

A black and white photograph showing a cluttered desk. In the foreground, a stack of papers and documents is visible. A white label with the text "PROSPICE 1981" is attached to one of the papers. To the right, a thick book is standing upright. The background is dark and out of focus, showing more papers and possibly a lamp. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

PROSPICE 1981

### **Prospice**

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go;  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
forebore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then they breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

—Robert Browning



Frontispiece: Mandy Sheldrake Yr. 11

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## “...at my desk ...”



**Principal — C.H.S.**

Mr David Collins.

### YOU AND YOUR SCHOOL

On several occasions during my time here as Principal, I have urged students, at the beginning of third term, to act and to work as if the coming term were their final term at this School. Of course, for many students — those moving on to tertiary courses, to other schools or colleges, to employment — third term **is** their last term here.

Why do I do this? The obvious answer is to encourage **all** students to give of their best, both in the classroom and in their other school activities, regardless of whether or not they are actually leaving school. The old truism applies: you only gain from something to the extent that you are prepared to give.

However, most students give a great deal to the School for a reason other than the prospect of some immediate, or future, personal gain. They simply happen to like the place; Camberwell High School is, quite literally, **their** School. In these days of uncertain community values and unsettled home conditions, when short-term fads (both products and ideas can be faddish) are promoted relentlessly by the media, the single long-term, settled, certain and secure element of the student's life is, quite often, the School, and the sense of belonging is the stronger.

The School, therefore, becomes an important part of our students' heritage, an important part of that which they will take with them into their adult life when the final term actually **does** arrive.

To encourage greater participation in the life of the School and to emphasise the value of always striving towards the goal of excellence is one of the most important tasks of a Principal. If, by doing this successfully, we provide for each student a firmer and sounder heritage, the School itself becomes an even better place, and the student a better person.

### **Vice-Principal — C.H.S.**

Miss Margaret Pattison

### **C.H.S. Council**

President: Mr P. Sheldrake

Vice-President/Asst. Treasurer — Mr E. McKinstry

Treasurer — Mr B. Adams

Executive Officer — Mr D. Collins.

### **P.F.A.**

President — Mrs T. Ralcliffe

Secretary — Mr P. Graham

Treasurer — Mrs G. Towart

### **Canteen Committee of Management**

Chairman — Mr D. Collins

Treasurer — Mr E. McKinstry

P.F.A. Rep. — Mrs M. Rowe

Registrar — Miss R. Nettleton

Manageress — Mrs W. Webster

## PROSPICE EDITORIAL

1981 has been very much a year for the future at Camberwell High School, and this has been reflected in the production of Prospice. Many new ideas have been tried, most of which will form the foundations for developments and concepts in future years.

The new V.I.S.E. system for H.S.C. students is a good example of this. 1981 is the first year this system has been tried, and it has been basically an experimental year. Through practical application the merits and fault of this system have become apparent, and this knowledge will be used to improve V.I.S.E. for the future.

This is only one example; there are many more. New clubs have started up, which may grow into important parts of school life in future years. New systems of teaching have been tried, and students have been given greater freedom of choice in certain subjects. Some things have been emphasised more, some less. Overall the school is constantly changing, and moving on.

In Prospice itself we have made an important move which will probably lead to more self-dependence in the future. This year we have decided to take the work of photographing and preparing bromides on ourselves, whereas in past years it was always done by the printers. In five years time we may even be printing the magazine ourselves, who knows?

Naturally all the small happenings that accompany the production of a school magazine have also been in evidence this year. We have had the triumphs and the failures, we have made many mistakes, and we have experienced the last minute panic that always strikes. These are the things that make producing Prospice an interesting task and a challenge. These provide the variety which is so essential to life.

All things considered, major or minor, new or old, routine or unusual, the production of Prospice has been a pleasant and interesting task. We hope you enjoy reading the magazine as much as we have in creating it.

David Gadsden and Peter Goldberg  
(Joint editors)



Editors:

David Gadsden  
Peter Goldberg

Committee:

Ingrid Van Wyk  
Meni Roufidis  
Rolf Preston  
James Dawkins  
Jamaal Khan  
Sue Wright  
Anita Bruns  
Imants Bruns  
Geoffrey Smyth  
Martin Lodge  
Arthur Kostoulas  
Joe Stavroulakis  
Jason Florence  
Mr J. Sgro  
Mrs M. Roberts

YEAR 10 TYPISTS

JULIA MORTYN  
MELANIE GOODALL  
DONNA WILSON  
IRENE ZILIC  
ANITA ZANIC  
KERRY KNIGHT  
JANET AIRD  
ANDREA LANGLEY  
TONY McCARTER  
MARIJAN LOVRIC  
JAN LISTER  
DANIELLE STOKES  
TERRY-ANN COX  
TINA KORESIS



Teachers:





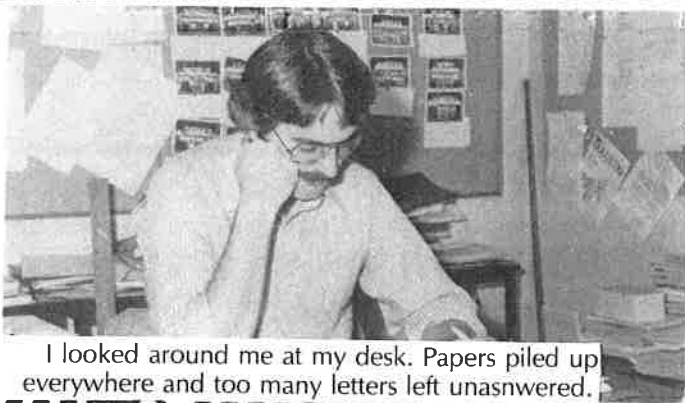
# "... Limited Edition



"Off with the danglers."



God has always fascinated me.



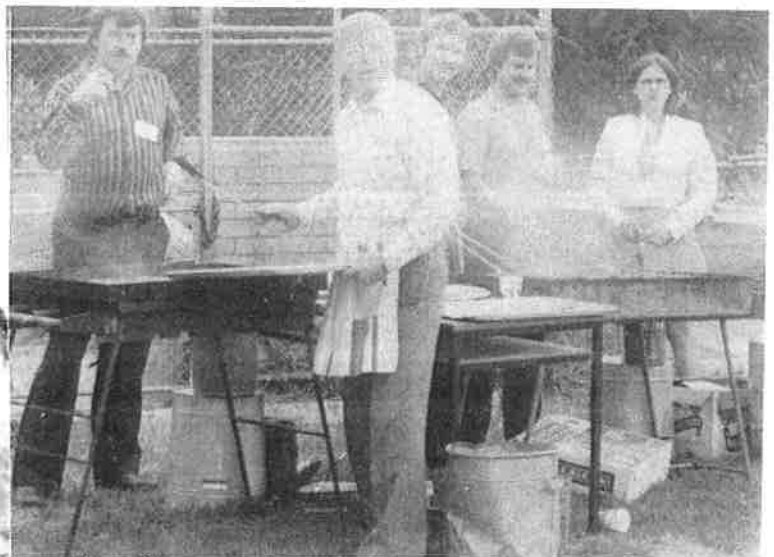
I looked around me at my desk. Papers piled up everywhere and too many letters left unanswered.



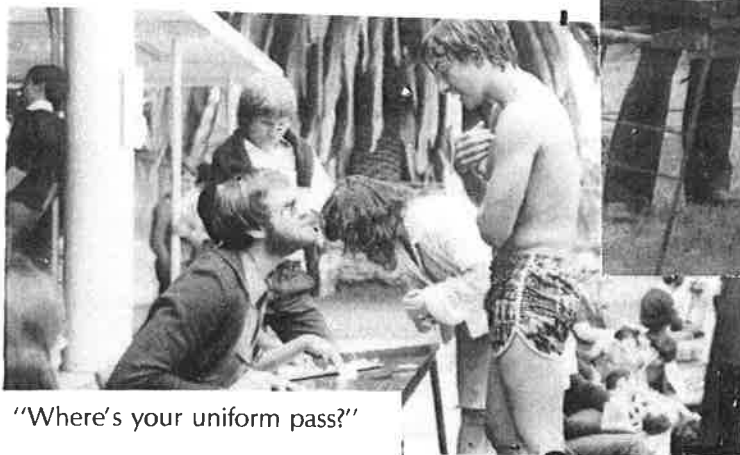
"Right! Black mark against your name — with a blue pen!"



Why do I do this?

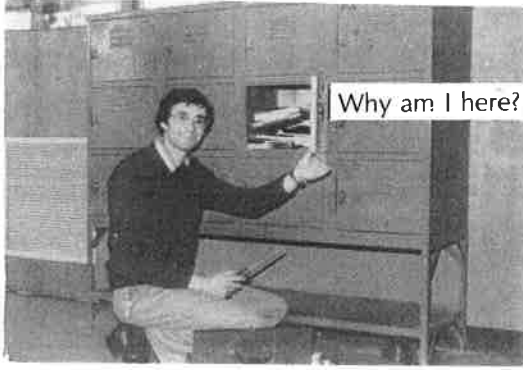


"Next one to talk gets a Friday night detention."



"Where's your uniform pass?"

# Wallet - Sized



Why am I here?



Au Revoir, cruel world.



"Excuse me, please."



"That's irrelevant!"



"Small is Beautiful"



The activities in which we can participate are the vaulting box, trampolining, the beam, the parallel bars and the mini tramp.



"Girls in first."



Does anyone know, does anyone care,  
How you feel or how you fare?  
I do, pal, I'll say I do.



"Your clips aren't bottle green."

# Cut-Out



Little insignificant me again.



I can raise one eyebrow!  
I saw Princess Anne do it once and  
after that I practised hard and mastered the art.



"Remember, I'm not really a sadist!"



All I ever did was sing and  
colour in pictures



"A terrible case indeed ..."



Once upon a time, in a castle, lived a beautiful  
princess.



"One of these days I am going round the bend."



Ponderingly.



# Staff Pin-Ups ..."



Who will tell the children  
what is good or bad?

a dashing young man with  
a most comfortable salary.



and her young heart leapt slightly



What problems I have!



I hope, by  
chance,  
someone  
notices me.

I wish I could wiggle my ears



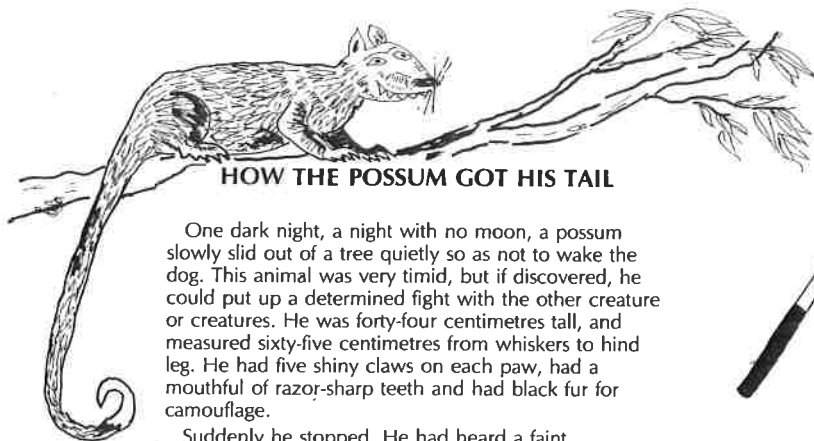
"And what is all this talking in aid of?"



"Silly question!"



Timid creatures seek rest



## HOW THE POSSUM GOT HIS TAIL

One dark night, a night with no moon, a possum slowly slid out of a tree quietly so as not to wake the dog. This animal was very timid, but if discovered, he could put up a determined fight with the other creature or creatures. He was forty-four centimetres tall, and measured sixty-five centimetres from whiskers to hind leg. He had five shiny claws on each paw, had a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth and had black fur for camouflage.

Suddenly he stopped. He had heard a faint scrambling nearby, so he ducked under the trees for shelter and listened. All at once a heavy weight landed upon him and he remembered the next door neighbour's new cat. He struggled to free himself, but the cat quickly pursued. It reached the tree at the same time as the possum and quickly pulled its victim out of the tree. So the battle continued with both animals giving screams of pain at intervals. It was in one of these yells from the cat when the possum made his getaway. The cat frantically grabbed the possum's short, stubby tail and pulled.

The possum's tail started stretching; both creatures were surprised, but kept on tugging. The tension on the tail by now was so great that the cat let go and went to chase mice, and from that day to this possums have had long, curly tails.

Malcolm Gunn, 7M



## SERENITY

I'm sitting all alone  
trees not moving, birds not singing  
sitting and thinking  
about the stillness of the world  
not hearing a sound  
not even a pindrop  
and suddenly up and up I go  
up there where stillness prevails  
there where angels are heard.  
This place is heaven  
and there I will remain  
until another heaven comes along.



Jim Vassos



## YEAR SEVEN SAUSAGE SIZZLE

The Year 7 Sausage Sizzle was the first event of the year. There was lots of food for everyone, although so many people turned up that the enormous supply of sausages just wasn't enough to feed the late-comers. Even so, everyone enjoyed themselves. Games were organized for the children and adults, including the pancake race, where you had to run to the finish flipping a pancake. Great fun! Altogether it was a great success and we all enjoyed ourselves.

On behalf of our parents and the Year 7 students, we would like to thank Miss O'Loughlin, Miss Pattison, and all the Year 7 Form Teachers for giving the children and their parents such a wonderful opportunity to meet each other.

Katrina Morgan and Rebecca Sharp 7C



## FLOOD FIEND

I, the Flood Fiend of the slide,  
Have sent the rain far and wide,  
Flooding rivers of the land,  
Death, Destruction, very grand!  
The heavy water taking trees and mud,  
From every animal to a grub.  
I am pleased with my destruction,  
and my wild disruption.



John Davis 7A



## THE SAGA OF THE BANDIWOLLOP TERROR

There was a young chap who played cricket,  
And each time he came first to the wicket,  
He hit fifty-four,  
What a great opening score!  
And made ten birds fly out of a thicket!!

This dashing, young cricketing fellow,  
Had a voice that was gentle and mellow;  
But when the ball beat his bat,  
And they all yelled, "Owzat",  
His roar turned all knees into jelly!

This fellow when given the ball,  
Made wickets to left and right fall;  
Till one hit the ump,  
With a bit of a bump,  
Who sorrowfully called out, "No ball".

The next ball, he sent to the crease,  
Sped through as though covered with grease;  
It took off the bails,  
He was greeted by wails  
Of "It's too dangerous here at the crease!"

Malcolm Gunn, 7M



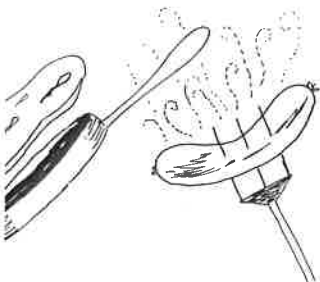
## TO MY PAL

Does anyone know,  
Does anyone care  
Where you go or  
how you fare?  
Whether you smile or  
whether you sigh?  
Whether you laugh or  
whether you cry?  
Glad when you're happy,  
Sad when you're blue?  
Does anyone care what becomes of you?  
I do, pal . . . I'll say I do.



Sonya Scobie 7C

# SEVEN



## SERENITY

A calm sea is what I love,  
I can see no flying dove.  
A tree stands motionless,  
Around me there is quietness.

