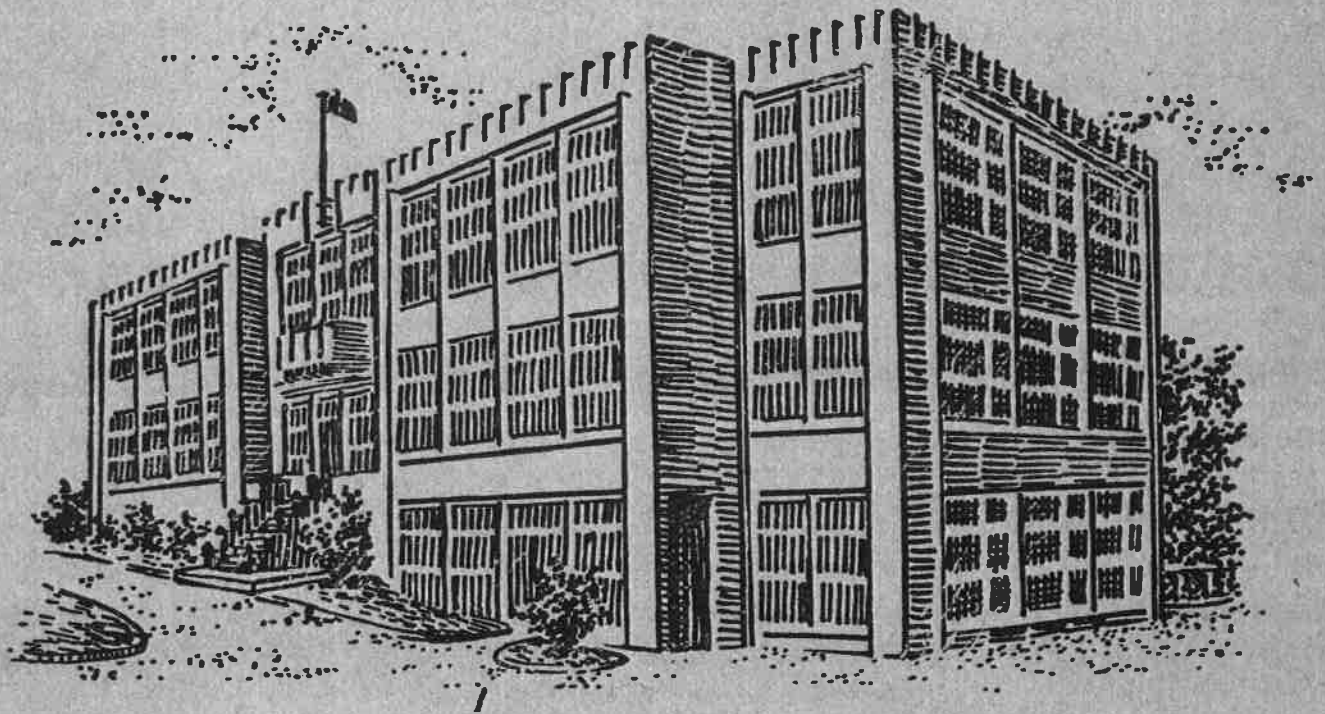


Camberwell
HIGH SCHOOL



PROSPICE

December, 1958



Prospice

Magazine of the
CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL
1958

"PROSPICE" COMMITTEE

Editors: Lynette Wilcox, Nathan Moshinsky.

Sport: Judith Firth, David Weeks.

Art: Susan Fisch, John Martin.

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Brian Blanksby.

Current Events: Susan White, Richard Spicer

Activities: Louise Thorne, Donald Ellis.

Form Representatives: P. Rushton, B. Wilson,
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E. Rosner, W. Gilbert, G. Marchant, A. Eltham,
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CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

HEAD MASTER

Mr. W. R. Andrews, B.Sc., B.Ed.

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

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MISTRESSES

Miss L. G. Trickett, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss M. G. Dooley, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss M. E. I. Moore, B.Sc., B.Ed.; Miss E. M. Crane, T.T.C., 2nd year Arts; Miss A. E. Webb, B.A., Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. H. M. Waten, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.; Miss S. J. Knowles, T.S.T.C. (Arts & Crafts); Miss H. J. Issett, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.; Miss R. M. Clark, M.A., Dip.Ed., Prelim. Cert. Lib. A.A.; Miss M. Pettitt, B.A., A.T.T.I.; Dr. G. Huttner, Ph.D., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. D. Corridon, B.A., Dip.Ed. (till June); Mrs. G. Hurnall; Mrs. M. Dawkins, T.P.T.C. (1st term); Mrs. E. Egan, T.S.T.C. (Arts & Crafts) (till July); Mrs. M. Conochie, B.Sc. (1st term); Mrs. B. R. Levy, B.Sc.; Mrs. F. Higgs, T.T.C. (Man.Arts), D.T.S.C. (since July); Mrs. E. J. Cliff, T.C. (since April); Mrs. B. D. Gray, Dip.Ed. (since May).

PREFECTS

Girls: Beverley Blight (Head), Margaret Cowan, Judith Firth, Susan Fisch, Isabel Geyer, Heather Glastonbury, Barbara Rennie, Susan Roddick, Jennifer Winford.
Boys: Brian Blanksby (Head), Gary Bucknell, Donald Collie, Peter Gallus, Ian Jenkin, Brian Maley, Kempson Mayberry, David Weeks, Anthony Willing.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Churchill: Betty Veitch, Antony Everingham.
MacArthur: Gail Samblebe, James Turnbull.
Montgomery: Barbara Arnold, John O'Hara.
Roosevelt: Jeanette Anderson, Geoffrey French.

FORM CAPTAINS

Via: Lynette Young. **Vib:** Robin Crocker. **Va:** Oenone Lovitt. **Vb:** Elizabeth Mauger.
Vc: Ralph Hill. **Vd:** Graham Morris. **IVa:** Brian Robinson. **IVb:** Jennifer Livingstone.
IVc: Judith Fyfe, Graham Anselmi. **IVd:** Gwyneth Thompson, Peter Hotchin. **IIIa:** Rowena While, Barry Guy. **IIIb:** Dawn Easton. **IIIc:** Robert Miles. **IIId:** Sandra Cook. **IIIe:** Gundas Tilmanis. **IIa:** Elizabeth Roddick, Douglas Fox. **IIb:** Lois Barton, Bruce Burton. **Ia:** Patricia Lloyd, Raymond Gill. **Ib:** Cherry Walter, Robert Harrison.

HEAD MASTER'S PAGE



It has been an interesting experience to return, after an absence of five years, as headmaster of this school, and to note the developments that have taken place during that period. In respect to the scope of the education provided, the major development has been the establishment of matriculation classes, and it is remarkable that although these classes have been in existence for only three years, they include, this year, over one hundred students, a number that is exceeded by only three of our State high schools. Although some of these students have entered from other schools and from overseas, the great majority has moved up from our lower forms, and it is very gratifying to find that parents and pupils are realizing the value of the full school course.

In respect to the buildings, the main development has been the construction of the extensions at each end of the upper storey of the main building to provide two additional large rooms, one of which now houses a very fine library, while the other has been furnished and equipped as a spacious art and crafts room. Although these additions were provided by the Education Department, the parents, through the leadership of the Advisory Council and backed by the Parents' Association, have played their part by raising funds for the gymnasium sports pavilion, the first stage of which was completed about two years ago, and the second stage of which was commenced this year.

PROSPICE

The results obtained at the public and matriculation examinations have been described by the Board of Secondary Inspectors as being of very high standard, and are a tribute to the skill and scholarship of the staff and to the industry and interest of the students.

Thus in these three aspects, tangible evidence of undoubted development and progress exists, but achievement in the vitally important field of moral and social matters does not lend itself to simple assessment. The school, however, does set great store on the training of character and on endeavouring to strengthen it in as many ways as possible. With this thought in mind, I would say to our boys and girls, and particularly to those who are about to leave school, that while doubtless you have all increased your factual knowledge while at school, I hope you have also learned to think more clearly and dispassionately, for there are many vital problems that will face you in the world beyond the school, and which will require the exercise of your powers of intellect. In particular, I suggest that you ask yourself the questions:— Am I leaving school a better person than on my entry? Have I acquired more self-control and discipline? Am I more ready to co-operate and work with others for a common good and not for my own selfish desires? Have I learned to scorn evil and wrongdoing? If you can answer these questions in the affirmative, then the school may claim a measure of achievement in this field, too, since it acts on the belief that there are absolutes in behaviour and conduct,— that truth and honesty and right are permanent ideals to provide direction for personal development.

R. W. ANDREWS.

The years pass, and with their passing, the school grows in stature and repute. This high standard is due in no small measure to the capable and inspiring leadership of the men who have guided its destiny since its opening in 1941.

This year, we extend a welcome to our new Headmaster, Mr. R. W. Andrews, who comes back to us from Dandenong High School. Mr. Andrews, as Headmaster of this school from 1948-1952, was well-known to many parents and members of staff, as a very capable and kindly administrator, with high ideals. A new generation of pupils appreciates his kindness, firmness, attention to detail, and the keen interest he takes in their welfare. Parents, staff and pupils all combine in wishing Mr. Andrews a further happy period as Headmaster of this school.

—L.T.

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"PROSPICE" COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): B. Blanksby, R. Welsh, B. Wilson.

Second Row: B. Morton, A. Eltham, G. Marchant, D. Savage, W. Gilbert, D. Ellis, W. Goodenough, G. Gardiner, I. Clarke.

Third Row: I. Bilney, K. Ireland, C. Hummfray, W. Dabourne, L. Thorne, A. Curry, P. Rushton, S. White, E. Rosner.

Front Row: S. Fisch, B. Blight, J. Firth, L. Wilcox (co-editor), Miss Clark, N. Moshinsky (co-editor), D. Weeks, R. Spicer, J. Martin.

EDITORIAL

Originating from the Latin root "to look forth," "Prospice," the name of our school magazine, carries a message of life assertion. When we "look forth," we express a belief that life is good, and that it can be made better.

In recent years, some have denounced optimism as an irrational attitude of mind. It is understandable that in an age when civilization is threatened with extinction, pessimism should prevail. However, this is unhealthy, for it destroys man's faith in himself, and thus progress is halted and society undermined. Moreover, psychologists have shown that extreme pessimism may lead to mental illness. Dr. Johnson said that "It is worth a thousand pounds a year, to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things."

Optimism does not mean, as some have imagined, that one refuses to face evil and declares that everything is going well. The optimist will denounce sin, and, if necessary, will declare as strongly as any pessimist that calamity lies ahead; but unlike the pessimist, he will adopt a policy of courage and realize that a dauntless spirit need never be overcome.

"Prospice" also suggests an attitude of toleration. To "look forth" the mind must be open to change. This implies a readiness to see the other point of view. No one can doubt that if we were more broad-minded in personal and international affairs, we would lead a richer life.

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Byron once said that, "All who joy would win must share it. Happiness is born a twin."

Bentham said that the chief purpose of life is the pursuit of happiness, and the service of mankind its highest form. Thus, if we are to "look forth" courageously and cheerfully, we shall be concerned primarily with the welfare of others, thus fulfilling our school motto, "Disco consulere aliis" (I am learning to be thoughtful of others).

*Lynette Wilcox, Nathan Moshinsky,
Editors.*



EXCHANGES

The Editors acknowledge with pleasure receipt of magazines from the following schools: Alexandra H.S., Bacchus Marsh H.S., Balwyn H.S., Belmont H.S., Bendigo H.S., Box Hill H.S., Camberwell Girls' Secondary School, Carey B.G.S., Coburg H.S., Corryong H.S., Dandenong H.S., Drouin H.S., Eltham H.S., Essendon H.S., Euroa H.S., Fintona G.S., Geelong H.S., Glenroy H.S., Hampton H.S., Heidelberg H.S., Leongatha H.S., MacRobertson G.H.S., Melbourne H.S., Melbourne H.S. Old Boys' Assn., Methodist Ladies' College, Mildura H.S., Northcote H.S., Ringwood H.S., St. Albans H.S., Scotch College, Shepparton H.S., Sunshine H.S., Swan Hill H.S., Trinity G.S., University H.S., Wangaratta H.S., Warracknabeal H.S., Warragul H.S., Waverley H.S., Williamstown H.S., Yallourn H.S.

PROSPICE

VALE!

At the close of this year, we shall say farewell to Miss Trickett as our Senior Mistress.

Miss Trickett came to us at the beginning of 1955, when the school had been without the influence of a permanent Senior Mistress for a year. Immediately, the school felt the impact of her forceful personality, which she has exerted to maintain a high standard of conduct among the girls of her charge, as well as caring for their personal comfort in such matters as summer uniform and sports attire.

In general, the school has benefited greatly by her close supervision of Mathematics throughout all classes, and by her detailed study of the scholastic needs of each pupil for his or her appropriate course, whether during his school career or in later life.

We know that MacRobertson High School will be the richer for her influence in every part of school life, and we extend to her our best wishes for her work there.—E.M.

SCHOOL DIARY

February 4: We return to school wondering what fate lies ahead of us. We meet our new Headmaster, Mr. Andrews.

March 5: Inter-House Swimming Sports, and MacArthur paddles to victory.

March 10: Form V goes on a Geography excursion to Yarra Falls Worsted Mills.

March 20: Inter-School Swimming Sports. Fourth and last!

March 21: First Round Table Conference for senior forms at school.

March 27: Caps on, lads!

April 1: First Youth Concert.

April 2: Second Round Table Conference for boys at M.L.C. They say it was most enjoyable.

April 4: We leave school on an Easter-egg-eating break.

April 9: We return, reluctantly!

April 10: The first announcement about "Quality Street."

April 11: The first baseball practice for our first Baseball team.

April 18: Rowing regatta. Camberwell wins the trophy. Cheers for the crews and Mr. Aikman and Mr. Begbie!

April 23: Prefects' Installation. Also: "I think I'd better start studying."

April 24: Teachers' revenge begins . . .

May 1: . . . and ends. "But everyone fails first term, Dad!"

May 12: Mr. Hobill is trapped "until death us do part."

May 14: Prefects' Social. Well done, Ian!

May 16: Much-needed holidays begin.

May 17: Marriage seems to spread like a disease; today Mr. Keene leaves bachelorhood.

May 27: We return to our toils; no rest for the wicked! Gym. alterations have begun.

May 30: Sensation in Religion Instruction! Girls turn up in slacks for Biology excursion.

June 12: Peace, perfect peace! Public address system breaks down.

June 19: VI Form Literature class sees "Cry, the Beloved Country."

June 24: The Cross Country "Run"—enough said!

July 2: Sporting elite go to social at MacRobertson High School.

July 16-17: "Quality Street" a great success! — and the ticket money balanced!

July 28: Churchill's merry minstrels win the House Choral Festival.

August 1: French VI Form class see "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

August 6: Exams again!

August 15: Correction day. An uneasy holiday for all except Form V who enjoy themselves at the snow (?).

August 21: Open day. A gala performance.

August 25: VI Literature class see "Hamlet" film; a critical audience!

August 27: Warragul visit. A delightful social in the evening. Prefects show themselves in their true colours.

August 29: We break up — at long last!

September 9: Report books are returned to school, duly signed.

September 23: Inter-House Athletics. MacArthur earns victory in brilliant sunshine.

October 15: Inter-School Athletics meeting — a cheering occasion!

November 11: Remembrance Day service.

November 14: Annual School Church Service.

November 27: Wan faces of Matriculation students are seen. The "formality" exam. has begun.

December 5: Speech Night for senior Forms at Hawthorn Town Hall.

December 9: Junior Speech Night at Canterbury Memorial Hall.

December 19: "Good-bye to all that" for Form VI. They'll soon be "looking at life." Au-revoir for most of the rest of the school.



THE PREFECTS

Back Row: J. Winford, K. Mayberry, M. Cowan, A. Willing, J. Firth.

Second Row: I. Jenkin, S. Roddick, G. Bucknell, I. Geyer, D. Collicie, B. Rennie.

Front Row: B. Malley, H. Glastonbury, B. Blanksby, (Head Prefect), Mr. Andrews, Miss Trickett, B. Blight, (Head Prefect), D. Weeks, S. Fisch. (Inset: P. Gallus).

Installation of Prefects and Student Office Bearers, 1958

The annual installation of Prefects and other student office-bearers took place at the Maling Theatre on the afternoon of Wednesday, 23rd April.

The guests of honour, Cr. E. W. Raven, J.P., Mayor of Camberwell, accompanied by Mrs. Raven, were officially welcomed by Cr. R. C. Cooper, J.P., President of the School Advisory Council.

After two delightful items by the Madrigal Group, badges were presented to House Captains

and Form Captains. The Mayor then addressed the school, stressing the need for co-operation between all members of the school for the common aim of education. The prefects then received their badges and repeated the solemn Prefects' Pledge. The Head Prefects, Beverley Blight and Brian Blanksby, replied to Cr. Raven, and thanked him and Mrs. Raven on behalf of the prefects.

This memorable occasion was concluded by the singing of the hymn, "Lord and Saviour, true and kind."

SPEECH NIGHT, 1957

The School Speech Night of 1957 was held on the 25th November, in the St. Kilda Town Hall. Owing to his retirement at the end of the year, this was Mr. Ebbels' last attendance at Speech Night as our Headmaster, and the occasion was tinged with regret.

After the National Anthem, the programme opened with the massed singing of "Go, Heart!", which was followed by a speech from the Vice-President of the Advisory Council, Professor F. Duras, who spoke warmly of Mr. Ebbels' services to the school. In his reply, Mr. Ebbels told of some of his experiences as a secondary teacher. This was followed by a physical education demonstration of folk dances by the girls, and an exciting gymnastics display by the boys. After some enjoyable singing by the madrigal groups, the Guest Speaker, Mr. A. McDonnell, the Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, addressed the audience, stressing the importance of Mathematics today. Following three items by the senior choirs, Mrs. McDonnell presented the prizes and awards. Then came the massed

singing of three folk-songs and the programme concluded with the School Song, which continues to stir everybody, particularly those who are singing it for the last time.



PRIZES AND AWARDS

Dux:

Humanities: J. Ireland.

Mathematics and Science: N. Donkin, J. Moo (aeq.).

Form VI

English Expression: A. Huttner.

English Literature: N. Donkin.

French: G. Fink.

Mathematics, Pure: J. Moo.

Calculus and Applied Mathematics: J. Moo.

Latin: A. Huttner.

British History: J. McNally.

Biology: J. Ireland.

Modern History: M. Benger.



Jean Ireland — First Class Honours with Exhibition (aeq.) in Biology, First Class Honours in Geography, Second Class Honours in French, Modern History, General Exhibition, Senior Government Scholarship, Commonwealth Scholarship, Secondary Teachers' College Scholarship.

Geography: J. Ireland.

Chemistry: N. Donkin.

Physics: N. Donkin.

Art: I. Baker.

Form V

B. Blight, M. Sproat, L. Cook, N. Moshinsky.

Form IV

W. Dabourne, M. Livingstone, L. Murray, P. Watson.

Form III

W. R. McAlpin, V. Boys, A. McArdle, M. Keith, R. Bleakley.

Form II

W. Butt, D. Packham, J. Morton, M. Sexton.



Rachel Faggetter — First Class Honours with Exhibition in Geography, First Class Honours in Biology, Second Class Honours in Modern History, Commonwealth Scholarship, Secondary Teachers' College Studentship.

Form I

G. Marchant, E. Roddick.

Sports Awards

Girls:

Re-Awards: J. Firth, D. Green.

New Awards: B. Arnold, C. Fisch, H. Glastonbury, S. Roddick, D. Schmidt.

Boys:

Re-Awards: J. Brown, G. Cox, D. Raby, D. Weeks, S. Weeks.

