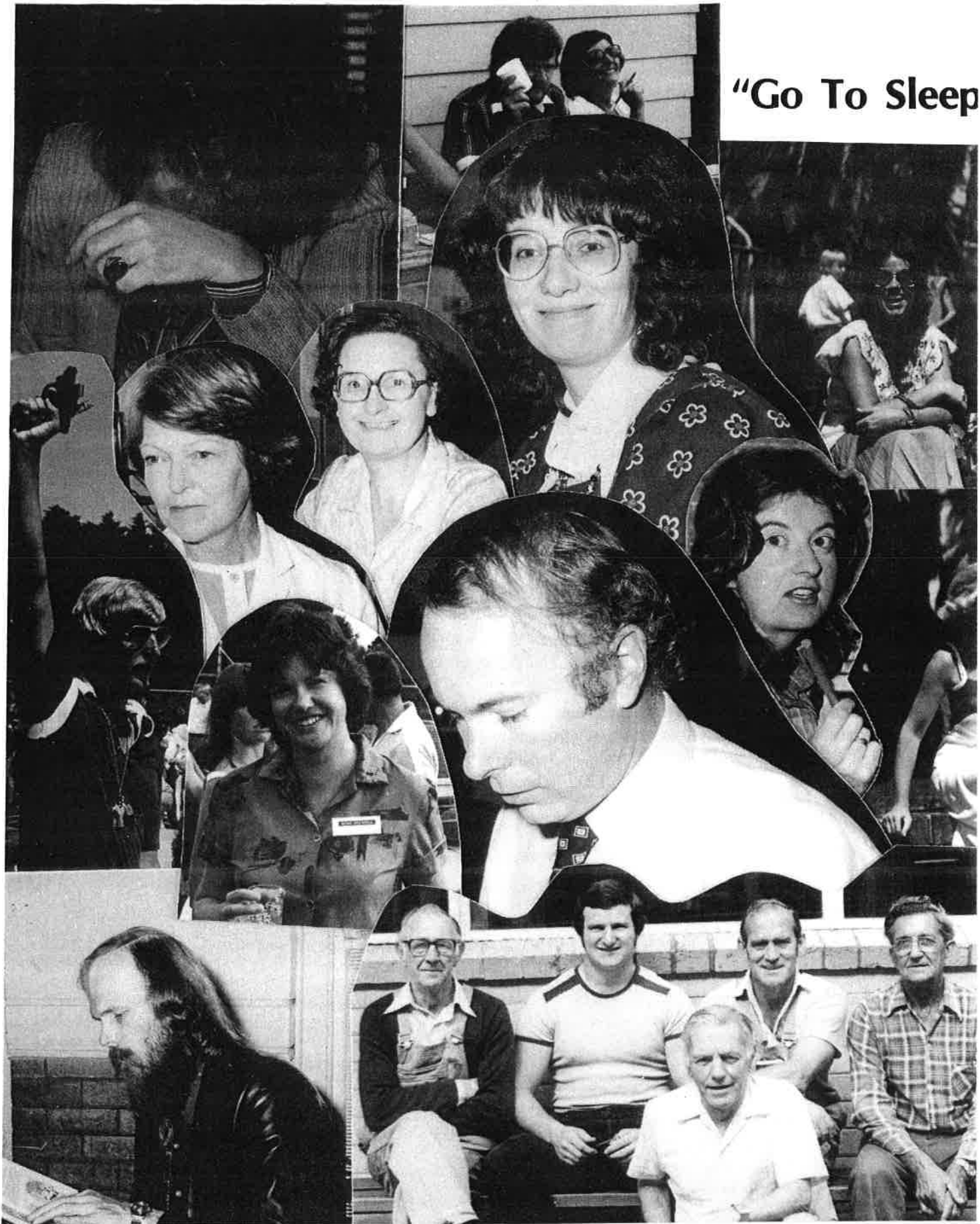
## Thanks to:

Mrs Jacobs  
Miss Patch  
Mrs Roberts  
Mrs Wantrup



# the informers

"Go To Sleep



**"Don't Be So Facetious"**



**"We've Got A Lot Of Work To Do Today"**



## OUR FORM

Our form has some "good" and some "bad" people. This is nothing out of the ordinary as all forms will have these types of people.

I suppose the "good" people aren't perfect little angels but then again no one is. The "bad" people are the most terrible little devils there, ever were.

For instance, imagine this scene. The teacher is on the platform, desperately calling for silence. The "devils" keep on talking and carrying on. The noise is deafening, your eardrums are about to burst. There is a lull and then the noise starts up again.

This is a scene which happens nearly every day of the week. But then there are good parts about 7A. For instance, when the P.F.A. Book Stall Competition was on, we put our whole hearts and souls into collecting items for it. The result? We came first and we're proud of ourselves for once.



# YEAR

## LITERARY EVENING

All Year 7 classes put on an evening of poems and stories one Tuesday at the end of the last term. We all gave up some time from our English periods to practise our poems or plays for the night. All of the Year 7's took part in the night, and enjoyed getting together the costumes and props. Our parents and friends who came along congratulated us all and said they had enjoyed it. 7R did poems from Wordsworth, 7M, poems from Blake; 7C, a story on Sir William Drake; and my class, 7A, did a story called "The Goblin Market".

Everybody participated in the play. There were eight goblins, and they were: Megan, Dean, Simon, Marcia, Michaela, Teresa, Malcolm and Adam. Stage hands were: Nick, Ari, Andrew, Robert, Paul, Matthew, Anthony, William, and the narrators: Ross, Anna, Brad and Mark.

All the classes were excited to go on stage and perform in front of their parents. Supper was provided after all the acts. There were judges who judged our entry into the hall and our behaviour and our performance. The school has this special night each year for all the Year 7's.

Teresa Ratcliffe, 7A



## JUST SITTING

There's a leaf above me,  
Hanging by a twig.  
All curled up in a spiral shape,  
Perhaps a small spider is inside.  
In her dressing gown, eating a fly for breakfast.  
Or maybe a caterpillar is on the other side asleep.  
I hope not, because I can see a large magpie sitting  
on a branch.  
Sitting like a King just crowned.  
Listen, he's calling, calling to his friends, calling to  
the morning sun.

Elizabeth Boardman



## GRAN

Pale blue, twinkly eyes, whitish-grey hair, a round face, and often a very busy person, describes my grandma.

Her name is Jessie May and she turned 70 just this year. Grandma is not ashamed of people knowing that she is 70, and we held a big birthday party for her. Grandma has been camping with us quite a few times, and she really likes it. In the past few years she has been overseas and to lots of interesting places. In a few weeks' time she will be going on safari! And they say that life begins at 40! But that's not always true!



## THE SUN

The sun, it rains upon the earth with its warmth and beauty  
Separating day from night, summer from winter, evil from good  
Rising and setting, shining not forgetting  
Friend nor foe, it is neither.  
Good or bad, it is either.



## LIZARDS!!!!

Aren't they beautiful, so small and grey, running in and out of the leaves,  
Searching for food and making their way to a place where they can rest with ease?

Elizabeth Boardman

I sit in the shade of an old gum tree  
Spreading its branches, and shading me  
The sun is blazing and the cows are grazing  
But that does not worry me.

Andrew Evans, 7R

## HOME

Through the valleys and over the seas to find my true home!  
Where I will stay for the rest of my days and die in my bed alone.

Elizabeth Boardman

## NATURE'S BEAUTY

I sit in the shade of a gum tree:  
Flies bothering me buzzing around my ears  
As I watch the lonely clouds drift over a sea-blue sky.  
Towering trees shaded with different tones of green  
sway in the breeze.  
Ants running up and down them and then  
disappearing into a tiny hole in the ground.  
I wonder where they go.  
I watch the birds playing in the branches.  
Then after a while a group flutter away  
Over everything to an unknown place.  
Nature is beautiful!

Imants Bruns, 7R

## THE SCENE OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

As I relax on the grassy forest  
The lonely trees sway in the wind.  
It's strange! The birds aren't here anymore  
Only three lone members:  
I sit and gaze at the forgotten trees.  
Will they be there when I am twenty?  
I see the bark as it falls off the trees,  
And I see the poor plants dying out.  
There are many people who don't want this forest.  
Now I see the tractors pushing down the trees.  
My heart becomes so sore and full of darkness,  
As I see the last flock of birds leave.  
I too leave, my heart is full of sorrow  
And I say goodbye to a forest I once knew.

Gerry Dimatos, 7R

## THE SCENE OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

As I look outside my window, most of the things I can see are all described naturally. There is hardly anything that you can say is boring, but one thing caught my eye and that one thing was a bird flying as freely as it likes. I watched it as it flew over treetops, houses, buildings, even at one stage it disappeared as it flew through cloud. Then it just stopped!  
It came down so swiftly that not even words could tell. Its golden feathers shone so brightly in the warmth of the sun that anyone who took notice of nature would think it was a message from the heavens.

Anthony Galanakis, 7R





# SEVEN.



**NATURE**  
Singing birds are high above,  
Swinging trees distance off,  
Little flowers are growing near,  
And imagine, all that we've destroyed  
Fields and plains and even mountains.  
Beauty strikes the evening sky,  
And dazzling scenes pass the horizon,  
They've vanished, because of us.

John Chow, 7B

## YEAR 7 CAMP

I was really looking forward to the Year 7 camp. I packed all my clothes in my pack sack and got my sleeping bag. That day my friend Andrew Park and I got to school at 8 o'clock; the bus was there and we all hopped on.

At ten past eight we left and talked all the way to the camp site called Rum Bug. The rooms were middle class and had eight beds in each. The food was good; we had chicken, roast lamb and sweet corn on the cob. Each night we would go on long night walks with our torches and look at the wild life and trees.

During the day we played on the swings and trampoline. We had barbecues and went to a place where parrots sat on your head and arms. We went to Wilson's Promontory and went on a long walk along a trail which went for about ten miles. We also went to a beach called Squeaky Beach because when you run the sand squeaks.

It was a great camp and I will want to go on the Year 8 camp next year.

David Robertson, 7A



## BIKES

Bikes are such a convenient way to get to one place or another without wasting fuel or without making much noise. Too many people are too lazy to get on their bikes and ride a little way, even to buy the paper. Bikes are cheap and don't cost much money to run. A decent second-hand bike would be around fifty dollars.

Cycling is a fantastic sport. There are different types of racing, but the two most popular ones are: racer or B.M.X. Racing is usually going around a dirt track, doing jumps, skids, etc. Racing on a racer is put into two categories: (a) cycling round a velodrome in which the men racing pick up tremendous speed, (b) touring on the roads. Touring usually runs for several hundred kilometres.

Bikes are great for keeping fit!

Andrew McNeilly, 7R



## WAR!!

Planes, guns, darkness, bombs, cries, shrieks, bombing, crashing, smashing, booms, fears, trembling cheeks.

Kathy D.

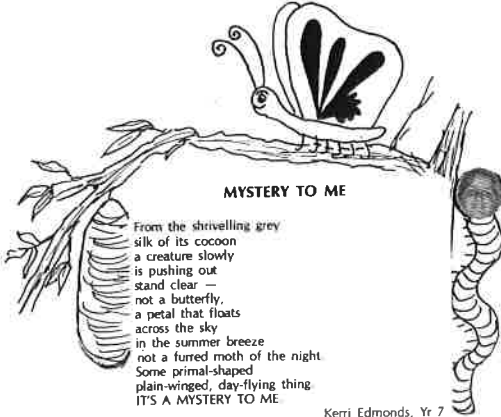


## A SCENE OUTSIDE MY WINDOW

I sit in my bedroom listening to birds calling, snail crawls across the window sill, leaves a shiny slithering trail, rich flashes in the sun, autumn leaves come fluttering down in the cool wind.

IF GRASS SO GREEN,  
The colourful leaves covering it,  
How long it will be this way.

Tim Smith



## MYSTERY TO ME

From the shrivelling grey  
silk of its cocoon  
a creature slowly  
is pushing out  
stand clear  
not a butterfly,  
a petal that floats  
across the sky  
in the summer breeze  
not a furred moth of the night  
Some primal-shaped  
plain-winged, day-flying thing  
IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME

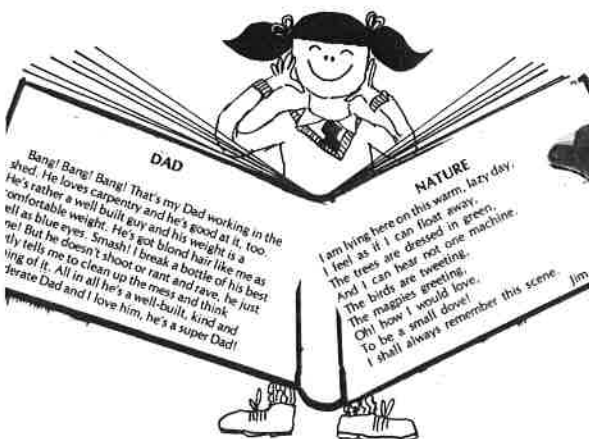
Kerri Edmonds, Yr 7



## A BEAUTIFUL DAY

It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining and the sky is a brilliant blue. The twitter of birds in the trees close by make the scene more pleasant. Trees sway slightly in the afternoon breeze. Butterflies flitter through the maze of dandelion stalks and the blades of grass. Here and there the pigeons waddle towards the remnants of the children's lunches. The different shades of the trees make it more blissful: green, yellow amber and even orange; what a magnificent day!

anymous



## DAD

Bang! Bang! Bang! That's my Dad working in the shed. He's a carpenter and he's good at it, too. He's a well-built guy and his weight is as comfortable as a blanket. He's got blue eyes. Smash! I break a bottle of his best wine! But he doesn't shoot or rant and rave, he just tells me to clean up the mess and think of it. All in all he's a well-built, kind and loving Dad and I love him, he's a super Dad!