Soft music is a peaceful noise,  
No more shouting boys.  
The beautiful serene sky  
Shows no passing fly.

The undisturbed cat snores sleepily,  
He slumbers deeply.  
The still water in the pond  
Has unbelievably been done by a wand.

Looking up at the silent night,  
The stars throw down their light.  
The moon is so tranquil  
From the top of the mill.  
Serenity has surely come.



John Davis



Geraldine Gerrish



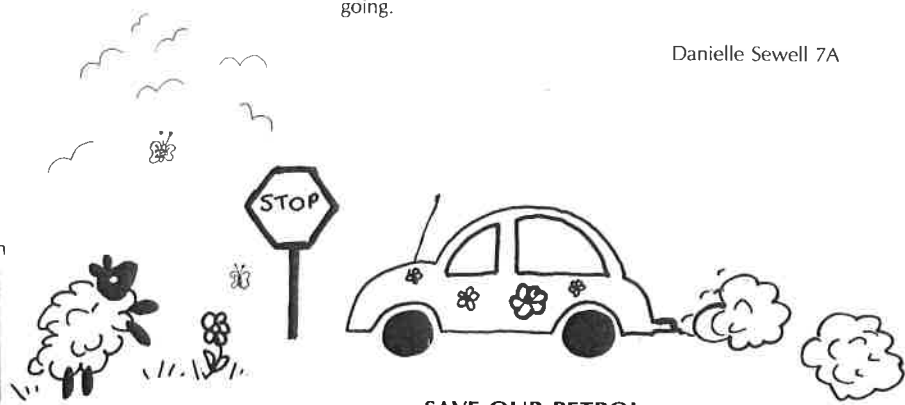
## THE CAT STRANGER

Now and then, when I look outside into the dark of night, I catch a glimpse of a cat so unknown that I will call it the cat stranger.

This cat gives me a creepy feeling rather like the ones that are owned by evil witches. I watch it stroll along the fence; its sleek thin body walking slowly, calmly and proudly as if it were thinking that it was perfect. This cat is purely black, so black that it is very hard to see clearly against the dark of night; this makes the cat stranger's eyes stand out brightly. If I make a noise, the alert cat will flash its head around and its green eyes will open wide and the pupils will grow bigger; the cat's green eyes just stare at me in a sinister way. After a while when the cat realises I am watching, it looks as if to say, "What is this thing doing here?" as though I were visiting its house and not it visiting mine.

Then this cat will be on its way. It won't hurry. It walks away as calmly as it came, its attractive body balancing along, its tail straight up in the air and lifting its delicate paws as high as it can. Then it disappears behind the bushes and I would wonder where it is going.

Danielle Sewell 7A



## SAVE OUR PETROL

It's an energy crisis,  
Not at least the nices',  
Save our petrol!  
It's not so dreadful.

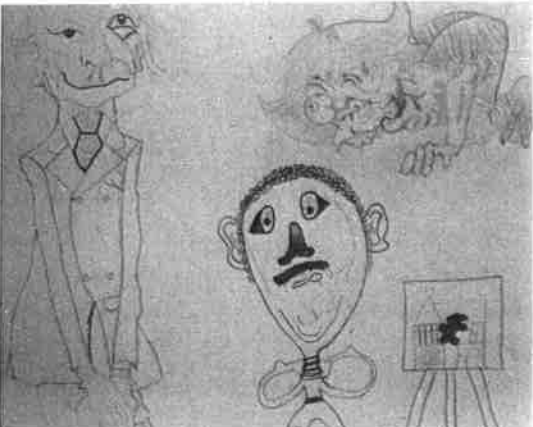
Run on time!  
It's very fine,  
It'll get you to work,  
At half-past nine!

Hop in a clock,  
Start the engine Tick Tock!  
Beep the horn Ring Ring!  
Hear the wheels, the engine EVERYTHING!

It's easy to do  
I gave you the clue,  
Read it in the Heral'  
SAVE OUR PETROL.



John Davis,



Alex Anselmo

## COOLAMATONG '81

We arrived at Coolamatong Farm after a long train and bus trip. We were then given a talk about the camp organization and surroundings by Ken, Brian and Tom, who also helped a lot in discussions and activities. Diane and Susan proved themselves excellent cooks during the time we stayed. The activities we enjoyed were kayaking (a blister-experience), horse riding, obstacle course, orienteering, swimming, camp fires, night walks, table tennis, and football. The farming activities included milking the cows and sheep slaughtering.

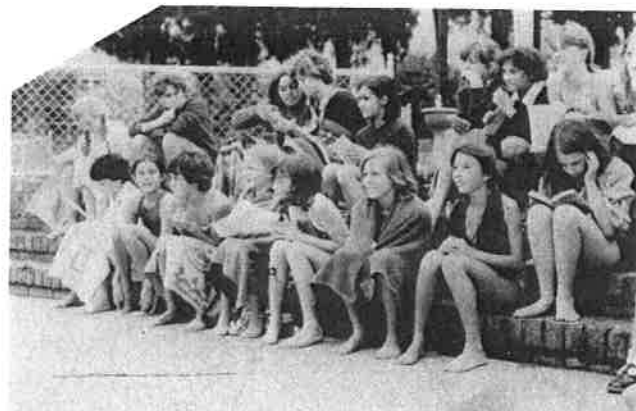
We slept in bunk rooms with exotic names such as: Echidna, Heron, Koala, Kookaburra, Kangaroo and Wallaby.

We all have memories of Mr. Locklier and his blooping, Suleman and his singing and frequent raids on other huts early in the morning.

It was a most enjoyable time and our thanks to Miss Champ (school camp co-ordinator), Miss O'Loughlin, Mr. Locklier (Wombat) and Mr. Frost.



Duncan Adams

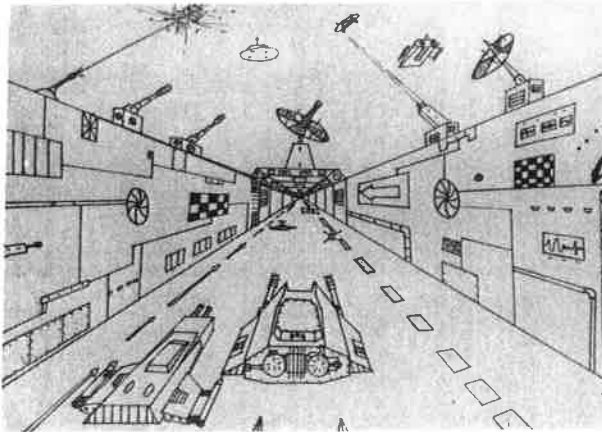


## BEHIND THE HOUSE!

As I sit up yonder,  
I spy a sole and lonely house;  
The ground is laden with beautifully coloured autumn leaves,  
As the towering trees are bare.  
In my mind I wonder,  
When up above I hear heavy thunder.  
Black scary clouds inhabit the sky,  
Then I bring my thoughts back to  
The safe and lonely house  
In the wood.  
What is behind the house I wonder,  
I ask myself?  
It could be anything from elephant to mouse.  
Just trying to think boggles my mind.  
Maybe two elephants doing a waltz,  
Or a pit of deadly venomous snakes.  
Just trying to think boggles my mind.  
Maybe it's a river gushing into endless lakes,  
Or possibly another house of the same nature  
which could have anything behind it,  
Maybe...  
Oh no, it's raining.

BY

KING, GOD, RULER  
OF THE EARTH,  
SIR, HONOURABLE  
JASON FLORENCE  
8A.



Sonny Kong Yr. 8

## THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII

Now this Henry the 8th  
that very young flirter,  
he knew King Ferdinand  
and married his daughter.

Queen Catherine of Aragon  
King Henry did marry,  
and over the threshold  
she longed to be carried.

And now Anne Boleyn,  
when Queen Catherine had gone  
had taken her place  
beside the great king.

But Anne wasn't loyal  
she'd be better off dead,  
She went to the block  
and off rolled her head.

Jane Seymour was next,  
that mild, gentle lady,  
who just before her death  
gave Henry a baby.

Queen Anne of Cleves  
was next on the throne,  
Henry had no love for her  
And for him she had none.

They were married for six months  
then he sent Anne away,  
She packed up her bags  
and went on her way.

Then Henry the 8th chose  
Catherine Howard to be his bride,  
And beautiful as she was,  
she wore dresses so wide.

She saw her ex-lovers  
And Henry did mock,  
But when Henry found out  
she was sent to the block.

Then to nurse him and love him  
He chose Catherine Parr,  
'cause with marriage and problems  
he'd gone much too far.

But Henry was old now  
And he still had his bride,  
but Henry was sick  
And with ulcers he died.

Poor King Henry!

Connie Koustos 8A



LAUGHTER

Imagine grey skies,  
Every day of the year  
Imagine sad faces,  
And always a tear.

A world without laughter  
Of nothing but sorrow,  
Without any fun  
To brighten up tomorrow.

But everything changes  
As years pass each year  
And people are happy  
'cause laughter is here  
BY IMANTS BRUNO.



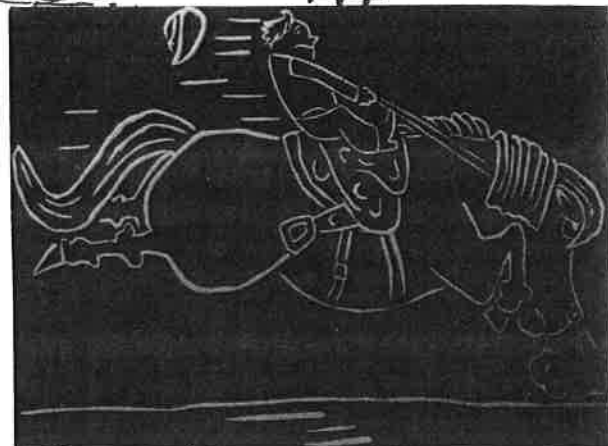
## FROM A BLIND PERSON'S EYE

Just because we wear dark glasses,  
You ignore us when you pass us.  
Just because we hold a cane,  
You do not help us in the rain.

Nor do you help us cross the street,  
So, instead dogs guide our feet.

We cannot see what you might see,  
But in this world we are meant to be.

Simon Thoday Year 8R  
IS AN EAGLE  
NOW



Kylie Minogue ?

THE CARROT  
MAN  
IAN  
SAVENAKE

# EIGHT

HUNDRED AND NINETY SIX

## I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN ANOTHER COUNTRY?

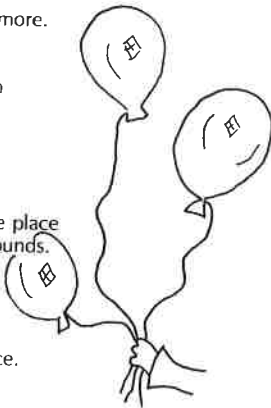
They say Australia is lucky,  
But now I'm not so sure,  
People keep on striking,  
They say they want some more.

What about Japan?  
The people don't complain  
About the jobs they have.  
Some Aussies are insane.

Our country's going down,  
I feel it all around,  
The unions want to run the place  
That's more than what it sounds.

When I'm Prime Minister  
Of this lovely place  
I'll break up all the unions  
And abuse them face to face.

I'll say  
Don't give up, my people  
And all my fellow friends,  
We'll beat the lazy unions  
I'll battle to the end!!

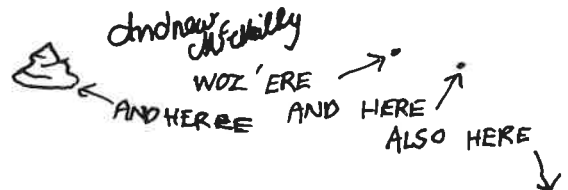


FUGG ball  
(ANGELO)

Andrew Evans 8R

It's hard to be good  
When there's nothing to do.  
I get really bored  
And extremely blue too.  
I called up a friend  
but no one was home.  
I went round the block  
riding my bike.  
No one in sight,  
No one I liked,  
Except the big hound  
That hangs round the town.  
He was glum too,  
He had nothing to do.  
It's hard to be good  
When there's nothing to do.

Michaela Graham 8M



"WHAT IF...?"

What if  
Dogs forgot the way to sniff?  
Boys were told they couldn't "biff"?  
All our footballers were too stiff?  
What if?

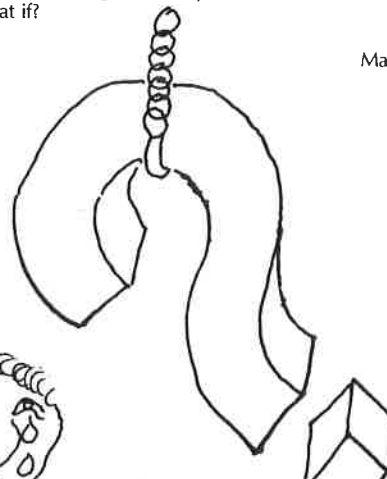
What for  
Are debt collectors at the door?  
Is the world too full of starving poor?  
Am I of exam answers never too sure?  
What for?

Why is it  
People I don't like come to visit?  
When I aim for goals I always miss it?  
When people win money they always kiss it?  
Why is it?

Why do  
I always lose the lace from my shoe?  
The teachers laugh at the pictures I do?  
The umps see that handpass I threw?  
Why do

What if  
Lovers never had a tiff?  
Suicides never leapt off a cliff?  
When you caught a cold you did not sniff?  
What if?

Mark M. 8R

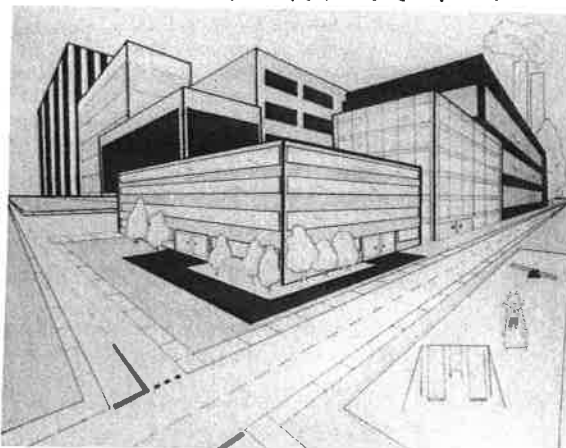


## "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU"

"I get a kick out of you,"  
Said the football to the old shoe.  
"Look before you leap,"  
Said the old frog, half asleep.  
"A stitch in time saves nine,"  
Said the surgeon, stitching fine.  
"I want to hold your hand,"  
Said the jellyfish in the sand.  
"A bad carpenter blames his tools,"  
Said Mr Pike to all of us fools.  
Trying to make a poem good and true,  
"I get a kick out of you."

Mark M, 8R

## JASON FLORENCE IS A GOD



Kylie Minogue



## Toolangi State Forest

We arrived at Camp Tallawalla at four o'clock after a three hour visit to Healesville Sanctuary.

The camp is situated in the beautiful surroundings of Toolangi State Forest which is 20 miles out of Healesville. We arrived to the fresh smell of country air and were immediately directed into the recreation hall for a brief meeting with the camp supervisor. The rest of the afternoon was ours.

Activities were widely spaced over the length of the camp, and they were as follows: raft making with Mr. Carter. A group of six was given the materials to make a raft which would carry all across the dam. Some rafts made the crossing but others decided swimming was better. Mr. Lockier decided he would take on the task of being a second Harry Butler by taking the nature walk activity. This involved wombat tracking, bird spotting and tree identification. Other activities included were kite making and orienteering. There was plenty of free time and the flying fox was never seen still.