New Awards: D. Chesterman, M. Gill, H. Hopkins, K. Mayberry, R. Spark, E. Koleits, Ong Choon Lim.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS, 1957

We are pleased to publish the following results of the 1957 Matriculation examination, and to congratulate the successful candidates:

HONOURS

English Literature

Second Class: D. Organ, R. Kearsley.

Latin

Second Class: E. Beilharz, A. Huttner.

French

First Class: H. Jenkins; Second Class: G. Fink, J. Ireland, R. Kearsley.

British History

First Class: N. Roberts; Second Class: H. Jenkins, D. Organ, P. Robins, P. Badger, I. Baker, M. Benger, K. Grecian, N. Hogg, R. Kearsley, J. Onto.

Modern History

Second Class: R. Faggetter, J. Ireland, J. McNally, D. Organ, P. Robins, C. Sonnenberg, M. Benger, N. Hogg, N. Roberts.

Geography

First Class: R. Faggetter, (Exhibition), J. Ireland; Second Class: G. Fink, V. Heath, H. Jenkins, W. Norman, C. Sonnenberg, W. Spendlove, M. Benger, A. Carter, N. Hogg, N. Roberts.

Pure Mathematics

Second Class: J. Brown, G. Cox, M. Gill, K. C. Moo.

Applied Mathematics

First Class: K. C. Moo. Second Class: N. Donkin.

Physics

First Class: A. Huttner, K. C. Moo; Second Class: M. Gill, E. Koleits, T. Shen, Y. K. Ying.

Chemistry

First Class: N. Donkin, G. Thomson; Second Class: A. Huttner, J. Brown, G. Cox, R. Greenway, A. Hopkins, K. C. Moo, Y. K. Ying.

Biology

First Class: J. Ireland, (Exhibition), (aeq.) R. Faggetter; Second Class: C. Fisch, W. Norman, D. Organ, F. Morgan.

German

First Class: E. Beilharz, (Exhibition).

General Exhibition

J. Ireland.

The following students gained their Matriculation Certificate:

Girls:

E. Allen, E. Baker, E. Beilharz, N. Donkin, R. Faggetter, G. Fink, C. Fisch, G. Gray, V. Heath, A. Huttner, W. Illingworth, J. Ireland, H. Jenkins, J. McNally, B. Millard, P. Morcom, M. Nieman, W. Norman, D. Organ, P. Robins, W. Rodda, E. Setford, C. Sonnenberg, W. Spendlove, L. S. Tan.

Boys:

P. Badger, I. Baker, M. Benger, J. Brown, G. Cox, B. Elliott, N. Fuller, M. Gill, K. Grecian, R. Greenway, D. Hogg, N. Hogg, A. Hopkins, R. Kearsley, E. Koleits, R. Kotzmann, B. McIlroy, K. C. Moo, F. Morgan, C. L. Ong, J. G. Onto, D. Raby, N. Roberts, G. Schumann, T. Shen, T. H. Tan, M. Taussig, D. Taylor, G. Thomson, J. Youens, Y. K. Ying.

Senior Government Scholarship

J. Ireland.

Commonwealth Scholarships

E. Beilharz, J. Brown, G. Cox, N. Donkin, R. Faggetter, C. Fisch, G. Fink, A. Gill, N. Hogg, A. Hopkins, A. Huttner, J. Ireland, H. Jenkins, R. Kearsley, B. McIlroy, W. Norman, J. Onto, N. Roberts, P. Robins, G. Schumann, C. Sonnenberg, M. Taussig, D. Taylor, G. Thomson.

Special Scholarships

Denis R. Hogg—First Sigma Science Scholarship — valued at £1,200.

Brian R. Elliott — Victorian Flour Millers' Scholarship—(Department of Agriculture).

Secondary Teachers' College Studentships

C. Beed, N. Donkin, R. Faggetter, G. Fink, C. Fisch, N. Hogg, W. Illingworth, J. Ireland, H. Jenkins, W. Norman, D. Raby, P. Robins, E. Setford, G. Thomson, W. Spendlove, J. Brown, B. Elliott, J. Onto.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

During the year, the League has raised £145 which has been distributed to various organisations working on behalf of children, and to hospitals.

Donations have been sent to The Spastic Children's Society of Victoria, The Melbourne Orphanage, The Victorian Society for Crippled Children, The Peace Memorial Homes for Children, Kildonan Orphanage, The Children's Hospital and the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. In place of eggs, contributions of money were sent to the Royal Melbourne, the Alfred, and the Prince Henry Hospitals. A donation has also been sent to the United Nations' Appeal for Children.

In addition to making contributions to the general funds of the League, the girls of Form Va are preparing to give a Christmas Party to the children of the Peace Memorial Homes.

A quantity of waste material and used stamps has been collected for the Women of the University Fund, working for the Save the Children Fund. Also, the boys of the woodwork classes have made about 100 toys to be distributed by the Legacy Club.



CRUSADER-INTER-SCHOOLS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

"Witnesses Unto Me" — Acts 1:8.

The Crusader-Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship, which holds meetings in many schools throughout Australia, is part of a world-wide inter-denominational youth movement. Its aim is to develop a true faith in Jesus Christ. It stresses the importance of displaying Christian character in daily living, whether in the home, the classroom or on the sports field.

Our group has met each Monday at lunch-time, under the guidance of Mrs. Duerdoth, assisted by a team of eight girls who have taken part in conducting the meetings. The team, which represents several forms, includes J. Winford (Leader), M. Baker, J. Fiddian, I. Geyer, J. Handley, S. Head, A. Reynolds and B. Westbrook.

Through these meetings, which have included Bible study, talks, prayer and singing, we have been led into a deeper and closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life." It is only when we accept Him as our Saviour that we discover this for ourselves, and can claim the abundant life which He offers to all those who will follow Him.

We invite all girls who have not yet done so, to join in the fellowship with us.

—J. Fiddian, VIa, Secretary.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Although no S.C.M. group has been established at Camberwell High School yet, a few of us are becoming keenly interested in its work. For these few, 1958's most happy memory will most probably be the S.C.M. Camp which was held at Anglesea during the May Holidays. This happy camp brought us hikes, surfing (brrr!), pranks (er! mind the cracker) and most important of all, a better understanding of Christian living.

We would very much like to thank Miss Pettitt who introduced the name of S.C.M. to us. She not only thoroughly enjoyed her quiet (?) camp with us in May, but she also accompanies us on such outings as the service observed by students as the "World Day of Prayer," on June 22nd, held at St. Peter's, Eastern Hill.

S. C. M. Representatives,
Jan Devlin, Russel Conway.



ROUND TABLE CONFERENCES

The introduction of Round Table Conferences to Camberwell High School this year by Mr. Jones has been much appreciated, as they have been interesting and stimulating and have provided a great deal of enjoyment.

On March 21st, a discussion between our own boys and girls gave us a taste of things to come. Rather like King Arthur and his Knights as we sat in Room 12, with Mr. Jones and Mrs. Waten acting as chairmen, we quickly realised the pleasure from such meetings. A subject is chosen from varied topics of current interest in serious and non-serious vein, and remarks are exchanged in an organised (?) fashion.

Following the success of the first conference, we looked forward to the monthly meetings. The visit to Methodist Ladies' College in April was a pleasant experience, and apart from the enjoyment of the discussion, we never ceased to marvel at how one finds one's way around that immense school.

When the 13th May arrived, our girls were in typically girlish fits of glee at the visit of Melbourne High School boys. That was the night when, as we drank Mr. Jones's particularly lovely coffee concoction, we wondered in which direction his sympathies lay. Is Camberwell better than Melbourne? We know which is the better, but does he? The boys were noticeably quiet at suppertime as regards school rivalries, which was possibly due to our victory at the rowing regatta.

At the second term meeting between Camberwell girls and boys, Mr. Jones's coffee again scored a hit, and Mrs. Waten remarked at 10 p.m. how surprised she was that she could not move us out of the building. A junior confer-

ence was also held that night for Fourth and Fifth formers.

The July Conference for the girls was held at Melbourne High School and we were well chaffered and chaperoned by attending teachers. Being surprised at the seriousness of the seniors' list, we chose two lighter topics from the juniors' more varied list. Then we discovered how often males persisted that they were the superior sex.

Our boys entertained the M.L.C. girls on Friday, 18th July, much to their delight. If they were quiet, it was not so much that the girls could out-talk them, but that they realised that a change in pretty faces was not good for their systems.

Some of the topics discussed during the year have been:—That Australians are not sufficiently conscious of the dangers of atomic energy—That Melbourne needs another newspaper — That a woman's place is in the home — Should 'horror' films be debarred at late theatre shows? — That the pulpit is more influential than the press — That the art of the theatre is dying — Hire purchase is a desirable feature of our way of life— 'Going steady' is not desirable before the age of 20 — Education for boys should include a course in domestic science — Men prefer beauty to brains in a woman — That woman's prime objective in life is looking for an overlord.

We should all like to express to Mrs. Waten and Mr. Jones our appreciation of all that they have done to make these conferences such a success.—*L. Wilcox, VIa.*



LIBRARY NOTES

The outstanding addition to the library this year has been the Australian Encyclopaedia, in ten volumes. As well, many new reference books for senior forms, several new Rathbone and other large picture books have been appreciated. These include Hogben's "Men, Missiles and Machines," Orr's "Feast and Famine," Calder's "From Magic to Medicine," Walt Disney's "Story of our Friend the Atom," "Country Life Picture Book of English History," and "AN-ARE." Many new career books have also been added.

This year, Forms I and II have had library periods, and other Forms have been able to borrow at lunch-time. The Third Forms have made most use of this privilege. The Library Committee have given valuable help in covering books, keeping them in repair, and in other miscellaneous tasks.

Up to the end of July, 440 books had been added to the library this year. We would like to express our appreciative thanks to the following for books donated: Mrs. Ablett, Mrs. Blunden, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Webb, and Mr. Horne.

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DRAMA CLUB NOTES

When the Drama Club activities were revived at the beginning of the year under the capable guidance of Mr. Murray, it was decided to produce J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street." The cast was selected, and Sue White, Nathan Moshinsky and Lynne Wilcox were chosen for the leading roles. Club Office bearers were then elected and rehearsals began at once. Posters appeared above lockers and stairways, and the school was pestered by yet another notice for "Quality Street." When costumes arrived, Room 12 became a flurry of feminine apparel!

Our excitement and anxiety grew as the performance date approached, but despite all worries and mishaps, the play was a great success both nights, and we could not have wished for better audiences.

In addition to Mr. Murray, we should like to thank Miss Pettitt, Miss Dooley and Mrs. Dowling, Mr. Ewins, Mr. Aikman, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Gibbons, and all those other members of staff who have been so co-operative and understanding, and also those non-cast people who worked so hard behind the scenes to make our play such a success.

—*Diana Parkins, Secretary.*



"Stained Glass Window," by Sandra Pitkethly, Vb.

PROSPICE



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: H. Glastonbury, J. Anderson, Mr. Foster, G. Samblebe, J. Parry, L. Stevenson, D. Schmidt, S. Roddick, B. Schmidt.

Front Row: M. Rodda, O. Lovitt.

"QUALITY STREET"

The Dramatic Club's presentation of "Quality Street" by J. M. Barrie, was vociferously received by full houses, at the Camberwell Town Hall on July 16 and 17.

"Quality Street" is a delightful comedy set in the period of the Napoleonic wars. It is the story of two spinster sisters, Misses Susan and Phoebe Throssel, who live a very respectable life in Quality Street. However, when Miss Phoebe, — "Phoebe of the ringlets" — falls in love, things change. The two ladies scheme to catch the man, — the very "dashing" Captain Valentine Brown. Unfortunately for Miss Phoebe, he enlists in the army and goes away to the war. While he is away, the two ladies, having lost a considerable portion of their income through an unsuccessful investment which Valentine Brown had made for them, but being, in an old-fashioned way, too proud to tell of their misfortune, are obliged to start a little school, a task which becomes a terrible struggle between the horrors of Arithmetic and disciplining the big, rough boys. When the gallant Captain returns ten years later, he finds his Phoebe grown much older. She refuses to go to a ball with him, because she is too old for such things; but dresses up as the young Miss Phoebe, calls herself Miss Livvy, niece of the Misses Throssel, goes to the ball with Captain Brown, and becomes the most sought-after young lady. However, it is here that Captain Brown tells the gay,

flirtatious young Miss Livvy that it is Miss Phoebe whom he loves, — he realized it while he was away from Quality Street — and that he still loves her. Miss Phoebe accepts his love and all ends happily.

In the main roles, Susan White played the difficult dual part of Miss Phoebe, Miss Livvy with great skill, and interpreted it very well; Lynne Wilcox portrayed lovable, quaint Miss Susan with the appropriate warmth and old-worldliness; and Nathan Moshinsky a very "dashing" Captain, played his romantic role with great gusto. All parts, from the gossipy old maids, the soldiers and the beautiful ladies at the ball, Patty the maid, Ensign Blades, and Charlotte Paratt, to the school-children, were well played. One very noticeable and pleasing feature was that each actor seemed to enjoy his part thoroughly, and this resulted in a very spontaneous performance.

The play was produced by Mr. Murray and Mr. Ewins, and much work was put into the organization by other members of the staff assisted by other members of the Dramatic Club; all deserve our congratulations for a very satisfying and worthwhile production.

Now that our hitherto latent talent has been discovered, we are hoping that it will not be allowed to disappear, and the whole school will eagerly await the next effort of our Dramatic Club.—*B. Veitch, Via.*



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: J. Livingstone, P. Marshall, J. Firth, S. Roddick, I. Geyer, D. Schmidt.

Front Row: E. Zselenyi, J. King.

CHORAL FESTIVAL

The annual Choral Festival was held at the Hawthorn Town Hall on the 28th July and was the grand finale to weeks of practising.

The afternoon opened with the singing of the school song to be followed by :

Set Piece

"Land, to the leeward, ho!" *Parry*

Montgomery

"All in the April Evening" *Robertson*

"Ye Banks and Braes" *arr. Jacques*

Conductors: Jennifer Winford, Barbara Arnold.

Accompanist: Jan Devlin.

Roosevelt

"Hey for the Road" *Schubert-Mayship*

"Thanks be to God" *Dickson*

Conductors: Margaret Cowan, R. Seedsman, Carol Blake.

Accompanists: Elizabeth Uren, R. Conway.

MacArthur

"The Kerry Dance" *Molloy-Rowley*

"Linden Lee" *Vaughan Williams*

Conductors: Judith Firth, G. Shaw.

Accompanist: Isabel Geyer.

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Churchill

"The Merry Minstrels" *Gleeson*

"The Old Folks at Home" *Foster*

Conductors: Betty Veitch, Sue Fisch.

Accompanist: Gwen Beckett.

Before Mrs. Arnold Shore gave the decision, Miss Jeanette Falk, a former Camberwell High pupil and the conductress who led MacArthur to success in 1955, entertained us with an excellent rendition of Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor.

Mrs. Arnold Shore's comments were greatly appreciated and the final points were:

Montgomery 86, Roosevelt 85, MacArthur 84, Churchill 91. Churchill's win was greeted with exuberance, not only from Churchill House members but by everyone who realised that Churchill had not won for a few years. Mrs. Arnold Shore's commendation of their basses was the source of much pleasure for the boys, and this was their only topic of conversation for some days. In thanking Mrs. Arnold Shore, our head-prefects did not hide the fact that they were members of Churchill House.

The singing of the National Anthem (with a firmer bass tone than usual) brought to an end the 1958 Music Festival.—L.K.W.

PROSPICE



"Good Lads," by Lynette Wilcox, VIa.
Winner of the Senior Section, "School Activities."

"PROSPICE" COMPETITIONS

Snapshot

We are pleased that more snapshots and many of better quality were entered this year, and we thank all who participated. Mr. Ferguson, as judge, made the following awards:

Senior: Out of school activities: "Let's rub noses," by L. Vastchenko.

School activities: "Good lads!", by L. Wilcox.

Junior: Out of school activities: "Fluff," by R. Peowrie.

School activities: No entries.

Original Verse

The following awards were made:

Section I. (Forms VI & V): Michael Stevenson, Vd—"The Tree."

Section II. (Forms IV & III): Annette Coombs, IIIId—"Beauty." Peter Johanson, IIIId—"Sunset."

Section III. (Forms II & I): Cherry Walter, Ib.

Short Story

Section I. (Forms VI & V): Betty Veitch, VIa—"Twenty Years On." Robert Morrow, Vd—"Contours and Detours."

No awards were made in other sections.



THE A.B.C. YOUTH CONCERTS

As in previous years, a group from the school has attended the A.B.C. Youth Concerts, a series of concerts for people under twenty-five years of age.

The programmes were varied, ranging from Beethoven to Bartok, as well as works by living

composers. An interesting development has been the inclusion of several Australian compositions.

Soloists this year were the American pianist Eugene Istomin, the Polish-born violinist, Ida Haendal, who gave a fine performance of Mendelssohn's violin concertos, the Australian duo-pianists, Max Olding and Pamela Page, and the Australian pianist, Gordon Watson. The guest conductors included Edouard van Remoortel and Rafael Kubelik.

As this issue of "Prospice" goes to press, we are looking forward to hearing the brilliant fifteen-year-old Israeli pianist, Daniel Barenboim, play with the Australian Youth Orchestra, and also to hearing the contralto, Elena Nikolaidi.



CHILDREN'S DISPLAY FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

It was a bright fine day with a gentle breeze, and squads of white-clad school-children were marching across the green Melbourne Cricket Ground, sitting in the sun around blue and white maypoles, or getting into line for the Morris dancing, all chattering excitedly, for today the Queen Mother was coming, and this was the reward for all their hours of practice.

A fanfare of trumpets heralded Her Majesty's arrival, and the thousands gathered there, now neatly in line, cheered joyfully. After the National Anthem, the dancers started, the bells on their wrists and ankles tinkling even above the well-loved tunes to which they were dancing. The red of the Morris dancers and the ever-winding blue of the maypoles, bright above the white dresses, the graceful swinging movements and the ever-changing patterns they formed, were drawing all eyes and many cheers.

After about fifteen minutes, the dancers all knelt or gathered in the maypole ribbons, while the "Welcome" Tableau started:—lie down, sit up, lie down; then the letters sat up in turn, with a flash of yellow as the children opened their breastplates.

Now! This was the great moment! Her Majesty came down to the land-rover and was driven round the ground, twice past every group of children, and all those children waved and cheered, then told each other how lovely she was, and what a pretty pink hat she wore. Certainly she is a charming, gracious lady.

As she alighted, the Queen was presented with a bouquet, then the band struck up "Waltzing Matilda," followed by "Will ye no' come back again?" but the children joined in rather uncertainly, not being sure of their instructions.

Still, we have had a most enjoyable time, and the babble of chatter which broke out after Her Majesty's departure was ample evidence of the fact.—Wendy Dabourne, Va.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: J. Nieman, R. Welsh, P. Blunden, R. Lang, K. Webster, R. Horwood.

Middle Row: L. Young, J. Anderson.

Front Row: B. Reynolds, N. Haxton, J. Brewer, P. Brewer, M. Ellis, G. Welch, G. McLellan.

FORM V GEOGRAPHY EXCURSIONS

The Fifth Form Geography students are thoroughly enjoying the series of excursions which forms part of their work. So far we have visited the Yarra Falls Worsted Mill, the "Shell" Oil Refinery at Geelong, the Port of Melbourne and Silvan Reservoir.

The spinning mill was fascinating, especially the dyeing and blending processes, but we all came away thankful that we did not have to work there, partly because of the smell and partly because of the heat and humidity in some of the rooms. It is good to see these things, though, and we were very interested in the synthetic fibres, as well as the peculiarities of the wool.

The trip to the Shell Oil Refinery meant a whole day out — a lovely, fine day for the forty-mile trip to Geelong. This is a large modern plant covering 250 acres, with a multitude of different sized pipes and towers wherever you look. We saw almost no oil, but a great many graphs, gauges and machines. There was an oil tanker in at the pier, and we saw also the other use of Corio Bay. The water is used for cooling in the refinery.