## NATURE

I am living here on this warm, lazy day.  
I feel as if I can float away.  
The trees are dressed in green.  
And I can hear not one machine.  
The birds are tweeting.  
The magpies are greeting.  
Oh! how I would love  
To be a small dove!  
I shall always remember this scene.

Jim Kitiou, 7R



# YEAR

## MY OPINION

The Victorian Railways Board is thinking of closing fifteen public transport routes. One of these lines is Alamein to Camberwell line. If this happens there will be more people out of work. I think there would be strikes about it and it would not work.

Paul Wegener 8A.

## Smells

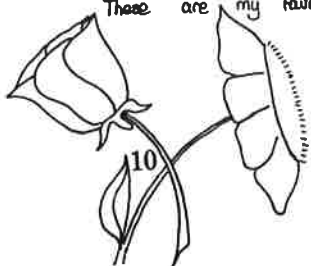
These are the smells I like best,

The smell of the plastic on a brand new vest,  
The smell of the diesel fuel I like too,  
And the smell of the feathers on a cockatoo,  
The smell of pancakes and the smell of  
restaurant cooking.

These are the smells I like best.

My favourite smells are the smells on a  
fresh morning in winter,  
And the smell of freshly mown lawns.  
I like the smell of the salty sea air  
at the beach, and the smell of  
freshness after it has been raining.  
I like the smell of flowers in a  
garden and the smell of food  
whether I'm hungry or not.

These are my favourite smells.



## SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

The Year Eight students this year have been busy with several of Shakespeare's plays that are also being performed.

After the success of 7C's "Midsummer Night's Dream" last year, the Year Eight English teachers decided to arrange for each form to do a shortened version or an act from a different Shakespearean play. Our form 8R are doing the 3<sup>rd</sup> act from Julius Caesar with the main roles as:

Julius Caesar	-	Ben Bornstein
Mark Anthony	-	Rosalind Robson
Brutus	-	Rohan Smith
Portia	-	Karin Power
Cassius	-	Amalie Paull
Publius	-	Tanya Moody

The other Year 8 forms are doing:

Macbeth - 8M

The Tempest - 8A

The Merchant of Venice - 8C

The plays will be presented one evening at the beginning of term three. I'm sure that the plays will be very successful as the teachers and students have put in considerable effort.

Special thanks to Amalie Paull

Rosalind Robson. 8R.

## At School.

The ring of the school bell  
The running of feet,  
The banging of school bags  
As the children all meet.  
The yelling of voices

As lockers they open,  
The scramble for books,  
The pushing and shoving,  
Come on, get a move on!  
Second bell ringing,  
At last, all is quiet!

# EIGHT...

## IN THE CITY

Car engines roaring from every direction  
Horns blowing, drivers swearing,  
Calling of people selling their wares,  
The thud of high heels,  
And the ear-piercing shriek of  
an ambulance siren.  
The thundering noise of construction  
workers on top of a building.  
The clatter of the tram passing  
over the tram tracks,  
They're the noises you hear in  
the city.



### *My Dog Bess.*

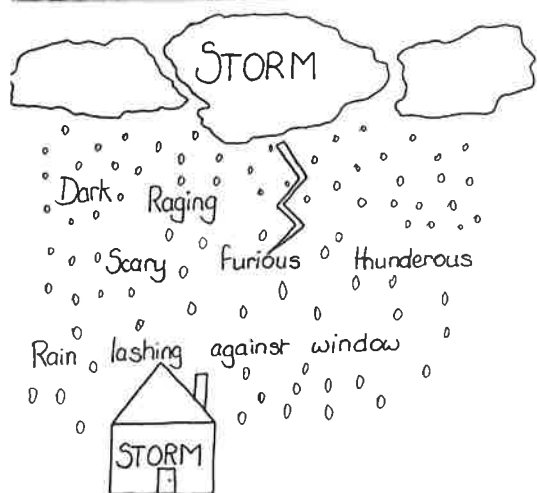
Bessy, little Bessy,  
So sweet and innocent,  
Yet calm and intelligent,  
Sometimes bad  
And sometimes good.  
She knows.  
Those eyes,  
So understanding,  
So full of wisdom and love;  
And yet so young and playful.  
Ever watchful,  
Ever alert,  
And yet...  
In the early hours of the morn  
When everything is sleepy,  
I look in the laundry,  
Where Bessy is sleeping.  
There she is  
Unaware of her silent watcher,  
Sleeping peacefully  
In the world of dreams  
Then suddenly she starts,  
And instantly she barks,  
She jumps on me,  
As if to say, "Gee, you  
embarrassed me!"

### *...lost in a drought...*

Nothing moves,  
All is silent,  
I wipe my brow,  
And curse the sweltering heat.  
Some bony bulls  
Stand motionless,  
Under the scraggy trees.  
The air feels thick.  
In the dry creek bed,  
which looks like some old bridle track,  
A single thorn bush  
Makes its last stand in the torrid heat.  
Nothing moves.  
All is silent,  
Except - except  
For a lone bird in the sky;  
Suddenly it lets out a feeble cry!  
Oh! God!  
I wish I would die!



Philip Graham 8C.

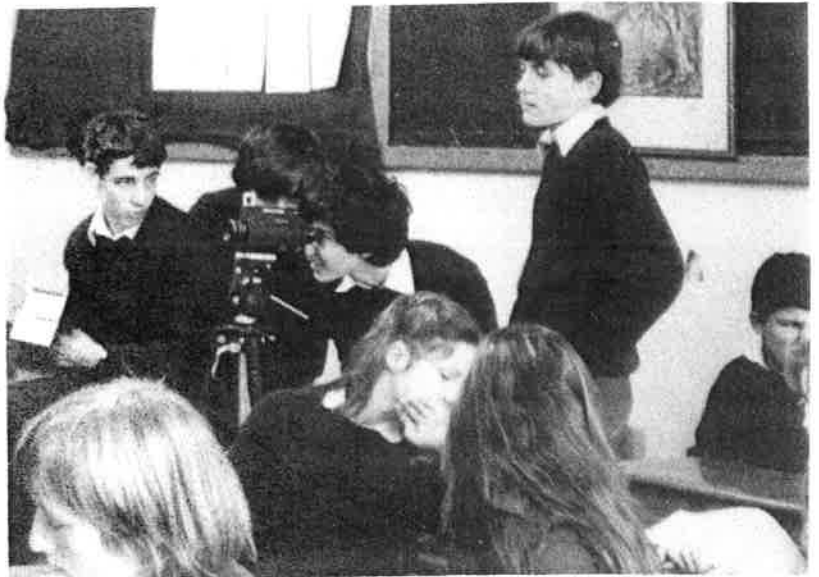



# YEAR 9

## School

School is the best friend  
That I ever had.  
School is the only place  
Where I can be happy.  
School is my life,  
The life that never grows old.  
I wish the sun would never go,  
And the moon never come,  
So that I can be in school,  
I like school.

Thuy Nguyen, 9A

GIRAFFE  
STRETCHED NECK  
REACHING TOWARD THE  
TREE  
SNATCHING LEAVES, QUICKLY  
DEVOURING,  
MAMMAL.

### YEAR 9 CAMP

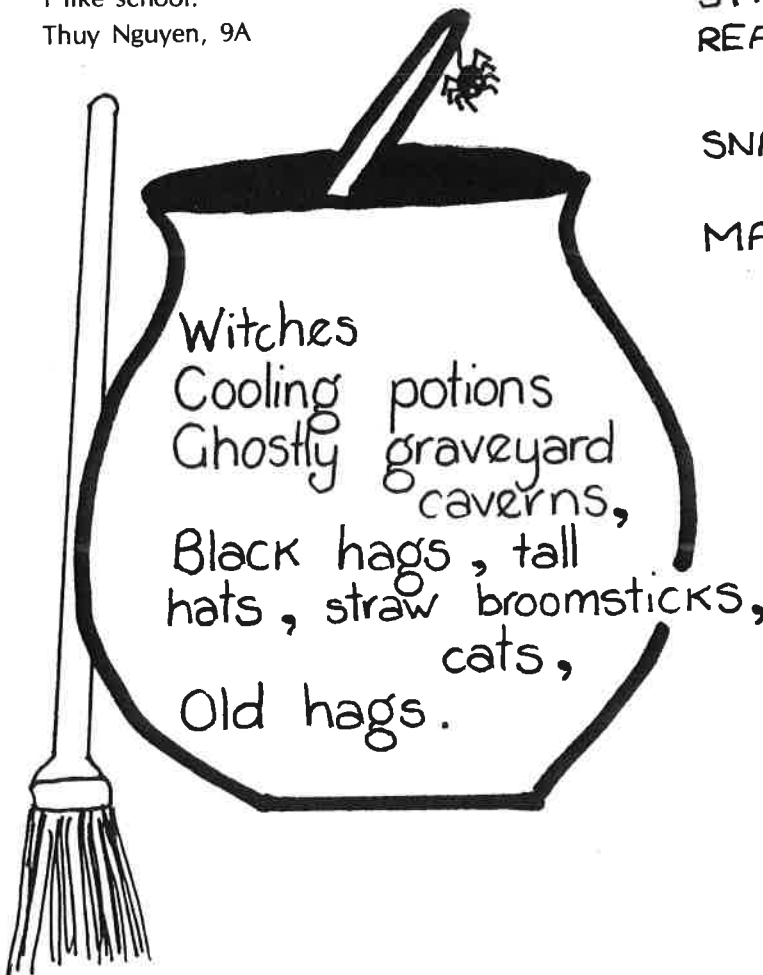
The Year 9 camp to Lake Nillahcootie was enjoyed tremendously by all the Year 9's who attended. The camp was in June, and even though it was extremely cold, it did not interfere with our activities, which included many hours roaming the countryside, a camp out one night and a six-hour hike on one day.

The scenery was very beautiful and the lake which stood behind the camp site was a breathtaking sight. The vast green mountains which surrounded the area and the chilling freshness of the air made the camp an unforgettable experience.

The teachers saw that we all had a good time, and we really couldn't complain about the cooking because, for a change, the students did it all.

Anyway, we all left the camp happy to be going home but also just as sad to be leaving it behind!

Maria Themistocteous







# SPORT 1980

The sporting year began with the Annual House Swimming Sports, won this year by Roosevelt. Several records were broken and Gina Kennedy, 7M, showed outstanding ability. Gina went on to win two events at the Whitehorse Group Sports, and also swam in the Eastern Zone Sports. Camberwell also had two divers who did well in inter-school competition — Georgina Sutherland, 7M, won the Whitehorse Group Under 14; and David Copping, Year 11, won the Open. Both these divers competed at Eastern Zone level, with David going through to the All High finals.

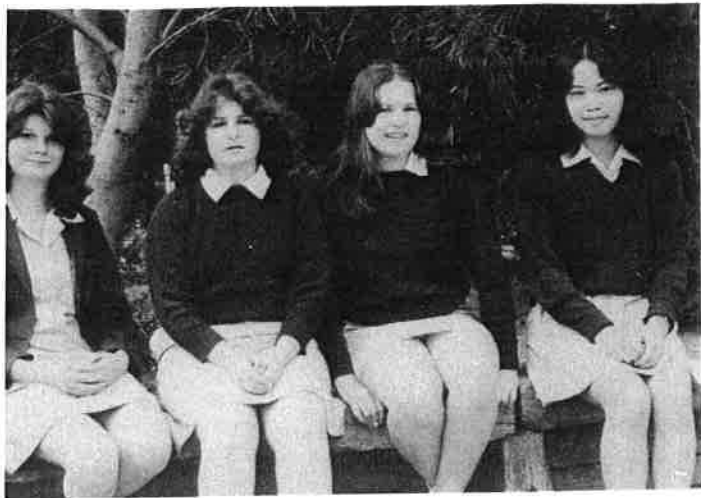
In cricket, the senior boys' team were unlucky to lose the Whitehorse Group grand final to Blackburn. The girls' team, captained by Jenny Becker, won the Whitehorse Group competition and was only beaten in the third round of Eastern Zone finals. Jenny's batting and bowling performances were outstanding, and she was ably supported by talented all-rounder, Julie Savage, 7C.

The House Athletic Sports were won by Churchill, and many records were broken. The sports were again conducted in year level days and almost all juniors participated.

Our cross-country runners, led by champion Kelly La Combre, Year 11, ran well, and Kelly, Robert Sierra, Liz Leslie, Belinda Moody, Malcolm Rowley, Karen Power and Georgina Sutherland competed in the Eastern Zone Run. Kelly concluded a fine season with a second in the All High Run, and gained selection in the Victorian State Secondary Schools' team. She did extremely well in inter-state competition and was also selected for the Victorian Junior team for the Australian Championships.

The senior boys' volley-ball team won Whitehorse Group and competed in Eastern Zone finals, as did the senior boys' badminton, senior girls' table tennis and the three boys' soccer teams. Congratulations to Mr Carter and our soccer boys on a fine effort in making a clean sweep of Whitehorse Group soccer pennants. This was a very pleasing result from a keen group of boys.





The senior girls' hockey team had another very successful year, winning Whitehorse Group and only losing in Eastern Zone finals on penalty shots. This team played many close and enjoyable social matches throughout the season.