Some highlights were, the big, cuddly wombat on the commando course, Rocket Permazel, the aerial torpedo, falling off the flying fox into the dam, blooping down by the dam and the four aborigines who turned up to the square dance but weren't allowed to dance.

All the Year Nine appreciated the camp, and the efforts the teachers put in to make it so successful.

Euan Adams 9C

## WHEN YOU DREAM, DREAM BIG

If dreaming of a chook or duck,  
a budgie or a pig,  
it really is waste of time,  
When you dream, dream big.  
Dream of being really rich and owning fifty cars,  
Dream of being the first astronaut to land his ship on Mars.  
Dream of being famous with your name in all the news,  
Dream of going around the world on a never ending cruise.  
Dream of being an athlete,  
or a swimmer who's a star,  
of being in a rock group,  
who've done gigs in every bar.  
Dream of finding a treasure chest,  
full to the top with gold,  
The skeleton of a dinosaur,  
who's millions of years old.  
Although these might not fit your case,  
it's plain as it can be,  
there's a topic to suit everyone,  
whatever their tastes might be.  
Go to sleep and then start dreaming,  
of a land far, far away,  
of water that is gleaming,  
like a big flat golden tray.  
Of forests and of jungles,  
filled with lots of danger,  
Of being someone important,  
like a forest commission ranger.  
Dream of being a powerful king,  
a wealthy duke or knight,  
who thinks he really is the thing,  
when off he goes to fight.  
Dream of having a pair of white wings,  
and soaring through the sky,  
of smashing up planes, gliders and things,  
that always used to fly.  
Of being able to run faster than cars,  
being able to shoot better than stars,  
Of beating King Kong when he asks for a fight,  
give him a blood nose, oh! what a sight!  
And then you wake up,  
your dreams are all finished,  
the cars are all gone,  
and the gold has diminished.  
Now that it's all gone,  
it seems so far away,  
I hope next time it comes  
it decides it will stay.



Phillip Graham

David Ansett 9A

## THE LAST WHALE

The wind beat down upon the beach causing a whirl of sand to fly into the air like a kite.

Waves crashed against the rocks echoing on and on and finally building up into a crescendo; like a scream in the dead of night. There was no one to be seen, that day along the beach, except for the odd mangy dog and a few seagulls scavenging for food.

The boat arrived and the hunters armed with their glistering harpoons, boarded the large boat, "The Mary-Anne," as the blurred hum of its engine faded away into the distance, until it was just a speck on the horizon.

Once out at sea, they headed for the north west point where many whales could be found, but there were none today.

The engine, coughed, spluttered and then there was silence. A seagull squawked overhead and the waves playfully lashed at "The Mary-Anne."

It was quite a large boat equipped with all the latest rigging and equipment. It was large enough to battle an adult whale. She had a cabin where most of the radio equipment was kept, and like most boats her hulls smelled of decaying fish and salt.

The men waited, one pulled out his binoculars and scanned the horizon for a few minutes; nothing. They drifted along for a while letting the strong current take them anywhere it wanted.

Then suddenly a blood curdling yell was heard, each man dashed towards the harpoon guns, waiting silence, an uneasy silence.

A whale! The first one for months, we should get paid well if we haul this one over, each thought; only thinking of the feel of the money in their pockets.

"The Mary-Anne" shadowed the whale, waiting for the right moment for the "sport" to begin. The captain jerked back his finger. It had happened, the bang as the harpoon left the main part of the gun echoed until the cry of the whale broke the echoes.

It tore the whale's flesh, blood spouted from the wound. The large body, so black, so streamlined, crashed its tail down upon the waves, shattering them like glass.

The whale writhed about in pain causing the boat to toss about like a matchbox. More guns let off; a whine of terror, pain rang through the air.

Then there was no more...

All that was left of what had once been a peaceful whale was a large jelly-like body covered in scratches and harpoon wounds. Blood poured from the wounds mixing with the tears of pain and terror that gathered in small drops on the end of the whale's nose.

They dragged the carcass up the beach where they left it for the scavenger birds. The men stayed for a while looking around at the thrashing surf.

I watched the boat leave from my hiding place, where I waited until it was out of sight.

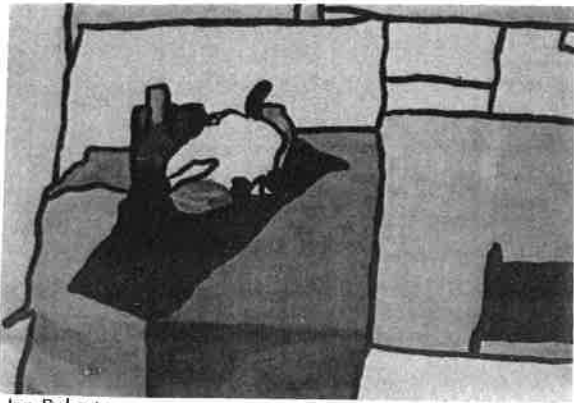
I walked towards the black body where seagulls had begun to gather already and kicked sand at the scavengers sending them cascading like glass smashing in all directions.

They squawked confusingly overhead for my departure.

I covered the whale with the yellow sands from the beach, burying it with the greatest of care.

The seagulls welcomed my departure and bewilderingly flew desperately looking for the body. The thrashing ceased, all that could be heard was the strong never ending echo of raucous squawks...

Lisa Bates



Ian Roberts

## SORRY MISS

"Are you here for an interview for the position?" the woman asked, addressing the question to her manicured nails. Me? Was she speaking to me? Who else would she be talking to? It is me isn't it? I wondered, confused. "Umm, well..." then drawing up courage said very dignified, "Yes, I am here for the..." then I stopped. The woman was already halfway out the door. "Sit down," she offered but I knew she couldn't care less what I did. It seemed like an eternity before the manager's door opened and I was directed in. My nails were in tatters and I was sure that my nose looked too red, my eyes too squinty and my hair, oh my hair felt as though it has been through a washing machine.

"Take a seat please Miss!" the manager offered in an amiable way even though his steel blue eyes were ordering me to sit. "Now, let us get started..." The way he noted every detail of my physical appearance I had a suspicion that I may be hired solely for my efficiency.

"How many words a minute can you type?"

"Umm, fifty two," I stammered out

"Fine. And do you have any references?"

After a few more business-like questions he discreetly asked a few that were not at all relevant for the position. I left the interview with the same, old, hackneyed words tingling in my ears, "Of course we will let you know even if you don't get the position."

After over 100 interviews I received only six replies—six solitary replies to hundreds and hundreds of nerve-racking hours of waiting by the phone. It is hard to sit back and watch your dreams being shattered.

At the age of five I went with my father to his office. My impressionable young eyes did not see any ugliness in the row of females, all painted up like dolls, mechanically clicking away at the keys. From then on "Mothers and Fathers" weren't for me, no, instead it was "Secretaries and Bosses."

Often I heard about the unemployed young but I didn't realise that it was really impossible to get any sort of employment. I found this almost impossible to bear. But it is even worse when people ask me, "What do you do for a living?", and I sort of mumble something about trying to find a training situation for a job, or something equally nonsensical. Most people go away unenlightened, but some hurtful people would catch on and, "Oh, so you are on the dole," in a tone that implies, "you lazy bludger." After that I receive the cold shoulder from them.

My whole life is being shattered by this inactivity. All I can do is pray that I can get a job, so I won't be a social outcast . . .

M. Bardwell

## THE END RESULT

We had been given several weeks to complete an assignment for History. The topic was Henry The Eighth and my uncle was a medieval history expert and was helping me immensely. By the last week I had churned out 50 pages using a typewriter. I was doing the finishing touches to the assignment in the school library and was dreaming of getting an incredibly good mark, when a schoolfriend, Ted Withers, approached me.

'Project looks good, James,' he said. He eyed my work greedily. 'You know how this assignment is worth 80% of this term's mark for History,' he continued, 'well I'm not very good at History, and I was wondering if I would be able to borrow your assignment over the weekend. I wouldn't copy it word for word, I'd just select some parts of it and put it in my own words...Please?'

He seemed so sincere, he looked so desperate.

'Alright,' I said, 'take it and give it to me on Monday morning.'

The weekend passed and I was standing at my locker before school when Ted walked up to me.

'James, I don't know how to tell you this, but my little brother wrecked your assignment. Ripped it up and scribbled all over it.'

'.....,' I exclaimed. 'What'll I do now?'

'Dunno, but I'm really sorry, James.'

So that night I worked hard but only managed to scrape up a measly 2½ pages of work, which I embarrassingly handed up.

The next week the teacher, Mr. Johnson, was handing our work back.

'Muntz,' he bellowed. 'Here's your rubbish, I gave you an F, consider yourself lucky.'

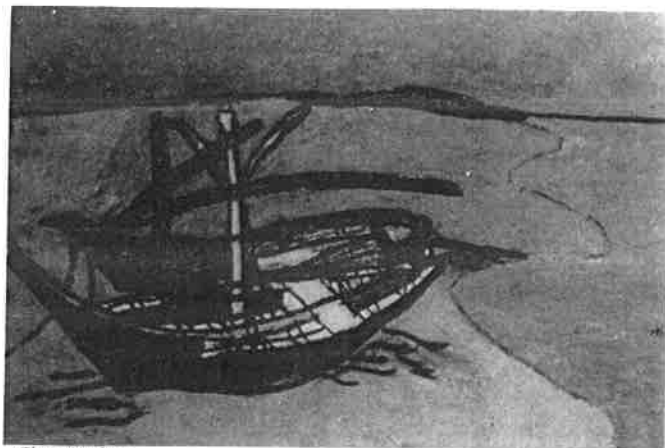
I sat, downhearted, in my seat.

'Withers, this is an excellent piece of work. This is what I call good work, Muntz. Over 50 pages of superb, neat work. Ted will be getting an A+ this term.'

When Ted returned to his seat I whispered to him. 'But what about your brother ripping my work up?'

'What are you babbling about James, I don't have any brothers or sisters, now leave me alone.'

James Muntz



Chris Burkitt

# THE ABC OF SPORT



**A** is for athletes and we have many: Kelly, Robyn, Bronwen, Peter, Andrew, Andrew and Matthew, Kerrie.

**B** is for badminton, a booming sport. Mine and Sophie play every day. So do Rolf, Adam, Lisa, Liz, Fiona. Baseballers bunted, backstrokers braved the cold at our house sports, which were won by **ROOSEVELT**.

**C** is for cricket and the ladies do well with bats like Fiona, Lisa, Julie and Georgina. Cross country runners cantered around Wattle Park and thirteen reached Eastern at Jells Park.

**D** is for Domansky, Duncan, Dugdale, Dodig and Duncombes — Louise and Greg, and diver Gavin Mascas. They all represented the school.



**E** is for effort and that was put in by all teams, especially the intermediate netball, senior boys' soccer, and girls' hockey.

**F** is for forehand and Mark Hand has a winning one as does Boris Osidasez. It also starts falling and our skiers finished falling at Mt Buller.



**G** is for gymnastics and girls and ours trained to gyrate gracefully. Vivian vaulted to Eastern Zone, and Naomi joined the intermediates when Liz was sick.

**H** is for heroes like Gerard Petty, Robert Campbell, Greg Sharp. H is also for help and that was given by Nick Grigoriou to junior and intermediate soccer teams. Jenny Burkitt and Diane Brown umpired at netball and Kerrie Wittingslow umpired and helped with hockey.

**I** is for indigestion and that is what the senior soccer team gave Mr James.



Internetball Team

**M** is for McEwen, James and David, McQueen, McCarter, Mascas; all made mighty moves making mayhem memorable. Mind, Mynard's momentous movements made mere mortals marvel.

**N** is for netball and 8R and 8M are the champions. Miss Stiglich and Miss Shugg coached the year sevens and seniors for their round-robins.

**O** is offside and some didn't train and their coaches, Broadbent, Champ, Page, Carter, Berry, Shugg, Smith and James, endeavoured to bring them onside with encouragement and enthusiasm.



**J** is for juniors and we have some talented students. Alex Anselmo, Kerrie "Smiley" Gottliebse, Naomi Millie, Jim Vassos, Angela (of newspaper fame) Edwards. "J.T.D." is a champion!!!

**K** is for Koutras basketballer and speechmaker. Kostoulas and Sari Kallbacka, swimmer and sunbather. Gina Kenndy excelled at swimming.

**L** is Lazopoulos and Bill represented Victoria at soccer; a tremendous effort from a very popular student.



**P** is for persistence, perseverance and personality, qualities shown by Duncan Adams, Zdravko Basic, Cathy Kefford, Justin Sangster, Jason Bridgewood, Kathy Domansky.

**Q** is for "Quincy" basketballer and tennis player. It stands for quick and that was David Campbell; and for quiet, that is not our fine goalie, Paul Panagiotopoulos.

**R** is for runners like Eric Franklin, Peter Smith, Savanna Vilay, and Louise Collins. Run-getters were Greg Duncombe and Dyon Maloney. R is for "R.R." — guess who???

**S** is for soccer and Chris Kokkas. S is for "stars" and one shines out for service and success. Kelly La Combre has contributed to athletics throughout her years at school. Good luck in the future, Kelly.

**T** is for Tanya, a moody cross country runner. Tracy missed the bus, Teresa played netball, and so did Tina. T is for "too terrific" and that's what we think of Mrs Firth who comes to school each day to coach our intermediate netballers.

**U** is for "unco", and we have a few; for umpires, Uren, unbelievable, and some are; upsets were too few.

**V** is for victory and next year we will have many. Victorious visitors in badminton were Cheong Ming Kee, Teh Kok Guan, Derek Yong, Harizah, Yuri. Tim Wilson joined them.