On the morning of our trip to the Port of Melbourne, we all arrived at Number 2 North Wharf, only to find that we were expected in the afternoon. As a result we missed out on morning tea, but we saw all over the port and learnt about dredging, safety, communications and so on, as well as all the industries along the river banks and Victoria's exports and imports.

The Silvan trip, in June, was a delightful excursion, even with ninety of us at once. Perhaps, the most exciting parts of it were entering what

is usually forbidden territory, and running along the tunnel which goes under the wall and under the water right to the outlet tower. O-o-oh! Ghosts! And the lights flickered eerily as our guide took over the switch. We stood by the stilling basin and discussed the possibility of getting out if one fell in.

We are looking forward now to the Soil Conservation at Woodstock, even if we do have to write it up afterwards!—*W. Dabourne, Va.*



FORM V EXCURSION TO THE COMMONWEALTH INDUSTRIAL GAS WORKS

When we arrived at the C.I.G., one of the staff directed us to the theatrette where we were given a lecture on oxygen and acetylene. The process of liquefaction of air was shown to us on a chart, and we were also shown how acetylene is manufactured by the action of water on calcium carbide.

We were then divided into three groups and given a series of demonstrations on argon-arc welding, brazing, and flame cutting. Under-water flame-cutting is used in salvage work, when a pilot light is taken down, and by attaching it to the apparatus, a flame is produced. This is not as successful as ordinary flame cutting.

At the theatrette again, we saw some demonstrations involving liquid nitrogen, and also an interesting film on Primus stoves, lamps and portable power sources. These were manufactured in Sweden, and are now being manufactured in Australia, using the new fuel, Propane.

—*Faye Butt, Carylyn Dean, Va.*

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HOUSE NOTES

CHURCHILL

Churchill House this year has a fine representation of approximately 85 girls and over 100 boys. In our midst, we have 6 prefects, including the 2 Head Prefects.

Led by Messrs. Foster and Aikman, Churchill is able to boast a most highly treasured House spirit, and although we have not had success in the past in the points competition, it has shown results in Volleyball and Football, Cross Country running and the Choral Competition practices. At such events as the latter, the boys, of course, were a little tentative at first, but after not-so-forceful encouragement, the House produced a marvellous choir and madrigal group, mainly due to the magnificent voices of the girls and the coaching of Betty Veitch and Sue Fisch. We truly expect, without a great deal of opposition, to gain first place, with songs as "The Merry Minstrels," "Land to the Leeward Ho" and "The Old Folks at Home."

In sport, Churchill is producing its usual feats, holding the title of undefeated football and volleyball teams. Mention must be made of John Martin for pioneering the reasonably successful school baseball team. True to form, the boys in the House Swimming Sports, pooled excellent results, but the girls were not such strong swimmers. Churchill can boast of possessing fine athletes in Brian Maley, winner of the Junior State 880 yards, in Matthew Perceval, winner of the school Cross-Country run, Kempson Mayberry, Captain of the School Rowing Eight, and Brian Blanksby, Vice-captain of the 1st XVIII and Captain of the 1st XI.

With the House Athletic Sports, the Choral Contest and Cricket yet to be completed, superior Churchill House, backed by that creditable spirit, is confident of applying shock treatment to other opponents by winning top position in the House Competition.—*A. Everingham.*

MACARTHUR

Under the guidance of our teachers, Miss Moore, Mrs. Levy, Mr. Keene and Mr. Ferris, as well as the leadership of Senior House Captains, Gail Samblebe and Jim Turnbull, and Junior House Captains, Julie Key and Roger Powne, MacArthur House has completed a successful year so far.

We made an impressive start by winning the swimming sports by a narrow margin, being well represented by Judy Firth, the Brewer trio, Peter Gallus, Brian and Ross Horwood, Ken May and Mal. Sinclair.

We continued to shine in the Summer sports, and completed the season with a win for both boys and girls. The Winter sport, for the girls,



HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: G. French, J. Anderson, A. Everingham, B. Veitch, J. Turnbull, G. Samblebe.
Front Row: J. O'Hara, B. Arnold.

we will not mention, but the boys are still excelling themselves.

Modesty forbids that we make excessive mention of our startling demonstration in the cross-country. The Athletic Sports and Choral Contest are yet to come, but we are preparing for a successful representation, especially in the latter, where conductors Judy Firth and Geoff. Shaw, pianist Isabel Geyer, and organizers, Gail Samblebe and Leslie Brewer, are giving invaluable service.

Honours which we have received so far are nothing in comparison with the House Cup which we hope to have in our possession by the end of the year.—*Isabel Geyer, Ian Jenkin.*

ROOSEVELT

At the time of writing, Roosevelt has had a satisfactory year. This has been due largely to the fine work of our House Captains, Jeanette Anderson and Geoff. French, and our Supervisors, Mrs. Waten and Mr. Begbie.

Admittedly, the achievement is not as pronounced as for 1957, but the members of Roosevelt are aware that too much unbeatability can be very discouraging to other Houses. Nevertheless to ensure that its standards did not drop too low, Roosevelt gave to the school three Swimming Champions: Jeanette Anderson, Lynne Young and Kim Webster, and has maintained leadership in Winter sport. The characteristic modesty of the House precludes any prophecy on forthcoming events, as for example athletics; but

there is every reason to believe that concessions to other Houses will be kept within the range of Roosevelt's traditionally high standards.

One achievement has surpassed even the most optimistic expectations, and that is the Boys' Choir, but it must be placed on record that full credit for this cannot be taken solely by the members; undoubtedly Mr. Begbie's gentle, almost imperceptible coaxing must be recognized. We have every hope of making this Choral Contest a Choral Conquest.

Finally, Roosevelt would like to wish the other Houses every success in the forthcoming events, and may the best House win (We realize that it is rather left-handed to say this since by now the reader must have no doubt as to which is the best!).—*Heather Glastonbury.*

We regret that no report from Montgomery was sent in, in time for publication.—Ed.



INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

Wednesday, 4th March, at Camberwell baths.

The high standard set at last year's sports was upheld, and 14 individual and 6 team records were broken; as well, we had a new age group—Under 17—in which there were 10 events.

MacArthur gained an early lead which they maintained practically the whole afternoon, but most events were closely contested, and no House was, at any stage, the clear-cut leader.

	Boys	Girls	Total
1. MacArthur	123	91	214 points
2. Montgomery	128	83	211 points
3. Churchill	127	61	188 points
4. Roosevelt	90	96	186 points

Individual Championships

Boys

Open: Dan Gek Khee.	
Under 17: P. Blunden	} Equal.
D. Gunther	
Under 16: C. Lang.	
Under 15: R. Welsh.	
Under 14: K. Webster.	
Under 13: I. Mills.	
Under 12: R. Horwood.	

Girls

Open: J. Anderson.	
Under 17: L. Young.	
Under 16: P. Brewer.	
Under 15: M. Ellis.	
Under 14: G. McLellan	} Equal.
B. Reynolds	
Under 13: G. Welsh.	
Under 12: N. Haxton	} Equal.
J. Brewer	

INTER-SCHOOLS' SWIMMING SPORTS

The Girls' Section of the Combined High Schools' Swimming Sports (Central Division) took place on the morning of Thursday, March 20, at the New Olympic Pool. Although outnumbered by University High School and MacRobertson Girls' School, Camberwell girls were by no means outdone in barracking for their team.

We dominated in the first few events, all backstroke; at the end of event 6, progress points were: MacRobertson 26 points, Camberwell 25 points, University 15 points. It seemed as if the confidence of our Swimming team, which had been training at lunchtime and before school for weeks, was justified. But thereafter, Camberwell girls appeared too infrequently on the winning dais. Final points were: MacRobertson 138 points, University 128 points, Camberwell 78 points.

We won 2 events and came 2nd in 10. Andrea Savage won under 13, 55 yards breast-stroke (a new event—her time was 52.8 secs.), while Elizabeth Warren won under 13 backstroke (55 yards) in the amazing time of 42.8 secs. (Previous record, 48.6 secs.). One of the most exciting races for us was the last event—Open Relay. Camberwell held the lead for 3 laps, but was narrowly defeated in the last 20 yards.

We would like to thank Mr. Askeff, who allowed us to train in the Camberwell Swimming Pool, and was instructor-in-chief.

On Thursday afternoon, March 20, Camberwell High School boys went into the Olympic Swimming Stadium to cheer on the team which was defending the crown won last year. However, the team seemed to become peculiarly water-logged as soon as they hit the water, despite the gesticulations of our coach, Mr. Askeff, who was doing a war-dance on the side.

We only came fourth, final points being:

Melbourne	110 points
Northcote	80½ points
University	79 points
Camberwell	73½ points
Box Hill	70½ points

But although we were severely trounced in the final score, we made ourselves felt in all events. We won four events, came second in nine, third in ten and fourth in three. Moreover, the four wins were four records. They were set by Tan Gek Khee in the Open 110 yards backstroke (79.9 secs.), Ross Horwood took 9.5 secs. off his previous record set last year to win the Under 12 years 55 yards Backstroke in 46.5 secs., and Dieter Guenther put up a splendid performance in two consecutive races to win the Under 17 years 55 yards Breaststroke in 39.5 secs. and the Open 110 yards Breaststroke in 1.27.8.



ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

Back Row: K. Webster, J. Waters, J. Turnbull.

Middle Row: N. Haxton, G. Thompson, L. Ramshaw, J. Firth, G. Gilbert, B. Maley.

Front Row: L. Barton, G. Beasley, G. Gardner, R. Horwood.

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

A sunny afternoon, a colourful oval made gay with numerous streamers and balloons, excellent organisation, and marked enthusiasm from participants and spectators alike, made the Athletics meeting, held on 23rd September, a great success. The stalls conducted by the Women's Auxiliary of the Parents' Association brought relief to hungry and exhausted, and raised £50, a fine effort.

New events were the javelin and discus throwing for boys, and the shot-put for girls. Two outstanding achievements were those of Brian Maley, who broke four records, and Kim Webster, who broke two. J. Morton established a fine record in the Under 16 Broad Jump with 16' 3½", the previous record being 13' 7".

Individual champions were:—

Girls

Open—J. Firth (MacArthur).
Under 17—G. Thompson (Montgomery).
Under 16—L. Ramshaw (Montgomery).
Under 15—G. Beasley (MacArthur).
Under 14—L. Barton (Roosevelt).
Under 13—N. Haxton (Churchill).

Boys

Open—J. Turnbull (MacArthur).
Under 17—B. Maley (Churchill).
Under 16—J. Waters (MacArthur).
Under 15—K. Webster (Roosevelt).
Under 14—G. Gilbert (Roosevelt).
Under 13—R. Horwood (MacArthur).
Under 12—G. Gardner (Montgomery).

House results

	<i>Girls</i>	<i>Boys</i>	<i>Total</i>
MacArthur	120	195½	315½
Montgomery	134½	159	293½
Roosevelt	103½	165½	269
Churchill	80	135	215

INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Despite gusty conditions at Olympic Park, the Combined High Schools' Athletics meeting, held on 15th October, was a great success. We congratulate the girls on winning their section, for the first time in the school's history. Though the boys were generally outclassed, there were several meritorious performances. We express our thanks and appreciation to Miss Issett and Mr. Hobill and several other members of Staff who showed keen interest in our training.

Event winners were:—

Girls

J. Firth—Open—220 yds., Javelin throw.
L. Ramshaw—Under 16—100 yds., 75 yds.
J. Morton—Under 16—Broad Jump.
G. Beasley—Under 15—100 yds., 75 yds.
L. Barton—Under 14—100 yds.

Boys

B. Maley—Under 17—880 yds. (record 2 mins. 3.5 secs.)
L. Vastchenko—Under 17—Long Jump.
K. Webster—Under 15—220 yds., 75 yds.

Final points were:

Girls

Camberwell: 108.
MacRobertson: 105.
University: 84.

Boys

Melbourne: 164.
Northcote: 137.
Box Hill: 125½.
University: 99½.
Camberwell: 53.

We would also like to congratulate Glenys Beasley, Lois Barton, Brian Maley and Kim Webster and the Under 14 Girls' Relay Team on winning their events in the Combined High Schools' Sports.



"Let's Rub Noses," by Larry Vastchenko, IVc, Winner of the Senior Section, "Out-of-School Activities."

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

The cross-country run, which is held early in second term, is one of the major sporting events during the school year. It is greatly looked forward to by aspiring athletes, but the greatest enthusiasts are the girls, who enjoy watching the exhausted runners cross the finishing line.

The course, this year, was completely different from that of previous years. In past years, the start of the race was at Highfield Park, but this year, it started and finished on the school oval. The course involved jumping a creek and the climbing of Union Road Hill, which was very tiring for those who were not fit. Due to a different system this year the juniors had half a mile start which gave them a great advantage. However, congratulations must go to Brian Maley, last year's winner, for gaining the fastest time, which will stand as the record for the new course. The second fastest time was gained by Brian Blanksby, who, like Brian Maley, is a member of Churchill.

The outright winner was another Churchill boy, Matthew Percival. Second and third places were filled by Ross and Paul Lyneham. It was a very successful day for Churchill, who in the aggregate of points were clear winners.

Results

	Starters	Total Points
1. Churchill	87	433
2. Montgomery	79	328
3. Roosevelt	70	324
4. MacArthur	70	207

—D. Weeks.

WARRAGUL VISIT

Wednesday, 27th August, and the whole school awaited the arrival of 40 girls and 80 boys from Warragul High School! It poured with rain on 25th, 26th and 29th August, but on 27th, the weather was miraculously fine.

The visitors arrived in buses from Caulfield station, and after refreshment at the tuckshop, were welcomed by Mr. Andrews and introduced to their billeteers, prior to lunch and the afternoon's sport.

After lunch, the footballers and baseballers disappeared to distant grounds, which had eventually been found, not water-logged and not oozing with mud (well, not more than 6 inches anyway!), while the girls' and boys' tennis was played on grounds adjacent to the school. For all the sports, these matches were the last of the season, and as every person was out to do justice to himself and his school, keenness and determination were the keynotes of play.

Warragul won Senior Football (9-5-59 to 7-9-51), Baseball (11-10) and First Hockey (Girls) (2-1), while Camberwell were victors in Senior Basketball (45-13), Junior Basketball (30-25), Second Hockey (Girls) (3-0), Tennis (Boys) (12-16-133 to 0-1-29) and Junior Football (15-16-106 to 4-0-24).

The afternoon's sport over, Camberwell people looked to their manners and carried home their guests' cases (our cases were *never* as heavy as that!) in preparation for the social that night, and wow! what a finish to the day's activities! Camberwell Town Hall, decorated with streamers and balloons in the colours of both schools, resounded to the noise of 400 odd people. Diversions included, "You Can't do the Bop in the Sack" by the Boy Prefects, with an exhibition by "Ma'm'selle" Gallus, followed by an act by the Girl Prefects, suitably attired for the Charleston era, who proved the boys wrong. (Pity those girls changed!). Other entertainment was provided by Tan Soo Hua and a group of Asian boys. During the evening, Kay Roberts, Head Prefect of Warragul High School, thanked Camberwell for their hospitality. All good things come to an end, and after "Auld Lang Syne," everyone hurried home to get a good sleep after the long day.

Somehow, everyone made Flinders Street Station in time, and as the train pulled out, we realised that the 1958 Warragul visit was over. We look forward to next year, when we shall be visiting Warragul, and renewing the friendships which were made even in so short a space of time.



FORM CAPTAINS

Back Row: P. Lloyd, C. Walter, N. Haxton, L. Barton, S. Cook, B. Burton, D. Fox, R. Morrison, R. Gill.

Middle Row: R. While, D. Easton, G. Thompson, J. Fyfe, G. Anselmi, P. Hotchin, B. Guy, R. Miles, G. Tilmanis.

Front Row: J. Livingstone, E. Mauger, O. Lovitt, L. Young, R. Crocker, R. Hill, G. Morris, B. Robinson.

FORM NOTES

This year, we decided to print only those Form Notes which contained something of general interest. Forms 1a and 1b tell us they have settled in well, and enjoyed the Orchestral Concert. 11a and 11b seem mostly concerned with matters of conduct. 111a, b, c (111d made no contribution, and 111e's notes were late) have made a worthy contribution to the Social Service Fund, and include many who "excel" in sport. 1Va apparently have nothing worth recording, 1Vc and 1Vd chiefly chronicle their sporting activities, and also enjoyed seeing "Julius Caesar." Forms Vc, Vd appreciated a visit to "Salad Days," from which the proceeds went to the Social Service Funds, and are well represented in school teams. Other Form Notes appear below.

Form 1Vb

Form 1Vb has spent a very happy year under the helpful guidance of Miss Pettitt, and the leadership of Form Captains Jennifer Livingstone and Lynette Trivett.

We have quite a number of outstanding personalities in our midst, including Mary Ellis, under 15 Swimming Champion, and members of School Basketball, Softball and Tennis Teams.

Just before the first term exams, a number of us went down to Prince's Pier to farewell Mrs. Dawkins on her overseas voyage. She became surrounded by girls, gifts and good wishes. During our tour of the ship, some of us found ourselves trapped in an automatic lift, and experienced several minutes of panic. Even so, we all had an enjoyable evening losing ourselves on the P. & O. liner, "Orsova."

During the year, the Form has been conducting a small house competition, based on conduct, work and tidiness of our Form room. It has been quite successful.

All 1V b girls thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the first term 1Vth Form Social, and the after-effects were evident for several days!! Our thanks go to Mr. Foster and Mr. Keene for making it such a success.

Also we wish to express our thanks to Miss Pettitt who has been so helpful and understanding throughout the year.

Form Va

On entering the lower corridor, one may often discern some strange odour which proves, on investigation, to emanate from Room 6, where a mysterious brew is bubbling over a blue burner-flame. But not just after lunch! Then the thirty-two sober students (?) of Va are foregathered to share their diversified learning, — if they can get a word in edgewise. For there are always collections. Various representatives are demanding pennies for the Kindergarten Christmas Party, Social Service money, stamps, or something. The bottles and shelves must be dusted weekly, and Form activities planned.

We thank Miss Moore for her patient guidance and 'None Lovitt and Margaret Horton for their work as Form Captains. Besides Form activities such as stalls and a night out in July, we contributed to various school activities. Seven members of the House swimming teams, including Pat Brewer, the Under Sixteen Champion, and members of the school swimming, tennis, basketball, softball, hockey and volleyball teams came from our ranks. We also supplied two orchestra members, five school choir members, three library workers, three actresses, several Round Table Conference participants, an S.C.M. representative, several I.S.C.F. members, and one House pianist.



"Stained Glass Window," by Wendy Taylor, Vb.

Form Vb

Our Leaving Form 5b we hear,
Is really rather bright, this year.
Although we number only girls,
(Who always worry 'bout their curls
When rain and wind are blowing swirls)
The topics mostly talked about
Are not the causes of a drought,
Or how we can avoid a fail,
But rather, how to catch a male.

With Social Service we've done well,
And more than once I have heard tell
That 5b's well up with the best.
But still we can't begin to rest,
We cannot make our job a jest.
I'm sure Denise won't let us pause
In working for this worthy cause.
Barb. Westbrook helps to count the cash,
So far we've heard no tell-tale crash!!!

Our Captain "Mauge" needs no intro.,
She gives our Form that extra "go,"
And leads us both in class and sport.
Mrs. Waten, too, has brought
Ideas for fun and food for thought.
Her interest has encouraged all
To work hard both with book and ball.
Each member has her special flair:
We sometimes find it hard to bear.

The Asian students, who are here,
Want to learn from us, it's clear.
So often, though, from them we learn;
Their speech, their language, how they earn
Their living, how the soil they turn.
Poen Nyen, Hui Ping and Lenore,
We bid them welcome to our shore.
We thank them for creating bands
Between the people of our lands.