The senior and intermediate boys' table tennis teams finished runners-up in Whitehorse Group, and the junior boys' team competed in Eastern Zone, coming third. The senior girls' table tennis won the Whitehorse pennant and also went through to Eastern Zone finals.

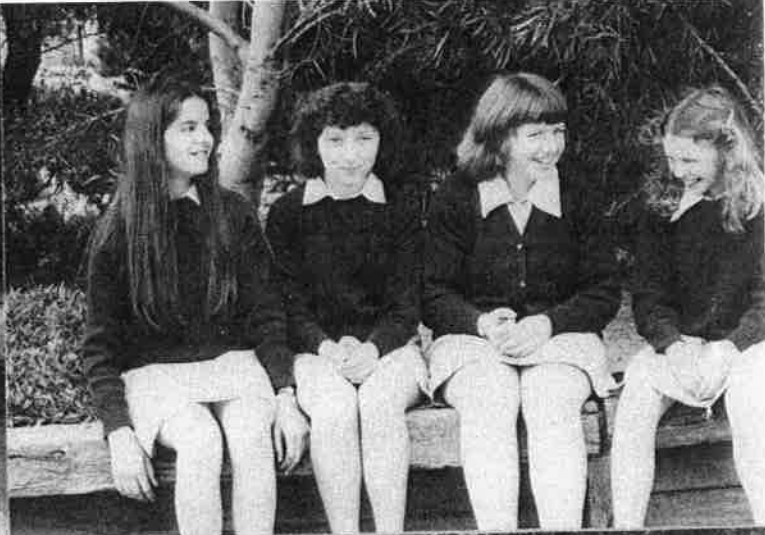
Although Camberwell does not do so well in athletics, there were some fine individual performances at the Whitehorse Sports, notably James McEwen, who won three events; Kelly La Combre, two events, new records; and Ruth Schnelle, two events. Twelve boys and six girls competed at the Zone Athletics and placegetters to reach the All High carnival were Kelly La Combre, Ruth Schnelle, Kerrie Witting-slow and Bill Lazopoulos. At least two of these students should gain selection in the Victorian State Secondary Schools Athletics team, competing in December.

Other sporting activity at Camberwell this year has included inter-form netball and cross-country, gymnastics, fencing, table tennis and trampolining competitions. The new badminton courts in the hall have proved popular and a valuable addition to our facilities.

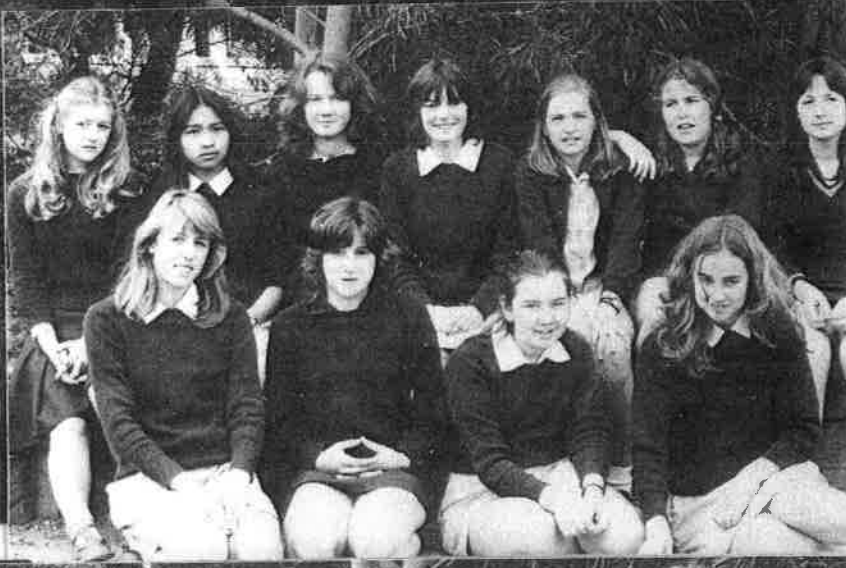
Many thanks to all members of staff who have helped with coaching teams this year. Camberwell has had a very pleasing year sportswise, winning more than its fair share of pennants despite its small population. If the school is to continue to perform well in inter-school sports, especially in our weaker sports, sports staff will need better attendance at practices, both before and after school, in 1981. This was the only disappointing feature of an otherwise enjoyable and successful sporting year.

J. Berry









Yes, well, what can one say? Hang on a minute, let's rephrase that: what can't one say? What hasn't happened this year? Has there been an area in which the Year 10 of 1980 hasn't proved itself totally superior to all other years of the school, hasn't excelled at? I'd say our year is definitely the most practised at making a fool of itself and generally showing everyone how to have a good time. I don't know how we managed to fit in any work . . . just a minute, Mr Broadbent, we DID work . . . at least a little!!!

There were some outstanding successes amongst our generally brilliant career as Form 4 people. There was the school musical, Calamity Jane — congratulations go to Chris Bidlo, Joey from Nantucket. We're advised most strongly, he's the best cowboy this school's ever seen. And 'The Importance of Being Ernest', David Gray taking the lead. Could it be C.H.S. will have helped nurture the Sir Lawrence Olivier of the future?

There was our Year 10 camp, a roaring success; we never did find out exactly what happened that night!!!! And sports, the rest of the seniors didn't have a chance!! Belinda Robson, U16 Miss Camberfest, 1980; Mandy Sheldrake, David Gray, taking out first prizes in Melbourne-wide photographic competitions, with numerous other prizes being awarded to runners-up; a state-wide Maths competition in which there were many honours and distinctions awarded to our fellow-Year 10's; the German speaking competition, another group of our students winning awards; not to mention all the enthusiastic and willing members of the various clubs throughout the school, contributing all they could. We really did give an awful lot to the life of C.H.S.

We are older now, the sands in the hour glass slip by and the bic ballpoint creeps to a halt . . . but what can we say except that we had a great year and I don't think there'll ever be a Year 10 again quite like us (choke, sob). (Or did I hear "hurrah", was that you, Mr B?)

Understandably the author wishes to remain anonymous and protected from the treacherous hands of insulted persons. But if those hands happen to belong to someone male and good looking, she might consider revealing her identity.



Mary Gialama,

# 10

HEY!

## WATER

Unobtrusively it falls from the sky,  
to soak through the pores of the thirsty earth,  
to cleanse and purify,  
the atoms and molecules of life.

Gently it drips over my eyelashes,  
down my face,  
and through my hair.  
A river surges at my neck,  
and runs swiftly down my spinal cord.  
It soaks my skin and cleanses  
and purifies my body and my soul.

Matilda Leone, 10B

LUV 'YA BABY!

"I'M SORRY I'M LATE TO CLASS - BUT I HAD TO CLIMB UP THE STAIRS!"

## Goethe Poetry Competition

### Awards — Year 10

David Gray  
Dana Adomaitis  
Lisa Dedman  
Jane Gerrish  
Sylvia Heil  
Anita Bruns

# Year Eleven

## THE VALUE LINK

Friendship is a golden chain  
The links are friends so dear  
And like a rare and precious jewel  
It's treasured more each year.  
It's clasped together firmly, with a  
Love that's deep and true  
And it's rich with happy memories  
And fond recollections too.  
Time can't destroy its beauty,  
For as long as memories live,  
Years can't erase the pleasure  
That the joy of friendship brings.  
For friendship is a priceless gift  
That can't be bought or sold;  
But to have an understanding friend  
Is worth far more than gold.  
And the golden chain of friendship  
Is a strong and blessed tie,  
Binding kindred hearts together as the years  
Go rolling by . . .

M. Hughes, 11D  
Entry for Don Anderson Award

## FEELINGS

The sun, brilliant and warm,  
Shining down on the cool, rough grass,  
The trees, gently blowing in the fresh wind  
Like humans, wanting to leave this modern world.  
The insects, creeping, crawling, flying,  
Trapped where they don't belong.  
This small portion of nature in a place  
Of modern development.  
Concrete, bricks, wire mesh and glass.  
And yet it remains soft, warm, beautiful and living,  
Fresh colour and feeling, smell and radiance.

Caroline Crawshaw

## NATURE

There is a madness within them.  
A spring madness.  
The songs are different,  
Though at times they seem to run together to make  
one beautiful spring song.  
Now there is a quiet.  
Not all is still.  
The breeze blows and soon they will sing again.

Suzanne Polack, 11C

I have closed my mind,  
but you open,  
petal by petal,  
myself.

Jennie Hepburn, 11C

I will tell you all my secrets,  
but remember when I entrust them to you,  
they are a part of me.  
I will give you all of my love,  
but remember you will have the power to hurt me.  
I will give you my life,  
but remember you will have the power to destroy it.  
I will give you my spirit,  
but remember that it was once free.  
I will give you all my possessions,  
but remember that they were once mine.  
I will give you my songs and my music,  
but remember they were once all I had.  
I will give you my thoughts and my dreams,  
then I will have given you all that I have.

Jennie Hepburn, 11C

A plaintive cry  
escaped from his heart.  
A thousand people saw,  
A thousand people heard,  
One heart melted,  
mine.

Jennie Hepburn, 11C

## SOUNDS

I strive to feel the beauty.  
My soul is lost in oblivion.  
Still the voices surround me,  
The birds are calling out,  
The sun is warming my body.  
The shadows of trees dance on the grass,  
I know it is real when the gentle breeze passes.

Sophie Papathanasiou

## AIR

The air is clean, warm, fresh,  
It carries the smell of flowers, the smell of grass.  
It carries the sounds the birds make.  
It sustains life and holds our winged friends in flight.  
It surrounds us.

Alex Adamolopoulos



## THE MODERN MISS MAKES A POOR MISSUS

The modern miss does, indeed, make a poor missus. The flirty, flamboyant, fidgeting young lady of today is by no means either educated or equipped to enter into a life of marriage and motherhood. When walking down the street one can see girls in their tight jeans, high shoes and cleavages, tottering along, nattering, chewing gum and, yes, **smoking!** What type of education have these girls had? Obviously, co-education and very free. They speak openly with males and even carry on close relations with them in public! No, things are not how they used to be, nor how I would have them.

The perfect miss (later to be the ideal wife and mother) should always wear dresses (what is the point in having two sexes if they cannot be easily told apart by their costume?), she should have a governess to teach her French, grammar, spelling and basic mathematics (so she can help her spouse with accounts if necessary), music and embroidery. She should not be allowed to eat meals with her parents until she is competent with a knife, fork and spoon, and has learnt correct table manners, and even then only on Sundays for roast dinner until she is sixteen.

When a girl reaches eighteen she is then ready to "step out", a debut is the ideal way for this to be done. As many eligible young men should be invited (N.B., eligible refers to men over twenty-five who have finished their education and have a steady, well-paying job), and young women with whom acquaintance would be beneficial (N.B., these young women should also have been brought up under similar circumstances.).

I feel it is necessary to point out at this time that from eighteen onwards is a suitable time for these young ladies to marry. Due to their upbringing they would be very mature, unlike the modern miss who tends to be flighty, giggly and immature, and totally unsuitable for marriage until twenty-five or thirty.

Once our perfect girl is married she fits into the part of the wife and mother like a glove, and tends to live happily ever after.

The modern miss truly makes a poor missus, not like the good old days.

Gina Pederick, Year 11

## DESTRUCTION

As the fresh wind blew,  
The leaves rustled and the birds sang,  
A butterfly drifted with the wind  
But as the golden sun rose,  
So did a monster.

Until there were no birds, butterflies or trees.

David McEwen

"I see," said the blind man  
To rub salt in the wound.  
"You should look before you leap,  
And let sleeping dogs lie".

But the pious fool, in his youth, surmised  
At no useful paraphrase.  
Through life-long blindness he could not realise  
That cats can be skinned in many ways.

Mark Hislop, 11B

## WILD HORSE AT DAWN

Footprints pounding the frosty turf,  
Mane on fire, thawing the dayspring.  
Kindling for the glistening Phoebus,  
Stretching his limbs over the misty horizon.  
Sparrow's soprano accompanying gleefully,  
The rhythmic drumbeat of hooves.

Vivacious nostrils drinking in the moist air,  
In unsullied exhilaration. Rippling muscles  
In powerful waves of perfection.  
Hilarity tossing the head, tail swirling royally,  
Body and soul united in joie de vivre.  
A compelling portrait of purity, freedom and  
strength.

Daring me, pedestrian in gait, thought and soul,  
To hobble humbly in his wake, marvelling  
At the gilded god against the sapphire sky.

Andrew Bird, 11B

# YEAR TWELVE

## TOC!

The smooth white egg split against the side of the green china mixing bowl. With the deft pressure of her lined hands Mrs Barret released the glutinous contents from the shell, which she threw once emptied, towards the sink.

Nicole watched the contents of the basin, fascinated. The round yellow spheres surrounded by clarity and yet substance . . . she stretched a small brown digit down towards one of the golden orbs. It gave beneath her finger, and it was cold. Intrigued, the child placed her whole hand into the bowl, climbing onto the table in order to do so, and pressed her weight down on a yolk. It expired, formless, and strings of yellow clouded upwards around her wrist. "Nikki!"

Mrs Barret swung around from the stove and snatched the child from the table, carrying her straight across to the sink where she turned the tap on to its full capacity. The water spurted across the offending eggy hand, splashing a little across the draining board and dry dishes. The water gurgled down the drain; her mother's exasperated words fell about her ears. The frypan spat noisily. Her mother's hands were pinching her underarms, and her hand was cold. Nicole squirmed and wriggled uncomfortably and was finally set down on the floor. She sat demurely in a corner, looking sadly at her purple little hand and cooing softly to herself. Up higher, the bowl and the white shapes around it were so interesting, mysterious . . .