Gym Team



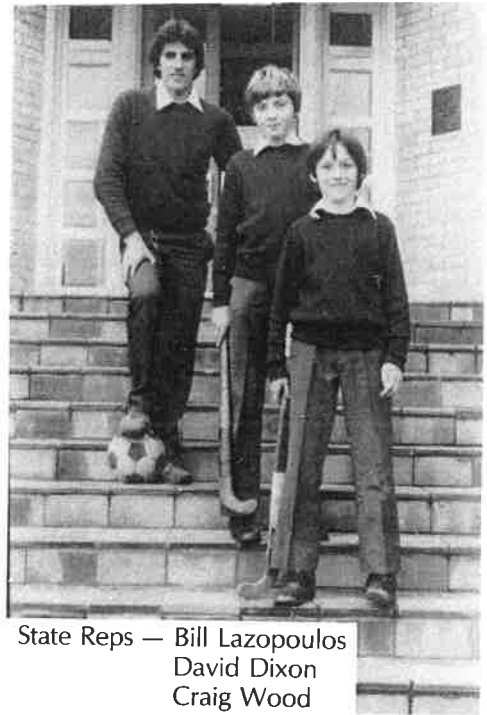
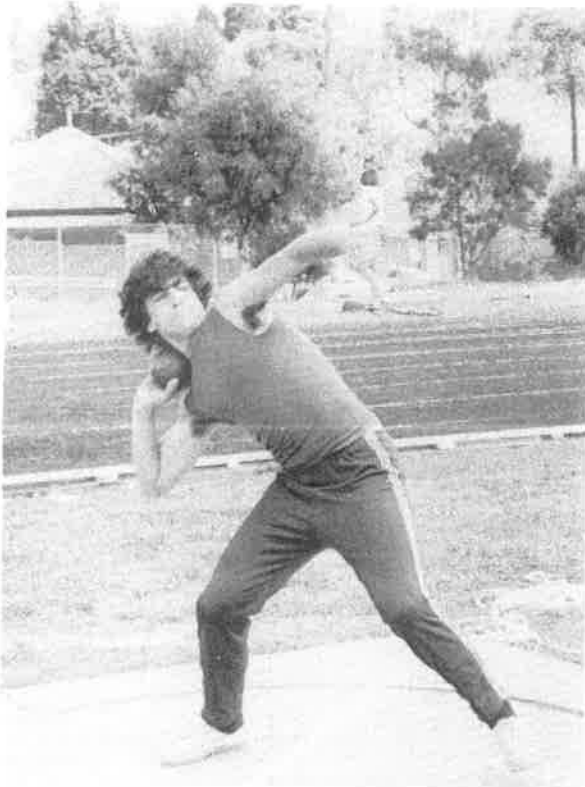
Senior Table Tennis



W



# X



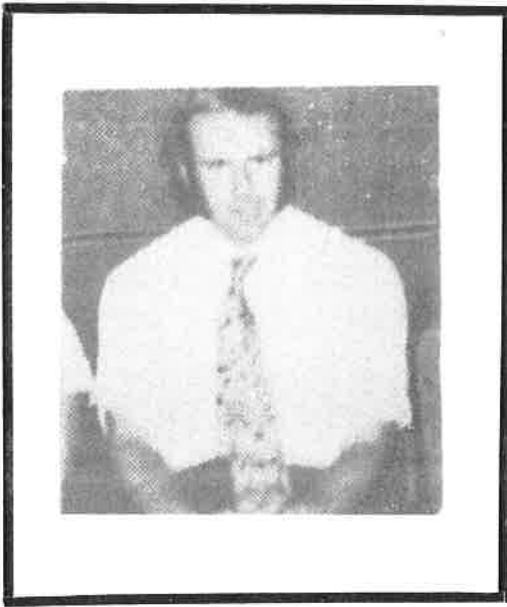
State Reps — Bill Lazopoulos  
David Dixon  
Craig Wood

# Y

Z

[illegible]

# THE DON ANDERSON AWARD



On April 4th, 1974, Mr Donald Anderson died at the school of a heart attack. Each year, in memory of him, a literary competition is held known as the Don Anderson Award.

Don Anderson was born in Ashburton, New Zealand, in 1944 and he graduated Master of Arts at Canterbury University. His thesis was concerned with the social behaviour of adolescents, and all his life he was keenly interested in young people.

After teaching in Western Australia, Don came to Camberwell High School in mid-second term of 1972. He immediately proved to be a competent and popular teacher, one who was generous with his time and energy. At the same time he was studying for his Bachelor of Education at Melbourne University.

One little-known fact about Don's interests was his love of poetry. He was himself a writer of considerable promise, and had had some of his work published in London before his death.

Mr Anderson left the school quite a large sum of money in his will to be used in some way by the English faculty. Part of this has been used to establish the Donald Anderson Literary Award. This award is made each year to the student who presents the best literary contribution for publication in "Prospice", the school magazine. The award is open to all students, and the age and maturity of the student is taken into account, thus it is just as easy or difficult for a Year 7 student to win as for a Year 12 student. The prize is a book of literature, chosen by the student.

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## THE WINNER

### OUTSTRETCHED

Great granite death stone cold  
World, leaves not alone — I am me —  
Hears not the silent plea  
For warmth, substance to hold;  
Hides in fold upon fold  
Of blankness cannot see  
Flesh turn to bone, the bone to be  
Truth is told.

Empty hands for hollow arms have yearned  
Grasping for knowledge that could not be taught;  
Through pain while unheard cries besought,  
The denouement was thus earned.

Jenny Brown

---

## TRUTH

I wake at the crack of dawn, but cannot see the sun,  
I sit in a wheelchair, I cannot jump or run.  
I'd like to be an actor, but I cannot say the words,  
I'd like to sit out in the sun, but I cannot hear the birds.

When I go out shopping, I cannot reach the shelves,  
Do people try and help me, no they think of themselves.  
Lots of people ignore me, others stop and stare,  
They haven't seen the likes of me before, not anywhere.

I like to talk to people, as long as they will listen,  
And when I find I have a friend, my eyes will start to glisten.  
Some people are sure I'm not, others aren't quite certain,  
But, I can put an end to that, I know I AM A PERSON.

Marcus Binks 8R

## EVENTUALLY

As two bricks,  
A mortar holds us together  
And apart;  
A natural paradox,  
This impermeable barrier  
Which makes us one.  
The mortar acts  
As love to join,  
As age and ideals to separate,  
But is the perfect mixture of both;  
No friction.  
Time will force liberation  
On the bricks.  
One may be destroyed,  
Or might the mortar  
Eventually erode away  
While the bricks remain content  
In ignorance of impending doom?

Mark Hislop, 12B

## ABOVE THE CLOUDS

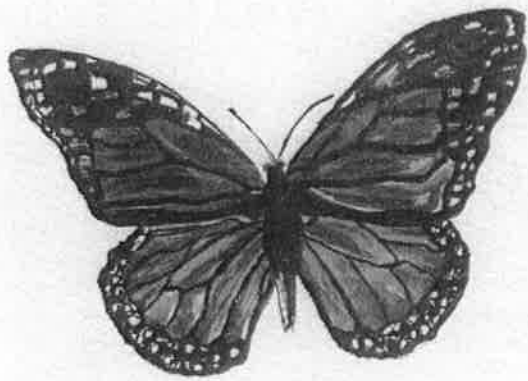
Sometimes,  
When I'm with time in hand,  
I pensively await  
Orion in this troubadour's gait  
Uselessly meander  
Across his inky night canvas.  
Leap-frog across the heavens  
Go Canis Major and the Bears.  
I map out in my mind  
The worlds eons far away;  
I'd go there any day,  
And tonight's alright by me.  
Sipping salacious starlight,  
Kicking off from Earth's sad plight;  
That's me in a better mood.  
Pterodactyl travel  
Across the void —  
Escapism at its best  
Follow me and leave the rest;  
We'll go our own way.  
For spatial satisfaction,  
In your arms is the only action  
I really want to know;  
Let's pack our things and go  
Above the clouds.

Mark Hislop, 12B

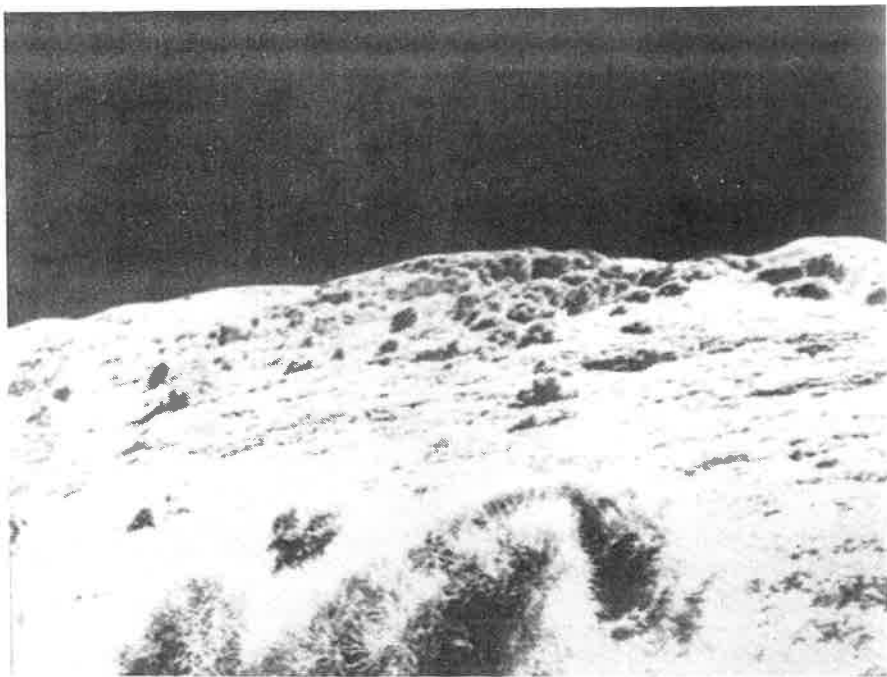
## GOETTERDAEMMERUNG

I stand; I stand and watch the city die  
And ponder in my soul the reason why  
Men waste themselves, and die in murky grime  
When iron and plastic interweave in time  
And mortal powers yield to the sublime.  
I watch these feeble remnants and I know  
That man was not designed for endless woe,  
Yet even as I stand I feel the might  
And force of petty prejudice and spite  
Where out of lust and boredom mongrels fight.  
This is not man: 'tis a distorted name  
The race of Adam none today can claim,  
The dying drunk, the foul, chaotic youth,  
A crumbling culture's callous rape of truth,  
Dry opiates, that vainly strive to soothe  
A tortured spirit, captured by the feel  
Of flesh, dull music and the semi-real.  
Conceited, spineless fools! who peck at straw,  
Who sacrifice the guiltless and the poor  
For greater langour: thrice-damned, wretched spore!  
So thus I stand and view the faceless mob;  
The self-consuming parasites, who rob  
The innocent of life, the weak of joy,  
Who slay the unborn, and their powers employ  
To shatter nature, and Great God annoy.  
Goetterdaemmerung.