Form VIa

"Scorn the bright lights and live laborious days."

This has been the motto of most (?) Matriculation girls this year. We have worked as a unity, trying to be courteous and to set a good example for the rest of the school; it is to be hoped that we have succeeded. Here we must thank our Form Captain, Lyn Young, our Form Teacher, Miss Dooley, who has kept us along the straight and narrow path, and other members of the staff who have been so helpful in guiding our course through the school to Matriculation standard. Our hours in the library under Miss Clark have been used diligently; the books and magazines have been invaluable. For Social Service, we have sold sweets and second-hand books, collecting quite a considerable amount for this worthy cause. We have been represented in sports teams, the choir, Dramatic Club, Round-Table Conference group and other school activities, and we must not forget the prefects who have filled their positions admirably. Let us say "Good Luck" to the future Sixth Formers of Camberwell High School.

Form VIb

This year makes the Sixth Form three years old, and like those who have gone before us, we have succumbed to the ten months' hard labour.

Though the work is overwhelming, and the days before the fateful end in December are outstripping us, we still manage to take time off, especially in the week-end — "Whadd'ya do Sat'dy?" Even if we are always buried among our books, we still dominate the school life — on the sports field, in the Prefectship and er . . . in Mr. Andrews' office.

Our life at school centres around the top corridor, where we frantically grope for our books, return library books to Miss Clark and at the same time try to evade Mr. Jones and his late-book.

If our life as Matriculation students is more often than not depressing, our teachers must suffer the same fate; thus to them we all sincerely give a hearty cheer for endeavouring to make our year as interesting and as simplified as possible.



THE FIRST EIGHT

Back Row: R. Seedsman, R. Oliver, B. Maley, G. Morris.

Front Row: W. Caulfield, J. Corrie, Mr. Aikman, K. Mayberry, J. O'Hara.

In Front: I. Tracey.

BOYS' SPORT

ROWING

The year's rowing started with the election of Kempson Mayberry and Edward Cole as Captain and Vice-Captain of Boats respectively, and Graeme Morris, John O'Hara and Bill Caulfield as members of the Committee.

By the end of the first week of the term, two scratch eights and several fours had been boated with a view to the selection of the first and second eights.

One of the features of the rowing this year has been the considerable number of regattas at which the School has been represented.

Novice Regatta at Scotch College

At the end of last year, 1957, crews from University, Melbourne, and Camberwell High Schools, Wesley and Xavier Colleges, were invited to a Novice Regatta at Scotch College. Several crews were entered from the School, and one of them, D. Goslin (bow), J. O'Hara, J. Corrie, G. Morris (str.) had a certain measure of success as they were narrowly defeated by Scotch in the final, after winning their way through two heats and a semi-final.

Hawthorn Regatta

This was the second of the regattas organised by the Hawthorn Rowing Club between Melbourne, University and Camberwell High Schools and was run in conjunction with their

'Head of the Yarra' race in which club eights raced from Princes Bridge to Hawthorn — a distance of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The School entered eight fours altogether in the two events — Junior and Senior Championship Fours. Our Junior Fours upheld the honour of the School at this Regatta as one of them, Hart (bow), G. Hoare, R. Miles, K. Webster (str.), B. Guy (cox), narrowly defeated another crew from the School in the final of the Junior Championship.

Geelong Regatta

Undoubtedly the most popular day's racing was at the Invitation Regatta held on the Barwon River at Geelong between Geelong Grammar, Geelong College, Brighton Grammar, Ballarat College, Melbourne High School and ourselves. Two eights and three fours travelled down to Geelong in their parents' cars, and by 11 a.m. all the competing crews had been boated and had started to row upstream to Queen's Park for a picnic lunch. The regatta itself was held back at the boat sheds in the afternoon. Our three fours were entered in the novice fours event and one of them — T. Oliver (bow), K. Caulket, C. Barnett, P. Lee (str.), B. Guy (cox) defeated Brighton Grammar in the final. The most pleasing feature of the day from our point of view was the success of the Second Eight in defeating a Geelong Grammar crew in their final.

Combined High Schools' Regatta

This was the day towards which the efforts of all the crews had ultimately been directed. Unfortunately the weather conditions turned out to be most unpleasant for both oarsmen and spectators alike, as a strong head wind was blowing straight up the course. This was the largest Combined High Schools' Regatta yet held, so large in fact, that the first of the 35 races for the day had to be started at 9.30 a.m. The School was represented by two eights, four fours and a pair. The results of the junior crews was most satisfactory, as the third four — T. Oliver (bow), C. Barnett, K. Caulket, P. Lee (str.) and B. Guy (cox) won their event quite convincingly, and the first and fourth fours — R. Barr, B. Jones, R. Lang, G. Anselmi (str.), P. Friend (cox) and B. Hart (bow); G. Hoare, R. Miles, B. Robb (str.), B. Guy (cox) — both came second in their finals.

The pair — J. Rawnsley, N. Bradbury, K. Beanland (cox) — lost their heat owing to a breakage but redeemed themselves by winning their losers' final. The other four was seated L. Vastchenko (bow), G. Sanderson, R. Boston, J. Redfern (str.), Patching (cox). Descriptions of the First and Second Eight's races appear elsewhere.

Bairnsdale Regatta

On the third last day of term the first eight left the worries of exam results and end of term reports behind them as they boarded 'The Gippslander' for a three days' stay as the guests of the Bairnsdale High and Technical Schools. The eight rowed as two fours. The 'A Grade' four were outclassed, while the 'B Grade' four had more success in winning their event. Crews from Melbourne and University High Schools were also present and all the crews had a most enjoyable time on the river, at the social, and on a tour of Lakes Entrance.

The thanks of all the members of the Boat Club go to the parents and well-wishers for providing transport, donations and offers of financial support for the purchase of much needed equipment, to the Hawthorn Rowing Club, for their generous and tolerant sponsorship of the School's rowing, to Mr. Harold Begbie for his interest and valuable assistance in the running of the Club, and to the Head Master for his loyal support and keen interest.

—K.M.

The Head of the River Race

The seating of the crew was:—R. Seedsman (bow), G. Morris, R. Oliver, B. Maley, W. Caulfield, J. O'Hara, J. Corrie, K. Mayberry (str.), I. Tracey (cox).

The conditions were the worst that can exist on the Henley course, namely a strong head-wind blowing straight up the half-mile straight. The conditions at the three-quarter mile start, however, were somewhat better, being sheltered be-

hind the New Cut Corner. After considerable difficulty in lining up the three crews — Camberwell on the North, Melbourne on the Centre, and University on the South station — all three crews got away to a good start with Camberwell just a fraction slower over the first two strokes. After the first hundred yards, all crews had drawn level, with Melbourne starting to edge ahead with a slightly higher rating. As the crews started to come into the New Cut Corner, about 250 yards from the start, Melbourne had moved forward to about a half a canvas lead, with both University and Camberwell on equal terms.

It was here that Camberwell tried to take advantage of the change in conditions as the crews moved around the bend into the head-wind by attempting to lift their rating. But the wind conditions proved too difficult to handle, and the crew flopped slightly, allowing Melbourne to move ahead to a lead of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length. At this stage University, who were on the most exposed station for the whole of the race, started to drop back into third position.

Coming into the straight with $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to go, Melbourne had forged ahead to a length lead, which they held until the Olympic Pool. Camberwell now started to gain a certain amount of shelter from the North station and began to move up. Camberwell shot Swan St. Bridge $\frac{3}{4}$ of a length behind and came out on the other side only a canvas behind. With 200 yards to go, the School Eight had drawn level, and Melbourne, starting to feel the strain, started to become ragged, allowing the Camberwell crew to row away to a $1\frac{1}{2}$ length win. University finished 2 lengths away third.

Our thanks go to our coach, Mr. Aikman, for his enthusiasm and excellent coaching that carried us over the line ahead of the other competing crews.

The Second Eight

We had a most enjoyable and successful season, owing to the unending efforts of our coach, Mr. Gordon Cowie, who sacrificed much valuable time in attempting to make us into a winning crew.

After the first few weeks, we realised that if we were to win at Geelong, we would have to strike better form. Consequently the training was stepped up, and in no time the High Schools' Regatta was upon us.

On the day of the race, conditions were against us as we were a very light crew, having to row into a strong head-wind. The race began with the three crews staying together for the first 200 yards, after which Melbourne started to lose ground. We jumped University at the bridge and managed to maintain a lead of $\frac{1}{2}$ length to the finishing line. The crew was seated:—

I. Cole (bow), R. Conway, R. Taylor, G. Deutsch, B. Dunlop, B. Jarasius, G. Shaw, D. Selway (str.), P. King (cox). —D.S.

PROSPICE



FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN

Back Row: W. Goodenough, P. Blunden, A. Willing, K. Duncan, D. Collie, A. Clark, M. Stevenson.
Front Row: R. Fenton, B. Blanksby, Mr. Hobill, I. Jenkin, D. Jenkin.

CRICKET

First XI

The First XI, although not winning a match, did extremely well under the circumstances. It was a comparatively young and inexperienced combination, pitted against more experienced teams. Despite this, several games were closely fought. The bowling was equal to the high standard of our opponents, but unfortunately our batsmen, mostly unused to turf wickets, failed consistently.

The youth of the team hints at greater things for future seasons. The outstanding all-round ability of David Jenkin, plus the confident handling of opposing speed bowlers by the "minute" Bill Goodenough were brighter aspects of our efforts.

Outstanding players — David Jenkin, Brian Blanksby, W. Goodenough, Robert Fenton.

Outstanding Fieldsman — Kelvin Duncan.

Results

Box Hill 108 (D. Jenkin 3/22) d. Camberwell 47, 7/62 (R. Fenton 23).

Northcote 150 (D. Collie 4/43) d. Camberwell 140 (B. Blanksby 35, A. Clarke 21).

University 124 (D. Jenkin 6/36) d. Camberwell 58 (W. Goodenough 30, D. Jenkin 15).

Melbourne 93 (R. Fenton 4/10, D. Pearce 3/13), 5/130 (I. Jenkin 2/2) d. Camberwell 47 (Fenton 12), 3/54 (D. Jenkin 27, B. Blanksby 13).

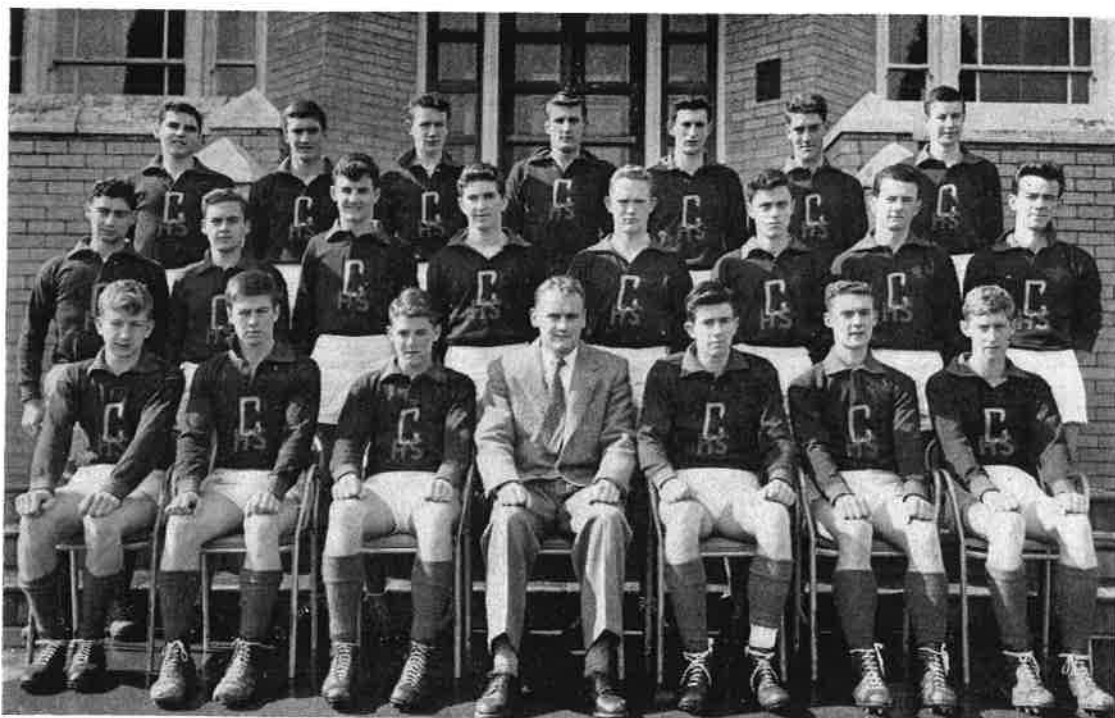
Second XI

This team had an extremely enjoyable and successful series of matches. Although the side was young and fairly inexperienced on turf pitches, they made up for that in natural ability. The bowling of Eric Shade was a pleasing feature, as it played a major part in our success. Other bowlers to take wickets were Darrell Pearce, Doug Whan and David Weeks. Our bowling strength was the main feature of our team, as no opposing teams scored well against it. The post of wicket keeper was ably filled by Ian Paine. Our leading batsmen were Sholes, Hayward, Whan and Wilcox.

Results

We started the season with a fine win against Box Hill. The next match, against Northcote, was of a high standard, and had a most exciting finish. Northcote had to make three runs to win with only one ball to come; the ball was bowled by Darrell Pearce, a full toss, and was hit for four runs, giving Northcote a narrow win. Against a strong University team, we had our best win of the season. Camberwell had never beaten University; however, despite adverse conditions — water logged pitch and heavy rainfall — we had a good win. These results would not have been possible without the guidance of Mr. Hobill, who spent valuable hours after school practising with us.

—Captain, D. Weeks; V.-Captain, E. Shade.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: D. Gunther, B. Maley, K. Duncan, P. Gallus, D. Weeks, D. Whan, P. Scurrah.
Second Row: M. Stevenson, R. Monaghan, D. Jenkin, R. Crocker, R. Hill, J. Turnbull, B. Osborn, R. Morrow.
Front Row: T. Macarthy, A. Everingham, I. Jenkin, Mr. Keene, B. Blanksby, M. Darby, P. Blunden.

FOOTBALL

First XVIII

Our 1st XVIII received only small reward for their splendid efforts during the season. Enthusiasm, which was instilled into the team by the good work of our coach, Mr. Keene, brought us very close to a couple of successes.

Northcote v. Camberwell

In a hard, exciting game at the windswept Northcote High oval, Camberwell were bottled up in a non-scoring pocket during the last quarter, after leading most of the day. It was a pleasing feature to note that new players showed much intelligence and ability in their first competitive game in the Senior XVIII.

Northcote 8.9 - 57 d. Camberwell 6.8 - 44.

Goals: Duncan 3, Gallus, Guenther, Pearce.

Best: Duncan, Joiner, Pearce, Monaghan, Gallus.

Camberwell v. Melbourne

Playing shoulder to shoulder against the big Melbourne side, Camberwell showed the meaning of determination and went down fighting to a much more experienced side at the Camberwell oval.

Melbourne 13.9 - 87 d. Camberwell 6.3 - 39.

Goals: Guenther 3, Gallus 2, Duncan.

Best: Maley, D. Weeks, Monaghan, Crocker, Stevenson, I. Jenkin.

Box Hill v. Camberwell

This match was looked forward to as the first's ice-breaker. However, this was not to be the case.

In a low scoring game, Camberwell played purposeful football against the wind, to the coach's instructions, but somehow lapsed when kicking with the wind, and therefore lost numerous opportunities for victory.

Box Hill 4.9 - 33 d. Camberwell 4.3 - 27.

Goals: Guenther 3.

Best: D. Jenkin, Everingham, D. Weeks, Crocker, Stevenson, Blanksby.

Camberwell v. University

This game produced our best football and teamwork for the year. Against this premier team of the competition, we performed magnificently, and it was only the opposition's reputation which prevented us playing four quarters of solid football instead of the last half as we did.

University 7.8 - 50 d. Camberwell 4.2 - 26.

Goals: Everingham, Duncan, Guenther, Whan.

Best: I. Jenkin, D. Jenkin, Crocker, Everingham, Maley, Scurrah.

— Ian Jenkin, Capt.; Brian Blanksby, V.-Capt.

PROSPICE



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: K. Tong, G. Deutsch, Shum, D. Mount, T. S. Thye, P. Stevens.

Front Row: B. Lim, J. Lee, B. Jarasius, Mr. Hardenberg, T. S. Hua, F. Tan, B. van Twest.

SOCCER

At the start of the season, we had no soccer team. However, due to the efforts of our coach Peter Kanis and Mr. Hardenberg, we had first rate teams for our last match against University High.

We began the season with a victory over Box Hill in the practice match, the scores being Camberwell 2 goals to Box Hill 1. The first real match was played against Northcote, a particularly strong team. Even though we played a defensive game, they piled up a score of 5 goals to our nil. In the next match, in spite of all our efforts, we were defeated by Melbourne 7 goals to nil. However, we experienced victory in the following match against Box Hill, the scores being Camberwell 3 goals to Box Hill 2. We were challenged to play Balwyn's recently formed team and defeated it, scoring 3 goals to Balwyn's two. The toughest match of the season was against University High. Fortunately, by that time, our team had gained considerable strength, and up to the first half, we were winning. However, because University High's team was heavier and fitter, man for man, we were defeated, the final scores being University High 3 goals to Camberwell 2.

GOLF

During the May vacation, the school was represented by five of our golfers in the Green Acres Fifth Annual Junior Golf Tournament.

In windy conditions, this team, consisting of Alan Wappet, Peter Culley, Geoff Dobbin, Charlie Lovitt and Noel Bond, did well in coming second to St. Bede's College.

PROSPICE

Final Scores

718 St. Bede's.

755 C.H.S.

763 Scotch College.

In the individual events, Charlie Lovitt came equal third in the second round with a 72 on the handicap system.

—Noel Bond, *Iva*.

HOCKEY

The boys' hockey team under the enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Foster, had an extremely successful season. Out of the four matches played, Camberwell won three. The only team to defeat us was Melbourne High, who were eventually premiers, with Camberwell second.

We were also well represented in both senior and junior Combined High Schools teams, by the following players: Eric Shade, David Walker, Bill Caulfield, Ian Cole, David Weeks and Stuart Weeks, David Weeks being Captain of the senior team, the first time a pupil from this school has filled the position. We congratulate him and also Eric Shade and Stuart Weeks who played in the Junior Interstate Hockey team.

Results

1. Camberwell 8 goals d. Northcote 0.
Best: S. Weeks, E. Shade, I. Cole, D. Walker.
2. Melbourne 4 goals d. Camberwell 0.
Best: D. Walker, S. Weeks, W. Caulfield.
3. Camberwell 8 goals d. University O.
Best: E. Shade, D. Walker, S. Weeks, J. Stringer.
4. Camberwell 3 goals d. Carey Grammar O.
Best: D. Weeks, D. Walker, S. Weeks, J. Stringer.

S. Weeks (Capt.), D. Walker (V.-Capt.)



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: G. Gowdie, G. Barrow, G. McInnes, B. Horwood, Mr. Jones, G. French, D. Walker.
Front Row: P. Fletcher, M. Elsum. (Absent: T. Eastham).

TENNIS

This year, the tennis team, captained by Geoff. French, lived up to the reputation set in previous years, by being runner-up to Melbourne High School in the annual competition.

They began in first term by playing singles matches against each school, and doubles in second term. Although losing all singles matches except that against Box Hill, they came back with a vengeance in the doubles, losing only to Melbourne. There was no outstanding player, but they all pulled their weight and played as a team.

We were fortunate in having Mr. Jones as coach this year; we would all like to thank him for the help and keen interest he has shown throughout the year. (We also appreciated the use of his car when playing away).