Nicole climbed back onto the chair, stretched her hand up and out, and took an egg. Clutching it to her front she scampered down from the chair and away into her bedroom, chuckling gleefully and listening to the tap-tap of her mother's heels on the wooden floor of the laundry. The sound ceased abruptly as the heels crossed through into the carpeted kitchen;

Nicole was alone with the silence and her new plaything.

She set it down on the blue carpet, pushing at it gently. It rolled a little, and she crawled after it, picked it up. So smooth . . . deftly, she imitated her mother's actions, banging the white ellipse against the leg of a table, then squeezing the ruptured shell. From within a mucous glob of clear and yellow wetness fell onto the blue carpet, making a darkened patch. Nicole watched gravely, patting at the mess with earnest little hands. There was a small dark shape in the middle, red in colour, which had not been in the mixing bowl. Placing it in the palm of her hand, Nicole touched it tentatively. So strangely small and irregular — pink, malformed, imperfect. It was its imperfection which annoyed her, intrigued her — it ruined the contrast between the yellowness of yolk and the clarity of the white, mixed together harmoniously. Cheated and frustrated, the child threw the chicken from her, towards the discarded, useless traitor of shell which had so blithely deceived her, and ran out of the room. The shell grinned after her, white fragments against the artificial blue softness of the rug.

Sitting on the front steps, Nicole contemplated her toes, thinking hard. Her reverie was interrupted by the clinking of bottles and the cheery "hello!" of the milkman. He dumped the bottles beside her on the step, and left, whistling.

The bottles were also wet and cold, but strangely hard. Smooth, white, perfection — yet different — hard, unfriendly. Unable to unravel the mystery or link the two in her mind, Nicole wandered aimlessly into the living room and picked up her doll, Annie. The simple cotton face smiled up at her reassuringly, comforting. Perhaps she knew the answers? Nicole hugged the plush red body to her, and curled up into a tired little ball, clinging to her security.

Meredith Thomas, Year 12

Speak to me Crystal Air  
tell me your woes.  
Are the dreaded Ones too close?  
Jimmy smiled at you  
but then he wept.  
I transgressed.  
Mother said hello  
and bankcarded her debts.  
You saw that too?  
A pilgrimage of dying refugees,  
Most pitiful.  
The Shah smiled in his Iranian money bed.  
So it sickens you.  
We thought you had the answers?  
Don't give me God  
He doesn't rely on me.  
The waters parted  
revealing  
unsightable brightness!

D. Bridie

## CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE

Mythical face carved on wooden pole.  
Feared but worshipped by primitives  
Standing erect on a lonesome hill,  
Rejected by modern society.  
Wind and rain gradually rot your very foundations.  
Eventually purpose and existence have expired.

Stephen Oxley, 12C

I'm not living at all  
Just a physical existence  
Rigmarole,  
Conditioned speaking  
Unconscious thinking  
Mediaeval farming  
Modern politics,  
It's all the same!

D. Bridie

## 6TH FORM FRASER NATIONAL PARK CAMP

On the afternoon of Friday, the 2nd May, at about 3.30 p.m., the bus arrived to be greeted with hordes and hordes of baggage, food, etc., which were hurled in at random, and the Form 6 walking camp to Fraser National Park was under way. Aside from a stop in Healesville the journey was uneventful; we arrived at the park in the dark, and took a circular scenic tour around the black park once or twice before we finally unloaded to stagger about amongst the trees with luggage parcels, trying to pitch tents and cook tea.

It didn't rain (fortunately) although no one slept very much; some unfortunate accidents occurred and tents collapsed, much to the loudly voiced wails of the victims.

The first morning was misty, but fine; there were rosellas everywhere. We walked to the top of a mountain and back, about 13 km (puff puff). The mountains were spectacular and very steep. The walk was enjoyable if tiring (we picked up no less than four strays from a scout convention) and we arrived home about four.

The next day's walk was easier (at first) over flatter ground because everyone had sore feet. After lunch we split into two groups — half returned the way we had come and the others up over the mountains.

When we got back we broke camp and piled everything into the bus, said goodbye to all the kangaroos, rosellas and neighbours and departed for home, fairly subdued and tired. A few rations were sorted out on the way and we arrived at school in the late afternoon.

Our thanks to Mr Smith, Miss Patch, Mr Pollard and especially Miss Champ for all the hard work involved in the organisation and carrying out of a fantastic weekend.

Meredith Thomas, 6C



## MAYA

A never ending tunnel of imagination,  
Thought processes in the mind.  
Ideas becoming actions, problems solved,  
No limits placed on hypotheses.  
An impenetrable oasis in the body,  
Destiny determined by confusing ideals,  
Man strides forward.  
A reassuring glance confirming his future,  
His devices obliging destruction,  
Creativity bending mind.  
Social outcasts rebelling against conformity  
Led on by fantasy.  
Life abruptly ending in death,  
Total annihilation of a race,  
Predator extinguishes life.  
Existence questioned,  
Leader of a planet with no cause or purpose,  
Thorns needlessly delivering pain.  
Do the ends justify the means?  
Supreme creature desires power.  
Mind creating opportunity through actions.  
Multitudes following in a flock.  
Individuality lost without thought.  
Is there a reason?

Stephen Oxley, 12C



## S.R.C. REPORT

The Student Representative Council had a rebirth this year, after a year of absence, with sixteen positions available from all year levels. We only managed to fill twelve. We started on a small scale, getting an urn for the Year 12 Common Room. We then decided to try a program of films after school, which has had a fairly good response. We have attempted to introduce identification cards for the students (which could entitle them to a wide range of discounts), but, as yet, they have not materialised. We hope this system will begin early in 1981.

As our current projects we are having school windcheaters printed and also a trial lunch-time concert on October 7th. If successful, we hope to make this a regular part of school life.

Next year's S.R.C. will, we hope, be both a full contingent and be able to achieve more.

Mandy Paul,  
President, 1980



## THE SENIOR SOCIAL

It was a cool, clear night. All day the tension had been mounting, for tonight was The Night. At 3.25, the dismissal bell was followed by a sigh of relief. The day had been long and trying, and at last the 1980 Senior Social was only a few hours away.

The preparations had been going on for months. "Japanese Comix", backed up by "Black Hamlet" (who, rumour held, had only had one rehearsal), were to provide the music. The Social Committee, had done a fantastic job. The publicity had been effective, as most students were going, and on the night the hall looked great.

As 8.00 p.m. drew nearer girls and guys arrived in (dare I say?) zany costumes and elegant after-fives. I even think someone was caught in his pyjamas. (Yes, you guessed it, it was Keith Bendall!) The general mood of the night was definitely "new wave" and students dressed accordingly.

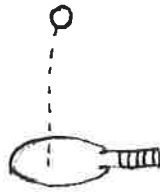
We'd like to give a Bravery Award to Mrs Wantrup, who managed to keep up with Mr Jay on the dance floor, as he showed the younger generation how it should be done. (Note the generation gap!)

As the night went on the dance floor was always packed and the dancing was . . . ahem! . . . creative. Our local "Village People" even made a special guest appearance! (We did note, however, that the teachers had all adequately armed themselves with the ever-popular and ever-effective cottonwool.)

Thanks to everyone who contributed to the successful 1980 Social. Thanks also to everyone who turned up and made it such a memorable night.

But then, how could it be anything but memorable with students like us?

An Innocent Bystander



"I, ahm, think ahm...."

## C.H.S.'S FOSTER CHILD

During the third term of 1979, through the Foster Parents' Association, Camberwell High School became the proud sponsor of an underprivileged family in Indonesia; a child serves as the link between the family and the sponsor. C.H.S.'s child is one of five children.

Sri Sokiyeem attends the first grade of primary school. One of her two older brothers attends a technical school and the other works on the land. Sri's big sister, who is only twelve, also attends primary school. Her youngest brother is only one year old. Sri's parents are peasants and have not had an education; both work on the land.

The Foster Parents' Plan, which operates in many countries, provides medical assistance and dental care, as well as initiating community development and self-help projects.

Already students have raised some money for C.H.S.'s child with a casual day and a cake stall. However, we need continued support in order to help our child. Sri is only seven and therefore this is a long-term project we have entered into. We will need the co-operation and the support of the present students and the students to come. We sincerely hope, for the family's sake, that C.H.S. will work now and in the future to give Sri and her family a fair go in the world.

Lisa Dedman





## LIBRARY NOTES

During 1980, the focus has been on leisure time activities. The library staff, assisted by the library committee — Mark Richards, 7M; Sarah Dugdale, 7M; Jason Cook, 8M; Gavin Mascas, 8M; Sussanne Whybrow, 8M; Alison Baker, 8M; Andrea Abrahams, 9M; Patrick Fitzgerald, 9M; Jane Gerrish, 10B; Susan Wright, 10B; Wendy Fowler, 10D; Sue Polack, 11C; Gavin Cox, 11C; and Perrlene Cheong, 12C — have aimed to increase the number and range of materials available on recreational interests of both staff and students.

By requests from students we realised what a wide range of pursuits were followed by C.H.S. students. These included model railways, aeroplanes and battles, sporting activities ranging from soccer to canoeing, outdoor activities, films, cars, motorbikes. As well as buying books on these subjects, we have added new magazine subscriptions, e.g., Australian Photography, Airborne, Cinema Papers, Fishing World.

Following this theme, the library committee organised a very successful clubs' week to introduce students to clubs operating at C.H.S. Speakers and special displays were featured. A quiz week is proposed in Term III.

We have also tried to improve the fiction collection by additions in popular areas, e.g., Science Fiction, Mystery, Relationships, Animals.

The response to these innovations has been most encouraging.

## GYM CLUB

Gym Club this year got off to an extremely good start, with many enthusiastic members, especially from Years 7 and 8.

At the moment we are practising for the inter-form and inter-school competitions. The inter-school competition is divided up into three sections: Whitehorse, Eastern Zone and All High. In the Eastern Zone competition, we hope to enter a junior Year 7 and an intermediate and as many senior individuals as possible. Those who qualify will go on to compete in the All High final.

There will be a set routine done and also optional routines which girls have made up themselves on various pieces of equipment.

Everybody at Gym Club is grateful to Mrs Berry for all her help, as without it Gym Club would not be possible!

Cathy Kefford

## DEBATING

Debating has become a very popular and enjoyable activity during 1979 and 80. Our school has been very successful in the inter-school competitions, especially D and C Grade teams. Last year one of the D Grade teams won the Victorian grand finals, and another got into the semi-finals. This year we are all trying to repeat this marvellous effort, and at the time of writing two teams have won four out of five debates.

The topics have varied from "That crime pays" to "Nuclear family limits women". Two C Grade teams had a rather interesting demonstration debate in the library, on "Man is a beast", with negative winning. I'm sure all the audience saw for themselves how much fun debating is!

Many thanks to Mr Jay for all his time and effort and without whom debating at C.H.S. would not exist.

Belinda Robson, 10E

## GIRLS' TABLE TENNIS REPORT

Table tennis is a sport which has become very popular among both senior, intermediate and junior girls. Our school has had great successes in table tennis and this year the senior girls managed to reach the Eastern Zone finals.

Last year, after a "swim-a-thon" was held to raise money, two foldaway table tennis tables were purchased which improved everyone's game greatly. Unfortunately the intermediate and junior girls' teams did not make the finals, but maybe next year they will.

Our thanks go to Miss Bates who helped us a lot with handy pointers during our practices.

Rhonda Prager, 10E

## FENCING NEWS

Camberwell High School's Fencing Club must once again thank Miss Champ for the amount of work and time she has spent teaching the many enthusiastic students the basics of fencing.

The Club consists of students from all year levels, and we meet on Monday at lunchtime, and on Tuesday mornings from 8.15 to 9.45. The students are taught the basic blade and footwork movements in fencing. Excellent progress has been made by the Club's members and it is hoped that in the near future we will be able to organise inter-school competitions.

So if there is anybody who believes that they are a budding Errol Flynn, then come along to the C.H.S. Fencing Club and try your hand.

## INTERNATIONAL EVENING

International Evening took place on Thursday, 17th July, in the School Hall at 8 p.m. The lights dimmed and the distinctive theme from "Picnic at Hanging Rock" sounded through the audience. As the piece diminished Helen Millicer, dressed in Polish national costume, briefly told Australia's history. After an impressive list of representatives of over thirty different countries who attend our school, Helen announced the first act.

Four Vietnamese students, one playing a guitar, sang an old Vietnamese song relating to the strength of the Vietnamese people. After their performance, Nora Nackashian, from Lebanon, dressed in national costume, sang two songs describing domestic duties, unaccompanied. The Year 10 German students presented two folk songs while clutching bier steins full of foaming beer (my favourite act), and the Greek students performed several folk dances (which were very popular with the audience). The Malaysian students performed the "Dance of the Lovely Maidens and the Warriors", originally danced in Mongolia.

7R performed their own version of the "Golden Touch", and the French version of "Cinderella" was then staged. Miss Yug Jobuen performed the traditional Chinese Fan Dance, and then a medley of Latvian Kokle folk songs was sung. There were an Indian dance, two Australian folk songs, and then the finale: every participant joined in on "I am an Aussie".

After the performance the audience was invited to view the displays and sample the food.

Altogether it was a most successful and enjoyable evening for young and old alike.

G. Parker.



# REPORT FROM LORALYN DAVIS —

## American Exchange Student

It was late last summer (our summer that is, in other words, August) when I had this notion to become an exchange student. As I looked over the application I pondered the one question that seemed to stare me in the face, "What country would you most like to go to and why?" They sure come up with some good ones, don't they, I thought to myself.