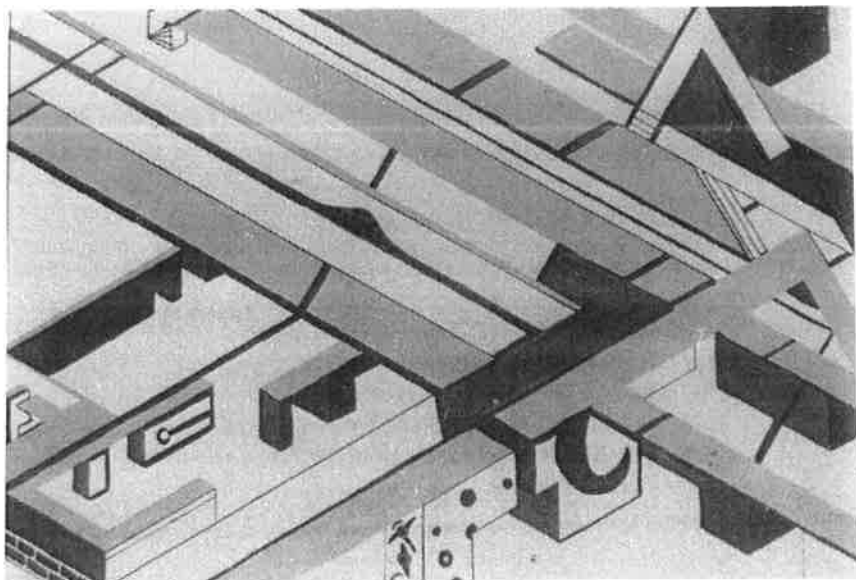
Andrew Bird, 12A



Sari Kallbacka Yr. 12



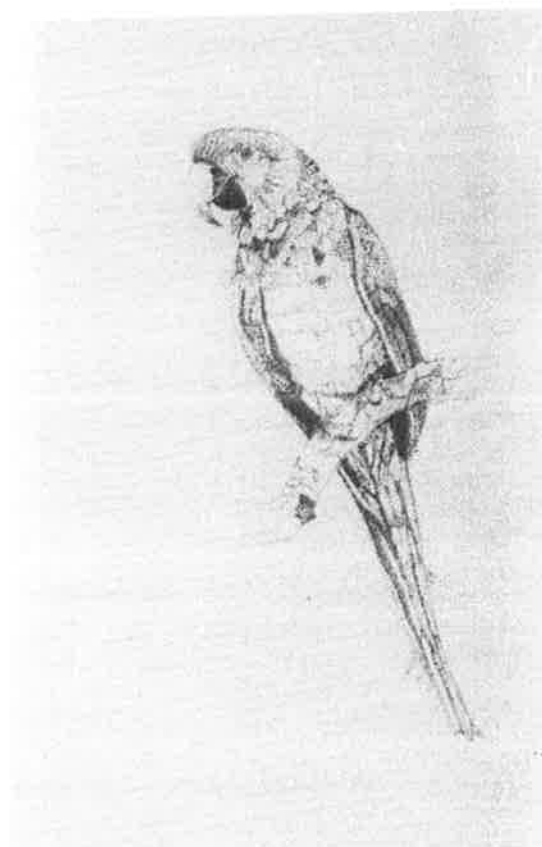
Yanni Florence Yr. 11



Lisa Dedman Yr. 11



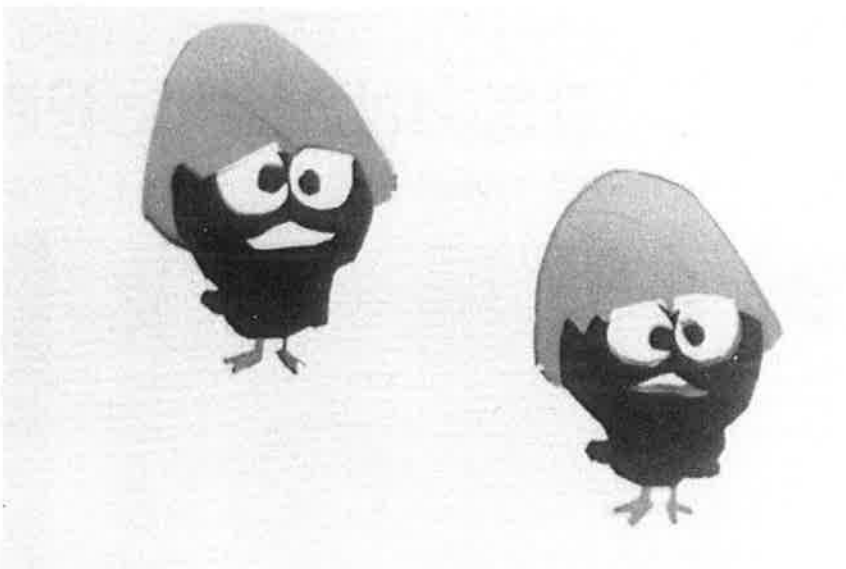
Brian Cuskrin Yr. 11



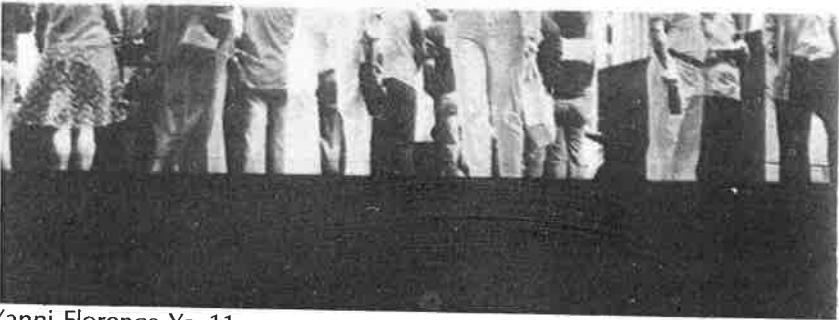
Sue Wright Yr. 11



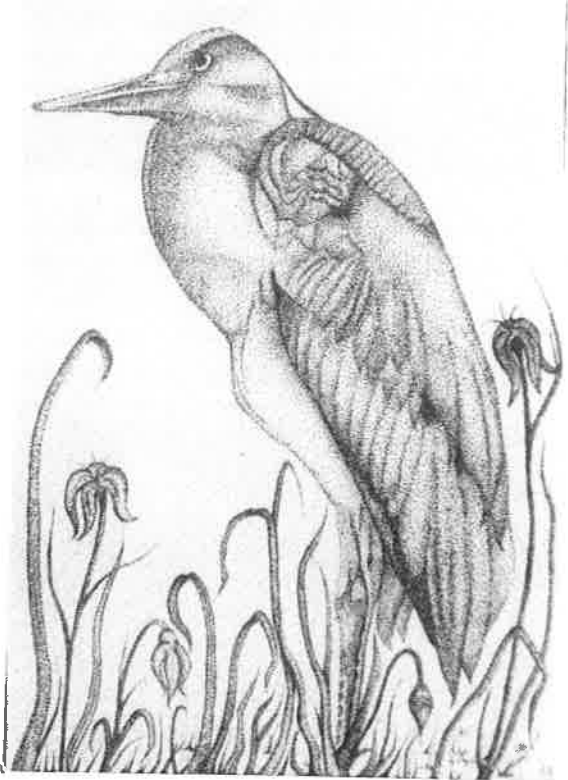
Sally Davis Yr. 9



Kim Mascas Yr. 11



Anni Florence Yr. 11



Irene Skoutas Yr. 11



Anni Florence Yr. 11



Brian Cuskrin Yr. 11



# "THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND"

by Tom Stoppard



BIRDBOOT: Well . . . Moon. What did **you** think?  
 MOON: Mrs Drudge did a good job.  
 BIRDBOOT: Yes . . . the sets have never been cleaner.  
 Just as well Rina Popovic was selected for the part.  
 MOON: Why?  
 BIRDBOOT: Well they obviously couldn't afford a housekeeper, so they hired her to be both housekeeper and actress.  
 MOON: Oh, yes . . . Well done!  
 BIRDBOOT: Who's that?  
 MOON: Lady Cynthia Muldoon.  
 BIRDBOOT: I mean, who **is** she?  
 MOON: Oh, I see . . . Donna Murray — stunning performance, I must say. Particularly that dance sequence with Simon Gascoyne, who was really, as you know, Matthew Foster.  
 BIRDBOOT: Who's he?  
 MOON: He was the stranger who was knocked down by Major Magnus, the wheel-chair ridden half-brother of Lady Muldoon. He gets the chop in the end.



BIRDBOOT: Oh . . . yes. Must have hurt!  
 MOON: Of course . . . Being shot is no fun!  
 BIRDBOOT: No. I mean being knocked down by that cripple in disguise.  
 MOON: Who's in disguise?  
 BIRDBOOT: The whole lot actually. Major Magnus was really Mark Torriero.  
 MOON: You mean . . .  
 BIRDBOOT: YES . . . and the lovely Felicity Cunningham was really Vicki Mizzi.  
 MOON: YOU MEAN . . .  
 BIRDBOOT: YES . . . and Inspector Hound was really Adam Khan.  
 MOON: YOU MEAN . . . THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND?  
 BIRDBOOT: NO, not the REAL Inspector Hound.  
 MOON: NO!  
 BIRDBOOT: YES!

# YEAR 10 DRAMA



MOON: I see . . . and did the audience enjoy it?

BIRDBOOT: Seems so. Didn't you enjoy it?

MOON: Well, I guess I must have — I went to every performance.

BIRDBOOT: Funny, so did I!

BIRDBOOT and MOON: (talking together) We both agree that it was a thoroughly enjoyable performance. They all deserve a round of applause.

BIRDBOOT: NO! I will go further — A Standing Ovation!!

MOON: Will we mention Mrs Wantrup?

BIRDBOOT: Yes . . . I guess one must give some mention to the Producer and Director.

MOON: It is generally done.

BIRDBOOT: And to the unseen but invaluable production team — Jamie Stevens, Debbie Fleming (who thinks she's type cast as a Dead Body), Gayle O'Shannessy, Gabrielle Campbell, Tina Koresis . . .

MOON: Anyone else?

BIRDBOOT: Yes . . . Jackie Hunter, Janet Harmer, Gavin Mascas . . .

MOON: Well, Birdboot. I think we had better leave it at that.

BIRDBOOT: Right you are.

BIRDBOOT and MOON: (talking together) We would just like to say again that it was a marvellous and enjoyable performance.



Copyright held by the eminent critics  
BIRDBOOT (the real Nick Petroulias)  
and MOON (the real Philip Preston)

## HATE

Hate is a feeling,  
that is very revealing.  
Whatever the cause  
Whatever the source.

Hate makes you seethe  
So you hardly can breathe.  
It makes you boil,  
Like hot chips in oil.

Something farmers hate  
Is crows at their gate.  
A hippy can't stand  
A classical rock band.

Things that I hate  
Are not helping a mate,  
Or fellows who cheat,  
And have ugly, big feet.

I hate till I shirk  
Too much home work,  
I hate making a rhyme  
In my spare time.

Mark M. 8R

## THIRD WORLD WAR

They have come, ammunition  
and all. Food supplies, tanks,  
guns, warriors-all to destroy  
us. What can we do? Hide?  
Remains, demolition, catastrophe,  
gone. We hope for the present,  
but not the future.

Existence is important for  
life is invaluable. But for  
what??? Another war?

Spiros Ahimastos, 10A

Fire engines ringing through the night  
House, red with fire.  
Old lady thinks  
Of her possessions  
And her husband  
Working hard on their house  
And then dying.  
Eyes wet with tears  
She slowly walks away  
And the roof falls.

Julia Mortyn 10A



Kerrie Gottliebse Yr. 7



Sue Wright Yr. 11

## **I CAN'T SEE I CAN'T SEE**

I can't see! I can't see!  
Darkness is always around me,  
But I have my dog to see for me  
Guiding me to safety.

I can "see" much,  
With my sense of touch,  
If something is big or small,  
I can feel it all.

When I'm all alone at home, you see,  
I have my braille for company.  
So dark outside it seems to be,  
There is a light inside of me.

G. Smyth

## **SOUND**

The vibrations I feel, I've been told,  
Are things called sounds.  
What are they?  
What is music?  
I can feel the vibrations on a "radio",  
But people seem to see something else in it that I don't.  
When a bird opens its mouth,  
People look at it, laughing and point;  
To me it is a bird that has opened its beak,  
What is that thing called sound?  
Maybe I can experience it one day,  
I hope so!

Vivian Harris 8R

## **A BLIND GIRL'S DREAM**

I do not share your gift of sight,  
I cannot see your sheer delight,  
I wish to know the beauty bright  
Of strong young men with power and might.

Maybe one day when I finally die  
And enter the kingdom of Heavens high,  
While standing before the Heavenly Throne,  
God will reach out and touch this blind girl's soul.

J. Foster

## **AWOKEN**

Thoughts  
like waves blown by the wind  
wash onto the shore  
and are gone  
Sucked under  
back  
like undertow through my brain  
and lie deep and still  
in the ocean of my soul.  
Someone I talked to dived  
and found them  
Brought them to the surface  
and laid them bare  
like pearls in the sun.

The clear sunlight came a-glistening  
A large attractive machine  
The chrome of the machine sparkled  
Ignited, the crescendo of thunder  
Every nut and bolt tested in acceleration.

Cameron Charles 10A

## **FLOWER CHILD**

**Geranium pink September**  
Silk wind  
To shower the maybush snow  
White pier of angels' wings  
Beauty's being  
Pleads some too late

For fear dark blossoming  
Has tendrilled round my heart  
Hate snakes her jungled vine  
To crush my frail last bud of hope  
Seeded in aridness

Lush death-wish weeds  
With their blood sporting flowers  
Cover my poisoned garden  
No pink geraniums will petal now  
In my dead self wilderness.

Anonymous

# MUSIC '81

Music has played an important part in school life this year. Changes and innovations have been made, new approaches have been tried, and these, together with all the usual activities have resulted in a very successful and satisfying musical year.

## The School Band

The band, directed by Mr Brookes, has been involved in many activities this year, the first of which was a one-day music camp at Belgrave Heights. This camp was held to provide a full day of rehearsal for coming performances.

The results of this camp were displayed at Open Day and the Choral Festival. On Open Day, the band commenced the programme with an "open rehearsal" for half an hour, then they dashed off to the Camberwell Civic Centre to play in a concert there. At the Choral Festival, too, they were first to perform, providing a good start to a very enjoyable evening.

During second term, the major event for the band was a concert at C.H.S., at which they performed in conjunction with Canterbury Girls' High and Balwyn High.

Early in third term the band went to Ballarat to compete in the South Street competition. They performed very well and gained a score of 83%. Considering the high standard of the competition, this was an excellent achievement.



## The Musical Evening

This year, instead of the usual musical production, it was decided that we should have a concert or "Evening of Music" as it was called. In this concert the emphasis was to be on small groups and ensembles, and on participation rather than high standards. In preparation for the concert, a three-day music camp was held at "Aldersgate" at which most of the rehearsing was done.

Highlights of the concert were: a superb piano solo by Belinda Nemec, a recorder trio, and the Senior Brass Ensemble. One unusual feature was the "Student Compositions" which consisted of poems performed to music by the students of Years 8 and 9. The evening was concluded by the School Choir singing two songs. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, audience and participants alike.

## The Madrigal Choir

One week after the Choral Festival eleven students from Years 11 and 12 formed themselves into a new choir, the Camberwell High School Madrigal Choir. This choir was formed to compete in the Dandenong Music Festival, and after several weeks of practice, a high standard was reached. So high, in fact, was the standard that the choir came second in the competition, losing to Genezzano Girls by only four points. The choir then went on to sing in the School Musical Evening in second term.



Within the music curriculum, too, changes have been made. The most significant of these is the introduction of guitar classes in the Year 8 and 9 unit systems. This is intended as an introduction to guitar for the students, and those who wish to continue learning the guitar can do so outside the school. Also, this year the emphasis has been more on encouraging students to learn than forcing them, and the music curriculum has been tailored to fit the students' tastes more.

Overall the year has been very satisfying and productive in the field of music.







## CHORAL FESTIVAL, 1981

**Thursday, March 26, 1981.** The school hall begins to fill at about 7.30 p.m. Participants, parents, friends, teachers, are all arriving for the big event, the culmination of weeks of preparation and practice.

By 8.00 p.m. every seat is filled, and there are even a few people standing around the walls. A record attendance, surely!

The house lights dim. Gradually, very gradually, an expectant hush descends over the audience and the announcer begins to speak:

"On behalf of all members of Camberwell High School, we are pleased to welcome so many parents, and friends of the school..."

Camberwell High School's Thirty-fifth Annual House Choral and Instrumental Festival has begun.

First, the school band, under the capable baton of Mr. Brookes, performs two short items. With them out of the way, it is time for the real business of the evening: the competition between houses.

The first house, Roosevelt, files quietly onto the stage. The adjudicator's bell sounds, and the choir begins to sing. For the first of four times tonight, the sound of "Penny Lane", the set song, fills the hall. Next there is a mixed part song, performed by the Senior Choir, and finally an instrumental item.

Roosevelt is followed by Montgomery, then Churchill (resplendent in yellow flowers) and finally Macarthur. Each house sings the set song, and a mixed part-song, and then presents an instrumental item.

Now a short item from the string ensemble, conducted by Miss Brown, while the adjudicator finalizes the scores.

At last, the moment we have all been waiting for! The adjudicator, Mr. Peter Ross, comes up to the microphone and, after a short speech (which seems interminable) he announces the winners:

In the Junior Set Song section: Churchill, with 22 out of a possible 25.

In the Mixed Part Song section: Macarthur, with their song "Six Ribbons" gaining 29 out of 30.

In the Instrumental section: Churchill, whose "Mein Herz ist Bereit" won 23 points out of 25.

This leaves Churchill as overall winners, for the third consecutive year.

Final Scores were:

- 1st place: Churchill, 90 points
- 2nd place: Macarthur, 86 points
- 3rd place: Roosevelt, 76 points
- 4th place: Montgomery, 72 points.

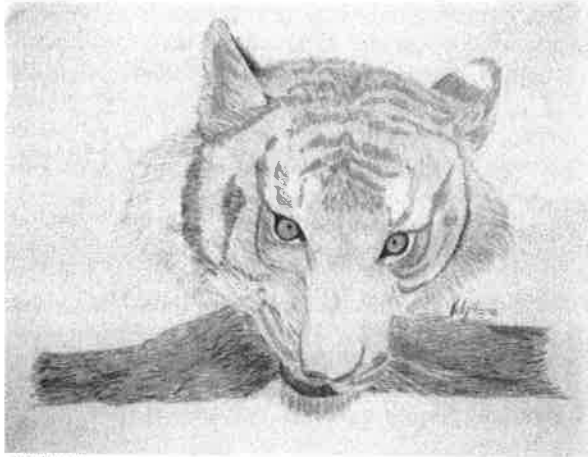
So ends another year's Choral Festival. See you again next year!



## LONELINESS...

I wonder what it will be like,  
When everything we love is gone.  
Will we find new friends and family,  
To make up for the old?  
Or will we remain alone,  
Alone, with the fierce tiger stalking  
The night jungle.  
I suppose we will remain on our own,  
As in a dark room,  
In complete loneliness.

Bindi Singh 10R



Vicki Moore

## THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT

Did the voice  
in the night  
harm you?  
Did it haunt  
your mind  
Out of your body?

That weary  
Tired-of-explaining  
Voice.  
Nagging, pulling  
Dragging deeper  
Deeper into the night.

The voice in the night-  
Did it harm you?

Janet Harmer 10A

## THE FOREST

The track  
Was only a horse-trail  
Small,  
And covered with stones.

The trees  
Were deep, dark green,  
Splashed,  
With yellow and red.

The air  
Was cool and damp,  
Not heavy  
And thick with smog.

The trees  
Looked like green gods,  
Tall  
And reassuring.

I feel safe  
In that forest.

Jackie Hunter 10A

# YEAR



Greg Herman

## LAKE TARLI KARNG HIKE

During early December 1980, several students from Year 9 and Year 11, accompanied by Miss Champ and Mr. Bertram, went on a two day hike in the Gippsland area, at a location in the centre of timber country, Lake Tarli Karng.

We left school on the Wednesday in a mini bus (slightly crowded), and camped the first night at Breakfast Creek. The next morning we drove up to the start of the track, at MacFarlane's Saddle.

The first stage of the hike involved walking across plains and going up and over Spjian Kopje; which was enclosed in cloud. Next, we descended into Lake Tarli Karng, which is a beautiful camping area, surrounded by densely wooded mountains. Camp was set up and we spent a little time looking around the surrounding area.

The next morning the group awoke with the mist rising off the lake, packed up camp and started the climb out, and then across the Mt. Wellington snow plains (no snow though!) back to the mini-bus. Later that evening the group returned back to the school and everybody headed for home.

Overall, the hike was very enjoyable, and the scenery was great. Thanks to Miss Champ and Mr. Bertram for their work and organization.

Matthew Francis 10C



Peter White

## THE ADVENTURES OF LEAMUNDA THE LOVELY

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess. She was so lovely that she was known throughout the land as Leamunda the Lovely.