As the scores indicate, all matches were very even:

Singles

Camberwell d. Box Hill by 4 games.
 Camberwell lost to Northcote by 3 games.
 Camberwell drew University (rain).
 Camberwell lost to Melbourne 2 rubbers to 6.

Doubles

Camberwell d. Box Hill 6 rubbers to 2.
 Camberwell d. Northcote by 6 games.
 Camberwell d. University 7 rubbers to 1.
 Melbourne d. Camberwell 4 rubbers to 2.

BASEBALL

Under the cheerful direction of Mr. Begbie, our first baseball team began practising from the middle of April. Richard Spicer and Ian Payne were elected Captain and Vice-Captain, and very rapidly a team formed around the nuclear of "hardened" players, who, much to the amusement of the spectators, persisted in running round shouting such questionable phrases as: "You should be stealing second," or "Don't drop that fly." Nevertheless, of our four matches, we lost only one, which we feel is a creditable feat in our first season. We thank all members of the team for their enthusiasm and co-operation. The following are the results of our matches.

Camberwell d. Melbourne 31-6.
 Camberwell v. Box Hill 6 all.
 Camberwell d. Balwyn 4-2.
 University d. Camberwell 22-3.

—R. Spicer, Capt.; I. Payne, V.-Capt.

PROSPICE



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: M. Cowan, Miss Issett, B. Arnold, J. Firth, A. Curry, W. James.
Front Row: D. Easton, J. King.

GIRLS' SPORT

Once again, MacRobertson Girls' High School and University High School, the other two schools in our division, have taken the lead in nearly every field of sport, although we have improved, much to our satisfaction. It is felt, however, that with more team-work (resulting from more practices), we could considerably improve our status.

BASKETBALL

As with the hockey, the school this year fielded two senior teams, and one junior team. The senior school team had its most successful season for years, remaining undefeated in competition matches. We attribute this success to our coach, Miss Issett, to the team-work which was gained by hard practice early in the season, and by the number of extra matches we played against schools outside our division. Our hardest match was against MacRobertson High School at their school. At half-time, we were down 11-17, but during the third-quarter, the team rallied and played well, so that at three-quarter time the scores were level at 20-20. The fourth quarter was the most gruelling, with first MacRobertson in the lead, then Camberwell. With 60 seconds of play left, Camberwell goalied, making the scores 25-25.

The team for the year was:—G.T.: M. Cowan, G.A.: D. Easton, W.A.: J. King, C.: W. James, W.D.: B. Arnold (Capt.), G.D.: A. Curry, G.H.: J. Firth.

PROSPICE

Results

June 4—Toorak d. Camberwell 36-31.
 June 17—Camberwell d. University 41-34.
 June 27—Camberwell d. Strathcona 35-18.
 July 1—Camberwell d. MacRobertson 43-27.
 July 9—Camberwell d. University 30-26.
 July 14—Camberwell d. Mangarra Rd. 29-6.
 July 16—Camb. drew MacRobertson 25-25.
 July 22—Camberwell d. Balwyn 16-10 (unfinished).
 July 29—Camberwell d. Ringwood 33-26.
 August 19—Camberwell d. Strathcona 27-12.

Under 14 Team

June 27—Camberwell d. Strathcona 23-19.
 July 11—MacRobertson d. Camberwell 26-10.
 August 19—Camberwell d. Strathcona 28-14.

VOLLEYBALL

This year the school's Volleyball team, under the captaincy of Denise Veitch, has played four matches against University and MacRobertson High Schools. Although playing only one successful match, the girls have offered a keen competitive spirit in all the games played. We would sincerely like to thank Miss Issett and Mrs. Gray for their helpful advice.

Results

June 17th—University d. Camberwell 2-1.
 July 1st—MacRobertson d. Camberwell 3-0.
 July 9th—Camberwell d. University 2-1.
 July 16th—MacRobertson d. Camberwell 5-0.

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VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: D. Veith, S. Semmell, J. Stanger, K. Perrin, J. Davies, J. Devlin.
Front Row: N. Segin, T. Maziewicz.

HOCKEY

This year we were once again able to field two senior hockey teams. Our successes were few, probably because of our limited time for practices. However, we managed to achieve a few victories, and both teams are to be praised for their spirit and enthusiasm. Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Foster for his help, patience and enthusiasm.

Results

June 17—1st—University d. Camberwell 2-6.
 2nd—Camb. drew University 0-0.
 July 1st—1st—MacRobertson d. Camb. 5-6.
 2nd—Camb. d. MacRobertson 2-0.
 July 9th—1st—University d. Camberwell 3-6.
 2nd—University d. Camberwell 2-6.
 July 14—1st—Camb. d. Mangarra Rd. 1-0.
 July 16—1st—MacRobertson d. Camb. 4-6.
 2nd—MacRobertson d. Camb. 2-6.
 July 22—1st—Camberwell d. Balwyn 6-0.
 July 29—Camberwell drew Ringwood 0-0.
 August 14—Fintona d. Camberwell 1-6.

SOFTBALL

The members of the Senior Softball Team had a very happy season together, in spite of the fact that we won only one match, that against Balwyn High School.

Results

University 17 d. Camberwell 5.
 University 8 d. Camberwell 0.
 MacRobertson 27 d. Camberwell 9.
 MacRobertson 37 d. Camberwell 4.
 Camberwell 12 d. Balwyn 6.

TENNIS

The school was represented by two teams, each consisting of four pairs. Our first pair (Janice King, Sue Webster, Dorothea Schmidt) were our strong point, winning three of their four matches. Although the rest of the team were not so fortunate, the University High School and MacRobertson girls had to fight for every point.

Results

19th February

1st Team—MacRobertson d. Camberwell 38 games — 16. (1st pair won 10-8).
 2nd Team—MacRobertson d. Camberwell — 40-10.

12th March

1st Team—University d. Camberwell 34-28 (1st pair won 10-4).
 2nd Team—University d. Camberwell 35-31. (2nd pair won 10-7, 3rd pair won 10-8).

18th March

1st Team—MacRobertson d. Camb. 40-13.
 2nd Team—MacRobertson d. Camb. 40-22.

1st April

1st Team—University d. Camberwell 37-22 (1st pair won 10-7).
 2nd Team—University d. Camberwell 40-20.

PROSPICE



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row: M. Falconbridge, V. Boyes, P. Westrup, H. Dennehy, N. Hiah.

Front Row: L. Wilcox, S. Fraser, S. Fisch, E. Mauger, P. Broban.

GOLF

This year, for the first time, the senior girls have been able to play golf as a school sport. Approximately thirty girls have been taking weekly lessons under the coaching of professional golfer, Mr. Geoff Giles. They have been

taught the basic rules of the game, golf etiquette, and the elementary strokes, and it is probable that in the near future the girls will have a chance to play on a proper golf course.

If this sport continues to be popular, it will be resumed next season.—*Carol Blake, VIa.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting of the Parents' Association was held at the School on Monday, March 17th, and was well attended by parents. The following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Mr. A. G. Brewer.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. E. R. Goodman, Mrs. I. A. Robinson, and Mr. K. L. Noldt.

Secretary: Mr. B. M. Curry.

Treasurer: Mr. R. Key.

Our membership this year is disappointing. At the date of writing, only 255 members have subscribed, and this is our lowest for several years.

We were very pleased to welcome Mr. R. W. Andrews, our Headmaster, on his return to the School. Those of us, who knew him at the School previously, realized what a great interest

he had always taken in our affairs. We find that we still get the same help and co-operation from him, and, on the Committee's behalf, I would like to express our appreciation of this.

A Women's Auxiliary of the Parents' Association has been formed this year. Their meetings to date have been very successful, and we feel that this is a definite step forward in the interests of the School.

At General Meetings this year, we have had addresses from Mr. Andrews and Miss Trickett on subjects relating to the School and Education and Scholarships, and Mr. D. McDonnell, Principal of the Melbourne Secondary Teachers' College, is to speak to us on "American Ideas for Australian Schools."

—*B. M. Curry, Hon. Secretary.*

PREFECT PERSONALITIES

BEVERLEY BLIGHT:

Head Prefect.

Has taken up learning bad language in the newly-formed golf club, through which she made her debut on television. She is the blond-headed "baby" of the prefects, who is renowned for her deep chuckle, her tendency to say "I'll biff you," and her aversion to "hatless heads."

MARGARET COWAN:

Member of school basketball team and conductress of Roosevelt House Choir.

Her perpetual occupation is eating anything and everything, much to the amazement of other Sixth Formers whose consumption is limited. Leading question:—How does she retain that reed-like appearance? Her peculiarity is red hair, which she claims is auburn.

JUDITH FIRTH:

Member of school basketball, tennis and swimming teams, and conductress of MacArthur House Choir.

She is definitely the most believing of the prefects, punctuating fantastic stories with "Really" and "Gosh!" She constantly discovers that fact is stranger than fiction. It is her ambition to become a physical education instructress and to turn all "weedy" girls into athletes like herself.

SUSAN FISCH:

Member of school softball team.

Her chief complaint is that she is a "GI" (geographically impossible) and thus her chief occupation is staying at other people's homes. She is on a perpetual diet of "cardboard" and dried pears. She believes in experimenting in all the latest "Vogue" fashions and if she is not careful she will get the sack. Like her predecessors, she sports the enormous dimples which are the trademark of the Fisch family.

ISABEL GEYER:

Member of school tennis team.

Isabel comes to us from Balwyn High School, where she was Head Prefect. She is surprisingly sane, sensible and level-headed, except when playing tennis or telling "Little Herman" stories, when she really lets herself go.

HEATHER GLASTONBURY:

Captain of school hockey team and is consequently always running to "Fossie" for advice. Other than this, her perpetual occupation seems to be solving Chem. problems. It would thus appear that her probable fate will be "Chem. Mistress." She has one real peculiarity — her feet!

BARBARA RENNIE:

Her perpetual occupation is squirting people with her Snorkel Pen, although she threatens to do this many more times than she actually does. Her pet aversion is Physics assumptions, which she stoutly refuses to believe until some proof of them is shown. It is her ambition to be an eminent surgeon, but her probable fate is to be a butcher.

SUSAN RODDICK:

Member of school hockey and tennis teams.

Her Peculiarity is her lusty chortling in school choirs. Her ambition is to be a nuclear physicist, and we find her at the moment growing her locks in order to deceive those deluded souls who think nuclear physicists are not feminine creatures. Her probable fate will be the trapping of a fellow nuclear physicist, and thus defeating her ambition by becoming a housewife.

Theme song: "I'm just an old-fashioned girl."

JENNIFER WINFORD:

Conductress of Montgomery House Choir.

Jenny's peculiarity is that she can study for nine hours on certain nights, which must have some connection with her favourite saying "Done any work?" Her pet aversion is Physics problems. It is her ambition to cure a previously unknown disease, but her probable fate is to spend her time polishing microscope slides.

BRIAN "BOB" BLANKSBY: Head Prefect.

Captain First XI, Vice-Captain First XVIII.

Favourite Saying: "It's upset me."

Peculiarity: Being late for French.

Perpetual Occupation: Sings "joy-ful" songs.

Ambition: To wear a dog collar.

Probable Fate: Dusting the Pews (by word or hand).

GARY BUCKNELL: Secretary of Boys' Pre's.

Theme Song: "He's got the whole world in his hands."

Perpetual Occupation: Singing for William N.

Peculiarity: Can do Latin.

Ambition: Latin Teacher.

Probable Fate: Street sweeper of the "Via Appia."

DON "SCOOP" COLLIE: Member of 1st XI, and Baseball Team.

Favourite Saying: "Get here, Yencken."

Peculiarity: The Brain of the Pre's.

Perpetual Occupation: Slow-walk-rockin'!

Ambition: To travel for the B.H.P.

Probable Fate: Coal Miner.

PETER "PYTHON" GALLUS: Member of 1st XVIII.

Favourite Saying: "It wasn't me, 'Marra'!"

Peculiarity: Haunts Warragul in automobiles.

Perpetual Occupation: Slinging cans.

Ambition: To experience a game without incident.

Probable Fate: Snake-charmer.

IAN "TWANGAR" JENKIN: Captain of 1st XVIII, Vice-Captain of 1st XI.

Favourite Saying: "Get with it!"

Peculiarity: Wears 'McYencken' tartans.

Perpetual Occupation: Cradle snatching.

Ambition: To snooker "Python."

Probable Fate: Bachelor.

BRIAN "KNOBBY" MALEY: Member of 1st XVIII and 1st VIII.

Favourite Saying: What are we eating, Shifty?

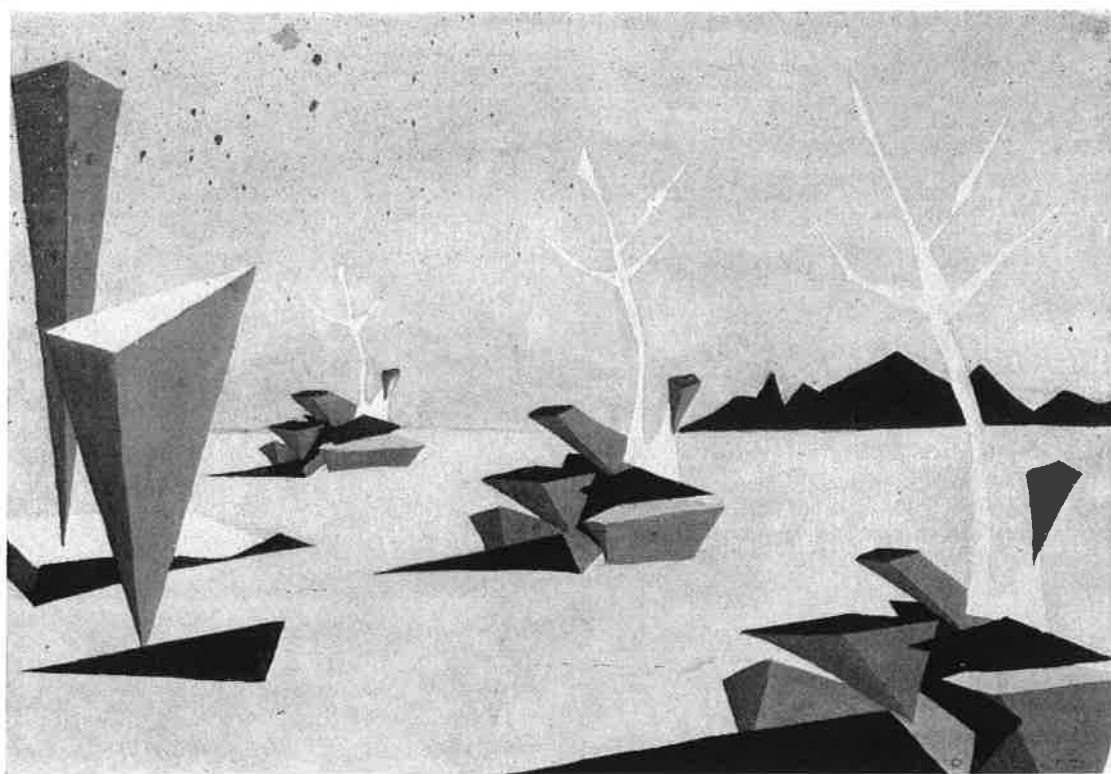
Pet Aversion: Paying taxi fares.

Perpetual Occupation: Borrowing money.

Ambition: To smoke a pipe.

Probable Fate: President of Anti-Cancer Campaign.

Continued on Page 48



"Tragedy," by Robyn Peowrie, III.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Congestion

Dear Editor,

Doubtless you, too, have seen huge, slowly-moving piles of books, surmounting a pair of shuffling feet, edging timidly through the seething 4 o'clock mass in the corridor, and have, like me, wondered if the motive power was of human origin.

One day, I decided to investigate. After removing a "shorter" English dictionary of some two thousand pages, and a Survey of Mankind of like proportions, I discovered a face — at least I think it was a face. It had a strangely demented look, its eyes were encircled with black rings, and its muscles twitched violently at the slightest sound. "Are the exams near?" I queried kindly. "Near!" it responded with an inane cackle, "They are three weeks off, and I'm half-way through my Geography references, quarter of the way through Biology, and haven't started British or" It was a Matric. student

The reader, in his compassion, would surely welcome any suggestion which could relieve at least some of the strain for these poor creatures. Now I have a scheme which, if carried out, would make Camberwell High School world-renowned. A survey, conducted recently among High Schools all over the State, showed that the muscles in the arms of Matric. students were seriously impaired, owing to the exceptional weights which had to be carried. I suggest that

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a system of overhead trolleys be set up along the corridors of our school, whereby a boy or girl might place his or her books on a tray and collect them later, simply by pressing the appropriate button.

Would you have our potential discus, javelin or shot-put champions given no chance of success, just because they wish to further their education? Surely you would not let such a simple act as the installation of such a system alone prevent the perfection of the physique of our young people.

I remain, Sir,

Yours etc.,

Pro Bono Publico, VIa.

★

Tuck-Shop

Dear Editor,

At lunch-time and recess, there is always a large crowd of students milling around the tuck-shop in an endeavour to be served before anybody else. In this way, the little students are often easily brushed aside by the more hefty ones, and even though they may have arrived at the tuck-shop early, they are pushed out of their turn. I think they are entitled to a much better go, and because of this, there should be organized queues to carry out the principle of "first come, first served," in a more efficient way.

Yours etc.,

Peter Goodman, Vc.

Cross-Country for Girls?

Dear Editor,

Why is it that the girls cannot have a Cross-Country Run? I am sure that if this event were to become established it would be very popular amongst a majority of the girls. I know that many of the boys say that they would like to skip this event, but I feel certain that this would not be the case if we were allowed one. However, allowing for the fact that the Male sex are *supposed* to be superior, ours could be shortened to a length of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. If a girls' Cross-Country Run were held, it would not only get us in training for later life, (with the rolling-pin) but it would also whittle off those extra pounds! For these reasons, and also for the fun we would derive from the actual running, I ask that this question be given some consideration.

Yours etc.,
Mavis Rodda, Vb.

★

Television?

Dear Editor,

With the increase of educational programmes provided by the A.B.C. on Television, it is now a necessity for our school to purchase Television receivers. This may seem extravagant but really is a necessity in at least a few rooms.

—“*Bird-watcher*,” *IVd.*

★

The Choral Festival

Several letters have been received protesting against features of the Choral Festival, especially that practices are held at lunch-time or before school, and that a certain amount of ‘persuasion’ is used to collect members for the choirs. We therefore thought it would be of interest to all, to read the following explanation of the value of the Festival. (*Eds.*)

The aim of the Choral Contest is to broaden the student’s outlook on life by stimulating interest in musical activities, and so aiding the development of his personality. Initiative, self-discipline, discretion in choice of music, opportunity to train others, and self-criticism are the outcome of concentrated effort. There are few avenues in school life for pupils to manage things for themselves; the Choral contest gives them this opportunity. Moreover, all group competitions require selflessness. In both choral and sport contests, people have to be willing to put the interest of their House before their own comfort. There will inevitably be a few people who sing (or play sport) against their will. These deserve praise for their fine spirit, especially if it is done conscientiously and cheerfully.

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Lockers

Dear Editor,

I wish to make a complaint about the bottom row of lockers.

Arriving at school at twenty to nine and finding certain people have arrived before me, I have to push in among the legs of at least half a dozen girls to get to my locker. Then comes the difficult part — to open my locker door. Opening the door about six inches, I politely ask the owner of the legs in the way to shift them into another position. Whilst doing that, the legs, none too gently, tread on me. After this is repeated from two to four times, my door is open. By this time, a certain girl who has her locker above me arrives, opens her locker, and rulers, books, pencils and anything else that may fall out, cascade on to my head. I am then expected to pick these items up. I proceed to extract my books from my locker, close it with the same trouble as before, and try to resume my normal height. After a number of bangs on my head from projecting locker doors, I have now got my books.