For the next few days I thought constantly about what my choice would be. Japan? No, they talk too funny. Europe? No, too ordinary — where I live, everyone goes there on vacation. And then finally it came to me one day. Australia! Then came the tough part of the question, "... and why?"

That seems to be a question I'm asked all the time: "Why did you decide to come to Australia?" Well personally, I don't think that's such an exciting question but for the sake of all of you who want to know why, I'll tell you.

There are a few reasons, I guess. First, I figured the climate would be really nice and warm (though now I'm not so certain! I must have thought all Australian weather was like that of Brisbane and Sydney — the only two cities I had had first-hand knowledge of). Second, I thought that with being away for a whole year that I'd have enough to worry about, let alone learning a new language (though I have had to "alter" my vocabulary a bit!). And I realised that this would probably be a once-in-a-lifetime thing and I'll probably never get a chance to travel all that much again, so while I'm at it I may as well go as far away as possible. By the way, in case you didn't know already, I'm from Ramsey, New Jersey, the state below New York state but just across the Hudson River (to the west) of New York City. If you're still confused, look it up on a map! As I was saying, the distance between New Jersey and Melbourne is about 12,000 miles. I'm literally halfway around the world from home (either way you want to measure it).

Now that you've got a fair idea of why I came here, I'll give you a few of my observations and conclusions about Australia — specifically Melbourne — its people, its history and itself.

Having recently returned from a trip to the center (I'm not giving in to the Aussie spelling!) of Australia, I'm in a better position to talk about your country, I think. The three "big cities" I've been to are Melbourne, Adelaide and Alice Springs, if you can call them big. The feeling I got from walking around these towns was that the buildings are short, but that's because I've always lived near cities with **really tall** buildings (Chicago and New York, having the five tallest buildings in the world between the two). Aside from the height of the buildings, I noticed the people. The people of Australia usually appear to be happy and are concerned with helping others with their problems. This supports the article my mother (the one in N.J.) sent me last week which said that in a recent survey of tourists to Australia, 35% of them

said they'd come back because the people were so warm and friendly and always smiling!

During this year amongst my other courses in H.S.C. I've been sitting in on the Australian History class. Though often I become a bit confused (since I don't know the names you all learn as children, whether you realise it or not), I find it quite interesting most of the time. I also try to compare parallel events of American history when I can.

Now I suppose you're all wondering what I think of the Australian education system (seeing as that's the second most asked question). Well, contrary to popular belief, I don't really think that the schools here are any harder than at home. The amount of homework and the course content are virtually the same. The difference lies in what's expected of the individual student. In other words, the standard of work expected is higher (harder) here than at most schools in the states. The hardest part of my school year here has been adjusting to the exams. At my school in N.J. we only had one big exam at the end of the year but we had tests every few weeks (which weren't simple, I'll tell you!) on sections of work covered.

I could go on and on if I wanted to, but as most of you who are reading this are probably nearly falling asleep by now, I'll stop.

I'd just like to say thanks to everyone here at Camberwell High who's helped me in any way or has just been a friend to me during the year. I'll miss Australia when I'm gone but I'll never forget you.

Kiss today goodbye,  
and point me toward tomorrow,  
A kiss for luck I'm on my way,  
Won't regret, can't forget  
I did for love . . ."

Loralyn Davis,  
YFU American Exchange  
Student 1980



## SHORT STORY"

I've been sitting here for a quarter of an hour and nothing suitable has come to me; you know the more you try to think the more your mind gets stuffed up, and the more depressed you get.

That's one thing about school — you sit here for 50 minutes at a time and just think and watch people trying to get A's at the end of the term, or flirting with the guy or girl next to them. And everyone wants to be the funniest or the most popular, and it's really interesting because you suddenly realise you're seeing them the way other people see you, and you really want the same things as everyone else. And really the only thing that matters is what other people think of you, and then sometimes you just can't be bothered trying and you don't care about it, and you can't be stuffed thinking of reasons for things, and you think of all the people in the world with their little philosophies — life is like an onion — you peel off each layer, each phase of your life, and sometimes it makes you cry, but in the end you reach the heart of the onion, the truth, the meaning of life; or, life is like a doorknob, if you hack into it, sooner or later you'll realise nothing is there, or life is like cement — hard.

And now I'm at home and Eleanor Rigby is playing on the radio and it's just like going to cemeteries and seeing all the headstones with tiny histories of the people and you think once they were all like us, and one day it will be other people coming to look at our headstones — "She was buried along with her name — nobody came". If I died tomorrow it would soon be as though I had never lived — so what are we all striving for? As individuals we're insignificant; it's only collectively that anything we do means anything for the ordinary person, unless you're a genius. If you're not enjoying what you're doing at the moment then there's not much point in it because who knows when you are going to drop off?

I hate thinking too much, now I'm sort of a hedonistic Communist, but I'm in an extremely depressed mood so you can't take anything I say to be the absolute truth. And here I go thinking of theories for people which don't matter anyway. You see, you like teaching (presumably) because it gives you personal satisfaction. When I think of school the thing that really makes you feel good is when you get an A, and then you think, the only reason I like getting A's is so everyone else can see how smart I am, and then you think, so what! One day it won't matter what they had thought now, and they don't really care how smart you are anyway. It's only worth doing if it will help someone else, or if you like doing it. Not as one enormous ego trip.

Now I know what you're thinking, but don't be fooled! This is a short story, that was just a bit of background information, and the story is about to develop:

Well, here I am back in class again (in my imagination) and I'm waiting for my friend to come because she's late and she's got some work of mine which I haven't finished yet but it has to be in today. It's the second piece of work I've done this year, because we've got such a terrible history teacher

I'm very proud of this nearly completed brilliant piece of work. She comes in and when I ask her for it she looks blank for a moment and says, "Oh, I've forgotten it!" So what can you do? She gets out her own work which, of course, she's remembered to bring, and no one can lend you a book so at least you could go on with some more work, so you sit there and stare out of the window or break all your pencils in half and at the end of the lesson when you're just about to explain why you can't hand in your work the history teacher comes up to you and says, "I see you've decided not to do this piece of work either; well frankly, I don't care whether you do or not anymore, and I'm not going to hesitate about what I write on your report!" and so she just walks away and I'm just about to try and explain and I think why I even bother. You know, after trying to make people listen and understand for too many years without success you get to the stage where you don't want to talk anymore because they've always got an excuse, and it's just words which don't mean anything. "I'll take into account that you were sick," they say with a smile, and then they take off five marks for being late.

I was feeling so bad because we were walking home and my friends were all laughing and talking about, "Oh, I'm sure he's rapt in me!" which really hits you when you are in the mood I was in and I had a heart-to-heart with the vice-principal the next day because they thought I was deliberately trying to undermine the school system.

"But Jane! You seem to be such a good student, why don't you try any more, you are failing everything!"

"Because getting marks doesn't mean anything to me any more."

"Well, you must roll up your sleeves and lick the teacher's shoes; it's essential to your development as a person and a citizen of our society."

But who cares if I wear yellow shoes, it doesn't matter, and we are learning in school not to simply accept things in life, but to inquire and question ideas, and authority and established theories. Doesn't this apply to school?"

"You must learn right from the start there are double standards in society, and you must conform."



Well, I drop into my friend's house on the way home and get my history and when I got home, mum is vacuuming and I say, "I'm not going to school tomorrow". And she says, "It's just because you've got your period", and I say, "I haven't got my period", and she says, "Well, you'll be getting it any day now." And then I go into the kitchen and dad says, "You can't leave school because I have to work and I don't like it.", and so I go up to my room and rip up my history and I go outside and sit on the lawn. They've always got something nice and easy to slot your feelings into. You go to school and your teachers say it's only a phase, everyone goes through it and you say, "Well, I've been going through it for five years", and they say, "Well, some phases last longer than others", and just when you are wanting to feel different from everyone else they keep telling you you're just the same. Even if it's true, they don't have to keep telling you.

Well, I was just looking down the road when I saw our neighbour, Mr Nolan, coming up the road dragging two great long tree branches behind him. I really liked Mr Nolan. Whenever he goes for walks, he never fails to return with some sort of fuel for his wood fire. He doesn't mind dragging logs for blocks and blocks. I don't think he ever has to buy any wood, he just keeps an eye out for anything left on a nature strip or vacant lot, and he doesn't mind who sees him. He's really great to talk to, he never makes stupid conversations or tries to be very witty or profound, he is just straightforward and sincere, without any pretensions. He isn't extremely intelligent and wise like those old men in books, but he's just got common sense and a respect for the rights of other people.

I didn't feel like talking to anyone, but when he invited me in I couldn't say no because his wife died almost twenty years ago and he keeps pretty much to himself, especially since his wife died. Sometimes I think how wrong it is, a man like that being all alone, and soon he'll just die and have a headstone.

The problem with Mr Nolan is that he still believes school is one of those great institutions where good boys and girls flourish and excel, and bad boys and girls get low marks and generally become (if not already) juvenile delinquents.

Well, when he asked me what was wrong, I told him and when I got to the part about ripping up my history he just shook his head and said, "I wouldn't have expected it of you, Jane." And I was really taken aback and I said, "But all those people have been letting me down and not giving me a chance." And he said, "There are always people who are going to do that."

"But if you just give in I would be doing just what the school tells me, the way they want it, in their time, regardless of whether I feel it's right or wrong."

"But what are you standing up for? You tell me you haven't been working all year, what's the reason for that? You are at school, so you should try to do your best. It's such a waste otherwise. I thought I understood you but I don't understand this. Then you suddenly decide to do some work but then just as suddenly you give it away because of some bad luck."

Well, I couldn't explain.

"Well, I don't think you want to think it out, I think you just want to feel sorry for yourself."

"That's exactly it," I said. "I'm sick of thinking because it always ends up stuffing up my brain. I just want to be sad without any rational logical reason."

"Well, I don't think that's a good attitude to have. I just wouldn't have expected it of you."

Well, I guess in the end when you get to know a person too well you always end up at least a little disappointed, because usually the weaknesses are less apparent at first than the good points. I just wished I'd never said anything about school because usually we only talk about people and this talk had made it all seem so easy — you go to school and get good marks and behave and when you leave you have the whole choice of life spread before you, but I know I can't work it like that and often I feel insane but then, as you all know, **everyone** feels insane at times. But after an uneasy pause in our conversation Mr Nolan laughed and said he hadn't invited me in to lecture me; it seemed I got enough of that at school; so we ate some stale biscuits and talked. I thought of cemeteries and asked him if he was afraid of death but he said he was looking forward to it as a new experience and I had never thought of it like that before. If he didn't mind then it wasn't so bad.

When I went home my friend rang up and told me she'd also forgotten to tell me that I got an A for my English test, and I couldn't help feeling pleased: it was mostly a fluke, too; and then I remembered that I was going out tomorrow night and it was the weekend tomorrow and it's the little things like that that make you feel really good.

And now that I've almost reached the end I feel that I have to make my philosophy on life. Life is like that, life is like trying to write a short story for English — you start with great aspirations and hoards of ideas of writing a neat, succinct, well expressed story and end up rambling on, and writing the thought and feelings that you happen to feel at the time, and ending up doing completely different things from what you set out to do, and very badly at that.

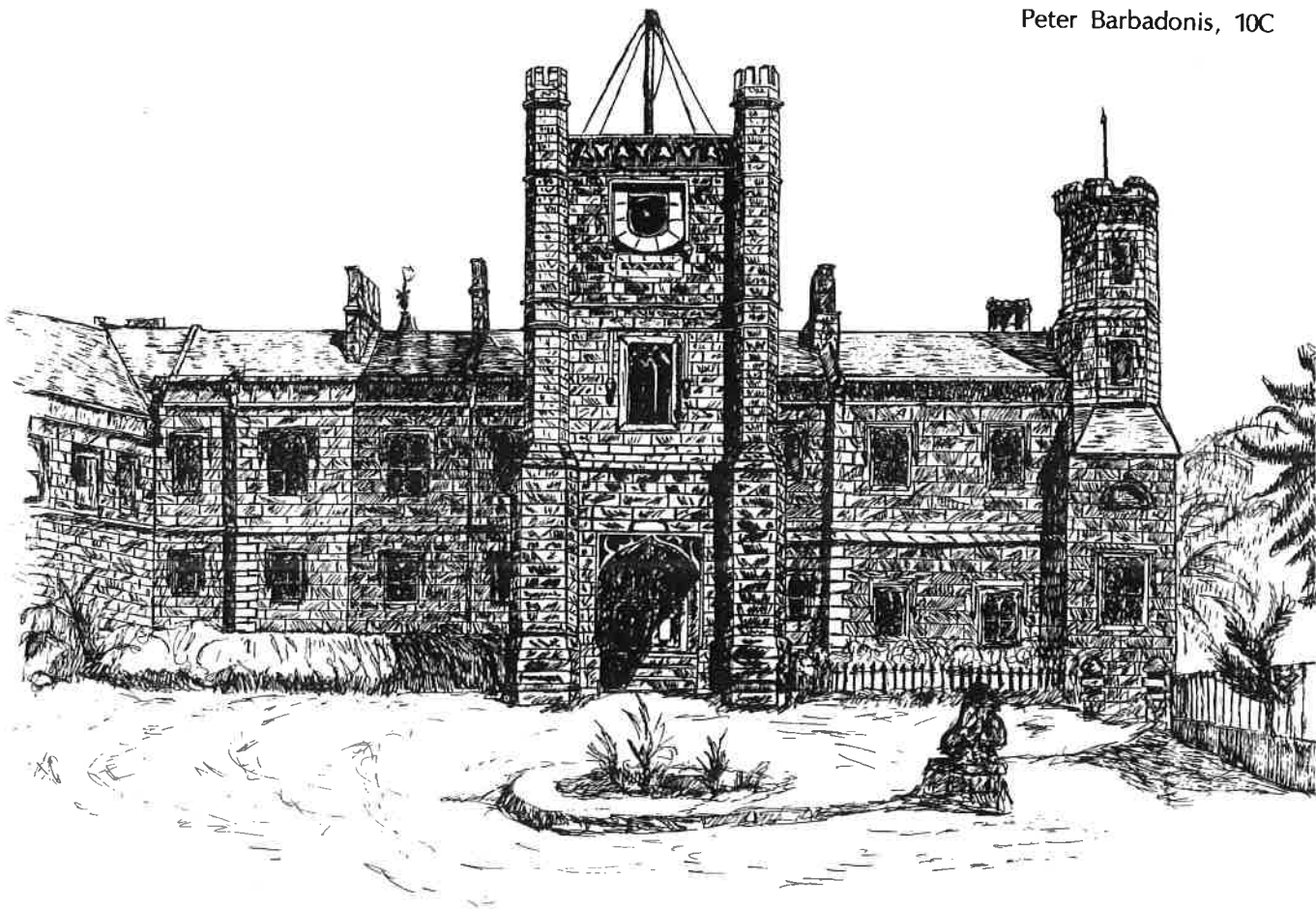
And you're always thinking, should I tell so much about myself, and then you think, who cares? When I get it back I'll just throw it away and I'll find other things to worry about when I get depressed, and it always passes, like everything else.