One night, as she was sleeping peacefully on her one hundred feather mattresses, a witch, on her way home from a witches' party, and having a blood-alcohol level of .05, lost control of her broom and crashed straight through Leamunda's window—bang! into her feather mattress.

The princess woke in fright to find herself falling onto the floor. She looked around, but all she could see was feathers, feathers and more feathers. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" she cried plaintively. She shifted some of the feathers around, and came across a black shoe that was attached to a black foot, that was attached to a skinny black leg. She looked curiously at it. It suddenly moved, and she jumped.

Out of the feathers emerged a black pointed hat and a small, wrinkled, nauseatingly ugly face surrounded by straggly, oily, raven-black hair streaked with grey.

"Oh!" Leamunda's hand flew to her lovely mouth, and her beautiful eyes opened wide with shock. "Ah-Ha! Who's this we have here, then?" the witch croaked. "I'm Leamunda the Lovely," the princess replied. "What are you doing here?" "Leamunda the Lovely, eh? The most beautiful girl in the land. Well! Well! And how are you, Leamunda my dear?" The witch giggled hysterically. Leamunda shrank back into the pillows behind her, and the witch didn't like that.

"Come here, my Lovely," she squeaked. She drew a black stick from her pocket and waved it three times around her ugly head before pointing it at Leamunda. The end of the stick flashed and Leamunda yawned and fell into a deep sleep. "He-he! He-he!" the witch crackled, "now I can take her to my castle and discover her secret of beauty." And she draped Leamunda over the broomstick before climbing on herself. She turned on the engine and headed out through the window and into the night.

The sun rose bright and early the next day, and with the sun, over the horizon, came a handsome prince riding a pure black stallion. He was in a fine mood that morning, because he was going to see his beautiful princess. As he came in sight of her castle, he stopped in surprise. He couldn't see her castle at all—all he could see was an enormous heap of white feathers.

He rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming, before spurring his horse. "Come on, Manning, let us discover what has become of my beautiful princess!" He galloped on to the castle.

Reaching the castle, he rammed down the front door. After fighting his way through mountains of feathers, he reached the princess's bedroom. "Leamunda! Leamunda!" he cried frantically, "Are you there, my Lovely?" Hearing no reply, he entered the room and searched through the feathers. After half an hour of searching, he came across a splinter of wood. "What is this doing here?" he wondered. Peering closely, he saw the letters "BERTA" inscribed upon it. "Ah-ha! I know who this belongs to—Ethelberta, the Nauseatingly Ugly Witch of the East! She must have abducted Lovely Leamunda and taken her away to try to discover her secret of beauty. Quickly! I must go and save my princess!" And running down to his horse, Manning, he jumped into the saddle. "Let us ride! Manning!" he cried, "Away to find my beautiful princess!" And he galloped gallantly over the horizon.

Meanwhile, at the witch's castle, Ethelbert and Leamunda had arrived, after a hectic journey. Leamunda was starting to awaken from her trance.

As she started regaining consciousness, she shook her head, sending her tresses of shining corn-coloured silk cascading down her back. The witch eyed them enviously.

"Where am I?" she asked, and looked around. She spied the witch in the corner, watching her and shrank back at the ugly sight. Ethelberta came forward. "Well, my lovely, what do you think of my little castle, hey?" she asked. "Your castle? What am I doing here?" asked Leamunda. "Ooh, I just want to ask you a few questions," croaked the witch. "What do you want to ask me?" "Why are you so beautiful?" the witch demanded. "That is one thing I cannot tell you," replied Leamunda. "Tell me—you worm," screeched the witch, "or I will tie you up in front of the dragon's cage until you are barbecued and have no beauty left at all!"

"I cannot tell you," cried the princess. "I have been forbidden to do so. If I should tell you my beauty would be taken from me!" "All the more reason why I should make you tell me," howled the witch. "Vicious! Beastly!" she called to two goblins equally as ugly as she, "Take her away to the dragon's cage and let her burn and sizzle until she tells me her secret." The princess was dragged away, screaming.

Back on the road, the prince was galloping along, faster than he had ever galloped before. He was making very good progress when alas, back at the castle, the witch uncovered her crystal ball and saw him. She sent out her goblin army to fight him and keep him away from the castle.

The prince did not know about the army until he rounded a corner on the very narrow, steep, cliff road leading to Ethelberta's castle. Then he saw the army, but it did not daunt him. He drew his sword and carved his way through them, moving so fast that they did not realise he was there. Then he galloped on, leaving a trail of green and purple blood behind him.

The witch realised what had happened and made one of her best storms. But even this did not stop the prince—he was moving so fast.

He reached the castle and, following the sounds of Leamunda's screams, galloped through the courtyard and right up to the dragon's cage. He grabbed her from the hands of the goblins before slicing off their heads with a single sweep of his sword.

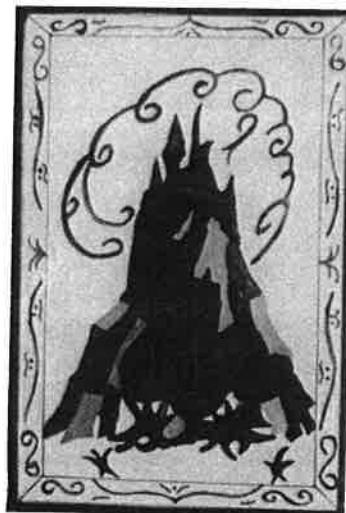
He lifted Leamunda up into his arms and seated her on Manning's back. "Stay there, my beautiful one," he said, and ran into the castle to find the witch, his trusty sword in his hand.

All he had to do was follow his nose. The witch smelled so revolting, he had a hard time keeping down his breakfast. He found her in the darkest, most vile-smelling room in the castle. She was cursing, and swearing into her crystal ball.

She looked up as the prince entered, and instinctively reached for the black stick in her pocket—but it was not there! She didn't have time to look for it. The prince stepped up, and with two swipes of his sword (her skin was like leather), cut off her head. It rolled on to the floor.

The prince ran from the room, out to his horse and the Lovely Leamunda. He jumped up behind her. "Away, my darling, the evil Ethelberta is dead and you are free! Let us leave this evil place forever." And they galloped away into the sunshine.

Written by Debbie Bird 10R  
Plot outline devised in collaboration with Murray Mount



Voula Mexatiotis

## A CHINESE FLAVOUR

A train-track ran beside the road. I looked out of the window; it was a grey, wet dawn. A small bent farmer under a bamboo hat was pushing his buffalo around the paddy field. The rain trickled down his arms and legs as he wallowed in knee-deep mud. Smoke was sifting through the roof of his dark, dilapidated home. I looked away.

Rice field after rice field after rice field—we drove for hours that morning. Finally we arrived in a typical, industrial town. Our driver tooted continuously, dodging walking peasants, potholes, bikes and rusty tractors towing their communes' harvests. Narrow, cluttered streets ran in all directions. Grubby young children played along these streets or sat on their doorsteps eating bowls of white rice, staring at our mini-bus.

We stopped to stretch our legs. A group of people gathered around. All wore navy blue coats and black trousers. Sometimes, I glimpsed a pink or yellow shirt peeping from under the buttoned coats. The group pressed in. It became a field of glum stares beneath jet black hair. We walked past them, the smell of stale dirt lingering after us.

The officials said it was the main street. There were no traffic lights, no bright flashing signs saying "Wang's Coffee Shop", no disco music pounding into the streets and no "Big M" cartons on the footpath, and decaying, primitive buildings, whose owners merged into their dark interiors. The shops sold earthenware crockery, tools, food and blue coats and black trousers.

After being nearly run over by an articulated bus and riders, all on black, shiny bikes, we came to the market. Some peasants sat along the gutters beside their baskets of goods—fungi, bright orange mandarins, cabbage, carrots and sweet potatoes. I bought a few nuts from an old, wizened peasant. Her face was compelling with its deep ploughed wrinkles and the particles of earth absorbed in her pores—indicative of the years spent toiling in the paddy field.

Further down the footpath was open meat stall. A keen shopper, after inspecting the entire meat selection, bought a leg of pork, tied it to the back of his bike and rode happily home. The flies returned to their disturbed feast at that particular stall. My early hunger further subsided when I saw dead rats neatly laid out for sale.

A peasant was struggling against the system as he pulled three logs. The sweat was glistening on his thin, grimy body. Suddenly a spluttering new truck swerved just in time to miss him, and I recalled the official's earlier discussion about China's magnificent progress. We walked back to the bus, past the dead rats, the girls walking arm in arm, the dank shops and the vacant stares. We travelled on.

Jane Gerrish



Brian Guskrin

O'er the hill they walk, so fair  
The sun o'er their heads  
at full-noon shineth.  
Their hands, together hold;  
a golden link which naught divide.  
The green grass sways in the gentle breeze.  
Their tracks do show, as clear as day  
on the virgin grass.  
The primroses bow their lovely heads,  
in serenade as they pass.  
And ask the people in the town,  
Who will answer in silent acquiescence;  
That he is but so kind in heart,  
and so gentle with his hands.  
He adores his true-love,  
she is so fair.  
And for her does he live.  
His feet so light, as feathers weigh  
when he carries her in his arms.  
The lovers silhouetted against the corn, blue sky  
And the birds joining in joyful song.  
When back in town they arrive,  
His face as radiant as the sun above,  
He greets the romping children with smiles,  
And the old folks eyes shine  
in silent remembrance of once, when  
they were as young.

O'er the hill, he now walks alone,  
To say his silent farewell,  
The sun no longer shineth at full-noon,  
The clouds obscuring its golden rays.  
And on the traitorous snow, does show  
the single tracks of a man deprived.  
He thinks back to when he held her hand,  
And their loving pledges, from lips which  
often had touched.  
Oh! What a blackness was now in his soul!  
He no longer sees the children,  
silent, their heads bowed in grief.  
And when he begs to carry the casket  
Where his true love sleeps, she so fair,  
The bloom still in her cheeks, like the  
primroses high on the mountains,  
And the sun still in her face, which had not yet  
turned to snow,  
He remembers whence he carried her as high.  
His feet had been so light with life, but were  
now as heavy as lead.  
He can no longer smile as once,  
And the old folk no longer look.

Anita Sundram



# ELEVEN

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL MATHEMATICS

The derivative of a Roman background General Mathematics, then plain mathematics, first found form as a sequence and series of figures, known as Roman Numerals. From early stages it became apparent to all that this Maths was strange.

Differing opinion prevailed—some said he was a permutation and others a combination of his patents' characteristics.

Sets of observations were carried out and a graphical solution reached. In all probability he was a second derivative. His mother was a Matrix, considered by neighbours to have little identity and generally thought to be a bit of a scholar. His father was a maximum in control of a large domain and influential over a large range of areas.

When Maths was older, his rate of change reversed, he had reached a turning point in his life. He had recently been associating with rebels in society. This was a period of revolution, with many integral societies being formed. Maths joined the Differential Calculus Club, and attended many circular functions. However, they were opposed by the Anti-Differential Calculus Society, which undid every thing they achieved in many integral ways. Maths began to be disillusioned with their lack of success, and with each day found the Club's linear programming and binomial distribution to be lacking. He began to look around for new areas to be protected for research. He was much enticed by the prospects of Australia; there he saw great exponential and was enticed by the popularity of the pye. Without wasting time, he got his hypergeometric iryechons and set sail on the S.S. (minema).

On his arrival, however, he contracted the dreaded catfishes disease which almost consumed him. He was put on a lustograph and his frequency curve was regularly checked. He remained in the diagnostic hospital for some time, where, though conveniently treated, he found staff to be mean and lower quartile and he was at variance with many of their opinions.

Time and conscience are lost  
As this stale grey mind  
Submits  
To the glistening enticements of an undefined past.  
Cool days,  
Of unlimited imaginings  
Flicked past brightly,  
But fail to ignite a flawed and poisoned mind.  
Early innocence  
That once let me sense the greenness of Spring,  
Without giving meaning to the word  
and appreciate  
the low notes of birds' conversation,  
as equal with human twitterings,  
Now makes excuses for rejecting  
the inherent qualities  
of such natural pleasures.  
On cold nights,  
I would draw a face on the moon  
or grab a handful of stars,  
To warm the darkness of my bed.  
Now, I reach for some hand to hold tight.  
Even if it has the face of a stranger.  
Self righteous drifts  
of other beings' experiences,  
Look darkly in on my private world.  
But no fresh acquaintance has polluted my imaginings  
Till some childhood giant  
Occasioned to stop and remind me,  
That  
Being a child was a bore.

Kate McCredie 11D

Once again in society, Maths mingled among Maths lovers and befriended Tan. Although Tan had a split personality, he definitely preferred him to Sin and Cos—Sin was bossy and always on top, and Cos worked in an underhand way. Nobody could stand Cos. He was the opposite to everything they did. After a while, Maths became bored with their company. Plotting against each other in arguments they constantly repeated themselves. Maths felt them to be simply going round in circles. Indeed, Sin and Cos were such squares that they could be counted as one.

So once again Maths was on his own. For many years he worked hard bringing the many Maths lovers he met together to discuss and join their ideas. Maths was rewarded for his work; he became General of the Maths Society of Australia. He established the Integer Society, the Foundation of Real Numbers and Unreal Numbers.

General Maths now works spreading his word throughout the schools and colleges of Australia. He and his many disciples wage war against the armies of calculators and slide-rulers now in evidence, and believes the battle shall not be won until the Value of Revision Exercises has been released.

Kate McCredie 11D



Brian Cuskrin



Irene Skoutas



Irene Skoutas



## "THE ERASER GANG STRIKES AGAIN"

The year 1981 began with more than the usual amount of hussle and bussle. Painters, electricians, plasterers, carpenters and the other tradesmen who were aiding in the transformation of the "Old Wing" to a set of workable class-rooms were there also, busily trying to finish what they had started the previous year. They were painting over the forty year-old graffiti, carpeting the floor, repairing the windows and all the while being civil and non-offensive. People didn't mind the disruption knowing that the mission would be finished soon, or would it?

Half way through term 1 disaster struck: the "saviours" of the old school disappeared. No official reasons have been given for these masters of anti-graffiti, these anti-vandals leaving; but they have. Perhaps, it was an act of the Almighty (the Education Department) or perhaps it was the result of a communist plot. Who knows? We of C.H.S. can only hope for the second coming of the Eraser Gang, to right (excuse the pun) the graffiti of the school.

If you are a year 12 student of 1981, you may consider yourself as a member of the "one-year-too-late Club." You were one year too late for the units system, one year too late for sex education, one year too late to use the school's new computer in class, one year too late to be able to have the benefit of the new V.I.S.E. system without the lumps and you are probably one year too late to receive a University education free. I'm not wingeing; I'm just pointing out that you and I have lots of nothings in common. Now you are going to be one year too late to enjoy the benefits of the refurbished old-wing.