This happens six times a day, and at home-time it is the worst. Surely I have reason to complain.

Yours etc.,
“*My Aching Head*,” *IVd.*

★

Lunchtime Sport

Dear Editor,

This concerns the sport of the school at lunch-times. Frequently, we go to the sports-cupboard, and are greeted by “Nothing left,” even though there is no equipment out.

Lately we have been bringing our own footballs, and now we are not allowed on the oval quite frequently to use them. Do you think this is quite the right thing to do?

Yours etc.,
“*Fairplay*.”

(We asked Mr. Hobill for an explanation of this, which he gives as follows:—

“At the time this letter was written, the oval was in such a shocking condition, due to adverse weather, that the provision of sporting equipment would not only have cut up the oval, but ruined your own clothes and wasted your parents’ time in cleaning them, I think you have been well provided with equipment in good weather.”—*Ed.*)

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"Fluff," by Robyn Peourie, III, Winner of the Junior Section, "Out-of-School Activities."

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE SUNBURNT COUNTRY"

This is a book of great interest to all Australians. It was written by the Society of Australian Writers in England, and presented to Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of the Royal Tour of Australia in 1954. Of the seventeen leading Australian writers who depict the Australian way of life, there are several whose accounts are outstanding.

Jack Maclaren writes of the Australia few people see. He has travelled the remote regions of this vast continent, and has first-hand knowledge of the aborigines, of people carving a home in the rugged Kimberleys, and the expanding cattle industry there.

Paul Brickhill's contribution illustrates how man has conquered pests which threatened to deprive him of his heritage. The conquest of the rabbit scourge and the discovery of cactoblastis which overcame the prickly-pear problem feature in his account of "The Landscape."

George H. Johnston has written under the heading "Their Way of Life." Here we read about ourselves as other people see us, and the under-lying vein of humour causes many laughs.

These are just a few of the many interesting articles in this thoroughly worthwhile book. Every Australian owes it to himself to read it, not only to increase his knowledge of Australia, but to broaden his whole outlook.

—Rosemary Mead, Vb.

"SEA-WYF & BISCUIT"

By James Scott

This is the fantastic and moving story of the survival of three men and a woman in a rubber dinghy drifting in the Indian Ocean.

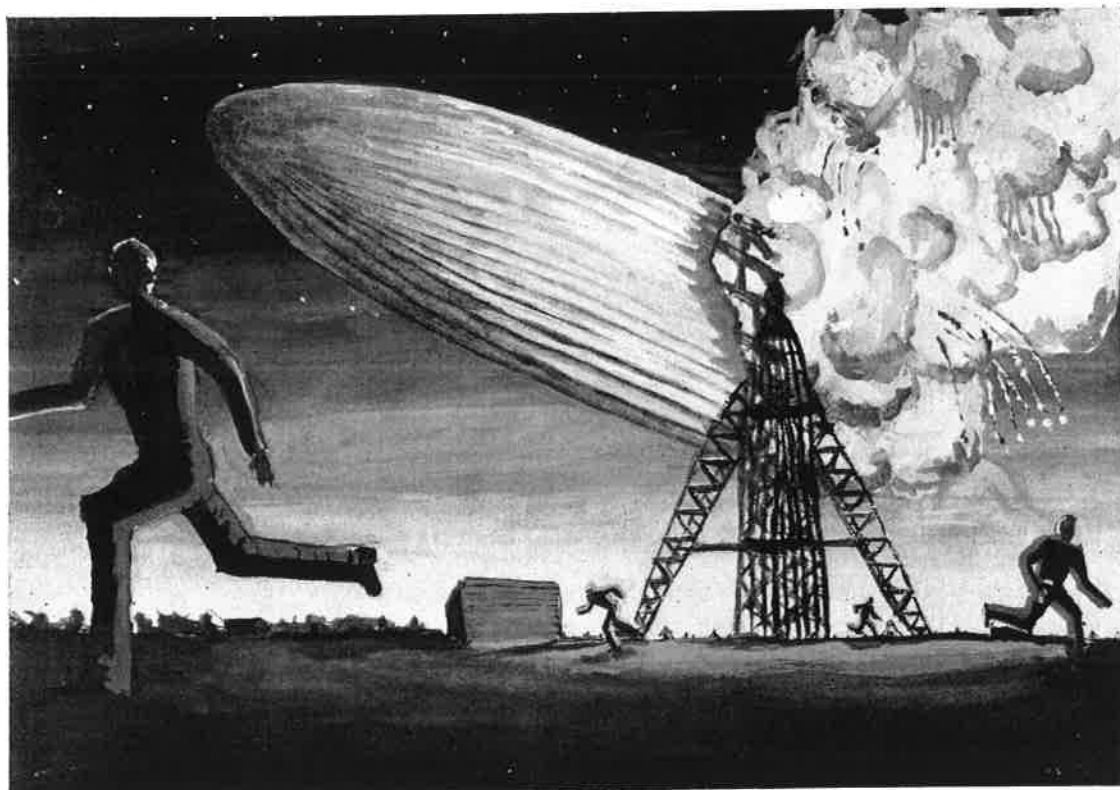
After the "San Felix" had been torpedoed and sunk by the Japanese during the Second World War, only four of the thousands of people of all races, who were crammed into two life-boats, made the effort to reach a small rubber dinghy. The four were destined to have each other's company for many weeks. They were known only to each other by nick-names: Sea-Wyf, a young Englishwoman, Bulldog and Biscuit, both Englishmen, and Number Four, the crippled Negro purser of the San Felix.

For some weeks they drifted in their dinghy with very little food or water. As time went on, the three men became increasingly dependent on Sea-Wyf to keep peace between them and to encourage them by her own unswerving faith. Biscuit fell in love with her; Bulldog, although many years her senior, respected her; and Number Four became almost insane in his animal-like desire for her.

The amazing story of how they reached land, lived there for some weeks, and finally built a raft and left the island, is told by James Scott in a book that is easy to read and hard to leave. Only three of them were rescued when a ship eventually found the raft, for Number Four, threatening them with a knife he had found on the island, became dangerous in his insanity, and Bulldog forced him overboard.

In parts the book is tense and exciting, in parts ghastly and horrible, as in the description of the sinking of the "San Felix." Sometimes it is sad and moving, as when Biscuit, deeply in love with Sea-Wyf, tries to persuade her to tell him about herself. There was an amazing strength and courage in Sea-Wyf, which mystified both the Englishmen. They could not account for her unfailing faith and hope, even at the worst of times. Only Number Four knew that she was a nun and he had promised not to tell the others. It was not until many years later, when Biscuit determined to find her, and published advertisements in the London papers, that he and Bulldog discovered her secret.

Probably the most significant aspect of this book is the fact that Sea-Wyf refused to break the vows she made in becoming a nun, and never lost her courage even in the most adverse times. But for her, it is unlikely that any of them would have survived, and certainly they could not have kept their sanity without her presence.—Lyn Murray, Vb.



"Disaster," by John Hopkins, IIIc.

FILM REVIEW

THE MOST INTERESTING FILM I HAVE SEEN

"Against an exotic background of the Imperial Palace in mid-nineteenth century Siam, 'The King and I' unfolds an odd yet compelling story of an English school teacher and the 'uncivilized' Siamese king. She is the West, he is the East, and the two meet in both electric conflict and warm understanding." (As an opening paragraph, I could not improve on these words used by the critic.)

The story begins when Anna, an English widow, arrives in Siam to take the post of governess to the King's children. She enters into conflict with the King almost immediately, when he refuses her a house outside the palace. However, she becomes accustomed to his ideas, and learns to understand his nature. Anna is really the King's diplomatic adviser, but uses psychology to conceal this from him, as he likes to feel he is "monarch of all he surveys," and that every good idea is his own.

Anna's close friends in the royal household are Lady Thiang, the head wife, and Tuptim, a beautiful girl, who, although a present to the king, is in love with Sun Tha, a young man from Burma, her native country. The climax of the story comes when, after a dance charged with

feeling, Anna triumphs over the King. He has ordered Tuptim to be whipped for trying to elope with her lover, and Anna objects to this. The King becomes angry, and says that he himself, will whip her. Anna looks on, daring him to do it. He finds he cannot, and, hurling down the whip, leaves the scene.

Anna decides to return to England, but, as she is about to leave, Lady Thiang begs her to stay, as the King is dying. Deeply grieved, Anna rushes to the bedside of the dying King, and there resolves to remain in Siam to help the young Prince, who will need her now as he takes the throne and prepares to be a good ruler.

Altogether, I found the story of "The King and I" extremely interesting, at times sad and at times glad, and a very human story, which appealed greatly to me.—*Marion Keith, IVd.*

Receiver Fountain Pen

Shaped like a fountain pen is a small electric pocket receiver which each doctor at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, carries in his pocket. When any particular doctor is needed, a numbered button is pushed in the porter's lodge, and the corresponding receiver buzzes in the doctor's pocket. The quiet buzz does not disturb the patients or nurses, and the doctor who has been "buzzed" can go to the nearest telephone to find out where he is needed.

—*Lynette Johnson, IIIb.*

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ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

TWENTY YEARS ON!

I woke with a start, as the lecture ended. The students gathered up their belongings, and chattering together in little groups, left the room. They did not look familiar to me, indeed the very room looked strange. Suddenly, in a spasm of horror, I realized what had happened. You see, I am a descendant of Rip Van Winkle and all through our family, since his time, has run an incurable mania for sleep. My family has always joked and said that I, too, would succumb to it. I had laughed . . . But now I had fallen asleep in the corner of Room 16 at Camberwell High School, and had slept for twenty years.

Perhaps, at this moment, I should furnish the reader with a few of the important facts about my famous ancestor. Rip Van Winkle was a Dutch colonist in America, who met a strange man in the Catskill Mountains. He helped him carry a keg, and at the first opportunity, he managed to take a sly sip. Thereupon, he fell into a stupor and slept for twenty years. On waking, he found he was a tottering old man, his wife was dead and buried, his daughter was married, his native village was remodelled, and America was an independent nation.

Here I was in Room 16 still, but I had slept for twenty years too. And how the room had changed! The windows were decked with blinds in soft pastel shades. The walls too had delicate tints, pale rose, lilac, so very suitable, giving exactly the right atmosphere for a French lesson. A thick carpet covered the floor, and the desks were cushioned and very comfortable, — so different from those to which I had been accustomed. Deciding to investigate, I stepped out into the corridor, or rather on to the moving staircase. As everyone seemed to be going in the direction of the common-room, I joined them. One group had a pile of old "Prospice's" and were looking through them. "Here's an old one!" cried a rather bumptious female, "1957! Why, they've got the old gym! Isn't it a funny old shack!" "Yes," agreed another, "And see the quaint uniforms. How dowdy and unserviceable! Look at the pleats!"

Their conversation was continually interrupted by noises from the roof, but they did not seem to hear them. I presumed that they were helicopters landing and taking off. I listened again. "Why, they still had teachers!" exclaimed one girl in amazement. "Of course," said one studious-looking boy, "Teachers were not removed till 1965, if you remember correctly. First, schools used records issued by the central department, and '73 saw the introduction of the Modern Automatic Telepathy System that we use today."

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"Oh, yes . . . But what are these queer things the boys have on their heads? They must have been some fashionable haircut or something."

"Let me see," interpolated a short girl, who for some time had been endeavouring unsuccessfully to reach the middle of the crowd, "Oh, they're caps. My mother once told me that all the boys wore them, although they didn't like them much!"

"I can understand it . . . here's some more. What's a cross-country run?"

"Oh, they had weird notions in those days. They made the boys run for miles around the streets of Camberwell." There were gasps of horror and incredulity.

"But they had cars then. I remember . . . and motor scooters and a few primitive helicopters . . . Surely?"

"They didn't *have* to run, did they?"

Suddenly someone turned round and noticed me. Thinking I was one of them masquerading for a joke, they laughed and teased me with kindly good humour. Hesitantly, I explained my position. This provoked further shouts of laughter. However, soon they began to realize that I might be in earnest, impossible though it seemed.

"Half a minute," said one in true C.H.S. style, "I'll connect up with the office, and ask them to send the Prevaricator down. We'll soon see!"

"What's the pre— pre—" I asked, in sudden fear and trembling. "Oh, just the lie-detecting machine," one damsel airily informed me.

I don't know why I should have been afraid. My story was quite true. But the crowd pressed in on me — closer — closer — I couldn't breathe. They taunted and mocked me. Then two screams sounded in my ear.

With a sigh I awoke. The second bell had just gone. I was still in Room 16 and it was 1958. The voice of the teacher continued, "So that essay should be handed in on Tuesday. For those of you who have been listening, it will not be difficult. The trouble with you people is that you dream too much . . ."

—Betty Veitch, VIa.



THE MINT

The Mint is the place where our coins are made. The coins are made from ore, which is melted and carefully poured into steel moulds. After cooling, the metal is removed, the rough edges are trimmed, and then it is rolled. In the rolling, the metal becomes longer. The next process is cutting the metal to the shape of coins, which are then softened and stamped. Finally, the coins are packed ready for distribution to banks.—Graeme Hubbert, Ia.

CONTOURS AND DETOURS

Drifting around Ashburton the other day in an Alvis Speed 20, I spotted a rather purple-looking friend of mine standing on the corner and staring blankly into space.

"What's the trouble, Norm?" I asked.

There was no answer save for a somewhat incoherent babbling sound. I flipped the Alvis' door open and dragged Norm inside. After scanning the horizon for little men in blue, I slipped the car in gear and took off.

When the rev. counter touched 3,200 and we found ourselves tooling happily up High Street Road, the friendly snarl of the exhaust seemed to revive Norm, and the glassy stare left his eyes.

"It was awful," he said. "It had a big open mouth with dozens of portholes along the nose, and huge fins in the back, and it was all purple with"

"Now, hold on just a moment," I said, "There's no such animal!"

"This wasn't any animal," Norm muttered. "It was a car. It was horrible!"

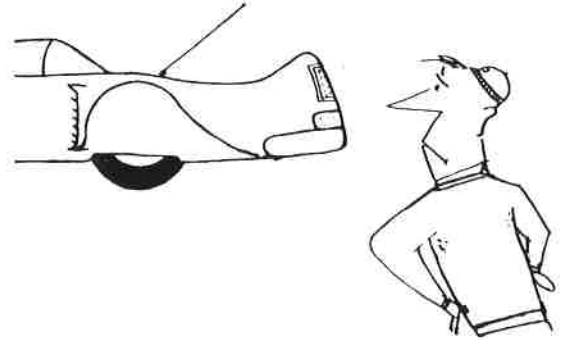
As the sordid story began to unfold, I found out that Norm had just come from an exhibition featuring one of the new American "sports" cars. Trying to visualise the monster, I was carried away for a moment, too, by the horror of it all. I began to think of what was likely to happen to the American sports car market if the present trend were allowed to continue. The Super-Chrome Detroit "sports" car of 1963 might very well be something like this:

The chassis is from an old Fifth Avenue bus, lengthened ten or twelve inches. The body is made of a special new plastic, so soft and resilient, that, in time of emergency, it can be taken off the car completely and turned inside out to form a rubber boat. The engine, of course, is an atomic one, small enough to fit in the glove box. This leaves the designers with a huge space where the engine used to be, and this in turn is divided into two compartments. The first contains a dummy V-8 engine, all neatly chromed and complete with little red glow plugs that light up in firing order. The second compartment, just under the dash, is a steel crash chamber into which the driver and his passenger can jump before a collision.

It is detachable, and comes with handles and a lid so that it can double as a coffin. Since there is no conventional transmission, a dummy gearshift lever and a clutch pedal are built-in features "for the driver who likes to retain that good old feeling of control." The actual transmission, aptly named Psychomatic by the ad. agency's word-coining boys, operates on thought waves.

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Since our "sports" car is a two seater, there is naturally some space in the rear; this is filled with the 587 pounds of hydraulic equipment it takes to lift the 500 pound fake wire-wheel spare out of the rear deck and position it for "easy removal." The rest of the car is cluttered up with the sort of equipment one expects in 1963, a T.V. set, an electric dishwasher, an operating table, two watchdogs and a rear view radar-scope.



Does this sound frightening? Well it should, but let's understand that it's not exactly Detroit's fault. The trouble is that the Michigan hot-shots have to cater for the public's taste. The only thing the master-minds can do, after taking a good look at this mess, is to try to copy what seems to be the most popular European design, combining the best features of a few of them with Detroit's own latest bombs. The resulting hybrids are chrome-covered monsters, not sports cars but merely experiments with public opinion graphs. If the Americans do not like these sports cars, all they have to do is to say so, but it seems they are quite pleased with them.

—R. Morrow, Vd.

★

THE TREE

*There is a land where nothing grows,
Except a Tree.
A Tree in an empty space of desert sands.*

A Tree, all black with the sins of man.

*Red sands,
Soaked with the blood of man.
In the sky is a sun,
Which eternally beats upon the barrenness.*

*Forever will this Tree grow
In its waste of wastes.
Forever will its arms, twisted, gnarled,
Weird lengths eternally stretching,
Be etched
Against the limitless blue,
Until all men have died
Or evil ceased to be.*

—Michael Stevenson, Vd.

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"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STAFF FOOTBALL TEAM?"

Backs: Begbie, Horne, Harrison.
H-Backs: Foster, Aikman, Ferris.
Centres: Ferguson, Keene, Doble.
H-Forwards: Hart, Nolan, McCallum.
Forwards: Jones, Hobill, Green.
Rucks: Murray, Cropper.
Rover: Gibbons.

Comments: The defence looks really strong, with the possible exception of Begbie in the back-pocket, who may be too interested in collecting specimens to keep his mind on the game. Even if Begbie does fail, half-backs Foster and Ferris know the topography of the school oval well enough to be match-winners, and they will be well supported by the economical Horne at full-back.

The centre-line is first-class, with Keene and Doble adding science to the game, and wingster Ferguson creating many opportunities with his artistic football.

Half-forward flankers McCallum and Hart are real 'goal-sneaks,' with the former using his craft to advantage, while Hart (aided by log-tables and mathematical instruments) should be able to deduce at what angle he has to kick the ball to score a goal. Nolan at centre-half-forward should do well if he can put his principles into practice.

Full-forward Hobill is a "physical fitness fanatic" and his acrobatic, gymnastic leaps could non-plus his opponent.

The rucks are stable and hard-hitting, so long as Murray remembers he is not in "Quality Street." These rucks will give rovers Jones, an ex-champion sprinter, and Music-teacher Gibbons, who is a real "record-breaker," plenty of opportunities.—*Vc Boys.*



LIFE UNDERWATER

Little is known of what lies under the waves which continuously roll across our seas. Underwater, there is a completely different and strange world from the one we know and live in. It is a world out of this world, in which love and hate, war and peace continue as they do on land.

To swim in this world, to almost live in and take part in such a life is paradise to those whom Lady Luck has chosen. Here, where gravity is counteracted by the water, you float around as a bird does in air, free to do as you please and move as you please, up and down and around with a flip of your feet. Floating along, you cannot help being struck by the beauty of the scenery, the greens, blues, reds, greys, whites and blacks of the vegetation and rocks. Vast plains of grass-type, fawn-coloured seaweed stretch as far as the eye can see, and then suddenly join into a forest of kelp and such-like

seaweed. This will suddenly rise up into a mountain range, complete with foothills and bare mountain tops. Above this fairyland is a brilliant blue sky with clouds scurrying hither and thither, as the wind blows the waves across the surface.