Marion Frere — "Young and old"

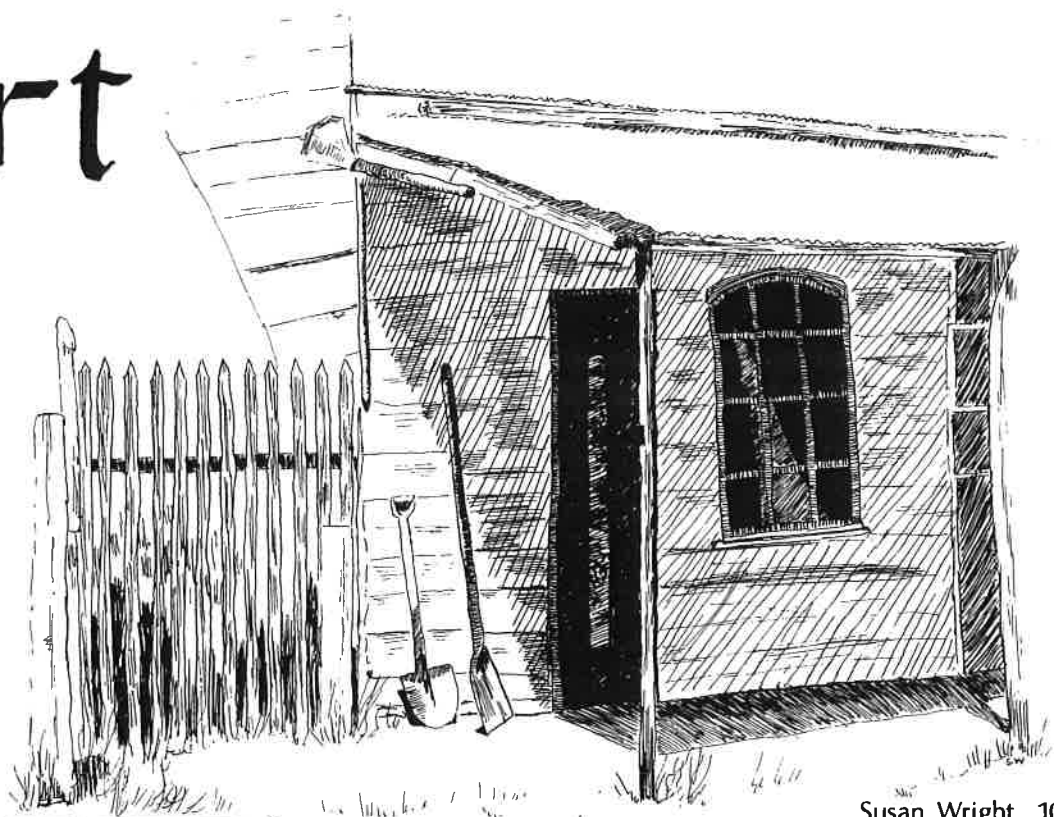


Anne McKinstry — "Silhouette"

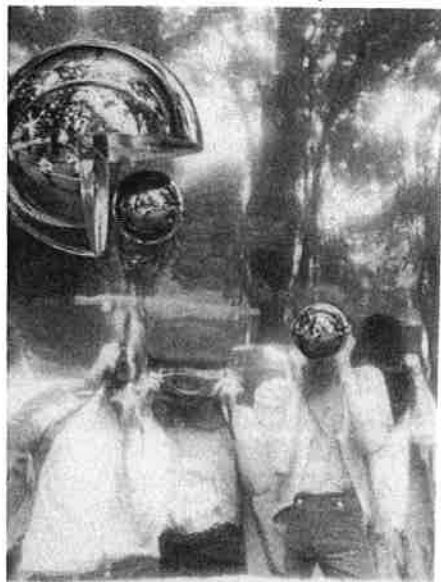


Peter Barbadonis, 10C

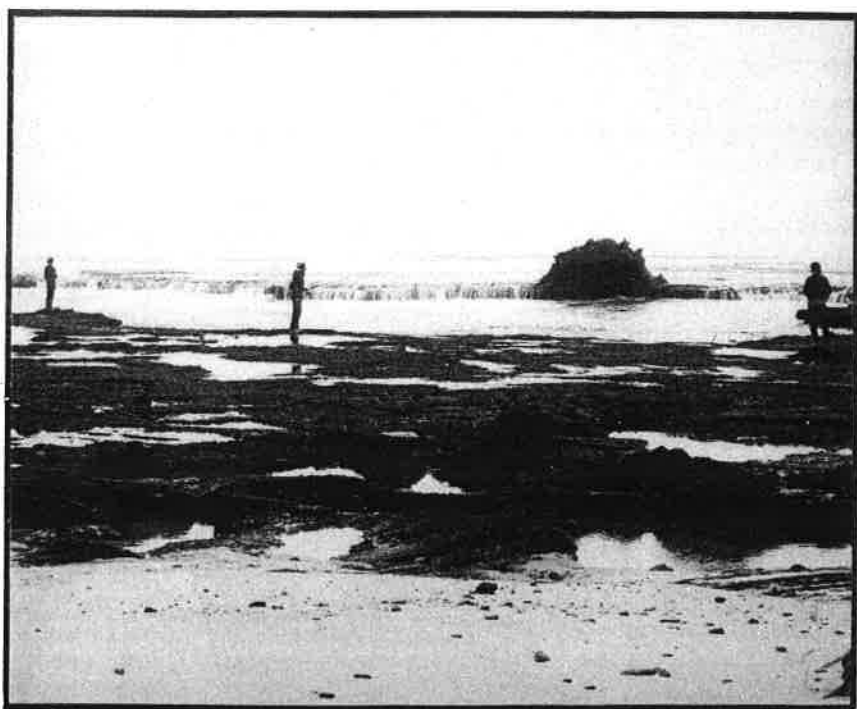
# Our Art



Susan Wright, 10B



David Gray, Year 10



Kim Mascas, Year 10

## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF MYSELF

I leisurely rolled over and looked at my bedside clock. Only 10.00 a.m., and another whole day ahead of me. There wasn't much to interest me in this prospect; it was two weeks into January and I was getting a bit tired of the long holidays, doing the same old thing, day in, day out, with the same people. I couldn't say I was looking forward to going back to school; but a change would have been welcome.

It was then I remembered—I'm always a bit fuzzy at this time of the day during the holidays, but that day I topped the record. The previous day, Friday, I had done a terrible thing, at least I suppose it was terrible. I had just got so fed up and bored with everything that I had walked away from my friends in a very bad mood. Me! Very docile and always a follower had actually lost my cool, packed up all my gear in front of everyone and walked off without a "see ya later", or even a backward glance. They must have known what was wrong and I supposed I was in disgrace. But somehow it didn't seem to matter quite so much to me that morning; I then thought that I was just in one of those strange moods that everyone gets sometimes. But deep down I knew that I wasn't, I'd been discontented for quite a while but just couldn't put my finger on the actual trouble spot.

Jumping out of bed, I grabbed some really old, comfortable clothes out of the wardrobe. No tight Levis today, thank you, though yesterday I wouldn't have considered anything else. And for breakfast I really splurged on some honey laden pancakes — I hadn't had those since the days when I was just a kid and not worried about my face breaking out or my waistline thickening.

Now came the crucial decision time. Actually there wasn't too much of a decision to be made at all; I could go down to the beach with everyone else, stay at home, or do something completely different. Go down to the beach! I remembered yesterday and at the same time nearly every other day of holidays so far. All of us girls would lie on the beach in the briefest black bikinis we could afford, trying to improve our tans, and at the same time never losing track of those tiny black dots on the surf. Our entertainment was a cheap little transistor radio and the highlight of the day was when our heroes came onto the beach and we were able to tell them all about how fantastic they were. No, not that day, I really couldn't handle that again.

I grabbed the "Weekender" and scanned the pages. "Universal Workshop". Mmm, that sounds interesting, and it's not too far away. Folk music, pottery, spinning, weaving, and not just displays but the chance to try it all yourself. Sounds like it shouldn't be missed. I love that sort of thing, you know.

I went to the phone and dialled the number of my best friend. I was all the while wondering what her response would be, and, I suppose, ask the fairly useless question of what was she going to do that day. Her first reaction was one of disbelief, then laughter.

"You couldn't do that. Nobody else will be; they'll all think you're, well, you know. And what about . . . etc. etc. etc."

That was the general line of her argument, but I wasn't that interested. They'd just have to accept that I did have my own ideas once in a while. I'm sure she knew that she would have enjoyed herself if she'd come but she's just the same as the rest of them. I was, in a way, a little relieved; I hadn't really wanted anyone else to come.

I rode the five miles or so slowly, conscious only of trying to avoid pedestrians, and making sure all the cars avoided me. The atmosphere of the place hit me hard — it was like walking into another world and in a way that was what it was. The displays were fantastic and I tried my hand at every craft, spending hours learning how to work a spinning wheel, and weave the freshly spun wool. It was so fulfilling and time just flew by.

But it was the people. They were so real, so helpful and they accepted you immediately, exactly as you were. That was what got me. To them I was just as important as every other person, a real equal, and they were so friendly and gave me such a great time. We swapped a few phone numbers and I was hoping desperately already that they would get in touch. They weren't the sort of people I was used to, and I couldn't help finding them more likable by comparison.

"Hey, Marion!" I sort of jumped. I'd been thinking too hard, I thought a little guiltily, because it was one of my friends. "Ya comin' to Phil's?" Phil's was the local cafe that we'd been going to every day after the beach for tea. Typical. But I decided to go anyway because I wanted to tell my friends about my day at the workshop. I dismounted and walked in silence to the cafe. The only time I'd ever heard Ben say anything, I mean really say something, was when he was boasting about his skateboard skills. He may have had the looks but he sure didn't have any personality.

I peered into the window before I went in. Yes, everyone was there. And they were all wearing their tight jeans and either a blouse or a tee-shirt; guys and girls. I looked down at my skirt and swallowed. But no one said anything; not even hello. No one asked me where I'd been and when I tried to tell them they just weren't interested. They just went on talking about their exciting day at the beach, latest heart throbs and who was going to fight who tonight.



I think that there had only been one day before in my life that I hadn't joined in eagerly; and that was the day my dog died and I couldn't open my mouth without bawling. They had been very sympathetic that day. I just had to leave fairly soon after arriving — it was getting dark anyway. And though everyone said goodbye I could feel their hearts weren't in it. They weren't sorry to see me go at all. But the feeling was mutual. I just couldn't help but compare them to all the people that I had met that day at the market.