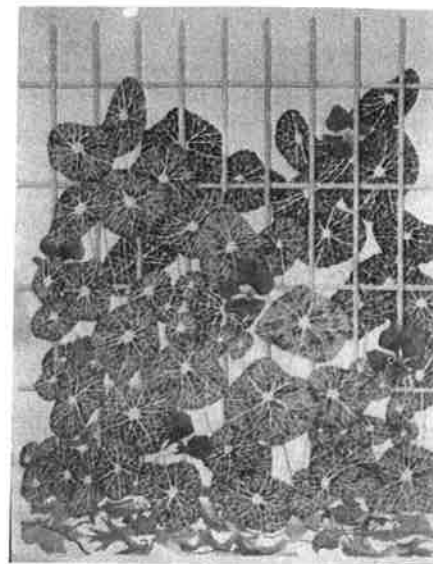
Typical, isn't it! In year 7, or back then "Form 1," don't you remember venting your frustrations on the wall because of the lack of a suitable medium for your opinions? 1976, what a year, eh? Now in 1981, they, the painters, are coming to remove our immortal words of wisdom. Remember the old code? "F..k" meant we want sex education; "KISS" meant give us contemporary music in our music classes. "Hutch" demanded individuality in the over-crowded impersonal classes (Note: "Hutch" is unique to C.H.S.). " $1 + 2 = 4$ " proclaims that we need a school computer, and you know the others.

Who will remember us in the years to come, and our fight for identity? There are not many of us left but our battle is still going on to replace the obsolete with the practical, the new? We were fighters, but like soldiers will only receive our reward when we are gone. The ones who follow us will have a gay work environment, but they will not remember the suffering that the rooms, before, had held.

We can only hope that those who follow will appreciate the second coming of the forces of beauty and light as much as we missed them. This is a final attempt to erect a memorial to the victims of the Eraser Gang-the class of 81.

P.J. Goldberg

Sari Kallbacka!



Glenda Broadbent

## GLIMPSES OF MY MIND

I could sit staring at the pictures on the wall forever and I still wouldn't be able to make you understand what is wrong.

I've tried everything: God, telepathy, explanations, arguing, hating, melodramatics, even cool indifference, but nothing works because you don't see or hear anything I say.

The trouble with you is that you're so sure that you are right. You think that because of seniority, experience and maturity, you know how to look after my (best) interests better than I do. But what really gets me is how you won't even disguise your ideas or opinions to make me feel as if I'm making my own decisions. No, you're not smart enough to think of that.

You occasionally tell me that you love me, yet you don't hear me crying to myself at night; you can't perceive when I need you most and you can't tell when I'm depressed or angry inside. Oh, but you can tell when I'm feeling sick. You can almost sympathetically detect physical grievances, but you cannot read my mind. Why is it that you can be so concerned about the cover when it is damaged but you can't feel the hurt inside from your unconscious rejections? Love should be able to break down barriers of ignorance. Why can't yours?

Is it me you're worried about or what I represent? I thought maybe it was just our difference in ages, but whenever I make suggestions you can only say no. You haven't anything to offer as a consolation and you feel that at this crucial point in my life you cannot afford to compromise.

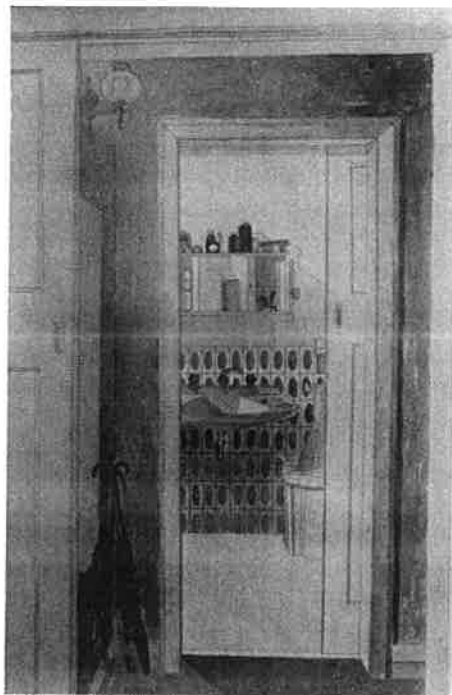
The mistake you made was in not realising that I am just a mirror of you and that you only have to look inside yourself to know why we disagree. Don't think about what you couldn't do when you were my age; just remember how you felt when, at seventeen, you thought you knew everything and how your desire for freedom and independence strangled and disillusioned you until everything else lost its meaning. Remember how you felt when you thought you didn't need any more help and you'll know how I feel when I hear my decisions coming from you instead of me. Only I can tell myself I am wrong. No one else can do it for me.

K. Lacombe

# TWELVE

## PRAYER

Like a rolling stone,  
 not gathering moss,  
 My world careers at break neck speed,  
 Unrelentlessly to the c  
     i  
     f  
     f  
     s edge  
 And what lies beyond the brink?  
 GOD ONLY KNOWS  
 I pray that it is TIME.  
 TIME . . . the land of "hope and glory".  
 The place of peace and rest,  
 The Eden of green grass,  
 Where I can lie naked.  
 But oh! It may not be TIME!!  
 It could be Society Part II.  
 If so, what will I do then?  
 GOD ONLY KNOWS!!  
 So don't bug me, Mum.  
 Hey! Hey You!  
 Yes, you, God!  
 Answer me. Please!!



Glenda Broadbent



Bronwyn Potter

## NO MONEY, I'LL... — LIFE

I  
 Homework, uniform, petty rules,  
 Rain on the way to school.  
 Speaking cigarettes,  
 Teenage love,  
 School!

No money, Whoever said  
 That money doesn't buy happiness,  
 Must have some—  
 Because money is necessary  
 for cigarettes, tram fares  
 and other means of escape from reality.  
 I think I'll leave school and go to work—  
 No homework; lots of money.

II  
 The dole-office smells of stale cigarettes,  
 The queue is not long but slow moving.  
 No jobs, not for someone with 5th form,  
 I think I'll go home and get drunk,  
 No, I can't do that — no money.  
 Telly's broken down,  
 But there is nothing wrong watching anyway.

III  
 I've got a job!  
 It's only a job as a shop assistant but...  
 money at last!

Peak hour traffic, crowded trams,  
 Rain on the way to work.  
 Mindless, boring, rude people,  
 Buying useless, badly made, overpriced goods  
 My mind's going stale—but I've got money!

Everybody's at uni; they have no money.  
 The people that have.  
 Are the mindless people I work with.  
 All my friends at uni are enjoying their  
 poverty-stricken existence.  
 I think I'll go back to school.  
 I'd rather have good conversations than  
 money

IV  
 Homework, uniform, petty rules.  
 Peak hour traffic, crowded trams.  
 House-work, curlers, screaming kids.

LIFE!

Doone Clifton

## CHOICE

She winced with pain as she jabbed. The needle pierced the skin of inner arm that was marked with spots. The tender flesh was red, it was throbbing, and to her it seemed full of holes. Finally she lay back and watched the light through her eyelashes. She saw the spectrum of colours and marvelled at the way she became detached from the revolving ball of life. It was as if all the world had stopped while she caught up with her thoughts. She was content in this bliss that was too seldom had. She loved to lie alone away from life in suspension. She had found peace as Jackie said she would, though it was her own special peace and no one else's. She was an individual, yet she faced similar problems to all others. She went to school, Ouch yes. It was a "good school" where all the "right people" went. She mixed with cultured society and, of course, she would be a successful Arts student; but best of all, she always did what Mummy and Daddy said, like a good daughter.

"Oh, Screw them," she exploded, and slowly, unwillingly, she realised her utopia had popped like a balloon. She reached for the syringe and restored her sensation. She knew in the back of her mind that she was getting close to the point of OD. She smiled and pursued the possibility further. After all, death was inevitable, it had to be encountered sometime. Why not invite it in? Leave the world while she could before she became trapped in her misery? She knew the answer, it had always been the same. Yes; she would love to, but she was scared. She knew her weakness, though this time it seemed different. She seemed more capable, more certain. She was rebelling. She wanted to leave. She loved her peace too much to leave it behind. She couldn't change the world but she could change herself. Yes, the idea of eternal peace, true freedom and separation did appeal to her. All that was preventing her was the will-power to pick up the needle and endure momentary pain for the everlasting release from pain.

Suddenly she was interrupted by a step on the stairs — her mother! Horror! Dinner's ready. She sat up, froze and panicked. The mind ran. Suffering or freedom? Suffering or freedom? Suffering or freedom? The question grew as if to explode. The voice within was screaming, the brain was stretching the skull and her hands twitched like a rabbit in a trap. Then, before she knew, she had the point poised, a dagger against war. She blinked, realised her act and with truth drove it home. Subconsciously she withdrew the empty instrument, reclined again and concentrated with passion upon the colours, the colours of her world to come . . .

Today she lies in a bed in hospital. Her mother is glad they found her in time. Now there is a hope they can bring her back. The expenses are great but she "had loved life" and was going to be a "success". In the meanwhile she lies motionless, a corpse suspended between two worlds, wanting release but still obeying.

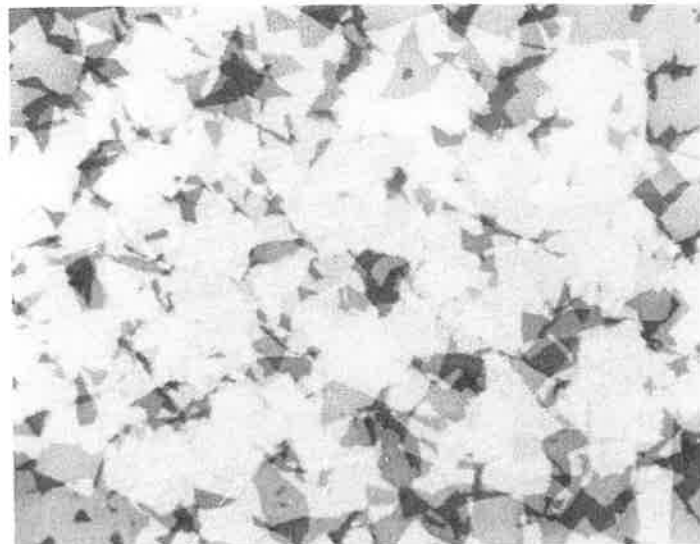


Bronwyn Potter Yr. 12

## FALLING ASLEEP...

On the brink of flowing dreamland,  
Hanging in suspension.  
Breathing in rhythm,  
Sleep sweeping  
Taking over,  
Gradually, naturally  
Pleasing  
Softly diffused  
By the pounding of the heart  
The day's thoughts thawing  
Wearing away.  
Sleep is so warm.

Janet Harmer 10A



Yanni Florence Yr. 11

# SENIOR CAMPS



**YEAR 11 BIOLOGY CAMP**



We went on a biology camp. It was really good fun. Then we came home.

Between leaving that Wednesday morning, September 9th, and returning the following Friday, many exciting, educational, painful and tiring things occurred. We 38 biology enthusiasts (?) and 3 patient teachers enjoyed a trip not to be remembered without pain for many centuries to come.

Wednesday held many wonderful surprises. We studied thrilling ecological systems in Sherbrooke Forest, and then with the much appreciated aid of Harry our biology guide, we (especially Gabie Kreuer) encountered the wonder and putrid smells of a mangrove swamp near Tooradin.

Camp Buxton was our residence at Shoreham where the food was great and the beds were single.

Thursday took us to the beach to investigate the vegetation of a sand dune region. During an innocent game on the beach, Anne McKinstry managed to investigate the sand at close range as if suddenly someone had attacked her, dislodging part of her leg. She survived and is (to our detriment) alive and screaming as usual.

That afternoon the crab population of Shoreham was disturbed as we warily collected, counted, sexed and defined them. Later, Kate Sutherland very suicidally lodged her fingers in a closing door, sending pain and horror to the hearts of us all — especially Kate's.

On Friday, we energetically threw ourselves into catching creepy things from a very wet pond to look at under microscopes.

With the whisk of a broom, the floors were swept and in a cloud of dust and smelly bus-type fumes, the Year 11 biologists of CHS were gone from Shoreham and the indignant crabs on the beach.

Multitudinous thanks are duly issued to Mrs Hazlett, Mr Smith and Mrs Bellairs for being so . . . so nice. However, they should learn to go to bed earlier Thursday nights.

love, David Gray 11C

## SENIOR SKI CAMP

Due to an error in someone's handwriting, the 1981 Senior Ski Camp started half an hour late. However, the students' enthusiasm did not suffer in the least as a result of this, and after a four-hour trip that had us at Mt Buller by 10.30 a.m. we were even more rarin' to go. Typical of the technical excellence normally associated with Camberwell High students, it was only a short time before we went careering down slopes on bottoms and faces, with and without skin.

Not unexpectedly, the weather for the four days (17th-20th August inclusive) wasn't particularly good. The sun came out for the first measurable length of time as we left the mountain on the last day. But few people had time to look at the sky; we were too busy making sure that our skis didn't run us into someone. Nowhere was this more prominent than around the immediate area of Lisa Dedman who, as fate would have it, won the \*Most Improved Female Skier Award\* on the trip home.

There were many minor mishaps, and a few not so minor. Georgia Butters gave an impressive performance as a snow goose, flying over a small cliff into a creek. Not to be outdone, however, was Helen Millicer whose portrayal of a fiddler crab digging herself into a snow drift won her the efforts of some well muscled men who had to dig her out again.

We stayed nights at the Alzburg Lodge in Mansfield. We were in male and female dorms of eight to ten people each. Since there were two other school groups and various other people staying at the lodge, the food was not of the high standard usually expected by lodgers at the Alzburg. There was a drying room at the lodge where we put our usually wet and cold ski gear; the gear was picked up in the morning, wet and warm. After a day's skiing, we were also able to use the sauna and spa, with plenty of time to relax accumulated aches and pains.

This report can be summed up thus: skiing is worth the trouble of **anything**, at least in my opinion. For all the cold, all the accidents and annoyance of other skiers at our relative incompetence, we came out skiing better and enjoying it more than we thought we would after the first day. I hope that goes for everybody who went. Many thanks go to, in order of medicinal value, Miss Bays, Mr Pollard, Mrs Hazlett, Miss Champ and Mr Carter, for organising the trip and keeping us out of trouble with the local yokels.

Mark Hislop, Year 12



# CLUB REPORTS

## SCIENCE CLUB

Science club began this term originally for year 8 and then we invited year 9 to join. We've been doing experiments in chemistry, and looking at various materials under the microscope. Mr. Coombs gave an interesting talk on the Voyager II's orbiting of Jupiter.

Next we are going to learn about lenses and telescopes. We all thank Mrs. Burgess and Mr. Coombs for giving up their lunchtimes to make the club a success.

## S.R.C. REPORT

The 1981-82 Students Representative Council (S.R.C.) was elected at the beginning of second term. An enthusiastic sixteen members from all year levels set out to improve the quality of life for the students of C.H.S.

Amongst the projects undertaken this year were the continuation of film screening after school and a very successful lunch-time concert by "The Ears": both of which proved to be very popular. As the green windcheaters can now be worn as part of the school uniform a further two orders were run this year.

This year the S.R.C. are organising the Junior Social, which is to be held during third term. There was to have been a Senior Social as well, however, due to lack of student support, this was cancelled. I.D. cards, their materialisation unfortunately delayed until second term, have been issued and will provide students with identification, enabling them to obtain discounts ranging from haircuts to stationery. The S.R.C. have also obtained the old drama area, adjacent to the canteen, as the Year 12 common-room.

The S.R.C. would like to thank the students for their enthusiastic support, Mr Collins, Miss Pattison, the office staff, our projectionists, the cleaning staff and all the teachers who assisted throughout the year, without whose support the year would not have been so successful.