But despite the beauty of this scene, its beauty quickly becomes its danger, if you do not keep your wits about you. Swimming around in this quiet world, you soon lose all sense of direction, and you have to surface to check where you are. Yes, this world is silent, silent except for the pulsing of the bubbles from your aqua-lung. There are no sounds as you know them, twittering birds or tooting horns, just silence! The deathly quiet that hangs like a shroud over the whole scene, the quiet that surrounds you and makes you want to get out and leave it all, but always calls you back! And yet there are sounds there that you cannot hear, because your ears are not made for underwater hearing. An amusing story proving this tells of a false alarm being sounded at Pearl Harbour during the last war. A shoal of fish swam through the underwater microphone boom, which was meant to pick up the sound of submarines' engines, and set off the alarm. Frogmen were sent below to investigate, and the cause was found. This proved conclusively that fish have some verbal language of their own.

However, these fish are only one of the many types that exist. Fish range from tiny little whitebait, as small as one and a half inches, to killer whale sharks that grow up to sixty feet in length. These sharks are in turn dwarfed by the giant Sperm whales which grow to over one hundred feet in length. In the shallow waters around our coasts, you see only certain common varieties, while in the deepest depths are weird and wonderful fish seldom seen by man. These fish live in a world of darkness or semi-darkness; some have to provide their own light by way of phosphorescent bodies, while others have oversized eyes as big as dinner plates to capture what little light there is. In addition there are countless millions of tiny plankton, which the fish feed on, that would be barely as big as a pin-head if magnified five hundred times.

Yes it is a strange world, one of which very little is known, of which even less is written, and which is only now having the surface scratched and opened to the world by a few pioneers.—*Don Ellis, Vc.*

"A fanatic is one who can't change his mind, and won't change the subject."

"Difficulties mastered are opportunities won."

—*Sir Winston Churchill.*



"Stained Glass Window," by Mary Wilson, VIa.

CHRISTMAS SONG

*One starry night, in Palestine,
A Babe was born of David's line,
In Bethlehem.*

*To shepherds in a field abiding,
Angels brought the joyful tiding,
The Christ is here!*

*The Wise Men hastened from afar,
Guided ever by a star,
To worship Him.*

*Now in our heart an echo rings,
For still the Herald Angel sings
To men of faith.*

—Wendy Dabourne, Va.



BUDGERIGARS

At home I have fifteen budgerigars in an aviary, blues, green, yellows and greys. They are all quite friendly and will alight on me when I go in. Inside, I have another budgerigar which is a silvery-blue in colour, and it is my pet. I can do nearly anything to it, and it does not mind. One morning, when my father came into the room with some toast with honey on it, and asked who wanted it, the budgie flew down and landed right in the middle of it. We had to give him a bath then.—Russell Clear, Ia.

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A CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE MELBOURNE PUBLIC LIBRARY

In July a friend and I had a wonderful opportunity to see over the Melbourne Public Library. We arrived somewhat earlier than necessary, and spent our time examining a wonderful display of overseas and Australian books.

The first department we saw was the photography room. Here, any page of any book can be photographed and printed for a nominal fee. The equipment consists of an enlarger, a set of developer trays, a glazing machine, a marvellous camera mounted in suitable position to take photos without being moved, and a drying cabinet.

Next we saw "Research" and "Enquiries." "Enquiries" is for people who wish to find a particular book or books on a particular subject. There is a very good catalogue where the books are listed under title, author and subject. Questions which require more time to answer are sent to "Research," where huge books may be consulted in order to find books, pamphlets and magazines on the required subjects. One interesting set of books was the "Current Biographies." These contain the life stories of people in the news each year.

Our guide then took us to "Archives," "the old department." We saw old shipping records and some of the letters of Governor Hotham, including the report on the Eureka Stockade, and the micro-film of some documents in England concerning the transportation of convicts.

The Australian Reading Room is only a temporary arrangement awaiting the building of the Latrobe Library, of which the foundation stone has already been laid. Only some of the Australian books are in this room as the rest are in the "stacks" for want of space. We tried and found to be in working order, some of Ned Kelly's pistols, and a music box belonging to Governor Hotham. We also saw some prints of Melbourne about a hundred years ago.

Last call on the agenda was the Art and Music room. This contained huge books of prints and art dictionaries in every language of the world. U.N.E.S.C.O. is putting out a very good series of books on world art, which we saw. The library also has a very valuable and informative book on jade of which there are only a few copies in the world. In the Music section, which is comparatively small, we saw scores of Bach and others.

At the end, as a special favour, we were taken up into the "stacks." These books may be asked for only once in twenty years, and are correspondingly thick with dust. From the "stacks," we were able to look over the reading room, but we could not see much owing to the extensive scaffolding erected while the dome is being re-plated.—Joy Handley, Va.

PROSPICE

MY COUNTRY

(Thoughts prompted by Earl Baldwin's
"O: England")

CEYLON

To me, Ceylon is the jungle, and the jungle is Ceylon!

The wild elephants trumpeting in the jungles in December, the chattering monkeys leaping through the trees, the herds of deer drinking at the water-holes, and as twilight comes on, the last load of coconuts being drawn down a jungle pathway, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the bullocks as they take it home to the estate; and above all, 'most subtle, most penetrating, and most moving,' the smell of wood smoke and cinnamon fires coming up in a December evening: that wood smoke that the ancestors of the Sinhalese, tens of thousands of years ago, must have caught on the air when they were coming home with the result of the day's hunting, when they were still veddahs, and when they were still roaming the jungles and plains of the island of Ceylon.

—Gerard Paulusz, *IIIa*.

HUNGARY

To me, Hungary is the puszta and the puszta is Hungary! And when I ask myself what I mean by Hungary, when I am abroad, Hungary comes to me through my various senses, — through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents. I will tell you what they are, and there may be those among you who feel as I do . . .

The lively gypsy music which has drifted over the puszta, and captivated the hearts of all, from time immemorial, the gay, bright yellow sun-flower which towers majestically over man and beast, who appear to hide beneath its sturdy, giant stalk, but probably most amazing and most unusual is the delibab, a mirage of cattle and horses grazing on the puszta, a mirage which can be seen above in the air, although the animals are several miles away; and 'most penetrating, most subtle, most moving' is the sweet, pleasing scent of the scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers. Surely if the earth was God's hat, then Hungary would be the posy decorating the brim.—Julie Biro, *IIIa*.

IRELAND

The workman, with scythe over his back and billy-can in his hand, trudging his weary way to his cottage up the Glen; to see the Glens of Antrim covered in heather, trees, bracken and mystery, to see again the Golden Eagle swoop from a crag to fend off his foes, to see the Gypsies' brightly coloured caravans at the fair, to see the last donkey-drawn load of peat suddenly enveloped in mist!

PROSPICE

To hear the lashing of waves against the cliffs at night, the gurgling of a mountain stream meandering its lazy way to the sea, to hear the sound of the cuckoo in early Spring drowned by squabbling crows, to hear the corn-crake in autumn, to hear the fiddle playing in a cottage at Hallowe'en and the sound of dancing and merriment!

Most of all, to see at sunset, the silhouette of the Antrim Coastline which many people who have come from the Emerald Isle could never forget!—Roy Barkley, *IIIa*.

JAPAN

" The cherry and wild peach blossoms on the slopes of the mountains in April, the last load of rice at night being carried from the paddy fields down the mountain path as twilight comes on, and when you can scarcely distinguish the fune or sampans down in the inlet making ready for the night's fishing, and above all, 'most subtle, most penetrating and most moving,' the smell of the beautiful white magnolia, or the smell of burning incense that our ancestors, thousands of years ago must have caught on the air when they were coming home with the result of the day's forage, when they were still Ainus roaming the seas, mountains and forests of the islands of Hokkaido and the Kuriles.

—Rowena While, *IIIa*.

AUSTRALIA

To me Australia is the bush and the bush is Australia!

The great wide sweep of the sunburnt plains, the rugged ranges reaching up towards the azure skies, the refreshing scent of the eucalypts as the hot north wind wafts it across the plains at dusk, the echoing crack of the drover's whip as he appears at the homestead, tired and dusty after the day's work, and most of all, the merry laugh of the Kookaburra ringing through the trees, — that laugh which hundreds of years ago the first inhabitants must have feared, thinking it some evil spirit. And in the Spring-time, the wattle blossom like clusters of golden berries, and the flaming Waratah spreading over the plain; then as Summer draws on, the inevitable red glow on the horizon, the smoking atmosphere, as the dreaded bush fire sweeps across the plain!—Christine Bellman, *IIIa*.

"I would rather belong to a poor nation that was free than to a rich nation that had ceased to be in love with liberty. We shall not be poor if we love liberty."—Woodrow Wilson.

HOW I CAME TO AUSTRALIA

According to the old Chinese tradition, for a girl, 'ignorance is the best policy.' A girl was but an ornament; she was so delicate that during her life, she never stepped out of her home but twice, once to go to her husband's family, and then after she had died. These ideas no longer exist in this century, except in the case of a few old-fashioned women, who still bear in their minds that girls are born to be married.

On the contrary, I am no believer of such ideas. Learning the fate of my ancestors, I determined to be learned and independent. I realized that one can hardly learn anything, if one always holds on to her mother's apron-string. Also in 1956, when I was in Form II, I read a book called "Madame Curie" which deeply impressed me. From then, the will to be a woman like Madame Curie grew stronger. Then came the idea of going abroad in pursuit of my knowledge.

There is a local university in Hong Kong, but it would have taken me another five years to enter it; besides, the education I was getting was not very practical. In discussing the future, my father told me that we could not foretell what would happen in these five years' time. I consulted with my parents, and my request to go abroad was granted, but only after I had finished Form II.

In the middle of 1957, I started to go through all the processes which are necessary to get a passport. At the same time I had to prepare myself to face a new life.

The date of my departure was drawing nearer and nearer. I started to have a little regret at parting from my parents. I tried to comfort myself saying "Sweet is pleasure after pain." I set my imagination on the happiness of my future which is the most important thing in the world for me. I must not let my emotion spoil my future.

So came the great day of my new life. Whenever I feel sad about leaving my home, I am comforted by thinking of my parents' words and of my future.—*Leonore Ng, Vb.*



LIFE IN A MALAY KAMPONG OR VILLAGE

As darkness slowly fades and finally disappears in the peaceful, quiet kampong, the cocks crow to usher in the beginning of a new day.

Morning in a kampong is peaceful. Breakfast consists of coffee and home-made Malay cakes, and after this is over, it is time for all to do their work. The children do their part by feeding the fowls and sweeping the compounds. Some dress up to attend the village Malay school, which is situated usually in the middle of the kampong, while the younger ones can be seen chasing one another, or playing a game of 'hide-and-seek.'

Those who own a few acres of the rubber estate have already gone to do the day's tapping. The cultivators of padi are already at work in their fields, which are usually situated at the lower bend of a nearby shallow river. The day's washing is done by the women-folk who gather in small groups in nearby streams. The river is an integral part of their lives; all bathing, washing and many other things are done there.

Life in the kampong varies with the time, the weather and the season. During the padi-harvesting season, the kampong folk are kept busy. The small boys guard the padi by beating the tin cans to scare away the birds and the wild animals. After the gathering of the ripened padi, it is then sent to the mills for threshing and pounding. The women-folk do this. Many kampong folk rely for their livelihood on the good or poor yield of padi.

During the year, the Malays usually plant two crops, and there remains a long duration of leisure in between. This period is utilised to do the lesser tasks, like planting bananas and some vegetables and fruits. One of the major occupations is fishing, and this serves as an extra source of food, as well as bringing in some income. They usually fish in nearby streams and rivers, and their method of fishing needs patience and perseverance. While the young and old fish with a rod, line and hook, the able-bodied use the net which is usually more successful.

On ordinary days, the kampong is usually quiet and peaceful, but things are the reverse when the Malay New Year or Han Raya arrives, or when there is a wedding afoot. Then all the villagers dress in their best attire, and having stayed for many months in their quiet kampongs, go out to the town to seek enjoyment and fun.

The Malays are very contented and satisfied, and they view any ambitious scheme with intolerance. When they have something to do, they work very hard for it. When the weather is not at its best, they stay indoors and sing to the tempo of their beating drums. The beating of drums in the kampong signifies contentedness to the kampong-folk, but how true it is I really cannot tell.

The men-folk are god-fearing, and on Fridays, especially at noon, they attend the mosque. The children, especially the young ones, are taught to read the Koran or Bible of the Malays. A good Muslim must attend mosque regularly, and pray at least five times a day with his face towards Mecca, the Holy City of the Moslems. Prior to the Malay New Year, mostly the whole of the kampong people, with the exception of the young and weak ones, go on a fast during Fasting month known as Ramadan.

In conclusion, the kampong folk are a very simple type of people with an honest outlook on life.—*G.Y.T.L., Form Vc.*



"The Fisherman," by Sue Horton, IVa.

BEAUTY

*I wandered to a stream one day,
That rippled in the sun,
And bubbled on its sandy bed,
Of all things past and done.*

*And then on to a waterfall,
So beautiful and so bright;
The sun had made a rainbow gay,
That sparkled in the light.*

*Next I wandered through a field
Of golden daffodils,
They nodded as I wandered through,
To the rugged, ragged hills.*

*And then to snow-capped mountains,
Where climbers big and strong,
Risked their lives to have some fun,
Down ravines deep and long.*

*Till last of all I came to rest,
Deep in a shady dell,
And pondered all God's glorious works.
As twilight shadows fell.*

—Annette Coombs, IIIId.

AUTUMN

I woke early in the morning to hear the flute-like voices of the magpies, heralding the approach of sunrise. I lay still for some moments listening to their carolling, then dressed. The air was keen and invigorating, and soon drove the last feelings of sleepiness from me. I slipped silently downstairs and walked outside.

In the garden, a thin veil of mist hung in the air, its cold damp fingers touching my face and hands. I opened the garden-gate and walked briskly towards the woods. Strung on the fences were cob-webs, glittering with a million tiny jewels. In the woods, a thick carpet of multi-coloured leaves scrunched underfoot, while others remained on the trees, some drifting gently to the ground at intervals. Here and there, ants and other small insects scurried busily to and fro, searching for food before the coming winter. Berry bushes laden with scarlet berries added still more colour to the vividness of Autumn there.

After a while, although reluctant to leave the beauty of the woods, I began my journey home. When I reached home, I picked a bunch of yellow and brown chrysanthemums from the garden, and, with my head full of colourful Autumn pictures, I stepped inside the house.

—Christine Harper, IIIId.

FEEDING THE PORPOISE

While we were at Surfer's Paradise last May, we went to see the feeding of the porpoise. There were three pools together, of which two were for swimming. The third, containing the porpoise, had sea-water in it, and on one side, a kind of diving-board, from which the porpoise is fed. A man stood on the board, held a fish in one hand, and the porpoise jumped up and ate it. He then asked for volunteers, and when one came forward, he held the man and I took the picture.—*Michael Moyes-Cheshire, Ia.*



Feeding the Porpoise.

MY VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

We boarded the good ship "Orion" on the 9th December, 1957. I was sad to leave Ceylon and my friends, but I was excited at the prospect of fourteen days on the sea, and at the end of it, Australia. That night we went up on deck, determined to see the last of Ceylon, but all we could see was a mass of twinkling lights.

The next day, our first on the ship, we became acquainted with our fellow passengers and learnt to find our way about the ship's maze of passages. I had planned to read as many books as possible on the ship, but I soon discovered that it was a waste of time to sit reading when there were so many things I could do. There were four families from Ceylon on board, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We spent the greater part of the day on the sports deck or on the top deck, where the swimming pool was. Table tennis and deck quoits were my favourite games, and we had fun rushing for the tables, which were generally crowded. I loved to sit on deck or to lean over the rails and look into the sea, hoping to see some sort of fish, but to

my disappointment, I never saw one, even though flying fish had been seen.

After a couple of days, we were due to cross the equator, and as it was the first time I was crossing it, I was told that I would be thrown into the swimming pool. To my relief, King Neptune was only interested in the young children, and they were each splashed with ice-cream and then thrown into the pool. That night, beside our plates were impressive certificates, signed by King Neptune, saying that we had crossed the equator.

We soon passed the Cocos Islands, which looked a lovely green in the blue ocean. We were enjoying a game of table tennis when we heard yells that land was in sight. We raced to the rails, and it was amazing to see how soon the decks were packed with passengers straining to have a peep at the land. It was so refreshing a sight after perpetual sea.

Entertainment on the ship was very well organized. Practically every evening there was Scotch dancing, and every night there was either a film show, a dance or some sort of entertainment. I saw four films on board which were shown on the top deck at two different times to accommodate everybody. On Sunday nights, the crew and the passengers put on a concert, which was enjoyed by everyone. The fancy dress parade was entertaining too; one of the best was an operation in which the doctor pulled out a string of sausages.

In a week's time, we reached Fremantle, where we spent a day. It was strange to disembark straight from the ship to the land, as in Ceylon we had to go by launch to the ship. I was delighted with the streamers thrown from the ship to the land, which looked very colourful and which I thought were a very good idea.

Before long, we had to be up on deck, early in the morning for another medical inspection as we were coming into Adelaide. We went on one of the tours up to Mt. Lofty, where we greatly enjoyed the scenery. That night, we had a mad hatter's dance on board and everyone walked into dinner with fancy caps on. The deck on which the dance was held was lit up and decorated, and we had a gorgeous time.

As it was near Christmas, decorations were being put up, and I was sad that I could not spend Christmas on board, for I am sure that it would have been a delightful experience. As our last day on board was a Sunday, we were due to have a concert, but as we were coming into port that evening, we had a small one in the lounge. That evening there was a beautiful sunset, one of the best we ever saw on the ship, and the whole sky seemed to be orange. When it faded away, we began to see the lights of Melbourne, like a twinkling necklace, welcoming us.—*Rosemary Chapman, Va.*

PROSPICE

THE MIGHTY EIGHT

*Our Bow's main grief is blistered hands,
They're such an awful worry,
His one big care I think is how
To heal them in a hurry.*

*For when we go out for a row,
His hands are bandaged well,
And what is blister, what is hand,
One simply cannot tell.*

*Poor Two you get so very stiff,
Your back is always straight;
If you would but relax, my lad,
We'd have a smashing eight.*

*Oliver in the Three seat here,
Up the slide does race,
If he would only steady down,
The boat would keep its pace.*

*Four, your blade work isn't clean,
Every stroke you splash;
You know that rowing's full of skill,
No game of biff and bash.*

*It's five who is a trifle late,
I'll tell the reason why,
He's always looking at the bank,
To see what he can spy.*

*Now on to Six the feather weight!
He tips the scales at ten;
He'd make Leo no decent feed,
If thrown in a lion's den.*

*Seven, your job's to back up stroke,
Not sit and cox this thing;
We'll leave that to our little "Trace,"
To pull the rudder string.*

*Our Stroke is fond of changing speed,
He rates now fast, now slow,
If he would only keep it right,
The boat would really go.*

*The little thing in the stern is "Trace,"
His voice is very weak,
Towards the Bow he's hard to hear,
When yelling at his peak.*

*About the Coach, I'd say a word,
But now I hesitate,
For in the year of "59",
I want a seat in the eight.*

*We mustn't grawl, we won the cup,
As we all thought we would,
And now that it is at the school,
Let's hope it's there for good!*
—W. Caulfield, IVa.

THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL ORGAN

While spending the May holidays in Sydney, I went with others to see the Town Hall organ, one of the largest and finest in the world. It was built by a famous English firm and opened in 1889. The caretaker took us up to the console and showed us how all the stops and things work, and, more important, something of the range and beauty of the instrument. The lowest note is produced by a wooden pipe sixty-four feet long, — you seem to feel it — and the highest is a piercing piccolo note produced by a tiny metal pipe three-eighths of an inch long!

Our guide invited me to play it, and I thoroughly enjoyed doing so, even though I had five manuals and a pedal-board instead of two manuals and a pedal-board, one hundred and twenty-seven speaking stops instead of fifteen, and more combination pistons, couplers and extra refinements than any church organ can provide.