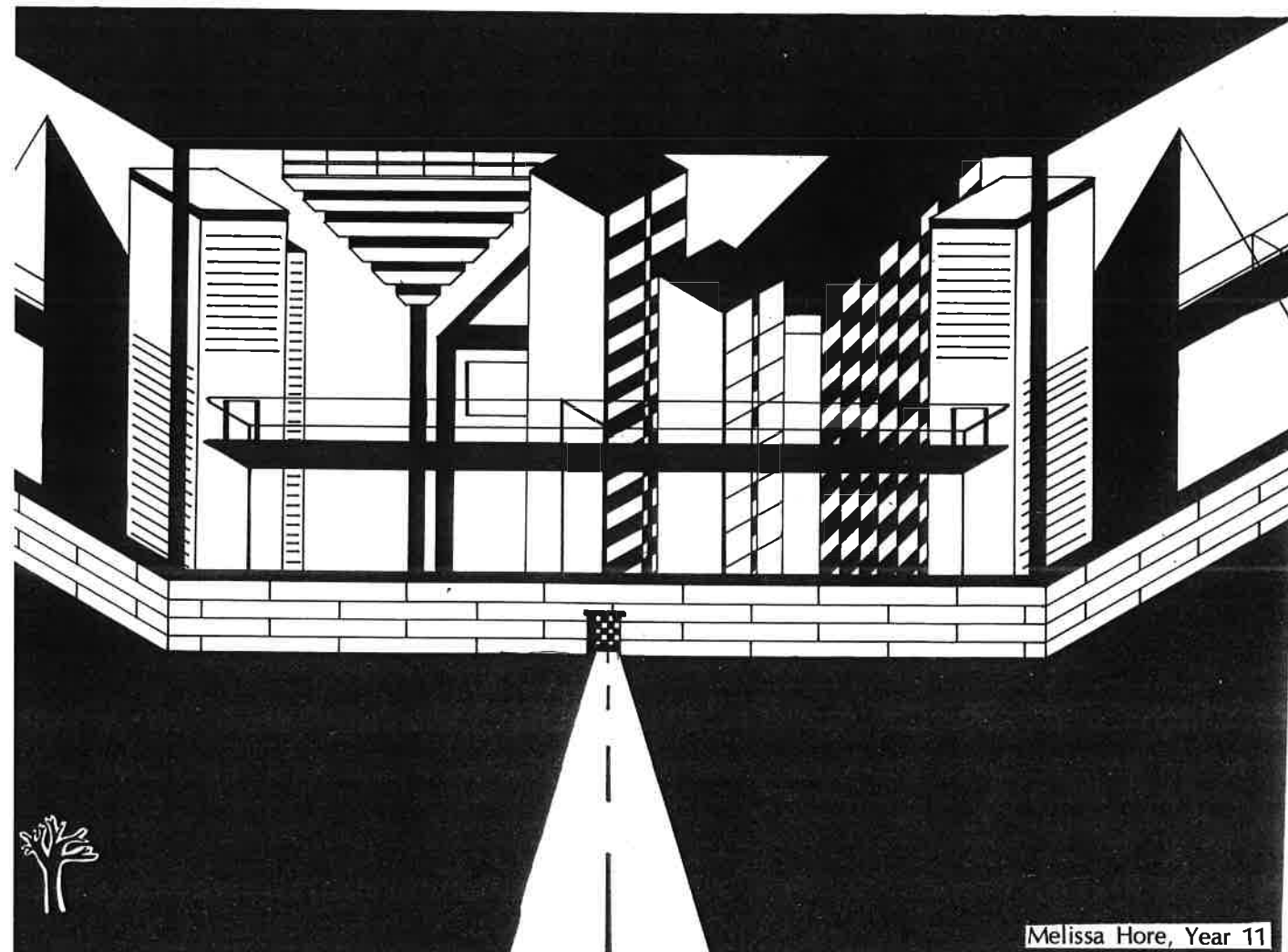
I felt that my old friends had just thought I was being a bit snobbish. But they didn't know I wasn't going to go back to their life-style. I realised that I'd changed, but they hadn't yet.

Everybody is going out to the local youth group disco tonight. But I know what will happen. They'll get there at about 8.30 p.m., and sit around outside for a while scaring off strangers, then they might go inside and sit around in there, occasionally risking their reputations and getting up to dance. A few of the guys will manage to get drunk and probably get kicked out and then we'll just go home. It would have been the same that Saturday night as it had been for far too long.

Yes, I'd rather just stay home and get stuck into an exciting romantic novel.



"Texture Study"  
Mandy Sheldrake, Year 10



Melissa Hore, Year 11

# Special Report

## from Ching

### About Kampuchea

My name is Ching and I come from Kampuchea. You already know, Kampuchea is a country where people die every day of starvation.

I shall start from the beginning — which is 17th April, 1975.

In 1975, the government in Cambodia surrendered to the communist party after five years of war. After the Khmer Rouge entered, the people were happy, thinking that the war had ended. There were parties to welcome the Pol Pot troops.

About three days later the price of everything went down. One kilogram of meat before cost two thousand dollars, Cambodian money. After the Pol Pot came in, it was twelve dollars a kilogram, but this didn't last for long. Five days after that, money was no use, just pieces of paper.

The Pol Pot troops sent the people into the jungles where people could not possibly survive. At first there were fish, birds and berries to live on, but that didn't last long. Every day people were taken to be executed, people such as doctors, scientists, businessmen, soldiers, police and politicians and any other intelligent people. Only people who had no brains were left. Of course people who disobeyed the troops were killed, too. Those who were left were to make a farm out of thick jungle and let the deserted city turn into a jungle.

The crops did grow but the troops took them all. With the rice they cooked them for the people. You might think this is good, but they only gave you one bowl of rice cooked with lots of water. That was not enough for a person to eat so often people went out at night to hunt for rats, birds and other animals that you might find in an Asian jungle, like snakes.

Everyone from eight to sixty years old had to work. Their work was not like the work you know of. They made dams so that they could store water to irrigate the land and that requires lots of muscle power. Children had to carry one cubic metre of dirt for twenty or more kilometres. Adults had to carry more. To pull the plough, oxen didn't do it, but the people did. Many died right on the spot.

Parents and their children were separated. Relations were separated as well. The places they stayed in were not permanent. They were moved to other parts of the jungle to avoid working together and planning to escape.

People tried to escape from the cruel treatment of Kampuchea. Some did get to safety in Thailand but a lot have died during such escapes, some shot by the Khmer Rouge and some have died of starvation or stepping onto mines which were planted by Khmer Rouge.

34

The clothing they wore was black. One person had only one black shirt and one pair of black pants for two years. The material was very fragile, and when caught on a twig, it tore easily. One pair of shoes was swapped for more than one ounce of gold.

About two years after the Khmer Rouge entered Cambodia, another war started. It was the Vietnamese who went into Cambodia. It was easy for the Vietnamese to attack because Cambodia hadn't any weapons, and the Vietnamese had U.S.S.R. tanks and guns. Two years later the Vietnamese won the war with no difficulties.

After the Vietnamese entered Cambodia, the country was no longer Cambodia, it was changed to Kampuchea. The Vietnamese allowed people to trade in food. They also let the Kampucheans flee the country. You have probably heard that thousands of Kampucheans fled to Thailand. Many Kampucheans escaped except for a few who were afraid of getting killed. However thousands of people gave up and went back to Kampuchea.

Most of the people who came to Thailand were Chinese, not Kampuchean. Some stayed for a while but were forced to return by the Thai soldiers, like my brother. People who knew they had relations in Thailand came back to Thailand. My grandmother, uncles and cousins came back to Thailand because they knew we came over in 1975.

When we heard refugees had been crossing the border to Thailand, my father and mother went to find out if they were our relations. Our parents found that they were among the refugees, and that they had been sent back twice. But they had not given up as they wanted to see us again, and they had been four years in the country without food and money.

Some refugees were fortunate enough to enter camps. People in the camps might leave Thailand and come to Australia or any of the other countries that accept refugees. The unfortunate ones who stayed behind had to suffer starvation in Kampuchea. One of the fortunate families was my uncle's family and my grandmother's. They came to Australia on 26th of April, on Saturday, at eight o'clock in the morning. I am very happy for them.

But my grandfather on my mother's side is still in Thailand, but he is safe there and doesn't have to go back. I hope he and my other cousins who are with him will come to Australia in a short period of time.

Another brother is most unfortunate because he came over to Thailand and then went back to Kampuchea. He is one of the people who have hope. At least I know he is alive right now, and I hope that his hopes for Kampuchea will be fulfilled.

## "CHILDHOOD WAS A NIGHTMARE"

Thomas was one among many children who frolicked in the sunlight: school was over for another year and the days ahead were sure to be filled with warmth and pure joy. Swimming was the programme for tomorrow, commandos the next and naive mischief throughout. Coupled with sleep the forthcoming holidays promised what Thomas, a boy of seven, still believed to be the essence of life, simply, fun.

After making plans for the following day and participating in a little good-natured teasing of his friend, David, who had once again neglected to remove his pyjama shirt that morning, Thomas straddled his bicycle and joined the procession which sped carelessly onto the main road. His bicycle was no longer simply a vehicle to carry him from here to there but rather a source of adventure, and he rejoiced as he fled past those less courageous than himself with no hands gripping the bars; until he toppled off. Although nothing could dampen his spirits the gash in his knee necessitated the remainder of the journey to be taken cautiously. However, as he approached home he was gripped with apprehension he could not understand, much less overthrow. It was not the commotion he envisaged that was about to take place over his injured knee which disturbed him — on the contrary, it rather comforted him — but something else . . .

An unfamiliar car stood in the driveway: this meant visitors and good behaviour and nagging boredom. Thomas, by this time nothing short of glum, braced himself and entered, limping. His mother's and another voice could be heard in the kitchen and an argument was obviously in progress. Thomas was not sure as to whether he should go forth, not that he cared to, but finally did so in fear of being caught looking as stupid as he felt; besides, he was frightfully curious about the voice he could not identify, and what's more, the cause of the argument.

As Thomas approached the kitchen door the voices ahead fell to mutterings. Unsure whether or not to advance further he cried out, "Mum, I'm home . . . Mum?", his voice faltering throughout. His mother appeared flustered and surprised and seemed unable to recognise him until finally, after what felt like hours, she beckoned him into the spacious kitchen. A gaunt-looking man sat leisurely on a precarious-looking bench.

"Thomas, this is James . . . he's a friend," said his mother hastily.

"Helen . . .!" cried the man in protest.

The man seemed strangely familiar, but no, perhaps not. "Hello, Mr James", Thomas got out, following a yawn he could not repress. Unaccustomed to informal introductions, especially to adults, he felt his mother had forgotten the "Mr" and had included it of his own accord rather proudly.

Mr James gave a chuckle and said, "James will do, son".

Thomas' mother shot James a steely glance. "James, James," puzzled Thomas. "Odd". He

concluded that he did not like that system; after all, when a person can have a billion different names, why have two the same? Suddenly the thought struck him, "Perhaps his name is James, James, James," and a grin surfaced.

His mother now focused her attention on him, totally disregarding James, something which rather baffled Thomas as the chap seemed a merry sort and harmless. She knelt by him, obviously in quite a state as between the questions she asked she rarely left sufficient interval for answer. Suddenly she was quite hysterical; she had sighted his knee. Thomas was forced to take a second look at the gash in response to her reaction but saw little to horrify and by this time the twinges of pain had subsided.

James laughed outright and Thomas laughed back. His mother stopped all laughter with a disgusted look at James which abruptly turned to rage. James followed suit and began to propound something about "his rights" and how "the boy will find out somewhere along the line". Thomas, sensing they were discussing him in this rather jagged form of communication, shrank into a corner.

James began to approach Thomas but his mother came between them, only to be deterred by James' raised fists. James caressed Thomas' knee while his mother helped. James had a distinct smell on his breath, like Henry, his father, often had after dinner when he was in his best humour. James, however, did not seem to be in his best humour. Thomas looked from James to his mother and back. He was tired and hurt and confused and knew that something was wrong.

He wished it were tomorrow when he would go swimming and be with friends and the sun would begin the timely process of brewing his skin, and he wished everything would STOP, and yet in his heart he sensed that this was only the beginning. It seemed that neither his mother nor Henry could protect him from this James who, at a closer look, Thomas found resembled him closely. He wished that Henry were there to stop James from uttering the words, the truths he knew were to be revealed and to ask James to come back one day when it was more convenient. Or perhaps it was all a dream, just like when his friend David got his dreams all mixed up with what was real. But no, it was a real nightmare reinforced by James' continuous utterings of "my son".

Thomas' mother beckoned him but he could not escape from James' smothering fears, for his young body was now feeble and trembling in a kind of emotional insanity. Besides, he was no longer sure he wanted his mother; he certainly didn't want James; and swimming and holidays had lost their lustre. He thought he wanted Henry but was not sure of that either.

Thomas is now older and realises all the implications of his childhood and chooses to draw on them when appropriate, but otherwise lets them lie down. "Lose your dreams and you may lose your mind" does not always have to be the case as the foundations always remain, foundations nightmares can never penetrate effectively, neither in childhood nor adulthood.



Irene Skoutas, 10A

### NANNA

One of my favourite people. She is in her 80's but she seems much younger to us. Nanna is medium height and is a big build (cuddly). She has grey hair, hazel eyes, has fine skin and not many wrinkles.

Nanna has a very strong character, she is independent and determined; she proves this by living on her own, doing her own garden and lawns.

Nanna is a loving, happy, generous person; this is shown every Saturday when all the family (numbering 14-20) go up for lunch. Nanna bakes everybody's favourite cakes, biscuits and special ice-blocks. When we have something to tell Nanna she always listens. When we are leaving all her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are given some pocket-money. We all look forward to Saturday mornings to once again spend some time with Nanna.

### MY SISTER

If you're writing about yourself it's not easy, but when it comes to writing about my sister there are plenty of things to talk about.

Firstly I'll make it clear that she is not my favourite sister.

Then I will tell you that there's one thing that she can't stand, and that is being wrong. She used to be really helpful around the house but now she's turned into a real teenager, and she thinks she's doubly smart just because she smokes.

She's really weird sometimes; for instance, when Mum said once that she should walk home with me, she made an excuse that I always avoid her, which is completely the opposite to what really happens.

Well, that's my sister!

### MY BROTHER

"Mu.....mmy" — that's my little brother. He's a nice chap although he bugs me at times. He's very small, and I feel sorry for him at times because he can't see what's going on in crowds; he is chubby and quite a sneaky little imp. His hair is light brown and he has big blue eyes. (He gets those from his Dad.)

He has a very nice chubby face and is kind. He enjoys football and is very fond of sport. Although noisy, he is a very nice person. He's very thankful for what he gets and he makes a lot of things, such as puppets, drawings, songs and rock and roll dances.