President: P. Goldberg (12)  
Vice-

President: H. Millicer (12)

Treasurer: M. Hislop (12)

Secretary: M. Frere (11)

Others: D. Gasden (12), L. Dedman (11), R. Goldberg (11), Y. Florence (11), A. Khan (10), P. Koetsier (10), S. Odgers (9), G. Voumard (9), R. Ashby (8), G. Sutherland (8), A. Anselmo (7), P. Kefford (7).

## GYM CLUB

The response to Gym Club this year has been excellent, especially amongst the Year 7 and 8 students. We have seen, for the first time, the participation of boys in the club, and there shall hopefully be an inter-form boys' competition in addition to the girls' one.

As well as inter-form competitions, an inter-school competition will be held at the Whitehorse Group level, although this is for girls only. Most Gym Club members will be competing in this, and at present we are learning the sets to be performed.

In closing, I would like to take the opportunity to thank Mrs Berry for her support, as without it Gymn Club would not be possible.

## Australian Mathematics Competition 1981

A prize was gained by Jeffrey Sidell, of Year Seven, twenty-one students throughout the school obtained Distinctions, and thirty-four Credits were awarded.

## OUTDOORS CLUB '81

This year's Outdoors Club has been rather irregular but somehow immensely worthwhile. Attendance hasn't been particularly overwhelming. There are about six "regular" students out of the whole school. Miss Champ's desperate efforts of organisation have been beneficial for those in attendance.

The year has been highlighted with a white-water canoe film showing various techniques and an interesting cold water survival film. Regular discussions and first-aid sessions have broadened the education of those in attendance. We hope in the future that with some fresh enthusiasm coming from new members the Club will continue with more regularity and still continue with its interest.

ALL NEW MEMBERS WELCOME!

D. Todd Year 10



## FENCING REPORT

Once again our Fencing Club has shown great enthusiasm. Many Year 7 students are participating as well as all other year levels. As known, we meet on Tuesday mornings at the gym from 8.15 to 8.45. An honourable thank you must go to John McKinstry who comes to coach and assist us every Tuesday morning. Another thank you is to Anne McKinstry.

We have finally started entering the Victorian Schools Fencing Competitions on Sundays. Our first entrant was Andrew O'Grady, 8C. We have since progressed and entered three further teams in future competitions.

Various students attend out of school Fencing Clubs, thus increasing their experience in this sport.

But of course all this would not have been possible without the valuable help, assistance and coaching given by Miss Champ, and it is through her efforts that we have continued to gain our achievements.

Andrea Abrahams 10M

## THE ROYAL RETREAT!

It is a typical Friday lunchtime as I walk along the poorly lit corridor, the fluorescent tubes flickering overhead. Munching can be heard from the general-office and the screams of the uninitiated from outside, as I turn and stop at the threshold of "The Room". I hear the clip, silence, clomp, silence...Somebody's already at it. Must be O.T. and A.B.; they're a couple of keen ones.

I am right; it is O.T. and A.B.; this is their twenty-second conflict for their year. I place my load on the table, sit and watch a fascinating struggle. The quiet of the room is soon broken as the foot-steps of J.S. shatter the clip-clomp silence, his nervous little Year 7 body, ready and waiting for his forthcoming confrontation. He takes his equipment from the table and assembles it at a suitable distance from the others. The clip-silence-clomp-silence is then resumed.

D.G. pops his head in the door to announce that again he cannot participate due to his musical interests. J.S. is soon occupied with M.R., while D.L. and G.H. make their erratic movements in the corner, KxR. How could M.R. miss it? O.T. and A.B. are now finished and their outcome noted the book P-QB. Why didn't I think of it? O.T. has begun another encounter with the newly arrived P.Z., K.T. and Z.B. Clever, but could cause later problems. A.B. is watching D.Y. and T.W.'s battle, hypnotised by the symmetry of the crusade P-KK†7. What a mean fork! The bell rings, and the rivals hurry to achieve the inevitable climaxes of their struggle-check-mate!

Peter Goldberg (P.G.)

## LIBRARY

The Library Committee meets regularly for lunch and the other day jotted down a few general comments:

We strive for improvement.

The committee can prove useful to everybody.

The students may ask questions and express ideas and criticism.

The committee is a bridge between staff and students.

We need new members.

We have discussed many questions relating to the library.

Where possible we have organised lunch time activities.

The group has done much to make the library a more interesting place and will continue to do so.

It is good to be able to influence what happens, as suggestions for new books are made from time to time.

We are often able to see new items which come into the library and we are able to tell others about them.

Open Day saw many members of the library committee actively engaged in demonstrating equipment in the library. These students were able to assist parents and visitors to see over the library.

There was a splendid display of a model railway layout that a group of enthusiasts had brought to the school for Open Day, and it certainly proved a drawcard for our many visitors. These same students met on a semi-regular basis for some time afterwards.



## PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Photography Club is there for anyone who wants to learn how to use a camera and print his/her own photos. When you go on holidays you can borrow a school camera to take pictures of where you have been and what you did. We are grateful to Mrs. Wantrup and Mr. Sgro for organizing the Club and for taking up their spare time for the Photography Club.

Ingrid Van Wyck 7C

# SHORT STORY

# "JAMES"

James stared intently at his sister as she painted on her make-up.

"Where are you going?" he asked

"Out," she answered, immediately regretting the angry tone.

"Who with,?" James persisted.

"Don't be so nosey." James' sister swung around and pushed him aside as she left the bathroom. James followed.

"Look kid," she turned on him, "I just want to get out of the house for a few hours with my friends, O.K.? Don't perster me. I won't be late." Taking the keys from the sideboard she opened the front door,

"Really, Jim, I won't be late. Cheer up!" She closed the door quietly behind her.

James ran to the door and clung to the handle, collapsing in a heap on the floor.

"Sally," he screamed, and then in a whisper, "Oh Sally . . ." Tears streamed down James' face and his body was racked with sobs. Soon the weeping softened and James slept.

When he awoke the house was dark. James stood up and stretched, stiff from sleeping on the hard wooden boards.

"Sally.!" he called, "Sal-". James cut himself short remembering the earlier trauma.

He went to the livingroom and turned on the television. Don Lane was saying how great his next show was going to be. James switched the television off and went to the kitchen. Opening the fridge he found a half bottle of milk, a loaf of bread and some margarine. James took the bread and margarine out and put them on the bench. He found some peanut butter and made a sandwich. Hungrily James gobbled down the sandwich without bothering to cut it or use a plate.

James walked down the hall to his sister's bedroom and turned on the light. Discarded clothes and shoes, evidence of earlier indecision, were strewn around the room. The bed was unmade and there was a thin film of dust covering the bookshelves and the windowsill.

James went to bed and lay on it. He had been there. James sat up disgusted by the smell of 'him.' 'He' had lain there with his sister and hurt her. James thumped the pillow 'he' had lain on.

On Sally's bedside table he saw a photograph. It was 'him.' James picked up the photograph and took it out of the frame. Under the photograph was another one; it was a picture of James.

"Your photo even covers mine," James sneered. He took a pair of nail scissors from Sally's bedside table and meticulously cut up 'his' photo. Gathering the tiny pieces together, James took them to the livingroom and threw them in an empty ashtray. He went to the kitchen and opened a drawer, looking for matches.

In the drawer was a long, sharp knife. The lacquered, wooden handle seemed to beckon James and the gleaming blade drew him towards it. Mesmerised, James reached out and touched the blade with his finger, but pulled away sharply, as if he'd received an electric shock.

"No . . . no . . ." James shook the idea from his head. Further back in the drawer were the matches. He took them to the livingroom. James lit the pieces of "his" photograph.

"I hate you," James hissed through his teeth, "Bum, die. I hate you." With a hint of a smile, James watched the pyre burn. Completely satisfied that "his" picture was in ashes, he turned off the light and walked down the hall to his bedroom, next to Sally's.

The bedroom was bare: there were no rugs on the cold, wooden floor. The bed was carefully made and the room was tidy and dust free. James took off his clothes, neatly folding them and placing them on an old chair in the corner of the room. He turned off the light then, feeling his way blindly in the darknes, stumbled over to his bed and climbed under the covers. It was cold in his bedroom and James lay shivering, listening to the thunderstorm brewing outside.

The storm broke. James woke in a cold sweat, terrified. He'd had that vivid, frightening nightmare. Tonight wasn't the first time he'd relived the horrifying incident. It had been a similar night when the accident happened.

Over and over James had seen the rain beating on the windscreen; the blinding headlights coming towards them; screeching brakes; shattering glass; screams and shouts of pain; and the blood, splattered around the car, on the road, on James!

James sat up and rocked back and forth, the sways becoming more and more intense. Visions kept tearing through his mind, shattering his consciousness. He couldn't stand it any more; the pain was unbearable. James grabbed his head, trying to rip the memory out of his brain.

"Mum!" The scream momentarily disturbed the silent house. "Mum!" Again the outcry seemed to penetrate the walls, gone almost before the word had left his lips.

Uncontrollably, James' mind raced back to the accident. He had watched as men took his parents away on stretchers. They were covered by sheets. Blood-stains had slowly spread on the sheets where they touched open wounds.

Sally had been there too. Someone found their phone number, and Sally came with "him." She stood beside James with her hands on his shoulders, trying to comfort him. They watched as their parents were driven away in an ambulance. They didn't turn the siren on; there wasn't any need. Sally and James never

saw their parents again.

James got out of bed and turned on the light. He went to his bookcase. On top was a small photograph stuck on a piece of cardboard—he picked it up and took it to his bed. The four of them were in the photo: mum, dad, James and Sally. James softly caressed his mother's face with his fingertips; then he brought the photo up to his lips and lovingly kissed her. Holding the photo close to his heart, James rocked to and fro searching for comfort. When he had calmed himself James carefully replaced the photograph, turned off the light and quietly went back to his bed.

Sally's drunken giggles and fumbles for the door key woke James for the second time that night. 'He' was there too, 'he' was probably staying the night again. James heard them go into Sally's bedroom, laughing and giggling. James sneered and jealous, angry tears sprang to his eyes.

The bed was creaking and Sally was moaning. James sat up; 'he' was hurting Sally again. James' mind worked fast, planning and preparing. He filled his school case with his dearest possessions. When he was dressed, James took the photo from the bookcase and carefully placed it in his breast pocket. It was his protection, like a lady's scarf to a knight.

James turned off his bedroom light and opened the door. Passing Sally's door he heard more moans and shouts. James was nearly physically sick. He closed his eyes, swallowed hard and crept down the hall to the front door. He unlocked the door and put his case beside it, then went back up the hall to the kitchen.

James' heart was pounding and sweat was dripping from his forehead into his eyes. He fumbled in the dark and opened the drawer. Even in the dimness the knife

managed to catch some moonlight and gleam attractively. Shaking, James took the knife in his hand; he ran the fore-finger of his other hand along the back of the blade. He shuddered.

Sally's moans intensified. James gripped the handle of the knife until his knuckles turned white. He ran quickly to Sally's bedroom. He hesitated at the door, but only for a moment. He flung the door open and switched on the light.

'He' was on top of Sally, crushing and hurting her. Teeth clenched, James raised the knife above 'his' bare back. He sneered with disgust.

"I hate you!" James drove the knife into 'his' flesh, deeper and deeper. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!" James stabbed and stabbed, until 'his' back was a bloody mess of torn flesh. James stopped and let the knife drop.

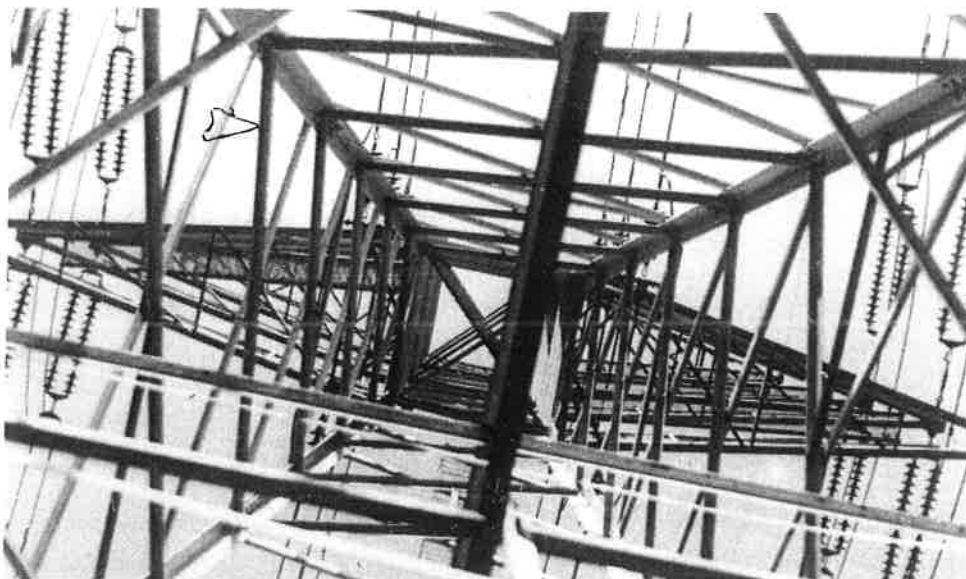
Sally had fainted. She lay limply under 'his' lifeless body. James cupped his bloodied hands around Sally's face.

"Good-bye." He kissed her. Emotionally exhausted, James staggered from the bedroom, tears stinging his eyes. He picked up his case and opened the front door. James saw his hands were covered in blood; he wiped them on his jeans.

James looked behind him as he left. He saw the house he'd lived in all his life, the house he'd grown up in, the place where he was leaving his childhood behind. So many good memories were stored in those walls. James bit his lip and tried to hold back the tears. He swallowed hard.

"Good-bye," he whispered. James turned and closed the door quietly behind him.

Gina Pederick



Anne McKinstry Yr. 11

## YEAR 12 AWARDS

### Subject Prizes

Accounting:	Mary Ann Patrick
Chemistry:	Ong Henn Sheng
Economics:	Foo Meng Liang Wilson
Home Economics — Human Development & Society:	Alison McDonald (shared)
Applied Mathematics:	Fung Cheong Veng Wilson
General Mathematics:	David Gadsden
Pure Mathematics:	Diane Brown
Physics:	Teh Kok Guan
French:	Yong Koi Wah Derek
Music:	Belinda Nemec
Art:	Glenda Broadbent
Biology:	
Home Economics — Human Development & Society:	
English:	Jenny Brown
English Literature:	
Pure Mathematics:	

### Principal's Prize

awarded for all-round contribution to the life of the School

Helen Millicer

### General Awards

For outstanding contributions to the life of the School, in the following areas:

Fencing Club:	Andrea Abrahams, Anne McKinstry
Library Committee:	Brian Cuskrin
Magazine Committee:	David Gadsden, Peter Goldberg
School Music:	David Gadsden
Students' Representative Council:	Lisa Dedman, Marion Frere, David Gadsden, Mark Hislop, Peter Goldberg, Helen Millicer

### Photography Competition Awards

Prizes:	Yanni Florence, Mark Hislop
Encouragement Award:	Marion Frere

## YEAR 11 AWARDS

### Faculty Awards

Commerce:	Dana Adomaitis, Jane Gerrish
Humanities:	Clancy Briggs, Marion Frere, Belinda Robson
Science:	Anita Bruns, Suresh Sundram
Women's Auxiliary Bursary:	Belinda Moody



# Autographs





C.H.S.

THE  
AUSTRALIAN  
POCKET  
OXFORD  
DICTIONARY