After turning off the wind, we went inside to see the pipes. Such a dusty wilderness I never imagined, nor can I imagine anybody trying to remove the dust. There were lights there, and our companion, being the tuner, knew exactly where to go. We saw how the different types of pipe-work are tuned, and also exactly what a swell pedal does, for we saw the Swell organ, which is in a box with "slatted" sides that work like louvre windows. It was interesting, too, to see how the pitch of the organ was lowered nearly a semitone in 1939 to the new concert pitch; every single one of the eight thousand six hundred and seventy-two pipes had to be adjusted. The pipes are on three different levels, joined by steep, narrow staircases, and it was great fun to go right up to the top and look down on the balcony seats.

When we had seen all this, we returned and gladly washed our by-now grimy hands. Then, with many, many thanks to our companion, we passed down all the stairs and passageways that took us out into the sunshine in George Street.
—Wendy Dabourne, Va.



THE WRECK

*As the ship sailed slowly across the sea,
A storm brewed in the west,
The waves grew higher, the wind grew
stronger,
And she battled along at her best.*

*But soon the ship went CRASH!
The captain stood aghast,
As down sank the ship with a gurgling
sound,
And the waves washed over her mast.*
—Anonymous, Ib.

THE UNFORGETTABLE TRUTH

" So I lost my family"

There her faint voice died away. I listened very intently to every word she uttered, taking special note of the numerous atrocities committed by the Japanese during World War II in Malaya. And when she stopped, I turned and looked at the narrator. She was Chang Ma.

Seated at one corner was a slight figure, shrunk and meagre. She had a rug wrapped round her feet, and a crimson red scarf hanging loosely round her shoulders; yet she was trembling, for she had been ill ever since the shock she received, when someone told her of her youngest son's death. Her vulnerable old age was clearly depicted on her small, wrinkled face and hands. Her hair was silver white, neatly combed up in a bun. Like most old-fashioned Chinese women, Chang Ma had her feet bound up to approximately 5" in length, an indication that she belonged to a respectable family.

Her house was kept spick and span, and she was a picture of neatness herself. In spite of her fragile health, she hobbled around, with a cane to support herself, and carried on her routine of dusting and cleaning every corner of her dwelling. At one time, she had been a perfect mother and nurse to her children, but now she had to be looked after. The thought that old age was eating her away neither worried nor frightened her, because she had long been anticipating the day when she would have eternal happiness with the Lord. After the death of other members of her family, Chang Ma had nothing to live for, and now well advanced in age, she had taken refuge in the home for the aged. She cherished the blissful moments of her youth, but abhorred the thoughts of the privations and hardships she suffered when the Japanese entered Malaya.

It appeared that Keng, the youngest of Chang Ma's three sons, whom she described as "an unassuming, courageous and brave man" escaped from an internment camp with two others. When he came home, she hardly knew him as her son. He was penniless and in rags. His protruding ribs and cheek bones revealed the fact that he suffered from malnutrition. He died a few months later of jaundice. But before his death, he told his mother and friends of the ill-treatment he and others received at the internment camps at Changi in Singapore, and of the way in which he had escaped.

At one stage in Keng's camp, there was a great commotion. Suddenly all rushed and headed for the gate hoping to get away, but the guards were too quick for them. The whistle was blown, shots were fired, and in the next instant, there was an absolute silence and most of them had returned to their places. Immediate investigation by the Japanese showed a number

of deaths and heavy casualties, and though they were bleeding to death on the ground, the soldiers took them away and shot them instantly. Keng, however, managed to flee. He hid among the tall bushes and deep ditches, and eventually found his way to the main road before nightfall. Suddenly, he espied two men running in his direction. At first, he was panic-stricken but he soon recovered when he recognised them as two other internees from his camp. They talked about the whole incident which led to their escape and congratulated themselves on the success of their attempt to evade death. The three internees found their way to safety; but for Keng safety was only temporary, for death was stealthily following him. He could not escape his fate this time, though it came in another form.

Chang Ma's husband and two of her other sons were also taken from their home to the outskirts of Singapore City and interned; but they never returned to tell of their hard times, and she presumed that death had caught up with them too.

The story of Keng was told to me by Chang Ma some years ago, yet when I recalled it, it seemed as though she told me only yesterday or the day before.—Betty Cheong, VIa.

★

HOW'S YOUR PHYSICS?

Force: "That which changes or tends to change a body's state of rest or of stubborn nonchalance before exams."

Acceleration: "Rate of change of velocity when Mr. Jones is about."

Amplitude: "Maximum displacement from room 5."

Calorie: "Amount of heat required to raise temperature of one body while purchasing one pie."

Magnetic Field: "Girls' entrance."

Velocity: "Rate of change of displacement of books at one minute to nine."

Moment of a couple: "Product of force and perpendicular . . . I Wonder!"

Archimedes' (Aikman's) Principle: "When a body is wholly or partially immersed in physics, it appears to lose weight. This obvious loss in weight is equal to the number of incomplete problems per week!"

—Anon, VIa.

★

LOCAL HISTORY

Q.—Name a person who favoured Protection in Victoria.

A.—(i) A policeman.

(ii) Ned Kelly, because he stood over people.

PROSPICE

RAILWAYS OF THE FUTURE

It is quite obvious that in the next few decades our railways will undergo a tremendous change. Millions of pounds will be spent on opening up new routes, improving present ones, lengthening stations, and a general speeding up of the entire system. A good thing too, for you must admit that ours are not nearly as good as the French railways. The French have a magnificent railway system; as well as that, two of their locomotives BB 9004 and CC 7107 hold the World Rail Speed Record of 205 m.p.h. If you ever travel by "Express Electrique" in France, you will know what I mean.

Probably, one of the first steps will be the raising of the voltage. This will enable one electricity sub-station to supply a much longer stretch of line. The British Railways Corporation has designed a train that actually feeds electricity back into the wire when it runs downhill.

Another invention is an engine that is used to shunt carriages where there are no electric wires. It is an "Electrogyro" locomotive, designed to work in the pits. It works like a "Push and Go" toy, and has two enormous flywheels which are set turning by being connected to the electric supply for a minute or two; then the locomotive runs on the flywheels' momentum for about half an hour.

Although the Germans and the Americans are experimenting with atomic locomotives, I do not think that these will ever be used except on experimental runs. They would give off dangerous radiations, and the trains would have to have heavy shields to stop them escaping. If an atomic train crashed, radio-activity would be thrown all over the surrounding country-side, and it would not be safe to approach the scene of the crash unless one was wearing protective clothing, and the people in the wrecked locomotive would not be rescued so quickly. No, the best way to use atomic power is to use it in power stations, making electricity for the trains to run on.

Science has another method for using electricity on trains. It is a new kind of battery called a fuel cell which converts hydrogen and oxygen into electricity. The hydrogen is easily made in the factories by passing electricity through water; then the gas could be liquefied and carried on an electric train until needed. The electricity stored in the hydrogen is released when the hydrogen combines with oxygen to form water. These are cheaper than lead batteries.

The main thing that limits a train's speed is the shake and wobble that appears at high speeds, if the tracks are not exactly five feet five inches apart, — and to keep it at that is virtually impossible. There are various ways of avoiding



"Warwick," by John Martin, Vlb.

wobble. One way is to run the train on rubber tyres, or on carefully sprung wheels so that the unevenness does not shake the train. A far better idea is to run the train on one rail only. The monorail could balance on its one rail by using gyroscopes, or it could straddle the rail like someone sliding down the bannisters. Another way is to have the rail above the carriages, with the train hanging down from it. I look forward to the day when the distance of over 500 miles to Sydney is covered by rail in under two hours. There is no real reason why trains should not go as fast as 300 miles per hour.

The trains of my imagination are monorails, driven by electricity, but if they can be made quieter, assisted by rockets or jets. As a matter of interest, the fastest man on the ground is Colonel Stapp of the U.S. Air Force who travelled at 632 m.p.h. on a sledge driven by rockets. I think that rocket-assisted trains are a more feasible idea than the passenger skyrockets one hears so much about.

So I hope when I visit Queensland some day, about the year 2,000 A.D., to be whizzed along with my luggage on a moving platform to a streamlined monorail train at Flinders Street Station with the loudspeaker saying "Express to Brisbane, hurry along please, 60 seconds to firing, relax, 10 seconds to firing, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 — Boom!!

With a noise that echoes around the station, my "Sputnik Express" blasts off. Before I can collect my thoughts, we are 5 miles out of Melbourne.

Anyone want to watch motor-car racing?

—David Halstead, *Ila*.

LYREBIRDS

To me, it is a thrilling experience to go stalking lyrebirds in Sherbrooke Forest, in the Dandenongs, and to be rewarded by the glimpse of one of these elusive forest-dwellers.

The lyrebird, a shy creature, is about the size of a domestic fowl and is the largest of all song-birds. Both the male and female are dark-brown in colour, in keeping with the shadowy forests in which they live. They are found in Australia only, in the narrow coastal strip between Brisbane and Melbourne. Their small rounded wings are unsuited for long flights but they can fly enough to be able to roost high in the trees at night.

The best time to look for lyrebirds is during the Winter months, on still, damp mornings about daybreak. The best singing is to be heard in Winter, as this is the nesting season. Their food supply of worms and grubs is obtained more easily when the ground is soft and wet, so this season is chosen for the rearing of the family. The male bird sings constantly as nesting time approaches, whilst the female is busy building the nest which takes about three weeks to complete. She is able to sing, too, but has little time to do so. Later in the year, when the forest floor is drier, the male is so busy finding food that he has less time for singing.

The male lyrebird is famous for his powers of mimicry. He can reproduce the calls of about twenty different birds and it would be impossible to notice that it is mimicry, except for the fact that so many different sounds follow one another without a pause. He also imitates sounds such as the thud of an axe or the noise of a saw-mill.

The male is noted too, for his superb tail. This consists of sixteen large feathers, twelve filmy plumes and two wire-like feathers in the centre. All these feathers are dark brown on the upper surface, but underneath are white.

A third feature about this remarkable bird is the 'dance' he performs. During this 'dance,' as well as singing, he displays his superb tail by spreading the feathers like a fan. It is a breathtaking sight and well worth the patience required to see this performance.

—Julie Fiddian, *Via*.



MT. LITTLE JOE

Before entering the town of Warburton, well-known to most of us, the passing motorist comes to Mt. Little Joe. Although a fairly well-known spot, not many people are acquainted with the way the mountain received its name.

During the peak of gold-mining in Victoria, the hills around Warburton were riddled with the many tall buildings belonging to the long, deep shafts burying deep into the yielding earth.

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It was here that Little Joe lived with his mother and miner father. However, although his father's trade took him down the mines every day, Little Joe had never seen one himself, and he felt that he never would; his parents kept too strict a watch for him to hope that he might obtain even a glance at those wonderful forbidden holes of mystery.

But one day Little Joe had an idea. It burned in his brain so much that at last he decided to put it into action. When at last he was tucked up in bed and the shack grew quiet, only then was he ready. Soon a small, silent figure darted through the gate, breath held lest he should be heard. Softly, softly, he crept out of sight, then broke into a run towards the forbidden goal.

At last he was there. As quiet as a mouse, Little Joe crept towards the shaft — nearer, nearer . . . ah, at last! Oh, the beauty and rapture of seeing such a wondrous sight! To a small boy of six, a deep, dark hole from which he has been prohibited is indeed magnificent. He crept closer . . . closer . . . closer, until . . .

Suddenly, the earth below him shook, trembled, disappeared. He was hurtling, faster, faster, down, down, further, further. He opened his mouth to scream, but nothing came . . . everything was blank as he lost consciousness a split second before the awful thud.

The searchers never found Little Joe. His parents, knowing only too well how they had lost him, left Warburton to live in the growing town of Melbourne. But they knew they would never forget, and neither would the town; Mt. Little Joe reminded them.—*Mary Ellis, IVb.*



SPRING

*Hush! Tread softly!
While Nature gives much-needed rest
To all her creatures. Whisper lest
You wake some babe from slumber.*

*Hark! Call sweetly!
For over meadow, hill and glen,
O'er founttain, fall and marshy fen,
Sweet Spring comes softly creeping.*

*Life comes gently.
Small lambs are frisking, fern glades wake,
Each scene is mirrored in tranquil lake,
For Spring has come from sleeping.*

*Oh, sing gladly!
Join in the chorus, swell the praise,
Your shouts of exultation raise,
For God has giv'n us — SPRING!*
—*Lynette Incoll, Via.*

PROSPICE



BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row: R. Jones, A. Willing, J. Leworthy, J. Malins.

Second Row: D. Collie, J. Martin, K. Mayberry, P. Rintel.

Front Row: C. Wilson, I. Paine, Mr. Begbie, R. Spicer, G. James.

CANBERRA WAR MEMORIAL

In a quiet annexe of the Exhibition Building, a mosaic (designed by Napier Waller) has just been completed for the War Memorial at Canberra. Four true-to-life figures, representing the four services, are the predominating features of this mosaic.

The Mosaic began as a series of small one-eighth working scale sketches which, in time, gradually emerged into full scale paintings and tracings, the reverse tracings being cut into manageable sections. The Tesserae (the small cubical pieces of glass enamel used in this mosaic) are glued to the reverse tracings with the smoother surface face down, for side uppermost will eventually be set in cement. When each section is completed, it is resplit into smaller sections and sent by road to Canberra.

The work of transferring the mosaic to the walls is done by a specialist called a fixer. The numbered pieces from Melbourne are checked with a master chart, to ensure that they are in their correct order. The fixer then plasters about three-eighths of an inch of cement over the area to be tessellated. A thin coating of white cement is then spread over each section of mosaic, so that white will show through the joints of the finished work. The pieces are pressed one by one into the wall and patted gently into their bed with a slab of wood. This is done quickly, as some of the cement will dry before the patting is completed. The next task is to remove the surface paper, which is done by wetting and allowing it to be stripped away.

Finally, as the glue and surplus plaster are removed, the polished pattern shows.

The memorial covers an approximate thirteen thousand square feet, equal in size to six tennis courts. This four year task has been the work of Napier Waller, who lost his right arm during World War One, and has overcome this handicap to become one of Australia's foremost artists. It has been entirely financed by the sale of books published by the Australian War Memorial.

—Jim Clements, IIa.



SUNSET

*The sun shone over the lighthouse,
The waves crashed in the bay,
And the one lone evening star shone out,
To herald the end of day.*

*The sun sank slowly from the sky,
Diminishing its light,
And where the billowing clouds did lie,
A saffron tinge showed bright.*

*The sea at my feet was red like blood
As it rose and fell with the tide,
And yet further out it was like moonstones,
Expansive, clear and wide.*

*The land was lit with a glorious hue,
Radiant as glistening pearl,
While the gulls flew home to their nests
in the cliff,
And the sea on the rocks did swirl.*
—P. Johanson, IIIa.

A TERRIBLE COMMOTION

One Christmas morning I was asleep in bed, when I was awakened by a terrible commotion; my dog Dusty, and the dog next door, had gone into the hen-house and chased all the hens out. Dusty was barking at a hen, and the hen was standing its ground, clucking as loudly as could be. We all raced out of the house and shooed the other dog away. Dusty was smacked very hard, and put on a chain.

Then we had to go searching for nine hens. Some were in the lily bushes, some had flown over the fence and were with other hens (we had a terrible time trying to find them); some were wandering across Union Road. At last we had found seven of them, and put them back into the hen-house; they had all been badly frightened. But there were still two more. We found one next door, crouching under a bush, frightened almost to death; the other one we have not seen to this day. The dogs, who seemed very sad that their fun had ended so quickly, were belted and kept on the chains all day, and have not been near the hens again.

—Helen Boardman, Ia.

★

"Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it."—T. Fuller.

THEY CAME AND TOOK OVER

Once upon a time I had parents and a garden, but no pets. Now I have parents, my parents have part of a garden and the family has pets.

It all happened this way, My sister and I decided that parents and a garden did not make a home, so we asked for pets. Mother agreed and suggested something quiet, so we bought some goldfish. In the beginning, we made mistakes in the care of our fish, and some died.

Then my sister decided that she wanted a cat. We had a black kitten given to us, and he did not take long to make himself at home. When he discovered that we had fish, he thought he would have a meal of fish, and for quite a few days he tried his luck,— that is, between punishments.

Our next pet was a love-bird. He was blue and grey and very lively. The cat decided that he would eat the bird. We told him that he was a very naughty boy, and smacked him, so he gave it up.

A few weeks later, I had a young dog given to me. The cat and dog soon became good friends, and now they chase each other around the back yard. Sometimes she is very naughty, but usually she is well-behaved.

Now we have been taken over, but I do not think my parents mind very much, because secretly they spoil them.—Judith Hall, IIa.

PREFECT PERSONALITIES

Continued from Page 30

KEMPSON "KREV" MAYBERRY: Stroke of 1st VIII, member of Baseball Team.
Favourite Saying: "Dickin it ain't, Frang."
Peculiarity: Carries a valuable object in a hidden pocket.
Perpetual Occupation: "Weed" dobber.
Ambition: Stroke of Olympic Crew.
Probable Fate: Oar Cleaner.

DAVID "ABDUL" WEEKS: Member of 1st XVIII, Captain of 2nd XI.
Favourite Saying: "Yer should've been there, Ted."
Peculiarity: Misogynist (??)
Perpetual Occupation: Lending money to Knob.
Ambition: Economist.
Probable Fate: "Domestic" Economist.

ANTHONY WILLING: Member of First XI and Baseball Team.
Favourite Saying: "I'd just like to say a few words."
Perpetual Occupation: Playing his guitar.
Peculiarity: A pessimist.
Ambition: Evangelist.
Probable Fate: Billy Graham card collector.

C.H.S. OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

NEWS LETTER

The last article about the Old Students' Association appeared in "Prospice" in 1953, and since then, until this year, the Association has been defunct. Now, with new blood and new brooms, plus the help of Mr. Andrews and Mr. Brewer, we have started again, and hope that in a few years we shall be a very active group.

The first general meeting was held at the school early this year and the following temporary committee was elected:— John Anderson (President), Nicola Donkin (Vice-President), John Francis (Secretary), Pam Morcom (Asst. Secretary), John Onto (Treasurer), John MacArthur, Peter Friend, Dorothy Green, Christine Fisch, David Raby, Frank Moore, Heather Glastonbury (School Rep.). The Committee drew up a temporary constitution which was approved by a general meeting.

Meetings have been held at the homes of members, and have meant pleasant get-togethers and "good home supper" for hungry University students and workers. At the first annual meeting held at the school on Thursday, June 26th, the following permanent committee was elected:

John Anderson (President), Nicola Donkin (Vice-president), Pamela Morcom (Secretary), Dorothy Green (Asst. Secretary), Graeme Galt (Treasurer), Frank Moore, Lynette Sheehan, Gerald Robinson, Christine Fisch, Judith Montgomery, Graeme Maley, David Raby, John Mac-

Arthur, Ashley Thompson, Heather Glastonbury and Brian Blythe (School Rep.).

We were sorry that John Francis had to resign because of illness.

During the year several functions have been organised. The first was a dance in Camberwell Town Hall, which was a great success. A Smoke Night (men only) was held at the home of John Francis, and in conjunction with the Parents' Association, a Mannequin-Hat Parade was arranged in Camberwell Town Hall.

Future plans include an Annual Ball (combined with the Parents' Association) and an Annual Dinner for all ex-students. We hope to stage a Revue some time next year.

Social News: Val Heath, Margaret Hunt and Lorraine Anderson have announced their engagements, Lorraine and John MacArthur having decided to put an old school friendship on a permanent basis. Gail Harrison and Barbara Fagg are now married.

Roger Holmes, one of our most distinguished old students, is overseas continuing his musical studies, and his brother Jon is now working in New Guinea. Judy Eltham also went abroad this year, and hopes to establish herself in ballet.

We would be pleased for all students leaving school this year to join us. We need many new members, and the more we have, the brighter will be the future of C.H.S. Old Students' Association.—*Nicola Donkin.*

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