Although a cheerful chap, he is very sensitive and easily reduced to tears when overcome by emotion.

Writings from  
Some Year 7's



## LET'S BE NATURAL

There are hidden contradictions in the minds of people who "love Nature" while deploring the "artificialities" with which "man has spoiled 'Nature' ". The obvious contradiction lies in their choice of words, which imply that Man and his artifacts are **not** a part of "Nature" — but beavers and their dams **are**. But the contradictions go deeper than this prima-facie absurdity. In declaring his love for a beaver dam (erected by beavers for beavers' purposes) and his hatred for dams erected by men (for the purposes of Man), the "Naturist" reveals his hatred for his own race, i.e., his own self-hatred.

In the case of "Naturists" such self-hatred is understandable; they are such a sorry lot. But hatred is too strong an emotion to feel towards them; pity and contempt are the most they rate.

As for me, willy-nilly I am a man, not a beaver, and Homo Sapiens is the only race I have or can have. Fortunately for me, I **like** being a part of a race made up of men and women — it strikes me as a fine arrangement and perfectly "natural".

Believe it or not, there are "Naturists" who opposed the first aeroplane flight as being "unnatural" and a "despoiling of Nature".

Anon

A faded pillar box  
that's all I am  
receiving your letters to lovers,  
dying grandparents, the tax man.  
Do you want to carve me,  
Yes, that's it,  
Into a tool of degradation  
Entirely for your benefit.  
Sacrificial,  
Perhaps I'm at an advantage.  
I know what you're thinking,  
No  
I'm the loser,  
How can I behave?  
I can't even move, can't change,  
I have to lie here  
helpless  
like a faded pillar box.

D. Bridie

## DAILY PAPERS

Stepping out of his mind's adornings,  
Bashful feelings swept aside,  
The young lawyer jaunts through the door,  
Bowler hat and cane in hand.  
Smirking all the while in anticipation,  
The new day takes him into its arms.  
No sooner does his mind perceive  
That which might lay hidden to others,  
Than soon enough to cause him trouble.  
Slipping on the kerb, he falls and yells  
At the morning, "Fool!"  
O'er the road, a ruddy-faced nark  
Picks his man and hides a well-filled wallet.  
The lawyer now regains his stance and,  
Despising indiscretion, he nods to the nark.  
"You'll not cross me," smiles the nark in one  
Exultant glance.

At once the lawyer makes his move, and he knows  
Remorse can play no part.

The courtroom door is open now;  
The nark has played his hand as  
The lawyer contemplates a new suit.

That night and in the early morn,  
A lawyer cries, defeated, betrayed.  
He knows what will be printed  
In all the daily papers this day:  
"The lawyer has been paid off".

Mark Hislop, 11B

## WAR, GLORIOUS WAR!

The brave soldier cheers and waves  
To his family who bade him goodbye.  
The poor unsuspecting soldier  
Believes that he will never die.

But after an hour at the front,  
A stray bullet finds his heart:  
The war cry that hurled him there  
Has subsided with all its might.

For his country he gave his life;  
For his country he bravely died.  
But still they enlist for an ounce of glory,  
Still they die every day in vain.  
No one realises the horrors of war,  
No one ever believes in the pain.

It is too bad about the fighting.  
It is too bad about the dead.  
So we remember them each year,  
For their bravery it is said.

But what about the lonely soldier.  
How his life was stopped that day.  
Was it worth an hour of glory?  
Was it worth to die in vain?

Gemma Trivisonno, 12B



## "Oh, The Glory of It All!"

"Mr Earnest Worthing." Oh, God, the cue-line. My breathing quickened as my heartbeat grew faster; my face, hot and red under the caked on make-up, just managed a radiant smile.

I pushed through the flimsy doors and assumed my "Earnest Worthing walk". Terror.

The bright lights struck me in the face from every direction and then how I longed to be back behind those safe, protecting two-ply shields, hiding me from the vicious, expectant faces.

I didn't feel the handshake of my fellow Thespian, as nervousness had numbed my senses. As my heart entered my throat, and the staring lights poked holes in my eyeballs, I felt my body; my knees started to relax and weaken. Immediate action was necessary. I breathed in deeply, closed my eyes for a brief second and took total command of myself, detaching myself from the glaring eyes of the audience.

Calmly, my heart slower now, I managed to say my first line. The audience laughed (it was a funny line). Mentally I wiped my brow. Earnest Worthing had passed the test, thank God.

"So this is what it's like to act?" I thought to myself during the interval. "A perpetual fear of saying the wrong thing, the eternal thumping in the chest and those unrelenting, glaring eyes of the lights and the audience."

It was the first performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest" — the "hilarious comedy staged by the students of the school"; that's what it said on the poster I'd seen earlier that day. Why on earth had I gone to that audition? I had never acted in a play in my life, except for the pantomime in kindergarten. Even then I had wrecked the thing because I danced with the wrong girl.

Suddenly I started shivering. The temperature in the dressing-room had remained the same but a terribly cold draught had formed inside me. I stood up and felt a terrible need to hug someone, to bury my head in some neck and hide, to feel secure and protected. But, of course, there was no person.

I left the dressing-room and slowly climbed the grey concrete stairs to the stage-door. On the stage people rushed around behind the curtain arranging the set, arguing in harsh whispers, swearing and stomping around dramatically.

Suddenly a back-stage review of a production which I had read came to my mind, "...the air was a buzz of excitement . . . an electric atmosphere engulfed us all . . . the glory". Oh, the glory — there was no glory here, no excitement, no electric atmosphere. At least, I could not feel it. A false smile approached me. It was my director. "Darling, you were magnificent, it's going just great." I managed a faint smile, as she swept past in all her glory. I felt sick and exhausted because of that damned throbbing in my chest and now also in my head. I couldn't think anymore; the curtain was about to

open and I had to wish everyone good luck in a chummy, loving way, which took a lot from me.

The second act passed — my heart-beat slowed down a little but my head throbbed violently under the lights.

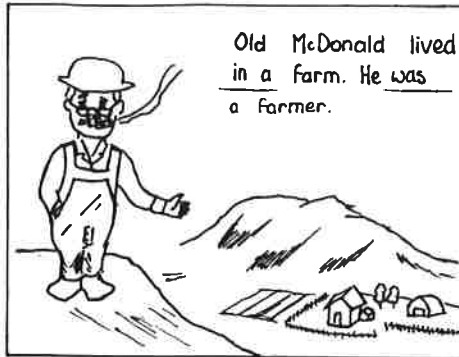
The third act passed — it had been a fine performance — the audience applauded — just enough. Funny, I had expected their smiles, laughs and clapping to fill me with a proud exhilaration. It didn't. I think I expected too much or didn't give enough. My head felt as though it was going to explode with the pressure of the heat and the lights hammering into my skull.

The rest of the cast kissed and cheerily slapped each other in congratulation. They kissed me, too, and I responded accordingly but not willingly. I wanted to go home and sleep, or cry (or unwind in some way).

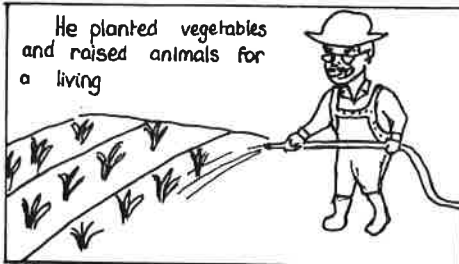
I went home, sick with the buzz of excitement, the electric atmosphere, and the damned glory of the theatre.

David Gray, 10E

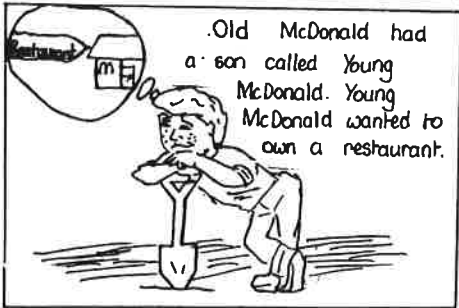




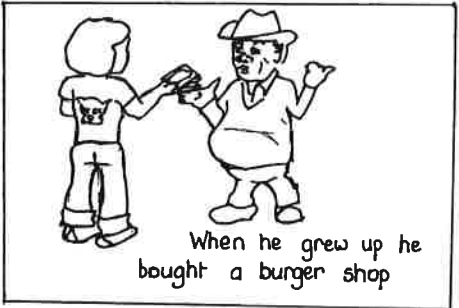
Old McDonald lived in a farm. He was a farmer.



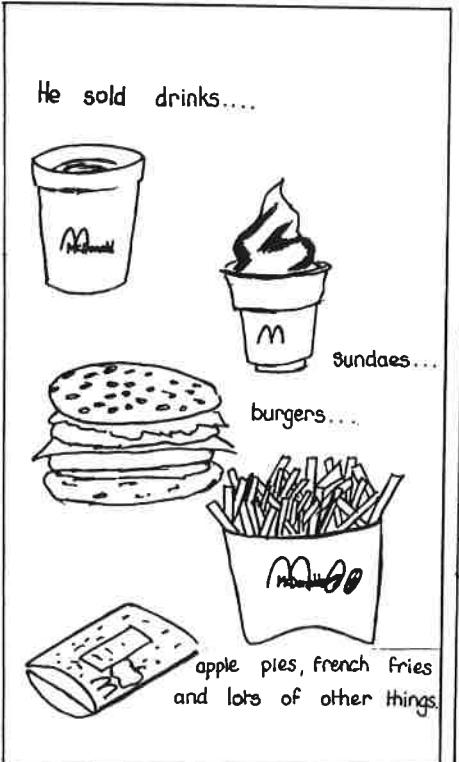
He planted vegetables and raised animals for a living



Old McDonald had a son called Young McDonald. Young McDonald wanted to own a restaurant.



When he grew up he bought a burger shop



He sold drinks....

Sundaes...

Burgers...

apple pies, french fries and lots of other things

# YOUNG AND OLD McDonald

The food was good and many people bought from McDonalds.



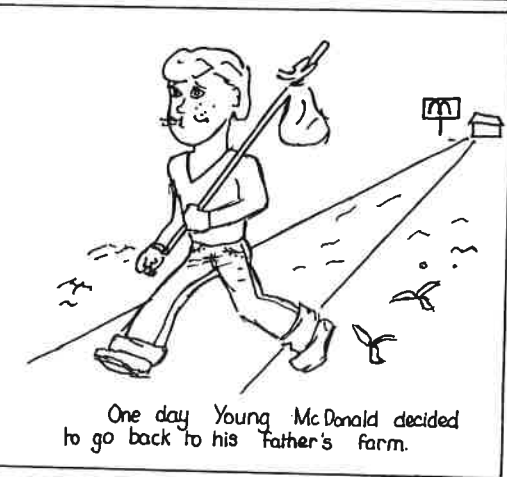
Young McDonald had good business



Young McDonald had a firm  
E, i, e, i, o.

It makes his farmer father squirm  
E, i, e, i, o.

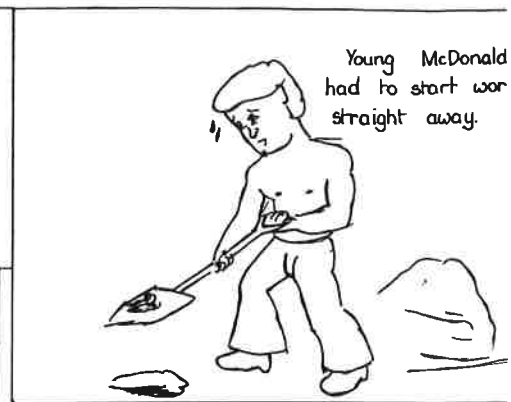
With a burger here  
And a milkshake there  
And loads of french fries everywhere  
Old McDonald's farm still there  
His son's a millionaire.



One day Young McDonald decided to go back to his father's farm.



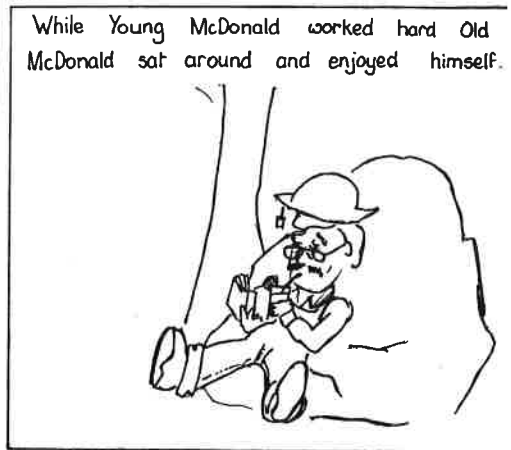
Old McDonald was glad to see Young McDonald but Young McDonald wasn't glad to see Old McDonald.



Young McDonald had to start work straight away.



He watered the crops and mowed the lawn. He raked the hay and fed all the animals

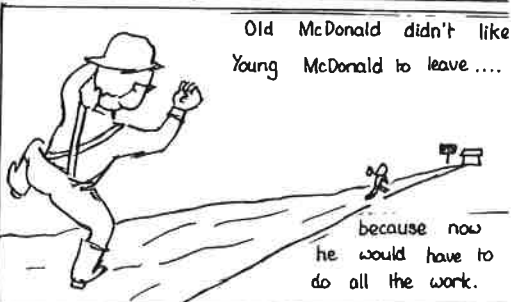


While Young McDonald worked hard Old McDonald sat around and enjoyed himself.

## 3 Weeks Later



After some weeks, Young McDonald was exhausted he went back to his restaurant



Old McDonald didn't like Young McDonald to leave....

because now he would have to do all the work.



